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ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,

FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING,

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST

IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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EDITORIAL.

Page.

Adirondack Forests....331
Adirondack Guides....529
Adirondack Preserves....552
African Game Preserve....21
Bass Netting in Lake Ontario....265
Buck Fever....419
Canadian Fishing Tax....89
Catskill Mountain Game Park....133
Centerboard and Keel....463
Danvis Folks....353
Feeding the Multitude....331
Fishing Hog....177
Fly-Fishers' Club....199
FOREST AND STREAM Outdoor Scenes....1
Forestry Lesson....199
Healing of the Forests....67
Minnesota Game Protective System....551
Minnesota Law....133
Minnesota Test Case....331
Miranda Excursionists....221
Mongolian Pheasants for Massachusetts....177
Mountain Climbing....41
National Park Roads....133
Neighborliness....177
"Nessmuk" Memorial....111
New Jersey Game Association....529
New Jersey Judges....353, 397
New York Deer Season....111
New York Fish Commission....419, 507, 529
New York Game Protectors....507
Passports....21
Peekamoose Troubles....353
Pennsylvania Game Legislation....287
Portraits in Ink....243, 265, 287
Rail Shooting for Beginners....243
Rum and Reindeer....331
Sale of Game....133, 309
Sharp-tail Grouse Range....155
Sheep Herders and National Parks....89
Shotgun and Citizenship....155
Skunk River Incident....41
Sportsman's Exposition....111, 209, 221
Spring Shooting....67, 199
Strikes and Fishing Waters....1
Trap-Shooting Control....463, 507, 529
Vermont Deer....397
Water Killing of Deer....507
Wolves in the Adirondacks....353
Woman Out of Doors....209
Yacht Cup Negotiations....552
Yacht Racing....507
Yachting Season....287

SPORTSMAN TOURIST.

Adirondack Deer....536
Adirondacks, Days in....555
After Little Divin' Fowl....464
Antarctic Memory....442
August—October Reverie....156
Backwoods Correspondence....556
Big-Horn Mountain....288
Birds That Pass in the Night....266
Bird Without Feathers....255
Blanton....355
Bob White, Day with....486
Bristow's Christmas Gift....553
Cameras for Stalking Game....553
Canadian Fishing....534

Page.

Caribbean Coasting....222
Charade....530, 553
Clear Lake Camp Life....26
Clear Water Country....158
Cobb's Island Reminiscence....112
Cow Boy Ride....310
Cuban Shooting....399
Days Afield....398, 486
Day with the Old Dog....442
Down in the Marsh....509
Ducking, How We Went....535
Ducking in December....532
Encounter in the Cañon....134
Fetish of the Pipe Bowl....156
Flannel Shirt Day....179
Florida Coast....69
Florida Cowboy....464
FOREST AND STREAM Yellowstone Park Expedition 2, 24, 47, 91, 114, 135, 157
Grayling, Week with....513, 533
Grouse and Men....442
How the Season Opened....442
Jug Fishing for Catfish....555
Kelsey and the Sheriff....530
Kuskokwim....311
Lake View Toast....488
Little Plume's Dream....310
Loves Eyes (poetry)....464
Making a Raise....332
Martha's Vineyard....156
May Cyclone of '94....356
Mexico Camping....178
Moose and Caribou....530
Moose, Another....420
Moose Hunt....112
My Frenchman....311
Near to Nature's Heart....134
New Orleans....557
Nimrod, Perfect....508
Nimrods, Camp of....554
Notes by the Way....508
November....554
One Morning....223
On the Trail....266
Ouananiche Notes....26
Ouananiche....398
Over the Border....46
Poetry, Verse and Rhymes....92
Prescription....68, 90
Queer Pair....354
Query (poetry)....68
Saulketche, Drive on....27
Scantogrease....536
Singing Mouse Stories....201
Snowshoe or Ski....333
Soap Episode....288
Stories of Ezra....27
Tenderfoot Impressions....487
Terror of a Ride....200
Vacation Past and Present....244
Vacation....556
Voyage of the Skipper....535
Wabasis....244
Web....222
Wil'um and Booze....113
Woman's View of It....266
Women and Field Sports....488
Woodland....398
Wyoming Remembrances....112
Yellowstone Park Bears....288

NATURAL HISTORY.

Page.

Albino Robin....4
Anglers' Day in Birdland....201
Bear, Size of....48
Beaver Chippings....180
Beaver Ways....290
Bird Guide (Chapman)....509
Black Squirrel Supplanted by Gray....443
Bluejay....334
Buffalo Migration....137
Buffalo on a Texas Ranch....356
Caribou, Tame....538
Caribou Winter Home....70
Catbird....266
Chance of a Lifetime....48
Chimney Swift Mother's Devotion....224
Coon's Call....245
Coon's Cry....356
Daddy Long Legs....28
Deer Antlers Eaten by Porcupine....115
Duck Hawks on the Palisades....312
Elk in Harness....538
Field Mouse and Spider....443
Fisher, Ways of....159
Florida Rookery....290
Flying Squirrels as Pets....93, 137, 201, 245
Foxes Climbing Trees....422, 465, 488, 538
Gray Squirrel Color Variation....399
Grosbeak, Tame....245, 290
Grouse Drumming....70
Grouse Mother Trick....49
Happy Family....136
Heronry in Wisconsin....202
Hummingbird Pets....137
Indian Mound....224
Kitten with Two Heads....290
Lyre of Orpheus....536
Mink and Fox Squirrel....267
Mink Caught on Hook....137
Mink Fight....116
Mongoose....117
Moose in Confinement....538
Moose Lassoed....466
Mountain Sheep, Tame....159
National Park Small Game....5
National Zoölogical Park....4
Old Back Lane....224
Partridge, Tame....5, 70
Partridge Trap, Peculiar....443
Pelican on the Niagara River....334
Penguin Breeding Habits....399
Quail Breeding in Confinement....290
Quail Reared with Chickens....400
Rattlesnakes in Vermont....116
Reindeer in Alaska....181
Robins Character....245
Seagulls in Trees....28, 41
Serpents Suicide....28
Sierre Nevada Foothill Birds....93, 116
Sparrow, Albino....312
Sun and Brooding Bird....137
Telegraph Wires and Game....181
Toad ar rkey....159
Trou ater Snake....49
Tr Snake....4
Tu rds in New York....181, 202
W rouse....291
W ilds....70
Wi esting....93
Wi 443, 488, 536, 538

Page.

Woodchucks, Black and Gray....5
Woodcock at Home and Abroad....93
Wolves in the Adirondacks....356

GAME BAG AND GUN.

Adirondack Deer Hunting....267, 316, 559
Adirondack Hunting Trip....206
Among the Teal....333
Autumnal Covers....446
Bay Birds at Martin's Point....72
Beach Birds....270
Bears of Bald Mountain....182
Beaver Trapping....202
Big Game in Chicago Suburbs....71
Boston Men and Women in Maine....337
Braggadocio....205
Brant, Flight of....490
Buck of Walden's Ridge....400
Caliber, The .25....141
California Deer Law Upheld....140
Camp FOREST AND STREAM....228, 268
Canadian Geese in Confinement....49
Castalia Grouse Hunt....401
Charges, Why Heavy....468
Colorado Hills....204
Combination Arm....50, 492
Connecticut Game....247
Cranberry Lake....72
Dakota Dog Handlers....293
Dan to Beersheba....314
Day with the Birds....403
Dove Shooting in Kentucky....270
Down on the Marsh....405
Ducks and Disaster....334
Ducks on Broadwater Bay....539
DuPont's Smokeless Powder....118
Farmer's View....316
Florida Bears and Cowboys....358
Game Destruction, Wanton....559
Game Distribution in the West....312
Game Protection in 1874....49
Game Supply in the West....315
Georgia Mountain Shooting....51
Greenhorns Afloat....182
Grouse and Gray Squirrels....295
Hunting after Siwashes....224
Illinois Game Association....140
Jolly Time in North Carolina....468
Land of the Pawpaw....334
Little River....512
Long Island Deer Season....423
Maine and the East....247
Maine Big Game....49
Maine Deer Season....492
Maine, Down in....404
Maine Game not Baggage....537
Maine Game....316
Maine Hunting Trip....425
Manitoba Notes....226
Massachusetts and Maine....291
Massachusetts Deer Law....294
Massachusetts Woodcock Shooting....94
Mercurial Ointment for Guns....294
Michigan Deer Hunting....538
Michigan Deer....513
Michigan Rambles....138
Minnesota Game Protection....294
Minnesota Law Upheld....139
Mongolian Pheasants in Massachusetts....295

Moose Call....204
Moose Hunting and Moose Hunters....139
Mountain Sheep in Confinement....467
Mud Hens....118
Nebraska Prairie Chickens....334
Newfoundland Caribou Hunt....336
Newfoundland....335
New Hampshire Deer....226
New Hampshire Wanderings....140
New Jersey Covers....468
New Jersey Duck Case....405
New Jersey Squirrel Law....357
New York Deer Law....119
New England Game Grounds....446
Nitro Powders....160
North Carolina Camp....405
North Carolina Shooting....510
Oregon Notes....226, 512
Parks and Forest Preserves....94
Partridge, Bleached....296
Partridge, Persian....446
Pennsylvania Association....72
Pike County Notes....294
Pluck and Grit....445
Pneumatic Boats....339
Pocono Mountain Grouse....336
Prairie Chicken in the '60's....267
Prairie Chicken Shooting....226
Prairie Chicken Outlook....160, 181
Prairie Chicken Trapping....560
Prairie Chicken War....248
Protection in the West....203
Quail Country Neglected....316
Quail in Northern New York....51
Quail Packing....72
Reverie....317
Rifle, Good Work with the .22....293
Running Down Something Alive....512
Sale of Game....50, 72, 140, 161, 292, 446, 510
Sea Turn at Brant Rock....444
Shooting Talk....490
Shotgun Loads....205
Shot Spreader for Choke-bores....49
Skins Prepared for Rugs....317
South Dakota Goose Shooting....470
Sportsman's Exposition....160, 247, 401
Squirrel Shooting....335
Still-Hunting on the Oswegatchie....295
St. Lawrence Marshes....159, 184
St. Mary's Lake Country....339
Summer Woodcock Shooting....248
Texas and the Southwest....184
Texas Shooting Notes....225, 248, 269, 295, 317, 259, 403, 425, 446, 537, 560
Thanksgiving in the Woods....469
The All-Around Fallacy....294
Utah Game Notes....357
Vermont as a Wild Game Preserve....358
Wapanocca....445
West of Past and Present....402, 424, 444, 466, 488, 510
White Blackbird....315
White River Jungle....360
Wild Pigeon Netting....50
Wild Pigeons....138
Wisconsin Wanderings....422
Wyoming Outing....358
Yellowstone Park Commissioner....94
Yellowstone Park Notes....119

SEA AND RIVER FISHING.

Alligator Gar....185
Autumnal Musings....471
Bait Casting Record....228
Black Bass Fishing, Phantom....272
Black Bass Pond....296
Black Bass....538
Black Sea Bass....561
Bluefishing....227
Brown Trout, Large....229
Bullheads vs. Bass....272
Canadian Angling Notes....121, 141
Canadian Exploration and Fishing....271
Canadian Fishing....30
Canadian Notes....184
Cascapedia....119
Catfishing in the St. Francis....120
Caught by a Fish....297
Channel Cat....51
Cobb's Island....76
Connecticut Angling Permits....98
Days at Camp Blair....362
Down the Bay....297
Fario vs. Fontinalis....561
Fish Preserved for Specimens....52
[illegible]at Fishing....406
[illegible]ida Tarpon....74
[illegible]shers' Club....307
Pts. Bo[illegible]'s Chance....71
Frog Culture....341
Good-bye Sweet Stream (poetry)....447
Grayling Fishing....513, 533
Gunnison River Fishing....230
Hatching Troughs....341
Hudson River Salmon....54, 97
International Association....95, 142
Kankakee Black Bass....73
Kennerley's Salmon....471
Landlocked Salmon in Dan Hole Ponds....76
Loch Leven Trout....263, 406
London Anglers....207
Long Key, Three Days off....406
Maine Commission....562
Megalloway....185
Michigan Trout....562
Michigan Waters....184
Minnesota Bass Waters....364
Minnewaska....73
Miramichi Camps....164
Moosup....185
Natchaug Prizes....494
New Brunswick Trout....249
New Hampshire Fishing....229
New Hampshire Trout....76
New Jersey Bass Fishing....364
New Jersey Coast Fishing....184
New Jersey Convention....539
New Jersey Fishing....272
North Shore of Lake Superior....53, 75, 96
No-Shee Trout....449
Nova Scotia Wilds....186
Okoboji in September....339
Okoboji....163
Ontario Nets....318
Oregon Notes....141
Pike, Large....186
Pike Perch, Big....427
Pleasant Pond Landlocked Salmon....407, 449, 471
Rainbow and Steelhead....97
Rainbow Trout in the South....426
Rainbow Trout....362
Red Letter Day with the Trout....162
Red Trout....447, 471
Restigouche....52
Rideau Lake....142
Romances of Two Ponds....448
Sale of Brook Trout....229
Salmon Feeding Habits....227
Salmon Feeding in Fresh Water....30
Salmon Marking....30
Salmon of the Tobique....163
Salmon Planting....250
Salmon Spoon, Single....164
Salmon Taken with Spoon....426
Salmon Waters....119
Skittering for Bass....164
Smelts....162
Spanish Mackerel, Florida....318
State's Own Tide Waters....187
St. Lawrence Angling....121
Sunapee Lake....142
Sunapee Saibling....538
Tale of Woe....95
Tasmania Angling....73
Texas Fishing....562
Texas Salt-Water Fishing....340
Texas Tarpon....52, 418
Trout Feeding Habits....74
Trout in Colorado Streams....426
Trout in the Blue Ridge....272
Trout in the Rangeley Waters....493
Trout Netting Law....74
Trout, Odd Days of....71
Trout Stalking....240
Trout Starved, A....249
Trout Tickling....76
Vermont Fish and Game League....495
Walton, Izaak....52
Washington Fishing....161
White Mountain Trout Streams....141
Why He Was Glum....73
Winnepisiogee Bass....54
Wolf Fishing....362
Woodbine Camp....227
Youghiougheny River Bass....76

THE KENNEL.

Absurd Fallacies....258
Advisory Committee Meeting....497
A. K. C. Executive Committee Meeting....518
All-Aged Stake at Manitoba Trials....360
Altcar Club Meeting....482
American Coursing Board, The....124, 167
American Coursing Club's Meeting....344
American Kennel Club, The....167
American Kennel Club Meeting....277
American Waterloo Cup, The....344
Answers to Correspondents....123
Argonaut, Bulldog....32
Auction Sales at Dog Shows....166
Barring All-Age Winners....276, 365, 451
Beagle Kennel, A Noted....301
Beagle Meets....190
Beagles Shot....449, 497
Bell—Martin Case, The....98, 100, 122, 143
Big and Little Kennels and Field Trials....122, 144
Binghamton Dog Show Report....256
Bloodhound Club, The New....32
Bloodhound Trailing....563
Brains vs. Nose....516
Brampton Beauty (picture)....274
Brighton Tobe and International Field Trial....516
Brownstown Kennel Club's Show....342
Brunswick Fur Club's Trials Report....42
Bummer....540
Catamount Hunt, An Unexpected....367
Cincinnati Dog Show....542
Collie Club, The....384
Collie Transfer....497
Coomassie....301
Danbury Dog Show Report....320
Des Moines Show....231
Des Moines Dog Show Report....255
Devotion, The Dog's....12
Disinfecting, Reckless....366
Distemper Germs....34
Dixie Red Fox Club's Hunt....367
Dockleaf, Death of....57
Dogs and Bathers....209
Eastern F. T. Club's Trials Report....472
Emperor Maximillian, Sale of....276
Endurance of Pointers, The....321
English Fox-Terrier Kennel, An....230
English Setter Blood Lines....101
Ethics, Much....55
Field Trial Suggestions....165
Foxhounds at Providence....449
Fox-Terrier Size....167
Frank Forest vs. Royal Krueger....518
Gordon Setter Sweepstake....451
Gordon Setter Trials....188
Greenhill Winthorpe....366
Greyhound Stud Book, The....278
Hamilton Dog Show....495
Harmony, Death of....211
Haughty Madge (picture)....275
High Class Dog, The....187
Higher Entry Fees....212
Homing Instinct In Dogs....211
Ilwaco, Death of....497
Inductive Reasoning in Dogs....541
International Field Trials....439
Jones, Death of Renshaw Mason....409
Kenmore Coursing Club's Meet....385
Kent Elgin Entry in S. F. T. Club....145
Kent Elgin vs. Strideaway....540
Kicking and Kickers at Field Trials....187
Large Pointer Litter....165
Le Prince and La Princess....385
Macon Dog Show....497
Mad Dogs....34
Manitoba F. T. C. Derby Entries....101
Manuscript, Death of....432
Montreal Kennel Association....384
Moral Sense in Dogs....122
Morphine, Use of....540
Muldoon's Reformed Mastiff....211
My Dogs....540
National Beagle Club Field Trials Entries....346
National Beagle Club's Field Trials Report....510
National Fox Hunters' Association Meet....345, 409
National Fox Hunters' Association Meet Report....474
N. E. F. T. Club's All-Age Entries....275
Newburg Dog Show....276
New England Beagle Club's Field Trials Report....386
New England Field Trials....450
New England Fox Hunting....565
New England K. C. Terrier Show Report....408, 431
N. E. K. C. Officers....348
New York's Dog Shelter....33
Northwestern Beagle Club's Field Trials....385
Northwestern Beagle Club Field Trials Report....453
Notable Terrier Transfer, A....211
Old Burgundy, Death of....321
Old Burgundy (picture)....300
Old Hurricane....315
Overheard at the Store....33
Pathfinder, Bulldog....166
Paucity of Bench Show Judges, The....188
Paul Bo, Death of....365
Persian Spaniels (picture)....565
Pine Tar....515
Pittsburgh Show....165, 188
Pittsburgh Dog Show Report....254
Pointer Deal at Pittsburgh Trial....342
Pointer Type....541
Poisoning Dogs....33
Poodle Fritz (picture)....55
Possum and Fox Hunting in Tennessee....367
Produce Stakes....366
Psychic Manifestations, Curious....122
Rabbit Hunting, A Novice's Experience....13
Rabbit Hunting with Horses....518
Reporter's Duties, A....210
Result....13
Rhode Island Dog Show Report....272
Rhode Island State Fair Show....123
Richmond Dog Show....365
Robino, Death of....452
Roderigo, Death of....517
Russian Wolfhound Sale, Large....211
Russian Wolfhound Type....12
Schell—Huber....365
Scottish Terrier Notes....211
Seminole Kennels' Sale....564
Shall it be Speed or Nose?....515, 564
Show Beagles as Practical Field Dogs....14, 57, 101, 167, 189
Shy Dogs, Controlling....12
Size of Fox-Terriers, The....365
Skye Terriers....366
Southern Beauty, Purchase....188
Spaniel Club's Classification....409
Specialty Clubs and Dog Shows....300
Specialty Club Secretaries....187
Spinaway (picture)....301
Squire, Death of The....565
Swiss St. Bernards....55
Tale of a Dog, A....319
Terrier Show, The....299, 343
Tick Boy in the Manitoba Field Trials....365, 384, 495
Toronto Dog Show....33, 100, 122, 231
Toronto Dog Show Report....251
U. S. F. T. Club's All-Age Entries....342
U. S. F. T. C. Trials B All-Age Entries....495
U. S. F. T. Club's Derby A Entries....13
U. S. F. T. Club's Derby B Entries....275
U. S. Field Trials, The....428, 450
West Chester Show....231
Western Massachusetts Fox Club Hunt Report....409
Whippet Races, The N. E. K. C....343
Whippet Races, The N. E. K. C. (report)....411
Work for Terriers....541, 563
Worms in Puppies....541

YACHTING.

*(Illustrated Articles Marked Thus *).*

America's Cup (see Dunraven Challenge).
Adelaide....360
Amateur's Effort....324
Amelia....369
Atlanta....279
Audrey....16
Britannia....125, 160
Britannia Measurement....171
British Racing 1894....368, 478
Capalca....369
Centerboard, Nixon....456, 463, 478, 519
Clarke, A. D....100
Classification....169, 192
Clyde Class, New....369
Colt Cup....128
Constellation—Idlewild....499
Dacotah....302, 369
Deeds of Gift, Three....566
Diaper, Capt....125, 498, 500
Dories....171, 253, 369
Dorothy....16
Drowning, Rescue and Reviving....38
Dunraven Challenge....146, 170, 212, 258, 346, 363, 434, 453, 476, 498, 507, 519, 542, 552, 566
Fishtail Propeller....369
Gerth as a Factor....567
Gould 20-Rater....436
Hit or Miss....*324
Kersey's Letter....279
Knockabout....148
Koko....38, 294
Laying Up at San Francisco....500
Lloyd's Register....16
Long Island Sound Races....79, 233
Madge....346
Measurement, Displacement....279
Measurement, International....478
Mirth....60
Model Yachting....16, 38, 61, 104, 214, 234, 258, 302, 369, 436, 544, 567
Model Yacht Building....*412, *434, *476, *455
Model Competition....500
Myra....*388
New Yachts....260, 302, 388, 531, 544
OBITUARY:
Gamaliel Conklin....16
Lieut. Wm. Henn....215
Richard L White....16
T. D. Vandeveer....16

Page.

October Gale....346
Open Courses.... 38
Oriole, Cruise....346
Pilgrim....190
Pilot's Duties.... 169, 278, 500
Pilot, Schooner....*498
Rorqual.... 16
Sailboat and Horse....280
Sailing Length....169
"Sailing Tours"....388
Satanita.... 37, 59, 126, 190
Skipjack, Myra....*388
Society of Naval Architects....148, 387, 457
"Song of the Cup," New....567
Sorceress....348
Speed in International Races.... 80
Sverige....*414
Thetis.... 279, 544
Thirty-four Foot Class.... 14, 543
Trust Me....128
Twenty-one-Footers.... 14
Valkyrie..37, 59, 126, 148, 190, 232, 258, 288 302, 324, 498
Verena....279
Victoria, Royal, Cup....169
Vigilant....16, 37, 57, 78, 79, 103, 124, 146. 168, 190, 214
Vigilant's Measurement....171
Vigilant's Passage.... 37
Vine, Yacht....456
Yampa....478
Y. R. A. Rule....168, 190. 258, 279, 368, 414

YACHT CLUBS AND RACES

Alga—Penguin....302
Almira—Mary....234, 259, 302
American....147
Annie—Nepenthe....103
Banshee—Crocodile....325
Bay Head....60. 126, 171, 215
Bayswater....103, 170, 232
Beverly....26 104 148, 214 234, 259 280, 302, 478
Biddeford Pool....148
Bobstay Club....192
Boston City.... 35
Brooklyn....234
Cannes....213, 346
Canarsie....216
Canadian, Royal.... 38
Chesapeake Bay.... 79
Clyde, Royal.... 37
Cape May Cup....216
Cohasset....104, 128, 171, 213, 233, 259
Columbia....15, 192
Conanicut....104, 171, 213
Corinthian—Marblehead.... 35
Cork, Royal....103
Corinthian, Clyde.... 37
Corinthian Mosquito Fleet....59, 213
Country Club.... 69
Corinthian, Hull.... 80
Corinthian, Philadelphia....260
Crusader—Toxteth....413
Dorchester.... 60
Douglaston....16, 259
Duxbury....191
Eastern.... 60
Elsiemarie—Shamrock.... 302
Greenville.... 14
Harlem....388
Hempstead....103
Horseshoe Harbor....192, 258
Howard.... 16
Hudson River....259
Hugenot....369. 414

Page.

Hull....37, 103
Huntington Bay....232
Indian Harbor....104, 148, 214, 232
Inter-Lake Y. R. A....60, 214
Jamaica Bay.... 79
Kill von Kull....147
Knickerbocker....302
Lake Geneva....127, 169, 171, 213, 234, 260
Lake Y. R. A.... 60
Larchmont.... 6, 60, 102, 148, 215, 259, 260, 279
Largs, Royal.... 37
London, Royal....126
Lynn....302
Mandeville.... 103
Massachusetts....60. 302
Mediterranean.... 387
Milwaukee.... 60
Minnetonka....15 36, 264
Miramichi.... 233, 279, 316 387
Mount's Bay....103
Newport Races.... 192, 214
Mudhook.... 37
Munster, Royal....124
Nepenthe—Annie....103
New Rochelle.... 15
Newburyport....104
New York.... 80, 103. 116, 171, 280, 388
New York Bay.... 14
New York Y. R. A....234
Northern, Royal.... 59
Owasco....170, 192
Pine Lake....103, 171
Plymouth....35, 170
Quincy....26, 148, 215, 302
Rhode Island....192
Riverside....60, 259
Savin Hill.... 60
Schoodic.... 60
Sea Cliff....59, 171
Seawanhaka Corinthian....15, 280, 456
Sewaren....15, 232
Shelter Island.... 79, 148
Shrewsbury....56 191
Southern....36, 171
Southwark.... 60
Squantum.... 35
St. Lawrence, Royal....38, 268
Ulster, Royal.... 59
Winthrop....146
Yale.... 16
Yonkers Corinthian.... 15
Yorkville....302

STEAM YACHTING.

Alcyon....478
American Steam Y. C.... 14
Aztec.... 38
Caimon....16, 38
Cleopatra.... 60
Columbia.... 123, 346
Eleanor.... 325 369, 388
Elfrida.... 79
Isoline....521
Jean Blance....478
La Belle Sauvage....388
Lagonda....148
Loma.... 79
Margharita....369
Marietta....16, 35
May....36, 369
Mindora....369
Nada....346
Naphtha Cruisers....*520

Page.

Norma....16, 369
Skylark.... 16
Sultana.... 279
Viva....325
Wadena.... 16

CANOEING.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION:

Executive Committee....269, 390
Mess.... 17
Meet....17, 82, 104
Regatta Programme.... 38
Battledore....*148
Birchbarks.... 61
British C. A....
Canoe Sailing, Future....388
Canoe Yawls....192, 369
Canvas Boats.... 39
Dugout....390
Dunkirk to James Bay....545
Handicaps....500, 521. 567. 568
Howard. W. W....16, 61, 82. 106, 192, 216, 258, 280, 303, 323, 347, 388, 500
Lake Huron and Au Sable Cruise.... 324, 347
Model Yachtsman and Canoeist....545
Newton B. C....106
Revival of Racing....38, 500, 521, 567, *568
Snohomish and Snoqualmie....*302
Song.... 38
Tent, Rinn's Patent....*567
War Canoes....106, 216, 235
Western Canoe Association.... *80

CLUBS AND RACES.

Humber Yawl Club....303
New York....521
Ottawa....192
Red Dragon....260, 303
Royal....17, 39, 61, 82
Toronto....192
Victoria.... 61
Wawhewawa....106, 216, 235

TRAP-SHOOTING.

American Shooters in England....129, 257, 281
A Public Outrage....458, 479, 501
Advise to Secretaries....501
Anaconda, Montana....507
Brewer versus Birds....569
Carver—Budd Series....370
Carver—Collenberger Series....350
Carver—Crosby Series....305
Carver—Grimm Series....548
Carver—Kleinman Series....480
Carver Takes Four Scalps....481
Central N. Y. Trap-Shooters' League; Rochester Tournament....305
Championship Shoot at Chicago....457
Chattanooga G. C., Description of and Photo....305
Coutrol of Trap-Shooting....485, 501, 523, 546, 569
Death at the Trap....502
Dropping for Place Must Go....262, 306, 372, 526, 569
DuPont's Smokeless Powder.... 21
Elliott—Carver, First Series.... 86
Elliott—Carver, Second Series....284
Elliott—Carver, Third Series.... 350
EASTERN N. Y. LEAGUE TOURNAMENTS:
Albany, N. Y....150
Johnstown, N. Y....372
Saratoga, N. Y....460

Page.

Elliott and Brewer to Meet....391
Effect of Wadding in Shotguns....459, 482, 525, 570
HANDICAPPING:
Col. Anthony's Suggestion....546
Knoxville's New Handicap....180
Paul North's New Method.... 40
International Contests (Proposed)....237
INTERSTATE MANUFACTURERS' AND DEALERS' ASS'N.
Annual Meeting....569
Annual Review....481
Charleston S. C., Tournament....349
Chattanooga, Tenn., Tournament....282
Elwood, Ind., Tournament.... 19
Louisville, Ky, Tournament.... 84
Iowa State Championship....416
Kentucky State Championship....391
Kleinman the Champion....457
Knoxville's New Handicap....180
Knoxville and Memphis in '95....281
Lynchburg, Va., G. C., Description of Grounds, etc. 20
Massachusetts State Shoot, Chelmsford, Mass.... 283
Morfey—Clark Series....570
NEW ENGLAND SHOOTING ASSOCIATOIN TOURNAMENTS:
Hartford, Conn.... 42
Putney, Vt.... 240
Willimantic, Conn....108
New Jersey State Club Championship....262
NEW JERSEY TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE:
Springfield Tournament.... 20
Myrtle Park G. C., Tourn ment....217
PENNSYLVANIA STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION:
Annual Meeting....196
Annual Tournament....195
Potter—Edey versus Brokaw—Iselin.... 526
Riverton Plate Contests....150, 526
Seaver Page—Brokaw Match....438
TOURNAMENTS:
Altoona, Pa.... 195
Binghamton, N. Y., First Annual.... 41
Binghamton, N. Y., Amateur....262
Bloomsburg, Pa....548
Butter, Montana.... 63
Central G. C., Duluth, Minn.... 64
Coffyville, Kansas....438
Crystal Lake G. C., Urbana, Ills.... 20
Des-Chree-Shos-Ka, Detroit, Mich....173
Des Moines, Ia....261
Elizabeth, N. J., First Tournament....371
Elizabeth, N. J., First Bi-Monthly....509
Elwood, Ind.... 19
Emerald G. C., N. Y.... 370, 392
Granville, N. Y.... 85
Harrisburg, Pa.... 328
Highland G. C., Des Moines, Ia....394
Indianapolis, Ind., Amateur....284
Little Rock, Ark....349
Memphis, Tenn....151
Newburgh, N. Y....327
New London, Conn....238
Northside G. C., Pittsburg, Pa.... 393
Northville, Mich....239
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich....218
Sioux City, Ia....394
South Orange Field Club, N J....504
Standard G. C., Baltimore, Md.... 85
Stroudsburg, Pa....326
Tacoma, Wash.... 18
Townsend Benefit, Marion, N. J....416
Weir City, Kansas....218
Wilmington, N. C....503
Work Beats Brewer....416
Work Beats Thompson.... 460

FOREST AND STREAM.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page 21

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

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We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

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Forest and Stream Outdoor Scenes.

THEY stir the blood, these pictures which so faithfully portray scenes by sea and shore, on prairie and near woodland, in which many of us have had our part. To those who seek their recreation with rod or gun or sail or paddle, by flood and field, no memories are so dear as those of this free outdoor existence, when for the moment the daily bondage of life is cast off, when the business man ceases to think of sales, the mechanic of tools, the lawyer of cases, and the pastor of his church. This freedom is a blessed return to primitive life, a putting aside of the conventionalities, a stripping things of their seeming, a drawing near to nature. And as some sight or sound or perfume often calls up to the mind events long past, so to look at these pictures gives renewed life to some happening of one's outdoor past, and thrills him with the remembrance.

He who has snuffed into his nostrils the cool, damp breath of the open sea, or the scarcely less invigorating breezes of the great lakes, will look with especial interest on the picture which represents the struggle of last year between the great British yacht Valkyrie and her greater opponent Vigilant. The artist has chosen a critical moment when the white vessel is drawing away from her rival, and making safe to America the possession of the proud trophy, which it is the boast of our yachtsmen they have held uninterruptedly for more than thirty years. Many have been the attempts to regain it by sailors of Britain, but as yet in vain.

The yachts are tearing along against a stiff breeze under a sky gray with broken clouds, though here and there through a rift, a patch of sunshine brightens the waves. The water, green and heavy beneath the somber arch, is yet not tossed up in flying spray, but one can feel that the breeze is full of sharp salt moisture, and can behold in the signs of clouds and sea the promise of a freshening wind. One may imagine, too, the feelings which inspire the crews of the vessels, and may picture the rows of earnest faces ranged under the weather rail—the cheerful looks and satisfied comment of those on the white yacht, and the grim, determined countenances of the plucky sailors of the black one; and may see the careful watch which the master of each vessel keeps on his canvas, and the ready alacrity of either crew to spring at command to take a pull on the sheet, or to meet the call of the moment.

The whole picture is full of the breath and the spirit of old ocean, and to a true yachtsman its vivid truthfulness will say more than could pages of description.

Widely different, yet as true to nature, and appealing to a far larger circle, is the picture entitled "He's Got Them." The day's quail shooting is almost over, and the sun is setting in a bed of clouds of rose and gold. On the way home, while working down a little valley, the old dog has struck the trail of a bevy running to roost, and now he has pinned them. In the open, stands one of the sportsmen waiting for his comrade to push his way through the fringe of small trees before both step forward to flush the bird. The dog stands firm, in one of those curious attitudes which many people might pronounce unnatural and impossible, but which the shooter of upland game sees at a glance is both natural and probable. In this case the attitude was copied from one of FOREST AND STREAM'S amateur photographs, that of an actual dog in the field in the act of pointing birds. The trees are leafless, and the weeds and grass sere, yellow and broken down, and yet the scene is full of life and color, the stream glimmers brightly in the setting sun, and the far off hills are blue with distance and gray with the haze of late autumn.

Many a man, like him in this picture, has stood waiting for a comrade to join him, eager, hopeful, yet anxious, fearing lest the birds may rise too soon, but so full of enjoyment of the scene before him that he could wish to have the exciting moment prolonged.

The third scene takes us back again to the edge of the salt water, and we listen once more to the baffled roar of the onrushing waves and the gurgling hiss of their sullen retreat; the cold fresh air of the sea is in our faces, and its moisture clings in tiny drops on hair and beard.

On the rocky shore of a New England island an angler with short, stiff rod and long line is striving to bring to gaff that king of Northern salt-water fishes, a striped bass. The captive is a mighty one, yet it is seen that he is well nigh exhausted, and that if skill and tackle hold the issue of the struggle is not doubtful. The wind, blowing half a gale, sweeps the angler's waterproof coat out behind him and has forced him to jam his cap well down upon his head. From the crests of the waves the spray is flying, a distant fishing vessel lies over before the breeze, and the gulls which hover and scream along the shore are swept away before it, and then have to turn and labor back in its teeth. The air is full of a cold mist which half obscures distant objects and makes the bold headland beyond look pale and gray.

Such a scene the angler for striped bass may witness at many points along the bolder New England coast, though where the shore is less abrupt, the fishing is done from piers or from platforms built out over the water.

On some broad fresh meadow in April or October you may witness the sight presented in the fourth picture. It will be at close of day, perhaps, as you are plodding homeward after a long tramp, with gun on shoulder and dog at heel. The sun has set, and slowly from the east blue night is creeping, onward, onward. Overhead it is already more than half dark, though in the west the flush of sunset lingers yet. As you walk along, suddenly you may hear, far off, a note which you know well, and pausing, may see the "Jacksnipe Coming In." Far off against the clear sky, half a dozen tiny dots are tossing, moving with wonderful swiftness and with most erratic flight. Up and down, from side to side, here and there they dart and twist, ever advancing and growing larger, and ever uttering their well-known call. Perhaps when they have almost reached you, they may take a sudden whirl up in the air, and then with half-closed wings may pitch headlong into the grass all about you and at your very feet, and as they pass your quick eye takes in—though you have but the fraction of a second in which to observe it—all the details of shape and color of the dainty birds, and you rejoice that they have come again.

If you are wise, you will rise to-morrow before the sun and will try to surprise the little fellows at their breakfast; for you are never quite sure of a snipe until he is in your pocket.

Fish Commissioner W. P. Andrus, of Minneapolis, Minn., who has recently returned from an extended trip along Rainy Lake, Rainy River, and Lake of the Woods, has succeeded in attracting the attention of the United States officials at Washington to the threatened depletion of the fisheries in the international waters along the boundary between Minnesota and Canada, and as a result a joint committee will be formed, consisting of an United States fishery representative, a Minnesota fishery representative and a Canadian official, who will formulate a plan for the better protection of the fish along the international boundary.

BIG CATCHES.

IF the fishing reports which come to us from various quarters are credible—and they would not be printed if considered otherwise—the count fisherman is abroad in the land, and is showing himself unusually industrious in working for a record of numbers or pounds. Mr. Blank, we are told, and perhaps Mrs. Blank and the little Blanks with him, succeeded in catching over sixty bass in less than sixty minutes, and was the envy of every one else who had taken only fifty-nine fish in an hour and a half. What becomes of all these gigantic strings of fish is not told; in some cases it would appear to be quite impossible that they could have been eaten. Let us trust that at the least they were given decent burial, or went to the compost heaps, where in due process of time they would fertilize the soil.

The purpose we have in printing these records of count fishermen is not to join in the acclamation of the crowd over their achievements. It is purely to indicate where good fishing may be found. A large catch, stated in concrete pounds, is more to the point than a column of generalization, to show that fishing is good. Whether or not the inordinate destruction related in any specific case may be approved, there can be no questioning that the fish were there. And in many cases it proves as well that the fish will not remain there, for no supply, however superabundant it may be, can long withstand the exterminating assiduity of the count fishermen. When a hotel proprietor heralds these fishing exploits of his guests, he proclaims not alone present abundance but future dearth as well.

SNAP SHOTS.

WE commend to President Hughes and Secretary Banks, of the Pennsylvania State Sportsman's Association, the suggestions embodied in the letter from a Pennsylvania correspondent, published to-day, that the Association should adopt the plan of organization described in our issue of June 23 as having proved so successful in New York. The strongest argument for this change is found in such an experience of delegates as is told by our correspondent. Trap shooting and game protection are two distinct interests, and each should be given full scope by the provision of separate occasions for consideration. The Pennsylvania Association cannot take a more progressive step, when the members shall meet in Altoona next month, than to adopt a plan of organization similar to that of New York.

At a meeting of the Wisconsin Fish Commission last week action was taken toward promoting the formation of fish protective clubs throughout the State. Ultimately, it is hoped, a State league may be organized, to coöperate with the Commissioners in securing a better observance of the laws. There is abundant opportunity in Wisconsin for such a movement; in many districts the laws are dead-letters, and the State is stocking waters only to have them depleted by unlawful fishing. In Wisconsin, as almost everywhere else, public sentiment has not yet been awakened powerful enough to command enforcement of the protective laws by the duly appointed officials. Until such a sentiment shall have been aroused the work must be done by interested clubs and associations of individuals.

Texas has the name of being a country of abundant game resources; but nowhere in America is the game supply so generous that market-hunting may not in time exterminate it. The Houston markets are full of young prairie chickens, killed when hardly able to fly. The sportsmen of the city are organizing for suppression of the scandalous traffic. By and by Texas sentiment will come around to supporting the FOREST AND STREAM platform plank. Public opinion is trending in that direction.

For all part it fills in the game bird supply of to-day the wild pigeon is an extinct species. The story of how the work of extermination was wrought by professional market hunters is an instructive chapter in the history of bird life on this continent. We have in hand a description of the work of the pigeon netter, written by one who has had a practical part in it. The first chapter of the story will be printed next week.

This issue is put to press Monday, July 2. A number of reports of shooting meetings have of necessity been deferred to next week.

"Forest and Stream's" Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

No. 7.

The Headquarters on Hayden Valley.

BILLY went straight through the thick woods to where his camera was *cached*, and taking it along we skirted the edge of the island of timber, out in the open where the keen wind was whirling the fine hard snow across the country in wisps and strings. We concluded to cut straight across through the timber toward Alum Creek, intending to intersect the trail of the rest of the party, and not go back the way we had come, following it in from the point where we had left them, as this latter would make a longer journey. We traveled for apparently three-quarters of a mile through heavy pine forest, whose boughs, heavily laden with mats and masses of snow, formed almost a continuous roof of white above us. It was very white and silent in the forest. We saw no signs of life except where the porcupines had gnawed off the bark of some of the young tree, and except one elk trail, old, but deep and wide, as though a steam plow had gone through.

We followed the gently falling hillside until we came nearly to the Alum Creek level, and still found no trail, nor could we hear the sound of an axe. We therefore turned back to the right, toward the point where the party had first entered this motte of timber, but though we went nearly half a mile in that direction, climbing a little again, we did not cut the trail. At length Billy smelt smoke, and finally we found the camp, away up near the center of the timber. We had gone half around it, as the party had not gone in so deep as we had expected.

We found that the others had dug a hole in the snow down to the ground, the level of the snow being about even with one's face as he stood on the ground. The hole was about 12 feet across. Around the edge of this, following Billy's general advice given earlier, they had stepped a number of poles, cut from young pines, about 18 or 20 ft. long, these meeting at the top lodge-pole fashion. On the inside of these poles was stretched in a semicircle the light lodge-lining which Billy had brought all this way for this express purpose. This lining was about 5ft. high. Above its height there was absolutely no covering at all, as the lodge poles were not numerous enough to make any covering or wind break. A fire was built in the center of this "tepee," if such we could call our extremely well ventilated winter house, and the boys had cut a plenty of wood. A stairway, made by treading short logs into the snow, enabled one to get downstairs into the hole in the snow, which constituted the salon, dining room and sleeping apartments of the edifice. Billy looked at it critically and said it would do as long as it didn't rain. Then we all went downstairs, melted some snow, made tea and coffee, and were happy. In the heavy timber the wind was not much felt, and down below the level of the snow it was hardly perceptible, though we could see the tops of the taller trees swaying, and could hear the talking of the pines where the axemen had jarred off the snow.

The First Sight of Elk.

The advantage of experience now made itself felt. Billy knew right where to go to find the elk and buffalo, that is to say, the general direction and probable distance, subject of course to the limited movements of the game on its winter feeding grounds. He said he would not need to go far up Alum Creek, and as it was still early we hoped to do some work if the weather would only clear.

At noon the sun came out and at once we were off up the valley. Larsen and Holte, who complained of wet feet, were left at camp, all the others taking the trail.

At a half mile from camp we saw a band of thirty elk feeding below us, close along Alum Creek, but as we saw no antlers we passed this herd by without disturbing them. At two and a half miles out we saw three big bull elk lying down in the shallow snow close to the creek, where the ground seemed warmer. We left these to the right and kept on up the creek, hoping to strike the buffalo. We saw still other elk, but did not stop, as we wanted to use the light we were having on the rarer subjects, the buffalo.

Buffalo.

At length Morrison, who was slightly ahead, pushed back from the summit of a ridge and motioned to us to get down. He had sighted five buffalo above us. We tried to get the attention of Billy and Burns, who were off to the right, and finally succeeding we all began the stalk, taking the benefit of a wind which happened to be in our favor. We made a long swift detour through the hills, taking one or two runs on the *skis*, and after about a mile of this we came out, breathless and eager, on the point of a hill directly above the buffalo and not more than 100yds. from them.

There were five of the huge creatures, looming up large enough against the white background. They were all lying down and did not see nor scent us. It was a magnificent opportunity, a great chance among those chances for which we had come. Billy and Mr. Haynes silently and swiftly got their cameras ready, and we all crept close to the edge of the hill, which brought us about 50ft. above the buffalo, which seemed then to be almost directly beneath us.

The buffalo seemed not to notice us. Not so, however, with a band of ten elk, which were lying down about 250yds. from us, beyond the buffalo. These trailed out on the run, leaving the creek and making into the deeper snow after a little. Then the buffalo rose, stupid and bewildered, and apparently uneasy but unable to locate the cause. As they stood, humped up and undecided, Billy and Haynes both got a fair shot. Then, as they located us and lumbered off down the creek in that odd, ungainly but speedy gait of theirs, Billy lay flat on his back on the brow of the hill, and with his camera between his knees industriously took shot after shot at them as they ran, using the sights which he had had mounted on his long box like peep and globe rifle sights. The buffalo followed the trail of the elk, and as the latter turned to leave the creek, Billy got a shot at the whole procession, thus accomplishing the rare and probably unduplicated feat of photographing wild elk and buffalo at the same time running.

Sergt. Morrison. E. E. Hough. Bobbie Burns. Billy Hofer.

FORDING ALUM CREEK, 10° BELOW ZERO.

Photo by Haynes.

The reader may now have a fair idea of the necessities in success at this work. One must get near the game, wait for a proper light, then locate the game, finally stalking it far more carefully than if one were hunting for a shot with a rifle, which could be taken at much greater distance. Lastly, at the critical moment he must not get nervous and forget the requirements of a camera, a much more complicated weapon than a rifle. He must act promptly, for the opportunity lasts but for a moment—a camera does not carry so far as a rifle. These being the conditions, it may be seen that success does not come as a mere matter of course. The successful man at this must be something of a photographer and very much of a hunter. All through the work of that and other days, Billy Hofer's great experience and rare skill as a stalker of big game came into valuable play.

Various Ways of Crossing a Creek.

We were all very much pleased with our good fortune here, and concluded to push on further up, toward the "hot country," or Violet Creek, hoping to locate the main herd of buffalo, of which we had yet seen no sign, though the shallow snow along Alum Creek was all yarded and pawed up by elk. We took a long slide down an accommodating hill, and brought up alongside Alum Creek. The next question was, how were we to get across the creek? Billy said he knew where there was a little island in it, and at that place he thought we could get over.

We found the island, and extending out to it was a thin bridge of snow ice, the main channel, broad and shallow, being in too much of a hurry to freeze up. We went out to the verge of the island and made investigation. We threw our *skis* all across and prepared to jump, the distance being 10 or 12ft. Billy cleared it, using his *ski* staff as a vaulting pole. Morrison followed, and barely got over, leaving an ugly break in the fringe of ice which made the landing place. My turn was next, and as I stepped back to get a start, smash! I went through the thin ice bridge behind, which had been strained with too much weight. I landed ankle-deep in the ice water. The thermometer was well below zero, and camp was miles away. Under the circumstances it did not take long for a fellow to make up his mind what to do. I sprang forward over the island into the main channel, plunged through the shallow water and crawled up the icy bank beyond, considerably alarmed about my feet, which now had a first-class opportunity to freeze about as solid as those of the Chicago statue of Christopher Columbus or the Montana silver statue of Justice—though I do feel rather bashful, in a way, about comparing my feet with those of Miss Rehan, or even those of Columbus. However, thanks to the high-tongued overshoes and the tight leggins, I escaped without getting wet through—I was only in for a couple of steps—and though my feet and ankles were soon cased in solid ice, the excellent footgear prevented them from freezing. There was small chance left for Mr. Haynes and Burns to get a jump. Not daring to risk a slip into the water, they both had to strip off shoes and stockings, and wade across barefoot—a most cruel thing to look at or to think about. As quickly as they got over we fell upon them with their own rough stockings, and rubbed their feet and legs until they were red. Then they put on their shoes, and we all went on after more buffalo.

A Shot at Elk.

We soon got into a region of tremendous hills and valleys, which gave us hard climbing and swift running on the *skis*, for a distance of perhaps two or three miles in all. We could not get trace of the buffalo, even on the steaming hot country beyond Violet Creek. Billy complained that he had never seen so little game on the Valley in all his life. He thought it was because recent haying operations by the transportation companies had cut down the feed on the limited strip of country where the game can get down through the snow in winter. We saw nothing for a long time but one lone bull elk, which, under Billy's guidance, we stalked until we were above it on a high steep hill. Arranging a signal, Billy and Mr. Haynes both let go and sped swiftly down the steep slope, sweeping around to the right at the foot of the hill. The bull turned back, and they saw not one but three bulls, grouped together. Mr. Haynes was ahead, but did not get a shot. Billy got a shot, and got a nice picture of Mr. Haynes and the three elk, one of the most interesting of our series.

More Elk.

We now soon swung back toward camp and were gratified before long by the sight of a band of elk, which we knew to be the same we had started when we saw the buffalo because there was one cow and one calf, a little fellow among ten bulls. They had come back into the hills from Alum Creek, following the valley of the little hot stream, where the snow did not lie deep. With a swift *ski* run down hill we got right on to them before they could escape. They broke across the little creek and plunged single file into the heavy snow of the hillside beyond, not 50yds. from us at first, a magnificent, but somewhat pitiful sight, the great creatures were so helpless in the snow. I can say truly that one feels no disposition to kill under conditions such as these, the emotion being much rather one of pity. Yet the power of the great beauties was admirable. They plowed a trail 4ft. deep through the snow, and made a pretty decent gait of it, though rising and plunging and stumbling shoulder-deep in the treacherous snow. As we noted when we had started this band before, the old cow led and the baby elk came far to the rear, with an old bull behind it. After a time the cow got too tired and fell back, a bull leading the way in turn. The band at length turned down the hill toward the creek, plunged wearily through the deep snow till they got a footing on the "warm ground," and then rapidly made off down the creek, after having afforded fine chances indeed for photographing. Billy here got a very interesting picture of the band in full course of plowing single file through the snow. A better opportunity would be hard to get.

The Buffalo Looked Pleasant.

Our good luck was not to end here, it seemed, for it was not long thereafter till we located a solitary buffalo bull, standing apparently wrapped in thought down on the bank of Alum Creek. He was over half a mile away, but the wind was right, and under Billy's skillful stalking

the cameras were soon on a steep knoll above him, about 250 yards distant. Here Billy sat down in the snow and deliberately took a few shots at the old fellow, who seemed entirely ignorant of what was going on. At the critical moment Mr. Haynes found that his plates were with Morrison and Burns, and they were not visible. He turned back to find them. Meanwhile I crawled up to Billy, and we sat watching the old bull for fully five minutes. He was standing broadside to us, with his head hanging down, quite motionless, and was probably asleep. When at length Mr. Haynes had found his assistants, he made an exposure or two on the bull, then Billy, he and Morrison got their *skis* ready and whisked down the hill to get a closer shot. They got actually right up to the bank of the creek beyond which he stood, not forty yards away, and got a close side view. Then Morrison tossed a bit of snow at him, and the bull, stupidly turning around, stood looking at them, directly head on, as if to ask what the mischief it was all about. Both the camera men improved this second chance for a view, and still another success was scored before the sleepy-headed old fellow deliberately turned and slowly rolled himself away out of sight around a point of timber. This buffalo was close to the creek, and no doubt the noise of the running water drowned the faint noise of the *skis* on the snow. The little contretemps made a singular and rather ludicrous incident. It was a most obliging buffalo, to stand and look pleasant while it was having its picture taken. Usually they will not do that.

Barefooted, Below Zero.

We were now again at Alum Creek, but on the wrong side of the creek, and a long distance below the place where we had crossed it going up, even had we wished to undertake a second crossing there. There was no way of getting over without going five miles down stream, which would throw us far out of our road to camp. The stream was at that point 10 or 15yds. wide and about knee deep on the ripple near which we stood. It ran through a bare valley, and there was no way of getting a footbridge over it, even if we had had an axe. Nothing remained but to wade the creek, and to strip for it, for if we went in with our shoes on and got wet, our feet would freeze in a very few moments after coming out.

It was now well on toward evening, and the day had been steadily growing colder. Comparing the temperature with that observed at the Cañon that morning, we thought it to be about 9° below zero, probably a very moderate estimate. I noticed that Morrison had tied up his ears, and Billy had cautioned me to be very careful or I would freeze my ears. I noticed also that we chilled very quickly after we stopped traveling. On the whole, the idea of sitting down on the snow, taking off one's shoes and stockings, and deliberately stepping into that ice cold mountain stream, was something not altogether inviting at first flush. I remember I looked at that black, wintry, cold-looking stream for a moment, and wishing it were not quite so wide. I would rather have done almost anything else right then than wade that creek. Still, we had to wade, and a fellow can do a lot of things when he has to. Everything in life is relative.

We sat down on the icy bank, unbuckled our ice-stiffened foot-wear, stripped our feet bare to the skin, and then rolled our trousers up as high as they would go, as we knew it would be a near thing at that, for mountain streams are deeper than they look. We had to carry our *skis*, overshoes, etc., etc., balancing these on one shoulder and using the free hand with the *ski* pole to steady the footing in the rushing stream.

Any one who does not wish the trouble of an experience just like the above can tell how it goes, I imagine, by inserting his feet in an ice cream freezer and leaving them for an hour or so. The water was cold and swift, and the rocks were cold and slippery, and one had to go slow and carefully to avoid a disastrous mis-step—which under the circumstances might fairly have been fatal, for to get one's clothes wet meant to freeze stiff in spite of all. Yet one by one we emerged on the other side without mishap. Poor Billy, with his camera and all, could not get all over at one trip, and as I did not notice this till we were over, and so did not take part of his load. Billy had to go back after his *skis*. By that time Mr. Haynes had jerked on his stockings, and as Billy got about midstream on his way back, Mr. Haynes called to him to hold still while he got a picture of him. Billy posed patiently, out in the ice water, and Mr. Haynes made a careful shot. The result is a very interesting picture, showing Billy in the creek, with others just putting on their shoes.

When the wind struck our wet feet and legs we came out of the water, it cut like a knife, and we had to hurry in drying our feet, or they would have frozen. I know that while I was rubbing one foot, the toes on the other began to stick together. When I got so far along as the lacing of my leggings, my fingers stuck to the metal hooks, as they will to iron on a very cold morning. Yet not one of us got chilled, and not one of us felt the worse for it ten minutes afterward. Not one of us touched a drop of spirits, and indeed could not have done so had we needed to, for there was none along. Not the slightest ill effect ever followed for any of us. In fact, the system gets so tuned up on a hard outdoor trip like this that it will take almost any hardship without injury.

More Buffalo Pictures.

Soon after we crossed the creek, we saw on the hills above us the same five buffalo we had started earlier in the afternoon. Morrison and Burns made a long detour, and as the buffalo saw them come up on the other side, they turned and made back down the trail they had trodden in going up, giving us a good chance for some more flying shots at them as they approached the lower level where we stood. Seeing us, the buffalo left the trail and began milling on the top of a little knoll, not over 35yds. from us. I believe neither camera got a picture of them at this point, or until they had again lined out on the trail. As they plunged up and down in the deep snow, with only half their bodies visible, they looked huge and formidable. It was noticeable that they seemed of a gray color, not black or brown, by reason of the snow matted in their hair. They live and feed and lie in the snow, and get snowed on so much that their hair is full of it.

The buffalo at length broke away from the knoll and started a new trail, off for the top of the ridge. They went slowly, laboriously, painfully, almost tired out and helpless, powerful as they were. It seems to me that only one emotion is possible at such a sight to-day. No man could have the thought of killing one of these great creatures under such circumstances. He could only first admire and then pity them from the bottom of his heart. It is a hard fight they are waging now for survival. Can not Congress, can not humanity, help them?

CAMP FOREST AND STREAM.

Where Messrs. Hough and Hofer spent the night, mercury 21° below.

Photo by Haynes on the following morning.

WHAT BILLY DREAMED THE NIGHT IT WAS 21° BELOW ZERO.

Photo by E. Hough.

Camp "Forest and Stream," 21 Below Zero.

We were now about four miles or so, perhaps, from our open-work tepee in the island of timber below, and as fast as we were able we made for that point, it being late evening when we got there, though the twilight is very long in that latitude in winter. Billy and I had all the packs of our party along, but the total of bedding was just one single blanket and the light sleeping bag. The thermometer was steadily falling, and it was already very cold. The majority of the party determined to return to the Cañon Hotel quarters, not risking a night of sitting up around a fire. We had had a hard day of it, traveling I suppose, at least eighteen miles up to that time, and it was about six miles more back to the Cañon. Billy and I concluded to chance it at the tepee, and we were the only ones who did. The rest bade us goodby, and went away jokingly telling us that they would come and thaw us out in the morning.

"We can't sleep in this place the way it's fixed now," said Billy, after the others had gone. "We've got to shorten those poles, so the lodge lining will lean over us a little more and throw some of the heat down." So saying, he went to work with the axe and proposed to make a more woodsmanlike tepee than our friends had done. He cut about 4ft. off the end of each pole and rearranged them all at the top. This left them closer together at the top and not so high above us, with a much less acute angle at the top. Then we cut pine boughs and filled in all around between the snow wall of the lodge poles and put chunks of snow back of that, so that the wind would not suck down the wall behind us. After that we tied the light lodge lining around inside, and the tepee now being smaller, the lining met at the door, so that we had a fair wall around us, though no roof to speak of. The lining pitched forward pretty well, making a circular "lean-to" wall, which would throw the heat of our fire in and down. We got in a lot of wood, and of course built our fire in the center of the tepee, of necessity not a very big fire. Under the lining we laid down the side logs of our beds, of which we made two. Between the logs we piled in pine boughs for bedding, as many as we could find out in the snow, for we had now been working an hour and a half, and it was about as dark as it ever would be that night.

Billy and I had some of the product of the lowly but useful hog for supper that night, with a little bread. Billy melted snow and made tea, and I melted snow and made coffee, being plenty scared about tea after my experience with it the first day out. It took more than a quart of coffee to scare me that night, however. We had had a hard day and were pretty well tired down.

We hung up the cameras on horizontal limbs and stood the *skis* up on end in the snow, so the porcupines could not get at the straps, and not long after supper we turned in, if one may call it so. We put on all the extra clothing we had and crawled into our scanty bedding, hugging the saving fire as closely as we dared. To-day Billy's sleeping-bag has a long scorch on the back, where I got too close to the fire at one stage of the game.

It was an odd night, and I shall not forget it. The forest was absolutely silent, not a creak of a limb or a whisper of a bough falling on the ear. The sky was blue and cloudless, and through the meager rafters of our house the great stars shone brilliantly down. Our little fire snapped and smoked, and flared and fell, and continually craved food to keep away the spirit of destruction. How shall I describe it—this feeling that there was a Spirit of Cold about on every hand, eager to destroy? One could feel it tapping, tapping, for weak places in one's covering and in one's vitality. There were silent, spirit fingers feeling all over one to find some point of stealthy assault. A veil of cold lay upon the face. One felt, vaguely, restlessly—and in sleep one dreamed it half fearingly—that above the bed of these violators of the wilderness secrecy there bent a white-winged, stony-faced Spirit of Cold, with fingers creeping, creeping. A tiny rent in the sleeping-bag felt like a hand of ice all night long Every thin place in the covering was tapped, tapped, incessantly, remorselessly, by those invisible and persistent fingers of the frost.

Of course, had we had proper bedding, we should hav had not so much of an experience of it, but we were very

I.—PLOWING A TRAIL.
Photo by Hofer.

poorly equipped, and had we not made proper use of the facilities at hand, we would have frozen to death. The cold of the mountains is not the same thing at all. Billy curled up under his single blanket, and hunched as close to the fire as he dared. Once in the night he got up and went out into the snow after more wood, some of which remained piled up outside. We put on a stick or two every once in a while, of course. We built the fire at right angles, so that each of us had a long, burning stick extending up and down parallel to his backbone. Again, I noticed that though I got cold, just as I was in wading the creek, there was no chilling through, no rigor, such as a tired man would very likely have in such circumstances in this climate. I am willing to aver, though, that pine boughs are about as warm to sleep on as so many icicles. Also, I would have given $4 an inch if Billy's sleeping bag had been about a foot or so longer. It caught me just below the shoulders, and do all I could, I couldn't keep my shoulders warm. We had to tie our silk handkerchiefs over our ears to keep our ears from freezing, but I didn't have anything to tie over my shoulders. At last I hit on a happy thought. I took my Lake Superior pack bag, spread the flap down under, and poked my head into the bag, pulling the whole thing down over my head and shoulders. It was dark in there, and a trifle close, but it was warm. Before this I had learned another trick, of which a fellow perhaps wouldn't think unless he were in a camp cold as this. The skin of a wildcat isn't very thick, and it let the icy coldness of those *frappé* pine feathers through until I thought my hips would turn to ice. I put my big mittens under me, but they wouldn't do. At last I put my broad-brimmed hat under me, and that kept out the cold, and I was all right after that; with my hat under me and my head in the bag. I don't want to hear anybody poke fun at the Western hat any more after this. Where would a fellow have been with a derby hat in a case like that, or a silk hat?

Thanks to Billy's skill in arranging the camp, and to his unselfishness and care all night through, we both finally got through the night and got some sleep, too. I can not say that I was really very cold. We kept just this side of that. Still I have been hotter and I shouldn't wonder if Billy has. We must have been two rather grimy and tough-looking characters when we turned out in the morning, with our eyes full of pine smoke and our faces black with cinders. Still we could cut a caper or two, and felt pretty good. With our knives we cut each a cake out of the hard snow, which gave out the crisp, ringing, crinkly sound it does of a very cold morning. These cakes of snow we rubbed over our faces and we let it go at that. We had no mirror, no soap, no towel and even the solitary comb was lost somewhere in the packs.

For breakfast we had beef and coffee. The beef was raw, so we blew the ashes off the coals and slapped it right down on the coals, where it broiled nicely, and without any smoky or woody taste. We had a very scanty breakfast, but we ate another one when the party came in from the Cañon with more supplies.

When the morning was well advanced, about 9 o'clock, perhaps, we heard the whisper of *skis* on the snow, and soon the face of Larsen peered curiously over the edge of our pit in the snow. He smiled gladly, as if surprised to see us alive. Larsen had frozen his ears coming over from the Cañon that morning. Every man was covered with a deep white rime of frost as he came up. We could hardly believe it when they told us that it was 21° below zero at the Cañon that morning. We had judged it to be about 6° below. From this we thought it must have been about 6° below when we crossed the creek the day before. When Billy and I learned that we had put in so cold a night, we looked at our late tenement with more respect, and called it Camp Forest and Stream. Mr. Haynes made a picture of it. Any one lost on Hayden Valley is welcome to the use of the poles, which will probably be standing for years, unless the elk rub them over.

The story of how we found more buffalo, and how we at length crossed the Continental Divide, will do for another day. E. HOUGH.

[A picture of the lone buffalo bull will be given next week.]

We have read Mr. Hough's papers on the snowshoe trip through the Park with much interest and shall welcome those forthcoming. I would trust Messrs. Hough and Hofer where I wouldn't trust myself on a trip like that.

That picture of "E. Hough in a Heap" is not a flattering likeness—indeed, but for the letter-press beneath, I doubt if I should have recognized it. I suppose the artist employed an unusual quantity of snow when the pose was determined on in order to save the necessity of foreshortening. KELPIE.

Tell Messrs. Hofer and Hough when they use *skis* again that horse hide or deer skin glued on the bottoms with the hair on will prevent the shoes from slipping backward when taking a hill or steep pitch. C. H.

Natural History.

NATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

IN 1888, Congress provided for the establishment in the District of Columbia, of a park designed mainly, at the outset, for the preservation of certain American animals now on the point of extinction. Unfortunately the introduction of a subordinate feature, namely, the recreation of the people, brought about by levying upon the taxpayers of the District for one-half of the cost of purchase and maintenance, has chiefly converted into an ordinary pleasure ground what was originally intended as a reservation of a very different character and aim.

The Park is seriously handicapped also by the lack of funds for the purchase of animals. In his report upon the subject, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution mentions the necessity of constant additions to the collection to compensate for the mortality inevitable to existence under unnatural conditions. These additions cannot be made by purchase, but depend upon gifts and loans, and accessions received from the Yellowstone National Park. Very little benefit has come from any source except the last, and this has been derived at a heavier charge for transportation than would equal the cost of purchase from hunters and dealers. It is, therefore, all the more important that funds be made available for the acquisition by purchase of species needed to place the National Zoological Park upon the basis contemplated at its inception.

We are indebted to the superintendent, Dr. Frank

II.—THE RECONNOISSANCE.
Photo by Hofer.

Baker, for the following account of the work of the establishment during the past year:

"As the collection has been added to considerably during the year, I inclose the list as it now stands. Some of

III.—BUNCHED FOR A (CAMERA) SHOT.
Photo by Hofer.

the most important accessions have come as loans. The Adam Forepaugh shows sent to the Park for the winter 76 animals, which included a number of considerable value. A hippopotamus, Sumatran rhinoceros, zebra, five camels, two tigers, five kangaroos and six African antelope were among the animals received. They came to the Park about Nov. 1, to remain until April; a few of the larger ones, however, will remain for a year longer.

"The Yellowstone National Park furnished 28 animals, including a black bear, grizzly bear, wolverine, two beavers and four very fine young elk.

"Among the animals born in the Park were two elk, one llama, one kangaroo, two black bears, six Russian wolfhounds and one rhesus monkey. I will give you, a little later, an account of the little bears.

"The Park is still without any funds whatever for the purchase of animals. Our appropriation is, however, available to meet transportation charges on animals presented, and I should like the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to know that we are not only willing, but anxious to take charge of their pet deer, bear, eagles, etc., when the latter become troublesome. Some of the commonest species are among our desiderata. For instance, we have only two woodchucks, and should be glad to obtain ten or a dozen more, in order to establish a colony of them. For the Canada porcupine, likewise, a vacancy exists to the same extent.

"Public interest in the Park has largely increased, and the number of visitors much exceeds our expectation. During fair weather the number on week days is usually from 500 to 2,000; on Sundays and holidays from 5,000 to 20,000. The largest number registered during any one day was 29,448.

"The appropriation for 1893–4 was the same as for the previous year—$50,000. Of this amount $30,000 is required for the maintenance of the Park. Although $20,000 is a small sum to cover the construction of buildings, roads and all other improvements over 167 acres of ground, yet the development of the Park has been considerably advanced, and the accommodations, both for animals and for the public, are much better than a year ago."

Wildcat Kittens.

SANTA FE, N. M., June 20.—A few days since a party of soldiers from the 10th Infantry were out on a picnic near the "Crater," an extinct volcano, and while climbing around the rocky peaks found the home of a wildcat (*Lynx canadensis*) with three beautiful little kittens. They were there all day, but the old mother did not show up, although she was undoubtedly watching them from a safe distance. The boys brought the kittens home with them and are trying to raise them at the quarters.

As I have had several of them and succeeded in raising and taming them, I was anxious to get a couple of these but have not been able to induce the boys to part with them. I should judge that they were about three weeks old when found. I shall take a lively interest in the future of these pets. I believe "Podgers" don't like them, but I do.

Some months ago I read a letter in FOREST AND STREAM from some man who had captured or killed the rare curiosity of an albino weasel, that is, the weasel was white all except the tip of its tail, which was coal black, I think the writer stated. It occurred to me to ask what is the regulation color of the weasel in the winter time. My remembrance is that the description was about right for the weasel in full "winter plumage" without accusing him of being an albino. H. B. H.

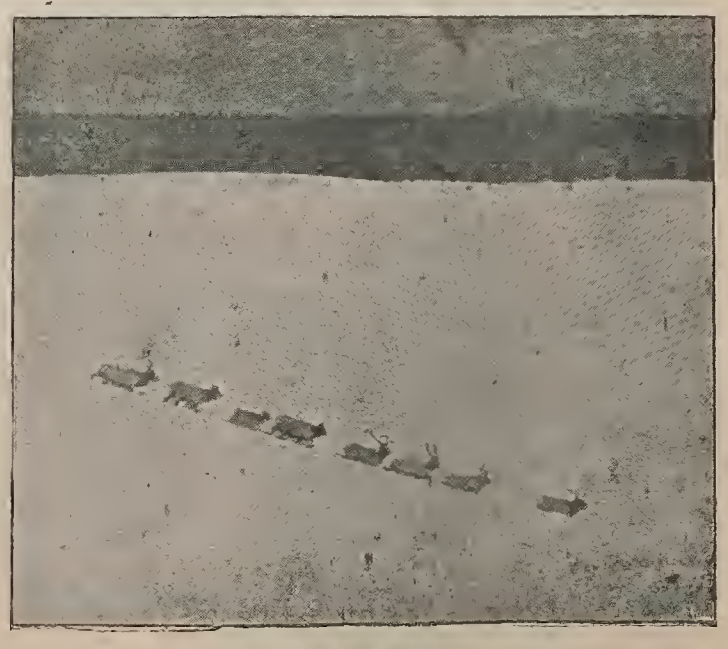
An Albino Robin.

MUCH has been said of late by local papers and people in general in the region of southern Connecticut concerning a white robin, which many fishermen and country folk along the well-known trout stream, Four-Mile River, claim to have seen.

On June 6 a companion and myself were tramping along the road which leads to the upper portion of the brook preparatory to "striking in," when suddenly from the roadside, and only a few feet away, flew a bird of pure white plumage. In size, shape and motions it resembled, identically, the ordinary robin, as did also its call as it flew about. Its mate, a robin of the ordinary color, followed it closely and we watched them for some time. Reaching the nest we found an egg of the common species. However much the idea has been scouted, it is a fact nevertheless, that a pure white robin has been inhabiting that vicinity. A late report says that the nest has been torn down, but I hope no harm has befallen the beautiful bird. JOSEPH A. CONE.

A Trout-Eating Snake.

ON May 18, 1893, while trouting in Follywort Brook, Preston, Conn., I was witness to an incident worthy of record. Standing on the bank, I was in the act of making a cast in a shallow pool below, when the sun shone forth, disclosing the bottom of the pool and the various objects therein, and I saw a trout of perhaps ½lb. weight lying head up stream near the bank. Checking the cast, with my gaze on the fish, I suddenly saw a dark streak shoot out from the roots that fringed the banks, and the trout disappeared. Then a confused squirming something appeared through the roil and débris from the bottom. Moving to the bank directly over the combatants, I looked down and saw the trout held firmly in the mouth of a water snake, who lay with tail tightly coiled around a root. The snake, by a muscular movement of the body, would draw the trout nearly under the bank, when the trout, by a rapid use of head and tail, would recover his lost vantage, and stretch the snake to his full extent. And thus it was nip and tuck between them. Dropping my rod on the bank and wrapping a hook on the leader, by good luck and perseverance I managed to hook the trout by the under jaw and draw him to the surface. Even then, to my surprise, the snake would not release his prey, but, stretched taut, hung on like grim death. Reaching back, I secured a stick and gave him a sound rap across the head, whereupon he released his hold and disappeared beneath the bank. The trout apparently had received no injury, but seemed to be in a state of semi-insensibility or stupor, or what you will. I returned him to the stream, but in twenty minutes he was a dead fish. E. M. BROWN.



IV.—DOWN THEY GO.
Photo by Hofer.

Black and Gray Woodchucks.

I SEE that one of your correspondents, under this caption, speaks of those of different colors having different habits. Here in Maine we have but few woodchucks, but those we have are about equally divided between black and gray. Those of both colors vary considerably in individual cases, some being coal black, some a reddish black, almost brown; some are light gray and some a reddish gray. Whatever their color or shade may be, they are all alike in their habits. One sees both gray and black living in or by edges of fields, and one finds both colors a long way in the woods. They differ just as much as a black cat does from a gray one, and no more. I have seen prairie dogs near Abilene, Tex., which were very large and very red, perhaps owing to color of soil. In other places I have seen them much smaller and gray, and I remember seeing a large colony at the lower end of South Park which were nearly white, but I never heard any one claim that they were on account of size or color of different races.

Regarding their tree-climbing habits, I once saw a large gray one sitting on the bent trunk of a large basswood tree some feet above the ground. This one had not been disturbed, and had climbed of his own accord, though the ascent was very easy. I was once where a dog drove another (a black one) up a small cedar. Till then I never believed that a woodchuck could climb, but I am convinced that when obliged to, they can climb quite a smooth tree.

It may be news to some of your readers that foxes catch woodchucks, but I once came suddenly on a fox which had a large woodchuck in her mouth, which she dropped on seeing me. Examination showed that she had just killed it. M. HARDY.

MUSKOKA, Canada.—Noticing several communications in recent issues under this head, I may mention that several years ago I was passing through a clearing surrounded by brush, and was attracted by the whistle of a ground hog. After looking about I at length discovered the source, about 15ft. up a maple sapling. The tree was about 7in. in diameter, and was without branches until it divided into a crotch, where the ground hog was perched. What puzzled me was the cause of its seeking so strange a refuge, as I had not disturbed it previously, neither had I a dog with me at the time. J. H. WILMOTT.

Small Game in the National Park.

EASTON, Pa., June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: It affords me gratification to note the interest you have taken in our Yellowstone National Park, and I trust it may be preserved to future generations in all its natural, rugged beauty, intact. I was in the Park not long since and I noticed an absence of small game. It became noticeable, because I expected to see much more. Undoubtedly this is due in a great measure to the scarcity of nuts and the natural food of our small game. I would suggest that hardy nut-bearing trees be planted throughout the Park. It can be left to the Agricultural Department of the Government to select such as would ripen in that high altitude and climate. It is merely a suggestion and may not be practicable. I would like to hear from somebody who has thought about it and if any observations have been made by others in the same direction. J. S. HUNT.

[There is no dearth of the small game peculiar to the high mountains in the National Park, and there is abundant food for the grouse, hares and squirrels. The seeds and nuts of pines and piñons, and other trees and shrubs probably furnish all the food required.]

A Tame Partridge.

WEEDSPORT, N. Y., June 22.—About two years ago a partridge (male) came into the village of Weedsport and went to the home of a German family. The door was open and it walked in as if it owned the place, and never offered to fly away. It strolled around the room for some time, when it was caught and put in a good sized cage. It seemed happy and would eat wheat out of any one's hand. It has been taken out of the cage several times and will stand on the owner's fore-finger, but never offers to leave. This spring it was given three young chickens and it is raising them the same as young partridges. If any one goes near the cage it will make a terrible fuss; and if they get their hand inside they will lose a piece of skin. It is very cross since receiving the chickens. I believe the object in giving the chickens was to see if they could mate them another year. This bird seems to be just the same as all the other partridge in this State; and the old saying that a partridge can't be tamed will have to be one of the past. J. H. L.

"A Man from Corpus Christi."

"A MAN FROM CORPUS CHRISTI," by Dr. A. C. Pierce; Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York. This is the story of the adventures of two bird hunters and a dog in Texas bogs. It is simply the narrative of outdoor life in west Texas, but it is so well written that interest does not flag from beginning to end. Dr. Pierce writes delightfully, and had he labeled his book "An Admirable Character Sketch," he would have hit upon its proper title. Mr. Priour, his companion, is a professional hunter who is a constant source of amusement to the reader. He does nothing absolutely absurd or ridiculous, but his actions and his conversations as described by the Doctor are so true to life and so natural—that is, natural for that sort of person—that one absolutely smiles in anticipation when it becomes evident from the text that Mr. Priour is going to say or do something. The bird-hunting expeditious sink into insignificance when compared with the sayings and doings of the assistant bird hunter. One of the features of Mr. Priour's character is, that while he is one of the greatest prevaricators that ever walked, if so harsh a term may be applied to such innocent deception as he is guilty of, not from the moment of his appearance on the stage to his departure from it is he detected. He knows everything is going to turn out just as it does beforehand, and when it does go against him, he coolly changes sides and is still right. He can't be downed. Dr. Pierce has written a very pleasant story indeed, and proves himself to be not only a good judge of character, but what is much rarer, an able exponent of it. He has a keen sense of the humorous and ridiculous, and has caught every weak and salient point in Mr. Priour's makeup. The description of Texas scenery, etc., are true to life, and one has only to glance through the pages of "A Man from Corpus Christi" to see that it is an accurate and reliable record taken from actual experience.—*Galveston News.*

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

STORIES OF EZRA.—V.

WINSTON HARRIS was a friend of Ezra and myself, and his big stories afforded us much amusement. One may get some idea of his character from the following true story of his boyhood: When he was about twelve years old his father gave him permission to go squirrel shooting, but told him he must not go beyond the creek, but he did start to cross it on a log, and slipping off, got himself and the gun thoroughly wet. When he got home he was asked to explain. This he did by saying that he had shot at a crow that was directly over him, and shot a hole 2ft. across right through a cloud, letting the water run out of it so fast that he had a very narrow escape from drowning.

His mother said, "Winston, haven't you read about Ananias and his wife, who were struck dead for lying?" Looking his mother straight in the eye, he answered, "No, I never read about it, but I was there and saw them carried in after they fell."

One cold November day Winston came to town so hoarse, he could barely speak above a whisper. Asking how he caught such a cold, he said, "Night before last I heard a fuss among the chickens, so I got up and peeped out, and there, in the old locust tree, was the biggest owl I ever see. I just stepped back to the bedroom and got the old shotgun and cut loose at him. He fell, but picked himself up and flew away across the pasture, and I heard him fall way down toward the woods. Then I cut out after him with nothing on me but my shirt, and tramped round in the frosty grass till I was about froze, but I couldn't find him, though I know he's dead down there somewhere."

The next day I told the story to Ezra and he said: "I'll make Winston believe that he never shot at that owl." Hunting up an old brown hat Ezra fired a charge of shot through it and put it in his shooting coat. We went quail shooting that day, and about 11 o'clock came to Winston's place, finding him out in the field husking corn. He told us to go up to the house and tell Martha we would be there for dinner. Before going in the house Ezra laid the old hat under the locust tree. When Winston came in half an hour later he raked the coals and the remaining backlog to the front of the fireplace, got us to help him carry in a new backlog, and after carefully adjusting it piled smaller wood in front of it, drew up a chair, sat down and then told Ezra about the owl.

"Shouldn't a thought he'd light in the locust tree when that old hat was hanging in it," said Ezra.

"Ain't no old hat hanging in it," said Winston.

"Yes, there is," said Ezra, "I threw it up there a year ago and I saw it there not ten days ago."

"We can soon settle that," said Winston, going to the door and looking. "No hat there, that settles it."

"That's queer," said Ezra, and walking under the tree presently found the hat. "Here it is! and [looking at it closely] if it ain't full of shot holes, too. Here's the owl you shot at."

"Honestly, now, I did think I'd shot an owl, but I reckon it must 'a' been that hat," said Ezra, "but if you will bring up a pitcher of cider we will keep still about it," and the cider was brought. O. H. HAMPTON.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN TERRITORIAL DAYS.

WE were camped for the night, my eldest son and I, on the shore of a small lake which was but an enlargement of the outlet of Liberty Lake, a beautiful sheet of water tucked away under the shadow of the mountain bordering the plain through which flowed the charming Spokane River, and but a few miles east of the then thriving village of that name.

It was a great resort for waterfowl in the old days, and during the afternoon of our short stay we had enjoyed fine shooting at the passing ducks, and now as the darkness came on, and the light of the camp-fire illuminated a wide circle around the wagon containing the camp equipage, near which the hobbled horses grazed peacefully, a faint *honk* far to the northeast gave note of the coming of a flock of geese in search of a resting place for the night.

An occasional call coming on in the darkness notified us of their swift approach, and, finally, of the change of direction of their line of flight as the light of our camp-fire warned them of possible danger.

Swinging far around to the northwest their final notes told us that they had alighted at the further end of the lake on which we were camped, a quarter of a mile or more away. I wanted a goose or two to complete the bag of game we were to carry home in the morning, and the question of how to get a fair shot at the watchful creatures became for the moment an absorbing one.

Finally I concluded to try and steal a march upon them with the aid of the brown pony.

I had a 10-gauge Parker which had on many occasions given a good account of itself, and although I had nothing in the way of ammunition but a few shells loaded with No. 6 shot, I slipped a couple of them into the big barrels, and loosening the hobbles from the legs of the pony, and putting a bridle on him, I took him by the bit with my left hand, and stooping my head down behind his neck and keeping my arm extended so that he would be made to walk slightly in front and with my own legs kept alongside his forelegs I took my silent course around the east shore of the lake, along the sandy beach, and in the shadow of the low hills bordering it, which materially assisted in hiding me from the watchful eyes far in front. An occasional low muttered call warned me that our approach was carefully noted, but as my moccasined feet gave no sound and only the footfalls of the pony could be heard along the silent shore, I trusted that the darkness would shield me from their vigilant eyes, and that the innocent looking pony would be permitted to wander slowly along shore within easy range of the coveted feather bed grouped on the sandbar in front.

The light in the western sky had now faded to a faint glow near the horizon, and as the low occasional calls of the wary waterfowl grew fainter as we approached, and finally ceased altogether, it became a question whether we might not after all walk right past in the darkness without a glimpse of them.

How often in the hunter's life does some apparently trifling circumstance turn to failure the most cunning stratagem, or change apparent defeat into bright success!

The same faint, rosy glow above the western horizon now enabled me to note a hazy something clouding a dark point where the shore in front seemed to bend outward into the lake, and I paused and peered eagerly through the gloom to study the dark problem in front, where the after glow of the sunset on the water made just the faintest outline or frame for the sable picture.

For a minute or so I stood beside the silent pony looking from beneath his outstretched neck for any indication of life in the gloom in front. Neither sound nor movement gave the faintest token of life beyond. Still a something of irregularity of outline on the shadowy point in front finally decided me in the conviction that this was really the group of mystified geese, silent as statues, watching the motionless pony on the shore. Carefully cocking both barrels, and with my left hand slipped through the loop of the bridle rein, I sank gently upon one knee, and aiming under the neck of the sleepy pony at the center of the dark mass in front, pulled both triggers. As the 10drs. of powder blazed out into the darkness and roared its small earthquake under his nose, the snorting pony reared, and whether the terrific kick of the overloaded gun hurt worse than the sudden yank at the bridle rein, which threatened to dislocate a shoulder for me (and possibly saved the crazy pony from breaking his back on the sand behind him), I shall never know—nor did I at the time very much care—for a honking, fluttering commotion on the sandbar 40yds. in front, quickly followed by the echoes shouted back at us in quick succession from the hills across the lake; and these in their turn succeeded by the fainter echoing protests against this mighty slaughter of the innocents and the peace of the lonely lake shore, coming slowly back to us from the great mountain walls far to the southeast, absorbed all my attention just then, and proved the best of all liniments for this kind of hurt.

Hurriedly soothing the frightened animal at the other end of the taut bridle rein I towed the now reluctant brute across the sandbar and picked up four big Canada geese, and another was found next morning drifted up on the shore. Regaining camp with my backload of dead geese the pony was again hobbled, and through the remainder of the glorious October night we slept the sleep known only to the lover of the open air.

As the team was being hitched up next morning for the drive back to town, a flock of geese was observed sitting on the opposite shore of the outlet, a half-mile to the northwest of camp, and as it appeared that they would, if approached from the northwest, fly toward Liberty Lake to the southwest, I directed my son to drive the team as silently as possible around them and then to make them take wing, when I took the gun and following on close behind the wagon to a point where, a short distance in front, a small ravine furrowed out by the spring rains offered a hiding-place, I dropped from sight behind its banks.

The detour was skillfully made by the careful youth, and as the geese passed me some 60yds. distant I succeeded by the use of both barrels in wing-tipping a big gander, and as he fluttered down to the shore secured him after a short chase.

We now had a noble bag of geese and ducks, and with light hearts drove toward the road leading back to town, and just as we reached it and turned sharply toward the embryo metropolis of the Northwest a glance across the prairie detected an inquisitive coyote, which with elevated nose snuffled the southwest breeze, tainted with the load of waterfowl in our wagon. The scent was too enticing for resistance and he trotted briskly down the road after us.

A glance ahead showed that the road passed through a narrow gap a short distance in front between the low rocky bluff on the left and an isolated point of rocks 50 or 75ft. in height, separated from it by a narrow pass about 50ft. in width. Seeing that the coyote was coming eagerly on, I slipped in my last two shells, and handing the lines to my son hurriedly directed him to drive steadily on down the road at an easy jog trot, and without pausing for an instant, to swing the team a trifle to the right just after he had passed the isolated rock, so that for an instant we would be hidden from the sharp eyes of the watchful little coward behind.

The instant the rocks hid me from the coyote's view I leaped from the wagon and ran around the rocky point to the northward, while the wagon rattled on down the road. Carefully creeping around the bluff of rocks and waiting to give him time to come on, I had almost completed the circuit and regained the road when I came upon him, and as he turned to fly I gave him both barrels of No. 6 at 40yds. A more cunning brute than the red fox himself, that was the only coyote I ever fairly outwitted; a score or more of them I have killed while deer hunting.

As the last shell was emptied we took the road homeward, well pleased at having "got the scald" on the chicken thief. ORIN BELKNAP.

Wanton Shooters in Florida.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., June 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I heartily indorse your platform plank, "prohibition of game traffic." It is the right move in the right direction, but here in Florida there is something worse than market-hunting; I mean the wanton destruction of game by sportsmen. Very many of the men who come here for the winter seem to think they must kill everything that runs, flies or swims.

I said sportsmen; they call themselves sportsmen; they are well dressed, gentlemanly, have fine guns and fishing tackle and generally pay their bills, but woe to the unfortunate bird or beast that crosses their path. I have seen a few who would not shoot what they could not use, but I have seen more who would shoot anything. Seemingly their only desire is to kill. Fortunately we have some places yet left in Florida where the average tourist does not care to go, and there the game is still plenty. But it will not be so long. Soon the game will follow the plumed birds; and Florida's attraction gone, she will go back to her former wildness.

Yes, stop the sale of game, and also stop the murder of innocents by any one who can fire a gun and wield a rod.

TARPON.

STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—*The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.*—FOREST AND STREAM, *Feb. 10.*

VALLEY, Wash.—Having won a splendid fight for fair play and true sportsmanship in the case of the Yellowstone National Park (one which adds a big feather to its plume), and without waiting for victory to preen her ruffled plumage as she perches on the moosehead of the big birch sign, FOREST AND STREAM again enters the list with a new war cry—"Stop the sale of game entirely!"

Before we "jump at a collusion" (as my little boy once said) let us look at this thing twice. Has the editor thought this thing over carefully? Does he really wish to drive all the old hunters into Coxey's Army? Is he actually in league with Phil Armour to flood the country with chopped beef to the entire exclusion of dried venison? Shall there be no more cakes and ale?

I had inclined to confidence in his sense of justice, and before a final quarrel wish to know if, when one of us old fellows, having piloted some pompous tenderfoot "Colonel" into the hills after game, and listened for days to his awkward thrashing through the brush in quest of same, which he never approaches nearer than a quarter of a mile, is finally beckoned out behind a treetop and quite accidentally informed that the "Colonel" has a crisp $10 bill that he does not particularly need, and that if he had "a fine buck to take home, etc.," does the exacting editor really expect the hunter to rise in virtuous indignation to his full height and paralyze the culprit with the declaration that he is a reader of FOREST AND STREAM and consequently does not sell game?

Does he for a moment fancy the hunter willing to supply the "Colonel" with venison for no compensation whatever, save the fun of accompanying him back to town and seeing him exhibit his trophy to envious friends as "the buck I shot up in the mountains, sah?"

If, while I am standing peacably near the camp-fire with my hands behind my back, the "Colonel" saunters up to warm his fingers, and I happen to feel something round, smooth and heavy (about the size of a $10 gold piece) slip gently into my half shut palm; if, after a casual remark about the weather, I can't quietly slip my hands into my pockets and stroll back to the tent to lace my moccasin, without a fight with this argus-eyed editor of FOREST AND STREAM, I want to know it. See here, may we not compromise by simply stopping the other fellow from selling? Even Mr. Howell, the late game warden of the National Park buffalo, would agree to this.

ORIN BELKNAP.

[This recalls the point made against a proposed Pennsylvania law forbidding the sale of trout, that it would interfere with the long-established trout traffic between the small country boy with a letter in the post-office and the fancy fisherman from town.]

DENVER, Colorado.—I have read with decided approval "A Platform Plank," and have been much gratified on reading from time to time the hearty indorsements given to it in FOREST AND STREAM. No doubt "the campaign must be a long one," so much the stronger reason for beginning. It should have been taken up long ago. Who can successfully refute the position that "a grouse which gives a man a holiday afield is worth more to the community than a grouse snared or shot for the market stalls." The sentence above contains a whole volume, and should set every man thinking who reads it. The good sense, the integrity, the logic of the "platform plank," appeal to me irresistibly, as they should to every man who realizes that there is some one else on this beautiful earth of ours besides himself, and that there is a fair chance of its being inhabited some centuries after we are all dead and forgotten; and that those who come after us (if there is anything in heredity it should be so) may have a passion for the rod and gun as well as ourselves. It was never intended in the Divine economy that we should slaughter any live thing beyond our needs.

We are making an effort in Colorado to shut off the market-hunter and fisherman, as you are aware, and with some show of success. Our territory is large, however, to look after, but the benefit is beginning to show itself already in the fish supply, to my own knowledge, and I presume the game is not suffering as it did.

L. B. FRANCE.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

New Hunting Fields.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—About eighteen miles of the new Gulf Shore Railroad, from San Antonio to Velasco on the Gulf, is now ready for the ties, and it is estimated that trains will run in sixty days. This will open up a country famous for game of all kinds. The road will cross a dozen streams famous for black bass which have never been fished, and will place another famous game resort (Velasco) within easy reach of the winter tourists of San Antonio.

There is another road which is assured for southwest Texas. The Southern International is the name, and it will run from San Antonio to the City of Mexico via Brownsville. Mr. J. D. Whelply, a friend of the writer, who daily drives a facile and rattling good Faber on the *Express*, has just returned from the most southwesterly corner of the State. He says that it is the sportsman's paradise—that he saw huge quantities of turkey and deer. The country is well watered by streams and lagoons, and along the coast are numerous marshes, where he saw more jacksnipe than he ever saw in his life. This will be another fine region opened up for the tourist sportsman. It will also cross numerous streams famed for bass and other fish.

Wild Camels.

In a recent issue of the San Francisco *Chronicle* there appeared an article claiming that a party had discovered a band of about 60 camels that roamed in a wild state. Upon mentioning the curious fact to a number of friends I was astonished to hear what made it certain in my mind that this band is undoubtedly the outgrowth of a lot of camels that were introduced in this section by the United States Government.

In 1860 the United States Government conceived the idea of using African camels for the transportation of supplies and ammunition to and from the forts on the border and across what was then called the Great American Desert, and accordingly a band of about 30 was sent to San Antonio. When Texas seceded all stores and the camels were confiscated by the Confederate Governmen' at San Antonio. The superintendent of that band was Mr. W. D. Marshall, now of San Antonio, who is employed in the I. & G. N. freight office, and whose statement can be thoroughly relied on. After the war these camels again fell into the possession of the United States troops, and were herded at Camp Verde, 60 miles northwest of San Antonio. They were not serviceable for the purpose originally intended owing to the rocky nature of the country, which was too severe on the feet of the animals.

Mr. Ed. Steves, Sr., one of San Antonio's most respected citizens and pioneers, who died three years ago, often spoke of these animals. The last he remembers of the camels is that after the failure to put them to practical use in the San Antonio country they were sent to Arizona, and not proving serviceable there, were set at liberty.

The band referred to as being lately seen in Arizona is undoubtedly the same family that is spoken of above. Quite a number of San Antonians remember the animals and there is no question as to the truth of the above.

O. C. G.

RED CLOUD TAKEN IN.

CASPER, Wyo., June 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed in your last issue that the Sioux had started out on another game raid, and thinking perhaps your readers would like to hear how they are coming on I send this report.

Red Cloud and forty-three bucks with their families (about 150 in all) arrived here with twenty-seven wagons about the 11th, and propose to meet the Arapahoes a few miles from here and have a grand "swap," horse race, dance, hunt, etc., combined.

They had been up here two years ago and had killed between 2,500 and 3,000 antelope within fifteen miles of town; and they now proposed to exterminate all in the vicinity of Pine Mountain, about thirty miles from here.

I have been for two years trying to have this sort of thing stopped, but without avail. So on the 12th I wrote Capt. Chas. Penny, the agent at Pine Ridge, to see what he would do, telling him that if there was no other way I would have to have his Indians arrested and fined. I was agreeably surprised at the letter I got in reply; it was so unlike the usual way such complaints have been noticed:

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE, OFFICE OF INDIAN AGENT, PINE RIDGE AGENCY, S. D., June 14.—*Mr. E. A. Lockwood, Casper, Wyo.:* SIR—Acknowledging the receipt of yours of the 12th inst., I desire to say that any Indians from this reservation, who are absent hunting in your vicinity, are doing so contrary to orders and warnings given them repeatedly. It is impossible to prevent Indians from sneaking off the reservation, and I have no doubt what you say is literally true. I am, however, powerless to prevent it, and I sincerely hope that you and the people of your vicinity will put in operation laws on the subject of the protection of game. Nothing will as effectually stop this as the vigorous prosecution, conviction and punishment of these Indians, and I sincerely hope that they may all be arrested and every guilty one convicted and punished to the full extent of the law. An example of this kind will effectually prevent any such infractions in the future. It is their immunity from punishment that encourages them to do this sort of thing, and not any lack of knowledge of the law or regulations. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHAS G. PENNEY,
Captain 6th Infantry, Acting U. S. Indian Agent.

We had Red Cloud, Jack Red Cloud and Dreaming Bear arrested where they were engaged in killing antelope, bucks, does, fawns and does heavy with young. They admitted their guilt and were let off with a fine of $20 each, and this was suspended upon Red Cloud's promise to allow no more Sioux to hunt in Wyoming.

I am afraid this "bluff" at enforcing the law will have no lasting effect. They should all have been fined and the fine collected. Then they would remember the lesson for years. The Arapahoes also would have have let our game alone. However, the Court told Red Cloud that if his promise was not kept, and if any more Sioux were brought in, he would fine them the limit, wich is $100 and ninety days.

We still have enough antelope left to furnish sport for any one who is not a "game hog." I suppose some of your readers will consider me one when I say I went out one day last fall and killed five in about three hours; but I was killing for others, and the meat was all used.

I dare say a tenderfoot would use up a beltful of cartridges in one day's shooting at antelope, scarce as game is compared to what it was four years ago.

In a couple of months my wife and I expect to start on a three or four weeks' trip for game and scenery. We expect to visit the Owl Creek Hot Springs before we return. Hope to get all the deer and antelope we want, and expect to shoot elk and mountain sheep. There are "silvertips" enough to make it interesting.

By the way, I have a team and complete camp outfit, and wish to take a gentleman and wife along for company. Their share of expense will be very light after getting here. But we want no dudes, as we have to rough it every day after leaving Casper. Of course, the law reads no non-resident shall hunt here, but it is not enforced except against "game hogs" and Indians who wish to exterminate our game. We are glad to see Eastern hunters.

A tame buffalo bull passed through here yesterday for the Big Horn Basin. There were several half and quarter-bloods with the bunch.

E. A. LOCKWOOD.

The Gun That Sings of the Sea.

BOSTON, June 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We find ourselves going to the wall where the old gun hangs, taking it from the peg and looking critically through the gleaming barrels, examining every part carefully and tenderly, and finally giving it an extra rub of an oiled rag, put it in the case and let it hang in peace for another little while. Our thoughts are ever going back to the delightful times we had last season with the plover and curlew, the mocking loon and the dull-witted coot. What a delicious sense of wisdom encompasses one who toils in the city from "early morn till dewy eve," when he finds himself surrounded by old ocean and free from conventionalities? And what soothing music the breakers fling to us as they come from their salty beds roaring and tumbling far up on the glistening sands, threatening to engulf us, but receding quietly again as though ashamed of such uproarious conduct. And how we do eat and sleep without dreaming. Sleep such as we never knew since childhood. We can tramp the marshes and beaches all day and never feel tired. What is the secret of this new vitality? My brothers who love the rod and gun know it well.

My friend Braun, of Revere, and I took a trip to the Cape recently, for the purpose of erecting a shooting box for next season's sport. We have some very good grounds and should be pleased to hear from some brothers who would like to join us in season. We can accommodate three beside ourselves. We do not want any exquisites. We want men who will do their portion of wood hauling and water carrying. We had a chap last year who spoiled our pleasure by his unwillingness even to pour his own tea.

The mighty hosts from the North will soon be with us, and we await their coming with schoolboy impatience. We do not ruthlessly slaugther the birds. Simply enough for our table and a few for our cabinets. We are not market-hunters nor pot-hunters, and are firm believers in your plank.

JAY PEE.

Game Protection and Trap-Shooting.

TREMONT, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of June 23, you fully expressed my sentiments in the editorial referring to the article, "Will Illinois Follow?" It is an article that contains food for reflection, and the shoe fits our own State Sportsmen's Association to perfection. The reason I say our own State Sportsmen's Association is, because we are exactly in the same rut as the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, viz., that of holding our annual State meeting with a two-fold purpose, combining game protection and trap-shooting at one and the same time. While there is actually no crime or offense committed in holding this meeting jointly, there is, however, great danger of one or the other being neglected, and from my own personal observation, I fear that one would fall to the lot of game protection.

Your correspondent had the honor to represent the Tremont Game and Fish Protective Association at each of the State conventions held in 1892 and 1893, and, at both meetings composed of representatives from many counties of the State, there seemed to be no end of enthusiasm in the direction of trap-shooting, while the interests of game protection seemed far away in the background.

This is especially true of the meeting held at Reading, in 1892; in fact, it seemed altogether a trap-shooting convention, and I was sorely disappointed when that meeting was adjourned and having done little or nothing in the direction of game protection. Our annual meeting at Harrisburg, in 1893, seemed to improve somewhat over the one of 1892. The interests of game protection and propagation were discussed at some little length by less than a dozen of the large representation present. The fact that the interests are not identical and that game protection is not trap-shooting and *vice versa*, would suggest the wisdom of holding separate State meetings in the interest of each.

Now, brother sportsmen, I do not wish to convey the impression that I am opposed to trap-shooting, on the other hand, I enjoy it very much myself, for there is a fascination and pleasure connected with it, once we become interested. But one thing I strongly favor, and that is, to follow the example of the New York State Sportsmen's Association and have game protection divorced from trap-shooting by holding one State meeting in the interests of game protection and propagation and another in the interest of trap-shooting.

The establishing of such a policy would give us a separate and distinct meeting to discuss exclusively the interests of game protection, and at the same time the interests of trap-shooters would be similarly looked after at another meeting. The fact of holding one meeting annually, and that meeting too in the hottest season of the year (August), beginning at 8 P. M., to continue for an hour or two or as long as it can be made entertaining or interesting, in some closely confined room with the thermomter up in the nineties, is enough to discourage any representative (who may be there in the interest of game protection), and who has perchance traveled several hundred miles.

The question of game protection is a broad one, and cannot be hurried over in an hour or two. Our State meeting should, I believe, be separate and distinct from trap-shooting conventions, and held at a seasonable time of the year, devoted to one or two days' session, as occasion may require.

D. P. F.

Spring Shooting.

MUSKOKA, Can.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much interested in some letters from correspondents which appeared some time ago under this head. This to the sportsman is a question of the greatest importance. It appears to me that the present generation as a rule is thoroughly selfish, the majority not caring a snap whether their children or childrens' children ever see—let alone shoot—a duck. Does it ever occur to them that every duck that is lucky enough to run (or fly) the gauntlet in the spring is the representative of an average of six or seven at the best returning in the fall? Only think of the increased sport in the fall a close spring season would afford.

Who would think of going into their poultry yard in the spring and indiscriminately killing off the occupants? Spring shooting is on a par with this. It is certainly only a matter of a few years before a close spring season will perforce have to be established. Why not agitate this most important change at once, before the stock gets so low that it will take years to reach its present (I was going to say former) numbers? There may still be numbers of ducks in certain localities, but in our Northern districts, in spite of our not having the usual class of feed (wild rice, etc.), we could years ago make fair bags The wood duck then was very numerous; now it is seldom seen; and other varieties are almost as rare.

J. H. WILMOTT.

DENVER, Col.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Stop the spring shooting.

L. B. FRANCE.

A Nutmeg Quail Story.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The New York *Sun* reports that two Connecticut women have been fined for breaking up a quail's nest; and it explains that in a mowing lot on the edge of the forest a few days ago, they found a quail's nest "with eight birds in it that were two weeks old. They knew a bird fancier in town who desired to domesticate a brood of quail, so they pilfered the fledgelings and sold them to him for a good price." Who ever heard of a nest of quail fledgelings two weeks old? But if you see it in the *Sun* it's so.

BARKER.

Not Patented.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., June 15.—A party of three, Dave, Catesby and myself, have been duck hunting; and having exhausted our supply of ammunition, were returning to the team, when, crossing a piece of marshy ground, we flushed a solitary jacksnipe. After a short circuitous flight it darted down again within a few yards of us.

Dave hurriedly asked for a shell, and after a search through all our pockets, a single shell was found which had missed fire, and in which the primer had become loosened by the successive blows of the firing pin.

The seeming impossibility of bagging the snipe under the conditions named aroused in us a great desire to possess it, and also (as it proved) sharpened Dave's wits. He asked for a parlor match, of which Catesby had a supply.

With the blade of his pen-knife he extracted the defective primer, cut the head off of one of the matches, and carefully seated it in the cavity intended for the primer. Fortunately the cavity was deep enough to contain the match head, or otherwise there would have been danger of a premature explosion upon closing the gun.

The whole operation occupied much less time than it takes to write it, and when completed it was decided by a vote of the majority that Dave should take the shot as a reward for his inventive genius and because he was the best shot in the party.

He flushed the snipe and quickly leveled his double-barrel at the twisting flyer. There was a noticeable hangfire, but when the gun cracked the snipe joined "the things that were." Of course it was purely a chance kill, and I doubt if it could be done again in a hundred shots, but Dave got his full share of praise, which he took as a matter of course.

The shell was loaded with black powder. For the benefit of the public I will say that we have not applied for a patent on our primer, and all sportsmen are free to use it, should necessity occurr. CULPEPPER.

Sometimes They Draw the Long Bow.

DUNBARTON, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The tendency to exaggerate is fully developed in the residents of the settlements on the borders of the Maine and New Hampshire forests. Once, with a companion (who for his years is one of the best still-hunters and woodsmen I know), I went to the headwaters of the Mad River, in Waterville, N. H. I had been told that deer were plenty there. It was toward the end of the open season and there was a foot or more of snow with a noisy crust, and we did not expect to do any hunting. Our plan was, if we saw many signs of game, to go there the following season and build a camp. The first day we traveled over some first-rate looking deer ground without seeing a sign, fresh or old. On the second day, after quite a tramp, we saw some old tracks where four or five deer had been several days before. We both decided at the end of the second day that there were not deer enough to make it worth while to go there again.

On our way out my companion called at a house near the woods and was told by an old man living there that the woods were full of deer. "Why," said he, "there are over 50,000 deer between my house and Mount Washington." Now, I think this old fellow had told this story so often that in a certain sense he believed it, although he knew it was not true.

The story of a night in the wilderness under the heading of "Campfire Flickerings," in FOREST AND STREAM of June 2, is fully equal to the 50,000 deer yarn. I should like very much to see the 8in. tracks of that catamount which chased the dog into the camp. He must have worn snowshoes. C. M. STARK.

Wisconsin Export Law.

THE statement made in these columns last week, that the Wisconsin law did not forbid the export of game was correct enough with respect to the particular game then in question—wildfowl. The law does forbid export of venison.

Concerning a Portrait.

"A LONG-FELT WANT"—well, I should say so. I have been wondering for lo! these many moons, what Mr. Hough had done or had not done that we shouldn't have the pleasure of seeing the face of one whose contributions everybody looks forward to and reads with such satisfaction. Why, do you know, he is one of the best things that ever happened to dear old FOREST AND STREAM? I say one of the best. The other is—well, I'd mention it, but I know the modesty of the editor—readers will know what I mean. These articles of Mr. Hough on the Park expedition are a perfect feast—witty, chatty, entertaining, instructive, thoroughly enjoyable and readable. He has a way of putting things that—well, they get next to a fellow, hit plumb center every time. I am very glad to see his phiz and sincerely hope he may long be permitted to delight the thousands of readers of the best sportsman's paper on earth—"the great and glorious sunshine shedder." O. O. S.

Allow me to commend your paper for the position you take in regard to the Park game and in "showing up" the several schemes to run railroads inside the Park boundaries. Keep the sharks out.—H. L. LAKE.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE SARDINIA CLUB'S OUTING.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Three years ago a number of kindred spirits living in Buffalo and its vicinity conceived the idea of stocking with trout a spring brook in the southern part of Erie county, running from near Chaffee to Sardinia. To think in this case was to do, and 10,000 California trout and 20,000 brook trout, all in their infancy, were intrusted to the cold waters of the stream and its tributaries. From time to time some members of the club have wandered along the banks of the stream to see if any of the fry remained and if they had begun to grow. The reports were encouraging, as many fish were seen and some of them of considerable size.

This spring the stream was declared open to the members of the club, and some very pretty catches of fish have been taken, the number including two California trout, one of them 13½in. long.

The annual meeting of the club was planned this year for Decoration Day, at Sardinia. There should be a dinner with a speech and then the annual business meetting of the club. The long-talked of day arrived when the club members with their wives were to visit, some of them for the first time, the stream about which so much had been said. The morning was dark and cloudy, and this appearance after more than a week of almost constant heavy rain, made a discouraging outlook. But who ever saw really enthusiastic fishermen deterred by thought of rain, even when there were ladies in the case also? We assembled at the station, fourteen in number, some with one rod, and one with three, and one long-headed member carried in addition to his rod a rifle, with the idea that if the stream was too high to fish, a verdant woodchuck might be above ground long enough to afford some target practice.

An hour's ride, during which the scenery changed from the flat plain, largely submerged, that surrounds Buffalo, to low hills, green in all the verdure of spring, and then to steeper ones as the train wound along their sides above the banks of some swift-flowing stream or through a piece of woodland in full foliage and sweet with blossoms, brought us to the peaceful country village of Chaffee—and mud. Everywhere the roads and fields were full of it, the roads plowed by the heavy traffic of moving teams and the fields by the steel edge of the slow-going plow. The frogs were out in full force and peeps and croaks in crescendo chorus greeted the party as they alighted from the train 950ft. above Buffalo. The sky was still overcast, and as it threatened rain there was a rush to the stores for rubbers. One member even waited till an addition could be built to the only ones left in stock after the onslaught. Then the ladies were assisted into a long cloth-topped wagon that went by the name of "the stage." Here they sat with bowed heads to escape the too close acquaintance between their hats and the cloth top. Under the convoy of the most venerable and staid member of the club, adorned like an old bell wether with a botanist's case with a bait box inside, which all the way did service as a bell to tell the approach of the flock, they started.

Most of the male members started in wagons also, intending to strike the stream some distance down and fish to the village of Sardinia and dinner. But two bolder than the rest set out afoot to walk and find that woodchuck. Encouraged by the remark of one of the farmers who had gathered to see the "circus come to town," that "That old stump lot is full of chucks," these two wandered cheerfully away through the wet in search of game. Entering the field they soon saw one, but he was too near his hole and got away before the gun could be brought into action. Soon, away across the field, a black object was sighted by the member who acted as pointer. "See there, do you see him move? See him sit up and eat the clover, then get down to draw to himself a fresh bunch for his morning meal." "Yes, I see him," said the hunter, "I'll sneak up by that stump yonder. You stay here and watch him." So saying he made a wide detour so as to bring the stump between him and the game, and crept stealthily along, gun in hand. Now this was a pasture and the cows were in it, and seeing a man moving stealthily along and not in his accustomed manner, one bossie cow moved by feminine curiosity marched up behind to inquire "what was up." It would not do to scare the waiting game, so it would not do to scare the cow. The hunter was nonplussed for a moment, and then with a gentle wave of the hand behind him, he motioned the intruder away. Now, in all her quiet life bossie had never seen this action on the part of man, and with a toss of the head she stopped and looked. Again the hunter crept forward and his trailing inquisitor followed. The hunter reached the stump with the cow some distance in the rear. He looked around the corner toward the spot where he expected to see the game. He saw nothing, but the pointer still stood in the same old spot. The hunter crept stealthily around the stump and found—a knot lying in the grass.

This was enough. Game was not plenty in that locality, and the valiant two struck through the fields for that part of the stream where they expected to find the others fishing. On their way they found where some boys had started the bark of a slippery elm, and catching the frayed ends, though grave college professors, they swung at the ends of the long strips as they loosened from the trunk to and fro like the veriest boys on a summer holiday let loose from school. A piece of bark many feet long rewarded their efforts, and shouldering this they marched on in glee. Crossing another field they found where the bright red berries of the wintergreen hugged the ground just beneath the glossy green leaves. With these they filled their pockets, and loaded with woodland spoils trudged across the fields until they reached the stream. They found the water to the top of the bank but clear. The rod was soon rigged, but no answering tug from trout rewarded a faithful whipping of the troubled waters. The rest of the party had long gone on ahead. A farmer, however, told how one of them had "hooked a buster under that log and had lost all his tackle." Following down the stream these two reached a field in which was grazing a herd of cattle led by a lordly bull. This gentleman was disposed to dispute the passage, and came valiantly to the front. At this critical moment, as luck would have it, the fish line caught in an overhanging tree and the corpulent member with one eye on the bull and the other on the tangle struggled to free the line without assistance from the genus *Bos*. This was safely accomplished, though after a few rather exciting seconds during which the gunner stood with his Winchester .45 at "ready" in case anything should happen out of the common. As soon as the line was out of the tree, the corpulent member, catching a stick from the ground, rushed at his enemy and put him to ignominious flight, but as they climbed the fence into an adjoining field the hoarse bellowing of the defeated bovine acted as an accompaniment to their gymnastics.

The hotel was reached in a short time, where all the other members were found assembled, and one poor little trout of seven inches was the only trophy of the day. When the ladies came down the fishers were "not in it," as the bark and berries of the "overland route" made oral gymnastics in order that seemed thoroughly satisfactory. And then after long waiting came the dinner—such chicken pie, and coffee and pie, and ice cream and cake. We could appreciate it all. And then followed the speech-making, when at the command of the president the corpulent member waxed eloquent, and quoting Shakespeare and other wise men he told why we fish, you fish, they fish, and how the memory of it lingers many a day to lighten toil and the unrest and worry of a business or professional life.

Then came the business meeting and the election of officers. Benjamin Sawen was elected president; H. M. Hill, vice-president; John Hobbie, secretary-treasurer. The secretary reported that 60,000 trout had been planted and that there was still $50 in the treasury.

At the end of the meeting nearly all took wagons at once for the station, three miles away, but a valorous few, three ladies and three men, despite the rain which at the time was gently falling, took their tackle and repaired to a famous pool to prove to the doubting member that there were still trout in the stream. This pool lay at the bottom of a high dam where the rushing waters at time of flood had worn a deep hole below the apron, and into this hole the water was dashing in foam. The doubter and his wife both dropped lines into the midst of this favorable spot while the others looked to see the outcome. There was no response. A luscious bait was sent, spat into the foam and then below it. All at once a squeal from the doubter's wife and we saw her gently, alas too gently, lift from the water a trout of considerable size. Then again, even after zealous flogging, there was no response. The reputation of the stream was at stake and the enthusiast, seizing his bamboo rod, tried in many a royal battle with the Adirondack trout, walked boldly out along the dam and made a gentle cast beyond the foam spot in the pool. Twice the bait went with the current and swung in shore, but at the third cast there was a tug, a bending of the lithe rod as a 10in. trout was brought in out of the wet to repose in the basket of the lady fisherman—and the doubter was silenced.

It was time to go. Time and trains wait for no man, so disjointing our rods we made our moist way back to the hotel and getting on board the low roofed stage we were in process of time landed at the station, where we found the rest of the party waiting and recounting the various adventures of the day. Soon the expected train arrived and we fairly slid down the long incline to Buffalo, all voting the second annual meeting of the Sardinia Fishing Club a grand success. H. M. H.

TROUT TICKLING.

READING the very interesting article by "O. O. S." under this heading, I stand up in the boat to say, that there was a doubt that trout could be taken in this very old manner was as surprising to me as if some one should wonder if they would take a bait or a fly.

I speak of it as an old manner or practice, for if you will open your volume of Shakespeare at "Twelfth Night," Act II., Scene 5, you will note that *Maria* says: "Here comes the trout that must be caught by tickling." This settles the antiquity of the practice, for this play was first acted in 1602, and two years after this was acted "Measure for Measure," although the exact date of the writing of these plays is not known. In the latter play, Act I., Scene 2, the clown says, in answer to a question concerning the offense of the prisoner: "Groping for trouts in a peculiar river." We know that the clown spoke in what Mrs. Partington might have called "an apochryphal tone," and that the offense for which the man was imprisoned would not, to-day, come within the jurisdiction of a game and fish protector, yet it shows that fish were "groped" for in Shakespeare's time, as is apparent in these two references to it by him.

Now to modern instances. When I began trout breeding at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., in 1868, my fishing and shooting chum, "Mort" Locke, told me that he had heard that trout could be tickled under the belly until they could be thrown out on land, and we tried it. Purely in the interest of knowledge we waded in the stream below my trout ponds, then owned by Alvira Parkhurst, and just above the cabin of old Thomas McMahon, and after carefully wading down and driving some trout under the banks, we put our hands under the fish and tickled their bellies with our finger tips until we got the chance to throw them out on the grass. We took three fine trout this way and then, having demonstrated that it could be done, went on with our fly-fishing, for "Mort" Locke was not the man to do that sort of thing for trout; he only wanted to know. He was the station agent of the N. Y. C. R.R. at that place for many years and a well known man in the Monroe County Sportsmen's Association. Old time Rochester sportsmen knew him well. He went to Illinois as station agent for some railroad and was crushed to death by one of its trains some years ago. We shot foxes together over the Mendon hills and ducks on the many lakes of western New York, and we fished together in too many waters to mention. I loved him "like a verra brither," as Burns put it, and if Charon keeps him waiting for lack of funds I hope to have the price for both when I reach the ferry.

To get back to hard, practical facts, things that I do not like as well as I like old friends, I feel compelled to cite business facts, and here we go. When in our business of hatching trout, we have to take the eggs or milt from a fish, we find that a grab ends in failure, but that a pair of hands gently lowered into the tub where we have fish from the spawning race, can be advanced slowly and the trout can be gently lifted and manipulated. A trout seems to like to have its belly gently tickled, and this has long been known, as has been shown above.

The publication of this fact does not seem to me to be dangerous to our fishing interests because most poachers have some of the instincts of sportsmen, or they would net a stream rather than follow the very slow process of "tickling." The game laws of New York instruct a poacher by naming certain fish poisons that are forbidden to be used, when he might otherwise be ignorant of the drug that would serve him, and this is my apology, or defense, for writing how trout may be tickled.

FRED MATHER.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

When a youngster I passed many a happy hour in trout tickling, as described by your correspondent "W. H. B." in your issue of June 16. The scene of my operations was in the Isle of Man. J. H. WILMOTT.

Commenting upon Mrs. Preston's note on the term, Judge L. B. France writes: "One with a woman is in the majority. It will now tax your gallantry to condemn the word. And our friend Starbuck! he will be tickled."

Trout and Sucker Spawn.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., June 2.—It is stated that the suckers of Torch Lake began running up the brooks to spawn about June 10, and that the speckled trout follow them. Query—Are the trout after the spawn? In the Intermediate waters the suckers were running in April, probably because the water was warmer than in Torch Lake. KELPIE

ANGLING NOTES.

Salmon In the Delaware.

THE report that salmon have been taken with the fly in the Delaware River reminds me of something I intended to make a note of long ago. In these days, when claims are being made for successes in fishculture and in fish planting, some of the earlier attempts in the same direction are lost sight of, and the earnest effort of pioneers get little or no credit.

Last year Mr. Wm. E. Meehan, associate editor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, compiled for the Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners a pamphlet on the fish, fishing and fisheries of the State. From this book I learn that the first attempt to stock the Delaware with salmon was made in 1871. In that year a number of gentlemen in Philadelphia and Easton purchased 10,000 salmon eggs in Canada and they were successfully hatched in Dutchess county, N. Y., by Mr. Christie, and the fry was taken by the late Henry A. King, a conductor on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, to Easton. The day was hot and most of the fry perished, but 2,500, in a weak condition, were planted in tributaries of the Delaware. The next year, 1872, 13,000 more eggs were purchased by the same gentlemen, and these were taken in charge by Uncle Thad. Norris, of glorious memory, and hatched under his personal supervision, and 11,000 fry planted in the Delaware. The next year Prof. Baird presented the State of Pennsylvania with 40,000 salmon eggs from the Penobscot, and a like number to the State of New Jersey. Of the former Mr. Norris hatched 27,000 and Dr. Slack 33,000 of the latter, and of the two lots of fry 45,000 were planted in tributaries of the Delaware River. As the result of these plants a number of adult salmon were taken, one weighing as much as 25lbs., but the parr and smolts were caught and killed as trout, and for this and other reasons the Commissioners of that time abandoned the experiment of stocking the Delaware with salmon.

It was not until 1889 that the present Board of Commissioners resumed the experiment, as they believed from the success obtained in the Hudson that the Delaware might also be made into a salmon stream, and in that year 100,000 eggs of the Penobscot salmon were obtained, hatched and planted. In 1891 300,000 more eggs were hatched and the fry planted, and the result has been most gratifying, and there is now every reason to think the Delaware will become stocked with this fish. It is reported that this year and last over fifty adult salmon have been taken in the Delaware with the fly.

Black Bass in Pennsylvania.

About black bass in Pennsylvania Mr. Meehan says: "For the introduction of this magnificent game and table fish the people are indebted, primarily, to the genial and enthusiastic angler 'Thad.' Norris, and, secondly, a number of ardent Easton and Philadelphia fishermen. Early in 1870 Mr. Norris, who was thoroughly acquainted with the habits, game qualities and table merits of the black bass, feeling satisfied that this species would do well in the waters of Pennsylvania, broached the subject of introducing a number to Messrs. Howard J. Reeder and G. W. Stout. These gentlemen entered enthusiastically into the project, and a considerable sum of money was speedily raised, Mr. Norris collecting about $1,000 and Mr. Stout $313.

"With half the amount collected about 450 black bass were purchased at Harper's Ferry. These fish were native fish taken from the Potomac. * * * The bass thus purchased were taken to the Delaware River, where they were deposited Oct. 26, 1870, just below the Lehigh dam at Easton. * * * In 1873 fish of 4 and 5lbs. weight were caught."

Salmon Reports from the Hudson.

It would seem as though friends knew that I was writing about salmon in my notes this week, for my mail this morning brings me two letters on the subject. Under date of June 15 a friend in Troy writes a letter from which I take this extract: "This summer they are catching salmon at the State dam here and selling them for from $1.25 to $1.50 each, with no game protector to interfere."

I was told, but not from a very reliable source, that thirteen were taken there yesterday; another party told me that he heard of a number being taken and one had spawn the size of your two hands. It is a shame. The State dam is what is generally called the Troy dam, and in it there was a fishway at one time, but it was carried away.

Some little time ago I heard of a 21lb. fish being taken at this dam and wrote to a gentleman to find out about it. He said: "The salmon spoken of was given to my son, and was undoubtedly caught in one of the ordinary small drop nets such as are used about here for catching suckers. This is the first that I have seen this year, but heard rumors of a number being caught during the past four weeks. The number I have no means of finding out."

The second letter received this morning is from Kennedy Brothers, of Hudson. State Game Protector Matthew Kennedy is a member of this firm. The letter says: "We caught five salmon this year, the largest about 60lbs. The others weighed from 20 to 40lbs. each. The law requires that they shall be returned to the water, which was done. Last year we caught eighteen salmon."

These salmon were caught in shad nets and the 60-pound fish is by far the largest salmon taken in the Hudson, and is a large salmon for any river.

Mr. Kennedy offers the opinion that the Hudson is not a salmon stream and the fish will not propagate; his reason for so thinking is that no small fish are caught.

There is good reason to believe that the Hudson will prove to be a first-class salmon stream when fishways are provided to let the fish up to natural spawning grounds in the headwaters. There is abundant evidence that salmon have spawned for years in the Hudson below Mechanicville, as parr and smolts have been seen in large quantities, but the fish have spawned where the fry have had most unfavorable conditions for their future growth, and it is for this very reason that fishways are desired. The fry planted in the trout brooks above the mills and factories have grown finely. The adult salmon are not affected by pollutions in the river which are almost fatal to the fry and parr, and there is good evidence for this statement. If Mr. Kennedy means grilse when he says no small fish are taken (and he cannot mean smolts, for it is only by chance that smolts would be caught, as they descend to the sea, but smolts even have been caught), he must remember that in some natural salmon streams in the United States grilse do not run, and in that respect they differ from the salmon streams of Canada and Europe. So far as I have been able to observe and learn from applying myself somewhat closely to the subject for a dozen years, there is no good reason to believe that there is any insurmountable objection to the Hudson as a salmon river.

Salmon and Pork Bait.

Readers of FOREST AND STREAM will remember that last year a number of salmon were killed in the Hudson at and below Mechanicville, and that pork bait played an important part in the capture of quite a number of the fish. At the time I commented upon this style of fishing, as it was somewhat unusual for salmon to take bait of any kind, and pork bait did not seem to be a delicacy that would appeal to the fastidious salmon. Furthermore, after a visit to Mechanicville, and hearing from men who were well informed about the fishing, I was led to believe that the pork on the hook played an unimportant part in the actual capture of the salmon. In other words, some of the people declared openly that the salmon were really jigged by casting the hooks over the fish and hooking them in the body instead of the mouth.

Within a few days I have had a conversation with a gentleman from New York city who happened to be at Mechanicville last year when the salmon were killed there. He went out in the boat with the man who originated the pork bait scheme, and was witness to the capture of three salmon. He says that the fish took the bait regularly and were fairly hooked in the mouth, a result which surprised him, but he could not criticise the mode as being unsportsmanlike for anyone who may like to take salmon with bait. He used a fly himself and declined the pork bait. In explanation he said that the originator of this bait was fishing at the point where the salmon made their appearance and using live bait for salmon or anything which came along and desired this sort of bait. For lunch he had cold broiled bacon for one item, and once threw a piece of the bacon overboard, and a salmon rose to the surface and seemed to take the bacon in its mouth. With that he baited a hook with bacon with the result that while the salmon remained in the pool he killed more of the fish than all the other fishermen combined.

The bacon fisherman offered this explanation: The salmon got a taste of the salt in the bacon as it dissolved in the water, and was reminded of its food in the sea, and thus was moved to take the bait in its mouth. My informant said that the bait was moved slowly through the water until a slight, very slight, resistance was offered, and then the fisherman would strike and hook his fish. I am very glad to give this explanation of a mode of fishing which at the time I criticised. The gentleman who gave me this information said that he saw at least 150 salmon in the Mechanicville pool. He did not think any more of pork bait than I do, but he wished to do justice to the inventor of the bait.

Florida Fishing.

I am writing where I cannot refer to my notes in previous issues of FOREST AND STREAM, and am not sure that I referred to an article on "Florida Fishing," which has been promised to me for FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth of London, but Mr. Harmsworth writes me by the last steamer that he will soon send the articles to me, he having been delayed in preparing them.

I know I did refer to the expedition known as the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, which Mr. Harmsworth is fitting out entirely at his own expense.

The London *Graphic* of June 2 devotes considerable space to a description of the expedition by Arthur Montefiore, with portraits of Alfred C. Harmsworth, R.R.G.S., F. G. Jackson, F. R. G. S., and the steamer Windward. The *Graphic* says: "The expedition which sails from the Thames, is led by an Englishman, and the large sum of money which any well equipped Arctic Expedition absorbs, is being furnished by an Englishman. * * The founder of the expedition, Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, is a gentleman of large private means, which he is now devoting to what I regard as a quasi-national use. In his desire to contribute to that national prestige which arises from individual prowess, and has made England what she is, he is now giving not only large sums of money, but much careful and anxious thought to the welfare of the expedition."

This is the gentleman who writes so enthusiastically of our fishing in this country. He is not only a forceful and most agreeable writer about our fishing, but he is absolutely independent and notably fair.

A. N. CHENEY.

A RODSTER MAY WIGWAZ.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You appeal to me to tell you "whether under any circumstances it would be permissible for a true rodster * * * to give over rodstering and indulge in wigwazzing for fish on a Sunday night when the law specifically forbids that practice?" You desire to be advised before the guddlers and ginnilers get by the ears. The inquiry involves grave propositions, and is, withal, a case of first impression, at the same time it presents no issue to be determined, and answers itself. You may consider the last sentence paradoxical, but to do so would be error.

"Under any circumstances" opens a broad field for the wigwazzer, the field may involve a necessity, and, as necessity knows no law, the Sunday night inhibition does not obtain. The conclusion is unavoidable that the wigwazzer may wigwaz in certain circumstances.

But the question is not directed specifically, you contend, to the possible conduct of the wigwazzer, and the conclusion in regard to him may be therefore treated as obiter, if you insist, and we will treat directly of the possible delinquent, the rodster. You qualify him as a "true rodster," this is tautological; there are sportsmen and rodsters, and the terms imply everything good and true. (See Noctes Amb., vol. III., p. 198.)

What may be true in regard to the wigwazzer may be true in regard to the rodster. If the wigwazzer may, why not the rodster? The law, as you state it, is directed against the wigwazzer, not the rodster: "*Expressio unius est exclusio alterius.*" (Broom, L. M., p. 583, *et seq.*)

It would appear, therefore, that the rodster may not only wigwaz in certain circumstances, but that the law in fact has no application to him as a wigwazzer. The question remaining is: Can a rodster wigwaz in any circumstances? It is "permissible," as we have shown, but is it possible? This is a question of fact rather than of law and should have been left to the jury under proper instructions. But in view of the probability of another trial in the court below it may not be out of place for us to intimate our impression upon the point of possibility Sunday night is, as a general rule, devoted to other duties and pastimes than wigwazzing. The girl becomes involved, admitting the rodster to be a bachelor. No self-respecting, properly constituted rodsteress would for a moment countenance any such innovation upon Sunday night duties or pleasures. It follows that the girl refusing to encourage or participate in such a questionable indulgence, the rodster would find it impossible to tear himself away were he either a bachelor or benedict in the wooden or golden honeymoon. The cause is therefore remanded without reversal or affirmation with leave to the guddlers and ginnilers to intervene as they may be advised.

L. B. FRANCE.

The Honeoye Falls Banquet.

SATURDAY night, June 16, at 9:30 P. M., the anglemaniacs composing the Honeoye Falls (N. Y.) Anglers' Association were in convention at the Wilcox House to discuss the banquet provided at the expense of the unlucky Capt. Mather's side, in the annual June fishing contest. Of the forty-two who participated in the dampness of the day's contest, thirty-six fishermen seated themselves around the abundantly laid and tastefully arranged tables.

After the banquet President A. A. Mather made some very pleasing remarks. Mr. Post Leech of West Bloomfield recited a poem entitled "Elder Jones and his Chestnut Mare," which shows that even a clergyman is not proof against all kinds of sport.

Mr. Gates, called upon to explain the club's purpose and what it has done, stated that the illegal fishing upon Hemlock and Honeoye lakes had been greatly reduced, and that upon the Honeoye River it is virtually abolished. The next efforts of the club will be devoted to securing immunity for the Hundred Acre, Mud and Deep ponds of our town of Mendon from the inroads of dynamiters, spearers and shooters, who, during the early spawning period, make sad havoc. This properly seen to, we will have as fine muscalonge, black bass, carp and bullhead grounds as any interior town in the State.

Rev. J. H. Dennis gave us an amusing account of his experience on Irondoquoit Bay, and his trip home from the same, on that day in June. Elder Dennis was one of six in the class for the largest variety of fish caught, the second prize, which was a four-in-hand tie; and the other five had assigned their interests to him, so he won the six-in-hand tie "hands down." He tied up his speech by saying that he "would preach at the usual hour at the Episcopal Church in the morning, and would wear his new tie, and he would guarantee that there would not be one of us there to see it." My Lyman gave us some high compliments on the good work, and amount of it we had done, compared with other vicinity organizations of a like nature, and gave us substantial encouragement to continue.

Dr. Flick gave an account of his party's successful trip to Honeoye Lake. Squire Robson, a new member, gave a talk on the "Unsuccessful Fisherman," and pledged himself to render his services in the prosecution of illegal fishermen, in behalf of the club, gratis. I suppose this was not wholly an unselfish offer on his part, for, like myself, he had a zero score this time, and wants the fish thicker and more hungry next season. I am sure I do.

Dr. Otis responded to the toast, "Fisherman's Luck." He labored under the impression that luck, not science, won the suppers and badge thsi season, as the ones who are supposed to possess all the wiles and allurements of professionals, were credited with light creels this time. The Doctor had the best luck of all, however, as your paper, the FOREST AND STREAM, was the prize for the smallest score, and for a year he will have the benefit of reading it, and the edifying instruction of my communications.

I was on the programme for a poem. "Ye Gods and little fishes of the briny deep!" But who with the memory of the wetness of that day's fishing, fresh and undried, could write a poem dry enough to burn? I contented myself with a roll call in prose entitled "Scaly Scales," in which no little fish were not counted, nor large ones overestimated.

The entertainment closed with the transfer of the largest score badge by Champion Lay, of '93, to Champion Shellman of '94, from whom there will be a severe struggle to wrest it in '95 "by the whole troupe." May we all be in it, and live through it.

DR. B. ROWNE.

Grayling of the Au Sable.

WEST BAY CITY, Mich., June 25.—Jack Zeder and I have just returned from a two weeks' trip down the Au Sable River, where we found the fishing good. We caught about 450 fish, mostly grayling. They have planted rainbow trout in the stream and I am afraid the grayling fishing will soon be played out. In fishing over the same water last season we only got one trout, where this year we got thirty. The largest trout we got was 14in. long, while we took quite a number of grayling 15in. long. We used nothing but the fly, the black and gray hackles being the best killers. As all of our fishing is done out of a boat it is easy work. We kept all of our fish alive, having a well in the boat, and transferring them to a crate when we got to camp. Double catches were quite frequent, but once Jack safely landed three. Any reader of FOREST AND STREAM wishing to try his luck with this game fish can get full particulars by writing to the undersigned. I have no axe to grind; this is for sport only.

PAUL ZAGELMEYER.

Restigouche Notes.

JUNE 23.—Big scores here this week and last, from 40 to 60 boxes going by express every morning to friends. No *fontinalis* here; they don't count, you see. Salmon have averaged about 25lbs., or from 20 to 35lbs. Single rods have gone as high as 10 fish in one day, according to locality. I think there are only some 35 rods on the rivers, and the great majority have done well. Some are leaving or will soon leave.

I expect good fishing all next month if the water holds up. It has so far been very good. Will send scores by and by if I can get them.

JOHN MOWAT.

ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(*Continued from Page 560.*)

AFTER dinner we concluded to go to a magnificent pool in the river by a detour which materially shortened the distance. We had heard last summer of some fine trout having been caught there, although the river never had been noted as a fishing resort, anglers seldom putting in here to court acquaintance with the beauties of the marvelous tints and rare shades.

On reaching the lonely basin we were in raptures over it, for if ever there were an ideal home for the trout this evidently was one. It was surrounded on all sides but at its gateway, with ragged cliffs and massive rocks that had been forced from the eminence above, while through a narrow cañon of some 20ft. in width raced a raging waterfall that leaped from parapet to ledge with a rush and roar that sent the wild waters in sheets of foam half way up its rocky sides and then surged over a plateau of solid rockery that somewhat tempered its savage swiftness ere it struck with a musical rumble the ever beautiful pool.

We were really spell-bound with the grandeur and wildness of the place, for on every side nature had been liberal in blending the seething waters, the shadowy abysses, the spectral rocks, the silent forest, in one grand *chef d'œuvre* that to an artist's eye would have proved unspeakably fascinating.

As we looked upon this picturesque pool with its savage gorge that had been channeled with torrents and gnawed with frosts for untold years, we almost forgot our mission.

At last the ardor of the angler cropped out and then the flies went whizzing until we had circled all we could of the pool without receiving a single rise. Ned finally gave Kenosh his rod and sent him to try an almost inaccessible part of the pool that required a steady nerve and more suppleness than either of us possessed to there keep a foothold.

Undaunted, the alert half-breed made the descent to the place desired, but, wishing to drop his flies where some foam was floating around in an eddy, took hold of a convenient rock overhead with one hand and swinging around to the perpendicular wall, with one foot remaining unsecured o'er the pool, made his casts, hanging, as it were, between the sky above and the water below. Ned, who had been anxiously watching his movements, cried out:

"Look at the dare-devil."

"Can he swim?" said I to Peter.

"Not a stroke," he replied; "if he drops that will be the last of him."

Ned, all of a tremor, shouted to the semi-barbarian: "For heaven's sake, Kenosh, get out of that."

But Kenosh simply smiled and continued sending his lures into the little snowy mounds. Time and again they fell into the creamy foam and by its dimpled edges, but not a trout sprang for the counterfeit presentment. The pool was a sad delusion as to its red-coated and spangled-spotted denizens. Some sweet siren, with hair in golden curl, might possibly arise and charm, with some weird melody, but no *Salvelinus fontinalis* would open his mouth for either morsel or music.

The foolhardy half-breed, much to our relief, soon gave up his perilous position and then went clambering over the creviced cliff to doubtless see if there were other places where he could again put himself in danger for the sake of a tinted trout.

Ned now sought consolation from our dismal failure at the pool by seeking a dosition on a rocky pedestal, older doubtless than the pyramids, where he could enjoy the grandeur of the leaping waters as they tore through the flinty gorge with its shaggy belts of pine and Arctic shrubbery that lined the bulwarks above and which gave additional wildness to the rushing waters of the savage-looking cañon:

"Here are towering rugged mountains,
Granite rocks scarred and gray;
Nature's altar, whence her incense
Floats in wreaths of mist away."

The trouting being a lamentable failure, we hurriedly made the return tramp over the blocks of mossy granite and through dark glades of pine and tangled thickets, perfectly satisfied that Montreal River is not an angler's paradise, though it is assuredly one for either artist or poet.

We had no sooner reached camp than we were all surprised to see a fish leap out of the water near the mouth of the river. It was but a moment before we had both our flies dancing on the surface of the stream as a temptation to the sportive fish. Again and again the flies rose and fell, but no response was received. Ned suggested a change of lures, which was accordingly accomplished, but till the waters remained unbroken. Not at all discouraged, we made another and still another change, and fished again until we covered nearly every foot of the water in our vicinity.

The boatmen stood by and watched our industrious and painstaking efforts with exceeding interest, hoping every minute to be called into service to land some handsome trout, but they were not brought into requisition. Still hopeful, still reliant on my lures, I go down once more into my portfolio for another change of flies, but they shared the same fate as the others. After I had about ranged from alpha to omega in my choicest assortment, I began to waver in my faith, and as I was about to discontinue the patient flogging of the stream, another fish broke the water near by, and with one accord the boatmen cried out:

"It's a sucker!"

"So are we," I replied, and then the flies dropped no more and we reeled up and dropped into our camp chairs satisfied that a leaping sucker is entirely out of his element when he attempts to emulate the trout in his vaulting ambition.

The day had been a gloomy one and bade fair to close without a single ray of hope for our advance in the morning. The sun had not an arrow in his quiver to send to the earth; the dull leaden clouds were quite vaporish and presaged a downpour at any moment, while the waves lashed the shore as if Neptune had reascended his throne in the deep with imperial intent of showing us poor mortals the sublime and snowy beauty of his heaving plains.

As we sat around a glowing camp-fire after supper, watching column after column of thin blue smoke ascending in waving spirals and losing itself in the deep gloom, a few drops of rain began to patter and the deepening shadows lost all semblance, and darkness, like Erebus, engulfed us, while cooling winds swept along the river and filled the deep forests with a melancholy moan. We were in the cave of despondency, and as oblivion would insure forgetfulness, we sought the panacea by taking to our beds with the hope that the approaching morn would present a picture framed in golden sunbeams, and that Neptune, satisfied with his gorgeous display of snowy plumes, would give us a sea o'er which favorable breezes would gently play and rosy waves dance in delight.

The dawn at last came, but no golden shafts beautified it, though the sea god had a propitious breeze for us, which was tossing the waters in anything but tender gentleness. Ned and I, after consulting, concluded to trust our little bark to the uncertain winds, and, therefore, ordered the immediate dismantling of camp after breakfast. The boatmen, who were eager for home, did not demur, but entered with a zealous spirit to hasten the departure. They were sure the wind would not turn on us, though they were positive we would have a lumpy sea and a rough time of it ere we reached our destination—Maimaise Point.

We ascertained, as soon as we had emerged from the mouth of the river, that it was to be swift sailing, for the north wind caught us with a dashing vigor that made the little craft fairly hum through the clouds of foam that rolled over from her shapely bow.

"She's a-spinning," says Peter, the helmsman.

"I should call it plunging," says Ned, as the boat rose upon the crest of a huge wave with a mass of white water rolling on the windward side.

Both sails were up without a reef and singing merrily, and as long as the breeze did not increase the Mackinac would hold her own. We made such good time with the racing greyhound that we thought of going ahead when we reached Maimaise Point, but the half-breeds said we would be glad enough to stop at the first harbor. They were right, for during the next hour we had an increased sea and a change of the wind to the northwest that was sending the boat's lee side within an inch of the foaming water. Reefing was talked of, but we were so delighted with the way she was leaping and driving through the turbulent waters that we ruled against it.

"All right," says Peter, who was more prudent than we, "she will stand it for a while yet, but she will need close watching, I tell you."

Ah, what a glorious time; overhead the gulls swiftly fly and mew their strange sea song; along the grim gray shore of frowning battlements the sea, with fury in its wake, breaks into oceans of foam, while the dark forests that line the adamantine walls bend and twist as if in great agony. Whirling flakes of snowy froth greet us on every crest, and when finally rounding a bold and jutting headland, we strike still heavier seas, and yet the fleeting craft like an arrow from a cross-bow gaily cleaves through them, throwing off swirling surges in wild glee.

"Oh, brave white horses, you gather and gallop,"
but in the hollow of your backs and on your high arched manes we proudly ride with our white wings as if Neptune were our helmsman. The waters are flashing, the spray dancing and the wind singing with the ever-changing sound of the rolling foam, while the masts are moaning under the heavy strain from the whistling sails.

"Let's take a reef," says the cautious pilot.

"Nary reef," says Ned, "let her slide."

"Slide it is."

And away she skims over the bounding billows with her cutwater fairly buried in a cascade of foam, while the waves beat hoarsely on the ragged shore. We are nearing Maimaise Point, and miles out we see a fishing boat tossing around as if she were in sportive play withthe arching waves.

"Look out there," says Ned, "at that little dandy of a boat; she fears not this fierce wind."

"That," said our helmsman, "is a big Collingwood fishing boat that can live in any sea, and would drown a fleet of such boats as this."

"That makes a little difference."

"Yes, a great deal."

And then a colossal comber smote us quivering, giving us our first ducking.

"You'll get plenty more like this," said Peter, as he shook the water from his coat.

His prediction was correct, for we were sailing in very shallow water, which could not well be avoided, as we had to make the harbor on this side between islands and through a narrow channel, but as it had been staked out for the tugboat it was all plain sailing, if it were a little wet.

At last we dash into the channel, which was fairly flying in foam, and after an exciting ride of a few minutes through very lumpy seas, with a sprinkle or two of spray we are fairly in port, landing on the island, which is now used as a fishing station.

Now that we were snug in harbor Peter turned to us and said:

"It's a wonder we hadn't capsized, carrying such full sails in such a heavy wind."

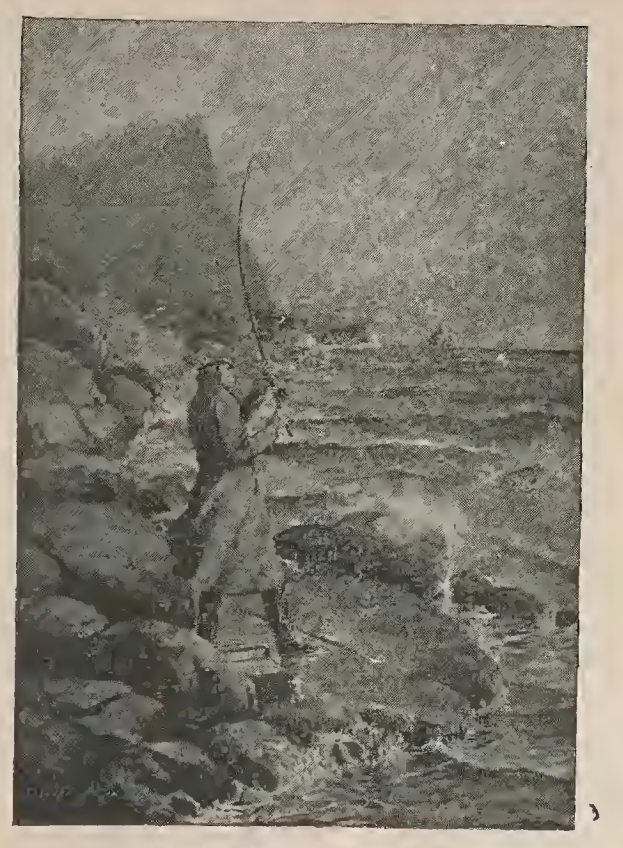
"Nonsense," replied Ned, "that's nothing; a spanking little breeze, that's all."

Peter looked at Ned with surpising eyes and then responded:

"I'll not hazard any more such spanking breezes while I sail the boat."

"All right, Peter; take a 'cedar' breeze' if you want it, but give me the rolling sea with a wind that has a moan in its blast."

This settled the sailing discussion, with the odds in



BASS FISHING AT BLOCK ISLAND.
Forest and Stream Water Colors.

HE'S GOT THEM.
Forest and Stream Water Colors.

[VIGILANT AND VALKYRIE.
Forest and Stream Water Colors.

[JACKSNIPE COMING IN.]
Forest and Stream Water Colors.

Ned's favor, as the boatmen were now too busy unloading the boat and preparing camp to further discuss the question. These half-breeds are exceedingly nervous when on the lake, and always ready, at the least indication of a storm, to break for a harbor. It is well it is so, for the great reservoir is full of startling and dangerous surprises. One moment a butterfly may soar o'er its silver surface, while the next it is lashed into tempestuous seas that fairly appall with their destructive force.

About an hour after we had landed the Hudson Bay agent from Aguawa, accompanied by two Indians, dashed through the breakers into the channel for the island in a sailboat much smaller than ours. They stated that they had a very hard time of it in weathering the rough seas and that it was about all the little boat could stand. I was really glad to see my patient and realize that my first case as an M. D. had been so eminently successful. He said that he was about well the next morning and would have taken sail with us if he had only have risen early enough. He came here especially to see his son, who was engaged in the fisheries at this point.

Ned here called Peter's attention to the arrival of his prospective father-in-law in the little sailboat and asked him how it was that such a little clipper as that could so safely come through a heavy sea.

"She had little or no load, is light and dances on the water like a cork," replied the astute Peter.

"That's it, is it? I thought size had something to do with safety in sailing."

"Sometimes, not always."

"This is one of the times?"

"It seems so."

"All right, Peter, I only wanted a little information on the subject and I have it in clear cut shape."

"You know, Ned," I here put in,

"The little boats keep near the shore,
The big ones venture more."

Peter made no answer to this, but he walked away with a sort of puzzled look upon his face and sought his future father-in-law for a Chippewa chat, as they all so conversed. He could not clearly see that we were sticking pins into him relative to his excessive timidity in sailing. Kenosh was more plucky and would hazard seas that would terrify Peter, but as he was not captain had to submit to the orders of his superior.

The island, since we were here last summer, had been completely despoiled of its picturesque beauty. Frame shanties, fish, ice and store houses, and all the paraphernalia that attaches to a fishing station, were scattered over the place, almost totally disfiguring it. Not only that, but in a rocky depression adjoining the pier, all the offal from the fish was there deposited, from which came an odor that was not wafted from the Vale of Cashmere.

During the afternoon the fishing boats, which had been out for their harvest from the sea, returned to the pier and unloaded their catches, which were immediately taken in hand, cleaned and packed in ice in large fish cars, to await the arrival of the tug, which puts in an appearance every third day.

I was particularly struck, while at the pier, with one of the fishermen, a red-headed Irishman they all called "the Devil," but whom I would call a Massaniello were it not for his fiery hair, as he had the air of a liberty-loving mortal which seemed to fully possess him. He was a very striking picture indeed, his features being exceedingly handsome and expressive, while his form was that of an accomplished athlete, with a grace of supple movement that was irresistibly attractive. He was one of the most daring sailors on the North Shore, and would venture in any tempestuous sea to make his "lifts" when other fishermen declined to go. Frequently he set his nets some fifteen or twenty miles from shore, and in summer time would seek a depth of water fully 500ft., where the whitefish were more abundant and in better condition. His ventures were always fraught with great success, his returns being nearly double those of others, and as a consequence his pay was in the lead by about fifty per cent.

He came in with his "lift" shortly after we had arrived, it weighing over 700lbs. and composed principally of whitefish and Mackinac trout. His boat, which he handled with the marvelous skill of the Norseman of old, was a first-class Collingwood and a rare model of beauty, having the swiftness of a racing yacht. The Indians and half-breeds seemed to venerate him for his matchless seamanship and daring recklessness and therefore gave him the Satanic name by which he is known from one end of Lake Superior to the other.

The great trouble he first encountered here was in getting his two "helpers" inspired with his dauntless courage. After his men had fully realized his complete mastery of the raging billows they then had implicit confidence in him, believing that he could safely ride his boat in any tempest the Sea God would introduce.

When a raging storm of fierce wind and wild wave confronted the fishermen in the morning, the time they go to make their "lifts," they would give an ominous shake of their heads and say, "The Devil can ride the storm, but we won't," and then they returned to other duties appertaining to their calling.

This dare-devil of a fisherman, with the fiery locks, may yet encounter, as the immortal bard says:

"The rough seas, that spare not any man."

After we had partaken of a very appetizing meal, Ned concluded to try the rocks on the outside, in hopes of securing a *Salvelinus fontinalis*, but he soon returned stating that the wind was blowing such a respectable gale and the waves so savagely battling the unshapen shore, that he found it impossible to deliver his flies more than a few feet from the edge of the flinty granite.

In the meantime I had crossed to the main shore with a view of securing some late papers from the ruling head of the little hamlet there established, but obtained only a small county paper about ten days old, which contained nothing of importance save a new method of making sauerkraut and instructions for killing the potato-bug, matters which interested me not, as I neither ate the former nor hankered for the gore of the latter.

The "northwester" which was raging so fiercely would doubtless continue for three days and so hold us to this now ill-favored place which afforded us not even the solace of solitude, the sight of a purling brook or a mountain in its azure hue. It was all fish, Indians and pale-faces, men, women and children, boiling caldrons of oil, mending of nets and the jargon of Chippewa and French with that "very ancient and fish-like smell," as Trinculo the jester describes it, invading every part of this once lovely island. Civilization makes sad havoc with the picturesque beauties of nature, and this is a faithful exemplification.

The course of nature is the art of God; "In it there are no grotesques, nothing framed to fill up empty cantons and unnecessary spaces. She never deceived you; the rocks, mountains, the streams, always speak the same language; a shower of snow may hide the verdant woods in spring, a thunderstorm may render the blue limpid streams foul and turbulent; but these effects are rare and transient; in a few hours, or, at most, a few days, all the sources of beauty are renovated. She knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction."

"To me, more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art."

During the afternoon the bright sun came out and filled the deep woods with golden gleams, but the wild waves rolled on and battered the beetling cliffs and low shorelands, which are dominant here, with a violence and a roar like discharged ordnance. The noon wore on apace, the shadows lengthened, twilight came, the rose of the zenith glowed richer and warmer as the azure darkened, the stars twinkled, the fire-flies blazed in the shrubbery and night's silent reign began.

Around the camp-fire we gather and as its genial warmth diffuses we watch the odd flickers of light and shade, while the smoke curls upward through the branches overhead. Anon, we hear the "scraping of a fiddle" from the main shore, and then the shuffle of many feet.

"A dance," says one of the boatmen, and then hurriedly depart to take boat for the scene where merrilly whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances.

"They'll make a night of it," says Ned.

"All right," says I, "let us follow example and make a night of it in our blankets."

"Agreed."

And then two stalwart forms were quietly rolled within the heavy blankets and soon were oblivious to all things terpsichorean or terrestrial. ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

BASS AT HEIGHT OF LANDS.

AMENIA, N. D., June 7.—I have waited in vain for some one to write a few words in regard to fishing in the park regions of Minnesota. I have just returned from a three weeks' fishing trip, and while we have no large catches to tell about, we enjoyed every minute of our time and could have caught ten times as many fish as we did. We only fished for camp use and sending only one lot of 100lbs. away.

Never was a more congenial party picked — Carr, Woods, Reed and I who write. From Detroit, Minn., a hired conveyance took us and our baggage to our destination—Height of Land Lake, one of the prettiest sheets of water in the park regions. We had hardly put up our tents when Walter and the cook hurriedly got out their rods, reels, etc., set up their Acme boat and started out to catch some fish for supper. We soon had six or seven wall-eyed pike averaging 2lbs., and then rowing back to camp, their jackets of scales had soon come off and the cook had them getting a good brown on that made the fisherman wonder why they were so hungry.

The next day Jack and Henry went fishing, and at 6 o'clock that night came in with 82 big-mouth bass, besides several pike and pickerel, all caught with one rod. The next morning by 4 o'clock the cook was up and at 5 he grabbed a Winchester and sent three quick shots into an old oak tree, causing the lazy part of the camp to fall out of bed, only to find the cook hard at his own breakfast and Henry waiting for us to help run the boats from Height of Land up the creek to Mud Lake for a try for bass. This is a small lake not over 40 rods long by 30 wide, but no one knows how deep. It came off clear and hot, with not a breath of air—and not a fish. After an hour of steady casting, using all the different kinds of bait we possibly could think of, we quit casting, and the cook chased the rest out of a boat and commenced to troll. It seemed to suit their epicurean taste and in ten minutes he had four beauties carefully placed out of the sun, while his party eyed him with dispair from the shore.

The next morning two of us were afloat on Lower Twin Lake by the time the fog had raised, and good luck at once took us in hand and remained with us all the morning. We came in at noon with twelve good bass.

So the days rolled by one by one until two of the party had to leave, and the cook and the lone fisherman held undisputed sway. After a few days pleasant sport around Upper and Lower Twin Lakes, we decided to go up to Six Lake, and try for bass and pickerel. This is a small lake covering about 160 acres, without inlet or outlet. The cook and Jack had succeeded in getting forty bass there in thirty minutes last year. Our party was increased by Dave and Herman. By 10 o'clock we had our boats in the water. The lone fisherman was rowing and the cook was casting. Suddenly there was wild excitement, for Jack had a 12lbs. pickerel hooked, and there was a hard fight going on to see who should conquer. The fish finally came up and into the boat as though he had done that every day of his life. Henry rowed Jack away and the cook made a cast almost touching the shore, when there was a flash and the lone fisherman yelled "Give him line." The reel hummed and the line run out faster and faster, the cook afraid to check him too suddenly. When he suddenly felt the strain of the line he jumped almost out of the water and made a bee line for the boat; then he gently came up, and after a little coaxing allowed himself to be lifted into the boat. He was half an inch shorter than Jack's, but a little heavier. Both were caught within 50ft. of each other.

We spent a pleasant day here, and after a good night's rest found a clear morning with not a breath of air moving. We tried them early, and after catching a few bigmouths concluded to move further north and cast our lines into Island Lake, the prettiest sheet of water in Becker county, if not in the State. Becker county alone has 232 lakes within her borders. The water is clear as crystal, with a high rocky shore, the pine uncut and with only one house or clearing upon that thirty miles of shore line. Here we pitched our tent on a sandy shore, ran out our three boats and went over to a little bay and tried for a few big-mouths for dinner. We soon succeeded in getting half a dozen, and then dinner and a four-mile row to the bay. There we had the most pleasant two hours of our three weeks' stay with the bigmouths; and we struck several 10lbs. pickerel for a change.

The lakes along the Pine Point Reservation—Height of Land, Cotton, Upper and Lower Twin, Six Island, Big and Little Toad and a dozen more—are all good fishing. Only one other party was fishing on them last year, and there had been no one so far this year excepting ourselves. There are countless numbers of bass, more bigmouths than small-mouths. Pike, the next best fish in these waters, during June give a man good still-fishing and plenty of deep trolling. Boats can be secured of H. W. Paul or Jack Brown, Jarvis P. O., Minn. Either of them are well acquainted with all the lakes and only ask what would be in the East very small wages.

FLICKERTAIL.

ON THE OLD FARM.

BUCK and I had come back to the old farm and were to spend a few days. There was an excellent trout stream near by, so naturally we were impatient to try our hand at the sport. We made an early start. Down past the old barn, the cows not yet up watched us wandering by as they slowly chewed their cuds, while one or two laboriously arose. Through the meadow we hastened, the cool fragrant air filling us with a new life. The dew on the clover made the waders delightfully cool.

We entered a belt of woods, and forcing our way through the tangled underbrush, were soon slipping, sliding and jumping down the steep side of a ravine to the stream. The winding alder-covered banks were strewn with huge moss-covered boulders, and myriads of delicately tinted wild flowers covered the ground.

The coarse, black, snaky roots of trees, near the banks, grew in to the water, and driftwood getting tangled in these, formed small dams around which the water swirled and bubbled.

The joyous notes of many birds, the lapping and gurgling of the foam-flecked water—as it glided past, mingled with the roar of the cascade, up stream, all produced a charm that fascinated us.

"Isn't this great?" exclaimed Buck enthusiastically.

"You bet," I replied, taking the cover off my rod to joint it. Everything ready, I pulled up the waders, and stepping in the water with as little noise as possible, waded slowly down stream, making several casts, but getting no rise.

"There, just beyond that half submerged rock where the water is quiet and deep. Fine place."

Swis-s-s! the silk went circling through the air, and the light blue-blow kissed the surface in a most natural manner. It proved tempting too, for with a rush that made the water boil it was seized. A quick turn of the wrist and whir-r-r went the reel. The line shot down and the silk cut the water at a furious rate, first one side, then the other, under the rock and out again. I did my best to keep him from tangling the line on a root or snag while the rod bent like a whip. I kept the line as taut as possible, and yet not enough for him to tear off.

Slowly his fighting became less vigorous, and as slowly I reeled in. Finally he rose to the surface almost exhausted, and summoning all his strength, leaped shining and dripping out of the water. This was the last desperate effort, and as soon as over I reeled slowly in and secured him.

He was a beauty as he lay open-mouthed in the creel, his wet, shining, speckled side outlined against the moss with which I had lined the basket.

I started in again, and reveled in the sport until noon, when I met Buck at an appointed place, and we lunched. After a short rest we went on, and at supper time we started across the fields for home. To make a hard task worse it began to rain. It was a long walk, especially after being on our feet all day, and the creel straps hung heavy on our shoulders, but we plodded slowly on, and at last reached the house, wet, tired and hungry. Buck usually chuckles and guys me some—when we come to count over our catches, but he did not so much as "crack a smile" this time. I had beaten by a good 13. But he vowed vengeance the next time out.

Soon after we climbed the old-fashioned stairs and turned in, two healthily tired and happy fellows. L.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

With Nursing Bottles Under their Fins.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with interest "Von W.'s" letter in the June 23 issue. I am acquainted with this gifted writer by reputation, for of him it may truthfully be said "his fame spread abroad throughout all that country," but as he is a neighbor of mine I anticipate a closer acquaintance in the near future. The idea "Von W." gave of our fishing is painfully correct. The cause of this deplorable state of affairs is the non-observance of the six-inch law. A law is a dead letter unless it is backed by public opinion, and this law, though a good one, is without the requisite backing. Of course there are many exceptions, but our average anglers catch and keep trout so small it is a wonder they could get on the hook, and one almost expects to see each baby trout with a nursing bottle under his fin. "Von W." suggests that a close season of about three years would be a remedy; true, it would afford temporary relief, but when the open season came every man and boy would hie himself to the streams to enjoy the fruits of the long close season, and unless the six-inch law was strictly observed the second state of our fishing would be worse than the first. When our fishermen awake to a realization that they are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, and appreciate and faithfully observe the above law, and "the powers that be" intelligently and generously restock our streams, then and then only, will the historic "good fishing" in southern Vermont waters be restored and perpetuated. W. W. B.

A Self-Baited Hook.

MUSKOKA, Can.—Some time ago I was fishing with a friend, and grand sport we were having. Our bait was minnows. My friend had on a perch of about 4in. in length, and no sooner had he thrown in than the bait was grabbed. Making the strike, he missed his fish, but instead of the perch bait being on his hook, it was replaced by a small shiner, which was hooked as neatly through the lips as though placed there by human hand; the fish which had bitten had kept the perch, and the hook had come in contact with the shiner in the fish's mouth.

J. H. WILMOTT.

NEWS FROM THE FISHING WATERS.

CLAYTON, Thousand Islands, N. Y., June 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bunker, of New York, whose headquarters for two weeks of very successful black bass fishing have been the Hubbard House, have left for home. Although Mr. Bunker is an enthusiastic and experienced angler and spent twelve days fishing to Mrs. Bunker's eleven, to the credit of the fair sex the latter's record is the best, viz., 229 against 188. The following is the total daily record, which includes one 3½lbs., one 3lbs., four 2½lbs., twenty-five 2lbs., and 386 from 14oz. to 2lbs.: June 11, 36; June 12, 22; June 13, 39; June 14, 34; June 15, 45; June 16, 50; June 18, 38; June 19, 18; June 20, 42; June 21, 20; June 22, 51; June 23, 22; a total of 417 black bass. Steve Leyare, one of the most successful guides on the St. Lawrence River, rowed. J. G. F.

SANTA FE, N. M., June 20.—The trout fishing is very good in these parts nowadays, and many excellent catches are reported. A party of four went out on the Pecos above Glorietta, and in one day pulled out 350 of splendid size, the average weight I should judge to be but little, if any, under 6oz. H. B. H.

NEWPORT, Vt., June 23.—The fishing for lake trout still continues good. Parties from Nashua and Lowell have been at the Owl's Head Hotel for the past week and have had fine sport. The largest "laker" caught this week is credited to Mr. L. Wellcome; it weighed 24¼lbs. Black bass fishing has not been quite up to our expectations yet, but we look for better results later. A few have been taken in the vicinity of Horseneck Island, and the small-boy-pole-and-string combination is credited with a "big one," caught while fishing for chub off the steamboat wharf. We look for more bass later. ROB.

FORKED RIVER, N. J., June 25.—Capt. Frank Penn on the 22d caught 17 bluefish and one large drum. Capt. Thomas Taylor caught 11 large bluefish averaging 4 to 5lbs. on June 24. Prospect looking good for bluefish and weakfish for the season. W. S. PARKER.

TUCKERTON, N. J., June 22.—G. O. Jones, of Tuckerton, caught 80 weakfish with hook and line. J. W. LEE.

Mr. C. C. DOIT, of Boston, Mass., a guest of the Hubbard House here, has a total of 295 black bass to his rod for the last eight days. Many other anglers have brought in good average catches. J. G. F.

BURKEHAVEN, N. H.—Mr. Jos. G. Chandler has a photograph of a string of trout caught May 17, 1894, during a couple of hours' fishing in Lake Sunapee, by Wm. Young, a summer resident of Burkehaven, which weigh 4¾, 3¼, 2¾ and 1¾lbs. respectively. This is not an extraordinary catch, but was photographed on account of the regular gradation of the string in size.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—The king of tarpon fishermen in San Antonio is Mr. T. H. Micheljohn, who says that July will be the time for tarpon, and that he will be on hand with his party. Perry Lewis, our State Senator, is also an expert after the silver king, who is sure to summer at Rockport. Speaking of the coast reminds me that a new hotel has been erected at Rockport, and will be conducted on a plan that will not fail to please visitors. The management keeps boats for the use of the guests free of charge, so that one can fish all day and put in the night in the delightful grove of live oaks undisturbed save by the gentle soothing voice of the spent surf. The Aransas Pass Railway, always accommodating to the traveling sportsmen, will make a splendid rate, which will insure a large aggregation of fishermen on the coast all summer. O. C. G.

A Fishing Club That Struck Oil.

CINCINNATI, O.—Cincinnati posesses what is probably the only fishing club which ever made money. Ever since Father Noah threw out a line from the stern of the ark, fishing clubs have been productive of a few fishes and many fables, but that a dozen men, with fore and aft caps and fish poles, should go a fishing for pleasure and come back richer for it is astonishing enough to shock a drummer into modesty. It was twenty years ago that a number of Cincinnatians, among them the late Nicholas Longworth, organized the Mercer County Shooting and Fishing Club. They had previously ascertained by a profound study of the map of Ohio, that the largest body of water within the State limits was the Mercer county reservoir. The more water, the more fish, reasoned the projectors, and land bordering the huge pond was purchased. This purchase was added to until now the club owns a mile frontage on the reservoir, 160 acres of shooting land and a club house.

But this was all unproductive investment; the element of profit was an unexpected discovery. Oil was found on the club's land. The fishermen were business men, and profited by their good luck. They now own four oil wells and lease four others. As a conséquence, the shares, which when first taken were only expected to return an equivalent in health and relaxation, have now a recognized and increasing value. Literally true of the club is the remark so often heard on the street: "We are not in this for our health only." WILL E. WICK.

Thinks Rodster Lacks Dignity.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y., June 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The discussion over the word "Rodster" is amusing. To follow out the plan of word architecture upon which it is built I might have been called, and at ten years of age when using a bent pin for a hook, ——. Later when sitting on the dock, using a hand line, ——. Then when I cut a pole, ——, etc. The names can easily be filled in; but, while I do not object to others using the word "rodster" there is a sound about it that I don't fancy, and therefore would not use it in speaking of an angling friend, but perhaps it may do service where they fish for count. It seems to lack dignity. FRED MATHER.

A Unique Catch With a Fly.

EX-JUDGE F. J. FITCH returned from his two weeks' fishing trip on the Neversink, in Sullivan county, on Thursday evening last. In answer to our question, "What success in fishing?" he replied: "Poor, in consequence of the cold weather and excessive rains. I caught but 121 trout and one red squirrel." Other questions led to the statement by him that, while casting his flies at the end of about 40ft. of line, he saw a squirrel swimming across the stream, and, from the impulse of the moment, made a cast for it and drove the hook of the trail-fly through one of its forelegs. As it was impossible to reel in the game and take it from the hook without being bitten, he was compelled, much to his regret, to drown it. He has its tail in corroboration of a queer fish story and evidence of his accuracy in fly-casting. He also stated that this was the fiftieth consecutive year in which he had fished for trout, and that his scores of all those years, beginning with July, 1845, showed that he had caught in the aggregate 28,478 trout. He added that all, save in the first five years, had been caught with a fly.—*Prattsville (N. Y.) Advocate, June 14.*

Give Your Friend a Chart.

SOMETIMES parties visit lakes, streams or game districts not posted as to points of vantage, good stands and without guides. Often even they may be given misleading or worthless advice by selfish natives or others. A few days since, wishing a friend to enjoy a duplicate of my sport last year at a bass-stocked lake I have become familiar with, and fearing his falling among thieves, I made a sketch of the lake, and designated by ranges, courses, prominent objects, depths, etc., the most promising places for sport. With this my friend was enabled to take a fine lot of small-mouths and without delays or useless efforts. Yows.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The Dietz ruby lamp for darkroom use is one of the simplest and at the same time most perfect lamps that has ever been offered photographers.

"Sporting Resorts on the Line of the Grand Trunk Railway," which will be sent on application to the passenger agent, Montreal, is a little book containing much interesting information for sportsmen. It covers the Muskoka, Victoria, Peterboro and Haliburton Lakes, the Georgian Bay, Androscoggin Lakes, etc., and contains a very good map of the Muskoka and Midland lake districts north to Lake Nipissing.

Fisheulture and Fish Protection.

Improved Method of Hatching Smelts.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society]

BY FRED MATHER.

OUTSIDE of my own articles on smelt hatching in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth Reports of this Society, I can find nothing on the subject except an item in the paper of the late Prof. H. J. Rice on "Salt as an Agent for the Destruction of the Fish Fungus" in the thirteenth Report. On page 19 Professor Rice records that in 1877 he was studying the embryology of the smelt and found the eggs in masses in the hatching jars and covered with fungus, but not until 1884 did he have a chance to try the effect of salt on killing this *saprolegnia*. The eggs were upon blades of sedge, or water grass, after the manner employed by Mr. Charles G. Atkins some years before, which "prevents to a great extent, if not entirely, the massing together of the eggs, since the rough surface of the blades allow only a single layer, at most, to adhere to the surface" Still there was much fungus present. The salt killed the fungus and "only about five per cent. of the whole number failed to hatch." This is a much better percentage than I can show to-day, and I do not know of any other fishculturist who has hatched this fish within the past five years. Professor Rice did not do the hatching but merely studied the development of the embryos and took the statements of others regarding the percentage, and the latter need salt, also.

In the fourteenth Report of this Society, for 1885, pages 17 to 32, will be found my first paper on this subject, with discussions following it by Hon. Theodore Lyman and Prof. Rice. My paper was entitled "Protecting and Hatching the Smelt," in which I advocated a protective law, which is now being asked for from the supervisors of Long Island towns. Skipping this part of the subject, we will take up that which relates to the hatching of smelts, omitting many details related in that article, and will quote: "Up to the thirteenth day after taking there was little change, and on the twentieth (of March, or seven days later) the eggs were put outside the hatchery in swift water, as they began to show fungus. March 26 about one-half were alive, and these were in bunches covered by dead eggs and fungus. All the outside eggs were dead and I had little hope of saving any." That year we allowed the eggs to adhere to grass, sticks and stones, as well as to the sides of glass hatching jars, and in that Report of 1885 I expressed the belief that smelt eggs seemed to require a coating of fungus and decayed eggs about them in order to be protected from too much oxygen and fresh water to hatch well, a statement that I do not believe to-day. We turned out 100,000 fry that year in spite of fungus, rotten eggs and accompanying foul odors in the water

Again, in the fifteenth Report of our Society, pages 10 to 16, will be found another article of mine, headed "Smelt Hatching," with discussions by Mr. Frank N. Clark, Mr. Bissell, Dr. R. O. Sweeny and myself. My paper merely recorded efforts to have the spawn adhere to different substances and to vary the flow of water and the amount of light. Some eggs were sent to Mr. Clark, cautioning him not to throw away any eggs, "no matter how badly they looked on the outside, how much fungus there might be there, nor how foul an odor might arise from them." Mr. Clark said, page 13, that he found the eggs as I had stated, and about 15 to 20 per cent. of them were good. I had said that we could hatch 40 to 50 per cent. in our jars. Mr. Bissell raised the question of light, and said: "If the light affects the eggs of the smelt, would not the light affect them in their natural condition in a small stream?" To-day I can only answer this very sensible question by saying that sunlight will kill our eggs in the jars, and in this year of our Lord, 1894, I have seen smelt eggs hatch on stones in a rapid streem with not over two inches of water over them, and in the brightest of sunshine. This is one of the problems that we have not solved.

In the Report of our Society for 1887, page 11, will be fouud my item on smelt hatching under the title of "Work at Cold Spring Harbor." In this it is stated that "out of 4,000,000 eggs we hatched and planted 2,000,000 fry, or about 50 per cent., which is as good as we have ever done." I added that "the little smelt carries a great many eggs for its size, from 30,000 to 60,000 or perhaps more, and from 100 ripe females of good size, probably 5,000,000 could be obtained." In the reports of the U. S. and N. Y. Fishery Commissions the foregoing statements have been embodied, the American Fisheries Society getting the first reports because their meetings were held earlier in the season than the other reports were called for.

Uutil last year we stripped the fish and impregnated the eggs by hand, but holding our fish in the hatching troughs until ripe we found that many females had spawned in the troughs and also that the percentage of impregnation was very high and that they hatched well. This year we gathered all our eggs from the troughs, passed them through wire screens to separate them and put them in the jars. At intervals of two or three days or whenever the eggs seemed inclined to gather in bunches we repeated the operation, gently forcing the eggs through the screens with the fingers, and after a few such screenings the "foot" seemed to be destroyed. This "foot" is a projection on the egg, which is shaped like the stem and bottom of a wine glass, and is the only point of adhesion which the egg of the smelt has; there is no glutinous coating around the egg of the smelt that will enable it to adhere at any point, and the frequent breaking of the hold of this foot makes it powerless to adhere to other eggs or to any object, and leaves the eggs as free and clean as those of whitefish or shad, and enables the attendant to remove all bad eggs from the top, as is done with other eggs hatched in jars.

Last year I was greatly interested in the paper read by Prof. Jacob Reighard of the University of Michigan, "On the Handling of Adhesive Eggs," and of his use of corn starch to overcome the adhesive tendency in the eggs of pike-perch, and had thought of testing that method with smelt eggs, but they worked so well with a few siftings, that it did not seem necessary to try any other method. The eggs remained free and clean, with the exception of those in one jar, which were taken from the brook, that retained sand on some of them that would not permit the dead ones to rise.

A resumè of my work in stocking a barren stream with smelts for the New York Fishery Commission will illustrate the value of such work in a manner that can only be shown when fry of any fish are placed in waters which did not contain them before. Adjoining the grounds of the Commission at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, is a short stream from the overflow of a mill pond. This stream is not over 600ft. long between the dam and salt water, at high tide, and is about 15ft. wide, with pools and shallows where the water ripples over pebbles and is not 2in. deep. This stream I stocked with smelts in a small way in 1885, and it is now a fine smelt stream.

In that year, and for several years afterward, we bought live smelts from the Connetquot River,* a small stream rising in the center of Long Island, north of Yaphank, and flowiug into Great South Bay near Bellport. We paid ten cents each for the fish and would get two or three hundred smelts of different sizes and degrees of ripeness.

In 1890 we only bought 100 fish, as we had au offer of all we wanted without cost from Mr. H. Scudder, of Northport, only seven miles distant. Next year, or six years after the first small planting, we found that the smelts were running up our stream in numbers to make it worth while to try to get eggs from it, and we did. This was the first proof that the little brook had been made a self-sustainiug smelt stream, although we knew that a few fish had run up it in years before. The habit of the smelt to run up streams at night, and return to salt water before day, enables it to escape observation to a very great extent, unless one is especially on the watch for its coming. The eggs are deposited on stones in the swift water, and never in the pools, where the flow is slower. They are hatched in bright sunshine, which will kill our eggs in the jars, and unless it may be a provision of nature to check the increase of this prolific fish by killing the eggs that chance to get the direct rays of the sun, and to have only those which lie on the shady side of stones come to life, I cannot understand why the sunlight is fatal in the jars. Perhaps we may solve this problem some day, but an inspection of the stones in the stream, where millions of eggs were laid this year, did not offer a solution to this question, which, by the way, never came up until the hatching seasou was about half over. Next year we may observe the effect of the sun on the eggs in the stream more carefully; we know what it is in the jars.

Our plantings in this little stream were:

1885	100,000 fry.
1886	2,100,000 fry.
1887	2,000,000 fry.
†1888	1,000,000 fry.
1889	4,600,000 fry.
1890	3,950,000 fry. and 500,000 eggs sent away.
1891	7,400,000 fry.
1892	5,631,000 fry and eggs sent away.
1893	5,722,000 fry.
1894	22,603,000 fry.
Total planted	55,606,000 eggs and fry.

Until this year there was no demand for the fry, because it was not understood that the Commission could furnish smelts; but the demand increased with the supply, and outside of the 11,083,000 planted in Cold Spring Harbor there were two plants on the South Side, three in the tributaries of Pecouic Bay, one in Westchester county, and seven plants at different points on Long Island Sound. These plants were all made on special applications to the Commissioners of Fisheries, and it pleased them to have them made, because it showed appreciation of their work in a field that was almost new.

The value of the smelt may be illustrated when we know that forty carloads were shipped to New York from New Brunswick this year, besides the supply from Maine, Rhode Island and other places. Long Island smelts do not now make a great figure in the market reports, but the plants of this year, which were of one million fry, in most cases, may work a change to the benefit of the fisherman and the consumer in a few years.

Our figures this year were:

Eggs taken	31,708,000
Loss of eggs‡	9,105,000
Fry planted	22,603,000

The figures show that over 71 per cent. of the eggs taken produced fry, and the reports of a few years ago show that when we produced 50 per cent., and thought it good, Mr. Clark remarked that it was as good as might be done with adhesive eggs.

That we have made rapid strides in the work of smelt hatching is shown by the table giving our yearly plantings, where it will be found that of the 55,000,000 fry and eggs distributed in ten years almost half the number was sent out this spring. It should also be borne in mind that this great result was obtained from an iusignificant stream that never contained smelts before—it was stocked by the New York State Fishery Commission.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y., May 10.

*In the reports the printers have usually made this the Connecticut River, and this note is to warn them that the above spelling is correct.

†The March blizzard this year, from 12th to 20th, prevented getting eggs.

‡This loss includes two million eggs lost by the clogging of a tube supplying two jars on the night of March 17.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
TO FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

The Kennel.

All those who love a dog because it is a dog and not merely a medium for the accumulation of dollars and cents, are invited by the editor to consider this department as one in which they can discuss amicably any subject that is of interest to the canine fancy, without fear of their communications being subjected to personal comment or ridicule.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 4 to 7.—Des Moines Kennel Club, at Des Moines, Iowa. M Bruce, Sec'y.

Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone. Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. I. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Saratoga, N. Y., Sec'y.

Russian Wolfhound Type.

MR. A. J. ROUSSEAU, of St. Petersburg, Russia, who has been identified more or less with importations of Russian wolfhounds to this country, in writing to a contemporary, has a good deal to say in regard to the type of some of the winning dogs in this country. Modjeska and champion Argoss are particularly scored. Modjeska is scored on account of her being more like a setter from the head back than a Russian wolfhound or borzoi. But judging from Mr. Rousseau's standpoint, it would appear as if the tail was the most distinctive feature in this conclusion. Incidentally he tells us that he has secured for American importers a few bitches capable of beating Svodka and Vinga and Modjeska. Argoss is spoken of in derogatory terms, chiefly on account of his black color. He says: "If Argoss, which you have in America, is a black dog, then I have many dogs able to beat him under a Russian borzoi judge. Personally, I would not own Argoss on any consideration, because he is a black dog, and good breeders of borzois in Russia would neither own nor breed from a black borzoi, as black in this breed is a positive proof of a cross. If I were unfortunate enough to have a dog or a bitch to throw puppies even with black patches about them, I would destroy them and all their progeny."

He further says that it is easy enough to get a dog to beat "what you Americans call the grandest specimen living * * * but who is to judge the quality?" There is the rub—and in the present unsettled condition as to what is the correct type, and the lack of familiarity with the breed among our judges, this question is very pertinent. "Americans make a dog a champion without much trouble; but by this letter they can see that dogs like Argoss are valuless here, because they are the positive result of a cross, and no Russian breeder of any standing would own him on any consideration." We do not know whether Mr. Rousseau is qualified to speak with authority on this breed or not, but he is in their native country, and has been considerably identified with the breed for some years; therefore the serious accusations he brings against the dog that has stood for more than two years at the head of our Russian wolfhounds certainly demands attention, and perhaps this outspoken protest will be the means of again drawing attention to the vexed subject of what really is the correct type or coloring of those beautiful dogs. Personally, from the study of various writings on the subject, we believe the whole breed is more or less mixed, and the following translation from the Russian journal *Ohota*—organ of the "Society for the Encouragement of Field Qualities of Hunting Dogs and of all kinds of Hunting; St. Petersburg, Russia," written by R. R., concerning the origin and type of the modern psovoy borzoy, would seem to sustain this opinion.

Ohota, March 1, 1892, Page 3.

The views given below about the origin of the modern psovoy borzoi are the results of the opinions and discussions of coursers and hunters of different times: All serious and well-posted hunters have come to the conclusion that the modern borzoy is a mixed race, and the difference between them is but in the naming of the original progenitors, and in the question whether the race has been kept pure for the last hundred years or whether any other blood has been infused within that time.

One party claims that the modern psovoy borzoy is the result of crossing of the Gustopsovoy borzoy with the Tchistopsovoy borzoy (this latter supposed to be a cross of the Gustopsovoy borzoy with the Crimean, Anatolian, or Polish borzoys).

Another party allows the psovoy borzoys to be a mixture of the above two breeds, but claims them to have been strictly Russian natives since very ancient times, their differences being a result of the climate in which each was living—the Gustopsovoy borzoy in the north of Russia, the Tchistopsovoy borzoy in the south.

A third opinion is that the modern psovoy borzoy was produced from Tchistopsovoy borzoy males and Courland borzoy bitches, and in this opinion the Tchistopsovoy borzoy are held to be the original pure Russian race; and any Gustopsovoy borzoys existing were not a special original breed at all, but mongrels from the mating of psovoys and Tchistopsovoy borzoys with sheepdogs (ovtcharkas).

A fourth opinion partly states: The ancient psovoy borzoy or Gustopsovoy borzoy, as we now are in the habit of calling it, was purposely produced or improved by the northern Russian hunters very long ago. The points of these dogs were very much like those of the modern psovoy borzoys, but they had a heavier coat, hence their name Gustopsovoy. Nearest to this type of dogs were the borzoys of I. I. Kareyev, also those of V. T. Lepatchev, but while they were nearly ideally good in front their rear was rather poor.

By their qualities the ancient psovoy (Gustopsovoy) borzoys were especially adapted to the dense woods of northern Russia, which are full of wolves; they were extremely fast on short distances and very fierce.

These ancient dogs were introduced into central Russia, south of Moscow, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, at first but a few in number, and then they became mixed with local dogs or southern borzoys.

In this crossing of breeds some hunters were influenced by a desire to improve their staying qualities, while retaining their general type as far as possible; others were forced to cross them by necessity, since they did not want to inbreed them altogether, and other dogs of this breed were scarce, others again who owned several dogs kept breeding in rather than mix or cross the varieties.

In fact, at the beginniug of the fifties most large kennels contained ten to twelve of the ancient psovoy (Gustopsovoy) borzoys, a breed especially kept up by in-breeding, which served to retain the blood and correct the defects in the other borzoy breeds.

About 1861, when the economical reconstruction of Russia took place, many landowners of the nobility lost heavily, or feared to lose, and then the hunts were abandoned as too expensive and needless. Fully two-thirds of the hunts disappeared altogether, only some in the rich southern country survived, although in considerably diminished force. Gradually, with the return of stability and confidence, the hunts were revived, and then it was found necessary in order to organize them at all, to import foreign dogs. Now, the interest in psovoy borzoys is again strong and the demand for these dogs at home and abroad sufficient to encourage their breeding, so that instead of quarreling about the origin and proper name of the breed, we had better try to form some ideal of what the breed ought to be, and breed to it. And as far as the name, we cannot do better than call the ancient breed Gustopsovoy borzoy and the modern one Psovoy borzoy.

R. R.

The Dog's Devotion.

THE dog show was at the height of its success. The winning exhibitors were contented with the judges' awards and devoted their time more or less to an analysis of the happiness which owning a dog confers, for the edification of the listeners who had some symptoms of being purchasers.

As to the kind of dog which confers the most happiness and prosperity on a household it is remarkable to what an extent exhibitors differ. They agree that the dog is man's best friend, considered as a general proposition concerning all registered dogs or dogs with a pedigree. But there are dogs and dogs, and differences and differences. Each fancier of a breed seemed to think that that breed was possessed of some useful and ornamental qualities transcending those of all other breeds; and owners of dogs of the same breed thought that each one's own dogs respectively were the best. Perhaps they were. Let us hope so. It is the best that can be done at present.

The implicit coufidence mauifested now and then by some owners in regard to the absolute perfection of some yellow-eyed, lumpy-jointed dogs with a malevolent expression and stiff action which they own is too tender a phenomenon of human nature to be trifled with carelessly. And it is one of the most charming traits of human nature is this disinterested affection for the dog, even if the disinterested affection is enveloped by a large figure patterned thus $.

But dogs have to eat, and it is not always possible for an owner to have a tranquil affection for a dog with a big appetite. This will explain anything which may seem mercenary in man's affection. If the dog causes expense he should be willing to pay the debts incurred.

But the dog show was a success. The owners were standing or were in negligé reposé close by their dogs, which were lazily and furtively gazing at the spectators. From the dog's standpoint, there were quite as much novelty aud variety in the specimens which passed by, as there were in the stalls to the passers by. Once in a while a dog would see a face which he considered just cause for instant offense and resentment, whereupon he would spring furiously at it, only to be brought to a sudden check by his kennel chain. Dogs have feelings.

The owner of a bull-terrier was standing close by the stall wherein was chained his pride. A stranger, tall, slender and arrayed in a creation of the tailor's art, a harmonious blending of lines and color, approached near to him, and, in a diffident manner, accosted him in a mournful voice which accorded with the mournful look of his face.

"Are you the owner of this dog?" he said.

"Yes sir! Great dog, sir. Won nine thousand prizes, beating Teddy O'Rourke, Michael McGinty, Bucephalus III., Tommy Tiddler, Sixteen String Jack, and sixty other famous winners, each one considered invincible before they met my dog, Pie Face IV. He never was beaten but ten times, and each one of those beatings was under a judge who either didn't know bull-terriers, or had a grudge against me. The first time happened at——"

"Pardon me, sir," said the mournful man, "is your dog a strong dog, and has he a perfect constitution?"

"I hasten to remark that he has. You don't know Pie Face. Ask any one here about him. He's the powerfullest dog I ever saw. Why, I chained him to the outside of the barn the day before I left home for this show. A strange cat was passing by within sight of him. He gave a stern look, charged and tore a 15 foot board off the barn, chased the cat a half mile till the cat came to a tree which afforded means of escape. Two or three fences in the way had stopped Pie Face just as he was about to reduce the cat to his personal possessions. His consitution? He never has been sick a moment in his life. He keeps fat on bones, potato rinds and expectations. He is—"

"Is he persistent in an idea, if the idea is so presented that he will adopt it as his own?"

"The persistentest dog I ever saw, sir. He once watched a rate hole six weeks, his mouth corners crowding back further and further every day. The rat hole communicated from the outside of the barn with the barn floor, but the dog didn't know it. If he had, it would not have lessened his persistence. Another time he gnawed a tough bone three days before he got the best of it. He will sleep persistent and—"

"Yes, yes! But I suppose I might as well tell you just what I consider necessary in a dog. I have heard that a dog has a pure and unshaken devotion to his master; that he loves him through prosperity and adversity; that personal appearance is naught in a dog's affections; that a dog will guard his master, and if need he will fight to the death in his defense. Expensive suppers, diamonds or new hats never enter into the dog's estimates. Now, my own plain features, with a long thin nose projecting therefrom, render me unprepossessing, and it requires such a high degree of long effort on my part to win even a word of appreciation, that I have concluded to buy a dog, which will sit on the floor close by while I eat my meals, looking at me in earnest adoration without a moment's intermission. When I read, he must sit or lie close by, and gaze at me with one eye or both. He must make devotion his life work. To do the work required, the dog must have a good constitution and great physical strength. Every dog cannot hold the job down. To be pleasing to my eye, a dog must have a stump tail, bulgy shoulders and an open cast of countenance, with a good thick neck. He has then a picturesque ruggedness when sitting around. If you can guarantee Pie Face for a year and keep him in repair if he gets out of order, I'll take him at a reasonable figure. What do you ask for him?"

"He's cheap at $30,000, but I might be induced to sell him at $5,000 cash."

"I'll give you $200."

"He's yours."

B. WATERS.

Another Champion.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When at Mr. Higginson's of Rochester, N. Y., and bull-terrier fame, I picked from a lot of good pups what I thought would make a winner, and friend Higginson made me a present of the pup. He is by Billy Bulger ex Nellie Harper, and I claim the name Harper Whiskey for the pup. Harper makes the best whiskey and I have the making of the best bull-terrier. He is full brother to the great Duke of Rochester—every one admits he is the best-headed bull-terrier ever seen in America. My dog is nearly as good in head, and perfect in legs, feet, body and stern. *They* say I don't know a good one until some one else says it is good, but if my dog does not win in open, puppy and novice classes at Toronto, then I will eat him.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

[Not having seen the other man's dog this is rather a rash vow to take.]

Answers to Correspondents.

BY some mystic process it has come to be believed in a quiet, limited way that I know a thing or two about dogs, although I have endeavored to conceal it in so far as a dislike to fame had the power. As a consequence of that belief I receive letters on all sorts of subjects, whereof many contain questions which show original thought and a desire for knowledge. I believe that by answering the most important of these questions publicly they will forever be set at rest. With this laudable purpose I humbly submit them:

Ole Oleson, Milwaukee.—I can not say positively whether the Prince of Wales prizes Vagueness, his Boston terrier, more than all his other dogs, nor indeed can I say whether he owns a large kennel of Boston terriers or not, though being a man of refined taste he probably does. You are correct in conjecturing that this breed is fed on baked beans. I regret that I cannot give you the pedigree of Vagueness.

Scientist, Boston.—Your theory that docking a dog's tail adds to his physical strength and nerve force is true. Undoubtedly the body generates just as much power without the tail as with it. It therefore gains just so much power, by docking the tail, as was wasted in the tail before it was docked. This will partially explain the reason why such breeds, as have their ears and tails docked, have such great bodily vigor and strength, as Great Danes, fox-terriers, etc.

Constant Reader, Montreal.—Your description of your dog's disease leads me to believe that he has either mumps or cholera infantum. I would advise you to consult a skilled veterinarian.

Novice, San Francisco.—You do me, as you assert, a great honor in asking me to write you the extended pedigree, in full, of Fido, Jack, Lady, Brag, Holdfast, and 52 other dogs. If not venturing too far, may I suggest that there is more than one Fido, Jack, etc. It will require a week of hard work to answer all these questions, which you can not have much use for even when answered, yet this consideration will not prevent me from answering them if I can only learn what you want. Write again.

New Beginner, Cincinnati.—You ask me the following question: "My friend, Jack Smith, who lives in my house, has a black, white and tan setter dog two years old, sired by the famous field trial performer, Biff, out of the no less celebrated Hanky Nancy. He weighs 53lbs. 1oz., and has a dew claw. His head is shaped lovely. What do you think of this dog as a field performer?" Ans. I think so. Do not for an instant think of such a rude step as to take your dog into the field and find out positively for yourself what he can do. If you will kindly clip off a lock of his hair and inclose it with his photograph to a clairvoyant, you will get a detailed history of his talents and future life.

Gentleman Jim, Buffalo.—Your suspicion that your friend puts his pug's tail in curl papers over night is possibly unjust and unfounded. Some pugs have twisty tails naturally.

Choke-Bore, Newport.—You may assure your friend that he was misinformed concerning the terrible ferocity of dogmen. Their public writings are the outgrowth of serious thought and enthusiasm in the elevation of man's best friend, and not in a spirit of peevishness or belligerentness or advertisingness, as he seems to think. The dogman always roars loudest when furthest away.

Motheaten Willie, England.—Your idea that the A. K. C. should have 50 per cent. of the sales of all dogs sold in America by any resident or non-resident is the discovery of the season. In return you say the A. K. C. would give a certificate of sale. The times are ripe for progress. Come over and see us.

THE CYNIC.

Controlling Shy Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Subscriber," in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, asks you for advice in handling his timid puppy. In hopes that it may benefit him and others similarly situated, I will give my treatment of a dog I trained the past season.

I got him in November, 1892, when he was four months old. He is an English setter. Although sire and grandsire were field trial winners, he was absolutely the most timid pup I ever saw. He would not willingly allow any one to touch him except my little girl, four years old, and would not eat anything, no matter how hungry he might be, if any one was in sight. I had him four months before I could put my hand on him when he was at liberty, though he seemed delighted to go with me for a run in the fields or woods.

I commenced training him by taking him out for a ramble at every opportunity, letting him have his own way, not attempting to control in any way first, but after a while teaching him to turn at the sound of the whistle. This he soon learned, but still would not allow me to put my hand on him. When he had come to enjoy these trips I put a cord about 20ft. long on him, and after he had got used to trailing it I would occasionally step on it, at the same time saying "Whoa," and raising my hand. At first he would crouch on the ground frightened, but I would walk up to him, pat him on the head and start him on. In this way I got him used to being handled without frightening him by making a grab at him and perhaps missing him, which would only make him more shy. It did not take long to get him so I could stop him with "Whoa" and walk up to him without using the cord, but it was two or three months before he would come up to me and frisk around as a pup usually does.

When I first got him I was breaking a gun-shy Irish setter and was using the gun at every feeding time, and he showed no signs of gun-shyness; but when he was about a year old I thoughtlessly fired a heavy charge close to him and immediately saw he was frightened (he had not heard a shot near him for a couple of months). At the next shot he came in to heel and refused to leave me.

I then began to use the pistol (commencing with a .22 and afterward a .32) at feeding time and when calling him to go for a walk. I prefer to use a pistol instead of the gun, as by so doing I avoid getting him afraid of the sight of the gun, and it is more convenient to taking along for a walk. This was in May, and by July 4, when our woodcock season comes in, I thought I had him pretty well cured. Before that I had often seen him point woodcock when I had him out for exercise and was very anxious to try him on them. I took him out on the 4th and he found and pointed the first bird in fine style, but when I shot it he came in to heel and refused to hunt for some time. After following at heel for a while he went to hunting again, but the next shot finished him. After that he would not hunt at all in the willows or alders where I found the woodcock, and if a woodcock rose anywhere near him he would drop on his belly as if shot.

I then quit hunting him, but used the pistol as before, and taking him out in the woods at every opportunity, always taking the pistol along, but going where I was not likely to find woodcock, and not firing the gun at all in the woods for a couple of months, and then only at first when he was at some distance from me. I would sometimes flush a ruffed grouse and would allow him his own way entirely. He would chase them and race around through the brush after they were gone, and it seemed to give him courage and to teach him to hunt for game. I worked with him in that way until October. I then took him out to hunt ruffed grouse. I had an idea if I could drop a ruffed grouse in front of him that it would clinch the cure. My first bird was an old drummer. When I had got pretty close to it and had it located, I worked the dog to one side to get him out of the way, and crept up and shot it off the log. As soon as I fired I whistled the dog over, and as he crossed in front of me he ran right on to the fluttering bird. I let him mouth it all he wanted to, and when I took it from him praised and petted

him. I killed another in the same way, and my dog was cured of his gunshyness. In two weeks from that time I had him working in first-class shape. He is a keen and fast hunter and perfectly staunch.

Now, if "Subscriber" has an exceptionally fine pup and has plenty of time and patience to expend on him, it will pay to train his timid pup; otherwise he had better dispose of him and get one with more "sand."

I am satisfied that a pup can be trained, no matter how timid, if properly handled, and the timid one generally proves staunch; but the wear and tear on a man's temper is something fearful. He must pet and coax the dog when his natural inclination would be to shoot his head off. MC.

EAGLE ROCK, Pa.

A Dog Show in Texas.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It may be of interest to the many readers of your valuable journal in Texas and the South in general to hear that a dog show, in connection with a stock and poultry show, is going to be held in this city this fall. The Lone Star State claims to be at the head of the live stock line in the United States, and can almost claim the same in the doggy line, it only needs the support of the lovers of our canine friends to make a dog show a success and a permanent feature for the future. San Antonio boasts of harboring some of the finest and best dogs in the South, especially in the line of sporting dogs. The writer, who more or less fancies English setters, has seen a number of good ones, equal to any in the United States. Among them I noticed Fred B., owned by Dr. Berry, a very enthusiastic and true sportsman. Fred B. is a grandson of Roderigo, as fine a specimen of dogdom as can be seen anywhere. Mr. Yates's Rod Gladstone is a very nice little dog. Then there is Mr. G. A. Chabot's great Tobias Twinkle, and so on.

In pointers there are a number of descendants of champion Meteor, Graphic, King of Kent, etc., in the city; in Irish setters, sons and daughters of Dick Swiveler, Elcho Jr., Kildare, etc., can be found. In fox-terriers Mr. Tuttle owns a nice little kennel. Any number of greyhounds, foxhounds, pugs, and of the whole terrier family, are owned in the city. With an array of so much home talent alone, the show can be made a grand success and an attraction which will be eagerly looked for by the people in the future.

Field trials, which were held near this city on two or three occasions, died some time ago on account of there being too much "roundism" at the bottom of it. A number of gentlemen have been thinking this matter over, and it looks as if field trials this winter are going to be an established fact, which I hope will be true. Birds are reported to be plentiful this fall, and if this new organization will keep those fellows out who only attend on account of the "almighty dollar," their trials will be a success and receive the support of the true sportsmen in general. UNCLE DAD.

U. S. Field Trials Club Derby A Entries.

INCLOSED herewith please find list of entries to this club's Derby A, Bicknell trials. This is an off year in field trials as well as other lines of business. However, I think we can come out about even. All were whelped in 1893 with exception of Tamarack, Jr. P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

SETTERS.

WUN LUNG'S PRIDE—Geo. A. Reed's blue belton dog (Wun Lung—White Wings), February 16.

LADY MILDRED—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), March 28.

TOM BEGGS—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), March 28.

NELLY FOX—Blue Ridge Kennels' blue belton and tan bitch (Antonio—Can Can), February 28.

GENNEVIVE—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Countess Rush), May 13.

TONEY BOY—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog Antonio—Laundress), January 16.

MONTANA MAID—Wm. New's black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Florence Gladstone), April 25.

BLENDON DOT—Tway & Levering's black, white and tan bitch (Chula Light—Dot Noble), May 3.

YALE '93—H. K. Devereux's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Nellie Hope), Jan. 16.

NORA BERWYN—H. K. Devereux's black and white bitch (Toledo Blade—Mattie Berwyn), March.

TORY DOTLET—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Della), March 22.

ANNIE OF ABBOTTSFORD—E. A. Burdett's black and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl), Oct. 4.

HARVARD—H. R. Edwards's black and white dog (Dan Burgess—Gay), June 12.

NORA IV.—Minnesota Kennels' (Agt.) liver and white bitch (Roderigo—Norah III.), April.

MOLLIE—Minnesota Kennels' (Agt.) black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah III.), April.

DELORVUS—Minnesota Kennels' (Agt.) black and white bitch (Roderigo—Norah III.), April.

WILL—Minnesota Kennels' (Agt.) lemon and white dog (Roderigo—Nora III.), April.h

JOCK—Minnesota Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Paul Bo—Canadian Lill), February.

DIXIE'S FLAG—N. T. Harris's black, white and tan dog (Wun Lung—White Wings), Feb. 16.

SCOTTSWOOD DICK—Scottswood Kennels' chestnut, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Belle McLean), Jan 17.

GLENDALE—Fishback & Baughn's black, white and tan bitch (Cinch—Steven's Ruby), Jan. 2.

JEAN'S VAL—Fishback & Baughn's black, white and tan bitch (Voltaire—Lufra's Ruby), May 19.

IROQUOIS—Fox & Seilers's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Can Can), March 2.

TONEY'S GIRL—Fox & Seilers's black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Can Can), March 2.

CYNOSURE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah), May 5

Clementina—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah).

COLUMBINE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah), May 5.

ROMANEE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Novelist), May 22.

—— —Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), May 29.

LUELLA FOREMAN—A. J. Gleason's black, white and tan bitch (Dan Foreman—Dou's Nellie), Feb. 25.

DIXIE'S MARK—A. J. Gleason's blue belton dog (Dixie's Rod—Nancy Foreman), April 5.

DAN'S MARK—A. J. Gleason's black, white and tan dog (Dixie's Rod—Nancy Foreman), April 5.

BALDINGTON—A. J. Gleason's black, white and tan dog (Dixie's Rod—Nancy Foreman), April 5.

RHODANANCY—A. J. Gleason's black and white bitch (Dixie's Rod—Nancy Foreman), April 5.

BLADE'S DART—A. Smithmight's black, white and tan bitch (Toledo Blade—Mattie Berwyn), Feb. 25.

POINTERS.

FLOSS OF COVINGTON—Poindexter & Shelton's liver and white bitch (Don's Boy—Nellie), Jan. 5.

DANDY—Glen Rock Kennels' lemon and white dog (Duke of Kent II.—Bennett's Flirt), May 13.

DAN—N. L. Chaffin's lemon and white dog (Duke of Kent II.—Bennett's Flirt), May 13.

LAD'S LADY—L. W. Blankenbaker's liver and white bitch (Lad of Rush—Lady Margaret), May 11.

SHAWNEY GIRL—E. D. Garr's black and white bitch (Ben A.—Dot), March 10.

TAMARACK, JR.—H. K. Devereux's liver and white dog (Tamarack—Maud Graphic), March 17.

BELLE MINA—L. G. Howell's (agent) liver and white bitch (Keut Elgiu— ——) March 17.

BLYTHE'S LAD—C. G. Stoddard's liver and white dog (Ightfield Upton—Ightfield Blythe), August.

DOUVAY—C. G. Stoddard's liver and white dog (Ightfield Upton—Ridgeview Duchess), June.

WAMDUSKA—C. G. Stoddard's liver and white bitch (Shotmaster—Divernon), July.

YOUNG LAD OF RUSH—H. J. Smith's liver and white dog (Lad of Rush—Kent's Clip), August 22.

JAMMIE O. G.—J. L. Adams's liver and white dog (Lad of Rush—Devonshire Jilt), March 8.

RODERIC T.—T. L. Tinsley's liver and white dog (Dash Ranger R., Jr.—Fanny Kumerl), Jan. 14.

JILT'S LAD—D. G. Rowland's liver and white dog (Lad of Rush—Devonshire Jilt), March.

BELLE—John T. Mayfield's (Agt.) bitch (King Don—Wanny's Triburotus), May 9.

LADY PEG II.—W. T. Hunter's liver and white bitch (Rip Rap—Lady Peg), March.

HAL BRADEN—C. B. Lockhart's liver and white dog (Ossian—Vic), April.

HEMPSTEAD DON—Hempstead Farm's liver and white dog (Sandford Druid—Merry Legs), June.

DAMSEL—J. T. Mayfield's liver and white bitch (Ossian—Hops II.), May 20

DAY DREAM—J.T. Mayfield's liver and white bitch (Ossian—Hops II.), May 20.

COURTESAN—J.T. Mayfield's lemon and white bitch (Ossian—Hops II.), May 20.

REX-FAST—W. B. Stafford's liver and white dog (Rex—Mosey), March 11.

DELL S.—W. B. Stafford's (Agt.) black and white bitch (Manitou—Pride), May 27.

DOG CHAT.

Mr. Howard and the Handlers' Prizes.

Mr. Howard, in answer to our article under the above heading in FOREST AND STREAM, June 16, writes us a long letter in which he says that our statements in regard to the handlers' prizes at Louisville are not true, but further than that advances no proof that such is the case, simply stating that all the evidence is before the A. K. C., to which body he has made an appeal. Mr. Ritchie, a vice-president of the Louisville Kennel Club, and one of the bench show committee, gave us the number of dogs each handler was entitled to and this was the official list by which the prizes were awarded. Mr. Howard then goes on to accuse Messrs. Howard and Mooney, of the Columbus Fanciers' Club, of malicious persecution, and further makes statements which it would not be wise on our part to publish, as Mr. Howard offers no proof in support of his statements. One of them, however, we may say was that Mr. Lawrence, president of the club, had paid Mr. Elliott's expenses as judge of great Danes at their show. On writing to Mr. Lawreuce and Mr. Mooney, the secretary, we learn that when a deficit of $500 stared them in the face, Mr. Lawrence, for fear they would engage one judge for all breeds, offered to donate to the Board (in addition to his other donations) sufficient money to procure one who was competent to judge great Danes, and Mr. Elliott was engaged upon the recommendation of Mr. Howard, who had seen Mr. Elliott at the Chicago Keunel Club show and had talked to him about it, and Mr. Elliott's expenses were paid by the club's treasurer from the club's funds on the evening of the last day of the show. Accusing other people of various acts does not exonerate Mr. Howard of the charges against himself, the proof of which was contained in our issue of June 16, and about which he says nothing further than that it is a case of malicious persecution on the part of certain members of his club. The subject, however, will be brought up before the next A. K. C. meeting and then Mr. Howard will be afforded an opportunity to clear himself.

Result.

The *Fox-Terrier Chronicle*, which is increasingly interesting with every issue, has in a late number a capital etching of champion Result and a long articie on the merits of this celebrated terrier. It will be interesting to lovers of this breed to read the following: "As a show terrier every one knows Result; but few know him as a game workman, equal in every way to his performances on the bench. 'Every dog has his day,' however, and alas, though still well and strong, the poor old chap has very nearly lost his sight and teeth, and his cup winning days are over; but to this moment he is as good as ever, and like the soldier who fought his battles over again, Result, when roused, can display his old form, and is still a model of a high-class terrier. He was not a large terrier, for when in hard show condition he weighed under 16lbs. As will be seen from his portrait, he had an evenly marked black and tan head and ears, white body, with a black spot on loin." This grand dog won the challenge cup eleven times, nearly in succession, being beaten on one occasion by his beautiful daughter Rachel, that is now in Mr. Belmont's kennel, and which led her sex a merry dance for the blue ribbons at American shows in years past. Result was first exhibited in 1884 and at his last appearance in public, in 1888, he beat Vesuvienne for the 50-guinea challenge cup, at the Fox-Terrier Club show, as well as winning a number of other prizes. An account of the Clarke Kennels is another feature of this number, and will prove "good meat" for its readers. Speaking of the Clarke type of terriers, this journal says: "We have heard it criticised as being too light and pretty, aud wanting in the rough and ready wear and tear properties that one naturally associates with the fox-terrier proper. With this dictum we cannot altogether agree, and if we take Result as an example, where would we find a terrier built on better lines for work than the late champion, who was the right size and had make, shape, bone, substance and every other characteristic required in a workman, and the same may be said of Rachel. There were not a few that might have been improved with more substance; but, taken all round, there is much to admire in the type. They were very terrier-like and symmetrical, beautifully topped with good necks, well-laid shoulders and well-sprung ribs, and generally good in loins and quarters. In fore end, cleanuess of shoulders and forelegs and parts they were not perhaps quite so strong as other kennels, but the other points weighed too heavily in their favor, and they were generally found among the first when the judging was over."

In the last issue of this journal is given a capital picture of Dominie from life; in fact it is about the best photo. of a fox-terrier we ever saw, and we commend it to all fox-terrier breeders as an object lesson in "front." The *Chronicle* also publishes FOREST AND STREAM'S report of fox-terriers at the Los Angeles aud Specialty shows, in this issue.

Mr. W. H. Wells of Lockport, N. Y, has purchased the fox-terrier Tanner from the Beverwyck Kennels of Albany, N. Y.

Jerome K. Jerome says of everyday dogs: "He is very imprudent, a dog is. He never makes it his business to inquire whether you are in the right or the wrong, never bothers as to whether you are going up or down life's ladder; never asks whether you are rich or poor; silly or wise; sinner or saint. You are his pal. That is enough for him, and come luck or misfortune, good repute or bad, honor or shame, he is going to stick to you, to comfort you, guard you and give his life for you if need be—foolish, brainless, soulless dog."

We draw attention to the merits of Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier Starden's King as a stud dog. In the revised stud card in this issue we notice that two of his pups have won over $750 this season. This is surely something to be proud of.

The U. S. Field Trials.

The U. S. Field Trials Club's Derby entry, though it seems a large falling off from last year, is certainly an encouraging one in these days of club collapses. In the setter division there are 35 entries and in pointers 23. It would seem that the divided stake and an Absolute is, after all, the most popular form in which to arrange the competitions. However, this club has not escaped the blighting influences which seem to be attacking field trial interests at present. Last year this club's Derby polled an entry of 51 English setters, 24 pointers and 4 Irish setters. It is a consolation, however, to know that the pointer men are keeping up the average. The falling off in the setter ranks is an argument in favor of Mr. Waters's contention that professionalism is in a great degree accountable for the present lack of interest among the purely amateur field men.

The purchase of Rufford Ormonde is now the subject of conversation among collie men on both sides of the water. The price seems to be the principal conjecture in connection with this notable sale. This dog's late owners, Messrs. Holme & Holliday, are said to have paid Mr. T. H. Stretch $3,750 for him, and we know that not many moons past the price to his present owner, Mr. Morgan, was quoted as $7,500. As Messrs. Holme and Holliday are well off for the material that makes the mare go it is safe to conclude that at least $5,000 must have changed hands on the deal. Mr. Panmure Gordon, the president of the Scottish Kennel Club, as in the case of Sefton Hero, was the medium through whom the sale was consummated. It may be of interest to note the fact that in a clearance sale of his collies Mr. Stretch is offering Princess Margaret, the dam of Rufford Ormonde.

The spaniel question will not down. Mr. Joe Kennedy, of Hamilton, Ont., has just recovered $200 from the express companies for the loss of some spaniels consigned to their care.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. P. M.—I have a mastiff bitch, 19 months old, which I raised on a bottle, as the mother died in whelping, and as she is very cross have had to keep her on chain since she was four months old She has, never been in season, and I am anxious to breed her. What is the cause? Ans. It may be due to some congenital malformation or absence of some part of the sexual organs. I have known bitches not to come in heat till they were two years old.

N. M. C., Lockport, N. Y.—Write to secretary of American Kennel Club for registration blank, which contains all the information in regard to registering your dog.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.

Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Lalck, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

A Novice's Experience Rabbit Hunting.

A FEW years ago I made up my mind that rabbit shooting was the proper kind of sport for a fellow who had but little time to spend gunning, and was not good enough shot to stop the few quail and partridge that might be found about Boston's hunting ground.

Says I to myself, the first thing is to secure a good dog. I found among the advertisements in the FOREST AND STREAM one from a gentleman who advertised beagles of pedigreed stock and good hunters. I corresponded with him, and received an invitation to come out to his place, a few miles out of town, and see his dogs work. Boarding a train one morning, I soon found myself at his house, and was shown as pretty a looking lot of beagles as one could wish to see; they were from imported Valentine stock, and it would take a man half a day to write out their pedigree.

The next thing was to see them hunt. I had not brought my gun, and my host found at the last moment that something was out of "kilter" with his, but he said it did not matter much, as the rabbits were hunted so much that it was almost impossible to obtain a shot at one.

The beagles were taken out, six in number, not one standing over 13in. high, and turned down in a promising looking bit of ground. Off they started, making lots of the music we read so much about, and rambled about in an animated manner, finally jumping a rabbit. Away went the pack, running the rabbit by sight most of the time, and in three minutes had him in a wall. "That's pretty good work, is it not?" said my companion. I said it was, because he told me so, but I wished I had a gun, as the cottontail offered a good shot.

The dogs started two others, the runs being a repetition of the first. I concluded I had seen a lot of good hunting, picked out a bitch that seemed to do the best work, paid the price and carried her—yea, verily, carried her (as she would not lead to halter) home.

I asked and obtained a vacation from my employer, loaded my new acquisition, my gun and myself into a train and proceeded into the State of Maine to show the natives how to hunt the white rabbits or hares. Arriving in due time, I soon was on my way to the woods, the little bitch glad to be loose after the long journey, capering ahead over the ground, which was covered with the first snow, giving vent to little short bays, but not showing any disposition to get into solid work. This will soon work off, I thought, and just then caught sight of a rabbit bounding unconcerned along, stopping every few yards to see what all the racket was. Bang! went my gun, and away went the rabbit, I whistled for the beagle to put on the trail, but no dog came. I called and whistled again, but it was as if the ground opened and swallowed her up. I went on with my hunting and bagged a partridge and a rabbit during the afternoon. Along about dusk I descried a small white object creeping along on my track about 50yds. behind, which proved to be my truant hound. After much coaxing I got her to come up to me, and a more terrorized animal I never saw. I was tempted to leave her in the woods, but did take her with me.

The man I boarded with told me of a farmer who owned a

dog he thought I could hire. The next morning found me bright and early in the farmer's dooryard.

"Good morning," I said, as he appeared, "I was told I could get a rabbit hound of you for a little while." "Yes," he replied. "There's old Snyder over thar, you kin have the use of, for a dollar," pointing to a large dog pulling on a chain, who seemed to be a cross between a foxhound and a collie, and appeared to be deeply grieved that he could not get away and chew somebody. "You jest show him a gun and he'll follow you all day, but look a-here," continued the owner, "if he kills eny sheep while you have him, you've got to settle for 'em."

I agreed to this condition, paid my dollar, and departed with Snyder, who, notwithstanding his fierce appearance, was soon my fast friend.

He was a dog after my own heart, who would drive rabbits all day for you, and all night if not called off. He had not a lazy bone about him, and soon ran himself so footsore that I had to leave him home every other day, where he howled so that people complained of him. He had but one fault; he would run a fox if he came to a warm trail. Twice I had to go to his owner's house in the morning and wait for him to come home after an all-night run

I had my fill of rabbit shooting over him for two weeks, and offered the farmer half my pile to let me take him home. "Yer couldn't buy old Snyder if yer made him a blanket out er dollar bills," was his last answer.

I brought my beagle bitch back to Boston and solemnly averred I had the best rabbit dog that ever followed a trail, and showed the rabbits I brought home as proof. I took a good deal of pains with her and got her over being gunshy, but to get her to hunt in a satisfactory way alone, I could not. A team ran over her the next summer and I did not cry a great deal.

I soon got another dog, an old foxhound with a tinge of beagle in him. Turk is a slow, pottering sort of an old chap, but hunts his ground over carefully and thoroughly, and if he once starts a rabbit does not lose him. I have got quite a number of cottontails in front of him, and there are a good many worse dogs than he is.

I had him out one day early last fall, and sent him into a piece of swampy ground that I thought he would make a start in. He soon gave tongue and I quickly placed myself in front of some holes in a side hill that I thought the rabbit would make for. It was soon evident another dog was driving that rabbit as well as mine.

"Bun" soon came out where I was looking for him and turned a neat somersault as my gun went off. I quickly found out who the stranger was as he came out of the bush first. He was a black and tan dog standing about 15in. high, of which his legs represented nine, one ear was not all there and his sides nearly touched together. I could not make friends with him and soon both dogs went to hunting for more game. They went up on to a side hill and I had a good chance to watch the little one work. He was fast but sure, and soon had another rabbit going which came round the hill right toward me. The little dog gave his rat tail a couple of wags, as much as to say "Well done," as this one was added to the other, and immediately went back to where Turk was at work on another trail.

At lunch time when Turk and I were emptying the lunch box, the stranger sat off from us about 20yds. and no amount of coaxing or grub offered could get him nearer. I tossed a couple of biscuit, for which he seemed grateful, and we went after more rabbits. In all I got three rabbits that day, not counting two that the dogs holed before I could get a shot.

Thinking these enough for a mess, and wishing to get another day's sport from the same ground, I called the dogs and started for the depot. "If the tan hound follows me I don't suppose I can help it," I thought, as he did not have on any collar. He followed readily enough till I got to the road, where I took down my gun and put it in the case; he then looked at me as much as to say. "Aren't you going to do any more hunting?" and started off across the fields, the only effect my whistle having on him was to quicken his speed.

I trailed him with some help from my old dog, who did not understand this last move, down to a farmhouse. Leaving my rabbits outside and carrying a partridge that was frightened to death by my coming on to her suddenly in the woods, I walked in to where an old man was watering his cows.

"Can I get a drink of milk?" I asked.

"Yes, if you want to wait till it's milked," was the reply.

While the farmer milked, I engaged him in conversation, in the midst of which in walked my late companion.

"Hello," I said, "what kind of a hound is that?"

"Huh! Not much of a hound. It's a dog some one gave my little girl downtown, and a meaner thing never walked. He's no good after a fox nor he won't tackle a woodchuck. I did see him once catch a rabbit, and my neighbor's boy sometimes gets him to go rabbit hunting with, but what good is a dog of that kind?"

"Well," said I as I drank my milk, "some people like them; I know a fellow that is looking for one, if you want to part with him for $5. I think I know where I can dispose of him."

"Show us your money," was the reply, and the exchange was quickly made, and I boarded the train hugging myself and my new possession at the same time.

I now have two dogs who will give a man all the sport he can ask for in the line of rabbit shooting. The old dog works faster with Ranger, as I call him, and while they work together, they do not cover their ground as only one dog, as I have seen other pairs do.

Ranger is made the butt of all the jokes of my friends, but when I go out for rabbits I do not lack company.

Dog men who have seen him call him half beagle and half foxhound, but just how he is bred will probably remain a mystery.

A good many fellows own rabbit dogs hereabouts, and we have quite a few field trials on a small scale. Ranger has been hunted with beagles of Forest, Bannerman and Valentine stock and some other well bred dogs, and the opinion of all, even the owners of the other dogs, is that he has yet to be beaten in trailing or speed, and while his voice is perhaps too guttural to be called bell-toned, it answers all purposes to let you know which way the game is going Some of his competitors have taken prizes in the Boston bench shows; how is this for a five dollar dog?

A point I wish to bring out is that these highly bred, high-priced, small-sized beagles are not what a man wants who has but little time to devote to gunning; for instance, how much use is a 12in. dog in a foot of light snow?

I attended a field trial for beagles this fall and a large per cent. of the heats came off as follows: A rabbit was started by one of the spectators, handlers or judges, the brace that was down were called up, each handler grabs his dog by the back of the neck (if allowed to do so) and put him on the trail, the rabbit runs a few hundred yards and goes into a hole or wall, the dog that gets there first is awarded the heat.

Is this a true test? When I go out for rabbits I put my dogs into a piece of ground, take my stand in a favorable position for a shot and let my dogs do the starting; if they do not give tongue it is because there are no rabbits moving and we try another place. Half my pleasure is watching them work a cold trail; how many high bred cracks do this in a quick snappy manner?

A friend of mine who recently purchased a pair of Krueger bred beagles, has tried all the fall and winter to break them to hunt to his satisfaction. He has had them out frequently with my pair, but they do not profit by a good example. When first set down, they start off making noise enough for a full-sized pack, running on the first scent they come to, be it either fox, rabbit, squirrel or even the common house cat. We are never sure they are after the right game till we hear the voice of one of the old dogs. After they have worked off the wire edge they will do good work for perhaps a couple of hours, at the end of that time they come in to heel and rarely leave us for the rest of the day. Lately, when my friend goes out, he borrows one of my dogs and uses him alone; also there is a fine looking pair of beagles for sale in Boston.

I wish that in case this attempt at literature should meet the eye of a lover of rabbit shooting, he would reply with some of his own experiences, as I believe that reading of this sort is as entertaining to a great many as accounts of quail shoots, foxhound runs, etc., that now have a monopoly of the columns of our sporting papers. V. H. ELLIS.

BOSTON, Mass.

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Show Beagles as Practical Field Dogs.

RABBIT HUNTERS, and in fact any one who takes a pleasure in venatical sports, will, we are sure, read Mr. Ellis's account of his search for a rabbit dog with keen interest. There is also something more serious that the beagle breeder, who reads between the lines, must gravely think over both for his own sake and that of the lovely little hounds he is seeking to popularize and improve. While Mr. Ellis's experiences should not be taken as an indication that all our strains of purely bred and "high-toned" beagles are merely ornaments of the chase, it sounds a note of warning to their breeders. Those who admire the beagle would not like to see them descend to mere prize card winners and allow fancy to usurp the honors of utility, as we find is the case with cockers and field spaniels of the present day. That a few cross-bred dogs can and have beaten the beagle at its own game does not prove the rule that the beagles we are breeding for good show points are useless in the field. We are well aware of the fact that beagle field trials may tend to the production of a "flashy hunter," still is it not immeasurably better to have such field trials in order to draw greater attention to field work than have our breeders give their undivided attention to producing stock which can only do good work in a sawdusted show ring? The very fact that these show dogs are hunted and trained, and this the field trials have proved, will preserve their hunting instincts. That a "lurcher" can catch a hare is no reason why we should give up breeding good harriers and beagles, or that a "dropper" is often a good field dog is no reason that we should not strive to make good field dogs of our pure bred pointers and setters. Mr. Ellis's picture of a field trial is rather overdrawn. If he would, as we have done, follow some of the beagles which have run, and run well, too, at our field trials, he would find many pure bred beagles that can nose out a cold trail and work it to a find, and not a note will he hear until the careful work leads to a warm "form" or the real fun commences. Such dogs are Lee II., Forest Hunter, Snow, Clyde, June Rose, Millard, Base and Gypsey A., and many others one could mention. Dogs are tried for gunshyness at the trials and very few, if any, have been turned down on that account. Beagles are not naturally gun dogs, this being a condition they have found since their introduction to this country, and is simply a matter of education and use.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

3. Sea. Cor., Race, Oyster Bay to Larchmont.
3. Southern, Cruise.
4. Pine Lake, Club, Pine Lake, Wis.
4. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.
4. Larchmont, Ann., L. I. Sound.
4. City of Boston, Open, Boston Harbor.
4. Beverly, Club Cham., Monument Beach.
4. Cleveland, Ladies' Day, L. Erie.
4. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor
4. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
4. Columbia, Ladies' Day, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Plymouth, Club, Plym'th, Mass
4. Piscataqua, An., Portsmo'th, Me
4-7. Lake Y. R. A., Race Meet, Sodus Bay.
6-20 Philadelphia, Annual Cruise.
7. Dorchester Bay Clubs, Union Race, Dorchester Bay.
7. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, fourth series.
7. Riverside. Ann., L. I. Sound.
7. Cape Cod, Club, Nohscussett Pier.
7. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.
7. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
7. Manchester, Open, Mass. Bay.
7. Eastern, An., Marblehead.
12. Schoodic, 1st Cup Race, Club.
12. Rochester, Squad. Sail and Review, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
14. St. Lawrence, A, 30. 25, 21ft. Classes, fifth series.
14. Cor. Mus. Fleet, 21ft. and cabin cats, New Rochelle.
14. Knickerbocker, Club, L. I. S'd.
14. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
14. New Bedford, Club Sail, Buz. B.
14. Phila., Squad. Sail, Del. River.
14. Sea. Cor., 25ft. Class, Bullock Cup, Oyster Bay.
14. Cor. Phila., Evans Cup, Delaware River.
14-15. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Galinas Creek.
14-21. Larchmont, Cruise, Long Island Sound.
14-30. Columbia, Cruise, Chicago to Green Bay, Wis.
16. Riverside, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
16. Rhode Island, Ann. Cup, Narragansett Bay.
16-19. Hempstead Bay, Cruise, G't South Bay.
19. Miramichi, Race, Chatham.
19. Fall River, Ladies' Day.
19. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
20. Hempstead Bay, Club, Hempstead Bay.
20. Phila., Club Race, all Classes, Delaware River.
21. Squantum, Cham. Squantum Mass.
21. American, Seaver Cup, Newhuryport.
21. Beverly, Sweeps, West Falmouth.
21. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
21. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor
21. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
21. Manchester, Minot's Ledge Cup Massachusetts Bay.
21. Plymouth, Club, Plym'th, Mass
21. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.
21. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Scund.
21. Indian Harbor, open cats and 21-footers, L. I. Sound.
26. Rochester, Club, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
26 29. Indian Harbor, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
28. Cor. Phila., Jeanes Prize, Delaware River.
28. Hull, Open, Boston Harbor.
28. Great South Bay, An., Islip.
28. Larchmont, Flint Cup, cabin cats, Long Island Sound.
28. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
28. South Boston, Club Cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Squantum, Squantum. Mass.
28-29. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Goat Island.
30. Schoodic, 2d Cup Race, Club.

FROM all appearances, the proposed grand steam yacht regatta of the American Y. C., set for June 16, has shared the fate of similar events in previous years. It is very evident that the owners of the larger class of steam yachts are quite as much averse to public and authenticated tests of their speed as are the owners of the alleged high-speed launches.

WHETHER because they do not understand square root, or for some other reason that is not apparent, the yachtsmen of Yale and Harvard have gone in with a vengeance for a "plain and simple rule, with no plus in it;" the measurement for the intercollegiate regatta last week being waterline alone, and that not measured, but "taken from 'Manning's List,' or that of any reputable yacht club." In spite of the care with which Manning's List is compiled, the measurements in it, mainly furnished by owners, and not intended for purposes of allowance, are in no way accurate enough for such a purpose; and the figures in the club books are even more unreliable. A still simpler and quite as accurate a plan would be to ask the cook how long he thought the yacht to be. This would avoid all such trouble to the owner as was complained of by the owner of Dacotah lately. If the two colleges propose to build up successful clubs with a regular race each year, the first thing to do is to adopt some fixed system, based on such accurate measurements as have been found indispensable in the older yacht clubs.

THE racing of the new 21ft. class has been disappointing thus far, up to July 4, but one, two or three boats having turned up in most races; and it is quite likely that, like the Cup defenders of last year, the season will be well over before the class is regularly racing as a whole. The reason is that the boats were ordered late and are not yet ready, or if in commission, many of them require alteration or tuning up. Under the circumstances attending the origin of the class, this delay is largely excusable; but it shows again the necessity for certain permanent racing classes in which building will begin in December or January rather than in April. There is always a natural reluctance on the part of owners to place their orders until the last moment, when they can know what others are doing, and can obtain the benefit of the latest ideas. This benefit is largely imaginary, and is more than offset by the inevitable delay on the part of designer, builder, sailmaker and all others concerned; and this delay is always less in the case of an established class, certain to go on from year to year, than when a class dies at the end of a season, and yachtsmen are in doubt until late in the winter as to what is to be *the* particular class which is to succeed it.

THE assumed success of the 21-footers has brought forth from some anonymous yachtsman, in a letter to the New York *Sun*, a suggestion for the formation of a similar restricted class of 30-footers, similar to the Herreshoff Handsel, of about 9ft. beam and draft, and 1,200sq. ft. of sail, the idea being to obtain a class of closely-matched racing boats of moderate cost and also fitted for cruising. Such a class no doubt would be a very good one, more generally useful than the 21-footers, which are too small for anything but local racing. The real end in view, however, would be only partly reached and the life of the class would be but one or two seasons. What would be much more to the purpose would be the concerted action of the principal clubs toward the definite and final settlement of several important questions, so as to give more permanency to racing and building.

In spite of the uncertainty as to what may come next in yacht designing, and of other obstacles, we believe that the time has come when further action is called for on the part of the clubs. The first step is obviously to decide what yachtsmen want, or in other words, what special qualities the measurement rule is to encourage—speed alone or an average of speed and accommodation within a reasonable limit of cost? This question is becoming more pressing each year and certainly some decision must be possible. The answer to it will in a measure decide the next question, whether to bar the finkeels entirely, to penalize them in favor of vessels of more conventional yacht form, or to leave the racing fleet perfectly free from all restrictions, as now, but to establish another class in which the displacement shall not go below such a limit as will give good accommodation and a strong construction. This latter class would meet the requirements of a great many yachtsmen, tending to produce a type similar to the first 40-footers, of good form, ample accommodation, and a construction that is durable and not over expensive, as yacht building goes. It would do more than anything else to recreate the 30 and 40ft., both good classes, and perhaps to encourage the establishment of one larger class, such as 61 or 70ft.

After the trial races last fall a great many yachtsmen settled down to the satisfactory conclusion that the fin-keel was a failure, and that nothing more would be heard from it save in the smaller classes. There never was a greater mistake, the fin-keel possesses the same elements of speed in the largest class as in the smallest, and for speed alone it is just as practicable. The causes which produced it not only exist, but are becoming more potent each year, and there is no question that as matters are the type must supersede the usual yacht forms wherever there is any keen racing and building. If yachtsmen are willing to accept the fin type as satisfactory, there is no need of any change of existing rules; but if the contrary is the case, and the fin is not desired, some positive legislation is necessary, as it is plain that the evil will not correct itself.

With no building and little racing, so very little that "vested interests" need hardly be considered at all, the present time is most favorable for a thorough overhauling of all rules, and the way to it is through the concerted action of the larger clubs in appointing representatives and holding a conference as early as possible in the fall for the thorough discussion of all questions connected with building and racing with a view to the material improvement of the present rules.

THE Boston *Herald*, the special champion of the unlimited 21ft. class of 1892, disapproves of the new Larchmont class, and in particular of the requirement that amateurs must steer. Commenting on this latter point, it writes as follows:

> The question of handling will play an important part in all the coming races, and any good amateur [from Boston?—Ed. F. AND S.] should win as against the field of helmsmen who are now racing these boats in New York. Waterhouse and Chesbrough would have a good chance to win if Fred Brown and his crew were in the boat.
>
> The public, knowing the conditions which govern both design and helmsman, will not of course take the same interest in the racing of the New York boats that it did in those raced in these waters, and the New Yorkers are to blame for it. Dog in the manger rules succeed less in yachting than anywhere else. The Dyer boat later on may do better, but she can hardly beat the others if they are well handled.
>
> Considering that the Dyer boat is in the hands of Mr. A. B. Alley, who is now working her up to salt-water form, the above is very funny. If the Boston *Herald* will take the trouble to interview some of the crack sailors of City Point and Hull, it can easily find out whether the man who took the Cruiser to Boston in 1884 and won 8 out of 9 races from the Eastern fleet is a boatsailor or a duffer.

DACOTAH, the Herreshoff fin-keel, has thus far won 7 first prizes for as many starts on the Clyde.

Greenville Y. C. Annual Regatta.

GREENVILLE—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, June 30.

THE annual open regatta of the Greenville Y. C. was sailed on June 30, over a triangular course on New York Bay, the wind being light and fluky. The times were:

CLASS A—CABIN CATBOATS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oatka	3 20 20	8 07 30	4 47 10	4 47 10
Lottie M.	3 22 00	8 09 33	4 47 33	4 46 42
Hit or Miss	3 21 25	8 06 35	4 45 10	4 41 13
Alice	3 19 45	Did not finish.		
CLASS B—OPEN CATBOATS, 20 to 24FT.				
Rip	3 18 15	7 56 15	4 38 00	4 38 00
CLASS C—OPEN CATBOATS, 18FT. AND UNDER 20FT.				
Frank	3 21 45	7 22 50	4 01 05	4 01 05
Maria	3 19 00	7 25 59	4 06 50	4 03 41
Dora D	3 20 00	Did not Finish.		
CLASS D—OPEN CATBOATS, UNDER 18FT.				
Cinch	3 22 18	7 48 05	4 27 32	4 24 28
Millie	3 22 10	Did not finish.		
Doctor	3 21 31	7 40 40	4 19 09	4 19 09

Hit or Miss, the winner in class A, is a Crosby boat with a long bow, built last year, and is owned by A. C. Longyear, Newark Bay Boat Club. Maria protested Frank for fouling a buoy, but finally withdrew the protest and Frank takes the prize in Class C.

New York Bay Y. C. Bouker Cup.

GREENVILLE—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, June 30.

THE third race of the New York Y. C. for the cup presented by Com. Bouker was sailed on Saturday, over a course of ten miles in a variable wind, very light at the start but freshening later. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Diana	3 45 35	7 00 35	3 15 00	3 14 05
Tempest	3 44 50	6 59 55	3 15 05	3 15 05
Alida	3 56 57	Did not finish.		

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

RACING CRUISE TO NEW LONDON AND RETURN.

June 26—30.

THE center of attraction last week was at New London, what with the Yale-Harvard rowing race and the new inter-collegiate yacht race between the fleets of the two universities, and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. wisely appreciated the opportunity thus offered for a racing cruise that from its novelty promised a pleasing variation from the ordinary June events. The experiment was a success, both as a race and a cruise, the runs being exciting and interesting, while the three days in harbor at New London were particularly pleasant in their opportunities for social intercourse. The programme, as arranged by the regatta committee, Messrs. Gordon Wendell, Walter C. Kerr, Valentine Mott, R. A. Rutherford and E. C. Weeks, called for a start from Oyster Bay on June 26, anchoring over night at Morris Cove (New Haven) and sailing early next morning for New London, the return run to start on Saturday morning, continuing to Oyster Bay without a stop. The official instructions for the first two days were as follows:

1. Tuesday, June 29.—Leave anchorage at 8 A. M. and proceed to the line.
2. The rule requiring amateur helmsmen is waived.
3. Any sails may be carried except clubtopsails.
4. In absence of the committee each yacht shall finish at New Haven between the breakwaters, with the lighthouse bearing east, and at New London with the lighthouse bearing west, take her own time and report same, with comparisons of watches, to the committee.
5. Wednesday, June 27.—Unless otherwise ordered the start will be made at 6. A.M.
6. All yachts must pass to the southward of Bartlett's Reef Lightship.
7. The distance from Lloyd's Neck to New Haven Light is thirty-one nautical miles. The distance from New Haven Light to New London Light is thirty-nine nautical miles.

After the race of the 21-footers on Monday, a reception took place at the club house, a large number of yachtsmen and ladies being present. Tuesday morning broke with so little wind that yachts making for Jamaica Bay were unable to reach the start, and though it was delayed as long as possible for some that were in sight through the early morning, others were unable to join the fleet. The starters were:

SCHOONERS.

Name.	Owner.	Length.
Ariel	Com. G. H. B. Hill	83.53
Elsiemarie	J B. King	75.60
Varuna	Sturgis & Rives	

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.

Navahoe	R. P. Carroll	95.86
Gloriana	H. M. Gillig	54.67
Gossoon	L. Vaughan Clark	47.83
Katrina	George Work	76.08
Indolent	S. V. R. Cruger	37.02
Daffodil	James Whiting	40.81
Rajah	W. C. Hubbard	34.00
Madrine	F. M. Freeman	26.97

All hands were alert for a one-gun start, and though the wind, from N.N.W., was very light, all got away quickly, with none of the lagging and delay that has been so marked in some of the races of this year. With balloonjibtopsails set, the fleet reached along the south shore of the Sound, where the breeze was strongest, until just before noon the wind went round to S.W., where it held for the rest of the day, breezing a little at times, but mostly light and fluky. The day was clear and pleasant, and though in no way exciting, the sail across was a most agreeable one. The fleet was timed at Morris Cove:

CLASS 1—SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ariel	10 44 30	3 17 20	4 32 50
Elsiemarie	10 44 30	3 36 50	4 52 20

CLASS 2—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.

Navahoe	10 44 40	3 12 52	4 28 22
Katrina	10 44 30	3 35 02	4 50 32
Gloriana	10 44 30	3 25 59	4 41 27
Daffodil	10 44 30	5 00 00	6 35 30
Gossoon	10 44 30	4 10 15	5 25 45
Indolent	10 44 30	5 02 15	6 17 45
Rajah	10 44 30	5 15 00	5 30 30
Madrine	10 44 30	5 45 00	6 00 30

Varuna, schooner, and Queen Mab sailed with the fleet, but the former continued down the Sound, and the latter was not racing.

Wednesday morning found a fresh S.W. breeze ready outside the harbor, while the fleet had been increased by Oneida, Vice-Com. Benedict; Œnone, Mrs. G. B. Thompson, and Nautilus, W. B Dickey. The start was called for 6 A. M., but some were not on time, and it was just 7 o'clock when the gun fired. With a good breeze on the quarter the fleet flew along. Ariel and Navahoe making an exciting race in the front, and in three hours they were off New London harbor, having logged over twelve knots. The official times of the two days' racing are as follows, the prizes being based to the added times for the two days. The allowances are based on the strength of the wind on each day, as measured by an anemometer by the committee, a 5-10 allowance for the first day and a 7-10 allowance for the stronger wind of the second. The smaller yachts were left astern in the light wind of Tuesday, but on Wednesday Madrine did some remarkable sailing, coming well inside of her allowance from Gloriana.

Tuesday, June 26, Thirty-one miles.

SCHOONERS.

Start, 10:44:30. New Haven.
Wind factor five-tenths.

		Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ariel	Allows	3 17 20	4 32 50	4 32 50
Elsiemarie	0 05 11	3 36 50	4 52 20	4 47 09

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.

Navahoe	Allows	3 12 52	4 28 22	4 28 22
Katrina	0 12 13	3 35 02	4 50 32	4 38 19
Gloriana	0 31 18	3 25 57	4 41 27	4 10 09
Gossoon	0 40 03	4 10 15	5 25 45	4 45 42
Daffodil	0 51 07	Not timed.		
Indolent	0 58 25	Not timed.		
Rajab	1 05 02	Not timed.		
Madrine	1 24 30	Not timed.		

Wednesday, June 27, Thirty-nine miles.

SCHOONERS.

Start 7 A. M. New Haven.
Wind factor seven-tenths.

		Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Ariel	Allows	10 12 12	3 12 12	3 12 12
Elsiemarie	0 08 09	10 26 45	3 26 45	3 17 36

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.

Navahoe	Allows	10 09 14	3 09 14	3 09 14
Katrina	0 21 30	10 26 46	3 26 46	3 05 16
Gloriana	0 55 08	10 53 22	3 53 22	2 58 14
Gossoon	1 10 32	11 17 26	4 17 26	3 06 54
Madrine	2 28 50	12 03 40	5 03 40	2 34 50

Daffodil, Indolent and Royal not timed.

The starting time on Wednesday was 7 o'clock A. M.

The cumulative corrected time of the race is as follows:

SCHOONERS.

Ariel	7 45 02	Elsiemarie	8 04 45

CUTTERS.

Navahoe	7 37 36	Gloriana	7 08 23
Katrina	7 43 35	Gossoon	7 52 36

Ariel wins the flag officer's cup of $150 for schooners. Gloriana wins the flag officer's cup of $100 for cutters, and Navaboe the flag officer's cup of $50 for cutters, the second prize of the class.

The elapsed time of Œnone was 3h. 28m. 22s., and Queen Mab 3h. 40m. 26s.

Saturday, June 30.

THE return race was started at 11:21:50 on Saturday morning, off New London Light by Mr. Bullock, of the house committee, who was present in the club steamer Dunderberg. The wind was light and a dense fog prevailed for a time. The starters were Ariel, Elsiemarie, Oenone, Wasp, Gloriana, Daffodil, Awa, Madrine and Katrina. After the fog cleared the wind held light and variable, spinakers being set for a time and then sheets being close hauled. The mouth of Cold Spring Harbor was reached about 11 M., and with an ebb tide and no wind the fleet was compelled to anchor and wait until a light breeze finally came to the aid of the yachts. The official times of the race were:

New London to Cold Spring Harbor Light, Friday and Saturday, June 29 and 30. Distance, seventy miles:

SCHOONERS.

Wind factor five-tenths.		Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ariel	Allows	2 14 16	14 52 25	14 52 25
Elsiemarie	0 11 43	5 07 30	17 45 40	17 33 57
Oenone	0 04 24	5 49 00	18 27 10	18 27 10

SLOOPS.

Wasp	Allows	2 09 35	14 47 45	14 47 45
Gloriana	0 00 50	2 09 30	14 47 40	14 46 50
Daffodil	0 45 30	5 20 00	17 58 10	17 12 31
Awa	1 00 00	5 59 00	18 37 10	17 37 10
Madrine	2 00 58	not timed.		
Katrina	Did not finish.			

The schooner prize was won by Ariel and the cutter prize by Gloriana.

New Rochelle Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 30.

WITH a fine June day, a good southerly breeze, and a large fleet of starters, including five 21-footers, the New Rochelle Y. C. was particularly fortunate on Saturday, and the race may be set down as one of the best of the season. Nothing larger than the 40-footers was entered, but there were 45 starters, a very good field.

The club has this spring followed the Larchmont Y. C. in adopting the Seawanhaka rule for both measurement and classification, the class limits being as above. The courses were as follows:

No. 1—For all classes above the 30ft. class: From the starting line around horizontal striped buoy at west end of Execution Reef, leaving it on port hand; thence around buoy off Matinicock Point, leaving it port hand; thence around a turning mark anchored south of Captain's Island, leaving it on port hand; thence around horizontal striped buoy at west end of Executive Reef, leaving all buoys on said reef on starboard hand; thence across line 22 naut. miles.

No. 2—For 30ft. and all smaller classes: From starting line around horizontal striped buoy at west end of Execution Reef, leaving on port hand; thence around black buoy off Matinicock Point, leaving it on port hand; thence around easterly home stakeboat, leaving it on port hand; thence horizontal striped buoy at east end of Execution Reef, leaving it on starboard hand; thence around horizontal striped buoy at west end of Execution Reef, leaving all buoys on said reef on starboard hand; thence across line 17 naut. miles.

Yachts not to pass between the buoys and the lighthouse on Execution Reef, nor to the westward of Whortleberry Island, nor between the buoys on Hen and Chicken Reef for either course.

The conditions for the start were explicitly stated, but being different from the usual custom in regard to the preparatory flag they were misunderstood by several yachts. They read:

The signals for the start shall be as follows:

First—A blue peter flown from the club house as a signal for all yachts to prepare; this will fly for 10m.

Second—The blue peter shall be hauled down and the staff remain bare for exactly 5m., during which time all yachts above the 30ft. class may approach the line, and then a large white flag shall be raised in its place—the signal for all such yachts to start. The white flag will remain in place for 5m., during which time each yacht over 30ft. must cross the line and the time of its crossing will be taken. If any yacht is delayed after the fall of the flag its time will be recorded as at the moment of the fall.

Third—At the fall of the white flag the staff will remain bare for 5m., during which time each yacht of the 30ft. class and under must cross the line and the time of its crossing will be taken.

The club flag will fly from the club house staff as a signal that the time for crossing the line has elapsed. This will be left flying.

Attention shall be called to each of these signals by a gun from the club house.

In case any gun should miss fire the hoisting of the signal shall be sufficient notice.

The start was called for 11 A. M., but the club steamer, after coming up from the city, was unable to land at the wharf, a stone barge having sunk beside it, and much time was lost in ferrying the ladies and guests aboard the steamer.

The starting signal was given at 12:23 for the larger boats, but Vaquero was keen for a one-gun start and went over 5m. ahead of her proper signal, Adelaide and Flirt following her. The start was timed:

Vaquero	12 23 17	Onaway	12 29 52
Mary C	12 24 41	Terrapin	12 30 02
Adelaide	12 24 44	Melita	12 30 17
Banshee	12 25 06	Typhoon	12 30 28
Kismet	12 25 26	Aura	12 30 40
Genevieve	12 25 46	Amazon	12 30 42
Eurybia	12 25 48	Brenda	12 30 54
Henry Ward Beecher	12 26 16	Archer	12 31 00
Sasqua	12 26 20	Ione	12 31 24
Flirt	12 27 00	Punch	12 31 21
Minnetonka	12 27 58	Edna	12 31 26
Minerva	12 28 25	Tabitha	12 31 40
Caper	12 28 36	Anglesea	12 31 55
Houri	12 28 40	Aml	12 32 10
Exile	12 28 41	Addle	12 32 29
Crescent	12 28 54	Almira	12 32 30
Wahneta	12 29 00	Water Lily	12 32 32
Kittie	12 29 09	Mary	12 32 51
Keora	12 29 13	Marguerite	12 32 59
Violet	12 29 30	Oconee	12 33 11
Eloise	12 29 30	Mollie Mac	12 33 17
Ada K	12 29 40	Twilight	12 33 34
Eleanor	12 29 41		

A calm in the morning had given place to a light southerly breeze just at noon, making a beat across the two miles to Execution Reef, where the leaders were timed:

Vaquero	12 56 00	Kittie	1 04 40
Banshee	12 57 20	Almira	1 04 12
Sasqua	12 59 45	Mary	1 04 45
Minerva	1 00 05	Mary C	1 05 10
Adelaide	1 00 45	Houri	1 06 30
Eurybia	1 01 00	Eloise	1 06 57
Minnetonka	1 03 30	Flirt	1 07 40
H. W. Beecher	1 04 00		

The next leg, five miles, to Matinnlcock Buoy, was a free reach, with a freshening breeze, the times being:

Minerva	1 46 28	Punch	2 05 24
Banshee	1 47 25	Oconee	2 05 49
Sasqua	1 48 58	Aura	2 05 55
Eurybia	1 49 55	Amazon	2 06 22
Vanquero	1 50 10	Typhoon	2 06 35
Minnetonko	1 54 32	Water Lily	2 07 00
Adelaide	1 56 05	Ipa K	2 07 35
H. W. Beecher	1 57 22	Wahneta	2 07 43
Flirt	2 00 28	Archer	2 08 00
Onaway	2 00 33	Tarrapin	2 08 01
Mary	2 00 43	Anglesea	2 08 30
Kittie	2 01 05	Twilight	2 09 52
Mary C	2 02 12	Eleanor	2 10 05
Caper	2 02 28	Ione	2 10 22
Houri	2 02 35	Tabetha	2 10 25
Almira	2 02 15	Mollie Mac	2 12 25
Exile	2 03 07	Kismet	2 12 28
Eloise	2 03 24	Ami	2 13 47
Crercent	2 02 45	Melita	2 16 30
Marguerite	2 04 13	Brenda	2 18 00
Edna	2 04 58	Addie	2 22 00

After jibing, Archer lost her mast and Mary C. her topmast, the steam yacht Jessie kindly passing a line and towing Archer home. The fleet divided here, the larger ones setting spinakers to starboard for the run to Captain's Island, while the smaller had a free reach back to the line. Minnetonka, after her first discouraging performance, has been worked up carefully by Mr. A. Bryan Alley, who is sailing her, and the result was now evident as she increased the gain on Vaquero and actually passed her in the middle of the Sound. The wind came harder and there was a promise of a squall that induced some of the smaller ones to reef, Minnetonka losing a good deal of time and dropping to last place while reefing. After crossing the line the yachts went out again around Execution Reef and returned for the finish, Vaquero going on the wrong side of a buoy and being disqualified. The larger craft had a good race around the Captain's Island mark, but were not timed short of the finish. The full times were:

CLASS 1—40 TO 46FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minerva	12 28 25	4 06 25	3 38 00	3 38 00
Banshee	12 25 06	4 25 16	4 00 10	3 57 32
Genevieve	12 25 46	Did not finish.		

CLASS 2—SLOOPS, 35 TO 40FT.

Eurybia	12 25 48	4 37 06	4 11 18	4 11 18
Sasqua	12 26 20	4 29 24	4 03 04	Not meas.

CLASS 3—SLOOPS. 20 TO 35FT.

H. W. Beecher	12 26 16	Did not finisb.		
Mary C	12 24 21	Did not finish.		
Amazon	12 20 43	1 23 33	3 52 51	. . . .

CLASS 1—SLOOPS, 25 TO 30FT.

Water Lily	12 32 32	4 31 54	3 51 22	3 51 22

CABIN SLOOPS 25FT AND UNDER.

Archer	12 31 00	Dismasted.		
Caper	12 28 26	4 19 23	3 50 57	3 50 57
Brenda	12 30 54	Not timed.		
Waneta	12 29 00	4 28 38	3 59 38	Not meas.

CABIN CATS OVER 26FT.

Mary	12 32 51	4 06 45	3 33 54	3 33 54
Aura	12 39 40	4 21 59	3 51 19	. . . .
Almira	12 32 30	3 03 09	3 30 39	. . .
Margaret	12 32 59	4 01 13	3 44 31	. . . .

CABIN CATS—23 TO 26FT.

Oconee	12 23 11	4 24 40	3 51 29	3 51 29
Twilight	12 33 34	4 33 25	3 58 51	. . . .
Aimee	12 32 10	4 46 54	4 14 44	. . . .
Onaway	12 29 52	4 17 19	3 47 27	. . . .

CABIN CATS—20 TO 23FT.

Melita	12 37 17	4 54 57	4 24 40	. . . .
Addie	12 32 29	Did not finish.		
Eloise	12 29 30	4 18 18	3 48 48	. . . .

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Tabitha	12 31 40	4 40 38	4 08 58	. . . .
Kittie	12 39 09	4 17 08	3 47 59	. . . .

OPEN CATS—23 TO 26FT.

Edna	12 31 36	4 15 44	3 44 18	. . . .
Eleanor	12 29 41	4 32 04	4 02 23	. . . .

OPEN CATS—19 TO 23FT.

Typhoon	12 30 28	Did not finish.		
Anglesea	12 31 51	4 26 04	3 40 00	. . . .
Ida K	12 29 40	4 15 56	3 56 16	. . . .
Violet	12 29 30	Did not finish.		
Molly Mac	12 22 17	4 56 25	4 23 08	. . . .
Kismet	12 25 26	4 50 30	4 25 04	. . . .
Crescent	12 28 54	4 18 25	3 49 31	. . . .
Punch	12 31 32	4 25 29	3 54 08	. . . .

OPEN CATS—UNDER 19FT.

Terrapin	12 30 02	4 28 29	3 58 27	. . . .

21-FOOTERS.

Vaquero	12 20 17	4 01 08	3 27 51	. . . .
Houri	12 28 40	4 06 04	3 37 24	. . . .
Minnetonka	12 27 58	4 00 33	3 32 33	. . . .
Flirt	12 27 00	4 09 22	3 42 42	. . . .
Adelaide	12 24 44	4 00 45	3 36 01	. . . .

Minnetonka was sailed by A. B. Alley, W. S. Alley and Arthur Gibb; Houri by W. Butler Duncan, Jr.; Flirt, a new Gardner centerboard boat, just built by Ayers for W. G. Brokaw, by J. F. Lovejoy; Adelaide, the Iselin finkeel, purchased by W. P. Douglas, was sailed by him and Dr. J. H. Woodbury, and Vaquero by her owner, H. B. Duryea. The regatta committee included F. T. Alder, J. W. Rough and William E. Moore.

Columbia Y. C. 27th Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

Thursday, June 22.

THE Columbia Y. C. of New York sailed its 27th annual regatta on June 21 over the usual courses on the Hudson River.

For all classes except special classes 1, 2 and 3, around a stakeboat anchored off Yonkers C. Y. C. house, leaving it in turning on the port hand, returning passing between the club house and stakeboat, keeping it on the starboard hand.

For special classes 1, 2 and 3 (naphtha launches), triangular course, sailed twice over, around a stakeboat anchored off the Jersey shore opposite Fort Washington Point, leaving it in turning on port hand, to a stakeboat anchored off the brewery at Guttenberg, keeping it on port hand to starting line, keeping stakeboat on port hand.

A light west wind made a reach each way. A special race for naphtha launches took place at the same time. The official times were:

CLASS C—SLOOPS 30 TO 35FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
H. W. Beecher, C. Bevers	31.11	3 29 25	3 25 35
Ramona, Hiller & Snyder	33.05	3 52 40	3 51 50
Cygnet, J. F. Hitchcock	33.10	4 10 41	4 10 41
Mint, W. F. Gorham	31.04	Not timed.	

CLASS D—SLOOPS 30FT. AND UNDER

Veta, Dr. Stedman	28.09	2 04 45	4 02 45
Lurline, B. Barnett	24.00	4 13 25	4 03 55
Camille, T. Miller	28.00	3 34 07	4 32 57

CLASS E—CABIN CATBOATS.

Surf, F. Stock	24.11	4 58 34	4 58 34
Frankie F., V. Schulz	23.00	5 09 55	5 06 05

CLASS F—OPEN CATBOATS.

Salomi, D. G. Robinson	30.06	4 30 55	4 30 55
Bonafide, J. J. Murphy	24.00	5 30 50	5 17 50

SPECIAL CLASS—NAPHTHA LAUNCHES.

Banshee, T. S. Caale	35.10	2 19 23	1 49 23
Georgette, C. F. Adae	40.00	1 51 56	1 51 55
Cleopatra, A. Stein	40.00	1 56 02	1 56 02

The winners are: Class C, Henry Ward Beecher; class D, Veta; class E, Surf; class F, Salomi.

The regatta committee included Messrs George Parkhill, Charles N. Ironside, Bertram Barnett, J. A. Weaver and Charles F. Restorick.

Minnetonka Y. C. Opening Race.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

Saturday, June 23.

THE opening race of the season on Lake Minnetonka, postponed from June 16, was sailed on June 23 in a strong breeze. The new yacht Marie, of which so much is expected this year, proved unmanageable, and after fouling Alpha ran into Siren, throwing one of the latter's crew overboard and running her bowsprit through Siren's starboard quarter. She steered badly throughout the race, Kite won from Marie by a minute, but Alpha was a poor fourth. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kite, E. W. Peet	1 41 10	1 38 32
Marie, Watson & Co	1 44 14	1 39 29
C. L. C., Long & Co	1 44 27	1 39 35
Alpha, E. J. Phelps	1 46 07	1 43 03
Omega, Bintliff	2 07 24	2 01 12

SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS AND FIRST CLASS CATS.

Psyche, Walker	1 48 22	1 39 11
Pinafore, Brooks	1 48 26	1 40 39
Aurelia, Langdon	1 53 32	1 45 45
Hawk, Wilson	1 57 35	1 48 24
Aurora, Gaty	2 02 10	2 02 10

SECOND CLASS—CATS AND SPECIALS.

Mouse, Newell	1 57 48	1 45 30
Diamond, Woodworth	2 01 36	1 49 18
Senorita, Ankeny	2 02 16	1 49 58
Kingbird, McMillen	2 02 55	1 50 37
Hermes, Ridgeway	2 11 54	1 53 55
Kid, Jenny	2 11 38	1 56 05
Iris, Woods	2 11 21	1 51

Yonkers Corinthian Y. C.

YONKERS—HUDSON RIVER.

Saturday, June 23.

THE sixth annual regatta of the Yonkers Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on June 23 in a light N.E. wind, the times being:

CSASS D—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 32FT.

	Corrected.
Lurline, Bertram Barnett, Y. C. Y. C.	3 00 36
Bertha, A. L. Skinner, Y. C. Y. C.	3 03 59
Katrine, J. H. Clapp, Y. C. Y. C.	3 04 47

CLASS E—CABIN CATS.

Ella F., Edwin Moore, Jr., Y. C. Y. C.	3 25
Zora, Dr. E. M. Brandt, Tower Ridge Y. C.	3 29

CLASS F—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Agnes N., Henry Kennell, Hudson River Y. C.	3 01

CLASS G—OPEN CATS 23FT. AND OVER.

Edna, John Dickson, Y. C. Y. C.	2 47 2
Hester, T. E. Booth, Y. C. Y. C.	3 07

CLASS H—OPEN CATS, 18FT. AND UNDER 23FT.

Pauline B., C. S. Raymond, Sing Sing Y. C.	2 37 50
H. C. Miner, Chas. Rae, Audubon Y. C.	2 47 58

CLASS I—OPEN CATS UNDER 18FT.

Edythe, John Mulligan, Y. C. Y. C.	2 42
Blanche, A. M. Pearsall, Y. C. Y. C.	2 48

The judges were Com. A. J. Prime, Franklin A. Rigby and Adolph Dahm-Petersen. The regatta committee included F. A. Rigby, Harry Rawcliffe, John Dickson, Edwin Moore, Jr., and A. V. Youmans.

Sewaren Land and Water Club.

SEWAREN—STATEN ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 23.

THE Sewaren Land and Water Club held its second regatta of the season on Saturday over a 10-mile course on Staten Island Sound, starting from the club station at Sewaren. The result was as follows:

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Henry Gray, T. F. Connor	3 35 27	2 33 53	. . . .
Marjie, F. W. Hawkins	3 37 40	2 45 32	2 45 32
Monsoon, D. G. Whitlock	3 35 40	2 50 46	2 46 31
Ripple, W. H. Smith	3 37 50	2 49 00	2 43 0
Clytie, Jas. F. Whitlock	3 36 11	Did not finish.	
Latona, G. R. Boynton	3 36 07	Did not finish.	

The boats were sailed by their owners, and considerable interest was centered in the result, as Henry Gray appeared for the first time in the club's races, and soon proved that her record for speed will be kept up under the direction of her new owner. Marjie is a new model—Crosby cat—with the builder's peculiar overhanging bow and flat floor. She is 10ft. shorter than Henry Gray, but was barely beaten at the time allowance. Monsoon is a new cabin cat, built by Wm. Fortune, of Newark, and made a close race with the other two boats.

Yale-Harvard Yacht Race.

NEW LONDON—JUNE 27.

THE recent efforts to establish yacht clubs at Harvard and Yale universities have been remarkably successful, resulting in a fine regatta off New London on the day preceding the great annual rowing race. The distance from Boston, the home port of the Harvard Y. C., is a serious obstacle to the presence of so large a fleet as that which Yale can send so easily from New Haven, but this year it has been successfully overcome. a number of the smaller Harvard yachts braving the passage round Cape Cod. The only untoward occurrence was the delay of Tomahawk, Helen and Daisy, of the Harvard fleet, at Newport, through foggy weather, this keeping them out of the race The principal prize for what is intended to be an annual event is a silver cup, presented by the citizens of New London, to be held for the year by the college winning the largest number of points, the first place counting five points, second two and third one point. All boats but one of one yacht club finishing after the last boat of the other yacht club in any class shall not count for points, and only yachts owned by the members of either yacht club are eligible for points. There will also be three prizes of cups offered in each class, a first prize in any case, a second prize when three boats start, and a third prize when five boats start. All yachts hired or owned by a member of either yacht club may compete. * * *

The classification is: First class, sloops or cutters, 40 to 30ft. w.l.; second class, sloops or cutters, 30 to 26ft. w.l.; third class, sloops or cutters, below 26ft. w.l.; fourth class, catboats, 26 to 20ft. w l.; fifth class, catboats, below 20ft. w. l. Schooners may enter the race, rating at 84 per cent. of their w.l. Yachts must be in cruising trim.

The general conditions were: All yachts must be sailed by a member of either yacht club. All besides regular crew must be members. Racing measurements shall be waterline only. Sailing rules of New York Y. C. shall govern. Allowances will be by Herreshoff's table. A yacht's measurement may be taken from Manning's List or that of any reputable yacht club. There will be no restriction of sails on cutters and sloops, but catboats shall carry one sail. The time limit shall be 9 o'clock P. M.

The courses were: For first and second classes—Start between judge's yacht and Pequot Pier, leaving Cormorant Rocks No. 5, Goshen Ledge No. 3, and Little Goshen Reef No. 1 on starboard, Bartlett's Reef Lightship on port, stakeboat 100yds. due east of South Dumpling's Bay No. 2 on port, Black Ledge red buoy No. 2 on starboard, judge's yacht on starboard. Cormorant Rocks, Goshen Ledge, and Little Goshen Reef on starboard, Bartlett's Reef Lightship on port, Little Goshen Reef, Goshen Ledge, and Cormorant Rocks to port, to finish, 21½ miles.

For third, fourth and fifth classes.—Same as for first and second classes, but finish after having left Black Ledge on starboard, 14 miles.

The starters were:

CLASS 1—CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—30 TO 40FT.

Awa, A. DeW. Cochrane, Y 39.09
Nymph, H. W. Harris, Y 39.10

CLASS 2—CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—26 TO 30FT.

Tomboy. T. K. Lathrop, H 29.01½
Fancy, C. F. Lyman, H 29.05
Kathleen, F. M. Hoyt, Y 29.11
Louise, J. W. Hall, Y 27.00

CLASS 3—CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—UNDER 26FT.

Christine. G. B. Miller, Y 24.01
Bantam, H. G. Barbey, H 26.00
Thelga, W. P. Hapgood, H 22.00
Ione, G. F. Eaton, Y 26.00
Veto, W. A. Delano, Y 25.05
Toboggan, S. D. Babcock, Y 24.00

CLASS 4—CATBOATS—20 TO 26FT.

Tigress, W. Ferguson, Y. 24.00
Hector, W. S. Patton, H 24.06
Volsung, J. DeForest, Y 21.11
Arrow, J. D. Sawyer, Y 24.10
Willie, W. A. Slater, Y 20.00

CLASS 5—CATBOATS—UNDER 26FT.

Nobska, A. A. Beebe H 19.06
Boodler, H. N. Emmons, Y 19.11
Hermione, R. L, Barstow, H 19.10
Betsey, R. G. Wadsworth, H 19.10
Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr., H 19.09

There was a strong S.W. wind and rough water outside for the smaller boats, the larger carrying lower sails and the others one and two reefs. The start was very poor, the boats getting away as best they could; the first leg was to windward, the times at Bartlett's Reef being:

Awa	1 01 00	Nobska	1 22 30
Tomboy	1 03 15	Boodler	1 24 15
Nymph	1 04 10	Louise	1 26 00
Fancy	1 06 50	Ione	1 28 00
Bantam	1 14 30	Veto	1 20 30
Kathleen	1 17 20	Hermione	1 32 00
Christine	1 17 30	Arrow	1 33 35
Hector	1 17 45	Volsung	1 33 48
Tigress	1 20 30	Betsey	1 37 40
Thelga	1 20 30	Willie	1 42 00

The second leg was a reach to the South Dumplings with sheets slacked, the times being:

Awa	1 37 00	Bantam	1 56 00
Tomboy	1 42 40	Kathleen	1 56 15
Nymph	1 46 30	Christine	1 56 20
Fancy	1 47 35		

After jibing the boats had a broad reach into the line, where the leaders were timed:

Awa	2 10 56	Tomboy	2 20 45
Nymph	2 12 15	Fancy	2 21 30

The two larger classes now beat out to the first mark again, coming in straight under spinakers, the finish of the fleet being timed:

Christine	2 31 30	Volsung	2 52 00
Bantam	2 32 45	Arrow	2 54 15
Nobska	2 36 30	Hermione	2 56 00
Tigress	2 36 55	Betsey	3 00 00
Hector	2 38 30	Awa	3 39 30
Thelga	2 42 30	Nymph	3 44 00
Ione	2 43 30	Tomboy	3 51 30
Boodler	2 46 30	Fancy	3 52 20
Veto	2 46 45		

The official times were:

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS UNDER 40FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Awa	12 00 00	3 39 15	3 39 15	3 39 03
Nymph	12 00 00	2 43 50	3 43 50	3 43 50

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS UNDER 30FT

Tomboy	12 05 00	3 51 30	3 46 30	3 46 24
Fancy	12 05 00	3 52 20	3 47 20	3 47 20
Kathleen	12 05 00	Disabled.		

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS UNDER 26FT.

Christine	12 10 00	2 31 30	2 21 30	2 20 30
Bantam	12 10 00	2 32 45	2 20 35	2 22 45
Thelga	12 10 00	2 42 30	2 32 30	2 24 30
Ione	12 10 00	2 33 30	2 23 30	Not meas.
Veto	12 10 00	2 46 45	2 36 35	2 35 47

CATS OVER 20FT.

Tigress	12 15 00	2 36 55	2 21 55	2 20 31
Volsung	12 15 00	2 52 00	2 37 00	2 33 13
Arrow	12 15 00	2 54 00	2 39 00	2 39 00
Hector	12 15 00	2 28 30	2 13 30	2 13 30

CATS UNDER 20FT.

Nobska	12 20 00	2 36 30	2 16 30	2 15 36
Boodler	12 20 00	2 46 30	2 26 30	2 26 30
Hermione	12 20 00	2 56 00	2 36 00	2 36 00
Betsey	12 20 00	3 00 00	2 40 00	Not meas.
Willie	12 20 00	Withdrew.		
Tycoon	12 20 00	Disabled.		

The 40ft. class gave Yale 7 points; the 30ft. class gave Harvard 7 points; the 26ft. class gave Yale 5 points and Harvard 3; the 4th class gave Yale 7 points, and the 5th class gave Harvard 6 points and Yale 2, making a total of 21 to 16 points in favor of Yale, which won by 5 points. The judges and timekeepers for Yale were A. B. Hughes, F. W. Drury and W. S. Eakin, and for Harvard, George Cushing, Hunt Turner and L. B. Valentine.

Vigilant.

THE racing of the Clyde fortnight began on Tuesday, with the Royal Largs Y. C., but Vigilant will not start until the first day of the Royal Clyde Y. C., Saturday, July 7. She went on the dock on Monday to clean bottom and it is reported that some lead from inside may he transferred to the keel, though there is little time for such work. Mr. George Gould has arrived at Glasgow in the Atalanta and Nat Herreshoff is also there, with Mr. Wilson. The yacht is in good condition throughout. Valkyrie is also ready and will sail this week against her old rivals Britannia and Satanita, but in her new form. her sail plan being larger hy about 1,000sq. ft. It is also reported that while out at Henderson's yard some 5 tons of lead were added to her keel, making her draft about 19ft. instead of 17,

Douglaston Y. C. Annual.

DOUGLASTON—LITTLE NECK BAY.

Saturday, June 23.

STAKEBOATS course from at mouth of Little Neck Bay to stakeboat west of Big Tom, to and around Gangway Buoy to stakeboat west of Big Tom, finishing at starting point, a distance of 15 miles. Weather, clear and hot: wind, light from north to northeast and east; tide, one quarter flood The course was to windward on first leg, a run on second, a close reach on third, with a short hitch for the mark and a run home. Summary:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS 3.			
Sasqua, Henry Andrus	36.04	2 17 00	2 17 00
21-FOOTERS.			
Houri, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	....	2 54 11	2 54 11
Adelaide, W. P. Douglas	....	3 00 38	3 00 38
Vaquero, G. B. Duryea	....	2 53 28	2 53 28
Minnetonka, George Work	....	2 54 10	2 54 10
Mayfair, G. P. Dodge	....	. . ..	. . ..
CLASS 5.			
Almira, W. H. Hanan	25.08	. . ..	. . ..
Oconee, C. F. Pierce	26.04	. . ..	. . ..
Mary, W. E. Ellsworth	28.02	2 46 40	2 56 32
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	24.11	2 47 05	2 52 05
CLASS 6.			
Willada, W. G. Newman	20.06	. . ..	. . ..
Eloise, C. F. Robbins	22.00	2 53 15	2 57 45
Adelaide, William Gould	19.00	3 06 00	3 06 40
Kittie, Hazen Morse	22.03	2 51 41	2 56 33
Isinit, E. Ekerspacher	20.06	. . ..	. . ..
Win or Lose, F. M. Randall	21.08	2 53 30	2 57 37
CLASS 7.			
Typhoon, H. Bullwinkle	22.08	2 53 10	2 53 25
Crescent, C. F. Robbins	22.06	2 55 38	2 55 38
Eleanor, W. P. Douglas	23.05	3 05 22	3 06 44
CLASS 8.			
Punch, M. H. Clark	19.00	2 49 30	2 49 30
Kismet, S. B. Kedney and Taylor	20.00	3 50 38	2 52 08
Violet, G. H. Wieners	21.01	2 57 20	2 58 57
Concho, D. E. Smith	19.02	3 02 45	3 03 00
Baby, G. A. Corry	19.06	3 17 20	3 18 05
CLASS 9.			
Constance, F. Wight	18.04	3 05 22	3 05 22
May, C. A. Sherman	17.08	Did not finish.	
CLASS 10.			
Orienta, A. V. Fraser	30.00	2 50 38	2 50 38
Fantassie, R. C. and F. C. Hall	30.00	2 49 15	2 49 15

Regatta Committee—W. G. Newman, chairman; R. F. Corry, secretary; G. H. Leavitt, J. Tayton and P. Hoag. Judges—Archie Allen and Percy Ashley.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

T. D. Vandeveer, one of the best known yacht joiners in the country, died at his residence at Meserole avenue and Guernsey street, Greenpoint, on June 20, in his sixty-ninth year. He was well known to yachtsmen and fitted out the schooner yachts Sappho, Vesta, Dreadnaught, Norseman, Montauk, Grayling and Intrepid; the steam yachts Norma, Reva, Theresa, Marietta, Rahda, as well as all the pilot boats.

Caiman, steam house-boat, Pierre Lorillard, anchored in Gravesend Bay last week and will lie there all summer. She has recently been altered at her builders, in Wilmington, Del.

Wadena, steam yacht, sailed from New York on June 17 for a long trip to China and Japan in charge of Capt. Collamore. The owner and his family will not go in the yacht, but will go by rail to San Francisco and thence by steamer to Yokohama. The yacht has just been rebuilt at the Erie Basin Drydocks, being lengthened 11ft. amidships in order to remedy as far as is possible the serious defects of the original design. The yacht, as first built, was too narrow, so she has been lengthened 11ft., making her 7½ beams to length, in place of 7 beams. The increased displacement, however, will allow her to carry more coal and make her a little less unsafe than in her first cruise.

Gen. Paine sailed from New York for England on June 30 and will spend the summer with his family abroad.

During the night of June 27 the steam yacht Marietta. H. B. Moore, sunk at Crane's dock, Erie Basin, from some unknown cause. She was just fitting out, and her linen, silver, etc., had been put on board a day or two before. She had not been raised up to July 2, lying in a bad berth, between a bulkhead and Crane's drydock

Yampa, schr., has been chartered by C. W. Chapin to J. Hood Wright.

The following official measurements of some of the leading British racing yachts are published in the *Field:*

Rig.	Length.	Sail.	Rating.
Asphodel, cutter	46.53	2575.6	19.97
Britannia, cutter	87.73	10395.1	151.99
Carina, cutter	60.75	3947.0	39.96
Doushka, lug	21.02	283.8	0.99
Dragon, cutter	46.04	2605.2	19.99
Fleur-de-Lis, lug	31.75	939.0	4.96
Fay, lug	20.11	294.7	0.98
Gareth, lug	28.86	538.3	2.58
Javelin, lug	20.00	289.0	0.96
Kismet, lug	25.22	581.1	2.44
Luna, cutter	45.90	2613.6	19.99
Lady Bird, lug	17.22	174.6	0.50
Manx Cat, lug	27.99	536.3	2.50
Mystery, lug	26.02	572.8	2.48
Namara, yawl	69.17	5386.4	62.09
Pente, lug	31.52	950.0	4.99
Red Rover, lug	19.90	299.5	0.99
Satanita, cutter	97.35	10516.2	170.62
Thelma, cutter	45.78	2570.5	19.61

Of the three Dyer boats now in the East, Minnetonka, Mr Work's 21-footer, is about New York; Apukwa, owned by Erastus T. Tefft, another 21-footer, is stored at Lawley's yard, and a third smaller craft is at Buzzards Bay, where she will race this week.

Deacon Gamaliel Conklin, who died on June 20 in the village of Essex, Conn., aged 90 years, was the senior member of the firm of G. Conklin & Co. and the oldest spar maker in the State. In his quaint, old-time shop at the edge of the river in Essex he worked industriously until a few months before his death, turning out the trimmest and best spars made in this country. He also built a lot of fishing schooners years ago for down-Easters and the yacht Admiral for retired Essex sea captains; but lately the shipbuilding industry of Essex went down and the deacon did little else than whittle out his neat, taper spars. He was a wonder-working adept at his business, one of the conscientious old-time handiworkers.

The Sea Cliff Y. C. announces that the date of its first annual regatta has been changed from Aug. 4 to Aug. 11. Besides prizes for the usual classes there will be a special prize for the new 21ft. class. The situation of the club house at Sea Cliff, on Hempstead Harbor, is second to none on the Sound, and fine open courses have been laid out from the club anchorage. The club is in a flourishing condition and it is already an assured success. Its membership is rapidly increasing and fast approaching the hundred mark. A special race for cabin cats has been arranged for Saturday, July 14, when handsome silver cups will be offered as prizes in two classes for these popular boats, the class division being made at 22ft. l.w.l. The course for this special race will be from off the club house, around the East Buoy off Execution Light, thence around buoy off Matinnicock Point and return to starting line.

Yacht designers have apparently reached the limit of their ingenuity, as several of the more recent vessels—especially in the smaller classes—have failed to show any improvement in speed over boats a year or two old. It is to be feared that if further improvement is to be made, it must be done by lessening the weight of material used in the construction, and that consequently a less durable and less desirable article will be produced. Although perhaps the new 20-raters have hardly as yet been given a fair trial, it would seem that in certain weather, at any rate, Dragon and Deirdré can still hold their own, and assuredly in the 2½-rating class no English designer has, so far, produced a boat which is a worthy competitor with Gareth. Moreover, it was somewhat surprising to see Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu's 40, Carina, beaten by his last year's Vendetta in a fairly sailed match. In some respects this state of affairs is not to be regretted, as undoubtedly the prospect of having to build a new boat every year, if prizes were to be won, deterred many yachtsmen from entering the racing lists.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

The Clyde has produced a curious nondescript, described as follows by the *Field.* Perhaps this new freak is, as Dilemma was three years ago, but the precursor of another wonderful development in yacht designing which shall throw even the fin-keel of to-day into the shade: "The maiden race of the Rorqual, however, was a novelty which put Dakotah in the shade. The Rorqual. designed by Mr. W. Bruce, of Kinleith, and built at Leith, is about 30ft. over all, and her design is alleged to be a replica of the fish she is named after. With 5ft 2in. beam, she tapers to each end, her bow terminating in a gun metal ferrule, and her stern in a tail, which forms the helm, attached by a ball and socket joint. Built of yellow pine, the back is brightly varnished, and the belly painted white; she is lug-rigged, with jib, but her new canvas is not in shape; reaching in light winds she does fairly well, but her fin-bulb keel does not take her to windward."

Sky Lark, steam yacht, built for Capt. M. J. Driscoll by Wood Bros., at East Boston, was launched on June 26. She is 60ft. over all, 13ft. beam, and 5ft. draft, with a Clark compound engine.

The death in New London recently of Richard L. White removes the last survivor of the regular crew of the famous schooner yacht America, which was victorious in the international contest for the Queen's Cup away back in 1851. Mr. White was born in Groton. Conn , 66 years ago. His memory of the great race was remarkably clear. He was on the vessel from the time she was launched till she was sold in England.—*American Shipbuilder.*

The cruising 30-footer designed last season by Waterhouse & Chesebrough and built by Lawley for a Philadelphia owner who declined to take her on account of the delay in finishing, has just been sold to Josiah M. Fiske, of New York. She is a nice little cruiser, with pole mast and cutter rig.

The new 20-rater designed by Lord Dunraven and building by Summers & Payne is about completed, and will be named Audrey on launching. She is of semi-composite construction, and planked with mahogany, the dimensions being: Over all, 64ft. 3in ; lwl , 45ft.; beam 13ft. and draft 9ft. Lord Dunraven has spent a great deal of time over the design and construction. The model was made of paraffine wax, thus permitting changes to be made as desired, as the design was worked out.

Two new 21-footers are now under way at Herreshoff's, one just completed for Wm. C. Whitney, named Dorothy, and another recently ordered for H. A. Laughlin, the Pittsburgh mill owner, for whom the steam yacht Vesta was built last year.

With the view to attracting yachts to the regatta to be held at Pola in April, 1895, under the auspices of the Austro-Hungarian Imperial and Royal Yacht Squadron, the committee having the matter in charge has decided to present a silver medal to every yacht arriving to take part in the regatta and to arrange three special races for 40 raters, in each of which the first prize will be a plate valued at $1,000, and the second prize $400 in cash. There will also be a steam yacht race from Pola to Trieste for a silver bowl, presented by Archduke Carl Stephen, the commodore of the squadron, plus the cost of the coal used in steaming from Nice to Pola, presented hy a member of the New York Y. C.

Norma, steam yacht, lately sold at auction, has been brought to New York, where J. W. Sullivan will put in new engines and boiler.

Dungeness, Mrs. Carnegie's new steam yacht, arrived at New York on June 24 for the first time, her designer, Mr. Geo. B. Mallory, making the trip from Fernandina in her.

The annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C., on June 25 was unavoidably postponed on account of fog and calm. It will be resailed on July 7.

We have received, through Lloyds agent in New York, Mr. Thomas Congdon, the "Yacht Register" for 1894-5, a large and handsome volume. There are regularly recorded in the Register a total of 5,774 yachts, of which 4,414 are sailing and 1,360 are steam craft. the relative tonnages being, 86,889 and 147,038, or a total of 233,927. There are also 1,294 American yachts, not measured by Lloyds, making a total of 7,068 pleasure vessels. Very complete lists of clubs officers and owners, with club and private flags are also included The idea, now followed by so many yacht lists, of grouping the private signals according to colors, originated with the "Yacht Register" a few years since. The rules for building and classification, published in a separate smaller volume, have been somewhat changed this year, the depth being measured to the top of the keel instead of the top of the floors, and the divisor for tonnage being made 100, in place of the old 94. The tables have been amended where necessary to meet these changes. The table of sizes of deck beams has been amended by the addition of an extra column of siding and moulding of beams in the ends fore and aft of three-quarters of the length amidship, to which beams the main columns apply. American yachtsmen are well represented in the long list of subscribers to the book.

We are indebted to the secretary of the Dorchester Y. C. for a copy of the club book for 1894, a neat little volume in white canvas embellished by the club seal in blue and red. The club has a membership of 155 and a fleet of 36 yachts, with a convenient club house at Dorchester. The measurement rule is waterline length.

Murray & Tregurtha, South Boston, Mass., have recently shipped a 32ft. launch to Mr. J. H. Alford of Port Antonio, Jamaica, West Indies; a 22ft launch fitted with 8 h. p. Tregurtha boiler and steeple compound engine to Mr. H. E Rogers of Lynn, Mass.; an 8 h. p. Tregurtha boiler and steeple compound engine to Mr. Edgar O. Bullock, Wolfboro, N. H., a 25 h. p. Tregurtha boiler to Mr. John E. Baily. Galveston, Tex. (the second order from this gentleman), and are building a 150 h. p. Tregurtha boiler for Mr. Henry W. Savage's yacht Gleam, of Boston.

MODEL YACHTING.

IT is very probable that the sailing of small boats in Centennial Lake, Fairmount Park, is a thing of the past. During the past six years the Philadelphia Y C. have sailed races nearly every Saturday when the weather permitted. A suggestion was made some time ago to have the island removed from the lake, so that the space be larger for the use of the yachtsmen. The learned commissioners did not see it in this light, and contrary to expectations a wall has been built across the middle of the lake, and the yachtsmen have only the use of one side. The other portion is given for the use of gondolas.

Now, the races cannot be sailed with any satisfaction, and as the yachtsmen will have to look for another spot, hundreds of people who have enjoyed watching the races will be deprived of the interesting sight. Overtures have been received by the members from the Stockton Park, Camden, where there is a fine sheet of water, and it is quite probable that the offer will he accepted.

An exciting race was sailed on the Delaware River, on Saturday. The course was laid off Petty Island and the start was made at 10:30 A. M. The Mizpah crossed the finish line first, at 11:48:28; No Name was second. in 11:49:15, and the Addie was third in 11:52:49.—*Philadelphia Item.*

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

7 21. W. C. A. Meet, Picnic Point, Lake Mendota, Wis. 13-28. A. C. A. Meet, Croton Point.

AUGUST.

4-11. Owanux Meet, Woodmont, Ct

SEPTEMBER.

3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass.
3-5. Passaic River Meet.
5. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.
15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Delaware River.

THE proposed abandonment of the camp mess at the A. C. A. meet comes in for some strong criticism at the hands of an old A. C. A. man in another column. The experiment is a radical one, but the difficulty of obtaining reliable caterers and the ease of getting duffle to camp and of procuring good supplies from New York are both good reasons for trying it this year. So long as there is any promise of a general mess, men will go to camp relying on it, only to regret when too late that they have not made a bold effort to shift for themselves rather than to endure a service that only varies between bad and worse except on rare occasions, as in 1891. In spite of the plea of our correspondent for the general mess as a promoter of sociability and good fellowship, the pleasantest mess we have ever met with was one at which we officiated as carterer and chief cook, inviting one or two friends each day to join our party of four.

Mr. Howard's Challenge.

From the Field.

THE international sailing race for the £50 challenge cup of the Royal C. C. was sailed at Bourne End-on-Thames on the 19th inst.; but the race was abruptly denuded of its international element by the unexpected action of the American club representative competitor in withdrawing at the last moment from the competition. The grounds given for his withdrawal by Mr. Howard showed no reasons other than might have been raised in April, when the conditions and the course were known to Mr. Howard and the New York C. C., and were in effect accepted by the club when, at the meeting in April, the club delegated to Mr. Howard authority to challenge on behalf of the club.

The race was set down to start at 1:30 P. M., and shortly before that

time Mr. W. Baden-Powell, the officer in charge of the race, received a letter from Mr. Howard, the American competitor, which stated that "I hereby withdraw the New York C. C.'s challenge for the Royal C. C. cup. My reason is that the Bourne End course is not suitable for an international contest."

The facts preceding this letter are, that the course and conditions were settled in February, and published shortly after in the *Field*, and in American papers. In April full details of conditions were sent at bis request to Mr. Howard, and on April 16, a meeting of the New York C. C. was held, at which authority was vested in Mr. Howard to challenge and compete on behalf of the club for the cup; but the Royal C. C. received no notice nor any challenge until about May 28. Subsequently Mr. Howard asked for three races to be put instead of one, and that two of them should be in open water, but this request was only made within 14 days of the race, and a special general meeting could not, under the rules, be held in time; even then, had there been time, the meeting probably would not have power to alter the programme, and in any event the three race proposition was an afterthought following upon trial sailing on the Thames.

Canoe sailers, at the time this challenge was brought before the club, had gone into canoe yawls and larger craft, but steps were at once taken to invite the assistance of those who were known to own racing canoes, even though of old pattern, to come forward to defend the cup, and in the result five men responded, one of whom built a new canoe, and another was nominated to represent the Northern C. C., from the Tyne, a patriotic movement of our hardy Northern canoemen.

The result has been a complete defense of the cup, without a competition by the American for the cup, it is true, but in the other circumstances a successful defense. Mr. Howard was on the Bourne End course for three days prior to the cup race day, he competing in two of the R. C. C. races and he was beaten in each match. The course was the same as the cup course, but of five rounds instead of ten. In the first of these races he was 10m. 50s. astern of the leader when he gave up the competition, the winner and second being Battledore and Whizz. In the second race, on Monday, the 18th, Mr. Howard was beaten by 3m. by Battledore, and Dragon also came in ahead of him. Whizz, Stella and Curlew not competing. The entries for the challenge cup race were Battledore, Whizz, Stella, Dragon, Curlew and Yankee (Mr. Howard's canoe).

Whether the Bourne End course is or is not suitable for an international contest is a matter of opinion which may be differently viewed by individuals; but in regard to this particular contest a general meeting of the Royal Canoe Club had adopted that particular course, and the American club had three months before decided to challenge on those conditions, and (we assume), knowing the course, at least by map, if not by individual experience. The same course, it should be remembered, is used annually for the racing week of the whole of the "above lock" sailing clubs of the Thames for 1-rater and 75-rater racing, and on this course Her Majesty's cup and the Duke of Connaught's cup are to be competed for. These clubs have naturally of their experience chosen the best sailing reach "above lock" for such important races.

We have from time to time objected in these columns to the sailing races of the Royal Canoe Club being held on the upper Thames for several reasons—not because they cannot there be efficiently held, but that for a canoe so much depends on the direction of wind being up or down the reach and not across the banks. On the cup day all was well; the wind was right down, giving a trial to windward, and a run, and it only wanted strength to make a perfect day. Nobody with any notions above a sprinting track wants to see a race sailed on a soldier's wind, all reaching. The real objection to the upper reaches is that racing on the "above-lock" reaches of the Thames, or of any other river, tends to produce a bad type of boat—a flimsy, capsizeable craft, useless both in hull and fittings for any work other than such racing; indeed, not only useless, but absolutely dangerous. And, therefore, if the important races of a club are placed upon such confined waters, competitors must bow to the inevitable, and build boats suitably crank and flimsy to uphold the honor of the club.

Royal C. C.

THE sailing races of the club at Bourne End were to have commenced on Saturday last with a race for canoe-yawls, but at the time set down for the start there was almost a flat calm, and the event was postponed until the following Tuesday.

On Monday the first event was for sailing canoes, and they were started at 11 A. M. The entries were: Battledore, Mr. R. A. Hinckley, R. C. C.; Whizz, Mr. Walter Stuart, R. C. C.; Dragon, Mr. B. de Q. Quincy, R. C. C.; Yankee, Mr. W. Willard Howard, New York C. C. Wind S.W., modern to light. Whizz and Battledore crossed the line together, the former to windward, while the American made a bad start. Whizz drew out a slight lead, while Dragon and Battledore were having a ding-dong race. In jibing around the lower buoy Dragon capsized. Battledore and Whizz continued to sail a very close and interesting race, while Yankee kept dropping further astern and gave up at the end of the fourth round. Whizz led until within 70yds. of the winning line, when Battledore coming down with a light catspaw, covered her and won cleverly by 11s. The times were:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	4th Round.	Finish.
Battledore (1st prize)	11 16 5	11 32 39	11 51 39	12 13 18	12 33 55
Whizz (2d)	11 15 51	11 32 2	11 50 55	12 12 1	12 34 6
Dragon	11 16 10	Capsized.			
Yankee	11 16 14	11 37 0	12 0 5	12 22 57	Gave up

The afternoon event was for canoes and canoe-yawls, the first prize to go to the first craft in, while the second went to next of a different class. The entries were: Bernice, canoe-yawl, Mr. D. H. Marrable, R. C. C.; Worry, canoe-yawl, Mr. F. G. Todhunter, O.U.S C.; Dragon, canoe, Mr. B. de Q. Quincey, R. C. C.; Battledore, canoe, Mr. R. A. Hinckley, R.C.C.; Yankee, canoe, Mr. W. Willard Howard, New York C. C.; Curlew, canoe, Mr. G. U. Laws, Northern C. C. Mr. Walter Stewart officered this race, and got them off at 3 o'clock, Battledore being over first, followed by Dragon, Bernice and Worry. Yankee and Curlew being nearly a minute late in crossing the line. The wind was light and variable, which did not seem to at all suit the American. Worry went well, but Bernice was under-canvassed. The times were:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	4th Round.	Finish.
Worry (first prize)	3 15 15	3 28 05	3 40 56	3 54 00	4 06 11
Battledore (2d prize)	3 17 56	3 29 30	3 44 00	3 58 45	4 15 28
Dragon	3 18 25	3 30 30	3 45 10	4 01 30	4 17 19
Yankee	3 18 50	3 30 50	3 45 20	4 03 15	4 18 26
Curlew	3 21 25	3 35 25	3 49 10	4 04 10	4 19 09

A Pretty Mess.

WITH no intention of embarrassing our genial executive, with whom the writer has always sustained the pleasantest relations, I cannot but protest against the sweeping changes which have only been decided upon on the eve of the approaching meet; however, that meet is now so near at hand that we will soon be able to determine whether the proposed changes are such as are worthy of retention or should be relegated to the limbo of discarded experiments.

The most radical change we will encounter will be the abolition of the general mess, heretofore one of the finest features of the camp, as it was at once the casino and common meeting ground of all those elements that go to form a camp. It was there that one chose his messmates by natural affinity, while the grub settled the question of the survival of the fittest. There, too, the diffident formed those valued acquaintances, otherwise impossible to him; and if at times the table fell short of our ideal, the many offsetting advantages offered enabled us to disregard these minor discomforts.

The tone of the general mess has always been broadly democratic and the influence it has exerted in the past has been all powerful in breaking up unhealthy club rivalries, cliques and those petty international prejudices which are bound to crop out from time to time. After an absence of several years, a member under the old arrangement could drop into camp with the reasonable assurance of a warm welcome and the comforting knowledge that he might for a moderate sum procure his meals at the mess-shed without inconveniencing any one.

Will he do so in future when he learns that he must hang about camp until some compassionate individual bids him join his mess—a mess perhaps already overcrowded? I think not.

I can call to mind many members living in small places which cannot boast a canoe club, or where one exists, sends but one or two members to camp. Now, it seems to me that the loss of the mess means the loss of many of these members as well. Now, while I do not for a moment question a club's right to a private mess, I do question the wisdom of this innovation, which strikes directly at the smaller clubs and at the unattached members. The measure, while it doubtless lightens the labors and responsibilities of the executive to a minimum, seems to be a retrograde step, and one that will work more harm to the Association than anything of which I can conceive, with the possible exception of a permanent camp.

While all must admit that this question of a general mess is a difficult one to handle, they must also admit that it is a prime requisite to a successful camp, and that the present plan of boldly lopping it off is no solution of the difficulty, but rather a weak evasion of it, where a half-success or a well intended failure would have been infinitely better. This effort to secure a good balance sheet for next year's book reminds one of the policy of those hospitals which hurry the moribund off to Bellevue in order to keep their percentage of mortality down—better double or treble the camp fee—better hold the meet every two years, but when you do hold it, hold it right.

The private messes have little to recommend them aside from their privacy, and that feature will be largely curtailed this year, when all mess tents whose mess includes ladies will be bunched at headquarters. When you consider the unnecessary duplication of tents, help and utensils, the private mess must be pronounced wasteful, and it is no trifling matter to cater to one on account of the varying number to be fed, and that is why the private mess so often presents the condition of a feast or a famine. The percentage of variation never affects a large mess as it does a small one, for an unexpected half dozen will set the small *ménage* by the ears, while six times that number would not seriously embarrass a larger one.

Then there is the increased number of cooks and helpers to be considered, and the question arises whether their presence will promote the cause of order in camp. And last of all the work and worry of a general mess is now entirely borne by a single individual, while under the new arrangement there would be at least thirty people acting as unpaid caterers and needlessly undergoing the drudgery that that position entails, while in camp ostensibly for rest. In the above I have not intended to criticise the real camper who delights in cooking his own meals, and in roughing it, but from what I know of modern camps I cannot believe that they will prove congenial to him, because they have been all but improved out of existence. Oh, yes, we are rustic, sylvan and bucolic till you can't rest, but it is the rusticity of Watteau's shepherds and shepherdesses.

I should like to see some member attempt to run a public mess in camp, if for nothing more than to prove how indispensable a restaurant is when you pitch your camp in a wilderness and invite people to visit you—people unfortunately possessing unreasonable stomachs that will not be put off with a promise, or a written order.

Dost like the picture? R. H. PEEBLES.

Mr. Howard's Canoe.

CLAYTON, June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of June 30, in an article on "International Canoe Racing," and Mr. W. W. Howard's challenge for the Royal C. C. challenge cup, you quote the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist* as stating that "We further understand that a new canoe has been built for him (Mr. W. W. Howard) by the St. Lawrence Skiff Co., a sufficient recommendation without saying anything further, and that in addition to being, as we might expect it, quite up to date she will be fitted with a 7ft. slide."

While we much appreciate the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist's* compliment, we wish to correct, through your columns, its unintentional error. We must plead "not guilty" to having had any part whatever in the production or building of Mr. Howard's canoe in question.

J. G. FRASER, Manager,
St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co.

[The canoe in question was built by a former employee of the St. Lawrence Co. We understand that she resembles the Gardner designs, from which the St. Lawrence have built for several years, though, of course, much smaller and less powerful.]

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Greenville vs. Excelsior.

ON Thursday night of last week the Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City, dedicated its new club house and gallery ranges at No. 54 Gregory street.

A ten men team match between the home club and the Greenville Rifle Club, was one of the interesting features of the programme. Among those present were the Mayor of Jersey City, P. F. Wanser, Chief of Police Murphy and Capt. Farrier. Among the other prominent local celebrities present were Roht. McDonald, Henry Albros, John Hill, Enoch Smith, John Brennan and others. From Newark there was George Wiegman and a number of Essex county riflemen. Chas. G. Zettler brought along a delegation from New York. The interior of the club house was elaborately decorated for the occasion. A generous lunch and liquid refreshments to suit all tastes was furnished in abundance. While the team match was in progress local artists entertained the assemblage with recitations, songs, etc.

A local tradesman with an eye to future returns sent an employe into the rooms during the hot period loaded with fans. His thoughtfulness was voted as being of the first order.

President Thos Hughes, George Varick, Capt. Hansen and other members of the Excelsior Club were active in looking after the comfort of their guests.

The contesting riflemen who were shooting and perspiring on the four ranges found that the extreme heat was not conducive to high scores. The members of neither team shot up to their average. The members of the Greenville team suffered the least in this respect and were thus in position to outshoot their opponents. Scores, 10 shots per man, German target, distance 75ft.:

Greenville Team.		Excelsior Team.	
Collins	230	Hennessey	235
Rohidoux	221	J Hughes	220
C Boag	239	Weber	228
Charlock	231	Thomas	213
Plaisted	235	Pinney	229
Agneau	224	Channing	234
Purkess	232	McCarthy	212
J Boag	237	Hansen	234
Dorrler	239	Duff	223
Scheeline	233—2321	Ryer	209—2237

Testing a Revolver.

A YEAR ago Roundsman Petty had an attack of the measles, and as a result has trouble with his eyes. One day last week he visited the Eye and Ear Hospital at Forty-second street and Park avenue for treatment, and afterward, as was natural for a shooting man, dropped into Conlin's gallery.

While there two strangers, one of them a Frenchman, entered. They carried with them a new model .38cal. Colt's revolver and a box of factory cartridges, which they proceeded to test at 12yds. range. The target at which they shot had a 2in. bull, and was about 1½ft. in diameter, but the first man could not find it at all. After shooting a string he relinquished the pistol to the Frenchman, who, as the spectators already knew, was a dark horse, and none other than the "champion revolver shot of the French Army." The "champion" modestly took the pistol and, handling it with irreproachable style, fired, and missed the target. Not in the least disconcerted, he fired again, with a similar result. He repeated this performance a number of times, and at last, apparently by luck, got a shot on one corner of the target. Then he stopped, satisfied, sat down, and gracefully awaited the applause.

"Buff" Rosenbaum, who had been an amused spectator, asked permission to examine the revolver, and then if there was any objection to a friend of his trying a few shots. The Frenchman had none, and Rosenbaum handed the revolver to Petty.

After his first shot Petty found that the gun was not correctly sighted, but that it shot low and to the left. He accordingly aimed high and to the right, and had the satisfaction of seeing his shots group well up toward the bull. This excited the admiration of the Frenchman, but the holder of the Winans trophy had only just begun. Reloading the revolver he commenced a new string. The first shot ¾in. from the bull at 9 o'clock. The next he held a trifle further to the right and scored a dead center, and the remaining shots were all grouped together in the bullseye. Three of them were 10s.

The "champion of the French Army" was overwhelmed, and begged for the target as a souvenir. As he left Conlin remarked, sententiously, "A pistol shoots straight according to the man that shoots it."

J. B. B.

The Time Element in Rifle Shooting.

TOO MUCH can not be said in favor of the very radical innovation suggested by Mr. Wm. Lyman in a recent issue of this paper, in the shape of adding a time element to rifle-shooting; it has been too long neglected, and I for one am glad to see so high an authority as Mr. Lyman advocating the measure, and hope to see as a result an awakening of interest in that line. The shotgun would not be as popular to-day as it is if it had not been for trap-shooting, and it will not be many years before a time element will be introduced in this kind of shooting; just as soon as those who are now shooting at the traps know what they are now missing by not using a repeating shotgun and breaking triplets where they now only attempt doubles, just so soon will the tide of popularity swing around toward the repeating shotgun, and if those who love the rifle could only be persuaded that in the repeating rifle they have an ever increasing source of pleasure, as well as a practical method of preparing themselves for field shooting, it may be possible to make rifle shooting what it should be, the sport of the century.

Inanimate target shooting has settled several problems, notably the superiority of breechloader over the muzzleloader, and is at present doing yeoman service in showing the manufacturers of nitro powders where to make improvements; it is not saying too much to claim that rapid-firing with the rifle would also settle some questions of vital importance and among other things, perhaps, give us a perfect nitro powder for that weapon a decade or so before it will come under present conditions. The same element is a necessity in revolver shooting, and until adopted that sort of shooting will not attain the popularity it deserves.

S. J. FORT, M.D.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md.

Greenville Defeats Portchester.

A TEAM of eight members of the Greenville (N. J.) Rifle Club visited Portchester, N. Y., last Saturday to shoot a friendly match with the Portchester Rifle Club. In the preliminary practice the Jersey marksmen found the situation a little odd. The two targets out there in the field looked to be awfully far away. As Robidoux remarked the whole universe was in front. Would he be able to hit the bullseye! His score showed 7 blacks in the 10 shots. The conditions called for 10 shots per man. Horn led off for the Portchesters and Plaisted for the Greenvilles, the members of the teams following in rotation. The first round showed that the visitors were in the best form. On the second round, however, Collins of the Greenvilles missed the target, scoring a goose egg. Hess of the Portchester team was the next unfortunate to miss the target, his turn came on the third round. On the sixth round Spahn of the Greenville team fired a shot into space, result, another goose egg. Then as a matter of courtesy to Spahn, Hess let drop another egg and then followed it with another, making 3 misses in 10 shots. Spahn, who is a sympathetic nature, could do no less than make another miss on his ninth shot, thus tieing Hess on the number of misses as well as on the total, each having 122. The best individual score was made by Smith of the Portchester team; the second best by Plaisted of the Greenville team. The shooting of both teams was considerably below what was expected before the match was opened. There are, however, many reasons for the poor marksmanship displayed. Torrid weather and Portchester hospitality fixed the Jerseymen. The Portchesters came through sympathy. The total of the Greenville score was 1,396 against 1,364 for Portchester.

A return match to be shot in Greenville was arranged and will be shot off in three weeks. The members of the Greenville team are highly pleased with the hospitalities extended to them by their Portchester brethren and have promised to give the New Yorkers, on their next visit to the Celery District, one of the regular Greenvile receptions, all wool and a yard wide. Scores, 10 shots. German target:

Greenville Team.		Portchester Team.	
Plaisted	206	Smith	209
C Boag	180	Hess	122
Kobidoux	183	Rudd	158
Purkess	172	Boeger	171
Collins	181	Horn	191
Chavant	189	Bachman	173
Scheeline	163	McNeil	170
Spahn	122—1396	McQuilkin	170—1364

Rifle at San Antonio.

THE regular weekly shoot of the San Antonio Rifle Club took place on the afternoon of June 24, with the following results. Two hundred yards, off-hand, 10 shots per man, American target:

Texas Field	4	7	7	8	5	7	5	6	8	7—64
G Giesecke	7	5	4	10	7	5	6	0	0	6—50
A Guenther	8	10	6	4	6	7	6	9	8	8—72
A Steves	6	6	6	10	6	10	8	8	3	10—73
E Dosch	10	8	10	7	5	6	5	6	6	5—68
A Altmann	7	8	3	9	7	4	8	7	4	7—64
E Steves	5	5	8	10	4	6	7	8	5	5—63
G Altmann	7	8	5	5	7	4	8	6	8	6—64
E Dreise	5	7	7	6	4	5	10	3	6	5—58
A Uhl	6	7	5	0	7	5	8	3	5	9—50
G Heye	9	9	0	5	6	7	9	6	6	7—64

Two hundred yards, rest, 10 shots per men, American target:

Texas Field	9	9	8	9	12	10	11	9	9	6—92
G Giesecke	7	9	9	9	9	8	10	8	11	8—88
A Guenther	9	11	9	10	9	7	12	11	10	10—98
A Steves	8	9	9	9	10	10	12	11	10	8—96
E Dosch	10	8	9	9	8	10	8	9	8	8—87
A Altmann	9	12	11	8	10	7	12	9	10	11—99
E Steves	11	8	9	9	11	9	8	10	9	11—95
G Altmann	10	6	11	7	12	9	12	12	9	9—97
F Rennert	9	6	12	9	12	9	9	6	7	12—91
E Dreise	9	8	10	8	7	8	10	7	12	8—87
A Uhl	9	9	9	11	6	9	9	9	9	11—91
Neumann, Sr.	6	8	8	9	5	6	8	7	7	8—72
O Koehler	7	6	5	7	8	7	7	8	11	8—74
C Gosling	10	7	8	12	9	9	11	12	12	10—102

O. C. G.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE bi-monthly shoot of the Zettler Club was held at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park on July 1. The weather was fine, but decidedly hot for comfort. Nine members entered the competition.

The extreme heat must have affected the markers at the butts, for the marking was the poorest and most erratic of any ever seen there before. Max Engel got so thoroughly vexed over the erratic marking that he surprised himself and his comrades by putting up the fine score of 226. B. Zettler dropped in with a score of 222. The man target brought out a lively competition for the five prizes. Ross dropped into first place with 59. Plaisted, Schmidt and Walther tied for second for second place with 55 each, Engel and Holges 54 each. Scores:

F C Ross	233	225	224	H Holges	214	210
Geo W Plaisted	226	218	217	R Hamann	211	203
B Zettler	222	210	205	Geb Krauss	205	
M B Engel	226	207	202	B Walther	213	
L P Hansen	212	208	206			

Man target, 5 prizes, 3 shots, possible 60: Ross 57, Plaisted 55, Schmidt 55, Walther 55, Engel 54, Holges 54.

Bulleye 4in. center, 3 shots, possible 3: Holges 2, Krauss 1, Engel 1.

Revolver Shooting in England.

THERE has not been much doing in the revolver-shooting world the last few weeks, as the gayeties of the London season are now in full swing and the weather has been so wet and windy that there has been no inducement to compete at the revolver clubs. The leading scores for the revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club now stand as below:

	20yds.						50yds.	
Walter Winans	41	41	40	40	40	39	30	29—300
Skilton	40	39	39	39	38	38	27	27—287
C F Lowe	40	39	37	37	36	35	27	23—285
Rand	40	38	38	38	38	37	26	25—284
Capt Cowan	38	38	38	38	37	36	27	26—278
Maj Munday	39	37	36	36	35	34	26	25—268

Paterson Rifle Association.

PATERSON, N. J., June 24.—Ten members of the Paterson Rifle Association met at Bunker Hill Range to-day for practice. The best scores are appended; 20 ring target, distance 100yds. Scores:

August Dietrick	15	19	16	18	17	20	20	17	18	19—179
Wm Dutcher	19	18	18	17	19	19	18	19	17	16—180
Abe Newby	19	16	18	18	16	18	14	18	19	18—174
Thomas Kelley	17	19	18	16	15	16	19	17	17	19—173
Wm S Newby	20	18	19	15	18	19	16	18	18	19—180
James Welcher	16	15	19	20	16	20	18	16	17	15—172
John W Johnson	17	17	19	18	17	18	18	16	19	15—174
Ben Maskell	19	13	16	20	17	17	20	18	17	17—174
Edward McCarthy	19	17	16	12	16	18	16	14	14	19—161
Joe Vonan	18	17	16	18	16	17	19	11	18	19—169

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, June 26.—At the weekly shoot held at headquarters last night, Jacob Diehl won the champion medal. Mr. Schlicht the first class, Aug. Meyer second class and Geo. Richert the third class. Scores: Geo. Schlicht 240, Jacob Diehl 233, Geo Richert 233, Geo. Dorr 231, Aug. Meyer 230, Chas. Meyer 230, M. Daw 229, William Schlicht 232, Jacob Schlicht 220, Gus Tribout 220, Fred Lambrey 219, Chas. Stein 216, C. Schlicht 215.

Greenville Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., June 29.—The winners in the weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Club held this evening are as follows: First class, Geo. Purkess first, C. Boag second. Second class, Spahn first, Agneau second. Third class, E. Wuestner first, Daniels second. Scores: Purkess 239, C. Boag 238, Agneau 230, Spahn 229, Chase 221, Hill 221, E. Wuestner 220, F. Wuestner 203, Holzapiel 219, Daniels 220.

RIFLE NOTES.

The location for the great festival in 1895 has not been decided upon as yet. Long Island seems to have the best show to secure the plum.

Armin Tenner was an interested spectator at the Zettler shoot, July

The 1nd. New York Corps holds its practice shoot at Glendale Park on Friday of this week.

The Italian Shooting Society devoted the Fourth of July to target shooting and live bird sweeps on the Pelhamville grounds.

Team match, Hansen and Bryce vs. Collins and Plaisted, fifty shots per man will be shot on Greenville Park to-day (July 7).

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

July 4.—Orangeville (Md.) tournament; open to all. J. A. Hartner, Sec'y.
July 4.—Towanda Rod and Gun Club's sixth annual tournament, at Towanda, Pa.
July 4.—Townshend (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club tournament. P. E. Howard, Sec'y.
July 4.—Palmetto Gun Club tournament, at Charleston, S. C.
July 4.—Maplewood Gun Club, at Orange, N. J., all-day shoot. O. L Yeomans, Sec'y.
July 4-5.—Burlington (Ia) Gun Club tournament.
July 4-6.—Oregon State Sportsmen's Association tournament, under auspices of Willimette Rod and Gun Club, at Portland, Oregon.
July 4-6.—Winner Cartridge Co.'s second tournament, at St. Louis. Bluerocks and sparrows; open to the world. J. L. Winston, Sec'y.
July 4-6.—Central City Gun Club tournament, at Duluth.
July 5-6.—Little Rock (Ark.) Shooting Association tournament, open to all. Address Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock.
July 11-12.—Dixie Gun Club tournament, at Pensacola, Fla.
July 16-18.—Standard Gun Club tournament, at Baltimore, Md.; $150 added.
July 18-19.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Associations's seventh tournament, under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club, at Louisville, Ky. The Kentucky Gun Club will add from $200 to $400.
July 18-19.—Dr. Wallade's bluerock target and live bird tournament, at Newport, Mich.
July 24-26.—Lafayette (Ind.) Gun Club tournament.
July 25.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fourth tournament, at Syracuse
July 26 —New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Willimantic Rod and Gun Club, at Willimantic, Conn.
Aug. 8-10.—Missouri State Amateur Association, at Richmond, Mo.; $300 added.
Aug. 13-18.—John Parker's fourth international tournament, blue rock targets and live birds, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, near Detroit, Mich.
Aug. 21-23.—Hot Springs (S. D.) Gun Club's tournament; $250 added.
Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsononock Park, Altoona.
Aug. 22-24.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Bunker Hill, Ill.
Aug. 23.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Atlantic Trap Shooting Association, at Lynn, Mass.
Aug. 29.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fifth tournament, at Auburn.
Sept. 3.—Endeavor Gun Club's annual shoot, Marion, N. J. E Hollister, Sec'y, Jersey City Heights, N. J.
Sept. 19 20.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Chattanooga Gun Club, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Sept. 26.—Contral New York Trap-Shooters' League, sixth tournament, at Rochester.
Oct. 3-5.—West Newburgh (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association tournament. Last day live birds. W. C. Gibbs, Sec'y
Oct. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, under auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club, at Charleston. S. C.
Oct. 22-24.—Emerald Gun Club tournament, at Dexter Park. Targets and live birds. Dr. G V. Hudson, Sec'y, 9 Madison street, New York.
Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at Utica.
Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

1895.

May.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

Altoona and Johnstown.

THE Johnstown Rifle and Gun Club held an all-day shoot on June at Portage, a small station along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, half way between Altoona and Johnstown. The scene of the shoot was a small open space in the center of a patch of woodland, the patch having been cleared for the purpose of the shoot. The light was consequently not of the best, although the bright sun behind the shooter's back was a material aid in distinguishing the flying asphalts. The main featureof the day's fun was the race between teams of ten men from the gun clubs of Altoona and Johnstown, the race being won by the Altoona contingent by the narrow margin of 8 targets. The score between the two clubs now stands two to one in favor of Johnstown, the latter club having won both matches last year, the first on their own grounds at Johnstown by 7 targets, the second by taking the Altoonas into camp on their own stamping ground at Wopsononock by am ajority of 12 targets. On the latter occasion the teams consisted of 16 men on a side

A varied programme was arranged for the shoot on the 28th by the Johnstown Club, in addition to which several extra events were shot off before sundown put a stop to further shooting. The following are the scores made in the team race:

Altoona.

Banks	01101110111111111101011010—18
G T Bell	01101111111110010110100 01—16
Kotty	11101110111111111111111101—22
Adams	11111111101111110111011—22
Killitts	11111100111110110011111—20
Bookwalter	11011011111111111011111111—22
W E Bell	11111101111100101111010110—19
Bender	01111111011001110110111111—19
Clark	11110111111111111111111111—24
"Doc"	11111100111011111111110101—20—202

Johnstown.

Rhodes	11111011101111110111100 11—20
Baumgardner	10111110011000111101111101—17
Copeland	01110000111101110111101 10—16
Holsinger	11001111111111111011111111—22
Jackson	11111111111111111101111111—24
Condin	11111011011011100010100 01—15
Henchman	11110111101011111111111111—22
Burggraf	11101111000111111110111 11—20
Snooks	11111110100011111111111101—20
Coxey	01111111011111111110000 0110—18—194

New Utrecht Defeats Vernon.

AN interesting team match took place at Woodlawn Park, L. I., on June 30, between the New Utrecht and Vernon gun clubs. The conditions called for 10 per team, 50 targets per man, but as the Vernons could muster only 9 men, the match was decided with that number.

Previous to the match a 10-target contest place, in which Morfey broke 10; Money, Cropsy and Osterhout 9 each; Deacon 8 and Phelps 4

Then came the big event of the day, which resulted as follows:

New Utrecht G. C.		Vernon G. C.	
E Hegeman	42	Bishop	36
Money	45	Pfister	45
Deacon	46	Levens	38
Morfey	42	Little	34
W Townsend	30	Hyer	35
Cropsy	41	Floyd	42
Bennett	28	Spadone	34
Fessenden	33	Osterhout	36
P Hegeman	25—232	Lumadrid	28—328

Freehold Gun Club.

FREEHOLD, N. J., June 29.—Monthly shoot for three class medals at from 25 to 31 targets according to relative skill. The first fifteen targets on the score as well as the allowed targets are shot from known traps and angles and the next ten from known traps, unknown angles. Snyder had no trouble in scoring his third consecutive victory, Hall being second and Hance third:

C C Snyder	11111111111111111011111110	—23
H Hance	01111111101111111110111110	—21
G Hall	11011111111011111111011111	—22
W Sherman	10011111111011010101111111	—18
J Laird	00100110101101100111111011111101	—19
W H Davis	11001010111011111110101110	—17
W S Burtis	11111011111111111003000111	—19
J Atkinson	01100011001110001111110011100	—16
F V Van Dyke	11111111111101111111110101	—22

ASSOCIATION OF THE NORTHWEST.

TACOMA, Wash., June 20.—The tenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest has been a decided success and great credit is due the officials of the Association and the Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club, under whose auspices it has been held, for the entirely satisfactory way it has been conducted. Everything went off smoothly and with the regularity of clock work, without hitch or delay. Electric trap pulls were used and bluerock targets; both gave entire satisfaction.

The weather was perfet, but the sun was very hot and caused a bright glare, which reduced scores somewhat The background was had, being a low hill, a viaduct and brush in the distance. All the events filled well.

At the annual meeting the committee offered some resolutions for changes in the game laws. The Association resolved to join the National Association, and decided to hold the next tournament for 1895 in June at Portland, Ore. The following officers were elected, viz.: President, T. A. Bringham; First Vice-President, T. H. Mason: Second Vice-President, J. N. Hardy; Third Vice-President, F. S. MacLine; Secretary-Treasurer, W. A. Strong. Directors: C. E. Hughes, Dell Cooper, C. W. Minow, F. Warren, T. B. Ward.

Shooters present from Spokane, Wash., were: F. Warren, T. B. Ware, Fred Mason, N. G. Sisson, H. Doolittle, Geo. Baldwin. From Victoria, B. C.: O. Weiler, C. W. Minor, F. S. MacLure, W. H. Adams, H. A. Munn J. Sweitzer, Mr. Grigg, B. H. Johns—members of the Union and Victoria clubs. New Whatcom shooters were: Dell Cooper, W. J. Pratt, S B. Van Zandt. Portland, Oregon, was represented hy W. A. Strong, C. E. Hughes, Mr. Moore. Seattle, Wash., sent A. K. Churchill, B. Hall, J. N. Hardy, H. Lewis, W. S. Moreton, C. F. Graffe, S. T. Kelsey, J. P. Ruppe, W. A. Hardy. J. M. Weatherwax and J. J. Law were on hand from Montesano, Wash.; J. Bussy from Black Diamond, Wash., and J. C. Nattrass as press representative from Whatcom, Wash. The rest of the shooters were Tacoma men mostly.

Tacoma sportsmen won the most prizes, with Spokane and Victoria close seconds.

The Victoria shooters used (2) Clabrough guns and (6) Greener guns and Schultze powders. The New Whatcom shooters used Parker guns and wood powder. Out of the six Spokane shooters three used Smith guns, two Parkers one Daley and wood powder.

So far as ascertained, of 15 Tacoma sportsmen, one, Ed. Barlow, used a Smith gun, ten used Parkers, two Scotts, one Lefever, one Greener. Seattle sportsmen shot seven Smith's, two Parker's.

F. B. Ward won first average with about 80%, Dell Cooper carried off second average, E. A. Kimhall of Tacoma, third. All ties divided.

First Day, Thursday, June 14.

No. 1, 10 singles, known trap and angles, entrance $1.50, divided 40, 30, 20, 10 per cent, also three other prizes of merchandise: G. H. Garrison 5, E. A. Kimball 9, B. Hall 6, W. H. Vining 5, Denham 9, T. B. Ware 9, E. E. Ellis 5, Fogg 2, J. Rawling 7, C. W. Minor 6, George 6, E. Barlow 6, B. H. Johns 5, Crozier 8, H. Doolittle 8, W. A. Eberley 6, Grigg 7, B. Lanning 6, W. R. Dodge 7, Bringham 8, J. Law 6, O. H. Kimball 8, C. E. Hughes 10, Hope 7, H. A. Munn 6, Alki 9, O Weiler 3, F. S. MacLure 5, F. Mason 7, Dr. Smith 5, W. H. Adams 7, J. Warren 9, D. Cooper 8, McNaughton 8, Weatherwax 3, Stanfield 5, J. M. Bussy 3, Caesar 4. J. N. Hardy 7. W. J. Pratt 9, Northover 6, J. W. Sweitzer 7, Van Zandt 9, Col. Renfroe 2, W. S. Moreton 8

No. 2, 10 singles, unknown traps and angles, entrance $2, divided 40, 30, 20, 10%, five articles of merchandise added: Garrison 5, Smith 4, Barlow 9, J. Law 5, Ellis 8, Rowling 5, Stansfield 6, O. H Kimball 8, McNaughton 6, Johns 6, E. A. Kimball 7, Ruppe 6, Northover 7, Cooper 9, Ware 8, Eberley 5, Vining 3, Lanning 2. Fogg 5, Sweitzer 6, Van Zandt 4, MacLure 3, Bussy 3, George 5, H. J. Sherman 7, Hope 7, Warren 6, J. Burwell 4, Caesar 2, Minor 4, Dodge 5, Alki 5, Crozier 6, Adams 6, Churchill 5, Munn 4, Denham 7, Doolittle 5. Hughes 2, Bringham 5, Mason 7, Northover 3, J. M. Bell 3, Grigg 7, Weiler 3, Renfroe 3, Hall 6.

No. 3, 10 singles, known trap and angle, entrance $3, the McNaughton Gun Co.'s purse, $75 guaranteed; first cash $30, second cash $22.50, third cash $15, fourth cash $7.50, and merchandise added from donations: Barlow 8, Weatherwax 6, George 3, Mason 8, Minor 9, Cooper 9, Rowling 5, Crozier 8, O. H. Kimball 4, Burwell 6, Renfroe 2, Moreton 6, Eberley 6, Sherman 6, Hope 7, Dodge 10, Doolittle 6, Cæsar 2, Stanfield 6, Munn 5, MacLure 5, Bussy 5, Weiler 7, Adams 8, Ellis 8, Smith 4, Ware 8, Northover 4, Hughes 8, Alki 5, Pratt 7, Grigg 7, Denham 8, Fogg 5, J. Hardy 7, Ruppe 6, Bell 3, Bringham 10, Warren 3, Vining 7, Sweitzer 8, Lanning 7, Van Zandt 6, McNaughton 6, Johns 5, Churchill 7, E. A. Kimball 10, Hall 5.

No. 4. Wilkesbarre gun contest, $175 guaranteed, 15 singles, known traps and angles, entrance $3.50; first. Wilkesbarre gun; second, cash. $30; third $22.50, fourth $15, fifth $7.50; also nine articles of merchandise, donated by Tacoma citizens and merchants: Eberley 13, Minor 12, Cooper 8, Hughes 13, Sweitzer 9. John 9, Grigg 8, MacLure 12, Sherman 10, Garrison 12, Barlow 14, Vining 10. Mason 12, Crozier 9, Alki 10, Van Zandt 14, Northover 8, O. H. Kimball 8, Weatherwax 7, Churchill 9, Dodge 12, Ware 14, Doolittle 8, Cæsar 3, Lanning 8, Pratt 10, Denham 10, Bussy 12. Stanfield 10, McNaughton 11. Ellis 11, Warren 15, Hope 13, George 9, Rowling 12, E. A. Kimball 11. Bringham 10, Adams 12, Weller 7, Munn 9.

No. 5, two-men team race, 10 singles and 3 pairs; entrance $5 per team; 50, 30 and 20 per cent, also donations of merchandise:

	Singles.	D'bls.		Singles.	D'bls.
Eberley	9	4	Minor	9	5
Barlow	9	5—27	Weiler	8	5—27
Dodge	8	5	Rowling	7	2
Ellis	6	4—23	Lanning	7	3—19
Hughes	5	4	E A Kimball	8	4
MacLure	5	3—17	Garrison	8	3—23
Bringham	6	2	Denham	9	3
McNaughtou	9	4—21	Crozier	7	3—22
Cooper	7	2	Doolittle	5	3
Van Zandt	10	4—23	George	9	1—18
Warren	7	3	Johns	8	3
Ware	9	4—23	Munn	5	3—19
Mason	7	3	Adams	7	3
Hope	8	4—22	Sweitzer	4	3—17

Second Day, Friday, June 15.

No. 6, individual championship, 20 singles, known trap and angles, entrance $3.50. First, Multnomah gold badge, value $250, presented by Multnomah Gun Club of Portland, Oregon. Second, 15%. Third, 10%, also seven articles of merchandise donated. The present holder of badge, the Hon. T. B. Ware of Spokane, to receive 75% of entrance Winner holding badge one year receiving 75% of next year's entrance money:

McLure	14	Vining	18	Pratt	11
Cooper	13	Bringham	15	E A Kimball	13
Warren	16	Adams	15	Garrison	16
Ware	17	Sweitzer	13	Johns	14
Hope	15	Weiler	10	Munn	13
Mason	14	Grigg	9	Hardy	16
Eberley	14	Denham	18	Crozier	15
Barlow	14	McNaughton	10	George	10
Minor	17	Hughes	16	Caeser	14
Ellis	18	Lanning	13	Smith	12
Dodge	11	Rowling	16	Bell	9
Doolittle	12	Van Zandt	18		

Shoot off for medal:

W Vining	11101110111011111111—17
Denham	11011111111110111111—18
Van Zandt	11000111110111011111—15
Ellis	11111111111110111101—18

Second shoot off for medal.

Denham	11111110110110101111—16
Ellis	11100011011111111101—15

No. 7. *Globe* trophy contest, at 30 singles and 10 pairs, entrance $7.50. First, *Globe* trophy, presented by Tacoma *Morning Globe*, value $350; second, 25%; third, 15%; fourth, 10%; also five prizes of merchandise donated. Present holder of trophy, Mr. Grigg, of Victoria, receiving 50%. Winner holding it one year receives 50% of next year's entrance money:

	Singles.	Doubles.		Singles.	Doubles.
Eberly	23	15—38	Ellis	17	11—28
Barlow	22	10—32	Weatherwax	14	8—22
Bringham	19	13—32	Johns	17	5—22
E A Kimball	22	11—33	Mason	19	14—33
Crozier	21	12—33	Weiler	21	12—33
Bell	17	10—27	Hope	20	14—34
Ware	26	13—39	MacLure	17	7—24
Cooper	23	16—39	George	14	15—29
Smith	14	w.	Van Zandt	14	11—25
Caeser	12	13—25	Denham	14	12—26
Dodge	17	12—29	Garrison	16	10—26
Minor	15	15—30			

Shoot-off for trophy, at 10 singles and 3 pairs:

T B Ware	0011101111 10 11 10—11	Cooper	0010010101 w.

No. 8, championship team contest, 3-men teams, 50 singles per man, known traps and angles, entrance $15 per team. First, solid silver tankard, value $350; second, 60 per cent.; third, 40 per cent. A $40 gold badge for highest individual score, donated by E. Barlow; also a number of merchandise prizes:

Ellis	44		Hope	42	
Denham	39		Warren	41	
Bingham	37	120	Ware	40	123
Crozier	37		McNaughton	41	
Garrison	39		Lanning	36	
E A Kimhall	38	114	Rowling	33	110
Eberley	42		Sweitzer	31	
Dodge	44		MacLure	39	
Barlow	45	131	Adams	40	110
Minor	43				
Weiler	34				
Johns	48	125			

Third Day, Saturday, June 16.

No. 9, 10 singles, entrance $1.50, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent, and a number of donated prizes of merchandise: Weiler 9, Eberly 8, Vining 9, Hughes 7, Ellis 9, Sweitzer 6, Barlow 8, Cooper 9, Minor 7, Pratt 8, Van Zandt 10, Denham 9. Munn 7, Crozier 10, Ware 10. C. H. Kimball 7, Lanning 5, Bringham 9, Doolittle 6, Fogg 5, Grigg 3, Dodge 9, Johns 8, Oregon 8, Cæser 4, Northover 8. Warren 9, J. Hardy 6, MacLure 10. Mason 7, Stansfield 8, George 5, E. A. Kimball 7, McNaughton 8, Hope 10, Adams 8, Robinson 7.

No. 10, E. A. Kimball's purse, $75 guaranteed, 15 singles, unknown trap and angle, entrance $3; first $30, second $22.50, third $15, fourth $7.50 and merchandise: O. H. Kimball 8, Eberley 14, Cooper 12, Barlow 14, Bringham 12, Dodge 11, Ware 12, MacLure 12, Vining 13, Ellis 13, Caeser 7, Crozier 12, Hope 13, Mason 11, Warren 10, Robinson 13, E. A. Kimball 14, Adams 11, Lanning 13, Weiler 13, Johns 15, Hughes 9, Northover 10. Doolittle 13, Oregon 9, Munn 9, Denham 12, Stanfield 11, Minor 13, Van Zandt 11, J. Hardy 13, Sweitzer 9, George 11, McNaughton 12, Pratt 13, Grigg 13, W. A. Hardy 7, Wallingford 12

No. 11, Parker gun contest, $140 guaranteed, 10 singles, entrance $3; first, Parker gun, $80 grade; second, cash $30; third, cash $20; fourth, cash $20 and merchandise: Hughes 7, E. A. Kimhall 10, Bingham 8, Ellis 10, Barlow 9, Eberley 8, Cooper 9, Dodge 7. Crozier 8, Cæsar 7, Weiler 10, Robinson 7, MacLure 10, O. H. Kimball 6, Hope 6, Ware 7, Mason 6, Doolittle 4, J. Hardy 8, Adams 9, Lanning 7, Vining 9, Minor 7, Johns 9, Warren 7, Munn 8, Oregon 9, George 4, Van Zandt 9, W. A. Hardy 5, Wallingford 9, Denham 8, Stansfield 9, Switzer 8, Grigg 7, McNaughton 7.

Shoot-off for gun:

E A Kimhall	1111111110—9	1110111111—9
Ellis	0111111111—9	1110111111—9
MacLure	1111111101—9	1011101111—8
Weiler	1111011111—9	1111111111—10

No. 12, 2-men team, 10 singles, unknown traps, entrance $5 per team, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., also merchandise, donated:

Mason	7	Crozier	7
Hope	8—15	Vining	5—12
Minor	8	W A Hardy	5
Weller	8—16	Robinson	8—13
Cooper	9	Johns	8
Ware	8—17	MacLure	7—15
Dodge	8	O H Kimhall	7
Ellis	7—15	E A Kimhall	4—11
Bringham	6	Barlow	9
Oregon	6—12	Eberley	8—17

No 3, 5 pairs, entrance $2, 40, 30, 20, 10 per cent, also merchandise donated: Warren 6. Mason 7, Snap 2, Doolittle 7, Minor 7, Wallingford 6, Robinson 5, Ellis 7, MacLure 6, Cæser 7. Weiler 8, Denham 6, Hughes 6, Ware 7, E. A. Kimhall 5, O. H. Kimhall 7, Dodge 8, Barlow 7, Eberley 7, Bringham 6, Cooper 5, Hope 7, Lanning 9, Stanfield 5, Grigg 3, Johns 7, George 3, Crozier 7, Northover 5.

No. 14, distribution of accrued money, the entire net profits of the tournament to be added to this purse $134. First cash, 30 per cent.; second, 25; third. 20; fourth, 15; fifth 10, also a long list of articles of merchandise. The amateur championship gold medal, donated by Selby Smelting & Lead Co., of San Francisco, will he shot for in this event.

Fifteen singles, known traps, unknown angles, entrance $1.50:

Doolittle	7	Hope	12	George	7
McNaughton	14	Mason	5	Grigg	7
Oregon	12	Ware	11	O H Kimhall	5
Ellis	7	Minor	13	Crozier	10
Eberley	13	Hughes	12	Munn	5
Barlow	9	MacLure	8	Garrison	10
Weiler	9	Kelsey	6	Pratt	12
Sweitzer	10	Cooper	11	Fife	4
Bingham	12	Van Zandt	9	Snap	9
Col Renfroe	2	Warren	9	Johns	13
Cæser	11	Denham	11	Burwell	10
Northover	8	Adams	9	Flanigan	5
Vining	11	Lanning	7	Robinson	13
J Hardy	5	Stansfield	4	Dodge	11
W Hardy	9	C A Kimhall	11	Young	11
Wallingford	10				

General average prizes; averages to count in events Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 14. Doubles in events No. 7 and 10 not to figure:

	Gun.	Gauge.	Powder.	Shot at.	Broke.	Winnnings.
T. B. Ware	Smith	2	W.	146	122	Gold Medal.
Dell Cooper	Parker	12	W.	146	115	$30
E. A. Kimhall.	Parker	12	E C.	146	113	$15.
E. Barlow	Smith	12	Blk.	146	111	Divided $10.
M. Hope				146	111	
W. A. Eberley.	Parker	12	Blk.	146	110	$5.
T. S. Bringham	Scott	12	W.	146	108	Merchandise.
Mr. Crozier	Parker	12	E.C.	146	107	Merchandise.
E. E. Ellis	Greener	12	Blk.	146	107	Merchandise.
Mr. Denham	Parker	12	S S.	146	106	Merchandise.
Mr. Van Zandt		12	W.	146	104	Merchandise.
C. W. Minor	Clabrough	12	Nitro	146	103	Merchandise.

NAT.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The following scores were made at the June medal shoot of the West Side Gun Club at Saginaw, Mich.: H. G Zschoerner won for the third consecutive time in the B class and carries off the first medal of the season. Scores: A class, L. Lee 23, A H. Delonjay 20, C. D. Keller 20, O. Mosier 17, J B Baum 15, L. Schafer 10, J. Willhite 4, J. Mason 21, Ed Carpenter 20, J. M. Brechtelsbauer 21, V. Kindler 15, F. Hunt 12, A Jones 7. B class, H. G. Zschoerner 22, C. F. Schoeneberg 19, J. O'Hare 19, F. Hagaman 16, C. L. Delonjay 14, E Bliss 14, William Brown 10, M. Berger 10. Van 9, F. Wiggins 8. C class, H. G. Krogman 16, Hohn 13, A. Freucbtel 12, H. Moiser 12, L H Herrig 8, W. Hart 7, C. H. Everett 4. Tie, L. Lee 11 out 12, H. G. Zschoerner 10 out of 12.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club's new club house will compare favorably with any in the country. Its dimensions are 50×24, two stories in height, the upper floor for dining room, kitchen, etc., the lower floor being divided into assembly room, cashier's office and coat room. There is a large cobblestone fireplace on each floor; and the hearth is made of brass cartridge heads set in cement with the club monogram worked in the center. The traps and trap house which face the north, are entirely out of sight, being covered entirely by the gradual upward slope of the ground. Thus the targets to all appearances spring from the grass. The background is sky and water.

In a recent shoot between teams of six men each from the Forester, Highland and West End gun clubs, shot at Moline, Iowa, the Foresters broke 119, Highlands 105 and West Ends 100. Each theam shot at 150 targets.

At the June medal shoot of the Leavenworth (Kan.) Gun Club M. Przybylowicz, Jr., won on a clean score, including his handicap. Harper broke 23, McElroy 20, Porter 21, Gunn 20, Goff 15, Hawn 13, Schmelzer 12, Brown 17, Thomas 14 and Rollins 19.

In the first of a series of matches between the Wellington and Odessa gun clubs shot at Wellington, Wellington broke 185 to Odessa's 151. The teams comprised ten men each and each team shot at 251 targets.

At the June shoot of the Pueblo (Col.) Gun Club for the Otero meda at 10 known singles, 5 unknown singles and 5 pairs, D. Ramsey won with 22 breaks, J. M. Killen scored 17, L. G. Stone 10, G. W. Willeford 17, John Harmer 15 and C. F. Sherman 15.

Harvey McMurchy's score of 98 out of 100 made on the Syracuse Gun Club grounds on June 23 is the record for the grounds. His last 84 were broken straight.

At the fifth shoot of the Baltimore Gun Club on June 23 the scores were: Hall 25, Tabbatt 20. Malone 18. Cautler 24, 18, Jack 17, 16, Vance 17, 16, Coe 14, 16, Lintbicum 11, 13, Fox 23, 16, Greener 20, 18, 21. Brown 14, 16, 17. A new handicap will be used this month and in August.

Next Thursday will be Newark Gun Club day at Erh's shooting grounds and it is hoped that there will be a good attendance.

Teams of six men each from the Sutton (Neb.) and Geneva (Neb.) gun clubs shot at 15 targets per man at Sutton recently, the scores being Sutton 62, Geneva 57. A high wind bothered the shooters.

The newly formed Galion (Ohio) Gun Club, is officered as follows: Pres., E. Flickinger; Vice-Pres., H. G. Hopkins; Sec'y, W. R. Cooley; Treas , Wm. Kopp.

At the June shoot of the Stock Yard Gun Club at Kansas City, a class medal was won hy Carmean, on 9 kills; B class medal went to Mills, on 8 kills.

Have you procured a copy of our "Ready Reckoner?" If not send 25 cents for a copy.

The "Ready Reckoner" saves lots of time at club shoots, etc.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

SIXTH INTERSTATE.

ELWOOD, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The sixth tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, given under the auspices of the Elwood Gun Club, at Elwood, Ind., June 27 and 28, was quite a success. Many of the noted crack shots were present and took part in all the events.

Elwood is a city of some 10.000 inhabitants, situated 161 miles south of Chicago, and 137 miles north of Cincinnati It is the greatest natural gas city in the world, and enjoys the distinction of being the first city in the United States to manufacture tin plate. Numerous large glass plants have also been erected, prominent among them being Macbeth's pearl top lead glass factory, diamond plate glass factory and McCloy's chimney factory. Elwood is up to the times in having electric lights, electric street cars, paid fire department, uniformed police, paved streets and modern improvements.

The grounds of the Elwood Gun Club are located within the city limits and are within ten minutes' walk of the center of the city. The club house is erected on the edge of a shady grove facing a clearing of some 200 acres. The traps face nôrtheast, and the background is among the best. During the tournament the Gun Club had a line of hacks running from the city, which carried all who wished to ride for the sum of five cents each way. The Gun Club has been in existence but one year and it is in a very flourishing condition. All details were carefully attended to, and the Elwood Gun Club, together with the Interstate Association, deserve great credit for giving a tournament in this section of the country, as it is bound to give trap-shooting quite a boom. Manager Elmer E. Shaner had quite a number of requests from shooters present to have the Interstate Association give tournaments in near-by cities, but of course these requests could not be complied with, as the Association's circuit is complete for the season of 1894.

The first day of the tournament Keystone targets were used, and the second day bluerocks were used. Both targets gave good satisfaction.

Following are the scores:

No. 1, 15 targets, $1 entry:

Hicks..........111110111111001—12	Slow..........111101001000110— 8
Skinner........111101101101111—12	Girton..........011100001011001— 7
Young..........111111111111111—15	L M Whistler...010011100110010— 7
Merrill..........111111111111111—15	C C Hiatt.......111100000101011— 8
White..........011111110101101—11	J C Whistler....111011010011101—10
Rike............101011110111110—11	Livengood......110110000110111— 9
Anthony........101111101011110—11	Robinson.......110110101011111—11
Snyder.........110110101011111—11	Partington......101011101111111—12
Thomas.........101010110111111—11	Fugate..........111001111101110—11
Elliott..........100101011000011— 7	Cad.............010111111111111—13
Moynihan.......001101011101110— 9	Fleming........011000110001101— 7
Reed............100110011101111—10	Griffith.........001010101111010— 8

No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50 entry:

Heikes..........011111111111111—14	Moynihan......111101101100001— 9
Skinner.........111111111101111—14	Hobbs..........101111111111101—13
Young..........111111110111111—14	Fleming........111110011110101—11
Merrill..........111111111111111—15	Cadwalader....111101111111110—13
Rike............111111011111111—14	Partington......111110101111110—12
White..........111010110110011—10	Fugate..........010110110111111—11
Anthony........111111111111111—15	Girton..........001011111001110— 9
Snyder.........101111111110111—13	L M Whistler...110111100100110— 9
Thomas.........111011111111110—13	J C Whistler...101110111011101—11
Rigdon.........110100110101000— 7	Robinson.......110111111001111—13
Bireley.........001100110111010— 8	Livingood......111111011111111—14
Elliott..........111011111111111—14	Slow...........111011110001101—10
Reed............101111101111110—12	Griffith.........101111111111101—13
Hiatt...........111111111111111—15	

No. 3, 20 targets, $2 entry, $15 added:

Heikes.....11111111110111111111—19	Fugate....11110111101100111110—15
Skinner....01011011111111011111—16	J Whistler.11111110111111111111—19
Young.....11111110101011111111—17	Hiatt......11011110101001010111—13
Merrill.....10011001111111111111—16	Reed......01010101011010100011—10
White......11111111110111101101—17	Livingood.11010111111111111101—17
Rike.......11111011111101101111—17	Robinson..11100001001111100100—10
Anthony...11011011111111011110—16	Bireley....01010100100101001000— 7
Snyder.....11111111001111111101—17	Griffeth...01011110001011011111—13
Thomas....11111011000010111101—13	L Whistler00110110010110101110—11
Elliott.....11111100100111011111—15	Rigdon....01100000000111100110— 8
Fleming...11011110101110101110—14	Moynihan..11111101001101110100—13
Cadwal-ader.....10111111111011011111—17	Slow.......11111111111001100011—14
	Hobbs.....10011001001110110111—12
Partington01000011010110011101—10	

No. 4, 15 targets, $1.50 entry, $10 added:

Heikes.........111111010101110—11	Hiatt...........101110111001110—10
Skinner........110011111101011—11	J C Whistler...111111111101110—14
Young..........111111111110111—14	Flemming......101011111111001—11
Merrill.........111111111101111—14	Partington.....111110111111101—13
Rike...........111101111111111 14	Cadwalader....101111111111011—13
White..........111111111111001—13	Robinson......011101111110001—10
Anthony........110111111111101—13	Livingood......111111001111111—13
Snyder.........110111110111111—13	Slow...........111011101011110—11
Thomas........001101111111011—11	Reed...........001111010011101— 9
Elliott..........101111100111111—12	Girton.........001011101110010— 8
Fugate.........100101111110110—10	

No. 5, 20 targets, $2 entry, $15 added:

Heikes.....11110111111111111111—19	Cadwal'der11111111011111110101—17
Skinner....11110101111101111110—16	Robinson..11110111110011111111—17
Young.....10111111111111011111—18	Hiatt......11110011111111010100—14
Merrill.....11101101111111110111—17	Hobbs.... 11111011110110111111—17
White......11111111111111111111—20	JCWhistler11101011101110110010—13
Rike.......11111111111111111111—20	Bireley....10101001011000101011—10
Anthony...11111111111111111111—20	Fleming...11111101011101101100—14
Snyder....01111111010110101110—14	Partington 11111011111111111111—19
Thomas....10111111111110111010—17	Rigdon....11110111010101111100—14
Elliott.....10110110111111011111—16	Fugate....10001001111111111000—12
Slow.......11011101110111111110—16	Reed......01101111111111111111—18
Griffith....10110111111111101111—17	Du Bray...00111010111111111111—16
Livingood.11111111110110011111—17	

No. 6, 20 targets, $2 entry, $15 added:

Heikes....11011111110011011111—16	Fleming...01100101011011110101—12
Skinner....10111011111011101110—15	Livingood..10101001111111111111—16
Young.....11111111111110111111—19	Partington 11111101100110111101—15
Merrill.....11110111110111111011—17	Robinson..10010010101110111101—12
Rike.......11111110100110111010—15	Cadwal'der10101111111001001010—12
White......11101110111111111111—18	Hiatt......01111110011111111000—14
Anthony...1110101110111 110111—16	J Whistler.01110011011011010100—11
Snyder....11111111110001101100—14	DuBray....10111111110111110101—16
Thomas....11100011010111111000—12	Fugate....11101100111001111101—14
Elliott.....01111011001010111111—14	Reed......11110101110011001111—14

No. 7, 15 targets, $1.50 entry, $10 added:

Heikes.........111111111101110—13	Livingood......100111111001000— 8
Skinner........101110110110111—11	J C Whistler....101011111110011—11
Young..........011111110001110—10	Du Bray........111111110111101—13
Merrill.........011111101101110—11	Cadwalader....111111111011101—13
Rike...........110111111101111—13	Partington......111111111001011—12
White..........110101110111111—12	Robinson.......000110110101111— 9
Anthony........001011101111111—11	Hiatt...........001111111111110—12
Snyder.........101100101111111—11	Griffith.........111111111011101—13
Thomas........101010110111111—11	Bireley.........110000000101000— 4
Elliott.........110111101111001—11	Maddox........010110111000011— 6
Rigdon.........011101100111111—11	Fugate.........100010101001111— 9
Hobbs..........100101011111111—11	Reed...........111100110011100— 9
Fleming........111000100001111— 8	Girton.........011000000011100— 5

No. 8, 15 targets, $1.50 entry, $10 added:

Heikes.........111111111111111—15	DuBray........110101011011111—11
Skinner........111111111111111—15	Hobbs.........001011011110011— 9
Young..........111111111111111—15	Fugate........101111111111111—14
Merrill.........111111111111111—15	Hiatt..........111101111111000—11
Rike...........111111111111110—14	Fleming.......011111111011101—12
B White........101111101111111—13	J P Whistler...111101111111101—13
Anthony........111111111011111—14	L M Whistler..000111001111011— 9
Snyder.........101111111011111—13	Rigdon........111110111111111—14
Thomas........011111010111100—10	Reed..........000111010000000— 4
Elliott.........110111001111111—12	Robinson......010101111100011— 9
Cadwalader....101111011111101—12	Livingood.....110111101111111—13
Partington.....101111111111101—13	Griffith........110111010111011—11

No. 9, 20 targets, $2 entry, $15 added:

Heikes....11111011101111111111—18	Cadwal'der01111000101111100010—11
Skinner...11111111100001001111—14	DuBray....11101110011101011011—14
Young.....11111011111101101111—17	Hiatt......11100010010110111111—13
Merrill.....11111111101111101101—17	J Whistler.11101101111111110011—16
White......01111101110101011110—14	Livingood.01111111111111111001—17
Rike.......11101111001101111111—16	Fleming...11111110100000011111—13
Anthony...11011110011011111111—16	Fugate....01001101111111101010—13
Snyder....11011001001011101010—11	Robinson..01010010111101010010—10
Thomas...01110010111110110101—13	Griffith....01111101011111101110—15
Partington 11101011111101011011—16	Moynihan.00001000011010110010— 7
Elliott.....01110010110111110011—13	Reed......01110000010001001000— 6

No. 10, 15 targets, $1.50 entry, $10 added:

Heikes.........111101111111110—13	Elliott..........111111011011101—12
Skinner........111011110001101—10	Du Bray........011101110011101—10
Young.........111111001101101—11	Rigdon.........111000011110100— 8
Merrill.........010111011111111—12	Livingood......010111111111111—13
White..........010111011111111—12	Fugate.........111010111111001—11
Rike...........011111010111111- -12	Fleming........111111110011111—13
Anthony.......111101111110111—13	Hiatt...........011010111101110—10
Snyder.........111100111011110 -11	J C Whistler...110011000001011— 7
Thomas........111111010111001—11	Griffith........111101011111111—13
Partington.....110111101111011—12	Robinson......100111001111111—11
Hobbs..........110110111111001—11	Reed..........010100000000111— 5
Cadwalader....111100111111111—13	Maddox.......001101101110100— 8

No. 1, 15 targets, $1 50 entry:

Stevens........101101111110110—11	Du Bray........011111101111011—12
Young.........101111111111011—13	Thomas........001011001111101— 9
Merrill.........101110101111011—11	Cadwalader....101111111011111—13
Heikes.........101101100011111—10	Fleming........011101111010111—11
White.........111011111111011—13	Elliott.........110110111001111—11
Rike...........111111111111000—12	Livingood......110111111111111—14
Snyder........011100111111111—12	W Thomas.....101010011101001— 8
Anthony.......111011110011111—12	Girton.........010111101010011— 9

No. 2, same conditions:

Skinner........111101111111111—14	Furgeson.......100111011011011—10
Young.........101101111111111—13	Reed...........011110101111111—12
Merrill.........101111111111111—14	Cadwalader....111101111111111—14
Heikes.........111111111111100—13	Winchester.....100001110110010— 7
Rike...........111111111111111—15	Elliott.........111110111111111—14
White.........111111111111011—14	Fleming........101101111111110—12
Snyder........110100111011111—11	Livingood......111111111111111—15
Anthony.......010111111111111—13	Girton.........011101101101011—10
Thomas........010011111111100—10	C Thomas......010110101011111—10
Wilson.........010110110101100— 8	Sutton.........100101011111000— 8
DuBray........101111001110111—11	

No. 3, 20 targets, $2 entry, $15 added:

Young....11111100101111101110—15	DrThomas 01011100010110101110—11
Merrill....01011111011010101111—14	Elliott.....10011010111011000111—12
Heikes....11111010110111101110—15	Livingood.01111111010111011111—16
Rike......11101111001101111110—15	Furgeson..00010110110010010000— 7
Skinner...01100110011111111001—13	Cadwal'd'r 11001110110111111100—14
White.....11111111110111101110—17	Richmond.11101100010001111111—13
Snyder....00110010110110111111—13	Reed......11001110111001100001—11
Anthony...00111011111110011001—13	Persons...00100011100111110010 - 10
Thomas....11001110110111011011—15	Girton.....11111001111001001011—13
DuBray...10111011111111101011—16	Fleming...01110100100010110000— 8
Wilson....00000110011001100011— 8	Sutton.....00101111100100001111—11

No. 4, 15 targets, $1.50 entry, $10 added:

Young.........111111111101011—13	Wilson........011110011011101—10
Merrill.........111111111001011—12	Elliott.........011111111111110—13
Heikes.........111110101111111—13	Cadwalader....111110101011111—12
Rike...........111111111111110—14	Livingood......111111111111111—15
Skinner........011101100110110— 9	Richmond......111001100110111—10
White..........110111110011111—12	Fleming........111111010111111—13
Snyder.........101110101110010—10	Furgeson.......011111010111111—12
Anthony.......011111111010110—11	Persons........010010011011110— 8
Thomas........010011110001101— 8	Winchester.....000000111001100— 5
DuBray........101111111111110—13	

No. 5, 20 targets, $2 entry $15 added:

Young.....11110111101111111111—18	Dr Thomas01101001010111110110—12
Merrill.....11111111101110111110—17	Wilson.....11010110101110111011—14
Heikes....11011111111111111111—19	Fleming...11101111111111111111—19
Skinner....11111111111111111111—20	Livingood.11111011111111111110—18
Rike.......01111111001111111111—17	Cadwalad'r10111110101100011100—12
White.... .11111111111111111011—19	Elliott.....00110111111111111011—15
Snyder....10101111101011111111—15	Furgeson..11110110111011111111—17
Anthony...11111011111111101000—15	Apperson..11110110011111010110 -14
Thomas....11111101111101101111—17	Reed......10011010100110001111—11
C Thomas..11010000101110011011—10	Richmond.10111011111111011001 -15
DuBray....10111101111111001100—14	Persons...10111000111101111110 —14

No. 6, 20 targets, $2 entry, $15 added:

Young.....11110100111111111111—17	Anthony...10110110111111111110—16
Merrill.....11011111111111111111—19	Thomas....11110101111011101011—15
Heikes.....11111111111111111111—20	Livingood .11111111110111111010—17
Rike.......11101111001101110111 —15	Cadwal'der01011101001111111011—14
Skinner....01011111111011111111—17	Wilson.....11110101001001111011—13
White......11001111110111101111—16	Du Bray...10111111111111111111 -19
Snyder....11011111100001110011—13	Griffith....11111010101111111111—17

No. 7, 15 targets, $1 50 entry, $10 added:

Young.........111101111101111—13	Persons........110011011010000— 7
Merrill.........011111110101111—12	Furgeson.......001111111111101—12
Heikes.........111111111111111—15	C Thomas......110101010110010— 8
Skinner........101011001001111— 9	Du Bray........010110111101111—11
Rike...........011111110110110—11	Livingood......111100111101111—12
White..........001111111111111—13	Griffith........111101111111111—14
Snyder.........110111001100011 - 9	Cadwalader....000111111101011—10
Anthony.......100101111111110—11	Wilson.........100100110101010— 7
Thomas........101101110111111—12	

No. 8, 15 targets, $1 50 entry, $10 added:

Young.........101111111111111—14	Dr Thomas.....001010110111110— 9
Merrill.........111111011111111—14	Persons........000000010100010— 3
Heikes.........111111111111111—15	Reed...........101100111000100— 7
Skinner........101111111101111- 13	Furgeson.......101001111110100— 9
Rike...........111111111111110—14	Cadwalader.... 011100011001000— 6
White..........111111111111111—15	Wilson.........101110111111110—12
Snyder.........101100111101011—10	Richmond......110111001101111—11
Anthony.......110111011111110—12	Livingood......011101111011110—11
Thomas........111011110001011—11	DuBray........101101111111111—13
Fleming........111111001111101—12	Griffith........111110111011011—12

No. 9, 20 targets, $2 entry $20 added:

Young.....011.1111110111111101—17	Furgeson ..11110101111101111110—16
Merrill.....11110111111111111110—18	Fleming...11111100111001111110—15
Heikes.....11111111111111101011—18	Cadwal'd'r 11111111001111111110—17
Rike.......10011111111111111010—16	Wilson....01011111010111101111—15
White.....11111101010111111111—17	DrThomas.01110100011101010011 —11
Livingood..11110111111111101011—17	DuBray....11111111111101111110—18
Snyder....11001011011011100110—12	Griffith....11111011111011111101—17
Anthony...11111111110110111101—17	Reed......11000011000100010011— 8
Thomas...11101100101101011101—13	

No. 10, 15 targets. $1.50 entry, $10 added:

Young.........111111111111111—15	Wilson.........101101101110111—11
Merrill.........111111110011010—11	Furgeson.......011111110111001—11
Heikes.........111110111111011—13	DuBray.........111100101111011—11
Rike...........101011111110101—11	Cadwalader....111110111011111—13
Livingood......111110111111101—13	White..........110111111011111—13
Skinner........011110110010111—10	Griffith........111011110111001—11
Snyder.........011110001011011— 9	Reed...........011111010110101—10
Anthony.......111011111111101—13	

Trap at San Antonio.

THE San Antonio Club's regular weekly shoot took place at Lake view on June 24 as follows:

No. 1, 10 singles and 2 pairs: McCormack 9, Rothwell 14, France 11, Smith 10, Thiele 9, Tendick 14, Frank 8.

No. 2, 8 pairs: Phillips 7, Rothwell 5, Thiele 12, Shields 5, Tendick 6, McCormack 10, Rahmstorf 8, Frank 11, Samuels 6, Vollbrecht 5, France 6, Cann 5, Grossmann 12.

No. 3, 15 singles. Tendick 12, Rothwell 13, McCormack 11, France 12, Cann 6, Rahmstorf 7

No. 4, trophy shoot, 20 singles and 5 pairs:

Thiele	01011111101100111111	11 10 11 11 10—23
Smith	11001011001111111111	10 00 00 10 00—17
McCormack	11011111010011111111	10 10 10 11 11—23
Tendick	11011111101111111111	00 10 10 00 10—21
Grossman	01010000100110000010	10 11 00 10 10—11
Phillips	11111001010100111101	10 10 10 01 10—18
Rothwell	11101111011111111111	11 10 11 00 00—23
Frank	01000111001111110001	10 10 10 10 11—17
Biesenhach	11000100000010111011	00 10 10 10 11—14
Vollbrecht	11001001111011001111	00 00 00 11 10—16
Wagenfuhr	01111111011111011111	01 00 11 10 01—22
France	10101011110111011011	11 11 10 10 10—21
Shields	11101011011001111001	11 00 10 10 00—17
Cann	01100110111110000010	00 10 10 10 10—14
Simpson	11110101110100011111	11 00 00 00 00—16
Samuels	11110111111011110111	10 10 01 11 11—24
Barr	11111010111110110111	11 00 10 11 01—22

Samuels wins first place in class A and Wagenfuhr wins first place in class B.

No. 5, 15 singles, team shoot:

McCormack (captain)....... 9	Thiele (captain)..............10
Rothwell......................15	Samuels.......................14
France 9	Barr............................10
Tendick...................... 6	Biesenhach....................11
Phillips......................11	Shields.........................10
Vollbrecht....................11	Simpson 9
Smith.........................10	Frank.......................... 8
Grossmann...............10—80	Cann......................11—83

O. C. G.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., June 24.—With interest decidedly lagging, seven of the brave members of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club managed to shake off their lethargy sufficiently to attend the medal shoot to-day. After a few "practice" shots, the following scores were made, with the conditions as usual—15 singles, known traps and angles, 16 and 18yds. rise:

Class A.

Robt Rogers....101101110111110—11	H A Stephens...101011111101010—10
J P Menard.....111111111101110—13	J T Sawhill.....111111101110111—13

Class B.

F Cowee.........010010110010011— 7	F P Kern........001110111111110—11
F H Woody.....100010101101110— 8	

Class A shoot-off of ties for gold medal:

J P Menard................11111—5 J T Sawbill................11110—4

WILL. CAVE, Sec'y.

Weekly shoots at live birds or targets, are held at Charles Zwirlein roadhouse, at Yardville, N. J.

Trap at Baltimore.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md., June 27.—One of the gamest and most interesting contests ever seen in Baltimore was shot to-day, June 27, between E C. Hall, of the Baltimore Gun Club, and C. E. Bonday, of the Standard Gun Club, both of this city. The terms of the contest were 100 bluerocks per man, known traps and unknown angles, $50 a side. Notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather nearly 200 spectaters, many of them ladies, journeyed out to the new grounds of the Baltimore Gun Club, near Halstead's, where Field Marshal Malone had the traps in position, and not once during the match was there a hitch in their manipulation.

Some desultory shooting was done before the two principals got together, this took place at 4:30 P. M., Hall leading off; the first 25 showed some effects of nervousness on the part of both men, the score being a tie on 20 On the second quarter Hall braced up and smashed out 24, while Bonday fell off to 17, practically losing the match right then and there, though on the next 50 he shot a game up-hill race, pounding out 47. The great lead given Hall by the tremendous drop in the second round was too great to be overcome, even though Hall dropped 4 in his last 25, and the match went to him on the great score of 90 out of 100.

Mr. Bonday's score of 82 was considerably under his general average, and there is this much of an excuse for his defeat—that he was compelled to use a strange gun, his own Greener having a hammer broken just previous to the match. Under any circumstances his defeat was no discredit, for Hall has been shooting a 95 per cent. gait at this game as above given, and at the present writing he is without doubt the finest trap shot in the State.

Both men shot Greener guns, Hall's a Crown grade ejector, known among his friends as the "Pulverizer," Bonday's a "Facile Princeps."

Both men are quiet, unassuming gentlemen, and it was a pleasure to note the manner in which Mr. Bonday accepted his defeat, and the modest way in which Mr. Hall bore away the palm of victory. The whole affair was an object lesson as to the way a modern contest of this kind can be arranged. Score follows:

Hall	1111111011001110101111111—20
	1111111111011111111111111—24
	1111111111111111111111111—25
	1110111111111111110110011—21—90
Bonday	1101111110111011111011110—20
	1010111010111101101101110—17
	1101111111111111111111110—23
	1111111111101110111111011—22—82

SAMUEL J. FORT, M.D.

Dexter Park Club Matches.

Emerald Gun Club, June 19, 10 live birds, class H, American Association rules:

J Moore.............1121112101— 9	H Fessenden........2210112111— 9
M Quinn.............1212021111 – 9	T Place.............0220122100— 6
J Hodge.............2210222202— 9	C Measel............2012201021— 7
G Newark...........2122000112— 7	C Stitzel............1212201111— 9
P Butz...............1212122112—10	H Than..............1211201210— 8
Dr Hudson..........1022122012— 8	W Maesel............1220211222— 9
J Wolfe..............2112112122—10	T Cody..............2220121022— 8
R Ryan..............1222121212—10	T Short..............1211221110— 9
E Doeinck...........1111011021— 9	T Russell............0122111021— 8
J H Voss............2212222212—10	M Herring...........2111101112— 9
L Blots..............1212121222—10	R Saunderson.......1212210002— 7
C W Floyd..........2112222222—10	

N. Y. German Gun Club, June 20, 8 live birds:

P Garns Jr...........10200212—5	G Smith..............12011212—7
M Bondon............21021000—4	J Greitner............21001001—4
A Schmidt............01001202—4	B Dannerfelser.......22120211—7
J Frazer..............12111102—7	J Welbrock...........11202102—6
H Nohle..............20122121—7	G Edwards...........00122200—4
C Stratman..........01000121—4	J Pye.................11121211—8
G Schreke............00000002—1	W Klein..............10210120—5
C Rysch..............21222112—8	H Thomford..........02002011—4
J Steurnagle.........01002222—5	J Schlicht............02111222—7
W Miller..............11111011—7	H Lucus..............20012101—5
J Bonnecker.........01110011—5	F Kronsberg.........01112111—7
Dr Hudson...........02121121—7	J Radle...............00100010—2
F Santor.............00121111—6	J Huff................21210112—7

In shoot-off Rysch won first medal; Pye second.

Down Town Gun Club, June 21, 10 live birds, Long Island rules, gun below elbow:

A Goetz.............1010111201—7	J Huff...............1010111222—8
H Fajen.............0010102120—5	H Moller............1111110020—7
P Schmenger.......1101000001—4	H Kopla............0110000211—5
W Joss..............0010111001—5	H Long.............0111111000—6
Johders.............0110112021—7	C Wolff.............0010000200—2
H Zahn.............0011120210—5	

Shooting at Willard's Park.

THERE was disappointment meted out to those who visited Willard's Park, Paterson, N. J., on June 26, to see the shooting of the final match in the season between the Morristown and Paterson gun clubs, the Morristown contingent failing to materialize. There were several members on hand, however, and these indulged in a little live bird and target shooting in order to amuse the spectators. The first event was at 7 live birds, $5 entry, handicap rise, 50yds. boundary, two moneys. Morgan and George stood at 28yds., the others at 30yds. The scores:

Brewer...............2222222—7	Morgan...............1022012—5
Hopper...............1112021—6	Morfey...............•222252—6
Wright...............1222122—7	George...............1210121—6

Event No. 2, at 25 targets, $1.50 entry:

Brewer	1111110101111110111101101—20
Morfey	1111111111111100001011110—19
Wright	1010010011111001011001011—14
Hopper	0101011101111100110000111—20
George	0010110101111011110000010—18
Bunn	0000100101000101010000011—12
Morgan	0100101001001000010101111—17
Donnelly	0101100111111011001010011—20

Event No. 3, same:

Brewer	1010111111111011111111100—20
Morfey	1011110110110111101111110—19
Wright	0011111111110011010111110—18
Hopper	0011000000101101100001101—14
George	0100001001100101101101010—16
Morgan	0101111101101111001011011—23
Donnelly	0011010001000100111001101—16

Live Birds at Manaplan.

EVERY once in a while, sometimes oftener, the trap-shooters of Monmouth county, N. J., get together at Manaplan, just below Freehold and spend a few hours shooting at live pigeons. One of these gatherings took place on June 27, when there were nearly a dozen shooters on the ground, including J. Van Brackle, of Mattawan, and Messrs. Laird, Davis and Atkinson of Freehold. The birds were a good lot, having been picked at random about the neighborhood and none of the contestants succeeded in keeping their records clear for the day. The first four events were "Jersey sweeps" at 4 birds each, $3 entry; No. 5 being a $2 miss-and-out. The results:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No 4.	No. 5
Vandeveer	00w	2112—4	2210—3	0111—3	10
Davis	0112—3	1111—4	1110—3	2122—4	111
Atkinson	2222—4	2011—3	1021—3	1111—4	10
Van Brackle	100•—2	1111—4	2101—3	....	121
Hart	0121—3	1201—3	1122—4	1111—4	111
Gravatt	100w	20•2—2	....	....	...
Davidson	1122—4	00w	020w	....	0
Laird	001w	....	....	....	...
Dey		00w	1111—4	1010—2	...

Calumet Heights Diamond Medal.

CHICAGO, June 23.—Scores of the diamond medal contest of the Calumet Heights Gun Club shoot No. 9:

Class A.

Booth	01111111111111011111011111110101011111—33
Paterson	11010111111111111111100111000110101111 0—30
Lamphere	10111101111111011110111111111110111011—34
J T Hall	11101010100101011010111111001111001101 01—27
W Ixbell	1010010101001010111010100111000010001101—19
Marshall	1101001111101101011110111001111110110001—27

Class B.

Carlisle	1010011111111010110110100011000000011100—21
Hodson	0001001000010110100101100011111101110010—19
George	1000011000111001000011101101101111111000—21

Class C.

Battelle	1100100100001010000111111000110010010011—18
Davis	1011010110100101010010010101110110001000—19
Metcalf	1001110111101101011010110110011011000111—25

The following scores out of a possible 25 each were made at the shoot of the Diamond Gun Club, of Greene, Me , on June 20: Herbert Ray 22, L. E. Wright 21, Charles Greenwood 21, H. Blaisdel 19, E. Richardson 22, C. Abbott 16, A. Greenwood 20, G. Parker 19, E. Furbush 15, N. Taylor 12, F. A. Mower 22.

AMONG SOUTHERN TRAP CLUBS.

With the Greensboro Gun Club.

IT was an extremely hot day on which we reached Greensboro, N. C., to fulfill a long-standing promise to visit the Greensboro Gun Club. Some of the members were out of town and others were too busy to leave their business for a shoot, so that none but the "old reliables" were met on the ground. Among these was Captain Charles Berkeley, superintendent of the Greensboro to Charlotte Division of the R. & D. Road. The grounds of the club are situated in a picturesque spot about two miles from the town proper and are considered extremely hard grounds. To the right, left and rear are heavy woods and in the foreground are the inclosed grounds of the Charlotte Base Ball Club. The gun club has a house for the storage of its equipment, but has no shooting house. A loading table is built near the storehouse. The grounds with the woods immediately in rear are admirably adapted for a picnic shoot, and some of the members propose arranging such an affair, to be held some time before the dates for the Interstate shoot, to be held there Sept. 19 and 20. This will have a tendency to awaken a renewed interest in the club and its work and insure a big attendance of spectators at the September tournament.

The club does all its regular shooting from five known traps, unknown angles and the targets are thrown extremely hard. The traps are of the expert pattern with North's electric pull, and are protected by a heavy screen extending the entire length of the line. The first event was at 10 targets, known angles, Gilmer breaking 8, Jordan 7, Berkeley 4 and Garsed 2. No. 2 was at 15 bluerocks, unknown angles, in which the scores were Jordan 12, Gilmer 11, Gleem 8, Berkeley 7 and Garsed 4. The next was at 10 targets, unknown angles: Gilmer 8, Glenn 6, Jordan 6, Berkeley 5 and Garsed 2. The final result was at 5 pairs, the result being Berkeley 6, Gilmer 6 and Glenn 3. By the time this event was finished the light was fading, and all bands packed their kits and started for home and supper. In the evening we met quite a number of the club members, among them being W. F. Joyce, formerly proprietor of the Greensboro Kennels; C. W. Tate, whose duties as a revenue officer have caused him to lay aside his trap gun, and Garland Daniels, target champion of North Carolina. Pressure of business has compelled this trio to give up trap work and the club is still further weakened by the removal from town of J. Livingston Lee and the death of J. R. Tate.

The Lynchburg Gun Club.

R. Stockton Terry, president of the Lynchburg Gun Club, has a war and civil history that would fill a large volume. In his day Mr. Terry has owned some of the finest of field dogs, has been and still is one of the best field and trap shots in the State; bears the distinction of having been Col. Mosby's commander during the Civil War; is the friend of every man, woman and child in Lynchburg, and at the trap has a position that is all grace and ease. At the depot we were met by James M. Cleland, whom we had the pleasure of meeting at Knoxville. Here we also met T. F. Nelson, one of the town's most prominent tobacco merchants, and Wm. W. Dornin, crack shot, hale fellow well met, and an all-around sportsman of the genuine Virginia type. Dornin is captain of the gun club and one of its most reliable members, as well as its prime hustler. Soon after we met B. G. Empie, another genial companion and a rattling good shot. C. W. Scott was another one to extend a cordial greeting to FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Scott is a partner in one of the city's big dry goods houses, and shoots purely for the sport he derives from it.

About 3 o'clock we started for the shooting grounds in the family conveyance of Mr. Dornin, and half an hour later hurriedly sprang for the shelter of the club house verandah to escape a sudden downpour of rain. Other members had preceded us, and lolling about under the trees were the colored trappers.

The grounds, comprising three acres, are situated about three miles from the city, adjoining Rivermont Park, and are without exception the most attractive and best equipped of any we have ever visited. The house, with its 30×18 room, one story in height, is provided with a 12ft. wide verandah running its entire length, and is a handsome structure within and without. At one end is a dressing room, with members' lockers and toilet utensils. The main room is ceiled and sided with 3in spruce, and the walls are ornamented with mounted animals and birds, skins and other trophies of the chase.

To the shooter, however, the most attractive feature is the arrangement of the traps, etc The traps of the approved bluerock expert pattern are five in number, and the trappers are protected by a screen of ⅛in steel, 36in. high and extending across the line of traps. The traps are firmly and permanently secured to a heavy block of 4in. oak, this in turn being bolted (with two U bolts) to a flat stone 24in. square and 3in. thick, making the traps perfectly rigid. The shooters face toward the east-southeast, and at each firing point is a stone 2ft. square. The North electric pull is used, and by an ingenious system of piping the entire outfit, except the keyboard, is continuously in place. Steel box covers are provided for the traps and one for the battery bench and stand. The wires all run through piping and are so arranged that no moisture can affect them. Instead of stretching a rope to keep spectators from encroaching upon the shooters they have a chain fence extending entirely all score line and traps. The club also has a 30×15 fly which they pitch in rear of the score line when a large party is present, this tent being provided with three portable gun racks and tables.

The view from the grounds is a magnificent one, and would that we wielded the pen of an artist in order to do justice to the scenery, especially on this afternoon with its constant recurring from light to shadow, when the clouds would break and the sun peep forth for an instant a fleeting glimpse could be had of the famous Peaks of Otter, but no sooner did one succeed in getting their proper location than they would disappear in a haze.

Owing to the fact that the Hardware Association held its annual reunion at Richmond on this day the number of shooters was lessened by half a dozen, but still there were enough on the grounds to have an extremely pleasant time. Among them was W. L. Moormau, one of the city's leading business men, who with his 278lbs. weight is still as active and supple as a boy. There was also General J. Holmes Smith, a partner of Mr. Nelson, who shoots a winning gait despite the handicap of having to use a left arm that was badly shattered by a shell during the late war. T. F. Stearns, cashier of the Traders' Bank, was another of the shooters. Still another was State Senator R. L. Miller with a once-heard-never-to-be-forgotten 10-bore gun and 3½drs. of nitro powder, the recoil of which sadly shook the petite Freuch fencing professor who was persuaded to try "just one shot."

The shooting was rather intermittent at first owing to a number of heavy dashes of rain, but about 4:30 it cleared up and business was begun in earnest. Withiu an hour after the sun appeared there were fully a hundred visitors on the grounds, at least one-fourth of them being ladies, who were deeply interested in the sport. On clear days, we were informed, there are frequently from 200 to 300 spectators on the grounds, and almost a majority of ladies can be counted upon. This club has an iron-clad rule prohibiting the shooting of sweepstakes on their grounds, and in consequence no element of gambling can be introduced.

The first event was at 25 targets, for practice, known and unknown angles. Unknown angles, Terry 21, Empie 20, Nelson 19, Dornin 18, Cleland 16, Moorman 14; known angles: Nelson 24, Stearns 18, Cleland 16, Scott 15, Smith 15, Miller 14.

Then came the contest for the "Silverthorne medal" at 9 singles and 3 pairs. A member who has won this medal more than once is thereafter obliged to staud in the center and shoot from 5 unknown traps at different angles. Those who have won it once shoot thereafter from 3 unknown traps and angles, and the non-winners shoot from known traps and angles, the above, of course, applying to the shooting at the 9 singles. At the 3 pairs all shoot from the 14yd. mark. The contest was close between Empie, Terry and Moorman, but the former finally pulled out what was a popular victory. The scores:

Class A.

Terry	111000111	10 10 11—10		Nelson	101010101	10 10 11— 9	
Dornin	101000110	10 11 11— 9					

Class B.

Smith	000100100	10 10 10— 5					

Class C.

Empie	111011111	10 10 10—11		Cleivand	111110110	10 01 00— 9	
Scott	111000100	01 00 00— 5		Moorman	011110111	10 10 10—10	
Stearns	011110010	01 10 10— 8		Hamner	000000001	10 00 10— 3	
Miller	001111110	10 00 10— 8					

The next contest was to decide the winner of a medal awarded to the member making the highest aggregate number of breaks at four consecutive shoots, twenty-five targets each shoot. Terry and Nelson have had several nip and tuck contests for this medal and when today's shoot was called Terry was one target only ahead of Nelson. The latter put on an extra spurt and finally beat Terry out by one bird on the aggregate. The scores:

Unknown Angles.

Nelson	0010111011101111111111111 - 20
Terry	1101001111101101111110111—18
Dornin	1100101001111111111011111—19
Moorman	0111111000111010111111101—18
Cleland	0110110001111001101011110—15
Empie	1110011111000111110011111—18

Known Angles.

Scott	1010010011001010000111111—18
Stearns	0110100101010010101011110—14
Smith	1110001110001011110011110—15
Miller	1011010011011011111111101—18
Hamner	1101000001111000011000111—12

The winding-up shoot of the day was at 25 singles, unknown angles, in which the scores were: Terry 24, Empie 21, Nelson 20, Dornin 19, Moorman 19, Cleland 17.

During the afternoon a number of the visitors both of the gentle and stern sex tried their hands at smooth-bore work, and some clever breaks were made. Before adjournment a fencing bout took place between a professor of the art and an amateur, the honors resting about even. This closed the exercises and soon the party were on their way homeward. After supper FOREST AND STREAM received a call from a number of club members and several hours were pleasantly passed in "comparing notes." All the evening the rain kept falling, the following morning it kept up the trick, and not until we were midway to Washington did the sun appear. When we left Lynchburg it was with regret, and for many a day there will linger in our memory pleasant recollections of the hospitable treatment we received from the members of the Lynchburg Gun Club.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Crystal Lake's First Annual.

URBANA, Ill., June 20.—The first tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club is over and everybody had a good time. It was exceedingly gratifying to the management to hear such men as Budd, Grim and Powers say they had never enjoyed themselves better at any tournament. But why should they not enjoy themselves at every tournament they attend? Such thorough gentlemen are not hard to entertain. In addition to the above-named gentlemen Mayor Mosier of Gilman, McGruder of Kankakee, Surface Brothers of Decatur, "Partington," "Tucker" and Comstock of Indianapolis and Postmaster Ed. Vohries and W. W. Washburu of Crawfordsville were here and all "lugged" home a little money, and no home shooter begrudged them a dollar they took with them.

The extremely hot weather made the shooting difficult and not up to the standard, but nevertheless neither the hot weather nor the low scores made discouraged any of the participants, as the entries show.

We opened business with 17 entries in event No. 1 and ended the programme the last day in last event with 23 entries. Event No. 6 the first day had 50 entries and in several others the entries were in the forties.

We used the North handicap, and it worked to perfection; used the rapid-firing system from five expert bluerock traps and everything sailed along in good shape. The "ping" of S. S., wood and E. C., also the "boom" of the black powder—for the "rainmakers" with their cannons were there—made merry music. To the last mentioned gentlemen the whole community are grateful for their generous downpour of rain we enjoyed immediately following their departure.

Not a shooter present but promised to come to our tournament next year. There are a number of readers of FOREST AND STREAM in our locality and especially in our gun clubs, and if your office contains a peck of "0" we will be pleased to furnish you with our weekly scores.

Following are the events, added moneys and scores:

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1, $10 added: Partington 8, Foster 8, Peck 7, Magruder 8, Peake 6, Howe 5, Sheppard 7, Gere 8, Miller 7, Balmer 4, Conklin 7, Surface 8, Harris 6, Tucker 3, Bills 5, Cumstock 5, Washburn 8.

No. 2, 15 singles, entrance $1, $10 added: Peake 11, Faber 12, Talbot 9, Balmer 7, Allen 9, Magruder 14, Mosher 8, Fortier 11, Budd 12, W. Surface 14, Grimm 13, Peek 14, C. E. Surface 12, Percival 9, Powers 11, Ogden 12, Ludwick 13, Kirbye 5, Hoy 8, Partington 11, Howe 8, Bills 11, Gere 9, Washburn 12, Harris 12, Miller 11, Shepard 5, Percival 14, Dibble 3, Westhuff 9, Comstock 10, Conklin 13, Tucker 12.

No. 3, 20 singles, entrance $1, $15 added: Percival 13, Garrison 10, Code 12, Gere 12, H. Percival 15, Talbot 13, Hoy 15, Bills 13, Somers 12, Kirby 17, C Earl 15, Tucker 11, L. Earl 15, Prather 14, F. Code 18, Allelr 17, H. Earl 13, Powers 17, Ogden 14, Moshier 19, Fabert 10, Budd 19, Forter 16, C. E. Surface 17, Miller 12, Grimm 18, Balmer 10, Conklin 14, Partington 17, Ludwick 14, Comstock 14, Percival 15, Washburn 12, Magruder 18, Shepard 12, W. Surface 13, Harris 12, Peek 11, Howe 14, Westhuff 13.

No. 4, 15 singles, entrance $1, $10 added: Comstock 11, Westhuff 12, Wahl 11, Sheppard 9, H. Cade 8, Balmer 7, Ludwick 8, C. E. Surface 13, Ornbaum 12, O. Percival 11, Ogden 12, Bills 12, Allen 11, Partington 12, Fortier 9, Peck 13, Tucker 11, Reed 4, Talbot 5, Stenceal 9, W. Surface 10, N. E. Neal 5, Conklin 9, Gere 10, Washburn 13, J. H. Percival 13, Voris 11, Powers 13, Magruder 14, Grim 13, F. Cade 12, Moshier 14, Budd 12.

No. 5, 10 singles, 5 pairs, entrance $1, $15 added: Moshier 14, Magruder 13, Grim 17, Washburn 6, J. H. Percival 10, Powers 17, Peck 12, C. E. Surface 17, Gere 10, Sheppard 11, Clark 8, Allen 12, Prather 12, Voris 14, Tabert 13, Arms 9, Tucker 7, Parthingtou 17, Bills 11, Peake 9, Ornbaum 11, Balmer 8, W. Surface 16, Fortier 12, F. Cade 15, Conklin 15, Ogden 16, Westburg 12, Taggart 14, C. Irle 14, Budd 14, E. H. Kirby 14.

No. 6, 20 singles, entrance $1.50, $20 added: C. Surface 17, Grim 18, Budd 17, Powers 15, Partinger 12, Comstock 12, F. Cade 13, W. Surface 14, Aden 11, Rogers 14, Wahl 15, E. Kirby 15, Moshier 17, Magruder 19, O'Neil 12, Voris 16, Washburn 17, E. M. Kirby 14, Flatt 14, Ogden 17, Conklin 12, H. M. Clark 13, O. Percival 14, Peck 16, Bills 12, Fortier 14, Slamey 16, S. Somers 16, Gere 13, Tabert 11, Harris 13, Anderson 12, Sheppard 13, Allen 16, J. H. Percival 15, Tucker 12, H. Cade 9, Guy 17, Howe 10, West Luff 11, S Kirby 15, L. Irle 16, Ornbaum 17, C. Percival 15, Prather 13, Ludwick 16, Westburg 13, C. Cade 10, Framar 6, Irle 14.

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1, $10 added: E. Y. Kirby 7, Wahl 7, Somers 5, F. Cade 8, Mosher 9, Comstock 9, O. Perceival 8, Magruder 9, Clark 5, Sheetz 1, Partington 7, Grim 8, Voris 9. Gere 10, Bills 8, Sheppard 7, J. H. Percival 7, Powers 9, Conklin 5, Fortier 9, Peck 7, Fabert 3, Ombaum 6, Tucker 6, Ludwick 5, C. E. Surface 9, C. A. Percival 6, Budd 10, W. Surface 6.

No. 2, 15 singles, entrance $1, $15 added: Gere 6, Budd 13, Voris 8, C. E. Surface 13, Comstock 15, Magruder 13, Powers 11, Fortier 13, Mosher 14, Grinn 13, Bills 12, Sheppard 10, Prather 12. E. Somers 6, Wahl 10, Tucker 7. J. H. Percival 15, Thorpe 12, Clark 7, D. Smith 10, E. Cade 13, Partington 13, C. A. Percival 11, Conklin 11, H. Cade 11, Ludwick 11, E. M. Kirby 11, Overly 7, Flatt 6, O. Percival 8, C, Cade 9, W. Surface 12, Fabert 9, E. W. Kirby 14, Guy 9, Schultz 4, Ombaum 14, Rogers 14. Peck 12, Aden 15.

No. 3, 20 singles, entrance $1, $15 added: C. E. Surface 16, Comstock 13, Percival 14, Aden 17, Mosher 19, E V. Kirby 15, Ombaum 18, Rogers 16, Grinn 18, Budd 20, Magruder 19, Bills 14, Powers 12, F. Cade 18, Schultz 4, O. Percival 14, Kerr 11, Keefe 11, Shuck 12, Overly 10, Peck 6, Gere 14, Partington 18, Tucker 14, Fortier 15, Fabert 12. Sheppard 14, D. Smith 10, H. Cade 15, Conklin 12, Stamey 6, Miller 12, W. Surface 16, H. Earl 14, Pratton 10, Clark 16, Wahl 16, Thorpe 17, A. Percival 17, Guy 13, Emery 19, Lewis 17, Ludwick 14, Wright 15.

No. 4, 10 singles and 5 pairs, $1.50 entrance, $20 added: Grimm 18, Comstock 12, Magruder 15, Rogers 17, Bills 13, E. V. Kirby 18, Powers 16, Voris 15, Gere 14, H. Code 13, Partington 14, Conklin 14, Tucker 12, Aden 16, Fortier 17, F. Code 12, Peck 14, Keefe 6, Budd 16, Moshier 14, Emery 14, C. E. Surface 18, W. Surface 14, L Kirby 13, Lewis 13.

No. 5, 20 singles, $2 entrance, $20 added: Grimm 17, F. Code 10, Kirby 14, Clark 14, C. E. Surface 11, W. Surface 15, Rogers 10, Fortier 17, Voris 16, Comstock 15, Ombaum 16, Partington 17, Powers 14, Budd 20, Magruder 14, Bills 12, Gere 15, Moshier 17, Irle 14, Wahl 15, Conklin 14, Thorpe 13, H. Code 10, Aden 18, Guy 12, J. H. Percival 18, S. Somers 14, E. M. Kirby 16.

No. 6, 25 singles, $2 entrance, $40 added: Budd 23, Gere 16, F. Code 18, Moskins 22, C. E. Surface 23, E V. Kirby 21, Powers 18, Rogers 17, Grimm 25, Isabel 20, Magruder 22, Stamey 17, Bills 18, Peck 21, Wahl 21, W. Surface 19, Fortier 22, Forbert 14, Aden 21, Kerr 11, H. Percival 22, Apperson 12.

New Jersey League at Springfield.

THE fifth monthly team contest of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, held at Springfield, on June 26, in conjunction with an all-day tournament of the Union Gun Club, of that place, was a fairly successful affair, although the number of entries in the programme events was smaller than at any previous shoot this season. The early hours of the day were fairly cool and pleasant; at noon there was a heavy shower, and another one just before 2 o'clock, the rest of the day being hot and sultry. E. D. Miller, who is rapidly recovering from the injuries to his left hand, was in charge of the management, and Dr. Hedden officiated in the cashier's box, using FOREST AND STREAM's "Ready Reckoner" in squaring up his events. The doctor says the possession of a "Ready Reckoner" reduces the office of cashier to a sinecure. The working of the traps was far from satisfactory, No. 1 trap in particular taking a notion at times to throw the targets almost parallel with the screen. The fault was caused by the traps not being securely fastened.

Another thing that could have been improved upon was the scoring, the League secretary who is away from home, having failed to supply Mr. Miller with either score sheets or carbon paper, and the latter was trying to make use of cardboard score sheets and a lot of worn out carbon sheets which had been discarded by reporters at former shoots. Thanks to the FOREST AND STREAM's handy score pads, however, along with a couple of sheets of carbon found in our pockets, the representatives of the press succeeded in getting each a file of the events of the day.

The team shoot was called shortly before three o'clock, six teams entering, the only absentees being the Myrtle Parks of Irvington. The struggle for first honors was close between the Maplewood and Climax teams, the victory finally perching on the banners of the Maplewoods' "Big Five," who broke 105 to the Climax's 100. Not an individual succeeded in making a clean score, which proves that the shooting was by no means easy. In fact, 23 was the high mark, and this was reached only by Keller, Van Dyke and Sigler. In eleven sweepstakes events, with an aggregate of 156 entries, only six full scores were made; four at 10 targets and two at 15 targets each.

As both the team and individual prizes are to be awarded for the highest aggregate number of breaks in four out of seven contests, none of to-day's scores are at all likely to have any bearing on the results. The aggregate number of breaks to date by the several teams, as well as the leaders in the individual race, are here shown.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May.	June.	Total.	Best 4 Scores.
Maplewood	113	118	101	118	105	555	454
South Side	104	112	116	106	92	530	438
Union	109	111	111	102	96	529	435
Climax	107	107	109	106	100	529	429
Endeavor	86	102	92	114	87	481	395
Brunswick	85	98	85	96	90	454	369
Myrtle Park	82	81	101	88	..	352	352
LEADERS FOR INDIVIDUAL PRIZES.							
Geoffroy	24	25	23	21	21	114	93
Sickley	24	24	19	25	21	113	94
Van Dyke	24	24	22	23	23	116	94
Miller	23	24	22	23	21	113	92
Yeomans	23	24	..	25	21	93	93
Drake	23	23	23	25	19	113	94
Brantingham	23	23	25	24	22	117	95
Thomas	22	23	22	21	19	107	88
Apgar	23	22	21	..	21	87	87
J L Smith	21	24	21	20	..	86	86
Sigler	23	22	23	21	23	112	91

After the team race was ended the Brunswick and Myrtle Park clubs drew for the next shoot, the choice falling to the Brunswicks, who announced that the shoot would not be held until September. This was satisfactory to all at the time the announcement was made, but afterward one of the officers of the Myrtle Park appeared and he strongly objected, stating that his club wished to hold the League tournament on their grounds in August, but under the present arrangement they would be obliged to wait until October. They will endeavor, however, to secure the consent of the Brunswick Club to hold the sixth tournament at Irvington, this not interfering at all with the Brunswick Club arrangements.

Here will be found the scores of the team race and lower down the sweepstake events:

Climax Gun Club.

Apgar	1011111111111111001011111—21
Keller	1111111111111111111101110—23
Brantingham	0111111001111111111111111—22
Terry	1111111110001111001010010—17
C Smith	1111111011111001010100011—17—100

South Side Gun Club.

Breintnall	1111001111111110011111100—19
Hoffman	1111000111101111100111111—19
Geoffroy	1100111111111001111111111—21
Thomas	1011111011111101110001111—19
Whitehead	0101010011110011101011010—11— 92

Endeavor Gun Club.

Collius	1111101110111111011111110111—21
Lindsley	1110111001011111111111111—21
Creveling	0101110111110110111111101—19
Quimby	1011000110101111000011110—14
Strader	1010100110100000111011100—17— 87

Brunswick Guu Club

Pettit	1111111011110011101111111—21
Sperling	1111111111111111011011110—22
Hoagland	1111111010101111001110011—18
Iredell	0011011101001000110001001—11
Fisher	1100111011111101101010111—18— 90

Maplewood Gun Club.

Sickley	1100111111111101011111111—21
Yeomans	1011111101011011111111111—21
Van Dyke	1111111111111111110111110—23
J W Smith	1111011111011111111110110—21
S Draker	1111111101110111001111100 -19—105

Union Gun Club.

Sigler	1111111111111101111111101—23
Miller	1110111111110111111001111—21
Sopher	1001111011111111110010011—18
Siggins	1011110110111001110111100—17
Hedden	1111110101001111101110001—17— 96

Event No. 1 at 10 singles, $1 entry:

Sigler	8	Van Dyke	9	Apgar	8
Miller	9	Dutchy	9	Hoffman	8
Hedden	3	Thomas	6	Drake	8
Yeomans	8	Breintnall	5	Keller	8
W Smith	6	White	4	Jackson	4

No. 2 at 15 singles, $1.50 entry:

Drake	11	Van Dyke	14	Breintnall	14
Hoffman	14	Miller	13	Dutchy	12
Sigler	14	Yeomans	11	Strader	8
Apgar	14	W Smith	11	Thomas	12

No. 3 at 10 singles, $1 entry:

Hoffman	10	Hedden	6	Keller	9
Drake	9	White	3	Collins	8
Van Dyke	9	Thomas	7	Geoffroy	10
Apgar	8	Yeomaus	5	Quimby	5
Sigler	10	W Smith	7	Jackson	5
Miller	9	Dutchy	5		

No. 4 at 15 singles, $1.50 entry:

Sigler	011111111101111—13	Drake	1101111111111111—14
Apgar	1111101111011111—13	Hoffman	0101101101111111—11
Dutchy	1100011110111111—11	W Smith	1011111001110010—10
Thomas	1101101111000011—11	Man Dyke	1101011111111111—13
Collins	0111110101111101—11	Miller	1111101111111111—14
Keller	0110111111111111—12	Quimby	0000101101010100— 6
Geoffroy	1011111111111111—14	Jackson	1010010110000110— 7
Hedden	0000111000011011— 7		

No. 5, 10 singles, $1 entry:

Hoffman	8	Apgar	8	White	5
Miller	6	Thomas	9	Collins	9
Sigler	9	Geoffroy	9	W Smith	7
Dutchy	8	Van Dyke	9	McCallum	4
Yeomans	9	Keller	8	Jackson	2
Creveling	6	Drake	9		

No. 6, 15 singles, $1.50 entry:

Hoffman	0111111111110110—12	Lindsley	0010111011011111—10
Dutchy	1111111101100011—12	Drake	1011111011111101—12
Sigler	1111111011111111—14	Thomas	1101111111011010—11
Apgar	1010111111111111—13	W Smith	0001111001111101— 9
Van Dyke	1011010110111111—10	Miller	1111111011111111 14
Sickley	1110011111111111—13	Collins	0111110001111101—10
Geoffroy	1111111111010111—13	Keller	1111011110001111—11

No. 7, at 10 singles, $1 entry:

Yeomans	1011110111— 8	Brantingham	0111011111— 8
Iredell	0110011001— 5	Hoagland	0101101110— 6
Pettitt	0011011111— 7	Quimby	1010101001— 5
Sperling	1110011111— 8	White	1010110001— 5
Walker	1110110110— 7	Collins	1101101100— 6
Fisher	1010111010— 6	Drake	1111101110— 8
Sigler	1001101111— 7	Geoffroy	1111111111—10
Miller	1011111011— 8	W Smith	0010001101— 4
Apgar	1111111110— 9	Hedden	1001000100— 3
Dutchy	1110111011— 8	Keller	1111111011— 9
Van Dyke	0011111001— 6	Thomas	0101111110— 7
Hoffman	1101111011— 8	Terry	0111111001— 7
Sickley	1111111110— 9	Lindsley	1111111010— 8
Compton	1111011110— 8	Jackson	0111101010— 6

No 8, at 15 singles, $1.50 entry:

Apgar	1111111111110111—14	Sigler	1111011111111111—14
Drake	1111111111111111—15	Dutchy	0110111101111101—11
Miller	1111111101011110—12	Sopher	0111000101111101— 9
Yeomans	1111111110110011—12	Geoffroy	1111001011111111—12
Van Dyke	1111111111111111—16	Hoffman	1111110111111111—14
Thomas	0111111111011111—13	Sickley	1101011011011101—10
Pettitt	1101111111111111—14	Lindsley	0111111010110111—11

Extra No. 1 at 10 singles: Drake 8, Dutchy 7, Smith 7, Creveling 6, Miller 6, Squiers 5, Straitor 1.

Extra No. 2 at 10 singles: Drake 10, Miller 9, Dutchy 9, Keller 9, Jackson 7, Creveling 7, Smith 6, Straitor 4.

Extra No. 3 at 10 singles: Miller 9, Drake 8, Dutchy 7, Smith 6, Keller 6, Jackson 5, Creveling 5, Straitor 4.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Peekskill Gun Club.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., June 30.—Following are the scores for the month of June in the prize competition for 1894; 25 targets, rapid-firing system, with added birds not to exceed 10:

J B Halstead	1111110101011110111101111	—20
Dr H B Wygant	1011101101111011111111100111	—24
Dr P H Mason	1111111011111111111011111	—23
O J Loder	1011101111111110101111111111	—25
M S Perry	1110011011101111111110111	—22
C Lent	1111101111011111011111111	—25
A Rohr	1111101011110111011010010001100111 10	—22
H L Armstrong	1011110100110111111001111101	—22
F Southard	1110111011101111011011111101	—24

B. C. EVERINGHIM, Sec'y.

Eureka Gun Club of Chicago.

OWING to the extreme bashfulness of most of our members, the absence of the writer, and the much regretted illness of that prince among men and sportsmen, Mr Waters, of FOREST AND STREAM, our doings have not been published for the past four weeks, so we make haste to let our friends hear from us. Looking over the scores made while I was away, I find nothing to be ashamed of; perhaps it was thought that we might be able to get a few matches, if our scores were not puhlished; and by the way, why do we not, here in Cook county—with so many gun clubs? Why do we not visit each other more? and shoot a club races of 10 or 15 men now and then? Why do we not have a city or county league, with team and individual contests, regular meets and annual trophies? If this meets approval let us hear from you. The Eureka Gun Club will join in a call for a meeting with this object in view. Our shoot of June 23 was not as well attended as usual, owing to its heing Derhy day, but we managed on this dull afternoon to throw 1,500 clays, for what we lacked in numbers we made up in enthusiasm.

Though we have many visitors at our shoots, we still wish to repeat our invitation to shooters visiting or local to meet with us as much and as often as they may wish; our grounds are at Seventy-ninth streeth and Vincennes avenue, Auburn Park, Eastern Illinois or Rock Island railways, 1 P. M. train; buy a ride of some club member, most of whom have 10 ride tickets; or take State street cahle cars, transferring at Sixty-first street to Auburn Park car, 5 cents for the whole ride. WM. F. DEWOLF, Cor. Sec'y.

Medal shoot, 25 birds, known traps, unknown angles:

Class A.

Willard	1110111010111101110011111—19
Adams	1111111101111111111111111—24
Bingham	1111111111101111111101111—23
Stannard	1111101111111101011111111—22
Miller	1010110001110111111110101—17

Class B.

Ferguson	1011110110111111111101111—21
DeWolf	1110011001111100101011101—16

Class C.

Buck	1000111001111011111111111—19
Carson	1111110111111011001111111—21

Visitors.

Isigrigg	0011110101101100101011011—15
Bradley	1111011010010111110110111—18
Hinkins	1111001011111111111110111 21
Corcoran	01011101111

Scores of five matches, each at 25 targets, unknown angles:

	1	2	3	4	5		1	2	3	4	5
Adams	24	20	21	18	23	Buck	14	16	20	..	..
Willard	22	18	21	23	19	Carson	..	20	14	19	..
Bingham	23	22	23	..	..	Isigrigg	..	17	13	16	..
Stannard	24	25	21	..	..	Bradley	..	19	..	19	w
Goodrich	12	16	..	..	..	Hinkins	..	21	21	17	..
De Wolf	20	22	13	..	19	Ferguson	..	13	16	14	..
Corcoran	11	..	19	..	..	Miller	..	..	19	18	21

Spokane Rod and Gun Club.

SPOKANE, Wash, May 28.—The Spokane Rod and Gun Club held their last medal shoot of the season yesterday Tom Ware and H. Doolittle won the A and B medals respectively at yesterday's shoot. The whole season was twenty-six shoots, and the member winning it the most number of times becomes the winner. In the A class Tom Ware has won it 18 times, Carson 2, Eckhardt 2, McBroom 2 and Mason 2, in consequence Tom Ware is the A class winner. In the B class J. R. Burke has won it 9 times, Knight 5, Doolittle 5, Duffy 4, Morgan 2, A. Ware 1, and so the B class medal falls to the lot of Burke. Following are the scores of yesterday's shoot:

Medal shoot, 20 singles and 5 pairs:

Class A.

Wise	11101100101100111101	00 11 11 11 10—20
Mason	11011011100100111101	01 11 11 00 10—19
Carson	10110111011010001110	10 10 01 01 10—17
T Ware	11111011110110011100	10 10 11 10 11—21

Class B.

A Ware	01111100000010100000	11 00 00 10 00—10
Doolittle	01010111111001111011	11 10 10 11 00—20
Morgan	00010101011011110011	10 11 00 10 11—17

No. 2, 10 singles: T. Ware 10, A. Ware 7, Doolittle 7, Mason 7, Carson 7, Morgan 4.

No. 3, 10 singles: A. Ware 9, Carson 9, Doolittle 7, Morgan 6, T. Ware 6, Mason 6.

No. 4, 10 singles: T. Ware 9, Doolittle 8, Morgan 7, Mason 7, A. Ware 7.

J. W. WITHERS, Sec'y.

The New Dupont Nitro.

THE Messrs. Dupont describe their new smokeless powder as follows: "The powder in color is similar to sawdust—yellowish white. It gives as good pattern and penetration as the best grades of black powder, while the pressure in the gun is no greater than with black. In loading any good paper shell may be used, preferably those having the No. 3 primer. Priming with black powder is unnecessary. No more wads should be used over the powder than will allow of at least ¼in. for crimp. The wads should fit the shell tightly and should be set firmly on the powder; owing to the hardness of the grain no danger need be apprehended from ramming. For good close pattern at 40yds. the following loads are recommended: For 12-gauge guns 2½ to 3drs. by measure, for 10-gauge guns 3 to 3½drs by measure, for 16-gauge 2½drs.; use the same measure as for black powder.

Princeton's Wind-Up.

PRINCETON, N. J.—Owing to the heat that cut down the attendance of the resident members and the close of college that accounted for the absence of our best shots, the university contingent, the attendance at the Princeton Gun Clun grounds on June 18 was light and the shooting poor. The only contest was for a handsome game piece, the joint gift of Mr. J. L Haukins and Dr. E L Tiffany. Robert R. Schellinger captured the trophy in good style. Score, at 20 targets from unknown traps, and balance rapid-fire from known traps, follows: Schellinger shot at 32, broke 17; Wesley, 40—10; Sklrm, 35—15; Hoff, 28—16; Johnson, 31—8; Rose, 39—16. This shoot will probably close the regular events of the club for the summer, the fall campaign opening about Sept 15. WADS.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference hook for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tahles showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Powder Hill Gun Club.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, June 16.—Match at 30 singles and 5 pairs targets:

A Ohnesorge	10111111111100011111001110111	01 11 11 10 11—32
F M Gloeckner	11111011111101011111100001000	00 00 10 00 10—22
Critzer	11011101111111111011111101111101	01 01 11 11 10—32
Dyer	11111111111001101111001111111	11 10 10 10 11—32
24-Gauge	10111111111111111011111111111	.....—28

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

P. W., Yonkers. N. Y., is advised to consult out hotel advertising columns.

C. K. L., Upper Montclair, N. J.—1. The birds may have been mourning doves though they are much larger than a robin. 2. There are a few woodcock, but you will have to look them up yourself. 3. Coltons have published a number of excellent road maps of Essex and Union counties at fifty cents. We can furnish it.

N. L. L., Fulton, N. Y.—Will you kindly inform me if pickerel and pike are protected in the Oswego River, and the open season if protected? By pike I mean the wall-eyed pike, or pike-perch, and from the descriptions in your columns the "pickerel," as known here, is the "Northern pike." Ans. The law prescribes no close time for wall-eyed pike in the Oswego River, nor for pickerel.

J. H. S., Wyalusing, Pa.—What kind of fish would be most suitable to stock a pond of the following description: Size, about five acres; spring water, depth ahout 30ft., mud bottom; now contains minnows and small bullheads. Has some cranberry marsh and pond lilies. Should the fish now in it be destroyed? If so, how could they be killed? Ans. We should try black bass. The fish now there cannot be cleared out.

CULPEPPER, Los Angeles.—1. Is chilled shot lighter than soft shot, pellet for pellet of same size? 2. Would this difference in weight, if any, have any effect on the shooting qualities at long range? 3. Which do you consider the best for ducking at long range, chilled or soft? 4. Does the use of chilled shot injure the barrels or cut the choke out? 4. Which is best for use with nitro powders, chilled or soft? If you would answer the above you would greatly oblige. Ans. 1. There is no appreciable difference in weight. Chilled shot is theoretically a trifle the lightest. 2. No. 3. Chilled shot. 4. Possibly, but it has the advantage of not leading the barrel. 5. For most purposes, chilled shot.

A. G B., Holland, Mich.—1. Would you kindly identify the following described birds for me? They are young, probably two days old. Length 5in., bill ¾in., tarsi 1in., middle toe 1¼in. Bill sharp. black, with a white band around both mandibles near tip and a white spot on upper mandible near base. Eye brown. Tarsi naked for ¼in. above knee. Color of chick entirely black and general form rail-like. Are they young king rails? Coues mentions the chicks of the clapper rail as being entirely black, but of course the clapper rail is not found here. 2. What is meant by "powder down tracts" on herons? Ans. 1. It is impossible to say exactly what the birds described are. That they are rails, or rail-like birds, is clear. The young of the genus *Rallus* are black, as are also said to be the young of the purple gallinule; the downy young of the Florida gallinule is black, but has a few silvery hairs on throat and cheeks. It is altogether probable that the birds described are young king rails. The bill should decide. 2. Powder down tracts are found in several families of birds, hut are especially noticeable in the heron and their allies. They are described as thread-like down feathers which continue to grow indefinitely and which constantly break down at the ends of the barbs. This constant breaking down results in the tracts being dusted over with a dry scurfy exfoliation. whence the name powder down. By parting the feathers on either side of a bittern's breast, the powder down tracts will be seen. Different families of herons have these tracts in varying numbers, and they have been regarded by some ornithologists as of value in setting aside the families and sub families of this group. The purpose or uses of the powder down tracts are not well understood.

FOREST AND STREAM

CORRESPONDENCE.

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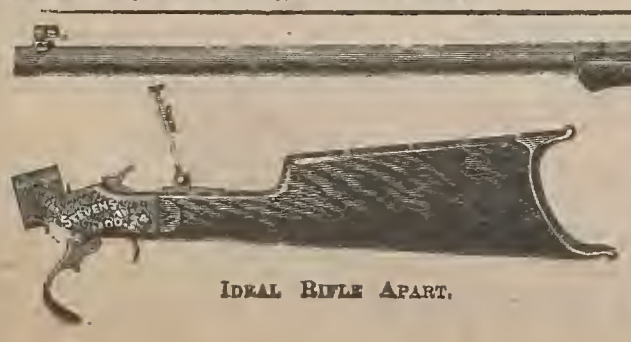

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page 43

CONTENTS.

Editorial.
Strikes and Fishing Waters.
Passports.
An African Game Scheme.

The Sportsman Tourist.
FOREST AND STREAM Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.
Camp Life at Clear Lake.
Ouananiche Notes.
A Drive on the "Saulketche."
Stories of Ezra—VI.

Natural History.
A Study of Daddy-Long-Legs.
Serpent Suicide.

Game Bag and Gun.
Netting Wild Pigeons
Deer in New Hampshire.
Wisconsin Ducks and Deer.
The Prospect for Quail in Tennessee.
Non-Resident Sportsmen in Arkansas.

Sea and River Fishing.
Fishing in Canada.
Angling Notes.
Boston Anglers.
Salmon Feeding in Fresh Water.

Fishculture.
Warden Moyer's Good Record.
Netters Brought to Terms.

The Kennel.
New York's Dog Shelter.
Poisoning Dogs.
The New Bloodhound Club.
Points and Flushes.
Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.
Dog Chat.
Kennel Answers.

Yachting.
The Clyde Races.
Open Courses.
Vigilant's Passage.
Club Races and Regattas.
Yachting News Notes.

Canoeing.
The A. C. A. Meet, 1894.
Royal C. C. Cup.
Canoeing Notes.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Revolver Shooting in England.
Rifle at San Antonio.
Greenville vs. Excelsior.
Rifle Notes.

Trap Shooting.
Another Method of Handicapping.
New England Shooting Association.
Binghamton's First Annual.
Drivers and Twisters.

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STRIKES AND FISHING WATERS.

ONE of the minor inconveniences of living under the rule of a Dictator is the impossibility of knowing with any certainty whether one may go fishing or not when he wants to go and has planned to go. In ordinary circumstances, and under a form of government such as we have been accustomed to, whose affairs are administered by a simple President, the intending sportsman tourist is required to take into consideration only his own personal inclination and such factors as the restraints of his business or occupation, the health of his family, the resources of his purse, the dates designated in his copy of the *Game Laws in Brief*, the schedules of railroad and steamboat time-tables, and perhaps the responsibility and efficiency of his alarm clock. These permitting, and the "sign" being right, he packs his grip and goes. For the most part, all these customary conditions are determinable in advance, one may count upon them with reasonable assurance and may lay his plans accordingly.

But under the new order everything is changed, and one must take into account the whim, which no one on earth can predicate, of some crazy genius, who was never heard of before yesterday, and will never be heard of after to-morrow, but who for the brief moment is the mushroom autocrat of the hour. With the appearance of the Dictator, fishing plans are suddenly discovered to be all awry, and projected outings are thwarted by the will of the new ruler, who shuts down the railroads of the land, and who says to his subjects, stop, and they stop; and to his victims, stay, and they stay.

Strike statistics, which have to do with roads tied up, and men on strike, and troops called in, and traffic suspended, and property destroyed, and human lives sacrificed, do not concern themselves with any enumeration of the hosts of fishermen who have been compelled to forego their contemplated outings during the past fortnight by the interruption of railroad travel; but the multitude of them is to be reckoned by thousands; and the aggregate of disappointment and inconvenience and bitterness of spirit is something altogether incalculable.

There is a certain degree of comfort to be derived from what might be termed the philosophy of comparative misfortune, by the aid of which one may find alleviation of his personal sense of injury in contrasting his own hard lot with the harder lot of another. We commend this, for what it is worth, to those who have been robbed of expected holidays by the railroad strike. They may very well reflect that to be deprived of a fishing trip is after all but a trivial hardship when compared with the loss, discomfort and distress which have been inflicted upon other people. What the traveling public has suffered at the hands of these guilty leaders can never be told. The security and pleasure of traveling have been converted into peril and apprehension. Business engagements have been broken, family reunions deferred. Glad anticipations of home coming have given place to anxiety and suspense. Most cruel of all has been the delay of those who were speeding to the sick beds of loved ones, some hurrying for the everlasting farewells of the chamber of death. Surely if there be any lightening of our own troubles by weighing them in the balance against those of others, there is abundant opportunity for such comfort here. But the weak point of this philosophy is precisely like the weakness of much other philosophy ancient and modern, that it proves to be more satisfactory in speculative theory than in practical application; and the average man who has been cheated of his fishing will not be likely to find in it much compensation for his disappointment.

PASSPORTS.

PASSPORTS are so essential in Russia that Russian lawyers define man as a being made up of three parts—a body, a soul and a passport. If non-resident shooting and fishing legislation goes on in this country the time will come when the Russian definition of a man will be the American definition of a sportsman.

We noted at the time of its adoption a foolish ordinance of the Livingston county, N. Y., supervisors, requiring non-residents to take out a fishing license with a $10 fee attachment. This un-American law was an outgrowth of spite. Certain citizens of that county had been prosecuted for violations of the fishing laws, and as they alleged the prosecution had been instigated by persons who lived in adjoining counties. They were irritated and devised the non-resident rule to "get even." As might have been anticipated, a regulation having no better justification than this could not be sustained by the second thought of the community and naturally enough it has proved a dead letter. Foreigners from Monroe and other neighboring counties are not required to have their passports viséed before fishing in Livingston. We congratulate the people of that county that the American spirit has thus triumphed over a reactionary sentiment worthy of Russia.

Virginia has modified the non-resident discrimination affecting non-residents shooting wildfowl in Accomac and Northampton counties. Under the old law non-residents were forbidden to shoot wildfowl any State tide-waters except in Accomac and Northampton, where an exception was made in behalf of those who shot for pleasure and not for profit and were under the guidance of a resident. The modified statute now in force retains the general provision forbidding non-resident shooting of wild geese and wild ducks in the State at large; but it permits non-residents to shoot in Accomac and Northampton without restriction other than they must be members of the Eastern Shore Game Protective Association, and must comply with its by-laws.

This Association, chartered by the Legislature of 1894, has been formed for the purposes, as set forth in its charter, of procuring and securing enforcement of a wise and judicious system of laws for the preservation of the game of the Eastern Shore, restocking such portions of the shore as are depleted of game, offering rewards for the killing of game-destroying animals and birds, the encouragement of an interest on the part of the people in preserving of the game laws and informing upon and securing the punishment of the violators of such laws. The initiation fee is one dollar and the annual dues are one dollar. If the Association shall in any measure accomplish the worthy purposes of its formation, no visitor, whatever opinion he may hold as to non-resident laws in the abstract, will begrudge it the dollar demanded of him. The secretary is Mr. Thomas W. Blackstone, Accomac C. H., Va.

AN AFRICAN GAME SCHEME.

THEY are undertaking in South Africa what we are accomplishing in America with our National Park, to preserve from extinction representative species of indigenous game animals. Africa has commonly been regarded as the home of an innumerable and inexhaustible supply of wild animals, but the principle holds in Africa as everywhere else, that no native stock can withstand the encroachment of civilization and of indiscriminate pursuit. The immediate prospect is that without some measure to arrest the present rate of destruction, many species will follow the quagga into extinction.

Europeans have been mainly responsible for this condition, and it is altogether fitting that Great Britain should now be considering a remedy. A provisional committee of British sportsmen and naturalists, called to provide a plan of protection for African game, proposes that a society shall be formed which shall have for its object the preservation of small herds of each of the thirty-five to forty distinct game species which appear to require such intervention. The scheme provides for an inclosed tract of 100,000 acres, surrounded by a fence of wire, this to be strengthened by a hedge of live thorn on the outside. The eland, koodoo, roan and sable antelopes, hartebeest, zebra, blue wildebeest, reedbuck and other game still exist in the district where the preserve is to be built and could be driven into the inclosure, while the preserve could be stocked with the captured young of other species.

The progress of this African enterprise will be watched with keen interest the world over.

SNAP SHOTS.

IN the Santa Barbara *Press* last month there appeared an account written by Dr. Lorenzo Yates of the killing of two female, or young, mountain sheep, on the Ferndale Rancho, near Santa Paula, in Ventura county, southern California. The last published account, so far as we recollect it, of the killing of a bighorn in this neighborhood, was in the FOREST AND STREAM in 1887, the animal having been killed by the late Israel Miller, a jeweler of Santa Barbara. The killing of these two animals shows that there are still a few mountain sheep in the coast range in southern California and, of course, it is well known that they occur in small numbers still further to the south, in the mountains of Lower California. It is greatly to be wished that steps might be taken to preserve these few remaining individuals of one of our finest game animals. The specimens told of by Dr. Yates appear to have been killed in May or June, and their destruction at such a time was a violation of the game laws of the State.

"And then the air about there was blue," usually and conventionally concludes the story teller when he has described how the tackle parted at the critical moment or the gun hung fire. The statement is a paraphrase intended to convey in a jocular manner an intimation that somebody swore vehemently. It is a variation of the common expression that one "swore a blue streak." Its use in field sketches might be traced, perhaps, to the days when Dr. Faustus went fishing with Mephistopheles, for between them they had a way of making the air blue. From that time to this, chroniclers of the adverse fortunes of the sportsman have not failed to envelop him in a halo of profanity in the moment of his chagrin. The supply of this blue air is to all appearances inexhaustible; but we have long suspected that the average reader of field literature would quite cheerfully get along without it.

The term of FOREST AND STREAM'S publication has been notable for the development of artistic and mechanical processes. It would have been impossible twenty years ago, by any method then in vogue, to produce such realistic pictures of wild life as are given in our game illustrations in current issues. The plates from which these pictures are printed are made directly from the photographic negative, without the intervention of the artist's pencil. They are faithful representations of nature; they show the real thing as the sunlight paints it; and for that reason, it need hardly be said, they are a thousand times more satisfactory and valuable than any drawing would be.

"Forest and Stream's" Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

No. 8.

Still More Buffalo.

THURSDAY morning, March 22, we left our camp for further efforts at locating the buffalo, no large band of which had yet been seen. The parties separated. Billy and I intended to cross the Divide after finishing our work in Hayden Valley. The Haynes party returned to the Cañon, and we did not see them again until after our return to the Mammoth Hot Springs. Haynes took John Folsom along as a guide to find the buffalo. Billy said nothing much, but I think had an idea we would find the buffalo over on the Mary's Mountain hot country, which we would not reach until the following day. We intended to pass the night at the shack on Trout Creek, west of the valley proper.

Our party had been on the trail for an hour or two that morning, when we sighted buffalo away off to the northeast, on top of a ridge near Alum Creek. They were so far as to seem mere specks. We pushed on without leaving our course until we came to a little spit of timber running out into the open valley, and here made a temporary camp, taking off our packs and building a fire. Larsen and Holte had never seen a buffalo (they had not been with us the day before), and we concluded to let them go out with Billy while I kept camp and made tea against their return. It was decided that they should circle around the buffalo and turn them down toward the creek if possible, so that they would pass Billy, who was to make off to the left and go down one of the draws which ran down to the creek in that direction. The buffalo were about 2½ miles from us. Billy's experience taught him that when disturbed in that part of the valley they would usually run over to the Mary's Mountain country, which would accord well with our plans for the next day. Accordingly they three set out, going in divergent directions.

Sign.

I found the young trees in the timber point almost worn bare by the elk, which had evidently made that a favorite scraping spot for the hardening of their horns after the season of velvet. Still larger game, too, it seemed, had found this a cool and shady spot in summer, for on digging away the snow for a place to make a fire, I found quantities of buffalo chips. Of these I made my fire, and I imagine this was the last camp-fire in America ever built of the old-time *bois des vaches*.

The Surround.

From my place at the timber point I could see the buffalo feeding along the ridge where we first sighted them. There were eleven of them. At length I saw two tiny figures appear away off to the right, unseen by the buffalo, and these I knew to be Larsen and Holte. Billy I could not see. Larsen and Holte went clear beyond a ridge and I could see them no more, but knew they were making their stalk close up to the herd. Larsen afterward told me that they got to the top of the ridge, within 40ft. of the buffalo, which were feeding just below the crest on the other side. "They didn't like that deep snow," said Larsen, and they wouldn't run. They look at Pete and me, and shake their heads and say 'moo!' down deep. Pete and me thought they was going to run over us. That scared Pete and me. I think that was a good chance for one of them pictures."

The Stampede.

That was what Larsen and Holte saw. What I saw was a whole eruption of buffalo come boiling over the top of the hill back of my eleven buffalo, and go tearing down the hill toward the creek. Their speed appeared to be very great, and there was a great idea of power conveyed by the way they plunged ahead through the deep snow. I counted them as well as I could, about thirty head, including the two bunches. The boys had found another bunch beyond the hill on which I could see the eleven head.

The Shot.

What Billy saw was both these two bunches and also a third one of about forty head, which was invisible to all of us at first, but which was picked up by the stampede as it crossed their feeding ground lower down toward the creek. The whole outfit, about eighty-five head in all, passed close by Billy where he lay concealed with the big camera, and got several shots at them as they strung by.

All this took five or six miles of *ski* work and two or three hours of time. The men were all tired when they got in, and we freshened up with lunch and tea.

How the Buffalo Feed in Winter.

Billy remarked on having seen a great many wolves while he had been gone, on a piece of country back of where he photographed the buffalo, and not far from our line of march, and said he came near getting a photograph of some of them. We saw one or two coyotes at a distance, over in that direction, soon after we took the trail after lunch. We now were on the natural winter feeding grounds of the buffalo. The snow here does not lie so deep as it does in the forests, because of the warmth of much of the ground, and because of the winds which in places strip the open ground nearly bare of snow. Moreover, there is good grass over this valley country—or would be if the thrifty haymakers of the transportation country would let it alone as they should—and once in a while we saw the tip of a shrub or two which may or may not afford the buffalo food. As we kept on our course, which now made a chord to the wide arc of Alum Creek, which bent off to our right, we met abundant proof that the buffalo and elk were using on this part of the valley. We crossed several "yards," where the snow was torn up as if by tremendous plows. The snow was only about 3 or 4ft. deep here, and for a space of 200yds. or more square it had been worked over carefully as the dirt of a placer mine. (The elk paws the snow away in feeding. The buffalo thrusts or roots with its head, throwing it from side to side in working down through the snow.) Deep trails connected the different yards. The sign appeared to be rather old, but we saw a big fresh lynx track, which seemed to be lining out just about the way we were going, and we also saw a mountain lion track, which seemed headed in much the same direction.

The Find of Butchered Buffalo.

We pushed on in this direction for half a mile or so further, and as we topped a long ridge which bounded a wide valley making down into Alum Creek (I think it was near Trout Creek proper), we saw ahead of us about half a mile of country that was literally all tracked up with game.

It was all sign of flesh-eating animals. Our lynx and lion had been here, and so had a wolverine, and apparently thousands of wolves, coyotes and foxes. We saw a coyote or two and two foxes go skurrying away across the open for the timber as we came in sight. Further on we struck the trail of a very large bear, which surprised us, as it was very early in the season for bear to be out.

THE OLD BULL ASLEEP.

Photo by Haynes.

The trails seemed to converge toward certain little heaps of snow, and as we saw this we knew why the animals had gathered here in such numbers. We ran down to the nearest snow heap and found beside it a deep pit dug 4ft. or more in the snow. At the bottom bones and torn flesh were visible. On the snow lay wisps and curls of buffalo hair. In all we saw eight heaps, and supposed that eight buffalo had been killed.

This was where we made the discovery reported last April in FOREST AND STREAM, one of the items of the Park news which attracted wide attention over the country. As was stated in a later issue, Capt. Anderson sent Burgess down on the strength of our story, and from our description of the spot he was able to locate the killing, as he thought Burgess made out only four dead

LITTLE TROUT CREEK SHACK.

Photo by E. Hofer in 189

buffalo, and thought the other holes were to be accounted for by the fact that the wild animals had dragged off parts of the carcasses to a distance. The latter hardly tallies with my notion of the case, as the diggings seemed to be so far apart that it was hardly likely large portions of a carcass would be dragged so far. Burgess may or may not have hit upon our find, but in any event the matter was bad enough, for some time after that John Folsom discovered ten head more of dead buffalo in that same part of the country. That a killing of considerable extent had been made does not admit of doubt. The strange thing about it was that none of the heads or hides had been taken. Here is a bit of unwritten history of the Park in this, and no doubt after a while the facts will come out.

We had no means of digging in the hard, packed snow and so could not learn much about our discovery. Moreover, it was now 4 o'clock in the afternoon and we had still a long march ahead of us and a camp to fit up for the night. We left the place feeling a new indignation against the contemptible butchers who had been violating every law, civil and natural, in the destruction of these few remaining specimens of a nearly extinct race. Even Larsen and Holte were angry at it. Nothing would have pleased these sojer boys more than to arrest a poacher; but I am afraid the poacher would have been received at the Post in bad order had they run across him in the Hayden Valley that day.

Headed for Camp.

The country we were now traversing must be in the summertime a very beautiful one, and even in winter it was not unpleasing. The open, rolling hills were crossed by occasional strips of timber which diversified a landscape which at that point could hardly be called mountainous, though the hills were long and often steep. Finally the "Valley," as this large extent of open hills is called, began to dwindle down and thin out into long arms of open country, running far up into the timber. We followed up one of these long, narrow glades, having some amusement at a puzzled red fox which was studying us from the other side of the glade. We kept climbing a little bit, always remembering the *ski*-traveler's maxim of getting elevation wherever possible, and never losing it unnecessarily, just as a civil engineer works when laying out a railway line. One arm of the valley dwindled out into fingers, and one of the fingers became a gorge. We turned to the left, under a sharp run down, and were in the lovely cañon known as "Trout Creek," wrongly so, as it is really Alum Creek, Billy says. Up this we traveled for half a mile, until finally we came to one of the littlest, tiniest, snow-coveredest and best hid little miniature log cabins in all the world—the "Trout Creek shack," built by the U. S. Army for the use of scouting parties and known only to a few of the patrol and to a guide or two like Billy. This small structure was set in against the rock wall of the cañon, of which it seemed a portion. The sweep of the continuous drift of snow that lined the mountain side took in and enveloped the cabin as it went, leaving nothing visible except the end and door. Inside was a fine white drift of snow, and the chimney was full of snow, and the windows were blocked with snow, and the roof was loaded with snow, and the woodpile was many feet deep under the snow. Still, we didn't mind that, and to our eyes the little cabin seemed a most acceptable abode.

Winter Lumbering Operations.

A great trouble here was the getting of firewood, which we could only obtain at a distance of about 300yds., and far up the steep snow-covered hillside. Billy and I spotted a dead tree away up the cañon wall, and laboriously made our way up to it on the *skis*, but after we had it in lengths the worst of it was not over. The short logs sunk in the soft snow, and would not roll down hill. I wallowed shoulder deep in the snow in getting the logs down, riding a pine branch part of the time to keep from sinking too deep. Then Billy started my *skis* down to me, and at last tried to slide my *ski* pole down. The latter took a dive into the snow, and cost us a half hour's hard work. We found it 6ft. under the snow and 30yds. from where we thought it was, it having slid under the snow like a snake in the grass. After finding this we called out Larsen and Holte, who were busy at the cabin, and we all got on the *skis* and packed logs in on our shoulders. It took us an hour to get in our wood, and the sun had long since gone behind the further cañon wall. Water we got this time out of the creek, Billy locating an open hole by a deep dimple in the level expanse of snow which filled the little cañon. We dug down here and found a sweep of open water about 6ft. below, which we reached by buckling our belts together and letting down a tin.

A Soldiers' Snug Harbor.

We fixed the chimney so it would not smoke by cutting a thick-foliaged young fir tree and standing it up alongside the chimney. This was a scheme of Billy's, who is a good deal of a schemer around a camp, and we found it worked all right. The little fireplace in the corner was not very big, but it was active, and it kept us warm all night. We had a good chance to dry out all our wet footwear and to put our *skis* in perfect order. Of course we had no bed clothing except the meager outfit earlier mentioned, but we passed a warm enough night, for the little cabin was so covered by the snow that it was nearly air-tight. We were all tired enough to sleep soundly, and we got a good night's rest.

Off for the Divide.

The next morning, Friday, March 23, found us up and busy before the sun had begun to look over into our little cañon. In summer I should like to follow up that cañon, for I imagine it leads into roughish country, but it seemed we were to go in the other direction, to find an easier approach to the great divide, on whose edge we now were. The maps show the main Continental Divide as south of where we were, and the mountains there are rougher, yet from Two Ocean Pass, below the south line of the Park, it is practically all divide along the crooked range clear up to where we were and beyond. Alum Creek, on which we were camped, flows east into the Yellowstone, which empties into the Missouri. Nez Percé Creek, which flows west down the opposite side of the range, drains a watershed of great area into the Firehole and Madison, which in turn reaches the Missouri, it is true, though by way of a water system entirely different from that flowing to the east. The forks of the Snake, of course, lay to the south and west from us, across the Divide proper, whose further waters find their way to the Pacific. It was our intention to work up the east slope, across the hot country of Mary's Mountain, and then to make down the Nez Percé Creek and the Firehole to the Fountain or Lower Geyser Basin. This necessitated a journey of something over twenty miles, which had to be made all in one day. We burned our bridges behind us, taking only enough food for one meal, and storing away our single blanket and sleeping bag in the tin-covered box, which Uncle Sam leaves as a mess chest in every one of these patrol houses. This lightened up our loads considerably, and we were glad of it, for we knew we had hard enough work ahead. We intended, if we had any luck at meeting the buffalo on Mary's Mountain, not to return to the shack, but to keep right on. If we did not find the buffalo, we intended to hold a council, make medicine and form further plans later in the day.

Billy and Larsen started on ahead, Billy telling Holte and myself not to start for half an hour or so, in order that the approach to the buffalo might be made more

quietly and a better chance given than if the party were larger. Holte was complaining of his eyes, he having carelessly left off his glasses a part of tbe day before. and contracted a very good chance for snow blindness. We did everything we could for the eyes that morning. after we had put out the fire and put everything in military order about the shack.

Again they Get the Buffalo.

We followed the trail left by Billy and Larsen until we had climbed up to the "hot country." Here there were numerous wide strips of bare ground, too hot for the snow to lie upon, where the buffalo evidently were in the habit of yarding. Abundance of sign was all about, and we saw deep fresh trails where there had been a stampede, so we knew that Billy had started the buffalo, whether he got a sbot at them or not. I could see that part of the herd bad plowed their way east back to Alum Creek, and part had gone straight ahead to the higher buttes into tbe dense forest and apparently in the direction of the heaviest snow, though we later saw that there was more hot country further up the mountain. As I learned from Billy later, he bad had a splendid opportunity that morning. He surprised the whole herd on the lower hot strip of Mary's Mountain, and stalked them to within 40yds., as close as he cared to get. The light was good and he made several shots deliberately before the herd took fright. When they did start they went like a volcano, or an earthquake, or anything that is big and in a hurry.

The Buffalo Estimated.

Billy thought that these were no doubt the same buffalo that we had photographed on Alum Creek the day before, and barring the six head we had seen lower down on Hayden Valley, we were quite sure that this constituted practically the entire Hayden Valley herd, from 80 to 100 in all—85 head as exactly as I could count it. We concluded it was not worth while to trouble these same buffalo any further, more especially as Billy had had fifty-eight shots at buffalo alone with his camera. The work on Hayden Valley seemed done. We took the Haynes report as to the game on the Pelican Valley, and decided not to make the long trip into that region in search of what we were practically certain not to find. The poacher Howell said there were only a few buffalo left on Pelican. We were now well settled in the conviction tbat the number of buffalo left alive in the Park was not one-half or one-third that generally supposed, and from what we had seen we feared that the killing had been heavier than any one had dreamed. I would state here that I think our view of the case was conservative and fairly accurate. One knowing the country less thoroughly than Billy might have supposed that the buffalo seen this day and the day before were two distinct herds. Believing this, his report would declare the number seen and actually counted to be just twice what it really was. Let us wait till some one has seen in one day and in one herd 200 buffalo in the Park before we ever again believe there are so many as that left. I do not believe there are 150. Of course I have not given all the little details of our investigations on Hayden Valley, but they were really thorough. We worked hard and crossed the valley from end to end and from side to side, and I do not think we missed a bunch of any size. Now we had seen the product of the hot country on Mary's Mountain, about the only other possibly wintering ground of consequence remaining to be visited. If our search had not been tborough, I think it will be long before one is made that is more so. As only a few portions of the Park are or can be inhabited by the large game in the winter season, we felt that now a great part of our work was done. It remained to take a look at tbe Nez Percé Valley, where occasionally a few head of buffalo drift in, and after that to return to the north and go over into the northeastern corner of the Park to see about the elk wintering there.

BUFFALO FEEDING.

Photo by E. Hofer.

A Glorious Privilege.

The immediate thing to be done, after Holte and I had overtaken the others—at the end of five miles' hard shoeing through the heaviest timber on Mary's Mountain, where time and again Holte declared that Hofer was "sure lost and goin' clean wrong," though we stuck to the trail of the shoes ahead, or followed tbe arrow marks on the snow-covered rocks when the trail crossed the hot ground—the immediate and pressing tbing to be done, however, was to get to the top of the divide as quickly as possible, and then get down again on the other side to the kitchen of the Fountain Hotel as fast as possible, or a little faster. So we pressed on up the grades of the east slope, only stopping for a moment for breath when we paused at all. In spite of the hard work and the hurry, I could not help pausing once in a while to look back at the majestic panorama wbich unfolded more and more as we climbed higher and higher up the mountain. It was a rare and noble picture that lay unfolded. and one that I shall cherish many a year in memory. The Hayden Valley and its setting-clasps of timber points lay like a jewel of the range before us. Beyond it the mountains faded into the sky, white peaks rising saliently between. Nearer at hand the summits and cañons were more distinct. Below us, in the immediate foreground, lay the black forest. with masses of shade and all the contrasted high lights of the incumbent snow, dazzling under tbe radiance of a brilliant winter morning. It was a glorious sight—a glorious, glorious privilege to see it!

The View West from the Divide.

We crossed the last of the upper buttes of Mary's Mountain, with the many strips of hot country between, and at length came out upon Mary's Lake, directly on the summit. This body of water was now simply a level plain of snow. We found that by digging down a few feet in the snow we could get water, all the lower level of the snow seeming to be soaked full. We drank but sparingly. and pushed on hard as we could, for wherever the sun struck the snow now it was growing sticky, and we had many a weary mile before us yet. We did not follow the water trail which makes out for the west from Mary's Lake, but cut across a little ridge and finally worked out upon the west side of the Mary's Mountain summit or divide, from which we could look all over the Nez Percé Valley, down which we were to go. Here we paused and spent a long time in the view. Fifteen miles to the west and south we could see the two low, round-topped buttes which mark the Firehole Valley near the Fountain Hotel. The white course of the creek valley lay like a broad ribbon between, apparently running directly in under tbe foot of the mountain on which we stood. Between us and the foot of this summit there stretched a black forest of pines, through which no *ski* runner, no matter how daring, could run down direct, yet somewhere through that bristling wood, and somehow on that rugged mountain side, wound the single trail by which we could get down. What the run was to be, one can imagine. Five miles of it was to be very fast, then the gradual slope of the water grade down to the Firehole Basin, about 10 miles more.

Some Civil Engineering.

The reader of this has perhaps traveled mountain trails, cut into the side of a declivity, and built on a grade so steep that a horse could barely go up or down. In that case it is only a question of the up and down angle, for the wheels sit flat or the horse goes on a level keel. But now suppose we blot out the entire trail with a fall of snow which fills up the cuts and buries all the fills, and makes the whole mountain side a slanting sheet of white. The *ski* runner, mounted on his glassy-bottomed snow skates, has before him two problems and two angles to be considered. He must take the down grade, but must cling to the side of tbe hill as he goes down. He must not slip or fall, and so get a broken back in course of the headlong roll which would ensue upon that. He must not steer too high up the side hill, and get into a box out of wbich he could only escape by a straight down grade too sharp for him to consider. None of these things must he do. He has in coming up gained elevation and held it jealously as long as he could. Now, a civil engineer in flight, with but the space of a wink to form and carry out his decision, he must throw away his acquired elevation just as rapidly as he can with safety. He must lay a course with as sharp a gradient as he dares. This was the problem before us, and as I looked at the sharp downward sweeps of the west side of the divide, I was willing to admit that mistakes in taking that run were likely to be costly. We had had some sharp spins in getting this far down, but now the trail to be taken made one bold sweep down, out on open ground, then doubled sharply back into the black forest, as steep as a set of cellar stairs. Beyond the forest line no deponent said anything.

BUFFALO IN "HOT COUNTRY."

Photo by John Folsom.

A Leg or Two Is Nothing.

All this writes pretty well, but we didn't talk about it very much. We cleared off the bottoms of the *skis*, and set the straps right and wondered how far we could slide before the snow got too sticky. Then Larsen, who was ahead on the trail at that time, quietly turned loose, setting on brakes with his pole as sharply as he could. With the indescribable, smooth, even motion peculiar to the *ski* run, he settled, shrank, condensed, shortened, seemed to grow smaller rather than go further. There was a light crust on part of the hill, and he flew over this and hardly broke it. Then he crunched through snow crust the sun had weakened, but tarried not at all. In the light snow we saw him throw up a long skit of white behind him. Then he leaned heavily over, got around the sharp bend and vanished like a flash into the forest, gathering a speed which showed what sort of a grade it was there.

Holte followed Larsen and Billy took their tracks. Holte and Billy both got slight falls, but made the bend. I got around the corner myself in their wake, and then nearly lost my breath at the jump downward the trail took as it turned into the wood. I could not by any means stop the speed. I sat astride the pole, but the momentum tore the end out of the snow and I got no brake of it. I jumped one hole in the snow where some fellow had had a tumble, and at length, taking one of the dozen corkscrew turns, I went bang! into a bank and came a great cropper right where Holte had done the same thing. On a run like that a fellow doesn't much care what he does or where he goes. My dignity suffers when I reflect how we all ran the last of the steepest grades, yelling like demons, and wishing, I do believe, that the snow was a little smoother and the gait a bit more keen. The first plunge of a sharp *ski* run is the only trouble. After that the impending loss of a spinal column or a leg or two doesn't seem to disturb one very much.

Winter Home of the Beaver.

We made rapid time till we got into deep woods and soft snow, and then the shoes began to stick. The snow got worse and worse, and we had to waste over two hours in the middle of the day, waiting for it to mend. We built a fire, made a little meal, and gave our *skis* as tborough and scientific a roasting and waxing as they got any time on the trip. At this camp poor Holte forgot his revolver, and had to go back after it, a mile and a half and return, all of which made him swear very cordially of course.

When we came to crossing the Beaver Creek, we found it no easy matter, for the beavers have a dam here, and this had backed the water up into a dozen different channels, each so wide that it was next to impossible to jump on the *skis*. The water seemed to be from warmish springs, for it was mostly open and running, though often nearly covered by the deep drifts of snow. There is a Government postal shack here, but we found it half full of ice and water, as it sits in the willows on the level of the natural bank. After managing to get over the beaver waters, we built another fire, and again touched up our *skis*. It was here that we waited for Holte's return. That youth was in a bad fix, showing a little disposition to tire down, a tendency to snow blindness and a pronounced inclination to profanity. He was, as the saying among *ski* folk goes, "quarreling with his *skis*," which is natural, whether it does any good or not.

Hard Plugging.

Across the Nez Percé lay mile after mile of nearly level snow. It was just straight ahead, hard "plugging" here, the sort of going the *ski* man dreads most of all. We kept up a pretty steady swing till we got along into the Firehole timber. Here Billy's sore heel began to pain him seriously, and his big camera was nearly killing him. I traded loads with him, as my pack was now getting lighter, and was below 20lbs. We left Billy on a snow-covered stump, calmly examining his sore foot, which he had bare in the cool evening breeze. He said he would soon overtake us, but we were quite a way down stream before he did. Then we found a log across the river, and knowing we were now only a couple of miles or so from our objective point, we strung out as fast as we could, finally crossing the open valley of the Firehole on a crusted snow and in a sharp wind, for it had turned cold. It was black night when we stumbled into the kitchen of the Fountain Hotel, with a good deal of the starch out of us, but still alive. Each man was made to dance a jig before supper, just to show that he was feeling good and lively. We had traveled over 20 miles that day, with all all sorts of shoeing, most of it pretty bad.

Nez Perce Buffalo.

From the summit as we looked west we saw on the Nez Percé Valley what we thought to be three buffalo, but we could not confirm this when we got down to the level of the valley. The buffalo do sometimes cross the divide about where we did, and work between the hot country of Mary's Mountain and this sheltered little valley. They have not wintered on the west side of the divide in any numbers for a considerable time.

Struck Some Charms.

At the Fountain Hotel we found John Schmidt in charge, and he took the best of care of us. I am disposed to believe that he felt a mild surprise at the appetites we showed.

At the Fountain Hotel we proposed to stop for a couple

of days, enjoying ourselves and seeing the geysers. We were at this point forty miles from the Mammoth Hot Springs, and we felt as if that were nothing, and as if the trip could not fail of being a success in its main purposes. Barring Holte, whose eyes were paining him intensely and who seemed to have gone a little stale, we were all in perfect health, with vitality keyed up to a pitch which made the mere breathing of the air of heaven a keen and subtle pleasure. Let those who will, loiter languidly through the Park in summer and comment on its beauty from a carriage seat. That is better than nothing, but the best is the trip on *skis*, if one really wants to see what wonderful things the Wonderland can do for one in winter. Certainly, it has spells, magic, charms for rest, for healing, for delight. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

CAMP LIFE AT CLEAR LAKE.

QUEBEC, Canada.—We do not go to Clear Lake to get a lot of fish in a short time, we go for our health—or something. Anyway, we go and we keep on going. I go because—well, let us say because I have to go, which I do not. But that would be an awfully good reason for going, and I am inclined to adopt it. The Professor goes because it is good for him, and he likes it. Other people go because they are invited, and then are invited some more, and continue to be invited.

When that camp was built, iron door fastenings were rejected and a wooden latch put on, the string of which hangs outside the door from May 1 to Oct. 1.

So the Professor and his friends leave home at 8 P. M., and at 4 P. M. the next day are at the cabin. When it is known that some one is coming there are usually a few trout in the ice house; and by the time the guests have changed their clothes and got into knickerbockers if they are men, or into camping petticoats if they are women, and have speered about a little and the newcomers have been shown over the premises and the old ones have noted the changes made since last year, a blast on a tin horn tells that some of the trout have been cooked and supper is ready. All hands are hungry, for most of them preferred walking the four miles through the woods to riding. The walk was very lovely, but did not appease appetites in the least.

Our trout are never very big. We reckon on just one apiece and some extra ones for a meal for an average party. There are always baked beans on tap besides to meet emergencies.

After supper nobody cares to do much. The Professor looks over his fishing tackle and finds two or three broken tips and a reel out of order, that the other Professor must repair, for the other Professor is an expert in whatever requires delicate handling of tools or nicety in manipulation. So they two get out a great lot of things and pile them up on the table along with books, clothes, pipes, tobacco, photographic and astronomical instruments, and what not, where they will have a heap of trouble in finding them again. Having got so far along they leave them and go out of doors to see what is going on, for by this time Hypolite and Cyprien have decided that it is time to light up their welcoming bonfires, and most of the guests are sitting under the pavilion looking at them. When the fires are burned down it is bedtime. The gentlemen hang their clothes on the floor or wherever the Professors have left room for them, and turn in.

At 4 A. M. my Professor is out to try to get some trout for breakfast. There is always an extra rod on the pegs ready for him, for his own are almost certain to require some tinkering.

About 5 he comes back, declaring that the trout don't rise worth a cent, but always bringing some. The rest of us may just as well get up when he comes in. We have had all the sleep we are likely to get. The ladies will not appear before six, so we have ample time to take baths and get hungry before the horn sounds for breakfast. A cup of ready prepared coffee helps us to wait.

After that comes the question, "What are we going to do to-day?" It does not much matter whether the question is answered or not, for we may be sure that nothing that may be suggested for this first day will be done. Almost the only thing that will be done is the one that is not suggested, and that is—loaf. No one wants to go anywhere. To sit round and enjoy the air and scenery is about all the work anybody cares to do to-day—except eat. If we were astonished at the appetites last night we shall be equally so to-day, although nothing would seem to have been done to provoke them. Nobody appears to be altogether idle, but not much will be accomplished. The Professors will be busy whittling, making napkin rings, salad spoons, boxes and the like, anything that can be wrought out with jack-knives and sand paper and the help of the little kit of tools that the other Professor always carries with him. They will keep Cyprien busy rough-dressing the wood that they propose to work up. Possibly they may photograph a little, but as they have already taken all the possible subjects, they will now attempt the impossible. They will pass a delightful day together, and perhaps not have much to show for it at the end. But that is no matter. We shall have our supper a little early and then sort ourselves out into the various boats and canoes and go cruising and fishing. There will be several things proposed to be done when we get back, but before we realize it we shall find that about the only thing people want to do is to go to bed.

It will never answer to while away camping days in such a manner as that. Those in authority say that to-day we must "go down the Discharge!" We tell Hypolite we shall be back late to dinner and row or paddle across the lake. We cannot go anywhere without first crossing the lake, for the very simple reason that our camp is on the other side of it.

Once across we stroll along a footpath or over rocks at the side of a rough and picturesque outlet of the lake. It must needs be rough, for it has over 400ft. to fall and is less than half a mile long. Twice it gets down 100ft. at a jump. It is very interesting, but those of us who have seen it fifty times before shirk a part of the walk, build a fire, light our pipes, and wonder why the others are gone so long. There is no fishing of consequence unless we go a long way—and this is not our fishing day.

When we get back and have had our dinner it is voted to be too late to go anywhere else. The ladies say they have seen enough for one day. They want some excursions kept in reserve. The proposition not to go to Lake à Louise till to-morrow meets immediate favor. In fact, anything that is not to be done to-day is heartily approved. So nothing more is done, except that after supper again we go out on to the lake, see other views, wake other echoes and catch other trout, coming back only in time for a few songs and then go to sleep again. For although we seem to get up at almost disreputably early hours we get in an abundance of sound and refreshing sleep. When the ladies come from their room it is not necessary to ask them how they have slept. Their appearance speaks for them.

Now we only go to Lake à Louise for fishing, although the walk to it is charming. But it is only a short distance and we don't want to go till afternoon, so we do this morning very much what we did yesterday afternoon, that is, pretty much nothing at all. Nobody finds it in the least tiresome. We have with us, however, some vigorous young fellows whose muscles demand constant exercise. These we inveigle to go over to Lake à Chaltré and get us some larger trout than we have been having. Hypolite puts them up some lunch and we start them off, feeling that they are safely disposed of for the day. For Lake à Chaltré is a good three-quarters of an hour's walk—from the other side of our lake, of course—and there are two high hills to go both up and down, whether going or coming. People cannot expect to go far among the Laurentides without finding some hills to climb. When the boys reach the lake they will find only some rafts, which will doubtless require repairs before they can be used, so we feel quite sure they have their day's work laid out. But they will bring home about a dozen trout weighing over a pound each, and all hands will be satisfied.

In the afternoon the rest of us go to Lake à Louise. It is well understood that nobody need go except to fish, but somehow or other everybody goes. There are only one canoe and a raft over there, and we take turns in using them. The canoe gets over the water fifty times as fast, but I believe the rafters get the most fish. They do not seem to be frightened by it.

Those not fishing build a fire and sit on the shore and watch, applauding vigorously when the young lady who never handled a fly-rod before in her life hooks the largest fish of the day, and under the Professor's direction secures him handsomely.

The next day it is ordained that we must go down the Noire and have a picnic, just as if every day was not a picnic. Across the lake first of course. There is no going anywhere without that. Then down a steep and high cliff. It used to be a tough job to go down or up, but a surprisingly few days' work have made it almost a comfortable stairway. Ladies no longer abuse us when we propose to go down the Dalles.

At the foot is the river. Half a mile down is a dam, near to which we go in canoes. A few minutes' walk through the bushes and we reach the top of the falls. From here for a mile and a half is a succession of falls, rapids and pools. Trout all the way along.

This is a fishing day as well as a picnic. The water is not very high, and we can walk along the rocks easily; but those restless young athletes are not content with that, but cross and recross the river and scramble into places that we older chaps are quite willing they should monopolize. They fall into the water occasionally, which does not seem to trouble them in the slightest degree. A good many trout are taken, but we can well afford to spare the little ones, and they are put gently back into the water.

And so it goes on. Luncheon, lounging, fishing, more luncheon and then home again. It has been a delightful day. To-morrow it is going to rain. I believe those Professors will be secretly glad of it, for there will be nothing to divert them from their beloved carpentering, unless it be the numerous photographic plates that they have to develop. The ladies will take more tucks in their skirts and then lie in the hammock and read novels. The boys—it is rather difficult to say what they will do. If it rains very hard it is likely they will lounge about and read novels also.

After the rain my Professor and I want to go up to Camp Nicolas. We don't want to take the ladies. At least, we say we don't. We tell them we have talked the matter over, and, on the whole, they had better not go. It is far and the accommodations are rough. There is only one room, where all must eat and sleep. For Camp Nicolas was built mainly for winter use, to be nearer the haunts of the caribou.

The ladies are not disturbed at all. They make light altogether of my discouraging remarks. They say to me, "Now, Mr. de Montauban, please not try to humbug us. You know that if it wasn't all right you wouldn't have thought of taking us at all, and if it is all right we all want to go."

"But it will be a two or three days' trip."

"Won't that be jolly!"

"And we think of taking the tents and camping on the Pi-Oui."

"Oh my! what a lark!"

What can men do under such circumstances? Nothing but submit to fate, preparing for it as best they can.

That is what we do.

When the time comes we cross over and go down the "Dalles" again. There, in its usual place, is one big canoe, which this party has not yet used. It would carry us all, but having regard for the muscular activity of those boys (and our private plans as well), we put them into a smaller canoe by themselves, where they can expend their superabundant strength on the paddles to their hearts' content.

For a wonder the wind is fair to go up stream, so we set our sail and glide along swiftly and noiseless, for we are loaded just right, and there is only a bit of a ripple at the bow and a trifling wake at the stern. For an hour we run along under a cliff that rises 200 or 300ft. above our heads. Sometimes we might touch it with a paddle and again we are far from it. Then we pass out into the open lake, and by and by stop at the Isle à Laurent, where we stuff ourselves with blueberries. An Indian and his daughter lived here for many years, giving the island his name. In her youth the girl was timid and graceful as a fawn. She married and became a shapeless hag, like most women of her race. The man was found dead by a roadside.

Embarking again, we put two reliable paddlers at the bow, for in half an hour or so we shall run into a narrow and crooked channel where we must keep a sharp look-out for snags. We pass it safely, holding the sheet in our hand and trimming the sail constantly. We come suddenly out into the glorious expanse of another lake, keeping our passengers' attention attracted to something on our left until we make a quick turn to the right, and the whole bursts upon them at once. Then we have an air line course almost to our destination.

Camp Nicolas is all right. It is large enough, but there is not much furniture in it. We must sit on boxes and sleep on boughs.

How is it possible for people to get so hungry? Of bread and pork, the two necessities of camping, I always take about twice as much as folks think we shall need and rarely have a surplus. Fortunately we had sense enough to send out two men yesterday to catch some fish for us. They are those great, fork-tailed trout (*namaycush*), weighing from 2 to 20lbs., very good eating, but requiring a lot of labor and patience to catch, for the brutes will touch nothing but live minnows and give no sport. The immediate neighborhood of Camp Nicolas is not to be relied on for *fontinalis*.

We set up one tent for the workmen and cook and eat out of doors. The ladies enjoy it. It takes a lot of branches to make beds for so many people, but we get enough at last, and when the fires are burned out and the stories told all hands are impatient to try them. The beds are on the floor, the women in one row and the men in another. The old campers go to sleep promptly, but the young ones find the scene too novel and much chaff and banter is exchanged.

Next day we cruise about the lakes and explore strange waters, finding tracks of bear and caribou and strange birds. The Professors take no end of photographs. Appetites are as good and sleep as sound as ever, and when another morning comes we pack up and start for the Pi-Oui. Down the lake a couple of miles and off at one side we find the mouth of a river, which we go up as far as we can. Then we come to a fall, round which we portage the small canoe and baggage, and soon come to one of our old camping grounds, where we set up the tents, a short job, for we find our old tent poles and pickets just where we left them. Folks are hungry again by that time.

After dinner we leave the ladies to rest while we old men go up the river in the canoe to the first rapid—and fish in the pool at the bottom, letting the boys go up through the woods and climb to the inaccessible rocks, and drop flies into holes that we do not hanker after. Our age and infirmities move us to stick to the canoe and quieter waters.

But we have found the river scenery so lovely that we send the boat back to bring the ladies up. When they reach us they are so delighted that they want to go further, so another portage is made and another stretch of river visited, and then another and another, for the carries are neither long nor hard, and we know that a little further up are some more rapids, so that all who are disposed can have the pleasure of "running" one or more on the way back. We go far enough to give each of the ladies a chance, which not one fails to accept. The rest walk along by turns and soon get back to camp, for we have dawdled so long that we have not gone up much more than a couple of miles all told.

The boys bring in a few trout, and after supper there are camp-fires, round which the ladies dilate on their afternoon s experiences, and are loth to go to bed. For from the men's camp they hear every now and again some of those charming Canadian songs and the delicious refrain,

"Le beau jour de l'amour s'en va,"

sounds unusually *triste* this evening.

To-morrow morning we must get back to our cabin, and some of our guests will leave us. Others will come, and we shall make other excursions, for our list is not nearly exhausted yet. And when our friends get together afterward they will talk them over and perhaps lay plans for future visits to forests and streams.

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

OUANANICHE NOTES.

OUANANICHE? Well, now! Didn't I? They are everywhere. They are in the Grande Décharge, they are in the lake, they are in the big tributaries of the lake, and some of them are in me. It has been my first experience with them. On the first day I tried to decide what their favorite flies were, and had an ouananiche of one size or another on my line all day long no matter what flies were on the leader. Under such circumstances it was hard to make a decision.

After I had enjoyed the change from the monotony of casting to the monotony of tiring out the fish, and *vice versa*, I stopped at noon and walked off on a rocky point to fish for doré for a rest. I took off the stretcher fly and put on a hook baited with an eye. Then a sinker and float were adjusted *à la* school boy and the bait dropped to the bottom in a quiet eddy. The first thing that took the bait was a big ouananiche. He was properly landed, and the hook was again sent "a seeking." The next that took hold was another ouananiche, and he took, not the bait, mind you, but the silver-doctor fly that I had been too lazy to remove, and that was absolutely still in the water midway between the float on one side and the hook and sinker on the other. When this fish was landed and I was getting actually impatient at not catching doré, a big piece of dace was put on the bait hook. As it sank toward the bottom it caused the float to slide along the surface, which sight made an ouananiche's mouth so water that he leaped at the very mirage of a living thing and almost cut the float from the line in his savage onslaught. They would have taken the sinker if I had waited longer. The ouananiche will strain at a gnat and swallow an American flag tied to a pair of ice tongs.

This idea of tying a fly to simulate the insects that ouananiche happen to be feeding upon at a certain time is very pretty, and it also works. So also does any other fly when the fish are in a biting mood. When they are not in a biting mood they will not take gold dollars. At this time of the year they are almost always ready to take the fly, but in the middle of a bright day they are inclined to play with the fly. They play about in the white foam and stick their fins through, and as ouananiche are always in sight, I could select the largest ones and go for any particularly big one that was rolling about and showing himself in the foam. They use the big foam flecks for cover.

Frequently, after my making a cast, on beginning to retrieve a wake would follow the stretcher fly as though a muskrat were swimming along under water, and when

it was absolutely necessary to stop because my arm was 2in. too short, the fish would make a splurge as though some one had turned a pail around just under the water, and off he would go. This is more likely to happen in the middle of the day. Then, too, is the time when they play with the flies, leaping over them or nipping at the feathers lightly as they follow up the cast. Usually the ouananiche is a savage biter, and his leaps from the water are astounding after he is hooked.

The scenery here is the scenery of virgin forest of fir, spruce, larch and white and yellow birch, disposed upon rocky islands in the midst of rapid waters or upon flat marsh land or rolling hills. There is no end of other fishing to be had. Doré and brochet are abundant. Lake trout are to be found in certain places, and brook trout swarm in almost all of the streams and small lakes.

The country is intensely French and few of the "habitans" speak any English. Yesterday I found one who could. I was fishing for trout on the Ouitchouaniche and asked one of the natives, who came down to look on, if there were large trout in that stream. He said, "Hyes, sir. Ze summer last, one Eenglishman name Meesty Thompson come up from New York and she cotch trout weigh two poun', prob'ly poun' an' a 'alf law baw."

In some of the large streams there are very large trout. It is a common thing to catch them weighing more than 4lbs. apiece with the fly in the spring fishing, or on particularly favorable days in summer. The ouananiche that we are catching weigh from ¾ to 5lbs. each. The smaller ones, ranging up to 2½lbs. in weight, are taken at almost any time, on any sort of day. The largest ones are caught when the conditions are best for catching big trout. I am told that the ouananiche do not remain continually at the surface a little later in the season, but since I have been here there has been hardly a moment when they were not somewhere visible in their haunts, either leaping or rolling like porpoises in the great circling beds of creamy foam at the foot of the roaring, spray-flying rapids.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

LAKE ST. JOHN, June 24.

A DRIVE ON THE "SAULKETCHE."

I SPELL the name as it is locally pronounced. On my chart the stream on which I have just passed a delightful day is spelled Salkahatchee, that is at a short distance from its source not far from Aiken, S. C., but after a winding, crooked course to the southward and eastward, transforming on its way thousands of acres of sand lands into fertile cotton and grain fields, and great forests of oak and pine, and furnishing backwater for the irrigation of square miles of rice fields, when it empties into the sea at St. Helena Sound, its name is the Cambahee.

As the only fresh-water river of any importance traversing this section of the country and emptying among the channels of the Sea Islands in this vicinity, it is naturally the favored resort of anadromous fishes of all kinds in their season. In early spring the shad seek it, and in turn sturgeon, striped bass, squeteague (called trout here), mullet, and at all times perch (red-breasted), bream, catfish and others, with a fair stock of fresh-water cooters and a few alligators. Thus all tastes are met, and the people in the vicinity have at least one unfailing source of food. There are undoubtedly many routes to the stream; one is per the Charleston & Savannah Railroad, stopping off at Salkahatchie station, and driving in a short distance; another reaching about the same part of the stream, by leaving the Port Royal & Augusta train at Yemassee, thence by a five-mile drive to Rum Bluff on the river. This is the route by which I reached it.

The C. & S. and P. R. & A. roads cross each other at Yemassee, and with their sidings and dependencies form a bewildering tangle from which the unwary traveler, landing for a short constitutional, is lucky to escape by the train he meant to take. Detention means a wearying wait of many hours. For to the stranger there is little of interest at Yemassee. He may tramp down to the big artesian well or through the piny woods and get all the fun he can out of the small darkies who peddle water lilies. But he will be mighty glad when train time comes. There is a trick in the trade of water-lily peddling. Evidently there is a lily trust, for not a bunch can be bought while the train is in at less than a nickel; they are too scarce and hard to get. But hardly is the train off before the boys are pelting each other with the left-over bunches, for which a cent each will be gladly taken, for in the ponds, unfortunately too close by, are millions of them. I say unfortunately, for it is these ponds and the rice marshes which have prevented in Yemassee the development usual to railroad influence. Malaria—and formerly country fever—keep it down to a few hamlets. The country fever of late years has diminished, undoubtedly on account of the substitution by the natives of artesian well water for surface wells—pure water versus microbes.

However, if one is hungry he need not hesitate to patronize the uninviting shanty over which a sign of "Restaurant" appears. My first adventure in getting left at Yemassee cost me seven hours' delay; and as a perfect stranger I had no resource but this shanty. I most thoroughly enjoyed the luncheon. To be sure, everything was fried—shad, eggs, ham, potatoes, rice, etc., but they were fried well. The night before I had come into Charleston on one of the Clyde steamers from New York, and after late hours in the smoking room, I had turned out at daybreak to see the captain take her over the bar and into port. So I was sleepy as well as hungry, and fell into a doze in the waiting room. I slept about fifteen minutes, just five too many, for my train came and went.

To pass the time I had endeavored to persuade a couple of negroes with carts to drive me over to the Salkahatchee, to see the stream, and if possible the hauling of the shad nets. But singularly, I thought, money as far as I could afford to go, wouldn't tempt them.

Several white men, with whom I attempted conversation, were very reserved, and even uncivil, and for some reason, I was apparently a very unpopular man. As I was new to the country, I attributed this to my Loyal Legion button, but I was mistaken; and for that matter, during the long period—nearly three years—that I have lived in South Carolina I have always worn it, and never have had cause to regret having done so.

While I was at luncheon several white men were seated at a table near me, and some of them were noisily angry with somebody. "If any spy comes nosing around my nets he'll get a hole in him sure." I began to take interest in the conversation. The looks, as well as the remarks, were very pointedly at me, and it dawned upon me that I was the spy they were discussing. Affairs were warming up, and I would willingly have been out of that, when there entered a gentleman, evidently a man of influence, and fortunately a man of sense. He came over to me and pleasantly opened conversation, and soon found out just who I was, and where I was going, namely, to visit the officer then commanding this station. Then he introduced me to the others, and in a short time the clouds cleared away.

It had so happened that but a few days before, another man, stranger as I was, and left by his train as I was, attempted as I did to hire a darky to drive him to the river, and succeeded. As a result of his visit several of the shad fishermen, who were illegally hauling their nets on a closed day, were caught in the act, arrested and fined some $50 each. As the day of my stopping over was also a closed day, the inference that I too was a spy and informer was but natural, and I think the chances were very favorable for my being a subject for lynching but for the action of my then new acquaintance, and now friend, Captain William Elliott. My late enemies became friends; and had I participated freely in their peace offerings I should, I fear, have violated one of the naval regulations, for I can't stand corn whisky.

"Come up by No. 6 on Wednesday, and we'll try the river," came over the wires, signed Elliott; and ou Wednesday No. 6 carried me and my fishing traps, consisting of split-bamboo, bait rod, and large hooks, for we were to fish for striped bass, of which there were tales of large ones.

At 2 P. M. Elliott met me with his buggy, and a short drive into the woods landed us at his house, where his wife and family made me very welcome, and provisioned me for the trip with a very good dinner. The young ladies, who are expert anglers, did not admire my outfit as I thought they would. They preferred their own, which they showed me—simple cane rods, with short lines, on which "bobs" were used. I didn't exactly see how, but waited to learn. Asked if I had ever "bobbed," I said yes at random, connecting the process with old-time bobbing for eels with a bunch of worms. I learned something new on this trip.

As we drove to Elliott's house through the forest, it was pitiable to note the immense number of great oaks and pines lying prostrate in windrows, showing where the fiercer of the many little tornadoes, which accompanied the great storm of Aug. 27–28, 1893, had swept their way through. There was not one alone, but many such tracks, with wide spaces between where hardly a tree had suffered. About half way from the station to his house has been located a steam sawmill, which is making profitable business in cutting up the down thrown trees.

The house seemed to me delightfully situated, on a high clearing among the pines and oaks; but the young people, who miss the many fine trees they have known from their childhood, do not now so consider it. During the storm many trees crushed down their fences, filled their yard and ruined their garden; but fortunately spared the house, where they sat through that fearful night in constant expectation of death, until one of the young ladies thought to allay the anxiety of the youngsters by reading to them stories, and so quieted them.

After dinner we started for the river, a delightful drive of about three miles through the forest, passing quite a settlement of neat and well-kept farms, and further on places made memorable to the natives by the events attending the passage of Sherman's army, which bivouacked here.

The country we passed through was delightfully wild and, except the little village mentioned, uninhabited; yet on all sides of us were the sites of great plantations, which before the war were the homes of many of the wealthiest planters of the South, and here and there among the underbrush, could we have penetrated it, we would have found the remains as ruins of many noble mansions, whose brick had gone to build chimneys for cabins which the woodwork had built. Living on these plantations in winter, in Beaufort or in the mountains in summer, to enjoy the sea breezes of the former or the coolness of the latter, these planters lost more than can be imagined. Poverty has replaced wealth. Who can wonder that bitterness still exists toward those who they honestly thought were wrong in despoiling them?

About 4 P. M. we reached the banks of the river at Rum Bluff, where our boats, long flat-bottoms, awaited us. Rum Bluff is so named because in the olden days it was at this point that the white traders landed and sold rum and other necessaries to the Yemassee Indians, whose principal village was in the vicinity. In the choice they showed good taste, for the situation is both pleasant and picturesque—a grass-covered level plateau some eight or ten feet above the water, and at a bend in the stream into which it juts as a cape, completely encircled with large shade trees, which we appreciated at luncheon hour.

The road by which we approached Rum Bluff was at one part an ex valley of the river and at many places was bordered by dams with no apparent purpose. But the Saulketche has a way of changing its channel every now and then, and when these dams were built they were to make a reserve of back water to irrigate, as required, the ricefields.

At the Bluff we prepared for fishing. The stream was 30 or 40yds. wide and here, as in many places, ran over a high yellow sand bank, giving shoal water, and sloping abruptly into a deep channel. Over the sand bank more or less mullet were running, some of goodly proportions, such in fact as would have suited the Edisto bride, who, seated for the first time at a dinner of one of our best New York hotels, discontentedly sighed for "one of them good fat mullets like we had at home." Now and then, too, there slid along the shoal, but not on it, a good-sized striped bass.

I hurried my tackle together, but there came a disappointment. Elliott had arranged with a colored brother to be on hand with plenty of live bait and a box of worms. Neither materialized, and all we had to fish with was about a dozen worms, so thin that it was only by good care that they could be put on the hook. However, we started, he in the stern paddling, I in the bow casting, and as we dropped down the river the scenery was beautiful. One small strike, a 10in. catfish, finished the last of our bait. Then, being a believer in the good saying, "It is not all of fishing to fish," we drifted along down the river, then turned, Elliott having rigged his bob and taught me to use it. The bob was simply a Buel spinner No. 2 attached by swivel to a line 2ft. long, and this to the end of a cane pole. To use it the end of the pole was, by the man in the bow, swept to and fro across and ahead of the bow, skittering a series of curves as we advanced. On getting a strike the pole must be jerked backward, any upward movement forbidden.

Well, we bobbed until nearly back to the Bluff. Then when I had ceased to expect, a striped bass of perhaps 4 or 5lbs. accepted the challenge, threw himself half out of water as he struck, and entirely back again as he promptly let go; for, as was to be expected, my strike was the usual old-fashioned upward one, and utterly wrong. That finished the day's fishing. As a pleasant afternoon it was a success, as a fishing excursion rather a failure. Engaging from quite a number of reliable colored brethren a good supply of live bait for the morrow, we drove home.

Elliott, who had more experience and less faith than I in the prospect of live bait, and was determined that I should not go home empty-handed, did his best that evening to organize a "drive" for the next day.

Ordinarily a drive, which is a species of aquatic picnic, is arranged for some time in advance, that there may be a good strong working force on hand, for there is lots of work in it. Neighbors from near and far join in and share the results. But there was on this occasion too little time to reach many of them; and of those reached many had other business, so it was but a corporal's guard of us who met on the Bluff the next morning. There were no ladies, for reasons which soon became evident.

Placing the seine in one of the long batteaux, we paddled down the river to the mouth of Alligator Lake, four boats of us. This so-called lake is simply a long narrow bay, the remains of a former channel of the river, now blocked up at its further end. Here the seine was set, then all hands except a couple of seine tenders paddled up the river about an eighth of a mile, and having before leaving the Bluff assumed a uniform slightly more decolleté than that of the Georgia Major—for he wore spurs—our men wore only hats, with in some cases an undershirt to protect the shoulders from the sun; nearly all hands jumped overboard and sticking to the deep water channels which skirted the sand banks made all the row possible, striking the bottom with staves, the surface with paddles; and thus drove before them great schools of fish, while the batteaux paddled over the shoals to prevent running. It was exciting work. We could see no end of fine bass, some of great size; and the seine tenders as we closed up were sure of 200 at least. But alas, one of the two seines was defective, the bottom leading not heavy enough. It lifted, and most of our flock escaped. We saved only a couple of dozen of from 2 to 5lbs. weight, that had jammed themselves into the bag, or gilled themselves. Two more hauls were made, with but moderate success.

On many of the sand banks were seen the circular spawning places, like ant heap rings a yard wide, of red-breasted perch and bream; and going to and fro from them were a few of the fish. It is a practice of some of the men and boys in this locality, undeterred by any law, to take advantage of the habit which these fish have of removing all debris from their beds. Hiding in the brush near by they cast baited hooks into the beds, with a long line; the fish pick up the hooks at once, and are thus caught in thousands. The usual results of this system are beginning to appear; for some reason which they say is unknown to them the fishing "isn't half what it used to be."

Although I spent this day so pleasantly—the first day for years that I have spent on fresh water—I was still on tide water, and in the setting of the seines, and in bobbing, the state of the tide has to be considered. The tide raises the water, but at this neighborhood does not allay its freshness; the fresh water simply flows more slowly and banks up against the flood, its current increasing with the ebb.

On the whole I enjoyed my outing greatly, accentuated as it was by the hospitable welcome of the entire family, who made me almost feel as if I too was part owner of their cosy home in the woodland.

PISECO.

STORIES OF EZRA.—VI.

THEY were fishing along Coon River. Ezra saw a screech owl stick its head out of a hole in a tree four or five feet from the ground. He told Mac there might be a wood duck's nest in that hole, and when Mac put his hand in the owl attacked it with bill and claws. Mac's first thought was of snakes, and with a yell that made the woods ring he jerked his hand out with the owl clinging to it. Mac got quite angry over it and to pacify him Ezra agreed to get Mac some wood duck eggs from a nest that was thirty feet from the ground in a gum tree. There were no limbs to climb up by but he cut a hickory wythe, and putting it round the tree and holding the ends of the wythe managed to climb to the nest. But Ezra's elbow joint was just a little too large to go into the hole. Holding to the tree with one arm and both legs, he unbuttoned his shirt wristband with his teeth, and pulled up the sleeves of shirt and undershirt, then managed to push the elbow through the hole. But getting it out was another matter. Owing to the shape of the elbow joint and the hole being smaller at its inner opening, the arm would not come out. He had no support except by clinging to the body of the tree, and this required so much exertion that his strength would not last long, and when it failed the arm in the hole would be broken and he be left hanging by it, till a ladder could be brought two miles. Mac as usual saw nothing but the funny side of the case and laughed, and asked Ezra if he ever read about some bad boys who robbed birds' nests. Ezra told me afterward that when his strength was almost gone he turned sick and was just about to faint when Mac's taunts made him so angry that he forgot about everything else except getting to Mac and wiping up the ground with him. With a desperate pull the arm came out, but the flesh was stripped from the protruding portions of the joint till the white bone was laid bare, and the ligaments so sprained that they never fully recovered. He held on to the body of the tree till half way to the ground, then fell, limp as a rag, fortunately landing on a pile of fine brush.

When he came to he had forgotten all about whipping Mac.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Natural History.

A STUDY OF DADDY-LONG-LEGS.

I HAD a job of work on hand a few mornings since, and as I stood by the wood pile considering—for I like to consider considerably before an undertaking—my attention was attracted to a little black something moving on the ground and something else just above it moving with the same velocity. On examination I saw that the uppermost object was one of those long-legged spiders (*Longens stridatus*), *vulgo*, daddy-long-legs, and the black object beneath was a big black patriarch of an ant (*Formicularis giganteus*), which had fallen into the clutches of the spider, either as a prisoner in some foray or as a means of subsistence. Curious to see what the result of this expedition would be, I postponed my labor, entomology having the call anyway—and was entertained for a few minutes quite pleasantly.

The spider's body was about the size and shape of the half of a small pea, convex side up, and attached to this were six of the longest and slimmest legs you ever saw fastened to a body of that size, I reckon. Regular skirmishers of legs they were, away out on the flanks in the enemy's country, ready, though, to close in on the columm on short notice. There were two antennæ several joints longer than the legs, and these were the advance guard, 'way up the road, always in motion to guard against surprise and to look out for ambuscades, rifle pits and things. With two short arms close up to his head, he had the ant by the neck, and thus loaded he stilted off across the country without caring much, apparently, which way he went.

There was a tree near-by, against which on one side leaned a short board, on the other a hoe handle, but before he got to the tree toward which he was headed, he came across two or three little tufts of grass, several inches apart, each tuft composed of not more than four or five fine blades, the ground clean all around. Now his advance guard touched these blades two or three times before the column came up, and if they were of any use to him, and if he had known as much about this thing as he appeared to know about some others, he would have known that the thing to do was to flank the obstacle, but he didn't. It was plain that he had not learned Sherman's tactics, so he just sprawled over the spears, some of his legs hitting them and some going between, and so got past, doing exactly the same thing at the next and the next, demonstrating that he was, on the marsh, anyway, a wooden-headed spider of the first order.

His body and the load he carried reminded me of those low-down swinging trucks which are used for carrying heavy stone and safes. His legs made a sort of derrick, and when all was plain sailing the truck skimmed pretty close to the ground, but when an obstacle appeared he just stiffened or straightened his derrick and the truck rose into the air to clear it, lowering again when he had passed. I admired that trick very much.

When he came to the board he halted, threw up his antennæ as far as they would go and was evidently debating whether the trail led that way, but eventually concluding it did he took a fresh grip on his plunder and started up, but went only a foot or so before doubts about the trail caused him to retrace his steps. When he reached the ground he made several excursions into the surrounding territory, but eventually took to the board again and ascended it until he reached the tree, round which he went until he struck the hoe handle. Here he stopped and reconnoitered, felt the handle with his antennæ up and down and around. It was something he hadn't dreamed of. I doubt if he ever encountered a hoe handle before. His antennæ waved uncertainly with a lost motion (first time that I ever knew that a spider's machinery was subject to it) and evidently that spider was indulging in slang, as he said, "Well, if I ain't up a tree I hope to never." But there seemed to be something about the handle that attracted him, so he boarded it and began the descent. It was pretty slippery, for I work hard with that hoe, and he had to put in his drags pretty stiff. Once or twice I thought he'd have to run for it, like Hough with his *skis*, but he got down all right; and evidently hunger overcame him then and there, for he stopped, dropped his rations and proceeded to business.

Now, I thought, the mystery of how you'll ever get into that ant's iron-clad anatomy will be solved, or not, one of the two. And where do you suppose the hungry fellow began? Why at the eye, of course—nowhere else could he effect an entrance, and if that ant didn't see stars it's strange, for he wasn't dead yet. Oh! No, but just paralyzed, either by fear or some of the spider's embalming injection, for the movement of a leg occasionally told of his condition. Ant brains for breakfast! Wasn't that a tidbit? With two little lances, or knives or saws, the spider worked away until one eye cavity was empty, when I touched him with a stick, at which he stepped off to one side, licking his chops and snuffing danger with those long antennæ. I examined the ant, which had begun to evince signs of more activity, and laid it down near the spider which apparently took no notice of it, but after a moment or two stretched out one long leg and touched the quarry, which kicked vigorously. Up went the spider's leg. Pretty soon it descended and again touched the ant, and again the movements were repeated, when after a pause the spider approached, seized the ant and began the surgery on the other eye, and while I was watching, it suddenly scented danger somehow and scuttled off up the tree out of reach of my vision, and when I left, it had settled down to its meal again.

Now it never before occurred to me that the ant was the prey of the spider. It may have been in this case that the ant had been disabled in some way and so had fallen an easy victim, for ants and specially these big black fellows are fighters with their strong mandibles, and would, I suppose, prove formidable antagonists to spiders or other insects. There are several kinds of ants here from the tiny ones of $\frac{1}{128}$in. long which infest the blackberries (ripe now), to the big-headed black fellows which roam the earth with the don't-care-a-continental-touch-me-if-you-dare air of a fighting bull pup, and when these gentry (ants I mean) fasten their jaws in a tooth and nail conflict, decomposition alone unfastens them.

OZARKS, Missouri, June. O. O. S.

Serpent Suicide.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The disclosures made recently by Capt. Dan. C. Kingman, of the U. S. Engineer Corps, and Dr. M. G. Ellzey in FOREST AND STREAM, on the subject of snake suicides, have somewhat shaken me up. I had learned from the snake specialists that snake venom was innocuous to snake organisms, and had pinned my faith to that belief from a feeling of loyalty to science; and have combatted the statements of the unlearned, that snakes do bite and kill themselves, as belonging to the rich and prolific realm of snake myths.

But the statements of those gentlemen have knocked me out of my perpendicular, as it were.

I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Capt. Kingman for several years when he was stationed on the lower Mississippi River, and feel implicit confidence in any statement of fact made by him. I have no doubt that Dr. Ellzey is equally entitled to credence. But how does this comport with one's respect for the accuracy of scientific investigation, when science is so much at fault upon such a commonplace and patent question as this? Verily, those who assume to teach us in this field must have been exceedingly careless in their observations upon a very important phenomenon of natural science. I feel hurt.

COAHOMA.

A Pipefish Specimen.

VENTURA, Cal., June 22.—By to-day's mail, under another cover, I send you what I believe to be a dried specimen of the pipefish (*Lophobranchia*). Being an old subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM, and thereby feeling interested in its welfare, it occurs to me that this specimen may be of some interest to you. The fish was picked up from our beach near town in the condition you see it. It is the first I have seen, and did not know it inhabited the waters of the Pacific at this latitude. A. J. C.

Sea Gulls in Trees.

MUSKOKA, Canada.—In the early spring of this year I was watching four sea gulls floating about on the wing, and to my astonishment three of the four finally settled on the topmost limbs of a dead pine tree, where they remained for some time. The pine was situated close to a lake. I should like to know from correspondents whether similar instances have come under their notice.

J. H. WILMOTT.

Game Bag and Gun.

NETTING WILD PIGEONS.

WILD pigeons are growing more scarce each season. The business of snaring and handling them for the trap and table has been closely followed for a generation by a number of netters, and a few of the details which are most interesting will be given by one of them who has had a rare experience.

As swift on level flight as any bird that flies, in the habits and mental capacity of the pigeon there is something lacking, which makes it the frequent victim of its enemies, and of which the netter avails himself.

The birds migrate in a large body or a number of large bodies. You have heard of the wonderful flight of pigeons which your father or grandfather saw. Some have seen a flight of them in their semi-annual migration to the north It is the only way these birds ever leave winter quarters for summer. When their scouts return with the old story of "corn in Egypt," the birds quickly leave in regular flocks, stringing into line, and having reached the proper height, fly in a solid sheet to their destination.

In the fall, after they have got their winter plumage and are bound for the South, they are scarce and shy, for they are well fed and the young are fully grown. They have gleaned the stubbles of the Northwest and are on their way to a land where rice and acorns and corn will be their food during cold weather. A few may be caught on bait, but it is only by the greatest care and skill, aided by fortune.

From 100 to 200 men have been engaged in the business of netting these birds all the time, and this number is increased by a great many local netters wherever the birds happen to nest. These regular netters are located in almost every State in the Union. each new nesting seeming to develop a few new catchers, who make frantic efforts to get into the ring and find out the news away from home and in return give the boys any local points they may discover.

In this very large country there would seem to be every chance of losing a body of birds and not finding out where they are. But a very good system has been established for keeping track of them, which is specially looked after by the different express companies and the shippers and handlers of live and dead birds, who form another section of those interested in the history of the wild pigeon, before the epicure meets him at the table. When the body of birds leaves the South the local superintendents of the express companies are instructed to keep their eyes out for indications of a nesting, and the messengers generally are to report on their route. A correspondence of an inquisitive nature is carried on by every regular netter in order that he or his chums may strike the birds first. One may judge of the importance of the receipts to the express companies from the fact that a total of four to five thousand barrels of birds are shipped from each nesting, averaging thirty dozen to the barrel, on which the charges are from $6 to $12 per barrel, which sometimes include re-icing on the trip. This does not include the stall-fed birds for later market, nor the live birds for trap-shooting, and on which charges are 75 cents per crate of seventy-two birds to $300 per carload, nor the squabs, so that it is of considerable importance that no nesting be overlooked.

The same flocks of birds will be reported from ten or twenty different points, sometimes two or three hundred miles apart on their first appearance in the State. Then the plot thickens and it becomes a question, "Where is there feed enough to hold a nesting?" All probable points are then closely watched and daylight finds each netter out, set and ready to try and hail any passing flock of scouts and see how well the eggs are developed, and by the contents of the craw to tell whether the birds wintered in Missouri on acorns or in Alabama on rice. In this way the small flocks are watched and if they form a roost they are not disturbed. Generally the birds pick the best feed possible in Michigan or Pennsylvania; beech nuts are their nesting diet, followed as the nuts sprout by budding on the young elm buds. In Wisconsin and Minnesota acorns are their main food.

The first parties of birds generally form a roost in some swampy piece of land where tamarack or alder grow thickly, and the others join in, their cries filling the woods with noise. For two or three days the noise is terrific and the colony increases rapidly, each flock coming in calling as it flies, which is a sure sign of a nesting. The birds now select their mates and for two days sticks are carried, each doing a fair share in the work of building the nest, which is all sticks, with no moss nor lining. Here two eggs are laid and on the third morning the tom birds leave the nesting for their first drink and feed, and generally drink first. They start in large sheets, gradually splitting into flocks a short distance from the nesting, and feeding and returning at 10 o'clock to relieve the hens, who take their outing until 3 o'clock and return to let their partners take a second trip out in the afternoon. This goes on daily, rain or shine, until the young are hatched. They are fed first on a substance called curd, which the parent birds secrete in their craws, and which must be removed from all birds killed, as it soon spoils them. After the young get a little larger both parents have to hustle for food and sometimes they go out together. All young hatched will be fed even if their own parents are killed.

We will take a trip out with a good netter the first morning a regular fly commences from a nesting. A grain sack, in which are a net and stool and a canvas covered cheese box of which he is very careful, besides the pipe and lunch, comprise his visible outfit. I say visible because it is not yet daylight, and we are none too early. It is a clear cold morning with prospects of a bright sun, and one man knows that the birds will leave at dawn if they come out to-day at all. He has been waiting two or three days, hearing each day from men who have been through the nesting how they were building, so he is on nettles. All his preparations are made. A brisk walk of a mile brings us to the slope of a large hill where the oak timber skirts two sides of a coulee, on which was corn last season. I note a few stakes stuck up and a small house well thatched as to its top, front and sides and open behind; and then I must watch him. Quickly his net is shaken out of the sack, out come the hooks and hubs, fly-sticks, stool and fly-lines and a hatchet, and he is full of business. The net is made ready.

Now he arranges his flyer's boots by attaching them to lines 20ft. long, tied to a small stake behind the house. His flyer is next produced from one corner of the box and quickly a silk thread and fine needle (a pigeoner's trade mark) is run through the callous membrane of the lower eyelid, then carried over the crown of the head to the other ditto, then brought together on top of the head and neatly tucked under. His mate is treated likewise, and the flyers are ready and set at the rear of the house in easy reach. Now the netter reaches into his box at the other end for his right bower. "Hullo, Tom," he says, and a gentle peck on the finger is his morning salute as he produces a finely-feathered, erect, slick-looking male bird which two seasons have rendered reliable. A gentle hover! Ah, there! Just watch him shut his wings. That is all there is of it, and it is beyond counterfeit. He is put out on the stool pad, which is a wire shank and rim and riveted center, a pair of boots is passed through the pad and over his feet, drawn taut and attached to the handle. A few dead birds shot yesterday for the occasion are produced and nicely arranged on the bed.

Just then the first flock of about a dozen stragglers went through the valley to our right. I am told to keep down in the left corner under cover of the side and look out behind and see if the birds notice the flyers. The netter now buttons his coat, and taking a flyer on his hand, strokes it so as to calm it, while his eye travels every foot of the valley behind us. Suddenly I hear "Hist!" and the sound of wings as the first flyer leaves his hand, and the second follows a moment later. I at once forget the birds and look at the two flyers. Right up to the end of their lines they go, strongly and well, then round in graceful circles until they light suddenly on the ground. Then I notice that he has taken hold of the stool line, and I can hear the hover of his bird, while the flock, having seen the flyers light, evidently desire company, for after circling once they set their wings and come broadside to the bed. He holds the stool up until they are about fifty feet from the bed, when he gives the lighting hover with the stool bird and releases the stool line. His eyes tell him when the bulk of the flock strike the bed, and as their wings close, a quick, strong pull on the spring line and a tumble out through the back speedily follow.

I note a small bunch of birds making their way to the woods, but he is at the net, pincers in hand, and wherever a head shows through it they are applied and the neck is broken. Out of breath from nervousness he says, "Eight out of fourteen; pretty good!" A pat to the stool bird, a hurried setting of the net, and with flyers gathered in we are ready once more. A flock passes out of range, but no effort is made to halt them, as he says the flocks will follow their leaders and more will come to our point. I am interested now, and only anxious to throw a flyer or do something to help. He says, "Take it easy now and we won't be disappointed to-day. The birds you see dead and those you see flying are all toms, and the nesting is ready to commence a regular flight. We will need help before evening and won't tire a flyer for nothing. As he spoke he made a quick jump into the house and I lie flat on my face. I don't know that a large flock is directly upon us. No time to throw a flyer, so under his coat it goes, and the stool birds and the bedders which were increased by the ones just killed, were used for all they were worth. I could hear him breathing hard, when suddenly he sprung the net and yelled, "Now hustle, we have something worth going out for."

As we rolled out of the house I heard the swish of wings, and there was a flock piling on the net, under which appeared to me to be a thousand pigeons. I was rattled. He told me to bring the bag, into which I dropped the birds as he killed them, counting until 69 had been put in—a pretty good haul. All the while, though, flocks of every size were passing over, so after saving one spry fellow for a flyer we set again, and had not a minute to spare before another bunch netted us 27. My hat was gone now and I was wild with excitement, but bent on seeing it to the end. For two and a half

hours we worked without a minute's rest until he told me the tom flight was over, and I who was going to "keep tab" if I could not play, told him I had counted sixteen dozen dead birds besides those on the bed. Well, we had a rest, broken only by a visit from the burden of a netter's life, "a hen hawk." The stool bird had his eye on the hawk and would not move his wings, so for sport a green bird was put on and I doubled the hawk up with a charge of 6s.

About 9:30 the birds began to return to the nesting, and we had a chance to see their way of feeding. In the ravine was a creek and small pond lined with birch and alder. After the birds had scoured through the woods, rolling over one another and the leaves like waves, until they were thirsty, they would swing out into the valley and strike the creek, going down two or three at a time, and then pitching away for their nesting. As they are satisfied on the back fly, we attempted nothing until they were all in. He told me the hens would break out to-day in full force, as they had been in two days laying. I could not describe the sight when they did come out about 10:30. From every point there came flocks, and the air was never clear.. We could do nothing but set the net and straighten up in time to spring again. Our house was almost filled with dead birds. I was allowed to try my hand and succeeded in catching the bed. The old stool bird had no use for me. Through good and bad luck we had added 29 dozen hens, and as the outfly was finished he advised our carrying the dead birds to a cool place, where he husked them with the hatchet and laid them out to set for packing. After covering them with brush I left for the house for ice and an empty barrel, as he did not wish to let his luck be known. Meantime the stool bird and flyers were fed, and when I got back were ready for the evening fly of the toms, who go out twice to the hens' once.

At 3 P. M. the hens began getting back, so we cleaned up the bed and were soon ready for the toms once more. Almost the first flock we saw came directly for the creek to water, and in a moment were leisurely starting over our clearing, when our flyers attracted their attention and a beautiful scene followed. On they came, their crimson breast toward the sun as handsome as nature—I could hear my friend say "Too many! Too many!" At last he ripped into them and the net only got about half way over. When we got out the birds were pouring out of the net, so many there were that they held up the front line. Dropping flat on it we had the satisfaction of saving 159 birds, which was our best haul of the day. Now followed a repetition of the early morning programme, lasting until sundown, and when we got through we found sixty-one dozen and three birds to the good. To me it was a revelation; I think it was a surprise to the old man whose locks were sprinkled with gray. These birds were laid with the others as they were, and at 10 o'clock that night were packed and on their road to Boston, where the first arrivals sold at $2.50 a dozen.

With unvarying success for the two weeks necessary to hatch the eggs we continued our sport. I was given a net and had lots of praise showered on me by as kind a man and as true a friend as I ever met in that business. In every clearing within a radius of fifteen miles was a bough house, and each train was loaded with birds. Evenings there would be a grand reunion at some corner "grocery," and they would vie with one another in the pigeon tales galore, which may account for the author's lore. F. E. S.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

DEER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A LARGE portion of northern New Hampshire is to-day an unbroken wilderness. Deer are quite plenty, and almost everything favors their increase. I have cruised about to some extent in the region lying about the East Branch of the Pemmigewassett River in the towns of Lincoln and Livermore, seeing numerous signs of deer and bears. This place is quite easily reached, the terminus of the Pemmigewassett Valley Railroad being at the mouth of the Branch.

In years past, when there was practically no protection for deer, a great many were killed in this region every winter. At a certain house near the Branch, some two miles from the railroad station, I have been told, there would be seventy-five deer hanging in the barn at a time. These deer were killed by different parties. The route up the East Branch was the easiest to the woods, and the house the last one passed. Parties coming out would drag their deer there and leave them until they could come after them with teams. This hunting was done in the winter in deep snow, where the deer were yarded. An old resident of that region said to me, "We were about sure of getting every deer in each yard we found. At one time we had thirty-two hanging about our camp."

Such slaughter is now a thing of the past. The game laws are pretty well enforced, and very few deer are killed out of season. As one of the former crust-hunters said, "It ain't safe to kill 'em now. Last winter I wanted some fresh meat and started out one morning before daylight. I killed a deer that day and did not bring it out of the woods until after dark, and I was careful about leaving signs where I left the woods. Two days after a warden came here saying he must look around, as he heard I had been killing deer."

For quite a number of years but few deer have been killed each season in this region, and they should have increased. My hunting there was not a success. I went late in November to try still-hunting, but did not get a chance. Every snow storm ended in rain, making very noisy traveling during my stay. I jumped a good many deer, but could not get sight of one on account of the noise. Some six or seven miles back in the woods is a small pond, and parties who have been there trout fishing report deer signs very numerous, and it is also quite a place for bears. A party camping near this pond for a week or so in the early part of September, would be likely to get a number of shots by watching the ponds at daybreak and toward sunset. A trip there would cost much less than one to Maine or the Adirondacks. It would necessitate packing in provisions, camp outfit and making your own camp and roughing it to some extent. It might not suit some sportsmen who are accustomed to some of the well appointed camps of Maine or northern New York, where everything (except possibly the game) is provided. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

WISCONSIN DUCKS AND DEER.

ASHLAND, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have long wanted to drive a spike in that platform of yours—"Stop the sale of game at all seasons of the year." That is the only way to save it. Some say, tax the gun. What would be the use of that? The market-hunter would pay his tax and shoot enough more, if possible, to make up for it. I have been a market-hunter, and I know that is what I would try and do. But take the poor man that has only an old musket or some other cheap old gun, and who would like a mess of partridges or ducks for his family once in a while—it would come hard on him. I know plenty of such in this section of the country, that nearly all the fresh meat they have is what they can kill with their old guns, and I should hate to see them have to pay a tax on them, for it is enough for them to buy their ammunition, and all they can afford. But I am "dead sore" against the market-hunter, and I am in hopes the law will be passed that will put an end to the wholesale slaughter of game for the market.

We are not troubled very much with the market-hunter here, only on deer; the other game is so scarce that it would not be profitable for them to hunt it. Ten years ago a good shot could go two miles from town and in one forenoon, on a good day, could bag 25 or 30 ducks, but he could not do it in a week now.

Last October my partner and I went to the Kankagon marshes, ten miles from here, and hunted three days, and only got 17 ducks. These marshes are the best feeding grounds for ducks in the country. They cover about 2,000 acres, and are well seeded with wild rice, which the Indians of Odanah Reservation gather every fall. But the ducks are nearly gone. Where? Shot and sold to the Eastern markets by market-hunters. As I said before, there are no market-hunters here, only for deer. They have been killed off by the hunters in other localities.

"No spring shooting of ducks" would have been another good plank in your platform. That is another cause for the scarcity of ducks. I have not hunted ducks in the spring for the last two or three years. When I came to dress the last I killed they pricked my conscience, for the females were full of eggs. I figured like this, that every female duck I killed would have hatched ten or a dozen young ducks, to be ready for shooting in the fall, so virtually I was killing ten or twelve ducks every time I killed a female. I stopped short.

The game law for this State. as it is now, on deer is the poorest we have ever had. The open season commences Oct. 1 and closes Nov. 1. The leaves are then about half off the trees and it is still warm; the deer are hard to see and when shot are hard to find unless knocked down cold on the spot; and that is hard to do in snap-shooting, for it is catch-as-catch-can. I went a week last fall, shot three and got one. I shot him high and first broke his back. One of the others, a small doe, I found two days after, but the meat was spoiled so I would not even skin it. The other I never found but trailed her by the blood for nearly half a mile, and it took me nearly all day, but I did not find her. My partner shot two and lost them both. We also trailed one of his a long way by the blood but finally lost it on account of loose leaves and green undergrowth. The other he shot was a large buck, just as it was getting dark. We soon lost the trail. This deer was found three or four days after by an old man living on a homestead near by, but of course it was only good for the wolves to feast on.

The wolves lived high here last October, for there were lots of dead deer scattered through the woods that could not be found; many were found after they had spoiled, by land lookers and other parties. The deer I killed and got was a large buck, I shot him at about four o'clock in the afternoon. We dragged him to the N. P. R. R. track, about forty rods; then we found a push car and loaded him on and took him to the depot which was about one and one-half miles. We broke camp and brought him to Ashland that night, and left him in the freight depot. The next morning we skinned and cut him up, and in that short time, about seventeen hours, the meat had begun to smell, especially where it was bloody. Now what is the use of having a law to kill deer if you can not save the meat? if the open season were from Nov. 1 to Dec. 1, the leaves would be off the trees, so if you shot a deer and did not kill him on the spot you would have a chance to get another shot or two and save the deer, and not let him run off and die and be no good to no one only the wolves and crows.

The open season in Minnesota is from Dec. 1 to Nov. 1. So the market-hunter kills what he can here in October; then crosses the line and shoots during the month of November in Minnesota, giving him two months. They have got a nice law here in this State for exterminating all the deer in Wisconsin and Minnesota. The professional can take his choice, after he hunts here during the month of October, he can hunt the next month in Minnesota or Michigan. The law was all right as it was before they changed it. A man could have only one month on deer, and take it in either State; but now the market-hunter has a picnic. If what they are trying to do is to protect the deer, why do they not have the law the same in all three States and then stop the sale of venison? That would fix the market-hunters. If that was not enough, only give us the last two weeks in November so we could save what we killed and have a show to get what we cripple.

I met four market-hunters last fall on the train that said they had been hunting up on the Brule River, but could not make it pay, for they lost more than they got, and had to take them to market nearly as soon as killed; but they were going up in Minnesota as soon as the law opened to hunt there during the whole month of November. They wanted to know if I was going. I told them I did not hunt for the market, was just going out to try and kill one to eat and divide up with my friends.

We have organized a gun club here with sixteen members, the name of it is the Ashland Gun, Rod and Game Protective Club, J. W. Close, Pres.; Dr. Otto Braun, Sec'y; Sebe Malmberg, Treas.; Leo Braun, Captain. The club will have shooting contests and try and protect the game and fish out of season. SPIKE HORN.

Quail in West Virginia.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.—A commendable lack of interest was shown last year in the pursuit of game, especially quail, on account of their scarcity, caused by the hard winter, and this fact, coupled with the mildness of the past winter, doubtless insures a good supply of quail for the fall shooting in this section. Our hunters cannot pursue their sport, so far as quail shooting is concerned, in Ohio for three years to come, as I understand the Legislature has put down its foot again. As I have said before, I am opposed to prohibition for even one year. What we want is a short season every year for shooting, and the law enforced, no one daring to pull a trigger or cast a hook except when the law allows. N. D. E.

[The Ohio law does not provide for a three-years' close season.]

The Prospect for Quail in Tennessee.

MEMPHIS, July 2.—Those of us who look to Bob White (quail) to furnish us sport afield with dog and gun, when the frosts of the fall kiss the vegetation, watch with interest the weather for the month of June; for it is during this month that the quail nest, lay, and the weather permitting do most of their hatching. If it is dry and pleasant, we see large bevies of early birds and plenty of them. If wet and disagreeable, the nests are often washed away, or the young are destroyed by the excessive rain, compelling the old birds to nest again. When the weather is warm many eggs addle from the heat before hatching, or—if hatched—the young are overtaken by the cold weather before fully feathered and are apt to die from the effects of the cold.

Small bevies and few of them follow a wet June. The weather this season could not be more propitious for the rearing of young quail. Throughout the fields in this section we now hear the *Bob White* of the quail, as he sits on some stump or in some brush and does guard duty for his mate, who is doing duty on some nest near by, causing the sportsman to look forward with pleasure to the ides of November, when all nature is clothed in her russet hue and the keen November wind sings a funeral dirge to the departed heat and dust of summer as it soughs mournfully through the pines. The whir of the quail unnerves the shooter as they disappear like rockets to the right or left. The shooter's lungs expand with the ozone of the crisp air like a pair of double compound expansion engines, causing the old to think they are boys again and the invalid to feel for the time they have found the elixir of life, as they climbed hill after hill in pursuit of the quail, or followed the old dog, who is seeking in yonder covert another bevy of the brown beauties, or tenderly retrieves a couple that was cut down by a neat double just a moment ago.

We are apt to forget as we swelter in the heat of just such weather as we are having, that it makes good quail shooting next November a reality, not a dream. We now sit and mop the great beads of perspiration away, or sniff the heated air, or fight the flies that tickle our noses or ears, or hurl anathemas at the mosquitoes and wonder what such weather was made for. Then in a somnambulistic state, if we look down the vista of time, as we step into the field next November with dog and gun and the whir of the many quail and bang! bang! of the deadly breechloader, it makes one think that every cloud has its silver lining. P. H. BRYSON.

Non-Resident Sportsmen in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, July 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An inquiry in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM whether it is necessary for non-resident sportsmen to procure a license to hunt in Arkanses, recalls to mind a promise I made you, at the World's Fair last September, to cite you to a provision in the digest of the statutes of Arkansas relating to game protection which has been omitted from the *Book of the Game Laws.*

You will find it in Mansfield's Digest, Chapter 149, Sections 6456-8. Section 6456 provides that "a tax of ten dollars is hereby levied upon all non-resident trappers, hunters, seiners or netters of fish who may follow trapping, hunting, seining or netting of fish in this State." Section 6457, that "before any non-resident may be permitted to follow trapping, hunting, seining or netting of fish in this State, he shall procure a license from the county clerk, countersigned by the collector of the county in which he proposes to trap, hunt, seine or net fish." Section 6458 provides a penalty for violation of the two preceding sections.

These sections have never been construed by the courts. I have understood that the county officials in some of the eastern counties have construed these sections to require all non-resident hunters or fishermen to procure a county license to hunt or fish in this State. It would seem to be clear that the law was aimed only at those who follow trapping, hunting, etc., as a livelihood.

T. D. CRAWFORD.

[This law was omitted from the *Game Laws in Brief*, because it was considered to apply only to trappers and hunters who followed the pursuit as an occupation; and not to apply to sportsmen shooting for pleasure. This view has been sustained by the opinion of Hon. J. M. Rose, of Little Rock, and appears also to be indorsed by Mr. Crawford. The man who goes on a quail shooting or deer hunting excursion can hardly be classed among "those who may follow trapping or hunting." The law was enacted in 1875, nearly twenty years ago; and the game legislation now recognized as actually in force in Arkansas is of later date. The non-export law was adopted in 1889, and is contained in the *Brief* as amended in 1891.]

Indians and Game in Wyoming.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to hear through the medium of your columns of the abatement of the Indian nuisance in western and northwestern Wyoming. That particular section of the country mentioned by Ira Dodge seems to have been their paradise for the simple reason of the big game being so plentiful and requiring very little work on the part of the marauders to get "heap lot" buckskins. I remember while herding through that country, and particularly Jackson's Hole, running on to carcasses of elk, deer, etc., which were stripped clean of their hides. Bucks, squaws and papooses would arrive in the early fall with strings of ponies for the chase, and if every hoof wasn't well loaded when they went out the game must have been very much on the lookout.

Not satisfied with hunting "on the square" in the fall of '92 they camped right in the very cañon through which the antelope were in the habit of going south; and had it not been for the prompt action of the Hole's oldest settlers in driving the redskins from the field and out into Idaho, there would certainly have been a great slaughter of game. However, some of the whites had better let up on their illicit way of hunting and the game would then be safe. GROS VENTRE.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Results of Marking Salmon.

MANY readers of FOREST AND STREAM will doubtless remember something about the experiments of Mr. Chas. G. Atkins, Superintendent of the U. S. Commission salmon breeding works in Maine, in tagging salmon to determine their habits, etc. The experiments were not as complete as Mr. Atkins would have liked to make them, but so far as they went they showed that salmon after going to sea returned to the rivers in which they were born or planted as fry; showed increase in weight and growth from their stay in salt water, and pointed very strongly to the theory that they spawned but once in two years. The habits of the same species of fish may and probably do differ in the waters of different countries, as witness what is known of the conduct of smolts, grilse and salmon in the Hudson and Penobscot rivers in the United States, and in the rivers of Canada and Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is a commonly accepted belief that salmon spawn but once in two years, no matter where they are found. Mr. Atkins's experiments in this direction seemed to be conclusive in regard to the salmon of Maine.

Last year Dr. Landmark, Inspector of Fresh-Water Fisheries in Norway, delivered a lecture at Gothenburg, in which were recorded certain facts which were learned from marking salmon in the rivers of Norway.

Briefly, of fifty-three salmon that were recaptured after they were tagged and released, all but twelve were taken in the streams in which they were released. One was captured in another river and eleven were taken at sea. Of these wanderers all but one were taken north of the rivers in which they were marked and released. One was captured 264 miles away from the river in which it was released, and another 497 miles away from its river.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features of the experiment of marking the salmon was the discovery that "a considerable number of salmon spawn yearly." No fewer than ten of the salmon recaptured were marked the one year, either when ready to spawn or having just completed that operation, and were retaken the next year in rivers in a similar condition, and four females that were released one year just after spawning, were captured at sea the next year at a time when they seemed to have just spawned.

From the experiments, Landmark draws the conclusions that salmon which go directly to sea after spawning, recuperate at once and are ready to, and do, spawn the following year, while those which remain in fresh water all winter after spawning are not in condition to spawn until the second year.

I have mentioned Landmark's experiments at this time chiefly to introduce the eleventh annual Report of the Fishery Board for Scotland. In this report I find a paper by Mr. W. E. Archer, F.R.S.E., Inspector of Salmon Fisheries of Scotland, with the title "Natural History Notes on Salmon in Norway."

Mr. Archer applied himself to the study of salmon in Norway for eight years, from 1884 to 1892, and during that period marked 954 salmon for the purpose of studying their habits, migrations, etc. Besides the salmon marked by Mr. Archer some 3,000 salmon were marked on other rivers in Norway, and details of the capture of some of them are given, but as these details were probably furnished him by Landmark they doubtless concern fish already referred to.

Mr. Archer leased Sand's River and it was in this stream that 954 marked salmon were released, and of this number 38 were recaptured. They were recaptured chiefly in the river, but a few were recaptured in fjords leading to the river, and six not included in the list were recaptured at sea. The greatest wanderers were, first, a salmon taken 500 miles from the river in which it was marked, and 2 years 208 days had elapsed between marking and recapture. Marked as a kelp this fish was caught fresh-run and had gained 15½lbs. Another had wandered 230 miles, and 1 year 247 days had elapsed. Still another was taken 200 miles away and had been gone from the home stream 1 year 204 days.

Mr. Archer says: "The first important point that seems to be established by these experiments is that some salmon spawn annually; seven salmon marked on Sand's River and five salmon in Aaensira River were recaught the season following their being marked, either about to spawn or having spawned."

I give the record of one fish. It was caught and marked on Oct. 11, 1887, just before spawning. It was recaptured fresh-run on July 23, 1888, and had gained just 1lb. in weight. Another caught as a kelt on Feb. 3, 1888 and marked, was caught again as a kelt on Jan. 16, 1889, and had gained just 1lb. in weight.

The details of the capture, marking and recapture of the various fish are interesting in the extreme, but they are too long to give here. Mr. Archer also produces evidence to show that all salmon do not spawn annually. With the paper there is a map of southern Norway showing the rivers, fjords and sea coast, and by a series of figures in colors the place of capture of each salmon is shown, the color of the figures in each case indicating the river in which the fish was marked and released.

Salmon at Sea.

Mr. Archer refers only briefly to the marked salmon recaptured in the sea, but the reference is of a surprising nature. He says the marked fish of Sand's River, recaught at sea, were caught along the northern coast within a distance of ninety miles, the marked fish from Aaensira River showed very much wider wanderings, and intimated that this may have been caused by or is the result of artificial propagation carried on in latter river, but he says that further investigation will be required to determine if it is the rule for such fish (*i. e.*, fish propagated artificially) to wander far from the streams in which they were planted.

The U. S. Fish Commission has recently issued as part of the Bulletin a paper by Dr. Hugh M. Smith, assistant in charge Division of Statistics and Methods of the Fisheries, with the title "Notes on the Capture of Atlantic Salmon at Sea." In this paper Dr. Smith has gathered together the records of all that was known at the time of writing of salmon captured at sea off the Atlantic coast. Dr. Smith writes me from California that since his paper was issued the Commission has come into possession of additional data regarding the occurrence of salmon at sea which may be made use of in a supplementary paper.

In his letter Dr. Smith gives some interesting information about Pacific Coast fisheries, as follows: "You may be interested to learn that the salmon fishery of the Sacramento River seems to be undergoing regeneration. Last year the catch was larger than for several preceding years, and this season the run is over 50 per cent. greater than last year. To the Eastern man visiting the Pacific Coast for the first time, the sight of shad and striped bass in the market is novel. Both fish have come to stay, and already constitute important factors in the fisheries and fish trade. The shad seen are usually fine ones; a dozen exposed for sale on June 1 at a stand in San Francisco had an aggregate weight of 95lbs. The supply of shad is far in excess of the demand, and is increasing yearly."

It will be remembered that both shad and striped bass were taken overland from the Atlantic and planted in Pacific Coast waters. Shad averaging about 8lbs. each is something not seen in the ordinary Eastern markets, but it is not unusual for fish to grow larger in waters where they have been planted than in the waters of their original habitat.

A. N. CHENEY.

BOSTON ANGLERS.

MR. RODNEY P. WOODMAN has returned from his spring trout fishing trip to Aroostook waters. He, with a friend, went up to Norcross on the new Bangor & Aroostook Railroad. They then went some sixteen miles into the woods to the section of Rainbow Lake and Duck Lake. Here they found that they were too early, the weather being cold and uncomfortable. In the lakes they caught some very fine lake trout or togue, the flesh almost as pink as the finest brook trout. For brook trout they were obliged to fish the streams. Spencer stream afforded them great sport in some sections. They also visited the Upper and Lower Twin Lakes. These lakes they found, much to their surprise, full of pickerel, suckers and perch, as so many of the ponds in Maine are where the trout have been exhausted. The theory of the guides is that the pickerel were never put into those waters, but that they have worked their way up from the Penobscot River. The gentlemen pronounce the country they went over a good one for fishing, when one is acquainted with it and strikes it at the right season. The forests are almost primeval, and the distance is great enough from the beaten tracks of other sportsmen to suit even the most recluse of trout sportsmen. For a big game country they say that it is wonderful. They heard moose and tracked them. One big fellow they came near as he was wallowing in the "logan." He gave an ear-splitting snort and was away. Deer they found remarkably plenty. They saw scores of them, while the woods are full of tracks.

The salmon fishermen to the celebrated salmon rivers in Canada and New Brunswick are fitting out and starting off in good numbers. Indeed, the waters of the Provinces seem to be drawing more fishermen than usual this year, both for salmon and trout. Saturday's Halifax steamer, sailing from Boston, is reported to have had more than a dozen trout and salmon sportsmen on board. There was quite a large party from New London, with some from Hartford, New Haven and Worcester. Mr. von L. Meyer, speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, was off for the Restigouche as soon as the House adjourned. He is accompanied by Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr. They expect to be absent for three or four weeks.

Mr. Mark Hollingsworth, the artist, has returned from his spring fishing trip to King and Bartlett lakes; he had excellent fishing. The scenery he describes as something magnificent. Big Spencer Lake is some six miles long, and is made up of narrows and islands. It is the ideal home of trout and big game; big togue are taken in the lake. Mr. Hollingsworth caught one weighing some 10lbs. Brook trout are also abundant. Fly-fishing in the Spencer Stream is all that could be wished for. Two or three trout at a cast are not at all uncommon. Deer are remarkably plenty. One only has to be on the shores of the lakes and ponds to see them almost any hour in the day.

In a day's fishing Mr. Hollingsworth, with his friend Mr. J. A. Littleton, of Boston, took 14 togue from Big Spencer Lake, the united weight of which was 53lbs. The largest weighed 10½lbs. Mr. Hollingsworth says that the sport of taking these big lakers is fully equal to that of taking brook trout, especially where they are fat and well fed. Mr. Myron W. Whitney, the celebrated basso of Boston, with a party of friends, has recently returned from a fishing trip to King and Bartlett lakes. In the party were H. F. Mores, Leon each, S. G. Brooks and H. G. Brooks.

Mr. John Bartleman tells a Boston friend that he is greatly pleased with his new camps at Loon Lake, formerly Long Pond, at Rangeley. His mother is with him at camp, and they have everything fixed up in ideal order.

Reports from Maine bass fishermen have never been more pleasing than this season. All the bass ponds in Kennebec county are "panning out" good fishing. The only question is what to do with the bass after they are caught. In some cases they are immediately returned to the water to furnish sport for some other fishermen. In this way it is possible for a single black bass to afford good sport to several fishermen in the run of a season. Fishing in the Chestnut Hill Reservoir will be indulged in to some extent this season.

SPECIAL.

Bass Fishing in Muskoka.

LAKE JOSEPH, Muskoka, Canada.—The region in the vicinity of Port Cockburn is studded with lakes teeming with bass. A party of Americans, Drs. Hollister and Bennett of Newark and Leo S. Herzig of New York, have had exceedingly good luck in these small lakes, and have returned each evening with large strings of black bass averaging 2lbs. Quite a number of bass were caught last evening by the hotel dock. Pickerel (wall-eyed pike) averaging from 3 to 5lbs. are caught in the lake about three-quarters of a mile from the hotel. Blackstone Lake, situated about ten miles from here, has the reputation of having the best fishing in Canada. Mascallonge weighing 20lbs. and bass of 5lbs. are caught in abundance. I would recommend anglers using 6ft. leaders for fishing in this region, as the water is very clear. It is also advisable to purchase a large supply of worms in Toronto, as bait is scarce here. Minnows and small chubs are also good bait. I prefer chub, as then the small fry do not steal the bait, although a large, fat worm seems to be the best bait. Hotel accommodations are good, and boats are low-priced.

For any one who desires excellent fishing and good accommodations this is the place. On the smaller lakes guides can be procured for $1, although if one wants to row himself, a guide would be a superfluity, as the good spots are easily found; anchor near a hemlock stump and you are on good grounds. It is quite cool here, thermometer registering 62°. I am going to Blackstone Lake next week and will let you know my luck.

THE CAPTAIN.

SALMON FEEDING IN FRESH WATER.

PORTLAND, Ore., June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos of the subject of salmon feeding in fresh water and the oft-repeated declaration of the U. S. Fish Commission, Livingston Stone, Dr. David Starr Jordan, and other eminent authorities, that the salmon do never feed in fresh waters, I desire to say that, in my opinion, my friend Judge Greene's view is about the correct diagnosis of the mooted question. It will be remembered that he has frequently suggested in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM that the salmon may feed while in fresh waters upon food quite as nutritious and strengthening, although not of so substantial an appearance as that of their fattening yards in the ocean; that the first run of salmon undertake their pilgrimages at a season of the year when they are likely to find a good supply of larvæ and other soft or gelatinous substances that would be very nutritious without leaving much substance in the salmon's stomach, and that those following would have the advantage of the spawn of their predecessors which they would not be slow in appropriating. Dr. Jordan admitted that this view might be true, and Charles Hallock declared that such had always been his opinion. That the salmon are very fond of their own spawn no one well informed about their habits will for a moment question. I have fished for salmon a great deal at the Falls of the Willamette, and aside from my own experience have closely observed the experiences of others. One day recently I hooked ten Chinooks at the falls with salmon spawn for bait. A gentleman with me hooked five. Another, more lucky, took twenty-one. Another, sixteen; and numerous other fishermen at the same place and time took from three to a dozen. They took the spawn greedily, not only on this particular day but on many other days. In fact I presume that several thousand salmon have been taken at the falls this month and last with salmon roe for bait. It seems to me that these facts indicate a disposition on the part of the salmon to feed in fresh water. At least I desire to add my proofs to the great mass of evidence in support of Judge Greene's theory. J. ROBERTS MEAD.

FISHING IN CANADA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my last letter I mentioned the visit to Lake Edward and Lake St. John of a distinguished party of Michigan railway men, but was then unable to report what success they had met with in the land of the ouananiche. Messrs. L'Hommedieu, assistant general superintendent of the Michigan Central Railway, and J. D. Hawks, manager of the Detroit, Bay City & Alpina Railway returned here on the 20th of June from the Grande Discharge in their special car, delighted with their sport and with the game qualities of the ouananiche. Among the fish taken by members of this party were a number of three-pounders, some of the anglers having hooked three and killed two ouananiche at a single cast. Messrs. Plumb of Detroit and Lyon of Oswego, who formed part of the same group of fishermen at Lake St. John, are now fishing the waters of the St. Marguerite Salmon Club.

Mr. Plumb writes me from the club house under date of June 28, and speaking of some specimens of my favorite summer fly for ouananiche, usually known here as the B.-A.-Scott, but, as pointed out some time ago by Mr. A. N. Cheney, almost exactly identical with the General-Hooker as found in Mrs. Mary Orvis Marburg's "Favorite Flies," says: "I divided the flies you sent me among our friends, and all of us took fish with them. Indeed, we did on everything we used. One fly seemed to do the work about as well as another. We had a delightful time at the Grand Discharge and lots of fish." For some week or two this fishing is likely to continue good. Then the ouananiche that rise to the fly here will diminish in size, and anglers in search of the best sport and the largest fish will have to descend the Discharge to Isle Maligne or thereabouts, or else ascend the Mistassini, Ashuapmouchouan, Peribonca or other tributaries of Lake St. John. Mr. Chamberlain, of Rochester, and a party of friends are fishing their splendid ouananiche waters above the Vache Caille Rapids and near the foot of Alma Island, in the Grand Discharge. This is one of the most picturesque portions of the waters of the upper Saguenay country.

In a few days more ouananiche fishing will be at its best in the splendid pools at the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini. Mr. W. J. Hazlewood, of New York, has already this season had fair sport there, but was too early for the best of the fishing. He did exceedingly well, however, at the Grand Discharge. Mr. Archibald Stuart, of Scotland, who recently had a delightful time at the Fifth Falls, started out in the early part of last week on a trip to great Lake Mistassini, and it was with great reluctance that I felt compelled to decline his invitation to accompany him. The expedition will be a most interesting one, if only from the fact that it has been made by so few white men. Mr. Stuart is accompanied by four Indian guides and two canoes, containing his tent, supplies, etc., and expects to be absent from civilization some two months, which will afford him ample time for fishing and for taking views of the scenery *en route*.

The well-known anglers Kit Clarke and E. J. Meyers, of New York, and Eugene McCarthy, of Syracuse, are expected up this way during the present month, and Mr. Chester S. Lord, of the New York *Sun*, is looked for in about a fortnight.

Mr. Blanchard, who did so much last year in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM to bring to a successful issue the agitation against the constant netting of Canadian salmon streams, went down to the St. Marguerite last week, accompanied by Mr. Brown, of Boston.

Messrs. Edson Fitch, and John D. Gilmour, of this city, have so far killed twenty-three fish on the Trinity this season, and Messrs. Amos Little, E. P. Borden and party, of Philadelphia, have lately returned from a very suc-

cessful salmon fishing season upon the Moisie. The king of game fishes has run very freely during the last month up the North Shore streams and an unusual quantity of salmon has been taken in nets. The fish has sold in this city by the pound down to 12½ cents, though the opening price was 40 cents.

Sea trout are reported plentiful at Tadoussac.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC CITY, July 6.

NEWS FROM THE FISHING WATERS.

FORKED RIVER, N. J., July 3.—Capt. Geo. D. Harring, yacht Clara, with Mr. H. C. McDougall, editor of the Newark *Sunday Call*, made a catch yesterday of 19 very fine weakfish, tide runners, largest weighing 4½lbs.

July 4.—Capt. Geo. Wooley, J. M. Howard, of Brooklyn, and J. S. Campbell, of New York, made a catch to-day of 18 very fine weakfish, 2 striped bass and 3 bluefish in one hour. Capt. Geo. D. Harring and party—Thos. P. King and Geo. C. Wright, of Brooklyn—made a catch to-day of 21 large weakfish in one hour. Both parties from Riverside House. B. E. ENO.

NEW YORK.—Striped bass fishing has been good in the Hudson River in upper New York city, Riverdale, Yonkers and beyond. M.

OSWEGO, N. Y., July 4.—Fishing for black bass and pike-perch good. Two of the latter caught last week, one weighing 9lbs., the other 11½lbs. W. L. HOSKINS.

NEW LONDON, N. H., July 4.—A. N. Cheney took a 3½lbs. Sunapee saibling last week—the largest fish of the species so far heard from. F. H. DAVIS.

CAMP LAKE, Wis., July 2.—Mr. J. W. Millar, of Chicago, fishing one day, morning and evening, caught eleven black bass, gross weight 27½lbs., and two pickerel 32in. long, weight 10lbs. each to an ounce. J. H. MCVEY.

VENTURA, California, June 22.—Trout fishing is poorer in this locality than at any time in the past fifteen years. Last winter was a drouth throughout southern California, and our streams are now dried up and full of moss.

A. J. C.

WOODBOURNE, Sullivan County, N. Y., July 8.—I thought I would inform you of a catch of brook trout a friend of mine, Mr. Ely Garret, and myself took from the Neversink River in Sullivan county, on July 5. We started about 4:30 A. M. and left the stream at about 3 in the afternoon, between which hours we strung 296, weighing from ¼ to 4½lbs.; of the latter we caught five. All were mainly caught on the professor, coachman and royal-coachman flies. RICHARD C. CAHILL.

Fishing on the Muskoka Lakes.

PORT COCKBURN, Lake Joseph, Muskoka, Can.—Fishing for black bass is not legal until June 30. I have had good luck with wall-eyed pike, called here pickerel, and with salmon trout. Two gentlemen from Chicago have made good scores. They use a curious tackle for salmon trout in this lake. A stout trolling line with a No. 2 spoon weighted with about 2 to 3lbs. of lead does the trick. The salmon trout are now in very deep water and this is the only way they can be caught. There are several lakes in the near vicinity which have an excellent reputation for big bass, and as soon as the legal season is in I will report to you. Evening from 6 to 9 P. M. is the best time for fishing. Bait seems to be very scarce and I would recommend sportsmen to bring with them a large box of worms, which are the best bait for bass and pike. I have been very successful with a No. 4 Clayton spoon.

Port Cockburn (pronounced Coburn) is situated on the head of Lake Joseph and is reached by steamer from Muskoka Wharf. I would recommend that round trip tickets be purchased from Niagara Falls. By leaving on the 6:15 P.M. on the Lehigh Valley R.R. prompt connections are made and New Yorkers can reach here the following day. The trip on the steamer from Muskoka Wharf is a most delightful one of six hours' duration. Dinner and supper is served *en route*. Weather here is cool, about 70° during the day, and there are no mosquitoes nor black flies. L. S. H.

Fish in the Ohio.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.—There does not seem to be any concern along the Ohio about the violation of the fish laws, as nets and other unlawful devices are used without the shadow of protest. Dynamiting is done in the tributaries, and while the voice of law-abiding people is against it the hand of the law is quite unclosed. Perhaps the offenders are hard to indict, for they are sly.

I don't think the Ohio is nearly as good as the Hudson for the pleasures of the angler. Huge catfish are often taken weighing 100lbs. or more. I have tasted once of this mammoth *Pimelodus*, but did't like it. There is a fish caught with hook and line in the Ohio which affords capital fun, if not the most dignified sport. I allude to the skip-jack. To what family it belongs I cannot tell. It is altogether an attractive fish, not on account of its variety of color, for it is not variegated at all, but it is beautifully silvered and is well formed. The flesh is good, but—well, too Napoleonic to suit the best, as in it are many bony parts. It is often caught the size of the Hudson River herring and sometimes much larger, but generally not larger than a white perch. Some call it the fresh-water herring. It resembles that fish and also yields its life about as quickly when out of its natural element.

N. D. ELTING.

[The skip-jack is the *Clupea chrysochloris* or golden shad.]

The Greenbrier.

STAUNTON, Va., June 30.—I have just returned from my two weeks' annual trip with the Greenbrier Fishing Club to the headwaters of Greenbrier River, W. Va. Found water very low, and streams dwindled to mere rivulets—fishing not up to average in consequence. Still we had very fine sport for the first three or four days, as following score for trip will show: Bumgardner 157, Webb 127, Beall 123, Bell 67, Cooke 56, Elder 32; total 562. Trout were of good size, very game and rose readily to the fly. F. R. W.

A Five Pound Thud.

A NUMBER of big pickerel have been taken from Turtle Lake the past few days. T. H. Goodhue caught one that weighed about 14lbs. Ollie Worm took in three 6-pounders in one day, and a day or two before he landed one with Henry Clark's help, which is called a 20-pounder. Of course, no one but a very narrow-minded man would want to know the exact figures. The scales on which it was weighed had a capacity of only 15lbs., and the fish brought them down with a thud which Ollie thought signified 5lbs. Henry Clark was willing to be as generous as the scales and add fifteen to the fifteen which they weighed. Geo. Sperbeck said the fish weighed 18lbs. and 17oz. But that is neither here nor there, he was a big one and as good as he was big; to this fact the writer is pleased to be one of many to testify, and that moves him to remark that it is all superstition to suppose that a big fish is not as good to eat as a small one of the same species; the reverse is the case—a big fish is mature, while the small one is only vealy. A pickerel in waters where food is abundant, can grow to a weight of 30 or more pounds, and be a better table fish at 25lbs. than at two or three. On Monday, T. H. Goodhue took out a string of eight weighing in total 56lbs.—*Whitewater (Wis.) Register, July 5.*

Along the Jersey Shore.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 6.—During the week last past I have canvassed pretty thoroughly all the fishing points of note between Perth Amboy and Absecom, N. J., and I am much pleased to find a marked improvement all along the line. Weakfish are fairly plentifnl in Barnegat Bay, and are beginning to take the hook. Of course so early as this, few if any but school fish of small size are taken; the large channel runners come in later. Dr. George B. Herbert took nine striped bass at Manasquan Inlet last Saturday, weight 2¾ to 9½lbs. each. While at Morgan Station Mr. P. A. Schanck of Brooklyn, made an enormous catch on the previous Saturday of the same species. I will not give the number; it would not look well in print, but I have the account from his own lips, and verified by another gentleman. Altogether the indications are all right for good sport during August and September along the entire coast that this is due to the fact that the pounds were set much later in the season than formerly is unquestionable; regarding which and how the views of a great many pound owners are changing I shall have somethin g to say later on. LEONARD HULIT.

Fisheulture and Fish Protection.

Warden Moyer's Good Record.

AWAY up on the West Branch of the Susquehanna River, in Clinton county, amid the mountains of Pennsylvania, lies the little railroad town of Renovo, built, fostered and controlled by railroad monopoly; and for this reason it contains a floating and mixed population. Here may be found Irish, Swede, English, Scotch, Dutch, Jew, negro, Chinese, Pole, Hun, Italian. This conglomeration of humanity may be classified as the law-abiding Christian element; those who believe in doing as I say, not as I do; the outlaw, who cares nothing for his word, regarding neither god, law nor the devil, and who is living in portions of this country where they have neither laws nor officers elected to fill positions required by the law. Among this mixed and diversified set law and order would naturally be at a discount, and up to the time of the appointment of a police force for the town,

WARDEN ENOS MOYER.

detectives for the railroad service, and fish and game wardens for the community at large, people could not consider themselves safe, or in other words, could not be off their guard for any length of time.

The appointment by the State Commissioners, in the year 1890, of Enos Moyer as fish and game warden for this section, was a move in the right direction.

For the first three years Mr. Moyer worked comparatively alone, from the fact that the people in general and sheriffs and constables in particular believed him to be employed by "monopoly," and that everything he did was detrimental to their interests. Even the courts of justice and officers connected therewith thought him to be a humbug, something to be rid of as soon as possible; and in consequence so construed the laws as to compel him to withdraw many cases which otherwise might have been decided in his favor.

There are exceptions to all rules, however, and special mention should be made of Sheriff Fullmer, of Lycoming county, and Sheriff Ishler, of Centre county, as well as Officer Westbrook of Lock Haven, who were the most faithful assistants Mr. Moyer met in all his travels.

The sheriffs of many counties appeared to forget that by neglecting to lend their aid to Warden Moyer in enforcing the Act of Assembly regarding illegal fishing contrivances, they laid themselves liable to arrest for misdemeanor of office.

Notwithstanding all this opposition, Mr. Moyer has made more arrests, brought more violators to justice, destroyed more illegal fishing contrivances, such as traps, walls, nets, wires, fish-baskets and outlines, than all other fish wardens in the State combined, for the same length of time; and in so doing has waded more snow, traveled more miles on foot and alone at all hours of the day and night, and along more different streams in Clinton, Cameron, Centre, Clearfield, Dauphin, Lebanon, Lycoming, Northumberland, Perry, Potter, Snyder and Union counties, than any other warden would have done under the same circumstances.

Mr. Moyer has planted in the streams embraced in the counties mentioned millions of fish, consisting of pike, one season alone to the number of 1,150,000, and thousands of trout each successive year, besides replenishing the mountains with game.

A warden, it may be said, carries his life in his hands, especially so when he has a suspect and is compelled to follow him at once, without a warrant or assistance, to his home or place of concealment for his illegal game, which is likely to lead him a long chase over the mountains, through dark ravines, into a new section of country, traversed by him for the first time perhaps, where night overtakes him, leaving him without shelter and very often without food. A sly bullet may also be looked for from an unexpected quarter; for who but the guilty one knows where the warden is just at such a time?

The writer remembers several instances of this kind, the particulars of which it is not policy to mention, as the parties are desperate characters, having followed Mr. Moyer for miles, threatening to kill him if they were brought to trial; and who, after being by the courts of justice allowed to go free of punishment, have openly boasted of their conduct.

At one time he has had as many as eleven men under arrest before an alderman for illegal fishing, who, promising vengeance hereafter, pleaded guilty and settled, though most of them became his staunch friends afterward.

At annother time in company with officer Westbrook he left Lock Haven, following the waters of Fishing Creek, in Nittany Valley, in pursuit of a gang of Italian desperadoes who for months had been making it a business to dynamite the streams, thereby capturing the fish in most of those waters. These men belonged to a gang of railroad laborers who were employed in the grading of a new road in that valley. The gang numbered at least 100, all of whom for months had bid defiance to the neighborhood. These parties, after being held in jail for a time, were allowed to go free, inasmuch as those who were to testify to their guilt had been paid to leave the country.

Mr. Moyer has, at the present writing, under arrest a would-be English Lord who, having several hundred acres of land in Lycoming county, seeks to enact and enforce the laws of Old England by placing screens both above and below upon a stream which flows for a distance of about two miles through his land, neither rising nor emptying upon the same. The screens being five in number, the first screen is placed upon the upper boundary of his land, directly upon the line. The second screen is placed at a suitable distance below the first screen, the third and fourth in like manner, while the fifth or last screen is placed a few yards above the lower line or boundary of his land.

Now, mark you, here is just where the rub comes in; the screener wishes all to know and believe he catches these fish on his own land, and of course considers himself not amenable to our laws. As you see, he leaves just space sufficient on the stream below the screen and above his line for himself or his hirelings to stand upon comfortably and fish or scoop all trout coming thus far up the stream. They are then made his by catching and transferring into captivity above the screen, and this is done both in and out of season, and for this reason has Warden Moyer placed him under arrest for the second time to stand trial at the next term of court. This same man charges all natives two cents per quart for all berries picked within the limits of his unseated lands. A negro with a shotgun is also standing guard to prevent fishing on streams in this neighborhood, and in order to test the legality of the above action of would-be fish monopolies the warden, after investigating the case, received instructions from Commissioner Fred W. Ebel, of Harrisburg, authorizing him to have several persons go immediately and fish this stream. All of them were promptly arrested by the owner of the land. The case is coming up for trial at our next term of court and if gained by the warden and State Commissioners it will more than likely be a death blow to the fish and game monopolies now striving to form throughout this Commonwealth.

Warden Moyer was born in Chester county at a small place called Sheeter Town, was reared in Lebanon, followed the towpath from the age of nine years until 19, when he began the trade of machinist. He came to this valley in the spring of 1875 and is still working for the P. & E. Company here in Renovo. Yet he is ready and willing to give his presence and assistance at all times in the service to which the Fish and Game Commissioners of the State have again appointed him.

A suggestion or two may not come amiss, and may bear fruit at an early day. For instance, as so much money, time and labor is spent in propagating or hatching fish, would it not be policy to adopt plans leading to the better protection of them after they are hatched or sent into the hands or possession of others to dispose of?

My plan in the case of the small fish is to establish a home for each and every warden and compel him to do nothing but care for everything within the limits of his appointment pertaining to his business. This in my opinion could easily be done by either buying or leasing a piece of ground containing living pure water sufficient to fill at least three dams or reservoirs, No. 1 dam, or reservoir, above to contain the fish when first distributed; No. 2 for those having gained the dimensions of two inches or more; No. 3, or final dam, those of larger growth, soon ready to be allowed larger waters. This last dam could be opened directly into the main stream, and then when these fish meet larger ones they would be able to take care of themselves.

Time and again I have watched cans of small fish placed in waters new to them all destroyed by native fish within forty-eight hours after they were deposited.

Will not Mr. Fred W. Ebel, who by the way is one of the most active and go-ahead Commissioners the State has ever had, profit by this suggestion and try to induce the other Commissioners to establish the first of these homes at Renovo? Who knows? MCKEE.

NETTERS BROUGHT TO TERMS.

Cooks in New York.

For many years Harvey Cook, Sr., who resides at Saratoga Lake, and his three sons, Harvey, Jr., or Jack, Ransom and Andrew, ranging in age from 23 to 35 years, have made a living for themselves and families by fishing illegally with fyke nets and set lines, thereby violating the game laws of this State. They have repeatedly been arrested, but by some hook or crook managed to escape punishment. It is claimed that their shipment of fish exceeded fifteen tons per year, all caught in Lake Saratoga, Lake Lonely and Lake Champlain.

In September last, State Game Protector Barber caught Harvey, Jr., and Ransom raising a set line in Lake Lonely. The line was a mammoth affair, being over three miles in length and containing over eighteen hundred hooks. The protector seized the line and destroyed it, whereupon Harvey Cook, Sr., their father, immediately commenced a civil action against Mr. Barber for the value of the line before Justice Sullivan of this village. The justice decided against the protector, but the case was at once appealed. In February it was argued before County Judge James W. Houghton, of Saratoga, who reversed Justice Sullivan's decision with costs amounting to nearly $50, thereby sustaining the protector.

Cook did not appeal the case, and an execution was issued against him for the amount and costs, but it was returned unsatisfied. Since last fall Protector Barber has pressed the Cooks so hard that they discontinued illegal fishing in Lake Saratoga and Lake Lonely, and two of the boys, Harvey, Jr., or Jack, and Ransom, removed from Lake Saratoga to Lake

Champlain, and took up their abode at Wright's Station, town of Putnam, Washington county, where they were using more than a score of fyke nets. Since Nov. 1 last the protector has destroyed in the vicinity of Wright's Station over 15 fyke nets believed to belong to them.

On May 31 Harvey, Jr., was arrested and brought to Greenwich for trial. He demanded and had a jury trial, but was found guilty, and Justice Wandell imposed a fine of $50 or 50 days in jail. He has been confined in jail since May 31. June 7 Ransom was arrested at Wright's Station and brought to Greenwich for trial. The jury pronounced him guilty and the judge fined him $50 or 50 days in jail. Protector Barber had five other indictments against them, and could have had them fined $450 each or 450 days in jail. The Cooks knew this, and were, therefore, more than anxious for a settlement. On the 20th inst. three fines of $100 were paid, and they were liberated from jail. The other indictments for the present are withdrawn with the understanding that they remove from Lake Champlain at once and in the future refrain from violating the game laws of this State. If they fail to do this the other indictments will hold good. Harvey Cook, Sr., pays Protector Barber the amount of the judgment.—*Whitehall Times, June 21.*

Raffman and Rubenstein in New Jersey.

The office of Justice Samuel R. Donald, at Bloomingdale, was crowded yesterday afternoon by interested neighbors, the attraction being the trial of Louis Raffman and Harris Rubinstein on a charge of having drawn a net in Mud Pond. This is a sheet of some 40 acres back of Bloomingdale, and was a resort for Paterson anglers for many years, until it passed into the possession of the East Jersey Water Company. This corporation sold the fishing rights to Raffman and Rubinstein, and since then no person has been permitted to angle in the water unless a tribute was first paid to the lessees. Fish Warden Shriner claimed that the lessees had been using both dynamite and nets whenever they could find any market for the fish, and in December of last year he succeeded in obtaining the conviction of Rubinstein on a charge of netting for the defendants.

The State proved by two witnesses that on the fifth of this month the two defendants were netting. One of these witnesses, Sylvester Casson, of this city, called out the accused and they at once hurried away. Another witness testified to an admission made to him by Raffman that he had used a net. The defense endeavored to establish an alibi. The defense also insisted that the pond is private property, and as such the lessees had a right to take fish in any manner they saw fit. The State proved that the pond had an oulet which is a runway for migratory fish, and that it was always used by all the anglers of the neighborhood without hindrance until it came into possession of the defendants.

The trial resulted in the conviction of the accused. Justice Donald imposed a fine of $25 and the costs on each. Raffman at once gave notice of appeal and filed a bond. His case will come up at the next September term of the Common Pleas. Rubinstine declined to pay the fine, and so the justice sent him to the county jail, where he will continue to reside for the next ten days.—*Paterson Press, June 23.*

In Iowa.

Long before morning yesterday, the authorities, accompanied by a party of Dubuque's sportsmen, boarded the yacht Laura and struck off down the river for Harris's slough, where it was reported fishermen were operating, and where seines and nets were understood to be set in sloughs. The party arrived at the mouth of the slough shortly after daylight. A reconnoissance found three men at work. Boats were manned, and before the fellows recognized the officers they were in custody. The surrounding country was explored, but the fishermen had taken the alarm, hid their paraphernalia not in use, and escaped. The nets by the Illinois laws are declared contraband and are liable to destruction when found. Several who had not taken the alarm were caught unawares and deprived of all their unlawful belongings. In this manner a new net that had never been used and which was worth perhaps $200, was seized and burned. With grab hooks the party traversed the stream and destroyed all the set nets they discovered. In the afternoon the yacht returned to East Dubuque, where the prisoners plead guilty and were fined the minimum amount, $10. While as a rule the men arrested here and at other points along the river are poor and but illy able to pay the fine imposed, still they are entitled to but little sympathy. Their vocation is a most despicable and heartless one. Just now the fish are spawning, and as they seek out the overflowed places are easily of capture. Were it only their capture alone it would not be so serious, but every female fish captured now destroys hundreds that would breed. The pursuit of this practice, which now most all States are severely legislating against, is what has caused the scarcity of fish and destroyed the great sport. Messrs. Blow and Lenk are to be congratulated on the good work they are doing, and it is to be hoped they will continue it.—*Dubuque Herald.*

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The Southern Railway.

The official name of the Richmond & Danville R. R. (Piedmont Air Line) has been changed to the "Southern Railway." The service of this line has been very much improved and extended during the past year, and it now offers unexcelled facilities for Southern travel. This is the only line operating solid Pullman vestibuled train between New York and New Orleans, Atlanta, Jacksonville and Tampa, with through Pullman service, both dining and sleeping cars.

Cushman & Denison, makers of the "Perfect" pocket oiler, report their sales as being far in excess of any previous season.

Charles K. Reed, the Worcester taxidermist, has joined Dr. F. A. Cook's Arctic excursion in an official capacity and will be absent for about three months.

The Kennel.

All those who love a dog because it is a dog and not merely a medium for the accumulation of dollars and cents, are invited by the editor to consider this department as one in which they can discuss amicably any subject that is of interest to the canine fancy, without fear of their communications being subjected to personal comment or ridicule.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 4 to 7.—Des Moines Kennel Club, at Des Moines, Iowa. M Bruce, Sec'y.

Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Saratoga, N. Y., Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

I NOTE with regret that the Philadelphia Kennel Club has abandoned its field trials for this year. Its reason—and a very good one, too—is that it did not feel justified in holding its trials when its Derby was so meagerly supported that the club had to face a deficit if the trials were held. No fair-minded person will hold that the club did other than wisely under the circumstances.

Mr. Taylor attributes the falling off in entries to the hard times. In that I think he is in error. Undoubtedly they were a factor in the matter, but were far from being the cause. The decadence of field trials is not so recent as the beginning of the hard times. The true causes have been in action many years. The readers who have perused FOREST AND STREAM can remember many months back that the disintegrating factors in field trials were pointed out quite minutely.

Along in the early 80s there were only two great field trial clubs, one having an Eastern support, the other a Western and Southern. The list of entries were almost distinct. Each had its own rules, peculiarities in conducting its trials and distinct following. Occasionally a trainer or two would take a string of dogs to the East, and less frequently an Eastern trainer would come West to compete. The accommodations of the towns were hardly equal to the needs of the visiting sportsmen. They came in large numbers and were representative in character. They generally remained till the trials were ended. Good fellowship prevailed. Sport was the predominant incentive with the greater number.

As the years passed by, a gradual evolution set in toward professionalism. As the professional became better equipped with competitive material and more skillful from the experience of many contests, the sportsman who owned one or two dogs learned from experience, which was paid for, that he had no chance to win against the professional. With each passing year the sportsmen iu attendance at the trials were fewer. The happy goodfellowship largely disappeared.

The handlers were becoming more enterprising and energetic, and the best equipped developed into campaigners.

The entries began to lose their sectional character. Many of the entries in the Eastern States could be found entered in those of the West. The clubs endeavored to raise their purses to the largest possible sum to the end that the largest possible number of entries would be secured. It meant revenue. The big kennel entries were particularly sought. In short, the clubs themselves were helping professionalism along to the exclusion of the amateur and the sportsman who owned one or two dogs.

The professional who broke dogs for sportsmen and of whose string each dog was owned by a different owner, was no harm to field trials. His kennel was scattered at the end of each season. But the handler who owned his own kennel and could keep the same string of campaigners year after year, with an unlimited amount of material to select from either for a Derby or All-Age Stake, and who devoted all his energies to making field trials a source of revenue, was the one who began damage to field trials.

So perfectly organized and equipped was he that his winning was almost a foregone conclusion.

In the meantime field trials multiplied. Each new club stupidly imagined that it must give so much or more money in prizes than those already in existence. And each one strove to secure the entries of the big kennels for the sake of the revenue. Thus it was brought about that each club's entries read very much alike, a few local dogs and the rest the regular campaigners, just as the Eastern Club's Derby entries of this year and the Philadelphia Club's read precisely alike with a very few local exceptions. Had those stakes been run it would have been practically running the same stake twice.

One kennel I have in mind which from the beseechings for entries naturally became fully convinced of its own importance and refused entries if judges were appointed of which it disapproved. The Southern Club in 1892 had invited a gentleman to act as judge and he had accepted. He for personal reasons was disapproved by the kennel aforementioned and the club was informed by that kennel that if he was retained the kennel would make no entries.

Thereupon the club wrote to the judge and in substance invited him to withdraw—an act too pitifully cowardly and unmanly to expect from any white man or men. This incident is merely mentioned to show to what power a big kennel had arrived in arranging a competition for itself as well as the power it had in the competition.

All the clubs were offering more money in prizes than they could afford. That they "paid out" and had a balance in the treasury besides one or two years was no just criterion. The support was largely artificial, made up of compaigners who went around the entire circuit. It was not a healthy local support. As the weaker campaigners found they could not cope with the stronger they dropped out of the competition. This, of course, cut off a corresponding revenue from the clubs.

The Central Club gave very large prizes. From any business standpoint there was nothing to justify it. There was a certainty of a heavy deficit after every trial. The payment of the prizes of its last trial lingered a long while. Deficits will kill any field trial club sooner or later.

The Eastern Club had a large balance in its treasury at one time. It has been giving larger prizes than its support warranted and if it does not manage very carefully it will be in memory only.

The United States Club is giving liberal prizes, but it can not do so year after year; if it does it will split on the same rock on which the others have split—the deficit.

I remember well, when the purses for this year were being arranged by the U. S. Club, the remark made by a prominent handler concerning them. He said that if he won, the purse was not of sufficient value to pay his expenses. The value of a win in enhancing the value of the winning dog and the market afforded in making sales for puppies, etc., were not considered for a moment. The measure of all values was the dollar. It was pure business. No amateur could hope to succeed in exercising his sport against an organized business. Sport is out of place in business.

Clubs will have to make a radical departure if they desire to succeed. They will have to cut down their purses. They will have to encourage and cater to a local support.

The sweepstake plan with a little added money is the safest and best. The big kennel will write and say it will make no entries and will not participate. Let the big kennel go. If it comes, the trial is dead. It is better to bar the big kennel, or limit it to one entry. If a club cannot succeed on such lines, it cannot succeed at all. It hasn't the necessary material.

The professional campaigner has driven out the amateur. The professional campaigner cannot supplant field trials alone. I have heard the remark made in connection with the dog world, that "a sucker is born every minute." Nothing could be wider from the truth. It is not a complimentary theory to a believer in it nor a very honest business tenet. Neither is it true.

If the prizes are made less, there will not be sufficient inducement to support a monster kennel as a money-making machine. Such a kennel is entirely outside the realm of sport. But the amateur will come in. To aggressive professionalism can be ascribed the decadence of field trials.

I trust that no handler will be so stupid as to misunderstand my writings, and infer that I write against professionals as professionals. So far as they are concerned, I intend to be wholly impersonal. It is only of the effects of professionalism in connection with field trials that I treat. I know the handlers are broad enough to concede that if professionalism is ruining field trials, it should be corrected. Field trials are of great value to them if they never won a cent. There are many handlers to-day who are making a living out of training who could not do so long if field trials ceased.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The New Bloodhound Club.

WE have received a copy of the constitution and bye-laws of the recently organized "English Bloodhound Club of America." The object of the club is to improve and to encourage the bloodhound breed of dogs in America and to assist in establishing their more general use in connection with the detective service of the country. Annual meetings are to be held prior to July 1, in each year. The initiation fee is $10, and annual dues $5, payable on July 1. Five members constitute a quorum at all meetings of the club, and two for the executive committee meetings. The standard adopted by the club is as follows:

The Head and Wrinkle (value 20) is the peculiar feature of this breed, and it is accordingly estimated at a very high rate. In the male it is large in all its dimensions but width, in which there is a remarkable deficiency. The upper surface is domed, ending in a blunt point at the occiput; but the brain case is not developed to the same extent as the jaws, which are very long and wide at the nostrils, hollow and very lean in the cheek, and notably under the eyes. The muzzle should be deep and square. The brows are moderately prominent, and the general expression of the whole head is very grand and majestic. The skin covering the forehead and cheeks is wrinkled in a remarkable manner, unlike any other dog. These points are not nearly so developed in the bitch, but still they are to be demanded in the same proportionate degree.

The Ears and Eyes (value 10). The ears, which should be set on low, are long enough to overlap one another considerably when drawn together in front of the nose; the leather should be very thin, pendulous, and should hang very forward and close to the cheeks, never showing the slightest tendency to "prick;" they should be covered with very soft, short, silky hair. The eyes are generally hazel, rather small and deeply sunk, with triangular-shaped lids showing the third eyelid, or "haw," which is frequently, but not always, of a deep red color.

The Flews (value 5) are remarkably long and pendant, sometimes falling fully two inches below the angle of the mouth.

The Neck (value 5) is long, so as to enable this hound to drop his nose to the ground without altering his pace. In the front there is a considerable dewlap.

The Chest and Shoulders (value 10).—The chest is rather wide than deep, but in all cases there should be a good girth; shoulders sloping and muscular.

The Back and Back Ribs (value 10) should be wide and deep, the size of the dog necessitating great power in this department. The hips, or couples, should be especially attended to, and they should be wide, or almost ragged.

The Legs and Feet (value 15).—The legs must be straight and muscular and the ankles of full size. The feet should be round and cat-like.

The Color and Coat (value 10). In color the bloodhound is either black and tan or tan only, as is the case with all black and tan breeds. The black should extend to the back, the sides, top of neck and top of head. It is seldom a pure black, but more or less mixed with the tan, which should be a deep, rich red. There should be little or no white. A deep tawny, or lion color, is also coveted but seldom found. The coat should be short and hard on the body, but silky on the ears and top of the head.

The Stern (value 5) is like that of all hounds, carried gaily in a gentle curve, but should not be raised beyond a right angle with the back.

The Symmetry (value 10) of the bloodhound, as regarded from an artistic point of view, should be examined carefully and valued in proportion to the degree in which it is developed. The height should be from 25 to 27in. at the shoulders for dogs, and a little less for bitches. The weight of dogs should be about 80lbs. and upwards, bitches somewhat less.

J. L. Winchell, Dr. C. A. Lougest and Charles H. Inness are the gentlemen who have had charge of these matters.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Canada.—Collies are continually growing in popularity in Canada, and not in one section alone, but all the country over. Mr. Arthur F. Gault, of Montreal, is the latest importer, having imported a dog bred by Mr. Tom Stretch and a bitch bred by Mr. Sutcliffe. No further particulars have yet reached me other than that they are to come out at Toronto. Mr. Gault has heretofore devoted himself to terriers.

Messrs. Cleather & Rathbone, of "Spratts," have lately bought that nice collie bitch Nancy, imported by the late H. P. Harrison, of Toronto. She was first at Toronto in both 1891 and 1892 under Mr. Davidson, and took in 1891 vhc. at Cleveland, third at Chicago and vhc. reserve at Hamilton.

Mr. Terry, of New York, has bought a dog puppy from Mr. Hart, of Belleville, by his recent purchase Scotch Bonivard. He is quite a baby and at seven weeks weighed twenty-eight pounds.

The Skye terrier bitch Islay, which did some winning the past year or two, is dead. She had a nice litter of nine, seven dogs, but had no milk, and a foster mother not being procurable all succumbed, the bitch herself dying a few days after.

Another one to go is Vixi, Mr. Macdonald's smooth fox-terrier bitch, winner of first puppy and second novice at last Toronto show. Vixi was chasing chickens and, in the words of the poet, "Got one in the neck" from the irate owner. I understand the case will be brought to court.

H. B. DONOVAN.

Bulldog Argonaut.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I regret to announce the death of my bulldog Argonaut, who was overcome by the heat this morning. He fell by the roadside as he was following the carriage on its way to the station, unknown to the coachman, who would never have let him go on such a hot day, had he known he was behind the carriage. The thermometer was about 90°, and he was found by a bicyclist, dying, and before any of us could get to him he was dead. Argonaut was a promising son of King Lud, two years old, and was improving every day. While he was not a crack dog in points that tell in the show ring, he possessed a true bulldog character; affectionate and faithful to his friends, he showed great attachment for them, and his disposition was never ruffled without good reason. In case of emergency he showed plenty of grit, although I have never known him to pick a fight with another dog, or to be cross with any one. It is in the possession of a dog with such a character as this that we feel proud of the breed of bulldogs, which has been so much abused, and I cannot but feel that the more they come to be known, the more they will be admired for their native qualities. J. DANFORTH BUSH.

The puppies out of the Scottish terrier Wankie Freda are by Rhudaman and not Tiree, as stated in a recent issue.

Overheard at the Store.

THE little village of Barmouth goes to bed regularly at 8 o'clock. But there are a few rollicking spirits who have the reputation of turning night into day, of burning the candle at both ends, and who on occasion have been known to remain at "the store" as late as 9 or even 9:15, thereby scandalizing the whole community and causing grave concern to the good wives and mothers through all the country roundabout.

As I entered on one stormy evening to inquire for my mail—for the post office is hidden in one corner of the store—a flickering lamp with its tiny flame, shielded from the draft by a smoky chimney, was doing all it could to light up the group that regularly resorted thither for the discussion of politics, religion, scandal, hunting, fishing or anything else which for the moment happened to be of unusual interest. The discussion had evidently been started by Joe, the greatest fox hunter on the Cape, whose hounds were looked upon as wonders, whose good luck and success in the chase were proverbial, and who was popularly supposed to make "a heap of money" by the sale of his peltry in the spring. His only rival was Ben, a younger man, who always thought it necessary to take the opposite side from Joe in all questions pertaining to sport. Just now he was balancing himself with considerable difficulty on a rickety chair, and hurling his sentences with great energy at Joe, who was stretched at ease on a pile of meal bags.

"I tell you what it is, Joe," he exclaimed, "it's all confounded nonsense for you to talk that way. Do you suppose that any hunter or auy man who knows anything at all, is going to believe that a hound tells which way a fox has gone by his nose? Do you believe that your old Trailer runs into a track and smells of one step and then of the next, and knows that the fox has gone east because the scent is stronger in the second foot print than it was in the first? Of course, a hound 's got a nose. I ain't fool enough to dispute that, but his nose ain't good enough to strike a track six or eight hours old and say that the fox has gone one way or the other by the difference in the scent iu two or three yards. Not much. That don't go."

"Well," said Joe, with more than his usual animation, "perhaps you'll tell us what does go. If Trailer's nose don't tell him, what does?"

"His eyes, of course," replied the other with an air of conscious superiority, "A hound's got the sharpest eyes of any animal on this earth. He just looks at the track and he sees right off which way the fox went. There ain't another animal can do it only a hound."

"Bah," cried Joe, "if Trailer runs by sight, what makes him so mighty willing to run a track backwards in the snow when it's as plain as a gun barrel?"

That was a clincher, but Ben rose to the occasion. "If he tells by his nose, what makes him keep on back-tracking all day?"

Just then the lamp gave a final flicker and went out. The postmaster said it was time to shut up for the night. So the meeting adjourned, and as far as I know it is still an open questiou whether Trailer runs by sight or by scent.

BRADLEY.

New York's Dog Shelter.

A DOG pound in a large city like New York is usually associated in one's mind with a lot of measly curs huddled together in more or less unsavory quarters, presided over by the genus "tough," of greasy and ill-smelling attire. This may have been the state of things in years past, and Gotham's dog pound certainly had an unsavory and "grab all" reputation. Things are different now; even the name is changed.

In response to an invitation from Mr. John Read, the superintendent of the S. P. C. A.'s "shelter," as the new dog pound is now called, we examined, last Tuesday, the quarters provided by the society for Gotham's stray curs and cats.

Naturally, with Mr. Read at the helm, one expected a different state of tbings than obtained under the old *régime*, but we were scarcely prepared for the elegant "reception" rooms provided.

The "shelter" is a long wooden building set on piles at the foot of 102d street, opposite Randall's Island and Hell Gate, whose rushing waters prove so treacherous to the adventurous fisherman who essays to troll for striped bass, for which this locality is famous, or rather, used to be.

On entering the building you pass through a large and comfortable office supplied with telephone and all the paraphernalia of a busy man's sanctum. Here friend John keeps "tabby" on the tails that come in, aud through his systematic arrangements one cau tell at a glance just how New York's floating dog and cat populatiou stands.

Passing on into the main building, which we should say is about 70×40ft., on the right hand side are a number of compartments built of matched pine, each about 15×10ft. The front and doors of these compartments or kennels are of open slats about 10ft. high, so that no dog can get out, but visitors can see all the dogs inside without danger. The floors are covered with clean pine shavings, and on one side of each kennel is a large zinc trough containing running water. Truly, there are few private kennels so well fitted up and so cleanly in all appointments. Only two of these kennels were in use when we called, and the motley crowd of dogs ill assorted with their bright surroundings.

At the other side of the room are several large low compartments that look like immense dry goods boxes. These are the cats' quarters and are of course so arranged that puss cannot use her claws and climb out of durance vile. The front of the boxes which are about 12×9ft. and 3ft. 6in. high, has three open work doors to as many compartments, and here poor puss awaits her doom. In the top of the box large round holes supply ventilation. Around the walls are piled several wicker baskets which are used to collect the cats from private houses. The whole building is very light and airy, and a pleasant breeze blowing in from the river kept everything cool and sweet.

At the entrance to the building is a large steam cooking apparatus and nearby are the lockers containing Spratts biscuits which with good meat soup constitutes the bill of fare, probably a good deal better diet than most of the curs ever sniffed before. As the building stands over the water it is conveniently situated for flushing the kennels, which is done after the dogs of that day have been destroyed. Each day of the week is represented by a kennel in which the dogs caught on that day are kept for 48 hours.

Off the main room is the execution box or suffocator. The apparatus used for putting the dogs to a painless death looks just about like a large hotel icebox laid flat instead of on end; several windows in the top carry out the illusion and also allow one to see Fido or Tabby's last struggles. The arrangements are effectual, but strike one as rather crude; but, we are told, this will be improved when the new shelter is built on the west side. The compartment, which is about 12ft. by 6, is supposed to be airtight. Around the inside of the compartment run rows of perforated gas-piping. The cats are shut in first and when all is ready, ordinary illuminating gas is turned on, and in three minutes puss turns up her toes; then the dogs are thrown in on top of the dead cats and but half a minute is sufficient to send the bow-wows to the happy hunting ground. The death is not a very pleasant one, but is probably painless. When the animals are dead, a plug at the bottom is opened to allow the fresh air to enter and two large pipes from the top of the compartment convey the gas to the outside air. Then the front door is opened, the animals pulled out with rakes, and the Board of Health wagon having backed up through the gateway, the dogs are loaded on and conveyed to Barren Island, to add their quota to the salubrious breezes which fan the shores of Coney Island and South Beach. Their ultimate destination is as much a mystery as their pedigrees.

The S. P. C. A. wagons are manned by three catchers in uniforms, who are paid a proper salary and therefore there is an end to the disgraceful scenes so common when 50 cents a head was the dog catcher's emolument and inducement to assault the luckless female who happened to own a dog. Mr. Read has wisely surrounded himself with men who are experienced dogmen. Harry Draper has charge of the kennels during the day time. He was long identified with the W. K. C. kennels at Babylon, L. I., as kennelman, and a look at his face is sufficient to show he has a kind heart. Nolan, the hero of the dog-box journey from Washington to Indianapolis in 1893, is the night watchman, who with official shield and whipcord uniform, looks quite gay and spruce. Exhibitors will remember him as Mr. Read's right hand man among the attendants at the various shows the past two or three years.

The day we visited the shelter there were thirty-two dogs and forty-five cats safely housed. Each animal is required to be kept by the Society for forty-eight hours after admission to allow the owners an opportunity to recover their property, which they can do by paying $3; the same privilege and price is extended to those who care to buy a dog that pleases their fancy. At 4 o'clock every day those animals whose probationary period is up retire to the gas tank and oblivion. Among the dogs we saw there was nothing that would have attracted the eyes of a fancier. There were one or two fair-looking English setters, a Harlequin great Dane, some elongated pugs, the curl of whose tails not even the hot weather and strange company could affect, and a nondescript lot of terriers and "just" dogs.

One little "sort of" Scotch terrier had evidently been some one's pet, and the way he climbed up the door and poked his nose through the top bars with an appealing look for rescue, was touching to one who loves a dog whatever his pedigree may be.

Mr. Read seems happy in his new position, and that he is the right man in the place no one can gainsay. He told us that though the putting to death of dogs is not exactly a pleasant pastime, the busiuess has its humorous side, and he is astonished at the amount of superstition there is among the lower classes. During the short time he has been there he has been called upon to provide pieces of skin and hair from a black dog as a cure for rheumatism. Another frequent call is for dog fat, which is rendered and the oil used by consumptives to soothe and heal their bronchial troubles. But the most amusing request was made by an old lady, who asked him for one black eye from a black dog. This struck Mr. Read as peculiar, so he asked her what she wanted it for. She replied, "To make a soup of;" and this prompted him to ask her how many she had in the family.

Afterward a pleasant evening was spent with Mr. Read and family, when the handsome set of silver knives and forks presented to him by the exhibitors at the Boston show were put into practical use.

H. W. L.

Poisoning Dogs.

DOG poisoning is so prevalent in many parts of the country just now, it may not be out of place to reproduce part of Mr. A. J. Sewell's, the noted English veterinarian, article on this subject in this month's *Kennel Gazette* (Eng.), so that dog owners may be prepared for such emergencies:

"In all cases of poisoning, more especially when due to strychnia, prompt action is required and means should be at once taken to make the dog disgorge what had been swallowed. An emetic that will act well and quickly must be at once administered; for this there is nothing better than a dose of apomorphia. This medicine acts in two ways; it is the quickest and surest emetic, and besides it relieves the spasms. The dose is the eighth of a grain for small dogs, and about the quarter of a grain for the large ones, given in a teaspoonful of water; but the best way of administering it is by injecting it under the skin with a hypodermic syringe—then from three to eight minims of the one in fifty solutious is to be given. I always advise persons who keep a number of valuable dogs to have a solution of apomorphia by them ready for emergency, for while it is being obtained the patient may die, and if huntsmen would always carry a small bottle of solution with them, many a valuable hound's life might be saved. When this medicine is not at hand some other emetic must be given. Ordinary table salt can be always quickly procured, and from one teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, according to the size of the dog, should be given in warm water. If the dose does not act freely repeat it in a few minutes, or, instead, give from five to twenty grains of powdered ipecacuanha, or from one to three grains of tartar emetic. Either of these may be shaken dry on the tongue; the dog must be made to vomit somehow, but any thing like salt requiring a quantity of water is often difficult to administer, as the dog's mouth is often tightly clenched and trying to open it induces a paroxysm, during which time it is impossible to give anything by the mouth, and here the advantage of the subcutaneous injection of apomorphia comes in. This may also be repeated in a quarter of an hour if the vomiting has not been free. Besides the emetic, some medicine is necessary to relieve the spasms. For this there is nothing better than chloral and bromide of potassium. From fifteen grains to two scruples of each may be given in from one to three tablespoonfuls of water if the dog can be made to swallow, and half the quantity of each may be given again in twenty or thirty minutes and repeated, if necessary, in half an hour. When the dog is unable to swallow, from three to ten mimims of nitrite of amyl held to the nose ou a pocket handkerchief is useful. This may be repeated in a quarter of an hour, or chloroform may be given. Also inject into the rectum from half to two drams of laudanum, in from one to four tablespoonfuls of water, which repeat in a quarter of an hour, and again in another fifteen minutes if the paroxysms continue. After the severe symptoms have passed and the dog is weak and prostrate, from half to two teaspoonfuls of brandy added to some milk may be administered and repeated every hour for a time."

Northwestern Beagle Club's Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A meeting of the field trial committee of the N. W. B. C. was held at 2 P.M., July 1, at Milwaukee, the following members being present: G. A. Buckstaff, E. H. Rummele, F. F. Merrill, Chas. Niss, Jr., Louis Steffen and H. A. Dillingham in the chair. The following classes were made for the coming field trials, which will begin on Nov. 7. Class A, for dogs 13 to 15in.; class B, for bitches 13 to 15in.; class C., for dogs and bitches 13in. and under; class D, Derby, for dogs and bitches 15in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1893; class E, open to all prize winners at these trials. Entry fee for classes A, B, C and D is $2 to nominate, $3 to start. No entry fee will be charged in class E

The prizes for classes A, B, C, D are 40 per cent. of entrance money to first, 30 per cent. to second and 20 per cent. to third. The winner in Class E will be given the title of Field Trial Champion.

The club wishes to announce that in order to make these trials the drawing card of the season it will give a great many valuable extra prizes, a list of which will be published in due time. The secretary was instructed to correspond with the different judges for terms, etc A resolution was adopted prohibiting the running of dogs on the field trial grounds before the trials are held. Mr. G. A. Buckstaff and Louis Steffen were appointed a committee to select grounds. Meeting adjourned.

LOUIS STEFFEN, Sec'y.

If Pittsburgh would hold a show this fall, as was at one time intimated, a good entry would be secured. Why not try it in connection with the fair?

DOG CHAT.

Toronto Dog Show.

Going to press a day earlier last week several communications had to stand over, among them the important particulars of Mr. C. A. Stone's efforts to secure proper transportation facilities for dogs to be exhibited at Toronto next September. To serve as a reference his communication is given in full at this early date to allow exhibitors time to arrange for this show and condition their dogs: The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada will carry dogs to Toronto over all their lines, charging regular fare going and returning them free. So too will the Canadian Pacific, Canada Atlantic, Michigan Central, Bay of Quinte Railway & Navigation Co., Kingston & Pembroke and Ceutral Vermont from Canadian points. New York & New England one dog free and $1 for each additional. Concord & Montreal, dogs on chains, excess baggage rates. New York, New Haven & Hartford, dogs in crates at regular excess baggage rates. The Wabash will carry dogs as baggage 1 to 100 miles 25 cents, 100 to 250 miles 50 cents, over 250 miles 75 cents per dog. The Fitchburg, for rates apply to general passenger agent, Boston. Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg reduced rates. Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, for rates apply to general passenger agent, Cincinnati. Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee and Toledo, Saginaw & Muskegon allow a reasonable number of dogs to be carried in baggage cars; special cars for transportation of dogs. The Trunk Line Association, which compose the following railroads, viz.: Grand Trunk Ry. (in U. S.), N. Y. O. & W. Ry., Lehigh Valley Rd., Pennsylvania Rd., N. Y. C. & H. R. Rd., N. Y. L. E. & W. Rd., Cent. Rd. of N. J., Balt. & Ohio Rd., West Shore Rd., D. L. & W. Rd., Phil. & Read. Rd., Ches. & Ohio Rd., will furnish to exhibitors upon application special baggage cars at the following rates, not exceeding 200 miles 2 cents per mile, between 500 and 625 miles, inclusive, $125 per car, and over 625 miles, 20 cents per mile. Exhibitors must make their own arrangements at least 10 days before requiring cars by applying to Wm. Fleming, Secretary Trunk Line Association, 143 Liberty street, New York city. The express companies will carry dogs under the usual conditions. Exhibitors are reminded that the dogs shipped by express are delivered at the grounds at Toronto and returned free of charge. Permits will be issued upon application to the Express Co.'s, allowing owners or attendants to visit and attend to their dogs while *en route*.

Exhibitors, by clubbing together, may obtain special express cars through to Toronto, attend to their dogs *en route*, and have their dogs delivered at the grounds and returned to the cars at no extra expense. The National Express Co state that they will start a special car from New York to run through to Toronto and arrange so that shippers *en route* can put their dogs in this car at all points on the West Shore Railway where the traiu stops. They will also arrange to pick up dogs along the line of the Fitchburg road between Boston and Rotterdam Junction for the same train. If there is not enough from both lines to run two cars through, will match the cars at Suspension Bridge and put all in one car from there. They will also start a car from Chicago which will be applicable to Michigan and points west of Port Huron and Detroit. The rates are double merchandise going, returning free; the company will furnish circulars giving full particulars upon application to G. W. Slingerland, General Superintendent, 145 Broadway, New York city. The American Express Co. will furnish a special car from New York, Boston and Chicago, charging from New York $3.70 per 100lbs., minimum charge $370 per 100,000lbs. This includes transportation both ways, and will permit of men riding with the animals to take charge of them. Wells, Fargo & Co. Express will furnish special cars from New York or Chicago, picking up shipments *en route*, allow attendants to inspect and attend to the wants of their dogs, provided they are passengers on the same train, charging double merchandise rates, returning free; minimum charge $185 from New York, $235 from Chicago; will do the same from Boston if necessary. United States Express Co. will issue permits allowing shippers to visit and attend to their dogs *en route* from Philadelphia, New York and Boston by applying to C. H. Crosby, 87 and 89 Washington street, Chicago, Ill. Considering the danger in traveling in the warm weather we may expect in early September, it would be a wise move if some handler or exhibitor took the initiative and engaged a car from one of the railroads, the cost to be defrayed by a *pro rata* payment from the exhibitors who avail themselves of this arrangement. The dogs could then be properly looked after, and any extra expeuse is warranted by the almost total absence of risk the dogs would otherwise incur if sent by express and not cared for.

Rhode Island State Fair Show.

There are but a few short weeks intervening between now and the Rhode Island State Fair show, and it is almost time to expect the premium list. This, we are informed, will be issued next week. The Association intended giving a rousing show this year, as their first one, last year, was such an unexpected success. They have, however, experienced one or two setbacks at the outset. Mr. Walter J. Comstock was again appointed chairman of the dog show committee but last week, after the premium lists had been sent to press, he found that he would be unable to serve, as he would be away on a tour during September. This, of course, robs the Association of one of its chief supports, and this gentleman's genial countenance will be greatly missed, but we must hope he will leave "Billy" Birch at home. Then John Read's affiliation with the S. P. C. A. will probably prevent him attending to the active conduct of the show, but this will in great measure devolve upon Fred Otto, who assisted him last year and at Boston, so a wise selection has no doubt been made.

As the Fair people are not conversant with dog show people and ways, they had to cast round for some one to take charge of the kennel department, and called upon Mr. S. H. Roberts to fill the office. This modest young man was unwilling to accept, but was finally prevailed upon to do so, and is probably as good a selection as could have been made, as his position on the Providence *Journal* enables him to bring the support of that widely read paper, and personally he is known as a hustler; and, having kept his eyes open, knows pretty well what is required.

The prize list has been considerably enlarged, and though we are told the present arrangement of some of the classes is not all that could be wished, this will be remedied later on. Messrs. Davidson and Mortimer are the only judges so far selected, but three others will be required, and until these are chosen no breeds will be assinged. This show, coming immediately after Toronto, does not leave much time for travel and rest, but as these are probably the only shows of much importance that will be held this fall, no doubt both will poll a good entry.

Dog Poisoning.

Dog lovers will be pleased to see the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., come out so strongly on this subject in the following editorial. If the influential dailies will score these fellows there is some hope that their consciences will twinge, if any one guilty of such wanton acts can be said to possess such a commodity: "There is a two-legged animal bearing considerable outward resemblance to a man, residing in this city, whose cruel and depraved instincts find their highest gratification in inflicting a painful death on more estimable and valuable animals than himself. He is, in

short, that excessively contemptible being, an habitual dog poisoner. He has been remarkably successful so far, and more than one valuable dog has been killed by him, to his intense gratification. Of course, in cities, dogs are apt to be more or less of a nuisance to property holders who take a pride in the appearance of their door yards. They will doggishly cavort over freshly planted flower beds, dig holes in lawns and otherwise make their visits objectionable. Everybody appreciates this, but it is a small matter, and furnishes no excuse for the dog poisoner. A man who deliberately leaves poisoned meat about his premises isn't fit to live in a civilized community. He is a reckless lawbreaker, mean, cruel, regardless of the rights of others, and a constant menace to the safety of every one so unfortunate as to live in the same neighborhood with him. We sincerely hope that the efforts now being made to discover the identity of this latest dog poisoner may be successful, and that the owners of the dogs he has killed will see to it that he and his like are taught a needed lesson."

Distemper Germs.

A rather interesting controversy was carried on in *British Fancier* after the Birmingham (England) show, which brought to light certain important possibilities in regard to distemper infection that have scarcely been sufficiently considered hitherto. Dr. Grindrod, who owns one of the principal toy spaniel kennels in England, purchased during that show a Japanese spaniel from Miss Hamilton's kennelman. The dog was taken to its new quarters at the close of the show and a day or so after developed distemper. The scourge was communicated to others in the kennel and several valuable spaniels succumbed before the disease could be stamped out. Dr. Grindrod accused the kennelman of selling him a dog with distemper, and the result has been much public correspondence and no little bitterness. Mr. Everett Millais, in a letter to the above journal, sums up the situation in a very plausible manner, and incidentally absolves Miss Hamilton's kennelman from any intentional blame in the matter. He maintains that, as asserted by Miss Hamilton, the bitch may have been quite well at the time of leaving home for the show and still have been the medium through which distemper was carried to Dr. Grindrod's kennels. He draws his conclusions from the fact that the normal period of distemper incubation is six to seven days. The bitch came to Birmingham on Nov. 24 and was taken ill on Nov. 30 and on Dec. 8 the first of Dr. Grindrod's dogs was taken ill and the epidemic followed during that month.

The bitch was not benched in the show, but on its arrival at Birmingham was taken by Miss Hamilton's kennelman to an inn where probably other kennelmen resorted. Now comes the important deduction which Mr. Millais's large experience prompts him to draw. He says: "If the bitch did not contract the disease in the train, she got it from another dog where Baxter (the kennelman) was staying, or from being handled by one of the guests at his place of abode, for, from experimental work, I know that distemper can be carried on the person of the human being, and this being so, who would, if they came from infected quarters, give it to the bitch, except such men as were in the society of Baxter."

Dog shows have been blamed, and doubtless with some justice, for most of the distemper that often follows these events, but here is a possibility of further danger that it is almost impossible to guard against if kennelmen and others coming from infected kennels are criminally careless enough not to take measures to disinfect themselves before mingling with dogs and dogmen at a show. A doctor after attending a smallpox patient would not think of mingling with his fellowmen until he had disinfected every part of his person which had come in contact with his patient. We are convinced that carelessness and thoughtlessness in this respect has often led to a spread of this dire disease distemper. How often we are told by a kennelman when he is asked why he did not show such and such dogs, that they were down with distemper, or just recovering from it; and possibly he came straight from his kennels to the show without a thought of being the medium of spreading the disease among the dogs he would be sure to handle sooner or later during the show. Of course, the only remedy for this lies in the conscienciousness of the kennelmen, and we merely allude to the above instance in order to draw greater attention to this possible danger.

"Mad" Dogs.

This is the season of the year when our guardians of the peace do a little revolver practice with "mad" dogs as their targets. The other day the daily papers chronicled the shooting in the public streets of four of the "scare" dogs—we can think of no better term than that. As dog catching in this city is now under the control of the S. P. C. A., this society is brought into closer relations than formerly with our friend, the dog. It is just and proper that the stray dogs and curs of low degree should be subject to some restraining influence. It is impossible to catch all these dogs, and from motives of public safety some provision should be made whereby "tramp" dogs can appease their thirst these torrid days. Put yourselves in the dog's place. With the thermometer at 95 in the shade five feet from the pavement, what must be the temperature a foot or two feet from the surface of the heated stones? In this increasing and torrid temperature the street cur must breathe, therefore his condition is much worse than the average citizen's. Is it any wonder then that, routed out of the cooler corners by the ubiquitous small boy, his condition becomes insufferable by reason of the want of water? The human being, with perspiration oozing from every pore, forgets or perhaps does not know that the dog is denied this quiet and almost unobserved process of relieving exudation; the dog's open mouth and lolling tongue afford him the only means of relief from the heat and irritation he must experience. A good drink of water would solace and stop the irritable feelings that result in the strange and unwonted antics that lead to the cry of "Mad dog!" When water is constantly within reach there are no mad dogs, and there is no need of torturing sane dogs by muzzling them. In Constantinople, where dogs are as numerous as children on First avenue, canine madness is unheard of simply because there is always water within reach. Summer heat is no more conducive to rabies than winter's cold, but thirst is more conducive than both. In this large city a fountain or water trough is an exception, where really there should be one or the other every few blocks, and especially at park corners. Even if one does come across a water trough, it is so high that only horses can use it; but if the escaping water was caught in a lower receptacle which dogs could reach, many a poor dog would be able to slake his thrist and our people would, in a great measure be saved from the fear of "mad" dogs. The S. P. C. A., now that it has the charge of stray dogs in this city, should look a little more deeply into this subject and provide or institute some remedy.

An Important Decision.

A decision has been recently rendered in the Civil District Court of New Orleans that has an important bearing on the property question of dogs. The owner of a St. Bernard that had been killed by an electric car sued the railway company for its value. The dog had not been listed for taxation according to the State law, and wore no license tag at the time it was killed. Therefore the counsel for the company argued that the dog was not property (as was held under the common law), and that damages for its loss could not be assessed or collected. The judge, however, took a different view in charging the jury and said "that it is a fundamental principle of law that no property can be deprived of the protection of the law except by legal process, and that any act in violation of that principle is illegal, unconstitutional and a nullity. The effect of the failure to have a dog listed and tagged is to render the owner liable to the legal penalty for such omission, but not to deprive him of the protection that the law of the land, as provided in the Constitution of the United States, accords to all property." The jury found for the plaintiff in the sum of $250.

Mr. T. M. Brumby, secretary of the Southern Field Trials Club, informs us that they will hold their next meeting at New Albany, Miss., commencing Monday, Dec. 17. The entries for the Derby will close Aug. 1 and the second forfeit is due Oct. 1. The purse will be worth $600. The nomination fee is $10, second forfeit $10 and $5 additional to start. The judges will be Messrs. Jas. H. Williams of St. Louis, Mo., John D. King of Jackson, Tenn., and Will. J. Wilson of Atlanta, Ga. The club will also run a Selling Stake, the entries to which will close Oct. 1. The value of the purse and the popularity of this club's fixture should result in very interesting trials. The change of date leaves field men with quite a long interval for rest between these trials and trials B of the United States Field Trials Club.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Western Kennel Club was held in Denver, June 27, and the following directors were elected: J. M. Norman, Luke Wilcox, Fred C. Kilham, Jas. A. Curran and E. T. Weiant. The officers of the club are: President, J. M. Norman; Vice-President, Luke Wilcox; Secretary, E. T. Weiant; Treasurer, F. C. Kilham.

Mr. T. G. Davey, now that he has an English trainer, and not content with winning honors in the field at home, has made three entries in the Derby of the National Field Trial Club of England. He also intends entering some all-aged dogs over there. His dogs will start for Manitoba this month to prepare for the Manitoba field trials.

If the municipal authorities of our large cities could see the humane provision made for stray dogs at the S. P. C. A's shelter in New York, we are convinced that it would not be long before these cities would adopt the same plan. In this shelter, business principles and sentiment work hand in hand, and New York's stray-dogs are no longer subjected to the whims and courtesies of ward heelers whose only incentive was the number of half dollars each haul was worth.

Mr. Mortimer is evidently enjoying himself among the English fanciers. He attended the Hampstead and Bicester shows. Commencing with Mr. Sam Woodiwiss's kennel, of which the bulldog Dockleaf and dachshund Pterodactyl are noted inmates, he will visit most of the principal kennels. He has several commissions in his pocket and the fall shows will probably see some more good ones on our benches as a result of his "observant eye," as "Scotch" Bailey used to say. By the way, the latter's many friends in this country will be pleased to hear that he is still very much in the swim, for at the International dog show at Haarlem, Holland, he won everything before him with the Glenboig Kennels, of which he is manager.

Another American, Mr. Rathbone, at one time a prominent official of the now defunct Syracuse Kennel Club, is also in England, having sailed May 30. Mr. Rathbone's inclinations run to field work and English setters, and as he intended visiting the principal setter kennels we shall look for an interesting account of his pilgrimage, especially as he has taken his camera along with the intention of "snapping" some of the best and most noted dogs that he comes across.

It has been customary for some of our kennel lights to measure their experience in kenneldom by years, but we believe even the most ambitious one will not hesitate to give George Raper, the well-known judge and exhibitor, the palm in this respect. We are told in *Scottish Fancier* that no less that thirty-one years ago he exhibited and won prizes with Dandie Dinmonts. After this no one will gainsay the fact that our Sheffield friend is a stayer.

Mr. Armstrong called at this office with the collie Rufford Ormonde last Tuesday, the latter having just arrived on the White Star Line s.s. Bovic in charge of a kennelman who sailed back to England the next day. Rufford Ormonde is fully as tall as Sefton Hero, stands on good legs and feet, with lots of bone; has enormous mane and frill and head and ears leave little to desire, while his expression is very keen. In color he is a rich golden sable with white on chest and feet; his body is well formed; in fact, he is a beau ideal collie. He arrived in good shape and will make his first appearance at Toronto in September.

Unless Mrs. Hicks-Lord, the well known leader in society, permits herself to be served with a summons in a suit for the recovery of $2,000 for a dog bite brought against her in the City Court by a four-year-old girl, the summons is to be nailed to her front door. Why not try it on the dog?

There is no law now for muzzling dogs in New York city, the S. P. C A. rightly arguing that a muzzle to be any good must close a dog's mouth, and this the society holds is more dangerous than allowing a dog a free breathing apparatus. Of course the nervous people who see in every dog the specter of hydrophobia will feel anxious on this account, but really there is less reason to be alarmed than before.

Mr. Wilmerding, president of the American Spaniel Club, is having a round of gayety. After arriving in London he visited, in company with Mr. Cowell, Major Claude Cane at the Army and Navy Club, with whom they lunched, being joined by Mr: Farrow, the noted cocker breeder, and later they dined with Mr. Woolland. The next day they visited Col. the Hon. Le Poer Trench's famous kennel of Irish water spaniels, at Gerrard's Cross. On Friday Mr. Wilmerding ran across Mr. J. F. Kirk, the well known Canadian spaniel man and judge, and with him he paid a visit to Mr. Woolland's kennel of Sussex spaniels, after which Mr. Farrow's noted cocker kennel was inspected. After visiting Paris he will look over the Duke of Portland's Clumber kennels at Welbeck, and then take in Mr. McKenna's kennels at Manchester on his way to Scotland, from whence he journeys to Ireland, and, according to the *British Fancier*, will join the Britannic at Queenstown about the middle of July.

The Preston—Morris case has, we are informed, been satisfactorily compromised, and therefore will not go to court. The field spaniel bitch Sola is to be appraised by Mr. Mortimer, as of May 1, 1894, when she appeared at the Specialty show, and Mr. Preston pays the valuation less the amount already paid by him for the dog that did not come over. Mr. Preston also pays Mr. Morris's legal fees.

This does not affect the charges now pending before the A. K. C., and they will now be compelled to render a verdict which should have been arrived at when the case was considered in May last. On May 28 the bitch in question, which is now in Mr. Preston's kennels, whelped eight pups, four of which died and the others are alive; three are sable and white with collie attributes, the other a black spaniel. The bitch was shipped March 15 and it is supposed contracted a *mésalliance* during the trip with a collie, which was the only dog on board and was also consigned to Mr. Morris.

Several circumstances have arisen lately which in all probability will result in the N. J. K. L. deferring their proposed November show till next year. The matter will be definitely settled at a meeting to be held very shortly. Mr. E. H. Morris is now secretary in place of Mr. Winter, who resigned the office.

Mr. Jos. Kennedy received the verdict of $200 against the Canadian Express Company for failing to deliver his cockers at New York in time for the show of 1892, and not, as we were wrongly informed, for their loss.

The well known great Dane Ajax came over on the Champagne on Monday last. Mr. T. B. Burnham, Tuxedo, N. Y., who already owns several winners, is the purchaser. This dog, we are told, won at the Paris show recently held, and in fact has not experienced defeat since 1892. His advent should stir things up a bit in great Dane circles. He with the others in this kennel are at the Hempstead Farm.

Those who study our advertising columns will notice that Mr. Hodgman is offering a number of well-bred dogs, among them the noted pointer Arthur; lock box 76 offers beagle Little Duke; W. L. Manderson, bull-terriers, etc.; C. D. Roberts, pointer pups; Dr. G. F. Richardson, English setter pups; N. A. Baldwin, beagle Laddie; Woronoco Kennels, foxhound.

Illusion or Shadow.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice "Illusion or Shadow" by W. W. Titus in yours of June 30. No illusion at all; dog had moved out of position for part of exposure, leaving the fence open for exposure without the dog, on the same principle as "ghost photos."

JOHN W. RUSK.

HAINES FALLS, N. Y., July 9.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Minnie Seflon—Woodmansterne Trefoil. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Minnie Sefton to their Woodmansterne Trefoil, Jan. 31.

——*—Millard.* Hempstead Farm Kennels' beagle bitch —— to their Millard, May 27.

Hempstead Daughter—Hempstead Duke. Hempstead Farm Kennels' pointer bitch Hempstead Daughter to their Hempstead Duke, April 8.

——*—Robert le Diable.* Hempstead Farm Kennels' pointer bitch —— to their Robert le Diable, April 2.

Hempstead Game—Sandford Druid. Hempstead Farm Kennels' pointer bitch Hempstead Game to their Sandford Druid, April 2.

——*—Duke of Hessen.* Hempstead Farm Kennels' pointer bitch —— (King of Kent—Woolton Game) to their Duke of Hessen, March 21.

Woolton Game—Sandford Druid. Hempstead Farm Kennels' pointer bitch Woolton Game to their Sandford Druid, March 21.

Hempstead Meg II.—Conrad II. Hempstead Farm Kennels' collie bitch Hempstead Meg II. to their Conrad II., March 9.

Brittany—White Topper. Hempstead Farm Kennels' wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Brittany to Geo. Raper's White Topper, March 7.

Hempstead Lady—Woodmansterne Trefoil. Hempstead Farm Kennels' collie bitch Hempstead Lady to their Woodmansterne Trefoil, March 1.

Westminster Blanche—Duke of Hessen. Hempstead Farm Kennels' pointer bitch Westminster Blanche to their Duke of Hessen, Feb. 22.

——*—Conrad II.* E. P. Kirby's collie bitch —— to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Conrad II., Jan. 28.

Mary Jane—Fenian Boy. W. Faversham's Irish terrier bitch Mary Jane to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Fenian Boy, Feb. 1.

Duchess of Fife—Woodmansterne Trefoil. Woodlawn Park Kennels' collie bitch Duchess of Fife to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil, Feb. 7.

Ormskirk Dollie—Woodmansterne Trefoil J. P. Morgan's (Highland Falls, N. Y.) collie bitch Ormskirk Dollie to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil, Feb. 13

Bobette—Suffolk Trimmer. A M. Young's wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Bobette to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Suffolk Trimmer, Feb. 18.

Kathleen—Romulus. W. C. Dulles's Irish terrier bitch Kathleen to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Romulus, March 6.

Diane—Tack. S. D. Ripley's (Westbury, L. I.) dachsbund bitch Diane to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Tack, March 17.

Duchess of Highlands—Sandford Druid. E. Smith's (New York) pointer bitch Duchess of Highlands to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Sandford Druid, March 25.

Westminster Gladys—Duke of Hessen. P. Daley's (Long Branch, N. J.) pointer bitch Westminster Gladys to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Duke of Hessen, March 26.

Ethel II.—Woodmansterne Trefoil. J. Van Schaick's collie bitch Ethel II. to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil, April 3.

Ethel III.—Woodmansterne Trefoil. J. Van Schaick's collie bitch Ethel III. to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil, April 14.

——*—Duke of Hessen.* J. N. Lewis's (Ramseys, N. J.) pointer bitch —— to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Duke of Hessen, April 28.

Bloomo II.—Sandford Druid. A. C. Pickhardt's (Massapequa, L. I.) pointer bitch Bloomo II. to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Sandford Druid, April 22.

Lassie—Duke of Hessen. A. C. Pickhardt's (Massapequa, L. I.) pointer bitch Lassie to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Duke of Hessen, May 4.

Deepdale Madge—Woodmansterne Trefoil. F. Bourne's collie bitch Deepdale Madge to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil, May 14.

——*—Woodmansterne Trefoil.* C. F. Judson's collie bitch —— Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil, May 16

Jess Frost—White Topper. Woodlawn Park Kennels' (Saratoga, N. Y.) wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Jess Frost to G. Raper's White Topper, May 17.

——*—Jim.* A. H. Larkin's fox-terrier bitch —— to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Jim, May 18.

Duchess of Fife—Woodmansterne Trefoil. Woodlawn Park Kennels' (Saratoga, N.Y.) collie bitch Duchess of Fife to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil, May 26

Shotover—Duke of Hessen. G. Hopkins's (Hempstead, L. I.) pointer bitch Shotover to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Duke of Hessen, May 28.

Flora - Manuscript. G. Hopkins's (Hempstead, L. I.) spaniel bitch Flora to T. Marples's Manuscript, May 28.

Bellmont—Doc. J. B. Blossom's (New York) Gordon setter bitch champion Bellmont to W. S. Lee's Doc (champion Beaumont—Bessie III.), May 30.

Lady Alice—Bedford. J B. Blossom's (New York) Irish setter bitch Lady Alice (Redstone—Lady Noreen) to his Bedford (Minstrel—Aurora), April 1.

Ruby—Heather York. C R. Griffin's Gordon setter bitch Ruby (Phil champion Madge) to J. B. Blossom's Heather York (Heather Harold—champion Bellmont), May 11.

Hilda—Reginald H. Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' (Chicago Lawn, Ill.) Gordon setter bitch champion Hilda (Jack—champion Becky Sharp) to their Reginald H. (Leatherstockings—Smith's Rhoda), June 13.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Woodmansterne Deborah. Hempstead Farm Kennels (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Woodmansterne Deborah, Feb. 12, six (three dogs), by their Woodmansterne Trefoil.

Thorndale. Hempstead Farm Kennels' English setter bitch Thorndale, Jan 4, eleven (six dogs), by their Rab.

Hempstead Duchess. Hempstead Farm Kennels' pointer bitch Hempstead Duchess, Feb. 15, one bitch, by their Duke of Hessen

Westminster Blanche. Hempstead Farm Kennels' pointer bitch Westminster Blanche, April 26, five (three dogs), by their Duke of Hessen.

Hempstead Meg II. Hempstead Farm Kennels' collie bitch Hempstead Meg II., May 5, one dog, by their Conrad II.

Hempstead Lady. Hempstead Farm Kennels' collie bitch Hempstead Lady, May 6, three (two dogs), by their Woodmansterne Trefoil.

Woolton Game. Hempstead Farm Kennels' pointer bitch Woolton Game, May 24, seven (five dogs), by their Sandford Druid.

Green Mountain Lass. Hempstead Farm Kennels' collie bitch Green Mountain Lass, June 1, seven (four dogs), by their Conrad II.

Hempstead Game. Hempstead Farm Kennels' pointer bitch Hempstead Game, June 3, nine dogs, by their Sandford Druid.

Hempstead Daughter. Hempstead Farm Kennels' pointer bitch Hempstead Daughter, June 10, one dog, by their Hempstead Duke.

Queen Zip. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) French poodle bitch Queen Zip (Carlo—Frenchie), June 4, six (three dogs), by their Moughlow.

Chloe. F. K. Pidgeon's (Saugerties, N. Y.) pointer bitch Chloe (champion Tammy—Bertie), June 9, five (three dogs), by his Graphic VI. (champion Graphic—Daisy II.).

Blemton Title. W. F. Porter's (Sharon, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Blemton Title (Blemton Victor II.—Tiara), June 14, six (four dogs), by his Woodale Driver.

Belle of Sharon. W. F. Porter's (Sharon, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Belle of Sharon, June 18, six (three dogs), by his Woodale Driver.

Lady Alice. J. B. Blossom's (New York) Irish setter bitch Lady Alice (Redstone—Lady Noreen), June 3, nine (six dogs), by his Bedford (Minstrel—Aurore).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Trefoil Princess. Collie bitch, whelped May 20, 1893, by Woodmansterne Trefoil out of ——, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to W. P. Smith, Jersey City, N. J.

Hempstead Kit. Pointer bitch, whelped July, 1892, by Duke of Hessen out of Queen Fan, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to Rinada Kennels, Massapequa, L. I.

Suffolk King. Fox-terrier dog, by Starden's King out of ——, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to W. Whitney, Rochester, N. Y.

Olivia. Russian wolfhound bitch, whelped July, 1891, by Vladimir out of Princess Irma, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to C. S. Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

Zmeika. Russian wolfhound bitch, by Hohlik out of Yachsum, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to C. S. Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

Herdman II. Bob-tail sheepdog, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to J. P. Morgan, Highland Falls, N. Y.

Hempstead Reeve. Pointer, whelped Aug. 3, 1893, by Sandford Druid out of ——, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to G. C. Cross, Rochester, N. Y.

Hempstead Olga. Russian wolfhound bitch, whelped October, 1892, by Kaissack II. out of ——, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to C. R. Christopher, Newark, N. J.

Hattie M. Light brindle greyhound bitch, whelped May 13, 1893, by Gem of the Season out of Wild Rose, by Joe Lewis, Moodus, Conn., to Dr. Q. Van Hummel, Indianapolis, Ind.

Suffolk Trimmer— —— whelp. Fox-terrier dog, whelped June 26, 1893, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hepstead, L. I., to W. P. Croucb, Dubuque, Ia.

——. Yorkshire terrier, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to G. DeF. Grant, New York city.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. S. L.—The pedigree as given is a good one.

S. L. Harrison, N. Y.—See answer to A. G. B.

J. W. B. Danvers, Mass.—Give the dog some sulpbur in his food.

F. T. M., Trenton, Ont.—The Windrush Kennels are owned by Mr. E. A. Manice, Pittsfield, Mass.

R. C. L., New York.—We have forwarded your postal to M. C., as we are not at liberty to divulge bis name.

A. G. B., Holland, Micb.—Will you kindly prescribe for my friend's setter; probably has tbe mange. Started eight weeks ago with small red spots on the head, gradually spreading to legs and hind parts. On the rest of the body there are no sores, but the hair is falling out badly. Used carbolized vaseline, which helped a little. The dog also has two lumps on left side of throat, which hang down two inches. Appetite good, lively and healthy in every other way. Had two fits early in the spring. Ans. Treat dog for worms. Bathe in a solution of creolin twice a week (½oz. of creolin to a pailful of warm water). Give the following mixture:

℞. Mag. sulph.....ʒi.
Ferri sulph.....ʒi.
Acid sulph. dil.....ʒi.
Aq ad.....ʒviii.
Mix. Give one teaspoonful twice a day.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.
Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Sec'y.
Nov 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

Running a Small Boy.

A SMALL boy playing the part of the fox in an exciting chase on the Cedar Hollow hills near Phœnixville, Pa., narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by George Fulmer's pack of hounds the other day. The dogs had not enjoyed a run for weeks, and Mr. Fulmer decided to give them an exercise. Taking a bag from the box in which he keeps several foxes, and which the Reynards slept upon, he gave it John Rambo. He told the lad to drag the heavily scented bag across the hills and he would turn loose the hounds. The boy had a long start and had disappeared below the brow of a distant knoll when Fulmer released the eager dogs. Around they circled until one of them struck the trail, and then away they dashed in pursuit of the bogus fox.

Instantly, a great fear seized the hunter. It dawned upon him that if the hounds overtook the lad they would tear him to pieces. Without longer hesitating, he rushed to the stable, bridled a horse, and galloped in pursuit of the baying hounds. They had a good start, and Fulmer knew that the boy's life depended upon whether the hounds or the horseman reached him first. In no real fox chase did the veteran hunter ever ride more furiously.

It was a long, hard gallop, but he had told the boy where to drag the bag, and by a short cut reached him ahead of the houuds. The dogs were close upon him and running madly. Fulmer seized the astonished boy and lifted him upon the horse beyond the reach of the hounds, which he could even then hardly prevent from tearing young Rambo to pieces—*Philadelphia Record.*

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National Beagle Club Meeting.

AN adjourned meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held in the A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, New York, on July 2. The meeting was called to order by President H. L. Kreuder at 3:15 P. M. Present were H. L. Kreuder, George Laick, H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, George B. Post and A. D. Lewis.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved. A letter was read from the City of Straits Kennel Club stating that the special prize donated to them by this club had been received after the judging began and they could therefore not accept it. The secretary was requested to note the fact on the minutes.

A letter was read from the New England K. C. stating that the special prize donated to them by the N. B. C. of Am. had been awarded to Mollie L. (Don—Mollie), owned by Mark Lewis, Jr., Cannonsburg, Pa.

The committee on prizes was requested to forward the special to Mr. Mark Lewis, Jr.

Voted that the resignation of Mr. F. W. Chapman be accepted. Messrs. H. H. Donnell, S. B. Arthur, F. J. D'Arcy and Harry Twyford were dropped from the books.

Moved by Mr. Schellhass and seconded by Mr. Appleton, that the name of R. F. Mayhew be taken from the books, inasmuch as he has never qualified as a member.

Mr. W. E. Johnston, Etna, Pa., offered his resignation, which was on motion accepted.

Mr. J. W. Appleton proposed for membership Mr. Rowland P. Keasbey, New York, and he was elected.

The auditing committee reported that they had examined the books and accounts of the secretary and treasurer and found the same correct.

It was reported to the club that there is a vacancy in the field trial committee of the A. K. C. It was therefore voted that the secretary be instructed to communicate with the secretary of the A. K. C. and respectfully ask that the National Beagle Club of America be given a place in the said field trial committee inasmuch as the N. B. C. of America is holding annual field trials.

The following committees were appointed by the chair: Committee for locating grounds to hold field trials—Messrs. J. W. Appleton, A. D. Lewis and H. F. Schellhass. For selecting judges—H. L. Kreuder and George Laick. For formulating classes and prizes—George Laick, H. F. Schellhass and H. L. Kreuder. For soliciting special prizes—H. L. Kreuder, B. S. Turpin, H. W. Lacy, Geo. B. Post, Jr., A. D. Lewis and H. F. Schellhass. Field Trial Committee—B. S. Turpin, J. W. Appleton, John Bateman, J. B. Lozier, C. S. Wixom, George Laick, H. L. Kreuder, H. F. Schellhass, W. S. Clark, Geo. W. Rogers, Geo. B. Post, Jr., Edwin Field, M.D.

Meeting adjourned to Aug. 9 at 3 P. M.

GEORGE LAICK, Sec'y.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The well-known greyhound Troughend, that divided the Waterloo cup with Fullerton, died in Russia recently. He was by Greentick out of Toledo and cost Col. North, who presented him to his late owner, 470 guineas. It is said he has left some good stock behind.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

12. Schoodic, 1st Cup Race, Club.
12. Rochester, Squad. Sail and Review, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
14. St. Lawrence, A, 30. 25, 21ft. Classes, fifth series.
14. Cor. Mus. Fleet, 21ft. and cabin cats, New Rochelle.
14. Knickerbocker, Club, L. I. S'd.
14. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
14. New Bedford, Club Sail, Buz. B.
14. Phila., Squad. Sail, Del. River.
14. Sea. Cor., 25ft. Class, Bullock Cup, Oyster Bay.
14. Cor. Phila., Evans Cup, Delaware River.
14-15. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Galinas Creek.
14-21. Larchmont, Cruise, Long Island Sound.
14-30. Columbia, Cruise, Chicago to Green Bay, Wis.
16. Riverside, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
16. Rhode Island, Ann. Cup, Narragansett Bay.
16-19. Hempstead Bay, Cruise, G't South Bay.
19. Miramichi, Race, Chatham.
19. Fall River, Ladies' Day.
19. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
20. Hempstead Bay, Club, Hempstead Bay.
20. Phila., Club Race, all Classes, Delaware River.
21. Squantum, Cham. Squantum Mass.
21. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
21. Beverly, Sweeps, West Falmouth.
21. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
21. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor
21. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
21. Manchester, Minot's Ledge Cup Massachusetts Bay.
21. Plymouth, Club, Plym'th, Mass
21. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.
21. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Scund.
21. Indian Harbor, open cats and 21-footers, L. I. Sound.
26. Rochester, Club, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
26 29. Indian Harbor, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
28. Cor. Phila., Jeanes Prize, Delaware River.
28. Hull, Open, Boston Harbor.
28. Great South Bay, An., Islip.
28. Larchmont, Flint Cup, cabin cats, Long Island Sound.
28. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
28. South Boston, Club Cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Squantum, Squantum, Mass.
28-29. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Goat Island.
30. Schoodic, 2d Cup Race, Club.

Corinthian Y. C. 78th Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE 78th regatta of the Corinthian Y. C., on July 4, was sailed in a moderate southwest breeze and with a good fleet of starters, the times being:

SECOND CLASS, 21 TO 25FT. WATERLINE—START 11:10.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Reaper, H. P. Benson	24.00	2 17 35	.. .. ..
Ariel, J. Barrett	25.06	2 23 07	.. .. ..
Marena, D. H. Follett, Jr.	....	2 25 12	.. .. ..
Dictator, C. H. Johnson	24.00	Not timed.	

CRUISERS, CLASS A—START 11:25.

Gipsy, J. C. Rogers, Jr.	....	1 50 33	1 50 33

CRUISERS, CLASS B—START 11:30.

	Handicap.		
Edith, F. M. Wood	9m.	1 33 33	1 24 33
Kraken, P. Cbase	....	1 29 25	1 29 25
Mosca, F. E. Peabody	1m.	1 31 13	1 30 13
Lotus, G Burroughs	4m.	1 35 54	1 31 54
Gigi, P. Kemble	15m.	1 52 11	1 37 11
Weasel, J. W. Dutton	15m.	1 52 49	1 37 49
Don, L. W. Burlen	10m.	1 50 24	1 40 24

KNOCKABOUTS—START 11:35.

Nancy, R. Saltonstall	6m.	1 30 04	1 24 04
Betsy, T. Jones	5m.	1 31 26	1 26 26
Trouble, H. Wheeler	3m.	1 32 28	1 29 38
Esther, H Taggard	2m.	1 35 40	1 33 40
Pinta, C. T. Lee	5m.	1 40 04	1 35 04
Jane, C. W. Parker	2m.	1 38 05	1 36 05
Carl, C. H. W. Foster	2m.	1 39 57	1 37 57
Otatsu, F. O. North	....	1 38 18	1 38 18

DORIES—START 11:45.

Thorn, W. Chamberlain	1 31 40
Snipe, E. A. Boardman	1 36 16
Witch, F. Ramsdell	1 37 30
Inez, G. Martin	1 38 32
Freddie, C. J. Hamson	1 39 55
Baby Lou, W. P. Russell	1 45 05
Mabel, Ed. Rich	1 46 35
Independence, J. McGee	1 46 38
Ida M., W. Melzer	1 47 42
Alpha, H. H. Brown	1 51 05

The winners were: Second class, Reaper, Marina; class B, cruisers, Edith, Kraken, Mosco; knockabouts, Nancy, Betsey, Trouble; dories, Snipe, Witch, Inez, Freddie C, Baby Lou. Thorn was disqualified, as not being dory, having a fin and a rudder post through the stern. The judges were Messrs. George W. Mansfield, Benjamin W. Knapp and Howard Whitcomb.

Squantum Y. C. First Championship.

SQUANTUM.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE first championship race of the Squantum Y. C was sailed on July 4 in the fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS - SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gretchen, J. N. Tewksbury	26.05	2 45 30	2 00 09
Agilis, Seaweed Club	30.05	2 52 16	2 20 03

SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS.

Starlight, Barston & Freeman	20.01	1 34 25	1 07 38
Eva, H. E. Nelson	20.07	1 35 45	1 09 30
Restless, G. H. DeHuff	24.00	1 35 50	1 12 37

FIRST CLASS—CATS.

Myrtle, H. F. Burkhardt	20.05	1 19 45	0 53 22
Payomet, Flood & Snow	21.01	1 21 48	0 56 00
Arcturus, G H DeHuff	24.00	1 35 50	1 12 37

JIB AND MAINSAIL.

West End, C. F. Marr	16.02	1 31 50	1 00 06
Yolande, G. P. Emerson	15.11	1 33 20	1 00 35
Mary C., C. Johnson	16.02	1 37 29	1 06 05

FOURTH CAASS.

Trix, F S. Pierce	....	0 26 10	.. .. ..
1492, E. R. Linnie	Disqualified.		

Agilis protests Gretchen for turning a mark from the wrong side, and 1492 was disqualified for sailing a wrong course.

The judges were F. E. Badger, J. E. Drew and W. E. Burrell.

Boston City Regatta.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE annual regatta given by the city of Boston was this year a great success, a large fleet starting with a fresh S.W. breeze. There were no serious mishaps and the racing was interesting in every class. A separate class was made for fin-keels between 28 and 40ft. l.w.l., debarring Handsel from the 30ft. keel class, but she, having no competitor, did not start. The times were:

FIRST CLASS, CENTERBOARDS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Violet, H. J. McKee	3 34 25	2 57 11
Nimbus, J. S. Cushing	3 35 23	2 58 21

FIRST CLASS, KEELS

Countess, J. F. Blanchard	3 46 16	3 05 05
Gracie G., M. J. Sughrue	3 49 00	3 11 46
Polly, Foster & Washburn	4 01 18	3 17 52
Camilla, T. H. Jackson	4 04 32	3 22 30
Wasp, Wm. Nolan	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS, CENTERBOARDS.

Harbinger, Wm. Daly, Jr.	3 23 09	2 39 23
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	2 32 09	2 43 47
Caribou, James Bertram	2 38 34	2 52 04
Climax, M. F. Kelly	3 41 57	2 55 27
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.	3 47 27	2 58 39
Mattie, W. A. Garrett	3 46 27	2 58 39
Wild Duck, E. Martin	3 48 49	3 00 27
Stanley, W. L. Colson	3 49 08	3 02 38

SECOND CLASS, KEELS.

Vespa, H. B. Pearson	3 48 26	3 02 10
Aeolus, J. Rood	3 52 40	3 06 10
Swordfish, Hall & Johnson	3 59 27	3 09 48
Zaidee, A. J. Choate	Did not finish.	

THIRD CLASS, CENTERBOARDS.

Raccoon, T. J. Lowell	1 28 31	0 57 47
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	1 25 02	0 58 24
Black Cloud, Taylor & Putnam	1 27 47	1 00 26
Little Rogue, T. W. Spencer	1 30 04	1 00 40
Amorita, W. F. Bache	1 29 48	1 02 18
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	1 31 20	1 02 28
Madcap, H. C. Whorf	1 32 20	1 03 05
Syble, F. P. Sharpe	1 31 56	1 04 26
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	1 35 04	1 06 33
Adolph, Henry Moebs	1 36 27	1 08 17
Widgeon, M. Williams, Jr	1 34 04	1 09 02
Alert, H. Conant	1 40 34	1 10 48
Bessie, Billings & Penniman	1 43 26	1 14 07
Ustane, M. J. Fitzwilliams	1 42 42	1 12 56
Wapita, George H. Hill	1 46 36	1 19 20
Eureka, J. S. Higgins	1 54 20	1 26 19
Tike, J. Severidge	1 58 22	1 27 38
Columbia, Daly & Malley	1 57 04	1 27 45
Eolus, John T. Holman	1 57 18	1 29 32

THIRD CLASS, KEELS.

Juditb, W. B Pidgeon	1 39 35	1 11 41
Lillian, H. B. Whitney	1 47 11	1 17 55
Wahneta, Smith and Cobb	1 48 14	1 18 21
Bonita, W. Briggs	1 59 32	1 29 06

FOURTH CLASS, CENTERBOARDS.

In It, R. B Williams	1 42 20	1 07 56
Attempt, Flynn and Freeman	1 41 59	1 08 23
Magpie, H. G. Otis	1 41 17	1 09 51
Primrose, H. M. Faxon	1 46 54	1 10 10
Duck, H. C. Hodges	1 47 06	1 11 41
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	1 42 46	1 11 56
Egeria, L. T. Howard	1 43 00	1 12 07
Mirage, Carl Schindler	1 48 48	1 12 52
Imp, L. A. Horton	1 50 34	1 13 50
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	1 50 35	1 14 07
Onawa, W. E. Gyer	1 45 53	1 15 03
Dux, C. F. Colby	1 53 10	1 15 18
Arab, W. F. Scott	1 47 10	1 15 19
Mamie, H. T. Bowers	1 51 33	1 17 36

FOURTH CLASS—KEELS.

Astrea, R. M. Benner	1 43 18	1 11 34
Topsy, C. M. Peterson	1 48 27	1 15 38
Phantom, G. M. Hazelet	1 49 17	1 16 41
Lillian, Geo. N. Griffin	1 50 26	1 19 36
Kittie, John A. Evans	1 54 07	1 21 51
Hattie, W. Barnes	1 56 16	1 24 19
Ada, Henry Buttlar	2 00 25	1 25 55
Trio, A. H. Baker	2 00 09	1 26 40

JIB AND MAINSAIL CLASS.

Romance, L. Sears	1 28 12	0 58 08
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	1 37 00	0 58 17
Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr	1 31 05	1 00 56
Live Yankee H. T. Moody	1 37 22	1 02 42
Tbrush, Ellis and Tabeling	1 32 42	1 02 44
Eulalie, E S. Hunt	1 35 58	1 05 29
Kowa, A. Lannon	1 54 06	1 18 02
Rebel, H. Moreland	1 57 19	1 24 16
New Moon, M. R. Smith	Did not finish.	
Alma, R. Bigelow	Did not finish.	

MOSQUITO CLASS.

Laurel, J. K. Hutchings	0 52 44	0 32 05
Princess, E. D. Gay	0 52 13	0 32 32
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	0 55 26	0 36 08
Katydid, C B. Perr	0 59 55	0 39 05
Icurez, Walsh Bros.	0 59 42	0 39 52
Seaweed, S. C. Higgins	0 59 27	0 40 09
Cutty Sark, M. M. Torrance	1 01 45	0 41 25
Tyrant, Stewart and Oldham	1 06 09	0 45 03
Coot, Stoddard and Lisher	1 04 51	0 45 05
Cotuit, H. H Linnell	1 06 25	0 46 39
Vivian, G. A. Carson	1 06 31	0 47 26
Areva, George Martin	1 08 32	0 48 32
Marigold, W. Greenlaw	1 11 20	0 51 49
Phillis, W. A Comey	1 18 18	0 56 56
Cupid, I. H. Graves	Did not finish.	

The judges were Wm. Daly, Jr., chairman; J. S. Cushing, James Bertram, F. O. Vegelahn, C. J. Rushton, T. D. Rice, Harry Hutchinson, James Otis Fallon, Ambrose A. Martin, Wm. H. Crane, A. T. Bliss, Walter R. Crimes.

Duck protests Egeria for crowding at Buoy 6. Areva protests Laurel for fouling her at Buoy 7. Black Cloud and Raccoon protest Harolde for leaving the stakeboat off the Marine Park pier on the starboard hand. Good Luck also protests her on measurement. Countess protests Gracie G. for fouling her at Buoy 7, and Attempt protests In It on measurement.

Plymouth Y. C., Third Regatta.

PLYMOUTH—PLYMOUTH HARBOR.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE third regatta of the Plymouth Y. C., on July 4, was sailed in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eclipse, H. H. Sears	25.10	1 45 32	1 17 29
Future, W. T Whitman	21.07	1 55 44	1 23 09

SECOND CLASS.

Fanny D., M. McDowell	18 00	1 45 26	1 08 01
Priscilla, W. M. Goodwin	18.03	1 55 56	1 18 53
Straight Tip, N. Keith	17.08	1 59 29	1 21 34

THIRD CLASS.

Gypsy Girl, T W. Stole	15.02	2 06 51	1 29 36
Perbaps, T. S. Diman	14.08	2 08 17	1 25 02
Dolphin, N. Morton	15.03	2 12 33	1 30 27
Major D, S Drew	15.05	2 12 08	1 30 31
Spray, C. F. Bradford	16.05	2 11 10	1 31 12
Puritan, C. D. Craig	16.06	2 17 18	1 37 28
Vigilant, A. M. Watson, Jr.	15.11	2 05 07	1 24 15
Eunice B. Weston, I Symmes	16.04	2 17 50	1 37 43
Honest John, J. C. Dawes	14.01	Withdrew.	
Pilgrim, A. Bartlett	16.02	Withdrew.	
Katie L., J. Bagnell	16.08	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Solitaire, G. P. Thrasher	17.02	2 01 20	1 22 36
Nereid, A. E. Walker	16.00	2 08 04	1 27 21
Lady Mary, M. McDowell	16.10	2 08 41	1 29 25
Natalie, H. M. Jones	14.08	2 13 00	1 29 45
Aphrodite, A. G. Fay	16.02	2 08 04	1 28 18

FIFTH CLASS

Ivan, W. S. Cole	....	.... ..	2 15 10
Manatee, J. F. Gaylord	....	Withdrew.	

Winners were: First class, Eclipse; second class, Fanny D.; third class, Gipsey Girl; fourth class, Solitaire; fifth class, Ivan. Vigilant fouled the judges' boat and stakeboat, and Aphrodite fouled Natalie.

On July 2 the steam yacht Marietta, sunk at Erie Basin, was raised. The cause of the sinking is said to be a corroded sea cock, but such a mishap betokens carelessness on the part of some one. The damage is stated at $10,000, the upholstery, furniture and woodwork being ruined and the machinery more or less damaged.

Larchmont Y. C. Annual Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLANN SOUND.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE annual regatta of the Larchmont Y. C., on July 4, was a good wholesome race, of the kind that is too seldom seen of late years, with many classes, each well filled yachts, which are in practical service, and not specially built for racing. There were no star performers, but mainly such craft as Ariel, Sachem, Shamrock, Viator, Minerva, Nymph, Sasqua, Audax and Madrine; ex racers or fast cruisers, but in no sense racing machines. The day was fair and pleasant, with a fresh south wind until late in the race, when after a short calm a thunderstorm in the northwest sent out more angry gusts, but amounted to little in the end. The usual club courses were sailed. Emerald beat Ariel quite handily, for the second time this season. Queen Mab, of 59ft., proved too much for Katrina, the fast 70-footer. Wasp beat Gloriana quite badly. Gossoon broke the jaws of her gaff before reaching Captain's Island, and withdrew. Minerva finished first, but fouled a markboat, the prize going to Nymph. Sasqua, an older and smaller Ellsworth boat, pushed the fast Tigress very hard, and lost but by a few seconds.

The new Memory in class 8, is a Herreshoff fin-keel, completed this year. Audax, Mr Eaton's fast yawl, has now no competitors of her own rig, so went in the 30ft. class, beating Pyxie and Gavilan; Madrine losing her mast on the first leg. In the larger cabin cat class, Almira broke down, and Onaway won

The 21ft. class was again a failure, several boats were absent, and of those present Maysie lost her mast, and Flirt, Houri and Blonde and Brunette came to grief in their rigging. Minnetonka gave up, being overpowered on the wind. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—CLASS B.				
Emerald	11 39 47	3 37 08	3 57 21	3 57 21
Ariel	11 36 22	3 47 50	4 11 28	4 07 50
SCHOONERS—CLASS B—CRUISING TRIM.				
Atlantic	11 42 45	4 45 40	5 03 55	Not meas.
Sachem	11 40 28	4 33 07	4 52 39	Not meas.
Una	11 40 50	5 04 40	5 23 50	Not meas.
SCHOONERS—CLASS C.				
Elsiemarie	11 37 06	4 23 27	4 46 31	4 46 31
Shamrock	11 38 56	4 41 01	5 02 05	5 00 17
SCHOONERS—CLASS D.				
Viator	11 39 21	2 35 00	2 55 39	2 55 39
Loyal	11 40 26	2 41 02	3 00 26	3 00 36
Agnes	11 39 54	Did not finish.		
SLOOPS—MIXED CLASS.				
Katrina	11 38 18	4 32 29	4 54 11	4 54 11
Queen Mab	11 36 03	4 25 38	4 49 35	4 43 59
SLOOPS—CLASS 5.				
Wasp	11 56 34	4 34 29	4 37 55	4 37 55
Gloriana	11 58 07	4 55 00	4 56 53	4 56 32
SLOOPS—CLASS 6.				
Awa	11 58 01	4 53 51	4 50 56	4 50 50
Minerva	11 55 04	3 35 10	3 38 06	3 49 34
Nymph	11 58 55	4 28 41	4 29 46	4 24 26
Gossoon	12 02 55	Disabled.		
Minerva disqualified for fouling Hempstead stakeboat.				
SLOOPS—CLASS 7.				
Tigress	11 59 06	4 33 20	4 34 14	4 34 14
Sasqua	11 57 35	4 36 12	4 38 37	4 35 51
Daffodil	11 56 30	4 46 23	4 49 53	4 48 32
SLOOPS—CLASS 8.				
Marjorie	11 57 39	4 56 52	4 59 13	Not meas.
Memory	11 59 49	4 41 07	4 41 18	Not meas.
H. W. Beecher	11 58 24	Disabled.		
SLOOPS—CLASS 9.				
Gavilan	12 02 32	2 10 05	2 07 33	2 07 33
Pyxie	12 00 21	2 11 48	2 11 27	2 04 24
Audax	11 56 46	2 01 55	2 05 09	2 03 05
Madrine	12 02 43	Disabled.		
Susie	11 57 32	Did not finish.		
CLASS 10—MIXED.				
Chrystine, scbr	12 03 23	2 18 50	2 15 27	2 15 27
Brenda, sloop	11 59 50	2 36 48	2 36 49	2 32 22
Caper, sloop	12 04 23	2 31 18	2 26 55	2 23 23
CABIN CATS—CLASS 11.				
Mary	12 04 54	2 13 05	2 08 15	2 08 15
Nymph	11 58 08	2 38 12	2 10 04	2 09 46
Almira	12 04 45	Did not finish.		
Myrtle	11 58 50	2 26 28	2 21 43	2 24 46
Onaway	12 03 55	2 15 51	2 47 56	Not meas.
CABIN CATS—CLASS 12.				
Pastime	11 58 42	2 51 03	2 52 21	Not meas.
Tabitha	11 56 02	Did not finish.		
Eloise	11 57 43	2 55 02	2 57 19	Not meas.
Kittie	11 58 40	2 28 08	2 29 28	Not meas.
Ami	12 00 12	Did not finish.		
OPEN CATS—CLASS 13.				
Edna	12 00 13	1 59 43	1 59 40	W. O.
OPEN CATS—CLASS 14.				
Pauline B	11 58 06	2 01 35	2 03 29	2 03 29
Violet	11 56 13	2 33 05	2 36 52	2 35 41
Typhoon	12 02 24	Did not finish.		
OPEN CATS—CLASS 15.				
Anglesea	12 01 00	2 14 00	2 13 00	2 12 48
Zelica	12 04 32	2 10 00	2 05 28	2 04 26
Ione	12 03 47	2 05 30	2 01 43	1 58 43
Terrapin	12 03 09	2 10 20	2 07 11	2 04 11
Ida K	12 04 18	2 03 38	1 59 20	1 59 20
Punch	12 01 21	2 02 22	2 01 01	2 01 01
H. C. Miner	12 04 11	2 10 40	2 06 29	2 05 40
SPECIAL CLASS—21-FOOTERS				
Vanquero	12 12 00	2 21 10	2 09 10	. . .. ..
Blonde and Brunette	12 12 00	2 34 02	2 22 02	. . .. ..
Adelaide	12 12 00	2 34 22	2 22 22	. . .. ..
Houri	12 12 00	Disabled.		
Minnetonka	12 12 00	Withdrew.		

The winners are Emerald, Sachem, Elsiemarie, Viator, Queen Mab, Wasp, Nymph, Tigress, Memory, Audax, Christine, Onaway, Kittie, Pauline B, Edna, Ione and Vaquero.

Wasp wins the Gould cup and Awa the Connor cup. The regatta committee included Messrs. Loresoy, Sarony and Boretta.

Shrewsbury Y. C. Annual Regatta.

RED BANK—SHREWSBURY RIVER.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE second annual regatta of the Shrewsbury Y. C. was sailed at Red Bank on July 4. Since the opening of this club's new house last summer many improvements have been made, including among others the grading and leveling off and sodding of the ground about the house, an expense of more than $700, and the introduction of gas in the house. Great interest was centered in the race, and the club house and balconies were filled with ladies and their escorts to the number of nearly 1,000. No better day could have been selected for the regatta, the wind was a good sailing breeze from S.W. and the day in other respects a beautiful one.

The start and finish lines were in plain view off the club house, the courses being as follows: Classes A, B, C, D and G from the starting line across the river to flag stake No. 1 at Guion's Point, leaving it to starboard; then back to No. 2 in Boyd's Cove, leaving it to port; thence down the river to stake No. 3 off Brown's dock, leaving it to starboard; thence across river again to stake No. 4 off Fair Haven dock, leaving it to port; thence to flag stake No. 5 at head of the flats, leaving it to port; thence back to No. 4, leaving it to starboard; thence to No. 3, leaving it to port; thence No. 2, leaving it to starboard; thence to No. 1, leaving it to port, to finish, distance 10 miles. Classes E and F, same starting and finishing line, to stakes 1 and 2; thence to white and blue stake at mouth of McClees Creek; thence back to stake 2 and 1 and between judge's boat and red flag stake; thence twice over following course to stakes 1 and 2 and around judges' boat, distance 10 miles.

For this race most of the crack boats on the Shrewsbury River were entered, including W. N. DeGraw, Jr.'s new Stewart & Binney boat and McGiehan's new U and I. The DeGraw boat is a small Pilgrim without the fin-keel; she is fitted with a Tobin bronze centerboard and a brass rudder, both having been made at Lawley's in Boston, while the boat itself was built by Riddle on the South Shrewsbury, who sailed her in this race. Her sailing measurement was given as 26ft., she being 29ft. over all and 23ft. on waterline. There is no question that she is over-rigged, and would do much better with a smaller rig. From what could be learned, she has a hollow spar of 44ft., a very long bowsprit, and her boom must be fully 37ft. Her present rig would be suitable with a fin-keel, but in the whole sail breeze that was blowing she was unable to carry it. The only rig anywhere resembling this was carried by the late Com. Dilworth's Dare Devil, 27ft. 4in., carrying a 43ft. spar and 37ft. boom. The Dare Devil was a much more powerful boat, however, having 12ft. beam. She should have made a much better showing, as she only beat Augusta, 22ft., an old-style Pat McGehan boat belonging to Mr. Edward Kemp, by 5m. 57s. corrected, and Mr. Clinton James's Undine, a 22ft. cat, by 1m. 39s. elapsed time. The DeGraw boat is peculiarly constructed in many respects, the tiller coming under the deck, and we understand the water came in the boat through her rudder trunk during the race. This will be remedied, however, by carrying the rudder trunk up to the deck.

Most of the interest was centered in the 22ft. open cat class, in which was entered McGieban's new creation, U and I. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. Oakes's Enigma could not take part, but it is understood that on account of boat builder Riddle's working to get the DeGraw boat ready, he was unable to get Enigma out in time. Much expense had been gone to by the owner of Undine for this race by procuring a new rig for her, she carrying a 40ft. Young hollow spar with 32ft. hoist, the result showing the good judgment of Com. James, who sailed her in this race; and Undine has once more resumed her place at the head of this class. The following are the full times:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS.			
Edla, M. P. Sherman	27.07	2 16 57	1 47 32
Zulu, Frazer & Worthley	26.09	2 26 01	1 55 46
Adele, C. H. Humphreys	24.10	Did not finish.	
CLASS B—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL.			
Presto, Harry Randall	28.00	2 45 09	2 16 04
Kathay, W. N. DeGrauw, Jr., S. Y. C.	26.00	2 12 23	1 41 23
Iroquois, W. W. Genet, N. J. A. C.	23.00	2 26 15	1 51 52
Lassie, A. E. Good	22.04	2 25 44	1 50 31
Augusta, Edward Kemp	22.02	2 22 40	1 47 20
CLASS D—CAT-RIGGED, 20 TO 23FT.			
Irma T., Forman R. Smith, S. Y. C.	22.00	2 15 26	1 39 47
U & I, P. H. McGiehen, N. Y. B. Y. C.	21.11	2 17 36	1 41 51
Undine, Com. C. R. James, S. Y. C.	21.10	2 14 02	1 38 10
Arrow, Jno. M. Sawyer, Jr., S. Y. C.	21.10	2 17 49	1 41 57
Shrewsbury, Carl Wagner, S. Y. C.	21.09	2 23 26	1 47 27
CLASS E—CAT-RIGGED, 17 TO 20FT.			
Maygus, E. D. Miuer, S. Y. C.	19.10	Did not finish.	
Anna, W. B. Parsons, L. M. Y. C.	18.04	1 44 50	1 03 40
Frances R., Dr. R. P. Thompson	18.00	1 51 34	1 09 59
Pauline, J. Frank James, S. Y. C.	18.00	1 43 06	1 01 31
Baby, Edward V. Willis	19.11	1 42 36	1 04 04
CLASS F—CAT-RIGGED, UNDER 17FT.			
Little Silver, H. L. Powers, L. M. Y. C.	16.02	1 47 42	1 02 47
Yum Yum, Vantini & Chadwick	16.01	1 57 43	1 12 38
Clytie, Malcolm Fisher	15.11½	1 55 53	1 10 43
Louisa, Frank Taylor	15.01½	1 57 05	1 10 02
CLASS G—SPECIAL CLASS, CABIN CATS.			
Win or Lose, F. M. Randall, P. Y. C.	22.09	2 25 24	1 50 42

The winners are: Class A, Edla; class B, Katbay first and Augusta second; class D, Undine first and Irma T. second; class E, Pauline first and Anna second; class F, Little Silver first and Louisa second; in class G Win or Lose had a walkover. The judges were George E. Gartland, New Jersey Y. C.; Henry Clay Miner, Jr., and George Williams, Shrewsbury Y. C. The regatta committee comprised Com. Clinton R. James, Edwin D. Miner and Forman R. Smith.

After the race the prizes, handsome silver plates, were presented to the winners by Mr. John F. James. In the evening the club house was brilliantly illuminated, and there was fireworks and dancing.

Beverly Y. C., 208th Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, June 30.

THE 208th regatta, first championship and open, was sailed on June 30 at Marblehead. The day opened with a dead calm and dense fog. At 12 M., the starting hour, it was impossible for a boat to move, and fully half the entries had not arrived. By 12:30 a light W. by S. air struck in, and the start was made; but fourteen boats, mostly in second class, and including many of the best boats in the bay, were unable to arrive in time owing to the calm. Amorita and Wanda had it all their own way. In knockabout class, Trouble led to Halfway Rock and Otatsu was badly beaten; but windward work reversed the order. The result in the tender class was very close. Course for second and knockabout classes, 10 miles; third and fourth classes, 9 miles; tender class, 3 miles. Summary:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.			
Amorita, S. H. Y. C., W. F. Bache	27.01	2 23 20	2 13 25
Ariel, C. Y. C., J. Barrett	25.05	2 30 33	2 19 06
Brenda, Burgess Y. C., H. S. Goodwin		2 37 05	. . .. ..
Six entries did not start.			
THIRD CLASS JIB AND MAINSAIL.			
Nonpareil, B. Y. C., C. P. Curtis	18.06	Withdrew.	
Two entries did not start.			
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Koorali, B. Y. C., Com. Robbins	23.04	2 18 41	2 34 35
Edith, C. Y. C., F. M. Wood		2 25 45	. . .. ..
Don, L. W. Burleup		Not timed.	
Frolic		Not timed.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Bonita, C. Y. C., C. O. Hood	20.00	2 50 52	2 34 26
Duck, B. Y. C., C. E. Hodges	19.03	2 56 33	2 39 05
Hera, C. Y. C., W. P. Fowle		Not timed.	
Weazel, C. Y. C., J. M. Dutton	15.10	Not timed.	
Alpine, L. Y. C., C. J. Blithen		Did not start.	
Box, M. Y. C., F. Gray		Did not start.	
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Otatsu, B. Y. C., F. O. North		2 35 58	. . .. ..
Jane, C. Y. C., C. S. Parker		2 40 27	. . .. ..
Esther, B. Y. C., H. Taggard		2 42 32	. . .. ..
Carl, B. Y. C., C. H. W. Foster		2 43 06	. . .. ..
Trouble, C. Y. C., H. Wheeler		2 43 47	. . .. ..
Two entries did not start.			
TENDER CLASS.			
Shrimp, B. Y. C., C. E. Hodges	13.07	1 16 06	. . .. ..
Thelma, Jr., E. Y. C., W. O. Gay	10.07	1 18 35	. . .. ..
Iris, C. Y. C., G Owen, Jr		1 36 40	. . .. ..
Cigarette, M. Y. C., E. P. Sharp		Did not start.	

Winners: Second class, Amorita first. Knockabouts, Otatsu first, Jane second. Third class cats, Koorali first, Edith second. Fourth class, Bonita first, Duck second. Tender class, Shrimp first. Koorali and Duck win legs for championships. Judges, F. Elliott Cabot and W. Lloyd Jeffries.

The 209th regatta, first Buzzard's Bay championship, was sailed on July 4 at Monument Beach in a double reef S.W. breeze, but comparatively smooth water. In second class Susie, who has had an excellent record at Marblehead, wished to enter as a sloop, but not knowing of any other boat in the class, came round as a cat, only to find Typhoon ready to meet her in sloop class. This of course left Typhoon alone, and she did not start.

In the second class Gymnote has added a new and long stern, improving her running, but her new sail is a failure, and spoiled her to windward.

The new Linotte had bad luck, breaking her boom just before the start; Anonyma led easily to windward with Mist a good second. Off the wind Gymnote gained rapidly and took second place. Ulula shook out both reefs and nearly saved her time. Mist enlivened the finish by running away with her owner and bringing up on the judges' boat while going at full speed. The force of the blow wrecked the rigging of the judges' boat and broke the shank of her anchor short off.

In the third class Nobska had it all her own way. She now sails as well to windward as free, and it will take a very fast boat to stop her. Gilt Edge, while doing very well, was fouled by Puzzle and lost her headstay. Both boats withdrew.

Scintilla and Colymbus also fouled and later withdrew.

In the fourth class cats Dawdle had a walk over, as Dodo broke her boom the night before, and Squall, who was expected, did not appear. Dawdle sailed a close race with the knockabouts.

P D Q held a walk over in fifth class.

The interest of the day centered on fourth class jib and mainsails, where three of the new centerboard knockabouts met Fin, an exceedingly good Herreshoff fin-keel who has had it all her own way for two years; and last but not least, Grilse, a 17ft. waterline Onawa, just built by Dyer and brought on from Lake Minnetonka. When delivered, her sail plan was larger than that of Onawa and utterly unfit for Buzzard's Bay. It was reduced one-third and is now rather small, though none too small for this class. She was sailed by Mr. Sidney Burgess and a good Corinthian crew, and carried a single-reef mainsail and a mere handkerchief of a jib. Her mainsail set very badly, and she broke her port sbroud and various other things before the start, and started in a patched up condition.

P D Q led off on the gun, with Grilse close at her heels, then Kitten with but little way on, and Dolly, who came with a rush and tried to get inside Kitten where there was no room, the result being that she hung up on the boom of the judges' boat and forced Fin and Turkey, who were close hauled, to go back and start again, losing them some two minutes.

Grilse at once took the lead, sailing fast and fairly close, and steadily gaining. She was wet, running her nose into a sea and scooping it upon deck till more or less water broke into the cockpit. This, however, did not stop her, though sometimes she would spank down on a sea and stop, but start off again in an instant.

Fin did well, but hardly held Grilse, and it is doubtful if she was beating Kitten or Turkey. She carried away jib off Toby Island and withdrew.

Course was dead to windward to Pines Buoy, run home and repeat. There was no reaching.

At end of first round Fin had repaired damages and started again with Grilse. She seemed to sail as fast, but did not hold as good a wind as Grilse, and soon the head of her sail came off her gaff. Fin will discard cotton rope in future, as her new cotton rigging went in every direction. Kitten, Dawdle and Turkey crossed in a bunch, a very pretty finish. Come On and El Paso were timed by request, but not being owned in the club were not really in the race. Mist crossed wrong side of judges' boat, but her time is given for comparison, and taken when she fouled the judges' boat.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Anonyma F. L. Dabney	23.08	1 53 58	1 40 13
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	23.08	1 55 30	1 41 45
Mist, Geo. H. Lyman	23.09	1 56 00	1 42 21
Ulula, W. H. Winship	22.04	1 57 30	1 41 47
Agawam, J. G. Young	23.08	2 00 07	1 46 22
Susie, W. D. Turner	23.10	2 07 36	1 54 03
Linotte, W. P. Wilson	23.02	Disabled.	
Come On, W. W Pbinney	23.06	2 55 53	1 41 54
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Nobska, A. A. Beebe	19.06	1 39 13	1 22 32
Kaloolah, H. Richards	19.08	1 49 16	1 33 49
Doris, John Parkinson	19.08	1 49 54	1 34 27
Scintilla, Geo. S. Fiske	20.00	1 50 32	1 35 29
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore	19.07	Disabled.	
Puzzle, Wm. Amory, 2d	19.09	Withdrew.	
Colymbus, Henry Winsor	19.11	Withdrew.	
El Paso, C. C. Hanley	19.01	1 45 27	1 29 15
FOURTH CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAILS.			
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis	17.00	1 07 42	56 07
Kitten, C. H. Jones	16.03	1 10 08	57 45
Turkey, C. S. Dennison	16.08	1 10 13	58 19
Dolly, F. W Downes	16.02	1 14 20	1 02 52
Fin, L. M. Stockton	16.02	Disabled.	
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy	16.03	1 10 11	57 48
FIFTH CLASS.			
P D Q. R. W. Emmons	12.00	41 30	32 39

Anonyma won first in second class, Gymnote second; Nobska won first in third class, Kaloolah second; Grilse won first in fourth class, Kitten second. Anonyma, Nobska, Grilse, Dawdle and P D Q take legs for pennants.

Judges, N. H. Emmons, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Southern Y. C., Brewster Cup.

WEST END—LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

Tuesday, June 26.

THE Brewster cup race for sloops over 30ft., in cruising rig, was sailed at New Orleans on June 26, and was won for the third consecutive time by Mr Chas. P. Richardson's 45ft. Burgess sloop Nepenthe. The day was very favorable for yachting, with about an eight-knot breeze. The race was on the order of a procession; beginning with the largest boat first they were strung out like the tail of a kite, tapering to the rear with the little Elaine, the centerboarder that was rebuilt to fit the lines of a 30ft. modern-bowed keel boat. Corrected time made a slight change in the order of the finish, Com. O'Donnell's Florence taking second place by 44 seconds:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nepenthe	4 02 17	3 00 32	3 00 32
Florence	4 17 21	3 16 29	3 06 37
Montauk	4 14 29	3 11 42	3 07 21
Zoe	4 30 15	3 27 39	3 14 15
Elaine	4 38 16	3 35 19	3 19 50

Two interesting match races were sailed over the Southern Y. C. course on July 30. The first event was a catboat race for a prize of $50 between Helen M. of the Mandeville Y. C. and Augusta of the Southern Y. C. There was a steady six-knot N.W. by W. breeze. Course, three times around a 15-mile triangle. The summary is as follows:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Augusta, W. A. Lawler	24.61	3 58 08	3 58 08
Helen M., T. M. Moorman	22.61	4 13 05	4 09 10

The event of the day was a match race between Lufki Humma, Glenny Bros., and Silence, Peter Labouisse, for $250 a side. Just before the race started Lufki Humma reported a split in her masthead. The judges decided that if either boat carried away a masthead it would be no race. The race was sailed without accident. Lufki Humma started first, but was passed on the first round. Silence held her lead and won handily. Com. Alex. Brewster sailed Silence and Sam. Gautier Lufki. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Silence	5 15 48	2 53 19	2 53 19
Lufki Humma	5 24 15	3 03 28	2 55 59

The much talked of match between Nepenthe, of the Southern Y.C., and Annie, of the Mobile Y. C., will take place this month. There will be three races, the first to take place July 20, off Fort Morgan, Mobile, in deep, open water, over a course of 15 miles to windward and return. The conditions of the race are as follows: Sweepstakes and no time allowance. The crews are limited to sixteen men each, all to be amateurs except the sailing master and two men each. The other two races are to be sailed on Mississippi Sound between July 20 and 27.

The Southern Y. C. annual cruise will start July 26. A big regatta will be given at Bay St. Louis in their honor July 28.

The Mandeville Y. C., situated across Lake Pontchartrain from New Orleans, will give a regatta July 21. L. D. S.

Quincy Y. C. Second Championship Race.

HOUGH'S NECK—BOSTON HARBOR.

Thursday, June 28.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed its second championship on June 28 in a variable wind, ending in a squall from the south, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	26.00	1 52 55	1 23 43
Mudjekeewis, Davis & Abbott	25.09	1 53 16	1 23 54
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	21.08	2 00 28	1 26 12
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	25.00	1 56 55	1 26 45
SECOND CLASS.			
Magpie, H. G. Otis	19.08	1 32 35	1 05 27
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.08	Disabled.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Primrose, H. M. Faxon	17.11	1 32 18	1 03 11
In It R. B. Williams	17.04	1 33 20	1 03 25
Mab, John Shaw	17.05	1 33 25	1 03 26
Dandelion, A. Adams	17.06	1 39 05	1 09 23
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	Broke down.		
Dux, C. F. Colby	Withdrew.		
CRUISING CLASS—HANDICAP.			
Niobe, A. F. Schenkelbergen	Scratch	1 31 59	1 31 59
Smoke, H. L. Rice	1 58	1 36 10	1 34 12
Vision, G. Grace	2 08	1 41 56	1 39 48
Elsie, G. M. Keating	Withdrew.		
Nereid, C. Brackett	Disabled.		

The squall made hot work for a time, disabling several boats. Beatrice and Magpie each win a second leg and Primrose and Niobe a first.

Minnetonka Y. C. Club Races.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

Saturday, June 30.

THE second race of the Minnetonka Y. C. was sailed on June 30 in a fresh breeze. Alpha did not start, but Kite won again, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS.		
Kite, E. W. Peet	1 36 12	1 33 34
Marie, Watson Syndicate	1 41 12	1 36 27
C. L. C., Cook & Champion	1 42 48	1 37 50
Idler, Idlers	1 52 05	1 52 05
SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS.		
Psyche, Walker	1 47 04	1 37 53
Hawk, Wilson	1 48 55	1 39 44
FIRST CLASS—CATS.		
Pinafore, Brooks	1 44 53	1 37 06
Aurelia, Langdon	1 51 01	1 43 14
Aurora, Gaty	1 51 37	1 51 37
SECOND CLASS—CATS.		
Senorita, Ankeny	1 57 47	1 45 29
Kestrel, Wyman	2 02 24	1 50 06
Kingbird, McMullen	2 04 26	1 52 08
SPECIALS.		
Cupid, Donaldson	2 06 41	1 48 52
Kid, Jenny	2 16 55	2 01 22

On July 3 the steam yacht May, Com. Morgan, New York Y. C., sailed from New York for Cowes, first calling at Fayal. On board with Com. Morgan were Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Arthur Mason Jones, H. H. Crocker and Dr. W. T. Luss. Capt. Harry Craven is in command with a total crew of 40. The yacht has been completely redecorated this spring and is now in perfect condition. Com. Morgan will watch the Vigilant-Britannia races, the length of his stay being uncertain. In view of his absence the following orders have been issued: General Order No. 1—I have appointed Mr. F. T. Robinson fleet captain.—E. D. MORGAN, Commodore. General Order No. 2—Absence from home waters will prevent Commodore Morgan from undertaking his official duties this summer. Vice-Commodore Brown will therefore assume command of the squadron.—F. T. ROBINSON, Fleet Captain.

THE CLYDE RACES, 1894.

THE past week has been a stirring one on the Clyde, the racing being close and exciting, and marked by a disaster which, apart from the loss of a life, is still more serious than is usual in yacht racing: the sinking and total loss of Valkyrie. Intense as has been the interest in the meeting of Vigilant with the three champions of the British fleet, the actual racing has been entirely overshadowed by the accident to Lord Dunraven's noble vessel. During the start of the third day's race, the first in which Vigilant was entered, in a strong wind and heavy rain, Valkyrie, while on the line at gunfire, was struck by Satanita, coming up on the wrong tack. The huge cutter, of 98ft. waterline, was going at a high speed, and on striking Valkyrie she cut the latter down to the water. Those on board were quickly rescued by the surrounding boats and steam yachts, the only serious injury being to one of Valkyrie's crew who was crushed in the collision, causing his death next day. The yacht sunk within three minutes, in sixteen fathoms of water, and though efforts will be made to raise her, it is unlikely that the wreck will be of any value other than the lead, copper, sails and rigging.

After a light weather race on the Mersey on June 30 in which Britannia defeated Satanita by 45 minutes, the pair turned up on the Clyde in good season, to find Valkyrie awaiting them for the first day, the Royal Largs Y. C. regatta of July 3. Vigilant had come out of the dock and was in readiness, but Capt. Haff had not yet sailed her, and there was the usual number of little things to be attended to that always accompany the first of the season. It was decided not to start her until she had been under way a little about the Clyde, so only Britannia, Valkyrie and Satanita started in the first race. The course was almost a square, starting off Largs, then up along the east shore of the Clyde to the Skelmorlie mark, then across to Toward Bank, then down the Bute shore to a mark off Mount Stewart, and then across the Clyde to the starting line, after which the yachts sailed diagonally across the square from Largs around the Toward mark, and back home. The wind was fresh from the west, making a reach on the first and third legs, a beat on the second, a run on the fourth, then a beat over to the Toward mark and a run home.

Valkyrie led at the line, with Satanita 32s. later and Britannia in the rear berth. On the first reach Satanita held her place, but on the beat Britannia caught her, and on the second reach Britannia closed on Valkyrie, the times at the end of the fourth leg, which was run under spinakers, were:

Valkyrie	12 25 35	Satanita	12 29 44
Britannia	12 28 51		

On the beat across Britannia caught Valkyrie and led her out and home, Satanita being disabled and giving up. The times at the finish were:

Britannia	3 28 48	Valkyrie	3 30 28

Britannia's rating is 152, Valkyrie's increased since last year, is 153 and Satanita's is 171, increased from 163 last season; she allowing each of the others 2m. 36s. Britannia won by 1m. 49s. corrected time.

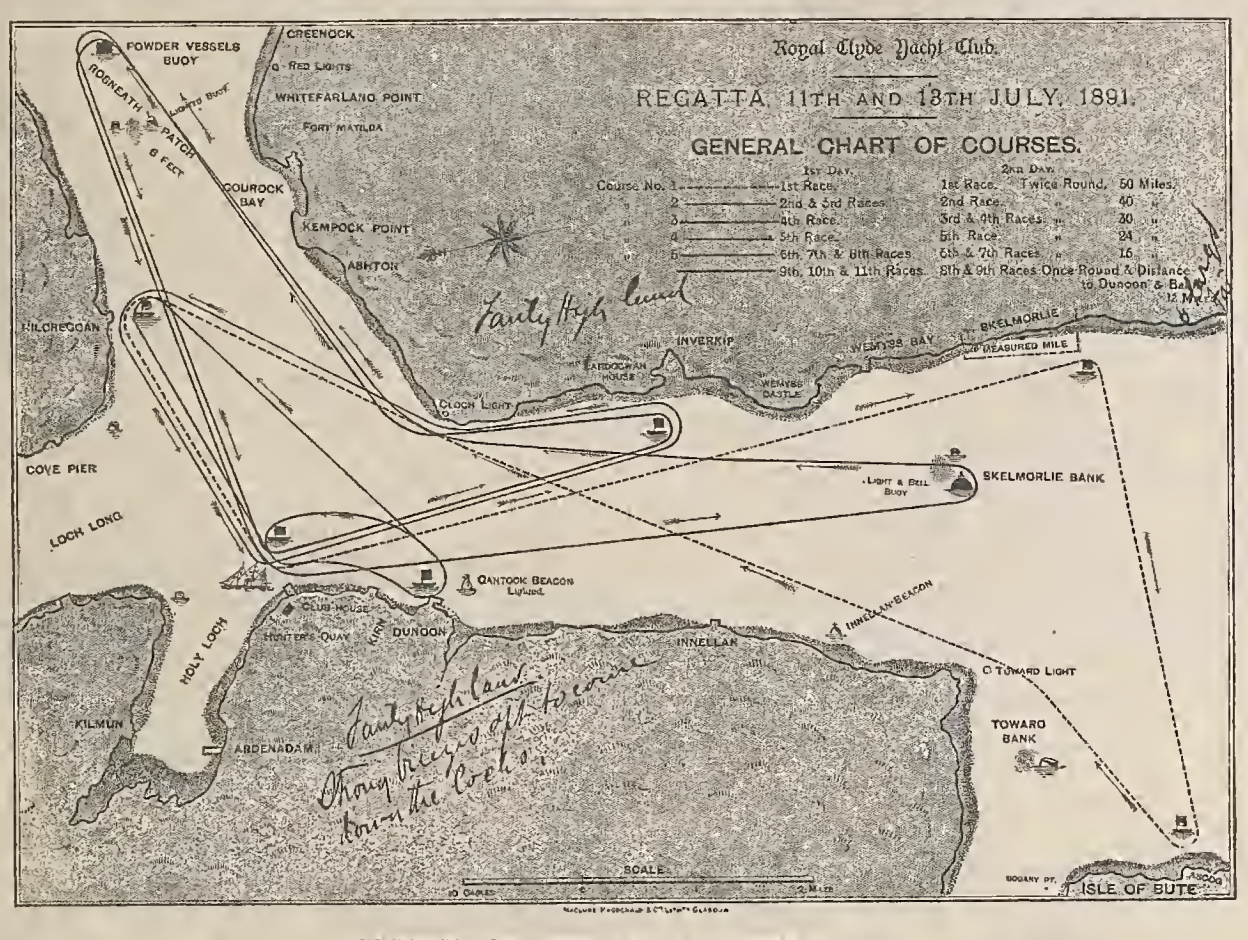
The second day's racing, on July 4, fell to the Royal Western Y. C., sent home next day. Lord Dunraven has still three large yachts, L'Esperance, of 70ft. l.w.l., a modern fast cruiser that sails in some of the races every year, the 20-rater Dragon and the new 20-rater of his own design, Audrey, not yet in commission. A later dispatch says that Valkyrie was insured for £8,000, and that Lord Dunraven has ordered a new Watson boat to replace her. The work of raising her began on Tuesday.

In the excitement of the start and with the yachts partly hidden by the rain, nothing was known of the disaster on board of Vigilant or Britannia, but the two kept on their courses. Britannia led over the line, in a good weather berth, and both started on starboard tack across to Cloch Point. The positions were similar to those in several of the Cup races last fall, the American boat starting in a poor berth to leeward and constantly gaining a little until she got clear. In this case Britannia, by clever working of the stick, held the lead over the whole eight miles to Skelmorlie, but just before that mark was reached Vigilant went by.

On the short reach across to Ascog Vigilant gained more; then spinakers were set to port for the run of 10 miles, to Kilcreggan, Vigilant setting her balloon as well. She gained steadily but slowly, and after the short reach across to the starting line she had just two minutes' lead. With clubtopsails aloft and rather less wind, the windward leg to Skelmorlie was sailed for the second time, Vigilant having more than her time at the weather mark, and continuing to gain on the reach across and the run up. Off the Cloch, however, the wind fell and Vigilant was slowed down, Britannia catching the first breeze, when it came in from the West and quickly jibing over. She ran into first place and finally crossed the line with a lead of some 35s., thus winning by about 3m. 35s. corrected time.

The second meeting of the two took place on Saturday, the first of the two days of the Royal Clyde Y. C., over the same course as on Thursday; the principal prize being a Queen's cup. With Britannia and Vigilant was the old cutter Marjorie, owned by Mr. James Coats and sailed by Capt. Robert Duncan, who sailed Madge in this country. Marjorie had an allowance of 18m., but was never dangerous. The day was fair and bright, with a smooth sea and a moderate southerly breeze, clubtopsails being carried over the course, though the wind stiffened on the second round. Capt. Haff steered Vigilant and Capt. Carter, assisted by Capt. O'Neil, of Iverna, sailed Britannia. The start was after the usual fashion, Britannia leading over the line by 1m. 3s., then came a long beat to Skelmorlie, with luffing and weather-bowing all the way, the two being in close company. Vigilant had shipped two tons of lead since the previous race, and was consequently stiffer. On the eight-mile beat Vigilant gained but 8s., on the reach across to Ascog she gained 25s., and on the ten-mile run she lost 10s.; Britannia still having a lead of 1m. 8s. at the end of the first round. Down to Skelmorlie, across to Ascog and up to Kilcreggan the positions were practically unaltered, the differences being measured by seconds; but on the last short leg Vigilant ran ahead and finished with a lead of 1m., being beaten by 2m. corrected time.

Monday, the second day of the Royal Clyde Y. C., was cloudy, with a light southerly wind in the morning, making the first leg again to



COURSES OF THE ROYAL CLYDE Y. C.

Starting off the club house, Hunter's Quay. The broken line represents the course sailed by the largest class. Dacotah's class sails the course around mark off Ardgowan House and Kilcreggan mark, two rounds, 24 miles.

the course, of 48 miles, naut., being from Wemyss Bay, above Skelmorlie, down to Largs, thence across to the Mount Stuart markboat and home, three rounds. A south wind made a beat to the Largs mark, a reach across, and a free reach home. Satanita was under way during the day, but did not start, leaving but Valkyrie and Britannia. Valkyrie got the start, and held the weather berth through the first round, but Britannia, carrying sail better in the puffs from the high shores of the Clyde, passed her on the first leg of the second round, and thence on increased her gain, finally winning by 7m. 23s.

The annual regatta of the Mudhook Y. C. took place on July 5, and for this Vigilant was entered, there being a general desire to see her sailing with the others. The principal prize was the Muir memorial cup, and the conditions called for amateur helmsmen, so Mr. Herreshoff had the wheel on Vigilant, Lord Dunraven steering Valkyrie, with Mr. Watson, Mr. W. G. Jameson steered Britannia, and Mr. A. D. Clarke, her owner, steered Satanita. Captain Haff, Tommy Diaper, and the pilot, Morris, of Largs, an old and skillful skipper, were on board of Vigilant, making a total of 49 men, Valkyrie carried 46, Britannia 47, and Satanita 50 men all told. The wind was strong from S.S.W., up the Clyde, with rain at the start and during the race. The course was from off Hunter's Quay, 8 miles down the river to the Skelmorlie mark, then across a couple of miles to the Ascog mark, then up the river for 10 miles to a mark off Kilcreggan, and a short leg across to the starting line, two rounds, making 50 miles naut.

The attendant fleet was very large, and the shores were crowded with people, no vessels, however, were allowed to follow the racing yachts, there being ten classes in all, sailing various courses. The starting line, off Hunter's Quay, the station of the Royal Clyde Y. C., was very much crowded by boats and yachts, among them being Atalanta. Vigilant was rated at 175, thus giving three minutes to Valkyrie and Britannia, though she had not been officially measured. With a strong breeze and working topsails over whole mainsails, the yachts worked very fast as they waited about the line for the gun, the first leg being dead to windward. On the weather end of the line, inshore, was Valkyrie, on starboard tack, while Vigilant was near the lee end, with Britannia just to weather of her, they being also on the starboard tack. Satanita came for the line with a rush on port tack, and being ahead of the gun had to reach along to avoid crossing too soon.

As she approached Valkyrie a small boat lay in her path and in the effort to clear it she ran into Valkyrie on the port side near the runner, cutting far into the hull. Topmasts and gear fell on both yachts, and it was soon evident that Valkyrie must sink at once. On board with Lord Dunraven were Lord and Lady Lennox, and they were taken off in a small boat. Lord Dunraven and Captain Cranfield stayed by the yacht to the last. As she sank, stern first, her decks burst. All of the crew, as well as Lord Dunraven's brother-in-law, Mr. Langrishe, were taken from the yacht or picked up from the water, but one sailor, William Brown, of last year's crew in the Cup races, was badly crushed between Valkyrie and the steam yacht Vanduara. He was taken ashore and cared for but died next day. Satanita was stove in forward and so badly damaged that she will not be in the racing for some time.

It is stated that Valkyrie is insured at Lloyds for £12,000, in which case her owners will lose nothing, but the whole season is gone, and the work of altering and refitting the yacht has been thrown away. The steam yacht Vanduara went to the aid of the yachts and was struck by Valkyrie before she lost headway, sustaining some damage. She rescued a number and others were taken off by the Hebe. Capt. Cranfield and his men lost everything but their clothes; they were

windward, the yachts starting with clubtopsails aloft, Vigilant had bent another mainsail, one used last year. This time she came for the line ahead of Britannia and in the weather berth, both on port tack. At the last moment she swung to starboard tack, Britannia following, but under Vigilant's lee bow. Vigilant crossed at 10:30:20 and Britannia at 10:30:25. Vigilant carried a jibtopsail, but soon stowed it.

The first leg carried them in under the Cloch Light, Britannia sticking very close, but after tacking, the wind fell very light, and both worked short boards in shore, the work being slow, but rather to Vigilant's advantage.

After working out from under the shore they caught the wind fresher and freer for a little while, and jibtopsails were set as they headed for the Skelmorlie mark. The wind dropped and also headed them as they neared the mark, and a short leg was needed to weather it. The times at Skelmorlie were:

Vigilant	12 14 18	Britannia	12 15 24

Both headed high on the reach to clear the Ascog mark, the wind still being very light, but Capt. Carter took Britannia to the south on the chances of meeting the breeze and made a decided gain, Vigilant losing the wind meanwhile, the times at Ascog being:

Britannia	1 13 31	Vigilant	1 17 11

The wind, such as it was, came from S.W., and spinaker booms were dropped to port, ready to set the sails when the Toward Light was cleared. They drifted slowly on, Britannia gaining. At 2:22 she jibed, and both set spinakers to starboard. About 3:15, when nearing Kilcreggan, Britannia lost the wind entirely, and Vigilant passed her, but a little later Vigilant was hung up, much as in the first race with Valkyrie, and Britannia passed her and turned the Kilcreggan mark. Vigilant was becalmed on one side of the mark, but Britannia was no better off on the other, as the times show a greater difference than really existed:

Britannia	4 29 15	Vigilant	4 45 10

The custom in British racing is to give the regatta committee the power to end the race at the end of any round when the weather conditions make it impossible to sail the whole course. With a race set for nearly every day in the week, no postponement or re-sail is possible. In this case, with both yachts entered for the Clyde Corinthian Y. C. regatta on the morrow, the committee called the race at the end of the first round, the times being:

Britannia	5 34 05	Vigilant	5 43 40

Britannia wins by 9m. 35s. elapsed, and Vigilant's allowance makes this 11m. 5s. corrected.

Both yachts will sail in the Royal Munster Y. C. regatta of July 23, and the Royal Cork of July 24-25.

In Monday's race Dacotah and Sala were in collision, both losing their bowsprits and Dacotah withdrawing.

The race of the Clyde Corinthians on Tuesday was a repetition of Monday in the matter of weather. Vigilant bent another mainsail over night, and she and Britannia were ready in season, but at 10:30 the wind was very light from the south, with the promise of a clear, hot day. Both were late at the line, being timed:

Britannia	10 33 00	Vigilant	10 36 00

Crossing on port tack, with light sails set, they headed, as usual for the Cloch Light, working short tacks, together, Britannia was successful in keeping the lead, Capt. Carter managing to weather-bow Vigilant all the way to Nemyss Bay. Standing across on a long board to Inellan, Britannia opened out a lead, and at Skelmorlie they were timed:

Britannia	11 59 01	Vigilant	12 01 44

Both held to the southward in reaching across to Ascog, but to-day no flukes rewarded them. The times at Ascog were:

Britannia	12 31 13	Vigilant	12 35 19

They rounded the mark with spinaker booms to port, and spinakers were set for the 10-mile run to Kilcreggan. When above Toward Point, Vigilant ran ahead; but as the wind fell a little later, Britannia again passed her. After a slow run they were timed at Kilcreggan:

Britannia	2 12 18	Vigilant	2 13 45

The wind had stiffened and the short reach to the line was made in better time, Britannia still gaining:

Britannia	2 30 44	Vigilant	2 31 40

The windward leg was a repetition of the first round, the times at Skelmorlie being:

Britannia	3 50 56	Vigilant	3 52 03

At Aseog mark the times were:

Britannia	4 17 30	Vigilant	4 20 05

They ran up with spinakers to starboard, being timed off the Cloch:

Britannia	5 30 58	Vigilant	5 34 48

As we go to press the times of the finish are not known, but Britannia was again the winner.

Vigilant's Passage.

THE story of Vigilant's extraordinary passage is well told in the following letter to the New York *Sun* by her mate, Clayton Haff, son of Capt. Haff:

GOUROCK, Scotland, June 20.—The voyage of the American yacht Vigilant from Sandy Hook to Tory Island and from there to Gourock was undoubtedly the most remarkable trip made by a yacht across the Atlantic Ocean in many a day. Her time, 14 days and 7 hours, has been seldom equalled, and was much quicker than her most enthusiastic admirers hoped she would make. Although the weather was not sufficiently rough at any time to put her qualities as a sea boat to a severe test, still it was enough to prove to the entire satisfaction of all on board that she could, if properly handled, weather any gale.

It is true that Vigilant was favored by wind and weather from start to finish, there being but two days that she was close hauled, and only two tacks were made in sailing the 3,000 miles. The steamer or straight course from Sandy Hook to Tory Island is 2,905 miles. The distance sailed by Vigilant was 2,932 miles, or 28 miles more than a straight line from land to land. The prevailing winds on the passage were southerly, varying to southwest and west. It was expected that the southwest winds would give out after the Banks were passed and northerly winds encountered, but this did not prove to be the case, as there were on an average stronger southerly winds to the eastward of the Grand Banks than to the westward. The average daily runs of Vigilant will show that the winds, though fair, were not heavy. Vigilant left Sandy Hook at midnight on May 31, and made 88 miles up to noon of June 1. From that time up to the end of her voyage the daily runs were:

Day.	Miles.	Day.	Miles.
First	222	Eighth	211
Second	133	Ninth	133
Third	177	Tenth	256
Fourth	247	Eleventh	188
Fifth	212	Twelfth	197
Sixth	243	Thirteenth	150
Seventh	230	Fourteenth	246

This shows an average daily run of 204½ miles for each 24 hours.

The weather until the Banks were passed was exceptionally clear, but considerable fog was encountered after the Banks were passed. At noon on Wednesday, June 6, the air became somewhat cool and a large fog bank was seen ahead. Capt Jeffrey said there was ice close by. Soon afterward the yacht ran into a thick fog, and later the lookout on the masthead sighted an iceberg a point on the port bow. The yacht at that time was steering east by south and running at a 9-knot pace before a fair south wind. Notwithstanding the fair rate of speed, the berg was not abeam until 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon. It was then in longitude 49° 32′ west, latitude 42° 7′ north. As soon as the berg was sighted the course was changed. It was truly a beautiful sight. The ice was fully 200ft. high, towering above the lofty mast of Vigilant. There were probably two bergs connected under water.

The next event of any particular interest was the carrying away of the topmast, which happened just before noon on Friday, June 8. The yacht was bowling along at an 11-knot gait with all plain sail and big jibtopsail set, when the ringbolt, to which the preventer backstay was belayed, pulled out of the deck and the topmast went over the bow. The wreck was speedily cleared away and all hands set about rigging of a jury topmast. The only spar available was the spinaker boom; but that was not large enough to form a heel on or cut a fid hole in, so the heel of the old topmast was trimmed up and a piece of the spinaker boom was spliced into it. In four hours from the time of the accident the jury topmast was on end and sail hoisted on it.

Probably the most remarkable feature of the trip was the fact that the mainsail was never reefed and only taken in once, and then for the purpose of putting a new shackle in the peak halyard block. The topsail was clewed down only twice, but not because the yacht could not carry it. There was not a day that we could not stay on deck dry-footed in slippers.

Every one on board was extremely glad to know when on the afternoon of July 15 Tory Island was passed, that the trip though a short one was over. The wind from Tory Island down the Clyde and then up to Gourock was very light, and it was not until 4 o'clock on the next day that Gourock was reached. Before we got to that port, however, several yachts came out to meet the American champion. Among them was the steam yacht Mohican and Mr. Henderson's schooner Selene.

A right royal reception was tendered to Vigilant when Gourock Harbor was reached. All who wished were allowed to go on board and inspect the yacht between the hours of 4 o'clock in the afternoon and 10 o'clock at night. Fully 500 persons were shown over the yacht. The centerboard was the greatest curiosity to the Scotchmen. The great beam also was a surprise to the Clyde yachtsmen. There were not a few admirers of the yacht who expressed their wish that the American would beat their own yachts.

Taking the entire voyage into consideration, it was the most enjoyable trip that any one could wish for. I have been going to sea for a number of years and sailed on many yachts, yet I must say Vigilant is the best sea boat I ever put my foot on. Take her in a cross sea and she climbs on top of the water like a big can buoy, with not a drop of water coming on board. Vigilant's bulwarks are only eight inches high, yet she sailed across the ocean without having a single hatch battened down.

Among the amusements on the trip was the race between the two watches. Before the yacht left Sandy Hook Capt. Jeffrey offered $25 to the watch making the biggest four-hour run, and $25 to the watch making the most miles on the whole trip. Of course this led to a great deal of "cracking on" sail, and had something to do with the short time occupied in crossing.

About eight days out, the starboard watch, under my command, took the lead by making 47½ miles. A few days afterward this was beaten by the port watch, under Second Mate Leonard Miller, by a run of 49¾ miles. This was not beaten during the remainder of the voyage. The starboard watch, however, secured the prize for making the most miles in the run from land to land, beating the port watch, according to the log, 57 miles.

Perhaps the most laughable incident on the voyage was the effort on the part of the sailors to hoodwink the Custom House officials by hiding away their tobacco. Heads were taken out of water breakers, tobacco tacked about the inside, and the heads replaced. Some unscrewed the deck plate and stowed the pump box full of tobacco plugs: but the most audacious act of all was upon the part of the sailor who ripped open the cork fenders, stowed them full of tobacco, and, when the revenue officials came alongside, dropped the fenders over the yacht to protect her side.

H. CLAYTON HAFF,
First Mate of the Vigilant.

Hull Y. C. Club Race.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 30.

THE club race of the Hull Y. C. on June 30 was sailed in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
THIRD CLASS.		
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	1 40 48	1 15 59
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw	1 48 22	Not meas.
FOURTH CLASS.		
Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr.	1 32 25	1 09 23
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	1 36 40	1 14 32
FIFTH CLASS.		
Magpie, H. G. Otis	1 35 20	1 10 41
Opechee, W. P. Parker	1 38 12	1 13 41
Hagedorn, C. V. Souther	1 38 54	Not meas.
Aurisy, H. M. Faxon	1 45 06	1 18 38
SIXTH CLASS.		
Primrose, H. M. Faxon	1 43 49	1 18 47
KNOCKABOUTS.		
Club Boat, H. Y. C.	1 35 19	1 14 19
Becky Sharp, Waldo Friend	1 39 39	1 16 35
Nike, T. E. Jacobs	1 40 00	1 10 00
Santa Maria, J. J. Souther	1 41 20	1 20 20

The judges were E. C. North, G. K. Tinker, E. K. Friend and W. A Cary.

Rescue From Drowning.

From the Western Morning News, Plymouth, Eng.

MR. J. WARD, retired boatswain R. N., of Morristown, who has been instrumental in saving many lives from drowning, has drawn up a series of practical rules to be observed by persons attempting to rescue. They have been approved by the Royal Humane Society, and issued by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to all training ships for boys. We print them with a view to their being cut out and hung up in all shipping offices, police stations and other convenient spots adjacent to sea or river for the guidance of those who are willing to imitate Mr. Ward's example, and attempt to rescue their drowning fellow creatures:

Practical points to be taken by a diver previous to making a dive for a man.

1. Inhale all the air you possibly can previous to making a dive.

2. Make your dive as perpendicular as possible if in deep water; by so doing you will prevent the shock from chest and body.

3. After your plunge, ease the air from the body as easily as possible.

4. When the diver sights his man he should be very careful not to attempt to seize above him, for, if he did so and the man had life in him, he would be likely to seize the diver, and there would be no chance of your freeing yourself, and you would be acting as a tendency to drive the man downwards, and thus be the means of your both being drowned. In order to avoid this, you must dive directly underneath his body, and prepare to relieve or arrest his downward progress, as the least touch from your hands will be the means of stopping the downward progress, and the body will immediately commence to rise. As soon as you discover this, tread water and push your man to the surface with all your might.

5. When you get to the surface, seize your man by the back hair with one hand or where that is impossible, place one hand under the armpit, and keep him off at arm's length, with his head above water, until help reaches you.

Practical points to be used by a swimmer while swimming in a heavy sea:

1. Make your plunge in the hollow between the crests of two seas.

2. Be very careful not to attempt to surmount a heavy sea; should you do so and the crest parted asunder, you lay yourself open to be disabled thereby.

3. To avoid this, you must, when rising on the incline, and just before you reach the top of the wave, drop your head under the surface of the water and the sea will roll harmlessly over you.

4. The swimmer, by so doing, will come out quite fresh in the hollow of the next sea.

5 When within hail of your man, hail him and cheer him up, telling him that there is help near.

6. Do not attempt to meddle with your man in front, but keep him at bay and wait your chance to pin him by the back hair; keep him off at arm's length with one hand and swim with the other, and encourage him to help you.

7. Should there be no boat to your rescue and should the life buoy be passing your track, and you are desirous of gaining it, tell your man what you intend doing, so that you may get all the help you can from him.

8. Turn over on the flat of your back, causing the man to do the same; take him in your arms with the back of his head resting on the upper part of your chest, and continue to swim on your back until you gain the life buoy.

9. Having gained the life buoy, be very careful not to allow your man to straddle the buoy, for should the life buoy cant, there is a likelihood of you losing your man. Secure him to the cross bar on the upright pole and quietly wait for rescue.

There is one point, and that an important one, that I omitted to mention, viz.: Should the drowning man grip his rescuer and he finds no chance of shaking him off, he should allow himself to sink beneath the surface of the water, for as soon as the drowning man finds himself going down, he will immediately let go his hold. When you find yourself clear take a fresh hold of your man in the manner described in point 6.

Open Courses.

IT is not so many years since that the FOREST AND STREAM went contrary to public opinion and to the New York Y. C., in opposing the inside course of the club as entirely unfit for international races; nor was it until the two facts were clearly proven, that the inside course was too shoal, not for the British cutter drawing 13ft., but for the modern American centerboarder drawing 22ft.; and that the superiority of the latter lay in windward work instead of reaching; that the course was finally abandoned for a fairer one on the open sea. In view of all that has been said in the past in favor of the inside course, the following remarks, from interviews in the *Herald*, are very interesting. The three gentlemen mentioned have been prominent for years as apologists for the inside course of the New York Y. C. The Clyde courses, though necessitating many turns, have deep water in plenty, and are superior to the narrow and twisting course through the Narrows and around the South West Spit, with narrow channels, short cuts for the old type of centerboard, and very light airs. In discussing Vigilant's defeat in her first race, these gentlemen speak as follows, according to the *Herald:*

Ex-Commodore Gerry was among those who were not suprised.

"Five minutes before you came in," said he, to me, "I did not know the result, and I predicted that the Vigilant would be beaten. It is my belief that in any race other than one out in the open, where the course is known as a local one, the odds are against the American vessel, for the reason that success in the race depends almost invariably upon the knowledge of the local tides, the local currents and the local variations of wind incidental to headlands. Wait till the Vigilant sails over an outside course."

"The Vigilant could not have been well sailed," said Vice-Commodore Brown. "Wait till Capt. Haff has the hang of her, and she meets the English yachts in the open."

"It was a crooked course, most unfavorable to the Vigilant," said Frank T. Robinson. "The course was full of crooks and turns, and there were lots of chances for flukes. The Vigilant was fully fifteen seconds slower in stays than the Valkyrie. She must have lost much over such a course as that sailed to-day. But just wait till she gets out in the open, then she will make up all that she may lose while in stays."

St. Lawrence Y. C. Challenge Cup.

MONTREAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Monday, July 2.

THE St. Lawrence Y. C. sailed a good race on July 2 for the annual challenge cup presented by Sir Donald A. Smith, in addition to which the 18ft. class had a race. The starters were: Class A, Molly Bawn, Walter Kavanagh; Xania, G. H. Duggan; Chaperon, E. S. Clouston; Coquette, Arthur Hamilton; Good Luck, Mr. Lockerby; Undine, G. R. Marler; Unda, T. C Kidd. 18ft. class: Bug, G. H. Duggan and F. W. Sherwood; Pirate, C. H. Routh and H. Routh; Tombola, W. A. C. Hamilton and F. W. Molson; Jubilent, J. C. C. Almon. The race was sailed in a fresh east wind. Xania is a new boat, designed by Mr. G. H. Duggan and built under his immediate superintendence. She is similar to the design recently published in the FOREST AND STREAM. The times were:

Class A.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Xania	1 05 00	2 54 30	1 49 30	1 45 24
Molly Bawn	1 05 00	3 05 52	2 00 52	1 56 45
Chaperon	1 05 00	3 04 20	1 59 20	1 59 20
Good Luck	1 05 00	3 03 05	1 58 05	2 01 56
Coquette	1 03 28	3 06 08	.....	.....
18FT. CLASS.				
Bug	4 09 00	5 11 55	1 02 35	1 02 27
Jubilant	4 09 00	5 24 03	1 15 03	.....
Pirate	4 09 00	5 14 20	1 05 20	1 05 20
Tombola	4 09 00	5 19 18	1 10 18	1 10 18

Jubilant is a new fin-keel. Tombola broke her boom on the last leg.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

We are indebted to Secretary Cary, of the Hull Y. C., for a copy of the neat year book of this prosperous club. The club uses the Seawanhaka rule, with a waterline classification.

The Beverly Y. C. race, set for July 7, at Marblehead has been postponed to July 27, the day before the Corinthian Y. C. race.

On July 1, about noon, the steam yacht Aztec, owned by F. C. Dininny and commanded by Capt. Fred Seaman, was passing through Hell Gate, bound for the Sound, with her owner and two guests aboard. The Starin excursion steamer Sam Sloan attempted to pass inside the yacht when abreast of Hallett's Point; having come up astern, but the strong current swung the steamer's bow out, and she struck the yacht, cutting off about 10ft. of the after end. The yacht was turned by the force of the blow, and headed for the shore, being thrown on the rocks near the light house. Very fortunately all hands were forward; Mr. Dininny and his guests being seated forward of the pilot house, thus escaping injury. They were assisted to land, and the crew then set to work to run hawsers from the wreck to the shore, to prevent it from reaching off and sinking. Everything moveable was carried ashore, but the hull in addition to the damage done by the Sloan, was badly injured by the swells. On July 5 the Chapman derrick lifted the wreck and placed it on a drydock. The blame is attributed solely to the captain of the steamer.

The latest addition to the 21ft. class of the Royal Canadian Y. C. is a fin-keel designed by W. P Stephens for W.G.MacKendrick, an old canoe sailor making his debut as a yachtsman. The new boat, which Mr. MacKendrick has named Koko, is similar to Scarecrow, but larger, 29ft. over all, 19ft. 6in. l.w.l., 6ft. 6in. beam, 11in. draft of hull. 5ft. draft with fin, the fin and bulb weighing about 900lbs. The sail area, to make 21ft. sailing length, is 500sq. ft , a jib and a leg o' muttou mainsail similar to Scarecrow. The boat sailed her first race on June 30, her owner steering, and won easily, the times being:

	Corrected.
Koko, W. G. McKendrick	1 38 00
Thistledown, A. E. Jarvis	1 46 19
Edna, G. P. Reid	1 49 54
Wanita, H. Cartwright	.. ..
Kathleen. H. D. Ellis	2 03 28
Gwendoline, G. Robertson	1 46 49

On July 7 the house-boat Caiman, anchored at Gravesend Bay, settled on ber own anchor at low tide and stove a hole in her bottom, sinking as the tide rose. The Chapman derrick raised her and discovered the anchor still in her bottom. She was taken to Starin's shipyard for repairs, the only damage being to the furnishings.

MODEL YACHTING.

American Model Y. C.

Prospect Park, July 4.

THE regular regatta of the above club was sailed in a fresh S.W. wind, the only drawback being the small entry, only two schooners showing up in the schooner class, May and Dora S. The new yacht Magic and Valkire in first class, second class being void. Vesta and Dolphin in the third class, also Ida May, this latter class making the most exciting race of the day. Below is summary in minutes and seconds:

SCHOONERS—FIRST HEAT.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
May, H. Fisher	15 05	16 55
Dora S., J. Smith	Disqualified.	

SECOND HEAT.

May	15 34	15 34
Dora S.	19 25	19 09½

FIRST CLASS—FIRST HEAT.

Magic, F. C Pinkham	19 08	19 08
Valkire, F. Henges	Not timed.	

SECOND HEAT.

Valkire concedes this heat to Magic.

THIRD CLASS—FIRST HEAT.

Vesta, J. D. Casey	18 12	18 12
Dolphin, J. Smith	20 08	20 35½
Ida May	Not timed.	

SECOND HEAT.

Vesta	19 18	19 28
Dolphin	18 40	18 37½

THIRD HEAT.

Vesta	18 27	18 27
Dolphin	20 03	20 00½

Winner in schooner class, May; first class. Magic; third class, Vesta. Regatta committee, Messrs. Davis and Nichols.

Midget Y. C.

Race July 7, on Red's Pond: course, length of pond and back; a beat to windward and run back to starting point; weather clear; wind westerly; start at 2:30:

CLASS 1.	Length.	CLASS 2.	Length.
T. O. T. E , John Giles	2.08⅞	Midget. E Dixey	2.08
May, Robert Hampson	2.08⅞	Pappose, J. Goodwin	2.08⅞
Fairy, H. Brown	2.07	Cucumber, F. Smethurst	2.08¼
Ami, B. Vickery	2.07½	Una, E. Ferguson	2.08⅛
Hattie, Robert Williams	.....	Corn-cob, H. Nutting	2.07⅞
—— Frank Arthius	2.08⅞	Porpoise, A. Whitmore	2.08¾
—— W. Trasher	2.08⅛	Venus, F. Lewis	2.08½
Spindrift, A. Barr	2.08⅞	Squall, W. Brown	.....
—— C. Bowden	2.09	—— T. T. Paine	2.09
—— Wm. Gilley	.....		

Winner first leg, W. Gilley and Porpoise; winner second, T. O. T. E. and Corn-cob; winner third, T. O. T. E. and Midget.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

7 21. W. C. A. Meet, Picnic Point, Lake Mendota, Wis.
13-28. A. C. A. Meet, Croton Point.

AUGUST.

4-11. Owanux Meet, Woodmont, Ct

SEPTEMBER.

3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass.
3-5. Passaic River Meet.
5. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.
15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Delaware River.

Canoeing Song.

(Dedicated to the A. C. A.)

The south wind blows, and gayly throws
The waves about in glee;
While wing and wing, with dip and swing,
Comes old canoe with me.
The sea is rough, but just enough
To dare us for a skim;
And here are we, right merrily,
All sails set neat and trim.

CHORUS.

Ahoy! Ahoy! You lubber boy,
Clear out or down you go;
Canoe and I o'er water fly,
So blow ye south winds, blow!

O, see her dip, my saucy ship!
And see her rise again;
No stancher boat was e'er afloat,
Or ever crossed the main.
The camp is near, I hear them cheer,
Blow strong, ye south winds, blow;
While wing and wing, we plough and swing,
And shoreward fast we go.

CHORUS.

Ahoy! Ahoy! You lubber boy,
Clear out or down you go;
Canoe and I o'er water fly,
So blow ye south winds, blow!

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. JOE CONE.

THE A. C. A. MEET.

THE fifteenth annual meet of the American Canoe Association, and the second held within the territory of the Atlantic Division, will open on Friday of the present week, at Croton Point, near Sing Sing, on the Hudson River. The arrangements for the camp, transportation, etc., have been carefully made, and the outlook for a pleasant meet is most promising. The arrangements are given in detail in the camp programme of the races and details of transportation will be useful to all who intend to visit the camp.

A. C. A. Regatta Programme.—1894.

Event No. 1.—Record race. Paddling and sailing combined. ½ miles alternately, total 3 miles. Time limit 1½ hours. Sails to be known as lowering sails.

Event No. 2.—Record race. Paddling. ½ mile straightaway. Same canoe to be used as in event No. 1.

Event No. 3.—Record race. Sailing. 4½ miles. Time limit 2 hours. Same canoe and sails, seat, etc., to be used as in event No. 1.

Note. For record races see Rule 5, sailing regulations.

Event No. 4.—Trophy Paddling 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 5 —Paddling. Open canoes, not under 50lbs. weight. ½ mile straightaway. Single blades

Event No. 6.—Unlimited sailing. 6 miles. Time limit 2½ hours. Starters in the trophy sailing race to be selected from this race. See rule 5, racing regulations.

Event No. 7.—Trophy sailing. Time limit 3½ hours. Starters to be selected as per Rule 5, racing regulations.

Event No. 8.—Dolphin sailing trophy. 7½ miles, time limit 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in event No. 7 will not be allowed to compete in this event.

Note.—This race will not be called until event No. 7 has been sailed.

Event No. 9.—Novice sailing. 3 miles. Time limit 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1893.

Event No. 10.—Club sailing. 4½ miles. Time limit, 2 hours. First three members of any one club to count. No club can be represented unless it enters at least three men. All men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the 1894 A. C. A. meet.

Event No. 11.—Passenger cruising sailing. 3 miles. Time limit 1½ hours. Canoes to enter this event must come within the regular classification to have a well 16in wide for a length of 3ft. 6in., with a sleeping space of 6ft., of which at least 5ft. shall be clear. Lowering sails must be used. No limit on seats. Canoes must carry a passenger weighing at least 110lbs.

Event No. 12.—Outclassed sailing 3 miles. Time limit 1½ hours.

Note.—It is the intention to give this race for the outclassed canoes, without bath tub wells, etc. Conditions will be posted when the committee see what class and number of boats there will be to enter this race.

Event No. 13.—Unclassified sailing. 4½ miles. Time limit 2 hours. Conditions to be posted.

Event No. 14.—Tandem paddling. ½ mile straightaway. Decked sailing canoes, double blades, open canoes, single blades.

Event No. 15.—Club four paddling. ½ mile straightaway. Not limited to a 16ft.×30in. canoe.

Event No. 16.—Sailing upset and maneuvering. At signal throw paddle over astern and recover; second signal canoe to be heeled over until top of mast touches the water. Canoes to be righted and cross finish line under sail.

Event No. 17.—Paddling upset. Usual conditions. No special appliances.

Event No. 18.—Hurry-scurry. Run, swim and paddle. Short distance.

Event No. 19.—Gymnastics.

Event No. 20.—War canoe. 1 mile. Conditions to be posted.

Note —This race will be made a special feature if the committee receive enough entries.

Sing Sing is the railroad and steamboat terminal for the camp. It is on the New York Central and Hudson River R R. 30 miles from New York city. All baggage can be sent to Sing Sing care of steamer Lewis D. Black, which will transfer same to camp.

The propeller Lewis D. Black runs from Sing Sing to camp at 9 A. M., 12 M (noon) and 4 and 6 P.M. Camp also can be reached by rowboat from Sing Sing in case of necessity. A large proportion of the New York Central and Hudson River trains stop at Sing Sing, and the wharf from which the steamer leaves for camp is at the foot of Main street, about two minutes' walk from the railroad. There is also a steamer leaving foot of Franklin street, New York, at 3 P.M. each day, which connects with the 6 P. M. steamer to camp, giving a pleasant sail up the Hudson.

For all members coming to Sing Sing (via N. Y. C. & H. R R.R.) or to Haverstraw (via West Shore R.R.) from points north or west on these roads, and from points on the R. W. & O. R R., special excursion tickets will be on sale from July 11 to 20, good returning until July 31 at the rate of a fare and one-third, upon presentation of A. C. A. membership certificate to selling agent.

All members coming from other points in Trunk Line Association territory, via New York city, will pay full fare from point of starting to New York city, obtaining from selling agent a trunk line certificate, which being vised by the duly authorized official of the Association, and by the agent of the Trunk Line Association at the meet, will entitle the member to a rate of one-third fare from New York city to the point of starting.

The excursion rate from New York to Sing Sing (via N. Y. C. & H. R R R.) will be $1. Thirty trains daily each way.

Members coming to New York from points in New England, via Sound steamers, may reach Sing Sing by steamer Sarah A. Jenks leaving foot of Franklin street daily, except Sunday, at 3 P. M., fare 25 cents. Canoes and duffle may easily be shipped by the same route.

The steamer Lewis D. Black will leave Sing Sing (close to railroad station and New York boat landing) at 9 A. M., 12 noon and 4 P. M., except Sunday. Returning leave Haverstraw at 10 A. M. and 5 P. M., except Sunday. Trip to camp about half an hour each way. Fare 15 cents. If wanted, the Black will also leave Sing Sing about 6 P. M. on arrival of New York boat.

Cars loaded with canoes and duffle can be side-tracked at Sing Sing on the bulkhead opposite railroad station, thus reducing the labor of unloading and handling to a minimum.

The post office address will be, American Canoe Association Camp, Croton Point, Sing Sing, N. Y.

Com. Dorland wishes to thank the following individuals and clubs for contributions of prize flags or its equivalent: Mrs. W. C. Lawrence, Trenton, N. J., Knickerbocker Canoe Club and W. J. Stewart.

The steamer between Sing Sing and camp will commence her trips on Thursday, July 12, with the 6 o'clock trip, as there is quite an amount of duffle and canoes to be shipped to Sing Sing that day There has been no hitch in any of the arrangements, so that we hope to have everything go along smoothly at the opening of the meet.

Vice-Com. Schuyler pitched the first tent on the ground on Monday morning, Mr. Quick of the regatta committee joining him next day.

Brace Up the Racing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the recent "what-do-I-get-for-my-dollar" discussion has quieted down from its exalted position of glittering personalities. I believe that some legitimate discussion should be entered into regarding the A. C. A. The meetings to be held at the annual meet should be characterized by some definite action looking toward changes in the rules. The delegates to the general executive committee meeting in November should be treated to an allopathic dose of suggestion before they go to the meeting. I will endeavor to point out a few changes that are necessary or desirable. Most of the A. C. A. men who attend the camps do so to enjoy in a measure the sight of keen racing. As you truthfully stated in last week's issue of your valuable journal, the present conditions and rules have ended in the extinction of the racing fleet, and that for which many attend the meets obtains not.

Other organizations besides the A. C. A. have suffered the same result from practically the same causes. Now, what have they done, and what success have they attained? Horse trotting, yachting, bicycling and rowing are all sports where the racing element is most prominent, and in each the racing men, animals or boats are divided into classes. Why not canoeing?

I should suggest that there be three classes and a novice race, say junior, intermediate and senior classes. The novice race as at present could be made a part of the junior class race. The winner in each class race moves into the class above, and the senior class will never be too large, as from it the men naturally graduate from racing. A man from the junior class may enter an intermediate class race, and if he wins he at once becomes a senior; but a man from a higher class cannot enter the races of a lower class. There certainly is no encouragement for a comparative novice to start in a race against the older expert racers. But on the contrary if he could be certain of meeting men more nearly his equal, I believe that he and others would enter and sail, and the races would be well filled and more interesting to both contestant and spectator.

At the start the races of the past two or three years may be taken as a basis for classification. The winners in those races constituting the senior class, the second prize men going to the intermediate, and all others the junior class. The second-place men going to the intermediate in the first classification would probably be a bit unjust, but the matter would in a couple of years regulate itself properly.

When such a system shall have been perfected, we will see again upon the water such fleets as '89 and '90 showed. The above scheme, coupled with a rule placing a moderate tax on sail area, would, I believe, make a perfect racing system, and even though a man did not carry a tremendous rig he would still have a chance at prize winning. Let us hear from some of the racing men as well as from those having only the best interests of the Association at heart. ILEX.

Detroit Boat Club.

LAST week was a gala week for the Detroit Boat Club, the new house being open and ready for use. A reception took place on June 28 and another on June 30, a very large number being present on each occasion. The destruction of the house by fire last year has, through the energy of some of the club members, and notably of the president. Mr. Wm. C. Jupp, been turned into good instead of bad fortune, and the club has now the finest and best appointed house in the country.

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: C. T. Middlebrook, Jr., Arthur E. Fish, Stanton Curry, New York; J. F. Eastmond, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Royal Canoe Club Cup.

From the Field.

ON Tuesday morning, June 20, the postponed canoe yawl race was sailed off, and in the afternoon the race for the sailing challenge cup, always an event of interest. On this occasion the entry of a competitor from the New York C. C. bade fair to give the race an international character, and there was a good muster of spectators on the river bank in anticipation of an exciting contest. The Northern C. C. also sent a representative in the person of Mr. G. U. Laws, who raced in a new canoe of sharpie model. The only other canoe built for the race was Dragon, belonging to Mr. B. de Q. Quincey, but as neither Mr. Laws nor Mr. Quincey had their boats delivered before the 18th inst., they were necessarily at a great disadvantage

The wind in the early morning had been light and variable, but by noon it had come right down the reach, thus giving half the course dead to windward and the other half a dead run to the lower buoy. Half an hour before the start the executive were surprised to receive a note from Mr. Howard withdrawing his challenge on behalf of the New York C. C., on the ground that the course was suitable for an international contest. This unexpected and somewhat extraordinary action on the part of the American visitor was disappointing, but the spectators were rewarded by seeing a very pretty race between the three leading canoes, Battledore securing a meritorious win, while Stella, last year's winner, finished second. Mr. Baden Powell acted as officer of the day, assisted by Mr. Paul L. Waterlow, who officiated at the upper buoy. The captain, mates, secretary and most of the committee were also in attendance.

The entries were: Curlew, Mr. G. U. Laws, Northern C. C.; Yankee, Mr. W. Willard Howard, New York C. C.; Whizz, Mr. Walter Stewart, R. C. C.; Dragon, Mr. B. de Q. Quincey, R. C. C.; Stella, Mr. G. E. Webster, R. C. C.; Battledore, Mr. R. A. Hinckley, R. C. C. Yankee, as stated above, did not start. Curlew was first over the line with a good lead, Dragon next, while Stella was in the rear. Turning to windward up the reach, Whizz went into first place, with Dragon second, and all speedily passed Curlew, who got lapped in the fourth round by Battledere and Whizz. The breeze freshened very steadily during the race, and Battledore, making up to it, gradually gained on Whizz, passing her in the third round after a grand tussle. The breeze still increasing, Whizz was losing ground to Stella, who took second place in the sixth round; and Dragon, who was doing no good with an ill-sitting sail, here retired. Whizz capsized soon after rounding the lower buoy for the seventh time, leaving Battledore and Stella to fight it out. Battledore still continued to gain, and scored a very popular win after a hard-fought race, void of flukes throughout. Stella sailed it out to the end, and capsized immediately after the finish. The times were:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	4th Round.	5th Round.
Battledore (winner)	1 53 15	2 23 48	2 41 44	2 59 25	3 18 35
Stella	1 52 56	2 24 33	2 43 36	3 02 14	3 22 35
Whizz	1 51 21	2 22 31	2 42 36	3 01 50	3 21 10
Dragon	1 52 55	2 25 15	2 48 24	3 08 50	3 30 44
Curlew	1 56 35	2 27 28	2 52 11	Gave up.	

	6th Round.	7th Round.	8th Round.	9th Round.	Finish.
Battledore (winner)	3 38 26	3 57 12	4 15 40	4 32 09	4 48 51
Stella	3 42 27	4 01 46	4 20 51	4 38 50	4 58 57
Whizz	3 44 11	4 04 49	Capsized.		
Dragon	3 04 00	Gave up.			

Next day Mr. Howard started in a race for sailing canoes: Battledore, Mr. R. A. Hinckley; Yankee, Mr. Willard Howard; Dragon, Mr. B. de Q. Quincy; Curlew, Mr. G. U. Laws. Wind S.W., light and variable; start 4:42 P. M. The American canoe for the first time made an excellent start, and for the first few boards sailed well, but before reaching the top buoy, was passed by the wind-eating Battledore. As the race proceeded Dragon and Curlew crept up to the American, who evidently wanted more wind. Battledore eventually won by 4m. off Dragon, the latter being 4m. ahead of Curlew.

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	Finish.
Battledore (winner)	5 02 08	5 27 45	5 40 20	6 20 30
Dragon	5 03 05	5 29 00	5 59 50	6 24 45
Curlew	5 04 46	5 36 00	6 03 30	6 28 44
Yankee	5 03 03	5 32 42	6 05 00	Gave up.

On June 21 was sailed a handicap race for canoe-yawls and canoes; five rounds: Worry, canoe-yawl, Mr. F. G. Todhunter; Snake, canoe yawl, Mr. C. C. Lyman; Vestal, canoe-yawl, Mr. Percy Nisbet; Dragon, canoe, Mr. B. de Q. Quincey; Yankee, canoe, Mr. W. Willard Howard. Wind, light, down stream. Mr. B. de Q. Quincey, officer in charge. Snake and Dragon got away first, followed by Worry and Yankee, while Vestal got a poor start, Stewart, in the Dragon, worked out a slight lead of Worry, and they had a close run down to the lower buoy, Worry being ahead; but Dragon cut and seemed to hold her own going to windward. The wind falling light, Worry went away; Dragon's sail was baggy, and did not sit well. Worry took first prize and Dragon second. By the handicap, Worry allowed Snake 12m. 30s., Dragon 15m., Vestal and Yankee 20m. The times were:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	4th Round.	Finish.
Worry	11 28 13	11 56 10	12 24 32	12 53 19	1 19 3
Dragon	11 28 15	11 58 22	12 32 1	12 59 23	1 36 57
Yankee	11 46 45	12 16 22	12 55 22	1 35 29	gave up.
Snake	11 36 28	12 10 21	12 52 18	gave up.	
Vestal	11 54 28	12 44 46	1 38 52	gave up.	

Race for sailing canoes; five rounds: Whizz, Mr. W. Stewart; Dragon, Mr. B. deQ. Quincy; Curlew, Mr. G. U. Laws; Yankee, Mr. W. Willard Howard; Battledore, Mr. R. A. Hinckley. Wind light, downstream; Mr. Percy Nisbet, officer in charge. Whizz made a good start to windward of the lot, and was closely followed by Battledore and Dragon, Yankee and Curlew bringing up the rear. Soon after the start Battledore got the lead, and on the run down again increased it. Yankee was going very badly to windward, being very slow in stays as usual. During the second round the wind fell to almost a calm, relieved by occasional slight puffs, Dragon managing to draw ahead of Whizz before rounding the buoy for the second time Curlew was some distance astern, and Yankee a bad last. In the third round Whizz was run down by the steam launch Leonora, and capsized. Battledore kept the lead while Dragon was second, and Curlew third. Yankee only sailed four rounds, and was then a round and 3m. astern of Curlew:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	4th Round.	Finish.
Battledore	3 57 05	4 26 20	4 53 30	5 18 20	5 48 30
Dragon	4 00 30	4 31 15	5 06 00	5 38 25	6 08 05
Curlew	4 01 00	4 35 30	5 06 10	5 45 27	6 11 00
Yankee	4 11 35	4 54 16	5 37 42	6 14 00	gave up.
Whizz	3 58 40	4 53 00	run down by steam launch.		

The sailing races of the Royal C. C. at Bourne End were brought to a close on Friday, the 22d inst. It was the first "racing week" of the club in its twenty-eight years of existence and will probably not be the last, if we may judge of its chances by the excellent sport obtained. Whether the locality chosen has proved satisfactory to the majority in the club is a question which cannot be definitely answered till next year's spring meeting. Two quite opposite elements will enter largely into the question. The first is, that the canoe entries this season were due almost entirely to the American challenge for the cup race; in the second place, the "open ½-rate race" brought in entries which would not have been admitted had the race been confined to canoe-yawls only, because nearly all the ½-raters have their rudders hung considerable inboard, or have, in other words, a counter.

The blot of the meeting, of course, was the withdrawal of the New York C. C.'s challenge at the last moment by Mr. Howard, the American canoe sailer; but as the canoe Yankee was sailed by Mr. Howard in five races some reliable ideas may be formed as to her performance in light wind and smooth water. It is claimed that she would perform better in a breeze and on open water, but she is far away the lightest and least stable of the canoes in the Bourne End races, and it will be seen from the official times, published above, that she has a rare lot to make up even to come level with the slowest, and when level with the best we should rather place our fancy on the bulb keel Battledore as an open rough water performer.

The times between the leading canoe and the American canoe Yankee in each race, at the end of the round previous to her giving up or ending the contest, were: First race, Yanke 10m 56s. behind Whizz in (estimated) four miles, and then gave up; second race, 2m. 58s. behind Battledore at finish—five-mile course; third race, 10m. 40s. behind Battledore at end of third round (about three miles), and then gave up; fourth race, 36m. 6s behind Dragon at end of fourth round (about four miles sailed, and then gave up; fifth race, 55m. 40s. astern of Battledore at fourth round (about four miles sailed), and then gave up. These time differences may seem peculiar, but they are taken from the official return, and if we take the difference between the next boat to her in the last race, Yankee is actually 28m. 33s. astern of Curlew in four miles.

The wind in most of these races was light or moderate, and though the time taken to do the course was rather long, it should not be forgotten that the wind was down stream, and a beat up against a light wind and adverse current is always slow progress over the ground, but not necessarily slow through the water. And, after all, there is the barefaced fact that all the other canoes were sailing in similar circumstances, but traveled faster.

The *Yachting World* gives the following statement by Mr. Howard:

"My racing with the Royal C. C. at Bourne End ended with Thursday's two races. I have sailed five races, and in no race has the speed of the winning boat been more than three miles per hour. In America if we do not make six miles an hour we call it a slow race. In all of these five races the wind was very light, being merely catspaws of air, with long streaks of calm sandwiched in between. Only at the start of one race was there wind enough to bring out the superior speed of my boat, and in ten minutes of short tacking to windward I drew well away from the others and gained steadily until the wind died away. Upon my withdrawal of the New York C. C.'s challenge [for the ?] cup the Royal C. C. promptly withdrew the special cups for three races on open water in August. That left me without any prospect of fair, open racing with this club, so I challenged Mr. Hinckley, winner of the challenge cup, to a sailing match on open water. Mr. Hinckley declined on the ground that I had refused to race for the cup. To this I have replied that as I have sailed five races in water suited to his canoe, it was not inconsistent with the tradition of English fair play that I should ask for at least one race on water suited to my canoe. Having thus failed to get a test of my boat on a fair course, I shall be compelled to issue a general challenge to English canoeists to race on a body of water large enough to lay out a triagular course with half mile sides. Failing in that, I shall go to the British Canoe Association camp in August and go in against the half-raters and other big boats. It is conceded that on a fair course my canoe is the fastest ever seen in England."

Canvas Boats.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue for Sept 9, 1893, my attention is called to the subject of canvas boats by "Kelpie," who expresses a good idea in relation thereto. Too many of the canvas boats put upon the market have a very poor quality of canvas, which is often unsafe after the first season's use. It pays to put on the very best. I have been using canvas boats in my bass fishing and duck shooting for the past twelve years, and have never been upset, thrown out nor swamped. I consider them much safer and far more convenient than any wooden boat. But, as "Kelpie" says, they do not need to be very long or deep, the former makes them unhandy in turning, the latter unmanageable in the wind. I have made and used several and also sold a great many, but by experience I have found about what gives the best service and is easiest managed, both on the water, on a portage or in a stiff breeze.

For the benefit of your angling readers, I will give description of the last one I made. I got a pine board 10ft. long, 16in. wide, 3/8in. thick. I rounded one end from the middle back toward the center 3ft. The other end had the corners rounded off for a short distance, so as to leave the after end of the boat 8in. wide. On the bow I put a triangular block 1ft. long (made up of 2×4 soft pine). On the stern I put a ½in. pine piece, 8in. at bottom and 10 at top, 1ft. long. From the triangular block to the top of the last-named board fasten two pieces for gunwales ½in.×¾in. about 12½ft. long. Bind the two strips with cross pieces 1 and 2ft. from either end; just the right lengths to give the boat a nice shape.

Across the bottom board of the boat nail strips of tough wood $^3/_{16}$in. ×1in., bend them and fasten to gunwales so as to give your boat a nice shape and the proper depth, 9in. in center and 12in. at ends. These may be 20 or 24in. apart.

Take strips of the same tough wood $^3/_{16}$×1in., long enough to reach from the triangular block in the bow to the stern board, and nail eight of them equi-distant on either side of block, board and ribs. This makes a good, strong and light frame upon which to put the canvas. Procure a piece of heavy canvas, wide enough to cover the boat. Tack it along the gunwales to the bow and stern, with copper or plated tacks—iron soon rots the canvas.

Paint the canvas after being tacked on, first coat, white lead and yellow ochre equal parts, thinned with pure raw linseed oil. Force in all the canvas will hold. Give from four to eight days to dry, then coat again with any color desirable of good lead and oil paint. Two coats are enough—better than more. I have used one painted as above, for nine years; every season I rub it over with raw oil. The boat I have now only weighs 16lbs., is 12ft. long, 9in. deep and about 2ft. wide, has a flat bottom and sits very steady, and is wonderfully handy. Two large men can ride it with perfect safety, and in a wind it will climb the waves much better than a heavy wooden one. On a portage, I can carry it for two or three miles without a rest.

Not more than two should ever be in a boat when fishing for black bass, and I am almost persuaded that one is enough. With one of these boats you can steal gently along, casting here and there in so quiet a manner that success is sure to follow. I could not do without my canvas boat when casting. One of its advantages is that it cost me less than $5.

S. M. HARPER.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Greenville Defeats Excelsior.

AN interesting team match was shot off on the Greenville range on Saturday of last week. The competing teams were Plaisted and Collins, of the Greenville Rifle Club, against Hansen and Boyce, of the Excelsior Rifle Club. It was the second match in a series of best two out of three, the first of which was shot off during the past winter and resulted in a victory for Greenville. The match on Saturday drew together quite a number of the members of the two clubs, many of which brought along their rifles and indulged in informal practice. The weather was clear and cool with a strong southwesterly wind. The conditions of the match called for 50 shots per man, the stakes refreshments and range expenses. The result was another victory for Greenville by a margin of 34 points. Scores:

Greenville team.

Plaisted	18	24	18	18	20	20	21	20	17	22	—198
	23	22	14	19	21	25	22	20	18	22	—206
	22	2	22	22	24	19	23	22	23	23	—223
	18	21	20	20	21	20	21	23	17	19	—200
	23	22	20	22	21	22	22	23	21	23	—219—1046
Collins	20	24	18	20	15	15	18	19	22	22	—193
	23	20	23	20	19	15	17	20	24	18	—199
	24	18	21	19	19	23	22	21	19	19	—205
	17	23	15	15	19	21	23	22	21	23	—199
	9	20	23	23	22	22	22	18	21	18	—197— 993
											2039

Excelsior team.

Hansen	25	22	22	24	19	18	22	23	24	25	—224
	21	20	25	18	23	22	21	18	15	21	—204
	23	18	20	25	22	22	22	0	23	24	—199
	24	24	21	12	20	23	20	18	20	20	—202
	20	20	14	23	16	23	15	22	22	25	—199—1028
Boyce	23	25	20	20	13	25	19	18	18	13	—194
	11	15	21	24	20	20	16	21	17	17	—182
	23	18	21	22	17	23	20	24	17	22	—206
	24	22	25	25	14	21	18	24	15	20	—208
	23	21	20	15	17	21	18	21	11	20	—187— 977
											2005

Marcellus Wauters was official scorer.

Revolver Shooting in England.

THE South London Rifle Club had their first fine day for revolver shooting on June 26 and good scores were the result. Below are the details of the scores made (Mr. Winan's 41 is the best score made this season at 20yds.).

Stationary target, 20yds.:

Walter Winans	776777—41	F Rand	777557—38
Capt Heath	777577—40	Dr E Howe	547676—35
Clementi-Smith	677577—39		

Disappearing target, 20yds.:

Walter Winans	7	6	7	6	7	7	—40			

50yds. target:

Walter Winans	767677—40	Clementi-Smith	645666—33
Capt Heath	677765—38	Dr E Howe	551566—31
F Rand	777665—38		

At the 50yds. Mr. Winans's score equals his "best on record" made at Bisley last year.

At the North London the leading scores for the revolver championship of the club now stand:

	20yds.						50yds.		Total.
Walter Winans	41	41	40	40	40	39	30	29	300
Skilton	40	39	39	39	38	38	27	27	287
Rand	40	38	38	38	38	38	26	25	285
C F Lowe	40	39	37	37	36	35	27	23	285
Capt Cowan	38	38	38	38	37	36	27	26	278
Major Munday	39	37	36	36	36	35	26	25	270
Ashby	36	35	34	33	32	32	28	22	252
Capt Richardson	38	36	35	34	34	34	25	24	260
Carter	36	36	36	36	35	34	24	21	258

Cincinnati Rifles.

CINCINNATI, O., July 1.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to day and made the scores appended. Conditions 200yds. off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindele	8	10	8	10	6	8	8	8	8	8	—82
	10	9	7	7	8	9	8	10	6	6	—80
	6	8	9	5	8	9	8	9	8	9	—79
	10	8	7	8	10	10	7	8	9	9	—86
*Payne	7	8	8	6	8	5	8	9	7	9	—75
	10	10	9	4	7	10	6	9	7	8	—80
	8	5	7	9	7	7	6	9	8	6	—70
	5	7	7	8	5	5	3	6	10	10	—66
†Wellinger	9	10	6	9	7	8	10	6	10	8	—83
	7	7	8	10	10	8	10	7	6	10	—83
	8	7	7	6	9	10	6	8	9	9	—79
	9	9	7	9	9	7	6	9	8	3	—76
Drube	9	6	8	18	7	8	10	8	7	8	—81
	7	10	6	8	7	6	7	9	8	10	—78
	6	7	7	6	8	8	8	10	7	9	—75
	8	6	9	6	8	9	9	6	6	5	—72
Hake	5	8	7	7	5	5	9	9	10	7	—72
	10	3	9	9	9	7	6	6	5	6	—70
	8	5	4	8	8	10	10	6	6	5	—70
	8	3	9	6	5	8	9	9	4	8	—67
Topf	4	6	8	8	4	8	4	7	8	6	—63
	9	5	7	5	7	6	5	4	10	4	—62
	6	4	5	2	5	6	7	7	8	7	—57
	6	7	6	7	5	6	2	8	4	6	—57

† Open sight. * Marlin repeater, .38-55.

Rifle at San Antonio.

OFF-HAND medal shoot, 200yds., July 1:

Texas Field	4	9	4	10	6	6	6	10	8	5—68
A Giesecke	10	10	4	6	7	6	5	7	4	9—68
A Guenther	8	8	5	4	8	7	9	8	5	7—69
A Steves	8	4	3	6	6	7	5	4	10	7—60
E Dosch	7	8	9	6	5	10	4	9	7	0—65
A Altmann	7	8	1	9	4	6	6	6	5	7—65
A Uhl	6	5	9	9	7	5	8	9	3	6—67
G Heye	9	6	5	7	8	4	5	6	8	3—61

Rest medal shoot, 200yds., July 1:

G Giesecke	7	8	11	11	9	8	7	8	8	8—84
A Guenther	10	9	10	12	9	10	11	10	11	9—101
A Steves	10	9	9	8	12	7	11	9	9	9—93
E Dosch	12	9	8	11	6	7	9	12	9	9—92
A Altman	9	12	9	9	12	10	7	7	8	12—95
F Rennert	9	10	6	8	6	9	7	10	9	8—82
A Uhl	8	9	10	7	11	7	11	9	7	10—89

July 4, practice shoot, 200yds., off-hand:

G Altman	9	8	9	10	5	7	7	10	9	9—83
Texas Field	8	8	6	10	9	8	6	6	7	6—75
A Steves	4	6	9	7	10	6	8	7	7	4—68
E Seffel	6	7	9	8	9	6	7	8	10	7—77
E Dosch	7	5	6	3	7	6	3	6	5	5—53
C Hummel	4	9	7	0	6	7	4	6	5	7—54
										O. C. G.

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE Independent New York Corps, Captain Wm. V. Weber, held its monthly shoot in Glendale Park, on Friday of last week. Heavy showers during the day kept many of the members away from the park, and the consequence was the attendance was small. The members who were present were highly pleased with the commodious shooting house and the many accomodations that are connected with the range for the comfort of riflemen. Owing to the heavy showers Capt. Weber did not open the shoot until 2 P. M. B. Walther was credited with the first flag although it was an open question as to whether Ignatz Marten had not as good a title to it, both men firing their shots at nearly the same moment. The most flags were made by Ignatz Marten, Wm. Hayes was second; the best score on the ring targets was made by Wm. Hayes. On the man target Messrs. Stein, Marten, and Walther tied for first place with 57 each.

Ring target, 5 shoots, possible 125: Hayes 114, Marten 105, Krauss 104, Walther 102, Greiner 94, Toell 91; Hotz 90, Bauer 88, Kronsberg, 78.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: Stein 57, Walther 57, Hayes 56, Krauss 55, Greiner 52, Marten 67, Bittschier 48, Bauer 48.

Point target, 5 shots, possible 20: Hayes 18, Marten 18. Walther 18, Bittschier 17, Greiner 17, Krauss 17, Begerow 17, Stein 16, Bauer 14, Soell 13, Hoffman 13, Hotz 12, Kronsberg 12, Hencke 11, Kurtzer 9, Stemkopf 12, Schmitt 12.

Greenville Rifle Club.

AT the weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club which was held at headquarters July 6, seventeen members were present and participated in the competition for class prizes. Scores: First class, J. Boag 243, C. Boag 238, Collins 237, Purkess 236, Robidoux 234, Scheeline 227. Second class, Lutz 238, Charlock 234, Chase 233, Chavant 233, Agneau 226. Third class, E Wuestner, Jr., 226, Daniels 222, Hill 222, Holzapfel 217, F. Wuestner 214, E. Wuestner, Sr., 197.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, N. J., July 2.—At the weekly shoot of the Schlicht Rifle Club held at headquarters this evening, the class medal winners were: Fred Lambrix champion medal, Geo Dorr first class, M. Dans second. John Dedrick third. Scores: Geo Schlicht 241, Fred Lambrix 330, M. Dans 230, John Dedrick 228, Geo. Dorr 228, Wm. Schlicht 227, Geo. Richert 227, Jacob Schlicht 217, L. Dorr 215, E. O. Brellenthine 214.

RIFLE NOTES.

AFTER the close of the Independent New York Schuetzen Corps shoot at Glendale Park last week, the members formed themselves into a committee of observation for the purpose of examing the park as to its adaptability for the great international festival in 1895. Passing down through the park to the rear end, the visitors found that the Manhattan Beach Railroad tracks constituted its rear boundary, with the ground well situated for a way-station right at the park boundary. The running time on the Manhattan road from this point to the Thirty-fourth street ferry is said to be only ten minutes. The next point of interest to the observers was where the forty or sixty targets could be placed. A strip of ground was pointed out which is well situated for the purpose. The park throughout is heavily timbered with oak and chestnut trees. The central pavilion is large and commodious, and contains the dining room, with accommodations to seat 1,800 guests. All of the other buildings and fixtures in and about the park are built upon a most liberal scale. When the committee returned from the tour through the grounds and various buildings contained in the park the prevailing opinion was that it was the most available spot in or about New York for the holding of a successful festival. The transportation facilities from Brooklyn to the park are good. The surface road (dummy) from Ridgewood to Richmond Hill passes the front end of the park. It is reported that the Myrtle avenue trolly line will be extended to Richmond Hill, making one continus line from all the Brooklyn ferries.

The Brooklyn Independent Corps and the Brooklyn Schuetzen Corps will hold a joint festival in the Glendale Park on Wednesday of this week.

The New York Schuetzen Corps holds its monthly shoot in the Union Hill Park on Friday of this week.

The Zettler Rifle Club will hold its bi-monthly shoot in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park on the 15th.

The New York City Corps will hold its annual festival and prize shoot in Brummer's Union Park July 17.

Teams from the Portchester and Greenville rifle clubs will meet on the Greenville Schuetzen Park ranges Saturday, July 21.

Gus Zimmerman, in writing to a friend in New York, informing him of his experience and success at the festival in Mainz last month, says: "In making my preparations for entry in the quick-firing match on the opening day I found that my sights were missing and I was compelled to use a German rifle on that day." There have been many conflicting rumors as to Zimmerman's winnings at the Mainz festival, but so far as we can learn he has been quite successful. When he left America he had great hopes of winning first position in the rapid-firing match. We understand he was the sixth on the list of winners. He got first prize on the field target, making 59 out of a possible 60 (2 shots, no re-entry). He also won second prize on the Leipsic target. He says of the Mainz shoot that he won 25 of the principal prizes, so many in fact that he was afraid the Germans would accuse him of being a pot-hunter.

ARMBRUSTER'S Greenville Schuetzen Park has fine facilities for salt water bathing. Bath houses are located foot of park, on New York Bay shore.—*Adv.*

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 16-18.—Standard Gun Club tournament, at Baltimore, Md.; $150 added.

July 18-19.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Associations's seventh tournament, under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club, at Louisville, Ky. The Kentucky Gun Club will add from $200 to $400.

July 18-19.—Dr. Wallade's bluerock target and live bird tournament, at Newport, Mich.

July 19.—Hartford Gun Club tournament, Hartford, Conn. Open to all.

July 24-26.—Lafayette (Ind.) Gun Club tournament.

July 25.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fourth tournament, at Syracuse

July 26.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Willimantic Rod and Gun Club, at Willimantic, Conn.

Aug. 7-9.—Memphis (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament.

Aug. 8-10.—Missouri State Amateur Association, at Richmond, Mo.; $300 added.

Aug. 13-18.—John Parker's fourth international tournament, blue rock targets and live birds, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, near Detroit, Mich.

Aug. 15-16.—Richmond (Me.) State shoot. C. O. Rowe, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-23.—Hot Springs (S. D.) Gun Club's tournament; $250 added.

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wop sononock Park, Altoona.

Aug. 22-24.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Bunker Hill, Ill.

Aug. 23.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Atlantic Trap Shooting Association, at Lynn, Mass.

Aug. 29.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fifth tournament, at Auburn.

Sept. 3.—Endeavor Gun Club's annual shoot, Marion, N. J. E. Hollister, Sec'y, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Sept. 19 20.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Chattanooga Gun Club, at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sept. 26.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, sixth tournament, at Rochester.

Oct. 3-5.—West Newburgh (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association tournament. Last day live birds. W. C. Gibbs, Sec'y

Oct. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, under auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club, at Charleston, S. C.

Oct. 22-24.—Emerald Gun Club tournament, at Dexter Park. Targets and live birds. Dr. G. V. Hudson, Sec'y, 9 Madison street, New York.

Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at Utica.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

1895.

April 3-5.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York.

May.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The members of the Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, anticipate a grand time at the Interstate shoot to be held on their grounds on July 18 and 19. A big delegation of shooters has been promised from the Ohio district, and Knoxville is always expected to send a batch of experts. This club has been recently reorganized and claims to have the best equipped and best located shooting grounds in its section. They are situated at the corner of Fifth and L streets, and are reached in fifteen minutes from the center of the city, via the Fourth avenue electric car line. The club has just completed a handsome and conveniently arranged club house, and has nothing except the latest paraphernalia. Its officers are: W. L. Lyons, President; Allen P. Houston, Vice-President; Harry L. Means, Secretary, and H. L. Smyser, Treasurer. Governors: J. B. Hutchings, Allen P. Houston, Harry L. Means, H. L. Smyser, W. W. Thompson, Fred. W. Hussey, W. L. Lyons, John B. Williamson, Emile Pragoff, William Clegg, H. L. Lyons and J. S. Phelps, Jr. The programme for the coming tournament as published by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, is as follows: (Both days being the same): Event No. 1, 15 targets, novelty rule, entrance $1.50. $5 added: No. 2, 20 targets, known trap, unknown angle, entrance $2, $10 added. No. 3, 25 targets, known trap, unknown angle, entrance $2.50, $15 added. No. 4, 15 targets, known trap, unknown angle, entrance $1.50, $5 added. No. 5, 20 targets, novelty rule, entrance $2, $10 added. No. 6, 25 targets, known trap, unknown angle, entrance $2.50, $15 added. No. 7, 20 targets, novelty rule, entrance $2, $15 added. No. 8, 15 targets, novelty rule, entrance $1 50, $10 added. No. 9, 20 targets, known trap, unknown angle, entrance $2, $15 added. No. 10, 25 targets, known trap, unknown angle, entrance $4, $25 added. The Galt House will be headquarters for the shooters.

The sixth annual tournament of the Standard Gun Club, of Baltimore, Md., will be held at Acton's Park on July 16, 17 and 18, and a good attendance is expected. The feature of the tournament will be the team contest for the $150 in cash and a silver cup donated by the Standard Gun Club. The Baltimore *American* says eight teams have already entered. The programme for the first day comprises the above team shoot and eight sweeps, and on each of the other days there will be eight sweeps and a four men team shoot. The following teams are said to have entered: Standard Gun Club—W. E. Buckley, G. C. Tracey, L. Jory, J. W. Edel. B. C. Claridge, W. F. Clements, G. E. Baucknan, L. C. Rice, J. M. Hawkins, C. H. Starr, W. M. Wilson, F. M. Franklin, J. Duvall, R. V. Bond, H. F. Ducker, C. E. Bonday, T. H. Evans and Dr. H. E. Lupus. Washington Team—E. A. Happer, J. D. Arnold, J. M. Green, W. Wagner, J. H. Gulick, A. S. Mattingly, J. H. Bothwell, H. A. Pruitt, J. R. Pristor, A. H. Barker, James Hunter and C. A. Osborn. Virginia Team—W. F. Summerson, Dr. Wayman, W. F. Mitchell, J. P. Haddox, C. O. Saville and J. W. Haddox. New York Team—H. McMurphy, T. Hunter, W. L. Colville, A. G. Courtney, H. B. Bartlett, W. P. Wyth and C. A. Damon. New Jersey Team—W. F. Lindsley, Charles Smith, W. F. Quimby, C. C. Hebbard, F. H. Keller and A. C. Kruger. Pennsylvania Team—W. R. Fieles, H. Landis, H. Thurman, W. William and James Wolstencroft.

One of the most popular and strongest of the many gun clubs of New Jersey is the Freehold Gun Club, which has splendidly appointed grounds about five minutes' walk from the depot. The roll shows the names of a number of the most prominent business men of the town as well as some well-known people from surrounding places. The club has a neat club house about 15×30ft., one story in height, one end being provided with lockers for the use of the members, and the other end being utilized as a store room. They shoot from five traps, using the lever pull. The traps are firmly fastened on heavy timbers on the edge of a pit which extends the entire 20yds., and is covered by a shed with a slanting roof. The pulling apparatus is in a house just in front of the club house, and the levers are in such a position that the shooter at the score can not see them. The club is run on an economical basis, the members paying one and one-half cents for each target shot at, and no sweepstake shooting for purses being allowed on club days.

W. H. Davis, treasurer, and one of the leading spirits of the Freehold (N. J.) Gun Club, is trying to work up a scheme for a series of live bird contests that is bound to be a success. He proposes to form a league comprising the Freehold Gun Club, Central Gun Club of Long Branch, Riverside Gun Club of Red Bank, and the Midway Gun Club of Matawan, and have a series of competitions, one on the grounds of each club, during the coming season, the contest to be for a prize, the value and style of which will be decided upon later. The club winning the trophy will hold it in trust until the following competition, the trophy to become the property of the club winning it three (or four) times. The teams will comprise 10 men each and each man will shoot at 10 live birds in each contest. The entrance fee will be simply the price of the birds and a sum in addition thereto sufficient to cover the cost of the trophy. The scheme is a commendable one, and we wish Mr. Davis every success in his efforts in its behalf.

The Heights Hunting and Shooting Club, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., held its annual target smashing contest on July 4, each man shooting at 7 targets for three prizes. M. R. Morgan broke 5, J. G. Jones 7, John James 6, M. D. Morgan 5, M. L. Lewis 4, Chas. Renowder 3, D. P. Griffiths 5, T. H. Griffiths 4, J. R. Jones 4, T. N. Jones 2, L. Lewis 5, Thos. Owens 4, C. M. Williams 0, John Barnett 3, David Evans 6, D. L. John 2, Ed. Clocker 2, Lewis Morgan 5.

"Doctor Jim" Wolstencroft, of Frankford, Pa., one of the best known and most popular sportsman in the country, was in town last week, looking as genial and hearty as ever. In the course of conversation, he informed us that he intends to have a go for the Riverton Cup as soon as Mr. Welch, its present holder, returns from Europe. In the initial contest for this cup it will be remembered that Mr. Wolstencroft scored 46 kills out of 50 birds shot at, and of these 43 were killed with the first barrel. The "Doctor" is president of the Keystone Shooting League, of Frankford, and says that the League has just completed a $1,500 club house which is "heads over" any other structure in the country. The League own their own grounds and have them fitted with everything that is modern in the way of equipments, for live bird and target shooting. Some time during September, the League will hold a two days' tournament combined with a house-warming.

The new grounds of the Lancaster (Pa.) Gun Club, on the east bank of the Conestoga, near Whitmer's bridge, were formally opened on the Fourth, with a grand banquet and several target contests. In the prize event at 20 singles, the first prize of $35 was won by W. P. Cummings on 17 breaks. Second prize was divided by G. M. Franklin, Thomas Anderson and James C. Wiley on 16 each, and third went to A. Anderson on 15. Other scores were: Galbraith 15, Martin 12, Evans 11, Bush 11, Kendy 12, Zahm 11, Dounnel 11 and Clark 10. H. O. Leacbey was referee.

During September or October the Freehold (N. J.) Gun Club will hold a two days' tournament at targets and will introduce several taking features. One of these will probably be a contest for five men teams, at 25 targets per man, to be shot on the second day, the club to offer a substantial purse for first and second best teams. They will charge three cents for each target thrown. The events will probably be at 15 and 20 targets each, with entrance fees of $2 and $2.50. It is possible that some handicap may be used.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner writes: "During the progress of the Elwood tournament of the Interstate Association, I received a telegram from Indianapolis stating, 'Mr. E D. Fulford has been acquitted on the charge of bribery.' On reading this telegram to the shooters assembled, Col. J. T. Anthony suggested three cheers for Mr Fulford, and they were given with a hearty good will."

The Waukesha (Wis.) Gun Club ended its competitive season on June 20. In the year's contest for a gold medal R. Greengo broke 361 targets in 10 contests at 50 each and won. These officers have been elected for the ensuing year: President, Ed. Foster; Vice-President, J. Johnson; Secretary, E. Estberg; Treasurer, Frank Gault; Captain, R. Greengo.

The Wollaston (Mass.) Gun Club and the Lincoln Gun Club, shot a match on the Wollaston grounds on July 7, four men to a team, 25 targets per man. The results: Wollaston—H. T. Whitman 13, H. M. Federhen, Jr., 17, H. W. Marden 8, A. A. Lincoln 17; total 55. Lincoln—D. B. Lincoln 13, G. H. Brainard 12, F. N. Bates 11, Geo. Elcock 11; total 47.

E. C. Hall of the Baltimore Gun Club, and C. E. Bondy of the Standard Gun Club, recently shot a match at 100 targets each, known traps and unknown angles, for $50 a side at Halstead's. The score at the finish was Hall 90, Bondy 82.

Everybody was pleased to see the great pace cut out by "Wick" Smith at the Maplewood grounds on the Fourth. When he finished the score that won the team race for his club, they gave him a round of cheers that made the welkin ring.

At the merchandise shoot of the New London (Conn.) Gun Club, on July 4, the scores were: Ames 24, Connor 23, Bush 23, Bindlors 21, Comstock 20, Smith 17, Crocker 15, Higgins 14, Dart 14, Gunn 13.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to the sixth annual shooting tournament and family picnic of the Lynchburg (Va.) Gun Club and to express regret at our inability to attend.

The Standard Gun Club, of Baltimore, Md., will hold a tournament on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, and expects a big list of entries. The special feature will be the team shoot.

The September tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will be held in Chatanooga, Tenn., instead of at Greensboro, N. C., as previously sheduled.

The Memphis (Tenn.) Gun Club, intends to attract a big attendance to its tournament on August 7, 8 and 9. The programme will be ready for distribution in a few days.

Howland Gasper, the author of the "Complete Sportsman," will spend the summer with gun and camera in trudging and boating in the far Northern country.

"Dutchy" Smith has gotten rid of the rheumatism and is happy. This was the cause of his non-appearance at some of the recent big tournaments.

The "Trap-Shooters' Ready Reckoner" is a rapid seller, and meets the approval of all who have examined it. Send 25 cents for a copy.

The Memphis Gun Club will add $760 in cash for the shoot of Aug. 7, 8 and 9. This ought to bring out a big crowd

Gus Greiff says he has parted company with the malaria which had a grip on him during the entire spring.

Neaf Apgar has recovered from his recent attack of malaria and is rapidly coming back to his old form.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Another Method of Handicapping.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The problem of handicapping shooters at tournaments is one that has received a great deal of attention from trap-shooters and tournament managers all over the country, and while some more or less satisfactory handicaps have been tried, still the fact remains that a real good system has not as yet been discovered.

With the introduction of the expert trap throwing unknown angles, the style of handicapping suggested by myself and generally adopted throughout the country, gave very good satisfaction, but as the shooters became familiar with the shooting at unknown angles it was no handicap at all for the majority of them, and at large tournaments the difficulty of keeping track of the two different styles of shooting is so great that the system is very faulty and must be abandoned.

The most praiseworthy feature of that system was the sliding scale that handicapped a shooter when he was shooting well, and did not when he was not in form.

Since the Chamberlin tournament, where the faults of the old style of handicapping were so very apparent, I have put a great deal of study on the subject, and have thought out a system new to me at least, that retains the sliding feature of the old handicap, but handicaps in an altogether different manner than the old style.

In the new system the shooting is alike for all, either known angles and traps or known traps and unknown angles.

This does away with the great trouble of separating the two classes and making up squads for the two different styles of shooting.

Everybody shoots alike and the handicapping is done after the event is shot out in the following manner:

The programme should be made up of about eight races and they should preferably all be of the same number of targets, say fifteen or twenty-bird races, although both can be used.

In the fifteen-bird races the money should be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10% and in the twenty-bird races 30, 25, 20, 12½ and 12½%.

In the first event all shoot for all the moneys. In the second event winners of first or second, if event one was a fifteen-bird race, or of first, second or third if event one was a twenty-bird race, will only be allowed to compete for first or second if event two is a fifteen-bird race, or for first, second or third if it is a twenty-bird race.

Failing to win in the second event the moneys they are allowed to compete for, they will be allowed in the third event to compete for all the moneys again. In this manner each event will be the basis for handicapping the following event, and the cashier will have but little if any more work than if there were no handicap at all, as he can readily tell from his list of winners in the previous event whether each shooter has shot out of a place or not.

If desirable, professionals and manufacturers' agents can be limited to first and second in 15, and first, second and third in 20-bird races, all the time regardless of the scores they make.

This will make good hard shooting for the expert, and will prevent a great many of them from being in the lower moneys part of the time, with the result of making these moneys more profitable to the amateur, who has all he can do to get in for money at all, and under the old system only to find so many in with him that less than half of his entrance money would be paid back to him.

The greatest fault with this handicap is that when a poor shot by a supreme effort makes a straight or win in the upper moneys, he is compelled to shoot in the following event for moneys that is almost an impossibility for him to reach.

Still, the system gives him a better chance than any that is now in use, and I think that a few trials will prove that it will be satisfactory to all concerned. It may be that this system of handicapping has been tried before, but if so, I have not heard of it; and would like to have all shooters who are interested in the sport express their opinion of same either personally to me or through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

PAUL NORTH.

Lynchburg's Annual.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 5.—The Lynchburg Gun Club held its sixth annual shoot and picnic at its Rivermount grounds yesterday. It was a model Fourth of July day, clear and bright, with just wind enough to temper the heat and not enough to play pranks with the targets. This being a family affair there was a very large attendance. The ladies and children lost no opportunity to enjoy the day fully. A string band furnished music for the dancers who danced in the club house and out under the trees. At 1 o'clock lunch was spread under the great oaks in the rear of the house. All hands participated in this event and all made full scores. We were glad to see Mr. Summerson and Mr. Bowman, of Staunton; Mr. E. P. Miller, of Richmond, and Dr Hamlet, of Pamplins, and Messrs. C. A. and C. C Spencer in attendance. It was a most enjoyable occasion and a delightfully spent day. Shooting commenced at 10 o'clock A. M. with the following results. All matches at 15 targets, 5 known traps, unknown angles, American Association rules, 50 cents entry:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Nelson	14	12	13	9	13	11	9
Terry	8	12	11	9	12	13	11
Dorniu	10	11	19	9	8	10	11
Moorm'n	10	9	11	11	10	8	8
Cleland	7	11	5	8	9	10	5
Empie	12	10	10	9	11	12	15
Sum'rs'n	12	13	11	13	11	10	14

Known traps and angles:

Scott	10	7	8	9	13	10	10
Clark	7	6	..	7	11	8	8
E A Cleland	11	8	12	..	..	..	..
Adams	8	6	7	4	..	..	..
Strother	5	7	..	7	7	..	4
Durpby	12	8	6	9	10	11	10
Spencer	6	8	..	..	..	..	..
Jenkens	4	6	8	2	..	..	..
Withers	11	9	..	9	..	..	..
Stearns	8	11	10	10	12	15	6
Christian	6	8	5	12	11	9	9
Reed	4	7	..	..	..	..	..
Fleming	7	7	10	8	3	..	..
E Miller	..	6	6	7	..	..	..
B Nelson	..	9	..	..	..	..	..

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Bowman	10	9	12	9	11	12	11
Jenkens	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Miller	..	9	8	..	..	..	..
Clayton	..	11	9	12	9	..	..
R Miller	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Younger	..	..	8	9	7	..	..
Reed	..	..	..	3	13	..	..
Gilmer	..	..	7	..	9	..	..
Wilson	..	..	6	7	..	..	..
Horton	..	..	2	..	..	..	..
Lacy	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Wrenn	..	..	7	12	11	7	6
Jennings	..	..	7	4	..	6	..
C A Spencer	..	..	5	9	..	6	..
Hamlet	..	..	11	..	12	..	..
F Christian	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
C Spencer	..	..	..	6	7	10	..
Burroughs	..	..	..	7	7	..	..
Langhorne	..	..	..	8	8	..	..
Hamner	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
J M Payne	..	..	..	..	5	..	..

Summerson, Bowman, Dornin, Empie, Hamlet, Stearns, Staother, Terry, Nelson, Clark, Christian, Durpby and Scott divided the prizes offered by the merchants and citizens.

F. M. D.

Outwater Defeats Lenone.

A MATCH at live pigeons between John H. Outwater, of Rutherford, and Chas. F. Lenone, of Passaic, drew a fair sized crowd to the Boiling Springs Gun Club grounds, at Rutherford, N. J., on June 30, the weather conditions being favorable. According to the agreement, Outwater was to shoot at 50 and Lenone at 40 live birds; Lenone being allowed 10 dead birds. Outwater started on his score and at the end of the tenth round had 9 kills to his credit. From this point of course Lenone had 1 bird, instead of 10 the best of the game. The stake was for $100 a side, American rules governing. J. H. Richmond was referee and Wm. Dutcher scorer. The result:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Outwater.....2 1 1 2 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2–24

•• 1 1 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 2 0 2 2 2–20–44

Lenone.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 1 0 1 2 0 2 2 1 2–22

0 1 1 2 1 2 2 • 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2–21–43

The following sweepstakes were also shot. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were at 5 birds, $5 entry; No. 4 a $1 miss-and-out:

Lenone	22220–4	02•12–3	22000–2	1212
Paul	12221–5	1•120–3	.....	....
Jones	12000–2	2••10–2	20120–3	120
Palmer	.....	0212•–3	•0020–1	2220
Hughes	11112–5	21110–4	0	
Killing	.....	22202–4	0	
Outwater	.....	211•1–4	20	
Bower	.....	20122–4	....	

Trap-Shooting at Ellicott City, Md.

THE Ellicott City Gun Club celebrated the glorious Fourth by a pleasant afternoon of sport at the traps. The great event was a general contest for the *Democrat* medal made necessary by the last winner refusing to accept a challenge; some excitement was created by the fine shooting done by one or two of the younger members in recent contests and their expressed intention to go in and win. The scores shot during the afternoon were as follows:

	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	15
E A Talbot	8	7	7	6	8	7	6	7	23	15
Kirby	8	8	7	6	8	7	10	9	23	14
J O Jones	9	9	8	8	8	7	7	6	20	12
Makisson	6	5	6	5	6	4	4	5	11	6
Hillsinger	5	6	4	5	3	4	6	4	9	7
Hardinge	8	7	6	6	8	6	6	7	18	11
Dr Sykes	7	7	8	6	7	9	7	8	16	11
R Wilson	9	9	8	7	9	7	6	7	23	12
W Talbot	6	5	6	6	7	6	5	4	11	8
J H Leishear	6	4	4	5	4	6	4	3	12	7
Dr Fort	8	7	8	9	8	8	7	9	22	14
Scaggs	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	7	16	11

In the medal race at 25 targets, three men tied on 23, and the tie was shot off in the next event at 15 singles, E. A. Talbot, the genial president of the club, bearing off the coveted trophy by the score of 38 out of 40 and Kirby a close second. Mr. Talbot has been challenged by Mr. Kirby and the match will be shot July 12.

SECRETARY.

The Traps at Dexter Park.

Helgate G. C., June 26, conditions 20 targets, American Association rules:

J Blotz.....11111101111111111111—19	G Lehm...01010000000000000000— 2
J Voss.....11111111000100001000—10	P Danne-
C Weber...00000000000001010101— 4	felser....00010011011111110000—10
C Reiger..00010110100100101111—10	Rabenstine00010000000010000100— 3
H Voss....01111111010'0100101—12	J Count,...01111101111001110110—14
P Woelfel.10001000110010010011— 8	P Fogerity 11110111111111111111—19
E Doeink..01101010010110110001—10	

Nassau G. C., June 27. 10 live birds, American Association rules:

J Young .....0001012121— 6	C Magee.....0111011100— 6
R Woods .....1222111222—10	W R Selover.....0101110101— 6
W Levens.....1120100221— 7	P Von Dreele..... 0101001010— 4
G U Torbell.....0110111201— 6	J Knowlsoy.....2011211210— 8

Myrtle G. C., June 29, 20 targets, American Association rules:

H Kneeble.11101101110101110111—15	H Woller..00100000000000011001— 4
H Marskoff 00101000011100100110— 8	J Feltman.00001001000000001010— 4
M Deitzen.00110100100111010110—10	Sunderm'n 11000000000010000101 - 5

Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., July 7.—Inclosed please find scores made at our monthly shoot, also sweeps. Monthly club shoot at 25 single Keystones:

Richmond	1111001101010101001011011—15
Paul	1111011111111111010111011—21
Huck	1100011111111111111111011—21
Lane	1111111011111010001101111—18
James	1100110111111011111111111—21
Frank	1111101101100110011101110—17
Hollister	1001101010011111110101111—17

Sweep No. 1, 10 birds, 50 cents:	No. 2.
Huck .....1111111111—10	1111111111—10
James.....1011010001— 5	1111011111— 9
Richmond.....1101101111— 7	0101011101— 8
Lane.....1011111111— 9	.....
Paul.....1111001101— 7	0111001011— 7
Frank.....	1110110111— 7

W. H. H.

Chatham Prize Shoot.

CHATHAM, N. J., July 4.—Prize shoot of the Chatham Fish and Game Protective Association at bluerocks. A large audience of onlookers was also on hand, and the event was in every sense a decided success. The morning proved to be almost perfect, and while the wind was rather detrimental to high scores, it was very enjoyable under the trees which surround the club house. The Bob Whites could be heard in every direction, and these, together with the crack of smokeless powder and jingle of broken targets, made sweet music to the sportsman's ear.

There were five prizes contested for. A 50-bird sweep was shot, resulting in the following scores: E. L. Phillips killed 40, Benj. Morris 29, M. Pitney 29, Jos. Minton 28, A. M. Hopping 29, A. L. Page 25, R. B. Budd 22, H. D. Ogden 21, A. M. Budd 20, J. H. Valentine 18.

Binghamton's First Annual.

Binghamton, N. Y., Jan. 30.—With the ending of to-day the Binghamton Gun Club's first annual tournament is a thing of the past, but it has been one to be remembered as most successful in every way. Everybody expressed themselves as highly pleased. Those who attend them all said that, outside of the State shoot, they have attended nothing like it in a long time. The attendance proved even better than expected, some events having 30 or more entries. Among others on hand early Thursday morning were M. F. Lindsley and wife. Mrs. Lindsley participated in the sport, shooting under the name of "Wanda." The weather was all that could be asked for, except that the sun shone pretty hot; but the shooters were completely protected from this with a large canvas fly which extended over the score. Everything moved along without a hitch, which may be judged from the fact that quite 5,000 targets were thrown the first day and almost the same the last day, making 10,000 in two days with one set of expert traps. The management offered a $60 Lefever hammerless gun to the individual making the best average for the two days, which was won by handsome Harvey McMurchy, who made the splendid record of 160 broke out of 165 shot at the first day As soon as assured of the fact that he had won the gun, Mr. McMurchy presented it to the home club to be contested for under a handicap rule, so that each member may have as equal a chance as possible to win it. Words can hardly be found to express the keen appreciation by all members of Mr. McMurchy's great generosity.

Shooting for the first day was advertised to begin at 10 o'clock, but 9 o'clock found the early worm pecking away at the birds, the result being that several extra 10 target sweeps were run off. Ten o'clock found the following squad lined up to tho score: McMurchy, A. M. S., Lefever, "Hardie" Richardson, Mosher and Courtney. A moment later he who was destined to win first prize called pull, and from that time on the firing was incessant until quite 5,000 kingbirds had been demolished. The shooting of the second day was much the same as the first. Saturday, the third day, was devoted to live birds; the birds were a good lot, although somewhat loth to fly, but when once on wing they proved very strong, some of them veritable hummers. Now that we have made our bow to the public, we hope that shooters will keep in mind that there is such a place on earth as Binghamton, and give us a call whenever they can, they will always find the latch string on the outside. We are thinking of having another tourney this fall. Appended find full scores of all regular events.

	No. 1, 15 targets, $1.80 entry.	No. 2, same.
McMurchy	111111111011111—14	111111111111111—15
A M S	011110111111101—12	100111101110101—10
Lefever	110111011110011—11	111001111110011—11
Richardson	011111111111101—13	011111111111110—13
Mosher	111101110110110—11	101111111010111—12
Courtney	111011111011111—13	101111111111101—13
Slocum	111111111011111—14	101111111111101—13
Mayhew	110111111111111—14	111111111111111—15
Wells	101110011111011—11	011111100111111—12
Martin	111111101110010—11	100111011101011—10
Glover	111111111111011—14	011111111110111—13
J Fulford	101111010111111—12	101110111001110—10
Nelson	001010000100011— 5	111001110011100— 9
Hamaker	101111101111101—12	101111111111011—1s
Adams	111110011111011—12	110010111100110— 9
E H K	001111001110100— 8	111111111111001—13
Mills	100011000101001— 6	....
Baldwin	000010001000110— 4	....
Lindsley	111110111001111—12	....
Thomson	110111111100111—12	110111111001111—12
Stone	100010100100011— 6	101110111001011—10
Hobbie	110111111111101—13	110001111110011—10
Kendall	110110110111001—10	111101111111011—13
Snell	100111001110110— 9	111011001110101—10
Cruttenden	111110001100110— 9	110101011010100— 8
Parsons	110011110001101— 9	110011111101001—10
Boss	101110111110011—11	....
Waldron	011111111110111—13	....
Brainard	....	010000100110001— 5
Wheeler	....	111110111111111—14
Conley	....	101101111010011—10
Paddeford	....	111101011111111—13
Williamson	....	111110111111101—13
J H B	....	111000001001001— 6
Wanda	....	100100110001000— 5

	No. 3, 20 targets, $2.40 entry:	No. 4, same:
McMurchy	11111111111111111111—20	11111111110111111111—19
A M S	10110111101011010110—13	01111111111110111101—17
Lefever	11101101110111101011—15	11111011111111111110—18
Richardson	11001010001001000111— 9	01111110111101111101—16
Mosher	11110101101110110101—14	10111011111111011110—16
Courtney	10111101111011111111—17	11111111111111111111—20
Slocum	11011110111101011101—15	11111111111111111011—19
Mayhew	11110101110111111101—16	11011111001110111110—15
Wells	10100001010011010110— 9	11011010111111011111—16
Martin	11010110110111001010—12	10111111101101111110—16
Glover	10111111111110111111—18	10111111111111111110—18
Williamson	11101011011101110011—14	....
Kendall	10111011110111101101—15	11001111111111101101—16
Hobbie	11111011111111110111—18	11111111111111101111—19
Adams	11010101111011111101—15	11011111001110110101—14
Couley	11000100100001010010— 7	00011001101101010111—11
Hamaker	11111111111011111111—19	10011110111001101010—12
Arno	11101101111101101101—15	10111111100111111011—16
Crutty	10111011110111101101—15	10101010101010101000— 9
Thomson	11011111111111101111—18	01111111111101111110—17
E H K	10101000111010100010— 9	....
J H B	10010101100111001010—10	10101100001100100010— 8
King	1.01111011111110111—17	01111110111111111110—17
Stroh	11101101011011111101—15	11111111100101111110—16
Paddeford	10011110111011101001—13	....
Lindsley	11110111101111111111—18	11110000001101001111—11
Nelson	10101001110111100010—11	....
Mills	....	01010101000010011001— 8
Brainard	....	11101111111001111011—16
Snell	....	11011011110011101011—14
Boss	....	11010110111110111111—16

	No. 5, 15 targets.	No. 6, 15 targets, $1.20 entry.
McMurchy	111111111111111—15	1111111111—10
A M S	111111111101111—14	1111111111—10
Lefever	101101111111111—13	1011111111— 9
Richardson	111110111111111—14	1101111111— 9
Mosher	101011110111111—12	1110101011— 7
Courtney	111111111111111—15	1011100111— 7
Slocum	111011111101111—13	1111111111—10
Mayhew	111110111011110—12	1101101111— 8
Wells	101101110111111—12	1011001101— 6
Martin	111011111111111—14	1101011011— 7
Glover	111111101111111—14	1111111111—10
Nelson	110101111011011—11	1110111011— 8
Wanda	101011101100101— 9	1001101001— 5
Thomson	111111111111111—15	1111111111—10
Hamaker	111011111111111—14	1011110111— 8
E H K	010110010100101— 7	1110101001— 6
McCann	110101010001011— 8	1010010101— 5
Hobbie	101110111101101—11	1110111111— 9
Kendall	111101101110111—12	1111110101— 8
Williamson	111111111011111—14	1110111011— 8
Arno	101111111111111—14	....
Paddeford	101101110110110—10	1010111111— 8
Stroh	110110011101011—10	1011101111— 8
Wilson	101110001000101— 7	1101101101— 7
Adams	111110010101110—10	....
Wheeler	101011110101101—10	....
Brainard	111101111110111—13	1101101111— 8
Crutty	100010010000001— 4	1001101010— 5
Conley	110101100111011—10	....
King	111110101011111—12	1101101111— 8
Harding	....	1101001001— 5
Boss	....	1111111111—10
A D T	....	1100101010— 5
Snell	....	1110111101— 8
J H B	....	1101001010— 5
Parsons	....	1110111011— 8
Brown	....	1101101011— 7
Stone	....	1011011101— 7
Ripley	....	1101011101— 7

	No. 7, 15 targets:	No. 8, 20 targets, $2.40:
McMurchy	110111111111111—14	11111011111111111111—19
A M S	111110111111111—14	11111111011011111111—18
Lefever	101111101111111—13	10110111111111011111—17
Richardson	111111111101111—14	11111111101111111011—18
Mosher	111011101111101—12	10111110111111111111—18
Courtney	111111111111111—15	11111011111111111111—19
Slocum	111111111111111—15	10110111011100111111—15
Mayhew	110111111111111—14	11111011011111011011—16
Wells	101100100110101— 8	11011101111100111111—16
Martin	111111110110111—13	11111111101111101111—18
Glover	111111111110111—14	10110111111111111111—18
Hobbie	111011111011111—13	11111111110111011101—17
Lindsley	111111111111111—15	11001111111111111111—18
Kendall	101111111111111—14	10111011111011110101—15
Will amson	111111111111011—14	11110111011111110111—17
Nelson	110010111001011— 9	....
Stroh	111111111111101—14	11111111110111111111—19
Craver	100110111010110— 9	....
A D T	111101110111011—12	11011011101111101101—15
Hamaker	101110011111101—11	11101111110110111111—17
Thomson	111111111111111—15	11111011111011101111—17
Brown	110111011111011—12	/....................
Boss	101111111101111—13	....
Crutty	100101110110101— 9	....
Ripley	111010101110011—10	11001010111001101010—11
Wilson	101110111111101—12	....
King	110101110011111—11	11110110101111101011—15
Parsons	111110111011101—12	10101111110011111111—16
McHenry	101000001000101— 5	....
Nelson	101010100110101— 8	....
Fulford	....	11101111111111011111—18
Wheeler	....	10101111011100111101—14

	No. 9, 15 targets, $1.80 entry:	No. 10, 20 targets, $2.40 entry:
McMurchy	111101111111111—14	11111111111111111111—20
A M S	110111101111111—13	11011011111111111111—18
Lefever	111101111101101—12	11110111101111001111—16
Lichardson	111110111111101—13	10111011110111111111—17
Mosher	100110111011101—10	11101110111111110111—17
Courtney	111101111111111—14	11110111011111111101—17
Slocum	111111111110111—14	11111111111111111111—20
Mayhew	111111111111111—15	11011111111011111111—18
Wells	101010011011001— 8	1110011110111011011 —15
Martin	111101110111011—12	11111010110111110111—16
Glover	110111111101111—13	11111111101111011111—18
Hobbie	111011011101101—11	11101111111011111111—18
Snell	110101110111011—11	....
Wanda	101110111101101—11	....
Kendall	110011101101011—10	11111110111011110011—16
Brown	111101111111001—12	....
Nelson	101000101000101— 6	....
Boss	110001010101010— 7	....
Stroh	110111111101101—12	11101111110111111111—18
Williamson	111101111110101—12	11100111101101011101—14
Crutty	100110110010101— 8	....
King	111010110110011—10	11010110011110101000—11
J H B	100010100000100— 4	....
Hamaker	111110111101101—12	....
A D T	111100111111011—12	....
Parsons	111110101101101—11	....
Thomson	111111111110111—14	11111011111011111111—18
Fulford	101110111101011—11	....
McHenry	111011110111111—13	....
Ripley	111110011101101—11	....
Lindsley	....	10011101111111011111—16

Second Day, June 29.

	No. 1, 10 targets.	No. 2, 15 targets, $1.80 entry.
McMurchy	1111111111—10	111011111111011—13
A M S	1011111110— 8	110011111111110—12
Lefever	1101101111— 8	111000011110100— 8
Richardson	1111101110— 8	111110110111001—11
Mosher	1101101110— 7	110011111011110—11
Courtney	1100111101— 7	101111111111110—13
Hobbie	1111111111—10	011111011101110—11
Williamson	1111110111— 9	111111011111101—13
Stroh	1111110100— 7	110011111110101—11
Martin	1111111111—10	011111111110011—12
Wells	1101111111— 9	111110011111001—11
Brown	1111011111— 9	111111101111110—13
Glover	1111111111—10	011111111111111—14
Parsons	1101111111— 9	110110101111111—12
Smith	1101111110— 8	....
A D T	1011101101— 7	111111100111101—12
King	1111011111— 9	110010111010010— 8
E H K	1111101111— 9	100111110111011—11
Slocum	1110111111— 9	111111111100101—12
Waldron	1111111101— 9	110111111111110—13
Thomson	1111011110— 8	011111111111110—13
Mayhew	1111111011— 9	111111111111111—15
Kendall	1101011111— 8	110001101111110— 9
Wheeler	1101110011— 7	....
Boss	....	100111110111101—11
McHenry	....	110111110110101—10

	No. 3, 20 targets, $2.40 entry.	No. 4, 15 targets, $1.80 entry.
McMurchy	10111111111111111101—18	111111111111101—14
A M S	11111001111111101111—17	011111010111111—12
Lefever	11110011110101100011—13	100101110111011—10
Richardson	11011111111111111011—18	110011111101111—14
Mosher	11111111111101011110—17	111011111101111—13
Courtney	11011111110111111111—18	110111111101111—13
Slocum	11111111111111011101—18	111101111111110—13
Glover	10110111111111111111—18	111111111111110—14
Kendall	11111011101111101111—17	101101110111111—12
Hobbie	11100101110111011101—14	100111111111111—13
Mayhew	11111111111111110111—19	111110111111111—14
Thomson	11111111111111111111—20	111110111111110—13
Stroh	11111010111111110101—16	111011111111111—14
Williamson	11100110111011011110—14	....
Martin	10111011111010111101—15	011100010010010— 6
Wheeler	11010111110111100111—15	....
Wells	10111111110111111111—13	110111111110101—12
Parsons	11101111111111111111—19	101111111111110—13
Waldron	11111011111111111011—18	111111111011111—14
E H K	10001111001110110101—12	100100101000011— 6
Boss	11001111110111110111—16	111110010110001— 9
King	11011111110101111111—17	100111110110111—11
Lindsley	11111111111111011001—17	110111110011111—12
Wanda	....	101000111011011— 9
Brown	....	110111111111110—13
A D I	....	111110111011110—12

	No. 5, 20 targets.	No. 6, 15 targets, $1.80 entry.
McMurchy	11111111111111111111—20	011110111110110—11
A M S	10011111110111111101—16	111100101101110—10
Lefever	10010101101110111011—13	111001011110111—11
Richardson	11111111111111111011—19	011111111111111—14
Mosher	11100111111111101010—15	110101111111101—11
Courtney	11111001111101111101—16	111111111101110—13
Slocum	11111111001101010011—14	100011111110101—10
Glover	11111111110111111111—19	101111111101111—13
Kendall	11111011111111110111—18	111111101011101—12
Lindsley	11100111111101111001—15	111110111101111—13
Hobbie	11110010110111001111—14	111111111001001—11
Stone	11101101101111110011—15	....
Wells	11111111111111111110—19	101111111110111—13
Waldron	11101111111111111011—18	111101111111110—13
King	11101111111101111110—17	111110011011110—11
Stroh	11101111111111111110—18	111110111101111—13
Mayhew	11111111111111111111—20	111111111110111—14
Thomson	11111110111011111110—17	101111111010111—12
McHenry	....	110010111110011—10
Wheeler	....	111010110111111—12
Boss	....	100010110101111— 9
Brown	....	111111111011111—14
Williamson	....	110011110011111—11
Martin	....	111111111111110—14
Parsons	....	100011100101101— 8

	No. 7, 20 targets, $2.40 entry:	No. 8, 15 targets:
McMurchy	11111111101111111111— 19	111111111111111—15
Slocum	11110111111111001111—17	111011111111111—14
Lefever	11111101110111111111—18	111111001101110—11
Richardson	11011111111111111010—17	....
Mosher	10111110101111101111—16	....
Courtney	11111111111111011111—19	111111111111101—14
Hobbie	11110010111011101111—15	110001011019011— 8
Glover	11111101101111111111—18	111111111111111—15
Kendall	11100111110111111111—17	101011111111111—13
Lindsley	11000111111101110011—14	100111110111011—11
Wells	11111111111111111101—19	111111111111011—14
Brown	11111111111111111011—19	111111001111101—12
Martin	11111111011101100111—16	110000100101101— 7
Mayhew	11111101111111111101—18	....
Thomson	11111101111111111111—19	111111111101111—14
Waldron	11111111111111101110—18	110111111111110—13
Stroh	11011111111111110111—18	110011111101111—12
A D T	....	110111000110101— 9
Crutty	....	111011101001101—10
Snell	....	110011110111011—11
Wheeler	....	011111101011101—12
McHenry	....	110001011100111— 9
Parsons	....	101111111111011—13
J H B	....	100001100001001— 5
H C M	....	110001100010010— 6
E H K	....	111000101101001— 8
Boss	....	011111101110111—13

	No. 9, 20 targets, $2.40 entry.	No. 9, 15 targets, $1.80 entry.
McMurchy	10111111110111111110—17	111111111111101—14
Slocum	11011111101111100111—16	110111111111111—14
Lefever	11100111110111110101—15	111011010111101—11
Courtney	11111111101111111101—18	110111111101111—13
Glover	11111111111111111101—19	110001110011110—9
Lindsley	11111101010110001111—14	111111111111100—13
Kendall	11100110111110111011—15	110111111111010—12
Wells	11111001111011111101—16	101111111011111—12
Hobbie	01111111111111111011—18	100010111101111—10
Thomson	11100011101110101110—13	110111111011101—12
A D T	11100100111010011011—12	....
Waldron	11111111111111101111—19	101111111111110—13
Stroh	11011111101111110011—16	100111001111111—11
Wanda	11101100000100010010— 8	....
Martin	11101111101111111101—17	....
Ripley	11110101011011101011—13	....
Stone	11000010001010111011—10	....
Squires	....	100001110010101— 7
Williamson	....	110111111111101—13
Wheeler	....	111111110101011—12
Wilson	....	111111111111010—13
Boss	....	101011111111111—13
Parsons	....	110101100111111—11
King	....	111111110101100—11
McHenry	....	110001111001101— 9
Vance	....	111001110101100— 9
Snell	....	101110011011110—10

Matches at 5 live birds, American Association rules, except 50yds boundary, $3 entry:

Crutty	02202—3	01110—3	00002—1
Boss	00112—3	20220—3	00102—2
Parsons	00110—2	21100—3	00200—1
Rose	11000—2	00000—0	00200—1
Kendall	22222—5	00101—2	22022—4
Waldron	12020—3	.....	22110—4
Lindsley	2220•—3	22210—4	12220—4
Lefever	1012•—2	•00•1—1	01012—3
Squires	•20••—1	•102•—2	02211—4
Wells	11021—4	2211•—4	11121—5
Hobbie	.....	12210—4	20112—4
Wheeler	.....	00200—1	.....
Stone	.....	10•20—2	01001—2
McHenry	.....	11020—3	.....
Brown	.....	.....	1••21—3

Winfield.

Fourth of July at Maplewood.

The all-day tournament of the Maplewood (N. J) Gun Club, held on the Fourth of July, was an enjoyable affair, although attendance was rather lighter than was anticipated The extreme heat doubtless kept many away. The feature of the day was the team contest between the Maplewoods and the Unions of Springfield, teams of six men each shooting at 25 Empires per man. Enoch Miller showed that he was back to his old form by smashing 25 straight, while E O. Yeomans lost only one. What pleased the boys most, however, was the work of the Maplewoods' old war horse, "Wick" Smith, the oldest and most enthusiastic member of the club, who pulverized 23 out of 25 targets and won the race for the Maplewoods. Owing to ill health Mr. Smith has been unable to shoot his gait for many months, but will soon he in good fettle. The team race was a hot one, there being the slim difference of two breaks in favor of Maplewood at the finish.

The scores of the team race are here given and are followed by the scores of the regular programme sweepstakes:

	Maplewood Gun Club.
W J Smith	1111111110111101111111111—23
Geoffrey	1111111010111111111111011—22
Yeomans	1011111111111111111111111—24
Van Ide	1111110010110101111010111—18
W Smith	1111111110110111101101110—21
Drake	0111111111111111111110111—23—131
	Union Gun Club.
Dr Jackson	1111111001111111101111001—20
Hedden	1101111111001111110110011—19
Sickley	1110111110111011111111111—22
Tillou	1111111111011111111111110—23
Sopher	1111011110111111101101110—20
Miller	1111111111111111111111111—25—129

No. 1, 10 birds, $1 entrance: Geoffery 10, Drake 10, Thomas 7, Dustin 10, Van Idestine 5. W. Smith 9, Jackson 9.

No. 2, 15 birds, $1.50 entrance:

Drake	111101111111111—14	Smith	101111111111111—14
Van Duzen	111101111111101—13	Dustin	110111110101111—12
Geoffery	111111111111111—15	Van Idestine	010010111111101—10
Thomas	111100111111100—11	Jackson	111111101101011—12
Hedden	101101111110011—11		

No. 3, 15 birds, entrance $1.50:

Dustin	010111111110111—12	Sickley	111111011111111—14
Geoffery	111111101110111—13	Van Duzen	111111111111111—15
Thomas	011111001111111—12	Jackson	111101011111101—12
Drake	111111110111101—13	Van Ide	01101000w
W Smith	101111111111111—14		

No. 4, 10 birds, entrance $1:

Tillou	1111111101— 9	Geoffery	1111111101— 9
Smith	0111101111— 8	Drake	1111101101— 8
Sopher	1000011111— 6	Dustin	1111011101— 8
Yeomans	1111110011— 8	Hedden	1100111111— 8
Van Duzen	1111101100— 7	Parry	1011111111— 9
Jackson	1111011101— 8	Thomas	1111011110— 8

No. 5, 10 birds, entrance $1:

Tillou	1110011111— 8	Dustin	1111111111—10
Smith	1111111111—10	Hedden	1100111101— 7
Sopher	0111101111— 8	Parry	0011111111— 8
Yeomans	1011111111— 9	Thomas	1111111111—10
Van Duzen	0101000111— 5	Van Ide	1101110111— 8
Jackson	1111010101— 7	Sickley	1111010111— 8
Geoffery	0111111111— 9	Eager	1110001101— 6
Drake	1110111111— 9		

No. 6, 10 birds, entrance $1:

Tillou	1111111110— 9	Parry	1011011111— 8
Smith	1101011111— 8	Thomas	1111101111— 9
Sopher	1111111110— 9	Van Ide	0001101101— 5
Yeomans	1011111101— 8	Wolff	1100101100— 5
Geoffery	1111111111—10	Cummings	1111011100— 7
Drake	1111111111—10	Miller	1111110111— 9
Dustin	1111110111— 9		

No. 7, 15 birds, $1.50:

Geoffery	111111111110111—14	Drake	111111101101111—13
Smith	111111111011111—14	Dustin	111111111111111—15
Yeomans	011111111100111—12	Cummings	111111111111111—15
Thomas	111111101111110—13	Miller	111111111111111—15

No. 8, 5 pairs, $1:

Geoffery	11 10 01 10 10—6	Thomas	01 10 01 11 01—6
Drake	11 11 11 01 11—9	Eager	10 10 10 11 10—6
Yeomans	10 10 10 11 11—7	Dustin	11 11 11 11 00—8
Miller	10 10 00 11 11—6	Smith	10 00 11 11 10—6
Sopher	01 10 00 10 41—5	Williams	01 10 10 11 11—7

No. 9, 10 birds, expert rules, $2: Geoffery 9, Drake 9, Yeomans 8, Miller 8, Thomas 5, Smith 6.

June Trophy Scores of Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, July 2.—The following is a tabulated statement of the scores for June in our trophy contest, at 25 targets, unknown angles:

	June 2.	June 9.	June 16.	June 23.	June 30.	3 best scores.
		Class A.				
S Palmer	23	22	24	19	25	72
O'Brien	25	22	23	20	20	70
Hicks	19	20	23	24	22	69
Tefft	19	..	24	..	22	65
Richards	20	..	16	20	..	56
W Palmer	20	17	15	..	..	52
Drake	20	18	..	..	..	..
		Class B.				
Mott	..	24	23	22	20	69
Young	21	16	21	22	19	64
Bowers	20	22	20	19	19	62
Dr Meek	16	17	21	18	..	56
Baird	20	18	17	..	...	55
Blatherwick	17	15	16	..	..	48
Bortree	..	..	19	18	..	..
		Class C.				
Dr Hodson	16	11	15	23	20	59
Northcott	10	18	15	12	18	51
Ackerman	19	19	13	..	..	51
Jones	..	11	15	17	11	43
Smith	15	12	14	..	..	41
Bogle	10	7	17	..	..	34
S M Meek	11	..	..	..	7	..

S. Palmer won Class A trophy, S. E. Young won in Class B (Mott being barred, having won in May) and Dr. Hodson won in Class C. The trophies were three fine silk umbrellas and were very acceptable prizes, as the afternoon of the 30th turned out stormy and most of the boys were caught unprepared. The winners are barred for two months from receiving trophies, so as to insure a more equitable distribution thereof.

R. S. M., Sec'y.

Maine State Shoot.

Richmond, Me., July 2.—The Maine State shoot will be held Aug. 15 and 16, under the auspices of the Richmond Gun Club, Richmond, Me.

C. O. Rowe.

New England Shooting Association.

HARTFORD, June 29.—The opening tournament of the New England Shooting Association took place on the grounds of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club yesterday, and all in all, it can be classed as one of the grandest and most successful tournaments ever held in the beautiful city of Hartford. While the New England Shooting Association is newly born, consequently its facilities and capabilities for operating a tournament of this size was looked upon with much interest, but to-day proved to the shooters of New England that nothing lacks its intelligence.

The entire shooting paraphernalia, including traps, targets, pulls, indicators, etc, were furnished by the Empire Target Co., Mr. Chas. C. Hebhard of New York, superintending. Everything worked in good order; the targets flew well, consequently good scores were made by local and visiting sportsmen.

There were present about 50 shooters, representing a fraternity of skill, from nearly every State in New England. Connecticut furnished a majority of the delegation present, New London, Willimantic, New Haven, Meriden, Bristol. Unionville, Collinsville, Bridgeport and Hadleyville responding generously. President W. A. Witherbee of Boston and Secretary W. F Brown of Lynn managed the tournament aside from trap mechanism, and the greatest satisfaction was expressed by all. Not a hitch or a word of dissatisfaction was expressed during the tournament, and it was indeed a most courteous community.

Warm weather and counter attractions had a tendency to decrease the attendance. The Yale-Harvard boat race at New London distracted the love of many sportsmen to another direction, and the Brocton's tournament kept the Boston boys at home; but considering the intense weather and other attractions the attendance was good.

In the championship events American Association rules governed, omitting Rule 14. Gun below armpit handicapped many, yet after once started there was little opposition or complaint.

Prizes for the highest two averages were won by Sperry of Collinsville with 90 per cent., and Risley of Hartford, with 89⅞ per cent. Wood of Hartford took the prize of a year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM for the highest score in the individual championship.

At 10 o'clock sharp the first event was called by the secretary. Following are the scores:

	No. 1, 10 targets.	No. 2, same.	No. 3, 7 targets.
Sterry	1111011111— 9	1110111111— 9	1111111—7
Hebbard	1111111111—10	.....	.....
P Tucker	1111011111— 9	0111010111— 7	1111110—6
Cook	1111111111—10	1011000111— 6	1011111—6
J A P	1011101111— 8	0111111010— 7	1111111—7
Risley	0111111111— 9	1111111111—10	1111101—6
Bristol	1111010111— 8	1010111111— 8	.....
Bishop	1110111111— 9	1111111100— 8	1111111—7
Mills	1111110111— 9	1101111111— 9	.....
Elsworth	1110111011— 8	1110101111— 8	1111111—7
Edgarton	1111010011— 7	1111110111— 9	.....
Burbridge	1111111111—10	1111111110— 9	.....
Smith	1011111111— 9	1110111101— 8	1011111—6
Witherbee	1111101110— 8	1110101010— 6	1111111—7
Ames	1010000101— 4	0011110110— 6	.....
Caines	1111110111— 9	.....	1101001—5
Merriman	1110011000— 5	0111011010— 6	1111111—7
S A Tucker	1111011111— 9	1111111111—10	.....
Bailey	1010001011— 5	1011110111— 8	1011111—6
Greene	0011111111— 8	0000101010— 3	1111111—7
Goodwin	0111111110— 8	1010111011— 7	1011111—6
Willey	1111101111— 9	.....	.....
Wood	1010111111— 8	1110111001— 7	1111011—6
Lupe	.....	0111111001— 7	.....
Peard	.....	0010000100— 2	0101111—5
Chase	.....	0001010001— 3	0001111—4
Wadsworth	.....	1000101010— 4	.....
Hull	.....	.....	1011010—4
Colt	.....	.....	1111111—7
Purington	.....	.....	0010101—3
Williamson	.....	.....	0111111—6

	No. 4, 15 targets.	No. 1, 10 targets.
Mills	111110111111111—14	1111111111—10
Willey	110111111111101—13	1110110111— 8
Williamson	111110111011111—13	1010101110— 6
Bristol	111111111111111—15	0111110111— 8
Edgarton	100110011100110— 8	1011111111— 9
P Lucken	111010111011111—12	.....
Bailey	110100111100011— 9	1111111101— 9
James	110111111111101—13	.....
S Lucken	111111111111111—15	1011111111— 9
Burbridge	111111010111101—12	1111011101— 7
Risley	111011101111111—13	1011111111— 9
Hibbard	111010111111111—13	.....
Merriman	111110110111111—13	1110011111— 8
Wetherbee	000011111111011—10	.....
Sterry	111001111111111—13	1111110111— 9
Brown	111111111101111—14	.....
Smith	011011011111101—11	1101111111— 9
Wood	011111111011111—13	1111101111— 9
J A P	111101111100111—12	1011111110— 8
Green	111000111101111—11	0001011111— 6
Colt	101110100100101— 9	.....
Douglas	110110101011011—10	0111101100— 6
Bishop	011101011111111—12	0111110010— 7
Goodwin	111110111111111—14	0110110011— 6
Manross	111111111111111—15	0101111111— 8
Snipe	011111111101111—13	.....
White	.....	1111111101— 9
Ames	.....	0111011111— 8
Ellsworth	.....	1110111111— 9
Verts	.....	0001100011— 4
Alger	.....	1111111111—10
Mosher	.....	1111111111—10

No. 6, 30 targets, N. E. individual championship:

P Tucker	001001011101111111100111111111—22
Williamson	011111110100011001111111101101—21
Burbridge	110111111111110111111111111100—26
Edgarton	001111011111111111111010111111—25
Cook	111101000011111110101011110110—20
Sterry	011111011111111111011011001111—24
Manross	011110101111111111111111011100—24
Avery	011001111111101111011111111111—25
Bailey	011110110111111001101001010010—18
Goodwin	110101101111111111001110101011—22
Willey	110011111111110111111001111111—25
Hotchkiss	100111001101111111011111001111—22
Mills	111011111111101111111101111010—25
Bristol	110101110110011110001010111111—20
Alger	001100111100101111010111111111—21
Hall	001010011110111011010110001001—16
Hull	111000001011111101111111101001—20
J A P	111110101110111011101111111110—24
Risley	110111111111110111111111111111—28
Sexton	001111111110011011111000011101—20
Peard	100001000111011001110101110 11—17
Savage	011101111101111100111111111111—25
Mosher	011111110110101011011111111011—24
"Wood"	1 111111011111111111111111111—29
Bishop	1 111101011111111111011111111—26
Verts	110111101010110000001000111101—16
Brown	111101111000111011101111111111—24
Greene	010111010111011111101011111101—22
Purington	101011111110100101010111101010—19
Swipes	000111101010101011000010100001—13
Douglas	101000111011110100101111011111—20
Wetherhee	011110110011111010101111101111—22
Nelson	100111000011101w
Treat	000111111011111w

No. 7, 10 targets:

Mills	1011111111— 9	Edgarton	1111101110— 8
Willey	1111011111— 9	Hull	0101111110— 7
Burbridge	1111111101— 9	Bailey	1111111111—10
Williamson	1110110111— 8	Bristol	0111111100— 7
Green	1111001011— 7	Manross	1110101111— 8
Colt	0010101000— 4	Risley	1111111111—10
Merriman	0110000000— 2	Peard	0110111001— 7
Hibbard	0111101101— 7	Goodwin	1111111110— 9
Sterry	1111111101— 9	Douglas	1011111110— 8
Wood	1111111101— 9	Avery	1111111100— 8
S Tucker	1110111111— 9	Bishop	1011101110— 7
Gaines	0101110111— 7	J A P	1111111111—10
Brown	1110111111— 9		

No. 8, N. E. team championship, 5 men, 15 targets per man:

Colt No. 1.		Colt No. 3.	
Risley	111011111011011—12	P Tucker	1011110111111101—12
Sterry	111111111111111—15	Bishop	1011110001111111—11
Burbridge	111111101111110—13	Sexton	101100111100111—10
Manross	111111111111111—15	Goodwin	111111000100111—10
Wood	111111110111101—13—68	Alger	101001001100101— 7—50
Colt No. 2.		**Colt No. 4.**	
Williamson	110011111110101—11	Purrington	110010111000110— 9
Willey	010111011111101—11	Nelson	000001111111110— 9
Cook	011111111111101—13	Green	0011010101011110— 9
Pitkin	111111111111111—15	Hutchins	101111111001111—12
Treat	110100111111111—12—62	White	110100111011110—10—49

	No. 9, 10 targets.	No. 10, same.
Williamson	1111111111—10	.....
J A P	1111111111—10	1011101111— 8
White	1111101110— 8	.....
Hull	1111101111— 9	.....
S Tucker	0011100111— 6	1111011111— 9
Hull	0111111110— 8	.....
Wadsworth	1011001000— 4	.....
Green	1110001000— 4	0011111111— 8
Goodwin	1101111110— 8	0111111110— 8
Burbridge	1111111110— 9	1111111111—10
Alger	1111111111—10	.....
Avery	1111111110— 9	.....
Nelson	1010111010— 6	.....
Treat	1111101111— 9	.....
P Tucker	1101111110— 9	1111011111— 9
Edgarton	1111111111—10	1111010011— 7
Sterry	1111111111—10	1110111111— 9
Hibbard	1111111101— 9	1111111111—10
Manross	1111111111—10	.....
Mills	1111110111— 9	1111110111— 9
Bailey	1110111100— 7	1010001011— 5
Gaines	1111110010— 7	1111110111— 9
Savage	1111101111— 9	.....
Willey	1111111111—10	1111101111— 9
Peard	0011100001— 4	.....
Ames	1001100011— 7	1011000101— 4
Bishop	1111011110— 8	1110111111— 9
Risley	1110110111— 8	0111111111— 9
Ripley	1111010101— 7	.....
Cook	.....	1111111111—10
Bristol	.....	1111010111— 8
Ellsworth	.....	1110111011— 8
Smith	.....	0111111111— 9
Merriman	.....	1110011000— 5
Wood	.....	1010111111— 8

The Eureka Gun Club.

THE followlug scores were made on July 7 hy the Eureka Gun Club of Chicago. Shoot for trophy at 25 singles, known traps and unknown angles:

Class A.

Willard	0110101110111111110111111—20
Adams	1101110101111111111111111—23
Stannard	1111111111111110111111111—24
Ellicott	1110101110010011111111111—19

Class B.

Glover	0101111111111101001101110—18
Goodrich	1110101111011100001101111—17
DeWolf	0110101011111001111011010—16
Thacker	1101111101110100101111010—17
Carson	1110111111110111111111101—22
Ferguson	1111101011011111111111011—21

Class C.

Maltby	1011000111101101111101110—17
Moran	0101000000010011010111000— 9
Isgrigg	1110100011110111111111010—18
Ishell	1100011010110001101010 01—13
Arnold	000J00000000010 — 1

Twenty-five birds, known traps, unknown angles:

Carson	1111110111011111110111111—22
Willard	1111110110111110111111000—19
Adams	1011111111011101101011110—20
Thacker	0111100001111010111111101—17
Standard	1111101111010111111101011—20
Elliott	1111111111111111010011111—22
Maltby	1110110011110100100111110—16
Arnold	0000000010w
Moran	0111011100010011110010001—13
Ferguson	0010111111001110101101001—15
Isgrigg	1111111011101111010111111—21

Event No. 3, the same:

Willard	1111111111011110111111111—23
Adams	1111111011111111111011111—23
Isigrigg	1101111011001111w
Stannar	1110111111011110111110111—21
Ferguson	1100001111111101111111010—17
Maltby	1010111111010011110111100—17
Moran	0111101001100011110011011—15

The same:

Willard	1111011111111111111111100—22
Adams	1111111111111111101111111—24
Thacker	0110101011111111111101110—20
Glover	0101101011000111001101011—14
Stannard	1101111110110111111111011—21
Elliott	1111111010111110111111111—22
Ferguson	1111111011111111111111100—22
DeWolff	1101000110110101011111100—15
Goodrich	1011011011111111101111011—20
Fuller	1111111011101111100111101—20
Carson	1011111111111111111101111—23
Isbell	1110101101101010110111111—18
Isigrigg	1111101111111111110110111—22
Moran	0110000110100011101100010—11
Arnold	0100000000001000101000000— 4
Maltby	1101110110100010100110101—14

The same again: Adams 24, Willard 22, Carson 22, Maltby w, DeWolf 14, Oliver 21, Thacker 17, Elliott 20, Goodrich 18, Stannard 21, Isgrigg 13.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., June 27.—The following scores were made at the shoot of the Meadville Gun Club, to-day. American Association rules. Scores:

Reisinger	0011100001000111011100000—10
Lashell	1100111101110110000110010—14
Leherman	0011111100001001010100010—11
M Affantranger	1010110101001110011111010—15
Yates	0100011010111101111111010—16
L Stern	1000010010000100101010000— 7
Carscaden	1000100101111111101110111—17
Neal	1001001011010101011111110—15
H A Johnson	1011111001111111011110101—19
Stein	0001011010110111101101010—14
Heines	1000101011010110011000010—11
B A Affantranger	0100101101111011111011111—18
Dilley	0110101001001000000010001— 8
Luke	0000000000000000000000000— 0
R Boynton	0101100011000000000011— 8
R P Boehm	0010100101010101111001001—12
C Wilkins	0000101110010100101001111—13
Kelso	1110011111110111111111010—20
Clemson	1000100101001110011000000— 9
Adams	0111110111100111101101011—18
F B Smith	0000010101001001001011111—12
Hotchkiss	1111100110111101111011100—18
P Reisinger	1010001100101100100010110—11
Dr Johnston	1111101101111001111110010—18
Eighott	1001111101111110111111011—20

A. JOHNSTON.

Eureka Gun Club Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 30.—Scores made at Eureka Gun Club grounds to-day. Rain forced several of the shooters in the last event to withdraw. Trophy shoot at 25 targets:

C E Willard	1111111011111111111111111—24
A W Adams	1111111111011111111101111—23
O von Lengerke	1101111111111111011011111—22
Dr Miller	0111101101011111111111011—20
L H Goodrich	1111111111111011101110111—22
H A Ferguson	1111111111011101111001111—21
W F DeWolf	1110110010110111101111101—18
G H Maltby	1011110001010111110011111—17
O J Buck	1011111101001111111111001—19
L A Rice	0010001111011000110111011—14
E C Bradley	1011111111w

No. 1: Adams 22, Willard 21, Rice 17, Goodrich 20, Maltby 11, DeWolf 14, Von Lengerke 15, Miller 18.

No. 2: Adams 24, Willard 24, Rice 17, Goodrich 22, Malthy 14, Miller 18, DeWolf 20, Von Lengerke 17, Buck 21, Bradley w, Ferguson 10.

No 3: Adams 25, Willard 22, Rice 19, Buck 21, DeWolf 17, Goodrich, Bradley, Ferguson and Maltby withdrew.

West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., July 4.—Matches at live pigeons, Hurlingham rules, for fame and glory only:

	For glory.	For fame.
Taggart	011110120—6	2221000111200:01111111110- 18
Taylor	112110112—8	2222111102210111000211211—21
Likely	220222020—6	0102202102111222202110110—18
Higginson	121101210—7	0121100210101121110001110—16
Brown	012000222—6	0002011020101101101101011—14

Thos. W. Emsley scorer, Samuel Garforth puller, Capt. George H. Taggart referee.

The Standard Gun Club

Of Baltimore, Md., gave an all day shoot on the Fourth. The feature of the day was the 5th event at 50 targets, known traps and angles, for the individual championship of the State, and for which the club donates a handsome silver cup to the winner. So far each year the cup has been won by a member of the Standard, and again this year the club added another laurel to its bright record in that Hawkins, the youngest member of the club, captured the valuable silver cup offered by the club and the individual championship of the State. Much credit is due young Hawkins, who is but 17 years of age, as he had some of the best shots in the State to compete with, and his score of 48 out of 50 was too much for the older heads. The following scores were made:

No. 1, 15 singles, entrance $1: Malone 10, Bond 9, Hawkins 9, Hall 9, Dixon 9, Bonday 8, Ducker 8, Storr 7, Claridge 7, Baughmann 7, Franklin 7.

No 2, 15 singles, entrance $1.50: Bond 14, Hawkins 14, Dixon 13, Franklin 13, Claridge 12, Baughmann 11, Bonday 11, Jack 11, Hall 9, Malone 8, Clements 8, Wilson 8, Beck 8.

No. 3, 20 singles, entrance $2: Bond 19, Bonday 17, Hall 17, Claridge 15, Malone 15, Dixon 13, Wilson 13, Franklin 13, Baughmann 13.

No. 4, 15 singles, entrance $1.50: Hall 14, Clements 14, Ducker 14, Dixon 13, Malone 12, Claridge 12, Bonday 12, Franklin 12, Baughman 11, Buckhie 9, Vance 8, Beck 8, Ober 7.

No. 5, championship race, 50 singles:

Hawkins	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111100111111—48
Dixon	11111111111111111111111111111111011110111011111111—47
Hall	11111111111111111111011111111111111111111101101111—47
Malone	11010111111111111111011111111011111111111111111110—45
Bond	11011111110111101111011111111111011111111111111—44
Clements	11110111111110111111111111111010111101111111111—44
Franklin	10111111111111111011111111101101111101111110111101—43
Lupus	11100111111011101011110011111111111111111111111101—42
Ducker	10111101111110101111111001111011110111111111111—41
Storr	10111111111110101110111011111101111111111110110101—41
Claridge	11111111110110111111011101101110010101111111011—40
Buckbee	11110011111110110111011101111001101111111011111011—39
Wilson	01111111111000110111111110111010010111100010111—37
Cantler	11110111110111111111111111111011100010001001001111—37
Baughman	11111010001011111111101000111000111111111101110110—36
Bonday	11100001111111111101111101011000111000101111101111—35
Ivry	11000011111111111111010000001101111111101010001111—33
Miller	11011011111111111110011011110000110001100011101100—32
Williar	11111000110010111011111110011101100100010011—32
Vance	00101001110010111011001011101110110000110011101101—28
Chase	11000100101111110010011101010110110110000010000101—25
Beck	01111001010100111100010100000010011101100111110000—24

No. 6, 15 singles, entrance $1.50: Clements 14, Ducker 13, Malone 13, Hawkins 13, Claridge 12, Hall 12, Storr 12, Franklin 12, Dixon 11, Bonday 11, Buckbee 11, Baughman 11, Wilson 11, Miller 10, Beck 10, Chase 8.

No. 7, 15 singles, entrance $1.50: Hall 14, Malone 13 Claridge 13, Ducker 13, Bonday 12, Storr 12, Dixon 12, Baughman 12, Beck 11, Vance 10, Wilson 8.

H. E. LUPUS, Secretary.

The Millerton Gun Club.

MILLERTON, N. Y., July 6.—The Millerton Gun Club celebrated "Independence Day" by giving a clay pigeon shoot, the afternoon of the 4th. Ten members of the Philmont Gun Club were present and participated in the sport. The shooting was under American Shooting Association rules, using 5 traps, and the rapid fire system. Six 10-target sweeps and one 15-target event was shot during the afternoon. A report of the several events follows:

No. 1, 10 targets, 50 cents entry:

Vanderburg	1110111011— 8	W. Wilkinson	0000100011— 3
Riker	0010111010— 5	Powell	1111011110— 8
Brinton	1010111101— 7	Billandel	0010001100— 3
C. Tripp	0111100101— 6	Baker	1111110101— 8
Dye	0000101110— 4	Richardson	1101011110— 7
Ferguson	1111111111—10	Dingman	1111111111—10
Howland	1111111101— 9	S. Tripp	0100111010— 5
Ames	0000010111— 4	Cline	0100101000— 3
Spoor	1100111110— 7		

No. 2, 10 targets, 50 cents entry:

Ames	1111101110— 8	Howland	1001111110— 7
Brinton	1100111111— 8	Baker	1111110101— 8
Field	0010001000— 2	S. Tripp	1100100000— 3
W. Wilkinson	0101100001— 4	Dye	1000011110— 5
C. Tripp	1101001010— 5	Spoor	1111011111— 9
Garvin	0001101010— 4	Billandel	1001011101— 6
Ferguson	0001011111— 6	Dingman	1111111101— 9
Riker	0111100101— 6	Richardson	1110010111— 7
Powell	1010001011— 5	S. Wilkinson	0101010010— 4
Wilson	0000010010— 2	Cline	1001111101— 7
Vanderburg	1111011101— 8	Berthof	0011100011— 5

No. 3, 15 birds, 4 moneys:

Baker	101101101111101—11	Ferguson	111110111111111—14
Ames	011110111111011—12	Vanderhurg	101111110101110—11
Howland	111111101111110—13	Billandel	100111010001101— 8
Powell	001111111100110—10	Richardson	110111111011110—12
W Wilkinson	111101111100110—11	Field	111111011110111—13
Brinton	111111110111101—13	Dingman	101111111111111—14
Spoor	001000111101100— 7	S Tripp	001111110010110— 8
Berthof	001001100111110— 8	Cline	001111011101100— 9
Riker	110100111100100— 8		

No. 4, 10 birds, 3 moneys:

Brinton	1110001110—6	Ames	1111111001—8
S Wilkinson	1101111100—7	Ferguson	1111101111—9
Garvin	0010110011—5	Howland	1111101101—8
W Wilkinson	1111001000—5	Powell	1101111111—9
S Tripp	1000100110—4	Berthof	1000111101—6
C Tripp	1000000011—3	Dingman	1011111111—9
Baker	1110111111—9	Riker	1011100100—5
Spoor	0000011011—4	Cline	1011101110—7
Vanderhurg	1011110101—7	Brinton	1101111111—9

No. 5. 10 birds: S. Wilkinson 3, Field 5, Riker 5, Brinton 9, S. Tripp 2, Dye 2, Wilson 2, Garvin 6, Cline 3, C. Tripp 2, Lee 1, Decker 2.

No. 6, 10 birds: Brinton 9, S. Wilkinson 6, Riker 3, Cline 5, Decker 5, Garvin 8, Field 9, Sherman 3, Paddock 1, S. Tripp 5.

No. 7, 10 singles: Brinton 9, S. Wilkinson 5, S. Tripp 2, Riker 6, Garvin 7, Cline 6, Field 6, Decker 3.

S. WILKINSON, Sec'y.

Trap at San Antonio.

MEDAL shoot of San Antonio Gun Club, July 1, 20 singles and 5 pairs: Rothwell 24, Thiele 18, Frank 10, Vernor 23, France 23, Cann 10, Wagenfuhr 19, Barr 19, Learn 18, Simpson 12, Seugg 14, Samuels 21, McVicker 19, Black 18, Epstein 17, Veith 18, Smith 17, Phillips 20, Chabot 19, Grossman 16, Vollbrecht 21, Shields 21, Biesenbach 19.

FOURTH OF JULY TOURNAMENT.

No. 1, 10 live pigeons, $5 entrance, 3 moneys: Veith 9, Dyer 10, Critzer 8, Chabot 7, Hunt 5, McClelland 7, Scott 8, Thiele 10, McCormack 8, Learn 6, Samuels 8. Thiele and Dyer divided first on a clean score, Veith came in for second, and Critzer, Scott and McCormack divided third.

No. 2, 15 targets: McCormack 12, Veith 14, Scott 10, Chabot 10, Critzer 12, Dyer 10, Scudder 6, Black 11, Faurote 10, Thiele 10, Vernor 7, Samuels 7, Miller 10, Ramsdorf 9, Learn 8, Witchell 7, the last three not in the sweepstakes. In this shoot Veith came in for first without a tie, Samuels for second, McCormack and Critzer divided third, and Black captured fourth.

No. 3, 5 pairs double targets: Vernor 6, Scott 6, Critzer 6, McCormack 6, Miller 5, Dyer 8, Ramsdorf 4. Chabot 6, Thiele 5, Pancoast 4, Learn 6, Black 6, McClelland 4, Scudder 2, Witchell 3.

No. 4: McClelland 6, Chrbot 5, Veith 4, Dyer 6, Thiele 5, McCormack 5, Miller 7, Pancoast 5, Scudder 4, Vernor 5, Tendick 6. Miller captured first on a clean score. McClelland and Dyer divided second, and Chabot, McCormack, Pancoast and Vernor carried off third money.

No. 5, merchandise prize shoot: Vernor 18, Witchell 21, Scott 22, Chabot 16, Prescott 16, Thiele 17, Paris 17, Rothwell 23, Simpson 16, McClelland 18, Smith 19, Ramsdorf 17, Epp 22, Phillips 13, Shields 14, Wagenfuhr 17, Frank 11, McCormack 20, Black 21, Vieth 11, Learn 13, Barr 19, France 17, Cann 18, Scudder 13, Pancoast 18, Kelley 19, Samuels 22, Volbrecht 13, Grossmann 15, Miller 25, Dyer 16, Critzer 22, Epstein 20, Newton 19, Drought 14, Biesenbach 19.

O. C. G.

What They Think of the "Reckoner."

HARVEY MCMURCHY.—A hoon for trap-shooters.

Harry Hartlove.—Can't get along without it.

Neaf Apgar.—It fills a want that has existed for years.

Chares H. Mowry.—Just what the boys need.

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J. Warren Smith.—I don't see how we got along for so many years without it.

H. L. Gates.—Very convenient and a great labor saver.

W. H. Davis.—I must have a copy, sure!

Ferd. V. Van Dyke.—The man who compiled the book is entitled to the thanks of all trapdom.

"Dutchy" Smith.—Send dot Clark veller a medal und told him vy didn't he vos got dot pook out sooner!

Tom Brantingham.—We won't figure any more

Col. Courtney.—It is a great book and fills an aching void.

On Burden's Pond Grounds.

WESTERLY, R. I., July 9.—A number of the boys assembled on the Burden's Pond shooting grounds one day last week to enjoy a little sport with the targets. The day was pleasant and warm, although quite a breeze of wind was blowing across the traps, consequently making the "mud cakes" fly very unevenly, those going with the wind flying low and very fast, while those thrown in the opposite direction traveled much slower, keeping at a higher elevation, thus making it difficult to hit every one. The shooting commenced a few minutes after 3 o'clock P. M. and lasted until near sunset. At the time of starting in on the third event the wind had all died out, therefore the targets sailed through the air steadily and at the proper elevation, making them a great deal easier to get. Clark is not considered the best every day shot, but it happened to be one of his days, and so he managed to find them pretty regularly, the verdict of all the others being that he greatly outdid himself throughout the entire shoot. In the third event he shot against the score of 24 out of 25 made by J. M. Lewis, Jr., on last New Year's Day and broke 25 straight. Appended are the scores in full, 25 targets per man.

No. 1, unknown angles:

M Chapman	1001111011011101001111001—16
A Clark	1111100101011111111111111—21
R Hoxie	0111111111100111011011100—18
S Chapman	1111011011101100111111100—18
J Dolan	1011001011010100010111001—13
H Sisson	0110010101011011110000000—11
S Rathbone	0000000000001000100000110— 4
J Gallagher	1101100000010100111010000—10
A Champlin	0000110000000001000000100— 4
F Pingley	0010101000101101100000010— 9

No. 2, unknown angles: Chapman 19, Clark 22, Hoxie 17, Chapman 17, Dolan 15, Sisson 10, Rathbone 15, Champlin 13, Pingley 8.

No. 3, unknown angles:

Chapman	0010010111110101110011110—15
Clark	1111111111111111111111111—25
Hoxie	1001110111010111111111101—19
Dolan	1010111111001111110100111—19

About the best of it all was, at this point there were 25 loaded shells left, Chapman and Pingley agreeing to shoot 12 apiece, and the one breaking the fewest targets should pay for the whole, 50 cents, which resulted in the following:

Chapman.....111111111101—11 Pingley.....00011010101001—5

VOX.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Greensburg Gun Club.

GREENSBURG, Ind., July 4.—Score of club shoot; 5 live birds, 28yds. rise, 50yds boundary. Class A, No. 1:

Corbett	21121—5	Winchester	020•1—2
H Myers	00111—3	Link	1•2••—2
J Myers	10•21—3	Williams	22122—5
No. 2,			
J Myers	11101—4	Williams	01102—3
H Myers	00?22—3	Winchester	12122—5
Corbett	12221—5	Link	•0••0—0
No. 3:			
Osborn	1111•—4	H Myers	00011—2
Corbett	1•222—4	Winchester	12002—3
Williams	12220—4	Link	2122•—4
Lanham	20211—4	Wright	2•002—2
J Myers	••212—3		

Interstate at Chattanooga.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The September tournament of the Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will be given at Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 19 and 20, in place of Greensboro, N. C.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager I. M. & D. A.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

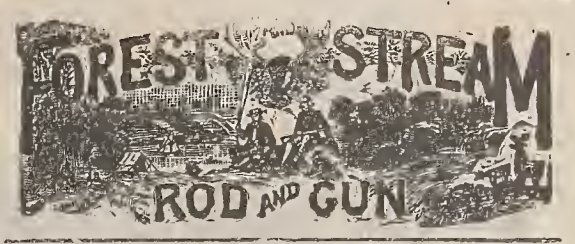
TODE, Providence, R. I.—We advise you to read "Big Reel's" article on surf fishing in our issue of April 3, 1890.

C. L. B., Highlands, N. C.—We cannot give you the address of makers of birch bark canoes, they are made by Indians in the Maine woods, but are not sold in New York. The canvas-covered canoes are much superior and little more expensive.

H. D. P., Fitchburg, Mass.—Is there any law to prevent any one fishing in a protected brook for trout if they stand on a bridge in the highway? Ans. In the lack of specific details which might modify the opinion, we should say that the law would protect the stream even against highway fishermen.

F. W. E., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Are there any elk left in Colorado and New Mexico? 2. If so, where in both Colorado and New Mexico can they be hunted with any prospect of success? Ans. 1. Yes, a few in both States. 2. It is difficult to give localities. Estes Park used to be a good locality, and is easily accessible. There are a few elk in the Snake River country, Colorado, and in many other places in the main range. The Colorado law forbids killing elk except "when necessary for immediate use."

M. T. L., Minneapolis.—The cutting of a good jib is an art only acquired by long practice and a thorough knowledge of sail making. The jib should be full on the luff, rounding out a little under the stay when sheeted home. There is no rule we can give you for cutting a jib. The length of spinaker boom depends on many things besides main boom; it is limited by the clubs to the distance from mast to jibstay.



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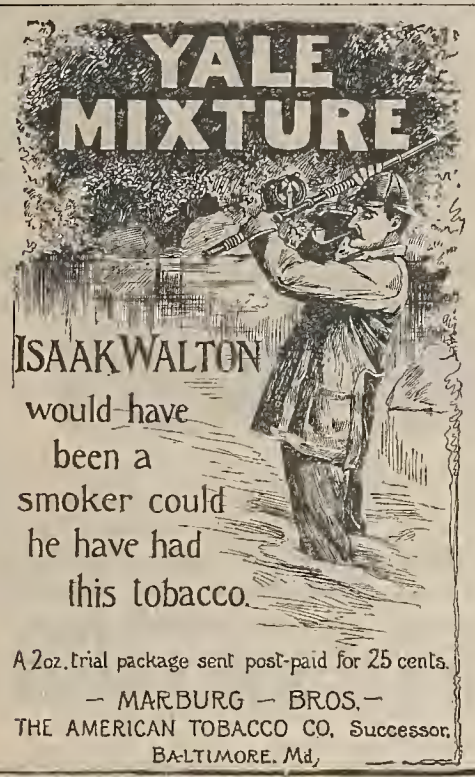

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Sickley	11111111101111111111111—24	Yeomans	11111111111111111111110—24	Thomas	11110111111101011111111—23	Yeomans	11111111111111111111111—25
Van Dyke	11111111111111101111111 24	Sickley	11111111111111111111111—24	Headen	11111111111111111111111—25	Sickley	11111111111111111111111—25
Drake	11111101111111101111111—23	Van Dyke	01111111111111111111111—24	Geoffroy	11111011110111111111111—23	Van Dyke	11111101101111111111111—23
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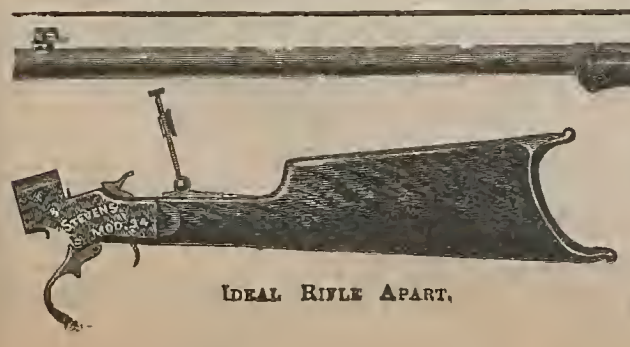

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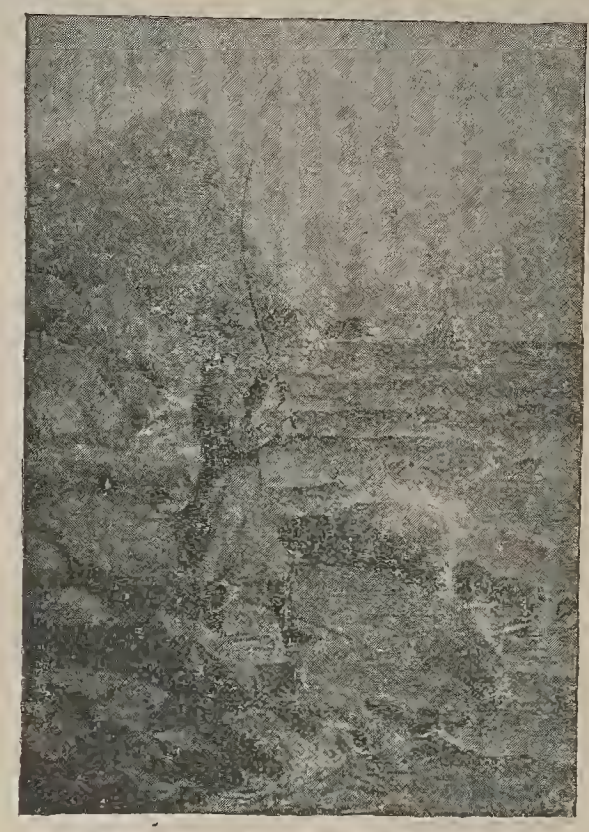

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iv.

CONTENTS.

Editorial.
Mountain Climbing.
An Incident of Skunk River.
Snap Shots.

The Sportsman Tourist.
Over the Border.
FOREST AND STREAM Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

Natural History.
Size of the Bear.
Trout and Water Snake.

Game Bag and Gun.
A Shot Spreader for Chokebores.
Maine Deer, Moose and Caribou.
Stop the Sale of Game.
Netting Wild Pigeons.

Sea and River Fishing.
Concerning Izaak Walton.
On the North Shore of Lake Superior.
Angling Notes.
Odd Days with the Trout.
A Day with the Channel Cat.
Was It the Fool-Killer's Chance?
Texas Tarpon.
Hudson River Salmon.
Boston Fishermen.

Fishculture.
Set Lines in Round Lake.
Warden Moyer Reappointed.

The Kennel.
Swiss St. Bernards.
Much Ethics.
Show Beagles as Field Dogs.
Points and Flushes.
Dog Chat.
Kennel Answers.

Yachting.
The Clyde and Irish Races.
The Lake Y. R. A. Meet.
The 21-Foot Class.
Yachting News Notes.

Canoeing.
Canoes and Canoe Sailing in 1894.
Mr. Howard in England.
Canoeing Notes.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Modern American Pistols and Revolvers.
The Columbia's Challenge.
Revolver Shooting in England.
Rifle at San Antonio.
Club Shoots.
Rifle Notes.

Trap Shooting.
Newark Gun Club Winners.
Birds and Targets at White Plains.
Drivers and Twisters.

Answers to Queries.

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MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

DURING the days of blazing heat that are now upon us, there is something peculiarly refreshing in the thought of snow-capped mountains. The dweller in the heated city streets, or he who lives in the midst of a torrid plain pictures to himself the huge mass whose gently rolling foothills rise near at hand and gradually melt into timbered slopes where the ascent is sharper. These in turn give place to bare walls of rock, and crowning the whole is the cap of white, which sends down by each ravine snowy fingers that clasp the mountain's crown with a grasp which is gentle but which never lets go. To live within sight of such a mountain is a privilege to be highly valued, but one which too often is but little appreciated. The joy of ascending such a mountain is hardly to be expressed in words.

It is only within a very short time that mountain climbing has become recognized in this country as an attractive recreation, and even in Europe its delights are comparatively new. We know that the soldiers of Hannibal, and again of the Great Napoleon, scaled the Alps, but we cannot imagine that in those days any one ever climbed for pleasure. Then such work was merely toil and toil of a peculiarly difficult—because unusual—sort. But within the past fifty years mountaineering in Europe has become a recognized pastime, and one which has a very large number of enthusiastic followers.

But there had been mountaineers long before this. To say nothing of many isolated cases during the Middle Ages, there was an early Swiss naturalist named Conrad Gesner, the author of many curious works on birds, mammals and plants, who had in him the true spirit of a mountaineer, for in 1541 he wrote to his friend Vogel:

"I have resolved for the future, so long as God grants me life, to ascend divers mountains every year, or at least one, in the season when vegetation is at its height, partly for botanical observation, partly for the worthy exercise of the body and recreation of the mind. What must be the pleasure, think you, what the delight of a mind rightly touched to gaze upon the huge mountain masses for one's show, and as it were, lift one's head into the clouds? The soul is strangely rapt with these astonishing heights, and carried off to the contemplation of the one Supreme Architect."

These are noble words, and had Gesner carried out his intentions, and written the book on mountaineering which he proposed, the sport which is now in such high favor in Europe would have had a longer history. Soon after this, political troubles in Switzerland interfered with Gesner's plans, and it was nearly three centuries later before mountaineering began to take rank as a diversion, which, if it has not now attained almost the standing of a science, has at least contributed much to scientific knowledge.

If mountaineering—as the word is here used—if Alpine climbing, is young in Europe, how much younger must it be in the United States? Until within a very few years it was not practiced at all, though mountain travel has long been common, and now and then hunters ascended lofty peaks in search of the game to be found chiefly there. Yet within a few years at least three Alpine clubs have been formed in the United States, of which two have done remarkably good work, while the third, as yet only in process of formation, is too young to have accomplished anything.

The two older clubs are the Appalachian, which has its headquarters in Boston, and the Sierra Club of San Francisco. The former publishes a journal, besides which its members have contributed many excellent articles and some volumes to the literature of their favorite pastime. The Sierra Club also issues a publication, and some photographs taken by its members are marvels of excellence and genuine treasures to persons interested in mountains, their forms and in kindred subjects.

In Oregon a new Alpine club has recently been formed under the style and title of the Mazamas. At first the name may appear trivial, yet after all it is very expressive. Mazama—the "white goat"—is a characteristic North American mammal and mountain dweller. No animal lives higher, and it reaches the peaks which it frequents by the exercise of the sturdy, persistent effort, which alone can bring success and triumph to the man who would attain similar heights. The new club has been formed for exploration among the superb snow cones which form such beautiful and striking features of the Cascade Range, and its members have within easy reach of them such peaks as Hood, Rainier, Adams, Jefferson, Baker, St. Helen, as well as many others, on whose summits the foot of man has not yet rested.

It is a good sign for America when the hardy sport of mountain climbing for its own sake has gained a foothold here, and we may hope that year by year it will grow in popularity as it should. There is no sport which calls for better qualities both of mind and body than this, and none which, in its ultimate effects on him or her who practices it, is more ennobling.

AN INCIDENT OF SKUNK RIVER.

AN Iowa stream, bearing the homely appellation of Skunk River, has just been the scene of a distressing occurrence, which adds another casualty to the long and growing list of those attending the use of dynamite for fishing. The hazard inseparable from the handling of high explosives is so real and so constant, that recourse to dynamite as a means of taking fish would appear to be the last resort of men driven to desperation by hunger; and it would seem altogether superfluous to enact laws forbidding such a dangerous mode of fishing. There are such laws, however, in most of the States, but in spite of inherent peril and of legal prohibition, the dynamite fisherman pursues his "sport," and in nine cases out of ten that come to the public attention in the newspapers, publicity is gained not through an enforcement of the law, but because of the maiming or killing of the participants by a premature explosion. The Skunk River incident belongs to this class.

A bright young farmer named Tharp, of West Des Moines, repaired to the Skunk "for an afternoon's fishing and sport." He was accompanied by two ladies, one of whom he was about to marry. Young Tharp knew of a deep pool in the Skunk haunted by big fish, and intent upon their capture he equipped himself with a supply of dynamite cartridges. Donning a bathing costume he went about the "sport" in the usual style, throwing in a cartridge, and after its explosion swimming about the pool and gathering the fish which floated on the surface. Just how the ill-fated young dynamiter courted his death is not known with certainty, but the hypothesis suggested by the local paper is this:

> His fishing had been successful, as was shown by a number of fish thrown upon the bank and floating upon the water. It is thought that he had prepared to make another haul and had thrown another cartridge into the water. There being no explosion he threw in another, and there was an answer, probably the explosion of the first charge. Seeing a large fish come to the surface, Tharp swam in after it, and undoubtedly received the shock of the explosion of the second cartridge, and was thus rendered helpless. The ladies say that he turned toward them, commenced spitting in a violent manner, had turned very pale and was struggling to gain the bank. He called for help, and the ladies, running here and there, could find nothing but a piece of grape vine about eight feet in length. They waded into the water, but the vine was too short to reach the distressed boy. He said a faint good-bye and sank, rose again, and a second time said farewell, and sank to rise no more.

It is added that Tharp was a young man of exemplary life, honored, respected and popular in the community, over which his untimely death has cast a gloom. Public opinion in that section may differ as to the importance of protecting the fish of the Skunk River from dynamite cartridges, but there will hardly be found any one who will not deplore the cruel and untimely taking off of such a citizen by his indulgence in unlawful practices. If the citizens of West Des Moines will not observe the fishing laws of the State as being reasonable statutes for the protection and preservation of the fish supply, they might at least heed them and compel obedience to them as merciful provisions for the protection and preservation of human life.

There is not one thing to be said in defense of dynamiting fish. It kills not only the fish sought for the immediate occasion, but all other fish as well—large and small—within the shock of the explosion; and when it reacts on the fisherman, it makes no discrimination between the young and the old, the just and the unjust. It ruins beyond reparation the fish supply, and is answerable for an amount of human injury and misery and for deaths outweighing ten thousand-fold all the benefit it ever has been or ever will be. It ought to be stamped out from Iowa and everywhere else. But it will continue, probably for generations, destroying the food resources of the waters, and adding to the hosts of the crippled, and swelling the death rate; and the newspapers will go on recording the killing by dynamite of examplary young men like Tharp and hoary-headed old sinners.

SNAP SHOTS.

We often hear of the lost chances for a shot when the game approaches close to the hunter who has left his gun behind, and such an incident usually affords an unfailing subject of regret on the part of the narrator who recounts what a trophy he might have won. But of all such unimproved woods opportunities those are most to be regretted which fall to the lot of the camera hunter. The story a correspondent tells to-day of gliding in his canoe within twenty feet of a noble moose standing erect in the water thrills even in the reading. That was a chance to secure a picture of living game, beside which a like opportunity to kill the game would have been insignificant; it was, indeed, the chance of a lifetime—and a chance which was lost.

HENRY WARD BEECHER used to tell a story illustrating the abundance of wild pigeons, when he was living in Indianapolis in the Forties. A hunter came into town one day with six dozen wild pigeons, which he vainly endeavored to sell or to give away. At last he left them exposed in his cart in the public street, saying that some one might possibly come along and steal them; but on his return he found, much to his disgust, that another hunter had added eight dozen more to the pile. There are no supplies to create a glut of wild pigeons in these days. How the flocks have been lessened and destroyed by systematic, ingenious and business-like pursuit is hinted in the stories told by a pigeon netter in our shooting columns last week and to-day. When express agents and professional hunters league themselves to follow the movements of a migratory and gregarious land species with such unrelenting thoroughness, the supply must give out. These tales of a pigeon netter are mainly historical; the wild pigeon is the feathered counterpart of the buffalo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

OVER THE BORDER.

"I WOULD not make a trip around Lake Superior if some one were to pay my fare. I would be content to live the year through within sound of the carriages on Third street." Such was the reply of a gentleman in St. Paul to whom I had spoken of the charms of a voyage around this inland sea.

But I confess to a taste so different that I am ill-content to stay in the city unless I can see the country or the woods once a week. Accordingly, while others were bent for the sea shore, the lake side, and other scenes of the summer engagement, I was dreaming of a dryad mistress among the woods and waters of northern Minnesota, and set forth to see if I might realize my dream.

Our party consisted of three—Mr. John Wheeler, of Duluth, a young man who combines the intelligence and culture of the citizen with the woodcraft of the savage; Frank Mesoba, an Ojibbeway Indian guide, and the writer.

My journey by water extended from Tower, Minnesota, to Rat Portage, Ontario, some 250 miles, and about 90 miles of this was made in the canoe.

Though our voyage lay through a land of big game, we set not out with intent to kill, the only shooting implement in the outfit being a kodak.

At 6 o'clock on a bright July morning we boarded our frail craft at Camp Wakemup, a little Indian reservation. We started for a point where the Vermillion Lake empties into the river of the same name—Mr. Wheeler in the bow, Mesoba in the stern, and the writer between—and thus, with paddles alternately dipping in the lake and flashing in the sun, our birchen vessel glided over the sheen of waters "like a yellow leaf in autumn, like a yellow water lily."

A trip down the Vermillion River very properly begins with a portage—presage of much that is to follow, for the impassable portions of the river are frequent. The first ten miles is but a chain of lakes. But after that it assumes the general shape of a river. The shores are mostly low and marshy; a lynx's eye could hardly penetrate the denseness of the underwood. In places great bunches of wild hay nod like sheaves over the banks, and here and there is a garden where the water lilies display their "purity of stainless white" and unbosom a "heart of gold" as if unafraid to open themselves to the inspection of heaven.

Fields of wild rice often extend for miles on either side of the channel—the heaven-sent manna to those who sojourn in the American wilderness, for they gather in hundreds in the autumn, and running their canoes into the rice, bend it over the gunwale and thresh it into the bottom of the craft. This is a season of great mirth and match-making among the Indians.

These rice beds are also the feeding ground of great flocks of ducks; and here multitudes of them are shot every fall. But this is also a country of larger game—the moose, the bear and caribou are found. During our voyage we sighted two deer by the river brink. I wanted to photograph them, but ere I could get within range they withdrew into the undergrowth and were swallowed up as in a thick cloud. Here and there a broken blade of grass or a lilypad floating down the stream, elicited from Mesoba the word "Moose!" These monarchs of the forest, wading into the water to avoid the flies and feed upon the succulent roots, detach these vegetable fragments, and nothing of this kind escapes the instinctive vigilance of the Indian. They frequently catch the young moose alive and sell them to fanciers. In a short time they become as tame as pet lambs. I saw and photographed several of them. They are not unlike a young colt in appearance. Some time ago an old gentleman from Tennessee, who held a Government position on the Big Horn, a tributary of the Rainy River, was up looking after the homesteaders. His leading ambition was to kill a moose. Standing on the river bank one morning he discovered on the opposite shore what appeared to be a span of mules. "What a fine shot," he said to himself, "if they were only moose." And so tickled was he with the idea that he took his rifle and leveled it at them, laid it down again, feeling that his fancy was "all a dream, too pleasing sweet to be substantial." He stood and watched the animals turn into the woods, when it dawned upon him that in that wilderness he was far from the haunts of mules—save himself, the stupidest of all mules—for the animals that had paid him their respects were no other than two fine moose. Then was his Tennessee vocabulary too limited to express his self-disgust.

Here is one of Mesoba's exploits with a caribou: "One time I out with my wife I see it de caribou in de lake. I jump in my canoe and paddle out. I catch it de caribou by tail. Oh, dat caribou he swim hard. I hang on, but I not know what I can do next. At las' I take it my knife and stab it de caribou in de side. Dat caribou he not die for 'bout an hour, I guess. He swim all over de lake. My wife she's awful 'fraid I'll get drown."

Mesoba has a great bear dog: "Dat dog he find it fourteen bears for me las' year. When wind blow he smell it de wind, den run to de woods and go dat way in de snow (pawing with his hands). I come and pull it back de brush and look in, I see it de bear sleep in dere. Den I shoot. Dat dog he find it bear for me all de time." When we consider that bears were worth $50 each that year we don't wonder that Mesoba admired the ursine proclivities of his dog—Wabesheish (martin).

There are two splendid falls on the Vermillion, the lower one of which is exceedingly picturesque. One is surprised to find a river so quiet as this has been, loitering by its rice beds, now worked into such fury. But what wonder when we consider that a stream of such volume is forced down through a gorge whose sides are not more than eight or ten feet apart. But how fond is Nature of contrasts. Far up these granite walls, in the crevices of the rock, the little bluebells wave in the wind and nod over the tormented waters, tender as tears of pity on the stern face of Justice.

The portage on the Vermillion is a narrow and well-beaten footpath round the rapid, or fall. Often it winds tortuously up and down the hills, and is crossed by rotten logs and fallen trees. Over these we must toil with our canoe and luggage. But the carrying is not without its advantages, as it gives the canoeists a chance to straighten their limbs and bring another set of muscles into play—nor without its mental associations, for as we sweat under our burdens we remember that we are passing a trail that has been trodden by the feet of many generations who have long since gone

> "To the Islands of the Blessed,
> To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
> To the Land of the Hereafter."

The portage past, we launch again and slip away. When evening approaches, bringing thoughts of supper and camp, we drop in our trolling spoon and take out a couple of pickerel or pike, and when a suitable place presents itself on the shore, we land. In a few minutes the fire is blazing and the tent is spread. But what means that path through the underwood? We suspect, and with pail in hand follow it up a few rods, and lo! a clear spring, welling up in the midst of a mossy bed. Oh, how appetizing are the sylvan streams and the tonic airs, and how subtle the flavors of the wood nymphs! Here the simplest dish is a dainty, and one stops eating from a sense of prudence rather than from a feeling of sufficiency. The supper over, story follows story, for where else in the world are stories told as round the camp-fire? There men, cut off from other society, draw nearer to each other, and memory, lighting her torch, leads us again o'er the hills and valleys of the past, now covered with the purple of enchanting distance.

Of course we had a few bouts with the mosquitoes, and lost blood in the fray, albeit they were not as bad as I had seen them in other places, still one night they pushed the battle to the gates and beyond. I had been accustomed to think of the mosquito as a light-hearted little Frenchman, fond of the Provençal dance and fiddle playing, drawing his dagger on occasion, but without much malice aforethought; but I have changed my mind since I saw what befell this night at Vermillion, and henceforth I look upon him as an evil-designing man who lieth in wait for blood. A kind friend made me a complete covering of mosquito netting for my head, a kind of sack that had arm holes and fastened with an elastic cord around the chest. Clothed in this panoply, I looked out upon the enemy with that feeling of security enjoyed by one who looks out through the loopholes of a fortification upon a feeble antagonist. I even went forth to meet him as Goliath in his armor went out to meet David with his sling of pebbles. But to sustain the figure, he smote me between the joints of the harness. They entered at the arm holes of the aforesaid headgear. And even when in our tent, with the door covered with netting, they effected an entry in a way not easily found out, excepting by these resolute skirmishers, and about 4 o'clock in the morning we were compelled to surrender the tent without quarter.

At the lower end of the Vermillion we met three men journeying back to Tower. They had been in the woods three months, and eagerly inquired as to what had happened in the world of late. They had also lost track of the day of the week, and being informed that it was Friday they said: "We were not so far wrong after all, as we had agreed among ourselves it was Saturday."

Passing from the reedy river, we find ourselves on the beautiful waters of Sturgeon Lake. And to pass from the former to the latter is like turning from the dull and dusky visage of a squaw to the beauty of that face that still haunts one even in the remotest solitudes.

Here one beholds the forest in its pristine glory—the green trees creeping down to the water's brink and leaning over as if enchanted by the vision of their own reflected loveliness. The rounded hills rolling away from the lake and covered by the tapering tops of the balsam firs, look as if all the churches in Christendon were gathered into one immense cathedral, and this was the wilderness of spires and minarets, while the white birches gleam in the shade like silver pillars in a temple. The lake, set with green islands, is surrounded by a shore line of granite, bended into innumerable bays, pockets, peninsulas and points, that keep up a continued surprise of beauty as the canoe glides quietly along.

But there is something for the ear as well as for the eye. In calm mornings the birds warble their sweetest melodies, the sturgeon can be heard plunging in the still bays, and a call sent across the waters reveals the place where echo dwells, while in time of storm is heard the unceasing moan of the forest, and the thunder of the galloping waves, as they break in white rage against the granite bastions of the shore.

From Sturgeon Lake we pass into Capitogamoque, which is largely a continuation of the same scenery.

Though in August the birds are not numerous in these waters, yet the gull hovered around on bowed pinions—the plover tilted and scurried along the shore—the turkey-buzzard hung high in the heavens and the eagle occasionally swooped on his quarry.

One afternoon in Capitogamoque we noticed a column of smoke curling up from the trees on the shore, and thinking it might be Chief Wakemup, for whom we were on the lookout, we put in, and found three Indian women drying blueberries. They had two courts inclosed by sheets of birch bark—there was a scaffold in each court, covered with wild hay, on which were spread bushels of blueberries being dried by a slow fire under the scaffold. One of them, an old one, who had more loquacity than beauty, smoked her huge pipe and cracked her jokes in Ojibwa, making the woods ring with her laughter. Her daughter-in-law stood near by in the undergrowth with her little papoose bound on its washboard cradle. She was a comely young woman with a good face and figure. But alas for beauty when yoked with jealousy; for Mesoba, who knew something about their family affairs, remarked, as we came away: "Her man he not like it any man talk to his wife. He scold all the time. He take it his fist and hit her in the face." All of which goes to suggest that if jealous-minded men must marry, they ought to secure wives with face and form as ugly as their own minds, if that were possible. But whatever the squaw may think of marriage, the average Indian would hardly pronounce it a failure, for go into one of their wigwams and you find several able-bodied men, squatting on the floor, smoking pipes almost the size of walking sticks, or whittling, as a pastime, while all the women are industriously at work. When it is time to flit, she takes up the house and walks, while her lord and master saunters along with his gun and perhaps some other light utensil. Then while he enjoys his pipe, she rebuilds the dwelling. Some of the Indians think it effeminate in a man to assume these heavier burdens, and if he does, they stigmatize him as "an old squaw."

One thing that constantly offends the visitor is their dirty aspect. Living as they always do, by an abundance of water in this great soap age of ours, there is no reason why they should present such an unwashed appearance. I would that in our own day a new John the Baptist might take his stand by some Jordan in this American wilderness and preach not only repentance, but by all means baptism therewith and soap as well as water.

I shall not soon forget the scene of quiet beauty that lay around and above us as we camped one night on a point in Capitogamoque. We put up early in the afternoon because of the strong head wind and heavy sea on which our canoe was tossing like a mere chip. After supper followed the camp-fire conversation, while a bird in a tree hard by sang to us like "an embodied joy." Then spreading our tent for a wind-break, we made our bed to the leeward and crept under the blankets, with the waves lapping the rocks below and "the red rising moon" looking down upon us, benign as the face of a mother bending over her children to kiss them good-night.

> "And there as a child in the mother's arms,
> O'ercome with sleep and with love caressed,
> Full far removed from the world's alarms,
> We lay in the soft embrace of rest;
> While Nature sang her lullaby song
> And soothed us to sleep on her gentle breast."

From Capitogamoque we passed into Rainy Lake, where since this voyage gold has been discovered in such paying quantities as to cause quite an excitement. Even in the depth of winter there has been a large influx of fortune hunters into this inhospitable region. And it is safe to say that the woods will swarm with prospectors during the summer.

Rainy Lake empties into Rainy River, a noble stream flowing westward and forming the international boundary between the United States and Canada for eighty miles. Two miles down, at a magnificent fall, which lowers the river some 28ft., is situated the picturesque village of Fort Francis, an oasis of civilization in the heart of the wilderness, ninety miles from Tower, and 150 from Rat Portage, its next neighbor on either side. Here I bade good-by to my good canoemen, who turned again homeward while I tarried three days waiting for a boat. Fort Francis and the neighboring Indian settlement contain some 300 or 400 inhabitants, Indians, half-breeds and whites, for the two currents of blood have met and mingled freely. I presume these half-breeds, when among the whites, feel like Indians; and, when among the Indians, feel like whites. But though this is a backwoods town, it must not be supposed that the inhabitants are all backwoods people. It was my lot here to form a very pleasant acquaintance with Mr. Phair, brother of the Rev. Archdeacon Phair of Winnipeg, well known in the United States and Canada. Mr. Phair keeps a general store and does a large trade with the Indians in furs. Last year he secured fifteen silver fox skins, worth $100 apiece. He has never known a thoroughly black fox to be taken in these parts, and the general scarcity of these animals may be inferred from the fact that the Hudson Bay Company in London sold only seven the year before last, at $375 each. One of the Company's trading posts has long been at Fort Francis, and is still in operation. Some good crops of oats were growing in the vicinity of the village, but an army of worms, moving down over the farms, threatened to leave nothing but the mortgages.

As I walked forth one evening along a solitary road in the woods I heard a stir in the brush and was curious to know what it might be, but deeming discretion advisable till I should discover the nature of the game I reconnoitered for a space, while the little animal challenged me a dozen times by springing forward under the shrubbery and stamping on the ground. At length, disdaining me as a contemptible coward, he walked off, when, emerging from the cover, I perceived a skunk with tail nodding like Hector's plume over his back. Had I been less cautious I can easily imagine myself retreating with the agitation of Macbeth and exclaiming:

> "Could all old Neptune's oceans
> Wash the smell clean from these clothes."

As is well known, it was the policy of the McKenzie government in Canada to connect the east and northwest by a line of boats. A canal was then dug almost to completion at Fort Francis to overcome the fall and stands unfinished till this day, for a change of government, and the construction of the great Canadian Pacific Railway caused this old "Dawson Route" to be abandoned. But the people of the Fort are living in hope that it may be opened up yet.

After a wait of three days at Fort Francis I boarded a little steamer and started down the Rainy River. The Canadian shore is settled almost continuously, but farming is done on a small scale. Our accommodating captain, who had a barge in tow, being hailed by some of the settlers on shore, would swing his boat and barge, end for end, and land to receive, perhaps, a letter to mail or a kerosene can to be filled. He did it all in the most neighborly way without any of the "insolence of office."

The Minnesota side has but few settlers. Throughout almost the whole length of the river an unbroken woods runs down to the water brink.

Two Minnesota streams of considerable volume—the Big Fork and the Little Fork—give their tribute of water and logs to the Rainy River, for a good quantity of pine is cut every winter in these parts and sent across the Lake of the Woods to be sawed at Rat Portage.

Fine sturgeon abound in these waters, some of them weighing nearly 100lbs., and the stories told of their capture are in proportion. I shall not take the risk of repeating any of them. But suffice it to say, that when a party of exploiters drives one of these piscatorial giants into shoal water, and then one of the party, with either more courage or less experience than the others, gets in, takes the fish by the gills and tries to land him, there ensues a side-splitting comedy for the onlookers.

One day took us down the Rainy River and the next morning we found ourselves tossing on the Lake of the Woods. The sea ran high; we were in the trough of the waves; and our attempts at our toilet might have seemed highly comical were it not for those solemn admonitions from within that sent us back several times to our berth. The cook had the pots tied upon the stove to keep them in place. But when we reached the islands we found quiet water.

Roughly speaking, the Lake of the Woods is about

seventy miles square, the northern half of it being a wilderness of islands, according to some writers, numbering more than ten thousand. It might seem that when the earth was being formed there was found a surplus of this geographical feature, and they were thrown together in this remote corner to put them out of the way.

One day on the little steam tug, took us over the Lake of the Woods to Rat Portage. As we drew near the northern shore, we found the islands gay with campers and picnic parties, for many come here from Winnipeg to take a summer outing, and certainly a more delightful spot it would be hard to find, and the place is destined in the future to become a popular summer resort, where rest and recuperation will be found for the jaded nerves and brain.

The Lake of the Woods empties at its northwest corner, hy several outlets, into the Winnipeg River, and here in picturesque gorges are found two beautiful falls from whose eddies the disciple of Walton, having crept down the rocks and dropped in his hook, has the exhilaration of landing many a fine fish. On one of these falls is located the electric light plant that illuminates the town, for Rat Portage, though so far north and solitary, has quite a metropolitan air about it, and is in immediate touch with the whole civilized world, being on the line of the great Canadian Pacific Railway.

We had now come about 240 miles by canoe and steamboats since we left the railway at Tower. Here, about 1 o'clock in the morning, we boarded the west-bound train, crossed the iron bridges over the streams just mentioned, roared through the tunnel in the rock, and sped on to the city of Winnipeg, and ninety miles further, over boundless prairie and through billowy fields of wheat to my destination.

The Province of Manitoba is peculiarly rich in the number and variety of its aquatic birds. In Glenboro I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. J. B. Mathers, who prepared the exhibit of birds and mammals for the World's Fair. Of the former he sent pairs of 266 different species or varieties and of the latter 52 pairs. Mr. Mathers assured me there are places in the Duck Mountains, about 300 miles from Winnipeg, where the deer have runways worn several feet deep going to their watering places, and during the deep snows of a recent winter the Indians made great havoc among them, taking nothing but the head and hide.

In closing, I would say, this trip over the border by paddle and portage gave me a taste of something for which I have often hungered, but I am not yet satiated, and many a time since then, in the craft of the mind—still lighter than the birchen vessel that bore us—propelled by the silent paddles of memory and fancy, have I found myself gliding again over these northern waters.

S. N. MCADOO.

"Forest and Stream's" Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

No. 9.

The Effects of Solitude.

IF it be true that it is well for man to be much with nature, it is equally true that is not well for him to be too much alone with nature. No hermit is absolutely sane. No Western sheep herder ever passed beyond seven years at his solitary calling without becoming mentally affected, and in the West the class is notorious for "cranks." Surrounded by the tokens of man's handiwork and presence, under a roof and within communicating distance of other men, the case of the solitary man is different, yet even such environments will leave visible effect. The winter keepers of the Park show the marks of their calling. I have spoken of John Folsom as the most silent man in the world. At the Fountain we found John Schmidt, the winter keeper, quite the opposite of this. He was delighted to see us, and talked freely with us on all sorts of topics. He would sit and talk on and on, and while I presume he never knew the difference, his voice had a low, even monotone, no doubt the reflex voice of his monotonous, solitary life. I said solitary, but this should be qualified. Mr. Schmidt had two enormous house cats and a dog. The two cats were bitter enemies and fought on sight, but each loved their keeper as much as he did them. One of them would crawl up on his lap and put its paws around his neck, and he would sit and stroke it by the hour. For the dog we visitors had no affection because that animal had a habit of sitting up all night and barking at the wolves and foxes which every night came in about the hotel kitchen where we made our abode. Often the dog would come running in and barking full voice, and then we knew he had struck something bigger than a fox, and wondered what it was. Meantime we did not sleep.

Our little stop at the Fountain was very pleasant, the more so because John Schmidt was an efficient hand at getting up good and frequent meals. We enjoyed rude appetites and were all in perfect health except Holte, who practically fell out of the trip at this point. He had neglected to wear his glasses on the last day out and was now nearly blind as a result, besides being pretty well tired down by the long march. Holte was only a boy, barely 21, and though a good shoer he was too slight to stand the work as well as his mate, Larsen. Both were good cheerful boys and we could not have asked better. We let Holte go back in to the Post with one of the men from the Firehole station ahead of us, the others staying on for the trip through the geyser basins.

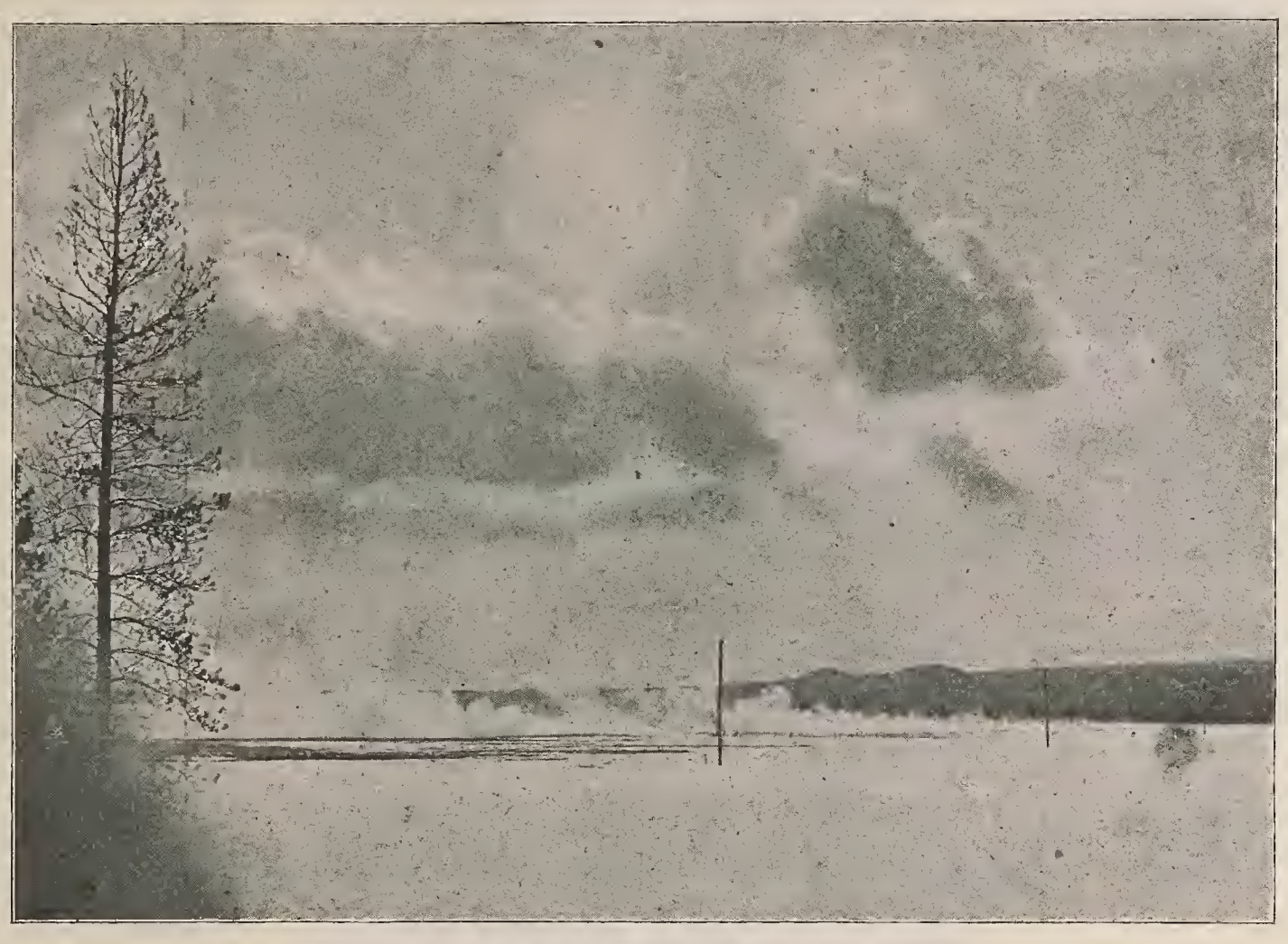
Died Alone in the Snow.

The dangers of winter travel in this wild region were painfully brought to view for us during our stay at the Fountain Basin. Sergt. Moran and one man had just gotten in from Riverside station, the extreme westerly patrol station of the Park, distant 15 miles from the Fountain or Lower Geyser Basin. Moran was asking anxiously for news of his other man, Alex. Matthews, who had started for the Fountain two weeks before. Matthews had not been heard from at either end of the route, and the hard conclusion had to be accepted that he had lost the trail and died alone in the snow. Capt. Anderson, knowing well the risks of shoeing in the Park, has issued strict orders that no soldier shall go out alone and no sergeant in charge of a patrol station has authority to send out a man alone. Moran was very uneasy and explained that Matthews had insisted on going alone over to the Fountain after the mail. He had been over the trail before and laughed at the idea that he could not make the trip in safety. Moran went to the top of the hill with him, 4½ or 5 miles, and from there the trail was easier and should have been plain. Matthews had a lunch with him and some matches, but nothing else by way of supplies. He might possibly have gotten through two or three days and nights, not more. What probably happened is that he was caught in some sudden storm, which blotted out all landmarks and left him with no idea of the points of the compass. Wandering from the trail, frightened at the awful situation which faced him, he no doubt exerted every energy to keep up the highest possible speed, and so became heated up. When night came with its added horrors, he was forced to stop. Perhaps he built a fire, but he had no blankets, and worn out and discouraged as he was, he perhaps dozed by the fire. Then came the dreaded chilling through, the stupor, the rigor. The wolves would soon find him then. Private Matthews's bones, last witness of another of the hidden tragedies of the mountains, may perhaps some day be found by the searching parties which sixty days later had proved unsuccessful. His bones may be found to the left of his trail, down in the Madison Cañon, or may be to the right, in the lower mountains, or perhaps he may have wandered miles back into the inner ranges, where men never go. His actual fate may perhaps always be a mystery. Desertion from the army was out of the question for him, equipped as he was, indeed an impossibility, for he would have been obliged to pass by some station for supplies. Heavy snows had wiped out all trails at the time we saw Moran, and later, after the thawing and sinking of the snow, the raised trail of the *skis* could not be found where it was expected Matthews had gone. He no doubt lost his head early in the day and got entirely out of his course. At the time we left the Park he had not been heard from, and since then I have not learned other news. Private Matthews enlisted at Cleveland, O.

Moran wished to report to Capt. Anderson at once, of course, but the wire was down. On this account the man was sent in from Firehole Station, Holte accompanying him. They found the break near Norris Station, and the message reached the Post before they did. At the Fountain all we could do was to look sadly at the white mountains to the west, which held their secret tranquilly and coldly. Had it been two days instead of two weeks after the non-appearance of Matthews, something might have been done by searching, but as it was we all knew search was utterly useless, and so did not make up any party for it. Capt. Anderson duly sent out a search party on receipt of the news, but no one of the detail had any hope of success.

Among the Geysers.

Billy and I spent a couple of days resting and seeing the geysers, and of course, being new in the Park, I took the keenest interest in the wonderful spectacles of that weird region. We put in a half day in hard work with the camera, and made views of the Fountain Geyser, the Paint Pots and several of the minor geysers. I had also a good view or two of the hotel, half buried as it was in the snow. I can remember very clearly that afternoon, when toward evening the clouds broke and gave us a hint of the glories of a mountain sunset. The white armies of the snow were marching in endless file across the wide valley, and the same winds which drove them made endless involutions of the mystic mist veils of the geysers, made tenfold more distinct by the contact with the frostful air of winter. Near by us the breath of the mighty Fountain Geyser had congealed in a thousand prankish forms upon the trees nearest to it. Away in the background the sun was struggling bravely with the opposing clouds, and to the right of where it was sinking, appeared the high front of Mt. Holmes, just cut in half by a white snow-bearing spirit of the storm. I do not know what other time or what other region could produce a scene parallel to this. It is one of the panels of the majestic panorama which in my dreams I still can see to-day.



SUNRISE IN GEYSER-LAND.

Photo by E. Hough. FOREST AND STREAM Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

Off for the Upper Basin.

After seeing the main points of interest at the lower Firehole Basin, we concluded to visit the yet more wonderful scenes of the Upper Basin, and on a beautiful bright morning set out from the Fountain for that purpose, taking Larsen along with us. We made fine time with the *skis* till we reached the middle or Midway Basin, when the snow began to stick. We cared little for that, however, for the beauties about us compelled forgetfulness of physical exertion. Here we saw geysers and geysers and geysers, all sorts, all colors, all shapes. One of the most startling of the features of this district is the Prismatic Pool, a beautiful great pool, whose surface is bordered by a wide band of deposit which in regular and sharply defined lines shows almost every color of the rainbow. This prismatic ribbon extends quite around the pool, and is as evenly laid on as though by the hand of a skilled painter. It is well known that the different colored algæ form in different temperatures of the water, and this accounts for the different colors on many of the geyser terraces, but to find this regular parti-colored band showing the lines of color so vividly demarked is almost too startling for scientific theorizing. I like better to call it the alchemy of nature used in sport, the bubble-blowing of the Titans, the chemistry and the art of elves.

The great Excelsior Geyser, whose tremendous crater could swallow up a troop of horse and not feel it, was not playing, of course, for it has not been active for years, but all the interior of the vast crater was a blinding mass of white steam. Out of this crater ran a brook of boiling water, which fell into the Madison River after its course of a few yards. In its palmy days the old Excelsior when spouting threw out a boiling flood which raised the Madison a foot in height. Some years ago a trooper was fording the Madison when Excelsior was in action, and his horse was caught by the hot flood of water and so badly scalded that it died. Excelsior is the largest geyser in the world. What its future is to be the grumbling, hissing crater would not tell, but all students of the Park hope it will resume activity after the present business depression shall have passed.

Wildfowl in Winter.

While at the Midway Basin I saw a flock of seven wild Canada geese flying down the Madison. In the Prismatic Pool I found the bones and feathers of a wild duck, which no doubt had been scalded to death. Wildfowl often light in the hot pools and are fatally scalded before they can escape. The foxes make quite a good thing out of this, and enjoy the luxury of game not only caught but cooked in advance.

A Lovely Stream.

After we left the Midway Basin we followed up the valley of the Madison, which is here a lovely stream. We saw numbers of ducks in the river, and were near enough to have shot them, but not near enough to photograph successfully. All along the Madison there are little hot steam peanut roasters of geysers, busily engaged in making steam for the sake of the landscape, and at some of these the frost effects, where the steam had condensed and congealed upon the foliage of the surrounding trees, were so beautiful that we could not resist the temptation to unpack and use a camera. Especially good views appeared as we neared the Upper Basin, and I have one

view of the rapids on the Madison with snow masses and clouds of hot steam opposed to each other in the middle distance, which is one of the most prized landscapes in the series that I made.

Summer in Winter.

At the lower end of the Upper Geyser Valley we quit the direct course and went wandering on foot among wildernesses of geysers, hot springs, steam vents and hot streams of water. The hot rivulets cut long labyrinths of channels through the deep snow, and among these we wandered for a long time, seeing so many wonderful things they fairly ceased to impress us. Here also we got some pictures. I was just busy making a shot at a tiny hot pool, the formation of whose edges interested me, when Billy and Larsen called me to come and see a porcupine which had just come down to the river's edge. I did not get a picture of the porcupine, but I got a very good one of the pool, *sans* color. If only we could photograph in colors, as presently we shall.

We found a tiny stream of water, ten feet down between banks of snow, and in the water, green in the midst of all the whiteness, flourished a bank of tender water plants. It is an odd land, this Park country, with its summer in winter. There is no other like it on the earth, and it should be kept forever as it is.

A Snow-Shoeing Accident.

There is no habitation at the Upper Basin except the lunch station of the Park Association, a small building which is closed at the end of the season. We intended to pass the night here, and had brought along enough provisions to last us for that time. It was a little after noon when we got to this silent and as we supposed deserted building. Larsen was in advance, and as he opened the door he heard voices within. Knowing that no keeper was ever left here, and not knowing of any other party being so far up in the Park, he naturally suspected poachers, and went on in with a heart full of hope and a handful of revolver, expecting to make an important arrest. We found the occupants of the little building to be Sergt. Van Buskirk and two men, Brown and Kuhr, the detail of the Shoshone patrol station, the southernmost of the military outposts which patrol the Park, and one located beyond some of the wildest and roughest country, that near the Teton range. These men were on their way to the Post, but they looked in bad shape to finish the journey. They had just gotten in to the building, and it appeared doubtful whether they would ever all get out. They were all more or less snow-blind, and Brown had an ankle so badly sprained that he was really a pitiful object. His foot and leg were horribly swollen, and he was suffering acute pain. The others were in better shape, but none too good, for they had all had a sad time of it. They were out there three days from Shoshone station, and had spent two nights without blankets, huddling over a fire. Brown had sprained his ankle in a bad fall in running a hill, and the little party had really been in serious trouble. The others kept with Brown till the provisions ran out, and then at the last camp, eight or ten miles back, it became necessary for one or both to go ahead and leave Brown on the trail till food could be brought back to him. Brown did not like the idea of being left, and so summoned up courage enough to make the last stage of the journey in. As there was no possibility of his receiving care at the place where he now was, he had to face the thought of a still further journey on the following day, to the Firehole station, nine miles more of absolute misery.

Public Ignorance of the Park Supervision.

Such are some of the incidents of the winter patrol of the Park. It is easy to sit a home and say how it ought to be done. The actual fact is that it is wonderfully well done, with a commanding officer whose equal for the task could perhaps not be found, and by men whose courage and fortitude could not be duplicated if asked of any other class. No one knows of this. No one knows anything about the Army. No one knows how the Park is watched either in summer or in winter, at what cost of privation, of hardship, of simple courage, at what expenditure of care, of vigilance, of energy and thoughtfulness. It is easy to sit at home and criticise this, but I hope that if any such self-appointed critic may happen to read something of this, he will in simple justice to himself take counsel of his ignorance hereafter and criticise no more that of which he knows so little. I have seen nowhere except in FOREST AND STREAM any fair statement of the facts, and I do not for a moment pretend to be able to set forth the facts in such way as will show the difficulties of the service asked. Perhaps the story of Burgess, of Brown, of poor Matthews, may give some idea of what one winter may bring of misfortunes to the men in the humbler ranks of the service—misfortunes felt keenly enough by those higher in authority. For Brown, it will serve to say that he managed to make the journey to the Firehole Station the next day, and that ended the trip for him. He never got any further all the winter, and was forced to wait until the snow was gone before he could travel the remaining forty miles to the Post. At the Fountain Van Buskirk got the mail for his detail. They had not had any letters since October and it now was March.

Could Wax their Skis.

We now numbered six men at the Upper Basin, but we managed to get along very comfortably, finding an excellent place to cook coffee and wax *skis* on the big range in the abandoned kitchen. The fire we built in the front rooms started a number of leaks in the roof, which was badly strained by the great mass of snow resting on it.

It is not within the actual province of these articles to attempt description of the scenic wonders of the Park, for space alone would forbid it, but none the less Billy and I enjoyed thoroughly our unique privilege of seeing the greatest geyser basin of the world in the depth of winter. Thousands have stopped where we did and have seen Old Faithful, the Lion and Lioness, the Giant and Giantess, the Castle, the Bee Hive, the dozens of others of notable geysers of this great group. Of all these the world already knows or should know, and all who have not seen them should do so. I am a bit ashamed of Americans who go to Europe before they go to the Yellowstone Park. Singularly enough, in Europe the Park has a more distinguished reputation than it has here, and a very large per cent. of the travelers who visit it are foreigners.

Obliging Geysers.

When the geysers knew the FOREST AND STREAM party was in the valley they all put on their Sunday clothes and did their best to entertain us. Old Faithful, the Giantess, the Lioness, the Castle, and a lot of lesser lights, played long and well for our inspection and we gave them generous applause. The camera came into use once more, and we spent the afternoon very busily.

The "Forest and Stream" Luck Held.

On the following morning we were all astir early, as we knew the shoeing would be better early in the day. Van Buskirk's party led ours by some hours. Billy went next, as he was anxious to get photographs of some Clark's crows, for which he had put out bait on a shed at the Fountain Hotel. I kept Larsen and stayed behind, hoping for a clear morning by which to get better opportunity to make pictures of the Geyser Valley. The FOREST AND STREAM luck held, and I was more than rewarded for the wait. I saw the Geyser Valley at sunrise of the clear winter morning. Ah! but that was a glorious sight, a strange and glorious sight! Never in my life can I hope to see the like again, for I will hardly take the winter trip again. What good fortune, then, that I am able to show my friends a portion at least of this rare spectacle. The FOREST AND STREAM luck held, and the best photographs I made in the Park I made right here. Remembering the expert advice quoted earlier, I went down to the lower end of the valley, so that when I looked back over the view I was facing the sun, which was just rising above the wooded mountain rim. The air was radiantly clear, and the snow was sparkling and dazzling in contrast to the somber black of the surrounding pines. All over the valley rose columns and sheets and veils of white steam, sharp and distinct in the brilliant light which shone through them from the east. I made my pictures with the camera turned squarely toward the sun, and I caught geyser after geyser, as sharp and keen as though they had been frozen, to say nothing of many beautiful cloud effects. I even got one picture which shows geysers in action and also shows the full disk of the sun, clean cut and round, on the unfogged plate. This singular photograph seems to me one of the most valuable of the lot, and I look on it as quite a triumph for the Eastman film, a roll of which I was using out of Billy's Smithsonian Institution supplies, having discarded the less successful film made by another firm. This free, unsolicited praise I can easily give as I look over the results of that fortunate morning's work.

After I had concluded my picture-making, Larsen and I pulled out for the Fountain. We overtook Van Buskirk's party still two or three miles out. Larsen went in with them, while I left the trail and went out alone to secure photographs of the Peat Fountain and Black Warrior Geyser, which two solitaries are at some distance from the main.

It Looked Like Night Traveling.

We were having a delightful time at the geyser basins, and I could have enjoyed a month of study there, but we had to shorten our stay and prepare for the completion of our journey. We lightened our packs here still further, discarding every article not positively necessary. Our needful laundry work we did at one of the hot springs just at the foot of the hill. It was a beautiful washtub, about 15ft. across, but the water was too hot to bear one's hands in. While we washed one handkerchief in this boiling fluid, its predecessor in the process would be frozen stiff on the snow near by.

On account of the bad shoeing we had been having, we determined to travel at night, making our start for the journey not later than 1 o'clock in the morning. It is rather odd, snowshoeing at night in the mountains, and about this I will try to tell something in the following article.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Natural History.

SIZE OF THE BEAR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read in numerous periodicals of bear hunts where the size of the bear, especially of the grizzly, was greatly exaggerated; also the ferociousness of bruin. Whenever the hunters run on the bear it is just eager for a fight, and they have to shoot him in the head and heart a dozen times or so before he dies.

Any animal will fight when cornered. Just so with the bear. But give him an opportunity to get away and he takes it. That is one great trouble in hunting bear—they are too anxious to get away; but if wounded, or sometimes if you run on one when it is sleeping, you are liable to get yourself into a scuffle.

I have hunted and trapped for years in the Rocky Mountains and Coast Ranges, the home of the grizzly, just for the money that I made by it, and in all my experience I have never killed nor even seen a bear that I thought would weigh half as much as some I have read about, and I have never known any one who ever saw a bear weighed that tipped the scales at 1,500lbs.

Nine out of every ten bears that are reported as weighing all the way from 1,000lbs. up to 2,300lbs., were killed many miles from a pair of scales.

A naturalist may take a bone and tell what kind of an animal it was and tell about how large it was and what it weighs nearer than many people suppose; now not every hunter is a naturalist; but when they kill a bear they will say it weighs just so much, and it generally gets full weight if ever so small a bear.

The largest bear I ever killed, or rather helped to kill, was when my partner and I were hunting and trapping on the Yak River, in northwestern Montana, in the winter of 1889. We had had very good luck with beaver, marten and lynx and other land fur. Along toward spring we took a pack of grub and blankets on our backs, and went up a creek that empties in the Yak. We intended to hunt in that locality for bear; and as we always take the easiest way to hunt, we kill an elk, deer, or any kind of game we run across for bait, then wait for the bear to come. We had lots of bait up that creek, and killed some more on another creek. Then our grub was about out, and we had to go back and pack up enough to last us through the hunting. When we got through packing our grub, we began to see where there had been a bear taking the bait. A warm Chinook wind at that time did the work, for we were killing one now and then; we had traps and guns set for bear, also two good dogs apiece, so we were kept hustling taking care of the hides. I had not been up to the furthest bait for several days; when I had time to go, D. said that he would keep my company, as he wanted to raise a cache of traps he had made in the fall when trapping for beaver. We had got almost up to the bait when I saw a bear track; it was a whale. I told D. that most likely the old boy was handy around the bait, for the tracks were fresh. When we came in sight of the bait, the bear had either heard or smelt us, for we saw that he had been eating on the bait. We put the dogs on the track and followed after them as fast as we could travel, over wind-falls and through underbrush, with snowshoes. We have snowshoeing way into the spring in the mountains. We had not gone more than half a mile, when I heard one of the dogs howl. Then I knew that the bear was our meat. We went down to where the dogs were, and there was a bear that was the grandpa of all the bear either of us had ever seen. It was a bald-face grizzly. He was fighting the dogs. He would run after one, when one of the others would bite him on his heels. Is was laughable to see him. He did not know what kind of a jack-pot he was in. Finally he thought it was getting too warm for his rear end, so he sat up on his haunches. That was the opportunity we were waiting for. We both "turned loose" with our .40-90 Sharps, and the bear tumbled all in a heap. We skinned him and found where one of the bullets had broken his neck, and the other his shoulder.

I had never seen such an animal before for size. I asked D. what it would weigh. That was the first bear I ever wanted to weigh. D. said he had no idea, but we could try and pull him; we could just move him; he was lying on snow that was pretty solid. We had a stick through his gambrels, so we had a good pull at him. Both of us were over 6ft. tall and weighed over 200lbs., so we were not very weak. We talked about the weight of the bear, and we thought he would probably weigh 800lbs. His hide when stretched measured 10ft. 3in. from tip of nose to the tail, and was 8ft. 9in. wide. When we went down in the spring we showed the hide around, and old hunters said that it was the largest bear hide they had ever seen.

We killed 16 bears that spring, but none of them was as large, by one-third, as the big one. I do not believe that the big one would weigh at the very most 900lbs., and he was very fat. I think he had not been out very long, as it was in April when he was killed.

Now, my notion is that all these bears that weigh from 1,500lbs. up have been killed around a camp-fire. I would like to hear from any one who ever saw a bear weighed that tipped the scales at 1,500lbs.

A person who had never seen a bear running wild would say on seeing his first that it was the biggest thing ever wrapped up in hide. The first bear I ever saw looked as big as a mountain, but after I had killed him he shrunk down to a small black one. I could pack him all around, he was so small.

A.

The Chance of a Lifetime.

KINEO, Me., July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from the headwaters of the Penobscot, where I fished for four seasons. I do not intend to tell any fish stories; but simply to call attention to what I have concluded from personal observation is a monumental blunder on the part of illustrators and especially of taxidermists in the position given to the head of the moose. Last year and this year I saw seven moose standing quietly in the open and I took especial pains in each instance to note the position of the head. Instead of thrusting it forward as is invariably shown, neither of these moose held its head in any such position. Five of the seven were bulls, one of these a patriarch. All of their heads were erect; not so erect as a deer's, but far from the horizontal position usually shown. After the moose gets in motion he does thrust his head forward in the manner and attitude shown; but he does not do so when standing. The same may be said of the caribou. It is manifestly absurd to mount the head of any animal in any other position than that of rest, and taxidermists would do well to take due notice of the fact and govern themselves accordingly.

Last year while fishing at the outlet of a considerable stream where it emptied into a lake, my guide discovered a large moose browsing at the head of the lake a mile away. Rapidly reeling in my line, we started for the spot for a nearer view of his majesty. The wind was in our favor, the sun behind us, and the moose did not see us until we were about 100ft. from him. He squared around toward us standing out a few feet in the shallow water, with not even a bush beside or even in front of him. The impetus previously given carried the canoe slowly toward him until we were not more than 20ft. distant. I was in the bow of the canoe and if I had not known that there was really no danger of an attack on his part the situation would have been unpleasant, as we had nothing but a paddle and a 5oz. bamboo rod for protection. His eyes (for it was a fine bull moose with horns about half grown), fairly glittered; and he raised the hair on his back precisely as a dog does when about to charge a foe. My camera was in camp about 8 miles away owing to the fact that four of those miles were over a rather hard carry and we had no unnecessary impedimenta that day. Well, finally the moose concluded he had seen enough of us if we hadn't of him, and so he slowly lifted one hind leg and the other legs in succession, backing a few feet, then slowly turned toward the shore on one side, walked a few steps, trotted at an increasing rate and soon his ponderous body was crashing through a prostrate treetop like a locomotive. During all this time before he began to move he held his head in a graceful attitude. He was plump and his new coat shone as if he had been carefully groomed.

VINDEX.

An Albino Martin.

NOTICING a statement in one of our papers that a white martin was nesting in the yard belonging to Louis Molter, baker, on Third avenue, Huntington, W. Va., I went around to ascertain the fact. I did not see the bird, but the lady in charge of the store said that the bird was a real martin and perfectly white. I could have seen it if I had had patience or time to wait for its appearance. I know myself of a half albino robin that stayed around my brother's house in Highland, N. Y. N. D. ELTING.

The Trick of a Grouse Mother.

BOSTON, July 7.—In the woods about Winchester last Sunday I was picking berries, when I heard a squealing or crying that sounded like a puppy. Proceeding to investigate the cause I was startled by seeing a grouse flutter away as though her wing was broken. My first thought was to capture her and try and heal her broken wing. But the way she hobbled over stumps and rocks, up hill and down, plainly indicated that she was in the race to stay.

After sprinting about 50yds. after the wounded bird, with perspiration pouring down my face, she surprised me by sailing away over the treetops. Then I remembered all the stories I had read in my school days about the artful bird, and her clever tricks to entice one from the vicinity of her nest.

When I came back in a hour's time she went through the same performance, but I refrained from filling my part of the bill. I hunted around among the rocks and succeeded in capturing a tiny baby grouse about 2in. in length. The little fellow's cries soon brought the mother to the scene, but she kept at a safe distance from us. After admiring him a while I put him on the ground, when he was soon snugly hid beneath a big brown leaf.

The timidity of the grouse is much stronger than the parental love. Not so with our insectiverous birds, though. Coming upon the nest of a wood thrush recently I found young ones in it. The female sat so close that I stroked her feathers once or twice before she got off the young ones. Then both birds proceeded to drive me from the vicinity. They would charge at my head in a very vicious manner, and made a gallant attack in defense of their young. JAY PEE.

Trout and Water-Snake.

DANVERS, Mass.—I noticed the experience of Mr. E. M. Brown with a trout-eating snake. I think the water-snake one of the worst enemies of the brook trout. While fishing a brook I came to a large dug-out hole near an old bridge where cattle drink. Looking into the water and examining the bottom covered with small stones, I saw a half-pound trout sunning himself. He saw me at the same time and consequently would not take my hook. A large water-snake suddenly made his appearance from under a stone, seized the fish by the throat and carried it four feet on to the bank, so with the assistance of air to kill it. I did not consider to watch the proceeding, as I should have done, but attacked the snake, which escaped to the water. The fish was not dangerously bitten, but was well scratched up where he was seized. I returned him to the water alive. J. W. B.

Game Bag and Gun.

MAINE DEER, MOOSE AND CARIBOU.

LOWELL, Me., July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I write to give your readers who are not already posted about the game in Maine, some idea of the amount of big game there is here. I traveled last winter from the southeastern coast to the Aroostook waters. There was little poaching excepting deer killing by the settlers. My travel was mostly among the lumber camps. Things among the lumber camps have greatly changed within the past five or six years, so that little poaching is done by them. I found no deer nor moose killed by them. I found where a man was chasing a moose; I followed him and got him and his moose, and had him fined $100 and costs. He appealed, but I have evidence that will hold him. He was a young man without any family and killed the moose just for the sport of it.

Deer never were more plenty in Maine than they are now. Anywhere from the Canada line to the east and southeastern coast they are plenty. The same section is quite well stocked with moose, but from the east branch of the Penobscot River to the eastern coast they are not plenty, though there are scattering ones all the way through. Last October I called for moose on one of our lakes one still night to the north of Katahdin Mountain and got four answers in four different directions. I was then with a party of sportsmen. My man got his big bull moose and a big bull caribou. We killed one deer and passed by them several times in easy range but let them alone, as we had no use for them.

Caribou I think are leaving for the north, as they are not so plenty as usual and not many have been killed. The further I go north the more signs I see of them.

I found in my last winter's travels through my old hunting grounds in the Aroostook that many club houses and camps have been built, for fishing and hunting purposes, and not many of them are occupied during the winter.

I have leased my camps at Nicatowis Lake for this season, so that I can go north for moose and other game with parties; and as I have more or less calls every year into our northern hunting grounds, I shall sell out my place at Nicatowis when I can find a good party to take it.

The Bangor & Aroostook Railroad opens up quite a country for sportsmen. The deer are very plenty about the lower lakes on the West Branch of the Penobscot River, and lots of sportsmen will probably visit them this fall; and I shall consider it dangerous for a man to travel in the woods, as there will be so many careless shooters there, and especially when the flask is taken along, as the contents often makes every moving thing look like a deer. At those lakes one can almost step off from the train into a boat or canoe. This will be quite a resort for winter fishiug, as there are good trout lakes and streams scattered all through the country back from the main lakes.

A great deal of fault is being found with the present system of enforcing our fish and game laws in our eastern sections. The sportsmen are staying at home or going elsewhere, and many camps are closed in consequence. When in these hard times guides and parties who have put their last dollar into camps for the purpose of accommodating and entertaining sportsmen, have to close them on account of the illegal practices of some of the wardens, this is a matter that should be looked into and straightened out. We have too much law, too many game commissioners and too smart wardens. The appropriations given us by the State will not support them all, and they resort to illegal and unprincipled methods to get money. They will induce boys and poor men to break the law for the express purpose of obtaining money from them.

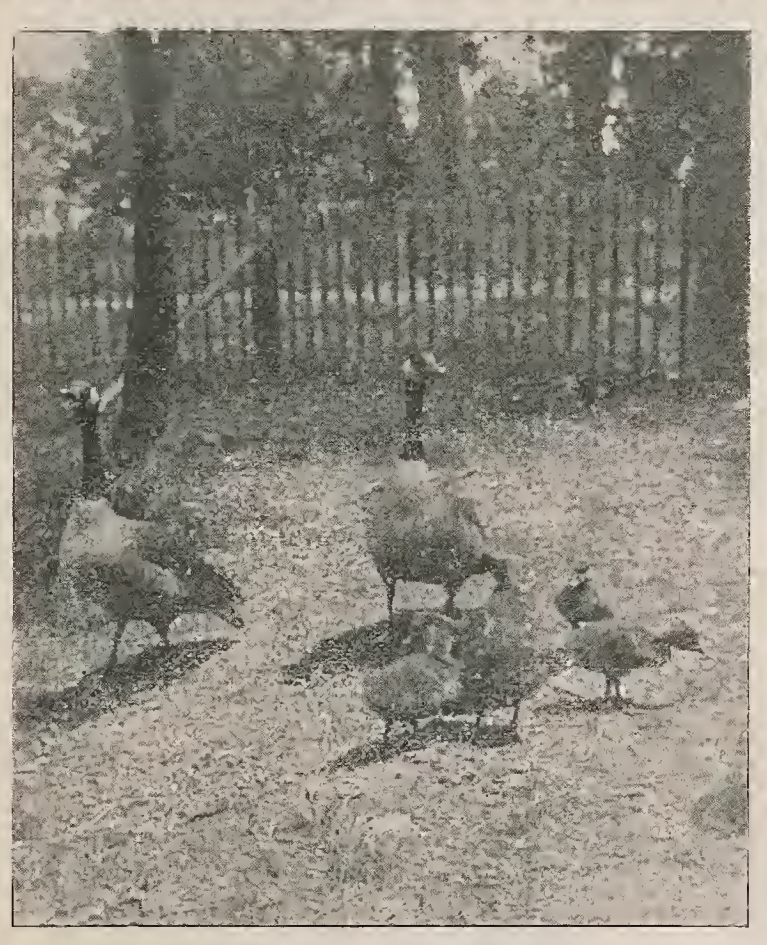
I have letters from reliable men stating that certain wardens have offered them sums of money or a portion of the fines if they would go to my camps and induce or hire me to violate the game laws; then the warden would arrest us both; and then let the man go free that hired me. Last year I paid wardens French and Carliss $63 for two deer's feet and a hide found on my land or premises at Nicatowis that I knew nothing about nor who carried them there. I took a receipt for the money and I shall try and find out if such transactions are legal. They were not satisfied with this, but told lots of false statements to newspaper reporters; and then they told some of their supposed friends that they were going back to the lake to kill a deer in September (close time) and take a part of it in the night into my possession, and the next day go there and find it and arrest me for it. But I went away about that time with a party a hundred miles away and they did not try their scheme. If we have any law for such transactions, something should be done to have it enforced, as I believe it is of more importance to protect our citizens and sportsmen than it is to protect our game, as by doing so we protect both, for such men are an injury to game protection, and the sooner they are looked after the better.

I believe our Fish and Game Commissioners are men that wish to do right, but there is trouble somewhere and it is believed to be with a party connected with them who seems to be running the business. J. DARLING.

GAME PROTECTION IN 1874.

AS FOREST AND STREAM was started nearly a generation ago in the interest of game protection, it is interesting to review the efforts in that direction during the past twenty years and observe what has been accomplished. To summarize:

The year 1874 was the phenomenal year for protective club organization. In that year there was an all-pervading interest in game and its preservation, which amounted to enthusiasm, and the movement reached its climax. The necessity for special legislation which would check the prodigal and wanton waste of such of our fauna as were mainly pursued for food and sport impressed itself so universally that suggestion became conviction. In every State almost so-called sportsmen's



A BROOD OF CANADA GEESE.

Bred in confinement by Dr. M. M. Benschoter, Ohio.

clubs were promptly organized for the declared purpose of protecting the game and fish, and promoting propagation. It was like the old-time rally for the flag. The International Association and the National Game and Fish Protective Association were both foremost among the rest, and the most influential of all, because they embraced a moiety of available, intelligent information on these special subjects or objects. The powerful Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was also formed in 1874 and similar combinations affected in other progressive States. Even the Pacific Coast was conspicuous in the general movement. The Oregon Legislature passed an act making it unlawful "to kill or offer for sale any deer, moose, or elk during the months of February, March, April, May and June," and making it unlawful "to take or kill at any time elk or deer for the purpose of obtaining their horns and skins." This was a tight cinch on the skin hunters within its jurisdiction. In Congress Mr. Fort, of Illinois, introduced most opportunely a bill to check the destruction of our buffalo, which, if it had been passed, would have prevented their subsequent almost total extinction. The desperate Indian question of the day, however, made it expedient to exterminate the buffalo, so that the motion did not prevail. The American Fishcultural Association was an efficient and industrious factor in this direction, too, and went so far as to draft a code of co-operative laws upon which all States could systematically unite. This code was drawn on scientific principles, as primarily suggested by the International Association, to accord with the breeding seasons and habits of the several varieties of game specified and included within the provisions of the act.

There is no doubt that the impetus given to the subject of game protection in 1874 was most healthful and far-reaching in its effects, and, although protective measures such as were suggested were not adopted immediately, nor have yet been *en bloc*, they have nevertheless animated all subsequent action in behalf of the objects for which they were formulated, so that we have to thank the conservators of 1874 in great part for the quantum of sport which we enjoy to-day. Very much has been learned in the interval of twenty years, which enables our legislators to act intelligently (if they only would), so that, in spite of increasing population and spread of settlement, the proportion of game to population has not been reduced, to say the least. Our country is likely to bear as great a strain as those countries of Europe have done where there are even now mountain fastnesses and wild moors which afford, perhaps, as good shooting as our own ranges, while the fishing streams are even better cared for than ours.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

A SHOT SPREADER FOR CHOKEBORES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is now pretty well admitted that the chokebore gun is superior to the cylindrical or open bore barrel for all-around shooting; but since there is nothing perfect under the sun, so the chokebore gun, too, has its demerits. It is not the best suited weapon for shooting game in covert or at close quarters. But a great number of shooters are not in a position to own two guns, one chokebore, the other with open bore barrels, and some sportsmen again have become so much accustomed and attached to that fowling-piece which they use principally at the trap to their chokebore gun, that they prefer to employ this also in preference to one shooting less close for the class of field shooting previously referred to, even then, when they are acquainted with the fact that in using such a gun at small game and at distances from 15 to 25yds. they are liable to miss many a bird clean, or if they kill them, to find them rendered unfit for the kitchen.

This sad experience would very likely not have occurred if the patterns had been of larger dimensions, if the shot could have covered a larger area of space. To achieve this last named result with a chokebore gun, sportsmen have all along endeavored to find suitable means for causing the chokebore barrel to spread the shot at close quarters, but they have found that they were confronted by a rather difficult task. While it is comparatively easy to produce a larger pattern, it is quite difficult to accomplish this with the same penetration as produced by the regularly loaded shell. Various methods for loading the shot so as to produce an enlarged pattern are known to the sportsmen and have been employed by them, but all of these methods have their faults; in some cases the patterns produced were extremely irregular, and in other instances they proved very tedious in execution.

Messrs. Winans and Simrock, of Newark, N. J., have recently introduced a new patented shot spreader, which requires no skill in its application, and which can be used in any length of a 12-bore shell with apparently the same effect, and although made at the present only of one size. for the 12-bore gun, can, as the inventors claim, also be employed in 10-bore shells. The American Testing Institution has been asked to subject these shot spreaders to a trial, and has done so. The result of this trial is set forth in the annexed table which will enable the reader to draw his own conclusion in regard to the real merits and usefulness of the spreader.

The figure 1 in the table stands for the regularly loaded shell, figure 2 for the shell provided with the spreader; the letter A stands for the diameter of the pattern in inches in the 30in. circle, letter B for the number of pellets counted within the skeleton of a pigeon placed within the center of the target.

Load, 3drs. E. C. powder; 1⅛oz. shot No. 8, 476 pellets; Smokeless shell:

10yds.	1. A. 4in.	B. 270 pellets.	2. A. 10in.	B. 50 pellets.
15yds.	1 A. 6in.	B. 180 "	2. A. 28in.	B. 20 "
20yds.	1. A 12in.	B. 60 "	2. A. 26in.	B. 18 "
25yds.	1. A. 15in.	B. 40 "	2. A 28in.	B. 16 "
30yds.	1. A. 22in.	B. 28 "	2. A. 30in.	B. 12 "

Load, 3drs. Schultze hard grain powder; 1⅛oz. shot No. 8, 476 pellets; Smokeless shell:

10yds.	1. A. 4in.	B. 278 pellets.	2. A. 10in.	B. 51 pellets.
15yds.	1. A 7in.	B. 100 "	2. A 15in.	B. 26 "
20yds.	1. A. 10in.	B. 70 "	2. A 30in.	B. 15 "
25yds.	1. A. 12in.	B. 38 "	2. A. 30in.	B. 4 "
30yds.	1. A. 16in.	B. 34 "	2. A. 30in.	B. 11 "

Load, 3drs. American wood powder; 1⅛oz. shot No. 8, 476 pellets; Smokeless shell:

10yds.	1. A.3½in.	B. 290 pellets.	2. A. 8in.	B. 60 pellets.
15yds.	1. A. 8in.	B. 98 "	2 A. 16in.	B. 30 "
20yds.	1. A. 10in.	B. 80 "	2. A. 24in.	B. 15 "
25yds.	1. A. 13in.	B. 30 "	2. A. 28in.	B. 15 "
30yds.	1. A. 15in.	B. 26 "	2. A. 30in.	B. 9 "

Load, 30grs. Walsrode powder; 1⅛oz. shot No. 8, 476 pellets; special shell:

10yds.	1. A.3½in.	B. 296 pellets.	2. A. 8in.	B. 63 pellets.
15yds.	1. A. 9in.	B. 170 "	2. A. 15in.	B. 25 "
20yds.	1. A. 12in.	B. 64 "	2. A. 25in.	B. 18 "
25yds.	1. A. 20in.	B. 28 "	2. A. 24in.	B. 13 "
30yds.	1. A. 21in.	B. 15 "	2 A. 28in.	B. 6 "

Load, 3drs. E. C. powder; 1⅛oz shot No. 7, 336 pellets; Smokeless shell:

10yds.	1. A. 4in.	B. 200 pellets.	2. A. 12in.	B 40 pellets.
15yds.	1. A. 6in.	B. 80 "	2. A. 18in.	B. 18 "
20yds	1. A. 12in.	B 50 "	2. A. 26in	B 6 "
25yds.	1. A. 22in.	B. 24 "	2. A. 30in.	B. 6 "
30yds.	1. A. 25in.	B. 19 "	2. A. 30in.	B. 4 "

Load, 3drs. Schultze hard grain powder; 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, 336 pellets; Smokeless shell:

10yds.	1. A. 7in.	B 150 pellets.	2. A. 18in.	B. 39 pellets.
15yds.	1. A. 8in.	B. 100 "	2. A. 13in.	B. 13 "
20yds.	1. A. 13in.	B 48 "	2. A. 28in.	B. 8 "
25yds.	1. A. 15in.	B. 30 "	2. A. 30in.	B. 3 "
30yds.	1. A. 22in.	B. 15 "	2. A. 30in.	B. 3 "

Load, 3drs. American wood powder; 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, 336 pellets; Smokeless shell:

10yds.	1. A. 4in.	B. 160 pellets	2. A. 10in.	B. 48 pellets.
15yds.	1. A. 10in.	B. 120 "	2. A. 24in.	B. 15 "
20yds.	1. A. 12in.	B. 70 "	2. A. 24in.	B. 24 "
25yds.	1. A. 13in.	B. 32 "	2. A. 30in.	B. 10 "
30yds.	1. A. 16in	B. 20 "	2. A. 30in.	B. 5 "

Load, 29grs. Walsrode powder; 1⅛oz shot No. 7, 336 pellets; Special shell:

10yds.	1. A. 5in.	B. 149 pellets.	2. A. 10in.	B. 36 pellets.
15yds	1. A. 10in.	B 90 "	2. A. 24in.	B 15 "
20yds.	1. A. 13in.	B. 32 "	2. A. 24in	B. 7 "
25yds	1. A. 14in.	B. 21 "	2. A. 28in.	B. 5 "
30yds.	1. A. 20in.	B. 19 "	2. A. 30in.	B. 7 "

As will be noticed. the spreader proves most beneficial at distances from 15 to 25yds. It hardly scatters the shot sufficiently at such close quarters as 10yds. and at 30yds. the chokebore barrel with the regular load will begin to spread the shot enough for all practical purposes. But the results as established show that the spreader can be used to great advantage at all distances between 15 and 25yds., and that here it appears to do all what reasonably may be expected of such a convenient and inexpensive contrivance. ARMIN TENNER.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

NETTING WILD PIGEONS.

[*Concluded from page 28.*]

AFTER the young birds are hatched and while the parents are making the curd on which they feed them while growing, the old birds cease to be easily attracted by mere food in a state of nature. Often in the early summer nesting the beech nuts have sprouted, so as not to be of much service to them. On this account, where birds form a nesting where their maintenance depends on the beech nut crop, netters long ago came to the conclusion that they must develop some scheme for keeping up their average catch during the last two weeks of a nesting on beech mast. Fifteen years ago, in a nesting near Sheffield, Pa., it was remarked by many of us interested, that after the young were hatched the old birds seemed to quit their regular habit of feeding and living, and leaving everything we thought would hold them, would pull right away west over toward the Allegheny River, following the numerous creeks and runs to it. We were at our wits' end. The birds passed over our nice arrangements for their reception with other business on hand, and we neither could hail not halt them. We concluded to send some one of our friends down in that direction and try to discover where they were. A deputation of two were sent up to Corry, Pa., and thence we ran down the river slowly with a flatboat. For a long time we saw nothing; but finally we met some lower river men coming up who said that they had seen immense flocks of pigeons coming down to Tionesta Creek, where there were a number of worked-out oil and salt wells. We were not long in finding the attraction. The whole valley there was alive with pigeons. All the slopes of the hills were saturated with a brackish mineral water which caused the moss to grow as thick as turf, and this was the key to the secret. In a few moments we had made up our minds that we possessed a secret unknown to others of our craft.

My companion proposed staying right there, but when I showed him the wonderful difference between trying to get the birds to feed on our one little bed or two, when the whole country was full of the same stuff, and giving them some of it near home where none existed. I did not have to wink to let him know that I was developing a plan to halt them near their nesting. We returned to our fellow catchers that evening and told them all we had found out and answered all questions, but offered no advice. In a twinkling their nets were packed, and they were ready for the first train down there. It was over twenty miles in an air line from the nesting which extended from Wilcox to Smethport.

I went up to the top of the Alleghenies at Kane, Pa., taking my companion of the search with me. We chose a secluded place in the thickest timber and made preparation to feed the birds their favorite morsels. Five barrels of salt were brought from the station and quietly we worked and waited. On the second day's hunt for a location I had found a small deer lick near Coal Creek, and noticed a few pigeons hanging round it. Here was our opportunity. That evening I drew a plan and we talked it over. It seemed too good to be true, but we thought we could give them a mineral spring or two if nothing else would suit them. We sent for 10lbs. of ground sulphur and a pint of oil of anise. Our operations were begun by clearing out the alder brush and trimming small trees, until we had a place 60×100ft., which would give us the desired opportunity. The muck was 6ft. deep, so we put in a good floor of poles and brush to prevent a trip to China. We then cut and notched enough young trees to lay the walls of a house 24×28ft. in size and well chinked, open at the top and 4ft. high. We also built another pen the same size at the end of this, away from the bough house, and made a sliding door between the two, so that after we had struck on the bait pen we could enter and drive the birds through the large door into the keeping pen, then close the door for a chance to crate them or while killing them. We worked night and day and finally were ready for the bed which we constructed in the following manner: With a spade the black muck was turned up 8in. deep. When the water had soaked out of it poles were laid lengthwise and then salt and sulphur were sown together well and the whole was carefully raked down level. After repairing our nets and setting everything in order, we began operations by putting a dozen fine slick male birds into the bait pen and the same number of females into the other pen, so that their calling would attract any birds which might be in the neighborhood. In two days we had plenty of company. The birds were feeding the squabs and were full of curd, so we wanted to save all alive that we could and crate them. We took a good supply of food and water to the bough house and said adieu to the rest of the world. From the time we went back until we finally sprung the nets, some pigeons were always there.

On Monday morning we took a final test of everything and prepared to strike. The location and the day were all that we could wish and the woods were alive with the blue fellows. The birds seemed all to be perfectly mad to get at the prepared mud, and you could hear the "chick" they made in their efforts to swallow too large morsels. Half the hens we cropped had nothing in their crops but mud, water and curd. I had caught birds on snow, straw and leaves and at watering places, but I had this to learn. It beat the old mud bed where the net, birds and all went out of sight, and the birds were ruined for shipment and must be picked. These birds were clear and bright, and this way of catching them has since been adopted by all first-class netters, whether for trap or market.

Much has been said and done in the way of criticism of the art of netting birds for trap and market, and it is the conviction of the ordinary sportsman that to the net belongs the credit of the pigeon's extinction. Much more might be said on the same side, but this article may possibly explain another way in which their numbers have not been increased. While in many or all of the States where the pigeons used to nest, laws originated by both netters and hunters were passed prohibiting the use of gun or net within a mile of the place of nesting, yet there are many States not so protected where the gun reigns supreme. Now, no provision is made in any State for the roosting birds, and thereby hangs a tale. It may show you one of the causes of the decrease in numbers and the increased shyness in what pigeons we may now find in our land.

Seven years ago this month I was in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, anxiously waiting for news of a body of birds, which we had left on the Iron Mountain Railroad near Piedmont, Mo., where they had nested in January and February. When the birds left there a portion of them were ready to nest, but not a large enough number to pay a netter to follow them. The main body were through nesting for a while, having raised two broods in the winter and with the young birds had disappeared. After getting reports from the different cities that dead birds are sent to, and hearing from our fellow netters that they were in the same boat as ourselves and could get no news, I concluded to run over to Chicago. I was taking a trip through South Water street, when my heart was gladdened by the sight of a barrel containing wild pigeons. The birds I discovered to be shot birds and all apparently shot through the body. As a bird shot on the flight, will twice out of three times show an injury to the wing, I knew at once that these birds were shot sitting—probably at roost. The birds came from Parma, Ill. I made an arrangement with the broker, I was to go south and buy, or catch the birds and pack and ship all the birds sent from that section. He was to receive and sell them. Reaching the pretty little burgh I was soon busily engaged in dickering for a shop, barrels and ice. The landlord told me the farmers were shooting the birds at night in a large roosting they had formed out south of Windfield. My arrangements were perfected. I was to buy of no one except the merchants, and they were to sell to no one but me. We set a price and I was to take all they got.

I soon heard that Squire Allen, an old friend, was in town with a load of dead birds, and having visited him on a netting trip years before, it did not take long to arrange for a trip out to his home fifteen miles east. At supper time we had reached the Squire's house but had seen few birds. However, he promised me plenty of birds, only insisting that they must be shot, not caught. I was introduced to about a dozen stalwart young Suckers, who were variously armed and ready for the sport. Of course as a netter I tried to bribe them to stop shooting, and as I had some extra nets would let them catch on shares. They were out for fun and glory, and I had to forego netting and go with them. I was very glad I did so. The trip showed me a new phase in the bird's nature, which, though I had been a dozen years a netter and knew my business, I had never witnessed before. The birds fed all over, going fifty miles for acorns and corn, and only returning late in the evening to roost. We left the house at 8 o'clock and took a trail out to an "oak opening country" the Squire called it. The trees ranged from 8 to 16ft. high and were black and scrub oaks, and stood as thick as they could grow. As is generally the case with this sort of timber, they were covered with the dry leaves of the previous year and afforded good shelter to the birds in the cold nights. I found that it was a regularly organized body, who were out for meat. Each man was given a place in line and the force comprised eight men armed and six youths with grain sacks, which were intended to hold the dead.

We could hear the flocks of birds coming in all the time and settling down among their comrades, who were already at roost, and their incessant chattering showed their great numbers. The night was still young and dark as Erebus. In about a half-hour a volley of guns sounded a mile or two away on our left, and the leader saying, "Now, boys, come ahead; we'll get our share before them fellers take them all," we stole slowly along in line ten feet apart. No birds flushed, although we could hear their swish out of one shrub into another. We soon reached a small thicket from which so loud a noise came that a halt was called and "Aim level, one, two, thr e, fire," was quietly spoken by the leader. The deafening sound was quickly followed by the breaking out of a large body of birds which left the thicket, only to pitch down again on the ground somewhere else in the rocsting. The sound of flapping wings and struggling birds in the brush was the signal to stack the guns against a tree, and with one or two lanterns and the sacks our search was commenced. "Don't touch the cold birds," I heard from my neighbor, "the hogs will get them to-morrow." We picked up all the warm birds, finding many cripples and killing them, and the boys counted sixty-nine birds out of that bunch brought to bag. We could hear the flocks coming in over our heads all the time we were seeking the dead. As soon as we were through, one sack of birds being full, was strung up in a tree out of reach of the pigs, and marking the spot we were soon on our way to another place.

All over the country we could hear a cannonade and flocks were continually settling down, ignoring the trees and tumbling into a bunch of grass when and where they could after being once disturbed. Of course, this shooting did more to frighten and drive away the birds than all the netting in the world. Noise is one thing pigeons can make if they like, but they do not seem to be suited unless everything around their roosting place is quiet. A succession of surprises such as the one described was the order of the night until midnight, when we met another party of neighbors, who had tramped through from the other side of the roost and who had bagged a large number of birds. Our sacks were heavy now and after telling the other men where to bring their birds next day we opened our lunch, and refreshed by a pipe were ready for the back track. F. E. S.

A Combination Arm.

Editor Forest and Stream:

How many of your readers have gone on shooting trips into the mountains when it was inconvenient to take more than one gun, and for that reason have had to sacrifice either small or large game? I should like to give a description of my all-round gun, which after a very hard season's use has stood the test most admirably. It is a combination of the English ball and shotgun and the American three-barrel gun; and so far as I am aware it is the first gun of the kind made in America. It was built by D. Kirkwood, of Boston. The under barrel takes the .32-40 Winchester cartridge and the upper pair of 12-bore barrels are rifled for about 2½in. at the muzzle, and shoot shot and conical bullets. The gun is well balanced, weighs 7¾lbs. and has 28in. barrels. I have found the shot pattern perfectly satisfactory for all ordinary grouse and duck shooting. And the shooting with ball is accurate at 200yds. I have often shot series of bullets into an 8in. bullseye at 150yds., using alternate barrels, and have made groups of ten shots in a 12in. circle at 200yds., the majority being in an 8in. bullseye. There are two open leaf sights on the barrel for 50 and 100yds., which lie flush with the rib when not in use, and a Lyman rear sight, which is sunk in the tang, so as to be out of the way when down. This sight I use for the .32-40, and for the "paradox" barrels when shooting further than 100yds. For deer I have found 3¼ or 3½drs. of powder and a hollow pointed bullet of 530grs. or a solid one of 580grs. to kill cleanly without spoiling more meat than is usual. For elk I found this charge rather light, and I now use 4drs. of C. & H. No. 6 and the 580grs. solid bullet, although I am going to try a 650grs. bullet.

As I have said, it killed well without tearing the animal, I have shot a lot of woodchucks lately to see its effect on them. They were killed clean in every case, whether hit in front or behind, but none were mutilated.

In all the use I have given this gun I have never found that the barrels leaded badly with either shot or ball. It appears to me that there are great possibilities for such an arm. One can vary the size of the rifle or shot barrels to suit any particular ideas or purposes, and it is a satisfaction to feel that you are prepared for anything, from a snipe to a grizzly. W. E. C.

STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—*The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.*—FOREST AND STREAM, *Feb. 10.*

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am decidedly in favor of stopping the sale of game, yet I do not think that at the present day a bill to this purpose could be successfully carried out.

I am of the opinion that if the game wardens carefully attended to their business and allowed no game which is out of season to be sold in the markets, that this would do greatly toward increasing the game supply of this country.

Another thing which would stop much of the pot-hunting would be a bill forbidding the sale of game preserved on ice. This bill would save a great deal of unnecessary killing of game done by pot-hunters for the purpose of preserving until the season closes. This law would also leave the game sellers in the cities without their favorite excuse to the wardens, namely, that their game has been kept on ice and was not shot out of season.

I do not wish the readers of this article to believe that I think a law forbidding the sale of game would not be a great thing toward the preserving of it; but I do think that it is rather a selfish thing for American sportsmen to keep all people from having game to eat, except those who are favored by having sportsmen friends who send it to them. BANTY.

FLORIDA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* That Yellowstone expedition was a big thing every way, and the FOREST AND STREAM deserves all the credit it has received. That "Stop the Sale of Game" platform is also a very good thing, and will have its influence, and if once adopted will do more toward the preservation of game than all the present laws on the statute books of all the States together. Now add, stop the sale of plumage; and the birds of plumage will soon again delight the eye of the traveler. W.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am with you solid on the "no sale of game" plank. FOREST AND STREAM hit the spot that time—as it usually does. AZTEC.

DILLINGERSVILLE, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have lived in this part of Pennsylvania for the past 15 years, have always been a great lover of the dog and gun, and have, I believe, taken as much interest in the protection of game in this section as any other sportsman could have done in his own.

When I first moved here from Philadelphia I was able to find ruffed grouse and quail in fair numbers, but yearly I have seen these beautiful game birds passing rapidly from our section. From my own observation, I am convinced that the guns of the sportsmen who visit this part of the country have not caused the game to diminish, neither has the clearing up of the woodland, as protection during hard winters, of good cover and feed there is abundance. The market-hunter is the cause of our scarcity of game. These fellows will follow bevy after bevy for days, when there comes a deep snow, and at a good opportunity will kill all if possible to do so, as they sit huddled together.

The proper way of protecting our game birds is to stop the cause that makes them scarce. All the laws that have been passed will not help, nor the restocking county after county do any good either. This is just what the market-hunter wants. He will not be found in a district where there is no game. I know that the largest portion of game killed in this part of Pennsylvania is shipped by the hucksters and storekeepers. Now, then, suppose there was a law passed compelling all hucksters and storekeepers who handle game to pay a yearly license of $100. If the hucksters and game dealers could not make profit enough on the game they handle, is it not natural to suppose they would stop buying game? Then, if the market-hunter, who shoots and sells the game he kills to the huckster or storekeepers, could find no sale for this game, he would seek other employment. L. W. M.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—Move up and let me on that "plank." You will have to get one of the California giants in order to get room for the crowd who will want to be accommodated. When we get this plank nailed down, and abolish all spring shooting, then we can toss up our hats and yell longer and louder than usual for the FOREST AND STREAM. Long may it flourish and grow, and may it and its army ere long see these two mottoes in execution—"No sale and no spring murder!" W. L. M.

Quail in Northern New York.

TICONDEROGA, N. Y., July 7.—Last Thursday, just back of my place, I saw a quail. I think it is from the flock put north of Lamber's Point by Mr. Witherbee, of Port Henry. It is the first one ever seen in this part of the country. Fishing at this time is poor. S.

[We hope that any other observations of quail in northern New York may be reported to us. Many are interested in watching the success of stocking that country with the birds.]

DE FUNIAK SPRINGS, Fla., July 7.—There was a visitor here yesterday who created some little talk among the citizens. She is a woman of about 45 years of age, and says she has shot and killed over 100 deer since she has been married. She has also killed numerous other game, such as squirrels, turkey, etc. Her name is Woodham, and she resides in about four miles of De Funiak Springs.—*Jacksonville Times-Union.*

A Day's Shooting in the Georgia Mountains.

MACON, Georgia.—Wishing to send home to our families a string of game, my shooting partner and I decided that next day we would try for a bag that would be a surprise to those at home, and give them an idea of the good times we are having away off up in the mountains.

Just after day of the morning following we were awakened by the drumming of the pheasant in the laurels above our camp, which was situated at the base of one of those many unnamed mountains of the Blue Ridge. Being unable to sleep longer with this tantalizing noise in our ears, we soon had our negro up making a pot of hot coffee to limber us up before starting out. We were soon out and away. Before we had gone 200yds. from camp, our old dog had up an old cock which we knocked down. The whir of wings and crack of our guns soon woke up the sleepy old mountains and after a circuit of about three miles we returned to camp with five pheasants and a woodcock that our dog had put up in a swampy place we crossed. After breakfast and a little time to get our wind from the early tramp, we were away for the wheat valley for the partridge. Wishing to have a limit to our bag we carried along an old countryman with a big split basket, agreeing to quit as soon as the basket was full. We were soon on the wheat fields at work in earnest. Our dogs, a pointer and an Irish setter, were soon hard at it, and the report of our guns would hardly die away among the echoes of the mountains above us, before the sound would be renewed again among the rocks. The sport lasted uninterrupted until noon, when our countryman announced that his basket could hold no more. Keeping to our resolve, hard as it was to do so, we left the birds scattered all around us in the field and made our way back to camp.

That afternoon on the road to the station could be seen a long, lank mountaineer with a string of five pheasants, one woodcock and seventy-three partridges, the result of our morning's work, on its way to our homes.

JOHNNIE.

An Idaho Game Resort.

MR. K. E. HOPF, who was formerly known as a breeder of St. Bernards, has undertaken the hotel business in Idaho; and writes to us in enthusiastic terms of the game and fish attractions of Arangee, where is situated the house advertised by Mr. Hopf in our Sportsmen's Resort columns. Mr. Hopf has prepared a pamphlet for the sportsman tourist which he will send on request.

Sea and River Fishing.

WAS IT THE FOOL-KILLER'S CHANCE?

BALTIMORE, July 12.—In company with Mr. Fred Talbott, member of Congress from my district, I left Baltimore June 15 by the Baltimore & Ohio R.R. for a trout-fishing trip in West Virginia. At Washington we were joined by Mr. John D. Alderson, M. C. from the Third District of West Virginia, a man of large proportions physically and with more humor to the pound (he weighs 260) than any other man whom I have ever met. We reached the end of our railroad journey Saturday evening and had good, comfortable entertainment at the hotel. Through the kindness of the general manager of the lumber company in that region we were furnished with saddle horses and a mule to carry our supplies twelve miles over the mountains to the river where we were to fish and expected to capture scores of trout—I will not say "iridescent" and all that sort of thing. I will leave that to brother Starbuck, who can do it so much better. We got over eight miles on Sunday about noon and stopped at a ranch until Monday morning. It may be that our friend Alderson had something to do with our stopping over at this place Sunday. He was fixing up his "fences" for a renomination and of course we deferred to his desires. He was not just precisely after trout. However, we left early Monday morning, and our horses being fresh after a rest on Sunday, we made good time over the worst trail (bridle path, they call it) I have ever seen, until we got into the river valley. Here we left our horses.

Alderson and Talbott elected to fish up to where we expected to camp over night, three miles—West Virginia miles—and I with three others "packed" in over a trail which far surpassed that over which we had ridden. We reached our camp ground at 1 P. M. I went at once into the stream to get some trout for supper and breakfast next morning, as we did not have anything but dry salt pork in the larder. I did fairly well, and had fished nearly a mile when my creel became so heavy that I started back to camp. Before I had waded down the stream half way to camp I met Talbott, who with Alderson had fished up from the place where we left the horses. Talbott hailed me, "What luck, Col?"

"Well, my basket is getting so heavy it hurts my shoulder, and I find great inconvenience in holding it up to ease off the weight, cast my flies and keep my feet on these round boulders. I'm going back to camp. I have enough trout for supper and breakfast to-morrow, and have put back into the stream enough six and seven-inch trout to fill my creel."

"Where did you get them? How far up stream have you been? What flies have you on?" asked Talbott in quick succession.

I answered categorically, "I caught them out of the stream. I have not been above that bend in the river. I have a coachman for stretcher, queen-of-water for first and professor for second dropper."

"Have you changed your flies at any time?"

"No. The coachman is minus a body, and the professor has lost his tail; but the trout don't seem to know that a professor should have a tail and a coachman a body; and so long as the trout were indifferent to the make-up of the flies I did not waste time in removing them. I think they would rise at a piece of red or yellow rag."

Talbott went on up stream, and I waded down to camp. I say waded, for a peculiarity of the stream was that there was not any margin. I was compelled to wade, sometimes waist deep. I made an occasional cast and always got a rise, but I was handicapped with the weight of my creel, and indeed had all the trout I wanted. I was looking more to a secure footing than anything else. Occasioually I would get a good bath, where the stream ran like a mill race, and the boulders were round and treacherous. When I got back to camp I found Alderson propped up against a stump taking it easy. "Hello, Alderson! what is the matter with you?"

"I'm tired. What did you do above there?"

"Well, I have a right heavy basket; and I quit, fearing I would deplete the stream."

"Let me feel the weight of your creel. Oh, you cuss! you have a rock in the bottom of your basket." But he was soon satisfied that there was not a stone in my creel, and then he said: "Well, I give up to you. You can beat me catching trout, but I think I can beat you playing seven-up."

The men who carried our packs had made a camp for us under a large pine tree, built a camp-fire and made our bed out of rhododendron instead of hemlock boughs, and as I was wet to the armpits, without a change of clothing, I did not sleep during the night. The air was cold and I sat up the entire night, while Talbott kept up, with his nephew, a chorus of sonorous snoring. About 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning Alderson, who was much in the same condition with myself, was standing at the fire warming his back. He had been quiet for some minutes, an unusual condition for him, much to my surprise, when he said: "Col, I have been thinking of something."

"Well, I suppose you have been thinking, because you have not been talking. What have you been thinking?"

"Well, I have been thinking that if the 'fool-killer' should come around here just now what an immense funeral there would be right here in the woods."

"Where would he begin, John?"

"Well, he would kill that man Talbott first and then he would—he would go for me. If it had not been for Talbott and me we would not be here."

We packed back to where we had left our horses and rode to the railroad station. We were glad to get on the confines of civilization again and to hear the steam whistle. But we had a good time for about one day's fishing. We went 600 miles by railroad, 24 miles horseback, packed in 8 miles, and caught all the trout four men of our party and six of the natives could eat, and brought some home to our folks. We expect to go next season and will go prepared to have covering in the shape of a tent.

E. S. Y.

ODD DAYS WITH THE TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

How differently the same occupations are carried out by different individuals. Trout killing and trout fishing are apparently one and the same thing, yet there is a world of difference in them.

It was on a beautiful June morning that Freezy and I stood on the banks of Broad Brook, a large, rollicking woodland stream. This trip did not result very favorably as regards the number of trout caught, but the pleasant drive and the general results of the day repaid us in part for the poor luck with the rod. The early morning gave promise of a lovely day, and as we crossed the summit of the last hill a picture long to be remembered burst upou our view. The valley lay spread out before us, a mat of emerald green. Occasional glimpses of the stream were to be had as it wound in and out among the trees and meadows, glistening like a ribbon of silver in the morning sun. In front and to the right rose the hills, forming a dark background, and here and there a farmhouse nestled in the opens.

Broad Brook is formed by two streams called, respectively, the East and West brooks, which both end in an old millpond, which in reality is the source of Broad Brook. Halting at this pond, and driving our team under an old shed by the roadside, we were not encouraged to any great extent, when upon inquiry made to a passing lad we were informed that the place was "fished to death." This statement our subsequent experience proved was the truth. We tramped clear around that pond without a single rise. The only capture made was from a fine patch of strawberries discovered by Freezy.

Leaving the pond we drove down stream to Farmer Guiles, an old friend of my chum. We found no one at home, so taking the laws of hospitality in our own hands we put the horse in the barn, and making things snug and tight started in to try our luck. And the old proverbial luck it proved to be. Shoulder to shoulder we whipped that stream faithfully; and when at noon we gave it up in despair and emptied the creels for inspection, the imposing sight nearly took our breath—five small trout, three for chum, two for the scribe.

Now, while Freezy and I do not measure our happiness by the number of fish we catch, of course we derive a certain pleasure from the fact of possessing a well filled creel; and exhibit the same with pardonable pride. But when out with the rod if we fail to capture fish we always find plenty of enjoyment in the surroundings, the flowers and the varied landscape. This must have been one of those off days with the trout. Certainly they were there, for repeatedly we started them from beneath the bank, great lusty fellows, too. Broad Brook is a large stream; it is a long day's tramp to where it discharges the water into the Quinebaug River; and a little lawful protection would make it one of the finest trout streams in this section.

Selecting a nice shady spot by a bubbling spring, we tackled the lunch and reviewed the not very exciting events of the morning. Finishing the last sandwich, we sought the stream again; but it was of no use; our luck was but a second edition of the forenoon's work, and we left the stream at 3 o'clock with four more medium-sized trout. The only event of the day was when chum struck and hooked a large trout where the stream circles an old rock, and caused a deep hole beneath the bank; but Freezy was a trifle hasty and the trout tore loose and escaped—a noble fish. Chum swore he would weigh 8lbs., but knowing his imagination must have been somewhat heated from the struggle, I counted him out, and reckoned the fish at 2lbs.

The drive home was but a pleasant repetition of the morning; we both felt that we had passed a very enjoyable day in spite of our empty creels, for, once more to use that true saying of a departed devotee of the rod, "It is not all of fishing to fish." It is enough to wander of a lovely June day along the moss-carpeted banks of a pleasant trout stream, now pausing at some swirling eddy or foamy pool to draw forth a spotted victim, or anon stopping to listen to the trill and twitter of the songster of the wood or the garrulous chatter of the squirrels. This is the acme of happiness to the naturalist angler.

E. M. BROWN.

A DAY WITH THE CHANNEL CAT.

BEATRICE, Nebraska.—A bright sun and light south wind makes visions of the river float through our mind and creates a longing to go fishing. That longing must be satisfied at all hazards; and forthwith the tackle room is visited. Which shall it be—the slender bamboo or the stouter lancewood? The lancewood is decided on, when Ed. comes in; and this is given to him and I take the little bamboo after all. It only weighs 5¼oz., and is rather light to handle bait with, but the lighter the tackle the more good sport the "cattie" will afford. With a good assortment of extra leaders and hooks in our box, we start for a riffle known of yore; and after catching enough frogs for a starter we wade out in the river.

The day is not yet old enough to drive the fish under the tree shades which fleck the laughing, bubbling water. Our back is turned to these; and the frog drifts among the swirls and eddies, which shows a sunken boulder in mid current. The river is peaceful to-day, and drones an indolent song as it hurries along, a silvery flood glinting with a thousand mirrors, which flash back the sunshine or invert the trees and elongate them until their proportions are gigantic. The pliant bamboo acts well to-day and drops the hook with its tempting bait in likely looking nooks; and at last after floating in a dejected way around the circling eddy edge it stops; the line straightens and the rod rainbows under the strain of a 2-pounder. Ha! He's found something about that frog which is vastly different from others he has eaten, and the worst of it is he can't let go of it! This new sensation scares him, and he will get away from that frog at all hazards! Away he goes up stream in frantic haste. The bamboo bows, then the reel sings merrily, and only stops when 75yds. of line are out. Now comes a twisting, whirling play that makes the water boil, then a sharp run across the rapid, now back for a snag pile under the cottonwood roots. The drag swings him back, and he shoots into a deeper place where the water rests a little; and there goes to sulking. Slowly but surely the reel coaxes him back into the rush of water; and he goes up in the air, shakes his head, and falls back with a splash. Now comes a sullen, dogged resistance that is more trying on nerves and tackle than his rush. He goes for bottom and stays there; won't break water under any circumstances; and comes in to net tail first and swimming against the stiffened line vigorously. This is kept up until, thoroughly tired out, he turns, shows the white gleam of belly, and submits to being towed within reach. If you miss him the first time with the net, then look out for another flurry and a short run out again; maybe more than one before you land him.

Talk about a catfish not being game!

As the sun comes higher we hunt the shadowed bank or the rock-girted pier, and strike them here, great blue-black, or golden yellow, fellows, who sometimes jump clear of the water in eager endeavor to snatch the spotted bait. A six-pounder soon keeps Ed busy and my bamboo surprises one here and there as I prospect the well-known feeding grounds.

Almost before we know it the sun puts our shadow north of us and we clamber up on the foot of the island, wet, tired and thoroughly happy, to eat our lunch and tell each other how this or that one came to net, "and if he had got an inch of slack he wouldn't now be in the basket, for the hook had torn a hole you could stick your thumb through. As we eat we watch the patches of shade and sunlight flit over the river's face, and the quiet hum of insect life mingles with the gurgle of the water as it swirls around the old snag, where balanced the turtles which frantically fanned the air and tumbled overboard when we appeared. The kingfisher's graven image tips the overhanging dead limb, waiting for a luckless minnow to rise and wake to life this feathered statue. The little green heron stalks with wise poise of head and step sedate among the tulles of the eddy's edge. A flight of swallows skim the surface and scoop up a drink while on the wing, and the trees flash back their color on all sides, a moving, living picture. For an hour or so we feel drowsy and just "no-account" for anything, so we watch the scene and smoke a peace pipe with nature, while we just lazy round watching the birds feed their hungry babies and the fussy old bumble bee fumble the thistle bloom.

As the day grows old we wake to action, and ere the sun sinks behind the western woods an even dozen shining trophies grace our string, all won in fair fight in the rapid's rushing swirl.

The trout is not more active nor the bass more gamy than these glistening channel catfish of the Western rivers; and to your split-bamboo you must add a fisher's science or the day will be a blank and the angler will return disappointed. I have taken 40lbs. in three hours in this same rapid. I have tossed a fly to trout from the Rockies to the Pacific, fought bass among the lilypads and heard the spoon jingle in the savage headshake of the salmon, and for rod and line fishing I want no gamier strike and fight than the channel cat in rapid water. They will take, in season, minnows, frogs, softshell crayfish, grasshoppers, helgramites, and, in clear water, a fly. Our river (the Big Blue) was on this occasion too roily to afford fly-fishing, but I have taken eighteen fish, from 1 to 9lbs. weight, with a large bass fly, in an afternoon. They bite best on clear days when there is little wind, and love the shadowed eddies which flank the rapids.

Many of them are taken here every season with set lines and by floating down stream with fifteen or twenty jigs tightly corked and buoying a short line with a single hook. A large fish affords an exciting chase when caught this way, and doubles many times before he is finally overhauled with the boat. If any fisherman of FOREST AND STREAM chances through Nebraska, then let him hunt a local fisher and have a go at these game fish among their native rapids, and once he catches the knack of finding them he must enjoy royal sport.

EL COMANCHO.

A Lake Minnetonka Bass.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—At Lake Minnetonka, Minn., Mr. Farrington, of Minneapolis, recently caught with light tackle, casting between Phelps Island Park and Wild Goose Island, a large-mouthed black bass that weighed full 6lbs. It measurad 21in. in length and 6in. in breadth. The fishing in the lake is excellent this year, and the shores swarm with small fish that give great promise of still better sport in after years.

C. P.

ANGLING NOTES.

Planting Lake Trout Fry.

FOR the past three weeks I have been fishing at Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, where one may catch landlocked salmon with smelt bait, Sunapee saibling or golden trout with minnows and black bass with the fly. One day while fishing for black bass with Fish Commissioner Griffen he said that complaints had been made about the manner of planting lake trout fry in waters of the State, in that the fry were planted in water so deep that the tender fry were killed by pressure of the water. While this is utterly absurd and groundless, he had had a test made by placing a lot of fry in a wire cage and sinking them to a greater depth than the fry were ever planted, that is to 60ft., and after twenty-four hours the cage was raised and the fry found to be uninjured. If Fish Commissioners give heed to all the idle complaints made by people who know nothing about the matter complained of they will be old before their time.

The day that Commissioner Griffen and I were fly-fishing for bass there was a perfect ripple on the water for fly-casting, in fact it was for that reason that we started. We fished the shores and shoals in that "perfect fly-casting breeze" for hours without taking a single bass large enough to kill, and then just at sundown, when the water was perfectly calm and smooth as a mirror, we picked up a few good bass. We had fished some of the best water in the lake and I was casting trout flies with a 5½oz. rod and doing the neatest work I could, and could raise nothing but "T. S.'s" (too small) in the placid water, when we came to some rocks sticking above the water. By casting over and beyond the rocks I was able to take all the decent bass we got that day. Occasionally a rock which was a little below the surface would serve to shield the boats and occupants from the bass behind it, and a long cast would do the business for the fish, and all the time there was danger that the bass would do the business for the flies and leaders on so light a rod. One bass dived down into the rocks and apparently became fast, but by swinging the boat around in a circle be was drawn out to fight his way to the landing net.

It is the general belief here that the bass have not come on to the shores and shoals yet, but I am satisfied that the bass have spawned and retired to deeper water. I have found no bass with spawn, and last year at this time (the last of June), I found many bass had not spawned. As I have been here since June 19, and have found no large bass on the shores as in previous years, I am forced to think that owing to the early spring that the bass have spawned earlier than usual in Sunapee Lake, which is a particularly good thing for future bass fishing in the lake. There are some queer things about bass fishing in the lake, but they will be subject for notes in the future.

Preserving Fish for Specimens.

A gentleman in British Columbia having promised me specimens of trout and salmon, regarding the identity of which there is some doubt, asked how they should be preserved, and as the fish will go to Prof. Garman at the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, I asked him how he would have the fish sent in case alcohol was not to be obtained in the wild region where the fish in question are found. What he says may be of interest to others who desire to preserve fish for identification:

"Good alcohol, and enough of it, is the best preservative for general use. If, however, your friend cannot get it conveniently, he can put up specimens so that they can be identified by using plenty of salt. Salt inside the gills and mouth; salt inside the belly among the intestines and salt around each specimen has brought fishes in good shape from long distances. They must not be allowed to rest against one another. Moss or excelsior filled with salt may be used to separate the specimens. They should be laid carefully in the salt with fins moderately spread, and packed so they cannot move about or rub. They must not be taken out of the salt except to change to fresh salt for final shipment. Drying injures them and takes the color if kept out any length of time. Large and meaty fish are usually cut on the inside, so that the salt reaches all the flesh quickly. Along the tail small slits permit of rubbing in the salt. Small specimens in liquor are better sent in fruit jars. The mistake commonly made is in not using spirits enough for the quantity of flesh."

As I was writing this I received a box of trout caught in the Trinity River, Canada, by my friend, Mr. Edson Fitch, of Quebec. When Mr. Fitch returned from fishing his river he sent the fish from Quebec to me at my home in New York State. There they were repacked and sent on to me here at Sunapee Lake, and by a mistake were delivered at the cottage of the New Hampshire Fish Commission. Fortunately Commissioner Griffen discovered the box a few hours after it was left on the piazza and brought it to me. I repacked the fish in ice, as they had made their long journey in this way, and have sent them on to Prof. Garman, and if they arrive at their final destination in as good order as when I received them I shall have something to say about them later.

From the Trinity.

Of the fishing on his river Mr. Fitch says: "I am sorry to say we had poor fishing. There has been no rain on the north shore of the St. Lawrence all the spring, and we never had a drop the fortnight I was there, consequently the river got very low, and the extreme hot weather put the water up to a temperature of 71°, so of course the salmon all lay in the bottom of deep pools, and no coaxing would get them to rise. We only killed 23 fish in the fortnight, but had some good trout fishing."

From the Restigouche.

Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn., also writes me about his fishing in the Restigouche: "I have not a big score to report, but enough fish fell to my rod, more particularly the last two days, to make the trip a very enjoyable one without. They were all strong, fresh-run salmon, two of the fish had sea lice on them, and every one was as silvery as if taken in salt water, showing not a suspicion of the 'coppery tinge.' Every one was also a hard fighter, and nearly every one came for the fly in a way that 'makes glad the heart of any salmon fisherman,' exhibiting great eagerness to get it, making big boils on the water and in several instances throwing their heads and half of their bodies over the surface, going down with a splash.

"The Encyclopedia Britannica states that, 'A salmon very often misses the fly in his eagerness, and when he does the very worst thing the angler can do is to pull it away from him, as after such a miss it is not at all uncommon for a salmon to turn round hastily and make a second snatch at the fly which he rarely misses; but if the fly is whipped away from him he is frightened and disgusted, and goes down sulkily, refusing to rise again.

"There are some anglers who have a different theory and whip the fly away from the salmon as soon as he has missed it, believing that if he comes the second time he is apt to see it too well and not take it at all, but I have always found it the safer plan to follow the advice of the Encyclopedia, and on this trip had a practical demonstration that a salmon will not only come for a fly twice, but occasionally three times.

"Having made an outside cast with a good length of line, when the fly was fishing at an angle of about 45° to the current, a fish came eagerly for it, making a big boil in the water, but missed the fly; he turned around suddenly, came again as lustily as before, again missing, when to my surprise and delight he came for it a third time, but in a quieter manner, after the line had worked around to be almost straight with the current, and got securely hooked, making a grand and lively fight which lasted twenty-six minutes, and proved to be my largest fish, weighing 27½lbs. On account of their great strength and gameness, I was obliged to spend half an hour with two of the fish; the others were killed in times ranging from 11 to 26 minutes. The water was unusually low and clear for so early in the season when I arrived, and this condition lasted until June 1, when we had a good rain which gave us a rise of 18in., but it was five days after this before I got a fish. A second but smaller rise of water occurred three days before I left, and the fish coming at the same time gave me two good days, killing two on Tuesday and four on Wednesday."

Mr. Mitchell's score was follows:

May 29, 1 salmon	23lbs.
June 8, 2 salmon, 20½, 20	40½lbs.
" 12, 1 salmon	23lbs.
" 14, 1 salmon	18lbs.
" 15, 1 salmon	24lbs.
" 19, 2 salmon, 25½, 25	50½lbs.
" 20, 4 salmon, 25½, 27½, 20, 23	96lbs.
	275lbs.

Average for 12 fish, 22^{11}_{12}lbs.

A. N. CHENEY.

CONCERNING IZAAK WALTON.

IZAAK WALTON is the patron saint of all fishermen and the man who gave fishing literature its first start in the world; his main line of thought being the fish line, if it did take all summer. He was a unique character even to the spelling of his name, which he changed when a boy, or he never would have risen above mediocrity, he argued. In doing the circular work on the grindstone in the shed while his father got up and sat down on the axe, he used to advance the theory that with proper bait the fish in the creek would bite at a hook, his father taking the opposite side of the question with great zeal and logic; and soon the youth began to attend school with great regularity whenever there was any school of fish in the creek to attend. He was seldom absent or tardy.

He became a great angler, and while he was humane to children, in his philosophy he nevertheless maintained that fish should be brought up by the rod no matter how they kick against it. He was the first scientific fisherman, and it was he who discovered that spitting on the bait is one of the main things to success; and was the first living exponent of that other piscatorial virtue, patience, and could wait, and cheerfully too, longer for a nibble than any.

There was no more entertaining story-teller around the corner grocery of evenings than Ike, and he could hold his hearers spellbound by his account of the day's fishing, his stories being often of the longest kind, as sometimes were the fish. There was nothing small about Izaak. If he came in with a trout weighing 2lbs. he never went around telling everybody he met that it weighed 1½lbs. He always maintained that fish was great brain food, and therefore stimulating to the imagination. By long and exasperating experience he could tell to an ounce just the weight of any great corn-fed fish that happened to get away by the breaking of a new strong linen line or the snapping of a heavy hook.

He is considered the father of most of the fish stories still extant and growing more extanter, and he is justly considered to be the first fish historian. He never had the heart to speak disparagingly of the smallest fish he caught; he had more respect for them, and would not take advantage of them and belittle them; and there are still many true anglers like him in regard to that.

If he happened to come back after a day's fishing with a creel full of beauties he never kept them covered up and refused to allow anybody the privilege of looking therein, but most generously permitted them to inspect the catch and envy him his good luck. If asked where he had caught them, like a true fisherman, he always politely answered, "Over yander," and his questioners knew that was about as close as they could get to the spot and seemed satisfied. If he came home without a single fish, because the turtles had run off with the string full of the biggest fish he ever caught, he didn't lie about it by saying that he hadn't caught any. He told the truth, and if he had not caught a chub he showed them conclusively that the wind was just a mite too much southeast by northeast, or westsouth by northsouth, as the case might have been, or that the worms had been digged out of the south side of the barn instead of the other side, where the moon hadn't been shining of late, and the twins in the celestial constellations were in apogee and playing smash with each other. You see he was a philosopher and could readily explain anything without referring to a book.

If he chanced to catch an extraordinary huge salmon which none of the villagers got an opportunity to see, and they would express a doubt about it, Ike would tell them he could take them right down and show them the very identical hole where it came out, and that of course would settle all questions, for the hole was still there.

He was the ideal fisherman. If he did not pull up a fish, a tin can, hoopskirt or an old boot, he would bring out some sentence of logic that you would hardly think lay on the bottom of the creek for the crawfish or the tadpoles to crawl under and get out of the sun. His "Compleat Angler" is very catching, and shows just how a fisherman can improve his time to advantage when he is not getting bites. You should take it along and read it between bites.

Izaak is the author of the following rare, ripe old saws with the teeth on:

"Never count your fish till they are on the string."

"A fish in the hand is worth six in the stream."

"If you get a mosquito bite, jerk."

"A fish is like your boy; if you give him too much line he will wear himself out."

"Don't jerk hard enough to land your fish over in the next county."

"It is plumb serious work to play a big fish."

"Put no suckers on unless the string is small."

"When you are not fishing mend your nets."

"When you're fishing with a fly in it, be particular of the kind of fly."

"Don't brag of your catch unless no one brags for you."

"If your neighbor has plenty of nibbles and you none, borrow some."

"'You don't get a chance to pull my leg,' said the chary bass."

"No fish, no trouble of cleaning."

"You can't spoon for a bass and a girl at the same time."

A. W. BELLAW.

TEXAS TARPON.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "F. S. C. J." says in your issue of June 30 that he doubts the stories of Texas tarpon fishing. These are his own words:

> I have read with interest the attempts to boom Texas as a tarpon resort, which have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM occasionally the past season. I have seen no communication as yet to these resorts from one who has had experience in southwest Florida. These writers fall into the natural error of inferring that tarpon can be taken where the fish abound. There may be a thousand tarpon in sight, and twenty boats fishing with all proper appliances, and not a fish touch the bait. Especially must this be true of a place like Aransas Pass, described in the *Cosmopolitan* lately and in FOREST AND STREAM. Forty five feet of water rule out bottom fishing, and although a fish might be taken by trolling, the capture would be at very rare intervals.

In behalf of Texas I must contradict "F. S. C. J.'s" impressions. He could not have read the reports of your staff correspondent's trip very closely or he would have read the following·

> The home of the tarpon is in Aransas Pass. * * * The tides and winds cause strong outward and inward currents to prevail at all times, and in these seething waters the tarpon makes his home, his feeding and playground, and is to be found all the year around Here they spawn early in June, the young fish seeking the shallow grassy flats in the bay, where they remain until of sufficient size to keep out of the way of the big fish. In the month of July, while fishing for trout (weakfish), I have caught them 4 to 6in. long, and again in September I have caught several from 8 to 10in. long.

The fact is that the natural feeding and breeding grounds of the tarpon range for perhaps 200 miles down the coast, although they are easiest reached via the San Antonio & Aransas Pass Railroad to either Rockport, Aransas Pass or Corpus Christi.

Tarpon fishing in this vicinity has not reached the advanced stage of Florida fishing, and consequently it is hard to give exact figures. However, I give the results of last week's fishing as far as I have heard, and in each case I will guarantee both the fish and weight:

A party of six gentlemen from Dallas, Texas, landed six tarpon in one day, the largest weighing 147lbs

Messrs. Ben. L Peck and H. L. Kokernut landed a tarpon weighing 170lbs. and a jewfish weighing 124lbs.

J. T. McDarrell and T. C. McDonald landed two tarpon weighing 125 and 140lbs. each, and a jewfish weighing 129lbs. in one day.

Robert Bucklin, of Providence, R. I., landed a tarpon 5ft. 3in. long, weighing 98lbs.

That makes ten tarpon of which I have heard, and I doubt not that as many more were caught of which no report has been made, as the natives here consider them a nuisance.

By the way, "F. S. C. J." says, as quoted above: "Forty-five feet depth of water rules out bottom fishing, and although fish might be taken by trolling, the capture would be at very rare intervals." While above in speaking of the Florida fish he says, "The tarpon is a surface fish, and I doubt that he pays much attention to what lies on the bottom."

The fact remains that the tarpon fishing is excellent in Texas, and I will guarantee "F. S. C J." all the sport he wants if he will pay me a visit. W. M. S.

Bluefishing off Seabright.

THE manipulation of these veritable sea tigers, after the hook is well set, requires judgment, nerve and entire absence of "fish fright." They are determined in their frantic rushes and breaks to extricate themselves from the predicament they fully realize themselves in as soon as th prick of the barb is felt. An indispensable requisite to insure the boating of these fighters is a taut line from the time one is hooked until landed in the boat, and unless the angler (not rodster) is always on the alert, they are apt to get slack line, overrun it on the reel, and either part it or rid themselves of the hook.

The waters off Seabright are excellent for the indulgence of this invigorating sport. My trips there have been frequent, and with rare exceptions crowned with success. Week before last a friend and myself brought ashore 35 blues averaging 6lbs., and last week 29 fish running from 3 to 6lbs., having lost perhaps a third more on each occasion by their being insecurely hooked. This was not to be regretted in our case, as their true fighting qualities entitled them to regain their liberty after such a brave struggle for it. These chances are denied them when caught with the murderous hand lines.

A surf boat manned by two experienced men can be secured on the beach at Seabright by letter or interview, a day or two in anticipation of the trip. They provide the menhaden to chum with, and their charge for services, boat, etc., is moderate.

Should any of the readers of your very readable paper desire further details I will gladly give them. I have often read favorable fishing notes, but data as to whom to communicate with were lacking. I would suggest to any one contemplating a trial with the blues off Seabright to write to Clark Fisher, Seabright, N. J. It will meet with a prompt reply, and two more gentlemanly, obliging and careful boatmen than Fisher and his partner cannot be found where the blues run. C. T. P.

ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 10.)

THE dawn came, and with it came the same thundering "northwester," which meant another day of inactivity The sun shone brightly, the blue sky was studded with. little clouds, and the distant shore stretched along the horizon like a streak of violet. Before us broke the waves of the sea, still agitated by the fierce wind, while in a grove near by, that was sheltered from the unruly blasts, some minstrels of lovely plumage were twittering and singing with wondrous and plaintive sweetness.

"Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."

The day passed without any event occurring worth noticing, then another morning dawned with the same persistent northwester, which, like Banquo's ghost, was as dominant as if it would never down. After breakfast Ned, in desperation, again tried the outside battlement for a trout, but he soon came back without a fin and reported, "Too much sea, too much gale."

During the waning hours of the afternoon the wind showed less fierceness, a favorable indication that the sea god was about to rule for gentle zephyrs and seas of serene gentleness, which would doubtless give us a votive offering, a dome of surpassing beauty in *cirri* and satin, purple and gold.

About 4 o'clock Peter and Kenosh, who had been down at the fishing shanty in the little bay near the point, put in a hasty appearance and hurriedly began building a fire.

"What are you doing that for?" I asked.

"To get supper," Peter answered, somewhat surprised.

"Why it's only 4 o'clock, and we don't want supper now."

At this they ceased feeding the flames and returned from whence they came. In about fifteen minutes after their departure they came back in a great hurry with a firm determination on their faces that boded no good, and again began to build a fire.

Once more I hurried out, though Ned tried to persuade me to remain, and in a very emphatic manner told Peter not to prepare the meal until 6 o'clock.

"The fishermen have all gone to their supper," he snappishly replied.

"That makes no difference if they have; 6 o'clock is our supper hour, and we don't want it a moment sooner, and don't you forget it."

"Then I'll be blanked if I get it."

"Then I'll be blanked if we pay you or feed you."

"I don't care a d—n," says the red-handed revolutionist, and then he discontinued his efforts at kindling the fire and stalked away in great anger, while I returned to the tent.

After the lapse of a minute or two he presented himself at our tent with the flush of deep excitement still on him and nervously said:

"I have tried all I could to please you."

"Why don't you continue to do so?" I calmly came back.

"I've done my best."

"You are doing your best now to get up a quarrel."

"I don't want to quarrel."

"Why not respect our orders then?"

"I always have."

"But now you diregard them."

He made no reply to this, but sullenly walked away and sought the deep woods, there to pout and plan, Indian-like.

We concluded that rather than submit to the red-handed barbarian we would drive him out of camp and await the arrival of the tug and take passage on her to the Soo. It is strange, but we never employed a half-breed the second time but what he was sure to revolt at some trifle or other. Ned said it was the result of kind treatment, and that the only way to succeed with them was to avoid all familiarity and rule with an autocratic power. Ned, however, never practiced what he preached, for he invariably demoralized every Indian that accompanied him from pure kindness and excessive friendliness. I had cautioned him time and again about it, and its discontinuance was only made a necessity when the war songs were welling forth and the tomahawks sharpened.

About the time to commence preparations for supper, Kenosh, who had accompanied Peter to the forest, put in an appearance, and on requesting him to prepare our meal he went briskly and pleasantly about it. Soon after the fire was built Peter returned looking somewhat crestfallen, and seeing Kenosh employed as *chef* took his coat off and lent a willing hand in the preparation of the supper and that without our requesting it. The revolt was over, no more the drum provokes to arms, "the trumpets sleep while cheerful horns are blown."

"Buried was the bloody hatchet;
Buried was the dreadful war club;
Buried was all warlike weapons;
And the war-cry was forgotten,
Then was peace among the nations."

Another dawn came and the sun arose in brilliant form and chased away the shadows of the night. A light breeze, that tantalized the boatmen, making them think of toil at the oars, rippled the water, while overhead the sky was lovely in sapphire blue with banks of snowy clouds.

All being anxious for departure, the matutinal meal was soon served, the camp hastily dismantled, the boat loaded, and again we are aboard sailing over gentle seas that brightly sparkled, and in soft cadence murmured:

"And the raibow hangs on the poising wave,
And sweet is the color of cove and cave,
And sweet shall your welcome be."

It was an earnest study the boatmen made of the elements, for they dreaded the "cedar breeze," the oars—but happily, the wind not only held, but as the sun ascended it began to strengthen, and soon we were tossing a silvery curd from the bow that flashed in the glowing sun and then caressingly lost itself in our wake.

Peter, who was at the helm, felt as if he were in utter disgrace from the shameful part he had played in the revolt, but he was very humble and penitent, and also exceedingly polite; decidedly patronizing, I should say, to put it in a more favorable light. He, however, after a long silence, opened up the subject with Ned by saying that he was very sorry for the occurrence and would make an apology if he thought he were in error, intimating that if he were not I must be. Ned tumbled to his judicial chair and gave him an opinion on the subject that would have done honor to any jurist, and also at the same time lectured him in plain Saxon, that I opine he will long treasure for his own especial guidance hereafter. It covered him not only in deep confusion, but made him so contrite that he turned to and made a very humble apology for his defiant conduct. He further stated that in order to have a distinct understanding with anglers hereafter, he would have a set of rules that they would have to adhere to or else he would decline going with them.

Ned, who was always quick to give a *quid pro quo*, said he (Peter) could have what constitution and by-laws he desired. but that he would have a simple and unmistakable rule, and that was to employ no boatmen who would not implicitly obey his orders, and they would be reasonable, too.

This knocked out the wily half-breed as completely as if he had been struck by lightning, for he had all along been endeavoring to have us engage him for our next trip. He had overlooked this fact in his haste to be autocratic and had met with a resistance entirely unexpected. This was the last echo of the rebellion at Mamaise Point.

Ned suggested, as we neared Raissaines, that we land and make a visit to a new copper mine that had recently been opened at this fishing station, the oldest on the lake, having been in the Raissaine family for over forty-five years, descending from father to son. We were somewhat disappointed in not seeing the mines, for on landing were told they were about five miles inland, too far for us to tramp; but were further informed that a diamond drill only a half mile back was in operation endeavoring to trace the vein of this mine. This being a novelty to us we paid it a visit and were well pleased with the trip, as we received a fund of valuable information from the engineer in charge of the works.

He had gone with the drill some forty-five feet through solid rock and the various strata were plainly outlined in the inch core taken therefrom. The owners of the mine were very confident of its developing richly, but as I had seen so many abandoned mines on both shores of this lake, that at first were rich in promise, was exceedingly doubtful of the success of this venture.

Before we left Ned advised putting our rods together and trying for trout along some rocks just before we entered Pancake Bay. It used to be a capital place for sport, but I presumed that it had, like other choice spots, been depleted by the rapacity of the red-handed pot-hunter. As our larder was just then minus this delicious fish I thought the suggestion a good one and at once complied with it. Our rods ready for the combat we embark for the promised land, and after going about two miles reach it and commence the work of tempting the tinted beauties, with Ned in the stern, I in the bow and the boatman at the oars, the sails having been lowered. It was evidently a lovely place for complete concealment of a *fontinalis* or for romantic retreat of some nymph of the deep:

"For here are the blissful downs and dales,
And merrily, merrily carol the gales,
And the spangle dances in bight and bay."

Great blocks of massive stones covered the bottom in the wildest confusion, while crevices and chasms were as irregular as the rocks themselves. Here a gateway for a golden haired Naiad; there a cozy cover for a vermilion dyed beauty, and yonder a channel for a little rivulet that babbles and sparkles as it drops over mosses and lichens that cover the stony battlements and arches of the "grim-visaged" cliffs.

I expected every moment to see a flash of silver and a sudden commotion of the waters as the lures dropped, but the pleasing vision did not realize till I had about abandoned all hope. It then came just as we were about to round into the bay, but not from any collossal dweller in the granite gorges of the deep, but from an adolescent *habitué* who had not been fully taught the lessons of duplicity of the ambitious angler. It was a gratification, however, to even receive a response from one of this size, for though a disappointment in weight, its ravishing beauty fully balanced the account. Its avoirdupois was in ounces and barely escaped being a pounder by a few fractions. But oh! he was a pink of perfection, *le beau ideal*, looking as if he had come

"From that sapphire fount, the crisped brook,
Rolling in orient pearl and sands of gold,"

from whence he took his iridescent hues. I admit that I am and always have been deeply enthused with the loveliness of a Lake Superior *Salvelinus fontinalis*, for of all the fish that cleave the deep he is undoubtedly without a peer in both symmetry and tinting. The crimson of the clouds, the pink of the sea shell and the blush of the rose are no rarer than the enameled dyes which so enchantingly envelop this idol of the icy lake. Tintorete, Veronese and Turner, great color artists as they were, never possessed the talent of transferring to canvas the celestial colors of this matchless beauty, nor has any other artist of our day ever given us a faithful picture of this finny Adonis. As well try to imitate the ocean or the Alps, a cloud or a tree. You can feast your eyes upon the brook beauty with an infinite delight, but what purports to be his artistic *fac simile* will never create one thrill of admiring emotion from either angler or naturalist.

It was suggested to have this "dandy of the gleaming stars" as the dish *de résistance* for our lunch. It was a very rapid step from the lake to the frying pan, but the handsome dude made it all the same; for with this victim as a tempting offering we immediately ceased casting and went ashore for the feast.

The boatmen had a hard time in finding a place to serve the meal, as the shore was one complete mass of broken rocks and glistening boulders. A horizontal plane was out of the question, and whether the table was placed on an angle of forty-five I am not mathematician enough to state; but I do know that we had to keep constant vigil on the dishes to prevent them sliding off and going to pieces on the flinty rocks. As Ned was on the highest plane he left the principal work to me, and as I was in danger of either being scalded with hot tea or having the edibles in my lap, I never relaxed vigilance on the china. I of course ate at a great disadvantage, Ned getting two bites to my one, and as a consequence he arose from the table perfectly satisfied and smiling, while I, having what is called a "twenty minutes for refreshments" with the realization of less than ten, was *au contraire*. I was, however, duly impressed with this moral: Always take the elevated side of the table.

After the boatmen had satisfied their rapacious maws and had everything aboard, we pushed off, and throwing our sails to the breeze, which had perceptibly increased, it filled them as if it meant business, and once more the winged fabric cleaved through the restless seas.

We rounded into the radiant bay in fine form, and when the emerald of the mosses, the green of the ferns and the yellow of the tall primroses, that ran wantouly along the picturesque shore, had faded from view, we began to catch the wind in a very spirited manner that about doubled our headway, and made a bright mass of white water fairly hum as it rose and toppled and raced along the seas in beaded foam.

The day had charmingly developed and was now rejoicing in a bright sun that was beautifying everything upon which its ardent rays fell. The savage walls of ravine, crag and chasm were in a blaze of silver and haze of purple pale; the bending foliage on the receding hills blushed in many delicate hues; the waves ran in crests of sparkling foam, while overhead the fleeces precious with "the gold of heaven" indolently floated as if their mission were only to enhance the splendor of the sky.

It was six miles across the bay and four to Bachewauaung Lighthouse, where we proposed to camp for the evening. Ned, however, was anxious to make Maple Bay, but as the shore there was shallow the present course of the wind would give us a sea of heavy breakers in which to land. This, of course, not being desirable, we concluded to turn into the lovely bay and there remain for the night and leave the next morning, provided we had a favorable breeze. Having made the crossing of the unpoetically named bay—Pancake—we began to skim along the shore with a speed that promised soon to land us at our destination. The sea was now rising with its snowy plumes in grand style,

"And the crest
Of mounting wave is rimmed with gold!"

Since leaving in the early morning we had had the extremes of sailing weather. First, we had the circling ripples of the catspaw, and now we are plunging over liquid cliffs that bade fair to madden into tempests. Here beauty is so rapidly merged into terror that it requires the inclusion of several conditions to preserve it. As we have stated in substance beforo, you may be in ecstacies of delight over some admiring scene in gentle seas, and ere you have passed an hour you may be looking heavenward with a prayer upon your lips. Such is the great lake, and those who voyage upon it in frail crafts must be prepared to accept it with a good grace either in its savage fury or its unfurled calm.

We made harbor about 2 o'olock and in a twinkle almost our boatmen had our tents erected on a plateau overlooking the bay. We had hardly settled in our quarters before a party of anglers from a steam yacht *en route* for Aguawa called upon us and exchanged the usual courtesies. They stated that they intended fishing on the morrow in Harmony River that empties into this bay, and then they would depart for the Aguawa and fish its big pools, which are fully ten miles from its mouth. They had been there before, they stated, and had met with unexampled success, and expected it again. They were admirably equipped for the trip and each of them sported a splendid outing suit that made us green with envy. After our being in camp for a month the "spick and span" of our suits had faded, and with our sun-browed complexion and somewhat unkempt locks must have looked something like the "raggedy man." Ned said it was a clear case of gilt edge versus ragged edge. Poverty-stricken as we looked we offered them the loving cup, but they were not just then inclined to dally with the ruby wine or the fiery bourbon, and so after a fraternal chat, in which the accustomed romances of the rod and reel were exchanged they bade us an ardent adieu.

No sooner had their footsteps ceased to echo before our enthusiastic angler, the fine old gentleman from Kentucky, turned in with his mackinac and landed. We were delighted to see him and gave him a very cordial welcome. He stated that he had been wind-bound in Pancake Bay, and that on seeing us dash by with the radiant foam tossing from our prow he suggested to his boatmen to up sail and follow in our wake. They were not, however, in accord with his wishes at all, but insisted on waiting until the wind lulled with the declining sun. He was somewhat indignant at their refusal, but had to comply, as they held the trumps.

With the setting of the fiery orb, which went down in waving flame of scarlet, interwoven with bands of orange and edges of gold and violet, the air became quite cool, necessitating a rousing fire for comfort. Around this we all gathered with our camp chairs and whiled the hours away in delightful converse. Our Kentucky friend stated that the first four days of the trip he did not catch a single trout, so completely had the market-hunting half-breeds and Indians with their gill nets and set lines cleaned the coast of the trout. He had his best sport along the shore near the mouth of Gravel River. Here he caught some magnificent trout, several being 4-pounders. On his return he had very indifferent success, and was satisfied that the entire coast line, for fully 150 miles or more, beginning at Gros Cap, had been about stripped of its trout, and so limited the sport now that he had determined to hereafter abandon the North Shore as a piscatorial resort. He expressed a desire to try next season the magnificent pools on the famed Nipigon.

The North Shore trouting is rapidly on the wane and evidently has seen its best days, its ruin being hastened by the market purveyors, and the lax administration of the law by the Canadian Minister of Fisheries. All along the entire shore the statute is a dead letter, for as I have before observed, there is no concealment about its violation. A season or two more and a *Salvelinus fontinalis* will be as much a rarity here as that extinct bird, the dodo.

That evening the lighthous keeper told me, in an admiring way, that his boy had realized as much as $10 a day in netting trout in the bay early in the season. This I simply give as an example to illustrate the depletion that is constantly going on here in and out of season, It is really high time that attention is called for the protection of the trout on this coast, and those high in authority should at once move in the matter ere it be too late. There is something supremely beautiful and exalting in the faithful administration of a protective game law, and it assuredly should be something more than a mere cob-

web to catch flies and let the wasps and hornets break through.

The fire was now fast losing its diffusing warmth, a chilly wind had sprung up from the northwest, the glitter of the jeweled sky rapidly fading, and soon a heavy fog enveloped us in its misty vapors. Our neighbor, not liking the sudden atmospheric change, arose and bade us good night, and then we sought our tent to court the drowsy god, and with the lapping of the waves, which had a mournful sound, we fell asleep, and in happy dreams wandered along the silver sands of a babbling brook, where we "saw sweet faces, rounded arms and bosoms prest to little harps of gold," while they mused and whispered to each other, half in fear of our advent upon their isolated retreat. And so the dark, restful hours of the night wore pleasantly along till the gray of the dawn shone through a dense fog that had beaded every bush and spear of grass with its tiny globules. It was evident that our departure was to be delayed, for with the stiff breeze that was blowing and the dangerous coast to course it would be a foolhardy venture to advance. All night long the fog horn had sounded and in the early hours of the morn a steamer's whistle was heard, the shrill, sonorous noise of which was continued for a long time, much to the distraction of our auricular. ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOSTON FISHERMEN.

BOSTON, Mass., July 14.—Bass fishing is a good deal the order of the day with many of the Boston dwellers at the beaches this summer, while many of the sojourners in the country have taken their rods in hand. This idea is a growing one, and the proprietor of a summer hotel is fortunate, if his place is close by even good pickerel fishing. Norway Lake, in Maine, seems to be more noted than ever this year for its black bass fishing. The supply is unlimited, almost, and the place easy of access. Then there are the many ponds in Bridgton, all well supplied with bass. Reports indicate that the fishing is better than ever this year in several of these ponds. The celebrated Winthrop ponds are not forgotten, by any means, and they are particularly easy of access, with the noted Belgrede Mills ponds. Scarcely a day passes but what some Boston merchant or business man packs his rod, with his other belongings, and it is aired at some of the above ponds. Some of the ponds in Massachusetts are also being industriously fished this season. Mr. Bullard is a new convert to bass fishing. He is summering at Falmouth, and the ponds there afford him, with his friends, a good deal of sport. On Saturday, a couple of weeks ago, they caught 19 black bass of the small-mouth variety, the largest weighing 2 and 2½lbs. This success was at Mere Pond, I believe.

Mr. Albert T. Sisson has recently made a new combination in black bass flies. It has a yellow body and wings, with red wing covers and black tail. It is reported to be aking well. He called the attention of Col. Charles E. Fuller, an enthusiast at bass fishing, to it, and Mr. Fuller tried it with good success. Mr. Sisson has since named the fly the Col. Fuller. The Colonel went to Belgrade Mills this year and had great success with the bass. He usually goes to a lake in New Hampshire (Great East Lake, I believe) with his friends Mr. Boynton and Mr. Griffin, where they have camps. They will go there later.

Some of the Boston salmon fishermen are having unusually good success this year. The fishing at the Restigouche is reported to be excellent this year. One fisherman is reported to have killed nineteen salmon, averaging in weight 23lbs. The fishing is also good at the Grand Cascapedia. Mr. Mitten has killed nineteen salmon there. Mr. A. H. Wood, ex-Gov. Russell and Col. Peabody are at the Miramichi. I have not yet heard that they are having great success. On the contrary, there is a report that the water is extremely low and the fishing poor. Mr. D. H. Blanchard is at his river, the Northeast Branch of the Miramichi. His friend Brown is with him. Mr. Richard O. Harding, so many years the friend of Mr. Blanchard, is rather out of heolth and scarcely equal to a salmon fishing trip. At present he is at Ossipee, N. H., for a good rest. Joseph Jefferson will not visit his salmon river this year.

The Megantic Club is pretty well peopled at this time with club members and their families. The ladies and children are more pleased with the surroundings than they could possibly be at the seashore. A large number more of the members, with invited guests, are to go in next month. Parties are regularly booked for their stay at the club camps. Several private cottages are to be built this year. Mr. L. Dana Chapman says that some very big catches of trout have been made at Massachusetts Bog, one of the best fishing grounds at the Megantic preserve. One man caught between 10:30 A. M. and 3 P. M. 302 trout. They were all taken with a fly. The new fire-places at the club camps are being built and guests this fall at the Megantic will have the pleasure of sitting by "roaring log fires."

Mr. M. C. Dizer has just returned from a visit to Lake St. John after landlocked salmon. The degree of his success I have not yet learned. It must have been good, for sportsmen of his ability seldom fish in vain. Mr. Jones will start for Buckfield, Me., on his vacation this week. He will fish all the streams in that section, and few are better acquainted with them, unless it be ex-Gov. John D. Long, who was born in the same town. Both are great lovers of the rod and line. SPECIAL.

Central New York Waters.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Cortland county, whose wealth of brook trout streams is well known, has afforded the trout anglers unusually fine sport the present season, robust creels having been the rule. The recent heavy rain replenished many streams that ordinarily at this season are dry, and from some of these brooks some pretty good sized trout have been taken. Only recently from a small stream that runs through one corner of the lumber yard belonging to the Cortland Wagon Co., almost in the heart of the town, John Chamberlin took a half dozen trout running from 7 to 9in. in length. This catch was made before breakfast, and it is safe to say that Chamberlin, who is master of an airy and gentle line, has duplicated the feat on more than one occasion since.

Tompkins county has also afforded the trout angler a good degree of sport. Charles Clinton is probably the most inveterate devotee of this line of sport hereabouts, and his field of operations is in the main located in the southeastern part of the county where sparkle some very enticing trout streams.

The lake fishing so far has not been up to expectations, due in a measure, old anglers say, to the high water that has prevailed. In Cayuga Lake black bass are not at all active, and the bass anglers are simply awaiting the Queen of Luck to wink her other eye. Little York Lake, Dryden, Tully and Tisco lakes are affording good pickerel fishing, the fish, though, not averaging large in size.

In all the waters named better results are expected later on. M. CHILL.

NEWS FROM THE FISHING WATERS.

MACON, Georgia.—We have black bass here and a good supply of brook trout in the mountainous part of the State. The shooting in portions of the State is good and game is plenty. B.

STEVENSVILLE, N. Y., July 12.—Fishing is excellent in Stevensville Lake. Two were caught yesterday that weighed 9lbs. 14oz. One caught to-day weighed 4lbs. 8oz. Several other large ones have been caught which have not been weighed.

BARNEGAT, N. J., July 9.—Weakfish are very plentiful and have been biting all day. Two men took 68 between 5 and 6 this P. M., average to boats to-day 25, with 40 boats out. H. G. ERRICKSON.

HARRISVILLE, N. Y., July 10.—One day last week Ernest Held of Syracuse, N. Y., caught in the river near here more trout than he could get into his fish basket, averaging nearly ¾lb. each, the largest weighing nearly 1½lbs. Yesterday Dr. Nearing and party, of Syracuse, caught nearly as many, the largest weighing over 1½lbs. Last Saturday H. E. Fox, of Adams, N. Y., caught 47 fine trout in Wolf Creek, not far from here. Fishing is good around Forest Home and fine catches are being made almost daily. W. E.

Hudson River Salmon.

GAME Protector Kennedy takes no stock in the recent stories published in the Troy papers of the increase of salmon in the Hudson. On the contrary, he says he believes they are decreasing all the time. His belief is based on the following facts: That the water below the State dam at Troy is too warm in June, July and August for salmon to thrive; that there is no fishway in the dam now, so that the salmon can seek the cooler waters of the upper Hudson; that fishermen on the lower Hudson are not finding them in their nets as frequently, for they see scarcely five a month, where a couple of years back from five to seven were found in the nets each day.

Protector Kennedy has a theory for the successful propagation of salmon in the Hudson and says of it: "I would continue the stocking of the river and let the fishermen who earn their livelihood by the drawing of nets catch them without hindrance. You would then find them on exhibition in the local markets, the people and the fishermen would get in the habit of seeing them, and would believe there was such fish there. Now it is regarded as a fish story to say there are any of these fish in the Hudson River. Those that are caught are not reported, because the law makes it an offense. They are not thrown back, by any means.

"The 'drift net' fishermen go in pairs and share alike. They catch and keep everything and neither 'peaches' on the other because their interests are mutual. The seine fishers who generally employ ten or a dozen or twenty men to draw the seines always give orders to throw all salmon back. They dare not do otherwise, as they have a band of men with them who are generally of the tougher classes that will not or cannot get other work, and the Commission sent out a circular last year to the Hudson River fishermen, asking, among other things: 'Did you catch any salmon? if so, what did you do them?' The replies were that the fishermen either caught none or else all that were caught were thrown back into the river. The fishermen are not fools by any means. Now, if they were allowed to catch them, the stocking kept up and the fish given a chance to get over the State dam at Troy, the fishermen would show their catches, and finding it a profitable fish to have in the river, would unite with the Commission in trying to protect and propagate it. Then it would be time to enact a law. As it now is, only a few are caught and they are concealed. Why. I believe that if the fishermen were once convinced that salmon could be raised in the Hudson, they would help pay the cost of stocking the river, and as protectors their services would be invaluable. As it is now, they are decreasing every year, I think, and will soon be run out despite all our efforts."—*Albany Journal.*

A Queer Catch.

TAUNTON STATION, Mass., July 7.—A unique catch was made here July 4 by Mr. Robert Sawyer of Waltham. While fishing for white perch in Taunton River more or less successfully, with a 9oz. split bamboo rod, Mr. Sawyer had a tremendous strike. After vainly endeavoring for some time to land his catch, which, by the way, put up a pretty strong fight, Bob turned to me and remarked, "I gotter whale." If this broke the spell or not I do not know, but at any rate his catch, as he spoke, landed himself by crawling upon shore. Robert had an enormous muskrat on the end of his line, firmly hooked about half way up the tail. It was probably caught as he was pulling up preparatory to making another cast.

Black bass and trout fishing is moderately good here. Pickerel have had to take it all winter. The unemployed in the factories have taken advantage of the hard times and have about ruined the fishing in most of the ponds here by fishing through the ice. Neither age nor sex were spared. A large number of the French population have been fishing every day since October last and are salting down pickerel, perch and bullheads in anticipation of no work and a hard winter before them. But after all, I would be no true sportsman to grudge them a bit to keep their families from starving, even at the expense of a little pleasure to myself. And I am sure all the fraternity will agree with me. P. W. P.

Tarpon in Mexico.

SOMEBODY ought to try the tarpon fishing in Tampico, Mexico. The fish were feeding there in November, but I had no tackle for them. AZTEC.

Sturgeon Bay Fishing.

MY wife and I have just returned from a glorious trip on Lake Michigan. Leaving Milwaukee at noon, we enjoyed a sail over the clean cold water, and were cooled by breezes that made us forget we came from a place where the thermometer said 98 in the shade. We ate and slept and read, and rested and got cool, enjoying every moment till noon next day, when we exchanged our floating home for one on the shore at Sturgeon Bay, a beautiful sheet of water connecting the waters of Green Bay and Lake Michigan.

After dinner we went trolling for pickerel, but they did not respond, so we went to an old wreck and caught a few rock bass, and then across the bay to catch perch—and we caught them; and would have caught them all day as fast as we could take them in; nice ones too, weighing half pound to a pound, and good enough for anybody to eat, but we thought half a bushel was enough, and quit at that, though there seemed to be as many in the water as when we began, but this was the best of the perch fishing, for we found they were so plenty and so common that we could not give them away; and it is no sport to catch fish that will not be used. The next afternoon we trolled some more, and my wife caught three goodly sized pickerel. The next morning I went out at 4 o'clock and trolled till 7, bringing in eight pickerel and a great appetite for breakfast. There is said to be great bass fishing at the other end of the bay, but we did not visit it. It was good enough where we were. We loafed and caught pickerel, and rested, and didn't care much for anything else; didn't even buy a paper every day to read about the great strike.

From Sturgeon Bay we took a steamer for Mackinac Island, touching at various places on both shores of Green Bay, and at Manistique on the north end of the lake, thence across to Beaver Island, a quaint old place is its beautiful bay, and a quainter lot are its 900 inhabitants, all fishing folks. Mrs. Gibson has kept the only hotel on the island for the last thirty five years; and knows all about frying fish. All strangers stopping at the island are asked what business brings them there, and are looked upon with suspicion till they give a satisfactory account of themselves. In all respects, these waters are enjoyable in the summer season. Bracing climate, beautiful scenery, good fishing and cheap transportation on staunch steamers that are scrupulously clean, and furnish good meals. The entire cost of living and traveling on these steamers does not exceed $4 per day, and a month's outing, starting from any of the Lake Michigan ports, making the entire tour of the lake (about 1,000 miles of sailing), stopping at various ports, costs less than $100. O. H. HAMPTON.

Trout and New Jersey Streams.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., July 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There seems to be a prejudice against the introduction of the European brown trout. Our native trout may be preferable to the brown trout, but the repeated stocking of streams by the State Fish Commission with native trout has proven that they would be there until they were all caught and that they could not themselves keep up their supply, and gradually the trout would disappear.

I personally know of scores of fine trout streams in Passaic county, N. J., where all conditions are favorable to trout, yet there are no trout in them, and all that you could catch would be a few chub and minnows. Had the New Jersey Fish Commission stocked some of the streams with brown trout, I feel confident that the result would have been different, and that those streams would now still contain trout. Again, if there is so much prejudice against the brown trout, why do not our Fish Commissioners try the red-throated trout for our streams—that is, if the experiment has not already been tried? If they prove successful or not, they certainly should be given a trial.

Last April L. Smith, E. Folley, B. Summers and myself procured 1,000 brown trout fry from J. Annin, Jr., of Caledonia, N. Y., at our expense, which we turned into a brook leading into the Passaic River above Paterson, so if ever you hear of any of them being caught it will not be a mystery how they got there.

If J. H. S., of Wyalusing, Pa., should prefer trout to black bass let him try the yearling brown trout for his pond; these would thrive there in spite of the bullheads now in it—I have it from the best authority, not from one but from several former natives of Forfar, Scotland, that the Forfar Loch at one time contained pike, perch and eels, and by the breaking of a dam some Loch Leven brown trout got into Forfar Loch and since that time the pike which were once very numerous have become very scarce. There are records of 6-pound trout that were caught in this loch, and there are more trout there than other fish. E. H.

Lake Winnepiseogee Bass.

WOLFEBORO, N. H., July 9 —This is my fourth season here, and I thought I would drop a line to inform your many readers that if they want good bass fishing this is the place to get it. My first season here was in 1888, when I remained for about two months, and during that time had some phenomenal catches, taking quite a number of 4-pound fish and a great many 3-pounders. I spent about the same time here again in 1889, and had just as good catches as in 1888. The management of the hotel in Kingswood Inn was so bad that I did not come again until 1893, when mine host Fred. S. McLaughlin became manager and made it as it is now, a first-class house. I am here again this season and find the fishing just as good. My first day's trial for this season was last Friday. I captured thirty that weighed from 1lb. to 3lbs. But what is the most remarkable thing about the fishing here is that you always get some, never coming in empty-handed. I have fished in Lake Wentworth seventy-five times and have never been "whitewashed." I have taken the small-mouth black bass from many lakes in New York and the Thousand Islands, also in Wisconsin; but I have yet to find them anywhere so gamy as in lakes Wentworth and Winnipiseogee. Wolfeboro village is on the latter, and Wentworth is about ten minutes' walk from the Kingswood Inn. D. H. F.

Owner of Fish pond (to man who is trespassing)—Don't you see that sign, "No fishing here?"

Angler—Yes, and I dispute it. Why, there is good fishing here. Look at this basketful. The man must have been mad who put that board up.—*Chips.*

The Genessee Association.

A DETERMINED effort is being made by the Genessee Valley Fish and Bird Protective and Propagating Association to stop all illegal fishing in and about Rochester. To this end the following address to anglers has been given out:

To Anglers: If you discover any nets or other illegal devices in the waters in and around Rochester, please report to our secretary, Frank J. Amsden, under Powers Bank. It will be confidential.—WILLIAM S. KIMBALL, President Genessee Valley Fish and Bird Protective Association.

A Tickle But Not a Trout.

MONROE COUNTY, Pa.—I read with interest in FOREST AND STREAM about trout tickling. I tried that once myself some years ago. While crossing Bask Cabin Run I saw a 10-inch trout run under a stone. Rolling my sleeves above the elbows, I got my hands gently under the stone, felt something, made a grab, and got a huge water snake. I have done no trout tickling since. H. T. F.

An Appreciated Portrait.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The portrait of Mr. E. Hough, published in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM, does indeed fill "a long-felt want." Mr. Hough has exhibited an ability of a very high order in his peculiar line of "staff correspondent;" and the writer cannot help feeling that all the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are in sympathy with him in a desire to know more of the personality of the man who has with his inimitable gracefulness of style and inexhaustible fund of matter contributed so largely to the entertainment in your columns. If Mr. Hough would like to add a new feature to his already much varied experience in the hunting field I think I could arrange to give him a hear hunt in a Coahoma canebrake next fall or winter with our somewhat famous bear hunter, Mr. R. E. Bobo, of this county.

While on the subject of portraits permit me to express my gratification for the opportunity afforded for a nearer acquaintance with your genial and gifted correspondent "Kelpie," whose portrait was recently published in FOREST AND STREAM. And this leads me to the suggestion that the pictures of Jeems Mackerel and the other Kingfishers would find a worthy place in your pages, and add much to the interest felt by all of us who have for so long a time and so pleasantly participated in their camp gatherings and wanderings. COAHOMA.

Their Reputation Carries It.

Two young gentlemen of this city returned the other day from Oak Orchard Creek with 25 black bass weighing 75lbs., caught in an entirely novel manner. According to their story, and they have up to this time borne a fair reputation for veracity, they rowed up and down the creek as close as possible to the bank on a moonlight night. The bass lay in the shallow water still closer to the shore and being frightened jumped fairly into the boat. In this way all the bass were taken. It is not an uncommon thing for fish to jump into boats at night. But a large catch in that way is not well authenticated from the inland waters of western New York. Anglers to whom the present story has been told receive it with a smile, but are unwilling to dispute its truth because of the excellent reputation of the two young men who made the catch.—*Rochester Express.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

IN your issue of March 17 I read an article from the pen of Mr. G. Stanton, in which he describes the killing of two deer with one bullet. This "reminds me" of a story which I heard a few years ago up in the Adirondacks. A hunter there in the pursuit of game discovered a deer busily engaged in the occupation of rooting beechnuts. He took deliberate aim and fired. In the twinkling of an eye the deer sprang into the air, reversed ends and fell lifeless to the ground. The hunter approached, examined the carcass and was greatly surprised to find that the ball had passed twice through the animal, first through the body just forward of the hips, then through the neck.

This is the only instance I ever heard of where a deer after being hit by a bullet in one end, reversed in time to catch the ball in the other. EGBERT.

[But there was the dog that went under the railroad train; the car wheel took off the tip of his tail, and then he turned so quickly that the same wheel crushed his nose.]

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

Set Lines in Round Lake.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., July 13.—I have just been informed by angling acquaintances of this city, recently returned from Round Lake, Minn., that they found the lake full of set lines. This only confirms a belief that I have had for some time.

Formerly this lake, situated in the southwestern part of the State, ten miles from the town of Worthington, Minn., was one of the best waters for wall-eyed pike (pike-perch) in the Northwest, besides having an abundance of pickerel so-called and perch. For the last two years, however, this has not been the case, and while a fair string of pickerel and perch could be had, scarcely a wall-eye was hooked. It seems to call for some attention from the State Warden.

There is now in jail at Worthington, serving a sixty-day term, another of the Mitchell family of game law violators, this time for using a trot or set line in Lake Okobena last year. You may recall my account of the brother of the above being convicted for having prairie chickens in his butcher shop out of season. Both parties were caught in the act and arrested by Deputy Warden Twitchell. W. R. HALL.

Warden Moyer Reappointed.

MR. ENOS MOYER has been reappointed Fish and Game Warden of Clinton and adjoining counties by the State Board of Fish Commissioners. Mr. Moyer has served the board in that capacity for the past five years. He makes a fearless official, and is the right man in the right place to enforce the fish and game laws of the State.—*Renovo (Pa.) Record.*

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The Marlin Fire Arms Company announce a reduction in the price of their model of 1891, .22 and .32cal. repeating rifles.

We have received from L. Prang & Co., Boston, Mass., a lithograph entitled "Victorious Vigilant," from the painting by J. G. Tyler.

HAVE been buying FOREST AND STREAM of newsdealers for the past three or four years, and I must say it has done more toward making a true sportsman of me than anything I know of. W. H. M.

WINDSOR, N. C.—FOREST AND STREAM is the only thing I know of that improves all the time with no advance in price. A. S. R.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 4 to 7.—Des Moines Kennel Club, at Des Moines, Iowa. M. Bruce, Sec'y.

Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Saratoga, N. Y., Sec'y.

Swiss St. Bernards.

IN the summer of 1893 Mr. J. F. Smith, who stands at the head of smooth St. Bernard breeders in England, paid a visit to the Hospice St. Bernard, and his impressions as related by himself are not the least interesting part of the article on St. Bernards in Lee's "Modern Dogs." After giving an account of his travels and the dogs he saw on his way to the Hospice, Mr. Smith writes: "We reached the Hospice about 6:30 P.M., quite tired out, and were kindly received by one of the monks. We found it very cold here, and learned that the lake had been frozen over up to within a few days previously. The dogs, which were running in and out of the Hospice at will, had welcomed us on our arrival with a chorus of barks. After an excellent dinner of four courses, washed down with good wine, I turned out with an attendant who acted as keeper to have a look at the dogs. These were seven in number; one a white with a few orange flecks on him; some of the others had all white or half white faces; only two of them were really well marked, as we understand the phrase, and with a single exception all were smooth in their coats. This exception was a good-colored, small, rough-haired bitch. About one-half of the inmates of the kennel had dew claws, either single or double, and the remainder were without them. The monks think nothing of the rough-coated dogs, and impress upon visitors that the smooth are the true race. All the smooths were of a good type, especially a big, good-colored dog named Barry (I think twenty-five per cent. of the dogs in Switzerland are named Barry). Most of these dogs at the Hospice have dewlap and wrinkle to a greater or less extent. With the exception of Barry, all were on the small side and deficient in bone.

POODLE FRITZ.

First, Saratoga, 1894 Owned by Garden Kennels, Schenectady, N. Y.

"When any strangers approach the Hospice the dogs bark, rush indoors and so give notice of the arrival. They then run out again and welcome the travelers by rushing up to them, wagging their tails and licking the hands of the visitors, and so escorting them to the Hospice. It will thus be seen that the dogs are very docile and quiet while loose and roaming about. At 8 P. M. the attendant called all the dogs together to be put up for the night. They stood in a row, and came up as he called them to be kenneled. Some of the kennels were loose boxes in the cow places on the ground floor or cellar of the Hospice, the others in a similar place under the Refuge. The Refuge is the building near the Hospice which was built for the inmates of the Hospice to resort to in case of fire, and the Hospice has been twice burned down. When the dogs are kenneled they become quite fierce, and bark savagely if a stranger approaches their kennels. Next day we were taken by one of the monks to see the library, museum and chapel. In the latter is a painting of Bernard de Menthon and his dog, which we are asked to believe is the actual progenitor of the present race of St. Bernards. It is, however, but a common-looking creature, smooth-coated, red in color, about the size of a pointer, and as unlike the modern race as possible. At this I could not be surprised, as the painting had been executed some hundreds of years after the founder of the monastery had died, which he did about 1301, and so of course the artist had to draw on his imagination as to what the original St. Bernard dog was like. In those days, and for long after, the Hospice dogs were merely watch dogs, used to protect the monks from the incursions of robbers, from which they suffered to a great extent in the early times of their existence.

"I am sorry to say the monks keep no register containing pedigrees of their dogs. I saw a photograph of a very fine St. Bernard dog named Hospice Pluto. This dog is now dead, but his portrait proved him to have an enormous head, with very heavy lips and dewlap. The monks considered this dog by far the best they have had for some years.

"I was happily successful in bringing back the photograph of this dog, also of another, a dog that had been sold by the monks for about £130 in English money ($650). The St. Bernards are still used in winter and bad weather in the duties which have made them historical. They are sent out to search the passes, on one side to the Cantin de Proz (Swiss side), from the Hospice to St. Remy (the Italian side) and back. After every fresh fall of snow the paths become obliterated, and many serious and fatal accidents are prevented by the intelligence and sense of the dogs, who by smell distinguish the proper roads. Here the monks told me that they found the long-coated dogs quite useless for work of this kind, as their jackets become matted with the snow; but worst of all it affects their feet, "balling" and freezing between the toes to such an extent as to cause lameness so severe as to quite incapacitate them from walking. Indeed, the sores arising therefrom are sometimes so serious as to cause death.

"The following morning we were awakened at 4 A. M. by the ringing of the Hospice bell. Snow and rain mingled together came down in torrents, and the air was very cold, but we had breakfast at 6 o'clock and then went to see the morgue. One of the monks took down a wooden shutter, and we looked through an open grated window and saw the bodies of travelers who had been found in the snow. We were told that the bodies were still fresh, though most of them had been there for years. About 8 o'clock the rain and snow abated so we commenced our return journey to Martigny."

Mr. Smith visited the principal kennels in Switzerland, but the account of these will do for another time, our immediate purpose being to show what an intelligent and well-known judge of the breed has to say about these dogs in their original *locale*. The account is by far the best we have yet seen, and is entirely modern and up to date. It completely upsets the stories that the dogs are no longer used in the rescue of travelers as many of us had been led to suppose. Another peculiarity pertaining to the Swiss dog, and one we do not remember any one having observed before, is their wildness and savageness when chained up. Mr. Smith represents them as docile and quiet with strangers when running loose, but when fastened up in their kennels the reverse was the case.

This trait we have noticed in most of the Swiss dogs imported to this country. Champion Hector was a good example. One could scarcely find a more unruly dog while on the chain or in kennel, seeming to lose all his lovable qualities. But take him out on the street and loose his chain, he was as amenable to command and docile as one could wish; not even a stray cat could tempt him to misbehave if called in, and that is a good deal to say of the old dog, for he had no tender feeling for a cat. Eiger, Roland, Gemma, etc., are others we could mention to prove this peculiar state which may possibly be traced to the use of the ancestors of these dogs as watch dogs.

Much Ethics.

"From the center all round to the sea."

I QUOTE some extracts from an article bearing Mr. J. M. Avent's signature, and published recently in a contemporary.

Mr. Avent's long connection with field trial matters and the improvement of setters and pointers enables him to speak *ex cathedra*. As all the matters on which he touches may now be considered *res adjudicata*, it would really be an act of unwarrantable boldness to make any comment on such matters as are passed on finally by so eminent an authority and learned writer.

The fact that the excerpts are taken from the text, here and there, without their associated connections of words and phrases, does not mar their meaning in the least, though it does soften their hardness somewhat.

As he speaks sometimes in the plural number and therefore inferentially in the name of all field trial supporters, it would be pleasing to the public, I think, if the field trial men would signify whether or not Mr. Avent's position, in regard to being compelled to practice fraud, is their position.

Some phrases are quoted merely to present them as pure and concise diction which will beautify and enrich the field trial vocabulary.

As no attempt is made to prove or disprove anything from them, there can be no implication of garbling for a purpose The text abounds with similar expressions and it is difficult to injure any phrase by removing it from its neighbor. He says:

"I have not had time to read the many little slurs that my enemies have been making about me and my dogs."

What rot!

"They (the judges) might have made some mistake, but they are not such fools as he makes them out to be."

"His (Chevalier's) speed and range were only equaled by two dogs in the stake—Gleam's Pink and Count Gladstone; *he was handled perfectly*, and he outworked any of his competitors on game; his nose was good enough to handle his game almost to perfection in that hot, dry weather, *not making a mistake* during the trials." (Italics mine and used merely to bring out the full force of a modest statement.)

"But still I went on with all of the differing of opinions of the reporters, and I won every first in five different field trials except one."

"The full list of the winnings of Chevalier and Topsy's Rod is hard for many of my enemies to swallow, but they must smile and take their medicine, good or bad."

"In many cases the reporters jumped on me with all four feet, doing all they could for their pets."

"The reporters are more liable to make mistakes than the judges, for the reason that they stop to write notes often at a very important time; sometimes a brier accidentally gets under a horse's tail at the wrong time and attracts their attention, and sometimes an attractive lady appears on the field, and as they see so much dog it is a relief to see a good-looking lady, which they cannot be blamed for."

"Again, I came so near winning everything at all the different field trials under all different judges that the reporters should make some little mistake and encourage some of the

breeders by giving their dogs credit for everything and a little more than they deserve. With all of the above facts (?) which everybody who follows the trials knows, I do not blame the reporters. It is right for the good of field trials that they should do a little something to encourage some that are so badly defeated. Many of them have good dogs, but the trouble is well known that I outclassed them in every trial during the season so badly that if the reporters did not do something of that kind it would break up field trials."

"Some argue that the trials ought to rule such kennels as ours down to one entry in each stake. If that were the case you would soon see all the leading kennels with their best dogs entered in some friend's name, and shortly after the trials a notice would appear that the kennel had bought the dog back; so you see that would compel *us* to practice fraud (!!!???) to get to show our dogs."

Do other kennels by silence assent to that?

"Again, you see them trying to bring charges against me, charging me with raising a big row I was not in at all."

"The report is spread all over the country by a prominent man, whom I could mention, but will not, that I drew a revolver on the judges and abused them. That is a falsehood, and the judge will bear me out in it."

"Not *any part* of a row was I connected with, and *what little I did say in the heat of passion*," etc.

"They blowed and blowed and kept blowing, but when the time came for the cash to come up no cash was put up."

"The tiger is here to stay, at least one season longer anyway."

"They start another song, that because I am an owner and handle my own dog I should not be on the governing committee of the U. S. F. T. Club."

"I have submitted to things in silence for fear of injuring the interests of the club. I think Mr. P. T. Madison will not hesitate to say that I have helped him more than any other one member of the club, and never tried to take any advantage."

"If those who are trying all such little dodges to beat me would pay more attention to their dogs and get better dogs, they would come nearer defeating me than they will in this way. Let them get better dogs, quit all such little trickery, and come to the trials with something that can beat me squarely, then they will be more thought of."

"All of those little tricks, and stuffing such a dog as Topsy's Rod with salt pork do not injure my dog in the least."

"And no doubt the parties connected with it thought they would make me roar," etc.

"Mr. Moore need not think because I have been keeping silent for the past few months that I have been sleeping or dead."

That field trials should languish is surprising, considering all Mr. Avent has done and is doing for them. That his beneficial acts should result in making such a large number of enemies is most deplorable, but some of the greatest philanthropists have not been best appreciated till after they had joined the silent majority.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The Selling Stake.

THE Southern Field Trials Club have arranged their trials for December, liberal prizes being offered considering the times and the somewhat meagre support extended by the public, as shown by the entries in the stakes arranged by other clubs.

A selling stake bas been added to the other eveuts of the Southern Club, and probably will add much to the interest of the club's trials.

It is difficult to forecast the results of a selling stake, since those arranged by the Eastern and Southern clubs respectively, will be the first ever run; at least the first ever run in this couutry.

It seems to me that the selling stake will fall far short of the beneficial results contemplated when it was adopted by the Eastern Field Trials Club. It was then thought that a selling stake would be well supported by amateurs, or men who owned that very useful class of dogs sometimes called "shooting dogs." As there was a limit to the price which an owner could ask, such restriction would keep out the high-priced dogs which had a reputation or a record or both, thus practically barring the best dogs or the most successful ones, and making a more uniform competition, in which the man who owned but one or two dogs would have a possible chance to win. At first thought such a theory souuds very plausible, as a good thing for the amateur, but as a matter of fact it is just as good for the professional. The latter has dozens of dogs which he will sell within the limitation of price. The amateur will have to compete on even terms with the the professional, and he is not necessarily a prophet who can foreshadow the result of the professional's success.

So long as a stake is a professional stake, field trial managers can not reasonably expect the general support of sportsmen.

Some Suggestions.

It is strange, but some men become more offensive as winners than some others do as losers. There are many who are gentlemanly, whether they win or lose.

Is it not strange that a certain professional dog jockey, somewhat over famous for bright practices, should moralize about "honest judges," negligent and mendacious reporters, disinterested love of field trials and his own inuocence? Perhaps he did it "in the heat of passion."

When a setter is "porkized" before ruuning a heat with a pointer, that circumstance is sufficient ground for several columns of free advertising of the particular dog and the kennel to which he belongs, and is also ample justification for several hundred public vilifications and scurrilities of many "enemies."

Wisdom, honesty and culture seem to rest ou the brow of the reporter who said that Mr. ——'s dog won well. For such as dare to say otherwise, there is no balm in Gilead.

The field trial goose is rapidly becoming eggless.

Wheu a man many times cousecutively wins all the money put up by several other somebodies, he is warranted in believing that he is a prime necessity, indispensable aud therefore should be insolent.

The man who makes it his life work to run his dogs in trials and sells his dogs and others, aud who devotes the rest of his time to abusing his many enemies who seem to be all the rest of the world, gets unutterably tiresome after a few years. It would seem strange if such a man had friends.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The kennel uote of the Irish setter Lady Alice owned by Mr. Jas. B. Blossom, whelping nine pups to his Bedford, merits more than passing notice. The mating of field performers with field performers is the only means whereby the Irish setter man may hope to gain a substantial footing among the field trial records. Bedford won first and Lady Alice third in the All-Age stake at the Irish Setter Field Trials at Lexington, N. C., in 1892, against 20 starters that included such dogs as Finglas, Coleraine, Henmore Shamrock, Currer Belle, Elcho's Maid, etc.

DOG CHAT.

In a recent issue we drew attention to the fact that Mr. Walter Wellman had foresworu the Esquimaux dog in favor of the Belgian draught dogs. The outcome of his experiment is, uo doubt, awaited with anxiety by many who are interested in his dash for the North Pole. We fear Mr. Wellman will find his canine help an unruly crew if they experience anything like the hardships depicted by G. B. in the English *Field*, who says: "Some interesting particulars about the power and frugality of these dogs (Esquimaux) are recorded by several of the explorers. Wrangel states that twelve dogs generally pulled some 1,300lbs. and that their daily food was half a dozen rotten herrings. Carl Petersen, in his account of the last Frauklin expedition, says that 220lbs. were allotted to each man to pull and 110 lbs. to each dog; later on the burden of the dogs were increased, as the men could not manage their share. On another excursion, relates Carl Petersen, the men had to leave their sledges and the dogs in order to go back to the vessel, and it was eight days before the men could get back to fetch them. During all this time the dogs had hardly tasted food, but after a good feed they were quite ready to go on with the sledges. They were fed every second day with 2lbs. of seal flesh or leavings. According to what Hayes states, the Greenlanders feed their dogs in the same manner. Lieut. Hovgaard, in his account of the Vega expedition, says of the Tschuktsch dogs, that they during the night kept in the harness, rolled up in a heap, the head between the forepaws; they were soon so completely covered by the snow constantly blowing that the men almost had to dig them out in the morning. During a trip of twenty-two hours they were not seen to be fed a single time and what food they got was always of the poorest. Frontheim says about Dr. Nanseu's dogs that it was often impossible for him, while *en route*, to find other food for them than frozen fish and some flour and water; during the night they slept in a ring and it often happened that they were frozen to one another, so that they could only with difficulty be separated; but they were always lively, coutent and willing."

A caller had mentioned that a neighbor had beeu obliged to shoot his dog because it had grown old and cross. After he had gone, Little Edith, who had been very quiet since the dog was spoken of, surprised her mother by asking, "Mamma, when do you think papa will shoot Aunt Sarah?"—*Tid-Bits.*

The newly imported collie Milton Ralph, that is now owned by Mr. Wm. McKey, of Chicago, is a sable, with white collar and blaze, etc. He is by Stacathro Ralph out of a Metchley Wonder bitch. Chesterford Park Kennels bred their bitch Chesterford Lily to him last week. He has won seven firsts at Scottish shows.

A person, even if he has been bitten by a dog, is far more likely to be killed by lightning than to die from hydrophobia. Both are the rarest of deaths, and the latter would be rarer still if there was less rubbish written in the daily papers about mad dogs.

Not Innocents Abroad.

A numbers of exhibitors and visitors went from London by the 9 A. M., among them several dog lovers from the United States—Mr. Wilmerding, who looked at us curiously when we asked casually in the train if there had not been a discussion on cocker spaniels lately in the American press; Mr. Nelson, who keeps greyhounds and is traveling in Europe for the sake of his wife's health, smiled, and so did Mr. Drake, who was secretary of the Brooklyn show. Mr. Wilmerding admitted that there had beeu "quite a correspondence," but he thought he had come out on top. It was refreshing to hear our American friends speak in the highest terms of their kennel club, and of the president, Mr. August Belmont. Mr. J. Mortimer, from New York, was also in the train, and during the show busied himself about the benches and rings. Mr. Wilmerding has promised us his notes on the spaniel classes, and we tried to capture Mr. Mortimer for fox-terriers, but he laughingly declined, and guessed the idea would keep. We thought it would be interesting.—*Stock-Keeper, England.*

It seems the St. Bernard Aristocracy was purchased by the Chesterford Park Kennels of Maywood, Ill., and not by Mr. Anderson. This kennel has also bought the fox-terrier Black Rock (champion Dominie—Black Rock Belle), the latter by Vesuvian ex Richmond Rescue. Chesterford Lady, second at Louisville, was bred to Aristocracy last week. This kennel has, we are sorry to learn, lost that good young Irish setter bitch Jennie, third at Louisville, that we spoke so favorably of in our report of that show; also a collie bitch by Prince Wilkes. The symptoms pointed to arsenical poisoning, but the post mortem revealed no trace of it. The symptoms were so peculiar we give Mr. Elliott's description: "First, dullness and refusing food, then the saliva flowed constantly and very freely, and was very sticky, constant strings of it hanging from the mouth Fiually the breath became very offensive. The whole of the membraue of the mouth and throat peeled off as though blistered, and bled from the slightest touch. They soon died after developing the offensive breath accompanied by severe and constant straining, passing nothing but a greenish mucus more or less tinged with blood. They had considerable thirst and toward the last seemed to suck the water up instead of lapping it. Four or five others in the kennel have shown similar symptoms in a mild forin but they recovered. The 'vets' cannot form an opinion of what the trouble is."

Some time since we spoke of Maybrook Kennels' intended importation of some greyhounds. On July 14 two of them, Jim Boy and Lady Pembroke, arrived on the steamship Paris. At the time we wrote of the Maybrook Kennels' intention we were not at liberty to mention the bitch's name, but now we feel sure that greyhound enthusiasts will be pleased to hear that such a noted one as Lady Pembroke will be seen on our benches and in the field. She is said to be a beautiful bitch and arrived in excellent condition. She has won a number of prizes at English shows. Jim Boy is by Page Boy out of the noted show winner Park Lane Beauty, own sister to champion Annie Laurie II. The Herschel dog and bitch that this kennel is also importing will arrive very shortly. Mr. Bradbury has now a very strong kennel both for the bench and coursing field, and is now about to prepare his dogs for the fall meetings. As stated, he will probably go to Colorado to put the finishing touches to their preparation.

Owners of kennels whose dogs are confined iu runs should now and then plow the ground over or have it dug up. Many breeders seem to forget that when a number of dogs have been raised in one spot the earth becomes stale, but the hot sun these days will very soon proclaim this fact to the olfactories, especially after a sharp shower. Fresh earth is in itself a good disinfectant, and were this point better attended to there would be less distemper in our large kennels. Plenty of shade and fresh water should be within reach of the dogs and young stock especially: these hot days puppies will not thrive where either is wanting.

Mr. Muss-Arnolt, the artist whose sketches and pictures of dogs are both artistic and true to nature, has been quite busy lately. While at Mr. J. O. Donner's place in New Jersey recently, he painted Pontiac, the well known race horse, and the English setter Tory Lieutenant that did some winning in the field trials two or three years ago, when owned by Mr. Hitchcock. Mr. Arnolt is now at work on a portrait of Ramapo, the suburban winner, and this week goes to Hempstead to paint the fox-terrier Blemton Victor II. It may be remarked in passing that Mr. J. O. Donner, so long and favorably known to our kennel world, bred Ramapo, his sire being Pontiac, now in Mr. Donuer's stable.

Mr. George Booth of Hull, England, has placed his grand young St. Bernard Duke of Lincoln in the market. As this dog weighs 209lbs. and is exceptionally well made, we draw the attention of American breeders to the fact.

Mr. Wilmerding, in his report on spaniels at the Bicestor show for the *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.) does not take a very exalted view of the exhibits. He was disappointed in the type of cockers—"our dogs at home showing very much more quality, type and evenness, which, if I may judge from this small sample, are lacking here to a degree."

English beagle breeders have at last organized the Beagle Club. Viscount Gage is the president, and among the members are a number of well known exhibitors and sportsmen.

Mr. James Mortimer always had a soft spot in his heart for a bulldog; in fact, it may be termed a "blister" that never healed. Whether he has purchased King Orry, that beat Dockleaf in the walking match, for the Hempstead Kennel or on commission, we do not know, but this well-known black and white dog is bound for America. He is by Pagan out of Koorie, by Goliath out of Pundee; Pagan by Alaric out of Pundee, by Sahib out of Hebe. He is white, with black and brindle patches, and was whelped Jan. 25, 1889. He was bred by Mr. J. Tasker, of London. Though King Orry is not counted in the front rank, he has won a number of prizes at good shows. One critic tells us he has grand width in front, good skull and under jaw, eyes far apart, but showing the white, and a deep stop. His faults are said to be in body and height from the ground.

He has also purchased from Mr. Murrell, Hucknall Gipsy, Grosvenor Lass and Miss Mischief Another purchase is a Manchester bitch, Surrey Gem, from Mr. F. North, which is said to possess great quality, but has never been shown. *Stock-Keeper* says of King Orry: "We doubt if a more judicious purchase for the other side has ever been made than this of King Orry, who excels pre-eminently in a quality most of his compeers are lacking in, viz., under jaw. We have heard good judges describe King Orry's as the best in the fancy."

In the dispersal of Mr. McKenna's noted Clumber spaniel kennel there should be an opportunity for American fanciers of this handsome breed to pick up some good stock. Mr. McKenna's action is traceable to the death of his crack bitch Nora Friar, who, after whelping nine pups to Pomfret Mac recently, died of blood poisoning. She had won forty prizes, among them being the Deakin cup for the best sporting dog at Manchester show last year, and was considered the best of her breed.

The premium list of the Rhode Island show is received just before going to press. A hurried glance shows St. Beruards, mastiffs, pointers, all setters and collies get $12 in challenge and $12 and $6 in open classes. Other breeds are given $10 in challenge aud $10 and $5 in open. The list is a good one, if we except the provision for poodles, which should certainly be better attended to, as the two principal kennels would no doubt make a display if they received a little better classification. A. K. C rules are in force and entries close Sept. 3 with the R. I. State Fair Associatiou, Providence, R. I. The entry fee being only $1.50 makes the prizes still more valuable according to the usual fee demanded.

We notice in our advertisement columns that Mr. Edwin Fiske is clearing out some of his spaniels; such cockers as champion I Say, King of Obo's, Realization, Fashion, Jay Kay, etc., are on the list. Among other offers we are glad to note that R. P. Keasbey has some well bred field and cocker pups for sale; Rinada Pointer Kennels has trained pointers; C. G. Brownell, trained Gordons; E. L. Avery, English setter pups; Grain office, Irish setter pups. At stud: R. P. Keasbey's field spaniel Echo.

Old Timers.

The paragraph relating to Mr. George Raper's long term on the bench, as it were, has brought a mild protest from Mr. A. C. Bradbury, who does not think that Mr. Raper can give him auy time in this respect. Mr. Bradbury exhibited fox-terriers thirty years ago at Nottingham, England, and has continued in the ring ever since, showing several other breeds as well. At one show at Nottingham he had thirty-two dogs, smooth and wire fox-terriers, pointers, spaniels, smooth sheep dogs and others. At his first show, thirty years ago, he exhibited two fox-terriers, and that they were not altogether after the order of first attempts is proved by the desire of Mr. Wootten, of Nottingham, so well known in the early dog show days, to buy the pair. We must, therefore, enroll Mr. Bradbury among the stayers. It would be interesting to hear of "our only German's" first experieuces.

Mr. Samuel Jagger arrived in this city on the Majestic a couple of weeks since. He comes over on business and will remaiu probably about eight months. As stated some time since, he has sold his St. Bernards Lady Mignon and Councillor Joe, and a photograph of his new bitch, Frandley Stephanie, that we saw, shows a bitch that would do herself credit in any company. Mr. Jagger thinks Duke of Florence the coming St. Bernard dog in England.

The National Dog Show that is held at Birmingham, England, will take place this year Dec. 1 to 5. An effort was made by the committee to avoid having the dogs benched on Sunday, but the cattle show people are unwilling to alter dates on account of clashing with other cattle shows, and the judging day and private view day will remain the same as before. The surplus left from the last show after paying all expenses was only about $39. Last year there was an entry of 1,396, the highest ever received by the society.

Mr. Slingerland, general superintendent of the National Express Co., called at this office on Monday in regard to the transportation rates to Toronto show. He says his company is willing to do all that lies in their power to meet the dogmen in regard to increased privileges. He took the names of New York, Boston and Philadelphia exhibitors and handlers who would be likely to show, and if a number of dogs are promised, will run a special car to Toronto and from their to Providence in time for the Rhode Island show. The rate from New York is $3.70 per 100lbs., returning free, and dogs can be picked up along the way, so that it appears it would be more satisfactory to exhibitors if arrangements were made for this car, and then the exhibitors at, say Albany, would simply have to pay the Albany to Toronto rate, whereas if a car was secured from the railroad companies in New York there would be considerable difficulty in adjusting the rate on a fair basis for those who would send dogs from Albany, Rochester and other towns. Handlers and caretakers would have every opportunity to

attend to their dogs on the way and the dogs would be landed at the Fair grounds.

The bulldog Monkey Brand, about whose pedigree there seems to be some trouble, is not by Harper out of Ashton Belle. He is by Heathen, who was a son of Harper.

Whippet racing in England is becoming more popular every day, and Cardiff, Wales, has just brought off a stake with fifty-seven entries. Mr. Freeman Lloyd entered Alice Tatham we notice, the name, we presume, being a delicate compliment to Mr. J. A. Tatham, owner of the late *Canine World*, the man who did so much to bring whippet racing to the notice of a better class of people than we usually associate with the sport.

The Terra Cotta Kennels, of Hamilton, Ont., have increased their good string of greyhounds by the purchase of the bitch Chips that Mr. Usher brought over with Henmore King.

Mr. W. J. Higginson, the Rochester bull-terrier breeder, has been visiting Canada, and returned home last week with a puppy by champion Principio, ex Vesper Belle. This must be to supply the place of the one that "Uncle Dick" took away from him, and that he is now feeding with a discrimination due to his rash vow.

Death of Dockleaf.

The news of the death of Dockleaf, the bulldog of his age, will come like a clap of thunder from a clear sky to the bulldog men the world over. This celebrated dog died July 5, at the Cardiff show, but the cause is not known. He was taken ill at 11 A. M. and died about 12:30 P. M. His owner, Mr. Sam Woodiwiss, will have the sympathies of all his fellow fanciers, for in addition to the sentimental value attached to such a dog his intriusic worth was very great. There has, of course, been a great diversity of opinion as to Dockleaf's superlative merits, his principal detractors seoring him on account of his listlessness and unwillingless, or inability to move properly, but his front and head properties have always been considered about perfection according to *fin de siecle* fancy points. Mr. Woodiwiss bought Dockleaf about eighteen months ago, paying $1,250 for him, and this is supposed to have been the highest price ever paid for a dog of this breed; but his late owner has had more than this offered for him, for some of our American breeders have nibbled at him from time to time. Dockleaf was bred by Mr. Pybus-Sellon, was whelped in October, 1890, and was by Dandelion out of Damsel, by Datholite. He was two years old when he made his first appearance at the South London bulldog show and created a sensation by winning all before him under Mr. Frank Crowther. There was a good deal of criticism pro and con over the awards, chiefly directed to his faulty action, and this led to the memorable ten-mile pedestrian match with King Orry, in which it will be remembered Dockleaf was beaten out of sight; in fact, he only walked two miles.

In looking through the neat little book which the St. Bernard Club of America has issued containing the standard, constitution and by-laws, etc., a good deal of useful information at least to lovers of the "holy" breed, may be gleaned. In a modification of the standard in regard to markings adopted at the annual meeting of the club in 1889, we find the following: "Color and markings: * * * * The following white markings are *absolutely* necessary: nose band, white muzzle, blaze, chest, legs and tip of tail. A collar or spot on the nape are very desirable." The italics are ours, wishing to draw the attention of some of the St. Bernard Club judges to a fact that seems to have escaped their notice, if one may judge by some of the decisions lately made.

As a bench dog, however, he has scored right along the line with the exception of the two defeats he sustained under Mr. Berrie's peculiar judging at the late Bulldog Club show reported in these columns, and when, in his private match with His Lordship, now owned by Mr. Travers, of Newport; Mr. A. George placed the latter dog over him. Dockleaf was a nobby, dark brindled little dog, heavy for his size, but small as bulldogs now go; he was always under 45lbs. As he was still a young dog his death is all the more regrettable, and whether he has sired any stock showing merit we are not informed.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Elf—Tricotrin. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch champion Elf (Little Ned—Spangle) to his champion Tricotrin (champion Royal Krueger—Midge), Jan. 1.

Flora K.—Royal Krueger. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Flora K. (Lee—Topsy) to his champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora), Jan. 3.

Velda—Sherry. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Velda (champion Royal Krueger—Baby W.) to his Sherry (Little Prince—champion Elf), Feb. 13.

Breezy—Little Wonder. C S. Wixom's (Covert, N.Y.) beagle bitch Breezy (champion Royal Krueger—Winnie K) to his Little Wonder (champion Racer, Jr.—champion Ava W.), Feb. 25.

Daisy Corbett—Royal Krueger. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N.Y.) beagle bitch Daisy Corbett (champion Racer, Jr.—champion Ava W.) to his champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora), Feb. 28.

Donna W.—Sherry. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Donna W. (champion Royal Krueger—champion Myrtle) to his Sherry (Little Prince—champion Elf), March 7.

Evangeline—Royal Krueger. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Evangeline (champion Racer, Jr.—champion Ava W.) to his champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora), March 9.

Lilly—Sherry. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N.Y.) beagle bitch Lilly (Little Wonder—champion Ava W.) to his Sherry (Little Prince—champion Elf), March 12.

Ava W.—Racer, Jr. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N Y.) beagle bitch champion Ava W. (champion Royal Krueger—Midge) to J. B. Lozier's champion Racer, Jr. (Racer—Vickey), March 17.

Queechy—Sherry. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N.Y.) beagle bitch Queechy (champion Royal Krueger—Midge) to his Sherry (Little Prince—champion Elf), April 6.

Dazzle—Sherry. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Dazzle (Little Wonder—Queechy) to his Sherry (Little Prince—champion Elf), April 25.

Stub—Little Wonder. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N. Y) beagle bitch Stub (champion Royal Krueger—Baby W.) to his Little Wonder (champion Racer, Jr.—champion Ava W.), May 5.

Nellie—Royal Krueger. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Nellie (Rattler—Rose Bud) to his champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora), May 7.

Queenie—Royal Krueger. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N.Y.) beagle bitch Queenie (Little Wonder—Nellie Little) to his champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora), May 18.

Popsey—Little Wonder. C S. Wixom's (Covert, N.Y.) beagle bitch Popsey (champion Royal Krueger—champion Elf) to his Little Wonder (champion Racer, Jr.—champion Ava W.), June 22.

Velvet—Tricotrin. C S. Wixom's (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Velvet (Sherry—Velda) to his champion Tricotrin (champion Royal Krueger—Midge), June 28.

Harmony—Hazelhurst. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N. Y.) greyhound bitch champion Harmony (champion Doubleshot—champion Clio) to his Hazelhurst (champion Balkis—champion Cassandra), June 1.

Bessie W.—Usher. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N.Y.) collie bitch Bessie W. (Thistledown—Daisy) to his Usher (Wellsbourne Charlie—Roslyn Constance), May 25.

Mollie L.—Royal Krueger Mark Lewis's (Cannonsburg, Pa) beagle bitch Mollie L (Don—Mollie) to C. S Wixom's champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora), April 10.

Hia—Sherry. C. D. Bernheimer's (New York) beagle bitch Hia to C. S. Wixom's Sherry (Little Prince—champion Elf), April 11.

Kate—Little Wonder. W. H. Walbridge's Peterboro, N. H.) beagle bitch Kate to C. S. Wixom's Little Wonder (champion Racer, Jr.—champion Ava W.), April 4.

Actress—Royal Krueger. J. C. Weeks's (Baltimore, Md.) beagle bitch Actress to C. S. Wixom's champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora), April 7.

Breeze—Sherry. F. K. Pidgeon's (Saugerties, N. Y.) beagle bitch Breeze (Stormy—Myrtle the Mouse) to C. S. Wixom's Sherry (Little Prince—champion Elf), April 20.

Winnie K—Royal Krueger. J. F. Stoddard's (Georgetown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Winnie K. (Rove—Bannergirl) to C. S. Wixom's champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora). May 13.

Myrtle the Mouse—Little Wonder. F. B Zimmer's (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Myrtle the Mouse (Ramble—Blue Belle) to C. S. Wixom's Little Wonder (champion Racer, Jr.—champion Ava W.), May 22.

Bellmont—Doc. J. B. Blossom's (New York city) Gordon setter bitch champion Bellmont to W. S. Lee's Doc (champion Baumont—Bessie III.), May 30.

Ruby—Heather York. C. R. Griffin's Gordon setter bitch Ruby (Phil—champion Madge) to J. B. Blossom's Heather York (Heather Harold—champion Bellmont), May 11.

Egalite—Grant's Roy. J. B. Conde's (Clifton Heights) English setter bitch Egalite (Ted Llewellin—Nellie Belton) to J. W. Grant's Grant's Roy (Caloun's Nip—Hindale's Kate), June 25

Nina Laverack—Dad Monarch. M. J. Kelly's (Pawtucket, R. I.) English setter bitch Nina Laverack (Prince Napoleon—Nellie Laverack) to S. B. Allen's Dad Monarch (Roy Monarch—Blue Jennie), June 19.

Cute Lady—Sir Douglas. Jas. Gerard's pug bitch Cute Lady to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Sir Douglas, May 4

WHELPS

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Fernwood Lou. J. S. Dronshal's Medina O.) rough St. Bernard bitch Fernwood Lou (Knight—Ursula III.), July 5, six (four dogs), by J. W. Fornop's Lawrence Garza (Alton—Judith)

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.

Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

Show Beagles as Practical Field Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If Mr. Ellis wished to stir up the beagle men by his article on beagles and his experience with them, I think he will succeed. The fact that he has some mongrels that are good rabbit dogs, simply shows that the hound in them crops out in spite of the cross. Lots of good race horses are cross-bred or half-breeds; but still, when turfmen buy young stock they buy pure bred stock. The fact that Mr. Ellis got some beagle hounds that were gun-shy and timid proves nothing except as to those individual dogs. All racing-bred horses are not racers nor are all setters and pointers good hunters, and I can see no reason why all beagles should be huuters. Now, if Mr. Ellis should buy a hundred beagles and a hundred cur dogs, I doubt if there would be one cur that could trail rabbits where he would have twenty beagles that could and would; yet in his mind the virtues of that one cur would outweigh that of the twenty beagles.

I will admit too much stress is laid on show points by most beagle breeders, and the hound is becoming too light and weak; but if Mr. Ellis will attend a field trial I think he will not have such a poor opinion of field trial beagles afterward. At the Northwestern Trials last fall there was not a "duffer" or gun-shy dog. All the entries were dogs that a man could have a good day's sport with after rabbits.

I have hunted rabbits with all kinds of cross-bred dog—spaniels and foxhounds—and yet I have settled down to beagles, and never think of hunting rabbits with any other dog. They are all registered, blue-blooded dogs, too, from 12 to 15in. in height. Of course Mr. Ellis could not ask a 13-inch dog to run as fast as an 18-inch one, any more than he could ask a pony to haul as much as a Norman. Yet, if the smaller dog had as good trailing powers I suppose he would be satisfied. If he will come West next fall I will warrant he will see as good rabbit dogs at the Northwestern Trials as he has ever seen, and when he compares them, with their fine forms, ears, and head and eyes, with coarse mongrels, he could have no choice but thoroughbred beagles. AGAMAK.

OSHKOSH, Wis

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Editor Forest and Stream:

In last week's issue I noticed "A Novice's Experience Rabbit Hunting." In reply I can say that Mr. Ellis has given a very good idea of rabbit hunting with beagles; they are very good dogs to look at, but when you put them in the bush they do not amount to much.

I shall never forget my experience with beagles. The first dog I ever owned was an imported English beagle, and a finer-looking dog I never saw. When I bought the dog I thought I was about made, so could hardly wait for the time to come when I could go out and try my new investment. After waiting for what I thought was ages I finally started, but when I came back I gave my fine imported beagle to a friend for a pet. Since then I have owned several beagles, but all they amounted to was to eat and bark at the cat.

My first experience I will try to relate. I started as soon as possible for the best hunting ground, and was sure I should come home loaded with game, but alas! all my expectations were cast to the winds.

The first thing I did was to start my dog on a track. Well, you should have seen that dog; he went as fast as his short legs would carry him for about ten rods, and then he was back again, and to start him on the track again was impossible. I walked all day long, and the only game I got was what I started myself out of the bush and shot before they got out of range.

In all my experience I never found a better all round dog than a foxhound. I have got a hound now that will run anything from a squirrel up to a deer. Last year seven deer were shot in front of him in four days.

I shall never forget the time when my friends wrote me and stated that they were coming to show me what a good dog was, so when they came they were all fixed for a good time. They had four beagles, one for each man. The next day we all started out. I took two other men with me, and my four friends went in another direction. The reason we separated was they were going to beat the record, and so did not want my dog to bother them. When we got back we began to count our game, and I never saw a more surprised set in my life than those four men. The four fellows and four beagles got three rabbits, and between us three and my dog, that was going to bother their dogs, we got twenty-one rabbits and three quail.

The next day they wanted to go again, but did not want to take the beagles, so they took my dog. When they came back they wanted to trade their four beagles with money to boot for my dog, but I said no, for if they thought he was a good one I thought I would keep him. There are more good rabbit dogs running loose in the streets than you can pick out of the best beagles in the world. F. B. ROBINSON.

PORT JEFFERSON, N. Y., July 11.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

Mr. L. C. Whiton has sent his two Young Fullerton—champion Spinaway greyhound pups out to Mr. H. C. Lowe, Lawrence, Kan., to be trained for the fall meetings. They look very promising and stood their long trip very well.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

16-19. Hempstead Bay, Cruise, G't South Bay.
19. Miramichi, Race, Chatham.
19. Fall River, Ladies' Day.
19. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
20. Hempstead Bay, Club, Hempstead Bay.
20. Phila., Club Race, all Classes, Delaware River.
21. Squantum, Cham. Squantum Mass.
21. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
21. Beverly, Sweeps, West Falmouth.
21. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill
21. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor
21. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
21. Manchester, Minot's Ledge Cup Massachusetts Bay.
21. Plymouth, Club, Plym'th, Mass
21 Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.
21. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.
21. Indian Harbor, open cats and 21-footers, L. I. Sound.
26. Rochester, Club, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
26 29. Indian Harbor, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
28. Cor. Phila., Jeanes Prize, Delaware River.
28. Hull, Open, Boston Harbor.
28. Great South Bay, An., Islip.
28. Larchmont, Flint Cup, cabin cats, Long Island Sound.
28. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
28. South Boston, Club Cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Squantum, Squantum, Mass.
28-29. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Goat Island.
30. Schoodic, 2d Cup Race, Club.

AUGUST.

2. Rochester, Squad. Sail and Review, Charlotte, L. Ontario.
3. Manchester, Ch. Pen., Mass. B.
4. Squantum, Ladies' Day, Squantum, Mass
4. Cape Cod, Club, Orleans.
4. Beverly, Club Cham., Monument Beach.
4. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
4 Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
4. Winthrop, Club, Boston Har.
4. Indian Harbor, An. Regatta, L. I. Sound.
4. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.
4-5. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Sausalito.
6. New York, Annual Cruise, Rendezvous Glen Cove.
7. New York, Semi-Centennial Race, Glen Cove.
7-8. Interlake Y. A, 1st Meet, Put-In Bay, Lake Erie.
9. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
9. Interlake Y. A., Cruise, Lake Erie.
10. Manchester, Ch. Pen., Mass. B
10-11-13. Atlantic City Cor.. Special Midsummer Races, Atlantic City.
11. Cape Cod, Club, Orleans.
11. Cleveland, Ladies' Day.
11. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
11. Hempstead Bay, Club, Hempstead Bay.
11. Sea Cliff, An., L. I. Sound.
11-12. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Petaluma Bridge.
11. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor
13. Schoodic, Open, St. Andrews.
16. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
16-17-18. Corinthian, Midsummer Series, Marblehead.
17 Manchester, Ch. Pen., Mass. B.
18. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
18. Cape Cod, Club, Orleans.
18. American, Seaver Cup Newburyport.
18. Beverly, Sweeps, West Falmouth.
18. Indian Harbor, Ladies' Day Race, L. I. Sound.
18. Sea. Cor., 21ft., Roosevelt Memorial Cup, Oyster Bay.
18. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.
20. Rhode Island, Open, Narragansett Bay.
21. Fall River, Open.
25. Atlantic City Cor., Open, Muckle Cup, Atlantic City.
25. Quincy, Open, Dorchester Bay.
25. Squantum, Club Squantum, Mass.
25. Indian Harbor, 22ft., Naphtha Launches, L. I. Sound.
25. Cor. Mus. Fleet, Ann., New Rochelle.
25. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
25. Knickerbocker, Club, L. I. S'd.
25. Columbia, Open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
25. Cor. Phila., Swecps, Del. River.
25-26. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, California City.
27. Schoodic, 3d Cup, St. Andrews.
30. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.

"Do I sleep, do I dream?
Do I wonder and doubt?
Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?
Is the centerboard sloop but a failure?
Or is shifting ballast played out?"

IT may seem flippant and unfeeling at a time like this to take other than a serious view of the recent occurrences on the Clyde, but as the whole round of excuses, good, bad and indifferent, have already been offered by others, and as we feel quite incapable of giving a reasonable and plausible explanation of the most unexpected results of Vigilant's racing, perhaps, for want of something better to say, we may be pardoned for looking at some points which cannot fail to be interesting to an impartial observer.

COMING after an unbroken series of victories extending back twenty-five years in the contests for the America's Cup, the defeat of Vigilant in seven successive races is, indeed, a serious matter, and one that concerns all American yachtsmen; but the manner in which that defeat has been received on this side is at least amusing, if not particularly edifying. The equanimity and fortitude with which Brother Jonathan has watched the defeat of his British cousins for many years has been truly admirable; English, Scotch and Irish have come in turn to be defeated, and when defeated to make excuses over conditions, courses, climate, rules and what not. In every case these grumblers have had the best of advice from their sympathetic conqueror, each has been adjured to bear his defeat like a man, and to go home and try again, it has been pointed out to him that he had more than a fair chance and that his misfortunes were due only to his own ignorance of designing or sailing. American yachtsmen have never failed to express the highest appreciation for men who, like Sir Richard Sutton, took defeat without a word, or, on the other hand, to condemn those who, justly or unjustly, found fault with any of the circumstances attending the racing.

At the present time, by some mischance which is not yet clearly explained or understood, Jonathan's turn has come to take the medicine, and he does it with a wry face; he not only does not like and should not take it, but he has reasons by the score to cover both points.

IT IS no wonder that such a string of defeats should disturb even the more moderate of Vigilant's admirers, much less those who considered her invincible under any conditions; but, after all, they are only in the same position as the friends of Genesta in 1885 and of Thistle in 1887, to say nothing of Valkyrie last year. The plain fact is that there has been a serious miscalculation somewhere, and the best, as well as the right thing to do, is to admit the fact and try to find the true reasons.

The making of excuses is not a specially profitable occupation at any time, and in this case, as it happens, it has taken a particularly mean and obnoxious form in blaming those immediately connected with the defeated yacht. The story that Mr. George Gould has bought Vigilant and taken her abroad only for purposes of social advancement in England; and that, to this end, he is a party to the defeat of the yacht by the Prince of Wales' cutter, is only worthy of notice here because it has been quite generally published in American papers. Such a plot assumes as a starting point that Mr. Herreshoff and Capt. Haff are either the dupes or the tools of Mr. Gould, a proposition hardly worth discussing seriously.

The other excuses that Capt. Haff and Mr. Herreshoff are not sailing the yacht properly, that there are too many heads, that the crew is green and untrained, that the sails do not fit, that the English skipper and his crew outmaster the Americans, and that the courses are unfair to Vigilant, are less disreputable, but hardly nearer to the truth.

CAPT. HAFF is acknowledged as the foremost of American skippers; his work in Fanny, Titania and Volunteer, not to mention the uphill task of last year in Colonia have deservedly put him in the first place. If he is not capable of sailing Vigilant, then the question are arises 'Who is?" Judging from some of the recent criticisms, the same

public which exalted him after the Thistle-Volunteer races is now well nigh ready to saddle him with the blame for Vigilant's defeat; and after a few more races he may be no more a popular lion than the late "General" Coxey, and the more recent "President" Debs.

As to the designer of Vigilant, he is probably quite as good a sailor to-day as he was six months ago, and quite as competent to handle the wheel or to advise over alterations; in fact it is safe to say that his ideas as to the peculiar features of Vigilant's model have been materially revised and corrected since the yacht was launched, and especially since the last Cup race; and that to-day he is easily capable of beating her in a new boat or of improving her as she stands, should time permit. He certainly has not gone abroad to canvass for orders for Mr. Watson by setting up Vigilant to be beaten by Britannia.

As to the yacht herself, barring the possibility of undiscovered corrosion, which would only affect her durability, and not her speed, she is quite as good to-day as last season, possibly better by the drying of spars, the hull being no heavier. She had last year several suits of the finest sails ever made in this country, which has long prided itself on the superior sails of the Cup defenders, and she has them yet, some of them almost unused; and other new ones made this year. With them was sent across a liberal portion of her extra outfit of spars. There is a certain disadvantage in having such an immense outfit of sails and spars, as one is always tempted to shift one for another on the least provocation, often to the yacht's detriment; but this was quite as much the case last year with the faithful Hattie Palmer ever in attendance, as it is now when that valuable mascotte is far, far away. It is indeed quite possible that, with continued defeats, even old hands like Capt. Haff and Capt. Jeffrey may finally fall to monkeying with too many sails, but the yacht certainly cannot be said to have suffered in any way from a defective or insufficient outfit.

FOR local courses, such as must be sailed by clubs in their general regattas, the Clyde courses are by no means bad or unfair to the American type of yacht; in fact, after witnessing many races in home waters between the Cup racing class, we had looked for Vigilant to do some of her best work over them. While narrow, only two to four miles wide, the Clyde is deep and straight, with clear, open water, and the narrow, tortuous channels, the sandbars and the attendant fleet of the New York course are absent. The worst that can be said about the courses is that the winds are very light and fickle in summer, and the water smooth; but both of these conditions have on this side proved distinctly favorable to the American type and unfavorable to the British. Those who will take the trouble to follow the late races carefully will see that Vigilant and Britannia have been very close together at almost all times, and that while one or the other has sometimes been "hung up" in a calm spot, that there are no peculiarities of the courses which have hurt Vigilant and helped her opponent.

There has been none of that work which has been seen so often in the contests of the cutters and sloops in New York Bay, where the sloop, with her larger sails and livelier motions in a light air, has slipped out of the Narrows, perhaps at the turn of the ebb, leaving her deeper opponent becalmed inside while she sped away for the Southwest Spit; or off the Point of the Hook, where, working the tides inshore, with board partly up, the centerboard boat has crossed the strong flood and caught the outside breeze, carrying her over seven miles to the Lightship and another seven back, the cutter meanwhile being becalmed and tidebound inside the Hook. Such local features as this, which have made the New York Y. C. course so justly hated by foreign yachtsmen, are not found on the Clyde, or at least have not figured in one of the six races just sailed there.

WE have always opposed inside and purely local courses for a fair test of yachts in a match; but, in the particular case of Vigilant on the Clyde, we fail to see that the wide, shoal boat, with much the larger sail plan, has suffered any serious disadvantage on courses whose main objections are light winds and smooth water.

In the latter two races over the square course of the Royal Northern, we can readily see that Vigilant was at some disadvantage, owing to the very short legs sailed, the superior sail drill of the British crew standing in good stead where such frequent shifts of canvas are called for. It is on one of these races, however, that Vigilant has done her best work, picking up Britannia very fast on the windward legs.

The reports of the four races on the upper course, show that there was very little shifting of sails, and none calling for specially quick handling. Vigilant has been at a disadvantage at the start, as she will be on any course, and even would be with a time start to a certain extent; and she has been at a further disadvantage at times, when in close company with her nimble-heeled adversary, whose powers of rapid turning have been fully brought out under Captain Carter's skillful hand on the tiller. In the mere rounding of the regular marks, Vigilant was at no more disadvantage with Britannia on the Clyde than with Valkyrie at New York; and she certainly made quite as good turns of the mark as the other boat last fall. Had there been four boats in the races, it is quite possible that Vigilant might have suffered somewhat from lack of room in waters as narrow as the Clyde; but by singular luck her task of beating the English fleet has been simplified to a duel such as the Cup races. Such chances as she has had would obviously have been seriously marred had she been compelled to work for the line with three rivals instead of one, and to work clear of the lot afterward. On the whole, judging by the work of the various Cup challengers and defenders in the past, we should say that the Clyde courses in July were distinctly favorable to the shoaler and more heavily canvassed American type, rather than to the narrower, deeper cutter with a smaller rig.

To us, at least, there is something very funny in flattering comments on the personal skill of Captain John Carter and his crew which are indulged in by so many American papers, by way of excuse for Vigilant. Captain Carter came out to New York in 1885, sailing Genesta across the ocean, sailing her in all of her matches, and finally taking her home after a bad defeat. So much had been said and so little seen in those days of the skill of British racing skippers and crews, that Genesta and all connected with her attracted more attention and comment than any yacht which has followed her. From a personal acquaintance with Captain Carter at the time, and from close observation of the work of both skipper and crew in the races, we formed a high opinion of him as a skillful and intelligent sailor and a very fair sportsman, and of the crew as particularly alert and well drilled; an opinion, however, which was contrary to most of our contemporaries. It was conceded that Captain Carter could throw Genesta from one tack to the other in less time than had ever been done here, that the crew looked very trim and neat in their blue jerseys and red and black caps, that riding down the mainsail was a pretty sight, and that setting a spinaker flying from the fore hatch was a showy but useless trick; for the rest, the comparisons were entirely unfavorable. Captain Carter's maneuvers were generally condemned beside the skill of Puritan's Yankee skipper, and there was but one opinion as to the immense superiority over the men of Wivenhoe and the Colne, of the Jansens, Hansens, Olsens, Neilsens and Petersens who carried "Old Glory" to the fore in the successful defense of the America's Cup.

While Captain Carter has had the benefit of some nine years' experience since he sailed Genesta against Puritan, he was no less capable a sailorman then than now, nor is his crew, probably including some of the same men, so vastly superior to that of Genesta. As to Vigilant's crew, they are by no means the green lubbers that some of the papers would picture them, but on the contrary, the pick of the American fleet; men who have sailed with Captain Haff in Volunteer and Colonia, with Captain Hansen in Vigilant, with General Paine in Jubilee, and with Captain Terry in Grayling, the same Norwegians, "Sou'wegians," Danes and Fins that have contributed in no small degree to the defense of the Cup in former years. They fully deserved the praise which was given them when successful then, and they do not deserve the blame which is likely to fall to them now.

THAT there is a marked difference between the two skippers and the two crews is quite true, but it is not true that either one is altogether superior to the other. So far as our observation went Capt. Carter and his crew in 1884 were all that the typical British skipper and crew had been pictured, capable and efficient in every way; and that they failed here in some respects was due simply to the difference of methods. Quickness in tacking, as many will remember in the first Puritan-Genesta race, was of no account when the other boat did not follow, but went away at the start in a very light air in which Genesta hardly gathered headway; setting a spinaker flying in a fraction of a minute counted for nothing in a race of twenty miles to leeward and return; and so through all the petty details of the racing, everything was different from the English practice. We went into this question of American and English crews last year in connection with the Cup races, and need only summarize our conclusions, that the methods of the two countries are radically different, each having its advantages; the British crew being more thoroughly drilled to a set routine, while the American crew, though lacking in precision and exactness, is apt to show to even better advantage in certain emergencies. As to Vigilant, she has probably as good a crew as any of the Cup defenders—not a bad representative American yacht's crew, though made up of hardy Norse sailormen officered by skillful and competent Americans.

CAPTAIN CARTER'S first experience of American yachting was not an auspicious one; sailing into Newport the day before the Goelet cup race of 1885, he was invited by the committee to follow the race, and watched it all day from the bridge of the rolling Polynia, then owned by Vice-Com. Douglas. The day is an historic one among Newport races, the first meeting of Puritan and Priscilla, with a hard blow and a bad sea that disabled Bedouin and turned back Grayling and Gracie, showing for once and all the superiority of the newer and larger boats. Such ideas as Capt. Carter already had of the behavior of the centerboard sloop in this weather, based on the old boats of the Arrow and Fanny era, were quickly dispelled, and the task before him was disclosed in no encouraging light.

THE defeat of Vigilant in so many races and under such conditions was so unexpected by us that we have no satisfactory explanation to offer, but there are several points that are worth considering. In the first place, there is good reason to believe that both Valkyrie and her crew were under-estimated by Americans last year; that, as Captain Cranfield has always claimed, the reduction of weight on this side of the water and the alteration of trim made a different boat of her and gave a false idea of her speed, and consequently, through her, of Britannia. It is also quite probable that racing in new and strange waters put both skipper and crew at a certain disadvantage. The next point is that Britannia, however fast she may have been last year, is still faster this, going better, as many boats do in their second season, if not outbuilt; and being further improved by the adoption of the Herreshoff-Haff rig, with a longer masthead, shrouds to upper as well as lower cap and stays down the foreside of the mast; the latter feature by the way an invention of Captain Haff's, first tried on Colonia. Further than this, Britannia began the Clyde races in perfect form, not only having been in commission all winter and racing in the Mediterranean, but having sailed in the Thames, East Coast and Channel races for over a month, being worked up to that form which only comes through actual racing. Vigilant, on the other hand, was in the same condition as Genesta, Galatea and Thistle in the Cup races at New York, as good condition as skill and money could put her in, but still lacking that final form which comes only from racing. This disadvantage, and it is no small one, is inevitable in the case of an ocean passage, all the Cup challengers having suffered from it, having nothing to gauge their speed by after the necessary changes of the voyage, while their opponents were improving every day through the trial races. No doubt Vigilant has suffered in this respect, but it was known before she started that she must. Mr. Gould has been blamed by some for putting her into the races without more preparation, but the fact is that beyond a certain point, the only preparation which could help her was the actual racing, necessarily with the foreign fleet.

WHAT, in our opinion, has contributed to a marked degree to her defeat is that vague, indefinable influence which always operates against the man who fights away from home, and for he who battles in his own dooryard. It is not the mere lack of local knowledge, but the fact that one is among strangers, that the sympathies of the multitude are with the other side; that acts on even the most practical and unsentimental natures. Slight as it may be, the effect is double, for one side and against the other, and in our opinion this mere sentiment, of fighting on one's own hearthstone, has contributed in no small degree to the defense of the America's Cup, and to the defeat of the many bold and skillful men who have challenged for it. No doubt many will ridicule such an idea, but let them watch the operation of the same causes on a smaller scale, in the case of the home boat against the stranger in even local races, as between New York and Boston. So far as mere pilotage goes, Vigilant has availed herself of the best pilotage to be obtained on the Clyde, the old pilot Morris being aboard, as well as Capt. Diaper; but there is something more to the question than mere local knowledge of tides and winds.

THE one hope which is now held out is of the races in the "open," away from those "inside courses" which Americans have at last learned are so unfair; but to us there seems but little promise in this direction. We have no doubt that Vigilant is fast enough under certain conditions of a strong, true topsail breeze and reasonably smooth water to more than save her time from Britannia, but for every day of such racing there is an equally good chance of light weather, in which the Clyde performances may be repeated; or of a lower sail breeze and a bad sea. The performance of Vigilant in the windward work of the last Cup race, poor as it was generally considered, was a surprise to us, as under most adverse conditions she did relatively better with Valkyrie than we had expected in even moderately rough water. Judged from this race, when better canvassed and sailed than on that occasion, she should be a dangerous rival in a lower sail breeze and moderately rough water; but with any sort of a bad sea we should look to see Britannia still further ahead than in a drifting match; and for this reason we do not look to the more open courses to reverse the result of the Clyde races.

THERE is one phase of the matter which, as consistent advocates of the keel type for many years, cannot fail to be gratifying to us, that at last the keel has fairly beaten the centerboard in the largest class. Again and again has the superior speed of the keel type been proved in the smaller classes, by Kathleen, Saracen, Fancy, Minerva, Gloriana and Wasp, but each time the friends of the old centerboard sloop have fallen back on the fact that the modern compromise had beaten the keel boats in the largest class. Now, however, the keel boat has proved victorious over the latest and fastest of the centerboard type, and that in weather always considered as peculiarly favorable to the latter.

THE way in which the news was first heralded is in itself amusing; one heading ran like this:

VIGILANT DOES WELL.

Beats Britannia Boat for Boat.

BUT LOSES ON ALLOWANCE.

It is all very well to talk about flukes and drifting matches, and to condemn the Clyde courses, but a study of the six races discloses some hard facts that cannot be explained or disposed of in this manner; stretches of five to ten miles in moderate breezes in which Vigilant, at first in the better berth, is finally passed and left astern by Britannia without shadow of a fluke; and positions without number in which, in previous races on this side, the American boat would soon have been to windward and ahead, but in which, in this case, she is left astern. The most encouraging work is in the stronger wind of the last races, on the windward legs; but against this there are many cases in which Vigilant has most unaccountably lost a good position; the only explanation being that, under these conditions, at least, Britannia is the faster. It is not so many years since the cry of flukes and inside courses was heard from the other side; the reply being that American yachts, at least, were built to sail in the average summer weather, and not in howling gales; and this from the very men who are now watching for the outside races and praying for a gale to help along the centerboard boat.

After the races last fall the superiority of Vigilant's model seemed beyond question; but, barring the obvious defect of too little draft, our choice has always been for Colonia as the best of the large Herreshoff boats, both in dimensions and model, of more moderate beam and easier form than Vigilant. The extreme flaring topside and full round bow of the latter have never commended themselves to us as either beautiful or advantageous, save as the former served to wing out the weight of the large ballast crew; and we doubt now whether Mr. Herresboff will ever go to such extremes again. Whether finally successful or otherwise, Vigilant's performances abroad must tend to strengthen the American side, as showing to an extent never before realized, the strong points of the challenger and the weak ones of the defender. If any serious chance of defeat exists in the American type, it is better to discover it now than when too late in a future race for the Cup.

IN view of the controversy of last winter over the value of Vigilant's ballast crew, it is most interesting to note that thus far she has been sailed under those conditions which we contended would materially impair her speed, with a smaller crew and the equivalent weight stowed low down in the form of pig lead. If the evidence of seven straight races is worthy of consideration, this change has been hurtful in the extreme, and the result offers a convincing proof of the value of live ballast in a wide boat, even of the largest size. Thus far Vigilant has not been measured, and she has been at liberty to carry any reasonable size of crew, but as she must shortly go under the measurer's tape, her advisers will have to decide as to the number of men aboard at the time of measurement, and to restrict the crew to that limit. Under these conditions she is likely to carry some two tons less of Scandinavian bone and muscle than in the Cup races last fall.

IT is impossible to foretell with any chance of success the outcome of the remaining races of the season, but unless it shall appear later that Vigilant has been badly off her form in the Clyde races, the fault being discovered and remedied, we have little hope that she will make a much better showing in the future save on exceptional occasions. Whatever the result may be, however, it should not be forgotten that those in charge of the American yacht are engaged in a task which entitles them to the fullest sympathy of American yachtsmen, and that they are entitled to just as hearty praise in the event of defeat as when victorious in the past. The attempts to saddle on them the entire responsibility for defeat are unjust and cowardly in the extreme.

THE information that Lord Dunraven will replace Valkyrie with a new cutter next year, and that she will probably be a 70-footer, can hardly be classed as news, though just cabled to this country, Lord Dunraven having said as much last fall. The rumor that Lord Lonsdale will be his associate in the new venture is news, if true, so far as it goes. The fact that another challenge for 1895 is a certainty is far too important to be officially ignored on technical grounds and it is highly desirable that the New York Y. C. should take some early action in the matter. The good old days of forty years back, when wealthy gentlemen chased each other around in the same old boxes year after year, sailing six or eight miles an hour, with a mainsail three years old, and all the while imagined they were racing yachts, have passed away; and modern match sailing has become a purely scientific study, calling for the expenditure of unlimited skill and money. This being the case it is time that the conditions governing the more important matches should be made as perfect as possible, and that the haphazard methods of bygone days should be replaced by others more exact and systematic. One of the recognized essentials to a fair trial of two yachts is an equality of measurement, eliminating as far as possible all time allowance. This condition is found in many smaller classes, but has never existed in America or England in the classes best adapted for international competition, those of about 70ft. l.w.l. and larger.

While the Y. R. A. rule compels this equality in the classes up to 60 rating, about 65ft. l.w.l., the yachts above this size are not built to class, the rating of the four large cutters of last year being 140, 149, 151 and 161. On this side the same inequality has existed, the lengths of the modern Cup defenders varying from 80 to and 87ft., while the sail areas range from 8,000 to 11,000 sq.ft.

In the interest of designing on both sides it is in every way desirable that such international competition as that due to the visits of Valkyrie and Navahoe last year and Vigilant this year shall continue regularly, not at long intervals, but alternating from side to side every year or two with good results to both winners and losers. The first step toward such regular international racing is the establishment by both sides in conjunction of some standard class, thus doing away with that constant struggle to outbuild which has done so much harm in more ways than one, and which obscures the true value of each race. It is to the immediate advantage of both sides that some total limit of measurement should be decided on before another yacht is designed for international competition, and we believe that this might easily be done. The opportunity for the initiative is now presented to the New York Y. C.; it knows informally but positively that a challenge is ready for presentation as soon as the legal date arrives; and with Com. Morgan and other members of the club now in British waters, there is every opportunity for an informal suggestion of the matter to representative British racing men, or to the Y. R. A. It should be easily possible to arrange a conference of representatives of both par-

ties, to decide upon a maximum limit of measurement, either rating or sailing length, to govern future racing.

THE adoption of any standard size, a rating of 140, 150 or even of Vigilant's measurement, 175 rating, or of the equivalent sailing length of 98ft., would be a decided advance on the present chance methods; but we believe that still better results would follow from the choice of a lower figure, such as 75 rating or 75ft. sailing length, about the measurement of the first Valkyrie and the American 70-footers. The reduction in size from Vigilant to Titania and from Valkyrie II. to Valkyrie I. would be a material gain, and no more than commensurate with recent advances in speed and cost, especially the latter. A racing yacht of 70ft. waterline in 1895 would not only he a far larger, faster and more costly craft than any previous 70-footer, but she would be quite as large and fast, and much more costly than Puritan, of 81ft. She would be costly enough to suit the most extravagant ideas of what a gentleman's yacht should be, but at the same time she would be within the reach of one or two owners, and would not call for a syndicate of millionaires to run her for a single season.

There is no question that the syndicate, as opposed to the individual owner, is one of the undesirable features of modern racing; and one that is apt to militate against the successful defense of the America's Cup, in restricting the number of trial yachts built, should the expense increase, or even continue at the present high figure; and looking at the racing yacht of to-day as a mere toy, outbuilt and useless after the first season, we would even be glad to see the size limited to 60ft. rather than 70, as producing a yacht that is large and fast enough for all racing, and at the same time of less cost, thus calling out a larger number of trial boats.

We can foresee several objections which may be made, both the selection of any limit, and to the limit of the 70ft. class, but we believe that none of them are of serious moment; and that if the New York Y. C. is thoroughly awake to the best interests of the Cup defense and of yachting in general, it can so arrange matters that orders for 70ft. yachts to defend the Cup in 1895 may be placed with the designers in November. The real responsibility for the hurry in the cases of Mayflower, Volunteer and Valkyrie has rested with the holder and not the challenger; and, in the case of the next race, this hurry can easily be avoided by the action of the New York Y. C., and Mr. Herreshoff can he given as much time for the design and coustruction of a Cup defender as Mr. Watson will have over a challenger.

In thus limiting the measurement for international competition, we are of the opinion that both parties might well go still further, and, without attempting too much, place such a moderate limit on the minimum area of the midship section, or other easily regulated factor, as should at least stop matters where they now are, and prevent a still more dangerous extreme in yachts, which, on both sides, must first of all be capable of making the Atlantic passage.

ONE consequence of the short courses sailed in British waters is the very different form of reporting the races, as our readers will notice this week. Fairly accurate times may be taken every four or five miles, showing the position of each boat. It must be remembered, however, that times, save at start and finish, where they are taken on a permanent and accurate line, are not reliable within a margin of a quarter of a minute or so, and that the small gains and losses so carefully figured out on such leg are often misleading. The times at intermediate marks are usually taken from a vessel in motion, and at quite a distance, and often in a position where a true line cannot he drawn, so that too much rellauce must not be placed on these figures.

THE suggestion has been made that the strengthening of Vigilant's hull for the ocean passage has had a detrimental effect on her speed, but it is stated by cable that the struts from the deck to the bilge stringers were all removed on her arrival at Glasgow, leaving the hull in the same condition as last season. In spite of reports to the contrary, no alterations of keel contour or outside ballast have been made since the Cup races.

The Sinking of Valkyrie.

From the Field.

THE opening day of the Mudhook Regatta will be memorable in yachting story, the incidents which came out of it being in fact altogether without a parallel—at the outset a deplorable collision occurred between the Satanita and Valkyrie, which resulted in the sinking of the latter nine minutes afterward, and at the close of the day the most exciting finish imaginable resulted in the victory of the Prince of Wales's cutter Britannia, over the valorous American champion the Vigilant. The mishap to the Valkyrie naturally had a depressing effect on every one, but there was solace in the reflection that it had brought about no loss of life, although one poor fellow was sadly injured after the smash. It was something really inscrutable that nothing worse happened, seeing that Satanita ran stem on into the broadside of Valkyrie when tearing along with a tremendous head of speed on. The Greta, which was flagship, was lying just clear of the fleet at anchor, and, immediately before the start, the Valkyrie was coming on starboard tack with a clear line to skim close to the flagship and secure the highest weather berth possible. The Satanita, which was reaching in on port tack with Britannia in her wake was bent on standing on until she could stay on Valkyrie's weather quarter. A small craft, however, with four men in her, blocked Satanita's course, and in common humanity the helm was eased to clear them; this was barely accomplished as the bow wave of Satanita washed one of the men overboard, and the boat was no sooner cleared than Satanita's amateur helmsman found it physically impossible to get the vessel off. The skipper of Satanita helping at the tiller could not avoid the inevitable, and she smashed stem on into the Valkyrie, cutting in two her port side between rigging and runners to below the water line and about 6ft. into the deck. Satanita's bowsprit broke off and came back inboard, and the force of the collision drove Valkyrie right round until she gybed one way and Satanita the other, and ultimately drove Valkyrie broadside on to the Vanduara steam yacht, with the result that a lot of bulwarks of the latter were carried away and her large steam launch smashed up.

At the time of the collision a number of Valkyrie's men jumped overboard, fearing the probable falling of gear, while others got on Satanita. It was providential that the foredeck of the latter rose and thus eased the forestay, for, had the latter hurst, as it was feared it would, the mast and everything would have fallen aft. The vessels remained locked and Satanita thus kept Valkyrie up, but when she blew back clear, Valkyrie at once began to take a port list, and directly after the stern rose in the air and Valkyrie went down head first. Lord Dunraven, who had guests on board, including two ladies, was late in leaving the vessel, but with so many yachts near, there was plenty of help at hand. Neither owner nor crew were able to save anything, and a good many valuables went down with Valkyrie. It may be said that just as she was settling down the topmast broke off, and at low water she was showing her masthead some ten feet. The vessel is lying on the fishing bank just inside the deep water of Holy Loch, yet is in about seventeen fathoms. A diver, however, undertook to go down yesterday. Satanita's damage is a great gaping chasm, coming from about ten inches above the copper upward, and back to about six frames on one side and three the other, while several deck beams are broken. Satanita lost no other spars than bowsprit, but her topmast was at one time bent like a bow through some of Valkyrie's gear hooking the backstays. It was 35s. before the starting gun that the collision occurred, and the match between Britannia and Vigilant commenced unperceived by many. In regard to the relative displays of the two boats, it is our opinion the Vigilant fully maintained her high reputation. It would not be right to say that Britannia won by a fluke. She was not more than 5m. astern at the outset when Vigilant ran into a comparative calm, and Britannia carried a gentle breeze up, and ran past her on the first round. Britannia made a great gain directly Vigilant's two spinakers did not fill; and the probability was that she would again have done so between the Cloch Lighthouse and Kilcreggan. Whether she would have gained enough to have saved her time is of course quite problematical. When, however, Britannia did get on terms and was running with the wind dead on the mast, she fairly went away from her opponent. Vigilant's was a fine display, each time beating down the Clyde by long boards. She is slow in stays and hangs when first full, but when set going she forereaches very fast and the centerboard grips her to windward. There was a positively startling difference in the amount of light stuff Vigilant spread to advantage on a run compared to Britannia, and the wonderful way her running spinaker and spinaker jib filled at the same time. Compared to the American, Britannia appears under-canvassed, and we were not a little puzzled to account for the Prince of Wales's cutter doing better in the light breezes than in the fresh. Probably Satanita would have made a bold bid for victory on the day; but judging on her previous essays the unfortunate Valkyrie would not have been at all formidable. It may be said that Valkyrie was the only boat which prepared for the fray with a reef in mainsail. There was a scene of the wildest excitement when Britannia sailed home in triumph, and the character of the rejoicings which followed will result in an addition to the national revenue.

THE CLYDE AND IRISH RACES.

Royal Northern Y. C., Wednesday, July 11.

AFTER the four races from off Hunter's Quay, recounted last week, the yachts went further down the Clyde for two days racing over the quadrangular course of the Royal Northern Y. C., starting off Craigmore Pier, near Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute. This course is of the sort so earnestly prayed for by some of the Clyde yachtsmen on the occasion of Thistle's defeat over a windward and leeward course, each of its four sides being about four and a half miles long, the two rounds making about thirty-six miles, after which the yachts sail once across diagonally and back, something over six miles each way. The first turn is off Mount Stewart, the second off Largs, the third off Wemyss Bay, the final stretch being from the start, near the Toward Bank, across to Largs and back.

The wind was, as usual, light from the south or up the Firth. When the gun fired at 10:30 neither was at the line, Vigilant finally crossing at 10:31:40 and Britannia, on her weather quarter, 15s. later. On the wind, with club topsails and large jibtopsails set, the two worked short tacks down the shore. Vigilant gaining, until at the Mount Stewart mark they were timed: Vigilant 11:18:20, Britannia 11:20:50.

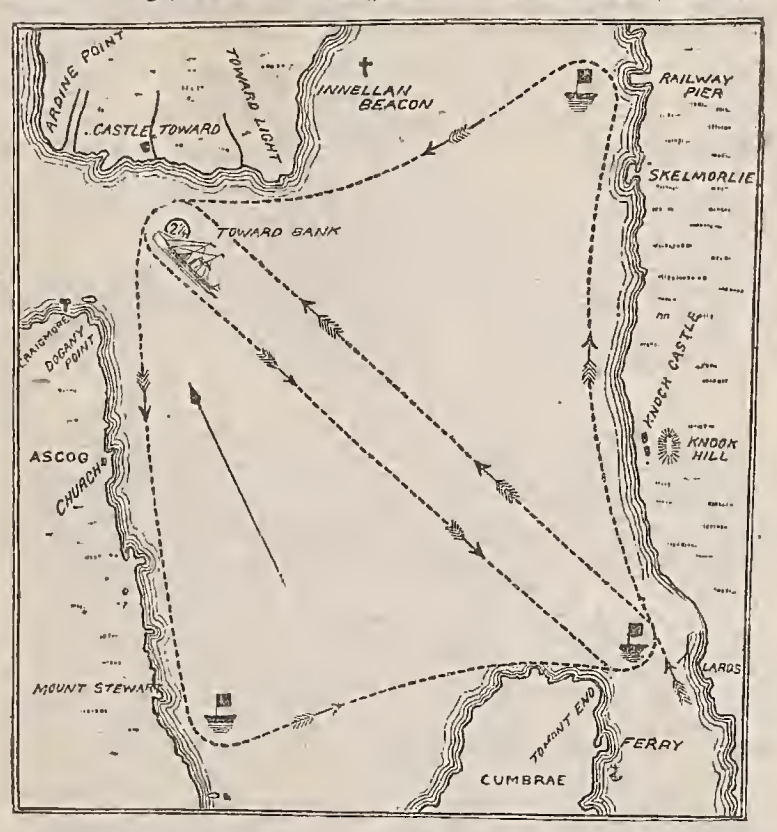
They reached across to Largs with booms to port and rather less wind, Britannia overtaking Vigilant and passing her to windward, the times at the Largs mark being, Britannia 11:50:35, Vigilant 11:51:37.

After a jibe, spinakers were set to port and they ran for Wemyss Bay, Vigilant pressing Britannia hard and making up part of the loss in the first two miles on this leg. The times at Wemyss Bay Mark were: Britannia 1:00:54, Vigilant 1:01:10.

The wind had already gone to the westward before the mark was turned, and now it came from N.W., making a beat to the line, blowing fresher all time. Britannia now gained, finishing the first round with a lead of 2m. 15s. Britannia 1:45:45, Vigilant 1:48.

Reaching down to Mount Stewart, they were timed: Britannia 2:05:25, Vigilant 2:07:10.

The westering wind called for spinakers and booms squared as they ran for Largs, where the timing was: Britannia 2:42:46, Vigilant



2:44:41. The free reach to the Wemyss mark told well for Britannia, the times being: Britannia 3:15:17, Vigilant 3:19:32. The wind fell light and more to the south, making a close reach to the line. Britannia still gaining and finishing the second round with a lead of 6m. 40s., Britannia 4:20:15, Vigilant 4:26:55.

The pair now started across for Largs, the wind being very light. Britannia continued to gain on the free reach out and close reach back, the finish being timed: Britannia 6:39:58, Vigilant 7:01:19. The estimated allowance of Vigilant, she not having been measured, makes Britannia the winner by 24m. 21s., corrected time. Taken altogether, the race was most unsatisfactory; but at the same time there were many times when both yachts were together for some miles with a good breeze, offering every opportunity for comparison. Before this race Vigilant had been lightened of some three tons of lead, and after the finish further alterations were made in her ballast, and another mainsail bent.

Royal Northern Y. C., Thursday, July 12.

The second day's racing of the Royal Northern Y. C. was over the same course, but with better weather conditions, the 50 miles being made in 5½ hours instead of over 8 hours. After coming light from the south early in the morning, the wind went to N.W. and blew fairly hard all day, with hard puffs throughout the last two legs. Starting with a free reach to Mount Stewart, Britannia to windward and Vigilant 3s. abead, Britannia soon passed her and gained a minute and a quarter in the four miles, the times being: Britannia 10:54:40, Vigilant 10:55:59.

After a handsome jibe Britannia set her spinaker flying in good style and hurried on for Largs, but Vigilant cut the lead down to the even minute, the times being: Britannia 11:39:30, Vigilant 11:40:30.

It was a close race up the east shore for the Wemyss mark, and the wind headed on the way, both jamming for the mark. On the wind with a good breeze, Britannia gained fast, the times at Wemyss mark being: Britannia 12:09:57, Vigilant 12:13:34.

On the beat to the finish Britannia fared rather better than Vigilant in the matter of luck, hut the latter made a small gain, the times at the starting line being: Britannia 12:48:10, Vigilant 12:52:08.

The leg to Mount Stewart was quickly run off, with booms eased to port, the times heing: Britannia 1:08:19, Vigilant 1:12:18.

The run across to Largs proved bad for Vigilant, she striking a light streak of wind and losing some time, Britannia sailing very fast meanwhile. The times at Largs were: Britannia 1:36:03, Vigilant 1:43:05.

With sheets well in they reached up to the Wemyss mark, the wind hauling ahead for the next leg. The times at Wemyss were: Britannia 2:04:01, Vigilant 2:10:40.

When jammed on the wind for the beat across to the line, carrying clubtopsail and heeling well under the puffs that were now coming hard from the northwest, Vigilant showed at her best, and took two good minutes off Britannia, the finish of the second round being timed: Britannia, 2:28:30; Vigilant, 2:42:40.

The course now lay nearly to leeward, 6½ miles to the Largs mark, the times showing little difference: Britannia, 3:12:30; Vigilant, 3:16:30.

On the beat across Vigilant took another two minutes off Britannia, the finish being timed: Britannia, 4:00:30; Vigilant, 4:02:10. Britannia wins by 5m. 10s. corrected time.

After the race Vigilant was taken to Scott's yard, Gourock, where her topmast was shortened 4ft. 6in. and bowsprit and spinaker boom 4ft., thus reducing her rating and time allowance. The alterations were completed by Saturday, and she was towed over to Belfast, accompanied by a lighter which carried her extra gear. Thus far the yacht had been permitted to race without certificate of measurement, and several changes of ballast had been made in the effort to improve her.

Royal Ulster Y. C., Belfast, July 16.

The course sailed by Vigilant in the races of Monday and Tuesday on the Irish coast was of the same nature as that of the Royal Northern, though located at the mouth of a broad bay on the Irish channel, Belfast Lough. Starting off Bangor at the south shore of the Lough, the first leg, to the Carrickfergus markboat, was about 4 miles, W.N.W. The second leg, of about 5½ miles, N.N.E., took the yachts to the Blackhead mark; then came a leg of the same length to the Briggs mark, S.S.E., and some three miles S.W. by W. to the line. Three rounds were sailed, with time allowance for 50 miles.

The morning was cloudy, with a strong threat of rain, and a fresh S.W. breeze was kicking up more of a sea than the Clyde had shown in any of the races there. The start was given at 11:00:00 A. M., Vigilant crossing at 11:00:15 to windward, but 3s. after Britannia. The close reach of 4 miles, in a strong breeze, showed a barely perceptible gain for Britannia, the times at Carrickfergus mark being: Britannia 11:24:58, Vigilant 11:25:13.

Spinaker booms were dropped and the balloons were set, but there was too much winds, and the big sails were at once taken in. Vigilant gained on the run, the times at Blackhead mark being: Vigilant, 11:50:30; Britannia, 11:50:51.

With a strong beam wind and a lumpy sea, the two reached for the Briggs mark, Vigilant still gaining a little, as the times show: Vigilant, 12:17:47; Britannia, 12:18:39.

In the beat to the line, three miles of short tacking, with rather less wind, but still all they wanted, Vigilant gained some 40 seconds, the end of the first round being timed: Vigilant, 12:37:24; Britannia, 12:38:55. Vigilant's gain in the hour and a half, some 17 miles, was 1m. 34s.

With the wind still S.W. the close reach to Carrickfergus cost Vigilant more than half her lead, the times being: Vigilant, 1:09:13; Britannia, 1:09:52.

This time Vigilant was able to set her big spinaker to advantage, the times showing a big gain in the 4½ miles: Vigilant 1:39:44, Britannia 1:42:28.

On the reach across the mouth of the Lough there was more wind, but freer than on the first round, Vigilant gaining a little, the times being at the Briggs mark: Vigilant 2:03:28, Britannia 2:06:35.

The wind was still working around, now making long and short legs to the line, Britannia gaining nearly a minute: Vigilant 2:23:54, Britannia 2:26:11.

The third round began with very little wind, now from N.W., followed by a calm. Both drifting for a time, Britannia took the lead at about 3:10:00, and a little later they turned the Carrickfergus mark thus: Britannia 3:19:11, Vigilant 3:21:20.

The course to Blackhead was now a broad reach with a N.W. wind of moderate strength, the positions being practically unaltered: Britannia 3:53:28, Vigilant 3:55:25.

Running free for the Briggs mark, Britannia held her own: Britannia 4:17:38, Vigilant 4:19:48.

The last 3 miles was a close reach with more wind, Vigilant gaining half a minute, the finish being timed: Britannia 4:39:12, Vigilant 4:40:45.

Britannia wins by 1m. 33s. elapsed time; Vigilant also allows her from 1½ to 2m., the exact amount being unknown.

Royal Ulster Y. C., July 17.

Wall street was enjoying almost a Sunday quiet at noon on Tuesday when the shrill voices of the newsboys brought men out of their offices with the glad cry of "Extry! Vigilant wins!" and the news was confirmed by later particulars. The course was the same as on Monday, the day being rainy with a strong west wind and sea. Both crossed the line at 11:00:12, Britannia to windward, with working and jibtopsails set for a beat to Carrickfergus. Before the weather mark was reached Vigilant was ahead, the times being: Vigilant 11:24:40, Britannia 11:25:55.

The wind was abaft the beam on the second leg, and large jibtopsails were set, Vigilant gaining. The times at Blackhead were: Vigilant, 11:52:28; Britannia, 11:54:29.

The reach across showed a further gain for Vigilant, the times being: Vigilant, 12:13:04; Britannia, 12:15:57.

The short leg to the line was to windward, Vigilant only holding her own. The first round was timed: Vigilant, 12:31:37; Britannia, 12:34:23.

They went out to Carrickfergus once more against the wind, being timed: Vigilant 1:04-13, Britannia 1:06:05.

There was plenty of wind, and rain as well, on the reach to Blackhead, where they were timed: Vigilant 1:30:30, Britannia 1:35:00.

The third leg was also a reach, with a sea off the mouth of the Lough, Vigilant gaining over a minute, the boats being timed at the Briggs mark: Vigilant 1:50:05, Britannia 1:55:45.

After the three mile beat to the line, the second round ended with Vigilant in the same position, 5m. 30s. ahead of Britannia: Vigilant 2:10:49, Britannia 2:16:19.

The two started the round with a head wind and a sea, Vigilant apparently gaining, but before the Carickfergus mark was reached, Britannia broke the iron work about the jaws of her gaff, a shackle striking Capt. Carter in the head, but not injuring him seriously. She was compelled to give up, leaving Vigilant to sail the final round alone, which she did with housed topmast, finishing at 3:49:40.

Vigilant's Racing.

From the Field.

THE interest which the visit of Vigilant has excited culminated on Thursday on the Clyde, when she made her maiden essay at racing in British waters in the regatta of the Mudhook Y. C.:

"Last week it was settled that her first race should be to-day (Saturday) in the match for the Queen's Cup under the burgee of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club: hut so much disappointment was expressed by Clyde yachtsmen that Mr. Gould got his clipper ready for Thursday's race. There was a difficulty, however, about an amateur helmsman, but eventually it was agreed that Mr. Nat. Herreshoff, designer and builder of the yacht, should steer her, as he did in some of the American races. It can be taken for granted, therefore, that everything was got out of Vigilant, and that she was seen at her best on Thursday; and it can at the same time he said that Mr. W. G. Jameson left "nothing" in Britannia; indeed, his brilliant handling of Britannia after he got the lead aroused as much enthusiasm among the Scotch spectators as did the fine capabilities of Britannia herself. As far as can at present be judged, Vigilant is not as much superior to Navahoe as the Americans last season estimated her to be; but that she will win a large number of prizes here there can be no doubt. It was expected that Valkyrie, with her increased sail spread, would tackle her in light airs, and Britannia in a singing breeze, while Satanita was to be the leader in a hard reaching wind. All this speculation is, however, for the moment upset, as it is impossible to say when Valkyrie will be ready for racing again until she has been lifted and docked. Satanita may be ready by the time the Kingstown meeting takes place, and meantime there will be enough dual contests between Vigilant and Britannia to satisfy the most pronounced admirer of that style of contest. By the end of next week we shall have a pretty good insight into the capabilities of Vigilant, and know whether we must take a back seat in yacht racing in the presence of a Yankee contrivance in this country, just the same as we have to in New York Bay."

Sea Cliff Y. C. Special Open.

SEA CLIFF, L. I.—L. I. SOUND.

Saturday, July 14.

COURSES from line off club house to and around horizontal striped buoy (spar) at east end of Execution Reef, to and around spar buoy off Matinlncock Point, to and across line off club house, sixteen miles. Weather very squally, succeeded by fitful puffs; wind S.W. at start; tide at start last of ebb; start at 2:03:00:

Class A.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mary, W. E. Elworth	28.76	2 56 53	2 56 53
Wenonah, W. A. Parker	27.15	3 29 13	3 26 48
Nellie, S. Stenson	26.65	3 14 20	3 11 10
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	26.47	2 58 23	2 55 04
Dosoris, G. B. Vail	23.09	.....	.....
S. S. Free, W. W. Gilfillan	not meas.	.....	.....

Class B.

Eloise, C. H. Robinson	22.06	3 26 05	3 26 05
Kittie, Hazen Morse	22.06	3 25 14	3 25 14
Melita, O. H. Chellbory	22.95	3 51 01	3 50 49
Dryspeed, R. P. Speed	20.03	did not finish.	
Arvika	not meas.	did not finish.	

Winners of prizes: Class A, Onaway first, Mary second. Class B, Kittie first, Eloise second.

Corinthian Mosquito Fleet Pryor Cup.

NEW ROCHELLE, JULY 14.

THE fleet met again on Saturday in a race for a cup offered by Com. Pryor of the Corinthian Mosquito fleet and sailed off New Rochelle, there being a special prize also for cabin cats. The wind was S.W. moderate, and the times were:

TWENTY-ONE-FOOTERS.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Houri, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	4 25 12	2 30 32
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	4 24 10	2 30 55
Minnetonka, Geo. Work	4 25 43	2 30 58
Adelaide, W. P. Douglas	4 27 40	2 34 33
Flirt, W. G. Brokaw	4 35 33	2 39 43
Celia, C. A. Gould	Not timed.	
Hoodoo, J. H. Adams	Did not finish.	
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	Disabled.	

CABIN CATBOATS.

Tabitha, J. C. McEwitt	4 37 04	2 42 34
Fleetwing, C. S. Lane	Did not finish.	

Massachusetts, Savin Hill and Dorchester.

UNION REGATTA.

Saturday, July 7.

THE three Boston clubs, the Massachusetts, Savin Hill and Dorchester, all having stations adjoining on Dorchester Bay, sailed a union regatta on July 7 with a good fleet of starters. The day was fair and warm, with a fresh and squally S.W. wind, some of the yachts having reefs in. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Harbinger, Wm. Daly, Jr.	28.00	1 39 04	1 30 57
Beatrice, John Cavanaugh	26.08	1 43 54	1 34 13
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.	24.08	1 53 52	1 42 41
Stanley, W. D. Colson	26.00	1 53 38	1 43 44
Caribou	Withdrew.		

SECOND CLASS.

Amorita, Wm Bache	25.01	1 43 53	1 33 07
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	23.11	1 45 21	. . . .
Gypsy, H. R. Drinkwater	23.09	1 49 30	1 37 22
Sea Bird, C. L Joy	22.08	1 51 37	1 38 18
Sybil, E. P. Sharp	23.00	1 51 18	1 38 58
Enslane, N. J. Fitzwilliams	22.00	1 55 27	1 41 22
Mad Cap, H. C. Whorf	21.00	1 56 56	1 41 39
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	21.08	1 57 31	1 43 02
Adolph, H. Moebs	22.03	1 59 15	1 45 29
Little Rogue, G. W. Spencer	21.02	2 00 43	1 45 38
Gain, Odsum, J. S. Jardine	23.05	2 04 49	1 52 29
Bessie, Billings, et al	Did not finish.		

SPECIAL KNOCKABOUT CLASS.

Nike, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	1 59 14	. . . .
Hull 'O. Hull Y. C.	21.00	1 59 50	. . . .
Beckie Sharp, H. W. Friend	21.00	2 01 06	. . . .
Hobo, T. W. King	21.00	2 02 07	. . . .
Wivern, H. Hutchinson	21.00	2 03 23	. . . .

THIRD CLASS.

Raccoon, Paul J. Lowell	20.09	1 14 20	1 04 08
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.09	1 20 56	1 06 04
Romance, L. Sears	22.07	1 16 20	1 06 51
Alma, E. Bigelow	20.01	1 21 26	1 10 11
Corine, A. C. Scoot	18.00	1 35 43	1 22 14

FOURTH CLASS.

Hagedorn, C. V. Souther	20.03	1 18 54	1 07 37
Arab, W. F. Scott	19.01	1 23 40	1 11 17
Magpie, H. G. Otis	19.08	1 23 07	1 11 18
Egeria, L. I. Howard	19.11	1 24 22	1 12 47
Smoke, H. B. Rice	19.11	1 22 23	1 20 51

FIFTH CLASS.

Duck, C. E. Hodges	17.10	1 26 46	1 13 07
Primrose, H. M. Faxon	16.05	1 30 09	1 14 53
Dandelion, Arthur Adams	17.06	1 29 50	1 15 40
Imp, A. J. Horton	15.11	1 32 21	1 16 28
Willet, Percy Hodges	17.10	1 30 31	1 15 52
Mirage, Carl Schindle	16.11	1 33 00	1 18 20

SIXTH CLASS.

Katydid, C. B. Pear	13 04	1 33 09	1 13 39
Laurel, W. S. Nickerson	13.05	1 33 23	1 14 00
Princess, E. D. Gay	14.04	1 32 03	1 14 04
Icurez, Walsh Bros.	14.02	1 34 34	1 16 20
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	14.08	1 34 05	1 16 39
Seaweed, S. C. Higgins	14.08	1 35 03	1 17 41
Cutty Sark, M. M. Torrance	13.06	1 41 07	1 22 02

Prize winners in their classes are: First, Harbinger and Beatrice; second, Harolde and Gipsy; knockabouts, Nike and Hullo; third, Raccoon and Alpine; fourth, Hazeldorn and Arab; fifth, Duck and Primrose; sixth, Katydid, Laurel and Primrose.

The judges were Com. Allan M. Davis, Mr. W. S. Crosby and Mr. Blanchard. The prizes were cash in all classes.

Riverside Y. C. Annual Regatta.

COS COB—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 7.

THE annual regatta of the Riverside Y. C. on July 7 brought out a good fleet of starters and resulted in a fine race, there being a moderate S.W. breeze and fine weather. Minerva, having no competitor, went up a class and won easily. The times were:

SCHOONERS—80FT. CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Viator, W. G. Brokaw	62.00	2 53 39	2 51 00
Nirvana, Geo. I. Tyson	71.19	3 18 56	3 18 56

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—53FT. CLASS.

Minerva, H. W. Bucknall	39.11	2 49 41	Not meas.
Whitby, H. H. Tyson	50.07	3 04 82	3 04 32
Eleanor, A. S. Williams	47.10	3 06 15	Not meas.

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—35FT. CLASS.

Eidolon, H. F. Croshy	34.90	2 57 47	2 57 47
Eurybia, Chas. Pryer	34.00	3 08 08	3 07 16

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—30FT. CLASS.

Kathleen, F. M. Hoyt	29.97	3 12 34	3 12 34
Vorant, G. G. Tyson	29.04	3 14 08	Not meas
Christine, G. B. Miller	28.80	Did not finish.	

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—25FT. CLASS.

Pixie, O. Sanderson	25.60	3 26 10	3 18 38
Gavilan, C. Diefenthaler	25.00	3 32 25	3 32 25
Madrine, F. Freeman	23.00	8 31 41	Not meas.

OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL BOATS—21FT. CLASS.

Gee Whiz, C. J. Field	18.00	3 01 50	Not meas.
Gwendoline, J. D. Ayres	18.00	2 56 51	Not meas.
Senta, F. B. Jones	18.92	2 50 32	Not meas.

CABIN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS.

Almira, W. Hanan	25.00	2 15 34	2 14 19
Mary, W. Ellsworth	25.00	2 16 57	2 16 27
Oconee, C. T. Pierce	24.50	2 26 35	2 22 47
White Cap, J. B. Lord	24.10	2 39 29	2 34 09
Myrtle, J. R. Maxwell, Jr	24.06	2 23 01	2 22 03
Nixie, W. G. Buxton	23.00	2 34 29	2 29 28
Tabitha, J. MacVitte	31.00	2 34 37	Not meas.

CABIN CATBOATS—20FT. CLASS

Kitty, Hazen Morse	20.00	2 25 44	2 25 44
Clara, C. & G. Lowther	20.00	2 51 02	Not timed

OPEN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS.

Sirene, R. Outwater	24.67	2 22 35	2 22 35
Violet, G. A. Wiener	20.08	2 41 52	2 35 04
Bubble, A. Scofield	20.17	2 38 13	2 31 48

OPEN CATCOATS - 20FT. CLASS.

Chippie, H. R. Hatfield	17.75	3 17 03	3 17 03
——, E. A. Briggs	18.00	Did not finish.	

The winners were Viator, Minerva, Eidolon, Vorant, Pyxie, Santa, Aimir, Kitty, Sirene, Chippie.

The regatta committee included C. T. Pierce Chas. Olmstead, and W. J. Selleck. The judges were W. J. Selleck, W. A. Hamilton and W. A. Huffington.

Eastern Y. C. Annual Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 7.

THE annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C., postponed from June 25, was sailed on July 7; this time in fair weather and a good S.S.W. breeze, shifting later to W. The entries were few in number, and the racing was practically a series of three duels—Mayflower and Marguerite, Barbara and Carmita, and Hawk and Fancy. The schooners and 46ft. class sailed the 32-mile triangle between Eastern Point, the E. Y. C turning buoy and Nahant; and the smaller boats sailed the 22½-mile triangle between Eastern Point and the E. Y. C. buoy; the start and finish for all being off Halfway Rock. Mr. Foster sailed Carmita, his fin-keel 46-footer, while Mr. Harry Howard sailed Barbara, the Fife 46-footer, also owned by Mr. Foster. Under these circumstances Barbara was not eligible for the Puritan cup, for the best corrected time over the long course, or she would have won it. The official times were:

FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mayflower, W. A. Gardner	89.06	5 07 20	5 07 20
Marguerite, H. W. Lamb	83.74	5 21 42	5 17 59

FIFTH CLASS—CUTTERS.

Barbara, H. Howard	52.86	5 13 31	5 11 53
Carmita, C. H. W. Foster	54.29	5 26 24	5 26 24
Thelma, W. O. Gay		Not timed.	
Gorilla, W. Roberts		Did not finish.	
Flying Cloud, F. L. Moore	41.97	Did not finish.	

SEVENTH CLASS—CUTTERS.

Hawk, Gordon Dexter	36.85	4 35 19	4 34 19
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	36.67	Did not finish.	
Cirrus. ——		Did not finish.	

The Puritan cup was won by Mayflower. Times:

PURITAN CUP.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mayflower	5 07 20	5 07 20
Carmita	5 26 24	5 07 22
Marguerite	5 21 42	5 17 39

The winners were: Mayflower, first prize, $100; Barbara, first prize $75; Carmita, second prize, $25, Hawk, first prize, $50.

The Lake Y. R. A. Meet.

SODUS BAY—LAKE ONTARIO.

July 3—7.

THE Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario, this year decided on a departure from the regular plan of a racing cruise around the lake, and arranged for a meet at a fixed rendezvous, with racing on four successive days. The place selected was Sodus Bay, on the New York shore of the lake and between Oswego and Rochester, the favorite rendezvous of the yachtsmen of these two cities. On July 3 the yachts came in from all quarters, Rochester, Oswego, Hamilton, Toronto and other lake ports. All reported bad weather on the lake, a succession of violent squalls, with rain and lightning being met between Rochester and Sodus. The open boat Nydia was capsized when seven miles out in the lake, but was righted and baled out by the crew of Velnette, her crew of four being rescued from a perilous position on the overturned hull.

The first race was sailed on July 4, the course being a triangle with five-mile sides, sailed twice round by the larger and once by the smaller yachts. At colors the stars and stripes were mastheaded on every yacht and duly saluted, after which the American yachts displayed the Canadian ensign, which was also saluted.

The wind was fresh from the west, with quite a sea on the lake, but the larger yachts carried clubtopsails. Three classes started, the first, 40ft. and 25ft. In the first class Oriole, scbr., won, beating Vreda, cutter, by 4m. 20s. corrected time. The two New York sloops, Onward and Cinderella, made very poor work against the little Scotch cutter, Ouward being over an hour astern and Cinderella dropping out on the first round.

In the 40ft. class Yama, Aggie and Dinah made a very close race, the former winning. Aggie leaked badly during the race and sailed for Oswego after the finish, where she was docked and repaired.

The 25ft. class had six starters—Nox, Sylvia, Salola, Euroclydon, Mona and Mirage, Nox winning, with Sylvia 1m. 23s astern.

On July 5 the course was laid out 4 miles to windward, the wind being strong N.W., two rounds, or 16 miles, being sailed. In the 46ft. class Condor started at the gun, and had been gone 17 minutes when Pappoose, owned by Com. John T. Mott, of Oswego, and sailed by Allan Ames, started in pursuit, overtaking Condor and leading by 6m. on the first round and by 21m. at the finish.

In the 35ft. class Cyprus lost her bowsprit at the start, leaving Vivia, Mr. George Gooderham's new Watson cutter Ripple, Alert and Vision. Viva finished at 1:42:20, Vision 2:06:55, and Alert 2:11:13, Ripple giving up.

In the 30ft. class the times: Vedette 1:59:27, Volante 2:20:12, Norma 2:20:16, Erma 2:40:23, Mona withdrew.

On July 6 there was a smooth sea and a light air from the west, shifting to east and back to west again. The same windward and leeward course was sailed. In the first class Oriole was timed at 2:54:08 and Vreda 3:02:04, the latter winning by 3m. 9s. Onward started, but withdrew. In the 40ft. class Yama won, with Dinah second and Aggie third. In the 25ft. class Salola won, with Sylvia second. Verta, Mona and Mirage sailed the course, but Nox and Euroclydon withdrew.

On July 7, the last day, there was a very strong N.W. wind blowing, and a triangular course of 3⅛ miles to a side was laid off. The fleet was timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Condor	1 51 37	3 51 37	3 51 57
Vivia	1 29 21	3 19 23	3 18 06
Vision	Witbdrew.		
Cyprus	2 08 32	3 58 32	3 55 18
Alert	2 11 28	4 01 28	3 58 37
Norma	1 48 30	3 28 30	3 26 23
Vedette	1 49 24	3 29 24	3 29 29
Erma	2 18 45	3 58 45	3 55 38
Volante	Withdrew.		

In the evening the yachtsmen all met at dinner, the prizes were awarded and speeches made. None of the yachts started home until the gale had abated on Sunday. The timing and records of the racing are very faulty, some of the yachts not being measured and no corrected times being made up.

The 21ft. Class.

THIS new class is gradually working into shape, though there has been a general lack of preparatiou and necessity for alteration on the part of many of the boats which has kept down the number of entries in each race thus far held. For its special purpose the class is a very good one; but there is reason to fear that it will not be complete and satisfactory before the end of the season; and then that it may have disappeared altogether by next year. The race specially arranged by the Country Club for these little flyers was sailed on July 7, the course being: from the club house boat at anchorage in Pelham Bay, south by east, around Stepping Stone Lighthouse, 3 times around, 14 miles. The prizes offered by the Country Club were $75 to the first, $50 to the second and $25 to the third. With a puffy and variable W. N. W. wind, the course was to leeward and a beat back. Vaquero was over the line before the gun, but returned for a late start. She was soon at the head of the procession, and finally won. Blonde and Brunette leaked badly and also broke her spinaker boom when in second place, coming in fourth. The full times were:

	Finished.	Elapsed.
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	3 20 12	3 05 12
Dorothy, H. P. Whieney	3 21 21	3 06 21
Houri, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	3 24 16	3 09 16
Blonde & Brunette, H. B. Seeley	3 27 23	3 12 23
Minnetonka, George Work	3 28 31	3 13 31
Adelaide, W. P. Douglas	3 31 26	3 16 26
Flirt, W. G. Brokaw	Witbdrew.	
Maysie, William Osborn	Fouled turning mark.	

LARCHMONT Y. C. SERIES—SECOND RACE.

The second race of tbe series, for the Larchmont prizes, was sailed July 13, in a fresh S.W. breeze. Seven yacbts started and four finished, Maysie losing her bowsprit when leading on the third leg, Minnetonka breaking he rudder. and Flirt and Hoodoo being overpowered.

The times were, start 1:10 P. M., Hempstead mark:

Maysie	1 39 28	Adelaide	1 41 31
Houri	1 40 20	Flirt	1 42 38
Vaquero	1 40 40		
Matinnicock:			
Maysie	2 07 17	Adelaide	2 09 48
Vaquero	2 08 47	Flirt	2 10 38
Houri	2 08 48		
Hempstead:			
Vaquero	3 10 26	Adelaide	3 22 00
Houri	3 11 26		

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero	3 36 00	2 26 00
Houri	3 37 28	2 27 28
Adelaide	3 50 00	2 40 00
Maysie	Disabled.	
Minnetonka	Disabled.	
Flirt	Withdrew.	
Hoodoo	Withdrew.	

Maysie sailed very fast until she broke down. The new Blonde and Brunette was not ready, being on the ways for general repairs after two races.

Schoodic Y. C. Cup Race.

CALAIS, ME.

Wednesday, July 12.

THE Schoodic Y. C. sailed a good race on July 11, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
St. Croix News	11 47 40	2 24 50	2 23 39
Thetis	11 45 28	2 23 10	2 26 23
Blanche	11 45 50	2 25 22	2 28 49
Hoop Lah	11 46 48	2 23 23	2 29 33
Chester B.	11 47 25	2 33 50	2 35 33
Phantom	11 46 10	2 38 25	40 19
Louise	11 45 57	2 38 30	2 52 33
Petrel	11 48 45	Time not taken.	
Vera P.	11 47 50	Time not taken.	
Alpha	11 47 25	Time not taken.	
Sea Gull	11 48 17	Time not taken.	
Little Dot	11 48 45	Time not taken.	

Rule Britannia.

NEW YORK, July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The pretty show that H. R. Nibs's yacht Britannia has made of our bronze mug defender has evidently created a class of opinionists who are sadly in need of that restraint which is only to be found in a well conducted lunatic asylum. The editorials in the *Times* and *Herald* of New York and the views of yacbtsmen published in those papers reflect little credit on our sporting blood. When we licked Valkyrie we were rather harsh on the poor English for daring to offer excuses, and now that the shoe is on the other foot we seem to tumble over each other in our baste to get our excuses on record. Those who laugbed at Mr. Carroll and derided Navahoe now know how it is themselves.

Let us be fair, and throw to Britannia a laurel unsullied by excuses, unsmirched by "ifs" and untarnished by the slightest suspicion of cavil.

Le roi et mort, vive le roi! and let us go to work and build something to beat him as soou as we can. CORINTHIAN.

Milwaukee Y. C. Annual Regatta.

MILWAUKEE—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE Milwaukee Y. C. sailed a good race on July 4, the course being a 15-mile triangle on Green Bay, Wisconsin. The wind was fresh from northeast. The new yacht Valiant, designed and built by F. W. Martin for Com. E. C. Berryman, Lincoln Park Y. C, of Chicago, made the best time, elapsed and corrected, of the fleet and won the silver challenge cup in the 45ft. class. The yacht is a sister craft to Nelle, by the same designer, lately illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM. The times were:

SCHOONER CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merliu, G. B. Y. C.	2 01 45	1 54 45
Hawthorne, C. Y. C.	1 55 25	1 55 25
Crusader, L. P. Y. C.	1 56 00	1 56 00
Toxteth, L. P. Y. C.	2 03 13	2 02 13

45-FOOT CLASS.

Valiant, L. P. Y. C.	1 44 13	1 37 13
Phantom, L. P. Y. C	1 44 55	1 38 55
Hattie Bradwell, L. P. Y. C.	1 43 30	1 43 30
Jeannette, M. Y. C.	1 52 27	1 46 27

35-FOOT CLASS.

Peri, C. Y. C.	1 45 22	1 44 18
Hattie B., C. Y. C.	1 50 05	1 50 05
Viola, M. Y. C.	1 52 13	1 50 13
Allie T., C. Y. C.	1 59 57	1 58 56
Pinta, C. Y. C.	2 04 33	2 03 29
Sago, M. Y. C.	2 19 34	2 17 34
Ellida, C. Y. C.	2 21 05	2 18 54
Enola, C. Y. C.	Did not finish.	

25-FOOT CLASS.

The B., C Y. C.	1 58 17	1 54 17
Two Brothers, M. Y. C.	2 03 54	2 03 54
Doratheo, R. Y. C.	2 12 00	2 12 00

Alma, M. Y. C.; Infanta, M. Y. C.; Skate, C. Y. C; Venus, R. Y. C.; Volunteer, R. Y. C.; Vera, R. Y. C.; Trave, Manitowoc Y. C., and N. D., C. Y. C., did not finish.

The judges were H. F. Balch, of Minneapolis, and Capt. John Joys and Capt. John Fitzgerald, of Chicago. The timers were Adolph Meinecke, Jr., Henry Rice, Samuel Doctor and Archie McLenigan.

Southwark Y. C.

PHILADELPHIA—DELAWARE RIVER.

THE twentieth annual regatta was sailed on May 30. Course, Dickinson street wharf to the buoy at the upper end of Chester Island Bar and return to Salt Works wharf, distance 28 miles; weather clear, wind S.S.E., strong:

SECOND CLASS—TUCKUPS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cau't Tell	15.03	11 28 00	. . . .	. . . .
Chas. Deputy	15.03	11 28 00	. . . .	. . . .
Louisa	15.03	11 28 00	2 47 00	4 19 00
Jos. L. Moore	15.03	11 28 00	3 40 00	4 12 00
Sallie B.	15.03	11 28 00	Upset about League Is'd.	

FIRST CLASS—DOUBLE-ENDERS.

Jas. Irwin	15.03	11 19 00	5 31 00	4 12 00
Emma A.	15.03	11 19 00	3 36 30	4 17 30
John M. Crean	15.03	11 19 00	3 33 30	4 14 30
Emma H.	15.03	11 19 00	Upset at turning buoy.	
Welcome	15.03	11 19 00	3 36 00	4 17 00
Bessie	15.03	11 19 00	3 34 00	4 15 30
Anna May	15.03	11 19 00	3 37 00	4 18 00

SECOND CLASS—DOUBLE-ENDERS.

Carrie M.	15.03	11 12 00	3 32 00	3 20 00
Woodman and Florrie	15.03	11 12 00	3 30 30	3 18 30
Howard	15.03	11 12 00	3 34 30	. . . .
Mabel	15.03	11 12 00	3 25 00	3 13 00
Lavinia	15.03	11 12 00	. . . .	. . . .
Harry and George	15.03	11 12 00	3 26 00	3 14 00
Freda K.	15.03	11 12 00	3 25 20	3 13 30
Thos. Bradshaw	15.03	11 12 00	Upset off Gloucester.	

THIRD CLASS—DOUBLE-ENDERS.

Martha C.	15.03	11 00 00	3 29 00	4 29 00
Sam Casuch	15.03	11 00 00	3 34 45	4 34 45
Harry Boardman	15.03	11 00 00	3 37 00	4 37 00
Jennie L.	15.03	11 00 00	3 34 30	Ruled out.
Baby Ruth C.	15.03	11 00 00	3 26 00	4 26 00

Regatta committee, Jas. Irwin, Robt. Marsh and Jos. P. Stephens. Judges, M. Krafft, Jas. Haines and J. O'Shea.

Bay Head Y. C. Corinthian Race.

BAY HEAD, JULY 4.

CLUB course, from starting line off club dock around white flag at mouth of Beaver Dam, keeping it on port; thence around white flag off mouth of Metedeconk River, keeping it on starboard; thence around stakeboat about one mile up Metedeconk River, keeping it on port, twice over the course, distance 10 miles, weather fair, wind west.

	Length.	Allowance.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Madge, J. N. S. Brewster	18.06	40 44	Disabled.	
Olympia, Harold Binney	22.01	35 32	Disabled.	
Nate, H. W. Hazard	14.06	48 25	Difabled.	
Lilla, J. M. Dickinson	21.06	36 19	1 53 26	1 17 07
Paulina, W. M. McCauley	21.05	36 25	1 29 58	1 53 33
Peggy, A. W. Howe	19.00	39 56	2 09 41	1 29 45
Vixen, Wm. Ernst	22.08	35 20	1 54 19	1 18 59
Gertie, Robert Large	20.08	37 27	2 01 53	1 24 26

The race was started in a very light wind, which freshened to a three-reef breeze before the finish, but the boats would not reef, so only lost time in carrying more sail than they could stand. Regatta committee: W. M. McCawley, chairman; P. R. Freeman, J. C. Egbert. Judges: Louis Bennett, J. C. Egbert, A. G. Dale.

Interlake Yacht Racing Association.

A MEETING of the I. L. Y. A. directors was held at the Beebe House, Put-in-Bay, July 7, all the directors being present: C. B. Lockwood, Sandusky Y. C.; G. W. Luetkemeyer, Cleveland Y. C.; Com. C. J. Lichtenberg, West End Y. C.; W. Ladd, Put-in-Bay Y. C.; Com. H. Kendall, Citizens' Yachting Association; H. Tracy, Ohio Y. C., and Com. Wm. Gates, Toledo Y. C.

The classification rule having been so thoroughly discussed at former meetings, very little was said on the subject. A vote resulted in adoption of classification by corrected length, four of the directors, viz, C. B. Lockwood, G. W. Luetkemeyer, Com. C. J. Lichtenberg, W. Ladd, voting "yes," and Com. H. C. Kendall, H. Tracy and Com. Wm. Gates "no."

The meeting to be held at Put-in-Bay on Aug. 7, 8 and 9 promises to be well attended.

The most friendly feeling existed among the directors, and all will no doubt use their utmost efforts to bring out a full fleet, and the race committee, composed of C. B. Lockwood, Com. Wm. Gates and Com. C. J. Lichtenberg assures a grand success, so far as the details of the race are concerned.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The Larchmont and Eastern clubs are now on their annual cruises.

The annual cruise of the Atlantic Y. C. for 1894 was very successful, the fleet, after a rendezvous at Oyter Bay as the guest of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., on July 4, sailing to New Haven, New London and Shelter Island. The racing runs were participated in by a number of yachts, and were exciting and interesting.

Cleopatra, a handsome steel steam yacht designed by Mr. Watson and built last year by Ramage & Ferguson, of Leith, for Mr. John Lysaght, former owner of Semiramis, arrived in New York on July 5 after a passage of thirteen days from Cowes. She has been under charter for some time to Mr. Amzi L. Barber, former owner of Sapphire, who has purchased her of Mr. Lysaght. She is of 675 tons, 194ft. between perpendiculars, 185ft. l.w.l., 27ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. 6in. hold, with two decks, five bulkheads. Her engines are triple compound, 18, 29 and 47in×33in. She will be an important addition to the American steam yacht fleet.

On July 3 there was launched at the yard of Wood & Son, City Island, a new 25ft. yacht, built from designs by Mr. Gerard Beekman, to replace the famous old Mirth, raced so long and so successfully by Messrs. J. W. and Gerard Beekman, about Oyster Bay. The new yacht is a combination of keel and centerboard, the hull proper being under water nearly a counterpart of the old boat, but with long and full overhangs, the keel being carried down in a wooden fin which carries the lead keel, through which the centerboard works. The dimensions are: Length over all, 50ft., l.w.l. 35ft., beam 12ft., draft 5ft. The yacht is cutter-rigged, with a moderate sail plan. The interior is fitted up for day sailing, but with a movable trunk and companion, for racing. There is a large cockpit, with a small steering wheel att. Messrs. Wood have done excellent work in the construction.

MODEL YACHTING.

Midget Y. C.

THE eighth race was sailed on Red's Pond, Marblehead. Weather clear. Wind light, northeasterly. Start at 2:45:

CLASS 1.	Lengtb.	CLASS 2.	Length.
T. O. T. E., John Giles	2.08⅞	Midget, E. Dixey	2.08
May, Robert Hampson	2.08⅞	Pappoose, J. Goodwin	2.08⅞
Ami, B. Vickery	2.07½	Una, E. Ferguson	2.08⅛
Hattie, Robert Williams		Corncob, H. Nutting	2.07⅞
—— Frank Atkins	2.08⅞	Porpoise, A. Whitmore	2.08¾
Spindrift, A. Barr	2.08⅞	S. S., H Litchman	2.08
Scarecrow, W. Gilley	2.08½		

Winners: First leg, Class 1, T. O. T. E.: Class 2, S. S. Second leg, Class 1, Scarecrow; Class 2, to he sailed off. Third leg, Class 1, Scarecrow; Class 2, Pappoose.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

7 21. W. C. A. Meet, Picnic Point, Lake Mendota, Wis.
13-28. A. C. A. Meet, Croton Point.

AUGUST.

4-11. Owanux Meet, Woodmont, Ct

SEPTEMBER.

3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass.
3-5. Passaic River Meet.
5. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.
15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Delaware River.

Canoes and Canoe Sailing in 1894.

From the Field.

BOURNE End with a moderate breeze, however, proved to he quite open enough for the canoes which have mustered there for the cup and other races; out of the six canoes which have entered the races four have capsized, Battledore and Curlew at time of writing being the exceptions. Whizz and Stella capsized in the cup race, and, owing to having ordinary wells instead of watertight bucket wells, they shipped so much water as to be practically unmanageable even in those quiet waters and light wind. What the result would have been had the capsizes been in Sea Reach, or even on the Crouch, with a breeze and a sea, experts know very well, and novices had better not try the experiment except in good close company.

These capsizes in the cup race are not to be looked upon as accidents due to close and exciting contests with abnormal sail plans; the same canoes out a day or two before, for pleasure and trial spins, turned turtle on equally slight provocation. The wind was a light breeze with a few ilvening stiff puffs, and out of the five canoes out sailing, including tbe Yankee, all except the Battledore capsized. One sank; another was so filled as to be unmanageable and in need of assistance; the others were righted, but prohably only owing to its heing quite smooth water. Battledore, however, is a bulb keeler, hence her comparative superiority against the temptation to turn over, notwithstanding she is of the old type and but 31in. heam.

Of course, there was nothing very novel in the capsizing of a sailing canoe under the late rules, which limited depth, pinched the beam, denied the use of outside hallast and scouted sliding seats; but now the rules have heen changed, it is no longer necessary to accept capsizing as part of a sailing canoe's unchangeahle nature, nor to admire the feather-like bendings of the American canoe Yankee, which was "laid flat" five times in one hour's sailing at Teddington, and he it remembered that Yankee and Dragon are both new boats, and huilt under the new rules presumably "up to date," but without taking advantage of them from the seaworthy side. This type of crew-balanced surface flitter is in some parts of America called a "shy boat," and is the true cause of men, that is wise men, going off into canoe-yawls. We confess to a feeling deeply the reverse of pride at the performance of the canoes of 1894; they are a direct adverse advertisement of canoe sailing as a sport, unhappily exhibited before a number of expert boat sailors at Bourne End, and a direct stifler of the prospects of rccruiting the ranks of canoe sailing. The bright reverse, however, clearly shone out in the easy, steady sailing of the bulb keel Battledore. Had she been heaten in the light winds it might have been so expected, hut the bulb proved no stopper; and, probahly, a new boat up to full beam and with bulb and slide, would have lost the fleet even in that smooth water, and how much more so on open and rough water?

We some time ago suggested a cure for the evil, an evil which not only has nearly killed canoe sailing, but is moving up into canoe-yawls and 1-rater classes. We would leave the classification and rating rules as they are, but suggest the universal institution of a racing black list and time penalty, the penalty to he cumulative, and to continne through the season. For every capsize in a race one minute shall be given to all competitors holding a clean certificate, and such acts of folly should be indorsed upon her certificate of rating.

Passing now to the new craft (the Dragon), of course, at present she is comparatively untried; hut in the races she has been through she puts canoe design for sailing races "no forrader." She is a surface skimmer of nearly the Sorceress type—that is, she has all the principles; but, owing to class limit of heam, a sliding seat puts the crew out even beyond where Sorceress type beam would have put the crew, and which is prohably an absolute advantage. She is from the drawing board of Mr. Linton Hope, the designer of that celebrated craft the Sorceress, 1-rater. She has a deep, narrow, twistable brass centerplate of carving-knife shape and sharpness. Intended to twist and cut to windward, it also cuts up towards the surface, as we predicted anent the Sorceress type, and thus almost, if not quite, causes a capsize.

She is too crank, quick-ahout and flitter-like to be really "sailed" on a wind. She would probahly he far hetter if fitted with a bulb keel; but then she would be lowered in the water, her waterline increased, sail reduced and very little boat surviving ahove water. She is a beautiful piece of light workmauship and fitting—in every way a credit to her huilder. Mr. Tbeo. Smith, of Oxford. Her speed was much hampered hy two causes—her well and slide seat are quite 1ft. too far forward, maybe even more; her sail was battened, that its form was convex to the wind. Flat surface is bad enough, but convex!—well, not until steamboat men try hoat-sailing.

The Amorican canoe Yankee, we have described before on more than one occasion as of straight borizontal keel and hollow ends, and 16ft.×30in., and her performance on Bourne End Reach suggests no alteration of our previous ideas respecting her. If not designed specially for smooth lake and up-river reaching, she certainly is a most peculiarly design, in our opiuion, for rough, open water sailing. The design, coupled with position of crew and form of rig, is about perfect for straight reaching in dead smooth water, or on long, undulating swells in a steady breeze, even of good strength, and under such conditions probably sbe would walk away from our turn-about type. But sailing is not reaching, and the Yankee is poor and uncertain in tacking; and, from her strong proclivities for turning turtle, the result of an attempt to tack in short breaking sea, such as is common on tidal waters below bridge and at Burnham, would probably be a sternboard and over.

We now find canoe sailing in 1894 in this position. We are credihly informed that, had it not been for the American challenge and the Royal Canoe Club's request for defenders, probably only one canoe would have appeared at Bourne End to sail over for the cup this season. Then, owing to the challenge being put in only three weeks' hefore the race, only one new canoe was built, and she had not time to be tuned up or tested in any way. No canoe has been built or altered fully up to tbe possibilities under the new rule on the bulb and sloop side, though Dragon has appeared fully up to date on the skimmer and una-rigged side. All have taken tho sliding seat, but it has not cured the epidemic of carsizing. The Battledore alone comes out with the bulb and a sturdy suit of well-sitting sails, and she wins the cup, and does not capsize. Considering tho recent strange event in regard to the International competition, it is very fortunate that patriotic attempts to defend the cups, by rushing the building of expensive boats at too close a time for any real trial before tbe race, and which would not be wanted afterwards, was confined to one. Had there been a couple of months' notice of challenge, probably five new canoes would have been expressly built for that one purpose. But we very much doubt if even one of them would have been built with any approach to a straight horizontal keel, a hollow bow and run, 30in. of beam and 16ft. waterline, for 0·3-rating, for up-river sailing or even for rough water-sailing on tidal waters.

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: Artbur H. Page, New York; Charles B. Lewis, Tarresdale, Pa. Central Division: Charles F. Low, Newburgh, N. Y.; W. H. Spawn and E. T. Coffin, Albany, N. Y.

Mr. Howard in England.

From the Field.

THE American canoeist, Mr. Howard, intends to sail in the sailing race in the R. C. C. regatta, hut whether he will obtain any competitors from among the best of his Bourne End competitors is very douhtful. At the time of writing we hear of only one other entry, and that is of a comparatively slow boat, hy no means a cup winner. Sailing, as far as leading sailing men are concerned, practically ended at Bourne End, so far as up-river is concerned, hut will he revived at Burnham-on-Crouch, on Aug. 16, etc., for canoe-yawls and ½-raters.

Mr. Howard, in a statement published in several papers, states that he intends to sail his canoe Yankee at Salcomba, in the British Canoe Association Cup race, hut there are difficulties to be dealt with. In the first place that cup is only open to members of that association. Then it is a handicap race, and how the handicapper is to place tho Yankee it is very difficult even to guess. Tbe known performance of this canoe up-river is ahout as poor as can be; but then, that was in light weather, and much turning on confined waters. But Mr. Howard states that his canoe is intended for open water sailing, rather an afterthought we should say, seeing that the Yankee was specially built to race for the challenge cup at Bourne End, on the Upper Thames. He claims that "in America if we do not make six miles an hour we call it a slow race;" and further, "it is conceded that on a fair course my canoe is the fastest ever seen in England." Whore will the handicap-maker find himself between these two stools—the actual known performances and the modest claims of the owner?

Yet one other slight difficulty exists, that is that the B. C. A. Cup is open to all sorts of crafts from canoes up to 1-raters. The B C. A. has no racing rules or definitions, and the conditions made by the donors of the cup appear to be open to the entry at least of ½-raters if not of 1-raters. Of course, it is impossible that the committee may elect to adopt the classification of the Royal C. C., but, in any caso, the Yankee would have to go against canoe-yawls on possibly rough open water, and when all is done, we should have but the result of an arhitrary handicap, tbe sole object of which is to put poor performers on a level with the good and hest.

The "fair open water racing," which Mr. Howard is now seeking to ohtain, existed up to the time of his withdrawal from the challenge cup race, but was removed in consequence of his own act. Members had heen specially got to come forward to defend the cup, and to create an International race, and one canoe was specially built, and others were brought out solely to meet the Yankee. Then half an hour before the race the Yankee's entry is withdrawn. The committee of the Royal C. C. then met, and, in the circumstances, determined that the club could not fairly ask its members to go to the expense and trouble of undertaking the defense of the special cup, which had been put on for an International race in August, at Burnham-at-Crouch, with, at least, the possibility of another withdrawal of the American entry. Thereupon the Burnham Cup was withdrawn from the programme. But if Mr. Howard wants salt water racing and not under handicap, there are still the canoe-yawl races at Burnham on August 16 and 17, and if six miles an hour is easy work for the Yankee he would have a rosy chance of leading the fleet, as we doubt, if any or many, canoe-yawls or half-raters would much exceed six knots at best.

Canoe Racing at Victoria.

THE Queen's Birthday was celebrated at Victoria, B. C., hy a carnival of sports in which the Victoria C. C. took part, there being some good races.

The first race was called for 16ft. canoes and under, course from the canoe club house round the outer buoy and return, a distance of one mile and a half, the entries heing T. S. Gore, W. J. Holmes, C. A Godson and T. N Hibben. The canoes were lined up and at tbe word go Gore got away first, Godson following, while Holmes and Hihben were bow and bow as they went up the harbor toward Laurel Point. The breeze was somewhat light for Hibben's canoe, a decked lapstreak, and he fell behind the lighter craft that skimmed away in good style. At the buoy, Godson turned first, with a lead of some 300ft., Gore next and Holmes third. Coming hack Gore went gradually to the front, and the canoes came home well bunched. Gore crept ahead and crossed tbe line a winner, Godson only a few lengths behind and Holmes a good third.

The second race, over the same course, for canoes 16ft. and under without centerboard, brought out H. B. Rogers, F. Mawdsley and A. Gore. Rogers's canoe carried a jigger and proved more than a match for tbe others. Rogers won handily, with A. Gore second.

The sailing and paddling race came next, and brought out nine entries: C. A. Godson, J. P. Hibben, T. N. Hibben, F. Mawdsley, T. S. Gore, A. Gore, W. J. H. Holmes, D. C. Kurtz, — Kurtz. This was a capital race. Young Arthur Gore made a great lead in the paddling, and was away ahead at the turn, but mistook the buoy and turned another a considerable distance further away, which threw him out of the race. C. A. Godson met with a spill and lost his chances of winning. Holmes sailed back winner on a spanking breeze that sprang up just at tbe right time, T. N. Hibben second and Mawdsley third.

The last event was the open race, for which there were eight entries, C. A. Godson, W. J. H. Holmes, A. J. Dallain, J. Fraser, T. S. Gore, H. B. Rogers and the two Hihbens. Holmes had everything just in trim as tbe word was given, and went ahead with a rush. Rogers, Gore and Godson in a bunch behind him. Holmes kept his lead all the way, but the race was a grand one, the flyers coming round the point well together and making a fine sight. Holmes crossed the line a winner, while Gore and Rogers raced almost evenly for second place till near the finish, when Gore forged ahead and won the position, with Rogers third.

There were also races for Indian crews in 30 and 40ft. canoes.

Birch-Bark Canoes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the "Answers to Correspondents" column of July 14 you say you cannot give address of any makers of birch-hark canoes. Tbe Micmac Indians of Nova Scotia make fine birch-bark canoes. If your correspondent will write to John Loule, Bear River, Nova Scotia, Louie will either make him a canoe or get some other Indian there to do so. Tho price usually asked for a fair-sized canoe is about $16. The birch harks as made by the Nova Scotia Indians stand rough usage well, as I know from experience. C. M. STARK.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Hoboken C. C. extends the courtesies of its club house, at Tenth street, Hohoken, to canoeists attending tbe A. C. A. meet.

The racing at the W. C. A. meet has resulted in a win for Milwaukee in the trophy race, she leading Glenwood in each heat. The two boats, after their meeting last year, have been put in perfect shape for the present races. The lines of Milwaukee, built by the St. Lawrence River Co., were published in the FOREST AND STREAM on Feb. 11, 1894.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Columbias Challenge.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club of San Francisco was organized for the purpose of increasing general interest in, and the advancement of fine marksmanship. Its members are convinced that one of the most efficient means to this end is the holding of contests between teams representing different sections of our country. Therefore, actuated solely by this motive, the said club hereby issues tbis challenge: We will shoot any *bona fide* shooting club in America a 15 or 20 team telegraph all-round match, as follows: Each contestant to fire 20 shots with pistol (any contestant may use a revolver if he prefers), 20 shots with target or any rifle, and 20 shots with regulation Springfield rifle, 60 shots in all to each man. Conditions, the Standard American target to be used exclusively (tbe black may include the 7 ring), distance 50yds. for the pistol and 200yds. for the other arms, trigger pull for pistol at least 2lbs., for target rifle any pull, and for Springfield rifle at least 6lbs.; sigbts, open for pistol, any for the target rifle (barring telescope), and regulation for the Springfield rifle; position strictly off-hand, except that the usual Schuetzen palm rests may be used on target rifles only; pistol must he shot with one hand only and without any other support

All matcbes must be shot on an open range, with no shading of any kind over the range or target, except immediately over the shooter (the usual boundary fences of shooting ranges of course are not included in tbis restriction). The contest to be held in September, 1894. The stakes to be a silver cup suitably engraved and to be furnished by the losers Details as to the appointment of judges, etc., to be arranged by letter.

Should we get no answer to foregoing challenge then we stand ready to shoot a pistol match purely with 15 to 20 men, conditions as above, or, failing to get response to this, we will shoot a 20 or 25 team match with Springfield rifle, conditions as above.

DR. LEE O RODGERS, Pres.,
F. O. YOUNG, Sec'y,
Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club

A Ricochet Score.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being a reader of your paper and a lover of rifle shooting I read everything pertaining to that sport of sports with the greatest interest. Being at one time a member of a rifle club, and like all other riflemen anxious to try my sights and new proportions of powder and lead, I was using at the time a Remington-Hepburn .40-70, varying the load to suit the distance shot over, .50-285 for distances under 300yds., and .70-370 up to 500yds. Still I was not suited; my idea was that a bullet of 450grs. weight would be a material advantage. So I ordered some made. At the same time I moved my Vernier sight back on the butt of my rifle and repaired to the range full of confidence and expecting a clean score. But not in the way I eventually succeeded in getting it. As my turn to occupy the attention of the marker came (we were shooting over the 500yds. range at this time) I assumed a recumbent position, took aim and fired, when a wave off was the result. I tried again and still no hit. Assuming that I was over shooting I lowered my sight and kept raising until I could trace it hy the dust raised by impact with the ground. Raising my sight still more, I succeeded in being credited with a 2. Still going up, I got a 3, then a close 4. Then I commenced my score of 7 shots. I fired 5 shots with the following result: 5, 3, 4, 5, 3. As the last shot was fired, one of the members who was looking through a telescope reported that he thought the shot was ricochet, and I told him I would fire another shot, and he said that it certainly struck the ground as near as he could tell 25 or 30yds. short. Still I was credited with a 4 close to the bull. We immediately adjourned to the target to investigate, and found the ground at 30yds. in front of the target badly torn up. The marker showed us the last shot hole and the bullet had keyholed, going apparently end over end, as upon examination we found enough holes of the same description to correspond with the number of shots fired by me, proving conclusively that I had made the remarkable score of 20 out of 25 at 500yds. by ricocheting on the target. Now, I tell this so if any brother riflemen have had a like experience I hope they will come forward and let us have the benefit of their experience.

S. F. C.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE hi-monthly shoot of the Zettler Club, at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, on July 15, did not have its usual attendance; hot weather and the attraction of heach and mountain resorts brought the attendance down to the minimum. Ross distinguished himself hy making three scores of 230 or better. The other members found it difficult to make their usual averages. The weather was clear and hot.

The competition for the five prizes on the man target was decidedly hot and interesting, and resulted in a tie score of 57 between Ross Plaisted, Holges, Engel and Krauss; this was somewhat of a disappointment to several of the members who felt sure of getting a division of the pot on scores of 54 and 55. The three best scores on the ring target were made by Ross. Plaisted was second and Engel third. Scores:

F C Ross	23	25	23	23	25	22	24	25	23	23—236
	24	23	24	22	25	22	23	23	21	24—231
	21	23	25	21	24	24	24	22	23	23—230
G W Plaisted	21	24	24	23	21	21	24	25	21	23—223
	23	21	23	23	19	21	24	23	18	22—217
	22	23	23	22	22	21	20	21	16	23—213
H Holges	18	24	21	20	23	19	23	24	19	23—214
	20	24	23	16	22	24	22	18	23	21—213
	18	24	24	23	22	22	16	21	21	22—213
M B Engel	22	22	18	22	21	22	24	23	23	24—221
	25	24	23	20	21	24	23	11	25	22—218
	16	24	18	22	21	23	20	22	20	20—206
C G Zettler	22	17	24	20	21	21	21	21	21	24—214
	20	21	17	23	23	22	22	22	20	24—214
	21	19	23	19	23	19	24	24	20	19—210
B Zettler	23	25	17	19	21	24	25	19	23	19—215
	24	24	24	15	23	20	24	11	16	22—213
	16	21	23	24	20	21	19	21	25	22—212
L P Hansen	24	22	24	25	20	23	21	22	15	17—213
	23	22	21	25	15	23	23	24	19	16—210
	21	16	22	23	23	21	19	18	22	24—209
Geo Krauss	21	20	23	21	23	19	19	18	22	24—213

Red flags, 3 shots, 4in. center: H Holges 2, Plaisted 2, B. Zettler 1, M. B. Engel 1, Geo. Krauss 1, L P Hansen 1, C. G. Zettler.

New York Rifle Club.

ONLY four members of the New York Rifle Club put in an appearance in the Greenville Park on Saturday to participate in the weekly shoot. The weather was hot and the light good. Dr. Chadhourne, despite the heat, shot in good form, and made a fine average. B. Zettler was present and participated in the shooting. Scores, standard American target:

Dr Chadbourne	16	8	8	8	7	9	10	10	10	9—89
	9	9	8	9	7	8	9	7	9	10—85
	8	8	7	9	6	9	10	7	9	9—82
	9	8	6	8	9	7	7	8	0	10—81
	10	9	6	10	10	9	10	8	8	8—88—425
—— Team score	9	10	8	7	7	9	7	9	9	8—83
	7	9	9	8	7	10	9	8	9	7—83
Maj George Shorkley	10	9	6	7	10	8	10	8	8	7—83
	8	8	8	9	9	9	9	6	7	8—81
Team match	8	8	10	8	7	9	8	9	10	5—82
	8	7	7	6	8	8	5	8	9	10—76
H Duane	8	10	7	8	10	9	7	9	8	8—85
	9	9	9	7	8	7	7	9	9	9—81
R J Young	8	7	8	6	6	8	10	9	6	5—73
	10	10	7	7	7	4	8	6	8	5—71

Rifle at San Antonio.

REGULAR medal shoot, 200yds., muzzle rest, 10 shots:

Texas Field	7	5	11	9	7	10	12	9	11	8—89
A Guenther	9	10	12	9	10	10	9	9	9	10—98
E Dosch	8	9	9	8	8	10	11	11	8	8—90
A Altman	12	8	12	10	10	6	8	9	9	8—92
G Altman	12	8	9	8	7	9	9	6	9	8—85
A Uhl	12	7	8	10	9	9	10	7	9	9—90
O Koehler	6	7	9	6	8	8	9	8	6	5—72
C Seffel	9	9	9	10	8	10	9	11	9	9—93
C Hummel	10	11	11	11	7	7	10	12	8	8—95
A Herff	10	8	11	10	8	7	8	8	8	10—89

Medal shoot, 200yds., off-hand, 10 shots per man:

A Herff	11	4	6	3	9	7	7	3	4	7—61
C Hummel	6	4	4	8	4	8	4	5	5	4—52
E Seffel	6	4	10	10	10	8	4	6	7	8—73
G Heye	6	8	0	6	0	5	7	8	6	5—51
A Uhl	4	3	4	5	8	8	7	6	4	8—57
G Altman	10	8	8	7	5	9	8	8	9	6—78
A Altman	6	7	10	0	8	5	0	10	5	5—56
A Guenther	5	7	6	10	6	6	7	4	8	7—66
Texas Field	7	8	7	5	10	6	7	6	5	8—69

O. C. G.

Smith & Wesson Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Smith & Wesson Pistol Club made the following scores at their range on Wilbraham Road July 6, 20yds.:

C S Axtelle	7	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	9	10—94
Z C Talbot	10	7	10	9	10	9	8	10	9	10—92
F G Hodskins	10	10	10	10	7	8	9	9	8	9—90
C Clack	9	10	9	7	8	9	8	10	9	9—88
O E Hodskins	8	9	7	10	9	10	7	10	10	8—88
J A Sterling	7	8	3	10	5	9	8	7	7	10—77
C B Hodskins	6	8	7	10	7	6	8	7	7	10—76

Fifty yards:

C S Axtelle	10	10	9	10	7	10	9	9	10	9—93
Z C Talbot	8	10	7	9	10	10	8	10	10	8—90
O E Hodskins	9	10	7	9	9	9	10	7	10	9—89
F G Hodskins	8	9	10	6	9	10	8	10	8	9—87
C Clack	8	9	6	8	10	6	10	8	10	8—83
J A Sterling	6	7	5	9	10	6	9	6	9	7—74

J. R. BUCHANAN, Sec'y.

North End Rifle Club.

EPHRATA, Pa., July 14.—The members of the North End Rifle Club enjoyed an old-fashioned shoot on their range at Ephrata last Friday afternoon, July 13, and succeeded in averaging fair scores at a distance of 200yds. Six members participated in the sport, and the target used was a standard American, the shooting being "standard rest." Tbe following were the rest scores made, each shooter being allowed three scores of 10 shots each:

W K Romig	10	9	8	9	10	8	5	10	9	7—85
W M Carpenter	9	9	10	9	7	9	8	7	7	10—85
D B Lefever	6	10	10	10	7	8	9	8	9	7—85
C S Wenger	7	10	6	7	9	8	8	8	10	10—83
L M West	10	7	8	9	9	6	9	8	7	5—78
J M Sheaffer	8	5	9	7	7	7	6	6	9	5—69

Occasionally it was very windy, which prevented the very best shooting. The club will meet again on Friday, July 27, for regular practice. D. B. LEFEVER.

Modern American Pistols and Revolvers.

THIS work, by Mr. A. C. Gould, is a companion volume to the standard work, "Modern American Rifles," by the same author. It is illustrated with many portraits of pistol and revolver shooters, as well as engravings of various arms and tools and selected targets, showing the possibilities of the little guns.

The letter press is authoritative. Both by education and practical experience Mr. Gould is preëminently fitted to be the chronicler of his chosen subject. He is one of the few Americans who have combined authorship to any great extent with the study of small arms. He has not only put on record the results of others' investigations, but he has also conducted numerous experiments in original fields upon his own responsibility. One of these experiments was the pocket revolver test, which is detailed at considerable length in the present volume.

In reading what Mr. Gould has written one is struck by the author's practical bent of mind. Inferential reasoning or speculation is studiously avoided and the reader in most cases is left to form his own deductions. The subjects he has chosen to investigate are all practical, and his effort is to place the facts of the case lucidly before his audience. He strives to right mistaken notions and effect needed reforms. His book is not only a perfect catalogue, but it gives a record of what has gone before and marks out a line of advance.

The author moves along smoothly and easily in the path he has chosen, and gives the impression that he is in a position to prove every statement he makes, by ocular demonstration. He asserts nothing that he cannot show to be true in the machine shop or on the range. His books are satisfactory, because accurate, and they are progressive and representative of the best achievement in the departments treated.

The first edition of "Modern American Pistols and Revolvers" was published in 1888. The objects of the author in presenting this second edition, as stated in his preface, are: "To demonstrate the accuracy of modern American pistols, revolvers, and ammunition to date; to record the best known work to the time of publication; to point out the propriety of classifying the several departments in shooting with these arms; to urge practical training among the national guard in America, where revolver shooting, which should be understood by all officers, members of the naval battalions, cavalry and artillery, has, until recently, been almost wholly neglected."

Mr. Gould gives an interesting *resumé* of the status of pistol shooting in his preface at the time the first edition was printed; he says:

"There was but little general knowledge of the capabilities of the pistol or the revolver. A general impression prevailed that there was little or no accuracy in the arms, or if they were accurate, those manipulating them skillfuly were specially gifted. The publication of the first edition showed the great accuracy and reliability of certain arms, and made it apparent that to become skillful in manipulating them was only a matter of practice. This stimulated many devotees of shooting to attempt to acquire a proficiency. As a result, at the time of writing there are expert pistol and revolver shots in various sections of the country; and as the shooting world has no national confines, this statement may be applied to many parts of the world.

"The expert amateur pistol and revolver shots of to-day are, in many instances, doing work superior to that of professionals a few years ago. To some extent, this is due to improvement in arms and ammunition, but chiefly to the knowledge that the arms possess great accuracy, are safe to shoot, and that it is within the reach of any one with normal health and vision to become a fine marksman.

"Pistol and revolver shooting has grown rapidly in popularity as a sport throughout the world; where there was one expert pistol shot a few years ago there are now many. There have been numerous styles of arms created and modes of shooting developed, and it has seemed to be important that a record of the work accomplished since 1888 be collected, added to that before presented, and recorded in a permanent form. It is thought that the matter published in this volume will show the capabilities of pistols and revolvers and the development of skill in shooting them."

The table of contents which follows gives a good idea of the book: Development of American Pistols and Revolvers. American Single-Shot Pistols. The Colt Revolver. American Revolvers—Smith & Wesson's Productions. Miscellaneous Revolvers—Revolvers Classified. Test of Military Revolvers by the United States Ordnance Board. Target Revolvers. Pocket Revolvers. Ammunition for Pistols and Revolvers. Reloading Ammunition for Pistols and Revolvers. Revolver Shooting Record in America. Some Performances with the Pistol. Pistol and Revolver Shooting at Long Range. Impressions Formed by Investigations. Rules for Pistol and Revolver Shooting.

"The first supply of single-shot pistols found in the United States," says the author, "were of foreign manufacture, being almost wholly of the dueling pattern." Next came the manufacture of home products, which for many years was confined to hand work. These weapons were necessarily expensive; for, besides the time and labor required to make them, they were often richly embellished, adding to their expense. * * * Besides the single-shot pistols of the dueling pattern were those of plainer finish for military work These pistols were of large caliber, generally shooting a spherical bullet; sometimes a bullet and several shot were employed. These pistols were often of smooth bore. Next came the manufacture of military rifled pistols by machinery, and later, with the advent of the metallic cartridge, the production of the cheap single-shot breechloading pistol of small caliber.

The introduction of the revolver which had such an apparent advantage over the single-shot pistol on account of its reserve shots almost drove the pistol into disuse. It also had the effect of lessening practicing with the pistol, which in the early days of this country was considered a gentleman's accomplishment. Fine shooting became a lost art, and the old time pistol shoot sank into oblivion. Speed in manipulating a revolver was apparently considered of more importance than extreme accuracy.

The first American revolvers were crude arms, their chief merits being the reserve fire and ability to fire rapidly. Improvements in the arm to increase its accuracy were slow. The change from percussion to rim-fire cartridges retarded improvement in accuracy; from rim-fire to center-fire cartridges had the same effect; and it can be safely said that American breech-loading pistols and revolvers were not brought to a high state of perfection until within a few years.

So much for the early history of the American pistol and revolver. The types of both had been developed during the period alluded to and recent improvements have been chiefly directed toward securing greater accuracy. This last period covers about ten years and it is with this that the book before us deals.

After his slight introduction the author begins a description of the products of such manufacturers as Smith & Wesson, Colt, Stevens and Remington. This matter occupies about one-third of the book, but is far from being the least interesting part. It is a compilation that covers the American field completely and contains much interesting information.

A chapter each is devoted to target revolvers. The author draws the line between these classes somewhat as follows: He would consider an arm a pocket revolver which did not exceed a maximum weight of 23 ounces; a maximum barrel length of four inches, and he would make .32 the minimum caliber. All exceeding this weight or length of barrel he would apparently class as target revolvers.

The chapter on ammunition for pistols and revolvers, and reloading ammunition, are particularly instructive. That on the "Revolver Shooting Record in America" is very interesting, describing, as it does the rise of Chevalier Paine and the Bennett Brothers and their wonderful performances at 50yds. and upward with the revolver.

Mr. Gould has made most of his investigations at the great Massachusetts shooting ground, Walnut Hill, and if any fault could be found with his book, it would be that it is too sectional It is true that much that is best in target work emanates from the neighborhood of Boston, and that Walnut Hill occupies a foremost position in our shooting annals, but the remainder of the country furnishes much that must not be overlooked. We think that the author could have profitably devoted space to gallery shooting, which is the only kind at the disposal of shooters in certain localities, and we do not believe with him (except in the case of the police force or the regular army) that practice with the revolver should be confined to service charges.

Sportsmen who practice at the target do not do so with the intention of acquiring skill to kill their fellow men or to kill large game animals. For the latter purpose they select some other weapon than a revolver, and the man who carries a revolver nowadays for purposes of self-defense has become very rare. Consequently there is no such necessity for shooting killing charges as Mr. Gould assumes.

Those who take up revolver shooting do so solely for the pleasure to be derived from the sport, in the same way that other men take up billiards or bowling. There is no more argument in favor of shooting heavy charges for these men than there is that the bowler or billiard player should handicap themselves with implements that only the strongest could use to advantage. Service charges in large caliber revolvers are unpleasant for most men to shoot in the open air, and impractical for use in galleries. The shooter should prepare his ammunition for the distance and purpose intended. If shooting in a gallery or at short range let him use the very lightest charge that will give accuracy, whether shooting pistol or revolver. A shot in the center of the black is worth as much for the skill of the shooter if propelled by 6grs. of powder as if by 60. The only comment that can be made is that the man shooting the big charge has unnecessarily handicapped himself. J. B. B.

At the bi-monthly shoot of the Zettler Club in Wissel's Cyress Hills Park on July 15, Fred C. Ross gave another exhibition of his wonderful shooting qualities in off-hand shooting. The following scores were made by him on this occasion: 236 224 231 230 223—1144, an average of 228.8.

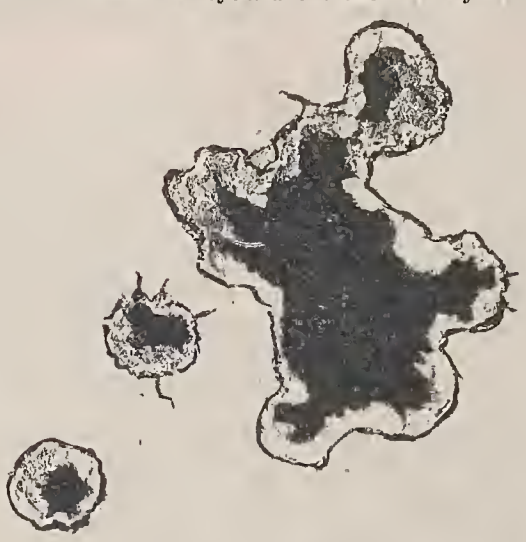
Revolver Scores With Nitros.

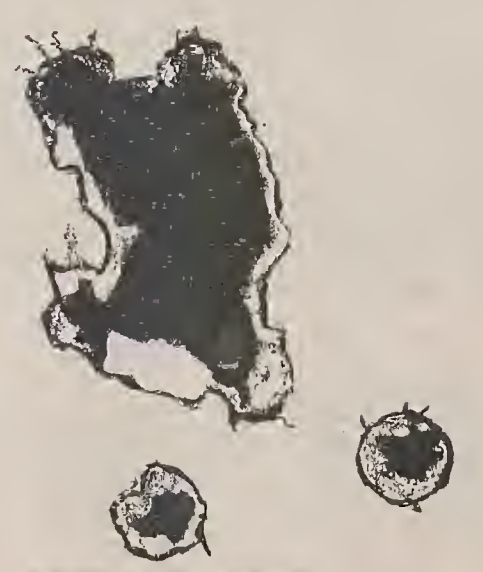
THE advantage of a smokeless powder over the ordinary black powder are nowhere more thoroughly appreciated than in a shooting gallery on a summer day.

In winter the difference in temperature of the inside and outside air generally serves to clear the ordinary gallery of smoke, but in summer there is no such difference of temperature and no smoke-dispelling currents of air. A few shots from a revolver will hide the target in inky gloom, and then there is nothing for the shooter to do but sit down and wait till the smoke clears away at its own sweet will.

WITH A .38-44 S. & W. REVOLVER.

5 Shots at 20yds. and 6 Shots at 20yds.





25 SHOTS EACH AT 20 YDS.

Under the circumstances it is no wonder that revolver shooters in New York are on the lookout for a perfect smokeless powder adapted to their needs. Roundsman W. E. Petty has been particularly active in experimenting with the various brand upon the market, and has suffered unpleasant consequences more than once as a result of his investigations. He has done good shooting with several different nitros, however. Below are exhibited some of his best targets to date, made with American wood powder, No. 2 rifle. Mr. Petty used a .38cal. Smith & Wesson revolver with an 8in. barrel, loaded with 7grs. wood powder and primed with 2grs. Dupont powder. The range was 20yds. and the date July 4.

Revolver Shooting in England.

IT was a very fine day on July 3 at the South London Rifle Club's weekly shoot. The scores for the revolver resulted as follows, Mr. Winans taking second prize, although his score equalled the winner's, on account of the order of the shots, the last six coming fourth in his score and third in Mr. Rand's for the championship, though both scores count alike:

	20yds.	50yds.
F Rand	7 6 6 7 7 7—40	6 6 7 7 4 6—36
Walter Winans	7 6 7 6 7 7—40	7 6 6 7 7 7—40
Capt T W Heath	7 6 5 7 6 7—38	7 7 6 6 7 6—39
Clementi-Smith	4 6 7 5 7 7—36	6 5 7 5 6 6—35
Howe	6 6 7 5 6 5—35	6 7 5 6 6 5—35

At the North London Rifle Club on July 4 the following scores were made. It was a perfect day for shooting, but many of the revolver members are waiting for Bisley and did not compete:

50yds. target:

Andrews	555455—29	Ashley	550555—25
Rand	544555—28	Knapp	444544—25
Major Munday	545545—28	Capt Heath	554344—25
Clementi-Smith	455554—28	Ridgway	445453—25
C F Lowe	455445—27	Carter	454334—23
Capt Richardson	345555—27		

Leading scores for revolver championship of the club now stands:

	20yds.	50yds.	Total.
Walter Winans	41 41 40 40 40 39	30 29	300
C F Lowe	40 39 39 39 38 38	27 27	289
Rand	40 38 38 38 38 38	28 26	288
Skilton	40 39 39 39 38 38	27 27	287
Capt Cowan	38 38 38 38 37 36	27 26	278
Major Munday	39 37 36 36 36 35	28 26	273
Capt Richardson	38 36 35 34 34 34	27 25	263
Carter	36 36 36 36 35 34	24 23	260
Ashley	36 35 34 33 32 32	28 25	255
Andrews	39 37 36 32 ,, ,,	29 27	200

Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 14.—Scores of the Hartford Rifle Club made at the regular bi-monthly shoot this afternoon, German ring target, 200yds. off-hand. Weather conditions were everything, from the brightest sun to the deepest gloom with a heavy storm, and wind from all directions, clearing later into the most perfect of shooting conditions, but too late to be taken full advantage of, as most of the members had left the range. Medal match, one entry:

H M Pope	23 23 22 21 19 22 25 20 16 23—213
F K Rand	23 22 17 18 22 22 20 22 17 25—208
D S Seymour	20 22 24 20 22 16 21 16 22 23—206
W J Dunbar	25 18 24 20 16 10 20 21 23 20—197
H A Fox	22 21 11 18 20 22 22 25 18 15—195

Re-entry match:

Pope (Win. Pope barrel, .33-45-213)	24 20 20 22 19 23 23 24 18 24—217
	21 24 24 22 18 23 19 21 22 22—216
	25 24 22 21 24 24 23 24 24 23—234
Seymour (Bal. Pope barrel, 33-45-213)	24 24 21 19 24 19 24 24 25 20—226
Fox (Win. 32-40-165)	21 21 22 19 20 24 18 22 24 18—198
	24 21 20 19 18 21 19 21 15 18—196
Dunbar (Win. .32-40-165)	20 17 16 15 20 19 23 24 22 19—195
	21 24 18 23 22 18 19 14 10 20—189

H. M. POPE, Sec'y

New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE New York Schuetzen Corps held its monthly practice shoot in the Union Hill Schuetzen Park on Friday of last week. The weather was fine, but decidedly hot. B. Walther carried off the honors on the ring and bullseye target, making the good score of 222 on the ring and having the most flags (5) on the point target. On the man target B. Zettler was first with 57. Scores:

Ring target, 10 shots, possible 250: B. Walther 222, Joe Schmitt 203, Fr. Schmidt 201, John G. Thoelke 197, Fr. Facompré 195, Ph. Feigel 194, B. Zettler 191, Aug. J. Christen 187, W. Wessel 183, J. Bunz 182, C. Grosch 176, John Hainhorst 176, H. Hauschen 167, J. C. Bonn 164, H. Strate 165, G. Wehrenberg 161, H. B. Michaelsen 161, H. W. Werselee 158, H. Offermann 156, J. D. Wilkens 156, H. Meyn 151.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: B. Zettler 57, J. G. Thoelke 56, C. Grosch 53, F. Schmidt 52, H. Strate 51 and Ph. Feigel 51.

Bullseye target: B. Walther 5, C. Grosch 3, F. Hagersheat, J. G. Thoelke, A. Brunke, J. Bunz, John Hainhors and Aug. J. Christen 2 each, H. Krobel, H. Strate, Ph. Feigel, B. Kumm, F. Facompré, J. F. Cordes, Curd Meyer, E. Kuhlmann, H. Peters, A. H. Sievers, H. Decker, B. Zettler, A. Walta, H. Buthfer and H. F. Meyer 1 each.

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club was held at its headquarters on Friday night.

In the competition for class prizes the following members won in their respective classes: First class, Robidoux first, Purkess second; second class, Agneau first, Lutz second; third class, Daniels first, E. Wuestner, Jr., second. Scores: First class, Purkess 240; J. Boag 238, Scheeline 233, Collins 236, Robidoux 240, C. Boag 232; second class, Agneau 231, Lutz 232, Charlock 211; third class, E. Wuestner, Jr. 214, Becker 215, Daniels 218, F. Wuestner 203.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, N. J., July 11.—The weekly gallery shoot of the Schlicht Club was held at headquarters this evening. Geo. Dorr won the champion medal; Gus Meyer the first class, and M. Daus the third class. Scores: Geo. Schlicht 241, Geo. Dorr 241, Wm. Schlicht 236, Aug. Meyer 236, Jacob Schlicht 235, M. Daus 232, Chas Meyer 230, Geo. Richert 224, A. Deubline 224, Geo. Lantenberger 222, Jacob Diehl 219, Fred Lambrix 217, John Dedrick 217, P. Man 215, Conrad Schlicht 213, Capt. Krobatsch 210.

RIFLE NOTES.

At the weekly practice shoot of the New York Rifle Club in Armbruster's Park, Greenville, N. J., on Saturday of last week, Dr. Chadbourne, with his .25-10 Stevens, made an average of 8.5 on the standard American target, in a series of 50 shots. B. Zettler, who was present, was requested by the Doctor to try his rifle. After a few preliminary shots Mr. Zettler made the following 10-shot score off-hand: 9 9 10 7 9 10 8 10 10 10—92. To say that Zettler was pleased with his effort hardly expresses the situation, and the Doctor, well, we all know how one feels when a brother shooter makes a fine score with our pet rifle.

Gus Zimmerman cabled the Zettler Bros. last week to forward a fresh supply of ammunition without delay. Report says Zimmerman continues to add new trophies to his stock of winnings in his journey through Germany. He says that Europe will be well represented at the great international festival in New York in 1895. Where the great shoot is to be located continues to be a matter of much interest to the shooting fraternity of New York. Long Island seems to have the call at the present time.

The New York City Corps held its annual festival at Brummer's Park on Tuesday of this week. The scores will appear in our next issue.

A team from the Portchester (N. Y.) Rifle Club will visit the Greenville (N. J.) Rifle Club at Greenville to-day and engage in a friendly match with the Greenville Club.

The New York Central Corps willl hold its shoot in the Union Hill Park on Tuesday of next week.

The South New England Bund held its annual shoot in Meriden on Monday and Tuesday of last week. A letter received by us from one of the members of the organization says: "The Meriden shoot came off on Monday and Tuesday. I did not know of it in time to notify you. It was a fizzle. It was so well advertised that they sent one programme to each society in the Bund." This explanation should relieve the burden resting upon Mr. Dorrler's mind as to why he was slighted when the notices were distributed.

ARMBRUSTER'S Greenville Schuetzen Park, most thoroughly equipped for rifle shooting. Range open for practice every Saturday.—*Adv.*

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 18-19.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Associations's seventh tournament, under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club, at Louisville, Ky. The Kentucky Gun Club will add from $200 to $400.

July 18-19.—Dr. Wallade's bluerock target and live bird tournament, at Newport, Mich.

July 19.—Hartford Gun Club tournament, Hartford, Conn. Open to all.

July 24-26.—Lafayette (Ind.) Gun Club tournament.

July 25.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fourth tournament, at Syracuse

July 26.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Willimantic Rod and Gun Club, at Willimantic, Conn.

Aug. 7-9.—Memphis (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament.

Aug. 8.—W. H. Kearfott's semi-annual bluerock target tournamen at Kearneysville, Jefferson county, W. Va.

Aug. 8-10.—Missouri State Amateur Association, at Richmond, Mo.; $300 added.

Aug. 13-18.—John Parker's fourth international tournament, blue rock targets and live birds, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, near Detroit, Mich.

Aug. 15-16.—Richmond (Me.) State shoot. C. O. Rowe, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-23.—Hot Springs (S. D.) Gun Club's tournament; $250 added.

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsononock Park, Altoona.

Aug. 22-24.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Bunker Hill, Ill.

Aug. 23.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Atlantic Trap Shooting Association at Lynn, Mass.

Aug. 29.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fifth tournament, at Auburn.

Sept. 3.—Endeavor Gun Club's annual shoot, Marion, N. J. E. Holister, Sec'y, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Sept. 19 20.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Chattanooga Gun Club, at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sept. 25-27.—Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club tournament, with Central New York League team shoot, at Rochester. J. B. Mullan, Sec'y.

Sept. 26.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, sixth tournament, at Rochester.
Oct. 3-5.—West Newhurgh (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association tournament. Last day live birds. W. C. Gibbs, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, under auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club, at Charleston, S. C.
Oct. 22-24.—Emerald Gun Club tournament, at Dexter Park. Targets and live birds. Dr. G. V. Hudson, Sec'y, 9 Madison street, New York.
Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at Utica.
Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

1895.

April 3-5.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York.
May.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Residents of New Jersey are asking why the State Sportsmen's Association does not awaken and arrange a tournament. For several years the organization has been in a comatose state so far as trap-shooting is concerned, and it is fully time that it came to life. President Heritage says he has called several meetings, hut in each instance it has been impossible to get a quorum for the transaction of business. If the members of the present organization do not evince sufficient interest to attend meetings, it would be a good plan to try and get a quorum of non-members and effect a reorganization. And no better plan could he adopted than to reorganize on the same plan as that under which the New York Association is formed, the game and fish protective portion of the work being effected at a winter meeting and the trap-shooting interests heing catered to and fostered at a tournament and meeting held in the summer. By adopting this plan the different interests are kept distinct from one another. Let President Heritage call a meeting of the New Jersey Associ'ation for the purpose of effecting a reorganization on the above lines and we guarantee that he will be able to muster a quorum.

Robert Boyle is confident that he can put out 100 birds that will be too fast for any expert so far as making a high score is concerned. He is willing to wager a reasonable amount that no man can kill 95 out of 100 birds of his handling. And judging from the caliber of the hirds Mr. Boyle put out for John Ryan in the latter's last match against T. W. Morfey we are inclined to think he would win.

During the New York State shoot, at Utica, Frank Denlson, of Syracuse, claimed to be willing to back an "unknown" for a live bird match against "anybody" for from $500 to $1,000 a side. If Mr. Denison will correspond with the trap editor of tbis journal a match may result, as we know of several men who are willing to shoot hard and stralght for elther of the above amounts.

Samuel Castle, the veteran of the Newark Gun Club, shot at twenty-five birds during last club day, and killed them all. He is back in his old form once more. Members of the Newark Club would like to see a live bird match or a series of matches between Mr. Castle and "Uncle Dan" Lefever of Syracuse. What say you, "Uncle Dan?" Mr. Castle is ready for the fray at any time.

"Wopsy" Mountain will be the Mecca for sportsmen next month, when will be held the annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. And, by the way, it is about time for the programmes to materalize. Br'er Banks, where are they? Send along a few copies so we can give you and "Wopsy" a few "boom" notes.

In our account of the New York State shoot we inadvertently gave to Mr. J. G. Knowlton the credit along with "Papa" Dexter of presiding over the tent of the Onelda County Sportsmen's Association. Mr. Knowlton, however, was chief dispenser of hospitality in the tent of the Whitesboro Gun Club.

Now that Greensboro has decided not to engineer a tournament this fall it would be good policy for the Charlotte (N C.) Gun Club to hold one of say three days duration. About $150 added to the purses each day ought to draw a good attendance.

The Newark Gun Club will invite the Parkway Gun Club of Brooklyn to visit Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds on the second Thursday in August to shoot a friendly team match.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, will hold a shoot on Al Her itage's Marion grounds to-day. This club will hold an open-to-all tournament on Sept. 3 (Labor Day).

Thomas W. Morfey, of Paterson, is matched to shoot against Mr. R. Halstead, of Elizabeth, 100 live birds each for $100 a side, the shoot to take place in the early fall.

Don't forget that hig shoot of the Memphis (Tenn.) Gun Club in August. The Memphis sportsmen propose to spread themselves in entertaining visitors.

The Northerners who go to the Chattanooga (Tenn.) tournament will have an opportunity to take a trip up Lookout Mountain.

There is a prospect for a two or three days' tournament at Paterson this fall, with live birds as the targets for tbe final day.

Samuel Castle, of Newark, claims to have killed 76 woodcock since the opening of the season.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Butte Rod and Gun Club.

BUTTE, Montana, July 10.—Since the State shoot at Helena last month the attendance at the weekly club shoots has somewhat fallen away, but the enthusiasm among the few faithful continues unabated, and now that the weather has warmed up and their joints are thoroughly unlimbered, they are praying for another tournament. The shooting has improved with the weather as the appended scores will show.

Last season Mr. Jacobs was one of the most enthusiastic cranks in the club, hut durirg the winter was out of form and in an evil hour he made a match at 100 hirds with Rueger, who at that time was just coming out, and Rueger beat him hadly with a very low score. It was a long time before he heard the last of it, and it was a long time also before he took up the gun again. But on June 24 he faced the traps for the first time this season, and he had his revenge for he knocked out 25 straight with a nonchalant air that was truly refreshing. In the medal shoot on June 24 Rueger and Jacobs tied and the same fatality followed Jacobs, for Rueger beat him in the shoot off.

In the medal shoot July 1 Cowan missed his first and then run the string out without losing another. He broke 97 out of the last 102 birds shot at. The Scott gun seems to be the favorite in our club, there heing no less than six high grade guns of that make. Below are tbe scores.

June 24.—Twenty-five single bluerocks, unknown angles:

Jaeger	1111011100101111111110111—20
Dennison	0110011111010010010101000—12
Rueger	1111100011111111111111101—21
Jacobs	1111111111111111111111111—25
Walker	1111011101111111111110100—20
Smith	1101011101001011011111101—17
Wright	0110011010011111100011101—13
Cowan	0111111111111111111111111—24

Twenty-five singles, medal shoot:

Jacobs	1111111111101100111111111—22
Rueger	1111111111111010111101111—22
Jaeger	1110111110011111111101110—20
Dennlson	1111100100111100110000011—14
Smith	1111100111101111111110111—21
Wright	1111011100110111111111111—18
Cowan	0111111100110111111111111—21
Rockwood	0110010001111111110010111—16
Johuson	0000111110110110110101110—14

Rueger won medal in shoot-off.

Medal shoot, 25 single bluerocks, unknown angles:

Jaeger	1111101111111110011111111—22
Jacobs	1111101111111101111011111—22
Dennison	1101011001111111111111111—20
Rockwood	1011111100111111100011110—18
Cowan	0111111111111111111111111—24
Rueger	1001101111111111011111011—20
Newbro	1010011101001111101111011—17
Smith	1001010110001010110111110—12
Connell	1001101011111001101000111—15

Same as ahove:

Jaeger	1011010101111111011101011—18
Jacobs	1111001101011111111111111—21
Rueger	0111101101011111011111111—20
Steward	1101000010001111011010100—12
Walker	1010111101111001111010001—16
Smith	1100011011110100110101010—14
Cowan	0111111011111111111111111—23
Dennison	1011101101101111011111111—19
Rockwood	1111110011100011010111111—18
Connell	0111000111011010101111010—15
Newbro	0111100110110111111111111—20

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We will shoot a fifteen-man team race with the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, at our grounds, Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue, on Saturday, July 21. All shooters are invited. The same club bas challenged us to shoot them a five-man team race for the cup emblematic of the State championship, which we now hold, date to be announced later. We expect also other clubs will have representatives present to shoot for this cup and that a large crowd will be in attendance at both.

No. 1, known traps and unknown angles:

Adams	1110101111110111011111101—20
Dr Carson	1110111111110100111101011—19
Isgrigg	1010101101111110000111111—17
Jones	1000110000100010100110010— 9
Miller	1011110011001011010011110—15
Thornburg	0000000111001000101000010— 7
Bing	1101110111011011111111101—20
H F Carson	01110111101w
Willard	1111110011101101101010111—18
Marlin	1011111111110011110111111—21
DeWolf	1010110011010101000111000—12
Goodrich	0011011011010110110101111—16
Stannard	1111111111111111001111010—21

No. 2, trophy shoot, known traps, unknown angles:

C E Willard	0111111111011111101101101—19
A W Adams	1101011111101111111111111—22
E D Bingham	1111111111111111110111111—24
F P Stannard	1101111111111111111111111—24
Dr Ellicott	1111110111111101110111100—19
Dr Miller	1111101111011111111101111—22
W F DeWolf	0010101100101010010110100—11
L H Goodrich	0110111001111010111001101—16
J E Isgrigg	0110111011101011111110101—17
Carson	1101111101110101011001110—16
W A Jones	1001000011110110001101001—12
G W Weart	0000101001010101100101011—11
H L Thornburg	0010000101010110100000000— 7
Chas Burr	0111011001101111011110110—17
H Marlin	1111111001111101110111111—21
H F Carson	0100010100111110110011011—14
Sbellenberger	0000000001001000010111001— 7
Ferguson	100111111010011 —10

No. 3, known traps, unknown angles:

Willard	1111101011111101110111111—21
Adams	1111111111111011101111111—23
Ferguson	1101011101111011001011111—18
Stannard	0111101111111111111111111—23
Carson	1010000111110101110110111—16
Ellicot	1111110011111011100111001—18
Miller	1111110111011001111111111—21
DeWolf	1100001000001101100010011—10
Goodrich	1111010010101110001111110—16
Isgrigg	1110111011111111111011101—21
Jones	0000101001001010111110110—12
Weart	1000111100011111110111101—17
Thornburg	0100111111000000001011111—13
Marlin	1111111111111101111011111—23
H F Carson	1010000011010101101110101—13
Dr Frothingham	0101011010 — 5
Dr Morton	010001110001011 — 7

No. 4, known traps, unknown angles:

Willard	1101111100111011011111111—20
Adams	1101111110111111111101111—22
Ferguson	1101011111111010111111011—20
Stannard	1111101111111111111111111—24
Ellicott	1111011111001111101010010—17
Miller	1011110111111111111111001—21
De Wolf	1011101010001100010100001—12
Isgrigg	1010111011111111111111110—21
Jones	1000101011101111011110011—16
Martin	1101111011111111101111110—21
Shellenberger	110010010000110 — 6

Putney Gun Club.

PUTNEY, Vt., July 10.—The Putney Gun Club celebrated the Fourth by an afternoon shoot on the club grounds. Attendance was not large, but tbere was lots of enthusiasm. Matches 1 to 4 were sweeps at 5 singles, 3 unknown traps, and matches 5 to 8 were team matches, thus putting good sbots and poor shots on an equal footing. Below is the score:

No. 1: Ayer 3, F. M. Robertson 0, B. Robertson 2, Stowell 0, Lyon 2, F. E. Robertson 2, Bailey 5.

No. 2: Ayer 4, F. M. Robertson 2, B. Robertson 3, Stowell 2, Lyon 2, F. E. Robertson 4, Bailey 4, Ward 2.

No. 3: B Robertson 1, F. M. Robertson 3, F. E Rohertson 0, Ward 2, Young 2, Ayer 5, Lyon 3, Stowell 2, Willard 2, Bailey 1.

No. 4: B. Robertson 1, F. M. Robertson 3, F. Robertson 1, Ward 2, Young 4, Ayer 4, Lyon 4, Stowell 1, Willard 1, Bailey 3.

No. 5, team match, 5 singles, unknown traps and angles;

Ayer	011110—4	Bailey	111001—4
Lyon	010111—4	Willard	011001—3
B Robertson	101010—3	Young	001000—1
F M Robertson	010010—2	F E Robertson	010101—3
Ward	011101—4—17	Stowell	000100—1—12

No. 6, 10 singles, unknown traps and angles:

Ayer	1011110111—8	Bailey	1101011010—6
Lyon	0111101111—8	B Robertson	0110010100—4
Young	1101011010—6	F E Robertson	0111110000—5
Willard	1011010000—4	F M Robertson	1001001111—6
Stowell	1001011100—5—31	Ward	0111001010—5—26

No. 7, 10 singles, unknown traps and angles:

Stowell	0001010100— 3	B Robertson	0100000011— 3
Ayer	1111111111—10	Bailey	0111101111— 8
Lyon	1011110100— 7	F M Robertson	0101101011— 6
Willard	0000001100— 2	Ward	1001100010— 4
Young	1000101000— 3—25	F E Robertson	0100101000— 3—24

No. 8, 10 singles:

Stowell	1000000001—2	B Robertson	1001000010—3
Ayer	1110101111—8	Bailey	1111100110—7
Lyon	1010010101—5	F M Robertson	1011100111—7
Willard	1000011001—4	Ward	0100001111—5
Young	0110001111—6—25	F E Robertson	0101010011—5—27

A. J. AYER.

Paterson Wins from Morristown.

AN extremely hot day was Tuesday, July 10, the day on which was decided the final match of the series between the Paterson and Morristown gun clubs. The match was originally scheduled for June 26, but was postponed at the request of tbe Morristown Club, who claimed inability to get together a team. Last Tuesday the Paterson Club was out in force at Willard's Park and fully expected to see tbe Morristowns meander along with a record-breaking team in order to win this, the deciding match of the series. They were doomed to disappointment again, however, as the only shooters to appear to battle for Morristown were Messrs. Class, Timmons and Leonard. It was expected to shoot five or six men to a team, so in order to get the affair under way tbe Morristowns were allowed to "repeat," Class shooting for J. E. Wheaton and Timmons for Abe Wheaton.

The match started about 3 P. M., the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM being pressed into service as referee, the official scorer being Frank Stokes, of the Paterson Rifle Club. The birds were uot a first-class lot by any means, hut were of the mixed order, that makes difficult shooting. A run of half a dozen "duffers" would be followed by as many "hummers," and vice versa, the result being that considerahle thinking had to be done in order to bring the birds to grass. Timmons and George had the hardest birds of the lot. The scores of the team race follow:

Paterson.		Morristown.	
Morfey	2222222202—9	Class	1011111101—8
Wright	1220212222—9	Leonard	020•011122—6
Hopper	0122121211—9	J Wheaton	1021101110—7
George	012122•110—7	Timmons	1211011101—8
Morgan	2221221201—9—43	A Wheaton	0111111112—9—38

This gave the series to the Paterson Club with two matches won, one lost and one a tie.

The following sweeps were shot previous to the match, at 7 birds, $5 entry, 2 moneys:

	No. 1	No. 2.
Class	2112121—7	1200001—3
Morfey	1222102—6	2222222—7
Hopper	0121221—6	10110•1—5
George	1211121—7	11•1221—6
Wright	122•122—6	1222021—6
Timmons	0101012—4	2122021—6
Morgan		2123120—6

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 11.—The Rochester Rod and Gun Club will hold a three-days' tournament on its new grounds Sept. 25, 26 and 27. On the second day the contest hetween the teams comprising the Central New York Trap-Shooters' League will take place.

JOHN B. MULLAN, Sec'y.

Townshend Rod and Gun Club.

TOWNSHEND, Vt.—The tournament of this gun club here on the Fourth was participated in hy members and visitors. M. F. Roberts came from Ruperts, H. C. Warren from Boston, W. E. Ayer from Putney. The scores were shot under Association rules:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
W E Ayer	1101111111-9	10111-4	0111111111-9	01101-3	1111001111-8
H Warren	1001010011-5	11111-5	1111011111-9	10001-2	0111111111-9
D Kelton	0001000111-4	.....	.....	11100-3	.....
A Howard	1111110111-9	11001-3	1111001011-7	.....	1001100111-6
H J Twitchell	1110110100-5	10010-2	.....	01100-2	.....
Robbins	1000011111-6	00111-3	.....	11001-3	.....
P Howard	0100101100-3	11101-4	1001100110-5	01101-3	0001110001-4
A B Call	1001011001-5	01111-4	0011101110-6	11110-4	.....
M F Roberts	1111111011-9	11010-3	1101011111-8	11111-5	1111111011-9
F Lawrence	.....	10010-2	.....	00110-2	.....
M Eddy	.....	11001-3	.....	01111-4	.....
Smith	.....	11010-3	.....	.....	.....

	No. 6.	No. 7.
Warren	1111101010—7	1001101010000010101— 8
Ayer	1110101000—5	1111110111111111111—19
Roberts	1011110010—6	1111111111111110101—18
P Howard	.....	1001111111010010011—13
A B Call	.....	0000011100111000000— 7
Twitchell	.....	0000011101011001111—11

No. 7 was for merchandise, valued at $10. Ayer won a silver cake dish valued at $5, Roberts a butter dish worth $4.50, and Howard took a $2.50 pickle dish.

	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.
Ayer	1101011111—8	01111—4	1111111111111111010101 1—22
M F Roberts	0110011011—6	11111—5	1111111111111111111111—25
Warren	1101101111—8	01111—4	0111111011001111011011101—18
P E Howard	0111101111—8	11111—5	1111110001110101000110010—14
H Twitchell	1110011110—9	11011—4	.....
R I Holbrook	0101100011—8	00000—0	.....
D Kelton	1101011111—8	.....	.....
A B Call	0001100111—5	.....	.....
P Holland	1011101100—4	.....	.....

E. H. DALE.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 10.—No. 1, known traps, unknown angles, rapid-fire, American Association rules:

Nelson	0101110101010001111111101—16
Terry	0111001110001011110000001—12
Dornin	0000011100011101000111111—13
Moorman	1001101011010000010100100—10
Cleland	1001111100101011011101111—16
Empie	1011111110111011111111111—22
Scott	0100110010101100011100111—13

No. 2, 9 singles and 3 pairs:

Terry	011110011	00 10 10— 8	Emple	101111011	10 11 10—11
Dornin	111011101	10 10 11—10	Scott	100111110	10 00 00— 7
Nelson	001010100	10 10 10— 7	Cleland	010011100	00 00 10— 5
Moorman	011000110	10 10 10— 7	Clark	001110001	00 01 00— 4

No. 3, 25 singles:

Nelson	1111110111110111100110111—20
Terry	0011111110101001101011111—17
Dornin	1111111111101110110001101—19
Moorman	1100101100110101111111100—17
Cleland	1011111011000011111111101—17
Empie	1011111011111101111111101—21
Scott	0110001100101111011111100—15
Clark	1111010000110011010011001—14

No. 4, 10 targets, known traps, unknown angles, rapid-fire:

Nelson	1111011111— 9	Clark	1001011101— 6
Terry	1111111111—10	Scott	0111101101— 7
Empie	1111111111—10		

No. 5, unknown traps, known angles:

Nelson	0110100010— 4	Clark	0101000000— 2
Terry	1111111110— 9	Scott	0001000101— 3
Empie	1111100111— 8		

No. 6, same conditions:

Nelson	0101101111— 7	Empie	0111101111— 8
Terry	1001101110— 6	Clark	0110011000— 4

F. M. DAWSON.

Orangeville Scores.

ORANGEVILLE, Md., July 8.—Matches under A. S. A. rules. No. 1 10 standard keystones, entry $1:

Steever	1101111011— 8	J A Hartner	1111111111—10
Hughes	1001111110— 7	Cline	1010011011— 6
Selover	0101101111— 7	Lawfin	1101110101— 7
Dr Fry	1111110011— 8	Swartz	1011011001— 6
Dr Smith	1111101111— 9	Jackson	1101111111— 9
Williams	1011011111— 8	A T Hartner	1111101011— 8

No. 2, 15 standard keystones, entry $1:

Dr Fry	111011011110111—12	Cline	0010100110010111— 7
J A Hartner	1111111111011111—14	Jackson	1111011111010111—13
Hughes	1101111011111111—13	A T Hartner	1011111111111001—12
Steever	1111101111110111—13	Swartz	1010011011111111—11
Selover	0110011011011111—10	Dr Smith	1111111111111011—14
Williams	1011110111101101—11	Lawfin	1010110001100111— 8

No. 3, 10 keystones, entry 50 cents:

J A Hartner	1101101111— 8	Cline	0101101011— 6
Dr Fry	1111011011— 8	Steever	1011111111— 9
Williams	1110110011— 7	Lawfin	1011000010— 4
Selover	0001100101— 4	Swartz	1010110011— 6
Hughes	1010111110— 7	Jackson	1011111011— 8
Dr Smith	1111111011— 9	A T Hartner	1111111010— 8

Live bird match between Dr. L. F. Fry and John Oler, both members of the club. Birds fair lot, J. A. Hartner, referee; $25 a side:

Fry	11111111111111111111—20	Oler	11111111101111111111—19

After live bird shoot we shoot at 50 standard keystone targets, loser to pay for birds:

Fry	11110111011110111011110111101110111111110101110111—41
Oler	11011011111011011101111111110111011111110111011111—41
Hartner	11011011111111111111111111101001111111111111111111—45

San Antonio Gun Club.

THE regular practice shoot of the San Antonio Gun Club was held at the Lakeview grounds on July 8.

No. 1, 10 singles and 3 pairs: Samuels 10, Thiele 15, Barr 8, Paris 14, Rothwell 15, Veith 8, Smith 12, Shields 11.

No. 2, regular medal shoot, 20 singles and 5 pairs:

Rothwell	11100110101110011111	11 10 11 00 10—20
Samuels	11111111000101011111	00 11 11 00 10—20
Thiele	01111110111111110111	10 11 10 00 10—22
Paris	11001101111111111111	10 11 10 10 11—24
Shields	10101011100000001100	11 10 10 10 00—13
France	11110101111110111111	10 10 10 10 11—23
Biesenbach	11101011011000110101	10 11 00 10 11—18
Smith	11111111111000110111	10 10 10 11 11—23
Grossmann	01111010010001010001	10 01 00 11 11—15
Vollbrecht	01110111111111111111	00 00 10 00 10—20
Barr	10111101111010011101	10 11 01 00 10—19
Epstein	01111101111110100101	10 10 00 10 00—17
Phillips	10111010011111011111	11 00 11 10 10—21
Veith	00111010111001110101	01 11 11 10 01—19

No. 3, 10 single birds: Grossmann 9, Biesenbach 14, Epstein 8, Thiele 12, Ohnesorge 9.

No. 4, 10 single birds: Vollbrecht 7, Parls 10, Veith 11, Rothwell 13, Phillips 8.

No. 5, team shoot: Samuels 8, Rothwell 12, Vollbrecht 11, Veith 8, Epstein 8; total 47. Paris 9, Thiele 11, Phillips 9, Biesenbach 11, Grossmann 11; total 51.

O. C. G.

Millerton Gun Club.

MILLERTON, N. Y., July 12.—The Millerton Gun Club held its regular weekly club shoot at 25 Empires, rapid-fire, American Shooting Association rules:

Field	1101111011110101110111111—20
Cline	0111111110111011110010101—18
Chapman	0001001010100110100 — 7
Brinton	0011101101111000111110111—17
S Tripp	1001011100100100011000111—12
Groin	1101100101110101010 —12
S Wilkinson	1101011011010010100101001—13
Brinton	1010111110 —

New England Association.

THE programme of the championship tournament of the New England Shooting Association under the auspices of the Willimantic Rod and Gun Club, Willimantic, Conn., Thursday, July 26, calls for the following series of contests: 10 targets, known angles; 10 targets, unknown angles; 7 targets, straightaway, 25yds.; 15 targets, known angles; 19 targets, unknown angles; team championship, five men, 15 targets per man, known angles; 10 targets, known angles; individual championship, 30 targets, known angles; 5 pair targets; 7 targets, straightaway, 25yds. Badge matches open to New England only. American Association rules to govern. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock.

Central Gun Club's Second Annual.

DULUTH, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second annual tournament of the Central Gun Club was held on their club grounds, located at Spirit Lake, July 4 and 5. Among the arrivals on the first train at the grounds were W. H. Skinner, of Chicago; R. Merrill, of Milwaukee; B. F. Sburmeier and Mr. Turner, of St. Paul; Joe Genevey and B. Hayes, Jr., of Minneapolis; C. W. Cool of Winona, and others, besides some fifteen members of the local club, and a large crowd of spectators, many ladies among them, one of whom took part in the shoot under the name of "Jones," and she did some excellent work. The two days of the tournament were perfect ones for trap-shooting, there being just enough breeze and showers to carry away the excessive heat, and from the time the first squad stepped to the score the entire programme was carried out with a smoothness rarely met with at any shoot. The first day's scores were not as good as was expected, especially from the outsiders; but this is accounted for by the way in which the targets were thrown, which was as low and swift as the American Shooting Association would allow, and the background being only partly sky, made them hard to find. However, when the first day's shoot closed it found the prizes pretty equally divided, and the averages of those who were expected to shoot through were bunched, necessitating some hard work on the second day for place.

The second day did not show up as large a list of entries, but most of those entered did so for average prizes, of which there was a long list of merchandise and cash, and much better scores were made, as the number of straight scores will show. The management, which was conducted by the local club members, was highly complimented by the visiting sportsmen on the way in which every detail was looked after by some one who was competent to perform the duty, especially in the cashier's and entry clerk's office, which could not be improved upon anywhere. Much assistance was rendered the managers, too, by the shooters themselves on their promptness in entering and coming to score, for which they return thanks. The tournament was a grand success financially and socially, so much so the latter that it seemed more like a social gathering of sportsmen than a spirited contest. The averages of the shooting through the two days are as follows: Merrill 88.4, Skinner 85.2, Moore 80.7, Day 80., Hamline 79.2, Genevey 77.6, Sachem 74., Bert 73.2, Nelson 71.2. Leroy 63.6, Metcalf 62., Tanner 59.6, McDonald 59.2, Myers 58.4, Owens 56.4, Cool 55.2, Pastoret 51.8

After the tournament the club held its regular weekly medal shoot. The warm work of the 4th and 5th seemed to have done them some good, as some good scores were made. In Class A Nelson won from Dodge; in Class B, Metcalf from McDonald; in Class C, Little from Black, and Day won the Hulberg medal from Dodge.

After the medal shoot there was a prize shoot for a rocker valued at $8, and a cane valued at $5, each member allowed a certain number of targets, handicapped according to his average during the tournamene, and resulted as per the following score, Metcalf winning rocker and Myers the cane.

Following are the scores of the tournament, the medal shoots and prize shoots in detail:

No. 1, 10 known singles, 5 merchandise prizes, entrance 50 cents: Bert 8, Jones 5, Owens 6, Lat 6, Clarke 7, Genevey 7, Pastoret 1, Myers 4, Hamline 6, Metcalf 6, Leroy 6, Nelson 8, Pearson 8, Cool 4, Wojeck 8, Moore 9, Warren 3, Skinner 9, McDonald 9, Williamson 6, Hubberd 2, Sachem 9, Merrill 8, Tanner 7.

No. 2, sweep, 20 known singles, entrance $2: Wojeck 19, Pearson 13, Bert 15, Cool 10, Jones 5, McDonald 15, Myers 13, Metcalf 13, Sachem 14, Clarke 12, Leroy 15, Nelson 13, Tanner 16, Moore 16, Pastoret 9, Genevey 15, Hamline 17, Owens 12, Williamson 11, Skinner 18, Lat 19, Hubberd 16, Merrill 19, Larsen 6.

No. 3, 20 unknown singles, 6 merchandise prizes, entrance 75 cents: Nelson 14, Metcalf 16, Sachem 14, Hamline 14, Pastoret 10, Skinner 18, Owens 9, Moore 15, Williamson 6, Lat 11, Pearson 8, Warren 12, Cool 11, Leroy 12, Bert 14, Genevey 14, Wojeck 14, McDonald 10, Myers 8, Clarke 8, Merrill 17, Hubberd 8, Tanner 10.

No. 4, sweep, 10 known singles, entrance $1:

Hamline	1110111111— 9	Skinner	1011111101— 8
Tanner	0110010111— 6	Leroy	1110011110— 7
Lat	1101111101— 8	Pastoret	1001011100— 5
Sachem	0111101110— 7	Myers	0010001111— 5
Genevey	1111111110— 9	Pearson	0111100001— 5
Jones	0001001010— 3	Bert	1111010110— 7
Owens	1001101010— 5	Clarke	1111110101— 8
Nelson	1111111110— 9	Williamson	0010100100— 3
Moore	1111011101— 8	Merrill	1111111111—10
Metcalf	1100101001— 5	Wojeck	1111111110— 9
McDonald	1111001111— 8	Cool	0001010001— 3

No. 5, 10 known singles, merchandise, 4 prizes, entrance 50 cents: Clarke 6, Gates 5, Sachem 9, McDonald 5, Moore 8, Williamson 6, Hamline 6, Warren 5, Jones 5, Genevey 9, Bert 5, Hubberd 4, Wojeck 9, Nelson 7, Metcalf 6, Cool 7, Skinner 8, Pearson 9, Lat 9, Leroy 7, Tanner 3, Pastoret 5, Myers 4, Owens 6, Merrill 9, Gibson 2.

No. 6, 20 known singles, entrance 75 cents:

Owens	10001000011010100010— 7	Davis	0001001001100100101l— 8
Gates	0000001001001000l000— 4	Jones	0011011011000010110—10
McDonald	1101101100111011001—13	Clarke	1111111101011010110—15
Pigraues	0000000000001010001l— 4	Bert	1011011101111001110—14
Warren	0001101000000100110— 7	Sachem	0110111110110101111—15
Lat	1111011111111101111—18	Leroy	1111110111010111011—16
Wojeck	1111111101100011101—15	Generey	1111111100111111110—17
Gibson	0111011101010000l010—10	Hamline	1101111101111010111l—16
Lucken	0001011000001010100l— 7	Moore	1101111111111111011—18
Hubberd	1001100111000110100l—10	Skinner	1111111101011111111—18
Metcalf	1110001111000110101—12	Tanner	0101010001101110111—12
Cool	0000010011010001101— 8	Myers	1110111001111110101—15
Williamson	1011001001001010100— 9	Nelson	0111101111011111110—16
Merrill	1101111101111011111—17	Pearson	0011011110111111101—15
Pastoret	1011010011010000000— 8		

No. 7, sweep, 15 unknown singles, entrance $1.50: Warren 3, Pearson 7, Sachem 10, McDonald 7, Owens 7, Genevey 14, Myers 9, Moore 10, Nelson 6, Hamline 11, Tanner 9, Coal 8, Wojeck 12, Skinner 14, Lat 10, Bert 12, Merrill 13, Metcalf 10, Leroy 5, Williamson 4, Pastoret 10.

No. 8, sweep, 20 unknown singles, entrance $2; Hamline 18, Cool 10, Wojeck 12, Genevey 11, Myers 13, Pastoret 14, Lat 15, Skinner 16, Metcalf 9, Sachem 13, Nelson 18, Moore 16, McDonald 9, Williamson 6, Merrill 16, Bert 14, Leroy 13, Tanner 11.

No. 9, merchandise, 10 known singles, entry 50 cents:

Owens	1111011111— 9	Merrill	0111101111—8
Tanner	1001111100— 6	Leroy	1111011111—9
Lat	1011011011— 7	Skinner	1011111100—7
Myers	1111111111—10	Pastoret	1011111111—9
Genevey	1111010111— 8	McDonald	1011111110—8
Nelson	0011101111— 7	Jones	1000010100—3
Bert	1111111111—10	Williamson	0100101001—4
Sachem	0111111100— 7	Moore	1111111110—9
Wojeck	1111111111—10	Metcalf	1111101111—9
Hamline	1111111111—10	Cool	1100010110—5

No. 10, 20 known singles, entry $2:

Moore	1101111111111001111—17	McDonald	1101101011010011l011—13
Genevey	1101111111111100001—15	Lat	1111011111111111111—19
Hamline	1011011111111110111—17	Nelson	1010111011101111000—13
Bert	1111111101111110011—17	Tanner	1101111011011111111—17
Owens	1101010001011011011O—11	Skinner	1111111011111111111—19
Metcalf	1110101010010011110—12	Merrill	1111111011100111111—17
Pastoret	1011110010110101111100—12	Sachem	1111111011101111111—18
Cool	1100011001100011001O— 9	Williams'n	0001101011011110000— 9
Wojeck	1111111111101110011—17	Leroy	1101000010101011010l—10
Myers	1111101001100111111—15		

No. 11, 20 unknown singles, merchandise, seven prizes, entrance 75 cents: Skinner 14, Genevey 16, Pastoret 11, Sachem 15, Hamline 16, Merrill 17, Lat 17, Owens 11, Moore 15, McDonald 8, Wojeck 15, Williamson 4, Nelson 12, Metcalf 14, Cool 10, Myers 9, Bert 18, Tanner 11, Leroy 10.

No. 10, sweep, 10 unknown singles, entrance $1: Metcalf 3, Pastoret 4, Hamline 8, Skinner 8, McDonald 6, Genevey 5, Myers 3, Merrill 9, Tanner 5, Williamson 5, Moore 8, Lat 6, Sachem 6, Bert 7, Leroy 6, Owens 6, Cool 6, Wojeck 6, Nelson 8.

No. 13, merchandise, 10 known singles, 50 cents:

Wojeck	1111110011— 8	Tanner	0111110100— 6
Genevey	1110111100— 7	McDonald	1000010000— 2
Sachem	1111111111—10	Nelson	1111101010— 7
Williamson	0001001001— 3	Jones	1100010011— 5
Leroy	1100011111— 7	Bert	1011101011— 7
Cool	1110111100— 7	Myers	1111011100— 7
Hamline	1111110111— 9	Metcalf	1010110111— 7
Skiuner	1111111101— 9	Merrill	1111111111—10
Pastoret	1101101111— 8	Moore	1011111111— 9
Lat	1111101111— 9	Owens	1010111010— 6

No. 14, 20 known singles, merchandise, seven prizes, entrance 75 cents: Skinner 17, Hamline 17, Myers 13, Moore 17, Wojeck 16, Cool 16, Bert 11, Metcalf 13, Genevey 17, Jones 10, Williamson 6, Leroy 13, Tanner 12, McDonald 13, Lat 19, Pastoret 13, Merrill 17, Owens 9, Nelson 15.

No. 15, sweepstake at 15 unknown singles, entry $1.50:

Cool	0101111010101111—11	Skinner	111111111111111—15
Leroy	1101110011010l1—10	Nelson	1111110111100l1—12
Merrill	1111111111111l—15	Wojeck	1101110111111l1—13
Owens	0111001101101(1— 9	Myers	0111010101101l0— 9
Moore	1110111111111011—13	Pastoret	0000111110010l1— 7
Genevey	1101110111101l1—12	Lat	0011111111111011—12
Metcalf	0011101111111l0—11	McDonald	1000101011101l0— 8
Bert	1111011011100l1—11	Sachem	1111110111000—11
Hamline	1111111011100)1—12	Tanner	1010110110111100— 9

No. 16, sweepstake at 20 unknown singles, entrance $2: Hamline 13, Tanner 9, Wojeck 17, Bert 12, Metcalf 9, Sachem 10, Genevey 17, Pastoret 10, Owens 13, Cool 13, Merrill 19, Myers 8, Nelson 13, Moore 14, McDonald 14, Skinner 15, Lat 15, Peterson 11, Leroy 12.

Extra No. 1, 10 known singles: McDonald 4, Lat 9, Merrill 7, Hamline 8, Skinner 9, Genevey 8, Moore 8, Myers 5, Wojeck 6, Bert 8, Williams 2, Sachem 5, Nelson 8, Leroy 8, Owens 6, Jones 3, H. Owens 7.

Extra No. 2, 10 singles, reversed traps: Hamline 9, Genevey 7, Bert 8, Metcalf 5, Sachem 5, Wojeck 8, Skinner 7, Merrill 6, Lat 6, Nelson 7, Pastoret 6, Cool 3.

Extra No. 3, 5 pairs: Merrill 9, Genevey 6, Bert 5, Cool 5.

Medal shoot, 50 known singles:

Class A.

Nelson	11110111111111111111101110011100000111011111111111—39
Pearson	01110110111011000010111011111011011100110010110l1—32
Day	00101011010100111111111011110111111100111110001011101—33
Dodge	01111111110101011111111110110111111110100111100001—37

Class B.

Moore	11011110110111011100111111100011111101011011111111—38
Pastoret	01111011101000110111010101110011011110011111001010—31
Myers	00110101111001001101011011111011111001111011111011—34
Metcalf	11111101101111110110101111110111100101111111111111—39
McDonald	11101011101111110110111011011110110110010000100l1—33

Class C.

Mendenhall	00000100110011100101100000000100110000101000000000—14
Williamson	01111001111100101011010011100110110001111110111110—32
Black	11000001001001111011011001100001000101000111001100—23
Little	11111010000111001011001010111111111111111001011101—34
Peterson	10010010001001001000100010000100100100100100010001—17
Jones	00110110011110000010000w —10
Armstrong	10000010110000000000001w — 5

Hulberg medal, 15 known singles:

Dodge	111011110010w	Pearson	000011010111110—8
Metcalf	100001100000111—6	Williamson	101100101101100—8
Mendenhall	100011000110010—6	Moore	001111010100010—8
Myers	000010100010001—4	Pastoret	001110010010110—7
Greene	100010001110110—7	Nelson	000000111101011—7
Day	100011011111111-11		

Consolation shoot with bird allowance at 50 known singles: Metcalf 50, Day 39, Mendenhall 39, Myers 42, Pastoret 34, Waite 14, Nelson 36, Pearson 37, Williamson 41, McDonald 38.

Live Birds and Targets at White Plains.

THE following scores were made at a shoot on the grounds of the White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club, G. L. Miller and L. C. Platt being pitted against J. H. Carpenter and E. F. Ward, each man shooting at 25 live birds:

Miller	1011111101110111111111010•—19
Platt	111•0111•11111111111•11011—20—39
Carpenter	001•01010•11100100101011l—12
Ward	1111111•11111111111011111—23—35

Sweepstakes, $2 entry, No. 1 at 5 birds, No. 2 at 5 birds, then miss and out:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	Tie.
C Pawlins	11111—5	00001—1	11
W J Ward	10011—3	11011—4	11
G Thompson	00111—3	.....	..
W Wesley	00101—2	.....	..
J Oberle	01011—3	.....	..
T Ward	.....	11101—4	11
G L Miller	.....	11011—4	0
L C Platt	.....	11101—4	10
E Ward	.....	11110—4	11

Following are the scores made in the target events: No. 1, 10 singles, $1:

Valantine	8	Odell	8	Martin	4
Sutton	10	Ingersol	9	E Ward	10
Englis	5	Bettel	4	Platt	7
Halpin	9	Franklin	6		

No. 2, 10 singles:

Bettie	6	Odell	6	Martin	7
Sutton	8	Engles	6	Platt	4
Halpin	7	Franklin	7	E Ward	7
Valantine	7	Ingersol	8		

No. 3, 25 birds, $2.50:

Valentine	1111000111111100111111101—19
Odell	1101111010100100010010000—11
Sutton	1101111101110101111110l1—20
Martin	0101101010011100000101110—12
Franklin	0010111101111111010100101—16
Halpin	0101111011100111111101110—18
Bettie	1100011001000101111010100—12
E Ward	1111101111111111101011111—22
Ingersoll	0100111111010000101011111—15
Engles	0001110011011001101001001—12
Platt	1111010011111000011101101—16

No. 4, 15 birds, $1.50:

Halpin	011111101011111—12	Ingersoll	111100110111010—10
Engles	100000111010000— 6	E Ward	001110011111111—11
Bettie	000000000100011— 3	Valentine	110111100111101—11
Sutton	010011111111111—12	Platt	001011101101111—10
Austin	100000101111110— 8	Martin	000011000110010— 5

No. 5, 10 birds, $1:

Halpin	8	Engles	6	Odell	8
E Ward	10	Loomis	6	Brown	1
Bettie	2	Ingersoll	8	Franklin	5
Martin	4	Valentine	9	Platt	8
Sutton	10	Anstin	7	Wood	7

No. 6, 10 birds, $1:

Franklin	10	Wood	6	Austin	7
Engles	3	Loomis	7	Martin	6
Sutton	7	Brown	6	Halpin	8
E Ward	9	Ingersoll	9		

No. 7, 20 birds, $2, expert:

Engels	10000001010100111010— 8	Austin	11100000000010111111—10
Valentine	01111111011110101011—15	E Ward	11111001111111110010—15
Franklin	10010111011000100000— 8	Platt	10110011011001111100—12
Sutton	01111111111010100011—14	Bettie	10100011011001111110—12
Halpin	01101100000001011100— 8		

No. 8, 10 birds, $1:

Wood	8	Ingersol	9	Sutton	8
Valentine	5	Brown	5	E Ward	10
Austin	9	Martin	4	Odell	8
Engels	5	Bettie	4	Halpin	9

No. 9, 10 birds, $1:

Valentine	9	Engels	4	Austin	8
Halpin	8	Sutton	9	E Ward	10
Wood	6	Bettie	4	Buckhaut	3

No. 10, 15 birds, $1.50:

Austin	010110101101001— 8	Wood	011100111010001— 8
Valentine	101010111111101—11	Halpin	100111111101111—12
Engles	1101001100111l1—10	Sutton	1011111111011110—12
Platt	0101111111111011—12	T Ward	1111011111111l1—13
E Ward	111111111101111—14	Buckhaut	0001100010010l0— 5

No. 11, 10 birds, $1:

Austin	10	Wood	9	Platt	10
Engels	4	E F Ward	8	Buckhaut	4
Valentine	10	T Wood	6		

No 12, 10 birds, $1:

Buckhaut	4	Platt	5	Engels	5
T Wood	10	E Ward	8	Halpin	8
Austin	5	Valentine	6		

No. 13, 10 birds, $1; expert:

Halpin	4	Valentine	9	Buckbaut	4
Engels	4	T Wood	10	E Ward	6
Austin	5				

No. 14, 10 birds, $1:

T Wood	10	Buckhaut	4	Engels	2
Valentine	7	Austin	9	Platt	4
Halpin	2	E Ward	6		

No. 10 birds, $1:

Halpin	9	Austin	6	Buckhaut	4
Engels	5	T Wood	7	Platt	9
Valentine	8	E Wood	9		

No. 16, 5 pairs:

Valentine	6	Engels	5	Austin	5
Halpin	9	Platt	7	E Wood	6
T Wood	8				

No. 17, 5 pairs, $1:

Halpin	6	Valentine	8	T Ward	7
Austin	5	Platt	5	E Ward	5
Engels	5				

No. 18, 10 birds, $1:

Halpin	5	Enge's	4	Valentine	8
T Ward	10	Platt	9	E Ward	6
Austin	8				

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Newark Gun Club Winners.

A HOT and sultry atmosphere greeted the members of the Newark Gun Club on Thursday, July 12, when the usual "few" assembled at Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds to indulge in their usual monthly practice at live birds. Previous to the shoot a meeting was held, the first of the year. The principal object of the meeting was to award the cash prizes won by the members during the year ending June 1. The members are each one rated at a given standard, and are given one point for each bird killed above their rating. At each competition each member pays $1 into the prize fund and at the end of the year the aggregate sum is divided pro rata according to the number of points gained. The rating of each man and the number of points gained at each shoot are best shown by the following table:

	Rating.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	Total.
W H Greene	7	0	2	3	2	3	1	1	3	1	4	..	..	19
C M Hedden	7	2	3	3	1	3	..	2	0	2	0	..	2	18
S Castle	7	0	..	1	3	2	..	1	..	3	..	1	3	14
P J Zeglio	7	..	0	..	2	..	3	1	..	3	1	2	0	12
J Erb	7	1	0	2	3	0	1	..	1	0	..	2	0	11
F Walters	7	2	2	2	..	..	..	..	2	1	2	..	..	11
F V Van Dyke	7	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	6
T C Wright	7	..	3	..	..	..	0	..	..	1	..	..	..	5
T W Morfey	7	0	1	..	..	..	0	..	2	1	..	1	..	5
R H Breintnall	7	0	2	..	..	1	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	5
C Smith	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	2	..	..	3
M F Lindsley	7	..	..	..	..	..	0	1	..	..	..	..	..	1
G L Freche	7	0	1	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	2
G Raynor	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	1
R Roach	7	0	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0

The above distribution being completed the resignation of Secretary Fletcher Walters was taken up and accepted regretfully, as Mr. Walters had proved to be the right man in the right place, during the year he had performed the duties of secretary, and his books were a model of neatness and accuracy. Pressure of other business, however, prevented him from continuing in the position. The club voted him a vote of thanks for his faithful work. Mr. W. H. Green was unanimously elected to fill the office of secretary for the ensuing year.

Acting on a suggestion from Mr. Jacob Pentz, who presided over the meeting, it was resolved to extend to the Parkway Gun Club, of Brooklyn, an invitation to visit Erb's grounds on the second Thursday in August, for the purpose of shooting a friendly team match with the Newark Club, each club to pay for its own birds.

The above business being completed the party got down to the solid business of the day. The opening event were "Jersey" sweeps at 4 birds per man, $3 entry, birds included, two moneys. The results:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Castle	2121—4	1111—4	Cline	1001—2	000•—0
Henry	1110—3	1112—4	Hedden		1110 –3
Van Dyke	1012—3	2211—4	Lenthauser		1010—2
Hollis	1212—4	1111—4			

Then came the club event at 10 live birds, 28yds. rise, for point prizes:

	Rating.		Gain.		Rating.		Gain.
S Castle	7	1121211211—10	3	G Cline	7	1011210121— 8	1
C Hedden	7	1212112121—10	3	*C Henry		1111111101— 9	.
W H Green	7	1201110101— 7	0	*Le'thaus'r		2001101122— 7	.
F VanDyke	7	1121222121—10	3				

* Not members.

The final event was at 7 birds, $5 entry, 2 moneys:

Castle	1121111—7	Green	1211110—6
Van Dyke	1221111—7	Cline	2101200—4
Henry	1111112—7		

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Princeton Scores.

PRINCETON, N. J.—The Princeton Gun Club's hustlers served up to that club a Fourth of July tournament of nine Empire target and live bird events, more than forty useful and valuable merchandise prizes, and an elegant collation, served free to all the hungry shooters and their friends from 12 to 2 P. M.

The out of town contingent was less numerous than usual, but made up in quality for what it lacked in numbers.

The ubiquitous Winchester Arms Co.'s rustler, Van Dyke, was very much in evidence, a little outclassed here, but at Utica O. K. Those two old cronies, Mr. Kirk of Lawrenceville, and McCardle of Trenton, N. J., were also welcomed to a share of the shoot and the swag. We hope they'll come again often. The live birds were a duffer lot largely, and the shooting at targets away below average, but everything went, and everybody was happy. A shoot, a celebration and a success, a sissing trio, and we had it all.

Handicap target match, 5 traps, 16yds.: Tiffany shot at scratch, 12 birds, and broke 6; Rule at 16 and broke 9; Wesley 19 and broke 9; Skirm at 17, broke 6.

Match at 5 birds, rapid firing, and 5 birds, walking match: Phillips 6, Hoff 3, Skirm 5, Van Dyke 8, Hawkins 4, Tiffany 3.

Boys' race (17 and 70 years), between Master Geo. Rule and Dr. W. L. Hankins; Rule at 16, Hankins at 18yds., 5 traps, known angle, 20 birds each:

Hankins	00100011000010001101— 7	Rule	0101011011101101l010—12

Match at 25 targets, 3 traps, unknown angles:

Phillips	1111111111011111010101111—21
Skirm	1110100001100100101001110—12
Tiffany	1001101111010010011011O110—17

Walking match, one man up, unknown trap:

Van D	01010—2	Stout	00101—2
Rule	00110—2	Phillips	11101—4
Cubberly	10100—2	Aiken	10010—2
Mershon	00011—2		

Matches at live birds, 2 ground traps, 28yds. rise:

	1st match.	2d match.
	↖→↖↑↑	□←↙↘↙
Margerum	1 1 2 0 1—4	0 1 2 0 1--3
	↑↑←→←	←↑↙↘↓
Van Dyke	1 2 1 2 0—4	0 2 1 2 1—4
	←→←↑→	←→↓↑→
Phillips	2 1 1 2 2—5	1 2 1 0 1—4
	↙↖↑←	
Aiken	1 0 0 1w.	WADS.

Millerton Gun Club.

MILLERTON, N. Y., July 16.—On Saturday, P. M., five members of our gun club held a practice shoot at which the following scores were made:

Brinton	1111101110110011111111110—20
	1111011101111101111111011—21
	1111001111111101111110010—20
Field	0011111001111001101011111—17
	1111111111010101010111111—20
	1110100011111001100 —12
S Wilkinson	1101010010101011000— 9 10111101011010111010—12
Cline	0101000000000110100010001— 7 0010110101— 5
Tuppe	0010101100111111— 9

S. WILKINSON.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

H. C. B., Staten Island.—Rating is the measurement of the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain; the sail area and waterline are multiplied together and the product divided by 6,000. A waterline of 35ft. with 1,700 sq. ft. of sail would give about 10-rating. Dacotah is of about these proportions.

G. M. B., Lakefield, Ont.—If I take from Canada into the United States an English-made gun and rifle (which have both been in use for years) shall I have to pay duty on them, and if so at what rate? Ans. If the writer is a foreigner visiting this country for the purpose of traveling or for hunting purposes he can bring his guns with him and they will be admitted free of duty, as a part of his personal effects.

A. V. T., Branchville, N. J.—There is a rather shallow pond of about an acre in this vicinity that abounds in carp. The owner, who is not a fisherman, tells me that he cannot catch them. I know nothing about this fish. Will you kindly give me information in regard to bait, tackle, etc., to be used in angling for them? Ans. Dough balls made by mixing white bread crumb paste with cotton are commonly used. Wasp larvæ, grains of wheat or barley or worms are also good bait. It is a good plan to prepare the spot one wishes to fish before-hand by "ground baiting." For tackle use a quill float with light sinker on bottom. The fish is allowed to rise toward the surface before striking.

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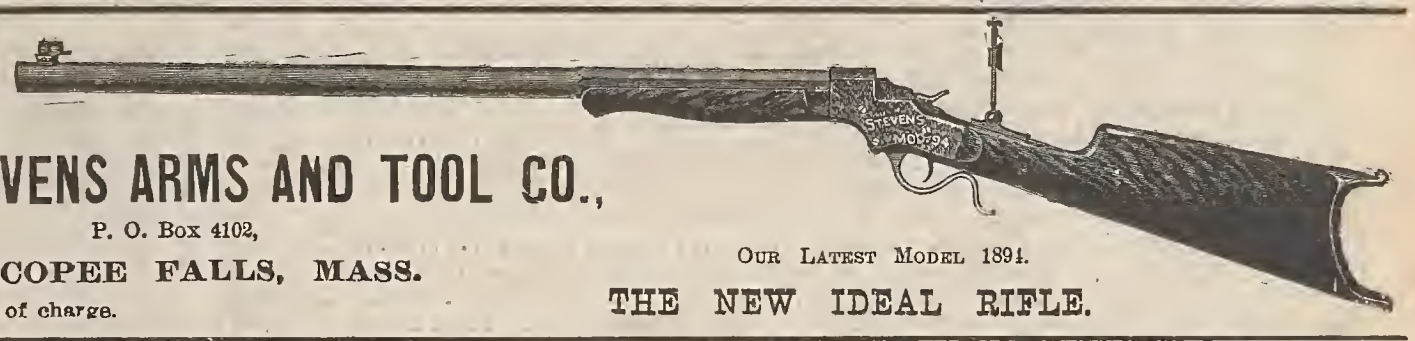

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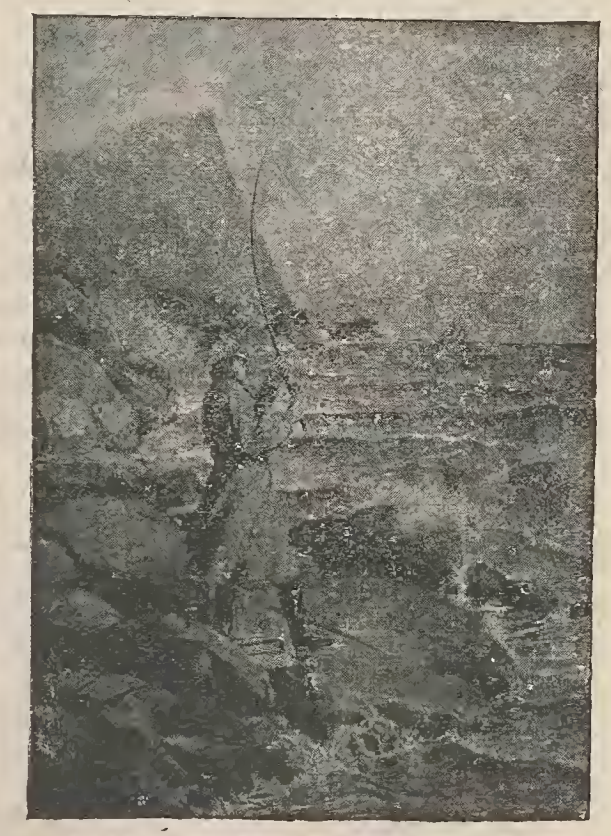

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

CONTENTS.

Editorial.
No. 80,781.
May the President go Spring Shooting?
Snap Shots.

The Sportsman Tourist.
The Prescription.
Down the Florida Coast.

Natural History.
Watching a Grouse Drum.
Winter Home of the Barren Ground Caribou.
In Washington Wilds.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

Game Bag and Gun.
Quail Packing.
Bay Birds at Martin's Point.
Big Game in Chicago's Suburbs.
The Pennsylvania Association

Sea and River Fishing.
On the North Shore of Lake Superior.
Why He Was Glum.
Feeding Habits of Trout.
Angling in Tasmania.
Black Bass in Kankakee.
Boston and Maine.
Lake Minnewaska.
News from the Fishing Waters.
Angling Notes.

Fishculture.
A Menace to the Youghiogheny River.

Fishculture.
Protection in Ohio.

The Kennel.
Show Beagles as Field Dogs.
Death of Champion Bracket.
Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.
Points and Flushes.
Dog Chat.
Kennel Answers.

Yachting.
Vigilant's Races.
Plain Common Sense.
Fair Play for an American Yachtsman.
Yachting News Notes.

Canoeing.
A. C. A. Meet.
W. C. A Meet.
Canoeing Notes.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Lyman Time Limitation System.
Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association.
Revolver Shooting in England.
Rifle Notes

Trap Shooting.
The Interstate at Louisville.
Big Shooting at Baltimore.
Granville Gun Club Tournament.
Carver Defeates Elliott.
Drivers and Twisters.

Answers to Queries.

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No. 80,781.

IF you will examine your revolver you will see that it is numbered, probably way up in the tens of thousands. Every revolver turned out by reputable houses has its individual number. When a revolver is sold the manufacturers invoice it by this number, and thus they can tell when it left the factory and where it went to. This system made a vast deal of trouble for a New York lawyer the other day and led to his indictment for perjury.

The trial of a case in one of the courts of this city on April 24 last had wound up with a shooting affray between the parties in interest, and the supposed assailant in the disgraceful affair was put on trial in the present month, charged with assault with intent to kill. In behalf of the defendant Lawyer M. J. Stein testified that on the occasion of the affray of April 24 he had wrested a revolver from the hands of some one who was in the act of firing it at the defendant. The revolver, a Smith & Wesson, was produced in evidence, and Judge Martine, before whom the case was being tried, recorded its number, which was 80,781.

The District Attorney thereupon telegraphed to the manufacturers to learn on what date revolver No. 80,781 had left their works. They consulted their books and found that it had been shipped to Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, of this city, on June 16, which was over seven weeks later than the date, April 24, when Mr. Stein testified he had seized it in a New York court room. This statement of the manufacturers was corroborated by the records of the consignees here, who had received revolver No. 80,871 on June 18. The shipping clerk of the makers and the receiving clerk of the receivers appeared in court; and together they made out a very black case against Mr. Stein, who nevertheless stoutly asseverated that he had taken a revolver in the scuffle of April 24, had locked it up in his safe, and believed it to be the one produced in court. On the testimony of the clerks an indictment for perjury was found against him. It was testimony that could not be impeached; the evidence supplied by the manufacturers' system of numbering their arms was impregnable. The revolver which Mr. Stein produced in court and swore that he had had in his possession in New York city on April 24, he could not have had, for it had not left the factory of the makers in Springfield until June 16.

Nevertheless, and this is the most satisfactory part of the story, Mr. Stein was not guilty of perjury. He was simply mistaken as to the identity of the revolver seized on April 24 and the one shown in court on July 2. He found no difficulty in showing by ample testimony of witnesses that he actually had taken a revolver from a person in the court room on April 24, and he finally made himself believe, and the District Attorney believed with him, that the arm No. 80,781 had been substituted for it by some third party, without his knowledge. The indictment was therefore dismissed, and Mr. Stein went forth from the court room, as the presiding judge declared, without a stain upon his honor as a man or as a lawyer.

Let us trust that No. 80,781 may never inflict upon any other a more lasting injury than it brought upon its first victim.

MAY THE PRESIDENT GO SPRING-SHOOTING?

CONSIDERED from the standpoint of right sportsmanship is it permissible for the President of the United States to go shore bird and duck shooting in the spring of the year? The question is suggested by the notes of a Virginia correspondent, who writes of his own spring-shooting at Currituck, and recalls that President Cleveland visited the same waters for bay bird shooting last May. It is a question which will be answered promptly and decidedly in the negative by one class of shooters, and quite as promptly and vehemently in approval by another class. This means that spring-shooting is a practice as to the merits of which the sentiment of sportsmen is by no means uniform, and the most that can be said is that Mr. Cleveland as a spring shooter is a good sportsman in the estimation of those who believe in spring-shooting, and an unworthy sportsman in the eyes of those who condemn it.

The signs of the times, however, are not difficult to read. They indicate a growing sentiment against spring-shooting, a strengthened conviction of the unwisdom of killing migratory species of game on the way to its breeding grounds. They point to a time when spring shooting shall be discountenanced. In their excursions for game in the early months of the year, President Cleveland and President Harrison before him have done as sportsmen in good standing that which their successors twenty-five years from now may not do and preserve a standing in the craft.

There remains another question which has just been raised in certain quarters, in connection with this May shooting trip of President Cleveland. It does not have to do with the sportsmanship of shooting at certain times and seasons, but with the propriety of shooting at all. May the President of the United States shoot birds for sport? That is an interesting consideration; it would be perhaps worth while to discuss it; and we shall.

THE HEALING OF THE FORESTS.

THE story, which a contributor to our Sportsman Tourist pages so charmingly tells of his flight to a wilderness lake for rest and upbuilding, will be read by thousands with increased interest because in it they will find a faithful reflection of their own experiences. A fortnight or a month in camp will many a time do what medicine and prescribed regimen are powerless to effect. The mountains and the woods and the lakes are for healing and for strength. They give the change of scene, the diversion of the mind, the pure air for the lungs and the required physical exertion, which go to make the new man. If any one would discover the secret of the popularity and permanence and dignity of the open air wild-wood recreations of fishing and shooting, he may find it here. They are pursuits which have an abiding place in the esteem and practice of mankind, because generation after generation has proved their worth.

The resources of nature as a healer are not more efficient in their application than abundant in their supply. The blessed influences of the woods are generous beyond measure, and not to be exhausted by the spending. There is store for all who will have new life for the taking. He robs no fellow man, who breathes the balsam; he takes from another no joy of bird song, who listens to the hermet thrush; the outlook from the mountain brow is not less in expanse and in inspiration, though ten thousand look upon it; the glory of sunrise over the hills or of sunset beyond the lake is not dimmed because another beholds it. Here in the woods each may have the using of that which belongs to him and to all others as well, and by his using no one shall be made poorer.

Would that a like principle of inexhaustible plenitude governed the supply of game and fish; for, after all, it is the trout or the bass, the grouse or the deer, that lures men into the woods. One might say, indeed, that the stock of fish and game would be in no danger of impairment if each one who took of them would take only his fair share, leaving to others their own. The store, made good by nature, would be all sufficient, under a rightly devised and honestly respected system of protection. It is this phase of protection that gives to the subject its true importance. This is why no one may regard protection from the narrow standpoint of his own personal selfish interest only, nor when in the woods may be inconsiderate of the woods rights and privileges and blessings which belong to others. He does rob another who takes more than his reasonable share of the fish; and he shows himself an ingrate who kills game to waste. That which is certainly not to be lessened by the using, use without stint, and in so doing you shall work no man injury. That which must be enjoyed sparingly, do not squander in recklessness nor destroy in wanton waste. You are not the first seeking to benefit by the gifts of nature, nor are you the last.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Senate Committee on Game Laws, authorized by the New York Legislature to hold sessions throughout the State looking to a modification of the existing game law, consists of Senators H. J. Donaldson (chairman) of Ballston, John L. Childs of Floral Park, L. I., and Charles L. Guy of New York. The committee contemplates sitting in the neighborhood of Geneva in the first or second week of August: at Schroon Lake in the Adirondacks about August 15, and at Saratoga probably on August 28. Due notice of such meetings will be given through the newspapers, and the committee will be very glad to receive suggestions relative to the modification of the present game law at any of the meetings in question. Further information may be obtained by addressing the clerk of the committee. Mr. C. H. Burns, 27 Pine st., New York.

In emulation of Dowe, who claims to have invented a bullet-proof coat, two Americans have come forward with materials said to possess the same quality. As war equipments are not just now in lively demand in this country, we recommend the inventors of impenetrable fabrics to turn their attention to the perfection of a shot and bullet-proof blanket for cows and horses. There ought to be an extensive market for such a protector among the farmers who have so long suffered loss of live stock at the hands of louts and ruffians masquerading as sportsmen.

Secretary Banks of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association expresses the opinion that Pennsylvania might profitably follow New York and provide for game protection and trap-shooting as two separate though allied interests. Of course it might; and so might all the other State societies which are now attempting in vain to combine both interests in one annual convention.

It is instructive to note that the writer who is impelled "to advise his fellow sportsmen to put a final veto on the old-time plan of taking a male cook or attempting the task of doing the cooking by turns," and adds, "Take your wife or wives with you," judiciously employs a pseudonym.

As soon as we can secure a photograph of the "Nessmuk" Memorial, which has been set up in the village cemetery of Wellsboro, we shall present an illustration of it, and make a final report on the memorial enterprise.

Dr. James A. Henshall is now stationed at Tampa, Fla., where he is engaged in making a thorough investigation of the fish fauna of those waters.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A QUERY.

I WONNER why I sit all day and dream
On moss-grown rock, down by the sunlit stream?
Why now I idly drop a baited hook
Into the stillest pool along the brook?

Why is it that the droning of the bees,
The softest whisperings of the summer breeze,
Are sweeter music now than once I found
In the deep baying of a clear-tongued hound?

Why do I leave the newly-budded rose,
The shady dell where fragrant violet grows,
The meadows green, with daisies overcast,
To tread the withered rowen of the past?

And when the still stars twinkle o'er the earth
I leave the firelit circle and its mirth,
To pass in silence like a tale twice told,
I wonder if I, too, am growing cold.

SHOSHONE.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

IT was not an unpleasant dose to take. The most that could be said of it was that it was inconvenient just at this time. But as the matter depended upon my doing as the doctor directed there was nothing left hut for me to comply. He said he would not be responsible for my life if I did not.

He wrote the prescription as he sat by my side the day after I was confined to the bed. He had been sitting there for some time listening to my complaints of a "want of sleep," "palpitation of the heart," "a gone feeling," and I do not know how many other ailments, when he said, "I guess I can cure you." At the same time he put his hand in his pocket and took out a physician's pad. On this he wrote the "prescription," as he called it, and folding it carefully, handed to my wife saying as he did so: "Let him take this; it will do him good." He then reached for his hat and hurried from the room, my wife following him to the door as he went out.

"Now, dearie," said she, returning and unfolding the paper, "I guess we have something that will do you good. The doctor says you will be all right before long. We will have it made up at once. Brand will be in from school directly and we will send him to the druggist."

Meanwhile she was adjusting her eyeglasses, while I was watching her with all the anxiety of a sick and nervous man. As I saw a smile of mingled disappointment and pleasure pass over her face I was led to say, "What is it? More expensive drugs, I suppose. I am sick of their stuff."

"Why, no," said she, "but the funniest prescription I ever heard of. It says:

℞ Go to the Adirondacks or the woods of Maine at the earliest possible moment and remain there for two weeks.

"Why, I cannot do that," said I; "and especially since we have increased our business. Who will do the buying if I leave, and what will become of the new department?"

"Well," replied Sarah, "who takes care of it now? And who has been doing the huying for the past ten days? And if you had to be here for three months, how would they get along then?"

There was no resisting the force of this argument. I saw at once that my wife had made up her mind. Brand came in just at this moment; and she said to him, "Brand, the doctor has ordered your father to go to the Adirondacks or the woods of Maine. Don't you wan't to go with him?"

"I just do," replied my son. "I want to try my new rod. And I will take Samuels's book with me and study the birds. I tell you, pap, we will have a good time. Let us camp out. Come, what do you say?"

"Well, we will see," said I. "Let me try and think a little while."

And as I thought the thing seemed feasible. Scarcely an hour had passed before I found myself making plans; and by bedtime I had determined to go when I could. In my mind I saw a little island of not more than an acre in extent and in a retired lake. I knew the place. I had been there. It was accessible—only six hours from half-civilized life, and by boat at that. Yes, we would go there at the beginning of the week if I could travel.

I slept better that night than I had for some time, and the next morning I felt better still. During the day I had my rod and my book of flies brought to me. How good they looked! Then before Brand went to school he came in, and with all the enthusiasm of youth wanted me to make out a list of what we would require. He seemed to take it for granted that I would go. And to my objections about care, he said he would be seventeen next month, and if a fellow as old as that could not take care of his father, he was not good for much.

All this seemed to make me feel better; and when the the boy returned at noon, much to my own astonishment, and his too, I think, I had the list made out.

It was now the second week in May. The spring had been early and vegetation of every kind was advanced. I knew what this meant. It meant black flies and mosquitoes in abundance. But we are not apt to think of these pests in all their venom and the discomfort they can cause us, after a year's freedom from their bites and stings. And hence we are so ready to go a second or a third time into a neighborhood we had almost vowed we never would visit again.

So Tuesday found us off with all our traps; and Wednesday morning's sun looked down on two boats with two guides, making their way across a lake, and then up a narrow stream into a smaller lake. The guides were to build a bark shanty and then return in one of the hoats, leaving the other with us. The arrangement was that one of the guides should come every other day to see how we fared, and bring us letters and a loaf of fresh bread.

What a lovely morning that was. It seemed to me I enjoyed it as I never had enjoyed a morning in my life. I had nothing to do but to sit quietly tucked up in the bow of the hoat and delight myself in the fragrance of the hemlocks and the singing of the birds. Never had the hemlocks smelled so sweet, nor the trees looked so green, nor the water so clear. Then the melancholy note of the loon appeared to have melody in it, and the hermit thrush and white-throated sparrows seemed to surpass themselves in song.

I had nothing to do but to look, and look I did. We had hardly left the landing before I caught sight of a loon. Half way across the lake two ducks flew past us. Then an eagle winged his slow flight far overhead, and as we entered the stream a kingfisher sprung his ratte upon us as he jumped from a dead branch and skirted the shores of the lake with wings almost touching the surface. We could hear partridges drumming as we made our way up, and varieties of fly-catchers and warblers were continually flitting from side to side of the stream.

But after we had crossed the lake we skirted the shore for some distance, then threaded our way up stream (giving the black flies that swarmed in thousands a chance to feast), then passed over a short carry, then the lake, and hefore noon I found myself reclining in a bed of hemlock twigs beneath a spreading beach, while the guides were preparing a dinner that made me feel hungry before it was cooked.

After dinner the guides passed over to the mainland, and while they were peeling bark to cover the shanty Brand cleared the place where it was to stand and broke hemlock twigs to make a soft and fragrant flooring. Before 3 o'clock the whole thing was finished and a supply of wood piled up alongside that seemed to me sufficient to last for a fortnight.

This home was built with its front toward the east, and in such a position as not only to secure a good view of the mountains, but also so as to catch any stray hreeze that might blow up or down the lakes. This was very necessary, as the smoke of our smudges would pass in front of our home and thus help to keep off the mosquitoes and black-flies. However, we never suffered much from these pests while we were on the island or in the boat. It was only when we landed on the mainland that we seemed enveloped in them.

Before 4 o'clock the guides left us. When they had gone, Brand said "it was lonesome." Perhaps he felt his responsibility more than he did before, for now he had his father on his hands and no one to help him. However, had he known it, every moment this responsibility was lessening as his father drew in the air of health and felt new life coming into his veins.

We now busied ourselves in arranging our mosquito nets. One was on my side and the other on Brand's. Our boxes of provisions were placed in the center, close against the back of the shanty. They hid our faces from each other while we slept.

By 5 o'clock the shadows began to lengthen on the lake, and before 6 the hermit thrushes and white-throats commenced their evening song, though they sang occasionally—some of them—nearly all the day long. The loons also hegan to call and some large birds on the other side that we could not make out. Later the night hawks came swooping around and calling to each other, and far and near we could hear their booming sound as they came with a rush to the earth. Still later we noticed several bats dodging around in front of the shanty; and when the daylight had almost fled the owls commenced their hooting.

But hefore all this there was a tea to get and smudges to be renewed and "light wood to have handy." It was all done, though, and that cheerfully. To be sure I was not able to do much, but I could direct Brand; and no man ever had a more willing pupil.

We were all through hy half past seven, and a little later were sitting in the moonlight where we could see the lake for nearly half its length. We saw several fish break water, or at least thought we did, hut two or three loons kept up such a diving and coming up that it was impossible to tell. And then a muskrat or a mink came swimming along the shore only a few rods in front of us to disturh the quiet waters. Brand—boy-like—wanted to shoot at him with his pistol, but I persuaded him not to. I told him we would have more birds and animals around us if they thought we had no firearms. And so it proved. I imagine that the wild company we had on and around our island was very much owing to this. There was one morning when we saw a doe deer on the mainland, that we were sure would wade across to our home. She walked down to the water twice and wet her feet, stretching out her neck to us and moving her ears. The wind was blowing at the time toward her. When she turned we concluded that she must have smelled the smoke of our camp-fire or the trout we were frying. But more of our wild neighbors bye and bye.

A soon as it got damp we returned to the shanty. A good fire was warming this inside, and it looked hright and cheerful in there, as Brand said. It was so. And he found it so comfortable that before many minutes he was fast asleep. As for myself, I soon followed him, and knew nothing until some time past midnight. Then I felt cold, and called to Brand to make up thc fire. It was almost out. I could just see a few red coals as an occasional breath of air fanned the ashes. He was awake in a moment. His first exclamation was, "Why, father, it is not daylight yet," and then, "Yes, pap. How are you feeling?"

The boy seemed much relieved when I told him I had slept well, and when the fire burned up would take another nap. I did so, and so did he. Had it not been for one of our loon friends, that came along just before sunrise, I do not know but I would have slept nearly half the morning. His doleful howls (I can compare it to nothing else) awoke me and I called Brand at once.

The birds were now in full chorus—hermit thrushes, with their soft, varied and flute-like notes answering each other far and near; then white-throats, now pitching their song in a high key and now in a low one. Occasionally we could hear the wild and varied notes of the winter wren, and wood pewees and fly-catchers, and several sandpipers that ran along the shore or made their circling and stiffened flight as they passed from one place to another.

Brand listened for some time to all this bird music. He had never heard it before in just such a wild place. He said he missed the robins and brown thrashers, and orioles and wood robins, and I do not know how many more, that prefer civilization to a Northern wilderness.

While we were listening a partridge drummed just in the rear of our shanty. "Why, that beats all," said he, "I know the very old log he is standing on; there must be a nest around here." And no doubt there was, but Brand never found it, nor had he yet learned how fond *Bonasa umbellus* is of raising a brood in retirement and in a place he can call his own.

But now the slanting beams of the rising sun are shining into our home. I feel better than I did yesterday and even want some breakfast. I want some trout, but I cannot have them yet, only because I cannot go for them. I solace myself by saying, "Keep on with your improvement and you will be all right before long."

We had a good breakfast and I enjoyed it. I even felt ahle to make the coffee, while Brand boiled me two of the fresh eggs we had brought along. Before noon we went out for a row; I thought it best to wait until the air had become pretty well warmed before we tried that. Brand did the rowing and I took my rod. For some distance we skirted the shore and from time to time I cast the fly. I was not quite equal to this yet, and a few casts were sufficient to satisfy me. Had we caught anything, or had I had a rise the case might have been different, but we saw no signs of trout. However, the air was invigorating, and the scenery heautiful, and the birds delightful. It seemed to me that nothing on earth could be finer.

Brand landed several times to look after nests that he saw, or some very pink laurel, but he was always driven off hy the black flies. The only place that we seemed ahle to escape tnese pests was either in our boat on the lake or at our island home.

Noon found us at the shanty again without a fish, and me hungry as usual. Two more eggs with hread and tea and canned tongue satisfied me. Then a good sleep, and by 3 o'clock we were ready for another excursion. This time we took another way up toward the head of the lake. I did not attempt to fish until we came to a place where we had caught trout in my well days. It was at the mouth of a small stream that ran into the lake through a thicket of alders. The water was shallow in front of these and it occurred to me that just at this season of the year the fish might be lying there where they had heen sunning themselves during the warmer hours of the day.

"Now, Brand," said I, "don't go too near those alders, but swing the boat around and I will make a cast." For one of his age Brand was quite an expert in handling a boat. I had taught him much myself and he had learned more at school. So around I came and away went my flies to within a few feet of the alders. I had a rise at the first cast, and then the next moment was fast to a fish. He was no small one either. I knew this by the effort he made to run under the alders and then, when I turned him, by the wide circle that followed the line as he made his way into the lake. And this without so much as showing us his back fin or his tail. Of course Brand was all excitement, and I must say his father shared in it.

"Don't lose him, pap," said Brand, "I want some trout to-night."

"And you are going to have some, too, if I know anything about it."

Several times the fish made his way toward the boat, as though he meant to run under it, but a skillful stroke of the oar sent her round and he found himself swimming very wide of his mark. But this could not continue very long. My game was tiring, and if it was not, I was. I don't know that I have ever felt more weary when I had landed a fish (not even a salmon) than I did when that trout was in the boat. He was not so very large either, only 14in. I had caught them larger in this very place.

But I was tired now and only too glad to let Brand try his hand. He could cast a fly, and for a boy do it very well too. On his third cast he hooked a fish—not so large as mine, but nearly 12in.—and this was followed hy four that would weigh nearly ½lb. each. Then our luck ceased. I tried again and so did Brand, but with no more rises.

We were ready for home now. The sight of the fish helped,to make me hungry. For tea we had my large fish and one of the smaller ones. I cooked them myself. There was none left of them when we were through, and Brand insisted upon it that he could have eaten more. The others were dressed and laid aside for breakfast.

And now the shadows had long since lengthened on the lakes and the birds had sung their vespers. The night hawks had been through their evolutions and the last prolonged note of the loon had died away on the distant hills. It only remaincd for the bats to come around and the owls to get through their hooting and then the day would he over. But I must confess the owls did a good deal of hooting all night, and occasionally a white-throated sparrow would be heard lisping his wooing song. May be this was because we were approaching the time of the moon's third quarter, when there was light almost until the morning.

When night had settled down and stillness reigned supreme, Brand made up the fire and we crawled under our nets. I was feeling better. Yes, I was improving. There was no doubt about it. I could eat and I could sleep, and I could do these without either "drops" or "tonic." And more than this, I could plan what we would do on the morrow. We would get up early and start for our fishing place, and see if we could not get some more trout. This was our plan when we said good-night to each other. But the hest plans sometimes fail, and especially with fishermen.

What time of night it was when I woke up I could not tell. I only knew that it was unusually dark. There was no moon shining, and only the harest glimmer of fire appeared where there had been such a bright hlaze when we went to sleep. Then the stillness seemed unusual. I could not understand it, and thought at first that I must he dreaming. But no. Here was the net over me; and I could hear Brand breathing only a few feet away. I called him. It was such a relief to feel that he was there, and when he answered so promptly, "What is it, father?" I was sure of my present existence.

He soon had the fire blazing up again. By its light my watch told me it was half-past 3. But there was no sign of moon or stars to be seen in the heavens. We heard something splash in the water as the fire blazed up, and a loon from far away saluted us with his dismal note. When we lay down again I told my son that I thought we would have rain before morning. The air had a heavy feeling and there was that peculiar stillness that seemed to predict a storm.

I was not surprised then, when waking some two hours later, I heard no hirds singing. Some of our island thrushes did attempt it, and so did a white-throat, but they seemed to stop very far short of their full song. And then a flycatcher made a feeble attempt, but he was

no more successful. Soon I heard the quiet rain. It had just commenced. I did not wake Brand. I knew he would find the day long enough without my calling him very early, so I turned over and slept again, and the next time I awoke it was broad daylight and the rain was dripping from the trees all around us.

Brand awoke at nearly the same time. As he looked from under our cover he remarked, "I guess I will have to read about birds to-day, and we will play cribbage."

But a breakfast was to be prepared now, and I must not leave the shelter of our shanty. Brand knew this and said, "Pap, I guess I will have to make the coffee this morning, and I will have a chance to show my skill on cooking trout. How glad I am that we have them."

But not so fast. We have not got them yet.

When Brand went to look for his fish they were not there. We had left them on a tin plate in a fissure of a large rock close to the shanty near the shore. Such a thing as birds or animals disturbing them had never occurred to us. But they were gone, and all Brand could find was the tracks of some animal in the sand near the rock, and these almost obliterated by the rain that had fallen.

I was sorry for Brand even more than I was for myself. But there was no help for it, and he took his disappointment well. Said he, "Father, you have one fresh egg left. You can eat that and I will fry some pork." This was our breakfast. It was cooked outside in the rain, and we ate it under cover. We both did well, however. I had the two last slices of bread toasted, while Brand contented himself with plenty of ship biscuit soaked in coffee.

But now how should we spend the day. The rain continued. It seemed to increase from the time it began, and by 9 o'clock there was a steady downpour. I was afraid more than once that it would put out our fire. It would have done so had we not kept plenty of wood on.

It was a "tedious" day, so an old friend of mine used to say. I read to my boy some and he read to me. Then we would stop and talk for a while and plan, and tell each other what we meant to do when the rain ceased. We had great interest in watching a thrush that seemed to have his home under a little beech tree, and a bedraggled Canada warbler that appeared to feel very badly because, with all his pluming, he could not improve his appearance.

But the most of our attention was given to the "drummer." We caught sight of him several times as he came out a few yards away at one side of the shanty. He was very wary about showing himself and we had to be careful if we expected to see him at all. His peeping place was from under a little spruce. Here he would take a glance at our shanty and then retire. Poor fellow, he looked as though he might have fallen into the lake. His tail and ruffles were in a most dilapidated state. Drumming was out of the question, even had he wanted to.

I wrote a letter home and told my wife of my improved health; and our home and our plans. I do not think I ever wrote her as long a letter since the days of our "engagement." Maybe I never had time to, but I am afraid the rain had something to do with the length of this one.

There was no let up in the storm at noon. It was the same old downpour and drip, drip, drip. A rainy day in the country is bad enough, but a rainy day in camp is indescribable.

The dinner was cooked in the rain, or I should say, the tea was made—for the dinner consisted of simply tea—canned tongue, ship-biscuit and ginger snaps for Brand. Of course, we did not expect our guide; he was not to come if it rained, and without question it had done so.

It was after 2 o'clock before there seemed any cessation in the storm. From 6 o'clock in the morning until 2 in the afternoon is a long time to sit inside a shanty and look out at the dripping trees. But all things have an end. Gradually the rain held up; then there was a light place in the clouds, then a ripple on the lake coming from the west, then we heard the loons calling and a bird of some kind called over from the other shore. As the sky lightened more birds began to call. Then, at last, as the sun came out in his full splendor, the woods seemed alive again with bird life. Meanwhile Brand had bailed out the boat and wiped the seats dry, and I was invited to go for a row and take my rod along. Brand would take his too. "We would go up to the old place and see if we could not get some trout for supper."

How lovely it was after the rain. Everything was so fresh and the air so clear that we could see cliffs and rocks on the mountain we had never seen before. Then Brand "felt in the humor of rowing." He said "He wanted to stretch his arms," and it was not more than twenty minutes before he added, "Now, pap, get ready for a cast."

I was on time and the first effort brought me a half-pounder. Then a second one, a little larger, followed it, and so on until I had six. Then Brand must try and I sat down at the oars. I had strength to keep the boat still. He caught three, one of them larger than any of mine, while the two others were smaller. But here our luck ceased, though we tried for a good while. Indeed, the shades of night were settling upon the lake before we left the alders.

However, we were not long in going home, nor was it very late before we were regaling ourselves upon trout, ship's bread, canned peaches and tea.

There was a dampness in the air this evening that did not allow of our sitting in the usual place by the lake. I was improving and I meant to run no risks. So we kept inside our shelter and played cribbage for an hour or more.

S.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Exportation of American Elk.

COMMENTING on our note in issue of June 30 respecting the capture of living elk, a correspondent writes from England:

"I have been offered a herd of live elk—young ones recently captured in the States. I am not at liberty to mention names. I do not require any live elk, but seeing in your paper lately that elk are being exterminated I thought it important to let you know that live elk are being sent out of the country, which will help to exterminate them. Ought this not to be looked after?"

"No, Maude, dear, the taxidermist is not a collector of taxes, although he does work a skin game."—*Philadelphia Record.*

DOWN THE FLORIDA COAST.

HAVING heard that a private sailing yacht, owned by a gentleman of Clear Water Harbor, could be hired, we made up a party for cruising down the Gulf of Mexico. The boat is a two-masted schooner, carrying mainsail, foresail, topstaysail and jib. When her canvas is all spread she is a picture. She is 70ft. long, and has a fine cabin with ample accommodations for ten persons, nicely lighted and ventilated. In fact, she is a remarkably well-appointed boat. The terms were so much per day, we to provision her and board the crew, which consisted of captain, mate and cook. Then began the work of preparation. If you could have seen the quantity of bread, biscuits, boiled hams, chicken, cakes, cookies, doughnuts, pork and beans, jellies, jams and preserves that were put on board, to say nothing of the raw material stowed away, one might conclude that we were anticipating sailing around the world.

It was a beautiful morning in April. I shall long remember that morning; the sky was as blue as a robin's egg, and the air as soft and balmy as a June day and full of the fragrance of the sea and pines. Truly it was charming. We put up sail and started down the bay to go out the pass into the gulf proper, five miles away. All along are the piers and pavilions of the families who have winter homes on the bluff, and there were congregated men, women and children, all waving handkerchiefs and wishing us God-speed. Several boats acted as escort for some distance. As long as we could sight home, we could see the waving of handkerchiefs. Soon we were through the pass into the sea, and our introduction was a dead calm. We rocked and rocked, and tossed from side to side, sails flapping, not a breath of wind. We noticed that the crew watched us somewhat curiously. After a time the captain said, "Well, she's coming now." I asked, "What?" He replied, "The wind; don't you see it?" When I told him I did not, he called my attention to a dark line across the water miles away, saying, "She'll be here right quick." And sure enough "she" was. The sails filled, and as it was a fair wind we were soon sailing in fine style. The captain remarked, "Well, I reckon you ladies are pretty good sailors." Upon asking why, we were told that the ladies usually "fed the fishes" when encountering a dead swell. We were assured we need have no further fear of seasickness.

Going on board so late in the morning, the cook had prepared dinner without any instructions, so when we went down we were a little amused at the bill of fare, which consisted of boiled pork, cabbage, potatoes, onions, beats, tomatoes, corn-bread, coffee, etc. We were too hungry to be fastidious; we added a dessert, and felt that we had dined well. After that we helped the cook plan the meals, and they were good, every one of them, each and every one can verify this statement, because every one was ready to test them. There were nine in the party.

We sailed sixty miles that day, and just as the sun was sinking into the sea we started through the pass leading into Sarasota Bay, where we were to anchor for the night. At the supper table we heard a peculiar grating sound, then a thump, a thud, and a bump. The doctor said, "We've struck." We all rushed on deck; and sure enough we had gone aground. Of course, the first question was: "How long will we have to stay here, captain?" "Can't tell," he answered; "hope to get off on the next high tide." "And when will that be?" "To-morrow, I reckon." And that was all we could find out.

Then we fell to speculating. "One said, "It was high tide when we came in here. I don't see how we are going to get off on the next one; it won't be high enough." "What then? Captain said we would have to wait until the new moon. How long would that be? The calendar was consulted, and we found it would be in six days. Well, we discussed the matter pro and con; and all were agreed it was a good plan to stay. And we retired happy and content, as we knew we were safely anchored anyhow.

The next morning our men went fishing and the ladies amused themselves in various ways, the crew meanwhile working to get the boat in a position to be able to take advantage of the tide. Much to our relief, at noon the following day we were once more afloat. That night we anchored off Captiva Island, in Charlotte Harbor, where the captain said we would find some fine shells. We rowed over, landed and started up the beach. As we were walking one of our party called our attention to a peculiar footprint in the sand, which he said was that of an Indian moccasin. A little further on he showed us the track of a wildcat. I wandered on searching for shells and looking up suddenly I could not see a single person in sight. I cannot describe the sensation that came over me for a moment. I do not think it was fear, but the fact that I was more than a thousand miles from home, on an uninhabited island, except for an occasional Indian camp, the boundless sea, the deepening twilight shadows, no sound save that of the surf rolling at my feet; altogether it was an experience I would not have asked to have of long duration. Somehow I felt so helpless—such an aloneness. I was not afraid of Indians or wildcats, but it was a moment of oppressive solemnity. However, the party soon came around the point, and as we knew how soon the darkness shuts down in Florida we hastened back to the Ardell.

We were always up betimes in the morning, and I venture to say we saw the sun rise more times while we were on that cruise than we will in many a year. The crew were always on deck at "sun up," and the walking, washing decks and rattling of ropes and sails made sleep impossible. We sailed all the next day, and at night anchored near Senibel Island Lighthouse. Here our anglers found fine Spanish mackerel fishing, catching many 24in. long. We went over to the lighthouse to call. The houses for the keeper and assistant are built upon piers 12ft. high to protect them from the high sea, which sometimes washes over the entire island. They said they were "mighty glad to see folks; putty lonesome living there." They told me their nearest neighbor was eight miles away, and they were obliged to go twenty-five miles for a physician and provisions, and all by a small boat.

We had heard that Marco on the Gulf was an important point, so set sail for there. We could not make it the first day, so for the first time we anchored outside. We started early the next morning, and when the captain sai Marco, we asked where. All we could see was a pier with a small building attached to it, and in the distance a house. We inquired if that was all of Marco. "Yes," was the answer, "except the cocoanut grove." We took to our rowboats at once, and soon had the pleasure of standing under a "sure enough" cocoanut tree. This was a wonderful sight to us. The trees stand in rows 25ft. apart and are from 30 to 40ft. high, and as they belong to the palm family, the foliage is of that character. The branches are not unlike our ferns, only many of them are 15ft. long, and they grow in rows around the trunk of the tree. They are exceedingly graceful as they wave to and fro in midair. The tops of the trees meet overhead and form a charming archway. It was certainly a delightful treat. We saw the nuts in all stages of growth, from the blossom to those full grown. We visited the house, and here we found as cultivated a lady as one will often meet, and a well furnished and well kept home. I noticed among other things a piano. We also found a beautiful and daintily dressed baby boy ten days old. Our call was very pleasant, and we all wished we could express ourselves in as good English and as choice language as did this mother with her eight little children, 'way down on this almost forsaken Florida coast. We found here some fine venison, which was very acceptable.

After leaving Marco we sailed down among the Ten Thousand Islands. When we reached there we exclaimed fairy land at last. I cannot describe this. It is among the things you feel, and the language that would express it does not seem to have been put into words. The entire bay, as far as the eye can reach, is dotted with beautiful green islands of all sizes and shapes. We would sail along toward what seemed to be mainland; and as we neared the shore, without a moment's warning we would come upon another opening—an avenue we called it, fringed with trees on each side, their branches interlaced and interwoven, forming a perfect bower. One could row for hours, in and out, from one avenue to another, the water as smooth as glass and as blue as the sky above. we exhausted all the adjectives at command, and still the half was not said.

These islands are formed by mangrove trees, and the formation is something wonderful. A mangrove seed is like a cigar in shape and color; it floats upon the water and sends down a root; and this grows and floats about until it finds something to fasten to—a bit of coral reef, anything that will afford anchorage. Then it sends up a shoot, and as it grows it sends down roots from its branches. You will see these roots hanging down from the branches of the trees many feet long, looking like our wild grapevine. These swing around until they are of sufficient length to reach the water, and in turn fasten themselves to something and send up another tree. This forms a complete network, and soon the sand begins to accumulate, and all sorts of floating debris, such as seaweed, lodges there; barnacles fasten on the roots in the water—and, behold! an island is born. The bushes grow very rapidly and soon become large trees, whose foliage is very dense, and whose falling leaves add to the accumulation. One has only to watch the processes of nature in the formation of those islands, to understand more easily how much of Florida is made land.

After feasting our eyes on this beautiful picture, we set sail for home. We had had what the captain called fair winds going down; but now our course was northwest, and the wind was blowing strongly from the same directon. We started at noon from Boca-Grande Pass to make Stump Pass, twenty miles. The wind had been blowing from the northwest all the previous night and was still blowing, so we found a very heavy sea outside and were compelled to beat up against the wind. We would go out five miles, tack in; go eight miles and only gain three or four.

The waves kept getting higher and higher, and the wind blew harder and harder; but we thought we would soon be inside. Finally, as night was fast coming on, I said, "Captain, are we not almost to Stump Pass?" "I can't go in Stump Pass," was the reply, "it is a narrow channel, and this wind would send us on the breaker bars sure." "Well," I asked, "what are you going to do?" "The only thing I can do—sail. It is so rough I cannot anchor outside, and I cannot get in." In the meantime darkness was fast coming on, and we were ploughing and plunging about, the water dashing over the deck. The prospect of keeping up that rail fence business all night in such a sea, and not getting anywhere was not altogether cheering, and to add to the might-be of the occasion, we saw a black cloud lying low in the west, out from which the lightning flashed continuously. The wind howled, the ropes rattled, the waves pounded up against the sides of the boat, with force enough (it seemed to us) to break her in pieces. The outlook was that we had a wild night before us; and we began wondering if there was any way out. Finally one suggested going back to Boca Grande Pass. A council was held. The captain said he would turn about if we so elected; and as there was nothing to gain except time, and that was of no account to us, we instructed him to set sail for Boca Grande.

It was worth the whole trip to have experienced that sail. It was grand beyond description. We were going with the wind now, and we seemed to fly through the water, dashing it in all directions. The waves were high and long, and as far as the eye could reach, each one was crested with phosphorescent light. The whole sea was brilliantly illuminated.

Soon we espied a light and exclaimed, "Boca Grande Lighthouse!" We felt we had found a friend, although it was fifteen miles away. As we neared the pass I noticed that the captain looked anxious, and gave his commands in a quick, sharp manner, very unlike his usual way. It took us some time to get inside; and how we did plunge and roll going through the pass. After we were safely anchored, the captain told us the only real danger was in going through the pass, but in such a night and such a sea it was hard to distinguish between the breakers on the bar and the waves, and he added, "I found it business to get inside." We had been from 12 o'clock until 7:30 in the evening running twenty miles, and we had come back in two hours and ten minutes. Pretty fast sailing, we thought.

We sailed out of the pass the next morning after our little adventure, and as the fishing was fine in Lemon Bay, to which Stump Pass is the entrance, we concluded to spend the afternoon and night there. After dinner our fishermen went fishing and returned at nightfall laden with oysters, clams, fish-snipe, etc.; so we voted that quite a profitable afternoon.

The following day the captain told us that not far awa

was an island where a man lived who was 114 years old, had known Napoleon, and was wonderfully interesting. His wife was old, but she did not know her age. They lived entirely alone on this island, twenty miles from anybody; and the captain could sail us near and anchor for the night. We reached there at 4 P. M., and immediately rowed over.

The old lady came down the beach to meet us, exclaiming, "I am glad, oh I am so glad to see you," and invited us to the house. This was a rude affair, with two small rooms, without plaster or paint, but very comfortable when compared with the "shack" house she had lived in until a few months previous to our visit. To our great regret when we asked where her husband was, she said, "Oh, my old man he's gone tar-a-pin [meaning terrapin] fishing. He's got tar-a-pin on the brain, my old man has." I could but think, notwithstanding her almost complete isolation, that she had "caught on" to some of the modern slang. Soon after we were seated she brought in a plate and filled it with bananas, which she passed, insisting on each taking one. She said she always "liked to treat folks nice that came to see her." Upon thanking her, her reply was, "You are very welcome, m'am, indeed you *are* welcome." I could but think this true hospitality. Upon asking her if she lived entirely alone when her husband was away, she said, "All but the chickens; they are a mighty lot of company daytimes, but they go to bed right early—then I ain't got nobody." When I asked her how she managed to get enough to eat she told me she had plenty clams, oysters, fish, etc. "Do you ever make clam chowder?" I asked. "Yes, m'am." "How do you make it?" "Well, m'am, I take a little pork, slice it, and put in the kettle with the clams and water. Sliced potatoes, if I have them. Onions is good in chowder; put some in if I've got 'em. Tomato is mighty nice; don't have that much, though. I like black pepper, too; always put it in if I've got it." "But," I said, "Mrs. Gomez, how do you make chowder without these things?" "Why, leave 'em out." I imagine her chowder consists many times of pork, clams and water.

She walked a long way on the beach with us on our way to our boats, and she remarked to me, "Well, m'am, if I had a dollar for every time I've been down to this beach, why I'd have a million of 'em." "What makes you come down so often?" I inquired, "Lonesome, m'am, *so* lonesome I can't stay in the house."

As we rowed away from the shore, it was pitiful to look back at her, standing there alone, her head bent forward, her eyes fixed on our receding boats, her figure outlined against the sky, and the wind blowing her scanty garments about her. It was a picture of desolation, and affected us all deeply. After we were back it occurred to us, why did we not ask her over to take supper? Every man was on his feet instantly, saying. "I'll go and fetch her over." She seemed so happy and delighted! At the table one of the gentlemen was talking to me about how lonely it must be for them, and remarked, "But I suppose they don't mind it; they get used to it." I did not know she had heard the remark, but she made answer, "Never *do* get used to it, sir." When it came time for her to go home, she wanted to stay longer; said she didn't feel in any hurry, if we didn't.

The next morning as we sailed away, we saw her standing watching us, and as long as we could see her through our glass, her eyes were seaward. Somehow we felt we were breaking the link between her and civilization. We have wondered many times if her "old man" ever came back. He has a little old boat with a rag of a sail, and he goes out miles in the ocean all alone. I think with her, "he's getting too old to go by himself." She said "he had kind of queer spells, and she had to give him a heap of Jamaica ginger to rouse him up." We talked about what will become of them when one dies—with not a soul within twenty miles—and we all echoed the thought, "Oh, solitude where are they charms?" As we sailed up to the pier at St. James City, in Charlotte Harbor, we saw a fine tarpon that a gentleman had just landed. It weighed 100lbs. One of our party, a gentleman from Kentucky, who has a winter home in Clearwater, and who has been very ambitious to land a tarpon with rod and reel (and who, by the way, had as fine a tarpon outfit as he could buy), could not withstand the temptation to try his skill and his new rod, so he decided to leave us and put in a few days fishing. We sailed as near Punta Rassa as we could get, and then rowed him over there and left him.

For days after our return we were expecting a telegram hourly from Tom saying he had landed his fish, but instead one morning he put in an appearance, and the fish he had promised himself to get before he left the west coast was still in the deep sea. Tom is a good fisherman and he was not discouraged, so he spent a day in getting his tackle in order and providing enough for the sharks, who were more friendly than the tarpon, and did not hesitate to take bait, hook, line and the whole business. When all was ready he said he would catch a tarpon in Clearwater Bay before he went home. Well, he fished from early morning until sundown, until one morning he went out and at 11 o'clock A. M. landed with his rod and reel a magnificent one weighing 130lbs. The next day his brother caught one, and upon reaching shore he threw his line, with the tarpon, on the sand while he pulled up his boat; and much to his surprise and disgust the fish flopped over, broke the snood and flopped into the water again. The bay is full of tarpon, but there is some trouble in getting them, because the sharks are so plentiful.

To resume my story. One day one of our ladies thought she would try her hand fishing, and accordingly put out a trolling line. Directly I heard her call, "Come, quick, and help. I have a fish." Two or three ran and helped her pull, and when it came in sight she found she had a shark.

The rest of our trip was uneventful, and we came home as rapidly as wind and tide would permit, landing safely in Clearwater Harbor on the morning of the thirteenth day. We all felt that our trip had been one of genuine pleasure; and we will long remember cruising down the West Florida coast. H. N. C.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich.

[Our issue of July 8, 1893, contained a capital portrait of John Gomez and his wife, and a picture of their thatched house. The photographs were sent us by "Tarpon" and illustrated his story of a cruise to the Ten Thousand Islands. According to "Tarpon," Gomez reckons his years from 1781.]

Natural History.

WATCHING A GROUSE DRUM.

EARLY in one October I had the only opportunity which has ever presented itself in my twenty years of experience in forest and field of studying the method employed by the cock partridge in producing that peculiar sound known among sportsmen as drumming.

I was out with my gun looking for quail quite early in the morning, and was working toward a small wooded swamp where I knew the birds found a safe shelter at roosting time, as well as from the gun when flushed by dog, for no hunter, no matter how ardent, would have the temerity to brave the suckholes and wild brier vines. Hearing the call of a quail I stopped to listen and locate him positively. I stood facing a stone wall, distant about six rods, on each side of which grew hazel bushes. Suddenly out of those on the opposite side sprang a fine old cock partridge and dropped on the wall directly in front of me, tail spread, ruff standing out and crest raised—the picture of alertness. What a chance for an artist. I hardly breathed. Between us was a small alder bush, tall and slim. This was the only shelter, yet the bird did not seem to notice me, for after standing a moment he began preening himself, seeming to enjoy the rays of the sun, which shone warm and bright.

I stood and watched him thus for probably ten minutes; and was considering whether to let him go altogether or flush and try a shot, when he stopped, shook himself, stretched one wing and leg, then the other, took a look all around, and slightly raising his feathers, as a sitting hen when disturbed, raised his wings a little above a horizontal line and brought them down against his body, increasing the time until it ended in a flutter, as it seemed. This I watched him repeat; the third time I moved slightly; he spotted me and moved also. But I stopped him not 10ft. from where he stood; and when I heard him giving his last flutter I felt like a murderer.

I am perfectly satisfied on one point, however, that the "mysterious noise," as some term it, is produced by striking the wings against the body. As many will admit, who have had the opportunity to observe, the sound is more pronounced and distinct at a distance than very near it, where it has a muffled fluttering sound.

Many theories are advanced on the subject, among them one to the effect that the bird stands on a hollow log and strikes it with his wings, thus producing the sound from the log. I inclose a clipping from a daily paper, which speaks of this method quite positively. But in the instance of which I write there was no possibility of my making a mistake, as the bird was in plain sight all of the time and stood on a stone wall; consequently the sound must have come from striking the body, as I have said. F. A. C.

CONNECTICUT.

IN WASHINGTON WILDS.

OUR long-time correspondent, "Forked Deer," of California, sends us the following extracts from a letter written to him by a friend who is homesteading in Washington. They give some notion of the incidents which amid such surroundings break up the monotony of existence, dispel *ennui* and make life worth the living:

Some two months ago a man who was working for me got his fingers jammed one day so that he could not work, so he went home, some two miles, on the river where his claim is. He has a wife and two small children, the youngest a girl two and a half years old. They have lost several chickens, always taken in the daytime; his wife had seen the animal and thought it to be a wildcat. Well, this day, when the man got home, he took the bucket and started to the river for water, some 50yds. away. His bird dog followed him. When half way, the dog began to growl and whine; and there right beside the path lay a cougar. George halloed and the cougar sprang at the dog, but missed it and ran, George after it, the dog barking. It went down the river some 50yds., and then climbed a small hemlock about 30ft. and sat snapping and growling at them. George called to his wife to bring his rifle. When she brought it there was but one cartridge, so she went back to the house and got some more. Then George put a ball through the cougar's head that brought it down. To make sure George put two more balls into it; and they dragged it to the house. It was a female and had had kittens, but had lost them. Very likely the male had killed them. George went to a near neighbor to get a young fellow to help him skin it. While he was gone, his wife was looking at it and saw some of the muscles twitch. She thought it was going to come to life again, so she took an axe and just chopped its head to pieces. It was a very large cougar, measuring 7ft. from tip to tip. They have lost no more chickens. It is a wonder that it had not taken the little girl, for she often went some way from the house.

A cougar was seen about a mile and a half from me the other day. A man met it in the road; it stood and looked at him; the man took his pistol and fired two shots at it, when it jumped on a log and trotted off, and did not appear to be in any hurry about it either. I had been over the road myself not more than a half hour before with a rifle, and I would have been pleased to say good morning to the gentleman.

Two weeks ago I took a puppy and started out to pick some whortleberries half a mile from the house, where I knew there were plenty. When I got on to the ground, I sat down on to a log and began to pick. They were hanging thick on all sides, the red and the black. After a moment or two I heard the cracking of limbs and brush a little way off in the timber. I thought the natives must be around. Soon there was snarling and growling; it sounded as if there might be a large family of them, and they were coming my way. I had no gun, so I got up on a big log and kept still. Soon I saw what all the racket was. Two bears were quarreling and fighting over a few berries. One approached within 20yds. of where I was, and I had a chance of seeing a bear pick berries. He would sit up and reach around a bunch of bushes that had berries on, and then with his paws he would scrape them into his mouth, leaves and all. I suppose the leaves helped to fill up. At last he got a scent that did not suit him, took a turn and looked squarely at me; blew his nose; took another good smell that satisfied him; gave one snort, and broke for the tall timber. The other bear was quickly alarmed, and away they went, leaving me to finish my picking in peace.

I saw, the other morning, something that amused me. There were some roots burning and I threw on some rotten wood. It made a thick smoke, and while I was looking at it I saw a water ousel flying straight toward me with that peculiar flight of theirs which they always have when they are going to alight—it seems as if it was the last inch it could possibly fly, although they are very strong of wing. Well, he lit on a root not ten feet away from me, looked at me and walked down the root into the thick smoke, and there shook out his feathers the same as a bird does when bathing. He stayed until I thought he must smother; then he walked out and winked and blinked so queerly that it made me laugh; then went in again. He went through this performance four times, then flew away to the creek. Perhaps some others have seen the same thing, but I never heard of anything like it before. C. B. R.

Winter Home of the Barren Ground Caribou.

BY J. B. TYRRELL, M.A., F.G.S., F.G.S.A.

AMONG the few large animals still found in great numbers on this continent, the barren-ground caribou (*Rangifer grœnlandicus, Linn.*) is probably the most interesting and important. It is the principal occupant of the great lonely wastes that extend southward from the shores of the Arctic Sea, not only in America but also in Europe and Asia. The Indians who people the northern part of Canada, including the Chipewyans, Yellow-knives and Dog-ribs, subsist very largely on its flesh, while its light warm skin with its thick covering of light gray hair furnishes them with beds and winter clothing, and the tanned hides, sewed with the sinews from the back, supply them with footgear and comfortable tents. In fact all their necessities, except their ammunition, tea and tobacco, and a small amount of summer clothing, are supplied by the caribou.

In size the barren ground caribou is much smaller than the woodland species, an adult female shot by the writer near Lake Athabasca being about as large as the common Virginia deer of this vicinity, and weighing about 150lbs.; while an adult male of the woodland species, obtained in the rocky country east of Lake Winnipeg, the head of which is now in the Museum of the Geological Survey, weighed between 300 and 400lbs.

The horns are very large and irregular, very few of them being alike, and all being apparently unsuited to travel through the thick woods. The males are said to shed their horns in November, while the females retain theirs throughout the winter and shed them early in the following spring.

Their winter coat of long hair is shed early in July, and by August or the beginning of September the hide is in excellent condition, and the hair is soft and not too long, so that at this season the Indians endeavor to kill a sufficient number to furnish themselves with clothing for the winter. Later in the year the hair becomes harder and more brittle, and the hide is said to be riddled with holes made by the larvæ of a bot fly.

In summer these deer live on the great rocky wilderness that extends from a short distance north of Athabasca and Reindeer lakes, between Great Slave Lake and Hudson's Bay, to the Arctic Ocean. In the autumn they collect together in large bands and move southward into the wooded country where they spend the winter, leaving again for the barrens in the early spring.

During the present year the writer spent the summer in one of their favorite wintering grounds in the hitherto unexplored region north of Churchill River and southeast of Lake Athabasca. Almost all of the deer were at the time away to the north, but a few stragglers had remained behind.

Our party entered the country by ascending the Caribou River, a stream about as large as the Rideau, flowing into Churchill River 225 miles north of Battleford. On the first of July it was found to be at its extreme high water level. Its banks were overhung with willows, and its bed was quicksand, so that we could neither track nor pole, but were obliged to ascend it with the paddle against a heavy and constant current. The river flows in a wide valley, with high granite ridges at some distance back.

As the river is ascended, poplar, white spruce, and all underbrush gradually disappear, and the country becomes generally wooded with Banksian pine, with black spruce in the wet places, and great stony tracts devoid of timber of any kind. We have now reached the winter home of the caribou which in this region stretches northward from about Lat. 56° 45'. It consists of long, almost bare hills of Archæan rocks, separated by wide valleys, the bottoms of which are filled with sand and ridges of boulders. In these valleys lie many small lakes, on the shore of one of which, near the head of Caribou River, the Hudson's Bay Company established a small trading post last autumn, and traded with the Indians throughout the winter, but in spite of the fact that meat is abundant the Indians are not going back there this winter and the post has been abandoned.

The Indians report that the deer collect on the frozen surface of these lakes during the day in immense herds, and are readily killed as long as the desire remains to shoot them, or till the whole herd is exterminated. My informant stated that last winter the hunters killed from one to three hundred apiece.—*Proceedings of the Canadian Institute.*

A Tame Partridge.

NORTH BATIMORE, O., July 16.—I have a female partridge (commonly called here pheasant) that was caught during a blinding snow storm on Feb. 3, 1894. The snow was more than one foot deep, and when the partridge lit it buried itself in the snow. An oil pumper saw it light, and going to the place pushed his hand around in the snow and caught it without much struggle. He brought it home and kept it in the house for a few days, when I bought it of him. It was placed in a wire cage six feet square, and kept in the yard until about four weeks ago, when it accidentally got out. Instead of leaving, as we supposed it would, it stays about the yard and in the orchard, where we have eight pet deer. It is quite tame, does not offer to leave or fly away, and will submit to being caught. It is very fond of small grain of any kind and will feed with the chickens. We have always been told that partridges could not be tamed, but that is a mistaken idea. We judge it to be one or two years old; it is sound, healthy, of full regulation size, and is becoming very tame. D. E. P

Geysers at Norris Basin.

A PRESS dispatch dated July 22, from the Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone National Park, announces renewed geyser activity at Norris Geyser Basin. It says:

"A telegram received here from a reliable source says a shock resembling an earthquake was felt at Norris Geyser Basin at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. The new crater geyser, which had been quiet for some time, broke out with terrific force, throwing rocks weighing 25lbs. to the height of 200ft. Steam rose 500ft., accompanied by a roar equalling the combined exhaust of a thousand locomotives, which could be heard for ten miles. Every geyser in the Norris Basin played for hours. The new crater now surpasses any geyser in action in the Park."

Sea Gulls Nesting in Trees.

CALAIS, Me., July 14.—Mr. J. H. Wilmott of Muskoka, Canada, asks if it is a common thing for sea gulls to alight upon trees. I would say that they do down this way, and several kinds breed upon the thick trees about the island of Grand Manan, so the people tell me. The large black-back gull (*Larus marinus*) and *L. argentatus* formerly had nests upon the ground, but they were so often robbed of their eggs that for many years they have had their nests upon the trees. Foxes were put upon the island and they have dispersed all the ground-laying birds. The Bonaparte gull (*Larus philadelphia*) is said always to breed upon the trees, but not about the Bay of Fundy.

GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

A Bobolink Picnic.

WE saw a pretty sight yesterday morning as we were driving near a crystal spring that gushes out from under a great brown rock. A flock of bobolinks were having a picnic. Some were strutting about like crows on parade; some scratching for worms like chickens, some bathing. There were a dozen or more of them, and to have seen them there no one would have dreamed that they were the leaders of the whole bird-orchestra of all that grassy meadow side.

ANNIE A. PRESTON.

CONNECTICUT.

Sea Gulls in Trees.

INDIAN ROCK, Me.—It is quite common for sea gulls to light on dead trees around the Rangeley Lakes. One pair have nested on a dead tree, the top being broken off. I think it was used for several years. Young partridges are very plenty this season.

C. T. R.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Five Minutes of Green Funk.

I WAS reading one of "M. Quad's" rattlesnake stories about an army sergeant, who woke up with a rattler coiled beside him; and who was so scared that he lost his mind and died from the effect of the fright; and it brought to mind two snake stories, neither of them quite so far-reaching in their effects. I am constrained to say that I don't believe that about the big sergeant dying. I once tramped on a poisonous snake with my bare feet, and with both feet at that, and was neither scared to death nor bitten. But great Scott! the jump I made. I have always been considered abnormally quick; and my escape must have been owing partly to my quickness and partly to the fact that the snake, being trampled upon, couldn't get himself unlimbered in time.

But one morning I left camp before any one else was awake and went over the shoulder of a hill toward a side cañon to look for deer. Stepping quietly among the underbrush and grasses and flowers and leaves, I was suddenly halted, nay, petrified, by a soft, indescribable whirr somewhere beneath or around me. It was a snake and I could not see him nor locate him. I stood there, I said five minutes, but I suppose in reality it was not more than five seconds, in the coldest, deadliest fear I know anything about. I had to go somewhere; the sound ceased; obviously it was safer to go back and back I went. I got up on a log and cocked my Winchester and looked carefully for the cause of my scare. Then I got a rock and tossed it in there, but nothing moved or sounded again; so I went back to camp. I had sort of lost my hankering after deer. I am a nervous, timed creature, prone to alarm, but after that fifteen minutes (for now that I begin to recall the sensation I am of opinion that I stood there fifteen minutes instead of five seconds) upon the side of the cañon I seemed to think I had never been scared before.

A perfectly truthful man once told me that he knew the following to have occurred: An officer had his arm shot off at the battle of Gettysburg; and when he regained consciousness after a fainting spell, a very large rattlesnake was sleeping upon his bosom. He simply swooned off again; and after a while when they began to collect the wounded, another officer found the two of them sleeping there, and killed the snake with a skillful sword-cut, and the wounded man recovered with the loss of his arm, but with as much sand in his craw as he ever had.

Snakes travel a good deal on their reputation. They scare birds and small animals so they become helpless. We all know this to be a fact. And then when they get in a tight place with a man, they try to run a bluff on him. A lawyer in our town once met a rattlesnake down in the Ozarks, and began to experiment, or rather to let the snake experiment, to see if there was anything in the snake charming theory. He said that the snake's eyes got brighter and brighter and his scales became glistening and his body seemed to swell up a little thicker and the whole outfit became so engrossing that he finally ran away from the snake in a dead scare and didn't get over it for a good while after. He told me that it was his belief that if he had kept company with that snake much longer he would have lost his wits.

A 6ft. blacksnake once ran a bluff on me. I kept trying to kill him with stones; and he just kept right on toward his hole as slowly as if I was throwing the other way, and I saw him disappear unharmed, very much to my chagrin. A while after that I went back there and he was out again, and when he saw me he up with his head about 8in. off the ground and came right for me. It was a cool bluff and it would have worked three times out of four too; only this time I was good and mad and I picked up a bit of a stick about an inch thick and a foot long and I met him half way and hit him a crack over his neck that knocked the fight and everything else out of him as completely as if I had hit him with a baseball bat.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

A Close Shooter.

WILLIE, who was wise at sixteen years of age, was the proud possessor of his first gun. His friend Eddie was assisting him to admire it. Both knew all about guns.

Said Eddie, "I don't believe that gun will kill a rabbit as close as ten steps."

"I know it will," said Willie, "because papa said it was bored purposely for close shooting."

B. WATERS.

Game Bag and Gun.

BIG GAME IN CHICAGO'S SUBURBS.

Time—November, 1893. *Persons*—Nephew, niece, his wife and uncle. *Game*—Deer, bear, wildcats, rabbits, grouse, etc. *Place*—The camp as per caption above.

AND this is no libel upon that big city's fair fame, but is indubitable proof of its varied and unrivalled attractions, as will be admitted by those who read this article to its close.

Of all the months that drop from the fruit tree of time, what one is comparable with November for outdoor hunting and camping. It is the mother of those marvels called Indian summer days. All above is gold-dust in atmospheric solution, and, immersed in this rare elixir for a few days, all the acidity of one's nature is extracted and only the honey-dew of "peace on earth and good will to men" remains. It is a time for day-dreaming and for close approach to nature's heart.

There were three of us who took part in the joys and experiences herein described. A man whose brow had faced time's frosts and snows until they had lodgement in his locks, and a husband and wife whose faces were aglow with the light of life's forenoon.

By the courtesy of Mr. C. E. Robbins of Chicago, we occupied one of the buildings of one of his then unoccupied lumber camps on the banks of the Big Eagle River, a rushing, rollicking, noisy stream, clear, pure and delicious as it is healthful. By noon we have all our traps in place, beds snugly made (they are ticks filled with wild hay, both of which were secured from A. Baker, the guide and hunter of this region, and who conveyed us thither), and were ready for dinner. One hour more and we conclude to visit a lake a mile south. It is a lake, lovely as some gem in an ocean of green, a crystal set about with the fadeless green of pine and cedar trees. Abundant sign of deer is seen in a foot path around the lake, and gives us much hope of further conquests. We have brought axe, nails and boards to improvise a float of logs to enable us to fish on the lake, but after several hours of labor find our logs too much water-soaked, and our first attempt to fish is a failure. On returning, we think we may secure a deer, but instead we bowl over two fine rabbits, and we have meat if we didn't get fish for our first night in camp. And that supper, together with the subsequent breakfasts, dinners and suppers impels the writer to advise his fellow sportsmen to put a final veto on the old-time plan of taking a male cook or attempting the task of doing the cooking "by turns." Take your wife or wives with you. Generally speaking they, too, are true lovers of nature's charms, and more keenly alert to her beauties and subtleties, and carry with them, as at home, woman's mystic spell to make all joy more delightful, all beauty yet more entrancing and all comfort more restful.

Supper over the pupil must have instruction.

Nephew—Uncle, now that we are on the ground you must give us directions as to still-hunting deer.

Uncle—All right. That is an easy task, but the doing is only acquired after many, many failures. A deer's danger signals are not his eyes but his ears and nose. Novices seldom get sight of these shy creatures simply because they hear them long before they see them. For long distances a deer will hear the breaking of a twig, a low cough, a sneeze, the swish of a bush, which will send these vigilant listeners off in a twinkling, and the hunter knows nothing of their presence. These woods are now dry—exceedingly dry, and hence it is next to impossible to approach a deer unheard. You have seen that the little oak trees have borne an immense crop of acorns. Deer are gluttons for acorns. In a few hours they will load their stomachs with this food, and then they are ready to seek seclusion in a dense copse or swamp and snooze all day. If food was not so abundant they would be up an hour or two both morning and evening. As it is our only hope is a shot very early or late.

Nephew—But that is not specially encouraging. Are they not often driven from cover in the day time?

Uncle—Only when there are many hunters about, and even when aroused they seek dense copses or swamps in which to hide. The only hunters here are a small band of Indians and they are hunting west of us, so Mr. Baker, the hunter, informed me. The country, as you see, is generally very open, the timber having most of it been removed, so my advice is to confine yourself to watching runways at early dawn and twilight. If the underbrush was not as dry as tinder you could sneak through the swamps or dense spots for snap shots, but until it rains heavily it is almost a hopeless task. We will all go out in the morning if niece has the endurance, and do some prospecting.

My niece thought that she would enjoy this new and exciting experience, "I'll shorten my skirts, put on extra leggins and be glad to join you."

We decided to go down the stream on its right bank. The morning broke with not a ribbon of a cloud in the sky, with a nameless but delicious elixir in every inhalation of the crisp, pure air. Nephew and niece were jubilant and hopeful, for in the sands along the stream many tracks of deer, great and small, aroused their enthusiasm; but only once were we greeted by any other indication of game, and that was the *whoof-whoof* of some deer whose keen scent had detected us, and he snorted an adieu to us. The evening's tramp gave us rabbits only.

For a week the days which dropped from the hand of time were of gold, and we had chubs, gronse and rabbits for our larder, but no venison. In vain did my nephew tramp or sit in silence near runways. I, too, essayed the watch at the crossings along the stream.

One evening I had sat until I had grown chilled, and stepped out from my hiding place to start from camp, when I heard the breaking of some twigs to the right and across the stream, and instantly I prepared for a shot. Soon I saw a head and two great ears emerge from the brush. Then two or three steps forward and a halt. Meanwhile my gun was kept to shoulder ready for discharge. I must let it get well over the stream or have it to lug across if I kill. When it is midstream I move only a mite to avoid a bush, and before I can touch the trigger the doe springs and my ball strikes her midway instead of the shoulder. I leap back to give a second shot as she mounts the high bank. I stand ready, but she does not come. She has dashed along under the bank and disappeared. It is now too dark to trace her, and I wait for the morning. Three roving hunters are camped near and they see the deer fall, and load it in their wagon and hurriedly leave. This we learned from Mr. Baker, who saw the deer in their wagon as they passed his hotel about daylight she following morning. This was my only shot at deer.

My nephew's first shot was in the roadway about the fourth morning. My niece and I were trailing a few yards behind him in a logging road before it was yet light under the trees when his rifle rang out. We heard the deer's strides as it dashed off through the underbrush to the right. It was too dark for anything but a chance aim at the disappearing white flag, but the young man had had his first shot, and displayed the quickness and alertness of the true hunter, though no evidence could be found that he had drawn blood.

His second must be told by himself: "I was on my way to a crossing, or runway, above the first dam, and had started before day to reach the ground as soon as it was light enough to shoot. Just as I reached the top of the high hill this side of the dam, and in the dusk of the dawn, two deer bolted off, one to the left and the other to the right. It was in such an open space that I had no thought of game and was unprepared for them. As quick as possible I fired twice at the larger one to my right, but I scored a miss. If I had been on my guard as I came to the top of the hill I could easily have taken them by surprise instead of being taken unawares."

"And this reminds me," said I, "that I have not impressed upon your mind sufficiently the importance of a few don'ts.

"Don't reach the brow of any hill without great quiet, care and caution. Deer are more wise. As they approach such a place they invariably stop and carefully survey the surroundings, unless in flight.

"Don't hunt with the wind, but against it, or at least at right angles with it. Remember a deer's scent is only equalled in keenness by his hearing.

"Don't shoot on a level with a deer running straight-away, but aim at his legs. The tendency is to shoot too high. If it is running across your path don't aim at its body, but two to four feet in advance.

"Don't shoot too quick at a deer that has not detected you. Take time to think a little, and if he is running or walking, whistle or bleat sharply, and be prepared to shoot when he halts.

"Don't walk too much. All beginners wear themselves out in vain tramping. Find where deer are using from 'signs' and haunt these places, and be lazy about it.

"Don't look too far away as you peer through the woods. Patiently, repeatedly and critically scan every bush, fallen treetop and brush patch nearest to you. One is ever inclined to keep his vision on distant points and entirely overlook a deer in plain sight."

The third shot of my nephew was provoking. He had been hunting all day with the rifle, and without result. On our way to camp in the twilight he said to us, "You remain in the road and I'll take your shotgun and go along the stream and kill a rabbit." Soon we heard the report of the gun and with it a loud call for the rifle. I ran down to where he stood and he said, "O, if I had only had my rifle. It's just my luck. Why, a great big doe stood broadside to me, but too far away for this rabbit load. She was away over there at that bend in the stream."

The third shot was about 9 A. M. My niece and I were in the road near the stream and my nephew was to the right and on the high bank or hill above us. I heard what I thought were deer crashing through the thick brush along the stream, and as I did so my niece cried out, "There is a deer! There is a deer! away over on the hills across the stream."

I mounted a stump, and just then the loud roar of the rifle—once, twice, three times—rang out on the still air. A stalwart buck with splendid horns stood out in plain view on some bare rocks that formed the crest of the hill far across the valley. It was too far away for effective shooting, even for these modern guns, and the buck seemed to know this, for he only ran away after he had taken a calm survey of the situation.

Yes, this hunt was practically in Chicago's suburbs. One of the iron fingers of that giant hand of commerce, the C. M. & St. P. Railway, points to the north star and penetrates the heart of the lumber and iron regions of Wisconsin and Michigan. Enter a sleeper at early bed time in the Union Depot, and sleeping, one knows neither time nor distance. When the porter calls you to consciousness you are yet in Chicago in feeling, but really you are in a country rich in every charm and resource so dear to all lovers of nature's wild aspects. Crystalline lakes, limpid, icy brooks, rushing cataracts and complaining rapids, waters specially brewed and distilled in resinous woods and cedar swamps as a tonic for exhausted systems; airs filtered through a thousand pines and hemlocks, that are far better to vitalize the sluggish blood than nostrums or drugs.

Wausaukee was the station where we left the train, and, taking car on a railway logging road for twelve miles, we were met by the team of Mr. Baker and driven to camp. The latter is a safe, truthful, conscientious, painstaking guide and thoroughly capable. This is said more for the benefit of sportsmen than for Mr. B., as such men are too scarce in hunting regions. His address is Wausaukee, Wis.

CAREY.

QUAIL PACKING.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 13.—After several weeks of delay, occasioned by floods and strikes, I am in receipt of "our paper" up to date. It may take a vacation, or several of them on the trip from New York to the Pacific, but it gets here just the same, and then I am dead to the world until I have read it from cover to cover, "ads" and all.

There are several things I want to "chip in" on, and I will begin with the subject of quail bunching. Five or six years ago I was on a quail hunt on the Medicine Creek near Curtis, Neb., and killed quail until, like our German friend, "I had my satisfy." The valley is covered there with a thick growth of willow shoots about waist deep or a little more, a feature common to Western prairie streams, and here the quail were thick in the thickest sense of the word. I was hunting without a dog, as usual, but I flushed more quail than ten men could have killed. I hunted six days in a little strip of willows less than a mile long and perhaps averaging 700 to 1,000ft. wide, and there were apparently as many birds when I quit as when I started; and I used 38 shells every day on single birds on the wing; and my average score runs about 26 head quail to the belt of shells. Local guns were popping away all the time, but as they were mostly muzzle-loaders in the hands of farmers and boys, no "hog" scores were made, though I think they were responsible for a good many wounded birds, which served to feed the numerous "bob cats" (common wildcats) which infest the vicinity. At any rate, I found plenty of evidence that the cats were "pot-hunting" with a vengeance.

I found the birds in twos, threes, covey bunches, and two or three covey bunches, and in one particular thicket of perhaps 300 or 400ft. square, the woods, or rather the tulie-like willows, were literally full of them.

I think that 3,000 quail would be a low figure to place as the number of birds on that one-mile range. In those willow thickets, which fringe the Platte, Republican, Driftwood, Willow, Prairie Dog and Frenchman rivers and creeks, like tulle-patches, I think is to be found the solution of the quail supply of that country for all time, as the birds breed there and the dense willows give them both food and shelter from all kinds of enemies. In all of these places I have noticed the tendency of the birds to flock, and have frequently flushed a bunch of several hundred, which rose as an ordinary covey does, either in a bunch or in scattering, irregular numbers from a space of perhaps an acre of ground. They do not run much after lighting, as reports indicate in the case of the Texas quail, but when you watch a bunch "down" in a willow patch you can almost always find them very close to the place marked. In the cornfields in eastern Nebraska they almost always "light running," and many travel a quarter of a mile before taking wing again, therefore I argue thus:

If little hunted in a grassy or short, thick cover, Bob White congregates in large flocks and depends on his coat matching his cover for safety and concealment. If much hunted and living in a grain country where thick cover is scarce, he hustles about with only his own family to look out for, flushes easily and "roads it" for safety when he strikes ground. My quail hunting covers fifteen years, and territory from Illinois to the Pacific, on both Bob White and the mountain or California quail, and this is my own view of the question, which I hope may throw a little light in some dark place. EL COMANCHO.

BAY BIRDS AT MARTIN'S POINT.

FOUR reports sounded out over the water and five of the fattest, plumpest black-head ducks you ever saw lay fluttering on the water. "By Jove, Captain, that was one of the finest shots I ever saw. Only five in the flock and every one of them bagged at 65yds. with No. 8 shot."

"Really I should have compromised on one duck," said Jasper.

This does not begin like bay bird shooting, but the captain never allows ducks to bite him, even if he is hunting yellow-legs, robin-snipe or any other of the bay bird family. But one never knows at Martin's Point what he will get a pop at next. It is safe to carry in one's shooting coat a few BBs for sandhill cranes, No. 4s for ducks, No. 6s for curlew and No. 8s for willet, yellow-leg, doewitch, doebird, martin, grass plover, golden plover, beetlehead, blackbreasts, or whatever other kinds come your way. We have the whole family and we have recently learned by experience that the little ox-eye, the very smallest of the hosts which visit our meadows by the million, makes the finest potpie. A couple of shots will bag 50 or 75, which makes a very decent pie for two.

We had just retrieved our five ducks when about thirty doewitchers swooped down among our decoys, which are of the tin variety. "Your first shot, Captain, and I will take them as they rise." Now, the Captain had been a fine shot at Manassas and Bull Run, about thirty years ago, but he took deliberate aim, and with that nonchalant air of a man who feels perfectly sure he can do it every time, blazed away. Jasper followed with both barrels. The smoke cleared, but nothing had suffered save the decoys.

We had hardly recovered from the bitter disappointment at our clean miss, when three large winter yellow-legs hovered over our decoys, singing their well-known note, *tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee*. They dropped dead as three reports rang out on the air, for there was blood in the Captain's eye now; and there were signs of great determination about the eye of Jasper, for he has the reputation at Norfolk of being quite a shot. He likes to recall the different shots when we gather around the hearthstone at night, tell of good and bad work of the dog, and run our horses at an impossible speed. But he went to bed very early on this May the 21st, 1894.

I have rather an elastic conscience, I think, but I never allow myself to exaggerate the bag killed on any occasion; and in recording this one I confess I feel meaner and less inclined to do much spring shooting than I ever did before. I never yet took a friend to Martin's Point who was not crazy to go again. I am glad to say, however, that we are not obliged to shoot many of these birds in spring, for they return to our place the first of July and stay until Nov. 15, and when they return in summer they are as plump and fat as a butterball. I think that for the table our doewitcher (the proper local name being grayback), grass plover, summer yellow-leg and golden plover, are equal to any bird in the world. They are truly delicious at Currituck. While the Captain and Jasper were popping away about as fast as they could load and shoot, Will was down at the other end of the flats, and the smell of powder in that locality was very strong. You should have seen his bag. He was in a little fresh water pond, where robin snipe were wont to feed, and they are a beautiful bird to shoot over decoys. I dropped six with one barrel on this trip, while a bunch of about forty hovered just outside of the decoys. The other barrel I had not had time to load from the last shot.

President Cleveland was down there on May 13; he spent one day among the bay birds there and expressed himself as much pleased. He hopes to visit us again in August.

Our bag for the day was 240 bay birds, 10 blackheads and 3 ruddy ducks. J. B. WHITE.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

ALTOONA, Pa., July 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 7 I notice "D. P. F.'s" letter regarding the consideration of the question of game protection by the State Association, and also note your editorial comment on the same.

The Association has many staunch game protectionists, similar to "D. P. F.," in its ranks, every one of whom is desirous of seeing the question of better game protection for the State argued earnestly and fully. It is impossible that this can be done during the few hours set apart for that purpose at the annual meeting of the Association. The election of officers for the ensuing year, the choice of the location for the next year's tournament, the reading of the reports of the retiring treasurer and secretary, and the consideration of whatever minor business there might be before the meeting, would make business enough for any meeting to consider on a warm night in a hotel parlor; at least, that is my impression of the case, judging from last year's meeting at the Commonwealth Hotel in Harrisburg.

Our president, N. A. Hughes, of Williamsport, Pa., is fully alive to the exigencies of the case and is considering what will be the best course to pursue. There is no doubt that before any final decision in regard to a new game law for this State is arrived at there will be a great amount of talking done. Covering as the State does a wide territory, wild and rugged in its western portions, in a high state of agriculture east of the Alleghenies, Pennsylvania's game interests are about as diversified as it is possible to imagine. Hence the difficulty attached to the passage of a uniform game law. In Virginia, Florida, and I believe in New York, as well as in many other States, sectional laws are in force, overcoming the difficulty attendant on such conditions as we have in this State. Our constitution, however, forbids sectional laws, whether wisely or not does not enter into this question. The fact remains that what the Northwest wants is in some cases distasteful to the Southeast; then comes the "kick."

It is necessary, therefore, that ample time for discussion on this subject should be provided; this, as "D. P. F." says, cannot be done at a single short night session. The New York State Association's system appears to meet the case satisfactorily and could very properly be adopted by the State Association in Pennsylvania.

In organizing the State Association the promoters had a two-fold object in view; this object is well set forth in Article II., of the Constitution, which runs as follows: "This association is formed for the protection and propagation of game birds and animals and for the enforcement of our game laws, and for the promotion of kindly intercourse and generous emulation among sportsmen at the trap." The annual tournament, which promotes this "kindly intercourse and generous emulation among sportsmen at the trap," has done all that was expected of it. By its aid the Association has not only been kept from falling to pieces, but has grown and thriven until now it is a homogenous whole, formed of game and fish protection associations, etc., well able to take care of itself and to look after its own interests—the better "protection and propagation of game birds and animals, etc."

The propagation of game birds is a question that deserves special attention at the hands of our Legislature next year. If I make no mistake, D. P. F.'s own association, the Tremont Fish and Game Protection Association, has been the means of turning out a large quantity of game, both furred and feathered, for which there is absolutely no protection provided under our existing game laws. It stands to reason, however, that to be entirely successful, the efforts of this latter association should be protected by legislation, and this protection can only be obtained by the united efforts and earnest work of the sportsmen of this State, and by a spirit of mutual concession on the part of those self same sportsmen.

EDWARD BANKS, Secretary,
Pa. State Sportsmen's Association.

Changing Conditions in Maryland.

A Maryland correspondent writes: It is evident that so long as personal wants are considered paramount to the real needs of the time, game legislation is a farce, and that is what is the matter in this State. If you have a political pull you get a game law to suit your ideas, if you have not the necessary influence you get nothing, no matter if you are asking for a measure that is of importance to the State at large. I will venture the assertion that if some one with a pull should ask a law authorizing woodcock to be killed in March and April, and Bob White in July and August, he could get it. I am adverse to the importation of the English ideas in connection with our game supply; but those of the fraternity who have money will have shooting; and the tide is setting strong toward preserves; once this system becomes rooted in this country and Americanized, the day of sportsmen of moderate means is surely done. I can see in my own locality the tendency from year to year to narrow the limits of free shooting; the farmers are posting their land from even their own neighbors, and are trapping and snaring such game as they can find on their farms to sell, claiming that no law can prohibit them from so doing. They say that as they are not expert enough to kill game with a gun, and can get it no other way, the shooter shall not rob the land owner of his share; and that share they will have, and get any way they can, and at any time of the year they want it or can sell it. Here is where the cold storage man gets in his work. If the sale of game could be stopped, even to the extent of storing it during the close season, the beneficial effects would soon be seen.

Cranberry Lake Deer and Trout.

CRANBERRY LAKE, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., July 16.—Sportsmen who mean business should give Cranberry Lake a trial. Last Sunday afternoon I watched for two hours a deer feeding in total indifference to my presence at Silver Lake just at back of Mr. Bishop's pasture lot. This evening a family just arrived from New York city report that after entering the woods a mile above Clifton they met three deer, one of which, an old buck, stood and "peaked" at the carriage for five minutes, until right of way was demanded. Again at Tooly, further in the woods, two more deer were seen. Sunday at Sternberg's Inlet a party of young men from Brooklyn, on their way into camp at Brandy Brook, saw three deer feeding and numerous tracks at other places.

Senator Charles H. Russell and his nephew, Russell Stearns, brought in on Saturday evening 12lbs. of speckled trout, all of good size. Another gentleman from New York, nineteen years an habitué of this lake, brought in this evening 10lbs.; both gentlemen are blaming the fine weather for their poor luck. The writer while boating around Joe Indian Island this morning surprised two pair of loons who were billing and cooing in their own sardonic way; also one gull and one crane, and numerous wild duck.

If you come this way thank the Lord if you get here alive, and ask no questions, for Governor Flower has ridden over the same woods road, too, and is now moving heaven and earth to impress upon our State Legislature the desirability, nay the necessity, of improving our State highways. W. H. H.

Stop the Sale of Game.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—*The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.*—FOREST AND STREAM, *Feb. 10.*

SILVER CITY, Tintic Mining District, Utah, July 14.—Put me down as one who is in favor of your new platform plank to put a stop to the sale of game, and why not add another to prohibit spring shooting?

I would be highly pleased to sign a petition, too, to old Father Time asking for a lease of life for a hundred years to come for our friend Hough. Those Yellowstone letters are the best thing we have had for many a day. I confidently believe that he and Billy Hofer could go to the North Pole and take a photo of the man on duty there to grease the axle at that end, but then we could not spare him so long. Both my wife and I enjoy his letters hugely, and are putting on flesh laughing at his adventures and expedients. It is to be hoped he may take another hunting trip to Texas this fall. C. H. B.

The German Emperor's Game Bag.

DURING the period from 1872 to 1893 the German Emperor killed 1 whale, 2 aurochs (European buffalo), 3 reindeers, 7 moose, 3 bears, 709 stags and 57 does of red deer, 944 stags and 40 does of fallow deer, 1,703 wild boars, 121 chamois, 413 roebucks, 16 red foxes, 11,066 hares, 7,387 pheasants, 407 partridges, 29 capercailzies, 4 black cocks, 56 ducks, 2 woodcocks, 638 rabbits, 694 herons and 559 miscellaneous game; total, 24,860 pieces.

In the course of the present year the Emperor has killed 30 stags (red deer), 14 stags (fallow deer), 2 wild boars, 56 roebucks, 1 fox, 400 hares, 8 capercailzies; total, 512 pieces. Grand total, 25,372 pieces. ARMIN TENNER.

Relating to Bears.

DUNBARTON, N. H.—In a letter received from C. R. Peavey of Oxbow, Me., who last year was so successful in finding moose, Peavey says: "Game promises well for next season. Had good luck trapping last spring; caught fifteen bears. You had better come up and stay awhile at my camp about snow time." C. M. STARK.

Massachusetts Quail.

DANVERS, Mass.—There seem to be many quail nesting about here this summer. With the proper observance of the prohibitory law for 1894 there had ought to be some good shooting next year. J. W. B.

Horicon Marsh Ducks.

HORICON, Wis., July 16 —Everything on Horicon Marsh looks favorable for this fall. We have the biggest crop of ducks this season we have had in years. J. M. Y.

Quail in Northern New York.

I NOTICE a "quail record" at Ticonderoga, N. Y. I shot one last fall at Willsborough, Essex county, N. Y. A male, in good condition. J. M. H.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

C. D. S.—Will you kindly inquire, through your Natural History column, if any of your correspondents can furnish any facts relative to carnivorous propensities of our red squirrels? Ans. Its carnivorous habits are well known; the red squirrel is usually regarded as a pest because it preys on the birds.

J. W. B., Danvers, Mass.—1. Is there any law in Vermont that prevents the hunting of game birds with a dog? 2. My gunpowder hardens in lumps while standing in the tin kegs. What causes it, and does it hurt it any? It is kept in a warm, dry store. 3. Will you publish in the FOREST AND STREAM at an early date the general fish and game laws of the United States? Ans. 1. No. 2. Caused by dampness; will not hurt it. 3. No, they are given in the *Game Laws in Brief*, as revised to date.

W. R. R.—Under the A. S. A. rules is a man compelled to use only one hand in gathering his bird, or can he use both if he wishes? Ans. He may use both. Rule 9 as to gathering birds reads: A bird to be scored dead must be gathered within bounds before another bird is shot at, and within three minutes' time, by a dog or shooter, or person appointed by the shooter for that purpose. No extraneous means shall be allowed to assist in gathering. If the gatherer cannot locate the bird, he may appeal to the referee to locate it for him. All birds challenged must show flesh-shot marks, to be scored "dead birds."

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The much talked-of aluminum pleasure boat is at last a reality. The Illinois Pure Aluminum Company announce in our advertising columns that they have one ready for the market.

We have received from Reuben Wood's Sons, Syracuse, N. Y., a dose of "Wood's Specific." This consists of a prescription 11ft. long, which recommends as a simple cure for all ills to go a-fishing. Incidentally "Drs." Wood find opportunity to call attention to various specialties in their line of fishing tackle.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING IN TASMANIA.

LECHERON, Battery Point, Hobart, Tasmania.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Tasmania, being a singularly well-watered country, drained by numerous rivers and streams or creeks, the waters of which flow over rocky and pebbly beds and of the purest description, is peculiarly adapted to salmon and trout. A great number of the rivers and creeks have been stocked with brown trout and California trout, and recently the Loch Leven trout has been introduced into our lakes.

The California trout turned into the creeks we have found do not thrive, and are better adapted for the lakes; but the brown trout have done remarkably well and have attained larger dimensions than in any other country in the world where they have been introduced. I have had some excellent sport with this fish. On one occasion, with a friend of mine, I camped out on this river one night and started to fish at daylight on Christmas. We fished up stream till late in the afternoon, and took over four dozen between us, averaging 1lb.

I am sorry to say that there is one serious enemy to the trout—*i. e.*, a large black cormorant, which devours them in an alarming manner. At one time the Government offered a bonus for the destruction of this bird, but I regret to say that it did not keep it up long enough.

The center of our island colony is one great plateau, with an average elevation above sea level of 2,000ft., and is bordered with bold and rocky mountains, rising to an altitude of 4,700ft. A description of the scenery in these wild parts is beyond my powers. On this plateau are four or five large lakes, the largest being some ninety odd miles in circumference and ten broad, and about twenty fathoms deep. Some very large salmon and trout have been taken with a spinner in one lake, notably the Great Lake.

Sir Robert Hamilton, our late Governor, who was a great fisherman, on a trip to this lake, captured eighteen fish, averaging 12lbs.; and last year a party of three or four gentlemen caught over 400lbs. weight of fish between them, some of the fish running as high as 18lbs.

I must not omit the fact that there is to be had good snipe and duck shooting in the vicinity of the lakes. Any American sportsmen arriving in Tasmania will find obliging and courteous gentlemen who know these lakes well and would be happy to give them any information they require as regards a trip. It is necessary to take out a license for salmon or trout fishing. As Tasmania is as little known by its own inhabitants as it is by the people of the neighboring colonies, it is easy to imagine that it is so little known to Americans, but I am glad to state the colony is now taking steps toward advertising one of the most charming islands in the world, with a temperate climate and everywhere abounding in magnificent scenery.

For the past three summers there have been a great number of visitors to Tasmania from all the colonies, but not one-half of them visit the more beautiful and wilder parts, simply for the reason that there is no communication to them and no accommodation when they get there. If it were not the case we would have a much larger influx of visitors and thereby derive a great benefit.

Of the indigenous river fishes of Tasmania, one is the bream or golden bream, a fish usually to be found in the brackish waters of tidal rivers at their entrance to the sea. With this fish I have had some excellent sport.

Not far from my home, on the northeast coast, is situated the Scamander, which is a fine, broad, deep river as far as the salt water reaches, some six or eight miles from the mouth, and there I have had some fine days fishing. The best bait for bream is a small mud crab found in thousands on the mud flats when the tide is out. When they are biting well catches of seven or eight dozen can be made, some of the fish weighing 4lbs. In this river are to be found several other species of fish, such as the native salmon and mullet. The former is a fish more like a mackerel than anything else I know of, but larger. The best way to catch these is by spinniug for them out of a boat.

V. M.

WHY HE WAS GLUM.

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—It was Brower—Brower, the immaculate fisherman, with whom I have fished night and day, through wet and dry, and at all seasons when fish were biting good and when they bit not. I have fed him from my lunch basket, skinned his eels, and dug up half an acre of ground by moonlight looking for bait. But the die is cast, for the chain of friendship is no stronger than its weakest link, and my weakness shows when the other fellow is getting all the fish.

That is the cause of our coldness. I met him last Friday night just at dark, trudging homeward, armed with rod and reel, and carrying his huge fish basket, which seemed to be enormously heavy, for his shoulder had assumed a decided sag. The instant he recognized me, he showed extreme embarrassment, and tried to avoid me by turning down a street leading directly away from his home, simultaneously starting to whistle in his shrillest tone a selection from the "Mikado." "Brower," I sang out, "which way have you been and where are you going?" No response. "Brower," I shouted, "I want you to stand and deliver." Seeing that escape was impossible, he faced about, keeping his basket on the side opposite from me, and viewing with apparent alarm my near approach. "Well, what luck?" I asked, "why don't you out with it?"

"Been out gathering mushrooms," he ejaculated, "and they are heavy, too. Guess I'll set my basket down." And suiting the action to the word he deposited the basket on the sidewalk, instantly plumped himself down on one of the lids, and closing himself like a jackknife placed his feet on the other lid with an I'll-stay-here-all-night expression in his eye.

"Brower," I said, softly, "people don't gather mushrooms with rod and reel; neither do they when on that mission wear a bait box pinned to their side. If you have something you're ashamed of, why didn't you leave it or bury it where it was?"

All this while I had been working my knee to a firm position against the handle of his basket; and with a sudden lurch I sent him and basket both on their side; and as he scrambled to his feet a fine black bass fell from his coat tail pocket, while from each compartment of the basket heads and tails of bass began protruding. Instantly the truth dawned upon me—he had been to Sunset Lake, and he had good evidence of his skill. "Brower!" I said, "is this right? Is it brotherly?" At the same time I took count of his fish—four, six, eight—"when you know that these same fish have been hugged in anticipation during the past long winter. How Seger, Hamilton, Edge, Savage, Scott and myself have gloated over what sport we should have, and now you in one fell swoop clean out the lake [ten, twelve]? Is it right, I ask, that you should go without taking me along? I wish to remind you that at your suggestion in the past I have slipped out of bed early in the morning, leaving a hurried [fourteen, sixteen] note to my wife to the effect that I had taken an early train to the city, and gone to your house, put up your clothesline and helped you carry the water, and while you sipped your coffee, split up the billets of wood too large for you to handle, and all that Mrs. B. might let you down easy [eighteen, nineteen]. Twice when you have fallen overboard [twenty] I have loaned you my dry clothes and stood out in the sun with your wet ones on until they dried. Yes, I know you performed a kind office for me once [twenty-two], when old Ramsey chased us out of his pear orchard with his bulldog and followed us clear across the old peat bog, swearing he would lamb seven kinds of fire out of us if he could catch us. You led the way manfully, so it was easier for me as you cut a beautiful swath through vines and briers [twenty-four, twenty-five]; and when we were out your face resembled a Chinese puzzle that had played in hard luck, so thoroughly had the briers decorated it [and two are twenty-seven]."

Through all the talk he had answered only in monosyllables, and there seemed to be an air of dejection pervading his spirit.

"Will you tell me what the trouble is now?" I remarked. "You should be as happy, as doubtless you are proud. No, thank you, I generally catch my own fish."

"My boy," he said, "I have been foolish," at the same time laying his hand on my shoulder and resuming all his old-time frankness, "it is my first experience with melancholia, but it was so aggravating, and I was so sure of him."

"Say no more," I interposed. "It's a case of the big fish of the day getting away, I imagine."

"That's it, that's it, and I did want one more so much," and picking up his basket he trundled off in the darkness, and as he turned the corner I heard him grumble, "Why must a fellow now and then get disappointed?"

LEONARD HULIT.

LAKE MINNEWASKA.

HERE are some particulars of a fishing point, sent in response to the inquiry of a correspondent, J. J. B., in a recent issue:

OMAHA, Neb.—I am a perfect stranger to you, but I am always interested in persons who want information that I can give, and I can tell you where you can go and have perfect, utter rest. If you want it, royal good fishing and the best vacation you and your sisters ever had. From Buffalo preferred, you take Western Transit Co.'s steamer (or any other line) at Buffalo, for Sault Ste. Marie, connecting there with the L. M. & L. S. T. Co.'s steamer. Touching at Marquette, Ashland, etc.; steaming past the wonderful Pictured Rocks, you reach finally the city of Duluth. If you are all tired out with business cares and city life, when you leave Buffalo, you will scarcely know yourself when you reach Duluth. Your appetite for the delicious Lake Superior whitefish and trout will be something awful, but you will get all you can eat.

Do not, however, stop at Duluth. Take the Northern Pacific Railroad for Glenwood, Minnesota. At Glenwood (Pope county) is Lake Minnewaska—Snowy Water—one of the most beautiful of the thousands of beautiful lakes for which Minnesota is famous, nine miles long, three miles wide, bordered with the loveliest woods and surrounded by a beautiful country, which is full of the most delightful drives, or a capital place for a cycler.

This lovely lake has a hard white sand beach and bottom. Away out, about quarter of a mile, it is very deep; but from the edge of the water the bottom is a very gentle slope until it suddenly drops. I have waded out (I cannot swim) until the water was level with my chin, and I was a long way from shore. This lake is full of fish—pike, perch, bass, pickerel, cat, and I do not know what other kinds.

You can imagine what the bathing is in a lake like this. The water is beautifully clear and the white sand bottom is what gives the lake its name. On the east shore of this lake the Y. M. C. A., of Minnesota, have forty acres of land, beautifully situated. Here, during the month of August, they have their summer school. They have, I think, a dozen or more cottages, which they rent. These cottages are, of course, not elaborate—just a neat little cottage—a place to sleep or sit when it rains, but rarely used under any other circumstances by the majority of campers. Mattresses are furnished, and I believe you can carry your own blankets and sheets, or rent, just as you please, but I am not sure. You can, if you wish, do your own cooking. But there is a large dining hall where people who don't want to be bothered with cooking, can find abundant and well-cooked meals. Boats—five cents an hour—cheap enough, surely—lots of them, big and little—oars or paddle. Drinking water—a lovely spring near the lake, pure and cold and health-giving.

This lovely place is one and one-half miles from the railroad station at Glenwood, by stage. This stage visits the camp every day, bringing mail, if you have it addressed in care of the Y. M. C. A. Camp, or you can row to Glenwood if you prefer.

Now, you may not be a Y. M. C. A. man, and you may think you would not enjoy your vacation with them. Let me tell you the young men of the Y. M. C. A., of Minnesota, who bring their wives and sisters and friends to this summer camp are as fine a lot of young men as you will find anywhere. Jolly, happy, helpful, good company—you could not find a better place to take your sisters, for they will find the wives and sisters of these young men. You will all have good company, good boating, fishing, driving cycling, good and abundant food, well-cooked.

They have meetings, but you need not attend if you do not wish, and you will be treated just as well. The summer I was there, there was a gentleman who came entirely for rest. He was all tired out. He never attended a meeting. He was up and away early in the morning—fished all day, and returned at night. He was welcomed.

It is liberty hall, and the pursuit of rest, health and happiness reigns supreme. It is one of the chief considerations, and you get all three. I spent two weeks there—I was completely tired out and thin when I went there (to visit my sister), I was up every morning at 4 A. M., fished (from a boat) until breakfast, after breakfast rowed until dinner time, after dinner we generally lay around in hammocks until 3:30 or 4, when we went into the water for an hour or more. Then a good run on the beach on coming out of the water, then supper; then everybody went rowing until bed-time. This was my programme for two weeks, and in that two weeks I gained 10lbs. of flesh, a fresh flow of spirits which (alas) has had to last me ever since.

You can have any amount of fun, even in a Y. M. C. A. camp. You can go in July if you wish, and stay as long as you wish. You won't find much style, as these people go there to rest and have a good time and they leave their good clothes and jewelry at home, except a traveling dress. It is the cleanest place I ever saw. You can't get dirty in the pure white sand of the beach. It is clean, healthful, restful, quiet, lovely.

I cannot tell you terms, but if you will write to William Francis, Secretary Y. M. C. A., Minneapolis, he can tell you all about it.

You may think I am very enthusistic—so will you be if you try it. I am not interested at all in the Y. M. C. A. camp, but I am interested because I believe I know of just the place you want to go.

F. N. W.

BLACK BASS IN KANKAKEE.

KANKAKEE, Ill.—The coroner of Kankakee county is quite an expert fisherman, and knows every hole and spot in the Kankakee River within ten miles of this beautifully situated city, where one can tempt the bass; so it was with pleasure I agreed to go with him for a couple of hours' sport. We started early in the morning, going about five miles down the river to "Little Canada."

It is an ideal spot for bass. Willman soon had on his waders and was out as far as he could wade comfortably, and near a hole where he knew the bass made their headquarters, while I had to content myself with a pair of hip boots which would not allow me to get quite near enough. The current ran so swift that it was hard to throw my minnow so it would float near the desired spot, while Willman was where he could reach them nicely. Soon he had a nice ¾lb. bass on his hook which went through more evolutions than you could see at a country dance on the Fourth of July. The fisherman's eyes would sparkle and I could see him grow six months younger with every bite. I asked him if he enjoyed it better than eating mince pie. His emphatic acquiescence seemed to express his feelings fully. He soon had half a dozen nice bass on his string, while I had not a bite. I told him to catch a dozen as soon as he could, so I might have a chance; and he did catch exactly 12 without moving 20ft. Then I moved down to another hole and at the first cast caught a nice one. My yell of delight to Willman apprising him of my good fortune probably scared all the fish in the river, as neither of us could get another. We were well pleased with our catch of a baker's dozen, running ½ to ¾lb., although Willman caught the dozen. Only two weeks before Willman's eight-years-old son had caught five bass in the same place. He is a "chip off the old block," and enjoys fishing as well as his father. Some ten days later Willman caught six bass where he had caught his dozen.

If any one wants to get up that "tired feeling," also an appetite, let him carry a lunch, pair of hip boots, coat and rod on a bicycle, also carry a minnow bucket in one hand half full of water, leaving only one hand to steer by; and ride five miles up hill and down on roads far from smooth, and face a strong head wind all the way home, coming home without a fish—the worst part of it.

Several rainy days there have been some good strings of small rock bass taken off the dam and some good 3 and 4lbs. bass and pickerel up the river two or three miles among the islands.

In the spring there is generally good fishing at the dam, some large fish being caught. Last spring Mr. Willman caught, early one morning, two catfish that weighed exactly 8lbs. each—must have been twins. He had considerable sport with one of them, his victim being C. H. Smith, who was then superintendent of the I. I. & I. Ry. Mr. Smith seeing the fish, wanted to go with Mr. Willman in the afternoon and try his skill. Mr. Willman slipped the head of one of the catfish into his pocket, intending to slip it on to Smith's line if opportunity offered. They had fished for some time, but with no success until Mr. Smith said he believed he would go to his buggy a couple of rods away and get some new bait. Willman told him that would be a good plan. This gave him the desired opportunity and he slipped the head on to the hook. When Smith returned he noticed that something was on his line and thought he had one sure. Willman told him to "play" him, as he thought it was a big one by the size of the nose, which kept bobbing up in the water. Smith was all excitement for a few minutes until he pulled it out of the water. Then the "audible" smile from Willman, with a remark that he had pulled the head right off opened his eyes to the sell.

The best fishing for bass is reported to be east of here about three or four miles, near Waldron, in season.

A READER.

Mak-saw-ba Bass.

CHICAGO, July 16.—I have been fishing in the Mak-saw-ba Club waters. Considering the earliness of the season the fishing is good, as we (A. D. Wiggins and myself) caught thirty-two black bass, nine wall-eyed pike and five pickerel. The bass ran from a pound to 4½lbs., and were nice pan fish at that. The pike and pickerel run larger and are delicious when baked by Mrs. Pease, the superintendent's wife. If one got no fish it would well repay him to go to Mak-saw-ba and eat one of the good dinners prepared by her. Superintendent I. N. Pease is as nice a man as one meets in a long time, courteous and ever trying to please his guests.

We fished only two days, as the wind was not promising. Mr. Card was down two days and caught twenty-two and twenty-four bass. Mr. Kinney came down Wednesday and in two days caught sixty-four fish, mostly bass and wall-eyes.

I would not be without FOREST AND STREAM for twice the price of subscription, as I welcome its coming with happy anticipations of the good things to follow.

A. H. RICH.

FEEDING HABITS OF TROUT.

SEATTLE, Wash.—I have caught a large number of brook trout, or what are locally called brook trout, and have had several surprises in doing so this season. First I found that, in brooks which empty into the Sound, these trout take a fly better right on the beach below high tide mark than they do up in the woods. I caught 33 trout, ranging from 6 to 13in., in one brook about 6 or 8ft. wide, between tides on the same day. I started when the water had gone down about 4ft. (perpendicular), and quit when it came in again to about the same point. They were all taken with flies and bit at any fly offered. To test this I changed my whole string of flies three or four times. I used the governor, coachman, browu and gray hackles, scarlet-ibis, miller and white-moth, also several other flies which I do not remember now. They took them all alike. While dressing them I examined the contents of the stomachs and found only one fly common in all. This was a dark fly, and on comparison I found the artificial governor a very close counterfeit. Two or three individuals had one or more other flies in addition to a good feed of the dark one. Several fish had from one to three or four shrimp, and all had in the stomach a few of the grubs known locally as "periwinkles." One little fellow measuring 4in. had a frog, which when laid on the table and straightened out registered 5in. in length! He was a mighty "fat" trout when he got hold of my coachmau, and he had the frog stowed away shipshape and doubled up as they pose on the mud at the edge of the spring, ready to leap. The next day I whipped the same stream back in the woods about half a mile from the beach, and got 6 fish all day.

Now, why were well-fed trout down on the open beach eating all sorts of stuff, when they had only to run above high tide mark to reach an ideal stream with gravel, riffles, pools, shade and an abundance of the flies which leave a good taste in a trout's mouth?

Two days afterward I caught the same species, in good condition, in the open bay (salt water) with a spinner worked with a rod from the steamboat wharf. They were jumping to fly and rushing at a minnow which seemed to be the young of what is locally known as salmon trout; but they took a spinner greedily, and on opening six individuals I found that not a single stomach contained other food than shrimps.

Last week I fished a stream near Seattle where in several years' experience I could never get a rise to anything except a governor and a brown-hackle. These two flies did not tempt them at all this time; but they took a gray-hackle and a white-miller just as greedily as they have always taken the governor and brown-hackle at this time and under the same conditions in former years. Why is this thus?

Can Judge Greene or some of our readers who are authority on these fishy things give us a reason, or explain why these facts are facts among the erratic denizens of the brook? I have always supposed the trout to be a strictly fresh-water fish of well-developed and very particular appetite; yet I find him up to all sorts of things unbecoming to a citizen of his reputation. Let us have the search light turned on him and see if we can find him out.

I inclose a water color drawing of the fish I speak of, made from life with the object of positive identification. I cannot settle on his real name from the many aliases he travels under on this coast, and so send you his picture from life; color and form are as near as I can reproduce it, though it lacks that peculiar metallic luster of the living fish which eludes the brush and defies reproduction. What and who is he? EL COMANCHO.

[The fish shown is the *Salmo irideus*, rainbow trout, also called California trout, and as here, brook trout. The species is known to go to sea, but for the most part is found in the upper portions of the stream. Eastern brook trout in streams flowing into the sea also visit salt water. Some of the Long Island trout are noted for the richer flavor acquired by such visits.]

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, July 21.—The hot weather has been against the Boston fishermen of late. There has been some going down the harbor and codfishing, while perch fishing begins to be the order of the day, and some good strings are daily taken off Beachmont and Swampscott. In the streams the water is remarkably low, and the New England lakes and ponds are beginning to suffer from the dry weather. The brooks around the Cape and about Barnstable Bay are still yielding a few strings of trout. A couple of Boston gentlemen stopping at a Falmouth seaside hotel, went out the other day with a result of 52 trout, which were served on the hotel table the next morning. They do not give the uame of the brook and object to the publishing of their names.

The State of Maine country boy is interested in hunting and fishing. Well he may be, for the opportunity is all around him. Master Frank Moody, who is at present with his grandmother at Hebron, Maine, is a good deal of a fisherman for a boy, and also a good shot with either shotgun or rifle. He is a graduate of the Edward Little High scool at Auburn, Maine. This introduction is made only to prevent the impression that he may be something of a backwoodsman. It may also be added here that at Hebron is the academy where ex-Governor Long, Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, afterward vice-president, and many another man who has made a national fame received the rudiments of his education and fitted for college. Both gentlemen were always great lovers of the line and rod, and both have fished the very streams that Master Frank mentions below. His Aunt Emma, who lives in Boston, is a successful angler, and has a record of an 8lbs. trout at Richardson Lake. She has recently returned from her annual fishing trip to the Rangeley waters, and Master Frank writes her the following letter:

DEAR AUNT EMMA: I am glad that you had good luck at the lakes. I thought of you lots, and wondered in what ponds you were fishing. I had quite good luck at Sumner the other day, catching 125 trout in fishing less than ten hours. Two of them weighed over half a pound. They probably seem small to you, but are large for the brooks in Sumner. I went down on the Cushman Brook Commencement Day and caught twelve trout. They were all over 7in. long, and two were 9 and 10in. long.

You can't guess what Madie saw the other day. I was feeding my chickens, so lost the sight. Elwell, the hired man, came running in and got Madie. They ran out into the field, and there, feeding in our oats, was a deer—a big one! Dan Paul, the other hired man, held the dog, and Madie got up to within less than three rods of the deer. Just think of it! Couldn't any one almost have shot it with an air rifle? It was not frightened. It walked off, and they followed it almost half an hour. By and by it came to the wire fence, and then it doubled up and slipped over it so neatly that they hardly knew it was gone. It then disappeared down into Ike Bearce's pasture.

Master Frank's chagrin at his sister seeing the deer and he being left behind, would be almost pathetic to those who know the boy's great love for the inhabitants of the forests. He climbed a tall oak last autumn and caught in his hands a couple of gray squirrels. He came down with them, notwithstanding the pain and bleeding of his hands from their bites. He made a box cage for them. Soon they became very tame and he made pets of them. But, alas! they never fully forgot their native oaks, and took the first opportunity to make their escape.

F. E. Stanley, of Newton, Mass., was born in Kingfield, Me. He does not forget the trout streams in that section, fished so many times in his boyhood. The other day he paid a short visit to the farm of his brother Isaac, three miles from Kingfield village, and under the brow of Mount Abram. In the morning Frank asked Isaac if there were any trout in the brook. It rises up in the mountain and makes the watershed on that side. Isaac admitted that this season they had caught about the room full where they were sitting. They fitted up their lines and started. The brook was fairly high; there has been an abundance of rain in that part of the country this season. They fished up the stream a short distance, starting in at the point where the horses are watered. In less than an hour they had more than twenty beauties, weighing a quarter of a pound and upwards. Noticing that the brook was cold, and that the trout were unusually hard, Frank, who is a good deal of a scientist and investigator, tried the water with a thermometer and found it to register fifty-four, though the weather has been extremely hot at times. The brook is fed by springs in the mountain side. Though the book is not specially protected, yet Mr. Isaac Stanley feels that at least the lion's share of the trout there belongs to himself and his friends, since the land belongs to him.

Mr. E. C. Stevens, with Stillman F. Kelley, is spending his vacation in Middlebury, Vt. He is not there without line and rod, by any means. He writes me, under date of July 20: "Here I am in my native element, enjoying pretty good fishing. I landed a five-pound pickerel from Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, on Tuesday. Yesterday I caught eight pickerel in Otter Creek, weighing from two to four pounds. I am trying for a big one. They catch them here as large as 12 to 15lbs., but I fear I am rather late in the season."

Mr. Charley S. Keyo starts for the Mountain View House, Rangeley Lakes, this week. SPECIAL.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Law on Netting Trout.

A LADY, the wife of a well known angler, writes me for information as to the year it became illegal to catch trout with a net. "I learn from the 'old time' fishers that many used to be taken here that way. I have been asked to write a chapter for a small history of the village of Salem, Washington county, N. Y., on the subject of fishing. I suppose this is because my husband is so fond of that sport. White Creek has been noted for many years for the fine trout that make their home in its waters, and I thought I would like to note the contrast between fishing with net and scientific fly-fishing, if I could fix upon the year that it became illegal to use the net."

A request from a lady is a command. I searched the Session Laws and became so interested in what I found in the musty old laws that I nearly missed my train home. Somewhat to my surprise I found that the first trout law in the State of New York, unless there was a law passed between 1801 and 1812, for which years the printed laws were missing, relating specifically to trout and the manner of taking them in certain waters, was passed to cover the very waters in Washington county about which my correspondent inquires. This law was adopted in 1819, and provided that it should not be lawful to take any trout in the Battenkill or any of its tributary streams, in the county of Washington, in any other manner than with hook and line, and the fine was fixed at $25.

I think I recently referred to the fishing in the Battenkill, although I may have mentioned it by its Indian name of Ondawa. White Creek is a tributary of the Battenkill. I fished the main stream in Vermont from Manchester down to about the Washington county line for nine or ten years in succession, and always found fair fly-fishing, and in Washington county it was even better, and perhaps the very reasonable and just law passed by our law makers in 1819 had something to do with educating the people to this end. However that may be, our forefathers knew how to frame a good fish law.

Another Old Law.

I found another law, passed in 1813, which read: "That it shall not be lawful to draw any seine, set any net, make any weir or other obsruction in the following rivers, running into Lake Ontario, viz.: The Big Salmon River or Creek, or within one hundred rods of the mouth thereof; Oswego River, Grass River, Racket River, St. Regis River, Wood Creek, Fish Creek, and the different branches which empty into said streams, whereby the salmon may be diverted from pursuing their usual course up said river, creek or streams, and every person offending therein shall, for every offense, forfeit $25, besides the salmon he may take by such nets, seines, weirs, etc."

A similar law was passed in 1801, except that a less number of rivers and creeks were mentioned. Sec. VI., of the law of 1813 provided: "That it shall not be lawful for any person to take any salmon in the waters (naming the waters of Sec. I.) by net, hook, spear or any other device whatsoever, in the months of October or November in any year." This is good evidence that salmon were taken with hook and line in waters more than forty miles from tide water. I am too fast; here is evidence in the laws that I have quoted, that salmon were taken with hook and line in the waters mentioned in the act, and when it is remembered that salmon to get to the waters of Oneida county, N. Y., had to ascend the St. Lawrence and so through Lake Ontario, it will be seen that those who feared that salmon would not rise to the fly in the upper waters of the Hudson, have raised fears that are groundless if we reason by analogy. Furthermore, now that the U. S. Fish Commission has located its salmon and whitefish hatching station on the St. Lawrence River, it is interesting to know of the streams that were once salmon rivers, although it is quite probable that in some of them the salmon fishing cannot be restored.

Salmon and Fishways Long Ago.

In view of the effort being made to open the Hudson River with fishways to permit the ascent of the salmon, it is of interest to read how our law-makers regarded fishways nearly one hundred years ago. The following law was passed in April, 1801:

"And be it further enacted, that the owner or owners of mill or other dams, which were on the 28th day of March, one thousand eight hundred, made across any river or creek running into lakes Ontario, Erie or Champlain, so as to prevent the usual course of the salmon from going up the said rivers or creeks, shall on or before the first day of October next so alter such dams by making a slope thereto not exceeding forty-five degrees and planked in such smooth manner that salmon may easily pass over into the waters above the dam, or by removing the obstructions of such dam in any other manner so that salmon may freely pass into the waters above such dams; under a penalty of two hundred dollars, to be recovered and applied as aforesaid, and in case such dam shall not be so altered within the time mentioned such dam shall be adjudged a public nuisance." The idea of what constituted a fishway in 1801 was rather crude, but our law-makers of that time meant well and they were determined evidently that salmon should not be impeded on their way to their spawning beds.

To-day a law declaring a dam furnishing water power a nuisance would be a very harsh measure, but fish have rights that are not respected by the owners of dams, and the United States Supreme Court has so declared in an opinion which virtually obliges every dam owner to build a fishway in such dams as may impede the free movement up and down the streams containing fish used as food. Fishways may be built in the Hudson which will give the salmon every right to which they are entitled, without interfering with the water power or taking from the owners of dams any right to which they are entitled as owners or manufacturers or employers. I have found very recently that when the fishway question was explained to mill owners and they understood it fully they have offered no objection to them.

Chub or Fall Fish.

I suppose that every fisherman is acquainted with the chub, fall fish, silver chub, or conical trout, as it is called in New England because of its fancied resemblance to the brook trout. It is a fish that rises to the fly, takes a spoon, or bait, and is a fair fighter when hooked. Its flesh is white, but soft, and as we have so many better fish for the table, the poor chub is despised and rejected. I have caught many chub in many waters, and must confess that I never tasted one until a day or two ago, and then by mistake. I was fly-fishing for black bass in Sunapee Lake, N. H., where the water is very cold and pure, and caught a chub of about a pound in weight, and was just about to throw it back into the water when Dr. Quackenboss stopped me by saying that one of the family preferred chub to bass wheu cooked. When the chub was cooked with the bass by a strange chance the chub fell to me. I saw at once that the fish on my plate was not a bass, but I did not known what it was, as I had forgotten his chubship. Being taught to eat what was set before me, I proceeded on those lines until I spotted the fine bones of the chub, and apologized to the lady of the family for having appropriated her fish through the error of the carver. I fouud the flesh very good, a trifle sweet, but much firmer than I would have believed it possible to be. I cannot say that I am absolutely in love with the fish for the table, but fresh from cold water it is sweet and good, and if it were called something besides chub it would be relished by people who now turn up their noses at chub. I am glad to find that a fish so game as the chub on the hook has fair table qualities. A. N. CHENEY.

Another Florida Tarpon Ground.

GROVE CITY, Fla., July 17.—Lemon Bay, Florida, stretching 12 or 14 miles along the Gulf coast, just northeast of Punta Gorda, is a great feeding ground for almost all varieties of fish from the Gulf. Your readers have probably heard little about it, as it is only a few months since the Gasparilla Hotel was finished and accommodations provided for guests. I moved here from Chicago last September and shall stay here and raise fruit. I am not an expert angler, but I have made frequent trips across the bay, three-fourths of a mile, to Stump Pass, where the waters of the Gulf enter the bay, and am always rewarded for my row with a fine string of channel bass, sheepshead, ladyfish, mangrove snapper, cavalli, sea trout. Spanish mackerel, grouper and flounders. There is no long waiting for a strike here, and no little part of the enjoyment is in the variety of the game—at one moment reeling in a 3lbs. snapper and five minutes afterward playing a 20lbs. channel bass. I started in, however, to tell you a big fish story, and will not dwell on the minnows longer.

As the tarpon is not an edible fish, there is little inducement for the residents here to fish for them. I have seen a few killed, and have often watched them swimming in the water, so I knew there was a chance for as good sport as your correspondent had at Fort Myers; in fact, reading that article in one of your May numbers started me in my first seeking for tarpon. Last Monday, having secured the assistance of Mr. Rigby, we started out bright and early, with all the necessary tackle for a day of it. I am not proud of the result, and shall not dwell on the details, as I had three runs in less than as many hours, and lost all three fish. But I at last found something on my hook that stayed there—in fact, we went sailing off to the Gulf as though harnessed to a pair of porpoises. After 46 minutes of excitement we landed a sea bass or jewfish weighing 293lbs., length 6ft. 6in. For myself and my neighbors we prefer our catch to the three tarpon we did not get; but I don't give up that I can't kill a tarpon, and you shall hear of my next try at it.

In addition to fish, turtle, oysters aud clams, we have excellent hunting here in season, and a climate that cannot be beaten anywhere. The hotel will be open next season, and expert fishermen looking for tarpon can find them by hundreds in Lemon Bay. J. S.

ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 54.)

AT the breakfast hour the boy from the lighthouse, with the vacant expression which he never laid aside, went down to the shore, and taking his boat started out to lift his herring nets, while the girl with the shining dark tresses, from the same place, came along and proffered us a delicious dish of huckleberries. Ned, not to be outdone in liberality, gave her several pieces of silver, which made her eyes sparkle and her lips wreathe in sunny smiles. She was a wily diplomat, securing more for her berries than if ordered at a stated price.

We kept close in camp till noon, when the fog lifted and the sun came out, displaying the little steam tug Annie Clarke way beyond the island opposite, where she had been lost shortly after the fog came down. She immediately, on discovering her whereabouts, made for the harbor down the bay by taking the channel that led around the island.

Being confident that she had some mail aboard for us, we dispatched a messenger from the lighthouse to her landing, some two miles down the bay. He went in a light rowboat and soon returned with an ample mail for us of both letters and papers. This enabled us to pleasantly pass the hours of the afternoen.

The next morning, when we looped back the front of our tent after another night of heavy fog and battling waves, the sky was disclosed wreathed in clouds of snowy satin, while the wind, which was favorable, gave us a beautiful sea of dancing waves, just the thing for a delightful sail.

We took immediate advantage of the situation and were off, plowing the waves with the the milk-white foam rolling from the bow in rich and shifting tints. Every one was in the most cheerful humor as we went gaily bowling over the rolling surges. Even Peter had somewhat recovered his spirits and felt as if he had again been taken into our confidence. It was, however, the voyage home that made us all so light-hearted, for we had at last grown somewhat weary with our long stay on the coast. The wild seas, the rugged shores, the dense forests and the mountain ranges began to be familiar objects and though we still reverenced their grandeur and beauty, were sighing for civilization with its comforts, and refining influences, and the very dear friends we had left behind. The grand vision in prospective to Ned was his wife and children, to Kenosh a similar picture in his neat little helpmeet and prattling juveniles, to Peter his wedding, which was to come off at the Soo on his arrival, and to me—well, it don't matter—for as Bobby Burns says:

"I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nae-body;
If nae-body cares for me
I'll care for nae-body."

We were headed for Maple Bay, some fifteen miles distant, where we intended to fish the big reef that had so oft afforded us good sport, and if we were disappointed in our ardent hopes, would remain there that night, break camp the next morning and away for Gros Cap, there for another night and then for the Soo. This was the time-table, and if you keep us company you will see whether we fail in it or not.

We had a lovely sail over; the lucent waves flashed in crystal foam and rippled along the sides in charming cadence, while the sails in harmony joined in a merry tune with the sea fairly laughing as it gave us a dipping gunwale. It was deliciously gleeful, this dallying with wind and wave, and though our play-fellows were wild at times we would smile when the snowy plumes came swiftly along with a familiar air:

"With chafe and change of surges chiming,
The clashing channel rocked and rang;
Large music, wave to wild wave timing,
And all the choral waters sang."

After about three hours of luxurious sailing we rounded into the bay, and then working along a wood-crowned and indented shore for about half a mile, were opposite our camping grounds, and then down dropped the sails. It being very shoal here it took some time and care to work toward the shore. We, however, soon got hard aground, and not till the boatmen jumped overboard and cleaned out a chaunel for us did we land. We were at our old quarters, and a fine camping place it was indeed. The Indians and half-breeds from Goulais Bay always came here in the fall and spring to get their supply of fish. Near the lake we counted seven big reels, on which they repaired and untangled their gill nets. They were very rude affairs, but fully answered the purpose for which they were intended.

On clearing away a place for our tents, we turned over some large stones, unearthing a regular nursery of big black ants. What a commotion they made when their nests were uncovered. Hither and thither they frenziedly ran, taking their large white eggs with them, and not one of them that we noticed deserted its *ovum*. So much in sympathy were we with this interesting colony that we pitched our tents elsewhere rather than further disturb them.

It is said there are at least a thousand species of them, no two of which have the same habits. Sir John Lubbock says: "When we see a community of ants working together in perfect harmony, it is impossible not to ask ourselves how far they are mere exquisite automatons, how far they are conscious beings. When we watch an ant hill tenanted by thousands of industrious inhabitants, excavating chambers, forming tunnels, making roads, guarding their homes, gathering food, feeding the young, tending their domestic animals, each one fulfilling its duties industriously and without confusion, it is difficult altogether to deny to them the gift of reason; and all our recent observations tend to confirm the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of men not so much in kind as in degree."

We have digressed a little from the subject proper, but the history of the ever industrious ant is always interesting, and a few lines here I hope is not amiss.

It was nearly 3 o'clock when we had our quarters perfected and the dinner dispatched. In the meantime the wind had lulled and the lake became almost a glassy surface. It was a change such as the wand of any Prospero might have caused, so suddenly did it transport us from fierce winds to gentle zephyrs. Ned said it would militate against the angle, for the reef we were to fish was quite shallow, and with a placid sea and bright sun our every movement would be fully observed. We, however, were eager to begin the work of beguilement, and so took to the boat and were rowed to the center of the bay where the reef was located.

Although we had bright skies and quiet waters, the weather was perfectly delicious, having a soft balm in the air—the aroma of the wild balsam—that was exceedingly exhilarating. Every one was in the best spirits. The boatmen chatted in their foreign tongue, Ned sang rollicking sea songs, while I kept up the hurrah of applause, edging in something when I could get a chance that I thought would add to the mirthful festivities that pervaded the boat from bow to stern.

When we neared the reef Ned commenced delivering his flies, hoping, he said, to find some of the dandy tribe sporting around the ragged edges of the extensive reef. I held my flies in abeyance until we were well on the reef and then I sent two first-class flies, a Montreal and a Henshall, in search of the hidden beauties. Ned was endeavoring to coax them with a tinseled-ibis and white-moth, leaving his own creations in retirement. With willing hearts and hands we worked for a long time without a rise, until finally Ned struck a novel lead in warbling a few impromptu verses much to the delight of all. He would cast and then sing a verse, ending it by the time the flutter of the flies was over. I subjoin his original song, which he calls "Tempting," as near as me mory will permit:

First Cast.
Stealthily I come for you,
With a rod and line for you;
And a red and white fly for you;
Brilliant beauty, you.

Second Cast.
By the dark chasm I cast for you,
And then there's a flutter for you;
Then I lift and drop them for you;
Dazzling beauty, you.

Third Cast.
The feathery lure will not bring you;
The downy drop not arouse you;
Pray tell me where I'll find you?
Peerless beauty, you.

Fourth Cast.
Red, white and blue I've sent to you;
Will nothing but a worm do you?
You haughty and greedy thing, you;
Rainbow beauty, you.

Fifth Cast.
Ah! you have come at last, have you?
Now, fight for your life, will you?
Ah! into the net I have you;
Captured beauty, you.

If the songster had not soon caught his trout, which was a noble one over 3lbs., he would doubtless have spun out his jingle to an unlimited length, something akin to the "Battle of the Nile." The boatmen were wild with delight at Ned's amusing antics and gabbled and laughed so heartily that it became infectious. Kenosh, as soon as he subsided, got off his old chestnut "No fliee on him" and then they both roared again. I suggested to Kenosh a new version on the "fliee" by substituting microbe, as the other was getting entirely too ancient for further application.

"What a microbe?" he quickly inquired.

"A microbe is a microbe," I answered seriously, by way of pleasantry.

At it the two went again with chatter and laughter, until Peter, who could speak English very well, turned to me and said, with a smile on his lips:

"We thought it something else."

"First knock down for Peter," chimed in Ned, and then the laugh was on me. To relieve the boatmen of any suspense and to regain my standing in the court of Momus, I explained to their confusion that a "microbe is of the genus bacterian, and is supposed to be an animal organism of the lowest grade."

"What are you giving the boys?" said Ned. It is a contemptible and malignant insect so blanked small that it takes a microscope to find the impish thing. That's what it is."

"Oh," said the boys, with a broad grin at Ned's explanation, and then the bacterian subject was instantly dropped, for at that particular moment I had a glorious response to a cast and hung the inquisitive intermeddler.

You all know how gallantly the trout battle, and I have explicitly stated this more than once in this letter, but this particular one seemed to have a new method of warfare, for he made for one especial point, which was a cluster of rocks with many cavernous chambers, and one of these he frenziedly try to reach. The water was so clear and the reef so shallow that we saw his every movement.

"Hold him away," said Ned, "for if he gets in one of those yawning openings he is gone sure."

I did securely hold him with my little Chubb rod that never did better service than just then. The stricken trout, now rendered desperate, would suddenly swerve, but only a few feet, and then again as suddenly struggle to reach his rocky lair. Oh, but he fought frantically and heroically, and home never seemed so near and yet so far away, as did that little cavern from whence he had sprung for the delusive fly. Twice was the tip of that little invincible bamboo on a parallel with the butt, yet the strain endangered it not. Never did I have more confidence in it, and never did it behave more handsomely. Thomas A. Chubb, you are an artist in the creation of a rod, and no angler who has ever had such a rod as this in his hand under the same circumstances could do less than make a public acknowledgment of its merits as I do here. It is the rod of rods, and can be depended upon not only for hard and active service, but for its exceedingly fine action in delivery and recovery.

Well, to abridge the fight, will simply state that the trout at last fell a victim to the rod and rodster, and when the scales were placed in his lacerated jaw he pulled the indicator down to the 3-pound notch. A more beautiful prize could not be coveted. He was perfection in symmetry, blazing in celestial hues, every spot a radiant jewel, every bar purity itself in gold and crimson, silver and vermilion, with a deep shading that as it advances blushes and finally loses itself amid the dazzling and delicate tints that form its robe of beauty.

Here were two lovely captives, and if no more came to our industrious efforts we would be supremely content. We continued the casting, however, till it was time to return for the evening meal, but no rewards coming we headed to the shore where, on arriving, we were greeted with clouds of flies and mosquitoes that were buzzing and humming in anything but falsetto notes. The warm sun of the afternoon had been exceedingly favorable for their raids, but it was little gore they extracted from us, as our liquid preventive was as an unimpenetrable wall of adamant to them. This was not all, for after supper when we were around the camp-fire it seemed to draw from every bush and shrub a very army of ephemera, while many insects of grotesque shape were flying and darting about on all sides with resonant sounds from

"More hideous foes than fancy can devise,
With helmet heads and dragon scales adorned."

We could outline many of them with positive distinctness. Noticeable were the owlet moths in their somber colors, numbers of which singed their wings and in the fire perished. Then a host of flies and midgets would frequently dash in our faces as the light attracted them, and by way of variety a few beetles of the raptorial and tiger class, out sight-seeing, would venture within the bounds of the flaming circle, as would also a species called the lantern flies, which have very luminous bodies, while a step or two in the shade would develop a vast army of fireflies that beautified the night with their flashing radiance, as did some small, bright-colored bugs called "tree hoppers," belonging to the same luminous family. Nearly every morning, when shaking our blankets, we would see numerous little agile creatures spring and jump away. These are called springtails and are degraded, nerve-winged insects, unable to fly.

There is no end to insect life here, which comes quickly in the spring when the sun warms the face of nature. As the season is short some of the small flies appear in swarms while the snow is yet on the ground. Many of these insects, strange as it may seem, hybernate under the snow. No wonder the northern latitudes are so numerously populated with innumerable insects that make life a misery. Even in Alaska the Indians, when coursing a river, have frequently to make a smudge in their canoes for protection against the insectivorous horde.

We concluded, after we had arranged for an early start in the morning, weather permitting, of course, to seek our beds within the inclosure of the netting as the best method of defeating the bloody intentions of these piratical pests who seek the silent hours of darkness to do their sanguinary work.

We slept delightfully that night, indifferent to the noisy war songs of the vampirish tribe, who beat and beat in vain against the delicate woven texture which to us was a perfect fortification. ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Landlocked Salmon in Dan Hole Ponds.

MR. JOSEPH MURPHY, the well-know comedian, recently made a find that will interest every disciple of Izaak Walton. For the past seven summers Mr. and Mrs. Murphy have spent the season at the Carroll House in Ossipee, N. H. The town of Ossipee lies five hours' ride from Boston on the B. & M. R. R. and affords the first glimpse the tourist gets of the mountains on his way through the White Mountain region. Ossipee is dotted with lakes of all sizes up to ten miles in length. Two of the wildest and most unfrequented of these are two bodies of water known as Dan Hole Ponds. They are high up among the Ossipee Mountains and fed by cold springs and one small mountain brook. The outlet is high and the larger lake is 150ft. deep in many places.

About twelve years ago the State stocked these ponds with 50,000 landlocked salmon fry. Nothing has been done about them since, except by the mountaineers of the region. They have blown them up with dynamite, speared them on the spawning beds and salted them down by the barrel, besides going "trout fishing" in the brook where they have taken four and six-inch salmon by the hundreds. In all the twelve years not a single salmon has been caught with hook and line. The natives had fished in vain, and had told others, "They won't bite."

The difficulty was that they did not use the right tackle nor fish during the salmon season. After listening to the stories of the natives for six summers Mr. Murphy determined to try his own luck at fishing in the Dan Hole Ponds. In company with Mr. Hure, proprietor of the Carroll House, he went down to the ponds and began trolling. Almost at the first cast he landed a landlocked salmon weighing 8½lbs. and soon after one that tipped the scales at 14lbs. Two days later he captured his largest salmon, which weighed 15½lbs. and measured 33in. in length. A day or two later he took another 11½lbs. in weight.

Mr. Murphy has fished from Maine to the Golden Gate, and from New Orleans to the Canadian lakes, and he says that these were the gamiest fish that he ever took. Before he could make another visit the salmon had gone down into deep water. Mr. Murphy had a very pleasant letter from Joe Jefferson, of Buzzard's Bay, in regard to his "find." Mr. Jefferson wrote that the largest landlocked salmon that he ever took weighed but 6lbs. It is more than probable that Mr. Jefferson will visit Dan Hole Ponds next May and try his hand in this new fishing ground.

The State Fish Commissioners met here July 15 to investigate the ponds and arrange about protecting the brook and spawning beds.

Mr. Murphy has painted the four salmon in oil, life size, and they may be seen in the office of the Carroll House, at Ossipee. Many inquiries have been received in regard to the ponds and much interest shown by fishermen who have heard of this new fishing ground.

EDWIN O. GROVER.

Tim Pond.

EUSTIS, Me., July 19.—I was at Tim Pond fifteen years ago and had fine fishing. As they have had so many visitors since then I supposed the fish must have gone, like those of other waters; but to my surprise it is as good as ever. My friend Tracy and I caught, between 6 and 8 o'clock on the 17th, 170, and on the 18th (6 to 8) 130 from one boat. Let me add that all but twenty-five were returned to the water. They ran in weight from 4 to 8oz.

A. B. CARPENTER.

NEWS FROM THE FISHING WATERS.

RICH LAKE, Newcomb, Essex County, N. Y., July 17.—While trolling on Rich Lake to-day I caught a pickerel which weighed 12lbs. and measured 3ft. It is the largest fish caught in the lake for several years.

CORA M. COOTE.

WOODRUFF (Reynolds), Wis., July 15.—At Camp Edgewater, Gresham Lake, the week's catch was: Fourteen muskallonge, smallest 7lbs., largest 26lbs.; 240 bass, 2 to 6lbs.; 310 pike, average 3lbs., largest 8½lbs. Prospects good. We put back in water muskallonge weighing less than 5lbs., pike 2lbs., and bass 1½lbs. Caught by W. A. Stiles, E. C. Smith, John Wardlaw and C. J. Child,

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BARNEGAT, N. J., July 21.—Mr. C. G. Endicott, of Jersey City, just came in to the Clarence House, at 1:30, having fished one hour, and took 38 fine weakfish. He reports all boats catching them lively. Average over 2lbs. Bluefish are reported to be in the bay also. They had to stop fishing to catch the train for home.

JOS. L. HIGGINS.

LIBERTY FALLS, Stevensville, N. Y., July 21.—Mr. R. Cardona, E. M. Mundy and W. G. Davies, of Brooklyn, were out two and a half hours on Stevensville Lake, and caught a large string of pickerel, 3 of which weighed 5¼lbs., 5½lbs. and 5lbs.

New Hampshire Trout Fishing.

CLAREMONT, N. H., July 14.—I saw the recent complaints of "Mascomy" and "Von W.," that they could not catch any brook trout. I have been thinking and wondering why. Now I am a regular crank for trout fishing (and the FOREST AND STREAM is to blame for it); and I have no trouble in getting all the trout my family can eat, and give away many a meal to my friends. For instance, I have been threo half-days fishing in Little Sugar River, in the very town where "Von W." resides, with the following results: First half-day, 51 trout that filled my 10lb. basket. Second half-dey, 45 trout that filled a 10lb. basket; largest weight 1lb. 2oz., after arriving home. Third half-day, 33 trout, smallest 7in., largest 11in. I have been many times to small brooks in this vicinity, and my smallest catch was 16 trout, all above 6in. I have no use for a 5in. trout, even if the laws of New Hampshire do allow it. My trout have all been caught with a Rube-Wood, and brown-palmer and yellow-palmer fly. I use the yellow fly only in high roily water in heavy rains, with a No. 5 shot attached next to loop in sinew to sink the fly a very little on account of muddy water. I always use a fly even in thick brush and alders. Of course, I cannot make a cast, but let it float with current. Tell "Von W." and "Mascomy" not to give up. Try again.

I always have a good time, even if I don't catch many trout. I never went fishing yet without seeing something or learning something new to me in nature, and that paid me better a great deal than it would to catch two or three hundred little trout four or five inches long. I could write of many things I have seen and learned when on my hunting or fishing trips. I have hunted and fished for thirty years, and if I have my health I mean to for thirty years more—fish or no fish; game or no game. When they are all gone I can look around and see something to interest me.

But we can save some fish and game yet by applying proper means. No use to put law on trout for three or five years; that will not do it. One good drought destroys more trout in one season than all the fishermen in five. It is the destruction of our forests that is killing out the trout; the mills and the refuse also.

I once saw a trout stream that had become dry, all but one large hole, and that was alive with trout, which had taken refuge there. A week later I visited it, the hole had dried up, and I should judge that there were 500 trout all dead.

If you catch a trout under 6in., take him carefully from the hook, put him back into the brook, catch him again some other day, when 10oz. he will weigh.

I vote for stopping the sale of game every time. These are a few remedies. I might mention many more; but enough for this time. COLUMBIA.

Trout Tickling.

YOU may remember that not so very long ago I called for the evidence *in re* trout tickling, expressing myself as a doubting Thomas of much time and size. Please allow me to say in closing that the evidence is in. Plenty of it. It is entirely satisfactory, or convincing, rather. It comes flat-footed and in a sort of catapultian way from Denver and South Carolina and Chicago and New York and several other places, and then "Kelpie" and Mr. Mather jump on top and pack the whole thing down, and — well, what can a doubter do but unconditionally surrender and say he's sorry and won't do so any more? When a man of Mr. Mather's piscicultural completeness says a thing is so, it can't be any so-er. Debate is closed and we've got to sit down. I admit with him that I was about as ignorant on this subject as I well could be (and now I'm glad I was), yet where have I been since I was knee high to a duck and caught my first trout among the hills of the Green Mountain State that I shouldn't have heard a word or read one (not even in FOREST AND STREAM until comparatively recently, where you get pretty nearly everything worth reading on fish) about this surreptitious, reprehensible, indefensible and wholly indecent way of inveigling trout? Trout, mind you, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, which I have firmly and innocently believed since the "days that are no more" were the shyest, wariest, liveliest, wildest, suspiciousest fish that ever flipped a fin. You may call it tickling, or seducing, or fingerlooting, or belly-soothing, or guddling, or ginniling, or any other abominable and outlandish name you choose, you can't get anything too low down. And now to be convinced by incontrovertible evidence that this fish (for description see Starbuck in FOREST AND STREAM Vols. 7-10) will willingly allow a great lout of a man (nothing personal) to sneak up on it and with itching fingers tickle its stomach until it is completely lost to all sense of safety or anything else, is mortifying in the extreme. Bah! I am ashamed, and sorry for the trout, and sorry I have become wiser—where ignorance is bliss, etc. Anybody want to go bobbing for eels or mud turkles? O. O. S.

OZARKS, MO.

Delaware Bass.

DINGMAN'S FERRY, Pa.—M. Hale Jones and Francis Childs, Jr., have been very successful in taking bass in the Delaware, every day bringing in a good number of very nice-sized bass—¾, 1 and 2lbs. P. F. FULMER.

DINGMAN'S FERRY, Pa., July 17.—I give you the catch of bass made by Messrs. B. F. Blair and John Blair, of New York city, on July 16. In one day they caught 20 fine bass. R. VAN GORDEN.

LACKAWAXEN, Pike county, Pa.—I think it is owing to the natural diffidence characterizing the fisherman on the upper Delaware that you have not before had a report from this region. At the Delaware House are some noted bass and trout fishermen who have laid their catches on the grass of the lawn and seemed amply repaid by the remarks of admiration from the ladies without desiring to have their fame go beyond the confines of the hotel.

There have been more small-mouth bass caught this summer than ever before known in this region. Trout fishing is fairly good back in the mountains. The best part of the upper Delaware for big bass is between Marrowsburg, N. Y., and Shohola Glen, Pa., a distance of 15 miles. This stretch of the river can be easily fished in two days with an experienced guide, returning to the hotel each night. Best bait, catfish, helgramites and lamper eels; best hook No. 2 sproat.

Recent catches are as follows: Mr. Frank S. Gray of New York (with Fred. Holbert, guide), caught 149 trout in Shohola Brook July 1; on July 6, bass fishing from Grassy Swamp to Delaware House, on four miles of river, he brought in 84 bass, four of the bass weighing over 2lbs. each. On July 8 he caught a string of 50 bass, the five largest bass weighing 17½lbs. The smallest of the large bass weighed 2¾lbs. and the largest 4lbs.

Mr. James C. Byrnes of New York on July 12 landed a 4lbs. bass in Donovan's Eddy.

But the record fish this season goes to Mr. Cecil Hodgman of New York, who on July 14 landed a magnificent small-mouth weighing 5lbs. 8oz. This fish was caught below the Delaware & Hudson dam at Lackawaxen. The big fish was hooked in about 2ft. of swift water, and ran out 300ft. of line to an eddy below the rift. Mr. Hodgman followed in his boat and netted the fish after a long struggle, but not before the big fellow had jumped five times out of the water. Mr. Hodgman, as soon as he recovered from the effects of landing the big one, cast again and captured a 2½lbs. bass. One other large fish was caught by one of the natives in the same place, which weighed 5lbs. 2oz. A large number of 2 and 3lbs. fish have been caught, and the river is full of smaller fish. The best fishing comes in August and September.

JAMES DALY.

Cobb's Island Fish and Game.

COBB'S ISLAND, Va., July 20.—Cobb's Island, which is situated about ten miles from the mainland, off the coast of Virginia, is yielding good sport this season. Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., in company with Mr. Ashby Jones, on July 5 caught 25 red drum aggregating in weight 750lbs., while at the same outing they also captured 125 immense bluefish within three hours. For sea trout fishing I think this place cannot be excelled, for I myself, in company with several other gentlemen, made an extremely large catch. One party went out to-day and brought in 120 large trout, while the several boats, five, I think, returned with a total of 680. The names of the different parties and their individual catch are as follows: C. O. B. Cowardin 200, Geo. Rinehart 128, B. F. Franklin 79, Steven Beveridge 99, Mrs. E. M. Thompson 174.

Shark fishing is also very much indulged in. I went out yesterday and the boatman hooked a tolerably large one, while in another boat a gentleman caught one 10ft. in length. The shooting is very fine, there being any quantity of jack curlew, grayback, yellow-shanks, calico-back and snipe in general. The gunners have been remarkably successful for this season of the year. Next week when the tides make very high, there will be found here the finest shooting on the Atlantic coast. This is the only place I have ever visited where the sport is so magnificent, surpassing my expectations in every regard. The sportsmen, many of whom are here at present, find very pleasant and agreeable accommodations. H. B. RASCH.

Fishing in Stores.

HERE is an interesting note which has evidently been delayed by floods and strikes: LaCamas, Wash., June 14.—A few days ago many of the Portland wholesale houses on the river front were obliged to vacate on account of the encroachment of the flood, and every one old and young followed in the footsteps of good Father Walton and went fishing. In all of the stores where the water was not too deep might be seen men and boys in pursuit of the fish. One house put up fishing notices and excluded the public, thus making a fine haul of some thirty fine trout averaging 1½lbs. in weight. Another had the good fortune to capture a large salmon by dextrous use of oars.

The Columbia and Willamette rivers are higher than ever before—so far as known. This brings it 5ft. above the highest water of 1876. Both rivers registered 35ft. and a fraction. E. W. R.

Moosehead Lake.

KINEO, Me., Mount Kineo House, July 17.—We send part of the catches of trout here for the past two days. There were several parties who brought in strings of two or three whose names we did not get:

July 16, 31 trout caught by Messrs. G. A. Worth and S. H. Watts, New York city.

July 16, 23 trout caught by S. I. Abbott, Waterville, Me.

July 16, 9 trout caught by J. H. Lewis, Bangor, Me.

July 17, 32 trout caught by Charles L. Edey, New York city.

The fish weighed from ½ to 2lbs. each. The fishing here has been excellent this spring and summer. There is every prospect of a big season. O. A. DENNEN.

Narragansett Pier Striped Bass.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., July 17.—The largest striped bass taken so far this season was captured Tuesday night, 10th inst., by Ernest Knowles, a local fisherman, and weighed 31lbs. about two hours after being taken from the water.

St. Augustine Big Fish.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., July 16.—The big fish in the waters adjacent to this town have been making themselves talked about recently. One day while one of our business men was standing in the surf on Anastasia Island he was attacked by a shark, which seized him by the calf of his right leg. The swimmer threw himself on his back, kicked vigorously and made for shore. He has spent a week in bed and is now out on crutches.

A whale is not a fish, but here is a whale item: A young sperm 21ft. in length, came into the harbor the other day, lost its bearings among the oyster bars and mud banks between here and Matanzas and went aground. It was discovered by Capt. Ed. Allen, who towed it to town, where it excited much interest. It was taken over to the North Beach, where our amateur whalers set about trying out the oil, but the sharks made such inroads upon the prize that the enterprise was not much of a success. Two of the sharks caught were in the 14ft. class. COQUINA.

A soldier of St. Francis Barracks, St. Augustine, met with a very painful accident yesterday morning while out fishing. He had just landed a large catfish, when it struck his foot with one of its fins. The fin penetrated the sole of his shoe and went deep into his foot. It fastened the shoe tight to the foot so that it could not be removed. The soldier was taken to the barracks hospital for treatment.—*Florida Mirror.*

Shenandoah Bass.

BEAR LITHIA, Va., July 18.—I will tell you a little of the last fishing trip on the Shenandoah River, which is now in excellent condition. Three of us set out on 11th inst. at 8 A. M. The river is only a few minutes' walk from Rose Cottage, where we are stopping. Not a bass was caught until 11 A. M.; and a little one at that. We had 48 bass by 6 P. M., in size from 4lbs. a piece down.

The second day we caught 53 bass and the third day 10 bass, one, the biggest weighing 3½lbs. and the balance about a pound a piece. The bait used were mud toms and helgramites. Fishing is a little better in this river now as it has been for several years past. The law is on bass in the Shenandoah River from April 1 to July 1.

Saturday evening we had a beautiful fox chase. A fine specimen of a gray fox was made a prisoner and let go at 9 P. M., 11 hounds and 25 men following. The fox was caught in 2 hours 35 minutes. It was the most beautiful chase I ever witnessed, the dogs being close all the time. CHAS. REUSCH.

Ouananiche and a Stranger.

LAKE ST. JOHN, Quebec.—My score for two and one-half days of fishing in the Grande Discharge, with flies (silver-doctor and Jock-Scott), and near the Island House with small spoon, comprised sixty-six ouananiche, pike and a stranger. Largest fish 6½lbs.; total weight 105¾lbs. The fish I call stranger was the shape of a pike but with bright red and yellow spots like a trout and very red fins. I have caught more than 1,000 trout, and this was the handsomest marked fish I ever saw. None of the guides ever saw a fish like it. It was very gamy, nearly half the time in the air, acted much like salmon I have caught in the Penobscot at Bangor, Me. W. C. M.

The Brown Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In behalf of a number of interested fishermen, who are planning to stock our home waters with the European brown trout, I ask an expression from some one who has had experience with this fish, as to how it compares with the native brook trout as a sportsman's fish. SALMO.

Weakfish at Forked River.

FORKED RIVER, N. J., July 23.—On July 20 Mr. H. C. Klemm made a fine catch of weakfish with rod while stopping at the Lafayette House. Mr. H. Kochler and wife enjoyed the same sport, as also a number of other guests. After this northeast storm sportsmen think the weakfishing will be good. A few woodcock have been killed here. L.

Fisiculture and Fish Protection.

A Menace to the Youghiogheny River Bass.

SOMERSET, Pa., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Not knowing exactly how to bring the matter forming the subject of this article to the attention of the proper authorities, I have decided to send you the facts, for publication in your paper, with the hope that you will take such steps as may to you seem proper in the premises.

Confluence, Pa., is a borough of several hundred inhabitants, situate in Somerset county, at what in years past and gone was known by the old Indian name of Turkeyfoot. The borough is located on the banks of the Youghiogheny River, with which river the Cassellman River and a stream known as the North Fork unite at a point a few hundred yards below Confluence.

About eighteen years ago, I think it was in 1875 or '76, the Youghiogheny was stocked with black bass, and ever since that time that fish has been abundant and of goodly size. Last summer a great many bass were killed by "sledging" the rocks during a very low stage of the water in the Youghiogheny and the other rivers named above, and citizens inform me that they do not see so many large fish in those rivers as they have been in the habit of seeing at the same season in the past.

Recently a company has located at Confluence for the purpose of erecting a steam tannery, covering with its buildings six acres of ground, and said to be the third largest tannery in the United States. The waste water and all the filth of this tannery will be run into the North Fork, and will certainly contaminate the Yonghiogheny for its entire course below Confluence, and of course will destroy all the fish in that stream's lower waters. The Cassellman River of course will not be contaminated by the waste from the tannery.

The attention of the proper authorities in Pennsylvania should be directed to the facts set forth above, and some action promptly taken in order to preserve the game fish in the Youghiogheny River, as a few months will be too late, and the effects of the eighteen years past in supplying those three rivers and their various influents with game fish will be entirely lost; not only to the people along the banks of those streams, but to sportsmen from Pittsburg, Johnstown, etc., visiting them for pleasure or recreation. AMATEUR.

The Kennel.

Death of Champion Graphic.

IN the ordiuary course of events the death of champion Graphic was one that might have been expected at any time for a year or two past. He died a couple of weeks since at Mr. Charles Heath's place at Orange, N. J. He was allowed the run of the house and grounds, aud oue night he was noticed to be out of sorts and was found dead in the morning. The heat, at his advanced age, was probably too much for him. The news of his death will serve to recall many exciting events in the life of a champion dog, for Graphic was a champion if ever a dog was entitled to that honor. As a field dog he never distinguished himself, although thoroughly broken and used until quite recently in private shooting. He ran unplaced in the English Kennel Club All-Aged Pointer Stakes in 1883, and afterward at the Eastern Field Trials at High Point, N. C., in 1886, when he was withdrawn by his owners. He was a champion in Englaud in 1883, winning in that class at the Crystal Palace show.

After making a brilliant record on the English show bench he was imported by Mr. James L. Anthouy in the fall of 1885, and his first appearance was at the National Breeders' show, at Philadelphia, a few days after he landed. Mr. Anthouy brought him down to the show one afternoou just to show the "boys" what a good pointer was like.

Then he entered upon an exciting show career on American benches, his first competition being at Pittsburgh show, March 16, 1886. The week after he was exhibited at the Newark, N. J., show. Old timers will remember Mr. Davidson's difficult and unenviable task in deciding, amid intense excitement, between Beaufort and Graphic at their first meeting. Beaufort won.

All pointer men are familiar with Graphic's career since then; how the Netherwood Kennels' became the joint property of Messrs. Anthony and Heath, the division of the kennel, Mr. Heath taking Graphic, Meally, Revel III., Bracket etc., which noted dogs were also imported about the time of Graphic's arrival.

As a sire Graphic stood well in front, leaving in England a large number of sons and daughters whose names were familiar in the prize lists on bench and field. Revel III., Bracket, Lad and Lass of Bow are perhaps the names that pointer men on this side will most readily recall as progeuy of his. Champion Graphic was last seen at the Newark show in November, 1893, when he was entered and benched for an hour or two each day for exhibition only, and the old dog showed signs of decrepitude then. Strange to say, his first and last appearances in the East were at Newark shows. He was whelped April 15, 1881, and was by Leach's Bonus—Sancho out of Fursdon's Juno. His breeder was Mr. E. C Norrish of Devonshire, England. Graphic was the last of the famous quartette imported by the Netherwood Kennels, and we sympathize with Mr. Heath in the loss of his old friend.

POINTS AND FLUSHES

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

Clubs and Entries.

THE following is a letter, under date of July 15, written to me by Mr. T. T. Ashford, owner of the celebrated field trial performer Kent Elgin. He says:

"I have just read your article in FOREST AND STREAM of this date, and as it hits the nail so squarely on the head I must congratulate you for having the courage to speak in such forcible terms the honest truth.

"For several years I have tried hard to get up some field trial enthusiasm among the sportsmen of my section and those further south. They say there is a combine between the larger kennels and clubs, and the unknown man with one or two entries stands no show.

"I have succeeded this year in getting from this city about seven entries for the U. S trials. Another would have been made from Knoxville, Tenn., but distemper caucelled his earthly engagements.

"The way you touch up the Southern Club's action in asking a judge to withdraw because a favorite patron was afraid this judge would give his dogs justice was certainly a broadsider that was richly deserved. I attended that club's trials in 1893 and it did not take a close observer to see there was "monkeying behind the curtains." From what I saw myself and had heard of this club's management I resolved to let it severely alone and have had no occasion to revoke my decision.

"When I sent Jim Avent my dog Kent Elgin (in June, '93) I told him not to enter him in the Southern trials aud repeated this later on. When the Southern All-Age entries were published my dog was not in the list of entries, consequently I thought Avent had observed my instructions. On his way to the Southern trials he wrote me, expressing regrets that Kent Elgin was not entered, as he would stand a good show to win in those large fields where birds were plentiful.

"A day or two later, on his arrival at New Albany, Miss, he wrote me that by making a little blow Mr. Brumby had allowed Kent Elgin to go in the race. This was only two days before the drawing of the All-Age Stake.

"I wired Avent not to run my dog in the Southern trials under any circumstances whatever. He went in just the same as you know. Mr. Avent is a warm personal friend of mine and we have been friends from boyhood.

"I am satisfied he smuggled Kent in with evident intentional kindness to the dog, and it is not he whom I censure for my dog's running in those trials this past winter, but it is the club who would so outrage their rules and do their patrons such a dirty trick by letting a dog run in their trials who was entered two days before the drawing. If they will do one dishonest thing will they not do another? I leave the answer with those who patronize the club.

"I have asked Mr. Brumby to refund Kent's entrance fee, but he declines; and with all the proof I have in black and white, has the gall to deny the charge I dare say Mr. Avent will not deny it. * * * After reading your article I felt like giving you the above facts. Field trials should be conducted honestly or not run at all."

From Winnipeg.

In a pleasant letter under date of July 15 Mr. Thos. Johnson writes: "I had a letter from Mr. Lonsdale in which he said he would be pleased to give the cups to the Northwestern trials in 1895. (I presume Mr. Johnson refers to the cups given for this year's trials.)

"I have a peculiar colored puppy from my 'blacks.' They have often shown a brown tint at birth, but I have one a beautiful seal brown, not a white hair, and the 'king pup' of the litter.

"I expect Capt. McMurdo up shortly. Mr. Dexter also promises to be my guest a little later on."

Mr. Johnson mentioned several other gentlemen sportsmen who might possibly be his guests. In this connection I wish to acknowledge a most cordial invitation from Mr. Johnson to visit him aud recuperate from my recent severe illness. My appreciation of his generous invitation is but feebly expressed by returning my sincere thanks.

He mentioned also that Rev. Mr. Spence had had a long, weary illness, but added the pleasing information that health had returned to him.

Mr. Johnson, in respect to the Manitoba trials, remarked: "From the number and quality of the entries in the Manitoba trials, they promise to be very successful this year." He then expressed his delight at such excellent prospect for good trials. Such has the ring of true sportsmanship.

It was rumored that the dog show in the Midway, last summer, had netted the owner, Mr. Adolf Thommen, a large sum of mouey. It will be remembered that Mr. Thommen had taken his St. Bernards from Switzerland to this country to exhibit in the World's Fair dog show of unfortunate memory. From a statement of the profits of the Midway, the Exposition Compauy's percentage (25 per cent.) on the gross receipts of the dog show was $551. Therefore, Mr. Thommen's gross receipts were $2,204.

The present dull times in canine matters are very discouraging to breeders, but they should not become wholly discouraged. There are undoubtedly better times ahead in the near future. No doubt the interest iu field shooting is quite as keen as it ever was, but the hard times in a measure suppress it. In the meantime, dogs are aging or becoming incapacitated for work, and their places will be filled so soon as the finances of their owners will warrant it. New sportsmen are coming into the fraternity, too, who will be buyers, so that when the better times come they will make up for the months of scarcity.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

DOG CHAT.

The cash premiums to be given by the Des Moines Kennel Club at their show, to be held Sept. 4 to 7, in connection with the Iowa State fair, will amount to a little over $1,300. In addition to this there will be numerous special prizes. They have already received word from a number of breeders signifying their intention to exhibit. Mr. M. Bruce, the secretary, tells us that on an average 150,000 people attend this fair, and they are substantial, well-to-do people people, and that there is a good market for all kinds of dogs. Those who desire premium lists should write to Mr. Bruce, Des Moines, Ia. It is rather too far for our Eastern exhibitors to send their dogs, but our Chicago and Western friends will no doubt give the new club a good support, they can do this and still get back in time for the Toronto show on Sept. 10, or if Omaha holds its intended show, the two shows will make a nice trip into new country

The *Breeder and Sportsman* in commenting on the Martin—Bell mix up, says: "We have always been friendly to the A. K. C. and wish to continue to be so, but it is time this Star Chamber business was stopped. The meetings of the advisory committee should be more public. Mr. Martin to this day has not been officially notified of the action taken, and knows practically nothing about the action of the advisory committee in the matter. A fancier in San Francisco should have exactly the same rights as the fancier in New York, and, until such is the case, the cry of 'clique' and 'partiality will be heard everywhere." This was written June 23, and it would seem as if some one had been derelict in their duty in this, at all points, most extraordinary case. This mystery and bandying of opinions would all have been avoided if more publicity were given to the transactions of the Advisory Committee.

Mr H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., in sending in his kennel catalogue, which, by the way, is excellently arranged, with capital clear half-tones of Oakleigh Bruiser, the wire-hair, and Poobah, Diamond, Vivette and Bellone, his noted brown poodles, also incloses a stirring picture of Mr. Smith's Cribbage and Oakleigh Bruiser, the bounds of canine courtesy being only restricted by the length of their chains. Mr. Hunnewell is delighted with his new importation, Bushey Bramble, the noted wire-hair, which he purchased from Mr. C. W. Wharton. She is by Venio ex Bramble. She is in good condition and will make her début at Providence in September. As a taste of her quality we may say that her winnings include firsts at Leicester and Darlington in open, puppy and novice classes; third open at Crystal Palace; second open Southdown and first Barnet 1891. In '92 she was first open at Barking; second Birmingham and third and special at Oxford and Cruft's shows. Last year her principal wins were at Kew, Enfield and Uxbridge, and seconds at such shows as the Fox-Terrier Club's, Crystal Palace in winners' and open classes, and third at Leicester. With such a record behind her, won in good company, she is a distinct acquisition to this country. The Hillhurst Kennels have a number of well-bred youngsters for sale at reasonable prices, particulars of which may be had on application.

In our hurried notice last week of the Rhode Island show's premium list we omitted mention of kennel prizes of $15 that will be given for mastiffs, St. Bernards (mixed), beagles, pointers, Irish and Gordon setters, cocker spaniels, collies and fox-terriers. The show will be held in the building erected for that purpose last year and which is 180×90ft. The classes in which the sexes compete together will be divided if five of either sex are entered. Dogs winning a money prize may have a medal instead. Premiums will be paid on the last day of the fair. The United States Express Company will return dogs free provided they have not changed owners during the fair.

The Danbury show, which is always looked upon as a sort of picnic or outing by many of the New York, Boston and Philadelphia exhibitors, will this year be held Oct. 2 to 5. Now that Danbury "counts," to use the vernacular of the "rounder," the society should make an effort to provide a decent building for the dogs, which experience has proved are next to the trotting in the race for popularity among the yokels who attend this fair in such large numbers. There has always been a good class of dogs exhibited at this show, and if the entry fee was raised to $1.50 and decent prizes given, the society might be still more proud of its dog department and the interest it creates.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Pacific Coast Fox-Terrier Club, with President H. W. Fores in the chair, the members were notified that the second division of the Produce Stakes close Aug. 14. A Stud Dog Stakes was discussed and rules to govern this will be formulated. Messrs. Jos. McLatchie, J. B. Martin, Ed. Cawston, H. H. Carlton, A. Gonzales aud A. Russell Crowell were present. A pleasant feature of such meetings is the presence of several members' terriers. Raby Rasper, Golden Toy, Blemton Reefer and a dog from Australia imported by Mr. Gonzales were among those on hand to furnish subjects for dog chat.

The Pacific Kennel Club is thinking of giving a show this fall in San Francisco.

The "Title" of Challenge.

The Canadian *Kennel Gazette* takes issue with us in regard to our remarks on the misuse of the word "challenge." While our contemporary makes a very plausible plea for the recognition of such a title as "challenge so and so," it ignores the fact that the A. K. C. does not recognize such a title. According to A. K. C. rules the only title that a dog can aspire to is that of champion, and to allow two titles would only lead to the confusion which the present use of the word "challenge" often brings about in the mind of the novice and the general public. A dog is either a champion or he is not, there should be no intermediate title of honor. There is no class for champions, as such, once the title is earned they have reached the pinnacle of titulary honors so far as dog shows are concerned. The challenge dog is merely on probation, as it were, for this distinction. Admitting for argument's sake the *Gazette's* contention that the title of challenge would convey the fact that the dog was eligible to the challenge class, which "gives him an increased value not at all 'fictitious,' but in real good coin," the dog that was eligible but had never won or never could win in the challenge class, we know of several, unless the others were dead, would be just as valuable according to its title as the dog who had won two challenge prizes and was next door so a champion. If anything, we ought to make the title of champion more difficult of attainment still, rather than weaken its significance by the misuse of stepping-stone titles.

A letter from Arthur Trickett, who holds the helm in the Argyle Kennels out at Little Rock, Ark., sets at rest the idea that St. Bernards, when properly cared for, cannot do well in that warm section of the country. Many will be pleased to hear that "the dogs are all well and the old dog is fine as silk." The old dog is Sir Bedivere, a picture of whom, recently taken, which Mr. Trickett sends us, would seem to justify his assertion. Another photo shows two seven-months-old pups that seem both tall and heavy, large and deep in head and possessed of ample bone; and to quote Mr. Treckett, "will do to keep our hand in." Argyle Alpha also seems to be growing still. They have had no puppies since the shows. The rough-coated dog Prince George, first at New Orleans, and third at Chicago last December, has been sold to Mr. C. T. Wentworth, Denver, Col. Mr. E. E. Woodcock, of Hot Springs, Ark., bred his bitch Geraldine to Sir Bedivere, and their own Countess was also mated to the champion on the 17th inst.

Mr. S. H. Roberts, who has the management of the Rhode Island show, has arranged a good list of judges, and if the Association agrees to their terms at a meeting to be held this week, their names will be announced at once. It is expected also that $300 more will be voted to provide classes for several breeds that are not properly catered, for such as black cockers, poodles, etc. The specialty clubs are inclined to be generous, and as several specialty judges are included in the list, it is expected that both cash aud cups will be among the extras.

Mr. A. W. Smith, of Buffalo, the whilom black and tan terrier breeder, is spending a few weeks at Long Branch, and ran in last week to see his fellow "cynologists." A visit to Dr. Foote's kennels at New Rochelle was paid, where several promising wire-hairs and the black and tans were looked over. Broomfield Sultan is looking very fit just now, much improved on his spring form; but Maiden is losing her dainty outlines as the years creep on, having developed a matronly *embonpoint*.

Mr. A. C. Schallenberger of Alma, Neb., has sold the St. Bernard Fernwood Queen to Mr. W. W. Thompson. Queen was third at Chicago in March last.

The New England Field Trials Club will hold a Members' Stake commencing Oct. 22 on their grounds at Assonet, Mass. Mr. N. Wallace, than whom no better judge for this kind of country and work could be selected, will judge the stake alone. In addition to a number of birds that have been put down at Assonet, the birds already there wintered well and are raising good bevies. Nominations will be $10 and $5 additional to fill. The stake will be on the sweepstake order.

Dr. Lougest, who seems to dabble in many fancies, has purchased the well known foxhound Commodore from Mr. R. Williams, of Lexington, Ky. Is the Doctor going to settle that foxhound-bloodhound controversy on his own grounds and with his own stock?

Mr. Pabst, of Milwaukee beer fame, through his *fidus achates*, Mr. Sidler, has purchased the great Dane Melac from Mr. Searight, president of the late Cumberland Kennel Club. Melac will now be more in his native element.

Although this is always more or less a "close season" in kennel affairs, those who advertise discreetly know where the best results are to be obtained. Among the new ones this week we notice C. Teall offers pointer pups for sale; C. Hopton, well bred bull bitch and St. Bernard; Rockland Beagle Kennels, beagles; J. McAleer, English setter pups; Standard Keunels, trained beagles; A. E. Seidel, trained pointers; Box 204, cocker bitch. We draw attention to the Toronto show announcement, entries to which close Aug. 29.

Mr. T. A. Howard has, as we expected he would do, taken his troubles to another journal. In this he has repeated our remarks in FOREST AND STREAM of June 16, bnt further than saying that our statements are untrue, statements of which we gave the proof, he does not see fit to take advantage of even this opportunity to right himself before the public, but simply repeats his statement regarding Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Elliott's expenses, and this part of his unpublished letter to FOREST AND STREAM was given due attention in our issue of July 7. Naturally, Mr. Howard drifts away from the original charge—the intent to bribe Mr. Elliott. If Mr. Howard can prove to the satisfaction of the A. K. C. that the action of the Louisville Kennel Club in depriving him of the handler's prize at their show was wrong, we shall only be too pleased to give prominence to the fact. The bribing case is the most important part of this disagreeable affair, and a part that Mr. Howard should devote himself to disprove, but it cannot be disproved by besmirching the character of others.

Let Dogs Alone.

There are persons with the bad habit of meddling with what does not concern them, and there are children who are taught no better than to touch, if they can, whatever takes their fancy. These are the people bitten by dogs. Not once in 10,000 times does a dog molest a persou who minds his own business, no matter how crabbed the dog may be.—*Ashmont in the Reflector.*

When half a dozen Dandies get together in a fight an old-time Donnybrook fair shindy must lose by comparison. Mr. James Morley, of Dumfries, Scotland, has just had such an experience in his kennels. Half a dozen dogs and bitches altogether have succumbed to what must have been a terrible encounter, according to *Scottish Fancier*. As Bob III. and other equally well-known dogs were among the lot killed the loss may be better imagined than described. This must not be construed into a supposition that Dandie Dinmonts are vicious or quarrelsome dogs, but a quarrel among such a number of any kind of rough terriers is apt to be a serious matter and owners of large kennels cannot be too careful in avoiding all such risks. Half a dozen terriers may run together for a month and agree perfectly, when a chance look, or the possession of a stray bone, may start such an all-round rumpus as the kennelman may find impossible to settle without loss on one side or the other. It is always best to be on the safe side. We have in mind a kennel of Great Danes that were shown some years ago. It was their owner's custom to turn these dogs loose in the big ring at New York; happily no harm ever came of it, but a chance knock in their sky-larking might have led to disastrous consequences. Too much of this indiscriminate exercising is done at our shows and the rule instituted by the

W. K. C. at their last show, that all big dogs shall be exercised on chain, is a good one and should be followed by all show committees.

At the last moment the Des Moines premium list comes to hand. The classification is ample, 95 classes being provided. The prizes range from $10 in challenge classes, with $10 and $5 in open, to $8 and $5 challenge prizes and $8 and $5, and $5 and $3 in open classes. Kennel prizes of $10 are given in most of the breeds. Handlers' prizes of $60 to the one with greatest number of dogs, $40 to second are offered. Entries close with Mr. M. Bruce, Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 25. A. K. C. rules will govern.

Mr. James Mortimer has purchased the Irish terrier Miss Eva from Mrs. Butcher, and has won a couple of prizes since the purchase. The bulldogs he purchased are probably for the Woodlawn Park Kennels.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Canada.—A special executive meeting of the C. K. C. will be held here on Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 3 P. M. Nominations for the election of officers for the year beginning Sept. 1 will be received and afterward ballots sent out, according to the new constitution. By this method every member, no matter how far distant, a resident in British Columbia, Nova Scotia or other Provinces far from the "hub," will have an opportunity of casting a vote for his chosen candidate.

Mr. Mighton, one of the partners in the Maple Leaf Kennel of collies, died a few days ago of fever. The kennels, which contain Finsbury Hero, Finsbury Dude, etc., will be continued by the other partner, Mr. J. H. Saunders, of Harriston, Ont.

I hear that the dogs bought by Mr. Klein, of Black Lake, Quebec, which I mentioned a few weeks ago, are now on their way over, under Spratt's guidance.

Dr. Drummond of Montreal, the owner of the lost Irish terrier Shargar, writes me that the W. K. C. have never notified him of the loss of his dog, and that letters addressed to Mr. Mortimer remain unanswered. Why?

Mr. Harry Wright of Victoria, B. C., has lost his imported Italian greyhound dog Dante by a rather peculiar misfortune. It appears this dog was several times taken with severe pains in the stomach, and later on, in defiance of all treatment, gastritis set in, with great emaciation and ultimate death. The *post mortem* revealed the fact that a wire nail 1½in. in length was lying across the pyloric orifice, and it had made several perforations in the mucous membrane. The nail had evidently been in the stomach for some time, as it was much corroded. H. B. DONOVAN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. Akron, N. Y.—The English setter is supposed to be the better for field work.

J. S. S., Oakland, Md.—Yes; the pedigree as given shows good blood.

G. K. S., Maple Springs, N. Y.—She probably would work better if left as she is.

H. S. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Yes, it is better to remove the dew claws from your fox-terrier puppies, they are unsightly and of no benefit. Cut them off when you dock their tails.

P. S., Oswego, N. Y.—There is nothing the matter with your puppy, the nose will turn black as is grows older. No, a small speck would not disqualify.

R. T., Elmira, N. Y.—My hunting dog's feet are continually cracked. What shall I do for it? Ans. First soak the feet for ten minutes in solution of creolin (a teaspoonful to half a pint of water), and afterwards apply following ointment:

℞ Bal. peru..... ʒii.
Zinci. ox..... ʒi.

Mix together. Apply to foot twice a day.

J. W. B., Danvers, Mass.—What causes my pointer dog, 2½yrs. old, to eat so much horse manure on the street? I can't break him of it. Is there any medicine I can give him to take its place? Ans. Treat for worms and afterwards give following: Pot. bi. carb. soda, bi. carb. mag. sulph., of each two scruples. Mix and make 12 powders. Give one twice a day mixed with the food.

G. J., New York City.—If the kennel can be made reasonably air tight, the best way to rid it of fleas is to take out the bedding and burn it. Then after closing up every crevice in the kennel, in a pan of water place a dish containing a couple of hands full of powdered sulphur, pour a little alcohol over the sulphur and set on fire, then see that the kennel door is tightly closed. After a couple of hours open the kennel windows and door, and give the building a thorough airing before returning the dogs. This treatment will thoroughly rid the building of fleas and any infection. After you have done this whitewash the inside of the kennel every two months during dry weather. Change the bedding often and before putting down dust the benches with Persian insect powder. Be sure before returning the dogs to their clean quarters to dust them well with the insect powder and brush or comb out with a tooth comb the dead fleas or the pests will be as bad as ever in a week. Washing dogs to rid them of fleas is not a reliable remedy. Groom the dogs every day. Straw is better than hay, especially salt meadow hay, to use for bedding.

Hunting and Coursing.

Show Beagles as Practical Field Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in the letter signed V. H. Ellis in your issue of the 7th inst. headed "A Novice's Experience Rabbit Hunting." While I am unable to hear of any beagle man who has sold a beagle to any one of that name and cannot find the name in the Boston directory, I feel it wouldn't be amiss to try if this gentleman is really in earnest in his criticism of the beagle or if the letter is simply "a bait."

I may remark at starting that I am scarcely a novice in the amateur rank of dogdom, having owned my first dog over thirty years ago, yet my fancy for beagles is of more recent date. I am personally acquainted with some of the beagle men in the vicinity of the "Bean City," and have seen several of their hounds both on the bench and afield, and should be very sorry to find that the remarks of Mr. E. applied to them all or any, except a few.

If your correspondent is a rabbit hunter who goes out with the intention of killing as many rabbits as he can in as short a time as possible, he certainly did not exhibit very great dog knowledge in selecting a beagle of pure blood as his companion, for many a country boy or youth could tell him that a mixture of hound and collie would be liable to drive more rabbits to him at a faster rate than any pure-bred beagle, in fact the above mixture may be considered the most successful "cur" for that purpose known. It only needs a little quicker sight down the gun barrel as the rabbit runs faster, and the necessity of a ferret for those that are run to earth, which they almost invariably do when hunted with a fast driving dog in the daylight. But the question arises, What does your correspondent want a dog for at all if he hunts in the soft snow? Either the rabbits are laid up and can be obtained alive with purse net and ferret, or they can be tracked if out, the tracks being as plain as the nose on a man's face. Certainly a 12in. beagle is not much good in a foot of soft snow as a rule, because both man and dog may hunt all day and not find a track if the snow is fresh; should, however, a rabbit be jumped if the beagle is a hunter he will manage to get along quite as fast as is necessary to drive a rabbit to the gun. In hunting white hares it is a different matter, I am now referring to the hunting of the cotton-tail.

There is something else I am thinking about with regard to your correspondent's beagle not hunting, and that is when he obtained her she may not have been a mature hunting bitch, as many hounds do not mature until two or three years old, many not finding the use of their noses until that age, or at least until well along in their second year, and it is often that they will only trail the stronger-scented animals until the following season. I do not attempt to account for this; many hounds are discarded for hunting for that very reason; greyhound men will tell us that it is their old dogs that run cunning, not the young ones.

For my own part I do not care to catch and kill the few rabbits we have in our immediate vicinity; they are scarce enough already. When my neighbor and I go out with the beagles we get fun enough seeing the little fellows work their ground and start their game, generally holding the trail until the rabbit goes "to ground," in the day time; but most of our hunts occur in the evening, sometimes by moonlight, and often by the aid of a lighted lantern after our day's work is over, in the cool evenings when the mosquitoes grow less troublesome than now and the hounds grow keen for a run. We either walk or drive to a likely spot and drop what dogs we take with us, and if necessary light the lantern and betake ourselves to some little prominence where bunny is likely to come to listen for the hounds, making comments on the probabilities of a good run or discussing the chances of such dogs on the bench or in the field, until one or other of the dogs gives tongue and the others join in chorus until the game is lost or run to ground, or we hear a distant clock warn us that it is time to move homeward, unless we are in for an all-night hunt.

Oh, no, Mr. E., your high-toned, fine-bred beagles do not always come to heel after a couple of hours' run. I could show you dogs (not mine) that can stand it just as often as you can, quite as many hours in the day and more days in the season of days that are fit for a dog to run, and hunt better in April than they did in October. Of course no humane man would run a dog in weather such as we now have, and there are some days in winter when it doesn't take long to make a heavy dog's feet sore; further than that, during the summer most of the bitches that are valuable are bred from, and this alone ought to debar them from running, to say nothing of the close time for poor bunny.

If one has ever so good a hound, it must not be expected that he will hunt with truth and reliability after being kept in idleness a whole summer. There may be those that think that because they own a well-bred dog he should be ready to furnish them with good hunting without a bit of preparation, or without ever seeing a rabbit or having a day's work of any kind. It would be just as reasonable to expect a horse to trot a mile in 2:20 without ever having been near a track or hitched to a sulky; further, every well-bred horse is not a heat winner in good company with all the money spent on his training. Should we expect more from the dog?

The only valuable stock I can recall are imported Bannerman and Twintwo, and while I do not known if Valentine is a hunter there are a number of descendants of his sire that can do considerable work afield. Perhaps, had Mr. E.'s bitch been given as good a show at rabbits as old Snyder, Ranger, or the other dog he has, she could probably have shown as good field work as either of them; perhaps not as fast as the hound-collie cur, yet a driver that would be a thing of beauty with a voice of music that would far surpass his coarse cur.

As to the gun-shyness Are there not many dogs larger than the standard laid down for the beagle that are gun-shy? Let the breeders of pointers and setters answer, or perhaps some of the fox-terrier breeders will say that they seldom breed a gun-shy dog; yes, I knew one dog whose owner peppered his hide with small shot three times for running wild and then he was not gun-shy. How few dogs there are that ever get over this timidity. Whose fault is it that a dog has that failing. Can we expect a dog which has never heard a gun fired at home to take no notice of the report of it in the field? Surely not. The same rule applies here as in hunting; let your beagle have a show and then if he is gun-shy why you know what to do.

I am glad FOREST AND STREAM takes the right view of the matter, "Why should we give up breeding high class beagles and harriers, because a 'lurcher' can catch a hare?" Referring to Mr. Ellis's description of a field trial for beagles I am inclined to agree with him that taking a dog by the neck and putting him on the track of a rabbit that somebody has picked out, is not testing a dog's hunting powers, and the sooner the beagle trial judges take that into consideration, the better for the breed. Why cannot "hunting sense" count as much in beagle trials as "bird sense" in pointer and setter trials? Is it not of as much or more value to the rabbit hunter? If the different beagle clubs do not recognize such sense, would it not be wise on their part to do so in their coming trials?

I will not now further encroach on your valuable space, but hope such men as "Debonair" and Friend Perry will write from their experience "Clyde" has voice enough to say something; "Gypsey A." might report on the white hares of Maine, even though June Rose is fat and Millard put in the stud. COMEDY.

MALDEN, Mass., July 18.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note several discussions in your esteemed journal relative to the thoroughbred beagle and the mongrel for rabbit hunting. If any of the mongrel fanciers have anything that they think so much of and wish to run against a thoroughbred, let them mention it in your columns. I can furnish the beagle and $500 to back him against any mongrel in the country. I don't say he is the best beagle in the country, but he is a thoroughbred and I think him a good dog, in fact, sufficiently good to show some of these mongrel fanciers that they never saw a good dog or they would not speak in such loose style of good stock. If they have courage to try this let them come forward. I will run him for expenses and a small stake or for the amount I mention above. I believe it would convince a number to try a thoroughbred. The great trouble is with most of the so-called hunters, they may have good bred dogs, but all they do eleven and one-half months in a year is to lie around the house and yard and get no running and experience. This may be the sort of dogs our mongrel fanciers had their mongrels run with. It makes no difference how fine beagles are bred if they don't get work and experience they cannot make a good showing. If our beagle friends would send their dogs to a country where they have a chance to practice, instead of lying round the house, there would not be so much talk of mongrels being better than thoroughbreds. ROCKAFORT.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 18.

HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

It is quite probable that an effort will be made to have the trials of the National Beagle Club, to be held this fall, run on grounds near Hempstead, L. I. The committee on grounds will investigate the matter this week. Hares are reported plentiful and there is no lack of good open running ground. We are told that several thousand acres are available, and as first class accommodation can be secured at Hempstead, one of the most "sporty" towns near New York, this venue would seem to be a good one, especially as a number of beagles are owned by gentlemen in the vicinity. Mr. Phoebus has taken a farm near there and still has some beagles that can trail a bit. A. D. Lewis, James L. Kernochan, Hempstead Farm and others have packs that are hunting bred. A lively meeting would be sure to result in such a choice locality.

The American Coursing Club will hold its meeting at Huron, S. D., the first week in October. The *venue* is a good one, and the townspeople are enthusiasts in respect of coursing. Mr. Mulcaster will judge.

Yachting.

THUS far Vigilant has sailed twelve races on the Clyde or in Irish waters, of which she has lost ten and won but two from her single adversary, Britannia. Much has been said about the peculiar weather conditions, but the record of past Cup races, which we publish this week, shows the curious fact that the average speed of the races in which this American yacht has been beaten is somewhat greater than in the former races for the Cup in which other American yachts have invariably won. Furthermore, the highest rates of speed in the Vigilant-Britannia races have been attained in those events in which the American boat was the loser. The indications from the last races are that Vigilant has been improved in trim or balance, and is really sailing faster than in the earlier ones, in which case still further improvement in moderate weather may be looked for, without waiting for the gale and sea which is to land her far in the van. There is hardly a race of the twelve yet sailed which can be called a fair and satisfactory test of speed in good sailing weather; hut, as has been most clearly and conclusively demonstrated by the American press and American yachtsmen in the case of various Cup races, American yachts are built to win in the average summer weather, in which most races are sailed, and not in the howling gale, which is an exception, and in which few care to race for pleasure. From what Vigilant has done at times of late there is good reason to believe that on suitable courses and in topsail breezes, with nothing worse than a newspaper sea she will show her last year's speed; hut if it does come to housed topmasts and a real sea, the result is likely to put an end to the cry for open courses and hard weather.

MR JOHN B. HERRESHOFF has a reason for Vigilant's disappointing performance which is plausible enough so far as her designers are concerned, but which will hardly be accepted by yachtsmen abroad. He says, and very truly, that Vigilant was built for a specific purpose, the defense of the America's Cup in New York waters; and, that having succeeded in this, she is not to be condemned because she fails in other waters and under different conditions. This plea, however will not avail in the face of the somewhat bombastic titles bestowed on all the Cup defenders, of "Queen of the Seas," "Peerless," "Champion of the World," and other familiar phrases. If these successful craft had been dubbed "Queen of New York" or "Champion of the Bay," Mr. Herreshoff's plea would be justifiable; but while their triumphs have been solely in home waters, they have been lauded as champions of the whole world. Creditable as the defense of the Cup has been, there is a vast difference between meeting a challenge in home waters, and in boldly and voluntarily meeting a foreign fleet in its waters, as did the first winner of the America's Cup, and as the little Dakotah is now doing. It is little to the credit of American yachtsmen that the present hold venture of Vigilant was undertaken by a new man, not of recognized prominence in yachting; and the reception which this attempt is meeting with is still less to the national credit.

THERE are few of our contemporaries with whom we have been more frequently or more seriously at loggerheads than the Boston *Herald*, but we can heartily indorse the editorial from that paper which we quote elsewhere, and only regret that it has been left to a Boston paper to say what the New York papers, at best, left unsaid, some of them going even further in the opposite direction. One paper, which has been particularly severe in its abuse of Mr. George Gould, came out last week with a most absurd and impossible story, on the alleged authority of some anonymous members of the New York Y. C., to the effect that Mr. Gould asked permission of the officers of the club to fly the flag in his cruise abroad, and that this permission was granted only on the express promise of Vigilant's owner that he would enter the yacht in no races over inside courses, which promise he had violated. Of course, every sensible yachtsman knows that as a member of the club Mr. Gould needs no one's permission to fly the flag over his yachts at any and all times, regardless of such races as he may enter; but the story was evidently written by a landsman and for landsmen.

THE attitude of the New York press toward Vigilant and her owner is by no means complimentary to the good sense or fair play of these American journals toward an American enterprise; apart from the abuse of Mr. Gould, many of them are using the races as the foundation for all sorts of sensations. One has industriously circulated a report which is false *in toto*, that Mr. Gould has ordered a new yacht from Herreshoffs, of Tobin bronze, with aluminum spars, etc. Another has found a chance for cheap advertising in a silly telegram to the Prince of Wales, asking whether he will race Britannia in this country, following it up with short telegraphic interviews with various yachtsmen. The shallow nature of this piece of fake enterprise is evident when one stops to consider the absurdity of bringing Britannia to America next year, with the inevitable result of two or three newer and consequently faster yachts to oppose her. The racing life of all modern boats is limited to their first season unless, as in the case of the large cutters this year and the Wasp last year, there is so little interest in the class that no new yachts are built to it. The chances are now that the next 87-footer built on either side will leave the present boats far astern.

THE course of the New York *Herald* in steadily sailing backward from its former position as an authority in yachting and naval matters has been a matter of criticism for a long time; but even after the many blunders it has fallen into of late, its editorial of last week on Vigilant and Britannia came as a surprise. There are still a few of the old-time yachtsmen (the *Herald* has unearthed one in Paris to support its views) who have always ignored size in racing and proclaimed the largest yacht as the fastest, regardless of time allowance; no intelligent yachtsman, however, would think of making any comparison between an 87ft. cutter and a schooner of 120ft.; much less of rating the old schooners, under any fair system of allowance, as really the equal of the modern cutters in speed. The statement of the *Herald*, that the old Sappho would have beaten Vigilant and Britannia in the race of July 17 is absurd and meaningless; but it is outdone by the following paragraphs, in which Britannia is described as an improved Vigilant, the latter yacht in turn being characterized as a "Steers-Burgess-Herreshoff sloop which sails on its model, depending on its beam for stability." There are boys of fifteen about New York and Boston who could tell the *Herald* that Britannia was nearly completed before Vigilant was designed, and who could further surprise and enlighten it with the information that the work of such designers as Steers, Burgess, Herreshoff and Watson is marked by a distinct individuality as marked as that of Dickens and Howells in literature.

The object of the *Herald's* ridiculous nonsense, as appeared on th

following day, was to give an excuse for interviews for publication with various yachtsmen. The result can hardly he considered as satisfactory, the *bona fide* yachtsmen who were thus annoyed condemned the *Herald's* propositions; and some of the replies, from alleged yachtsmen, recalled that paper's blunder of last fall, when it published a most absurd letter from an unfortunate gentlemen who, at the time of writing it was on the threshold of a lunatic asylum.

ONE good result is already apparent from Vigilant's defeats, in a general overhauling of ideas on this side of the water on many points of yachting, such as inside courses, drilling of crews, quickness of maneuvering, and other vere important points. The magnificent work of the little Herreshoff ten-rater Dacotah is likely to teach a very valuable lesson as to size versus quality, and to knock the bottom out of some ancient and deep-rooted Ideas, in which speed and size were sadly confused. The argument in the past has been that it would be absurd to allow a seventy-footer to defend the America's Cup when a faster (i. e. a larger) yacht, like Volunteer, was at the time in commission. Unless the total of Vigilant's foreign races shows a far larger proportion of wins than now seems possible, Americans by the end of the season are likely to seek comfort in the fact that the work done two years ago by Wenonah and Wee Win, last year by Meneen and Morwena, and this year by Dacotah, is of a far higher value than any achievements on either side in the Cup raciug class.

In the matter of Cup defense, America has had everything on her side, all the conditions have favored the home hoat, the defenders have been ahle to out-canvas the challengers, with no limit on sail, and the task has heen a comparatively easy one. In the case of the five little exiles above mentioned, that have been sent out from the Bristol shops to uphold the credit of America in foreign waters, the odds have heen of the heaviest against them; they have, one and all, gone into live racing classes, to meet not one boat, hut perhaps a dozen new craft hy the hest British designers; each has had to comply to the smallest detail of measurement with a rule unfamiliar to her designer; and they have gone into various hands, more or less expert, hut none have had such careful tooling and coddling as falls to the lot of a Cup defender. Set adrift in foreign waters to shift for themselves, every one has made a mark in her class against other new craft specially built to beat her; and has scored a success for her designer. It is only from the fact that these boats are of 15 to 25ft. instead of 85 that their wouderful achievements have attracted comparatively little attention on this side; hut as matters now go, American yachtsmen are likely not only to seek in Dakotah's trinmphs a halm for Vigilant's defeats, but in time to awaken to the important fact that the best sport and keeuest and most decisive racing Is not of necessity in the largest class, with two or three boats on each side, of varying measurement power, to sail a few races, but in those classes in which the most yachts are built each year, in which races hy the dozen are sailed, and in which the limits of size are most rigidly drawn.

Plain Common Sense.

FROM the great mass of idle talk which is finding its way into the papers over the Vigilant races, we clip a couple of interviews with experienced yachtsmen, both of them believers in Vigilant, which are in accord with the views we expressed last week. Mr. Robert Center is quoted as follows by the New York *Herald:*

"The defeats of Vigilant are attributahle to more than one cause. The paltry winds have been much talked of; let them rest. Everything was strange to the visiting Americans, and it had its effect. The waters, the peculiar character of the course and a hundred other things acted injuriously. Britannia, under the conditions of the Clyde races, did well, and fairly heat the Yankee. Our boat did not seem to he got going in her old way until near the end of the races, when it was too late. On Tuesday she did better, and showed some of her old time speed. That was encouraging.

"The lonely feeling which Vigilant's crew had when first beginning to race has now worn off. That is a great deal: and if there are lapses in handling the hoat, there must be an improvement in that respect in the future. The feeling 'we are strangers in a strange land' has also been felt hy English yachtsmen when over here, and had its injurious effect as well. It was felt by Skipper Cranfield and his men last year, and will always be experienced hy yachting strangers visiting us intent on capturing the America's Cup.

"In open waters, when Vigilant meets Britannia, I helieve the latter will he defeated. I do not indorse the opinion that the British cutter has shown herself to be the better all-around hoat."

Mr. H. Maitland Kersey speaks as follows through the Boston *Herald:*

"I have always insisted that it is unfair to expect any craft to change a racing rig for a jury rig, make a trip of 3,000 miles across the ocean, shift her rig again and then win races. Why, with half her internal fixtures torn out before and after a series of contests, It is only to be expected that a boat will suffer somewhat from the changes.

"Some hoats suffer more than others. The journey across racks them more than people imagine. A boat like Vigilant is a comparatively small sea-going craft, and she is sure to be strained by the seas on the journey over, and when it comes to replacing her in racing rig it is found impossible sometimes to get her in as fine shape as she may originally have heen. She uever gets back to the old trim, being either down by the head or too deep aft. We couldn't trim Valkyrie while here.

"It is true that Britannia has defeated Vigilant right along, hut still I helieve the American sloop to he the better boat. I do not think Vigilant is sailing at her hest yet, and she is prohably suffering from the effects of her ocean trip and the rapid change to racing rigging and spars from jury rig.

"Valkyrie suffered the same way as a result of her journey to this country and lightning change in rig, so that she did not do nearly as well on this side as she did while in home waters.

"I knew what Valkyrie could do and had done in England, and when she came here I did not expect her to win the Cup, hut I felt sure that she would capture two out of the five races. I made up my mind that a fifth race would be necessary to decide the question. I was very much disappointed over the result.

"Lord Dunraven felt satisfied that the craft had sailed slower and done worse over here than in her trial of speed on the other side. He attrihuted this sudden change in speed to the passage across, the quick changing of spars and standing and running rigging, and the inability to trim the boat properly.

"So it is with Vigilant. I know what Britannia can do as well as I know what the Gould craft can do, and I say that under ordinary circumstances the American boat should win every time. She is unquestionahly well handled with such talent as Diaper, Morris, Haff, Jeffrey and Herreshoff, and no excuse may he made for her ill success on that score. Vigilant has not done even as well as Navahoe did in her trials against Britannia."

The Minneapolis *Journal* comments on the question of ballast and measuring trim as follows:

"How was Vigilant so easily beaten in English waters hy an English boat, when she proved so easily victorious over the Valkyrie, supposedly the fastest craft afloat in English waters at the time! The question has occurred a thousand times to every amateur sailor in the country since Mr. Gould's hoat has been showing up so poorly against Britannia on the other side, and the press reports have offered no solntion of the prohlem.

"There is very little douht that the whole explanation will he found in the very strict rules of the English yachting code with regard to the measurement of waterline length, and it is only necessary to think the matter over a little to find a very plausible reason for the Vigilant's poor showing.

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"It is an axlom in yacht raciug that length gives speed, and the boats of the present day, with their long overhanging hows and sterns, have their chief advantage over the old boats in the fact that they are considerahly longer when the extra ballast or crew goes ahoard. In the smaller classes, the 21-foot boats assume a waterline length of 23 to 24ft. and sometimes even 26 or 27ft. when heavily loaded with crew and hallast in order to carry full sail in a strong wind. It seems that the rules of the English Yacht Racing Association are thoroughly fair whatever the size of the boat may be. They effectually prevent the classification of a boat as a 21-footer, for instauce, and then putting ballast enough ahoard her to raise her waterline length over 3ft. without any provision for a tax on the extra length. The new Larchmont Y. C. rules are a step in the right direction, as they not only limit the length of the boat, but admit of no extra hallast or any inside hallast at all, while the crew is limited to three men."

Shelter Island Y. C.

The 2d special race was sailed on July 21 in Gardner's Bay. weather clear, wind S. W. hy S. Following are the timers:

CLASS B—SLOOP, 19 MILES.

Tigress, Jas. Weir, Jr.	41.08	3 12 19	3 12 19
Eidolm, H. F. Crosby	41.05	3 12 19	3 12 55

The winner: Class B, Tigress.

Eodolm ran aground while leading and lost 3 to 4 minutes.

CLASS C—SLOOPS, FIN KEELS 12 MILES.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dilemma, E. Froh	28.02	2 33 32	2 30 33
Lynx, R. B. Lynch	30.04	2 42 01	2 42 01
Consternation, J. N. Stearns, Jr.	28.05	2 53 18	2 50 44
Wild Cat, C. Olmsted	29.01		

CLASS D—SLOOPS, 12 MILES.

Hermes, C. H. Otis		3 15 06	
Marguerite, J. D. Cutler	27.04	2 50 38	2 50 38
Narona, C. P. Brigham, W. C. Brigham	27.05	2 49 50	2 49 13

CLASS 2—CATS, 12 MILES.

Aeolus, W. H. Beckroul	27.02	2 42 34	2 42 34
Vinata, T. M. Towl	25.02	2 55 16	2 52 02
Curlew, J. E. Nitcher	25.09	2 50 48	2 48 45
Natalie, H. N. Whitney	24.05	2 58 53	2 54 26

The winners are: Class C, Dilemma; Class D, Narona; Class 2, Aeolus.

Regatta Committee, Latham A. Fish, Chas. H. Otis, Chas. Olmsted.

CLASS 3—CATS.

Nip and Tuck, W. A. Brown	21.08	2 51 03	2 51 03
Rattler, T. A. Howell	20.09	2 54 01	2 52 03
Minna C., F. Belden	21.03	3 05 38	3 04 33
Alert, H. B. Heuderson	21.00	3 13 13	3 11 28
Eudora, H. Howell	20.06	3 04 30	3 01 51

The winners: Class 3, 1st prize, Nip and Tuck; 2d prize, Rattler.

Chesapeake Bay Y. C. Special Race.

EASTON, MD.

Saturday, July 14.

COURSE, start at Deep Water Poiut, thence to Long Point Buoy, thence to Wyetown Buoy, and hack to Deep Water Point, distance 13 miles; weather clear, except at termination, when squalls came from N.W.; wind fluky, general direction S.W.; tide ebh:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Island Bride, C. B. Y. C., E. L. Woodside.	35.02	12 53 00	3 39 00
Albatross, C. B. Y. C., Samuel Harris	36.00	12 53 00	3 45 15

SECOND CLASS.

Ida B., Columhus Butler	29.00	12 45 00	3 42 15
Island Beauty, Neptune Y. C., Baltimore.	29.00	12 15 00	3 42 00

Winners: Class 1, Island Bride; Class 2, Ida B.

The annual open race of the club did not fill, owing to the fear the owners of all the other hoats hut the Alhatross had for the Island Bride, and the special race was gotten up in consequence.

Regatta committee: J G. Morris, Zenas Burns, Hedge Thompson. Judges: J. G. Morris, Zenas Burns, Hedge Thompson.

The finish was made in a heavy squall, and was very fine hetween the two second class hoats. The Ida B. crossed the starting line 30 seconds hehind the Beauty, and came in 15 seconds behind, wiuning by 15 seconds, the start being a flying one, with 2 minutes to cross the line. Both hoats were nearly lifted out of the water hy the squall, the Beauty settling her jib, while the Ida B. held on to all three sails, and shot by her competitor an instant after they crossed the line. The Alhatross upset in the squall a moment after she crossed the line.

J. G. MORRIS, Sec'y C. B. Y. C.

Jamaica Bay Races.

On July 19 a sweepstakes race for open and cahin cathoats was sailed on Jamaica Bay in a good breeze. There was a good fleet of starters and some exciting sailing, the times heing:

FIRST CLASS—CABIN CATBOATS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bully Boy	2 04 00	4 59 54	2 57 53	2 56 43
Hiawatha	2 07 01	4 59 58	2 58 31	2 58 49
Mary S.	2 03 01	5 17 20	3 04 20	3 11 19
Oriole	2 03 00	4 59 57	2 59 51	2 59 51
Gertie	2 03 06	5 32 13	3 31 47	3 49 58
Nellie	2 04 01	5 32 14	3 41 26	3 57 43
Regent	2 03 00	5 32 29	3 40 28	3 59 26
O. I. C.	2 03 01	5 49 32	3 56 21	3 59 32
Gleam	2 07 00	5 50 26	3 57 29	3 59 38
Arrow	2 04 00	5 49 51	3 58 21	3 59 41
Tom and Jerry	2 06 01	5 51 38	3 57 20	3 59 53

Bully Boy won first money, Hiawatha second, and Oriole third.

SECOND CLASS—OPEN CATBOATS.

Sweet Marie	3 00 01	5 41 28	3 26 05	3 26 05
Catharine	3 11 02	5 46 32	3 48 51	3 25 13
Kittie	3 10 09	5 53 01	3 51 23	3 24 31
Kate G.	3 00 07	5 49 22	4 29 11	3 36 41
Red, White and Blue	3 01 04	5 51 37	4 16 23	3 57 58
Lillian	3 00 00	5 47 53	4 28 51	4 11 02
Foam	3 00 02	5 58 58	4 57 49	4 10 07

Sweet Marie won first money, Kittie was second and Lillian third.

Racing Dates on the Sound.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The unnecessary confusion that now ensues whenever we get a holiday or a Saturday on the Sound owing to complication of racing dates calls for some concerted action.

I make bold to propose through the columns of your paper that a meeting of the chairmen of the regatta committees of the Seawanhaka Corinthian, Larchmont, Knickerhocker, Douglaston, Seacliff, Hempstead Harbor, New Rochelle, Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, Horseshoe, Indian Harbor, American, Riverside, Stamford, New Haven and Pequot yacht clubs he held to organize a Long Island Sound Racing Association.

This association to have full control of all racing dates, and to lay out a circuit each season.

If we had a racing circuit it would overcome one of the greatest difficulties that now attends the racing of a yacht on the Sound, and would forever put an end to the mass of correspondence, and growing element of dissatisfaction now so prevalent. CHAS. M. CONNOLLY.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Although this Is the season of the year when, as a rule, very little new work is heing done among the yacht builders, the yards of Clay & Torhensen are kept exceptionally husy. They have recently received an order for four launches for the use of the United States Coast and Geodetic Snrvey, for whom they last year built a steam launch, now working on the Pacific Coast. This launch was a new departure in the experience of the officers of the survey, as the power was placed in the extreme stern, leaving the entire cockpit free for the crew. These boats are working launches, used for taking soundings up and down the coast, and the launch in question has proven so satisfactory, that this year they ordered four more huilt. An interesting feature in connection with these new launches is the fuel, which will he oil of 150° test. Heretofore nothing hut coal would answer for this purpose on launches for Government use; hut the head of the Coast Survey, Lieutenant Commander J. F. Moser, is progressive, and having made a careful study of the suhject, he saw that for small working launches nothing could equal the simplicity, neatness, cleanliness and general superiority of the system of using oil for fuel, as practiced hy the ahove firm. They have also recently built a 30ft. launch with 8 H. P. oil burning machinery for Mr. R. J. Rankin, Jr., of Philadelphia, hesides numerous small plants for parties all over the country, two going to the Detroit Boat Works, one for Mr. Haherkorn, of Detroit, Mich., one for Mr. Vanderpoel, of Washington, and another for Mr. Koller, of Reading, Pa. Among other work going on at the yard is the overhauling and repairing of Col. G. G. Green's yacht Altadena, and Boholink, helonging to Mr. John E. DuBois, of DuBois City, Pa. The yacht Alcyon, built this season for Mr. L. E Simon, of Guantanamo, Cuba, was launched a few days ago, and is now getting in her stores, preparatory to her trip south of nearly 2,000 miles.

On July 19, at about 9:30 P. M., the steam yacht Lorna, W. L. Stow, was in collision with the menhaden boat Nat Strong, of Sand's Point; the yacht being cut down, so that she sunk in a few minutes. The owner and his guests, with the crew, were saved in the yacht's boat. Lorna is better known as Permelia, the Herreshoff yacht, huilt in 1883 for the late Mark Hopkins. The yacht was raised on July 20, and will be rehuilt.

The fleet of the Indian Harbor Y. C. will rendezvous at the anchorage off the club station, Finch's Island, Greenwich, Conn., on Thursday evening, July 26, to participate in a three days' cruise. Captains will report to the fleet captain, on the Nirvana, at half past nine Friday morning, July 27, when a meeting will be held to decide the destination of the first day's run. All owners of yachts enrolled in the club are earnestly requested to join in the cruise.

Vigilant's Races.

AT the time of going to press last week the news of Vigilant's first victory over Britannia had just reached New York, but the accounts of the latter's breakdown and withdrawal were very vague. Later reports show that Britannia was fairly heaten before the accident occurred, the trouble being with the steel jaws of her gaff, one of which hroke, the yacht at once giving up and returning to her anchorage. While forward examining the damage after the yacht was anchored, Captain Carter was struck on the head by a shackle or a piece of the broken jaws, which fell from aloft. The extent of his injury was not reported, hut he has apparently heen sailing the yacht in the following races. The comments of the British press over Vigilant's victory have heen remarkably fair and liheral, it being freely conceded that she won on her merits, independent of the accident to her rival.

The race was sailed partly under jibheaders, but Vigilant housed her topmast on the final leg, after Britannia had given up. The amount of sea is not mentioned in any of the reports; and though there was more than in any of the Clyde races, it was kicked up hy an offshore wind, and was prohably no worse than in the last Cup race with Valkyrie. Vigilant covered the 50-mile course in 4.49.28, or over 10 knots. Dakotah scored her usual victory.

The next meeting of the pair was in the regatta of the Royal St. George Y. C., at Kingstown, on July 20, the course being on Dubliu Bay, four-sided and similar in shape to that at Bangor Lough. From the starting liue a leg of 3½ miles carries the yachts to the Rosebeg Buoy, off Howth Point; then comes a leg of 5 miles ahout E.S.E. out to sea, to the Kish Lightship, then 5½ miles W.S.W., to the Muglins, off Dalkey Island, and a short leg of 2½ miles N.W., to the line. This course, of 16½ miles, was sailed three times.

There was a light S.W. wind hlowing when the two, with clubtopsails aloft, ran out from their anchorage before the start, Mr. Herreshoff steering Vigilant and Mr. Jameson Britannia. The gun was fired at 10:30:00, but Britannia did not cross until 10:32:10, Vigilant being 45s. astern. It was a run to the Roseheg, spinakers to port, and Britannia soon had hers drawing, Vigilant being a little slower. After a jihe and shifting of spinakers came a sharp luffing match, Vigilant trying to go by to windward, hut Britannia stopping her, though hoth went well off the course. At the Rosebeg they were timed: Britannia 11:11:40, Vigilant 11:12:18.

In the free reach out to the Kish Britannia still led, the times there being: Britannia 11:44:50, Vigilant 11:45:51.

Reaching across to the Muglins, with a very light breeze, Vigilant hegan to gain, and when, after turning, spinakers were set to port, she was able to hlanket Britannia, though never able to force a passage. The round closed with the two about even: Britannia 1:08:06, Vigilant 1:08:26.

On the second round the rain fell heavily and there was little wind; later the breeze came in light and unsteady. Britannia galned throughout the final rounds, the finish being timed: Britannia 4:40:30, Vigilant 4:42:37. Vigilaut's allowance to Britannia would make the latter win hy something under 4m. corrected time.

In the race of Saturday the course and conditions were the same, save that the wind was light N.W. Britannia led over the line by 24s. Vigilant was apparently in better trim than in any previous race, and in the light air passed Britannia on the first leg, gaining steadily, although the wind was very light and paltry, having a lead of 4.22 at the end of the first round. The wiud freshened in the second round and Britannia hegan to gain; then hoth were hung up hy a calm. When the hreeze finally came in it was quite fresh and ahead, Vigilant getting the hetter berth and running away from Britannia, carrying a lead of 1m. 11s. at the end of the second round.

On the first two legs of the third round, with more wind, Vigilant gained until she had a lead of 8m. 45s. at the Kish. The wind fell and left the pair drifting for a long while, Britannia finally catching a hreeze inshore and gaining a good deal. With a light hreeze, the race finished as follows: Vigilant 6:20:00, Britannia 6:22:39. Vigilant wins by about 1m. 30s. corrected time.

Monday, July 23, found the pair at Queenstown for the Royal Munster Y. C regatta, the course heing three rounds of an almost equilateral triangle of five miles of the side, with a straight leg of five miles at the end, to finish off the club house at Queenstown. The start was made off Roche's Point. the first mark was a boat anchored off Poor Head, and the second was the Daunt Rock Lightship.

The start was made in a fresh N.W. wind, hut it soon headed the two, Vigilant taking in her halloon jibtopsail. Britannia was over the line first but Vigilant ran through her lee, and at Poor Head the times were: Vigilant 11:30:02, Britannia 11:31:33.

On the free reach to Daunt Rock Vigilant gained for a time, but Britannia made up the loss hefore the turn, the times heing much as hefore: Vigilant 11:55:04, Britannia 11:56:33.

On the windward leg to Roche's Point against the tide Britannia worked the shore, while Vigilant's Irish pilot took her off shore on longer tacks, the result being a handsome gain at the end of the first first round: Vigilant 12:36:06, Britannia 12:39:04.

With the wind now aft Vigilant set her big ballooner, but Britannia had only a large jihtopsail, the result being a further gain for the American; the times at Poor Head being Vigilant 1:00:02, Britannia 1:05:03.

On the run to Daunt Rock Britannia picked up a little, the times being: Vigilant 1:29:30, Britannia 1:32:20.

Again Vigilant gained on the windward leg, the finish of the second round heing timed: Vigilant 2:10:55, Britannia 2:16:55.

Vigilant's halloon jibtopsail was again set, but as the wind headed it came in and a smaller one was set, Britannia carrying the same sail over all of this leg, a large jibtopsail. The times at Poor Head were: Vigilant 2:36:11, Britannia 2:43:20.

Both spinakers as jihtopsails were set for the run to Daunt Rock, but the wind fell and the kites were takeu in. Vigilaut lost the hreeze and Britannia came up aud passed her at 3.19:00, and had the lead at Daunt Rock: Britannia 3:26:30, Vigilant 3:27:51.

Ou the heat to Roche's Point, Vigilant made a small gain, the times heing: Britannia 3:52:00, Vigilant 3:52:30.

There now followed nearly five miles of windward work to the finish, Britannia still gaining a little. The final times were: Britannia 4:12:55, Vigilant 4:13:40.

Britannia wins by 45s. elapsed and about 2m. corrected time. The race was sailed at an average speed of just under 10 knots.

The race of the Royal Cork Y. C. was sailed on Tuesday of the same course, the day being cloudy and rainy, with an N.E. wind, hoth yachts carrying cluhtopsails. Britaunia started a little ahead, but this time Vigilant had the weather herth. Vigilant held the lead, although Britannia tried to luff by her, and Poor Head mark was timed: Vigilant 10:53:40, Britannia 10:54:20.

With spinakers set for a light air they ran for Daunt Rock, heing timed: Vigilant 11:25:55, Britannia 11:26:47.

With more wind they reached up to Roche's Point mark, Vigilant gaining by a favorable slant, the times at the end of the first round heing: Vigilant, 12:02:30; Britannia, 12:04:57.

The reach out to Poor Head showed both boats to he about equal: Vigilant, 12:32:07; Britannia, 12:34,22.

That portion of the race to the next mark, under spinakers, was obscured by a fog, but the following times were taken at Daunt Rock: Vigilant, 1:07:05; Britannia, 1,09:32.

In the close reach which finished the second round, Vigilant hegan to gain, the times at Roche's Point heing: Vigilant 1:36:50, Britannia 1:40:06.

With the wind forward of the port heam, the pair reached for Poor Head mark, where they were timed: Vigilant 2:05:03, Britannia 2:09:25.

Spinakers were once more set for the run to Daunt Rock, where the turn was made in a pour of rain, no times being taken.

Once more they reached for the Roche's Point mark, where they were timed: Vigilant 3:14:25, Britannia 3:18:15.

The final stretch in the harbor followed, the finish being timed: Vigilant 3:51:59, Britannia 3:56:31.

As we go to press a telegram from Glasgow states that Valkyrie will he repaired and ready to race within two weeks, a statement which, from former accounts, seems hardly probahle.

Vigilant will race at Penzance on Saturday, at Falmouth on Monday and Plymouth on Wednesday of uext week. Valkyrie has beeu docked, the damage being less than at first reported. Satanita has been repaired, and will meet Vigilant in the coming races at Cowes.

The match hetween Vigilant and Britannia will be sailed under the following agreement:

We, the undersigned, being respectively the owners of the yachts Britannia and Vigilant, do herehy agree to sail the said yachts over the Queen's course of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes, on Aug. 4, 1894, the owner of the losing yacht to give to the owner of the winning yacht a cup of the value of £100 sterling And we do further agree that the said match shall be sailed under the rules and regulations as to rating, time allowance and all other matters of the Yacht Racing Association, and that both yachts shall be measured with their sailing crews on board, and we do herehy appoint —— racing master and —— referee under the said rules and regulations.

Elfrida, steel steam yacht owned by Dr. W. Seward Webb, went ashore on Colchester Reef, Lake Champlain, on the night of July 20, when on her way from Burlington, Vt., to Plattsburg, N. Y., with five friends of Mr. Webb. There was a very strong south wind and a heavy sea running, and the yacht struck heavily in 7ft. of water.

Speed in International Races.

AN industrious statistician has prepared for the New York *Evening Post* the following table of the average speeds in some of the most important races of the Cup challengers and defenders. From the times given it will be seen that the rate of sailing in the recent Clyde races, which have been so completely repudiated by Americans, is not only higher than in the Cup races over the old inside course of the New York Y. C., but even higher than in the various races outside of Sandy Hook.

Course.		Time.	Average Speed of Winner.
	1885.		
38 miles, inside	Puritan	6 05 05	6.23
	Genesta	6 22 52	
40 miles, outside	Puritan	5 03 14	7.92
	Genesta	5 05 22	
	1886.		
38 miles, inside	Mayflower	5 26 41	7.00
	Galatea	5 39 21	
40 miles, outside	Mayflower	6 49 00	5.85
	Galatea	7 18 47	
	1887.		
38 miles, inside	Volunteer	4 53 18	7.75
	Thistle	5 12 47	
40 miles, outside	Volunteer	5 42 56	7.02
	Thistle	5 54 51	
	1893.		
30 miles, outside	Vigilant	4 05 47	7.32
	Valkyrie	4 13 23	
30 miles, outside	Vigilant	3 25 01	8.80
	Valkyrie	3 27 24	
30 miles, outside	Vigilant	3 24 39	8.82
	Valkyrie	3 26 52	
	1894.		
50 miles, inside	Britannia	5 58 10	8.37
	Vigilant	5 58 45	
50 miles, inside	Britannia	5 48 14	8.62
	Vigilant	5 49 19	
25 miles, inside	Britannia	7 04 00	3.54
	Vigilant	7 13 30	
50 miles, inside	Britanuia	7 45 00	6.45
	Vigilant	7 50 52	
50 miles, inside	Britannia	8 09 58	6.00
	Vigilant	8 31 19	
50 miles, inside	Britannia	5 28 00	9.14
	Vigilant	5 30 10	
50 miles, inside	Britannia	6 29 50	7.90
	Vigilant	6 31 15	
50 miles, inside	Vigilant	6 20 00	7.91
	Britannia	.. .. ..	
50 miles, inside	Britannia	6 12 38	8.06
	Vigilant	6 14 32	

Hull Corinthian Y. C. Championship Race.

HULL, MASS.

Saturday, July 14.

THE course sailed was No. 6, across line to H. Y. C. buoy, off Harries rocks, leaving it on port, to H.Y.C. buoy, off Bumpkin Island, leaving it on port, to and across line and repeat; distance 6 miles. Wind very light from S.E., dead calm at 4, light S at 5:10; tide ruuing in:

	Length.	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
FIRST CLASS.					
Eureka	20.06	3 10 00	3 54 05	5 41 30	2 31 30
THIRD CLASS.					
Hagedorn	22.11	3 20 00	4 09 28	5 54 23	2 34 23
Onaway	22.11	2 20 00	4 12 58	6 04 40	2 44 40
FOURTH CLASS.					
In It	....	3 25 00	4 15 13	6 22 36	2 57 36
Mirage	....	3 25 00	4 17 21	Did not finish.	
Gwendoline	....	3 35 00	4 30 58	Did not finish.	
Ida	....	3 25 00	4 30 53	Did not finish.	
Tenie	....	3 25 00	4 39 41	Did not finish.	
FIFTH CLASS.					
Phyllis	....	3 30 00	.. .. ..	5 46 13	3 16 13
D	....	3 30 00	.. .. ..	Did not finish.	
Lark	....	3 30 00	.. .. ..	Did not finish.	

Eureka wins leg in championship; Hagedorn first in third class; In It first in fourth class; Phyllis first in fifth class.

There were second and third prizes in cash offered, but the wind was so light that only one boat in each class finished within time limit, except in third class, and as only two started there was no second prize.

Regatta committee: H. O. Stetson, H. P. Cook, R. W. Bird, W. A. Ruddick, R. McIntire. Judges: H. O. Stetson, H. P. Cook, E. R. Field.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

FLEET CAPTAIN F. H. ROBINSON, by order of Vice-Com. E. M. Brown, has issued the following general order for the annual cruise of the New York Y. C.

FLAGSHIP SHEARWATER, N. Y. Y. C., July 17, 1894.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 3.

The squadron will rendezvous at Glen Cove Harbor on Monday, Aug. 6.

On the same day a race will be sailed for the Semi-Centennial Cups, start being made at 11:30 A. M.

The programme for the cruise, weather permittiug, will be as follows:

Tuesday, Aug. 7, Glen Cove to Morris Cove.
Wednesday, Aug. 8, Morris Cove to New London.
Thursday, Aug. 9, New London to Newport.
Friday, Aug. 10, race at Newport for the Goelet cups.
Saturday, Aug. 11, Newport to Vineyard Haven.
Sunday, Aug. 12, the fleet will remain at anchor.
Monday, Aug. 13, Vineyard Haven to New Bedford.
Tuesday, Aug. 14, New Bedford to Newport.

During the cruise there will be the usual races for the owl and game cock colors, and a race for naphtha launches.

The regatta committee will furnish details for the runs from port to port and other racing events. By order of the vice-commodore.

F. T. ROBINSON, Fleet Captain.

At a meeting on July 19, the following new members were elected: T. L. Johnson, A. J. Moxham, Chas. F. Adee, Chas. T. Garland, Allison V. Armour, John A. Rodgers, Lieutenant U. S. N.; James Ross, Albert J. Myer, Henry C. Rouse, John Markie, R. R. Wallace, Captain U.S.N.; Francis J. Crilly, Frank S. Miller, Jefferson M. Levy, F. Marion Crawford, H. T. Noyes, John M. Sneden, Geo. S. Payson, Jarvis B. Edson, N. L. McCready, Chas. Mallory and A. J. Cassatt.

Fair Play for an American Yachtsman.

From the Boston Herald.

A "STRAW" member of the New York Yacht Club is reported as saying that the Goulds are making monkeys of themselves in Great Britain, and that they are now very unpopular with the New York club members.

Now, what have the Goulds done? Simply bought the Vigilant from a syndicate whose members did not have sporting blood enough to give Lord Dunraven a race on this side, when they well knew that the Valkyrie was left over here with the express purpose in view of racing the Vigilant and all comers. Not only this, Geooge Gould cabled Lord Dunraven that he would race him on this side, but the owner of the Valkyrie then had his crew over here for the purpose of taking his boat back.

The Goulds have gone to greater expense than any Americans ever went to in taking the Vigilant across. In the first place, there is her great crew, with $5 apiece for every race the boat loses and $10 when she wins. Capt. Haff gets a big salary, so does Herreshoff and Sailmaker Wilson. Added to this are the expenses of the Atalanta and crew, the hauling out, cost of new sails, rigging, etc., so that the Vigilant's owners will have to spend many, many thousands of dollars before the yacht gets home.

According to the *Herald's* Scottish correspondent, Mr. George Gould is the best liked American yachtsman that ever visited the Clyde, because of his simple tastes aud cordial manner.

Surely no cup defender ever had a better combination than is now on the Vigilant. Mr. Gould has not beaten sailors nor otherwise made himself ridiculous, and the sooner the "straw men," non-yacht owners of the New York Y. C. cease talking the better it will be for the club.

Those who think George Gould will toady to any one do not know the young man. He is not built that way. He is an out and out American all the time. Not one word of complaint or excuse has come from his lips concerning the many defeats of his boat, and he is showing himself to be a level headed-sportsman. The Vigilant is in new hands, and Capt. Haff knows even now but little about her. The Navahoe when she went across was also untried, but her trip was an eye-opener, and it gave American yacht designers much data to work on.

The idea that Capt. Haff and Nat Herreshoff are not doing their best to win is simply ridiculous.

The head of the Bristol firm is out again in an interview that the Vigilant was not built to race in British waters. How about the Navahoe, the cruiser, which was oversparred and overpowered, even for a cruiser? So far as the Vigilant's races thus far are concerned, they take on more of American than they do of British Channel weather, and still she has not the record over the Britannia. A fast boat is fast generally in almost any water and it's a lame position to take any other view. About the Vigilant being the fastest boat afloat in her class in strong wind and sea, as claimed by Mr. Herreshoff, the facts show the contrary, for she has shown herself to be inferior to the Jubilee in just these conditions. Mr. Herreshoff and others had better wait until the racing is all through with, for possibly then it may be agreed on that she was just the boat to send across.

Backcapping a patriotic American, who is conducting himself with the greatest propriety, is hardly the thing for any member of the New York Club to do. No one of them has dared to do what Mr. Gould is doing and, besides, he has not seventy men for a crew on board. The American people want the Vigilant to win and the Goulds have their best wishes.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

13-28. A. C. A. Meet, Croton Point.

AUGUST.

4-11. Owanux Meet, Woodmont, Ct

SEPTEMBER.

3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass.
3-5. Passaic River Meet.
5. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.
15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Delaware River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Tenth Annual Meet.

PIONIC POINT, MADISON, WIS., JULY 7-21.

THERE is no prettier spot in the country than that selected by the W. C. A. for their camp this year. It seems as if nature had intended it for a canoe camp, having the needs of the Association in view. The point extends out for a half mile into Lake Mendota, the largest of the four lakes which have made Madison famed for its beauty. The point in shape is a great deal like a man's thumb. The outer portion, which is occupied by the camp, is from 75 to 100yds. wide. Along this on two sides of a broad avenue the tents extend. As usual, the Commodore and Chicago head the line, with the mess tent as a very substantial base.

From camp the city, a mile away, presents a beautiful picture at which one is never weary of gazing. All the camp arrangements are perfect. A steamer runs regularly between the city and camp, making it easy of access. Then it is an easy sail across the bay.

The '94 camp is one of the most successful ever held by the W. C. A. in every way. For the first time in many years the races have been for blood, and not won in an encounter by some canoe predestined from the beginning. In the B class of canoes there is a large and energetic "push." The Mahn-a-wauks, of Milwaukee, brought out five speedy boats headed by Milwaukee, which took the trophy at Ballast Island last year. Com. Quaw has a new boat, Imperia, which is something of a novelty in design and construction. Just what the boat will do has not been ascertained, as he has been unfortunate in break downs, something giving way each time he has been out. F. W. Dickens, in Anita, has a new canoe on winning lines, but failed to get a good place, owing to the fact that the canoe had not been tuned up to racing pitch in advance of the meet. F. B. Huntington has the old Dixie, remodelled, and with 195ft. of muslin up, but the canoe does not seem to have been improved by the changes. The Tay-cho-pe-rah C. C., of Madison, the infant organization of the Association, has two good canoes sailed by Stanley Hanks and Porter. Nance showed herself a speedy boat yet by taking the Gardner Cup. Besides these new boats there is Com. Woodruff's Wood, which has proved herself as good as the best; Nat Cook's Lotus, N. B. Cook's Carrier Pigeon, still, as in year's past, one of the handsomest and fleetest boats in camp, and Harry Cook's Class A canoe, which in Harry's hands has proved herself a dangerous foe to the bigger fellows.

The attendance in camp was somewhat affected by the strikes, which prevented canoeists from coming; but in spite of this drawback the camp is quite strong in numbers, as the two long rows of tents extending down Stevens avenue testify. This name has been given to the camp street in honor of Mr. Stevens, the owner of the point, who very kindly offered it for the use of the Association and has in many ways put the canoeists under obligations for his courtesies.

Around the camp-fire at night there are all the old familiar faces, with few exceptions, while there are many new ones. Madison and Milwaukee turned out strong in numbers. These two clubs, with Chicago, practically make up the camp. Cincinnati, of course, would not come, preferring to be lonesome at Ballast. At the last moment Detroit and Jackson, Mich., backed out, leaving the representation from east of Chicago to consist of Commodore Woodruff and Crawford, of Dayton, O.

But in spite of everything the camp is one of the best ever held by the W. C. A. The camp arrangements leave nothing to complain of, the mess is perfect, while the 151ft. of dock filled with canoes shows that those who are in camp are active and not passive canoeists.

The races, with the exception of the two heats for the Longworth cup, have been the finest seen anywhere. The sailing in the first heat of the Gardner and the first of the Trophy cup was such as to set the blood of any canoeist tingling down to the tips of his fingers. It was a sight of a lifetime. All the heats, in fact, of both cup races were for blood; there was no necessity for trying to come in second by anybody. On the contrary, it was a struggle by each one to see that he did not come in last.

In the Longworth cup race the heats were perfunctory affairs for obvious reasons. All the racing men are going into the B Class, as this is a racing machine pure and simple. Hence it was found hard to fill out the Longworth cup race, and it was well understood that, barring accidents, Nat Cook would take the cup, as he had done in the former years.

The races should have been started on Tuesday, but owing to the heavy winds blowing it was Wednesday afternoon before any event could be called, and then the first heat of the Longworth cup was sailed in half a gale. It was won by Nat Cook, whose superb seamanship was shown in carrying full sail in spite of the wind blowing.

On Thursday the wind blew a gale all day, but at sundown died away to a light sailing breeze, and in this the first heat of the Trophy was sailed. It was won by E. H. Holmes, in Milwaukee. Friday the first heat of the Gardner and the second heat of the Trophy were sailed in a rattling whole sail breeze which tested the fittings of the canoes and the seamanship of their captains to a high degree. There was a big field of entries in both races, and it was worth traveling many miles to witness either of these races. Putting both together, there was not a canoeist who did not say to himself that this spectacle alone was worth the trouble of getting here.

Holmes took the Trophy and Hanks, of Madison, the Gardner cup. The only races left to finish are the sail and paddle and hurry scurry. These will be gotten off Monday. The remainder of the meet will be given over to social pleasures. Tuesday and Wednesday there will be a water carnival, and later in the week will probably come a hop. Between will be social courtesies extended by Mr. Stevens and other citizens of Madison to the canoeists.

GEO. P. MATHES.

Story of the Races.

Tuesday, July 10.

The gun called out the boats for the first race of the meet, the passenger race, free for all, 3 miles. There were eight entries, as follows:

Milwankee, E. H. Holmes Capt., Charles Rogers crew. Mahn-a-wauk C. C., Milwaukee.

Hoodoo, J. F. Turrill Capt., H. B. Cook crew, Kenwood C. C., Chicago.

Dorothy, Fred. Dickens Capt., A. W. Friese crew, Mahn-a-wauk C. C.

Lotus, Nat. H. Cook Capt., A. W. Kitchen crew, Kenwood C. C.

Imperia, W. H. Quaw Capt., Robert M. Lamp crew, Mahn-a-wauk C. C.

Em Ess, L. F. Porter Capt., Roy Main crew, Tay-cho-pe-rah C. C., Madison.

Nancy, S. C. Hanks Capt., C. B. Chapman crew, Tay-cho-pe-rah C. C.

Bon Ami, Harry H. Curtis Capt., Charles Mayers crew, Tay-cho-pe-rah C. C.

The boats finished in the order named above. Hoodoo was first to cross the line, but soon Milwaukee, whose reputation as a good one is firmly established, drew ahead and won with ease; time, 46m.

Wednesday, July 11.

The first heat of the Longworth cup race was started at 3:17 P. M. The starters were: Lotus, N. H. Cook, Kenwood C. C., Chicago; Hoodoo, J. F. Turrill, Kenwood C. C.; Dorothy, Charles Rogers, Mahn-a wauk C. C., Milwaukee; Bon Ami, R. M. Lamp, Tay-cho-pe-rah C. C., Madison; Sun Mayde, W. H. Quaw, Mahn-a-wauk C. C.

There was a brisk, puffy wind from the west. Dorothy capsized at the first buoy and her skipper was unable to right his boat. He was picked up and towed to camp by a Madison yacht. Hoodoo lost her sliding seat and withdrew at the first buoy. Bon Ami withdrew at the third buoy. Lotus, Nat. Cook, was an easy winner, finishing in 49m, coming in 14m. ahead of Sun Mayde.

Thursday, July 12.

The lake had become nearly calm then after a rough sea all day, when the first heat of theT rophy cup race was started at 7:20 in a very light southwest beeeze. There were eleven starters:

Milwaukee, E. H. Holmes; Anita, F. W. Dickens; Dixie, F. B. Huntington; Glenwood, A. W. Friese; Imperia, W. H. Quaw; Psyche, H. B. Cook; Wood, O. A. Woodruff; Bon Ami, C. A. Mayers; Viking, R. M. Lamp; Nancy, S. C. Hanks; Em Ess, L. F. Porter.

Milwaukee won in 58m. and 50s.; Glenwood was second, 6m. and 40s. astern of Milwaukee; Nancy was third, 7m. and 40s. astern of the winner; Imperia was fourth after a poor start 4m. and 30s. behind the first boat. As the fifth boat, Psyche, rounded the last stake a squall struck the lake which brought the remaining canoes in at a tremendous pace, making a spectacular finish. The winning canoe, Milwaukee, carries 190sq. ft. of sail.

Friday, July 13.

The first heat of the Gardner cup race was begun at 10:30 A. M. in a strong breeze from the northwest. There were six entries:

Em Ess, L. F. Porter; Lotus, Nat H. Cook; Wood, O. H. Woodruff; Glenwood, A. W. Friese; Carolyn, H. B. Cook; Nancy, S. C. Hanks.

The heat was won by Lotus in 50m. 19s.; Nancy was second, 1m. and 19s. later, and Em Ess third.

The next race was the second heat of the Longworth cup race, the first heat of which was won easily Wednesday by Nat H. Cook, who has held the cup the past three years, and who won handily yesterday. This is the sixth year the cup has been sailed for; the person who wins it the largest number of times in ten years will hold it permanently. There were but two entries:

Lotus, Nat H. Cook; Sun Mayde, W. H. Quaw.

The breeze was more puffy than that which blew during the first race; Mr. Cook finished in 51m. and 25¼s.

The breeze had become almost ideal by the time the second heat of the Trophy cup race was called. The wind was steady and strong from the northwest. The heat was started at 2:17 P. M., there being six entries:

Imperia, W. H. Quaw; Wood, O. A. Woodruff; Anita, F. W. Dickens; Milwaukee, E. H. Holmes; Nancy, S. C. Hanks; Glenwood, A. W. Friese.

The race was won by Milwaukee, who won the first heat of the race Thursday evening. Mr. Holmes thus holds the Trophy cup for the ensuing year. His time yesterday over the course of nearly four miles was 41m. and 10s.; O. A. Woodruff, canoe Wood, was second, finishing in 42m. and 43s.; A. W. Friese, Glenwood, was third; S. C. Hanks, Nancy, fourth.

Saturday, July 14.

Stanley C. Hanks, of the Tay-cho-pe-rah Canoe Club, of Madison, covered himself with glory to-day. He won the class 3 paddling race, which was, by the way, as pretty a contest as oue could wish to see, and also won the final heat of the Gardner cup race, and Nat Cook, winner of first heat, being ineligible, Hanks was decided to be the holder of the cup for the ensuing year.

Class 3 paddling race was started at 4:47:27. There were five starters, as follows: Nat H. Cook, W. H. Quaw, S. C. Hanks, H. M. Curtiss and H. B. Cook. Stanley C. Hanks won the race in 4m. 55s. over the half mile course, coming in but about 6in. ahead of Nat Cook. H. B. Cook finished a fractional length behind Nat Cook, his brother; Curtiss fourth, Quaw last.

Class 4, paddling race, was called at 5:30 o'clock. There were the following three starters: F. W. Dickens, A. W. Friese, L. F. Porter. A. W. Friese won, time 5m. 21s., Dickens second, Porter third. H. B. Cook paddled the race and came in several lengths ahead, but was ruled out on account of his boat not being of the proper dimensions. He was allowed the race by later action.

It was nearly sundown when the second and final heat of the Gardner cup race was begun. There were seven entries. The wind was very variable, blowing at a good rate at the start, but dying down till the lake was nearly calm at the finish. The first time round the course the canoes came in nicely bunched, much to the delight of the many spectators. E W. Holmes, canoe Milwaukee, finished first, Nat H. Cook in canoe Lotus second, and Stanley C. Hanks, canoe Nancy, third. Both Mr. Holmes and Mr. Cook, having won cups in other races, were ineligible, and Mr. Hanks was declared winner.

Monday, July 16.

Two races were rnn off to-day, the sailing and paddling race and the cruising canoe race. The first race was a contest of great interest. There were four starters, as follows: H. B. Cook, Carolyn; R. M. Lamp, Viking; A.W. Friese, Glenwood; Com. O. A. Woodruff, Wood. Com. Woodruff won the race in 32m 20s., Cook second, Friese third and Lamp last. The canoes were sailed over the first leg of the 1½-mile triangular course, paddled over the second and sailed over the last.

In the race for cruising canoes the starters were: C. M. Mayers, Bon Ami; R. M. Lamp, Viking; G. P. Mathes, Lotus; all of the Tay-cho-pe-rah Canoe Club of Madison. Mr. Mathes withdrew. Mayers won from Lamp.

W. P. Crawford of Dayton, O., was one of the late but popular arrivals in camp. Charles Rogers of Milwaukee left for home yesterday. F. B. Huntington left on business yesterday but promised to return Wednesday. A. W. Kitchen and wife of Chicago returned home Sunday.

Soiree de Canoe.

Among those who arrived Friday night and Saturday were Charles Fogelberg, C. O. Shepherd, Adam Mayer, Guy Gregg and Charles Olney, of Milwaukee; W. L. Benham, of Bay City, Michigan; P. F. Munger and J. Herbert Ware and wife, of Chicago.

There were merry times at the camp this evening, the occasion being a reception to Mr. B. J. Stevens, who so gracefully allowed the association the use of the grounds. Mr. Stevens and his family and two steamer loads of Madison's best people were present, besides the canoeists, their wives, daughters and lady friends.

A huge camp fire burned throughout the night and about it the company gathered and listened to stories and music. The minstrels who have been operating a bag-pipe and au accordeon about Madison streets the past few days were there generous in their services. Several University students also discoursed charming music on mandolins and guitars. Refreshments were served in the dining hall. Red fire and the booming of the association cannon added features to the evening. Saturday night is distinctly association night in camp. At Squaw Point, the Chi Psi Lodge, where the wives and daughters of the canoeists are staying, there were also merry times after the crowd who had been guests at the reception had returned to the city.

The Records.

Late in the third week the consolation aud the hurry-scurry, both unimportant events, had not been run off, but the records of the meet stand as follows:

Race 1, paddling, ½ mile—Class 3.—Won by Stanley C. Hanks, Tay-cho-pe-rah Club, of Madison, time 4m. 53s.

Race 2, paddling, ½ mile—Class 4 (record event).—Won by H. B. Cook, canoe Carolyn, Kenwood C. C., time 5m. 21s.

Race 4, sailing and paddling, 1½ miles; sail first third, paddle second, finish under sail (record event).—Won by Com. O. A. Woodruff, canoe Wood, Ruckawa C. C., Dayton, O., time 32m. 28s.

Race 5, sailing for Gardner cup, free for all classes, best two heats in three, each heat to be two turns of the course, or 3 miles (record event for A and B).—Won by Stanley C. Hanks, canoe Nancy, Tay-cho-pe-rah C. C., Madison, Wis., time final and winning heat 1h. 06m. 45s.

Race 6, sailing for W. C. A. trophy—Classes A and B, best two heats in three, each heat to be two turns of the course, or 3 miles (record event).—Won by E H. Holmes, sailing H. B. Huntington's canoe Milwaukee, Nish-a-wauk C. C., Milwaukee, Wis., in two heats; time, first heat, 51m. 48s.; second heat 41m. 10s.

Race 7, sailing for Longworth cup—Class C, best two heats in three, each heat to be two turns of the course, or 3 miles.—Won by Nat Cook, canoe Lotus, time, first heat, 53m.; second heat, 51m. 25¼s.

Race 8, cruising canoes only, 1½ miles.—Won by C. M. Mayers, canoe Bon Ami, Tay-cho-pe-rah C. C., Madison, Wis., time 48m. 35s.

Race 9, sailing, passenger race, free tor all classes, 3 miles.—Won by E. H. Holmes, canoe Milwaukee, Chas. Rogers crew, time 46m.

The W. C. A. Record for points for 1894 is as follows: A. W. Friese, 4 events, 140; H. B. Cook, 3 events, 110; O. A. Woodruff, 3 events, 90; L. F. Porter, 3 events, 80; S. C. Hanks, 2 events, 70.

The Business Meeting.

The Association did a graceful and judicious act when, at the executive session on the evening of July 18, it elected the venerable canoeist Mr. N. D. Cook its Commodore for the ensuing year Mr. Cook is a member of Kenwood C. C., of Chicago, and has been a regular attendant of the W. C. A. meets from their inception and a winner of the most considerable sailing honors. A veteran in honors and experience as in years, Mr. Cook adds to that the respect and confidence of all who know him, so that his success in the office assures itself. Mr. Cook is 72 years of age, and the country has few if any active canoeists of greater age.

A useful and valuable adjutant for the new commodore is Vice-Com. L. F. Porter, of Tay-cho-pe-rah C. C., Madison, Wis. Mr. Porter is of virile and energetic type, and of the sort well to keep in mind in choosing leaders and executive men. Mr. H. D. Spencer, Rear-Commodore, is of Bloomington, Ill., a cheerful enthusiast of the right sort, and Mr. F. W. Dickens, of the Milwaukee Mahn-a-wauks, is already too well known in the Association to need further comment. The executive committee is distinctively Western, Mr. F. B. Huntington of Milwaukee, Mr. W. H. Yardley of St. Paul, and Mr. Robt. Lamp of Madison. These bring to their calling an earnestness and enthusiasm which should guarantee a successful meet for '95. It is practically a certainty that Madison will again be selected as the meeting place. It has many advantages, but the Association should no more wish to make Madison a permanent camping spot than Ballast Island, and the Madison boys should be the last to insist on their town for even another year. One does not sail a craft always on one course, nor can an association arrive at its best end by insistence on one policy, one set of men, one town, one anything. This is a great country, this West, and the Association needs every club now organized and needs to call into organization many more. A trip west of the Mississippi would not harm the W. C. A. A sagging and sinking and settling into house tents at Ballast, Madison or anywhere else, will kill this or any other association of the sort.

Chicago seems to be a central and desirable point for the midwinter meeting and banquet, and it is likely that this will be a practical fixture there, the same objections not obtaining in this matter as in that of the active meet. As it would entail injustice on the Chicago club to entertain the association every year, a wise motion prevailed to arrange the annual banquet on a per capita basis.

Another bit of meritorious courtesy was the rendering of a vote of thanks by the association to the retiring Commodore, O. A. Woodruff, of Rockwood C. C., Dayton, O. Mr. Woodruff is entirely the right sort for an executive officer, as the great smoothness and success of the present meet alone would testify. He has shown the greatest reserve and tact in a situation which certainly needed abundance of such qualities. The commodore in charge of a canoe camp can easily be too puritanical and stiff, and can as easily fall into the even worse extreme of a license which would destroy alike the peace and comfort of the camp and the dignity and gentlemanly reputation of the association. That Com. Woodruff had shown himself at once broad and firm was well evidenced by the unusual ratification so cheerfully offered him.

The compliments of the association were also paid to Mr. Breese J. Stevens, owner of the camp grounds, and to the Tay-cho-pe-rah local men, who have done all possible to aid in the success of the assembly here. Nothing further was done officially, but it is probable that a change of rules will be offered the executive committee, and uniting the standing rig on equal footing for the sailing races.

Special Features.

The lawn fête of Tuesday evening, July 17, held by the ladies of St. James Guild, city of Madison, on the beautiful grounds of Mr. Raymer, near the University gymnasium and boat house, was attended by the canoeists in a body and the latter fairly took possession. The start was made from the camp after dark, and the fleet went in line of battle, flying handsome decorations of lighted Japanese lanterns and displaying copious red fire and Roman candles, to say nothing of the association cannon, which woke fine echoes on the wooded hills back of the bay.

The meet ball of Thursday evening, July 19, was by the courtesy of the University, held in Library Hall, and established itself as an event to be rated not second to any hunt ball in picturesque and striking features. Madison society returned the compliments of the canoe boys, and patronized their formal entertainment numerously and cordially.

Of course the sweet do-nothing of the camp was open to visitors at all proper seasons, and camp-fires and tent parties were in due course. The pretty capital city of Wisconsin was much in a flutter over the fetching ways of its first canoe camp, and the *entente cordiale* may be said to have been perfectly established. Madison liked the boys, and the boys liked Madison.

Summing Up.

A fair review of the situation for the year current can only leave a conclusion highly flattering to the Western arm of the canoe cult. Com. Woodruff should feel that his earnest work has been well rewarded by the event now in chronicle, and the Association should also feel that the proper forces are in train for the steady and sure growth of a good body of active canoeists whose record is already an enviable one of progress and success. The W. C. A. is not large enough, but it bids fair to be larger, and to be as coherent as any body of the sort can be under the loose-knit limitations of its existence. Above all, it should look after new material, and not sag down into a group of ease-loving summer campers. Perhaps after a while we may have a meet without a board tent floor in the camp. I believe that would be the best move the Association could make. There would then be a comradeship of the woods under which dissensions and differences could not exist, and after a woods meet the Association, such as it would then be cut down to be, would come out a clean, strong body, virile and active and single-minded. So long as the Association hangs on the skirt of civilization it will be hampered and tied to a thousand apron strings of indecisiveness and shilly-shallying. A plunge into pine woods and mosquitoes, with a side camp for the wives and chaperones, will do this Association more good right now than any other one thing it can do.

Compared to Ballast Island, the site of this year has certainly nothing to fear, and it has many advantages over Ballast. To send the Association to Ballast would be to hang a millstone about its neck. It may be a similar mistake to bring it here again. It would be worse to send it to Oshkosh again. Compared to the meet of last year at Ballast, this year's meet is Hyperion to a satyr. It is also far and away superior to the Oshkosh meet. The Association may therefore confidently report progress. There can exist no reasonable doubt that it will report equal progress the coming year. It would be pleasing if one could then write the story of a meet at the great chain of lakes at Park Rapids, in upper Minnesota, or at the Detroit lakes of Minnesota, or at some of the wilder lakes, say of the Manitowish chain of Wisconsin. This is hardly likely, but none the less to be wished.

Thank You.

FOREST AND STREAM should thank Mr. Geo. P. Mathes, an experienced and able handler of news and pencil, for able assistance offered in the absence of its staff representative during the earlier days of the meet. Mr. Mathes is a Mahn-a-wauk, of Milwaukee. In the past he was long on the city press of that burg, but when Geo. W. Peck was elected Governor of Wisconsin he chose Mr. Mathes as his private secretary, which position he has ably filled at Madison since then, making many friends in many circles. To Mr. Raymer, of the Madison *Democrat*, this paper is also indebted for courtesies and assistance. The FOREST AND STREAM representative could not get on the ground until the beginning of the third week of the meet.

Missed Stays, Probably.

Commodore Woodruff.—While I am on the whole satisfied with the meet, I can not commend the weather. This is not my fault. No commodore should be held responsible for the weather.

Commodore N. D. Cook.—It blew some Thursday when squall was on, but I was not much uneasy over my son Harry when he went out after Huntington. I supposed Harry could get along all right.

Harry Cook.—If you want to go out in a cold rain don't get ready for it by falling overboard for fun. Rain is colder than water.

Grandpa Huntington.—There came mighty near being a vacant chair in canoe.

Johnnie Turrill.—I can recommend the *decolletté* in certain uses, but I find that for an hour's run in a white squall a sleeveless garment is strictly no good.

Bobbie Lamp.—Did you see me out on the bay? I was right in it.

H. D. Spencer.—It is said that on the run under bare poles yesterday I took off my shoes to get ready to swim when she went over. I merely wanted something to bail with.

W. C. A. CAMP AT PICNIC POINT, LAKE MENDOTA, MADISON, WISCONSIN.

George P. Mathes.—The name of my boat is Sun Mayde. Some folk say I can't spell "maid" very well, but I notice Mr. Chaucer spelled it that way, and look at the reputation he has.

Fred Mayers.—I am pretty tall, but I give you my word I never touched bottom when I let my legs down, the time I was riding the bottom of my boat, out in the storm. Anybody who wants to find how deep it is had better take a fishline.

D. H. Crane.—The Picnic Point is the prettiest place in the world for a canoe meet, but its name is a sure hoodoo. It makes you think of stationary tables in a grove, and kegs of beer and a German band. There ought to be an act of Legislature to change that name to something decent.

E. H. Holmes.—Pongee sails at $55 a set come a little high when you get 'em soaked full of water, ink and green grass stain. That's the way mine got fixed in the storm.

Frank, the Camp Man.—My! my! but dot was an offul time. Dose young shentlemens seem to baf blenty of efferyding but clothes. In der morning dey gome all ofer dot Mitvay mit payjamuses und dot sort of untervear on, and joomp 'em all in der lake. Dere aint no fit to deir bants below der knees, und no buttons on deir sbirts, und I believe me dere aind a bair of susbenders in der whole shooding madch.

The W. C. A. Ladies.—Next year we want the Chi Psi Club house to live in again, but we want it moved over across the bay to the Point There is no telling what our husbands do when we are away.

The Ice Box.—If you will notice me closely you will observe that under my lid I carry the answer to one of the gravest questions as to the success and unity of the Association. It is myself that pulls people out of bed and raises bedlam in the small hours. Some folks say that don't go, and some say everything goes. I've got it, in the lid. What'll you have—I mean, which will you take? Perhaps I may go easier from year to year now. There's no use in giving a poor ice box a hot hinge.

The Weather.—I wasn't half trying this year, but I trust you all can see what I could do if I wanted to.

The Lake Perch.—Go away now and give me a rest. I've been too cheerful with you fellows.

The City of Madison.—Come again, you sweet things!

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

Disastrous Storm—Narrow Escape of W. C. A. Men.

Later, July 20.—David H. Crane's staunch new boat, built on the FOREST AND STREAM Scarecrow lines, and the perfect seamanship of her temporary captain, Harry Cook, saved the lives of four W. C. A. men yesterday evening. The steamer Satirio, Capt. Bert Ainsworth, saved another man for the W. C. A. Yet another was saved only by his own skill and strength as a waterman, being picked up helpless at last. This morning the W. C. A. camp is in ruins. Every tent was wrecked and drenched. Hardly a dry thread can be found, and everything is in confusion. Yet there is much handshaking, and every man is saying to his neighbor that the W. C. A. is the luckiest lot of canoemen on the face of the earth this morning. Had fortune been a whit less favorable, there would be mourning in this camp to-day, and the W. C. A. would be at the end of its active history.

There had been two days of exceedingly hot, close weather, with not a breath of air, the thermometer at Madison going as high as 103° in the shade. The sudden and violent storm which broke the hot term is said to have been the hardest known here in thirty-five years. It is good fortune indeed that there is no loss of life to chronicle. The result shows, first, the unfitness of the racing machine for any but the safest airs, and next the value of the ready seamanship the racing shell teaches and brings out. Let one offset the other, but hereafter let us hope for a turtleback ship like Dave Crane's at every meet, to pick up the capsized skippers of the lesser craft.

IT WAS THE CONSOLATION RACE.

The committee had called out the boats for the consolation race, Mr. Fred. Dickens and Mr. F. W. Huntington (otherwise known as "Grandpa" Huntington, because he is the youngest married member of the W. C. A.), were the only entries for this, Mr. Robert Lamp of Madison sailing in with them for company. The boats were out waiting for the starting gun when George Mathes and the writer took a paddling canoe and went over to the city—on business. At that time the wind was very light, though in the southwest the clouds were black and threatening. Mathes and myself were caught by the storm in town, and though the rain and wind were violent there, breaking trees and flooding the streets, we had no idea of the actual violence of the storm on the lake. After the lull we paddled again across the bay, about a mile and a half. At that time there was not a sail to be seen, and we supposed the boys had all gone in before the squall broke. As we reached the dock we saw the camp was wrecked. Hardly a tent was up, and great oaks and elms were blown down across the seemly "Midway," as though a cyclone had passed through. We were informed that four men were still missing on the lake. A long and anxious wait followed before at length the steamer Satirio appeared, bearing the missing men, Messrs. Huntington, Harry Cook, Turrill and Spencer. As she rolled toward the dock there was cheering and waving of hands, and rejoicing in plenty when the castaways came ashore. The steamer again put out, and before dark again made port, towing Mr. Crane's boat and the waterlogged Dixie, Huntington's boat, which was not visible above the water when the steamer was under way.

HOW IT HATPENED.

The story of the mishaps, as gathered from the participants and spectators, runs as follows. All three of the boats above mentioned were sailing the course in the consolation race under a whole-sail breeze, when all at once the squall broke, driving them off from the point where the camp is laid. Bobbie Lamp was the first to go over, but drifted in close enough to be pulled out, pretty well exhausted. Dickens went over three times and three times righted her and went ahead on the race. He never quite finished the course, for a few fathoms short of the winning buoy he capsized a fourth time and could not get her up again.

Seeing Dickens in such bad shape, Mr. H. A. Viets, of Milwaukee, probably the best and most powerful oarsman in the camp, took a rowboat and managing to get a launch pulled out to get Dickens. Fred Mayers, of Madison, also put out in a rowboat, but passed Dickens and put out for Huntington, who had now gone over, and who was known to have a canoe which rode very poorly under capsize, the reconstructed Dixie, heavy as she is, appearing to be about all a canoe should not be. The sea was now very heavy and the wind at its worst. Meantime the steamer Satirio, which by great good fortune was over on that side of the lake, came running in for the shelter of the bay back of the point. Into this bay Dickens was now drifting, and the steamer picked him up. Viets had found himself powerless, his oars being fairly blown out of the boat. He signalled the Satirio for help, but was not noticed and had to fight out the squall alone in the sea. He was out over an hour, and when taken out of his water-logged boat was barely able to stand. He said he never expected to get out.

In course of this time Mayers also had gone over and he had, perhaps, the nearest thing of it of all of them. Hid by the white mist in the trough of the sea his signal for help was not seen by the Satirio as she headed off to pick up Dickens. Mayers was left clinging to his overturned boat all through the storm, and when picked up by the Satirio on her second trip out of the bay he was so exhausted he could barely move his hand.

When the Satirio came to back of the point she pounded so badly that two lady passengers she had aboard were frightened nearly out of their wits. She was within wading distance of the shore and Quaw, of Milwaukee, waded ashore twice, each time carrying a woman. The wind was so strong that Commodore Woodruff and Frank, the camp man, had all they could do to get the women up the bank and under shelter.

HUNTINGTON'S RESCUE.

During this time poor Huntington was far out in the open lake and drifting further. Every one on the Point gave him up for lost. He was lost to sight much of the time in the trough of the sea and in the white scuds of mist which crossed the lake. The rescue of Huntington was in some ways the most exciting of all the stirring incidents of the hour, and it was here the Scarecrow boat showed her usefulness.

During the progress of the race this boat was out enjoying the first breeze for three days, and aboard her were Harry Cook, John Turrill and H. D. Spencer, Harry Cook commanding. When the weather thickened this boat put about and ran for the dock, getting into safety just before the climax of the squall. She was almost at the dock when it was noticed that Huntington was capsized off the point. Without a moment's hesitation Cook went about and headed up for Huntington. The wind increased and it at once became evident that she could not carry her single sail, the big mainsail becoming more dangerous every second. Yet every man seems to have been cool at the command, "Ready, about!" and as she came up the boys pulled down the sail by the run and lashed it safe. There was plenty of headway on and Harry Cook brought her around close astern of Huntington's sunken craft as she fell away on the wind. Spencer stood by with a line, and by a lucky cast got it over Huntington, who caught it. Had this failed Huntington would never have been saved, for it would have been impossible to get back to him.

"Jump into your sail," Cook called to him, as Huntington took a

turn of the line about his hand. Huntington crawled over the hull and into the sail, which dragged between him and the rescuing boat. He was entirely submerged by a comber, but clung to the line and was hauled aboard, a very wet and limp grandpa. It was now impossible to get back to dock, and Capt. Cook found it impossible to show even a rag of sail. He ordered the throat of the sail lashed fast to the boom, and tried raising the peak about 18in. from the boom, the balance of the sail being lashed fast. Even this little triangle she could not stand, and Harry then ordered the whole sail stowed and lashed fast. Then he had the boom lashed fast to the cleats, and taking every care that nothing should break away, stood under bare poles for the three miles run across the lake with the squall astern and all around. Meantime the combers were coming aboard once in a while, and all the crew were bailing with their hats. The boat's dimensions are 16ft. over all, 50in. beam, but her capacity was well taxed with four aboard in such a gale. Yet every man was a sailor, and not one lost his head. The run across the lake was wet, but safe. Under Capt. Cook's orders each man stood by for a run up the beach when she was run ashore, and the good boat was actually landed with hardly a scratch on her. The men were brought back by the steamer later on. To-day they and their friends are standing about the "Turtle," as Mr. Crane's homely little ship is laughingly called, and saying good words about her and also about her plucky and skillful skipper, who had brought in the shipwrecked captain of the Dixie, and moreover kept safe the three other men, who with any other boat or captain would have stood an excellent chance of going down.

Mr. Crane's boat is on Scarecrow lines except that the overhang aft is cut off, the stern being quite square. This gives a homely look to the boat, but does not hinder her from being a sweet sailer. She is quite new and was never, I believe, used before this meet. Mr. Crane had not yet given her a name, and the day before the storm asked the FOREST AND STREAM representative to give her a name. The name of "La Paloma" (Spanish for "dove") was suggested, and to-day Mr. Crane says he will so christen her, for she certainly brought a message of peace after the storm.

This afternoon (Friday) found the sea still too rough for sailing, thus ending a week of extremes in weather in which sailing has been impossible. The main care of the members to-day has been the drying out of tents, bedding and baggage. After the awarding of the several prizes, in which Mr. H. D. Spencer gracefully officiated, the business of the meet was practically at an end. Saturday will see the tents down, and by the day after the members will all have left.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Fifteenth Annual Meet.

CROTON POINT—HUDSON RIVER.

THE second meet within the limits of the Atlantic Division, the fifteenth annual meet of the A. C. A., is neither a "salt water meet," like that of 1890 at Jessup's Neck, nor altogether a fresh water meet, like the thirteen others on the St. Lawrence and the lakes. It is on tidewater, the average rise and fall being 3ft., and to canoeists from the North it seems like salt water, but it is really more fresh than salt. The Hudson River has been the main highway to most of the meets, and some delightful camps have been located on it, notably the informal ones of 1884-5 at Plum Point, but never before has it been chosen for an annual meet of the Association. So far as the indications go up to the middle of the meet, the river has quite justified its reputation, and should the present scheme, of a different site each year among the Divisions in rotation, be adhered to, there will be doubtless many more camps on the great river. The present location, Croton Point, is certainly quite above the average of A. C. A. sites, and the meet there promises to be a most pleasant and successful one.

Of the beauty of the river, above, below and abreast of the camp, it is hardly necessary to speak, certainly the St. Lawrence, Lake George and Lake Champlain have nothing better to offer to the eye.

The camp itself has proved even better than was first anticipated when it was selected with some misgivings, as the best available under the circumstances, though not in all respects satisfactory. The general location has proved an excellent one as regards the great feature of transportation; no previous camp has been reached so quickly, cheaply and certainly from the main distributing point as this camp is from Sing Sing; and at the same time there has been less intrusion from the outside sightseer than in many more distant and inconvenient places. The one serious drawback this year has been the intense heat, but as the entire section of country up and down the river has suffered to an equal extent, this can hardly be laid to the account of the site.

The ground itself has turned out to possess most of the requisites of a camp site, being near to a good landing, at which the little steamer plying across the river between Haverstraw and Sing Sing makes five or six trips a day, while in a case of necessity the railroad may be reached by a drive or a walk of moderate length. The beach is of clean sand, the best ever seen at an A. C. A. meet, giving a safe bed for the canoes and every facility for bathing and launching without skids or docks; though some wading is necessary, the water is warm and the sand is soft, unlike the rocky shores and cold waters of Lake Champlain. The ground rises easily at first for a short distance from the beach, and many tents are pitched close by the water, either under trees or in the open, but back of a narrow strip is a high and steep bluff, rather hard climbing on a hot day, but making a fine camp site when reached, with a noble outlook across the river.

On a projecting point of this bluff, are the headquarters tents, the flagstaffs and a large fieldpiece. Back of the headquarters are a number of tents, and to the south, in a pretty hollow, is the Ladies' Camp. The ground is so inclined as to dry quickly in case of rain, and while there is plenty of open space, there are numerous shade trees under which the tents are pitched. The brickyard at the dock, which has been looked on from the first as a possible drawback, has not proved so, while it by no means improves the beauty of the immediate locality, it is not in operation at present, and its owner, the genial Mr. Cockroft, has been of the greatest possible assistance in perfecting all the arrangements of the meet and camp.

The date of opening was July 13, but early in the week canoeists began to come in, and by Saturday the camp assumed the old familiar look, with the A. C. A. and club flags aloft and the white tents dotting the green shore, with a string of canoes on the beach. The first week passed very quietly in the ordinary routine of tent pitching, renewing old friendships and making new acquaintances. Up to Saturday night there were something over 200 men on the register. A great many of the older members are missing, as was the case last year, and it is evident that the *personnel* of the Association is undergoing a material change, new men filling the places of those who came into canoeing just after the A. C. A. was formed in 1880, and who have taken an active part in its management down to a very recent date. The coming to the Hudson Valley has brought back two familiar faces, Mr. Nate Smith and Mr. Van Dalfsen, both of Newburgh, once regular attendants at the meets, but absent for some years. Another old Grindstone man is Shedd, of Springfield, who has been absent in the West for some years, but is in camp now. Against these few and some others, like E. B. Edwards, Capt. Ruggles, there is a long list of men who are missed, some of whom may turn up for a day or so during the racing. The Sing Sing people have been very obliging and hospitable, the Sing Sing Yacht Club in particular, and on Saturday a race was held off the town for a silver cup presented by the club to canoeists, the following canoes starting:

Mab	C. E. Archbald	Point Claire B. C., Montreal.
Chiquita	T. S. Oxholm	Yonkers C. C.
Cricket	L. B. Palmer	Ianthe C. C., Newark, N. J.
Beta	Thos Hale, Jr	Yonkers C. C.
Zaidee	H. V. Backus	Rochester C. C.
Eel	W. J. Sparrow	Toronto C. C.
Bo-Peep	D. B. Goodsell	Yonkers C. C.
Claire	F. C Johnson	Point Claire B. C., Montreal.
Massawippa	W. A. Martin	Rochester C. C.
Finen	J. M. Hamilton	Red Dragon C. C., Phila.
Dolphin	Prengwell	Yonkers C. C.

The course was four rounds of a triangle with half mile sides, sailed in a fresh northerly wind, diminishing in strength as the race progressed. Mab won in 1:16:46, with Chiquita 1:17:25, followed by Cricket, Beta, Zaidee, Eel and Bo-Peep in order.

On Saturday evening the annual meeting of the Atlantic Division was held, the following officers being elected: Vice-Com., H. L. Quick, Yonkers C. C.; Rear-Com., J. E. Murray, Red Dragon C. C.; Purser, Thos. Hale, Jr., Yonkers C. C.; Executive Committee, I. V. Dorland, H. H. Smythe and J. K. Hand.

The Yonkers C. C. has presented to the Association the Dolphin trophy, under the following conditions:

"Know all men by these presents made this 9th day of July, 1894, that the Yonkers Canoe Club and Corporation of Yonkers, N.Y., have and in consideration of the conditions and provisions herein expressed has given and granted, and does hereby give and grant to Irving V. Dorland, as the Commodore of the American Canoe Association, and his successors in office forever upon the trust and condition, notwithstanding that the same shall be designated as the "Dolphin Trophy" and offered as a perpetual trophy to be competed for in a canoe sail race at each annual meet of the said American Canoe Association, to be sailed under the following conditions and regulations, and the race not to be called until after the A. C. A. sailing trophy race, the winner of that event to be barred; the course to be not less than six miles with a time limit of 2½ hours for that distance; the cup to be held by the winner in the same manner as the A. C. A. sailing trophy is held.

"In witness whereof the said Yonkers Canoe Club has caused these presents to be subscribed by its Commodore, and its corporate seal to be hereunto affixed the day and year first above written."

[Signed] YONKERS CANOE CLUB.
By WM. R. HAVILAND as its Commodore.

Duly acknowledged before
LEWIS LEWINSOHN, Notary Public,
New York City, N. Y.

Contrary to expectations, an opportunity offered at the last moment to provide a general mess, and a building was erected for the purpose, but many of the clubs had already arranged their camp messes, and most of those in camp are cooking for themselves or eating at one of the club messes. These are run by hired cooks and accommodate a dozen or more generally with very satisfactory results.

The unlimited race was called on Monday morning with 12 starters, Mab, sailed by C. E. Archbald, winning in 1.37.25; Chiquita, T. S. Oxholm, was second, 1.41.15, and Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr., third, 1.41.46.

The record paddling was won by L. B. Palmer, Ianthe C. C. in 6m. 25s.

The record sailing was also won by Mr. Palmer in Cricket, time, 1.11.11, and the unclassified race by Mr. M. T. Bennett's La Gloria, which by the way is a centerboard and not a fin-keel boat.

The last race was the sailing upset, won by Archbald.

At a meeting of the Eastern Division on Monday evening the following officers were elected: Vice-Com., Raymond Appolonio, Shuh Shuh Gar C. C., Winchester, Mass.; Rear-Com., Robert Wakeman, Owanux C. A., Bridgeport, Conn.; Purser, Louis F. Cutter, Shuh-Shuh-Gar C. C., Winchester, Mass.; Executive Committee, the officers, *ex-officio*, and Dr. George R. Parmelee, Hartford C. C., and Howard Frost, Tatassit C. C., Worcester, Mass.; Member of Board of Governors of the American Canoe Association, Paul Butler, Vesper B. C., Lowell, Mass.

A. C. A. CAMP AT CROTON POINT.

Mr. Howard's Races.

From the Field.

IF anything were wanting to finally stamp the international canoe sailing of 1894 as a farce, that something may truly be found in the final competition held last Saturday at the regatta at the Royal C. C. It was very generally understood at the close of the Bourne End week that thereat the canoe sailing racing ceased; that the canoes had only been brought out to defend the cup, and the future racing would be probably canoe-yawls and the paddling regatta. However, the unforeseen often turns up, and so an entry was published on the regatta card for the sailing race, including Mr. Howard, the American visitor, and of Mr. Keller. Mr. Keller did not sail, but two post entries came to the line, Vanessa, Mr. B. de Quincey and Meryl, Mr. Guy Ellington. The former sailed an old canoe, seven years old; and the latter a still older craft of the cruising persuasion. Why Mr. de Quincey preferred to sail his old canoe, instead of his new Dragon, when there was stars to be gazed at and stripes to be endured, for too much gazing at the stars, which in a 30in. canoe can only be done by a stern-chaser, passes ordinary comprehension.

It was a day for "bucket-wells," and bucket-wells only, *qua* wells. The wind was right abeam, savage in the puffs up, to half-gale strength, but light or moderate. There was always some wind, and without any doubt a hulh keel craft, such as Battledore, would have sailed straight through it and kept her course and won; whereas the canoes competing in order to try to save a capsize, were luffed head on to every puff, and thereby made a zigzag course. The buoys had, in order to keep within the wind and clear of the tree calms, been placed under the half mile apart, making each round about six-eights of a mile, thus making a total actual course of three miles, all reaching, and this distance was sailed by the winner, the Yankee, in 55m. 30s.—pretty slow work.

But the farcical point is to be found in the fact that all capsized in the second round. The cruiser at the time had a long lead, with Yankee and Vanessa close together. The two English boats had the ordinary long open wells and deck hatchways, whereas the American had the simple racing machine self-draining bucket-well, and on righting he had no bailing to do, nor was his boat waterlogged, as the other two were, so away he went. The remainder of the sail—it cannot be called a match—was that at different times all capsized again—the American while sailing, and the other two while making their way back waterlogged to the club camp ground.

It was a poor sight for old canoeists to see, and was quite a damper for any novice. The whole thing is discreditable to canoeing. Two of the craft became so waterlogged that, had not the bank been close at hand, they would have sunk in a short time; and, as to the Yankee, it was merely a question of smoothness of water as to the chances of getting and keeping her up.

Finally, a foul was committed by the Yankee in rounding the upper buoy against Vanessa, but no protest was lodged. Though really quite a trivial affair owing in some measure to the uncertainty of the wind, it was none the less a foul, but might admit of explanation; and thus we have most unfortunately to chronicle that the only prize won by the American canoe, in six races, was gained by a competition at swamping, or as of a diver in full dress competing against the ordinary unprotected lungs of the human frame.

The race is summarized as follows:

Sailing (yawls and canoes); four rounds. Entries: Yankee, Mr. W. W. Howard, New York C. C.: Vanessa, Mr. B. de L. Quincey, R. C. C.; Meryl, Mr. Guy Ellington, R. C. C.—Meryl was first over the line, closely followed by Vanessa and Yankee a few seconds after, the wind blowing in strong gusts across the river; Meryl carried full sail, but only a cruising suit; Vanessa started with one reef down, and Yankee with reefed mizzen. Meryl rounded the lower buoy first, followed by Vanessa and Yankee. Vanessa then shook out a reef, and shortly after commencing second round capsized in a strong puff, and Meryl followed suit a few minutes later. Both these canoes having open wells filled, and with some difficulty were righted, but were unable to continue race. In the meantime, Yankee, which had been extremely well handled by its active owner, was also laid flat on the water by a sudden puff, but, having a closed well and a long sliding seat, was cleverly righted, and, with one or two smaller mishaps and recoveries, eventually finished the race alone.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association.

PARRY SOUND, July 14.—I inclose the scores made by the respective clubs of the Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association at their monthly shoot:

	100yds.		200yds.	
Parry Sound First Team.				
Jas Morrish	8 10 10 9 5—42		7 5 10 10 10—42	—84
J R Leggatt	7 9 6 8 10—40		10 4 8 10 10—42	—82
R W George	10 10 10 10 4—44		6 10 10 3 6—35	—79
T W Huff	7 10 10 5 8—40		3 9 9 9 6—36	—76
G W White	7 9 10 10 6—42		8 6 0 6 10—30	—72
	208		185	393
Parry Sound Second Team.				
T Newburn	7 2 7 8 7—31		6 7 7 10 3—36	—67
T Yates	6 9 9 9 5—38		10 3 10 4 4—31	—69
R J Clarkson	3 5 9 8 2—27		7 5 7 10 8—37	—64
S B Purvis	8 10 8 5 1—32		0 0 8 10 10—28	—60
J McClelland	4 5 6 9 10—34		2 3 4 6 8—23	—57
	162		155	317
Victoria Square Team.				
R Augar	10 8 8 7 10—43		9 4 10 10 9—42	—85
W Mustard	2 8 9 6 5—30		10 1 7 3 10—31	—61
W Scott	8 6 7 9 9—39		8 7 0 10 10—35	—74
G Dennis	9 4 9 8 7—37		8 10 10 0 2—30	—67
J C Jenkins	3 9 10 8 7—37		5 5 9 10 3—32	—69
	186		170	356
King City Team.				
J W Crossley	10 9 10 8 10—47		10 9 8 10 9—46	—93
E Braund	10 9 6 10 9—44		10 7 6 10 10—45	—89
A Carley	8 9 10 8 10—45		9 10 10 10 4—43	—88
Dr Norman	9 7 9 9 10—44		9 10 6 9 9—43	—87
W J Ross	9 8 10 10 7—44		10 6 8 7 10—41	—85
	224		218	442
Midland Team.				
G Strathern	10 10 9 10 10—49		7 9 10 10 7—43	—92
G H Stokes	10 7 9 9 8—44		10 9 10 9 8—46	—90
R O Stocks	9 7 10 8 10—44		10 9 10 5 10—44	—88
Wm Stafford	10 9 6 7 9—41		10 6 9 7 10—42	—83
H F Switzer	6 10 10 7 10—43		10 7 10 2 10—39	—82
	221		214	435
Scartoro Team.				
J E Elliott	8 8 8 8 7—39		10 5 10 8 10—43	—82
J Chestom	10 8 10 10 10—48		8 7 10 10 5—40	—88
W A Kennedy	10 8 7 7 10—42		9 7 7 10 5—38	—80
Dr Clark	8 4 7 7 10—36		10 6 7 4 9—36	—72
T Willis	5 5 7 4 8—29		8 6 10 3 10—37	—66
	194		194	388
Clarkshurg Team.				
C W Hartman	10 9 7 9 9—44		10 10 8 9 10—47	—91
R A Longhead	10 7 9 10 5—40		0 5 10 10 10—35	—75
W L Goldsmith	9 3 10 7 8—41		9 8 2 4 10—33	—74
F Henman	10 9 7 8 7—41		5 10 8 1 5—29	—70
T Holmes	7 9 5 5 8—32		7 5 4 8 7—31	—63
	198		175	373
Bradford. First Team.				
D Nielly	9 9 9 9 10—34		7 8 5 7 10—37	—83
A Nielly	10 10 7 9 9—45		10 2 8 9 10—39	—84
Jas Nielly	7 10 9 7 10—43		10 10 7 7 3—37	—80
John Nielly	10 7 6 10 8—41		7 10 5 10 5—37	—78
J G Nielly	8 7 7 9 9—40		9 6 8 3 6—32	—72
	215		183	397
Bradford, Seconn Team.				
H E McKee	8 10 8 10 10—47		4 8 7 9 10—38	—85
G Simmons	5 9 10 10 6—40		10 5 10 9 8—42	—83
H Parker	6 9 9 10 9—43		7 6 10 7 6—36	—79
J O'Connell	9 10 8 9 8—44		5 9 9 10 10—43	—87
J Doolittle	7 8 7 8 10—40		7 6 8 6 10—37	—77
	214		197	411

D. F. MACDONALD.

Rifle at San Antonio.

THE regular weekly shoot of the San Antonio Rifle Association was well attended on July 15. The main features of the day were the good rest shooting of Veteran Dosch in the practice shoot, and the breaking of the off-hand record by "Texas Field."

Rest medal shoot, 200yds., 10 shots per man:											
"Texas Field"	6	9	9	9	6	8	9	7	8	12	—83
E Dosch	9	6	10	10	7	12	9	9	9	7	—88
G Altmann	10	8	12	10	9	10	5	12	8	7	—91
A Uhl	7	7	12	10	7	7	12	8	9	7	—86
E Teich	9	10	7	11	10	10	10	9	7	9	—92
E Seffel	7	8	9	8	9	7	8	9	9	7	—81
C Hummel	9	10	11	10	11	9	11	10	11	6	—98
A Herff	11	7	9	10	9	7	9	10	10	9	—91
C Gosling	9	10	5	7	8	7	8	8	8	9	—79
Off-hand medal shoot, 200yds., 10 shots per man:											
"Texas Field"	10	6	6	8	8	6	4	10	7	9	—74
E Dosch	7	0	4	6	8	8	5	5	7	8	—53
G Altmann	8	6	7	8	5	7	4	5	7	4	—61
A Uhl	5	5	7	8	5	6	8	4	6	6	60
E Seffel	9	8	8	7	10	5	9	5	4	6	—71
E Teich	3	9	0	0	0	7	5	4	7	7	42
C Hummel	6	8	6	5	7	6	6	6	7	4	—61
A Herff	5	10	6	3	6	4	7	7	8	7	—63
Practice shoot, 200yds. rest, 10 shots per score:											
Herff	10	6	9	8	6	7	10	8	7	9	—80
	5	10	12	11	8	9	8	7	8	6	—84
	12	10	10	9	9	7	10	8	9	9	—93
G Altmann	9	12	11	8	12	7	8	8	7	10	—92
	8	10	8	11	9	11	10	12	12	7	—98
Dosch	8	9	7	9	7	8	9	8	8	7	—80
	9	8	12	9	10	10	10	12	9	11	—100
"Texas Field"	7	12	9	6	5	12	10	7	10	10	—88
	12	7	9	10	11	10	8	9	7	11	—94
C Hummel	9	10	9	9	8	11	7	12	9	7	—91
H Dreiss	9	6	3	10	5	7	8	6	8	9	—76
	8	10	8	7	5	12	10	8	7	12	—86
Practice shoot, 200yds. off-hand, 10 shots per score:											
"Texas Field"	6	10	7	6	8	7	9	8	9	5	—75
	8	7	10	9	8	6	10	8	10	8	—84
	10	9	6	7	8	9	10	8	7	8	—82
G Altmann	7	5	7	7	10	6	7	7	9	5	—70
	8	8	9	7	5	9	7	8	6	7	—74

Lieut. J. G. Ord, Eighteenth Infantry, was a visitor to the range. He brought a "long tom" army gun with him and acquitted himself creditably on the 200yds. range. Several of the hair-trigger riflemen tried the young cannon, but the piece and the load contained too many headaches for them. O. C. G.

Bisley Revolver Scores.

BISLEY CAMP, July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An improvement has been suggested by Mr. Winans for the 50yds. revolver range, and has been adopted.

The way that marking has been done heretofore is as follows: When a shot strikes the target the marker puts a disk on the shot hole, but these disks were only of two colors, a white disk for a bullseye and black disks with their value in white letters on them for all the other counts. This made it difficult to instantly know the value of a hit, without using a glass.

Mr. Winans' idea is, as only the bullseye or next ring (the 6) is of any account for making winning scores, to have the bullseye pointing disk white as at present, the next or 6-ring disk, red with white number on it, and the remaining disks black as before. At the rifle targets, the inner or next ring to the bull is always marked with a red disk at the running deer and running man targets, so this makes a uniformity in marking. None of the good shots ever get beyond the ring next to this (the 5 ring) so now they can tell at a glance. White disk is bullseye, 7 points; red disk is inner, 6 points; black disk is magpie, 5 points.

July 21 [*Cable special to Forest and Stream*].—In the revolver matches just concluded, America has carried off the honors again in the following programme, Mr. Walter Winans winning as follows: Divided any revolver, first series, 20yds. moving targets. Divided any revolver, second series, 20yds. disappearing target. First in any revolver, third series, 20yds. rapid firing. Second in any revolver, fourth series, 20yds. stationary target. First in any revolver, fifth series, 50yds stationary target. First in aggregate for any revolver. First in military revolvers, first series, 20yds. moving target. First in military revolvers, second series, 20yds. disappearing target. First in military revolvers, third series, 20yds. rapid firing. Second in military revolvers, fourth series, 20yds. stationary target. First in military revolvers, fifth series, 50yds. stationary target. First in military revolvers aggregate. First in grand aggregate.

Cincinnati Rifle Shooting.

CINCINNATI, O., July 15.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores appended. Conditions 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindele	8	10	9	6	9	9	10	9	10	7—87
	10	9	10	10	9	9	10	7	9	7—89
	7	7	9	8	6	10	9	10	6	9—81
	6	9	10	8	9	8	8	8	6	9—81
Payne	7	6	6	8	9	9	9	9	9	8—80
	9	8	6	10	5	8	8	9	9	7—79
	8	10	9	7	10	8	6	7	7	7—79
	8	6	6	9	10	9	10	5	9	6—78
Wellinger	8	10	10	5	6	6	6	8	5	6—70
	9	5	6	6	8	7	7	7	8	7—70
	9	4	6	7	9	6	8	6	7	7—69
	7	5	7	7	8	7	8	6	10	7—72
Hake	7	7	6	8	4	5	8	3	8	8—64
	10	10	8	8	7	7	4	9	9	5—77
	6	6	7	3	5	4	5	7	5	9—58
	9	8	5	5	5	4	5	4	8	5—58
Topf	4	6	6	3	3	9	10	7	8	3—59
	10	8	10	3	5	6	8	3	9	9—74
	5	5	6	3	5	8	7	10	4	3—56
	5	5	6	3	5	10	0	9	4	8—55
Roberts	6	9	6	6	10	6	8	7	6	9—73
	6	6	9	7	9	7	7	10	6	8—75
	5	6	7	7	9	8	6	9	6	10—73
	9	4	10	8	7	7	10	6	5	6—72
Nestler	9	9	6	10	7	7	8	7	7	7—76
	6	6	6	7	8	9	10	7	8	6—73
	10	8	9	6	6	7	7	5	10	7—75
	10	6	6	9	7	6	7	10	7	5—71
Drube	7	8	8	10	7	9	8	6	7	8—78
	7	8	8	8	5	9	10	5	7	6—73
	8	6	7	5	10	6	10	7	4	10—73
	7	10	7	9	5	7	6	4	6	9—70
Strickmier	6	4	3	4	8	7	2	5	7	3—49
	3	4	10	6	3	9	4	7	8	7—61
	5	9	8	4	2	2	6	8	5	9—58
	3	3	3	4	4	5	4	9	8	3—46
Schmidlin	3	4	6	6	2	6	0	9	6	3—45
	5	6	6	10	9	10	5	9	5	5—70
	7	10	4	9	5	6	5	7	9	6—68
	8	5	5	8	0	4	4	5	2	2—42

Greenville Defeats Portchester.

THE second match in a series of two best out of three between teams from the Greenville Rifle Club, of Greenville, N. J., and the Portchester Rifle Club, of Portchester, N. Y., was shot off on the Greenville range on Saturday of last week. The representatives of the Portchester Club came down to New Jersey full of zeal and made a strong effort to down the farmers, but the fates were against the New Yorkers. A combination of circumstances which included hot weather, a strange range and Jersey hospitality was too much for the visiting team. After the close of the match the visitors were escorted to the dining-room of the Hotel Armburster, where a fine collation was in waiting for the hungry riflemen. After the inner man had received his dues, speeches and anecdote were in order. Messrs. Hess, Horn, McNeil and Rudd, of the visiting team, gave many interesting reminiscences of their past experiences with the rifle. The home team was well represented by Messrs. Rohldoux, Collins, Boag, Scheeline, Chavant and Gotthardt, who in their efforts to entertain the visiting team left nothing undone that could add to the pleasure of the occasion. The scores are appended, 10 shots per man, German ring target, distance 200yds.:

Greenville team.

Plaisted	23	21	18	25	18	21	23	25	19	22—215
Chavant	21	16	14	19	20	22	19	14	21	18—184
Collins	13	21	22	7	4	17	15	20	19	16—154
Robidoux	20	22	25	19	23	13	22	24	19	23—210
C Boag	19	17	22	23	18	25	21	19	22	23—209
Purkess	18	21	22	23	24	19	12	20	18	22—199
Scheeline	18	20	23	22	22	16	21	25	7	20—194
Dodds	16	23	17	21	23	23	15	15	22	25—190
Spahn	11	19	15	17	17	21	15	23	15	17—170—1725

Portchester team.

Smith	21	16	19	19	14	21	23	20	22	23—198
Hess	15	18	22	19	19	17	18	22	14	22—186
Bachmann	17	23	13	18	22	17	20	24	23	21—198
Rudd	20	23	20	21	23	9	16	16	22	19—189
Bell	18	18	25	15	20	20	23	10	12	12—173
Boeger	13	7	21	17	17	14	2	4	21	8—124
McNeil	15	18	20	17	15	20	21	22	20	15—183
Horn	19	21	23	22	22	18	13	20	19	17—195
Townsend	10	19	11	19	18	8	21	14	14	20—154—1600

Excelsior Defeats Greenville.

THE Excelsior Rifle Club of Jersey City and the Greenville Rifle Club have had many series of matches in the past and the result has been in favor of the Greenville Club, but on Saturday of last week the Excelsior team, Messrs. Hansen and Boyce, caught the farmers off their ground and succeeded in giving the two representatives of the Greenville team, Messrs. Plaisted and Collins, a good drubbing. The conditions of the match called for 50 shots per man. The Excelsior team won by a margin of 37 points. Scores:

L P Hanseu	24	24	24	21	22	20	23	20	24	21—221
	15	22	23	22	23	21	19	22	15	20—202
	21	23	24	21	16	21	23	21	24	10—203
	23	22	20	21	23	23	23	19	22	25—216
	21	22	24	22	19	23	22	16	17	17—203—1045
O C Boyce	21	14	24	14	21	24	22	17	20	23—200
	13	18	19	7	18	22	21	24	16	17—175
	23	16	23	19	19	20	16	17	18	14—185
	25	14	21	21	17	16	17	19	22	23—195
	7	20	20	16	0	24	23	18	20	18—166— 921
										1966
G W Plaisted	21	21	19	18	19	19	18	20	25	20—200
	19	14	20	24	21	22	20	25	23	21—209
	25	23	23	24	21	17	23	23	21	18—218
	25	18	21	23	25	19	22	20	23	22—218
	15	17	21	18	20	25	18	21	17	20—192—1037
W C Collins	19	16	20	20	17	14	23	16	23	18—186
	24	19	19	17	22	19	21	16	13	21—191
	16	23	21	17	7	13	21	22	7	4—151
	17	9	15	20	19	16	19	16	17	20—168
	21	24	18	22	18	22	24	23	18	14—204— 900
										1907

New York Rifle Club.

THE weekly shoot of the New York Rifle Club at Armbruster's Park on Saturday of last week had a light attendance. The weather was extremely hot. The members who were present found more pleasure in seeking out the cool spots in the park than in the effort of finding the bullseye. Scores:

Dr. Chadbourne	8	8	8	9	9	10	7	6	8	9—82
	8	9	8	9	9	10	8	9	9	6—85
Team Scores	8	9	9	7	9	10	8	7	7	9—83
	7	8	10	7	8	8	10	8	9	9—84
	9	10	8	8	9	9	10	8	7	7—84
	9	10	9	8	8	9	9	7	9	8—86
Young	8	5	9	10	9	8	7	10	10	8—84
	8	8	10	4	8	6	7	9	8	10—78
Lincoln Moss	10	9	10	6	9	5	9	10	5	8—81
	7	8	8	10	5	8	6	8	7	6—73

The Blumenthaler Co. No. 6, N. Y. S. Bund No. 1,

HELD their monthly shoot at their gallery, July 19. Six members were present to compete for silver goblets, donated by the company. The following scores were made:

W. Hicks	249	237	237	236	235	235	229	229	226—2104
H. D. Muller	237	235	234	232	231	230	228	225	223—2075
F. Norwicki						237	226	233	223— 929
F. Schill							227	222	221— 670
J. Waldmann							145	130	115— 390
O. Necasie								103	32— 135
A. Wild									39— 39

HENRY D. MULLER.

A Peculiar Incident

HAPPENED on Monday afternoon while Companies F and K, of the 6th Regiment, were engaged in rifle practice at the New Jersey State Camp at Sea Girt. Lieut. R. R. Albertson was trying to qualify for the 300yds. range. On his fifth shot three blackbirds flew across the range. The Lieutenant's rifle cracked and one of the birds fell. At the same moment the signal at the target indicated that the Lieutenant had sored four points, only one point from the center. An examination of the dead bird showed that the bullet in its flight for the target had passed through its breast.—*New York Sun.*

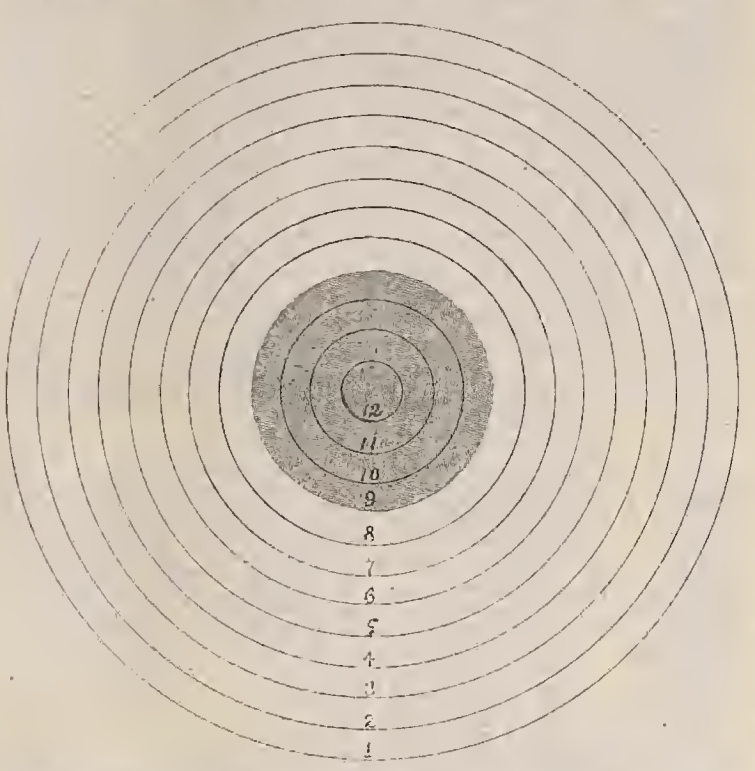
The Lyman Time Limitation System.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My article "The Sport of Rifle Shooting," in the May 19, FOREST AND STREAM has created favorable comment and I have been requested by the editor to give tabulated rules for my Time Limitation System of Rifle Shooting.

I will give description of target with rules for shooting, but must say that I have not yet given enough experimenting to the matter to consider them above improvement.

For my system of rapid-firing I use a 12-ring target. For 100-yard practice; these rings are 1in. apart. Ring 12 is 2in. in diameter in the center of the bullseye, each succeeding ring has 2in. increase of diameter so that the outer ring which scores 1 is 24in. in diameter. The bullseye is 8in. in diameter and consequently contains the rings 9, 10, 11 and 12. This target has been used for 200-yard shooting to some extent When shooting at 50yds. the target should be half size, and at 25yds. quarter size. As compared with ordinary targets this one has a large bullseye, but in rapid-firing better scores can be made than if the bullseye is small. I may add that the same thing applies to the sight. It should not be small nor hard to



see. The eye of the shooter has enough to do in bringing the muzzle-sight and bullseye together without being strained to discover either. With this target I allow 20 seconds for 10 shots. Any shots fired after 20 seconds do not count For any shots fired within the time allowed that do not score on the target, the shooter forfeits 5 points.

The following table gives the time scoring:

10	shots	in	20	seconds,	time	limit.	10	shots	in	14	seconds,	20 points.
10	"	"	19	"	2	points.	10	"	"	13	"	25 "
10	"	"	18	"	4	"	10	"	"	12	"	30 "
10	"	"	17	"	8	"	10	"	"	11	"	35 "
10	"	"	16	"	12	"	10	"	"	10	"	40 "
10	"	"	15	"	16	"						

Thus it will be seen that if the 10 shots are fired in ten seconds or less, the time score is 40 points, which, added to the 120 points possible to make on the target, give 160 as the possible score to be made by this system of shooting.

The forfeit of 5 points for every shot (within the limit of 20 seconds) that does not count on the target, I consider a very important requirement, for it will counteract a tendency to careless holding and not allow anything to be made by the time scoring unless something is scored on the target.

Any repeating rifle allowed, sighted with any sights.

When ready the shooter should stand with the butt of the rifle below the elbow. He then communicates by means of an electric button with the target tender, who instantly throws the target into position for just 20 seconds. By using paper targets on a light frame with a canvas backing, one target can be quickly replaced by another. The targets should be numbered for each shooter, as the scores must be made up from them afterward. It will be readily seen that this system of shooting will allow a large number of shooters to use one stand and fire a great many shots in a short time.

WILLIAM LYMAN.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, July 16.—The Schlicht Rifle Club held its weekly gallery shoot at headquarters this evening; George Schlicht won the champion medal, Jacob Diehl the first class, J. Schlicht the second class and Capt. Dedrick the third class Scores: Aug. Meyer 226, Geo. Lautenberger 225, Gus. Dorr 229. Geo. Schlicht 241, Wm. Schlicht 225, Mike Daus 224. Jacob Schlicht 227, Lue Dorr 224, Geo. Reichert 225, Fred Lambrix 220, Jacob Diehl 226, Conrad Schlicht 223, Capt. Dedrick 232, Chas. Meyer 229.

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE Greenville Rifle Club held its weekly shoot for class prizes at headquarters, on July 20; the scores are as follows: J. Boag 240, Collins 240, C. Boag 235, Plaisted 228, Purkess 243, Agneau 228, Chavant 226, Gotthardt 221, Chase 214, Chorlock 226, Dodds 226, Graef 228, Daniels 215, E. Wuestner, Jr. 209, F. Wuestner 214.

RIFLE NOTES.

Our issue of last week contained a challenge from the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club of San Francisco, Cal., for an all-around match with the rifle (military) and revolver, open to any club in America. Much as we would like to witness a series of matches of this nature, we are forced to the belief that the "defi" of our California friends will remain unanswered. Outside of the Massachusetts Rifle Association we have in the East few societies of riflemen who are proficient in the use of both the rifle and revolver, and we hardly believe that the M. R. A. can bring together a team who would be willing to enter into an all-round contest with the California shooters. In New York our pistol and revolver shots are few, and outside of the militia we have no riflemen who make any pretense to shooting the military rifle. Our expert riflemen in and about New York are centered in the Zettler Club, and among these there are few who have had any experience with the revolver or pistol. So we can hardly expect a response to our California friends' challenge.

It has been suggested by some of our local riflemen that on the occasion of the international festival which is to be held in New York in 1895 a series of team and individual matches be arranged to demonstrate the best marksmen who may be represented at this festival. This suggestion is quite pertinent, and if the interest of those patrons of the sport who have the means to arrange for the necessary prizes (trophies) for such a competition will put their shoulders to the wheel we believe it would result in adding an interesting annex to the coming festival.

The latest cable reports from Europe credit Gus. Zimmerman with winning many trophies at the international shoot at Lyons, France, July 7-18. The "Harlem Joker," when informed of the immense outflow of gold from America to Europe of late, said: "Never mind, when our champion comes home with his winnings it will even up matters."

The Greenville Rifle Club, some of whose members are noted for their affinity for salt baths, has arranged for a fishing excursion to the Fishing Banks on the steamer John Lennox, on Aug. 19. All brother riflemen who may feel the need of a little salt air, and have the time to devote to such a trip, will be welcome.

W. E. Petty will soon become the possessor of the Winans trophy unless some aspiring shooter steps in and disputes his claim. What is the matter with our revolver experts?

It is reported that Michael Dorrler has taken his rifle off from the rack, where it has been rusting for some time, and is cleaning it up. For what?

We note that the Hartford Rifle Club has adopted the German ring target in its regular practice. This is a good idea; for it brings our Hartford shooters in touch with our New York experts. Pope's score of 234 in last week's practice shows expert form. Seymour with 226 was close up.

The Zettler Club will hold its bi-monthly shoot at Cypress Hills Park July 29.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 24-26.—Lafayette (Ind.) Gun Club tournament.

July 25.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fourth tournament, at Syracuse.

July 26.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Willimantic Rod and Gun Club, at Willimantic, Conn.

Aug. 7.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Eastern New York League tournament, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Horace B. Derby, League Secretary.

Aug. 7-9.—Memphis (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament.

Aug. 8.—W. H. Kearfott's semi-annual bluerock target tournamen at Kearnevsville, Jefferson county, W. Va.

Aug. 8-10.—Missouri State Amateur Association, at Richmond, Mo.; $300 added.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

No shoot ever held in the South, excepting perhaps the affairs of the Knoxville Gun Club, have ever attracted so much attention as the annual tournament of the Memphis (Tenn.) Gun Club, to be held on Aug. 7, 8 and 9. The club adds $600 to the purses, gives $60 for three-day averages and gives $35 (in five prizes) for average money on each day, so that there will be some big winnings for those who shoot straight. Each day there will be eight events at 20 targets each, $3 entry, with $25 added to each purse. On the second day there will be a special event, at 20 targets, $3 entry, the first prize to be an $80 Lefever gun, second 500 nitro powder loaded shells, third a press leather gun case and fourth a leather shell case. FOREST AND STREAM also offers one year's subscription and a set of its beautiful sporting pictures to the shooter having the longest run of breaks during the three days, unless the winner be a subscriber, in which case the prize shall go to the non-subscriber having the longest run. Average moneys each day will be $10, $8, $7, $6, $4. Tournament average prizes will be $15, $12, $10, $9, $8 and $6 respectively. There will be two classes—experts and amateurs—the experts to shoot from known traps, unknown angles, and the amateurs from known traps, known angles. All men known to be as strong as 85 per cent. will be kept in the expert class. First or second money winners, or those who score 18 or more in the amateur class, will have to shoot in succeeding events as experts until they fail to win a first or second money or score 18, when they will return to the amateur class. American Shooting Association rules will be used, except the rule as to distance for flight of targets. The targets will be thrown low and as swift as possible. Sommer and Roger Van Gilder, of the Knoxville Gun Club, will assist in the management. A number of other Knoxville experts, as well as contingents from Asheville, Bristol, Greensboro, Charlotte and other places, will be on hand. Two sets of traps will be used. The headquarters for shooters will be at the Peabody Hotel. The secretary of the club will meet all shooters at the hotel and provide them with badges, which will entitle them to special rates and privileges. The officers of the club are T. A. Divine, president; J. C. Neely, Jr., vice-president, and W. P. Halliday, Jr., secretary and treasurer.

The following piece of news is from an Indianapolis (Ind.) exchange of July 13, and we are assured that the trap-shooters of America will unite with us in congratulating Mr. Fulford upon his exoneration: "Elijah D. Fulford, late superintendent of construction for the American Long Distance Telephone and Telegraph Company, was again acquitted of a criminal charge in the Criminal Court this morning. A week ago last Monday he was placed on trial for forgery, and the prosecution attempted to establish a vast amount of forgeries upon vouchers, amounting in the aggregate to thousands of dollars. The evidence for the defense was brief and three days were spent in argument. Yesterday afternoon the case went to the jury, which has been in confinement since it was accepted in the case. From 3 o'clock yesterday until 11:30 to-day the jury was locked in its room deliberating. The prosecution believed that the delay was occasioned by the halloting on punishment, and was consequently greatly surprised when the jury returned a verdict of acquittal. Fulford, who was present with his wife, wept when it was returned. Fulford is the champion wing shot of the world, having a record of 100 straight birds On account of the charges against him he withdrew his forfeit for a match with Dr. Carver. There are four other cases pending against Fulford, and Prosecutor Holtzman says that he will set one of them down for trial in August. Fulford's attorney, J. B. Kealing, says that the prosecution has become a persecution; that the other cases involve exactly the same facts and theories and that it is useless to put Fulford to the trouble of defending himself when it is hopeless to make a conviction."

Some time ago we suggested to Wm Tell Mitchell, of Lynch's, Va., that it would be good policy for him to pay a visit to Lynchburg on one of the Lynchburg Gun Club days, as that club desired to test the mettle of six of their members at 100 targets each, unknown angles, with Mr. Mitchell as their opponent. On July 17 Mr. Mitchell took his gun and fixings and rode up to Lynchburg to test the above question. He was, as a matter of course, received with open arms by the club members, served with an elaborate dinner and otherwise conditioned for the fray. In the afternoon he accompanied to the grounds Messrs. Terry, Empie, Nelson, Cleland and Moorman, six "cracker-jacks" at the sport, and soon began the task of showing those gentlemen how to smash targets. The party shot at 125 targets each, 5 traps, unknown angles, and thrown hard and low. At the end of the first 100 it was found that Mitchell was top man, having broken 91, his nearest opponent being Empie with 84. Terry scored 82, Nelson 81, Dornin 74, Cleland 74, and Moorman 62. Of the 125 Mitchell broke 112, Terry 105, Empie 105, Nelson 103, Dornin 92, Cleland 94, and Moorman 74. Mr. Mitchell was royally entertained during his stay and warmly congratulated upon his good work. When he was finally obliged to start on his return to "Pocket Farm" he was compelled to leave behind a promise to repeat his visit and his feat of vanquishing the club boys.

The following programme is published for the second annual tournament of the Pier Gun Club of Atlantic, N. J., to be held on Aug. 7 and 8: Event No. 1, 10 singles, known angles, $1 entry; No. 2, 15 singles, unknown angles, $1.50; No. 3, 15 singles, expert rules, $1.50; No. 4, 20 singles, known angles, $2.50; No. 5, 15 singles, unknown angles, $1.50; No. 6, 50 singles, 25 known and 25 unknown angles, $5; No. 7, four-men team shoot, 25 singles each, unknown angles, $6 entry per team; No. 6, 15 singles, expert rules, $1.50; No. 9, 25 singles, unknown angles, $3; No. 10, 10 singles, known angles, $1. Average prizes each day $4, $3, $2 and $1. No. 7 will not count in computation for averages. In the team race there will be one money for every three entries. The second day's programme will differ from the above only as concerns No. 7 event, which will be at 10 singles, unknown angles, $1 entry. The management of the affair will be in the able hands of E. D. Miller, Harry Thurman, H. Landis, David and William Garvin.

"Hurry along that consolidation of the State Sportsmen's Association and the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League," said one of Jersey's most prominent exponents of game and fish protection a few days ago, "and get it down to the lines suggested by FOREST AND STREAM, then we will be able to do something definite in the way of protecting and also promote the interests of the trap-shooters." Now, President Heritage, consult with the president of the Trap-Shooters' League and arrange for a joint meeting of the two organizations. Let it be held anywhere you choose, but hold it soon, so as to get the new organization formed in time to arrange for a shooting meeting this fall. And by the way, the office of FOREST AND STREAM is at your disposal for the holding of said meeting.

The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association has been extremely fortunate in securing the services of Elmer E. Shaner as general manager for their State shoot on Aug 21 to 24 inclusive. "Elmer" is not only one of the most popular men in the sporting ranks, but is conceded to be one of the best managers of tournaments. It was popularity and fair dealing that were responsible for the last two seasons' success of the Interstate Association. He is possessed of the patience of Job and has never been known to get rattled no matter what the provocation. Even the "boss kicker" of the Jersey team at the '93 Charlotte shoot was unable to ruffle him.

QUINCY, Mass., July 17.—Inclosed find scores of team shoot between teams selected by Messrs. Brainerd and Morse from among those present at the shoot of the Wollaston Trap Club: Morse's team—J. C. Morse 19, H. M. Federhen, Jr., 21. D. B. Lincoln 15, H. W. Maasden 3, H. B. Sanborn 6, E. Walker 14, G. Thompson 10, P. Kelly 7; total, 93. Brainerd's team—G. H. Brainerd 18, F. Cowee 19, H. T. Whitman 14, G. Elcock 18, F. N. Bates 6, C. V. Starret 14, A. G. Olney 7, W. Mitchell 8; Total, 104.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—The following is the result of the gun club contest between the Fairmont and Morgantown teams at this place;

the result being a decided victory for the home team: Fairmont Team —Dr. Jamison 24, J. Bebout 13, Dr. Dowden 18, W. Fleming 21, J. Gall 20, T Sharpe 20, C. H. Donnally 34; total, 150. Morgantown Team—E. Hayes 20, H. H. Hayes 27, "Nessmuk" 42, I. Hickman 30, W. M. Farrow 24, H. A. Christy 26, J. A. Barthlow 26; total 195.

The second annual tournament of the Eaton (O.) Gun Club is billed for Aug. 1 and 2, the programme comprising on the first day three 10-target events, three 15-target events, one at 20 and one at 25. Second day, four events at 10 targets each, four at 15 each and one at 25. Extra event No 1 on the second day will be for a two-year-old buck. Botel Bonner is the club's headquarters.

The projectors of the Atlantic City tournament, to be held on Aug. 7 and 8, anticipate a successful affair and a big attendance. The shoot will be held on the extreme end of the pier. As the above dates represent the height of the season, those who go down should take their wives along.

In a live bird match at Green Valley, N. J., on July 11, between Frank Berry and Wm. Ellis, 10 birds per man, for $25 each, Berry killed 9 to Ellis's 6. A 25-bird match resulted as follows: F. Berry 22, W. Berry 22, W. Ellis 20.

The Freehold Shooting Club and the Dayton Gun Club will have a shooting contest to-day, the conditions being twelve men to a team, 30 singles per man, five traps, unknown angles. The shoot takes place at Freehold.

In a recent issue we inadvertently referred to Mr. H. W. Brown as being secretary of the Binghamton (N. Y.) Gun Club, whereas the secretary of that club is Mr. H. S. Vance, and an efficient secretary he is.

Don't let the grass grow under your feet, Messrs. Presidents of the New Jersey Sportsmen's Association and State Trap Shooters' League, but hold a joint meeting at once and consolidate.

J. L. Brewer is now ready to wager from $250 to $1,000 that at 21yds. rise, using one barrel only, he can kill 90 out of 100 selected birds.

The Paterson Gun Club will hold its semi-monthly shoot next Tuesday.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Lynchburg's Weekly Shoot.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 18.—The Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot yesterday. W. Tell Mitchell came up from Lynches, and shot a race with the boys. Mitchell was in good form, and passed an agreeable afternoon. The following scores were shot:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown traps and angles, American Association rules:
Nelson ....1111111011110010111110111—20
Terry ....1111011110010111111101100—18
Dornin ....0011101110011111110101111—17
Moorman ....0010001000001001110111101—11
Cleland ....1111111110111111100101111—21
Empie ....1011111111111111101111111—23
W Tell Mitchell ....1111101111111101111111011—22

No. 2, same:
Nelson ....1110110110111111111111111—22
Terry ....1111111110111101111111111—23
Dornin ....1111101100101110111111111—19
Moorman ....1110110111110111101011011—19
Cleland ....1010011110101110111111101—18
Empie ....0101011111111111011011011—19
W Tell Mitchell ....1111011011111111111111111—23

Known traps and angles:
Manson ....1100001000010010100100000— 7
Fleming ....0111101001010000100100100—10
Scott ....0001101101111110011111111—18
Clark ....0101001111111011100111101—17

No. 3, same:
Nelson ....1101101111101011111111010—19
Terry ....1001110111111111111111111—22
Dornin ....0001011111111101000111111—17
Moorman ....1001101111110011111110011—18
Cleland ....0001100100111111101110111—15
Empie ....1111111111101011111101111—22
W Tell Mitchell ....1111111111111111101111111—24

No. 4, same:
Nelson ....1110111001111110111011001—18
Terry ....0111111101111101101110111—19
Dornin ....1111111111100011111101111—21
Moorman ....1101011000010001111111011—14
Cleland ....1111011101011110111101111—20
Empie ....1011011111111010111101111—20
W Tell Mitchell ....0111111111101110111111111—22

Known traps and angles:
Scott ....1101011100001101110111011—16
Fleming ....0000101101010010101101101—12

No. 5, same:
Nelson ....1011111111111111111111111—24
Terry ....1111111111111111011111011—23
Dornin ....0101111110111100101111110—18
Moorman ....1010111000100100010101110—12
Scott ....1001111011110111111111101—20
W Tell Mitchell ....1110110111111011111111011—21
Empie ....1111110111111111000110111—20

No. 6, 5 pairs, known traps and angles:
Nelson ....10 10 10 11 11—7 W Tell Mitchell...10 10 10 10 10—5
Terry ....10 10 10 11 10—6 Scott....00 10 10 11 10—5
Dornin ....11 10 10 00 11—6 Manson....11 10 00 10 00—4
Moorman ....10 10 00 11 10—5 Clark....00 00 11 11 01—5
Empie ....10 11 10 10 11—7

F. M. D.

Frank Class Wins a Gun.

A SHOOT for a high-grade 12-bore shotgun took place on Frank Class's shooting grounds at Morristown, on July 17, the conditions being 10 live birds, $7.50 entry, birds included. At the close there were seven tied on clean scores each, and they at once shot off at 15 targets, the result being a victory for Class, as follows:
Martin ....1211212111—10 Pirson....10w
George ....1212111121—10 Morgan....1110w
Class ....1111121121—10 Brewer....1212121222—10
Morfey ....1212221121—10 G W Sherman....1210w
Hibler ....1221211221—10 Boyle....0w
Timmons ....110w Sherman....1212112112—10

Shoot-off of tie:
Martin ....111111111100111—13 Brewer....111011111011111—13
Morfey ....011111111000101—10 Class....111111011111111—14
Hibler ....111111111110000—11 Sherman....10110100w

Sweepstakes, 7 birds, $5 entry, two moneys:
Morfey ....0011011—4 1111111—7
Morgan ....0110111—5 1101111—6
George ....1101111—6 1110011—5
Timmons ....1111111—7 1101101—5
Class ....1111110—6 1111111—7

Van Brackle and Brewer Tie.

JAMES A. VAN BRACKLE, one of the leading members of the Midway Gun Club, of Matawan, N. J., caught a killing pace on July 19 in his match with J. L. Brewer. The match took place on the Midway grounds, each man shooting at 100 birds for $100 a side, Brewer using a 12-bore at 30yds. and Van Brackle a 10-bore at 26yds., boundary 50yds. The most of the birds were fairly good. Van Brackle surprised his opponent by the clean manner in which he grassed his birds and Brewer of the other hand was rather chagrined at not doing better on his first quarter, when his score showed only 20 kills. Van Brackle's 97th bird fell dead just over the boundary, this losing him the race. The scores:

Brewer ....2200222202200222222222222—20
2212222222222222120232020—22
1021222222121222222211112—24
1121122211121122112212121—25—91
Van Brackle ....1221100122111112111011111—22
1211111110222101112212112—23
1011112221122212101112212—23
1111011121121222111220212—23—91

Freehold Gun Club Shoot.

FREEHOLD, N. J., July 14.—Inclosed find scores made yesterday at the regular shoot of the Freehold Gun Club. In the medal contest the first 10 targets were at known angles, 15 at known angles and the allowed targets at known angles:
C C Snyder ....1111111011111110110110010 —19
George Hall ....1111001111011110110000111 —17
H Hance ....1111111111011111110111001 —21
J Laird ....00100000010101000001000110000— 7
S B Walling ....0101101011101110011111100011 —17
W H Davis ....1110110111000011110111011 —17
A J Sherman ....1111101110000110011011101 —16
Denison ....1011101101101000110101100001 —15

Ties: Known. Unknown.
Hall ....10111 11101—8 0110110001—5
Davis ....11111 0000 —6 ....
Walling ....01011 11101—8 1111101100—7

THE INTERSTATE AT LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The seventh tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association was given at Louisville, Ky., July 18 and 19, under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, and once more old Kentucky demonstrated that she belongs to Class A in the trap-shooting world.

Tobacco and whisky have made her famous in State history, but when it comes down to a shooting tournament her sons present a clean bill of all-wool and-a-yard-wide, with not a moth in the whole bundle. Never since the palmy days of Col. Barbour has so much enthusiasm been evinced as at this tournament, and to the Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, with its efficient set of officers, belongs all the credit for reviving interest in an almost forgotten sport in this section of the country.

A few years ago Louisville was one of the foremost trap-shooting cities in America, and many a noted match was shot in this city; but of late years trap-shooting has been on the decline, and it remained in a state of innocuous desuetude until Mr. Harry J. Lyons, along about March 1, suggested the organization of a gun club.

Very few enthusiasts believed he would he able to accomplish much; his efforts, however, were crowned with success, and the Kentucky Gun Club became a reality, Mr. W. L. Lyons being elected president; Mr. Allen P. Houston Vice-President, Mr. Harry L. Means Secretary, and Harry L. Smyser Treasurer Grounds were secured at Fifth and L streets and inclosed by a tight board fence, a commodious club house was erected and other improvements made which necessitated an outlay of $2,000. Arrangements were perfected with the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association for the giving of the tournament just ended, and it can truthfully be said the Kentucky Gun Club is on the road to success.

The present tournament, as are all of the Interstate tournaments, was under the management of Elmer E. Shaner of Pittsburgh, Pa., and all details were carefully looked after. All the tents carried by the Association were erected, and added to the appearance of the grounds. This was the first time the tents have been in position since the disastrous storm at Chicago, which played such sad havoc with them, and compelled their being sent home for repairs.

The weather during the two days was threatening, with frequent showers, which put a stop to the shooting for quite a while the second day.

The attendance was good, sportsmen being present from several States, and some first class shooting was done, as the scores will show. Quite a crowd of spectators were present both days and enjoyed the sport.

The First Day's Scores.

No. 1, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, $5 added, 4 moneys:
Gay ....111110000111110—10 Cowherd....111101011010101—10
Heikes ....011111111111101—13 Faucette....111111011111101—12
Young ....100111011111110—11 H Smyser....111111011111011—13
White ....010010111111111—11 Pratt....101100100010101— 5
Veges ....101111111111111—14 R Church....111101110110111—12
Rike ....111111111100010—11 R H Smith....111111111110010—12
H J Lyons ....111111111011101—13 G T Church....111111110011100—11
Watson ....111111101101101—12 Lecompte....100000100101011— 6
Wm Clegg ....101111111010011—11 Taylor....111111010111010—11
Hutchings ....111111110111101—13 Thomas....111111100110101—11
Means ....011111111100111—12 Fulford....101100011110110— 9
R Crutcher ....111101110011111—12 Pard....011111110111111—11
E R Wilson ....101111111110111—12 Skinner....101111111111001—12

No. 2, 20 targets, entrance $2, $10 added, 4 moneys:
Gay ....11111111011111111110—18 Cowherd...11110101110011101111—15
Heikes ....11111111111111111111—20 Means....11000010100101110101—10
Young ....11111111111101111111—19 Phelps....10111101101111101111—16
White ....10111111111111111111—19 Smyser....01011100110111111111—14
Fulford ....11111111011111111111—19 Fawcett...11111111010101111111—17
Rike ....11111111111111111101—19 R Crutcher11110111011111111111—18
H J Lyons 11011111110111111111—18 R Church..10011111010110w.
Watson ....11111111011111111111—18 Lecompte..10100011111010010101—12
Pard ....11111111111111111111—20 Howard...11010010100001000010— 7
Hutchings.11111111001111111010—16 Thomas....11001001111100111111—14
Clegg ....11111111000111100111—15 Taylor....11111111111011110111—18
Veges ....11011111111111111101—18 G Church..11111111111111110011—18
Hobart ....10100000010101000010— 5 R Smith...11111111011011111110—17
E Wilson..01111111110101111111—17 Skinner....10111011111111111111—17
Pratt ....10000101010010110010— 8

No. 3, 25 targets, entrance $2.50, $15 added, 4 moneys:
Gay ....1111111110111111111111110—23
Heikes ....0111111111111111111111111—24
Young ....1111111111111111111111111—25
R Church ....1111011110111111111101111—22
Fulford ....1111111111111111111011111—24
Rike ....1111110111111111111111111—24
H I Lyons ....1101111111111111011111111—23
Watson ....1110011111111111110111111—22
Bonnie ....1110111111111020110111010—19
S Hutchings ....1101111111111111111111111—24
Clegg ....0100011111011111110010111—17
Virgis ....1111110111111111111111111—24
E R Wilson ....1111101110111010111100100—16
Crutcher ....0111100101000110111111111—16
Pard ....1111111111111111011101111—23
Harbison ....0000000101011010011001010— 9
Hobart ....1110111011111010111010111—19
Thomas ....1011001111011111111111111—21
R H Smith ....1001111110111111111111111—22
Lecompte ....0011001110111111111101110—18
Fawcett ....1111111001101110110111101—19
G T Church 0011010w
White ....1111110111111111111111111—24
Skinner ....1111111001111111111111111—23

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, $5 added, 4 moneys:
Gay ....111111111111111—15 Woodcock....010100001110011— 7
Heikes ....111111110111111—14 R Church....111111011111101—13
Young ....111111111001111—13 Watson....111111111111111—15
Skinner ....000011111111011—10 Howard....010000001101100— 5
Fulford ....111111111101111—14 Cowherd....100001000110001— 5
Rike ....111111111111011—14 Pratt....000110100001011— 6
H S Lyons ....101111101111111—13 Smyser....101111111110110—12
Clegg ....011111111111110—13 Crutcher....111101110111111—13
Means ....111110111111110—13 Thomas....111110111111011—13
Hutchings ....111101211111101—13 Pard....111111111111111—15
Virges ....111111111111101—14 Taylor....110111111010011—11
Fawcett ....110111001111111—12 Lecompte....110000111100111— 9
P Barth ....101011110011010— 9 Bonnie....111111111001010—11
R H Smith ....111101111111011—13 E R Wilson....111101101101101—11
Carnes ....101010100111111—10 White....110101010010110— 8

No. 5, 20 targets, entrance $2, $10 added, 4 moneys:
Gay ....11111101110110111111—17 Watson....01111011010110010 11—13
Heikes ....11111111111111111111—20 Fawcett...11111101100101111011—15
Young ....11101111111111111011—18 G T Church11111101011110101111—16
Skinner ....00110111011111110110—14 Thomas....11111111111101111011—18
Fulford ....11111011101111111111—18 Crutcher..01110101111111011101—15
Rike ....11011111011011111110—16 Verges....11001111110011111111—16
H S Lyons.11111111111110111110—18 E R Wilson01111001010100001111—10
Pard ....11001011111111101111—16 Bonnie....01101111011111011111—16
Clegg ....10001011110010011101—11 White....11010111011110101110—14
Hutchings.01101111111111111111—18 Lecompte..00111111001011110001—12
Means ....10111110100111011100—14 Woodcock.00110110110101101011—12
R H Smith.11011111110011101110—14 DuBray....11100101101101111110—14

No. 6, 25 targets, entrance $2.50, $15 added, four moneys:
Gay ....1111011111110111101111011—21
Heikes ....1111111111101111111111111—24
Young ....1111111111011111110111011—22
Skinner ....1111011101111111010001101—18
Fulford ....1111111111111111111111111—25
Rike ....1111111111111011111111111—24
H S Lyons ....1111100111111111111111111—23
Clegg ....1011111101100101011011011—17
DuBray ....1011100100101101110111101—16
Hutchings ....1111111011111101111111111—23
R Church ....1111111011101010110111011—19
Smith ....1101111110111111011111111—22
Abrahams ....0101110011111111101111111—20
Crutcher ....1011111111111110111011111—22
Watson ....1011111111011111110111111—22
V Thomas ....1111111111111110111111111—24
G T Church ....0111011111111111111110111—22
Virges ....1111111111111111111111111—24
Latimer ....1011010111000110101101111—15
Pard ....0111111111111101111111111—23
E R Wilsou ....0000110100000110011110111—12
White ....0111111110111111011111111—22
Bonnie ....1111101101111110101110011—19
Lecompte ....0101111110001100110101010—13

No. 7, 20 targets, entrance $2, $15 added, 4 moneys:
Gay ....11111011111111111110—18 Crutcher...11111111101111011110—17
Hicks ....11111111101110111111—18 G T Church10111111011111100010—14
Young ....11111111111110111100—17 Thomas....11111111111111111101—19
Skinner ....11101111111111111011—18 W L Lyons01011111101010111111—15
Fulford ....01110011111111111111—17 Virges....10011111110110111001—14
Rike ....01010111111110111111—16 Abraham..10011111101101011111—15
H J Lyons.11111011101100000111—14 Pard....11011011111111111001—16
Fawcett ....11111011111111100111—17 DuBray....11111011111100010111—15
Means ....10101101011111100100—12 Taylor....10110111101111101110—15
Hutchings 11111011111111111011—18 White....11111111111111111111—20
Smith ....11111111101010111101—16 Bonnie....10111111100011001001—12
Clegg ....00000001110001110001— 7 Lecompte..11100101100w,

No. 8, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:
Gay ....111011110110101—11 R Church....110111011111011—12
Hicks ....111100111111111—13 Clegg....111111101101110—12
Young ....111111111100001—11 W L Lyons....101001111000110— 8
Skinner ....111111111110111—14 Abraham....110101001101100— 8
Fulford ....111111111111111—15 Crutcher....111110111011111—13
Rike ....111101111111110—13 Means....010011111011111—11
H F Lyons ....111111110101011—12 Wilson....110101101101011—10
Pard ....111111111011100—12 Fawcett....011011111011111—12
Smith ....101001110011111—10 Thomas....111111111101011—13
Hutchings ....111001101111010—10 White....111111101111111—14
Smyser ....101111011100110—10 Virges....011100111100110— 9
J Hutchings....111011010111111—12 Dubray....110111110011011—11
Bott ....011100111001010— 7

No. 9, 20 targets, entrance $2, $15 added, 4 moneys:
Gay ....11111111111111110111—19 Crutcher..11001101011101011100—13
Heikes ....11111111111111111111—20 Smith....11001101111111111111—16
Young ....11111111111011111011—18 Phelps....10111011111111010111—16
Skinner ....11101011111111111111—17 Thomas....11101110110111111111—16
Fulford ....01111111111111111111—18 W Lyons..11111111111011100111—17
Pike ....11111011111111111111—19 J Hutch'gs11111110111111101101—17
H Lyons ..01110101111111111111—17 Verges....11011111110111110111—17
Watson ....11111111111110100011—16 DuBray....11111111011101111111—18
Wilson ....11111111110101000011—15 White....11111111111111111111—20
Hutchings.11111010110101111111—15 Bonnie....11110101011111111011—16
Abrahams.10111110100101001010—12 Pard....11111011111011111111—18

No. 10, 25 targets, entrance $4, $25 added, 4 moneys:
Gay ....1111111111111110111111111—24
Heikes ....1111111111111111111111111—25
Young ....1111111011111111111111111—24
Skinner ....1011110001000111111111001—16
Fulford ....1111111111111111011101111—23
Rike ....1111111111110111111111111—24
H S Lyons ....1011101011111101111111111—21
Crutcher ....1101111011111101111111111—22
W L Lyons ....1101111011111101111011001—18
Hutchings ....1111011111011111111011101—21
Smith ....1111111010111111011111011—21
Abraham ....1111101111111111111111111—24
Pard ....1111111111101111111111110—23
Thomas ....1110111111111011111111111—22
Watson ....1111111111101111111101101—22
Fawcett ....0111111111111111111110011—21
White ....1011111111111110111111111—23
Virges 1110110011110w

Extra, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, 4 moneys:
DuBray ....101111011111111—13 Phelps....111000111110101—10
Heikes ....111111111111111—15 Abrahams....111110111111111—14
Pard ....111111101111111—14 Crutcher....001111111110111—12
Fulford ....111111111011111—14 White....111111111111101—14
Ehlshide ....011111100111111—12 Mills....111101111111010—11
H S Lyons ....101111111011101—12

The Second Day's Scores.

No. 1, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, $50 added, 4 moneys:
Rike ....011100111010101— 9 Thomas....101011110111001—10
Helkes ....111101111111011—13 Fawcett....011111101011111—12
Skinner ....111110111111111—14 Smith....010010110111111—10
Gay ....101110101101111—11 DuBray....011010111011111—11
Young ....000111111111111—12 Means....110011110111010—10
Fulford ....011011111111111—13 Taylor....111100111110111—12
H L Lyons ....111111111011011—13 White....110111111111110—13
Shacking ....110101101110111—11 Virges....001110111011111—11
S Hutchings....001111111110111—12

No. 2, 20 targets, entrance $2, $10 added, 4 moneys:
Rike ....11111111111110111111—19 Smith....10010111111110111001—14
Heikes ....11111111111111111111—20 Taylor....11101111011111110111—17
Skinner....11011110100110111110—14 Virges....11101011111111010101—15
Clegg ....01011011111011111011—15 Thomas....01111111111011111110—17
Gay ....10111111111111111111—19 DuBray....11111101111111110111—18
Young ....11111111111111111111—20 Fulford....11111011111111111111—19
H Lyons ..11101101111111101111—17 Pard....10010111111011110111—15
Watson ....01111010111111111111—17 White....11011101111111111111—18
Hutchings.11101011111011111010—15 Woodcock.01100010010101000110— 8

No. 3, 25 targets, entrance $2.50, $15 added, 4 moneys;
Pike ....1111111111111111011101111—23
Heikes ....1111111111111111111111111—25
Skinner ....1111111111011101011011001—20
Young ....1011111111111111111111101—23
Gay ....1111011111111111111111110—23
Fulford ....1111111111111111111111111—25
H T Lyons ....1111101111111111111111111—24
Thomas ....1011011111101001111110111—19
Hutchings ....1111111111011101111111110—22
Pond ....1111111111111110011101111—22
Clegg ....1101110111110111111111001—20
Verges ....1111111111111111011011011—22
Hinuth ....1101110110010111011101110—17
Watson ....1011111111110111011111111—22
White ....0111111111110111111110111—22

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, $5 added, 4 moneys:
Rike ....100111111111110—12 Virges....110111111001111—13
Heikes ....111111111111110—14 Fawcett....001001011010010— 6
Skinner ....101110111111111—13 Taylor....110101110001111—10
Young ....011101010111110—10 Robert....111110011111001—11
Gay ....111111101111111—14 Pard....111101110111111—13
Fulford ....111111111111111—15 Means....001010101101111— 9
H J Lyons ....111111111111111—15 White....111111111111110—14
Thomas ....111111111111111—15 Smith....100001111110111—10
S Hutchings....111111111111111—15 Watson....111111111111110—14
Clegg ....111101110111101—12 J Hutchings....011111101011000— 9
Du Bray ....111011111111011—13

No. 5, 20 targets, entrance $2, $10 added, 4 moneys:
Rike ....19 Lyons....18 Pard....15
Heikes ....16 Thomas....19 Smith....16
Skinner ....16 Hutchings....17 Fawcett.... 9
Young ....17 Clegg....15 White....18
Gay ....17 Du Bray....18 Virges....19
Fulford ....17 Taylor....16

No. 6, 25 targets, entrance $2.50, $15 added, four moneys:
Rike ....1111110110110101111110111—21
Heikes ....0111111111111111111111111—24
Clegg ....1111101101111110011111110—20
Young ....1111111111111111101111110—23
Gay ....1101111111111111101111111—23
Fulford ....1011111111011111110111111—22
H R Lyons ....1111101111101111110111111—22
Thomas ....1111111111111100111111011—22
Hutchings ....1110111110111111111111111—23
DuBray 0100w
Pond ....0010111111111111111111101—21
Virges ....1111111111100111111111111—23
White ....1111111111111111111111111—25
Watson ....1111001111011011111111111—21
Smith ....1111111111110111111111111—24

No. 7, 20 targets, $2 entry, $15 added:
Rike ....21 Gay....12 Hutchings....19
Heikes ....13 Fulford....19 Smith....16
Thomas ....18 H. J. Lyons....19 White....16
Young ....17 Woodcock....16 Pard....14

No. 8, 15 targets, $1.50 entry, $10 added:
Taylor ....11 Fulford.... 7 Smith....11
Heikes ....14 Lyons....11 Crutcher....11
Yo. Thomas.... 9 Rike....13 White....12
Young ....14 Hutchings....14 DuBray....13
Verges ....15 J. B. Hutchings....14 Fawcette....11

No. 9, 20 targets, $2 entry, $15 added:
Virges ....19 Lyons....18 DuBray....17
White ....19 Smith....16 J. B. Hutchings....16
Thomas ....17 Hutchings....15 W. L. Lyon....14
Young ....19 Heikes....20 Rike....19
Pard ....19 Phelps....15
Fulford ....19 Gay....19

No. 10, 25 targets, entrance $4, $25 added, 4 moneys:
Pard ....1111011101101111111111111—22
Heikes ....1111111011111111011111111—23
Thomas ....0111101101111111110111110—20
Young ....1100111011111111111110110—20
Smith ....1011101011111000011011111—17
Fulford ....1111111110011111111011111—22
H F Lyons ....1110011111111111111111111—23
Rike ....0111101111111011111111110—21
Hutchings ....1111111111111011111111111—24
Gay ....1111111111111111111111111—25
White ....1111111111111111111110111—24
Verges ....1110111111011111111111110—22

Pennsylvania State Tournament.

THE Altoona Gun Club, under whose auspices will be held the 1894 tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, have at Altoona published an exceedingly neat programme of 32 pages, illustrated with several half-tone cuts. A detailed notice of the programme will be made by us in our next issue. In the mean time address Edward Banks, Sec'y, Altoona, Pa.

Big Shooting at Baltimore.

THE Standard Gun Club held their sixth annual tournament at their shooting grounds, Acton's Park, July 16, 17 and 18. The weather was everything that could be wished for, only one day being extremely warm. The first day's turnout was quite large, and would have been better had not some unfortunate accident kept some of the visiting shooters away, and which kept the 6-men teams from New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania from filling up. The grounds of the Standard Gun Club were admirably fitted up for the occasion, with plenty of shade and room, and the traps and targets worked to perfection. The feature of the tournament were the team races. The first day in the 6-men team race, 50 birds per man, the Standard boys carried off the honors with a splendid score of 278 breaks out of 300, a 92⅔ per cent. gait, or an average of 90 per cent. and better for each man. On the second day in the 4-man team race, 25 birds per man, the Pennsylvania team shot out a great victory for themselves, breaking 95 out of a possible 100, defeating the crack Baltimore Gun Club team by only 1 bird, in view of the fact that the Baltimore team had already shot with a winning score of 94 out of 100, a score calculated to win at any stage. Among the prominent visiting shooters were: Mr. Harvey McMurchy, breaking targets right and left with an ease and grace seldom seen at the trap; Capt. B. A. Bartlett, showing the boys and spectators some of his tricks and fine shooting, never getting tired and ever willing to give any information asked; "Billie" Fieles, M. F. Lindsley; Mr. Swiveller, making quite a reputation for himself; Harry Thurman, of Pennsylvania; Van Dyke, of New Jersey; Treadway, of Pennsyvania; G. W. Haddock from Virginia, Landis from Pennsylvania, and Wagner, Hunter, Gulick, Steele, Happer, Jr., Osborne, Mattingly, Rothwell, Happer, Sr., Pruitt, Fristoe, Carroll, Barker and McLeod, of Washington, D. C., and, last of all I shall not forget our friend, Major Taylor, and the genial "Uncle Jake" Pentz. The following are the scores in detail:

First Day, July 16.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1:

Bond	10	Rothwell	7	Gloster	6
Van Dyke	10	McLeod	9	Fieles	8
Hunter	9	Mattingly	9	McMurchy	10
Gulick	7	Osborne	5	Bristoe	9
Pruitt	10	Barker	4	Dixon	8
Happer, Jr.	9	West	6	DeSmith	9
Wagner	7	Steele	10	Clements	8

No. 2, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Barker	111111111010111—13	Pruitt	100111111111111—13
Van Dyke	111111111100111—13	Hartner	111111111101110—13
Hunter	110101111111101—12	Dixon	110110011111101—11
Gulick	111111110111111—14	Clavidge	010011111111110—11
Mattingly	111111010101100—11	DeSmith	101101110111112—12
Dr. Brown	110011111100111—11	Fieles	111110111111101—13
Wagner	111110111111111—14	McMurchy	111111111111111—15
Rothwell	111101111111110—13	Bristoe	110110101111111—12
Bond	101111011111111—13	Steele	111011011111111—13
Ducker	111111110101011—12	Malone	111111011111111—14
Gloster	001110001111111—10	Hall	111111101110110—12
Osborne	111111111111111—15	Bartlett	111011110111111—13

No. 3, 20 singles, entrance $2:

Gloster	01101101101101011111—14	Claridge	11111111111111111101—19
Oshorne	11111101111101111011—17	Fieles	11011111111111011111—18
Hunter	11101101011111011111—16	Pruitt	11111111010111111111—18
Gulick	10111001111011110100—13	Wagner	11111111111111111111—20
Mattingly	11111111111111110111—19	Rothwell	11111110111011011111—17
Barker	11100011111011011111—15	Dixon	11101111111101111101—17
Dr. Brown	10101111011011111111—16	Bartlett	11111111011111111100—17
Bond	11010111111111111111—18	Bristoe	01011111101101010111—14
Van Dyke	11111011111111111111—19	DeSmith	11111111111001111111—18
Bonday	10111011111111111111—18	Steele	11111111010111011111—17
Willey	01001110111101111010—13	Hall	11111101101101010111—15
Cantler	10111401111111111111—18	McMurchy	11111101111111111111—19

No. 4, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Barker	111011111111101—13	Rothwell	100011111110111—11
Willey	111111101110011—12	Claridge	111101111111111—14
West	111011000111101—10	Hall	111011110010101—10
Van Dyke	111111111111111—15	Dixon	111111111111111—15
Fieles	111101111111111—14	Cantler	101111111100111—12
Happer, Jr	111110111111111—14	Dr Smith	011101101111110—11
Bonday	111111111100111—13	Tracey	111101001111101—11
Bond	111111101111111—14	Todd	011111111111111—14
Hunter	111101101111111—13	Buckbee	111101111011101—12
Gulick	111111011111111—14	Hawkins	111111001111111—12
Osborne	101011101011111—12	Baughman	001101001111111—10
Mattingly	111111111111111—15	Fristoe	111101111001101—11
Ducker	111001110110111—11	McMurchy	111111111111111—15
Pruitt	111011111111111—14	Gent	100111110001000— 7
Hartner	111101111111111—13	Evans	010011000101111—12
Gloster	101011101110011—10	Landis	111111111111110—14
Bartlett	111111010111111—13	Thurman	011101111110111—12
Wagner	111111011111111—14	Franklin	111111111111111—15

No 5, team race: Standard No. 2.

Clements	011110111111101101101011—19
	011111111111111111111111—24
Buckhee	111111011111111111111110—23
	111001111101111101111111—21
Storr	101111111111111111111111—24
	110111111111111111111111—24
Rice	111111110111111111111011—23
	111110111110011111111111—22
Ducker	111111111011111110111111—23
	111111111111101111111111—24
Lupus	111111111110111110111111—23
	111111111011011111011111—22—272

Baltimore Gun Club.

Hall	111111111101111110111011—22
	111011111111101111011111—22
Cantler	111111111110110111111101—22
	111111111111111111111111—25
Dr Brown	111111010111110110111111—21
	011111111111111111011111—23
Claridge	111111001111111111111111—23
	111110111111011101111111—23
Hartner	111110111110111011111111—22
	110111111111111111111111—24
Malone	111111110011111111111111—23
	111111110111110111011111—22—272

Laurel Gun Club.

G Willey	111111110111111111111111—24
	010111101111011010011101—16
G E Baldwin	011011100011011111110100—16
	101010110101101111111011—18
E P Baldwin	111101111111001010001010—16
	110101101110110000010010—13
D Railey	010101001100010011001111—13
	001111110111111111110111—21
W R Baldwin	111110011011110011101010—17
	011110110101111010101110—16
J A Brown	111110111111111111111111—24
	111101111111010110111101—20—214

Capitol City No. 2.

Gulick	111111118110111111111111—23
	111011111101111011110110—20
Hunter	111111011011110110110101—19
	101111011111111111111111—23
Mattingly	011111111111011111111101—22
	101111111111111011111111—23
Pruitt	111111111111011011111111—23
	111111011110111111111101—21
Wagner	111111110111111111011111—23
	111111111111101111111111—24
Happer, Jr	111111111111110111111111—24
	111101011111111111111111—22—267

Standard No. 1.

Evans	111111111111111011111111—24
	111111111011011111111111—23
Franklin	111001111111111110111111—22
	111111111111111111111011—24
Bond	111111011111111110111111—23
	111011111111111111111111—24
Bonday	111111111111111111100111—23
	110111111111111111101111—23
Hawkins	111101111111101111111111—23
	111101111111111111111111—24
Dixon	111111110111111011011111—22
	110111111111111101111111—23—278

Capitol City No. 1.

McLeod	110111111111010111101111—21
	111101111111111010101000—18
Fristoe	110111111110111110111111—22
	111011101011011111111111—21
Steele	111111111111111011110111—23
	101100011111010111111110—18
Osborne	111111110111010111111011—21
	111111101111011011111110—20
Carroll	111111001111011110000111—18
	111011111011111111111111—23
Barker	011010111111110110100110—17
	110011111111110111011011—20—242

No. 6, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Van Dyke	13	McMurchy	14	Cantler	15
Bartlett	15	Fieles	14	Dixon	15
Evans	12	Bond	12	Ducker	8
Landis	14	Franklin	14	Claridge	13
Gloster	11	T R Evans	11	Edel	11
Dr Brown	10	Bonday	14	Malone	12
Thurman	14				

No. 7, 20 singles, entrance $2:

Thurman	20	Dr Smith	14	Dixon	14
Fieles	19	Franklin	19	Jory	15
Van Dyke	16	T Evans	19	Claridge	17
McMurchy	19	Bond	18	Cantler	18
Bartlett	18	Bonday	17	Edel	13

No. 8, 15 birds:

Van Dyke	14	Dixon	13	Pruitt	11
Fieles	14	Bonday	13	Dr Smith	14
Thurman	14	Hall	10	Edel	10
McMurchy	15	Bartlett	14	Cantler	11
Evans	9	Landis	15	Claridge	15
Franklin	14	Malone	13	Storm	12

No. 9, 15 singles:

Fieles	111111111111111—15	Bonday	111110111111111—14
McMurchy	111111110111111—14	Malone	011111011111111—13
Thurman	111111111011111—14	Smith	111111111111111—15
Franklin	111111111101111—14	Claridge	111111001111111—13
Van Dyke	101111110111111—13	Cantler	111110111101111—13
Bartlett	111011111111111—14	Hall	111111101111111—14
Dixon	011111111011111—13	Mark	111111111111111—15
Pruitt	111111101010101—11	Happer, Jr	110011111011101—11
Landis	110111111101111—14		

Second Day, July 17.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1:

Van Dyke	9	McMurchy	9	Landis	10
Bartlett	8	Fieles	9	Cantler	10
Hartner	10	Dixon	8	Treadway	8
Lindsley	7	Hall	8	Malone	9

No. 2, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Bartlett	14	McMurchy	15
Lindsley	12	Filees	14
Van Dyke	14	Cantler	11
Dixon	15	Hartner	14
Tredway	15		
Landis	13		
Hartman	12		
Franklin	11		

No. 3, 20 singles, entrance $2:

Lindsley	16	Van Dyke	18
Bartlett	20	Landis	19
Fieles	19	Thurman	17
McMurchy	20	Treadway	20
Franklin	19		
T Evans	19		
Dixon	17		

No. 4, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Lindsley	11	McMurchy	14
Fieles	14	Landis	14
Van Dyke	15	Bonday	12
Bartlett	12	Thurman	14
Treadway	15		
Dixon	12		
Hawkins	14		

No. 5, team race:

Standard No. 2.

Clements	111110101101111111010111111—21
Storr	111111111011101111111110—22
Lupus	111111011111111111011111—23
Bonday	101111111111111111111111—24—90

Baltimore Team.

Hartner	111111111111111111111111—25
Hall	111011111111011111111101—22
Cantler	111011011111111111111111—23
Malone	111111111111011111111111—24—94

Standard No. 1.

Franklin	111111111111111111111100—23
Evans	110111110110110011111111—20
Hawkins	111111101111111111111111—24
Dixon	111111101111111101110011—21—88

Pennsylvania Team.

Treadway	011011110111111111111111—22
Landis	111111111111111111111101—24
Thurman	111101111111111111111111—24
Fieles	111111111111111111111111—25—95

No. 6, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Fieles	14	Treadway	14
Thurman	13	Landis	14
Van Dyke	13	G W	12
Bartlett	15	Hartner	14
Malone	14		
Bonday	14		
Swiveller	12		
Hawkins	10		

No. 7, 20 singles, entrance $2:

Van Dyke	20	Dixon	17
Fieles	19	Evans	20
Thurman	18	Bartlett	18
Lindsley	15	Landis	18
McMurchy	19		
Bonday	19		
G W	15		
Malone	17		

No. 8, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

McMurchy	15	Hawkins	15
Evans	13	Landis	14
Dixon	13	Thurman	14
Bonday	13	Swiveller	14
Lindsley	14	Fieles	14
Bartlett	15		
Tredway	13		
G W	11		
Van Dyke	14		
Malone	12		

No. 9, 10 singles, entrance $1:

Landis	10	McMurchy	9	Fieles	9
Thurman	9	Tredway	9	Bartlett	7
Dixon	8	Swiveller	8	Lindsley	10
Bonday	8				

Extra, 20 singles, entrance $2, expert rules;

Fieles	17	Landis	20	Evans	19
Bartlett	18	Lindsley	18	Bonday	16
Van Dyke	15	Thurman	14	Ducker	19
Treadway	16	McMurchy	20	Dixon	19

Third Day, July 18.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1:

Bartlett	10	Swiveller	9	Evans	10
Bond	9	Dixon	8	Clements	8
Bonday	10	McMurchy	9	Hartner	10

No. 2, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Bartlett	14	Bonday	14
Bond	13	Dixou	15
Swiveller	11		
Evans	13		

No. 3, 20 singles, entrance $2:

Bartlett	19	Bonday	19
Bond	20	Dixon	16
Swiveller	19		
Evans	18		

No. 4, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Clements	14	Buckbee	12
Hawkins	9	Dixon	14
Evans	11		
Swiveller	14		
Bonday	15	Bartlett	13
Hawkins	13		
Bond	13		

NO. 5, team race:

Standard No. 2.

Bond	111111111111111111111110—24
Devall	111011111111111111111111—24
Clements	111011111001111010100011—17
Lupus	100111111111100111111101111—20—85

Standard No. 1.

Bonday	111111101011110111111111—23
Evans	011010011111111100111101111—18
Hawkins	111111111111111111111110—24
Storr	100111111111111111110110101—20—84

H. E. LUPUS, Sec'y.

Tournament of the Granville Gun Club.

IN a pleasant valley that lies in about the same parallel of latitude as the southern shore of Lake George, but close to the boundary line that divides New York and Vermont, and within the borders of the Empire State, may be found the pretty and thriving village of Granville. The mountains that wall in the valley are of the veritable towering type, clothed with forest growth, with here and there stony ledges showing grimly through the heavy masses of woods or bits of mountain pasture. Granville is a bustling little place, the business interests of its citizens being largely centered in stone and slate quarries, though there is a nice hotel or two, scores of attractive residences, ranging in quality and style from the pretty cottage to the stately mansion, and lots of dainty maidens of the charming summer-girl type. Not the least of the attractions of the place is the Granville Gun Club, an ambitious organization, well supported by its namesake's solid citizens, and a stalwart, sober-looking set of fellows they are. All this the Albany correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM found out on a visit to Granville in company with nearly a score of the Eastern New York League shooters on the occasion of the late tournament of the Granville Gun Club, which was held on the 19th of the present month of July. I journeyed thither in company with half a dozen of my boys of the West End Gun Club, there being in the party Charlie Stone, the sagacious; Lou Leon, known as the burly Briton; John S. Taylor, the man of lurid comparisons; Tom Greer, the grand stand favorite, and Harry Swinton, our most promising young sharpshooter, who is bound to be a bright star in the near future in the glittering galaxy of American marksmen.

At a station *en route* we were joined by another Westerner, young Johnny Sanders, who is summering on a splendid parental estate in Saratoga county. At Troy, where we boarded the northbound train on the Fitchburg road, we were joined by a trio of Trojans consisting of "Uncle Sammy" Goggin, John T. Betts and Charlie Stockwell. When Johnsonville was reached a trio of Saratogians burst in upon us—three members of the once famous "Big Four," of the Saratoga Gun Club. There is the jolly giant Nelson Ramsdill, still wearing his prized goatee, an ornament familarly alluded to by his brother shooters as Ramsdill's "paint brush;" Harry M. Levengston, Jr., whose renown as a flying-target smasher is not bounded by the State, and the third man is the nifty nabob who at shooting events modestly conceals his identity under the "nom de shoot" of "Peters." At Eagle Bridge there was a change to a train of short-bodied cars that sped along a branch of the great L. & H., and edging over the border of New York into Vermont we stop at a station called Rupert. The tall form of a sportsman, gun case in hand, was discovered on the platform by the "gang" and a joyous howl of recognition went up that brought a responsive smile to the bronzed face of Myron F. Roberts, of Rupert, Vt., whose popularity is attested by honorary membership in both of the gun clubs of Albany, nearly all of the league clubs and in his recent election to the presidency of the Granville Gun Club. The hearty greetings extended to brother Roberts had hardly subsided when our hoxy little train slipped back again into New York State and we were at Granville. On the depot platform we were cordially greeted by Mr. J. E. Seeley, a local legal luminary, and were conducted to a commodious carryall bound for the shooting ground. As the visiting shooters proved to be more than a double load for the vehicle, and the assurance was given that the objective field was only half a mile away, many of the boys threw their guns and cartridge boxes in under the seats and walked out to the grounds.

The club possessions were found to lie on a level plain on the western border of the village. The firing points faced the region of the setting sun where a dark and verdant background in the form of a huge wall of a mountain made more than one keen gunner anxious about his prospective average when he mentally pictured the clay pigeons flying against this somber barrier. This, however proved to be only a bugbear, for the sun's rays reflected upon the shining surface of each bluerock, made the "bird" appear like a glowing disc of hurnished metal, and not one of the shooters was, I think, at all handicapped by the presence of this giant guardian of the valley. The equipment of the club showed a shooting lodge, behind wbich a purveyor's stand was erected; a row of firing points covered hy an awning; a trapper's pit guarded by a wooden screen, banked up by the earth of the excavation, and a set of five expert bluerock traps. Among the crowd gathered about the lodge when we entered the grounds the fine presence of Dr. Mosher was instantly noted, and hy the genial physician we were introduced to .his tournament aids, George MacDonald and Parker J. Staples. Then there were N. S. Marshall and A. Kilbourne of Rutland, W. E. Ayer of Poultney, P. E. Howard of Townsend and a lot of others whose names I failed to indite in my notebook in the hurry-scurry of opening the shoot, but whose records will appear in the scorces below.

The programme displayed ten events, but the limited time intervening between the arrival of the visitors and the hour of their departure, which was set for 4:30 in the afternoon, did not permit the shooting out of hut eight. Before giving the scores I must mention the weather. It was something terrible. Fancy a blazing sun in a cloudless sky pouring its beams wich a tropical fierceness upon the unsheltered plain that fairly sbimmered in the torrid heat, the heavy air unmitigated by even so much as a breath of a breeze, and you may form some idea of the stifling conditions that fairly made existence a horror. But where is there a class of pleasure-seekers on earth who hrave the discomforts of heat or cold, or the pelting of a storm with a more unflinching show of pluck and stamina than gunners. Brave boys, all! I have followed you through the shooting events of many years, hut have never known the elements to cause you to fall out when once lined up for duty.

"All is ready," was announced in the quiet tones of Dr. Mosher, and the three Saratogians, our own "Kid," Sanders and the Trojans, and "Perkins" line up at the firing points as the first squad in the first event. The appended scores show how well the shooters performed in the torturing heat of one of the worst of the typical days of July within my recollection.

In the 10 bird sweeps the purses were divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; in the 15 bird sweeps 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; in the 20 bird sweeps 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1:

Levengston	1101011111— 8	Swinton	1111111111—10
Perkins	1101111111— 9	Greer	1110111101— 8
Sanders	1111011111— 9	Ayer	1011110111— 8
Peters	0010001110— 4	Howard	0000000101— 2
Ramsdill	0111101011— 7	Dr Mosher	1111100011— 7
Betts	1111010111— 8	Seeley	1110101101— 7
Stone	0111111111— 9	Goggin	1111101011— 8
Leon	0011011111— 7	Staples	1000001001— 3
Wadsworth	1111111101— 9	Roberts	1111111111—10
Taylor	0100111010— 5	McFadden	1111110101— 8
Marshall	1110001001— 5	Pember	1011101110— 7
Kilbourne	0011101101— 6	Ladd	1011011100— 6

No. 2, 10 singles, entrance $1:

Levengston	1111111011— 9	Swinton	1111011111— 9
Perkins	0011111100— 6	Greer	1111110111— 9
Sanders	1111110110— 9	Ayer	1001100111— 6
Peters	1111110110— 8	Howard	0011000001— 3
Ramsdill	1100101111— 7	Dr Mosher	1111111111—10
Betts	1111111111—10	Seeley	1110111001— 7
Stone	1111111111—10	Goggin	1110111001— 7
Leon	1110101110— 7	Staples	0010111011— 6
Wadsworth	1111111110— 9	Roberts	1111111111—10
Taylor	1011110111— 8	McFadden	1010111101— 7
Marshall	1101001100— 5	Pember	0101001110— 5
Kilbourne	1011101111— 8	Ladd	1111111111—10

No. 3, 15 singles, $1.50:

Levengston	011111111111111—14	Kilbourne	111110111010100—10
Perkins	100111101111111—12	Swinton	111111111100011—12
Sanders	111101101111111—13	Greer	011110111010111—11
Peters	111110111111111—14	Ayer	110111111111011—13
Ramsdill	111111011111010—12	Howard	101001000010000— 4
Betts	111111110101111—13	Dr Mosher	111111111111111—15
Stone	011111111011101—12	See'ey	110111011011011—11
Leon	011011111111010—11	Goggin	111101111100111—12
Wadsworth	101111011110111—12	Staples	101101001111111—11
Taylor	101111111110101—12	Roberts	111111111111111—15
Marshall	011110100001100— 7	Ladd	100110111001110— 9

No. 4, 10 singles, unknown angles:

Levengston	8	Leon	6	Greer	4
Perkins	5	Wadsworth	8	Ayer	6
Sanders	10	Taylor	6	Dr Mosher	10
Peters	8	Kilbourne	5	Seeley	5
Ramsdill	7	Roberts	10	Staples	6
Betts	8	Swinton	8	Goggin	7
Stone	6				

No. 5, 15 singles, entry $1.50:

Levengston	110110111111111—13	Greer	011000000001110— 5
Perkins	110101111111000—10	Ayer	110010111111111—12
Sanders	111111101111101—13	Dr Mosher	111011111111111—14
Peters	101111110100111—11	Warner	011111010111111—12
Swinton	111110111111111—14	Kilbourne	110111101111101—12
Betts	111111111111111—15	Marshall	111111111010111—13
Stone	111111001110001—10	Goggin	111111001110111—12
Leon	111110100111111—12	Ladd	011011110011101—10
Wadsworth	010011000000101— 5	Howard	101001111000000— 6
Taylor	111000111101111—11	Call	100010001011101— 8
Staples	001001001110110— 7	Schrader	000101001011110— 7
Roberts	011101111110110—11	Ramsdill	101111111011110—12

No. 6, 10 singles, unknown angles, entry $1:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Ayer	1011110110— 7
Perkins	1000111010— 5	Dr Mosher	1111111111—10
Sanders	1111110110— 8	Warner	1011111111— 9
Peters	1111110111— 9	Ramsdill	1110111111— 9
Swinton	0111111110— 8	McFadden	1001111111— 8
Betts	1011111101— 8	Seeley	1110111100— 7
Stone	1110110111— 8	Goggin	1111010110— 7
Leon	0001111100— 5	Schrader	1001111110— 7
Wadsworth	0111100111— 7	Howard	1000010101— 4
Taylor	1010101111— 7	Call	0111000101— 5
Staples	0110111110— 7	Marshall	1111010011— 7
Roberts	1110111111— 9	Kilbourne	0111100100— 5

No. 7, 20 singles, $2 entry:

Levengst'n	111111011111111111111—19	Goggin	111111011011111111111—18
Perkins	110001101111110011011—13	Ramsdill	001110100101000101011—10
Sanders	101111011111111111011—17	Ayer	111110111111111111000—16
Peters	111101101100111101111—15	Dr Mosher	111011111111101111111—18
Swinton	111111111111111101111—19	Marshall	100000100011010110011— 8
Betts	101111110100111111111—16	Staples	111000110110101101011—12
Stone	111110111111111111110—18	McFadden	001010011111111110001—12
Leon	110111111111111110011—17	Ladd	011011101111000011110—12
Wadsworth	000110011110101111111—13	Schrader	101011110111010101011—13
Taylor	110111101110101111111—16	Warner	111110101100111011110—14
Green	111101100011111101110—14	Seeley	001101110111011110011—13
Roberts	101011111101111111111—17	Call	000011101111111011001—12

No. 8, 15 singles, unknown angles:

Levengston	101111111111111—14	Taylor	111101111110111—13
Perkins	100001111011001— 8	Greer	100011101101000— 7
Sanders	111110110110110—11	Roberts	111110011111111—13
Peters	011101101100011— 9	Goggin	111101110101101—11
Swinton	111111101011101--12	Schrader	101111010010010— 9
Betts	111111110110011—12	Ayer	110100001011110— 8
Stone	011111111011011—12	Dr Mosher	011100111110101—10
Leon	101111010111001—10	Staples	110001001110101— 7
Wadsworth	010110001001111— 8	Warner	111111101111101—13

The next event of interest to the eastern New York shooters will be the league tournament to be held under the auspices of the West End Gun Club of Albany, N. Y., Aug. 7.

HORACE B. DERBY.

Carver Defeats Elliott.

KANSAS CITY, July 14.—Trap-shooting in the West received a great impetus this week through the series of three matches between Dr. W. F. Carver and J. A. R. Elliott, which were shot at Exposition Ball Park during the past three days, and the series will go down into gun club history as one of the best and most closely contested ever seen in America. The first race was won by Elliott by a single bird on the good score of 96 to 95, the best made in the series. The second was won by Carver, 94 to 92, and the last by Carver, 95 to 94, making a grand total of 284 for Carver and 282 for Elliott. The matches were all three most stubbornly contested, and the first and last were in doubt until the last rounds were fired. The second was equally hard fought, but Elliott fell down in the last fifteen and Carver beat him out by two birds and lost his last bird apparently intentionally.

Elliott and Carver have been nagging at each other for a match for two or three years, but they could not he got to the sticking point until last week, when some Kansas City friends of Carver threw down the gauntlet and a series of three matches was arranged for $100 a match and $100 additional on the odd, Hurlingham rules to govern and the gate receipts to be divided after expenses were paid out. Elliott probably did not lose much money, but his pride was hurt; and while he made a gallant fight he feels his defeat keenly and will seek to get on another series of matches under the same conditions for next September. Andy E. Thomas refereed the matches, W. V. Rieger judged for Elliott and E. F. Swiuney for Carver and James Whitfield scored.

Elliott was fortunate in the first race and got two birds that were saved to him only by the fence, but in the last two, the fickle goddess of fortune smiled on the "Evil Spirit of the Plains," and he won out the last two matches. Elliott shot a grand race to-day. He fell behind in the early part of the game, but shot gamely and finished strong, and while defeated the victor had to acknowledge that he had met the hardest task of his life before the traps, and conceded that his winning of to-day's match was largely due to his luck in getting birds that were only slightly winged.

Carver used a 7lbs. 9oz. Cashmore gun, and his loads were 3½drs. of wood powder with 1¼oz. of 7½ chilled shot in Winchester leader shells. Elliott also used the Winchester leader shell loaded with 3½ drs. American E. C. powder, 1¼oz. of chilled 7's and wadded with the new Winchester system of nitro wadding, and he thinks that his loads were more penetrating than were those used by Carver.

There were quite a number of visiting sportsmen in town during the series, among whom were John Cook, of Mound City; M. F. Myers, of St. Joseph; Dr. F. P. Hatfield, of Grenola, Kas.; W. W. Dale, of Cedarvalle, Kas.; and the florid complexion of W. H. Skinner loomed up in the stand on the second day.

Thursday's Shoot.

The opening shoot was shot under favorable circumstances, and while the weather was hot there was a good breeze blowing. The birds were fairly quick to wing and as a rule were strong flyers and many pretty kills were made in the first fifteen rounds. Dr. Carver was the first to miss, losing his 16th bird. He slobbered it with the first barrel and missed with the second. The bird was hard hit but managed to rise over the fence. Elliott continued to kill his birds in good style and killed 27 straight. The 28th bird, a right-quarterer, he hit with both barrels apparently, but it was a big stroug bird and managed to get over the fence into the right bleachers where it fell dead. Carver fell back again on his 32d, a hard straight-away bird which got away from both barrels and was last seen going over the fence to the races. He also missed the 47th pigeon, an easy right-quarterer. Elliott in the meantime was shooting in grand style, but after a run of 26 straight he lost another which fell dead in the stand, and his 64th hird, a right-quarterer, which looked as big as a turkey, got away unhurt, Elliott shooting under him with both barrels. This left the score a tie again, but Carver lost his 73d, a swift-flying black bird, that made tracks for the exposition building as soon as the trap was sprung. Elliott led until the 82d round, when he fell down on another big cinnamon-colored bird which rose above the two loads and left for Independence. Both shooters were steady, and it looked as if they would finish straight, but Carver lost his 96th bird and the race on a bird that went straightaway toward center field. The bird was hit hard, however, and fell dead at the stone wall. Elliott finished out straight, although he had a narrow escape on his 99th bird. It was a weak bird that hopped up in the air and sat right down again, and Elliott overshot it when he fired at it on the ground. The boy who did the retrieving, and, by the way, he was as clever at it as any veteran, lost him at the first attempt, and the bird flew to the home players' bench in the shadow of the grand stand, where the lad gathered him safely. Referee Thomas called for the bird, and as it showed a shot mark in the wing, declared it a dead bird. Elliott was also fortunate in getting his 77th bird, a white one, which wheeled out of the second charge and alighted in the field. The boy failed to gather him at the first attempt, but it flew toward the club house and was gathered on the door sill. A cheer went up for the local shooter when the referee announced the score.

Referee Thomas was deliberate but positive in his decisions, and his judgment was never questioned by the judges. Dr. Carver accepted his defeat gracefully, but appeared confident that he would still win a majority of the series. Elliott's steady work, however, has impressed his friends with the idea that he will win at least one if not both of the other matches. The score:

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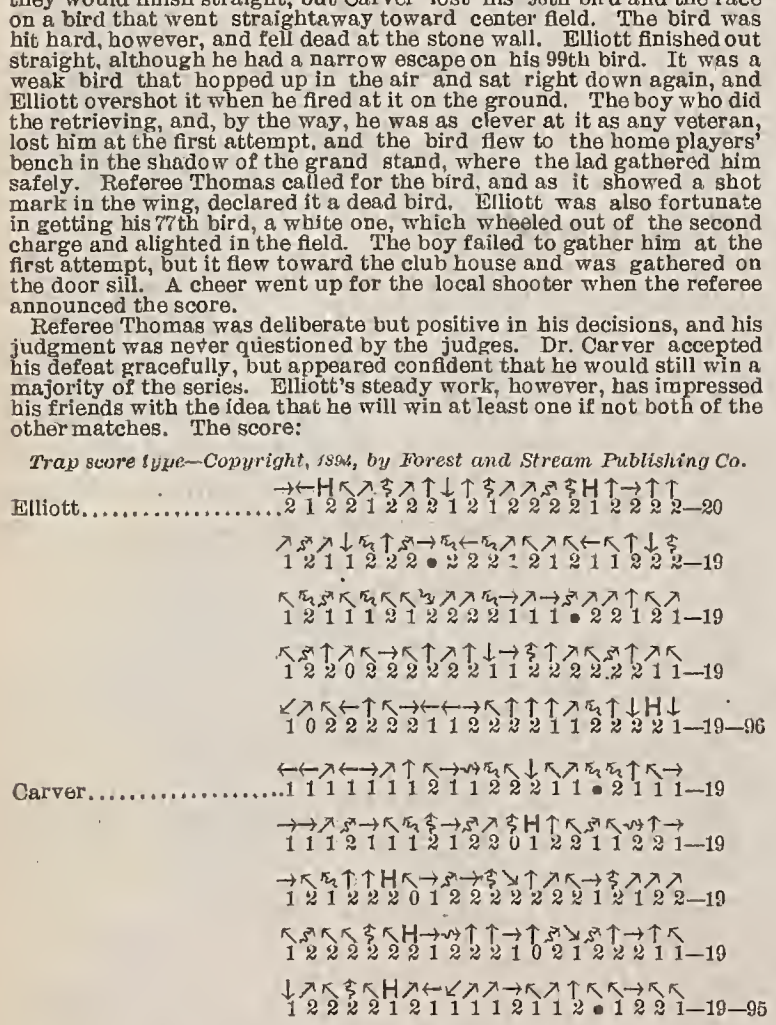

Friday's Shoot.

The second match resulted in a decisive victory for Carver over the local crack, by a score of 94 to 92, and it was the opinion of a majority of the spectators that Carver could have tied his score of Thursday and made it 95, had he desired to do so. He apparently shot behind his last bird inteutionally. The match was witnessed by a larger crowd than on Thursday, and until Elliott fell down in the stretch the shoot was fully as interesting and exciting as the opening one. The birds were a much gamer lot of flyers than on Thursday, as the weather was not so oppressively warm, and they were also a hardier lot, a number of them carrying a heavy load of shot out of the boundaries. The same officials that acted in the opening shoot performed the same duties, and their work was beyond criticism.

Carver started the match hy grassing an incomer, although he was forced to use his second barrel and Elliott killed his 1st clean with his first harrel, but used the second as a precautionary measure. Both men did some close shooting in the first 10, but Elliott lost his 11th bird, which was slow to wing and he misjudged it as it hugged the grass on its way out to centerfield. He also lost his 15th, a slow flying right-quartering driver, which, while hit, scaled the fence. At the 19th round Carver scored a lost one, shooting behing an easy right-quartering bird with both barrels, and at the 30th shot he slobbered a fast outgoing bird. He hit it with the first barrel and it dropped as he let go the second. The boy who does the retrieving failed to gather the bird, which rose to flight as he approached it and went to the races. This left the score a tie and it remained so until the 36th round. Elliott was unfortunate on his bird, the puller failing to pull the trap on his first call, which rather disconcerted him, and at the second attempt a fast flying bird wriggled off in a right-quartering direction. Elliott got feathers with the first barrel, hut the bird wheeled suddenly and, escaping the second load, journeyed on southward. From this on Elliott settled down and did some remarkably clever work, killing 36 straight, by far the best run of the match. In the meantime Carver lost his 42d bird, a big cinnamon and white pigeon, which was hard hit, but managed to get over the north fence, falling dead at the stone wall. He also lost his 54th, and for the first time during the match was one hird hehind. It was a right-quartering bird, and, although hit hy both barrels, the loads struck too far back and the hird fell dead on the right bleachers. Elliott came near losing his 61st, a similar bird, hut it could not quite scale the south fence. He dropped his 73d, however, breaking his run. The bird was a right-quarterer and fell dead on the bleachers. At the 75th round two birds were trapped at once and Elliott killed both in good shape, but his judgment in shooting the second one was criticised by the experts, and characterized as a grand stand play that was dangerous. While the first bird was killed clean, many birds hit apparently as hard have raised after striking the ground and winged their flight back to the lofts. Should this have occurred yesterday Elliott would have been in a nice predicament without any load in his gun. Carver fell back again on his 81st, a low flying right-quarterer that he did not lead far enough, but Elliott lost his 82d, a twisting driver that escaped both barrels, and the score was again at a tie and remained so until the 87th, when Elliott slobbered another right-quarterer. The bird was shot badly, and when it flew against the wire in the grand stand it looked as though luck was still with Elliott, but it recovered and flew out over the right bleachers. Elliott shot in poor form from that on and lost his 92d and 95th birds, both of which he touched slightly. This left him three behind, and Carver had the match won at the 98th round. He killed his 99th for good measure, hut let his century bird get away without much apparent effort to stop its flight. The score:

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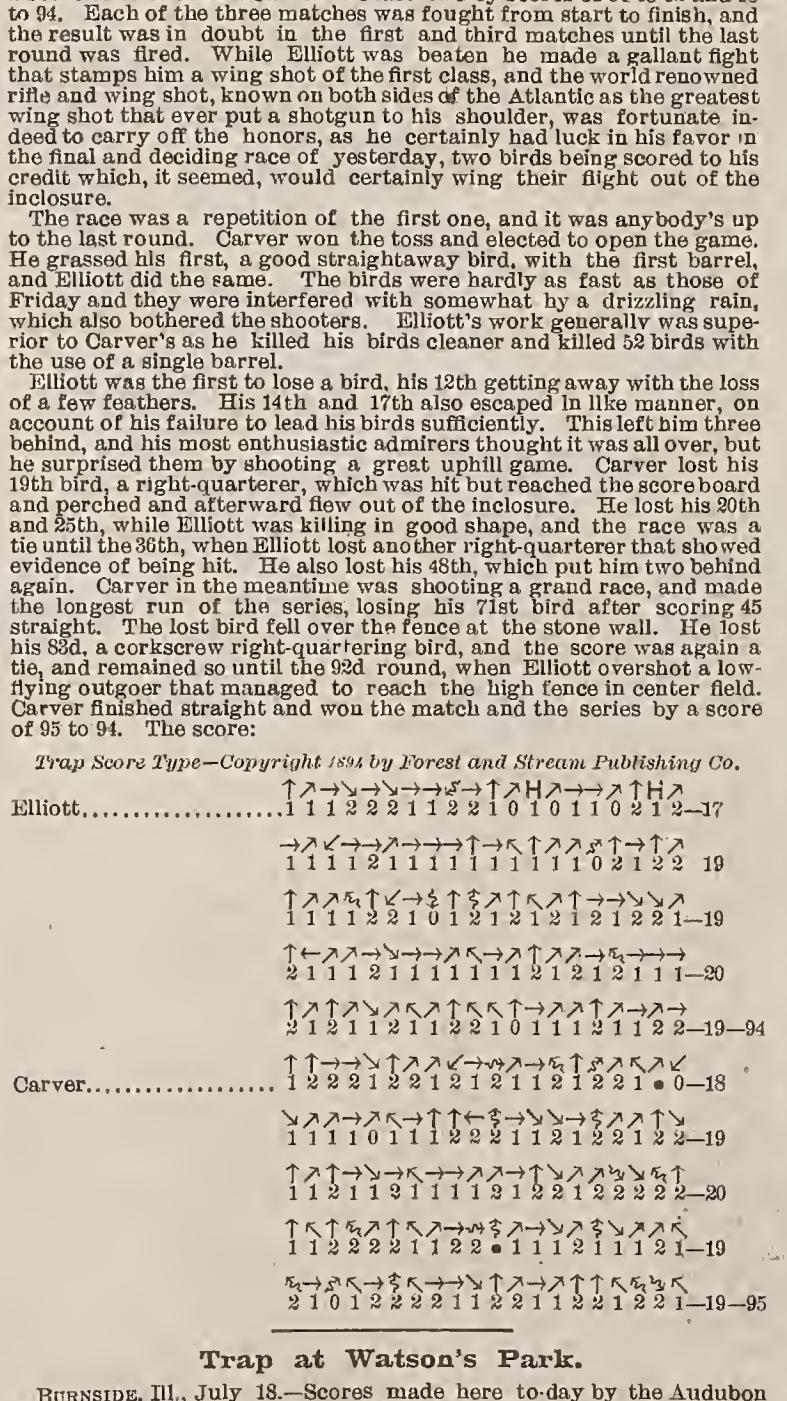

The Saturday Shoot.

Dr. Carver won the last shoot of the series in another exciting finish in what was one of the hardest fought pigeon shooting matches on record, by a score of 95 to 94. The match was styled a world's championship contest. It was entitled to the distinction, and those who witnessed the series can truthfully say that they have seen the greatest trap-shooting event that has ever fallen to the lot of the most ardent patron of the trap and trigger. Elliott won the first match by a score of 96 to 95 and Carver the last two by scores of 94 to 92 and 95 to 94. Each of the three matches was fought from start to finish, and the result was in doubt in the first and third matches until the last round was fired. While Elliott was beaten he made a gallant fight that stamps him a wing shot of the first class, and the world renowned rifle and wing shot, known on both sides of the Atlantic as the greatest wing shot that ever put a shotgun to his shoulder, was fortunate indeed to carry off the honors, as he certainly had luck in his favor in the final and deciding race of yesterday, two birds being scored to his credit which, it seemed, would certainly wing their flight out of the inclosure.

The race was a repetition of the first one, and it was anybody's up to the last round. Carver won the toss and elected to open the game. He grassed his first, a good straightaway bird, with the first barrel, and Elliott did the same. The birds were hardly as fast as those of Friday and they were interfered with somewhat hy a drizzling rain, which also bothered the shooters. Elliott's work generally was superior to Carver's as he killed his birds cleaner and killed 52 birds with the use of a single barrel.

Elliott was the first to lose a bird, his 12th getting away with the loss of a few feathers. His 14th and 17th also escaped in like manner, on account of his failure to lead his birds sufficiently. This left him three behind, and his most enthusiastic admirers thought it was all over, but he surprised them by shooting a great uphill game. Carver lost his 19th bird, a right-quarterer, which was hit but reached the score board and perched and afterward flew out of the inclosure. He lost his 20th and 25th, while Elliott was killing in good shape, and the race was a tie until the 36th, when Elliott lost another right-quarterer that showed evidence of being hit. He also lost his 48th, which put him two behind again. Carver in the meantime was shooting a grand race, and made the longest run of the series, losing his 71st bird after scoring 45 straight. The lost bird fell over the fence at the stone wall. He lost his 83d, a corkscrew right-quartering bird, and the score was again a tie, and remained so until the 92d round, when Elliott overshot a low-flying outgoer that managed to reach the high fence in center field. Carver finished straight and won the match and the series by a score of 95 to 94. The score:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1894 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Trap at Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., July 18.—Scores made here to-day by the Audubon Club of Chicago, 15 live birds for club medal, handicap on birds added:

J Hutchinson (1)	210211021111222—14	J McCauley (3)	111211020020001—12
L Hamline (4)	.112211111202112—15	W Shepard (4)	.102201122101211—15
W Mussey (1)	.112010022021221—12	J Gillespi (1)	...100100010100220— 7
F Bissell (5)	...000102201102101—13	J Hall (guest)	..111020110011112—11
C Morris (6)	....021022020112200—15		

Ties:

L Hamline	.222012021211222—15	W Shepard	.122200002110210—13

Sweep at 10 birds, $5, divided 60 and 40%:

Hamline	.0122212112— 9	R S Mott	.1222111211—10
Mussey	.2222222211—10	J W Smith	.1111011121— 9
Hall	..2111101101— 8	Hntchinson	.2100002001— 4

Same, one money only:

Hamline	.2221221100—8	Mott	.211111102—9
Hall	.1110101110—7		

Private match:

J W McCauley	.011100121201121 —11	J Crin	.102001211212020—10

July 19.—Scores made here to-day by the Soft Mark Club at live birds for practice:

Antoine	.211020111210011—11	Groll	.0010100000000022— 4
Fouk	.000000101001011— 5	Lelly	.0000110022200000— 5

Again:

Antoine	.1202121112—9	Fouk	.2110101102—7
Bissell	.2110212101—8	Hutchinson	.2020220002—5
Groll	..0101100201—5	Lelly	.1020122011—7

Again:

Lelly	..022001000110101O2— 8	Antoine	.2211011110— 8
Bissell	.020012122111111 —12		

RAVELRIGG.

New York German Gun Club.

WHEN the New York German Gun Club held its July shoot at Dexter Park the weather was extremely hot and the attendance not as heavy as was expected. The medal shoot at eight birds each, handicap rises, attracted ten competitors and necessitated a shoot—the results being here shown:

Club shoot, 8 birds: Dr Hudson 8, F. Sauter 6, J. Wellbrook 8, H. Thornford 5, J. Dannefelser 5, J. Stuernagel 4, P. G. Garms, Sr. 9, M. Bonden 3.

Ties for second medal, miss and out: J. Wellbrook 6, F. Sauter 5, C. Busch 4, G. Smith 2.

Five birds: C Busch 5, J. Dannefelser 5, F. Sauter 4, Dr. Little 4, G. Smith 4, J. Stuernagel 3.

Three birds: G. Smith 3, Dr. Hudsoa 3, C. Busch 3, F. Sauter 2, J. Dannefelser 2, J. Stuernagel 0.

Ten birds: Dr. Hudson 10, G. Smith 9, F. Sauter 8, M. Borden 7.

Wilmerding Gun Club's Tournament.

ON Friday, July 13, the Wilmerding (Pa.) Gun Club had a most successful little tournament. For a one-day's shoot the number of entries was unusually large, but Pittsburgh is a very hotbed of trap-shooters, consequently all shoots in that neighborhood are well attended. Among those present were "Old Hoss," Elmer E. Shaner, W. M. C. Jones, J. O'H. Denny, J. E. England ("Bessemer"), W. J. Vance, John Gelm, Mr. Anderson of Braddock, Laughrey from Ligonier, Cochran, Zumer and a number of others. The most notable absentee was "Jim Crow." It appears that Jim has been suspended by the Pittsburgh Gun Club, the reasou for his suspension being that he has not attended a shoot for a long time; the understanding is that "Jim Crow" will be reinstated just as soon as he shows up at a shoot. Jim's plea is that just now he believes that he can shoot like Rolla Heikes and doesn't wish to undeceive himself.

To return to the shoot of the 13th, the grounds of the Wilmerding Club are situated in a narrow valley along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. On the day of the shoot the wind came down the valley during the morning with such force that it drove the targets in all directions, making straights, even in such company, extremely rare. The club had fixed everything with a view to making their guests comfortable, and succeeded in making things run smoothly from the start.

Match No. 1 at 10 known; No. 2, 10 known; No. 3, 10 expect; No. 4, 15 novelty; No. 5, 10 known; No. 6, 20 expert; No. 7, 15 known; No. 8, 10 novelty; No. 9, 15 known; No. 10, 10 expert; No. 11, 25 known; No. 12, 15 novelty:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
J Skillman	6	4	5	13	6	11	11	5	7	6	8	10
J Yelson	8	7	5	12	7	15	8	8	9	6	..	..
Shaw	7	6	4	9	4	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
E Shaner	8	9	7	11	8	15	15	10	11	6	16	10
Old Hos	8	9	8	9	8	16	13	6	11	7	16	10
Benton	5	..	4	9	6	..	8	..	9	..	..	..
Cutler	9	7	6	..	9	..	13	7	13	9	19	11
Bessemer	6	8	8	12	10	16	13	9	13	8	15	13
Lovit	7	8	3	..	7	..	11	..	10	..	..	..
Zuemer	8	10	6	10	10	16	15	6	14	8	16	12
Jackson	8	7	6	10	8	..	12	8	12	5	..	..
F McEntosh	8	9	5	..	9	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Sharrard	9	8	5	..	9	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Banks	8	9	4	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Walke	4	4	..	..	4	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
J Gilm	6	10	10	6	7	..	12	7	9	8	..	..
J Jack	4	7	5	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
George	4	4	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A A Jack	6	6	..	..	8	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
W B Brush	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Anderson	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Perkins	4	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J O'H Denny	7	8	5	13	8	16	8	9	11	8	..	..
Laughrey	6	4	6	9	4	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
S Bishop	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Fix	5	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	6	4	7	11	7	17	12	8	12	7	17	..
Vance	7	6	7	8	9	14	13	5	12	10	18	10
Cochran	7	7	6	8	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Howard	..	..	9	14	7	14	12	8	11	6	..	..
Shaffer	..	..	6	7	7	12	10	6	10	7	15	7
Born	..	..	7	11	7	11	11	7	10	..	..	..
Wall	..	..	..	10	7	..	5	5	12	..	12	12
Gibson	..	..	..	8	5	..	11	5	9	..	13	..
Hamilton	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	13	7	..	10
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	13	8	..	..
Dr Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
O M Reich	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..

Traps at Narragansett Pier.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I.—A few of the shooters of this place, who have taken up trap-shooting within the past six months, met on Saturday P. M. last at the grounds near Sherry's for a few hours' sport with the clay birds. They had with them Mr. S. A. Tucker, of the Parker Bros., a native of this town, who is visiting his brother at Wakefield, and his presence seemed to inspire the boys into doing some pretty good shooting for amateurs and some very creditable scores were rolled up. The first event, not down on the programme, was the appearance of a minature cyclone coming from the West, which was evidently sent in honor of Mr. Tucker's visit, as most of his time is spent in traveling through the Western States. After the departure of the storm, which dampened everything but the ardor of the enthusiastic sportsmen, a 25-bird race was shot, and although the atmosphere was very heavy, causing the smoke from the guns to hover over the traps like a cloud, sometimes entirely obscuring the birds from view, some very good shooting was done—as follows:

No. 1, 25 bluerock targets, unknown traps and angles:

C H Tucker	0101011110111111111010000—16
S A Tucker	1111111111101111111111110—23
R Gavitt	1111101110001010111011011—17
George T Briggs	1111111101111110111011100—21
P S P Raudolph	1111111111111011111110111—23
H C Rodman	1111111111010111111111101—22
A Tucker	0101101010001110110001011—13

The rain fell at frequent intervals during the shooting, and as another shower seemed to be approaching at the close of the match it was proposed to postpone the remaining events till the following Tuesday.

Tuesday, the 17th, was all that could be asked for as regarded weather conditions, being bright and sunshiny, not too hot, and a gentle breeze from the southwest, which, as the traps are set facing the northeast, only served to impart a little impetus to the speed of the swift-flying targets. After a little preliminary shooting to warm up, the following races were run off, all being at unknown traps and angles, rapid-fire system:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
S A Tucker	1011111111—9	1111010111—8
Briggs	1110111111—9	0111011011—7
Rodman	1011101001—6	1100000110—4
J C Tucker, Jr	1111011111—9	0001001101—4
B W Palmer	0111110101—7	1011101111—8
Gavitt	0011011011—6	0100101111—6
C H Tucker	.....	0110001011—5

No. 3: S. A. Tucker 9, Briggs 8, Rodman 7, J. C. Tucker, Jr., 8, Palmer 6, Gavitt 7, C. H. Tucker 6.

	No. 4.	No. 5.
S A Tucker	1111010111—8	1111010111—8
Randolph	0011101111—7	1111111011—9
Gavitt	0110011010—5	0100011110—5
Briggs	1001111110—7	.....
C H Tucker	0100110001—4	0011111011—7
J T Caswell	0100111110—6	0010000011—3
Rodman	1111110110—8	1111011111—9
J C Tucker, Jr	0110001111—6	1110111011—8
Palmer	.....	0110001011—5

No. 6 was a 25-bird race between S. A. Tucker and R. S. P. Randolph and resulted in a victory for the Parker gun representative by the following score:

Tucker	1111011111111111010011111—21
Randolph	1101111111011110011100110—18

As a final event the four leading men participated in a 10-bird contest for highest honors with the following result:

Tucker	1111111111—10	Rodman	1111100111— 8
Briggs	1111111111—10	Randolph	1111100101— 6

Trap-shooting is a new departure at Narragansett Pier, none of the above men with the exception of Messrs. Tucker and Randolph ever having seen a clay pigeon until last February; but it is believed that there is material for a pretty strong team, as nearly all the scores are better than 60%. No club has yet been organized but the results of the above shoot may tend to awaken a little enthusiasm among the local sportsmen. It should be taken into consideration that this is the first time the men have ever shot under the rapid fire system, all the practice shooting having been done at one score. R.

Likes the "Reckoner."

WILMINGTON, Del., July 10.—*Forest and Stream Publishing Co.:* Having used your "Trap-Shooters' Ready Reckoner" during our tournament and on several other occasions, I must say that it is a great time and labor saver. Any club giving a tournament or an all-day shoot cannot afford to be without one. CHAS. FEHRENBACH,
Secretary Wilmington Rod and Gun Club.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Hartford Gun Club Tournament.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 20.—The Hartford Gun Club's all day tournament, held at Union Grove yesterday was well attended. There were only twenty-five shooters present, but they represent the best and strongest in Connecticut. The outside shooters were Mills, of Bristol; Savage, of New Haven; Treat, of Manchester; Edgerton, of Willimantic; Selbey, of Bridgeport. Besides these there were C. R. Dickey, W. W. Bennett and F. E Bennett, of Boston; Fred Risley, of East Hartford, of the Colt Gun Club, made 124 birds straight, best State record.

No. 1, 10 singles: Jones 10, Dickey 9, Sterry 9, Savage 8, Clark 8, Manross 8, Tucker 7, Smith 7, Edgerton 7.

No. 2, 10 targets: Viherts 10, Jones 10, Treat 10, Mead 10, Mills 9, Edgerton 9, Savage 9, Bailey 9, Dickey 8, Smith 8, Sterry 8, Wood 7, Tucker 7.

No. 3, 10 targets: Tucker 10, Smith 10, Dickey 10, Savage 10, Treat 10, Edgerton 10, Sterry 10, Jones 9, Risley 9, Mills 9, Mead 8, Wood 7, Manross 7.

No. 4, 20 targets: Risley 20, Jones 20, Burbridge 20, Smith 19, Edgerton 19, Dickey 18, Wood 18, Sterry 18, Savage 17, Mills 17.

No. 5, 10 targets: Jones 10, Burbridge 10, Edgerton 10, Risley 10 Sterry 10, Dickey 9, Pitkin 9, Tucker 9, Manross 9, Wood 9, Mills 8, Smith 8, Treat 8, Seeley 7.

No. 6, 10 targets: Pitkin 10, Jones 10, Smith 10, Burbridge 10, Edgerton 10, Risley 10, Dickey 9, Sterry 9, Wood 9, Melrose 8, Savage 8, Tucker 8, Mills 7, Treat 7, Manross 7, Mead 7, Clark 7.

No. 7, prize, Burgess Repeating Shotgun:

Dickey	1111111111111111111111111—25
Smith	1101111111111111111111111—24
Jones	1111111111111111111111111—25
Burbridge	1111111111111111101111111—24
Mills	0111101111111111011011101—20
Savage	0101010111110111110111111—20
Treat	1111101111111111010111011—21
Sterry	1111111111111111111111011—24
Risley	1111111111111111111111111—25
Edgerton	1111111110111111110111110—21
Wood	1011111111111111111011101—22
Clark	1111110011011111101101111—20
Manross	1111111111111111111110111—24
Pitkin	1111101111111110111111111—23
Melrose	1111110101011111110111001—19

Tie on gun:

Dickey	1111111111111111011111111
Jones	1111111111111111111110
Risley	1111111111111111111111111

No. 8, 10 targets: Jones 10, Risley 10, Snipe 9, Edgerton 9, Smith 9, Dickey 9, Burbridge 9, Mead 9, Treat 9, Tucker 9, Pitkin 9, Manross 6, Savage 8. Bishop 7, Clark 7.

No. 9. 10 targets: Jones 10, Burbridge 10, Bishop 10, Savage 10, Wood 10, Risley 10, Manross 9, Smith 9, Pitkin 9, Sterry 9, Dickey 8, Treat 8, Edgerton 8, Tucker 8, Clark 8, Mills 8, Mead 7, Capron 7, Viberts 7

No. 10, 10 targets: Pitkin 10, Jones 10, Bishop 10, Edgerton 10, Sterry 10, Capron 10, Risley 10, Savage 9, Clark 9, Mills 9, Wood 9, Smith 8, Burbridge 8, Treat 8, Tucker 8, Dickey 7.

DANIEL S. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

Col. Courtney Wins Again.

SYRACUSE, July 20—The regular 50-target shoot by the members of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club took place yesterday, this being the contest for the three class medals. The shooting was from known traps at unknown angles. The portly Colonel A. G. Courtney again proved himself to be possessed of the stuff of which champions are made by defeating the field and scoring another win of the magnificent A class diamond medal. The Colonel did not have a walkover, however, as Charles Arno tied him on the fine score of 46 breaks, Col. Courtney winning the 10 target shoot off by 9 breaks to Arno's 8. One more victory for "Court" will make him the owner of the above medal, which has been won as follows: A. G. Courtney, four times; Charles Arno and Charles Wagner, three times each; C. H. Mowry, Harvey McMurchy and Geo. H. Mann, twice each: W. E. Hookway, A. C. Ginty, D. M. Lefever and Charles Dugar once each.

Although genial George Mosher has parted company with his long-flowing, blonde moustache, and is frequently taken for a schoolboy he is still able to smash targets, and yesterday he gave an exhibition of his ability by winning B class medal on 46 breaks. Below are the scores in detail:

Class A.

C Arno	1111111111101111111101111111111110111111111111011111—46
A G Courtney	1110110111111111111111111111111111111111101111111011111—46
Cal Dugard	0111111111111011110111111111101111011111101111111—44
G H Mann	0101111111111010111011101011110111111111111111111—42
W Willards	1111111111111101011011011111111111111111011111100—41
A C Ginty	1011111011111111111101110110111111110001111011111—41

Class B.

Geo Mosher	1111111111110111101111111111100111111111111010111111—46
H Jones	1111110111111101111111101111111111101111111011110—45
A S White	1011111111111111111111010111111011111011111—44
Geo C Luther	1011110010110110111111110110011111111110110110100—37
Geo Howard	1000111100110111100101111011110010110001111011110—32
Prof Gilbite	1111011111011111101110011101111111111001111111—42
D Walters	1111101110111111110111100111111101111101010111111—41
Ed Hudson, Jr.	1111111111111111111001111011010100011110110111111—40
A R King	1111101101111111011011111001110110110111111111110—39
Chas Becker	1110111111111011101011001101010111001111100011111—36
J Cool	1111101110110110011110011000111001111011011011101—34
M Williams	1111111111101100001100101101011001111011010110011—33
W H Holden	1001110001100110100111010011101111111111110011011—32

Ties in Class A, C. Arno 9, A. G. Courtney 8.

Sweep:

Courtney	22	C Arno	23	Holden	22
Jones	25	A R King	24	Ginty	23
Holloway	21				

Out of the first 70 targets only 2 missed. FALSTAFF.

Brewer Loses Both Wagers.

QUITE a fair-sized audience assembled in Willard's Park, Paterson; to see J. L. Brewer make an effort on a wager of $250 to kill 95 out of 100 birds in a 50yds. boundary, and an additional wager that he could kill 97 out of 100 in the fence boundary. The day was extremely hot and the birds slow to start, although some of them were good enough once they were on the wing. As the below score will show he lost both wagers. The scores in the below table decided both wagers, his scores being 91 in 50yds. and 94 inside the fence, three birds falling dead out of bounds. He used a 12 bore Winchester and American E. C. powder:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

50yds. boundary	→←↓↗→↖↓→↖↗↑→↓→→↖→→↓↙→↗→↗↑	
	1 1 1 2 2 1 1 0 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 1	—23
	↑←↘→↗↖→↗↖↑↓↖↝←→↘↗↑↑↗↗←→→→	
	2 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 • 2	—23
	↑↖↗↝↑←↙↗↓↖↗↑↗↓→H→H→→↗↑←↖↑	
	2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 0 1 1 • 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 1 1 • 1	—21
	↑↘→→↙→↖↙↘↓→→→↘→↗→↗←↘↗←→↘↙	
	1 0 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1	—24—91
In the fence boundary	1112211201212122221111 01	—23
	2212212021122111212221222	—24
	2221112221011211112201121	—23
	1011221112111211111121111	—24—94

The above shoot was followed by two $1 miss and out events, which resulted as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Castle	112112111	1110	Money	0	229
Morfey	222222220	222112	Van Dyke	0	.....
*Money	11222222	.....	George		0
Hedden	2120	.....	Zwerlein		2110
*Van Dyke	220	.....	Jouen		122110

* Second entries.

Then came the following target events, No. 1 at 15 singles, $1.05 eutry; Nos. 2 and 3 at 10 singles, $1 entry:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Morfey	111011111101111—13	0111111111— 9	0111110111—8
Money	111111111111111—15	1111011111— 9	0111110111—8
Van Dyke	111111111111110—14	1111111111—10	1110101111—8
Brewer	111011111011111—13	1111111 — 7	0001111110—6
Zwerlein	110010111110111 —11	.....	.....

Standard Keystone's Seventh Annual.

NEW LONDON, Conn., July 20 —The Standard Keystone Company's seventh annual trophy and championship tournament will be held on the Thames Gun Club grounds, this city, on Sept. 4, 5, 6 and 7, 1894. Programmes will be ready Aug. 1. New and interesting features will be introduced to attract trap-shooters from far and near.

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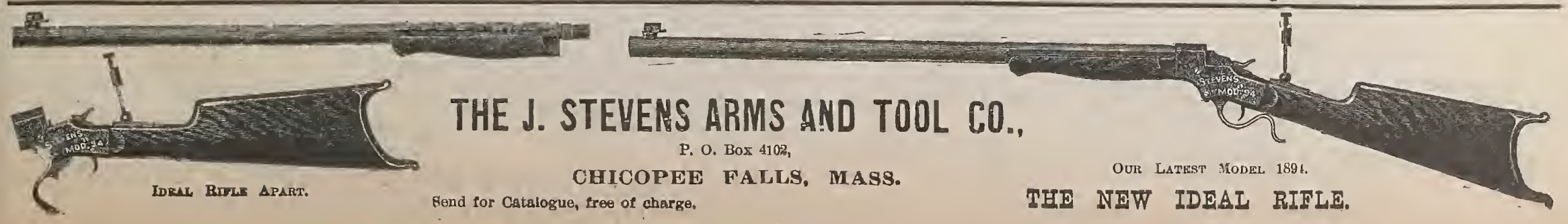

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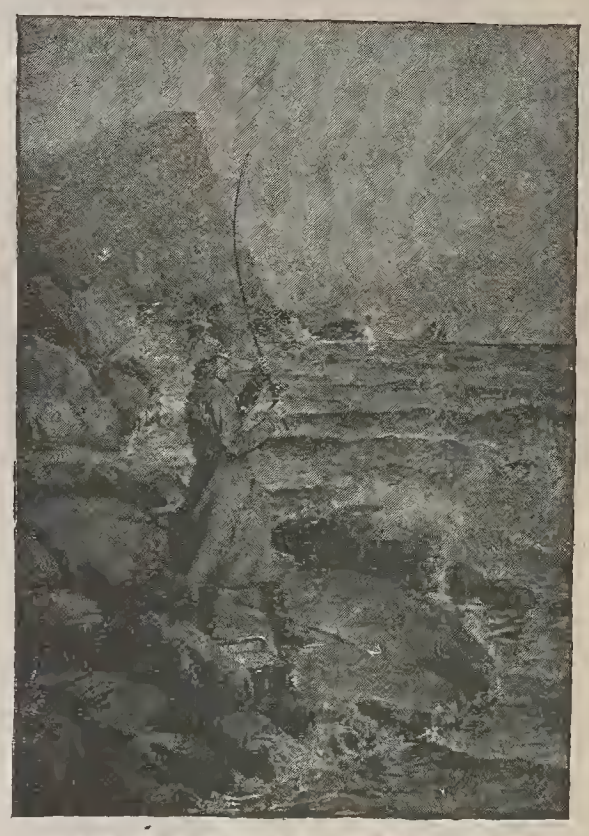

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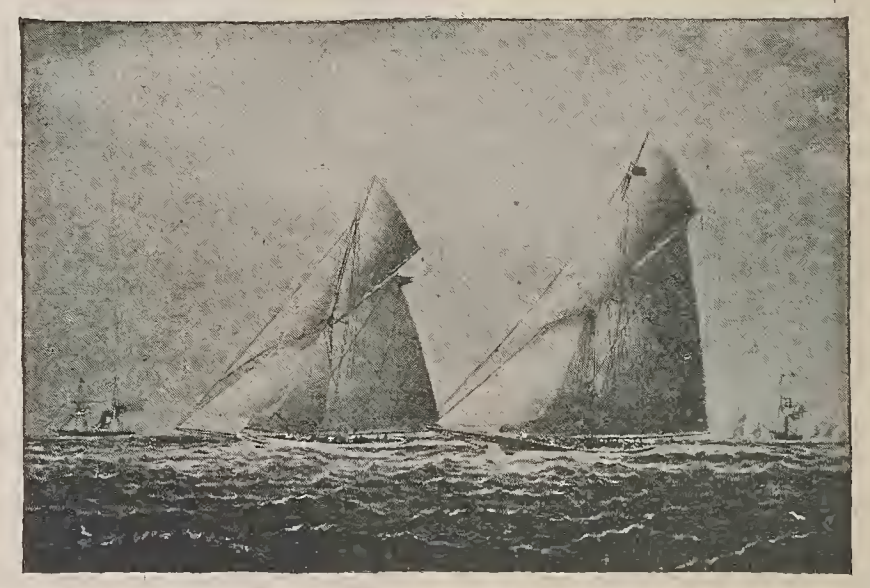

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

CONTENTS.

Editorial.
Sheep Herders and National Parks.
The Canadian Fishing Tax.
Snap Shots.

The Sportsman Tourist.
FOREST AND STREAM Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.
The Prescription.

Natural History.
Nesting of the Wild Pigeon.
Sierra Nevada Foothill Birds.
Woodcock at Home and Abroad.

Game Bag and Gun.
Massachusetts Summer Woodcock Shooting.
South Dakota Prairie Chickens.
Poetry, Verse and Rhmye.
Chicago and the West.
Parks and Forest Preserves.

Sea and River Fishing.
On the North Shore of Lake Superior.
Angling Notes.
New Hampshire Trout Waters.
Boston Rods.

Fishculture.
Protection in Ohio.

The Kennel.
The Bell-Martin Case.
Manitoba F. T Clubs Entries.
Show Beagles as Field Dogs.
English Setter Blood Lines.
Points and Flushes.
Dog Chat.
Kennel Answers.

Yachting.
Vigilant's Races.
Beverly Y. C.
Hempstead Y. C. Annual.
Hull Y. C. Regatta.
Yachting News Notes.

Canoeing.
A. C. A. Meet.
Prudish Purity from Puritanville
Canoeing Notes.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Zettler Rifle Club.
Rifle at the Golden Gate.
Rifle Notes.

Trap Shooting.
Pennsylvania State Tournament
Eureka vs. Garfield.
Pigeon Shooting at Saratoga.
Drivers and Twisters.

Answers to Queries.

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SHEEP HERDERS AND NATIONAL PARKS.

THE story told on another page of the destruction of the forests in the national parks and forest reservations of the Pacific Slope is a melancholy one. Residents of the sheep raising districts of California and adjacent States and Territories regard these tracts of mountain forest as the natural summer pasturage for their sheep, and, as they belong to the Government, every man who owns a band of sheep feels that he is entitled to a certain tract of mountain country for his "summer range." This "right" he is prepared to maintain by force of arms, and many a man has been killed by those who were infringing on, or defending such "rights."

It is a fact well known to those who have given the subject of forestry any attention that except fire, nothing is so destructive to a forest as to turn sheep into it. They eat every green thing, gnawing down grass, weeds and shrubs alike to the very surface of the ground. Young saplings, too large to be eaten, are denuded of their bark and so destroyed. Nothing is spared, save the great trees on whose tough bark the teeth of the ever hungry sheep can make no impression. Besides this, the trees which for ages have been dying, falling and decaying are in the sheep herder's way, and he wishes to clear them out; therefore, he sets fire to these dry trees and very likely burns over square miles of forest, or if not, at least calcines the soil so that it remains unproductive for years. The harm done to a forest by these agents, sheep and fire, is well set forth in that charming little book by M. Rousset, entitled "The Forest Waters the Farm."

We have often urged the enactment by Congress of a general law which should provide adequate protection for those forest reservations and national parks. After years of effort such a law has been passed for the Yellowstone National Park, but the forest reservations of the Pacific Slope and of the Rocky Mountains, which, while not so spectacular in their attractions as the Yellowstone, are scarcely less important from an economic point of view, still remain without protection. It is satisfactory to see that the Secretary of the Interior appreciates the importance of guarding the forest reservations, and is doing all in his power to preserve them for the uses for which they were set aside. Until Congress shall provide Secretary Smith with what may be termed the machinery for protecting the reservations, he can do but little, and until proper laws are passed Government timber will be stolen, Government game killed, and Government forests destroyed.

It might be imagined that the Senators and Representatives from the districts in which such reservations lie would be especially interested in their preservation and would initiate the necessary legislation. The very reverse of this is true. The constituents of such members of Congress are the ones who violate the law and who do more than any other class of people to destroy the forests, and these constituents care nothing for the future. So long as their sheep have summer pasturage this season they do not care what happens the next.

It is inevitable that the destruction of the forests, not only in the Sierra Nevadas, but in the Rocky Mountains as well, should before long make itself felt by all those who cultivate the soil in the arid regions of the West. When the water on which such farmers depend for irrigation shall have failed them for two or three years in succession, we shall hear a tremendous outcry, but fair warning of what may be expected has been given, though this warning remains year after year unheeded, and when disaster comes to the farmer and fruit grower of the Southwest, he will have only himself to blame.

THE CANADIAN FISHING TAX.

THE Dominion authorities have been studying anew the art of squeezing a lemon, and as a result we have a set of fishery regulations, published in our angling columns, fixing a tax of five dollars upon non-resident anglers. Any other than a British subject, visiting the Dominion for angling, must stand and deliver, before he may wet his line. This new rule has excited much resentment among those Americans who have been accustomed to go to Canada for their vacation fishing. Indignation meetings have been held at Alexandria Bay; and a joint committee of Americans and Canadians has been chosen to visit the authorities and endeavor to have the obnoxious law revoked.

The regulations exempt from payment of the tax such foreigners as may be temporarily domiciled in the Dominion and employ Canadian boats and boatmen. This possibly affords an insight into the motives and the source of the discrimination, which appears to be directed against the anglers of Lake Erie and other international waters, who visit Canadian territory in American boats, and are therefore neither temporarily domiciled in Canadian hotels nor putting money into hire of Canadian boatmen. This gives the regulations the look of a device hit upon by people who have been at their wits' end to bleed the Yankees. If the authorities have been prompted by any such narrow motives, they might well take a more liberal view of the situation. Making no account of boundary waters, the Provinces reap a rich revenue from American anglers. Not a year passes that fishermen from the States do not leave there many thousands of dollars for steamboat, railroad, stage and boat, guide, hotel and camp keeper. This American money is often the only money some of these people in the backwoods ever see from one year's end to another. In view of this immense annual expenditure by foreign fishermen in Canada, the Dominion Government shows itself to be extraordinarily over-reaching and grasping.

As a lemon-squeezing expedient this non-resident license regulation is not likely to prove much of a success. It will provoke indignation, and will deter from visiting Canada a host of fishermen outnumbering those willing to submit to the extortion. More than that, it should prompt American anglers to a consideration of why it is that they are now obliged to go from the United States into Canada for their bass. On Lake Erie, for example, if the fish were properly protected in the American portion of the lake, would the supply not suffice and be so bountiful as to make the Ohio fishermen independent of Canadian fishery officers?

Mr. J. M. Rose, of Little Rock, Ark., tells us that the Arkansas law requiring a license fee of $10 from non-resident hunters and trappers was never put into effect except once; and on that occasion it was declared to be unconstitutional. There is no question that other non-resident shooting and fishing discriminations made by one State against the citizens of others, or of one county against all others, would meet the same fate if put to the test. These laws are altogether wrong in principle. It may be defensible, even though unneighborly, for Canada to make Americans buy a license before they may hunt or fish, but there can be no good defense of such action by some citizens of the United States against other citizens of the same common country.

SNAP SHOTS.

OUR ever entertaining contributor "Ransacker" makes an excellent plea for the poetry of field sports, and for a more adequate expression of that poetry in verse. He is right; the domain of the forest and of the stream is full of poetry; and there is abundant evidence every week going to show that the writers for our columns have poetic insight to recognize it. But they express it in prose. That is the natural, the less artificial form; and for most people, too, it is the form most acceptable. We have always held that if one is capable of writing good prose, he should adhere to it, and not lapse into verse, which may be good but is more likely to be commonplace. For the practical purposes of sportsmen's journalism an ounce of prose is worth a pound of poetry. We have given "Ransacker" his hearing with some trepidation, lest it should precipitate upon us an avalanche of verse; and we improve the occasion to remark that we have already in hand more poetry than we can make room for this summer.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It affords us undisguised satisfaction, on this occasion, to depart somewhat from the wonted groove of our field chronicles, to record a bit of news pertaining to the United States Navy, and in particular to one whom you have so well known for these twenty years and more by his familiar pen-name "Piseco." Commodore L. A. Beardslee has just taken an upward and outward step—upward into a higher rank in the service, and outward into a field of wider opportunities and broader responsibilities, having been ordered to the command of the Pacific Station. Upon his arrival there, he will hoist his flag as Rear-Admiral Beardslee. The flagship will for the present be stationed at San Francisco, and to "Podgers" (who thinks San Francisco the only fitting place to live, and so lives there) we shall intrust the pleasant duty of going aboard to convey to "Piseco" the felicitations of his FOREST AND STREAM friends.

Trap-shooting and game protection are two forces which will pull well together if given opportunity. But each must have its own time and place and activity unobstructed by the other. The problem of securing these has been solved in New York by devising an association of sportsmen which has a dual purpose, and makes provision for two separate and distinct gatherings of its members for putting these purposes into effect. A summer tournament and a winter convention constitute the plan of organization, which has given satisfaction; and which would prove equally advantageous elsewhere. We have urged the adoption of the New York Association's form of organization by Illinois and Pennsylvania. Now they are talking of it in New Jersey; the material is there, the need is pressing, there should be a New Jersey State union of forces on New York lines.

The steamship Miranda, which sailed from New York on June 7, with Dr. Cook's excursion party for the North, collided with an iceberg last week, and had to put back to St. Johns, N. F. No serious damage was done, but the accident appears to have dampened the ardor of the excursionists; and before leaving St. Johns, last Saturday, there was prolonged discussion as to whether the expedition should adhere to the original route. There is an unusual amount of ice this season, and the dispatches report that the Miranda's voyage will probably be shortened.

The prolonged and widespread drought has put field and cover into the condition of inflammable tinder, which requires only a burning gun wad or a heedlessly thrown match to kindle destruction. Under such circumstances every man who goes afield or into camp is bound to observe stringent precautions against fire.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

(*Concluded from Page 69.*)

THE next morning found us up betimes. It was a lovely morning and every bird in the forest and every loon upon the lake seemed to do his best in the way of song. We found our trout all right this time. Brand had put them at the side of the shanty on a piece of bark and covered them over with one of our empty boxes.

On our way to the alders, two ducks flew past us, and a lazy crane winged his slow flight down the lake, and a hen-hawk circled far above our heads and kept up a screeching that was out of harmony, it seemed to me, with the song and bird life around us. Then we saw several fish jump, and a belated muskrat dove in under the alders near the mouth of the brook, just as Brand swung the boat round to give me a cast.

We had good luck again. I caught five almost as fast as I could cast and draw my line in. And then Brand took four. One of his would weigh a pound.

By 8 o'clock we were home again and nothing would do but we must have another breakfast. I felt like it, too. We had just finished when we heard a shout some distance down the lake, and there was the guide coming. We did not expect him before noon, but he had left home very early in the morning. He said he had felt anxious about us during the rain of the day before, and had hurried away so soon as he could see well.

But there were letters from home, and anxious ones they were, too. How pleasant it was to be able to return the comforting assurance that we were doing well. While the guide was increasing our woodpile I added this much and more too, to my yesterday's letter.

The guide brought us two loaves of bread this time and seven fresh eggs. This replenished our larder. We had 12 o'clock dinner. It seemed to me I could eat every two hours now. After dinner the guide left and again we were alone. "Now," said Brand, "Pap, let us have a good sleep and then go for another fish."

It was half-past three before either of us awoke. Meanwhile the "drummer," I suppose, had been inspecting our shanty, or perhaps picking up scraps that lay around it. For scarcely had I risen to my feet and started to go from under the roof when up he went, close to my side, making me start for the moment, and fanning the ashes that lay scattered about our home. A few minutes after we heard him drumming in a new direction, and for several days he forsook his old haunt. But very often after this we would start him near the shanty, and several times we had a fine view of this noble bird. Sometimes we thought he regarded our home as his own. The afternoon that we left, as we were carrying the last load to the boat, he flew up only a few feet away from where the axe was sticking in a stump.

We were not very successful this afternoon. We only caught three trout, none of them large. But we had a nice time, and I did half the rowing. Then we saw so much. I counted two pairs of loons. Each pair seemed to have a point or a cove to themselves. Several ducks were seen, and sandpipers by the dozen. Then there were bluejays and hawks and kingfishers, with smaller birds in large numbers. I was almost sorry when the time came to return to camp, although I felt hungry before half the afternoon had passed.

The evening was spent in the usual way. The only new thing was that after the birds got through with their singing and the night hawks with their booming, and we had retired to the shanty to play cribbage, an owl came and hooted from a dead tree in the rear of our home.

Next day was Sunday. It was spent in reading, writing and watching the birds, and in the evening there was a concert composed of a bass and a tenor, voices that seemed to draw all the loons in the neighborhood to the vicinity of our island.

Monday found us early at the fishing place again. Only four rewarded our efforts, none of them large, and as the day promised to be fine, we determined to devote it to exploring. Brand complained that he wanted more fish. Said he, "Pap, let us follow along the shore and see where the stream comes in and try there." This was our plan, and after the second breakfast was eaten we set out. There was plenty of lunch stowed away in the bow of the boat, so that we need not return before nightfall.

For several hours we skirted the shore of the lake—in and out of its coves and bends—trying here and there as we passed along. Only once did we have a rise until we came to the place where the stream came in that connected this lake with another not many miles away. But meanwhile there was plenty to engage us. Fine views and beautiful laurels and plenty of birds. Then the alarm that we seemed to create among the birds as we glided quietly into some little cove and saw the red squirrel skurrying away to chipper at us in derision. Once we surprised a muskrat that must have been sitting under the bushes on the shore. We heard him dash into the water and directly he came up the other side of the boat. At another time we heard something running off through the woods. It might have been a deer, but the noise was more like the shambling of a bear.

When we reached the inlet of our lake our poor luck changed. I was rowing at the time, and as we drew near the place I swung the boat around so that Brand could cast pretty well out in the ripple. He had hardly done so before I saw he had a fish on, and a very nice one, too. The fish ran first as if to go up stream, when turned he made for some bushes on the margin, then for the lake. I simply allowed the boat to drift now, while Brand refused to give the fish any more line. He had not towed us many yards before I saw he was tiring. He came to the surface, made a swirl and then down. Then in less than a minute to the surface again, then a still shorter period below. But now Brand is reeling him in, and I must be ready with the net. He comes. He is in the boat, a fish 14in. long and weighing a pound or more.

Brand was delighted with his success and must try again. This time a smaller one, and again and again one of the same size, 10in. fish, good pan size.

It was now past noon, and as there was a good place to land here we determined to go ashore and have dinner. But wait. It seemed as though all the black flies in creation had gathered there to meet us. In a moment we were enveloped in them. Nor did smoke or fire drive them away. We had to give it up and take to the boat again, reaching home before the middle of the afternoon with appetites that could hardly wait for our fish to cook.

This afternoon was spent in sleeping, cleaning up around the shanty and making things convenient. The fact of it was I felt tired and only too glad to find an excuse that would keep me home. Then I must write, for by agreement the guide would be with us on the morrow, and there were fish enough to last till that time.

This evening the full moon came streaming into our home just as the sun had done in the morning. Only everything appeared more somber in the rays and the shadows deeper as we looked off toward the lake. There was a wildness and solitude connected with the moonlight, and a lack of bird life that made the day so blissful. The owl came back to his old stand, he was calling there when we went to sleep.

Brand was awake early the next morning. For once in his life I did not have to call him. We were just finishing our breakfast as the sun came over the distant hills, and it was not 7 o'clock when we reached the inlet fishing grounds. This place was still in the shade. Later in the season this might have been an advantage. It was no advantage now. We only caught six fish, and none of them over 10in. long.

Brand wanted me to land and "go up stream with him a little way," to see if we could not find more fish. We walked up for nearly half a mile, but the alders were so close, and the underbrush so thick, and the fish we did catch so small, and the black flies so intolerable, that we were obliged to give the whole thing up as a bad job. Neither oil nor ointment would keep off these flies; and it was with a sigh of relief that we pushed the boat from the shore and wiped the grease from our smarting necks and faces.

"That is enough of that kind of thing for me," said Brand. "I am satisfied to get fewer fish and have less misery. We will keep to the lake after this."

I told him what my experience had been, that I could always do about as well in the lake as in any place. Where you catch one fish you can generally look for more. Go every day to the same place and take what you can get. Some days you will catch more, some days less.

We had not explored all our ground yet and I proposed we should return to the shanty and make a fresh start in the afternoon.

This, however, had to be postponed until the next day. The guide brought me a letter that required an immediate answer and it was 3 o'clock before he left us. Soon after he was gone we rowed up to the alders and secured enough fish to make us a breakfast the next morning. I did the rowing this time. Indeed I felt almost equal to anything. Repeatedly my son would say: "Take care; don't overdo." But it was no use. I was gaining. I felt ready for work again. I do not know, had my wife not charged me particularly, "*if you improve do not come home for two weeks*," that I would have shortened my visit by several days. Saturday afternoon was the day appointed for our return to civilization, and in one week I expected to be home. I was getting rather tired of a fish diet, and began to want roast beef and steaks. Several times I had enjoyed a piece of fried pork and the fresh eggs that the guide brought us were always good.

Wednesday morning came with its sunshine and shade. It was not what I considered a promising morning for fish. It was too cloudy and there was a chill upon the air that did not forebode warmth. However, we started off, taking our way toward the outlet on the other side, and explored carefully until we reached a cave, where a little brook ran into the lake through half an acre of flags and rushes. At the very mouth of this brook, as we rounded the point, I thought I saw something. It seemed to waddle off a pile of dead grass and dove as it reached the water. Judge my surprise when a few minutes after a loon came up not two rods from the boat. The mystery was solved. I had found a loon's nest.

"Now," said I to Brand, "I have found something for you. I have found the nest of that bird."

But just at this moment I had a rise, and at my next cast a fish was hooked. I could only say, "Take care of the boat, I will show you directly," and then my game required all my attention. He was a lively fellow, though not large, and was followed by seven more before our luck ceased. Then there was a rest, and I said, "Now, row up to that hummock over there, and see what we can find." He did so; and there sure enough was a rude nest about three feet from the water, and in it two large greenish eggs with light brown spots on them.

"O, that is the best luck yet," said Brand. "They are worth $3 apiece. But I want them for our collection."

Maybe Brand saw me look distressed (as the bird in the distance sat motionless upon the water, eyeing us all the time), when he added, "She will make another nest, father. But now let us return home," continued he. "We will come here to-morrow and go to the alders this afternoon. I must blow these. I am afraid they are hard set."

He had come prepared to blow any egg he might find. These were, as he suspected, hard set, but not so hard as to injure them as specimens; and before dinner they were laid away most carefully. While he was blowing them I chopped a tree down, the first one, and cut it up for firewood.

Our plans for the afternoon were interrupted. We had hardly reached home before the loons commenced calling, and the sky began to thicken up; and half an hour before the time we had named to start the quiet lake was dotted with tiny wavelets that portended the coming storm.

It rained all night, and it was not until 9 o'clock the next day that we saw the face of the sun again. And then it did not come out as though it meant to stay, but struggled along with cloud and mist until nearly 2, when we thought we would venture out.

This time we went to the inlet again, and very good fun we had, too. Brand caught five fish and I three. Two of them were nice ones over 12in. long.

This evening was spent within the shanty, I considered it too damp for me outside. We talked, played cribbage and listened to the owls as they hooted or chattered as the case might be. We sometimes thought it strange how many different noises they made, or else there were several different kinds of owls.

Friday was given to exploring again. Brand wanted to search every marsh around the lake to see if he could not find another loon's nest. We did look along the edges of two of them, but found nothing but old muskrat houses and three dead trout, one a large one. Then Brand tramped the island over to see if he could not find the partridge's nest. He got me to help him for an hour, and every time the old cock flushed I thought for sure I had found the nest. We did not discover it, however, and before Brand gave over the search I had another tree down and cut up for the fire.

This was our last night on the island, and we made the best of it after the moon came up. The air was drier than it had been for several evenings, so we sat on our old seat by the shore making plans until nearly 9 o'clock. Brand wanted to take some fish home. "We must take some," said he, "mother likes them, and we have had such a good time. I will tell you what we will do. You are well now. Let us get up at daybreak and have a bite with some hot coffee and then go fishing. Let us go to the loon place first, then cross over to the inlet, and if we do not get enough, come home and go up to the alders. Now, what do you say? I will take a box and put some moss in it and we will keep it covered. Then when we get back here we will clean our trout—if we get any—and pack them in your basket with fresh moss and powdered charcoal, and when we get to the guide's in the evening we can put them in his ice house and pack them in ice when we leave on Monday. Let us try it. If we get home Tuesday morning, I guess they will be all right."

As the first rays of light appeared in the east I called him, and it was not long before we were eating the last of our eggs with some ship bread and coffee. We were at the loon place just before the sun came above the horizon, when the birds were in full chorus and the winter wren was putting in his best notes.

I had been rowing and Brand casting from side, for practice, as he said, as we passed along. As I brought the boat around the point, and there rested on my oars, I saw he had a rise, and the next moment had hooked a fish, and one I could see of no mean dimensions. His first run was in toward the mouth of the little stream, but he stopped about half-way in and turned toward the lake. Meanwhile I just allowed the boat to drift, while I told Brand not to hurry, but let the fish take his time. Before he got so far as the point, he came to the surface, then went down, then ran toward the shore, then came to the surface again, and seemed anxious to shake the hook from his mouth. But this only weakened him, and Brand was prepared for his tricks. He simply said to me, "I want him for mother." Soon he was reeling in and I could see there was not much more fight left in his victim. As he came swimming along by the side of the boat I just reached out the net; he almost swam into it, and the fish was ours. He was a fine one, the largest we had taken, 17in. long.

I now backed in toward the mouth of the little stream again and soon another was in the boat, of 13in. This was followed by five or six half-pound fish and then our fun ceased. Brand proposed that we should cross over and try the inlet. He would take the oars and I should do the fishing. My first cast was a double; one a half-pounder and the other smaller. Then three single ones, one of ¾lbs. weight. Then I thought I would let my son try again, and two more of quite good size were landed in the boat. He was delighted with his success, and now that the inlet was exhausted he proposed to go up to the alders. He said he could row there in less than an hour, and away we went.

The morning itself was delightful; the air was pure and warm; just the morning for trout. I knew this, and I knew that as the warm weather increased so did our chances of taking more fish. But with all the excitement of our excursion we had not been unobservant of what was going on around us. We saw an otter on the shore of the inlet as he plunged into the water and swam up stream, and a deer's tail as it dashed into the woods. Then there were loons diving for their breakfast as we crossed the lake; and two blue herons, or cranes as my son called them, stalking along the edge of the marsh, with kingfishers and sandpipers flying along the shore. From time to time hawks circled over our heads or screamed their harsh notes as they looked down upon the woods that bordered the lake, while bluejays and other birds were continually crossing and recrossing from side to side of the inlet. Indeed, everything was alive, and the thrush and the white-throat and the wren melody was complete. Several ducks flew past us and three swallows, though we could not tell where they came from, circled around our boat.

But now we are approaching the alders. I move forward and take the oars, and almost at the same moment away go Brand's flies. They hardly touch the water before he has a double, and this is followed by another of the same kind, the fish about ½lb. each. Twelve fish are secured at this place, when I tell Brand that I am sure we have enough for breakfast and to take home, too. How many we could have caught it is hard to tell. It was a good morning; the air was warm, and there was more insect life than usual on the surface of the lake.

Another breakfast when we got home, and then the packing commenced. Before we were through this the guides came. They were in time for dinner, and most careful when it was over to preserve anything that might be turned to account in the way of empty cans or provisions. However, I had calculated pretty closely. I almost regretted there was not more of tea, coffee and sugar to leave them. At one o'clock we said good-bye to the shanty. There was a kind of sad feeling as I left it, I had enjoyed myself so much there and gained so much strength under that bark roof.

Six o'clock found us at the house of one of the guides, where we were to remain until Monday morning. The breath of the wilderness was just as fragrant here as it had been at the camp, and I do not know but that I enjoyed Sunday as much as I would have on the island. If anything, there were more birds singing, and it was pleasant to hear a cow bell tinkling in the woods.

The trout were packed as Brand suggested. They were carried in a box, though, instead of my basket, in the baggage car. There was no ice on them when we got home, but they were still fresh, and although not quite so good as those we had had on the island, yet mother pronounced them very good. We had some for our friends and two messes for ourselves.

The doctor called the day after my return. He did not find me home. I was at the store, and I have been there ever since.

Brand says to me from time to time, "Pap, don't get sick, but let us go to the island again."

But mother looks up and says, "No, no, not without me."

We will take her some day. S.

"Forest and Stream's" Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

No. 10.

A Night March on the Skis.

On the morning of Tuesday, March 27. we began our journey from the Fountain Basin to the Mammoth Hot Springs. We had found the snow too sticky during the last few days to warrant trying a long march in the day-

"ON THE HUMP."

Photo by Folsom.

time, so we resolved to make the forty miles in two journeys of twenty miles each, making the half-way stop at Norris station, and traveling both stages as much as possible during the night time, when the shoeing would be easier.

We had little sleep the night before we left the comfortable quarters of the Fountain Hotel, for we arranged to have John Schmidt call us at midnight. I hardly believe any of us needed much awakening, for John Schmidt's dog had kept us all awake in his nightly pastime of barking at the wolves and foxes. I was sorry to leave John Schmidt who had shown himself cheerful and expert in making us comfortable, but I was glad to be separated from John Schmidt's dog and his reverberant and redundant voice. Anyhow, Schmidt and his dog got us out of bed at 12 o'clock midnight of the blackest sort of night that ever fell on the mountains. We ate breakfast at 12:15 A.M., and having our packs already pretty well arranged we had our *skis* in order and were outside the kitchen at 1 A.M., in an air quite keen and shivery. An obscuring sort of white, misty darkness seemed to prevail in the midst of the black darkness. This was caused by the reflection from the snow. It was a black night in a white country. We said good-bye to Schmidt, and his dog eloquently bade us farewell as we turned our toes to the northward. Then each gave a push with his pole, and on the instant disappeared down the great icy drift which sloped from the hotel down to the level of the valley. As we slipped ahead the dark ring of the pines which encircled the hotel became plainer, and in a moment we had slid through and were out in the little open plain which lies between the hotel and the patrol station, out of which one or two hot springs bubble up. All around us was a baffling, puzzling, impenetrable veil of gray, through which we could see only a short distance about us. The short night was at its very darkest, and for a time the outlines of the peaks and forests about us and ahead of us were indistinguishable.

Saw a Bear in the Night.

The Fountain Hotel is always a great place for bears in the summer time, numbers of those animals being attracted by the offal pits. Our trail lay not very far from one of the stamping grounds of these familiar and impudent beasts, though we had no thought of any bear being out so early at that season of the year. One old fellow, however, it seems, was making an early spring reconnoissance that morning. Larsen first called my attention to him, just as we got to the foot of the little hotel hill and out into the open near the hot spring. Billy was off to the left, trying to pick out a trail through the trees, and did not see the bear, but Larsen must have been within 30 or 40yds. of him. In the gray fog of the night the creature seemed to loom up about as big as a court house. We left him holding down the Geyser Valley, as none of us wanted him. Larsen had his six-shooter, but Billy and I would have had a hard time getting a bear if we had been hungry, for we had only a butcher knife apiece. Besides, this bear was illegal.

A New Lesson in Ski Work.

The snow was crusted over hard and firm, so that we did not break through, and I found that I had still another lesson on the *skis* ahead of me. The *skis* slipped ahead all right, but they also slipped sidewise with equal cheerfulness, and when I took a step forward with one shoe, the other would be going backward just as busily. It took me a few moments to get the hang of this, and to learn that crusted snow takes an altogether different *ski* theory from soft snow. In the ordinary *ski* step the pole is held with both hands, the outer end touching the snow at quite a distance from the feet. No great force is gained then, and the pole is used practically only for steadying the *ski*-goer in his stride—and a wonderful help it is, too. On crust matters are quite different, and the inexperienced one finds himself straining and laboring where all ought to be easy sliding. If the inexperienced one will grasp his *ski* pole in one hand, and setting the end in the snow close in by his feet, push forward with it in the line of travel at every step, he will find a vast improvement in his progress. One can take a staff and push himself forward on skates upon the ice, and the principle is the same with the *skis* on crusted snow. Given a smooth, hard crust, with no "ash snow" blown across it, and the *ski* traveler should make his best time, because the shove from his arm on the staff gives him an impetus which lengthens each step a number of inches, and it is the added slide of the *ski* beyond the natural step which makes time in traveling. His step thus becomes much more like a skating step, and he moves on with an easy roll of his weight from one leg to the other, with less friction under his feet and with the added propelling power gained from the muscles of the arm. Crust going is the easiest of all for an expert and perhaps the hardest for a beginner. Until he learns the hang of it, the latter will rack and strain himself trying to keep up telegraphic communication with his feet, which take to themselves the most surprising absences from their post of duty.

What Makes a Good Walker.

If one will take the trouble to observe the persons he sees walking on the streets, he may notice that the great majority walk with an up and down, straight back and forward motion. They do not advance the body alternately side and side, as Aunt Susan does when she carries in the basket of washing from the laundry house. In other words, the majority of people will walk with a knee

A STAMPEDE IN THE SNOW.

Photo by Folsom.

action instead of with a hip action. Yet no great walker can ever be found who walks with a knee action, and this any long distance pedestrian will tell you. Some horses are born with a pacing action, apparently, and some men have naturally that looseness of the hips which makes possible the easy rolling gait. the rapid long stride without effort or "over-stepping" which are present in the natural walker. If you will try this, rolling the body sidewise at each step, you will see that you can step further than when you face square to the front and stick your foot out square to the front. If you can do this hip step easily and keep it up, you will seem to be "walking all over," but you will be making time. If you can keep it up, you can beat any up and down, knee action walker, for your step will be longer than his and just as rapid. An acquaintance of mine, an ex-professional pedestrian who has done 110 miles in twenty-four hours, steps 36in. in his stride with perfect ease, and can keep it up. It is simply impossible for a knee walker to keep near him. Some wise men of science say that a rolling walk betokens a weakness of the muscles of the sides, but the wise men often make mistakes. The ungainly contortionist walk of the professional has its reasons for being.

If then no man can succeed on the sawdust if he has a bound-up hip conformation, I should think the same would be true as to his success on the *skis*, where the rolling of the weight from side to side is even more essential to get that coveted little gain slide at the end of each step. Your good *ski*-goer does not quicken his step when he wants more speed. He keeps his easy, steady swing, but increases his sliding stride, getting his added momentum out of the transfer of his weight and the push of his rearward foot, plus the push from his staff, whatever that may amount to. I often watched the loose-jointed, shambling, rolling, hip action of Larsen and Holte on the march, which was so noticeable that it sometimes looked like lameness. Yet both these boys were fine shoers, and their shambling gait was taking them easily forward, each step a little further than a straight ahead step would.

A Toboggan-Slide in Curl Papers.

I had plenty of time, or at least plenty of cause, to figure on some of the foregoing things as our night journey went on. Billy and Larsen, who just reveled in crust running, hit an awful gait, and I surely thought they would kill me before even we got across the Firehole River. At the end of the first mile I was in a reek of perspiration, though the temperature must have been near zero. About that time I hit on my theory, and thenceforward I walked about as much with one arm as I did with both legs, and rejoiced exceedingly. I could not see the others more than 40yds. ahead of me out in the open, but when we got into the dense forest even this distance was cut down. Mile after mile, in that black, mysterious, unpromising mountain night, I swung on rhythmically, trying to keep the toe of my *ski* just at the rear edge of the slim, phosphorescent streak of light which came back from under Billy's shoes. This faint glow of the snow was quite pronounced, and could be seen at a distance of several yards, while the figure of the man ahead was only the dimmest of outlines. The effect of it is very weird and odd, and one of the main features of the night march, for we could for a long time see only the blackness of the shadowy forest about us, and the faint white reflection that hung close down along the surface of the snow. I give it up how Billy kept the trail, but I supposed he was a plenty good guide, and did not venture any advice as to which way any place or anything was, because I didn't know. There might be hills, forests, mountains, streams, in that country, but I couldn't see any of them and had to take it all for granted. I was sure I was walking in a wild, unreal dream. The forest was absolutely silent, and from on the trail ahead there came no sound (*ski* travelers do not talk, needing all their breath). Only the soft *s-zit, s-zit* of the whispering *skis* could be heard, and only could be seen that uncanny fire that came out of the icy snow. Surely that must be a dream.

Trusting to chance, it seemed to me, Billy turned aside from the trail and took a short cut across country, heading for some place that he knows more about than I do. We caught an awful climb in course of this cut off, and I presume we were half an hour getting up that one hill. I suppose I fell about fifty times getting up there, but I had plenty of company. Then we went ahead some more over some open, rough hills, and at last pulled up at the top of what appeared to me to be the bottomless pit. It was simply a black hole, down below us in the universe, and how deep or how big it was we certainly could not see from where we were.

"This is the big 'S' hill. You'd better ride your pole here, old man," said Billy, soothingly, in that gentle, offhand, try-to-be-unconscious tone of voice he always used when he knew a fellow was standing on the edge of an air-tight cinch for breaking his neck. Whereat, being on to Billy by this time, I groaned, and got my straps ready.

"There's two or three pretty sharp turns in this hill," said Billy, deprecatingly, as if he had made the hill and wasn't quite suited with it, "but they might be worse, and you can ride your pole hard at the turns." So saying, Billy turned, stepped forward, and disappeared in the dark below like Mephistopheles, leaving a train of fire behind him for a brief instant as he flew.

Turns in that hill! I should say there were, several of them. The only thing I can liken that hill to is a half mile of toboggan slide done up in curl papers. I don't see how they got all the turns in, and for my part am confident I skipped some of them. Not knowing the trail in the least, all I could do was to get my *skis* in the tracks ahead and let go. Of course I could not tell when there was a bend ahead, but as I usually went end over end at the turns, I suppose I found a good many of them. I don't know why such falls don't kill a fellow, but they didn't seem to jar very much, and at last I rolled the last stretch of the spiral chute and emerged not much the worse for wear. I didn't consider it etiquette to ask the other fellows how many times they had fallen, and they didn't ask me. I couldn't have told them accurately if they had.

BUFFALO IN HAYDEN VALLEY.

Photo by Haynes.

The Night Run Down Canyon Creek Hill.

We plodded along in the night, making pretty good time over a country which did not seem to be so very difficult for *ski*-work, though once in a while we struck slopes up which it was sore labor to climb. After the first four or five miles our crust left us, and toward morning the snow began to have a creepy feel, which made us fear sticky work when the sun should come out. We made very good time till we got to the top of that long two miles of grade known as Cañon Creek hill. (Billy took the old trail and did not go by the new trail, past the

Gibbon Falls). Here the light had grown perceptibly stronger, though we could not see with perfect distinctness at any very great distance. Here again Billy intimated carelessly that on the whole I might as well ride my pole, when we got to the last sharp, where the hill spills itself into the valley of the river. Down to this point on the hill we had come by a succession of easy grades, whose pleasant slides had made us think that snowshoeing wasn't such hard work after all. At the last pitch Larsen went ahead, dropping out of sight like a bird in flight. As he turned into the forest around the first bend we heard him give a great shout, and supposed at once he had met something in the trail. This turned out later to have been a red fox, which for an instant tried to keep ahead of the *skis*, but gave it up and disappeared in the forest a very much scared fox as the yelling Scandinavian swept close up to it. When Larsen yelled Billy started off after him, and giving Billy time to get clear, I dropped off in turn, having by this time a clean-cut trail to travel in. I rode my pole, as per Billy's late advice, or tried to do so, though the hind end of the staff insisted on jumping up out of the snow and giving the *skis* a better run for their money, evidently thinking it a shame to spoil a good hill. The last short hitch of that hill was like the roof of a house, and moreover, it had a compound curve in it which must have applied a severe torsional strain to the backbone of the mountain. Lastly, there was a drift about 15ft. deep at the bottom of the hill. This latter I could not see, for in that dim light the surface of the snow seemed to have no inequalities at all. I found the drift, however. Coming down the chute of the last grade, the first thing I knew I was entirely buried in the drift, my shoes going into it before I was aware of any difference in the level. Billy was standing beyond me, in the woods away off from the trail. Larsen also was off the trail, and was pulled up by the river, above the bridge. The last run of the Cañon Creek hill is a screamer, and it is said that no shoer of the Park except John Folsom has ever run it and made the bridge across the river without flying out of the trail. Snowshoe Pete has twice run into the river here, and I am inclined to think he would not have done that purposely.

It was still too dim to see well the full glories of the Gibbon as we passed up it, but enough of its snow-clad steeps could be made to prove of interest. The Gibbon hereabout is an ideal stream for the angler, but there are no native trout above the falls, I believe, though plantings have been made which are yet to be heard from.

At daybreak we built a fire on the bank of the river, made coffee and ate our little breakfast with keen relish. At this point there was a beautiful series of rapids, and altogether it was a fine place for a breakfast in the snow. Snow began to fall as we sat at breakfast and the morning broke gray.

After breakfast I started out up the cañon ahead, but I found to my surprise that in the short time of our halt some mysterious change had taken place in the quality of the snow. That which we dreaded had happened. The snow had begun to stick! I turned back and found the others already waxing up their *skis*. In turn they now set out and left me alone at the fire waxing my shoes. I gave them a good going over, taking a quarter of an hour to it perhaps, and set out after the others, hot foot. By the trail I passed one of those great wonders which are so common in the Park that they seem almost unable to attract notice—the Beryl Spring, a great caldron spring of bubbling, beautiful, gem-colored, boiling hot water, which pours a brook into the Gibbon, over which a culvert is a necessity. I paused here alone for quite a time, until I felt obliged to hurry up the trail. The shoes were sticking frightfully.

A Narrow Escape.

Of course the Gibbon does not freeze at any time of the year. It is here a rapid, rushing mountain river, as I remember it, about 20yds. wide and perhaps 3 to 5ft. deep, though it is no doubt deeper than it looks. The foot trail for Norris crosses the Gibbon hereabout by means of a foot bridge, the latter being constructed of two logs. On top of these two narrow logs, which had no hand rail to them, the snow lay in a long white ridge, about 2 or 3ft. deep. Along the top of this ridge of snow I could see the *ski* trail of Billy and Larsen, who had incontinently walked right on out on to it, in child-like confidence that everything was all right until proved otherwise. I noticed that the snow bridge had sagged and cracked beneath their weight, but what was I going to do about it? There was that river, and I had to get across. Therefore I stepped out boldly in the tracks of my predecessors. I had gone out to near midstream, when crash! down went a whole section of the snow ridge under me, and down I came to bed rock on the logs, fortunately astride the logs, but with my pack hanging down to one side, down stream, my *skis* just hanging to my feet and just barely clearing the rushing water, and my whole center of gravity entirely lost in the confusion. I presume that was the nearest I came to a serious accident while in the Park. Had I gone into the river I could hardly have hoped to get out. Had one of my *skis* slipped off, as I feared each moment it would, it was on the instant gone beyond all chance of recovery. Thanks, then, to muscles well toughened. Slowly, it seemed to me an age, I gripped with knee and hand until inch by inch I got back over the logs, with that ton's weight pack above me, and not dragging me down. Then, lying face down along the log, I twisted my feet under and got my left *ski* off with my right hand and the right one off with the left hand, being careful to keep my toes turned up stiff, so the *skis* would not get caught by the water. Then I put them on the broken snow ridge ahead of me, and every moment expecting another break and tumble, crawled the rest of the way on my hands and knees, with my hands in the toe straps. I was perspiring some and plenty scared when I got over. Some folk never get scared. I do. I don't want any more midwinter carnival of athletics of just that sort.

Not far beyond the Gibbon I found Billy and Larsen sitting by the wayside, on some hot ground about a miniature set of geysers which kept up a great fretting and fuming. They had built a fire and we all now waxed up our shoes, remaining here for quite a while, as the snow was now in horrible shape, though it was still early in the day. After a time we got into our packs again and plodded on to Norris Station across the beautiful Gibbon meadows and in over the Geyser Basin. We saw no game whatever either on the Gibbon meadows or in the Elk Park. We thought the haying operations might possibly have driven the elk out. We each took his own gait, as we knew we were well in. Toward the last the snow became very soft and wet, and in this condition it did not stick to the shoes, this showing another phase of the infinite variety of *ski* travel. We reached Norris at 11 A.M., having been on the way ten hours, though not traveling all the time. At noon a heavy snowstorm was in swing at Norris Station. Here we stopped and spent the afternoon and the night till midnight. At 1 A.M. of Wednesday, March 28, we were again on the *skis* and off for another night journey, the last between us and the Post.

Night Stage from Norris In.

I will not weary readers with a minute story of our journey in, as all that can be wished is a presentation of features enough to show the character of the trip, and not a story of personal exploits or experiences except as the latter are incidental and so useful. We made this last night stage of twenty miles in good shape, and it was more of a pleasure than that of the night before, much by reason of the greater strength of the light, it not being cloudy, but clear and very cold. It grew colder as the night advanced, and for almost the only time except on Hayden Valley we tied up our ears and faces. The thermometer was no doubt well below zero. Our clothing was covered with a white rime of frost.

The night continued bright and pleasant and we ventured an occasional jest as we pushed along. Every fellow was now hard and fit, and the fatigue of this journey in was very different from that felt on the same ground coming out.

At the Crystal Springs we thought we might see one of the mountain lions which are known to lurk in the rough country thereabout. We did not see our lion, but we saw his tracks along the trail ahead of us, as if he had been following along a *ski* track, in curiosity to learn what made it.

At the Swan Lake Flats we had a great privilege—that of seeing perfect winter sunrise in the mountains. The sun broke glorious over the mountains making the eastern rim of this level glittering plain, and slowly, one by one, we could see the tips of the peaks on the west of the flats grow pink, purple, white, under the advancing rays. Electric Peak, Trilobite Point, Antler Peak, Mt. Holmes—all these look well in summer, so they tell me. One can vouch that in the winter and at sunrise they are simply glorious. We stopped and looked at the lovely panorama for many moments. As usual, the coyotes were saluting the morning sun with a series of ragged, thin-edged howls. It sounded as though there were a hundred of them.

The Last Risky Run.

On Swan Lake Flats we found the snow crusted, and on the great descent of the Golden Gate hill we found it still more crusted. Here the snow had thawed and frozen, and presented a surface which we knew would make it risky running the great hill on which we had counted so much for an exciting but pleasant run. Each fellow got down after his own fashion, but there was no fellow who kept on the trail, or who got off without fall and risk of limb. Larsen had his shoe get away and go down into a cañon, but fortunately the crust bore him up so that he could get down after it. After that he seems to have turned everything loose and gone down the rest of the grades helter-skelter and haphazard. He missed the trail in many places. I often caught Billy riding slopes sitting down on his *skis*—an act which we were now almost ready to call unprofessional conduct. I was close behind Billy, getting down the slowest I knew how, when finally I saw him stop at the top of a long, sharp slope, and peer curiously over. Evidently Billy was thinking, and I slid over to ask him what he thought. Just before I got to him he swung astride his pole, slid off, and was out of sight. The next moment, as I happened to look off to the right of the trail, when I got to the place where Billy had started, there was Billy three-quarters of a mile below, away off to the right of the trail and headed for the Post meadows. He wasn't longer than a lead pencil, and was whizzing like a bullet, doing his best to come to anchor. For my part, I wished I was down where he was. That was an awful run. I could not keep the pole down in the snow for a break, do all I could. I lost control of the shoes entirely, flew from the trail, and went at terrible velocity down the mountain side. The hard, glassy crust gave no bite on the snow at all for the shoes. What should have been a pleasure ride became a wild and risky flight on a pair of runaway *skis*. My education as a *ski* man was to be rounded out, and a trifle of my conceit removed. This the runaway *skis* seemed to say to me as they clocked together, going sideways and every other way, utterly beyond my control. We jumped all sorts of things, the *skis* and I, and I kept my feet, leaning back on the pole heavily. At length, a group of trees appeared, directly in the course and they got bigger and blacker every half second, and the more unwelcome as I realized that I could not avoid them. I saw that one tree was square in my line, and felt that to strike it meant bad disaster at least. Unable to do better I threw myself on my side and went rolling on down instead of sliding. The force of the bullet-like flight sent me bounding up into the air, pack and all. When I stopped at length the heels of my *skis* were just where the toes ought to be, and my feet were doubled under me. Saved by the FOREST AND STREAM luck once more, I got out of an awful fall with nothing worse than a game ankle, which was nearly well before I left the Park. That tree is still standing. If I had ever hit it it wouldn't be, and I have no doubt Capt. Anderson would have had me arrested for defacing natural objects of interest in the Park.

It was Capt. Anderson himself who at 8 o'clock that morning was welcoming us back, and asking me what I thought of America, and how I liked snowshoeing in general. I was glad enough to surrender without conditions, and though at first a little timid about soap and water, not being used to them, I gradually got around to where a private soldier would look at me without pulling a gun. The main trip through the Park was over.

Yancey's to Follow.

I have already spoken of our trip to Yancey's, twenty miles northeast of the Post, after the elk. Of this rather interesting part of our game explorations I shall wish to speak a bit more fully in the concluding article of this series. On this, the last journey of them all, we saw more game in two days than we had seen in the whole Park up to that time.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago

POETRY, VERSE AND RHYMES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been observed by more writers than one, and truly enough, that poetry has not received and does not receive in America the appreciation, encouragement and consideration which is its due. Poetry, if not the most important and useful branch of literature, is still its most beautiful and inspired essence; and in my judgment it has done more to impress upon the English-speaking races their most sterling and commendable traits than all other influences. Other nations are more musical and poetical in their every-day affairs than either English or Americans, but to measure the influence poetry has had upon the destinies of either race would require that very generous acknowledgment of its importance and significance be made.

Poetry in its true nature pervades everything in nature, and art as well. Take the spirit of poetry from music and you hush melody completely; take the poetry from the most divine conception of the artist and you rob it of its soul; take the lines suggestive of poetry and fancy from the architect and his creations would be crude indeed. Poetry cannot be entirely separated from many words in any language, and it can no more be obliterated from a group of sentences than from any part of nature. You may cause a desert, but in the desert itself the sentimental essence survives.

FOREST AND STREAM, as its name suggests, should be full of poetry. Much of the language in its columns comes directly from the source of all poetry, Nature herself. No record of incidents in its field of research and devotion can be made that does not contain the spirit and imagery of poesy. The very advertisements which inclose its soul cannot be scanned without filling the mind with thoughts of woods and streams, although they comprise good words for Smith's tobacco, Brown's dog cakes, Robinson's flea powder and Yucatan chewing gum. Even the "head" of the fine old journal (which has been criticised) with the poor old moose's head and Roman nose, the unfortunate deer with unornamental and useless horns, the dude with his rigid spinal column and unyielding apparel—even this has poetry in it. The notice of a new brand of powder or make of cartridge does not fail to suggest thoughts of pleasant scenes, happy hours or days and sentimental moods.

In the columns of your journal there is no dearth of information, and I would not presume to criticise any line it contains, nor even intimate that it lacks sentiment or poetry in its contents; but I will venture to say that it does not, in my opinion, contain enough of what is commonly recognized as poetry, as distinguished from mere prose.

Is it because there are so few in the fraternity of sportsmen who are "sentimental" enough to attempt verse, do they really lack the necessary inspiration to rhyme—or is the poetry editor of the FOREST AND STREAM cold and cruel? I do not think the fault can lie with the editorial autocrat, for I have seen his department teem with poetry that only needed to be cut into equal lines to deserve a place with beautiful and true thoughts anywhere, with things immortal.

I rhyme myself, I cannot help it, and would not if I could. Sometimes I destroy my own productions as soon as they get cold. At other times I have paid to get them printed, and then have wished I had adopted the former course. I have contributed them to publications which have really printed them—at no expense to me—but I always felt, after they appeared in print, that there must have been a great lack of "copy" in the poetry department of those publications, and began from that moment to question their taste, for which I had hitherto felt admiration and awe. However, I still have a weakness for poetry, and I think if my ancestors had been less practical and matter-o'-fact I would have inherited genius in this particular quality. I have been unsuccessful enough in other qualities to be a mighty good poet.

Certainly these columns have not been void of measured and rhymed poetry, but the quantity of verse contributed (or at least that has been printed), has, it seems to me, been small as compared with the quantity of good reading matter supplied. Many prose stories, full of poetry and poetical incidents, appear from time to time, but few of your readers seem to attempt versification. I like to read poetry, even when it may not deserve to rank high in mere literary value, as judged by its correctness of construction, meter, rhyme or other qualification. Many noble thoughts and sentiments have been expressed in halting and imperfect lines, and I think those who attempt poetry profit by their experiments in more ways than one. I fancy the true poet is inclined to close observation, and is constantly trying to see the good in everything and the beautiful everywhere; and no class of persons have better opportunities for observation and for the cultivation of poetic taste than sportsmen.

Take, as a single instance of the power of poetry, Walter Scott's opening lines in the "Lady of the Lake," where he describes the chase of the stag. The stag escapes and evades his pursuers, but what a picture the great poet has put into words!

Reduced to prose the ordinary observer and writer would have said, "They chased the stag several miles, but lost him in the Trosachs." He could not possibly have said in prose—

> "The antlered monarch of the waste
> Sprung from his heathery couch in haste,
> But, ere his fleet career he took,
> The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;
> Like crested leader, proud and high,
> Toss'd his beamed frontlet to the sky;
> A moment gazed a-down the dale,
> A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
> A moment listened to the cry
> That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;
> Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
> With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
> And, stretching forward free and far
> Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var," etc.

The poet began his picture with an incident that only a poet would have thought worthy of words, but what a picture the few words make!

> "The stag at eve had drank his fill,
> Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
> And deep his midnight lair had made
> In lone Glenartney's hazel shade."

Of course there are few Walter Scotts—if a century

produced but one with his ability it would still be a rich era in poesy; and yet, many a "mute inglorious Milton" or Scott may live or die, lacking encouragement or opportunity, and the world is a loser.

Perhaps in the past the FOREST AND STREAM has had a "poet's corner" and found it burdensome, and that nowadays it winnows out all chaff too closely, but if it encouraged rhymesters I should think the crop of verses would be prolific, at the least. I have been watching its columns, and when some very unpretentious poets begin the trouble, look out for my papers. This country lacks poets; it should have lots of them. Money-getters and millionaires die and go, we know not where, and your practical, "chained to business," matter-of-fact, everyday, rich nondescript, will pass with his years; the poet never dies. I could give you a longer and wider category of reasons in support of poetry, but this will do for my preamble. I will cease now. That is, for the present.

RANSACKER.

P. S.—I only resume to add a few words. Of course you know your business, but I do not think it would be wise or encouraging to charge poets your regular advertising rates for the publication of their contributions.

R.

SHYSTA MOUNTAINS, Cal.

Natural History.

SIERRA NEVADA FOOTHILL BIRDS.

AUBURN, Cal., June 28.—One lovely day in the early part of June, while driving through the woods and orchards of our hills, listening to the merry voices of the birds and noting their engaging ways, I said to myself, "I will share this pleasure with my friends of the FOREST AND STREAM." In accordance with that resolution I will write up my notes of that day, as it was one of exceptional richness in observation, and will show a glimpse of bird life in our foothills.

The day was an ideal one, even for this ideal climate, and every feathered creature was full of joyous animation. I was soon struck with this fact, and after my professional visit was made, I began taking notes, on my return journey, and here is the result. The more common birds were noted first, and the list will be headed by the omnipresent

CALIFORNIA JAY (*Aphelacoma californica*).—This bold but sly thief and robber is one of our commonest birds, and is a permanent resident. His shrill, rasping cry of *ska-a-a! ska-a-a!* can be heard in our fields and roads at all seasons. Under the fiercest rays of the pitiless August sun he can be seen pursuing the nimble grasshopper, and in the drenching winter storms he seems equally happy, overturning bits of bark, or investigating out-of-the-way nooks for lurking insects, acorns, worms and other "small deer" that go toward making up a hungry bird's dinner. At this time of year he is very busy rearing his young, and levies tribute on all around him. The eggs and tender young of other species are favorite food, and this failing makes him a detested pariah among other birds. He is a coward, and depends upon his cunning to attain his ends. He will sit around and watch some nest he has discovered until the owners are absent; then he will stealthily and silently pounce upon the contents and be off in a moment, as quietly as he came, but he will leave a rifled home and shattered hopes behind. If discovered he is easily kept at bay, even by as small a bird as the Arkansas goldfinch, but is persistent in his efforts to despoil a nest of its treasures, once he has discovered it. He levies tribute on nearly all kinds of fruit and nuts, carrying off nuts by the bushel. A few jays will soon strip an almond tree of its crop, and will often carry them off and drop them through a knot hole in some hollow tree, whence they can never be recovered. This is a bit of foolishness that I cannot understand. It appears to be a kind of forethought in the bird, a laying up of food for future use, but it is not wisely done, as our friend *el carpintero* does it with his acorns. On this particular day the jay is busy carrying off cherries, and nearly every one of the birds I noted was either going to or returning from the cherry trees. In the former case with many raucous cries, and in the latter, silently, with a cherry or two held by the stems. Yes, they are thieves and robbers, and worse, but they fill a part in nature, and destroy much that would prove destructive to the interests of the horticulturist. Let them live.

BROWN FINCH, OR CALIFORNIA TOWHEE BUNTING (*Pipilo fuscus crissalis*).—This bird is known locally as the catbird, for it has some semblance in size and color to that species. It is probably the commonest bird of the foothills and can be seen everywhere where chaparral flourishes. It haunts the brushy thickets, where it makes its nest—a large, loosely constructed affair—but it is yet a comparatively social bird, having but little fear of man. It has a flirting, uneven flight, and is a very silent bird. In the mating and nesting season the male has a kind of irritating cry, which he no doubt considers good music. It consists of a shrill, staccato note, which is rapidly repeate . The following is a pretty fair immitation of the song—if it can so be called. Strike the piano-forte key C in alt and you will pretty nearly have it: *Tit! tit! tit-tit-tit-tit! tit!* The bird is a ground-feeder, living chiefly upon the seeds of the chaparral.

WESTERN MEADOW LARK (*Sturnella magna neglecta*).—This pleasing songster is abroad in force to-day, singing his "What do you think of me?" from every fence post that stands above its fellows. This meadow lark, so beneficial to the husbandman, is greatly persecuted in the interior valleys of California. It is persistently hunted for the market, where it sells under various names, sometimes even passing as quail. It is an easy prey to the gunner, its flight being straightaway.

CALIFORNIA HELMET QUAIL (*Callipepla californica*).—At this season the quail almost ceases to utter his characteristic call of *po-ta-to, po-taa-to, po-taaa-to*, but the male can be heard on all sides giving utterance to a single cry of *quwa-a-k* as he stands on some eminence near the home of his lady love, keeping watch and guard against the marauding enemies of his household. At other times he will jump upon some low limb or boulder and with an odd up-and-down movement squeeze out a kind of wheezing call. I never could make out exactly what he meant by this. It does not seem to be a note of warning, of assurance to his mate, nor of challenge to his enemies. From his actions when uttering it, I have fancied it a note of derision, as I never have heard it unless the bird could see me plainly and I had no gun in my hands.

MOURNING DOVE (*Zenaidura macroura*).—On every hand the mournful notes of the wild dove could be heard, and so tame were they that I could almost touch some of them with my whip. It always seemed a sacrilege to me to see one of them killed. In these hills they are entirely harmless, although in the valleys they destroy a great deal of seed wheat—so the farmers say.

ARKANSAS GOLDFINCH (*Spinus psaltria*).—This bright and cheery little bird is very plentiful in these foothills the whole year round. No pleasanter sound can be heard on a warm February day than the concert given by a flock of the dainty songsters when congregated on the sunny side of a live oak tree. Their song is not a sustained one individually, but a flock can produce an interesting and most pleasing effect. I have heard captives of this species that could sing almost as well as a canary. Their vocal powers seem to be improved by caging. They are locally known as the California canary.

HOUSE FINCH (*Carpodacus frontalis*).—Also called burion, crimson-fronted finch and linnet. This is one of the commonest birds of California. It is a cheerful, alert little fellow, with a pleasing warble which seems to be without beginning, middle or end. Its song just begins where it left off, and ends where it began. It loves the vicinity of man, and will nest and raise its young in the vines covering our porches, within reach of the outstretched arm, as we sit in our chairs. It is especially hated by the cherry grower. It always manages to have its brood hatched when the cherries come in, and raises them almost entirely upon the fruit. Its habits are exasperating, for it goes from cherry to cherry, taking one or two pecks at each, and never satisfied to fill its crop with one. It will never go back to an injured cherry, but will invariably attack the sound ones. As the cherry is a delicate fruit and unfit to pack or ship after its skin is broken, one can readily see what a nuisance to the fruit grower the bird is. With cherries at high prices in the markets, the lives of finches are not at a premium in this locality. Nevertheless they continue to increase and multiply, and to maintain their confidence in human friendship. They prefer the mulberry to the cherry, and as these fruits ripen simultaneously, the horticulturist could protect his cherries by a fringe of mulberry trees around them, and thus all could live.

BULLOCK'S ORIOLE (*Icterus bullocki*).—This feathered dandy is also a very common bird with us, and like the preceding, is hated by the cherry grower. It is so like the Baltimore oriole that no description is needed. In song, character and habits he closely resembles his Eastern cousin.

HOODED ORIOLE (*Icterus cucullatus*).—On this particular day I saw another variety of the oriole sometimes seen in this portion of the State. This bird is not described by the authorities as resident in California north of the Tehachipi Mountains, but I have never failed to see it here during each season. It is, however, a rare variety; but it undoubtedly breeds here, for I have observed them all through the breeding season. They are among the handsomest of our feathered friends, and their flight through the green foliage is like the flash of a flame in the night.

CALIFORNIA WOODPECKER (*Melanerpes formicivorus bairdi*).—Called by our Spanish friends *el carpintero*. I have given this bird's description and habits in a past issue of FOREST AND STREAM, and will pass him lightly. It is very common, and resident with us. It will also steal cherries, but, like the jay, it carries them off bodily, and leaves no injured ones behind. It also attacks apples, but I believe that it takes only the wormy ones. In hunting for the worms, it may have developed a taste for the fruit itself. At any rate, it does far more good than harm to the orchardist, and should be rigidly protected.

NUTTALL WOODPECKER (*Dryobates nuttalli*).—In the drooping limb of a white oak by the roadside is a little round hole, and out of that hole protrudes a black head, spotted with white, which I recognize as belonging to a female of this species. This bird is fairly common and quite sociable with man. In the winter season it is common in our yards and gardens, pecking away for an honest living amid the noise of town or city with the utmost unconcern.

RED-SHAFTED FLICKER OR MEXICAN FLICKER (*Colaptes cafer*).—This is a common variety of the woodpecker in the foothills, if woodpecker it may be called. In all respects, excepting coloration, it is a counterpart of the Eastern flicker, living here, as there, chiefly upon ants. Its coloration is far richer, the under surface of the wings being very beautiful. The outer web of the wing primaries makes a very killing trout fly, which I have used with marked success on our Sierra streams, and which I have ventured to name after the bird—the flicker-hackle.

AREFAR.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

Flying Squirrels as Pets.

I DISCOVERED an old flying squirrel in a dead stump; I caught her by stopping up the hole through which she entered her nest, and sawing off the top of the stump, I brought it home and tied it to the wall in a small room, which I used at one time for an aviary. I carefully cut out a square piece from the back of the stump, and held this piece in place by wire, so that I could easily look into the nest. I was surprised on the second day to find five young squirrels in the nest, and was still more surprised to find that the mother, wild and frightened as she was, continued to raise her young ones in captivity. She was very cross, and I had to wear heavy gloves to push her from the nest when I wished to see her young ones. She rarely came out to feed until evening. The squirrels did not open their eyes for nearly three weeks. Soon after that they began to scramble around outside. I had great difficulty in feeding them; for I could find nothing they liked, except hickory and hazel nuts. I let the mother go, for she did not seem to enjoy captivity, but the young ones became tame and thrived well. I would like to hear if any one knows anything about the food of the flying squirrel.

MAC.

Green-Winged Teal Hatched in Confinement.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y., July 26.—I have just hatched the first green-winged teal ever hatched in confinement.

FRED MATHER.

NESTING OF THE WILD PIGEON.

IN the first article on pigeon netting by "F. E. S.," he speaks of the species as laying two eggs in a nest as the regulation number. While his articles contain much information, and have proved good reading, he evidently failed to take careful observations on many habits.

It is a fact that many ornithological writers have spoken of the passenger pigeon as depositing two eggs at a setting; but these men were evidently not accurate observers, or quite probably took their records at second-hand. Unfortunately a few of our earlier naturalists recorded some of the nesting habits incorrectly, and these notes have been copied to our detriment for many years.

There is no doubt that two eggs are sometimes found in one nest, and occasionally these eggs are both fresh or are equally advanced in incubation. But these instances, I feel sure, are evidence alone that two females have deposited in the same nest, a condition which not rarely obtains with those species which nest in colonies.

I cannot dispute, and can say that I do not doubt, that the wild pigeon may rear two or three young during the season. An old trapper and observer, an acquaintance of mine, who claims that the pigeon lays but one egg at a clutch, offered this explanation. He said that when the first egg is about ready to hatch, or has hatched, the old bird of the nest lays a second egg, and that the squab assists in incubating the second egg. Later a third egg is laid. This habit may have existed, and I have made observations which confirm it; however, at the present day no one can dispute the assertion, as there is no way to disprove it.

Out of the many nests I have carefully examined, and watched for days, I have never found two eggs in one nest. Only once did I find an egg occupying a nest with a half-grown young one. A friend, an observing hunter and painstaking egg collector, examined over one hundred nests in Cheboygan county, Michigan, and never found more than one egg in a nest. As the nests are so shiftlessly built that one can look through them from below, there is no doubt of his note. He took over fifty eggs for preservation, and though many of them were well advanced in incubation, yet two eggs were not found together.

Besides my experience in the field in several parts of this State, the privilege of watching some captive birds were also given me. These birds were educated stool-pigeons, which were kept from year to year by their owner, who was a netter. They were very tame and bred in security in the little buildings, but never set on more than one egg.

The mourning dove, often mistaken for the pigeon, lays two eggs habitually. The ground dove and white-fronted dove also lay eggs in pairs, and others of the American pigeons, as well as the common tame dove introduced from the Eastern Continent, lay two eggs. But our now nearly extinct passenger pigeon lays a single egg, and there is no accurate observation to the contrary.

There are many notes on this species which would interest many of your readers, but space does not permit. I will close by saying that the last rookery of any size, where the pigeons nested in numbers, was visited on May 9, 1880, and occupied cedar trees, while the last nest that met my notice was placed at 40ft. from the ground in a tamarack in the woods in the southern part of the State. The date was June 1, '84.

MORRIS GIBBS, M.D.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.

[Captain Bendire, in his splendid work on North American birds' eggs, the first volume of which, recently published, includes the pigeons, gives the eggs of this species as one or two. The only nest seen by us for many years contained two eggs.]

WOODCOCK AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some years ago much was said concerning the woodcock in FOREST AND STREAM. I am not a crack shot, neither have I bagged many of these birds, but I love ornithology and delight to watch the frolics of birds in the summer time. I would, to-day, introduce game birds into our State were the laws more stringent. I have often heard the woodcock whistle.

I once let loose some quail in the woods about Hampden, Me., and during my guarding over the birds I happened to come across a nest containing two woodcock's eggs. I marked the spot with a stake with a little phosphorus so as to illuminate the upper end of the stake, in order that I might find the nest at night and capture bird or birds, and I did capture both the birds that night, and kept them for a while.

After a week's captivity they grew melancholy, and a few days later they presented a drooping appearance. One day I opened the cage door and took good hold of the larger bird's bill between my thumb and forefinger and gently drew it forward, whereupon it commenced to whistle. I took the bird outside of the cage and tried the same method. I soon learned the noise or whistling was produced through the nostrils of the bird. I have never heard a woodcock whistle when flushed by a dog; the bird only whistles when it leaves cover unmolested.

DR. T. P. MOREY.

BANGOR, Me.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inclosed extract from an old book (*Fairholme*—"Observations on Woodcock and Fieldfares Breeding in Scotland," *Magazine of Natural History*, edited by Edward Charlesworth, Vol. I. (N. S.) 1837, pp. 337-338, Refers to the English Woodcock, *Philohela rustica*.) may interest some of your readers in connection with the question of the spring "song" versus the "whistle" of our woodcock (*Philohela minor*):

"I spent the greater part of 1835 in Aberdeenshire, where occasional instances have long been known of woodcocks in summer, but not in such numbers as may now be seen. In the woods of Moneymusk and Castle Forbes nests have from time to time been found. It was at the latter place and during a late evening walk in an extensive oak wood, with hazel and other brushwood, that my attention was first particularly called to this subject. It was quite in the dusk when I heard at intervals a low croaking so much like that of frogs, that, attributing it to that cause, I took no further notice of it; but on a subsequent evening I found that instead of on the ground this croaking was overhead, and proceeded from a bird on the wing. The flight was so heavy and slow that I at first imagined it was an owl or a goatsucker, the

former being commonly and the latter occasionally seen in that wood. I afterward found, however, on seeing several of these birds at an earlier hour in the evening that they were woodcocks, and four or five couples of them circled the wood every evening, being on the wing for an hour or two at a time with a varied flight; sometimes rapid and pursuing each other, uttering a sharp but not very loud whistling note, and sometimes slow and flapping, when an incessant low croaking was kept up by each individual, often not unlike the purring of a cat or the noise of a spinning wheel. From this time, throughout the summer, I could on every evening between five and nine o'clock, see several cocks rise, generally from the lower and moister parts of the large wooded hill of which a high peak in the center overlooks the whole. The notes gradually ceased as the season advanced; and I rather imagine that these circular flights also gradually ceased, though, in the course of our walks, cocks were often flushed, until the more usual season arrived, when they no longer excited so much attention. I have often seen these woodcocks approaching me in the low covered walks, and so little alarmed as almost to brush my hat with their wings as they quietly passed over my head. This seemed to me to be the hour of feeding on the wing, at least their flight so much resembled that of night birds which feed on moths, &c., that the probability of this occurred to me, although I am aware that their usual food is found upon the ground amongst damp leaves and moist grass. It is by the knowledge of this low flight of the woodcock in the covered alleys and walks of the forest that the foreign poacher takes such numbers of them in nets set for the purpose; and I often could have caught them in a common hoop-net, as they passed me.

"I have long been acquainted, as a sportsman, with the usual peaceful habits of the woodcock, during its winter residence in our climate; but I never at that season heard any sound but that of its wings on being flushed. I imagine, therefore, that the low croaking and the occasional whistle are peculiar to the period of incubation, like that singular noise made by the snipe in spring, as it descends rapidly in the air, during its circuitous flight over its native morass."

The slow flight above referred to is probably not true of the American woodcock (*P. minor*), which in the evening flight moves its wings with great speed, from the moment it rises, until it comes "tumbling" back to the earth, after having finished its "song." In every motion there is the quickness and energy of a bat or chimney swift (*Chætura*), and in the fading sunset afterglow it might easily be taken for either of them, as was suggested by some of your correspondents. I have used the word "song," because I am convinced that the sound, heard just before the bird descends, is *vocal* in origin, or, at any rate, that this is the case in Massachusetts, where all my observations have been made. ARTHUR P. CHADBOURNE.

BOSTON, Mass.

Game Bag and Gun.

PARKS AND FOREST PRESERVES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The utter disregard of the average American for laws which for any reason are not, or cannot be, enforced is well known, and is sometimes very amusing. In the case of the depredations committed on our national reservations, however, this disregard of the law is not at all amusing. These forest reservations, which have been set aside by Presidential proclamation under the act of March 3, 1891, have come to be regarded by persons dwelling near them as a sort of free range, or common, where they can carry on any pursuits that seem to them desirable. Thus, in forest reservations in Montana, prospecting is going on somewhat generally, and it is suspected that the prospectors are paid to sink their holes by persons who are interested in getting the reservation cut down at the next session of Congress and thrown open to a railway. On a reservation in Montana sawmills and shingle mills are being set up and all timber of any value is being stripped from the mountain sides. Not satisfied with this, the timber thieves fire the branches and fallen logs and burn over vast areas of which a part has been stripped of standing timber, while other parts still support splendid growing forest trees. Down in California the Sequoia and Gen. Grant National Parks have long been summer ranges for the sheep men, whose shepherds follow the snow toward the mountain in spring, and whose flocks devour every green thing that shows its head above the soil.

The case of these forest reservations is not unlike that of the Yellowstone National Park for twenty years. They have been set aside from the public domain and have been handed over to Secretary of the Interior, but no laws have been enacted for their care or protection, no money is provided which the Secretary of the Interior can use to pay the expenses of such protection, no penalties have been established for infringment of regulations. If a man has been cutting timber on a scale sufficiently large to make it worth while to prosecute him for the theft, the Government may enter suit against him, and in the course of five or ten years the suit may come to trial and a verdict be reached. Meantime everybody else in the neighborhood—and very likely the person who is being sued—continues to take the Government timber and use it in whatever way will put most money into their pockets.

It is an old story, and one that is hardly worth repeating, for it has been told a thousand times, and no one ever pays the least attention to it.

However, the following dispatch in a recent number of the *Evening Post* has again brought the matter to my mind, and it seems to me that there is something very encouraging in the attitude which is credited to Secretary Smith. But however much he may desire to mend matters, he alone can do but little, and until the force of public opinion shall be brought to bear on Congress we must expect to see our forest reservations become less and less in value. The dispatch referred to I give below in the hope that you may think it worth printing:

WASHINGTON, July 27.—Secretary Hoke Smith is taking especial pains to guard the national parks and forest reservations from unlawful intrusion and injury. Last spring he caused a large number of notices to be printed on conspicuous cloth sheets and posted on the trees in the reservations in such places that no person entering the reservations could fail to see them, warning the public "that these lands are set apart and reserved as a forest reservation by proclamation of the President of the United States, under authority of the act of Congress of March 3, 1891." The notice continues:

"This reservation is made for the benefit of the adjoining communities, being created to maintain a permanent supply of water for irrigation and for wood for local use by a national protection of the timber thereon.

"All persons are hereby warned not to settle upon, occupy, or use any of these lands for agricultural, prospective, mining or other business purposes, nor to cut, remove, or use any of the timber, grass, or other natural product thereof, except under such regulations as may be hereafter prescribed.

"No person shall start or kindle, or allow to be started or kindled, any fire in the timber, grass or undergrowth on these lands, or commit any other waste thereon; and the driving, feeding, grazing, pasturing or herding of cattle, sheep, or other live stock within this reservation is strictly prohibited.

"*Bona fide* settlers having properly initiated their claims prior to the withdrawal of the land for said reservation, and actual owners of land within the reserve, may pass to or from their claims or property, but will not be allowed to occupy or use lands within the reservation outside of their claims, nor to use, damage or destroy any timber or other natural product of such lands.

"Any person violating these regulations will be prosecuted for trespass, and will be held responsible pecuniarily for any waste or damage, whether done intentionally or caused by neglect. All law-abiding citizens are requested to report any cases of trespass upon said forest reserve that many come to their knowledge, and to assist in the prosecution of said trespassers."

Not long ago Capt. James Parker, of the Fourth Cavalry, who is in charge as acting superintendent of the Sequoia and General Grant National Parks, volunteered to make a tour of the parks and reservations in California with a few of his men and see how the law was being carried out. He found that not less than 500 000 sheep were pastured on this national property, and that they had done damage which threatened to be irreparable. The big pine trees were the only things which had escaped their ravages. They had eaten all the herbage, and even girdled the smaller deciduous trees of their bark. They would have eaten the pine bark also, but that it was too tough for them to nibble. So completely had they stripped the parks and reserves of everything which could he used for fodder that it was often difficult, when out of reach of farms and ranches where feed was stored, for the troopers to get enough for their horses to subsist upon.

The disposition of the people who have committed this outrage is shown by the fact that they have torn down Secretary Smith's printed notices. The tacks with which they were fastened to the trees are often still in the bark, with evidences that the cloth was deliberately torn down.

Information of these performances, with such particulars as could be collected, has been sent to the Department of Justice, and district attorneys and marshals in the States where the parks and reservations are situated will be notified to prosecute all offenders to the full extent of the law. Secretary Smith is bound to break up at any cost this form of defiance of Government authority.

Think of it you who are interested in forestry.

A. B. C.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

Santa Claus.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 21.—Mr. Wm. C. Held, of Saginaw, E. S., Mich., writes about a mysterious heron:

"On the morning of May 25 a friend of mine who lives in the heart of the city found in his yard a young blue heron, which must have come there during the night. The bird was about half feathered and could scarcely walk, and was certainly too young to fly. How do you suppose it got there?"

If the babies didn't bring it, it must have been Santa Claus.

Erect Posture.

Mr. John G. Smith, of Algona, Ia., writes on July 23: "The first shooting of the season took place about eighteen miles northwest of here last week. An old man and his son went out into a harvest field to set up some grain. They started up a large flock of prairie chickens, and the old man sent the boy back to the house to get the gun to shoot some of the chickens. The boy got the gun and returned to the field, but the gun by some means or other went off in the boy's hands. Since then the old man has not been able to sit down with any comfort. The chickens all escaped, and the law was not violated."

The N. G. B. and F. P. A. and the I. S. S. A.

By the above fascinating headline I wish to call attention to the fact that the National Game Bird and Fish Protective Association and also the older body, the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, are doing thoughtful and energetic work in the matter of game protection. President Bortree, of the N. G. B. and F. P. A., called at this office to mention one feature of the work of that organization, consisting of a generous printing and distribution of the game laws of North and South Dakota. He thinks this will call attention to the laws in localities where they are little respected and possibly little known, and so do good in the slow work of building up a good protective sentiment. President Shepard of the Illinois State Association, issues a general letter to the clubs of the Association, reminding of the $10 club assessment laid at the last convention for protective purposes and to defray expenses of Warden Blow, and asking prompt remittance of that and such additional moneys as each club can see its way to send. Warden Blow's excellent work deserves prompt acknowledgment and a long continuance.

Dr. Thomas's Vacation.

At this writing, Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, is thought to be in Wisconsin on his summer vacation. Dr. Thomas delivered his parting sermon the text of the "Peaceful heart." Are we to infer by this that Dr. Thomas has paid his fine for illegal deer killing, or that he intends to do so while up in Wisconsin?

Killed by Mills.

The daily dispatches from Muncie, Ind., lately said: "Since the Eaton Paper Mills, on the Mississinewa River have been in operation after several weeks of idleness, wagon loads of fish are being killed daily below the town by the poisonous refuse from the mills." I understand that Mr. A. H. Harryman, once a well known angler in Chicago, is now editing a morning paper in Muncie. Will Mr. Harryman kindly shake 'em up a little?

The Big Horn Basin.

Mr. Jas. Fullerton, now located on the Wood River, writes of the Big Horn Basin enthusiastically, saying that "from the Ten Sleep to the head of the Divide is the finest country, climate, water and sporting that ever lay out of doors." But he also adds, "The elk can not remain if the Shoshone Indians continue to kill 8,000 to 10,000 per annum for their hides." He incloses a photograph of a pile of elk bones rivalling the size of the ghastly heaps common along the railroads in the buffalo bones days.

Kankakee.

The season just now is dull for fishing, the weather being very hot. About the best reports are coming from the Kankakee. At Mak-saw-ba Club numbers of wall-eyed pike have been taken, besides bass. At Momence the bass will not take the fly just now, the fishers tell me, but are taking minnows pretty well below town. These are small-mouths.

Woodcock.

The best of the woodcock season is already past in Indiana, so far as the size of the bags is concerned, though the birds are not at their best so early. Henry Ehlers got 15 one day and 8 another, and Dick Turtle 5 one day, all near Walter Valley, on the Kankakee.

Wisconsin Forests Burning.

The extremely hot weather has a result in the forest fires now raging in upper Wisconsin, no doubt the most general and the most destructive known for years. The result on the deer hunting next fall is hard to tell, but probably the fires will drive them unusually far to the south.

Bad for Chicken Shooting.

Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas have been fairly burned up in the awful drouth of the past few weeks. Chicken shooters will do well to head for a country where they know the water supply to be permanent. The ordinary sloughs and small water courses are all dried up now. It will be a hard season for the dogs to work on chickens. The birds are unusually abundant all over the West, however. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Massachusetts Summer Woodcock Shooting.

BOSTON, Mass., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I walked through Quincy market to-day and saw pinnated grouse in one stall. I picked up a *Globe* a short time ago and saw in the price list of market supplies, "Snipe, $2.50 @3 per doz ; snow birds (buntings), 40@50c. per doz." Invited to lunch by a friend an evening or two ago, I was informed that we could have woodcock or chicken grouse. This in a whisper, however. Upon asking how this could be in close season I was told, with a knowing wink, "Oh, came out of cold storage, you know."

Add to that Plank a $5 penalty for every bird protected by the game laws found in possession in close season; cold storage companies, common carriers or any one else being held responsible if found on their premises or in their charge.

The sharp crack of guns have been heard in every likely woodcock ground in the middle and eastern part of the State for two weeks past, and the signs and wads found about the spring holes and brooksides tell the story that the poacher has been getting in his work. The long dry spell of weather has forced the birds into close quarters and the slaughter has by no means been light. Added to this has been large accessions to the ranks of market-gunners by reason of dull times in business and the large numbers of unemployed. There are not a few who sneak out ostensibly "to give a young dog a little exercise," whose gunning coats if inspected would disclose an unhitched gun tucked away. I ran across one of these fellows a few mornings ago, and remarked to him that I never thought that working a pup on birds without using a gun was of any consequence. He gravely asked me what I took him for; and out of one game pocket brought forth the breech and from the other the barrels of his gun. Of course I innocently asked if he had shot anything and he replied no; but I knew better, for it had been his shooting that had taken me three-quarters of a mile from the road. down through a ravine, to ascertain what the racket meant; and before overtaking him (in the open) I had marked gun wads and dog tracks along the boggy bottom. There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that that coat held three to six woodcock as well as the gun.

A little money judiciously expended at this season by the Game Commissioners in hunting down these gilt-edged poachers and bringing them to justice would do more for the game than all that has been going on for years past could accomplish in a thousand years. Don't put the enforcement of the law into the hands of the 63-cent town constable or officer, generally too lazy to work for a living and dependent upon his 63-cent arrest for his livelihood; but employ a few good practical men, who know where to look for birds and when, and they will find the fellows who also know where to find the market supplies.

But keep hammering on that Plank. Keep it before your readers; and your readers who are true sportsmen ought to stand by and encourage you in the efforts you are making. W. W. C.

Arrest of Indian Hide Hunters.

IN the latter part of June last, seven Indians, four men and three women, were arrested in the New Fork county by citizens of Fremont county, Wyoming, taken to Lander and lodged in jail there. The party that brought them in consisted of Ira Dodge and wife, J. M. Vandervort, Wm. Todd, W. Alexander and Fred. Boyce.

These Indians had been in the country about the New Fork of Green River, for some time, killing game for the hides. The local paper states that citizens had waited on them to leave the country, but they refused. They were then, after some difficulty, arrested by a party of a dozen citizens, their property were packed up and they were brought to Lander. An examination of their packs showed not only a large number of hides of elk, antelope and deer, but four fresh calf hides as well, which made it clear that they had been killing range cattle as well as wild game. The county authorities at Lander communicated with Capt. Ray, the agent of these Indians, advising him that they were in jail, and he came over to Lander to look after the matter. An arrangement was finally made by which the Indians were turned over to Capt. Ray, he agreeing hereafter to keep the Indians out of the particular country where the offenses were committed and to punish them for their violations of the law. The arrest of these Indians is likely to be productive of much good, and if they can be kept on their agencies much friction with settlers will be avoided. Mr. Dodge tells us that not an Indian has been seen since the arrest, and the antelope are coming back to the vicinity in their usual numbers.

Buffalo, Wild Pigeons and Plume Birds.

St. Augustine, Fla., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On account of the devilish doings of that soulless fiend of Yellowstone Park, Howells, my blood for weeks was like the boiling springs of that beautiful place, and I regret that he could not have been served up for a coyote feast. I have just been reading "Netting Wild Pigeons," by "F. E. S.," of Wisconsin, and "Wisconsin Ducks and Deer," by "Spike Horn," and now the question is being inwardly debated as to whether it would not be better for my peace of mind to stop reading altogether.

I am one of those who many years ago have seen the air about Cleveland almost darkened with wild pigeons, and now they seem about to be classed with the dodo and great auk, because "the fools are not all dead."

Why it is that legislators have less brains than other men I leave for other fellows to find out, but it certainly seems to be the case. Only a few years ago one of the great attractions of Florida was the myriads of beautiful plumaged birds throughout the State, and now, on account of legislative stupidity, they are on the ragged edge of extermination, and half the charm of Florida is gone. Semi-barbarism still reigns here, and the natives still shoot deer in midsummer and quail in season and out, and not an arrest is ever made.

Can any man who owns a soul get through this pigeon netting article and not feel like showering maledictions on the heads of legislators who have it in their power to stop this business and yet permit it to go on? The narrator admits that the work is done while the birds are searching for food to keep their young alive, and of course the little brood is starved to death; and all this brutality because a few lazy vagabonds dislike the idea of earning a living by honest work.

I have heard of this pigeon butchery from other parties, and hope very soon to hear the last of it. This atrocious work has been going on for more than fifty years.

Keep on with your good work of trying to put an end to market-shooting.

As regards the open season for deer in Wisconsin, any schoolboy ought to know that if only one month is open it should be November. Didymus.

South Dakota Prairie Chickens.

Mitchell, S. D., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The sportsmen of this city say "Keep off the grass" until the law says "Shoot prairie chicken and quail."

At the point of revolvers last night Mike La Gregor and Ed. Gardiner were forced to carry two young prairie chickens to the office of a justice of the peace. There they were fined $10 each and costs for killing the two chickens. Not having the $10 they go to jail and the county pays the cash.

As there was a doubt by some people last fall as to the time when prairie chickens could be lawfully killed, the Attorney-General has given his opinion that the law of 1890 was not affected, and is still in full force, and that the open season for killing these birds will commence on Aug. 15.

It having been reported that parties from Mitchell have been shooting prairie chickens and quail in Mitchell and adjoining counties, the following as well as previous statement will explain themselves.

In order to encourage the protection of game, sixty business men of this place signed a petition urgently requesting any person knowing of the shooting or killing of any prairie chickens or quail before Aug. 15 to report the same to any of the sixty, and upon sufficient information to convict under the law, they will pay to the person giving such information the sum of $25. Nominator.

[We would like further information about the decision of the Attorney-General that the prairie chicken season will open August 15, as determined by the law of 1890. Sec. 2366 of the Code of 1887 made the close season for prairie chickens Jan. 1-Sept. 1. Chap. 94, Laws of 1890, amended this and made the season Jan. 1-Aug. 15. But Chap. 94, Laws of 1893, again amended Sec. 2366 and made the season Jan. 1-Sept. 1. It is so given in the published Session Laws, and in an official copy sent us for the *Game Laws in Brief*. On what grounds does the Attorney-General base his opinion that this law is not in effect?]

Yellowstone Park Commissioner.

Gen. J. W. Meldrum, who was appointed Commissioner of the United States Circuit Court, of Wyoming, with jurisdiction in the Yellowstone National Park by Judge Riner, has gone to the Park and by this time no doubt has entered on his duties. This appointment was made under the authority of "An Act to protect the birds and animals in the Yellowstone Park, and to punish crimes in said Park and for other purposes," which was approved May 7, 1894, at which time the full text of the law was printed in Forest and Stream. Under this act, Commissioner Meldrum has jurisdiction to hear and act upon all complaints made of violations of the law or of the rules and regulations established for the government of the Park. He has power to issue process for the arrest of persons charged with the commission of misdemeanors, to try such persons, and if they are found guilty to impose punishment. Appeals from his decisions may be made to the United States District Court of the District of Wyoming.

The salary of the Commissioner is $1,000 per year, together with fees which may aggregate as much more. His office will be in a building to be erected and used for a jail, for which the sum of $5,000 is appropriated in the same act.

We have had the National Park Protective Act printed and are prepared to furnish copies free on application provided stamps for postage are inclosed with the request.

Might Not Happen Again in a Thousand Years.

Geneseo, N. Y., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One day a few weeks ago the men engaged in the construction of the Lake Temiscamangue Colonization Railway exploded a heavy charge of dynamite, and a large chunk of rock was hurled some distance into the bush, landing squarely on the shoulders of a deer which was standing there, and killing it of course. The men did not know of the singular occurrence until some days later, when they noticed the odor, and on investigation found the decaying carcass. This happened a little above La Cave, on the Quebec side of the Ottawa. La Caribou.

Sea and River Fishing.

A TALE OF WOE.

Little Rock, Arkansas.—We all like to write up our successful trips, but in reading Forest and Stream I seldom see an account of one where everything goes wrong; the devil seems to be on top, and there is no convenient whale loafing around to give Jonah inside passage free. I am going to break the rule and tell of just such a trip.

West of Little Rock in the mountains, is a beautiful stream called Maumelle, which ripples over the pebbles or sleeps in long, deep pools and was my favorite fishing place in younger days. We had often talked of going there, that is, the Parson, the Doctor and myself. So one fine day the Parson said he was ready; and after tying up some tangled ends I found I could go if they would get things ready and leave me the morning to wind up business. And here let me introduce the party. The Parson dispenses with the Gospel at one of the leading churches, is the coming man in the Western division of the Southern Presbyterian Church, fishes for men on Sunday and for fish on week days when he can get off, and is a genuine all-round sportsman. And here I may remark that your readers will have no conception of ministerial dignity until they see a leading preacher chasing the illusive minnow in his shirt-tail, I mean the preacher's shirt-tail, not the minnow's. The Doctor is industriously engaged in keeping up the average death rate in the West End. As for myself, the habitual modesty characteristic of all lawyers forbids that I should say more than that my transcendent abilities are recognized by all parties and that my eloquence has moved thousands to tears. The party was reinforced by the agent of the transfer company, and two ordinary kids, one the Doctor's and the other my own special property.

So at 2 P. M. they came for me in a light pre-Adamite wagon, engineered by a Senegambian and two mustangs equipped with all the cussedness and hardiness of the breed. In a few minutes the agent came along in a road cart drawn by a slow mule. And so we started in high good humor, but alas, for human hopes of happiness; the mountain road was rough and soon a tire broke on one wheel. We repaired that by lashing it with hay wires, and proceeded up one rocky hill and down the other side. Nearing our destination, the Parson and I walked ahead, selected a camping place and started a fire. Soon the wagon came in with another wheel knocked out of shape, till it described a picturesque hyperbolic curve as it revolved.

But a good supper smoothed all tempers, and early next morning we started to fish. The water was beautifully clear, too clear in fact, and we could see very tempting fish, but they were very untemptable. However, by patient work we got fish for breakfast. After breakfast the Senegambian and I took the wagon over to a shop for repairs. I found the blacksmith to be a Scandinavian of complete independence. He said he was going fishing and would not fix anybody's wagon that day. I gently remarked to him that the Parson's flock would be pastureless at prayer meeting, that some of the Doctor's patients might get well if his absence was prolonged, and that there was lots of legal ability going to waste in the woods; but these arguments did not move him. He said there were too many preachers and lawyers anyway, and doctors were all humbugs; and if we did not want to wait there was a shop at Perryville, thirty miles up the road. We waited.

After dinner the kids wanted to climb the Pinnacle Mountain and I agreed to go with them. This mountain rises a perfect crown out of the river valley, about 800ft. high, and is a curious geological formation. It seems to have been squeezed up by enormous pressure and the rocks are shattered and twisted in every shape. We got to the top after a hard scramble, and had a fine view of the Arkansas Valley at sunset. The mountain is inhabited by buzzards; and large flocks of them would fly down the sides to the levels of the trees in the valley and then come right up the side of the mountain over the top without a flap of the wings. Can any one tell how that is done? Being purely mechanical it must have an explanation.

The next day we got our wagon and started merrily home. Going down a long hill, one wheel suddenly rolled off. The Lawyer made a few emphatic remarks, the Doctor being a full grown sheep of the Parson's flock, merely swore in a weak Presbyterian way, "Dem the luck," while the Parson remarked that he had learned not to say all he thought. So the bulk of the conversation fell on me, and after sundry remarks about Senegambians in general and that one who owned that wagon in particular, we proceeded to investigate the accident. We found the threads worn out in the nut and to save the expense of a new nut the coon had driven a lagging pin into the end of the axle and it had worked out. We repaired the damage and started again, but over and over again that pin came out. The last time was after dark, and pitch dark it was too, within a mile of home. Then we had to look for that nut and pin by the light of matches and repair the damage more by touch than sight.

But we finally got home safely, and to the Parson's credit be it said he never once fractured the Third Commandment by using a big big D, or a little one either.

J. M. Rose.

International Anglers' Association.

The International Anglers' Association will meet in its first annual convention at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara, Ont., on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7 and 8. This will be an important occasion for anglers, as it will see the inauguration of an association with well defined and serious objects, and one which cannot fail to do great things for fair angling. The gathering will be a representative one, and expert anglers from all parts of the States, as well as Canada, are expected to compete in the fly-casting and bait-casting competitions, for which valuable prizes will be given. At the meeting papers on angling topics will be read and discussions will be held. A fish banquet will also add to the pleasure of the occasion. His Excellency the Governor-General has accepted the office of an honorary president, and President Cleveland has also been invited to act in a similar capacity.

BOSTON RODS.

Boston, July 28.—Reports are not very full from the salmon fishermen. Walter M. Brackett, the salmon artist, is at his river the St. Marguerite, where he has been for many seasons. His success is not reported to be remarkable thus far. The fishing is reported to be good on the St. Johns River. A happy Boston party is there, including Mr. John Fottler, Jr., Mr. George Blake, Mr. Phillip Nevins. In the party are also several ladies, including Miss Sweet and Miss Dalton. They are having rare sport with the trout, as well as salmon. Mr. Fottler, with Mr. I. W. Adams, has fished this river for many seasons.

Senator W. P. Frye is back to Washington again, after a brief visit to his camps at Cupsuptic Lake in Maine. It is reported that the Senator did but little fishing on this trip, a short one made to obtain a little much needed rest from his arduous labors on the tariff matter in Congress. He is expected to return to camp later in the season for a longer stay. When one does not find Senator Frye, of Maine, in Washington, during the session of Congress, they may look for him at his camp, though his arrivals and departures are not always heralded in the papers.

The Gillam boys are newspaper men from the start, and each one of them is a sportsmen. Ernest M., the commercial editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, loves his gun and dogs next to his home and family. His oldest brother, M. M. Gillam, is the author of the advertisements that have made Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, famous in the clothing trade. His brother Charles is connected with the Philadelphia *Record*. M. M. has been employed with that house as advertising agent for many years. He knows how to get the most out of a vacation, and he enjoys it with his wife and children. In fact he has fished a great deal with his oldest daughter, a bright young woman now about 20 years old. Mr. Gillam has found a spot in the mountains of Pennsylvania. He goes some twenty miles beyond Mauch Chunk to Mud Run. Now, this Mud Run is badly named, for Mr. Gillam describes it to his brother as one of the clearest of mountain trout streams. Mr. Gillam has found a deserted farmhouse up there, and by the aid of his ingenious wife and daughters it has been transformed into a beautiful summer camp. There they go for a number of weeks every summer. All hands fish, and all hands take turns at camp work. The two boys with a companion caught the other day 135 trout, and the day following 88. They fish for all they need in camp. The camera goes with them, and Mr. Gillam has become expert in producing pictures of camp and sporting life. Some of his pictures have embellished the Philadelphia papers this season. At last accounts the Gillams were enjoying life as life can only be enjoyed in the woods.

Mr. N. G. Manson, Jr., is owner of Camp Leatherstocking on Cherrytree Point, Richardson Lake, Me. He has put in a steam launch of his own this summer. On the Fourth of July week he went down to camp and at the same time superintended the shipment of the launch from Andover into the South Arm. The operation was a successful one and the launch stood the rough road well, and now floats on Richardson Lake as proudly as she did on the waters of Boston Harbor. Mr. Manson was absent but a few days, and did little or no fishing. He is saving his vacation for one grand outing in August and September. He takes a few of his best friends with him.

The sportsman who goes to Maine this fall, with any sort of tact and skill ought to be rewarded with a deer or two. The accounts of deer seen by fishing parties are something remarkable. A year ago it was considered that accounts of deer seen in the summer months were in a measure exaggerations, but this summer they are even greater. Said a Boston gentleman to me the other day, "Here is a letter from a man who has guided me at King and Bartlet. He mentions seeing 27 deer in one day, with a party of fishermen." Other accounts are as startling. There is not the least doubt but what the deer in Maine have greatly increased within a year. Up to the present time there are few accounts of summer shooting, and it is earnestly to be hoped that little of it will be done.

Special.

A Rotten Abomination on the Jersey Coast.

Asbury Park, N. J., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thursday, 26th inst., Senator James A. Bradley served a protest enjoining Larrabee & Co., the great pound owners, from emptying their refuse fish in the sea. So great has this nuisance become here that the thousands of bathers have been driven from this great pleasure. Tons of decaying, stenchful fish line the shore at every high tide, making it impossible at times to stay on the beach. That this kind-hearted, well-meaning man was deluded into inactivity during the fight in our Legislature last winter by the plausible tales of the pound owners, is of common knowledge. On Tuesday, the 17th of the present month, I was a passenger on the steamboat Pleasure Bay between Seabright and Sandy Hook, N. J., and for a distance of at least three miles the steamer plowed its way through a veritable island of floating dead fish which had been emptied from the pounds and was being carried on the incoming tide to be deposited along the course of the beautiful Shrewsbury, there to rot and menace the health of the residents. When will the proper authorities take the course necessary to abate this abomination to our entire State? is the question asked by the conservative and enthusiastic almost alike of our entire State. Leonard Hulit.

Cayuga Lake.

Ithaca, N. Y.—July 20 I stopped a short while at Union Springs, and while there saw some handsome creels of bass, pickerel and perch. Dave DeBell, of Ithaca, in two days' fishing, July 19 and 20, caught a good 40lbs., one of his bass tipping the scales at 5lbs. Fred Smith was at Canoga, just across from Union Springs, the 20th, and took a basket of pickerel in two hours trolling that would average 2lbs. each. Dr. Arthur White and Alderman Chas. Green, of Ithaca, in charge of Tom Holland, of Union Springs, were catching big pickerel the 19th, 20th and 21st. Twenty-five to thirty pickerel is considered a good day's work at that point, and a very much bigger day's work at any other point on Cayuga Lake. Black bass are being caught along the east shore all the way Ithacaward from Union Springs. M. Chill.

ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Concluded from Page 75.)

The morning revealed a threatened storm, the clouds being in dark, vaporous form, and the wind tossing the seas in no gentle mood. A departure was not thought of with such gloomy indications, and we therefore possessed our souls with as much patience as we possibly could, and sat down to our breakfast with anything but smiling countenances. We were not disheartened by any means, but as the home fever had struck the entire camp we were not as well pleased as was Mistress Mary with her garden

"Of cockle shells and silver bells,
And cow-slips all arow."

About an hour after breakfast the boys, who had been down to the point watching the course of the wind, came back and stated that with a little tacking they thought they could make Gros Cap Island, so we gave the word to immediately load and depart. The dismantling of camp and loading was quickly accomplished, for the bright vision of home was ever before our boatmen now that we were advancing that way, and it was the incentive that spurred them on to greater activity and greater risks.

"All aboard," rang out cheerily from the intrepid Peter as the last load was snugged away and aboard we hurriedly got, and then the sails were unfurled and thrown to the stiff breeze, and off the boat darted, tossing the thick foam in savage glee from her dipping bow.

When we were well out of the bay and around the point where the wind and seas had a clean sweep at us, I was satisfied we would not reach Gros Cap Island that day. The weather had a very hard and severe look; the sky was o'ercast with low, dingy and swift-flying clouds; the racing waves, with a wild and jubilant song violently battered the fretted crags, while the boat, with her lee gunwale but a trifle above the surging waters, creaked from bow to stern as she stood out for her first tack. After half an hour's earnest battling with the snow-capped waves the wind, which had been in the east when we started, had changed to the south, making it a head wind to strive against. Ned stated that it would now be impossible to reach our destination before night, and that we had better take a "long leg" with the boat and make for Goulais Bay. Here was disappointment indeed, for after entering this bay we might be cooped up there for days, for it is a very unfavorable location from which to put to sea. A party of anglers were detained here last season for five days waiting for a favoring breeze in which to sail out of the bay. As it seemed the best thing to do just then, Peter ran the boat over pitiless seas with the feathery foam flying from her cut-water as if she were breasting roaring rapids. Ned silently and solemnly sat in the stern, bundled up in his great overcoat, for the chilly air necessitated such a course, while I was braced with my back against the center mast and my feet on the gunwale, having on my mackintosh as a protection against the rising spray. Kenosh, with a "devil may care" air, had spread himself lengthwise on the windward side on top of some boxes and bundles, while Peter was at the rudder with a disappointed air, thinking doubtless of his approaching wedding and his far away betrothed at the "Soo."

There was no music whatever in our party, the gloomy weather having doubtless disheartened us all. In a fierce tempest, as per the immortal bard, Ferdinand and Miranda fall deeply in love, plight their troth, bill and coo, and gamble at chess, but we were like pouting school boys kicking against a little elemental disturbance, acting really as if we were in full accord with the surging sea and the sullen clouds in the shuddering sky. I tried hard to arouse Ned to a melodious strain, and after his warbling a little nursery song of

"There she goes, as sweet as a rose,
All dressed up in her Sunday clothes,"

relapsed again into solemn silence. I even tried to coax a romance from Peter, but it was a flat failure, and as for Kenosh he was always dumb except when an opportune time permitted him to bring out his old chestnut, "No fliee on him." I finally abandoned all my efforts of arousing them to a social temperament and so joined forces with the sea king and applauded the wild melody of the wailing winds and tossing seas, watched the drifting clouds and the white-winged gulls as they flew over the crested waves, and thus drew solace while the others were silently absorbed.

After we had gone about two miles toward forming that "long leg," the question was put to Peter as to its culmination. "One mile more," said he, "and we can make the bay like a flash." The mile was soon completed and then to our great surprise he informed us that it would be utterly impossible to make a landing in the bay with the high seas that were then so grandly rolling in.

"What's to be done then?" we inquired.

"Look ahead, there's Parisian Island but six miles out; why not make that and stop there till we have a favorable breeze."

It seemed to be the best and only thing to do under the circumstances, for Gros Cap Island could not be made in daylight, and if the wind kept on increasing as it had since we left we would soon have a respectable gale that would be anything but pleasant to buffet and tack in.

"Take her to Paris, then," said Ned, after we had consulted over the situation.

And so to the Parisian Island the boat was headed, and as the wind for that place was on our beam, we went fairly flying over the crested billows with a fulvous mass of spume streaming out from the bow that grandly rose and gracefully fell into the rolling seas so close in companionship.

At last we reached the desired island after an hour or more of very uncomfortable and very wet sailing. It was a charming camping place and an exceedingly lovely island that rose from the sea like a realm of fairyland, so beautiful did it appear in its forests of living green. It was about three miles long and one or more wide, with its north shore in graceful crescent form displaying a low, sandy beach, while the south side revealed the exact reverse, having a bold and rocky coast line of grand and solemn beauty.

Some thirty years ago the place was the abode of an eccentric Frenchman, who, from some eventful cause, preferred the life of a recluse, his nativity resulting in the island obtaining the name it now bears. Captains of vessels passing by it always referred to it as the "Frenchman's Island," until finally it received its more euphonious name. The house in which he lived was a very crude log cabin, and years ago had been razed, only a few logs remaining, showing where the man of solitude, and perhaps of sorrow, abided. The woods are dense and the groves peopled with a few varieties of birds, of which a number are very beautifully plumaged. They appeared in high glee when we landed, filling the air with their delicious notes of melody and anon darting through the whispering branches and into the darkling woods beyond.

The waters fairly swarm with lake trout and whitefish of large proportions, and were the principal source of revenue to the Selkirk of this isolated realm. Caribou were also said to abound here in years agone, Peter telling us of his having taken part in killing one, to all of which recital we gave unmeasured latitude.

Concluding to do a little exploring now that we had ample time, we aimlessly wandered around, and the more we saw of this beautiful island the more we were delighted with it.

"If the brook trout were only here," said Ned, "it would be an ideal place for anglers."

But they were not here, and the charms of the island were, therefore, not at a heavy premium with us.

We were called from our rambles by the tawny-hued Kenosh, who had sought us and who gravely stated that a smoking hot dinner awaited us at the beach. It was welcome news, for our long walk had given our appetite an edge that foreboded disaster to the smoking viands.

After dinner there was a decided manifestation of the wind letting down, and then a rift in the clouds gave us some golden shafts, and soon the blue increased, until finally the heavens were in a fervent glow and all nature rejoicing.

About 2 o'clock the wind had died out and then the lake became placid, save the rolling swell from the blow of the morning. The boatmen, at this favorable condition of the weather, took it upon themselves to load the boat without any conference with us, and then shouted, "All aboard!" We, however, were in accord with the boys, but a good ten or twelve-mile row was before them, and under a blazing sun that was fiercely pouring down. The home influence was again apparent, for after starting they industriously worked at the blades, with the perspiration dropping from their flushed faces at every stroke, and as if their very lives depended on their exertions. I really believe they rowed fully five miles with only a single halt, and that for a cup of water. They were both in good humor and chatted and laughed as they plied the oars, while Ned was in his favorite *rôle* of troubadour with little cessation. I helped the merriment along with what I thought an amusing narrative or two, and Ned, who was a wonderful dialect mimic, also fell into the same line. Peter received many a good-natured joke about his approaching wedding, and also many timely bits of advice in matrimonial duties, until the wily Kenosh remarked:

"This his third wife."

"What you giving it away for?" said Peter, somewhat angrily.

"What it matter? It so."

Ned and I drew off as if a bomb had exploded in our immediate vicinity, feeling satisfied that the matrimonial Peter had been too much married to need further counsel from us.

After we had retired from the field the two half-breeds went at it, shovel and tongs, in French and Chippewa, to settle the little development that had so inadvertently been made. It was a long time before the quarrelsome jargon ceased, as both of them clung tenaciously to the subject. I was positive it had left a deep sting with Peter, and that the firm would be dissolved on reaching the Soo. I much preferred Kenosh to Peter, for he was sincerity itself, and never tried to feed our fancy with fairy tales.

We were nearing the shore and would soon be passing over what used to be considered excellent trouting grounds. Ned, concluding to make a few casts as we went by it, commenced putting his rod together, but I simply played the *rôle* of "a mere looker-on in Venice," being satisfied from the smoothness of the lake and the terrible gill-netting the place had received from the semi-barbarians of the coast, that it would be a rarity indeed if a trout rose under such conditions.

Ned was ready when the rocks were reached, and letting his flies fall where a sunbeam was peeping into a chasm, commenced his first flutter, but had to lift his lures from the windless lake without a response. Again and again they fell and arose with the some result, and then the boatmen slipped easily along to another tempting spot. It was by an overhanging rock that threw a deep shade upon the water, and here his flies were worked with the same persistency, and once more he was without a victim. Not a bit discouraged, the veteran rodster, with the bright sun silvering his snowy locks, hopefully advances in the domain of the scarlet Hebes. This time he halts by some huge rocks at random thrown, which look up to savage crags that are flushed with the radiant sun, and again endeavors to coax some sunset beauty from his lurking place; but as well coax a mermaid from her crimson shell mirror as to here induce any golden fin to ripple the gleaming surface.

"It's too bad," said the disappointed angler, "but I'll try again," and once more the boat glides serenely along, passing some impressive types of gray and jagged-teethed rocks which the grinding ice and battling waves have been sculpturing for ages. At last he thinks he has found their trysting place by a crag that boldly runs into the lake, disclosing protecting ledges where the violet-splashed and jewel-dotted dandies could easily dart out for unsuspecting prey. With a gleam of hope he sends the feathered lures to the ragged edges, but no speckled monster, or even infant beauty, is there to investigate the disturbance above. With a howl of disappointment he repeats and repeats the lesson of the lure, but it is to the glowing rocks, to the murmuring waters only. "Reel up, my old *compadre*, there are no scarlet Romans of the rocky chasms or the shelving retreats for you. They have gone from the deadly gill net to the greedy hands of the market purveyors, and many a Lucullus has ere this sounded their gastronomic praises in poetic laudations. Reel up, I say; fret not your soul in disappointment, nor expend your untiring energies upon the empty air or the breathing waters. The trouting days are over here and will only live in pleasant history and the memory of those who have sported along these shores when the race of the tinted innocents were a stranger to the cruel trap work of a murderous gill net."

"Reel up it is; and now a last farewell to the North Shore, for by the great 'Horn Spoon!' I solemnly swear to never again enter the territory where a Fish Commissioner is only a man of title and of straw, and where a fish dealer tramples on the law with the impunity of a remorseless brigand. Shame, I say, on a government that will stand idly by and see this picturesque lake daily decimated of such beautiful, gamy and toothsome fish!"

At last we reach Gros Cap Island, and after mounting one of its bold bluffs overlooking the spreading landscape, are greeted by the rays of a descending sun that fell softly upon the sleeping waters. They gave the peaks and ridges a generous shimmer of delicious tints that paled with the approaching twilight into a lovely purple haze; they painted the distant isles into masses of flaming scarlet; they deepened the shadows on the western shores where the mountain ranges began to tower; they pierced with threads of gold the savage ravine and wooded expanse; they mellowed the grays of the massive bulwarks that frowned down upon our little island; they beautified a bit of cliff that had tumbled into the water near by with a saffrony surface between the blue of the bold headland and the sapphire of the lake; they flooded land and lake alike in cloaks of azure and caps of gold; they enhanced all they touched with a wealth of color that was made superlatively magnificent with the blending of purples, emeralds, russets and grays far more rich and beautiful than a Leonardo or a Raphael could dream into canvas, vividly recalling Watts's "Summer Evening:"

"How fine the day has been, how brightly was the sun,
How lovely and joyous the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun;
And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveler's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the skies gay as he sinks to rest,
And foretells a bright rising again."

We are fascinated with the charming picture before us, but the early morn may present another, while not so grand in mountain wall with its chasms and ridges in sombre pines and solemn evergreens, equally as bright and rich in lovely colors, equally as beautiful in clouds of gold and seas of silver.

The shadows spread apace, and when the mild sun "his paling lustre shrouds in gorgeous draperies of golden clouds," we are reminded of things mundane by a call to a royal feast our men of bronze had prepared for us. After this the camp-fire is rekindled, "the stars come forth to listen to the music of the sea," a cool breeze rustles the branches overhead, and, save a mere murmur from the water, the silence of the place is like a sleep, so full of rest it seems. Ah me! the end of our halcyon days on the grand old lake has come at last. We have seen it in the fullness of its glory; have seen it in storm and calm; have stretched our wearied frame under the gloomy mists of its towering mountains; have drunk of its fresh and limpid streams; have eaten the luscious strawberries of its open stretches and the delicious trout from its icy pools; have felt the velvet kisses of its fragrant breezes, and to say adieu at dawn will be like parting from an old, old friend.

Aweary, we at last seek the refreshing bed of balsam, and with a prayer for balmy breezes in the morning that will give us a delightful sail to the "Soo," are soon in "the mystery of folded sleep," and ambitiously dream that we have the great key to golden palaces.

Morning came pure, bright and radiant, with a sky darkly, deeply, beautifully blue, and a sea in wondrous flame-like glories, rippling in cadences soft and sweet.

The last meal in nature's leafy realms being liberally served, the stanch old boat that had weathered many a gale, duly loaded, and then with a sad farewell to the deserted and lovely homes of the brooklet's pearls of tinted beauty, we alertly step aboard, and with the white canvas spread wing and wing, are off for the city of the wild roaring rapids of wondrous fame.

Fragrant zephyrs, with the intoxication of new wine, flutter o'er the stern, while before us range the fretted cliffs, chiseled by the warring hands of time into ragged and rugged forms of fantastic architecture, and pleasingly surmounted by the soft azure of the receding hills that tower in the distance as if

"Piled by the hands of giants,
For god like kings of old."

Soon we reach the aspiring pillars of Hercules, standing like grim and stalwart sentinels over the colossal gateway of the Great Lake. Passing these with deep and merited reverence, we feel that we have departed from a region of picturesque grandeur, a region generous in mountain majesty, impressive in shores of rocky savagery, rife in streams of foaming cascades and pellucid pools, and charmingly dimpled with islands "the heir of sunset and herald of morn."

I sigh as I finally part from the absolute grandeur of this soul-enrapturing scenery, and though we will realize some charming views in frames of gold and green along the pure and sparkling stream, they will not command the eloquent admiration of that which our vision has so rapturously dwelt upon the past month. One is nature in bold magnificence and royal splendor, deeply impressive with its sublime immensity and awesome wildness; the other, upon which we have just entered, is akin to the witchery of a poetic romance which steals upon and captivates you by its subtle spell. It is like coming from the great hills of cloudland, with their iron-bound bases of beetling cliffs and ragged crags, into peaceful plains of soft velvet meadows, of fruits and flowers, of streamlets with their silvery windings, of woodland warblers with their arias from golden throats.

We are again delightfully content, and as we glide along, in panoramic review come banks of verdure richly enhanced with many a quiet and pleasing picture. Waving grasses and clambering weeds, that fringe the low shores, are fanned by the summer breezes and bathed with the swell of soughing waves; sylvan haunts, like an elysian dream in luxury of color and shade, are here and there; rude huts, from which gaze bronzed and stolid faces, stand bodily outlined against clustered cedars; the lighthouse, dominant like a marble pillar, radiantly flashes; the crystalline waters glitter in shafts of silver, while trembling shadows from "loafing clouds" of exquisite hues slightly darken the sunny reaches with

"The thin-winged swallow skating on the air."

The atmosphere comes from waves of golden light, and vistas of another world seem to arise as if by enchantment between he masses of dark foliage and the advancing sun. The hazy hills and lovely dales are in sweet repose; the prey-hunting gulls sweep lazily and carelessly along, while the white-winged boats in the distance linger as if sleeping on a mirrored surface. Everything animate is evidently yielding to the flashing lances of the fair Phœbus. Even the tawny-hued boatmen, as if in tropic clime, indolently loll and laze, and at last the gentle anglers in languor succumb to the golden glow, and dreamily luxuriate in far away lotus-land, while the ripples sing in delicious lullaby as if they wooed to the shimmering surface the lovely mermaids from "the branching jaspers under the sea." The faint and dreamful carol of birds that comes from the somber pines and tangled thickets of radiant shoreland, manifestly develops that they too have submitted to the gentle influence of a glowing morn, "so full of gladness, so full of tender blue, of wistful skies and winds that softly sigh."

The evidence of civilization, and the untiring energy of a progressive nation that no summer mood permits to waver, are upon us as we gracefully sweep into the crescent curve of the broad and flowing river, while the toil of "the hard-handed men" that are forcing new channels for increasing commerce, are impressively apparent by the blaze of blasts, the puff of steamers, the rattle of machinery. No idleness here, no pastime; nothing but steady, steady toil. We are now amid this great and gigantic work, the new locks, the roar of which is like muttering thunder, and as we indifferently step ashore the lamp of Aladdin is lost, the days of pure delight in the pursuit of the spangled and carmined beauties are of the past, and linger only as an ideal outing on the northern shores of *Kitchi-Gami*. ALEX. STARBUCK.

ANGLING NOTES.

Rainbow and Steelhead.

NOT long after the rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*) was brought from the Pacific coast and introduced into Atlantic coast waters, it was discovered that the fish was a wanderer, and except in occasional instances disappeared from the streams in which it was planted in its second year. Then Mather, or it may have been Bean, expressed the opinion that the rainbow trout was the young of the steelhead salmon, as *S. gairdneri* was then called. Perhaps Mather was the first to express this belief and that Bean confirmed him; anyway, a file of FOREST AND STREAM will tell who is entitled to the credit for the belief, and I will hunt the thing up if necessary to settle the claim of priority; but no one at that time appeared to be willing to say, flat-footed, that the rainbow was the young steelhead. Then the steelhead was declared to be a trout, not a salmon, and the rainbow issue slumbered.

Lately the matter broke out afresh on the Pacific coast, one faction claiming the steelhead as a salmon, another as a trout, and Dr. Jordan was called in as umpire, and incidentally he settles (for the present at least) the status of the rainbow trout. My brother sends me a copy of Dr. Jordan's letter written to a Western angler, and I take this extract from it:

"The so-called steelhead is a well-known fish along the coast. It ascends the river to spawn, and then runs out to sea again. It is not a salmon and should not be called by that name. It is a trout. It was my opinion until within about two years that the steelhead and the so-called rainbow trout, as represented in the streams of the Coast range and the upper Sacramento, were different species. I have now become convinced they are the same fish, and that the fish which run down to the sea grow to be much larger in size and are plainer in color than those remaining in the mountain streams. My present opinion is, therefore, that the steelhead and rainbow trout are one and the same, or at any rate that they all belong to the same species, and that the large size and other peculiarities of the steelhead are simply associated with its life off the river mouths and in the sea. The expression 'steelhead salmon' should not be used."

The steelhead is also called salmon trout, and Jordan once told me it was the only trout we have that is entitled to have the prefix salmon in its name. This was because our lake trout (*namaycush*) is often called salmon trout. One may infer from Jordan's letter that all steelheads do not go to sea, and this explains why some few rainbow trout in the East remain in the streams where planted.

Hudson River Salmon.

Mr. H. S. Bull, of Albany, sent me a clipping from the *Evening Journal*, containing an interview with State Game Protector Matthew Kennedy, of Hudson, in which he offers the opinion that the salmon in the Hudson are decreasing, and, as the heading says, "It is believed that the fish will not thrive."

As I was away on a fishing trip myself I thought I would defer writing a criticism of Mr. Kennedy's views until my return home, but this afternoon FOREST AND STREAM has arrived—the issue of July 21—containing the article reprinted from the *Journal*, and I am forced to reply to it sooner than I otherwise should, for I believe that Mr. Kennedy's views are not sound. For a better understanding of Mr. Kennedy's opinion as expressed in the article referred to, it must be understood that he fills the dual role of state game protector and professional net fisherman, conducting a fishery in the Hudson at Hudson, and so far as I know he fills both positions acceptably and well, for he has an excellent record as game protector and I know that the shad that he takes in his nets are the best that I get on my table. Therefore, in reading the article one is impressed with the idea that, so to speak, the game protector Dr. Jekyll is making an earnest fight against the net fisherman Mr. Hyde, and in one paragraph Dr. Jekyll is on top, and in the next Mr. Hyde downs Dr. Jekyll. There is nothing strange about this, for it is human nature, the same human nature that is found all over the globe.

Who can tell but what it was a part of the scheme of the great plan of the creation that self-interest should have a slight bulge on philanthropy, when one was arrayed against the other in a go-as-you-please tug of war?

I did not see the newspaper articles that Mr. Kennedy mentions, but without seeing them I will agree with him that the salmon are decreasing in the Hudson, but not because of the reasons he gives. Mr. Kennedy, either as game protector or net fisherman, should be better informed than he appears to be when he conveys the impression that the salmon are forced to remain in the warm water of the Hudson below the Troy dam in June, July and August because there is no fishway in the dam by which they can get above it. True, as he says, there is no fishway now, and when there was one it was of no benefit whatever to the fish, for it was constructed one fall and was destroyed the next spring. All the salmon that have been seen above the Troy dam got there by going over the dam during high water or through the sloop lock in the dam at low water; except last year when there was a break in the dam. Before the break it was estimated that there were 150 salmon in one pool at Mechanicville. One piece of evidence that salmon had returned to the river after the first planting of fry, was finding five salmon in the sloop lock, and doubtless the weaker fish have used the lock ever since, while the stronger ones have scaled the dam. Mr. John A. Manning of Troy, whose office windows overlook the dam, tells me that salmon begin to jump the dam as early as February.

As to the plan for successfully propagating salmon by planting the fry that the net fishermen may net the adult fish, I do not know whether this is meant for humor or whether it is Mr. Hyde at his best; but if I should know positively that a farmer was successful in propagating chickens by turning them out among the foxes at the frailer stage of their existence I would think more about it.

As suggestions are in order, I will offer an amendment to Mr. Kennedy's plan, and it is one that will beat his to death, for it reaches, as I believe, the very heart of the cause for the decrease of the salmon in the Hudson. My plan is this: Pass a law with a penalty of $100 for taking or having in possession a salmon taken from the Hudson with a net.

The law now provides that salmon taken in nets shall be returned to the water, but it is a dead letter, for North River salmon are advertised and sold in New York city, and they do not all come from the New Jersey shore either. I believe that with a possession clause added to the salmon law the decrease of the fish would be suddenly checked in the Hudson, and there would be no real necessity for breeding salmon for the netters to exhibit in the local markets, that the people might be informed that there were salmon in the Hudson. In fact, there is a large and influential body of men who already know that there are salmon in the river, and they have enrolled themselves in the Mohican Rod and Gun Club chiefly for the purpose of providing a way for salmon to get out of the warm waters in the lower river without going into the nets to accomplish it. The growth of this club upon this issue has been most astonishing to its originators and I feel sure that its influence will be felt next winter in a way to provide what is now lacking to make the Hudson a salmon stream, as that term is ordinarily understood, and net-fishermen should be content to wait until the river is self-supporting (aided by artificial propagation), when without doubt a certain amount of netting will be permitted by law. There has absolutely nothing developed since the first salmon fry were planted in the Hudson to lead those familiar with the subject to believe that there is any insurmountable obstacle in the way of making the river the home of the salmon.

Almost the only obstacles in the way at present are the lack of fishways to let the fish up to natural spawning grounds where the fry have been planted, and the fact that the netters in the Hudson below Troy are rapidly destroying the breeding fish in direct violation of law.

On this subject of illegal netting I will quote from a letter written to me by Mr. Howard N. Fuller, of Albany, under date of July 16.

Another View of the Matter.

Mr. Fuller says: "I have read with deep interest your paper in relation to the propagation of salmon in the Hudson. In my opinion, which is founded upon personal observation, the true reason for the unsatisfactory result of the efforts to stock the waters of the Hudson with that desirable fish has not been touched upon.

"Your contention for more and better fishways is assuredly the proper one, so far as it concerns the overcoming of the obstacles to the passage of the salmon between tide water and the headwater spawning grounds of the Hudson; but no provision by law has yet been deemed necessary to give the fish unimpeded course from the sea to the Troy dam. If 1,000 salmon attempted to swim from New York bay to Troy, how many, in your opinion, would succeed? I can tell you, probably not one out of the thousand. The two great and seemingly inseparable obstacles to salmon reaching the spawning beds in the upper river are fykes and gill-nets, but fykes are the great devourers of salmon.

"In the early spring the gill-net and seines used for catching striped bass in the vicinity of Yonkers, Sing Sing, Newburgh, and in fact, everywhere in this vicinity of the mouth of the river, annually take out tons upon tons of salmon, and the fykes which stretch in an unbroken line from the Troy dam south on both sides of the river daily during every month of the year, except three, snare all the rest. It is absolutely impossible for a salmon to get up the river no matter how wary he may be.

"I took up several fykes near Stuyvesant to satisfy myself about the matter, and every fyke had from two to five salmon in it, and three fykes set nearest the channel had the most. When you consider that at least a thousand fykes are in operation at once, you can readily determine what they are doing to neutralize the efforts to stock the Hudson with salmon.

"For several years I fought alone for the enactment of a bill to entirely prohibit fyke-net fishing in the Hudson, and shameful to say not one of the many disciples of old Izaak came to my help or support. At last, two years ago, I succeeded in having an amendment to the game law passed, which prohibited fyke fishing for three months, viz: June, July and August, which law is in force to-day. That was all I could get, but even that has proven to be a good deal, for hand line and rod fishing is twenty per cent. better in the Hudson than it has been for fifteen years past.

"Commissions, and individuals and clubs, may expend all the effort and money they feel disposed to to replenish the fish supply of the Hudson, but it will amount to nothing so long as the fyke pirates are permitted to continue their nefarious and wanton destruction and depletion of fish.

"The chief cause, or I am incompetent to judge, of the ill success of the many efforts to afford anglers the divine sport of salmon catching in the Hudson is the rapacious and relentless fyke, and unless it is completely eradicated by law you may try to find a salmon with hook and line until doomsday and not find him.

"There are other and important fishing interests affected by the fykes which I have not time to touch upon at present.

"What makes me furious as I think about it, is the fact that the Hudson, the only arm of the sea in the State which affords means of ingress for sea fish to fresh water spawning grounds, and by natural and artificial water ways having communication with our large internal and border lakes, should not be protected by prohibitive legislation. I am not well up in this matter, but I believe no other State allows fyke fishing in its sea arms."

Mr. Fuller states the case so plain that I have no comments to make upon his letter; but I will say that the law of 1887 for the protection of salmon from netting in the Hudson was more severe than the one in the code of game laws now in force. Even with the law of 1887, in which there was a penalty of $100 for taking salmon in a net, over 300 salmon were traced directly to the nets in one season, and I believe a possession clause is required to stop the practice.

Salmon Fishing in Canada.

Mr. John Mowat writes me from New Brunswick under date of July 15, as follows:

"I want to tell you this has been a year of big scores on the Restigouche. Many have retired and still others come to fill the vacancies, and as the river keeps in fine order, fair sport may be had until the close of the season, Aug. 15, as the salmon are both large and plentiful, and still running in from the sea. Of course the June fish that have stayed over in the pools have gone off their feed, but the fresh ones coming in do fairly well.

"So far as I can hear, most of the salmon streams are away behind the Restigouche, some of the Cascapedia anglers coming here to finish off.

"Our salmon rise best to the fly from thirty to seventy miles above tide water; the upper pool on the river has 107 fish to its credit now, and will yet have another 100 before the season closes. When it does close I will send you details. We expect the Governor-General next week, and I go up the river with him, and an account of the trip will be sent to you."

This letter from the veteran salmon fisherman again refutes the statement that salmon do not rise to the fly beyond a few miles above tide water; and seventy miles above Troy, the head of tide water, is all of the Hudson that should be fished by the angler, as portions of the headwaters must be reserved for the spawning fish. One by one the objections to the Hudson as a salmon stream are refuted by those in a position to know what they are talking about and tell the plain truth, based upon personal experience and observation. A. N. CHENEY.

NOTES FROM THE ANGLING WATERS.

PORTLAND, Ont.—Mr. W. I. Follett of New York. who has been staying at Hart's Hotel, Rideau Lake, caught on July 17 40 small-mouth black bass in the Lower Rideau. There is not a pike, a perch nor a sunfish to bother the bass fisherman in these waters. T. J. HART.

FORKED RIVER, N. J., July 24.—The weakfish have arrived in Barnegat Bay. Boats caught plenty yesterday, and to-day some have come in with boxes full, and they say that the parties were pulling fish as fast as they could bait hooks. B. E. ENO.

SCHROON LAKE, N. Y., July 23.—Mrs. E. Ruppertz, who is one of our guests, caught last Wednesday 68 large perch in one and one-half hours, and on the following day caught 38 perch and a black bass which weighed 4½lbs. It was a question for a while who was the most frightened, the bass or the catcher. So overjoyed was she by her success in capturing this beauty, she immediately pulled up her anchor and rowed for shore to show her prize. Mrs. Ruppertz had never before wet a line.

O'CONNOR BROS.

BARNEGAT, N. Y., July 27.—There is plenty of good fishing and gunning. Two men killed sixty-five yellow-leg snipe, and one man thirty-five. All boats caught fish; one man in small boat caught 100 lbs.

JOS. L. HIGGINS.

STILLWATER, Mont., July 24.—The open season on trout in Montana is from July 1 to April 30, but owing to extreme high water the fishing has been very slow until the last few days. I was out about four hours last Saturday, the 21st, and caught forty-eight trout, when dressed and ready for the skillet they weighed a few ounces over 42lbs.

Pat McInnally (who claims to have learned to fish in France) was out fishing to-day in the Stillwater about four miles from town and caught 97 trout and 6 grayling, having two trout that weighed 7¾lbs. when dressed. We will have lots of grouse this fall, the open season being from Aug. 15 to Nov. 15. Our best fishing here will be from the middle of August until Nov. 1 unless you call fishing through the ice sport. But it seems too much like murder to catch trout then, as they have very little show for their lives and are very logy, but can be caught in large numbers.

I am going out for a week shortly and will report what luck we have on our return. H. A. NOYES.

Bass at St. Clair Flats.

DETROIT, Mich., July 24.—The prize catch of the present season at the Flats was made yesterday by M. P. Gray, of Frankfort, Ky., a guest of the Star Island House, who landed a black bass weighing 6lbs. and measuring 21½in. He also caught three other large ones, averaging nearly 3lbs., and pulled them all out with a small steel rod. Mr. Gray was the lion of the day when he came into port with his big string.

Louisiana Fishing.

MORGAN CITY, La., July 25.—Salt-water fishing here is now at its best. With tide and wind right one can load a skiff in a few hours with trout, redfish, drum, croakers, sheepshead, pompano, etc. Our waters teem with *grand caille* or tarpon, but so far I have been unable to get them to take a bait. While out sailing a few days since one of them leaped clear across my boat (9ft. beam), and came near knocking me overboard. R. S. W.

New Hampshire Trout Waters.

LEBANON, N. H., July 27.—In my last FOREST AND STREAM "Columbia," of Claremont, says: "Tell 'Von W.' and 'Mascony' to not give up, but try again." His advice came a little too late, as I had tried again. On June 21 I drove down into his county (Sullivan). I walked two miles and caught 55; could have got more only for a thunder shower coming up. The next day I drove about six miles over the mountain, intending to try a brook where formerly I had had good luck. But before I got there I saw a gentleman, who told me that he was there the week before and did not get a bite. That looked just a bit bad; so I turned my team and drove on to a brook "over there." Well, I was surprised. I caught 98, and would have caught just a few more only I saw a big one go down over some rapids as though Debs had sent for him to come to Chicago to sign his bail bond. I vowed to myself that if I could catch him I would wind up and go home. I thought he stopped in some thick bushes where an ash tree overhung the bank. After a good deal of bother I got my rod through the bresh (as the "Kingfishers" say). He was at home and ready for callers. I had no chance to snap up on him, so I started and ran right back into the field with him. As I claim to be a man of my word, I took my rod apart and left rather unwillingly. Now, if "Columbia" will write me (Lock Box 627), I would be pleased to come to Claremont and try Sugar River with him, or better still, would like to have him join me for a trip to Portage Lake, Quebec, the last of August and first of September, and decide which is the best man. I can go him one better, as I have fished for 50 years and hunted for 47. MASCONY.

Sunapee Bass.

CLAREMONT, N. H., July 25.—W. E. Jerrett, Edgar Noyes and Geo. Tenney, of Claremont, made a flying visit (Monday, July 23), to Sunapee Lake, and caught a fine string of bass, weighing nearly 25lbs. They ranged from 1lb. to 3¼lbs., with several 3-pounders in the lot. The fishermen caught them in about 30ft. of water, and considering the short time they had to fish, made a very fine string. Mr. W. E. Jerrett is a very successful fisherman. He made a short trip this summer up to the Connecticut Lakes and brought back a fine string of trout.

COLUMBIA.

The Visitor and the Brooks.

TOLEDO, O., July 25.—The American steam yachts, Visitor and Leroy Brooks, captured by the Canadians off Pelee Island, May 8, for alleged violation of the Canadian fishing laws, have had their day in court and been fined the nominal sum of $40 each. They were released on bonds some weeks since, and will be formally discharged as soon as necessary papers can be made out, which will probably be within five or six days. JAY BEEBE.

Canadian Angling Permits.

THE following regulations respecting angler's permits in the inland waters of Canada were adopted June 30, 1894:

1. No person, other than a British subject, shall angle for fish or take any bass, maskinongé, pike-perch (pickerel) or trout, in Canadian waters, without first having obtained therefor an angler's permit, issued by the local fishery officer in each district, under the authority of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

2. Each person, not a British subject, shall pay for such angler's permit a fee of $5 for a period of three months, or a fee of $10 for a period of six months.

3. One angler's permit only shall be issued to each applicant. Such permit shall not be transferable, and can be legally used only by the person whose name appears thereon. Each holder of an angler's permit shall be required to produce and exhibit his permit when called upon to do so by any fishery officer.

4. No person shall use, under an angler's permit, more than one fishing line, provided with not more than three hooks.

5. No person shall, under an angler's permit, take, catch or kill in one day more that 12 bass or pike-perch (pickerel), 20 trout or 4 maskinongé.

6. No bass or pike-perch (pickerel) shall be retained or kept out of the water which shall measure less than 10in. in length, and no trout shall be retained or kept out of the water under 6in. in length, but every person who takes or catches any of the fish mentioned, of a less size than the minimum measurement named, shall immediately return such undersized fish to the water from which they were taken, and shall, if possible, liberate such fish alive.

7. No person holding an angler's permit shall export, sell, or offer for sale any fish caught with hook and line.

8. Any person or persons violating any of the above regulations shall be liable to the fines and penalties provided by the Fisheries Act, cap. 95, of the Revised Statutes of Canada.

9. Nothing in these regulations shall affect the rights of any person or persons holding leases of fishing rights from either the Federal or Provincial authorities.

10. Foreigners, when temporarily domiciled in Canada, and employing Canadian boats and boatmen, shall be exempt from the regulations requiring permits.

It is reported that by the intervention of the Grand Trunk Railway the Minister of Marine and Fisheries has declared that anglers between Trenton and Cornwall, Ontario and Rideau waters, and in the Muskoka district, will hereafter be exempted from the provisions of these regulations.

A Query for "El Comancho."

MONTREAL, July 25.—In your issue of 21st is an article entitled "A Day with the Channel Cat." It is an excellent article, and its words are like those of ancient Pistol "prave vords," but when the writer toward the end says, "I have tossed a fly to trout from the Rockies to the Pacific, fought bass among the lily pads and heard the spoon jingle in the savage headshake of the salmon," I want a little more information. I have killed salmon for nearly fifty years, and for the first time hear of the jingling of a spoon in the headshake of the salmon. Will "El Comancho" enlighten, not only my ignorance, but that of other salmon fishers by saying what sort of spoon he heard jingling—was it table, dessert or tea?—and whether it was used with or without a fly, and oblige

AN EX-SECRETARY OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC FISH AND GAME PROTECTION CLUB.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Several New York gentlemen have secured an option on an 1,120 acre farm near Dawson, North Dakota, and propose to form a stock company to be known as the "Empire Farm Association" to take it up. The farm had long been successfully run as a grain and stock farm, and is in a good goose and chicken country, and convenient to large game.

Our Outdoor Scenes.

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 19.—*Forest and Stream Pub. Co.:* Have received your premiums; they already adorn the walls of my room. I find them true to nature, especially the "Jacksnipe Coming In." It makes me feel like getting out my hammerless and letting them have right and left in quick succession. Think I could tumble three out of five. What say you? S. W. SCHUMACHER.

F. and S., R. and G. and B. P. O. E.

I HAVE been chasing round the country and have been without the old family paper since April 28. Please send the back numbers commencing then. It's no use; can't get along without the best paper on earth. DIAMOND WALT.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

Protection in Ohio.

DAYTON, Ohio.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I receive so many communications from parties in all parts of the State I ask space in your columns to answer those seeking information on the subject, so the public generally may know the law as it is. The General Assembly at the last session did not amend any of the laws regulating the shooting of game or game birds, or the fishing in this State. The law then remains the same as last year. A new law, however, was enacted which will give some of the market-hunters and game dealers trouble if they insist on selling or shipping quail hereafter. I might add in connection that it is the intention of the Commission to enforce the provisions of this act to the very letter. Game dealers and pot-hunters will please take notice. The following is a copy of the law as certified to at the Secretary of State's office, at Columbus:

HOUSE BILL No. 12.—An act to prohibit the shipping of quail from the State:

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio that no person shall at any time kill any quail for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of this State, nor for the purpose of sale in the markets of this State, or shall transport, or have in possession with the intent to procure the transportation beyond said limits, any of such birds killed within this State. The reception by any person within this State of any such birds for shipment to a point without the State, shall be *prima facie* evidence that said birds were killed within the State for the purpose of carrying the same beyond its limits.

SEC. 2. Any person violating any of the provisions of the preceding section shall be fined not less than twenty-five dollars nor more than fifty dollars for each and every offense.

SEC. 3. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

ALEXANDER BOXWELL,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
ANDREW L. HARRIS,
President of the Senate.

Passed May 9, 1894.

This law, in my judgment, is a good one, and is now in force in the State of New Jersey. Under the provisions of this act the express companies will be liable if they receive quail for the purpose of shipping to other States. Also, if grocers or game dealers have the birds in possession, the party who killed the birds will also be liable. I publish this new law so that parties may not violate its provisions; and it might be a good thing for hunters to paste this section in their hats.

There are a few counties in the State where the fish and game laws are violated almost every day. This is due to the fact that the people do not understand what the Fish and Game Commission is doing.

This week the writer of this article convicted eight at New Philadelphia. Three of these parties are now in the county jail and one is a fugitive, having gotten away after arrest, the others having settled. Not a few persons in that vicinity have expressed sympathy for those convicted, and it is on this account that violations there are so frequent. New Philadelphia is in Tuscarawas county, and in this county are found some of the finest fishing waters of the State. Yet it is almost useless to go to any of the creeks or rivers with a rod and line, as the work of the dynamiters and seiners has completed the destruction of the fish in these waters.

The creeks and rivers in that vicinity, if properly protected, would produce quite enough fish to supply the entire population; and it is a burning shame that the general public takes such little interest in the protection and propagation of fish. But it is because they do not understand the condition of such matters. They argue that if they are allowed to seine it will destroy the carp, suckers, mullet, redhorse and gars, all of which eat the spawn of the bass and other game fish.

I will offer just one argument, that, if investigated, will be found to be true, and will show that it is a mistake. In the first place the bass protects her spawn and will even drive away snakes and turtles from her nest. Not only that, but she protects her young until several weeks old. The bass invariably spawns at night time, and as soon as the eggs touch the bottom of the nest they adhere; and if other fish, even if they could succeed in driving them from their nests, would undertake to eat the spawn, they would be compelled to swallow all the pebbles in the bottom of the nest. Then, think of a gar with his long snout, standing on his head trying to eat spawn. It is too silly to write about, and yet fishermen who have lived all their lives along the river insist that the reason we have no fish is because seining is prohibited.

The gar does harm in the way of eating other fish, but as in many other cases it seems that even the gar was created for a purpose, when we look at the matter in the proper light. The game fish prey upon the minnows. When the game fish become scarce the supply of minnows is greater, and it is these little fish that do more harm than any other by eating the spawn of other fish. This is the true cause of the disappearance of the pike and salmon or pike perch from our waters. The pike is an elegant fish, and outside of the pleasure afforded the angler who succeeds in luring him to take a hook, and on account of his size, he furnishes a good supply of the fish food in places where he abounds. He builds no nest, neither does he guard the spawn or his young. A pair of these fish when they are spawning are always followed by a myriad of minnows that eat the spawn before it even touches the bottom of the stream.

What we need is more game fish to keep down the supply of minnows and a willing public to protect our streams and lakes, and in a few years there will be no inducement to either seine or use dynamite, as plenty of fish may be taken with hook and line.

The Ohio Commission had in June confined in hatching ponds at Chagrin Falls and Waverly 2,000 marble catfish, 300 or 400 bass and about the same number of croppie. There were at that time at least 300,000 or 400,000 of the catfish hatched and at the end of the hatching season it is fair to presume that the Commission have several million fish to plant in Ohio waters. It is not policy to plant fish in streams where the law is not upheld by public sentiment, and the sooner this lawlessness is stopped the better it will be. If persons are seen violating the law they should be reported. If reported the Commission will do all in its power to prosecute. Send your information to me and I will not only prosecute but will pay a suitable reward, and will guarantee that your name will never be found out. If you send information do not be in a hurry, as it may be weeks before I can come, but it will be attended to.

L. K. BUNTAIN, Chief Warden.

Oakfield Association.

THE organization of the Oakfield and Alabama Fish and Bird Protective Association, took place in Oakland, Monday evening, Dr. C. S. Pugsley being chosen chairman and E. F. Hickey, secretary. The chairman then introdnced Frank J. Amsden, of Rochester, secretary of the Genesee Valley Fish and Bird Protective and Propagating Association, who explained the nature and benefit of his organization, after which an organization was organized with a membership of sixty-eight. The following officers were appointed to serve until the annual meeting which takes place the second Monday in August: President, D. C. S. Pugsley; Vice-Presidents, Thomas O'Reily, Seward A. Ingalsbe, George H. Craft; Secretary and Treasurer, Eugene F. Hickey. Executive Committee, Dr. C. S. Pugsley, Thomas O'Reily, Warner H. Smith, Arthur J. Norton and Charles H. Griffin. The towns of Oakland and Alabama have some of the finest fishing grounds in the western part of the State, if it can be protected from the net fiends who are drawing the nets nearly every night. In Oak-Orchard Creek, just north of Oakfield, some parties made the brag that on Saturday night, July 14, they caught eight-six pickerel in two hauls. Fish and Game Protector George M. Schwartz, of Rochester, succeeded in catching six violators in the act of drawing the seine last summer.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 4 to 7.—Des Moines Kennel Club, at Des Moines, Iowa. M. Bruce, Sec'y.

Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. I. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Orange County Fair, at Newburgh, N. Y.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Stockton Kennel Club, at Stockton, Cal. John Hefferman, Sec'y.

Nov. 27 to 30.—New Jersey Kennel League, at Newark, N. J. E. H. Morris, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Saratoga, N. Y., Sec'y.

The Bell—Martin Case.

TORONTO, July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Much on the Bell—Martin case has appeared in the leading sporting journals of America. From one end of the country to the other, I have been criticised and blamed for my conduct and held up to public contumely and contempt. Unfortunately for me the case had been brought before the American Kennel Club, and its advisory committee suspended me for one year. This decision seemed conclusive to some that I was to blame; that Mr. Martin was right; that I had intentionally deceived him and he had been victimized by me. Unfortunately also for me when leaving the matter to the decision of the A.K.C., Mr. Martin threatened me with legal proceedings, and my solicitors, Messrs. Macrae and Rykert of Toronto, would not allow me to reply in any way to the newspaper criticisms and attacks until the litigation was ended, explaining that the public could form a more correct conclusion upon the whole case when it was proven in the courts who was legally right.

The case has now been settled and I am at liberty to explain my conduct, and I ask the public to give my statement a thoughtful perusal, when I am convinced my character will be fully vindicated. This is the only letter I intend to write on the Martin case; I shall not reply to any answers which may be made, but should any person desire verification of what is hereinafter stated I refer them to my solicitors who will corroborate every detail of my story to the letter.

To begin at the beginning. I purchased Blemton Consequence and Rejoice from Mr. Granger. I did not know and had never seen either of them before I bought them, and had to take the names Mr. Granger gave them. "Uncle Dick" Fellows was present at the purchase and will support me in this statement. I had received an order from Mr. Martin, and agreed to ship Blemton Consequence and guaranteed that she was in whelp, and agreed to take her back if she were not so. I made and carried out this bargain honestly and in good faith, as I have proved, and am still able to prove if called upon to do so. I sold Blemton Consequence as I thought, I believed her to be in whelp and I had her examined, and I shipped her in the usual way. I knew that she was in whelp from the examination of Mr. C. J. Purroy and of Mr. H. P. Thomson, secretary of the Fox-Terrier Club here, and from my own knowledge and experience. I understood then, having done this and the dog being shipped at Mr. Martin's risk, that I had fulfilled my part of the contract and that I was entitled to the purchase money.

The other dog was sent by me to Mr. Smyth's, in Toronto, where she has always been known and is now known by the family as Rejoice. I also exhibited Rejoice as Consequence at Indianapolis, March 28 to 30, and at Boston, April 4 to 7. I only mention this, as straws show the way the wind blows.

After the sale I was notified by Mr. Martin that the dog was not and had not been in whelp. Some people might say I should have accepted his statement, received the dog back and returned the money, but I did not know Mr. Martin and knew no reason why, a *bona fide* sale having been made, it should not be strictly carried out. I had had the dog examined, knew her to be in the required condition, and had proved that she was so. All this made me believe that whatever was wrong was not at my end, and I determined to insist upon the sale being carried out, whereupon after much threatening and abuse from Mr. Martin he laid the matter before the A. K. C., the charge being that I had sold him a dog guaranteeing her to be in whelp when she was not so. The A. K. C. decided that the charge was not sustained and it was dismissed and I was then held to be justified in the course I had taken.

Now we come to the part of the story where I am chiefly attacked and where it is most difficult for me to reply, and I ask again that the readers of this letter will follow my facts closely. After the making of the first charge against me it came to my knowledge for the first time that I had sold Martin Rejoice instead of Consequence. My first impulse was to write at once to Mr. Martin telling him of the mistake that had been made and offering to exchange the dogs forthwith, but my solicitors, whose advice I followed throughout, urged me not to take any decided position with regard to the identity of the dogs until after the decision of the advisory committee, which was expected to be favorable because they stated that my explanation and apology to Mr. Martin would come with much greater force after I had been acquitted on the charge of fraud than if made while the investigation was still pending.

This was the position of affairs at the time referred to. My solicitors, although denying me the right to address Mr. Martin or the public press, allowed that it would be quite proper to communicate privately to Mr. Martin, through some outside person, the fact of the mistake in the dogs, and I accordingly told Mr. Mortimer to notify Mr. Martin and to offer to make an exchange, which I have no dobut that gentleman did. The A. K. C. made matters worse at this time by entertaining a new charge against me of having sold the wrong dog to Mr. Martin. This was unfair to me because I had had no notice of any such charge, and therefore was not able to do myself justice with regard to it. Had this charge been preferred at the first, my solicitors would have advised me, so they state, to explain the facts fully to the board, to admit the mistake and make proper restitution forthwith, in which case I think the committee would not have disqualified me, and all this trouble would have been avoided, but let it be borne in mind that at this time I was in my solicitors' hands, acting under their advice, which was to make no offer to Mr. Martin until after the committee had disposed of my case. My solicitors of course had no notice any more than I had that this second charge had been preferred.

Now, I am free to admit that from the time it came to my knowledge that Mr. Martin had got the wrong dog, he had a right to complain, and he had the right either to sue for the money he had paid me or to demand an exchange of the dogs. My solicitors told me that he had a right to sue for the money and that he would demand it, which he afterward did by letter, threatening action. I was in hopes that he would content himself with asking for the delivery of Consequence, but when he made his claim for the money and I was told I would be obliged to pay it, I advertised both Consequence and Rejoice for sale, supposing that Rejoice would be returned to me and I would have both dogs on my hands. I am much blamed for having done this. It has been urged that I did it fraudulently and to obtain an unfair advantage and to deceive the public. I ask the readers of this letter to remember that I had been told I had to repay Martin $100 which he had paid me; that I would be out the $100 and have the two dogs on my hands, and I naturally was most anxious to dispose of them. Is there fraud in that? I think not. I fail to see the sting in the charge.

Now, many will say at this point of my statement, "Why did you not at once offer to exchange the dogs, to give to Mr. Martin the dog that he had bought, and to take back the dog that he had not bought, and to pay to him the expenses which he had incurred or would incur in the exchange?" It has been publicly stated that I refused to do this; that I would not do justice to Mr. Martin; that I intended to maintain the wrong position that I was in. It has been said that had I offered to place Mr. Martin in his original position, to exchange the dogs and pay the expenses, then I would have been free from blame; that then my story about the innocent mistake in connection with the dogs would have been believed; that nobody would have censured me, but all would have admitted that I had done my best to make matters right. Well, that is exactly the course that I pursued; and a letter was written by my solicitors on my behalf and under my directions, offering to forward Consequence and to receive back Rejoice, and to pay all expenses in connection with the exchange. If it is desired, my solicitors will send to any persons asking for it a copy of that letter.

I am writing facts now, all of which can be verified and all of which are absolutely true. The position taken by Mr. Martin was one calculated to prevent any amicable settlement of the matter, because after he had received my offer, after I had admitted my mistake, after I had allowed that he had been misled through my mistake, and after he had demanded his money back, he advertised in the *American Field* that the dog Consequence was his and that I had no right to advertise it for sale. Remember this advertisement appeared after he had written making a legal demand for $100 paid me by mistake for the dog Consequence. Now, if he had a claim for the money, then I had the ownership of the dog. If I had paid him $100, I had the right to sell the dog. He was blowing hot and cold, claiming the money and the dog both, and at the same time fuming and blustering in the papers and among his friends in such a way that one would have thought he had never had a dog at all from me and had paid $100 for nothing, whereas, in fact, an honest mistake had been made, he had in his posession all the time a dog equally valuable, and had been breeding from her and making money out of her from the beginning to the end. Why even at the last he offered to keep Rejoice and let me keep Consequence, if I would pay him the small sum of $25 difference.

After my offer of exchange and to pay the expenses was made, several letters passed to and fro between Martin and my solicitors, also telegrams, each one containing some different proposition on Mr. Martin's part. The result, however, has been what it should have been upon the receipt of my solicitors' first letter, namely, I have shipped Consequence to him at my expense, he hands Rejoice over to my agent in San Francisco, retaining her progeny which is no doubt of value. Consequence has no pups and I have realized nothing from her.

It is easy to theorize upon mistakes of this kind. I have suggested that the dog I sent to Mr. Martin possibly never reached him, but was changed on the way; these things have occurred before. In transportation the dog went through three hands, there may have been an accident on the way. This, of course, would be denied by the officials and no one has ever followed it up.

That the mistake was made by me in the identity of the dogs there is no doubt. After I discovered it I did everything in my power under my solicitors' directions to remedy the mistake and to do justice to the wronged party. I have refrained from justifying my conduct in the public prints and have allowed the strictures of Martin and his friends to pass unnoticed for the reasons given, that I was advised to delay my reply to the charges made until after the legal dispute between the parties had been settled.

Mr. Martin has traded upon the fact that a mistake was made and that I admitted the mistake; and he has deliberately accused me of fraud, although he had and could have no proof. It is enough for me to state the true facts as they occurred, which I have done as shortly and succinctly as possible. I leave the case in the hands of the public and ask that in their judgment I be relieved from the charges of fraud and dishonesty, which have been cast upon me. I also trust that outside of the general public my explanation will be read with some interest by the members of the Advisory Committee of the A. K. C.

GEO. BELL.

Pointer Club Meeting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The meeeing of the Pointer Club of America, held at the office of the American Kennel Club, July 23, was convened by the board of governors pursuant to Article 4 of the new Constitution. President Wise in the chair and with the usual quorum present.

A resolution was offered by Mr. Webster, seconded and carried, that hereafter no prizes offered by the Pointer Club of America shall be considered accepted unless due acknowledgment shall have been received by the secretary of the Pointer Club from the secretary of such club to which the prizes have been offered; further, nor will any such prizes be paid by the Pointer Club unless a written certificate of the names of the winning dog or dogs shall have been furnished by the secretary of such club to the secretary of the Pointer Club, by the owner.

The object of this resolution is to facilitate the payment of all prizes, and that the club may have official certificates on file as a record of the club's efforts to encourage the breeding of the pointer.

It was also resolved that owing to the adoption of the new constitution and by-laws, which extends the time of payment of the annual dues of the members to Feb. 1, 1895, which necessarily cuts off the income of the club for several months, and also on account of the recent heavy payment of prizes, amounting to $150, the club will be unable to donate any prizes to the Rhode Island State Fair Association, as requested, or any other club during the fall circuit. The club then adjourned.

The club has a very flattering membership, and the efforts the club will make in the future to hold together its members and encourage them in breeding the pointer will be such as to merit, and it is believed will receive, the support of all pointer men.

F. S. WEBSTER, Sec'y.

NEW YORK, July 24.

Mr. J. C. Mahler of Avalon, Pa., has bred his noted bull-terrier bitch Lady Dinah to champion Streatham Monarch, and in another month this Pittsburgh fancier should be proud of the litter. He has sold his brood bitch Ruby Parker to Mr. L. Fabor, Allegheny, Pa.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

From Capt. C. E McMurdo I received the following interesting and instructive letter on the working qualities of dogs afield and in competition. It is sound writing, as are all of Capt. McMurdo's writings. His great experience and keen observation of details make them specially valuable. He writes:

"When I came to see in print the little story I sent you some time ago, about the working out of a stubble field by a high and a low class dog, I found that I had omitted a very important part of it, viz: that when the former came within some thirty yards of the spot where the latter was still pottering he wheeled round in a semi-circle and established a splendid point. However, it is too late now to correct my error.

"Talking of high class dogs, why do not you give us a definition of one? It is just as necessary that there should be an established standard for the guidance of field trial as for bench show judges. Every intelligent breeder of field-trial dogs must have a standard; and if, after breeding puppies that pretty well come up to it, he goes to the expense of having them trained and run in field trials only to find that the opinion of the judges does not correspond with his own, what satisfaction are field trials to him? I am perfectly convinced, from remarks I have heard made and from decisions given, that some of the men who are supposed to know all about dogs can't spot a low-class dog when they see him. They know that speed, range and a good nose are characteristics of high-class dogs, but that is about all that they do know. They can not judge bird work correctly, but evidently think more of the number of points made than of the way they are made, and don't cut dirty work.

"These are the men who help to spread the erreneous idea that the best field trialers are the best shooting dogs.

"Who wants to shoot over dogs that range all over the country, and don't find half the game they ought to do?

"What every sportsman does want are dogs that he can shoot over with comfort, ones that can range properly, and when they strike the scent of distant game (for instance) can locate it quickly and accurately, without pottering or false pointing—this is the sort of work that especially marks the difference between a high and a low class dog.

"Pedigrees don't make high class dogs. We only breed one now and again. We get lots that have some high class qualities, but are weak in one or two respects, and consequently have to be condemned as field trialers. Those that are only weak as regards ranging make excellent shooting dogs for hunting in a close country. Wide ranging is the only quality that is not absolutely necessary in a shooting dog. Some men do not want wide ranging dogs.

"There is another thing that has sometimes occurred that may have helped to account for the poor opinion some have of field trialers. Sometimes partially trained dogs have won at field trials on account of their great natural qualities, their want of thorough training being overlooked. Whether this was right or wrong is a matter of opinion. No club rules that I remember direct the judges to insist upon thorough training.

"Depend upon it, the best field trialer will always make the best shooting dog, but of course he must be thoroughly trained.

"As regards retrieving, that is a very small matter. Every such dog can be taught to retrieve in a short time, but some men don't know how to do it."

In respect to what constitute a good working dog afield, no one is better qualified in every way to describe it than is Capt. McMurdo. I have another letter from him which will be given later on and which also contains sound suggestions for field trial supporters.

There is no doubt but what speed alone has been greatly overrated, and there is no doubt but what a dog can hunt too fast as well as too slow. It is an extreme exception when a dog is hunting, going at his highest speed. Some speedy dogs continually pick out the smoothest and easiest going, though they may keep near enough to likely places to have the appearance of earnest seeking for game. When they succeed in finding, it is mostly in such open ground or thin cover that it makes a pretty scene, and a favorable impression on the spectators. Such dogs are not first-rate finders, but they save themselves from any brier scratches or rough usage in close cover. They never hunt their ground out thoroughly and in actual field shooting make a day of toil for the shooter instead of a pleasant one. Still the spectacular style of going, the seeming superiority of a find at 500yds. over one of 200yds., the high speed which, theoretically, must result in more finds because it results in covering more ground, are all more or less gratuitously credited to the fast dog. Long experience has demonstrated that the fast dog is rarely a finished performer. Half breaking such dogs helps greatly to conceal natural imperfections, for what then appear to be errors from imperfect breaking may really be errors from natural incompetency. The dog being under imperfect control, it is impossible for any one, except a novice, to determine a half-broken dog's capabilities. How often have such half-broken dogs shown apparent high-class qualities, and when a better training was given them the high-class possibilities proved spurious? There is no contention here that a fast dog may not be a first-class dog in every respect; but I do question the high-class quality of a half-broken dog when there is little else to his credit but speed. The fast dog may have all the functional imperfections of a slow dog. His nose may be dull, his judgment poor, with an inclination to hunt for himself more than to hunt for the gun, yet it all has the appearance of high-class possibilities that the errors may be condoned on the score of imperfect breaking.

The diligent dog, which hunts out his ground thoroughly, working out intelligently the likely places, with little or no prompting from his handler, may be a far superior finder and much more satisfactory one to shoot over than his speedy rival. If he works intelligently to the gun, there then is no comparison between the two.

It should be borne in mind that a dog with great speed and little brains—commonly called rattle-headed—is quite as likely to transmit his mental deficiency as he is to transmit his speed. That many unfortunate mistakes have been made in breeding to the dog whose sole recommendation was his high speed, there is no doubt. Greater mistakes have been made in breeding to his brother, perhaps inferior in every desirable quality of field work, but having the one accident of being brother to a fast dog.

There may be harmful extremes in speed as in almost everything else, and there are undoubtedly mistakes in rating a dog's merit by giving speed a value above all other qualities. The dog which has speed enough to beat out a reasonable range and keep ahead of his handler, guiding his efforts by his handler's speed and conrse, taking advantage of the wind and beating out the ground intelligently, working skillfully to the gun, will show, if he have a good nose, better results by far at the end of a day's shooting. His diligent, all-day manner of hunting may not be so catchy as that of a speedier dog which may be running a large part of the time without seeking for birds. In short, there is need of more "plug-shooting" admixture in the dog which chiefly soars.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Three years' undisturbed possession of a setter dog will destroy the veracity of the best man in America.—*Texas Siftings.*

DOG CHAT.

A case that has a bearing on a similar one that occurred at the late Specialty show has just been decided by the English Kennel Club. The Rev. T. Nolan exhibited a Skye terrier, Tackley Roy, and Mr. Young another named Little Dombey. First prize in the winners' class was given to Little Dombey and second to Tackley Roy, but the judge reversed their order on the same dogs again competing together in the open class, and on it being explained to him said he had awarded first to Tackley Roy in both classes, and thereupon got back his slip and altered it, although it had not only been handed in but after the awards had been made public on the board in the evening. Mr. Nolan argued that of course it was a slip of the pen on the judge's part by his inadvertently putting down first to 839 instead of 838, and asked if the club seriously accepted the rule that every slip of the pen must stand as originally written in the judge's book, because in this instance, by this same rule, first in the limit class must go to 832, a dog that was absent from the show, because the judge originally put down the prize to 832 instead of 828, and was only corrected on its being pointed out. The committee decided that a judge could correct any mistake he might make on his judging slip while it was in his possession, but not afterward; and the committee, while deeply regretting the error on the part of the judge, decided that the award must stand. We have no rule that directly covers this point other than that the judge's decision is final in all cases affecting the merits of the dogs, etc., etc. Our judges are, as a rule, very careful in the above respect, but we have come across a few instances where the original awards have been changed, and in the case alluded to at the Specialty show we drew attention to the awards in the fox-terrier puppy class, where the judge's original awards had been altered in his book but not on the steward's slip, which had already gone to the board and the cards had been tacked up according to the original placing, and so stood to the end of the show. It is well to draw attention to these matters, so that judges and exhibitors may be more careful in future.

While on this subject we may as well allude to the confusing practice of some shows where novice and puppy classes are provided, of giving a dog entered in open, novice and puppy classes following numbers. This is confusing both to the public, the men who have to bring the dogs into the ring—leading to much delay as the dog is generally benched according to his open class number, and to those who have to report the shows. The one-dog-one-number system is by far the best and simplest for every one, judges as well.

We have been asked as to what we alluded in referring to Nolan, "the hero of the dog box journey," in our account of the New York Dog Shelter. Nolan, who is well known to those who exhibit frequently at our shows, wished to go to the Detroit show after Washington last year, but the "ways and means" were difficult. One exhibitor, whose name we need not mention, had several large crates containing his great Danes, and a solution of the difficulty was soon found when it was suggested that he ride in one of these. Nolan was forthwith "crated" and shipped on the cars, traveling with the other "jolly dogs" at excess baggage rates. Sustenance was surreptitiously conveyed to him as occasion offered, and he was landed at Detroit right side up. After working as attendant there during the show he was then billed for Indianapolis show, which took place the week after, and the same tactics were resorted to as before, and he arrived at his destination little the worse for wear. Our Sunday paper special writers have given us accounts of their experiences in many strange *rôles*, but no one has yet had the temerity to attempt such a journey as this must have been. Washington to Detroit is about 800 miles, and Detroit to Indianapolis is about 500 miles, so one can imagine that while Mr. Nolan's ambition was not cramped his limbs must have been.

Those who are interested in Dr. Cook's party of hunters and scientists who sailed for Greenland on the Miranda at the beginning of this month, will regret to learn that owing to an argument with an iceberg two days after she left St. Johns, N. F., in which the vessel came off second best, they were compelled to return to St. John for repairs. This led to an alteration in some of the travelers' plans, and several of them left the vessel and proceeded to Upper Labrador by the mail steamer, for the hunting and fishing, accompanying Professor Hite's party as far as Hamilton Inlet. In the Upper Labrador party is Mr. R. D. Perry, the well known fox hunter and member of the Brunswick Fur Club, who is making his second trip to these new hunting grounds.

The Wellman North Pole expedition is reported to have met with disaster. Their ship Ragnvald Jarl and all on board are reported lost. We trust that such may not be the case. The expedition was interesting to dogmen and others on account of Mr. Wellman's predilection for the Belgian draught dogs in preference to the Esquimaux sledgers that previous explorers have been contented with. This is a phase of the expedition in the outcome of which we felt particularly interested, and reports state that at last accounts the only trouble Mr. Wellman had experienced was with these dogs, several of which he had lost.

Field trial men should remember that the entries for the All-Aged Stake of the Manitoba Field Trials Club close Aug. 15, and the secretary, Mr. Gallaugher, would remind intending competitors to send in their entries as early as possible, so that all may be in readiness for their trials on Sept. 5.

We have received several inquiries lately for the names of bull-terrier and great Dane breeders. It would be good policy on the part of the breeders of such dogs if they would give a little more publicity to their doings. A "Kennel Special" will serve the purpose.

Mr. T. W. Zimmerman sends us a charming photograph of puppy character in the picture of ten English setter puppies, the survivals of the fittest from an original thirteen. They are by Rowdy Rod out of Uno Z., a three-year-old bitch that Mr. Zimmerman avers is the best field bitch he ever shot over. Uno Z. is by Marquis Noble ex Vic. Every one knows who Rowdy Rod is. We welcome all puppy pictures; they are usually natural and free from the stilted and strained positions so many of the older dogs are made to assume by their anxious, not to say ambitious, owners, and through which expression and identity are in a great measure lost.

Several letters on the Beagle, English setter and other subjects are held over until next week.

Mr. J. F. Stoddard of Georgetown, N. Y., has bought the well known beagle Tricotrin from the Hornell-Harmony Kennels of Covert, N. Y. "Tric" is a good dog but apt to get himself up a little too gaily at times. Mr. Stoddard's Minnie K. whelped, July 19, half a dozen to champion Royal Krueger.

Although Kingston, Ont., will not have a show this year, Kingston fanciers do not mean to be forgotten, as Mr. McK. Robertson will show his cockers, C. Y. Ford several collies and T. Carson his Irish water spaniels at the coming Toronto show.

The recent action of the Louisiana Legislature authoriz-

ing the sheriff of each parish in that state to procure four "bloodhounds" for the purpose of tracing and pursuing fugitives from justice, and allowing $4 a head per month for their maintenance, savors a good deal of a political jump. Such an order would be a godsend to our bloodhound breeders if by "bloodhound" the dog that we know as such, and as bred by Messrs. Winchell, Lougest, Inness, Glazier, &c., was meant. But the dogs used, and 240 of them will be required to fill the conditions of the bill, there being 60 parishes, will probably be the deep-flewed, heavy-eared Southern foxhound. Our real bloodhound breeders should look into the matter, and introduce their hounds to the sheriffs' notice.

Mr. A. C. Wilmerding returned from his brief visit to England on the Britannic last Friday. Contrary to the experiences of his friends, Messrs. Moore, Post and others who went over to try conclusions with English trap-shooters, Mr. Wilmerding returns delighted with his reception among the dogmen he met. Messrs. Cowell, secretary of the Spaniel Club; Woolland, the field and Sussex spaniel breeder; Farrow, the cocker breeder and G. R. Krehl, editor of *Stock-Keeper*, are all mentioned in terms of admiration for their courtesies to the visitor. After looking over several of the principal kennels, a trip to Paris and a run through Ireland, not forgetting a kiss from the Blarney stone, filled up the rest of the time at his disposal.

In regard to the peculiar ailment from which the Chesterford Park Kennels lost two valuable dogs recently, the symptoms of which we gave in our issue of July 21, Dr. Sherwood says that from Mr. Elliott's description the symptoms are those of ulcerative and gangrenous stomatitis. Local or internal treatment is necessary.

We were startled last Thursday when Mr. Richard Merrill of Milwaukee, Wis., dropped into our sanctum. He is making a visit to Southampton, and can talk of little else but surf-bathing and tennis just now. He reports Paul Bo in good shape, and his prospects for running something in the trials next year are good. He has a young pointer, Hops II. (King of Kent–Hops), that promises well, and an English setter by his Paul Bo, out of Tube Rose. Mr. Merrill, our readers may remember, is "Dick," so often spoken of in Mr. Hough's articles on "Dixie's Land," published in FOREST AND STREAM during the spring. He will probably exhibit Paul Bo at Toronto.

The noted pointer bitch Sally Brass II., that Mr. Heber had sent out to California and is now owned by Mr. Vernon, has not contributed much to the welfare of pointers on the Coast. Her last litter of eight to Glenbigh, the English imported dog, all died, and she has only raised three out of the last four litters.

Mr. Roberts writes us that he has at last succeeded in getting his judges' list for the Rhode Island show approved, the Fair managers being at first under the impression that it would do just as well if this important announcement was deferred till the show week. To quote Mr. Roberts: "I think you will find the list of judges quite satisfactory to the majority of the exhibitors, but it is somewhat different than I should have arranged had I had the matter in hand before. The specialty clubs are arranging several specials for us and I think the fox terrier classes will be especially warm." Mr. Harry Smith has taken hold, aud when this is the case a good entry is sure to result from his hustling tactics The club will have two fox terrier stakes at least judged there, and he expects to arrange for a number of specials, and as there is a club judge up the best of feeling should prevail on all sides. The Boston terrier men do not mean to let this chance escape them either, so they have offered many specials and furnished a club judge, and a good entry is certain. Mr. Roberts has power to add to the premium list and he is now busy on a revision of some of the classes. and the changes will be announced next week. The judges selected are: James Mortimer, New York: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, bull dogs, Irish, bull, black and tan, Scottish, Dandie Dinmont, Bedlington and Yorkshire terriers; pugs, Japanese, King Charles and toy spaniels and poodles. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.: Newfoundlands, English bloodhounds, pointers, Dachshunds, Chesapeake Bay dogs, schipperkes, Skye terriers and miscellaneous. William Tallman, Plainfield, N. J.: English, Irish and Gordon setters. Harry W. Smith, Worcester, Mass.: Greyhounds, wolfhounds and deerhounds. J. Otis Fellows. Hornellsville, N. Y.: Foxhounds, field, cocker, Clumber and Irish water spaniels. Joseph Lewis, Moodus, Conn.: Beagles. T. S. Bellin, Albany, N. Y.: Fox terriers. W. C. Hook, Boston, Mass.: Boston terriers. Entries will close Sept. 3, and the fee is $1.50, and should be sent to W. W. Dexter, Sec'y, Providence, R. I.

We have heard a good deal lately about the formation of a ladies' kennel club in England, and a meeting was held July 3, at which the club was fairly started. It was intended at first to call it the Ladies' Dog Club, but the English Kennel Club suggested that the "Ladies' Kennel Association" would be better, and this was adopted. The association is not merely a representation of the pet dog fanciers, but all varieties of dogs will be represented, and it is expected that the association will become a power in the land. The Founders will number 75, and the fee is $10.50. A general meeting will be held Sept. 3, and the association will make its debut at the Kennel Club show in October. The main objects of the club are to assist ladies to temporary accommodations during dog shows and insure respectable accommodations for them in strange towns, and generally help them in the many disabilities under which they labor in showing their dogs. A permanent club room in London with an exercising ground for dogs attached will, it is thought, be particularly acceptable to the country cousins of the association when in town, and is to be a gensral meeting place for lady fanciers. Challenge trophies in the shape of bracelets and other jewelry dear to the heart of woman will be put up by the association. There may come a time when America will need such an association, but the present indications do not poiut that way. The actual exhibitors of the fair sex iu America may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Some of the highest ladies in the land, from the Queen down, exhibit dogs in England.

Hounds which go by the name of bloodhounds have been used extensively in Louisiana recently in tracking criminals, and with such success that the Legislature passed a bill on July 6 authorizing the sheriff of each county to buy a pack of these "bloodhounds," the State to pay for them and support them at an expense of $4 a month. Our real bloodhound breeders and the new club should make an effort to introduce their dogs among these people. The bloodhounds spoken of are doubtless the large, heavily-eared and flewed foxhounds so often seen in the South.

At the annual meeting of the Midland Association for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals, held recently in Birmingham, England, among the speakers was Dr. Lawson Tait, who remarked in the course of his motion against vivisectiou, that the society was doing a great and humane work in freeing the streets from diseased and starving dogs. He was certainly the last person to minimize the row that was being made about hydrophobia, but what the row was about was all moonshine. The cleaning of the streets of diseased dogs was doing more to prevent hydrophobia than all M. Pasteur was doing or would ever do. He had made inquiries in this neighborhood and could only hear of one case of hydrophobia, and that occurred in the practice of Mr. Oliver Pemberton in the year 1834. The percentage was in fact 0.2 in one million. The talk, therefore, about making a Pasteur institute for the treatment of diseases like that was most grotesque nonsense.

"Stepping Stone" in *Scottish Fancier*, gives some advice that may be of benefit to our Scottish terrier breeders. In regard to mating he says: "As a lot of bitches are now coming in season perhaps it might not be out of place to advise breeders while selecting the most suitable mate most likely to remedy the weak points of the brood bitch not to be tempted to use light-boned, narrow-chested, leggy dogs, even although they have abnormally straight legs. Stick to a sturdy, short-legged type with powerful quarters, dark eyes, right at shoulder, and as good in front as possible." And the following referring to color may be worth knowing: "A lot of people have a fad for black dogs, which I think is a mistake. A good hardy warm red brindle, or a well-barred gray dog is, in my opinion, preferable, and certainly does not require to be tampered with like the dark dogs, which, as a rule, grow too much coat, and unless in exceptional cases of softer texture."

The Bell-Martin Case.

A perusal of Mr. Bell's letter in another column will suggest to any unbiased mind that had he done iu the first instance that which he has done in the last he would have been saved the annoyance of an A. K. C. disqualification; much ill feeling would have been dispensed with, and we should not still have to wonder upon what charge Mr. Bell really was disciplined. Mr. Martin under the circumstances had a perfect right to advertise the fact that he owned Consequence, as he paid $100 for that bitch, and this money had not been returned to Mr. Martin when Mr. Bell advertised Consequence and Rejoice for sale. To our mind the whole thing resolves itself into this: While Mr. Martin has been the victim of mistaken identity, Mr. Bell has been the victim of overweaning reliance on legal advice.

Dog shows in England seem to be more of a weary grind than anything else. English exchanges indicate eight shows for the past week, and no wonder club secretaries are continually crying "Wolf," in the shape of no entries. So many of the English shows nowadays are day and half-day events that an exhibitor with a mouey-earning team can skip from one to the other during the week and afford to give the two and three-day shows the go-by; and that is one reason for the paucity of entries at closing time. Then, for fear the show's reputation will suffer from the lack of a hundred or two entries, the closing date is extended. This demoralizes everyone—exhibitor, secretary and handler—and the Kennel Club will find it necessary to adopt some such rule as obtains in the American Kennel Club. This reads: that entries shall close no less than seven days prior to the first day of the show, and any club accepting any entry after date (unless postmarked ou the date of closing entries) shall be subject to a fine of not less than $10 for each entry so accepted. No alteration of the date of closing shall be allowed. If English clubs will adhere strictly to such a rule, exhibitors will know just what to expect, and while it may not work well in a few instances at first there will soon be a healthier feeling all around, and shows that are worth supporting will be placed on a firmer basis. Dog shows, like other ventures, to command respect and be a benefit to all concerned, must be run on business methods. At present in England there is a great outcry about the cancelling of classes at shows, and this cancellation is often not known until the show opens. This in itself is wrong. Show committees should stand by their premium lists and the classes be so arranged in the first instance with a view to the best results, and, come what may, the clubs should be compelled to abide by their classification, either by Kenuel Klub rules or, where this is not feasible, by the exhibitors themselves, which they can do by ignoring such shows. The fear that certain classes may be cancelled has no doubt much to do with the no-entry cry, for English exhibitors, having such a number of shows to choose from, will naturally foster those which they know will stand by their guns.

There is little sentiment in English showing these days, it is all a question of pounds and pence, and this we gather from the writings of Mr. Freeman Lloyd on the subject. From them we learn that the American custom of handlers taking teams to the shows is largely in evidence, and when this is the case money and not glory will be the basis on which the success of dog showing revolves. A three or four days' show is a tedious affair after the first day, when judging is practically over, and some other attraction must be afforded the public to draw a decent gate. Here our principal shows being held in halls and other buildings, there is no other attraction feasible but the trick dog circus, which has become such a recognized feature at all our kennel club shows. When shows are held in connection with the agricultural fairs this feature is not necessary, as few of these associations charge an admission fee, and the dog show simply becomes a feature of the whole. Still these shows might be made vastly more interesting to both exhibitors and visitors if whippet racing was instituted. It is an honest, clean sport when conducted properly, and there are few kennels that would not enter iuto the sport with enthusiasm, and as there are always facilities for carrying out such races on the tracks of the Fair grounds, the subject is worthy of careful attention on the part of our Fair managers that give dog shows. In England this sport is fast gaining ground, and as so many of the shows are held in the open in connection with agricultural and flower shows, a whippet handicap will no doubt soon become a recognized feature of the majority of such events, several of them having lately taken place. This is an age of progression, and something new and exciting must be provided to keep the game alive.

Toronto Show.

The list of judges for the Toronto show was received just too late for last week's issue. We would again remind club secretaries and our correspondents generally that copy to insure insertion the current week must be mailed so that it reaches this office not later than Monday.

There is, however, no fault to be found with the list, although two familiar names are absent for the first time in several years. We allude to Messrs. Davidson and Mason. Mr. James Mortimer, fresh from his English refresher and primed with the latest fashions in type and fancy, will have some heavy classes no doubt in mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, Newfoundlands, bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, greyhounds, bulldogs, poodles, Scotch terriers, black and tan terriers, Irish, Dandie Dinmont, Bedlington, Skye and Yorkshire terriers, pugs, toy terriers and Italian greyhounds, and the miscellaneous classes.

Mr. T. S. Bellin, of Albany, N. Y. (late of England, please, Mr. Superintendent), will tackle his favorite breeds, fox-terriers and bull-terriers, and we do hope for the good of dogdom that he will be careful when the bull-terrier pups come in. This is not a reflection on this gentleman's judging powers, but merely a reminder of the awful consequences that may happen from "Uncle Dick's" recklessness.

Maj. Taylor will have a big day's work before him with the large entries generally made at this show in pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, beagles, English and American foxhounds and dachshunds. He will find considerably more bench show type and not so much of the reckless field imitations as he did at Louisville, and therefore be better able to do himself justice. Mr. E. M. Oldham, of New York city, with Irish water, Clumber, field and cocker spaniels, will be at home and among those who appreciate his judging, but how he will fare with the short-nosed brigade—King Charles, Prince Charles, ruby, Blenheim and Japanese spaniels is yet to be seen, but his task will not be a difficult one. Mr. Robert McEwen, of Byron, Ont, is the only Canadian judge, and in fact the only only one outside of New York State, but he will probably find his office much easier to fill than he did at the specialty show in May last, when, added to the natural nervousness of a first appearance, such a hot lot of dogs were put down before him. The show so far seems to promise a successful issue.

The heat in England at present is having almost the same effect at their summer shows as would be the case were such shows held here during the heated term, although with shorter distances to travel the danger is not so great as with us. Dockleaf no doubt wes affected by the heat at Cardiff, although there is now a report that there was foul play in connection with his sudden death. Another crack bulldog, Monkey Brand, is said to have almost succumbed at Reading show on July 12, but happily he has recovered. Bulldogs and pugs and all such peculiarly headed dogs are always more liable to succumb to heat in traveling and at shows. Their short thick necks and obstructed formation of nose and muzzle precluding in a more or less degree a free passage of air as in a setter or pointer or other straight-muzzled dog, and exhibitors should bear this fact in mind when shipping to our fall and early summer shows when the temperature is so liable to sudden changes. As we have previously stated, it is better to run a little risk from draughts than to expose your dog, be it bulldog or collie, to suffocation. Such a loss is nearly always indefensible and heartless. While upon this subject we may allude to the mistaken idea some exhibitors entertain that an open slat crate is the best for shipping dogs in hot weather. This we have repeatedly proved to be erroneous, and no later than the Louisville show this fact was brought prominently to our notice. On the way down, the heat was simply—well, fiendish, and we noticed in one baggage car several dogs crated in open slat boxes. These had no protection from the hot air; it was all around them, back and front, and with tongues lolling out and panting for dear life their situation was truly pitiful. Other dogs were sensibly crated, that is, the crates had solid roofs, sides and bottom, but under the eaves of the roof there were open spaces through which a current of air was continually attracted, and the dogs, although there were often two or more in a crate, were comparatively comfortable, and while the open-slat-crated dogs were continually craving for water and could scarcely be satisfied, the others did not even open their mouths, and often refused water when offered to them. Exhibitors who know their business use such crates as were introduced to this country when the Belmont and Rutherford and Thayer crack fox-terriers were imported some years ago. These, we believe, are known as the "Turner" crates, at least they emanated from that kennel, and are in general use in England, and many of the terrier and collie men have had boxes built on their lines. They are as comfortable for winter traveling as in summer, for the baggage cars on our railroads are often uncomfortably heated in winter, and when dogs are piled on the platform to wait for another train, or when being transferred to the show building iu express wagons they are often exposed to a change in temperature of anywhere from 20 to 40° and sometimes more; thus a crate such as we mention becomes indispensable, as it allows no direct draught to play upon the dogs; a tin or zinc shield on the inside of the aperture, and sloping toward the center of the roof, prevents this even if the dog is standing up, the air thus being forced to the top of the crate, and then equally distributed throughout the box.

Our exhibitors should pay more attention to this subject, and if they do they will be saved many anxious moments spent in curing their dogs of pneumonia and rheumatism incurred while traveling. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

In its report of the Collie Club show, held lately in London, the *Field* has this to say in regard to the modern collie as seen on English benches: "Generally, there does not appear to be any improvement in the form and character of the collie as he is known to-day. A year or two ago we fancied that the long, greyhound-headed type of dog was going out of fashion, but, after seeing the kind of animal which numerically predominated on Tuesday, we are afraid such is scarcely the case. Many of the winners were handsome enough, especially in color, but there appeared to be a lack of expression throughout—a narrowness in the skull and an absence of bright intelligence which ought to be prevailing features in animals of this variety. A long head, small, semi erect ears, and a profuse fluffy coat are evidently here obtained at the sacrifice of more useful properties; lightness of bone, too, appears to be a modern characteristic. Those who are in the habit of seeing collies doing their proper work are no doubt disappointed with the stamp of dog that wins in the show ring nowadays. On many occasions it has been our duty to draw attention to the lack of attention judges give to the action and movement of dogs when in the ring. This was particularly marked on Tuesday, and until some of the bitches were placed before Mr. Rae, the judge, he did not even have the competitors paraded round the ring in the usual fashion; and what use is a collie unless he can move and gallop? A wild fell sheep requires a lot of turning; some we have seen which could actually run away from almost any sheepdog. However, let us hope that the prize winners could move freely, although no opportunity was afforded them to show what they could do in this particular."

The well known spaniel judge Mr. E. M. Oldham, sailed for England July 18. He has merely taken a run over on private business and will return in the course of a week or two.

Special prizes at the Des Moines show are numerous, the most valuable being a silver cup, value $25, for the best kennel of St. Bernards, and from $10 cash prizes the others range from a set of underwear to a violin. The judge of all classes will be John Davidson.

A show was held July 18, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, which is interesting from the fact that it was held in the same building, the Corn Exchange, in which the first dog show took place arranged by Mr. John Shorthose and Mr. W. R. Pape, at the suggestion of Mr. R. Brailsford, father of the well-known field trial man. In that show, held in 1859, there were 60 entries, confined to pointers and setters. An interesting feature of the show was the appearance of Mr. Shorthose who, despite the long lapse of years since his first show, has not allowed his love for dogs to languish. Another old face was that of Mr. John Douglas, who we well remember as an active judge and promoter of dog and horse shows in the early seventies.

Mr. James Mortimer, who has not yet been able to tear himself away from his English friends, is still buying dogs. His last investment has been in schipperkes, and they are good ones, too. Black Peter, that he claimed at Barking show, is one, and three others come from Mr. Lullam's kennel. Schipperkes have not taken very well over here, and are confined to a couple of kennels, but if a more earnest effort is made to bring them to the front they may take

Lady Eva, the Irish terrier bitch he bought from Mrs. Butcher, is said to be in whelp to that lady's noted Ted Malone.

A new bulldog, Donna Venu, was brought out at Bristol, (Eng,) show by Mr. Hodgson. She is only 9mos. old, but won no less than five firsts, a load of specials and the championship.

Mr. Berrie, the president of the Bulldog Club, would seem to be no more happy in his judging selections in bull-terriers than in the older breed. At Bristol he simply flabbergasted the fraternity by giving to Dick Whittington, a local dog, the cream of the prizes, and when it is remarked that the dog was only catalogued at $30 and remained unclaimed even though smothered with honors, there seems good cause for the general complaint. Mr. Berrie is an old and respected judge, but it would seem that the old adage might well be applied to him.

Merry Coll, the noted collie, is now the property of Mr. H. Thompson, he having paid $375 for him.

Collie men on this side had better be prepared, it may blow "great guns" before long. 'Nuff said.

Mr. A. E. Pitts of Columbus, Ohio, so well known as a pug fancier, and who imported Ch. Penrice and others, made us a pleasant call on Tuesday last. He says he likes breeding pugs better than judging kennel prizes. Mr. Pitts has a young bitch by Ch. Penrice, out of Silver Queen, that he sold to Seminole Kennels, which he thinks better than anything he ever had, and will probably show her with others at the New York show next February.

English Setter Blood Lines.

IT is only natural that the sportsmen on the Pacific Coast should feel deeply interested in the articles on English setter breeding by Mr. P. H. Bryson, which recently appeared in FOREST AND STREAM. Both *Breeder and Sportsman* and *Field Sports* reprint the essay on English setter dams, in their issues of June 30. Mr. H. T. Payne, editor of *Field Sports* and owner of Countess Noble and other good field dogs, gives the subject serious consideration, and as he understands his subject his remarks are well worth reading. He writes:

"The article is full of many truths and valuable suggestions, and had Mr. Bryson gone a little deeper into the subject and made a more careful analysis of the blood lines and the manner in which they were crossed, he would have somewhat modified his deductions and made his article one of lasting benefit to the breeder who mixes intelligence with every cross he makes. If his love for his grand old dog Gladstone—whose memory we revere and whose praises we love to sing—has the effect of coloring Mr. Bryson's views to some extent, we can but admire him for it the more. Yet, while we yield to no one in our admiration of the great Gladstone, we wish to do justice to another equally as great, and whose blood for a top cross has even been greater. It is unnecessary to say that we refer to Count Noble. The value of the uniting of the blood of these two dogs is obvious to every one who has watched the breeding of our field trial winners. But the careful observer must have noticed that this blood must be joined in one way, viz.: the Count Noble sire and the Gladstone dam. This Mr. Bryson shows in his article, but neglects to point out to the less observant, that the blood of Gladstone in the dam does not breed on to any great extent unless continued by top crosses of the blood of Count Noble. It may be that Mr. Bryson has not thought this of sufficient importance to call attention to it in his article, or possibly, being more interested in watching the blood descendants of Gladstone he has not noticed it. Be this as it may, it is very important to the breeder and should be carefully considered in the mating of his dogs. Mr. Bryson says that 'few dams breed on unless rich in his (Gladstone) blood.' 'He was the sire of Peep-o'-Day, the dam of Carrie J. and Gath, the latter the sire of Gath's Hope and Gath's Mark, who have a double cross of Gladstone in them through their dam.' 'He was the sire of Twin Maude, the dam of Roderigo,' and 'the sire of Bo-Peep, the dam of Orlando, Antonio, etc.,' 'the dam of Gladstone's Girl, Florence Gladstone and Juno A.' But how many of these noted dams have ever produced a winner except when bred to dogs whose top cross has been of Count Noble blood, that is a direct descendant on the male line from Count Noble.

"Carrie J. only produced winners through Count Noble. Gem produced a wonderful class of winners and sons of winners—four sons getting no less than twenty-seven winners in the trials—when bred to a son of Count Noble, but only one when bred to a son of Gladstone. Twin Maude produced the great Roderigo by Count Noble, while Jean Val Jean is only the sire of six. Bo-Peep when bred to a son of Count Noble produced eight winners. Gladstone's Girl produced five winners when bred to Count Noble and his sons. Florence Gladstone produced two winners by a son of Count Noble. Juno A. produced two winners, one by a son of Count Noble and the other by Dashing Berwyn. Thus it will be seen that only three winners were produced by these famous bitches except when crossed on to the direct male line of descendants of Count Noble. But it is not necessary to stop with these. The record of our field trials lays down a rule for our guidance—a path for us to follow that has been blazed on every field trial ground in America.

"The happy expression of Mr. Bryson's, that 'Gladstone's daughters are the mothers in Israel of our field trial winners,' is true only when the blood of Count Noble furnishes all the top crosses on the side of the sire. Count Noble and his descendants on the male line have now produced 116 field trial winners, only forty-seven of which are out of bitches sired by Gladstone or his descendants. On the other hand the bitches sired by Gladstone and his descendants down to the third generation have only produced ten winners when bred to other than Count Noble dogs. Gladstone dogs have only produced nine winners by Count Noble bitches, while other dogs have produced twenty-nine.

"It has also been demonstrated that the male line descendants of Count Noble cross splendidly on bitches sired by Count Noble dogs, last season's trials furnishing no less than seven winners bred in this way. But it must be remembered that in nearly all of the cases just cited both the sire and dam have a strong cross of Gladstone blood. The conclusion then that we must arrive at is: Breed for as strong an infusion of the blood of both of these great dogs as possible, having the sire a direct descendant of Count Noble on the male line, with his dams strong in Gladstone blood and the bitches bred to, just as strong as possible in Gladstone and Count Noble blood.

"Just how far this plan of breeding—that has for years produced our best dogs—can be carried with safety, without the infusion of other blood, remains to be seen. In many cases it has been carried to a great length, as in the cases of Allene, Bessie Shoupe, Sadie Ross and others, without giving occasion for the least alarm. We believe that it can be carried to almost any length provided a good balance is maintained through the Druid-Ruby or some other level-headed strain that has plenty of hunt in it. Mr. Bryson has has had a great deal of experience in this field and has done as much toward the development of the English setter as any man in America, and we are pleased to see that he is giving his experience and observation to the public, and we can only look at his failure to give the facts cited above as an oversight.

A NOTABLE FAMILY.

Ingleside Maximilian and Gerda II., with Lady Diana, Emperor William, Emperor Maximilian and another. Owned by Dr. C. A. Lougest, Boston, Mass.

"America is breeding to-day the best dogs in the world, and we are breeding them by combining the blood of these two great dogs in as near equal portions as possible. The best success being obtained when the male line in the sire comes down direct from Count Noble with his dams and the dam's dams coming from Gladstone through the Druid-Ruby or Rake blood."

Manitoba Field Trials Club's Derby Entries.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

BONNIE LIL—John Wootton's black and white bitch (Orlando—Lady Lit).

COLUMBUS—W. F. Ellis's black, white and tan dog (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link).

CORKER—W. F. Ellis's black, white and tan dog (Duke of Manitoba—H. E. N.).

LADY MILDRED—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Ruby's Girl).

TOM BEGGS—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl).

NELLIE FOX—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Can Can).

GENEVIEVE—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Countess Rush).

TONY BOY—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Laundress).

ROSE—J. H. Rose's black, white and tan bitch (Ranger—Daisy).

DASH ANTONIO—R. Baugham's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Lady Lucifer).

PRINCE LIT—M. Ryan's black and white dog (Orlando—Lady Lit).

MISS LIT—F. G. Simpson's black, white and tan bitch (Orlando—Lady Lit).

NORMA C.—R. Neill's black and white bitch (Manitoba Gladstone—Nora T.).

DOC YORKE—L. W. Smith's black, white and tan dog (Orlando—Atlanta).

ANNIE OAKLEY—L. W. Smith's black, white and tan bitch (Orlando—Atlanta).

CYNOSURE—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).

CLEMENTINA—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Rod-erigo—Norah II.).

COLUMBINE—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).

ROMANCE—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Novelist).

TORY DOTLET—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Deller).

SNATCH—T. Cowan's black and white dog (no breeding).

MINAL—Geo. Loames's black and white dog (Roy—Tees).

DRUID—W. T. Kirby's black and white dog (Manitoba Gladstone—Nora T.).

BLUNDER—W. E. McKenny's liver and white dog (Duke of Manitoba—H. E. N.).

IRISH SETTERS.

MONA SADLY—A. D. Wellon's bitch (Finglas — Katie O'Shea).

POINTERS.

TIPPOO—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog (Rip Rap—Montorey).

DELHI—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog (Rip Rap—Queen II.).

FAUSTINA—T. G. Davey's liver and white bitch (Ridgeview Faust—Peggie).

LUCY—T. G. Davey's liver and white bitch (Ridgeview Faust—Peggie).

SHOT—Dr. Dalgleish's black, white and ticked dog (no breeding).

HEMPSTEAD DON—Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog (Sandford Druid—Merrylegs.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. H. C., Cincinnati, O.—Pull the skin of the tail toward the root as far as possible, then snip two-thirds of the tail off with a pair of large sharp scissors. Touch the stump with Friar's balsam two or three times and the pup will soon be all right. Docking should be done when about two weeks old, but of course it can be done later. There is no advantage in biting the tail and pulling out the worm, besides it is not nice.

F. T. A., Palenville, N. Y.—My setter dog, adout 7yrs. old, has been troubled for several years with constipation, for which I have doctored him. About nine months past a bunch formed just to the right of the root of the tail. It is now larger than an orange, is soft and seems to be filled with air or gas. It is very unsightly, and besides draws the anus away to one side. I have thought it might have come from constipation, causing a rent in the rectinal canal. Am I right? If not, please state what caused it, and how to cure it. Can it be cured or will it ultimately kill him? Ans. It is probably a serious abscess. You should have it attended to at once, and it will very probably be cured.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.

Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

Show Beagles as Practical Field Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Judging from a recent article in your valued journal by Mr. Ellis he is not "dead in love" with beagles, and yet to me it appears his condemnation of the breed is very unjust, simply because he owned one that did not come up to his standard as a hunter. Now I want nearly the same kind of a hunter that Mr. Ellis describes, a dog that really does the hunting, a hound that will range, find his trail, ferret it out, make the start and stay to the finish, be it for one hour or all day, and drive his game all the time. There are plenty of beagles that can, and will, do all this. Beagles from 12 to 15in. at shoulder—beagles built on working lines, not of the pet type, that have bodies like a pug—but those with deep chests, well sprung ribs and well tucked up in flanks.

No sportsman or hunter has harder ground for a dog to work over than the writer, who lives in the foothills of the Adirondacks, and we use beagles exclusively to hunt hare, fox and deer with. Two fine deer were killed ahead of one of our little bitches last season and we shall try for more again this season, but our principal hunting is hare (*Lepus americanus*). Did Mr. Ellis ever see a breed of dogs that did not produce some specimens that we all term "duffers," not only as regards typical points, but in action, disposition and character? They do not differ much in that respect from the human family. How many of our oldest, richest and most respected families but have occasionally a member which but for the good name of a sire, and the wealth at his back, would be called a "duffer," and very often the sire and wealth do not prevent it. Again, if a half hound mongrel that has any sign of hunt in him is owned in a section where game is as plenty as in the locality where Mr. Ellis found his, and is allowed his entire liberty, as his was, could not do better work than a beagle that is owned and kept in a city, either loose or on the streets, confined in a yard or tied on a chain for eleven months in a year, then he should be shot. Just change the two dogs, bring the cur to the city and turn the beagle loose among the rabbits, and then see who does the best work. The beagles or foxhounds who do the best hunting are those owned by men who give them opportunities to develop the natural instincts that are bred in them, and from such stock are bred the best and most natural hunters. I, too, often think that too little attention is given the hunting qualities of this grand little hound by some of our hunters. If every breeder was himself a hunter, a man who loved the music of the hounds, was not too fat or lazy to take a tramp with them often, where there was game, the breed would profit by it, and the pet type and the timid ones would grow less and less each year. Let me repeat it again, there are plenty of beagles in different kennels I know of that can please Mr. E. with their hunting qualities, and any time during open season if he should happen our way would be pleased to name some of them, and if convenient bring the mongrel "whirlwind" along and we may take a tramp after hare, and if he does better work, can handle his game better, knows where to look for them better, or will stay longer and do business, we will "acknowledge the corn" to readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

D. E. B. O'NAIR.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., July 21.

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Editor Forest and Stream:

In this week's issue I see that "Agamak" and F. B. Robinson have had something to say in regard to the best dog for rabbit shooting, and this has impelled me to say something, as I can by careful reading see an undercurrent of partiality all round, for the three letters of Ellis, Agamak and Robinson, do not give the value and esteem to our canine friends and companions that they deserve. They appear to look upon a dog as a brute to do their bidding, not a friend or companion, but "my slave." Now I look upon a dog as I would a human being. In man we have different natures; some are quick to learn, bold and courageous, others slow, timid and shy. We have men of great brains while others seem to lack any brains whatever; some are very even-tempered, others very excitable. If every sportsman who owns a dog will just raise him from the mere brute standard, and place him nearer the human standard, and treat him and train him more as you would a child or friend, I think you would not have so many dogs, hounds especially, that do not understand their business. A child can be spoiled, yes, ruined forever, by its bringing up, yet that child may not be a fool. It may have just as many brains, perhaps more, than the child that is properly trained and carefully brought up to be ever after an honor to society and the world at large. And it is just the same with dogs. If a hound is properly and carefully brought up and properly and carefully trained, be he beagle or foxhound or mongrel (as "Agamak" calls them), he will be a good rabbit dog. But they are not all alike, some will be good on one point and not so good on another; some may have a better nose on scent; others may be a little too excitable, and so on, just like man.

The worst idea that a trainer of a hound can get into his

head is that he knows it all and the dog knows nothing. When I train my puppies I do not go into the woods expecting to kill a rabbit; I take my gun and walk along, letting the pup follow. I do not play with him in the woods, but slowly walk around, paying no attention apparently to the pup, yet my eye is on every move, and if curiosity or the natural hunting instinct cause him to turn to one side and smell about I remain just where he left me until his return. I say nothing to him, but remain perfectly still, so as not even to attract his attention. He, not finding me very good company, will soon begin to wander around in search of something to interest him, and possibly he may scare out a rabbit, but never by any means shoot his first rabbit near the pup, unless you wish a gunshy dog. Wait until he gets to trailing and then shoot the rabbit. Do not go near it; let the pup find it if it takes all day, he will surely think he caught it, and you will be surprised to see how the hunting instinct will come out.

There is a great deal of care required after this to develop the intelligence which lies in a hound, but at present I merely wish to show Mr. Ellis, "Agamak" and Mr. Robinson that when we wish to decide which is the best hound for rabbits (as I think that is the point under discussion) we should not, like Mr. Ellis, say that a sheep dog like Snyder, or the slow-pottering old Turk, or the rat-tailed Ranger are the only good rabbit dogs in the world just because he had bad luck with the beagle Question. Who was to blame—Mr. Ellis, the beagle or the trainer of the beagle? And why was he shooting at a rabbit unless his bitch or beagle was on its trail? I should just as soon think of shooting my grandfather down in cold blood as shoot a rabbit unless my dog was trailing it. I go very often into the woods with my dog and gun, and sitting down in a comfortable place near a runway for hares, watch them for hours as they pass me. And sometimes the hare will sit up and look at me with his big wondering eyes. I suppose you would give him about 1⅛oz. No. 5 cold lead, but for the life of me I could not do it. I will shoot him just before I go home and on the run for his life ahead of my dog, or not at all.

Now, "Agamak," perhaps you are a little hasty in saying Mr. Ellis wished to stir up the beagle men; I don't think that is what he meant. He has related his experience as a novice at hunting, and wishes the experience of others to learn if he is right or which is the better dog. Remember, there was a time when you and I only thought of getting the rabbit no matter by what means employed; kill him anyway, even if you have to take a fish liue, bend down a sapling and string him up. Thank goodness I have outgrown all this, and no doubt you have if you have been a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM.

And now, Mr. Robinson, you say you started your beagle on the track. What did you start it for? If your beagle was properly trained there was no need to start it. That is one of the reasons why I stated that many men were disposed to think they know it all, and the dogs know nothing; if your beagle was properly trained it would hunt its own tracks without your help. You also state that you and two other friends shot twenty-one rabbits and three quail with a foxhound, and the four fellows with four beagles got three rabbits. What argument is that against the beagle as a rabbit dog? First—How did you get three quail with a foxhound? Second—Did you not have a great advantage in knowing your rabbit ground, and perhaps more experience in hunting them? Third—Do you always shoot twenty-one or more rabbits with your dog?

It is a known fact if a man goes out just for the sake of killing he can kill more rabbits in a day with one good dog, used to hunting alone, than he can with three or four, be they ever so good, for there never were dogs so near alike but that they would bother each other when running together. Then again, some men are not—well, we will call it lucky, in hunting or fishing as others, but for mercy's sake, do not blame the poor dogs.

To sum this all up and to do justice to all dogs in a conservative manner, without prejudice to any, I will state that I have hunted, raised and trained hounds for thirty years, from the mongrel, so called, to the pedigreed blue blood foxhound and beagle, for rabbit, fox and coon. For an all-round dog for fox give me a foxhound; for coon, a mongrel, half hound and shepherd dog; for rabbits give me the beagle, and I will state here that I can shoot more foxes with a beagle, if especially trained for them, as they do not scare a fox so much with their musical voices.

I like a beagle for rabbits because a beagle can follow a rabbit trail on dry leaves, where a foxhound cannot get a smell, likewise on a crust or wet swamp. They are not so excitable aud erratic, and will follow their trail steadily, instead of chasing sheep, like old Snyder, or "anything from a squirrel to a deer," like friend Robinson's hound. It is the beagles' nature, bred and born in them, to stick to what they are trained for. It is claimed that a beagle cannot run in snow a foot deep; my beagles will run or crawl in snow *four* feet deep from morn until night, where the best rabbit foxhound I ever saw gave up in one round, having gone in to his neck at every jump, while the little beagle crawled on top. I have one now, the mother of it from Mr. Reed's (of Vermont) stock, which began to run when five months old and ran every day last winter, Sundays excepted. In snow, blow, rain or sunshine, crust or no crust, she will average ten hours a day for five days a week. This summer, right in the scorching sun she is running now, while I am writing, on the hill near by, and is only sixteen months old this month. There were over 150 hares shot ahead of her this winter.

Never strike a beagle, they are timid, but talk to them just as you would a human being, and they quickly learn to understand. Besides being rabbit dogs, they are the best house pets also; always neat and clean, and very affectionate, and so handy to take in a carriage or sleigh, for they will lie in your lap and help keep your hauds warm on a cold ride.

Oh, I could write forty more pages on beagles and foxhounds; on training and their doings, but this letter is too long already. COLOMBIA.

CLAREMONT, N. H., July 22.

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Editor Forest and Stream:

The beagle is perhaps the true and proper form of dog for hunting the rabbit, and it is not the purpose of this writing to decry the handsome little fellows which the breeders are striving so hard to bring to the front as an ideal hunting dog for those who, like myself, are fond of shooting "Br'er Rabbit," careering in front of two or three couples of these musical-voiced little dogs. But it is not always possible for every man to find just the Simon-pure beagle that will suit him; they, like many another good thing, cost money, and if the man who would have a pack is not wealthy, he is forced to buy puppies or breed his pack if he would economize, and any one who has tried this experiment knows just what it means; time, patience and something of skill to properly break the pack to the gun and whistle, ere he has just what he wants. It is commonly supposed that a beagle will break himself, his blood and general make-up preparing him for the chase; but it has been my experience that these dogs will stand all the training that any other dog needs to fit them to hunt with any degree of pleasure to the hunter.

The blue-blooded beagle is a hunter, as game as any other animal with blood; but this breed has not the advantage of years of association with man and the influence of genera tions of trained progenitors, hence they are not always the easiest to control, and sometimes will not submit to control at all. The rabbit dog, on the other hand, is always with us: you can buy a carload of him at almost any price and of all degrees of excellence, and at the risk of being considered a pessimist, I must confess that, in my opinion, the good-looking rabbit dog, showing as much blood as possible and something larger than the standard-bred beagle, is for some countries—like my own, for instance—a better dog than his more highly-bred competitor.

Where I live the cover is rank, the rabbits hunted until cunning as foxes, and it needs a dog with long legs to push them so that the gun gets a chance. It is all very well to have a pack of blue bloods, nothing better, if all are first-class dogs, for then you know just what to expect, but put a genuine rabbit dog or two into the pack, and my word for it, the latter will have the rabbit run to the gun or into a hole almost before the little fellows get well warmed up on the trail.

The prevailing sentiment of the writers on such subjects seems to be that the mere pleasure of hearing the dogs run is sufficient return for the trouble of going afield; but I have long since come to the conclusion that this sounds better on paper than it operates in actual practice. We go hunting for sport and for game, and while the music of the dogs is all very well for the time, it does not fill the empty game pockets worth a cent; any man with a love of sport can enjoy a good race with his beagles and not kill a thing but time, that is all right in its place, but sentiment does not go very well when a man gets away from business for a day's sport and returns at night with nothing more substantial as a result of his day than the remembrance of the canine symphonies he has heard. Now, if this is so, we want a dog to go right down to business, and as I have said, if the ordinary sportsman wants dogs for rabbit huuting he is forced to get a rabbit dog or go without; and if he does get the right kind of such a dog, technically known as a "nigger dog" or "meat hound," he is going to have some superb sport, such sport as will easily console him for the good-natured jibes and taunts of his more exclusive friends, who are able to buy the pure quill, and perhaps if in company with them for a day turn the tables on them by the superior work of his plebian stock.

A recent article in these columns reminded me of the experience I had several years ago when I wanted a rabbit dog. I had just moved into the country, and just as soon as it became known that I wanted to buy a dog, my place was simply taken by storm. At almost any time in the day a dog and a man or boy, might have been seen, either negotiating a sale or making their way toward the house for the same purpose; all were first-class dogs, of course; that was understood at the offstart; pedigree or kind of dog had nothing to do with their ability as rabbit dogs, certainly not; a big woolly dog or a bull-terrier, it was always the same; it is or was the best rabbit dog in the world. I think, without exaggeration, there must have been twenty-five dogs brought in for inspection, only to be turned down, with some emphasis toward the last, the hunting season finding me still dogless. With the open season came a different strain of dogs for inspection, something more like what I wanted. I remember one pair of black and tans; they were beauties, and their owner was a sportsman, too. We turned them down in my orchard one morning, and in a few minutes they were off on a hot trail; they ran like fiends, but in a few minutes they lost, and after some time spent in trailing gave it up and came in. This happened a dozen times during the morning and at noon the owner called them in and left, disgusted, volunteering no excuse, but very sore, for he had boasted not a little of the staying qualities of the pair. I did not then know as much as I do now or I would have bought that pair; the explanation of their poor running was easy to one with experience; the weeds were high, the day dry, and the dogs out for the first time that season. Afterward when they were in better shape I hunted over the same pair and killed, with a companion, eighteen "cottontails" without an error on the part of the dogs.

Billy Fieles, he of Christiana, though he then lived in Baltimore, finally filled the bill for me and the bitch I got from him, albeit somewhat old, is still the pride of my heart; a rabbit-dog pure and simple, though showing signs of good blood somewhere in her breeding, for, while over the standard size, measuring seventeen inches at the shoulder, her long, drooping ears and hound head, and her softly blended black and tan markings, make her a picture worthy of an artist's brush. In the field she is a grand hunter, using both ear and eyes as well as nose; many times I have seen her leave a hot trail after scanning the vicinity and rush to a clump of briers or a rail pile, routing bunny out of his form while the other dogs were still puzzling over the trail. She will find woodcock and open as they flush, and I have killed many Bob Whites with her. (This dog is not for sale, or, thank heaven, she is not the best dog in the world, only a reasonably intelligent animal that it was a pleasure to train, responding with affection to every advance of her master and friend.)

Just at present I have a pair of genuine "nigger dogs," perfect little beauties, too, looking something like beagles, nice size and the most remorseless little fiends on a rabbit's trail I ever saw, and as intelligent as could be desired, but, alas, without the sign of a pedigree. With these and the other mentioned above I have had rare sport, hope to have more in the near future, and probably to my discredit, would not swap the trio for the same number of pedigreed dogs even if I could find any one fool enough to offer me such a deal. SAMUEL J. FORT, M.D.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md.

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Altcar Club Meeting.

WE have not heard from Mr. L. F. Bartels, of Denver, Col., for some time, but when he does favor us with a communication it is generally worth publishing. This time he tells us that at a meeting of the executive committee of the Altcar Club held at Denver July 24, they mapped out the following programme:

Altcar Stakes for aged greyhounds, 32 or more, $10 entrance for members and $12 50 for non-members, $150 added money, with 50% entrance money to first, 25% to second and 12½% to third and fourth each.

Colorado Stakes for dog puppies, 8 or more, entrance $7.50 for members and $10 for non-members, $50 added money, with 50% of entrance money to first, 25% to second and 12½% to third and fourth each.

Holyoke Stakes for bitch puppies, 8 or more, with prizes same as Colorado Stakes.

The club will retain 10% of all entrance moneys to help defray expenses. The meeting will be held at Holyoke, Col., (on the Burlington Railroad), on Nov. 6 and days following. They have secured the services of E. H. Mulcaster as judge and Ralph L. Taylor as slipper. Wallace, Neb., boys have promised that they will hold a meeting the week following the Altcar meeting. This ought to bring a number of entries.

Mr. Bartels informs us that Wallace is only sixty miles from Holyoke on the same railroad. Greyhound owners intending to run dogs can therefore take in these two meetings without having to travel all over the country and "jinning" the dogs all up. Holyoke, Col., is an enterprising city in the eastern part of Colorado; the citizens are thorough sportsmen, and have lent material assistance to all sports in their part of the country. The Burlington railroad have assured the club of their material assistance, and, adds Mr. Bartels, you all know what it means if the Burlington does anything—nothing half-way about it.

Further our correspondent says: But the best piece of news I have for you is this. During an animated discussion as to the merits of some of the more prominent greyhound sires, between a number of our members, I suggested that we have a Produce Stake next year. At our executive committee meeting of the Altcar Club the matter was again brought up, with the result that the club has decided to give a Produce Stake in the fall of 1895 for the produce of 1894. Nominations are to close on Nov. 6, 1894. Entrance money is to be divided 50 per cent. to first, 25 per cent. to second, and 12½ per cent. each to third and fourth. The entrance fee is $5, of which $2.50 is to accompany the nomination, and the balauce, $2.50, is to be paid before the draw for the Aged Stake at our next meeting in the fall of 1895. It is safe to say that the following well known sires will be represented: Lord Neversettle, Trales, Babazoun, Miller's Rab, Boomerang, Glenkirk, Royal Crest and Norwegian. You can count on the Colorado boys entering at least thirty, as we have pledged ourselves to do it.

A good Produce Stake will do more to enhance the interests of the greyhound fancier than any other stake. As this is the first Produce Stake for America, we earnestly ask the co-operation of all greyhound fanciers, coursers and sportsmen. Let us have a number of nominations, so that the stake will be well worth winning. It will be the aim of the Altcar Club to add a suitable purse or piece of plate.

The boys are all anxious for Fall to come, to get out with their dogs. Some of them have commenced to "road their dogs" already, preparatory to training them.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The next meeting of the National Beagle Club's field trial committee will be held at the A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, New York, on Aug. 9, at 3 P. M. As the several committees appointed to arrange matters for the club's trials will report at this meeting a full attendance is desired so that definite action can be taken. The club will give settled money prizes so that those who run dogs at these trials will know just what they are out for. A new rule this year is that all entries must be entered in the A. K. C. Stud Book, and while this will debar two or three undoubted beagles whose pedigrees in the early generations have been "lost," still in the long run it will be beneficial and preclude any such unfortunate contretemps as occurred last year when Pade played havoc with the blue bloods. Mr. B. S. Turpin will be one of the judges and is a good choice; the other will be a beagle man who has not yet officiated in that capacity, but is said to know his business. Altogether, given a good country, the coming trials promise to be a greater success than ever.

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Mr. Chapman unsettles us with an invitation to run up and see him in the wilds of Maine where he is busy with his beagles, holding out visions of trout and bass fishing difficult to resist these humid days. Mr. Chapman has a number of Mr. Manice's dachshunds in training for the fall trials and is able to take a few more dogs as he has ample facilities for training young hounds, being in the heart of a good game country, about five miles from Bucksport, Me.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

2. Rochester, Squad. Sail and Review, Charlotte, L. Ontario.
3. Manchester, Ch. Pen., Mass. B.
4. Squantum, Ladies' Day, Squantum, Mass
4. Cape Cod, Club, Orleans.
4. Beverly, Club Cham., Monument Beach.
4. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
4. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
4. Winthrop, Club, Boston Har.
4. Indian Harbor, An. Regatta, L. I. Sound.
4. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.
4-5. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Sausalito.
6. New York, Annual Cruise, Rendezvous Glen Cove.
7. New York, Semi-Centennial Race, Glen Cove.
7-8. Interlake Y. A., 1st Meet, Put-In Bay, Lake Erie.
9. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
9. Interlake Y. A., Cruise, Lake Erie.
10. Manchester, Ch. Pen., Mass. B.
10-11-13. Atlantic City Cor., Special Midsummer Races, Atlantic City.
11. Cape Cod, Club, Orleans.
11. Cleveland, Ladies' Day.
11. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
11. Hempstead Bay, Club, Hempstead Bay.
11. Sea Cliff, An., L. I. Sound.
11-12. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Petaluma Bridge.
11. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor
13. Schoodic, Open, St. Andrews.
16. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
16-17-18. Corinthian, Midsummer Series, Marblehead.
17. Manchester, Ch. Pen., Mass. B.
18. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
18. Cape Cod, Club, Orleans.
18. American, Seaver Cup Newburyport.
18. Beverly, Sweeps, West Falmouth.
18. Indian Harbor, Ladies' Day Race, L. I. Sound.
18. Sea. Cor., 21ft., Roosevelt Memorial Cup, Oyster Bay.
18. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.
20. Rhode Island, Open, Narragansett Bay.
21. Fall River, Open.
25. Atlantic City Cor., Open, Muckle Cup, Atlantic City.
25. Quincy, Open, Dorchester Bay.
25. Squantum, Club Squantum, Mass.
25. Indian Harbor, 22ft., Naphtha Launches, L. I. Sound.
25. Cor. Mus. Fleet, Ann., New Rochelle.
25. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
25. Knickerbocker, Club, L. I. S'd.
25. Columbia, Open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
25. Cor. Phila., Sweeps, Del. River.
25-26. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, California City.
27. Schoodic, 3d Cup, St. Andrews.
30. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte Lake Ontario.

Larchmont Y. C.—21-Footers and Cabin Cats.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 28.

THE third race of the series for the 21-footers was sailed off Larchmont, on July 28, in connection with a race of cabin catboats for the prize given by Mr. F. W. Flint. The course for the 21-footers was from off the Harbor, around the Scotch Caps buoy, then around the buoy off Execution and home, two rounds. The cats sailed the Hempstead—Matinnicock course, 13 miles, naut. The little boats started at 12:15 P. M. and the cats at 12:25 P. M., the former being a one-gun and the latter a time start. The wind was light from S.W., but freshened considerably as the race progressed. Only two of the new boats came to grief, Maysie hung her fin up on the mooring line of a markboat at the start and was disqualified, while Hoodoo lost her forward centerboard just before the start. The times were:

21FT. CLASS.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy	2 48 05	2 33 05
Vaquero	2 49 09	2 34 09
Houri	2 51 12	2 36 12
Blonde and Brunette	2 54 20	2 39 20
Celia	2 55 30	2 40 30
Flirt	3 01 05	2 46 05
Adelaide	3 01 10	2 46 10
Minnetonka	3 01 45	2 46 45
Maysie	Disqualified.	
Hoodoo	Disabled.	

CABIN CAT CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mary	12 25 30	2 31 21	2 05 51	2 05 51
Almira	12 25 54	2 33 33	2 07 39	2 07 21
Myrtle	12 27 06	5 40 50	2 13 44	2 11 02
Onoway	12 26 41	2 37 10	2 10 29	2 06 47
Kittie	12 25 25	2 41 28	2 16 03	2 05 02
Win or Lose	12 25 47	2 42 22	2 16 35	not m'd.

New York Y. C.

On the evening of July 30 the New York Y. C. celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its organization, which took place at a meeting on Mr. John C. Stevens's schooner Gimcrack, at 5 P. M. on July 30, 1844, the yacht being anchored off the Battery, New York. On Tuesday the whole clubhouse was decorated, inside and out, in a way that did credit to the taste of Supt. Neils Olsen, and in the evening a large number of members were present, with officers of other yacht clubs. The following orders have been issued for the annual cruise, which begins next week:

By invitation of the Vice-Commodore, the regatta committee will make the cruise on the Shearwater. Yachts entered for any racing event will display their numbers and private signals as directed in Rule X., section 3. They will show no other colors. Club rules will govern all races, unless otherwise directed. Entries must be made in writing and addressed to the committee, with the exception that for squadron runs, crossing the line will be considered as an entry. The course will be signalled before the preparatory signal is made. Should a signal gun miss fire, a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given. Numbers and extra copies of this circular can be obtained at the club house and on the Shearwater.

The race for the semi-centennial cups will take place at Glen Cove on Aug. 6, and will be open to yachts belonging to the clubs, in cruising trim, and will not be restricted to yachts intending to make the cruise.

In each class a prize for first, if two or more start, and a prize for second if four or more start.

Preparatory signal 11:30 A. M. Entries will be received at the club house, 67 Madison avenue up to 10 P. M., Aug. 5, and on board the Shearwater up to 9 A. M., Aug. 6. They will be bulletined on the Shearwater at 9 A. M., Aug. 6.

Course No 1 (Q F club code), 26 miles: From an imaginary line between the Shearwater and a float 1½ miles W. by S. from Matinicock Point Buoy, to and around a float ¾ mile due N. from Lloyd's Point, leaving it on port in turning; to and around a float ¾ mile due S. from bell buoy on western edge of Green's Ledge (Norwalk Islands) leaving it on port in turning, and finish over a line as drawn for the start.

No. 2 (V N, club code), 26 miles: From an imaginary line between the Shearwater and a float 1½ miles W. by S. from Matinicock Point Buoy; to and around a float ¾ mile due S. from bell buoy on western edge of Green's Ledge (Norwalk Islands), leaving it on starboard in turning; to and around a float ¾ mile due N. from Lloyd's Point Buoy, leaving it on starboard in turning, and finish over a line as drawn for the start.

Note.—The floats will display red flags, with diagonal white stripe. The Green's Ledge float will be marked by a tug showing red ball. All buoys must be passed on the channel side.

The Goelet cups will be sailed for at Newport on Aug. 10. For schooners, a $1,000 cup; for sloops, cutters and yawls, a $500 cup. Offered by Captain Ogden Goelet, N. Y. Y. C., and open to yachts belonging to the club that have not hauled out to clean since the beginning of the cruise. Captain Goelet reserves the privilege of inviting foreign yachts that may be in American waters to enter the race.

Start 10:30 A. M., off Brenton's Reef Lightsbip. Entries will be received at the club house, New York, up to 10 P. M., Aug. 5, and on board the Shearwater up to 8 A. M., Aug. 10.

There will be the customary runs from port to port in cruising trim. In each class there will be a prize for first, if two or more start, and a prize for second, if four or more start. Yachts alone in their classes will be placed in Class 8 (Rule V., Sec. 4).

After the Vice-Commodore has ordered the squadron under way the committee will establish the start lines, which, like the finish lines, will be between the Shearwater and the points indicated in "Courses."

Courses.—Should other courses be established details will be furnished.

Glen Cove to Morris Cove.—From Mautinicock Point Buoy to a stakeboat displaying large club signal, one mile due south from Luddington Rock, 37 miles.

Glen Cove to New London.—From Mantinicock Point Buoy to New London Light, leaving Bartlett's Reef Lightship on port hand, 37 miles.

Morris Cove to New London.—From stakeboat off breakwater to London Light, leaving Cornfield and Bartlett's Reef lightships on port hand, 40 miles.

New London to Newport.—From Sarah's Ledge Buoy to the "Dumplings," leaving Race Rock on port hand, 40 miles.

Newport to Vineyard Haven.—From Brenton's Reef Lightship to West Chop Buoy (Red No. 2), leaving Vineyard Sound Lightship on port hand, 31 miles.

Vineyard Haven to New Bedford.—From West Chop Buoy to Clark's Point, through Quick's Holl, 21 miles.

New Bedford to Newport.—From Clark's Point Light to Brenton's Reef Lightship, leaving Hen and Chickens Lightship on starboard hand, 27 miles.

Vineyard Haven to Newport.—From West Chop Buoy to Brenton's Reef Lightship, leaving Vineyard Sound Lightship on starboard hand, 37 miles.

On Aug. 6 the Sam Sloane will leave the foot of East Twenty-sixth street at 9:30 A. M.; Long Island City (annex of L. I. R. R.) at 10 o'clock, and will make a landing at Glen Cove. She will touch at these points returning, and will reach East Twenty-sixth street not later than 7 P. M. Members can obtain their tickets, which will not be transferable, and will admit one lady each, from the superintendent, at the club house, 67 Madison avenue, and also at the Long Island City and Glen Cove landings.

On Aug. 10 the Edgar S. Luckenback will leave the foot of Long Wharf, Newport, at 10 A. M. Members can obtain tickets from the superintendent, 67 Madison avenue, or Capt. F. J. Sands, N. Y. Y. C., Station No. 6, Newport. Number limited to 75. Should the race be postponed, these arrangements will hold good on Aug. 11.

A tug will leave Glen Cove at 9:45 P. M., Aug. 6, to enable members and guests leaving the squadron to reach the city.

Vigilant's Races.

At the time of going to press last week, the details of the Royal Cork regatta were not known, merely the times being cabled over. It appeared in the later despatches that on the second leg of the last round the band on the gaff to which the throat halyards are shackled gave way, cutting into the spar. A lashing was clapped on and the race sailed to a successful finish, Vigilant winning by 3m. 25s., corrected time. As soon as the mishap was known, Admiral St. John came alongside and offered to have the repairs made at the Navy Yard, but it finally appeared that the yard had been closed, the men taking a holiday during the regattas. The work was transferred to the Passage Dry Docks by Mr. L. J. Walker, the American Vice-Consul, in his steam launch the same evening and work begun at once, in order that Vigilant might sail next day. Although the work was pushed all night, it was not completed in a manner satisfactory to Capt. Haff, and Mr. Gould decided not to start. Mr. Jameson offered to wait until the following day if Vigilant would promise to start then; but, as Mr. Gould would make no promise, Britannia sailed alone over half of the course, taking half of the regular prize. While at Cork Mr. Gould offered a cup of American manufacture, to cost 100 guineas ($500) for yachts of over 100 rating in the next regatta. Sir John Arnott, of Cork, also offered a prize of £100 for an ocean race, provided the finish be in Cork harbor, but Mr. Gould has not yet accepted it, objecting to the proposed finish. In addition to the new gaff fittings, Vigilant's mainsail was altered at Cork, presumably by Mr. Wilson and the sailmaker who accompanied him. Atalanta towed both Vigilant and Britannia over to Penzance, arriving on July 26.

The Mount's Bay regatta was sailed on July 28, the course this time being a triangle of 8¼ mile legs, or two rounds to make 50 miles. The wind was light from the south and the water quite smooth, with only a long swell on the Channel. The course was a reach from the line, off Penzance, to a markboat off Mousehole Point, a second reach thence to a markboat off Porthleven, and a run over the third leg. With Britannia and Vigilant was the 40-rater Corsair. Satanita was in port, but her skipper sailed for Falmouth too soon to receive a telegram from Mr. Clarke ordering her to start in the race. There was some sharp work at the start, Corsair going over first and Britannia leading Vigilant by 8s., being under Vigilant's lee bow. Both carried clubtopsails and small jibtopsails for the close reach, the wind heading until both had to tack finally for the Mousehole mark. Britannia from the start worked out from under Vigilant, and soon had a good lead. Owing to a fog they were not timed at the first mark. On the broad reach to the second mark, with big jibtopsails set, Britannia still gained, having nearly 3m. lead at the Porthleven mark. The last leg was run under spinakers, Vigilant gaining a little, the end of the round being timed: Britannia 1:14:22, Vigilant 1:16:30. Corsair was some miles astern, and out of the race.

The first leg of the second round was to windward, Britannia increasing her lead a little. The second leg was a reach, with a beam wind, Britannia still gaining, the times at Portleven being: Britannia 8:24:10, Vigilant 8:27:22.

The last leg was sailed by Britannia under balloon staysail and large jibtopsail, Vigilant carrying spinaker and balloon jibtopsail. The finish was timed: Britannia 4:19:27, Vigilant 4:24:40. Britannia wins by 6m. 23s.

From the reports the long roll of the channel troubled Vigilant more than it did Britannia.

The racers were towed to Falmouth on July 29 for the race of Monday, Satanita being already there, but on Monday morning the wind was again light. Mr. Gould decided that the bobstay was unsafe, being strained in the many races, and the yacht did not start, going straigbt for Cowes to prepare for the match of Saturday with Britannia. Britannia and Satanita sailed a light-weather race, the former winning by 17m.

On Saturday the match race between Vigilant and Britannia will be sailed, the Queen being present to witness it.

From some accounts, Valkyrie will be ready for the Cowes races next week under Lord Dunraven's flag and with Captain Cranfield and his old crew in command, but a later report states that she will be offered at auction on Friday.

Mr. Herreshoff reached New York on the Britannic on July 26 and started at once for Bristol, the many interviewers getting nothing from him save a denial of various stories to the effect that he had quarreled with the Goulds and with Captain Haff and that he had hurried home to design a new yacht for Mr. Gould.

The Nepenthe—Annie Match Race.

THE first sweepstake race between the Burgess 45ft. sloop Nepenthe, of the Southern Y. C., and the A. Cary Smith 50ft. sloop Annie, of the Mobile Y. C., was sailed off Fort Morgan, Mobile Bay, on July 20, and was won by the New Orleans sloop. The course was ten miles to windward and return over the deep, open waters of the Gulf of Mexico; there was no time allowance, crews were limited to sixteen men each. Both came for the line together at 1:15 o'clock, wind S.W., ten knots, Annie crossing 5s. in the lead, which she held for two tacks; then in the light winds and heavy seas that followed the deeper model of Nepenthe showed to advantage, and she took the lead and was never headed. She rounded the outer stakeboat at 3:17 and broke out her spinaker to port for the run back. Annie rounded the mark 8m. later. Nepenthe rounded the home stake at 4:30 o'clock. Annie was about 10m. astern. Before she could cross the line a fearful squall struck the fleet, and Annie was unable to finish. The squall was a very severe one, and for three-quarters of an hour the wind blew at the rate of 40 miles an hour. The waves rose to a great height, while spray washed the decks of the excursion steamers, all of which rode it out in safety. The scene on the Gulf was a grand one, not soon to be forgotten. Annie lowered away all her sails except the forestaysail, and drifted about while the gale was at its height. Nepenthe rode out the gale under reefed mainsail. The bar pilots who watched the race said she was the finest sea boat they had ever seen. An idea of the severity of the squall may be imagined from the fact of the pilot boat dragging her heavy anchor three miles to the eastward.

The second match race between Annie and Nepenthe was sailed off Bishop, Miss., on Mississippi Sound, July 24. There was a 7 knot breeze blowing from the southwest at the start. Nepenthe crossed the line at 1:01:48; Annie at 1:03:50. The distance was 21 miles over a triangular course. Nepenthe increased her lead from the first, winning by 15m. 59s. She finished at 4:32:28.

The third race will be sailed at Bay St. Louis, on Saturday, July 28, under the auspices of the Waveland and Bay St. Louis Regatta Association.

Nepenthe is matched to race the Mobile pilot boat Glide, from Fort Morgan to Ship Island, Mississippi Sound, for $250 a side in the near future. The crew of Nepenthe included Com. Alex. Brewster, sailing master; C. P. Richardson, owner; N. E. Baumgarden, Thomas Campbell, Hon. Sam Gautier, Jonas Latill, John Oriol, M. de Fuentes, Jim Hopkins, L. P. Joung. Crew of Annie included Tom Murray, sailing master; W. M. Marsball, owner; Com. Hall of the Mobile Y. C., Lyman Dorgan, Ed. Hugar, I. K. Vincent, Tom Cook, Aleck Johnson (pilot), Kirk Johnson, Percy Pettus, Jack Norville, W. B. Curran, of Mobile, and Henry and Walter Gautier, of Pascagoula.

The Southern Y. C. sails from West End, Lake Pontchartrain, on its annual cruise on Thursday, July 25. The fleet will be made up as follows: Steam yacht Helen, Com. Thos. Sully, flag ship; launch Bijou, schooners Adrienne, Gertie and Louis B. Sloops Zoe, Montauk, Agnes, Alice, Lady Luckett, Barkley B., Varuna, Lufki Humma, Gypsy; yawl Presto and catboat St. John. The Waveland and Bay St. Louis Regatta Association will give a regatta in their honor. L. D. S.

Corinthian Y. C. 80th Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 28.

THE race of the Corinthian Y. C. on July 28 was a handicap for cruising boats, knockabouts and dories, for casb prizes, and was sailed in a moderate S.W. breeze, the times being:

CLASS A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hawk, G. Dexter	2 05 20	2 05 20
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	2 07 02	2 07 02
Anuqua, Loring	2 18 21	2 12 21
Lillian, Whitney	2 22 33	2 15 33
Marena, D. H. Follett, Jr.	2 21 23	2 16 23
Ariel, J. Barrett	2 23 28	2 16 28
Soubretta, H. A. Cutter	2 47 15	2 39 15
Hiawatha, G. F. Chapin	Did not finish.	

CLASS B.

Reaper, Benson	1 43 35	1 35 35
Edith, Wood	1 53 45	1 45 45
Kraken, Chase	1 36 55	1 36 55
Gige, Kemble	2 06 08	1 51 08
Lotis, Burrough	2 10 48	2 00 48
Don, Burien	2 16 30	2 01 30

SPECIAL CLASS, KNOCKABOUTS.

Naia, Paine	1 44 15	1 42 15
Fsther, Taggard	1 46 35	1 42 35
Otatsu, North	1 52 07	1 50 07
Betsy, Jones	1 55 45	1 51 45
Nina, E. Y. C.	1 56 13	1 52 13
Carl, Foster	1 52 46	1 52 46
Jane, Parker	1 56 15	1 53 13
Trouble, Wheeler	1 59 52	1 53 22

DORY CLASS.

Independence, McGee	1 55 33
Snipe, Boardman	2 01 00
Annie, Webb	2 03 38
Witch, Ramsdell	2 04 34
Mabel, Rich	2 07 00
Iney, Martin	2 10 44
Nyfty, Pate	2 18 00

The judges were George W. Mansfield and Howard Whitcomb.

Bayswater Y. C.

FAR ROCKAWAY—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, July 28.

THE club race was sailed over the usual course on Jamaica Bay, wind S.W., distance 10 miles:

SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Millie, Cyrus Mott	26.01	2 37 13	2 37 13
Tuant, Mr. Harriman	22.03	3 05 00	3 01 10
Toboggan, Mr. Bahcock		. . ..	. . ..

FIRST CLASS—CATBOATS.

Edith, Com. Armstrong	23.04	2 33 20	2 33 20
Alert, John Fallow	22.03	2 32 51	2 31 46
Bertha, Clinton Bowker	21.00	2 32 47	2 29 12

SECOND CLASS—CATBOATS.

Susie R., Edw. Roehr	16.06	1 25 34	1 23 42
Meta, L. D. Pettit	19.00	1 22 27	1 22 27

SHARPIES.

Maggie, John J. O'Kane	17.06	1 33 25	1 33 25
Maud, Benj. Chapper	16.09	1 30 20	1 29 57

Winners: Class 1, Millie; first class cats, Bertha; second class cats, Meta; sharpies, Maud.

Toboggan was ruled out for hoisting balloon jib, contrary to rules for open jib and mainsail.

Regatta committee, F. L. Richmond, Richard Mott, B. J. Danklefsen.

Pine Lake Y. C.

PINE LAKE, WAUKESHA CO., WIS.

Saturday, July 28.

THE Pfister Cup was sailed for to-day over a six-mile course, weather threatening, followed by fair, wind S.S.W. gale:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Marvel, R. Nunnemacher	22.06	2 30 35	Withdrew.		
Amalia, J. C. Iversen	22.04	2 31 03	Withdrew.		
Naucris, F. Rietbrock	21.04	2 30 12	3 50 35	1 20 23	1 19 20
Novice, H. V. Lester	20.06	2 33 23	Capsized.		
Martha, J. C. Koch	19.09	2 33 54	Capsized.		
Nyack, H. Niedecken	18.01	2 32 24	Withdrew.		
Hildesia, A. C. Helmholz	17.06	2 34 35	Capsized.		
Rocket, A. H. Vogel	17.09	2 35 00	4 16 07	1 41 07	1 36 23
Ducky Daddles, F. C. Winkler	17.06	2 30 45	Capsized.		
Arion, R. Nunnemacher	21.01	2 31 49	Withdrew.		

Naucris wins. By inspection of above you can see that out of ten starters only two finished, the breeze being too much for the balance. First race for the Pfister cup; to be won three times, one race a year. Regatta committee, Crom. F. Rietbrock, Vice-Com. J. Barth. Judges, Gen. F. C. Winkler, C. F. Pfister, O. C. Hansen.

Hull Y. C. Open Regatta.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 28.

THE Hull Y. C. sailed a very successful regatta on July 28 in a fresh S.W. wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Whisper, W. H. Simpson	28.05	2 02 29	1 31 00
Mattie, W. A. Garratt	26.02	2 06 22	1 32 27
Caribou, James Bertram	27.03	2 05 00	1 32 42
Climax, M. F. Kelley	26.00	2 15 09	1 32 42
Gretchen, J. N. Tewksbury	25.06	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS.

Beatrice, John Cavanagh	26.03	1 36 12	1 08 31
Amorita, Wm. F. Bache	25.01	1 41 01	1 12 15
Gipsy, H. R. Drinkwater	23.04	1 44 22	1 13 45
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	22.01	1 48 20	1 16 21
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.	24.07	1 45 42	1 16 25
Black Cloud, Taylor and Putnam	23.08	1 47 43	1 17 29
Little Rogue, G. W. Spencer	21.08	Withdrew.	
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	24.10	Withdrew.	
Irene, Gordon and Amistead	23.09	Withdrew.	
Mad Cap, H. C. Whorf	21.00	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS.

Vanessa, Homer Bigelow	22.08	1 23 54	0 59 10
Romance, L. Sears	22.07	1 29 30	1 05 04
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.09	1 35 57	1 05 17
Eureka, E. B. Rogers	20.10	1 31 52	1 05 49
Eulalia, R. G. Hunt		1 31 20	. .. ..

FOURTH CLASS.

Hull O, H. Y. C.	21.00	1 32 07	1 06 14
Seconset, Albert Stone	21.00	1 32 15	1 06 22
Spinster, L. N. Clark	21.00	1 32 25	1 06 32
Nike, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	1 33 03	1 07 10
Hobo, T. W. King	21.00	1 34 03	1 18 10
Wivern, G. E. Leighton	21.00	1 36 17	1 10 24
Santa Maria, J. J. Soutber	21.00	1 37 13	1 11 20
Polly, G. H. Mifflin	21.00	1 37 18	1 11 25
Becky Sharp, H. W. Friend	21.00	1 38 23	1 12 30
Juanita, Wm. Whitman	21.00	Withdrew.	
Vagrant, W. A. Harvey	21.00	Withdrew.	

FIFTH CLASS.

Magpie, H. G. Otis	19.08	1 27 12	0 59 57
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.08	1 27 50	1 00 36
Harriet, L. T. Herrington	20.10	1 29 19	1 03 16
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	21.03	1 29 23	1 04 14
Arah, W. F. Scott	19.01	1 34 15	1 06 23
Myrtle, H. F. Burkhardt	20.01	1 33 30	1 06 42
Niobe, A. F. Schenkelberger	19.08	1 36 00	1 08 46
Marjorie, G. W. Bouve	19.06	1 36 39	1 09 14
Onaway, W. E. Guyer	20.02	1 36 14	1 09 31
Smoke, H. L. & F. B. Brice	19.11	1 37 09	1 10 10
Attempt, Flynn & Freeman	18.05	Withdrew.	

SIXTH CLASS.

Primrose, H. M. Faxon	16.05	1 35 14	1 04 09
Duck, C. E. Hodges	17 09	1 33 48	1 04 24
Willett, Percy Hodges	17.10	1 35 38	1 06 20
In It, R. B. Williams	18.04	1 36 35	1 07 42
Dux, C. F. Colby	16.00	1 42 28	1 10 48
Mirage, Carl Schindler	17 02	1 41 22	1 11 14
Dandelion, A. Adams	17.03	1 42 03	1 12 02
Gwendoline, C. P. Woodbury	17.03	1 45 07	1 15 06
Tiene, S. M. Becker	16.00	1 55 11	1 23 31
Cadet, C. L. Smith	16.01	Withdrew.	
Sunbean, H. B. Faxon	16.09	Withdrew.	
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.09	Withdrew.	

SEVENTH CLASS.

Princess, E. D. Gay	15 04	0 54 27	0 37 23
Icurez, Walsh Bros.	14.02	0 55 55	0 38 43
Katydid, C. B. Pear	14.04	0 57 36	0 39 40
Imp, L. H. Horton	15.11	0 55 38	0 39 40
Penguin, J. E. Robinson	14.04	0 58 35	0 41 31
Seaweed, S. C. Higgins	16.00	0 59 15	0 42 27

Hullo and Spinster protest each other for fouling. Dandelion protests Primrose and In It on Measurement. Willett protests In It on measurement. Mirage protests Duck and In It on measurement and also Duck for carrying too many men.

The prize winners, subject to the above protests, were: First class—Whisper $30, Mattie $15. Second class—Beatrice $20, Amorita $15, Gypsy $10 and Sea Bird $5. Third class—Vanessa $20, Romance $15, Alpine $10 and Eureka $5. Fourth class—Hullo $40, Seconset $30, Spinster $20 and Nike $10. Fifth class—Magpie $20, Opechee $15, Harriet $10 and Koorali $5. Sixth class—Primrose $15, Duck $12, Willett $8 and In It $5. Mosquito class—Princess $10, Icurez $5 and Katydid $3.

The judges were C. V. Souther, L. Foster Clark, Edward K. Friend, and William E. Sherriffs.

Hempstead Y. C. Annual Regatta.

GLEN COVE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 21.

THE annual regatta of the Hempstead Harbor Y. C. on July 21 was spoiled by calm weather and a misunderstanding as to the course, which was described as from the stake boats off club house, to and around easterly buoy on Execution Reef, from there to and around buoy off Matinnicock Point, thence to finish line. In the Sea Cliff race the Saturday before, the sailing rules, giving course designated black and white horizontal striped buoy as easterly buoy on Execution Reef, and in consequence many of the boats turned this buoy, some of them losing time to do so. Others turned the red buoy, which the regatta committee claimed was the one that should have been turned. Among those who turned the buoy claimed to he the wrong one were the cabin cats Onaway and Eloise. As will be seen, Onaway easily beat Mary, and Eloise and Kittie had their usual tussle and close finish. The regatta committee, realizing that it was their negligence in not naming color of buoy, which caused the error, have as yet rendered no final decision. The chart shows the two buoys to be on almost exactly a north and south line, hut the Lighthouse Service, in answer to a query, state that the red buoy is 125ft. further east. The fact of the two buoys being so close together, and actually, by chart on a north and south line east of lighthouse, together with its being obviously the regatta committee which was at fault in getting up an incomplete programme, may result in the race being resailed, which would seem to be the only fair thing to do. The official times were, long course of 12 miles:

25FT. CABIN CATS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mary, W. E. Ellsworth	5 30 55	5 30 55
Onaway, S. C. Pine	5 24 05	5 23 48
Nellie, Samuel Stenson	5 38 05	5 37 48
Waverly, H. Watson	Did not finist.	

23FT. CABIN CATS.

Kittie, Hazen Morse	5 32 15	5 32 15
Eloise, C. H. Robbins	5 32 50	5 32 31

25FT. OPEN CATS.

Gold Dust, Milton Hopkins	5 22 56	5 20 20
Rival, James Baker	5 26 25	5 26 25

23FT. OPEN CATS.

Falry, Frank S. Towle	5 17 50	5 17 39
Colleen, E. S. Stiles	5 24 05	5 24 05

20FT. OPEN CATS.

Lohengrin, H. T. Pratt	3 25 00	. .. ..
Concho, D. E. Smith	Did not finish.	

MIXED RIGS 18FT. AND UNDER—SHORT COURSE OF 7 MILES.

Gohlin, Bart Jacobs	3 26 00	3 25 17
Flounder, J. B. C. Tappen	3 32 00	3 32 00
Ida May, A. & G. Fredericks	3 27 10	3 25 59
Presto, Harry Watson	3 22 20	3 19 60
Lady Ellen, Frank Benham	3 45 00	3 43 35
Tom Cod, I. Cozzens	Did not finish.	
Whisper, H. Vail	3 35 15	3 31 43
Lark, E. S. Unltt	3 15 00	3 13 31
Hume, J. J. Little	3 36 45	3 36 45

Mandeville, Y. C. Second Annual Regatta.

MANDEVILLE—LAKE PONCHARTRAIN.

Saturday, July 21.

The Mandeville Y. C., situated across Lake Ponchartrain, twenty-two miles from New Orleans, held its second annual regatta on July 21. Half a dozen Southern Y. C. boats participated and succeeded in carrying off some of the prizes. The weather was very favorable, the southwest breeze averaging twelve knots and at times rising to fifteen knots. Eight races of different classes were sailed over a five-mile triangle, three times around. In the schooner class Adrienne won; first class sloops, Montana won; open sloops under 20 feet, Nympha won; sloops over 20 feet, Varuna won; round-bottom catboats, St. John won; square-knuckle catboat class under 20 feet, Lady Sarah won; square-knuckle catboat class over 20 feet, Ellen D won.

Beverly Y. C.

The 210th regatta, second open sweepstakes, was sailed at Quinett July 21. All classes ran down to Gunnery Point Buoy. From there second and third classes had a dead beat to Wenecket Buoy and a run home, 8¼ miles, while fourth class beat to Uncatena Buoy and ran home, 7 miles. Wind at first was a good whole sail S.W. breeze, hut in the windward work it fell light and fluky; the boats scattered, some going broad off in the bay and holding hy far the best breeze, while those who hugged the shore, notably Scintilla and Kaloolab, had it very light.

Grilse and Fin started together, and as long as wind lasted Grilse had the race, but as it got lighter she had not sail enough. Her sail has been cut down one-third since her arrival, and is too small for moderate breezes. Both boats took a central course, while Turkey and Kitten, far out in hay, held a better wind and beat hoth.

Mist made a mess of the start. She crossed line and was timed at 12:36, hut went back and started again at 12:44:45, long after the handicap times. The bandicap of 8¾ minutes killed her; her actual sailing time would have given her second place.

SECOND CLASS CATS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bernice, N. Huckins, Onset	23.05	1 45 16	1 33 57
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	23.08	1 45 58	1 34 54
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	23.08	1 46 14	1 35 10
Ulula, W. H. Winship, B. Y. C.	22.04	1 47 20	1 34 55
Venture, W. Croshy, Osterville	23.09	1 49 10	1 38 11
Not Named, C. Brewer, B. Y. C.	23.07	1 50 18	1 39 09
Agawam, J. G. Young, Jr., B. Y. C.	23.08	1 51 38	1 40 34
Mist, G. H. Lyman, B. Y. C.	23.09	1 54 22	1 43 23
Lenotte, W. W. Wilson, B. Y. C.	23.02	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAILS.

Captain, A. M. Ferris, B. Y. C.	23.00	2 01 44	1 50 00
Bob, Edgar Harding, B. Y. C.	21.09	2 01 46	1 48 43
Typhoon, W. O. Taylor, B. Y. C.		Did not start.	

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Nobska, A. A. Beebe, B. Y. C.	19.06	1 49 29	1 33 46
Allegro, H. M Crosby, Osterville	18.04	1 52 39	1 35 27
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	19.07	1 53 46	1 37 12
El Pasco, C. C. Hanley, Wareham	19.01	1 53 43	1 37 31
Colymbus, A. Winsor, B. Y. C.	19.11	1 56 28	1 41 19
Scintilla, G. S. Fiske, B. Y. C	20.00	2 03 04	1 48 01
Doris, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C.	19.10	2 03 43	1 48 28
Kaloola, H. R. Richards, B Y. C.	19.04	2 04 25	1 48 56

FOURTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS.

Turkey, C. S. Dennison, B. Y. C.	16.08	1 41 32	1 24 53
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	17.00	1 46 32	1 30 19
Kitten, C. H. Jones, B. Y. C.	16.03	1 47 13	1 30 00
Fin, H. Stockton, B. Y. C.	16.02	1 47 43	1 30 23
Dolly, F. W. Downes, B. Y. C.	16.02	1 49 02	1 31 42
Tourmaline, E. Hamlin, B. Y. C.	16.06	Disabled.	

FOURTH CLASS CATS.

Dawdle, R. S. Hardy, B. C. C.	16.03	1 47 40	1 30 27
Whim, J. M. Harriman, Matta	16.05	1 49 02	1 32 03
Dodo, H. Parker, B. Y. C.	16.06	1 53 31	1 36 39

Bernice wins first in first class cats, Gymnote second. Ulula third; in second class jib and mainsails Bob wins first; in third class cats Nobska wins first, Allegro second, Gilt Edge third; in f urth class jih and mainsails Turkey wins first, Kitten second, Grilse third; in fourth class cats Dawdle wins.

Judges: N. H. Emmons, H. S. Carruth, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

The 211th race, second championship, was sailed at Marblehead in a strong S.E. by S. breeze. First, second and knockabout classes ran to Bowditch Ledge, beam wind to Gale's Ledge, a beat to Southeast Breaker, close haul to Halfway Rock and a run home; 10½ miles. The rest ran to Bowditch, heam wind to Curtis Point and a beat home; 7½ miles First class race was very close. Hawk did the hest running, but Fancy beat her to windward and crossed line 12s. ahead, winning leg for pennant, but prize is in doubt till they are measured The knockabouts surprised everybody by going to pieces, Esther, Otatsee and Trouble breaking dowa soon after striking the rougher water by Baker's Island. Spinster was leading, hard pressed by Paul, when she drew the turnhuckle of her shroud and had to withdraw. After that it was Carl's race. In third class the Minnetonka boat Apukwa ran them all badly, and led by 5m. at Curtis Point. She made bad work of it to windward. Her competitor, a Swampscott dory, passed her, as well as all the cats, and she finally broke down.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fancy, C. F. Lyman, B. Y. C.	....	1 51 59	. .. ..
Hawk, Gordon Dexter, B. Y. C.	....	1 52 11	. .. ..

SECOND CLASS.

Marena, D. Follett, C. Y C.	27.06	2 02 09	1 52 21
Ariel, J. Barrett, C. Y. C.	25.06	2 23 18	2 01 17

KNOCKABOUTS.

Carl, C. H. W. Foster, B. Y. C.	....	2 08 50	. .. ..
Hull O, J. Taylor, H. Y. C.	....	2 09 29	. .. ..
Jane, H. Parker, E. Y. C.	....	2 15 02	. .. ..
Esther, H. Taggard, B. Y. C.	....	Disabled.	. .. ..
Stager, F. O. North, B. Y. C.	....	Disabled.	. .. ..
Spinster, L. M. Clark, B. Y. C.	....	Disabled.	. .. ..
Trouble, H. Wheeler, C. Y. C.	....	Disabled.	. .. ..

THIRD CLASS—CATS.

Koorali, Com. Robbins, B. Y. C.	23.04	1 20 38	1 10 26
Edith, F. M. Wood, C. Y. C.	....	1 27 30	. .. ..
Wanda, F. L. Ames, B. Y. C.	21.11	Disahled.	. .. ..

THIRD CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAILS.

Nonpareil, C. P. Curtis, B. Y. C.	18.06	1 29 09	1 13 50
Apukwa, J. T. Tefft, Q. Y. C.	23.10	Disabled.	. .. ..

FOURTH CLASS.

Hera, P. Fowle, C. Y. C.	15.00	1 53 17	. .. ..

The winners are: Class 2, Marena; Class 3, cats, Koorali; Class 3, jib and mainsails, Nonpareil; Knockabouts, 1st prize, Carl: 2d prize, Hull O.

Fancy wins leg for pennant; Koorali wins and holds pennant.

Judges: F. E. Cabot, H. C. Cushing, Jr.

Newburyport Y. C. Seaver Cup.

NEWBURYPORT, JULY 22.

There have already been two races. There was arranged by this club a series of three club races, and a series of five races for a cup called the Seaver cup, presented to the club for this purpose. The series of three is to be sailed in with the series of five. Three of the Seaver races have been sailed and two of the club races, leaving one more club race and two more Seaver races, as these races are reckoned on percentage. They are sailed with a flying start. The open regatta of this year will be of special interest as a large number of Boston boats as well as many otbers along the coast to the southward signify their intention of coming.

Third Seaver cup and second club race. Distance, first class 9 miles, second class 7½ miles, third class 6½ miles. Weather showery with no wind. Wind north by east. Tide five hours flood:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vivian, F. E. Beckman	21.06	1 30 00	3 33 45	3 31 59
Augusta, Hersey Bros.	23.06½	1 30 00	3 33 36	3 33 36
Truant, N. D. Rodigrass.	27.00	1 30 00	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS.

Alma, R. Bigelow	18.05	1 35 00	2 40 53	2 39 47
Live Yankee, H. T. Moody.	17.00	1 35 00	2 51 36	2 48 40
Raccoon, P J Lowell.	19.04	1 35 00	2 49 41	2 49 41
Spurt, D. B. Pierce	17.00	1 35 00	2 53 43	2 50 47

THIRD CLASS.

Wizard, H. G. Batchelder,	14.03	1 40 00	2 40 45	2 39 51
Voodoo, Wm. Balch.	16.04	1 40 00	2 42 36	2 42 36
Flirt, W. H. Hitchcock.	15.11	1 40 00	2 46 46	2 46 11
Cheetah, Stone Bros.	15.08	1 40 00	2 47 09	2 46 17
Alice, W. S. Wilson.	16.04	1 40 00	2 49 01	2 49 01

Winners for the third series: Class one, Vivian first prize, Augusta second. Class two, Alma first, Live Yankee second. Class three, Wizard first, Voodoo second.

Regatta committee, G. S. Lang, C. E. Stone, C. W. Seaver, Jr., E. P. Durland. Judges, R. G. Califf, J. G. Muldoon, H. W. Little.

MODEL YACHTING.

Midget Y. C.

The ninth race was sailed on July 21 on Red's Pond; course, length of pond and back; weather, rainy; wind, light northwesterly. Start 2:45.

Class 1—T. O. T. E., J. Giles: May, Robt. Harrison; Hattie, Robert Williams; ——, F. Atkins; Spindrift, A. Barr; Scarecrow, W. Gilley.

Class 2—Midget, E. Dixey; Pappoose, J H. Goodwin; Una, E. Ferguson; Corncob, H. Nutting; S. S., H. Litchman.

Winners: First leg—Class 1, T O. T. E; Class 2, Corncob. Second leg—Class 1, T. O. T. E.; Class 2, Una. Third leg—Class 1, Scarecrow; Class 2, Pappoose. The last race was a tie between Una and Pappoose. It was raced off and won by Pappoose.

Conanicut Y. C.

JAMESTOWN, R. I.—NARRAGANSETT BAY.

The cup race was sailed on July 21. Courses: from club house to Bishop's Can Buoy, to North Dumpling Buoy, to start—8 miles. Weather cloudy, turning to a squall; wind S.W.:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Mojave, W. N. Murray	20.10	3.15.14	4 14 11	0 58 57	0 56 40
Gadfly, D. H. R. Rhett,	23.10	3 14 47	4 17 36	1 02 49	1 02 48
Vesper, R H. Plumer,		3 15 03	4 47 27	1 34 24	1 22 44

Winner of first, Mojave, 5 points; second, Gadfly, 3 points, third, Vesper, 2 points in cup series.

Open sweepstake race, July 25: Courses, first class, from start at club pier crossing line south to north, to buoy Half-Way Rock, to Bell Buoy, Castle Hill to start; third class, from start to Bishop's Can Buoy, to Bell Buoy, to start; fourth class, from start to Can Buoy, to North Dumpling, to start; distance, first class, 16 miles; third class, 9½ miles; fourth class, 8 miles; weather fine, wind S.E., tide ebb.

FIRST CLASS—YAWLS.

	Length.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ganet, A. B. Emmons.	29.09	3 09 46	. .. ..	2 43 19
Hadassah.	29.05	3 10 44	. .. ..	2 49 24
Wraith, Fletcher.	23.02	3 09 00	. .. ..	2 51 09

THIRD CLASS—CATS.

Boodler, H. N. Emmons.	20.00½	3 14 51	1 46 13	1 45 23
Gadfly, H. J. Rbett.	20.11	3 13 27	1 44 08	1 44 08
Mojave, W. N. Murray.	20.06	3 15 28	Disabled.	

FOURTH CLASS—CATS.

Vesper, G. S. Plumner.	14.11	3 19 22	1 09 26	1 09 26
Tippoo	14.10	3 19 00	1 13 03	1 12 59

Winners: First class, Ganet; third class, Gadfly; fourth class, Vesper.

Judge, A. S. Murray, Gardner House, Jamestown, R. I.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

FINCH'S ISLAND, GREENWICH, CONN.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

A special race was sailed on July 21. Courses: 21-footers, eastern buoy, Little Captain's Island. Matinicock Buoy, Center Island Buoy, home; 20ft. cats, same line. Matinicock—home; distance, 15 nautical miles; weather fair, at first light, later squally; wind S.W, then N.E.; tide, ebb:

21-FOOTERS.

	Length	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Houri		5 28 41	5 28 41
Maysie		6 01 43	6 01 43
Celia.		5 29 02	5 29 02
Vaquero		5 27 03	5 27 03
Hoodoo		5 57 02	5 57 02

20FT. OPEN CATS.

Merula	19.92	5 01 21	5 01 11
Zelica	19.50	.....	.....
Chippie	17.75	.....	.....
Jewel	19.92	4 36 53	4 36 43
Kismet	19.50	.....	.....
Janet S.	19.25	5 22 27	5 21 10
H. C. Miner	19.67	did not finish.	
Zelda	19.33	did not finish.	

Class one, winner 3 points, Vaquero; 2 points, Houri; 1 point Celia. Jewel wins Moller cup. First race of a series of three for 21 footers, for Osborn cup. Regatta committee and judges: Frank Bawne Jones, D. Walcolm Winne, E. T. Birdsall.

A New Yacht Club at Cohasset.

Cohasset, Mass., the home of Dr. John Bryant and the famous old Shadow, has just started a yacht club on a very substantial basis, beginning with fifty members, three handsome silver cups, and the prospect of a club house before the end of the season, on the grounds of Dr. John Bryant. The first commodore is Mr. George Ripley Howe, owner of the Burgess cat Grimalkin, and formerly owner of Sea Mew, Mahel, Leda, Hera and Nimbus. The Vice-Com. is Mr. H. E. Mapes, owner of the fast Hanley cat Duster. Mr. Chas. H. Coursens of the Smalley catboat Madge, is Treasurer. The executive committee are Wm. H. Crane, stmr. The Senator; John C. Howe, L. D. Willcutt, Morton S. Crehore, A. P. Smith and A. A. Lawrence. Ralph B. Williams will he recognized on the regatta committee as owner of the Watson cat In It, with Ellery Clark of the same boat. The club will hold races every Saturday.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

4-11. Owanux Meet, Woodmont, Ct

SEPTEMBER.

3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass.
3 5. Passaic River Meet.
5. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.
15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Delaware River.

The idea is quite widespread, not only among the members at large, hut among the higher officers, that there is still a general meeting of the American Canoe Association during the annual meet, at which business may be transacted and amendments to the rules, or other similar motions, voted on. From 1880 up to 1886 such annual business meetings were actually held at each meet, the officers being at first elected there and general business transacted. With the adoption of the division scheme this was changed, the officers being elected by the executive committee in camp, and not at a general meeting of all members present; all changes of the rules being made at the annual meeting of the executive committee in November. The name of the general meeting has, however, survived to the present day, and a semblance of the old meeting has been kept. The order of exercises, as all will remember who have attended the meets for the last half dozen years, is simple but tiresome, being in three parts, the presentation of prizes, the passing of polite hut meaningless votes of thanks to different persons, and a long address by a certain prominent member, in which he sets forth in lengthy detail his own individual views on such matters as personally interest him. The attempt to carry on any regular husiness of the Association at such a meeting is both absurd and unconstitutional; and it would be a decided improvement if the whole "general meeting" resolved itself into merely the presentation of prizes.

Whether, as Mr. Burns's proposal suggests, it would be well to return to the old plan of having a general meeting of the members in camp for the transaction of business, is an entirely different question which we believe will he answered in the negative hy those who have seen its working in the past, when the Association was still smaller and more compact than now; hut if any serious business is to be transacted it must he carefully done by daylight, and not in the hurry and darkness of an evening camp-fire.

The present meet inaugurates a new feature in the government of the A. C. A., in the establishment of a board of governors which shall have a general supervision of the finances and especially of the expenditures. The plan has much to commend it, and we have favored it from the first in spite of the obvious objection that it places a great deal of power in the hands of a few men or of a single man, as we have felt that out of the number of capable men in the A. C. A., the chances were small that any but the best and ablest would he chosen In the case of three of the divisions, the man chosen is the recognized leader of the division; and those who know either of them at all well will know that in each case it was the office which sought the man. In the case of the fourth division the same, unfortunately, cannot be said, as the successful candidate for the longest term and the highest office of the new board has not only sought the office but has worked for it early and late since the scheme was first mooted nearly three years since. The position is one of peculiar power, greater by far than the commodore is endowed with, and the good or ill results to the Association depend largely on how this power is used, for the general good or for the mere furtherance of personal ambition.

One innovation in this year's camp which seems to he a success is the change of date, some two weeks earlier than usual. So far as the camp itself is concerned, in the attendance and other similar matters, the date is quite as good as the older and later one; and there is further this great advantage, the A. C. A meet is the great yearly stimulant of canoeing and canoe racing, hut thus far it has come too late in the season to do the most good, the canoes are not home in time for the Lahor Day races, and little time is left, in the best part of the season, for the fall regattas. This year the meet is over before the end of July, and the canoes will be at home early in August, while men will go home from camp not only with their love of cruising and racing renewed by its influence, but with plenty of time left to enjoy the sport before fall. Thus far we have heard no objection to the change inaugurated by Commodore Dorland.

Again the war canoes have been present at a meet, and again this interesting race has failed. An accident to one of the canoes, the rollers from a passing steamer throwing her on the beach aud staving in the side, delayed the race in the first place, and by the time that repairs were made most of the crews had left camp.

It is a pleasure to be able to note that the work of the various committees was well done this year, the transportation was good, the camp site well laid out and all details well arranged, and the races were run off promply, with few or no postponements, and no delay over protests.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Fifteenth Annual Meet.

CROTON POINT—HUDSON RIVER.

July 13-28.

As usual the breaking up of the camp began on Friday of the second week, tents going down very fast. Less than a quarter of the camp was left hy Friday night, and on Saturday nearly everyone departed, leaving only a few lucky ones, whose leisure will permit them to spend another week or so in quiet camp life. It is too soon to say whether the Croton Point meet will prove one of those which men like to talk of and refer to as particularly pleasant and successful; but the material features of camp site, transportation, etc., were good; in fact, the general arrangements were carried out remarkably well, and those good grounds for complaint over serious mistakes and omissions which have existed in many cases, were not present this year. To the newer men at least the camp was undouhtedly a pleasant one, and if anything was lacking to the older men, it was due not to defects in the material arrangements, but to the absence of old friends and to the great change which is undeniably taking place in the Association.

For our own part, we confess that the A. C. A. meet is not what it once was, for every old friend we meet we miss a dozen equally dear to us, and the conviction that we are growing older at a little quicker pace each year is never forced on us more strongly than when we set foot on the camp dock and start through the camp to look for old friends and familiar faces. In drifting about the camp we have met, among the older A. C. A. men, a certain feeling of disappointment, which has found vent in the desire to compare and criticise the camp and to suggest various changes of the rules and customs as calculated to bring back something which is felt to be missing, a feeling with which we are in full sympathy. At the same time, while we believe that many changes may be made with advantage to suit the present condition of canoeing and the Association, we realize fully that there is nothing which can bring back the old men and the old spirit of fellowship which once prevailed.

Since the Jessup's Neck meet of 1890 there has been a greater falling off each year of the old men who came into canoeing and the A. C. A. in the third and fourth year of the latter, who were present at all of the Grindstone meets, who followed the Association to Bow Arrow and Lake George, and who, after partly missing a year at Stave Island, came together for the last time as a body at Jessup's Neck to celebrate the first salt-water meet. Since then some have been seen at one camp and some at another, but the number at any one of the later meets has been small and steadily decreasing, until now the list of those who were not at Croton Point in 1894 would be largely identical with the camp roll of Grindstone in 1886.

In this course of dropping away, first the big club delegation, such as the New York, Mohican, Rochester, Vesper and many other clubs once sent, has been broken up: only the more enthusiastic members of the club attending the meet. Then there come two or three members, attracted by the racing or still faithful to the old recollections, and staying for the full two weeks, camping out as usual. Sooner or later these same men run into camp for two or three days, just for a look, sleeping at some farmhouse or hotel where a comfortable hed may be had; and after this the most that is seen of them is when the camp is located, as this year, in a peculiarly convenient place, so that they can come to camp in the morning in boiled shirt and store clothes, returning to town in the afternoon. This stage, as a rule, ends their active interest in the Association; for some years they continue to pay dues and to attend the meeting in the various cities, but it is only a question of time when they drop out entirely.

The number of old leaders who have gone or are going this course is a matter of serious import to the Association, as it is already evident that the new men do not by any means fill the places of the old. One reason for this is that the old men came together practically as a body to form the American Canoe Association, every one doing his part, and thus coming into the closest and most intimate relations with the others. The more recent members, on the other hand, have found the Association ready made for them; they join it and work for it in a greater or less degree, but they are not thrown into the close personal contact once a year as were the older men, nor do they naturally take the same interest in the Association which they have joined as do those who feel that it is something which they have made.

This condition of affairs in the A. C. A. is one which every club and association must encounter at times in its existence, and one that is beyond any remedy through changes of rules. It is quite possible that in time it may remedy itself to a certain extent; but in the meantime it demands the earnest consideration of every member of the Association.

On several occasions in the past the Association has shown wonderful recuperative powers, recovering rapidly from the financial mistakes of different administrations which have threatened to bankrupt it; and frequently incurring an annual expense far beyond what its regular income would warrant. In times of difficulty the old men have turned to with a will to aid the executive and put the Association on an even keel as they did with Com. Winne after the disastrous years of 1890-91. In our opinion the time has come when the aid so freely and so frequently given in the past cannot be longer relied on; and there is a far more pressing necessity than ever before for careful management and rigid economy in order to avoid those difficulties which have been surmounted in the past, but which may prove destructive in the future.

The new Board of Governors is a step to this end; and with good judgment on the part of them and of the annual officers, it should be possible to manage the Association on the present membership so as to give good meets without exceeding the present income.

The Camp.

Before criticising the camp site itself, it must be remembered that Croton Point was selected with some misgivings, not as altogether suitable, hut as the best place available in the Atlantic Division and short of the St. Lawrence River; but the site is one that will stand on its own merits, without any excuse on this score. While there were several drawbacks, they were not serious, and the camp site will compare favorably with many previous ones. The hilly nature of the ground made it necessary to scatter the tents over quite a large area, and the compact formation of Grindstone and Jessup's Neck was not possible; at the same time the camp, though extending along a large piece of shore front, was not broken up into a number of isolated divisions, as was the first Willsborough camp. The dock and store were nearly a quarter of a mile from the high hill on which headquarters were located, though the distance was considerably less by canoe from the dock to the beach direct; and the extreme end of the ladies' camp was another eighth mile south. From the north end of the main camp, however, to the south end of Squaw Point, the row of tents was unbroken along the beach except by the bluff in front of headquarters. To have made the most possible out of the site it would have been necessary to have built a good stairway down the face of the bluff and a long dock directly in front; a matter of too great expense to be thought of a moment. Even as it was there was little trouble, two or three large wagons being at hand to transport

tents and baggage from the dock to the camp and back, while it was quite a short trip by canoe from the dock to Squaw Point.

The meet would unquestionably have been far pleasanter had the weather been cooler, but as the entire country up and down the river was suffering at the same time, this is nothing against the camp site; opinions differed among those who went to business in New York every day as to which was the warmer, the city or the camp; but at the latter there was the best of bathing, plenty of shade, and often a cool breeze. The Point being high and wooded, the up-river breeze did not always strike the camp, but on the whole the campers were quite as comfortable as they would have been at home. While there were no refreshing showers, on the other hand the usual violent squall, and the wet weather such as has marred the Lake Champlain camps, was entirely missing. The ground being high and rolling would have answered well in wet weather, and the sand would have absorbed a week's rain without turning into a bog. As it was, with a hot sun overhead and no rain for days, the dry sand became very hard to walk in, and the paths up the hills, covered with dry and slippery grass, were like tobogan slides. As there was more or less hill climbing to be done at all times, the camp was probably harder on the feet than any previous one.

To turn to the advantages, the view from all points was a fine one, with the river and the mountains on every hand, and the camp itself was most picturesque. There was no lack of shade, mostly old apple trees, Squaw Point in particular being located in an orchard, on ground sloping prettily to the river. On the back of the Point was a vineyard, the grapes being not yet ripe.

Headquarters was well located, on a high bluff, the tents being a little back, while out over the water was a field piece for saluting, and two flag poles for the code signals. The beach was of fine sand, hard and clean, with few stones or pebbles, and canoes were easily beached. There were no floats or skids, and wet feet were sometimes necessary in launching, but in such weather this made little difference. There were several wells of good water on the ground, and a water cart went round every day with water for the club messes at a distance from the wells.

The racing course was within easy view of the whole camp, and the bluff in front of headquarters was the favorite rendezvous while the races were on, though a good view could be had from any point along the beach. The winds were light during the meet, the races being sailed mostly on smooth water. There was some tide, a rise and fall of about 3ft., but it did not trouble the racers.

The transportation was the best yet provided at an A. C A. camp, but 2¾ miles to Sing Sing, at which the steamer from New York also landed, while the station of the New York Central R. R. was but 100yds. distant. A small screw steamer which runs between Sing Sing, Haverstraw and Rockland made regular trips to the camp, carrying passengers for 15 cents, and connecting with many trains. Quite a number of canoeists went from camp to New York every day, rowing across early in the morning to Sing Sing and returning on the last trip of the steamer, meeting the train which reached Sing Sing at 6 P. M. Altogether the arrangements both for men and baggage were most satisfactory.

The mess question was settled to the satisfaction of every one, as, in spite of the notice to the contrary, a general mess was finally arranged, giving very fair meals for $1 per day. In the meanwhile, however, a number of large club messes had been arranged by the Knickerbocker, Ianthe and other clubs, each in charge of a cook and a helper, providing excellent meals at the same cost or a little more. Meat, groceries and ice were to be had on the grounds, and many came prepared to cook for themselves. Whether or not the decision of the executive committee to abandon the general mess was a wise one, a very good result followed in inducing men to come to the meet prepared to camp out; and it was a pleasing sight to see the many rough fireplaces built of broken brick, throughout both the main and ladies' camps.

In point of numbers, the attendance was only about the average, and under what was to be expected so near New York and in the most convenient camp yet held for the Eastern as well as the Atlantic Division. There were 240 names on the camp register, and probably some who forgot to register and go through the accompanying formality. One of the pleasantest sights in camp to an old A. C. A. man was that of a couple of small tents and a rough table just on the border of the main camp where were located Mr. Nate Smith, of Newburgh and his chum, Mr. Van Dalfsen. These two gentlemen, so well known some years since, have not been seen of late, and their return gave a homelike and familiar look which was further heightened by the Peterboro canoe Verena on the beach nearby, with her owner, Mr. E. B. Edwards, as usual, whittling a paddle out of a piece of red cedar. A little further along was the Deowainsta tent, occupied only by Mr. Huntington, though Mr. Stryker and one or two more Rome men were in camp for a short time.

Half way up the side of the bluff was a tent hung on to the hillside, in which was another old A. C. A. man, French of Buffalo, absent since 1890, with him being Mr. Stewart, also of Buffalo. Among the few men from the Northern Division were Sparrow, still sailing the Eel, ex-Secretary Burns, Archbald, and Mr. O'Brien, the paddler, as well as Herbert Tilley.

The Red Dragon C. C. sent a good delegation. The Knickerbocker C. C. had, as stated, a large club mess and a number of members in camp. Vice-Com. Witherbee and Purser Cragge had several tents in Squaw Point, and the Ianthe and Arlington clubs were well represented.

The most striking illustration of the change we have mentioned was the absence of the Vesper camp, always an institution in itself since 1885, and the presence in camp of Mr. Butler for a few hours only. The Vesper shop and the Vesper fleet were sadly missed, to say nothing of Butler, Gage, Goddard, Gray and the old Vesper men. Mr. Barney was in camp for several days, staying at the farmhouse at night. Mr. Butler, as stated, only spent a few hours in camp. Mr. Foster, who did such good work on the camp site committee at Lake George in 1888, spent one day in camp. Mr. Gibson is cruising in his naphtha launch on Lake Champlain. Mr. Whitlock is on a canoe cruise in Norway in company with Mr Sutherland Smith, an old New York C. C. man. Gen. Oliver is in Canada. Dr. Parmele did not report at all. Ford Jones is practising law out by the Rocky Mountains. Oxholm spent part of the time in camp, going down to business between the races. Cartwright, Robertson, Lawson, Parmele and the other prominent Eastern men were absent, with the exception of Appollonio. Ex-Com. Winne was in camp for some time, but the Mohican delegation was quite small.

If this meet had been arranged especially for the convenience of the J Trusty Holdens of the A. C. A. it could not have been better placed; but they (and they are a large party) were not there. The round trip from New York to the camp and return cost but $1.30, and a man could leave the city in the morning and be in camp before he had read the morning paper through, getting back to the city by 7 P.M. Such an opportunity never before presented itself to the man who is deterred by time and distance from visiting an A. C. A. meet, and who writes during the winter to know what he could get for his dollar if he really attended one. Sad to say, the attendance from the vicinity of New York was disappointing, both on the part of old and new men; in fact a meet of about the same size, with from 220 to 250 in camp, can be held at any fairly good spot not over 500 miles from New York, and the number is hardly greater when the distance is decreased to but 30 miles.

The Canoes.

The entry list gives the names of the racing men and also of the canoes, the latter requiring little notice. Mab, Mr. Archbald's canoe, has been seen at two previous meets, and is only changed in the addition of a 7ft. slide to the deck seat and a stronger and heavier thwartship tiller. With her was a new Gilbert canoe, Claire, a handsome boat of the same model. The only canoes calling for special notice were the two bilge-board boats Chiquita and Foggy Dew, the former designed by Mr. D. S. Goodsell and built by Stevens, of Lowell, the latter designed and built by Capt. Ruggles, who, by the way, was on hand through the meet. These are able and powerful cruising boats, of good model, fitted with long slides and carrying some 160 feet of sail at times; but each is so fitted that the hatches and canvas bucket may be quickly removed, leaving room for sleeping. In match sailing they are hardly to be compared with a pure racer like Mab, but Mr. Oxholm sailed Chiquita in all of the races in order to test the type and to demonstrate how little is really gained in speed by the bucket well machine; and this he succeeded in doing. Capt. Ruggles had several handsome canoes, Zaidee, Massawippa, Bullywagga and Gull, but with nothing specially new about them. The rigs were those so long seen only the Vesper being absent.

The location was most favorable for the attendance of small cruisers and unclassified craft, but few were present. Mr. Bennett had La Gloria, and Scarecrow came up in anticipation of a special race, which for some reason fell through. Mr. Wheeler, of Albany, had a second Scarecrow model. There was also a handsome little yawl, Tadpole, designed by Mr. McCormick, of Red Dragon C. C., an amateur, who also designed the canoe Fineen, a very good boat. Messrs. Smith and Van Dalfsen had each a trim little cruiser, with square stern and well fitted up. There were also half a dozen yachts, one from the Ianthe C. C., one from Arlington and one from Trenton; but the attendance of small cruisers and larger yachts was anything but what it should have been on the Hudson near New York.

The races themselves require no special notice, the entries being few and the contests lacking the old-time excitement, even the sailing trophy being uninteresting. The paddling trophy was won very easily, but the winner was hardly in camp at all, staying over night at the farmhouse and leaving on the first boat after the finish of the race. In some cases men came up from the city, ran over to camp for one race, and returned as soon as it was finished.

We made a suggestion last year that a clause should be inserted in the racing rules to the effect that any programme race in which less than three entries shall present themselves shall be declared off; and the present year has demonstrated the necessity of such a rule. Not only was the regatta commlttee compelled to walk the beach before a race and beg men to enter, but the resulting competition, in over half a dozen races, was but a farce. It is unfair to impose such extra work on a committee, and it is absurd to give prizes, as is being done of late years, for races in which there is no competition, or at least only a nominal amount. This year the club four race was a purely local affair, and other races were lacking in interest through the small number of competitors. Two races on the programme were entirely abandoned, after the committee had begged in vain for entries, the passenger sailing and war canoe; but so good a race as that for outclassed canoes, such as Mr. J. Trusty Holden's, was a mere farce, with two entries. The whole story of the racing is told in the following tables. One of the most notable incidents of the racing was the return of an old racing man, Mr. L. B. Palmer, for several years practically out of racing, who won the record as well as other races, in his old canoe Cricket.

A. C. A. Regatta Programme, 1894.

Event No. 1.—Record race. Paddling and sailing combined; ½ miles alternately, total 3 miles. Time limit 1½ hours. Sails to be known as lowering sails.—July 24, 4:13 P. M.

Event No. 2.—Record race. Paddling; ½ mile, straightaway. Same canoe to be used as in event No. 1.—July 23, 12:18 P. M.

Event No. 3.—Record race. Sailing; 4½ miles. Time limit 2 hours. Same canoe and sails, seat, etc., to be used as in event No. 1.—July 23, 2:48 P. M.

Note.—For record races see Rule 5, sailing regulations.

Event No. 4.—Trophy paddling; 1 mile straightaway.—July 24, 11:58 A. M.

Event No. 5.—Paddling. Open canoes, not under 50lbs. weight; ½ mile straightaway. Single blades.—July 24, 11:10 A. M.

Event No. 6.—Unlimited sailing; 6 miles. Time limit 2½ hours. Starters in the trophy sailing race to be selected from this race. See Rule 5, sailing regulations.—July 23, 9:44 A. M.

Event No. 7.—Trophy sailing; 9 miles. Time limit 3½ hours. Starters to be selected as per Rule 5, sailing regulations.—July 25, 11:23 A. M.

Event No. 8.—Dolphin sailing trophy; 7½ miles. Time limit 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in event No. 7 will not be allowed to compete in this event.—July 27, 1:55 P. M.

Note.—This race will not be called until event No. 7 has been sailed.

Event No. 9.—Novice sailing; 3 miles. Time limit 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept 1, 1893.—July 23, 9:44 A. M.

Event No. 10.—Club sailing; 4½ miles. Time limit 2 hours. First three members of any one club to count. No club can be represented unless it enters at least three men. All men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the 1894 A. C. A. meet.—July 25, 4:20 P. M.

Event No. 11.—Passenger cruising sailing; 3 miles. Time limit 1½ hours. Canoes to enter this event must come within the regular classification to have a well 16in. wide for a length of 3ft. 6in., with a sleeping space of 6ft., of which at least 5ft. shall be clear. Lowering sails must be used. No limit on seats. Canoes must carry a passenger weighing at least 110 lbs.—Not sailed.

Event No. 12.—Outclassed sailing; 3 miles. Time limit 1½ hours.—July 25, 10:23 A. M.

Note.—It is the intention to give this race for the outclassed canoes without hathtub wells, etc. Conditions will be posted when the committee sees what class and number of boats there will be to enter this race.

Event No. 13.—Unclassified sailing; 4½ miles. Time limit 2 hours. Conditions to be posted.—July 23, 4:13 P. M.

Event No. 14.—Tandem paddling; ½ mile straightaway. Decked sailing canoes, double blades; open canoes, single blades.—July 24, 12:45 P. M.

Event No. 15.—Club four paddling; ½ mile straightaway. Not limited to a 16ft.x30in. canoe.—July 24, 3:41 P. M.

Event No. 16.—Sailing upset and manœuvering. At signal throw paddle over stern and recover; second signal, canoe to be heeled over until top of mast touches the water. Canoes to be righted and cross finish line under sail.—July 23, 5:41 P. M.

Event No. 17.—Paddling upset. Usual conditions. No special appliances.—July 26, 10:47 A. M.

Event No. 18.—Hurry-scurry. Run, swim and paddle. Short distance.—July 26, 11:40 A. M.

Event No. 19.—Gymnastics.—July 26.

Event No. 20.—War canoe; 1 mile. Conditions to be posted.

Note.—This race will be made a special feature if the committee receive enough entries.—Not paddled.

Entry List, Meet of 1894.

Canoe.	Crew.	Club.	Place.
Bullywagga	W. C. Witherbe	Bulwagga	Port Henry.
Sunbeam	D'Arcy Scott	Ottawa	Ottawa.
Beta	Thos. Hale, Jr	Yonkers	Yonkers.
Mah	C. E. Archhald	Pointe Claire	Montreal.
Dragonet	M. D. Wilt	Red Dragon	Philadelphia.
Torment	F. C. Moore	Knickerbocker	New York.
Chiquita	T. S. Oxholm	Yonkers	Yonkers.
Claire	F. C Johnson	Pointe Claire	Montreal.
Eel	J. W. Sparrow	Toronto	Toronto.
Gull	H. D. McVean	Rochester	Rochester.
Foggy Dew	H. L. Quick	Yonkers	Yonkers.
Zaidee	H. V. Backus	Rochester	Rochester.
Bo-Peep	D. S. Goodsell	Yonkers	Yonkers
Massawippa	W. H. Martin	Mohican	Albany.
Wish	A. H. O'Brien	Argonaut	Toronto.
Fineen	J. W. Hamilton	Red Dragon	Philadelphia.
——	Enoch Aston, Jr	Troy	Troy.
Marguerite	Clarence Euson	Springfield	Springfield.
——	H. R. Tilley	Toronto	Toronto.
Pirate, Wanderer,	Geo. P. Douglass	Ianthe	Newark.
Cricket	L. B. Palmer	Ianthe	Newark.
——	E. C. French	Buffalo	Buffalo.
UNCLASSIFIED.			
Tadpole	R. G. Fleischmann	Red Dragon	Philadelphia.
La Gloria	M. T. Bennett	New York	New York.
Nethla	Fred. W. Lewis.		

Record of Races.

Event No. 1, combined race, July 24, distance 3 miles, weather cloudy wind S.W., light and shifting:

	Start.	1st round.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Record. Total points.
Cricket, L. B. Palmer	4 13 10	4 47 50	5 09 30	0 56 20	15
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	4 13 10	4 45 40	5 12 00	0 58 50	10
Zaidee, H. V. Backus	4 13 10	4 46 40	5 12 05	0 58 55	5
Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr	4 13 10	4 51 30	5 17 35	1 04 25	8
Bo-Peep, D. B. Goodsell	4 13 10	4 50 00	5 18 03	1 04 53	6

Winners: First prize, Cricket; second prize, Eel.

Event No. 2, Record paddling race, July 23, distance ½ mile, weather clear, wind E., puffy, water smooth:

	Start.	Elapsed.
Cricket, L. B. Palmer	12 18 20	0 6 25
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	12 18 20	0 6 38
Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr	12 18 20	0 7 40
Zaidee, H. V. Backus	12 18 20	0 8 04
Bo-Peep, D. L. Goodsell	12 18 20	0 8 11
Fineen, J. M. Hamilton	12 18 20	Withdrew

Winners: First prize, Cricket; second prize, Eel.

Event No. 3, Record sailing race, July 23, distance 4½ miles, weather cloudy, wind E., moderate, water smooth. Start 2:48:10:

	1st round.	2d round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cricket, L. B. Palmer	3 11 36	3 36 15	3 59 21	1 11 11
Bo-Peep, D. S. Goodsell	2 12 26	3 36 10	4 00 28	1 12 18
Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr	3 12 50	3 38 50	4 06 20	1 18 20
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	3 17 11	3 43 40	4 13 00	1 24 50
Fineen, J. W. Hamilton	3 19 35	Withdrew.		
Zaidee, H. V. Backus	Withdrew.			

Winners: First prize, Cricket; second prize, Bo-Peep.

Event No. 4, trophy paddling, July 24, distance 1 mile, weather cloudy, wind calm, water smooth:

	Start.	Elapsed.
Marguerite, Clarence Euson	11 58 30	0 10 27½
Sunbeam, D'Arcy Scott	11 58 30	0 11 22½
Wish, A. H. O'Brien	11 58 30	0 12 36½
Dragonet, M. D. Wilt	11 58 30	Not timed.
——, E. L. French	11 58 30	Not timed.
——, H. R. Tilley	11 58 30	Not timed.

Mr. Euson paddled in fine form, and ran away from the others at the start, winning without an effort. Mr. Tilley was ill during his stay in camp, and in a poor condition for racing.

Event No. 5, paddling, open service canoes, July 24, distance ½ mile, weather cloudy, wind calm, water smooth:

	Start.	Elapsed.
Silence, C. E. Archbald	11 10 00	0 06 40
Freda, R. Easton Burns	11 10 00	0 07 00
Wanderer, Geo. P. Douglas	11 10 00	0 07 23
N G, J. W. Sparrow	11 10 00	0 07 45
Kiowilla, C. E. Cragg	11 10 00	0 09 33

First prize, Silence; second, Freda.

Event No. 6, unlimited sailing, July 22, distance 6 miles, weather clear, wind N. light, water smooth. Start 9:44:00:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mah, C. E. Archhald	10 07 40	10 30 20	10 51 31	11 21 29	1 37 29
Chiquita, T. S. Oxholm	10 08 26	10 31 29	10 53 20	11 25 15	1 41 15
Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr	10 11 28	10 36 50	11 00 00	11 25 46	1 41 31
Bo-Peep, R. S. Goodsell	10 10 08	10 33 20	11 05 35	Withdrew.	
——, E. Aston, Jr	10 13 45	10 42 00	11 14 55	Withdrew.	
Zaidee H. V. Backus	10 14 30	10 53 40	Withdrew.		
Gull, H. D. McVean	10 15 03	Withdrew.			
Cricket, L. B. Palmer	10 10 43	Withdrew.			
Bullywagga. W. Witherbee.	Withdrew.				
Fineen, J. W. Hamilton	Withdrew.				
Claire, F. C. Johnson	Withdrew.				
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	10 13 40	Withdrew.			

First prize, Mah; second, Chiquita.

Event No. 7, Trophy Sailing, July 25, weather clear, water lumpy in channel, wind S.E., moderate to light:

1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	Finish.	Elapsed.
		Mah, C. E. Archhald.				
11 43 55	12 04 15	12 24 40	12 55 20	1 26 45	2 05 34	2 43 34
		Bo-Peep, D S. Goodsell.				
11 46 04	12 08 20	12 38 40	1 14 10	2 04 00	2 29 11	3 06 11
		Chiquita, T. S. Oxholm.				
11 44 25	12 04 45	12 26 40	1 07 40	1 41 52	Fouled mark.	
		Eel, J. W. Sparrow.				
11 48 10	12 11 45	12 37 55	1 14 35	2 00 56	w.	
		Claire, F. C. Johnston.				
11 50 05	.....	.....	1 17 20	2 15 35	w.	
		Torment, F. C. Moore.				
11 46 04	12 07 45	12 34 55	1 12 25	dis.	w.	
		Zaidee, H. V. Backus.				
11 50 30	12 17 39	w.				
		Gull, H. D. McVean.				
11 41 10						

Massawippa, W. H. Martin. Withdrew.

Zaidee, Gull and Massawippa were entered for the Jahberwock trophy, for Central Division only, to sail two rounds. Zaidee won, the others withdrawing.

Mab carried 190ft. of sail and Chiquita about 150ft. Chiquita was caught by the tide in a calm spot and drifted on the buoy at end of fifth round. Winners: first prize, Mah; second prize, Bo-Peep.

Event No. 8, Dolphin trophy, July 27, distance 7½ miles, weather clear, wind S. moderate, water smooth, start 1:55 P. M.:

1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	Finish.	Elapsed.
		Cricket. L. B. Palmer			
2 18 40	2 42 00	3 09 30	3 33 00	3 55 30	2 00 30
		Torment, F. Moore.			
2 19 20	2 42 40	3 10 50	3 37 35	3 59 35	2 04 35
		Bo-Peep, D. B. Goodsell.			
2 20 15	2 44 20	3 15 15	3 40 15	4 03 15	2 08 15
		Fineen, J. W. Hamilton.			
2 26 00	2 57 50	3 27 25	w.		

Winner of first prize, Cricket.

Event No. 9, novice sailing, July 23, distance 3 miles, weather clear, wind N., light, water smooth:

	Start.	1st round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Zaidee, H. O. Backus	9 44 00	10 14 30	10 53 40	1 09 40
Fineen, J. W. Hamilton	9 44 00	Withdrew.		
Claire, F. C. Johnston	9 44 00	Withdrew.		

Zaidee capsized nine times. First prize, Zaidee.

Event No. 10, club sailing, July 25, distance 4½ miles, weather clear, wind S.W., strong and puffy. Start, 4:20:00:

Yonkers C. C	1st round.	2d round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Foggy Dew, H. L. Quick	4 39 31	4 56 10	5 12 15	0 52 15
Chiquita, T. S. Oxholm	4 37 50	4 56 00	5 13 15	0 53 15
Bo-Peep, D. S. Goodsell	4 42 38	5 00 17	5 19 00	0 59 00
Rochester C. C.				
Zaidee, H. V. Backus	4 45 38	5 06 30	5 29 25	1 09 15
Massawippa, W. H. Martin	4 48 08	5 09 12	5 30 15	1 10 25
Gull, H. D. McVean	4 50 15	5 12 13	5 33 35	1 13 35

Yonkers C. C. wins.

Event No. 12, outclassed canoes, July 25, distance 3 miles, wind S.E., light:

	Start.	1st round.	Finish.
Pirate, G. P. Douglas	10 23 00	10 55 55	11 17 26
Kiowilla, C. E. Cragge	10 23 00	10 55 55	Withdrew.

First prize, Pirate.

Event No. 13, unclassified sailing, July 23, distance 4½ miles, weather cloudy, wind S.E. moderate, water smooth. Start 4:13:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
La Gloria, M. T. Bennett	4 38 00	5 03 15	5 28 29	1 15 29
Nanawitt, N. S. Smith	4 43 10	5 08 15	5 31 00	1 18 00
Tadpole, R. G. Fleischmann	4 42 00	5 07 30	5 31 02	1 18 02
Ramhler, J. T. Van Dalfsen	4 42 30	5 07 55	5 31 40	1 18 40

Winners: First prize, La Gloria; second prize, Nanawitt.

Event No. 14. tandem paddling, July 24, distance ½ mile, weather cloudy, wind calm, water smooth:

	Start.	Elapsed.
Cricket, Palmer and Duguid	12 45 05	0 5 42
Sunbeam, Scott and Tilley	12 45 05	0 6 10
Ripple, Dinike and Ahrnke	12 45 05	0 6 28
Silence, Archhald and Johnson	12 45 05	0 6 42
——	12 45 05	0 6 49

Winners: First prize, Cricket; second prize, Sunbeam.

Event No. 15, club four paddling, July 24, distance ½ mile, wind S.W., water choppy:

Wah-tah-wah, Ianthe C. C.	Start.	Elapsed.	Drift, Ianthe C. C.	Start.	Elapsed.
L. B. Palmer, J. Duguid, B. Fredericks, H. S. Farmer	3 41 23	0 4 52	G. P. Douglas, Boggs, Braine, Baxter	3 41 23	0 5 02

Winners: First prize, Wah-tah-wah.

Event No. 16, sailing, upset and maneuvering, July 23:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab, C. E. Archbald	5 41 00	5 10 10	0 09 10
Torment, F. C. Moore	5 41 00	5 51 00	0 10 00
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	5 41 00	5 52 30	0 11 30

Winners: First prize, Mah.

Event No. 17, paddling upset race. July 26, distance ¼ mile, weather clear, wind W. light, water smooth:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cricket, L. B. Palmer	10 47 54	10 49 53	1 59 00
Pirate, Geo. P. Douglas	10 47 54	10 50 03	2 09 00

Winner: First prize, Cricket.

Event No. 18, hurry scurry, July 26:

	Elapsed
——, Chas. Ahrnke	4 17 00
——, J. R. Stewart	4 27 00
——, W. Dinike	4 35 00

Winner: First prize, Chas. Ahrnke.

Event No. 19, gymnastics:

	Elapsed.
Pirate, George P. Douglas	

Winner: First prize, G. P. Douglas.

Event No. 21, Sing Sing Y. C. cup, July 21, distance 6 miles, weather hazy, wind W. strong, water choppy. Start 2:47:00:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab, C. E. Archbald	3 05 39	3 24 29	3 45 52	4 03 46	1 16 46
Chiquita, T. S. Oxholm	3 04 55	3 22 58	3 44 24	4 04 23	1 17 23
Cricket, L. B. Palmer	3 06 10	3 24 55	3 48 26	4 09 08	1 22 08
Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr	3 06 52	3 26 35	3 56 40	4 18 51	1 31 51
Zaidee, H. V. Backus	3 10 40	3 31 18	3 56 40	4 18 52	1 31 52
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	3 09 30	3 30 48	3 56 25	4 18 58	1 31 58
Bo-Peep, D. S. Goodsell	3 08 12	3 28 54	3 54 10	4 18 58	1 31 58
Claire, F. C. Johnston	3 09 30	3 31 04	Withdrew.		
Massawippa	Withdrew.				
Fineen, J. W. Hamilton	Withdrew.				
Dolphin, P. R. Engwall	Withdrew.				
Gull, H. D. McVean	Withdrew.				

Winners: First prize, Mab; second prize, Chiquita.

Event No. 22.—Jabberwock trophy, race July 25, 1894, distance 3 miles, weather clear, wind S.E., mod. to light, water lumpy in channel. Start, 11:23.

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Elapsed.
Zaidee, H. V. Backus	11 50 30	12 17 39	0 54 39
Kiowilla, C. E. Cragge	12 07 45	12 58 05	1 35 05
Gull, H. D. McVean	11 51 10	Withdrew	
Massawippa, W. H Martin	Withdrew		
——, Enoch Aston, Jr	Dis.		

First prize, Zaidee.

Event No. 23.—Orillia Cup, distance 7½ miles, weather clear, wind S.E., water lumpy. Start, 11:23.

	1st R'd.	2d R'd.	3d R'd.	4th R'd.	Fin	Elaps'd
Mah, C. E. Archhald.	11 43 55	12 04 15	12 24 40	12 55 20	1 27 45	2 04 45
Eel, J. W. Sparrow.	11 48 10	12 11 45	12 37 55	1 14 35	2 00 56	2 37 56
Claire, F.C.Johnst'n.	11 50 05	.....	.....	1 17 20	2 12 35	2 49 35

First prize, Mab.

Cruising.

The present camp offered unusual facilities to the out-classed cruiser, which of course he did not avail himself of. The short distance made it easy to cruise to camp from New York, the Sound and the Passaic, and a few did so, but by no means as many as was to be expected; and this feature of accessibility by canoe alone, is no

worth considering in selecting future camp sites. Mr. Wakeman cruised from Bridgeport to the camp, and other men cruised to camp with tent and duffle in their canoes, cooking all the time in true camp style.

Once in camp, there was fine water for day trips and short cruises, but very few were made.

Business.

The annual meetings of the four divisions were held in camp, there was also held a meeting of the executive committee for the election of the commodore and secretary-treasurer, a meeting of the new board of governors for organization and the so-called general meeting. At the meeting of the Atlantic Division on July 21 the following officers were elected: Vice-Com., H. L. Quick, Yonkers C. C.; Rear-Com., J. E. Murray, Red Dragon C C.; Purser, Thos. Hale, Jr., Yonkers C. C.; Executive Committee, I V. Dorland, H. H. Smythe and J. K. Hand; Member of Board of Governors, R. J. Wilkin, Brooklyn C. C.

On July 25 the Northern Division elected the following officers: Vice-Com., Wm. L Scott, Ottawa C. C.; Rear-Com., J. W. Sparrow, Toronto C. C.; Executive Committe, C. E. Archbald, Pointe Claire B. C., Montreal, and A. H. O'Brien, Argonaut C. C., Toronto; Member of Board of Governors, E. B. Ewards.

The Eastern Division on July 23 elected the following officers: Vice-Com., Raymond Appolonio, Shuh Shuh Gar C. C., Winchester, Mass.; Rear-Com., Robert Wakeman, Owanux C. A., Bridgeport, Conn.; Purser, Louis F. Cutter, Shuh Shuh Gar C. C., Winchester, Mass.; Executive Committee, Dr. George R. Parmele, Hartford C. C., and Howard Frost, Tatassit C. C., Worcester, Mass; Member of Board of Governors, Paul Butler, Vesper B. C., Lowell, Mass.

The meeting decided that the Eastern Division was not in a position to warrant it in taking the commodoreship and meet, which go to it by turn, and offered a formal waiver of both with a wish that the executive committee might select Vice-Com. Witherhee for the chief office of the Association. The meeting of the Central Division was held on Wednesday night, the present vice-commodore and purser being re-elected.

The meeting of the executive committee was held on the same evening, during the session of the Central Division. Some detail business was attended to, including votes of thanks to Mr. John Cockroft, the owner of the land on which the meet was held, who has been most kind and obliging from the first; to the Sing Sing Y. C. for the silver cup presented hy it, as well as for other courtesies, and to the Yonkers C. C. for the Dolphin trophy, presented under the conditions given last week. After the meeting of the Central Division was concluded, the name of Mr. W. R. Huntington was presented for Commodore of the Association, but as he positively declined to accept the office, Vice-Com. Witherbee was nominated. He also declined to serve, and a long discussion followed, Mr Huntington being again requested to take the office, but refusing. After some further persuasion Mr. Witherbee was elected, in spite of his objection, and Purser Cragge was elected secretary-treasurer. This made two vacant offices in the Central Division, which were filled hy holding another meeting and electing Vice-Com., Charles G. Belman, Amsterdam C. C.; Rear-Com., H. D. McVean, Rochester C. C.; Purser, W. S. Hackett, Mohican, C. C., Albany, N.Y.; Executive Committee, Officers Nate S. Smith, Newhurgh Boating and Canoeing Association, and William R. Huntington Deowainsta, C. C., Member of Board of Governors, Charles V. Winne, Mohican C. C., Albany, N. Y.

The so-called "general meeting" of the Association was called to order quite late in the evening after tbe other meetings were over, most of those in camp being gathered around the camp-fire. The races not heing over, the principal function, the presentation of prizes, was deferred, and several votes of thanks were tendered to Mr. Cockroft and other parties. Com. Dorland called for a report from the committee appointed at the November meeting to consider the question of future camp sites for the Association, Messrs. Oliver, Edwards, Gray, MacKendrick, Seavey, Peehles, Huntington, Parmele and Stephens. The chairman, Mr. Stephens, reported that the committee had been unable to meet personally, the members residing in distant places, and that much difficulty had been experienced in carrying on a discussion of the question by correspondence, suggesting that as a majority of the committee was then in camp, it would he possihle to discuss the matter at length, and draft a report, to be submitted to the ahsent members and laid before the executive committee at the November meeting. Mr. Wilkin made a lengthy and eloquent speech in which he denounced the appointment of the committee as an attempt to force the Association to adopt one permanent camp site, and finally made a motion that the committee be immediately discharged. Mr. Stephens opposed the motion, without arguing any of the many points made by the other side, on the point of order that the so-called general meeting was purely an informal gathering of the persons in camp, with no power to vote on any question, or to discharge the committee. Com. Dorland sustained the point of order, and Mr. Wilkin again addressed the meeting at length, finally offering another motion, that it was the sense of the meeting that the executive committee be requested to discharge the committee as soon as possible. An aye and nay vote was first taken, but in the darkness it was impossible to see who voted. A rising vote was then called for, and a majority arose in favor of Mr. Wilkin's motion, hut a point of order was raised by Mr. Masten as to whether only qualified members of the Association had voted. Again a rising vote was called for, and Secretary Douglas made the count with the aid of a lantern dimly burning, the result being ahout two-thirds in favor of the motion. Mr. Burns then offered a motion requesting the executive committee to consider such a change of the constitution as should make it possihle for the members in camp at the meets to vote on matters relating to the management of the Association. The motion was seconded hut lost, after which the meeting adjourned.

On Tuesday morning a meeting of the new hoard of governors was held for organization, Com. Dorland presiding, and Messrs. Wilkin, Edwards, Butler and Winne being present. As it is provided that the term of office shall be four years, one member retiring each year, it was necessary to settle the lengths of term of each new member, and Mr. Wilkin drew the four-year term, Mr. Butler the three-year, Mr. Winne the two and Mr. Edwards the one-year term. Mr. Wilkin was elected president and Mr. Winne recorder.

On Thursday a meeting of the committee on future camp sites was held, at which it was resolved that, in view of Mr. Wilkin's motion, the committee request of the executive committee that it he at once discbarged, and Com. Dorland was accordingly notified. A meeting of the executive committee was called on Friday morning, but as no quorum responded no action was taken.

Tbe amusements of the camp offered nothing out of the common; the usual camp-fires were held, the ladies heing invited to many of them; but the special attractions of some former years were very wisely omitted, as they had reacbed a point in the elahorate tableaux and pyrotechnic display of 1892 where they encroached on the domain of tbe roof garden rather than a camp in the woods by the disciples of "Rob Roy," "Nessmuk" and "Seneca." By way of diversion, however, and to enliven the Knickerhocker camp fire, which was one of the pleasantest of the meet, Mr Seavey sent up five huge stage hirds, made of wire. canvas and papier maché, covered witb palm leaves to represent feathers. These huge creatures were first introduced to the camp at sundown, each towed on a float, then they indulged in a dance on the beach, and later they appeared at the camp-fire on the steep hill in front of the Knickerhocker camp. The club had imported from New York a "coon band," as nearly as possible like that at Jessup's Neck, which regaled the assembly with "Watermelon Growing on de Vine" and other ditties, after which three of the immense birds made their entry from the darkness and engaged in a dance, the band singing "Dere's a Lock on de Chicken Coop Door" A very nice spread was provided and the evening passed very pleasantly. The camp-fire was dispersed by 11 P. M. by two or three drops of rain, after which all adjourned to headquarters, where the prizes were distributed.

This year there was no "Visitor's Day," nor was there any trouhle from strangers in camp during the meet. Though so near to Sing Sing and also to New York, there were fewer strangers than in more isolated locations, and no parties or excursions, such as might he expected, attempted to land. On Friday night a hand from Sing Sing visited the camp and played at the camp-fire. In the matter of social life the camp was a pleasant and congenial one, especially when the large proportion of new and comparatively strange members is taken into account.

The Wawbewawa War Canoe Racing Association.

Some of the active canoeists in the vicinity of Boston have recently organized the Wawbewawa War Canoe Racing Association, and it is their desire to awaken an interest in canoe events of this kind. They have already made application for membership in the New England Amateur Rowing Association, and there is no doubt but that they will enter at least one crew in the races to he held on the Charles River on Labor Day. The Springfield C. C. has just been admitted to the Association, and the Tatassit Club of Worcester has been a member for several years. It is possible that the Arlington Boat Club may also enter a crew. Altogether the prospects for an interesting race are very brigbt. After the most successful war canoe race at Springfield on May 30 last, during tbe Eastern Division meet of tbe A. C. A., it seems as though this kind of canoe racing will he a prominent feature in all future regattas. It is hoped that the Hartford C. C. will soon fall in line and join the N. E A. R. A

The Wawbewawa War Canoe Racing Association is composed of paddlers living in the vicinity of the Hub, and they certainly ought to make a good showing, as they are all A. C. A. members and canoeists of experience. The club is limited to twenty, and there is a waiting list already. The officers are as follows: Louis S. Drake, Captain; Walter L. Perry, Secretary; Francis J. Burrage, Purser.

Prudish Purity from Puritanville.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Canoeing circles in Boston of late have heen shaken with the throes of discussion. The topic has, strange to say, been that of dress, a subject usually scorned by canoemen. The cause of this distressing agitation is found in the recent suspension of several active members of the Newton Boat Club ostensibly because they appeared upon the club floats in a training costume, which comprised shoes, stockings, knickerbockers and sleeveless rowing shirts. When argued with about their action, the officials of that large club wanted it distinctly understood that "the club was not a boating hut a social organization." Now every one knew that before the committee made such a statement, hut no canoeist in Boston ever entertained the idea that a club whose constitution set forth that it was organized for purposes of maintaining and fostering aquatic sports would take such extreme means to kill all the athletic tendencies of its members. Can it be that the representatives of the fair sex who visit the N. B. C are so vastly different from those who complacently sit and watch a Harvard-Yale race, where the contestants oftentimes compete dressed in but little more than a breech cloth, or who occupy the seats on Holmes's Field and watch the half nude figures of sprinters dash across the tape amidst thunders of applause? The young women who indulge in the canoeing pleasures on Charles River are admirable in many respects; they are of good social standing; unlike most of the members, many are strong paddlers: they are eminently respectable and are endowed with that innate modesty for which the American girl is noted. But I venture to say that by far the greater portion of them modestly admire the sight of a well set up, muscular form, as they properly should. Is it possible that any pure-minded woman will revolt at the sight of a pair of bare, muscular and sun-bronzed arms? I hope not. And all would be tranquil in canoeing circles if their prudish swains could command an equal amount of sound common sense. Why, since the old Greek days and earlier the hardy and well-formed athlete has been the cynosure of all feminine eyes, while the weakling has been pitied and scorned. Who is crowned hy fair hands with the laurel wreath of victory now, as then—the manly figure of the perfectly-formed man or the cigarette-smoking dudeling who idly watches others win renown?

Away with such false modesty, the meanest of all small qualities. Let the American girl continue to applaud the man to whom is due the physical elevation of our race, and let the inane splutterings of mock modesty receive the contempt that is its due. Ilex.

Boston.

Mr. Howard's Races.

From the Field.

This question of what is and what is not a canoe-yawl has a rather important hearing upon two events which are to come off early in August. In the first place, the British Canoe Association's challenge cup at Salcombe, is open to canoe-yawls, and we are informed hy the owner of an Oxford canoe-yawl that he is going to Salcombe. His craft is a ½-rater, she has a counter and a transom stern, and she is sloop rigged. There is no definition of a canoe-yawl in the club's rules under which the cup is to be raced for; and possibly, after a long and expensive journey, this craft may be shut out, should the club elect to use the R. C. C definition. On the other hand, sailing canoes, such as Dragon, of 36in. beam, 14ft. water-line and 0·3 rating, will have to race on open salt water against a regular 0·5-rater racing craft of 17ft. water-line and some 5ft. 6in. beam.

In the second place, with regard to what is a correct definition of canoe-yawl, we are informed that the American challenge issued by Mr. Howard to sail his canoe Yankee against any English canoeman on open water, has been taken up by Mr. Brand, who is willing to match his Oxford canoe-yawl Spruce II, against the Yankee. Of course, if each man has seen the boat of the other and is not afraid of her, definitions concocted by clubs need not enter the question; but if the idea is to hold a canoe-sailing match under an international halo, probably, in the absence at present of a canoe-racing association, some definitions or rules will be advisable if not absolutely necessary. If the definition of the Royal C C. he taken, Spruce could not sail because she has a transomed counter, and her rudder is not "at the after-end of the boat." In light to moderate winds, on open water, Yankee, with her 5ft sliding seat, would probahly walk clean away from the ½-rater if much reaching were found on the course; but in a rough peg-and-run, with frequent turning in lumpy water, Yankee would he out of it. We do not see any "matching" between such very different types of boats—viz., 30in. beam, and crew out on a 5ft. slide, with 112 sq. ft. of sail, against 5ft. 6in. beam and 175ft. of sail, load-line lengths heing about the same. If a match is made it should not be considered a canoe-sailing race, nor any test of what a canoe-yawl is or is not in competition with a typical American canoe.

A despatch on July 28, states that Mr. Brand has accepted Mr. Howard's challenge, and will race him in either a canoe or canoe-yawl.

A. C. A. Membership

Central Division.—John L. Warner and John J. Howe, Jr., of New Jersey. Dr. Jas. T. Vredenburgh.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

Eleven members of the Zettler Cluh assembled at Wissel's Cypress Hill Park, July 29, to participate in the bi-monthly shoot. The weather was hot and dry, a combination that made shooting somewbat laborious. The powder had a disagreeable way of sticking to the inside of the rifle barrel, thereby causing much vexation to the perspiring shooter. Messrs. Ross, Holges and Hansen, wbo shoot the Schalk system, seemed to have hut little trouble with their rifles Ross in particular shot in brilliant form, and in a series of 50 shots made the following scores: 226 226 223 225 229—1129. Among the group of experts who were trying to extract their measure of pleasure from the unfavorable conditions was that old veteran and aged shooter Ferdinand Fabarius. Although 74 years of age Mr. Faharius seems to shoot his rifle with as much pleasure as in bis younger days. The best scores on the ring target were made by Ross, whose average was 225.8. Holges was second. There was considerable interest centered on the man-target, where Busse, Walther, Ross, Holges and otbers were having a hot race for first position. Several of the competitors quit only when their ammunition became exhausted Scores:

F C Ross	22	23	23	25	24	20	24	24	19	32—226
	21	24	23	22	25	23	23	20	21	24—226
	25	21	23	25	22	22	20	23	25	23—229
H Holges	20	25	23	20	25	23	20	25	23	21—225
	24	24	23	22	21	20	23	24	23	20—224
	22	25	23	23	24	20	21	24	21	21—224
L P Hansen	24	24	22	24	23	23	22	18	20	20—220
	25	21	24	24	17	20	24	17	23	21—216
	20	24	23	21	22	18	24	20	17	21—210
G W Plaisted	21	19	22	22	17	23	23	21	21	22—211
	22	21	22	23	19	21	15	23	23	20—209
	18	24	20	17	23	19	21	24	20	20—206
M B Engel	25	20	12	22	23	25	22	21	19	21—210
	22	23	22	21	10	22	22	22	21	22—208
	20	23	16	24	22	24	21	17	24	14—205
R Busse	21	20	23	24	22	21	25	19	19	24—214
	18	20	22	21	17	19	24	20	22	23—206
	20	21	18	24	18	20	24	19	22	19—205
B Zettler	29	23	21	19	23	22	19	22	23	24—216
	24	23	21	17	17	19	24	25	20	19—210
	23	18	24	18	21	24	13	13	17	20—191
G Krauss	22	20	24	17	19	21	18	19	18	9—187
	18	22	13	22	20	23	24	22	0	18—181
Philip Feigel	22	22	22	23	15	21	24	22	14	17—202
	21	21	23	22	14	14	18	21	22	23—202
	24	19	22	22	23	8	20	22	20	18—198
F Fabarius	22	10	20	18	3	22	9	19	15	19—137
	25	0	18	10	17	14	10	15	19	19—147
	15	19	13	0	21	11	7	18	16	12—132

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: Ross 57, Walther 56, Busse 55, Holges 55, Engel 54.

Bullseye target, 3 shots, 4in. center, possible 3: Hansen 1, Plaisted 1, Holges 1.

Rifle Notes.

A meeting of the hoard of delegates of the National Bund of North America, was held at No. 12 St. Marks Place on Friday night of last week, for the purpose of hearing the final report of the committee on parks. By a unanimous vote it was decided to hold the festival at Glendale Park, Long Island.

The New York Central Corps, Capt. D. Meerse, held its 24th annual festival at the Union Hill Park, on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Rifle at the Golden Gate.

San Francisco, July 22.—The prolonged strike has arrested my regular reports of shooting notes from the Golden Gate, and, moreover, I have been in the mountains on a rough, though short, trip after blacktails and health.

Three weeks ago the Grütli Verein gave their annual public prize shoot with a liberal list of cash and merchandise prizes on the San Rafael range. The attendance was large. The most valuable prize, a solid gold Waltham watch, was won by Dr. Rodgers on his second ticket (24 23 25—72); Wm. Glindeman, second, won $25 coin (24 25 23—72); H. Strecker, third, won $20 gold coin (71 rings), etc.

Two weeks ago the monthly medal and usual all-comers' contests of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club were held. There were present Mr. A. McBean of Chicago, and Mr. Schmidt, formerly of Milwaukee, both well known riflemen. Each essayed a score for the Roos rifle medal and shot well, considering that they were out of practice. The attendance on the range was small, as the strikers were in an ugly mood and were in force near the range. Weather conditions good.

Scores, for members only, no re-entry, pistol, 50yds: Champion class—F. O. Youug 94, C. M. Daiss 87, A. Johnson 87. First class—A. H. Pape 89, F. Gehret 85, D. McLaughlin 84, Dr. Rodgers 83, F. Poalter 79, P. Bohr 79.

Rifle, for members only, no re-entry, 200yds.: Champion class—D. McLaughlin 85, F. O. Young 80, Dr. Rodgers 75. First class—P. Bohr 76, F. Gehret 72, A. H. Pape 72. Second class—C. C. Ludington 54.

All comers' medals and cash, re-entry in all. Scores:

Pistol—A. McBean 93, Dr. Rodgers 93, F. O. Young 93, A. H. Pape 90, C. M. Daiss 88, F. Gehret 85, P. Bohr 85, E. Hovey 85, D. W. McLaughlin 80.

Target Rifle—Dr. L. O. Rodgers 88, D. McLaughlin 87, A. H. Pape 86, A. McBean 84, F. Gehret 83.

Springfield rifle, standard American target—F. Gehret 82, A. H. Pape 80.

To-day the above club held another semi-monthly all comers' shoot. Scores:

Pistol—C. M. Daiss 94, F. O. Young 92, Dr. Rodgers 91, A. H. Pape 90, F. Gehret 89, A. McBean 89.

Target rifle—F. O. Young 90, A. McBean 87, F. Gehret 84.

Springfield rifle—L. O. Rodgers 73.

The California Schuetzen Club are making preparations for their popular fall festival to be held next month at San Rafael. Roeel.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

The New York Central Schuetzen Corps held its monthly shoot at Union Hill Schuetzen Park, July 24. Capt. D. Meers with 40 members participated. Soooting was not as good as it should have been, the weather was too warm. Scores, ring target:

Championship Class.

P F Schmidt	66	65—131	A W Roose	65	58—123
D Meerse	64	63—127	H D Muller	62	60—122
F Schmidt	62	61—123	F Schroder	61	55—116
J Reiturissner	35	25— 60			

Class I.

J Eisenhardt	67	57—124	C Pletz	54	48—102
E Richardt	54	54—108			

Class II.

E Berkmann	63	61—124	W Koch	56	47—103
J Jorden	63	57—120	M Teschmaker	51	49—100
W Teschmaker	58	53—111			

Class III.

M Holsten	67	57—124	J Loewe	51	45— 96
M Ticker	65	59—124	J Forch	48	43— 91
J Schneweiss	60	48—108			
Class IV.			A Luck	54	38— 92

Bullseye target—Championship class: P. Schmidt 6, Schroeder 3, Muller 2, Roos 1. Class I.—Eissenhardt 1, Flurole 1. Class II.—W. Teschmaker 1, Berkman 1. Class III.—Schneweiss 3.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

Five members of the Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City, visited Armbruster's Park on Friday of last week for an afternoon practice at 200yds. range. The weather was hot with a strong southerly wind sweeping across the range. The principal feature of the afternoon's shooting was an impromptu 50 shot handicap match between Messrs. Hansen, Plaisted and Boyce for a nominal stake; Hansen and Plaisted granting Boyce 33 points handicap. The finish of the first 10 shot string was decidedly in favor of Hansen, who, with a total of 217, was leading Plaisted 3 points and Boyce 27, from this point on to the last string. Hansen fell off in his average while his competitors kept improving. Hansen's fifth and last score was an exhibition of good holding, and resulted in the fine score of 220. His effort, however, came too late to land him a winner in the race. He got second place, heating Boyce hy the small margin of 3 points. The scores are appended, 50 shots, German ring target, 200yds.:

Plaisted	214 224 221 216 207—1082	Boyce	190 212 194 215 209—1020
Hansen	217 205 201 213 220—1056	Handicap	33
			1053

The scores of the members who were present and participated in the regular club event are appended, 10 shots, German target:

Speicher	22	22	17	19	25	10	19	23	17	17	- 191
Boyce	19	24	25	21	23	16	22	22	19	24	—215
Haase	19	10	20	22	5	8	21	16	24	19	—168
Weher	20	19	22	18	23	20	21	20	22	17	—202

Challenge by a Youngster.

Chicago, Ill., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will let my boy Alfred shoot a match with any one, professionals barred, as follows: 50 shots, 50ft., American standard target; 54 shots at running balls, 3 balls to be shot at while going away from the shooter, or 3 shots to count, rifle to be shouldered after the balls are in motion, each broken ball scored 10 points; 50 shots at swinging target, sbots to he fired either right or left end of swing, to the choice of the shooter, and one shot to be fired at each swing of target from first shot or scored lost, each bell scored 10 points; 50 shots rapid firing, 50ft., German ring target, by series of 10 sbots each inside of 12 seconds, and one point added for each 1-5 second under set time; 30 shots with shotgun at inanimate targets, known traps and angles, each dead scored 10 points. No coaching, instructing or interfering will be allowed while the shooter is at the score; 10-gauges and globe sights barred. Alfred is under 12 years of age but age will not bar anybody willing to accept challenge. C. H. Bisson.

Cypress Hills Park, July 29.

There was a large gathering of German-American shooting societies in this park to-day. The weather was hot but hot weather only adds to the pleasure of the jolly Teuton when out for a picnic. A programme of twelve prizes on the 50yds. range was put up for competition for visiting riflemen. A number of the members of the Zettler Club who had heen engaged in long range practice in tbe early part of the day, took a hand in the sbort-range shooting with much success. The scores are appended:

L Flach	74	74—148	B Zettler	72	72—144
B Walther	73	74—147	G Worn	72	72—144
H Holges	73	74—147	Muth	71	72—143
C Ross	73	73—146	Kahers	66	73—139
C Horney, Jr	72	73—145	Muller	69	70—139
G Krauss	72	72—144	Hokwyos	50	60—110

Blumenthaler Co., No. 6.

New York, July 23.—The Blumenthaler Co, No. 6, N. Y. S. Co. No. 1 held its last shoot this eve at its range on Ninth avenue. Capt Fred Schill and fifteen members were present and participated in the shooting. The scores are appended:

F Schill	240 336 234 232 232—1174		Norwicke	232 231 252	— 694
H Muller	239 235 235 235	— 944	F Necoise	120 111	
W Hicks	238 229 229 222	— 918			

Point target, champion class: Schroeder 60, Muller 39, F. Schmidt 24, Reitwersner 2. Second class: Ernie Berckman 44, Koch 43, Jordan 30. Third class: Schneweiss 39, Lower 30, Forsch 8. Fourth class: Tonjes 32.

Main target: Reitweisner 56, Ficken 55, Eisenhardt 53, P. Schmidt 53, Schroeder 53, Roos 52, F. Schmidt 51, Berckman 51.

Henry D. Muller.

Greenville Rifle Club.

There was quite a falling off in the attendance of the members of the Greenville Rifle Club at the weekly gallery shoot on July 27. A rifle gallery is not the coolest spot to pass an evening these hot nights. Fourteen members were present and entered into the competitions for the class prizes. The scores are appended: Ten shots, German ring target:

First class: J. Boag 234, Collins 240, Scheeline 222, C. Boag 226, Plaisted 227, Perkins 240.

Second class: Agneau 231, Charlock 223, Gotthardt 223, Cbase 221.

Third class: Graef 212, Hill 206, Renker 213, Daniels 200.

Rifle at San Antonio.

The San Antonio Rifle Club held its regular weekly shoot on July 22 as follows. Regular medal shoot, rest, 200 yards, 10 shots per man:

A Guenther	9	9	9	9	11	12	9	9	10	9—96
E Dosch	7	10	9	9	9	6	8	12	7	9—86
Ad Altman	8	9	8	9	11	9	10	8	19	9—91
E Steves	9	12	8	12	7	7	8	9	10	10—92
A Uhl	12	8	11	9	9	9	9	10	9	11—97
R Neuman	10	8	9	9	7	7	8	8	7	7—80
O Koehler	4	7	6	5	9	6	5	9	6	9—66
E Seffel	8	10	8	8	9	8	8	12	10	11—92
A Herff	10	6	10	9	12	10	9	5	9	12—92

Medal offhand shoot, 200 yards. 10 shots per man:

A Guenther	4	10	5	0	6	7	6	5	5	5—53
E Dosch	5	6	6	0	4	3	0	9	8	5—46
Ed Altman	6	3	7	9	5	6	5	5	5	10—61
G Altman	9	9	7	9	9	7	9	7	9	4—79
A Uhl	6	8	8	6	5	8	7	6	6	8—68
G Heye	5	6	6	10	5	4	3	6	4	7—58
E Seffel	6	7	7	10	8	5	6	10	7	7—73
A Herff	6	6	3	6	4	4	5	4	4	7—49

O. C. G.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 7.—Albany, N. Y.—Eastern New York League tournament, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Horace B. Derby, League Secretary.

Aug. 7-9.—Memphis (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament.

Aug. 8.—W. H. Kearfott's semi-annual bluerock target tournamen at Kcarneysville, Jefferson county, W. Va.

Aug. 8-10.—Missouri State Amateur Association, at Richmond, Mo.; $300 added.

Aug. 13-18.—John Parker's fourth international tournament, blue rock targets and live birds, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, near Detroit, Mich.

Aug. 15-16.—Richmond (Me.) State shoot. C. O. Rowe, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-23.—Hot Springs (S. D.) Gun Club's tournament; $250 added.

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsononock Park, Altoona.

Aug. 22-24.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Bunker Hill, Ill.

Aug. 23.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Atlantic Trap Shooting Association at Lynn, Mass.

Aug. 29.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fifth tourna ment, at Auburn.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Says the New York *Sun* of July 28th: "There may be such a thing as fair play in England. For years and years and years Englishmen have been boasting about it, but the treatment shown the American gentlemen who went over two months or so ago to shoot pigeons with the Britishers shows that some members of those swell organizations. the Gun Club and the Hurlingham Gun Club, have no other idea of sport than to win at all hazards. Some of the tricks alleged to have been played on the Americans would have made even the 'sure-thing' boys who flourished at Guttenburg blush, and the men who played them pass for sportsmen and gentlemen. Messrs. F. G. Moore, E. A. Post, A. Clinton Wilmerding and J T. Alburger, who, with Captain A. W. Money, R. A. Welch and John Seaver Page, shot in numerons matches against the English cracks at the clubs named, arrived on the Britannia yesterday, and they sailed into the gentlemen sharps without gloves. 'We went abroad expecting to compete against gentlemen,' said Mr. Moore, 'but we got a good dose of English fair play which we won't soon forget At the Gun Club in the international tournament all of our men were shooting fairly well, but not brilliantly. Our scores were poor indeed, and the birds were faster than lightning. We noticed that the pullers invariably liberated the birds in traps Nos. 1 and 5 for us, while the Englishmen got the three inside hoxes. This would not have made such a great difference to us had there been no selection of birds, but all the fast ones were put in the end traps. The birds from Nos. 2, 3 and 4 were in many instances as slow as chickens on the wing. The fraud became so palpable that Captain Leighton and several other members of the clab threatened to resign unless an investigation was made. The executive committee met, and as a result the trap-pullers, who had been paid by some of the betting members, were dismissed. And at Hurlingham,' continued Mr. Moore, 'we found more gentlemen sharpers. They handicapped us heavily. We were shooting at 29 and 31 yards rise to 26 for the Englishmen, who were picked as the best shots in the country. All of us noticed that we were shooting under the birds, but couldn't understand it. Finally a Frenchman who was backing us insisted that a measure be brought. Then it was discovered that we had been shooting two yards back of our handicaps. There was no investigation over this. Some English sportsmen have a very poor idea of fair play.' The Americans won, besides a number of cups, about $3,000 in sweeps Mr. Moore broke the record at Hurlingham by killing 32 birds straight at 29 yards rise. Captain Money and R. A. Welch will return early this month."

The annual shoot of the Nassau Gun Club was held on July 25 at Dexter Park. Each member competing gave a prize and was a recipient of one. The contest was under the usual rules, and as each contestant was unaware of the prizes to be won, considerable fun took place. Each shot at 10 birds, all at 28 yards rise. E. Helgans was the winner with ten, and had the first choice of prizes; R. Woods with G. N. Forbell took the second choice with nine each; J. Young got the third with eight. Score: Club shoot, 28 yards—E. Helgans 10, R. Woods 9, G. N. Forbell 9, J. Young 8, W. Selover 7, W. Levens 7, C. Magee 6, Von Drelle 6. Sweepstake shoot five birds, 28 yards—W. Selover 5, R. Woods 4, E. Helgans 4, G. U. Forbell 4, J. Young 4, H. Bramwell 3, C Magee 2, P. Von Drelle 2. At the close of the shoot the annual meeting of the club was held and the following were elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, J. F. Van Wickleu; Vice-President, W. H. Selover; Treasurer, C. Magee; Secretary, W. Hartye; Executive Committee, G. U. Forbell, P. Von Drede and E Halgans; Directors, G. U. Forbell, C. Magee and P. Von Drede; Steward, Louis Miller.

The Hell Gate Gun Club held its monthly shoot at Dexter Park on July 24, there being twenty-two members on hand. The club match was at 10 live birds, American Association rules, the scores to count in the yearly averages. The result: Chris Moltzen, 25yds., killed 8; John Schim, 25yds., 6; H. Rabenstein, 28yds., 5; Chas. Rieger, 28yds., 7; John Linck, 28yds., 4; John H. Voss, 28yds, 9; H. Thau, 30yds., 8; Phillip Woelfel, 28yds., 5; J. Neumann, 25yds., 3; John Brodie, 28yds., 8; Conrad Webber, 28yds., 10; J. Friesen, 25yds., 5; Chris Rabenstein, 28yds., 8; Eugene Doinck, 28yds., 8; Louis Frazneck, 28yds., 7; Richard Regan, 28yds., 8; Robert Lindner, 28yds., 7; H. Knobel, 28yds., 7; J. P. Dannenfelser, 28yds., 7; H. W. Voss, 28yds, 7; Fred Trostel, 28yds., 10; Louis Shortemeier, 28yds., 8. Then followed a sweepstake at 20 targets each, 20yds. rise, with this result: Louis Shortemeier 17, Chris Rabenstein 15. John H. Voss 12, Eugene Doeinck 12, Cbas. Rueger 10, John Brodie 8, Conrad Webber 7, L. Fraznix 6, Fred Trostel 5, H. Rabenstein 1.

The monthly target contest of the Paterson Gun Club took place on July 24 at Williard's Park, each man shooting at 25 targets from five traps, 16yds. rise. T. W. Morfey was in good fettle and had no trouble in winning the medal. The scores were:

Morfey	1111111111111111101111111111—24
Wright	1111101011111111111011111—22
Morgan	11101110011001010110011100—15
Hopper	0001010010010110110111000—14

The next event was at 5 pairs, Morfey scoring 9, Wright 8, Morgan 5 and Hopper 4. The wind-up was at 15 singles, Wright getting 15, Morfey 14, Morgan 12 and Hopper 9.

The third tournament of the Eastern New York League will be held at Albany on Tuesday, Aug. 7, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. The programme comprises four 10 target event $1; four 15-target events, $1.50 and one at 20 targets, $2. Prizes of $5, $4, $3, $2 and $1 will be awarded to average winners in events 2 to 10 inclusive. Dinner will be served at R. Schaefer's Lake House. Take West Albany electric cars at intersection of State street and Broadway, to Watervleit avenue, where conveyances will be in readiness to take shooters to the grounds.

Altoona, Pa., July 25.—Will you please make a note in your next issue that I shall be pleased to mail a copy of the programme for the Pennsylvania State Shoot to any one who may want one, and who has been overlooked in our mailing list. The shoot is going to be a "corker," I believe, and "Wopsy" will be looking her prettiest, if only the weather clerk is favorable to us, and that, at this season of the year, is not very unlikely, as in August fine weather predominates in the Alleghenies.—Edward Banks Sec y.

Memphis will catch all the cracks next week and great will be the tussle for that $760 added to the purses.

The third championship contest of the New England Shooting Association will be held at Worcester, Mass., on Aug. 10 under the auspices of the Worcester Gun Club. The badge matches are open to residents of New England only. The programme is as follows: 10 singles, known angles, $1 entry; 10 singles, unknown angles, $1; 7 singles, straightaway, 25yds. rise, 75 cents; 15 singles, known angles, $1 25; 10 singles, unknown angles, $1; team championship, 5 men to a team, 15 targets per man, known angles, entrance price of targets; 10 singles, known angles, $1; individual championship, 30 siugles, known angles, entrance price of targets; 5 pairs, 75 cents; 7 singles, straightaway, 25yds. rise, 75 cents. In the championship events the gun must be below the armpit until target is in the air.

Eight members of the Down-town Gun Club of New York were present on July 26 at Dexter Park to compete for the club's gold medal. Each shot at 10 birds, club handicap, under American Association rules. J. Huff was the winner, with 9 out of 10; four others had a close race with him with eight each. A team shoot followed, with A. Goetz and J. Huff as captains Goetz's team won, and the losers paid for the birds. Score: J. Huff, 22yds., 9; H. Muller, 25yds., 8; A. Goetz, 25yds., 8; H. Fajer, 22yds, 8; C. Wolff, 30yds., 8; W. Joost, 21yds, 6; J. Ahders, 21yds., 6; W. Lang, 21yds., 6. Team shoot: A. Goetz 2, H. Muller 2, H. Fajen 1, W. Joost 1; total 6. J. Huff 1, C. Wolff 2, H. Lang 1, J. Ahders 1; total 5.

Atlantic City, N. J, will draw many shooters on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, when will be held the midsummer tournament of the Pier Gun Club. The shooting will be done from traps placed on the end of the pier, 1,500ft. from shore, and barring the appearance of a West Indian hurricane, the affair should be a pleasant and successful one. Enoch D. Miller, Harry Thurman and Wm. Garvin will be the prime hustlers.

The annual bluerock tournament under the management of W. H. Kearfott will be held at Kearneysville, W. Va., on Aug 8, and judging from the programme it should attract a big crowd. There are 13 events on the programme, 4 of them being for merchandise prizes, these including a Winchester rifle and a shotgun. The programme says: "Only one kicker will be allowed on the grounds and he has been engaged—an Englishman by the name of Hamburger."

In a recent team shoot between the Forester, West End, and Highland gun clubs at Davenport, Ia., the following scores were made: Foresters—Maser 19, Kroy 19. Shado 19, Severance 18. Young 19, Cook 22—116. Highlands—Henry 20, Lafin 19, Montgomery 19, Mauzy 14, Rost 20, Cooper 12—104. West Ends—Schmidt 17, Roeschman 22, Black 12, Lambach 13, Edwards 18, Hanson 14—96.

The annual tournament of the Standard Keystone Target Co. will be held at New London, Conn., Sept 4, 5, 6 and 7. Besides the regular trophy events there will be a race for State teams of five men each with 100,000 targets to go to the winning team. The management will also endeavor to add a shotgun, bicycle or boat to a given event each day.

PRES. W. A. WITHERBEE.
SEC'Y W. F. BROWN. VICE-PRES. E. C. DODGE.

NEW ENGLAND OFFICIALS.

Uncle Al! Uncle Al!! Uncle Al Heritage!!! why don't you make a move toward that meeting tending to give New Jersey a genuine sportsmen's association, one with a little snap and vim? All the Jersey sportsmen are ripe for the scheme, so don't wait until they get lukewarm!

Rockford, Ill., has a Mayor who is able to bestow skillful handling upon a shotgun, judging from his target scores. At the July medal shoot of the Rockford Gun Club, at 50 targets each, Mayor Hutchins broke 47, tying with Mike Eichs In the shoot-off at 5 targets each, the Mayor won, breaking 4 to Eichs' 3.

On Aug. 9 the Parkway Gun Club of Brooklyn and the Newark Gun Club will meet in a friendly contest for teams of 12 or 15 men each, at 10 live birds per man, on Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark. The Newarks will put out one of their famous lunches for the visitors.

T. H. Keller, Chas. Smith, E. D. Miller and other prominent members of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League strongly favor consolidation with the State Sportsmen's Associatiun and the adoption of the plan of the New York Association.

Next week will send a big lot of shooters to Memphis to contest for the $760 put up by the Memphis Gun Club. The contests are all good ones, and the conditions such that the man who wins will have to do some straight pointing.

At the shoot of the Chillicothe (Ohio) Gun Club on July 24, at 30 singles the scores were: Chapman 25, Blacker 22, Robinson 22. Ware 21, Dickey 20, Hess 20, Caldwell 19, Maginn 17, Freeman 17, Dehus 16, Schaumeker 15.

On July 26 James Timmons and Wm. Armstrong shot a 50 bird match on Class's Morristown grounds, 28yds. rise, for $100. At the finish the score was Timmons 40 and Armstrong 36.

In the trophy shoot of the Pansy Gun Club, of Kingston, N. Y., on July 21, at 31 targets each, Myer and Hume tied on 26 breaks each, Myer winning by a score of 9 to 8 on the shoot-off.

The monthly live bird shoot of the Paterson Gun Club will be held ou Tuesday. There will be plenty of birds at hand for open sweeps before and after the club contest.

Al Rust, field captain of the Keystone Shooting League, proposes to hold a live bird tournament in October on the League grounds at Holmesburg Junction, Pa.

"Uncle Jake" Pentz will be master of ceremonies at the friendly shoot between the Newark and Parkway gun clubs at Erb's next Thursday.

The team of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association struck a hot pace at Syracuse in the Central League contest.

Over $500 in cash and merchandise will be given away at the Kearfott tournament at Kearneyville, W. Va., on Aug. 8.

Tho "Knoxville hustling act" at the Memphis shoot next week will be performed by Sommer and Roger Van Gilder.

C. H. Townsend.

Frankford Gun Club Shoot.

Frankford, Pa., July 30.—The opening tournament of the Frankford Gun Club was held Saturday on their new grounds, near the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Bridesburg Station. The tournament commenced at 10 o'clock and lasted until 5. A crowd of shooters and spectators witnessed the shooting and partook of the lunch put up by the club. Some of the prominent shooters who attended were: Ivan Houpt and John Jones, of Dreshertown; Capt. Edwin Beck, Allie Mehrer and Harry Lawhead, of Frankford. The shooting was conducted by the captain of the club, Edwin Beck, and went off without a flaw. The targets were sprung from five Keystone traps, arranged for the rapid-shooting system. The scores were as follows:

No. 1: Peters 5, Beck 2, I. Houpt 5, Crouther 3, B. Bourne 2, White 5, Buck 2.

No. 2: White 3, Peters 5, Crouther 4, Buck 3. Beck 4, I. Houpt 6.

No. 3: George 0, Buck 4, White 3, Peters 3, T. Houpt 4, Beck 0, Crouther 2, Betson 4.

No. 4: Peters 5, Beck 6, Buck 4, T. Houpt 9, Betson 8, Crouther Stearne 3.

No. 5: White 3, Peters 3, Buck 2, T. Houpt 5, Beck 2, Crouther 3, Betson 2

No. 6: Peters 3, White 5, T. Houpt 5, Betson 7, Beck 6, Buck 3, Crouther 7.

No. 7: Peters 2, White 5, Beck 2, Betson 3, George 2, T. Houpt 5, Crouther 3, B. Bourne 4,

No. 8: White 5, Peters 2, Betson 3, T. Houpt 3, Crouther 4, B. Bourne 4, Beck 4.

No. 9: White 4, Beck 3, Betson 4, Peters 3, Crouther 3, B. Bourne 2, T. Houpt 4.

No. 10: Beck 2, Peters 3, Betson 5, T. Houpt 4, Jachops 3, White 3, Crouther 4.

No. 11: Peters 3, Beck 3, T. Houpt 4, Crouther 3, Buck 2, White 3, Betson 4, Jachops 3, Jones 3.

No. 12: B. Bourn 5, Buck 4, Peters 2, T. Houpt 4, Crouther 3, Beck 4, Betson 4. Jones 5, White 0, Jachops 3.

No. 13: W. Bourne 4, Peters 1, Beck 3, Buck 5, Mehrer 2, Betson 4, Crouther 5.

No. 14: W. Bourne 5, Beck 2, Peters 4, Houpt 5, Mehrer 4, Beck 3, Betson 4, J. Jones 5, M. Jones 2.

No. 15: Peters 8, Mercer 5, Buck 7, B. Browne 7, Houpt 8, Beck 3, Crouther 7, Jachops 7, Betson 6. Dawson 7, Lawhead 5, J. Jones 8.

No. 16: B. Bourne 4, Peters 2, Houpt 3, Betson 3, Mehrer 2, W. Jones Jachops 4, Mercer 0, J. Jones 4.

Pigeon Shooting at Saratoga.

Saratoga is a paradise for the idler and the dreamer, and when a busy bee of the world's workers drifts into this handsome hive of drones and sees the groups gathered upon veranda and piazza, or lending the various colors of their robes to the enchanting hues of lawn and garden, or the daintily attired creatures that ride silently about the smooth surfaces of the drives, all bearing the same air of lassitude and languor, then does the observer marvel that rational, intelligent beings in this bustling world of ours could be content to spend a single summer of their lives in such a "lotus dream of ease." But he soon discovers that this gilded idleness is but a veneer; that underneath its surface may be found a fierce whirl of excitement that would satisfy the most ardent devotee of enjoyment—a very feast of pleasure, to which the spice of variety is unstintedly added.

"What in the world has all this got to do with trap-shooting?" some sturdy sportsman will ask. Simply this, my brother: Trap-shooting was long ago added to the attractions for the pleasure seeker and excitement hunter at the spa; her sons are ardent devotees of the rod and gun and experts in the use thereof; big purses have been ungrudgingly offered to visiting competitors at the gun club grounds, and pigeon shooting has become the medium for the placing of heavy stakes.

It was under the last named condition that an Albany shooter gained a modest winning from a Saratogian on the 25th. A few days previously a game or two at pool, with a stake attached, had gone against the Albanian. The mineral water drinker desired to add to the discomfiture of the defeated one, and later, in one of Saratoga's immense caravanseries, his effervescence caused him to lift up his voice and cry aloud, "I can beat you shooting! I will shoot you a 50 bird race for $100 a side."

"I will go you; name your time and place," answered the boy from Saratoga.

It's about time I named the shooters? Well, here they are, Walter Hanson, of Saratoga, a slashing looking fellow, clever with the gun, but with no well won reputation as a shooter, and Harry L. Sweny, a member of the West End and the Forester gun clubs, of Albany, a youth whose brief career as a trap-shot has not allowed his reputation to extend over our Eastern New York League circuit, but whose steady pace at various shooting grounds is telling a tale of success, and who will yet be known throughout the State.

The arranging of this match to take place at Saratoga, Wednesday, July 25, took the Albany correspondent of Forest and Stream to the Springs on that day. Quite a representation of Albany and Troy shooters was present at an early hour, and the morning gave an opportunity for pleasant fraternizing with the stars of the Saratoga Gun Club—Ramsdill, Levengston, Gibbs, Bockes and Pike. The afternoon saw us all at the club grounds, so well known for its natural advantages of level plain and clear background. A large crowd of spectators were on hand, and the racing season being on, there was a liberal sprinkling of sports. The occasion was graced by the presence of a solitary lady, a dainty maiden visiting the Springs from Titusville—one of the prettiest creatures the sun ever shone upon. Two nobby-looking New Yorkers attracted general attention. One was quite an imposing-looking fellow, with a grand showing of brawny strength, the other a shapely little chap, with a strangely sharp look in his eyes, which were as piercing as those of a lynx. The identy of the strangers was revealed when I was introduced to David S. Johnson and Ned Garrison, the latter a famous jockey.

The contestants arrived on the ground in good time, and without any preliminary practice shooting they proceeded at once to the work in hand, after choosing Mr. Johnson as referee and the writer as official scorer. Sweny won the toss for cholce of position and decided that his opponent should face the traps first.

A match is rarely made where a man is so clearly outclassed as was Hanson. Beginning fairly well, he went all to pieces after the twentieth round and gave up the race at the end of the twenty-eighth. Sweny shot a steady and creditable pace, and his score is a good one even on summer birds, which in this instance were an excellent lot for the time of year. The score shows the stumbling gait of Hanson, the brilliant run with which Sweny opened his performance and the fine total which landed him an easy winney. The conditions of the match were 50 birds per man, $100 a side, American Shooting Association rules to govern:

H R Sweny	1121111111111111111021•11101—25
Walter Hanson	2011220121121101011000•0000—15

The Albanians present were confident that Hanson would prove a "dead easy" mark for Sweny but they had no idea that the Saratogian would be shot to a standstill when the match was little more than half over, so Harry got no congratulations. After the match was over there was a lot of birds left which some of the bloods present at once utilized in a couple of team matches. In the first of these Levengston and Pike of Saratoga were pitted against Johnson and Garrison of New York, 10 birds per man, $10 per team. The score shows that the Saratogians outshot the New Yorkers by a narrow margin;

Levengston	2211•21101—8	Garrison	0122102112—8
Pike	21011•1121—8—16	Johnson	0111120120—7—15

A 3-man team match followed, 5 birds per man, $10 per team, with Levengston, Pike and Sweny, against Johnson, Garrison and ex-champion W. T. Lord, of Troy. Another close race, with Levengston's team the victor:

Levengston	12111—5	Johnson	11101—4
Pike	•1012—3	Garrison	••222—3
Sweny	22111—5—13	Lord	11113—5—12

The excellent form in which young Sweny shot in the individual and team matches made him a favorite among the sporting men, and as I write these lines (July 28) a message has been received from Dave Johnson, stating that he will back Sweny against Garrison in a 50 bird race, for $50 a side. It is pretty definitely settled that the match will come off Tuesday, July 31, and your correspondent will be on hand for details.

Horace B. Derby.

Freehold 229, Dayton 228.

The team shoot between the Freehold and Dayton gun clubs shot at Freehold, N. J, on Saturday, July 28, was one of the most interesting contests ever shot in the State, the lead alternating with monotonous regularity up to the final shot. Each team put out twelve men and each man shot at 30 targets, 15 being from known and 15 from unknown angles. The scores:

Dayton Team.

Phillips	111111011111111101110111110111—26
Farr	010000101101110011000101110010 —14
Groendyke	001000101111010000101010000000—12
Dr Carroll	010011110111010011100111000110—17
McCowell	011111111111110101010001001111—21
J Emmons	001010100111011001000000000000—11
McDonald	010110011101011111101000011010 —17
Clinton	110101010101010100111111111111—21
Tiffany	011111110010110110010000111111—19
P Emmons	101111111111101110111111111111—27
Barclay	001100111101101111101110010010—18
Allen	101110101111111111011111101111—26—229

Freehold Team.

Walling	101110111010110111011100101000—18
Denise	001110111010C0110110011101011—18
Ivins	000001001011100001001101000000— 9
Burtis	101111100111110100110111011111—21
Throckmorton	111111010110111110101100010110—20
Davis	101101001101101011111111110001—20
Sherman	111101101100111010001110011111—20
Hance	111111111001111101111101111001—24
Hall	011011100111111061111011001100—19
Campbell	111011011111111010010111111111—24
Hyres	011010001000001101110010001011—13
Snyder	101111111110111101101010111110—22—228

Trap at San Antonio.

At the regular weekly shoot of the San Antonio Gun Club the following scores were made:

No. 1, 15 singles: McCormack 10, Smith 11, Veith 8, Grossman 8, Rothwell 15, Vollbrecht 5, France 9, Shields 9, Rahmstorf 4, Phillips 11.

No. 2, trophy shoot, 20 singles and 5 pairs: Rothwell 22, Smith 20, Grossman 18, McCormack 27, France 20, Seam 16, Phillips 17, Vollbrecht 15, Shields 16, Veith 21, Barr 18, Biesenbach 21.

No. 3, 15 singles: McCormack 11, Veith 8, Barr 9, Shields 6, Biesenback 12, Smith 10, France 14, Grossman 12, Phillips 10.

No. 4, 15 singles: McCormack 8, Shields 10, Grossman 16, Rothwell 14, Barr 10, France 11.

O. C. G.

Eureka vs. Garfield.

The first match of the season between the Eureka and Garfield gun clubs of Chicago took place on the former's grounds on July 21, under favorable weather conditions so far as light and heat were concerned. The wind, however, played all sorts of antics, and in many cases the angles of the targets were not only unknown but unknowable. The spectators were puzzled to see scores as good as were made in such a wind. A fair-sized crowd of sepectators were present, including a number of ladies.

The shooting of the Eureka team members was far below the average of its members, such men as Bingham, Willard and Adams, who usually top a 90% gait, going below 80%, and others also fell off in average. Below are the scores of the team shoot, the conditions being fifteen men per team, 25 singles, known traps and unknown angles.

Eureka Gun Club.

Bingham	1111011011111101011100111—19
Glover	1000111000011011001111001—13
Paterson	0111111001010101111101100—16
Carson	1001011011110000101101101—14
Lamphere	1011011111011011111111111—21
Adams	1001100001111011110111010—15
Miller	1100011111011101101111111—19
Goodrich	0101001111001111111111100—17
Stannard	1111111111111110110110111—22
Isgrigg	1110010110101100000000011—11
Palmer	1111011011010100011000001—13
Ellicott	1100010101100010010111111—14
Willard	0001111110011101111111111—19
Buck	0110001101011110111110011—16
Frothingham	1111011101111111111111101—22—251

Garfield Gun Club.

Drake	1110011011010101111101110—17
Young	1111111001100111111011101—19
Ackerman	0000111110011000111000000—10
Coppernoll	1001111010111011111111111—20
W Palmer	1010110111100101101110111—17
Mott	1111111111111111110111111—24
S Palmer	1101010111101111111001110—18
Hicks	1111000111111111011101011—19
Lauterbach	1100010100011011011110000—12
O'Brien	1111111111011001011111100—19
Hodson	0000101001110001000000101— 8
Bowers	1111111111101110111010110—20
Teft	1101111000111111111010011—18
Pilz	1100001001101110001011010—12
Von Lengerke	1111111110100111111110110—20—253

No. 1, 10 birds, unknown angles, entrance $1:

Stannard	0010101110— 5	Glover	1100101000— 4
Patterson	1110011111— 8	Vieth	1111011111— 9
Lampbere	1010011111— 7	Ellicott	0001110111— 6
Adams	1111101111— 9	DeWolf	0111011110— 7
Young	1110110111— 8	Rush	1010110111— 7
C H Palmer	1101110111— 8	Weart	0011000110— 4
Bing	1111011111— 9	Isgrigg	0000101111— 5
Carson	1000000101— 3	Hicks	0111111110— 8
Walton	0110011111— 7	S Palmer	0011111001— 6
O'Brien	0000001011— 3	Tefft	1110111111— 9
Jones	1001001010— 4	Ackerman	1000000000— 1
Goodrich	1001101010— 5	Drake	1000010101— 4
Willard	0110100111— 6	W Palmer	1001100100— 4
Frothingham	1111011111— 9	Cop	1110000101— 5
Mott	1111111111—10		

No. 2, 25 singles, known traps, unknown angles:

Adams	0011111101111100010110111—17
Patterson	1111111001110101111111111—20
Weart	1100000110000110011001000— 9
Carson	1011100100111110010010110—14
Von Lengerke	1111111111011110111111111—23
Hicks	1011111101101011111111001—19
S Palmer	1111111001111111111111011—22
Miller	1011101111111101101100111—19
O'Brien	1101111111100010111111111—20
Mott	1010001011101111100100100—13
Meek	0010000001001110100110011—11
Ackerman	1000110000100101111110001—12
W C Palmer	1111011101111100011111011—19
Drake	0101011011111111101111111—20
Dewolf	1111111000101110111011011—17
S Stannard	1111111111101111111111111—24
Isgrigg	0001010110111011100001101—13
Glover	1111001000111001010011110—14
Wells	1111011110111110111111111—22
Jones	0000010001010000001001000— 6
Thornburg	0000011110100100110000000— 8
Shelly	0010100000000100101001000— 6
Coppernoll	1011010111111111111111111—22
Ellicott	0110101001010011100100011—12
Bowers	1111101110110010101011110—17
Young	1110110110101001111111101—17
C H Palmer	0000111111001110101110011—14
Hod	1010100000010001010001011—10
Frothingbam	1011011111000111111101111—17
Tefft	0111101111111111111111111—23
Lauterbach	0010100100w.
Goodrich	0001110111101101101111110—17
Parker	0010000111010000000011010— 8
J C Jones	0100101100000001100000100— 7
I Lamphere	1111011001001111010111100—16
Drake	1111100011111111110011100—19
N Palmer	1101001101111011—10

No. 3, 15 singles, known traps, unknown angles:

Adams	110111111010100—10	Drake	100111111111011—12
Palmer	101111111111010—12	Stannard	111111011111111—14
Millard	110111111111111—14	Cop	101111111111111—14
W Palmer	111111111001010—11	Young	w
Miller	010011110011110— 9	Von Lengerke	010101101100101— 8
Hicks	001111101100111—10	Tefft	111101111001011—11
Mott	000010100111011— 7	Thornburg	111001100010000— 6
Dewolff	101110001100110— 8	Goodrich	110001110111101—10
Ackerman	000001001000100— 3	Jones	010010100000000— 3
Isgrigg	101100111100100— 8	Thornburg	001100100000000— 3
O'Brien	000100111000110— 6	Dewolff	101111100011110—10
Elliott	110111001110111—11		

No. 6, sweepstakes, known traps, unknown angles: Patterson 14, Lamphere 17, Stannard 14, Adams 15, Young 13, Palmer 9, Bingham 17, Carson 9. Miller 14, O'Brien 11, Adams 18, Steward 17.

No. 7, sweeps, 20 singles, known traps, unknown angles: Willard 13, Frothingham 16, Mott 16, Von Lengerke 14, Goodrich 11, Elliott 8.

W. T. D.

Pennsylvania State Tournament.

Visitors to the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's Tournament for the year 1894 will never have cause to regret the trip to Altoona over the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad and thence by the narrow gauge tracks of the Altoona, Clearfield and Northern Railroad to Wopsy, a summer resort, situated on the highest peak of the Alleghenies, 2,660ft. above sea level. From Harrisburg on the east, and from Pittsburg on the west, the scenery through which the line of the Pennsylvania runs is magnificent. It is only, however, a foretaste of what is to come as, seated in the observation cars of the Altoona, Clearfield and Northern Railroad, one climbs the steep ascent to Wopsononock. It is at the Lookout that the target shooting will take place. A four-storied pavilion has been erected at this point, with two sets of traps, one on each side of the building. The panorama spread out before the shooter on a clear day is something marvelous. The skyline is perfect, nothing but the sky itself to shoot against. If there are not some big records made it will not be the fault of the background against which the targets are thrown. It's impossible to give an idea of the view from the point; the only way is to come and judge for yourself.

The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association will be held at the Hotel Wopsononock on the night of August 21. This will be an important meeting, as it is intended next year to make special efforts toward obtaining a uniform game law for this State. Aug. 22, the second day of the tournament, will be the fourth anniversary of the organization of this association; so far no arrangements have been made as to celebrating that event, but there is no doubt but that it will be fittingly observed.

To reach Lookout Point, on your arrival in Altoona take the electric street-cars and tell the conductor to put you off at the Wopsy station; the trip by street car occupies about twelve minutes. Arrived at the station, cars on the Altoona, Clearfield & Northern Railroad will land you in 25 minutes at Hotel Wopsononock. This hotel is the headquarters for shooters on the mountain, the Brant House being headquarters in the city. Hacks will carry shooters to Lookout Point free of charge, the distance from the hotel to the Lookout being one-third of a mile. Trains will run on the A., C. & N. R. R. at frequent intervals during the days of the tournament. All inquiries as to the hours at which the trains will leave for Wopsononock will be cheerfully answered at the Brant House, one minute's walk from the Altoona station, or at "Bill" Clark's Red Lion Hotel, a few steps further away.

Shooting will begin at 9 A. M. each day. Targets will be deducted from entrance money at the rate of three cents each. Live birds will be charged for at the rate of 25 cents each. All ties in open events divided. On each of the first three days of the tournament the Altoona Rod and Gun Club will donate the sum of $30, divided into 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., to the highest four averages made during each day by shooters who shall shoot in every programme event decided on that day. State events will not count in averages. All open events governed by State Association rules. Rule 22 runs as follows: "At all annual tournaments given by this Association the graduating handicap shall be used in all events (except trophy events, which shall be named by the donors). Winners of first and second money must shoot in the next event which they enter at known traps and unknown angles. If in this event they fail to secure either first or second prize, they will fall back to known trap and known angle in the next event they shoot at and so continue to graduate," etc.

All purses in open events divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. All events, except trophy contests, open to all. If you're satisfied with the above, come and see us in August. If you're not satisfied with it, come and see us anyway.

All the sweepstake events will be at 20 singles, $2.50 entry. Of these there will be ten on the first day, seven on the second day, nine on the third day. There will be a 25-target event also on the third day, for a purse of $75 ($50 from W. G. Clark and $25 from the managing club), for which the price of entry is the price of targets only. On the first day there will also be the contest for the Wm. Wolstencroft & Son's trophy, which represents the individual championship of the State of Pennsylvania at targets, and which is valued at $100, each contestant to shoot at 50 single targets, entrance $5, 10-gauge guns 18yds. rise, 12-gauge guns 16yds. rise.

The Second Day.

Reading Shooting Association's silver trophy, valued at $200, the ownership to represent the five-men team championship of the State. Teams of five men, *bona fide* members of any club or association in the State Association. An entrance fee of $10 shall be charged each team, one-half of which shall be in payment of targets, the balance, 50 per cent., to the donors or holders of the trophy, the remainder; 30 and 20 per cent., to the teams next in order; 25 targets per man shall be shot at known angles, rapid firing system, 10 and 12-gauge guns, 16yds. rise.

Harrisburg Shooting Association's trophy, valued at $200, was donated by the Harrisburg Shooting Association, and represents the team championship of Pennsylvania. Teams of six men, *bona fide* members of any club or association in the State Association. An entrance fee of $10 shall be paid by each team, one-half of which shall be in payment of targets; the balance, 50 per cent., to the winner of the trophy, and 30 and 20 per cent. to the teams next in order. Twenty-five targets shall be shot at per man, known angles, rapid-firing system, 10 and 12-gauge guns, 16yds. rise. No one man shall shoot on more than one team.

The American Wood Powder Company's trophy, a silver cup, to be contested for annually by teams of three men, *bona fide* members of any club or association in the State Association, no one man to shoot on more than one team. The contest is at 25 singles and 5 pairs, entrance $6 per team. The prize and 40 per cent. of the purse to the team making the highest score, the balance, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., to the teams next in order.

The Fourth Day.

L. C. Smith Gun Trophy.—Conditions: Teams of three men, at 15 live birds per man, 45 birds to the team, Pennsylvania Association rules to govern Teams to be composed of *bona fide* members of any club or association in the State of Pennsylvania members of the State Association and residents of the State; no man to shoot on more than one team. To the team making the highest score 40 per cent. of the purse and the trophy, the balance, 35 and 25 per cent, to the two teams next in order; entrance $25 per team, including birds.

The Williamsport Trophy.—A diamond badge, valued at $250, presented by the citizens of Williamsport, which represents the individual championship of the State of Pennsylvania at live birds. Each contestant shall be a *bona fide* member of the State Sportsmen's Association. Entrance fee $10. First prize, the diamond badge, to highest score, the next three highest scores to receive 50, 30 and 20 per cent. of the balance of the purse after 40 per cent. of the whole has been deducted from that purse, the said sum of 40 per cent. to be paid to the winner of the badge in the previous year. Each contestant shall shoot at 15 live birds, under American Shooting Association rules, with the exception that 1¼oz. of shot be allowed for 12-gauge guns.

For programmes and information address the secretary, at Altoona,

Edward Banks.

New England League at Willimantic.

It was one of the hottest days of the season on which the second tournament of the New England Shooting Association was held, the scene being the grounds of the Willimantic Gun Club, at Willimantic, Conn. July 26 was the date, and from daybreak it was a stifling day. Hot in the hotels, hotter still on the streets, stifling in the cabs and simply unbearable on the grounds, where shade cannot be found until time for the shades of evening to settle down. Of wind there was not a faint rumor until nearly 4 o'clock, and fans and ice water (mostly) were in great demand. The grounds of the Willimantic Gun Club are situated on a broad plateau over a hundred feet above the level of the city and distant about two miles therefrom. From the surroundings one would take it for a comparatively cool spot and one where an afternoon breeze might be depended upon. But a day's experience in its torrid heat convinced us that for one day at least the breeze failed to materialize.

The club grounds are well placed so far as location goes, but we are certainly not partial to traps facing so nearly south as do these, this exposing the entire front of the club house to the rays of the sun as well as compelling the shooters to face it for at least three-fourths of the time. There were five bluerock traps set behind a permanent screen extending the length of the line, these being worked by a lever pull. The foreground (barring the appearance therein of "King Sol") is excellent. The club house is a one-story structure, about 20×12ft. in the interior, with an extension 10×5 on one end for office purposes, and a verandah running across the rest of the front of the house.

The New England Shooting Association is, according to the announcement published in their programme, "composed of the leading manufacturers and dealers of America," and further, "beg to announce a series of competitions to be held at the principal cities of New England for the New England individual and team championships. Gold badges, valued at $300, emblematic of the individual team championships, will be offered by this Association for competition."

The conditions governing the championship contests are thus detailed:

"American Association rules will govern all badge contests held by this Association, omitting Rule 14. Position of gun must be below the armpit until the bird takes wing. This rule will be strictly adhered to. The individual championship event will be shot at 30 targets, thrown from 5 traps, known angles, keystone system. The team championship event will consist of 5 men to a team, each contestant to shoot at 15 targets thrown from 5 traps, known angles, keystone system. All gun clubs and associations located within the New England States are eligible to one or more teams in this event, and any individual, a resident of New England, may contest for the individual trophy. At the end of the series, badges will be presented their respective winners, but such badges are subject to challenge at any time, and must be protected by the possessors or forfeited the challenger, ten days after issue of such challenge. Any party or parties challenging are requested to notify this Association ten days previous to date of such challenge. Winners of the several events will meet at the close of this series to decide the individual and team championships of the New England States on such grounds as this Association might select."

The first contest of the Association was held in Hartford, Conn., on June 28, and was considered satisfactory by the management. On that occasion there were about 50 shooters on the grounds, the entries running from 23 to 34 in an event, the latter being the number of contestants in the race for the individual championship, which was won by "Wood" of Hartford on 29 breaks. The team race, with four entries, went to Cost team No. 1 on 68 out of a possible 75 breaks. This club entered four teams.

At Willimantic, however, the shooters were most conspicuous by their absence. We reached the town on the evening preceding the shoot, and after ornamenting the register of the Windham House, strolled across the street and found an old friend in the person of H. L. Edgerton, secretary of the local club, who is proprietor of the leading restaurant of the place. As a shot, Mr. Edgerton needs little to be said in his praise, his scores having been among the leaders for years. All readers of Forest and Stream are familiar, of course, with his exploit at the last big tournament of the Saratoga Gun Club, when for four days he and his loads of black powder kept "on the heels" of Rollo Heikes for first average, Rollo only winning after a bruising finish. It is also needless to say that Mr. Edgerton was glad to welcome Forest and Stream to his town.

While in confab with the above gentleman we also discovered another "regular" in the person of "Charley" Hebberd, whose residence is in Elizabeth, N. J., and whose object in visiting was to look after Empire target interests and incidentally to superintend the running of the tournament. A moment later up sauntered Wm. C. Colville, better known, perhaps, as "Dick Swiveller," who was looking as fit as a trivet even on this sultry evening. About 9:30 the Boston express brought along President Weatherbee and secretary-treasurer of the New England Association. Both these gentlemen are well known in their respective sections, Mr. Weatherbee living in Boston and Mr. Brown in Lynn, but they are comparative strangers in Connecticut. James McDonald, a member of the local club, we also met before retiring, which all hands did at an early hour, some to enjoy a good night's rest and others, not so fortunate in choice of room, to pass the latter part of the night in tossing about, manipulating a fan and swallowing ice water. We regret to admit that in our particular case the latter conditions prevailed.

On Thursday morning we boarded a hack, and after twenty minutes' ride over an intolerably dusty road we were landed on the club grounds. As a matter of course we cast our optics about in an effort to discover that big crowd of which Sec'y-Treas. Brown was so confident. But alas and lack-a-day, the highest count we could reach (and this was nearly noon) was nine—just a lonesome 9—and oh, how befagged they did look after an hour and a half's exposure to that more than tropical glare. And who were the "lonesone 9" who were sighing wistfully for the missing ninety. Three of these were mentioned as being met on the previous evening. Of the others there was S. W. Tucker, R. S. Gaines and L. J. Gaines, all of the Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn.; Mr. Seeley, of Bridgeport, and Messrs. Chase and Wood. Mr. Hebberd appeared for the second event, and here we had five trade representatives, one Association officer and three visitors or outsiders, surely a meagre attendance, and one not at all encouraging to the management, who kept consoling themselves with the belief that "the next train" would surely bring a crowd. But the crowd failed to materialize, whether on account of the intense heat, the scarcity of money or other reason, no one could say.

The shooting was not hurried as it would have been on a cooler day, but even with a slow and easy pace the shooters got the sport they wanted, some of them firing as many as 200 shots. The highest number of entries was thirteen, and it was only for the championship event that this number reported. The published programme was discarded in the main, none of the contestants caring to shoot at straightaways at 25yds. rise. Sec'y Brown, who performed all the duties of the cashier's office, consented to any changes that would keep the ball rolling. And by the way, Mr. Brown proved to be an adept at office work, and with the aid of a Forest and Stream "Ready Reckoner" he performed with ease the work usually requiring the services of two men. Not a complaint was heard in reference to the office work.

The contest for the individual championship, at 30 singles, was the most important event of the day. In the first squad Edgarton loomed up with a score of 26 breaks, and some thought this gave him a mortgage on the badge, but in the second squad there was an old and seasoned war horse yclept Tucker, who also cast longing eyes in the direction of the place where the badge is quartered, and when he sauntered away from the score at the conclusion of the race his face bore a big-four-I-told-you-so look, and the score sheet showed him to be the badge winner for the month. His victory was a popular one and he was warmly congratulated on all sides.

Event No. 1 was the club contest for teams of five men each at 15 singles per man, the Willimantic Gun Club team having a walkover, none others materializing. Their score was 55. In both the individual and team championship contests, contestants were obliged to hold the butt of the gun below the armpit until the target was in the air, a rule which did not greatly affect the scores, but which is obsolete and nonsensical withal. This is 1894 and if the New England Association is desirous of achieving success it will do so only by following up the advanced ideas in shooting matters and will not try to progress backward. The consensus of opinion on both sides of the ocean is against any restrictions on the holding of the gun, and the association should endeavor to please the public by taking the latest rules for their guidance.

Taken as a whole the shoot was an extremely pleasant one for all parties interested, and barring the inconvenience occasioned, the shooters enjoyed themselves as well as if there had been a hundred contestants. Everybody was in a jolly, free-and-easy, go as-you-please temper, and joke and repartee were kept flying about at a lively rate. The entries being small, no one carried away any great winnings nor was any one a heavy loser. The Empire targets worked well and proved to be all that was desired as breakers. The next shoot takes place at Worcester, Mass., on August 10, when it is hoped there will be a larger attendance.

The scores of the day are here appended:

No. 1, 10 birds, known angles, entrance $1:

Edgarton	1111110111—9	Tucker	1111111110—9
Chase	0010111110—6	Gaines	0110001111—6
Seeley	0101111011—7	L J Gaines	0100101101—5
Wood	1011100111—7	Swiveller	1110111011—8
Wetherbee	0001101111—6		

No. 2, 10 birds, unknown angles, entrance $1:

Seeley	6	Tucker	9	Swiveller	9
Hibbard	10	Wetherbee	8	J Gaines	6
Wood	9	Edgarton	8	Gaines	5

No. 3, 7 birds, unknown traps, one man up, entrance 75 cents:

Wood	7	Seeley	3	J Gaines	1
Edgarton	5	Tucker	5	Gaines	3
Hebbard	6	Wetherbee	3		

No. 4, 15 birds, known traps, entrance $1.25:

Tucker	110101111101111—12	Swiveller	111111111110101—13
Chase	011110111110101—11	Seeley	111111110011110—12
Wetherbee	110000110010001— 6	J Gaines	001110110100111— 9
Edgarton	111111111111111—15	Gaines	011101101110101— 9
Wood	111110111101111—13		

No. 5. 10 birds, expert, known traps, unknown angles, entrance $1:

Tucker	1111111011—9	Gaines	0100110111—6
Edgarton	1011111101—8	J Gaines	1011111111—9
Wetherbee	0111111001—7	Seeley	0001111010—5
Hibbard	1111101101—8	Wood	1111101111—9
Swiveller	0111111110—8		

No. 6, unknown angles:

Edgarton	9	Wetherbee	9	Wood	8
Seeley	4	Tucker	10	Mack	9.

No. 7, individual, 30 targets, entrance $1:

Swiveller	111110111111110111110101101101—24
Sully	101001101111001100010100010111—19
Edgarton	011111101110111111111011111111—26
Wood	111111001111111011001111111111—25
Gaines	110010100001110100001110100000—12
Baldwin	111111101011010011111111111111—25
Brown	111101111110100110101110001100—19
Wetherbee	011010111111111111101011001111—23
Rodman	101111111111010011111011101010—22
Donohue	100011010011011100111010111101—18
Tucker	111111111111011101110111111111—27
Mack	111011101111101111111000010011—21
Webb	101001110110001101111101111101—20

No. 8, 10 birds, unknown angles, $1 entranc:

Caswell	1110111101— 9	Edgarton	0111011111— 8
Rodman	1011111011— 8	G Gaines	1000111010— 5
Hebbard	1111111011— 9	Gaines	0000110101— 4
Tucker	1111111111—10	Donohue	0010101100— 4
Wetherbee	0011110011— 6	Baldwin	0011001111— 6
Seeley	0010011010— 4	Mack	1111101110— 8

No. 9, 5 pairs doubles:

Tucker	11 11 01 11 11—9	Rodman	10 11 10 10 10—6
Edgarton	11 10 11 10 00—6	Donohue	10 00 10 10 00—3
Seeley	10 10 00 00 11—4	J Gaines	10 00 10 00 11—5
Wetherbee	11 11 11 10 10—8	Gaines	01 10 00 10 01—4
Caswell	10 10 00 00 10—3		

No. 10, 10 birds, known angles, $1 entrance:

Edgarton	1101111111— 9	Wetherbee	1111101111— 9
Tucker	1111111111—10	Hebbard	1111111111—10
Caswell	1101000011— 5	Gaines	1001111111— 8
Rodman	1101110110 — 7	G Gaines	0100110101— 5
McFarlane	1101111010— 7	Seeley	1111111101— 9
Swiveller	1111001111— 8		

No. 11, champion team race:

Edgarton	111011111111111—14	Culver	101010111011011—10
Mack	011111101111111—13	Webb	110011000100001— 6—55
Baldwin	111101001111111—12		

No. 12, 10 birds, unknown angles:

Wood	9	Hebbard	9	Tucker	10
Caswell	7	Donohue	3	Swiveler	10
Rodman	7	Edgarton	9		

No. 13, 10 birds, 50c. entrance, unknown angles:

Caswell	9	Edgarton	7	Wood	9
Rodman	7	Hebbard	10	Webb	7
Donohue	7	Tucker	8	G. Ganes	7
Swiveller	8	Mack	10		

C. H. Townsend.

The San Antonio Tournament of 1891.

In reply to a communication which appeared in a recent issue, in which the writer said of the San Antonio shoot of 1891 that the "programme was strictly carried out to the letter, and the Association was given one of the finest entertainments in its history, and I dare say the least appreciated, owing to the conduct of Mr. Guessaz," Mr. Guessaz sends us a reiteration of his previous statement that certain contributed cash should have been given as added money, but was not so given; and he adds that his "conduct" in connection with the affair was justifiable action on his part in bringing the matter to the attention of the Association, of which he was president. Now that all parties have had their say, it would be unprofitable to continue this dispute further. The original question has developed into a discussion of the San Antonio Club's management of the State Association tournament, given by it in 1891, and this is but a threshing of old straw.

Opening of the Keystone Grounds.

It was a jolly crowd of experts, amateurs, novices and friends of both who took advantage of the hospitality of the Keystone Shooting League and attended their inaugural invitation tournament on July 25 and 26 The League grounds are at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., and are considered among the finest in the country. They are embellished with a $1,500 club house, furnished with all the modern improvements. The grounds have all the latest appliances for both live birds and target shooting.

The opening affair was a grand success, and the club dispensed refreshments—both liquid and solid—with a lavish hand. The management was in the hands of A. J. Rust, A. L. Lumb, H. David, J. W. Tredway and W. H. Wolstencroft. The second day was ladies' day, and among those who visited the grounds were Mrs. E. D. Miller, Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, Mrs A. J. Rust, Mrs. A. L. Lumb, Mrs Jas. Wolstencroft, Mrs. W. H. Wolstencroft, Mrs. W. H. Pack, Mrs. Geo. Pack, Mrs. J. F. Kleinz, Mrs. J. Tredway, Miss May Rust, Miss Morris, Miss Handley, Miss K. Jackson, Miss M. Jackson, Mrs. J. Hack, Mrs. H. Thurman, Mrs. P. J. Rust, Mrs. W. G. Rust, Mrs. Wolf, Mrs. E. David, Mrs. H. David, Miss Hack, Mrs. Betz, Miss Mays, Miss Swope, Mrs. De Motte. Miss Latune, Mrs. A. Coney, Miss A. Kleinz and Miss Johnson. A band of music kept the party in a lively humor.

The League presented a pretty souvenir to all the participants in the two days' shooting. In accepting his souvenir, Mr. Bartlett (who gave a remarkable exhibition of fancy shooting), said that he had never in his whole experience at gun club tournaments, heen the recipient of such lavish and hearty hospitallty. The kindness of John T. Bailey & Co , in loaning two large tents for refreshment purposes, was fully appreciated. The scores follow:

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets: Thurman, Clark and Schmeck, 9 each; Henry and Landis, 8 eacb; Lane, 6; J. Wolstencroft, Bartlett and W. Wolstencroft, 7 each.

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown angles: Lane, J. Wolstencroft and Henry. 9 each; Schmeck, Davis, Bartlett, French and Thurman, 8 each; Clark and Landis, 6 each; Harrison and Whitcomb, 5 each.

No. 3, fifteen targets, known angles: W. Wolstencroft, and Van-Dyke, 13 each; Schmeck, Bartlett, Harrison, French and Henry, 12 each; Clark, Lane and Davis, 11 each; Landis and Hope, 10 each.

No 4, 15 targets, unknown angles: Landis, 14; Schmeck, Lane and French, 13 each; W. Wolstencroft, Harrison, Van Dyke, Fields and Pack, 12 each; Thurman, 11.

No. 5, 20 targets, known angles: J. W. Evans, first clean score of the tournament, 20 birds; W. Wolstencroft and Thurman, 19 each; Bartlett, Landis and Schmeck, 17 each; Van Dyke and Pack, 16 each.

No. 6: This event was a three-man team shoot, money divided hetween winning team, 25 birds allowed to each man. Winning team was composed of Jack Brewer, Bartlett and Van Dyke. Five teams entered this contest.

No. 7, 10 targets, known angles: J. Wolstencroft, W. H. Wildblumen, Landis and Thurman, 10 each; Brewer, Fields, E. D. Miller and Treadway, 9 each; Schmeck, Clark and Whitcomb, 8 each; Kerr and Bilderbeck, 7 each.

No. 8, 10 targets. unknown angles: W. Wolstencroft, Bartlett and Harrison 9 each; H. Cleaver, Moore, Rusk, J Wolstencroft and Lents 8 each: Fields, Wile, Schmeck, Thurman, Van Dyke, J.W. Erin Freneh Whitcomh, Reading, Brewer and Dr. Kerr 7 each; Landis, Hope, C. Wildblumen, David, Lane, Bilderbeck, Leaming and Miller 6 each.

No. 9, 25 targets, known angles: Fields and Miller 23 each. J. White and Thurman 22 each; Van Dyke, Landis, Schmeck, Clark, Moore and French 21 each; Lindsley, Bartlett, W. Wolstencroft, Brewer, Cleaver and Tredway 20 each.

No. 10, 10 targets, known angles: Landis, J. White and Schmeck 10 each: Fields, Tredway, Thurman, Moore, French and Henry 9 each; W. Wolstencroft, Brewer, Clark and Van Dyke 8 each; Miller, Dr. Kerr, J. Wolstencroft and Reading 7 each.

No. 11: This was the star event, each man was to shoot 50 birds, 17 contestants entered, and the fortunate four were E D. Miller with 46, Field 45, Landis 42 and W. H. Wolstencroft 41. This was a particularly interesting event and the scores were considered high under the conditions prevailing.

No. 12, 15 targets, known angles: Landis 15; Fields, J. White, Schmeck; J. Wolstencroft and Van Dyke 14 each; Thurman and Henry 13 each; Leaming and Moore 12 each.

No. 13, 15 targets, unknown angles: Miller, W. H. Wildblumen, Landis and Henry 14 each; Fields, Pack and Van Dyke 13 each; J. White, Bartlett, French and David 12 each; Tredway, Moore and Leaming 11 each.

Second Day.

The fine shooting of the many prominent shots present drew forth much applause from the spectators. At the close of the last event Capt. B. A. Bartlett, of Buffalo, gave an exhibition of fancy shooting.

No. 1, 10 targets, known angles: French, a clean score; Vandyke and Heck, 9 each; Schmeck and Cleaver, 8 each.

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown angles: Thurman and Miller, 9 each; Vandyke, Bartlett, W. Wolstencroft and French, 8 each; Landis and Schmeck, 7 each.

No. 3, 15 targets, known angles: Vandyke, Miller and W. Wolstencroft, 14 each; Landis and Harrison, 13 each; Lindsey and French, 10 each.

No. 4, 15 targets, known angles: Miller, 13; Rusk, Vandyke, French and Landis, 12 each; Bartlett, 11; Schmeck, 10.

No. 5, 20 targets, known angles: Van Dyke and French, 18 each; Landis and J. Wolstencroft, 17 each; Thurman, W. Wolstencroft, Leaming and Henry, 16 each: Lindsley, Cleaver and Peck, 15 each.

No. 6, 3-man team shoot, 25 targets to each man; four teams competed in this match, which was won hy the team composed of Bartlett, Van Dyke and Landis, with a score of 60 birds out of a possihle 75.

No. 7, 10 targets, known angles: Landis, clean score; Van Dyke. Bartlett, Henry and French, 9 each; Cleaver. Wilson, W. Wolstencroft, White, Thurman and Schmeck, 8 each; Harrison, David, Leonard and Treadway, 7 each.

No. 8, 10 targets, unknown angles: Van Dyke and Bartlett, each with a clean score; Miller and White. 9 each; Landis, Thurman, W. Wolstencroft, Harrison and Treadway, 8 each; Leaming and David, 7 each.

No. 9, 25 targets, known angles: Van Dyke, Miller and Thurman, 23 each; Leaming and Schmeck. 22 each; Pack; 21; David 20.

Between the ninth and tenth event there was an extra team shoot in which four teams of six men each competed. Each man shot at 15 hirds. This event was won by the team composed as follows: Rust 9, W Wolstencroft 15, Miller 12, J. Wolstencroft 10, Tredway 13, and Thurman 11, making a total of 70 birds out of a possihle 90.

No. 10, 10 targets, known angles: W. Wolstencroft and Schmeck each with a clean score; Van Dyke, J. White and Wilson, 9 each; third money to Miller, Thurman and David, 8 each; Landis, Green and Pack, 7 each.

No. 11, 50 targets, unknown angles: Van Dyck 44, Bartlett 42, W. Wolstencroft and D. Wilson 40 each.

No. 12, 15 targets. known angles: Thurman with a clean score; Van Dyke 14, J. White, Bartlett, Miller and W. Wolstencroft, 13 each. Leaming 12.

No. 13, 15 targets, unknown angles: Miller and W. Wolstencroft, 14 each; Van Dyke, Bartlett, Landis, J. White and Leonard, 13 each; Leaming 12.

The Keystone Shooting Leage vs. The Field team shoot resulted as follows:

The Field.		Keystone Shooting League.	
Van Dyke	12	A J Rust	9
Schmeck	10	W H Wolstencroft	15
Hartlove	10	E D Miller	12
Leonard	8	J White	10
French	5	J Tredway	13
Becasie	10	H Thurman	11
J Brewer	10	W H Pack	10
Stout	11	J Leaming	14
Henry	6	David	13
Harrison	10	W M Pack	10
Lindsley	10	J Wolstencroft	6
Simons	11—114	Landis	10—133

"Mamaluke's" Weir City Notes.

Weir City, Kans , July 26.—Inclosed I hand you scores made by members of the Business Men's Gun Club at this place in their medal shoot. This is the first shoot held here in which our handicap of birds allowed proved to be wholly out of joint. Kirk, who won the first gold medal. as shown helow, made his appearance for the fifth time at the traps, and as he started out at the rate of ahout 2 in 25, the handicapper thought that 10 hirds allowed would about make him "in it" He was strictly "in it," as he killed 23, which with his allowance made his score hard to beat from the scratch. The club intends now to match him against Rolla O. Heikes for the world's championship, but we are afraid that Heikes won't meet him. Below is the score:

McIlhany	1111111111111111111101110—23
Calhoun	1111111111111011101110111011—22
Holmes (given 4)	1111011011111111111111100—25
Morrison (8)	0111100010110111111101011—25
McKim (4)	1111000110101110011119100—19
Granat (8)	0100101001000101000110001—17
Abbott (4)	1100011010111101001110011—19
Ayers (8)	0100111011100011101110111—23
Kirk (10)	1110011111111111111111111—33
King (20)	0000000010100000110000110—26

First medal won hy Kirk, second by King.

Sweep, 10 singles:

Abbott	1110101111— 8	King	0110010010— 4
McKim	0111111111— 9	Ayers	1111111111—10
Granat	0100110101— 5	Kirk	1110101011— 7
Morrison	0110111010— 6		

Mamaluke.

At the "Soo."

Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22.—I had the pleasure during the past week of refereeing a match at 125 targets a side between T. J. Graham and D. A. Aitkin, both of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. The match was for $50 a side, and the score will show that the boys in the north end of our State are ahle to "snuff 'em out" in pretty good style.

The Gun Cluh at the Sault is arranging for a tournament to be given the last week In August, and will add $400 in cash to the purses. Owing to the fact that the Sault is one of the points of greatest interest in the United States, there will no doubt he a very large attendance. The trip from Detroit, Chicago and all the Lake cities by water is one of the most pleasant. Will send you exact dates of the shoot in a few days.

Following is score of match above mentioned:

D A Aitkin	1111111111111111111111111	25
	1111001101101111111110011	19
	1110111111110011110110111	20
	1110000101111111111111111	20
	1111111111111111111111111	25—109
T J Graham	0111101111111101111111111	22
	1111111101111111111111111	24
	1101111111111111111111110	23
	1111101111111111111111111	24
	1111111011111110111111111	23—116

M. K. Walton.

Garfield—Eureka Club Shoot.

The return match was shot on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Cluh, Saturday, July 28. A stiff 7 o'clock wind blew across the traps during the time the first two squads shot. Each squad of six had three members of each cluh who shot alternately. The Eureka Club was handicapped by some of its best shots being absent:

Garfield Club—Coppernoll 16, W. Palmer 18, Mott 23, Young 22, Bowers 23, Drake 17, Dr. Meek 19, Fleming 16, S. Palmer 20, Hicks 23, Tefft 22, F. Adams 20, O'Brien 22, Kleinman 19, O. Von Lengerke 22; total 302.

Eureka Gun Club—Adams 21, Buck 17, Steck 18, Paterson 21, Goodricq 16, Lamphere 23, Dr. Miller 14, Dr. Carson 17, Dr. Ellicott 18, C. Palmer 15, Ferguson 18, Isgrigg 18, Stannard 24, Frothingham 21, Glover 18; total 277.

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Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

F. G., New Orleans.—You mav learn about salaries of fisheries superintendents hy writing to the United States Fish Commission, Washington, D. C.

C. C., Rushville, Ind.—Can you give me any information about cartridges made specially for buckshot? I want to buy some buckshot cartridges for my own use if there are any such made. Ans. There are no special shells for huckshot.

The Alva Camping Club of West Hoboken, N. J., will camp this year at Pike county, Pa. All information, etc., regarding Pike county will he gratefully received. The members, as last year, will he under command of Captain James E. Nolan.

W. H. K., New York.—Please tell me if there is any shooting at South Glastonburg, Conn., or three miles south of it. Ans. Nothing hefore the October season. Possibly quail, grouse and squirrels then; hut we have no specific reports from there.

Inquirer, Newhurg, N. Y.—Can you or any of your numerous correspondents give me any information as to the effectiveness of .44cal. shot cartridges to he used in a Winchester rifle. Ans. For a practical demonstration visit the Wild West show in South Brooklyn and see Buffalo Bill shoot.

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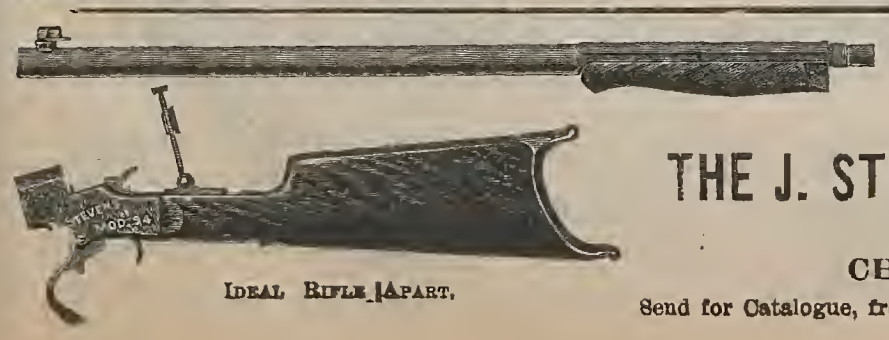

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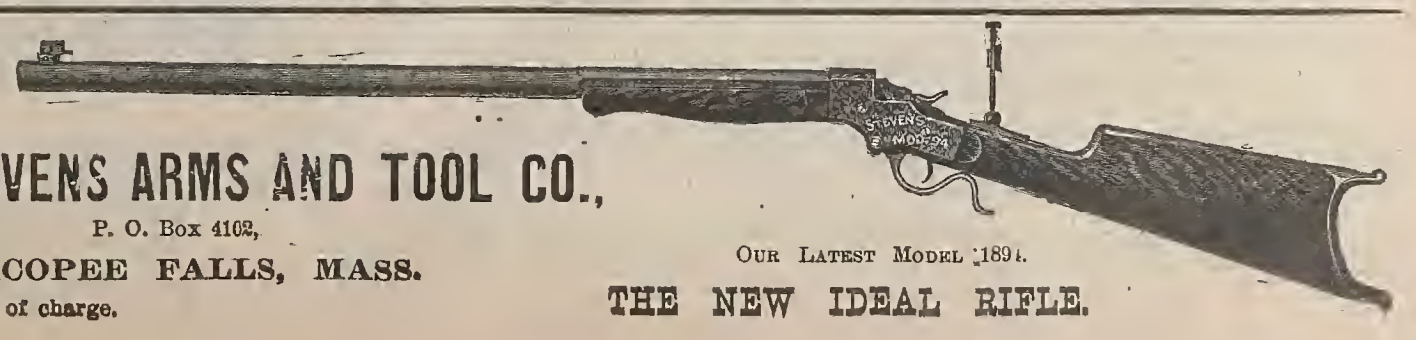

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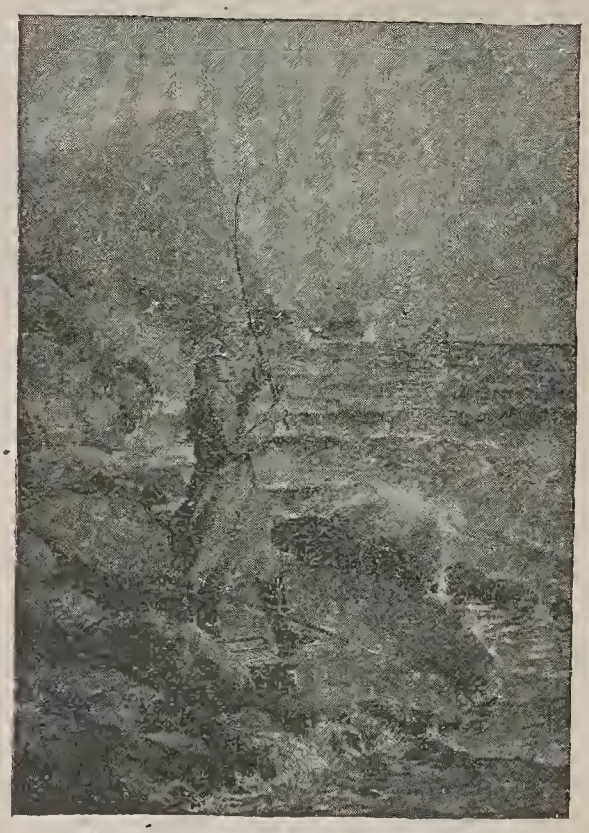

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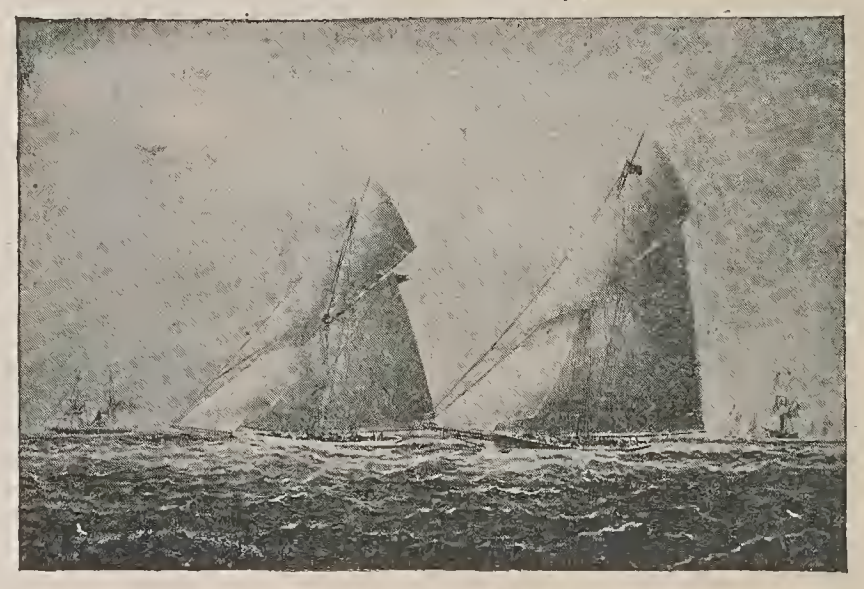

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

CONTENTS.

Editorial.
The New York Deer Season.
Snap Shots.

The Sportsman Tourist.
FOREST AND STREAM Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.
Wil'um and Booze.
A Wyoming Remembrance.
A Reminiscence of Cobb's Island.

Natural History.
What Becomes of the Deer Antlers?
What a Trapper Told.
Sierra Nevada Foothill Birds.—II.

Game Bag and Gun.
New Du Pont Smokeless Powder.
On Their First Moose Hunt.
Chicago and the West.
Mud Hens.

Sea and River Fishing.
Notes from the Salmon Waters.
Something About the Ouananiche.
Too Hot for Fishing.
Catfishing in the St. Francis.
Angling Notes.
Maine Waters and Woods.
Canadian Angling Notes.

Fishculture.
St. Lawrence Anglers.

The Kennel.
The Big and Little Kennels Field Trials.
Toronto Dog Show.
The Bell-Martin Case.
Moral Sense in Dogs.
Curious Psychic Manifestations.
Dog Chat.
Kennel Answers.

Yachting.
Vigilant's Races.
Valkyrie—Satanita.
A Famous Racing Skipper.
Abuse and Excuses.
The Other Side.
Yachting News Notes.

Canoeing.
A. C. A. Membership.
Canoeing Notes.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Rifle at San Antonio.
Zettler Shoot.
New York Central Prize Shoot.
Rifle Notes.

Trap Shooting.
The Eastern Tournament.
Close Scores at Saratoga.
The American Shooters in England.
Drivers and Twisters.

Answers to Queries.

THE NEW YORK DEER SEASON.

THIS is the statement of the New York law as to deer seasons given in the *Game Laws in Brief* revised for 1894:

Deer.—Act of May 5, 1892.—SEC. 40. Wild deer shall not be killed between the 1st day of November and the 15th day of August following. No person shall kill more than two deer in any season. In the counties of Ulster, Greene, Sullivan and Delaware no wild deer shall be killed at any time within five years from the passage of this act.

Hounding.—SEC. 44. Deer shall not be hunted with dogs between the 11th day of October and the 10th day of September following. Deer shall not be hunted with dogs in the counties of St. Lawrence, Delaware, Greene, Ulster at any time, or in Sullivan county between the 1st day of December and the 1st day of October.

Deer in Sullivan County.—SEC. 56. No person shall kill, pursue with dogs, chase or take alive any wild deer in the county of Sullivan, save only from the 1st day of October to the 1st day of November.

Deer on Long Island.—SEC. 170. Deer shall not be shot at, hunted with dogs or otherwise, or killed, except from the 10th to the 16th day of November inclusive.

According to the *Brief*, then, the open season for the State at large will begin on Aug. 15, Wednesday of next week; and will close on Oct. 31, Nov. 1 being the first close day.

Sec. 56 was added by the last Legislature; the full text of Sec. 20 of the amending act of 1894 (Chap. 627) reading as follows:

SEC. 20. Article three of said act is hereby amended by adding a new section at the end thereof, to be known as section fifty-six, to read as follows:

SEC. 56. No person, corporation, association or company, shall hunt, kill, pursue with dogs, chase or take alive any wild deer in the county of Sullivan, save only from the first day of October to the first day of November. No person, corporation, association or company shall have in his or its possession or expose for sale after the same has been killed, any wild deer or venison, save only from the first day of October to the fifteenth day of November in each year. Any person, corporation, association or company offending against any of the provisions of this section, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each wild deer so killed, hunted, taken alive or pursued.

This new Sec. 56 appears to have afforded grounds for an erroneous report, widely circulated of late, that the general open deer season throughout the State is only from Oct. 1 to Nov. 15.

The authority for the report is found in a decision, which was rendered last week by Attorney-General Hancock, to the effect that the provision of the second sentence of Sec. 56—

No person, corporation, association or company shall have in his or its possession, or expose for sale after the same has been killed, any wild deer or venison, save only from the first day of October to the fifteenth day of November each year—

is general, and that it was the intent of the Legislature that it should apply to the entire State. We are free to say that this opinion is one which we believe would not hold for a moment if put to the test of the courts. It appears to us to be founded upon a strained construction of the section and upon a manifest misapprehension not only of the natural reading of the text but of the intent of the Legislature's enactment as well.

Our opinion is that the entire section is confined to Sullivan, and that it cannot be construed to change the general deer law. Let us apply a little common sense to the muddle.

1. By natural and reasonable implication, the second sentence of Sec. 56 refers only to the particular county of Sullivan designated in the first sentence. The first sentence prescribes the season for taking in Sullivan county; the second sentence prescribes the season for possession there. It allows fifteen days for possession after the close of the county season for killing, just as Sec. 41 of the general law allows fifteen days for possession after the close of the State season for killing.

2. Had the Legislature intended to change the general deer season, it would have followed the usual and customary method of amending specifically that particular section (Sec. 40) which has to do with the general season. In particular would it have followed this method in adopting an amendment of such importance as is this one. A radical alteration of the deer seasons like this means change of outing programmes for hundreds of Adirondack visitors; and involves thousands of dollars to the hotels in that region. A designed amendment of the law would have been put into clear and indisputable terms.

3. Even if we assumed that the second sentence of Sec. 56 relates to the State at large, it would limit only the possession or sale of venison, but not the killing of deer; and would not even then repeal Sec. 40. We would then have a law, which in one section permitted the killing of deer from Aug. 15 to Nov. 1, and in another section forbade during six weeks of this period the possession of venison at the very time when it might lawfully be taken. The Legislature could not have intended any such ridiculous complication as that would be. No game protector in his senses—not being guided by the Attorney General's opinion—would presume to interfere with a hunter for taking into possession in August and September the deer which the law says he may kill in August or September. Again there would be a conflict with Sec. 41 with respect to possession and sale; and it is not to be presumed that the Legislature intended any such conflict.

We repeat that according to the reasonable and natural interpretation of the law, the general deer season in this State will open on next Wednesday, Aug. 15. We believe that the Attorney General's opinion to the contrary would not hold if tested in the courts. If the game protectors act in conformity with that opinion—as of course they must—and enforce the law as interpreted by it, the FOREST AND STREAM will provide for an immediate test in the courts of the points at issue.

There remains, however, one perfectly clear contradiction in the deer law as contained in sections 40 and 56, for while Sec. 40 forbids the killing of deer in Sullivan county for five years from the passage of the act (1892), Sec. 56 provides that deer shall not be killed in Sullivan save only from Oct. 1 to Nov. 1. Sec. 56 has been construed by some person as repealing Sec. 40 with respect to Sullivan county. Our opinion is that it cannot be interpreted in that way; but that notwithstanding Sec. 56, deer are still protected in Sullivan county, and that the open season prescribed in Sec. 56 can have application only after the expiration of the five-year term (*i. e.*, in 1898), unless Sec. 40 shall be otherwise amended at some future session before that time. Similar apparent conflicts of certain sections prescribing annual seasons and long extended close times are found in some other States, and in such cases the long-term close time prevails. It would be a tremendous shame to open Sullivan county to deer hunting now during the progress of the work of the Forestry Commissioners in restocking the district with deer brought from the Adirondacks.

THE NESSMUK MEMORIAL.

THE Nessmuk memorial stone has for some time been in place in the village cemetry of Wellsboro, Pa.; and we reprint from a previous issue the portrait bronze, which forms a part of the monument. The bronze is set into a granite shaft, which stands on a hewn natural boulder. On the cut face of the boulder is the name "Nessmuk," with the design of a broken camp axe. The entire piece is artistic and beautiful, yet modest and appropriate to the purpose. It is in design and character such as "Nessmuk" himself might have chosen; and in providing it the FOREST AND STREAM has endeavored to carry out what was thought to be the wish of the subscribers. We have sent to the individual contributors to the fund a financial statement of the receipts and expenditures; and we take this occasion to express anew publicly our appreciation their co-operation.

The one to whom is due the credit for the happy carrying out of the plan of a "Nessmuk" memorial is Mr. George T. Brewster, one of the younger sculptors of America, who is already well known by his completed works, such as the "Indiana," of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Indianapolis, Ind.; and is destined to be better known by other works now in progress, such as the admirable symbolical figure of the "Mother of the Republic," designed for the Soldiers' Monument at Malden, Mass.

Mr. Brewster was one of the "Nessmuk" school. He had read the writings of Mr. Sears in FOREST AND STREAM, knew "Woodcraft" by heart, and was familiar with "Forest Runes." Like so many others, he had formed an attachment for the veteran woodsman; and when the memorial project was broached, he offered to furnish the design for the work. This he did, giving the design as his personal contribution to the enterprise, and devoting time and attention to the work as it progressed. His portrait medallion of Mr. Sears is a likeness wonderfully true to the original; and the design of the memorial is both the product of excellent taste and the fruit as well of loving personal interest.

A PROPOSED SPORTSMAN'S EXPOSITION.

SPORTSMEN'S expositions have been given in Europe with decided success. They have proved interesting to sportsmen, naturalists and the general public. They have been given on a large scale, have received generous patronage, and we believe have been not unprofitable to their promoters. Certainly they have proved of immense benefit to all those classes which can profit by a stimulation of public interest in the sports of the field. What they can do in Europe we can do in America. Why should we not have in the United States, say here in New York, a sportsman's exposition, not equaling but excelling those of Great Britain and the Continent? The possibilities surely are generous, and the enterprise of improving them is an inviting one.

Mr. Armin Tenner, who is known to be enterprising, has come to the front with a plan for an American sportsmen's exposition, and we hope that he may receive the support and co-operation required to put the project into effect.

The scope of such an affair should be broad enough to comprise all that is of interest in the several branches of what we may term field sportsmanship, shooting, fishing, camp life, and the allied branches of yachting and boating. The European expositions have included ancient and modern weapons of the chase, illustrating the history and development of the past and the perfection of the present; all varieties of sporting explosives, projectiles and ammunition; fire-arms in all stages of construction; the thousand and one appliances and tools connected with shooting and fishing; modes and methods, field equipment and practice; trophies of rod and gun; collections of game and fish. If the proposed New York exposition shall be laid out on broad lines, gathering its displays not from America alone but from the world, we shall have a collection which will call out cordial and ample support, and whose influence will have a stimulating effect on American sportsmanship for years to come.

SNAP SHOTS.

It is a pleasure to publish Capt. Money's assurance that the American shooters who visited the Hurlingham and London Gun Club grounds this summer had no ground of complaint because of the treatment they received there. Capt. Money pertinently points out that the clubs concerned are of a standing which would utterly preclude any suspicion of unfair play. The charges brought against the Englishmen by the one disgruntled individual are specifically repudiated by other members of the party, who are indignant that their English hosts should have been thus maligned.

THE Supreme Court of Minnesota has rendered an important decision upholding the game laws of the State. The salient points are that the provision of the law which declares game and fish to be the property of the State is constitutional; and the State has an undoubted right to prescribe that game and fish may on capture become only qualified property of the citizen, to be used for certain designated purposes only. We shall review the case in our next issue

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THEIR FIRST MOOSE HUNT.

Ambrose wants it to be recorded that he called a moose as late as the night of the 13th day of October, in the year 1893.

Ambrose and Ned, from the Indian village at the mouth of Tobique, were in nearly complete charge of a party of youths from New York at Gulquac Lake. To the ear trained to keenness by woods life, which could not be said of all the party, the neighborhood abounded in moose from 10 o'clock that night until at least 3 o'clock in the morning. At long intervals between periods of absolute silence, twigs snapped with startling distinctness, tree trunks were pounded by wrathful antlers, not to speak of the bellow and prolonged roars uttered far away at the first blast from Ambrose's moose horn. How big he was, or what he was like, history can never record; but the imagination can picture his puzzled looks and even guess the thoughts that flitted through his brain, as from the secure shadow of black forest he contemplated the objects in the birch canoes, only a short ways from shore.

Ambrose insists the fault was none of his—and who is a better judge than Ambrose?—but some say that Ambrose couldn't draw the moose out of the woods into the open, and merely wanted an excuse therefor. That must be left for them to settle between them, for with that history has nothing to do. Ambrose began to call at the setting of the sun, and as the woods grew dark a silence settled upon the whole earth. This is the Silence of the Woods, a silence punctured by little sounds, the splash of a musk-rat, the cry of a distant owl—nothing else. The Boy was forbidden to smoke, but after he had smoked one pipeful he laid it aside wearily, and raised his heavy Winchester from his lap to rest his stiff legs. To his ears there was nothing to break the oppressive stillness but Ambrose calling, with marvelous regularity, at intervals of half an hour.

When at last a far-away echo came floating up the lake, answered promptly by the Indian, and replied to by louder roars, and when Joe excitedly whispered, "Moose!' there was excitement for a time, which even the Boy shared. But at length all grew still again, and it was hard to keep awake. Only the initiated recognized, or heard, the snapping of a twig now and then, and it seemed every moment that the moose, then not 60yds. away, must step into the water. But as the Indians sat bent over in their blankets, listening, a long drawn, resonant sound rose close at hand. It startled them at first. But another followed, and another; then as if gaining confidence, the sound swelled out with the slow, regular beat so familiar. The Boy was sleeping. Ambrose seized him by the shoulder and roughly shook him, but he only turned over upon the other side and snored on, now more earnestly than ever. Ambrose laid down the horn and seized the paddle with positive quickness. Joe did the same, and the two paddled back to camp in silence. The Boy waked up in time to tell the cook, with a display of that brightness so often characteristic of the lately awakened, "Oh, yes; a moose walked right into camp, and I was asleep!" But there was compensation for all, excepting Ambrose, in the thought that there was already in camp as fine a pair of moose antlers as could be found in many a day. They measured 59in. across, though it was a pity that the prong which gives the greatest width had been broken off, apparently several weeks before. The horns were very symmetrical, very wide across the palmation and were believed to be the biggest pair that ever came off Tobique of which there is any record or recollection among the people there. Any one may see them, together with the great hide to which they are attached, in the center of the new moose group being built at the American Museum of Natural History.

There was still further compensation which, to be taken in the order of its occurrence, should be mentioned about six hours before the vocal performance of that unlucky 13th of October, just chronicled. The two canoes were proceeding to the calling spot at the foot of the lake, while the sun was yet an hour high, and as they turned around the little island in the middle of the lake there, two moose were discovered several hundred yards off in the yellow sunlight that backed the opposite shore. They were a big cow and her strapping big calf standing knee deep in the water, apparently feeding on the lilies that somehow managed to survive the incessant depredations of both moose and muskrats. Preparations were made to shoot, for it was not discovered that neither was a bull until the canoes, driven head on with great speed, were half way there. At 100yds. distance they stopped and watched the two moose, who now paused in their feeding and regarded them with mild curiosity. Then the old cow proceeded to feed. Standing squarely on her four legs she thrust her head down to the bottom of the lake until her eyes were submerged. After a few seconds she drew forth, and when the water had ceased dripping down her face she was seen chewing away at a lily root and curiously looking at the men, just as a cow in a barn-yard might be expected to do.

Then the camera, a 4×5, was speedily brought into action. At the click of the shutter both animals jerked their heads up as high, apparently, as a horse, and stood a few seconds gazing, then each turned its head to the other, as much as to inquire, "Is it all right?" And being apparently satisfied, continued to nose the water as before.

The canoes were advanced another twenty-five yards, and a second snap taken, at which their heads were jerked violently up, and with heads held perpendicularly and great ears thrown forward, they stood fixed for a long minute. Not till then had they shown more fright than that caused by the sharp "click" of the camera. They had not minded the talking nor other quiet sounds, but the sharp knock of the shutter made them start perceptibly. Now, however, they were suspicious, and began walking shoreward, frequently pausing to gaze. Then they mounted the bank, and after shaking themselves like dogs, limbered up and disappeared into the woods. The immediate question was, how near might they have been approached? The belief was that the canoes, if driven quickly and quietly on, could have gone within a few yards of them. For purposes of photography that would have been a chance not to be lost, but it was thought best not to alarm them, lest the old cow's mate be near by in the woods, and it was he they wanted most.

The photographs were not satisfactory, owing to ther distance and smallness of the lens. Glass plates were used. At 100ft. (judged) the animals are scarcely perceptible. At the closer point they appear sharp and clear, but still not an eighth of an inch tall.

Corrobarating the recent evidence in Forest and Stream, the big moose did not at any time thrust out her nose, but held it vertically quite as a horse may be seen to do when regarding the passers-by from over a pasture fence. Yet from our position and with the aid of an opera glass, the moose's head nevertheless was held so high that the nose was almost on a level with its back.

The Boy had one more encounter with moose, which should be a warning to all who travel in the woods with imperfect means of defense. The Boy was on the way to the settlement, down the little river, for a fresh supply of flour, in company with Jimmie, the man of all work, and a very characteristic type of the young lumberman—noisy, good-humored, but not pretending to be a hunter. As the canoe dropped around a turn in the stream, a stretch of 200yds. opened to view, and there, behold! in the middle of the shallow bed stood three moose, a bull, a cow and a calf. The Boy saw them gazing up stream, and he minded the last word of warning from the elder brother, "Don't take any risks with a moose!"

So he sprang out of the canoe, before Jimmie could stop either it or him, and with all speed scrambled up a white birch that leaned over the stream, from which, well out of reach he had a clear view of the whole stream. Instantly he whipped out his 32cal. revolver, and began to fire—for he really was a capital shot. Jimmie, with all he could do to hold the heavy canoe in mid stream, was beseeching him for the revolver, so that he could drop down on top of the beasts and shoot one. Jimmie begged and implored. But it was no use. Disarm himself that way? No! He proceeded with careful aim to fire, and strange to say actually hit the bull moose. Evidently—for on a sudden it gave a grunt and jumped for the shore, scrambled up the low bank and disappeared with cow and calf behind him. Jimmie swore that he would have dropped down to within 20ft. of these moose, and he would have done so. The moose were surprised. But the Boy has the right stuff in him, and when he discovers that even Indian guides have a sense of humor, and learns not to mind them, he will love the North more than ever.

T. A.

A REMINISCENCE OF COBB'S ISLAND.

Just an old brier pipe, but I would not part with it. Why? Look at its honest old bowl; read the inscriptions thereon: Crusoe Island, Powhatan, Norfolk, Buck River, Assateague, Chincoteague, Cobb's Island, Del. Breakwater.

Some "dime novel hero" I have read about used to notch the stock of his rifle every time a "painted varmint" bit the dust with one of its bullets in his "brain case." Robinson Crusoe made his record of time by notching a post, and I have carved a few reminders of my outdoor life with rod and gun upon the shining face of my dear old brier.

Your columns have contained from time to time items of interest from Cobb's Island. As we have been there I trust a reminiscence from my pen will be in order.

May 7, 1894.—On Board the Good Yacht Celeste.—Fred Montgomery (better known among his friends as the "Bald Eagle of the James"), builder, owner and captain. The crew: Sidney and Archie, both bronzed piratical looking fellows, with an air of "deep sea" about them, Willum the cabin boy and expert gull charmer, and lastly "Pardner," myself, and this old pipe.

A fresh breeze was rushing our white craft over the long seas, the Virginia coast lay away to leeward hidden in purple haze; only the boundless ocean with its heaving swell, so resistless, so merciless when aroused, swinging up to us, then under and away, with a smother of foam at the stem as it left. Well forward I sat, in perfect content, listening to the creak! creak! of the booms as we rose and fell upon the following seas. Hour after hour we bowled along, the salt breeze singing in the canvas, the rush of foam under the bow.

Far ahead we catch the gleam of a snow white object as it rises on the crest of a wave. Soon it resolves itself into the form of a seabird as we draw nearer, and—well, as usual, a tragedy was enacted, and we found ourselves in possession of a superb gannet, an old male in immaculate plumage. Eight miles or so from shore, he was resting on the ocean when fate overtook him amid the waves.

Dark, smoky clouds have been gradually working up the western sky, and an occasional growl of thunder mutters ominously, though the ripples still sparkle on the sunlit wave crests. Blacker grows the sky shoreward, the sunlight now comes feebly through the intervening scud, already flying over head. The foam roars with a louder note as our course is changed, and we bear away for the inlet.

All is gloom about us as the squall comes raging onward, now the breeze has left and we are tossing on the troubled waters. Not for long. With a roar of angry winds, whose mighty voices strengthen as they near, it rushes toward us. Under the sting of its lash we drive wildly on through the whirl of elements. A fleeting glimpse of low-lying shores with their pounding breakers, a cluster of cottages, then blinding rain envelopes everything. Quickly the yacht points into the wind and we feel the shiver of the hull as the anchor chain is payed out; a gentle rocking motion follows; we ride safely. Such my introduction to Cobb's Island.

Clad in oilers we walk the deck as the downpour lessens, trying to make out our surroundings. Fifty rods away on the beach a tall figure in hip boots and rubber coat stands watching us through the driving rain—the only sign of life on shore. We tumble into the yawl and pull for this lone individual, finding him to be none other than the genial Capt. C. H. Crumb, of the life crew at Cobbs; a "crumb from the Master's table," he styles himself, and further acquaintance has convinced us that if the quality of the crumb be any criterion, the whole loaf must be something unusually good. A few words informed us that we had unwittingly secured a fine berth for the schooner, and we then and there captured this "Crumb" and took him aboard, where he soon became one of us.

A bright morning followed the night of squalls, and we were early ashore, inspecting the collection of mounted birds, collected and mounted by the "Captain," who, in addition to being a skillful taxidermist, is an authority widely quoted on the shore birds of Virginia.

The settlement at Cobb's numbers some eighty-five esidents. During the summer transient visitors largely predominate. The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., has built a cosy cottage near the Life Station, and although this was unoccupied at the time of our visit, I felt that I knew the man already, for high on its front that faces the restless ocean I read the inscription, "Ye Curlew's Nest," and while looking thereon the plaintive calls of migrating curlew came softly across the water from the meadows of Bone Island and filled the twilight with sweet wild music. Prettily named this little home, may time deal gently with its inmates.

The island is being surely but slowly devoured by old ocean. Originally some 500 acres in extent, it has dwindled to less than ninety, as I am informed. And when one sees the ceaseless movement of the tides which rip and tear thereabout, he will easily accept the statement. Ebb and flood, they are constantly on the go, slack water seemingly lasts but a moment, when round swings the yacht's head and the tide is running.

Of the brant shooting the captain speaks in glowing terms, and a sweep of the glass about the broad waters reveals the remnants of scores of last autumn's blinds. Of the boats with their leg-o'-mutton sails too much cannot be said in praise. They are great sea craft, point finely, and will "turn on their heels" almost, so quickly do they respond to skillful handling. We enjoyed a glorious sail with the Captain in a gale of wind to New Inlet, eight miles dead to windward. It was wild but exhilarating in the extreme.

What? Pipe out? I must close. Go there, friends. You will find more than a Crumb of comfort. The air is balmy, sport is good, and the sea breeze will drive the clouds away and let sunshine into your lives.

Wilmot Townsend.

A WYOMING REMEMBRANCE.

Our tough, wiry little team of bronchos were toiling along the white road in a blazing sun, which made the heat waves roll shimmering upward from the dry alkali plain. The thermometer was at 120° in the shade and had hung there persistently for the past six weeks. Everything was burnt up, even the hardy sage brush and heat-defying cactus had commenced to shrivel from the white sultriness. Our pipe smoke hung around our dust-begrimed faces, and the white alkali fog, disturbed by the horses' hoofs, drifted up in choking clouds, followed along and settled on the whole outfit, horses, wagon and ourselves until we looked as though we had camped under the lee of a flour mill for a week. Along the margin of the few stagnant, white-rimmed pools, where the sage brush was thickest, a few panting sage hens stood with outstretched necks and distended wings vainly trying to find a bit of shade and cool air enough to breathe.

The mirage shone in the west, obliterating the topography of the Butte country, painting, to our smarting eyes, beautiful lakes and rivers, cool and enticing vistas of shade and comfort. It had only the charm of novelty to us, as we well knew that the only water fit for man or beast for miles around was swashing about in our ten-gallon keg, and we also knew, from past experience, that it was as hot as sun could make it. Here and there an occasional 'long horn" cow stood pensively waiting for sundown in the meager shade afforded by the few stunted cedars struggling for an existence on the ashy hillsides. A couple of antelope were feeding, unmindful of the heat, along the edge of a one-time water hole, munching the yellow, sickly grass with apparent relish. Nothing else in sight save the gray-brown sameness of the buttes for miles, until they faded away in the dancing heat and mirage.

Away in the northwest a pile of mountainous, heavy-looking clouds had been slowly rising, advancing and distending their white columns, until they covered a quarter circle of the blazing sky. We had cast a wistful eye toward them since morning, and speculation was rife between us as to the probability of that rarity of the Bad Lands, a real rain storm, coming our way.

It was now September, and we had been part and parcel of this country since May and had yet to see our first rain.

A faint puff of wind from the south gave us hope; then a lull drooped our spirits again clear below zero. Another puff, hot as a gust from a furnace, drifted the dust away in a lazy fashion, trailing along the sagebrush tops, only to let it settle despondently down again. After a little the occasional puffs became a steady breeze, which carried the choking dust to leeward for good, and gave us a chance for breath unmixed with alkali, and best of all, time to wash the smarting stuff from our cracked lips and aching eyes with the water in the keg. The breeze gave a sensation of coolness, though the heat waves rolled along and anon puffed an oven-like breath in our faces.

The clouds rose slowly, majestically, and at last obscured the sun, giving us a change that was delightful compared with what we had endured since leaving Sundance, 30 miles behind us. A low muttering began among the hill-tops; cattle moved about uneasily, coming out from among the cañons and other unseen places which had afforded a little shade, up on the mesas and flats, to congregate in bunches or singly, feeding in a restless, intermittent fashion, which showed their uneasiness. Our team, too, would hold up their heads and listen to the distant growl with tilted ear and watchful eye.

The wind increased until a gale was blowing from the south. The white cloud had got above us and was of a decided gray hue now, while away in the northwest a darkening curtain had dropped to the earth and supplied a background against which the buttes were thrown in sharp outline and contrasting colors unthought of an hour ago. Extra lashings were passed through the eyebolts on the wagon cover to keep the thrashing canvas on the bars. Lightning began to cut the black curtain of cloud into rags and tatters and then the wind died down for a few minutes, only to come with a roar from the direction of the storm, bringing the fragrance of rain which was delightfully cool and refreshing. A few minutes ago the heat was oppressive; now a coat feels comfortable. We jog along on the homeward trail glad for the change the rain is bound to make in this desert country and for the influence it will have for days to come.

With a crash that startles our horses and stampedes the cattle the storm breaks over us, and in five minutes the driving water compels us to turn away, for the horses refuse to face it and exhibit their natural tendency to drift. We pull up by the roadside "stern on" and wait for it to blow over. The lightning flashes and the thunder peals among the hills, while the rain drifts by in sheets, completely hiding the nearest butte. Our horses stand with heads hung down and sides streaming, quiet and unmind

ful of the gale, which tosses their manes and tails in wild confusion, and lashes the white wagon cover in vain endeavor to reach us.

After an hour of this the cloud drifts by, the sun comes out and we start on for the ranch, slipping, sliding along, past Mt. Zahn, where I killed a deer last week, past the spring where the antelopes drink, past Hat Butte, with its sugar loaf top, across the Dry Cottonwood, now quite a stream; and climb the slope to the ranch, where we can camp in more comfortable shape than we can on the trail this kind of a night. EL COMANCHO.

WIL'UM AND BOOZE.

"The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."

IN no age of the world has the dog enjoyed such consideration as the present accords to his genius and worth; nor does the "valued file" in this distinguish for especial favor "the swift, the subtle, the slow, the housekeeper or the hunter," but every one is honored "according to the gift that bounteous nature has in him closed." Even the plebeian "cut-tail" cousin of the noble race has found advocates of late; not that his defense is an innovation, having the sanction both of history and genius upon it, but because in truth he has been much maligned, for the most upon the time-honored theory, "Give a dog a bad name."

In history the cur figures as a subject for legislation by a great nation, and his name was evolved from the resulting law. In literature he occupies a place peculiar to his attainments, or to speak "by the card," his unmannerly deficiencies; but his dishonorable mention is found upon pages that will never die. Faithfulness to the hand that feeds him is the saving grace he owns, as is eloquently attested in the South by a proverb: "A yallow dog's love for a nigger;" and in death, if fat, his "ile," much esteemed by some as a cure for certain ills, with this, excuses his worthless life.

"Love me, love my dog," was uttered perhaps by the primeval savage, who first awakened the latent desire for human companionship in the canine breast; and the refinement of no civilization has been able to restrain or repress a momentary return to the "first estate" that inflicts vengeance upon all who invade the rights or threaten the well-being of our four-footed friends. Like Launce, we are ever ready to suffer for our "Crab." "I did the thing you wot of" is often on our lips when the cur alone is guilty; and the fellow who would whip the dog is oftener chastised by the master for his temerity.

Among my earliest recollections is an old basket-maker named Douce, who made weekly trips to our village all through the summer and fall to sell his wares. His home was in the hill country, locally known as the "Barrens," about ten miles distant, and his earthly possessions being limited to one son, "Wil'um," whose broad shoulders were unequal to the weight of a man in addition to the baskets intended for market, his journeying to and fro was always accomplished on foot. It was observed of these basket venders that they were seldom or never seen upon the road; indeed, rarely in motion. Usually they reached the village before any one was abroad for the day, and then remained until they could steal away quietly under cover of the dark. The old man, taciturn to a degree, seldom uttered a word except in reply to questions concerning his wares, and the boy, as if intent upon carrying out to the letter the pack-horse part imposed upon him, was as dumb as any mule in the fields or ox in the shambles.

About the time I was ten years old the Douces created a mild sensation one morning by their appearance in town two days in succession. They were observed at sunrise in their accustomed place upon the sidewalk in front of the principal store, with the difference that the elder was stretched upon the ground instead of seated upon his heels, his favorite posture. When the owner of the store came to investigate a proceeding so strange, the boy found his voice for the first time in the knowledge of our citizens, saying:

"Dad tuckered out las' nite."

"Dead?" asked the merchant

"Yars. He 'lowed ter me, 'Wil'um, Ise er guine. Arst sum un ter holp yer gin me er plantin'.'"

Douce was friendless in life, but now that he was dead a generous county furnished a coffin wherein he was placed by kindly hands and laid away in the village burying-ground to rest until the great resurrection. After the funeral Wil'um set up his household gods, an unsold basket or two, in a deserted cabin on the outskirts of the village, and became a fixture among us. A marked change was noticeable in him from that day. He no longer shunned companionship, and while never loquacious, his voice, perpetually in the "goslins," became familiar on the streets. In him the boys of the town found at once a playmate, a henchman, a scapegoat and a butt for every species of deviltry that the diabolical ingenuity of youth could devise; and I am informed that even now, after the lapse of twenty years, he enacts the same roll with the boys of to-day.

Let the game be what it may, Wil'um furnishes the fun or performs all the labor. At "bull-pen," he is the target for every ball that is thrown; at "knucks," he furnishes the knuckles to be pounded. When they fish, he digs the worms or catches the minnows, and when they hunt, he wields the axe and carries the game. In all these years he has never been known to rebel at any ill usage, except upon a single occasion, and then not against his usual tyrants. A giant in stature and of prodigious strength, he is the "mildest-mannered man" that ever condoned a wrong. In fact, he is the very antithesis of resentment, suffering in practice the theoretical admonition of the gentle Galileean; receiving a buffet upon one cheek, he makes no effort to protect the other from similar indignity. In appearance he is peculiar. Beardless as an Indian, his countenance expresses that youth in age or age in youth that makes it impossible for a stranger to determine whether he is eighteen or forty; and time only intensifies the perplexing lines and shadows that produce this phenomenon.

Phrenologically, Wil'um is nothing if not reverential. During the annual protracted meetings held at each of the two village churches he literally revels in religious glory. Baptist and Methodist alike count with certainty upon beginning revival with him for the first and most ardent convert to their doctrines. At the earliest call for "mourners" he invariably goes forward; and in only one instance has he been known to adhere to one faith for twelve months consecutively, and then it happened that the summer revivals of both denominations concurred—whether or not for his especial benefit I am unable to determine. One perplexing phase of his frequent repentings and conversions, however, that gives much concern to disputants upon doctrinal points, is his inordinate belief in the efficacy of water—with every change of front he insists upon renewing the ordinance of baptism, with the result that the number of sprinklings and immersions he has enjoyed, if administered to individuals, would constitute a respectable congregation.

Nothing opens to the imagination of the village youngster a vista more replete with glowing possibilities than the presence of a stray dog in town. About a year after Wil'um's permanent advent among us, we discovered upon the street one day a small black cur that no one would own. To fasten a tin can to his tail, collect all the dogs of the neighborhood, and convey our prize to the common was a labor of love that was quickly accomplished. Such a chase as we had! The cur proved a sprinter, and for full half a mile fairly distanced pursuit—unimpeded would doubtless have escaped.

Boys are thoughtless, but seldom cruel, and when we found that our victim had broken his leg in the scrimmage our glee was quickly changed to sorrow. Of course it "was all Wil'um's fault; he should have rescued him sooner." So, as usual, he assumed the blame, carried the cur to his cabin, bound up his wounds, and having gravely christened him "Booze" in the presence of us all, formally adopted him as the child of his affection. From that hour they were inseparable.

One afternoon early in November, about two years later, there was an informal convention held by the boys on the sunny side of my grandfather's barn to devise ways and means for immediate "fun." We had been unusually quiet since the opening of school, and this excessive virtue was clamoring for relief. Many motions were lost, as their ends were too mild for an exaggerated case, and a coon hunt for that night would doubtless have been tabled had not some enterprising genius suggested that we take Wil'um along and lead him so far astray that it would take him until daylight to reach home. As Wil'um professed, without shame, the utmost horror of the dark, this plan seemed to meet every requirement of the situation; so the convention at once resolved itself into a committee of the whole and adjourned to wait upon the gentleman.

Wil'um was openly averse to the proposition, averring that he "hain't los' no coon, an' didn't want ter go nohow," and it required extravagant praise of his skill as an axeman, many unmerited compliments to Booze, and, most potent of all, a present bribe of a pint of corn whisky, a can of core oysters, and a pound of cheese to induce him to accompany us.

As we were starting for the woods we chanced to meet one Jones, another local celebrity, as notorious as a bully as was Wil'um for cowardice. Nothing was so grateful to Jones's narrow soul as the perpetration of cruel practical jokes upon those too weak or afraid to resent them; and Wil'um was his favorite victim. In a burst of unguarded confidence one of the boys let him into the secret of our movements, and he at once announced an intention of accompanying us, much to our disgust.

It was so dark in the woods Wil'um protested that we should wait until the moon rose, about two hours later; but as a pretense of losing our bearings in the dark was the part of the programme arranged for his benefit, we insisted that "varmints" did not "walk" when they could see their shadow, and headed direct for the thickest and most dismal part of the swamp.

We had advanced but a little way, when the dogs struck a trail, leading us a merry scramble for more than a mile before the coon would climb. The tree was small, and the axe, wielded by expert and willing hands, quickly brought it to the ground, where the coon received his quietus in short order.

Under the excitement of the chase no one remembered to observe any landmarks, even had it been possible to do so, and we found that our wishes had been granted with a vengeance, so far as getting lost was concerned. We could not so much as conjecture the direction of the open and efforts to extricate ourselves only served to carry us deeper into the swamp, finally delivering us helpless wanderers to a wilderness of mud and water half-way to our knees.

In the midst of this predicament, anxious for escape, we failed for some time to notice that our intended victim did not murmur once, or that Jones, who was "out to see the fun," had grumbled and cursed himself into a condition bordering upon maudlin idiocy.

We had floundered about for an hour, perhaps, before Wil'um broke silence for the first time by drawling out: "It haint no use er tryin' ter git out, boys, ontil ther moon's up. Yer mout es well clam' er log an' wait."

"Wil'um's er preachin'," said one of the boys. "Let's find a big log and make him pass his bottle and divvy with his gros'ries."

We found the log with little trouble, but Wil'um and his supplies were one. "No-sir-ree-Jock-Robinson!" he said in reply to an invitation to "set 'em up." "I'm mor'n hongry 'enough to eat every scrap o' grub I fotch, an' I haint guine gin yer ther speerets an' freeze my own self; an' er trade 's er trade. I don't b'lieve in no Injun givin'."

As the moments dragged their weary length along, it seemed to our anxious souls that the moon was "stuck" in its orbit, and a more miserable lot of shivering mortals was never seen than his first pale beams looked upon on that log. Even Jones was long since too miserable to swear; and our fell purpose forgotten, we only wished for escape. Alas! the way of these transgressors was mud, and proved as unknown by moonlight as in darkness to our befuddled intelligence. Hour after hour we wandered and waded, dispairing of home, in search of just enough dry land to build a fire upon that we might snatch a bit of comfort until day; and no castaway at sea ever hailed a friendly shore with greater rejoicing than we the little knoll that at last firmly bore our footing. While we were gathering wood for a fire, Wil'um, the uncomplaining, announced that he "knowed where we wus."

"How far are we from home?" demanded Jones.

"'Bout er mile."

"Then, for heaven's sake, get us out of this."

"I haint got my barrings yit," replied Wil'um, interrupted by a howl of disappointed derision. "Yer fellers needn't rar so," he continued. "Foller me an' I'll tek yer ter ther river, over thar, erbout er hundred yards."

Another howl from the crowd, of delight this time, as each of us could find the way from the river with ease. So great was our relief when at length we looked upon the mighty Tennessee, that even the dismal Jones recovered his "deviltry," if not his good humor.

"I'll tell you what," he remarked aside to some of the boys, "I don't intend to go through with all this and not have some fun out of Wil'um. He thinks more of that mangy cur of his than the law allows, and I'll bet a dollar if I should throw Booze in the river he would jump in and pull him out. Just watch me. I say, Wil'um," he continued, "Booze is all covered with mud. I am going to give him a bath."

"Booze 's all right, Jones," replied Wil'um, with an unsuspicious grin.

"Oh, no he ain't," said Jones, seizing the dog and throwing him as far into the stream as his strength would allow.

The top of the river bank at this point was about four feet above the water, and the descent was almost perpendicular. Poor little Booze came to the surface struggling and whining and then struck out bravely for the shore, where he clung, moaning piteously for rescue. Sympathy for his distress quickly changed the laugh that greeted his immersion to silent shame, and a dozen hands were stretched to his assistance, all to no purpose, as he was beyond our reach. Our efforts in his behalf seemed to add to the satisfaction Jones experienced from his diabolical deed. He stood aloof chuckling with delight, occasioned in part by the would-be witty suggestions he threw in from time to time. "Catch little Dicky Gray by the heels and fish him out," was his master-stroke.

This idea proved a whetstone for Wil'um's dull intelligence. Springing to his feet he rushed upon his tormentor like a tiger, and winding his sinewy arms about him lifted the bully as though he were a child and flung him after the dog, saying: "I'll feesh 'im out with you, dad-burn 'e!"

Jones came to the surface spluttering and cursing, and was soon making desperate efforts to climb the bank.

"Fetch that dog with yer," sternly demanded Wil'um.

"You won't want any dog when I get through with you," growled Jones with an oath as he succeeded in placing one knee on the bank.

"Fetch that dorg," said Wil'um, chasing him back into the water.

Again Jones essayed to climb out and again Wil'um thrust him back into the water, cooling his resentment this time to the point of entreaty: "For the Lord's sake, boys, keep him off; I'm freezing," he chattered.

"Don't yer tech me, boys, er I'll fling the whole dern curpoodle on yer in thar. He's got ter fetch thet dorg," said Wil'um.

Jones made one more effort, but Wil'um was as relentless as fate, and a fourth ducking conquered the bully effectually. When he came to the surface he quietly tucked Booze under one arm and held up his other hand for assistance.

"Here's your dog, Wil'um, and now I am going to give you the worst hiding you ever had," he said, attempting at the same time to execute his threat. Wil'um dodged the blow, closed with his antagonist, and in an instant the river closed over his form for the fifth time. He came up begging and praying for a truce that should last forever.

"All right, Jones," said Wil'um, helping him ashore, "but I haint done with yer yit; yer got to tote Booze plum home afore I let yer off."

"I'll die first," said Jones.

"Back yer go in ther water, then."

"For God's sake, Wil'um," shrieked the trembling wretch, "I'll do anything you say."

"Pick up thet dorg, then, an' git fer home."

The sun was well up when we reached the village, the most woebegone huntsmen that were ever seen. Jones begged with tears in his eyes that he might be spared the shame of facing his neighbors with the dog in his arms, but Wil'um was obdurate, insisting that Booze must be deposited at his door before his resentment would cease.

Fully half the village was abroad to witness the remarkable spectacle we presented with Jones and the dog in the van. The "dread laugh" that greeted us was too much for the bully, and he made one last effort to retrieve his reputation by attempting anew to give Wil'um a thrashing. But alack and alas! Wil'um again asserted his manhood, and for the first and only time in his life fought and won a "stand up" battle. This defeat was too much for the bully. Like Pindarus, he ran from the field and hid his shame, no man knows where.

For quite a week the victor received from our boyish hearts the adulation accorded heroes, but by the end of that period we discovered that he found in his accustomed rut too much of familiar ease to desire a *rôle* so difficult and strange, and we learned with many a pang that Wil'um and Booze had had their day. WILL SCRIBBLER.

GREENBRIER, Ala.

Long Island Sound.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Aug. 3.—Mr. Pulaski Benjamin of Stratford, Conn., is a well-known sportsman of the old school, who wets his line in the waters at the mouth of the Housatonic River. In conversation with me the other evening he said: "I have never known a summer when the striped bass were so scarce in these waters. The other day I trolled for two hours without the slightest encouragement. The water is too warm and the fish refuse to come inshore, preferring the deeper waters. Two days' good rain, with easterly or southeasterly winds, would probably bring them in, but the big fellows will not show up until after September."

Mr. Benjamin is a veteran fisherman and perhaps better acquainted with the waters in this neighborhood than any one.

Weakfish or "yellow-fin," as they are called up here, have not been very plentiful. About a week ago, fishing with a float and light bass tackle, I captured three, the largest of which weighed about 2lbs.

My freedom from the sick room makes me feel like acting upon the advice of our friend "Ransacker," and deluging you with verse, but I have no desire to be laid up again, so refrain. THE GENERAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

"Forest and Stream's" Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

No. 11.

THE COUNTING OF THE ELK.

Ease with Dignity at the Post.

It was very comfortable at Ft. Yellowstone in the good hands of Captain Anderson, the commanding officer, and for my part I did not care to leave either the Park itself or that portion thereof in which I was then located. There was a comfortable willingness to lie still a day or so, and a cheerful disposition to obey the command of the ranking officer to keep still, retain my clothing on my person and take it easy for a while before doing any more snowshoe travel. Very valuable also were these days of rest at the Post, for during them I learned still more of the thorough method by which the Park is governed, of the perfected system in force, and of the painstaking and conscientious labor performed by every branch of the military body to whose care the great preserve has been handed over. At that time, March 29, it should be remembered, there was no law by which a poacher or violator of the Park could be punished, except as under military regulations. The latter, though acknowledged to be inefficient, were naturally construed as severely as possible. At that time the poacher Howell was reposing as deep in the guard house as Capt. Anderson could throw him, and Capt. Anderson, with some quiet chuckles, told me how sometimes Capt. Scott, whose troop was stationed, in the tourist season, at the Geyser Basins of the upper Park, had found occasion to make some exuberant bridegroom, who had written his name and that of his beloved on a geyser formation, walk back twenty miles from the next stage station and scrub out his immortality by means of soap and brush.

Our rest, however, was not of long duration, for it was thought best to make the trip over to the wintering ground of the elk, so that a personal investigation could be made as to their numbers. This would take us over toward the northeast corner of the Park, to the country about Yancey's, and the East Fork beyond Yancey's. The distance to Yancey s was twenty miles, to be made in one journey. A Chinook was on, and the shoeing had now become simply awful. Mr. Haynes had been over to Yancey's, and described it as the worst time he had ever had in his life. With this outook we did not feel exuberant over the trip.

To give some sort of notion of that country, in the absence of a map, let us suppose a large letter V. The legs of the V are made of the Yellowstone and Gardiner rivers. Ft. Yellowstone we may call located near the apex or point of the V, and we will say Yancey's is at the base, calling it about twenty miles across the base. Yancey's is, however, on the level of the Yellowstone River. These rivers here all run down hill, and they run at the bottom of deep valleys or cañons. The Post being located outside of the V, that is, to say, on the left hand side of the Gardiner Valley, there were, in *ski* talk, three "hills" to be accounted for in this trip (in reality there may have been 3,000). The first was the west side of the Gardiner, or from the Post down to the Gardiner River, maybe a couple of miles or less. Then came the climb up so-called "Gardiner Hill," two miles or so more, to an elevation much greater than that of the Mammoth Hot Springs. This would bring us to the great plateau—a very broken and hilly one we found it—which we will say lies between the two arms of the V. Across this plateau was ten or twelve miles, and we would then be within five miles of Yancey's, that is to say, at the top of the left side of the Yellowstone arm of the V. Yancey's, being at the level of the bottom of the valley, would of course be far below, but once at the top of the hill we were the same as there, it was said, for everybody agreed that once at the Devil's Gut at the top of the Yancey Hill, it would take us a very short space of time to get to the bottom, always provided that we could keep up with our *skis*.

It will be seen that we had only one "hill" to climb going east, the Gardiner Hill leading up to the plateau. Coming back, we would have two "hills" to negotiate. Capt. Anderson very kindly offered us a solution of a portion of our difficulties. He thought that as the snow was going so fast at these lower altitudes, he could set us in an ambulance across the Gardiner River and pretty well up the Gardiner Hills behind. He further promised that if we would set a day for our return he would have the ambulance meet us as far up the Gardiner Hill as it could get on that day. All of which was not only kind but valuable assistance, as it would save us one run down and one climb up, on a locality where the shoeing was very bad.

COW ELK IN HAYDEN VALLEY.

Photo by Haynes.

BUFFALO ON ALUM CREEK.

Photo by Haynes.

It was about 9 o'clock of the morning of March 30 when we left the Post for Yancey's. Billy took along his big camera, and we both had along in our packs the necessary articles. We had along this time private Hunt, Capt. Anderson having detailed him in place of Larsen—who had started early the night before for the Lake Hotel with the detail sent out to bring in the buffalo heads stored there by the first party out of the Howell plunder. This would give Larsen 140 miles or so more on top of what we had traveled, enough to get him in condition, anyhow.

I have often had occasion to admire the skill of the real Western mountain teamster, which is something no tenderfoot driver can appreciate without seeing. A tenderfoot teamster would have turned back at the end of the first half mile and called this road impassable, for the mules were breaking through, plunging and wallowing shoulder deep in the snow. Our teamster took it all coolly, never hurried his mules, and let them take their time. Those beasts seemed skilled and sapient also in this sort of work. They seemed never to get rattled when they went down nearly out of sight in the snow, but lay still and took it easy till they got their breath, and then slowly and carefully tried it for a few yards further on. By this curious illustration of an adaptation to environment, we got on slowly even so far as the Gardiner River and a little way up the hill beyond, to a point where the snow was too deep for the mules, and apparently hard enough for the *skis*. The snow was melting along the ground and not on top, as we learned by slumping through into streams of water when we got out to help the mules. We did not dare take many chances about getting our feet wet in the valley flats, but here on the hill the snow was not so hard, so after leaving the team we walked on foot nearly to the top of the Gardiner Hill. The mail carrier, Church, perhaps the most skillful winter driver in that region, had taken his team with a sled up this hill. Church took a buckboard to the point where we left our team, then left the buckboard and took to his sled. When he could get no further he hitched his horses and took to his *skis*. He carried the Yancey's and Soda Butte mail, and was rarely behind in any weather. How he did it was a mystery. The snow he passed through and over was from 3 to 30ft. deep, and it probably averaged 6 or 8ft. He managed to find bare ridges and get along. As I have stated, the snow does not lie so evenly in this part of the Park, being blown about more.

We found Church's trail up the Gardiner Hill of much service, as it packed the snow so that it would bear our weight that morning without the *skis*. We found that the best place to step was about 4in. inside the track of the sled runner, where the snow seemed to be compressed most. If one stepped on the ridge between the horses' tracks he was apt to break through. When he did that he would sink down full-leg depth, get a bad jar, and have a hard time regaining his footing. Repeat this a hundred times, and the result is annoying and tiring. It was noon, and we were tired enough already, when we topped the long, steep and winding Gardiner Hill, and turned out into the timber just above the beautiful Gardiner Falls to eat lunch and put our *skis* in order. We were now what is called five miles on our way, and at the edge of the plateau, if the succession of mountain spurs and foothills can so be called.

As has been earlier taken up, there are certain gentlemen who profess to be anxious to build a railroad through the Park to Cooke City, up the Yellowstone, or that is to say, up one arm of the V of which we have been speaking. It may be that railroads can be built with ease over a country where a good *ski* runner can't go, though I doubt it. Anyhow, we knew it would be impossible to get up the proposed route of the Cooke City air line, and took this easier route, away back from the sharper dips and cañons close to the deep valley of the Yellowstone. I should say that our route, being the easier of the two, would be the better one for the Cooke City air line. It would be necessary, however, for the line to be equipped with a vertical elevator of sufficient power to lift the railway trains three-quarters of a mile straight up into the air. This would be simple, and would bring the right of way up to the level of the "plateau." I think they would then be plenty busy enough to get a grade across that interesting country, which is about as level as the fingers of your hand when you stick them up straight. I will not say that a road could not be built across this "plateau" if a company had a few million dollars, but it certainly would have to have an elevator on each side of the plateau, at

the Gardiner Hill and at Yancey's. I don't know of any road so equipped, so the Cooke City Air Line, when built, would be in a manner unique. It could get a good deal of advertising out of its mile-high elevators, and I advise the Cooke City men to build the road, by all means. People would come a long way to see it, and to ride up and down the elevators on the trains. The road in this way might be built, and this might be called a practical scheme. Of course nobody really thinks that a railroad could be built up the Valley of the Yellowstone, and no engineer has ever called that a practical route. Some roads are built along a bluff, and some roads are run on top of a bluff, and some roads are backed only by a bluff. The Cooke City Air Line is one of the latter sort. But I wish the gentlemen would consider my elevator scheme. It might give new life to their project, which I understand to be in rather a languishing condition. Some of these things occurred to us as we looked over toward the tremendous landscape which hedged the Yellowstone, a landscape mostly set on edge.

Awful Going.

The country we were now crossing was high and cold, nearly bare of timber near the trail, something like the Hayden Valley, but much more broken, I should say. It was not such very hard *ski* country, but the condition of the snow made the going simply awful. The snow was, in some places, crusted hard enough to bear us up on the *skis*, and in others so soft as to let us sink down below the surface. Then there were strips of country along the ridges quite bare, or so nearly so as to compel us to take off our *skis* and go across on foot—something which the *ski* runner declares tires him more than five times the distance of straight travel, because he does not like to stoop over and fix his straps, or to carry the slippery *skis* over his shoulder. Of course the condition of the snow depended much on the way the sun struck it, so that one side of a hill might be soft and the other with a hard crust. Again, the hour of the day had much to do with it. The snow was melting underneath and settling fast, but at mid-day this did not matter so much. In the afternoon, however, a crust began to form, and this crust was just strong enough to break through about every few yards. When it broke down the unfortunate *ski* man would find himself a couple of feet below the surface of the snow. Attempting to step out, he would break in again. Struggling still further, he perhaps would thrust the toe of his *ski* far under the unbroken crust about him and have a fine time in getting it out again. Breaking up the crust by treading it between his feet, he might make a last try for liberty, only to slip back into the hole at the last instant. The continual straining and struggling we found very wearing. To make it all worse, Hunt was having trouble with his shoes, which were sticking badly. We stopped twice to wax up, building a fire and melting snow at one place, and thus getting a drink of rather smoky water.

In the Elk Country.

We could now see plenty of evidence that we were getting into the elk country We could see trails and pawings in greatest abundance in every direction. The elk seemed to be more numerous in the section about the Blacktail Creek. We saw one band of 48 elk, distant perhaps half a mile or more on the left of the trail. Being well pushed for time on account of the fearful shoeing, we did not leave the line of march to look up any bands of elk, indeed, it was not at that time thought there were so many in the Blacktail country.

The Run of the Yancey Hill.

It was 6 o'clock in the evening, and time to be getting somewhere, when we at length found ourselves at the summit of the Yancey Hill. Billy was ahead here, and disappeared from view on a long, gentle, curving slide around and down the last hill that side of the deep gash through the mountains known as the Devil's Gut. I followed, with a serene sense of relief at the easy, gliding motion of a down grade and good snow. All at once the whole earth seemed to fall out from in front of me, and all I could see was blue air below. My serenity vanished, and I hurriedly got across the *ski* pole to put on brakes, but before I had time to do that fully, I was at the bottom of the chute, where Billy stood looking at my look of astonishment. This was the last sharp drop down into the Devil's Gut. We all got handsome croppers here, but the snow was soft and it didn't matter.

"We're in the Gut now," said Billy, "and just the same as at Yancey's. It's five miles, but every inch of it's down hill."

With this latter statement we were later disposed to agree, but with the essential statement that we were as good as there, we had cause to differ. We had a frightful time getting down that hill, and were heartily glad when this part of the day's journey was over.

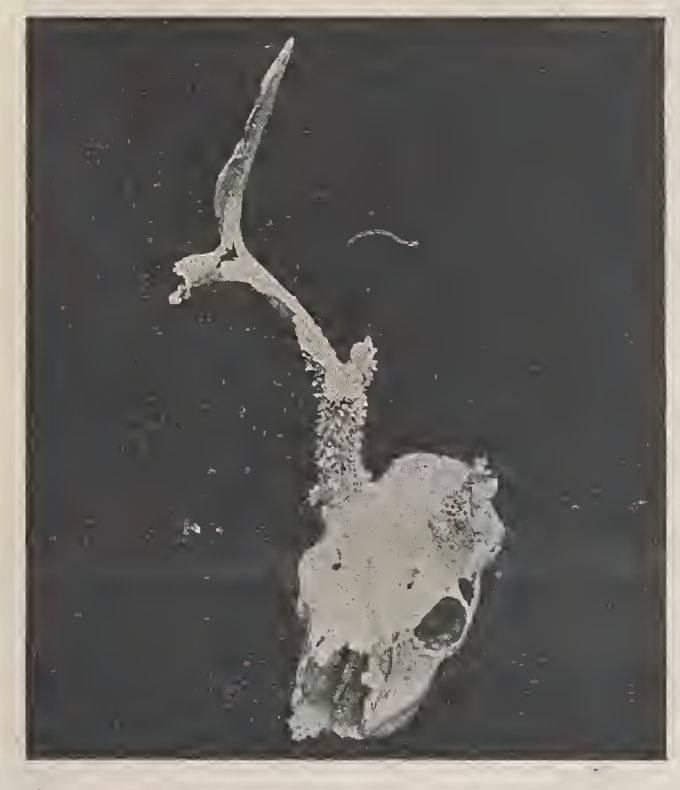
I suppose the Yancey Hill is riskier to run than the Golden Gate Hill, because on the Yancey Hill some of the grades, though shorter, are very steep indeed. The descent is by means of a series of sharp pitches or steps, with now and then a long run nearly level between them. For five miles this goes on, the drop being tremendous down to "Pleasant Valley," as Uncle John Yancey calls the sheltered bight of the mountains which he has made his home. I do not know the difference in elevations, but, roughly speaking, it seemed to us to be about five miles forward and one mile down.

Given a good snow, and the run down either the Golden Gate or the Yancey Hill would be pleasant to a good *ski* man. But here the snow was in the worst possible condition. It was covered, in these deep defiles, with a glassy crust, over which light snow had drifted in places. Moreover the team of the dare-devil mail carrier Church—by what means let somebody else explain—had been down this hill and cut up the snow into rough hillocks along the trail. The crust would hardly hold one on foot. To run it on the *skis* looked like doing five miles of nutmeg grater *glacé*. Still, we had to do it, and each man did it in his own way, plunging down as best he could and falling probably fifty times. The falls hurt us all, too, because the crust was hard enough to cut.

More than once I was astonished to see the ease with which the *skis* took the inequalities of the surface. Dashing down the steep pitches over the rough tracks left by the horse team, I could feel the *skis* jumping and jarring beneath me, and could see a long stream of holes and hillocks go by and back of me, but the *skis* kept on jumping and jumping and going ahead and down, over country where one would expect them to be brought up standing any minute. The good luck did not last forever, though, for in one of these rough stretches my toe got into or under something and I got a nasty fall, which did my game ankle no good, and made me mighty timid for a long while. Hunt was carrying Billy's camera part of the time, and I believe he went down the Yancey Hill as much on his back as on his feet. Anyhow, it was good rolling and sliding when a fellow couldn't stand up, so we all got down someway, Billy of course much better than Hunt or myself, who had not so long a schooling on the *skis*. On the last steep pitch just above Yancey's, Billy took to the woods, and sitting down on his *skis* slid down through a thicket of quaking asps. I walked or plowed down the steepest part of the run, coming on Hunt, who was lying on his back in the snow, resting after a tumble. From below there came a hearty peal of laughter at his mishap, and I knew that at last we were at the end of the march. We then all got upright on our *skis*, and ran down with a flourish to the two log cabins, in front of which stood the entire population of "Yancey's," consisting of Uncle John himself, proprietor in general; Taswill Woody, the well-known mountain man and guide; Brown, the cook, and old Bill Jump, who has a cabin just back of Yancey's, and a stable for the mail carrier's horses. Nor should I forget Uncle John's two staghounds, Pinkie and Green, fine specimens, albeit of touch-and-go temperament. Bill Jump has a dog also, which may or may not be a staghound. Pinkie and Green lick him so easy that he is afraid to call his soul his own, and so takes it out barking at strangers.

The Population at Yancey's.

The population now nearly doubled by our advent, adjourned indoors. We were at home again, and a very pleasant home we found the cosy cabin, with its blazing fire, its abundant hearty food and the general air of free and easy Western hospitality. There were some saddles and saddle-blankets on the floor, and the fellow who was willing to fight Pinkie or Green for a blanket could make himself hugely comfortable in the warm corners back of



DEER HORNS GNAWED BY PORCUPINE.

the fire. Here we went into executive session of story-telling, and few parts of our stay in the Park were pleasanter than the days at Yancey's.

Uncle John Yancey is one of the features of the Park, just as much as the geysers or the Cañon. My impression is that he was there before the Cañon was finished. He is one of the few persons who are allowed leases in the Park, it being in his case thought well to have a place in that part of the Park where some sort of accommodations could be had by travelers. Here there is a little garden, a cow or two, and always a bed and a good plain table. Some of the very best trout fishing in the Park is near Yancey's, and the place is one of the prettiest and pleasant of all the possible stopping places.

Uncle John is a Kentuckian by birth, long a citizen of the West and by far the leading attraction of Pleasant Valley, if only you strike him right. He has a wholesome contempt for tenderfeet who get too "peart," and a hearty respect for the mountain qualities of manhood. Some of the tourists irritate him very much.

"They're sech fools," he said frankly, "some of 'em. Onct one rode up to the door here and ast me how fur it wuz to the Mammoth Hot Springs.

"'It's twenty miles,' sez I.

"'The book sez it ain't,' sez he.

"'I don't give a dash what the book sez,' sez I. Then I went right on in and shet the door, an' left him out thar a-settin' on to his hoss."

One time a citizen still more seriously offended Uncle John, who didn't like the way he acted around the house.

"I wuz a great mind to kill that feller several times," said Uncle John calmly, in telling about it. "I reckon I would a-killed him on'y I didn't want him layin' around here until I could git word over to the Post an' have some one come over an' remove him. I felt very hostyle to that feller."

Uncle John loves a good joke, and can tell one on himself if needs be. He tells one about an experience of his which happened when he was younger.

"I wuz livin' in Mizzoury then," said he, "an' I reckon wuz a kinder wild young feller. You see, I wuz goin' to town one day, an' I had to cross a river, an' they wuz on'y one boat there, which wuz owned by some folks who lived clos't by the river. The owner wuzn't to home, but his wife wuz. She wuz a great big woman, 'bout six feet high and big proportionate. She wuz a young woman, but savager any young woman ought nacherl to be. I ast her fer the boat, an' she said 'No!' ez if I wuz a insultin' of her. That sort of riled me, an' I 'lowed I'd hev to take the boat anyhow. So I goes down an' I lays hold of the boat fer to push it off. The woman, she gathers a club, not sayin' a word, an' she comes fer me. She wuz big ez three of me, an' I didn't know what to do, so 'lowin' I'd quiet her down a little whil I wuz thinkin' it over, I hit her a whack hard ez I could over the head with a oar. She set down pretty hard an' kept quiet, an' I went on acrost the river.

"When I come to find out, I learned the feller that wuz that woman's husband wuz a touchy sort of feller, an' I 'lowed when I seed him I wuz apt to have trouble, an' I s'posed nothin' would do exceptin' I had to kill him or him kill me, which wuzn't pleasant nohow. Well, one day I met him. We wuz both on horseback, an' I saw him ridin' on down the road towards me. I got all ready, 'lowin' the shootin'd shore have to begin, but not thinkin' it wuz egzacktly perlite to hit a man's wife with a oar an' then begin shootin' over it befo' he did. Well, he rides on up towards me, an' we both stops, I a-bein' mighty careful like, a' the upshot of it all is, I out an' tell him the whole story, 'lowin' his wife hadn't treated me no ways right. The feller he listens to me all through, an' says he, 'Stranger,' says he, 'I wish to God you'd done that sooner to that there woman. She's been a different wife to me since then.'

"That kind of relieved me, you know. Yes, it shorely did relieve me."

The Second Silent Man.

I have mentioned John Folsom, winter keeper of the Cañon Hotel, as the most silent man I ever knew. The second silent man is Taswill Woody. During the whole of our stay at Yancey's Woody hardly spoke a word unless accosted. He spent hour after hour and day after day playing solitaire. Woody is a man of large stature, over 60 years of age and quite gray. I think he has more natural dignity than any man I ever knew in any walk of life. He is a well known mountain guide and has been much out with Mr. Roosevelt and his friends. He says Mr. Roosevelt is the best big-game shot he ever knew. Woody was born in Missouri, and has long lived on the front. He was a '49er, has been to the Australian gold fields, and, in short, has seen all the wild life of the world and all the glories of our now faded West. Of his experiences as scout and Indian fighter it was extremely difficult to get him to talk. Acting on Uncle John's advice, I tried to get Woody to tell me something of the fight on Bouvier (?) Creek (on the present Crow reservation), where he, Charlie Cox and Hubbell holed up in a willow thicket and stood off probably 1,000 Sioux all day, killing eight or ten of them. I waited for a whole day, till Woody and I were alone, climbing up the mountain side to go over and see some elk, and then I said, carelessly:

"How about that fight you were in with the Indians, over east, here. Wasn't it a pretty close thing?"

"What fight?" asked Woody, calmly. Then he relapsed into silence. The above was all the description I could get out of him about that fight. Later on, however, making an evident effort to be communicative, he told me a few things about Indian fights in general. He claimed that the Indians were very poor rifle shots, and that the closer they were to you, the less apt they were to hit you At long range they were better shots. "They seem to get excited and trembly, close to you," said Woody. 'A lot of 'em shot at me and a Dutchman one day. They rose up not 50ft. away from us, and ought to have killed both of us. I stayed back with the Dutchman, and we stood them off.' (I could not learn whether the Dutchman was hurt or whether Woody himself was hurt). The solitaire game always broke up the talk.

In the Heart of the Elk Country.

We learned that we were now in the heart of the winter range of the elk. From the cabin door we could see a little band of elk feeding on top of the bald ridge which rises at the upper end of "Pleasant Valley." Learning of our purpose, Woody quietly told us that he could take us to a point within two miles where we could see over 1,000 elk at one sight. As I shall later show, he did it, too.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Natural History.

WHAT BECOMES OF DEER ANTLERS.

GENESEO, N. Y., July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream* We have heard a good deal at one time and another as to what becomes of the deer horns after they are shed, and now I'm going to tell you what happened to part of one pair that never had been shed.

My guide and I were making our way down a big beaver meadow in the Wahnaputac Lake region of Ontario one evening a few weeks ago, and were just thinking of putting up our little Protean tent and going into camp for the night, when the guide held up his hand with a "Hist!" Listening, I heard a strange, rasping sound, apparently a hundred yards or so to our left in the bush. Dropping our stuff on the ground, in we went to investigate; and as we advanced the crunching became louder and louder. It sounded exactly as though some fellow with heavy, hobnailed boots was shuffling over a cobblestone pavement. The guide whispered; "Well, I'll be strung up if ever I heard such a nsise as that before in the bush;" and for myself I began to think a good gun would be about the proper article to have along just then instead of an axe and a Kodak.

After considerable sneaking and crawling we managed to get to the edge of a little clear place, from which the sounds came; and then we both laughed, for there was only an old fat porcupine chawing away at some white bones. He paid no attention whatever to us, but went right on at what he was about; and on looking closer we saw that he was eating one of the horns of a big buck, which evidently had been killed by the wolves in the winter.

We watched the brute chew up almost all of one horn and begin on the other. I brought the skull and what was left of the antlers out with me, and think it is quite a curiosity. I send it by express to you, so that if you care to, you can make a cut of it. You will notice that the marks of the porcupine's teeth are almost as sharp and clean cut as though made with a chisel. CARIBOU.

Mongolian Pheasants in New York.

GENESEO, N. Y., July 29.—We have lots of Mongolian pheasants here now, and I am making some notes to send you as soon as I get time for it. C.

SIERRA NEVADA FOOTHILL BIRDS.

(Concluded from Page 93.)

Waxwing, Cedar-bird or Cherry-bird (*Ampelis cedrorum*).—On this day two large flocks of these birds were seen. One flock was perched in a large pine tree, and the other was on the wing, hurrying out of the trees of an irate cherry grower, who had just decimated their numbers with his gun. It is extraordinary what a quantity of cherries a flock of these birds will eat in a day. They will alight in a tree and gorge themselves most greedily, until they can hold no more, when they will fly a short distance and settle down to digest their meal. This is done with incredible quickness, whereupon they renew their raid upon the fruit as greedily as before. This they keep up all day long, and every day throughout the cherry season. Fortunately their numbers are not great, or they would be a very serious nuisance. They have nothing but their beauty to recommend them to the mercy of man, and their destructive habits so far prevail against this one merit, that I fear they are destined to destruction in the fruit growing sections.

Butcher-bird, White-rumped Shrike (*Lanius ludovicianus excubitorides*).—Quite a common bird, and resident. On this day a number were observed, and three of them were heard singing. According to my observation their song is a rare one, and I was surprised to hear so many in one day. To me it is a slouchy looking bird, as it has when perched a habit of letting its tail hang down like a string. It also has a sly, cunning manner of getting about that I don't like. Perhaps since one snapped off the head of a favorite canary I am not unprejudiced. The bold criminal came upon the porch where the cage of the canary hung, and managed to catch the poor captive through his prison bars, and being unable to drag the body through the wires, carried off the head. The great dramatist says: "What's gone and what's past help, should be past grief." Therefore should I forgive him; but, "I cannot forgive him, an' I would."

Blue Linnet, Painted Finch, Lazuli Painted Finch (*Passerina amœna*).—What is that flash of bright azure that just now caught my eye? I will stop and investigate. Ah! yes, as I thought, there is the dainty little fellow, clad in the white of the morning, the azure of the midday, add the ruddy glow of the evening sky! This truly delightful feathered beauty, in his "red, white and blue" uniform, is not uncommon here. It is rather a shy bird, however, and is not to be seen every day. It is a lover of the orchards, and maybe steals a cherry now and then—ut what of it?

Arkansas Tyrant Flycatcher (*Tyrannis verticalis*).—The twitter of this lively bird is a frequent sound to-day. It appears to take kindly to the eucalyptus trees for nesting places, and as these have been very generally planted around dwellings, this makes the bird a very sociable one. As it has no bad habits it is never molested, except by the wanton small boy with his pestilent air gun. It is not so fiercely courageous as the Eastern kingbird, but will drive off hawks and owls with a fair show of spirit, and is very vindictive toward the jays, which it pursues with great ardor. It is also down on the shrike pretty severely. Its pugnacious character seems to be appreciated by the other small birds, and one is almost sure to find nests of different species in close proximity to that of a "kingbird," as it is universally named by residents. Curious how man arrogates to himself alone the power of reasoning! If this is not an exhibition of that power in birds, what is it?

Western Pewee (*Contopus richardsonii?*).—I am not entirely satisfied as to my identification of this bird, but think it was this variety I saw sitting on a limb, over a little pond of water in a cañon, taking short flights for the circling insects. Its nest was underneath a small bridge spanning an irrigating ditch, and as I crossed the bridge one of the birds flew out and joined its mate. I have crossed this ditch several times lately, and the bird always flies out; so that I am certain it had its nest there. I tried to see the nest on one occasion, but the bridge was so close to the water that I could not look underneath.

Brewer's Blackbird (*Scolecophagus cyanocephalus*).—Fairly common. Saw half a dozen around the edges of the pond where I observed the pewee. It is so closely allied to the Eastern blackbird that it needs no comment.

Kildeer Plover (*Ægialitis vocifera*).—Quite common in all marshy spots throughout the foothills. So generally distributed over the continent that it needs no comment.

Robin (*Merula migratoria*) —Resident, in limited numbers in summer, in countless hosts in winter, when the berries of the toyon are ripe. It seems to conceal its nest with more art than in the East, and does not court the vicinity of man, as it does there; keeps pretty closely to brush, and meddles but little with the cherries or other fruit.

California Thrasher, or Sickle-Billed Thrush (*Harporhynchus redivivus*).—Fairly common. Called Californian mocking bird by residents. This rather shy bird is seldom seen, excepting at this time of year, when the male can be observed, at all hours, perched on the top of a small pine, or in some other conspicuous spot, where he sings throughout the day. The song is disjointed, but long continued, and very entertaining. It is made up in great measure of the calls, cries and part songs of other birds, mixed up with its own rich notes. It makes a very interesting pet in captivity, and rivals the true mocking bird in its powers of mimicry. It is a lover of the thick chaparral, and for that reason is seldom seen, even where fairly common.

Long-tailed Chat (*Icteria virens longicauda*)—As I am riding along a little run, thickly grown with willows, the harlequin-like notes of this shy bird ring out upon the air. I cannot see him, neither, in all probability, could I if I were to stay and watch for an hour; yet he is there in that large willow, just across the stream, and his mouth is seldom closed for a moment at a time. *Phweep, phweep, phweep, chr-r-r-r-r-r, coop, coop, coop, keck, keck, keck, keck, rl-l-l-l-l-l-l!*—the last sound like a prolonged rattle—his song comes loud and ringing on the air. I cannot say I saw this bird, yet his unmistakeable song was such positive evidence of his presence that I unhesitatingly place him upon the list. I have never seen the long-tailed chat away from the willows and in close proximity to a stream save once. I surprised one among the oaks one day, some distance from water, and crawled upon him quietly, until I had him under full observation. He soon spied me, however, and how he did hustle for cover! The disjointed song of this bird is very pleasing to me, and I always pause to listen, no matter how great my hurry. I have heard him sing in the night more than once, when his whistles and notes sound quite uncanny.

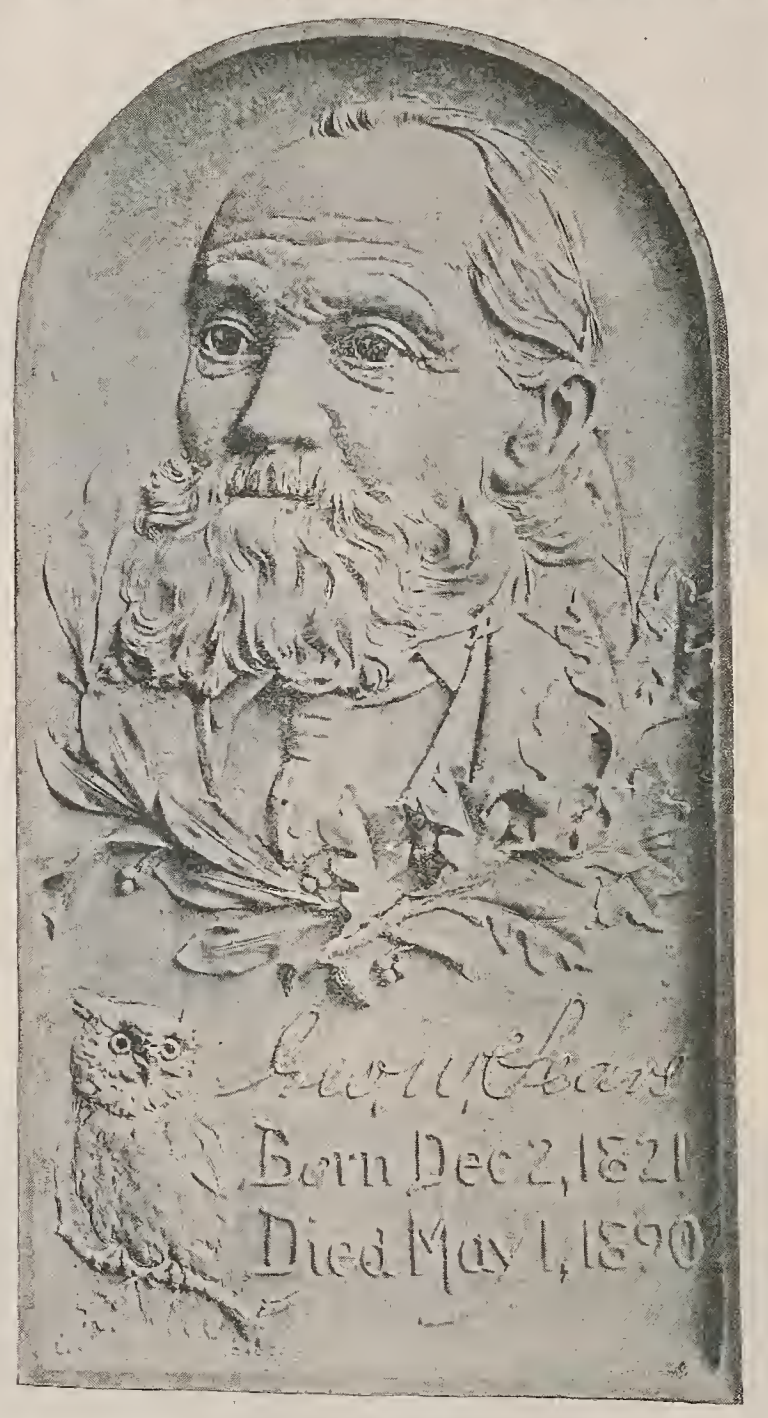
Yellow Warbler (*Dendroica æstiva*).—Fairly common. Can be observed in nearly all orchards. To-day they are singing busily everywhere. One pair has a nest in my own yard, in a cork-elm tree, almost side by side with a "chippy's" nest. For the protection of these I wage an unceasing warfare against the English sparrow. By the way, you do not have to kick a sparrow in order to make him take a hint. There is not one of these birds in my neighborhood but what knows I am their enemy, and will keep clear of my premises whenever I am in sight. If one alights in my trees and sets up his diabolical, maddening chirp, he leaves the instant I appear and look toward him. I shoot every one of the pests I can and they know it. *Anathema maranatha* upon the blooming idiot that brought them into our country.

Chipping Sparrow (*Spizella socialis*).—The dear little "chippy" can be seen around every house, near which he confidingly builds his nest. He is essentially the same bird wherever he may dwell, and needs no further notice.

Gambel's Crown Sparrow (*Zonotrichia gambeli*).—Very common. Seen along the roadside everywhere especially in the vicinity of brush fences, in company with the grass finch.

Grass Finch (*Poocœtes gramineus confinis*).—One of our most common birds at all times of the year. Very quiet; seldom to be heard; quite tame. Although so plain in garb, its frequency attracts the attention from the sun-browned vegetation of summer, amid which it loves to dwell.

Song Sparrow (*Melospiza fasciata guttata*).—These Western representatives of the familiar Eastern song



THE "NESSMUK" MEMORIAL BRONZE.

sparrow were quite numerous to-day. Heard their song on six different occasions, but only saw the bird twice. Not very common.

Western Nuthatch (*Sitta carolinensis aculeata*).—Saw one specimen investigating the crevices in the bark of a black walnut tree, near a residence. Not plentiful.

Tufted Titmouse or Plain Crested Titmouse (*Parus inornatus*).—Observed two specimens in a live oak. Have seen them in same locality on several occasions, no doubt nesting near by.

Barn Swallow (*Chelidon erythrogaster*).—Abundant.

Cliff Swallow (*Petrochelidon lunifrons*).—Abundant.

Chimney Swift, Chimney "Swallow" (*Chætura vauxii*).—Abundant. Have not yet generally acquired the habit of nesting in chimneys as in the East. Slightly different in coloration from the Eastern swift, and a little smaller, but apparently identical when in flight.

Broad-Tailed Hummingbird (*Trochilus platycercus*).—Observed one of these birds visiting the flowers of a pomegranate tree. Was close to it, and watched it for some time, until it darted off in pursuit of an oriole.

Black-Chinned Hummingbird (*Trochilus alexandri*).—Also saw one of these birds in the same garden where the broad-tailed one was seen. Rare.

Purple Martin (*Progne subis*).—Fairly common. Have a colony on my own premises.

Evening Grosbeak (*Coccothraustes vespertina*). —I have reached the last bird on the day's list, and the one which prompted this list to be given. The evening grosbeak is a rare winter resident here, and how it came to be so late in its migration is a source of surprise to me. The first time that the bird had been observed in this locality, within my knowledge, was when a member of Dr. Hart Merriam's Death Valley exploration party secured a specimen, while stopping here for a few days. On Nov. 17, 1893, I observed a large flock in some dense pines about twelve miles above Auburn, at an altitude of about 2,000ft. Again, on March 20 of this year, a rancher, ten miles below, shot two specimens, a male and female, and brought them to me for identification. He stated that quite a numerous flock had wintered around his premises, and having never seen the birds before, he was curious about them. On this day, June 10, '94, while winding down a long cañon, well wooded with pines, oaks, buckeyes, etc., I had my attention arrested by bird calls that much resembled the *peep* of a very young chicken, when lost. I soon located several of the birds in the surrounding pines, and after careful scrutiny with my pocket glasses, I found they were evening grosbeaks. The following day I saw the birds in the same locality, but not afterward. They were probably on their way north, as they winter as far south as Mexico, perhaps further. As I have before noted in these columns, I have observed the evening grosbeak breeding in these mountains, at an altitude of between 5,000 and 6,000ft. It is a most interesting and beautiful bird, and rare enough to excite a bird lover, when seen. I was quite surprised to note it so late in migrating. Its nest and eggs have never yet been described, to my knowledge. This western bird differs in some slight respects from the eastern variety, which nests in the far north. Its bill is not nearly so large, and is of a darker green color, and there is not so much yellow on the head.

This completes my list of identified birds for the day, and makes a respectable showing. I saw many small birds on the wing, as well as hawks and buzzards, but noted nothing I could not surely name. I trust that the list may prove of as much interest to the bird lover as its compilation was to

Arefar.

Auburn, Cal., June 28.

WHAT A TRAPPER TOLD.

Pursuing my way one morning along the upper Wisconsin River in search of deer, I met a half-breed returning to a camp which I had just passed. In his right hand he held a gun, and from his left dangled the skin of a wolverine and the bloody carcass of a pine marten. The matted state of the hair and the many small wounds about the head and neck of the dead body, gave evidence of a fierce combat with a matched enemy, and an ugly bite across the breast proved the superior strength of some large animal.

The half-breed was only too glad to relate to us his adventure, which, on account of its singularity, gave life to his usually silent tongue. This was his tale:

"About two miles back of my camp there is a small stream that empties into the Wisconsin some distance below. Seeing traces of mink and marten along it banks, I began trapping them, and was rewarded with good success for several nights. But at length some beast—that proved to be this wolverine—regularly stole the choice morsels of meat, and further occupied itself by scattering the dead-falls in all directions, and hiding the various pieces beyond recovery."

On the morning of our meeting, he told us, he had set out at dawn to intercept, if possible, this destructive beast in its nocturnal pilfering. Taking advantage of a deep bed of moss that grew under the shade of a hemlock wood, he approached the edge of the stream almost noiselessly. Arriving there, he knew by the absence of the mink dead-fall on the opposite side, that the wolverine had already committed its acts of destruction.

In despair of meeting the animal until the following night, the trapper was about to retrace his steps, when he caught sight of a pine marten whose fierce aspect betrayed the nearness of a foe, and being anxious to see what might follow, the man seated himself to watch the proceedings.

The marten, a medium-sized animal, was a short distance above the site of the destroyed dead-fall, and was slowly making its way toward the mangled body of a dead fish that lay partly submerged in the water not far ahead. The little animal presented a very fierce and agitated appearance, such as only a weasel can show. Its back was arched like a cat's when in a like mood, and the hair thereon, like its tail, stood straight and stiff. Its glaring eyes glanced alternately at the mangled fish and at a small hole in a root a few feet distant, where the two bead-like eyes of a mink were visible. Meanwhile the tree weasel having reached the object which his hunger craved, lowered his head to pick it up, when like a flash the heretofore hidden mink shot from its hole, the marten with equal quickness assumed a fighting position, and the two stood glaring at each other, spitting and hissing, their tails lashing their sides. This formidable attitude was at length broken by the marten, who, seizing the disputed morsel, made a dash for the nearest tree. But the plan of escape failed, for hardly was the movement begun before the mink was upon the thief with tooth and nail.

Then began a fight which the half-breed said he "would not have missed for a hundred dollars." It was weasel against weasel. Their fury knew no bounds. They squealed, spit and bit with the fury of maniacs, hair and water flew in all directions, blood flowed from their wounds, and with such rapidity did they roll around that it was difficult to identify either animal. Thus the fight went on for some time without any apparent advantage on either side, but at length the mink, though the smaller, seemed to begin to have the upper hand. He forced his antagonist deeper into the water, and the frequent cries of despair from the marten gave evidence of his growing weakness.

Just as the trapper was about to raise his gun to lay the victor on a level with his victim, he caught sight of a large, blackish creature rapidly running through the woods on the opposite side toward the scene of the audible combat. Sneaking to the edge of the little bank it caught sight of the furious contestants, and with one great bound it cleared the intervening space. The wary mink by a quick and sudden dive made good his escape into the water, leaving the wolverine to land squarely on the poor marten, whose weak condition made capture easy.

Dispatching its prey by a bite across the breast, the wolverine proceeded to carry it off, but here a bullet from the trapper's gun ended forever the thefts of the cunning pest, and the roar that attended it announced to the silent forest the end of this strange sylvan scene.

Of all the animals that annoy and perplex the marten trapper, none are so thorough in their depredations as the wolverine. Avoiding with singular cunning all devices constructed for its capture, and displaying in its mania for hiding all things that are of value and consequence to the trapper, yet of no profit to itself, an almost human sense of roguishness and deviltry.

In consequence of these exasperating acts committed by the glutton, we are loath to attribute anything to its

character that is not unbecoming. But there is a conspicuous credit that stands in favor of the wolverine, but one that need not alter our prejudice against that animal, for it is a good turn done with evil intent. It must be remembered that every winter since the fur business began in America, wolverines as well as wolves, lynx and fishers, by destroying the deadfalls on marten roads, have prevented the capture of thousands of these valuable fur-bearing little animals, and indeed in many localities preserved the race. *

Rattlesnakes in Vermont.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., July 28.—One day last week a townsman of ours, Hon. M. F. Allen, while walking from the head of Whalon's Bay to Split Rock Light House, encountered a wanderer from the great Split Rock Mountain rattlesnake den, of which a correspondent wrote some weeks ago. Mr. Allen heard the alarm note directly before him, and though it is a sound to which the ears of Vermonters are unaccustomed, at once recognized it, and presently discovered the reptile a lyin' in the path, in position for the deadly spring. He did not crush the serpent with his heel, but as our adopted Canadian fellow citizen would say, "kicked it wid a stick," which at once destroyed its usefulness. Mr. Allen brought his trophy home, where in the hamlet of North Ferrisburgh it drew enough visitors to have made a crowd if they had all come at once, for in Vermont rattlesnakes in the flesh are a rarity, though in spite of our prohibitory laws they do sometimes appear in visions to such as have too much communication with forbidden spirits.

Several years ago an old Canadian backwoodsman of the Adirondacks used to make the tour of the Vermont side of the Champlain Valley with an ancient horse and a dilapidated lumber wagon, in which were stowed a box of live rattlesnakes with fangs extracted, a few tubs of very brown maple sugar, and some kits of salted trout. The sugar and fish were for sale, the rattlesnakes for exhibition, to which he invited the bystanders by making loud proclamation: "A-ny mans wan' see it nain rattlimsnek for twanty-five cen', jomp on de woggin."

Mr. Allen's snake measured forty-two inches in length, had seven rattles, and was of a diameter that invited dissection, which revealed a full grown red squirrel. Do venomous snakes poison their food in eating it? If not, how not, if the fangs are raised by the act of opening the mouth? If it does, how does the snake escape injury from the poisoned food, while its self-inflicted bite is fatal? Mr. Allen tells me that one hundred and twenty rattlers have been killed this season in the neighborhood of the Split Rock Mountain. AWAHSOOSE.

[Rattlesnake venom may be taken into the stomach without injury, it being a blood poison, not a stomach poison.]

The Mongoose Again.

There were brought from India the other day, consigned to Mr. O. H. P. Belmont, Newport, a small menagerie, comprising six sacred cows, three bulls, two "mouse" deer, one kite, two shikar deer, four cranes, four storks, ten jungle fowl, nine China ducks, nine blood pigeons, three Chinese squirrels, four mongoose, six partridges and eight pheasants. It is reported that the ultimate destination of the importation is Mr. Vanderbilt's estate at Asheville, N. C. The possible results of the introduction of the mongoose, if set at large, are so grave that this note of warning from "Didymus" is well founded:

"Can it be possible that the owners of these members of the mongoose family intend to turn them loose? If they do they will make themselves targets for the maledictions of every thinking person in the country. It might be many years before much damage could be done by them, but they would eventually prove a curse of the worst description, as they have on the island of Jamaica.

"After the clinching arguments which have been advanced by FOREST AND STREAM against their introduction here a man can have no plea except *gross ignorance* for bringing them. In Jamaica the game, of all kinds, has been nearly exterminated, while there is no possibility of exterminating the mongoose.

"Congress should pass a law inflicting the severest possible penalty upon any one who brings a curse of that kind into the country, even for exhibition, for fear of escape. Messrs. Belmont and Vanderbilt are certainly 'old enough to know better.'" DIDYMUS.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

Advice About Chickens.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 4.—These are the days when everybody is either going chicken shooting or wishing he could go. All who can go are asking about locations, routes, dogs, etc. There is some color to a wish for a chicken shoot this season, because there are really some birds. Probably this is the best chicken year for the past six or eight years, at least so far as abundance of birds is concerned. The drought which has been general throughout the West may spoil the fun some, but one can always help out a little by taking a cask of water for the dogs along in the field wagon.

There are birds in half a dozen States this year in numbers enough to promise good sport. The Dakotas, of course, will attract many shooters, but it is not necessary to go so far. There are chickens in Iowa, this year, enough to set all the illegal shooters to work long before this, but also enough to afford shooting in season for gentlemen. I should advise any one wanting to make a nice little hunt to take the Albert Lea route to St. Paul, and to stop off at some little town say forty miles below the north line of Iowa, then working over to the westward. Iowa has always been illegally shot to death, and her laws have been about as bad and as badly administered as they could be, but since the glory of her days departed a great many shooters have gone elsewhere, so that the local head of game has slowly increased. Sometimes it is better to drop into a place which has been let alone that way for a while, than to go to a more popular locality. Just now the Dakotas are the popular thing. One may be abe to get good, fair shooting in northwestern Iowa. Chicken shooting is all too easy. I beg all friends to set a limit to each day's bag, and to adhere to it firmly. The game is going all too fast. Just now protection is beginning to show its good effect. Let us not go to work to see how many we kill, but how much pleasure we can have in killing a nice gentlemanly bag. Suppose four guns go out. If they find plenty of birds, in two hours each gun can kill 25. There you have 100 great birds. What are you going to do with them? Do you think it right to go out and kill even 25 birds a day, one day after another? Isn't one "good day" about enough for a gentleman, and can't he afford a little moderation after that? This is worth thinking over.

Points on the Northwest.

For the use or information of those who are going shooting or would like to go, I will give a few points as to some towns of the Northwest, inasmuch as a great many people at this season of the year write in to FOREST AND STREAM wanting to know chapter, page and verse in reply to their queries as to shooting country. I feel sure that I can pretty near guarantee good sport this fall at the points I name below, by exerting the proper kind of gentlemanly zeal in the way of making local inquiries. Any stranger's success in going into a strange country depends largely on the way he conducts himself.

I do not mean to say that one needs to go so far north as the towns named to find good sport, but once so far north the matter is less of a chance and more of a certainty. Thus, lower Minnesota often has fine chicken shooting, but sometimes does not, the season governing that. This season I know there is game at the points I will mention.

Brainerd, Minn.

They do tell me that if the right man goes to the president of the First National Bank of Brainerd he can get exceeding straight tips on where to go in the fall for chickens and ducks, and can, moreover, be assured of good fishing.

Moorhead, Minn.

What I shall say about Fargo, N. D., could be almost said in advance in regard to Moorhead, as the latter place is only just across the river from Fargo.

When you get to Moorhead just check your grip at the

GEORGE T. BREWSTER.
Designer of the "Nessmuk" Memorial.

depot and start right up to the Mayor's office. The Mayor, Mr. Arthur Lewis, is just the man you are looking for. He can tell you just where you will need to go after chickens, and how to get there. He knows all the shooters, all the grounds, and all the dogs—if you want to buy a dog. If I were going shooting in Dakota, I would rather buy a good local chicken dog than take on the best sort of an untried chicken dog from the East. Mr. Lewis is a shooter besides being a mayor. A powerful, vigorous man, and the soul of good nature. I hope he will long be mayor of Moorhead, and long be as kindly to all strangers as he was to me when I was there.

Mayor Lewis is the head and front of a goodly trap-shooting club at Moorhead. Hearty, pleasant men one will find these citizens of the new Northwest.

If Mayor Lewis is out shooting when you strike Moorhead, ask for "Babe" Daubener, who runs a restaurant down on Front street. I saw a lot of bird dogs around there, and know what that means, though Mr. Daubener was out of town when I called.

Fargo, North Dakota.

At Fargo the traveler may want some more money. The First National Bank has money, and moreover its officers are shooters. Mr. S. S. Lyon, the cashier, is president of the Fargo Gun Club, and Mr. C. E. Robbins is secretary. These two started their club, which afterward grew to 25 members, by themselves. They used to shoot tin targets, but have long since blossomed out with electric trap pulls and all that sort of thing. Mr. Robbins got up a novel scheme for this little club, a member's target ticket, which costs $1, and is good for 100 targets, at any date, the number shot on any day being entered on the card. Unused cards are redeemed by the secretary. On this basis it is cheaper to break targets on the grounds than it would be to do it throwing rocks in the barrel. That doesn't look like a wolf club.

Of the Fargo Union Gun Club G. E. Bowers is president and Clint. Smith secretary. Here one gets a lot of shooters, who next year will want Elmer Shaner and the Interstate Association to come up to Fargo, and who even now are beginning to work for a North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association. If you go down to Clint. Smith's blacksmith shop you will be apt to see some more chicken dogs lying around. That is the way to tell the sportsmen's rendezvous in the Northwest. There is where you can learn where the chickens are, if you are willing to behave like a gentleman, and not try to see how many you can kill.

The Meat Dog a Sign of Game.

If you can afford it, when you are going out on a chicken hunt, you want to have two dogs along, one a field trial dog, to look pretty and to talk about, and the other a meat dog, to do your chicken shooting over. When I get out into a country where I can once more meet my old friend of earlier years, the genuine, old-fashioned chicken dog, I always know I am in a chicken country. I knew this when at Fargo I heard Mr. G. E. Bowers speak of his dog, which "hunted thirteen days out of the sixteen days we were out." This dog was a liver and white pointer that weighed 62½lbs. He might not win on the bench, but he or some other meat dog that will jolt the wagon that runs over him can carry my money in the field.

It should not be understood that chicken shooting is at its best right in the edge of Fargo and Moorhead. Ten years ago the case was different. The chickens were then literally abundant in the edge of town, and the wild ducks were numerous along all the railroad ditches. Now the Fargo men go 200 miles west for duck shooting. For their best chicken shooting they go fifteen to thirty miles southwest of town into the sandhill country. There the birds are plentiful enough for anybody.

The Fargo and Moorehead men all say that in their neighborhood the game laws were remarkably well observed during the past year. They say spring shooting also was little practiced. Not 150 ducks were killed, and not a dozen illegal chickens. Stop the visiting shooter and the market shooters, and I imagine the Dakota men would have their game forever. Let it not be supposed for a moment that they are not in the front rank of game protection.

Mr. C. E. Robbins, of Fargo, is State secretary for the N. G. B. & F. P. A., and will cheerfully try to cinch you if you try to ship or carry chickens or ducks out of the State, or if you will kill any more than twenty-five of either in any one day.

Fargo is a great town for frogs. They breed in the ditches, start overland for the Red River and fall into the cellar windows along the street by dozens and hundreds.

Jamestown, N. D.

If you get to the edge of the State, probably you want to go on further out into the State. It is a nice little run out to Jamestown, over the Northern Pacific, and when you get to Jamestown you are in a fine game country. No chicken roosting on the court house steps, as you perhaps expect, but all the chickens in working distance a gentleman need want. Note the use of the word gentlemen. I do not so classify those who want to slaughter and ship. James A. Rankin or Will Gross might possibly not object to being looked up at Jamestown.

Spiritwood, N. D.

Spiritwood is not far from Jamestown, and in a good chicken country. Some fishing in Spiritwood Lake, but Dakota isn't the place to go fishing.

Eldridge, N. D.

Eldridge is a little place not far west of Jamestown. It is not much better than plenty of other little places in around there, but there are lots of chickens all through there this year.

Turtle Mountain Country.

The Turtle Mountain country, north of the N. P. road, is historic for chickens, and I do not need mention it. It is thought to be good this year. It has been much frequented by those who wanted to ship or slaughter.

Dawson, N. D.

Dawson is the place on the N. P. road where the special hunting cars sidetrack in the fall, carrying the fellows who kill sacksful of chickens, ducks and geese, which they ship illegally by tons. I wish the Dakota game protectors would slip a good man or so in at Dawson this fall. They could catch a fine grist of fine-haired Eastern law breakers. It is time to call a halt on the old destructive ways.

If you want a guide at Dawson, get J. J. Gokey or C. L. Pettibone.

At Dawson illegal chicken shooting is the common thing.

Dawson is on the same flight of geese which crosses the Platte near Grand Island, Neb.

Crystal Springs, N. D.

This town is near Dawson on the east. It is especially good for ducks. But few snipe stop in this section. In the fall there is a good flight of avocets, golden plover and a few curlew.

Mandan, N. D.

From Dawson all the way west to Mandan, about sixty miles, there is good chicken shooting. Mandan, as should be known by all persons, is on the west bank of the Missouri. On the east bank is Bismarck. I shall speak of the two as practically the same for all purposes. Mandan is near the place where Lewis and Clark wintered on their glorious journey into the then unknown West. They found good hunting all through there. Even now there is very good deer shooting near Mandan. There would be more if the Indians did not kill so many in the flood times of the Missouri, when the deer are driven out of the thickets on the bottoms. The farmers have been killing hundreds of deer illegally in that section. A party of Russian farmers went out hunting and camped on the Mandan Lake last fall. They shot at everything they saw, but got no deer. When they counted noses they were one Russian shy. They got one Russian. In the Killdeer Mountains, about forty miles from Dickinson, the deer are abundant. They still cling to the dense thickets of the Missouri Bottoms. On the Little Heart River, thirty miles southwest of Mandan, there is good deer hunting.

All around Mandan there is good chicken shooting. In the fall, about October 15 or 20, the goose shooting is fine. It is a notable fact that about twenty miles east of Mandan the geese are nearly all the snow geese. West of the Missouri, they are nearly all Hutchins geese or Canada geese. On the 23d and 25th of last March one party killed 41 Canada geese. This was on old stubble. All last fall the goose hunting about Mandan was very good. All over Dakota the game this spring was reported to have gone north in almost phenomenal numbers. When I was at Mandan in April the flight had not gone north entirely. I saw a Canada goose there which weighed 13lbs. It was very lean. It was a giant in frame and I never knew a goose grew so large. A trumpeter swan was also killed that week, and I saw the big skin in course of mounting.

Sometime later I shall write a lot more things about Mandan, after the flurry for chicken country subsides.

J. D. Allen, the well known taxidermist and dealer in Indian goods and curiosities, will set any visitor at Mandan straight, and so would W. W. Warthen, who knows all about where to go shooting, because he shoots so much himself.

Plenty of Owls.

A shooter who loves owls ought to find good sport near Mandan. Mr. Allen has in his shop the largest collection of snowy or Arctic owls on earth, no doubt. There are over 500 of them, all mounted. They fill the floor of a room. The owl industry became a great one when Mr. Allen opened the market. The farmers trapped them for a business, and some trappers had an owl route fifteen miles long. These big owls have a habit of lighting on any little eminence above the surrounding level of the ground. The trapper would dig up a few sods and throw them together, and so make a hill good enough for a hill in that flat country. The owl would hasten to light on the hill, and would insert a foot or two in the steel trap left there for his benefit. An owl looks a lot wiser than he is, just as some men do. This is worth money, if there is no hill and trap left around to stand on.

Not All the Good Chicken Country.

The above localities named do not cover all the good chicken country this fall by any means. South Dakota and northern Minnesota are just as good. I am only giving localities of which I know personally. There may be better, but not much better, and these are good enough.

Don't Forget It.

Don't forget to take along your little *Game Laws in Brief*. It costs 25 cents, but may save you a lot of money. They are watching illegal shooters out there pretty close nowadays, and ignorance is no excuse. E. Hough.

909 Security Building, Chicago.

MUD HENS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of March 24 there is an article from "Culpepper" saying that the mud hens are to be slaughtered as nuisances by the Long Beach Club, near Los Angeles, Cal., in a "grand mud hen tournament." A quarter of a century hence this will read queerly, because there will be few of either ducks or mud hens to shoot. I write this in the belief that "Culpepper" refers to the coot, properly so called, or the *Fulica* of scientists, and wish to put in a word for this most unjustly reviled bird, which is excellent for the table, if for nothing else.

In the fall of 1855 I was a hunter, trapper and lead miner by turns, at Potosi, Grant county, Wis., and there shot my first mud hen, a bird that I had not met in my boyhood shooting in the East. After looking it over, and by dissection finding that it was a grain-eater, with the appearance of an overgrown rail except its half-webbed feet, I took it home and cooked it. Then and there it was voted that as a table duck it took fifth rank among the water fowl that fell to my gun, in the following order: Mallard, wood duck, green and blue-winged teal. It took precedence, I thought, of pintails, black ducks, bluebills and all the host of other ducks that swarmed down the Mississippi, not excepting the canvasbacks and redheads, which, as I remember, do not attain the excellence there that they do in Chesapeake Bay. The natives about Potosi soon learned that I had eaten this bird that they would not touch on account of tradition, and they guyed me unmercifully about it; but I knew that the birds were delicious, and kept on eating them.

The slow-flying mud hen, or "blue peter," as it is called about Currituck Sound, may not be a bird that calls forth all the marksman's skill, and it may not have a lively sale in the markets where people are shy of buying any sort of food that they are not familiar with; but it is a good table bird, and I have bought many in the New York markets during the past ten years and have found them of varying degrees of excellence; some were not as good as others, and I had no means of learning where they came from nor what they had fed upon.

In Kansas, in 1857, after I stopped shooting turkeys in early spring, because of the approaching breeding season, there was a flight of these mud hens and they furnished me meat for some days until the rains brought the sickle-bill curlew, and after them the spring run of fish, and I remember the despised mud hen with the kindest of feeling, and therefore dislike to hear it disrespectfully spoken of as a table bird, no matter what its rank as game may be. I firmly believe that this bird has been refused a place at table because our grandfathers did not like its semi-palmated feet and said, "It is not fit to eat." This same ban to-day bars the sturgeon from the tables of the fishermen of Connecticut, while it remains the royal favorite of Britain's Queen, who has the first caught sturgeon from the Thames sent to her table; and it is the same unreasoning prejudice that forbids eels, skates, sculpins and other wholesome and toothsome fish to appear on certain tables.

Prejudice is a thing well worth the attention of those who study that most singular animal that we call "man." He is full of it, and mainly by inheritance. For years I claimed to be free from it, and as a member of the defunct. or dormant, Icthyophagous Club we ate of unusual aquatic food and tried to disgust our guests with strange sea food, but in the solitude of my den I find that a severe cross-questioning develops the fact that while I have eaten of shark cutlets, squids, razor clams, fried sand-worms and other queer things, I have never had the courage to taste tripe. Eels, frogs and turtles are dainties and clean, but having seen the tripe in its habitat was enough. I love the mud hen, but the habits of the tripe are such that I have not yet tasted it, although opportunity has not been lacking.

The mud hen is a bird that lives chiefly upon seeds and is a very clean feeder, and is therefore fitted for the table. I had six of them in my flock of wild fowl for about three years and noted their habits. They were very fond of corn, wheat and other grains, but they never bred and fell one by one before the ruthless mink, and to-day they abide not with me. They are interesting birds in confinement and can run "like a deer," when pinioned. and if a wood duck, teal or pintail crosses their bows, one stroke of that sharp beak is sufficient to impress upon them that they must not let it occur again.

Fred Mather.

Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., July 29.

NEW DU PONT SMOKELESS POWDER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Messrs. Du Pont de Nemours & Co. have recently placed upon the market a new smokeless gunpowder. In its appearance this new propelling agent has much in common with the Schultze powder, its color being a trifle darker and playing more into a faint red than that of Schultze; the grain has a comparatively hard surface, surpassing in this quality even the latest product of the Schultze Powder Company—their hard-grain compound.

The chemical composition of the Du Pont powder appears to approach that of the E. C. powder; like the latter, it may be classified among the gun cotton powders, its base being the pure article of that so extensively used explosive.

Your readers have heard of the Du Pont smokeless powder before and at the time the report of the Chicago powder test appeared in the columns of your journal.

It was only through the courtesy of Mr. E. S. Rice, at Chicago, Ill., the Western agent of the firm named, that the Du Pont powder could be included in the Chicago trial; for at that time it was not in the market, and only a few privileged persons had ever seen a sample of it.

Your readers will remember that the Du Pont powder on that occasion failed to receive a very high rating. Its ballistic properties at that time and stage did not meet with all the requirements essential to a superior propelling agent. Its defects were clearly pointed out in the report, and I expressed the opinion then that Messrs. Du Pont should not experience much difficulty in perfecting their powder in every respect and direction. I know not whether these gentlemen paid any attention to my views and suggestions then submitted, but I have every reason to believe that they accepted the findings of the trial in good faith and in the spirit they were laid before the public. Once more I am called upon to make your readers acquainted with the ballistic qualities and value of the Du Pont smokeless powder, as it is now placed at the disposal of the American shooting fraternity.

Upon the request of a great number of American sportsmen the Du Pont powder has been subjected to a very severe and thorough test, which alone serves as a reliable basis for judging the properties of a propelling agent.

The American Testing Institution ordinarily gives only its members the benefit of its labors and researches, but in a case like this an exception is in its place. The result of the test should be made known to all interested in the question at issue, and from all indications the great mass of American sportsmen are anxious to learn how the Du Pont powder compares with other similar propelling agents. They also are aware of the fact that the individual sportsmen is very rarely in a position to determine all the qualities of a powder conclusively.

The powder is presented to the sportsmen upon extremely few and modest claims, and when the manufacturers were notified that their powder would be subjected to a public test, they coupled their consent with the request that in the report all references to other powders should be avoided. This request undoubtedly was prompted on their part by the desire to avoid, if possible, all cause for a controversy, and since the ground taken by them is a very creditable one, their wish has been complied with. But in the absence of a standard of comparison, the sportsman might experience some difficulty in drawing correct conclusions from the bare figures as they appear in the report. He might be unable to determine whether the quoted values are below or above the average, and it what particular direction the powder shows an inferiority or superiorty when compared with other propelling agents. To overcome this objection the average values produced by the better class of powders now in use will be given in every important case, and they should be taken in consideration and employed as a basis of comparison. Every intelligent reader will thus find no difficulty to draw his own conclusions and to digest the report fully and in all its details.

The Question of Gas Pressure in the Barrel.

The American Testing Institution has of late subjected a number of American-made shotguns to the so-called proof-house test. These guns were proved for Mr. D. Kirkwood, of Boston, who fully appreciates the value of such a test. Arrangements are pending with one of our arms companies to have every gun turned out by them put to the most severe proof test prior to its being placed upon the market. The load employed for proving a finished gun is, for 12-bore guns, 6¼drs. Du Pont Eagle ducking black powder and 1¼oz. shot No. 7. Such a load produces a gas pressure or bursting strain in the gun barrel of over 13,000lbs. to the square inch. No ordinary gun will of course withstand such an enormous strain for any length of time, but it will unquestionably after passing the proof test withstand the pressure produced by any standard load. A gas pressure of 10,000lbs. to the square inch may be regarded as the permissible limit for a gun, and every day's use. As long as the gas pressures move in values below 8,000lbs. they may be looked upon as being practically and comparatively safe for a well made gun; lower pressures are of course preferable. The average gas pressures produced by the service loads of the various nitro powders in use at the present day are found between 4,500 and 8,000lbs.

Velocity.

Velocity or live force, penetrative is killing power. For live bird and game shooting the greatest striking force at impact is most desirable. It is the striking force which causes that nervous shock requisite for a sudden killing effect. Theoretically, striking force and penetration are identical. Practically, however, a line must be drawn between the striking force and the penetrative quality, the depth of penetration of a projectile. While the striking force of a bullet, for instance, is always in proportion to the distance it has departed from the muzzle, it is different with the penetrative quality. Lead bullets will as a rule penetrate a certain object further at a point from 300 to 1,500yds. than at 40ft. from the muzzle. To a certain extent the same rule applies to a shot pellet, whether hard (chilled) or soft. In point of penetration, chilled shot differs very little from soft shot, and this can hardly be otherwise when we consider that a great deal of hard shot in the market is composed of 99 per cent. of lead and only about 1 per cent. of tin, antimony and arsenic. Some American chilled shot is much harder than the best European hard shot. Tatham's chilled shot, for instance, contains nearly 5 per cent. of tin, antimony and arsenic, other American shot may show a similar superiority. The principal advantage of chilled shot lies in its diminished tendency of leading the barrel. It is still an open question which of the two kinds produces the better killing effect.

As a rule a shot pellet propelled by a high velocity will penetrate a given object deeper than one imparted with a lower velocity. But often this rule does not hold good. For the same reason that a bullet will frequently penetrate an object deeper at a further range than at close quarters, a shot pellet imparted with a very high velocity will not find time to create a channel for its passage; it will deform and thus be prevented from penetrating very far, and consequently all penetration tests made with the cardboard rack are unreliable and misleading. The velocities of shot pellets are usually taken at a point 40yds. from the muzzle. The reader can easily compute the corresponding velocities at 40 or 60yds. if he will remember that when, for instance, the velocity at 30yds., and of shot No. 7, is 830ft., the corresponding velocity at 20yds. is 906, at 40yds. 775, at 60yds. 650ft.

When the velocity is 950ft. at 30yds., it is 1,060 at 20, 860 at 40 and 695ft. at 60yds.

When it is 1,030ft. at 30yds., it is 1,120 at 20, 908 at 40, 732 at 60yds.

A mean velocity of 860ft. represents a striking force of 1.83 foot-pounds. A mean velocity of 910ft. is equal to a striking force of 1.87lbs. per pellet, shot No. 7.

For a live bird a striking force at 40yds. of 1.80 may be considered the lowest limit, for the force drops very rapidly beyond 40yds. At 60yds. the force is only about one-half of that at 40yds. Larger size pellets represent a much greater striking force in proportion to their velocity. A pellet shot No. 1, for instance, imparted with a velocity of 990ft. at 40yds. represents a striking force of 5.25 foot pounds. Asphalt targets can successfully be broken with a lower velocity. About 800ft. velocity will suffice for targets, but nothing short of 875ft. will constitute an effectual live bird load.

Gas Pressure and Velocity Test.

First series.—Load: 2½drs. = 31grs. DuPont's smokeless powder, Smokeless shell, 1 trap, 1 11-gauge felt, 1 cardboard wad, 1⅛oz. Tatham's shot No. 5:

Pressures: 3675 3989 3690 3950 3840 Av. 3825lbs. Diff. 294lbs.
Velocities: 848 888 851 865 865 Av. 863ft. Diff. 40ft.

Second series.—Load: 2¾drs. DuPont's powder = 34grs., same shell, wadding and shot:

Pressures: 4263 4336 4116 4042 3969 Av. 4145lbs. Diff. 367lbs.
Velocities: 972 978 957 930 948 Av. 957ft Diff. 48ft.

Third series.—Load: 3drs. = 37grs. DuPont's powder, same wadding and shot:

Pressures: 6468 7056 6027 6174 5880 Av. 6321lbs. Diff. 1176lbs.
Velocities: 1015 1000 1048 1060 1075 Av. 1040ft. Diff. 75ft.

Fourth series.—Load: 3drs DuPont's powder = 37grs., same shell, 1 trap, 2 black-edge wads, 1¼oz shot No. 6:

Pressures: 6888 7280 7004 7312 6994 Av. 7096lbs Diff. 424lbs.
Velocities: 980 960 988 994 997 Av. 984ft. Diff. 37ft.

Fifth series.—Load: 2¾drs. DuPont's powder in Rapid shell, wadding and shot as Series 1:

Pressures: 4116 6027 4674 4718 5850 Av 5077lbs. Diff. 1911lbs.
Velocities: 884 990 908 954 966 Av. 940ft. Diff. 106ft.

Sixth series.—Load: 2¾drs. DuPont's powder in Nitro Club shell, wadding and shot as last series:

Pressures: 3921 4215 4362 3604 3709 Av. 3962lbs Diff. 758lbs.
Velocities: 872 946 950 924 910 Av. 920ft. Diff. 78ft.

Seventh series.—Load: 2¾drs. DuPont's powder in Climax shell, wadding and shot as before:

Pressures: 4130 4174 3469 4556 4204 Av. 4106lbs. Diff. 1087lbs.
Velocities: 910 812 761 938 779 Av. 840ft. Diff. 177ft.

Eighth series.—Load: 3drs. DuPont's powder in Climax shell, primed with 1gr. black powder. wadding and shot as before:

Pressures: 6909 7497 7880 7644 7056 Av. 7397lbs. Diff. 971lbs.
Velocities: 1014 924 960 891 906 Av. 939ft. Diff. 123ft.

Ninth series.—Load: 2¾drs. DuPont's powder in Leader shell, wadding and shot as before:

Pressures: 3675 3969 3675 3940 4427 Av. 3937lbs. Diff. 750lbs.
Velocities: 820 850 868 880 900 Av. 863ft. Diff. 80ft.

Tenth series.—Load: 2¾drs. DuPont's powder in Eley shell, wadding and shot as before:

Pressures: 5159 5292 5119 5203 5280 Av. 5209lbs. Diff. 177lbs.
Velocities: 935 985 935 969 920 Av. 948ft. Diff. 65ft.

As will be noticed, the best values were obtained with the Smokeless shell. The Rapid shell did pretty well, and also the Nitro Club. The difference between the Rapid, Nitro Club and Eley is small.

The Du Pont powder is comparatively well adapted for even the cheaper shells, more so than other powders, but the special shells give as usual the better results.

When common shells are employed and primed with black powder, not more than one-half grain fine grain of the latter should be used. The gas pressure can thus be brought down to the values given by the strong primers. Priming common shells should only be resorted to when economy dictates such a step. It is a shift, nothing more. The regularity of a primed shell never approaches that of a good, strong primer.

Pattern Test.

For this trial the Smokeless and Climsx shells, the latter primed, were employed. All shots were fired at muzzle rest. The target was placed at the usual distance of 40yds., and in the center of the 30in. ring the skeleton of a pigeon was substituted for the bullseye, for the purpose of ascertaining the uniform distribution of the shot charge. The pellets counted in each case in the skeleton are noted in parenthesis. They are added to the main values. The gun employed is chambered for a 2⅝ inch shell, and the left barrel, which was used exclusively, is full choke. To obtain the best possible results a 11-gauge white felt wad was employed generally. The gun and barrel gives with the standard load of shot, and a good powder an average pattern of 215 to 240 pellets with 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, 370 pellets. Tatham's chilled shot No. 7 was employed throughout.

Eleventh series.—Load: 2½drs. DuPont powder, 1⅛oz. of shot, 1 trap, 1 11-gauge felt, 1 cardboard wad:

215 (9) 254 (7) 207 (7) 209 (6) 238 (10). Av. 234 pel. Diff. 47 pel.

Twelfth series.—Load: 2¾drs. PuPont powder in Smokeless shell as before, wadded and shotted as last:

262 (28) 261 (8) 248 (7) 252 (11) 215 (14). Av. 247 pel. Diff. 47 pel.

Thirteenth series.—Load: 3drs. DuPont powder, in Smokeless shell, wadding and shot as previously:

226 (4) 258 (8) 208 (9) 255 (6) 237 (8). 242 (9). Av. 240 pel. Diff. 50 pel.

Fourteenth series.—Load: 3drs. DuPont powder, in Smokeless shell, 1¼oz. = 415 pellets shot, 1 trap, 2 black edge wads.

195 (7) 294 (16) 280 (10) 202 (5) 240 (6). Av. 242 pel. Diff. 99 pel.

Fifteenth series.—Load: 2¾drs. DuPont powder, in Climax shell, primed, wadded and shotted as series 11.

256 (9) 228 (5) 264 (7) 239 (3) 209 (4). Av. 238 pel. Diff. 55 pel.

The values obtained are above the standard figures. The best results were secured with 1⅛oz. of shot, which is nothing unusual.

The next important question now occurring to the shooter is, how does the DuPont powder behave under climatic influences, how is it affected by humidity and dry heat.

It was tested in both directions. The moisture test was a very severe one. The powder was placed in a refrigera-

tor for thirty-six hours and here exposed to the effect of 90 per cent. humidity. It had absorbed only a trifle over 2 per cent. moisture, which is a very good showing under the circumstances, and the velocities obtained with the wet powder showed a loss of 15 per cent., which again is a comparatively small one.

The dry-heat test was carried out at a temperature of 120° Fahrenheit. After the powder had cooled it was loaded nnd fired.

The values obtained did not materially differ from those secured under normal conditions. For wing-shooting it is essential that a powder should develop its gases quickly.

In this connection the primer plays a very important part. While the Du Pont powder appears to ignite easier than some other nitro powders, the strong primer of course may be expected to produce the best and quickest ignition. This assumption is amply sustained by the figures obtained at the

Primer Test.

Here the times elapsing between the moment of pulling the trigger and the moment the shot column quits the muzzle were measured with the chronograph. The figures given represent the fractions of seconds elapsed in each case:

Three drams of Du Pont powder in Climax shell:					
.0770	.0774	.0760	.0770	.0766.	Average .0768.
Same load in Leader shells:					
.0728	.0764	.0776	.0770	.0734.	Average .0754.
Same load in Nitro Club shell:					
.0740	.0720	.0710	.0715	.0715.	Average .0720.
Same load in "Rapid" shell:					
.0682	.0685	.0670	.0675	.0665.	Average .0675.
Same load in Eley shell:					
.0670	.0660	.0658	.0665	.0648.	Average .0660.
Same load in Smokeless shell:					
.0605	.0590	.0600	.0595	.0610.	Average .0600.

Summary of the Tests.

By following the values given and comparing them with the standard values named in the several instances the reader will find that the new Du Pont powder may be regarded as one of the most meritorious propelling agents in the market. It is quick in action, gives a high penetration and a remarkably good pattern.

It is not affected by dry heat at all, and only to the usual extent by moisture. It is almost smokeless, produces a light recoil and leaves no perceptible solid residue in the gun barrels, fouls them less than some of the other smokeless powders, does not clog the gun's action, nor pit the barrels under ordinary conditions. Its chemical composition and the results of the tests warrant the presumption that the keeping qualities of the powder are good. Judging the general characteristics of the Du Pont powder and its properties as they were ascertained in the course of the trial, and comparing them with the qualities of other powders now in use, one is reminded of the old law of nature, according to which it is the fate of the old and good to eventually make space for the new and better. The Du Pont powder is a superior propelling agent, and if not the best in use at the present day, certainly is not excelled by any other. It is a powder of which every American sportsman, from the standpoint of American patriotism, has reason to feel proud.

ARMIN TENNER,
Supt. American Testing Institution.

Notes From the National Park.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There has been a good deal of excitement in the Park for the last thirty days, a part of it arising from happenings off the reservation, and a part from events within its boundaries.

On July 7, telegraphic orders came to Capt. Anderson to send all his available strength to protect the Northern Pacific Railroad which was threatened by strikers. Capt. Anderson accompanied his troop north and remained with it some time, returning about the middle of the month to Fort Yellowstone to attend to imperative Park business. The troop is still out but is expected back before very long.

I see that copies of the National Park Protective Act reprinted from FOREST AND STREAM are being freely distributed to tourists in the Park. This is a most excellent measure; a good thing not only for the Park, but for the tourists as well. The average traveler cannot be expected to know the law, but the distribution of these copies takes away any excuse of ignorance that might be pleaded by careless or malicious persons. I think that at each hotel in the Park there ought to be a free distribution of copies of this law, so long as the travel lasts each season.

It is understood that bids for the contract for the erection of a jail and commissioner's office are to be opened on July 31, and it is thought that the building will be ready for occupancy by winter. Gen. J. W. Meldrum, the Commissioner for the Park, is here and has made a very good impression. It is believed that he will fill the office very acceptably.

Last Friday a fire started near the Fountain Hotel, and just as it started Capt. Anderson reached there. It took but a very short time to get the troop out, and the soldiers fought it with tremendous energy, and ultimate success, for about two hours. At the end of that time it was quite under control, but a guard was left to watch it for twenty-four hours longer. If it had not been for the promptness and energy of officers and men, the fire might have been a very destructive one, and I have heard the opinion expressed that if the men had been twenty minutes later getting to it, it would have gone across the whole plateau to the lake and the Yellowstone River.

Large game of all descriptions is being constantly seen and in considerable abundance, and from the southwest corner of the Park near Snake River, a number of moose have been reported. This is the corner that would have been cut off by one of the segregation bills which is now sleeping in Congress.

I understand that Capt. Anderson has in contemplation the building of a fence inclosing a square mile on Alum Creek into which he hopes to entice some elk and bison by next winter.

A few days ago a tremendous grizzly bear which had been caught in a large trap near the slaughter house at Mammoth Hot Springs was sent to Washington. He is certainly the largest bear that has ever been sent out of the Park. The Attorney General has construed the new law as permitting the capture of animals for the National Zoological Park, at Washington, but the opinion was delivered so late that it was impracticable to get any young animals this season.

Careful examination of the dead buffalo originally found by Messrs. Hough and Hofer, in the Hayden Valley, fails to show that any portion of the carcasses was taken away. Of course, they were torn and carried off by wolves and other wild animals, but it is evident no attempt was made to remove the scalps and horns. It seems to me incredible that they should have died a natural death, and if not they must have been killed out of pure wantonness.

Travel to the Park up to the present time has been very light, but just now the season seems to be picking up, which is gratifying to everyone, as hotel and stage companies have both made unusual preparations this year for the accommodation of travelers.

So far as learned there have been no special infractions of the law and poachers are not as bold as they have been in previous years. Very likely they have heard that offenders can now be punished. LAZY TOURIST.

"Some Palpable Mistakes."

THE New York *Tribune* of July 31 had an editorial on "Some Palpable Mistakes." It was political in tenor, and the mistakes referred to were those of politicians. On another page of the same issue was what purported to be a statement of the game laws of New York. Some of the seasons were given correctly; a majority were given incorrectly. The seasons for deer, black and gray squirrels, hares (rabbits), woodcock and grouse (partridge) were given incorrectly, and the intelligent writer scored a double "goose-egg" on woodcock, mis-stating the general season and the local Long Island season.

NEW YORK DEER LAW.

The Attorney-General Reverses His First Opinion with a New One. This Fully Sustains the "Forest and Stream" and the "Brief."

SINCE the form containing our editorial page went to press, we have received from Mr. John Liberty, Clerk of the Chief Game Protector's office in Albany a dispatch, telling us that Attorney-General Hancock has to-day (Tuesday) given a new opinion on the deer law. It reverses the one rendered last week, holds that the deer season for the State will open on Aug. 15, and thus fully sustains the FOREST AND STREAM in the views expressed on our editorial page, and upholds the correctness of the *Game Laws in Brief*. We have only to add that we had so much confidence in the acumen of Attorney-General Hancock as to anticipate that upon a closer examination of the statute and a more mature consideration of its terms, he would agree in the interpretation we had given it. We reflect the general feeling of the sportsmen of the State when we express our satisfaction with the outcome of the deer law complications. They were complications which never should have arisen.

Sea and River Fishing.

NOTES FROM THE SALMON WATERS.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Had any one told me while on the river at Gaspé that I would not send to FOREST AND STREAM another chronicle of our doings while there, I should instantly have disputed it. But such is the fact, I must acknowledge that casting for salmon and admiration for the beautiful country claimed all my time. Now that I am once more at home, I can calmly look back and realize more fully what a matchless outing I have enjoyed. A more honorable, wholesouled sportsman does not exist than John Fottler, Jr., to whom the writer is indebted for all that he knows, and has enjoyed, of salmon fishing.

Wednesday, July 25, I left Mossy Cliff Camp and turned my face toward Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Fottler and their daughter waved me adieu from across the river, and I trust that they are still enjoying the "dear old St. John." We had grand sport and plenty of it. I must say that I killed salmon to my heart's content (and not one was wasted either)—something I expected hardly ever to realize. To be sure, we encountered the usual number of dumbledories, mooseflies, mosquitos and sandflies; but on the whole, I think I rather enjoyed even these pests. Mr. Fottler invariably placed the cream of the fishing at my disposal, and as a natural consequence the pupil led the tutor in kills when the finish came—a result which he enjoyed as much as I.

Thursday, July 5, saw Sir John Hopkins, of H. M. S. Blake, in camp for a few days with the salmon. He is a grand angler, and a genial democratic gentleman of the first water. A rather hard looking 18ft. greenheart rod, not very nicely lashed together with waxed strings; a suit of gray Nova Scotia homespun, encasing nearly 6ft. of stalwart bone and muscle, a large head, a kindly florid face, the whole surmounted with a stiff, narrow-brimmed gray derby hat, the band of which was decorated with all sorts of salmon flies—that's Sir John as I saw him. But couldn't he drop a salmon-fly on the water? Just as lightly as love pressed the lips of a sleeping babe. When you come to mention discipline, I guess the least said the better. He doesn't carry any into fishing camps worth mentioning, and I will wager that he can keep a half-starved camp full of men and women waiting longer for dinner and supper than any other man in the British navy. Sir John led nine salmon to the net and any number of sea trout; and he enjoyed his few days with Mr. and Mrs. Fottler exceedingly. Flag Officer, Lieutenant Sandeman and Private Secretary Rowe accompanied the Admiral, and they well represented the younger official element of the R. N.

My score at the finish was thirty-eight salmon and one grilse, and they averaged within a fraction of 14lbs., which is nearly up to the figures of Mr. Fred. Curtis on these same waters twenty years ago. My best fly was the silver-gray, with which I killed sixteen of my fish. Jock-Scott and the black-dose were nearly equal for second place. Going over the same ground again and with the knowledge I now possess, I think I should take out two varieties of flies with me, viz., silver-gray and Jock-Scott. With those two flies I think an angler would kill just as many fish as he would with twenty different kinds, and would save a lot of trouble in fly-changing.

Now a word from the novice regarding weather and water conditions, and rising salmon. As far as I am able to judge, a rising fish will come under any conditions of weather or water. I have taken him with the sun full upon a still pool. I have had my best day on a rising, madly rushing torrent, so dirty that you could not see the bottom through a foot of it. I have had them rise well when the water was receding, and lastly I have covered nearly thirty miles of that same river in a day which the old salmon angler characterized as being perfect as to conditions, and had not a rise. Can any one tell why? Here was a day with the water at just the right pitch, the sun obscured, and in one pool we counted twenty salmon, but not a rise. It is very queer. Salmon and their habits have provoked as much discussion as some theological subjects of controvesy. I heard an expert salmon angler say this season that a jumping fish would not take the fly. Within twenty-four hours I had a chance to test that statement. Mr. Fottler's daughter saw a salmon leap from the pool right in front of the camp the next day. She called to her father and Mr. Fottler told me to make a cast over him. I did so and the first time the fly went near him, he rose and took it. I killed him and the theory also.

To my mind, the most wonderful thing about this wonderful fish is its marvelous growth during its first season in salt water. It leaves the fresh water this season (if I understand it rightly), about a year old more or less and from 4 to 6in. length. It returns next season a grilse of from 3 to 7 or 8lbs. in weight. If such is the case, I can understand why they do not care to feed in fresh water.

Mr. Ivers Adams, in speaking of the Nepisiquit grilse in your issue of June 16, says that he "never saw a female grilse." That's queer too, isn't it? What becomes of them? Do they loaf around a couple of years in salt water, or what? And his whereabouts while in salt water; another mystery. J. W. B.

Too Hot for Fishing.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Aug. 2.—Drought! Drought! meets the ear as well as the eye from every quarter. The springs which supply our village with drinking water are all giving out again, the farmers are complaining of the want of feed in the hill pastures, and the trout brooks are almost dry. I crossed one in the railroad cars, four miles down the river, close to its mouth, night before last, in which, fifty years ago, I used to count my catch by the dozen, and there was no water running in it. A few still, shallow pools were to be seen, but a couple of barefoot boys were busy in the bed of the stream turning over the stones, presumably for helgramites for bass bait.

A month since I crossed the lower end of Little Sugar River, of which your correspondent "Columbia" writes, in the train and it had shrunk to the smallest sort of a brook. I am glad to learn that he had some success in it; I never tried it but once and that was late in the summer two years ago and the water was low and the sun bright, and I had no luck. Although it crosses the town at the north end its nearest point to me is six miles away, and there are half a dozen brooks which were once good nearer, to which I could walk in the morning when a boy, fish all day and come back by another road; and since I have been home again I have not thought the fishing worth the cost of horse-hire. I have preferred to pay railroad fares and go further north, where I felt sure of the existence of trout. In fact, in old days we always considered Little Sugar, though it crosses our town, as rather appertaining to the fishing waters of Claremont, to which it is nearer. Still I have heard of one or two baskets of 6 or 8lbs. being taken from it early in the season by young fellows from this village who fish for the market, and who could stand the long tramp to which I am unequal now.

Neither have I yet tried the river, for since the Connecticut River Lumber Co.'s drive of logs went by, it has been too insufferably hot and bright to trust myself in an open boat on the water. One of my little granddaughters put my thermometer out in the sun Friday afternoon, July 13, and it went up to 121°, and it has not been much cooler since! I went down to the river for a swim yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock, and while there two boats came up, whose occupants had been down a mile and a half trolling and had not had a bite. This was, however, what I should have expected in such weather in midafternoon. It is somewhat cloudy to-day and I hope for rain; if it comes I will have a try at the pike when it clears up. VON W.

The Cascapedia.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich.—I got back from Cascapedia River, Quebec, about ten days ago. We stayed there a month; have a new cottage there just finished, and were as comfortable as could be; no flies nor mosquitos and nice, cool weather all the time. I had my wife and children with me and we fished every day. While I was not very successful with the salmon, yet my wife and I each killed our fish. The trout fishing was something superb. My largest weighed 5½lbs., and I had three weighing 5lbs. each, and any number from that down. They were all taken with a fly and on a light rod. I had two salmon on my trout rod. One was not well hooked and got away, and the other, after running out a mile of line, turned around and came toward me like a steam engine, and the consequence was the little trout reel was not large enough to take up the line fast enough.

Moose are said to be very plentiful down in that country. One passed through a pasture field within a few miles of where I was fishing while I was there. The natives report that this game seems to be increasing right along. W. B. MERSHON.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

CATFISHING IN THE ST. FRANCIS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following letter, vividly realistic of fish and fishing in Arkansas, was so interesting to myself that the thought came to me that it might prove equally interesting to your readers. One can readily perceive that, to be equal to the emergencies of fishing in the Arkansas waters, an angler (or rodster if you please) must be of Spartan fiber and thoroughly skilled in his art. The writer of the following letter is an eminent sportsman and angler, hence, for the truthfulness of the incidents therein, no further mention is necessary. W.

My Dear W.:

You promised to take an outing with me this summer on the St. Francis. I shall expect you to make that promise good. I will write you a month in advance of the ripening of the summer crop of bass.

As is well known to the thoroughly informed, Arkansas has more fish to the cubic meter of water than any country in the known world. It has been truthfully said by a correspondent in FOREST AND STREAM that the catfish get upon the fences in Arkansas and mew.

I have known them to do even more remarkable things than this. Last summer while fishing the St. Francis above Friend's and Katzenberger's shooting box near Lead Fork, I had secreted myself in the flags and was tickling the palate of the bass with a gaudy fly known to the guild as a Johnson.

After I had lured to the icebox a dozen or more bass with this bunch of feathers and bit of steel, I noticed wave after wave approaching the shore, and the bass began to scamper as an immense catfish appeared upon the scene of action, and swam up to where I was fishing with as much *sang froid* as that of a first season's belle when she views the downfall of her rival.

Well, I thought a 100lbs. catfish a little larger game than I was loaded for with a 6oz. rod and a bass fly, so I held my fly some 6ft. over the water, thinking H. M. could pass on down stream, when placidly he folded his pectoral fins upon his exigastrium, and proceeded deliberately to eye my bass fly; then, doubling himself for a mighty effort, he projected himself 4ft. into the air, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could prevent his getting my fly.

Do you know, that catfish continued those atmospheric gyrations and aerial somersaults until great beads of perspiration stood upon his cat-like brow.

There was another incident connected with this trip that will remain photographed upon my memory for a lifetime. Thursday, Sept. 21, 1893, was destined to be the red-letter day in my fishing calendar. Early in the morning, with two well filled minnow pails in tow, armed with a fish-spoon, frog-fork, a .38cal. Winchester, my ejector, fishing rods, tackle, icebox and lunch, we started in the early morn for Cross Cypress. Lem Biggs, the most expert oarsman on the St. Francis, occupied the stern of the boat while I was seated on the forward end of the icebox amidship. As Biggs poled up the St. Francis the bass were holding high carnival, rising to moth and ephemera of every description. Said I to Biggs, "I guess it is about time to try my musical reel. I bought one last season while in Italy, and I have never used it." He urged me to put it on by all means, saying that he had never seen or heard one of these piscatorial musical boxes warble, and that he was fond of music. We had just seen a patriarchal bass break water under a lily-pad, some 50ft. away, so attaching the reel to my bait-casting rod, reeling on a new line, slipping on float and sinker, and tying on a 4-0 Schneck, and impaling a minnow through the nether lip and inner canthus of the eye, I laid that minnow under that lily-pad with as much dexterity as that with which a man's spouse runs her delicate hand in his trousers pocket while he is taking a morning nap.

The great horn spoon! what a swirl. I thought the St. Francis had found a subterranean outlet. But my minnow was in the wild marauder's maw. So I gave a gentle jerk, and the music began. Lighting a Havanna I leaned back on the icebox, and for fifteen minutes listened to the soft strains of Beethoven, as they rang out upon the morning air. This was repeated again and again as we ascended the river, until we reached the mouth of Melancholy Pass, just below Cross Cypress, where the river makes detour of a mile or more. The bass had been so furious in their attacks upon all manner of bait that our icebox had long ago been filled, and Biggs had appropriated a stout piece of cord, on which he had strung twenty or more and tied it around his leg for convenience.

We were now at the mouth of Melancholy Pass, and a deep pool spread out for a hundred yards or more below. Here in twenty feet of water lay great schools of lusty bass. I told Biggs to anchor the boat at the upper edge of the pass alongside the flags, and I would fish the pool below. We had not fished long until Biggs observed some aquatic monster coming down the pass, when he remarked: "Keep low behind the flags; he will come square across the bow of your boat, not six feet away. Take the spear, aim low and well forward, and give it to him hard. I think it is an otter, and if it is and you get him I will row you the remainder of the week for the pelt." Biggs had hardly done speaking, when the monster was immediately in front and not four feet away. I gave the spear a mighty thrust at his head. With one stroke of his mighty tail he lashed the river to foam. The spear had missed its mark five feet and had imbedded three twelve-inch tines of barbed steel deep under his dorsal fin. He started for the great Mississippi a hundred miles below. The Russian sash cord that attached the spear to the bow of the boat, "ran out like varnished lightning." The boat was turned half around in a moment, and Biggs was left to founder in twenty feet of water, with fifty pounds of bass tied to one of his legs. I was thrown over backward in the bottom of the boat, but soon recovered. A hundred yards below as we grated over a bar the minnow pails left their moorings. Here now was a beautiful stretch of water for a mile or so more. Talk about your Maud S., Nancy Hanks, Sunol, Arion, Directum or Salvator; these were only pacemakers to the gait we were traveling. A crimson tide followed in our wake.

I have made pelagic wanderings from St. George's and St. Paul's in the Pribilov group to Cape Horn. I have driven gaff in everything that wears scales, from a pickerel to a right whale; I have seen 6,000ft. of line go off the reel to a well directed harpoon; but here was the beginning of a chapter in my fishing diary that was growing monotonous with remarkable rapidity.

What was to be the outcome of all this? On, and still on, we speed. Now we are passing Friend's and Katzenberger's shooting box. Hatchie Coon Club House looms up in the distance. Ah! Now he takes down Favorite Chute, across which the beaver have thrown a dam. Now we have you in a pocket. But if you keep up this gait you will run that corrugated beak of yours 6ft. in the mud.

But on, and still the speed was not abated. The dam looms up directly in front. I grasped the gunwale of the canoe as a shipwrecked sailor grasps a spar. He gathers himself together for one mighty effort; throws himself 6ft. in mid air, and fish and boat land 40ft. beyond, as easily as Carter Harrison was wont to take a 3ft. hurdle. I landed 8ft. back with my feet pointing toward the stellar world, which was distinctly visible. Still the procession moved on. My rod was taking its bath opposite Friend's; my gun was submerged in the pool where I had left Biggs; my tackle was strewn for miles up the St. Francis. The rifle and I were the only occupants of that "limited." I felt for my knife, with which to cut myself loose from the predatory demon. Alas! It had been left submerged with Biggs. How to turn loose this cyclone was the absorbing question of my life. The roof of the Osceola Ducking Club's house was receding in the distance. Below I could hear the puffing of the locomotive on the K. C. R. R. at Marked Tree.

But now he tires. Gathering his mighty forces in one supreme effort, he throws himself 6ft. in the air and shakes himself as if in the agonies of a wild despair. Then as he calmly turns upon his side oblivious to fate, his mighty heart breaks, while I take the rifle and speed a bullet through his brain. He was 14ft. 5½in. long by Chief DeFuniak's steel tape, and tipped the railroad scales at Marked Tree 314lbs. and a few ounces, not many.

TARQUIN.

MAINE WATERS AND WOODS.

SPEAKING of deer in Maine, Mr. Frank Lewis, of Lawrence, mentions seeing over twenty deer in one day at Passadumcook Lake, a tributary of the Penobscot River. He was on his spring fishing trip with friends. They left the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad at Norcross, and thence through the woods to the lake. He says that no one can have any idea of the number of deer in those woods till one has been there. The best feature of all is, according to Mr. Lewis, that nobody is illegally shooting there, or was earlier in the season. He says that the prevailing sentiment is that it is too bad to shoot a deer in June or July, when the fawns are young and helpless, besides being a foolish waste, for the animals are poor in flesh and fit only to be abandoned to decay.

Mr. John J. McNally, of the Boston *Herald*, with his family, is spending his vacation at Lake Maranocook, Winthrop, Me. In the party is also Manager William Harris, Mr. Samuel Sterne and Mr. Richard S. Brews of Boston. Last Wednesday they went bass fishing, with the result of thirty-two bass for five hours' fishing at Craig's Point. The fish were all caught with the fly, though the sunken grasshopper and frog bait are very successful. They are trying the bass nearly every day with considerable success, taking lots of fish 2 and 2½lbs. The bass fishing has been excellent in Anabessagook and Monmouth Pond. Lake Cobosseecontee in the same region has afforded excellent sport with both pickerel and bass this season. Mr. Samuel Smith of Boston made a couple of good hauls from that lake the other day. Hundreds of bass rods are being used this season on the Maine lakes and ponds, and really a good deal of sport is obtained from black bass fishing, though to the trout fisherman the sport is rather unsatisfactory.

There is a story in the Maine papers of the fasting of a trout, which, if true, is worth investigating. The fish, a 5lbs. Belfast trout, was in the aquarium of Mr. F. H. Francis, and is reported to have lived eight months without any food whatever. It simply would not eat, finally dying presumably of hunger or starvation. It had shrunken to half its former weight. After death the fish was dissected for the purpose of discovering the cause of its long fast. The intestines were all right, but there was not one drop of blood in the fish, either gills or body. The flesh had lost its salmon tint and was dry and white. A male trout in the same tank will eat anything.

Mr. James H. Jones has been away on his vacation. With his wife he has visited his home town, Buckfield, Me., and has done the streams of his boyhood for trout. He found the water generally very low and the weather hot. In the holes he would generally get about one trout each and it was a good day's work to gather in a dozen rather small ones. He found a good deal of sport in fishing for black bass in the stream that runs by that town, or, perhaps, it should be dignified under the name of river. The bass have run down from the ponds above, which have been stocked for several years. But perch and pickerel fishing was the better sport after all, since when the fish were caught they were of some value. Pickerel can be caught readily in the waters about that town when fishing for perch. They take the bait the same as the perch.

Mr. Wm. H. Coggin went down to Bangor, Me., last week, and with a friend from that city drove back to Harmon Pond the next morning. They went pickerel and white perch fishing. They caught several bass, though it requires live bait generally to catch them in that pond. A fisherman a few rods away from their boat landed a big one, judged to weigh something like 5lbs. Mr. Coggin is of the opinion that with the right sort of line, bait and suitable weather one may get all the perch and pickerel he may desire from that pond. Considerable bait and fly-fishing is done there, and it takes live bait to excite the cupidity of the well fed fish there. Mr. Coggin is talking of a hunting and fishing trip, the last of September; leaving the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad at Norcross. He hears glorious accounts of that region, something like the deer story mentioned above.

Mr. George H. Cutting writes us from Andover, Me, that the prospects for game in that section are unusually good. Partridges will be fairly plenty, and a good many wild ducks have bred at the lakes. Deer are most remarkably abundant, and on the first snows it will be an easy thing for a hunter of any skill whatever to get one. Mr. Cutting got his three deer last year very early; that is, with only a couple of days' hunting on the first snows. Mr. G. N. Smalley and Harry W. Smalley, of Boston, with Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, of Stamford, Conn., and Frank Smalley, of So. Framingham, Mass., have been camping at Rangeley for some weeks. Mr. G. N. Smalley is there for fly-fishing altogether. In fact, he does not care much for trolling. It was he, with his friend, C. Z. Basset, of Boston, who, two years ago, took the big trout with the fly in the trolling season, from the middle of Cupsuptic Lake. All the fishermen in that vicinity at the time were surprised. But since then trout have been taken from the same location, and it proves that there is a reef of rocks there, where the trout doubtless come to feed.

SPECIAL

SOMETHING ABOUT THE OUANANICHE.

WITHIN a few years and with wonderful rapidity the immense wilderness of Canada has come into prominence as a veritable paradise for sportsmen. This arises from the fact that the results of trips made there are so thoroughly successful. Success there rewards the fisherman and hunter alike.

This wilderness extends entirely across Canada from east to west, commencing from 100 to 200 miles north of the St. Lawrence River and extends away beyond the confines of Hudson's and St. James bays. The territory embraced is practically limitless, and only awaits the advance of the sportsman to become opened up and known. The fishing waters—lakes, ponds, rivers and streams—are as numberless as the sands of the sea, and the portion that has ever been fished thus far is infinitely small. There are just as good fish in these waters and innumerably more than ever were caught.

Every one who has sought the wilds of Canada has his favorite place, whether it be the Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Victoria or Peterboro lakes, Temisconata country, the Mastigouche, or Lake St. John territory. All have their admirers, many of them, and great is the increase in number each year. But one fact is to be deduced from this: We must seek that country for satisfactory sport. No other choice is left. Very few places even approximating fair fishing are left on our side of the boundary. There are too many fishermen and too few fish.

The greater part of the trout fishing in Canada is to be left to Americans as a general rule, and how great are the possibilities in that line. Quantity and size are both to be found there, and *such* quantity and size.

Those who would have sport almost equalling salmon fishing, and when size is considered, equal if not superior; and at a minimum of expense, should seek the Lake St. John country. There, angling for that lusty warrior, the ouananiche, will afford all the elements of sport found in catching salmon, except as to size. There one is not confined to trout fishing only, as one must be in all other parts of Canada, but can seek both fish or either, as inclination may prompt.

The fact is becoming patent that the trout is to be held secondary to the ouananiche, or land-locked salmon. I find that this is the general opinion of those who have been fortunate enough to angle for this fish. As an example of the effect this fishing has on those who catch them for the first time, I will quote the remark of a friend of mine who recently returned from Lake St. John, his first visit there. "I never would believe before, but now I can understand why a brook trout or a black bass can be considered secondary to any other fresh-water fish. The ouananiche leads them by long odds in fighting qualities."

To those who have seen a black bass when hooked, fight at his best, leap, tug, jerk, rush and spin, and have seen the trout do the same in its peculiar, nerve-straining way; to such the stories of this wonderful fishing seem to be "fish stories," fairy tales, or what you will. But let them once feel the weight of a 3½lbs. ouananiche struggling as only that fish can struggle, at the other end of a 7oz. rod and 50ft. of line, and they, too, will catch the fever.

I have a friend, an ardent salmon fisher, who is a member of a club owning one of the salmon rivers entering the Saguenay. During a number of years past both he and other members of the club have occasionally in their salmon casting had a strike from a ouananiche. As he has frequently remarked to me, "Loud exclamations at once make the fact known to others fishing near by, and the fortunate one at once prepares for a struggle that he is not accustomed to from a salmon of the same or even heavier weight. I have taken several in the few years past, and I consider them stronger and harder fighters than the salmon of approximately the same size."

He became so enamored of the ouananiche fishing that he spent a part of his outing this season at Lake St. John, away from his salmon pools. He had splendid success, and I understand that he is so taken with this fishing that he intends to visit that region again each year. Certainly if ouananiche that average only from 3½ to 4lbs. can fight sufficiently hard to attract an old time salmon fisher from his pools they must be fighters indeed, and foemen worthy of any rod. It does not seem to me that any further proof is necessary.

I could enumerate any number of like stories but will confine myself to the following extract from a letter recently sent me by a gentleman while at Lake St. John:

"I can appreciate now all that you have said and written on 'The Leaping Ouananiche.' Well, I have met that 'jumping Injun' and I greatly respect his fighting qualities. Our party of four killed 203 of those fish in two days on the Grand Discharge, 87 of the number being my share, and one of 3½lbs. being the heaviest fish. But when you tackle 3½lbs. of chain lightning in the form of an ouananiche you will think that he weighs a ton. I greatly respect that fish for his fighting qualities and his peculiar tactics. It is exciting sport, and when your fish makes from six to ten mighty leaps you cannot but get excited. Yesterday while on the Ouiatchouaniche River, a spring hole was pointed out where you caught 100 trout, but I beat you. Such fishing I never experienced before. We (four) took over 800 good trout in two days, and after feeding eight Indians and four white men, we brought back to the hotel in good order, one of those large camp cans full of dressed trout, running from ¼lb. to 1lb. in weight. Before closing I want to say to you on my own part and on behalf of the expressed desire of my three friends, that you have not exaggerated about 'the leaping ouananiche,' and that we thank you for putting us on the track of such a glorious outing."

The fishing is there for the seeker, and will be for a generation to come. Ordinary skill will aid in hooking, handling and landing ouananiche, but to do it successfully can come from practical experience only. This

noted fish must be studied; all written advice can only aid in a slight degree. Practical experience is the only teacher.

These are some of my "fish stories" as they have been so often called, and some corroboration of their truth. Others can now, and many more will in the future, corroborate still further their correctness.

EUGENE McCARTHY.

ANGLING NOTES.

Condition of Fishways in the Hudson.

LAST spring I noted in this column that a petition had been presented to the Legislature asking that the location of the fishway in the dam across the Hudson River at Thomson's Mills be changed, because as at present situated the fishway collected drift. In commenting upon the petition I said that the fishway was located by its inventor probably after considering the driftwood question, and that if the fishway did not work it must be due to other causes than a collection of drift, and it was more than likely that Mr. Rogers, the builder, would visit the fishways in person early in the season and inspect them. Mr. Rogers confirmed this in a letter which I published later, and now he writes me under date of July 25 as follows:

"I had occasion to visit Albany a few weeks ago, to see the State Engineer about a fishway at Baldwinsville, N. Y., where a State dam is now being built. I examined the dam and found it but about one-third built, which made it quite impracticable to place a fishway this season. While at Albany I had a day or two to wait for the Engineer and improved the time by examining the fishways at Mechanicville and Thomson's Mills, both of which were found in perfect repair. At Thomson's Mills the headgate of fishway was closed—to save the water the foreman told me, while a quantity was wasting over the dam at the time. As the fishway draws such an insignificant quantity of water, this excuse seems quite unreasonable. In rebuilding the wrecked portion of the dam and the upper end of fishway, the two top buckets were left out, and a straight run put in instead. This, however, will not prevent the fish from passing—not half so much as a closed headgate will. The matter of driftwood was considered, and $5 or $10 at the most, will remedy the evil perfectly. A small wicket placed in the mill frame about 6ft. from the fishway, and arranged to slide up and down at the will of the mill men as they clear the debris from their rack, is all that is needed to keep all drift from the fishway. The foreman agreed with my idea and said it would cause no inconvenience. The wicket would sink about 2ft., and the fish would pass under. Had I not been limited for time I should have placed the wicket myself and thus have relieved the fishway of blame that does not belong to it. Knowing you were away from home at the time of my visit I did not go up to Glens Falls.

"No salmon were seen at Mechanicville up to the time of my visit. It was the opinion of those acquainted with the river and the fish, that they were not able to pass the Troy dam since it was repaired.

"However, I have no knowledge on this matter, but there is certainly nothing to prevent them from passing the Mechanicville dam if they one get to it."

It will be noticed in the concluding paragraph that Mr. Rogers is silent about the salmon passing the Thomson's Mills fishway, although he states positively that the fishway is in perfect repair, and it is easy to see why the salmon cannot pass when the headgate is closed. With one exception I have not known a season since the Thomson's Mills fishway was built that salmon have been seen above it, and this is not the first time that I have heard of the headgate in the fishway being closed at a time when water was wasting over the dam.

One of the owners of the mill assured me that the fishway should not be closed, and I cannot yet think that he knows that it has been. In fact, very recently an officer of Washington county came to me and said that he knew positively of the fishway being closed when water was wasting over the dam, and he proposed to institute legal proceedings to determine the rights of the fish and the mill owners, and I advised him to first see the mill owner and inform him of the closing of the fishway. There has been no trouble of this sort with the Mechanicville people, and there should not be with the fishway above it.

A Fish Commissioner of the State once told me that some of the stockholders in the Mechanicville mill were also stockholders in mill property at Holyoke, Mass., and it was at Holyoke that a suit was commenced which was carried to the United States Supreme Court where a decision was given adverse to the mill owners and from which I take a single extract: "Ownership of the banks and bed of the stream, as before remarked, give to the proprietor the exclusive right of fishing opposite his land as well as the right to use the water to create power to operate mills, but neither the one nor the other right, nor both combined confer any right to erect obstructions in the river to prevent the free passage of fish up and down the river at their accustomed season." There is more of this decision to the same effect, and it is given by the highest court in the land sustaining a similar decision of the Massachusetts State courts.

Black Bass Fishing in Glen Lake.

Every year I have inquiries about the black bass fishing in Glen Lake, N. Y., where the largest small-mouthed bass in the world have been caught. This year is no exception, but I was away from home when the season opened in the lake (by supervisors' law the open season begins July 10), and of course I knew nothing of the fishing before that time, and I could only reply that I knew nothing about it, but would not advise any one to make a long journey (one query came from Indiana), to fish the lake with the hope of catching one of the monster bass, as the fishing was altogether too uncertain in its results. Since my return home I have been to the lake and have made inquiry about the fishing. The largest bass that has been killed was one of 6¼lbs. Mr. Charles H. Hitchcock, a member of the Mohican Rod and Gun Club, spent ten days at the lake, and his largest fish were as follows: 6¼lbs., 6lbs., 5¼lbs. and 4¼lbs. One of 7lbs. was reported, but I have not been able to confirm the weight. I believe that some men are honestly mistaken about the weight of fish taken years before the time of relating it when they trust to memory alone. A case in point.

This morning I was questioning a caller about the fishing in Glen Lake, and he mentioned a bass of 10¼lbs. taken some years ago from the lake by a man with whom he was fishing. I said I never heard of the fact, when he exclaimed, "Why you had the fish and sent it to FOREST AND STREAM, and it was exhibited in New York city and later was sent to Washington, as I understood." Turning to the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 2, 1884, I read to my caller a letter of my own about that very fish: "I weighed it, as did many others, and found it weighed plump 8¼lbs., etc." His lips parted, and he looked as though he had seen a ghost, and then said, "Of course that is correct, but do you know I have told fifty people that that bass weighad 10¼lbs., and I thought I was telling the bare truth." No doubt he was honest in the matter but his memory had failed him.

To return to Mr. Hitchcock, who has seen most, if not all, the big bass taken from Glen Lake in the past eighteen years. He is a man with a level head and good judgment, and in estimating the weight of fish in the water his opinion is as good as any man's. I know this is a delicate subject and I tell his story for, as he would say, what it is worth, but I know it is his honest judgment. Early one morning Mr. Hitchcock was rowing along the shore from his cottage on his way for mink. The water was perfectly still and he noticed a sunfish on its spawning bed near the shore and checked his boat to watch the sunfish, the water being shallow and clear. There was nothing to move the boat and he had an excellent opportunity to see the fish. The sunfish was uneasy, swimming around and around its bed, until suddenly it sped into shallow water, where part of its body was out of the water, and at that instant a black bass came into view in pursuit of the sunfish. Several times the bass darted for the sunfish, each time driving it almost out of the water on to the shore, and after each attack, when the bass had retired a little, the sunfish would return to its bed and swim around and over it until the next assault.

For about fifteen minutes Mr. Hitchcock watched the contest, neither fish appearing to notice him or his boat, and all the time the bass was under his eye, and he says it is his best judgment that the bass would weigh over 12lbs. How much over he did not care to say, as he "wished to be safe in his guess when the fish is produced to be weighed on scales."

He had no fishing tackle in his boat, and later in the day he returned home. The same fish, or one like it, was seen in the same place the morning before Mr. Hitchcock observed it, by Mr. Cole, Superintendent of the Poor in South Glens Falls, and he, too, places the weight of the fish at considerably over 12lbs. When Mr. Cole saw the bass it was trying to capture the same sunfish, or its mate, that it was in pursuit of when seen by Mr. Hitchcock. Only the small-mouthed species of black bass are found in Glen Lake.

A. N. CHENEY.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Excellent reports have recently been received of the ouananiche fishing in the Grande Discharge, especially in the vicinity of Isle Maligne, where the scenery, too, is of the wildest character. But most anglers now who understand the habits of this fish and are anxious to encounter the largest specimens are at this time of the year pushing their way up the Peribonca, the Ashuapmouchouan or the Mistassini rivers. A favorite spot in the Ashuapmouchouan is at the Salmon River Falls. Those who ascend the Peribonca, if time permits, should go as far as Lake Tschotagama. Lac à Jim offers splendid fishing in August and September for both trout and ouananiche. Mr. Davis, of New York, and a friend from Texas, who have been fishing the Adirondacks for some weeks past with very little success, have just gone up at my recommendation to the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini, where I expect to hear of very large catches of fresh-water salmon during the present month.

Fine fly-fishing for trout has been had during the past few weeks on the Triton Tract and on Rat River, one of the feeders of Lake Edward. From about Aug. 15 it is certain to be good in all the streams and lakes north of Quebec.

Space would fail us both were I to attempt to give you the names of all the American anglers who fished this part of the country during the past few weeks, but the number increases every year.

Mr. Eugene McCarthy of Syracuse, N. Y., writes me that he expects to be here about the end of August with Messrs. Curtis and Dean, his fishing companions of the last two years. Quite a number of Syracuseans, he says, will also go to Lake St. John this month.

Mr. Archibald Stuart has returned from his trip to Lake Mistassini, and an exciting and interesting trip it was. He left Lake St. John on June 27, remained part of three days at Mistassini, and returned to Lake St. John on July 29. Besides the four Indians who accompanied him throughout, he engaged others to assist them part of the way. He reports much good land and good timber where little of either was believed to exist, and any number of ducks, bears, beavers, etc., on and around several of the large lakes which he crossed. He found ouananiche as far up the Ashuapmouchouan as the foot of the Grosse Chaudiere Falls, six days' journey from Lake St. John, and lots of large pike, doré or pickerel, and chub or ouitouche everywhere. Whitefish are also plentiful on the other side of the height of land.

Mr. Stuart is a successful amateur photographer and has taken a number of most interesting views of the country traversed by him, and which country but very few white men indeed have ever seen.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC CITY, Aug. 4.

Weakfish in New Jersey Waters.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., July 31.—For the past month bluefish of 3 to 5lbs. have been abundant in Raritan Bay, and for ten days the river has been full of weakfish, biting freely. No empty baskets to carry home. "R-dst-rs" all happy. Baitsters ditto. K.

NEWARK, N. J., July 31.—On July 28 and 29 we caught 197 weakfish, average 2lbs., in Barnegat Bay. We have stopped at the Lafayette House, Forked River, and went out with Capt. Ed. Parker. We used very light tackle and they were good fighters. We could have doubled the above score with heavier tackle. There are plenty of fish in the bay. M.

NOTES FROM THE ANGLING WATERS.

TROUT LAKE, Wis., Aug. 2.—To the fisherman who has of recent years depended upon the more frequented waters, it is quite a relief to find such sport as these lakes of Wisconsin present. The writer one day of this week took thirty bass from a virgin lake—which had never before been fished, unless by an Indian—and as at least five minutes was devoted to the landing of each bass, the aggregate of sport was something of moment. In five days' moderate work the writer has taken 65 pike, bass and mascalonge; largest pike 8lbs., bass 3½lbs, and mascalonge 16lbs., all on a 7ft. steel rod. Equal success has been experienced by all the guests. Camp Franklin is within easy range by way of Woodruff station on the Chicago & Northwestern R. R. J. M. S.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., July 31.—The past month has been very warm and dry, and therefore unfavorable as to most waters for trout fishing. I may state that of the trout which I have taken during this month, rather more than two-fifths contained spawn. KELPIE.

The Mohican Club Rewards.

THE Mohican Rod and Gun Club of Glens Falls, N. Y., has posted the vicinity with placards offering $25 reward for information that will result in the conviction of any person catching brook trout under 6in. long in violation of the game laws; $25 reward for information that will result in tbe conviction of any person using a net in any trout stream; $25 reward for information that will result in the conviction of any person catching salmon under 18in. in length.

Sunapee Black Bass.

CLAREMONT, N. H., July 28.—Messrs. R. Spencer and A. A. Martin caught 97 black bass in Sunapee Lake, July 7, from ½ to 3½lbs. Mr. Martin has a cottage at the lake and Mr. Spencer visits him three or four times during the bass season, and both are expert fishermen and generally make things lively for the bass. COLUMBIA.

Not in Their Class.

THEY were two fishermen of the truly sportsmanlike type. As they were making their way to the scene of their hopes they met a boy, a small boy, with a carelessly trimmed branch from a tree thrown over his shoulder. In one hand he had a tin can and about the branch was festooned a fishing line.

"Hello, my boy," exclaimed one of the visitors; "going fishing?"

The lad surveyed with envious eyes their neat costumes, the handsome poles furnished with shining reels and all the rest of their equipment, and replied with a sigh:

"Nope. I ain't goin' fishin'. I'm jes goin' down ter ketch some fish."—*Washington Star.*

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

St. Lawrence Anglers.

ALEXANDRA BAY, N. Y., Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, was held at Clayton, N. Y., Aug. 1. Protector Northrup reported that since the last meeting he had taken 87 nets, valued at $731; 32 set lines, value $115; and had collected in fines $360. Reports from officers and members showed a growing respect for the fishery laws. The Association is prosperous, and is accomplishing much for the special interests it has undertaken to protect. The new officers are:

President, W. C. Browning, New York; First Vice-President, H. R. Heath, Brooklyn; Second Vice-President, C. M. Skinner, Clayton; Secretary, W. H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay; Treasurer, R. P. Grant, Clayton, N. Y; Executive Committee, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay; George H. Strough, Clayton; R. H. Pullman, Baltimore, Md.; W. T. Bascom, Alexandria Bay; G. T. Rafferty, Pittsburgh, Pa.; F. J. Amsden, Rochester; R. E. Waterman, Ogdensburg; G. M. Skinn, Clayton; C. G. Emory, New York; O. T. Mackey, New York; John Foley, Clayton; Walter Fox, Alexandria Bay.

There were present at the meeting Messrs. Geo. Taylor, member of Parliament from Gananoque, C. W. Britton of Gananoque and Wm. Daily of Rockport, and the Canadian license fee was discussed. The Canadians expressed a willingness to make an effort to have the $5 license for rods repealed, and offered to go with a delegation from the association to Ottawa and confer with their Minister of Marine and Fisheries and try and get a mutual agreement as to fish on the St. Lawrence. President W. C. Browning is chairman of this committee. Hon. Geo. Taylor was to wire the Minister, and as soon as a conference could be held he was to notify the committee and a like committee was to go to Ottawa; but at this writing nothing has been reported. As soon as we get any result we will advise you of same.

W. H. THOMPSON, Sec'y.

The Baldwinsville Fishway.

THE Fish Commissioners of New York have arranged for putting a Rogers fishway in the State dam in the Seneca River at Baldwinsville. The work will be begun at once.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 4 to 7.—Des Moines Kennel Club, at Des Moines, Iowa. M. Bruce, Sec'y.

Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. I. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Orange County Fair, at Newburgh, N. Y.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Stockton Kennel Club, at Stockton, Cal. John Hefferman, Sec'y.

Nov. 27 to 30.—New Jersey Kennel League, at Newark, N. J. E. H. Morris, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells. Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Saratoga, N. Y., Sec'y.

Sarcastic.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On looking over the premium list of the Danbury show I find a class for "wire-haired cocker spaniels." I have read the letters in the late spaniel controversy, with great benefit to myself and increased knowledge of the breed, as they pointed out so clearly just what the winning type of cocker should be. Will one of these writers, so well posted on the subject, give me the additional information I ask? What is a "wire-haired cocker spaniel?" A NOVICE.

The Bell—Martin Case.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have no intention of replying to Mr. George Bell's self-condemnatory letter in your last issue. A reply to such an acknowledgment of wrongdoing is unnecessary, but there are certain perversions of the truth which call for some counter-statement.

The facts regarding the Consequence sale are very few. They are as follows: Mr. Bell advertised a number of dogs "to be sent on approval," buyer to pay carriage both ways if not accepted. Mr. Martin got one of the circulars and bought Consequence with the additional proviso of a guarantee in whelp. The dog arrived in San Francisco within a week or so of being due to whelp, showed no signs of being in pup, was at once submitted to veterinary examination to prove whether or not she had slipped her puppies or was yet in whelp. The veterinary said no and the consignor was notified that the goods were not as represented nor as per contract, whereupon he declined to accept a return of Consequence and repudiated his published conditions to send on approval. In that state it was presented to the A. K. C. last September, Mr. Martin's charge being that of dishonorable conduct.

In consequence of absence from the city and country of several members of the advisory committee, the case was not tried until May last with the result that the accused was suspended for one year

In the letter published last week Geo. Bell says, "The A. K. C. decided that the charge was not sustained and it was dismissed, and I was then held to be justified in the course I had taken."

That is a wilful perversion of the truth; the sentence was imposed for the reason I have stated. It has been sought by some of Bell's misguided friends to have the public believe he was punished for the substitution of Rejoice for Consequence and thereby brought to the bar to face charges, copies of which he had not been presented with. There is not the slightest foundation for any such statement. The fact of the change of dogs was brought out in the taking of the testimony and Mr. Bell was asked why he had not offered to correct the error. He had nothing to say, but left the question unanswered. The idea of putting forward "my solicitors" had not occurred to him then. Mr. Bell was advised of the substitution or mixing of the two terriers by Mr. Hopkins during the Toronto show. But it was not for long afterward that he asked Mr. Mortimer at Hempstead to write and advise Mr. Martin, pleading as his reason for asking Mr. Mortimer that he was in a great hurry and had not time to write. This request was probably the outcome of a well known fox-terrier breeder declining curtly to have any dealings with Bell or sell him a single dog. Facts are all that are necessary in this case to demonstrate very clearly that the only mistake the advisory committee made was that of not making the penalty one of three years at least.

JAMES WATSON.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.

The Big and Little Kennels and Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are important facts not touched upon by the champions of the big and little kennels in this controversy. I will try and make it plain to both sides. One is an assistance to the other.

The small kennel owners start out with the assertion that they cannot compete with the large kennels at the field trials. This is a mistake. We will first take Mr. Lorillard's kennel. He has been a large purchaser from the small kennels, purchasing all or nearly all his winners, Count Anteo, Lora, Miss Ruby, Dot Rogers, Rod's Sue, Ightfield Rosalie and others from the small kennels.

I think I am not far wrong when I state the Blue Ridge Kennel also purchased all their winners, paying big prices to the small breeders for Fannie M., Hope's Mint, and the Derby winners Bessie Shoupe and Allene, besides paying $2,000 for Antonio, and long prices for their stud dogs and brood bitches, and all to the small kennels.

Mr. J. Shelley Hudson paid $1,000 for the Bohemian Girl, $750 for Gladstone's Boy, when the latter was nine years old, and big prices for others in his kennel, and all to the small breeders. Mr. Damon, to add pointers to his select stock of setters, paid $1,000 for Strideaway in his puppy form, and good prices for bitches to mate with him—these coming from the small breeders. Mr. Dexter also makes purchases from the small breeders. Mr. Avent, who has been longer in the business than any other large breeder, had to resort to purchase to obtain Novelist, Topsy's Rod, Count Gladstone and others—all from small kennels.

It will be seen, therefore, the large kennels are the best patrons the small kennels have. After selling the pick of their dogs, some of the small kennel owners cry out they cannot compete against the larger kennels. If I were a breeder, instead of crying out against the large kennels, I would want a dozen where there is one, as the demand from the large kennels has made possible prices that dogs would not have sold at unless the large kennels wanted them. Even after the small kennels have sold their best dogs to the large kennels, if any one will take the percentage of entries in the field trials made by the large and small kennels, it will be seen the small kennels have the greater percentage of winnings to their credit. I am satisfied the trainers and the small kennels get more out of the big kennels than their owners do. This fact is so apparent that some of the large kennels tell me it is cheaper to purchase a dog with a reputation from the small kennels than it is to make one, and do not run dogs in consequence. There are other causes which I will briefly state that have caused the diminution of entries to the field trials this year.

The general depression of the times has affected every species of property, dogs being no exception, though I think they are better property than some that is considered "staple." We find Jersey cattle will not sell for one-half they did two years ago. Trotting and road horses not for half. The "staple" farm horses, that sold in this market two years ago for $75, will not now command over $35. The man that raises them out West does not get over $10 for them. I see there is contemplated, the price of this class of horses being so low, the establishment of an abattoir in a Western State for the purpose of getting rid of the 1,000,000 surplus horses in three Western States that will not bring $10, the horses to be slaughtered, their hides used for leather, their manes and tails for hair mattresses, their hoofs for glue, their flesh and bones as fertilizers, the latter to be used by the farmers to assist them in growing more wheat, that sold for double two years ago what it commands to-day. Every breeder of dogs has an abattoir of his own connected with his kennel, the larger the kennel the greater the slaughter, the executioners being distemper, worms and other kindred dog diseases, these dog-destroying angels are so severe on dog life. I know of a breeder that has not raised a single setter puppy to be a year old in three years, though he had dozens whelped, and a friend writes me for my advice about importing a setter whose get will not all die with worms and distemper. Another friend owning hounds tells me he lost this year by distemper twenty of about one year old, and all the young dogs he had. Were it not for this abattoir that is connected with all kennels, dogs would be thicker than leaves in Vallambrosa, notwithstanding owners resort to all the safeguards known to raise their young dogs.

There is another cause that I have thought would come, and the depressed times has caused its operation to be felt sooner than otherwise if times were good. The average trainer charges $100 to train and run a dog in the trials, and the dog's winnings. A man wishing to run a dog in the Derby, pays $50 for a puppy, and $10 more to some one to raise the puppy old enough to be sent to the trainer. As one pup in three lives to be old enough to start in a Derby, the puppies started will average $150. The owner pays entrance in three field trials, $90, and his part of the trainers' expenses to and from the trials, $10, thus the owner will have paid out $250 to $350 for starting a dog in these Derbys. This is a losing game, even if the dog proved to be a winner; if a loser, and only one entry in twenty wins, he would be still a greater loser, as a dog unplaced would not sell for as much as a winner. The owner of a winner has only the reputation and the dog. Many such winners have not proven successful sires, and may never bring what an owner knows he has to pay out. With the hope of winning out, many more entries would be made. This winning may be a diversion, but many court Dame Fortune, hence this goddess has many votaries, and has ruined many men, but for every one ruined, a dozen stand ready to take his place. I do not know of any trainer who is a bondholder.

There may be some who claim the trainers assisted in killing the goose that laid the golden egg. I have no censure for the trainers; they are like the rest of us, they wanted all they could make out of it. The price for training is like all other business, the supply and demand will, in time, regulate that. If the small kennels still think they cannot compete with the large kennels at the trials, the field trial clubs can do as the racing associations do, allow any man to make as many nominations in any Derby or stake as they wish, but restrict the starters to two from any man or stable in one stake. Some small kennel owners may say the large kennels would make several nominations in a Derby, and pick two of their best dogs to compete. Let us look back and see how the owners and handlers succeeded in picking the winners previous to the trials.

The Memphis and Avent kennels were as much surprised as the public, who had a tip of the workings of the dogs Roderigo and Rebel Windem before the trials, when Roderigo won first, Rebel unplaced. Mr. Tucker was surprised when Paul Gladstone beat Gladstone's Boy. He did not think Count Anteo classed with Lora and Miss Ruby. He beat both in the Derby. He did not think Miss Ruby would win first over Antevolo last year in the East, but she did it. Mr. Rose did not expect Wun Lung to beat Hope's Mark at the Southern, but he did. Mr. Avent was as much surprised as I, when Chevalier beat Count Gladstone at Bicknell last year. The Manchester Kennel owners were surprised when Gleam's Pink beat Gleam's Sport at the Southern last year. I could go on and cite many more instances where owners and handlers failed to pick the winners of their teams in advance.

This year the stakes have been necessarily reduced by the field trial clubs, the Southern reducing the starting fee in proportion to the reduction in the stakes. With the return of better times many are predicting the adjustment of interest to the new order of things. With more perfect understanding between the large and small kennel owners, I see no reason why field trials cannot be run successfully and the value of dogs enhanced, but no one need expect the high prices dogs have sold formerly for, neither need we expect any other kind of property to bring the higher prices that have prevailed.

P. H. BRYSON.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., July 20.

Curious Psychic Manifestations.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some months since a correspondent related in your columns the peculiar behavior of his bitch, the animal acting as if she had whelped and guarding a spot in the kennel as if she had a litter there. He wished to know if others had witnessed any such extraordinary behavior in dogs.

I presume he had read the announcement that sometimes appears just under "Kennel" in your paper: "All those who love a dog because it is a dog * * * are invited by the editor," etc. I noticed that no reply appeared to this inquiry which I thought strange, as it is difficult for me to believe that among the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM similar observations have not been made.

At the time and until recently I have been too much occupied to give any of my own observations; but as it seems to me such matters are really among those of greatest interest to those who "love a dog because it is a dog," I submit the following facts: A great Dane bitch of mine, though unserved by any dog, about the very day when she would be due to whelp, calculating from the date when she should litter if she had been served, made a nest of the ordinary straw litter at one end of the bench on which she in common with several other dogs slept; and for two or three days kept possession of this and acted much as if she had a litter of puppies there. She had considerable milk in her teats, but there was no enlargement of the belly or other signs of pregnancy.

One of my English setter bitches that was so fond of maternal duties that she was almost always ready to adopt puppies and try to care for them, on one occasion, though unserved by a dog, enlarged very considerably, and at about the correct date from being in season acted as if she had whelped—indeed there was escape of fluid as in actual parturition, etc., etc. She had also abundance of milk and seemed much disgusted at the absence of puppies. Spurious or false pregnancy is not unknown, even in the human subject, but such a case so closely imitating true parturition is, I am inclined to think, extremely rare in any animal.

The following case has been communicated to me by a good observer of several kinds of animals. A doe rabbit that had never been near a buck, that had moreover never been hutched with one of her own sex (imitation therefore impossible) was observed to carry about bits of bedding in her mouth after the manner of pregnant does about to litter, and even to line the nest with down from her own body. The nest was soon torn to pieces, as there was no tangible result of course. Later this doe was bred to a buck of her own variety and duly littered, but on that occasion took much less pains to form a nest.

These things, though wonderful, are not wholly inexplicable. The better the course of affairs in the universe is understood the more clearly is the law of periodicity or rhythm seen to operate in all things. The phenomena referred to seem to me to fall under this law.

WESLEY MILLS, M.D.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY, Montreal, Can.

The Kent Elgin Entry in S. F. T. Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of July 28, appears an article from B. Waters in "Points and Flushes" on "Clubs and Entries." In this article Mr. Waters uses a letter from T. T. Ashford, of Birmingham, Ala., in order to attack "The Southern Field Trial Club." It is to Mr. Ashford's letter that I shall reply, and in doing so, I beg the indulgence of the readers of your paper, as I despise controversies of this kind.

In 1891 the Southern Field Trial Club abandoned the running of a pointer stake with a guaranteed prize, as the club had lost money on every one they had run. At the same meeting the club agreed to run a pointer stake on the "sweepstake" plan, provided six pointers filled. They also passed this resolution: "When an owner shall have entered his dog in the Pointer Stake, and had him prepared to run, and brought to the trials, he shall have the right to start said dog in the All-Age stake, on payment of last forfeit, if he so desires."

Mr. Avent sent me the entry of Kent-Elgin in 1893 on the same entry blanks on which he entered his other dogs, Kent to be entered in the Pointer Stake. It being on the same entry blank with his setters, I did not notice it when the list of entries was sent to the papers, nor, in fact, until Mr. Avent called my attention to the matter. Mr. Avent sent in payment of the entrance money on Kent-Elgin, a note for $25, drawn by A. W. Bealer, and made payable to T. T. Ashford, due some time after the entries closed. This note was paid through the banks. Mr. Avent asked as a favor that I accept this note in payment of the entrance money, as Mr. Ashford was a friend of his, and said if the note was not paid he would pay me.

Mr. Avent wrote me in January and asked me if I thought the Pointer Stake would fill; I wrote him I could not tell and also wrote him that the dog could go into the regular All-Age Stake. When I reached New Albany he asked me about the matter and I told him the rules of the club; he put the dog into the stake. When Mr. Ashford wrote me about the matter he did so in a very abrupt way, and demanded the return of the $30 and threatened to expose the club if his demand was not complied with. I gave him the above facts, declined to refund the $30 and told him that if he desired to take the matter before the public I felt sure that I could take care of myself. Without consultation with Mr. Avent, I am certain that he will corroborate the above statement. Mr. Ashford wrote me in regard to this matter some time in the spring or early summer; I asked him to carry out his threat if he desired. He well knew that the statement made him could be proven and to make the charges which he threatened to make would do him no good if he made them at that time, so he waits until the last issue of the paper before the entries to the Derby closed and then through the help of Mr. Waters jumps on the club, giving them no chance to prove his assertion false before the entries would close.

The above is a plain statement of the facts. He says he has an abundance of proof in black and white. I want to say that I have the record for all that is written.

T. M. BRUMBY, Sec'y-Treas. of S. F. T. C.

MARIETTA, Ga., July 31.

Toronto Dog Show.

THE premium lists of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association dog show, to be held at Toronto, Sept. 10 to 14, are now ready for distribution, and can be obtained by addressing the secretary, C. A. Stone, 82 King st., E. Toronto.

The list is very complete, over $3,000 being offered in prizes and 172 classes being provided with a promise that should five of any other recognized breed be entered, additional classes will be made; also classes made for dogs and bitches will be divided if five or more are entered.

Mastiffs and St. Bernards are given $15 in challenge classes and $15, $10 and $5 in open classes; also novice and puppy classes for St. Bernards and novice class for mastiffs with prizes of $10, $5 and diploma. Pointers, all setters and collies get $15 and diploma in challenge classes and $15, $7, $3 and diploma in open, with novice classes having $10 and $5. Those breeds receiving $10 and diploma in challenge and $10, $5 and diploma in open are Great Danes, wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, bull-terriers, bulldogs, beagles, Irish, Dandie, Scottish, black and tan and Yorkshire terriers, pugs, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds and poodles. Spaniels have classification No. 1. Field and cocker spaniels get the lion's share of the money with $10 and diploma in challenge and $10, $7 and $2 and diploma for the former and $10, $7, $3 and diploma for the latter in the open division. Fox-terriers get $10 and diploma in challenge and $10, $5 and $3 and diploma in open classes, and in addition, puppy and novice classes with $7, $3 and diploma and $10, $5 and diploma, respectively. Other breeds not mentioned above get $10, $5 and diploma in open classes.

The fox-terriers and spaniels are well looked after in the way of specials, the Canadian Fox-Terrier Club repeating their generosity of last year. The collie specials are also well worthy of notice.

Kennel prizes of $20 are offered for mastiffs and rough and smooth St. Bernards and $15 kennel prizes for bloodhounds, great Danes, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, collies, bulldogs and bull-terriers; $10 kennel prizes for Russian wolfhounds, Scotch staghounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, black and tan terriers, poodles, cockers, spaniels, beagles, fox-terriers and pugs. The very handsome bronze medal of the Association, valued at $10, is offered as a kennel prize for Irish, Dandie Dinmont, Bedlington, Scottish and Skye terriers, red cockers and dachshunds; also for Canadian kennels' and best dog and bitch, Canadian bred, when offered. Handlers' prizes of $40 to first, $20 to second are given.

The Association offer their silver medal, value $20, for the largest entry made by one exhibitor; also a bronze medal is offered for the exhibitor making the highest winning average.

The entry fee is $3 and the entries close Wednesday, Aug. 29. As this will be the only show in Canada this fall, it should be well supported for various reasons. The public are reminded that wins will count both with the A. K. C. and the C. K. C. Atttention is also drawn to the passenger rates and to the railway and express companies' arrangements, which we have already published.

Moral Sense in Dogs.

Prof. Lloyd Morgan recently published an essay on the limits of the intelligence of animals, and he asserted that much of their intelligence is gained from experience, but denies them reason on the ground that they are incapable of moral judgment. It is difficult to imagine how any student of animal nature could have arrived at such a conclusion. To deny a moral sense in dogs or horses, dogs particularly, is almost to deny the same quality in man. Who that is familiar with dogs will venture to say that they do not know right from wrong?

As a familiar instance of one phase of their moral sense, one that will appeal to most people who admit their dogs to familiar companionship, take the case of a dog who has been corrected for some misdoing, such as lying upon a certain chair or lounge. In the absence of the master or mistress the dog will make himself comfortable in the forbidden quarters, and directly he hears his mistress's footstep will jump down and try to appear innocent of the guilty act. He knows he has done wrong.

What higher evidence of this moral sense need we have than a sacrifice of his own convenience to the good of his kind or to some individual to whom he is attached? There have been many authenticated instances where dogs have sacrificed their lives in an endeavor to save human beings. If the dog did not feel it his duty to exert that influence, and thus show his moral sense in the highest degree, he would be content to seek his own safety.

The dog is not endowed with the foolish pride that instigates many men to do acts of bravery unnecessarily; a dog will often flee from danger in which he alone is concerned, but which he will face to the last extremity for some one to whom he is attached. Dogs have often shown that they have this capacity for self-sacrifice as a governing motive where men have often failed. Such sacrifice surely proves that they have a moral sense in the highest degree. Dogs have been known to meet death in the flames of a burning house in their endeavor to save life, or call the attention of those dear to them to their danger. The instinct of self-preservation would naturally impel them to seek their own safety, but the possession of a high moral sense forbids such an act. Children and others have been saved from drowning, times without number, by dogs; and while swimming, perhaps far from known aid, what prevented them from leaving their charge

to look out for itself and seeking their own safety by swimming to shore?—a high moral sense of duty. And the dog has been known to die rather than shirk that duty. To say that such noble actions, as sublime as any man is capable of, are merely mechanical, is stupid and ignorant, and one is forced to agree with the writer who said, "Our theories of natural history need revision. We need a broader and higher view of the lives of other animals. We need to learn that though no other animal can at all compare in intellect with man, there are many animals in some one mental and moral quality which are the equals or even the superiors of the average man."

There are cowards among dogs as there are cowards among men, but if we can only show one instance where a dog has proved himself possessed of this moral sense it is sufficient to prove that such a quality does exist in dogs. Those who own dogs should stop and think now and then that their four-footed friends are worthy of more than to toss them a bone and allow them the sky for a shelter.

Answers to Correspondents.

Y. Doodle, Boston.—Ans. I am always glad to decide on any question you may ask, however much it may bring me in the class of extra hazardous risks of the insurance companies. As to who owns the best great Dane it has not yet been definitely settled, although I expect it soon will be, as it is now in the hands of a volunteer committee for arbitration.

Lumber Head, Hartford.—Is my dog registered? Ans. If you registered him, he is registered. If you or some one else did not register him, he is not registered. Buy a primer on the elements of common sense.

Adept, Covington, Ky.—I have a black, white and tan setter puppy, six months old. When taken into the fields for the first time and he comes across a gang of quail, will he point or not point? Ans. Yes.

Inquirer, Pinos Wells, N. M.—Which is considered the best breed of dogs for saving children from drowning—the St. Bernard or Newfoundland dog? There is no water near my ranch, but I have six children. Ans. It will be necessary to dig a lake close by your house, or move your abode to the banks of a lake or river, if you buy a dog to save your children from a watery grave. Either breed is good for the purpose, though the St. Bernard is better at saving people from very deep snow. If you buy the latter it would be better, if you are in earnest in giving the dog a chance, to move your habitation near deep snow.

Sureshot, Harrisburg, Pa.—Is straw a good bedding for hunting dogs? Ans. Generally speaking, it is not. The reason is that it is in the wrong place. If it is put where the dog can sleep on it, it serves the purpose very well. It seems that there is a prevalent belief that if the owner sleeps comfortably his dog should be happy and satisfied for that reason. Most dogs furnish their own beds or go without.

Troubled Jim.—My dog, for which I paid $2, kills sheep in my neighbor's flock, but my neighbor hasn't found it out yet. What will cure him (the dog)? Ans. If you were to kill the rest of the sheep yourself it would probably stop the dog. Or a high, close fence built around the pasture might keep the dog out. Or if each sheep were wrapped in tin, the dog thereby might be balked. Or the owner might be induced to shut them up in his barn. Or anything else to give the dog a free and happy life. If you bought the sheep he would then not kill his neighbor's sheep.

Admirer, Detroit.—My St. Bernard is six months old and healthy, with correct markings. How high should he be and what should be his weight? Ans. Not less than 12 nor more than 39in. as to height; and as to weight not less than 10 nor more than 250lbs. All dogs grow precisely alike, hence there is no trouble in giving exact information.

Main Chance, Chicago.—I have the offer of two stud dogs, both well bred, one is black and white, the other a foxhound; one at $20, the other at $25. I love a dog, and believing you have a sympathetic spirit in such love, I make bold to write you. Which dog had I better breed to? Ans. The black and white dog is the prettiest, I fancy, and I am disposed to advise you to hasten to secure his services; but from your description the foxhound is the best workman, and therefore on the score of utility I would advise you to engage him. Utility is always of more lasting benefit than beauty. What you say about sympathetic spirits is indeed too true. A touch of spirits makes the whole world akin.

Anxious, Philadelphia.—Can you inform me who owned a setter called Jack twenty years ago by a man out West that was orange and white and had a double nose? He ran in a race with some other dog and won. Ans. There are plenty of white orangemen in the West, but none with double noses. I regret I don't know.

Charlie, Memphis.—I notice that my dog eats greedily of persimmons when out in the fields. What will break him of the habit? Ans. Feed him liberally with good beef or mutton. Or better yet, feed him all he will eat. A dog eats persimmons to fill a long-felt want. He simply takes advantage to eat abroad which is not available at home—all to satisfy his hunger.

G. L. Z., Springfield, Conn.—In a contemporary I notice the following: "Melac, the great Dane, has again changed hands." Do great Danes have hands? Ans. It was probably a typographical error. THE CYNIC.

DOG CHAT.

Mr. J. B. Martin of San Francisco, Cal., writes us that he has turned the fox-terrier Rejoice over to Mr. Fores of Alameda, Cal., on Mr. Bell's behalf, and has received from Mr. Bell through the same gentleman the bitch Blemton Consequence. Mr. Martin adds: "Of course this exchange was not satisfactory to me, but I was compelled to accept it or begin a suit. I bought Consequence one year ago guaranteed in whelp to Dusky Trap. I am now receiving her not in whelp. Rejoice came out one year ago and was not in whelp, and she has only one pup alive here of the one litter she had by Blemton Reefer, while Mr. Bell has received two litters from Consequence, admittedly a much better bitch." Mr. Martin seems to have had the thin end of the stick all through.

Mr. J. Taylor Williams, of Dayton, Ky., is a great admirer of the Druid, Count Noble and Gladstone strains, and has bred his Ben Hill bitch, that took vhc. at Louisville, to his Noble Lit, aud from this union, the bitch being so deep in Druid blood and the dog strong in Count Noble and Gladstone blood, it would seem, according to Mr. Bryson, as if some good field trialers would result.

"Bob" Armstrong, manager of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's kennel of collies, sails for England, Aug. 11, on the Aurania. He will take in some of the principal shows just to see whether the collies they have been getting over are the right sort, and returns in about a month. The Cragstone Kennels will, therefore, not show at Toronto or Providence next month, so that Rufford Ormonde will probably not be benched till the W. K. C. show next year.

Mr. M. Bruce, secretary of the Des Moines Kennel Club, informs us that they have added the following classes to their premium list: Class 68½, Russian corded poodles, open dogs and bitches, prizes $8 and $5; Class 92½, pugs, novice class and open dogs and bitches, prizes $5 and $3; Class 100, Bedlington terriers, open dogs and bitches, prizes $5 and $3. Classes 65, 66, 67 and 68 are for French curly-coated poodles. Since the publication of the premium list the following specials have been secured: $5 each for best Irish water spaniel dog, bull-terrier bitch, collie bitch and Irish setter dog puppy, and the prospects are that they will get other cash specials.

Mr. James Watson has an article in the *Kennel Gazette* for July on the duties of specialty club secretaries. FOREST AND STREAM was the first to draw attention to this subject some time since, and pointed out the advantages to be gained by clubs which give some publicity to their doings, and we quite agree with Mr. Watson when he writes, "That there is a large unworked field for nearly all of them cannot be denied, and to reap the waiting harvest is what they should set themselves about doing. They all seem to be afraid of newspaper prominence, at least we are fully entitled to assume such to be the case when month follows month and not a line in a single paper regarding any one of them. Printer's ink pays, and men in business expend countless thousands for just such publicity as is only too freely placed at the disposal of specialty clubs. It costs the clubs nothing and would call for but a few minutes' labor on the part of the secretary to keep the public as well as club members advised of what the committee is doing. Some people do not value a thing they get for nothing, and perhaps if the kennel press charged five cents a line for club notices they might cause the officials to believe it was worth while giving occasional evidences of their existence." This is on all fours with what we said on this subject, but there has been little improvement. The specialty club whose secretary keeps its doings well before the public will surely reap a benefit in increased membership and the heightened interest in the club's affairs of those who are already members. Secretaries should further divest themselves of the idea that it is a favor to the papers to send such matter in. The papers derive little benefit, and if of sufficient importance to them would devise some means to obtain it anyhow.

Mr. F. S. Webster, secretary of the Pointer Club, seems to have a just appreciation of his position when in sending in his report and asking for its insertion, he adds: "It will serve to keep up interest and show that we intend to keep the pot boiling." Mr. Watson mentions the Bulldog and Spaniel clubs as being more progressive in this respect than the other specialty clubs, but he has evidently made a slip in not including the several beagle clubs, whose secretaries are ever alive to the advantage of making their club's doings public. We don't know whether the English Setter Club, Collie, Fox-Terrier, St. Bernard, Mastiff, Irish Setter, Gordon Setter or other clubs ever hold meetings outside of the annual ones at W. K. C. shows because one never reads about them, and their members never seem to know what is going on. Specialty clubs should realize their position and their importance to the breeds they represent and are organized to foster.

Rhode Island State Fair Show.

The following changes and additions have been made in the Rhode Island show's premium list: Class 22, bull-terriers—Premium No. 357, puppies, dogs, prizes $3 and $1.50. No. 357A, puppies, bitches, prizes $3 and 2. Class 23, smooth fox-terriers—Premium No. 361A, puppies, dogs, prizes $3 and $1.50; No. 361B, puppies, bitches, prizes $3 and $1.50. Class 24, wire-haired fox-terriers—Premium No. 366, puppies, dogs, prizes $3 and $1.50; No. 366A, puppies, bitches, prizes $3 and $1 50. Class 26, Boston terriers—Premium No. 371, open, dogs, 25 to 35lbs., prizes $10 and $5; No. 371A, open. bitches, 25 to 35lbs., prizes $10 and $5; No. 372, open, bitches, 15 to 25lbs., prizes $10 and $5; No 372A, open, dogs, 15 to 25lbs., prizes $10 and $5; No 372B, open, puppies, diploma. Class 15, Gordon setters—Premium No. 335, puppies, dogs, prizes $4 and $; No. 325A, puppies, bitches, prizes $4 and $2. Class 17, cocker spaniels—Premium No. 341A, open, black dogs, prizes $10 and $5; No. 345A, open, black bitches, prizes $10 and $5; No. 343, puppies, field or cocker, dogs, prizes $3 and $1.50; No. 343A, puppies, field or cocker, bitches, prizes $3 and $1.50. Class 21, bulldogs—Premium No. 350A, challenge bitches, prize $10; No. 351, open, dogs, 45lbs. and over, prizes $10 and $5; No. 351A, open, dogs, under 45lbs., prizes $10 and $5; No. 352, open, bitches, 40lbs. and over, prizes $10 and $5; No. 352A, open, bitches, under 40lbs., prizes $10 and $5. Additional classification: Class 11, beagles—Premium No. 314, puppies, dogs, prizes $3 and $1.50; No. 314A, puppies, bitches, prizes $3 and $1.50. Class 12, pointers—Premium No. 321, puppies, dogs, prizes $4 and $2; No. 321A, puppies, bitches, prizes $4 and $2. Class 13, English setters—Premium No. 326, puppies, dogs, prizes $4 and $2; No. 326A, puppies, bitches, prizes $4 and $2. Class 14, Irish setters—Premium No. 331, puppies, dogs, prizes $4 and $2; No. 33A, puppies, bitches, prizes $4 and $2.

The prospects for a good show at Cranston, R. I., next month are bright, and now that the additional classification has been made Mr. Roberts feels a little more confidence in appealing to exhibitors for a good entry. The principal changes in classification are for bull-terriers, spaniels and Boston terriers. Intending exhibitors should bear in mind when making their entries, which close Sept. 3, that the class numbers merely refer to the breed and that these are in turn divided and numbered by premiums, and in making entries in the various classes these premium numbers must be used. If there are five challenge entries in any breed the sexes will be divided.

The Toronto show management have made a good move in deciding to have greyhound races, which will take place in front of the grand stand on the afternoons of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of the show. First prize will be $15, second $7, third $3; distance about 250yds. in heats, best two in three. No entrance fee is required, but all wishing to compete must have their dogs entered in their regular classes in the dog show, entries for the race to be made with C. A. Stone, secretary of dog show, 82 King street, east, Toronto, not later than 12 o'clock on Tuesday, Sept. 11. Entries for the dog show close Wednesday, Aug. 29. There is a slight mistake in the special prize for the highest average; it is for all breeds and is not confined to the beagle classes alone.

The death of Mr. J. J. Steward, a noted collie breeder on the other side, is announced. He was the owner of the collie Cremorne and also of the collie Caractacus that made such a sensational sale at Liverpool some years back. Mr. Steward entered him at $500 and the dog was claimed by several exhibitors, and finally put up at auction, bringing $1,750, but like many another promising young collie he went off, and little has been heard of him since. Mr. Steward was also the former owner of Clifton Hero and Clifton Maid, the former coming to this country. Mr. Steward was a good judge and had donned the ermine at Birmingham for many years.

Mr. K. E. Hopf, who was so well known in St. Bernard circles a few years back, is now at Arangee, Fremont county, Idaho, where he is managing the Bellevue, a summer resort and sportsmen's headquarters. Arangee is the night station of the U. P. stage line which runs from Beaver Canyon to the Yellowstone Park, and is about 55 miles from the Fountain Hotel, Yellowstone Park. Mr. Hopf is in the midst of a great game country, and any dogmen, St. Bernard cranks especially, would be sure of a hearty welcome from old Otho's owner.

Mr. A. B. Truman, of San Francisco, Cal., has suffered a severe loss in the death of his noted Irish setter bitch Elcho T. According to *Field Sports*, she died two weeks since, during the whelping of a litter to Dick Swiveller, imported some time since by Mr. Truman from Oak Grove Kennels. Elcho T. made a great name for herself both on the bench and as a matron. She won firsts at San Francisco and Los Angeles shows since 1886, her last win being in the challenge class at Oakland last May. She has raised 129 puppies, 20 of which have been exhibited and won honors. Elcho T. was by champion Elcho out of champion Noreen, therefore a full sister to the renowned champions Elcho, Jr., Bruce, Glencho, Fawn, etc. She is the last but one of the famous mating, Elcho—Noreen, and her loss both to Mr. Truman and to the Irish setter fancy on the coast is one not easily remedied.

The White Star steamer Bovic, which arrived on Monday last, brought over fifteen foxhounds for Mr. Wadsworth, master of the Genesee Valley Hunt. Three dogs also came over consigned to Mr. James Mortimer and two for F. B. Vandegrift of New York.

Mr. Mortimer is expected back to-day or to-morrow. While on the other side he has, we understand, purchased a number of curly poodles for Mr. H. G. Trevor, whose intention to import some we spoke of a few weeks since. We are told that Mr. Mortimer took a run over to gay "Paree" for these.

We are sorry to hear that old Black Prince, the well-known field spaniel owned by Mr. Wilmerding, has about run his race. He is over 13 years old and is rapidly failing, though he still manages to get up when he sees a gun.

Mr. Rathbone, owner of the Beverwyck Kennels of fox-terriers, pursues the even tenor of his way, as usual, keeping quiet until he is ready to show a good puppy and win a few sweepstakes. His Royalist is coming on well, and has already sired some promising puppies, but as his owner says, "You know how hard it is to be sure of a youngster; they change so astonishingly that I dare not at present say much about any of them."

There are a number of new "Kennel Specials" this week offering bargains in dogflesh that are sure to take. E. C. Dodd offers Gordon setter pups; C. F. Waterhouse, pointer bitch; Sandy River Kennels, Irish setter pups and will also train dogs for New England hunting; J. A. Thomas, well bred English setter pups; Exchange Kennels, all kinds of dogs; Handsome Brook Kennels, working cockers; A. Laidlaw, trained spaniels and entire kennel of celebrated cockers; E. Booth, two St. Bernard bitches. A. Corbet Elliott desires a situation as manager of a kennel.

At the Strabane (Ireland) show recently held, a class was provided for the old-fashioned Irish setter—red and white.

Mr. Tom Stretch seems ever willing to sell his best collies, confident that he can breed some more. He has just brought out two good ones. Spinaway, at Bristol, made her maiden effort to the tune of five firsts and three specials and then the week after, at Langollen, her sister Actress, "debuted" four firsts and two specials. They are both by Ormskirk Chriss out of Prima Donna and the only two of that litter Mr. Stretch succeeded in rearing. Mr. Stretch has taken a fancy to smooths and it is expected that the merles will come into more prominent notice very soon.

The new rules of the English Kennel Club make the attainment of champion honors subject to the whim or will of the Kennel Club, which selects such breeds as it thinks proper at shows held under its rules to count for championship, and even this distinction is subject to cancellation of classes in the event of a poor entry. Some of the breeds have not yet had a chance to score a championship and the new rule is evidently far from popular.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Sir Arthur. By W. A. Wheatley, Memphis, Tenn., for black and white English setter dog, whelped May 16, 1894, by Thiers (Dan Gladstone—Queen Novice) out of Lily B. (Marshal Ney—Miss Lou Ellen).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Roderigo's Queen—Count Monk of Furness. J. McAleer's (Emsworth, Pa.) English setter bitch Roderigo's Queen (champion Roderigo—Count Howard's Bride) to Klee & Dean's Count Monk of Furness, June 24.

Lady Dinah—Streatham Monarch. J. C. Mahler's (Avalon, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Lady Dinah (Bendigo—Flirt II.) to J. Moorehead, Jr.'s Streatham Monarch (Streatham Flyer—Trentham Baroness), June 27.

Cashier's Daughter—Happy Toby. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Cashier's Daughter to their Happy Toby, July 19.

Fanny Noble—Breeze Gladstone. J. Schroth's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Fanny Noble to F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Jessica Dortch. G. W. Amory's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Jessica Dortch (Beppo III.—Sal), June 23, six (two dogs), by his Mainstay (Mainspring—Barmaid).

Bells of Shandon. F. K. Pidgeon's (Saugerties, N. Y.) pointer bitch Bells of Shandon (Spot Dash—Naso's Bell), June 14, seven (three dogs), by his Graphic VI. (champion Graphic—Daisy II.).

Prairie Belle. J. McAleer's (Emsworth, Pa.) pointer bitch Prairie Belle, June 11, twelve (seven dogs), by his Rip Rap, Jr. (champion Rip Rap—Fannie Bijou).

Lucy Blade. J. McAleer's (Emsworth, Pa.) English setter bitch Lucy Blade (Toledo Blade—Rod's Bessie), May 14, six (four dogs), by Dr. Hartman's Sig. Gladstone (Gladstone's Boy—Demon).

Revelation. T. A. Holcombe's (Salt Lake City, Utah) bull-terrier bitch Revelation (Little Prince—Edgewood Fly), June 8, six (four dogs), by C. F. West's Bob Acres (Croydon Dutch—Burston Kit).

Edgewood Fly. T. A. Holcombe's (Salt Lake City, Utah) bull-terrier bitch Edgewood Fly (Duke—Alice), June 16, seven (four dogs), by his Little Prince (Bendigo—Kit).

Clara Belle. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Clara Belle (Happy Toby—La Belle Senora), June 22, eight (six dogs), by their Happy Toby (Spokane—Nelly T.).

Seacroft Otillia. S. J. Rogers's (Avondale, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch Seacroft Otillia (champion Dominie—Brockenhurst Queenie), Aug. 1, four (two dogs), by Seacroft Kennels' Seacroft Bourbon (champion D'Orsay—Damson).

Fay. O. B. Hark's (Bethlehem, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Fay (champion Cherry Boy—Flash B.), July 7, four (two dogs), by his High Rock Lad (Black Duck—Sis F.).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Ozark. White bull-terrier dog, whelped May 14, 1894, by Yankee Dan out of Floss, by J. C. Mahler, Avalon, Pa., to Clarence Lake, Sewickly, Pa.

Ruby Parker. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped July 21, 1891, by Nelson out of Lady Dinah, by J. C. Mahler, Avalon, Pa., to L. Fabor, Allegheny, Pa.

Otego. White bull-terrier dog, whelped March 10, 1894, by Barney B out of Ruby Parker, by J. C. Mahler, Avalon, Pa., to G. Frieze, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Avalon Boy. White bull-terrier dog, whelped March 19, 1894, by Boaz out of Pittsburgh Carmencita, by J. C. Mahler, Avalon, Pa., to J. Werner, Clifton, Pa.

Danichef. Russian wolfhound, by Eberhard Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to R. D. Williams, Lexington, Ky.

Kaluga. Russian wolfhound, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to R. D. Williams, Lexington, Ky.

Jessie. French curly poodle, whelped June 4, 1894, by Moughlow out of Queen Zip, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to J. W. Fletcher, same place.

Little Dorrit. St. Bernard bitch, whelped March 28, 1894, by Earl Douglass out of Fernwood Urania, by Belle Isle Kennls, Detroit, Micb., to J. M. Butler, Youngstown, O.

Captain Jack. Cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 21. 1894, by champion Bendigo out of Lady Gay, by Belle Isle Kennels, Detroit, Micb., to Mrs. H. M. Duffield, same place.

Snowdrop. St. Bernard bitch,whelped Jan. 2, 1894, by Earl Douglass out of Lady Martin, by Belle Isle Keunels, Detroit, Mich., to Wm. Livingston, Jr., same place.

Cæsar Don II. St. Bernard dog, whelped March 27, 1894, by Earl Douglass out of Lady Martin, by Belle Isle Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to Wm. Livingston, Jr., same place.

Belle Isle Guard. St. Bernard dog, whelped March 28, 1894, by Earl Douglass out of Fernwood Urania, by Belle Isle Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to A. Armstrong, same place.

Swiss. St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 20, 1894, by Sancho out of Russet, by Belle Isle Kennels, Detroit, Micb., to B. L. Short, Argo, Col.

General. St. Bernard dog, wbelped Oct. 20, 1893, by Lidgerwood Bute out of Princess Nina, by Belle Isle Kennels, Detroit, Mich , to H. G. Sherrard, Grosse Point, Mich.

Kent III.—Countess Addie whelps. White and black ticked English setters, whelped March 26, 1894, by A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., two dogs to F. E. Hall, Brunswick, Me., and a dog and bitch to O. England, Worcester, Mass.

Earl Douglass—Lady Martin whelp. St. Bernard dog, whelped March 27, 1894, by Belle Isle Kennels, Detroit, Micb., to P. C. Heald, Midland, Mich.

King Vero. St. Bernard dog, whelped March 4, 1894, by Earl Douglass out of Artilla, by Belle Isle Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to F. A. Rose, Waterbury, Conn.

Tyrass. Same litter, to B. Stroh, Detroit, Mich.

Dog Puppy. Same litter, to Rufli & Kehl, Sutton's Bay, Mich.

Bruce of Orange. Same litter, to O. E. Hinz, Detroit, Micb.

Lord Clive. St. Bernard dog, whelped Jan. 1, 1894, by Earl Douglass out of Dudley Juno, by Belle Isle Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to A. Robinson, Detroit, Mich.

Lady Bet. Same litter, to L. Saur, Detroit, Micb.

Lady Clive. Same litter, to J Taylor, Detroit, Micb.

Don Carlos. Same litter, to T. Pitts, Detroit, Mich.

Blaz. Same litter, to Miss Mary Gorman, Detroit, Mich.

Don Cæsar II. Same litter, to Wm. Livingstone, Jr., Detroit, Mich.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. G., Newark, N. J.—Yes, the prescription is good; of course, you can reduce the quantities, but keep the same ratio.

P. A. H., West Medford, Mass.—We cannot give you the pedigree of Sancho. There is a black cocker bitch called Topsey S., owned by Swiss Mountain Kennels.

N. S. P., New Brunswick, N. J.—You will find reliable cocker kennels advertised in our kennel business columns. Why not state your requirements in a "Kennel Special?"

Tim, Petralia, Ont.—You should certainly cure your setter of the chicken killing habit. If whipping will not cure him, after he has killed a chicken, tie the whole or what is left to the dog's collar under his jaws in such manner that it is impossible for him to get rid of it. Allow it to stay there as long as possible, and the setter will probably have such a surfeit of chicken that he will be unwilling to try another.

F. W., Yankton, S. D.—The black on your Irish setter would indicate a Gordon setter cross, and is a disqualification for show purposes. An Irish setter should be of a uniform rich red mahogany color; a little white will often appear on the chest and muzzle, but this is no sign of impurity, simply a throw back to original color, most of the original breed being red and white. Richardson, who wrote on the breed fifty years ago, said the Irish setter was "the genuine descendant of the original land spaniel." The origin of the Irish setter is so uncertain that we can give you no definite explanation further than it is considered by many to be the purest and oldest of the setter family. You will find much interesting information on this breed in Lee's "Modern Dogs," (Sporting) for sale at this office. Price, $6.

J. C. McP., Sunshine, Washington.—My seven-months-old Irish setter bitch appears to be always lively when playing with another dog and appears to be in good health to a casual observer, but her coat is harsh and staring, and looks ragged; the hair came off under her lower jaw, also a patch came off of one of her forelegs and another patch about four inches square from her side. I am house-breaking her, but she does not appear to take any interest in the proceedings, and appears listless and seems timid, although I know that she is not the least bit backward. Ans. Treat for worms. Wash once a week in a solution of creolin (1 to 100). Give the following powders:

Mag. sulph.....
Sulph. precip.....
Pot. bitart.....āā ʒi

Mix and divide in twelve powders. Give one morning and evening mixed with the food.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.

Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Brunswick Fur Club. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

The American Coursing Board.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There were some who contended that the American Coursing Board, when organized last fall, would founder. They contended that certain members would "run the thing" to suit themselves. Were they right? At the present writing I should be compelled to say that they were. Certain it is that matters are not conducted in an open-handed, fair way. For example, to illustrate how the certain members are trying to suit things to their own convenience I would cite the following and go back a little.

Shortly after the organization of the board, the rules governing coursing were changed to some extent, the principal change being that made to Rule 18. No provision was made for the holding of meetings of the board. Several other matters were acted upon, such as the election of officers, etc. All voting had been done by mail.

On May 9 T. W. Bartels, one of the members from the Altcar Club, made a motion in writing, which was duly seconded by J. Herbert Watson, and sent on to the president, Mr. Lowe. This motion instead of being submitted to the members for action or for their votes, was pigeon-holed until some method could be devised by the members who persist in "running the board" to counteract it. The method finally decided upon was then made known, after two months of study. It came in the form of an amendment offered by Dr. Q. Van Hummell of Indianapolis, which has just been submitted to the members for their decision. The amendment bears date July 10, two months after the original motion was made by Mr. Bartels. Strange to say, the original motion was also submitted to the members with the amendment. Now, why was the original motion withheld for over two months? Why was Dr. Van Hummell allowed to make an amendment to the original motion before the original motion had been submitted or put? Is it not contrary to all parliamentary proceedings? Why offer the amendment at all, when a negative vote on the original will leave the question of rules, constitution, etc., just as they were adopted last fall, and just as the amendment would leave them if carried. It is apparent to any one that the motion was amended without any right, simply for the purpose of securing a "delay." They know the change in Rule 18 (and this seems to be Mr. Lowe's pet rule), will come sooner or later. They want to stave it off as long as possible, until after the fall meets, a least, and longer if possible. This is their whole purpose.

By what right does the president withhold a motion properly made and seconded for more than two months, and when he finally puts it, by what right does he put an amendment with it, which has not been properly offered?

As to whether or not any change is desirable, is not the question. The members can decide that by voting on the motion. The questions before us are: "Is the American Coursing Board being conducted in a proper way," and "Are the members of the Board possessed of any rights which the president of the board respects?"

If the board is to be "run" in the future as it has been in the past, you can depend upon it that its usefulness will never be made apparent. Clubs that are now represented on the board will decline to be governed thereby, and will withdraw their allegiance. Let the matters coming before the board be treated in a straightforward and prompt manner and every courser east of the Rockies will lend his support to the board; otherwise not. L. F. Bartels.

Denver, Col., Aug. 3.

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Northwestern Beagle Club's Trials.

Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Northwestern Beagle Club's field trials promise to be the greatest event of its kind ever held in America. Last year's entries will be more than doubled, and about $200 in cash and about the same amount in other valuables will be distributed among the winners. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The argument as to whether our beagle men are breeding dogs that are good both for bench and field, is an interesting one, and the defenders of the pure article have come to the aid of their "merrie houndes" in gallant order. But many men make many experiences, and the beagle men should not rest here, for the "rabbit dog" hunters have fenced themselves round with some pretty strong opinions, the outgrowth of practical experiments. A personal letter from a prominent field trial judge probably discloses a widely spread feeling when he says: "I amused myself yesterday by writing a reply to Messrs. Ellis and Robinson, who have been attacking the beagles, and amused myself this morning by tearing it up. What is the use of defending the beagle against an attack from a man who owned *one* and who condemns the whole breed because he frightened the pup in its youth and made it gun-shy; or against a man who appears to hunt only for count? If he gets a lot of rabbits the dog is good, few rabbits the dog is bad. He ought to get a ferret and a net and give up hunting with dogs altogether. The trouble is neither Ellis nor Robinson have seen any good beagles. 'Agamak's' letter was right to the point, and makes an excellent reply to Mr. Ellis."

It is for the very purpose of overcoming this feeling of "what is the use" that Forest and Stream affords space for discussion on this subject. Beagle breeders should use every endeaver to overcome this feeling that the pure bred or show beagle is worthless in the field, a sentiment that evidently largely obtains in some localities, and especially among those hunters who can only keep one or two hounds.

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It is unfortunate, in a sense, that the three beagle trials this year follow each other so closely, as we know of some kennel owners in the East who had an idea of running at the Northwestern Club's trials, but the home trials will probably afford them all the running they can spare time for this year. There are, however, lots of good beagles in the South and West and beagles, too, owned by hunters who are not affected by a striving for fancy stock, therefore we can quite sympathize with Mr. Steffen in his rosy anticipations.

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Messrs. Appleton and Schellhass went down to Hempstead last week, and with Mr. A. D. Lewis, who lives in that neighborhood, looked over the country where it is expected the N. B. C. trials will be held. The committee is reported to be satisfied with the outlook, especially as they had scarcely walked off Mr. Lewis's lawn when they spied a hare in its form, and as Mr. Lewis earnestly denies having "salted" the ground, we must take it for granted that there will be no lack of game; and from what we know of the country, no better place could be chosen round New York. The meeting on Aug. 9 will settle the question.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

9. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
9. Interlake Y. A., Cruise, Lake Erie.
10. Manchester, Ch. Pen., Mass. B.
10-11-13. Atlantic City Cor., Special Midsummer Races, Atlantic City.
11. Cape Cod, Club, Orleans.
11. Cleveland, Ladies' Day.
11. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
11. Hempstead Bay, Club, Hempstead Bay.
11. Sea Cliff, An., L. I. Sound.
11-12. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Petaluma Bridge.
11. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor
13. Schoodic, Open, St. Andrews.
16. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
16-17-18. Corinthian, Midsummer Series, Marblehead.
17. Manchester, Ch. Pen., Mass. B.
18. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
18. American, Seaver Cup Newburyport.
18. Beverly, Sweeps, West Falmouth.
18. Cape Cod, Club, Orleans.
18. Indian Harbor, Ladies' Day Race, L. I. Sound.
18. Sea. Cor., 21ft., Roosevelt Memorial Cup, Oyster Bay.
18. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.
20. Rhode Island, Open, Narragansett Bay.
21. Fall River, Open.
25. Atlantic City Cor., Open Muckle Cup, Atlantic City.
25. Quincy, Open, Dorchester Bay
25. Squantum, Club Squantum, Mass.
25. Indian Harbor, 22ft., Naphtha Launches, L. I. Sound.
25. Cor. Mus. Fleet, Ann., New Rochelle.
25. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
25. Knickerbocker, Club, L. I. S'd.
25. Columbia, Open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
25. Cor. Phila., Sweeps, Del. River.
25-26. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, California City.
27. Schoodic, 3d Cup, St. Andrews.
30. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.

As the contests become closer each year, the interest in international yacht racing becomes keener and more widespread, and even the tremendous enthusiasm that followed the victories of Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer is exceeded by the intense interest with which the races of Vigilant and Britannia are followed on both sides of the water. We quote this week a number of extracts from American journals, which, we fear, are fairly true expressions of current American opinion. A few of them echo something of the manly tone of the letter which we print elsewhere; but the great majority continue to deny a fair meed of praise to the British yacht, and seek comfort in more or less flimsy excuses, or in abuse of all connected with the American craft; the Goulds are called snobs, Mr. Herreshoff is an ignorant meddler, Captain Haff is too old and the crew are lubbers. We publish these excuses and complaints (and we might easily treble their number), not because they are true or pleasant to read; but because, we are sorry to say, they show very clearly the spirit of the American press, large and small, in all parts of the country. It is these same journals which were responsible for the extravagant claims of universal supremacy for the various Cup defenders; which have dilated at length on victories won over the inside course on New York Bay, and which have ridiculed the excuses then made by the vanquished on the score of light winds, tides, local conditions, climatic influence and strange surroundings. Now that the odds are reversed and defeat has come, they are so blinded by it that they not only deny that it is a defeat, in withholding from Britannia all credit for her victories, but they have fallen upon their old idols, the designer of Gloriana and Vigilant, and the skipper of Volunteer and Titania, and most illogically blame them for being beaten.

The tone of the British papers, on the other hand, is not only more dignified but more generous, the good points of Vigilant's work being freely conceded. We have not space to quote from the many Scotch and English papers which are now following all the races closely, but the whole spirit of the British press is eminently fair to the American yacht and to all connected with her.

We are heartily in sympathy with the letter of our correspondent Mr. Connolly, as a fair, manly and American view of the whole matter. An American who undertakes such a task as that assumed by Mr. Carroll last year and Mr. Gould this season, who does it in good faith and at his personal expense, is certainly entitled to the sympathy and good will of Americans, whether he win or lose. Had the owners of the old America acted according to modern ideas in staying safely at home awaiting a challenge in which all the odds should be on their side, what has become famous as the America's Cup would have been forgotten years ago among the other shapeless pots of some old-time British racing man.

We do not wish to depreciate the spirit shown in the many successful races in defense of the Cup, but we would not for a moment place it beside the spirit of Mr. Carroll and Mr. Gould in taking Navahoe and Vigilant across to-day as America was taken nearly fifty years ago.

There is no denying that, being able, through the possession of the *premier* yachting trophy of the world, to have all races at their own doors and with the odds on their side, American yachtsmen have developed a disposition to make the most of these advantages, to let others do the challenging and ocean voyaging, and after claiming the championship of the world on each occasion on the strength of two or three victories in home waters, to lock up the champion in as much security as that which attends the Cup itself.

The whole trouble with Mr. Gould is not that he is the son of his father, that he has too much or too little money, or that he has or covets this or that social position, but that he alone, of American yachtsmen, has dared to take the latest "world's champion" out of the glass case and cotton wool in which she was practically packed after defeating Valkyrie, and has put her to a test which will show whether she is really the champion of the world, or merely of New York.

It may be urged that American yachtsmen were, by right of many successive victories, in a position where they might with propriety rest on the defensive alone, and this we are willing to admit for the sake of argument; but when a man of more than common spirit comes forward and is willing to assume the great expense, responsibility and risk of failure that accompany an offensive expedition, the least that he can expect from his countrymen is fair play.

The opening race of the New York Y. C. cruise, for the semi-centennial cups, on Monday, off Glen Cove, was marred by a sad mishap. Unmindful of all that has lately been said in its praise, that strong American breeze which makes yacht races so decisive and exciting in our waters, was absent on Sunday and Monday, and those yachts which reached the rendezvous, either by good luck or a friendly tow, laid all day motionless. The committee could not muster up such a paltry 6 or 8-knot breeze as plays about the Clyde, and not until 4:15 P. M. was a start attempted; just before the club steamer was obliged to leave for New York. The race was a drift, finished late at night. On Tuesday the fleet started in a light air for Morris Cove.

Vigilant.

The following report, from the London *Times*, gives in detail one of the most interesting races sailed between Vigilant and Britannia, in which the American yacht acquitted herself well, though in hard luck at the last. The performances and maneuvers of the yachts are noted more fully than in the first cable dispatches, and the story gives a far better idea of the relative merits of each. The race is that of the Royal Munster, on July 23:

The Britannia and Vigilant, as well as the Carina, had to be towed from Kingstown to Queenstown by Mr. Gould's steam yacht Atalanta in order to be in time for the Royal Munster match yesterday. The two big cutters had really their first deep water match yesterday, as the course, except in coming home to finish, was outside Roche's Point and quite open to the North Atlantic. The wind was strong in the morning, but off shore, and the water was smooth. Vigilant started with a jib-headed topsail, but Britannia was hardy enough to set a jackyardtopsail. There was a piping breeze and a very fast display of sailing on the two first rounds, and Vigilant gave an unmistakable display of her quality. The race, in fact, looked like a very decisive win for the American, but the wind fell light when she was holding a lead of about 8m., and she was passed and beaten, as shown in the appended detailed account of the race. In an exceptionally heavy squall Britannia tore away from her opponent, and those who have seen the vessels in all their races were hardly prepared for this display. It was another exciting race, and Vigilant's traditional ill-fortune stuck to her. Britannia had good luck, but did some grand sailing after getting the lead. The Royal Munster Club organized what proved to be one of the finest matches that the two vessels have sailed, and everything was managed in a thoroughly practical way.

Match, open to all yachts over 40-rating. First prize, cup, value £60 guineas; second, £26. Course from off Roche's Point, round flagboat off Poor Head, Daunt's Rock Lightship, and flagboat off Roche's Point; three times round. Y. R. A. allowance for 50-mile course:

Yacht.	Rig.	Rating.	Owner.
Vigilant	Cutter	165	Mr. G. J. Gould.
Britannia	Cutter	152	The Prince of Wales.

A fine smooth-water breeze from the north-northeast was blowing off the land when the match began at 11 o'clock, with a broad reach to the Poor Head flagboat (5½ miles), and at gun fire the Prince of Wales's cutter was reaching along on the weather bow of Vigilant and crossed the line with a lead of 16s. Vigilant was carrying a larger flying jib than Britannia, and off Lord Fermoy's mansion she had closed up. Vigilant showed the higher speed as the wind came harder by drawing clear through to leeward when two miles from the eastern limit of their course, and with a staggering breeze, she went roaring on, the breeze at last laying on too stiffly for the big jibtopsail. Britannia carried hers, but was being outfooted, and the times at which they gybed round at Poor Head mark were: Vigilant 11:29:50, Britannia 11:30:30. Sheets were well flowing when they set on their course for Daunts Rock Lightship, which bore west half south (5½ miles). Vigilant going thus free reset her big topsail, but Britannia kept hers unaltered. It was a plain sail and a fast one in the hard wind and fair stream and tide, and the lightship was luffed round thus: Vigilant 11:55:12, Britannia 11:56:39. The wind was straight on end going in for the flagboat off Roche's Point, and Vigilant cast round to the port tack, while Britannia held on toward Cork Head on the starboard. This was perhaps the wrong way, but she was compelled to cross tack with her adversary. It was evident that Vigilant had made a little when she tacked ahead of her rival, and Britannia took another trip in shore, but was yet further astern when she came off. Vigilant kept making something on every board, as she always went further to the eastward and had the ebb each time helping her under the lee bow, Britannia in all her shore casts having the stream setting on the weather beam. Both made a nice clean fetch for weathering distance, and bore away round the flagboat with jibtopsails going up. The timing of the first round was:

Vigilant.....12 35 40 Britannia.....12 39 28

They went ploughing away again for the Poor Head markboat fair along the wind. The water kept smooth, but a neutral tint showed an increase of wind, and Vigilant's big jibtopsail had to be banded when she was two miles from the eastern mark. The 2½ miles were covered in 25m., the timing when they gybed round the flagboat being: Vigilant 1:00:38, Britannia 1:04. The wind was fair on the starboard quarter and not so fresh as on the first round, and Britannia prepared for its following further aft by dropping her spinnaker boom. The running sail was not wanted, however, and when they hauled up and came on a wind at Daunt's Rock Lightship the timing was: Vigilant

Vigilant—Britannia Matches, 1894.

Number.	Date.	Club.	Waters.	Helmsman.	Distance.	Rounds.	Turns.	Weather.	Wind. Direction.	Wind. Force.	Sea.	Start.	Allowance.	Corrected.	Vigilant. Wins By	Vigilant. Loses By	Speed Average, Knots.
1..	July 5....	Mudhook.....	Clyde.....	N. G Herreshoff..... W. G. Jameson.....	50	2	7	Rainy.....	S.S.W.....	Strong.....	Smooth.....	10 15	3 00	6 13 24 6 09 51	.....	3 33	8.05
2..	July 7....	Royal Clyde.....	Clyde.....	Capt. Haff..... Capt. Carter.....	50	2	7	Clear.....	S.....	Moderate...	Smooth.....	10 30	3 00	5 47 45 5 45 52	.....	1 53	8.62
3..	July 9....	Royal Clyde.....	Clyde.....	Capt. Haff..... Capt. Carter.....	25	1	3	Clear.....	S.....	Light	Smooth.....	10 30	3 00	7 14 16 7 01 43	.....	12 33	3.51
4..	July 10....	Clyde Corinthian.....	Clyde.....	N. G Herresboff..... W. G. Jameson.....	50	2	7	Clear.....	S.....	Light	Smooth.....	10 30	3 00	7 51 02 7 43 08	.....	7 54	6.43
5..	July 11 ...	Royal Northern.....	Clyde.....	Capt Haff..... Capt. Carter.....	50	2¼	9	Clear.....	S.....	Light.....	Smooth.....	10 30	3 00	8 31 30 8 07 00	.....	24 30	6.12
6..	July 12....	Royal Northern.....	Clyde.....	Capt. Haff..... Capt. Carter.....	50	2¼	9	Clear.....	N.W.....	Moderate...	Smooth.....	10 30	3 00	5 32 12 5 29 22	.....	2 50	9.04
7..	July 16....	Royal Ulster.....	Bangor Lough.....	Capt. Haff..... Capt. Carter.....	50	3	11	Rainy.....	N. to N.W...	Strong.....	Lumpy	11 00	3 00	5 41 55 5 39 14	.....	2 41	8.83
8..	July 17....	Royal Ulster.....	Bangor Lough.....	Capt. Haff..... Capt. Carter.....	50	3	11	Clear.....	W.....	Fresh	Smooth.....	11 00	1 10	4 49 44	Britannia not timed.		10.33
9..	July 20....	Royal St. George.....	Dublin Bay.....	N G. Herreshoff..... W. G. Jameson.....	50	3	11	Rainy.....	S.W.....	Light	Smooth.....	10 30	1 10	6 12 37 6 09 20	.....	3 17	8.09
10..	July 21 ...	Royal St. George.....	Dublin Bay.....	Capt. Haff..... Capt. Carter.....	50	3	11	Clear.....	N.W.....	Light.....	Smooth	10 30	1 10	7 50 00 7 51 29	1 29	.....	6.34
11..	July 23 ...	Royal Munster.....	Atlantic	Capt. Haff..... Capt. Carter.....	50	3	9	Clear.....	N.N.E	Strong.....	Smooth.....	11 00	1 10	5 37 00 5 35 05	.....	1 55	8.93
12..	July 24....	Royal Cork.....	Atlantic	Capt. Haff..... Capt. Carter.....	50	3	9	Rainy.....	N.E.....	Fresh	Smooth.....	10 30	1 10	5 21 59 5 24 21	2 22	.....	9.33
13..	July 28....	Mount's Bay.....	Mount's Bay.....	Capt. Haff..... Capt. Carter.....	50	2	5	Clear.....	S.....	Light.....	Long roll ...	10 30	1 10	5 54 40 5 48 17	.....	6 23	8.57
14..	Aug. 4 ...	Private match.....	Solent.....	Capt. Haff..... Capt. Carter.....	48	2	4	Rainy.....	S.W	Strong.....	Lumpy	10 30	2 04	4 06 45 4 11 14	4 29	.....	11.70
15..	Aug. 6....	Royal London.....	Solent and Channel.....	Capt. Haff..... Capt. Carter.....	50	1	..	Clear.....	Variable....	Variable....	Smooth.....	10 00	2 09	7 04 54 7 10 58	6 04	.....	7.00

1:28:28, Britannia 1:33:08. It was a dead beat in again to the flagboat anchored off the harbor mouth, but the tide had eased. Vigilant stayed to the port tack, while Britannia did not break from the starboard, on which she winded round the mark. They again worked opposite ways, and Vigilant each time got a luffing streak on the starboard, while Britannia seemed to be headed off. As they came out of Ringabella Bay the breeze got a little lighter, and Vigilant set a small jibtopsail, but Britannia did not want any flying canvas. The leader tacked close round the Roches Point flagboat, but Britannia stood further to get round. There was weight on some of the off-shore puffs, and the yachts were fairly roaring along in the heaviest of them. Vigilant sailed the faster and held a lead of 7m. 8s. when she gybed round the mark, the timing being:

Vigilant.....2 35 38 Britannia.....2 42 44

Sheets were well off, and as the breeze continued to follow spinakers were set. The wind kept falling and, after running about two miles, Vigilant got into a calm. Britannia brought up the expiring puff of the easterly breeze, and with main boom to starboard and spinaker full she ran past her adversary into first place a great lift and a fine piece of good fortune. Vigilant, which had just before gybed for a southerly puff, got her boom back again and hauled across Britannia's wake, getting the same wind and running up level. Britannia then got a taste of the southerly wind to leeward before Vigilant started off in a magical manner, and got on clear ahead before Vigilant was thoroughly awake. The wind came with weight at last, and Vigilant luffed round Daunt's Lightship full of life. The timing there was:

Britannia.....3 25 15 Vigilant.....3 26 00

The wind gatherod strength so quickly that sheets were not trimmed in when a tearing squall was on them. Britannia had never before shown so much weather bilge, and it was perhaps well for Vigilant that her jib-headed topsail had not been shifted with the light wind for the jackyarder. The vessels were a little eased by sheets being off, but they were practically struck down on their beam ends, Vigilant having broken water washing on deck up to the skylights. It was a long drawn-out squall, and for the first time in a really hard wind Britannia sailed faster than her adversary. Both were fearlessly sailed and what they could not carry they had to drag. It was astounding that Britannia with jackyarder aloft came scathless out of the squall. After the blow the breeze steadied easterly and gave a clean reach in to Roches Point and up the harbor home, and Britannia was now quite equal to keeping Vigilant in her wake. They had lulls and puffs all the way, but the breezes, if unsteady in strength, kept true in direction, and the home line was sailed without starting tack or sheet, jibtopsails having been got on after the squall had passed by. After passing under the foot of Fort Carlisle, Britannia got away and sailed the line a fortunate winner with a lead of about ten lengths and a difference in her favor of 45s. in time. The finish was:

Britannia (winner).....4 36 15 Vigilant.....4 37 00

The accompanying table shows in convenient form the exact work of each yacht up to the fifteenth race, of Aug. 6, the score standing 10 wins for Britannia and 5 for Vigilant. The particulars are compiled from a number of different reports, and are essentially correct; the nature of the weather, wind and sea are indicated as closely as possible.

The best summing up of the earlier races which we have thus far seen is the following by W. E. Robinson in the Boston *Globe*, a partisan of Vigilant, but withal fair and judicial in his estimate. We may note as a matter of interest in this connection, that the Glasgow correspondent of the *Globe*, "Spinaker," who is now so energetically "rooting" for Vigilant and America, even going so far as to insinuate that Britannia's mishap in the race of July 17 was but an excuse for withdrawing from the race after she was beaten, is the same gentleman who achieved fame in this country on the occasion of Thistle's defeat, by decrying a windward and leeward course and calling for a "fair" trial over four-sided courses. Evidently he has seen the grievous error of his way since then. The *Globe's* summary is as follows. We have omitted the *Globe's* table, our own being later and more complete:

Whether or not the Britannia is winning her races over the Vigilant on "flukes," or whether or not she is really a superior boat, are the questions which American yachtsmen are most frequently asking in these days. "Britannia won by a fluke," is so common a characterization of a loss for Vigilant that it seems well to look into the matter, with a view to ascertaining the real facts in the case. A review of the Vigilant's races until she sailed from Ireland for Penzance may help in this respect.

And in making this review the accompanying table may be of assistance, premising that the courses are of about 50 miles in length, and that in order to cover that distance they must be sailed two, three or four times around. Though some of these courses are partly in fairly open waters, the triangular course at Queenstown, for instance, it should be remembered that they are far from being the big triangular or windward and return courses in the open ocean which could be obtained off Sandy Hook, Newport or Marblehead, and are correspondingly to the disadvantage of a boat built for open courses and long rather than short legs, as well as plenty of room to maneuver.

The wind at the start of the first race off Hunter's Quay in the Clyde was fresh from the south-southwest. The first leg was a beat to windward, and although the Vigilant was to leeward and astern of the Britannia in crossing the line, she steadily pulled out from under the Britisher's lee, footing faster and pointing higher. Britannia could not hold her weather position, and at the first mark the Vigilant had a lead of a good minute and a half. It was this splendid work which upheld the hopes of her friends under subsequent defeat, and gave them reason for predicting great things of her in a good and steady breeze.

Vigilant's gain was not so marked in the other legs, but at the end of the first round she was almost her allowance of three minutes ahead. The wind was growing lighter, though, and clubtopsails were set in place of the working topsails previously carried. Vigilant again gained in the windward work and was considered a safe winner until on the last leg she ran into a calm, while Britannia, taking a course nearer the middle of the Clyde, caught the best of a shift of wind, pulled up on and passed the American and crossed the finish line a bare 30 seconds ahead.

"Spinnaker" says the Vigilant was badly piloted, but whether it was Britannia's luck or better local knowledge of winds which gave her the advantage, the fact remains that she was beaten while the wind held true, and that all well posted yachtsmen at once admitted the Vigilant's superiority in windward work in a fresh breeze. Against this race the charge of "fluke" can justly be laid.

In the second race over the same course the wind was light at the start. Britannia secured the weather berth in crossing the line, and the Vigilant could not pull out from under her lee in the light air. Later, in the work off the wind, she could not be held back, and in a freshening breeze cut in ahead of the Britannia at the last mark. The windward leg to the finish was only a short one, but the Vigilant, with her wind clear, pulled out a lead of a minute to the finish line.

No charge of "fluke" can be laid here. The race was fairly sailed, and the Britannia for the first time showed those light weather qualities which were so unexpected to Americans, and which were destined to win her more victories. She had the advantage at the start and held it until in the freshening breeze the Vigilant proved the speedier.

And in this connection, and in view of the fact that much fault has been found because of the good starts generally obtained by Britannia, it may be well to note that quickness of the Britannia in stays or in whirling in any desired direction is a great advantage to her in the maneuvering for a start. Vigilant was balked more than once in the Cup races on this side by a quick turn of Valkyrie on her heel, and doubtless the same thing has occurred with Britannia.

The third race was what in America would be known as a "drifting match," and was decided in a way different from any known in America, but very common abroad. The course was the same as in the other races, twice around, and the yachts were stopped at the end of the first round. The race would have been declared off on this side of the water, where a time limit is the rule in order to insure something more than a mere drift, and in no race under similar weather conditions, save that for the Goelet cup, where no time limit is placed, would the Britannia have been declared a winner.

Something of the speed of the boats may be judged from the fact that it took the Britannia within five minutes of seven hours to cover the 25 miles. "Fluke" cannot be charged, but it can be truly said that drifting matches are no tests of a boat's ability, and that the British practice of calling a race finished when half the course has been covered, does not commend itself to American racing yachtsmen. The Britannia proved the best "drifter," and besides being helped by knowledge of winds and tide. The Vigilant was nearly 10 minutes behind, but times tell little of the story in such a contest.

The fourth race appears to have been fairly won by Britannia on her merits as a light weather boat. That the race was a slow one is shown by the time taken to cover the 50-mile course, nearly eight hours. The wind was light and "streaky," but Vigilant had her fair share of what was going.

The fifth race was much a repetition of the fourth, though over a different course. It took the Britannia 8h. 10m. to cover 50 miles. Vigilant showed speed when an occasional freshening of the breeze gave her a chance, but she again proved no "drifter" and was fairly beaten under such weather conditions as were afforded.

The sixth race was in light weather until well toward the finish, when, in a freshening breeze, Vigilant showed the speed of her first race, and reduced a lead of nearly 7m. to one of 1m. 40s. British yachtsmen were again confirmed in their opinion of her abilities when a good wind was stirring, while Americans who still had faith in the boat in spite of discouraging defeats, found much to encourage them in the showing she had made.

This race closed the Clyde circuit and the Vigilant crossed to Ireland after having spars and sail reduced so that her allowance to Britannia was only 1m. 10s instead of 3m. The Clyde racing was unsatisfactory so far as winning was concerned, but it was valuable experience for the men in charge, and the racing which followed shows that boat was in much better trim as a result of it.

The writer has not been one of those who offered constant excuses for defeat, but he knew that the Vigilant was not in her best trim in the Clyde races and so predicted a better showing for her later on; a prediction which seems to have been justified by the course of events.

In much better trim than when on the Clyde, the Vigilant met the Britannia on Belfast Lough, July 16, in their seventh race. Capt Haff, by reducing his headsail, had got rid of the lee helm, which must have bothered him some, and the improvement in windward work which resulted from it was noted by all the correspondents. The race was three times over a kite-shaped course to make the 50 miles.

In a piping southwesterly breeze the Vigilant led on the first round by a minute and a half, having done her best work on the windward legs. She lost something on the second round by tacking short of a mark, but put an additional three-quarters of a minute to her lead in spite of it. Barring accidents she looked a winner even if she had to give her old allowance.

But now came the "fluke" with which the race may justly be charged The wind shifted to northwest and flattened to almost a calm. Britannia caught a streak of air and passed Vigilant. Only once again did the latter have a chance, and that was in a three-mile beat to the finish in a lee rail breeze that came piping in after the calm. In this she reduced a lead of 2m. 10s. to one of 1m. 33s., and again did she show her superiority at windward work in that sort of weather.

For the eighth race on the following day, over the same course, there was a spanking westerly breeze and a choppy sea. Vigilant, as was expected, took kindly to the weather on all points of sailing, and romped away from Britannia to a lead of 2m. 46s. on the first round and 5m. 30s. on the second. In the first leg of the second round the lead was increased to nearly 7m., but here the Britannia broke the jaws of her gaff and withdrew. Vigilant housed her topmast and took things easy on the way home, but as the wind held true and steady the value of her victory over Britannia was conceded, and none but cavilers called it a "hollow" one. It was the American's first win, and no one begrudged it to her. It put confidence into the hearts of her supporters, and doubtless into those of her owners, skipper and crew. Her run of ill luck seemed to be broken, and America was justly happy.

But the happiness was but brief. Calms, a thunder shower, a squall, rain, drizzle, fog, streaks of sunshine and at last a breeze, was the weather for the race at Kingstown, the ninth meeting of the boats. Britannia's light weather qualities came into play, but in the freshening breeze at the finish Vigilant reduced a lead of 4m. 15s. to one of 1m. 15s.

The tenth race, sailed July 21, over the Kingstown course, also a kite-shaped one, three times around, was in much such weather as encountered in the Clyde racing, but Vigilant had the luck and came out ahead in just such a slow and inconclusive race as she had before been more than once beaten in. The only redeeming feature of the race was the usual spurt of the Vigilant in a slightly better breeze at the finish. The time was slow, the Vigilant taking nearly eight hours over the course.

To Queenstown and a fairly open course now went the cutters, and in the eleventh race over a triangular course, three times around, the Vigilant lost by a "fluke." At the finish of the second round, in a good clubtopsail breeze, she was six minutes to the good. A shift of wind and a calm deprived her of it, and although she picked up on the last leg of the triangle, she was forty-five seconds to the bad.

Consolation came, however, in the race on the following day, when in light to moderate airs the centerboarder fairly beat the keel at the latter's own light-weather game. Getting away in the lead, she held her advantage throughout and finished 4m. 35s. ahead. No special favor of the wind was hers, and her victory was most handsomely won in spite of the handicap of broken jaws of the gaff in the latter part of the race. A hasty lashing enabled a finish, but it was a close call.

Repairs to the gaff could not be made in time for the next day's racing, so Britannia took a cup by default, sailing half the course, and then both boats left for Penzance in tow of the Atalanta. Honors had been easy between them in the races in Irish waters, for each had a record of three races and three defeats.

Looking at the races in the view of this careful summary, the conclusions are almost inevitable that "flukes" were in favor of Britannia every time; that she is the best light-weather boat; that the Vigilant has been improved in trim for both hard and soft winds; that in anything from a good clubtopsail to a working clubtopsail breeze the American is the better, and that in windward work in almost anything above a zephyr, so far as she has been tried, the successful Cup defender is Britannia's superior. British opinion confirms this, and in the face of its disparagement of Vigilant, or doubts as to her ability to win the majority of her races, seem decidedly uncalled for. Later developments may change the complexion of things, but there is little indication of it so far as Britannia is concerned.

A Famous Racing Skipper.

The statement has lately been going the rounds of American papers, that Messrs. Gould have secured the services of the celebrated pilot Draper, for Vigilant in her British races. The Draper mentioned is not a pilot, nor is his name Draper; he is, in fact, Thomas Diaper, a well known yacht skipper of Itchen Ferry; who was in this country for a time in 1885, coming over to take charge of the cutter Ileen for Mr. Arthur Padelford. Diaper is best known by the nicknames of "Dutch" Diaper or "Tommy Dutch." He was engaged by Mr. Carroll last year to pilot Navahoe in her races, being thoroughly at home in the waters about Cowes, as in fact on all British courses, and after Capt. Barr left the vessel, he sailed her for a time. He also sailed the first Valkyrie for Lord Dunraven in 1889. The following history of his racing career, from an exchange, is interesting reading:

Diaper was orignally christened Tom, but few in England know him other than as "Dutch" Diaper. His yacht "education" was acquired as general knockabout on some of the early crack yachts that were commanded by Itchen Ferry men. He was not the first sailor of the family by any means. He used to say himself that there were more sailors arose from his family nursery than there did gentlemen. Diaper sailed for five years as mate aboard the principal yachts that were under the control of Itchen Ferry men, and it was not until 1872 that he secured his first pennant as he puts it. This was his command of the 40-ton cutter Norman, a vessel he afterward made famous. She was built in 1872 for Major Ewing by Dan Hatcher. Ewing was then recognized as the most enthusiastic yachtsman of Great Britain, just the same as the Prince of Wales or Lord Dunraven is to-day. Ewing had the racing schooner Gwendolin, but the Norman polished off that reputation for devotion to aquatic sport that the Gwendolin began.

The popular class at that time was the 40-ton class. The yachtsmen abroad had had about seven years of that class then, and it had developed and improved with time, beginning with Niobe, the first queen of the class, so that when the Norman came out there were the Alcyone, Muriel, Kilmeny, Foxhound and Glance to beat.

The Norman's maiden race was in June of that year, off Dover. There was a fierce wind and an ugly sea for that season, and the Norman, under Diaper's handling, showed up wonderfully well. She was beaten, of course, but she defeated some of the cracks in the matter of both elapsed and corrected time. One of these was the Fiona, the crack yacht of the day; the Kriemhilda, a new 100-tonner just turned out by Ratsey, and the giant Oimara, 165-tons. The weather was so bad that all the boats save the Oimara and the Norman gave it up, and the 60-footer pressed the big boat quite hard at the finish. Two months later Diaper's splendid handling of the little beauty brought her within fourteen minutes of the then famous Arrow and close on top of the Vanguard and the Garrison in the R. Y. S. regatta. She saved her time in this race and received first prize, the day being one of those provoking ones when strong breezes are interrupted by inexplicable lulls and calms and a man needs patience and wisdom to sail his boat to advantage.

Diaper and his Norman made their biggest impression in 1871, however. The class was then perfect, Norman, Britannia, Bloodhound and Myostis were in thorough shape, and all four so evenly matched that good handling alone or a big piece of luck decided the prize.

Superior speed, coupled with admirable handling, soon settled the matter in favor of the Norman, and she led her class with ease that year. She had to fight hard to do it, though. At the R. C. P. Y. C. regatta off Dover, in a double reef breeze she squandered her fleet.

The sea was so heavy that the whole of her starboard bulwarks were washed away. In July, at Kingstown, the Norman, Britannia and Myostis raced into the harbor on the first round so close together that the one mainsail would have covered them, but Diaper's skill took his craft ahead and he beat the Bloodhound five minutes.

The following year, Charles and Dan Diaper, his brothers, assumed command of the Myostis and Britannia respectively, but that fact did not frighten "Dutch" any, and the first day of the season at the Royal Clyde, he screwed the Norman up to windward at the finish and won by six seconds.

At the Royal Victoria he repeated and improved upon this. Diaper's "indomitable perseverance" came out strong in the R. Albert in 1876, when six forties came to the line. They were Bloodhound, Britannia, Myostis, Coralie, Daphne and Christina, the latter a long, lean racer that was more properly known by the name of "the Main Spinnaker Boom," and which reached tremendously fast. Myostis was then in the hands of O'Neill, whose name has since been identified with Cuckoo, Samona and Irex. All the rivals were doing well, the Myostis and Norman leading close together at the Lepe buoy, when the Olga, a 265-ton schooner, and the Gertrude, a 68-ton yawl, got mixed up with them, each sailing a different race.

The Myostis bore up under the yawl's stern and just took the work from the Norman, which was ahead of both, but which the Gertrude was at that moment engaged in running, and so successfully that she ran her bowsprit clean through the Norman's mainsail, tearing it badly

Diaper's grit told. He cleared his boat, losing a lot of time of course, hung on to the race, and worked wind, tide and yacht so well that he won the race, finishing three minutes twenty seconds ahead of the Myostis. Later on he beat the Neva, Coralie, Thane and Glance.

In 1884 he took command of Foster Conner's new sixty, the Marguerite, which was built to lower the colors of Watson's Marjorie. The Marguerite did not repay him for the trouble he took on her, however, any more than did the Ileen on this side, both lacking speed. Diaper came to this country with the Ileen in 1885.

Of nine years' racing in the Norman, from 1872 to 1881, she not being fitted out in 1879, Diaper started her 174 times and won 94 prizes. His recent experience with the Valkyrie and Navahoe is fresh in the minds of yachtsmen.

Vigilant—Britannia.

PRIVATE MATCH.

Saturday, Aug. 4.

The race at Penzance on July 28 ended the first part of Vigilant's foreign racing, and though she has been unsuccessful a very liberal allowance must he made for the fact that in this preliminary racing she was undergoing that working up which is necessary in new waters and after a long sea voyage. As the result of the four weeks sailing and racing the yacht is apparently, as she should he, in good condition and her crew are more familiar with the work of racing in British waters. With the race on Saturday she begins a new series of sharp and decisive racing, and if she he successful from this time out she may wipe away entirely the unfortunate record of the Clyde and the Irish coast. The great advantage which Britannia held a month ago, of perfect preparation, as opposed to a yacht just fresh from a long sea trip, has largely disappeared, as Vigilant has been worked up to racing form, and a fairer test of their true merits is now possible. From this time on Satanita becomes a factor, but she is likely to have little effect on the final total of prizes, except in very rough water, and in making a third boat at the line in starting, as well as in picking up flukes when the other two combatants are luffing each other, or similarly occupied. Valkyrie, after all reports of refitting, etc., was sold at auction on Aug. 2 at Glasgow, the hull bringing but £670, or less than the value of her lead hallast.

There was much disappointment at Falmouth and Plymouth over the departure of Vigilant without entering the races at these ports, hut under the circumstances there was nothing else to do, as some little time was absolutely required for preparation hefore the heginning of the Cowes races. Vigilant left Falmouth under sail on July 30, and reached Southampton at noon next day, where she was at once docked. The bottom was cleaned and polished and some further alterations made to the sails, and on Aug. 2 she sailed for Cowes, without yet having been measured, but was recalled by a message from Mr. George Gould, ordering that she should be measured at Southampton, in the dock. This was done, with the result that her rating was 168.5, calling for an allowance to Britannia of 2m. 4s. in a 50-mile race, instead of 1m. 10s. as estimated. The official figures of Vigilant, Valkyrie and Britannia as measured this year by the Y. R. A. rule, are as follows:

	L.W.L. Ft.	S. A. Sq. ft.	Rating.
Vigilant	87.25	11,588	168.5
Britannia	88.24	10,395	152.87
Valkyrie	86.80	10,628	153.75

Vigilant's l.w.l. in the Cup races last fall was hut 86 19, Valkyrie's being 85.50. Vigilant was measured with a crew of 45 men, while Britannia was measured with 36 men. Britannia took in two to three tons of hallast after the Penzance race, setting her hy the stern and increasing her l.w.l.

The race of Saturday was a private match made by Mr. George Gould and the Prince of Wales, for a cup costing $500, to he paid for by the loser. The course was from off the R. Y. S. house, Cowes, around the Lepe Buoy, then around the Warner, and back to Cowes, sailed twice. From the starting line off the Prince Consort Buoy to the Lepe Buoy is just over 2½ miles; from the Lepe Buoy to the Warner is full 12 miles. and from the latter mark to the line is just over 9½ miles, the allowances heing for a 48-mile course. On hoard of Vigilant were Mr. George Gould, Col. Paget, representing Britannia, Lord Lonsdale and Mr. C. Oliver Iselin. Com. Morgan sailed on Britannia as the representative of Vigilant. With Capt. Haff and Capt. Jaffrey was Capt. Tommy Diaper, the pilot.

The day turned out rainy and cloudy, with a strong S.W. wind shifting toward the south at times. An immense fleet of yachts was in attendance in Cowes Roads, and the town was full of visitors, including many Americans. The start was made at 10:30, the yachts carrying working topsails, both tacked on the line after coming up from the westward, Vigilant crossing first, with Britannia some distance off her weather quarter. They started on port tack, holding on for some time until well up with the Hampshire shore, Britannia tacking first and Vigilant immediately following. On the next leg they stood clear across the Solent to the Gurnets, Britannia again tacking first. A short leg out to mid-channel brought them to the huoy, Vigilant weathering it easily, while Britannia overstood a little. The times at the Lepe Buoy were: Vigilant 10:55:07, Britannia 10:56:00. Vigilant had gained a little since the start.

The hooms swung over to port and sheets were slacked off, spinaker booms being lowered and jibtopsails set, but after passing Cowes and hauling up a little for the course to clear the Noman Fort and the many buoys, the spinaker booms were swung in. In passing Cowes the two were timed as 1m. 10s. apart, and off Ryde Pier this distance had increased to 4m. 40s.

With the wind a little more to the south sheets came in as they neared the Noman Fort, and on the last mile to the turn, after passing that point, the yachts hauled up to suit the new course. The times at the Warner Lightship were: Vigilant 11:50:46, Britannia 11:53:38.

The course from the Lepe Buoy had been a reach, with the wind first abaft the beam, then square aheam, and finally heading as the yachts sailed along a segment of a circle. The wind was strong, coming in puffs at times, and hoth heeled well down, Vigilant taking the greater angle. Under these conditions she had gained some 2½m.

They started back with hooms well off to starboard, but soon trimmed in as the course drew to the westward. The rain fell heavily and the wind still held as they went up by Ryde and Cowes. On the last stretch to the Lepe Buoy the wind freed and sheets were slacked, in place of the dead beat over the same water at the start. The times at the Lepe Buoy were: Vigilant 12:49:49, Britannia 12:53:53.

On the way back to the Warner the rain continued to fall, but the wind fell light for a short time after passing Cowes, soon piping up again They were timed at the Warner on the second round: Vigilant 1:54:23, Britannia 2:00:17. Vigilant had thus gained over 2m. on the reach of 12 miles.

The sail back to Cowes made no difference in the positions, the finish heing timed: Vigilant 2:36:45, Britannia 2:43:18.

Vigilant thus wins by 6m. 33s. elapsed and 4m. 29s. corrected.

The only windward work was the first 2½ miles, the rest being all reaching. The speed of the yachts was exceptional, the average being 12 knots, showing a still higher speed at times. Lord Dunraven acted as referee.

Royal London Y. C. Regatta.

COWES.

Monday, Aug. 6.

The selection of Aug. 4 hy the owners of Britannia and Vigilant for their private match completely spoiled the first fixture of the Cowes meeting, the regatta of the Royal Southampton Y. C., originally set for that day. Britannia, Vigilant and Satanita were expected, and the absence of the first two made it necessary to postpone the race. The first regular event of the meeting was consequently the Royal London Y. C. regatta on Monday, the course being around the Isle of Wight, starting to the eastward from off Cowes and finishing at the same point.

The day was clear with a fresh N.N.W. wind which held until the course was half completed when it shifted to S.W. and fell light, the yachts at one time all being becalmed. The first part of the race was a hard battle between Vigilant and Britannia for second, and later for third place, as Satanita dropped astern, but after Vigilant worked into first place in the middle of the course she gained continually to the finish, winning by some 6m. Vigilant's allowance to Britannia for the course of 50 miles was 2m. 9s. The course is the same sailed by America in 1851, when she won the Royal Yacht Squadron cup which now bears her name.

The start was given at 10 A. M., the times of crossing being:

Satanita .....10 00 05 Britannia.....10 00 23 Vigilant.....10 00 50

With a good cluhtopsail breeze on the quarter, Satanita took a clear lead, while Britannia and Vigilant were bothering each other, the former to windward.

Vigilant ran through Britannia's lee. and when they were off Ryde, 6 miles from the start, the times stood:

Satanita .....10 29 55 Vigilant.....10 31 35 Britannia.....10 32 25

Spinaker booms were dropped to starhoard, and the three ran free as far as Bainbridge Point. where they were timed:

Satanita .....10 47 20 Vigilant.....10 47 30 Britannia.. ...10 48 15

The next half-dozen miles, to Ventnor, was a reach, with hooms over the port quarter, the wind falling a little. Britannia passed both Vigilant and Satanita, the latter falling astern to third place. The times at Ventnor were:

Britannia.....12 25 15 Vigilant.....12 25 52 Satanita.....12 26 31

Between Ventnor and St. Catherine's, Vigilant and Britannia worked the shore very closely, dodging the tide, both yachts striking the rocks, Britannia hanging for a short time. The wind shifted to S.E., and spinakers were set for the Needles, where they were timed:

Vigilant.....2 34 00 Britannia.....2 36 42 Satanita 2 45 20

When in Totland Bay, with a foul tide, the wind fell to a flat calm, but finally freshened from southwest, and spinakers were set to starboard. They were timed off Yarmouth:

Vigilant.....3 34 21 Britannia .....3 37 36 Satanita.....3 52 55

The finish was slow, with a light wind and ebb tide, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vigilant	5 04 54	7 04 54	7 04 54
Britannia	5 13 07	7 13 07	7 10 58
Satanita	5 53 38	7 53 38	*7 53 38

*Estimated.

COWES AND THE SOLENT.

Vigilant wins from Britannia hy 6m. 4s. The prize is £130.

Vigilant went on the dock on Tuesday, not being elegihle to the race for the Queen's Cup. The starters were Britannia, Meteor, L. Esperance, Cariora, Mohawk and Cartanet. Britannia started before the gun and did not notice the recall, so was disqualified. She and Vigilant will sail on Wednesday.

The fixtures for the remainder of the season are as follows:

Aug. 8—Royal Yacht Squadron regatta, Cowes.
Aug. 9—Royal Yacht Squadron regatta, Cowes.
Aug. 10—Royal Yacht Squadron regatta, Cowes.
Aug. 11—Royal Southampton regatta, in the Solent.
Aug. 14—Royal Victoria regatta, Ryde.
Aug. 15—Royal Victoria regatta, Ryde.
Aug. 16—Royal Victoria regatta, Ryde.
Aug. 17—Royal Victoria regatta, Ryde.
Aug. 20—Royal Albert regatta, Southsea.
Aug. 21—Royal Albert regatta, Southsea.
Aug. 24—Royal Dorset, Spithead to Weymouth.
Aug. 25—Royal Dorset regatta, Weymouth.
Aug. 27—Torbay Royal regatta, Torquay.
Aug. 28—Royal Torbay regatta, Torquay.
Aug. 31—Royal Dart regatta, Dartmouth.
Sept. 4—Royal Western of England regatta, Plymouth.
Sept. 5—Royal Western of England regatta, Plymouth.

Valkyrie—Satanita.

Our recent exchanges bring fuller accounts of a collision which is certain to he a historic one, giving many details which were lacking in the cabled accounts. We reprint the following diagram and letters from the *Field*.

A very interesting controversy has arisen in England over the bearing of the collision on the new type of yacht and the rating rule, one party contending that the modern bow of Satanita acted as a buffer, and from its shape inflicted less damage than the old plumb stem would have caused. On the other hand it is held that the very long bowsprit and heavy hohstay of the old cutters would have made a still more effectual buffer, and probahly have saved Valkyrie.

From the Field, July 14.

Sir: I send you, with this letter, a sketch showing the position of the several yachts, etc., at the start of the first race of the Mudhook Y. C regatta, on the 5th inst., when the above unfortunate event took place.

The steam yacht Lutra (Col. Malcolm, C. B.) was acting as commodore for the day, moored, as usual, off the pier at Hunter's Quay, and the markboat was anchored at a good distance in the direction of Gourock. The starting line was amply wide enough. The direction of wind is shown hy the arrow—hlowing at right angles to the line, or nearly so.

After the five minutes preparatory gun was fired. Satanita and Britannia were standing toward the commodore on port tack on the wrong side of the starting line. The former had been luffing Britannia, while the Vigilant was further off, and to leeward of the markboat. Valkyrie was inshore, coming out on starhoard tack.

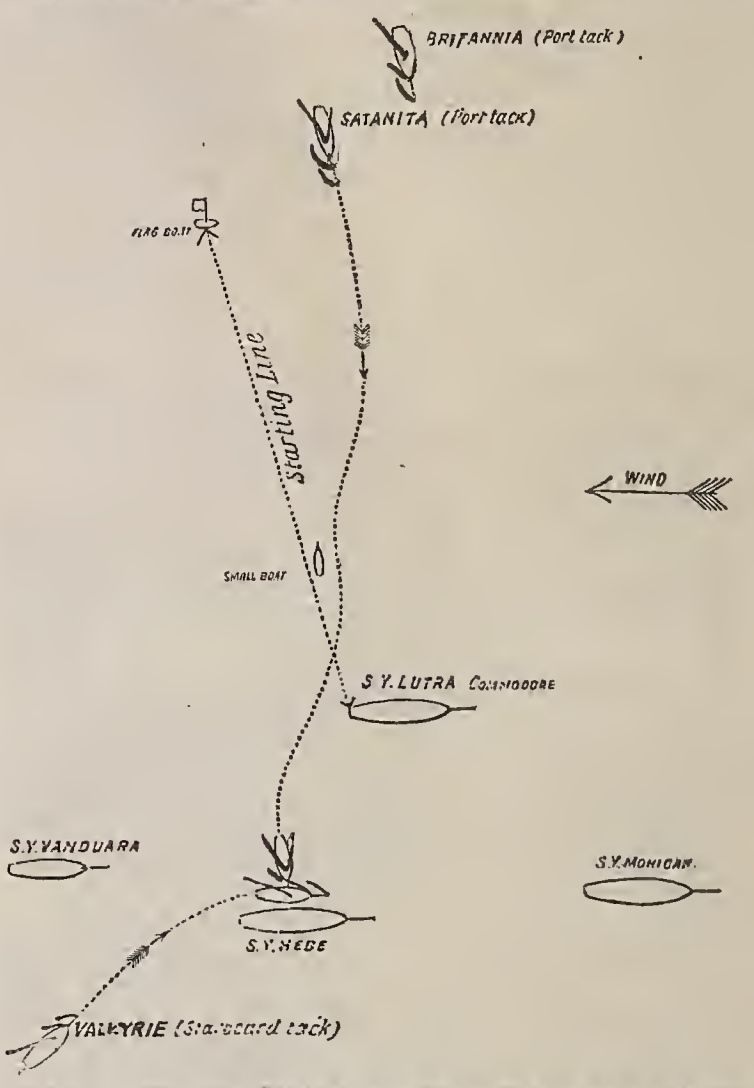
The Satanita,as she got near the starting gun,reached across toward the commodore and was bearing away so as to get on the right side of the line. It is asserted (as reported hy your correspondent last week) that her idea was to bear away and then luff up round the stern of Valkyrie and get on her weather—if so it seemed to all on board Lutra that she was too soon—and would have had to make a wide sweep; indeed, our notion was that she would gyhe round after crossing to the right side of the line and come out on starboard tack, hut to leeward of Valkyrie, this being the maneuver which Britannia actually did carry out, though, heing further to windward, she had to gyhe before getting to leeward of the starting line. At this moment a small fishing boat suddenly appeared around Lutra's counter, heading apparently for Gourock She was at once hailed by the writer and others on board to get out of the way, but paid no attention and held on her course. It was seen that she would be right in the track of the Satanita; hut that vessel shifted her helm and luffed up a little to avoid running her down. So close a shave was it that we all thought she was done for, and when she came in sight past the Satanita's counter it was seen that her mast was broken and a man overboard, hanging on to her stern.

The Satanita, after luffing, had reached across nearly to the commodore, and swept past her counter at a great speed, and it was then clear that she would have great difficulty in avoiding a smash of some sort. She attempted to hear away hetween steam yacht Hehe and steam yacht Vanduara (see plan), hut did not do so, the reason being, as we now know, that she simply would not answer her helm. All this time the Valkyrie was coming out on starhoard tack, and seeing Satanita hearing down on her, she, when near the stern of Hehe, luffed up. The Satanita, at the last moment, as it seemed to those on hoard Lutra, tried to luff also; at all events, just as Valkyrie was at the counter of the Hehe she ran right into her, hetween the mast and runner, with a crash which will long linger in the memory of those who heard it. By great good fortune her howsprit ran under the Valkyrie's boom and clear of her rigging. Had it struck the shrouds, or gone through the mainsail, the two vessels would have almost certainly been locked together, and their sticks would have come rattling down in a way that would in all probability have caused serious damage to life and limb. As it was, they swung clear and their spars stood, though Satanita's topmast was hending like a fishing rod and the Valkyrie's mainsheet getting loose, the hoom took a wild jibe which threatened to carry away the runner. Finally the Valkyrie fetched up alongside of the port counter of the Vanduara and sank exactly 7m. 43s. after the collision, which had taken place 3s. hefore the starting gun. By good luck, she listed slightly to port when going down, so that her topmast (which snapped off as she sank) fell away from the Vanduara. The times quoted above are accurate, being taken from stop-watches on board Lutra and Valkyrie.

Britannia meantime had jihed, and having got on to the right side of the line, crossed it ahead and on the weather of Vigilant. The small sailing hoat above referred to had a second narrow escape, Britannia passing her so close that one of those on hoard actually touched her.

As to the cause of the accident, while several things (which I do not think it necessary to specify) no doubt contributed to it, there can be douht that the proximate cause was the folly of those in the small sailing hoat in attempting to sail right across the course a few minutes before the start. It had nearly proved suicidal, and resulted in the collision between the yachts, and the sad death of one of the hands of the Valkyrie.

In conclusion, I would say, with reference to the plan, that the relative distances of the markhoat and the sailing hoat from the commodore, and of the commodore from the Hehe and Vandura are estimated and not measured distances.



I think, however, that they are fairly accurate, and trust that the sketch and the foregoing description of the greatest yachting disaster that has occurred for many years will enable those not present to understand how it took place. If they will, in addition, lead to greater caution on the part of small sailing boats and a little more thoughtfulness on the part of large steam yachts as to where they anchor at regattas, my object will be more than served. An Eye Witness.

Glasgow, July 10.

P. S.—Valkyrie sank 12m. 43s. after the first gun. The collision was 3s. before the second gun. Time afloat after the second gun, 7m. 40s.

From the Field, July 21.

Sir: I have read with care the graphic account hy "An Eye Witness" of the unfortunate collision between Satanita any Valkyrie at Hunter's Quay. It is evidently the work of one who saw the sad affair in its entirety, and who has written the article with much judgment and no little consideration.

I trust you will believe I write in no controversial spirit when I say that, from my point of view, it is just a little misleading; and I think nothing hears me out in this more than the deduction you yourself, sir, draw from it in your leader on the subject.

I think that it must be apparent to all that an event of this kind, which happened so very unexpectedly and so very swiftly, cannot be definitely reproduced in the form of an accurate diagram. The imminent peril in which every one was placed, whether in the Lutra, Vanduara, Hehe, Valkyrie, or Satanita, must have made this, under the circumstances, especially impossible. I suhmit that only those on the Satanita could have any idea which was the possible way to avoid crashing over the small craft. The position of those on the other vessels must have been one of terrible uncertainty as to where the subsequent danger must lie. I am in a position to state that I have conversed with many of our most respected Clyde yachtsmen, who saw the accident from the Mohican, Lutra, Katoomba, Valkyrie, and many other points of view, and I have heard but the one opinion expressed, that the accident was wholly owing to the righteous desire on the part of the skipper of the Satanita to save the lives of the miserable occupants of the little boat in the first place, and after that no mortal man could have avoided the calamity.

From my position on the lee side of the Satanita I saw the utter impossibility of bearing away on our course on account of the direction that the little boat was taking. I also saw that when we hore up to avoid her, she, with the suicidal impulse of absolute ignorance, hore up also, and I certainly never expected to see her come out from under our bows. From my place in the wash of the scuppers she disappeared from view, and must only have been saved by the bow wave throwing her out bodily to leeward. After that the helm was put hard up to avoid Lutra, Valkyrie or other vessels; but the speed at which we were going, the great length of the vessel, and the well-known sluggishness every vesel shows in bearing away quickly at that point of sailing, made what was looked upon as a last resort an absolute impossibility. To come about was quite out of the question on account of our proximity to the steamers to the weather. The Satanita's course was more to leeward than the chart shows. She passed extremely close to the markboat from my personal observation.

But, as I said before, it is not a matter for controversy. There has been none here, and I trust there will he none. The whole subject is of such extreme painfulness to all concerned that I hope the matter may be allowed to drop. The verdict everywhere here that I know of is complete exoneration of those in charge of hoth Satanita and Valkyrie, and I trust that yachtsmen generally and all interested will accept it. I trust that "An Eye Witness" will take no exception to these remarks. He casts no aspersions whatever upon any one, and knowing that his desires must he precisely the same as my own in the matter, I only venture to write this in case any one might be further misled.

One Who Was on the Satanita.

Bay Head Y. C. Corinthian Race.

BAY HEAD—BARNEGAT BAY.

Saturday, July 28.

Distance ten miles, weather showery, S.E wind. Started with a full three-reef breeze, hut after turning first flag shook out reefs and finished the race with more than a full-sail breeze.

	Length	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Olympia	22.01	3 26 18	1 44 30	1 08 58
Kate	14.04	3 26 55	1 48 09	1 09 22
Lilia	21.06	3 26 50	1 39 25	1 03 06
Paulina	21.05	3 26 17	1 50 30	1 14 05
Peggy	19.00	3 26 17	1 47 25	1 17 29
Vixen	22.03	3 26 17	1 42 11	1 06 51
Cricket	15.09	3 26 13	1 50 43	1 04 58
Gertie	20.08	3 27 30	1 42 48	1 05 21
Iris	20.08	3 27 00	1 42 08	1 04 41
Madge	18.06	3 26 12	1 47 20	1 06 35

Regatta committee, W. M. McCawley, J. E. Eghert, Edward Pennington. Judges, Messrs. Star, Egbert and Goldschmidt.

ABUSE AND EXCUSES.

From Annapolis Capital.

If the Vigilant belonged to anybody else than the tricky Goulds, we should think the Britannia the fastest boat.

From New York Recorder.

The London *Times* thundered too soon about George Gould giving an order to the Herreshoffs to build a boat to beat the Britannia.

George ought to have thought of beating the Britannia before he elected to join the Prince of Wales's set and race the Vigilant in inland waters.

There is little doubt the Vigilant could maintain her splendid prestige in out-of-door races, but if she had declined to enter the bathtub contests George's social position in England would not be what it is to-day.

The British nation all admire George Gould as a *soi-disant* sportsman who hobnobs with the heir to the throne and gets beaten with friendly regularity.

The sailing of Nat Herreshoff for this country will not imperil the future chances of the Vigilant, whatever they may be, for it has been well known among those interested in the fate of the American boat that she was suffering from an overdose of skippers.

Hank Haff alone is better than Hank Haff with Herreshoff, because the two do not pull extra well together; but even Hank alone is not the best, because the man is getting old and crotchety and has lost the vim and vigor of former days.

From New York World.

Once again Vigilant has fallen a victim to the uncertainty of English weather. Once again she has romped away from the English Britannia while a fair wind was blowing, and once again she has been left behind at the finish through becoming becalmed in the last leg of a race. Yesterday's race was at Queenstown, for the Royal Munster Yacht Club's cup, and the story is told in a few words—"Everywhere it is admitted that Vigilant showed herself far away the superior of Britannia in this day's racing," but "a fluke gave Britannia the victory."

The English seem to build their boats for drifting, and then by leaving the racing time unlimited make sure of creeping in ahead some time or another and so winning a race.

From Lynn Item.

On the whole the Vigilant may as well come home. To-day she was over six minutes behind on a 50-mile race in the open sea, the conditions being just what she has been longing for, and the wind—well, there was enough for Britannia and considerable to spare. Herreshoff has returned to the United States and Gould can follow as soon as he likes. Vigilant is a disappointment. Somehow we have the feeling that things might have been different if the Jubilee instead of Vigilant were now flying the American flag off the Isle of Wight.

From Columbia (Pa.) News.

Vigilant is a sporting boat and has been outsailed by its English competitor. Minneapolis is a business boat, and if ever a British ship built for similar purposes tries to pull a feather from the tail of the American Eagle it will be caught in the act and will be laid up in a museum, a richer trophy than any cup won in a sporting race. Never mind, Johnny, we are more than up with you when it comes to real business.

From Elizabeth (N. J.) Herald.

George Gould bought Vigilant for a purpose. He wanted to get into what is called (probably erroneously) "good society." He thought that the purchase of Vigilant and a free use of his plethoric pocketbook in noble sporting circles in Europe might be the key which would unlock the door he desired to open. It was immaterial to him, if this theory is accepted, whether the Stars and Stripes floated on the seas triumphantly or in disgrace, so long as a member of the selfish Gould family profited thereby. We all know the inside social history of the Prince of Wales. These were the two owners of the rival yachts, Vigilant and Britannia. The baccarat scandal shows where the heir to the British throne stands and the course of the whole Gould family has been in a direction that will do no honor to America. Were the late yacht races primarily a thought-out design between Gould and the Prince of Wales—one to pay his gambling debts, which his royal mother has persistently refused to honor, and the other to lose money liberally in order to establish, in a far off land, a reputation for generosity and prodigality that not one of his not illustrious ancestors could acquire in America? Viewed from either of the above standpoints the recent repeated defeats of Vigilant may, in one sense, not be as wonderful as people imagine.

From Boston Traveller.

The recent victories of the Britannia have been, without exception, due to flukes of the wind, and the Britisher has simply been inspired in finding the spots where the fickle air was located. This is not yacht racing. Contrast the great work of our boat when the breezes whistled and piped and the white caps flecked the blue. We are still "on deck" in racing weather, and don't forget it, John Bull.

From Brooklyn Citizen.

The Vigilant was disabled yesterday and the Britannia went over the course alone and took the prize. When the Vigilant is laid up the Britannia is the best boat afloat.

From New York News.

American lovers of yachting, whose pride centered in the Vigilant, should not be utterly discouraged The boat has been beaten, but her owner seems to be pulling through satisfactorily. Mr. Gould has been honored with a reception by the Royal Yacht Club and has been officially dubbed a good fellow. He has also made a speech tendering thanks for the splendid hospitality with which he has been received. Competent judges have not changed their minds as to the superiority of the Vigilant over the Britannia as a sailer. If the Vigilant fails to "get there" her owner probably will not.

From New York Tribune.

It is the common belief on this side of the Atlantic that a yacht is built to sail, not to drift, and there isn't the least doubt that this was the idea in the minds of the men who constructed the Vigilant. If the contrary notion prevails in Great Britain, it is no wonder that her yachtsmen have been unable to carry back the America's Cup with them, when they have come over with that purpose in view.

From New York Journal of Finance.

An ancient mariner who was asked for an opinion on the successive defeats of the yacht Vigilant on the other side said he thought it was suspicious. To him it appeared that the crew of the American yacht had an eye to the future rather than the present. They are under contract at high wages abroad and this series of defeats means another international yacht race on this side of the ocean next year. The crew will be re-engaged for another fat season. The ancient mariner was asked why his reasoning would not apply just as well if the Britannia had been beaten and replied that it made all the difference in the world. Our yachtsmen will never be contented until they defeat the Englishmen and every inducement will be offered by them for a race here next year. The ancient mariner said he did not believe the yacht owners are open to suspicion, but the crews are human beings and they love the almighty dollar like other men. There isn't much patriotism about the average bread-winner in this age.

From Boston Home Journal.

When the Vigilant's designer returns to this country he will be excellently prepared to write an article entitled, "What I Know about the Britannia's Sternpost." Mr. Gould is doubtless prompted to race the Vigilant more through a desire to hobnob with royalty and make an entry into New York society via London than he has by any great love for yachting or burning ambition to uphold the supremacy of America on the wave. New York's social gates are heavy, but they can be turned by a lever sufficiently long. Mr. Gould's lever is his pocketbook and that is long enough, one would think, for all practical purposes. It was Archimedes who said, "Give me but a lever long enough, a place to rest it on, and a place to stand, and I will move the world." Mr. Gould's lever is resting upon London society, but whether he has a place to stand or not will be shown by the success he has in finally prying open the portals which lead to the land of the 400.

From Auburn (N. Y.) Bulletin.

As usual the Vigilant turned up in yesterday's regatta just where there was no wind and was duly beaten. The skill with which the present commander of the Vigilant contrives to get himself becalmed at the most exciting junctures of the race is something phenomenal in the history of yachting. He should be given a regatta to sail on the principle of the donkey race, in which the prize is awaded to him who comes in last.

From Lawrence (Mass.) Sun.

In English, Scottish or Irish waters it doesn't seem to make any difference. The Vigilant is no good and her owner should either realize it or fly some flag other than that of Yankeeland.

From Commercial Advertiser.

New Yorkers have no particular reason to rejoice when the Vigilant wins a race. The Goulds, it must not be forgotten, have exiled themselves to New Jersey rather than pay their taxes to New York. As between these two foreign ships, Wales' Britannia and the Goulds' Vigilant, the average New Yorker will root for the Colonia and Jubilee, better boats, both.

We are glad to hear that Mr. George Gould has ordered another yacht to be built, and that he is going regularly into the business of racing the royal family of England. He doubtless finds the sport agreeable, healthful and exhilarating, and as for sociability—well, the Goulds are in it on certain sides of the Atlantic.

From Philadelphia Item.

Once again, after having an apparently safe lead, the Vigilant is beaten near the finish by the Britannia.

The frequency with which this occurs is calculated, to say the least, to breed surprise. It is well known that in English society it is not considered good form to win any event in which the Prince of Wales is a participant, and there is a suspicion that Mr. Gould, caring nothing for American opinion, is anxious to make an impression in English society.

On the other hand it can be truthfully said that the Goulds have never been open to the charge of toadyism. Whatever may have been the shortcomings, this unmanly quality was not among them. Neither the father nor any of his children have, at any time, exhibited the smallest anxiety to force themselves into society. That they could have done so no one will deny.

But the head of the Gould family has gone. The money-maker is dead. It may be that his spirit controlled the younger generation. George Gould, as the millionaire, may be different in tastes and inclinations from those shown by his father. The younger Astors are different from the wealth-producer of that family. One of the Astors has turned his back upon America and settled down to enjoy British society.

Can it be that the Goulds have determined to follow his example? If so the possession of a yacht famous as the representative of American skill, but which by peculiar flukes is not swift enough to defeat a boat owned by the Prince of Wales, will place him in the front of trans-Atlantic swelldom.

From New York World.

Vigilant won yesterday handsomely in "Britannia weather." This serves to show that there is, after all, an element of chance in these contests where the boats are very evenly matched. It proves, furthermore—to American minds, at least—that there is real sportsmanlike sense in our rule requiring the course to be sailed on a time limit that requires sailing, not drifting, in order to make a race.

From New York Sun.

We cordially offer to British yachtsmen, without distinction of class, our own American waters for yacht racing. Their own seem to be too ridiculously becalmed and cranky for use. Off New York, Newport or Marblehead, we have waters fit for any sailorman's boat other than a catboat, and we can safely guarantee a wind that will give a fair race about three times as often as seems possible on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. If they prefer to test their boats by their respective crews' abilities in sail setting and general box-hauling, we will provide them with rigging set up ashore or sow mark buoys in the ocean so close that they will have two rounds to the mile, or enough to wear out their rudder heads. Hurrah for sport!

From Boston Post.

The Vigilant is teaching the Englishmen as much by her continued defeats as she would have taught by uninterrupted victories. And this lesson is that the Yankee model wins by seaworthy qualities and fails only in drifting matches.

This fact is rubbed in, so to speak, by each race in which the Vigilant meets Britannia. Yesterday's race was only another demonstration of the same peculiarity. Whenever the wind freshened the Vigilant gained rapidly on Britannia. When it came to fog and calm Britannia went ahead.

In fact, the qualities which the American centerboard displays in British waters, as contrasted with those found in the British cutter, are such as sportsmen prize and such as make for the development of good seamanship.

From New London Telegraph.

If the Vigilant in its races with the Prince of Wales' yacht and hereafter the Emperor of Germany's was representative of the typical American, there would be a great deal of sorrow if it were beaten. But there is a consolation in thinking that the son of Jay Gould, a gentleman who will not pay the taxes lawfully due the city in which his father piled up wealth, is not a type of the citizen who manfully shoulders all the obligations coming to him as a citizen. The Goulds could not expect to be chosen as the vindicators of American sports.

From Worcester (Mass.) Telegraph.

The Vigilant has proven her superiority to the Britannia in what Americans consider a yacht race, just as American yachtsmen have claimed that she would. In a free and fair race under her present rig, she can sail all around the Britannia. In a drifting match or in sailing around a wash basin, or in a brook the Britannia is superior to the Vigilant. In Tuesday's match the Britannia was out of the race before her sails split, the stiff breeze just suiting the American boat. The latter has changed her sails for the old racing rig of last year with which she defeated the Valkyrie, and under the present conditions her time allowance to the Britannia has been reduced from three to one minute. The Vigilant is now showing up in her old form, and in anything but drifting matches she will make it interesting for the British boats.

From New York Recorder.

Much of the bright, bubbling sporting blood which coursed through George J. Gould's veins when he first became the possessor of the Vigilant seems to have turned to sparkling society blood since he has been in England. He appears to have become so ecstatic over his social reception as to have almost forgotten what he went to England for, anyway. He speaks of wanting to win a race with the Vigilant in an off-hand way, which suggests that the race he was really out for, the Social Stakes, was already won, and that a few cups would be of no use to him, anyway.

From Brooklyn Citizen.

The Vigilant can beat the Britannia, and the latter is the best boat the British have put afloat, every day, if the wind holds, and the harder it blows the more minutes she will have to spare at the end of the race. The "fair weather yachtsman," like the "feather bed soldier," is not a modern American product.

From New York Tribune.

Were Americans not acquainted with the magnificent sailing qualities of the winner of the America's Cup, they would be inclined to accord the palm of superiority to the Prince of Wales's Britannia, which has shown her heels to the Vigilant in nearly every race thus far sailed between the two boats. In view, however, of the splendid record of the Yankee boat on this side of the Atlantic, we continue to adhere to the belief that the nine discouraging defeats sustained by the Vigilant in British waters—she was beaten again yesterday afternoon at Penzance—are attributable more to defective handling of the boat and ignorance of the peculiarities of the courses sailed over than to any radical inferiority of our champion.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The tone of the editorials in the recent issues of the representative yachting journals of England reveal the fact that the English yachtsmen have accepted the impression that we are a cowardly set.

That impression has been but too strongly conveyed by an insane and certainly misrepresentative press. The yachting editorials in our leading papers have been of a tone that could have carried no other impression than one of pure cowardice. The interviews of so-called yachtsmen have been bright auxiliaries to the degrading work of the seedy editorialist. There has been enough of this kind of work and all true lovers of yachting must rejoice at the condemnation of the policy pursued in the daily press by the FOREST AND STREAM. Has American manhood degenerated? Has the day passed when we could accept a licking in good grace?

England deserves her supremacy. The rich men of England support yachting most generously. They do not form syndicates to run a boat, but on the contrary, have a racer in each representative class. This support encourages the designers and gives every theory a thorough test. Indeed the Englishman of wealth seems anxious to come forward with his time and purse in the defense of that supremacy on the seas which he and his ancestors have always fondly cherished. It is pure love of sport and country that inspires them. If we wish to see the American yacht the queen of the sea we must look to our millionaires. They must come out generously and in a true sportsmanlike manner. Ten or twelve millionaires to a boat will never do the work. I say all honor to Gould and Carroll, though they have been licked. They did what no other Americans had the sporting blood to do. To question the sportsmanship of George Gould is to cast a reflection on the one man out of a club of 1,500 members who had the spunk to put his hand in his pocket in order to test a yachting question.

The ugly old mug that is in this country, and which is supposed to represent the yachting supremacy of the world, is here because a gentleman from Boston came to the rescue at a time when the millionaires of New York were asleep.

If those who can afford to, and whose duty it is to guard our yachting laurels are too close to defend their trust then let the old cup go back. Let it go over to the Britons, and may it stay in England an everlasting monument to the parsimonious policy and the unpatriotic and unsportsmanlike behavior of our men of millions.

As matters stand to-day, the silver mug in Tiffany's vault represents past victories. That it can be held up in justification of our claims to supremacy is a delusion. If it is the "true blue ribbon of the seas" Brother Jonathan is holding it under false pretences.

The crown is Britannia's, the lesson is ours. Let us profit by it, and let no man who can afford it be backward when the British glove is flung at our feet.

CHARLES M. CONNOLLY.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.

From New York Times.

There is one point about Vigilant's racing on the other side that it is good and useful to bear in mind, because it illustrates one of the most creditable of British traits. The Vigilant has been beaten frequently, and yet nobody on the other side who speaks with any authority on these matters ventures to say that the races have proved that Britannia is very much the better boat. Indeed the spirit in which the races have been recounted and discussed on the other side is extremely creditable and sportsmanlike. It may be doubted whether it would have been exhibited in the same proportion on this side if the conditions had been reversed. If a British yacht had come over to sail the American champion, and had been beaten so many times, there would no doubt have been in some quarters the same discriminating and candid discussion that the English yachting authorities have been carrying on. But it is to be feared that the prevailing sentiment would have been expressed merely by what the late Walt Whitman called a "barbaric yawp."

On the other side there has been no barbaric yawp at all, but a conscientious endeavor to estimate the Vigilant fairly, and to extract from her performances whatever there might be in them for British yachting. The "craven scruple" of "judging too precisely by the event" has not taken any hold upon the people who have been talking and writing about the yacht races on the other side, as there is reason to believe that it might have taken hold upon the disputants upon this side if the contest had been carried on here. Probably nobody who saw the races sailed here last year for the America's Cup had any doubt that the winner would beat the loser twice out of three times in our ordinary yachting weather. As the Valkyrie had already, upon the whole, shown her superiority to the Britannia, the conclusion seemed to be fair enough that if the Vigilant could beat the Valkyrie, *a fortiori* she could beat the Britannia. But the logic does not seem to work. What is admirable in the talk about the races on the other side, however, is the evident effort to be fair on the part of everybody concerned. This spirit is not only sportsmanlike, but it is wise. In no other way can international yacht races be made to serve the purpose of improving yachting on both sides. While the Vigilant last year showed herself upon the whole a faster boat than the Valkyrie, the Valkyrie had several very evident points of superiority. She was very much quicker in stays and consequently more tractable, and in a stiff breeze and moderate sea she was clearly the better boat at working to windward on short boards. What is very pleasant, exemplary, and admirable in the discussions on the other side is the fairness with which the two rival types are contrasted. Brethren, let us consider these things. It may do us good.

From New York Post.

Six successive defeats of Vigilant make it difficult for American yachtsmen to find an adequate supply of satisfactory explanations. It was easy to account for two or even three failures, but to account for six in succession is quite another task. We were so sure of our ability to beat the world in constructing racing yachts that we did not take into account the full effect of foreign conditions as to water and racing regulations. When the English yachts have come over here in search of the America's Cup, we have had the arranging of the regulations, and have had the benefit of familiarity with the water and the winds. Now the Englishmen are enjoying the same favoring conditions, and the result as to the American yacht is strikingly like that which in so many successive international contests in our waters befell the English yacht. The moral seems to be that there is really very little difference in the sailing capacities of English and American yachts, and that if they could meet on neutral waters, under impartial conditions and regulations, the chances of victory would be very evenly balanced.

From Boston Globe.

It is said that some members of the New York Yacht Club are so much provoked at the Vigilant's defeats as to blame Mr. Gould for racing her over any but open courses. It is hard to see what cause these members have for complaint. Mr. Gould's action in deciding to cover the racing circuit in Great Britain, having at the same time fully in view the disadvantage at which his boat would be over some of the courses, savors much more of the sportsman than the cool calculator for first prizes only. He deserves more of praise than of criticism, and his sportsmanlike way of courting whatever comes rather than of making only match races under conditions most favorable to his boat, will do much to promote good feeling between the yachtsmen of the two countries, and will help make international racing the exchange of courtesies which it should be.

New York yacht club members had their chance to keep the Vigilant at home by forming a syndicate to purchase or charter her, and give Lord Dunraven the races for which he was asking in the spring. They did not improve it, and now must make the best of what may come.

From Town Topics.

We Americans talk too much. We talked for weeks about the Yale athletes beating the Oxford men, and were positive that Vigilant would sail away from every British yacht opposed to her. Now that we are licked all round it is a good time to study our little habit of exercising our conversational powers too energetically. I am immensely disappointed that we came out second best in our contests this summer against the English, but I think the greatest humiliation of all is in the thought that we claimed so much in such loud tones. The English do not do this, and it shows very bad breeding in us to do it. The English quietly observed that probably Vigilant was better than any boat they had, and that the Yale athletic team ought to win the majority of the events in its meeting with Oxford. Then they went in and thrashed us. Their victories were doubly effective because they had been modest enough not to count on them beforehand. We are apt to be blowers. We are a smart people, but we are afraid other nations will not find it out unless we toot our horns. So we fill the air with our tooting and often become ridiculous thereby. It would be a good scheme if the newspaper press of this country would teach a little modesty to the people. At present the press is the most brazen blower of the whole show.

From Boston Post.

The boot is on the other foot as regards yachting trophies this year. It is seen to be one thing to defend a prize in home waters against a challenger from the other side of the world, and quite another thing to go to the other side of the world and sail the successful defender in unaccustomed waters against rivals who are at home there.

The fact that the Vigilant has been beaten in four consecutive races by the Britannia gives food for thought as to what would happen if by any chance the America's cup were to be won and carried back to England. The chances are that it would stay there, perhaps for as long a sojourn as that emblem of yachting supremacy has remained in the hands of its Yankee captors.

Another lesson to be learned from this series of races is that of modesty in the claims put forward for American yachts. Everything that the Englishmen have sent over here has been easily and thoroughly beaten in American waters. Now the best that American skill has produced is beaten by a boat which is confessedly not so fast as the Valkyrie, which succumbed to the Vigilant last year.

There evidently is a nearer approach to equality in the merits of English and American yachts than we in our pride have heretofore been willing to acknowledge.

From Philadelphia Telegram.

The old, old story is brought by this morning's dispatches: "The Vigilant is beaten again." For the sixth time the Britannia has decisively demonstrated her ability to outsail the Yankee sloop in inland waters and in a light breeze. Explanation after explanation has been made by American yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic, in their efforts to prove the Vigilant the better boat. "The captain is not used to her," "Her crew are not well trained," "She raced too soon after her arrival in English seas," "She will do better when she gets on the ocean"—these are but a hint of the excuses offered. The cruel, cold fact remains, however, that she has been beaten, and in every race the Britannia has clearly proven her superiority to our American yacht, under English racing conditions and in English waters. Meanwhile all we can do is to accept the defeats gracefully, and hope for coming victories in stiff breezes on the open sea.

From Chicago Herald.

When the Vigilant defeated the Valkyrie we had no words to express our contempt for the Britishers who sought to explain away the defeat by excuses more or less plausible. Now the Britannia has beaten the Vigilant, and it is unpleasant to find that the American sporting experts are trying just as hard to prove that the Vigilant was not fairly outsailed. This is childish and unsportsmanlike. If the Britannia has beaten the Vigilant, it is because she is the better boat and better sailed. Let us not begrudge the Englishmen their triumph. They haven't enjoyed a similar one in a good many years.

Lake Geneva Y. C.

THE Lake Geneva Y. C. sailed a race on July 23 over a 12-mile stationary course. Weather fair. Wind blowing a gale:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Maybe, H. H. Porter, Jr.	20.11	11 17 55	2 26 57	3 09 02
Rival, Benj. Carpenter	21.00	11 17 00	Capsized.	

Cohasset Y. C. First Championship Regatta.

July 21.

Weather overcast, wind N., light to fresh:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Duster, Cape cat, Mapes Bros.	22.02	0 34 30	0 23 53
Madge, Cape cat, C. H. Cousens	24.03	0 34 45	0 24 43
Grimalkin, Burgess, G. R. Howe	22.10	0 37 30	0 27 08
Khedive, yawl, Harold Weston	27.03	0 37 15	0 28 20
Wapan, cat, W. C. Appleton	20.09	0 41 40	0 30 28
SECOND CLASS.			
In It, cat, R. B. Williams	18.04	0 41 12	0 28 54
Edith, sloop, F. W. Clarke	18.07	0 48 20	0 36 10
THIRD CLASS.			
Escort, cat, John Richardson	14.05	0 37 33	0 25 54
Alma, cat, Gammons & Wheelwright	15.07	0 39 20	0 28 17
Elsie E., sprit, F. C. Higgins	14.04	0 41 12	0 29 30
Nameless, sprit, I. L. Blossom	13.04	0 42 05	0 29 48
Hazard, cat, F. R. Pegram	15.05	0 41 08	0 30 00

There is a handsome silver cup for each class to he raced for on consecutive Saturdays, July 21 to Sept. 1, inclusive. The yacht with best credit at end takes cup. Wind N., light over first and second legs, fresh to finish. The triangle was 6 miles, but a heavy squall while placing marks so disturbed things that the course was not much over 3 miles for first and second classes; third class course, 2¾ miles triangle. The club votes on the question of ⅛ allowance to yawls at next meeting, which will alter time of Khedive.

The steam yachts Senator, Lucille, Athlete and Daring were in attendance. The schooner yacht Daylight was club boat.

Second championship regatta, July 28, 4 P. M. Weather fine and clear; wind S.W., strong and puffy:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Duster, cat, Mapes Bros.	22.02	1 19 05	0 57 50
Madge, cat, C. R. Cousens	24.03	1 18 15	0 58 30
Zig Zag, cat. Gammons & Wheelwright	20.02	1 22 12	0 59 18
Khedive, yawl, Harold Weston	27.03	1 17 31	0 59 40
Grimalkin, cat, G. R. Howe	22.10	1 21 34	1 00 46
Winona, Hammond Braman	Dismasted.		
SECOND CLASS.			
Edith, sloop, F. W. Clarke	18.07	1 37 00	1 12 29
Jack Daw, cat, Ellery Clark	not m's'd.	1 33 47	.....
THIRD CLASS			
Escort, cat, John Richardson	14.05	0 31 29	0 19 50
Nameless, sprit, J. L. Blossom	13.04	0 35 13	0 32 56
Elsie E., cat, F. C. Higgins	14.04	0 34 35	0 23 13
Watermelon, cat. H. M. Knowles	not m's'd.	0 33 46	.....
Hazard, cat, F. R. Pegram	Disabled.		

The course has been logged off: first leg 2 miles; second 2½; third 1½—6 miles. Khedive turned first mark ahead, followed closely by Duster and Madge; Madge turned second mark ahead, Khedive second, Madge third. Khedive got the gun and if allowed the ⅛ for yawl rig as she is sure to, at next meeting of club, she takes the leg for the cup. It was a closely contested race, under the best of conditions. The yacht Daylight with club ladies, the steam yacht Daring, sloop Shadow and others were present. Chas. H. Cousens.

Vigilant's Pilot.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have had some controversy at our house upon the pilot question on Vigilant while racing in British waters. 1. Do the pilots have control of the yachts while in a race? 2. Are they in supreme command of the yacht while they are aboard during a race? 3. Do the captains give up the wheel to them? 4. Do the captains have to take orders from them?

The pilot has no control of the yacht, he is not in command, he does not handle the wheel or tiller, and the captain gives all orders. The duties of a pilot on a racing yacht are purely advisory; he gives information to the captain as to courses, tides, wind, weather, etc., being chosen for his local knowledge of such matters. The exact relations between the pilot and the captain depend on circumstances.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Columbia, steam yacht, has been chartered hy Mr. Ladew to C. Oliver Iselin, who will shortly return from Europe. Mr. Iselin has the steam yacht Guinevere under charter at Cowes at present.

The Herreshoff Mfg. Co. has completed a fin-keel for Walter Langdon, of Hyde Park, N. Y., for use at Shelter Island. She will be named Trust Me.

On July 28 one-half of Sayre's Wharf, at Newport, on which the New York Y C. house is located. was sold at auction, being purchased for $7,000 by Robert Goelet, presumahly for the use of the club.

The handsome thousand-dollar silver trophy that the late Commodore Colt had made last year for a race hetween the Cup defenders will he made a perpetual challenge cup hy the Larchmont Y. C. It will be raced for every Fourth of July hy the class of the season, and will he held by the winning hoat until the opening of the next yachting season. The records will he engraved on the pedestal of the silver piece each year, and the winner will receive a $250 cup to be called a Colt cup.

A. C. A. Membership.

Northern Division: W. D. Parker, Peterhoro; F. C. Johnston, Fred S. Howard, Leslie McEwen, Montreal. Atlantic Division: Omar Shallcross, Chas. H. Zimmerling, R. G. Fleischmann, Philadelphia; Edwin S. Ives, Long Island; Henry Parsell, W. B. Bynner, Louis M. Brock, H. B. Lawrence, Arlington, N. J.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

London, July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Bisley meeting is just over, with the wettest meeting on record. The wind was very had and strong most of the time also. On the opening day, July 10, there was a good light and hardly any wind, and Mr. Walter Winans took advantage of it to pile up scores in the revolver shooting, which, if he had not fired any more during the rest of the meeting, would have given him six first prizes and two divided first prizes. The next few days were very windy and he hardly shot; on the 13th he had a little hetter opportunity although the wind came in gusts, and made the two 41 scores at 50yds. already reported in Forest and Stream. At the limited entry competition for military revolvers at 20yds (restricted to two entries) he lost his chance by a had cartridge, the only one he has had out of the thousands he has fired this year in practice and competition, and it lost him his opportunity and made him come second. In the grand aggregate he was more than 30 points ahead of the next hest man. On one of the very windy days he shot a few shots at the running man and the running deer, in competitions which are open all the meeting and in which he was therefore handicapped by shooting on a bad day, hut he only shot for something to do when it was too bad to shoot a revolver. To his great surprise he has won fourth prize at each of them.

As Mr. Winans was the only American at Bisley this year who shot, he has done pretty well for the stars and stripes by carrying off eleven first prizes, dividing two first prizes and winning two fourth prizes out of fifteen he shot for. Below are details of the scores:

Any revolver, first series, 20yds., moving target, highest possible score 42.—Walter Winans and Capt. Heath divided first prize on score of 41.

Any revolver, second series, 20yds., disappearing target, highest possihle score 42.—Messrs. Winans and Joynt divide first prize on score of 40.

Any revolver, third serles, 20yds., rapid firing, highest possible score 42.—First, Walter Winans, 39 (best on record score); second, Dr. Britton, 26.

Any revolver, fourth series. 20yds., stationary target, only two entries allowed, highest possihle score 42.—First, Muirhead, 40; second, Walter Winans, 39.

Any revolver, fifth series, 50yds., stationary target, highest possihle score 42.—First, Walter. Winans, 41 (best on record score); second, Joynt and Ellicott, 38 (divide).

Aggregate for any revolver. highest possible score 210.—First, Walter Widans, 200; second, Joynt, 186.

Military revolvers, first series, 20yds., moving target, highest possihle score 42.—First, Walter Winans, 41 (hest on record score); second, Dr. Britton, 38.

Military revolvers, second series. 20yds.. moving target, highest possihle score 42.—First, Walter Winans, 39; second, Joynt and Ellicott, 37.

Military revolvers, third series, 20yds., rapid firing, highest possible score 42.—First, Walter Winans, 38; second, Dr. Britton, 37.

Milltary revolvers, fourth series, 20yds., stationary target, only two entries allowed, highest possible score 42.—First, Rand, 40; second, Walter Winans, 39.

Military revolvers, fifth series, 50yds., stationary target, highest possihle score 42.—First, Walter Winans, 41 (best on record score); second, Joynt, 39.

Military revolvers, aggregate, highest possible score 210.—First, Walter Winans, 198; second, Joynt, 179.

Grand aggregate, highest possihle score 420.—First, Walter Winans, 398; second, Joynt, 365.

Zettler Rifle Club.

The Zettler Club held its practice shoot at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, on Aug. 5. The weather was fine, and as a consequence high scores were in order. M. Dorrler surprised his brother members hy walking into the shooting house in the early hours of the shoot with his outfit in working order. His subsequent shooting showed that the old veteran had a little form left in him yet. His total in a series of 50 consecutive shots was 1,105.

Ross was in his usual form and put up a fine score, his scores were as follows: 232 228 216 228 223—1127.

The man target was to-day, as in the past, the center of interest. It heing open to visiting shooters, generally brings the visitors into the competition. On this occasion Thos. Lloyd, one of the visitors, borrowing Barney Zettler's rifle, on his second effort put up the good score of 57; to beat this score was the aim of all the others in the competition. None succeeded, however. M. Dorrler only could tie him, making 57. Holges and Hansen tied with 56. Busse was last with 55. Those who got no share in to-days's division will be found in the next competition with expectation oozing from every pore.

On the bullseye target, 4in. center, 3 shots only: Holges 2, Ross 2, Krauss 1. Scores:

M Dorrler	24	20	23	23	24	24	24	23	23	25	—233
	23	24	21	23	19	21	23	21	21	25	—221
	20	31	22	23	22	23	22	22	22	24	—221
Fred Ross	24	20	22	23	23	23	25	23	24	25	—232
	24	20	24	25	22	22	23	24	21	23	—228
	25	25	21	22	21	21	24	23	23	23	—228
L P Hansen	21	21	21	25	23	18	24	23	21	20	—217
	25	21	25	20	15	23	21	20	18	25	—213
	24	17	23	22	22	20	24	23	22	22	—219
R Busse	23	22	23	22	21	24	21	24	22	22	—224
	20	19	21	23	25	23	24	23	21	17	—216
	21	20	19	21	21	19	25	20	20	24	—210
George W Plaisted	24	24	19	14	18	22	18	21	22	24	—206
	21	24	22	20	17	24	21	16	23	22	—210
H Holges	21	25	22	11	21	11	23	22	19	21	—208
	16	21	22	21	24	23	24	22	23	20	—206
B Zettler	22	23	19	23	21	23	18	12	22	23	—206
	21	21	21	19	21	18	19	22	20	25	—205
	18	24	24	18	24	19	17	21	19	22	—204
Geo Krauss	20	22	20	22	22	20	20	14	15	22	—200
	22	23	21	13	20	20	12	22	25	20	—198
	21	12	16	24	24	12	23	20	20	21	—193
J Gunther	21	23	16	21	9	24	9	21	20	18	—182
	14	11	14	16	24	21	12	13	18	21	—165
	18	18	21	18	4	20	8	17	19	21	—156
F Faharius	14	17	1	0	15	19	10	22	19	16	—143
C J Watson	10	15	13	11	16	14	16	15	8	13	—131

Cincinnati Rifle Shooting.

Cincinnati, O., July 29.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores appended. Conditions 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindele	9	7	9	10	6	8	10	6	9	8	—82
	7	10	7	7	9	10	8	6	8	9	—81
	7	9	6	8	8	7	10	9	10	7	—80
	9	8	9	10	8	9	7	7	6	9	—81
Weinheimer	7	5	7	7	6	6	10	10	9	7	—73
	7	10	9	4	9	8	5	8	7	6	—73
	6	6	9	8	9	8	8	7	10	8	—79
	8	3	8	7	8	8	1	8	10	9	—69
Payne	7	5	8	9	10	9	6	7	8	9	—78
	9	8	8	7	6	6	7	10	10	7	—78
	7	8	6	6	10	9	6	9	8	7	—76
	10	10	6	8	8	8	4	6	8	9	—77
Wellinger	6	6	8	5	8	6	8	8	8	10	—73
	7	10	8	9	5	4	10	8	6	6	—78
	7	9	8	5	6	5	5	10	6	8	—68
	7	5	7	6	6	8	7	9	7	7	—69
Hake	8	4	4	4	3	9	7	7	5	9	—60
	3	5	4	5	4	10	9	6	6	6	—59
	6	5	8	6	9	10	6	6	5	9	—69
	5	8	6	6	5	4	5	9	8	6	—62
Schmidlin	4	3	7	5	0	2	8	3	0	6	—38
	4	4	2	3	9	9	2	0	2	2	—37
	8	6	9	3	3	8	10	3	7	5	—62
	4	1	9	9	3	0	9	3	4	2	—41
See	10	5	6	7	6	10	7	5	6	9	—71
	8	9	7	4	5	9	8	3	8	9	—71
	7	9	5	8	8	10	9	9	5	6	—76
	9	6	10	7	8	4	5	5	9	5	—68
Topf	9	3	5	10	4	10	10	5	3	3	—62
	4	9	6	5	7	6	9	4	6	4	—60
	6	5	7	8	7	6	7	3	5	4	—58
	5	8	4	6	4	8	2	6	5	7	—55
Druhe	7	8	5	7	7	10	8	10	9	10	—81
	8	7	6	8	9	6	8	5	6	10	—74
	8	7	9	7	7	4	10	6	6	6	—60
	6	7	7	7	6	6	10	7	6	6	—68

Rifle at San Antonio.

The regular weekly shoot of the San Antonio Rifle Club took place on July 30 with the following result. Regular medal shoot, 200yds, muzzle rest, 10 shots per man:

Texas Field	8	8	10	10	8	10	9	10	10	9	—93
A Guenther	11	11	10	11	9	8	7	8	8	12	—95
E Dosch	7	10	9	9	9	6	8	12	7	9	—86
A Altmann	11	11	9	10	9	8	9	9	9	9	—94
E Steves	9	7	8	12	11	8	7	11	7	8	—88
Neuman, Sr	6	9	9	8	7	9	7	9	8	5	—77
E Seffel	9	9	7	10	9	10	11	9	10	10	—94
C Hummel	10	7	8	10	8	12	9	11	8	19	—93
A Herff	10	8	8	9	10	10	12	11	7	11	—96

Regular medal shoot, 200yds., off-hand, 10 shots per man:

A Herff	6	10	6	5	6	9	4	6	4	10	—56
C Hummele	6	5	5	5	5	4	8	7	8	6	—59
E Seffel	6	9	10	7	5	5	5	8	7	8	—70
G Heye	10	5	9	6	5	9	5	6	10	9	—74
E Steves	7	9	6	5	7	6	4	6	4	4	—58
O Altman	6	9	9	6	7	9	5	7	7	7	—72
A Guenther	7	5	7	8	9	9	7	4	7	6	—69
Texas Field	10	6	5	8	4	6	7	7	8	8	—59

All comers' off-hand practice shoot, 200yds., muzzle rest, 10 shots per man:

A Herff	10	8	8	9	10	10	12	11	7	11	—96
H L Degener	11	7	11	11	9	11	9	9	11	9	—98
E Dosch	7	8	10	12	8	11	8	9	6	8	—89
E Seffel	12	10	9	10	9	12	7	11	8	11	—99
C Hummel	8	10	8	12	9	11	8	11	8	12	—96
Herpel	9	6	6	12	8	8	9	6	8	7	—79
Ad Altman	9	12	8	11	8	12	8	8	9	10	—96
J Suess	9	9	7	9	8	8	12	11	9	8	—90
O Koehler	9	6	9	9	9	8	7	9	4	7	—76
L P Boettler	8	7	11	10	9	9	5	9	6	12	—86

All-comers' off-hand match, 200yds., 10 shots:

Texas Field	9	8	5	8	8	5	6	9	9	9—76
E Steves	9	9	9	4	7	5	9	4	9	9—74
A Guenther	6	5	9	9	9	4	7	4	7	9—63

High Score for Mr. Wilder.

Walnut Hill, Mass., Aug. 4.—At the weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association to-day Mr. Salem Wilder, the world-famed rifle expert and experimentalist, performed the remarkable feat of scoring 117 out of a possible 120 in a rest match at 200yds. It is true that his shooting was done hy the aid of a telescope and with his rifle controlled in part hy a slide rest, but these facts have hut little weight when it is considered that Mr. Wilder is nearly 72 years of age.

Other scores made to-day were, 200yds., standard American target:

State Champion Military match, 20 shots to each man:

G H Nason	4	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	—91
W D Huddleson	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	5—89
J L Fowle	4	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	5	4	4—88
W J DeLoriea	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	5—87
G Durward	5	4	3	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	4	3	5	4—86
C Nutter	5	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	4—84

All-comers' rest match: Salem Wilder 117, J. F. Hill 104.

Eagle badge rest match: *John French 115.

Victory medal match: *H. L. Willard 111.

* Telescope sights.

All-comers' off-hand match: S. D. Sydney 88, O. Moore 77, M. T. Day 76, A. W. Hill 76, W. A. Maynard 72.

Military medal match: G. H. Nason 46, M. T. Day 44, A. S. Hunt 41.

Eagle badge pistol match, 50yds.: F. Williams 87, A. W. Hill 85, S. D. Martin 82.

New York Central Corps.

The New York Central Schuetzen Corps, Capt. D. Meersse, held its annual festival and prize shoot at the Union Hill Park on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The weather on both days was fine. There was a large attendance of riflemen, and the competition for the prizes on the ring, man and bullseye targets brought out many fine scores.

Louis Flach, of the Zettler Club, was present on Wednesday and distinguished himself by making the fine score of 74 out of a possihle 75 on the ring target. There was a great attendance of visiting socleties on Thursday afternoon. The New York Corps, Capt. Henry Offerman, came into the park nearly 150 strong. There were also large delegations from the New York Independent Corps, New York City Corps, Hohoken Independent Corps and others. Among the prominent riflemen present were F. C. Ross, M. Dorrler, L. P. Hansen, R. Busse, H. D. Muller, E. Berkman, Phllip Schmidt, Jas. Eisenhardt, R. Buzzeni, Fred Schmidt

The Zettler Brothers furnished the rifles, and many of the winning marksmen owe their success to the good qualities of these rifles and ammunition.

On the ring target Louis Flach was first with the score referred to (74), M. Dorrler was second with 72 (24, 24, 24), L. P. Hansen third with 72 (25, 25, 22).

The hest score on the man target was made by F. C. Ross with 58, Louis Flach was second with 56. F. C. Ross also carried off the honors on the hullseye target.

Bruno Eisner won the king prize and was crowned king of the festival at the close of the shoot. Scores:

Ring target, 3 shots, possihle 75: L. Flach 74. M. Dorrler 72, L. P. Hansen 72. S. Eisenhardt 71, F. Ross 10, Ph. Feigel 70, L Vogel 70, R. Busse 70, Ph. Schmidt 68, Geo. Schlicht 68, G. W. Plaisted 68, E. Berckman 77, C. G. Zettler 66, F. Schmidt 65. F. Schraeder 65, B. Zettler 64, M. Ficken 64, W. Roos 64, H. S. Muller 63, R. Flierdl 62, E. Richards 60, D. Meerse 59, Buzzeni 58, W. Koch 57, J. Dux 56.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: F. C. Ross 58, L Flach 56, G. Schlicht 55, Ph. Schmidt 55. L. P. Hansen 54, R. Busse 54, W. Roos 54, R. Flierdl 54, M. Dorrler 53, G. W. Plaisted 53 F. Schraeder 53, L. Vogel 52, F. Schmidt 52, H. D. Muller 51, B. Zettler 51, C. F. Gennerich 51. E. Berckman 51, M. Ficken 50.

Bulleyes: F. Ross 21, G. Schlicht 16, F. Schmidt 16, E. Berkman 12, L. Flach 11, Ph. Schmidt 10, L. P. Hansen 7, R. Busse 6, J. Eisenhardt 4, F. Schraeder 4.

King: Bruno Eisner.

Gold Coin, Corsets and Egg-Beaters.

Bridgeport, Conn., Aug. 4.—The Bridgeport Schuetzen Verein are so satisfied with the success of their tournament which came to an end last evening, that they will hold an annual tournament hereafter. Yesterday's scores for the general prizes, the first three in doubles, were as follows: Mr. Pope, Hartford, 74. 69, first prize $25 in gold; Mr. Ross, New York, 70, 69, second prize, $20 in gold; W. Wheeler, 69, 65, third prize, $15. In the singles, Charles Rohrhach, Jr., 70, took the fourth prize. oak parlor table.

The other prizes were won in the order given: A H. Merriman, Meriden 68. Winchester repeating rifle; W Lieberum 68, case hrandy; A. Wheeler 67, silver pitcher; J. Wilkinson 65, violin; R. H Barton 62, set carving cutlery; Charles Robrhach, Sr., 62, rug; L. Kutscher 61, rifle; P. Bartell 61, rug; J. Porzenheim 69, order for 500 cartridges; J. Saar 60, case wine; G. Utz 59, order for corset; C. Keller 59. one ton coal; H. Beutelspacher 59, one ton coal; F. Schussler 58, set loading tools; W. N. Beardsley 57, silver urn; J. Greenwood 56, order for pair of trousers; F. Egge 54, silver cup; S. C. Kingman 53, bamboo fishing rod; F. Drouve 53, keg powder; G. Drouve 53, rubher coat; C. Held 50, live lamb; A. C. Taylor 49, gold cuff buttons; L. Schwerdtle 48, umbrella; L. Kutcher 48, order for fish; J. Beers 48, order for photographs; O. Lehmann 44, order for roast heef; E. Horkheimer 45, order for three shirts; P. M. Beers 43, whip; G. Phillips 42, J. Pfaffgraf 36, gold medal; M. A Beers 35, shooting vest; P. Strassberger 31, amher cigar holder; G. Schreyer 30, A. Ide 27, shaving set; Miss V. M. Rohrhach 26, gold mounted revolver; H. L. Eames 24, jardinier; R. Ruessel 23, paper rack; H. Kretz 18, aluminum cigar case; A. Schaff 11, one half-harrel ale; F. Erhsam whip, L. Schneider oil stove, B. Lill order for hat; H. Spoering order for hat; H. Carston lamp. Mrs. Eckhart egg-beater. W. Behrens hox cigars. G. Bender hunting bag; C. Stohr album, W. Kustcher box cigars. F. Eckert pocket knife, H. Lieherum table cutlery. All are our members excepting M. H. Pope, C. F. Ross and A. H. Merriman.

New York Independent Corps.

The New York Independent Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Wm. V. Weher, held its monthly practice in the Glendale Schuetzen Park, on Friday of last week. While the weather was fine for outdoor sports the attendance was below the average. The shooting of some of the individual members was good. Wm. Hayes was first on the ring man and point targets. Ignatz Martin was a close second. B. Walther made a hard struggle to get to the front, but the luck was against him.

Ring target, 5 shots, possible 125: Hayes 117, Martin 112, Walther 111, Fisher 105, Greiner 104, Krauss 103, Steurnagel 96, Herman 95, Beittschier 93, Soell 93. Grenier 67, Schellhaus 58, Kahle 44, Schumacher 69, Dr. Pankertins 42, Schmidt 64. Bauer 90, Hayes 117.

Man target, 3 shots. possihle 60: Hayes 58, Walther 57, Martin 56, Stein 54. Bittschier 51, Herman 50, Krauss 50, Greiner 47, Bauer 46, Fisher 45, Soell 45.

Point target, 5 shots, possihle 20: Hayes 19, Martin 18, Begerow 17, Greiner 16, Soell 16, Fisher 16, Walther 16, G. Krauss 16, Bittschler 16, Hoffman 15, Bauer 14, Sternkopf 14, Schmidt 13, Herman 12, Stoehr 12, Baab 12, Kutzer 12, Henke 6.

Blumenthaler Company No. 6.

New York, Aug 6.—The Blumenthaler Company No. 6 held their weekly shoot July 31, with ten members present. Following are the scores:

Hicks	239	236	235	224	—934	Gross	229	226	225	—680
Muller	239	230	229	227	—925	Koerner	919	182	...	—401
Nicais	204	202	177	174	—757	Norwicki	224	...	...	—224

Henry D, Muller.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

West New York, July 30.—The weekly shoot of the Schlicht Rifle Club was held at headquarters this evening. Geo. Schlicht won the champion medal, Jacob Diehl the first class, Geo. Lautenherger the second class, C. Meyer the third class. Scores: Lautenherger 1?3, Geo. Dorr 231, C. Meyer 228, Geo. Schlicht 239, Jacob Schlicht 227, Wm Schlicht 227, Geo. Reichert 231, Jacob Diehl 229, Fred Lambrix 219, A. Meyer 226.

Greenville Rifle Club.

Greenville, N. J., Aug. 3.—The weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Club at headquarters this evening did not have its usual attendance Only nine members participated. The scores are appended: M. Dorrler 244, C. Boag 240, Collius 237, Scheeline 223, Gotthardt 238, Agneau 237, Rinker 211, Graff 225, Holzapfel 226.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

Jersey City, July 31.—At the weekly gallery shoot of the Excelsior Club held at headquarters this evening, the following appended scores were made: Jas. Hughes 23?, J. Speecher 228, R. H. Duff 234, J. Burns 226, A. Walter 240, Thompson 221, G. Williams 229, D. Kastendick 222, C. L. Pinney 225.

Rifle Notes.

The Plattedeutsche Volksfest Verein will open its annual festival in Union Hill Park to-morrow (Aug. 19). The shooting programme is liberal, and the fact that all surplus receipts of the fair are divided among our local hospitals should stimulate a large attendance

Harry M. Pope, of Hartford, Conn., and F. C. Ross, of Brooklyn, met at the shoot of the Bridgeport Schuetzen Verein last week at Bridgeport. Pope took first prize on the ring target, making 69 and 74. Ross was second with 69 and 70. Jos. Banzer accompanied Ross as mascot.

The Zettler Rifle Club is out with its programme for its twenty-first annual festival and prize shoot, to he held in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, Aug. 26 and 27. We append a synopsis of that part of the programme which is open to the public: Ring Target—Distance 200yds, 3¼in. (25) German ring target, any rifle, open to all comers. first ticket $2, each following $1, two best tickets to count for the first five prizes, the best single ticket to count for the following prizes, tickets unlimited, only one prize obtainable by any shooter, 21 prizes, ranging from $50 to $1. Premiums: Best five tickets on ring target $10, second hest five tickets $8, third best five tickets $4, fourth best five tickets $2. Bullseye Target—Open to all comers, 10 shots for $1, the best bullseye to count by measurement, 18 prizes, ranging from $20 to $1. Premiums—For the most bullseyes shot hy one shooter during the festival: First premium $12, second $8, third $6, fourth $4, fifth $2. First bullseye on Sunday $1, last bullseye on Sunday $1, first bullseye on Monday $1, last bullseye on Monday at noon $1, first bullseye on Monday in the afternoon $1, last bullseye on Monday in the evening $1. Judges' Target—Three shots, open to judges only; prizes, two fine gold lockets presented by the club.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 7-9.—Memphis (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament.

Aug. 8.—W. H. Kearfott's semi-annual bluerock target tournament at Kearneysville, Jefferson county, W. Va.

Aug. 8-10.—Missouri State Amateur Association, at Richmond, Mo.; $300 added.

Aug. 9-10.—SHERBURNE, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. L. D. Brainard, Sec'y.

Aug. 10.—WORCESTER, Mass.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament under auspices of Worcester Gun Club.

Aug. 13-18.—John Parker's fourth international tournament, blue rock targets and live birds, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, near Detroit, Mich.

Aug. 15-16.—Richmond (Me.) State shoot. C. O. Rowe, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—STURGIS, Mich., Rod and Gun Club's annual tournament, Hotel Thornton's guaranteed stake $50. W. E. Pearson, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-23.—Hot Springs (S. D.) Gun Club's tournament; $250 added.

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsononock Park, Altoona.

Aug. 22-24.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Bunker Hill, Ill.

Aug. 23.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Atlantic Trap Shooting Association at Lynn, Mass.

Aug. 29.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fifth tournament, at Auburn.

Aug. 29.—STAUNTON, Va., Gun Club tournament. J. M. Kinney, Sec'y

Sept. 3.—Endeavor Gun Club's annual shoot, Marion, N. J. E. Hollister, Sec'y, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Sept. 3.—PUTNEY, Vt.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Putney Gun Club.

Sept. 4-7.—NEW LONDON, Conn.—Standard Keystone Co.'s seventh annual tournament. James W. Clinton, Sec'y.

Sept. 11-13.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., second annual tournament, on the grounds of the North End Shooting Club.

Sept. 19 20.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Chattanooga Gun Club, at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sept. 20.—PENACOOK, N. H.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Penacook Gun Club.

Sept. 25-27.—Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club tournament, with Central New York League team shoot, at Rochester. J. B. Mullan, Sec'y.

Sept. 26.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, sixth tournament, at Rochester.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

We have received a copy of the programme for "Jack" Parker's fourth annual international shooting tournament to be held at Des-chree-chos-ka Island, Aug. 14, 15, 16 and 17, and a remarkably well-arranged and well-printed affair it is, being on fine paper and embellished with fine half-tone engravings of such well-known sportsmen as "Jack" Parker, Paul North, Harvey McMurchy, Rollo Heikes, "Sam" Glover, "Milton" Lindsley, "Ed." Taylor, W. R. Hobart, W. K. Park, Ferd. Van Dyke and T. H. Keller. On the first day there will be five 10 target events, $1.50 entry; three 15 target events, $2.50 entry; one 20 target event, $3 60 entry with $100 guaranteed, and the two men team championship race at 25 targets each, for the championship of the United States and Canada. The winners will each receive a diamond button emblematic of the championship and there will be other merchandise prizes. Wednesday will be live bird day, the events in order to be 5 birds, $5; 7 birds, $7; 10 birds, $10; 25 birds for international gold medal costing $150; this is also an optional $25 sweep. Third day, five 10 target events, $1.50 entry; three 15 target events, $25 entry (two of these have each a $100 purse guaranteed); two 20 target events, $3.60 entry. Friday, fourth day, five 10 target events, $1.50 entry; three 15 target events, $2 50 entry; one 20 target event, $3.60 entry with $100 guaranteed; and the contest at 50 targets for the individual international target championship, the first prize of which is a diamond trophy. There are also eleven other prizes of merchandise. All the guaranteed purses shall be shot at 16yds. rise; one barrel, known traps and augles (except known experts shall shoot from known traps, unknown angles). In the team and individual races all will shoot from known traps and angles. Blue targets will be thrown from two sets of expert traps. All 10 and 15 target events will be shot from 21yds. rise, use of both barrels allowed, unknown traps and angles. Instead of making the usual per centum divisions of the purse, the "Only Jack" will pay out cash as follows: Ten target events, scores of 10 will receive $5 each; 9s, $3 each; 8s, $2 each; 7s, $1 each; 6s, $1 each; 15 target events, scores of 15 receive $10 each; 14s, $7 each; 13s, $5 each; 12s, $3 each; 11s. $2 each; 10s, $1.50 each. This does away with all necessity of a handicap, as the shooting of the expert does affect the interest of the amateur. In fact it wipes out all pooling for places, combinations, etc., and instead of shooting against one another all are shooting against the management. In these events there will be four men in a squad. No. 1, 2 and 3 men standing in the center, 6ft. apart; No. 4 man backing No. 1 man.

MACON, Ga., July 31.—The members of the Macon Gun Club had an interesting series of shoots at live pigeons on their grounds yesterday. There were three events at 5, 15 and 5 live birds respectively, the scores being as appended:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
J T Holt	21220—4	102•1210112212•—11	22002—3
C C Holt	12212—5	121111212022211—14	22122—5
Huff	00111—3	1•11•0112121121—12	22110—4
Greer	01000—1	001122010121122—11	22210—4
Lamar	1210 —4	1001•021212121• —10	....
Troutman	21221—5	121121221102212—14	•2102—3
Etheridge	22112—5	2121022221•2•11—12	20•01—2
Burr	01000—1	01210010112•100— 7	000•0—0
Baker	....	21•001211121112—12	10201—3
Ayres	....	012200121112101—11	10112—4
Paullin	....	....	00100—1
Turpin	....	....	20010—2
Jones	....	....	11020—3
Winship	....	....	12021—4
Harris	....	....	02221—4

In the whole of Essex county, N. J., there is no more enterprising club than the Brighton Gun Club, of East Orange, which comprises on its roll many members of the former East Orange, Roseville and Amateur gun clubs. The members turn out well for practice and are always ready to arrange a team contest with neighboring clubs. On Saturday, Aug. 4, its team met and signally defeated the second team of the Maplewood Gun Club, the match being shot on the Brighton grounds. Each team comprised seven men who shot at 20 bluerock targets each, 18yds. rise. The scores: Brighton G. C.—S. Badgeley 17, G. Huff 17, E. Canfield 16, E. J. George 15, J. Moore 14, J. Gower 14, J. O'Meally 11; total 104. Maplewood G. C.—C. Dean 16, W. Van Iderstine 14, Wick. Smith 14, D. W. Tillou 14, M. R. Quad 12, G. Smith 11, S. B. Tillou 10; total 91. Sweepstake at 20 singles: J. W. Smith 18, G. Huff 18, S. Drake 18, S. Badgely 16, E. J. George 16, E. Jackson 16, E. Canfield 15, M. R. Quad 14, J. O'Meally 14, W. Van Iderstine 10, D. W. Tillou 10, G. Kutcher 9. No. 2, same: Badgely 16, J. W. Smith 16, Huff 15, Canfield 17, George 12. No. 3, 10 singles: Drake 9, O'Meally 9, Dean 8, Van Iderstine 8, Kutcher 7, Quad 7, S. Jackson 6, M. Potter 6.

Next Thursday's contest for the diamond medals of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club, of Syracuse, will be of unusual interest, as the final possession of the medals may then be decided. If A. G. Courtney scores another victory he will become owner of the Class A trinket, having already won it four times. Again, if Charles Wagner or C. F. Ayling win the next competition it will put the winner in a tie with the genial "Court," as each have three wins to their credit, and enhance the interest in the September contest. Other winners have been C. Dugard once, A. C. Ginty once, Geo. Mann once, D. M. Lefever once, and Harvey McMurchy once. The B Class medal has been won four times by Harry Jones, and three times each by A. S. White and M. Williams; so here is a chance for another combination.

The sportsmen of Memphis, Tenn., had an opportunity to witness an interesting trap match on July 30, when a team of twelve lawyers tried their skill and nerve against a like number of city merchants. The conditions called for 15 single targets per man. The scores: Merchants—W. D. Mallory 7, A. D. Gibson 5, J. M. Rainey 6, John Poston 6, A. C. Treadwell 2, W. B. Mallory 5, W. T. Bowdre 9, Ben. Mallory 11, J. W. Bailey 4, T. A. Divine 11, J. A. Austin 5, Le Clerc 7; total, 76. Lawyers—S. P. Walker 9, W. L. Clapp 5, J. M. Greer 5, J. H. Watson 10, George Gillham 1, Lee Thornton 4, F. B. Poston 10, W. A. Wheatley 2, E. F. Adams 3, W. B. Edrington 7, McFarlaud 8, D. M. Scales 5; total, 69. The same teams afterward shot at 10 singles each, the lawyers winning.

Some months ago a number of the members of the old East Side Mutual Gun Club, of Newark, who formerly shot on the Weidenmeyer Park grounds, Hamburg place, decided to organize a new club and one comprised of active shooters. The new club was formed and christened the Walsrode Gun Club, having shooting grounds at the foot of Chestnut street. A shoot was held here on July 24, the main event being at 25 singles in which Perment broke 20, Lenthaeusser 16, Roth 15, Alexander 14, Reinhardt 13, Schaefer 12, Fraenzel 9 and Farley 9. There were also a number of sweeps on the programme. In event No. 2 at 5 pairs the scores were Perment 8, Reinhardt 7, Lenthaeusser 7, Schaefer 6, Roth 5. No. 2, same: Perment 7, Schaefer 7, Roth 6, Lenthaeusser 5. No. 3, same: Lenthaeusser 7, Roth 7, Perment 8, Schaefer 7. The club will shoot every Saturday hereafter.

The Business Men's Gun Club will hold a shoot at Weir City, Kas., on Aug. 22, with $50 added money. The progamme comprises eight events at 20 targets each, $2 entry. In event No. 3 there will he $10 added, in No. 6, $15, and in No. 8 a citizen's purse of $25. The shoot will be open to all. The new North handicap will be used as follows: All known 85 per cent. men cannot compete for any but first and second moneys in any event; these shooters will be named as experts when they enter the first event and cannot win any part of third or fourth moneys during the day. Any other shooter who may fall in first and second money in any event cannot get a place in third or fourth money in the next event or until he falls below first and second money.

The Chillicothe (O.) Gun Club has been reorganized, and the officers and members have outlined a plan of active work that should keep them busy. In the near future they will erect a club house, the committee on this matter being W. Clark, A. Robinson, T. Murphy, W. Dufeu and A. B. Dickey. At present the club shoots at the Children's Home Park, its use having been generously donated by Mr. Reutinger. The club shoots will be held on Tuesday and Friday of each week, the members shooting at 25 targets each. The officers elected are Walter Story, President; R. R. Freeman, Vice-President; J. H. Blacker, Treasurer; Warren Chapman, Captain.

Robert Welch was in great form on Aug. 2 when he shot at 100 birds against James Wolstencroft for the Riverton plate. The day was a fine one for the sport and the birds very good for the season. Welch killed 98 birds and thus beat Hoey's record made on the Westminster Club's grounds. The rise was 30yds. aud the boundary 50yds. The scores were as below:

Welch	1222111112222221112112222212222222222222222222221—49
	22221212221212112220121122122221121111212121212122—49—98
Wolstencroft	211211111222122221111211112211101210011121112112210—46
	02112221111210201011121112212211122111102012102221—43—89

Welch has now won the plate twice, Work twice and Hoey once.

A match at 100 live birds each for $100 a side between Albert Ivens of Red Bank, and James Van Brackle of Matawan, was billed to he shot at Tinton Falls, N. J., on July 31, but owing to a heavy thunderstorm the match was postponed. Previous to the shower a 25-bird match for $50 a side took place between Eugen Magee of Tinton Falls, and William Perrine of Feneau, 20yds rise, 80yds. boundary, one barrel only allowed. Magee was shot out on the sixteenth round when the score was, Perrine 11, Magee 6.

The first of the series of matches between the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club and the Claymont Gun Club took place at Claymont on July 28, 8 men to a team, 25 singles per man. The scores: Claymont G. C.—Hooper 20, S. Casey 17, Williams 14, Habbart 7, G. Casey 13 Bird 18, Cloud 11, Whartonby 14; total 114. Wilmington R. and G. C—Brown 16, McConnell 15, Palmer 10, Grubb 12, Wagner 14, Bilderbach 20, Hartlove 17, Clark 3; total 107.

Rollo Heikes is showing better form than ever and it is getting to be a common occurrence to run straight scores of from 50 to 100 singles, under any conditions. On July 28, previous to the Buckeye-Sherman match he broke 20 singles in a sweep, 50 in the match and 30 more in practice afterward, making a clean run of 100 breaks from known traps, unknown angles. This is record for the Sherman grounds.

The monthly shoot of the Myrtle Gun Club took place at Dexter Park on Aug. 2, the attendance being light. In the club medal contest at 7 live birds, club handicap, the scores were: Henry Knebel, Jr. (28) 7, Chas. Gottfleish (25) 7, Herman Halstead (21) 4, John Luderman (25) 4, Edward Wohlke (25) 3, Ernest Roberts (21) 2.

Every sportsman who has read Mr. F. G. Moore's charges anent unfair treatment of American pigeon shooters by members of English clubs should read Capt. A. W. Money's communication in reference to the same, in another column. Capt. Money is an undoubted authority on matters pertaining to shooting in England and his opinions are conclusive.

The Sherman Gun Club will not wait long before trying to wrest back the *Review* cup won from them by the Buckeyes. The Shermans have received the *Shooting and Fishing* cup, emblematic of the championship of Ohio, and are ready to defend it against any State teams.

The officers of the Louisiana Gun Club of New Orleans are; President, W. H. Moore; Vice-President, L. P. Chaudet; Secretary, L. C. Thornhill; Captain, Harry C. Ludlow; First Lieutenant, R E. Soucier; Second Lieutenant, P. N. Nott.

Don't forget to send for a programme of the Pennsylvania State Shoot, and don't fail to go to Altoona on Aug. 21 to 24, and secure a view from Lookout Point, the highest point of the Wopsononock Mt., 2,900ft. above sea level.

The Highland, West End and Forester Gun Clubs will shoot the final of their series of six matches on the Forester's grounds at Davenport, Ia., on Aug. 17. If the West Ends win they will have to shoot off with the Foresters.

Carver vs. Brewer, Carver vs. Budd, Carver vs. Fulford. All these great series of great shooting matches yet to come. And they should be truly great exhibitions if shot on their merits and the principals hold their form.

"Jack" Parker writes us that if auy surplus accumulates from entrance fees in 10 and 15-target events at the Des-chree-shos-ka tournament, said surplus will be put up and shot for, entrance free, at close of the shoot.

Mr. Edward Banks desires us to state that all packages of shells, etc., addressed to his care by those intending to be at the Pennsylvania State shoot, will be found at Wopsononock during the days of the shoot.

Whoop'er up, Uncle Al Heritage and get that new organization in working order so that Jersey can have a State tournament this fall. Call a meeting, "Uncle Al," call a meeting!

At the monthly medal contest of the London (Ont.) Gun Club, on Aug. 3, J. L. Paine won the medal on a score of 20 out of a possible 27.

Des-chree-shos-ka Island and "Jack" Parker's international tournament will catch all the boys next week, Tuesday to Friday, inclusive.

Some of the sharpers will be shut out from their usual plan of dropping from places during "Jack" Parker's shoot.

Next Thursday will be Essex day on Al. Heritage's Marion grounds. The shoots of this club are open to members only.

The North End Shooting Club will hold its second annual tournament at Indianapolis, Ind., on Sept. 11, 12 and 13.

Thos S. Dando, L. R. Finletter and Geo. Work have all challenged "Bob" Welch to shoot for the Riverton Cup.

The Gilbert Rod and Gun Club of Brooklyn is building a two-story 30×40 club house at Amityville Cove.

The Sherburne Gun Club tournament will be held Aug. 9 and 10, at Sherburne N. Y.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

The American Shooters in England.

OAKLAND, N. J., Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I reached New York on Wednesday last and have since seen the paragraph in your paper containing statements said to have been made by Mr. F. G. Moore, and published in the New York *Sun* of July 28. I cannot allow these statements to pass unchallenged and in the name of fair play I ask you to publish this letter.

I accompanied my friend Mr. Moore and others to England, and was present with them, shooting myself, at all the shooting in which they took part.

Mr. Moore complained to me both at Hurlingham and the Gun Club that he, as well as myself and the rest of the party, were not getting fair play in the matter of handicapping. I tried to show him that the handicapping was carried out in accordance with rules laid down at both clubs and which could not be departed from. These rules were not specially made for our benefit, but applied equally to the regular members of the club and all the other foreigners present.

Mr. Moore would, however, listen to no explanation and continued to feel very sore on the subject, the more so that, except by fits and starts, he, like all the rest of us, was shooting very poorly.

The handicapping at both Hurlingham and the Gun Club is in the hands of gentlemen elected by the members of the club and who are perfectly above any possibility of suspicion as to their showing any favor or partiality.

I myself, as well as all other foreigners present, men who have shot at these clubs as guests for years past, were subject to the same rules of handicapping, but no one but Mr. Moore found fault with them.

Mr. Moore is quoted as having further said that at Hurlingham the traps were found to be 2yds. further from the shooters than the indicated distance showed, so that a shooter supposed to be standing at 30yds. would really be standing at 32yds., and so on at each distance.

This was true, but it affected each man shooting in exactly the same way, and not, as Mr. Moore would seem to imply, the American visitors only.

I think from the above it will clearly appear that, as far as these two points in Mr. Moore's statement are concerned, he had no special grievance, but was treated exactly as any other member or guest of these two famous clubs was treated.

I now come to another point, viz., his accusation against the men who pull the traps and those who put the pigeons into the traps, and his further statement, that certain members of both clubs were cognizant of and benefited by such malpractices.

Mr. Moore here states as facts what he can only have a suspicion of, and if he can point out any way for proving his suspicions and making all chance of such cheating an impossibility in the future, he will earn the grateful thanks of all true sportsmen.

Whether it was good taste on Mr. Moore's part to make public such statements as he has done, when half of them were untrue in fact and the rest based on merest suspicion, and when he had been shooting as a guest at these clubs for money prizes and cups of great value presented gratis by them, I leave brother sportsmen to judge.

He complains that he did not meet with courtesy. It seems strange that no complaint of that sort has ever been made by such sportsmen as Macalester, Gale, Dolan, Seaver Page, L S. Thompson, Oakleigh Thorne, Edgar Murphy and many other Americans who have shot there year after year.

ALBERT W. MONEY.

P. S. Since writing the above I have received a letter from Mr. Robt. Welch of Philadelphia, who wishes to join me in publishing it, and indorses all I have stated.

A. W. M.

Boston Shooting Association.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 1.—The Boston Shooting Association held an all-day shoot on their grounds. The principal event was for the individual championship of New England, a purse of $100 in gold, which was won by H. G. Wheeler of Marlboro, Mass. The match consisted of 150 birds, divided into nine events, as follows: 20 birds Keystone system, 20 birds Keystone revised, 10 pair, 20 birds from five unknown traps, 10 birds three known traps, 20 birds Keystone, 10 birds three traps unknown, 20 birds Keystone revised and 5 pair. The following scores were completed: Wheeler 136, Dickey 133, Bartlett 132, Conn 129, Rule 128, Burbridge 123, Leroy 123, Sanborn 123, Allison 122, Davis 120, Forehand 112, Richardson 104.

Other events were: First event, 10 Keystones, 32 entries: Wheeler, Hoyle, Bartlett, Alexander, Farrar, Bucklin and Dickey, first; Forehand, Hakes, Rule and Hyde, second; Tucker, third; Merrill, Herbert and Jones, fourth.

Second event, 10 targets, 30 entries: Forehand and Swiveller, first; Adams, Davis, Climax, Huntington, Burbridge and Wheeler, second; Hyde, Alexander, Rule, LeRoy, Waldo and Bucklin, third; Herbert, Allison, Bartlett, Jones and Tucker, fourth.

Third event, 5 pair, 28 entries: Burbridge, Allison, Jones, Waldo and LeRoy, first; Herbert, Hakes, Hyde and Hoyle, second; Tucker, Bucklin, White, Sanborn, Huntington, Buck and Forehand, third; Merrill, Snow, Wheeler, Bartlett, Rowe, Alexander, Bowker and Mascroft, fourth.

Fourth event, 10 birds, 38 entries: Climax and Dickey, first; Davis, Snow, Wheeler, Sanborn, LeRoy, Waldo, Tucker, Perr and Conn, second; Rule and Wadsworth, third; Forehand, Buck, Hyde, Hoyle, Bartlett, Rowe and Huntington, fourth.

Fifth event, 5 pair, 21 entries: Perry, first; Climax, Walls, Daniels, Rowe and Allison, second; Herbert, LeRoy, White and Gore, third; Forehand, Snow, Jones, Stine and Davis, fourth.

Sixth event, 10 targets, 28 entries: Herbert, Wheeler and Bartlett, first; Rule, Stone, Sanborn, LeRoy, Tucker, Yarp, Perry, Conn and Richardson, second; Waldo, Forehand, Snow, Swiveller, Wadsworth, Climax, Rowe, Alexander and Mascroft, third; Gore and Allison, fourth.

Seventh event, 5 pair, 16 entries: Forehand and Rowe, first; LeRoy and Walls, second; Martin, Allison and Perry, third; Mascroft and Herbert, fourth.

Eighth event, 5 pair: LeRoy, first; Allison and Snow, second; Rowe and Forehand, third.

Ninth event, 10 birds: Conn, first; Swiveller Rule and Herbert, second; French and Rowe, third; Richardson and Forehand, fourth.

Tenth event, 10 targets: Forehand, Rowe, Allison and Rule, first, Snow, Herbert; LeRoy, Winn and Daniels, second; Conn, third; Martin, fourth.

Vernon Rod and Gun Club.

MATCH for club prizes, July 30, at 15 single and 3 pairs double bluerocks:

Clsss A.		
G M Cooke	101001010111101	10 01 00—11
G W Gales	011111101110010	11 01 11—15
L G Hawkins	110100001011101	11 11 01—13
J S Massie	101011110111011	11 11 11—17
J G Matthews	011000110001010	11 11 01—11
A L Tschiffely	010110111000100	01 00 10— 9
Class B.		
D M Alexander	011001001100010	10 11 01—10
J M Batchelor	101110000001000	11 00 00— 7
A M Hiatt	001100011100000	00 10 00—11
D P Henry	000100000011101	10 00 10— 6
Tom Pope	001111101100010	00 11 11—12
L P Lorance	111111110010111	10 01 11—16
S P Sadler	010001000011110	01 11 11—11
T J Youngblood	011101001110101	11 01 11—13
J T Allison	000011000001001	00 10 10— 6

Winners—Class A, $5 for 3 pairs doubles, J. S. Massie. Class B, $3.50 for 5 straight birds, L. P. Lorance. According to the rule Lorance is now transferred to Class A.

Yankton Gun Club.

YANKTON, S. D., July 27.—The Yankton Gun Club has come to stay Its members have entered into the spirit of the organization with commendable zest and zeal, and the ensuing months will be fraught with many interesting contests with the shotgun and much pleasure for the lovers of sport who comprise it. Twenty business men have enrolled their names uncer the articles of organization, and every man of them loves to shoot.

This club will soon develop its plans concerning the preservation of game and the enforcement of the game laws of the State in this county. Every person who violates those laws will find the club hot on his trail, and he will be prosecuted to the fullest extent, if apprehended. This particular matter the club will make its business, and with the determination of seeing the law strictly adhered to.

Yesterday the contract for the erection of the club house at a point just south of the old Yankton county fair grounds was awarded. The house will be 25×15ft. in dimensions and one story high. It will be used by the club for storage and recreative purposes.

Wilson & Cobb have hung up a trophy to be presented to the marksman whose average shooting is best, at the end of a year. It is a coin silver badge comprising a bar and pendant. The bar is engraved "Champion" while the pendant is marked "Yankton Gun Club" on its face and "1894" on the reverse side. The badge is the handsome work of L. A. Cobb, and is worthy the efforts of any shooter to win.

Princeton Prize Shooting.

PRINCETON, N. J., Aug. 4.—The first two of the series of five contests for choice of gun or rifle have awakened a great interest among local trap-shooters. The handicap governing places all shooters on so even a basis that there is a delightfully exciting uncertainty almost until the last shot of each match is fired In the first match, last Monday, Mr. Robert Schellinger won first place with the excellent score of 21 out of 31, Messrs Phillips and Hoff winning second and third places respectively. In the Thursday match, Master George Rule won by 21 breaks for 32 shots. Up to June 30 Master Rule had never fired a shot at a moving target with a shotgun, though he was already known locally as an expert with the rifle. If any other gun club in New Jersey has a 16-year-old that can equal his record we should like to see a match between the lads. Complete scores of the two matches are as follows:

Monday—Shoot No. 1: Phillips shot at 25, broke 15, Rule (32) 15, Clark (25) 3, Schellinger (31) 21, Tiffany (25) 13, Hoff (28) 17, Zazzali (35) 6, Stout (29) 15, Seger (25) 6, Wesley (40) 9, Applegate (25) 15

Thursday—Shoot No. 2: Schellinger shot at 31, broke 15, Wesley (40) 13, Rule (32) 21, Margerum (28) 10, Hoff (28) 19, Skirm (25) 15, Phillips (25) 14, Stryker (30) 11, Tiffany (35) 19.

Hoff and Tiffany tie for second place, Skirm and Schellinger for third.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

A Close Contest at Saratoga.

In my letter to Forest and Stream of Aug. 4, which gave an account of the pigeon shooting match wherein Harry R. Sweny, of Albany, defeated Walter Hansen, of Saratoga, I stated in the concluding paragraph that Sweny had been backed by David S. Johnson—a New York sporting man who is spending the summer at the Springs—to shoot a 50-bird race with Ned Garrison, of New York. As far as the backing was concerned I was in error; Johnson made the match, but Sweny was his own backer. The terms of the match were 50 birds per man, $50 a side, American Shooting Association rules to govern, except that the boundary should be a 30yds. circle. The date of the event was set down for Thursday, July 31, and a large gathering of spectators, which included many shooters of the Eastern League and a big representation of the *habitués* of the race track, were on hand at the grounds of the Saratoga Gun Club to witness the shooting. The hour for the match to open—10 A. M.—arrived, and two hours more dragged their slow length along when the gun club manager, Mr. Levengston, announced that the birds had not arrived, and that the principals had agreed to postpone the match until the following morning. A groan of disappointment went up from the crowd, among which the Albanians were the sorest at coming away from the slowest town on earth for nothing.

The next day was Aug. 1, and that soft summer month was ushered in with its most ideal conditions. The morning sky was flecked by light fleeces of cloud, and the sun's rays shining through the soft, vapory folds, were tempered by a thin haze that hung for hours after sunrise in the motionless air of a dead calm. Forest and Stream's correspondent was again to the front with a few of his fellow-Albanians, and at the gun club grounds we made a small part of a crowd that was very much larger than that which had somewhat sulkily dispersed at the fiasco of the previous day. Among the crowd I noticed the burly figure of Herr Walhaum, the "Napoleon of the turf," but of all the sportsmen and "sports" there assembled, there was no one that drew more attention than a slender fellow in an outing shirt and trousers, and crowned with a big sand-colored sombrero. He was flying about everywhere when he was not shooting targets with Sweny and others—and he was a good shot, too. He rather fought shy of personal inquiry, but when your correspondent mentioned the great paper he was gathering news for, the supposed cow puncher was only too eager to tell that he was Arthur Schleman, guide for the Tampa Bay Hotel, at the resort of the same name in Florida. There were very many sportsmen present whom I personally knew, but among them all there was no one that gave me more pleasure to meet than my old friend, Washington A. Coster of Saratoga. "Wash" was bronzed up to his standard summer color, notwithstanding that it is not yet the season to go afield with dog and gun—looked the picture of health, and even at this early date was making some modest calculations on the success of the great State meet at Saratoga in June, '95. Mr. Coster was not to be allowed to hide his light on the present occasion, for, at the suggestion of the writer, he was chosen referee by the principals in the match, who had come to the scoring point prepared to open the ball.

Sweny appeared fresh as a daisy, his clear eyes and agile motions showing the results of the care that this young athlete habitually bestowed upon himself. Garrison on the other hand looked jaded, and it was with an accompanying yawn that he answered the greeting of the writer; but he quickly braced up on the natural supply of strength and the fund of spirits which the "dead game" man always seems to have in reserve, as his excellent shooting pace showed later on.

The pigeons were a fine lot, clean and in good feather for summer birds, being selected from 500 sent on from Philadelphia in anticipation of other matches or of scrub sweep. In color the birds were greatly varied, and the whites, blues, browns, grays, etc., more as far as possible, crated by themselves, so that the shooters had first a run of whites, then the dark colors. The traps were King's, five in number, the old-fashioned cord pulls being employed.

Garrison won the toss for choice of position and decided to go to the score. He opened the match in good form, and though the luck of birds ran with his opponent he made it a close and exciting race—first one ahead and then the other—of the see saw type. Both men shot even until the seventh round when Garrison missed. Sweny tied the score in the next round by his bird falling dead over the boundary. Garrison missed again in the ninth round, which placed him one behind his adversary. Both men then raced along at a clipping gait until the twenty-second when the score was again tied by Sweny's bird escaping over the boundary, and the same ill-luck happening again in the twenty-seventh round placed the Albanian one behind, and the race track heelers, who were looking blue over their pony bets, lifted up their voices in an exultant roar.

This state of things didn't prevail but for a short time, for Garrison overshot an incomer in the thirtieth round, and it was again neck and neck. In the next ten birds Garrison struck a very stumbling gait, missing his thirty-second, thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth birds, and Sweny, who scored the entire ten, was then in the lead. Sweny's unfaltering pace made the case look hopeless for the New York boy, but he was game to the last, shooting out the race and killing his last twelve birds straight. Sweny's lead of three was reduced to two in the forty-seventh round when a smart right-quartering driver carried its death wound over the boundary. The last three birds were "dead easy" for the Albanian and he came out a close winner, 45 to 43. All this is vouched for in the detailed score:

Sweny	1211111●●2121111111111●111—22
	1●111111111111122121●111—23—45
Garrison	2212220202022112112222122—22
	2121020212110011221211222—21—43

Pigeon shooting is being fairly boomed into popularity in this quarter, and the notoriety obtained by the contestants at Saratoga has made them known over the entire league circuit. Ex-champion Warren F. Lord of Troy is again in the field, boldly declaring that he will shoot any eastern New York man a 100-bird match for from $100 to $1,000 a side. The air is fairly heavy with the talk of prospective bouts, and some exciting events may be certainly looked for in the early fall.

Horace B. Derby.

Knoxville's New Handicap.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The devoting of space in your valuable columns for the discussion of the perplexing problem of the correct handicap for club tournaments, will prove of lasting benefit to the sportsmen of the country, who are deeply interested in all that pertains to this great question.

Numerous handicaps have been presented for friendly criticism, and all so far have proved at fault, as attested by public trial. Some of them favor the expert and others the amateur. Others "ball up" the smooth working of a shoot largely attended by getting squads mixed up for position. Some make the per centum of the purse so small that the "expert amateur" and amateur cannot pay hotel bills. Others by giving so much for broken targets, that the possible win is so small that no one wants to attend the shoot and take chance to borrow money to return home. And so on until at the present time no club has yet adopted a correct handicap. What is meant by a correct handicap? It must be one that is simple, not complex, in all its working; practical and not theoretical; that places all contestants on the same basis without advantage to any one above any other. Such must be the future handicap of clubs desiring a successful meet.

The amateur has "a tired feeling" to donate any longer, while the expert, who has spent time and money "to learn how to do it," is equally tired having to go to shoots and being put to such disadvantages as some of the handicaps impose.

Having given the subject considerable thought, I desire to present some new views that I claim give all a fair chance for the purses contested

The Knoxville Gun Club has demonstrated the fact by experience that to run smoothly and successfully a meet must be "open to all," and all on the same basis; but how to get an 80 per cent. man to come and contest against 90 and 95 men is the question. Now, I will submit my new method for the very careful consideration of the shooters for their public or private opinions, believing I have started in the right direction at least (if this system will not work) for some other enthusiast to fully develop it.

THE CORRECT HANDICAP

Rapid fire, five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 12½, 12½%.

High daily and three days' average money for best scores.

Events to be 20 single targets, known traps, unknown angles for all. Each contestant must equal or better his score made in each preceding event to be in for money in each following event, except any contestant may win at any time first or second purse or money, *i. e.*, if A makes 20 or 19 in event No. 1 he may make either 19 or 20 in event No. 2; but making 18, 17, 16 in event No. 1 he must equal or better 18, 17, 16 in event No. 2 to be in for money in event No. 2. Isn't that simple? Don't condemn it until you have fully digested it, as it were, and you will find the more you think about it the better you grasp it. I claim these advantages for the system:

1. All contestants shoot on same basis, viz., kind or style of shooting, and all shoot the same event on same set of traps If two or more are used, by simply shooting through on set No. 1 four full squads in event No. 1. Then take these same squads over on set No. 2 and let them commence to shoot event No. 1, and so on. Thus they will chase one another in a circle all day and no confusion can arise, as will when you have the so called classes—amateur and expert shooting in different classes.

2. Each contestant classifies himself by his own merit. Thus if A can shoot 90% he, by his own merit (to be in for money), and shows 18, 19, 20 in the following event, the club is relieved from that embarrassing position of saying to the paid or otherwise expert, "You must shoot 1, 2, 3 moneys or you are out." It is obvious that to class a shooter on the basis of being paid instead of merit is wrong, as by his own merit the shooter classes himself and he can only blame himself.

3. Prevents pooling to drop for place, as if A by entering last squad sees that 16 is "a good hole," and he made 17 in the preceding event, he can't drop in for he is out if he does. This protects the 16 or 80% shooter from the avaricious shooter.

4. Compels the paid (or otherwise) expert to shoot high scores for 19 or 20 all the time, as the high daily average and paid reputation will not allow him to drop down to 16 when he is out for a place, failing to make his score.

5. Favors the amateur by an increased percentage in 3, 4, 5 moneys. As the 18, 19, 20 men drop out they can't drop into those purses and divide them up until a shooter does not get his entrance when all ties divide.

6. Each shooter knows at once by his all day entry score card where and when he shoots, and his score made shows him at once what he has got to do in each following event, whether he wins a place or loses, and thus he need not bother the office with questions, "What class am I in?" "Where do I shoot?" "How much did I win?" etc.

These are the sallent features of the new method and I submit them to the shooters for their views as to wherein the system will not work. You may say it will "ball up" the office. I submit my office plan or pay roll and I think it is very simple and explains itself as follows:

Have a public squad score board; also a squad tab score or scorer who takes the duplicate scores for papers and one original that goes to the entry clerk in the office. All totals on it are checked with public score board, hence no corrections can be made after the tab score comes into the office. The entry clerk then looks at the extended total and sees Mr. A. makes 20, writes his name in the 20 column; Mr. C. makes 19, writes his name in the 19 column, etc.

See Table 1 as follows: Represents all who are in for money and shows at a glance A made 20 straight, purse $30, wins $15; C made 19, purse $25, wins $5. To be in for money in event No. 2, A must make 20 or 19, C must make 19 or 20, T must make 18, 19 or 20, K must make 17, 18, 19 or 20:

Event No. 1:

Targets.....	20	19	18	17	16	15
	$30	$25	$20	$12.50	$12.50	..
	A	C	T	J	N	..
	B	D	F	K	O	..
	..	E	G	L	P	..
	..	U	H	M	S	..
	..	V	Z	..	..	..
	—	—	—	—	—	..
	$15	$5	$4	$3	$3	..

We then go to shoot event No. 2 as follows:

Event No. 2:

Targets.....	20	19	18	17	16
	$50	$40	$30	$20	$20
	B	A	H	C	X
	G	E	I	N	Y
	..	P	J	M	L
	..	..	D	O	S
	..	..	V	T	..
	—	—	—	—	—
	$25	$13.25	$6	$4	$5

Table 2 shows at once the possible winners to be revised for money in Event No. 2 as entered in same way by the entry clerk from tab squad scores as they are handed into the office. Now he revises and finds that B scores 20 and puts him down 20 and wins; G scores 20 also and wins place; P scores 19, made 16, and wins place; H scores 18, made 18, and wins place. So take each man in No. 2 and look back to No. 1 and revise him in columns as indicated to compare what they would have won by old system we find H I, etc., won $6, by new won $10; C, N, etc., won $4, by new $6.50; X, Y, etc., won $5, by new $6.50.

Targets.....	20	19	18	17	16
	$25	$13.25	$10	$6.50	$6.50
	B	A	H	N	X
	G	E	I	M	Y
	..	P	J	O	S

Thus showing the increased wins to individual purse in 18, 17, 16 between old and new system; 19 and 20 are the same in both systems.

Now I will state that I took the second day's shoot of the Knoxville Gun Club's last meeting and revised by this system all the eight regular events, and find that it reduces the percentage of the top winner and increased the percentage of some of those shooting low, although they were out of money in some events. Not wishing to be personal, but to show by actual trial in a meeting the resut—of what was won—I give the winners as follows, of all eight events, and the high percentage of shooting on this day cut out 93 per cent. on all days for fifth daily average:

	Regular system, No. 1 table.		New system, No. 2 table.
Heikes	$52 25	reduced to	$46 50
Pike	67 25	"	64 00
Fulford	48 75	"	46 50
Gay	43 50	"	33 50
Parmelee	49 00	"	43 50
Hunter	51 95	"	49 95
Bartlett	40 50	"	31 25
Van Dyke	33 75	"	24 50
Keller	27 25	"	26 85
David	21 75	"	18 20
Elliott	12 00	"	11 50

These are samples of representative average shots, and this decrease was added to the amateur class or those not shooting so high an average, as follows:

	Regular.		New system.
Grim	$36 25	increased to	$43 20
Wagner	41 00	"	47 10
Anthony	27 00	"	28 00
McMurchy	19 50	"	24 50
Fonda	7 00	"	9 50
W T Mitchell	20 50	"	20 50
Hoffman	20 00	"	24 50
North	22 50	"	34 00
Shorty	24 75	"	32 00
F S Mead	13 50	"	14 60

So on down the list. This gives a fair average and shows by the score as follows:

Second and eighth events regular and revised by new system; 19 and 20 always has the same in both:

		Number men in.	Old paid.	Number men in.	New paid.
Event No. 2	18	9	$4.25	5	$7.50
	17	14	1.75	8	3.00
	16	9	2.50	1	23 70
Event No. 3	18	12	3.00	8	4 50
	17	5	4 75	1	24 00
	16	10	2 40	2	12.00
Event No. 4	18	13	3.00	8	4.75
	17	13	1.75	7	3 50
	16	12	2.00	7	3 50
Event No. 5	18	11	3.25	6	6 50
	17	11	2 00	6	4 00
	16	10	2 25	4	6 00
Event No. 6	18	9	5.75	6	8 50
	17	14	2 25	6	5 25
	16	8	4 00	2	16.00
Event No. 7	18	14	2.50	10	3.70
	17	13	1 75	12	2.00
	16	10	2 25	8	3 00
Event No. 8	18	9	3.75	7	5.00
	17	11	2 00	4	5 25
	16	16	1 25	6	3.50

This shows conclusively that the amateur purses percentage is increased by practical demonstration at the second day's shoot of our big meeting, and in place of from 9 to 16 men tieing, it reduces the number for an amateur to get "a living, breathing place."

Now boys, jump on this theoretical and practical demonstration of the Knoxville new handicap, or "The Correct (?) System," and let's have some opinions as to the whys and wherefores it will not work, and perhaps we can yet get something better than at present in vogue and give all a fair chance at a tournament.

R. Van Gilder

Mr. Arno Won.

Syracuse, N. Y., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 28 I notice an article dated at Syracuse, N. Y., headed, "Col. Courtney Wins Again," followed by an extended "inflation" upon the rare and incomparable skill of the "portly Col. A. G. Courtney," and also the suggestion that the "stuff of a champion" is deeply imbedded in the Colonel's bones. The article, in its preface, tells how Col. Courtney won the Class A medal shoot, held by the Onondaga County Sportsman's Club, July 20, defeating Charles Arno in shooting off the tie of 46. The article is signed "Falstaff," and perhaps was the result of a "heat-oppressed brain," for the printed score, following the preface, shows clearly that Mr. Arno defeated the Colonel in shooting off the tie.

Believing that the Forest and Stream desires ever to defend its reputation for correctness and reliability, I desire, over my own signature, to enter a protest against such misrepresentations of facts by "Falstaff."

Chas Arno.

The Eastern Tournament.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The second annual tournament of the Eastern Gun Club was held August 1 and 2. The attendance was fully up to our expectations, considering the Circleville, Ohio, shoot being held on the same dates.

The grounds are located on highly elevated land, just west of our village, in sight of Old Fort St. Clair, and a most pleasing and delightful view to the eye almost surrounds the grounds.

Good weather prevailed during the entire shoot, and although extremely warm, yet owing to the elevation of the grounds a strong breeze made it comfortable for the shooters, but at no time interfered with the flight of the targets.

The management did everything possible for the comfort of the shooters in the way of erecting tents, &c., and no kicking was heard except occasionally by parties who were outclassed.

The traps, five in number, worked well, and the targets were first class.

Below is the score of the winners of the several events:

First Day's Scores.

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, 17 entries, entrance $1: Shorty 10, Proctor 10, W. R. Deem 9, Tippy, 9, Fosdick 9, W. Dick 9, Churchill 8, Moses 8.

No. 2, 15 bluerocks, 16 entries, entrance $1: Shorty 15, Dr. Bucke 13, Proctor 12, Churchill 12, W. Dick 12, Fosdick 12.

No. 3, 15 bluerocks, 20 entries, entrance $1: Shorty 15, Proctor 13, Tippy 11, Hatfield 11, W. Dick 11, Bower 11.

No. 4, ten bluerocks, 20 entries, entrance $1: Proctor 10, Shorty 9, Creek 8, Dr. Bucke 8.

No. 5, 10 bluerocks, 23 entries, entrance $1: Bear 9, Shorty 9, Churchill 9, Proctor 8, W. Dick 8, Tippy 8, B. French 7, L. French 7.

Extra Event, 10 bluerocks, 10 entries, entrance $1: Dr. Bucke 9, Proctor 9, Shorty 8, Tippy 7, Fosdick 7.

No. 6, 10 bluerocks, 17 entries, entrance $1: Creek 9, Shorty 9, Griffin 8, Cook 7, Bear 7, Tippy 7, W. Dick 7.

Extra event, 10 bluerocks, 15 entries, entries $1: W. Dick 9, E. A. Deem 8, Dr. Bucke 8, Tippy 8, Proctor 8, Creek 7, Fosdick 7, Hatfield 7, Griffin 7, Christman 7.

No. 7, 15 bluerocks, 14 entries, entrance $1.50: Shorty 13, Dr. Bucke 12, Proctor 12, Tippy 11, W. Dick 11, Holthouse 10, Fosdick 10, Cook 10.

Extra event, 10 bluerocks, 29 entries, entrance $1: W. Dick 10, Cook 9, Martin 9, Fosdick 8, Tippy 8, Proctor 8, Motter Jr. 8, Bower 8.

Second Day's Scores.

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, 12 entries, entrance $1: Tippy 9, W. Dick 9, Proctor 9, Shorty 8, Fosdick 7, Stewart 7.

Extra event, 10 bluerocks, 17 entries, entrance 75c: Proctor 9, Dr. Buke 8, Churchill 8, W. Dick 8, Shorty 8, Tippy 7.

No 2, 10 bluerocks, 11 entries, entrance $: Tippy 10, French 9, Proctor 9, Shorty 9, Churchill 8.

Extra event, 10 bluerocks, 10 entries, entrance $1: Tippy 10, W. Dick 9, Dr. Bucke 8.

Extra event, 15 bluerocks, 12 entries: W. Dick 15, Shorty 15, Tippy 14, Dr. Bucke 13, Stewart 13.

No. 3, 15 bluerocks, 12 entries, entrance $1.50: Shorty 15, W. Dick 15, Tippy 14, Stewart 13, Dr. Bucke 13.

No. 4, 15 bluerocks, 10 entries, entrance $1.50: Shorty 14, Stewart 13, Tippy 13, Dr. Bucke 11, Creek 11.

Extra event, 10 bluerocks, 10 entries: Shorty 10, Tippy 9, W. Dick 8, Goodman 8.

No. 5, 10 bluerocks, 14 entries, entrance $1: Shorty 10, Motler, Jr., 8, French 8, Goodman 8, Tippy 8, Willie 7, W. Dick 6.

No. 6, 10 bluerocks, 11 entries, entrance $1 50: Bucke 9, Shorty 9, W. Dick 8, Goodman 8, Tippy 8, Mottler, Jr, 7, Cokefair 7.

Extra event, 10 bluerocks: Bucke 8, Bear 5, Shorty 7, Tippy 7, Goodman 7.

No. 7, 10 bluerocks, 16 entries, $1.50 entry: Bucke 10, W. Dick 8, Tippy 8, French 8, Motler, Jr., 7, Creek 7, Proctor 7, Shorty 7.

Extra event, 10 bluerocks, 17 entries: Shorty 9, Motler, Jr., 8 Bear 8, Goodman 8, Tippy 8, Bucke 7, W. Dick 7, Cokefair 7, Moses 7, Proctor 8.

C. C. F.

Trophy Scores of Garfield Gun Club.

The Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, made the following scores in its regular weekly trophy contests during July:

					Three best scores.
Class A.					
O'Brien	24	20	19	22	66
W Palmer	25	21	17	18	64
Tefft	20	20	18	22	62
Hicks	20	17	19	23	62
S Palmer	16	21	18	20	59
Drake	22	..	17	17	56
Von Lengerke	..	..	20	22	
Coppernoll	..	..	20	16	
Brown	19	17	..	..	
Adams	..	..	..	20	
A Kleinman	..	..	..	19	
Class B					
Mott	20	18	24	23	67
Bowers	22	..	20	23	65
Dr Meek	22	18	11	19	59
Paterson	..	21	16	21	58
Young	16	14	19	22	57
Lauterbach	21	13	12	..	46
Bortree	..	..	..	16	
Fleming	..	..	..	16	
Pilz	..	..	12	..	
Class C.					
Hodson	16	18	8	17	51
Bogle	8	..	7	6	21
Ackerman	..	..	10	13	
Jones	..	..	..	12	
S M Meek	..	..	..	9	
Smith	..	..	..	6	

Our trophies are awarded in each class each month to that member making highest total in his three best scores. The winner is barred from competition for the two succeeding months, thus more evenly distributing the prizes. The July trophies were enamel-laid silver match boxes, and were won by O'Brien in Class A, Bowers in Class B (Mott barred), and by Bogle in Class C (Hodson barred).

The hard times and hot weather have interfered greatly with trapshooting in this vicinity, and many former enthusiasts now appear only semi-occasionally. The Garfield aroused some interest last month among its members by two team contests with the Eureka Club, an account of which appeared in last week's Forest and Stream, and its success in both events may lead to further contests with other clubs. We are waiting to hear from our neighbors, and can promise to make it interesting for any of them in a team race, ten men and upward to each side.

On the 11th inst Messrs. Hicks, O'Brien, Tefft, Coppernoll and Mott, of the Garfield Club, expect to contest with Messrs Bingham, C. E. Willard, Stannard, Von Lengerke and Dr. Frothingham, of the Eureka Club, for the possession of the *Shooting and Fishing* cup, emblematic of the team championship at targets of the State of Illinois The Garfields expect to win if four or five of the Eureka shooters "go to pieces," but will be satisfied if only their nerves are shattered.

R. S. M., Sec'y.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

Lynchburg, Va., July 31.—The Lynchburg members scored as follows in the weekly shoot:

No. 1, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, American Association rules:

Nelson	1101111110011101101111111—20
Terry	1111111111111101111111111—24
Dornin	0011110110110101111111111—19
Moorman	0011111101111011101101100—17
Cleland	1111010110011001110111111—18
Durphey	1110111011001111000011000—14

No. 2, known traps and angles:

Manson	1001001100001010001001100— 9
Owen	1010100011010011101011001—12
Moorman	0111010010110001010111110—14
Cleland	0101101100110110111000111—15
Nelson	1101100110111100101111110—17

No. 3, 10 targets, unknown traps and angles:

Terry	1011010111—7	Nelson	1101110111—8
Dornin	0110010011—5	Cleland	1010101101—6

No. 4, same conditions:

Terry	1001111111—8	Owen	0100110001—4
Cleland	1100011111—7	Nelson	1111110111—9
Manson	0100101101—5		

No. 5, 20 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Nelson	01111101111110111101—16	Dornin	10011101111011101111—15
Terry	01111101111111111111—18	Cleland	01111011011010111111—15
Moorman	01111111011111111010—16	Durphey	11110011010101110110—12

No. 6, 9 singles and 3 pairs:

Terry	111011011	10 01 11—12		Cleland	110111010	10 11 11—11	
Dornin	110110101	10 10 11—10		Durphey	101101001	10 10 01— 8	
Nelson	110111100	10 11 10—10		Manson	110010100	10 10 10— 7	
Moorman	100111110	10 11 10—10		Owen	011111111	01 11 11—13	

The Traps at Wellington.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 6.—Saturday witneseed a successful opening of the merchandise match for eight cash prizes. The contest will coatinue till the last Saturday in Octohet, at 30 targets each day, 10 Keystone, 10 Keystone reversed, and 10 from three unknown traps: The scores completed Saturday were as follows:

Dickey, 30; White, 28; Richardson and Sanhorn, 25 each; Snow, 24; Herbert, 22; Wadsworth, 21; Warren, 17.

There were 940 targets thrown from the traps to-day, and 14 clean scores made, divided as follows;

Dlckey, 5; White. 4; Sanhorn and Herbert, 2 each; Cowee, 1.

The winners of the sweepstakes were:

Ten targets, Keystone system--White. 10; Sanborn and Dickey, 9; Snow, Moore and Richardson 8.

Ten targets, reversed Keystone system—Herbert, 9; Moore, Sanhorn and White, 8; Richardson and Dickey, 7.

Ten targets—Sanhorn and Dickey, 10; White and Herhert, 9; Richardson, 8.

Five pair targets—Moore, 9; Herbert and Dickey, 8; Sanborn, 7.

Ten targets—Herbert and White 10: Sanborn, 9: Wadsworth, Moore and Cowee, 8.

Ten targets, Keystone system—Dickey and Sanborn, 10; White. 9; Richardson, Herhert and Wadsworth. 8.

Ten targets, Keystone reversed—Dickey, 10; Snow and White, 9; Richardson, 8; Herhert and Sanhorn, 6.

Ten targets, unknown traps—Dickey, White and Cowee, 10; Herbert, Sanborn and Richardson, 9; Snow and Wadsworth, 8; Warren, 7.

Ten targets, Keystone system—Herbert and Dickey, 10; White, Richardson and Wadsworth, 9; Moore and Sanborn, 8; Snow, 7.

Ten targets, Keystone system reversed—White, 10; Wadsworth, 9; Snow and Cowee, 8.

Shooting for Diamond Medals.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 2.—The monthly shoot of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club for the class medals took place to-day, at Maple Bay, C. F. Ayling winning A class medal on the fine total of 48 breaks, H. Jones and J. Cool tied on 43 each for B class medal, Jones winning on the shoot off by 9 breaks to Cool's 8. The scores follow:

Class A.

C F Ayling.....111111111101111111111111111101111111111111111111—48
G Mann.....110011100111111110101110111111111110101111111111111—41
C Wagner.....111010011011111111110111111111011111111111111010011—41
W E Hookway....011101100111111101111110011111101111110111011111101—39
A C Ginty.....011111111111010111101011101100111110001100010010—34

Class B.

H Jones.....110011111111111111111101101111111111111111101110101111—43
J Cool.....101101111111110111111111111111111111111111101111011110—43
A S White.....111110100101111101111011111110111111111011101101l—40
G Mosher.....111011111010111101111011111101111010110101101111111—39
D Walters.....111001010111111101101111100010111111111111111101111—38
J Boyd.....001101111111111101110011110111011111110101111101111—39

FALLSTAFF.

The Buckeyes Defeat the Shermans.

FOR two years the Sherman Gun Club, of Columbus, Ohio, have been holders of the *Sportsmen's Review* challenge cup, none of the other teams being able to wrest the honors from them. A short time ago, however, they received a challenge from the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, the place that turns out such shooters as Rollo Heikes, Ed. Rike, etc.. and where every "dark horse" you run against develops into a record breaker. The challenge was accepted and the Sherman boys at once concluded that they had taken a very large and not easily to be disposed of contract, but they had heen in many a hard-fought battle, and the fact of having to shoot against record br eakers had no effect on them.

The match took place at Columbus on July 28, the teams comprising four men each, and each man shooting at 50 singles, known traps, unknown angles. J. C. Porterfield was referee, L. Fink and J. F. Freene judges, and Louis Ballinger official scorer. The duties of all these officials were performed satisfactorily, no disputes arising.

The contest was one of the most exciting ever shot in Ohio, and it was only hy the running of a clean score by Rollo Heikes that the match was won by the Buckeyes. Alkire of the Shermans dusting hut not scoring his forty-ninth target. Over 200 spectators were present, many ladies heing included, and they were extremely enthusiastic whenever an extra good shot was made. The scores follow:

Buckeye Gun Club.

Cain.....11111111111111111111111101111111110111111101011110—44
Rike.....11010110001111111111101111111111010111011111111011—40
Raymond.....11111111111111111111101111111111101111111111111011—47
Heikes.....11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50—181

Sherman Gun Club.

Mill.....10110111011111111110111111111111101111011111111111—44
Wait.....01111111111111111111111111111111101111110111111010—45
Ward.....11011111111111111111101111101111111111111111011111—46
Alkire.....11111011111111111111110011111111011111111111101—45—180

These scores show an average of 90% for the Shermans, and 90 50% for the Buckeyes, a team average for eight men of 90.25. Remarkable as these scores were they were made under almost perfect conditions, there being no wind, the day heing only comfortahly warm and the traps and targets going through their part without a halk.

Professor Budd.

DES MOINES, Ia.. Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose poster of the Iowa State Fair, on which appears the announcement that the Fair trap shooting contests will he "under supervision of Prof. C. W. Budd." The intelligence that Charley Budd has won the title will be a surprise to his many friends. M. B.

Three Texas Shoots.

VERNON, Texas.—The Vernon (Texas) Gun Club have challenged the the Wichita Falls Club for three team shoots, for $50 a shoot. First shoot at Vernon, second at Wichita Falls, and third at an intermediate point. To shoot bluerocks, unknown traps and angles. Shoot to take place early in August. G. M. COOKE, President.

Trap at Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., July 25.—Scores made here to-day by R. S. Mott and Bob White, 50 live birds, $50 a side, Illinois State rules:

R S Mott.....12221221012012212201212022221021111221222121222121—49
Boh White.....20121211121120102222112121211112212221220212111221 2—46

Practice:

R S Mott.....21111211112111221121212211101211111111110212112101—47

Aug. 1.—Fifty live birds per man:

Dr Wilson.....10100110011111111102011121122122211112121111210112—42
J R Weaver.....11112101111111112121111211122011122111211221101121—47

Aug. 2.—At 10 live birds:

R S Mott	2202111121—9	1111112112—10
Tefft	0111022001—6	2222122020— 8
A Kleinman	2121110211—9	.....

Forty singles and 20 pairs:

Tefft,

Singles.....11111101111111010011010111100010101011 00—26
Doubles10 11 11 11 11 00 11 10 11 11 01 11 11 11 11 11 01 11 10 10—32—58

Abe Kleinman,

Singles.....01010111111111011111010101000001111100 1—26
Doubles11 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 01 10 11 11 11 11 01 11 11 10—33—59

R S Mott,

Singles.....11111111111111011110111111011010111101111—35
Doubles11 01 11 10 10 01 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—36—71

RAVELRIGG.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

H. W. V., Cincinnati.—Please answer through FOREST AND STREAM about what will a small-mouth black bass weigh of 21in. length from tip of mouth to tip of tail in a direct line and 13in. girth. Ans. Between 5 and 6lbs.

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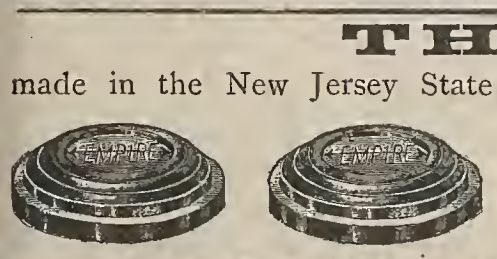

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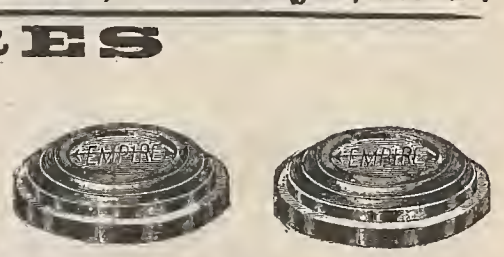

Winning Team Feb. 28, 1894—Maplewood Gun Club.

Yeomans.....11111111111111101111111101—23
Sickley.....11111111101111111111111111—24
Van Dyke.....11111111111111101111111—24
Drake.....11111101111111110111111111—23
War Smith.....11100000111111111101111111—19—113

Winning Team March 22—Maplewood Gun Club.

W Smith.....01011111111111111111111111—23
Yeomans.....11111111111111111111111110—24
Sickley.....11111111111110111111111111—24
Van Dyke.....10111111111111111111111111—24
Drake.....11111111111111111110111110—23—118

Winning Team, April 26, South Side Gun Club.

Breintnall.....11111110111101111111111111—23
Thomas.....11110111101111010111111111 22
Hedden.....11111111111111111111111111—25
Geoffroy.....11111011111111111111111111—23
Hoffman.....11001111111111111111111111—23—116

Winning Team, May 9.—Maplewood Gun Club.

W Smith.....10101101111011011111111111—20
Yeomans.....11111111111111111111111111—25
Sickley.....11111111111111111111111111—25
Van Dyke.....11111110101111111111111111—23
Drake.....11111111111111111111111111—25—118

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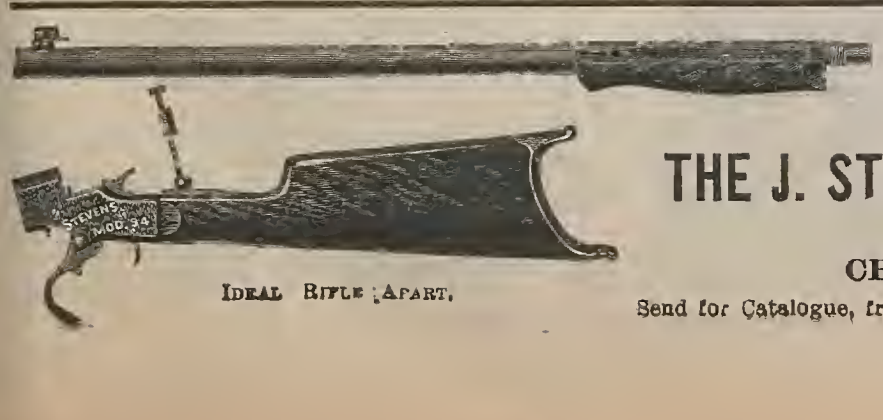

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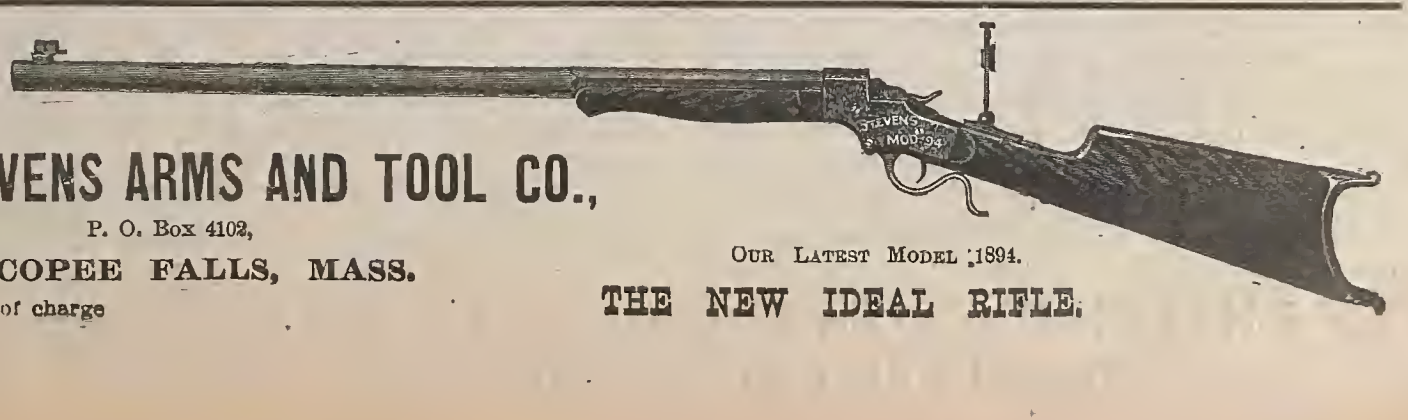

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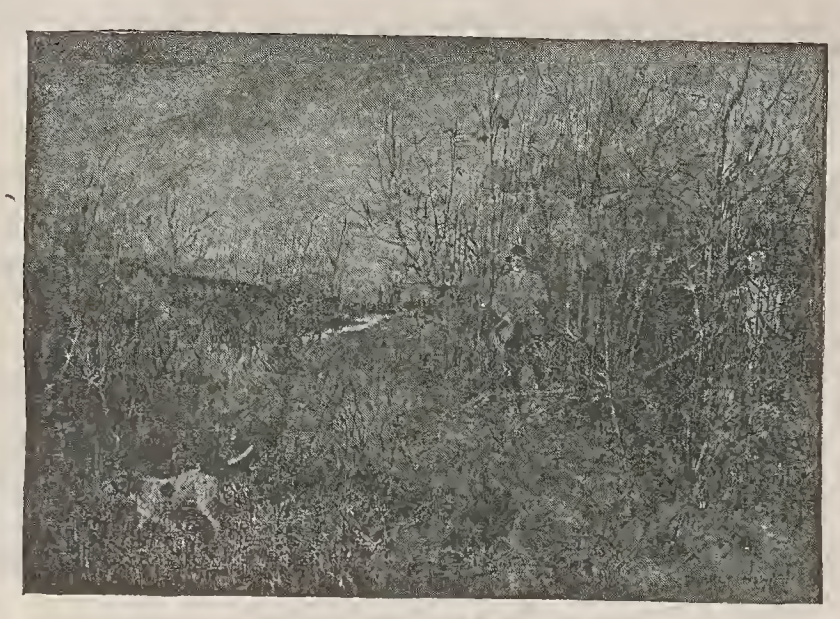

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* BAND OF MULE DEER.
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" " The Shot.
" " The Retrieve.
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MR. MESSITER IS NOT TO BLAME.

HOW UNREASONABLE some people can be. There has raged a pother over the New York deer season; and on the part of those who thought they saw their Adirondack plans taking the forms of cocked hats, a disposition has been manifested to fix the blame upon Mr. Uriah S. Messiter, the honorable member from Sullivan, and father of the legislation that caused all the trouble. He should have been more considerate of the deer-hunting public, say they, and ought not deliberately to have opposed its interests. But Mr. Messiter, bless him, had no intention of inconveniencing the public, not a shade of a shadow of it. Indeed, and we say this for him with the utmost confidence, he had never a thought of the public, good, bad or indifferent. As the Assemblyman from Sullivan he was not at Albany to represent the public. He was there as the member from Sullivan to look out for Sullivan; and as the proprietor of the Wawayanda Hotel to look out for himself. His prospective guests would want deer hunting, and he proposed to give it to them. As a promoter of game legislation, Mr. Messiter was for Sullivan, Messiter and deer meat, first, last and all the time. That was his plank. It was as far as he could see; beyond this his thoughts did not travel. To accuse him of interfering wantonly with the interests of the public would be to do him a grave injustice. For such an intention at least the Hon. Uriah S. Messiter is not to blame.

But responsibility for this perpetration of an injury to the public does rest somewhere, and it is worth while to fix the blame where it belongs. For just consider what this Sullivan county deer law means; what a piece of game protection falsely so-called it is; what a shameful instance it affords of greed and dunderheadedness; what a fruit it is of local, narrow, individual selfishness; what a mercenary, look-after-my-own-purse spirit marks it; what a raid on the public funds it amounts to; what a fraud it is on the people of the State.

New York has been engaged for some years in the enterprise of restocking the Catskill Mountain region with deer; something more than $20,000 has been expended for the purpose out of the State treasury. A deer park has been established and for several seasons live deer have been caught in the Adirondacks and taken to the Catskill park, thence to be released to the wild range. The territory thus to be restocked comprises Delaware, Ulster, Greene and Sullivan counties. To turn loose deer and to turn loose hunters and hounds with them would be on a par with stocking a range with cattle and corraling a lot of wolves and grizzly bears with the herd. The Legislature made a law that the Catskill deer should not be hunted for a period of five years from 1892. Money will not restock a country; it requires time too; this law was made to afford the time. The limitation was approved by the public at large, whose taxes had been devoted to the enterprise; but it did not please Mr. Messiter, whose prospective guests hankered after deer meat. The proprietor of the Wawayanda could not wait. Naturally enough he asked his fellow members at Albany to let down the bars for him; and they foolishly yielded to his selfish request. Upon them rests the responsibility; to them the blame attaches.

If we may employ a homely illustration—for homely illustrations are sometimes pat—if a hog invades your garden and roots up the flower beds, you do not blame the hog; you do blame the careless person who left the gate open, whose business it was to keep the hog out of the garden. When the Sullivan county hotel proprietor sought to invade the rights of the public, it was the duty of the Legislature to keep him out. That they failed in their plain duty, and let him and his kind in to raid the protected deer woods of Sullivan, should be counted to them as a gross and inexcusable neglect of public interests and a betrayal of trust. We cannot blame the Messiters; we do blame those who should call the Messiters to order and vote them down, and stand between them and the public; that is to say, should keep the garden gates shut against them.

HOWELL IN THE TOILS.

WHEN Captain Anderson, Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, set free the buffalo butcher, Howell, he warned him never, under any circumstances, to appear again within the Park. The warning was regarded until July 28 last, when Howell coolly walked into the post and went to the hotel. Captain Anderson at once learned of his presence and had him arrested.

On Wednesday, the 8th inst, the United States attorney reached the Park, and on the same evening Commissioner Meldrum heard the case, found Howell guilty, and sentenced him to one month in the guard house, $50 fine and the costs of the proceedings.

It is not likely that Howell would have done so foolish a thing as to put himself in jeopardy of arrest but for the fact that his friends had persuaded him that Capt. Anderson's order not to revisit the Park was of no effect. He and others have now learned a lesson, and whether Howell takes an appeal from the decision of the commissioner or not, this conviction is certainly "first blood" for good order, and will open the eyes of the poachers very wide.

THE MINNESOTA LAW.

THE game case which has just been determined in the Supreme Court of Minnesota is of unusual interest, since it involves certain basic principles of the utmost importance in upholding the game law. Minnesota enjoys the distinction of standing in the very front rank of States which have adopted what may be described as radical measures for the conservation of their game and fish. The statute is in itself extremely simple, sensible, complete and efficient for its purpose. An outline of its framework will repay study.

In the first place, as a sure groundwork for the structure full control of the game and the fish is assumed and they are declared to be the property of Minnesota:

> No person shall at any time or in any manner acquire any property in or subject to his dominion or control any of the birds, animals or fish within this State, of the kinds herein mentioned, but they shall always and under all circumstances and conditions be and remain the sole property of this State.

This proprietorship and control are not surrendered, even after the game has been captured; the statute yields to the citizen only the privilege of using the game in certain clearly defined ways, but no other:

> By killing, catching or taking the same, however, in the manner and for the purposes herein authorized, and during the periods when their killing is not herein prohibited, the same may be used at the time, in the manner and for the purposes herein expressly authorized, but not otherwise.

The law then prescribes certain seasons in which and methods by which the game may be taken and may be had in possession; limits the amount one person may take; and specifies particularly that it may be taken only for use within the State. The right acquired by the individual, it is thus seen, is of limited nature; he may never have an absolute, unrestricted property in venison or grouse or trout, even after he may have killed them. His right to the captured game is like the child's right to the cake, when its mother says to it, "You may eat a piece of the cake here in the room; you may not stuff your pockets with cake and walk off."

This assumption of sole right, title and control in the fish and game is the basis of the Minnesota law. The defense having set up the proposition that "the State had no proprietary right to animals *ferœ naturœ* and can acquire none by legislation," Judge Collins shows the fallacy of the contention by the beautifully illuminative declaration: "It is the doctrine in this State that the ownership of wild animals is in the State, not as proprietor, but in its sovereign capacity as the representative for the benefit of all its people in common."

For the benefit of all the people in common the State may limit the privileges granted to the individual citizen as to the use of the game. It may limit the time and manner of taking, the disposition of it after it is taken, theperiod during which it may be possessed. If the State forbids exportation, that provision does not wrongfully interfere with any right of the citizen to export, for he has never acquired any such right; under the law he cannot acquire it.

This declaration contained in the Minnesota law, of absolute control over the fish and game as its property, is contained also in the Arkansas statute, and there it has stood the test of the courts. It is an admirable provision; it goes to the root of the matter; it combats and overcomes and destroys the twaddle so often heard, of the citizen's "natural right" to take "his" game and fish, how and when he will; it is founded on the fundamental principle of the brotherhood of man, for it provides that in the enjoyment of his own share of the bounties of nature every one is bound to respect his brothers' rights to their shares.

THE NATIONAL PARK ROADS.

A SATISFACTORY item of legislation for the Yellowstone Park, reported from Washington as having recently passed, and having to do with the granting of leases in the National Park, is said to contain a provision that the appropriation for building and keeping in repair the roads and bridges there shall henceforth be expended under the direction of the Superintendent of the Park.

The change is one that we have urged for many years on the ground of the greater economy and efficiency of such a system. Heretofore the appropriation has been expended under the direction of the chief engineer of the department in which the Yellowstone Park lies, an engineer officer being detailed to spend the summer in the Park. As might be supposed, the work has been well done, but it has always been undertaken at more or less disadvantage on account of delays consequent upon the distance from headquarters.

The damage to roads and bridges takes place for the most part in early spring, and it is then that the repairs are needed. Often half a day's work by a couple of men at that time will repair a break which two months later would tax the resources of a large gang of workmen laboring continuously for weeks. Moreover, since travel begins as soon as the snow disappears it is important that the work of repairing the roads should be done as early as possible, so that the first visitors to the Park may have decent roads to pass over. Too often we have had complaints from these early tourists about the villainous character of these roads, and descriptions of the sufferings that they have endured during their stage ride from this cause.

It is evident that the Superintendent of the Park, who resides there continuously and whose men are constantly passing back and forth over the roads, will learn of the need of repairs earlier than any one else can, and if he holds the necessary authority and has the money to expend, he can at once attack the breaks on the roads and arrest the damage before it becomes great. In this way much less time, and so much less money, will have to be expended on any given piece of road, the appropriation will go much further, and the roads will be mended and improved more quickly at relatively less cost than by the old system.

THE "PLANK" AND THE SUPREME COURTS.

FOR another instance of common sense and sound reasoning, read the game law decision of Mr. Justice Van Fleet, of the Supreme Court of California, reported in our game columns.

The California statute relating to venison is a practical application of the principle of the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank—"the sale of game should be forbidden at all times." In California venison may not be sold at all. In the test case just decided, the Supreme Court declares that the principle is reasonable and is in accord with public policy. Here, as in Minnesota, it is pointed out that the State, representing "the people in their collective sovereign capacity," controls the game; that no other rights in it may be acquired by an individual than the State may grant; and that the right to make merchandise of game is one of the rights which may be withheld from the individual by the State. This is to say that the Platform Plank rests on a firm constitutional support

The Sportsman Tourist.

AN ENCOUNTER IN THE CANYON.

Shasta Mountains, Cal., June.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During my explorations in the world, I frequently meet with problems and other things that I do not understand. When I meet with things which I think I do understand, I am very often prone to form opinions, to which I adhere with more or less tenacity and satisfaction. However, after close investigation and consideration, I believe that there are more things in the world beyond ordinary human comprehension than some people freely admit. I have known persons who seemed to know all about nearly everything, and who would readily and fluently explain things that had eluded my understanding; but sometimes, even then, I could not grasp and retain their knowledge or their philosophy. Sometimes, after I have had things very fully explained to me, I have gone on my way rejoicing until I encountered some new and unexpected phase of the subject under contemplation, which upset both the explanation of my friends and the satisfactory conclusions I was about to reach in my own mind. You will perceive that, to one laboring under such obstacles, the acquisition of knowledge is a slow and difficult process, and will not wonder when I admit that I think there are many things which I never will understand. When one is away back in the mountain and woods, where not only books but people are scarce, there is a great deal of knowledge absolutely beyond his command.

In many of my excursions I am alone, and it is at such times that I most frequently collide with things beyond my comprehension—even in the wilderness. At one time I was with people a great deal, and was familiar with the admonition of the poet Pope—

> Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
> The proper study of mankind is man.

But to me, however proper the study of man may be, it was evidently too complicate and I never progressed; so I took to the woods. And now I find the woods full of subjects almost as difficult to comprehend as is humanity. If Mr. Pope could be interviewed in our time I would apply for advice as to the proper method to study man—without going further—and getting into unfathomed deeps. When I undertook the study of man, about the first problem which obstructed my investigations was the brief query, What is man? which arose in my mind. I never surmounted that problem, and others crowded upon me until I became bewildered. I decided then to investigate the alleged animal by degrees, and that I would segregate portions of him and thus master my subject little by little. I decided to leave the physical part of man to the surgeons and devote myself to his other attributes, and, after much hesitation as to where to begin, I concluded to first analyze his five senses, one at a time.

As man usually sees more than he hears, touches, tastes or smells, I thought sight the most important of his senses, and I began with the sense of vision. After very hard study I arrived at the conclusion that the sense of seeing is a certain faculty common to most men and other creatures, by which they seem to see. I never got any further with the subject, sight. Taking up the next sense, that of hearing, I summed up that it was the faculty of seeming to distinguish what we call sounds, a sense also common to most creatures. I could make nothing more of the sense of touch, of taste or of smell, and I was about to give up the effort of obtaining knowledge as a very unsatisfactory and laborious thing, when a friend assured me that there were books containing full and complete information about all these things. I was thereupon much relieved, but I had lost some of my ambition and I never prosecuted these investigations further.

Having thus abandoned the opportunity of knowing all about so many things, I have felt many times since that it is a very important thing to have an uncultivated understanding. It is a continual source of trouble to meet with puzzles and mysteries everywhere, and yet, if one devotes himself to books and studies, a great deal of information in the woods gets away from him.

Thus, as you may readily gather from foregoing acknowledgments, I frequently realize that I am abroad in a world of mystery, and a great deal of the time I am not within reach of any persons or books, to whom or to which I may apply for explanation.

There are times when I find myself prowling about in the mountains and woods with a rifle or a fish-pole, and I frequently forget that I have either one or the other, as I become so deeply absorbed in conjectures or speculations. I have thus passed many days without securing game or fish. My bad luck is not owing to the fact that game is scarce in my field of operation or to lack of skill with either rifle or rod; for, years ago, I could decapitate a squirrel at 50 or 60yds., and always carried home the most conclusive evidence to submit with my fishing accounts.

The trouble I am now inclined to attribute to the almost morbid habit of thinking. Queries and theories are constantly being flushed where I expected deer, or bobbing up and rising from pools or riffles where I always, in former times, anticipated trout. So, it seems to me now, that woods and waters formerly well-stocked with game and fish, yield chiefly food for conjecture or contemplation; and, as I have to constantly contend with a circumscribed understanding, I often find my larder composed chiefly of store goods and groceries.

The other morning before daybreak I was out in a very rough section of mountains, and picking my way down a canyon to a trout stream. I had got partly down to the water when I reached a bench which overhung the slope so that I could see down a long, winding avenue of immense pines and firs, ledges of time-stained rock and huge granite boulders, great logs and piles of drifted debris from mountains piled above, through which the roaring, foaming stream tumbled eastward. It was a good point from which to see the sun rise, as I guessed it would come up in a line with the canyon, and as it was yet early and cold for fishing, I decided to wait awhile. The sun was coloring the horizon in a fashion often described, but forever varying in combination, and I was prepared to make a mental snap shot view of its first beam, when a polecat attracted my notice. The animal was either a polecat or a skunk. There may be a Latin name for him more genteel and less suggestive, but I cannot command it; in any case he was one of a large sized species, beautifully marked in his coat of bright, shiny black, with stripes of white that looked like snowy white harness. He was actively engaged in the erratic and to me inexplicable business of trotting about, some yards below me, peeking into all the cracks and crevices of the rocks, stopping, turning this way and that; and I wondered what he was after.

While I watched I suppose the animal started away in every direction that radiated from his constant changes of base. Whatever he was looking for, he did not seem to find it and I began to hope, after a while he would give up his quest and go home; but when he did begin to move away from where he was, he began to come in my direction. Of course he kept up his tactics of shifting this way and that, but he was coming, as it seemed, inevitably. He was a very nice-looking, able-bodied polecat, corpulent and prosperous in appearance, and I presumed, with reasonable judgment, that he was in possession of all his faculties and that he had them with him. I coughed—a sort of a forced cough frequently practiced to attract attention—and he stopped, spread his tail aloft like a feathery canopy, jumped sidewise once, like a wild hog, and then forgot everything and kept coming in his erratic but inevitable manner. The bench I was on—that we were both on—was narrow, at either side it was precipitous. I wanted to go down, the polecat was coming up and had the only path. I now scraped my shoes, struck my fish-pole on the rock, and exclaimed, Scat! He stopped again, stood on his hands for a moment, then on his all-fours, seemed to think a while, then forgot everything and continued, in various attitudes to advance.

I have complete control over my admiration of skunks or polecats, whichever they are, and I never forget our relative positions in society. I had hitherto maintained a formal and proper barrier of distance to separate and distinguish our different social standing. I have invariably met their advances beyond a certain point with cold austerity, or I always retired and refused them an interview. Upon this occasion, however, it would appear that I had, without intending it, made the first advances into his circle and he intended to make the most of his opportunity. Before I could find any loose fragments of rock with which I now proposed to bombard him if he did not retire, I was aware that it would be impolitic to begin actual hostilities as he had approached quite near me and seemed not only prepared to resent insult, but rather anxious for me to strike the first blow so he would have the law on his side. It appeared that he would rather enjoy a conflict from the way he smiled.

I never could throw a missile with assurance of producing instant fatality and I now hesitated. I did not want to maim or offend him or cause him to suffer any torture—I only wanted to kill him suddenly. In the meantime he swiveled round like a weather vane, stood on his hands, fanned himself with his tail, and pretended that he liked me.

After considerable active thinking I concluded that if I could withdraw gracefully, I had better climb back up the hill, although it was a steep, rough climb and the sun was now shining warmly upon the dry rocks, pouring its beams upon the exposed position in which I stood. The polecat seemed to enjoy the sun and as he warmed himself, he wanted to be more and more friendly. I exclaimed hist! and s-scat! and threatened to throw rocks at him—but he only stood on his hands, then on his elbows, fanned himself gently with his tail and smiled assuringly.

I admire activity, and even labor conservatively, but I abhor a useless expenditure of strength and force, and I sighed and perspired as I re-ascended that hill cautiously as the sun grew hotter. If I stumbled the polecat was inclined to become emotional and if a loose rock rolled down to him he manifested excitement—but he came right along up with me. There were many nice holes in the rocks where he could have gone and stayed but he only peeked into them, and about the time I thought he would branch off, and give me a chance to throw a rock from a good safe range, he would suddenly "corduroy," (as Mr. Hough says they do on *skis* in the snow) and become so adjacent to me that I had not the heart to hurt him.

Sometime after I had become impatient and weary and warm in the broiling sun, the polecat and me reached the top of the hill where there was better ground and some trees. As soon as I reached a big tree I dodged behind it and went away abruptly. I succeeded in reaching a log at a seemly distance from the eccentric animal and now thought he must be satisfied, having got up the hill, and that he would withdraw and permit me to retrace my steps down the cliff and regain my fish-pole.

He missed me all at once and seemed quite forlorn and sorrowful. He shied around anxiously for many moments, sat down and communed with himself, scratched his northwest ear with his southwest paw, wandered aimlessly here and there, and then gradually shifted back down to where we had met—where my fish-pole was. Probably he conjectured that I would go back there and he would renew his operations and overtures. At last I was in a commanding position. I would disappoint him. If he is still waiting there for me he must be weary, if not nearly starved. I have not yet gone down that way and I will allow him vainly to await my coming. If he wants to he may take my fish-pole and fish with it—he may fish on and fish ever and fan himself and smile, but if he waits for me to return his mind's diseased.

The log I had found was in the shade, there seemed to be no ants upon it and no polecats now within limits, and I found a comfortable location. As a consequence I got to thinking and began to speculate upon polecats, an unprofitable theme. Then I wondered why a man liked to fish, go fishing or even start out to fish. It seemed a queer thing, to examine it closely, why a man should fix up a rod and string, clamber over rocks, tread on snakes, fight mosquitoes, gnats and other tyrannical pests, get tired, hungry and wet and then go home generally out of humor, with a few fish about the size of sardines and a repertory of anecdotes about the size of whales.

When I had thought about these things and a great many others I realized that another day was about to be filed away with the past, and I made tracks tending homeward. On my way I made a mental resolution that I wasted a great deal of time and energy in thinking, but I have adopted the only remedy as you will see. There is an old rhyme which goes,

> They never taste who always drink,
> They always talk who never think.

There is no one within reach to talk to and so I have had to write to give my intellect rest. I will revert to some of my incomplete philosophy some other time. I have no animosity toward the Forest and Stream or its readers, but sincere regard, believe me. Ransacker.

NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

> To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language; for his gayer hours
> She hath a voice of gladness, and a smile
> And eloquence of beauty. —*Thanatopsis.*

There are probably none more responsive to the varied language in which nature converses, or who are more willing and apt scholars in her school, than those who from boyhood go afield with dog and gun to roam the woodland paths, or with the zeal and patience of devoted anglers to fish the streams on mountain or in meadow and cast the seductive fly on lake or pool. How expert do such become in woodcraft, and the interpreting of all those delicate signs in forest, field and flood, which reveal themselves on every side to the discerning eye and ear. How readily they learn the name, nature and habits of all wild things, and can read to you chapter after chapter out of nature's mysteries, which are as a sealed book to the uninitiated and to those who have not learned to live "near to nature's heart."

The cry or song of every bird becomes as well known and as easily identified as the voice of human friends, and even the differing characteristics of flight come to be as readily distinguished as the notes. The myriad creaking, chirping insect voices that fill the summer night are but so many different tones in nature's grand, unceasing anthem; and to know just where those little musicians may be found and how they make their music detracts in no wise from the joy of him who listens. The songs of the cicada, the cricket and the katydid are of old friends quickly recognized and gladly welcomed as the circling years go round.

All animated nature from the common earth worm or grub which the sportsman digs for his bait, to the highest order of organism, is spread out like a book for the interested and willing student to read; and there are the trees, the rocks, the flowers and the grasses, each and all with their language ready to converse with him who learns to love them and the story they can tell. The water, too, is full of instruction and information. It has its fish, beautiful spotted trout and dusky pickerel and pike, its shining silvery perch and dace, its sturdy bass and bream and all the endless varieties of fish and plant life which dwell in the depths, and the flowers and grasses which float upon its surface. O, there is life and beauty and instruction everywhere, and who picks up more of it than the sportsman.

Time and space are all too short to tell a tithe—yea, a hundredth part—of the wonderful, interesting and intensely instructive things that are all about us and which need only the observing eye and patient study to become as familiar as the books we read.

What man who has learned to live a sportsman's life—in its rational and best form, I mean—what man, I say, is there, as life draws on and he begins to count most of his allotted years as past, who would forego the pleasure he daily and hourly derives from his knowledge of nature, her children and her ways, which he has acquired in his thousand tramps with rod and gun? How memory of those happy days descends like a benediction or rises and floats about him like grateful incense. And as we sit beside the winter fire, our heads white with the frost of years, and sip the cider or the more generous wine, how the dreams of other years gather about us, how the faces of old companions come thronging out of the mist of thought and we hear the whistle of the woodcock's wings as of yore we heard it in the alder swale. The ruffed grouse booms from his cover and darts across the woodland path, while the echoes wake with the sharp report of a gun and a familiar voice calls out, "Did you get him?" How the birds sing and the insects hum; how the partridge drums on his old log by the shady brook and the trout leaps out at sunset; how the water falls and falls over the old moss-covered dam in the distance till at last we fall asleep. A. Huntington, M.D.

Islip, Long Island.

Fishing and Camping on Lake Cayuga.

From Cayuga, at the north or lower end of the lake, some forty odd miles, scarcely five miles intervene between the villages. At this end of the lake the shores are low, with a long stretch of marsh on the western side, and the lake itself is shallow across its three miles of width. It is here that the fish and ducks resort for the abundant food found in the mossy bottom. It was here, too, that the poachers of the marshes had many a struggle with the law, using a seine that would drag half a ton of fish from the lake in a night, to be found in the markets of New York the next day. So successful was their struggle that only recently has the law secured its sway, and its benefits are shown by the capital sport to be had now with rod for bass and pickerel.

About six miles from Cayuga at the head of a deep cove setting into the eastern shore is Union Springs, the largest village on the lake. From here to Ithaca the shore slopes more sharply up as one proceeds southward. For some miles below Ithaca the view along the eastern side has a strong similarity to the Hudson along the palisades, except that the cliffs are not so high. Almost every desirable point on the lake has its summer cottage or "camp." A trip through these lakes reveals numerous white tents scattered along the shores amid the trees. Among them hundreds are idling away their vacations, charmingly and inexpensively. A mere nominal rent, or more often a simple request, will secure a site for the tents. At hand are firewood and fish, and ice, vegetables, milk, and fruits are to be had at the nearby farmhouses. Ladies are at many of the camps, and these are made entirely comfortable with floors and spring cots. Stop and a welcome will be given you of the best the camp affords, and usually they are well supplied with what is considered essential to camp life.—*Correspondence New York Evening Post.*

"Forest and Stream's" Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

No. 12.

GAME IN THE SEGREGATION STRIP.

The Winter Home of the Elk.

On Saturday, March 31, the first day after our arrival at Yancey's, we found ourselves tired enough to spend the day in loafing and resting up. Billy fished out a bandage from a hidden pocket, and showed the ability to bandage an ankle as well as a surgeon. I learned then that he had taken the precaution to carry along a bandage or so, and also a few screws, which latter, however, he explained were intended for use in case of a broken *ski*, and not of a broken bone.

The next day was Sunday by the calendar. It was observed by a general cleaning up. After that we concluded not to wait longer, but to go on out after the elk. Woody kindly acted as guide, and took us to a point about a mile and a half northwest of Yancey's, to a high butte, or rather a high rock wall overhanging the Yellowstone Valley. From this vantage ground we saw a spectacle truly remarkable and magnificent, one hardly to be duplicated in America or in the world to-day.

Below us lay the Yellowstone, even at that depth of distance clearly visible. Its color was a brilliant green, and its re ular foaming on the rock ridges which crossed its path as it came out of the sharp defile at our right had all the apparent substance and rigidity of solid substance. Down to the Yellowstone ran a sheer drop of white, and all the forest for miles to right and left of us was clad in white, this being the north slope of the mountain. Acro-s the Yellowstone, between the Cottonwood and the Roaring Fork and beyond them, there stretched a vast and rugged picture of wild mountain scenery, broken by cañon and crag and defile, by long gentle slope and by wooded depths at whose profundity we could only guess. All the colors of winter were there, the intense white of the snow, the varying blackness of the forests, but added to these were a hundred of the reds and browns of mother earth uncovered. This was the south slope of the range at which we were now looking, and sun and winds combined to strip many of the slopes of snow. Apparently half the surface was bare or nearly bare of snow, one could see great streaks of bare brown ground running away up on many of the ridges, without apparent cause. The character of the ground was very rough and broken, and how the Yellowstone was to find its way through the wilderness of mountains that crowded in on the left was matter of vague conjecture to us as we stood and looked across the great peaks beyond the stream and to the westward. A tremendous and impressive scene it was of wild nature at rest. One can remember few spots in the Park where he would more keenly feel that he had intruded where he did not belong. This feeling was the more heightened by the way we came upon the spot, the forest being dense up to the very edge of the great wall on which we stood.

ELK IN THE SNOW—YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Photo by Haynes.

The Elk were in Hundreds.

But not alone the physical characteristics of the country entitled it to our wondering admiration. The picture was not a picture alone. It was replete with life.

Below us we saw some dark figures outlined against the snow. They moved and we looked more closely. A dozen elk came out from behind the point of timber in which they stood, and looked curiously up at us on our lofty perch, but they did not take alarm. Then beyond the river, on the bare ground, we saw another group, and another, and another, and then dozens of others. In singles, in pairs, in groups, in small bands, the elk were feeding in hundreds and hundreds, scattered all over a strip of country five miles across. The whole further bank of the Yellowstone, here laid open before us as though by special plan, was alive with elk. In all my life I had never seen so much game at one sight. For the first time in the Park I felt an absolute thrill of amazement and delight at seeing the great animals in such numbers, in such content, in such apparent security and freedom from suspicion. There are few hunters who have seen enough of the more fertile game countries of the now barren West to remember any such sight as this. There is no other part of America where such a sight will ever be seen again. Here, protected by the Park, these noble animals had chosen out a ground where nature had provided opportunity to feed throughout the winter, and had gathered in by hundreds and hundreds, as if purposely to go on show for those who wished to see them. The Forest and Stream luck held. We had found the elk just where we thought to find them, and in numbers which set at rest all theorizing as to where or what was the winter range of the elk of these mountains of the Park. Here was their range, below us, before us, around, on every side of us, and the elk were there, there not only in hundreds, but absolutely in thousands.

Woody said nothing, but sat down with his back against a tree, and with the long and powerful telescope we had along began to sweep the opposite hillsides over carefully and slowly. Once in a while a low exclamation escaped him. and he would say, "There are four hundred in that band," or "there they are again, over by the bare peak," or "just take a look at this bunch." We took turns in taking looks, both with the telescope and the field glasses, and before we got through we were all more or less excited. Billy pointed out a big bunch he had located before we came out on the point of rocks, and with the glass we studied these long and carefully. They were lying down. feeding, moving about, quite at home and unconscious of our being within three miles of them, and cognizant of their every movement as well as though the distance were not more than a quarter of a mile. In these might be 250 elk at least. How many there really were we could not tell with any exactness, for they were continually coming into and going out of view on the strip of bare brown ground over which they were feeding. How many elk lay unseen on those miles of brown hills and valleys no one can tell. How many were on the opposite sides of the ridges from us or in cañons and valleys into which we could not see, no one of course could tell. "You can only see one-half of this country at one time," said Woody, "that is, the side of the hill to you." We located one great band of 500 to 800 elk, as nearly as we could estimate the number, and guessed roughly that we must have in view 1,500 elk in scattered bunches at distances from half a mile to three miles. In all, seeing only "half the country," we concluded that there must be 2,000 elk at least within reaching distance of the eye at one time before us on the north bank of the Yellowstone alone. Doubtless there were 3,000 or 4,000 on that ground, could we have seen them all. In stating these figures I am taking the estimate of Woody and Billy, both used to seeing large numbers of game, and not given to emotional estimates.

It was on the Segregation Strip.

It was the purpose of the Forest and Stream expedition in coming into this part of the Park to look into the game supply fairly, not bringing to the task any preconceived ideas whatever, and not seeking to uphold any theory, although there was not the slightest occasion to doubt the report of the Park superintendent. Capt. Anderson, which assigned large bodies of elk to this very section of the Park, and which was accordingly reviled by the local Montana press, or rather the Livingston press, as being untrue and unreliable. The Livingston press would have it appear that there is no game in that part of the Park which they want cut off. I purposely do not have Capt. Anderson's report before me as I write this, but I can state very briefly what we actually found over here in the segregation strip (*i. e.*, that part which it is sought to cut off from the Park). We found a rough country, not a smooth one, one of the wildest and most broken character. We found a country only half covered with snow. In some parts, especially the upper flats, the snow was 5, 8, perhaps 10ft. deep, though many of the ridges were nearly bare. On the lower levels, on the south slopes, in the creek and river valleys, on the tops of the ridges and often over great patches and wide areas of the mountain sides, the snow did not lie so deep, but could be easily pawed through by the game. For miles, I will say, there were hills and stretches of broken ground which were entirely brown and bare where the sun struck them or where the wind had sweep. In the valley of the Yellowstone, on the north slopes of the hills, in all the cañons and the deep rock country, of course, the snow was deep and heavy.

We found, in our first morning out from Yancey's, taking the estimate of experienced mountaineers, than whom there are no better in America, 2,000 elk in sight at once, and probably 4 000 or 5,000 in all within reach of the eye had all been visible by reason of the lay of the ground. *We saw every one of those 2.000 elk on the north side of the Yellowstone, wholly on ground that would be cut off from the Park under the proposed segregation act.* We found as many more elk that same day, partly on the south side of the Yellowstone and along the East Fork, partly on and partly off the segregation strip. On the second day following we saw probably 800 to 1,000 elk, the majority of which were on the proposed segregation strip. In two days we actually saw somewhere between 5,000 and 10,000 elk. We can not claim that we saw half of all that were on the country. We do not claim to have examined all of the line of the proposed railway. Had we done so I think we should have seen more than twice as many elk as we did see. If you draw a circle about Yancey's, with 10 miles radius, you will take in 10,000 to 15,000 elk this winter certainly, perhaps twice that number. If you make the radius five miles I will guarantee you take in over 5,000, probably 8,000. If you make it four miles you will take in over 3,000 elk certainly. I do not consider these figures guess work, but accurate so far as accuracy is obtainable by actual investigation in the winter time, and by unbiased and skillful estimate. I do not offer the estimate as mine alone, but I saw all the game that the others saw, and I will testify on honor or on oath that these statements are accurate and fair to the best of my knowledge and belief.

These Are Facts.

Now, gentlemen wish to build a railroad through exactly this portion of the Park. Has this story up till now spoken of seeing any such numbers of game in any other part of the Park? No, for the game winters nowhere else in such numbers. Gentlemen ask us to believe that building this road (if it could be built) through exactly this part of the Park, through exactly this winter range, through exactly these great bands of game, "will not destroy or disturb the wild game of the Park." Shall we believe them? Not until the American public is made up altogether of idiots and fools. We went into this country in the winter, and studied it, and I know what I am talking about absolutely, and I am glad that for this paper I can say these things out publicly and unhesitatingly, and in such way as does not admit of any successful or trustworthy denial. These are not assumptions, but facts. They are not surmises, but facts. They are not one-sided assertions, but facts. On these substantiated facts let the public make up its opinion as to the harmlessness of a railway through the heart of the greatest game preserve on earth. Let the public ask the friends of segregation for their facts, and not for their assertions, or their hopes, or their guesses about the facts. Then they can turn to Forest and Stream, which says that the elk are there now, but would be there no longer if this road were built. Build the road, and then there would be for boundary not the wild wall of mountains which we saw to the north of the Yellowstone—so desolate and forbidding that even now it is thought there may be a few head of bison left over beyond the Bison Peak—but a narrow public path of accessible grades, of no barriers insurmountable to the traveler by foot, of no obstacles to prevent digression on either hand. The hunter now is fenced out of the winter range. The railroad would lead him direct to the heart of it. The first year the road went through, 10,000 elk would be butchered. The next year, 1,000. The next year, there would be no elk in this part of the Yellowstone, or the bare ground north of the Yellowstone, or the open valley of the East Fork. Driven back into the big snow country, they would have escaped the skin hunters only to starve and perish by hundreds, as even now they every year starve and perish by hundreds in the less favored and more inclement parts of the Park.

Let the elk alone, they can take care of themselves. Let the Park alone, it can take care of itself. In the name of humanity, of decency, in the name of the honor of the American people, let the Park and its inestimable treasures, animate and inanimate, alone forever, a heritage of growing value to this people and to the world.

A Vivid Panorama.

Our morning with the elk made up an experience unique and vivid in every particular. In the great mental panorama which will during my life remain the greatest treasure resultant upon this winter journey, there will, I fancy, long continue bright and sharp this picture of the white and brown hills sloping down to the Yellowstone, dotted with their thousand heads of game. I shall long see, I hope, the keen green of the Yellowstone, its transverse ribs of white, and the fathomless depths of the snow in the black-sided cañons. Not less impressive was the reverse of this picture, for as we turned to descend the great hills up which we had laboriously climbed, there burst upon us the full glory of the mountain scene which we had had at our backs as we came up, eager only to find the elk ahead. We were perhaps at a third of the

full height of the rise to the upper plateau, and hence at an elevation quite sufficient to see unfolded much of the glories of the inner Park, whose peaks and cañons now seemed grouped and composed for our special benefit. In the center stood the great gleaming peak of Mt. Washburn, which from the opposite side of the Park we had seen before, always central and commanding. It was as if this mother mountain stretched out her hands to bless the heads of small mountains, who crowded up about her knees. To oblige us, the sun came out gloriously, and lit up the whole majestic landscape with a light more brilliant than ever yet fell on any artist's studio, or than ever yet had reflection on any human canvas. The artist who could paint this compelling brilliance would be derided as gone wild. If he should paint the purples of the mountain sunrise and sunset as deep as they really are, he would be denied credence and called a cheap pretender at effect. Thousands of artists have been drawn to the mountains and have tried to show them in their more friendly moods. I do not know of any artist who has ever attempted to depict the great range in the depth of winter. He who tries it will try in vain. He cannot catch this serene fatefulness, this terrible calm, this supreme indifference to Life and Time. The mountains are infinite. Study the differential calculus, and when you get to the end of the indeterminate equation, you may know the meaning of the mountains and so be able to portray their thought. I could imagine an artist going insane should he sit day after day trying to fathom the meaning of the mountains, always different, always the same, always beckoning indifferent, fascinating, terrible, immutable, calm. The mountains are at peace. They have outgrown change. The bestowing upon them of human names is indignity. Mt. Washburn, we say! Who was Mr. Washburn, and who will he be? But if we should call this enduring monumen'; the Mount of Supreme Calm or the Mount of the Ultimate Rest, we might at least please the Indians, who have better taste and more delicacy than we in many ways—less compliment to us.

More and More Elk.

It took us only a short time to slide down to Yancey's, and pausing there only for lunch we set on further east toward Junction Butte. that high mesa-topped elevation which masks the union of the main Yellowstone and the East Fork. Woody did not go with us in the afternoon, but he told us we would see plenty of elk all through that section. We certainly did so. I counted twenty-one bands of elk to the left of our trail to the Butte. The whole country was full of elk. There were elk on Specimen Ridge. There were elk on top of Junction Butte. The East Fork valley was full of elk. The main valley of the Yellowstone showed band after band. They were so common that they almost ceased to interest us. They were in greater numbers than I ever saw cattle on any range. There were hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of them, how many in all I shall not say, because accurate count was an impossibility. The snow was now breaking up sufficiently to allow the elk to get about with comparative ease, and there was even a considerable amount of ground almost bare, though not so much over here as we had seen on the north side of the river in the morning. We found that the elk could easily get feed all through this section, and also discovered that they could easily keep out of our way so that we could not get a good shot with the camera. The slopes were too long and open to give much chance for stalking. We were rarely closer than a quarter of a mile to the game.

The Center of the Winter Range.

We found the Yellowstone a grand, powerful stream at Baronette's Bridge, where we crossed it. From Yancey's the Junction Butte did not look to be across the Yellowstone, but we found it a comfortable climb on the other side. It was quite a sharp climb up the last escarpment. but for some reason the butte was barer at the top than lower down, and we got up, carrying our *skis*. A watchful old cow elk, which Billy anathematized cheerfully a dozen times as we were climbing up, stood on the edge of the mesa and spied upon us, so that we could get no stalk on the band which was feeding on the top; though we got up within 100yds. of a small bunch which were lying down on some bare ground, and which ambled off easily down the steep side of the butte as we came into view on top.

From the top of Junction Butte we had a view only short of that of the morning, so far as the quantity of game was concerned. We could with the glasses command a great range of country. A great many elk, startled by our coming, were running across the snowy valley below us, making for the timber beyond. Along the main river there were many large bands feeding without thought of danger and we had all the opportunity in the world to see the wild animals at home.

We discovered that the elk were breaking up into small bands of cows and spikes. The bull elk were beginning to shed their horns. We saw only two bulls with horns that afternoon. We found dropped elk horns on top of Junction Butte.

We were now fairly in the center of the main winter range of the elk. We make no claim to have covered all of it, nor half of it. We saw it was not necesary. We had learned all we wished and felt that our work was practically done. We could have duplicated these sights of game hour after hour on up the East Fork country toward Soda Butte, but knew that it was needless.

The shoeing was now growing soft. The snow was going fast at the bottom and settling. Uncle John Yancey thought the break-up would soon come if the snow was melting below.

We saw many horses wintering in this part of the Park. They cannot winter in the Upper Park, and neither can elk, except in certain portions. The horses were on the segregation strip.

Five Thousand Elk North of the Segregation Line.

I asked Woody directly how many elk he thought there were wintering wholly on the country which would be cut of by the proposed railroad. He said, after thought, "At least 5,000." I offer the figures given, let me repeat, as to the head of game, not as my own, but as those of better authorities. I believe them to be correct.

Caught in a Mountain Storm.

had taken such a fancy to Uncle John and Woody that I didn't want to go home at all, but had a notion to just quit my accustomed life and finish out the living business right here in this quiet and beautiful corner of the mountains—a spirit of rebellion which is sure to strike me every time I go into the mountains. But we all decided to pull out for the Post Monday morning, April 2. Billy set this date conditionally, as there were threats of a storm which might stop us. When the morning came, Billy did not want to start, for he could see by looking at the tops of the peaks about us that it was storming up above, even though in sheltered Pleasant Valley it all seemed quiet and peaceful. It looked like a bad snow, Billy said, and he advised holding up for the day. We would much better have taken this advice, as indeed most of Billy's advice on such matters, but I was getting uneasy about being so long in the Park, and besides was afraid Capt. Anderson would send out a team to the Gardiner hill to meet us, in which case I thought we ought to be there. I therefore insisted on a start, and that we did, though Billy was none too willing.

For some reasons I am glad we did start, because I got a chance at the one remaining mountain experience which we needed to complete the eventfulness of our journey. I had heard of the storms of this region, whose violence and intensity were such that the traveler was entirely bewildered and forced to stop where he was, unable to tell the points of the compass or to see any landmark. Of course, I had read all about Dakota blizzards and I had been in a blizzard on the Western plains hard enough to "drift" all the range cattle for fifty miles, but I could not say that I had ever seen a blizzard quite bad enough to warrant the timidity which all these mountain men seemed to feel about the storms up in the Park. Billy seemed to think that being caught in a storm was about the only real danger there was in this winter voyaging, but that one thing would always make him serious. He was serious as we said good-bye at Yancey's and started up the first hill. At that time there were a few flakes of snow falling.

When we topped the first pitch and reached the ledge, from which we could almost toss a stone down on the cabin roof below, our few flakes of snow had become a few thousand and we saw that the storm was coming. We pressed on for a quarter of a mile, perhaps, and the storm thickened so fast that we could hardly see.

"Have you got enough of it," Billy asked, "or do you want to go ahead?"

"Go on ahead," I said, "it can't snow this way very long." Billy grunted and went on. I could not see him 30ft. ahead of me. The trail of his *skis* filled almost as fast as he passed. We made the top of still another little hill. It seemed only to reach another level of the storm. Raising my head, I tried to look ahead, half-blinded, but all of which I could become conscious was an advancing wall of thick, smothering white. There was no landscape. I could not see a tree. The trail had no sides, no end. There was no distance, no direction. Everything was swallowed up in an eddying, whirling, impenetrable mask of snow. There was no atmosphere. It had all turned to snow.

"Have you got enough?" Billy asked again, calmly.

"No!" I said, idiotically proud and ashamed to go back. "Go ahead. We'll hole up over the next hill and wait till it blows over."

Billy was dead game, and once more turned forward. I suppose we went to the foot of the next hill. I lost him in the snow, and could only keep the trail by looking close down at my feet. The snow was damp, and came down in sheets rather than in flakes. I never knew before how snow could fall. We were all wet through in a few moments. We could see nothing and hear nothing. At every breath I was learning how a fellow could get lost in the mountains, how in a storm like this, which might last for days, he would lose all sense of direction and wander he knew not whither; how he would become wet through; how he would chill in the cold following the snow; how he would try to build a shelter and perhaps fail, perhaps succeed; how at last he would sit down by his little fire, perhaps, and give up, and be buried by the snow and perhaps never seen again, even though close to the trail. These things I thought of before we got to to the next hill. We never got over it. I met Billy coming back down the trail.

"We can't go on," he said, decisively. "It's simply awful up there. Hurry on back to Yancey's now, fast as you can, before the trail fills up."

At once we did what I ought to have been willing to do at first, and turned back down the trail. We were not much too soon. Our trail made coming up was blotted out entirely. The deeper ridges of the old trails were all that showed us the way, and these we could only follow by looking close down at our feet. Without this aid, Yancey's might as well have been a dozen miles away as half a mile. When we got to the ridge above the houses we could not see their roofs. The whole valley was full of blinding, driving, suffocating snow. The trail took us to the door.

We spent the rest of the day drying out. I had seen a mountain storm. I cannot describe the helplessness in which it leaves the traveler. The *ski* party caught in such a storm at night might have an awkward time of it. Even nerve and good woodsmanship might not get them through. The length of the storm would have everything to do with their safety. No one not familiar with these mountains can have any idea of the character of such a storm, or understand the great depth to which snow can fall in a single night. Words give no idea of such a situation as that of being caught by such a storm. When you go into the mountains you go into a region of large distances, large value, large impressions. But the mountains in summer do but dimly shadow forth the mountains of the winter.

Tried it Again.

Tuesday morning we tried it again. Nature had whirled her weather wheel again. The wet snow was frozen into a solid crust. We did not use the *skis*, but walked more than half the distance of the climb up to the Devil's Gut. The morning was bright and clear and we had some glorious mountain views as we looked back on our climb near the summit. In the middle of the day the shoeing was not good, but Billy hit out an awful pace, and we made good time. At the Blacktail Creek we stopped for lunch and fixed up the *skis*. The snow here was very deep (the drift on the side of the creek was about 30ft. deep), but with his usual ingenuity Billy got a fire, this time on top of a fallen log, and we were happy over our lunch.

Still Among the Elk.

All the way in, especially from Geode Creek to the top of the Gardiner Hill, we saw great numbers of elk. I counted twenty-six bands, numbering hundreds in all. There were few bulls. We had a good time with one solitary bull, a great fellow with a fine set of antlers, which kept along in sight of us for some time. We saw one little band of old bulls together. One grand band of elk crossed our trail not 100yds. ahead of us, giving us the prettiest and closest view of elk I had in the Park. There were about seventy-five head in the bunch and they joined another band of perhaps twice that number in a hollow not far to the right of the trail. We could see little scattered bunches of elk all over the hills to the right of us, there seeming to be more over toward the Yellowstone than on the south side of the trail, though we saw many there also. We saw no other game but elk, except one band of blacktail deer, which we trailed for some time along the road at the foot of the Gardiner Hill, and at length saw them leisurely making off up the side of Mt. Everts. There were fifteen of the deer, I believe. We saw these within three miles of the Post.

Tierra Caliente.

The run of the Gardiner Hill was an affair more laughable than serious. Hunt, the sojer man, went down first, and as the hill is a sort of corkscrew affair, Billy and I had several good views of him sliding on his back. Some of the pitches were pretty steep, and Billy and I ingloriously sat down on our *skis* and slid that way. I suppose we slid over a mile in that manner. Then we came to a warmer climate, the *tierra caliente* of the level of the Mammoth Hot Springs, and the going became soft, then slushy, then muddy. We put the *skis* over our shoulders, and began the laborious climb of the Post Hill. Hardly had we begun it when we came upon the ambulance and mule team which Capt. Anderson had kindly sent out to meet us. The 20-mile journey, our last *ski* trip in the Park, was over. We learned that the storm of the day before had been so severe that Capt. Anderson had not sent out the team at all, rightly believing that we could not travel on such a day. Gauging our speed of travel to a nicety, he made a two minutes' connection with the ambulance and our party on this day. Of such is the accuracy of the military judgment and philosophy, which in matters of this sort is based primarily on the theory that a fellow isn't a fool, and that every fellow knows how to take care of himself.

Would be a Soldier.

Once more we met Capt. Anderson's hearty greeting, and once more I sank into the pleasant life at the Post, Capt. Anderson explaining that there wouldn't be a train out from Cinnabar till the next Saturday, and no stage after the stage of Wednesday to which he didn't intend to send any ambulance anyhow, and to which I could, if I preferred, walk and carry my war bag. I concluded to take his reiterated and cheerful advice that I would just as well be calm and keep on my raiment. I think he had an eye out for recruits, for I found it so fascinating at the Post that I came near enlisting for a sojer. I would yet, if I could be sure the trumpets would always continue to make my shoulder-blades creep and that Capt. Anderson would always continue in immediate command.

E. Hough.

909 Security Building, Chicago.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Natural History.

A FLORIDA "HAPPY FAMILY."

Our happy family consists of one gopher, one pair of doves, one pair of quail, a group of five jays, and three cats.

The gopher comes out of his retirement in the scrub once a day only, about noon, for his frugal repast, which as a general rule consists of grass, and he often comes up to the verandah, as it grows more luxuriantly there than elsewhere. It is interesting to note how this awkward animal manages to satisfy his appetite, and then waddles away to his retreat. His habit is entirely regular, and the time of his appearance does not vary more than an hour each day.

The doves, known generally as mourning doves, from their melancholy note, are as familiar as chickens, as are also the quail, whose brood has probably fallen victims to a wildcat's raid.

The jays are among the most interesting members of the family. Except the days which, according to the tradition of the colored people, they spend in sheol, and so are necessarily absent, they take good care to be both seen and heard. A water dish is kept for them on the verandah, where they can drink and bathe to their heart's content, often with the cats lying but a few feet away. As they do everything with many expressions of what they wish, signified in most emphatic bird language, it seems strange that the cats should remain indifferent; but I take it that the cats, observing their entire familiarity with all the family, consider them as chickens and so not to be molested. They are ever ready to take pieces of cake or crackers out of one's hand, and are altogether the most naturally tame birds I have ever seen. They have the air of owning the earth, and are not at all chary of expressing their disapproval of matters that are not according to their notions.

Their intelligence is well illustrated by the following incident: A young lady living near us, who had been accustomed to feeding a number of jays from her hand, one day in a spirit of mischief suddenly closed her hand and held one of them a prisoner by his feet for a few moments before letting him go. After this, not only not the one caught but none of the rest of the flock could ever be induced to come near her again. As she said, "He must have told all the rest."

Their immunity from the cats is rather remarkable, for the family, consisting of the mother and two half-grown kittens, are all very lively, and the mother is one of the most successful hunters I have ever known, in fact keeping her kittens so well supplied with rats that they are never hungry. But she seems to have come to the conclusion that the birds frequenting the immediate vicinity of the house are not to be disturbed.

These cats in another way show very clearly the force

of heredity and the effects of environments. For many generations (of cats) they have lived where the scrub and the woods, while abounding in their favorite game, and furnishing abundant opportunity for the exercise of all a cat's sagacity in securing it, also abound in the larger animals, which in turn seek to prey on puss herself. At the head of this list stands the wildcat, which has long regarded puss as a choice morsel, and which generally leaves the tail of his victim so that the family may not be in doubt as to pussy's fate. Other animals also will catch the kittens, and consequently the lightest sound, if at all unusual, will frighten them, and any unusual appearance alarm. When for some reason I gave a long whistle, a few days since, I was astonished to see the whole family of cats scud for shelter, while any sound approaching a growl sends them at once to the house top.

I was witness not many days since to a migration of an immense army of the ordinary red ants. It was growing late in the afternoon when my attention was called to what looked like a red ribbon moving along. The column was perhaps a half inch in width and was made up of columns which came together from several directions, and on examination I found each smaller column starting from one of the numerous ant hills. When all these had united into one solid column it formed an army a half inch wide and sixteen feet long, a compact mass, along whose sides went those evidently directing the movements of the multitude. They passed over the sand of the garden and down the trail for more than forty feet, when the army again broke up into smaller bodies which disappeared in different directions in the scrub, each body in search of a new home. Was this movement because my work in the garden had so greatly disturbed them?

W.

Atlantic, Fla.

MIGRATION OF THE BUFFALO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The object I had in view when I wrote the article upon the "Migration of the Buffalo," which you published and noticed editorially in your issue of June 9, was to correct an impression which seems to be quite universal of late years, that in those early days before the era of their extermination had come, the buffalo could be found within a day or two by the hunter in any portion of that vast tract of country between the settlements of Kansas and the Rocky Mountains in one direction, and from Mexico to Saskatchewan in the other. Many writers have with flowery language inculcated this fallacy either from a limited personal knowledge of the subject or because it made a most fascinating picture for an easy flowing pen, and it was evidently also the views entertained, partially at least, by the writer, whose article elicited my own convictions created by several years of observation in inquiry made at that period—from 1862 forward—while I was traversing quite a portion of the country within those boundaries.

That this impression, however, is a fallacious one, will, I think, be the testimony of all those whose familiarity with that section at that period admits of their opinion upon the subject being regarded as of any great value. I do not hesitate to assert that no large herd then occupied permanently any portion of the region south of the Canadian, and believe that this limit might safely be extended to the Platte River, but at the same time I feel sure that small bands could be found at almost any season of the year, along the Smoky Hill.

North of these points the conditions appear to have been reversed, or to speak more correctly, far less noticeable. I mentioned in that letter their love for that great north land with its sweet grasses, limpid waters and bracing climate; spoke particularly of the reluctance with which they turned southward, and I fully agree with your editorial conclusions that many, possibly very many, seldom if ever left it.

That this was their favorite range can be demonstrated even at this date, for all through that country, along the Yellowstone and Missouri, clear to the northern limit of the vast plains of Winnipeg, their wallows and deeply trodden trails are more numerous and clearly defined today than they ever were in any portion of Texas.

No doubt many of your younger readers will feel inclined to ask how it was possible to keep any track of these nomadic animals, whose range covered so vast a territory; and I can think of no reply more concise and intelligible than to point at the appalling rapidity with which they were exterminated after their wholesale slaughter had fairly begun. Their gregarious habits, ponderous size, preference for the great treeless plains, the permanent character of their trails and their habitual sluggishness when not driven to action by outside influences, all militated against anything like concealment and blazed their pathway over the land like a prairie fire. It was generally an easy task to find the buffalo.

Forked Deer.

The Sun and the Brooding Bird.

Chicago, Ill.—Some years since I was residing in a small town in Iowa. My house was in a large lot surrounded by shade and fruit trees. In a cherry tree in front of the house a pair of kingbirds made their nest. It was near the top and without shade from the foliage. I watched the birds from day to day as the nest was building. When it was finished and the eggs were laid I saw the mother bird patiently imparting the warmth of her body to develop and bring forth her young. Her companion would take her place on the nest when she went forth in search of food. During this time, it was early June, the weather was extremely hot. When the sun came up and the direct rays fell upon the nest and eggs the bird would leave the nest and sit upon a near branch and watch it for hours without moving. As the sun descended and its rays lost their intense heat the mother bird would return to the nest, cover the eggs and impart the temperature required.

When I discovered this I could hardly believe what I saw, for it seemed to be reason united with instinct. I watched to learn if this was uniform each day and my observation confirmed it, and so I was convinced that reason was guiding these little birds in the management of their domestic economies as surely as it governs the affairs of men.

It seems to me that this is a fact in natural history that is worth preserving, and so I have written it out and hope it may be assigned a place in Forest and Stream.

John C. Polley.

HUMMINGBIRD PETS.

Hummingbirds are so closely watched by ornithologists that, apparently, the only important question still unsettled is in relation to the domestic character of the male. Audubon and Wilson could hardly find words to express their admiration for him as a dutiful and devoted husband, but lately their opinions have been challenged, and Mr. Torrey (I think) has even had relays of watchers at a nest for weeks, and asserts, positively, that he shows no affection for his mate after the termination of his courtship. Now, this question I must leave for others to decide, for although I am, probably, the only one in the country who tames hummingbirds regularly every summer, I have never been lucky enough to find a nest that I could watch, though I have always been inclined to agree with Audubon and Wilson.

A few years ago I had a large room in New York, and a florist in Astoria sent me in a paper box a female hummingbird that had been caught in one of his hothouses. He said a pair of them came in nearly every day, and I requested him to bring me her mate if possible. In two or three days—after the first one had become thoroughly tame—the male bird was brought to me. I took him out of the box and held him in my hand till his mate came down from her perch to feed. Then, when I opened my hand and let him go he seemed to be in a rapture of delight. He circled around her like a crazy lover, and as he was undoubtedly very hungry, as soon as she left the bottle he took his dinner without the slightest hesitation and then darted up to her, and renewed his demonstrations of affection for a long time. When I fed them, which was very often, he always waited for her to take the lead, then followed and hovered round her till she was satisfied, and then helped himself. I have never witnessed such gallantry and affection, and it is very difficult to change the opinion I then conceived of him as a husband.

I was very much interested in my little pets, though I did not like the idea of keeping them confined in a room;

A CONFIDING HUMMINGBIRD.

From a photograph sent us by "Didymus."

but the matter was soon settled, for the male bird, in his rapturous flights, dashed himself against the window. I spent nearly a day in trying to resuscitate him, but he had evidently injured himself internally. His mate was then turned out, and I have never since attempted to keep them in confinement. In fact it was only from necessity that I did it then, for I know that they cannot live more than two or three weeks without insect food. Here in my country home they can be tamed with little trouble, though I am suspected by some of employing magic.

Now, as you intimated that my first article was not satisfactory, inasmuch as I failed to give the details of my taming process, I will give it in this, though of all who have been instructed by me not one has been able to do anything with them.

In disposition they are as different as children, and while all of them are apparently very timid, that in most of them is easily overcome, and then they are very bold and fearless. The greater part of them go further north than Florida in summer, and the few that remain here to bring up families turn the young out of their nests about the middle of June. When they start on their emigrations in early summer no temptation is strong enough to keep them here, and I have given up all attempts at training them till the young birds appear. They usually become so fearless that they come to us anywhere about the grounds, and come in and hover round us while sitting at the table. Undoubtedly memory is not lacking in the little creatures, for on two occasions our pets have returned the following summer as tame as when they left.

The first I mentioned in my former communication. This summer we had the ill luck to tame a nervous, unsatisfactory little fellow, and were rather glad when he disappeared.

One day while my wife and I were sitting on the piazza a beautiful male bird lit on a twig close by, and I remarked that if we could only succeed in getting him under control we need have no fear of his being driven off by a stronger bird, as is often the case. I went in and got the bottle, and in a few minutes he was sitting on my finger, to our great surprise. It was undoubtedly the one we had photographed last summer, only now changed from a speckled to a ruby throat. But I was mistaken about his fighting qualities, for as soon as the other one found him poaching on his preserves he pounced upon him like a hawk and drove him off. He returned two or three times, but finding he could not stay without a fight he left us, very much to our regret. The other disappeared in a few days after that, but we took the loss complacently. In a day or two another young male, with an entirely different disposition, came and took his place, and in one day was tamer than his predecessor. He is now perfectly at home with us, though he only came a week ago.

The young male is easily known by having a speckled breast, which is changed in a few months to deep crimson. His tail is tipped with white the first year, which also changes to brown or black. This bird has one little spark of fire in the center of his throat, like a ruby breastpin—the first indication of a change. While I write this on the piazza he is either sitting near me on a twig or paying frequent visits to the little bottle of sugar and water standing by me on the table.

The process of taming them is very simple. When I find them at the flowers I hang a small bottle of sugar and water up near the flowers and then insert a bignonia (or other favorite); and when they find it I move it a few yards at a time till I get it near the piazza, where I can sit and hold it. Of course some patience is required, but by taking a book I can pass an hour or two very well. After coming a few times the flower may be dispensed with, and then there is no further trouble.

Didymus.

St. Augustine, Aug. 4.

FLYING SQUIRRELS AS PETS.

In your issue of the 4th inst. "Mac" desires to know something about food for his flying squirrel pets. Three years ago, at Lake St. John, I was presented with a young flying squirrel by one of my Indian guides. I brought it home with me, and have kept in a large wire cage. With the peculiarity of its species, it sleeps all day and runs all night. When awakened during the day, it will partially emerge from its cotton-filled nest and stretch out its front feet and gape in a most natural manner. If we try to remove it from the nest after awakening it, it will make a peculiar chattering noise, and always seizes my finger with its teeth. It has never done this with sufficient strength to puncture the skin, although the length and sharpness of the teeth and strength of jaw would easily enable it to. It has never bitten me, has become perfectly tame, and runs about the house, doors and windows being closed. The squirrel is a female and shows a disposition to mate in the spring, at the same time losing a greater part of the hair from its beautiful flat tail. By midsummer the hair comes in again, fuller, handsomer, larger than ever.

When I first obtained this pet I fed it entirely upon bread and milk, but after a time began to put a few nuts in the cage. These soon had the preference and were always eaten, while the bread and milk were untouched, except that some of the milk was drunk. I feed any kind of nuts—English walnuts, filberts, almonds, pecans, hickory nuts and peanuts—always cracking them open. I always leave a small glass of water in the cage, and frequently feed a piece of apple, lettuce, celery or other fresh fruit or vegetable. A raisin, piece of candy or anything sweet it will devour greedily. In fact, I find that it will eat almost anything, and is ready to eat at almost any time, even when awakened from sleep. Good fresh acorns, when obtainable in the fall, it also seems to be fond of. Last year in some manner it broke off its two upper teeth short; within a month they grew out perfectly again. It is a great pet, clean, requiring little care, and I believe can eat almost anything without injury.

Eugene McCarthy.

Syracuse, N. Y.

On Aug. 30, 1892, while passing through a swamp with a friend in search of crows' eggs, we discovered a small nest about 20ft. from the ground in a hemlock tree. I started up the tree, and had climbed about half the distance, when Mr. T. told me that a flying squirrel had just left the nest, and pointed her out to me as she lay flattened against the trunk of a white birch a few feet away.

On reaching the nest I found young squirrels, and not stopping to examine, descended the tree. Mr. T. suggested that we catch the old squirrel alive, as she seemed to be quite tame, owing in part no doubt to the bright sun, the flying squirrel being strictly a night squirrel. We tried to catch her under our coats and hats, but to no purpose, so we decided to return to dinner, knowing that she would not attempt to remove the young until dark.

While at dinner Mr. T. devised a plan for catching the old squirrel. He armed me with a wooden box with a sliding cover, and taking some strong fishline we returned to the nest. Mr. T. then cut a long pole, at the end of which he fastened a running noose. I made a noise as if to climb the tree, at which the old squirrel stuck her head out of the nest. My friend was ready, and raising the pole, carefully slipped the noose over her head. She was apparently blinded by the strong light and only blinked drowsily when the loop dropped across her shoulders. The next instant she was dangling in the air, and I held up the box, into which she was quickly lowered; then shutting the cover I cut the line close to her neck, so that it dropped off in the box. Then I brought down the nest, which contained five young male squirrels, with their eyes just opening.

On reaching home the little prisoners were placed in a tin-lined box, with a glass front and a darkened apartment in one end. The mother squirrel cared for them but seldom came out during the day. I gave her milk, pumpkin and squash seeds, chestnuts and acorns, and pieces of apple. This family of squirrels feeds chiefly on buds, nuts, seeds and fruits, and they should have plenty of fresh water.

Moss.

Catching Mink on a Hook.

Long Lake, N.Y., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream* A curious occurrence took place last Thursday evening, which is worth putting on record. While out fishing for bass with David Helm, proprietor of the Grove House, as guide, I noticed a mink hunting along the shore. After watching it for a little while, my guide chirruped and threw some dead fish to it, which the mink ate, and then came swimming out to the canoe and tried to climb in. While watching it the idea came to me to throw it a gang of hooks and see if the animal would bite. So I baited the hooks and tossed them overboard to the mink, which took them, and when I struck, was hooked. Talk about your 4lbs. bass! None ever fought any harder than that mink, but at last it was landed after a very exciting struggle. David said he never saw or heard before of a mink being caught on a fish-hook.

Benjamin Mann.

Game Bag and Gun.

RAMBLES IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

Lansing, Mich., June 1.—The "Saginaw Crowd," on their annual big-game hunt to the far West, for a downright good time, "takes the cake" always; but there are so many pleasant places and so much of real sport right at our own door that very few of those who annually spend a few days in the woods feel that it is necessary to go all the way to Montana for a really enjoyable outing.

I met Mr. A. H. Whitehead when he had just returned from his goose shooting trip to Dakota, and as he had been very successful with the ducks and geese he felt just a little mellow, and as I had not had a visit with him in a long while, I got him to tell me of his trip last fall down the Tittabawasse.

Mr. Whitehead and Mr. E. F. Cooley, president of the Michigan Supply Co., left Lansing the evening of the first day of November. At Bay City they were joined by Mr. Bob Birney, the drug man, and Mr. John O'Hare, the champion boot and shoe man of the great Saginaw Valley. In the morning the party started for Summit, a backwoods station on the M. C. R. R., about sixty miles north of Bay City. By a previous arrangement a team was in waiting for them, and the outfit, consisting of two boats, one 20×16 tent, guns, sporting implements, and the necessary grub and camp supplies was piled upon the big wagon, and the whole caravan started for the main branch of the Tittabawasse, about nine miles away. They arrived at the river about 3 o'clock, found the water very low, much lower than usual; and after loading the boats they found they had more than they had bargained for to get them down the river. The team was sent back and the journey down river began in earnest. The small boat went along quite well, but the big clinker-built one with the camp equipage and heavy luggage had to be pulled or pushed most of the way.

They trudged along as they supposed for about five miles, when it grew quite dark, and by good luck they landed upon a beautiful grassy point of land, with a nice spring of water not ten feet from the bank of the river, and a great plenty of good wood close at hand. They pushed the boat up to the bank, unloaded them, pitched the tents, built a fire, made some coffee, broiled the partridges that they shot on the way down, and with the canned goods managed to make out quite a supper. After supper they gathered a big lot of cedar boughs and made a bed about a foot thick by spreading the boughs upon the ground. They lit their pipes, lay down upon the boughs and spent the evening talking of the day's tramp and trying to find an easy spot for their lame backs, and doing a little something to ease their blistered hands. This, the first camp, they called Camp Birney.

The next morning the whole camp turned out bright and early, and before sun-up breakfast had been disposed of, the tents taken down and the camp equipage all packed. The day before had given them all quite a bit of experience in river boating, so they concluded to get a mossback to take the boats and luggage down the river about ten miles, for it did not take half an eye to see a big day's work and a dreadful hard tramp ahead of them. The first settler that they ran across was too busy to leave his work, the second for a like reason could not help them out, and there being no other team in that neighborhood he could not direct them to any one who wanted to earn ten dollars in solid coin, even in these hard times. The river was crooked, and they had walked a long distance, but they found that they were only about half a mile from their camp of the night before. They got together again, and as there was no other way out of the scrape, they had to try the old way, and push and pull the boats along as they had done the day before. The journey began, and the old sores and lame backs began to yell out in great shape, but by lifting up a collar, like the harness on a canal mule, so that the load might rest on a new spot, they all began to get limbered up, and after a while they could work together quite nicely, but they were an awfully lame lot of ducks. Down the river they found the water a little deeper. They shot several ruffed grouse on their way down, clubbed some stone rollers in the rapids, and about noon called a halt and had their lunch. By the river they had gone about five miles, but as the crow would fly, about two miles. Lunch over they resumed their journey, and after going about a mile they found a squatter, or mossback, as they are called in that section, and by hard talking and a liberal advance of coin, persuaded the old fellow to take the luggage and camp plunder on his cart, down the river for about five miles. The boats, lightened of the cargoes, floated along nicely, and after wading the river most of the way thus far, and having pulled the boats after them, you my judge that they greatly enjoyed the change. Two of them went down with the boats, and the others followed along behind the settler with the cart and luggage. When the boats reached the bend in the river where the cart was to stop they found the overland party at a beautiful camping place, with tents all up, supper cooked, and as the water was getting deeper, and the day had been one of a typical Indian summer, things began to look brighter.

At this camping place they were so comfortably situated that they concluded to remain for a few days. The deer season would not open till the fifth. The sandbars on the river and the runways on the banks of the river and in the bush back from the river, were well tracked by deer, and as the tracks all appeared to be fresh ones, the prospects for killing plenty of deer were way out of sight. The day was spent in grouse shooting. They found plenty in almost any direction from camp. Some thickets would contain twenty or thirty great big nice fellows, the largest that they had ever seen. Mr. Birney had brought along his two spaniels. They could tree more partridges than any two dogs in Michigan, but Mr. Birney had so neglected their education that when the birds came down the two dogs would break away and rushing upon the birds they would each grab hold, and by vigorous pulling and hauling would most generally divide the plunder between them before the shooter could get to them. The dogs got punished enough to kill a wolf, but it was no go; they just continued to pull all the birds apart they could get hold of during the trip.

The camp now located was near the east branch of the Tittabawasse, and what is known in that country as a tote road ran along the bank of the river, on the brow of the hill just back of the camp. During the day several teams with big wagons loaded with camps and camp supplies, and followed by men and dogs, passed along the tote road looking for a favorable location to make camp and be ready for the deer slaughter which would open the fifth.

They remained in camp for two days, spending the time in grouse shooting, healing the blisters on their hands and getting the sore spots out of their spines. The morning of the fifth day they broke camp and started for a great deer range well known to Mr. Birney about ten miles down the rivers, this being one of his old hunting grounds. They stowed the luggage on the boats and made the start. Mr. O'Hare, having his Irish setter dog with him, concluded that he would follow the tote road and get a few birds for dinner. He had been gone but a few moments when his 10-bore was heard to speak out with both barrels, as Cooley and Birney said, "with powder enough to kill a bear, as he had loads of No. 6 shot, to blow any birds in the woods clear out of Michigan." He soon put in his appearance, and when they shouted to him about missing his bird with such cannon-like loads, he replied that he had jumped a fine big doe near the river bank, that she had run past him at about three rods distance, and as she went he gave her both barrels of shot, and his setter had run up to her and chased her out of sight in the thick woods. Such small shot would not kill a deer at 40ft. and it would be all foolishness to spend any time looking after her. The party were hankering after fresh venison and looked at the matter differently, so Mr. Birney took them back to the place where he had shot at the doe. They took along the two partridge dogs, and when they reached the spot they started on the trail with a zip. They did not run ten rods from the place where O'Hare had lost sight of the setter and the doe, before they stopped and began to bark vigorously, and when the men reached them they found the doe stone dead. The charge of shot had struck her just back of the foreleg, and the shot had passed clean through her and lodged under the skin on the opposite side. She was literally torn all to pieces, and had several ribs broken and shattered by the shot. They dragged her to the river, and stowing her away under the poop deck, and taking a big drink of river water and giving three rousing cheers for O'Hare, they proceeded on their journey. They felt jolly good over their luck. They killed a great number of grouse that day, as the spaniels would jump them every few rods in the bush by the river side. They made a run of about fifteen miles, and went into camp near the west branch of the Tittabawasse. This camp was nicely located and called Camp Cooley. It was a lovely spot. With the deer hanging by the tent door, strings of partrides strung up in the white birch trees, tents up and boats pulled up on the grassy banks, it made a pretty picture indeed.

"The days were cool and crisp, both lovely and pleasand," said Mr. Whitehead, "and we could eat a dozen good meals a day and be hungry all the time and sleep all the night through without a skip. Every morning we were posted on the runways before the stars were gone, as deer are on the move all night such frosty nights." One morning Mr. Whitehead had just reached his runway, when he heard a buck jump in the brush and make for the middle of the river. Just then a rifle cracked and the buck went down, shot by a hunter, one of the party who had pitched camp just over the hill back of Camp Cooley. They had started the buck, and knowing right where he would take to water, the hunter had stole the march on Mr. Whitehead and got his buck at the first shot. Mr. Whitehead had on his hip boots, so he waded into the river and brought the buck to the shore. It was a big fellow, about 250lbs., short leg, long body and a handsome nice specimen, with a splendid pair of horns, the nicest that Mr. Whitehead had ever seen.

That day Mr. Cooley had been in his blind for a long while, and his legs getting tired he thought he would just stir around a little and get limbered up. He had gone but a few rods when he looked back, and there standing within 100ft of his blind stood a big buck looking right at him. The buck did not remain for Mr. Cooley to interview him. Mr. Cooley seldom speaks forcibly or hastily upon any subject without giving the matter a careful consideration, and on this particular occasion he was afraid that he could not do the subject justice, so he adjourned the meeting. The whole party sympathized with Mr. Cooley in his misfortune, but it was only one more evidence of the constant watchfulness and great and tireless patience which every deer hunter must have to match his hunting qualities successfully against the extreme watchfulness of the deer.

They all came in early for dinner, tired and hungry. All had drawn a blank, and all were heartily weary of broiled grouse, baked beans and bacon, so they skinned out the deer, hanging up the saddles to take home. The weather was so warm that the saddles had to be well sprinkled with pepper to keep the flies from blowing them. They had not seen a cloud for three days, and getting tired of watching runways, they all got out their shotguns for a round with the birds again.

Mr. John O'Hare is one of the grandest fellows. He is a typical Irishman, and thinks that he has the greatest Irish setter on earth. The whole camp had to watch him or he would have fed the setter about all the supplies, to say nothing of the venison he stuffed into him. He insisted upon taking the setter to bed with him, quite likely fearing that the dog would take cold. One day they all started out, O'Hare, dog and all, going down the old logging road. The entire party, excepting O'Hare, got in about dark, each with a big bag of birds. They were as hungry as bears and cooked about ten pounds of venison, the first that they had cooked. The supper was a great affair and how we did enjoy it. The hours went by but no O'Hare appeared; it was 9 o'clock and he did not come, so we began to fire the signal gun, and continued to fire every five minutes till about 1 o'clock, when he came in, the most unconcerned man of the lot, and was amazed to think that anybody would think that he would get lost in the woods. We took his story for it, and when he told us how he had come across a camp of hunters, where he had been so well entertained that he never once thought that anybody at camp would worry about him, we laughed outright, and charged him up with $2 for shells fired to guide him back to camp.

They remained at Camp Cooley for ten days, fishing, shooting lots of birds, watching the runways for deer and making several trips of three to five miles each into the surrounding country. There is a network of logging roads all through the woods. Plenty of deer signs are everywhere. They saw several bear tracks, and at one place found a big dead-fall trap and in the trap the skeleton of a bear. They gathered the claws and tusks and brought them home as relics of the hunt. Mr. Birney, who, of course, is expected to know everything of woods lore, explained why the bear had not been taken out of the trap. An old trapper had lived in that section for many years, and he had caught lots of bear and other fur-bearing animals. He had set his traps one fall a few years ago, but not finding game so plenty as in years past had gone off and left them, expecting to return soon, but he got into a row with some Frenchman and was laid out, so the traps were never looked after, and this trap and the bear in it had never been disturbed. Several other traps had been found in the woods in that section and all of the traps had skeletons of some kind in them.

"On one of these side trips," said Mr. Whitehead, "we ran across a party of bee-hunters and it was quite amusing to see them work. They had some honeycomb and some syrup. They would burn the comb to attract the bees and feed them the syrup, and when the bees were full of syrup they would start for their home, and the bee-hunters would line them and follow them usually to some big hollow tree. The party had been very successful and had great luck finding bee trees. The liners worked all one day burning comb, feeding the bees syrup and dusting the bees with flour, and changed positions many times before they could yet the line so that they could follow it. They gave us a liberal supply of excellent honey and afforded us an endless amount of pleasure watching them in their work. This party were all from Flint. At their camp they had a nice big buck hung up in a tree; he had a glorious pair of antlers. They had jumped the buck the day before our party found their camp and a good rifle shot brought him down. At the camp they also had several coon skins, and a fox or two had been run down.

"A few years ago all this section of country was thickly covered with huge cork pine, but it is all gone now, with nothing but a thick growth of young trees and underbrush all about us—very few settlers and nothing but a great wilderness on every hand. There is but one 80-acre lot of timber now standing, and this lot looms up above its neighbors like a huge mountain peak. The lot is owned by Mr. Hall of Detroit, who seems to keep it as a monument of the past. The life at Camp Cooley was delightful. Our surroundings just suited us, our camp comrades were jolly, jovial men, and we enjoyed every hour of our stay there."

The vacation of Mr. Cooley and Mr. Whitehead had ended, but Mr. O'Hare, the good-natured man of the party, and Mr. Birney had not got enough of it yet, and who could blame them?

"The weather had been pleasant, the shooting fine. There had been seven deer killed almost in sight of our camp by a lot of hunters who came in the second day after we made camp on the river. When we left the river there were lots of camps all along the banks. Many had been in camp long before the season opened. It was a good place for a game warden, but none were there. I am afraid that deer shooting in that section will be poor for some years to come. The morning we came away we got up long before daylight, had a breakfast of broiled venison, broiled partridge, with other good things, and one of Cooley's cups of strong coffee. We packed the canvas boat and loaded in all of the birds that we could find room for, and taking a saddle of venison for the friends at home, we bade good-bye to our good friends of Camp Cooley, pushing out into the river, and started for Haws Bridge, 15 miles below.

"On our way down the river we ran into a log jam of over a mile long, and were obliged to back all of our camp equipage and boats and other luggage around the jam, making the hardest job we had struck in many long years. We got around the jam after nearly half a day's work, and when in sight of the village where we were to take the train, we had the pleasure of seeing the train pull out of the station and cross the river, and we were left over till the next day. The carry at the big jam took so much of our time that we missed our reckoning at all points. We got a good night's rest at the hotel, and the next night reached home greatly delighted with our two weeks' outing on the Tittabawasse. Julian.

PROMPTED BY THE PIGEON STORY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It did me real good to read the burning and indignant words of "Didymus" in the Forest and Stream of Aug. 4, in condemnation of the shameful slaughter of the American wild pigeon, and other acts of atrocity as they have appeared from time to time; and it is to be hoped that none of your numerous readers will fail to read the article.

How "F. E. S.," as in two previous numbers of the Forest and Stream, could in cold blood write the sickening story of his pursuit, from year to year, of the fast-disappearing American pigeon, with nets and guns, as they were seeking a secluded retreat where they might build their nests, lay their eggs and rear their young, is past comprehension. He would appear much better on his knees begging pardon for the grievous wrong he has done to the starving young birds, and also to the sportsmen of the present and of the future.

As a matter of history—as to why the pigeon has become almost extinct—it was perhaps well enough; but for one who while confessing himself guilty of the offense, to speak almost boastingly of his share in the wrong done, is past endurance.

I well remember seeing flocks of pigeons miles in extent and so compact as to darken the sun, as they passed like a cloud over portions of Duchess county, N. Y.—and I have to confess that, while a boy, I had some little share in netting some of them; but those were days of ignorance, for which there is some excuse.

I am thoroughly in sympathy with your "non-market-shooting plank," and hope you will stick to it, as you have for the preservation of the National Park, and trust success will crown your efforts in each case.

But market-shooting, pot-hunting, etc., etc., are trifles when compared with spring hunting! If the latter is not adopted, the former will soon run out, for want of game to hunt.

Another sickening thing is to read that Mr. So and So caught so many hundred trout or bagged so many birds

in a single day. Shame on such sport!! There is no manliness nor true sport connected with it. I hope another article of the kind may never appear in "our paper," except to condemn it, as it should be.

This screed is not written because the writer is, or expects to be a sufferer from the greed of the "trout hog," "netter," market-shooter" or "pot-hunter;" for his shooting days are back numbers. Although he has done a fair amount of tramping and shooting—in the past sixty-five years—he is consoled with the fact that never but once has he been guilty of spring shooting, and that more than twenty years ago—when but three ducks fell before his gun, and one of them was carried off by an eagle before he could retrieve it.

With the killing of game of all kinds strictly prohibited, and stopped during the mating, rearing and close season, in a few years there will be enough for all, of fur, fin and feather. Let the good begun work go on! J. H. D.

Poughkeepsie, August, 1894.

MOOSE HUNTING AND MOOSE HUNTERS

As the open season for large game draws near, sportsmen are looking forward to hunting trips. Many of them have tried unsuccessfully season after season to kill a bull moose. Some of them hesitate on account of the prospective hard work such a trip entails. Others in the present financial condition of business are deterred on account of the expense.

My two first hunting trips after moose were most decided failures. I worked hard and hnuted faithfully, over large tracts of unbroken wilderness, which had been represented to me as being the home of the moose. When I had hunted for six weeks, most of the time on good tracking snow, and failed even to see a single track of the game I wanted, I thought it time to try a different locality. For three seasons in succession I was successful, killing a moose each year, and having chances to kill more.

It is well sometimes not to believe all you hear about the abundance of moose in certain regions. Interested parties are apt to exaggerate. During the rutting season in October a bull moose will travel a great deal, and his tracks will remain. Where fresh tracks at this season are seen on a bog in a region where a moose is seldom seen or killed, it is hardly a proof that it is a good place to hunt for such game. The tracks are positive evidence that he has been there, but when you see them he is very likely to be ten miles or more away, and still traveling. On a certain trail between two lakes, which is traveled over by numerous parties, the tracks of a large moose are seen every season. In fact, they are there with such unfailing regularity that it suggests they were purposely made. Almost any one could take the foot of a moose and in a few moments make a good many tracks.

I am not interested in any hunting camp or guide in any pecuniary sense, but I know that in certain localities and with certain guides the chances of finding the desired game are pretty good. I do not expect to kill another moose. I do not want one enough to pay for the time, trouble and expense of going where I should expect to find one. To the sportsman who has never killed the moose he longs for, the satisfaction of seeing his game fall, perhaps at the first shot, should fully compensate him for the previous hard work and disappointments. A friend who had worked hard for a number of seasons to kill a large bull, and who finally shot a fine one, wrote me, saying, "I cannot describe the feeling of satisfaction I experienced when my moose went down. It fully repaid me for all my former disappointments. Should I kill half a dozen more even larger than this one, I could not feel the same." Often when looking at quite a large moose head I have, I say, "Well, I worked hard to get you, but you are worth it."

Now, if I wanted to kill a moose I should try and do it as soon as possible and not put it off from year to year. Notwithstanding the protection of the game laws I hardly think moose are increasing, unless in some very remote place, which is hard to reach. The army of sportsmen is surely not growing less each year. Grounds which heretofore have been little hunted are becoming better known and the moose will grow scarcer each year. We often read accounts (usually taken from local papers) of how moose are increasing, two or three having been recently seen in localities where there have been none for years. In my opiniou the moose seen in such places are some which have been driven out of regions further back in the woods. A guide cruising about far back in the woods may find moose signs numerous, and either by hunting them himself or taking parties of sportsmen there, starts a good many of them, and as the moose have to go somewhere and have the reputation of traveling long distances when started, it is not unlikely that some of them should stray into a region which for some years had been practically without moose. I think that this will account for their presence in such places fully as well as the theory that they are increasing so fast that the woods are getting full of them.

I have heard sportsmen say, "It is too expensive to go after moose; the guides charge too much; and very often we do not get anything except hard work for the money we spend." Now, there are guides and guides. I know of some I would not go with if I could hire them for fifty cents a day. Not that they are lacking in woodcraft, but because they have deliberately charged very high prices, with no intention whatever of trying to find game. Nearly all guides (good or otherwise) are poor men; and as there are sportsmen who go to the woods who are wealthy men and willing to spend money freely, it is only human nature that the guides love such parties. I have been with quite a number of guides, both white men and Indians, and never had trouble but once. This was on my first trip to the Adirondack Woods. After being out some three weeks, our three guides tried to play it on us, and refused to do what they had promised to do before starting. It took about five minutes to settle it; and their little game was a complete failure.

I know of an instance where a first-rate guide in every way had a man calling himself a sportsman, who kept saying, "I haven't much time, and want to do it all in a few days." He worked his guide for three days about as follows: He made him carry a very heavy pack from camp to camp, often many miles apart. Reaching a camp late in the afternoon, he would say, "Now I am tired and will take a nap. You cut some wood and get something for me to eat, and when it is ready wake me up. We will then take the boat and try the trout, and also take a jacklight and after dark try and get a deer." Then they would be out the greater part of the night. The guide, telling me about it afterward, said, "Any one who knows me knows I am willing to work, and do all I can for a man. I never worked as hard in my life; and on the afternoon of the third day I said to my man, 'Mr. ——, we will pack up your things and to-morrow I will take you down the river.' 'I don't want to go,' was the reply. But as it was either go or stay alone in camp, he went."

I always use my guides well and pay them well; and those I have been with always wanted me to go again with them.

It is often asked: Why should a guide get so much per day for guiding hunting parties, when he will perhaps work in a lumber camp or chop cord wood for about half of what he charges for guiding? Often a guide will hear from several parties who all want his services at the same time, and as he can only go with one party at a time the others do not go at all or engage some one else. Again, as it happened last year, parties will engage a guide many months in advance for the best part of the hunting season; and perhaps a few weeks before it is time to start, something unforeseen will happen and they cannot make the trip. In the meantime the guide engaged has declined to engage with other parties who are able to go; and the result is that he gets nothing to do during the best part of the season.

A guide I know got six moose, all bulls, last season, and spent only five days hunting them. The first bull he killed himself. Starting in the morning from where he lives, he reached his camp at night, hunted and killed the moose on the second day and on the third brought out the head and part of the meat. I saw the head and it was a fine one, the horns spreading 56in. with (as I remember) 26 points. Now, had he taken a sportsman on such a trip, his wages would have amounted to $7.50 for the three days; yet he sold the head unmounted for $50. The guides also do a good deal of hard work, which is not considered by parties who engage them, fitting up camps, packing in grub and blankets, etc.; and often preparations are made taking two or three days of hard work for a party who fail to come.

I often hear a man say, "I would like to kill a moose very much, and were I sure of getting one I would go almost anywhere and pay well for it." I know a guide who will, I think, guarantee you a chance; he has done so, and successfully, too. That is, he will warrant you a fair shot at a bull, if you will agree to pay him a certain sum and go where he wants you to and hunt for a reasonable length of time. Should he fail to give you the chance he will charge nothing for his services. Of couse he will not warrant that you will kill a moose, even if you get a very easy shot. He will give you the chance and you must do the rest. Some men would get so rattled at the sight of a bull that they could not hit a barn, much less a moose at 50yds. I stood once on the exact spot where a certain sportsman shot three times at a large bull standing broadside less than 40yds. away, and missed every shot. When any one gets such a chance as this and fails he might as well give it up; his case is hopeless.

Dunbarton, N. H. C. M. Stark.

THE MINNESOTA LAW UPHELD.

From the St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Judge Collins yesterday handed down several decisions, among which were those in the celebrated game cases of the State against C. W. Rodman and R. E. Cobb, the commission men, and against the Northern Pacific Express Company. The decision affirms the orders of the lower court and remands the cases for judgment. He affirms also the constitutionality of the amended game laws.

The defendants, Rodman and Cobb, were indicted for having in their possession more than five days after the end of the open season venison contrary to the provisions of G. L. 1891, Chapter 9, Sec. 11 as amended, G. L. 1893, Chapter 124, Sec. 9. Under the law the season for deer is only open from Nov. 1 to Nov. 20. The penalty for having deer meat in possession after the lapse of five days after the beginning of the closed season is not less than $50 nor more than $100, or not less than sixty days or more than ninety days' imprisonment for every animal had in possession. Upon the argument of demurrers to the indictments before Judge Willis in the District Court, it was admitted by the prosecution that the deer had been killed in the open season. The court having overruled the demurrers, certified to the Supreme Court the following questions of law as having been raised on the argument and decided in favor of the State:

"1. That Chapter 124 of the General Laws of 1893 is unconstitutional and void;

"2. That the Legislature had not the power to make it an offense to have in possession birds, animals or fish during the closed season, which had been killed and reduced to possession during the open season;

"3. That if the Legislature has this power it has not exercised it, and that this act does not make it an offense to have in possession during the closed season, birds animals or fish which have been killed and reduced to possession during the open season;

"4. That the act is void by reason of the excessive fine imposed by it;

"5. That the indictment does not state a public offense."

In the opinion Judge Collins points out that the same question is practically raised by the third and fifth propositions, which go merely to the construction of the act.

The contention of the defendant was that the act should be construed as prohibiting only the possession during the closed season of game unlawfully caught or killed. On this point Judge Collins holds that the language of the act is so clear as to leave no room for any such construction.

He then points out that in the other three propositions the validity of the act is raised. The points made against the validity of the act by the defense were (1) that the Legislature has no power to make it an offense to have in possession during the closed season game lawfully killed and reduced to possession during the open season, especially for the reason that it deprives a person of his property without due process of law. (2) The act violates the constitutional requirement that no law shall contain more than one subject which shall be expressed in its title. (3) That so far as it relates to punishment for having game in possession, the act is in violation of the Bill of Rights (State constitution Act 1, Sec. 5.), declaring that excessive fines shall not be imposed.

The defense also declared that the act proceeds upon the plan of declaring all game and fish within the boundaries to be its absolute property and providing, upon that basis, under what limitations persons may acquire a qualified right of property in it from the State. The defense contended that the State had no proprietary right in animals *ferœ naturœ* and can acquire none by legislation.

Judge Collins holds that point raised is immaterial, as it is not necessary to resort to any such doctrine. He points out that it is the doctrine in this State that the ownership of wild animals is in the State not as proprietor, but in its sovereign capacity as the representative for the benefit of all its people in common. The preservation of such animals as are adapted to food purposes or other useful ends is a matter of public interest and is within the police power of the State, and to that end it may adopt any reasonable regulations, not only as to time and manner in which such game may be taken or killed, but also imposing limitations upon the right of property in such game after it has been reduced to possession. Such limitations deprive no person of his property except under the limitations imposed. The object of the act is to preserve the game from extinction, and the Legislature can pass reasonable laws to effect that end.

All game laws proceed upon this principle, and their constitutionality has never been successfully assailed.

Judge Collins also maintains that no court would be justified in declaring unreasonable the provisions limiting the time to five days after the commencement of the closed season, during which a person may lawfully retain possession of game lawfully obtained, and points out that if no limitation was imposed, frequent violations, without any probability of discovery, would be the result.

The court also fails to discover any merit in the point that the subject of the amendatory act is not expressed in its title.

In regard to the question of the imposition of excessive punishments the court points out the constitutional provision was directed not so much against the amount or duration of the punishment as against the character of them. Moreover, our game law is not more severe in its penalties than those of other States, and their validity has rarely, if ever, been questioned.

In the case against the Northern Pacific Express Company the only point raised not covered in the other two cases was that the Legislature has not the power to prohibit, during the open season, the receiving by a common carrier for the purpose of transportation of fish which have been legally caught within the State. In other words, the claim is made that the act unlawfully interferes with interstate commerce. Judge Collins points out that the complete answer is that the fish had never become articles of commerce within the meaning contended for by the defense. Under the laws of the State they had, it is true, become private property, but of a limited character, one limitation being that they should not be shipped out of the State—*i. e.*, should not become subject to interstate commerce. The purpose is to prevent the depletion of game.

The syllabi in the cases are as follows:

Syllabi of the Cases.

State of Minnesota, plaintiff, vs. C. W. Rodman, defendant, and State of Minnesota, plaintiff, vs. R. E. Cobb, defendant (two cases). Syllabus:

1. General Laws 1891, Chap. 9, Sec. 11, as amended by General Laws 1893, Chap. 124, Sec. 9, construed as prohibiting the having in possession more than five days after the commencement of the closed season certain kinds of game, although lawfully taken or killed during the open season.

2. Held, that this statute is a proper exercise of the police power of the State to protect and preserve wild game, because reasonably tending to prevent the unlawfu killing of such game during the closed season.

3. It is within the police power of the State to enact such laws as will preserve from extermination or undue depletion wild game adapted to consumption as food or to other useful purpose, and to that end may adopt any reasonable regulations, not only as to time or manner of taking or killing such game, but also imposing such limitations or restrictions upon its use or the right of property in it, after it is taken or killed, as will tend to prevent such extermination or depletion.

4. Held, that the subject of the amendatory act of 1893 is sufficiently expressed in its title.

5. The provisions of Sec. 11 of the act as amended are not obnoxious to that part of the constitution which prohibits the imposition of excessive fines. Collins, J.

Against the Express Company.

State of Minnesota, plaintiff, vs. Northern Pacific Express Company, defendant. Syllabus:

1. State vs. Rodman and State vs. Cobb followed, holding that certain provisions of General Laws 1891, Chapter 9, as amended by General Laws 1893, Chapter 124, entitled "An act for the preservation * * * of the game and fish of the State of Minnesota," are valid.

2. The provision of the act prohibiting the shipmen out of the State of certain kinds of fish caught within the State is not an unlawful interference with interstate commerce.

3. State vs. Byrud, 23 Minn., 30, followed to the effect that when a criminal case is certified to this court we wil only consider such questions as appear from the certification to have been raised and passed on in the cour below. Orders affirmed and causes remanded. Collins, J.

A Sportsmen's Exposition.

The following firms have united in a call for a meeting to consider the practicability of a sportsmen's exhibition, and, if desirable, to arrange such matters as are necessary to provide for its success: Hartley & Graham, Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Laflin & Rand Powder Co., E. I. Du Pont de Nemour & Co., Schoverling, Daly & Gales, Marlin Fire Arms Co. Von Lengerke & Detmold, Charles J. Godfrey, A. G. Spalding & Bros., United States Net and Twine Co., Tatham Bros., Fred Sauter, the W. Fred Quimby Co., Empire Target Co., Hunter Arms Co. The meeting will be held Aug. 27, at 2 o'clock P. M., in the rooms of the Hardware Club, Postal Telegraph Building, Broadway and Murray street, New York, and all houses in the trade are earnestly requested to have a representative present.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE WILDERNESS.

Second Connecticut Lake, N. H., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* New Hampshire has long been known as a famous summer resort. Its White Mountain region forming the Switzerland of American, is the summer home of thousands. It is only within a few years, however, that it has become known that the Granite State offers as great attractions to the sportsman as to the summer tourist. The extension of the Maine Central Railroad from North Stratford to Cookshire six years ago opened up a country full of deer, moose, caribou and streams and lakes swarming with trout. The local fisherman, from the small boy with a twig to the gray-haired trapper and guide, had long been a frequenter of these secluded game reserves. Before the extension of this railroad the nearest fishing resort was reached only by a twenty-five mile stage drive, and the furthest by a journey into the woods of over sixty miles.

Having just returned from an extended trip through this region of northern New Hampshire, let me tell you just a little at what I saw in this land of the rod and gun. I had visited the region ten years ago, and the first surprise was the easy accessibility of the region and the abundance of game and fish. During this time the fish and game laws have been more rigidly enforced than in any other section. As a result, all kinds of game have multiplied very rapidly till now the woods are literally filled.

The real sporting region begins at the village of Colebrook, which lies on the Connecticut River 250 miles from Boston. This is the starting point for several popular fishing and shooting trips. The nearest resorts are the camps at Diamond Ponds, kept by the genial Mart Noyes, the veteran sportsman. The two Diamond Ponds are but eight miles from Colebrook through a charming country and are the most easily reached of any of the game resorts. The ponds are two and three miles long respectively and form a natural breeding place for the finest kind of trout. They are fed by large rivers, so that if one prefers brook to lake fishing he may indulge his fancy. The camps at the ponds are made up of two large boarded cabins and fourteen well-built tents, accommodating in all 50 persons. The camps are 3,000ft. above the sea and in the midst of an unbroken forest that extends into Canada.

The camps are filled throughout the fishing and hunting seasons, and many prominent sportsmen of New York and Philadelphia spend their summers here often with their families. The ponds furnish trout as large as 5½lbs.; pounders and under are caught every day. The writer saw a loaded 10-pound basket brought in from a three-hours' fish by two New York men. A fleet of 25 boats furnishes an ample supply for all fishing and hunting parties.

The field for deer and moose hunting around the ponds is one of the finest in the State. Deer are seen every day and Mart Noyes has a fine drove of deerhounds in excellent condition for the opening of the running season, Sept. 15. A large company of sportsmen have arranged to come to Diamond Ponds to open the season.

Returning to Colebrook we will lay in a new supply and start for the famous region of the Magalloway River and Parmachenee Lake. This lake is situated at the head of the Magalloway River, just west of the Rangeley Lakes. It is reached by taking the stage through Dixville Notch to Errol Dam. Then up the river to Wilson's Location, where there is a small house called the "Aziscohos," which accommodates 50 persons. Beyond Wilson's Mills is a carry of two miles around the falls, and then a paddle of 30 miles up the Magalloway River to Parmachenee Lake.

The lake and all the surrounding country are controlled by the wealthy Parmachenee Club of New York city, which has camps here and spends the entire season hunting and fishing. The Dead Diamond River, which flows into the Magalloway, is a still more unfrequented region, and if one wants to get right into the heart of the wilderness and does not mind tramping, this is the place to go. No one ever came away from the Dead Diamond or Magalloway region without a big catch of trout and a royal time. There are many private camps on the Magalloway. The largest is that of Mr. Jason Dudley of Colebrook, and W. S. Shurtleff of Lancaster.

The most famous of all these shooting resorts and the most game-abundant is the region around the Connecticut Lakes. This series of four lakes form the headwaters of the river of that name. Going by train from Colebrook to West Stewartstown, we start over again for First Lake. It is a fine drive of sixteen miles from West Stewartstown to First Lake, and eight more to Second Lake. There is a fine hotel at First Lake accommodating seventy-five people, and many sportsmen bring their families here for the summer. Every comfort and convenience is supplied at the Lake House. A large fleet of boats is ready on the lake in front of the hotel, and lake fishing is much indulged in in the season. Deer are seen almost every day in the field in front of the house. The wilderness begins in earnest, however, when you strike for Second Lake. The road is fearfully rough the last two miles and lies through a heavy forest.

I had the pleasure of making the trip from First to Second Lake alone and on a not too bright night. In an old Concord wagon, with baggage strapped in, I bowled over the stones and sink holes at 9 o'clock at night. At Second Lake I found a typical hunter's camp, with every modern convenience. I was greeted royally by the crowd of sportsmen and guides who were gathered about the huge stone fireplace in the office. A party were playing cards and the remainder talking over the results of their day's work and planning for the morrow. After a handshake all round, I fell to chatting with the veteran guide and hunter, Ned Norton, as he sat by the fireplace. As this was my first visit to the lakes, I was a little skeptical in regard to the stories of deer seen every day. We had been talking but a few minutes before Norton discovered my suspicion, and offered to take me out where I could probably hear and possibly see a deer that night.

It was after 11 o'clock but we went down to the landing and got into a light 60lbs. canoe. With neither gun nor jack light Norton paddled silently to the east side of the lake. We had not paddled ten rods along the shore before we saw a deer standing in the water's edge hardly 25ft. away. After watching it five minutes Norton flashed his paddle and the deer bounded away with a grunt. Within half an hour I had counted seven deer on the shore and been within 25ft. of two. I was satisfied and told Norton to return. But one of the deer had known that we had been near it, as Norton had backed off gently.

The Idlewild Camp at Second Lake is a large boarded camp with accommodations for fifty guests. The Lake House at First Lake, the Idlewild Camp at Second Lake and the log cabin at Third Lake are all in charge of A. C. Bumford, who, being a sportsman, knows how to treat disciples of the rod and gun. Many prominent New York and Philadelphia men were stopping at the Second Lake. The fishing has been unusually fine in the region of Second Lake all summer and Idlewild camps have been filled with fishermen. Ned Norton, who has explored over a hundred of the Adirondack lakes, is positive that these Connecticut lakes offer greater inducements and as good accommodations as the Adirondack region.

The prospect for the hunting season is the brightest ever known. Deer and moose are more plentiful than ever before, and Mr. Bumford has a fine pack of nine deerhounds ready for the season, Sept. 15. A drove of fourteen deer was seen a few days before my arrival, and moose are very frequent. Many prominent sportsmen have arranged to be at Second Lake and open the still-hunting season Sept. 1. The guides say that they will guarantee any man a deer if he will spend two nights at the lake. Their guarantee has never been known to fail.

The scenery around Second Lake is unsurpassed in wildness. As far as the eye can see there is no sign of a clearing or dwelling. The unbroken forest stretches away into Canada.

The Third and Fourth lakes have only log cabins and are used for camping parties who wish to rough it. The Third Lake is a veritable trout reserve, almost unfished. It is very thickly stocked with speckled trout which are exceedingly gamy. Ten years ago this entire region was unbroken save to the local angler and huntsman, but it has already become recorded among the wildest and most game-abundant localities in America. If you want the finest trout fishing with unexcelled deer and moose shooting in season, make a visit to the Connecticut Lakes, Sept. 1.

Another summer and sporting resort that should not be overlooked in visiting this country is Dixville Notch, through which one has to go to reach the Magalloway River and Parmachenee Lake. This notch is situated ten miles east of Colebrook and is three miles long. Its alpine peaks are a worthy rival of Franconia and Crawford notches and wild though not as extensive. The Dix House situated just west of the notch, is one of the best kept hotels in the State, with every luxury and convenience at the disposal of the large number of guests who make this their summer resort.

Fine fishing is to be had in every neighboring mountain stream. The views are charming and grand, and the location unsurpassed.

While I was allowed to see nearly every hunting resort in the region, it only stirred up my determination to taste the pleasures to be found in this game land. If possible I shall sample the flavor of the venison of one of those seven deer that tempted me on my first night at the Second Lake. Beware the first of September.

Edward O. Grover.

THE CALIFORNIA DEER LAW UPHELD.

Simon Maier was arrested in Los Angeles for selling a pound of meat cut from a deer that had been brought from Texas. The deer was lawfully killed in Texas, and Maier asked for his discharge on habeas corpus on the ground that the complaint did not state a public offense. The Supreme Court has decided that the complaint does state a cause of action and remanded the prisoner. The law passed by the last Legislature for the protection and preservation of game was reviewed by the court.

One paragraph in it reads: "Every person in the State of California who shall at any time sell or offer for sale the hides or meat of any deer, elk, antelope or mountain sheep, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." The court, in its opinion, said:

Petitioner contends that this provision of the statute properly construed does not prohibit the sale of deer meat lawfully taken without the State, but has reference solely to deer killed within this State; that the law is intended to protect game within the State, not to prohibit the importation and sale of game from other States. With this contention we are unable to agree. It is true that the law is intended for the protection of game within the State, but it by no means follows from that fact that it is not the intention as a means to accomplish that very end to prohibit the sale of the meat of the animals procured elsewhere. The statute is perfectly plain and unambiguous in its terms and is sufficiently broad and comprehensive to include the inhibited article, wheresoever taken or procured.

The facility and ease with which the statutes for the protection of game have been evaded in the past is a matter of common knowledge. Deer and other game have been slaughtered during the close season and foisted upon the market as game procured without the State, and owing to the practical impossibility in the great majority of cases of proving with certainty the source from which it was procured, the attempted enforcement of the statutes for its protection has largely proved abortive. These and like considerations no doubt actuated the Legislature in the premises and induced the enactment of the statute in its present stringent form. And we know of no good reason why it should not be held to mean what it says.

Nor do we think that in giving the act this effect it contravenes the Constitution of this State as being in excess of the police power of the State. The wild game within a State belongs to the people in their collective sovereign capacity. It is not the subject of private ownership except in so far as the people may elect to make it so, and they may if they see fit absolutely prohibit the taking of it, or any traffic or commerce with it, if deemed necessary for its protection or preservation, or for the public good. To this extent it is conceded that the State may go. But it is contended that to go further and prohibit the sale of game lawfully killed elsewhere and brought here as private property is in effect to destroy private property, and that this is going beyond a proper exertion of the police power. While it is true that the power to regulate is not the power to destroy, in its absolute sense, it is nevertheless true that the right to regulate frequently and as a necessary sequence carries with it the right to so control and limit the use or enjoyment of private property as to amount to its destruction. Private interest must yield to the public advantage.

There can be no serious injury to any one under such a regulation. If any person imports the meat of the deer into the State he does it with his eyes open. Under such circumstances he cannot complain if he is prevented from making a use of the article which the Legislature has declared to be detrimental to the well being of the State.

It is furthermore strenuously urged that the act violates the Constitution of the United States in that it is an attempt to regulate interstate commerce—a subject wholly committed to Congress. But after a very careful consideration of the numerous authorities cited we do not think the statute open to this objection.

The opinion was written by Justice Van Fleet and concurred in by all the justices, with the exception of De Haven, who was absent.

Massachusetts Shore Birds.

Mr. Wm. Thorne reports having found a pleasurable point for shore birds, at Capt. Gould's Chatham Beach Hotel, Chatham, Mass. Bettle-heads, turnstones, plover, peeps and others were extremely abundant there in the last week of July.

STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A Platform Plank.—*The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.*—Forest and Stream, *Feb. 10.*

The annual meeting of the State Game Association was held Wednesday night and officers were elected for the year. The meeting was fairly well attended but the interest was not manifested that should be in such a community. This is to be regretted, for the Association has a most worthy object in view, and it is only through the interest displayed by the members and sportsmen of the State that any good can be obtained. It would seem that after the expenditure of such a large amount of money by the local sportsmen, in their efforts to restock the depleted covers, that they would at least exhibit enough interest in the Association as would afford protection to these birds. The fact is every one is willing to assist, but will not give the time and personal help that is desired. It takes time to ferret out the mauraders who kill game unlawfully, and some one must attend to it. It takes money, also, and some one must contribute it. The Association has men who will give the time and they want contributors who will furnish the money. This work has been carried on for the last few years by a very small number of sportsmen, and they have been taxed somewhat heavily by their efforts to suppress illegal hunting. If it is worth the time and money to restock the covers, it is surely worth the time and money to protect the birds after they have survived the long journey, have been liberated, enjoyed a successful breeding season and are awaiting for the open season to arrive in order to offer themselves up as willing sacrifices for the trouble the sportsmen have gone to. There will be few birds if illegal shooting and snaring is allowed to continue. The New York and Boston markets are handy for the trappers, and early woodcock and partridge bring good prices. "Stop the Sale of Game" is the motto that Forest and Stream has nailed at the masthead. It is a radical and apparently impossible measure. It must, however, come sooner or later, and the sooner the better, for if it comes later there will be no game to sell in many places. If it is too soon for the adoption of such a stringent law, do the next best thing. Offer every possible protection to the game under the present laws. To accomplish the best results, let every sportsman become affiliated with the State Association. It costs $1. It will save many birds.—*Providence Journal.*

Illinois Game Seasons.

The *Game Laws in Brief* contains a standing offer from the editor as follows:

The *Game Laws in Brief* is believed to be correct and complete within the conditions printed on page 2. I will reward any person first advising me of an error that may be discovered, as follows:

For the first notice of an instance where the law quoted in the *Brief*, prescribing game and fish seasons of any State or Territory, is not the general law in force at the time of this revision, I will give $5.

For first notice of an erroneous statement of a game or fish season in any State or Territory, or of an omission of a prescribed season, I will give $1.

These offers relate to general, not local, laws, and to recognized game and fish (not, for example, to the Connecticut bobolink, rice bird and robin season).

A Chicago correspondent writes under date of Aug. 3: "*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received from you your *Game Laws in Brief*, and note on third page that you offer $5 to who ever first gives you notice that law in any State as set out by you is not correct. I find on the Index page at the back of the book that the laws of Illinois are claimed to be revised up to the present time. However, a well-informed sportsman tells me that the present practice in this State (viz., that the season opens for the shooting of grouse, quail, partridge, etc., on Aug. 15 instead of Sept. 15, as you have it) has been legalized by act of the Legislature. I am confident that this is true; and if I am the first to give you notice of it I presume I have the pleasure of hearing from you as per your offer. "J. L. F. B."

[The *Brief* does not give Sept. 15 as the date on ruffed grouse, quail, pheasant, partridge, but it does give Oct. 1, and this is correct. If it is the practice of Illinois sportsmen to shoot these birds from Aug. 15, where are the game wardens?]

Powder.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That I am getting to be an "old timer" there is very little doubt, for I began tramping the fields with another lad when I was only nine years old, and when Martin Van Buren occupied the White House. It is astonishing how the love of field sports will cling to a person, even to very old age. A few years since I was in the "line" off Stony Creek, Conn., coot shooting with a man ninety-four years old, and I can assure you that there were few in the party who enjoyed the sport more than he.

This nitro powder that is so extensively used now, does not seem to "get there" with me like my old Hazard's Electric or No. 4 Duck Shooting. I have tried three different kinds with very unsatisfactory success, although they are all very pleasant to shoot as compared to black powder. I have best success with 2¾drs. Schultze primed with ½dr. fine black powder in my 12-bore 7¼lbs. 28in. cylinder barrel gun that I use for brush shooting, although thus far I have not done as well as with 3drs. No. 3, Hazard's Electric, with 1oz. of No. 7 shot driven by the last named load, if the bird was not more than 50yds. distant at the discharge of the gun. I presume some of the "later arrivals" will say I am an old fogy who wants to stick to old-fashioned things. All I have to say to that is, if some of them will take a tramp with me next November, I am inclined to think they will find me somewhat progressive, if in my usual health. Simple Simon.

Hartford, Conn.

Mississippi Quail and Rambling Dogs.

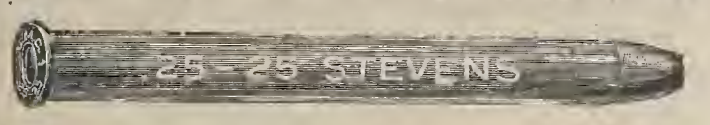
Blue Mountain, Miss.—Not seeing anything in the best paper on earth about the quail crop in this section I thought I would write you about it. We have had a very favorable season for their laying and hatching, and no heavy rains nor overflowing to wash away or drown them, consequently they have done exceedingly well. Plenty of large bevies about grown can now be seen. The same abundance of quail can be said of several adjacent counties, which information I get from reliable sources. Some friends report more than they ever saw before. I am proud to say that one reason the birds are

more plentiful is that the game laws have been more respected this season than I ever knew them before.

I have made another discovery that I think would be well for you to publish. That some people all through this country keep scrub bird dogs and allow them to run at large during laying and hatching season, and they destroy all, or about all, the eggs and young for a mile or two around. A good many negroes and white people have the dogs here and there through the country, and, of course, they are worse about this than the ordidary dog. I have fully satisfied myself on this point by close observation for the last few years, and I think it would be well to call the people's attention to it, with a view to have a law passed to prohibit dogs rambling about in the nesting season. S. N. A.

A New .25cal. Straight.

THE J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co. have had a great many inquiries for a .25cal. straight shell. They saw a cut of one in the FOREST AND STREAM designed by Capt. Carpenpenter, of the U. S. Army, Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., which contained 25 grains of powder and 86 grains of lead. The company conferred with the U. M. Cartridge Co. on this subject, and the result is the .25-25 is now on the market. They are now ready to furnish rifles for this cartridge,



which are rifled on a 12in. twist, and will send a 100-grain bullet without keyholing. The U. M. C. Co. are prepared to furnish the ammunition and the Ideal Mfg. Co. the loading tools.

Mr. J. B. Fellows writes the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.: "I have one of your rifles, .25-25; inclosed find target of 20 shots at 50yds., without cleaning. It is the best ever done at Walnut Hill with any rifle of .25cal." They have made one of these rifles for L. W. Pow, Salem, O., who says: "I have one of your late rifles, .25-25, which is a dandy to shoot."

New York Deer Season.

THE second opinion of Attorney-General Hancock, noted in our last issue, but received too late for publication, reverses the former opinion as to the interpretation of Section 56. The Attorney-General says:

"The phraseology of Section 56 of the amendment to the game laws passed in 1894 is in some respects general in its terms; but after a careful examination of the statute I am so clearly of the opinion that it was intended to apply only to the county of Sullivan, that I assume the responsibility of saying that it does not affect the general game law in other counties of the State."

It is held, however, that Section 56 opens Sullivan county for deer hunting from Oct. 1 to Nov. 1, and for deer hounding during the same period. We have already stated the grounds upon which the law might be construed as still protecting Sullivan county deer for the remainder of the original five-years term, dating from 1892; and it were to be hoped that the Attorney-General might be converted to our view, and while there is yet time give out a reversal of the reversed opinion, so far as it has to do with Sullivan county.

Adirondack Deer.

OLD FORGE, Herkimer County, Aug. 10.—Deer are plenty here and in good condition. Illegal killing is already going on I understand. C. L. B.

Sea and River Fishing.

WHITE MOUNTAIN TROUT STREAMS.

PIKE STATION, N. H., Aug. 8.—This section which is practically in the White Mountain region, abounds in trout streams, which afford excellent fishing early in the season.

The latter part of June I dropped business for a couple of days, and in company with two friends and a former White Mountain guide and fisherman, went back into the woods between Warren and North Woodstock, on a small trout brook not much fished on account of its inaccessibility. We left our conveyance at a point where the brook crosses the main road, about half way between the well known Moosilauke House at Breezy Point, and the equally famous Deer Park Hotel at North Woodstock, at 11 A. M. We fished down the stream steadily until about 5 in the afternoon, being interrupted for an hour by a heavy thunder storm, which shattered many of the large spruce and hemlocks in the primeval forest through which the brook winds its way. About 5 P. M. we reached camp where our guide, John Boynton, well known throughout the White Mountain region, had prepared a cozy birch camp and had a rousing fire ready for the drying of our drenched clothes, and for the cooking of as appetizing a meal as ever awaited a hungry fisherman.

The next morning we fished up the brook again to the main road, and then struck across the mountain toward the head of Baker's River, which we fished down to East Warren; here we found a farmer who succeeded in scaring up a couple of "rigs," which took us back to Warren in time for a late supper, the proud possessors of trout, weighing when dressed full 40lbs.; one of the best catches of the season on these streams.

I regret to say that the fish and game laws are not at all carefully observed in this section. Hundreds of thousands of fingerling trout are taken from our mountain streams every year by the "small boy" (and some that are not so small), without receiving any notice from the local fish and game wardens. The large number of summer guests who spend some weeks and considerable money here every season, consider it their especial prerogative to take everything from the water that can be induced to take the hook, and the ever ruling passion to beat some one else, leads many of these guests to kill quantities of these fish for the sake of the count, which ordinarily they would be ashamed to take away from the water.

Deer are becoming more plentiful in this section every year, and they are often seen in the cornfields and pastures not far from the villages. Many of these are killed every winter by the lumbermen, and are run down by hounds in the back part of the towns. The game wardens, however, are more zealous in the preservation of the deer than of the trout.

The only way in which good fishing in our mountain stream can be preserved is by the forming of local fish and game leagues or clubs throughout this entire section for the purpose of stocking these streams and maintaining the strict execution of the game laws. There are in each village a few genuine sportsmen who are eager to see the game laws observed and will do all in their power for the furtherance of rightful game protection. By several towns combining in such a league it would soon be possible to have our streams and ponds alive with good game fish. E. BERTRAM PIKE.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Lieut.-Gov. Chapleau of this city, accompanied by a distinguished party of politicians and others, including Hon. Mr. Ouimet, Minister of Public Works for Canada, has just returned from a visit to Lake St. John, where they enjoyed magnificent sport fishing for the ouananiche in the Grande Discharge, and where it is still reported exceedingly good and likely to remain so for a long time to come in consequence of the height of the water. Speaking of this Grande Discharge fishing, I am in receipt of a letter from John B. Lawrence, Jr., of New York, who says: "I have been intending to write to you for some time, and tell you how much I enjoyed my trip to Lake St. John, and what good sport I had with the ouananiche. Mr. Fox and I spent two half-days and one whole day fishing at the Grande Discharge, and had as good sport as any reasonable man could ask for. We did not take any over 3½lbs., but took several of 2½ to 3lbs. * * * I found the B. A. Scott (almost identical with the General-Hooker) one of the best flies for the ouananiche, and am much obliged to you for telling me about it."

Some of your readers may like to have more details of Mr. Archibald's trip to Mistassini, and I will consequently make a few extracts from the note book or diary which he kept *en route*, and which is now in my possession. He has brought back with him an immense amount of the legendary lore and tribal superstitions of the peculiar aborigines inhabiting the interior of this far northern country, and some of his photographs illustrate their strange habits and beliefs. The first quarter of the journey consists of the ascent of the lower portion of the Ashuapmouchouan, one of Lake St. John's immense tributaries, for about a hundred miles, parts of which are only navigated with the greatest difficulty, on account of the wild rapids. Only three days up from Lake St. John Stuart met two Indian hunters, bringing down no less than thirteen bear skins to sell. Bears are exceedingly plentiful here, and in fact throughout the whole of this northern country. Their tracks are seen in abundance upon all the portages. The Pemonka Rapids are the most dangerous of the Ashuapmouchouan series, and must be faced in canoes, the high cliffs upon either side of them forbidding the possibility of portaging around them. Sometimes in poling up them it is impossible to find the bottom, and then the canoes are violently swept down stream at imminent risk of destruction.

The Ashuapmouchouan River was left at the mouth of the Shigobiche, one of its tributaries, which was ascended as far as Lake Shigobiche, a fine body of water thirty miles long. Fine trout fishing was had in the Shigobiche River and along its banks and in good part of the country surrounding the lake the richest of soil was found, yielding wild grass waist high. Any number of fresh bear tracks were seen, showing this country to be a perfect hunter's paradise. The scenery about Lake Shibobish is most beautiful. The water is studded with islands, and Mount Shigobish, upon the borders of the lake, rises abruptly to a height of 600ft. On an island in one of the lake's picturesque bays was discovered an old Indian cemetry, marked by many mounds beautifully located in a birch grove. Mr. Stuart wanted to camp there, but the guides refused, being afraid to disturb the spirits of the dead. A portage of two miles from the lake brought them into the Riviere de la Cote Croche, which descended to Lake Ashuapmouchouan—the headwaters of the river of that name—which is also a large lake and surrounded by splendid soil, as is also the Nicaubau River, which they reached by a short portage, and ascended its frightful rapids, where they were very nearly swamped, reaching first Little and then Great Lake Nicaubau. All through this section of the country large numbers of ducks were seen, and splendid sport can be had here in the fall of the year.

On a point of land at the entrance of the lake they found some twenty bears' heads stuck upon poles and smaller numbers of them had been seen similarly treated at various other localities during the journey. Beaver skulls were often, also, so found, and as in the case of the bears, a piece of tobacco was usually found in their mouths. The honor thus shown the animals of their chase is supposed by the Indians to gratify their spirits. Thus when the spirit of the bear revisits the scene of his former exploits and sees the respect which has been shown his head, he is expected to say to himself, "Hallo! they have treated me well here," or something of the kind, and in the shape of the living of his species to continue to frequent the locality. Mr. Stuart pulled out the teeth of one of the skulls to bring home with him, much to the horror of the Indians, who said that such indignity to the bear could not fail to have an injurious effect upon the fortunes of those who hunted over these grounds.

Various small portages and short canoe routes, known only to the Indians, brought the party to the height of land, in the neighborhood of which beaver were so exceedingly plentiful that the paddling of the canoe was constantly interrupted by their villages and dams. Considerable swampy ground was found here and immense quantities of partridges.

Lovers of the gun will be able to enjoy magnificent sport here in the shooting season. On July 14 they reached Lake Obatagooman, where ducks were plentiful as well as partridges, and so were beaver, otter and bear. Whitefish were plentiful in most of the waters beyond the height of land, trout were found in most of the smaller streams *en route*, and pike and doré abound everywhere.

Obatagooman is a very large lake, but nobody knows its size, for it has never been explored. Some of the lakes intervening between it and Lake Mistassini appear on none of the maps. One of them is at least thirty-five miles long, and to all of them resort very large quantities of ducks.

Mistassini was reached on July 19—a great inland sea over a hundred miles in length. Near its southern point is a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, consisting of three or four small log buildings, the only human habitation on or near the great lake. The residents of the post draw all their supplies from James Bay, and the factor, Mr. Miller, had gone for them when Mr. Stuart visited the post. They had gone so short of provisions there that flour had not not been seen at the post since spring, the only food supply there being carp and suckers. Mr. Stuart gave them some flour and canned meats, which they gratefully accepted. Splendid-looking potatoes and other vegetables were growing in a garden at the post, but could not be used till September. The soil is excellent. Some of the residents of the post, including Miss Miller, daughter of the agent, a very bright young woman, have never visited civilization and never even seen a cow.

The trip from Lake St. John to Mistassini had occupied over three weeks. The return was made within a week. Often nearly a hundred miles a day were made in running down the heavy rapids which had been poled up with such difficulty. But the high rate of speed at which the rapid current carried down the canoes added materially to the perils of the descent. Several narrow escapes were experienced on the way, and one canoe was swamped and sunk, and with it was lost a quantity of provisions. So short of supplies did the party become that for a day or two before regaining the limits of civilization, they had to depend upon the ducks and partridge which they were compelled to kill out of season, and upon the ouananiche and other fish which they caught in great profusion.

The return, too, for the first two-thirds of the way after leaving Mistassini, was by a different and more direct route than they were able to take in ascending, and they early entered the river Chef, a large, long and rapid tributary of the Ashuapmouchouan. On this route they portaged a number of very beautiful falls, found numerous signs of beaver and bear, passed large quantities of excellent soil upon both sides of the height of land, and saw innumerable quantities of ducks upon all the waters through which they passed. Mr. Stuart has brought back with him a splendid collection of pictures illustrative of what he has seen upon his trip, which possesses special interest from the risk which attended it, the large amount of splendid land found upon it, and the immense facilities of the country traveled as a resort for sportsmen ready to undergo some difficulties and run some risks, to obtain successful hunting and fishing where scarcely any white man has had it before. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 11.

OREGON NOTES.

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 2.—FOREST AND STREAM just at hand is a "rattler." All it needed was another chapter of brother Hough's "Yellowstone Park Game Exploration" and a growl from "Podgers" to make it the best number ever issued. By the way, I want to add my voice to the spontaneous outburst of gratitude that is going up from all over the world in recognition of FOREST AND STREAM'S great service in securing proper protection for the game of the Park. Hurrah for FOREST AND STREAM! Hurrah for Hough! and too, hurrah for Burgess! The story of the capture of the miscreant Howell by Burgess with his frozen foot in the remote and almost impenetrable fastnesses of the Park is most touching. Burgess is a hero and the sportsmen of the world should manifest their appreciation of his heroic deed by something more tangible than words.

I almost regret that "O. O. S." has become a convert to the "tickling" method of capturing trout. He is too slick a man to be given tips of that kind. While we mourn for the rapid depletion of our trout streams and weep for the days that will never return, it seems to me that such men as Mr. Mather, "Kelpie" and numerous other well known sportsmen are just a bit inconsistent, not to say imprudent, in educating the gentleman down in the Ozarks in these unusual and seductive methods for the circumvention of Mr. Starbuck's spotted denizens. Compunctions of conscience and poignant remorse are surely in store for these gentlemen.

"E. W. R." puts it pretty strong about our indoor trout and salmon fishing during the recent great flood. It is true that we had a great flood. In fact there was seven feet of water on the sidewalk under my office window. And it is also true that some fish were taken in our wholesale houses. But thirty trout averaging 1½lbs. in weight from one house where notices had been posted excluding the public, knocks the Ananias of our local fishing club silly and he gladly surrenders his leather medal to our friend "E. W. R." Most of the fish that paid us a visit during that interesting period were carp; and they were too busy playing foot ball with the floating cabbages and turnips to be of much practical utility to our anglers. However, in justice to my friend Mead I will say that he secured several very fine ones from his office window with that best of all bait for carp, secured from a Chinaman's pig-sty.

"El Comancho's" very interesting article "Feeding Habits of Trout" calls for an expression of my observations. I see that the editor of FOREST AND STREAM has answered the most important questions propounded. In addition I might say that from the best information I am able to obtain on the subject none of our trout will refuse to enter salt water when opportunity offers. As to their fastidious tastes regarding flies and bait, taking this or that readily at one time and absolutely rejecting it at other times, we all recognize the fact, but I for one cannot attempt an explanation. Some of the best fishing I have ever had has been at just such unexpected times and under just such really surprising conditions as those mentioned by "El Comancho," and with lures the like of which could not be found in heaven or on earth.

Well-filled creels are reported from every quarter now. My wife has become disgusted with what she sees fit to term my natural indolence and procrastinating disposition, or words to that effect, and struck out this morning for the mountains with old Mike, her rod and gun, to be gone a month or more. That looks a little like a case of fish or cut bait for me, and I guess that I'll fish.

S. H. GREENE.

BOSTON RODS AND GUNS.

Many of the trout fishermen are at home, though they will soon be out again for the September campaign. Mr. G. N. Smalley had good sport at Big Island Pond, one of the Seven Ponds, in Maine. He is reported to have taken a 3lbs. trout there, a very large one for those waters. This fish was immediately liberated, after being weighed. The party had all the fish they needed, and they thought it best to return so fine a fish for breeding purposes. By the way, it begins to be theorized that the trout are improving in size in that pond, since minnows are beginning to be found there. In a party recently returned from the Inglewood Club in New Brunswick, were Mr. Cobb and Mr. Follet This was Mr. Follet's first visit to the trout waters east of New York, and he is greatly pleased. He took landlocked salmon and is delighted with the fighting qualities of that fish. Mr. T. D. Hyde is back from Maine, where he had good sport with the trout.

The salmon fishermen are returning. Mr. David H. Blanchard, well known for his efforts to prevent salmon netting, is back from his river, the Northeast Branch of the St. Marguerite. He has taken 30 salmon this season, one of the most successful he has ever spent on that river. He was accompanied by his friend Mr. Brown, his daughter and children. Mr. Richard O. Harding was not there this year, he has been among the New Hampshire hills for a month or two this summer, recruiting. He had become a good deal overworked early in the spring, but is back again in Appleton & Bassett's tackle store, and feeling much improved. Mr. Blanchard's salmon were of good size, two weighing about 31lbs. each, with several weighing from 25 to 28lbs. Mr. Walter M Brackett, the salmon painter, is back from the lower part of the same river. He also had excellent luck, taking in all some 38 fish. Mr. George von L. Meyer, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, has had excellent salmon fishing at the home of the Restigouche Club. He took five salmon in two hours, a record that it is hard to beat. He was accompanied by T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr. Col. E. C. Fitch has had very fine fishing at his river, the Romayne. Dr. Brown of Boston was with him. They have made a very fine average of salmon killed. Hon. Henry Hitchcock and his brother, A. E. Hitchcock, have been kept away from the Nepisiquit this year, notwithstanding they had counted a good deal on their season's fishing.

A. H. Wood has had very fine fishing on the Miramichi. Louis Cabot, of Brooklyn, with Geo. H. Richards as his guest, has had superior fishing on his river, the Grande. Generally the water in the salmon rivers has been very low and the salmon have come up rather slowly. But fishermen who have had the patience to wait have been rewarded by fair to good catches. Mr. Henry C. Litchfield, with Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, has not been able to get out salmon fishing this year, though he has fitted out many of his friends. He says that perhaps the only salmon he shall ever catch was the one he hooked at Bangor and lost.

Mr. L. Dana Chapman, in the same house as Mr. Litchfield, says that the Megantic Club, in which he is much interested, is having a most remarkable season. The club houses have been full nearly all the season. There are nearly forty people there at present, including members and invited guests, with their families. Game is reported remarkably plenty in that section. Deer are especially numerous, and great sport is expected in the open season this fall. Partridges are also mentioned as fairly numerous. From other sections of Maine the reports are not encouraging concerning the prospects for partridge shooting.

The weather has been too hot and dry for much shore bird shootiug in the vicinity of Boston thus far.

Special.

NOTES FROM THE ANGLING WATERS.

Claremont, N. H., Aug. 7.—Frank Pitcher and a friend have just retured from Camp Diamond on the shores of Little Diamond Pond. They left Claremont on Aug. 2, having been gone six days. They report a great time with the trout, having caught over 500. Two gentlemen and their guide took 30lbs. If fishermen wish to visit this pond the address is Camp Diamond, M. B. Noyes, manager, Diamond Pond, N. H. I saw 10lbs. of Mr. Pitcher's trout which he brought home, and they were beauties.

A Mr. King, who has a cottage near Montclare, Sunapee Lake, with a party of friends, took 90lbs. of bass on Wednesday, Aug. 1. Columbia.

White Lake, Mich.—The bass and trout fishing is good here at present. Squirrels and grouse are scarce this season. In this part of Michigan woodchucks climb trees and wild pigeons lay two eggs. E. S. D.

Cranberry Lake Hotel, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., Aug. 8,—Yesterday Messrs. Austin and Whitmarsh caught four trout running 2lbs. each; and to-day they took one of 3½lbs. and four of 2lbs. each. They were guided by Wm. Howland. W. R. Bishop.

Mr. Bishop Makes a Record.

Yesterday while S. P. Avery, Jr., of New York, and B. Bishop of New Russia, were fishing off Button Bay, Lake Champlain, the former accomplished an unusual feat. Mr. Avery was fishing with a 7½ oz. fly rod, common trout line, single gut leader and hook baited with a minnow. Suddenly the minnow was taken in by a pike weighing about ¾ of a pound. As he was drawing the pike along towards the boat he felt a sudden and heavy jerk on the line and immediately the pike went down and out of sight. Mr. Avery let out 150 feet of line and after "playing" for an hour succeeded in bringing in a wonderful haul. It appears that when he had the pike near the boat a large pickerel discovered the precious morsel and undertook to devour it and in so doing wound the gut leader around under his gills in such a way as to securely fasten himself, and after diving and plunging for an hour gave up the battle. Last evening Mr. Bishop had the pike and pickerel on exhibition in front of the post office in this village. The pike weighed nearly ¾lbs. and bore the marks of the pickerel's teeth where he had shut on. The pickerel weighed 10¼lbs. Taken all in all we consider this one of the greatest feats ever recorded in the history of angling.—*Elizabethtown (N. Y.) Post, Aug. 9.*

The International Angling Association.

Toronto, Aug. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An association which has been working quietly but effectually in the interests of angling, and one of whose objects is the advancement of fair angling, a term not understood by too many fishermen, is the International Association of Anglers. This Association was formed at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada, last August, on the occasion of a celebration of the ter-centennary of Izaak Walton. The Governor-General of Canada is one of the honorary presidents of the Association, and the President of the United States has been invited to act in a similar capacity. The objects of the Association, as defined by its constitution, are the promotion of fish and fishing interests iu international fresh waters, the advancement of fair angling, the promotion of friendly relations between the anglers of both countries, and the holding of an annual convention at some point adjacent to international waters.

The first annual convention will be held this year on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7 and 8, at the charming place of Niagara-on-the-Lake, situated at the mouth of the Niagara River. The hotel accommodation here is excellent, and the bass fishing is renowned and historic. At the convention the reading of papers and the discussion of angling topics will find a prominent place.

The disabilities under which American anglers labor when plying their sport in Canadian waters will also be considered and action taken toward the amelioration of existing regulations. As a number of prominent Canadian politicians are members of the Executive of the Association, anything advanced by the American members will not fall on idle ears. A fish banquet in the ball-room of the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, prepared by a chef whose hand is very cunning in the preparation of such repasts, will be a feature of the convention.

The most interesting part of the programme will be the fly-casting tournament for valuable prizes, while a bait-casting competition will also be held. It is intended also to hold a sweepstake of professional fly-casters at $5 each with $50 added by the Association, entries for which close on Sept. 1. All information can be obtained and entries made to Charles Hunter, Standard Life Assurance Company, Toronto, Canada.

PROGRAMME.

First Day.—Friday, Sept. 7.

Annual meeting and convention will be opened at 11 A. M.

At 3 P. M., Event No. 1, long-distance fly-casting, amateur class, open to all anglers who have a known fly-casting distance record of not over 85ft.; entrance fee, $2. First prize, International Anglers' Association gold medal; second prize, handsome greenheart trout rod.

Event No. 2, amateur class long-distance fly-casting, open to all anglers who have no known record of over 70ft.; entrance fee, $2. First prize, silver medal of International Anglers' Association; second prize, specially made handsome greenheart trout rod.

Event No. 3, amateur class fly-casting, distance and accuracy combined; entrance fee, $2

At 7:30 P. M., first annual banquet of Association in ball room of Queen's Royal Hotel. Fish dinner.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

Meeting of Association, continued, at 11 A. M.

At 3 P. M., Event No. 4. expert class long-distance fly-casting, open to all, sweepstakes, entrance $10 each, to be divided 75 per cent. to first, 25 per cent. to second, third to save his entrance; winner to receive gold medal emblematic of International Association championship.

Event No. 5, bait-casting, competition for distance and accuracy, single-handed casts, weight cast ½oz, weights furnished by tournament committee. Each contestant shall have five casts, two trial casts being first allowed. First prize will be awarded to contestant obtaining best average of five casts. The second prize will be awarded for longest single distance cast. Entrance $2.

CONDITIONS OF FLY-CASTING CONTESTS.

All casting shall be single-handed. Rods over 11ft. in length or 10oz. in weight barred. Two flies only, of a size not larger than No. 5, allowed. Leaders not longer than 9 and not less than 6ft. of single gut. Knotting of lines or any other device to lend weight to cast prohibited. Seven minutes allowed each contestant. No cast to count when stretcher fly is missing. No time allowance to replace fly. The casting will be on the river front, from a platform extending into the water along a line of buoys parallel to the shore.

In all contests four entries shall be a minimum. Three judges will be appointed and their decision shall be final in all cases. Forest and Stream rules shall govern contests in all cases not herein provided for.

The Queen's Royal Hotel will give anglers reduced rates of $2.50 per day. Excursion rates can be obtained by those living at a distance to Niagara Falls, from which Niagara-on-the Lake can be reached by half an hour's picturesque journey. The bass fishing at Niagara-on-the-Lake is excellent, and the fish are renowned for their size and gaminess.

The secretary would be glad to hear from anglers who intend to be present. Entries close Sept. 1, 1894. Charles Hunter, Sec'y.

Sunapee Lake.

Springfield, Vt., Aug. 8.—I have just returned from a three-weeks' fishing trip to Sunapee Lake. Our party occupied a cottage at Blodgett's Landing and all fell so in love with the place that we intend to return every year. We had very good luck at the bass; our best string was twenty-seven in two hours' time on four lines. The bass there do not run very large, but are rather medium in size and the most gamy it was ever my fortune to strike. We did not fish for trout much, as at this season of the year they are in deep water and do not bite well; however, a few are taken right along. One gentleman in particular, Mr. C. F. Goodnow, of Massachusetts, who owns a pretty cottage on one of the best sites on the lake, succeeds in taking plenty of the "white" trout, peculiar to this lake, as well as many of the "native" or speckled brook trout; many of these trout weigh 2 and 3lbs. each. Mr. Goodnow also took two landlocked salmon during our stay which weighed 9 and 7lbs. respectively. And by the way, this same Goodnow is a royal good fellow and a thorough sportsman, and a good man to cast your lot with; some of the readers of Forest and Stream may know him, as he has fished from Maine to Florida, and has the shy brook trout at one end of his list and the mighty tarpon at the other. The Sunapee Lake Fish and Game League have their annual dinner and excursion on the lake on Saturday, the 11th. I understand that this league is doing a good work and deserves every encouragement. Sunapee has the usual attractions of a summer resort besides its excellent fishing; any one who is interested and wishes to get a good idea of the lake should obtain the last issue of the *Granite Monthly*, a magazine devoted to the interests of New Hampshire, which contains an illustrated article on this beautiful sheet of water. W. W. B.

St. Lawrence Association.

The second vice-president of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River is Mr. Chas. R. Skinner, of Watertown. The unlawful nets taken last year counted up 87, and were valued at $1,731.

Killing Trout in Dry Streams.

Claremont, N. H., Aug. 7.—I read "Mascony's" letter last week in Forest and Stream in regard to fishing Little Sugar River with me, and was much pleased and began to plan for a great and glorious time. The last time I went a trouting was July 28, in Grannis Brook. I took 36 trout, put back 16 and saved 20 that were 6in. and over. What was my surprise on dressing these to find 18 full of spawn, and I left off fishing for trout this season. But reading "Mascony's" letter I thought, perhaps, they might not be in spawn yet in the river, and wanting very much to make "Mascony's" acquaintance, and talk over our past fishing experience, I called to see a friend, Mr. Arthur Putnam, to ask if he had had any report from Little Sugar River. He had seen a gentleman who told him that he had never seen the river so low and that the trout had all taken to a few large holes. He had seen them and said there were many trout from 1 to 2lbs. weight. But some fiends had been on the river and had put sods of earth above the holes and turned what little water there was from the holes and then killed the trout after drawing the holes. I am doing my best to find out their names and if I do they will not want to club any more trout to death. I wish "Von W." would make some inquiries and write me, lock box 66, Claremont, or better still, put the Charlestown fish warden on them. It is rather hard when I leave off fishing July 28, because the trout have spawn, to have these fiends go rouud and destroy them that way. Columbia.

Rideau Lake.

Portland, Ont., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You ask for communications from correspondents at fishing resorts, and thinking a line from here might interest your readers I write you. This is a village at the head of Rideau Lake, distant from Kingston forty miles and from Ottawa about sixty-five. Black bass and lake trout are to be caught in abundance, and the boating and bathing is fine. Fish are caught both by troll and rod, minnow being bait used. The hotel accommodations are good; board can be obtained at the Commercial, where I stop, for $1 per day or by week at $6. People coming from New York can reach here easiest via New York Central, making the change at Utica over R. W. & O. R. R. either to Morristown or to Clayton. Here would be about the necessary cost of this trip, leaving New York at 8:30 A. M.: Fare to Brockville and return $15, to Smith's Falls and return to Brockville $1.90, from Smith's Falls to Portland and return $1.50, and three weeks' stay at Portland—$6 per week—$18, incidental expenses say $12. In all less than $50. J. D.

Permanently Engaged as a Mascot.

Mr. D. C. Dean, of the American News Co., has received from Prof. Carl Frommel of Brooklyn, now at Lake George, a postal which reads: "Lake George. Tuesday, Aug. 14.—*Dear Mr. Dean:* Mrs. F. has landed two pickerel—big ones; one 9lbs. and the other 12lbs. This is doing very well and she is permanently engaged as a mascot by me. Prof. Carl Frommel."

This teaches that the fisherman intent on big ones should take his wife along for good luck.

Charleston Lake.

Athens, Ont., Aug. 4.—Angling at Charleston Lake, County Leeds, Ont., this season is unusually good. On July 28 we had the following score: Black bass, 79; rock bass, 38; pike, 1; bullpout, 1; sunfish, 2; perch, 1; total, 122. This was for two rods, six and one-half hours' fishing, worms, guide Dell Woods. Of the seventy-nine black bass only one was under 10in. in length, and a great many between 3 and 4lbs. We returned about fifty to the water uninjured, and we hope they will give as much sport to some other anglers. A Cottager.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

San Antonio, Texas, Aug. 5.—*Mistir Editor of the Forest and Stream:* Dear Sur—Yew would hev died a lafin if you hed a ben here last Sonday arternoon, we wer all or at the metin hous, when Lisha Watkins come over and he hed yewr last Edishun ov august the Fort, and we all got a lookin at it and readin it one by one, when at last that oldest Son of Rufe Johnsons, seed the article whar, that thar Jentlemann from Morgan City who siues his name R. S. W. writ about the fishin down thar, we alus loud that thar Morgan City mus be a mighty good plais to fish as we gits most of our fishes and Oisters from Thar but when that thar Jentlemann writ about that thar big Tarpon Jumt over that 9 foot beam, them boys of the Widder Jones said they would bet a right Smart Pile of yaller yams that he coud hev Jumt at least tew foot further, as they hed been down to Rockport Texas to visit ther Mothers Second Cosins and some more kin folks down thar, and one day they all got up a Regular fish fry and they all driv over tew the bay, and thay loud they seed morn tew hundred at onced, and then they all went and got thair hooks and lines and cut some poles and went tew it, they hed fished and fished and got many a bite, when at last that thar feller Holand, Smith's farm hand yelled out he hed a Bite and he held on ter the little Saplin that he hed fer a Pol, when all tew onct ther was a mity comoshun in the water and Smith and his farm hand wer both in the water and ther Boat botom side up not far from one of the Joneses boys who got it long side hisen and sot it tew rights wen he loake arter that Smith an his hand, Smith was makin a terrible fuss with his hand about that thar fish fer letin it git so clus to the Boat, kase the fish humpt out ov the water exactly as that thar Morgan City fish did and turned em both plum out but the farm hand he held on ter the Saplin and he got him arter foolin around with him fer moren an hour an hit was one ov them thar Tarpon fishes, he was a beautiful fish they said, an when they drive over tew the Store the Store Clerk loud the weighd 113 pounds. Must hev been a Small Whale, well this is all I can tell yew tew day onless I tell yew about the huskin be we went tew last week, thar must hev been nigh on ter 40 People thar all naibors and kin folk, that Widder Elkins oldest Gal she found the Red Ear and she got kised, I kinder loud shed get it as I seed that thar

Watkins Boy sot him self so clus to her an I thought then I seed him take some sort o thing out o his shirt busum and hide it in the Pile before Cindey an when she cum tew it he wus the fust one tew her. She's a right Peart Gal an my old wouman loud tother day Cindy would make some one a rite Peart wife, as she was a smart hand at Kookin Biskets and Corn dodgers.

If this is not tew much ov a Story its all tru yew may Put it in yewr Paper which is the best that can be got of its kind in the world, we air not Regular Subskribers but we goes to Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Tom Jonson's ever Sunday mornin an Buys it thar an if it is a day late yew shuld hear the Boys Growl, and then they would make all kind of talk about washouts and wreks but it makes us all feel good when we gits a day or tew later.

Yewers in haste, OBIGA SMEARS.

P. B.—Oh yes I forgot that Joneses boy said that Both Smith an his farm hand loud that thar Tarpon had jumpt at least 6 yards up before hit draped on the Boat.

The Kennel.

The Bell-Martin Case.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to Mr. Bell's article in your issue of Aug. 4, I will comment upon such portions of it as I consider worthy of consideration, give the public a true history of the deal with Bell, also the decision of the advisory committee of the American Kennel Club, and leave it to the public as to the true character of this transaction. I have not the papers, letters and telegrams that passed between Bell and myself; these are with the A. K. C., and I am unable to obtain them, consequently I depend to some extent upon my memory. Mr. Bell states in his article that I threatened him with legal proccedings upon leaving the case to the A. K. C. My memory may be at fault, but I am quite positive that I did not write that I would sue him until after the decision of the A. K. C. last May. Mr. Bell further states:

I had received an order from Martin, and agreed to ship Blemton Consequence and guaranteed that she was in whelp and agreed to take her back if she were not so. I made and carried out this bargain honestly, and in good faith, as I have proved, and am still able to prove, if called upon to do so. I sold Blemton Consequence, as I thought, I believed her to be in whelp. I had her examined, and I shipped her in the usual way. I knew that she was in whelp from the examination of Mr. C. J. Purroy, and of Mr. H. P. Thomson, secretary of the Fox-Terrier Club here, and from my own knowledge and experience. I understood then, having done this, and the dog being shipped at Martin's risk, that I had fulfilled my part of the contract, and that I was entitled to the purchase money.

In Mr. Bell's defense, filed with the A. K. C., he states "that Mr. Berino, of New York (I am not sure that I have this last name correct. He is a veterinary surgeon) saw the dog." In the above extract from his article he states that C. J. Purroy saw the dog; now, which one is it, Purroy or Berino?

The bitch arrived here about six days after leaving Toronto and I immediately received her at the express company's office, and seeing that she was not in whelp put her back in the crate and drove to A. R. Rowat, D. V. S. He examined her and crate and pronounced the bitch not in whelp, nor had she had a premature birth recently. He also examined her again when her time to whelp had expired and issued a certificate to these facts. The express company officials stated that if she had whelped on the road a note of it would have been made by the messenger, and no such memorandum appeared. The bitch was seen shortly after her arrival by Mr. Joseph McLatchie, Mr. A. R. Crowell and Mr. H. W. Fores, President Pacific Fox-Terrier Club (this gentleman acted as Bell's agent in the exchange of Rejoice for Consequence, and is an old friend of Bell's), and they all stated that the bitch was not in whelp nor had she a premature birth recently.

Mr. Bell further states: "After the sale I was notified by Martin that the dog was not and had not been in whelp. Some people might say I should have accepted his statement, received the dog back and returned his money, but I did not know Mr. Martin and I knew no reason why a bona fide sale having been made it should not be strictly carried out."

This is a very lame excuse. If Mr. Bell had taken the trouble to write or telegraph Mr. Fores he could have satisfied himself that my statement was true. I have been buying dogs from the Eastern States since 1881, have had dealings with Mr. Arnold Burges of Michigan, during his lifetime, Mr. J. M. Avent of Hickory Valley, Tenn., Mr. T. I. Ballentine of Peoria, Ill., Mr. August Belmont and Mr. Edward Kelly of New York, Mr. Frank Wheeler, formerly of Canada, and many others.

Mr. Bell further states: "After much threatening and abuse from Martin he laid the matter before the A. K. C., the charge being that I had sold him a dog, guaranteeing her to be in whelp when she was not so."

I ask Mr. Bell to publish one of my letters that he considers abusive and allow the public to be the judge of its character.

Mr. Bell further states: "The A. K. C. decided that the charge was not sustained and it was dismissed and I was then held to be justified in the course that I had taken."

Not so fast. Mr. Bell has overreached the facts in his endeavor to right himself with the public. Why did he not take more precaution and learn the grounds of his disqualification. I herewith give the particulars:

NEW YORK, June 28, 1894.—Mr. J. B. Martin, 1323 Page street, San Francisco, Cal.: DEAR SIR—In reply to your favor of the 22d inst., would inform you that the advisory committee of the American Kennel Club disqualified Mr. Bell upon the charges preferred against him by you. The fact that Bell sent you the bitch Rejoice in place of Blemton Consequence and knowing that he had done so early in September, and having taken no steps to rectify the mistake was well known by the committee and probably strengthened your charges, but was not officially before the committee, and hence did not figure in the case. I can see no reason why the American Kennel Club should re-open the case, no appeal having been taken. Yours truly, A. D. LEWIS, Acting Secretary.

The charges alluded to in Mr. Lewis's letter were, guaranteeing the bitch to me in whelp and refusing to take her back after she proved not to be so. I wish to state here that I did not particularly care for Consequence, I bought her upon the strength of Bell's guarantee that she was in whelp to Dusky Trap, a dog whom I consider the best sire in the country; Consequence is an old bitch, her show days are over, but I wanted the pups that I expected she would have, for breeding and showing purposes. After seeing that she was not in whelp I wrote Bell that I would give her full time to pup, and if she did not I would return her without cost to him, but Bell was so anxious to have this bitch off his hands that he telegraphed that he would not receive her and had evidence that she was in whelp before leaving Toronto. This in the face of his guarantee and also a statement from him "that Consequence was worth $100, pups or no pups."

Now we come to the most interesting part of the controversy, the discovery by Bell that he sold Rejoice to me in place of Consequence. This he knew in the early part of last September, according to the statement of W. Wade, of Hulton, Pa. (one of Bell's defenders), in the *Turf, Field and Farm* last June, and also from other information that I have received. The discovery was made at the Toronto show one week previous to the filing of my charges against Bell.

Bell states that he listened to the advice of his solicitors not to inform me of the mistake until after the decision of the advisory committee.

Why, at this time there were no charges pending against Bell for decision by the advisory committee. I personally filed the charges, being in New York, and Bell knew of my intention, as I sent him a registered letter from Chicago.

Mr. Bell further states that his solicitors allowed him to communicate privately to me through Mr. Mortimer. Yes, that is so, seven months after the mistake in bitches was discovered the following letter was received by me:

HEMPSTEAD, L. I., April 2, 1894.—Mr. J. B. Martin: DEAR SIR—At the request of Mr. Geo. Bell, who paid me a visit yesterday, I write to say that he has discovered that the fox-terrier bitch he sent you as Blemton Consequence is not Consequence at all, but a bitch by the name of Rejoice. The matter came about in this way: Bell expressed a wish to see Mr Belmont's terriers and I drove him over there. After looking at the dogs we went to the office where there was hanging a photograph of a fox-terrier bitch. Bell asked Charley, Mr. Belmont's man, what bitch the picture represented and his reply was Blemton Consequence. Bell was very particular in asking all about the peculiarities of Consequence, markings, formation of shoulders, bone, etc., etc., and immediately arrived at the conclusion that she was still at his kennel in Toronto. He accounts for the mistake in this way. He bought Consequence with several other bitches and Dusky Trap of Mr. Granger, of Baltimore, Md., and understood that the evenly-marked, black and tan headed bitch was Rejoice and the solid black-headed bitch was Consequence. He regrets very much the mistake, and says he will forward to you the genuine Consequence, who by the way has just been bred to Dusky Trap, if you will return the other bitch and pay all express charges. I am writing this at Bell's request because he left Hempstead this morning expecting to catch the train for Toronto and would not be able to write you before reaching home. It seems to me the blunder was a very natural one under the circumstances, and I personally hope that you may look at it in this light. With kindest regards, Yours very truly, JAS. MORTIMER.

The mistake was Mr. Bell's. Still, in the bigness of his heart he offers to exchange Consequence for Rejoice, if I will pay all express charges; expecting me to pay for his mistake. I declined the offer. A few words about the express charges. Bell shipped Rejoice in a crate heavy enough to send gold in. The result was, charges to the sum of $17.50, paid by me. When he sent Consequence out at his expense the charges were $6.50. She came in a very light crate.

Now here we have a statement from Bell in Mr. Mortimer's letter that he (Bell) discovered the mistake in bitches in April. Which are we to believe; was it in September or April?

I will ask another question. How could Bell's attorneys advise him to communicate to me through Mr. Mortimer when this letter was sent before Bell would have had time to consult with his attorneys, as he was at Hempstead, N. Y., and stated to Mr. Mortimer that he had just made the discovery of the wrong identity of the bitches?

Bell undoubtedly knew that I had Rejoice early in September last, yet he kept me in ignorance of this for seven months. He would have allowed me to sell pups from Rejoice as being from Consequence and exhibit Rejoice in the challenge class as Consequence (as he says he did at Indianapolis). Fortunately for me, nothing like the above occurred. Upon receiving Mr. Mortimer's letter I did prefer additional charges against Bell, basing them upon this letter, but, as will be seen from Mr. Lewis's letter, they were not considered in the decision against Bell.

After the decision of the advisory committee I consulted a lawyer as to my rights in the matter. He stated that as Mr. Bell had contracted to deliver me Blemton Consequence, guaranteed in whelp in July, 1893, and having failed to do so within a reasonable time, I was entitled to the return of the purchase money and expenses incurred, and to return Rejoice to him. I wrote Bell accordingly upon May 18, 1894, and did not receive a reply until June 10, whereas, if a reply had been sent forthwith it would have reached me by May 29.

In this letter of Bell's solicitors to me was the following statement, "That the two bitches were of equal value, and that I was not damaged at all by the mistake and consequently can have no claim whatever against our client." How can they reconcile this statement with the one in his article, namely: "My solicitors told me that he (Martin) had a right to sue for the money, and that he would demand it, which he afterward did by letter threatening action. I was in hopes that he would content himself with asking for delivery of Consequence, but when he made his claim for the money and was told I would be obliged to pay it, I advertised both Consequence and Rejoice for sale, supposing that Rejoice would be returned home, and I would have both dogs on my hands."

For eleven months I had been deprived of my rights, and at this late day he expected I would return Rejoice and allow him the bitch and the money both, and when they were disposed of he would again in the bigness of his heart forward the money to me.

Yes, Mr. Bell's solicitors did offer to exchange Consequence for Rejoice in the letter of June 5, which was eight and a half months after the wrong identity of the bitches was learned by Bell, one month after the decision of the A. K. C., and after a demand made by me, and in this letter they applied such terms as, "When you wrote your letter of 18th of May its object was blackmail and it was written for the purpose of extorting money from Mr. Bell," etc. I will not comment upon this unwarrantable attack upon me, but I will ask these solicitors why, if they considered this extortion and blackmail, did they advise Bell that he would be obliged to pay the claim made by me, as appears by Bell's own admissions in his article?

I wrote, accepting the offer if it included express charges paid on Consequence to San Francisco and Rejoice to Toronto. Bell's solicitors replied that if I would turn over Rejoice and her pup (the only one alive of the one litter she had here upon Jan. 22, 1894) to Mr. Fores, president Pacific Fox-Terrier Club, they would ship Consequence. I wrote, declining to turn the pup over, and asked them to point out in their letter offering the exchange, or my acceptance, any mention of the pup; also if it was expected that I would allow Bell all the produce of Consequence since July, 1893, and also this one from Rejoice.

Now, as to my advertisement in the *American Field*, warning intending purchasers that Consequence was my property and Rejoice in my kennel. Mr. Bell, without any notice to me, advertised these bitches for sale in the *American Field* of June 2, 1894, my letter claiming the purchase money should, in the ordinary course of the mail, have been in his hands on May 23, and neither he nor his solicitors answered it until June 5, the letter reaching me June 10. I inserted the advertisement above mentioned both to protect myself and the public. I ask Bell and his solicitors how could he give a title to either bitch before this matter was settled?

Mr. Bell further states "that I had a bitch of equal value in Rejoice and had been breeding from her and making money out of her from beginning to end." Mr. Bell priced Rejoice to me at $75 and Consequence at $100. Does he consider $25 difference equal value? Now as to the money I have made out of Rejoice, why does not Mr. Bell inquire of his agent, Mr. Fores, before he makes such a statement. Rejoice had only one litter (three in number) on this coast, one died in the nest, one at 2½ months old in my possession and one is alive and unsold.

Mr. Bell says "he was blowing hot and cold claiming the money and the dog both, and at the same time fuming and blustering in the papers and among his friends in such a way that one would have thought he had never had a dog at all from me and had paid $100 for nothing."

I wrote Bell May 18, claiming the money and he, without immediately replying, advertised the two bitches for sale. I ask in all fairness what course should I have pursued under the circumstances?

I did offer to keep Rejoice if he would refund the $25 difference in the price of the two bitches, but Bell declined. I did this because Rejoice was in season, and I desired to have some pups from her for next year's shows on this coast, as she and Reefer nicked well together, and I also knew that Consequence was not due in season until October next. The prolonging of the matter mentioned by Bell was on account of reasons hereinbefore stated, and which were altogether his fault.

Mr. Bell further states "that Consequence has no pups, and I have realized nothing from her." What has become of the pups due from her in July, 1893, as a result of her having been bred to Dusky Trap May 24, 1893? Also of her litter from the union with Dusky Trap as mentioned in Mr. Mortimer's letter last April? Will Mr. Bell kindly state what bitch is the dam of the young bitch by Dusky Trap, breeder unknown, that is going to beat them all next year? He having bet hats for four with Mr. Robinson of the Woodlawn Kennels on this proposition. Also the dam of the young bitch by Dusky Trap out of a well-bred bitch (name not given), priced to a party in Philadelphia at $25.

Mr. Bell further states that he suggested that the bitch he sent Martin possibly never reached him, but was changed on the way." Yes, Mr. Bell and you urged this point before the A. K. C. in your defense of the charges; you did not hesitate to strengthen your case in this questionable manner, but when later on it developed that I did have the wrong bitch, you hesitated seven months before you offered to right the wrong you did me, and then wanted me to pay for your mistake.

Further on Mr. Bell says: "I have refrained from justifying my conduct in the public print," etc., etc. If Mr. Bell believes his article is a satisfactory explanation of his conduct and expects it will in any way justify his queer actions, he is welcome to the belief. I am quite certain that the public will not coincide with him.

As to the malice, abuse and slander that Bell mentions, I will allow the public, after reading both articles, to be the judge of that.

How often have bitches been pronounced in whelp that subsequently did not have pups. This has been the experience of several breeders that I have spoken to on the subject. Mr. Bell stated in one of his letters before I purchased Consequence that she was a champion. When and where did she win the title?

I now have Blemton Consequence, after waiting one year. She was sold in whelp. I was compelled to accept her unbred or sue Bell for the money, as will be seen from the following letter:

TORONTO, June 18, 1894.—J. B. Martin, Esq., 1323 Page street, San Francisco: DEAR SIR—We have not heard from you in reply to our letter of 5th June We will wait until the 27th inst., when, unless we have heard from you in the meantime, either by letter or by wire, in answer to this, we shall consider that you refuse the offer which Mr. Bell has made and will advise him to treat Consequence as his own property. Yours truly, MACRAE & BYKERT.

Now, as will be seen by the above letter and quotations from other letters I have herewith given, that while these solicitors were advising Bell that he would be compelled to pay the money claim, they were insisting and writing me that I was only entitled to the right bitch.

Blemton Consequence cost, including all expenses, about $140. If Bell or any of his friends want her for $50 they can have her.

Mr. Bell considered his case so weak that he engaged solicitors to bolster it up for him. How poorly they have succeeded can readily be seen. He also attempts to right himself by throwing the blame on them. The advisory committee, after a full hearing of the case upon the evidence submitted by myself and Bell, disqualified him for one year.

I now leave the controversy to the decision of the public and am confident that the verdict will be in my favor.

J. B. MARTIN.

[In view of Mr. Bell's letter, we may now consider this incident closed.]

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Can.—A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Canadian Kennel Club was held here on Aug. 7 to receive nominations for the election of officers for the ensuing year. The following members were present: Vice-President J. S. Williams, Toronto, in the chair; Dr. H. S. Griffin, Hamilton; Messrs. R. W. Boyle, C. A. Stone and H. B. Donovan, Sec'y-Treas., Toronto.

Nominations were made as follows: Pres., Dr. J S. Niven, London; First Vice-Pres., J. S. Williams, Toronto; Second Vice-Presidents, Messrs. H. Gorman, Sarnia; W. H. Thorne, St. John, N. B.; R. A. Cunningham, Victoria, B. C.; P. G. Keyes, Ottawa. Executive Committee—Dr. H. S. Griffin, Messrs. H. Bedlington, A. D. Stewart, Hamilton; T. G. Davey, London; R. McEwen, Byron; James Lindsay, J. A. Pitt, Montreal; F. S. Wetherall, Compton, Quebec; C. H. Corbett, Kingston; C. A. Stone, R. W. Boyle and G. B. Sweetnam, Toronto; Sec'y-Treas., H. B. Donovan, Toronto. There being no other nominations these were declared elected. The names of Hon. Senator Sanford, as Patron, and R. Gibson, as Hon. Pres., stand as before, election not being annual.

The secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for the following new members: W. Vipond, Montreal, proposed by J. A. Pitt; L. A. Klein, Black Lake, Quebec, proposed by F. S. Wetherall; Leslie H. Gault, A. F. Gault, Montreal, and A. H. Fowlds, Hastings, proposed by H. B. Donovan.

It was decided to hold the annual meeting on Wednesday, Sept. 12, at 8 P. M., and an executive committee meeting the previous evening at same time. The discussion on the inadvisability of changing Rule 8 of Constitution was deferred to the next meeting, when it is hoped a fuller attendance will result.

Mr. P. Hart, Belleville, has bought a smooth bitch, by Scottish Leader, which is to come out at Toronto.

We have few Dandies in Canada and will badly miss Kristy, a winner at the Toronto show, which died recently in pupping.

Mr. A. J. Groves, Toronto, has sold his whole kennel of St. Bernards, some twelve or fourteen, including the imported Lord Dalhousie, to Mr. Fred T. Miller, Trenton, Ont., a new enthusiast.

Mr. L. A. Klein, of the Venlo Farm Kennels, Black Lake, Que., writes me that his new dachshund dog Puck has come safely to hand in Spratts' charge, after a voyage of thirty-five days. Though looking a bit battered, Mr. Klein says he is highly pleased with him and considers him the finest one he has seen for some time He will be shown at Toronto with a number of others from the same kennels. His pair of Dane puppies are coming over in the s.s. Spain.

H. B. DONOVAN.

Owners of dogs in England are compelled under the Rabies Act, to give notice to the authorities of the existence of a rabid dog, or of the possession of any animal that had been bitten by a supposed rabid dog. One noted breeder has just been fined twice for not reporting that his dogs had been bitten by a bull-terrier that had shown signs of rabies. This owner had three of his dogs destroyed by the local authorities, among them champion Mariner, the Newfoundland; he claimed $600 for them, but on the case being submitted to arbitration he had to be content with $125.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

THE indications are that there will be, from this side of the line, quite a number of trainers present at the forthcoming trials of the Manitoba Field Trial Club, beginning at Morris, Sept. 5.

Now that the great Northwest is so well settled and chickens so plentiful, field trials there should be an assured success. The Northwest now contains a multitude of sportsmen who own good dogs, and the facilities for holding trials, in the way of birds and grounds, are at their doors.

The last chicken trial held in the States was at Fairmont, Minn., in 1882. Owing to hot weather and scarcity of birds, and the consequent difficulties of conducting and concluding a competition, chickeu trials were looked upon with disfavor by the sportsmen of that day. Other circumstances added to the difficulties. The whole support was east of the Mississippi River. The preliminary arrangements as to grounds, horses, hotels, etc., were made with difficulty. As nearly all the sportsmen lived in the East and South, a visit to the trials eutailed a great deal of expense.

Aside from a few cities, Minnesota in 1882 was very sparsely settled. A well cultivated or equipped farm was a rarity after leaving the vicinity of St. Paul and Minneapolis. A few crudely built small towns were strung widely apart on the few railroads, the latter being more than ample for the light freight and passenger traffic of the State. Hundreds of miles of prairie, uubroken save by isolated farms of the pioneer settler, afforded endless opportunities for the chicken shooter. Small groves, planted for "wind breaks," denoted the abode of the settler, the high winds of fall and winter making the planting of groves imperative. They were often of a year or two years' growth; one of eight or ten ycars marked the habitatiou of a first settler.

Most of the settlers were poor and endured untold hardships for the sake of a prospective home. A cellar, dug in the flat prairie with poles thrown across the top and sodded for a roof, or a room dug in the side of a bluff, dismal caverns of dampness and darkness, afforded a home in many instances for the struggling settler, whose aspirations too often ended in sickness, misery and loss. Huts built of sod and shanties of flimsy coustruction made a grade higher habitation. A cheap, small frame house, an exceptional structure, denoted a degree of prosperity possessed by but few Minnesota farmers in those days. The commonest necessaries of life were of the cheapest and plainest. In many instances a hole dug in low ground afforded a supply of vile surface water. An alkali flavor often added to its unpleasantness and harmfulness. Fuel was extremely scarce, as can readily be imagined of a country which was a treeless prairie. In some large districts the inhabitants burned dried slough grass and hay, which entailed a great deal of extra labor to that rare personage which the novelist terms the good housewife. Such fuel, before using, was twistcd hard into large bunches two or three feet long, and the stove, specially made for such fuel, had to be replenished at short intervals, for the hay burned hotly and quickly. Coal and wood, when obtainable, were high and therefore beyond the meaus of the ordinary settler. The heavy prairie grass was his best friend. Besides furnishing fuel for him, he often used it to thatch his house, and it was the main material used in the shelter for cattle. A skeleton frame work of poles, heavily covered with hay, made a warm, though far from durable, stable.

The wheat fields, then wide apart, made great gathering places for the chickens when the fall weather lessened the food supply in the open prairies. There were chickens in abundance in those days.

Since that time, that country and far to the westward is now thoroughly settled and tilled, and the comfortable, ofteu luxurious, homes with their air of refinement and thrift, bear no indication of the hardship and deprivations of the long intervening years. There are no connccting links between them and the wretched hovels and "dugouts" of early days, but the march of progress has injured some excellent chicken country. Civilization in this country has spoiled a lot of good shooting. Educating men into true sportsmanship destroys a lot of game, for the savage instinct to kill is present in nearly every healthy, vigorous man, and from that point of his nature to the refined gentleman sportsman the intervening advances are due to education.

Still there is a vast area of country left in which chickens are abundant. And there is a multitude of sportsmen who dwell in that country and who own good dogs, which have the blood of famous ancestors, and good ones which are not famous. So of field-trial material the Northwest possesses abundance. It could, therefore, hold trials of its own.

Manitoba has two field trial clubs which hold successful trials. That they are popular is shown by the steady growth of interest, prestige and patronage, a good part of the latter being from the States, a circumstance which demonstrates that trials on chickens would be liberally supported if held in the States. They would be a considerable gain to sportsmanship if conducted from the same spirit of sport which impels our Canadian friends.

The Kent Elgin Entry.

FOREST AND STREAM of August 11 contained an explanation from Mr. T. M. Brumby, as Sec'y-Treas. of the S. F. T. Club, in respect to the entry of Kent Elgin, it being also a reply to a letter of Mr. T. T. Ashford, published recently in "Points and Flushes." Mr. Brumby prefaces his remarks with the statement that I used that letter "iu order to attack the 'Southern Field Trial Club.'" I cannot imagine the grounds on which he makes that statement. Surely the publicatiou of Mr. Ashford's letter cannot justly be construed as an attack on the club. I had no part in the subject matter of it. There had before its publication been some unsatisfactory correspondence between Messrs. Ashford and Brumby in respect to Kent Elgin's entry, and as it involved an alleged violation of the Club's rules, it was a matter in which the public was interested. As to waiting till the week before the Derby closed, before publishing the matter, as Mr. Brumby claims was done, and presents it as a grievance, I beg to assure him that it never occurred to me in that connection. No one could for a moment make me believe that the publication of that letter would have the slightest effect on the entries. It was not related to them in any way.

It has always been my belief that, when any important matter, unpleasant or otherwise, is of sufficient public interest to require consideration, the proper way is to meet the issue openly, frankly and promptly. If the cause be just, no amount of publicity can injure it, on the contrary, the criticism or discussiou which arises will give it greater strength.

Returning to the matter under discussion, it seems to me that when a grave disagreement arose between the club and one of its patrons, an open discussion of it would have brought out the facts much better than would private gossip, which spreads wide and grows into exaggeration from repetition.

Indeed, it seems to me that Mr. Brumby, as an officer of the club, would not have been guilty of any impropriety, had he taken the initiative in publishing the club's version of the matter, when a charge of grave violatiou of the club's rules was brought against it. He had it in his own power to have the issue settled before the entries closed. It is not a matter in which the Club alone is concerned,—every one who made an entry has a right to know whether the conditions of the stake were or were not violated. It cannot be justly construed as an unfriendly act, to give the Club a chance to publicly set the matter at rest. Therefore when Mr. Brumby states that Mr. Ashford, "through the help of Mr. Waters, jumps on the Club," I think that he labors under a misapprehension both as to the intent and the act itself.

I believe I have several friends among the members of the Club, whom I esteem both in their private and membership capacity. But any body of men in a public position is open to criticism when there is cause for it. Without open discussion, there would be little progress in anything. Hence it is a morbid view which coustrues a friendly criticism into an attack.

The Big and Little Kennels and Field Trials.

On the subject implied in the above heading, I read Mr. Bryson's recent article with a great deal of interest. I am indebted to him for calling attention to a matter which had escaped my memory, namely the purchase by the big kennels of winning dogs bred by the amateur or small owner. To make the subject clearer, I will present an excerpt from Mr. Bryson's article in relation to it. He says: "The small kennel owners start out with the assertion that they cannot compete with the large kennels at the field trials. This is a mistake. We will first take Mr. Lorillard's kennel. He has been a large purchaser from the small kennels, purchasing all or nearly all his winners, Count Anteo, Lora, Miss Ruby, Dot Rogers, Rod's Sue, Ightfield Rosalie, and others, from the small kennels. I think I am not far wrong when I state the Blue Ridge Kennel also purchased all their winners, paying big prices to the small breeders for Fannie M., Hope's Mint, and the Derby winners Bessie Shoupe, and Alleue, besides paying $2,000 for Antonio, and long prices for their stud dogs and brood bitches, and all to the small kennels."

Mr. Bryson meutions some others, but as I only wish to bring out a point later, the foregoing will amply serve to illustrate it. He draws the following conclusion: "It will be seen, therefore, the large kennels are the best patrons the small kennels have. After selling the pick of their dogs, some of the small kennel owners cry out they cannot compete against the larger kennels."

I think that Mr. Bryson will admit that the large kennels bought dogs, which had favorably distinguished themselves, with a view to a prospective income from them, either for breeding purposes or for their known ability to win at field trials. I think that Mr. Bryson, however, overlooked the full bearing of the acts he describes. Detaching them from field-trial considerations, it really does look as if the small breeders were benefitted. They were in a way; in other ways they were not. They received a direct benefit from a single monetary transaction, but from a field-trial point of view, they had stengthened the competition against them. As fast as one out of the many unsuccessful small breeders produced a dog of eminent ability, he was bought by one or other big kennels. The small breeder is generally possessed of limited means compared to the owners of the big kennels. If he is offered $1,000 for a dog, he cannot afford to keep him. For the small breeder to lose $1,000 is a life event; to the big breeder it hardly attains the dignity of an incident. As the good dogs go from the small breeders over to the big kennels, the competitive difficulties of the small breeder multiply. The best dog he could produce is in the competition against him, and he has greater numbers to contend against. He, generally speaking, must from his limited resources, bring out new stock to compete every year, while the purchases of the big kennel remain permanently as campaigners, the same dogs appearing in every trial year after year.

The small breeder has much greater expense to pay relatively than has his big rival, for it costs relatively more to send one man to a trial with one dog than it does to send one man with six dogs. His chances of winning are numerically in that ratio. When the big kennel buys enough dogs to equip itself for a field trial campaign, it stops buying. The measure of its purchases is the possible value of field trial interests, or kennel revenue.

As the big kennels, from what they themselves produced and by purchases from the small breeders, grew stronger, the small breeders grew weaker. There was a point in this changing of strength and forces, where the weaker brethren had but a remote show to win. Feeliug this, the weaker brother stays out. The odds were too great.

Mr. Bryson further says: "If I were a breeder, instead of crying out against the large kennels, I would want a dozen where there is one, as the demand from the large kennels has made possible prices that dogs would not have sold at unless the large kennels wanted them."

The latter is true. But does not Mr. Bryson think that it was field trials which made the large kennels possible? If so, anything which disturbs the success of the trials or damages them, must react on their dependencies. If, by constantly growing bigger while the small breeders grow smaller, the small breeders are out of the competition from their weakness, the foundation of the structure is injured, and there must be injury to the whole. It is small kennels which make trials possible permaneutly.

Establishing a dozen large kennels where there is one now, as keunels are run at present, would depend entirely on whether there was a sufficient field from which to derive a satisfactory revenue.

The large kennels bought high-priced dogs because they could campaign them, could handle them more economically than the small breeder, and because they had greater resources generally. This condition of buying and selling was not a fixture,—it was an evolution of the big fish.

Save in a very few instances, the big kennel is a commercial enterprise, governed by the same laws of supply and demand which govern all business enterprises. The large purses stimulated the big kennel and set back the small one.

The big kennels bought dogs at loug prices because they could derive a revenne from them. If there were a dozen kennels more for every one now existing, the weaker would soon retire. No more could exist than the business warranted.

The bulk of the winnings go to the large kennels. The records will show that they have almost constantly won out well ahead of expenses, taking as a whole the season's campaign as data. Of the small breeders, very few win, and it takes many of them to produce one successful dog.

B. WATERS.

We are indebted to Mr. J. H. Burr of Macon, Ga., for a premium list of a dog show that is to be held in that city from Nov. 1 to 8. The show will be held in connection with the Dixie Interstate Fair, and Mr. T. Farrar Rackham of East Orange, N. J., will judge all classes. The list, which has evidently been arranged by an amateur, is a little mixed on dates, but as well as we can make out, the entries will close Oct. 31, and the judging commence Nov. 1. No entry fee is charged and no dogs will be received after 12 M. on Wednesday, Oct. 31. Thirty-six classes are provided for the principal breeds, two for each breed, consisting of one for "Registered dog or bitch" and one for "Open dog or bitch," with prizes of $5 for first and hc., whatever that means, for second. Then there are kennel prizes of $10 each for pointers, setters, foxhounds, beagles and Scotch terriers; also $10 for best pointer bitch with four or more puppies, sire and dam to be registered, and the same money for best setter bitch under same conditions. Entries should be made with J. R. Kennedy, Macon, Ga. Such an opportunity will uo doubt be taken advantage of by Southern fanciers, and if more of these shows were held in connection with the different fairs the country people would become educated to the point where they would demand something better for companions and watch dogs than the "yaller" dog too frequently met with in country districts.

DOG CHAT.

Toronto Show.

At the coming dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association the American Spaniel Club donates the following specials: The Newton Abbott cup, offered by Mr. E. M. Oldham, for the best field spaniel bitch, to be won four times; the Whitehead trophy, for the best cocker spaniel stud dog shown with two of his get, the get only to be judged, to be won four times; two oil paintings, offered by Mr. George Bell, for the best brace of cockers under a year old, any color, dogs or bitches, to be won four times. The above are open for competition to members of the American Spaniel Club only. The Industrial Exhibition Association offer their bronze medal, value $10, for the best kennel of dachshunds.

The Toronto show committee have made a novice class, 96½, for Scotch terrier bitches, first prize $7, second $2, third diploma. Class 96 represents novice dogs. Class 98½ represents Airedale terriers, open, dogs and bitches, first prize $10, second $5, third diploma.

The other day we took a run down to Lawrence, L. I., to see Mr. Hughes and the Marlborough Kennels. In spite of the heat and other drawbacks to comfort, Mr. Hughes had the dogs in excellent condition, in fact we never saw a lot of dogs, especially where there are so many different breeds, in better shape. Besides the wolfhounds Argoss, Princess Irma, Modjeska, Zerry and others of note, we saw several familiar faces. Stanley, the great Dane, and Ormskirk Shep, the collie, were the principal ones. Then there is Hia, the beagle, fully recovered from a serious illness which played havoc with her litter of puppies, as she was taken sick just after they were born. There is one puppy left, and this one, one of the prettiest we have seen in many a day, but for great care on the part of Mr. Hughes and his wife, would have succumbed. Burlington Diadem nursed her with her own puppies for a couple of weeks and then a blind bull-terrier bitch, a daughter of Gully the Great and Enterprise, we believe, suckled her till five weeks old. A collie bitch with a litter by Shep formed another interesting family.

One is always sorry to hear of the death of a good dog, whether it be one noted for its exceptional beauty of form and fancy points, or one, as we should say of a human being, distinguished for its charming personality. Such an animal was Lady Gay, a red cocker spaniel owned by Mrs. Smyth, of the Swiss Mountain Kennels. Her name is not altogether unknown in prize lists, for she has won two seconds at Philadelphia shows and one at Wilmington, Del., but it was her particularly bright disposition, acceutuated by her name, that endeared her at once even to a chance acquaintance like ourself. It may not be generally known, but in the goodness of her heart, wheu Chip R. died while whelping to champion Cherry Boy, Lady Gay, although she had four reds of her own, came to the rescue and "mothered" the three puppies, thereby giving us a champion Middy, one of the best known and at the same time best abused cockers now on the bench, and also Chip R., another wiuner, and Pitchdark, who, however, never faced a judge. No wonder Lady Gay was a favorite. Now comes the sad part which we give in Mrs. Smyth's own words:

"Well, Gay's career has come to an end, and it looks very much to me as if by some foul means. She was taking care of a litter of four, had a kennel ou the north side of the house and was not shut in. One evening at 10 o'clock she was on the piazza as well as possible, and the next morning at 7 she was found in the brook—dead, with her head pushed into the mud up to her eyes; her front legs were lying straight back under her and her hindlegs out behind her. A post mortem disclosed nothing, no poison of any kind could be found and no reason for her death in any way. Her lungs were full of water, but none in her stomach; so she could not have drank any. Her death certainly is mysterious," and, we would add, poiuts to foul play. Lady Gay was by Brigay out of Mollie, and was whelped Dec. 20, 1889, being bred by Mr. Joseph Walker, Hamilton, Ont.

More cheerful news, however, comes about others in this kennel. Empire State is the happy father of nine, ten days old, the original number being thirteen. The spaniels are in fine trim. Miss Waggles, who by the way, is a champion, is proud of and attentive to a litter of four, by champiou Cherry Boy, two of them red like the sire. Swiss Mountain Kennels have lately bought Madam B., a young St. Bernard bitch, from A. Burgess. She was at Boston, Philadelphia, and Specialty shows, and is by Sir Hereward out of Lady Adelaide; a large well-grown bitch that will prove a useful addition to the kennel.

A glance at our business columns this week will show some interesting reading. The Rhode Island dog show is given prominent notice, and with an entry fee of only $1.50 and $3,500 in prizes, this show should command the attention of exhibitors. W. W. Brown offers well-bred Irish setter pups; McEwen and Gibson, some of their good collie stock; Dr. C. F. Parker, rough St. Bernards; Richwoods Kennels, trained pointers and setters; A. E. Manley, a service to Wellesbourne Charlie; Mere Kennels, a great Dane dog; Handsome Brook Kennels, a trained watch dog; W. E. Mouey, a bull-terrier.

Mr. Mortimer changed his mind about coming back as he intended last week, and will not come on for a week or so yet. He will probably bring his best purchases with him.

The Skye collie is the newest breed to come before public notice. The story is too long for this issue, but the breed is really quite ancient and is said to be a sort of English bobtail—Skye terrier, by consent of an otter hound, approaching more the type of a Skye terrier than anything else; blue-grey is the color.

Mr. T. J. Smyth, who is or was associated with Mr. Bell in the Cambridge Kennels, writes us that Consequence has not had two litters of puppies since the unfortunate deal with Mr. Martin. He says: "Consequence has not pupped since Mr. Bell purchased her, though one litter came from her in a gelatine state." We have also a letter from Mr. Smyth in which he takes Mr. Watson to task over his letter in our last issue, but as it deals with the question on the mistakeu understanding that Mr. Watson was a member of the advisory committee that disqualified Mr. Bell, its publication would not serve to clear the atmosphere surrounding this case, which for the good of dogdom should now be allowed to fall nto "innocuous desuetude."

The New England Beagle Club is to run its trials in the week commencing Oct. 22. As this is also the date selected by the N. E. Field Trials Club for the running of the Member's Stake, they will confiict, and several sportsmen who desire to attend both events would have to forego the pleasure of one. It would seem that one of the clubs might change a week one way or the other and this would make a saving to those persons who come on from a distance and who should desire to attend both meets.

The famous fox-terrier bitch Nita, owned by Mr. Hotblack, met her death in a manner that shows that the breed is not deteriorating much. She is said to have gone to earth after fur and, according to *Stock-Keeper*, never returned to light. She was very game and was well known as the dam of such terriers as Reckoner, Renown, Raffle and others; in

fact, she produced a winner in every litter while in Mr. Clarke's kennel. She herself was prick-eared, but this was never a fault in any of her progeny.

Mr. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, of Baltimore, who is spending a few weeks at Elberon, N. J., dropped in to see us on Tuesday. He is charmed with his new English setter Count Beaufort that he imported from Mr. Purcell-Llewellyn. The dog is rich in the blood of field producers and is himself superbly broken for the field. He will be placed at stud very shortly.

Al Eberhart is booking a string of dogs for the Des Moines show. The Ohio Humane Society may have a show this fall.

Mr. E. K. Austin, of New York, who has imported several bulldogs, has just bought another, Gold Mine, from Mr. Geo. Smartt, of England. She is in whelp to Smartt's Punch, and as she is the dam of Manalette, Lord George and Gold Link, the importation would seem to have been a wise one.

Mr. Sam Woodiwiss is also becoming interested in smooth collies, having purchased champion Sly Widow.

Mr. A. E. Foster has bought the field spaniel Midnight from the Hempstead Farm Kennels and it is now in Mr. Silver's charge at Tuxedo, N. Y., but is in anything but good condition. We hear of a good pup in the same kennel, a liver by champion Judex out of The Shrew, and owned by Dr. Bradbury, that gives promise of being an "extra.". Mr. Viti's field spaniel bitch Gossip missed to Warwick.

Des Moines Show.

The Des Moines Kennel Club have added the following classes: Class 7½, challenge smooth St. Bernards, dogs and bitches, prize $10; 17½, Russian wolfhounds, open, bitches, prizes $10 and $5; 43½, challenge Gordon setter bitches, prize $10; 79A and 79B, challenge Skye terriers, dogs and bitches, prizes $5; 84½. novice pugs, dogs and bitches, prizes $5 and $3. Class 5. is for rough St. Bernards, exclusively. The show will close Friday evening, Sept. 7, in time for exhibitors to get the evening trains East, so that those wishing to show at Toronto will have plenty of time to do so. Entries for this show close Aug. 25 with M. Bruce, Des Moines, Ia.

When a woman undertakes to run a kennel of her own she somehow manages to make it pay or come very near it, and while the men lose their puppies and blame the hard times generally, our fair kennel owners don't grumble but show the results of the care and attention they give their stock in a string of sales "Kennel Notes." The Belle Isle Kennels of St. Bernards are owned by Miss A. M. Griffin of Detroit, Mich., and she is gradually getting together some of the right sort. From Mr. Wallbridge she has purchased Clovis, a smooth dog by Survivor out of Peggy, whelped May, 1893, that she expects to prove of service in her kennel. We are sorry to hear, however, that she has just lost her brood bitch Fernwood Urania, by champion Victor Joseph ex Fernwood Inez. This bitch died last Friday from blood poisoning after whelping seven large puppies to Earl Douglass, two days before. As she was the best St. Bernard in the kennel, only three years old and a family pet, the loss is a serious one, especially as it was impossible to save the litter. Urania was the dam of Little Dorritt and Belle Isle Napoleon I., winners at the late Detroit show.

The Mere Kennels will soon have a representative team of fox-terriers, as Ripon Stormer is already in their kennel, and last Friday they received by the America from England two bitches. One is Ray of Light, by Ripon Thunderer ex Day Dawn. She has won a number of prizes on the other side, and is in whelp to Raby Bannister. The other bitch is Dudley Nettle by Kingcraft (by Starden's King) out of Relapse by Vesuvian, and besides being in whelp to champion Dominie, is also a winner at recent shows. These will no doubt prove valuable acquisitions. It will be remembered that we mentioned some time since that a fox-terrier kennel was nibbling at a young, much lauded terrier on the other side. This was Pendennis, and the Mere Kennels was the kennel referred to. On June 4 Mr. Tinne wrote their agent: "I fear I cannot take less than £500 ($2,500) for Pendennis. I consider him the best fox-terrier in England and look forward to his lowering the colors of D'Orsay, Vice Regal & Co. before the year is out." In view of the following criticism, which we find in *Stock-Keeper* just arrived, on Pendennis at the Darlington show, where few, if any, of the cracks were present, it would seem as if the day was not altogether past when Englishmen suppose Americans to be guileless in the matter of dog buying. Pendennis was vhc. reserve to Douglas Driver and Douglas Jostler in the limit class, and the critique runs: "In Pendennis we don't see much, if any, improvement; he is lathy in body, flat-sided and lacking in back rib; his head will just do if it thickens no more; his expression is good, as is his coat, while in front and shoulders he also scores, and he makes the most of himself, being very showy." Pendennis took vhc. in the open class, and the above is certainly not a $2,500 dog criticism. The Mere Kennels probably builded better than they knew when they refused to give such a price. The *British Fancier* also finds fault with his body, and also says: "Not high class in head," "quite a size too big," but praises his shoulders, bone, legs and feet. Pendennis is now about twelve months old.

The Kent Elgin Entry in S. F. T. Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 28 is an article from Mr. T. T. Ashford through Mr. Waters. In this letter he makes some very broad assertions in which I am sure he is not correct—and the record of the field trials will prove his assertion is not in accordance with the record, of which proof can be given later if necessary. I do not pretend to know anything about the facts of Mr. Ashford's trouble with the Southern Club (except the entering of Kent Elgin), and will not try to take sides with either. Mr. Ashford has been a personal friend of mine since a boy, and if it was not in the defense of an honest and friendly act of the Southern Field Trials Club I would not have one word to say in this trouble.

Mr. Ashford says "there is a combination between the large kennels and the field trial clubs," and says "the unknown man with one or two entries stands no chance." Mr. Ashford's experience teaches him that the statement does not accord with facts, and I am surprised that he would make such a broad assertion against all clubs. Mr. Ashford had one entry in the different All-Age stakes last season—Kent Elgin. I handled him for Mr. Ashford. He started five times and was placed three times, and when he was not placed it was his own fault; he simply lost his head, chased and gave tongue after his birds like a hound. In his race at the Southern he bolted in the morning and was not caught until next morning, and of course he was justly thrown out.

Now as a matter of fact, the large kennels have from fifty to sixty dogs to select from; they have the best handlers in the country to handle their dogs; are willing to advance money for all expenses and of course have a better chance to win than the man who only has one or two entries, and who has some green man to handle them for him. If Mr. Ashford had not been an old friend of mine and one that I have always thought a great deal of, Kent Elgin would not be known to-day, as I should not have handled him at all. It was only through friendship that Kent had the great opportunity to develop and prove himself to be a great dog. When Mr. Ashford turned Kent over to me in July, 1893, he said that times were so hard he did not feel able to advance money to pay Kent's entrance in all the stakes, especially in the Eastern and Southern where he would have to meet the best of setters. I wrote Mr. Ashford that I would handle the dog just as I would one of my own and do what I thought best with him. After working him on chickens I thought, for the good of the dog, he should be entered in all the trials that my own dogs were entered in, and I therefore entered him in Manitoba, U. S. (A and B) Eastern and Southern, advancing all entrance fees and expenses myself, thereby showing the interest I had in my friend's dog. The only entrance money that Mr. Ashford sent me was a note for $25, on some one at Atlanta, Ga., due Nov. 15. This note reached me Oct. 22, and when I entered my setters in the Southern Trials, Nov. 17, I also entered Kent Elgin in the Pointer Stake, sending Mr. Brumby the note that Mr. Ashford had sent me for $25, and I was informed by Mr. Brumby that the note was paid on the date it was due.

When Kent was entered in the Southern trials his name was not published, and I really did not know whether or not he would be allowed to start in the Setter All-Age Stake, and wrote to Mr. Ashford that it was a shame that such a good dog as he was should be handicapped by his owner not wanting to go to the expense of paying entrance fees, and I really rubbed it in a little hard, as I wanted to make him feel bad for trying to handicap a high-class dog for the sake of a few dollars. The Pointer Stake of the Southern field trials did not fill, and when I asked if Kent Elgin would not be allowed to run in the Setter All-Age Stake, they very properly informed me he would. I did not know until I got to New Albany whether or not he would be allowed to run, but still I took him there, ready to start if allowed in. It is true enough Mr. Ashford did telegraph me not to start Kent, but the telegram was received after the drawing and stake had been started. I considered that Kent was in my hands for his best interests and I started him anyway.

After Mr. Ashford wrote me that he was going to expose the Southern Club unless they returned him the $30, I then wrote him that the dog was entered all right; that they had not violated their rules. After Mr. Ashford still insisted for the $30 I wrote him, before he wrote his letter to Mr. Waters, that I would lose it. I have lost it. Under no consideration would I have the Southern Field Trials Club return that $30 because it honestly belongs to them. I should have explained things more fully to Mr. Ashford, but when I wrote him that they had not violated their rules in this transaction I thought that was sufficient and would be satisfactory, and I am sure that he will be satisfied about the entering of Kent Elgin after reading this.

He has a great dog in Kent, and is mistaken in thinking "he disgraced himself at the Southern trials." What he did is what most all pointers are lacking in, enough go and stay out, and breeders are looking for just such qualities to breed to.

The judges selected by the Southern Club for this year are a new lot, and if Mr. Ashford will only come to see the work himself I think he will not accuse them of "monkeying behind the curtain."

I have not approved, and do not yet approve of some of the actions of the Southern Club members, but still I think they are improving and trying to stop making what we considered mistakes. Therefore I am again willing to risk my full string of entries with them, and have entered every Derby entry that I have except one, and he is in the hands of Mr. Johnson, and I would enter him if Mr. Johnson expected to visit these trials, and have written to Mr. Brumby to put him in if Mr. Johnson had other entries. J. M. AVENT.

HICKORY VALLEY, Tenn., Aug. 2.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The St. Bernard Kamehameha I., is now known as Grand Master and is owned by Mrs. Lee, Alta Kennels, Toledo, O.

W. H. M., Ogdensburg, N. Y.—The fox-terrier puppy Spin, Jr., was entered by Rivermount Kennels, 337 Hooper street, Brooklyn, in the W. K. C. show, 1893, and is by Prince out of Brokenhurst Spin, whelped June 22, 1892.

H. L. R, Providence, R. I.—1. You can easily provide shade for your puppies by placing a few boards over a framework 2ft. high in one corner of their run. A good plan is to cut some short branches of firs sufficient to form a dense shade and throw them over the skeleton frame. 2. A little sulphur in their food will often correct the objectionable habit.

J. S. C., Lawrence, Mass.—I have a very fine bred pointer pup, 18mos. old; he has a very offensive smell that comes from his ears. Will you please tell me the cause and what will cure him? He is in perfect health as far as I can see. Ans. Wash ears out well daily and fill them with powdered boraic acid and bismuth card, equal parts of each. Treat for worms and give same mixture as for "M. S. G."

W. H. L., Watertown, N. Y.—Which is best breed of dog to buy for the teaching tricks and for general intelligence, and as a good companion and watch dog?. Ans. A poodle will probably fill all the requirements named above better than any other breed. They have first claim on the trick-dog business, and as companions and sharp watchdogs they cannot be excelled. You will find them advertised in our business columns.

M. S. G., LeRoy, N. Y.—My dog, a black cocker spaniel, 9mos. old, has red sore spots on his skin and scratches continually. I think it must be mange as I have used an eczema cure and it has done no good. Ans. Treat for worms. Wash dog in a solution of creolin (1 to 60) twice a week. Give following mixture:

℞ Mag. sulph. ..... ʒ vi.
Acid sulph dil ..... ʒ i.
Ferri sulph ..... ɔ i.
Aq. ad ..... ʒ vi.
Give dessertspoonful twice a day.

SUBSCRIBER.—I have a beagle pup, 9mos. old, and his dewlap is covered with small lumps, and when you pull out a bunch of hair it is matted together next the skin. The hair will come out by rubbing with your hand, and the skin is very red. His nose is filled with pus, and his eyes run pus. He is very dull and his legs are weak. When he lies down he does not go down gently, but goes down with force. His appetite is good and he is quite thirsty. His breathing is noisy, and at times he will raise his back as though in pain. His mouth is hot and where he is sore the hair is white. Ans. The pup has distemper. Give a one-grain quinine pill three times a day, keep him quiet, etc. Feed well and give half teaspoonful of whisky twice a day. Apply tincture of iodine to chest.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.
Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.
Nov. 5.—Brunswick Fur Club. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

Dakota Coursing Notes.

Mr. Zollars, of Sioux Falls, is in the city looking for Wm. Fox Kenny, who took his Sir Hugo—Fleet greyhound pup. He has been looking for Kenny for a week or more and tracked him to this place. It was getting too warm for Kenny so he left the dog here and skipped out. The writer saw him long enough to be told that "Nominator" would have to take back the way he reported the last spring meeting at Mitchell, and that he was going to expose one or two of the boys who tried to buy the race. In an hour or so later I understood that Mr. Zollars was looking for him.

NOMINATOR.

MITCHELL, S. D.

National Beagle Club Meeting.

AN adjourned and field trial committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held on Aug. 9 at the A. K. C. rooms. Present, President Kreuder, Geo. Laick, J. W. Appleton, H. F. Schellhass, John Bateman, Geo. B. Post, Jr., A. D. Lewis, Geo. W. Rogers and H. W. Lacy.

The committee on special prizes announced that the Boston special won by Mollie L. had been forwarded to Mr. Mark Lewis, Jr. The secretary reported that he had communicated with the secretary of the A. K. C. regarding the field trial committee of the A. K. C.

Messrs. Geo. F. Reed, Barton, Vt., and N. J. Baldwin, East Orange, N. J., were elected as members. The committee for selecting judges for the field trials recommended B. S. Turpin and he was accepted. Moved by Mr. Schellhass and seconded by Mr. Appleton that Mr. Joe Lewis be also asked to judge. Motion was carried and the committee was requested to communicate with Mr. Lewis. The committee for selecting grounds for holding field trials recommended Hempstead, Long Island, as their choice, and on motion of Mr. Post and seconded by Mr. Rogers, it was decided to hold the next field trials at Hempstead. The committee for formulating classes made their report and conditions and classes were, after thorough discussion, adopted. A special prize was also voted, conditions of which are given below. Meeting adjourned till 3 o'clock P. M., Sept. 6.

Our fifth annual field trials promise to surpass any beagle field trials ever held in America, as we are making great efforts for success.

The preminm list will be ready in a few days and a copy of same will be forwarded to every beagle owner or breeder known to the secretary. Should any one not receive a premium list the undersigned secretary will cheerfully forward same on receipt of name and address.

GEO. W. LAICK, Sec'y.

The classes for which entries close Oct. 8 are:

Open Class A—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and over 13in., that have not been placed first in any class at field trials held in America. Fee to start, $10, of which amount $3 forfeit must accompany entry, and balance to be paid prior to starting the class. First prize $60, second $40, third $20.

Open Class B—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any class at field trials held in America. Fee to start, $7, of which $3 forfeit must accompany entry, and balance must be paid before starting class. First prize $30, second $20, third $10.

Derby, Class C—For dogs and bitches, 15in, and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1. 1893. Fee to start, $5, of which $2 forfeit must accompany entry, and balance to be paid prior to starting in class. First prize $20, second $10.

Champion Class D—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and over 13in., having been placed first in any class, except Derby, at field trials held in America.

Champion Class E—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, same conditions. Entries close immediately before starting of class. Fee $10 in each champion stake, which must be paid in full before class is started. First prize 60%, second 30%.

Brace Stakes—For dogs and bitches 15in. and under. Fee to start, $10, which must be paid before starting class. First prize 60%, second 30%. Entries close during trials.

Pack Stakes—For four dogs and bitches 15in. and under. Fee to start, $15, which must be paid before starting class. First prize 60%, second 30%. Entries close during trials.

Special prizes: The National Beagle Club of America offers a piece of silver plate valued at $30 for the best beagle, the get of a dog or bitch that has been placed at any field trial held in America. Other specials will be announced later. Entries must be made with George W. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y.

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Higher Entry Fees.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in your issue of Aug. 4 the programme for the fall meet of the Altcar Coursing Club, of Colorado. I am well pleased with the main features of it, but I hope the members will not consider me presumptious (because they all know that I am of an exceedingly modest and retiring nature) if I make a few suggestions for the good of the greyhound and this club. Why not make the entrance fee higher in the puppy stakes? The thing nearest to every courser's heart is the puppy which he has bred and reared with all possible care, and then trained it with the utmost vigilance and study to have it perform in the most creditable manner. Now, after all these trials and tribulations this good strong young club asks the breeder to come and run his puppy, provided the stake fills, for a paltry $56, and the $50 added money, $106 in all. This is presuming that the whole of $50 added money will go to the winner. Why not make the entrance fee $20 for members, and $25 for non-members? I am not a member, but will gladly put up my extra $5 on each nomination.

I am also delighted to see this club starting a Produce Stake, but here comes this same blunder of the executive committee. Who cares to go to the expense of breeding, rearing and training a lot of puppies and then run them for a $5 entry fee? By the time a breeder gets a puppy to the slips in fit condition, that puppy has cost him $100 at the lowest calculation. This does not include traveling expenses to the place of meeting nor the expense while attending a meet. My idea of a Produce Stake is as follows, and which I hope the executive committee of the Kenmore Club will adopt, and announce such a stake for 1895. Nominations to close Jan. 1, 1895, at $2.50 each and $20 on the night of the draw of the Kenmore meet at Goodland on third Tuesday in October, 1895, giving the privilege of disposing of the nominations, and the nominator to be held responsible only for the $2.50 in case of declaring out at the draw. If the Altcar Club will so alter its stake I will promise from four to six nominations for 1895.

The bane of American coursing is that as soon as an executive committee is elected, they try to see how low and cheap a stake they can possibly get up. It is very certain that any courser with a good string of dogs would rather run for $25 entrance fee than $5. It is true the number of entries might be less the first year or two, but it would crowd out all the old cunning and worthless dogs, which are always to be despised at any meeting. It is these latter that are the ruination to a good and true greyhound. I hope our judge will watch closely this year and let no dog who fails to do his work, for even a moment, win a course.

Q. VAN HUMMELL, M.D

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

We sympathize sincerely with Mr. Pottinger Dorsey, of Newmarket, Md., the well-known beagle breeder, in the loss he has sustained through the death of his wife, which sad event occurred July 27. The late Mrs. Dorsey was known to many of her husband's sportsman friends, and like him was a lover of a good beagle and was well versed in the pedigrees of all the leading strains.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable,*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

16. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
16-17-18. Corinthian, Midsummer Series, Marblehead.
17. Manchester, Ch. Pen., Mass. B.
18. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
18. American, Seaver Cup Newburyport.
18. Beverly, Sweeps, West Falmouth.
18. Cape Cod, Club, Orleans.
18. Indian Harbor, Ladies' Day Race, L. I. Sound.
18. Sea. Cor., 21ft., Roosevelt Memorial Cup, Oyster Bay.
18. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.
20. Rhode Island, Open, Narragansett Bay.
21. Fall River, Open.
25. Atlantic City Cor., Open, Muckle Cup, Atlantic City.
25. Quincy, Open, Dorchester Bay
25. Squantum, Club Squantum, Mass.
25. Indian Harbor, 21ft., Naphtha Launches, L. I. Sound.
25. Cor. Mus. Fleet, Ann., New Rochelle.
25. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
25. Knickerbocker, Club, L. I. S'd.
25. Columbia, Open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
25. Cor. Phila., Sweeps, Del. River.
25-26. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, California City.
27. Schoodic. 3d Cup, St. Andrews.
30. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.

A VERY improbable story comes from the Clyde of a new challenger for the America's Cup, designed by Watson and now building by Fife for Mr. James Bell and other Glasgow yachtsmen. Of course there is nothing to prevent such a challenge, as the field is now open, but Lord Dunraven's intention of challenging as soon as the time arrives has been so publicly announced as to make it unlikely that others will endeavor to forestall him.

THE Thistle syndicate might well have sent their challenge in the fall of 1886, as they desired to do, and thus have forced the New York Y. C. to have made an agreement in October instead of March, had they availed themselves of the literal provisions of the second deed of gift. To do this they would only have had to send a challenge naming the first day of March or any other date within seven months of the sending of the challenge, say in September. It is quite improbable that either party would care to sail at such an early date; but a challenge in this form would have excluded the technical objection made by the club to what was in all respects a *bona fide* challenge from the Royal Clyde Y. C.

Under the altered terms of the third deed of gift, the earliest date at which a race may be sailed is May 1; there is nothing to prevent Lord Dunraven or any other intending challenger from sending in a challenge at once, naming that date, or even a later one up to July 1, within the required ten months of the time of challenging, say Sept. 1.

It is quite evident that the New York Y. C. will take no action whatever toward the recognition of a challenge until it is compelled to do so by the compliance of the challenger with every technicality; but at the same time it is quite as much, or even more in the interest of the club than of the challenger that all arrangements should be made at latest by the end of October. The challenger can perfect his plans and place his order with the designer, in fact he is compelled by the new deed to do so of necessity; and the construction of the new yacht can go on slowly and properly. The defending club, however, after receiving a challenge, has a vast amount of work to do in hunting up millionaires and working them up to the proper syndicate pitch before a line can be drawn or a contract signed. The necessity for as much time as possible for the defense is so plain that it is incomprehensible why the New York Y. C. has always put off as far as possible the actual receipt of the formal challenge which precedes all building of Cup defenders.

In the interests of both parties, it will be well if Lord Dunraven, or any other intending challenger for 1895 will send a formal challenge at once, naming any date that complies with the ten months clause. If this is done, all preliminaries may be speedily arranged, and American designers and builders may start work on even terms with those of the Clyde.

The exact position of the two countries in the matter of racing for the America's Cup is perfectly clear; both parties want a race next year; both would be much better off if challenger and defender were limited to about 70ft. l.w.l.; the challenger will demand certain restrictions as to number of crew and measurement of waterline to which he is justly entitled; and neither side can afford to risk being outbuilt by the other. The only serious obstacle to a businesslike and sensible agreement on all of these points at an early date is that high regard for red tape and technicality which has always been foremost in Cup racing. The requirements of match racing are now so thoroughly recognized by yachtsmen, that if the clubs are not willing to adapt old methods to modern needs the racing of the future in all great events will resolve itself into private matches, like those between Vigilant and Britannia, made, like any business agreement, by the owners; without the intervention of the clubs.

THE present is hardly the time to criticise any class which fosters racing, but at the same time it is a recognized fact that the new 21ft. class is by no means what it was intended to be. With the experience in this class to guide it, however, the Larchmont Y. C. is planning a similar experiment in a larger class, and under such additional restrictions as the present case has proved necessary. The idea is to establish a class of 30-footers of reasonable cost, accommodation and speed, something after the type of Mr. Eaton's Audax, a boat that is being generally recognized as the ideal "fast cruiser." To this end a committee has been appointed, including Messrs. John Hyslop, E. A. Willard, J. F. Lovejoy and Harold Sanderson, to formulate the limits of the class. The result is likely to be the creation of an excellent type of boat, something after the general type of 30-footers built about 1889.

The main object of the club, as we understand it, is simply to bring into existence a size and type of yacht which has proved to be generally desirable for racing and all-around use, and this without regard to the measurement question at large. At the same time there is a chance for the committee to go much further, without interfering with the special features of the original plan.

Like the 70-footer and the 40-footer, the 30ft. is one of the standard sizes in American yachting; and whatever may be done in the future in the way of classification must be based on these classes or their equivalents rather than on any other classes. It is more than likely that the next change in the rules, whenever it may be made, will be the adoption of a classification by sailing length; and in view of this, the most desirable limit of measurement and classification for the new class would seem to be that now in use by the Larchmont Y. C., of 36ft. sailing length. This limit of size, with some premium on displacement and such restrictions as may encourage a strong and reasonably inexpensive construction, will make a class that not only will fill the end immediately in view, but will serve as a starting point for such a material revision of the general rules governing all classes as has been needed for a long time.

Experience has proved that almost any class may be made to go for a season if properly boomed as a novelty; but the after result when the boom collapses, as in the 46ft. class and the Boston 21-footers, can only be detrimental. What is most needed is the permanent recognition of a few good classes, with regular racing and some new boats each year. Of course the advance in construction and the rapid course of out-building are against this, but the only hope of a healthy growth and progress in yacht racing lies in the establishment of such classes by the clubs, and their recognition and support by yacht owners. Such freak classes as the 21-footers of 1891 and Larchmont in 1894, however good in themselves, give no permanent strength to the sport.

When the victorious Vigilant crossed the line at the finish of Monday's race the band of the Royal Yacht Squadron played a tune. What was it? Nobody knows. Some people say it was "America," others contended it was "God Save the Queen." We would suggest to the Royal Yacht Squadron always to play that tune over twice, so that everybody can notice the difference between the two national anthems. Following the example of the far-famed artist who painted the sign of the bird that saved Rome and wrote under it: "This is a goose," the buglers might post up the notice, "This is 'America,'" or "This is 'God Save the Queen.'"—*New York Sun.*

The *Sun* might well have gone further and suggested the playing of the air for a third time in honor of Emperor William, who, we believe, has really the sole right to it. It is a pity that a great nation like America is content to claim for its national air a bit of doggerel that was stolen by England from Germany, and that has lost all its original force and rhythm in the processes of translation and re-adaptation. After worrying along more or less successfully for over a century, it is almost time that this country could boast of a national air that was not only worthy in words and music, but of thoroughly American origin.

OUR attention has been called to a statement in an exchange in which a proposal to refer a dispute between two rival yacht clubs to the FOREST AND STREAM for decision was declined by one club on the alleged ground that the other club was "financially and otherwise" interested in the FOREST AND STREAM; and that it consequently could not expect a fair decision. We would say, for the benefit of the club in question, that the statement is entirely false; this paper has no connection with any yacht club, and is in a position to give a fair and unbiased decision whenever it seems desirable to act in such a capacity.

THE present position of the millionaire in yachting is an anomalous and by no means a happy one. That he is a necessity is most evident when one considers the cost of Vigilant and the probable cost of a new boat to beat her; but at the same time the reception which meets him at the hands of the press, as well as of the fine old conservative club member, is by no means such as to encourage wealthy men to take up this method of spending money as far pleasanter than any other. His course in purchasing Vigilant and racing her in the way such a boat must be raced to win, has brought on Mr. George Gould in six months even more concentrated abuse from Americans than his estimable father received in the same number of years; and on the other side of the water one of the three men who in all England has the spirit to spend his money in the encouragement of yacht racing in the largest class has just been blackballed by that august and exclusive body, the Royal Yacht Squadron. It is hard to conceive of anything more foolish and suicidal than such actions at a time when, more than ever before, yacht racing is dependent on the support of very wealthy men.

After all the brave display of racing yachts, warships and royalty at Cowes last week, the fact cannot be disguised that as a racing meeting the whole affair has been a fiasco, save in the smaller classes; and the reasons therefor are not hard to find. In the first place, the main interest centers in two or three yachts of a size and cost which exclude some of the boldest sailing men and limit the sport to a few princes or syndicates; and in the second place, the racing itself is hampered by absurd and obsolete restrictions which prevent the entry of some of the fastest yachts and not infrequently give the prize to a very slow boat. The first-class racing fleet of the present year includes just five yachts, Navahoe, sailing alone in American waters; Valkyrie, sunk and dismantled; Satanita, disabled for a time and now probably withdrawn; and finally the two still racing, Vigilant and Britannia. While there is no lack of excitement and interest in the meetings of the last pair, the racing of just two boats on the part of the two great yachting nations can hardly be regarded as making a satisfactory yachting season.

The first step in our opinion toward more and better racing on both sides is the establishment by the two nations in common of a class, not only of smaller yachts than Britannia and Vigilant, but unlike the present large class, with a maximum limit, that will, for instance, produce such craft as Titania, Katrina and the first Valkyrie and will bring into the racing ranks once more the keen sailormen who are deterred by the cost of a Tobin bronze 90-footer, as the next yacht, when she is built, is likely to be under present conditions. Experience in many smaller classes has shown the desirability of building to one common limit in even the largest classes and avoiding the constant struggle to get the largest boats; and in the important matter of international racing it will be to the equal advantage of both parties if some limit, whether 90ft., 87ft. or but 70, with the equivalent rating, be permanently adopted.

As to prizes, while there are no means of preventing the offering of prizes with strings attached, or under absurd limitations; the clubs can do much to discourage the practice, and to establish still more firmly the principle of free entry and perfectly fair conditions for all yachts.

At the present time, so far from the yacht clubs of America and England encouraging and developing yachting and yacht racing, the natural course of racing has far outrun the lax and half-hearted efforts of most clubs; and there is a pressing need for a general awakening. The individual racing owner, the designer, the builder and the sailmaker are to-day far ahead of the august bodies which make the rules for yacht racing; and all are practically at a standstill, awaiting the pleasure of the latter.

Winthrop Y. C. Commodore's Cup.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 4.

THE first of a series of races for the trophy costing $200, offered for yachts of 25 to 28ft. l.w.l., as the result of a dispute over a previous race, was sailed on Aug. 4 off Winthrop in a light westerly wind, the times being:

FOR THE COMMODORE'S CUP.

	Length	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	26.08	1 52 23	1 21 38
Harbinger, W. Daly, Jr.	27.09	1 51 33	1 22 17
Romance, L. Sears	25.00	1 59 23	1 27 19
Climax, M. F. Kelley	26.01	2 02 34	1 31 49
Amorita, W. F. Bache	25.01	2 05 51	1 33 47
Whisper, W. H. Stimpson	28.06	2 04 57	1 36 23
Stanley, W. L. Colson	26.00	2 10 04	1 39 04
Mattie, W. N. Gerratt	25.09	2 20 44	1 49 28
SECOND CLASS.			
Eureka, E. B. Rogers		1 36 23	. .. ..
Little Rogue, G. W. Spencer	24.09	1 40 43	1 16 27
Wivern, G. G. Leighton	22.01	1 46 17	1 19 38
THIRD CLASS			
Myth, E. A. Cook	24.03	1 41 41	1 17 00
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	22.09	1 46 04	1 20 25
Marion, A. W. Chesterton	22.00	1 47 46	1 21 18
Fancy, G. C. Cade	22.03	Withdrawn.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Cadet, C. L. Smith	19.00	1 10 55	0 50 57
Magnet, L. Gillies		Withdrawn.	

The judges were Com. A. W. Torrey, J. S. Cushing, H P. Morrissy and A. T. Bliss.

Beatrice wins a leg for the cup. Harbinger, Romance and Climax win cash prizes. Eureka wins subject to a protest. Myth and Cadet win legs in the club championship and cash prize, and the Little Rogue and Harriet each win cash prizes.

NEW YORK Y. C. ANNUAL CRUISE, 1894.

AFTER much argument and discussion and not a little feeling between the adherents of Glen Cove and New London, the rival points of rendezvous for the squadron of the New York Y. C. on the occasion of the annual cruise, the matter seems to have quietly settled itself in favor of the nearer port, which has now been chosen for four successive years. In theory the extreme westerly end of Long Island Sound is a poor place for the races of a large fleet, and the intermediate ports, between Glen Cove and New London are inconveniently located and offer but poor harbors; however, the fleet manages to make its way with more or less speed as far as the latter port, in fact the squadron runs west of New London each year have been no worse drifts than the ensuing run, from New London to Newport, though a part of the Sound that is likely to be utterly dead so far as sailing is concerned in August.

The programme this year was much as usual, a rendezvous at Glen Cove, Hempstead Bay, on Monday morning, Aug. 6, sailing a special race for the semi-centennial cups offered by the club in commemoration of its fiftieth birthday; Tuesday, first squadron run, Glen Cove to Morris Cove (New Haven); Wednesday, second squadron run, Morris Cove to New London; Thursday, third squadron run, New London to Newport; Friday, Aug. 10, Goelet cups, off Newport; Saturday, fourth squadron run, Newport to Vineyard Haven, lying over Sunday at the latter port. Two more squadron runs, to New Bedford on Monday and Newport on Tuesday, were to end the cruise.

In the absence of Com. Morgan and the flagship May, Vice-Com. E. M. Brown took command of the squadron, in the steam yacht Sheerwater, with him being Fleet Capt. Robinson and the regatta committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell.

The usual large fleet was at anchor off Glen Cove on Monday morning, though most of the yachts had reached there with difficulty after the calm weather of Saturday. The course for the special race was from off Matinnicock Point, around a mark off Lloyd's Neck and a second mark off Green's Ledge, Norwalk Islands, and home. All through the morning there was a flat calm, the fleet lying idle, and it was not until 4 P. M. that a light south wind sprang up, increasing so that at 4:25 the single-stick division started, with the schooners at 4:30. The race was finished about 9 P. M., and, being sailed partly in the dark, was uninteresting, even to those on the yachts. As for the members and guests on the club steamer, for whose special benefit the races off Glen Cove are arranged, they fared almost as badly as last year; then they were kept well inside the harbor out of view of the line until the yachts had started in a slashing race, and after the finish, which they managed to see, the steamer was held for a couple of hours at Glen Cove, reaching New York late at night. This time she started for the city immediately after the start, getting her passengers home in time for dinner, for which they were duly thankful, but the whole day was wasted in gazing at the natural beauties of Glen Cove. The only important thing about the race is the official table of times, as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.				
Merlin	4 33 25	8 56 15	4 22 50	4 22 50
Emerald	4 52 05	8 52 29	4 20 24	4 18 40
CLASS 5.				
Ariel	4 32 02	8 43 43	4 11 41	4 11 41
Marguerite	4 34 15	8 59 53	4 25 38	4 25 38
Shamrock	4 34 44	9 58 40	5 03 57	4 58 08
CLASS 5				
Elsemarie	4 33 39	9 47 22	5 13 43	5 13 43
Loyal	4 33 18	10 25 20	5 52 02	5 45 26
Neaera	4 32 20	10 30 42	5 58 22	5 46 47
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASSES 4 AND 5.				
Queen Mab	4 25 30	8 50 14	4 24 44	4 24 44
Eclipse	4 27 21	10 12 04	5 44 43	5 37 46
CLASS 6.				
Wasp	4 25 52	8 42 08	4 16 16	4 16 16
Ilderim	4 26 24	9 03 25	4 37 01	4 36 55
Gloriana	4 25 23	8 53 09	4 27 46	4 27 00
Jessica	4 27 10	9 21 03	4 53 53	4 48 58
CLASS 7.				
Gossoon	4 26 40	9 15 06	4 48 26	4 48 26
Awa	4 27 10	Not timed.		
Minerva	4 27 30	9 32 47	5 05 17	5 02 36
Polly	4 26 49	Not timed.		

The winners ars: Class 3, schooners, Emerald; Class 4, Ariel; Class Elsemarie; Cutters, Class 4, Queen Mab; Class 5, Eclipse; Class 6, Wasp first; Gloriana second; Class 7, Gossoon first; Minerva second.

First Squadron Run.

GLEN COVE TO MORRIS COVE.

Tuesday, Aug. 7.

Tuesday morning was no better than Monday, so far as real racing was concerned, but the starting signal was given at 10:35, the yachts getting over the line as best they could, and later catching a light southwest air which carried them along at a 5-knot gait, bringing them into Morris Cove in good time for dinner. As usual in the Sound in light weather, the fleet was so broken up that there was no close racing on the run. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.				
Merlin	10 45 00	5 49 15	7 04 15	7 04 15
Emerald	10 45 00	6 07 09	7 22 09	7 19 41
Atlantic	10 45 00	6 17 05	7 32 05	7 27 27
CLASS 4.				
Ariel	10 45 00	5 49 51	7 04 51	7 04 51
Marguerite	10 45 00	5 57 08	7 12 08	7 12 08
Dagmar	10 45 00	6 20 13	7 35 13	7 28 51
Shamrock	10 45 05	6 11 30	7 26 30	7 18 14
CLASS 5.				
Elsemarie	10 45 00	5 47 42	7 02 42	7 02 42
Viator	10 45 00	6 25 40	7 40 40	7 31 35
Loyal	10 45 00	6 20 32	7 35 32	7 26 00
Triton	10 45 00	6 50 43	8 05 43	7 55 29
Gevalia	10 45 00	6 29 23	7 44 23	7 38 58
Neaera	10 45 00	6 17 52	7 32 52	7 15 23
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 4.				
Queen Mab	10 40 00	6 16 22	7 36 22	7 36 22
Wizard	10 37 57	6 36 48	7 58 57	. .. ..
CLASS 5				
Eclipse	10 40 00	6 25 00	7 45 00	7 45 00
Eleanor	10 40 00	6 38 55	7 58 55	. .. ..
CLASS 6.				
Wasp	10 38 58	5 57 52	7 18 54	7 18 54
Ilderim	10 41 00	6 02 13	7 22 13	7 22 05
Gloriana	10 40 00	6 01 53	7 21 53	7 20 47
Jessica	10 40 00	6 40 50	8 00 50	7 53 51
CLASS 7.				
Gossoon	10 39 16	6 14 28	7 35 12	7 35 12
Awa	10 40 00	6 35 09	5 55 09	7 53 27
Minerva	10 40 00	6 25 01	7 45 01	7 41 12
CLASS 8—MIXED.				
Navahoe	10 40 00	5 54 23	7 14 23	. .. ..
Oriole	10 40 00	6 45 15	8 05 15	. .. ..
Katrina	10 40 00	6 29 54	7 49 54	. .. ..

The winners were: Schooners—Class 3, Merlin; class 4, Ariel, Marguerite second; class 5, Elsiemarie, Neaera second. Cutters—Class 4, Queen Mab; class 5, Eclipse; class 6, Wasp, Gloriana second; class 7, Gossoon; class 8, Navahoe.

Through an error of an hour in the first reports, the old sloop Wizard was credited with a victory over Queen Mab, but the Watson centerboard cutter actually beat her very badly; Wizard not being measured, so that the corrected time is not known.

Second Squadron Run.

MORRIS COVE TO NEW LONDON.

Wednesday, Aug. 8.

The second run started well, with a fresh S.W. wind, but before long it had fallen, resulting in another dull and slow race, with little sharp or conclusive work; the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
THIRD CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Merlin	8 47 18	3 08 04	6 20 46	6 20 46
Emerald	8 47 46	2 56 53	6 09 07	6 06 27
FOURTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Ariel	8 46 58	2 55 20	6 08 22	6 08 22
Marguerite	8 47 50	3 01 39	6 13 49	6 13 49
Dagmar	8 50 00	3 14 41	6 24 41	6 17 48
Shamrock	8 48 06	3 09 25.	6 21 19	6 12 23
FIFTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Elsemarie	8 46 31	3 09 15	6 22 44	6 22 44
Viator	8 49 06	3 36 33	6 47 27	6 37 38
Loyal	8 46 39	3 28 36	6 41 57	6 31 48
Triton	8 48 42	3 43 08	6 54 26	6 43 32
Gevalia	8 50 00	3 32 10	6 42 10	6 27 39
Neaera	8 50 00	3 46 30	6 56 30	6 38 41
FOURTH CLASS—CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.				
Queen Mab	8 40 42	3 16 47	6 36 05	6 36 05
Wizard	8 40 52	4 09 44	7 28 52	. .. ..
FOURTH CLASS.				
Eclipse	8 41 13	3 48 55	7 07 42	7 07 42
Eleanor	8 43 22	4 06 12	7 22 50	. .. ..

SIXTH CLASS.

Wasp	8 41 51	3 16 13	6 34 22	6 34 22
Ilderim	8 40 32	3 26 05	6 45 33	6 45 24
Gloriana	8 43 48	3 23 27	6 39 39	6 38 28
Jessica	8 43 20	3 54 58	7 11 38	7 04 05

SEVENTH CLASS.

Gossoon	8 40 25	3 53 06	7 12 41	7 12 41
Awa	8 40 46	3 59 29	7 18 43	7 16 53
Minerva	8 44 23	4 01 10	7 16 47	7 12 29
Polly	8 40 49	Not timed.		

EIGHTH CLASS—MIXED.

Palmer	8 48 02	2 54 31	6 06 29	6 06 29
Navahoe	8 40 46	2 47 10	6 06 24	. . . .
Katrina	8 45 00	3 01 15	6 16 15	6 07 29

The winners are: Schooners—Class 3, Emerald; Class 4, Ariel; Shamrock second; Class 5, Elsemarie; Gevalia second. Cutters—Class 4, Queen Mab; Class 5, Eclipse; Class 6, Wasp; Gloriana second; Class 7, Minerva; Gossoon second; Class 8, mixed, Navahoe.

The oldest yachtsman among the fleet can look back to the time when they still had in anticipation their first experience of the "yachtsman's ball" at the Pequot House at New London; that gathering of fair women and brave men, where sensuous music, softly burning lights and the sweet summer zephyrs combine to make the very poetry of yachting life. There are now young men on the threshold of yachting who read the same old stories in the daily papers, and congratulate themselves that by next year or perchance the year after, they may be fortunate enough to take part in this dream of yachting. We hate to shatter these bright hopes, but truth and candor compel us to disclose the sad fact that the whole beautiful structure is a fiction, not to say a fake. Nothing could be further from the dazzling picture that has existed for years, than the stern reality, a lot of Chinese lanterns hung about the lawn and piazzas and dripping grease on innocent and unsuspecting victims; a violin and piano playing "Sweet Marie" in the parlor, to a few whirling couples who would be puzzled to say which end of a yacht went through the water first. There are yachtsman present it is true, and real yachtsmen too, in white ducks and blue jackets; but they one and all wander up from the dock and stand around the wide piazza with an expression that indicates a wonder why they are there and a wish that they were anywhere else, until finally a thought strikes them and they move swiftly through the hall and across the rear lawn to a large building with screen doors on swing hinges, from behind which come laughter and hilarious sounds. New London is a very convenient place for a stop over night, a famous yachting rendezvous with a good harbor, but its social features exist only in the imagination.

Third Squadron Run.

NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT.

Thursday, Aug. 9.

There was no wind on Thursday morning, but by 9 o'clock a light S.W. air was stirring, and the starting signal was given at 9:20. The fleet had increased by the addition of Constellation, Mayflower and Volunteer, the latter making a classmate for Navahoe. Her new rig, however, is so unsatisfactory that she is not racing, except on the runs; and no comparison between her and the newer boat is possible.

The three miles to Race Rock was a close reach, then sheets were started and balloon topsails set, and later, with a very light breeze, these were supplemented by spinakers.

When nearing Point Judith the wind freshened and good time was made to the finish by the leaders, but a thunder squall from the N.W., with rain and lightning, preceded by a calm, hindered the later boats. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constellation	9 30 00	1 51 15	4 21 15	4 21 15
Palmer	9 30 00	2 02 58	4 32 58	4 30 07

THIRD CLASS—SCHOONERS.

Merlin	9 30 00	1 57 09	4 27 09	4 27 09
Mayflower	9 29 40	1 51 33	4 21 53	4 19 17
Emerald	9 30 00	1 59 48	4 29 48	4 27 08

FOURTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.

Ariel	9 26 51	2 00 48	4 33 57	4 33 57
Marguerite	9 26 59	1 58 21	4 31 22	4 31 22
Dagmar	9 27 49	2 17 52	4 50 03	4 43 10
Shamrock	9 26 30	2 09 33	4 43 03	4 34 07

FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

Elsiemarie	9 27 24	2 07 12	4 39 48	4 39 48
Loyal	9 28 26	2 27 52	4 59 26	4 49 17
Triton	9 30 00	2 49 30	5 19 30	5 08 26
Gevalia	9 29 51	2 34 46	5 04 55	4 50 24
Neaera	9 30 00	2 29 04	4 59 04	4 51 15

FIRST CLASS—CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.

Volunteer	9 21 58	1 57 41	4 35 43	Not meas.
Navahoe	9 20 36	1 40 30	4 19 54	Not meas.

THIRD AND FOURTH CLASSES.

Katrina	9 23 00	2 03 08	4 40 08	4 40 08
Queen Mab	9 21 21	2 06 13	4 44 52	4 31 36

FIFTH CLASS.

Oriva	9 24 46	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .
Eclipse	9 22 07	2 30 48	5 08 41	5 08 41
Eleanor	9 22 04	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .

SIXTH CLASS.

Wasp	9 22 31	2 03 42	4 41 11	4 41 11
Ilderim	9 21 21	2 26 49	5 04 28	5 05 19
Gloriana	9 23 58	2 09 18	4 45 20	4 44 09
Jessica	9 21 50	2 31 38	5 09 48	5 02 15

SEVENTH CLASS.

Gossoon	9 23 50	2 29 31	5 05 41	5 05 41
Awa	9 23 04	3 02 15	5 39 11	5 37 21
Minerva	9 23 40	2 36 37	5 12 57	5 08 49

The winners were: Constellation; Mayflower, Emerald second; Marguerite; Elsiemarie, Neaera second; Navahoe; Eclipse; Wasp and Gossoon.

Goelet Cups.

NEWPORT—BLOCK ISLAND COURSE.

Friday, Aug. 10.

As races go, the Goelet cup race of 1894 may be set down as a success, the schooner racing was good, especially for this season, with a fleet of eight fast yachts, and an average of 9 knots over the course, and though the single-stick division was a disappointment, the race as a whole was far better than last year. The victory of Emerald will be gratifying to a great many yachtsmen who have watched the gradual working up of the boat this season after her poor performance last year and in the early races of last June as well. Now that she is in proper trim, with good sails and good handling, she is making a record that her designer, Mr. Wintringham, may well be proud of. The absence of Volunteer in the singlestick class robbed it of all interest, the great difference in size between Navahoe and her competitors, as well as the disparity in every way between Queen Mab and the 46-footers, making a tame and inconclusive race. Navahoe's allowance to Wasp would be about 35m., the former not being measured, and Navahoe covered the course of 38 miles in 55m. less time or 20m. more than her allowance. The known speed of Wasp and Gloriana, both very fast boats in their class, would indicate that, however fast Navahoe may be, no allowance tables can ever make an interesting or conclusive race between boats which differ so greatly in size.

The starters far the two cups offered by Mr. Ogden Goelet, of $1,000 for schooners and $500 for cutters and sloops, were:

SCHOONERS.

	Measurement.	Allow'e.
Constellation, Bayard Thayer	107.24	Allows
Merlin, W. H. Forbes	93.95	7 51
Mayflower, W. A. Gardner	89.63	10 19
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	89.51	10 23
Ariel, G. H. B. Hill	83.53	14 39
Marguerite, H. W. Lamb	83.48	14 89
Elsiemarie, J. B. King	75.60	21 00
Shamrock, W. P. Ward	73.18	23 08

CUTTERS.

Navahoe, R. P. Carroll	Not measured.	
Queen Mah, Percy Chubb	63.28	Allows
Wasp, Lippitt Bros.	54.97	10 26
Ilderim, C. Vanderhilt, Jr.	54.88	10 35
Gloriana, H. M. Gillig	54.17	11 34

The wind was very light in the morning, and the yachts worked out to Brenton's Reef Lightship with cluhtopsails aloft only to drift about and wait for wind. About 1 o'clock a light S.E. breeze came in and the signals were set for the Block Island course, 13 miles to a buoy off Block Island, 18 miles to a buoy off West, Island, and 6½ miles home. The start for the single-stickers was given at 1:20, and that for the schooners at 1:25, the fleet being timed at the line:

Gloriana	1 20 24	Mayflower	1 27 05
Queen Mah	1 20 37	Merlin	1 27 42
Wasp	1 21 23	Ariel	1 28 25
Navahoe	1 21 40	Marguerite	1 28 25
Ilderim	1 20 50	Elsiemarie	1 29 25
Emerald	1 26 23	Shamrock	1 29 59
Constellation	1 26 54		

Starting, as usual over this course, on the port tack, all stood in for the Narragansett shore, but after a little time the wind came out S.W., making a heat to the first mark. Navahoe easily led the fleet, but the little Queen Mab fought hard for second place and turned the weather mark ahead of the schooners and with the three 46-footers well astern. The unofficial times at the Block Island mark were:

Navahoe	3 15 07	Mayflower	3 49 50
Queen Mah	3 35 10	Merlin	3 49 54
Emerald	3 37 32	Mrrguerite	3 54 22
Wasp	3 43 56	Ilderim	4 04 41
Gloriana	3 44 17	Elsemarie	4 07 40
Ariel	3 45 20	Shamrock	4 09 28
Constellation	3 45 34		

With smooth water and a good S.W. wind in her big spinaker Navahoe ran off the second leg, dropping Queen Mah and Emerald. The times at the second mark were:

Navahoe	5 05 27	Gloriana	5 46 30
Emerald	5 31 50	Mayflower	5 50 27
Queen Mab	5 34 00	Merlin	5 50 59
Constellation	5 36 40	Shamrock	Not timed.
Wasp	5 45 10	Elsiemarle	Not timed.
Marguerite	5 45 35	Ilderim	Not timed.
Ariel	5 46 05		

The full times were:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constellation	1 26 54	6 18 30	4 51 36	4 51 36
Merlin	1 27 42	6 38 23	5 10 41	5 02 50
Mayflower	1 27 05	6 39 16	5 12 11	5 01 52
Emerald	1 26 23	6 11 18	4 44 55	4 34 32
Ariel	1 28 25	6 32 10	5 03 45	4 49 06
Marguerite	1 28 25	6 31 49	5 03 24	4 45 45
Elsemarie	1 29 25	7 10 56	5 41 31	5 20 31
Shamrock	1 29 59	7 14 33	5 44 34	5 21 26

CUTTERS

Navahoe	1 21 40	5 39 30	4 17 50	Not meas.
Queen Mah	1 20 37	6 18 16	4 57 39	Not meas.
Wasp	1 21 23	6 33 49	5 12 26	Not meas.
Ilderim	1 21 50	7 19 02	5 57 12	Not meas.
Gloriana	1 20 24	6 37 39	5 17 15	Not meas.

Fourth Squadron Run.

NEWPORT TO VINEYARD HAVEN.

Saturday, Aug. 11.

The run to the Vineyard was made on Saturday, the racing being quite on a par with that of last year over the same course, a sort of wind sandwich made up of a breeze at the start and finish and a fine large slice of calm in the middle. The calm was varied by streaks of wind which favored some yachts and skipped others, making the run a very dull affair. The official times were:

THIRD CLASS—SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merlin	10 46 45	5 35 15	6 48 30	6 48 30
Mayflower	10 49 14	5 51 10	7 01 56	6 59 32
Emerald	10 47 30	5 32 05	6 44 36	6 42 08
Atlantic	10 50 00	5 47 49	6 57 49	6 53 21

FOURTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.

Ariel	10 50 00	5 17 17	6 27 17	6 27 17
Marguerite	10 50 00	5 37 35	6 47 35	6 47 35
Dagmar	10 48 16	5 49 47	7 01 31	6 55 09
Shamrock	10 49 07	5 39 32	6 50 25	6 42 09

FIFTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.

Elsemarie	10 48 39	5 38 36	6 50 17	6 50 17
Quickstep	10 48 25	5 52 26	7 04 01	6 59 06
Loyal	10 49 25	6 17 05	7 27 40	7 18 17
Gevalia	10 48 08	5 57 44	7 09 36	6 56 11
Neaera	10 47 19	5 56 45	7 06 26	6 52 57

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS.

Volunteer	10 42 11	5 29 53	6 47 42	. . . .
Navahoe	10 41 03	5 05 16	6 24 13	. . . .

SIXTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

Wasp	10 41 15	5 11 29	6 30 14	6 30 14
Ilderim	10 40 05	5 43 10	7 03 05	7 02 57
Gloriana	10 44 44	5 23 20	6 38 36	6 37 30
Jessica	10 42 39	5 44 35	7 01 56	6 54 57

SEVENTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

Gossoon	10 44 07	6 09 14	7 25 07	7 25 07
Awa	10 41 49	5 55 17	7 13 28	7 11 46
Minerva	10 41 30	5 54 53	7 13 23	7 09 34

EIGHTH CLASS—MIXED.

Constellation	10 47 09	5 20 49	6 33 40	6 33 40
Katrina	10 43 21	5 32 59	6 49 38	6 22 37
Queen Mah	10 40 25	5 26 22	6 45 57	6 22 40

Fifth Squadron Run.

VINEYARD HAVEN TO NEW BEDFORD.

Monday, Aug. 13.

After a quiet Sunday at Cottage City, an early start was called on Monday, and the gun was fired at 8:20 A. M. After a blow on Sunday night, the wind, from the east, fell light in the morning, while it rained hard until the afternoon. The run up Vineyard Sound was made under spinakers, sheets being trimmed for a close reach after passing through Quick's Hole. The sun appeared for a short time near the finish and then the clouds closed in again. The official times of the run were:

THIRD CLASS SCHOONEPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merlin	8 30 00	11 23 37	2 53 37	2 53 37
Mayflower	8 30 00	11 17 35	2 47 35	2 46 13
Emerald	8 30 00	11 16 42	2 46 42	2 45 18
Atlantic	8 30 00	11 33 19	3 03 19	3 00 41

FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

Ariel	8 30 00	11 15 31	2 45 31	2 45 31
Marguerite	8 30 00	11 18 56	2 48 56	2 48 56
Dagmar	8 30 00	11 31 39	3 01 39	2 58 02
Shamrock	8 30 00	11 23 19	2 53 19	2 48 37

FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

Elsiemarie	8 28 45	11 21 26	2 52 41	2 52 41
Quickstep	8 30 00	11 25 33	3 55 33	2 52 45
Loyal	8 30 00	11 37 16	3 07 16	3 01 56
Gevalia	8 30 00	11 39 40	3 09 40	3 02 03
Neaera	8 30 00	11 31 00	3 31 10	2 51 49

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Volunteer	8 25 00	Did not finish.		
Navahoe	8 25 00	Did not finish.		

SIXTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Wasp	8 23 00	11 18 04	2 55 04	2 55 04
Ilderim	8 20 58	11 22 52	3 01 52	3 01 49
Gloriana	8 25 00	11 23 48	2 58 48	2 58 11
Jessica	8 24 33	11 26 46	3 02 13	2 58 15

SEVENTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Gossoon	8 24 26	11 34 07	3 09 41	3 09 41
Awa	8 25 00	11 39 59	3 14 59	3 14 01
Minerva	8 23 48	11 34 47	3 10 59	3 08 49

EIGHTH CLASS—MIXED.

Constellation	8 23 33	11 09 08	2 40 35	2 40 35
Katrina	8 23 00	11 11 31	2 48 31	2 42 16
Queen Mah	8 21 50	11 19 09	2 55 19	2 42 06

On arriving at New Bedford, a meeting of captains was held on board the flagship, after which the rowing races were called. The cutter race, for the Owl colors, was won by Crusader's boat, with Atlantic second and Oriole third. The dinghy race was won by Republic, with Merlin second, Iroquis third, and Harbinger fourth. The gig race, for the Gamecock colors, was won by Katrina, with Merlin second and Alert third. The naphtha launch race was won by Dagmar, with Shearwater second and Iroquois third. On Tuesday the last run to Newport was made, the squadron disbanding there.

The Cowes Races.

THE Cowes week of 1894, after all its brilliant promise, has proved but a fiasco, the only exciting features being the matches between Vigilant and Britannia, in the Royal London Y. C. regatta on Monday, in which Vigilant won easily, around the Isle of Wight, and in the Royal Yacht Squadron of Thursday, over the same course as the private match on the previous Saturday, in which Britannia turned the tables and won in "Vigilant weather." The event of Tuesday was the Queen's cup race, open only to yachts of the Squadron, so that Vigilant and Satanita were barred, the starters being Britannia. Carina, L'Esperance, Castanet, Meteor and Mohawk. The course was first to the westward from Cowes, around a buoy off Lymington, then back and well to the eastward, around the Bullock Patch Buoy, beyond the Warner, and home, fifty miles. Carina won easily, the race being a handicap. Britannia was over the line too soon but did not return in answer to the recall signal, so was disqualified.

After Monday's race Vigilant went to Southampton to dock and repair any damages caused by the grounding off Ventnor, but no dock was vacant, so divers were sent down, who reported the lead somewhat injured. They smoothed it off as much as possible and the yacht was towed over to Cowes in time for Wednesday's race, also a Y. R. S. regatta, in which she was to meet Britannia, Meteor and Satanita.

Britannia, after the Queen's cup race of Tuesday, was obliged to dock, her keel being also injured, so was not on hand on Wednesday morning. A meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron was held on Tuesday and several candidates elected, but Mr. A. D. Clarke, owner of Satanita, a well-known racing yachtsman, proposed by the Prince of Wales, was blackballed. In consequence of this unpleasant incident, Mr. Clarke not unnaturally decided to do no racing in the R. Y. S. regattas, and left Cowes with his yacht. This left only Vigilant and Meteor; and, as the conditions originally called for three starters, there was no race. Later in the day Mr. Gould was invited to sail over for half the prize, but declined to do so. The day was cold and rainy, but with a strong wind and some sea. Vigilant was under way with guests aboard during the day.

The third race of the R. Y. S., for the Town cup, £100, on Thursday, Aug. 8, was over the Lepe and Warner course, as on Saturday, the wind being fresh N.W. and holding through the race. Only Vigilant and Britannia started, both setting jibheaders, and then shifting to clubtopsails before the start, as the wind lightened a little. Starting to windward, Britannia was under Vigilant's lee bow when they tacked on the line, and planted herself on the weather bow by her superior speed in stays. Britannia held this advantage out to the Lepe Buoy, where they turned: Britannia 10:54:43, Vigilant 10:56:17.

After jibing spinakers were set to starboard and carried until well past Cowes, then they were taken in and finally set again, though but for a short time, being stowed before Ryde Pier was passed. The times at the Warner were: Britannia 11:48:00, Vigilant 11:48:45.

The course back to the line was by the wind, with a fresh squally breeze, and Britannia gained a good lead, the times at Cowes being: Britannia 12:56:36, Vigilant 12:59:11.

Beating out to the Lepe Buoy with more wind, Britannia continued to gain, and they were timed: Britannia 1:19:10, Vigilaut 1:23:53.

Again they carried spinakers past Cowes and reached off for the outer mark, Vigilant picking up a little. The times at the Warner were: Britannia 2:15:30, Vigilant 2:19:13.

On the way to the finish, with plenty of wind in hard puffs over the land, Vigilant gained, the final times being: Britannia 3:18:05, Vigilant 3:20:19.

Britannia wins by 4m. 18s. corrected. The average speed was just 10 knots, as compared with 11.7 on Saturday; but on that occasion working topsails were carried by both yachts, while to-day they carried club topsails. The wind was strong and at times very puffy, and Vigilant is described as carrying her canvas less easily than Britannia and showing a great deal of side when she heeled. There were no flukes and the race was a fair one from start to finish.

On Friday the race for the Meteor shield took place, being a sail-over for Britannia, and on Saturday the Royal Southampon Y. C. regatta was sailed, but none of the large yachts started. Vigilant being docked for repairs to her lead keel. The reports of the injury are very indefinite, but the keel was cut and scored on the rocks in Monday's race. The sails were also altered under Mr. Wilson's direction, and new jib and forestays were fitted, while the yacht was thoroughly overhauled wherever needed. Mr. Gould has challenged for the Cape May cup, and for some days negotiations have been pending between him and the Prince of Wales for a match of 15 miles to windward and leeward for a cup offered by Lord Wolverton, the date first proposed being Monday, Aug. 13. The docking and necessary repairs of Vigilant made it imperative to select a later date, so Wednesday was named. By dint of hard work everything was ready on Vigilant by Saturday night, but the later date had already been agreed on.

The cable reports of the Cowes races have been meagre and indefinite, but it is evident that much ill feeling exists between the partisans of Vigilant and Britannia among the spectators ashore, as well as some of those closely connected with the boat. The complaint is quite general that while Britannia has been saluted by cheers, guns and whistles whenever she has won, that Vigilant's victories have been received by the fleet and those ashore in cold silence. The attitude of the Prince of Wales throughout has been most sportsmanlike and he has taken Britannia's defeats in a proper spirit, but from all accounts the Cowes assemblage has taken a different course.

Apart from this outside matter, it is apparent that there is a feeling that is anything but friendly between some of those connected with each boat; and it found vent in the luffing in the Royal London Y. C. regatta, around the Isle of Wight, when both yachts went on the rocks. No intelligible account of the occurrence has been received on this side, but it would seem that Britannia and Vigilant were working the shore closely, the former to windward and the latter inshore of her; and that Britannia failed to give way, thus crowding Vigilant in on the rocks and striking herself in so doing. In the previous race, the private match, it is stated that Vigilant, after hailing Britannia for room when close inshore, failed to follow the latter after she had tacked, but stood on for some distance. If this is true, it offers an explanation of Britannia's refusal to give way in the next race. Mr. W. G Jameson's reputation as a sharp racing man who will push the rules to the last letter is known even on this side; but he has quite met his match in Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, the managing member of the Vigilant syndicate of last year, who has sailed on her in the late races at Cowes.

On Tuesday the first regatta of the Royal Victoria Y. C. was sailed in a strong west wind, the only starters being Britannia and Satanita, Vigilant being at anchor off Cowes, her crew preparing for the match of Wednesday.

Satanita won by 1m. 10s. corrected time, after an exciting race.

American Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Monday, Aug. 7.

THE American Y. C., of Newburyport, Mass., sailed its 9th annual regatta on Aug. 7, with a large fleet and a fresh S.W. breeze, the result being a great success. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eclipse, H. H. Sears	2 13 26	1 36 02
Carihou, J. Bertram	2 24 31	1 47 19
I Am, William Dixon	2 25 53	1 47 53
Vesper, H. P. Pearson	2 30 12	1 53 12
Eulalie, Haywood & Wheeler	2 33 42	1 50 03
Annie, Dr. Charles Costa	2 38 56	2 00 27
Augusta, G. Hersey	2 43 44	2 02 28
Climax, M. F. Kelley	Withdrew.	
Truant, N. D. Rodigrass	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS.

Raccoon, P. J. Lowell	1 45 04	1 09 35
Spurt, D. B Pierce	1 49 25	1 11 59
Alma, R. Bigelow	1 58 45	1 21 57
Eustane, N. J. Fitzwilliams	1 55 06	1 22 01
Promenade, William McKay	1 58 05	1 22 08
Meminto, Young & Grove	2 01 09	1 27 26
Oriole, J. Powers	2 01 56	1 27 48
Jehu, T. O. Toppan	2 01 11	1 27 54

THIRD CLASS.

Alpine, C. J. Bletcher	1 27 35	0 50 18
Bonita, C. O. Hood	1 28 31	0 52 51
Rodie, F. J. Burnham	1 33 56	0 55 56
Live Yankee, H. T. Moody	1 32 00	0 57 20
Wizard, H. G. Batchelder	1 37 54	0 58 42
Myra, Nason Bros	1 39 20	1 01 20
Cheetah, Stone Bros.	1 38 24	1 01 40
Sassacus, L. E. Collins	1 39 45	1 03 33
Flirt, W. H. Hitchcock	1 24 56	1 03 39
Voodoo, William Balch	1 42 36	1 06 56
Romp, H. A. Lane	1 55 10	1 15 30

FOURTH CLASS.

	Elapsed.
Black Bird, J. M. Perkins	0 54 05
Pilot, William Kenny	0 54 30
Good Luck, Kezar & Lowell	0 54 40
Breeze, A. S. Dyer	0 57 30
Happy Days, Nelson Bros	0 57 40
Jubilee, H. S. Noyes	0 57 55
Sadie M., I. Poor, Jr	0 59 08
Chain Lightning, Alfred Thurlow	1 00 45
Kansas Coon, George Harding	1 03 58
Hoodoo, H. Harris	1 04 40

SPECIAL WHITEHALL CLASS.

Next, C. H. Shackford	0 55 26
Coot, J. J. Williams	0 55 36
Wyannia, G. Vivian	0 56 04
Nave, W. Jackman	0 57 08
Estella, J. L. Currier	1 55 10

The judges were William J Creasey, R J. Calef, E. P. Durland, Moody Kimhall and P. H Creasey.

Kill von Kull Y. C. Annual Regatta.

PORT RICHMOND—NEWARK BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 4.

THE Kill von Kull Y. C. of Port Richmond, Staten Island, sailed its annual regatta on Aug. 4 over a triangular course on the Kill von Kull and Newark Bay, the wind being fresh from N.E. The times were:

CLASS C—OPEN CATBOATS, 20 TO 23FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Torment, Wm. Haughwout	20.00	1 39 40	1 35 50
Tempest, Wm. Haughwout	22.10	1 39 53	1 39 53

CLASS D—OPEN CATBOATS, 16 TO 18FT.

Minnie H., J J. Houston	19.10	1 43 43	1 39 39
Maria, Geo. Ross	18.06	1 48 50	1 42 40
Doctor, Dr. Barber	18.00	1 46 54	1 39 54

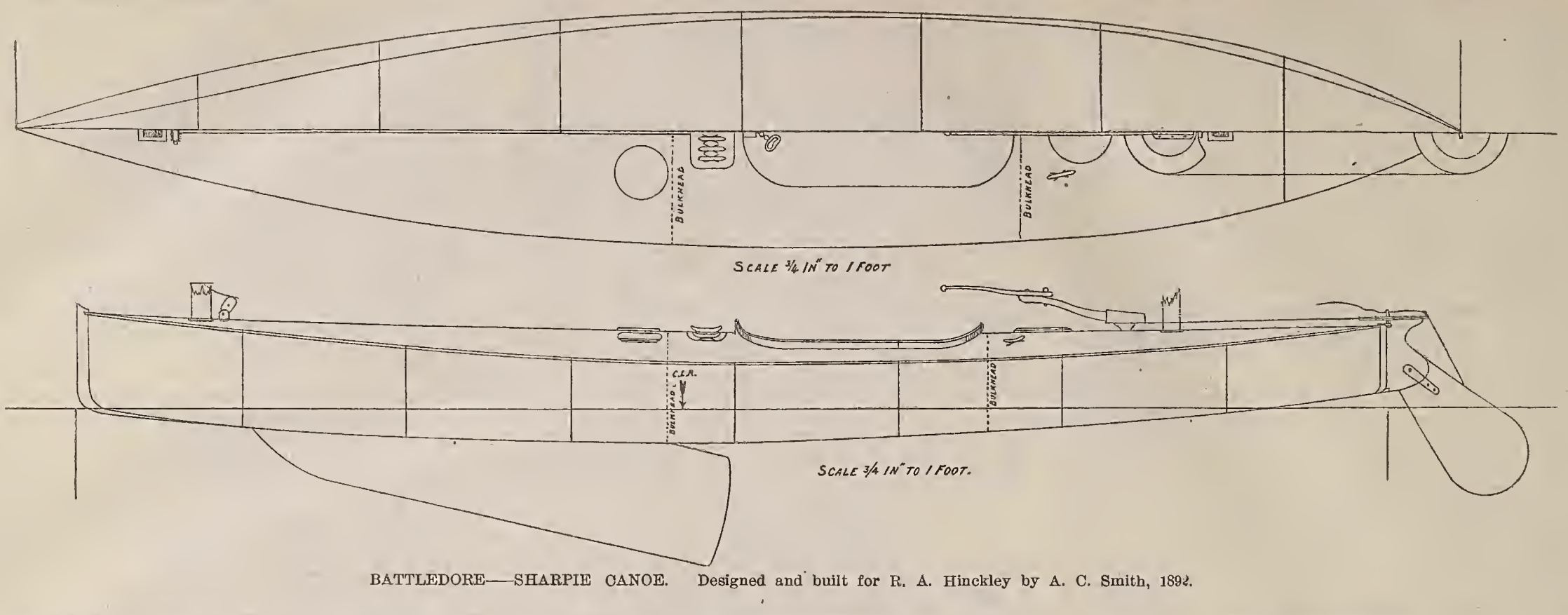
CLASS E—OPEN CATBOATS, 16 TO 17FT

Millie, J. Passmore	17.09	1 49 00	1 40 42
Maggie P., C. Lisenden	16.04	1 51 49	1 41 39

CLASS F—OPEN CATBOATS UNDER 16FT.

Irving H., J. J. Houston	15.00	2 17 32	2 04 43

The regatta committee included Messrs. Geo. Ross, chairman; H. E. Buel, T. F. Donovan and A. G. Hastings.



BATTLEDORE—SHARPIE CANOE. Designed and built for R. A. Hinckley by A. C. Smith, 1892.

Indian Harbor Y. C. Annual Regatta.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 4.

The annual regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. brought out a fine fleet of entries, but the wind was lacking, the start being postponed from 11 to 1 o'clock, and even then the first part of the race being sailed in a light breeze. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—70FT. CLASS.				
Windward	1 10 00	7 07 28	5 57 28	. .. ..
Viator	1 09 46	6 23 32	5 13 46	5 52 39
Loyal	1 08 35	6 39 10	5 30 35	5 09 08
53FT. CLASS.				
Osprey	1 10 00	Did not finish.		
CUTTERS, SLOOPS AND YAWLS—46FT. CLASS.				
Nirvana	1 10 00	6 56 04	5 45 04	5 11 27
40FT. CLASS.				
Minerva	1 09 52	6 17 20	5 07 28	4 32 07
Banshee	1 10 00	7 02 12	5 52 12	. .. ..
Crocodile	1 10 00	Did not finish.		
35FT. CLASS.				
Daffodil	1 10 00	6 32 31	5 22 31	4 41 13
Volusia	1 01 54	6 46 06	5 44 12	. .. ..
Eurybia	1 03 28	Did not finish.		
30FT. CLASS.				
Kathleen	1 18 36	6 26 44	5 08 08	4 30 24
Infanta	1 17 26	6 25 18	5 07 52	4 29 36
25FT. CLASS.				
Madrine	1 15 15	Did not finish.		
Pyxie	1 16 25	6 11 10	4 54 45	4 05 06
Fay	1 18 13	6 51 58	5 33 45	4 40 07
Feydah	1 20 00	Did not finish.		
21FT. CLASS.				
Wahneta	1 20 00	6 11 25	5 51 25	. .. ..
Julie	1 20 00	Did not finish.		
SPECIAL 20FT. CLASS.				
Maysie	1 20 00	6 37 52	5 17 52	5 17 52
Cella	1 20 00	6 36 18	5 16 18	5 16 18
SPECIAL 21FT. R. L. CLASS				
Gee Whiz	1 14 22	4 54 50	3 39 58	. .. ..
Wave	1 12 45	4 54 40	3 41 45	. .. ..
Teddy	1 14 18	Did not finish.		
CABIN CATBOATS—30FT. CLASS.				
Clara	1 16 21	6 42 13	5 25 52	. .. ..
Mary	1 19 00	6 22 51	5 03 51	4 19 20
Waverly	1 16 57	6 53 42	5 36 45	. .. ..
25FT. CLASS.				
Oconee	1 17 26	6 08 08	4 50 52	4 00 53
Nixie	1 13 21	6 11 45	4 58 24	4 04 02
Onaway	1 12 14	Did not finish.		
White Cap	1 11 38	Did not finisb.		
Arvika	1 12 00	6 51 34	5 39 34	. .. ..
Hornet	1 14 12	Did not finish.		
21FT. CLASS.				
Kittie	1 11 36	Did not finish.		
Win Or Lose	1 11 31	6 44 58	5 33 27	. .. ..
Mischief	1 13 00	Did not finisb.		
OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL BOATS—25FT. CLASS.				
Alf	1 12 16	6 36 20	5 24 04	4 29 42
20FT. CLASS.				
Zelda	1 15 59	7 10 20	5 54 21	4 51 23
OPEN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS.				
Sirene	1 19 44	6 18 32	4 58 48	4 07 43
Gold Dust	1 19 12	6 02 30	4 43 18	3 51 17
22FT. CLASS				
Fairy	1 10 50	Did not finisb.		
Violet	1 17 55	6 28 39	5 10 44	4 09 50
Punch	1 20 00	Did not finish.		
20FT. CLASS.				
Jewel	1 20 00	Did not finish.		
Frank	1 20 00	Disqualified.		
Janet S.	1 20 00	7 08 53	6 48 53	5 46 42
Kismet	1 20 00	Did not finish.		
Terrapin	1 11 25	6 27 35	5 16 10	4 11 01
Lohengrin	1 13 08	6 24 21	5 11 13	4 06 39
Chippie	1 32 32	Did not finisb.		

The winners are: Schooners, 70ft. class, Viator; cutters, 46ft. class, Nirvana; 40ft. class, Minerva; 35ft. class, Daffodil; 30ft. class, Infanta; 25ft. class, Pyxie; 21ft. class, Wahneta; 21ft. special, Celia; 21ft. racing length, probably Wave; cabin catboats, 30ft. class, Mary; 25ft. class, Oconee; 21ft. class, Win or Lose; jib and mainsail, 25ft. class, Alf; 20ft. class, Zelda; open catboats, 25ft. class, Gold Dust; 22ft. class, Violet; 20ft. class, Lohengrin.

Infanta is a Fife cutter, built last year by Saunders of Bristol, for Mr. J. B. Mills, of New York, the frame being sent out by Mr. Fife, ready to put together. Wave is a sailing boat of 1-rating carried at the davits of Mr. Barber's new steam yacht Cleopatra. She is of a type quite popular in England, and was built by Sibbick, of Cowes.

Quincy Y. C. Championship.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Monday, Aug. 7.

The fourth championship of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 7 in a two-reef breeze; the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.		
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	1 56 31	1 27 19
Gypsy, H R. Drinkwater	1 59 31	1 28 56
Mudjekeewis, E. E. Davis	2 02 00	1 32 28
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.		
Opechee, W. P. Barker	1 25 50	58 42
Magpie, H. G. Otis	1 25 54	59 46
THIRD CMASS.		
In It, R. B. Williams	1 25 06	56 11
Mab, G. E. Pfaffman	1 29 25	59 36
Primrose, H. M. Faxon	1 31 40	1 02 33
Dux, C. F. Colby	Disabled.	
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	Disabled.	
CRUISING CLASS.		
Korban, E. M. Horton	1 26 43	1 02 39
Tautog, W. P. Whitmarsh	1 33 57	1 04 50
Smoke, H. L. Rice	Disabled.	

The cash prizes were won by Beatrice and Gypsy, Opeechee and Magpie, In It and Mab, and Korban and Tautog. The championship legs were won by Beatrice, fourth time, Opechee, second time, In It, fourth time and Korban.

Beverly Y. C.

The 212th race, second Buzzards Bay championship, was sailed Aug. 4 at Monument, in a light wind, N.W. at start, but shifting to W., and giving second class a free wind over the course. In this class Kalama won fairly and showed herself the best light weather boat. The course was 9½ miles. Third and fourth classes sailed 7½ miles, fifth class 3¾ miles. Nobska and Gilt Edge sailed a very close race, Nobska finally winning by 15s. They beat their class badly, leading the next pair, Eina and Puzzle, by 10s. Fin and Grilse did the same thing in fourth class, leading the first knockabout by 9m., and beating all the third class but Nobska and Gilt Edge on actual time. Fin beat Grilse to windward 3½m. The latter's sail as cut down is not big enough. Off the wind she gained and finally got a foot or so abead close to finish, but caught a lobster pot, which pulled her back, and Fin crossed 5s. ahead. Scintilla was ruled out for fouling Kaloola at start. Gilt Edge protests Nobska for fouling Kaloola at start. This protest is not yet decided:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Violet, Toby Club	24.04	2 07 44	1 55 43
SECOND CLASS.			
Kalama, Chas. Brewer	23.07	1 54 01	1 41 10
Mist, Geo. H. Lyman	23.09	1 57 40	1 45 01
Bernice, J. J. Young, Jr.	23.05	1 59 36	1 46 34
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	23.08	1 59 45	1 47 00
Linotte, W. P. Wilson	23.02	2 02 16	1 48 57
Ulula, W. H. Winship	22.08	2 02 45	1 47 27
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	23.08	2 03 59	1 51 14
THIRD CLASS.			
Nobska, A. A. Beebe	19.06	1 47 37	1 29 22
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore	19.07	1 43 52	1 29 43
Eina, J. Parkinson	19.11	1 53 59	1 40 12
Puzzle, Wm. Amory, 2d	19.10	1 54 12	1 40 20
Kaloola, H. N. Richards	19.08	1 56 07	1 42 04
Daisy, L. M. Stockton	18.02	1 58 10	1 42 19
Colymbus, Alfred Winsor	19.11	1 58 19	1 44 32
Doris, J. Parkinson	19.08	2 00 52	1 46 49
Scintilla, G. S. Fiske	20.00	2 03 41	1 50 00
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
Dodo, H. Parker	16.06	1 53 21	1 35 16
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy	16.03	1 56 11	1 37 45
FOURTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS.			
Fin, H. Stockton	16.02	1 49 30	1 30 56
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis	17.00	1 49 35	1 32 12
Tourmaline, Edw. Hamlin	16.06	1 58 22	1 40 17
Torfrida, H. S. Carruth	16.06	1 58 39	1 40 34
Kitten, C. H. Jones	16.03	2 00 50	1 42 24
Turkey, C. S. Dennison	16.08	2 01 10	1 43 20
FIFTH CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAILS.			
P D Q, R. W. Emmons	12.00	0 56 40	0 43 30
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.			
Weona, Henry Ware	14.00	1 00 45	0 49 20

Nobska and P D Q won and hold pennants. Kalama, Fin and Dodo won legs for pennants, beating Anonyma, Grilse and Dawdle. Violet and Weona win legs for pennants.

Regatta committee, N. H. Emmons, J. G. Palfrey, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Shelter Island Y. C. Regatta.

GREENPORT—GREENPORT HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 4.

A fine race was sailed at Shelter Island on Aug. 4, with a number of new and good boats starting. The original fin-keel, the Herreshoff Dilemma, won from the newer boats built to beat her. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS C—SLOOPS.				
Lynx	2 12 32	4 50 11	2 37 39	2 37 39
Wild Cat	2 14 22	Did not finish.		
Consternation	2 15 00	4 54 28	2 39 28	2 38 05
Dilemma	2 11 46	4 38 20	2 27 34	2 22 45
CLASS D.				
Marguerite	2 20 00	5 22 03	3 02 03	3 02 03
Narona	2 18 27	5 17 14	2 58 47	2 58 10
Elsket	2 17 15	5 24 32	3 07 17	3 11 38
CATBOATS—CLASS 1.				
Pigeon	2 20 57	5 12 46	2 51 49	2 51 49
Carlew	2 22 03	5 18 29	2 56 17	2 50 46
CLASS 2.				
Almira	2 27 26	5 00 39	2 33 13	2 33 13
Myrtle	2 28 45	5 18 45	2 50 90	2 48 06
Felona	2 26 20	5 26 45	3 00 25	2 58 22
Vinata	2 28 04	Did not finish.		
CLASS 3.				
Natalie	2 34 15	5 38 19	3 04 04	3 04 04
Nip and Tuck	2 32 04	Did not finish.		
Rattler	2 32 52	5 30 54	2 58 02	2 52 10
Endora	2 32 17	Did not finish.		
Surprise	2 33 54	5 27 20	2 55 26	2 45 20
Nimrod	2 23 35	5 24 24	2 09 49	3 49 55
Apajeune	2 31 27	5 46 45	3 15 18	3 10 32

Biddeford Pool Regatta.

SATURDAY, AUG. 4.

On Aug. 4 a very good race was sailed off Biddeford Pool, for cash prizes presented by Mr. J. C. Richardson, of St. Louis, the wind being light at the start, but freshening into a good sailing breeze. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Hazard, G. P. Wadleigh	29.03	3 59 01	3 00 50
Susie, W. D. Turner	27.06	4 05 25	3 12 19
Swirl, H. W. Presbury	42.00	3 53 48	3 19 32
Brackett, H. E. Brackett	27.05	4 16 49	3 23 43
Geneva, Geo. Randall	31.00	4 06 35	3 24 21
Gwendoline, Geo. C Owen	35.00	4 02 14	3 24 51
F. C. Seavy, F. C. Seavy	34.10	4 08 51	3 26 51
Yolande, A. B. Lewis	36.02	4 12 19	3 31 31
Vixen, J. C. Richardson	56.03	3 52 15	3 32 00
SECOND CLASS.			
Beatrice, Geo. E. Orr	26.00	4 24 07	3 34 31
Evelyn, G. W. Chase	30.07	4 18 17	3 35 23
Edith, Chas. A. Holland	24.05	4 33 53	3 41 39
THIRD CLASS.			
Emma Pearl, Bennell Bros	21.00	1 34 20	1 01 03
Gem, S. S. York	19.04	1 39 44	1 01 08
Evangeline, D. H. Willard	24.02	1 31 48	1 03 11
Emma C., F. L. Trott	23.11	1 34 25	1 04 32
Marie, D. D. Brennon	19.09	1 43 41	1 08 47
Sagamore, J. A. Brookmire	22.02	1 40 30	1 09 42

The 21ft. Class.

A race of the 21-footers was sailed off Larchmont, over the Matinnicock course, on Aug. 4, the fourth of the series, for various prizes. The wind was fluky and variable, and most unsatisfactory. The start was made at 1 P. M. Vaquero, sailed by her owner, H. B. Duryea, led over the whole course, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero, Herman Duryea	5 34 00	4 24 00
Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	5 46 38	4 36 38
Houri, W. B. Duncan	5 48 30	4 38 30
Blonde and Brunette, H. B. Seeley	Withdrew.	
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	Withdrew.	

The record of wins, including this race, is as follows:

For Com. Husted's cup for the boat winning the most races—Vaquero 3, Dorothy 1.

For the Larchmont cup for the yacht scoring the most points in the series—Vaquero 14, Dorothy 4, Houri 4, Blonde and Brunette 2, Adelaide 2, Minnetonka 2.

For the New York *Times* prize, a pair of marine glasses for the helmsman making the best record—H. B. Duryea 12, T. Hitchcock, Jr., 4, W. B Duncan 3, H. C. Ward, A. Bryan Alley, J. F. Lovejoy and Dr. J F. Woodbury, 2 each; E. A. Willard 1.

For W. G Brokaw's cup for the boat first to win three races—Vaquero 3, Dorothy 1. Vaquero wins the Brokaw cup.

Shipshape and Bristol Fashion.

Things aboard ship have been kept essentially in shipshape fashion ever since the earliest times of navigation. We find, for instance, that Thucydides wrote, B. C. 424: "I think that the best and most perfect arrangement of things that I ever saw was when I went to look at the great Phenician merchant ship; for I saw the largest amount of naval tackling separately disposed in the smallest possible stowage. I remarked that they severally lay in such a way that they did not require any one to search for them; and yet they were neither placed at random nor entangled one with another, so as to consume time when they were suddenly wanted for use. I saw the captain's assistant in his leisure moments examining and testing everything that a vesssel needs when at sea; so as I was surprised I asked him what he was about, whereupon he replied: 'Stranger, I am looking to see, in case anything should happen, how everything is arranged in the ship and whether anything is wanting or is inconveniently situated; for when a storm arises at sea it is not possible to look for what is wanting or to put right what is arranged awkwardly'."—*Marine Journal.*

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The Corinthian Y. C. annual sweepstakes off Newport will this year be open to the Larchmont 21ft. class, and will probably be sailed this week.

The new purchaser of Valkyrie's hull is a Glasgow iron merchant, John Younger, who paid for her £680 at auction on Aug 3; the spars, boats and sails being sold separately and bringing low prices. It is not stated whether the new owner will repair the yacht, but she is likely in time to be refitted as a cruiser; being too valuable to destroy for the lead and copper. Before the sale was ordered by the underwriters the wreck was surveyed by Messrs. Watson, Henderson and Will Fife, Sr.

Lagonda, steam yacht, has recently been chartered to Edwin Gould, with the privilege of purchase.

A special race for knockabout boats under the definition of the class adopted by the Corinthian and Beverly yacht clubs will be sailed from Marblehead harbor on Monday, Aug. 20, at 2 P. M., unless unfavorable weather necessitates postponement. All matters connected therewith, not otherwise specified, will be governed by the racing rules of this club so far as they may apply. Entries (which must inclose a certificate from the measurer of one of the above clubs) must be delivered to the secretary, William S. Eaton, Jr., Eastern Y. C., Marblehead, Mass., before 9 o'clock P. M., on Saturday, Aug. 18. Each yacht must carry a number, which will be supplied by the regatta committee at the club house, upon each side of her mainsail, above all reef points. The prizes are: First prize, $50 and the medal of the club; second prize, $25, if five or more start; third prize, $15, if seven or more start There will be no time allowance, the crews will be limited to three, all amateurs, only mainsail and working jib will be allowed, but a storm jib may be substituted for the working jib.

A correspondent writes us that about Sept. 22, last year a sloop was abandoned by two boys on the Hudson River about three miles above Lansingburgh, New York. The boat is about 18ft. long, 7ft. beam, with centerboard, half decked, and painted white above the water line and green below; and apparently has been used on salt water. It is now in the possession of persons living near where it was abandoned. The boat was apparently stolen.

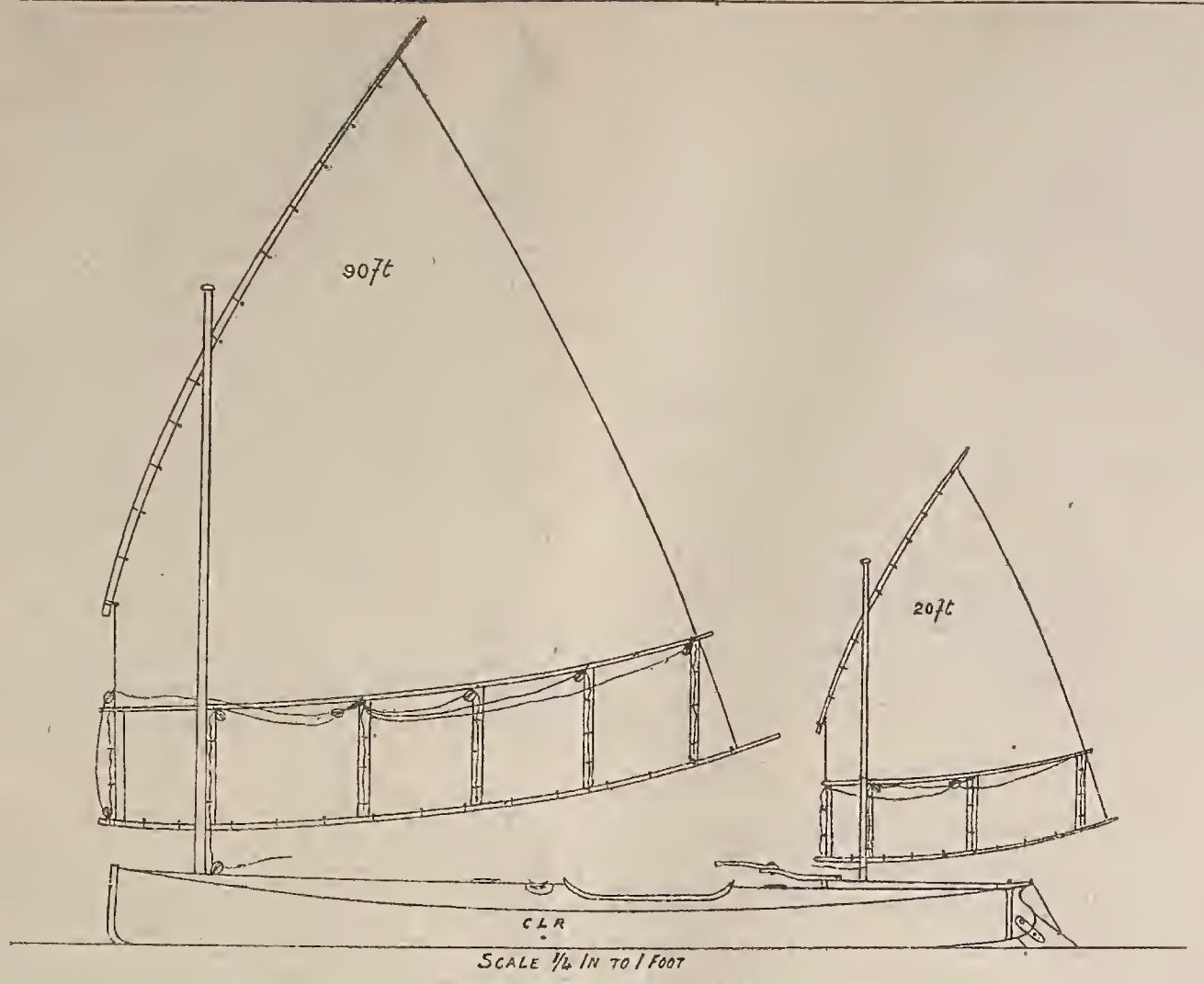
The house committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has made further arrangements for the accommodation of yachtsmen by establishing a telegraph office in the Oyster Bay clubhouse, and also arranging with a laundry company to receive articles to be laundried and to return them on the second day after. A barber will be in attendance at the club house on Saturday afternoons and Sundays.

The New York Yacht Racing Association has appointed a committee of nine members to manage its sixth annual regatta on Labor Day, Monday Sept. 3; which will be open to the 21 clubs composing the Association. The courses and conditions will be the same as last year. Entries must be made to E. Langerfeld, 180 W. 88th St., New York, not later than Aug. 27.

The little single-hand yawl Deuce, of 14ft. l.w.l., has been sold by the estate of the late John C. Abbott to Mr. W. A. Ruddick, of the Hull Corinthian and Boston yacht clubs.

The publication of the first volume of the "Transactions of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers" has been seriously delayed by a fire in the printing office, but the work has at last been completed and forwarded to members. The large quarto volume, containing some 300 pages of text and 60 plates, is well printed and made, and reflects credit on the secretary, Mr. Washington L. Capps, who has had charge of this important detail of the Society work. The fourteen papers presented at the inaugural meeting last November are published in full, with the ensuing discussions. The next annual meeting of the Society will take place in New York on Nov. 15 and 16 of this year.

In honor of the semi-centennial of the club, Secretary Oddie of the New York Y. C. has prepared a specially handsome and elaborate year book, the cover being a dark blue morocco, with the title and seal in gold. In addition to the list of some 1,100 members and the fleet of 300 yachts, the book contains a lithographic reproduction of the minutes of the original meeting on July 30, 1844, and also a complete list of the officers and standing committees for each of the past



BATTLEDORE—SAIL PLAN.

fifty years. The book will be preserved as a valuable souvenir by all who are fortunate enough to possess a copy.

We have received from George Wilson, 23 Sherwood street, Piccadilly Circus, London, his very complete catalogue of yachting requisites, including charts of all waters, books, nautical instruments and every description of yacht fitting and furnishing.

The year book of the Stamford Y. C. is a neat volume in fine white canvas, containing, with other matter of the usual nature, a chart of the club courses on Long Island Sound, and also one of Stamford Harbor. The club has prospered well in the four years of its existence, and is now in a very satisfactory condition. It sails under the Seawanhaka rule, with waterline classification.

One of the most attractive club books which we have received this year is that of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, prepared by the club's energetic secretary, A. F. Bancroft. The make-up of the book is particularly clean and attractive; it contains a picture of the club house at Essington, on the Delaware River, and a chart of the river with the club course. The club uses the Seawanhaka rule.

The American Y. C. of Newburyport, has celebrated its ninth annual regatta by a souvenir book that is well arranged and interesting.

The "Signal" march is the name of a new "two-step" composed by Walter A. Dolane and dedicated to the officers and members of the Brooklyn Y. C. It is published by R. B. Treacy, 56 Court street, Brooklyn.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

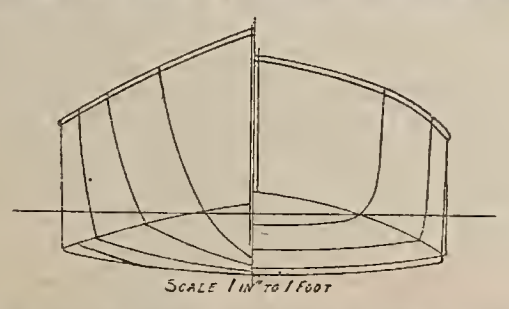
SEPTEMBER.

3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass.
3-5. Passaic River Meet.
5. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.
15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Delaware River.

HOWEVER unsatisfactory the outlook in canoeing may be, and compared with the keen enthusiasm and big racing fleets of even five years since, there is much reason for regret; there is still some comfort in the thought that three great gatherings of canoeists are celebrated duly each year. The meets of the American Canoe Association and the Western Canoe Association, both successful affairs, have just terminated; and now a similar meet is under way in England, that of the British Canoe Association, which opened at Salcombe Harbor, on the Devon coast of the Channel, on July 30. This year the B. C. A. will "continue the surroundings" for three weeks, closing on Aug. 20. The location is very picturesque, and a pleasant meet is anticipated. One of the features of the meet will be the presence of Mr. William Willard Howard, with his fast canoe Yankee.

Battledore.

THE tendency of canoe designing in this country has always been toward the production of all-around models, that are equally at home whenever they are called on to race; all being built primarily for racing at the A. C. A. meet; which might be on Lake George, the St. Lawrence River, or in half a dozen other places; while in the club racing of each season the Vesper boats visited New York and raced successfully on the Bay, or the New York boats were taken to the Hudson or the Connecticut River. It may fairly be said that the existing conditions in America since the establishment of the sailing races for canoes have been against the creation of special types, and in favor of the boat that could do good work on any fairly open water.



In England, however under different conditions, the reverse has been the case; and not only has there been a difference in the general characteristics of the racing canoes of the two countries, but the tendency abroad has been toward the creation of a number of local types.

The American canoe, as the result of open courses and long straight legs in the more important races, has been built almost straight on the keel; some, such as all of Mr. Howard's boats, being absolutely straight from end to end, with a deep forefoot and heel. There is no doubt that this distinctive feature has been often carried too far, though under the circumstances the result has been less hurtful to speed than the other extreme would have been.

The English canoe is built first of all for comparatively narrow water with many turns to the courses and very short tacks in such windward work as is had; and to this end she is rockered to excess, too much so for anything but this special work, as was proved by Nautilus, Pearl and Charm in America. Further than this, the model is affected by the particular narrow river on which the canoe is sailed, the Thames, above or below bridge, the Mersey, the Clyde or the Tyne, each having developed its special type or model. The British Canoe Association, the national body, is strictly a cruising association, with no racing rules and but little racing at its annual meets: the principal club, the Royal C. C., is a local body, though its position and influence are greater than those of any one American club in this country, and more like that of the A. C. A. What racing there is—and it has fallen off materially since the days of the old Pearl and Nautilus—is mainly local; and each canoe is built primarily for some one locality, rather than to be taken anywhere with a good chance of winning. The canoe here illustrated, for which we are indebted to the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist*, is a good example of one local type, designed for use in local waters, though it must be said that she has shown her speed in many other places, as have others of her type.

The Thames at Oxford is a stream such as Americans have no idea of, as they would not for a moment think of racing on it, even if nothing better were at hand. With all of its disadvantages in the way of narrow, winding reaches and broken, squally winds, this part of the Thames is the home of some very hard sailing; and that at a season when the American canoeist has not even begun to look up the price of varnish, the racing beginning in February and lasting into December. The canoe Battledore, interesting to Americans as the winner of the R. C. C. challenge cup this year, and also of several races in which the American canoe Yankee took part, is of a type which had its origin at Oxford, and which has been developed to a high state of perfection there, but of which the underlying principles are distinctly American, being found in the sharpie and skip-jack. Many small craft of this general form, notably the Red Jacket, have been built by Thomas Clapham, and old canoeists will remember the two or three experimental canoes, the Coffin was one, which Paul Butler had at Bow-Arrow Point in 1887 and at Lake George a year later, with nearly flat floor, straight, flaring sides and a sharp chine at the bilge. None of these craft, however, have made any special reputation, and the type has attracted little attention in America.

Whatever its origin, the development of the sharpie-canoe must be credited mainly to the Oxford builders, H. C. Smith and Theo. Smith, the former being the designer and builder of Battledore, while the latter produced the famous Snake and the earlier boats of the type.

Battledore is specially notable as the first canoe sailed with a Butler sliding seat in British waters, the seat being used in the Oxford races, though until this year not allowed in the races of the Royal C. C. down the river. Without it, however, she won the challenge cup in 1892, her first year, being sailed from the deck, but without a slide. She is lightly but very strongly built, and carries a 60lbs. centerplate, the only ballast. She has a bucket well. She was built for Mr. R. C. Hinckley, who still owns her. The details are clearly shown in the drawings; the sail plan is limited by the R. C. C. rule to 112ft.

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION—Hugh M. Hallenbeck. Eastern Division—Geo. B. Freeland, Bangor, Me. Central Division—Jas. T. Van Dalfsen, Newburgh, N. Y; Rev. E. Gay, Fernandina, Fla.; Frederick W. Lewis, U. S. M. A., West Point, N. Y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Here is a Score.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a score made yesterday in pistol practice by Smith Carr, one of the "reliables" of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club. Mr. Carr had his brother, Howard Carr, who is an expert gunsmith, fix up a pistol as follows: A .22 rifle barrel having a quick twist and chambered for the .22 long rifle cartridge, was cut off, leaving the barrel 10in. long. The latter was then "turned" down until of correct size to be inserted into a .45cal. S. W. revolver of about 3lbs. weight, *i. e.*, the revolver barrel had the lands bored out leaving it a smoth bore into which and through one aperture of the cylinder passed the little .22 10in. barrel. The sights used are of the open variety. The trigger pull was much below the regulation, being only about 1lb. Of course this score is not official, but it is genuine, and is, so far as I know, the best 100 consecutive shot score ever made. Here it is:

Smith Carr	9	9	9	10	9	9	9	7	10	9—90
	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10—99
	6	7	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—92
	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	9	10	8—95
	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—99
	9	8	9	10	7	10	8	10	10	10—91
	10	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	9	9—96
	9	8	10	8	9	10	9	8	9	9—89
	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10—99
	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—98—948

You will observe that there are three scores of 99, a clean 100 in ten consecutive shots in third and fourth strings, with a 10 on the eleventh shot of this particular series. Frank Poulter, one of our most expert rifle and pistol shots, acted as "running mate" to Carr in his last 50 shots and made a fine score—93, 95, 88, 93, 94. The shooting was done on our regular 50yds. range at Shell Mound, on the standard American target.

I was sorry to learn from a recent issue of the FOREST AND STREAM that the challenge of the Columbia Club for an all around match would hardly meet with a response. ROEEL.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE monthly shoot of the N. Y. Schuetzen Corps, Captain Henry Offerman, was held in the Union Hill Park, Aug. 10. The scores are appended:

Ring Target: F. Schmidt 217, Aug. J. Christen 201, John Hainhorst 197, Wm. Hahn 196, B. Zettler 195, Ph. Feigel 195, Henry Hanschen 187, John C. Bonn 186, John Bunz 181, Chas. Grosch 178, John D. Wilkens 177, H. Lohden 175, F. Facompré 175, H. Buthfer 173, G. Mehrenberg 174, H. B. Michaelsen 167, F. Plump 159, E. Bindewald 155, H. Offermann 154, John J. Thoelke 151.

Man Target: John G. Thoelke 57, Aug J. Christen 56, F. Schmidt 55, Ph. Feigel 55, Chas. Grosch 51.

Bullseye Target: Wm. Hahn 2, B. Zettler 2, E. Bindewald 2, J. N. Herrmann 2, G. Wehrenberg, E. Meyer, J. E. Bonn, H. B. Michaelsen, J. H. W. Meyer, Chas Grosch, Aug. J. Christen, Fred. Schmidt, Henry Meyer, F. Facompré, F. Hoops, J. H. Hainhorst, F. Plump, H. Offermann, John Bunz, each one.

Walnut Hill Scores.

WOBURN, Aug 11.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at the Walnut Hill range to-day. The result of the shooting will be found below. The scores were made at 200yds., on the standard American target. Mr. Hadley won the silver pistol medal:

Silver pistol medal: Won on 10 scores of 86 or better by J. Hadley:
86 90 86 93 89 89 88 88 86 88

All-comers' rest match:

S Wilder	12	12	12	12	12	10	9	11	10	12—112
(Telescope sight)	9	12	11	12	12	12	11	9	12	11—111

W L Holmes.....107 F J Martin.....104 M T Day.....101

Seal medal off-hand match:

J Hadley	8	10	8	6	6	10	7	8	10	10—83

A W Hill.....76 M T Day.....71 A S Sampson.....64

All-comers' off-hand match:

C H Eastman	7	8	8	10	8	10	6	8	9	9—83
W O Burnite, Jr (mil)	7	8	9	10	7	7	9	9	4	9—79

J A Lawrence.....78 A S Hunt.....67 S D Martin.....63

All-comers' military match:

G Durward.....5454445555—46 W O Burnite, Jr.....4555445545—46
E A Stephens.....42 S D Martin.....41 O Moore.....40
A B Denny.....42 M T Day.....40

Pistol medal match, 50yds.:

J Hadley	8	9	8	9	10	9	8	9	10	8—88

M T Day.....86 A W Hill.....85

Excelsior Rifle Club.

JERSEY CITY, Aug. 8.—At the weekly gallery shoot of the Excelsior Rifle Club, held at headquarters last night, eight members were present and participated in the competition. Scores: Jos. Hughes 238, Wm. Hughes 229, D. Duff 232, G. G. Williams 229, H. Walter 220, J. Binns 219, F. P. Thompson 213, Kastendick 214.

Aug. 10.—Three members of the Excelsior Rifle Club visited the Schuetzen Park this afternoon to participate in the weekly practice on the 200yds. range. The weather was clear and warm, with a light westerly wind. Captain Hansen found himself in fine fettle and succeeded in making some of the best scores in his experience as a rifleman. Scores, 50 shots, German target:

J. P Hansen	216	223	224	228	231—1122
Jos Hughes	191	202	205	208	211—1017
O C Boyce	173	194	198	201	215— 981

Schlicht Rifle Club.

GUTTENBURG, N. J., Aug. 7.—At the weekly gallery shoot held at headquarters last night, eleven members participated in the competition for class medals. The winners and scores are appended: Geo. Schlicht, champion medal; Aug. Meyer, first class medal; George Reichert, second class medal; Charles Meyer, third class medal. Scores: Charles Meyer 232, Wm. Schlicht 223, Fred Lambrix 219, Jacob Diehl 225, Conrod Schlicht 220, Geo. Reichert 232, Louis Dorr 213, Aug. Meyer 229, Geo. Schlicht 236, Capt. Dedrick 224, Jacob Schlicht 224.

The Columbia Challenge.

SAN FRANCISCO.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You inferentially state in issue of 28th inst., that the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's all-round challenge includes only Springfield rifle and pistol (or revolver). By reading the challenge again you will see that the fine or target rifle is also included in this challenge. Moreover, we challenge (second choice) for pistol only; also (third choice) for Springfield rifle only, practically three distinct challenges, though we much prefer the acceptance of our all-round challenge.

DR. L. O. RODGERS, Pres.

Greenville Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Aug. 11.—The weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club, held in the club house last night did not have the usual attendance, warm weather and counter attractions are responsible. Scores:

First class—Collins 240, C. Boag 239, G. Purkess 239, J. Boag 228.
Second class—Gotthardt 228, Charlock 238, Chase 230, Agneau 231.
Third class—Rinker 219, Graef 220, Hill 210.

The Bluemthaler Co. No. 6 of New York

HELD their weekly shoot Aug. 11. Twelve members were present and did some fair shooting:

H D Muller	238	238	235	234	230	229—1404
W Hicks	242	235	234	229	226	223—1389
F Schill	217	227	226	224	219	...—1113
F Norwicki	225	223	222	213	...	...— 883

HENRY D. MULLER.

RIFLE NOTES.

The Newark Shooting Society will hold a shoot in the Schuetzen Park on Aug. 21. The point target will be open for visiting riflemen.

The Zettler Rifle Club will hold its bi-monthly shoot at Cypress Hills Park on Aug. 19.

The annual festival of the Plattdeutsch Verein will open at the Union Hill Schuetzen Park on Aug. 19.

The late George Schalke, of Pottsville, Pa., gained an enviable reputation as a gunsmith; his rifles had a national reputation for their good shooting qualities. These rifles are to-day in the hands of our expert riflemen in almost every State in the Union. With his death it was thought that the Schalke system would continue only as a pleasant memory in the minds of those riflemen who had had the good fortune to possess themselves with one of these famous rifles. We understand that Harry M. Pope, of Hartford, Conn., one of our expert riflemen, and whose name is familiar throughout the country in connection with the Columbia and Hartford bicycle, is about to commence the manufacture of rifle barrels on the same lines as carried out by Schalke. Mr. Pope is a thorough mechanic and was one of Schalke's most enthusiastic disciples. We have no doubt that the Pope barrel will maintain the excellent qualities held by those of the Pioneer of this system.

The affairs of the National Shooting Association (Schuetzen Bund) are progressing in a satisfactory manner. Work will soon be started in the Glendale Park, L. I., preparatory to the building of the new range (45 targets) for the great festival next July. One of the California riflemen, a man who has been in the swim for many years, in writing to one of our Eastern sportsmen in reference to the coming festival, says: "We intend to take your king prize back to California with us next year." There is no doubt as to the ability of the Western riflemen to make a strong bid for the honor, but—

The representative of a nitro powder manufacturing company was a visitor to one of our club shoots last week loaded with nitro and information as to its use, with his outfit, and he had a supply of thick felt wads cut from hair felt, to be used upon the powder as a cushion. The tanners in removing the hair from the hides in the process of tanning in most instances use lime to expedite their work. The felt from which the wads referred to were cut were made from hair removed from the hides by the lime process, and the wads were largely impregnated with lime dust. Now, it is a well-known fact that nitro with its high velocity has a tendency to lead the barrel of either a shotgun or the rifle when using lead projectiles, and with the addition of a little lime dust deposited from the felt wads in the barrel, it seems to us as though the process of leading would be accelerated. It would be well for any of our riflemen who may be experimenting with nitro and using felt wads to consider this problem. One would think that the manufacturer in putting his goods upon the market would have covered all avenues that would lead to the successful introduction of his goods to the public.

The proper primer for nitro in the rifle is still a matter of much vexation to those who would use nitro powder. We had a little experience last week with a new primer just put upon the market to be used with nitro in the rifle, and which was said to be satisfactory for the purpose. We found them to be entirely unsatisfactory, not having the strength to properly ignite the powder, the interior of the barrel from chamber to muzzle having a deposit of unburned powder. This particular primer was recommended by the representative of the nitro powder company referred to above as being just right.

Experience with the new Winchester No. 3 W. primer leads one to the belief that if this primer was made up from brass it would give better satisfaction and less liability to blow out. Our shotgun shooters speak well of it as it is; but in the rifle, with the heavy pressure necessary to force the bullet through the rifling, it is hardly up to the work required of it.

The fall meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association, which opens at Sea Girt on Sept. 3, bids fair to be well patronized. It is reported that teams from New England and as far south as Georgia will be in attendance to compete in the Interstate match. One of the directors of the Association, in speaking of the coming meeting, informed us that he should try to have an extra prize of $25 put up on the schuetzen target as an inducement to draw out our New York experts.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 13-18.—John Parker's fourth international tournament. blue rock targets and live birds, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, near Detroit, Mich.

Aug. 15-16.—Richmond (Me.) State shoot. C. O. Rowe, Sec'y.

Aug 21-22.—Sturgis, Mich., Rod and Gun Club's annual tournament, Hotel Thornton's guaranteed stake $50. W. E. Pearson, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-23.—Hot Springs (S. D.) Gun Club's tournament; $250 added.

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wop sononock Park, Altoona.

Aug. 22-24.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Bunker Hill, Ill.

Aug. 29.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fifth tournament, at Auburn.

Aug 29.—Staunton, Va., Gun Club tournament. J. M. Kinney, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

At the final medal shoot of the season of the Seattle (Wash.) Rod and Gun Club class A medal was won by J. N. Hardy on a score of 27 out of a possible 30 targets. This makes him first on average for the season. In class B F. S. Stimson, Joseph Schlumpf and Fred Charles tied for the medal on 21 each, Schlumpf winning on the shoot-off at 5 targets. Johnson leads B class in average for the season. The scores follow: Class A—J. Hardy 27, Churchill 21, Moreton 20, Hall 17, W. A. Hardy 17. Class B—Schlumpf 21. Stimson 21, Charles 21, Treat 19, Johnson 18, Dahlem 14. The following scores were made in a six-man team shoot at 10 targets each: Churchill's team—Churchill 9, W. A. Hardy 9, Hall 7, Charles 4, Treat 4, Dahlem 8; total 41. J. Hardy's team—J Hardy 8, Moreton 7, Wallingford 5, Schlumpf 9. Stimson 10. Johnson 9; total 48. Sweepstake No. 1, 10 singles: Kimball 9, Churchill 9 Charles 8, W. A. Hardy 8, Tupert 8, Wallingford 8, Stimson 7, J. Handy 7, Hall 7, Dahlem 6, George 5, Johnson 3. No. 2, same: Kimball 10, Charles 10, Churchill 8, Stimson 8, George 8, Hall 7, Schlumpf 7, Dahlem 7, Johnson 7, J. Hardy 6, Tupert 6, W. A. Hardy 6, Wallingford 5.

The members of the Newark Gun Club do not seem to fancy warm weather shooting, only seven of them appearing at Erb's on Aug. 9, and only five of them doing any shooting. The day was cool and pleasant and the birds a fair lot. There were two events shot, one at four birds, $3 entry, and the other the club shoot for points. The results:

	Rating.	Club shoot.	Gain.	Sweep.
Zeglio	7	2221222111—10	3	1112—4
Henry	7	1111111111—10	3	1111—4
Hedden	7	2111012122— 9	2	1101—3
Castle	7	0•21112111— 8	1	2112—4
Erb	7	1101122011— 8	1	....

The Paterson Gun Club's monthly shoot held at Willard Park, on Aug. 7, was attended by a solitary trio of shooters. The first event was at four live birds, $3 entry; the second was the shoot for the club medal at ten live birds, this being the final contest for the fiscal year. The result was a tie between Morfey and Wright, the former winning on the shoot-off. The scores.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	Tie.
Morfey	2222—4	2220222222—9	2221
Wright	2220—3	2222022222—9	2220
George	1210—3	1210100022—6	....

J. Warren Smith was in great form on Aug. 11, at the monthly shoot of the Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club, winning both the club medal and special badge contests. The club medal is shot for under amateur rules at 25 singles. The scores: Class A, J. W. Smith 23, W. N. Drake 22; Class B, D. W. Van Iderstine 15, Wick Smith 22, Harry Howard 18; Class C, Edward Reeves 13. Special badge shoot at 25 singles, expert rules. Class A, J. W. Smith 25, W. N. Drake 25; Class B, D. W. Van Iderstine 17, Dr. Jackson 19. Harry Howard 20, A. A. Parry 21; Class C, Wick Smith 15, Edward Reeves 10.

Half a dozen members of the Walsrode Gun Club of Newark spent the afternoon of Aug. 9 on their grounds at Beck's farm shooting at Empire targets. The opening event was a two-men team race at 50 targets per man between Lenthaeusser and Neigert on one side and Roth and Winters on the other. The scores were: Lenthaeusser 35, Neigert 35; total 70. Roth 30, Winters 38; total 68. In a series of 10-target sweeps the scores were: Lenthaeusser 6, 9, 8. 5, 5, 5; Winters 8, 6, 6, 7, 5, 4; Neigert 5, 4, 4, 6; Roth 6, 7, 9, 8; Schaeffer 4, 6, 5, 7, 6; Young 6, 7, 8, 7, 5; Reinhardt 6.

The Chillicothe (O.) Gun Club held its medal shoot on Aug. 3 at 25 singles each. The scores were: Dehus 21, Gilmore 18, Clark 21, Chapman 15, Rudman 16, Blacker 16, Farmer 16, Freeman 10, Aid 15. James 16, Defue 14, Drake 12, McVicker 17, Murphy 12, Hinson 17, Schilder 16. In a 20 target sweep the scores were: Clark 20, Dehus 20, Defue 18, Blacker 17, McVicker 18, Rudman 13, Farmer 14, Chapman 7, Aid 11, James 11, Gilmore 13, Murphy 9, Hinson 9, Schilder 14.

Next week will see trap-shooters galore riding up the picturesque sides of Wopsononock Mt. *en route* to the annual shoot of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, which begins on Tuesday and closes on Friday. All who can should take along a pair of field glasses, the larger the better, to enjoy the view from Lookout Point, from where can be seen seven counties, comprising almost the entire valley of the Juniata.

The Parkway Gun Club held its monthly shoot at Dexter Park, on Aug. 8, with nine members present. In the club shoot at 7 live birds, club handicap, Elias Helgins and H. J. Bookman tied when Helgins waived his right to shoot-off and gave the competition to Bookman. The scores: Class A, E Helgins (28) 7; J. Bennett (28) 6; A. Botty (30) 6; T. Short (28) 5; H. Bramwell (28) 6; H. J Selover (30) 4. Class B, J. Wooley (25) 4. Class C, H. J. Bookman (25) 7, E. Steinhaeusser (25) 5.

The annual shooting tournament for the live bird and target medals emblematic of the championship of Bloomsburg county, Pa., took place under the auspices of the Bloomsburg Gun Club, on Aug. 2. The live bird medal was shot for at 10 live birds each, Yocum, Hagenbach and Yetter tieing on 9 kills each. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out Yocum won on the seventeenth round. The target contest at 25 bluerock targets, each went to Hagenbach on 22 breaks.

The monthly shoot of the Unknown Gun Club held at Dexter Park, on Aug. 9, attracted nine members. The regular shoot was at 7 live birds, club handicap. J. A. Khurst, J. Flynn and Dr. W. A. Little tieing for first and dividing. The scores: J A. Khurst (25) 7; J. Flynn (28) 7; Dr. Little (27) 7; I. Hyde (30) 6; H. Knebel Sr., (28) 6; H. Skidmore (25) 5; W. Schumacher (25) 5; E. A. Vroome (30) 4; H. Van Stader (24) 3.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club will hold a whole day's tournament at targets on their grounds at Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday, Sept. 15, 1894; on that day will also shoot a match against the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, for cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, now held by the Boiling Springs Gun Club. Shooting begins at 9:30 A. M —W. H. Huck, Sec'y Boiling Springs Gun Club.

At the July medal shoot of the Little Rock (Ark.) Gun Club, Woodson won with a score of 49 out of a possible 50 at unknown angles. Other scores were Duley 35, Irwin 39, Thibault 42, Alexander 30, French 42, Dickenson 37, Cunningham 48, Schaer 36, Pemberton 42. Fletcher 42, D. Alexander 31, Litzke 32, Lenow 39 and Reeves 38.

At a recent shoot of the Binghamton Gun Club, C. W. Hobbie, M E. Boss and H. W. Brown broke 24 each out of 24 targets, N. W. Waldron scoring 23 and G. W. Kendall 22. Brown leads for the club medal, having broken 86 out of 100 in four shoots, Kendall having 83, Waldron 80, C. F. McHenry 78, Hobbie and Boss 74 each.

A fair number of shooters assembled at North Paterson, on Aug. 8, to contest at 20 bluerock targets, each for a $65 shotgun. The only man to break straight was T. C. Wright who won the gun from Ed. Pierce. Morfey broke 16. In a sweep at 6 live birds, Morfey and Manis divided first on straight scores each.

Instead of holding a shoot at Lynn, Mass., on Aug. 23, as previously announced, the next shoot of the New England Shooting Association, will be held under the auspices of the Putney (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club, on Sept. 3 and 4. The club will put out an attractive programme of sweepstake and prize contests.

At the second tournament of the Sturgeis (Mich.) Rod and Gun Club, on Aug. 21 and 22, the programme each day will comprise seven 10 target events; two at 15 targets each and one at 25 targets. The club adds $5 to one of the 20 target events and to the 25 target event each day.

At the shoot of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club, at Maple Bay, Syracuse, on Aug. 7, the scores were; Class A, Ayling 48, Mann 41, Wagner 41, Hookway 39, Ginty 34; Class B, Jones 43 Cool 43, White 40, Mosher 39, Walter 38, Boyde 39. The shoot-off for Class B medal was won by Cool.

The East Side-Mutual Gun Club of Newark holds shoots at Weidenmeyer's Park, Hamburg place, every Thursday afternoon.

At the August shoot of the Hamilton (O.) Gun Club, the scores were out of a possible 15: Warndorf 14, Lingler 14, H. Hemann 14, E. Hemann 12, Strauh 12, Schumacher 11, Ehrhart 11, Atherton 11, Hoffman 7, Morner 6, Stroh 7, Zosch 3, Schwab 1. On the shot-off Warndorf won the club medal.

The Lowell (Mich.) Gun Club will hold a tournament on Aug. 20 and 21, with $80 added money and $50 worth of merchandise prizes. A feature will be the shoot on the first day for teams of any three residents of Michigan at 25 singles per man, $4.50 entry, $10 added.

J. D. Eastburn and J. D. Green, of Woodbury, N. J., shot a match at 150 bluerock targets each at Woodbury, on Aug 9. Easthurn breaking 118 to Green's 117. This was one-half of a 300 target match for the championship of Gloucester county.

The monthly shoot of the Acme Gun Club took place at Dexter Park, on Aug. 7, just a half-dozen members being on hand. In the club shoot Peter Boliver was the victor, Chas. Stuetzle and Henry Bailer dividing second honors.

T. W. Morfey, the Paterson expert, will shoot a 50 bird match for $50 at Paterson, on Aug. 22, his opponent being J. R. Dunkerly. The match will be under Long Island rules and will be shot at Thomas Rogers's.

The Labor Day tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club to be held on Al. Heritage's Marion grounds, will be open to all comers. Mr. Heritage says there will be plenty of lunch and liquid refreshments.

The Keystone Shooting League has installed a competent superintent over its new house and grounds at Holmesburg Junction, and practice may be indulged in on any day excepting Sunday.

So J. L. Brewer and Dr. Carver have come to terms at last! A match at 200 live birds, for $2,000 a side and the championship of the world. Match to come off at Woodlawn in September.

Dr. Roth and Henry Lenthaeusser were hilled to shoot a 25-bird race on the grounds of the Walsrode Gun Club, on Aug. 9, hut were obliged to call the match off owing to the scarcity of birds.

To club secretaries, scorers and managers: Remember that a one cent stamp will not carry written matter. Carbon copies of scores require letter postage of two cents per ounce.

Dr. Carver and W. F. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., are matched for three 100 bird shoots for $200 a side each match, the contests to take place in St. Louis between Sept. 20 and 25.

Forest and Stream's "Ready Reckoner" contains 270 combinations of figures to a page or an aggregate of 10,800 combinations in all. And all this for 25 cents.

Go to Altoona next Monday night, and on the following morning ascend the side of "Old Wopsy" to the shooting grounds at Lookout Point.

Rolla Heikes of Dayton and Charley Young of Springfield tied for an $85 gun at the Circleville shoot, Heikes winning on the shoot-off.

At the August shoot of the Fremont (O.) Gun Club at 30 single bluerocks, Buckland scored 28, Day 27, Stevenson 18 and Lang 11.

At the Aug. 3 shoot of the Sherman Gun Club, of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 singles, Ward broke 24, Fink 22, Henry 21 and Cold 20.

The next championship tournament of the New England Shooting Association will be held at Lynn, Mass , on Aug. 23

"Jack" Parker won first tournament average and first average on each day of the Ionia (Mich.) Gun Club shoot.

The Hot Springs (S. D.) Gun Club will add $250 to the purses during its tournament on Aug. 21 to 23, inclusive.

Every gun club within reach of Freehold, N. J., should enter a team during the club tournament next month.

The Parkway vs. Newark friendly team match will not take place until October. It will be shot at Erb's

The Essex Gun Club postponed their July and August shoots until the third Thursday in September.

At the Syracuse Gun Club shoot on Aug. 3, Col A. C. Courtney broke 91 out of 100 targets.

To-day will be "open to all Saturday" on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, in Newark.

John Erb is strongly in favor of discontinuing live bird shooting from June 1 to Oct. 1.

The return match between the Union and Climax gun clubs will be shot at Fanwood.

The Highland Gun Club, of Moline, Ill., will hold a tournament on Labor Day.

The tents of the Interstate Association will be pitched at Altoona next week.

C. H. Townsend.

The E. N. Y. League Tournament at Albany.

The third tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, of the series of 1894, was held under the auspices of the West End Gun Club, of Albany, N. Y., Tuesday, Aug. 7. Trap-shooting events on this circuit, aside from the weekly competitions at the gun club grounds, are not likely to attract a large patronage in the month of August, and the fact that the Albany meet gained a good attendance may reasonably cause the West Enders to lay the flattering unction to their souls that they stand well in the estimation of their league brethren and are pretty solid with the trap shooters of eastern New York generally. Trap-shooting has for years invariably fallen off in this particular summer month, and why it should passeth my understanding, unless it be that the opening of the season for field shooting, or a portion of it, has occurred in the eighth month of the year. August woodcock shooting it was that formerly enticed the sportsman afield; now, alas, the shooting of ruffed grouse is by law permitted as early as the fifteenth of this month, and many gunners avoid trap work at or before the opening of the season for shooting wild game as being detrimental to the quicker methods required to kill birds in the jungle-like growth of summer and early fall covert. So we are feeling pretty serene over the fact that at our meet there were many gunners who have gained renown in the "brush," and who good-naturedly set aside their prejudice against trap practice at this time of year and joined the squads at the firing points on our tournament day. We were favored with fine weather, and though the sun shone brightly there was no great discomfort felt at the exposed firing points and scorer's station, the dreaded muggy condition of "dog days" being entirely absent from the clear, still air. The weather thickened toward nightfall and a shower fell, but the moist visitation came long after the report of the last gun had ceased its reverberations over the vast stretch of sandy country to the west of the little suburban hamlet of Shaferville, where the West End Gun Club's ground is located.

Of those in attendance at the tournament the local contingent consisted of Secretary Kratz and the well-known shooters, Greer, Sanders, Buesser, Cargill, Leon, Stone, Taylor, Keays, Reineck, Peters and "Pop" Gove. Among the visiting shooters were "Uncle Sammy" Goggin and John T. Betts of Troy, Hart and Lynch of Loudonville, H. M. Levengston, Jr., of Saratoga; Parker J. Staples, Dr. B. L. Mosher and their good "Ladd," of Granville, and from the more far-away places came George A. Mosher, the popular manager of the Syracuse Arms Co., and our own beloved Green Mountain man, Myron F. Roberts of Rupert, Vt.

The equipment of the West End Gun Club is a fairly good one, and includes a full battery of 5 bluerock traps, with electric pulls, but on the occasion of which I write, traps Nos. 1, 2 and 5 worked badly, breaking bird after bird in the carriers, and all because of their insecure fastenings, which permitted a violent rebound nearly every time they were sprung. This annoyance the shooters bore with characteristic patience, but wouldn't Paul North's dark eyes have glittered with indignation and disgust if the swarthy Cleveland boy could only have been present and seen the wretched handling of these creations of his inventive genius?

The events of the day consisted of five 10-bird, four 15-bird and one 20-bird sweeps, all shot at bluerock targets. The entrance fees ran from $1 to $2, and the purses in all events, except the first, were divided 40, 30, 20 and 10%. The birds were thrown at a slashing good speed, at sharp angles, and the averages of the leaders in the race are praiseworthy, to say the least. Their records, and those of the others who chipped in to swell the purses and enjoy the day's sport, are given in detail herewith:

No. 1, 10 singles, entry $1:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Staples	1100111110— 7
Sanders	1111111111—10	Stone	1010111110— 7
Mosher	0111111111— 9	Ladd	0111101110— 7
Betts	1111011111— 9	Wadsworth	1001011101— 6
Taylor	1111111010— 8	Goggin	0110011011— 6
Greer	1101111101— 8	Adams	0001110010— 4
Leon	1111011110— 8	Buesser	1.00001001— 4
Dr Mosher	0011111011— 7		

No. 2, 10 singles, entry $1:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Betts	0111011011— 7
Mosher	1110111111— 9	Wadsworth	1101101110— 7
Goggin	1110111111— 9	Staples	1001111110— 7
Dr Mosher	1111101111— 9	Taylor	1110001111— 7
Sanders	1110011111— 8	Buesser	1110111001— 7
Leon	1010111111— 8	Stone	1101011011— 7

No, 3, 15 singles, entry $1.50:

Dr Mosher	111111111111111—15	Betts	101111111100010—10
Levengston	111111110111111—14	Staples	111101100111010—10
Sanders	1111001111—9	Greer	001110011101110— 9
Goggin	1111101110011111—12	Buesser	111010111000101— 9
Taylor	1011111110011111—12	Ladd	0111101111100100— 9
Leon	1110011111111011—12	Rock	0011111010011100— 8
Wadsworth	1111001111101011—11	Mosher	0101101010110000— 7
Stone	1011011111111001—11		

No. 4, 10 singles, unknown angles, entry $1:

Sanders	1110111111—9	Levengston	1001101111—7
Leon	0111111111—9	Mosher	0111101011—7
Ladd	1111011111—9	Staples	0111010111—7
Betts	0011011111—8	Stone	1101101110—6
Wadsworth	1111010111—8	Goggin	0000101011—4
Dr Mosher	1110110111—8	Buesser	0101100010—4
Taylor	1110110111—8	Greer	1000011110—4

No. 5, 15 singles, entry $1 50:

Levengston	111111111111111—15	Leon	011111111011011—12
Dr Mosher	110111111111111—14	Mosher	101001011111111—11
Ladd	111111101111111—14	Betts	111110001101111—11
Sanders	101110111111111—13	Buesser	110111110101101—11
Wadsworth	101111011111111—13	Greer	110111101110110—11
Taylor	111111101111001—12	Goggin	110101011111101—10
Stone	011111101011111—12	Staples	111101100111100—10

No. 6, 15 singles, entry $1.50:

Taylor	111111111111111—15	Goggin	011111111001111—12
Mosher	111111111111101—14	Dr Mosher	011111101111101—12
Sanders	111111101111111—14	Keays	111011101111011—12
Levengston	011111111111011—13	Betts	101111101111100—11
Roberts	111101111111011—13	Greer	011110011110111—11
Stone	110111110111111—13	Ladd	011011110101101—10
Leon	110111111101111—13	Cargill	000101100101111— 8
Wadsworth	101101101111111—12	Staples	111110100000101— 8

No. 7, 10 singles, unknown angles, entry $1:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Leon	1111010011— 7
Mosher	1111111111—10	Green	1011101110— 7
Staples	0111111111— 9	Roberts	1010101111— 7
Stone	1111111101— 9	Taylor	1101010101— 6
Sanders	1111001111— 8	Keays	1011101001— 6
Betts	1011111101— 8	Wadsworth	1111100010— 5
Goggin	1111110011— 8	Buesser	1110011000— 5
Ladd	1111111100— 8	Cargill	1000010000— 2
Dr Mosher	1100110111— 7		

No. 8, 15 singles, entry $1.50:

Roberts	111111111111111—15	Goggin	111111101011100—11
Levengston	111111111111110—14	Ladd	101101111001101—11
Mosher	111111111101111—14	Stone	101011111001101—10
Betts	111110111111111—14	Keays	010110101101111—10
Dr Mosher	111011111111111—14	Buesser	101111101101010—10
Sanders	111111111010111—13	Wadsworth	100010111010111— 9
Staples	110111111111110—13	Taylor	010101110101110— 9
Leon	111111111110110—13		

No. 9, 20 singles, entry $2:

Sanders	11111111111111111111—20	Staples	10101111101111111110—16
Dr Mosher	11111111111111110111—19	Stone	01101101111110111111—16
Levengst'n	11011110111111111111—18	Rock	11110101111111001—16
Mosher	11110110111111111111—18	Greer	11110010111101111101—15
Keays	01111111111111011101—17	Taylor	10101101111101111100—14
Roberts	11111011110110111111—17	Leon	11111011110100111010—14
Betts	11111111110101110110—16	Wadsw'rth	10101001111001101011—12
Goggin	11111111011101110011—16	Cargill	01001000111001111110— 9

No. 10, 10 singles, entry $1:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Taylor	1110111101— 8
Roberts	1111111111—10	Stone	1111011110— 8
Dr Mosher	1111111111—10	Staples	1111110010— 7
Leon	1111111111—10	Keays	1011110011— 7
Mosher	1110111111— 9	Wadsworth	0001110111— 6
Sanders	1111101111— 9	Goggin	1011010011— 6

AWARDS FOR HIGHEST AGGREGATES

A special purse of $15, divided $5, $4, $3, $2, $1, was awarded to the shooters making the highest aggregate scores in all of the above events, except the first. A contestant shooting through the events to qualify for this purse had to shoot at 120 bluerocks. The winners and their scores are herewith given: Levengston, Saratoga, 111 (92½ per cent.), won first money; Dr. Mosher, Granville, and Sanders, Albany, 108 (90 per cent.), divided second; Geo Mosher, Syracuse, 99, won third; Leon, Albany, 98, won fourth; Taylor, Albany, 91, won fifth. The other shooters who waded through the events to qualify for the purse made the following totals: Stone, Albany, 89; Goggin, Troy, 88; Staples, Granville, 87; Wadsworth, Albany, 83. Horace B Derby.

Millerton Gun Club Practice Shoots.

Millerton, N. Y., Aug. 6.—Inclosed herewith I send you reports of the several shoots held at our grounds since last report:

July 17.—Practice shoot at Empire targets, 5 traps, rapid-firing, A. S A rules:

S Wilkins'n	1100011111010010111101—13	S Tripp	0001110101001010110101—10
Decker	1000000001001000100l— 5	Brinton	1101111101111101111—17
	0100110011110011110l—12		1111110110111111111—18
Cline	1000001111111001111—13		1010011101101011111—14
	0110101110101111 —11		

July 19.—Same:

Brinton	1110111110011011111—16	Field	1110101111010010111000—12
	1111111111101101111—18		0111110100011010111010—12
	1110111111111101011—17		1011101101111011111101—15
Tripp	0011000101 — 4		

July 24.—Same:

*C Newman	0010110101110011111111001111100—19		
S Tripp	0100111011111110100111001110011—19		
*J Newman	0100110100101111101010111111111—19		
S Wilkinson	0110101111101110110001101101101—19		

*Guests of the club.

July 25.—Same:

Field	0101101111010111110—13	S Wilkins'n	0101101111010101011—13
	0011111111001111111—16	Brinton	1101100011111111010—14
	1101111001111011101—15		1111111111111111111—20
	11111 — 5		1100111111111110011—16
Brinton	1111110111111111101—18	Field	0101011101100000010— 9
	1001111101111011101—15		1001010010100111100— 9
	100111011111111 —12		1101010010100001000— 8
Cline	1101000101110111011—13	Cline	1010011010110111010—12
	1101011011001011111—13		1101011111001011010—13
S Wilkins'n	1101001010110100101O—10		1000110110 — 4

Aug. 4.—Same:

S Wilkinson	0110001001110011111101111—16		
Garvin	1100111111111111110011101—19		
Brinton	0110010111101111101111101—18		
S Tripp	0110100001100000110110111—12		
G Williams	000010110010000 — 4		

S. Wilkinson, Sec'y.

Welch Defeats Dando.

Robert A. Welch of the Riverton Gun Club on Aug. 9 won the Riverton challenge plate for the fourth consecutive time, defeating Thomas S. Dando, also of the Riverton Gun Club. The match was at 100 birds each, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. At times both men shot in first class style. Welch was weak in the beginning of the match, while Dando killed his first thirty-two birds in fine style. As the match progressed Welch braced up while Dando weakened perceptibly. Welch made some very pretty shots, his 29th, 33d, 78th, 84th and 97th birds being about as hard as any seen on the Riverton grounds for a long time. Dando also made some very pretty shots, his 10th, 21st, 65th, 71st and 80th birds being hard ones. This match was the seventh for the possession of the Riverton plate which was first won on May 5 by Fred Hoey. Hoey was defeated by George Work, the latter also defeating Dando. Welch then challenged Work and defeated him by one bird. Since then Welch has met and defeated Fred Hoey, James Wolstencroft and Thos. S. Dando. The record to date stands: Welch has won it four times; Work twice and Hoey one. The next shoot will be between Leonard Finletter and Welch, which will probably take place at Riverton next week. The score:

Welch	2101112120112212121101111—22	
	2122112212222211212212222—25	
	2220021221122222112022222—22	
	2222220222102120222222222—22	—91
Dando	1212221222221212212221121—25	
	1221212021211210002122120—20	
	1201102101112022221222222—21	
	1222221122222220221212112—24	—90

Myrtle Gun Club Shoot.

Dexter Park, L. I., July 31.—The newly organized Myrtle Gun Club held its second monthly shoot to-day in Dexter Park. Seven of the members took part in the club shoot of 7 live birds, under Hurlingham rules, and H. Knebel, Jr. and C. Gottfleisch killed all their birds. A sweepstakes at clay pigeons was won by H. Knebel, Jr., who again smashed all the birds. The summaries:

Club shoot, 7 live birds:

H Knebel, Jr	1111111—7	J Luderman	0011101—4
C Gottfleisch	1111111—7	E Wohlke	1100001—3
F Markhoff	1111100—5	E Roberts	0010001—2
H Halsleadt	0011110—4		

Sweepstakes at 8 targets:

H Knebel, Jr	11111111—8	E Wohlke	10110100—4
F Markhoff	01011110—5	E Roberts	01011000—3
J Luderman	00101010—3		

MEMPHIS BIG SHOOT.

Elasticity of the Porter.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Aug. 8.—When, in the course of human events, I hoarded the Illinois Central train at Chicago, hound for Memphis, I was met at the door of the railway car by a personage whose dignity rather overpowered one. This was the Pullman porter, noted—in the North—for his haughty dignity and imperious manners. In a superior way this individual permitted me to enter the car owned hy himself, and to care for my wants as well as I could. This was 1:35 in the afternoon. During the rest of the day I managed to get along by heing careful not to offend the porter. At sundown I noticed a slight relaxation on the part of the porter. He spoke to one or two passengers and iuquired how they were getting along. At midnight when I went to bed the porter was undergoing a gradual but unmistakable change. He was becoming actually affable! At breakfast in the morning the improvement was still more marked. The porter was becoming attentive. At early lunch he was a different being. He was jealous of dust on my luggage. He fanned away the flies from the tahle. He smiled and jumped if I opened my mouth to speak. He was a changed and much improved porter, and I liked him better, and told him so before I realized the cause of the improvement. At first I did not remember that I was now south of the invisible line named after Messrs. Mason and Dixon. I am disposed to think that a porter who travels east and west has no great amount of variableness, hut the porter who travels up and down on a parallel of longitude is a most mohile and elastic being, and one that will do sufficiently well for a north and south geography.

Multiplicity of the Spring Chicken.

If one were unable by consulting his porter to know tbat he was south of the invisible, faint and faded division line above noted, he might easily be able to discern the fact by examining the legs of the spring chickens. In the South there are more spring chickens than in the North, and they are fatter, and their legs are yellower. I do not know whether or not this fact in natural history has ever before heen noticed. It is very interesting. You can nearly always find interesting things in FOREST AND STREAM.

Authenticity of this Story.

Underlying the two discoveries above noted is the first annual tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, which wasn't too far away for FOREST AND STREAM to send a man to. FOREST ANN STREAM was the only weekly paper having a staff representative on the grounds. The rest can't afford it. FOREST AND STREAM has a har'l. It buys and gets and pays for more trap news and other news than all the other sporting papers in America. So far as real silk-fringed newspaper work is concerned, therefore, this may he considered the only authentic story of the big shoot. The newsdealers in Memphis tell me that they sell two copies of FOREST ANN STREAM to one of any other sporting paper. This is the reason of those. FOREST ANN STREAM has the most authentic reports. This one would be even more authentic if the weather were not so warm, but it is pretty authentic. The other papers will have to keep on in their policy of living on what the neighhors hring in to them—although one must admit that the Memphis craft are the best and most ohliging of neighbors, whether you go to Memphis or stay at home.

Eccentricity of the Record.

It is to the unvarying courtesy and energy and ability of the Tennessee guild of sportsmanship that so great and successful a tournament as this one now closing could he given—one of the best and unmistakahle successes of the year. What are our Northern friends doing in the way of accomplishment this season? They have allowed the South to easily eclipse them. With two such hig events—both fairly to be called national shoots--as the Knoxville and Memphis tournaments held so close together in the same season, the State of Tennessee may undoubtedly claim the hanner for the best State record. This may seem an eccentric sort of record for a State which hasn't seemed to try very hard about it, but it comes mighty near being the fact. That this should prove so for a point apparently so far away from the great bulk of the trap shooters, so late in the trap season, and so deep in the middle of the hot summer season of the South, is all the more strange. The fact remains, however, that Memphis has duplicated Knoxville at her first attempt. I question if ever an old club ever gave so successful and smooth a tournament for a first effort. I question if ever there was chronicled in these columns the story of a more pleasant, a more useful or more entertaining shoot. Somehow, the atmosphere was different. Perhaps you have to go South to find a social system whose courtesy doesn't need oil on the hinges. Anyhow, it was a very pleasant and agreeable time the trap friends had here. Of course, the rounders were here—as hot a crowd of shooters as ever got together—but the unusual feature was seen of many merchants and professional men shooting in the ranks for sport; an especially large number of elderly or old men being thus noteworthy. I never saw so many old men at a shoot, and never saw so many old men enjoy themselves so much, or shoot so well.

Still another thing was the remarkable numbers of spectators. Some of the best people of Memphis, ladies and gentlemen, were on hand as visitors and remained faithfully watching the regular grinding of the target mill all through the tournament. To these the visiting shooters paid altogether too little attention. Perhaps they did not know the value of this rare tribute. A trap tournament in the North rarely has so distinguished an attendance. To the "gang" this mattered little, perhaps. Anyhow, they went on sawing wood in their endless attempt to hreak all the targets on earth and to earn enough to keep the wolf from the door. The management, in the laudahle attempt to give the spectators something to interest them, got Capt. J. L. Brewer to give a little exhibition of fancy shooting at the close of each day's shoot, which was very nicely received. To me the main points of interest of this tournament were the old men shootinz for sport and the spectators who were watching the sport. There is a little lesson in it. The South, which is the natural home of sport, has not yet learned much of the modern systematic tournament. The South will be the next field of growth for this sport, or will neglect it altogether, which is not likely. There is a little moral in it also. The sentiment of the South, which brings out the best people to see a tournament, is worthy of encouragement and care., If there were in the North more visitors, more little refinements more care and courtesies to the visitors, and less of a mad rush to get into the middle of a target-grinding machine at the tournaments, it would certainly be all the hetter for the tone of the sport, and I helieve for the sport itself. On account of this approximate freedom from the usual teurnament dryness and mercenariness I like this Memphis shoot. It leaves a good taste in the mouth. You wouldn't mind going again to a shoot like that.

Audacity of the Undertaking.

Let the members of the Memphis Gun Club therefore be heartily congratulated on the success, and the double success of their first annual undertaking. We can hope that all their future shoots will be pleasant, and may they also be fully satisfactory in a financial way. It certainly required financial nerve to announce at this time and in these times a shoot with $760 added money. Of course, this is what brought the shooters. In these days, the shooters couldn't make a living without added money to shoot for, hecause they—so many—shoot too nearly alike. In order to add money, the club must throw all the targets possible. It must sell its restaurant privileges, charge gate money, do everything to take in funds, even to gettiug donations of cash from its citizens. The average rounder cares nothing where the added money comes from. Hc does not thank the citizens. In this way the highly-systematized, unnatural and purely artificial sport of trap-shooting is kept up. This year has been the hest ever known for the shooter. Perhaps eventually the sport will have to be reorganized, and the shooter be put on a more manly footing than that of taking the unknown citizen's money, and then never saying good morning to him when he comes on the grounds. We might just as well figure on these things while we are figuring on the longevity of a sport where pooling and combining and dropping for place are openly practiced, and the square shooters thus eaten up hy the crooked ones.

But all this is neither here nor there, as applied to Memphis shoot, for which I have a distinctly kind spot in memory. It was a double success and worthy of sincere study by any club intending to give an open tournament.

Mendacity of the Register.

The register of the Peabody Hotel on the first day showed the following names of shooters from all parts of the South and North. But this wasn't half of them: J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City; C. A. Young, of Springfield, O.; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.; James L. Ward, Columbus, O.; J. M. Gurton, King's Mills, O.; J. J. Sumpter, Jr., Hot Springs, Ark.; J. M. Pemberton, J. K. Thiebault, J. F. Fletcher and D. T. Alexander, all of Little Rock, Ark.; Paul North, Cleveland, O.; F. A. Morris, John W. Conner and R. Van Gilder, of Knoxville; Wm. Wagner, Washington, D. C.; John L. Brewer, New Jersey; Ferd V. Vau Dyke, New York; J. L. Baker and C. C. Holt, of Macon, Ga.; Pat Henry, D. M. Porterfield, Dan Searles and A. A. Ehrman, of the Vickshurg Gun Club; John A. Ruble, Wm. H. Skinner, Chicago: W. B. Powell, Gunnlson, Miss.; C. H. Walton, Anguilla, Miss.; D. A. Bondswell and W. A. Page, of Starksville, Miss. Messrs. Jas. Irwin, J. M. Rose and John Dickinson, all of Little Rock, came in on a special from Little Rock, arriving Weduesday morning. Capt. A. W. Du Bray, of the Parker gun, also appeared that morning, with many others from widely separated sections, swelling the total into oue one of the largest and most enthusiastic shooting crowds seen for many a moon.

Paucity of Bobbles.

Mr. T. A. Divine, president of the Memphis Club, is at this writing unfortunately lying very ill of a fever, and Mr. W. P. Halliday, the club secretary, is out of town. This has thrown the responsible management of the shoot largely into the hand of Mr. Irby Bennett, who may be said to have made the practical success of the shoot by his untiring hustling. No man ever worked harder than he has, or did it with half so much good nature. Mr. Bennett is Southern salesman for the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. In the work of systematizing the work and freeing the affair of all friction, the quiet and efficient aid of Mr. Roger Van Gilder, of Knoxville, was invaluable, and there were many such lieutenants who had heen under tournament fire before. The net result was a remarkably smooth shoot, one almost free of the usual "bobbles," and one for which the management deserves compliments of high order. The working of the traps was not of the hest, but this was due mainly to carelessness of the darky trappers, who sometimes handled the targets pretty roughly. Both bluerock and empire targets were used. Two sets of traps, one for the experts and one for the amateurs, were kept busy. There were ample tents and plenty of good accommodations, even to a good restaurant.

Electricity of the Street Cars.

The grounds were arranged on the old Billings driving park, to which it was only a few minutes' trolley run from the Peabody, a very comfortable and easy way of getting in and out by lightning. At the park, which is now no longer used for its original purposes, there is a spacious and cool grand stand, to say nothing of the special stands erected near the score. This made a cool lounging place, and sometimes a shooter who was tired and warm would sneak over there and take a nap in the shade. The restaurant was located heneath the grand staud. One could take a nip down below and a nap up above if he liked, and it is difficult to see how any other tournament is going to beat this feature.

Duplicity of Any Violator.

Following I offer-the rules and regulations which the club printed in their programme, certainly a very gentlemanly invitation to join in a gentleman's shoot:

"It is the desire and wish of the members of the Memphis Gun Club, that all shooters have as near an equal and fair a chance in this tournament as it is possible to give. We know that it is very difficult to class all shooters as they should be, and we must insist that in the opening event of the first day every shooter who knows that he can shoot an 85 per cent. gait, will enter as an expert and stay in that class during the entire tournament, and in this way demonstrate to the amateur that the experts are not here to rob him. Again, we beg that our hrotber shooters will not pool and drop for place. The $760 in cash that the Memphis Gun Club adds to the purses is for the purpose of drawing together a large number of the very hest shooters of the United States, and we ask tbe hearty support of all visitors in making this a high-toned gentlemen's tournament.

"We will have but two classes: 1st class shall he known as experts; 2nd class shall he known as amateurs. experts will shoot from known traps, unknown angles. Amateurs will shoot known trap, known angle.

"All known 85 per cent men will have to shoot as experts during the tournament. Amateurs who win a place for first or second money, or score 18 out of a possible 20, shall shoot as an expert until he fails to win a place for first or second money, or score 18, then he can return to the amateur class and remain until he wins again, as above stated."

It must have been a person very far helow the rank of a high-toned gentleman who would fail to heed a request like the above, and who would drop for place in a shoot like this. The shoot was designed to be one for the amateur as well as the expert, though tbe system of handicaps employed cannot be held conclusive, any more than any system yet discovered. The result was certainly a shoot less wholly professional than any of the big shoots of recent dates. The shooting was hard enough for any, the traps being well set up, and the targets thrown low and fast.

Catholicity of the Suppport.

The tournament was heartily taken up by Memphis, in spite of the heat, a number of the leading men of the town, who love anything pertaining to a gun, were daily on hand to see the shooting. Dr. Taylor, Dr. Cooper, and Mr. Mosher came all the way over from Brownsville just to look on, and to get information for their own new club. Mr. A. Wheatley, long time president of the Beaver Dam ducking club and his frlend Mr. Austin were interested observers, Col. P. H. Bryson, owner of the great old dog Gladstone, worth to his owners over $20,000 in all, and over $15,000 in 6 years, came out to see if the young men to-day shot as he did when he was a younger man. Col. Bryson, with the universal Southern instinct, hunted up the FOREST AND STREAM man and bore him off bodily to his own home. Col. Bryson knows a good thing when he sees it, I notice.

Tuesday, First Day, Aug. 7.

The weather was hot and humid, and shooting was serious business, even in the lightest possible attire. The tents and awnings were naturally intensifiers of the heat, but under the wooden canopies which protected the raised seats provided for spectators it was cool and comfortable. A remarkahly large number of visitors assembled to witness the sport, which in such magnitude is new in this city. Many ladies were present. All seemed to find a certain interest in the rather monotonous spectacle of a modern target tournament. Capt. Brewer's exhibition of difficult shots with the Winchester repeating shotgun, which was offered at the conclusion of the day's shooting, was well given and well received, evoking much applause. The entries in squads had been largely prepared the night previous, each shooter paying in his entry for the entire day, $24, and having assigned to him a certain squad position. Under this system shooting progressed steadily and in good order all day long. A famous squad was the "Ohio squad." Heikes, North, Young, Alkire and Ward, all being of Ohio. "Shorty" Bacon, also of Ohio, was intended to fill out this squad, hut failing to get in on time, McMurchy took the last place on the squad. The Arkansas contingent followed a similar plan and made a formidable team. The day's entry was in the neighhorhood of sixty, and therefore all shooters knew that the success of the tournament was secure, and that it was to be one of the large affairs of the season, quite worthy, with Knoxville shoot, to challenge the record of any State for the current year in the sport. As mentioned above, the shooting was under the class division principle, the amateurs shooting known traps and angles, the experts known traps, unknown angles. Nothing could be more regular than the programme. Each event was at 20 targets, $3 entry, $25 added by the Memphis Gun Club. Score:

No. 1, experts:

Heikes	11111111101111111111—19	Morris	00001111011111111111—15
North	01110111111110111101—16	DuBray	00001111111101111100—15
Young	01111111111111111101—18	Hobart	00111000111100111101—12
Alkire	11111111111111111111—20	Elliott	10010100111111111111—15
Ward	11111111111111111111—20	Thibault	11011101011111111111—17
McMurchy	11111111111111111111—20	Woodson	11011011011010101110—12
Van Dyke	11111111101111111011—18	Skinner	11101110110100100111—13
Connor	10111111111110111111—18	Meadows	10010111000000111111—16
Brewer	01011101011111111110—15	Wagner	01110101111101011111—15
Sumpter	10111110101111000110—12	B White	11111110111111101111—18
Pemberton	10011110111110111111—16	Anthony	01000111111101111010—14
R V'Gilder	01111111100001111110—14		

Amateurs.

Pinkston	10011110111111101011—15	Walton	11111111111111111100—18
Holden	11100001010011111111—13	Page	11111111101011111110—17
Hope	11111010011111001001—13	Shorty	11110111111111111111—19
Poston	01111110101110011001—14	Fletcher	11101111010111011101—15
Legler	10100111110001001111—12	Girton	11110110111111011111—17
Gerst	11011111010000111011—13	Johnson	00001101001010000110— 7
C Holt	01111111111111111110—18	Duncan	10111100101101101010—12
Baker	11110111100111011011—15	Alexander	11101110100111111111—15
Collender	00011001000001000010— 5	Porterfield	11111110111111101110—17
Clay	10101011010000011111—11	Miller	11111101011110111111—17
Watson	11100111111111101101—16	G B Alexander	11101110110100111111—15
Dinkins	11100111111100110111—15	Dolive	11011111110110000110—13
Powell	11111001101111001101—14	Leavenw'h	01011100101011111110—13
Foote	11111111101111111111—19	Cargill	01011000111011000010— 9
W Allen	11010011001100101111—11	Lloyd	11011111100110111111—16
Henry	11101011111110100110—14	Leach	10001110011001111111—13
Searles	11101011101011111110—15		
Gilmer	11110011111111111011—17		

No. 2, experts:

Heikes	17	Sumpter	18
North	16	Pemberton	16
Young	20	R Van Gilder	12
Alkire	18	Morris	17
Ward	17	DuBray	12
McMurchy	18	Hobart	12
Van Dyke	17	Elliott	18
Counor	19	Thibault	14
Brewer	15	Woodson	17
Skinner	13
Meadows	18
Wagner	17
White	18
Anthony	17
Holt	12
Shorty	19
Walton	16

Amateurs.

Bennett	11	Poston	19	Fletcher	13
Legler	16	Baker	17	D Alexander	15
Gerst	14	Gilmer	18	G B Alexander	9
Girton	11	W F Allen	12	Porterfield	17
Dinkins	15	Henry	15	Miller	12
Watson	17	Searles	17	Conley	7
Powell	15	Clay	11	Dolive	12
Thompson	7	Pinkston	17	Williams	14
Lloyd	19	Hope	16	Holden	7
Leach	15	Page	18		

No. 3, experts:

Heikes	18	Elliott	16	Skinner	18
North	14	Frihault	12	Meadows	14
Young	17	Woodson	18	Wagner	11
Alkire	18	Van Dyke	14	B White	19
Ward	18	Connor	18	Anthony	20
McMurchy	18	Brewer	17	Shorty	18
Morris	19	Sumpter	18	Lloyd	13
DuBray	14	Pemherton	18	Gilmer	13
Hobart	12	R Van Gilder	17	Page	11

Amateurs.

Girton	12	Leach	13	Porterfield	17
Holt	20	Hope	16	G B Alexander	19
Callender	5	Baker	10	Fletcher	15
Leavenworth	13	Walton	16	D Alexander	15
Dinkins	17	W F Allen	17	Poston	18
Girst	11	Henry	11	Miller	12
Legler	18	Sears	16	Holden	16
Watson	20	Foote	19	Schuman	11
Powell	16	Pinkston	16	Vance	8

No. 4, experts:

Heikes	19	R Van Gilder	17	Wagner	15
North	14	Morris	17	B White	18
Young	17	DuBray	15	Anthony	19
Alkire	17	Hobart	14	Shorty	19
Ward	16	Elliott	14	Legler	14
McMurchy	20	Tribault	11	Watson	18
Van Dyke	14	Woodson	16	Foote	17
Connor	20	Holt	15	Poston	11
Brewer	20	Meadows	14	Skinner	12
Sumpter	16	Pemherton	17		

Amateurs.

Powell	12	Henry	17	Hope	13
Callender	8	Searles	17	Miller	12
Fletcher	13	Holden	17	Girton	12
D Alexander	12	Pinkston	16	Page	20
Romain	11	Bennett	11	Lloyd	19
Mulholland	13	Barterfield	16	Gilmer	11
Walton	20	Gerst	14	Dinkins	19
Allen	12	G B Alexander	12	Williams	20

No. 5, experts:

Heikes	16	Pemberton	15	Page	15
North	18	Van Gilder	17	Lloyd	14
Young	18	Morris	16	Anthony	12
Alkire	19	DuBray	13	Shorty	19
Ward	18	Hobart	16	Williams	11
McMurchy	18	Elliott	19	White	20
Van Dyke	19	Frihault	15	Skinner	13
Connor	19	Woodson	12	Dinkins	14
Brewer	20	Wagner	16	Watson	17
Sumpter	18	Meadows	16	Waitou	13

Amateurs.

Girton	13	Searles	14	Gerst	17
Legler	17	Holden	16	Miller	14
Powell	14	Pinkston	19	Poston	18
Collender	13	D Alexander	18	Romaine	14
Erhart	17	Foote	16	Hope	17
Piety	15	Holt	15	Campbell	14
E B Alexander	9	Baker	12	Leavenworth	14
W F Allen	18	Fletcher	14	Gilmer	17
Henry	19	Porterfield	17		

No. 6, experts:

Heikes	18	Brewer	17	Thibault	15
North	16	Sumpter	16	Woodson	14
Young	16	Pemherton	16	Wagner	17
Alkire	20	Van Gilder	16	Poston	15
Ward	19	Morris	18	Anthony	14
McMurchy	19	DuBray	14	Shorty	17
Van Dyke	16	Hobart	17	White	20
Connor	15	Elliott	20	Meadows	18

Amateurs.

Fletcher	15	Collender	5	Gerst	13
Foote	18	Allen	17	Porterfield	17
Walton	12	Henry	16	Leavenworth	12
Dinkins	17	Searles	14	Page	20
G B Alexander	9	Legler	19	Lloyd	17
Girton	14	Pinkston	20	Williams	16
Powell	15	Gilmer	16	Allen	14
Miller	16	Romaine	18	Watson	17
Erhardt	17	Campbell	10	Hope	16

No. 7, experts:

Heikes	19	Pemberton	17	Meadows	17
North	17	Van Gilder	14	Anthony	19
Young	20	Morris	16	Wagner	19
Alkire	19	DuBray	17	Page	18
Ward	19	Hohart	18	White	19
McMurchy	17	Elliott	19	Romaine	13
Van Dyke	16	Thihault	18	Legler	15
Connor	19	Woodson	20	Williams	10
Brewer	19	Shorty	17	Foote	15
Sumpter	16				

Amateurs.

Poston	18	Hope	14	Mulholland	14
Hope	16	Walker	12	Duncan	16
Lloyd	18	Porterfield	16	Fletcher	15
Watson	19	Allen	17	Girton	13
Gerst	14	Henry	14	D Alexander	17
Bennett	10	Searles	16	Walton	16
Williams	15	Pinkston	17	Powell	14
Campbell	15	G B Alexander	10	Dinkins	16
Gilmere	13	Erhardt	19	Miller	14

No. 8, experts:

Heikes	19	Pemberton	10	Wagner	15
North	14	Van Gilder	16	Page	15
Young	16	Morris	9	Anthony	17
Alkire	16	DuBray	17	Skinner	15
Ward	17	Hobart	13	Meadows	15
McMurchy	19	Elliott	20	White	19
Van Dyke	18	Thibault	18	Watson	17
Connor	15	Woodson	19	Poston	13
Brewer	19	Shorty	15	Lloyd	17
Sumpter	18				

Amateurs.

Schuman	10	Hope	15	Pinkston	16
Porterfield	14	Gilmer	13	G B Alexander	12
Walker	17	Allen	17	Romain	16
Legler	19	Henry	16	Dinkins	19
Gerst	7	Searles	14	D Alexander	16
Holden	14	Walton	16	Foote	18
J H Watson	11				

J. A. Ruble ("White") won first average for the day.

Wednesday, Second Day.

Almost the same comment might be made as for the day before The weather continued oppresively warm, the number of spectators continued large and the shooting under precisely the same conditions, continued, unvarying and regular. Capt. Brewer repeated his exhibition of the evening previous. The number of shooters contesting went past the high number of seventy in one event. The tournament was proving an unmistakable success. Scores:

No. 1, experts:

Heikes	01111101111111111111—17	DuBray	10101101010111111100—13
North	10111100011011010111—14	Pemberton	00111101011111111101—15
Young	11111111110011101010—15	Elliott	01110111011111111011—16
Alkire	11111111111111111111—20	Thibault	10111011110111101111—16
Ward	01111111011101111111—17	Woodson	10111101111011111111—17
McMurchy	11111111111111111111—20	Meaders	01111111110010111111—16
Van Dyke	11111111011111110111—18	Foote	11001101111111111111—17
Connor	11101111111111111111—19	Skinner	01100111111111111011—16
Brewer	11110111111111111111—19	Wagner	11111111101111111101—18
Sumpter	11010111111111111010—16	White	11101011111101011111—16
Hobart	10011110011111101111—15	Anthony	11111111111111111110—19
VanGilder	11011110111011111101—17	Shorty	11101010111110111111—16
Norris	11011111111100000111—14		

Amateurs.

Holden	01100111111011011111—14	Gilmer	11111101010111011111—16
Piety	10110011111101111101—15	Watson	11011101111111111111—18
Dinkins	10111111111111111111—19	Page	11100111111101010101—14
Legler	11110101111111011111—17	D Alexander	11111111101111101001—16
Gerst	11011111001110011101—13	Erhardt	11111011111111010111—18
Romaine	11111111100110111010—15	Allen	10110011001101111111—14
Holt	11001001111011011110—13	Williams	11101110101111111111—16
Baker	11110001101111111110—15	Schmidt	10011101000111010001—10
Fletcher	00100110101011011001— 9	Dickinson	01111111101101110111—16
Porterfield	10111101111111110111—17		

Hale.....1111011010010111101 1—14
Park.....1100011111101111111 1—16
Walton....1111111111111111101—19
Henry.....1000111101101111111 1—15
G B Alexander....0111101011010011110—13
Searles....1111111111101101111—18
Pinkston..1111110110111101010—15
Leach.....1111011001111001101 1—14
Hope.....1111111111101110010—16
Lloyd.....0111111111111011011—17

Irwin.....1001110011111111111 1—16
Clay.....0110111010111011101—14
A Duncau..1001110111011101010 1—14
J Duncan..1011000110111110111—14
Little.....0100110001010001110— 9
Rix.....1001110101100101111—13
Callender..1100111111011100001—13
Girton ....0111101110111111111—17
Frank.....0101000111110011110—12
Le'v'nwrth0101111011110010101 1—13

No. 2, experts:

Heikes.....17	Hobart.....12	Skinner.....15
North.....17	Van Gilder.....16	Shorty.....19
Young.....17	Morris.....16	Wagner 16
Alkire.....20	DuBray.....12	White.....17
Ward.....15	Pemberton.....18	Anthony.....16
McMurchy.....19	Elliott.....18	Walton 16
Van Dyke.....16	Thibault.....17	Searles 13
Connor 20	Woodson 18	Litzkie.....11
Brewer 16	Meaders 15	Simpkins 13
Sumpter.....13		
	Amateurs.	
Romaine.....13	Gilmer.....17	Porterfield.....15
Foote.....17	Henry 17	Lloyd.....17
Williams.....16	G B Alexander.....14	Little..... 15
Erhard.....15	Page.....16	Clay 15
Gerst 17	Pinkston.....19	Girton.....14
Legler.....18	Hope.....15	Frank..... 6
D Alexander.....19	Holt 15	Romaine.....15
Holden. 13	Baker.....13	Foote 17
Fletcher 15	Park.....16	Dinkins.....18
Piety.....13	Dickinson 17	Gerst 12
Watson.....17	Irwin 13	Erhardt.....18
Hale.....15	Rex.....14	Allen.....13

No. 3, experts:

Heikes.....20	Sumpter.....14	Meaders 13
North 20	Hohart.....17	Shorty.....20
Young 15	Van Gilder.....16	Wagner.....16
Alkire 19	Morris.....12	Legler 18
Ward.....18	DuBray.....14	Anthony.....18
McMurchy.....19	Pemberton.....17	D Alexander.....15
Van Dyke.....16	Elliott 19	Pinkston 16
Connor 18	Thibault.....16	White 19
Brewer.....18	Woodson.....17	
	Amateurs.	
Piety 15	Gilmer.....11	Holt 18
Rex.....17	Hope 16	Dickiuson.....17
Fletcher 14	Williams.....16	Irwin.....18
Little.....15	Callender..... 8	Lloyd.....17
Hale.....15	Roy.....15	Leach.....14
Holden.....12	Page.....14	Porterfield.....14
Walton.....19	Powell.....13	Clay 13
Henry 13	Watson.....16	Peterson.....16
G B Alexander.....12	Park..... ...15	Frank.....10
Searles.....16		

No. 4, experts:

Heikes.....18	Sumpter.....16	Meaders 16
North.....15	Hobart.....14	Shorty.....18
Young.....17	Van Gilder.....16	Legler 11
Alkire.....17	Morris 12	Anthony.....13
Ward.....15	Wagner.....17	Dinkins 12
McMurchy.....20	Pemberton.....17	Erhardt.....18
Van Dyke.....19	Elliott 17	White.....18
Connor 17	Thibault.....11	Walton.....19
Brewer 17	Woodson.....20	
	Amateurs.	
Gerst.....17	Romaine.....14	Lloyd.....16
Foote.....17	D Alexander.....20	Hall.....15
Bennett..... 9	Watson.....16	Gilmer..... 20
Allen..... 14	Henry 13	Park.....11
Acord..... 9	Searles.....15	Peterson.....13
Rix.....16	G B Alexander.....14	Porterfield.....19
Holden.....17	Fletcher 14	Clay 13
Page.....17	Hope.....14	Irwin 16
Schmidt 9	Williams.....15	Pinkston.....16
Little.....11	Dickinson.....16	

No. 5, experts:

Heikes.....,18	Van Gilder.....11	Williams.....16
North.....16	Skinner.....16	Holt 14
Young.....16	Morris.....14	Roy.....12
Alkire 18	Wagner.....18	Anthony ..... .18
Shorty.....16	Pemberton.....15	D Alexander.....17
McMurchy.....18	Elliott 16	White.....19
Van Dyke.....17	Thibault.....15	Walton.....17
Connor.....17	Woodson.....15	Meaders 16
Brewer.....17	Erhardt.....12	Gilmer.....14
Sumpter.....18		
	Amateurs.	
Fletcher 17	Hope..... .15	Romaine.....13
Irwin.....18	D F Allen.....10	Page.....14
A B Duncan 16	Baker.....15	Watson.....18
Miller.....14	Lloyd..... 15	Henry 14
Dickinson.....15	Legler 15	G B Alexander.....12
Peterson..... 8	Gerst.....17	Searles 12
Porterfield.....19	Dinkins.....17	Little.....13
Park.....15	Foote.....17	Pinkston.....15
Holden.....16		

No. 6, experts:

Heikes.....19	Brewer 18	Thibault.....15
North.....12	Sumpter.....13	Woodson 13
Young.....16	Van Gilder.....13	Porterfield.....16
Alkire.....18	Skinner.....15	Irwin.....16
Shorty.....19	Meaders 12	Watson.....17
McMurchy.....19	Wagner.....14	Ward.....18
Van Dyke.....18	Pemberton.....12	Hale.....15
Connor.....20	Elliott 20	Anthony.....13
White.....20		
	Amateurs.	
Rix 12	G B Alexander.....10	Page.....14
Park.....14	Searles.....14	Lloyd.....15
Gilmer.....15	Pinkston.....15	Rix.....14
Erhardt.... 17	Holden.....16	Foote.....19
Williams.....13	Dickinson 16	Hope.....13
D Alexander.....14	Gerst.....15	Dinkins.....19
Walton 18	Legler.....17	Acord..... 13
Henry 14	Romaine.....10	Fletcher 13

No. 7, experts:

Heikes.....16	Brewer 18	Thibault 14
North 16	Sumpter.....20	Woodson 19
Young.....17	Van Gilder.....13	Foote.....18
Alkire.....18	Ward 18	Dinkins 17
Shorty.....20	Meaders 16	White 18
McMurchy.....17	Wagner 20	Walton 13
Van Dyke.....19	Pemberton.....16	Anthony.....19
Connor 17	Elliott.....18	
	Amateurs.	
Holden.....10	Geret 15	G B Alexander.....13
Walker 11	Lloyd 15	Searles.....12
Erhardt.....19	Dickinson 15	Pinkston 18
Gilmer.....14	Little 11	Hope.....13
Park.....11	Williams.... 18	Rex.....15
Romaine.....15	D Alexander.....18	Watson 16
Legler.....16	Henry 15	Porterfield.....17

No. 8, experts:

Heikes.....1011111111111111111—19	VanGilder.1101110111111111001—16	
North.....1010101110101111111—15	Wagner....1111011111101111101—17	
Young.....1111111111111111110—19	Foote.....1111111111111111111—20	
Alkire .....1011111111111111111—19	Meader....1101001111101011101—14	
Shorty.....1111111111111111111—20	Pemberton0110110111111111010—15	
McMurchy.1111111111111111111—20	Elliott.....1111111111111111111—20	
Van Dyke..1111111100111111111—18	White.....1101111111111111101—18	
Connor....1110111001111111101—16	Thibalt....0101010110101000110 1—10	
Brewer....0111111011111111101—17	Woodson..1111111111111111101—19	
Sumpter..1101111110101101111—16	Anthony...1111111101110111111—18	
Amateurs.		
Holden....0110101111010010111 1—13	Watson....1111111111110111111—19	
Silmer.....1001110100111001001 0—10	Powell.....1011101111010111011—15	
Park.....1111111111111110111—19	Peterson ..1110110111101101100—14	
Hope.....1101011010001111110—13	Frank.....0000011010011111101—11	
Girst .....1111011011101100110—14	Romaine ..1101111010111110011—15	
Legler.....1110110110111011011—15	Williams...1111101111111111111—19	
Henry.....0110110101110011011—15	DAlex'nd'r0101111010111111001—14	
GAlex'nd'r0010111101000100100— 9	Porterfield 1111111110111110111—18	
Searles....1011111111101111001—16	Dinkins....1011111001111111111—17	
Pinkston..0111110111111111101—17	Walton....1111010111101111111—17	

Thursday, Third Day.

The weather was hotter than ever, unusually hot for this region, but the enthusiasm of shooters and spectators continued unabated, although the entry fell from sixties to the forties. Shooting continued until far in the dusk at extras after the programme was finished, the last contest of the sort, at 10 singles and 5 pairs, being watched to the close by an interested group of late stayers. In this the glory was divided by Heikes, Brewer and Col. Woodson of Little Rock. The latter brought out frequent applause by the success of his inimitably cool and easy style of shooting. The last gun for the big Memphis shoot was fired almost in the dark. The tournament ended with the best of good-nature all around. I never saw a shoot where there was more fun or where there seemed more good fellowship, and apparently more general satisfaction on both sides. It was remarked that Mr. Divine, who is very sick, would be glad to know of the success of the shoot in whose preliminaries he labored so faithfully. Mr. Bennett and Mr. F. P. Poston, who also did yeoman service in the hustling line, were mopping their foreheads this evening, but they seemed happy.

To-day there were on the grounds many new faces, although many had departed for their homes. No doubt over 100 shooters participated in all. Mr. E. L. Gilmer, all the way from Greensboro, N. C., was on hand to-day. Mr. Tolive of Orlando, Fla., was here yesterday. Messrs. Piety and Eherhardt, who came in for two days' shooting, are respectively of Topeka and Atchison, Kas. Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, the District of Columbia, Illinois, New York, even far away New Jersey were all represented here. Memphis certainly seems a good place to hold a shoot. And now comes Roger Van Gilder of Knoxville and says that next May his town hopes to offer $3,000 in cash to the shooters. Of this the club will put up $1,500. One hundred shooters will put up $10 each (thirty-eight shooters have already agreed to this and the rest is easy) and it is hoped the manufacturers will add $500. Verily these be great days, and the trap-shooter waxeth fat. Old Tennessee so far leads the list for accomplishment this year and promise for the next.

Averages and Runs.

Yesterday's daily average was won by McMurchy. Daily average for to-day was won by Charlie Young of Columbus, O., he scoring the highest tournament run, 97 out of 100. The next highest run was made by McMurchy, 96 out of 100. McMurchy had a fine start to win the first average for the tournament, hut went off, and this was won hy Alkire of Ohio. Second tournament average was won hy McMurchy. Heikes, who was not at his best earlier in the shoot, pulled up to-day enough to win third tournament average. "I've got a roll to-night," said Rolla, with a pleasant Dayton, Ohio, smile.

The Shooting.

A very pleasant feature of the day was the team race, 6-men teams, $5 entrance, 25 targets, between teams from Arkansas, Tennessee and Mississippi. This was not in the programme, hut afforded variety and was watched with interest, showing the difference between a sweepstakes for a purse only and a match with additional competitive features to it.

The special shoot set as Event No. 9 for Tuesday was not concluded until to-day. It was at 20 targets, with special prizes as follows: First prize, one $80 Lefever hammerless gun; second prize, 500 nitro powder loaded shells; third prize, one leather gun case; fourth prize, one leather shell case. In this Mississippi won all the glory. Messrs. Porter and Foote carried back the Lefever gun to Mississippi with them without shooting out their tie. Messrs. Dinkins and Walton, both of Mississippi, took the 500 shells. Mr. Sumpter, of Hot Springs, won in the tie for the gun case, and Mr. C. C. Holt, of Macon, Ga., won the shell case in the shoot-off. This event was shot at known traps and angles, and there were 34 entries. The other scores of the day follow:

No. 1, experts:

Heikes.....17	Counor 19	Shorty.....17
North.....19	Brewer.....18	Elliott.....20
Young.....17	Sumpter.....17	Thibault.....15
Alkire 19	Wagner.....18	Woodson.....17
Ward.....14	Van Gilder.....16	White.....18
McMurchy..... 19	Anthony.....16	Foote.....17
Van Dyke.....13	Meadows.....16	Skinner.....15
	Amateurs.	
Porterfield.....18	Walton.....16	Little.....16
Park.....17	Fowell.....15	G B Alexander.....10
Legler.....17	Gilmer.....15	D Alexander.....20
Walker..... 6	Erhardt.....17	Searles.....13
Morris 18	Hope.....18	Holden.....13
Dinkins.....16	Romaine.....14	Sharkey.....17
Pinkston.....18		

No. 2, experts:

Heikes.....19	Brewer.....17	Skinner 13
North.....18	Sumpter.....17	Woodson 18
Young.....19	Wagner.....19	Rix 15
Alkire.....18	Van Gilder.....14	White..... 19
Ward.....18	Anthony.....20	Hope.....15
McMurchy.....15	Meaders 15	Pinkston.....15
Van Dyke.....16	Shorty.....19	D Alexander.....13
Connor 18	Elliott 16	Porterfield 14
	Amateurs.	
Legler 16	Gilmer.....17	Holden.....11
Thibalt.....12	Little..... 8	Sharky.....17
Morris.....16	Erhardt.....19	G B Alexander.....11
Walker.....12	Baker,.....18	Williams.....18
Powell..... 15	Park 17	Searles.....12
Dinkins 20	Romaine.....15	Allen.....18
Foote 20	Walton.....17	

No. 3, experts:

Heikes.....20	Brewer.....13	Elliott.....17
North.. 19	Sumpter..... 6	Skinner.....14
Young.....18	Wagner.....17	Woodson.....19
Alkire 18	Van Gilder.....19	Erhardt 17
Ward.....19	Anthony.....15	Foote.....17
McMurchy.....15	Meaders 19	Whi e.....18
Van Dyke.....20	Shorty.....16	Dinkins.....18
Connor.....16		
	Amateurs.	
Gilmer.....16	Porterfield.....15	G B Alexander..... 9
Rix.....14	D Alexander.....17	Walton 16
Hope..... 16	Thibault.....15	Markey 14
Pinkston.....20	Holden.....12	Fletcher.....14
Morris 16	Park.....16	

No. 4, experts:

Heikes.....18	Brewer 16	Elliott.....18
North.....18	Sumpter..... 7	White.....16
Young.....20	Wagner.....17	Woodson 17
Alkire 20	Van Gilder.....18	Dinkins.....19
Ward.....16	Anthony..... 17	Pinkston.....15
McMurchy.....16	Meaders 15	Allen.....17
Van Dyke.....18	Shorty.....20	Baker.....15
Conner 19		
	Amateurs.	
Williams.....14	Morris.....17	Park.....18
Romaine ... .14	Porterfield.....17	Foote.....18
Little.....13	Gilmer.....13	D Alexander.....17
Rix.....20	Searles.....12	Thibault.....16
Hope.....18	Erhardt.....17	Walton.....14

No 5, experts:

Heikes.....17	Connor 19	Elliott 18
North.....16	Brewer 15	White.....19
Young 19	Wagner 14	Woodsou 17
Alkire.....19	Van Gilder.....18	Meaders 16
Ward 18	Anthony.....17	Dinkins 16
McMurchy.....19	Shorty.....17	Hope.....13
Van Dyke.....		
	Amateurs.	
Pinkston 18	Morris 18	Foote 18
W S Allen.....17	Park.....15	Porterfield.....16
J C Allen..... 7	Walton.....17	Thibault.....17
Sharky.....14	Gilmer.....14	D Alexander.....17

No. 6, experts:

Heikes.....19	Brewer 19	Elliott 19
North 19	Sumpter.....15	White.....17
Young.....20	Wagner 20	Woodson.....15
Alkire 20	Van Gilder.....15	Gilmer.....17
Ward.....19	Anthony.....16	Morris.....18
McMurchy.....18	Meaders 11	Foote 16
Van Dyke.....20	Shorty.....17	DuBray.....16
Connor 16		
	Amateurs.	
Pinkston 17	Sharky.....15	Holden 16
Hope 19	Walton 18	Porterfield.....18
Dinkins 18	D Alexander.....20	G B Alexander.....12
Park.....19	Thibault.....15	Bennett.....13

No. 7, experts:

Heikes.....19	Connor 18	Shorty.....19
North.....18	Brewer,.....16	Elliott,.....20
Young.....20	Sumpter.....11	White.....17
Alkire 18	Wagner 18	Woodson.....18
Ward.....16	Van Gilder.....16	Williams..... 13
McMurchy.....17	Anthony.....15	Gilmer.....15
Van Dyke.....20	Meaders 15	DuBray.....17
	Amateurs.	
Foote.....19	Park.....16	Holden 13
Pinkston..... ..16	Erhardt.....19	D Alexander.....16
Dinkins.....20	Powell.....19	Thibalt.....12
Walton.....16	Allen,.....16	Hope.....17
Sharkey 11	Walton.....17	Porterfield.....18

No. 8, experts:

Heikes.....19	Brewer.....1	Elliott 17
North.....17	Sumpter.....15	White.....15
Young.....18	Wagner.....17	Woodson.....17

Alkire.....17	Van Gilder.....17	DuBray.....13
Ward 20	Anthony.....20	Gilmer.....13
McMurchy.....20	Meaders 19	Dinkins.....19
Van Dyke.....18	Shorty.....17	Foote.....17
Connor.....18		
	Amateurs.	
Park 19	G B Alexander.....11	Searles 9
Walton.....14	Hope.....16	Conley.....10
Pinkston.....17	D Alexander.....18	Powell.....15
Holden.....18	Porterfield.....19	Bennett.....15

Special event, State team shoot, six-men teams, 25 targets, $5 per man entry, known traps and angles:

Mississippi Team.

Porterfield.....1111101100111111100111111—20	
Walton.....1011010111101111011111011—19	
Foote.....1101111011111110111101111—21	
Dinkins.....1111001111101111111110110—20	
Hope.....1011101111110110011010111—18	
Pinkerton.....1011111110111101011111100—19—117	

Arkansas Team.

Alexander.....1111011001110111111111011—20	
Sumpter .....1011111010110011110101101—17	
Williams.....0110111111111111011111111—22	
Woodson.....1111111111111101111110111—23	
Thibault.....1110111010011011111111000—17	
Fletcher.....1111000011111111111111111—21—120	

Tennessee Team.

Morris.....1111111011111111011111101—22	
Allen.....1111111111111111111011111—24	
Poston .....1111111011111111110111101—22	
Van Gilder.....1111111011111111111111111—24	
Meaders.....1111111100010111011101111—19	
Conner.....1111111111111111111111101—24—135	

Tennessee won.

This was Tennessee's day.

True, Partially True, and Possibly True.

F. P. Poston, Acting President.—The club made about $150 clear on the shoot. We took in $743 in target money, sold the restaurant privilege for $205, took in $160 gate money, and cleared $78 on the special prize shoot, in which we did not give a purse of the entrance moneys, hut offered the gun, etc. We did not beg a dollar, and did not solicit one article of merchaudise to offer as a prize.

The Merchandise Prize.—I was the only fellow that wasn't in it. I think I will go back to the Ark. I used to he in it, in the days of the Ark.

The Citizen.—Allow me to express my thanks for one shoot at last which I was not asked to support.

The South.—There has heen a mistaken notion extant that it was only the North that could hustle. Don't you believe that any more, my children.

The Daily Press.—We know how to report a shoot down here, and to give it the sort of mention which will help make it a success.

The Management.—There will be one Chicago shooter less at our next tournament. We will not tolerate unreasonahle kicking on these grounds. We will not permit figuring for place and we will put off the grounds any man practicing such dishonesty as soon as we detect it. We do not mean this as the same old bluff. We aim to give a square shoot and we will do it.

[This is not the old bluff. The reform of the old crookedness in trap shooting will begin in the South. It will only need an example or two to stop pooling and dropping. The Memphis men have the sand to make the examples. Their next tournament may have special interest in this regard.—E. H.]

The City of Memphis.—I am the biggest little city on earth. I have 75,000 whites, hesides 40,000 blacks that don't count. I am the largest inland cotton market, the third boot and shoe market, the fourth grocery market, and the first square tournament market in America.

The Amateur.—It looks as though I might have a chance for my life here. This is strange if true.

Irby Bennett.—I have discovered that running a shoot is hard on the lungs, the legs and the voice. But did you see the Winchester repeaters come to the front in this shoot. Now watch my style as I break a few straights. I shoot one myself.

H. McMurchy.—I now have my name hlown in the top shot wad of my shells. I couldn't shoot a plain wad any more. I think this is the secret of my unvarying regularity. I never miss a bird except when I feel as if I ought to.

Capt. DuBray.—I have rheumatism in hoth wrists, hut joy in my heart, because the new Whitworth barrel Parker is just coming out.

The Climate.—I wasn't as hot as New York. This is the healthiest place in the U. S. All I wanted was just to assure a red hot shoot even if the shooters had to appear in pajamas.

Paul North.—I think all of us manufacturers' agents, who have all or part of our expenses paid, ought to be handicapped in some way more nearly fair to the shooter who puts up his own money.

Twenty-Five Other Known or Secret Agents.—Really, Mr. North, you shock us!

The Nitro Load.—I am growing higger every year. Once I was 43grs., now I am 45, 46, even 48 or 50grs. I was used by all but three shooters at this shoot.

Col. P. H. Bryson.—I attended the first field trial ever held in America. We had it at Memphis, and ran it in conjunction with a big wild live hird tournament. Capt. Bogardus shot in the tournament. We took him out quail shooting after the event, and many of our quail shooters could beat him. There have been many chauges in field trials and tournaments since then.

Mr. Pinkston, of Mississippi.—The idea has gone forth that New England is not so woolly as Mississippi, but the fact is Mississippi is the most Puritanic State in the Union. Our Legislature passed a law making trap-shooting a gambling game. It killed the sport in the State. We are plenty good.

The Mosquito Bar.—The more you see of me, the hetter you will like me.

Intelligent Observer.—I note that the maccaroon, the octoroon and other things grow in great abundance in Memphis. I observe also that the streets are lined on one side with magnolia trees, and on the other with julep trees. The julep tree is not indigenous to the North.

Unknown Lady on the Grand Stand.—Who is that tall, handsome gentleman coming this way?

McMurchy, Bennett and Seventy Other Shooters Who Will Read This.—Must have meant me! Well, I don't deny it, I was a regular Memphistopheles.

The City Water Works.—Gentlemen, you embarrass me (financially).

C. A. Young, of Ohio.—Captain Brewer has challenged me to shoot him a race at 200 targets. I told him I would shoot him a race at 300, hut that he would have to get down to my weight. He weighs 283lbs. and I weigh 94lhs.

Popular Consent.—Col. Woodson, of Little Rock, was the coolest and prettiest shot at the score. John Dickinson, of Little Rock, is the quickest shot in America.

J. A. R. Elliott.—I have got into my present fine form by a system of my own inventiou. It consists of eating a watermelon or two just hefore going to bed each night.

Dan Searles, of Vicksburg.—If you will just wait for a few moments I will sing you a few stanzas from that touching song known as "Daisy Bell."

Capt. Andy Meaders.—I am over 100 years old in general belief, but I decline the title of has-been. I am still with you, as you may observe hy consulting the score sheets.

W. R. Hobart.—While I am still willing to admit that the Lake Michigan lobsters are the finest on earth, I must give the palm for general loveliness to the Tennessee yellow-leg chicken.

The Visiting Shooters.—The Memphis shoot was a cracker-jack. It was the best shoot of the year. We can't do this in the North. There's something to it besides the money up, and we don't just exactly understand how, what or where it is. We will come here again the first chance we get.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 7.—Weekly shoot, conditions 10 single targets, unknown traps and angles, American Association rules:

Terry	1011111101— 8	Cleland	0010111001— 5
Dornin	1110111011— 8	Empie	1111111111—10

No. 2, same:

Terry	0100111110—6	Empie	1101100101—6
Dornin	1011101111—8	Miller	0110001000—3
Cleland	0001000111—4		

No. 3, 9 singles, 3 pairs, known traps and angles:

Terry	101111010 11 10 11—11	Cleland	101011010 00 00 00— 5
Nelson	111111000 10 10 10— 9	Miller	111111101 00 10 10—10
Dornin	101101100 01 00 00— 6	Owen	100111001 10 10 00— 7
Empie	011010100 11 11 11—10		

No. 4, 25 singles, known traps, unknown angles:

Terry	0111011111011110111011100—18
Dornin	1110110011111011111011111—20
Cleland	0100101011101110110111101—16
Empie	1100010011111111100110101—16
Owen	0111111101110001110101100—16

No. 5, 9 singles and 3 pairs, unknown angles:

Terry	110111111 11 11 10—13	Dornin	110110100 01 11 11—10
Empie	111111110 11 11 00—12	Cleland	000111101 00 11 01— 8
Owen	110110001 01 01 10— 8		

F. M. D.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Aug. 4.—Twenty-five live birds per man:

		Ties.
C Antoine	1212212221101102101111220—21	
O von Lengerke	2012101211211021112221222—22	-43
R J Darling	0112111122211011121112111—23	
Z L Brown	1221000202002121222201121—18	—41

Aug. 7.—Chicago Shooting Club medal shoot, 15 live birds per man:

		Ties.
John Watson	211001121211122—13	21122—5
R B Wadsworth	011210121111222—13	11220—4
L M Hamline	2222112021022211—13	02232—4

Aug. 8.—South Chicago medal shoot, 20 live birds per man:

L C Willard	11111112112221112222—20	P Miller	12001212211221112122—18
A W Reeves	21122211111012111120—18	J Watson	22100222010112222111—16

Target medal, 30 Empire targets per man:

L C Willard	111101101101011101111110011001—21
A W Reeves	011111110011111111101111111111—26
P Miller	011100011110000110111111011111—20

Aug. 9.—Sixty singles and 20 pairs targets per man:

Wheeler	011100111101110111111011011110101111101111111011011101110111—46
	11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 01 10 11 11 11 11 11 01 11 10 10 11—34
	—80
Wilson	101011111100111010111110110110001101111001011101111011111111—43
	10 11 11 10 10 10 11 11 10 11 11 11 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11—33
	—76

Same day, 25 live birds:

Y I Wheeler	1210221122211121110112111—23
M R Wilson	2221121202122211011111220—22

Aug. 10.—Thirty live birds per man:

Dr Wicks	1111101010111111011111110111111—25
J R Stevens	1101011110110212111100111111111—19

Twenty-five targets:

Dr Wicks	0011010110011000111011111—15
J R Stevens	1101111111010101111110111—21

RAVELRIGG.

The Traps At Wellington.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 11—This was a most delightful day and there was a large attendance of spectators at the clubhouse of the Boston shooting association. The shooters were out in force, and had it not been for an unforeseen accident to the traps, there would have been nearly 3,000 targets broken. As it was nearly an hour was consumed in repairs and some of the shooters were forced to leave several events uncontested. There were 1016 targets broken and 15 clean scores made, divided as follows: Dickey 4, Cowee 3, Snow 3, White 2, Sanborn 2, Jones 1. The winners of the sweepstakes follow:

Ten targets, Keystone system -Snow, White and Dickey 10, Cowee and Adams 9, Sanborn 8.

Ten targets, keystone system reversed—Dickey 9, Herbert, Cowee, Sanborn 7, White 7.

Ten targets, keystone system reversed—White and Dickey 9, Sanborn and Cowee 8, Jones 7.

Ten targets, keystone system—Cowee and Sanborn 10, Snow and Dickey 8, Adams 6.

Ten targets, keystone system reversed—Dickey 10, Allison and White 9, Adams and Sanborn 8, Cowee and Herbert 7.

Ten targets, keystone system—Cowee, Snow and Dickey 10, Jones and Sanborn 9, Warren, Allison and White 7, Herbert 6.

Ten targets, keystone reversed—Dickey 10, Snow, Sanborn and Allison 9, Cowee, Herbert and White 8, Jones and Warren 6.

Ten targets, three unknown traps—Cowee, Sanborn, White and Jones 10, Snow and Herbert 8, Warren, Dickey and Daniels 7, Allison 6.

Ten targets: keystone reversed—Snow 10, Cowee, White, Allison and Sanborn 9, Herbert and Dickey 8.

In the merchandise match these scores were completed: Cowee and Sanborn 28 each, Snow and Dickey 27 each, White and Jones 25 each, Allison and Herbert 22 each, Warren 20, Daniels 18.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

The Unions Defeat the Climax.

BELOW we give the scores made at Springfield, N. J., on July 30, in a team match between the Unions of Springfield and the Climax of Plainfield. The scores were mailed to us on the day following the shoot, but owing to the fact that a one-cent stamp only was affixed they failed to reach us until Aug. 7:

Union Gun Club.

Money	1111101011111111111011111—22
Heritage	0010101101001011001110111—14
Sopher	0111101110111011010101101—17
Tillou	1011111110001111111111110—20
Bryant	1110001111111111011011010—18
Hibbard	1011110111011111111110101—20
W Smith	0100111010011000010110001—11
Dr Jackson	1111111001101000110100110—16
W Drake	1111111100111101111111111—22
Sickley	1160111111011111111010111—20
E D Miller	1110111111111111111111111—24—204

Climax Gun Club.

Eh Smith	0111111011111111100101011—19
Manning	1110111111111001111110011—20
Darby	1011011010101111110110110—17
Apgar	1111111111101011011001111—20
Goodman	0010111000101001101011001—12
M Squires	0111110111111110101011111—20
Dan Terry	1111110110111110111101111—21
J L Darby	0111101010001101100000100—11
T H Keller	0111111110110101111111101—20
Brantingham	1011101101011011101110111—18
Swody	0101101010000100110101111—13—191

No. 1, 10 singles, entry 50 cents:

Bartlett	10	Tillou	6	Dr J B	8
Hibbard	10	W Smith	6	P Miller	9
Money	7	Drake	10		

No. 2, 10 singles:

Apgar	9	Young	10	Smith	7
Brantingham	9	Squires	8	Manning	8
Hibbard	7	Keller	9	D Terry	7
Bartlett	8	Heritage	7	Miller	10

No. 3, 10 singles, entry 1:		No. 4, 10 singles:	
Apgar	1111111111—10	1101111111— 9	
Money	1110111111— 9	1100111101— 7	
Smith	1111111111—10	1111011011— 8	
Keller	0110101011— 6	1111111110— 9	
Hibbard	1111111110— 9	1100110111— 7	
Brantingham	0111111111— 9	0011011111— 7	
Bartlett	1111111110— 9	1111110110— 8	
Heritage	1101110101— 7	1111101100— 7	
Manning	0110011111— 7	0011011001— 5	
Miller	1110111111— 9	1101111011— 7	
Terry	0011110111— 7	1011110111— 8	
Jackson	1111101011— 8	1011001001— 4	

	No. 5, 10 singles.	No. 6. 10 singles
Bartlett	1110101011—7	1111111111—10
Apgar	1011111111—9	1110111111— 9
Smith	0111010111—7	1110101101— 7
Money	1110111111—9	1111001111— 8
Heritage	1101101001—6	1101101011— 6
Brantingham	1010101011—6	1111111111—10
J L Darby	0011100100—4	1110100101— 6
Manning	1010111111—8	1011010100— 5
Miller	1111101111—9	1011111111— 9
Goodman	1101101101—7	0001011010— 4
Hebberd	1111011110—8	0111110110— 7
Keller	1100011111—7	1111001110— 7

No. 7, 15 singles:

Apgar	111111111111111—15	Miller	1101111010111111—12
Money	111110111111111—14	Drake	1010111111111111—13
Smith	011101101111100—10	Sickley	1101111111111111—14
Brantingham	1111110100011111—11	Jones	1010110111111111—12
Bartlett	1110111111111111—14	Hebberd	1111111111111101—14
Heritage	1110111111101111—13	Keller	1100111111101111—12

Vernon Gun Club.

VERNON, Texas, Aug. 6.—Match at bluerocks, 15 singles and 3 pairs:

Cooke	111100111101001	00 01 00—11
Houssels	111100011010110	11 00 11—13
Hope	010001000100101	01 01 01— 8
Lorance	011101100001010	01 10 11—11
Matthews	010111110101011	11 11 01—15
Massie	111110101111111	11 00 11—17

G. M. C.

Trap at Jessups, Md.

R. B. POND, a well known trap-shot and member of the Standard Gun Club of Baltimore, gave an afternoon tournament on Aug. 3 that proved one of the most interesting and pleasant affairs ever held at Jessups. The main interest centered in two races, one 100 targets for two handsome prizes and the entrance money, for known experts; the other at 50 targets, for amateurs and prizes. Two events at 10 targets each and one at 15 opened the ball, then came the two big races. Scores of three first events were as follows:

No. 1, entry $1: Bonday 8, Duvall 10, Willey 8, Wagner 8, Bond 8 Franklin 10, Mattingly 10.

No. 2, entry $1: Bonday 8, Duvall 8, Willey 8, Wagner 9, Bond 9, Mattingly 9, Dr. Fort 8.

No. 3, entry $1.50: Bonday 13, Duvall 11, Willey 15, Bond 12, Franklin 8, Mattingly 12, Dr. Fort 15.

Eight men now lined up for the 100 target race with the following result:

Dr Fort	24 23 24 22—93	Mattingly	21 23 21 22—87
Wagner	24 21 24 24—93	Bonday	24 17 19 23—83
Franklin	23 22 23 24—92	Duvall	22 17 23 20—82
Bond	22 22 22 22—88	Willey	18 19 18 23—78

Tie on 93: Dr. Fork 10, Wagner 9.

Following this, 9 amateurs began their race:

Lohman	21 19—40	F Cole	13 16—29
F Hawkins	16 22—38	T Cole	16 12—28
Baker	20 17—37	Murray	12 11—23
Baldwin	19 13—32	Hammond	6 11—17
Watts	15 16—31		

Mr. Bond proposes making this a monthly function, encouraged by the very great success of his first effort this summer. He has a good ground, a large tent, and knows how to keep things hustling; the numerous ladies present added to the general pleasantness, and spurred the participants to do their best by frequent applause.

PICUS.

Squires Wins the Climax Shoot.

THE following scores were made at the shoot of the Climax Gun Club at Fanwood, N. J., on Aug. 8:

Smith	1110111011111111011111111 —22
Brantingham	1111111001011101111111111 —21
D Darby (5)	0101101101111101011111001001110 —19
Pearson (4)	1110101101110101110111111010 —21
Squires (5)	1111111111111111111001111111111 —28
Manning (4)	1111100110011111111111111110 —24
P Jay (4)	0111111111011111111111111110 —26
D Terry (2)	1101101111111111001111111111 —23
Swadey (10)	1111111111110111111111111011001111111—31
J Zeglio (8)	0111110011110010111111101100011100 —21
Goodman (5)	1010111000111111101111011111110 —22
W Terry (5)	1111101110111111111111111111110 —27
J Darby (8)	0101011010101100011111100110101000 —18

Answers to Correspondents.

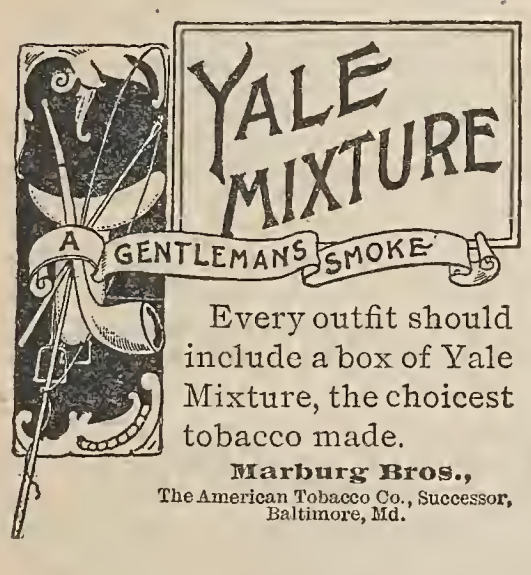
No notice taken of anonymous communications

W. S., Germantown, Pa.—Can you tell me the nearest place to Camden, Me., where I can buy live quail for stocking purposes? Ans. None that we know of nearer than New York city.

E. S. D., White Lake, Mich.—Will you kindly inform me if the whippoorwill and night hawk are the same bird. I claim they are not. Ans. Night hawk and whippoorwill are different birds; consult any ornithological work or any dictionary.

P., Phillips, Me.—It is so understood and quoted in our game laws to the best of my knowledge and belief, that it is unlawful in the State of Maine to at any time kill a cow moose. The *Game Laws in Brief* does not give this provision. Ans. The law was amended in 1893; cows and bulls are now given the same protection.

INQUIRER.—I expect to visit Maine and Canada during latter part of this month To reach my destination I must go to Montreal and there connect with the Canadian Pacific R R so as to reach my point, which is in Maine. Now, will the Custom House officials at Montreal make me pay a license fee or duty on whatever weapon or ammunition I may have with me? Ans. No, not if the baggage is checked through to an United States point. No duty is payable on goods in transit.



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The American Tobacco Co., Successor,
Baltimore, Md.

It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where WE get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

MARSTERS HAS WORMS

Sand Worms 12 and 15c. per doz. White or Blood Worms, 25c. per doz.

I am with you again with lower prices for Fishing Tackle. I find by experience that putting down the prices and not decreasing the quality, it increases my business every year.

One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at $1.19 until all are sold. These rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, silk wound, extra tip, complete in wood form and will give satisfaction.

Length and weight of the Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft. 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. Reel seats below hand.
Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz., 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.
No. H—A special lot of Hard Rubber and Nickel, Raised Pillar, Multiplying Reels with Balance Handle and Side Spring Click, 40yds., 63 cts.; 60yds., 78 cts.; 80yds., 88 cts.; 100yds., 98 cts.
Any of the above reels sent by mail for price and 10 cts. extra for postage.
No. E—Special lot Hard Rubber and Nickel Raised Pillar Click Reels, 40yds., 33cts., 60yds., 48cts. Sent by mail 5cts. extra for postage.
No. C—Nickel-Plated, Raised Pillar Multiplying Reels, with click and drag and screen oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c.; 80yds., 78c.; 100yds., 88c.; 150yds., 98c. 10c. extra for postage.
Single Gut Leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz.; 3yds, 60c. doz. Double Gut Leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. doz. Hand Twisted Gut Leaders, 10c. each, 90c. doz.
A special lot of Trout Flies at 25 cents per dozen assorted, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.
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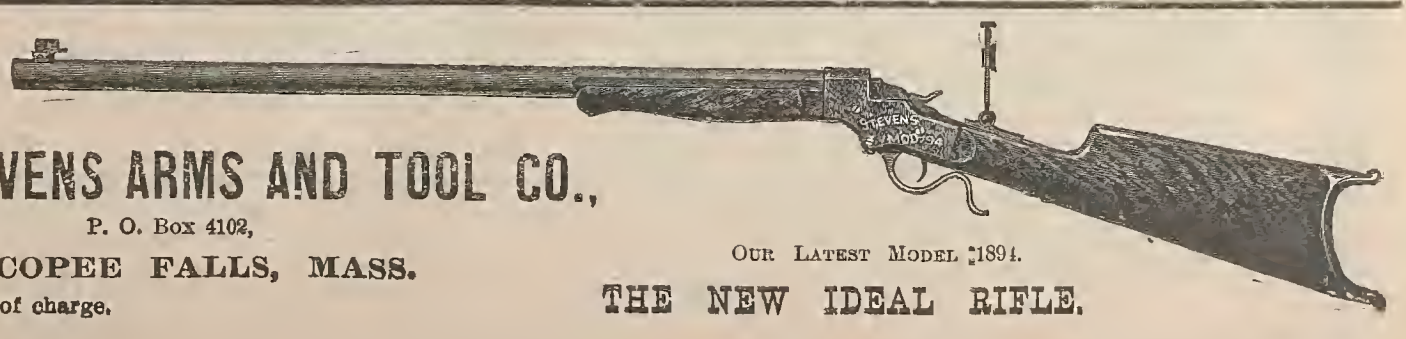

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CONTENTS.

Editorial.
Range of the Sharptail Grouse.
Shotguns and Citizenship.
Snap Shots.

The Sportsman Tourist.
FOREST AND STREAM Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.
An August—October Reverie.
The Fetish of the Pipe Bowl.
At Martha's Vineyard.

Natural History.
Ways of the Fisher.
Tough Toad and Turkeys.

Game Bag and Gun.
On St. Lawrence Marshes.
Nitro Powders Past and Present.
Proposed Sportsmen's Exposition.
A Dismal Chicken Outlook.

Sea and River Fishing.
A Red-Letter Day with Trout.
Days at Okoboji.
Salmon of the Tobique.
At the Miramichi Camps.
Boston Notes.
The Jingle of the Salmon Spoon.
Washington Fishing Memoranda

Fishculture.
Degeneration in the Youghiogheny.

The Kennel.
Large Pointer Litter.
A Show for Pittsburgh.
"Wire-Haired" Cocker Spaniels.
Points and Flushes.
Dog Chat.
Kennel Answers.
The American Coursing Board.

Yachting.
Vigilant's Races.
Classification by Sailing Length.
The British Races.
Racing Measurements.
Club Races.
Yachting News Notes.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Zettler Rifle Club.
Club Scores.
Rifle Notes.

Trap Shooting.
Jack Parker's Joke Tournament
Knoxville May Tournament.
Drivers and Twisters.

Answers to Queries.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

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RANGE OF THE SHARPTAIL GROUSE.

AMONG the Western game birds whose introduction into Eastern covers has been recommended the sharptail grouse has often been named, and in two or three cases the experiment has been tried. What measure of success has attended these efforts cannot now be told.

The sharptail grouse—the "prairie chicken" of a good portion of North America—has an extended range, extending from Michigan and Wisconsin on the east, through the mountains of the Pacific on the west, and from the Plains of the Yukon and the Great Slave Lake on the north, south to Colorado or northern New Mexico. It is thus a bird of very wide range, equally at home on the plains and in the valleys of the high mountains, being often found quite up to timber line. Although generally regarded as a bird of the prairies, its range is by no means confined to open country, and it seems to be more adaptable than any of our grouse, being found not only on the high, dry sage-brush plains in the same country with the sage grouse, but also in timbered regions with the ruffed and the dusky grouse, as well as on the prairie with the pinnated grouse.

Some years ago there was a great deal written about the westward extension of the range of the pinnated grouse, and statements were made that the species had followed the cultivated areas along the railroads westward, and had been taken in Utah, Nevada and elsewhere on the Pacific slope. There is no doubt that all such extreme statements were erroneous, and that the birds taken were not pinnated grouse, but sharptails, the error arising from the common English name applied to both species, the observers not knowing that more than one sort of "prairie chicken" existed.

At the same time there is a grain of truth in these statements, and it is certain that the range of the pinnated grouse has spread westward with the cultivated area, but—so far as we know—only about to middle Nebraska and western Minnesota and eastern Dakota. With the advent of the pinnated grouse, there appears to have been also a diminution in the numbers of the sharptail, though there are many localities where both are abundant. In Texas and the Indian Territory, where "prairie chickens" are still very numerous, a form of the pinnated grouse is the prevailing—if not the only—species.

Statements have been made recently to the effect that the sharptail grouse is extending its range eastward from Manitoba—where it is abundant—along the line of the Canadian Pacific R. R., it being claimed that they are now fairly abundant about Port Arthur on the North Shore of Lake Superior, where formerly none existed. If this is true there should be no difficulty in establishing the fact. Matters such as this possess special interest for readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and there seems a peculiar fitness in their lending their aid to settle any question as to the distribution or range of the birds or mammals which they pursue. We should be glad to receive from observers in the West any notes on the distribution of either the pinnated or the sharptail grouse. Such observations ought to be verified by specimens, and we will gladly identify all such that may be sent in to us. It will not be necessary to send complete skins for this purpose, unless it is quite convenient to do so, a head, wing and tail being sufficient to determine the species beyond a peradventure.

The sharptail grouse is a bird of the North. Stout and hardy, fearless of snowstorm and blizzard, it has little to dread from the weather, and would certainly be able to survive the severest winters of our Northern States, and if introduced in the East, given time to establish itself and then an adequate protection, it might for a long time be able to hold its own. On the other hand, if the season in which this bird could be shot were made as long as that for our native birds, it is quite certain that it could never gain a foothold among us.

SHOTGUN AND CITIZENSHIP.

EMULOUS of the extended fame of the District Attorney of New York as an interpreter of the game laws, the Attorney-General of South Dakota has been trying his hand at the same business; and has given out an opinion that the prairie chicken season should open on Aug. 15, or two weeks before the time designated in the statute. The shooters appear to have accepted the dictum as giving them license for August chicken shooting. They have adopted the time-honored principle of every man for himself; and are in for the general scramble. What with the destructive work of the market trappers, and the fusilades of the out of season shooters, precious few chickens will be left for the sportsman who bides his time and awaits the legal opening of the season. If the reports which come to us of the extent of prevailing disregard for the law are not exaggerated, there will need to be few birds left then, for there will remain few shooters who will not already have shot their shots and bagged their share.

What is the significance of such a condition of affairs as that presented in the prairie chicken country of South Dakota and adjoining States? Does it not go to substantiate the theory, which is sometimes advanced, that in certain sections of the West, largely peopled by recent comers from Europe, the community is impatient of all game laws, because they are thought to savor of the restrictive game systems of the Old World? If there be anything in this view of the case, if the provisions for the protection of game and of fish are thus ignorantly regarded as obnoxious and oppressive, the remedy lies not in the more stringent warden system, called for by our correspondent, but is to be discovered rather in popular enlightenment and education to a more reasonable and truer understanding of the nature and purpose of game protection. In this country, the new comer should be taught, fish and game are protected not for the benefit of any one favored class at the expense of any other; but in theory and practice for the common good of all. Each is required to respect the law, not that others may profit thereby, but that he himself and his children who come after him may reap the advantage. The new comer finds in America a land rich beyond the countries of Europe in the variety and worth and natural abundance of its game and its food fish. There is no other civilized land on all the globe where the supply is so abundant, and the privilege of taking it so free. There is no other land where the obligations of good citizenship demand more imperatively of the individual that these privileges be conserved and perpetuated; no other where such obligations should be recognized more cheerfully, nor where the rewards of such recognition are more generous and certain.

Rightly comprehending the purpose of game protection and the benefits which follow from it, the Western homesteader from the Old World should of all men show himself zealous in its support. To give him such comprehension, to promote popular education respecting the game laws and thus to insure appreciation of them, is a task which may well engage the attention and the efforts of sportsmen's associations—the attention and the effort of all good citizens, it might be said, for the time has come when in this country we should leave off thinking and speaking and writing of the conservation of our fish and of our game as if it were something that concerned alone a class termed sportsmen; for it concerns the community and the commonwealth. The duty imposed upon the individual citizen to respect the common interest of all, as embodied in the game and fish statutes, is a duty quite as binding as are other obligations of good citizenship. No one, whether of longest lines of native descent or fresh from the other side, may ignore this principle, set up shooting and fishing license for himself, and yet make claim to good American citizenship. If there are entire communities where the disregard of the game law is general, their citizens are not in this respect Americans, though hey live in America.

SNAP SHOTS.

It will be recalled that a demand was made for a duty on imported birds' eggs, on the ground that the destruction of wildfowl eggs in the Northwest for import into this county for commercial products was affecting the game supply. Under the new tariff the eggs of birds, fish and insects are on the free list; but a specific provision is made that "this shall not be held to include the eggs of game birds, the importation of which is prohibited except specimens for scientific collections." If the importation of wildfowl eggs from the Northwest ever had anything to do with duck shooting, we may look for larger flights when the new tariff shall have been running long enough.

Some one out in Indiana has sent us from a local paper a story of Farmer Sutherland of Muncie, who went dynamite fishing, attended by his faithful dog. Mr. Sutherland, it is related, having lighted the fuse of a stick of dynamite, pitched it into the water. The dog, taught to retrieve from water, plunged in, seized the explosive in his mouth, swam to shore, and hastened to return the prize to his master. The man fled, the dog pursued, the dynamite exploded, the dog disappeared, and Mr. Sutherland started post-haste for the nearest newspaper office, to publish his determination henceforth to fish with hook and line. It is a pretty little story; we printed it long ago as having started in Maine with a local hero and his dog; it has come to us from California with another local hero and his dog; and now we have it from Indiana.

If ever one should keep a diary it is while in camp, for there so many things are seen and done worth noting as promptings of memory in the after days. A camp diary need not be prolific nor detailed. The briefest mention and barest record will be sufficient to revive recollections of woods scenes and incidents, to snatch one up from the surroundings of every-day life and transport him back to the stream, the field and the mountain. There are sportsmen's diaries, scores of them, that money could not buy, and which are more precious now than ever before. Keep a notebook of your outing; it will aid you to live the woods life over again.

If you hear a gunner bragging over a tremendously long shot, and on the strength of it taking to himself credit as a mighty sportsman, you may put him down either as a novice, or, if experienced, as one not entitled to much credit in the craft. For one who has done much shooting understands perfectly well that extraordinarily long shots are chance shots, and for that reason not necessarily indicative of skill; while the well-trained sportsman will hesitate to make such shots, knowing full well that they are more likely to wound than to kill. A long shot is often a wanton shot.

Most folks bent on duck shooting in Ontario would rather pay the required license fee and enjoy peace of mind, than to play the game of dodging wardens, after the manner related by a correspondent to-day.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Martha's Vineyard seems to be a misnomer or an anachronism. There is assuredly no aroma of Tokay or Falernian about her wave-washed precincts (the sands bear witness), but rather "an ancient and fish-like smell," which is perhaps most noticeable when the tide is out or the wind blows fresh from the south'ard. Romancers may contend that grapes were abundant on the tight little islands when Gosnold discovered it in 1602; but whatever was then is not so now. No vines are found. Prohibition reigns supreme, and there is neither saloon nor "speak easy" in the entire domain. As an old skipper declared to me on the Edgartown wharf, "The only vintage I ever heard of was balm of gilead buds soaked in rum, which the sailors used to take to sea with 'em to cure sprains and bruises." Yet, Hudibrastically speaking, I fancied I could detect a trace of old port about the harbor, an intimation which the ancient mariner received with a sardonic smile.

And this reminds me of the flush times, fifty years ago, when Edgartown was all alive with whaling vessels just in from the Pacific or up for the ice, and the ring of the jolly "yo-heave-ho" was heard in the roadstead of vessels getting under way. Jack Tar was metaphorically in clover then, and the atmosphere was heavy with oil. Fortunes were sometimes made in a single three years' cruise. Hopeful apprentices did not so much mind "crossing the line," when possible bonanzas were in prospect. Like the earlier argonauts from Greece, they came home bearing gifts from foreign climes, and every one's sweetheart flew blue peters from her Sunday hat when their vessels hove in sight. Even now the older dwellings are filled with whilom souvenirs, and dooryards teem with introduced exotics. It was the fashion then for resident shipowners to build little conning decks upon the roofs of their houses between the chimneys, whence they could discover their incoming argosies twenty miles away. Many of these high perches are conspicuous still at Nantucket, as well as at Martha's Vineyard, and often the summer sojourner will observe thereon a venerable form, white-haired, but stalwart, looking seaward over the balusters, not so much from present interest as force of early habit, for the whaling business took a tumble in 1846, and vessels and captains have long since gone out of commission. Most of the old salts lie in the cemeteries, with fulsome epitaphs in marble, and of the entire fleet only a sole dismantled hulk survives, creaking lugubriously against the wharf when the waves heave a mournful memento of prisine activity and a perennial object of curiosity to *fin de siècle* visitors at the Vineyard.

Aye, my mates, things are vastly different now from what they were in the old days, when Edgartown was essentially the Vineyard, just as Paris was allowed to be France, and the rustic islanders used to ride into the busy port of entry from the outlying precincts of Chilmark and the Tisburys, and even from the land's end, twenty miles away, to buy knicknacks and comfits, and get the gossip from the main land by the weekly mail boat which crossed the sound to Holmes Hole. Excepting those who regularly "followed the sea," few ever left the island. They simply vegetated and intermarried, as all insulated communities do, until every one became related; so that whenever any one unfortunate sailor was lost at sea, the whole community mourned. Visitors seldom came, and strangers never cared whether the Vineyard schools kept or not, or whether the Mayhews, the Coffins, the Marchants, the Butlers or the Allens ruled the village roost.

Now Martha has donned a new attire and assumes light airs. She has thrown aside dull care and vulgar trade, and subsists on souflées and ice cream, like all the rest of the giddy world. Perhaps it is just as well, at this time, for Martha has naturally a "Gay Head," and attracts readily by her blandishments. Not only have the retired sea captains made Edgartown their asylum, but the entire wave-cinctured island has become a cosmopolitan elysium—a populous summer garden, where the blare of trumpets and the hilarion of the outdoor girl rings from Squibnocket to Chappaquiddick. Sea View houses and hotels occupy all the breezy points. Flags stream from the high bluffs. Rows of bathing houses line the pebbly shores. Steamboats ply to all contiguous points. A noisy railway motor industriously weaves its social web along the beach between the ancient oil town and the old camp meeting site, now occupied by Cottage City and the Highlands, with their parks and plazas and asphalt walks, their domes, spires and minarets, their parterres of flowers, band stands and tennis courts, all blithe with flags and pennants, and all so gay and jaunty that the scene looks more like Vanity Fair than a pious camp ground. Then there are booths and news stands, and cabs and soda fountains, and lines of horse cars that run to Vineyard Haven, where multitudes of yachts glide in betimes and make the harbor brilliant with their anchor lights at night, whose jaunty crews in blue and gilt enjoy to come ashore with a nautical hitch of the trousers, and interview the old ship captains, flinging their sea vernacular recklessly to windward. Everything is animated and restless, like bees swarming. Thirty thousand people enjoying together the delights of frivolous pastime and keeping cool in torrid weather while less fortunate ones are sweltering; for there is no spot along the coast where refugees can be so certain of exemption from excessive heat as on this sea-girt isle.

Oh! it is a beautiful isle, my mates! with its pictured cliffs flashing with chrome and carmine, and its green heights crowned with cedar; a plaything of the ocean, tossed by the great waves, lashed by tumbling surf, and fanned by the soft winds of summer. It is at its best in July and August, when the air scintillates with a golden haze and gulls hover over the reefs; and I could tell you of many a stroll along the shore then, and what the receding tide revealed; or of jaunts over land to South Beach, where there is delectable surf bathing and feeding grounds for snipe; of clam dinners at Katama and excursions to Gay Head, with its incidental ride to the lighthouse "In an ox cart driven by an Indian guide," as the bills read; or of a flying trip around the entire island on a smart smack with a wet sheet and flowing sea; or of a morning cruise after mackerel, starting before daybreak and returning with a spanking breeze in the afternoon. Sometimes the fishing vessels bring in a swordfish, and perhaps a sawfish, mighty with their armature, which have been harpooned from the surface of the deep when the sea was smooth, and strangers are always interested to inspect such goodly prizes whenever they are landed on the fish house wharf. At least 100 sloops and catboats are engaged in mackerel fishing during the season, making diurnal trips out and in from the schooling grounds. Punctually at noon each day they appear in the offing, away to the southward, looking like pearl buttons on the selvage of the horizon, and usually by 3 o'clock they run into Edgartown harbor with a fair wind and a rap full; and it is inspiring to see so many white-winged craft bunched up together and swooping down into port like a flock of gulls, with their canvas flashing in the sunlight. It is a favorite pastime always to fish off the wharves in the running tide with cut fish bait and handline. Ladies frequently saunter down from the cottages and hotels and amuse themselves in this way, and they don't mind the gore and the slime when good luck attends. The largest plaice I ever saw taken on hooks were caught by a lady in this way. One of them weighed 8lbs. and another 12lbs. I hardly know whether to call them plaice, flounders, flatfish, mud-dobs, turbot or sole. They all look much alike. One of the wharf loungers called them "bots," which I infer is short for turbot.

Few places indeed afford a greater variety of landscapes or more novel pastimes than Martha's Vineyard, even to those who come at the "eleventh hour." And as for food and comfort, especially sea food, the fare is incomparable. There are all the modern improvements and attractions, with nothing lacking, though as a fashionable resort it is not mentioned in the society journals. It is a choice between Cottage City and intermittent gayety, and Edgartown with restful quiet. As the local paper says: "The town is well laid out in squares, has many shaded streets, fine concrete sidewalks, street lights and many fine residences and summer houses; also a national bank, U. S. Custom House, fine county court house, jail buildings, with keepers' residence, three church buildings, two school houses, town hall, Masonic lodge, a newspaper, good hotels, boarding houses, and stores of all kinds." Nevertheless, there is nothing exciting about Edgartown.

The antiquity of the island is charming. Eight generations have passed since Rev. Thomas Mayhew took formal possession of it under a grant from Lord Sterling, in 1614, and assumed a suzerainty over the resident Indians. In July, 1641, he organized an Indian church, the care of which was transmitted from father to son, until 1692, when the island was annexed to Massachusetts. The site of the first house built in 1630 is easily located, and in the old burying-ground on Tower Hill are grave stones with legible inscriptions 250 years old. The old Mayhew house on South Water street is still tenable, with a record of 180 years, and away back in the fog and spoon-drift of the misty past there are traditions of early voyagers who navigated without disaster the intricate channels, sounds and "holes," which thread and divide the many islands, reefs, banks, shoals and rips which beset the Vineyard, where in more recent years far stauncher vessels have gone to pieces. Selah!

Charles Hallock.

THE FETISH OF THE PIPE BOWL.

Baby has ceased her chatter, and worn out by play, has journeyed to the land of dreams. Her curl-framed face is pink-hued as the fairest rose that blooms. The quiet patter of the rain outside on the summer's leafage weaves strange fantasies 'mid the curling smoke rings that drift upward; and under its conjuring influence my mind wanders back to the time when mayhap my face too was soft and pink as baby's is now. Ah, well, that was before the prairie winds and mountain snows had combined with the scorching sun of the alkali plains to give me the bootleg complexion I now show. Well, the face goes with the experience which begot it, I suppose, and I would not give that experience for a dozen pretty faces, and I like personal beauty, too!

Somehow the light in the room seems to dim. Has it stopped raining, too? Well, what of it—bound to stop some time, isn't it?

That smoke has a queer smell. What is it? Pine trees? No. Salt water? No. Sage? Ha, that's it; sage brush. I knew I had scented that before!

Well, well, how came I here? I've been here before and know the spot well. This is Wyoming, and over that hill about fifteen miles west are Pumpkin Buttes. Do you remember the first time I was here? No, of course not; pshaw, I know now I was alone! Come, I will take you to that little knoll yonder and show you what I saw there. Now, so: do you see that white thing yonder, and this one and this? There are twenty-six altogether. Don't you know what they are? Skulls! Skeletons, man, meatless bones and eyeless skulls, that lay there shining in the sun; twenty-six of them, and almost within pistol shot, that's all! Who killed them? Come and see. See, the bones are all here, none missing, not even a skull.

No Indian killed them then, for he would have left but little to the coyotes and buzzards. The Indian uses all the carcass, and cracks the bones to get the marrow. No soldier here pieced out with buffalo meat the rations for his pack train, or wagons would have taken the quarters and the humps at least, and the leg bones are not missing.

No hunter killed them; there are too many. And do you see, it was a cartridge ball, one that crushed and splintered where it struck, one that killed by the shock, and not the round ball of the hunter's muzzleloader, that makes a smooth round hole through the shoulder blade and stops the buffalo's life pump! No, I know his work; I'll show you a shoulder blade down on Wildhorse Creek that he drilled. Don't you see the tongue still in that hairy old skull? This wind of the sage plains does not rot anything; it dries it, mummifies it; and there you see this old fellow's tongue still in the jaws, though he has been dead for many moons. The old hunter would never have left *that* there.

Nor did the foreign nabob, who has helped exterminate our buffalo herds, have a hand in this. He would never have left all these heads here. Why, man, look at that one; I doubt if you could lift it when it was first killed. He almost always hunted on horseback, too, and these animals saw no horse on their trail before they fell; they were still-hunted, killed while feeding. Don't you see plain enough that they lie too close together to have done much running.

Who did do it? Ah, don't you know that nondescript who sent the river steamers from old Fort Benton to St. Louis loaded to the gunwale with buffalo robes? The hide hunter and no other is responsible for these twenty-six skeletons bleaching in the sun!

Come, we will climb to the east rim of the valley and I will show you how it was done. This will do. Now, you must picture the men and buffalo and all as though they were there now, and were alive, and I will show you a hide hunt. Notice first the formation of this valley, bowl-shaped, with high, steep bluffs all around, except to the north, where it runs into the cañon head. The wind is from the northwest. See, the knoll is in the center and the buffalo are to the north of it. Some are standing about the muddy margin of the little alkali pool, some are lying down, some are feeding; but all in the valley. See, here come the butchers, there on the mesa to the south. They have seen the herd; they ride up to the south side and dismount just out of sight behind the valley rim and picket their horses. Now they drop into the ridges and furrows of the valley edge and creep down like an epidemic on the unsuspecting animals. The buffalo are to windward and have no thought of danger in this peaceful place. The men reach the valley, drop like snakes down among the sage brush and bunch grass, and work across toward the knoll. They are "ornary-looking cusses," too, blear-eyed, with hair and beard that never knew a comb, a hang-dog air of general meanness about them that says they are not sportsmen. I don't want to get to leeward of them, for I'll bet they smell of green hides and trading post whisky, worse than a Piute Indian. I wish one of those big yellow rattlesnakes would spring his little music box and scare them up out of the grass.

They reach the mound, sneak to the top and ambushed among the rocks, push their murderous repeaters toward the herd. Two reports mingle as one, and two buffalo go down. The herd bunch around them; they hear the sound, but know not where it comes from. Two more shots; one down, another wounded. The herd breaks, circles, sees the smoke cloud and starts toward the cañon. Ah, those devils in the rocky knoll know how to shoot! Faster grows the firing; here and there an animal drops or staggers out of the thundering herd and stands with feet braced far apart, sorely wounded, done to death. At last the herd is gone, there is nothing left for the hot guns to belch at save the wounded; and the men need the horses to keep their cowardly skins whole, when they venture among them. Back to their horses they go; and now they ride among the slain. A shot rings out as some poor brute is finished. One starts away to the left. Two shots and he is down, broken back and broken hip, anywhere to get him.

Here comes another of the human hyenas driving a wagon around the valley edge. He finds a place to get in. Pity he didn't break his neck doing it! The horses are unhitched and taken care of. Now for the skins; they are worth whisky, and powder and lead that get more skins.

Right merrily they work while the sun sinks down in a golden glow, twilight glimmers and a hideous, goulish howl floats out on the evening air, for the loafer wolf is about and will feast ere break of day. Darkness settles down and a camp-fire of buffalo chips glows red against the bottom of the valley. We have seen the tragedy. Come away, let us— What? Eleven o'clock? Where is my pipe? Well, I'm getting chilly, too! Wonder if it has stopped raining?

"Bring baby a drink and come to bed?" All right. Gracious, my neck is stiff; wish I had gone to bed long ago.

El Comancho.

AN AUGUST-OCTOBER REVERIE.

Boston, Aug. 10.—A beautiful, crisp and cool morning, with just a suspicion of autumnal haze in the atmosphere, such a morning as really belongs to September or October, but which has come this 10th of August, has made at least one disciple of Forest and Stream clank his chains. What visions such a morning brings to the memory of the lover of woods or mountains, or outdoor life in general, after having suffered for weeks with the oppressive heat, intensified by the heaps of bricks and stone which go to make up a great city! Sweet reminder of days to come which delight the heart of the man of whom Forest and Stream ironically asks: "Chained to business?" "Yes, we are," with an extra yank at the iron fetters!

The maple tree in front of my house seemed hardly natural with its green foliage, when I turned out at daybreak to drink in the beauty of the autumnal morning. I felt myself involuntarily looking for the red and gold leaves of a later season. Up in the haze there forms a mirage, and I mentally perceive the dark outlines of the distant mountains, and see their darkness fade into a lighter blue as old Sol awakens them from their slumber. The blue gives place to the violet, then a scarlet coat is theirs; and so develop the evolutions of a matchless mountain sunrise, until at last they stand before us in their everylday dress of green and yellow, with the flashes of a thousand diamond dewdrops set in the emerald of the surrounding pines. The brooklet at my feet gurgles and bubbles as if it too had caught the poetry of its existence in the protecting arms of the silent virgin forest. I tread noiselessly along the mossy banks, not to desecrate by vandal sound the handiwork of the Creator, when—*B-r-r-r-r!* ahead of me one of the princes of the ruling house seeks protection from his arch-enemy among the thick foliage of a century pine. But these are day dreams from which I am rudely awakened by the clank, clank! of that merciless chain calling me to my duty. Farewell, mirage and beautiful morning together; the fierce August sun will soon remind me that you were only forerunners of days which are not yet, but soon will be.

It is in just such moods, when the chain which binds you to your business seems to increase to an enormous weight; in just such a place do we most appreciate and enjoy the privilege of turning to the pages of a paper such as Forest and Stream submits to us. Who is it that can tell the number of chafed ankles healed by Forest and Stream in its weekly work of mercy? When the chain has been hurting me I read Forest and Stream and get well; I do it to-day with as happy effects as I did ten years ago when I used to be a boy among the Swiss Alps and had to study Forest and Stream with the aid of dictionary and translate it for my grandfather, who was as fond of Forest and Stream as he was of chamois hunting, which means very much indeed.

Matterhorn.

"Forest and Stream's" Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

No. 13.

THE END AND SOME CONCLUSIONS.

A Hard Task In Protection.

As I WRITE the concluding paper of a series perhaps too long, it is August and not March, and the sweltering heat of the lowlands has taken the place of the cool breath of the mountains. There have been important changes in the situation since the time the material for this story was gathered, but the change has been all for the better and all in the way of benefit to the public and to the sportsman. There seems to be no reason now to change the belief that the FOREST AND STREAM Expedition was "lucky" in every way, unless in the story the writer has failed altogether to give any true notion of the Park in winter and of the situation there as to the protection of the game. One might easily fail in this, for the subject is a large one and all its details are large. One deals here in immensities, and to write of immensities conveys no impression whatever unless the reader has some yardstick of immensity by which to measure.

On one point I am especially anxious to be clear, and that is the extreme difficulty of protecting the Park with the means provided by the Government. The task set by the authorities at Washington is altogether too large. Two troops of horse and one scout cannot protect the Park at any season. In the winter these two troops are not two troops. They are only so many men as can travel on *skis*. The army regulations do not exact a knowledge of *ski* work. For $13 a month you can get many men who will act together, who will drill well, shoot well, fight well, be good soldiers under the regulations, but out of them all not all will be good mountaineers, adventurous *ski* runners, tireless climbers, fearless woodsmen and educated scouts. Some of the troopers will be near enough to all this to do work in the winter. The great majority will not. The authorities at Washington do not know this. Regular, formal—blind, that is almost to say in some respects—to them two troops of horse are two troops of horse, and should be sufficient. It is supposed that a trooper can ride fifty or sixty miles a day if necessary. In the Sioux campaign troopers often rode that far. Ergo, the authorities perhaps reason, troopers should ride that far in the Park on any day when necessary, and should be able to pick up a poacher in any corner of the Park.

Perhaps the great American public, which has long been robbed of the Park buffalo, of many of the treasures which it owned there, may unite in the above cheerful belief. Especially those who have ridden through the Park in comfortable stages may unite in the question, Why can not the Park be protected perfectly?

The authorities at Washington, the public at large, know not whereof they speak, or such questions would not be asked, and things would not be as they are. The authorities and the public do not know that there are two Parks to protect, and not one, and that the winter Park is fifty times as large as the summer Park, so that no trooper can cross it in a day nor in a month, nor in the entire winter. The authorities and the public should know, and I hope that even by the mite of these small writings they might be encouraged to begin to try to know, that the Park is not the Park, and that the two troops of cavalry are not two troops, for the greater part of the year and at the very time when protection is most imperative, as the news discovered by our party has conclusively shown.

Now all this time we read of the corruption of American politics, of the waste of public money, of the gigantic frauds by which this foolish and patient nation is successfully and successively robbed. We throw open the gates of our beautiful country and welcome in the outcasts of the Old World, creatures whom the Old World does not want and who cannot earn a living in that country. We welcome this low rabble, and make it equal to ourselves in the making and the enforcing of the laws of this land. We allow this rabble to lower the national American tone of respect for restraint and for law and order. We permit the growth of a carelessness for the public heritage of great game—even a carelessness and an ignorance as to so magnificent a possession as this great Park, which is to-day better understood and better valued by better class Europeans than by better class Americans. We permit the imported rabble to embroil us in riotous labor troubles—these men who could not earn a living in the Old World—and we are forced to spend millions of dollars to put down the troubles, even then in a deprecating way. But meantime America has no money to spend for the America of the past and of the possible. There must be no "waste of the public funds" by which a half dozen, or two, or one additional scout shall be given the public to help guard one of the public's most priceless possessions. The public shall not even have its two troops of the guard made actually two troops, or one-tenth of that, during the most important part of the year. No. We must not do that. We must go on in the good old way. Meantime America is not America. America is no more. We have opened the gates and we have been flooded by a debasing tide. We have bartered America, the once unrivalled and even now the land of wonders, and have sold her for the humiliating price of a few political votes. Under these broad truths, for which these columns are hardly the proper place, lie none the less the difficulties of game protection in this country, and many of the difficulties in properly protecting the Park and its remaining specimens of some of our vanishing game. Congress has made a great step for the safety of the Park, but it has not yet done all that is needful. It needs to realize the value of this great region and its game as any other country would realize.

Congress needs to set the mark for a change in sentiment, and to invite a sentiment American at heart, which shall keep America, or at least the rarer portions of America, free from further spoliation. No railroads in the Park, no more game killed in the Park—this is what an honest American Congressman should say. Saying that, he may vote to save a little money out of some well-known scheme, and devote it to the placing of six, or two, or even one additional mountain scout on the Park guard, which now has only one scout.

Congress has not 200 men on guard at the Park in winter. It has just one man. His name is Burgess, Park scout. This is the only man of whom Congress can officially ask duty such as the necessities of the service exact. This U. S. Army, of one man—one man upholding the safety and dignity of this whole great country in one of its richest treasure vaults—must cover a territory larger than the State of Connecticut, rougher than the White Mountains, deeper under snow than Labrador, colder in climate than Manitoba. If we are to have success, even under the efficient new law, the U. S. working army must be made larger than one man.

F. JAY HAYNES.

HOWELL AND THE PARTY THAT BROUGHT HIM IN.

Thanks to Both.

Fresh from the wild country up the Park, and fully impressed with the immense extent of it, its impenetrability, its savage inhospitality to the winter traveler, I could only say to Capt. Anderson that it seemed to me a wonder that the poacher Howell had been caught, and yet more a wonder that the guards of the Park, from commanding officer to private, were not discouraged at the task set before them—a task which by reason of fundamental lack in its conditions, could never be more than half done, since (at that time) the detection of crime, difficult as it was, could never be followed by proper punishment.

Up to that time, in common with the general public, I had been absolutely ignorant of the way the Park was protected or what its protection meant. If this story of the Park in winter has made some few others acquainted with these facts, then a great purpose of the FOREST AND STREAM enterprise has been gained.

Meantime, thanks, let me say, to Capt. Anderson and the FOREST AND STREAM, Congress has given the public since that time (in the month of May) a law which in one sense revolutionizes the whole situation at the Park, and makes the once impossible task now in a way fairly practical and certain. With the killing of a buffalo made a penitentiary offense, the attached penalty running as high as $1,000 or years in the penitentiary, or both, Capt. Anderson has something to stand upon. When the report of the next arrest of the Howell kind comes in he can feel unqualifiedly exultant and can know that the arrest means something.

Summing up on the facts, it is not likely that another poacher will soon go into the Park. Should he do so, and should he not resist arrest and so be brought in for trial, he will be retired from active public life for a while. The average bad man of the mountains, however, while he may have a disregard for local or State laws administered by his friends, has a superstitious fear of any United States law. He doesn't want to run against Uncle Sam, for he knows Uncle Sam's arms are long and his heart hard when it comes to going after a criminal. In March it was not impossible to go into the Park and kill some buffalo heads for sale without serious risk, and every hunter in Montana, Idaho and Wyoming knew it. To-day, since the little FOREST AND STREAM expedition went in—whether or not because of it—it is a crime to do that same act, and every one of those hunters knows this, too, for news of this sort flies fast in the mountains in its own mysterious way. One or two of the more daring may go into the great winter country after some of the few remaining great animals which still remain there, but the pitchers of these will go too often to the well. The day of poaching in the Park approaches its waning. The American public, let us hope, has begun in some measure to see to what great extent and of what priceless possessions it has in the past been robbed. Agitation has had its result. The change since the snows of winter were deepest in the Park has been a great one. Every lover of nature, of fair play, of decency, can only congratulate himself when he gazes on that picture and then on this. I imagine that Capt. Anderson has entered on this season's campaign with greater zest than ever before. The public has only to wish that he may enter on many and many another, for his equal in that post will not be found. FOREST AND STREAM, which hopes that it has been useful in securing a better law for him to work under, will hope also to see him some day given more men of the necessary sort to help him in the still exacting and difficult task of enforcing the law. Let us all hope that the Attorney-General will not delay the appointment of deputy marshals who shall also be competent scouts until the stock of buffalo is cut down still more or perhaps placed beyond the possibility of a survival. The Park law is excellent, and it may of itself deter poaching, but no law is altogether good which is not sustained by proper machinery of enforcement. Troops of cavalry do not constitute such machinery when they cease to be cavalry, but are dismounted for eight months of the year by snow.

The primary object of the FOREST AND STREAM expedition was to learn about the existing numbers of the big game in the Park. The conclusions as to that have been given from time to time earlier in these articles. I give them with all diffidence on my own part, hut with confidence after all in their general accuracy, since they are in the main founded on the good judgment of experienced men such as Hofer and Woody, who were on the ground with me. Beyond this, we base the accuracy of our report on careful and conscientious work in the region covered, leaving nothing to guesswork when possible to do otherwise.

As by our earlier record of the antelope, I can summarize by saying that we think there were about 400 antelope alive in the Park last winter, all on or near the Gardiner Flats.

Twenty-five Thousand Elk.

Judging by what we saw at Yancey's and near there, I should not think an estimate of 25 000 elk would be extreme, allowing that not all the elk have drifted to the northeast corner of the Park where we saw so many. If the elk are as scarce in the Pelican country as they are in Hayden Valley, and if the East Fork country really has most of them, then 25,000 would be a liberal estimate.

Not Ovér Two Hundred Buffalo.

I do not personally believe there are over 150 buffalo left alive in the Park. I will say 200, more out of deference to those who say, "There certainly must be more buffalo than you think," rather than for any reason I can see for such belief. I know the popular estimate was 500 head, but while that may he right, we could discover no reason for thinking it was right. We discovered many reasons for thinking it quite wrong. The Park was never

so thoroughly traversed as it was this winter. It was covered very thoroughly in the main buffalo range, and partially on what might be called the alternate winter range of the buffalo. We had the reports of every officer, every soldier, every scout, every hunter and even the solitary poacher who had been in the Park, besides our own knowledge. I can make up no actual count even equalling 150 head. The winter range is so small that these men and ourselves would be more apt to see the same bunch twice than to pass by even a small bunch unseen. I add the 50 head only because of the latter possibility. I know Captain Anderson in his last report thought the buffalo far more numerous than this, but he made his report on data not so thorough as those of this winter, and I believe even his informants of last year advise him in accordance with our smaller figures of this year. He told me that without further reports he could not again report over 250 head alive. I do not think he will put it so high as that.

It was the chief accomplishment of our expedition to show how mistaken was the general idea as to the numbers of the Park buffalo, and how alarming the possibility of their absolute extinction. Against this easy work of revenge or of mercenary greed let us hope the authorities will take especial measures, at least for the coming winter.

Other Game.

We have nothing to submit by way of figures as to other game. Mountain sheep were seen by others, and there seems to be a band or so. We saw none. We saw in all about twenty-five deer, all blacktail, and all near the Mammoth Hot Springs (two bands only). As to the bears we could not, of course, say. We saw one and the trail of another. We saw the trail of two mountain lions and of innumerable foxes. There seemed to be more foxes than coyotes, even. We saw a few lynx trails, and one trail of a wolverine. Some of the wild fowl I have already mentioned, but we saw no grouse or ptarmigan of consequence, two in all only, I believe. There were a few mountain jays—"camp robbers," some Clark's crows, and once in a while a raven. Kingfishers, bluebirds, waterousels and wild ducks (mostly mallards) were wintering on the Gardiner below the Boiling River. My recollection is that we saw two eagles, but I have no note of more than one. The tracks of the pine marten, of the squirrel and of the "snowshoe rabbit" were common. The upper Park was very silent and bare of visible life, even in small animals.

All Were Kind.

The officials of the Northern Pacific road were very kind to FOREST AND STREAM in every way. Capt. Anderson was so kind that it is useless to try to thank him properly, and Mr. Deane was very kind to let us into the hotels of the Park Association after they were closed, and Mr. Haynes was exceptionally generous and kind in allowing the use of his magnificent game pictures, the best ever made in the Park. Every one, it seemed, united in the effort to be courteous and helpful to us, and to all there as much as to the actual members of our party the thanks of the readers of this paper are due, if any be felt at all. The paper has already made acknowledgment of this unsquared account, to which acknowledgment we must add our personal one.

Last Days at the Park.

Billy and I put in our last days at the Park—or rather my last days, for he lives right at the edge of the Park—while I was waiting for the weekly train down from Cinnabar, in fishing for trout in the Gardiner and Yellowstone rivers. We got trout, too, though not any such very big ones, as it was too early. Then one morning the time came to go, and I said good-bye to Capt. Anderson and the pleasant gentlemen around him and started for Cinnabar, where finally I left Lieut. Lindsley and Billy. Billy was tougher and browner even than when he went in. Every man of the party was lean and hard as though trained fine. The reflection from the snow, even on the coldest days, had burned us all to copper-color. We were all in perfect health and great form. No possible regimen or system of exercise would put a man in as splendid shape as a month's trip through the mountains on the *skis*. The beneficial effects of that trip—the greatest one of my life and one not likely to be again taken by myself—endure to-day. And even now I can see the rushing flood of the noble Yellowstone, and can see the great white mountains and the geysers at the rising of the winter sun. I can almost feel the shadow of the forests at night, and hear the rushing of the mountain streams, unfettered even by the general shackles of the cold. The white plains, the black cañons, the dominant peaks, the brilliant lights of the varying sun, all make up a picture seemingly almost unreal, but bright, vivid, imposing and I hope enduring. It was a journey for a lifetime.

E. HOUGH.

IN THE CLEARWATER COUNTRY.

WHEN the Carlin party was lost in the Clearwater Mountains, that event brought that country quite prominently before the public. It was my good fortune to spend many happy days and a few disagreeable nights in the twenty years I passed in that country.

In 1865 a party of four of us mined on the South Fork of the Clearwater. It received its name from being so very clear. The Indians called it "Koos Koosky," signifying "clear water this." But where we worked it was somewhat like the Missouri during the June rise, only a little more so. It was entirely too thick to drink, and not quite thick enough to walk on. This condition was caused by the numerous hydraulic mines which dumped their debris into it above our claim. We managed to get along, however, for we were like the majority of miners, we thought that water was a success for mining, navigation and irrigation, but that as a beverage it was a flat failure.

We had worked hard all summer, and when the water failed on us in the fall, we concluded that we would spend a few weeks prospecting up in a range of mountains between the Clearwater and the Salmon rivers. There was a mineral belt extending through the whole chain from South Boise in South Idaho, to Kootenia, in British Columbia. So like all miners we were full of confidence and hope that we would strike a new camp. Our outfit for each person consisted of 75lbs. self-raising flour, 30lbs. beans, 15lbs. sugar, 15lbs. bacon, 5lbs. salt, 10lbs. dried fruit, 5lbs. coffee, ½lb. tea, a pick, two shovels, an axe, hatchet, 2lbs. small nails, a rocker iron, pair of blankets, one change of clothes, navy revolver and ammunition. As I was the smallest I had the lightest pack, which weighed 67lbs. when ready to put on. My brother and Jack, very large and powerful men, had 90lbs. each, while Gilbert had 75lbs. Bright and early we were on the trail, we had to go down on the north side of Clearwater opposite where a mountain stream called Twenty-Mile puts in to the main stream.

As soon as we left our cabin I struck out ahead and Jack kept close up, but as my brother and Gilbert were never known to hurry, they were nearly an hour longer reaching the mouth of the Twenty-Mile.

As soon as Jack and I got to the crossing we dumped our packs and took a survey of the situation. The Clearwater here is 75yds. wide and from 3 to 4ft. deep. The bottom is covered with round-washed gravel, which in turn is covered with a slimy sediment. After resting a few minutes to cool off gradually, I sat down and began pulling off my boots and clothes. At first Jack said he would wade with his boots and clothes on; but I told him he would feel much better after he once got across by pulling off his clothes, and if I could stand it then he could try. Having everything in readiness I started in. I had a good stout walking stick to lean and balance on. Putting my foot down, it would come on to a smooth boulder covered with slime, slip off, and sometimes wedge down in between two stones, which would be so close that would have to feel for another place. I soon got across all right, but it was a terrible dose. When I reached the bank my limbs were about as red as a boiled lobster. We had no thermometer to tell how cold the water was, but from the contortions of Jack's face it must have been at least 50° below zero. I soon had my clothes on and felt the reaction. There was plenty of good dry wood handy, and I soon had a roaring fire. Jack got across all right, but said it was "the bitterest pill he ever took."

We stood around the fire for a few minutes, when I proposed we cut some poles and try Twenty-Mile for trout. I started up the stream to some big boulders. I soon found a place I thought would be a favorite haunt for some big fellows. There was a great eddy, and a lot of foam was making its regular revolutions. I took a grasshopper from the tin box, threw it near to the foam, and in an instant there was a silvery flash, with a red tint to it; then a splash, splash, splash; and I could not tell how many big trout had made a grab for that hopper. But the first one missed it. I threw my hook out near the foam, when it barely touched the water before it was grabbed, and from the way that line sung I was sure I had hooked a 3 or 4lbs. trout. I soon threw him out, and a beauty he was. I had no scales, so had to guess at the weight, which I put at 1½lbs. Soon I had another. This I kept up until I had 18, and started to camp. Jack had caught 12, which varied little from mine. We had dinner well under way when my brother and Gilbert put in an appearance on the opposite side.

I told the boys that it was not bad crossing, a little cold, but nothing as it was when mush ice was running. I assured them that they would feel fine when once across; and as a stimulus to hurry them up, I held out a string of dressed trout. They got across, and as they were tough, made no complaint; but as soon as they were ready we sat down to a square meal, and when the inventory was taken after the last one was through it was found that we were sixteen trout short. Gilbert, being the only one that used tobacco, filled his pipe, and soon filled the air with his poisoned fumes, which he termed solid comfort. After a hearty rest we concluded we would catch a few more trout, for we would leave the river the next morning. My brother soon had a rig; and he was a much better fisherman than either of us. I never met any one who has the patience he has. When I fish a minute or two in a nice pool, if the fish do not bite, I move. But here it required no patience and but little skill. We returned to camp in less than an hour with fifty-seven nice trout. Two of us took care of the fish, while the others set about making camp comfortable for the night. The boys cut down a fir tree, broke off the fine browse, spread them down even to the depth of a foot, then put down a couple of gun pouches, then our blankets; and we had a splendid bed. After a good trout supper, with a huge log fire, which threw its genial warmth and cheerful light in to the tent, we had a cheerful home, such as is seldom enjoyed by sportsmen or miners.

We were awakened quite early by the chattering of pine squirrels. They are nice little fellows, and are about the size of a half-grown gray squirrel in the States, but I think their flesh is better. When they are alarmed they make a noise something like that of the kingfisher. After breakfast Gilbert and I added the surplus trout to our packs, and we were soon on the road. This was as far as any of us had been in these mountains, and all before us was a vast wilderness. The mountain was so steep that we had to go down about half a mile before we found a place we could get up at all. Finally we came to an old elk trail, and this we decided to follow, thinking that we could manage to get up where those monarchs of the forest could come down. But we found it quite a task.

We would go for 15 or 20yds., when we would have to sit down against the mountain and rest a few minutes, then try again. By noon we had reached the top of the first bench. While we were resting my brother went down into a small cañon and got a kettle of water, and soon we cooked our dinner. We cleaned up the surplus trout out of my pack, which made quite a difference in the feeling of my load. Resting an hour after dinner we packed up and started. For the first mile we had very fair traveling; then we struck a pine thicket. The timber had been burned a few years before. The young pines had come up nearly as thick as wheat; the old pines had rotted off at the ground, and had been blown down in every direction. In many places a man could go several hundred yards without getting on to the ground. But with heavy packs such as we had, it was impossible, so we had to go down the mountain until we could pass around the windfall. This took us until late in the afternoon, when we got back on to our ridge. We followed this up until at 4 o'clock we struck a spring, and we went into camp. A short distance above camp we saw a number of fresh elk tracks.

In the night I was awakened by an elk whistling; he had probably scented our camp. I awoke the boys and as it was the first whistling they had ever heard at first they did not believe an elk could make such a noise. Judging from the sound he could not have been more than a couple of hundred yards off. The next morning we were up early, had a good breakfast of the remainder of our trout and we started on up the divide. We had not gone more than a mile when we saw seven elk, among them being one with the largest pair of antlers I had seen in this country. They were not much alarmed, but trotted off a short distance and all faced about and took a good look at us. As we had all the load we could carry and plenty of grub we did not molest them. When we first saw them I could have killed one without any difficulty with my navy revolver.

This day we had good traveling and must have made twelve miles. We could tell we were getting quite high from the tamarac and small black pine. About 3 o'clock we struck what we thought was the summit of the divide we had been following up. We turned down to our right and soon came out into a beautiful meadow of a few hundred acres, with a small stream running through it. Here we camped. When we would approach the stream we could see quite a number of little mountain trout as they would dart from one bank to the other, but it was too late to fish any that day. The grass in the meadow was over a foot high and there were a great many elk beds scattered over it. Along in the night we heard another elk whistling, and he was answered from across the creek. They kept up their bantering nearly all night. Early in the morning we could see them in the lower part of the meadow; one was quite large and had a fine pair of antlers; the other was a spike, yet was nearly as large as the older one. But he seemed to be afraid to fight, for the large one kept driving him around from place to place.

We prospected here for four days, then we moved up the creek about six miles, near to Buffalo Hump, a very high mountain on the divide between the Salmon and Clearwater rivers. Here we prospected for a week and found a few fine colors; that was all, yet it satisfied us that we were near the gold belt. We began to notice that when we would move camp our packs were considerably lighter.

One afternoon brother said he would go across the divide and take a look at some gulches in what he thought was a basin near the base of Buffalo Hump. The rest of us finished prospecting the creek we were camped on. Supper time came and my brother had not put in appearance. Before going to bed we shot off our revolvers but did not hear any answer. I felt a little anxious, but tried to believe he would be in every few minutes. But when morning came and we sat down to breakfast, there was an empty place. As soon as I got through breakfast I buckled on my revolver and told the boys I would go up on to the divide that my brother had said he was going to cross and if he should come in while I was out they should fire their revolvers. I left camp and walked very fast for about an hour, when I came on to the divide where I could see the basin. I fired my revolver, and the echo had hardly died away, when to my joy I heard an answering shot from the basin. I started on a trot in the direction of the shot. After going about a mile I fired again. This time the answer came a great deal nearer. Then we were in calling distance; and we soon met. He was perfectly cool, while I was all excited. "Well," said he, "did you think I was lost?" I replied, "I knew you were lost, and was afraid we would not be able to find you." As we went back to camp he told me how he had come to stay out. He had gone further than he intended, and it was nearly dark before he started to return. Just before dark he shot a rabbit. Then he struck a gulch that had very thick brush in it, and in crossing he fell into what he thought was a hole made by the upturning of a tree, he fell over a stump that had been cut with an axe. He then built a fire and could see that work had been done there; and concluded that as he had plenty of game he would camp there and take a look around in the morning before returning to camp. In the morning he found that considerable work had been done in the gulch. They had sluiced out a place about 20ft. wide and 100ft. long, about 2ft. deep. The work had been done some three or four years before.

We reached camp a little while before noon, and after dinner packed up and moved over to the deserted claim. The next morning early we were up and went to prospecting; we could get some good prospects but the ground was spotted. We made a rocker as there was not water enough for us to sluice. Two of us went to rocking, the others trying to trace the pay streak. We rocked for two days, when we cleared up, and thought from the bulk of the dust that we had an ounce or a little more; but when we reached our cabin and put it in the scales, it was like the big fish, and deer and bear that are guessed at; it weighed just $9, or half an ounce and one-sixteenth. We could not locate the pay streak. The men who had worked there before worked out all of the streak they could find.

Our provisions began to get low; we were out of the trout range, and were too busy to hunt for pheasants. One morning early I went up toward the upper part of the Basin hunting. I had not got more than a mile from camp, when I saw a cow and calf elk. They had seen me first and had trotted up on to a small ridge and stopped broadside. I shot at the calf and killed it; the cow stood there looking at me, and waited until I got within 20yds. of her before she left the calf. Then she trotted off a short distance and stopped. I had all the meat I wanted. After breakfast we dressed the calf and packed it into camp.

That day we finished prospecting there, and went down about half a mile on to another gulch. Here we struck a fair prospect, but we could not find the main chanel or streak.

We were through our breakfast and ready to travel by the time it was light enough. Although the going was heavy we made very fair time, and by noon were on the summit of the last bench above Clearwater and not far from our first camp at the mouth of the Twenty-mile. When we got down to the river I did not stop, but went right across, as I thought the muddy water could not make me any wetter than I had been for the last few miles. But I found out that it was a deal colder. When I got out, I rustled around for dry wood to make a fire. I had thoroughly dried my matches and put them in my pack, and had no trouble in starting the blaze. The boys helped and we had another big fire. As soon as we had shoveled away the snow and had our tent set, we changed clothes and had our dinner. Then some of the boys wanted to go up to the cabin. I told them they could go, but that I should remain in camp for the night; so all concluded to remain. The next morning early we started and reached our cabin, all feeling well and not very badly exhausted, but perfectly satisfied with our prospecting trip in the Clearwater Mountains.

LEW WILMOT.

Natural History.

WAYS OF THE FISHER.

THE reading of an article on the wolverine in a recent FOREST AND STREAM carries me back nearly forty years to my old trapping days in northern Wisconsin, and reminds me of a cousin of the wolverine. What a pest the fisher was to the trapping fraternity in those days. To great strength of muscle was added pertinacity of purpose with extreme cunning, and it was almost an impossibility to outmaneuver him.

We had a line of traps, some twelve miles in extent, mostly deadfalls, for at that time the steel trap was rather costly and burdensome to carry. We had our cabin at one end of the line. Sometimes when the line extended some twenty miles or more we would have our shanty midway, so as to go over the half every two days or oftener. These lines were blazed through the woods, and generally began at our cabin on some water course, along its edge or around a pond or lake for mink, otter and beaver, then up over the knoll, through the woods, for martin and sable, to other water courses.

Our line at the time I refer to ran some twelve or fourteen miles over the hills. We had been having pretty fair luck for a week, taking more than a dozen pelts, when one morning we found every deadfall had been visited and destroyed, and not only the bait but the captured animal taken. It was easily surmised by Ralph, the old trapper with me, that the culprit was "a doggoned fisher." We had killed a deer but a day or two before; his paunch and head, drawn over the route, had left a strong scent for the rascal to follow up, and in one night he had destroyed the work of many days.

The fisher is very strong and very cunning. He can rarely be caught except in steel traps, and that, too, when they are buried and the scent of the same well smoked off. The fisher upon approaching a dead-fall will invariably go around to the back side and by main strength pull out or break off the stakes of the deadfall, when, of course, the bait can be eaten without danger. The day I have referred to Ralph was very angry, and to tell the truth your humble servant felt anything but amiable. Some twelve or fourteen of our best paying deadfalls were in ruins and no pelt to show, and worst of all we felt sure the scoundrel would call again. Oh, for even one good Newhouse. The half dozen steel traps we had were small and would only hold mink or muskrat, and we could not afford to lose them. We had them set around the lake and brook for mink. Ralph, after relieving himself by the generous use of some strong Western language, seemed wrapped in deep study for several minutes as he gazed on the wreck of our last fall.

Presently jumping up he said, "Blast 'is 'ide, I guess we can fix 'im." We rebuilt the fall, and over the back part, sufficiently high up not to attract attention, we fixed a heavy log to a pair of saplings, so fastened that a strong pull at any of the back stakes of the fall would loosen it. "There," said Ralph, "if that works right and comes down on the skunk's skull we'll have a pelt worth havin'."

A couple of days after this, it being Ralph's turn to go over the line, he started out, dragging the deer's head behind him. He had been gone probably a couple of hours, and I had been busy mending up my leggings and fixing up after breakfast, when I heard a shout, and upon going to the door of our shanty I could see up the river the big fellow (he only stood 6ft. 4in. in his stockings) coming on the ice toward the house swinging a big black thing in his hand and yelling "I've got him, I've got him, here's the cuss." Upon his approaching sure enough he had the reptile, as he called it, a full-grown fisher, as black as jet, full 28in. in length with a splendid bushy tail of some 18in. more.

Ralph had found him with a broken back at the fall we had fixed up for his especial accommodation. The big boy was so tickled he didn't even wait to skin it, but hurried home to show it to me. It was a prime pelt and not only worth more in market than any two mink, martin or sable, but it probably preserved for us money that otherwise we would have lost, for we were troubled no more that season with torn down falls.

Ah! the memory of those trapping days! They come over me like pleasant dreams. The life of a trapper is a life of hard work, interspersed with rough times now and then, with incidents of adventure and sometimes of danger in his encounters with the larger animals, the bears, lynx and more especially catamount or American panther, but the latter is now rarely met with even in our wilder regions. The very far West I know personally nothing about. But a trapper's life has its excitements and its pleasures, far outnumbering its dangers and drawbacks. It is a life of independence in the free woods. With what an appetite he enjoys his meals of venison or trout; how well he sleeps on his bed of balsam after a day's tramp, and with what intensity of pleasure he approaches a trap and finds a prime pelt his reward, and how like a miser he gloats over his prizes as they hang to dry in his cabin, or are packed away for transportation. He comes out of the woods strong of muscle and robust of stomach. Who ever heard of a trapper catching cold or being sick or laid up except by some accident of axe or gun? Would that I were a trapper again even for one small month. I don't believe that I have forgotten all my cunning. JACOBSTAFF.

["Jacobstaff" leaves us a little in doubt as to whether the animal captured was really a fisher. Some of the qualities attributed to it seem more like those of a wolverine, yet he describes the fisher. The two animals could hardly be confused.]

FRIENDLY FLYING SQUIRRELS.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—I noticed what Mr. Eugene McCarthy wrote of flying squirrels last week, in reply to a question as to what they will eat. For several years past several flying squirrels have made their home in my house, sometimes when at night causing disturbance by their pranks, creating a desire for their extermination, but as neither a rat nor a mouse has been seen in the house since they came, their occasional racing is tolerated.

But there are two mysteries connected with them. Whence came they? I know they are here, for several times they have been seen in different rooms, and once I saw one "fly" to one of the large elms in front of the house. Of their identification there is no doubt. And upon what do they subsist? No tracks or traces of them are to be seen about the house, and their presence would never have been suspected but through personal observation and their occasional racing. They have never committed any ravages of any kind. I am utterly at a loss to know upon what they feed. More than this, they are never seen among the many trees in the vicinity, so that if they leave and return to the house they do so only at night.

They are mysterious little fellows, but I like to harbor them, for they are wholly inoffensive. But I never cease to wonder how they support their lives. D. H. BRUCE.

TOUGH TOAD AND TURKEYS.

ITHACA, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As showing that it is the singular that sometimes happens even in the prosaic walks of life, let me present a circumstance recently encountered by Mr. Chas. Aikens, a man whom I know to be strictly trustworthy and truthful. Mr. Aikens, who resides some twenty miles north of Ithaca, in digging a well on his farm had occasion, upon reaching a depth of 12 or 15ft., to do considerable blasting. In the mass of broken rock thrown out was found a frog, apparently dead, while upon the surface of certain pieces of the rock was an exact outline of the amphibious curiosity. But more wonderful still, the frog soon exhibited unmistakable symptoms of life, and in a brief time thereafter hopped off, after the manner of his kind, as lively and evidently as full of the essence of exhilaration as the liveliest of well fed frogs can be. Perhaps the FOREST AND STREAM'S brotherhood of natural history students may explain whether this is a common or an uncommon freak of the frog family.

THE FISHER.

In connection with this incident, Mr. J. H. Wilbur, of this city, took occasion to relate an experience of his, which illustrates the fallacy of the theory that the average turkey of a young and tender age is an exceedingly delicate creature, and particularly susceptible to anything out of the line of mild and propitious weather conditions. Mr. Wilbur's flock of young turkeys was confined in a coop in the dooryard, and one afternoon the rain descended and the floods came. After the storm passed a dozen drowned turkeys were spread out on a convenient board and allowed, through unintentional neglect, to remain there over night. The following morning the sun burst forth with a wealth of warmth and heat. Mr. Wilbur passing across the yard a little later was astounded to observe sundry twitchings of beaks and bones among his supposed lifeless turkey crop, which soon developed into vigorous manifestations of activity, finally resulting in the entire brood gaining its feet and pursuing the even tenor of its way. This is directly in line with the evidence which I have heard more than one old-time hunter advance as proof that the young of the wild turkey is a hardy bird, especially after the first few days of its existence. M. CHILL.

A Tame Mountain Sheep.

ESTES PARK, Col., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During a drive that I took yesterday with my brother I saw something which has inspired me to write to you. We had started in a phaeton to drive from the Estes Park Hotel to Lamb's, and when we had got a mile and a half perhaps from the hotel, and were driving through a big pasture dotted with cattle, I saw the drab coat of a mountain sheep, feeding among the cattle about 100yds. from our wagon. I stopped and pointed her—it was a ewe—out to my companion, who thus had his first sight of that kind of game. She looked up at us, trotted a few steps, and then went to grazing again.

When you consider the nearness to a traveled road and the plentiful tourists continually on the march, the incident seems very extraordinary for animals so wary; especially, too, is the tameness of the ewe, as seen by her resuming her breakfast in the presence of the neighboring enemy, strange to me. I have heard of sheep invading the bunch of horses of a party of prospectors in early days; but I thought that all that simplicity had worn off. Certainly this experience is the only evidence I ever had of that trait. H. G. DULOG.

[Mountain sheep—and bison—are protected by law at all seasons in Colorado, and the tameness of the sheep seen by our correspondent would seem to indicate that the law is well respected in Estes Park.]

Game Bag and Gun.

ON ST. LAWRENCE MARSHES.

SING, oh Muse, the sorrows of an old party of friends of FOREST AND STREAM, who were camped on the broad St. Lawrence on the twenty-ninth of last August, on which day it pleased the weather clerk to unload on that fair river a very vigorous cyclone, which he had concealed up his sleeve, and which dampened most horribly the ardor and likewise the baggage, bedding and skins of Crown Prince, Abou Ben Tuska, Tony Van Kite and me Sing also, fair Muse, in praise of the fast-flying duck pursued by swift death, leaping forth with lurid flash from its rounded cell, the graceful smoothbore's barrel. What labors will we not undergo, what fatigues and privations will we not endure in order to have even a chance of matching our skill against his in his own chosen field. Nothing could prevent me, nor shall, from going duck shooting when I have enough money to reach the shooting ground. I care not whether I have enough to get back. I can walk and swim back. No previous failure daunts me, no prospect of ill success holds me back. Therefore in August, when Abou, who made last year's trip to the Rideau Lakes with me, and Tony and Crown Prince offered to join in a second invasion of those happy hunting grounds, and asked me to go also, I leaped at the chance.

We rendezvoused at my island home on the St. Lawrence, and on the 28th of August started in three boats on our three days' pull. Then at the very start began the sorrows that I have requested the Muse to put to music. Abou and Crown Prince paired off in the smallest boat, only 13ft. long. Abou weighs about 110lbs. and the Prince about 200. In consequence, when Abou rowed and Crown Prince sat in the stern, the bow rose so high in the air that the oarsman could scarcely get the oar blades into the water, and the boat's stern exhibited perhaps an eighth of an inch freeboard. When they reversed positions and Crown Prince put his ton-weight person at the oars, the skiff's bow was so depressed that it was utterly impossible to keep a straight course, for as every one familiar with a boat knows, a vessel so trimmed will persistently attempt to turn in circles. Tony and I cast our lot together, and but for the tenderness of my companion's hands (he a novice at the oars) and my own delightful habit of splashing, which made a trip with me rather a watery amusement, we got along excellently. George Patterson, the guide, cook, protector, camp-master, etc., of the party, flocked by himself, and he rowed one boat altogether, his strength being equal to that of any two of the others. So much for our division of labor.

We started out from near Alexandria Bay with the intention of making Kingston, Canada, 33 miles away, the same evening. But we did not. Owing to getting away late, and the scandalous conduct of Abou and Crown, we had advanced only about fifteen miles by 4 o'clock, when it began to rain and we decided to camp on "Jiminies" Island. We took a nice spot and set up two tents, one 7×7, for George, and a larger one for ourselves. Then we took a bath in the rain and river, and cooked some ham for supper. While eating I saw a loon about a hundred yards away. Taking out a .25-20 rifle I fiddled with the sights, posed prettily and lectured to the admiring crowd on the proper elevation, etc. I fired and missed the bird by about ten feet. I did not look at anybody and no one made any remarks, but I thought many things of a most lively character.

At about nine we went to bed. Then began the circus. All night long the rain leaked into the tent. At 2 A. M., the wind arose; at 4 a gale was blowing; at 6 the front of the tent blew in; at 6:05 a hole appeared in the side and at 6:10 another. The gale was now a hurricane and every five minutes a new slit appeared in our canvas house. At 7 the last relics of it blew away and we fled to George's tent, where the five of us crowded into its 7×7 feet of space, with the sides continually blowing in, and the cold rain running in in streams. Through it all, the Crown Prince sat stolidly on the ground, reading the Scottish Chiefs. Abou Ben Tuska and George ventured forth in the storm to seek a place of shelter under the lee of some friendly rock, but returned exhausted and unsuccessful. We endured this until 3 P. M., when we launched our boats at great risk and fled from that cursed island, venturing out on the river, preferring to run the chances of drowning in the attempt to reach Gananoque, to perishing of exhaustion and starvation on shore. We left all our stuff, guns, cartridges, everything behind us. We finally did reach the little Canadian town in safety after a very respectable pull. I have lived on the St. Lawrence every summer for twelve years and have never seen such a blow, nor have I ever met an uglier cross sea than that which ran off Gananoque that August day.

The next day we went back and picked up our stuff; and after two days spent in repairing damages proceeded. We left Gananoque on the 31st and reached Kingston Mills Locks at exactly the same moment as did Chief Constable Brickwood. He proved another hurricane and gave us the choice of paying $25 for a permit to shoot, or going home. We paid. Having camped on the shooting grounds on a spot between two immense marshes, we chose the northern one for our evening's shooting, and concealed ourselves therein. Not a duck did we see, but in the southern marsh about a hundred birds were killed.

When we arrived at our camp at Sand Lake, Tony and I had good and at the same time pretty bad shooting, about forty ducks offering themselves to our aim, and all escaping but three. Although we were in a good spot, we went on eighteen miles further, in order to meet Charlie Coalhole. He was to have joined us at Newboro; and having left an excellent camp on Sand, with its good shooting, all on his account, we were met by a letter from him stating that he could not come. At Benson Lake, where we camped four days, Tony and I used to vanish in the morning searching the bayous all day for game and returning about an hour after dark. We feared the game constables, as we had only one permit for four shooters, each of whom should have had one; and Abou and Crown Prince, who always remained at home, fixed a code of signal lights to hinder us blundering into camp in the darkness, in the event of a game constable's presence there, and giving away the fact that we had both been shooting. Their code was as follows:

No light at all—Come home. All well.
White light—Stay away. Constable here.
White and green—Be careful. Constable has been here.

See the result. When they showed no light at all, the first night we could not find the camp, and wandered out of our way in the endless stumps, getting thoroughly lost. The second night, having cooked dinner, they sat down to eat it, and in order to see what they were doing, they put a white lantern on the table, which lantern Tony and I saw from the distance and kept off for an hour or more, thinking that the constable was waiting our return and that the light was the warning agreed upon. While we, hungry as hunters, paddled back and forth at a safe distance, Abou and his companion in crime ate a most comfortable supper, smoked their pipes, and read some old newspapers by the same light that was keeping us away from those joys.

After a few days at Benson, we went back to Sand, where we had some more good shooting. To illustrate the difficulty of successful shooting on the Rideau Lakes, I will state that it took Tony and myself a full hour to get a bird which fell about sixty yards from us, owing to the mass of stumps, logs, water and morass between. From Sand Lake we came back to Gananoque over land, boats and all, and then rowed home. We enjoyed our trip, in spite of the hard knocks fortune treated us to.

FRANK LAURENCE DONOHUE.

NITRO POWDERS PAST AND PRESENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nitro-cellulose or gun-cotton constitutes the principal base of the great majority of the modern smokeless powders. It is only within the last decade that the treatment of nitro-cellulose has assumed a certain degree of technical perfection. Prior to that time much difficulty was experienced in the endeavor to impart to nitro powders sufficient stability and uniformity of action. The smokeless powders as first introduced were particularly susceptible to atmospheric influences. This was partly due to the presence of a large percentage of saltpeter in some cases, but more so to the soft surface of the grain.

Schultze and E. C. powders were the first in the market with this objectionable feature removed or at least greatly diminished. This change for the better was brought about with the aid and application of ethers, whereby the grains were given a sort of surface crust, and various kinds of ethers, among them acetic ether and aceton, are now generally employed for a similar purpose. Several attempts were made to accomplish the same end with paraffin, varnish, etc., but it was found that these substances did not serve the purpose.

Later on it was discovered that the surface of gun-cotton powders can be given a greater degree of density and thereby rendered less susceptible to moisture, by simply steeping or dipping the compound into ethers. But this process again was coupled with an objectionable feature. It was found difficult, yes next to impossible, to extract the ethers from the compound after their presence was no longer desirable. The peculiar odor given out by some nitro powders after having been stored and subjected to changes of temperature may always be taken as a sure sign of the presence of ethers.

Manufacturers of military powders have thus been prompted to adopt a different process for making these powders. The gun-cotton is now dissolved by them in hot nitro-glycerine, with and without camphor, and a sort of a dough is obtained by such a process which can be kneaded, rolled into sheets, cut in leaflets or formed into grains, ords or square pieces. But it is still an open question whether the powders made under this last named process will prove to possess superior keeping qualities.

In judging the properties of a propelling agent of this nature we must bear in mind that, for instance, frost affects both nitro-cellulose and nitro-glycerine very seriously. The probable effect of heat ought also to be considered since gun-cotton, when subjected to a high temperature, loses considerably in weight.

It is even worse with nitro-glycerine which has a tendency to evaporate at all temperatures, and which behaves very strangely, often very violently, in a frozen condition.

In view of these last named facts, some manufacturers of nitro powders have dispensed with nitro-glycerine altogether, while others have gone so far as to reduce also the percentage of nitro-cellulose to the lowest possible limit. Instead of gun-cotton they employ invariable salts, especially nitrate of baryta, while the treacherous nitro-glycerine, on the other hand, is replaced by a series of nitrated aromatic carburetted hydrogen. It is claimed that particularly the solid fused dinitrotoluol is capable of dissolving large quantities of gun-cotton, and produce a very hard mass. The keeping qualities of the powders made under this process are said to be very satisfactory, and we are further informed that their body is composed of seventy-five per cent. of crystallized products and only twenty-five per cent. of gun-cotton.

But we now come to the most important claims advanced for these powders. It is asserted that they do not react to increased charges more violently than black powders, or in other words that they are even safer than fine grain black powder, that they never endanger the gun or the shooter in case the load is accidentally or intentionally increased to double the quantity of the service charge; that they do not corrode or pit the gun barrel even when the gun is not cleaned for weeks after use, and that the same grade and grain can be used with equal good results in the sporting rifle, shotgun and revolver.

For most of these claims we have so far no other proof than the assurance of the manufacturers, and such assurance is very often biased and unreliable. But the claim for safety is amply sustained by the result of official tests carried out under Government control.

Should the other claims also prove to be warranted we would at last have reached a new departure in the line of smokeless powders. The ideal smokeless propelling agent would be within our reach and the days of black powders counted, at least among the shooters, with whom the question of cost cuts no figure.

Thousands of shooters who still hesitate to use a nitro powder, simply because the latter, as a rule, and up to the present, are less safe than black powder, would throw the old reliable but noisy propelling agent overboard and substitute for it smokeless powder combining all the good qualities of both the nitro and black powders. The news is almost too good to be true, and I am still somewhat skeptically inclined toward the remarkable claims set forth for this latest invention among propelling agents.

I therefore prefer to withhold the name of this new powder and other data concerning it until I have had time and occasion to determine the question whether the powder referred to really is the ideal powder looked for so long and anxiously by every shooter the world over. I have ordered samples of the powder, and hope to be in possession of the same within a month. When they reach me they will be tested thoroughly and your readers may thus expect to hear from me again on the subject at some future day.

ARMIN TENNER.

A DISMAL CHICKEN OUTLOOK.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Aug. 17.—I have lately visited the towns on the Iowa side of the Missouri River from Council Bluffs, Ia., to Vermillion, S. D., and, of course, naturally inquired closely into the prospects for shooting this fall. The information I gained, however, was very discouraging and I will look elsewhere for my chicken shooting this season. The universal answer is, "There are hardly any chickens left; the farmers trap them all." That this is true I am thoroughly satisfied, for in every town one hears on all sides such statements. At some points I learned that there were a few quail, but the chickens were too scarce to hunt. At Vermillion, Elk Point and Jefferson, South Dakota, the chickens are reported as having been very numerous, more so than for several years, a fact seized upon by the trappers as an argument to prove that their work does not decimate the supply. They tell now, however, that the birds are getting scarce as shooting has been general for three weeks past; in fact, game laws are a dead letter.

With very few exceptions, the merchants care nothing about the matter; if at all it is a disposition to shield the violators of the law, and they appear to be in full sympathy with the farmer who traps—and that means nearly every farmer in the country. The trapping is done later in the season, November and December, and the argument used is that the birds caught are not those bred in their section, but others that are migrating from the North.

I had quite a conversation with one merchant at Jefferson, South Dakota, on the subject. He had been on a farm for fourteen years and made a regular business of it. He told me that he had used from 100 to 300 traps every year, and sometimes had gathered up a wagonload of birds a day. That was when chickens were more numerous than at present. He could not see, however, that the work of himself and his fellows was responsible for the decreased supply. He blames the city sportsman for that. This section of South Dakota seems to be in urgent need of a game warden, and one who will attend strictly to business.

Further west, on the line of the C. M. & St. P. road, chickens are reported as being very plentiful—unusually so. Scotland, Tripp, Armour and several other towns in that vicinity are very good points. Parties going along the Missouri River west of Yankton in Charles Mix county will also find plenty of birds. I would advise any one contemplating such a trip, however, to hurry up about it, as the statement from the State's attorney that the Aug. 15 law holds good is generally accepted and acted on. Whether this be true or not, or whether the attorney ever said so is a matter I know nothing about; but I do know every one is taking advantage of the fact.

While in central Nebraska the first of this month, I found that illegal shooting was already quite general, and was done by a class of men who rank as the best sportsmen of the State. Their excuse is of course, that as every one does so they must either do it themselves or get no chickens. The delightful way in which game laws are calmly ignored in many of our Western States is anything but encouraging to those who would observe the laws. South Dakota and Nebraska have no game wardens I believe; and those who, you would suppose, would make an effort to see the laws enforced, are among the first to break them.

I left my gun at home this trip so as to be sure to keep out of mischief, but I very much fear that by the time Sept. 1 arrives I shall find nothing left to shoot.

W. R. H.

Mr. H. G. Nichols, of Mitchell, S. Dakota, writes me the following interesting information concerning the way chickens are preserved by legal enactment in S. Dakota. Under date of Aug. 15, he writes: The pot-hunters are as plentiful this fall as ever, regardless the law and gun clubs for protection. To-day, the fifteenth, and every man with a gun and dog is out. While exercising some greyhounds this morning I ran across six different outfits out shooting chickens. You know in several papers of this State they published articles stating that the Attorney-General had made or expressed an opinion that the law was open Aug. 15. I have written him, and also the State's attorney for a copy of this decision, but have failed to hear from either as yet."

B. WATERS.

PROPOSED SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

THIS prospectus has been sent out by the following firms: Hartley & Graham, Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Laflin & Rand Powder Co., E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Schoverling, Daly & Gales, Marlin Fire Arms Co., Von Lengerke & Detmold, Charles J. Godfrey, A. G. Spalding & Bros., United States Net and Twine Co., Tatham Bros., Fred Sauter, the W. Fred Quimby Co., Empire Target Co., Hunter Arms Co. A meeting will be held Aug. 27, at 2 o'clock P. M., in the rooms of the Hardware Club, Postal Telegraph Building, Broadway and Murray street, New York, and all houses in the trade are earnestly requested to have a representative present.

Preamble.

It is generally admitted by manufacturers at home and abroad that there is no way of bringing their products before the world, equal to an international exhibition or fair. By such means the manufacturer is enabled to learn of the various products in his special line, compare notes and discover improvements. The distributor is made aware of the sources from which the goods he wishes to handle come, and the consumer learns of the various articles in use in the business or pleasure he is engaged in, while the public at large is interested and enlightened.

Exhibitions general in character, both on a large scale and small scale, have from time to time been given at home and abroad, but Europe long ago recognized the value of special exhibits, and these are admitted to be a great stimulant to trade. During the past few years several successful exhibitions of sportsmen's goods have been given abroad with pronounced success. Those who have visited these exhibitions have wondered why America has not followed the example set abroad.

It is confidently felt by many interested in the articles used by sportsmen that the time has arrived when a successful exhibition of this nature can be given in America, and it is earnestly requested that this matter be given your careful attention.

It is proposed, in the near future, to give an elaborate exhibition of all the utensils used by the sportsman, in the past as well as at the present time, and to this end it is proposed to extend invitations to all manufacturers, at home and abroad, of all lines of firearms, ammunition, light ordnance, camping equipments as related to field sports, taxidermy in all its branches, fishing tackle and all appurtenances used by sportsmen. It is proposed to hold this exhibition in New York city, the same to extend over a suitable period, so as to give all interested an opportunity of visiting it.

The elaborateness of this affair will be determined after the formation of a proper organization to conduct it, when officers will be chosen and the character and scope of the exhibition determined, the classes arranged, judges appointed, and full and complete arrangements made for carrying the matter to a successful issue.

No event of this kind has ever occurred in the United States, and it is confidently believed that the opportunity will be unequaled of bringing before the public the numerous inventions and various implements used by the great and rapidly increasing class of sportsmen throughout the world. The recent Columbian Exposition at Chicago proved most unsatisfactory to many, and to no little extent this dissatisfaction has prompted this movement. Those having exhibited at Chicago were forced to recognize that its vastness made inconspicuous the comparatively few exhibits there made. It is by specializing and concentrating these industries that products and inventions can be brought most conspicuously before the world, and directly to the attention of the consumer.

Suggestions for the Exhibit in Detail.

Following the line of the above general plan, several gentlemen interested in the trade and the proposed exhibition, have discussed with the management of the Madison Square Garden, New York city, those points touching upon its financial and artistic success, and as a result, make the following suggestions for the consideration of those to whose share it will fall to take up the project and carry it to successful completion.

In view of the central location of Madison Square Garden, at Twenty-sixth street and Madison avenue, New York, and of the desirable facilities it offers, it is thought that this great amphitheater would be the most suitable place in which to hold such an exhibit as that contemplated.

The most desirable dates now unfilled, according to the schedule of the Madison Square Garden Co., are those of the first two weeks in January, 1895. It is believed that if the work of preparation is taken up at once, and vigorously prosecuted, the exhibit can be opened to the public on those dates.

The Madison Square Garden Co. having had long experience in the handling of such enterprises, given under different auspices, is especially equipped to conduct them successfully, and to the satisfaction of all interested.

It is proposed, however, to conduct the exhibit under the auspices of a duly organized and representative association, composed of leading houses engaged in the manufacture and sale of the products it is proposed to exhibit, and it is to the end of effecting such organization, for the purpose of co-operating with the executive head of the Madison Square Garden Co., that the above call has been made.

The work of classifying the exhibits would, of course, rest with a committee to be subsequently appointed. In order, however, to give you some idea as to the character and scope of the exposition, the following classification is submitted:

Class A.—Prepared ammunition—Metallic cartridges and paper shot shells.

Class B.—An exhibit of rifles, revolvers, pistols and other small arms.

Class C.—An exhibit of sportsmen's arms.

Class D.—An exhibit of all the products handled by wholesale dealers, manufacturers' agents and importers of firearms and sportsmen's goods.

Class E.—An exhibit of gun implements.

Class F.—An exhibit of the different powders used for military and sportsmen's purposes.

Class G.—Sportsmen's wear—Shooting coats, leggings, gun cases and other leather and canvas goods used by sportsmen.

Class H.—Lawn tennis, cricket, baseball, football and field sport supplies.

Class I.—Fishing tackle, rods, reels and anglers' supplies.

Class K.—Rifle sights and accessories.

Class L.—Boats, canoes and yachting supplies.

Class M.—Kennel supplies, such as prepared foods, remedies and leather goods.

Class O.—Artificial targets, traps and electrical apparatus used by trap-shooters.

Class P.—Machinery used in the manufacture of small arms.

Class Q.—Examples in the art of taxidermy and taxidermists' supplies.

Class R.—Hand cameras and photographic equipments as used by sportsmen.

Class S.—Camping equipments and supplies, such as tents, cooking utensils, canned goods, beverages and other requisites and luxuries for campers.

The above classification has been hastily made, and can doubtless be greatly simplified and improved. It is offered, as above stated, simply to give some idea as to the scope of the exhibit.

In addition to the exhibit of manufactured products, it is believed that with proper representation such magnificent collections of trophies, consisting of implements of war and of the chase, of costumes worn by native hunters, and of other trophies of interest to the sportsman, as those possessed by the King of Saxony, the Duke of Saxe-

Coburg, the Duke of Ratibor and other European noblemen, as well as those possessed by many prominent American sportsmen, can be procured for exhibition.

It is still further believed that the governments of Great Britain and Europe, as well as that of our own country, can be sufficiently interested to direct an exhibit of the military costumes worn by their respective armies; also, that the costumes worn by the armies of the Orient and the semi-barbarous tribes of Africa can be secured.

The exhibits which it is believed will be shown by leading taxidermists of the country, will interest not only sportsmen, but the naturalist and the general public as well, for the reason that it will contain specimens of large and small game indigenous to all parts of America, as well as specimens of game birds, both of the present day and those now extinct.

It is further suggested to represent in *papier maché* and in mounted specimens scenes of the chase after native animals, as conducted in the Arctic regions, in Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, India, Australia, Ceylon and other countries, whose costumes, people and animals we in the United States know but little of.

Another suggestion, which it is thought can be carried out, and which there is little doubt would interest the general public greatly, would be the exhibition of a small herd of buffalo, of a bull, cow and calf moose, of a quartette of elk, of Austrian boar and other game, all of which can doubtless be secured for the purpose from some one of the great game preserves.

In order to make the exhibit of lasting value to exhibitors, it is suggested that medals be awarded for superiority in the different classes entered by exhibitors.

Many other features, which would especially interest the general public and contribute to the financial success of the undertaking, will suggest themselves as the work of preparation progresses. The floor space of Madison Square Garden would be divided into uniform spaces, and is such manner as would be most advantageous to the display of the products entered. It is proposed to fix a rental price for each of these spaces, and that the same be placed at the disposition of intending exhibitors, each exhibitor using one or more spaces as he may elect, to a reasonable extent.

The amount of interest shown by leading houses of the trade in New York city at so early a stage of the project's developement would seem to promise the ultimate success of its undertaking. Once under way, and with the exhibit assuming material shape, there seems but little question that applications for space will come from many quarters which the projectors have thus far not counted upon. If the earnest co-operation of the trade in all of its branches is extended there is every probability for the successful holding of an exhibit, which will prove of value to the trades interested, and of much interest to sportsmen and the general public.

It is for the purpose of considering the enterprise in detail and arranging for the earnest prosecution of the work that the meeting set for Aug. 27 in this city has been called, and it is hoped that such action will be taken at that time as will interest the trade, the press and the public in the ultimate success of this, the first exhibit of its kind contemplated in this country.

Getting Ready in Boston.

THE shooting parties are already making up, and some of them will include business and professional men of a good deal of note. The Megantic Club is drawing this year as never before, and it is to be hoped that the supply of game and fish may prove ample to keep up the interest. Thus far its officers say that there has been no lack. On Friday morning, Oct. 12, Vice-President M. C. Prescott, with Kidder, Peabody & Co., will take the following party of noted gentlemen to the happy hunting grounds: Hon. Everett A. Stevens, Dr. E. D. Robbins, Dr. Robert A. Blood, Dr. E. W. Branigan, Orrin R. Dickey, Sumner Paine, Jacob W. Hoffman, Harry E. Haynes, T. R. Bidwell, O. H. Hallett, Philip Prager, Joseph Trowbridge, Dr. Church, Capt. Seth Lowe, John H. Kenney, F. R. Tackoberry, Leonard W. Marston, Myron L. Wetherbee, G. W. Preston, Wm. Litchfield, Joseph Morrill, M. D. Cressey, A. V. Lincoln and Chas. Rickenberg. The party will have a special car and go by Moosehead Lake, remaining there over night Friday, and reaching the Spider Lake club house Saturday morning, Oct. 13, at 10:30. The special car remains at Megantic two weeks till the return of the party about the first of November.

Last year the record of this party was ten deer killed, besides numerous small game. This year much better results are expected, though almost any other party of hunters would be pleased with such a record. To show what a healthy place the location is it is mentioned that the aggregate gain in weight of the party last year was 125lbs. This party claims to be the largest and best equipped of any starting from Boston at any time.

SPECIAL.

Not as It Used to Be.

EAST PEPPERELL, Mass., Aug. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been trying to write you for a month, but since my call at 318 Broadway on July 3 I have been on the wing. This is my old stamping ground, where forty years ago I used to hook apples, snare partridge, dig out woodchucks and join in other sports dear to the heart of the average boy. But there is no chance for a boy here now. The woods are cut off; the streams are dried up or poisoned by chemicals from the paper mills, and the apples are not half so good as they used to be. Perhaps, after all, the fault is mine, but it has caused a sad feeling just the same. Things don't look as they used to. The brooks are narrower; the ponds are smaller; while the hills, which as a boy I used to think were young mountains, have degenerated into hummocks.

Well, we old fellows must accept the inevitable. But I do feel hurt that they should have cut down the wood where I shot the old cock on his drumming log, and filled up the spring under the big rock, where I used to drink from a grape leaf cup.

However, I have had lots of comfort trudging over the old roads and lanes and finally coming upon some half-forgotten rock or tree, where I would seat myself and go back over the years, until by shutting my eyes I could almost dream I was a boy again.

I believe my old friend the chipmunk is nearly extinct. I have only seen one since I came North, and I found one woodchuck hole and started a partridge. Wasn't that glory enough for one day? TARPON.

Stop the Sale of Game.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—*The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.*—FOREST AND STREAM, *Feb. 10.*

Editor Forest and Stream:

I want to get on that platform right away, along with the thousands of other true sportsmen in this great land of ours. Stop the sale of game. This is the time when we must come out flat-footed for or against right and wrong, and every honest man wants to be in the right.

Thank goodness the law is at last being enforced here. Simon Maier, the butcher, mentioned by "Culpepper" some weeks ago, was brought to trial and the case was decided against him, the court holding that no matter whether deer or other game was killed in the State or out of it, said game could not be offered for sale. The statement that was made, to the effect that the deer sold was killed in Texas, did not go down with the court.

Many of your readers will be sorry to see Mr. Hough soon finish his letters of "The Yellowstone Park Game Exploration." Can he not go again soon and give us more notes on that wonderful country. A. H. S.

What About the New York Grouse Season?

ITHACA, N. Y., Aug. 16.—The opening day on ruffed grouse and woodcock was not favorable, so far as the weather was concerned, for anything like satisfactory results, it being a hot, windy, sunshiny day. The first-day contingent was, no doubt, out in force, but so far as I have been able to ascertain the shooting was of an inferior sort. The fact is, the opening day on grouse should be deferred for at least two weeks. The birds are small and floppy and don't begin to afford the sport that they do a little later, when clothed in the full vigor of maturity and with wits sharpened to a keen and penetrating edge. Woodcock will be found in fairly good numbers in Tompkins county. The shooting will be better though a little later on. Good ruffed grouse shooting after Sept. 15, say, may be had near Harford Mills, on the line of the S. C. R. R., along the eastside of Cayuga Lake, around Mecklenburg, near Spencer and West Danby, points easily reached from Ithaca.

By the by, your editorial in current issue of FOREST AND STREAM, "Mr. Messiter is not to Blame," is a scathing arraignment of a class, large and growing larger, irrepressibly seeking, as you trenchently put it, "to invade the rights of the public." M. CHILL.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Your editorial on the New York deer season is very plain and will be much appreciated. I wish you would say something on the laws on ruffed grouse. A year or two ago I was out on Aug. 15, which I believe now commences the open season, and our dogs caught young birds that had not been shot at. One bird flew across an open field and becoming exhausted dropped in the grass, where one of our dogs found it, in too weak a condition to fly. I heard of several birds being caught that day. This law ought to be changed. A. F.

The Wyoming Elk Supply.

MARYSVALE, Wyoming.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not agree with Mr. Dodge that only one out of every ten elk caught survives to reach the corral. They are not chased with horses here in Jackson's Hole, but are caught by men on snowshoes. It is a poor business, ever so well followed, and I would like to see it stopped. But we have two things worse on the elk than catching them alive. One is when a poor shot and poor hunter starts out for his meat, firing big balls into a large bunch of elk. He always cripples a great many that he does not get. The other is tourists that employ their guides and helpers in Idaho and Montana, and come in here hunting. They have no interest in the preservation of the game and kill all they can. The article written by "Shongo" two years ago was a fair example. Any sportsman should be satisfied with at least two good elk.

Now that we have some law in the Park, and that the Indians are to be kept out, and if we get some officers to see that the game is not abused in here in the winter, and if sportsmen will engage their guides in Wyoming, who have some interest in the prese.vation of the game, then our big game supply is assured. We like to have Eastern sportsmen come out and have a hunt when they come right. S. N. LEEK.

Notes from the Capital.

TOM MARRON of the National Museum, saw a remarkable flight of yellowshanks at the Eastern Branch boat house on Sunday, Aug. 12. To quote his words: "It must have contained fully 800 birds. Just at the bridge they separated, about one-half going up the Branch and the others down the Potomac. The flock was variously estimated at from 800 to 1,500. I think 800 is nearer the actual number. There were several smaller flights, ranging from 5 to 30 in a flock, during the afternoon. This great flock of birds was a most remarkable sight for the Eastern Branch, and old gunners do not recollect anything like it before. It being Sunday and raining hard, none were killed that I know of."

The superintendent of the Museum buildings, Mr. Henry Horan, has a wonderfully sagacious terrier named Fannie. She had a litter of pups recently, and all but one of them were killed by the excessively hot weather. Fannie dug a hole in the ground in a shady spot, placed the remaining puppy therein and covered it with dirt, leaving only its head exposed. The little one has survived and promises to reach maturity, thanks to the intelligence of its mother. T. H. B.

Missouri Quail.

MOBERLY, Mo., Aug. 8.—I have spent several days on the large farm of my brother-in-law (who is member of Congress from this district), and have had grand sport with doves and young rabbits. The season here has been favorable to quail, and as a result there is an immense crop of these birds. While fishing on the Chariton River I noticed a great many dead fish, of all sizes and varieties, floating on the water. On making inquiry I found that a party of vandals had been encamped on this stream, and had been using dynamite. This stream flows through the farm, and as I have the names of the scoundrels who perpetrated this deed, I intend to see that it is made hot for them. L. C. B.

In Massachusetts Covers.

WHITMAN, Mass.—The prospect of good duck shooting in the mill ponds is better than it has been for years; the mud rails have arrived and will furnish good shooting for the next two months. There are more partridges and woodcocks here than usual. The woodcock law in this State, I think, is a little at fault; it should come off in August, as most of the birds have left before September. Although we had a severe winter it did not have much effect on the quail in this section, as there are more birds to the square mile than I ever saw before. Now if the sportsmen will leave them alone during this closed year, as any true sportsmrn should, they will furnish good shooting in time to come. W. W.

Connecticut Quail.

NOROTON, Conn.—Quail are unusually abundant. I have been all over this end of the State and as far west as the Hudson, but I find more quail in this neighborhood than at any other section that I have passed over.

M. L. C.

A Connecticut Deer Law of 1677.

HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 12.—At the last session of the Connecticut Legislature a law was passed forbidding the killing of deer in the State for a period of ten years, under a penalty of $100 fine. Since then two deer have been seen at large, doubtless truants from inclosures. In this connection it may be of some interest to give a copy of a law passed by the old Colonial Court of Assistants at a session held at Hartford in May, 1677, and which also furnishes precedent to the statute which forbids the transportation of game beyond the borders of the State. The old law, which may be found in the Colonial records, is as follows:

"*Whereas*, It is fownd to be prejudiciall to the pub: weale to transport out of this colony the skinns of bucks and dowes, which are so serwiceable and vseful for cloathing, it is now ordered by this court that after the publication hereof, whosoever shall ship on board any vessel greater or lesser, for transportation, or otherwise shall transport any such skinns out of this colony, he shall forfeit the skinns so shipped, or the full value of them; the one-halfe to the complayner, and the other halfe to the county treasury; except they be shipped to be transported to another place in this county, and in such case before they ship them they shall give sufficient bond to the full value of the skinns so shipped that they will deliver them to such place in the colony as they pretend to and will not transport them thence." E. HART FENN.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

YOU at one time were having quite a run of yarns on the extraordinary shot subject. Here is one that may not be far behind the score, and it is a true one: Dr. Cummins, of Jersey City, was recently up around Greenwood Lake way, during the woodcock season, with a few friends, and on the morning I refer to he had made a capital shot. A woodcock rose before his dog and pitched into the brush. The doctor blazed away and brought down his bird, and at the same time a cry, in fact, two cries, arose from the other side of the thicket. Upon investigation it was discovered that he had not only killed his bird, but had brought down (*i. e.*, peppered) his two friends on the other side of the hedge, or copse—Rev. Mr. Kennedy and Dr. Olcott, both of Brooklyn. "Whew!" says the lucky marksman, "a doctor, a dominie and a fall woodcock at one shot." Fortunately, neither of the two friends were much injured, and they joined in the congratulations upon their escape from serious injury.

JACOBSTAFF.

SOME one not long ago suggested we hear from those who had guns that kicked. I have not such an article, but heard of a good story of one while up in the big woods of Maine camping out. An old fellow came into camp one dry day, and the conversation turned on guns. "Talk of intelligent guns," he said; "why, boys, I had one that kicked every time I looked at it. Why, one day I was walking on some nice clear ice when a goose flew right over me. I up with my gun and shot. Do you know, that gun kicked me flat, and then when it had me down it kicked me three times more. Now that's what I call a smart gun."

He may not have missed the goose, but his aim was short-sighted in telling the story, as it was a temperance crowd, and nobody asked for the historic quotation of the Governor of South Carolina. .45 GOVT.

Sea and River Fishing.

WASHINGTON FISHING MEMORANDA.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 18.—The shad fry which were placed in one of the fish ponds last spring have developed into enormous schools of little fish which may be seen leaping above the surface almost any fine evening while feeding on insects and small water fleas. The bass are thriving also and the prospect of a great yield is now very encouraging. Mr. Edwin A. Newman received 400 young black bass from the Fish Commission in 1892 and put them in a lake at Lakeland, Md. In the spring of 1894 he reported a stock of about 30,000 as the result of that plant. As only 90 of his original bass were yearlings and the rest smaller, he thinks the attempt worth repeating.

Our market is full of choice fish, sheepshead, bluefish, Spanish mackerel, and hundreds of beautiful red snappers. A dusky shark was caught in the Potomac last week in a gill net and Mr. R. A. Golden had it on exhibition at his stand on Friday. The creature was nearly 9ft. long and weighed 300lbs. The skin will be mounted by Mr. Wm. Palmer and will probably form one of the permanent curiosities in Mr. Golden's possession. The capture of a great shark in fresh water so near Washington was a surprise and shock to the visitors at the bathing shores down the river. He had probably just got wind of the menhaden investigation by Congress and was on his way to defend his rights in the old school fashion.

The aquarium at the Fish Commission office is undergoing extensive repairs and will prove more attractive than ever before when the work is completed. The grotto now has a metallic lining moulded into the shape of rough, red sandstone blocks, and the ventilation and lighting are greatly improved. It will soon be stocked with many kinds of marine and fresh water fish.

Reports of bass fishing in the James River are very discouraging. Mr. E. M. Gadsden returned last week from Daggers, which was formerly a celebrated place for black bass, and said he found it very hard to get bait, and still more difficult to take bass. Only a few were caught and they were small. Clifton Forge, where General Hampton has captured so many fine bass with the fly, is almost equally unproductive this year. Minnows are unusually scarce and large bass are absent. The best all-around bait for the James is a small catfish, because of its tenacity to life and its favor in the estimation of the bass. Small frogs are used also very effectively at certain times. Boats can be hired with guides for $1 a day and board costs another dollar. There are no hotels at Daggers, but any of the farmers will take care of anglers. T. H. B.

A RED-LETTER DAY WITH THE TROUT.

This was the trout fishers' ideal morning, warm and misty after a night's gentle rain. Every leaf and every blade of grass were laden with the pendant rain drops. With an ever changing tremulous motion imparted by a gentle breeze they glistened in the warm rays of the morning sun, which now and then gleamed through the drifting banks of mist. It was a morning to inspire one with those joyous feelings indescribable, but pleasant beyond comparison, and it would be hard to find two beings with nature more susceptible to these feelings than Freezy and I, and in the exuberance of our spirits we were boys again for the while. "Well, old chum, if we do not fill our creels to-day, we are of no earthly use whatever," said Freezy, as we jointed the rods on the banks of as pleasant a trout stream as ever yielded up the spotted treasures. "We never will have a more favorable day anyhow, and I feel confident we shall gather them in," I made reply, "that is if you will only keep out of the deep holes."

At this juncture Freezy put a stop to our raillery in an effective but pleasant manner, for at the second cast he opened the game with a half-pound trout, and I soon followed suit with another of the same sort.

We were at the edge of an open swampy wood of maple and swamp oak perhaps a half-mile in extent. Here the stream flows quietly between low banks of black mucky soil, thickly set with the odorous skunk cabbage; the swamp is devoid of undergrowth, but the heavy soil makes travel rather laborious. The stream is a puzzle to the uninitiated, here flowing shallow and swift over beds of clay yellow soil, and there dashing into one of the countless bends and elbows, scooping a deep hole beneath the root bound-banks. It's so crooked that in many places one may stand in the U-shaped turns and fish the stream on either hand by short side casts; and there are good fish here as chum and I well know. At one of these bends I had an exciting but fruitless tussle with an educated trout. Happening along the stream a few days previous I had a fleeting glimpse of a big fellow at this bend. Judging that this was his private residence I thought I would just yank him out to-day; but all the same he was not yanked (not that day). Stepping into a shallow just above, the current soon carried the bait down into the eddy and with a whirl it disappeared under the bank. In about a second I knew old speckled sides was at home, for the fact was well proven by sundry lively demonstrations at the other end of the line. The antics of this old veteran was in direct opposition to the well known tactics of trout in general. Instead of the high leaps and long runs usually indulged in, he hung in under the bank and just yanked and surged on that line; I being determined to pull him out and he just as determined to stay where he was. Presently the struggle ceased, but still the line hung fast to something; and upon investigation I found that the old rascal had disgorged the hook, fastened it to an old root and just swam off, chuckling at his own cleverness and my discomfiture. Now Freezy, seated on a log handy by, had watched the proceedings with interest, and at this unlooked for termination I was favored with a look of compassion as he groaned out: "Well, great Scott! some folks have a deal to learn about trout fishing yet;" and as he arose and walked down stream I caught something that sounded like "champion root fisherman," or words to that effect. Good old chum, we know one another too well to care for this kind of banter, which we seldom fail to duplicate on one another at every opportunity.

Upon regaining my wind, which was completely "knocked out" by Freezy and the trout, I followed on down stream. Rounding a bend in the stream, I came suddenly upon Freezy and a couple of pilgrims in close conversation. Their rods and general make-up proclaimed their pleasant occupation; and upon closer approach they proved to be a well-known character about town and a friend. With a strong passion for the cup that cheers, the old man was well "loaded," and his friend was but a little better off—truly a most deplorable condition in which to follow a trout stream. We decided to shake them as soon as possible, but found this no easy matter, for they appeared to us repeatedly, sometimes from the rear, now in the lead, always whooping, singing, crashing along the banks, and of course making successful fishing impossible. Freezy and I were well nigh in despair, when of a sudden came our relief. We suddenly struck one of the two contentedly sitting in water up to the armpits, industriously fishing underneath a log, with not a vestige of bait on his hook. This was a little too much even for his friend, who, with a disgusted look, pulled the old man from the stream. We started them off to find the road, and they faded from view.

After this break in the day's programme we settled down to business again; and how the darlings did take hold. We had long since left the woods, and were approaching choice grounds, choice because jealously guarded by the owner, a fiery, hard-fisted Irishman, who, never fishing himself, will never allow others the pleasure—a veritable dog in the manger. Now, Freezy and I usually manage to borrow a few good ones from this preserve, and to-day as chum slid over the wall and let his line down between the alders that fringed the stream, I saw by the quick, firm grip of the rod and the eager, expectant flash of the eye that the churl would lose one good trout. Next to catching a fine trout myself, I dearly love to see a friend take one; and here was the opportunity. He made that reel fairly scream as he started off at a Nancy Hanks gait; but when chum concluded he had gone far enough, a strong pressure on the drag slowed him up. Finding he was thus balked, he made one strong rush for the surface; and as he shot into the air, Freezy pulled him over into the stream and kept him coming for shore. Several times he made a break for liberty, but a gentle reminder from the drag brought him back; and as he came skating in on his side, Freezy stooped and lifted him out. Oh, how I wished for a Kodak as my companion held his prize up for inspection. "Good boy," said I, as I viewed the dripping beauty. He was the largest caught that day, weighing 1½lbs. About this time there came floating on the still air certain unpleasant sounds from the vicinity of the farmhouse, and judging from the marshaling of forces in that direction, there was destined to be stirring times in that meadow shortly; so we concluded we did not want any more trout there, and so skipped along down below the road.

We were now in a charming meadow with no one to interfere and we just took solid comfort. We fished, lolled on the soft meadow grass, then fished some more, now and then creeling a fine trout; and so across the meadow down below the clearing, where the woodsman has effectually put a stop to all angling by filling the creek with brush.

Down in the big woods is a fine large pool, where the overshadowing trunk of a huge buttonball silently guards the cool crystal depths. Now Freezy had always held to the belief that here was the home of some old giant *fontinalis*, and to-day he went especially fixed for him. The day before he had taken no little pains to secure a young wood mouse, which in its callow state is a killing bait for big trout. He carried the little fellow in a warm nest of cotton in a stiff pasteboard box cut full of breathing holes. There was a tacit understanding between us that chum should work the pool alone, and certainly he lost no time in getting at it. He tried all the tricks known to the craft, offered flies, worms, bugs and grasshoppers; but no, he would have none of them; he just reserved his appetite for that mouse. "Never you mind," said chum, noting my quiet smile, "I have got something that will fetch him." Well, the proud moment came and the fisherman prepared for the grand struggle. The box was produced and the cover lifted; first a hurried examination, a blank look, and then his jaw dropped. The mouse was dead. But chum soon regained his usual good temper, for being of a sunny disposition he took his disappointment as all good anglers do, like a man; but all the same he vowed that some time in the future he would have that trout, even if he had to start a mouse farm to do it.

Well, all days come to an end, and soon the lengthening shadows warned us that even this glorious day was no exception; so only stopping at the old willow to make a few casts, long enough, forsooth, to extract two more of the beauties of the brook, we hurried along to catch the home train, our heavy creels giving substantial proof that the morning's promise was no idle boast that this was to be the anglers' ideal day. E. M. Brown.

Connecticut.

ANGLING NOTES.

Habits of Smelts.

One morning as I came in from a day's fishing at Sunapee Lake, N. H., Col. N. Wentworth, Fish Commissioner of New Hampshire, and Dr. John D. Quackenbos were at the dinner table when I opened my mail and found a query from Panet Angers, Q. C., of Canada, an enthusiastic angler, canoeist and yachtsman, who said: "We catch smelts here in the St. Lawrence twice a year, in April or May, and again in October or November. At both seasons they are full of spawn. How is this to be accounted for? Do they spawn twice a year, or are they not the same individuals that run up spring and fall?" My first thought was that there was an error about the fall smelt spawning but I could not say so in the face of a statement to the contrary. That very day we had gathered in a small dead *aureolus* trout less than 6in. long, and when the fish was opened it was found to contain spawn, which seemed for a moment to be remarkable, as this species does not spawn until October or November.

A brief examination, however, showed that the spawn was so small that it would not be cast until late in the fall, and I jumped at the conclusion that the October smelts would not spawn until the next spring. Then I was dumbfounded by a remark from Col. Wentworth that in New Hampshire they had two runs of smelts, one in January and one in May, but the January fish were not spawning fish, although they might have undeveloped spawn, as so many fish do have months before their regular season for spawning. Col. Wentworth has promised to get me full particulars of the habits of the smelts at Laconia station from the superintendent of the hatchery at that place, for it is there that the two runs of smelts are said to take place. At the time that the letter of inquiry came I had for some weeks been cutting up smelts at Sunapee for trout bait, and if they had contained spawn I think I would have noticed it, although I was not looking for it, but Mr. Quackenbos, who has cut up hundreds of smelt for bait, tells me that he never saw spawn in one, and upon inquiry, he cannot find any man who has seen spawn until spring. So that I am led to the conclusion that, although smelt may run in the fall or winter, they spawn only in the spring. Trout show spawn all summer, but they do not cast it until fall.

I have had a memorandum about smelts spawning which I have had on my note book since last May. When the Fish Commissioners of New Hampshire were seeking smelts last spring they went to Davies Brook. The eggs were fairly rotting in the brook presumably from lack of shade in the brook and the warm weather. One of the men fishing out in the lake near the mouth of the brook where the water was 45ft. deep caught a small stick of wood from the bottom and it was covered with smelt eggs in good condition, and it was the opinion of Col. Wentworth that the large smelts spawned in the deep water of the lake and did not run into the streams as the small ones certainly do. It has been considered that all smelts run up the streams in the night to spawn, but this seems to be an exception to the rule, and other exceptions may be developed when we know more about the fish.

Knowing that Mr. Mather had hatched smelts more extensively for the N. Y. Fish Commission than any other man I wrote to him on the subject and he replied under date of Aug. 9: "I never heard that smelts spawned in the fall. They do not do so on Long Island, the only place that I have had experience with them. I think there are smelts in our harbor now from what I have seen from boats, but will try to catch some and see if they are smelts. They do not run into the fresh water and are probably only feeding. No doubt they have spawn started for the spring campaign. Will tell you more when I know more."

Killing a Salmon.

Mr. J. J. McCormick, of Boston, went to Canada this year with the experience of having spent $5,000 to kill a sea salmon without success. Mr. Mowat tells me that Mr. McCormick came to him and related his experience, whereupon he was sent to the Metapedia and soon hooked a big fish and lost it when it was almost near enough for the Indian to gaff. Another salmon was hooked and gaffed and placed in the canoe, and in ten minutes this fish too was lost, and despair was in the heart of the fisherman, for it seemed as though Mr. McCormick was not to succeed; but after two days he made another attempt with his boys, and in ten minutes he hooked, played and landed a 30lbs. fish which was saved, and this was followed by six others—30, 20, 17 and 14lbs. being among the number. The guardian killed a 27lbs. fish on Saturday, and one of 28lbs. on Monday.

A gentleman from Philadelphia, whom I met recently on the cars told me that a few years ago on the Metapedia he had no difficulty in killing five or six fish in an afternoon. In fact, it was no trouble to kill salmon, but he did have difficulty not to kill too many when he fished, and of course he only fished in season, and then only in the pools nearest to his house.

Two Incidents.

My notebook gathers so many notes—on the water, on the trains, and in all sorts of places, that occasionally one gets lost for a time for obvious reasons, something that should not occur with a well-regulated notebook. This morning I made a search for the skeleton of a note which I knew must be there, for it made such an impression upon me that I knew well that I put it there and also that it led to a second note, and that also in reality made two notes of two different events, both about, as I have heard the old-fashioned toast-master say, "The ladies: God bless them." I was an actor in one incident and a witness of the other, and they prove that ladies can and do fish, no matter what the conditions of the weather may be.

One morning last summer I asked a young lady to go a-fishing in Sunapee Lake for Sunapee trout, which means, in July, sitting for a long time in the sun at a buoy which is baited with cut-up smelts to attract live smelts, which in turn attract trout, which are caught on a rod with a hook baited with live smelts. She declined because she said she would bring me no success, as she never caught a Sunapee trout, never expected to do so, and, besides, the sun being hot and the air still, the water would be like an oven. I told her nothing she said caused me to lose faith, and she consented to go with me. When the boat was fastened to the buoy I arranged her line for her, but it was only a short time before I wished that I had not invited her, for though she made no complaint, the sun was beating down in a very hot and uncomfortable fashion. Soon she caught a trout of little over a pound, and I suggested going in to shore, but no. She was out to fish, and stay she did until her arms were burned to two great blisters, not a good, healthy, desirable brown, but blisters that caused considerable pain after. Under the circumstances it was a shame that I should catch a larger trout than any she brought to the net, for she showed great pluck and determination, without the shadow of a complaint about anything, so that hereafter I would prefer to fish with her than with any man. Even when her arms were poulticed she made no murmur of complaint, but said she was ready to go out again.

The other incident occurred at about the same place. With Rev. E. A. White I was fishing for the "white trout" at the same place, when a boat came out from the shore toward us and in the stern was a lady. There was a little sea on the lake and the sky was overcast. As the stranger boat neared us I discovered that the lady had a strike on her rod and she at once got on her feet and proceeded to play the fish, and played it well, too, for she played it to the landing net. When the boat got up to us we found it contained Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Imbrie and their guide, and after a few moments of conversation they went on down the lake. In a short time thereafter a heavy thunder shower came up and every boat in sight made for some shelter on the shore, until we were alone. We had rubber blankets to cover everything in the boat, and rubber coats for our own backs, but after it had rained fiercely for some time we, too, decided to go to a cottage on the shore for shelter. When the shower was over and we were getting our boat ready to start, Mr. and Mrs. Imbrie came slowly rowing up to where we were. Asked if they found shelter from the storm they said no, as they had not tried really. Mrs. Imbrie said they had not thought much about it. The guide did go into a place where the trees sheltered them a little, but it was more for him than for them, and it was rather pleasant than otherwise, except the fish did not bite.

The next day or so when we again met Mr. and Mrs. Imbrie, and I had some old broken flies in my hat, Mr. Imbrie, with a smile, said: "I am going back to New York to-morrow, and will tell them down there that I saw you here with a lot of flies in your hat fishing at a buoy with live bait for trout." I replied that if he would also say that the *aureolus* trout could be caught only in that way, I would not mind the balance. But as he gave me a box of very useful sinkers, a new thing, in the form of wire to be broken off at any length desired, and which I found very convenient at those very buoys, I really cannot find fault with anything he may have said.

A. N. Cheney.

Tennessee Indian Fashion.

Clarksville, Tenn., Aug. 11.—The dove season opened in Tennessee Aug. 1, but the birds are scarce, no large bags being reported.

Several parties of campers have gone to White Oak from here this season fishing, and have had fair luck with small-mouthed bass. One party goes from here every year who catch fish in a novel way. They use nothing but old-fashioned bows and arrows and shoot fish Indian fashion. Some of them are very expert. Mr. Bennett can often kill four or five running without a miss. Jack Fulmer was with the party; but as he said, "I'm no Injun," he took his fishing tackle, and the boys have been teasing him about catching a hog. It seems that Jack had set out his tackle near camp and was lying in the shade, when he heard the music of his reel and ran to investigate, crying, "I'll bet that's a big bass." But it was not. In some unaccountable way a hog had run off all his line and dragged his rod down the creek.

I suppose that in every community there is a man who is noted for telling tall stories; but of all I have met none are in it compared with our friend "Tarquin." The story of his musical reel and the 314lbs. cat reminds me of a man who was writing in another paper about being on a big quail hunt, then going to dinner where cantaloupes, watermelons and peaches were served. It seems to me that the bird season was a little early or the melon season a little late, I don't know which. Slippery.

DAYS AT OKOBOJI.

JUNE 22 was selected as the day for starting on our trip; rather late for good fishing, but as George could not leave his business sooner we made the best of it. My "young hopeful," having made the acquaintance of the train men, elected to ride on the engine, where he amused himself by blowing the whistle most of the way. We arrived at the lake at 3 P. M., and by supper time we had our five tents up, beds made, and with appetites sharpened by the fresh air as well as our labors, we needed no second call to the dining tent, where smoking hot we found a dish of fresh fish, caught by young hopeful, aged seven. It was the first meal in camp of "The Kickers" of '94.

Four o'clock Saturday morning found George and myself stirring, and after a refreshing plunge in the lake, we started in to finish up the remaining things necessary to establish our housekeeping. Among these was cleaning out the cellar—a large box we have sunk in the ground and with a cover on hinges, in which we keep our supply of ice, butter, cream, and such fish as we catch. We found it in good repair, though well filled up with leaves and dirt, the accumulation of the past winter.

After breakfast we decided that the next thing in order was to get a boat into Lake Minnewashti (popularly called Middle Gar Lake) with as little delay as possible. This is one of a chain of small lakes connected with Okoboji and very popular with us, for in it we have always met with fine success. Bass and pickerel are in abundance, with a fair sprinkling of wall-eyed pike as well. By a short cut through the woods it is not over a quarter of a mile from our camping grounds; but by water it is fully six miles, and for about one-third of the way through an almost impenetrable mass of water vegetable, that makes life a burden to him who attempts the passage. On this account we always leave one boat there during our entire stay at the lake. In the trip around we pass under four bridges, two of which are usually so close to the water that we have to lie in the bottom of the boat in order to get through; this year, however, being exceptionally dry, we found the lakes at least four feet lower than usual. Lower Gar Lake we found completely choked up with weeds, so much so that the water was only visible in a few small patches, and at the entrance of this lake we found ourselves at 10 A. M., a broiling hot sun beating down and rapidly blistering arms and faces. Through it we had to go, however.

By dint of hard work we at length found an opening that carried up beyond the outlet and into somewhat more open water, though still so dense with weeds that we had to use our oars as paddles, and after three hours hard work we managed to get through and into the open water of Middle Gar.

This lake is about two miles long and a little over a mile wide, with heavily wooded shores, full of bays and promontories and a perfect gem of beauty. Owing to its inaccessibility by boat it is fished but little, and one is reasonably sure of good sport.

Thoroughly tired out from our struggle through the weeds, we stretched ourselves out under the trees. Then we rigged our rods for the first time and gently rowed along the shady side of the lake—up and back again, alternately casting and taking turns at the oars, rewarded for our efforts with only three small black bass of a pound each and one wall-eyed pike of 3¼lbs.

We returned to camp by the short cut, arriving about 5 P.M., hot, tired and hungry, and as it proved none too soon. I had just stepped into our tent, but an urgent call from George made me rush out. I found George frantically searching for an axe, hammer, or anything else with which to drive down tent pegs. He pointed up the lake; and there I saw a sight that started me to hustling on my own account; coming down the lake and bearing directly toward the camp was a wall of water and foam several feet high. It was the worst storm we had ever seen on these lakes; and here were the tents all open and things scattered around promiscuously, and just right to blow everything clear across the State. Before we could do a thing the storm was upon us, the wind blowing with the fury of a tornado, the trees bending like reeds before its might, the rain pouring down in torrents and those tents flapping in a mad dance with the elements. In less time than it takes to tell it, George and I were drenched to the skin and the water running out of our shoes at every opening. We soon had the tent flaps down and then commenced a rapid scramble from one peg to the other, varied by an occasional excursion after some of our household goods that the wind carried away. The ground had been very dry and crumbly; and with a perversity worthy of a better cause those pegs kept pulling out with painful regularity; one tent in particular, the oldest in the lot, insisted on rising like a balloon, and was only restrained from soaring over the tree tops by the corner ropes made fast to convenient trees. My wife, who viewed the whole panorama from the end of our tent, says that for the wild grandeur she never witnessed a more beautiful scene than that storm-tossed lake. George and I, however, were too busy with our tent pegs to think of anything else, save to give an occasional glance of apprehension as some huge branch came toppling down, or a near-by tree gave way and measured its length on earth before the fury of the blast. Fortunately for us it passed away as suddenly as it had come; and as the sun came out beneath the banked up clouds, causing countless thousands of diamonds to flash forth from the rain-kissed leaves, we sought the seclusion of our tents and dry apparel.

Just as supper was cleared away, from out the darkness came a shout, and by the aid of a lantern we discovered a team tangled up in the fallen tree tops. It proved to contain the rest of our party—my brother-in-law, his wife and eleven-year-old daughter, just arrived from hot and dusty St. Louis.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear and the sun found us all in conclave, gravely discussing the momentous question of wherewithal we should be fed.

On Phil had fallen the responsibility of purchasing our main supply of provisions. With childlike innocence he had intrusted them to an express company, and here we were ten miles from town (and the express office closed besides), and nothing between us and starvation save a sack of flour, a little coffee and a stray package or so of salt.

We ate waffles for breakfast, though how they were evolved from our scanty supplies remains a dark mystery safely locked in the bosom of our cook.

After that substantial meal we resolved ourselves into a committee of the whole to discuss ways and means of averting the threatened famine; the outcome was that George and myself were detailed to forage for meat and anything else we could lay hands on, and with strict injunctions to return empty-handed at our peril. Taking one of the larger boats and a cold waffle or two under our arms we sallied forth with a do-or-die expression on our classic faces, as determined a pair of pot-hunters as ever lived. The day proved uncommonly hot, the wind variable and the fishes better observers of the day than we. Along toward the middle of the afternoon we returned, hot, tired and hungry, but flushed with victory, for in our boat we had about 50lbs. of fish of assorted kinds, shapes and sizes. On starting out George had announced in a determined voice, "Billy, everything goes," and go it did—everything was fish that came to our landing net, including a venerable fowl that had roamed from home.

"The Kickers" now being all in camp, an introduction is in place. First, George S. and wife (from that thriving metropolis of the Northwest, St. Paul, and as ardent a sportsman as ever wet a line or shoved a tight shell into a gun), Miss B. of Sioux City, Phil P , wife and daughter, of St. Louis, the writer, his wife and young son, claiming St. Louis as home, Lizzie, the cook, and last but not least, Sam, a red Irish setter and the property of George, a veteran of ten years' work afield, old and deaf as a post, but still able to give the younger generation of dogdom a few pointers on the art of finding birds. It was my intention to bring my own dog, a three-year-old Irish setter, with me, but Sport is like his master, somewhat given to roaming, and is at present taking an outing on his own account, and as his post-office address is unknown, we had to leave without him.

Monday morning found George and myself as usual up before the sun, and leaving the sleeping camp behind us we soon pushed our boat out in Gar Lake. All around us we could hear the pleasant song of birds, just arousing to greet the awakening day; a gentle ripple stirred the water, while here and there a great swirl showed some hungry bass was foraging for his morning meal; over all the merry voice of Bob White piped loud and clear from every side, and just tinging the sky with crimson and gold came old Sol, smiling a warm good morning to the wild flowers that perfumed the air.

Leisurely rowing along and paying more attention to nature than to fishing, we passed entirely around the lake, pausing here and there to cast into some favorite spot, now into a deep bay thickly grown with moss, and again close beside some steep and rocky bank, under the shade of leafy oaks and drooping willows, catching an occasional bass and pickerel and drinking deeply of the beauty of the scene. Thus we passed two delightful hours. Our catch, though large neither in size or numbers, still repaid us for our time; though indeed had we had never a fish neither would have thought the trip unprofitable.

When we first started out I had had a vigorous strike that did not hook, and repeated casts failed to again arouse him, and now as we neared our landing place I suggested trying the spot once more. We rowed to the place, a small bay having a steep rocky shore line, and getting our boat near the center cast in all directions for several minutes without success and concluded that our friend of the bronze back was not at home. As I carelessly reeled in the final cast the bait was seized with a jerk that almost took the rod out of my hand, and with a rush that caused the reel to sing a merry tune out went twenty-five or thirty yards of line directly toward a dense bed of moss and weeds. Once he got in there I knew that I stood a good chance of losing my prize, so I jammed my thumb down hard on the spool with a force that made the pliant little six-ounce bethabara tie itself into bow-knots. The maneuver had the desired effect and brought the fish to the surface and out of the water nearly two feet. Down again he went with a rush in a new direction, this time directly at and under the boat, calling for lively movements to save my tackle from destruction. By this time George had rowed me out into deeper and open water, and I had things more my own way. I reeled in time and again, only to lose the line as rapidly, as he rushed about, now sulking at the bottom and again high in the air, and dancing a hornpipe on his tail as he tried to shake the hook from his jaws. Six times the beauty jumped clear out of the water, shaking his head like an angry bull and making rushes that jerked the handle of the reel out of my fingers. At last I brought him to net, tired, but by no means conquered. I could have played him some time yet, but I feared the hook—none too well fastened—would tear out. He weighed on the scale 4lbs. 2oz. and had fought for twenty minutes. I was thoroughly tired out and trembling all over with excitement when at last he lay in the bottom of the boat, and I was well satisfied, though they claim the large-mouth is not a fighter. Willingly I rested on my laurels and we started for home, reaching camp just in time for breakfast, over which meal I fought again my battle with the big bass.

The others of the party, hearing the results of our trip, were eager to try their hand, so started out, taking three boats, in each of which was a large pail filled with ice. We passed a pleasant day, although the wind was so light that the fishing was poor. Our string of fish, though not large, was more than enough for our immediate wants, and we divided with some neighbors.

Tuesday morning dawned in so threatening a manner that we deemed it best not to venture out that morning. Large masses of clouds hovered around, driven in every direction by a wind that blew in fitful gales from all points of the compass and lashing the lake into a seething mass of foam. It made us think a repetition of Saturday's storm not improbable. We filled in the time by practicing with a .22cal. Colts rifle, at this sport my youthful son developed unexpected aptness, hitting a target 4in. square on an average twice in five shots at a distance of 60ft., being his first experience. I felt a very pardonable pride in his work

About the middle of the afternoon the wind died down in a measure, and though the lake was still very rough, my wife and I determined to vary the monotony by catching a fish or two, or at least having a row. So out we started, taking one of the large boats and two pairs of oars. Our fishing, however, was unsuccessful, for though we managed to reach several spots in which we usually find fish, we could not hold the boat against the wind and waves long enough to make more than one cast, even with the aid of a 20lbs. rock for anchor. We trolled; and the only strike after an hour's work was a pickerel of between 4 and 5lbs., that fell to my wife's rod. We made one attempt to cross the lake to smoother waters, but though my wife handles a pair of oars as well if not better than the average man, we were forced to turn back after going about a third of the distance. Coming back we drifted over a reef of rocks which usually yields some good-sized wall-eyed pike; but all we could do was to tangle up our tackle in the rocks, breaking several yards of new line and losing our hooks. The pike were evidently not "at home" to-day, so we concluded to set them a good example and go home ourselves.

Lester, my son, all through the spring preparations, had expressed so evident a desire to possess everything in my tackle box, that I concluded to get him an outfit that he could call his very own. I bought him a small tackle box and filled it up for him. Last year, young as he was, he had showed a desire to use a reel; so this year, when ordering our new tackle, I bought him a very fair multiplier and gave him about twenty-five yards of silk line. It was part of a hundred yards of high-grade line that I bought some time ago, but had hardly used at all on account of its being heavier than I like to use. His rod I made myself, a three-piece lancewood of 6½ft., and stout enough to stand the rough usage I imagined it would get. Much to my surprise, however, he came out strong as an angler this year, and under the instructions of the crowd generally, and George in particular, has learned to cast with a precision that many persons of several times his age would not be ashamed of. His knowledge of fishing tackle has also developed into the critical stage, owing, I fear, to George's coaching; and as I sometimes amuse myself with rod making in an amateur way, I find myself pledged to produce before another trip a split bamboo "with more spring in it" than the somewhat heavy affair he now has.

It is amusing to watch this small edition of a "Compleat Angler," perched in the bow of the boat, gravely casting with the rest of the party, and usually getting the most strikes, by the way. He handles his fish entirely by himself, and save an occasional request for a frog or minnow, or for some one to use the landing net, he troubles no one.

Fishing in the mornings and evenings, lolling lazily in the hammocks through the heat and burden of the day, reading back numbers of the grand old FOREST AND STREAM, and eating three times a day with appetites made keen by our outdoor life, we lived while the days swiftly glided by. No news from the outside world, with its railroad strikes and turmoil, reached our shady Arcadia. Peacefully and contentedly we drifted on, drinking at nature's fount renewed health and happiness. Thus passed the time, until on July 5 our outing came to an end, and we regretfully "folded our tents like the Arabs" and wended our homeward way. W. R. HALL.

SALMON OF THE TOBIQUE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last week "J. W. B." expressed a wonder which is shared by very many others, that the young salmon, leaving its home the first year, when not much over 6in. in length, should return the next year a grilse weighing from 3 to 8lbs. My own misconception on that point was pointed out about a year ago by Mr. D. G. Smith, of the Mirimichi *Advance*, who wrote that the more probable explanation of this seemingly marvelous growth the first year in salt water was that the young salmon does not return to its fresh-water home at all for several years. That, furthermore, the females did not spawn every year, but that several years might elapse, which would mainly account for the greater abundance of salmon some years than others, in the spawning beds.

I take the liberty here of quoting from Mr. Smith's letter a matter of interest regarding the salmon's food, lest it may not have been published elsewhere: "* * * These problems of the salmon are interesting, but we all want more definite information than we possess. Mr. Mowat, to whom I have referred, is perhaps one of the four best authorities on the salmon, but he has committed himself to the statement that 'the salmon will not touch a smelt,' yet only a fortnight since I saw four smelt taken from the stomach of a salmon (10lbs.) that was netted at Escuminac, forty miles below Chatham, in the Straits of Northumberland."

In regard to the salmon on Tobique I recently learned from Mr. Taylor, of Fredericton, N. B., who is known especially for having taken the best photographs ever taken of the New Brunswick wilds, a story which, if true, is worthy of note.

Mr. Taylor related that in "1863 or 1866" (the exact date slipped his memory at the moment) Mr. David Wilson, secretary to Sir Arthur Gordon, Governor of New Brunswick, was with a party fishing for trout from Bathurst Lake (on Nepisiquit) across to and down the Tobique River. Mr. Wilson alleged upon his return that when on his way down the main Tobique he had a rise from a fish which he was not able to secure, but of which he saw enough to satisfy him it was a salmon and not a trout. No one believed him then, for at that time a salmon had never been known to take a fly in that river. Mr. Taylor made many inquiries there afterward, but no one had known of a salmon having risen to the fly. Salmon fishing with fly really did not begin, said Mr. Taylor, until after the introduction into Tobique waters of salmon from other waters, and from that time salmon have been steadily taken there. And it was his belief that the salmon caught since then have chiefly been the offspring of the fly-taking fish put into the river.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

A Ronkonkomo Bass.

MR. W. A. GRAY, of Brooklyn, caught in Lake Ronkonkomo, Long Island, last Saturday, a large-mouth black bass weighing 8lbs. This is supposed to have been the big one that had been hooked and lost by so many other fishermen. Mr. Gray was stopping at the house of John W. Davis, of Ronkonkomo. Mr. Davis made a bid for the fish to stuff with sawdust and set up on the office mantel as a mascot for his fishermen guests. But it is not every day that a frog-caster, cast he never so seductively, can take in an 8-pounder; and when fortune does send such a fish the lucky catcher does not leave it behind him in such seclusion as the country hotel grants, but takes it home to show to his uncles and his cousins and his aunts.

SKITTERING FOR BASS.

Swartswood, N. J., Aug. 16.—The dry weather has had a depressing effect on fishing the past month. The bass are more than usually capricious in feeding. Four out of five will strike apparently to drive away the monotony from their own existence and incidentally add some spice to the ——'s. (I don't like rodster, and would not for the world hurt the feelings of the increasing army who will acknowledge no other name.)

It is a woeful loss of time to tempt the bass in this lake with flies. The most successful methods of taking them are still-fishing and skittering. At present helgramites and minnows are the best *menu* in deep-water fishing.

The natives here in skittering use a bamboo pole from 12 to 20ft. long with a line a little longer tied to the end. Frogs are generally used for bait, sometimes minnows. As the boat is slowly rowed the bait is cast along the edge of weeds or rocks. When the fish are feeding well, many bass are captured in this way. But many fine ones are lost on account of the difficulty of taking in slack line or by breaking loose. The limited range of casting is also sometimes an objection. But for ease in handling I prefer this primitive tackle to a jointed rod and reel. I have made a skittering rod that has the advantage of both styles. I set a slender bamboo stick into a rather heavy butt, making a total length of 15ft. The balance is so adjusted that a couple of hours' constant casting is not wearisome. This is equipped with reel-seat and guides. Ordinarily I use about 20ft. of line. With this I can cover the water within a radius of over 30ft. But when a fish is hooked or a longer cast is advisable the reel is brought into play.

In still-fishing I use a 10oz. steel rod which seems specially made for the wiry small-mouths of this lake. These fish frequent the numerous springs at the bottom of the lake and feed best between 5 and 8 o'clock in the morning. The best fighters seem to be those between 2 and 3lbs., although I have had many a hard tussle with little fellows of much less weight. The "wide-mouths" are caught mainly by skittering, and are occasionally hard fighters, but usually their struggle is short though fierce.

I have no story to tell of big strings caught in a short time. In eight days I have caught but 12 bass, averaging nearly 2lbs. But when a man can have a reasonable assurance of a trial of skill with half a dozen fiery bass with a fair chance of landing half of them (I often lose my fish), he is willing to go to bed at 9 o'clock and rise at 4 o'clock; and even if he goes home with an empty creel, the lungs full of fresh morning air, the appetite for breakfast, the enjoyment derived from the awakening of the fields, woods and streams are a reward to be appreciated by one whose life work keeps him a prisoner in the city ten months in the year. A. V. T.

THE JINGLE OF THE SALMON SPOON.

Seattle, Wash.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Aug. 4 "An Ex-Secretary," etc., has "a query for 'El Comancho,'" which I take pleasure in answering to the best of my ability. The querist wants to know "what kind of a spoon" it was that conducted the jingling operation in conjunction with the salmon.

The particular spoon I had in mind at that time was made from a piece of ship copper. I made it myself, because I could not find at any of the dealers one large enough to suit me; so I got a piece of ship copper, a pair of tinner's shears, a little electric light wire and a few tools, and went to work on my own ideas. The result was the spoon in question, which was responsible for the death of sundry individuals of the tribe *Salmo* before it was taken by the particular fish that did the jingle act.

Of course the readers of Forest and Stream understand that salmon visit this coast by the thousands in the fall, and that they are caught in great numbers by trolling. They are of large size, and as game, I suppose, as any salmon in the world. At any rate they take a spoon with a savage rush that often parts the line unless it is of good material and well handled, too. The fishing is done in salt water, ordinarily with a plain brass spoon about 2½in. long and 1in. wide, the hook being a 6-0 or 7-0 plain Kirby without a fly or other bait. The Indians use a cockle for bait in connection with the spoon, and as they have better success than the whites I made it a point partly to copy their way. I found after a while that the fish take a larger spoon better than they do the ones offered for sale by the dealers, and this led me to manufacture my spoon after my own model, which by trial I found to be about the right article. It was made to turn around a copper wire which connected the line and the hook, and to insure perfect work two or three washers were put on the wire stem. By the way, the spoon is not patented and any of the "family" are welcome to the model. I will send a pen and ink drawing, exact size, if Forest and Stream wants it for publication.

The whole contrivance has a good deal of noise about it if shaken a bit. It may be that these salmon are different from Eastern fish in their way of fighting, so that "Ex-Sec." would have to come to the Sound to hear the spoon jingle, but here it is a common thing for a fish to leap clear of the water and shake himself savagely, the result being a decided jingle of the spoon against the gill covers of the fish.

The fish I had in mind at the time I mentioned the head shake was a big "jack salmon," which I should judge would weigh nearly 20lbs. He took the spoon about 15 or 20ft. under the water; when I had 120ft. of trolling line out, and came straight to the top. I felt a quick, hard pull on the line and a second after the fish leaped clear of the water to a distance of 2 or 3ft., shaking himself as only a fighting fish can. Three times he did this, then the line came slack and I brought it in minus about 40ft. of line, my pet spoon and a mighty big salmon! After the line parted he jumped out of the water twice more, and each time rattled the spoon like a Siawash tom-tom. The silver salmon does the same trick, and the jingle can be distinctly heard on an average of at least one in three fish hooked.

Things may be different with river fishing for salmon, and perhaps "Ex Sec." has killed his fish in fresh water with a fly, in which case he would hardly hear the jingle. But that it is a fact there is no doubt at all, and it is only the natural result of trolling with a metal spoon for a fish that leaps clear of the water and shakes himself while in the air. Hoping this will enlighten the inquirer I must stop and rig my tackle for these big silver and green liveried denizens of the vasty deep which are chasing herring off Cape Flattery somewhere at the present time. They are due in the Sound in a few weeks, now and then— perhaps a few more remarks on their ways from daily observation. El Comancho.

AT THE MIRAMICHI CAMPS.

Mr. Joseph E. Caven has a pleasantly written story in the New York *Commercial Advertiser* of an excursion to the Miramichi salmon-fishing camps. Here is his account of his first work with the great king of fishes:

Camp Adams, the property of Michael Adams, a member of Parliament, a thorough sportsman and most splendid gentleman, was our first stopping place. This is a regular fishing camp, delightfully situated on the banks of the Miramichi. Here we took boats of the dugout variety, drawn by a horse and man accompanied by two canoe men with poles to keep it off the rocks and banks. A guide rode the horse and we went splashing and sailing away twelve miles up this magnificent river to Camp Crawford.

Camp Crawford is one of the most thoroughly-equipped and well-appointed establishments on the Miramichi. It is the property of William Crawford, the well-known New York merchant prince of the firm of Simpson, Crawford & Simpson. Mr. Crawford is a most enthusiastic sportsman, who spends a few weeks each year in the pursuit of his favorite pastime. He was one of our party, as was William E. Webb, another dry goods dictator, from the firm of Dunham, Bulkley & Co. B. Y. Pippy, an extensive cloth manufacturer, "Bob" and the writer made up "the bunch."

We were soon installed in our quarters in the comfortable camp, and it was hard to realize that we were in the heart of a great forest in the British possessions, far away from the influences of churches, newspapers and telegrams, on the banks of a grand old stream, in which the trout and salmon were so plentiful that, to use a favorite expression of the guides, "they were liable to come ashore and bite you."

I must confess that I had never caught a salmon, but had entered into a conspiracy with George, the guide, to be early on the pool, and under his care and tuition try to land one of these broad-back fighters of the deep.

ON THE MIRAMICHI.

Hastily swallowing a cup of coffee, we started for the river. and in a few moments were floating on the clear, placid bosom of one of the best salmon pools on the river. After being duly instructed in the salmon rig I was placed in possession of a fine two-handed bamboo salmon rod, with a reel, on which was wound numberless yards of good silk line. Being used to fly-fishing for trout I soon had a gang of flies in operation, and I tried some of the most likely places. As I had been making long casts toward the upper end of the pool for some time without result, and was beginning to get a little bit discouraged, George offered a suggestion. "Try over there," said he. I did, with the most astonishing results, as on my third cast I had a rise and a strike at the Jock-Scot fly that surprised me. Away went yard after yard of my line, when I incautiously threw up the tip, put on too much strain, and whatever it was—I still think it was a whale—went away with part of my rig, leaving me with a fairly well developed attack of something very much akin to "buck fever."

We soon repaired damages and tried the lower end of the pool where, after about an hour's patient and careful casting, I got a rise that almost made my hair stand up. I struck quickly and had the satisfaction of seeing that glistening, dripping, quivering fish, of fine size and beautiful contour, leave his native element and leap into the air in a manner that came near proving fatal to all hopes of securing him. But more by good luck than good management he was well hooked, and away he went for the upper end of the pool, taking out my line in a manner that caused me to expect to feel a snap and look down and see an empty reel barrel; when suddenly he turned and swung round to the left, affording an opportunity for getting in a little of the line. Inch by inch, slowly but surely, in comes the line, always very cautiously—as I had profited by my former experience—and was extremely careful.

I would gain a little and lose a lot, and lose a little and gain a lot, until the strain of the tackle, coupled with the exertion of swimming, began to tell on the silver-sided warrior until he commenced describing the circles that announced that the fight was nearly over. Round and round we swam, the strain of the tough wood and cruel steel causing the circles to grow smaller and smaller, until I began to wonder why George did not gaff him, when a slight movement in the canoe sent him off again, apparently as fresh as ever. After going all over the battle again, he was finally brought near enough to the boat to give George his opportunity. Then came a quick, unerring stroke, and the noble fish was landed. I had him. The fight had lasted a little over forty minutes, and I am free to admit that it was the most exciting, exhausting forty minutes of my life. It took a hour's rest and a hearty breakfast to put me in shape for the rest of the day's sport, and I viewed my catch with a degree of satisfaction as he hung suspended from a spike in bold relief against the birch logs of the kitchen.

I don't remember ever seeing a more striking picture than I saw that same evening, when a loud shout called our attention to Mr. Crawford standing on a rock on the other side of the pool, holding up an immense salmon that he had killed half an hour before. There he stood, with his guide behind him, each man clad in thick boots and old trousers, woolen shirts and slouch hats, the merchant looking like anything wild and savage more than one of the guiding spirits of that great beehive of a store on Sixth avenue.

Everything on the Miramichi dates from the big fire, which, I believe, occurred something like a hundred year ago, and the frequent allusions to it remind one of the story of "Hank Monk," that everybody hears so often on the Western stage routes. B. Y. Pippy fell in the water and got wet and burned up all the guide's birch bark trying to catch salmon by artificial light. He built a huge fire on a rock and wore himself and one of the guides out trying to make the salmon at the bottom of the pool believe it was daylight, but with no other result than to create an immense amount of profanity and cause the cook to be an hour late for breakfast.

BOSTON NOTES.

A gentleman whom I fished with when a boy tells me a good story illustrative of the fancied prowess of the barefooted boy with his ozier rod as compared with the modern split bamboo. The story, he says, he saw in some paper; but it is told of a chain of ponds where we used to fish, Lock's Pond and Gore Pond, in Hamlin's Gore and Greenwood, Me. We both remember when these ponds were stocked with pickerel, and particularly remember when the few years of protection following the stocking were over. What fishing there was! What strings we caught. But those pickerel were particularly "ugly," we called them. It took the strongest of rigging to capture them. A tremendous pole was selected, and the line was of the strongest doubled and twisted hemp that we could get. Between the line and the hook we had either a wire or several links of a wire chain; for the Gore Pond pickerel were particularly vicious and would bite the line off. We should both have laughed a good deal at an 8-ounce rod, and the modern silk line would not have answered at all.

Well, the gentleman says that a sportsman and his son paid these ponds a visit a year or two ago, resolved to fish them for pickerel. They were equipped with modern tackle; fine rods, that of the son weighing only 4oz. They engaged a boatman and his boy, or rather the boatman brought the boy along, doubtless to show the city sports what could be done. He explained to his guests the vicious nature of Gore Pond pickerel, and quietly smiled at the rods and reels taken into the boat by them. The barefooted country boy had an enormous juniper pole, 12 or 15ft. long, as stiff and as dry as a broomstick. His line had once been a strong one, no doubt, but perhaps age had weakened it a little. The country boy had the first strike, evidently a powerful fish. It should be stated that between the hook and the line there was the old time chain, to prevent the fish from "chawing" the line. The country boy waited the traditional time—till the pickerel had "swallowed the bait and begun to run." Then he gave a tremenoous jerk over his head and backward. The fish did not start, but the line did, and the barefooted boy went over backward and out of the boat. This did not matter, however, for he could swim, and was soon in the boat. The water was warm, and the boy did not mind his bath, but went to fishing again, declaring that the fish was the "old big one that had broken so many hooks, lines and poles for him."

Next the city boy had a strike, evidently a good fish. His father quietly told him to mind his instructions, and not get excited. The boy played the fish beautifully. The rod held him in great shape, the boy giving and taking line as required. After a fight of nearly half an hour the big fish was brought to the net quietly, and netted by the boy's father, the countrymen being so awkward with that instrument that it was not deemed safe to trust either of them to take in the big pickerel. It was truly a big pickerel, weighing nearly 5lbs. The country boy opened his eyes in astonishment when he saw how the capture was managed, and his wonder grew to delight and enthusiasm when he saw the size of the fish. When the fish was in the boat and being killed by a well-directed blow over the head, the country boy fairly shouted with astonishment when he saw his own big hook and piece of chain dangling from the fish's mouth. The whole capture was a revelation to him, and so delighted was he, and so devoted to the boy with the beautiful rod that the city boy, under direction of his father, made him a present of a handsome modern rod on their departure for the city again. No more alder poles and chains for that boy.

Mr. F. K. Dexter, well known in Boston, is at Kennebago again this season, with Mrs. Dexter. I say again, for it was thought last year that he would never visit that well-known trouting and hunting resort again, though he had previously been there for many seasons. He was taken with a fever there last year that lasted for months. In fact he was brought out to Rangeley on a cot, where Dr. Vogle, of Boston, pulled him through. The old loves are strong, and the Dexters could hardly stay away from Kennebago. They are sure that the fever last year was contracted elsewhere. Mr. Walter L. Hill will scarcely make his fall fishing and hunting trips this year. At least he will be rather late for them, since he sailed for Europe last Saturday on a business trip to extend for a couple of months at least. Dr. Vogle has been at Kennebago again this year for a couple of weeks. Not to attend Mr. Dexter this time, but out of pure love for that region, acquired while attending his patient last year.

Special.

An Awful Warning to Trout Ticklers.

W. C. May, of White Oak, while fishing in White Oak Creek last week ran his hand under a log, when it accidentally found its way into the mouth of a huge pike. Thinking he had found something good to eat, the fish at once proceeded to swallow Mr. May's arm up to the elbow. May made desperate efforts to free himself from his finny foe, but in vain, until he pulled his antagonist on the bank and called on a friend to assist in extricating his arm from the vise-like grip of this gamest of game fish, whose long, sharp teeth were buried deep into his biceps. The fish was a beautiful specimen, weighing 23lbs.—*Hazel Green Herald.*

Fishing in Hartford.

THE Park River is a picturesque stream that runs through the center of Hartford, Conn. It skirts the grounds of the State Capitol and adds a charm to the composition of photographs of the celebrated Soldiers' Memorial Arch. Were it not that it receives a considerable part of the sewage of the city it would be a thoroughly delightful stream. As it is, its distant vistas are much more charming than near-by views, and it is said to be a serious menace to the health of the city.

Much has been written about this classic stream, but it has not heretofore been regarded as a fishing water. Last Friday, however, an enterprising citizen took nearly a barrel of fish from it, almost in the center of the city—"the largest catch he ever made," remarks the Hartford *Post*. The catch consisted of eels, bullheads and suckers, but at the expense of a good fish story, we are forced to add that they were not taken by any orthodox method known to the craft of anglers. Truth compels us to state that they were already dead when captured. They were found floating on the placid bosom of the river or lodged on shoals or the banks of the stream. From the *Post* we learn that "the cause of this sudden revelation of the plump creatures which have for season after season fed upon the fertile mud of our beloved stream seems to have been a quantity of strong acid poured into the river from one of the large factories between the Capitol avenue and Broad street bridges."

The Follett Trout-Netting Case.

SHEFFIELD, Mass., Aug. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The Follett case was not called at the July term in Pittsfield. His lawyers pleaded sickness and made other excuses for an adjournment. They had previously tried to settle the case out of court for less damages than the lower court imposed, which was $150 and costs. But District Attorney Gardner, who conducted the case for the Commonwealth in Pittsfield (the appeal case), would not accept anything less, and was not willing to adjourn it. It was, however, agreed that Follett was to settle it on Aug. 20 on the fine imposed, $150 and costs, which probably would mean $250 or $300; or else it would be carried on to the January term in Pittsfield, but on a new basis, viz., he would be fined $5 per fish for all the fish we could prove he had taken, and as he admitted taking 150 fish, it would at least cost him $750. But we were prepared to prove that he had much more than he admitted.

The "Prohibition Plank" is good. I talk it. We all need it, and it's bound to come. HARRY S. ANDREWS.

A Large Small-Mouth Bass.

JOSEPH A. BURR, of Brooklyn, who is spending the summer at the Loomarwick House, at Lake Waramaug, Litchfield county, Conn., came down to New York on Monday on an important errand. He had succeeded in taking a monster small-mouth bass weighing 7lbs. 6oz., and brought it with him to have mounted. The bass was taken at high noon Saturday after a struggle of twenty-three minutes. In company with Frederick Ohman, his guide, Mr. Burr was still-fishing, using small perch for bait. He had out three light rods and one bamboo pole belonging to his guide. The bass, defying all rules of good taste, took the bait attached to the latter outfit, and with such a rush that the pole had to be thrown overboard to save the tackle. Mr. Burr, however, soon succeeded in recovering it, and then the battle royal began, which lasted as above noted, twenty-three minutes. The fish was weighed immediately after being taken from the water in the presence of witnesses, and is the record bass for Lake Waramaug.

Maquam Bay Bass and Pike.

SWANTON, Vt., Aug. 5.—I thought peahaps it would be of interest to some of the readers of your paper to know where they could make excellent catches of black bass and pike, so I will tell you some of the catches. Many sportsmen, if they knew of a place so near and handy to reach, and could always be sure of making good catches, would come in almost a moment's notice. On Monday last Mr. Cochenthaler, of Montreal, made a catch of fifteen fine bass, several pike and one large muscalonge. It is not unusual for one person to go out for half a day and secure twenty bass. There have been five pickerel caught, not any of them weighing less than 8lbs. The Original Hotel Champlain is only three rods from the lake shore. Four trains from Boston and New York arrive daily in front of hotel. The steamer makes daily trips to Plattsburgh and back. A person can leave New York in the morning and arrive in time for supper.

C. F. SMITH.

Schroon Lake.

SCHROON LAKE, Adirondacks, Aug. 18.—The fishing here in Schroon Lake has been particularly good this year. Several good catches have been made and reports of large fish come in daily from all parts of the lake. Mr. W. H. Doan, of East Orange, N. J., has many large bass and pickerel to his credit, among them being a pickerel weighing 14lbs. Mr. Carl von Holy, who is stopping at the Grove Point House, is an ardent fisherman, and recently hooked and caught a black bass weighing 3¾lbs.

A party of three gentlemen, Mr. von Holy, Mr. A. R. Free and Mr. S. F. Rawson, from the above-mentioned hotel, went out fishing on the 17th and returned with over 60lbs. of bass and pickerel.

But one deer has been killed as yet, this one having been shot at Big Pond, about two and one-half miles from here, by two native hunters, Jenks and Whitney. The deer was a good buck, weighing 130lbs. when dressed.

J.

In Connecticut Waters.

NOROTON, Conn., Aug. 9.—Striped bass, weakfish and blackfish are now biting. Several bass weighing 15lbs. and thereabouts have been caught here lately. Some nice weakfish are being caught off Norwalk Island and the small islands east of Shippan Point, one weighing 5lbs. A neighbor caught twenty-five weakfish about two weeks ago. A blackfish weighing 6½lbs. was caught off the "Clumps," and I landed one with a light rod while fishing from a rock near the beach that just tipped 8lbs., an hour or so after landing him. M. L. C.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

Degeneration of the Youghiogheny.

SMITHTON, Pa., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having read your item in FOREST AND STREAM of July 28, entitled "Menace to the Youghiogheny River Bass," I cannot refrain from adding a word. From 1872 to 1882 I enjoyed fishing the waters of this beautiful stream in the vicinity of Smithton, Pa. It abounded in bass, salmon, catfish, white perch and pike. Many pike were taken from 20 to 30lbs. weight. But from 1882 to 1884 the sulphur waters from the coal fields then being opened up destroyed all the fish from Bradford down. So we lovers of angling must either go above the coal fields or seek other waters for our sport.

Since the destruction of the fish in the lower waters of this river, I have often fished it between Confluence and Ohio Pyle; and although the beautiful salmon and pike of the lower waters are not there, I find it very good bass fishing; and I sincerely hope that this tannery company at Confluence will not be allowed to destroy the fish in the upper river as the coal and coke companies have the lower.

A SUBSCRIBER.

For Seining in the Kishwaukee.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The other day Sheriff Ames, of Boone county, got after some Rockfordites for seining in the Kishwaukee in that county, and five were fined. The victims were Charles Holland, E. J. Hoffman, Frank Gruninger, H. V. Fritz and George P. Eggleston. They paid $18.75 apiece at Belvidere yesterday. Sheriff Ames deserves much credit for his action in this affair; we trust that his example in the performance of duty will have a good effect. Our streams require close watching and a rigid enforcement of the law. LONE TRAIL.

Popular Scenic Route to the East.

THE new vestibuled train service via Chicago & Grand Trunk, Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley Railways, between Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, via the St. Clair Tunnel, Niagara Falls and the beautiful Susquehanna, Wyoming and Lehigh Valleys, known as the "Switzerland of America," offers elegant appointments and is the most picturesque route connecting these leading cities. Train leaves Dearborn Station, Chicago, daily, 3:10 P. M., and has attached a Pullman Vestibuled Sleeping Car for Toronto, Montreal and Boston, via Montreal. During the summer tourist season there will also be attached to this train, a Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car for the White Mountains and tourists' resorts on the Atlantic Coast, by way of Montreal and the Portland Division of the Grand Trunk Railway. The beautiful scenery along this route makes it one of the most picturesque and attractive tourist routes to the East. Baggage can be examined and passed Customs at Dearborn Station, Chicago, thereby avoiding delay and inconvenience on entering Canada. For sleeping car reservations, rates, time tables, etc., apply to E. H. HUGHES, General Western Passenger Agent, 103 Clark street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 4 to 7.—Des Moines Kennel Club, at Des Moines, Iowa. M. Bruce, Sec'y.
Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.
Sept. 10 to 14.—Pittsburgh A. C. Kennels, at Pittsburgh, Pa. A. A. Batchelor, Sec'y.
Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. I. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Orange County Fair, at Newburgh, N. Y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Stockton Kennel Club, at Stockton, Cal. John Hefferman, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.
Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.
Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells. Sec'y.
Nov. 23.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Saratoga, N. Y., Sec'y.

Large Pointer Litter.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As being of interest to your many readere I send you this well authenticated bit of news. Mr. George Ferguson of this place is the owner of many valuable dogs, including pointers, setters, both Irish and Gordon, and collies. Of the lot, his young pointer bitch Suffolk Beggie, by American Boy (30,796) (King of Kent—Westminster Ina) out of Spinett (Lad of Bow—Spinaway III.), has always been a favorite. She was whelped May 19, 1893, and in due time was taken to the South Side Club to Mr. H. R. Duvall's Phra (31,225) (Robert le Diable ex Mona). On Aug. 11 she whelped a litter of eighteen puppies, sixteen bitches and two dogs. Twelve of the former died within a few hours, but the remaining half dozen, four bitches and two dogs, are in excellent health and are little beauties. How often has this number in a litter been exceeded? C. P. ROGERS.

HUNTINGTON, N. Y., Aug. 17.

"Wire-Haired" Cocker Spaniels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A sarcastic novice wants to know what a "wire-haired" cocker spaniel is. That is not a novelty. I breed dogs for all sorts of work; a few years ago a friend offered me big prices for a small all-round farm dog, for vermin, birds, rabbits and a watch-dog that had "sand." I knew all about cockers for part of the work, and also that Welsh terriers cannot be beaten for vermin, and are as game as a pebble; so I crossed a cocker dog with a Welsh terrier bitch and got just the very animal I wanted—a wire-haired cocker; some of them are down East. Perhaps the class was made for them.

I did not know I was making a new breed, thought they were mongrels; but they do what they were bred to do, which is more than most of the so-called thoroughbreds will do.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 16.

New England Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A meeting of the governors of the New England Field Trial Club was held in Boston, Aug. 9. It was decided not to hold the regular open trials this season, but instead to run a Members' Sweepstake, $5 to nominate and $10 to start. Entries close Sept. 15, and the trials will be run Oct. 23 on the club grounds at Assonet Neck, Mass. The details were put in the hands of the field trial committee—Messrs. Ed. Brooks, W. C. Baylies and A. R. Sharp. It was also voted to offer the use of our club grounds to the Gordon Setter Club of America, who will probably run their trials as soon as our Members' Stake is completed.

ARTHUR R. SHARP, Secretary.

TAUNION, Mass., Aug. 13.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

UNDER date of Aug. 10, Mr. J. B. Stoddard, who is located at La Salle, Man., writes the following notes concerning field trial matters. Messrs. Pickering and Sheldon are trainers who reside in Manitoba, and have been prominent in the competition of past years. He says:

"Mr. Pickering is at Oak Point, and Mr. Sheldron at Armstrong's Point, both with good strings of dogs. I do not hear of any world beaters. There may be some dark horses, or it may be that the array of talent, from abroad, now in the province has had a depressing effect on the local wielders of the check cord.

"The weather has been remarkably dry all season, and the birds hatched well. There was a bit of territory here and there burned over during the nesting season which rendered it necessary for the birds in the burned districts to set up housekeeping in a new place, but as the weather has been favorable the second hatchings are coming on in good shape. The young grouse grow very rapidly, and almost before you know it they are able to fly. Some of the early hatched birds can hardly be told from old birds.

"Harvest in this section has just begun and we may now begin searching the stubbles for grouse. There are plenty of birds, and the Manitoba Field Trials will no doubt be a great success. The quality of the dogs shown should be the best ever seen in this country judging by the entries received. Several, five in fact, of the best kennels in the States are represented, viz.: Avent & Thayer, Blue Ridge, Charlottesville Field Trial, Hempstead Farm and F. R. Hitchock. Then there are T. G. Davey's and J. J. Spracklin's strings from Ontario.

"You can readily see that the trials here this year should be as good as they make 'em."

Field Trial Suggestions.

There are valuable suggestions in a letter written to me by Capt. McMurdo, under date of July 25, the part referring to field trial matters being herewith presented:

"With the long experience and knowledge some of us have, I cannot see why a field trial club should not be got up and managed so as to carry out exactly what we want. I have never seen a trial conducted entirely to my satisfaction yet, though great improvements have been made in the management of the Eastern.

"A thoroughly good judge will be the hardest thing to find. No one but a professional can be expected to know everything about dogs and the tricks of handlers, but a non-professional would in other respects be more desirable. However, I think rules could be made with regard to the handling of dogs that would prevent a professional having any advantage over an ordinary sportsman.

"Speed has always been over-estimated. I believe all the very fast ones are running, not hunting, a great part of their time. It may show bird sense, but I don't want a dog that runs from one likely spot to another, and hunts those places only. Of course he may find more birds than one that hunts all the ground I am walking over, but I hate not to have all the reasonably good ground worked out.

"Field trials are required by breeders for the purpose of ascertaining their success in breeding; making money out of them is not the object. One or more perfectly competent judges are necessary.

"Handlers must obey the directions of the judge or they must take up their dogs.

"Trials should be run on suitable grounds and in suitable weather.

"Aged dogs must be thoroughly trained—ones that cannot be handled by an ordinarily good sportsman will not do.

"No Derby puppy should be more than twenty months old.

"Members of the club should be elected by vote."

Capt. McMurdo's comment on the dog which runs swiftly is worthy of special consideration.

Parallel Cerebration.

A most remarkable instance of two persons writing the same article came to my notice recently. In the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* of July 22 there appeared a most spirited description of a fox hunt, vividly realistic and written in a most pleasing style. It had the caption "Death of Old Bob at Last." It was unsigned. The author was Mr. P. H. Bryson, of Memphis. A Western contemporary, in its issue of Aug. 11, has the same article, word for word, but signed by Mr. G. V. Young, Meridian, Miss. It is a remarkable case of unconscious cerebral appropriation or swift journalism which preaches "that he should take who hath the power, and he should hold who can," though it is supposed at the same time to be an exponent of true gentility.

In a pleasant letter Mr. W. W. Titus writes me that Mr. Frank Richards, the celebrated field trial handler, has Little Ned going in great shape this year. Also that Mr. George Richards has some promising youngsters. These three handlers are training in North Dakota. B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILNING, Chicago.

A Show for Pittsburgh.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After a wait of nearly three years Pittsburgh fanciers will have a chance to show their dogs. The members of the Pittsburgh Athletic Club, the largest and best known athletic organization between New York and Chicago, have organized the Pittsburgh Athletic Club Kennels, and between the dates of Sept. 10 and 14 they will give a show in the Pittsburgh Auditorium.

The dates were chosen on account of the G. A. R. National Encampment, to be held here that week, and which it is expected will bring 250,000 strangers to the city. All the railroads are offering one-rate excursions and the concessions obtained from the express companies will be announced later.

The premium list is out and can be had by addressing Secretary P. A. C. Kennels, P. O. Box 357, Pittsburgh. The prizes are liberal. For the challenge classes the club offers $15, $10 and $5. For the more important open classes the prizes are $15, $7 and $3 for first, second and third; and in the others $10 and $5. The puppy and novice classes get $10 and $5. Kennel prizes of $10 and a handler's prize of $50 will be offered. The P. A. C. boys are not only ardent fanciers, but hustlers of a wide acquaintance and experience, and they are utilizing both to work up the finest list of special prizes ever offered here.

The club has been fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. John Davidson, who, with two competent assistants, will make awards in all classes.

The selling classes in sporting and non-sporting dogs have been liberally provided for, and any animal entered in any of the other classes can be shown in the selling class without extra charge. An auction sale of dogs will be held on the last day of the show, and for this reason the managers request that exhibitors put a price on their stock. By making this auction sale provision the club endeavors to mutually benefit owners who want to sell and local fanciers who want to buy, and to give the latter a chance to bid on some of the best blood now on the bench. The club hopes in this way to bring some of the new good ones permanently to this city, and they are assured of success, as the Smoky City has a Class A reputation as a market for good dog stock. The entry fee has been fixed at $3, and the list will close on Sept. 3. ALF. R. HAMILTON, Sec'y.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

DOG CHAT.

If secretaries of clubs giving shows or field trials desire communications regarding these events given the earliest publicity they should endeavor to have copy for the current week's issue at this office by Monday. Communications from the Toronto show and New England Field Trials Club and Pittsburgh Athletic Club Kennels arrived too late for our last week's issue. We go to press at Tuesday noon, and this fact should be borne in mind. While always anxious to publish news when it is news, we do not care to wait till journals which are issued later in the week have taken the "dew" off it.

Mr. James Mortimer will judge dachshunds at Toronto show in place of Major J. M. Taylor. From what we learn from the principal breeders and exhibitors there will very likely be a large entry from kennels this side of the border. The facilities afforded by the transportation companies are set forth in the premium list, and we should think a saving in trouble and expense would be made if some of the handlers chartered a special car to the show and return to Providence in time for the Rhode Island show.

The Leinster Kennels, of New Orleans, La., seem to be doing good work for the fox-terrier in the Creole City, as a glance at our Kennel Notes will show. This kennel, although debarred by distance from taking part in competition with such kennels as they would meet at Northern shows, can, however, put down a team that would be noticeable anywhere. At Louisville, for instance, their dogs were "feeling the money" in almost every class, besides capturing the kennel prize.

Those who have the best interests of dog shows at hear will condemn the auction sale of dogs connected with dog shows under A. K. C. or general rules. Catch-penny affairs of this sort lower the tone of such exhibitions. The auction in most cases is a mock affair. There was one held in connection with the N. E. K. C. show last April and most of the dogs were returned to their benches after being knocked down to fictitious bids. In the first place no breeder who sets a marketable value on his stock desires such a convenience, as he knows that not even reasonable prices will be forthcoming. Then again the sales are held in the judging ring, and it requires a man with a voice first cousin to a calliope to reach as far as the railings where the people are grouped, the consequence is the crowd surrounds the auctioneer and there is precious little chance for any one to get a view of the animal under sale. No prices that amount to anything have ever been realized at such sales and their institution gathers together a lot of scrub dogs which lower the tone and object of the show. Selling classes with a restriction as to price, afford ample and decent opportunity for sales and obviate the objectionable features of an auction which at best is only a mockery.

A correspondent in writing to us for the address of prominent bulldog breeders, gives further evidence, if any were needed, of the estimation in which these dogs are held by those who know them and appreciate their good qualities. He says, "I wish to purchase a first-class bulldog. One that will play with the children daytimes and watch my residence (inside) during the night. Have just killed such a dog for old age, and find that I cannot get along without another to take his place."

The new tariff bill will make no change in the regulations regarding importations of dogs to this country.

There were some doubts expressed as to the possibility of a dog's playing the piano, and the undertaker's agent expressed disbelief of the whole story. "I assure you it is true," answered the narrator. "Why that spitz frequently plays duets with himself." "How's that possible? To play duets requires four hands." "Well, you see, he uses his forepaws!"—*Express.*

The two bull-terriers for Messrs. Vandergift & Co., that we spoke of having come over on the Bovic, are really two white English terriers for Mr. L. A. Van Zandt, of Yonkers. One is the bitch we spoke of in February, as having been sent over to be bred and the other, well, we are not to be told till the New York show entries close, but its a good dog and is to win, sure.

Letters from P. H. Bryson, Tracy Gould, T. B. Robinson, T. Shellcross and G. Muss Arnolt are unavoidably held over till next week.

Fred Kirby, of Woodbury, N. J., is thinking of attending the Des Moines show, and as he intends taking in the whole fall circuit this will afford an excellent opportunity to those owners who wish to exhibit, to send their dogs in his charge. As it is well known that "Fred" never loses the judge's eye till the next class is called, full justice will be done all the dogs in his charge.

Our informant was in error in stating that Mr. Viti's field spaniel bitch Gossip had missed to Warwick, as we find that she both whelped and reared six strong pups, proving herself one of the best of mothers. It is well sometimes not to pay too much attention to idle gossip.

Uncle Dick's recklessness has brought out a challenge from friend Dole in which he will bet anything but "whisky or edible matter" that he has a bull-terrier pup that will beat his at the New York show. He has ten bull-terrier pups by Gully the Great, and others that will do when the time comes.

Mr. Frank F. Dole has been keeping pretty quiet since the spring shows, but a letter from him gives us the first intimation that he has been ill during the summer, but is now, we are pleased to hear, on the mend. Canine deals have therefore been pretty quiet in the Elm City, but Mr. Dole tells us that he has just consummated a bargain that we are sure the members of the Bulldog Club will regret to hear of. He has secured the well-known show winner and stud dog Pathfinder from Mr. E. K. Austin, of New York, and will send him to Mr. W. H. Ford of Maidenhead, England. Mr. Ford has been anxious to have the dog for a long time, but only a generous check and the bull bitch Princess Venn persuaded Mr. Austin to part with this crack sire. This was the bitch we alluded to recently as having been imported by Mr. Austin. Pathfinder sailed for his old home on the White Star steamer Runic on Tuesday last. Pathfinder for the opportunities he has had has proved himself the sire of the day, and that he has not been more appreciated in America is to be regretted. Mr. Dole remarks: "I should like to see Jack Ellis's face when he hears that his old pal is home again," and this will probably give him the first intimation. As the sire of King Lud and Found It, two of the best over here, Pathfinder has shown his ability as a stock dog. To prove how little he has been used a reference to the New York catalogue, 1894, will not show one American-bred dog by him.

Those who read the FOREST AND STREAM will not be unprepared for the abandonment of the Newark show this fall. In our issue of July 14 we said: "Several circumstances have arisen lately which, in all probability, will result in the N. J. K. L. deferring their proposed November show till next year. The matter will be definitely settled at a meeting to be held very shortly." This week the secretary of the N. J. K. L., Mr. E. H. Morris, writes officially: "Will you kindly announce that our club will not give a show during the fall at Newark, as was our intention?" A number of local and outside fanciers will be disappointed, as the kind treatment they received last year at the hands of the president, Mr. Rädel, and other members of the committee. had induced them to look forward to this show with kindly feelings and make preparations to exhibit. Now the Rhode Island show is the only prominent one this fall that will be held within reasonable distance of the big kennels and cities in the East. Providence should have a bumper entry.

We shall not reopen our columns to further discussion of the Bell—Martin case now that the principals have stated each side of the case. We have a letter from Messrs. Macrae and Rykert, Mr. Bell's lawyers, and with this excerpt from their letter we consider the case closed as far as this journal is concerned. They write: "He (Mr. Bell) desires through us to call attention to the closing words of Mr. Jas. Mortimer's letter, published in full by Mr. Martin. Everyone knows Mr. Mortimer's position in dogdom and how competent he is to form a correct judgment upon a dispute such as this one, and he says in writing to Mr. Martin as follows: 'It seems to me the blunder was a very natural one under the circumstances, and I personally hope that you may look at it in this light.' This is the judgment of a competent outsider fully versed in the facts. Had Mr. Martin taken Mr. Mortimer's advice, as he might well have done, all this trouble would have been avoided." These gentlemen, however, seem to forget that Mr. Bell knew of the wrong identity of the two terriers as far back as September, 1893, and Mr. Mortimer's letter was written April 2, 1894.

If the Gordon setter breeders ever intend their dogs to take a prominent, or even fairly recognizable, position as field dogs in this country—this may be rather severe, but we draw our conclusions from those of the breed we have seen run in public—it is time they bestirred themselves. The New England Field Trials Club affords them an excellent opportunity next October on grounds that should suit them and under conditions in handling that should be acceptable to all. There will be a judge on the grounds, Mr. Wallace, who uuderstands his duties, and who is painstaking enough and conscientious in his work to suit even the most ardent lover of the breed. There is no excuse this time and we look for a good gathering of the black and tans.

The challenge class for foxhounds at Toronto has been divided and the classes will be numbered—36 for dogs, prizes $10 and diploma, and 36½ for bitches, with the same emoluments. Exhibitors should bear in mind that entries for this show close Aug. 29 with C. A. Stone, 82 East King street, Toronto.

As additional specials Messrs. Purse & Wilson, of the Headquarters Hotel, Toronto, donate a silver cup, value $15, for the best red cocker bitch in the show. The Industrial Association offers $20 for the best St. Bernard in the show.

The big one day's show held at Darlington, England, has just taken place. There were 800 entries, and when it is remembered that the show commences at 10 A. M. and closes at 4 P. M. one will understand there is little chance for dawdling. A good lot of dogs were on hand and the judging was not without some upsets in public form. For instance, Princess Florence, the crack St. Bernard, could only get third to Siegmund Czar and Black Flag; she was, however, not in shape, and we are told her American trip seems to have taken all the steel out of her. Then Breda Mixer, the Irish terrier, had to succumb to Treasurer in his class and for the championship. Mr. Brough brought out a new bloodhound that is well spoken of by the critics. The dog's name is Bullion. Sweet Home, the crack greyhound bitch, carried off the honors in her breed; she is seven years old but is said to be wonderfully clean throughout; she is by Greentick out of Sally Day and can show winning brackets in the field, too. Fox-terrier classes were well filled and judged by Mr. Doyle, who had an opportunity to set back some of the "four-in-hand" type. Chumleigh Topsy, Perseverance and Meiford Molly formed a fine trio from which to pick the winner of the open class; they were placed as named. Sporting classes were good as usual at this show and Mr. Lee's Richmond still seems to hold his own with the best in the English setter classes.

The Scottish terriers at Darlington show are specially commented upon by "W." in *Scottish Fancier*, and his remarks may prove of value to the breeders over here: "Cairn Dhu (the winner) is the type, smart, cobby, thick set, full of fire and action, while his coat is *par excellence*—in fact, the only perfect coat I saw. The second dog, Ronald, looked to me a bit dished in face, and I thought him lucky. Surely Strathesk is a better dog all round. I heard he was left out by some error. The reserve dog, Sporran, is neat and smart, but just a trifle too neat for me, and he wants more bone, muscle and substance. Lomond King was carrying too much coat. Gorst is too long from eye to nose, and his ears look feathery—not the right type. Croft Lad is too short in head and soft in coat, but has very neat ears. Pincher has bat ears, which disqualify, as they did here. Undercliff Jock I rather liked; he is all-ronnd good, biggin feet." Mr. Tom Swinburne was the superintendent, and his name recalls our earliest recollections of black and tans and smooth collies, and with whose winnings the name of George Wilson, now in Chicago, is inseparably connected. Mr. Swinburne does not show nowadays, but he is still alive to the delights of the fancy, and as a superintendent he is second to none when he can run off such a show, of 800 entries, in about six hours.

To the fact that dogs in the East go "mad" more frequently during the months of July and August than at any other season doubtless explains the popular idea that this circumstance has led to the term "dog days" being applied to the hot season. They are so called, however, because they occur at the time of the year when Sirius, known as the dog star, because it is in the constellation of Canis Major, the brightest star visible in the northern hemisphere, rises for several consecutive weeks at nearly the same time with the sun. The beginning of these days has been variously fixed by almanac makers from July 3 to 26 and their close from August 11 to September 7. Most English calendars now reckon the dog days from July 3 to August 11. An American authority places them between July 25 and September 5.

To the Welsh Terrier Club belongs the honor of giving some decided expression on the trimming question which the E. K. C. has always handled with the greatest delicacy and diplomacy short of taking an actual stand one way or the other. At a meeting of the club it was agreed that the removal of coat or hair by means of brush, comb, or fingers should be perfectly legitimate; but that scissors, singeing, and the use of artificial means for the purpose of hardening the coat, such as alum, starch and such like articles, should be disallowed, and mean instant disqualification. It was felt, however, that with regard to this latter, a difficulty would arise from the fact that many people always use certain powders for the sole purpose of cleaning the coat without having recourse to soap and water. This it was agreed was perfectly legitimate, but the meeting felt there would be a difficulty in drawing a hard and fast line.

Mr. Robinson says that the bulldog bitches Hucknall Gipsey, etc., sent over to the Woodlawn Park Kennels by Mr. Mortimer are more than good ones, and they expect to do well with them. Nothing has yet been decided about the proposed show at Saratoga and, no doubt, we are justified in calling it off.

Des Moines show committee has added a miscellaneous class (101) for dogs over 30lbs., with prizes of $5 and $3. Entries close Aug. 25.

We are informed that the challenge classes at the Pittsburgh show have been divided, and open bitch classes for the following breeds have been provided: American foxhounds, Gordon setters, collies, bulldogs, greyhounds, poodles and Italian greyhounds. A novice class for pugs has also been added, and a kennel prize of $10 will be given for foxhounds. It is unfortunate that the dates claimed will conflict with Toronto, and probably the latter show will now lose many Chicago and Western entries. A show under any circumstances is usually better than no show at all, and as the P. A. C. K. C. will have to shoulder the expense, one can scarcely blame them for holding their show at a date that seems to promise a reasonable success. Although A. K. C. rules will govern, the club has not applied for membership, and so wins will not count.

Mr. Mortimer attended one of the whippet race meetings now so popular in England, and from his remarks during a speech at a presentation of prizes afterward it is presumed he will take some steps on his return to bring this sport to a promiuence which it does not at present enjoy in this country. If he does he should meet with every encouragement.

The latest fake in England is the changing of a dog's eyes from a light to a dark color by the aid of belladona. This dilates the pupil of the eye to such an extent that it is impossible to see the color of the eye the iris being totally paralyzed. The offender shielded himself behind "Ashmont" by stating he had only used that author's recipe containing colocynth, extract nux vomica and extract belladona in pill form, the dog being "a difficult one to keep in good health." Dr. Sewell knocked this plea on the head by saying that the two latter ingredients in the pill counteracted the action of the belladonna and therefore no such results as were noticed in the dog's eyes could have taken place through that recipe. The dog was disqualified and the owner will be attended to later. The case is certainly unique in the annals of dog showing and proves again that a "little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Spratts Patent Dog and Puppy Foods and medicines scarcely require particular mention, though we can say that their puppy biscuits are unexcelled for briuging along the young stock. Among the new kennel specials B. Deacon offers two thoroughly trained Gordon and English setters; C. E. Bunn, fine litters of mastiffs; W. Payne, two well bred cocker spaniels; Wheatly, Skye terrier pups. A number of other breeds will also be found offered in these columns.

The Trainers In Manitoba.

Field trial men, especially some of the principal handlers, are busy at work with their dogs in Manitoba, and their movements create quite an interest among the sportsmen of the Northwest. Most of the handlers who will take part in the coming Manitoba Field Trials are now located either at Winnipeg or within a few miles. D. E. Rose, who trains the Blue Ridge Kennels' setters is at the Somerset with twelve dogs. Will he repeat his run of 1891? Of course, J. M. Avent is calculating upon taking some of the money down South, and has brought fourteen dogs from his far away Tennessee home to accomplish that feat; among the noted dogs are Topsy's Rod and Chevalier. His quarters are at Manitou. Genial Capt. McMurdo, who presides over the destinies of the Charlottesville kennels of pointers, was to reach Winnipeg twelve days since. He will have four pointers for the All-Age stakes. John Armstrong, who has lately assumed charge of Mr. T. G. Davey's dogs, came on from London, Ont., and is located at Union Point with a dozen dogs. He is confident of making a creditable debut, but he will have to keep his eyes open for he is in pretty warm company. Mr. Frail, of Rosendale, Wis., is located on the Dakota boundary with four dogs, and will not come closer to the company until the trials. Last but not least that successful and conscientious trainer J. J. Spracklin, of Woodstock, Ont., went up to Dominion City, Man., in the early part of the month, as usual he has a mixed team; this time he has eleven with him. Among others is the noted Irish setter Fingaln, that made such a good record at the International Trials last year, and is owned by Mr. J. Welton, of Detroit. Fingaln will run in the All-Age Stake. Another noted animal which knows her way about is Cleopatra, which Spracklin is again handling for Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., but debarred by her win at the International she will not take part in the Manitoba Trials, merely being put through her paces for the International Members' Stake, at Chatham. Mr. Welton also sent Mona Scully, and another dog in this team is Dash Antonio, owned by Mr. R. Bangham, of Windsor, Ont. This one and Mona Scully will try their luck in the Derby. The trials on chickens have evidently come as a pleasant interruption in the preparation for the more important trials down South, and with such well known kennels supporting their trials the Northwestern sportsmen should strain every nerve to bring them to a successful issue and insure their annual recurrence.

The "Education of a Beverwyck" is not on a well-known brew of that name, as we might surmise, but refers to a terrier in the Beverwyck Kennels, and no less a one than Royalist, the sweepstakes winner of the year. His education is depicted through the medium of one of Mr. Rathbone's characteristic combination photographs. In picture No. 1 we see Royalist as a three-months-old pup, on the lookout for what life may have in store for him. The "Junior Class in Vermin" is illustrated by three pictures; the first shows his introduction to a rat in a trap; next he is "caught" in the act of shaking its life out, and the third picture shows him panting and consequential, with the rat lying dead beside him. Then comes more serious business—the "Senior Class in Vermin," in which his first lesson is evidently a labor of love, for he is seen hugging a woodchuck with a good neck grip; this foe vanquished he is introduced in picture No. 6 to a coon, the *ultima thule* of a game fox-terrier's ambition, and that he accepts the challenge is shown by picture No. 7, where a quick snap depicts our Royalist friend having a pretty lively time with his "coonship," and a pail in the background shows that one or the other will be cleaned up when the "go" is over. The center picture, No. 8, shows the gentle side of his character—"Home from the Show," and for this picture he has adorned himself with a blue ribbon, which no one will gainsay he has rightfully earned. Such should be the life and experiences of all good terriers, but the tantalizing excitement of a sawdust ring is the only fun the majority experience.

The Mercer-Mills libel suit will come off in September and its merits will this time be decided upon by a jury. The trial is sure to prove interesting, if nothing else, especially as Mr. Little, the owner of Newcastle, will give his evidence in connection with the entry of that dog at Ottawa in 1891, and which eventually led to the alleged libel. It is to be hoped that this trial will settle the matter for good and all, as such affairs create a lot of ill-feeling all around and do not help dogs in any way.

The American Kennel Club.

We have received an invitation to attend the quarterly meeting of the Executive Committee of the A. K. C., which will be held at Delmonico's in room 8, 212 Fifth ave., New York City, on Monday, Sept. 17, at 8 P. M. The date of this meeting will be the tenth anniversary of the organization of the club, and has been deemed appropriate by the officers to celebrate the completion of its first decade by more than the ordinary meeting and it they have fixed upon a programme that they believe will meet with approbation, and make the occasion a pleasant one for every delegate present. The business meeting will be held first and afterwards there will be a luncheon and speeches.

There are not many men active in kennel affairs at this date who were present at the first 1884 meeting in the Philadelphia Kennel Club's rooms. Mr. Elliott Smith was temporary chairman and Dr. S. G. Dixon was secretary. The committee on credentials was C. M. Munhall, G. N. Appold, and S. G. Dixon. The list of clubs to enter the new association and their delegates were as follows: Illinois Kennel Club, Major J. M. Taylor; St. Louis Gun Club, J. W. Munson; Philadelphia Kennel Club, Dr. Samuel G. Dixon; Cincinnati Sportsman's Association, Major J. M. Taylor; Westminster Kennel Club, Elliot Smith; Montreal Kennel Club, Mr. James Watson; New England Kennel Club, J. A. Nickerson; New Haven Kennel Club, G. Ed. Osborn; Louisville Kennel Club, Major J. M. Taylor; Baltimore Bench Show Ass'n, Geo. N. Appold; Cleveland Bench Show Ass'n, C. M. Munhall; New Bruuswick Poultry and Pet Ass'n, St. John N. B., Elliot Smith; London Kennel Club, James Watson. Among others we remember seeing there were Thos. H. Terry, James Mortimer, Dr. Perry, Mr. Dudley and several others whose names we cannot call to mind but who are still to be seen around the shows. The meeting soon adjourned to meet again Oct. 22, during the non-sporting dog show at Madison Square Garden, when the first officers were elected as follows; President, Major J. M. Taylor; first vice-president, Elliot Smith; second vice-president, Samuel Coulson of Montreal; secretary Ed. S. Porter, and treasurer Geo. N. Appold. Major Taylor is the only officer on the list who is still an officer of the club or active in kennel affairs. At this meeting the name of the club was changed to the American Kennel Club; it commenced as the National Bench Show Association. The club's existence thenceforth was more or less a troubled one but on the occasion of its tenth anniversary it may review its past with serenity and gaze upon its present position with pardonable pride.

Fox-Terrier Size.

Those who follow the prevailing English ideas in breeding fox-terriers for head and front and who may in their endeavors to get their dogs big enough have overstepped the mark and raised such terriers as may only be fit candidates for Mr. Doyle's "four-in-hand," may take heart of grace according to some *fin de-siecle* ideas and ask themselves, "Is he big enough?" Mr. Doyle, who seems just at present to be the minnow among the Tritons in that he is setting down the big ones in favor of the more workmanlike and "go to earth" smaller terriers, has an interesting letter in *Stock Keeper*, brought about by the remarks of it's reporter at the Darlington show. In the novice class he had two terriers, Douglas Driver and Barrowby Pilot, left in and he thought to himself. "Now this is really as it should be. Here are two workmanlike kennel terriers just the right size and full of character, able to go anywhere that a terrier has to go, and, as far as looks can tell one, fit to do anything that a terrier can do." By the way, how many terrier judges give rein to such thoughts these days? After it was all over he reads the report which says, "It is a pity that Pilot is not a size bigger." Mr. Doyle felt uneasy thinking he had perhaps looked through the wrong end of the telescope, but on inquiry of Pilot's owner he found that dog's weight to be 17lbs. Mr. Doyle says this reminded him of an instance that occurred at Manchester show when an exhibitor and judge asked him what he thought of Douglas Jostle. On his saying that he was a very nice puppy, the other answered "Yes, but will there be enough of him?" When he took the trouble to find out the dog's weight he found that Jostle, not 11 months old, weighed 17½lbs. Further he remarks that this dog when furnished will no doubt weigh 18lbs. and "This we are told is an undersized terrier." If this goes on the fox-terrier will soon be like many of the Irish terriers, too big for anything but watchdogs. We enter into this subject rather extensively, as we know several breeders who were on the fence as to what size and weight to breed for though their fancy, as a rule runs to the smaller build, and if they will keep a Bachanal or a Lucifer in their eye they should not go far wrong.

Clashing of Dates.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That the Pittsburgh Athletic Club should jump in and announce their intention of holding a dog show on the dates (claimed months ago) of the time-honored fixture held by the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, is a step not likely to commend itself to fanciers and sportsmen. Dog shows, in the United States and Canada, are so few and the expense of holding them so great, that any clashing of dates should be most carefully avoided, and it behooves kennel clubs to stand shoulder to shoulder and advance everything pertaining to the interests of fanciers and thoroughbred dogs. The attention of the American Kennel Club has been called to the latest venture of the Pittsburgh Athletic Club, and it is impossible to see how the wins at Pittsburgh can be recognized, in the face of the agreement entered into between the A. K. C. and the C. K. C. at the last annual meeting of the American Kennel Club. The aforesaid agreement has since passed the executive of the C. K. C., and now only awaits ratification by the members of the C. K. C. at the annual meeting to be held during dog show week here. W. P. Fraser.

Toronto, Can.

Gordon Setter Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. A. R. Sharp, the secretary, advises me that "at a meeting of the governors of the New England Field Trials Club it was voted to offer the Gordon Setter Club of America the use of our grounds at Assonet Neck, Mass., for their field trials."

A place now being provided where there are fair numbers of quail this year, Gordon setter men can at once proceed to get their dogs ready. The N. E. F. T. Club run their Members' Stakes on Tuesday, Oct. 23, and the Gordon setters follow the next day. Particulars will be given at an early date and it is to be hoped that there will be a goodly number of entries. I will guarantee three or furnish $30 (perhaps both) and would be pleased to receive subscriptions from those interested, so that the stakes can be made attractive. Fees will probably be $10 to enter and $10 to run.

James B. Blossom, Pres't G. S. C. of America.

938 Prospect Avenue, New York.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Whittle—Brittle. H. T. Foote's (New Rochelle, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Whittle (Warren Rattler—Warren Daytime) to H. W. Smith's Brittle (Brick—Vamp), July 8.

Meersbrook Maiden—Broomfield Sultan. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch champion Meersbrook Maiden (Meersbrook Chance—Meersbrook Empress) to their champion Broomfield Sultan (Broomfield Turk—Broomfield Belle), June 18.

Brittle Broom—Brittle Beaut. H. T. Foote's (New Rochelle, N. Y.) wire fox-terrier bitch Brittle Broom (Brittle—Vic Brown) to his Brittle Beaut (Brittle—Whittle), July 4.

Judy A.—Dad Monarch. S. B. Allen's (Providence, R. I.) English setter bitch Judy A. (Gene—Lulu) to his Dad Monarch (Roy Monarch—Blue Jennie), July 28.

Splintered Trixie—Driftwood Mixer. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Splintered Trixie (Ebor Splash—Raby Bell) to his Driftwood Mixer (Hillside Mixer—Lady Jess), March 23.

Lady Verdant—Stanwood Rajah. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Lady Verdant (Troubler—Polly) to Stanwood Kennels' Stanwood Rajah (Blemton Marvel—Raby Nettle), April 2.

Raby Nettle—Blemton Marvel. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Raby Nettle (Dominie—Blackwood Belle) to Standwood Kennels' Blemton Marvel (Blemton Victor—Spinster), April 7.

Chicago—Driftwood Rambler. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Chicago (Max—Beverwyck Rhoda) to their Driftwood Rambler (Virgil—Lady Bess), May 26.

Leinster Vic—Shelby New Forest. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Leinster Vic (Virgil—Lady Jess) to their Shelby New Forest (New Forest—Holcombe Jill), July 16.

Shamrock—Shelby New Forest. Leinster Kennels' (New Orlans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Shamrock (Beverwyck Trap—Julip) to their Shelby New Forest (New Forest—Holcombe Jill), Feb. 15.

Chicago—Shelby New Forest. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Chicago (Max—Beverwyck Rhoda), to their Shelby New Forest (New Forest—Holcombe Jill), Nov. 3.

Hotfoot Flurry—Shelby New Forest. Hotfoot Kennels' (Chicago, Ill.) fox-terrier bitch Hotfoot Flurry to Leinster Kennels' Shelby New Forest (New Forest—Holcombe Jill), Jan. 26.

Wilton Leah—Shelby New Forest. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Wilton Leab (Regent Vox—Royal Dart) to their Shelby New Forest (New Forest—Holcombe Jill), Feb. 2.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Hotfoot Flurry. Hotfoot Kennels' (Chicago, Ill.) fox-terrier bitch Hotfoot Flurry, March 29, seven (four dogs), by Leinster Kennels' Shelby New Forest (New Forest—Holcome Jill).

Chicago. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Chicago (Max—Beverwyck Rhoda), July 28, four (three dogs), by their Driftwood Rambler (Virgil—Lady Jess).

Lady Verdant. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Lady Verdant (Troubler—Polly), Jan. 5, two (one dog), by Stanwood Kennels' Stanwood Rajah (Blemton Marvel—Raby Nettle).

Chicago. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Chicago (Max—Beverwyck Rhoda), Jan. 6, three (two dogs), by their Shelby New Forest (New Forest—Holcombe Jill).

Wilton Leah. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Wilton Leah (Regent Vox—Royal Dart), April 7, six (three dogs), by their Shelby New Forest (New Forest—Holcombe Jill).

Galaxy. Dr. T. Thurber's (Providence, R. I.) foxhound bitch Galaxy (Deacon—Daisy), Aug. 2, six (two dogs), by his Elite (Nemo—Galatia).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. K., Belvidere, N. J.—My puppy three months old, began moping around, would not eat and fell away in flesh. Two days after I gave him a tonic, and about two hours after he passed long whitish worms and a piece of corncob 1in. long. He would not eat anything and continued to mope. Made him beef tea and sweet milk, but he threw up the milk. To-day I gave him Horlick's Malted Milk, two teaspoonsful in four tablespoonsful of luke warm water. This remains on his stomach, but is very weak. I do not know whether he has distemper or not, he does not cough or run at the nose or eyes. He lies on his stomach with his head on his paws the greater part of the time. Is it distemper? Ans. It is possible that the pup is sickening for distemper, a few days or a week at the most will decide whether it is distemper or not. At present the pup has considerable irritation of the stomach and bowels. Give the following powder:

℞ Bismuth sub-nit. ..... ʒii.
Cerii oxalas. ..... gr. xii.
Salol. ..... gr. iii.
Morph. sulph. ..... gr. i.
M. et div. in pulv. ..... xii.

Give one every three hours shaken on the tongue.

Feed the pup entirely on raw meat juice, and a very little malted milk about twice a day. Give about half a teaspoonful of raw meat juice every two or three hours.

Cooker, Providence, R. I.—For some time my cocker spaniel pup's breath has been very bad and teeth coated, or discolored a dark yellow. Displays a fondness for carrion, etc. Appetite very good and has plenty of exercise. About two months ago I treated for worms successfully, using Santonine (Ashmont's worm medicine No. 2). Still he did not improve much and about a month afterward had a fit. I repeated the worm medicine without success. However, his condition improved, though his breath and teeth remained bad. Lately I have given bicarbonate of soda, thereby improving his breath. Can I do anything to make the teeth white (only the second teeth are discolored)? Ans. I presume the dog has not had distemper. Clean the teeth with a brush and chalk, and if necessary scrape them. With the bicarb of soda give half a grain of papoid. Also give five grains of albuminate of iron twice a day.

C. H. B., Silver City. Utab.—My dog is much troubled with a humor that appears about his hip and has troubled one of the eyelids a little. Licks himself constantly, and when one sore breaks that will dry up for a time and he is troubled at some other part. Ans. Try for worms. Then give the following mixture:

Mag. sulph. ..... ʒi.
Ferri. sulph. ..... ʒi.
Acid sulph., dil. ..... ʒi.
Aq. ad. ..... ʒviii.

Mist. One tablespoonful twice a day.

To the sores apply:

Picis metb 20%. ..... ʒi.
Liq. plumbi sub. acet. ..... ʒiv.
Aq. ad. ..... ʒviii.

Mist. Lotio. To be applied frequently.

J. S. F., Jasper, Ala.—My pointer dog has had innumerable little lumps over him for the past two months, which seem to worry him greatly. He is washed frequently with dog soap and I expect the trouble is in the blood. Ans. Treat for worms. Give following mixture.

Mag. sulph. ..... ʒiv.
Pot. bicarb. ..... ãã ʒss.
Aq ad. ..... ʒviii.

Mist. One teaspoonful twice a day. When washing the dog add 4oz. hyposulphite of soda to the water.

J. H. P., Sistersville, W.Va.—My dog has a mucous discharge from his eyes which causes sores to form. What can I do for him? Ans. Try the following lotion:

Zinci. sulph. ..... gr. xx.
Acid boracic. ..... ʒi.
Aq. dist. ..... ʒviii.

Mist. Lotio. Apply to eyes three or four times a day.

F. C. H., New York.—Will you please inform me whether as to your knowledge collies are any good for the city or not. My present one is six months old, and begins to get very nervous at every unusual noise. Ans. The extreme nervousness is very probably the result of teething or worms. Treat for worms. Give 12grs. of urethane twice a day, or oftener if necessary. Keep the dog quiet for the present.

R F. T., Boston, Mass.—You can whiten your bull-terrier's coat without washing by applying buttermilk and flour of sulphur mixed to the consistency of cream and brushing off when dry. The mixture dries very soon and is also a benefit to the skin of the dog and "good" for fleas. This applies of course equally to fox terriers, English terriers, etc.

C. E. S., Middletown, O.—My English setter has been shedding for about six months. Appetite poor. Is it proper for him to shed all summer? Ans. Treat for worms, using advertised remedies. Wash in a solution of creoline (1 to 60) once or twice a week. Give 5grs. of citrate of iron twice a day. Dogs often shed a good deal in summer.

F. G. B., Tarrytown, N. Y.—The fox-terrier Incognita's (6994) breeder and pedigree are not known. She was registered by Mr. Mortimer in the A. K. C. S. B. of 1887, but only one winning is given, first (selling class) Waverley, 1887.

A. F.—Do not cut the piece of eyelid, but instead remove an elliptical piece of skin immediately under the turned in part of eyelid. Get a veterinarian to do it.

J. G., Newark.—Please give me in your next issue a recipe for mange. Ans. Sublimed sulphur, 2lbs.; oil of tar, 8oz.; cottonseed oil, 1gal.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.
Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.
Nov. 5.—Brunswick Fur Club. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

COURSING

Oct. 1.—American Coursing Club's meeting at Huron, S. D. L. Zutaverne, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge.
Oct. 8.—North Dakota Coursing Club, at Oakes, N. D. A. P. Slocum, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge.
Oct. 16.—Kenmore Club's annual meeting at Goodland, Kan. C. F. Weber, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Oct. 23.—Western Kansas Coursing Club's meeting at Leoti, Kan. W. O. Allpbin, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Nov. 6.—Altcar Coursing Club's autumn meeting at Holyoke, Col. S. W. Vidler, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Nov. 14.—California State meeting at Merced, Cal. J. R. Dickson, secretary.

The American Coursing Board.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Aug. 11, I see an article from the pen o Mr. L. F. Bartels in which are statements not correct. At the time the addition to Rule 18 was submitted, Mr. Bartels was a member of the A. C. B. and he stated to me in Denver that at first thought he did not like the addition, but afte studying the question he became convinced that it was th correct thing to do for coursing on our prairies and ha voted for the addition. Will he please state why this change of mind as soon as he is out of the Board? As to his brother's motion of May 9, if he will refer to Mr. Watson's second he will there see a request to give a reasonable time for discussion before calling for a vote.

His assertion that this motion was pigeon-holed until some method could be devised to counteract it, Mr. Lowe must answer. I will make affidavit that the first intimation I had of the motion was June 30, when it reached me in the wilds of northern Michigan. It then took me just 30 minutes to write out the amendment and send it to Mr. Lowe, with request to have it published and with the statement that the amendment must be voted on first. All the voting being done by mail, will Mr. Bartels state to me by what rule of order he can ask a vote on an original motion to which an amendment has been offered, before the amendment has been voted on and either accepted or voted down. Mr. Lowe is getting himself into a fine position by accepting the chairmanship of the A. C. B. and working hard to help forward coursing in America. The organization of the A. C. B. was my individual scheme. No one knew anything about it until I submitted it in writing to the meeting at Goodland, Kan., in October last, and at once several of those present insisted on my becoming its first chairman. I declined.

Now as far as I having any desire to run the A. C. B., I will promise Mr. L. F. Bartels that if he will obtain a copy of "Robert's Rules of Order" and study it closely and agree to abide by said rules, and again become a member of the A. C. B., I will support him for president and he can name his own secretary as far as I am concerned. Then he can see how little chance the president will have to run the Board to suit himself. I don't think they will ever get Mr. Lowe to accept it again. I am hourly expecting a letter from him scoring me for inducing him to accept the presidency this year because it was only at my earnest solicitation that he was induced to take hold.

Another part of Mr. Bartels's article nearly escaped my attention. The point he makes is almost too ridiculous to give it any attention. He asks—"Why offer my amendment at all because it will leave the question of rules, constitution, etc., just as adopted last fall"? Why doesn't Mr. Bartels read up first and see what he is talking about before he submits such nonsense to the public. My amendment does not affect the motion at all where it relates to the constitution and by-laws. Such notions can only be attributed to the light air in the high altitude of Denver.

Q. Van Hummell, M.D.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Show Beagles as Practical Field Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the eighth paragraph of my article which appeared in your issue of July 28 your compositor makes me say, "The only 'valuable' stock I can recall are imported Bannerman and Twintwo." It should read, "The only Valentine stock," etc.

The beagle men came out in goodly array in defense of their little hounds; I hope they will continue therein. The letters of "Agamak," "Rockaport" and "D. E. B. O'Nair" show their knowledge of hunting beagles, while the beginners may find some valuable suggestions from "Colombia's" letter, besides it has the true sportsman's ring to it. It is pleasant to find that every one is not seeking the extermination of poor bunny, and I hope some others will become converted. There certainly is little enough of any kind of name here in the East, but perhaps the rabbit can scarcely count as such, so that if we exterminate him, what will be left for the chase? If rabbits were so thick here as I have seen them in England, and it was number one one was after, a dog need not be used at all, as the less they are run, the easier it is to ferret or snare them; but if it is good dogs we want to breed and train, the fewer (of a scarce article) we kill, the more chance there will be to train the puppies. There certainly is no fear of the rabbits overstocking the country, as the English variety has done in Australia, or even as it formerly did in some parts of England.

Since this beagle correspondence has been going on, Mr. Editor, it has occurred to me that beagle men who live within a little distance of each other might meet in the evenings and run their dogs together for the good of the breed—not only the men who own a kennel, but those who own a single dog or a brace of dogs. There need be no rules or restrictions, but let each one bring one or two hounds—beagles—so that there be a friendly run not less than once a week, weather permitting. No doubt, Mr. Editor, you would enter into the spirit of the thing and give us a notice similar to the English "hunting fixtures." All the beagle men within meeting distance of the "Hub" hold up their right hands—some have promised. I am a poor man, but will help; and let us all put our hands to the wheel and try if we cannot "down" these "curtail" advocates; I am in it "for the love of the dog because he is a dog." "Glenrose," will you join us with a brace in September? Friends Parry, Clarke, Forest Kennels, only think of it, all these within five miles, besides many who only own a hound or two. Why, we might have a pack here sufficient to grace the Queen's taste.

Comedy.

Malden, Mass., Aug. 14.

HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The suggestion that "Comedy" makes in this issue is certainly worthy the serious attention of beagle breeders in his neighborhood, and in fact all lovers of this little hound. Nothing is easier, nothing simpler; it only requires one enthusiast who will assume the duty of whipper-in. A postal card to his friends giving date and rendezvous is all that is necessary to start the game. Like many other important reforms, it merely requires some one to take the lead. Suppose "Comedy" accepts this role and he will soon see who of his

fellow beagle breeders and friends are in it for the "love of the dog because it is a dog," or whether their breeding operations are merely carried on through financial interest. Friendly runs of this kind create a spirit of emulation that should constitute the charm of beagle ownership. There is probably no sport that gives more sport and costs less than rabbit hunting with beagles, and if the nature of the country hunted over and the habits of the game afford the opportunity, less attention should be given to the gun and more to the healthy action of following the little hounds, whose music supplies a stimulant that even the laziest hunter can scarcely withstand. Residents in the suburbs of our large cities have few amusements after business hours, and we can think of no more exhilarating and healthy exercise than the sport which "Comedy" suggests would afford them these moonlight nights. It matters not whether game is killed or not, the pleasurable excitement of the run is the same in either event, and the possession of a dead rabbit or two should be lost sight of in the main object of the sport—to see one's hounds at work; their cleverness in picking up the trail, casting at a check, and the joyous burst of music from the one that first hits it off again. To our mind even a kill is no prettier or self-satisfying termination of a sharp burst than the waving of sterns and musical chorus and excitement of the pack, that shows where bunny "went to earth," or "holed," in the vernacular of the rabbit hunter. Beagle trials are all very well in a way, but the business aspect and the monetary considerations involved often mar the charm, but such friendly meets as these would create local interest in beagles that no amount of field trials ever could do, while FOREST AND STREAM would be only too pleased to publish accounts of such runs and thus help the good cause.

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One of the donations received by the Northwestern Beagle Club for the coming field trials is an oil portrait of the winner of the champion class, donated by Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus, value $200. The portrait will represent the dog on trail, and should be a prize well worth striving for.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

25. Atlantic City Cor., Open, Muckle Cup, Atlantic City.
25. Quincy, Open, Dorchester Bay
25. Squantum, Club Squantum, Mass.
25. Indian Harbor, 21ft., Naphtha Launches, L. I. Sound.
25. Cor. Mus. Fleet, Ann., New Rochelle.
25. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
25. Knickerbocker, Club, L. I. S'd.
25. Columbia, Open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
25. Cor. Phila., Sweeps, Del. River.
25-26. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, California City.
27. Scboodic, 3d Cup, St. Andrews.
30. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Seacliff, Ladies' Day, L. I. S'd.
1. Beverly, Sweeps, Mon. Beach.
1. Larchmont, Fall, L. I. Sound.
1. Squantum, Club Run, Squantum, Mass.
1. Hull Cor., Open, Hull.
1. New Bedford, Club Sail, Buzzard's Bay.
1. Rochester, Cruising Race to Oswego.
3. So. Boston, Open, City Point.
3. New York Y. R. A., Ann., N.Y.
3. Fall River, Club.
3. Cleveland, Ann., Lake Erie.
3. Lynn, Open, Nabant.
3. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor
3. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth, Mass.
3. Indian Harbor, 21ft., L.I.Sound
6. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte. Lake Ontario.
8. New York Bay, Club, N.Y. Bay
8. Atlantic City Cor., Club Cup, Atlantic City.
8. San Francisco Cor., Cruise to Pacific Y. C. Regatta.
8. Philadelphia, Delaware River.
8. Cor. Phila., Wilkinson Cup, Delaware River.
8. Columbia, Club, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
10. Schoodic, Sail-off for Cup.
12. Hempstead Bay, Club, Hempstead Bay.
13. Miramichi, Race, Newcastle.
13. Rochester, Ladies' Day and Closing Review, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
15. Winthrop, Club, Boston Harbor
15. Larchmont, Larchmont Cup, Long Island Sound.
15. Beverly, Club Cham., Monument Beach.
15. Phila., Pen., Mos. Boats, Delaware River.
15-16. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Vallejo.
20. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth, Mass.
20. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor
22. Squantum, Cham, Squantum, Mass.
22. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
22. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.
22. San Francisco Cor., Sail to Sausalito.
22. New York Bay, Club, N.Y. Bay
22. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, Long Island Sound.
22. Cor. Phila., Jeanes Prize, Delaware River.
22. Phila., Final Race, Classes 1, 2 and 3, Delaware River.
23. San Francisco Cor., Sail Outside.
29. Miramichi, Race, Chatham to Newcastle.
29-30. San Francisco Cor., Cruise to McNear's.

OCTOBER.

6. Cor. Phila., Sweeps, Del. River
13. San Francisco Cor., Final Sail.
20. Cor. Phila., Club, Del. River.

SOCIAL AND BUSINESS.

Aug. 25.—Winthrop, Ladies' Day, Reception, Winthrop, Mass.

FOLLOWING up its researches into the Steers-Burgess-Herreshoff model which have already made it famous, the New York *Herald* has this week announced another discovery of equal importance, to wit, that "the gear of Vigilant was never meant for the frequent shifting of sails." So far as there is any difference in the rigs of modern single-stick vessels, the cutter rig being used on American as well as British, this difference has for some years been on the side of the American modification of the cutter, as used on Puritan and the later yachts. Last year the superiority of the Herreshoff over the Watson rig was freely acknowledged; as was the fact that the last Cup race was won by Vigilant through the bold and skillful manner in which she shook out a reef and set her clubtopsail. Britannia's rig this year is in some parts modeled directly after Vigilant's, and so far as the mere "gear" goes there is no material difference in favor of either.

THERE is one great advantage so far as Americans are concerned in having the races sailed in British rather than home waters. In the case of the Cup races off Sandy Hook last year, the first news, placing the boats in impossible positions, appeared on the bulletins about 2 P. M., and it was often nearly midnight before the corrected times were known. This year, with the races sailed off Cowes, the bulletins in New York display accurate times at the intermediate marks by 12 M., New York time, and the final results are in the afternoon papers by 1 or 2 o'clock.

ONE of the excuses most frequently advanced for Vigilant's defeats is that they are due to the fact that the races are sailed with no time limit, and that under the American system of a time limit, they would have been declared off and resailed in a stronger wind. This statement which in various high-colored forms is now going the rounds of American papers, is incorrect, both as to the existence of any such system and its supposed application to the present races. There is, in some clubs, a provision that if a regatta be not completed by a certain time, either so many hours from the start, or by a fixed time, such as sunset, it shall be resailed; but this provision is by no means universal, and even when used it is anything but a preventive of drifting matches. It not unfrequently happens that with a time limit of say six hours, over half of the time is wasted in a drifting match until the boats are widely separated, when an afternoon breeze springs up and drives a boat in just within the time, leaving the others astern. The merits and drawbacks of the time limit are standing subjects of discussion in the American clubs, and opinion is still divided.

The nominal end of the time limit is to make certain of an average speed of 5 knots, 30 nautical miles in 6 hours, and the table which we lately published will show that such a limit would have had no effect on Vigilant in races abroad. Out of the 17 races which she has sailed, just one was at a lower average speed than 5 knots (3.30 knots). Three others were sailed at speeds over 6 and under 7 knots; while no less than twelve were sailed at a speed of 8 knots or over. Of the races won by Vigilant, two were sailed at a speed of over 10 knots, one at a speed over 9 knots, one at 7 knots and one just over 6 knots. The races of the past fortnight have in most cases been sailed in strong winds.

THE question of type has been well settled in the smaller classes by the races of Madge, Clara, Bedouin on this side representing the keels; and at a more recent date in British waters by Wenonah, Wee Win and Dacotah, representing the extreme bulb fin; but in the largest class the battles have been very unsatisfactory to both sides from a technical standpoint, the only one which can lead to good results or teach any lessons of value. The racing of Puritan and Genesta proved that the new compromise, with cutter rig and lead keel, was faster in light weather than the narrow cutter produced by the Thames rule, the result in a blow being far from conclusive. The races of the following year found the same types involved, and were still less interesting through the challenging boat being inferior to her older predecessor of the year before, while just the reverse was the case with the defender. The trial of a year later between Volunteer and Thistle found the keel side represented by a new type, built without regard to the trammels of the old tonnage rule, but still so lacking in one vital element of draft as to rob the contest of its technical value as a test of the keel and centerboard as developed by two great yachting nations.

The contests of last year, those on this side in particular, were the most satisfactory that have thus far been seen in classes over 70ft., in that for the first time the keel side was represented by a yacht that was thoroughly effective to windward, and also far better suited for American waters than any of the other challengers. Even with this, the three races sailed were by no means enough for a thorough test, especially in view of the altered trim of the challenger and the closeness of the last race.

The contest of this season, transferred for the first time in many years to British waters, is attended by conditions that tend to make the results of far greater value to both sides than in most yacht races with their thousand varying factors.

In the first place the two champions may fairly claim this title by virtue of their past performances and not through the mere fact of being built for a certain purpose. Each has made an honorable record with her home fleet before meeting her adversary in an international contest; and each is presumably in better condition in her second than in her first season; at least she has profited by long and thorough trials.

That the conditions are strongly against the visiting yacht has long been maintained by British yachtsmen and is now fully conceded by Americans; and the fair-minded men of both nations are prepared to make a liberal allowance for this recognized drawback to Vigilant's success. Much has been said about winds and courses; but the former are quite up to the American average, and any extended series of races such as will offer a thorough test can only be made in the course of the regular club events and over local courses. It would be far more satisfactory if a dozen or so of races could be sailed on purely outside courses with good winds, but such a thing would be an impossibility on this side and quite as impossible on the other. Taken altogether, with the best vessels that the representative designers of the two nations can produce, sailed by men like Carter and Haff, for racing owners who are prepared to spend any amount of money to win, with skillful sailmakers constantly at work for each yacht; and with the many faults and crudities of a new yacht corrected by a previous season of racing; the conditions are the most favorable that have ever existed for a careful and thorough comparison of the merits and defects of each type which shall add materially to the yachting knowledge of both countries.

While there are not a few among American yachtsmen who are watching every race with the closest attention in the hope of discerning the true bearing of each incident; and of forming correct opinions on the great number of technical points involved, of centerboard and keel, of form of how, methods of setting sails, working of crew, and other important questions in practical designing and racing; the attitude of the nation at large, so far as it can be judged from the newspapers, both in editorial opinions and in interviews real or alleged, with yachtsmen, is totally different. Hardly an effort is made to draw a fair comparison between the two yachts, or to deal with the technical side of the racing, but everything is subordinated to a boastful and exaggerated Americanism that is not only discreditable in itself, but which defeats the very object of such international contests, debasing them from their high position as scientific experiments of the greatest value, to a mere excuse for a display of ill-feeling toward another nation.

Last year, to say nothing of the defeats of Navahoe, the other American representative defeated her antagonist in three races, one by a very narrow margin, whereupon she was hailed as the champion of the seas. This year the same champion has sailed no less than seventeen races with a foreign yacht, many of them under fairer conditions than in the average yacht race; she has been beaten twelve times and yet there is hardly an American paper that will admit that this record of twelve to five bespeaks the victor the faster yacht. The winner in one, two or three races for the America's Cup, under conditions made to suit her, has been hailed throughout the country as the champion of the year; and now, when the record is overwhelmingly on the other side, no plea is too mean or too ridiculous to be put forward to belittle the winner.

Americans may still believe Vigilant to be the better boat, just as the Scotch did for a time in the case of Thistle, they may make any fair excuses for the adverse conditions which she voluntarily accepted in going across; but beyond all this is the cold hard fact that she has been beaten again and again, and in many cases fairly beaten, and yet Americans are not brave enough or fair enough to admit it. It is quite possible that she might still defeat Britannia on this side of the water, or even score a majority of the races on some open course in neutral waters under fitting conditions, but the fact that Britannia, always ready, sailing races day in and day out, has beaten her repeatedly in a long series of races is something which cannot be hidden or explained away.

We are quite well aware that that mischief-maker, the anonymous "prominent yachtsman," with his ally, the sensational reporter, is found in other places than New York, and that just now the precious pair are doing a rushing business at Cowes, and we look for an outburst on the other side in a short time which will compare in quality and quantity with the stuff that has appeared here since Vigilant sailed her first race on the Clyde; but this does not make matters any better.

The technical points, those of prime value to yachtsmen, which we have endeavored in the FOREST AND STREAM to present as fairly and fully as possible to our readers, at least without prejudice and with a patriotic interest in the American craft; have already been buried and obscured under a mass of mis-statements and distorted facts so far as Americans are concerned, and it only makes matters worse that the other side is at length preparing for a similar campaign. We regret sincerely, as friends of the noblest and most scientific of sports, as well as of American yachting interests, that such an opportunity for added knowledge and material progress in designing should have been largely lost to the country through the unfair and partisan attitude of the American press and of some American yachtsmen.

THE loss of Vigilant's centerboard is a commonplace accident which is new only because such boards are new, but which is likely to become quite common in the event of such yachts as Navahoe and Vigilant coming into more general use. The presence of a heavy weight loosely fitted in a vessel must always be an element of danger from the momentum imparted to the moving part by the motion of the sea; and in such a construction as seems necessary to a centerboard, with one end loosely suspended by a chain or line, another element of danger is introduced when the board rises through striking an obstruction and falls suddenly on the pendant when it goes clear, as in the case of Vigilant. There is nothing unexpected about this, and nothing unusual, though under the circumstances it is most unfortunate, as the accident is likely to be construed in two ways abroad. It is reported that some of the gossips about Cowes lay the loss of the board to the owners of the yacht, claiming that it was but an excuse to avoid meeting Britannia; a deduction too mean and absurd to be seriously considered. It is likely, however, that in addition the loss of her board under such conditions will be urged as additional evidence of the machine-like build of the American boat. We have realized ever since these heavy boards have been tried, especially in view of an accident to the 30-footer Hawk two seasons since, that the breaking of a pendant, leaving the heavy board still hanging by the pin at full length under the boat, where it could not be replaced in the trunk or even dropped entirely, would be a very serious matter, possibly leading to the loss of the vessel. The mere loss of the board, clear and clean, as in Vigilant, while fatal to her stability and windward power in a race, would leave her as staunch and seaworthy as before.

WHEN the Vigilant wins a race she invariably (according to press accounts) whips the English cutter "at her own game," in "just Britannia's weather," etc.; but when the Prince of Wales's flyer shows her heels to the American sloop we hear that "local knowledge helped the Englisbman," or Britannia was "favored by flukes of wind," etc. Let us just eliminate these pardonable explanations and realize that two of the fastest yachts that ever slipped from a cradle have come together, and that the contest for mastery will be a ding dong fight every race they sail. They are so nearly matched that it is as uncertain as the toss of a sixpence which will win eventually.—*Hartford Telegram.*

EVERY once in a while a discussion arises over the use of the definite article before the name of a yacht, the omission of the article being often derided by Americans as an affectation peculiar to Anglomaniacs. In the report of a race which we republish from the London *Times*, it will be seen that the writer, we believe Mr. Harry Horn, the leading English yachting reporter, follows no definite plan, but speaks in one place of "Vigilant," and in another of "the Vigilant;" and the same lack of system is seen in other English papers, the article being employed in one line and omitted in the next. Looking at any vessel, much more such a yacht as Gloriana, Vigilant or Britannia, as something more than a mere mass of lead and wood, a something far more fully endowed than most other of man's creations with life and an individuality of her own, we have always preferred to use the simple name of the yacht, without the article, or quotation marks, a tribute to the higher qualities of a yacht which we believe she fully merits. There are some cases in which it seems natural to apply the article before the name of a working vessel, or even a steam yacht; but certainly the true sailing yacht is entitled to this much recognition of her superiority to a drydock or a scow.

ON Aug. 18 a meeting of the Yacht Racing Association was held at Ryde, at which a committee of four was appointed to consider the operation of the present rating rule, and to report to the Council at a meeting in October. So much has been said about the last abortive inquiry that it is probable that the present committee would not have been appointed had there not been a reasonable prospect of some action on the part of the Association should a change be recommended by the committee. The necessity for a thorough overhauling of the rules, and at least the adoption of a new classification, exists on this side at present, and if anything is to be done, some move must be made at once, in order that any changes may be made before the building season.

There is no general body in this country similar to the Y. R. A., much as one is needed; but, if any one of the larger clubs choses to take the initiative, it is more than likely that all the others will join with it in appointing representatives to consider the whole question. It would be an excellent thing if this work could be done as far as possible in conjunction with the British committee, as it might prove possible to devise a rule and classification that would be suitable to both parties, and that would greatly tend to the promotion of international racing. While any overtures toward such a committee and such mutual action with the Y. R. A. committee would have to be made informally in the first place, there are no serious obstacles to such a plan, and the feeling of yachtsmen on both sides is now so strongly in favor of at least a thorough inquiry into existing tendencies that an attempt would be likely to receive general support.

IN the course of a long fight for higher standards and more advanced methods in yachting, we have often had occasion to comment on the general lack of technical knowledge displayed by the daily press of the country in attempting to discuss yachting matters. Even after this long experience, however, the display of the present season is a surprise; the diffusion of knowledge of yachting has been so general and widespread of late years that it is wonderful how so much ignorance can still prevail among professional writers. The visit of Vigilant to foreign waters has offered a glorious opportunity for the American editorial writer, and he has availed himself of it in a way that is a disgrace to American journalism. The efforts of the American press, with so few exceptions that they are hardly worth noting, have been directed to the one end of proving that the American yacht is faster than her opponents, and in this attempt they have displayed a spirit of unfairness and injustice which we hesitate to believe is American; together with an utter ignorance of common racing usage on both sides of the Atlantic. Apart from the abuse of all connected with both the American and British yachts, who, with few if any exceptions are quite up to the high standard of gentlemen sportsmen which characterizes the keenest yachtsmen; every trivial incident of the racing is distorted and misrepresented to the detriment of British yachtsmen.

One excuse generally given for Vigilant's defeat in the first races is that the British rules were unfavorable to her, the fact that she has been accorded a most unusual privilege in being allowed to sail thirteen races without being measured, and at liberty to make any changes in ballast or crew, being passed unnoticed. Such a privilege is never accorded to a British yacht in her home waters. On the other hand, the fact that Britannia lessened her ballast when lately in dry dock, as she is allowed to do by all racing rules, has been

described as an underhand and surreptitious act, nothing being said of the fact that she is thus sailing on a somewhat larger measurement and thus receiving less allowance, than she is entitled to.

It is a matter of history that during his long career as a racing owner, the Prince of Wales has been regularly beaten by his subjects, even down to last year, when Valkyrie scored twelve wins to Britannia's nine. The following, however, from one of the thousand of the smaller papers which aspire to represent American opinions, is a good example of one of the favorite excuses for Vigilant's defeats:

It must be remembered that the boat which has been Vigilant's only rival belongs to the Prince of Wales, and, therefore, the sentiment of loyalty for which English people are so strongly distinguished is made an element of the contest. So rooted is that feeling that it may be doubted whether a British subject who owned a yacht would presume to take the liberty of beating the yacht of the Heir Apparent, if indeed he should attempt such a race. It may be doubted whether in the event of a commoner subjecting the Prince's boat to a defeat, the unfortunate victor would not receive a decided snubbing in society if he had any footing there. This particular sort of loyalty is not to us Americans a very creditable one, but our standpoint and education make us harsh critics in such matters.

THE following is a typical editorial from the same class of local journals in the large cities, its caption being "Gould the Toady:"

The alleged contest yesterday between the American yacht Vigilant and the Prince of Wales' Britannia explains the whole plan of the races and reveals George Gould in the light of a man who is bartering honor, patriotism and self-respect for toadyism. There is no doubt from the result of yesterday's performance with others before, that Vigilant could beat Britannia in any water in any kind of race. Everybody knows that the Prince of Wales and the Emperor of Germany would not have gone on board Britannia had not they been sure that Vigilant would obligingly keep astern. The jockeying at the start and the run to the Warner boat prove that Vigilant could have run away from Britannia at any stage of the game.

If Gould were to give the management of his yacht to an able seaman who would sail her for all she is worth, Britannia would not have entered for one race in the series. All Gould's efforts were directed yesterday to prevent Vigilant getting ahead. She could have sailed around Britannia and beaten her out.

Gould went to England to represent America in yachting, and he was bound in honor to do the best he could. Instead of that he has acted the part of a miserable toady for the sake of the society scraps that may fall from the table of royalty.

It is these same papers, large and small, which have, whenever the occasion offered, come forward in defense of the new deed of gift, and that have worked first and last to foster all possible ill-feeling between the yachtsmen of the two nations.

IT is not only the smaller papers throughout the country that are keeping up this agitation, but many larger ones as well, for whom the excuse of ignorance cannot be urged. The following, from the evening edition of the New York *Sun*, is an example:

In the race for the Ryde Town Cup yesterday the Satanita won with a ridiculous margin of 6m. 23s. to spare over the Britannia, and 7m. 50s. over the Vigilant. As a matter of fact, it was a walkover for the victor. Through the jockeying of the Prince of Wales's skipper the Vigilant was kept out of the race. At one time what should have been the real contestants were two miles off the course. It was clearly a case of beat the American at any cost. Mr. Clarke, the owner of the Satanita, was blackballed the other day when he tried to get into the Royal Yacht Club. He was not good enough to associate with in a club, but he was good enough to help in an honorable contest in a dishonorable way. No Englishman who ever came over here to take part in amateur sport can say that he did not find a fair field and no favor. Yesterday's affair may have been good business, but it was bad sport.

In making charges of this sort, the *Sun* is inviting comparisons that can only hurt its side of the question. Before making charges of foul play against the other yachts, although the racing rules were strictly observed by both, it should remember that a distinct charge of a violation of a rule recognized by all yacht clubs has been made against Vigilant in the match of Aug. 4, which, if true, would render her liable to disqualification; and yet no protest was made by her antagonist, the same yacht which is now accused by the *Sun* of making an underhand agreement to keep Vigilant from winning a less important race. The *Sun's* brag about a fair field and no favor will be taken for what it is worth by all familiar with the early races in defense of the America's Cup, as well as the disgraceful episode of the new deed of gift.

IT is not to be expected of the daily press that it will discuss the technical aspect of a question with the same accuracy and knowledge as is looked for in strictly technical journals; but it is certainly not asking too much of those writers who profess to represent American opinions and ideas that they shall display a little of that fair play whose absence on the side of their opponents they so vigorously denounce.

IN attempting to define a "rater" the Boston *Herald* falls into error in mixing up tons with rating, the two having nothing in common. There is no warrant for the expression "racing tons rating," and the use of the word "ton" only confuses a very simple matter.

A FEW weeks ago Mr. Gould was severely criticised by Americans for putting Vigilant into the Clyde races without more preparation. Just now he is being blamed by Englishmen because the yacht has failed to start in all the regular races, being laid up for several days for repairs.

Last fall the action of Capt. Cranfield in the final race in allowing Vigilant to go by without an attempt to stop her by luffing, was condemned by Americans as poor racing; this year Capt. Carter is accused of foul sailing because he engages in a luffing match with Capt. Haff. Just now the daily papers on each side are trying to prove that their respective champions were more than willing to sail in the gale of Aug. 15, and that the other party backed down.

THE English papers are now accusing Mr. Gould of smashing his centerboard in order to avoid meeting Britannia. It is now in order for the American papers to accuse the Prince of Wales of going out at night in the royal yacht and dropping rocks for Vigilant to strike on.

The Royal Victoria Gold Cup.

AT a meeting of the Royal Victoria Y. C. on Aug. 18, the following resolution was adopted:

"That the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's international gold challenge cup be withdrawn from competition for one year from this date, Aug. 18, 1894."

The Boston *Herald* comments follow on this action of the club:

"Withdrawing the Victoria cup for a year means much to the American yachting public, who now see that the club is not willing to risk it in a match against their champion British yacht, built to sail in British waters, though both the Britannia and Vigilant were designed and built in the same year.

"The New York Yacht Club is favored by the decision, because it puts the club in a position not to allow it to be challenged for again by any of its members.

"There is room for doubt that, had the Wolverton cup race been sailed and resulted in a win for the Britannia, such a resolution would have been adopted.

"Young Gould evidently gave out that he was going to challenge for the cup, and the club anticipated his action by withdrawing a world's challenge cup from competition for one year.

"The withdrawal is all the more ridiculous, inasmuch as, if any one wished to build a new boat on this side this winter and sail for the cup next year, he could not do it, even if the club was given ten months' notice.

"The Royal Victoria cup is an international challenge cup with a vengeance."

So far as Vigilant is concerned, thus far her owner has given no intimation of a desire to challenge for the cup, and the holders have not been asked to waive ten months' notice and to accept a challenge a few days or weeks before the race.

THE BRITISH RACES.

THE second week of the Solent racing has been even worse than the first so far as further tests of Vigilant and Britannia are concerned, the results, in brief, being as follows: Monday, no race on; Tuesday, Royal Victoria Y. C., first day, Vigilant at anchor making repairs, Satanita wins from Britannia in a strong breeze; Wednesday, private match for the Wolverton cup, heavy gale and race postponed to Saturday; Thursday, R. V. Y. C. third day, Satanita beats Britannia by 5m. and Vigilant by 8m. in a fresh breeze; Friday, R. V. Y. C., fourth day, Vigilant at anchor repairing sails, a good race was sailed in a fresh breeze, the 40-rater Carina winning on allowance, while Britannia beat Satanita by 3m.; Saturday, postponed match, Wolverton cup, Vigilant damages centerboard before start and race declared off.

The work of preparation was continued on board of Vigilant on Monday, her headsails having been recut since the previous race, and her mainsail overhauled and fitted with three battens under Mr. Wilson's direction. The only incident of the day was the refitting of Satanita, that vessel having unbent her sails after the blackballing of Mr. Clarke last week. The first race of the R. V. Y. C. was for the commodore's prize, £83, with a second prize of £30; Britannia, Vigilant and Satanita being entered. The course was from off Ryde Pier westward around a markboat off Cowes, then eastward past a mark off the Spit Fort Light, then around the Nab Lightship and back to the line, passing north of the Noman Fort, two rounds making fifty miles. There was a strong west wind, making a very fast race, as it proved. Vigilant did not come up from her moorings, off Cowes, and at 11 A. M. the following telegram was announced by the sailing committee from Mr. Gould: "Vigilant is unable to start to-day as all her standing rigging has been taken off and has not yet been stretched properly."

The other two were started, Satanita leading over the entire course and winning by 2m. 58s. elapsed and 1m. 10s. corrected time. The failure of Vigilant to start was commented on very unfavorably ashore. The race was one of the best of the season, being sailed at a speed of 12 knots.

The match for the Wolverton cup, postponed from Saturday, was set for Wednesday, but the wind increased during the night, and at 6 A. M. the signal for a postponement was hoisted at the R. Y. S. station, the gale being too heavy for yacht racing, with a bad sea. Not understanding the signal, Capt. Carter made all preparations for a start, housing Britannia's topmast, reefing the mainsail and hoisting a No. 3 jib, but he was finally notified from the shore that the race had been postponed until Saturday.

The third race of the R. V. Y. C. took place on Aug. 16, the course being from off Ryde, around the Nab Light, then past the Spit Fort mark and around the West Middle Buoy, off Cowes and home, two rounds making 50 miles naut. The wind was still from the N.W., a good cluhtopsail breeze, holding strong over the whole course, though varying in direction at times when some heavy rain squalls came up in the latter part. Vigilant was at the line in good form, with Britannia and Satanita; and Capt. Haff placed her well at the start, going over with good headway, while the other boats jibed just at the gun. The times were:

Satanita .....10 00 04 Britannia.....10 00 07 Vigilant.....10 00 09

The little difference in time was more than made up by Vigilant's extra speed. Early in the race she began to luff Britannia, and the two were soon heading far off their course for the Nab. Satanita was not slow to profit by all this, and her skipper hurried her away on a straight course, leaving the other two to fight it out. The luffing was continued sor several miles, so much time being lost that at the Nab Satanita had a lead of 4m., the times being:

Satanita .....11 05 15 Britannia.....11 09 20 Vigilant.....11 09 50

They now came on the wind for the Spit Fort mark, Vigilant gaining on Britannia, the times at this mark being:

Satanita .....11 54 35 Vigilant.....11 59 50 Britannia.....11 59 53

After a beat to the West Middle markboat, they were timed:

Satanita .....12 30 00 Vigilant.....12 36 09 Britannia.....12 36 55

They ran for the line with spinakers to port, the first round being timed:

Satanita .....12 57 25 Vigilant.....1 03 00 Britannia.....1 03 15

Britannia overhauled Vigilant in the balance of the run to the Nah, where they were timed:

Satanita.....1 41 03 Britannia.....1 44 45 Vigilant.....1 46 07

The reach to the Spit Fort was made with sheets well in, the times being:

Satanita.....2 32 15 Britannia.....2 39 15 Vigilaht.....2 41 25

The leg to the west mark was sailed in a rain squall, the times being:

Satanita.....3 14 45 Britannia.....3 20 20 Vigilant.....3 21 40

The finish was timed:

Satanita.....3 36 00 Britannia.....3 42 23 Vigilant.....3 43 05

Satanita beats Britannia by 4m. 17s. corrected, and Vigilant by 7m. 53s. Britannia heats Vigilant by 3m. 36s.

It is stated that the clew of Vigilant's jib pulled out when on the last windward tack for the West Middle mark, and also that "the mainsail parted with a loud report." It is not known whether any one was injured by the latter disaster. Complaint is also made that the board touched several times, the total draft being 22ft.

A great deal has been said in the American papers about the unfair action of Britannia, but on what grounds it is difficult to see. The despatch to the New York *Herald* stated that "Vigilant at once commenced to luff at Britannia;" and according to the European edition of the same paper, when Mr. Gould's attention was called to Satanita, sailing away on her course, he remarked, "Hang the Satanita; let her win the race, but let us beat Britannia." The plain fact seems to be that Vigilant and Britannia engaged in just such a hard luffing match as they have been in many times before since the Clyde races, regardless of the fact that there was now a third competitor, and that Capt. Cook Diaper, of Satanita, seeing his opportunity, made the most of it. The general allegations of a "put up job" made on this side against the skippers or owners of the two British boats are not supported by the facts, and on the other hand are contradicted by the keen rivalry between the two vessels; the skipper and crew of each sailing not only for glory, but for a more substantial reward in the shape of winning money.

The final race of the R. V. Y. C. on Aug. 17 was around the Isle of Wight, starting to the westward against a good breeze. Vigilant was busy with repairs to her sails and did not start, the starters being: Britannia, Satanita, Carina, Corsair and Namara, the latter a new Watson yawl. The day was cloudy and the breeze held strong. Carina won by allowance, Britannia giving her 33m. 39s.

On Saturday morning everything was in readiness aboard Vigilant, and as Atalanta had gone to Southampton to pick up Admiral Erben and the officers of the Chicago, the yacht started for the Needles under sail, with a light but freshening breeze from the west. Mr. George Gould boarded her near the Needles, with the two daughters of Lord Dunraven and Lieut.-Col. Paget, Britannia's representative. In passing the Needles, a locality noted for its many sunken rocks, Vigilant had her centerboard down, and it struck heavily on a rock, the full weight coming on the hoisting chain as soon as the board cleared the obstruction. The chain parted and the after end of the board fell clear of the trunk, the fore end in some unknown way unshipping from the pin on which it is hooked. The board is made of two plates of Tobin bronze, about 4in. apart, fastened by staybolts at short intervals, the space between being filled with lead and Portland cement. The weight is probably three tons. The lifting gear consists of a very powerful winch, specially made for the purpose, and a stout chain. The accident is one that is always liable to happen, and with serious consequences in case the centerboard is heavily weighted; on grounding, the board is lifted, but the slack of the chain is not taken in, then when the board clears and drops, it attains a strong momentum before the chain is again tightened.

Britannia had towed to the starting line and was already waiting the arrival of Vigilant, but there was nothing to do but to notify the sailing committee, who called the race off for the time. Mr. George Gould sent word to the Prince of Wales that he would sail the race without the centerboard if Britannia's owner desired to start, but the Prince declined. The course was on the open sea, the start being five miles from the Needles, and a strong wind was blowing. The royal yacht Osborne was present with the Queen on board, the Prince sailing on Britannia.

Arrangements were at once made to send down divers in hopes of recovering the board, as it will take several weeks to make a new one, the working drawings being in America and nothing exact being known as to the peculiar construction and fitting. Lord Wolverton the same evening withdrew the offered cup; so the prospects for the final sailing of the race are very indefinite.

Vigilant sailed back to Southampton, and when beating up took the ground below Hythe, and on clearing was carried by the tide across the bows of a Swedish bark, lying at anchor, to the serious risk of spars and sails on both vessels. A launch from the Chicago and two steam yachts, Dora and Growler, went to Vigilant's aid and towed her to a safe anchorage at the mouth of the Itchen. The regular racing continues this week about the Solent and then down the southwest coast.

The sailing committee's report is as follows:

"The two yachts were at the rendezvous in Totland Bay, according to directions, at 10:45 o'clock. Having each received instructions from the committee boat, they proceeded toward the starting point given, namely, five miles south of Atherfield Ledge. Vigilant hove to after passing outside the Needles.

"Subsequently Col. Paget and Mr. Gould came on board the Prince of Wales's yacht Osborne, and reported that Vigilant, in running the Needles, had bumped heavily on the outer Goose Rock, and that the centerboard became detached, dropped out and sank.

"Mr. Gould expressed willingness to sail without the centerboard if the Prince of Wales wished the match to go on, but His Royal Highness declined to take the advantage of racing with the Vigilant in such a disabled condition. The match is now off, Lord Wolvertou having withdrawn the cup."

Later reports, on Sunday and Monday, give an entirely different story of the accident. When the yacht was once more in smooth water the top of the trunk was removed and the board was discovered, jammed fast in the trunk. When at anchor off Southampton a diver was sent down, who reported that the board was partly down and jammed by the chain. A plank was placed on top of the board, with a spar from it to the boom, and the weight of the boom was allowed to bear on the board, forcing it down a little. Even with the crew on the boom it was impossible to get the board fully out of the trunk and down on to the mud bottom. The accounts of the accident are very confusing, but it would seem that the yacht was sailing in a very dangerous locality, among rocks, with her board down, this fact being unknown to Pilot Diaper. One story runs that the board was just being lowered when it struck. It is probable that the jerk when the board fell after passing one rock parted the chain and that she struck a second rock, forcing the board up into the trunk, the end of the chain jamming beside it. There is no telling how long the repairs will take. One report says that Vigilant will not sail again until she races for the Cape May cup on Sept. 9. Britannia and Satanita are sailing in the regular regattas, Satanita winning on Monday.

Classification by Sailing Length.

AT the time when the FOREST AND STREAM, in concert with the committees of several of the large clubs, was working for the adoption of a classification by corrected instead of waterline length, one of our chief opponents among the New York papers was the *Times*. That journal, with the two Boston papers, opposed the change very strongly though offering no serious arguments against corrected length. In the course of the controversy we warned the *Times* that sooner or later it must change its opinion, and though the falling off of yacht building and racing shortly after has made the date later rather than sooner, we are glad to see that our advice has at last been acted on, and that the *Times* has declared for the new classification as follows:

"It does not seem fair to have the Elsiemarie in the fifth class when her racing measurement is greater than that of the Shamrock and the Dagmar in the fourth. The classification in the New York Y. C. is on waterline length, and the allowance is figured on sail area. Many think the classification should be on racing measurement, and there is likely to be some legislation in the matter. A classification on racing length would certainly be fair on this year's run. The Emerald and the Ariel would go in the same class. The Elsiemarie, Dagmar, Quickstep and Shamrock would be together, and in the fifth class would be the Loyal, Viator, Neaera and Gevalia. The contests then would be very close.

* * * * * * * * *

"This cruise has taught some lessons, if the racing has not been satisfactory. It is shown that the classification is wrong. It is hardly fair to class the yachts on waterline length and sail them on racing measurement. This is shown clearly in the fifth class of schooners. The Elsemarie, a boat rated as big as those in the fourth class, has won every run, with the exception of to-day's. The waterline length is just 2in. short of the limit."

All this is perfectly true, so true that the only wonder is that the *Times* did not see it plainly when it was pointed out by still more striking examples five years ago.

That the leaven then sown is still alive and working is further shown by the following from the *Sun:*

"The only drawback to the whole cruise, as has already been mentioned in the *Sun*, was the rather unequal manner in which some of the yachts were classified, which practically destroyed the interest in some of the best classes. Some years ago the New York Y. C. appointed a special committee on measurement and classification, which was headed by such well-known yachtsmen as John Hyslop and Harold A. Sanderson, but for some unknown reason their able report, upon which they had spent months of hard labor, was shelved at a meeting of the club, without its having been barely read, much less considered, by the majority of the members. Judging by last week's cruise, it might be a good thing for yachting in general and the New York Y. C. in particular, if they rescued that document from oblivion and adopted some of its recommendations, unless they wish to kill racing on their cruises altogether."

While there were some in 1889, like Mr. Burgess, who opposed the proposed classification because they honestly believed it to be wrong in principle; the strongest opposition came from that class of yachtsmen who are incapable of understanding such a report as that of the New York Y. C. special committee, and who make a practice of voting against everything which they do not understand. The great bulk of intelligent yacht owners at that time took but little interest in the matter, one way or the other, the fighting being done by a few ardent enthusiasts on the one side, and the conservative element and the daily papers on the other. Since then there have been many object lessons like those of the present cruise which were too plain to be disregarded; and the position of racing owners towards the proposed classification to day is very different from that in 1889. We believe it would be an easy matter to secure the adoption of a uniform system of classification by sailing length in the leading American clubs this fall; but there is other work to be done before the class limits are fixed. There is a general feeling that the present measurement rule may well be supplemented with some factor that will tend to increase displacement; and if there is any likelihood of this being done, there is no use in first adopting a classification which would have to be changed to meet any alteration of the rule.

A Pilot's Duties.

OUR amusing friend of the *Recorder* thus comments on our attempts of last week to define a pilot's duties:

"An expert who ably conducts the yachting department of a world-renowned sporting journal was asked the other day by an inquiring correspondent to expound and explain the duties of a pilot.

"The yachtsman appealed to acquiesced with his usual good-nature. He replied that the pilot's duties were of a purely advisory nature, to give information to the skipper as to courses, tides, wind, weather, etc.

"This is all very well. So far as our friend, the yachting expert, goes, he is just tiptop. But he might have gone further and pointed out that the chief duty of a pilot is hinged about the draft of water of the yacht and the depth of the water the yacht is sailing in. That is what the pilot is principally hired for.

"The writer of these notes remembers a yacht race he sailed on the old Kitten away back in 1853. It was on the Thames, from Gravesend to the Nore and back. Old Martin, a Gravesend pilot, was aboard. It was a race with lots of money in it, and we were out for blood. Martin was told that if the Kitten grounded he would be chucked overboard. He agreed. We were tacking in toward the Maplin sand, and suddenly we slid right up on the shoal.

"'Chuck the devil overboard!' cried the skipper, and we did. He was well ducked. Then a life buoy was thrown to him and he was hauled on deck. Next he was thawed out with rum, there being no malice.

"This is a true yarn, but there is a moral contained therein. The Vigilant need never have been forced on to the ground had her pilot understood his duty. He only needed to yell out: 'Water! we want water!' and Britannia must have tacked or been disgraced and disqualified, according to the rules of the Y. R. A."

Our first point, as to courses, was meant to include, of course, the available sailing weather over the course, the mere order of turning marks being given in the sailing directions for the race. While the pilot's first duty is to give information as to the depth of water and run of the tides, he is also chosen for his local knowledge of all wind and weather conditions.

The main thing we would point out, however, is the *Recorder's* error as to the right of a pilot to give orders. No such right is acknowledged aboard a racing yacht, the captain being the one to give orders, and above all, to hail another boat for room From the cabled accounts, the trouble in the match of Aug. 4 arose solely from Pilot Diaper hailing Britannia to tack, without the knowledge of Capt. Haff, though it is not stated where the pilot stood, or why he was not so close to the captain that his hail was not heard by the latter. It was exactly this unauthorized giving of orders by parties other than the captain (though not by Capt. Joe Ellsworth who was the pilot) which caused the inexcusable fouling of Genesta by Puritan when the latter was on port tack. The exact relations between captain and pilot, and the extent to which the latter is trusted on to advise outside of the special points of water, wind and weather, depend entirely on circumstances; sometimes a local pilot is hired for a day for a small sum, and in other cases an expert like Capt. Ellsworth goes practically as the guest of the owner.

Lake Geneva Y. C.

A RACE was sailed Aug. 11. Weather fair. Wind very light:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Little Dipper, Miss Sturges	15.00	11 31 08	1 39 41	2 08 33
Ysabel, B. Carpenter	14.11½	11 31 35	1 37 33	2 05 58
Puckachee, Miss Ramsey	14.11	11 31 53	1 34 58	2 03 05

Vigilant's Races.

From the London Times.

The following account of the private match of Aug. 4 between Vigilant and Britannia is more detailed and accurate than any of the cabled reports. Considerable stress is laid on what would appear to he p serious breach of the rules on the part of Vigilant, a matter that has thus far been explained only by the cabled statement that pilot Diapes hailed Britannia to tack without Captain Haff's knowledge, the latter consequently failing to put Vigilant about at once. This explanation is anything but satisfactory, as such lax discipline could hardly prevail on Vigilant. It is quite unlikely that Captain Haff, even if he were not above such unfair practices, would do anything so foolish as to invite disqualification in an important race; and tbe breach of the rule was apparently a fair ground for protest on the part of Britannia. No details of the alleged fouling in the next race has yet been received on this side, but it is quite evident that the feeling over the incident here reported was at the bottom of the crowding hy which both yachts were put against the rocks.

The Vigilant and Britannia Match.

Saturday's breeze suited Vigilant to perfection, and she has never given a finer racing exhibition in this country. It was a plain-sailed and exceptionally uneventful race, and the excitement attendant on a close contest was wanting, the American cutter, in fact, getting the lead within ten minutes after the start and making a sure and steady gain to the finish. The amount of interest shown in the event was quite without parallel among the very many international races which have been started inside the Isle of Wight since the advent of the original Sappho 27 years ago, and such a numerous fleet of sailng yachts under way has never before been seen on the Solent, not even excepting any of the great naval reviews. It was a cheerless day with regard to weather, as, after a dismally gloomy morning, it became thick in the forenoon with misty rain and quite a low temperature. The match commenced with a short beat from off Cowes, to the East Buoy of Lepe, and the only particularly noteworthy incident in the match which followed was in the first board. This was one of ten minutes duration and both yachts stood across the flood tide towards the New Forest shore. The Vigilant, which was tbe leeward yacht, hailed the Britannia to tack for ground, which the latter at once did, hut the Vigilant violated the Y. R. A. Rule 22, which is to the effect that if two yachts are standing close-hauled towards shore and the yacht to leeward is likely to run aground she may hail the yacht to windward to go about, hut the leeward yacht shall be bound to tack at the same time. The Vigilant hailed Britannia to tack, but failed to go round herself until after reaching on for many lengths. No protest was made, and Vigilant simply found a cheap, easy, and speedy way of getting clear of her opponent in the tactics adopted. After the Lepe mark had been weathered they had 45 miles of reaching out of a 48 mile course. In the fresh breeze the Vigilant most unquestionably proved herself to be the faster vessel. The arrangements were as perfect as possible, and they were carried out by the sailing committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The umpire, Lord Dunraven, was accompanied on the official steamer by Mr. P. Percival, Jr., and Mr. W. H. Roberts, and the shore duties were in the hands of Mr. J. R. West, Captain Towers Clarke, and Mr. R. Grant, the secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Racing details follow:

Match.—Britannia vs. Vigilant, for cup value £100. Queen's course namely, from a line made by bringing a mark vessel in Cowes Roads flying the British and American ensigns and the R. Y. S. flagstaff thence round the East Buoy of Lepe shoal, to the eastward round the Warner lightship, and back to the starting line. Yachts to pass to the northward of the Prince Consort buoy and the Noman Fort, and to tbe southward of all the Brambles buoys in all cases. Yacht Racing Association rules. Time allowance for a 48-mile course.

Yacht.	Rig.	Rating.	Owner.
Vigilant	Cutter	169	Mr. G. J. Gould.
Britannia	Cutter	153	The Prince of Wales.

The Vigilant allowed the Britannia 2 min. 4 sec.

A good breeze from the west-southwest was blowing up tbe west channel and smoothing down the spring flood tide when the start was made at 10:30. Both vessels had jibheaded topsails set over whole mainsails, and second jibs were on each when they came reaching along the line on the starboard tack, Britannia about a cable's length ahead of her opponent, and the Prince of Wales's cutter was stayed and had not filled on port tack when the smoke of the starting gun was carrying away. Vigilant came round with wind well clear under the lee bow of the Prince of Wales's cutter, and thus it would not have been possible for the match to have commenced under more even terms. Vigilant was screwed up close, and for a time the Britannia was ahead, racing the faster, but Vigilant was first to strike inside the tide rift, and she then began to settle up a little under the Britannia. Both headed boldly in toward the New Forest shore, and after having heen for ten minutes on the port tack the Vigilant hailed for water and the Britannia's helm was promptly put down. The former at the time was under Britannia's lee bow, but she did not tack at the same time as hailing, and a protest might have been made. The outcome was that when the pair stood off into the Solent on starboard tack to cross the tide for the island shore the Vigilant bad a high berth on the Britannia's weather quarter and a commanding lead of her adversary. They fetched into Gurnard Bay just east of the buoy, Britannia tacking first and Vigilant coming round fine under her lee bow, the latter not having been stood a length further than was required for a clean fetch of Lepe Buoy, while it could hardly be said that the Britannia had overstood. There was a race of tide going eastward on the Lepe Buoy, which was cleverly made, and bore round thus:

Vigilant.....10 53 50 Britannia.....10 54 43

Mainbooms were swung over to port, and Vigilant's jibtopsail was going up while Britannia's was set, after sheets had been trimmed all round. Heading straight on a tack southward of the Bramhles the wind was brought on the starboard quarter, and although spinaker hooms were dropped square running sails could not be carried with benefit. The tide was swinging along cheerily with them, and with a brave breeze they went along eastward, the Vigilant palpably extending her lead, and she was 61s. ahead on passing the fairway cage huoy in Cowes Roads. Britannia's flying jib [jibtopsail] was smaller than the Vigilant's, but she had her reaching staysail on while her opponent had only a working one. At 11:10 Osborne was abeam and Vigilant was but little further ahead than in Cowes Roads. The wind was felt fresher when they came on a straight course for the Noman Fort, and sheets had been hauled in a little, and the Vigilant at once hegan to tramp away very fast. At 11:30 the Vigilant had Ryde Pier abeam, and here she had just about double the lead she had held off Cowes. Tbe weather was looking very dirty to windward, and as they raced along Ryde sands it came thick with rain. There was a breezing-up, too, and a southing which brought sheets in and set the vessels fairly foaming. Jibtopsails were carried out to the Warner, the tide being slack from the Noman out to the lightship, which was stayed round thus:

Vigilant.....11 50 45 Britannia.....11 53 32

They came back to the Noman on an easy bowline, and had sheets checked until above the buoy off Ryde Sand-head, when botb were clean full and hy with every prospect of fetching up through Cowes Roads. Both kept their luff along the island side and had a fair tide with them, but not so strong as it was in the middle. The wind came in hard puffs. Each took a regular heeler as they crossed the mouth of the Medina, and with a sweeping ebh they threaded close-hauled through the countless fleet of yachts riding at anchor in Cowes Roads, and completed the first round thus:

Vigilant.....12 38 28 Britannia.....12 42 22

It was thick with rain in the west channel, and the breeze southerned and came fresher. With the ebb soaking down and the wind freeing, the Lepe Buoy could be cleverly laid, and they went ploughing away very fast. The backing of the wind gave Britannia a lift and the timing when Lepe Buoy was hore round follows:

Vigilant.....12 49 50 Britannia.....12 53 35

Jibtopsails were pulled up and Britannia set reaching staysail. Vigilant opened the distance between the buoy and Cowes Roades, the leader heing 4m. 14s. ahead when she passed the Castle. Going east they both had quite a lull under the high land off Norris, but it was not long before the wind came on smart again and they went past Oshorne driving a big bow wave before them. The Scotch mist continued and they had the offshore wind puffy, the Vigilant getting a stinger. At 1:20 off the Peel Buoy she was roaring along and going from Britannia hand over hand. The Vigilant sailed in a fine breezy lane right down to Ryde, the wind keeping true broad off the island, but not steady in strength. At 1:33 the leader was off Ryde Pier, and she here had nearly 5m. lead and going away from Britannia. The weather had cleared a little by the time they had raced out to the Noman and after clearing the fort Vigilant got her jibtopsail down, but Britannia carried hers right out to the lightship, which was stayed round thus:

Vigilant.....1 55 23 Britannia.....2 01 17

With full sheets they came in to the Noman, and then got trimmed in for a reach clean full and by for home. The ebh stream was going fair with them and the hreeze from south-south-west was bending them rail deep. The Vigilant came smoking along in style past Ryde, and without a falter in the wind the island side was raced along, both skimming close past the Peel. Britannia was getting dropped by the Rhode Islander, which stepped out in lively style to every heeling puff and, with wind lying right through, her victory was assured when she reached past Osborne. After passing Old Castle Point a lane had to be picked between the yachts at anchor, and it was not a very straight one. As on the first round, there was a rattling breeze coming out of the Medina, and the Vigilant reached through the line rail deep, a meritorious winner of a notable match. The official timing of the finish follows:

Vigilant (winner).....2 36 45 Britannia.....2 43 18

The winner having to allow Britannia 2m. 4s., thus won by 4m. 29s.

Mr Gould, the owner of the Vigilant, was one of the Prince of Wales's guests at dinner in the evening on board the Osborne.

The *Field* describes the race as follows:

"This match had been looked forward to with a varied kind of interest, in splte of tbe long list of defeats the American yacht had suffered at the hands of Britannia. The people who had closely watched the career of the American yacbt in this country were confident she would win should there be a piping breeze; but, generally, it may be said that the Cowes folk were positive Britannia would sail home with a commanding lead, regardless of weather. The day and the breeze came, and it must be said at once that Vigilant got through the water faster than Britannia, led all round the course, and won with a comfortable amount of time in hand. It was a regular floorer for the Cowes people, but they are now looking forward to a match in Britannia weather. Nobody liked the way Vigilant shaped in the match; she was sailing on her uppers all round the course, while Britannia, by comparison, was as upright as a church steeple. Still, the American, when buried by the off-shore slammers, kept going, and was wonderfully full of life. However, to see a broad centerboard yacht sailing on her side like one of our old "plank-on-edge" yachts did not seem in accordance with the fitness of things, but Vigilant appears to have been designed to sail in any position it may please the wind to place her. One notahle feature was the manner she weathered out on Britannia in the short flog to windward, and this in spite of the excessive heel she took. Barring this short beat from the start to Lepe, it was a very plainly sailed race, singularly devoid of interest, and it was not even a 'record' performance, as Satanita sailed the course in less time last year. Still, a speed of 11¾ knots was commendable, hut Satanita's of 12 knots was better. It must, however, be said that Satanlta, on Aug. 3 last year, had more wind to drive her than Vigilant had to-day.

"There were probably more sailing yachts, and steam yachts, and excursion steamers under way than had ever before been seen in the Isle of Wight, in spite of the wet, uncomfortable weather. Among the steamers was that which conveyed the referee, Lord Dunraven, and two members of the R. Y. S. sailing committee, Mr. Philip Percival and Mr. W. H. Roberts. The race went off without a hitch, although there was a 'cause for protest' at the end of the first board, when Vigilant hailed for water and failed to tack at the moment Britannia did. It was, however, subsequently explained that the sailing master of Vigilant did not know his pilot had hailed. This explanation would scarcely have availed had a protest been made."

The Vigilant.

From the Marine Journal.

The match between the Vigilant and Britannia, sailed on the 9th inst. was a fair test of the speed of the two yachts over an inside course. There was a good share of windward work, and while the Vigilant gained a little on each run, she was fairly outsailed by the Britannia in turning to windward; there was plenty of steady wind and no flukes, and in some of the heavy gusts off the land both yachts had all the wind they wanted, and the race resulted in another win for the Britannia.

A good deal has been said about calms and drifting matches on the Clyde and at Bangor, and the defeat of the Vigilant has by some been mainly attributed to this cause.

No one, we presume, will say that tbe cup races won by the Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer and Vigilant were drifting matches, the average speed of the winning hoat in these nine matches being 7.41 knots, yet the first nine races between the Vigilant and Britannia were sailed by the winner at an average rate of 7.66 knots; these are both high averages when the windward work is considered.

It does not appear to he realized that the Vigilant is a considerably larger boat than the Britanuia, and while the difference in size is made up hy time allowance, the Britannia, when she has won, except in one instance, has done so without time allowance.

The Britannia is 5in. longer on the water line than the Vigilant, but against this the Vigilant has 2ft. 9in. more beam, and, in consequence, carries about ten per cent. more canvas than the Britannia.

It is an excellent and useful quality in any vessel, whether steam or sail, to he able to handle quickly under her helm, and in this respect the Britannia excels the Vigilant, though it should be remembered that the Vigilant gains a considerable advantage by her straight keel in getting her lead much lower thau if her keel were cut away from the heel of the sternpost to the water line, as it is with the Britannia.

It appears that in the matches which have been sailed thus far the Britannia has won eleven by an average of 6 min. 31 sec., while the Vigilant has won four races by an average of 3 min. 13 sec., and one other match, in which the time of the Britannia was not taken.

The two yachts are very evenly matched, and no series of yacht races have ever afforded so much sport and instruction. Yachts, like dogs, have their day, and one who has sailed on board of racing yachts knows that the causes which affect the speed of a delicately balanced racer are so slight as to elude the utmost skill and experience.

Our sympathies and hopes are with the Vigilant, and we look forward to seeing her do some grand work over open sea courses: but facts and figures are too important to be ignored, and the patriotism which does not heed and profit by them is blind.

The Dacotah continues her triumphal march at the head of her class, and her plate locker, if she has one, will have to be enlarged to hold all the cups which she has won, and is still winning, this season.

VIGILANT'S FITTINGS.

The comments of the *Field* on Vigilant's interior fitting up, as reported by cable, have given offense to Americans; it seems, however, that the criticism was not made by the editor, but was in the form of a letter from a correspondent as follows:

Editor Field:

Sir—Rule 15 of the Y. R. A. requires that all yachts exceeding a rating of ten shall be fitted below deck with the ordinary fittings of a yacht, including two transverse bulkheads of wood, the intention of the rule obviously being to prevent the entry of mere sailing machines on which their owners cannot live with any degree of comfort. All our English yachts are properly fitted according to the rule, including the Britannia; but, if I am rightly informed, her opponent, the Vigilant, is a mere shell, and is not in any way fitted as a yacht, according to our understanding of the expression. For example, it is said that she has no interior lining, that her partitions below are of canvas tacked on to light battens; that she has no covering for her centerboard machinery; that even the wash-basins and conveniences are not closed in; that she has no companion stairs, merely a rough, narrow deal ladder, and that she has no skylights, but only flat wood coverings for the hatches. If this statement is correct, can it be said she complies with the above-mentioned rule? But it may be asked by some who are not conversant with yachting matters, does she gain any advantage by the absence of the ordinary fitting of a yacht? Certainly, she saves tons of interior dead weight, useless for racing purposes, and is enabled to dispose all the weight she requires to carry in its most effective form as ballast, which is a very tangible advantage, and had she been owned on this side of the Atlantic, she would unquestionably have been disqualified. Let us hope that our friends on the other side will take note of the spirit in which we receive and treat a stranger, when the interests of sport are concerned; and that it may tend towards a reconsideration of the deed under which the America Cup is competed for, which we consider unfair to a challenger. I may add that in my humble judgment there has not yet been a contest for this cup on even terms. A Member of the Y. R. A.

In view of the comments of American yachtsmen last year on Vigilant and her steam tender, and of the feeling on the part of those interested in the other three cup defenders over the "cruising trim" in which she raced, there is no reason why Americans should feel specially aggrieved at the above letter. Captain Haff and his crew at the time of the cruise and trial races last year put the same ideas into still more forcible form.

The following from a letter to the New York *Sun*, presumably from Mate Clayton Haff, is interesting in this connection:

"It seems hard for the American press to understand just why the Vigilant does not win races right and left just as she did in American waters last year, especially in light winds. Last year, or the latter part, everything that was not actually needed in the working of the yacht was put on board of her tender. All the bedding, every dish, the range, anchors and chains were disposed of. Tbe crew ate and slept on board of the tender. That cannot be done on this side, as it is against the racing rules of tbe Y. R. A. At least one anchor and chain must he carried on board. Bedding and cooking utensils and all such gear must be on board during the races. It will be remembered that when the Vigilant was fitted out for her ocean trip bilge stringers were put in her, to which were riveted the struts or deck supports. The struts were taken out, but to remove the stringers it would he necessary to remove all joiner work, and the owners have not as yet seen fit to do that. Besides adding more than a ton of weight to the vessel, these stringers serve to make the boat more rigid than she was intended to he.

"Thus it can he seen that the Vigilant is compelled to carry four tons of weight more than when she sailed in home waters. Any racing yachtsman can easily see that she is now sailing under a heavy handicap. Much has also been said of the 'green crew.' It is a fact that the crew were new to the boat, but they are racing men for all that; and I defy contradiction when I say that the Vigilant does not owe a single defeat to the management of the vessel or handling of sails."

On Board the Vigilant. Bob Stay.

The Providence *Journal* also published a letter from a Providence boy who was enabled to ship as a common sailor on board Vigilant, on July 20 and 21, in the regattas of the Royal St. George Y. C., off Kingstown:

"Capt. Hank Haff, of Volunteer fame, is in command of the bronze beauty. Capt. Jeffries, who sailed the craft across the ocean, is first mate, and a younger son of the captain second mate, while the crew, with three exceptions, Norwegians to a man, are old sailors from the Navahoe, Columbia, Ariel, Colonia and Vigilant of last year. There are also on hoard an English pilot, and in each harbor a local pilot, so all together there are, counting the Goulds and guests, about 55 men.

"There is not the slightest question that the Britisher is the better handled boat in these her bome water. The fault with the American on this head at this date lies not in her splendid captain, than whom few are superior, but in the ill-training of the crew and the average quality of her under officers. Tbe men worked with a will and lots of good will, but they didn't move as one man. Their force is badly wasted, for each one used too much of his own judgment. There is not the chaos on deck of last year, but less sharp work. But to compare—the British crew has been in training on the Britannia ever since the boat was built, in English waters in the summer and in the Mediterranean in the winter, each man knows his place at the right instant. Their spinnaker always is set first. Tbeir head sails always are trimmed first. The whole mass of men moving as if under the immediate touch of the helmsman, do their work instantly and drop flat immediately. But look for a change. The Vigilant shortened her topmast and bowsprit, thereby saving over a minute of allowance. Her crew improves daily. She is moving south toward heavier breezes, and her men have not lost heart."

The Next Cup Races.

From the Boston Herald.

It is now a little early to talk about the race for the America's Cup next year, hut there are some conditions which governed the recent matches between the Britannia and the Vigilant which it will be well for the yachting public to now consider. In the matches sailed between the Britannia and the Vigilant, there was a clause in the agreement that the crew must be on board when the yacht was being measured. No stipulation is made as to the number of the crew, be it small or large, but whatever that number might be, the men should all he on hoard, and thus be taxed for their weight.

This is a proposition which is sure to he made by Lord Dunraven next year, and the request will be a just and fair one. This will place things where they should be, and will put a stop to 70 men marching off when the vessel is being measured in "racing trim" then only to march back again, thus giving their craft additional water line length and human shifting ballast, both of which are not paid for in the water line measurement of the boat.

There can be no honest opposition to such a request, for it is based on fair play. It would hardly be fair to stipulate the number of the crew, but there should be no loop-hole left for five tons of human weight to go on board to serve as shifting ballast, without paying for it.

Another request likely to be made in the Cup races, on account of the immense fleet of boats in New York waters and also the long distance that the starting point is from New York, necessitating a tow of 50 miles each day, that the matches be sailed off Newport. Here the boats could be easily towed out to the starting point inside an hour, and there is more likelihood of a better breeze off Newport than there is off Sandy Hook. In case of postponement of the race at the outer mark, there would only be a tow of 30 instead of 50 miles back to the anchorage. Some objection might be made to the want of drydocks about Newport, to haul out and prepare in, but the distance from either New York or Boston is not so great, but what a proper fit out could he had, in which neither boat would suffer.

As to the length of the challenger, that must be a mooted question, and there is sure to be considerable negotiation before the length can be decided on.

There is a general desire on the part of many yachtsmen here, that if Lord Dunraven challenges with a 70-footer, he should be met with one of that length, and it is well argued that the Cup would be safer with a 70-footer than a larger boat, because there would be more boats built, consequently more chances for experimenting. There is much in this' but the same argument would hold good on the other side, for there would he many 70-footers built over there as here, and beside, Watson has more data on 70-footers than any of our designers. On this side, we are strong in the larger class—85-footers—because of experiments in large ballast fins, keels and centerboards. Herreshoff is also stronger, and he is sure to improve on the Vigilant by minutes. He also has had the benefit of the ballast fins, the Pilgrim and the Jubilee, and where he overlooked the finer questions of wetted surface, etc., in his last year boats, he is sure to look after them more closely and carefully the coming year. Young John Paine also can easily improve the Jubilee, and make a new boat several minutes faster.

In the 70ft. class our present designers bave had but little experience, and they have only two boats to look to for data—the Titania and the Katrina. Of course, the members of the New York Yacht Club will do that which think they is best for the protection of the Cup, and it will be hard to bar out the 85-footers, with the Jubilee to call on. The question whether it will be good judgment to accept a challenge from a 70-footer is a doubtful one, and will have to he carefully considered in all its hearings as to the best length on which to chance the defence of the Cup.

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 11.

Triangular course outside Plymouth Beach for all classes, distance 9 miles, weather fine, wind E. 3-knot breeze, low water at 1:30:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Why Not, G.W. Sheverick	20.00	2 16 20	1 41 45
City of Chicago, V. D. Bacon	25.06	2 10 07	1 41 44
SECOND CLASS.			
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	18.00	2 08 29	1 31 40
THIRD CLASS.			
Vigilant, A. M. Watson, Jr.	15.11	2 18 19	1 37 27
Spray, C. F. Bradford	16.05	Withdrew.	
Lady May, M. MacDowell	16.10	2 27 01	1 47 48
Gypsy Girl, W. Steele	15.02	2 33 37	1 51 22
Major D., Seth Drew	15.05	2 22 42	1 40 55
FOURTH CLASS.			
Dolphin, N. Morton	15.03	2 30 51	1 48 45
Natalie, H. M. Jones	14.08	2 31 53	1 48 38
Nereid, A. E. Walker	16.00	2 31 15	1 50 32
Honest John, J. C. Dawes	14.02	2 35 13	1 05 57
Aphrodite, A. G. Fay	16.02	2 24 26	1 44 01

Winners: Class 1, City of Chicago; Class 2, Nancy Hanks; Class 3, Vigilant first, Major D. second, Lady May third, Class 4, Aphrodite first, Natalie second, Dolphin third.

Regatta committee: A. O. Fay, A. T. Harlow, W. H. Sears.

Bayswater Y. C.

BAYSWATER—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 11.

Club race over the club course, distance 12 miles; weather, good, southerly wind; tide, high water:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Millie, E. H. Brinkerhoff	25.10	.....	.....
Toboggan, S. D. Babcock	28.03	2 20 28	2 20 28
SECOND CLASS—CATBOATS.			
Edith, Com. Armstrong	23.04	2 22 11	2 22 10
Alert, John Fallow	22.03	2 25 27	2 24 22
Bertha B., D. C. Bowker, Jr.	21.00	2 23 08	2 20 48
THIRD CLASS—CATBOATS.			
Meta, E. D. Pettit	19.00	1 14 40	1 14 40
Susie R., E. H. Roehr	16.03	1 20 12	1 18 49
FOURTH CLASS—CATBOATS.			
Jennie, Albert Walters	.....	1 30 10	1 30 10
Maud, Charley Chaffer	16.09	1 23 05	1 23 05

Winners: first class, Toboggan; second class, Bertha B.; third class, Meta; fourth class, Maud.

The Millie carried away rigging and did not finish.

The race was one of the monthly races for special cups to become the property of the boat winning three successive races.

Regatta committee and judges: B. J. Danklefsen, F. L. Richmond, Richard Mott, Jr.

Owasco Y. C.

The second race was sailed Aug. 9 on Owasco Lake, from Dolphin Point north to Brinkerhoff Point, S.W. to Elm Point, S.E. to place of beginning; distance, 9 miles. Weather overcast. Wind northerly, 8 to 10 miles an hour:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
El Chico	25^{3}_{10}	2 10 56	2 10 56
Nemadji	25^{2}_{10}	2 13 54	2 13 49
Asp	24^{8}_{10}	2 16 44	2 16 19
Gull	17^{2}_{10}	2 31 57	2 32 54
Mystery	24^{6}_{10}	2 32 10	2 31 34

Winners: El Chico, first; Nemadji, second; Asp, third. Regatta committee—Chas. E. Thorne, D. Beardsley, N. B. Burr, W. E. Case. Referee, F. I. Allen.

Sea Cliff Y. C.

SEA CLIFF—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 11.

THE first annual regatta was sailed to-day. Course from line off club house to and around buoy off easterly end of Execution Reef, thence to and around buoy off Matinnicock Point, and for classes 1, 2 and 3 return over same course. Balance of classes from buoy off Matinnicock Point to starting line direct; distance 20 miles for classes 1, 2 and 3; 14 for others. Weather fair. Wind very high at start, then good steady breeze. Tide flood at start.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS 1.			
Madcap, T. W. Sberidan	49.80	5 22 53	5 22 53
Penguin, G F. Brightson	46.00	4 55 20	4 51 54
CLASS 2.			
Mary C., S. C. Baldwin	37.06	. .. ..	. .. ..
Euryhia, C. H Pryer	....	5 04 04	. .. ..
Beatrice, W F. Herbert, Jr	....	5 38 31	. .. ..
Heedless. G. L. Clark	....	5 36 15	. .. ..
Audax, H. W. Eaton	28.60	5 10 05	. .. ..
CLASS 4.			
Nawha, O. D. Dyke	27.50	. .. ..	. .. ..
CLASS 5.			
Waverly, H. Watson	28.20	. .. ..	. .. ..
Wenonah, W. A. Porter	27.10	5 14 14	. .. ..
Nellie, S. Stinson	26.60	5 10 14	6 23 08
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	26.50	4 59 53	6 22 24
Undula, J. L. Lawrence	....	5 17 06	. .. ..
CLASS 6.			
Kittie, Hazen Morse	22.60	5 06 02	5 02 09
Win or Lose, F. M. Randall	....	5 07 46	5 07 46
Melita, O. H. Chellborg	22.50	. .. ..	. .. ..
Arvika, W. W. Gilfillan	....	. .. ..	. .. ..
Dryspeed. Dryer & Speed	20.30	. .. ..	. .. ..
Tabitha, J. C. McEvitt	23.60	5 21 19	5 21 19
CLASS 7.			
Gold Dust, Ball & Hopkins	....	4 37 54	. .. ..
CLASS 8.			
Crescent, C. H. Rohbins	22 80	5 00 50	5 00 50
Typhoon, F. Bulwinkle	22.10	5 16 41	5 15 18
Fairy, F. E. Fowle	21.90	4 59 55	4 57 58
Colleen, E. S. Stiles	21.80	Capsized.	
Eleanor, W. P. Douglas	20.50	. .. ..	. .. ..
Punch, M. H. Clark	20.20	5 04 15	4 58 46
Violet, G. A. S. Wieners	20.10	. .. ..	. .. ..
CLASS 9.			
Chippie, F. S. Hatfield	17.80	. .. ..	. .. ..
Lohengrin, H. L. Pratt	18.70	5 41 49	. .. ..
Terrapin, H. L. Curry	18.50	5 18 43	5 15 47
Constance, John Wight	17.30	5 34 05	5 28 21
Presto. A. Watson	14.80	5 44 02	5 32 08
Alice Maude, G. R. Bird	17.20	. .. ..	. .. ..
Coot, A. S. Prince	14.50	. .. ..	. .. ..
Gypsey, C. H. Chapman	19.90	. .. ..	. .. ..
CLASS 10.			
Orinda, A. V. Fasset	30.00	5 03 30	. .. ..
Fantasie, R. C. Field	30.00	. .. ..	. .. ..
CLASS 11.			
Gee Whiz, C. J. Field	19.30	5 41 51	. .. ..
Flounder, J C. B. Tappan	18.40	5 38 58	. .. ..
Goblin, B. Jacoh	15.00	5 32 27	. .. ..
CLASS 12.			
Madrine, H. E. Doremus	27.00	4 59 18	4 59 18
Wahneta, F. M. Freeman	23.20	5 19 04	5 12 42
SPECIAL—21FT. CLASS.			
Minnetonka, Geo. Work	....	4 27 07	4 27 07
Celia. C. A. Gould	....	4 39 47	4 39 47
Skimmang, Thos. Clapham	....	4 48 08	4 48 08
Maysie, Wm. Osborn	....	5 53 35	. .. ..

Winners—Class 1, Penguin; Class 2, Audax; Class 4, Nawha (walkover); Class 5, Onaway; Class 6, Kittie; Class 7, Gold Dust (walkover); Class 8, Fairy; Class 9, Terrapin; Class 10, Orinda; Class 11, Goblin; Class 12, Madrine; special class, Minnetonka.

The feature of the regatta was the phenomenal sailing of Minnetonka in the light wind, she starting last and leading the fleet from the first turn all the way home. Colleen capsized rounding first turn and her crew were picked up by the judge's boat, Oberon, H. F. Noyes. This regatta is the third largest held in the East this year, forty-eight boats starting. Larchmont was first and Indian Harbor second. The initial meet passed off without a hitch and the arrangements were perfect.

Regatta committee, S. C. Pirie (chairman), J. R. Coles, T. T. Taber. Judge; S. Stenson, Jr.

Cohasset Y. C.

THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.

Saturday, Aug. 4.

A LIGHT westerly wind made a tame race, but very pretty to look at. The boats got away well together, Duster in the lead. It was a close reach to Atlantic House mark and required some pinching at the last. Winona rounded first, Duster second, Madge third; then Zig Zag, Grimalkin, Khedive, Trump and Heron. Down the wind to second mark Duster worked by Winona and rounded first, with Madge and Zig Zag following fast.

In second class Edith had the lead to second mark, but Jackdaw easily passed her in windward work.

The race in third class was close till the windward work began, when Escort, as usual, took the lead and won. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Duster, Maple Bros., cat	22.02	1 23 25	1 02 10
Winona, Hammond Braman, cat	26.09	1 26 09	1 07 57
Zig Zag, Gammons and Wheelwright	20.02	1 32 34	1 09 40
Madge. C. H. Cousens, cat	24.03	1 29 53	1 10 08
Grimalkin, G. R. Howe, cat	22.10	1 34 25	1 13 40
Heron, Miss Hester Cunningham, cat.	19.10	1 39 37	1 16 26
Kbedive, Harold Weston, yawl	27.03	1 36 21	1 18 30
Trump, Finker and Nichols	19.00	1 43 19	1 19 27
SECOND CLASS.			
Jack Daw, Ellery Clark, cat	18.09	2 12 06	1 48 24
Elta, A. A. Lawrence, cat	16.10	2 14 43	1 48 33
THIRD CLASS.			
Escort, John Richardson, cat	14.05	44 59	32 20
Elsie E., F. C. Higgins, sprit	14.04	46 06	34 24
Vesta, T. F. Stoddard, sprit	....	48 01	36 22
Hazard, F. R. Pegram, cat	15.05	49 10	38 02
Nameless, T. C. Blossom, sprit	13.04	52 19	40 02
Watermelon, H. M. Knowles, cat	13.07	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.

August 11.

A good S.E. breeze and a beautiful day brought out a large attendance. The club shooner Daylight carried a company of thirty-eight ladies and a few gentlemen, and the beacbes and cliffs of Jerusalem Road were well covered with spectators, witb quite a gatbering of visiting yachts. The course being in tbe open the S.E. wind made quite a jump of sea at the outer mark, and though fine sailing for the yachts, the ladies on the Daylight were very pale when they landed, and some required to be helped to their carriages. At tbe gun Trump crossed first, followed by Heron, with her crew of three young ladies, one being a member of the club. Madge crossed third, closely followed by Zig Zag and the rest in a bunch. Madge forged by the Heron, wbose fair crew promptly blanketed the leader, but could not hold her back. At the mark off the Atlantic House Madge turned first, closely followed by Duster, Grimalkin, Khedive, Zig Zag and tbe rest, the run before the wind being close. At the second mark Madge luffed around first with Duster close by, followed by Grimalkin, Khedive, Zig Zag, Trump, Heron, Frances and Vacuna. It was a close reacb to finish, and after a sharp luffing match Duster worked by Madge near the finisb and crossed twenty seconds ahead. In second class Modoc took the lead and kept it to the finish, Jackdaw having split her deck at mast. The Escort won as usual in tbird class. The cup goes to Duster in first class and Escort in third class, second not decided yet. The remaining tbree races will be worked for as hard as ever. Dr. John Bryant photographed the first class as tbey finisbed.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Duster, Mapes Bros., cat.	22.02	1 23 25	1 02 10
Madge, C. H. Cousens. cat.	24.03	1 23 45	1 04 00
Grimalkin, G. R. Howe. cat.	22.10	1 24 58	1 04 13
Zig Zag, Gammons & Wheelwright, cat.	20.02	1 32 07	1 09 13
Kbedive, Harold Weston, yawl	27.03	1 28 39	1 10 48
Trump, Furbers & Nichols, cat.	19.00	1 35 23	1 11 26
Heron, Miss Hester Cunningham, cat.	19.10	1 36 53	1 13 42
Francis, T. N. Willcutt, sloop	21.07	1 39 38	1 17 55
Vacuna, F. H. Pratt, yawl	....	1 42 10	Not meas.
SECOND CLASS.			
Modoc, G. D. Silsbee, cat.	16.07	1 50 48	1 24 21
Etta, A. A. Lawrence, cat.	16.10	2 00 30	1 34 20
Jackdaw, Ellery Clark, cat.	....	1 54 05	Not meas.
THIRD CLASS.			
Escort, John Richardson, cat.	14 05	37 55	26 16
Trident, Dr. John Bryant, cat.	13.09	40 05	28 03
Elsie, E F. C. Higgins, sprit.	14.04	40 35	28 53
Topsy, D. B. Tower, cat	14.04	42 09	30 18
Watermelon, H. M. Knowles, cat.	13.07	43 40	32 06
Nameless, T. R. Blossom, sprit.	13.05	55 30	33 13
Hazard, F. R. Pegram, cat.	15.05	45 00	33 50

FIFTH CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.

Aug. 18.

Sailed over tbe usual course in a single-reef breeze, with heavy puffs from S.W. The yawl Khedive led the first class all the way round, carrying whole sail, with the Grimalkin just within her allowance. At the second mark, when the windward work began, the Grimalkin carried away her bobstay, but was worked along, and, though finishing second, saved her time hy 26s. on Khedive.

In the second class In It had an easy joh and sailed a wonderful race, with but one reef in her great sail. Her corrected time is 52m. 4s, quicker than the first class over same course.

Dr. John Bryant showed them the way in the third class, and was first home with the smallest boat in the class.

The Duster sailed for Plymoutb just before tbe start under two reefs, Khedive waiting to sail the race, when she left for the same place. Madge did not sail, as but one man could be obtained for crew.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.		
Grimalkin, G. R. Howe	1 14 53	0 54 08
Kbedive, Harold Weston	1 12 27	0 54 34
Zigzag, Gammons & Wbeelwright	1 19 23	0 56 29
Frances, T. N. Willcutt	1 25 49	1 04 06
SECOND CLASS.		
In It, R. B. Williams	1 16 40	0 52 04
Modoc, G. D. Silsker	1 25 09	0 58 42
Etta, A. A. Lawrence	1 35 54	1 09 44
Edith, A. O. Higgins	1 35 11	1 10 51
THIRD CLASS.		
Trident, Dr. J. Bryant	0 30 16	0 18 12
Hazard, F. R. Pegram	0 31 35	0 20 27
Elsie E., F. C. Higgins	0 33 29	0 21 47
Escort, J. Richardson	0 40 57	0 28 18

QUAMINO.

The End of the Cruise.

THE final run of the New York Y. C. cruise was made on Aug. 14, from New Bedford to Newport, with a light N.E. wind, the start, at 9:30, being made in the rain, though the sun came out later in the day. The only incident was a collision between Ilderim and Merlin before the start, the former drifting down on the latter, to the detriment of her mainsail, which was pierced hy Merlin's howsprit. Ilderim was taken in tow by Electra and followed the fleet. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—THIRD CLASS.				
Merlin	9 35 00	1 57 19	4 22 19	4 22 19
Mayflower	9 34 43	1 43 32	4 08 49	4 07 04
Emerald	9 34 55	1 39 47	4 04 52	4 03 04
Atlantic	9 35 00	1 52 41	4 17 41	4 14 08
FOURTH CLASS.				
Ariel	9 35 00	1 48 22	4 13 12	4 13 12
Marguerite	9 35 00	1 43 22	4 08 22	4 08 22
Dagmar	9 35 00	1 51 22	4 16 22	4 11 43
Shamrock	9 34 04	1 56 16	4 22 12	4 16 10
FIFTH CLASS.				
Elsemarie	9 35 00	1 50 11	4 15 11	4 15 11
Loyal	9 33 31	1 58 23	4 24 52	4 18 01
Gevalia	9 34 30	2 05 55	4 31 25	4 21 37
Neaera	9 32 30	1 55 23	4 22 53	4 10 41
CUTTERS—SIXTH CLASS.				
Wasp	9 26 44	1 37 55	4 11 11	4 11 11
Gloriana	9 28 43	1 37 59	4 09 16	4 08 28
Jessica	9 26 49	1 47 33	4 20 34	4 15 28
SEVENTH CLASS.				
Gossoon	9 26 36	1 43 19	4 16 43	4 16 43
Awa	9 27 00	2 03 32	4 26 32	4 35 18
Minerva	9 30 00	1 59 34	4 29 34	4 26 37
EIGHTH CLASS—MIXED.				
Constellation	9 32 10	1 35 57	4 03 47	4 03 47
Katrina	9 30 00	1 41 46	4 11 46	4 03 44
Queen Mab	9 29 57	1 39 05	4 09 08	3 52 08

The winners were: Emerald, Mayflower second; Marguerite, Dagmar second; Neaera, Elsemarie second; Floriana, Wasp second; Gossoon, Minerva second; Queen Mab, Katrina second.

On reaching Newport a meeting was held on the flagship, at which the fleet was formally disbanded.

Racing Measurements.

THE following official measurements of tbe yacbts Britannia and Vigilant are given by the *London Times:*

	Britannia.	Vigilant.
Length over all	121.09ft.	126.76ft.
Overhang forward	13.60ft.	17.43ft.
Overhang aft	19.25ft.	22.10ft.
Total overhang	32.85ft.	39.53ft.
Correct rating length	88.24ft.	87.25ft.
Length mainboom	90.98ft.	96.65ft.
Length of gaff	54.85ft.	53.50ft.
Length topsail yard	46.00ft.	39.80ft.
Height of perpendicular for the fore triangle from the deck	113.70ft.	123.00ft.
Length fore triangle from fore side of mast to foremost headsail on bowsprit	66.50ft.	71.50ft.
Length spinaker hoom from fore and aft line of mast	66.13ft.	70.82ft.
Movable ballast inside	8 tons	None
Number of persons on hoard when rating length was tested	34	45
Area of mainsail, square feet	5,164.60	5,694.50
Area of headsail, square feet	3,780.50	4,397.20
Area of topsail, square feet	1,450.00	1,496.30
Total sail area, square feet	10,395.10	11,588.00
	Rating.	Rating.
Yacht Racing Association rating	152.87	168.50

The measurements of Vigilant and Valkyrie in the Cup races of 1893 were:

	Valkyrie. Feet.	Vigilant. Feet.
Length, load waterline*	85.50	86.19
End of main boom to forward side of mast	92.60	99.37
Fore side of mast to jib stay	66.16	73.80
Foreside of mast to jibtopsail stay	66.16	75.90
Fore side of mast to forward point of measurement	66.16	74.85
Fore side of mast to outer end of spinaker boom	72.00	74.62
Deck to upper side of main boom	3.03	3.08
Deck to topsail halliard block	114.86	125.96
Deck to hounds	63.30	69.08
Length of topmast	51.56	56.88
Length of gaff	55.57	54.76
Sail area	10,042	11,272
Square root of sail area	100.21	106.17
Racing length	93.11	96.76
Allowance for 30 miles	1m. 48s.	.....

Valkyrie is measured for 6ft. of excess of spinaker boom.

*Both yachts were measured without crews.

Vigilant's Crew.

HERE is a voice from the forehatch, a word from Jans and Neils and Yon in their own behalf in a letter to the New York *Herald:*

"*To the Editor of the New York Herald:* Queens town 22, July '94. —Dear Sir—The estatement wath was said about the Vigilants Crew in New York *Herald* for the 8 of July is not Quite Korect, so far as seaman Ship conseren, we can alway compare witb the Britanias crew, on that point but that Englisb Heartted Gentleman, that made such remarke must know but very litle, about any kin of seaman, Ship or boat are not fited out with that kine of gare as Britania to be running around the Cour three times but still we are doing well and that is more than they expected us to do in tos wathers with the Vigilant some times they beat us in Handling sailes and than the next time wee take that back." SAILORS OF THE VIGILANT.

Southern Y. C.

WEST END—LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

THE New Orleans sloops Nepenthe and Montauk sailed a match race for $500 a side on Aug. 5, the former winning by 24m. corrected time. The course was the Lake Pontchartrain 5-mile triangle, three times around, 15 miles in all. Nepenthe allowed Montauk 10m., double tbe regular time allowance. She took the lead at the start and continued to gain steadily. The wind was about 5 knots southwest at the start and increased to 15 knots on the last round. Many hundreds of dollars changed hands, as honors had been about even hetween the two heretofore, and it was an open question whether Nepenthe could save so much time from the smaller sloop. L. D. S.

Conanicut Y. C.

JAMESTOWN, R. I.—NARRAGANSETT BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

OPEN sweepstake. Courses for second class northward from club pier to Bishop's Can Buoy, to bell huoy off Castle Rock and return to club pier. Courses for fourth class from club pier to Bisbop's Can Buoy, to buoy off North Dumpling and to cluh pier. Distance, 9½ miles for second class and 7 miles for fourth class. Weather, fine. Wind, fresb southwest. Tide, ebh. Summary:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.			
Mojave, Wm. N. Murray	21.00	1 48 12	1 46 36
Betsey, R. Wadworth	21.00	1 59 57	1 58 21
Ulula, A. Windship	21.00	1 48 26	1 48 26
We Two, B. Lyons	21.00	2 10 30	Disabled.
FOURTH CLASS.			
Vesper, G. S. Plummer	15.01	1 11 20	1 10 31
Teppoo	14.10	1 20 12	1 19 11
Violet	15.11½	1 19 48	1 19 41
Maud, G. C. Clapp	16.01¼	1 19 46	1 19 46
Shadow, Dr. Davis	15.07	Disabled.	

Mojave wins first prize in second class and Ulula second. Vesper wins first prize in fourth class and Teppoo second.

Official judge, A. J. Murray.

Bay Head Y. C.

BAY HEAD—BARNEGAT BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 11.

THIS was an open race over the Mantoloking course; distance 15 miles, weather clear, wind N.E., light.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gertie. John Stout and Geo. Loveland	20.10	3 10 16	2 14 26
Lilia, J. M Dickinson	21.07	3 09 00	2 14 42
Olympia, Harold Binney	22.10	3 06 38	2 14 46
Ben. Hance, Ben. Hance	23.06	3 05 57	2 15 16
Barber Shop, W. H. Rohinson	15.08	2 29 20	2 30 28
Vim, F. O. Bailey	22.04	3 08 57	2 16 05
Peggy, A. W Howe	19.00	3 19 44	2 19 50
Mary E., W. P. Kirk	22.05	3 13 21	2 20 40
Nan, C. H. Clark, Jr.	19.05	3 21 43	2 22 58
Truant, C. Heiser	18.01	3 27 13	2 25 04
Gertie S., — Steel	18.01	3 27 32	2 25 23
Kate, H. W. Hazard	13.05	3 45 27	2 29 07
Cygnet, W. H. Curtiss	15.08	2 51 06	2 42 14

Winners: Gertie first. Lilia second. Regatta committee: J. C. Egbert, J. M Dickinson, W. M. McCauley, chairman. Judges: Louis B. Bonnett, E. D. Cooke, James F. Dale.

Pine Lake Y. C.

PINE LAKE—WAUKESHA COUNTY, WIS.

Saturday, Aug. 17.

SLOOP race, regular club course, distance 6 miles, wind N.E. at first, light, later quite fresh.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Arion, Robt. Nunnemacher	21.03	1 07 32	1 05 44
Nyack, Henry Niedecken	18.03	1 11 25	1 06 33
Nancris, Com. Rietbrock	21.04	1 08 50	1 07 10
Amalia, J. C. Iversen	22.04	1 08 07	1 07 17
Hildesia, A. C. Helmholz	17.09	1 14 17	1 09 00
Marvel, Robt. Nunnemacher	23.04	1 09 59	1 09 59
Martba, J. C. Koch	19.09	1 14 05	1 10 56
Ducky Daddles. Gen. Winkle	17.06	1 20 03	1 14 21
Louise, John Barth	18.07	1 19 01	1 14 36
Gladys, H. L. Atkins	21.01	1 17 03	1 15 04

Winners—Nyack first, Nancris second.

Arion was ruled out upon protest as not being a sloop and because not sailed hy a member of the club.

Regatta committee: Com. Rietbrock, Vice-Com. Jas. Barth, O. C. Hansen, H. L. Atkins, Henry Niedecken. Judges: Gen. F. C. Winkler. J. C. Koch, E. E. Cbapin, O. C. Hansen.

Lake Geneva Y. C., Aug. 18.

DISTANCE twelve miles; wind fresh.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rival, B. Carpenter	21.00	11 12 56	1 28 49	2 15 53
Maybe, H. H. Porter, Jr.	20.11	11 11 08	1 34 41	2 23 33
Mystery, B. Sturges	21.00	11 09 30	Disabled.	
Hallelujah, R. G. Winslow	21.00	11 12 09	Disabled.	

First prize, Rival; second, Maybe.

A Day's Cruise of the Knockabouts.

ON Aug. 12. at 9:30 A.M., the knockabouts of the Hull Y. C., Santa Maria, Nike, Becky Sharp and Spinster, with tbe cats Idler and Madge, left the club house at Hull, Mass., and beat down to Cohasset on invitation of the Cohasset Y. C. to a chowder. There was ample opportunity to try the boats, as the strong S E. wind sweeping up tbe lighthouse channel against the ebb tide, made a steep, nasty sea that wet the boats down fore to aft, and brought out the oilskins. Off tbe Atlantic House the fleet was met hy tbe C. Y. C. hoats Grimalkin, Medea, Duster, Winona, Narayana, club schooner Daylight, and further down hy Trump, Zig-Zag and others. Laying too off Hogshead Rock till all had arrived, the fleet sailed along the Glades shore, single file, preceded hy the Grimalkin C. Y. C., to the anchorage of Sandy Cove. All hands boarded the Daylight, and in due time were turned to on a fish chowder which, tbough it received a hard rub, held out to the last round. About 3 P.M. tbe fleet got under way, and left for Hull, witb a strong fair tide and fresh S E. breeze.

Aug. 26 was the date set by H. Y. C. boys, to square accounts with the C. Y. C. at their own club house. QUAMINO.

Sailing Dories.

A CORRESPONDENT asks the following questions abont sailing dories; we will be obliged to any of our readers familiar with these boats for information: Do dories work satisfactorily under sail? What sort of sail would make a 16ft. dory most handy? What are the most approved dimensions of a dory? How much camber has the bottom? How long should tbe centerhoard be? To make a sail boat of a dory, would you deck her fore and aft, and put combings in, thus forming a cockpit? How does a rudder on such a boat get enough hold in the water, is it the extra deptb a skag would give?

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Inter-County Shoot.

EPHRATA, Pa., Aug. 18.—The first of the three inter-county rifle contests between marksmen of Cbester and Lancaster counties was held last Tbursday at Engleside range, Lancaster, and was won hy Lancaster hy a score of 926 to 907. The shoot was close and exciting from beginning to end, and was anybody's matcb until the last man had discbarged his rifle. Mr. Thomas Andrews carried off tbe honors of the team representing Lancaster county, while for Chester county Pugh did the best shooting. Following are the scores in full:

Lancaster County.										
T Anderson	7	7	7	8	9	9	10	9	8	10—84
Wentzel	6	8	8	8	9	9	10	8	9	8—83
Obreiter	8	7	8	7	9	9	9	7	10	8—82
Franciscus	5	8	8	8	7	5	7	6	8	7—69
Weber	7	8	9	7	8	10	8	6	6	8—77
Biehl	10	7	7	7	5	10	9	9	9	10—83
Lefever	8	8	7	7	8	6	8	8	9	10—79
Winters	7	8	6	4	10	9	19	7	8	10—79
Wiest	8	5	9	8	10	9	6	8	6	9—78
Wolfer	9	6	7	8	6	5	7	6	4	6—64
Carpenter	7	8	7	6	8	8	6	8	8	5—71
Romig	10	9	10	5	10	9	4	9	5	6—77—926
Chester County.										
Gardner	8	6	7	8	10	8	10	7	9	9—82
Thompson	7	9	9	10	9	5	8	9	0	8—74
Fairlamb	8	6	4	5	+	9	9	10	8	7—70
Entrekin	9	10	8	0	5	9	7	5	6	7—69
Gilbert	7	10	9	8	5	8	9	10	8	6—70
Brooks	8	8	9	5	6	7	8	6	7	7—71
Rodebaugh	6	7	10	9	7	9	10	7	10	8—83
Patterson	7	8	6	9	6	6	5	9		8—70
Kendig	7	10	9	7	5	9	4	5	8	10—74
Pugh	9	9	8	8	8	8	10	7	10	9—86
Thorne	10	4	8	9	9	6	7	6	6	6—71
Moore	6	7	9	8	7	6	10	9	7	8—77—907

The second match will be held at Coatesville on Aug. 30, and in the event of a tie, the third will come off at Ephrata or Reading.

Rifle Shooting at Ephrata.

EPHRATA, Pa., Aug. 13.—The members of the North End Rifle Club held their regular semi-monthly practice shoot on their range in Ephrata, last Friday afternoon, eight shooters joining in the sport. The practice was at 200yds, muzzle rest shooting, best out of a possible 100, standard American target being used. The following scores were the best made:

Winters	10	9	8	9	10	10	9	9	10	8—92
	10	8	10	9	8	10	6	10	7	9—90
	8	10	10	9	8	7	8	9	9	10—89—271
Wiest	8	8	10	9	10	10	9	8	6	7—85
	10	7	10	7	9	8	9	8	8	5—84
	10	9	9	8	8	10	7	9	9	9—89—258
Obreiter	9	6	10	9	9	9	8	9	10	10—89
	9	10	9	8	9	8	10	7	9	7—86
	9	9	6	8	7	10	8	8	10	10—88—263
Lefever	8	10	8	8	7	10	8	7	8	9—83
	10	8	9	9	8	7	9	8	6	8—84
	9	10	10	7	9	9	8	6	8	9—85—252
Sheaffer	5	7	6	8	9	9	7	7	4	8—70
	5	6	4	10	7	10	8	8	6	9—73
	6	8	7	6	5	9	9	10	10	9—79—222
Romig	8	9	8	9	10	8	10	10	7	7—86
	7	7	9	8	8	10	10	9	9	4—84
	9	7	8	5	7	9	7	10	6	10—81—251
Carpenter	6	10	5	6	5	10	5	5	5	8—65
	8	6	6	9	10	10	9	9	8	8—84
	7	7	9	8	8	10	10	9	9	4—81—230
Wolfer	8	9	6	6	5	5	4	9	9	9—60
	8	6	7	9	5	9	5	7	6	8—70
	8	7	7	6	7	10	5	7	9	7—73—213

Thursday the North End and Schuetzen Verein clubs shoot against the Chester county marksmen at Engleside, Lancaster. All the North End boys will be present. D. B. LEFEVER.

The Boy Shooters.

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament last spring, Col. Alberger gave three prizes in gold coin for a live bird shoot for boys under 15 years of age, at the same time I presented a gold medal for an inanimate target shoot for boys under 16. After a good deal of wrangling with the management I had the medal shoot take place, but when I asked to let the boys shoot the live bird match, Mr. Myers, secretary of the Prairie Gun Club, gave me this answer, "We don't care about the boys, it is the *stuff* we are after."

It is nearly three months since the tournament took place. I wrote to the president, secretary and captain of the Prairie Gun Club and received no answer from either, still I do not think that the club needs the stuff so bad, to use Mr. Myers's expression, that they can't let the boys have what belongs to them.

If anybody can give me any information about this matter I will be pleased to hear about it.

C. H. BISSON.

CHICAGO, Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think Mr. J. E. Long is under the impression that the medal for the boys' rapid rifle shooting championship of the United States, won by my boy Alfred in the match between him and Master Clarence E. Long can be shot for in my last challenge. This is a mistake, as the present challenge is for all-around shooting. Mr. Long has had all the chances in the world, and time enough for many return matches for the rapid firing medal, and why he should wait until his boy is past 12 years of age (stated age limit at the time the challenge was issued) I do not understand.

The other medal Mr. Long refers to as the 12-year-old wing shot championship of U. S. I know nothing about, and if there is such a medal I would like to know who holds it.

I will put up a medal of the same value as the rapid firing medal against $50 for the present match.

I understand that Mr. J. E. Long owns and runs a shooting gallery in Lafayette, and that the match would most likely take place there. If such is the case I will ask that the trap-shooting take place before rifle shooting.

If Mr. J. E. Long wishes his boy to shoot for the boys' wing shot championship of the U. S., I will let Alfred shoot him a match at 100 inanimate targets and one at 50 live birds for a $50 medal in each match.

C. H. BISSON.

[The above letter of Mr. Bisson refers to a challenge which he issued recently, as follows: He would match his son Alfred against anyone, except a professional, to shoot 50 shots, 50ft., American standard target; 54 shots at running balls, 3 balls to be shot at while going away from the shooter, or 3 shots to count, each broken ball to count 10 points, rifle to be shouldered after the balls are in motion; 50 shots at swinging target, one shot to be fired at each swing of target or scored lost, each ball scored, 10 points; 50 shots rapid firing, 50ft., German ring target, series of 10 shots each inside of twelve seconds, and one point added for each one-fifth second under set time; 30 shots with shotgun, inanimate targets, known traps and angles, each break to score 10 points; 10 live birds, American rules, each dead bird to score 10 points; no coaching, instructing or interfering while the shooters are at the score.

Mr. J. E. Long, Lafayette, Ind., on behalf of his son Clarence, accepted the challenge, naming Aug. 22 and Lafayette, Ind., the time and place, but added the following, which was not in the challenge: "These matches being to decide the boy championship of the United States, I will put up the money to cover the value of the medals now in existence, proclaiming said boy championship, viz., champion boy quick shot of the United States under 12 years of age, and champion boy wing shot of the United States."

Mr. Bisson states that his last challenge did not particularly refer to boys, but to anyone not a professional.]

Zettler Rifle Club.

CYPRESS HILLS PARK, Aug. 19.—The Zettler Rifle Club held its regular bi-monthly practice shoot in this park this morning. Ten members were in attendance and participated in the shoot. Fred Ross again gave an exhibition of his wonderful holding ability. In a series of 50 shots he made the following score: 220, 225, 233, 238, 228—1144; an average of 228.4.

There was the usual struggle over the man target, which resulted as follows: Holges 58, M. B. Engel 56, B. Walther 57, F. C. Ross 55, C. G. Zettler 53, R. Busse 53.

Bullseye target, 3 shots, 4in. center, possible 3: Engel 1, Zettler 1, Busse 1, Ross 1, Holges 1.

Ring target:

F B Ross	22	23	23	25	24	23	25	25	25	23—238
	21	23	22	25	25	22	25	22	23	25—233
	24	21	22	23	23	25	22	24	22	22—228
L P Hansen	22	25	21	24	22	23	22	22	24	21—226
	20	24	23	20	25	22	21	23	22	23—223
	24	20	24	20	22	22	23	21	22	20—218
H Holges	24	20	19	22	25	20	25	21	25	19—220
	24	21	24	22	17	23	20	23	21	25—219
	23	22	23	24	16	25	24	22	18	17—213
R Busse	18	22	22	23	23	21	22	23	23	24—221
	20	20	21	21	21	21	20	21	25	25—215
	23	22	17	19	24	21	20	22	23	23—214
M B Engel	22	22	22	22	17	24	20	23	23	23—222
	25	19	23	19	22	22	24	24	18	24—220
	20	22	16	21	18	20	20	21	21	20—199
C G Zettler	22	24	19	18	19	24	23	25	20	23—217
	25	24	17	23	24	17	22	23	21	17—212
	24	22	20	21	21	20	23	21	19	17—208
P F Schmidt	23	21	24	22	25	24	17	17	24	18—215
	21	23	15	23	16	23	24	22	16	20—203
	22	22	18	24	21	18	18	18	24	18—201
B Walther	21	23	22	19	18	18	24	21	21	21—208
	21	20	21	18	17	20	20	21	23	20—201
Al Wick	19	16	18	17	18	24	21	22	19	24—198
	21	22	19	25	18	19	20	15	18	16—193
Jos Günther	20	16	22	14	22	12	18	14	17	15—168
	18	1	19	21	17	18	14	21	17	18—164

The Bluemthaler Co. No. 6 of New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—The Bluemthaler Co. No. 6 held their weekly shoot last Tuesday eve. Seven members were present Scores:

H D Muller	225	231	234	238	235	227	230	229—1849
W Hicks	228	237	225	226	232	228	243	230—1849
J Maurer	199	211	177	189				— 776
L Nercims	194	202	217	204				— 817

HENRY D. MULLER.

Central Sharpshooters.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 17.—Scores of members of the Central Sharp shooters Association of St. Louis:

Dorman	24	20	17	21	20	22	20	21	23	25—213
Bauer	20	23	20	23	23	24	16	25	20	11—205
Hutchinson	23	18	15	14	23	20	23	19	21	23—199
Kurka	19	21	17	24	20	20	16	18	22	22—199
Stumpf	20	14	19	12	13	21	23	19	24	17—182
Pfifner	23	0	19	21	24	12	19	20	19	22—179
Brunerman	11	25	4	5	15	12	12	23	5	15—127
Bauer (strictly off-hand)	22	20	21	23	23	24	20	22	23	21—219
Aug. 15:										
Kacer	21	15	23	22	19	20	20	23	19	25—207
Junge	16	18	24	20	20	18	23	22	17	17—192
Gfillen	21	20	22	17	22	19	21	17	19	16—194
Kull	22	16	21	14	24	22	21	17	15	21—193
Dr Will	16	21	16	20	6	20	18	14	12	21—172
Hechman	21	15	22	15	13	20	11	22	18	18—175
Bilchman	17	16	15	20	11	22	23	16	8	8—156
Mertz	2	15	22	11	17	18	14	22	15	10—146

Excelsior Rifle Club.

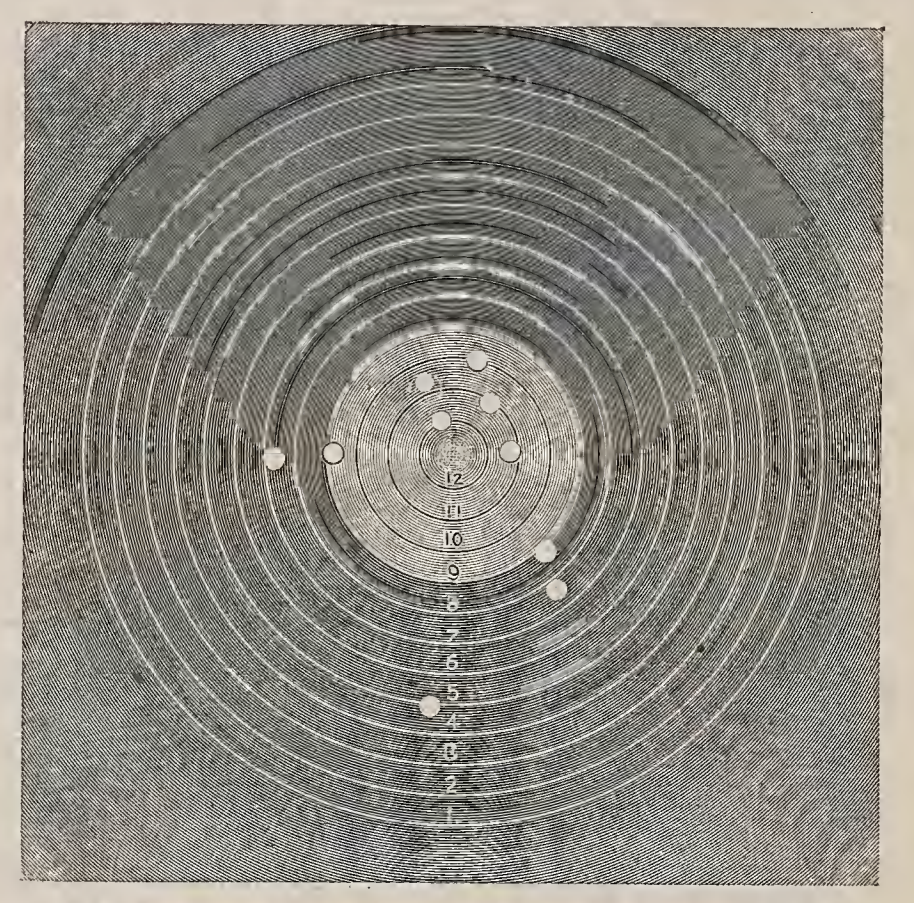
JERSEY CITY, Aug. 14.—The weekly gallery shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club, held at headquarters this evening, resulted in only six members filling out their scores in the handicap match. Scores: G. H. Ruhland 239, J. Hughes 233, Kustendick 226, C. Cohn 215, L. P. Hansen 241, Wm. Hughes 230.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Aug. 17.—The weekly practice shoot in the Schuetzen Park here this afternoon brought together only two members. The weather conditions were fine. Scores, 50 shots, German ring target:

L P Hansen	220	217	216	212	212—1077
Jas Hughes	181	208	202	193	193— 927

A Good Target for Rapid Firing.

IN the July 28 number of the FOREST AND STREAM is set forth my system for rapid firing. In order to get the best results it is necessary to have good muzzle sights, and that these should contrast well with the target. I have found that a dark target (not deep black) with a light bullseye (not clear white) is excellent when using a large ivory muzzle sight. This score was made at the third trial, and although it is fairly good as regards ordinary count, the shooting was not rapid enough to count anything on the time scoring, as the ten shots were fired just within the time limit. For the hunter, a target of this color is of great value to practice on, as it is a more natural shade than the ordinary white target with black bullseye, for it is more like the game he shoots at.



Target ¼ size, 10 shots at 50yds., with a '92 Winchester, using .32-20 W. C. F. cartridges. Time 19½ seconds. Score 92.

WM. LYMAN.

New York Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Aug. 18.—Five members met at the Greenville Schuetzen Park this afternoon for the weekly shoot. The weather was clear and warm until noon, when a storm threatened but was eventually dispersed by a brisk southwest wind. Major Shorkley was first to arrive and quickly commenced practicing with his "woodchuck gun," as he calls it, fitted with a telescope sight. Scores, 200yds., off-hand, standard American target:

Herrington	6	11	12	12	12	7	7	8	8	6— 82
Young	10	7	8	9	12	7	8	6	8	6— 79
Rest.										
Barker	12	12	10	9	8	9	11	11	9	10—101
Duane	12	9	12	9	5	9	9	12	7	7— 85

Greenville Rifle Club.

FIFTEEN members of the Greenville Rifle Club assembled at headquarters Aug. 17, to participate in the weekly gallery shoot for class prizes. The scores: Collins 237, Plaisted 241, C. Boag 239, Robidoux 240, Purkess 245, J. Boag 235, Agneau 229, Gottbardt 220, Charlock 206, Chavant 230, Chase 228, Reuker 201, Graef 211, Holzapfel 219, Daniels 203.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—At the weekly shoot of the Schlicht Rifle Club held in the Schlicht gallery this evening nine members were present and participated in the competition for class medals. Scores: G. Schlicht 240, W. Schlicht 234, J. Diehl 233, J. Schlicht 230, G. Dorr 228, G. Richert 227, A. Meyer 219, C. Schlicht 209, F. Lambrix 215.

RIFLE NOTES.

Our local riflemen should not forget that the annual festival of the Zettler Club opens at Cypress Hills Park Aug. 26. The programme contains a prize list aggregating nearly $700. The festival will continue two days. The second day is visitors' or ladies' day, and, as in previous years, the park will no doubt be crowded with the friends of this famous club.

The California Schuetzen Club held its annual shooting festival at San Rafael, Aug. 19-20. The prize programme was liberal, the prizes on the target of honor alone aggregating $1,000.

The New York City Corps will hold its monthly shoot at Union Hill on Friday of this week.

In New York in July, 1895, will be held the great international shooting festival, during which there will be eight days' continuous shooting. There will be representative riflemen from all parts of America as well as Europe. The programme of the festival, which is about to be issued, we understand, has made no provision for team or individual championship matches other than the king target. We do not know the feeling of the fraternity on the subject, but our own idea is that one of the most interesting features of the coming festival would be to have one day devoted to a series of championship matches between teams and individuals representing the different States and countries. California will no doubt be well represented. Our Northwestern States will be out in force. Europe will, it is claimed, send many of its most expert marksmen to compete. It will be the one opportunity of a lifetime to bring such a gathering together. Why not have an extra day following the close of the festival, to be devoted to championship matches for teams and the individual experts? Let the friends of the rifle and those interested in the development of the sport pool their issues and put up the trophies that will be suitable for the occasion. Who seconds the motion?

Cincinnati Rifle Shooting.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 11.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores appended. Conditions 200yds., off hand, at the standard target:

The regular practice shoot of this club will be postponed on Aug. 26 until Sept. 9, on account of the Corantiville Rifle Association's prize shoot occurring then, and which the Cincinnati Club will attend in a body:

Glndele	9	9	9	6	10	9	7	9	9	8—85
	8	7	10	8	9	10	7	9	9	8—85
	7	10	7	10	10	8	9	7	8	10—86
	8	7	9	10	8	7	10	7	8	10—84
Payne	7	8	7	8	8	9	9	7	6	6—75
	7	8	6	6	7	9	10	6	9	6—74
	7	8	10	7	6	7	4	9	10	8—76
	6	9	8	10	10	8	9	9	8	7—84
Topf	6	6	5	6	10	8	0	7	7	9—64
	8	6	4	6	7	10	8	5	3	3—60
	6	3	3	6	2	6	7	4	8	9—54
	8	6	6	5	9	6	3	5	3	4—55
Schmidlin	4	4	5	3	0	3	4	6	5	9—43
	3	4	5	0	10	3	2	7	3	3—40
	10	0	2	6	2	2	10	4	4	0—40
	4	0	4	2	4	3	7	8	5	6—43
Wellinger	4	9	5	9	9	5	7	8	7	5—68
	7	8	4	4	8	8	8	9	10	7—73
	6	5	7	6	5	6	7	7	9	5—63
	8	7	8	5	6	10	9	9	7	6—75
Drube	8	8	8	6	7	6	6	7	7	8—71
	8	8	9	6	8	8	8	5	10	6—76
	9	7	9	5	7	8	6	5	9	6—71
	10	8	7	7	6	5	9	5	7	9—73

Trap-Shooting.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

RIVERTON, Aug. 17.—The pigeon shooting match for the Hollywood Futurity Stakes, which, at the request of the New York crack shots, was transferred to the Riverton, N. J., ground this year, did not come off there to-day as scheduled. It was not the fault of the Philadelphians, however, that the event fell through, as all were on hand and ready to shoot, but the New York contingent did not put in an appearance. Of all the Gotham cracks, Capt. Money alone was present, and he had rheumatism so badly that he could not shoot. No word was received from Work, Hoey, Murphy, Thompson, Moore or the other New Yorkers who were counted on as sure entries. The crowd was somewhat disappointed, but the shooters present quickly arranged a handicap meet, $25 each man, and 25 birds apiece. In addition to standing at 27yds., Clarence Dolan was given 2 birds, but he never figured prominently. The birds were a fast lot, and the shooting throughout was excellent. McAlester gave a grand exhibition of skill, his birds being terrors. Finletter, who won first money, was favored by many easy hovering birds, while Ellis, who lost at the last moment, had 3 tall dead just out of bounds. Dando and McAlester tied for second and third money and shot off in a miss and out match, Dando winning.

At the August shoot of the Stock Yards Gun Club at Kansas City, each man shot at 10 live birds for the club medals. For Class A medal C. P. Baldwin, George Stockwell and R. K. Campbell tied on 9 kills each, Baldwin winning the shoot off. Class B medal went to J. Young and the Meyer medal to R. Overly. The scores:

G Stockwell	1012121111—9	G M Waldon	1202121202—8
J Young	2012221110—8	R J Means	1200102113—7
J F Fry	0220222022—7	B F Baldwin	0202002001—4
R Overly	0211110202—7	C J Mills	1001000000—2
M Steele	2212021102—8	Bob Barse	1222210022—8
B R Bridgeford	0111111011—8	A Keck	1110000201—5
C P Baldwin	1022121121—9	C Stoller	2022100002—5
S M West	1020122000—5	R K Campbell	1211112110—9
J W Olander	1200220000—4	T J Gilliam	1021102211—8
G Keeney	2022111011—8	E T Scoville	2112011100—7
L O Nutter	0011210220—6	A R Palmer	0220100020—4

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Aug. 16.—The sixth annual tournament of the Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League was held at the New Haven Gun Club grounds on West Chapel street yesterday. The prize of $150 in gold in the team race was won by New Haven. Following are the names of the members of the various teams and the scores of each in the championship contest: New Haven, first team: Sherman 24, Potter 18; total 42. New Haven, second team: Savage 22, Longdon 27; total 49. New Haven, third team: Bristol 21, Gould 18; total 38. Hartford: Burbridge 23, Wadson 16; total 39. Colt, first team: Tucker 24, Pitkins 19; total 42. Colt, second team: Goodwin 14, Collins 3; total 17. Colt, third team: Sleny 20, Risley 26; total 46. New London: Cowee 22, Penrose 24; total 46. Willimantic: Edgerton 24, Mac 24; total 48. Bristol, first team: Manross 22, Rickwell 19; total 41. Bristol, second team: Mills 22, Capious 24; total 46.

RED BANK, N. J., Aug. 17.—The regular live bird shoot of the River side Gun Club took place here to-day under good weather conditions and with a lively lot of birds. The shooting was governed by the A. S. A. rules, 5 traps being used. The summary: First event, club shoot, 7 birds: E. M. Cooper, E. Gardinsey and Jas. Cooper, Jr. 7 each, John Cooper and R. P. Thompson 6, J. B Bergen 4. Second event, miss and out, entrance $3, one money: E. M. Cooper, J. B. Bergen, H. C. White and John Cooper 3 each, Jas. Cooper and Thompson 2. Third event, miss and out, same conditions: E. M. Cooper, Bergen, Jas. Cooper, White, John Cooper and Thomson 1 each, E Cooper 0. Final event, same as above: E M. Cooper and J. B. Bergen 4 each, Jas. Cooper, White and Thompson 8.

The following programme has been issued for the Labor Day tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club, to be held on Al Heritage's Marlon grounds: Ten targets, $1 entry; 10 targets, $1; 15 targets, $1.50; 10 targets $1; 20 targets, $2; 10 targets, $1; 25 targets, $2.50; 15 targets, $1.50; 10 targets, $1; 20 targets, $2; 10 targets, $1, and 25 targets, $2.50. The fun will begin at 9:30 A. M. There will be plenty of ammunition and refreshments on the ground. The members of the club will all be on hand and take part in all the events. Events No. 3 and 8 will be known traps, unknown angles; No. 5 and 10 expert rules, use of both barrels allowed.

The Standard Keystone Company offers a very elaborate programme of events to be shot during its seventh annual tournament, to be held at New London, Conn., Sept. 4 to 7 inclusive. There will be the usual contests for the L. C. Smith trophy, Standard Keystone trophy, Peters Cartridge Co. trophy and the individual championship, as well as the State team race and the race between teams representing the East and West. Each day there will be a 25-target contest with a Lovell diamond safety, a Colt hammerless shotgun and a Winchester repeating shotgun added, one to each event.

The Myrtle Park Gun Club, of Irvington, N. J., announces that the next team shoot of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will be held under their auspices at Hilton, N. J., on Thursday, Aug. 30. In conjunction with the 5-men team contest for the State championship, to begin at 2 o'clock, there will be a carefully arranged programme of tournament sweeps, to begin at 9:30 A. M. and continue until dark.

Col. A. G. Courtney is likely to have a lively time in capturing the A class diamond medal of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club, as several members are close after him in the race.

Jerseymen are awaiting anxiously the consolidation of the State Sportsmen's Association and the State Trap-Shooters' League. When will that meeting be held, Uncle Al?

At the August shoot of the Pelican Gun Club of Sacramento, Cal., J. M. Morrison won the club medal by scoring 19 out of 20 live birds.

On the first day at Memphis John Ruble averaged 94.37 per cent., and on the second day Harvey McMurchy averaged 95 per cent.

The Harrisburg (Pa.) Shooting Association will hold a tournament at both live birds and artificials on Sept. 27 and 28.

Al Heritage says the lunch counter will not be allowed to become empty on the day of the Endeavor tournament.

The West Jersey Gun Club, of Camden, N. J., will hold a tournament on Sept. 12 and 13. C. H. TOWNSEND.

Union Gun Club Shoot.

THE following scores were made at the August shoot of the Union Gun Club at Springfield, N. J., 30 singles per man:

Class A.

Miller	111111111111111101111111001111—27
Drake	001111111111111011111111111110—26

Class B.

Sopher	111001110111110111111011011101—23
Williams	111011101111011111011111111111—25

Class C.

Jackson	100101101101010111100101011011—18
Terry	100110100001010100110101111011—16
Eager	100001011011101101111111100110—19
Reeve	100010000011011100000111111111—16

JACK PARKER'S JOKE SHOOT.

A Goose Fable.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 16.—History recounts that once upon a time that quaint and well-known shooter, Frank Parmalee, in company with three friends, was secreted in a goose pit on the Platte River. Each man was armed after his fancy, one with a 16-gauge, one with a 12, Parmalee himself with a 16lbs. 8-gauge. A solitary goose appeared on the horizon, and it became apparent finally that it was headed directly for the decoys.

"W-w-we won't do a thing to him!" murmured Frank, and all the others chuckled in assent. The goose sailed straight on, setting his wings for a close draw. Parmalee could hardly keep from laughing outright at the thought of the surprise the poor goose was going to have. He crouched close, and whispered to the others, "Oh, no! W-w-w-w, we, we, w-w-won't do a t-thing t-to *him!*" And the goose kept on coming in. At the proper moment each man delivered his fire, from the 16-bore up to the 8-bore not a feather was touched, and with a calm *ha-onk* the goose winged his way placidly across the river. Parmalee stood looking after the vanishing bird for some time, and at length turned to his silent companion with a sad smile on his face.

"W-w-w-w-we, we d-d-didn't, we did we didn't do a th-th-thing to him, neither, n-n-now did we, boys!"

Moral.

When Jack Parker announced that he intended to throw away all attempts to handicap shooters at his shoot, and let all the shooters shoot against the management, giving each ten-straight score a large, crisp, new $5 note, and each fifteen straight ten large silver plunks of the realm, all the shooters of the land smiled generously. Tee-Kay Keller said, "Don't you do it, Jack. Don't start that. If you do I'll have to quit my job and follow your shoots. I'll break you." At Memphis, last week, McMurchy shook his head. "I'm afraid Jack won't make that go," said he. "He's a nice fellow and I'm sorry he's announced any such programme, because it will break him, sure." All the others of the gang at Memphis thought the same. They were sorry for Jack—so sorry that when they thought of it they would break out in a pleasant grin, and say:

"We won't do a thing to him."

And they didn't. Now did they, boys?

The Conditions.

Jack Parker published and delivered broadcast the conditions under which the shoot was to be held, and the shooters all knew them when they came here. His programme read:

"First. Why should we use only one barrel in inanimate target shooting, when 99 per cent of the shooters use a double gun?

"Second. Why should we know where the target is coming from and where it is going, so we can stand with our gun glued to our shoulder, and pointed over the top of the screen where the target starts from? Trap shooting takes the place of game shooting during the close season, and we are supposed to emulate field shooting as near as possible; do we, by shooting as above?

"Third and last. Why shoot against one another? There has been no handicap devised yet which thoroughly equalizes shooters; the $1,000 added money given away at several of the large tournaments the last year or two has not helped matters much, as there are just as many losers as before.

"Now, I propose to try and revolutionize the present style of inanimate target shooting at this tournament, and whether it will be a success or not, remains to be seen. All the 10 and 15 bird races shall be shot at 15yds. rise, unknown traps and angles, use of both barrels, second barrel break to count same as first. four men in a squad, No. 1, 2 and 3 men standing in the center 6ft. apart, No. 4 man backing up No. 1 man, and will pay as follows:

"Ten-bird races—Every man breaking 10 straight receives $5; 9 out of 10, $3; 8 out of 10, $2; 7 out of 10, $1; 6 out of 10, $1.

"Fifteen-bird races—Every man breaking 15 straight receives $10; 14 out of 15, $7; 13 out of 15, $5; 12 out of 15, $3; 11 out of 15, $2; 10 out of 15, $1.50.

"Thus doing away with all necessity of a handicap, as the shooting of the expert does not hurt the interest of the amateur; everybody is shooting against the management. It also does away with all pooling, combinations and dropping for place, which has been the bane of shooting tournaments for years.

"Other rules and conditions:

"All the guaranteed purses shall be shot at 16yds. rise, one barrel, known traps and angles (except known experts shall shoot at unknown angles, known traps), and shall be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.

"The team and individual championship races shall be shot at 16yds. rise, everybody shooting at known traps and angles."

The above conditions are plain, though the premises on which they are based are by no means correct. For instance, trap-shooting is by no means intended to take the place of field-shooting and can not emulate it, because field shooting is a clean amateur sport, whereas modern tournament shooting is a corrupt professional sport. In the attempt to do away with the universally practiced system of dropping and pooling, which makes this sport dangerous and undesirable for the amateur shooting for pleasure, Jack Parker's idea was well enough. There was only one thing he forgot and that is that the shooters are wedded to the old ways. They want nothing but a sure thing game and they won't have it. They will go into a game so long as it is easy and sure, but when it turns against them they are not game. They pull out at once. The risk, the skill, the pleasure of a keen competition do not interest them. It is the money alone that draws them. So long as they win it all, very well. When they begin to lose it is quite a different story. So long as it had been Jack Parker losing, the boys would have been sorry, but they "wouldn't have done a thing to him."

The actual result of this latest attempt to equalize the shooters, to mix oil and water, to fix it up so that the paid professional shooter can continue unsuspected in his laudable avocation of shooting in with the unpaid amateur shooter and continue pleasantly to take all his money in a sure-thing game—this last attempt at the impossible resulted in just this way. The amateur, the young and inexperienced shooter liked it. A few of the really good shots did well at it, as see the scores. Jack Parker made money at it—$59 in about four hours. Then there arose a wild howl from one or two Cleveland shooters, who couldn't bear to see Jack Parker with all the money. Others joined in. At noon of the first day, it having been clearly established that they really weren't going to do anything to Jack, some of the shooters said the conditions would have to be fixed to suit them or they would get into their carriage and be pushed home. As he would lose money holding a shoot without shooters, of course Jack was forced to accede to the demands and drop his honest and well-intended plan to be square to all men who cared to come and pass a day at traps. Not to appear ungenerous or disposed to take the shooters' money too easily, he offered to put up the entire $59 he had won to be shot for again in purses under easier conditions. Some of the better class shooters would not hear to this, I am glad to say. The whole thing had been such a good joke that they were willing to pay for it. So at 1 o'clock of the first day the attempt of Jack Parker to elevate the trap was lying in ruins. By afternoon the old system was in swing, and everybody was happy. The amateur, the man who put up his own money, the young shooter, the man who wanted to learn to shoot, the man who wanted a day's fun out of doors, were all swiftly receiving the usual rebuke. The known and secret manufacturers' agents, the professionals, the rounders, the business shooters, were busy sawing wood, induced thereto by the medals, the diamonds, the guarantees, the added funds, the average moneys and the "plunder" obtained from citizens interested or not interested in the modern artificial system of tournament shooting. In other words, the tournament fell into the regular routine, lost its features, lost its news, lost its interest, thus being far below the big Memphis shoot of last week in point of intrinsic merit, though as a shoot it was carefully and of course skillfully conducted with Jack Parker at its head.

It was like a thousand other shoots. I submit that the above comment on these thousands of shoots, held in this the greatest of all trap-shooting years, may be felt unwelcome, but cannot be called unfair. I believe the time will come when such comment must be taken much more seriously, and the questions under it studied much more seriously. Then it will be found that the comment was made in the best sort of friendship, not with the first trace of harsh criticism or the first trace of an enmity which would be highly foolish. The real question is, what plan is best for trap-shooting? Will even the unique American love of gambling and love of being humbugged keep forever alive a sport entirely artificial and unfair? Fix it so we can gamble, and have a square game, with a proper per cent. to the dealer, so he can keep up the game, and I see no reason why this game should not live and grow unspeakably, but until we come nearer to that I am plenty scared for the future of trap-shooting, even if we do have three or four or five boom years of it.

Well, never mind. We will let it go at that. But wasn't it a good joke, how they didn't do a thing to Jack Parker?

The Programme.

The programme I offer entire at this place, merely to show the extent of the merchandise prize system. I call attention to the gold-headed umbrella of Mr. Genicke, also to the stiff hat of Mr. Weiss. This reminds me of a shoot I once attended where one citizen "donated" two loaves of bread, and another a bottle of "black liniment." I do not deny that liniment, bread, a stiff hat and a gold-headed umbrella are all articles which possess merit and usefulness, and the shooter who has shown an inability to get liniment, bread, a stiff hat, a gold-headed umbrella in any other way, should have liniment, bread, a stiff hat and a gold-headed umbrella given to him, through the management. The items follow. But wasn't it a joke how they were going to do something to Jack?

First day, Tuesday, Aug. 14, commencing 9 A. M.—Events 1 and 2, 10 bluerocks, $1.50 entrance; No. 3, 15 bluerocks, $2.50; No. 4, 20 bluerocks, $100 guaranteed purse, $3.60; No. 5, 10 bluerocks, $1.50; No. 6, 15 bluerocks, $2 50. Team championship race, for two-man team; championship of United States and Canada. Any two men of the United States or any two men from Canada to comprise team, 25 targets to a man. No. 7. 25 bluerocks, 75 cents; first prize, two elegant diamond buttons, emblematic of team championship, to become property of winners; second, 12½lbs. of American wood powder, donated by American Wood Powder Co.; third, 500 nitro powder shells, by Cruttenden & Card; fourth, 500 nitro powder shells, by Peters Cartridge Co; fifth, 500 Quick Shot shells, by Peters Cartridge Co.; sixth, 10lbs. of American E. C, by American E C. Powder Co.; seventh, one case of Joe White's best, by Jos. White; eighth, 6lbs. American E. C, by American E. C. Powder Co.; ninth, one box cigars, by Frank Girardot; tenth, 100 loaded nitro shells, by H. M. Levengston. No. 8, 10 bluerocks, $1.50; No. 9, 15 bluerocks; $2.50; No. 10, 10 bluerocks, $1.50.

Second day, Wednesday, Aug. 15, commencing 9 A. M., live bird day.—First event, 5 live birds, $5 entrance, 60 and 40%; No. 2, 7 birds, $7, 50, 30 and 20%; No. 3, 10 birds, $10, 40, 30, 20 and 10%. International race for international medal, value $150, emblematic of the international live bird championship of the United States and Canada; open to the world; $25 sweep in connection with medal race. No. 4, 25 birds; entrance for medal, price of birds; entrance for sweep, $25 and birds. No. 5, miss and out, $2.

Third day, Thursday, Aug. 16, commencing at 9 A. M.—Events 1 and 2, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1 50; No. 3, 15 bluerocks, $2.50; No. 4, 15 bluerocks, $2 50. Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's guaranteed purse of $100; No. 5, 20 bluerocks, $3.60; No. 6, 10 bluerocks, $1.50; No. 7, 15 bluerocks, $2.50, guaranteed purse $100; No. 8, 20 bluerocks, $3 60; Nos. 9 and 10, 10 bluerocks, $1.50 each.

Fourth day, Friday, Aug. 17, commencing at 9 A. M.—Events 1 and 2, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1.50 each; No. 3, 15 bluerocks, $2.50; No. 4, 20 bluerocks, $3 60, guaranteed purse $100; No. 5, 10 bluerocks, $1.50; No. 6. 15 bluerocks, $2.50; No. 7, individual international target championship, United States and Canada, for a diamond trophy, to be the property of the winner, 50 bluerocks, $1.50: First prize, diamond trophy; second, Wilkesbarre gun, donated by Wilkesbarre Gun Co.; third, fancy Colt repeating rifle, donated by Colt's Patent Fire Arms Co.; fourth, Devine fishing rod, donated by Fred D. Devine; fifth, 9lbs. E. C. powder, donated by American E. C. Powder Co.; sixth, 6¼lbs. Wood powder, donated by American Wood Powder Co.; seventh, same; eighth, gold-headed silk umbrella, donated by Wm. Genicke; ninth, .22cal. rifle, donated by Hodgson & Howard; tenth, stiff hat, donated by L. F. Weiss; eleventh, 200 nitro powder shells, donated by H. M. Levengston; twelfth, same. Event No. 8, 10 bluerocks, $1.50; No. 9, 15 bluerocks, $2.50; No. 10, 10 bluerocks, $1.50.

The Grounds.

The island where the grounds are located is well known. It was named after old man Deschreeshoska, who used to live here before the war. The convenience to the hotel is a great feature. There could not be a pleasanter place or pleasanter arrangements for a shoot. Everything is easy and convenient. The hotel is good and we have it upon the word of no less an authority than Col. W. R. Hobart that while the lobsters of Lake Michigan are passing large and fat, and the yellow-leg chickens of Memphis fair to look upon, the frogs' legs furnished by the descendants of old man Deschreeshoska, who runs this hotel, surpass all previous gastronomic attractions whatsoever. In the middle of the big blue Detroit River, the island is always cool. The weather the first day was beautiful. The second day was so unpleasantly cold that the men just up from sweltering Memphis hastened to fish out their ducking sweaters and overcoats.

In Attendance.

Well known names are on the register of the hotel. G. Harry Marlin, of the Marlin Repeating Arms Co.; C. E. Willard, of the Colts Patent Firearms Mfg. Co.; H. McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co.; Will K. Park, of the Wilkesbarre Gun Co.; Rollo Heikes, of the Winchester Repeating Firearms Co.; Geo. W. Collins, of the Fletcher Hardware Co., all mingled with the giddy throng and upheld the gun trade. Paul North was of course on hand from the Bluerock city. Almost everybody represented the ammunition trade. FOREST AND STREAM represented the newspaper trade. It is the only newspaper in the sporting news business nowadays. There are more copies of FOREST AND STREAM read in Michigan and Canada than of any two other sporting papers. FOREST AND STREAM has a bar'l. It can get news.

But wasn't it a joke about they were going to do something to Jack Parker?

Tuesday, First Day, Aug. 14.

As soon as the first boat had gotten down from the city the fun began at the traps and of course lasted till dark. The event of the day was the two-man team race for the target championship of the United States and Canada. It was won by Heikes and Young by a score of 47 out of a possible 50. Heikes broke 24, missing his 7th. Young, his partner, got 23, missing his 20th and 23d. The only other man besides Heikes to secure 24 was J Klein, of Detroit, who broke 21 straight, but his partner fell down. The contest was taken part in by 21 teams The nearest competitors to the medal winners were three 44s—Fry and Penberthy, Fulford and McMurchy, Kelsey and Hobart. Scores:

No. 1, 10 singles, $1.50: Hobart 4, Grimm 4, Fulford 7, Van Dyke 6, McMurchy 7, Brewer 7, Graham 7, Merrill 8, Penberthy 7, Fry 4, Redwing 3, Wayper 7, Holt 9, Heikes 6, Willard 6, Martin 7, North 2, Thomas 6, Young 6, Upson 6, Tippy 4.

No. 2, 10 singles. $1 50: Thomas 1, North 5, Tippy 9, Willard 5, Martin 5, Redwing 4, Young 7, Grimm 6, Hobart 4, Van Dyke 8, Fulford 4, McMurchy 8, Merrill 8, Brewer 4, Graham 4, Wayper 3, Penberthy 8, Holt 7, Heikes 7.

No. 3, 15 singles, $1.50: Fulford 11, Van Dyke 5, Grimm 7, Brewer 8, Graham 8, McMurchy 12, Merrill 7, Penberthy 8, Heikes 13, Holt 8, Hobart 5, Wayper 7, Young 9, Willard 8, Martin 7, Thomas 9, Tippy (withdrew) 4.

No. 4, 20 singles, $3.60, guaranteed purse of $100: Grimm 13, Van Dyke 18, Brewer 16, Upson 20, Graham 19, Heikes 17, Fulford 19, Hobart 16, Penberthy 17, McMurchy 18, Holt 17, North 16, Merrill 17 Young 20, Redwing 15, Fleischer 12, Willard 15, Parker 17, Easton 18, Kelsey 17, Wayper 10, White 18, Spross 16, W. S. King 19, Tippy 16, Thomas 13, Rich 17, Martin 13, Cicotte 10, Gerton 13, Lewis 14, A. H. King 15.

No. 5, 10 singles, $1.50: Brewer 5, Grimm 6, Tippy 7, Fulford 5, McMurchy 4, Van Dyke 5, Penberthy 8, Graham 7, Merrill 5. Heikes 8, Holt 7, Hobart 5, Martin 7. Willard 6, Young 7, Thomas 3, Rich 1, Weichers 4, Kelsey 7, Sandyes 1, White 5, Spross 7, Parker 6, Easton 6.

No. 6, 15 singles, $2.50: McMurchy 14, Graham 11, Fulford 13, Van Dyke 15, Heikes 14, Lewis 11, A. H. King 12, Spross 13, Brewer 12, W. S. King 11, Grimm 15, Upson 13, Merrill 13, Holt 10, North 14, Hobart 12, Young 13, Redwing 12, Fleischer 12, Cicotte 11, Penberthy 11, Martin 10, Thomas 12, Tippy 10, Easton 14, Rich 12, Parker 14, White 13, Kelsey 11, Gerton 12, Johnson 9.

No. 7, 25 singles, 75 cents, two-man championship team of America: Heikes 24, Young 23-47; Brewer 22, Van Dyke 20-42; Grimm 21, Merrill 22-43; Rich 15, Fleischer 16-31; White 17, Easton 17-34; Wayper 21, Donaldson 20-42; Holt 16, Spross 23-39; Redwing 20, Upson 23-43; Fry Penberthy 21-44; Willard 22, Martin 13-35; W. S. King 12, Lewis 17-29; A. H. King 14, Thomas 22-36; Fulford 22, McMurchy 22-44; Park 18, Gerton 14-32; North 21, Tippy 17-38; Graham 20, Parker 21-41; Kelsey 21, Hobart 23-44; Payson 22, Brown 14-36; Cicotte 14, Smith 19-33; Klein 24, Ford 17-41; Forrest 19, Purser 19-38.

No. 8, 10 singles, entrance $.50: Grimm 10, Heikes 8, Fulford 8, Van Dyke 9, McMurchy 8, Graham 10, Brown 10, Upson 8, Hall 8, Young 8, Merrill 9, Willard 9, Thomas 7, Park 6, Marlin 6, Penberthy 5, W. S. King 7, Redwing 8, Spross 8, A. H. King 3, Hobart 9, Wayper 5, Levis 9, Easton 6, Kelsey 5, White 8, Parker 7, Fletcher 7, Schmidt 4, Cicotte 9, Rich 6. Toppy 5, Gerton 5.

No. 9, 15 singles, entrance $2.50: Fulford 12, Van Dyke 11, Heikes 11, Grimm 11, Graham 13, Kelsey 12, Upson 14, Brewer 14, Willard 12, Holt 13, Young 14, McMurchy 10, Merrill 8, Levis 14, Martin 10, Redwing 13, Thomas 11, W. S. King 7, Penberthy 13, Spross 14. Hobart 10, A. H. King 12. Easton 12, Parker 11, Fleischer 13, Cicotte 7, White 13.

No. 10, 10 singles, $1 50: Fulford 9, Van Dyke 6. Grimm 6, Brewer 10, Young 8, Upson 10, Hobart 8, White 7, Kelsey 8, Graham 8, Rich 4, Cicotte 5, Fry 7, North 8, Holt 9, Easton 6, Parker 6, Thomas 6, McMurchy 8, Willard 7, Redwing 9, Marlin 8, Tippy 6, Wayper 5, Heikes 9, Merrill 5. Levis 8. W. S. King 4, Penberthy 8, Park 6, Spross 9, A. H. King 5, Ford 5, Schmidt 5, Fleicher 6, Mitchie 4, Gerton 8, Klein 9, Thompson 6.

Sweep, 15 singles, entrance $2: Grimm 14, Fulford 13, Graham 11, Van Dyke 14, Redwing 13, Brewer 11, Upson 14, Easton 13, Spross 15, Penberthy 11, Heikes 14, Young 14, White 12, Holt 10, Rich 11, Thompson 12, Wayper 10, Marlin 8, Willard 10, McMurchy 11, Merrill 10.

Sweep, 15 singles, entrance $2: Fulford 13, Van Dyke 13, Easton 13, Grimm 11, Redwing 10. Graham 10, Spross 13, Rich 11, Levis 10, W. S. King 12, White 10, Wayper 11.

Live bird sweep, 15 birds, known trap, $81.20 divided: McMurchy 15, Brewer 15. Kelsey 15, Fulford 15, Upson 15, Penberthy 14, Grimm 14, Parker 14, R. Merrill 14, A. H. King 14, Thompson 13, Graham 13, W King 12.

Wednesday, Second Day, Aug. 15.

The shooting progressed desultorily, as it must when live birds targets are shot at the same time, many men being entered at) scores at the same time. The wind was good, but the live birds flew very dufferish lot. They came packed altogether too many in each crate, and apparently not fitted up by a term of rest and food. The interest of the day centered in the international championship live bird contest. The winner of this event in the tournament of 1891 was L. T. Duryea, of Glen Cove, L. I.; 1892, Rolla Heikes, of Chicago; 1893, A. H. King, of Pittsburgh. Heikes and King were in the present contest. This championship carries with it one of the most beautiful medals now in open competition before the shooting public. Three wins are required to constitute individual ownership. A sweep was started to run with the medal; but all took down their money, the requisite number of ten entries not showing. Brewer started the trouble in this matter, after missing his first bird, which happened to be a screamer. At this Brewer drew down his money and was followed by the others. The event went on none the less, and was of such size that it could not have been concluded during the day. At night there were three straights left in at night, Parker with 19, Thompson with 18, and Merrill with 15. Some had finished their scores, but none had escaped the d o. b. bird except the three above. The completed scores of the day follow.

No. 1, 5 live birds, $5, two moneys:

Parker	01212—4	Fulford	11111—5
*Holt	10021—3	Thompson	11011—4
A H King	11120—4	Merrill	21111—5

No. 2, 7 live birds, $7, three moneys:

Upson	1211112—7	Young	1211222—7
Heikes	0121120—5	*Park	0112121—6
Graham	2112120—6	Parker	1110111—6
Kelsey	1111110—6	A H King	1101222—6
W S King	1121100—5	Fulford	1122112—7
*Holt	1111222—7	Merrill	2112122—7
Thompson	1112111—7	Grimm	1112102—6
Van Dyke	1111211—7	McMurchy	1121021—7

No. 3, 10 live birds, $10, four moneys:

Fulford	2122111222—10	*Easton	2120111111— 9
A H King	1121122021— 9	Parker	1112212111—10
W S King	2211102111— 9	Merrel	1221211212—10
Kelsey	1211211111—10	Grimm	2212212202— 9
Thompson	1111012112— 9	McMurchy	1221221212—10
*Redwing	2111212110— 9	Holt	1212102011— 9
Upson	1011111220— 8	Young	2102222200— 7

* Shot for birds only.

No. 4, 25 live birds, international championship (unfinished): A. H. King 15-1. Heikes 4-1, McMurchy 13-2, Parker 19, Thompson 18, Fulford 13-1, Brewer 1-1 (quit), W. S King 10-4, Holt 12-2, Merrill 15, Van Dyke 15-1, Upson 14-1, Redwing 17-1, Young 14-1, Spross 12-3, Grimm 13-2, Wayper 5-2, Butler 13-2, Levis 14-1, North 8-2, Warde 10-3. Penberthy 23-2. Graham 13-2, Easton 6-1, Weise 21-4, Walton 10-5, Marker 13-2, Tippy 13-2, Avery 18-2, Morris 9-3.

The $25 medal sweeps:

First sweep, 15 singles, $2: Northmore 6, Easton 11, Graham 6, Vallade 9, Spross 7, Chauvin 11, Kelsey 12, Heikes 15, Brewer 8, Walton 10, Gerton 8, Fulford 10, Redwing 11, Purser 11, Holt 6, North 9, White 9, Merrill 13, Young 12, Thomas 9, Hobart 12, W. S. King 9.

Second sweep, 15 singles, $2: Fulford 14, Northmore 11, Brewer 10, Heikes 14, Spross 12, Gerton 9, Vallade 8, Hobart 8, White 14, Kelsey 5, Wayper 11, Thomas 8, Easton 13, Avery 4. Purser 13, Ford 10.

Third sweep, 15 singles. $2: Brewer 10, Heikes 12, Fulford 10, Spross 11, Northmore 12, Kelsey 12, Avery 8. Walton 14, Marks 8, Wayper 9, DeWolf 7, Hobart 8, Dock 10, White 12, Thomas 7, Purser 12, Easton 15, Redwing 11.

Fourth sweep, 15 singles, $2: Fulford 15, Heikes 13, Kelsey 14, Upson 14.

Third Day, Thursday, Aug. 16.

The weather was overcast and cold in the morning, but by afternoon had become very pleasant. This was the banner day of the shoot. Large numbers of spectators from the hotel and the excursion boats crowded about the shooting stands all day, and the interest was lively throughout. Nothing marred the evenness of a very well conducted shoot, except the disreputable practice of "bushwhacking" behind the score. An occasional bird would escape from the traps and come back over the crowd toward the trees, and there was always a number of guns waiting for it, some shooters doing this sort of thing who should know better. Loaded guns were common, and I saw one man, more or less intoxicated, who had two loaded guns and was waiting for a shot. All this was close behind or in among the line of shooters and spectators, and although no accidents happened that fact was due to good luck. Parker did all he could at times to stop this, but it needed more absolute measures. Jack Brewer is especially careless with a gun in matters of this kind, and when he gets to shooting a half dozen shots at one object, or flourishing a loaded and full magazine Winchester behind the crowd he ought to be called down, at this or any other shoot. Shooters are all just alike, and the well-known rule about loaded guns anywhere but at the score applies to all alike and should be enforced for all alike.

During the day Mr. W. M. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co., set up his elegant box of samples of loads, loading and loading ingredients on the grounds. Ferd Van Dyke's Winchester sample case was also in evidence and Billy Hobart was there also.

A pleasant little surprise for the management was offered by Mr. L. Gitschalk, a Detroit citizen, who in return for a little programme courtesy had manufactured three beautiful gold and diamond medals for competition. A special event was arranged by which these medals were offered in a three-men team championship contest, for the championship of Detroit and Windsor, and of counties Wayne, Monroe and Oakland. Parker, Klein and Renwick made the Detroit team which won the event.

The scores did not run high and straights were not numerous. Toward evening Heikes hit his old swing and won out $60 in a couple of hours, getting straights alone and a good place or two in other events. At 4 o'clock he said he had won enough to go fishing, so he quit shooting and went fishing for fun.

The main event of the entire shoot was concluded in the morning, the international live-bird championship race. The tall, slim, blonde youth from Milvowka known as Dickie Merrill won the great badge for 1894. Dickie has been East at the seasha'w this summer and came back with collars even a shade higher and with trousers bearing an even more alarming crease. He talks foreign idiom, speaks of golfing, tennis and such things, and shakes hands high up. But he has not forgotten how to shoot. The night before the finish he had 15 straight. It was my misfortune to be obliged to occupy the same room with him at the crowded hotel, and I can testify to his abounding cheerfulness and exuberance of spirits. He woke me up at 4 o'clock in the morning by a series of imitations of fowls, quacking like a mallard, laughing like the loon, purring like a bluebill and doing divers other things of the sort to indicate his content with life, all of which were well calculated to disturb the innocent slumbers of a newspaper man trying to help out his complexion by a beauty-sleep in the morning. The man who beats Dick will have to get up early in the morning, I can affirm. After his morning crow he went out and killed the other 10 straight. Jack Parker trotted him so close a heat that they had to go the tie, where Jack dropped two to Dick's one, the latter winning with the fine showing of 34 killed out of 35 total. It was a very popular first and second.

I should say, to avoid misunderstanding as to the readjusted conditions of the tournament, after the original platform was overthrown by the Cleveland kick, that the shooters were classified as at Memphis, experts and amateurs, the experts shooting unknown angles, the amateurs known angles. In the afternoon of to-day there were several shooters from Canadian towns near by, most of whom went to the amateur score.

In the evening the island of old man Deschreeshoska was at its best. The hotel was brilliantly lighted and the grounds were well filled with fair women and brave men. The great river with its continual caravan of craft of all sorts was a pretty sight with its thousand dancing lights. Item, one moon. Item, several stars. The crew of the yacht Josephine, otherwise known as the American Wood Powder Orchestra and Quartette, made plenty of good melody for the boys until so late that even the winners of the day wanted to go to sleep.

Following are the scores of the day:

No. 4, International championship, 25 live birds:

Merrill	2111211111221222122211212—25
Parker	1211111211121121111212211—25
Van Dyke	1111210111122212222111211—24
Upson	1121212202111111121212111—24
Thompson	1121211111111211112101111—24
Fulford	1110111211112121111211111—24
Redwing	2112122110211121111112111—24
A H King	2122221222211102012121112—23
Levis	1111212220112111222201122—23
Pemberthy	1211122111111221111111110—23
Holt	1101202211112120211211211—22
McMurchy	1110111121111101111110122—22
Young	1212221212202221201122022—22
Grimm	1112211212020111121211—22
Butler	1111111111511101222021211—22
Weise	2211121112121210210011101—21

The score in the tie was as follows:

R Merrill	1112221012—9	John Parker	1201222201—8

Following are the scores of those who started in the above event but who did not shoot it out: Walton 10 killed, lost 5, Marks 13-2

Morris 9-3, Spross 12-3, Wayper 5-2, Brewer 1-1, W. S. King 9-4, Heikes 4-2, North 8-2, Waide 10-3, Graham 13-2, Easton 6-1.

Miss and out, live birds: Parker and Fulford 8 each; Upson, Barton, Merrill and Brewer, 4 each; Van Dyke, Ward and Clarke, 1 each; McMurchy, Redwing and Grimm, 0 each. Parker and Fulford agreed to split $24, the purse.

Special live bird race, 10 birds, for silver shaving set presented by John Parker, and silver card case, presented by W. F. Genicke: First prize won by Weise, second prize won by Avery in the shoot off. Weise 9, Holt, Avery, Butler, Walton, 7 each; Donaldson and Brady, 5 each.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1.50: Brewer 5, Hobart 7, Kelsey 10, Heikes 7, Rex 8, Spross 7, Graham 8, Brewer 6, Fulford 8, Tippy 9, Thomas 6, McMurchy 9, Parker 7, Grimm 8, Young 7, Easton 8, Gerton 7.

No. 2, 10 singles, entrance $1.50: Heikes 8, Rex 9, Graham 9, Hobart 9, Kelsey 9, McMurchy 10, Grimm 9, Thomas 4, Fulford 9, Young 7, Gerton 7, Easton 6, Brewer 10, Spross 8, Tippy 7, North 8, Daniels 3.

No. 3, 15 singles, entrance $2.50: Fulford 11, Heikes 14, Hobart 8, Graham 13, Rex 12, Kelsey 10, McMurchy 12, Grimm 15, Daniels 7, Easton 10, Adams 6, Brewer 10, North 10, Thompson 9, Gerton 7, Holt 11, Van Dyke 12, Merrill 15, Parker 12, W. S. King 9, Upson 14, Young 14, A. H. King 11, White 10, Pemberthy 12, Redwing 13, Rich 7, Tippy 11, Thomas 12, Spross 12.

No. 4, 15 singles, entrance $2.50: Fulford 12, Hobart 9, Upson 13, McMurchy 13, Grimm 11, Rennick 13, Brewer 10, North 10, Van Dyke 12, Levis 5, Heikes 15, Holt 12, Rex 15, Young 10, Kelsey 12, Easton 9, Redwing 14, Thomas 11, Pemberthy 10, Graham 13, Rich 10, Gerton 13, Tippy 10, White 12, Spross 12, Parker 14, W. S. King 7, A. H. King 11.

No. 5, 20 singles, entrance $3 60, guaranteed purse $100: McMurchy 18, Fulford 18, Upson 20, Van Dyke 18, Grimm 17, Hobart 19, Levis 13, Holt 14, Young 17, North 12, Redwing 19, Brewer 15, Parker 13, Heikes 18, W. S. King 18, Merrill 18, Pemberthy 16, Graham 16, Rex 15, Easton 15, White 15, A. H. King 13, Clay 5, Thomas 17, Gerton 18, Rich 14, Tippy 17, Purser 16, Klein 15, Bangham 16, Woicle 12, Walton 16, Avery 17, Magoon 13, Daniels 9, Wood 18, Proctor 10, Donaldson 14, Druillard 15.

No. 6, 10 singles, entrance $1.50: Fulford 9, Van Dyke 8, Graham 4, Holt 7, Upson 8, McMurchy 6, Barton 7, Redwing 8, Heikes 10, Easton 8, Willard 8, Rex 7, Young 9, Rennick 7, Avery 5, Marlin 6, Watson 9, White 9, Hobart 6, Brewer 6, Grimm 9, Rich 8, Magoon 7, Gerton 8, Walton 8, Thomas 8, Tippy 9, Bangham 6, Daniels 6, Ford 6, Purser 6.

No. 7, 15 singles, entrance $2.40: Fulford 15, Barton 11, Upson 14, Van Dyke 12, McMurchy 12, Young 12 Merrill 13, White 13, Grimm 14, Hobart 12, Redwing 13, Martin 6, Heikes 15, Rex 13, Watson 12, Easton 11, Thomas 13, McWhorter 10, Gerton 13, Tippy 11, Purser 12, Rich 12.

No. 3, 20 singles, entrance $3 60, guaranteed purse $100: Fulford 15, Barton 17, Heikes 20, Upson 19, Van Dyke 16, Young 14, Grimm 16, Hobart 13, Merrill 18, Redwing 16, McMurchy 18, Watson 16, Easton 18, Rex 17, White 16, Willard 16, Holt 14, Thomas 15, McWhorter 12, Bruce 12, Tippy 18, Brown 6, Girton 5, Rich 18, Clark 15, Marks 15, Marsh 13, Rennick 17, Klein 18, Avery 8, Walton 18, Butler 12, Clay 14, Wood 13, Morris 7, Donaldson 12, Purser 16, Magoon 17, Brummitt 9, Webb 15, Huston 12.

Team race for Louis Gittschlag's diamond medals, 25 birds, 3 men per team: Detroit No. 1—Parker 18, Klein 20, Rennick 23; total 61. Windsor No. 1—Ford 19, Druillard 15, Bangham 12; total 46. Pontiac—Brummitt 16, North 16, Webb 12; total 44. Michigan Club—Wardle 7, Wood 17, Daniels 11; total 35. Detroit No. 2—Walton 15, Avery 9, Weise 15; total 39. Windsor No. 2—Purser 22, Donaldson 19, Payson 14; total 55. Detroit No. 3—Magoon 13, Mugs 15, Johnson 13; total 41. Windsor No. 3—Chauvan 16, Maillard 10, McNally 13; total 39. Grosse Pointe Club—Brady 16, McWhorter 16, Morris 11; total 43.

No. 9, 10 singles, entrance $1.50: Easton 6, Upson 10, Van Dyke 9, Heikes 8, Merrill 9, Redwing 8, McMurchy 8, Watson 8, Hobart 9, Barton 8, Millard 10, Marlin 7, Fulford 8, Tippy 6, Grimm 8, McWhorter 5, Purser 7, R. C. Yerkes 8, Harmon 3, W. S. Yerkes 5.

No. 10, 10 singles, entrance $1.50: Fulford 10, Upson 10, Van Dyke 8, McMurchy 8, Merrill 8, Redwing 9, Grimm 7, Barton 7, Watson 8, Holt 9.

Friday, Fourth Day, Aug. 17.

The attendance was of course lighter on the last day, but the weather was glorious, There is no better location for a summer shoot than this island. The shooters lingered late at the scores, and the last of Jack's live birds were shot out. In all about 1,600 live birds were shot, and about 17,000 targets. Reflect on the benefit to the target and ammunition trade in this, and reflect also on the fact that the little one-horse club wagon every morning carried down to the grounds a load of guns and paraphernalia worth between $15,000 and $20,000, and one can gain a fair idea as to the reason for existence of the trap tournament of to-day, and as to its value for the future, and of the necessity of handling the questions involved in trap-shooting in such way that the sport will be preserved and increased and made permanent.

This tournament, under Jack Parker's hands, could not fail of being admirably conducted, the management being as good as could be procured at any cost in America. Certainly the shooters could charge no neglect, no discourtesy and no illiberality. The prizes were abundant and valuable, and diamonds were common at the setting of the sun. It was a good tournament, as good as any modern tournament, run on the modern ideas, could be.

They Kindly Consented.

By the kind consent of the two original kickers from Cleveland, the first event of the day was shot under the system which Jack had announced would rule the tournament. This was a 10-bird event, but was shot at 18yds. rise instead of 21yds. McMurchy hammered out 10 straight, at least showing what can be done at it by way of beating the hard game, provided one is willing to get out of the baby carriage of the old sure-thing game, and take the chances of his own actual skill. I can well remember the time when every one shot walk-around and known angles, and how the poor amateur got it then from the rounders. This paper was the first and only one to protest against that. To-day the handicap of the expert is universal. I hope to see the day when dropping, pooling and combining is punished by disharment from shooting circles. I believe I will see that day. I hope to see the time when the great shooters who really make the success of a tournament—for the poor shooters never will make a tournament go—will be classified and set distinctly apart from the men who want to shoot for a little sport. I believe I will see that time.

Mr. Merrill's Trousers Win Again.

At the beginning of this week it was not generally understood that the tournament was to be held for the benefit of any one man, but to-day it became evident that it was really a very one-sided affair. There was only one man in it, which the same was the youth from Milvowka, who speaks knowingly of golf and polo, and wears his cuffs around his neck. Dick Merrill won the international live bird championship, for the U. S. and Canada, and ordinarily speaking that ought to satisfy the most rapacious shooter. Yet to-day he calmly stepped into the international target championship contest, for U. S. and Canada, and he didn't do a thing, to use the prevalent idiom, but break 48 out of 50, and carry off that medal, too! What do you think of that? Evidently this was Dick's tournament. From close association with this youth—an association which, on account of his early rising and exuberant wildfowl imitations I fain would have broken off—I can inform the public of the system by which Mr. Merrill fits himself for a contest. Before going to his room he drinks a large glass of ginger ale, and upon retiring he carefully folds his trousers and puts them under the mattress. In this way the inimitable creases are preserved intact, and appear on the following morning radiant, resplendent and apparently indestructible in their glory. All sorts of odd systems are employed by shooters, but this of Mr. Merrill's is the only one of the kind I have ever met, and but for my unwilling association with him might never had been made public. Anyhow, there wasn't a soul on the grounds who grudged Dick either of his medals. "There are twenty fellows right here on these grounds now who could beat me for either of the medals," said he. "It's only luck." From this I am disposed to believe that Dick is a rare and desirable sort of "champion."

This evening Charlie Willard of the Colt gun, Harry Marlin, Rollo Heikes and a lot more of the cracks left for the West, and next week the shoot at the "Soo" will probably see them and many others of the shooters who met here shaking hands again for another session at the game of traps. The scores of to-day:

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1.50: Willard 3, Holt 6, McMurchy 10, Merrill 8, Fulford 4, Rex 5, Van Dyke 4, Hobart 7, Grimm 8, Graham 5, Redwing 6, Heikes 7, Tippy 6.

No. 2, 10 singles, entrance $1.50: Fulford 8, Van Dyke 7, Upson 8, Heikes 8, Grimm 9, Graham 9, Redwing 8, Rex 8, Young 7, Hobart 7, Easton 8, Merrill 9, Willard 8, Holt 7, McMurchy 9, Parker 7, Rich 9, Tippy 6, Harman 5, R. C. Yerkes 9, Fry 6, W. C. Yerkes 7, Gerton 9.

No. 3, 15 singles, entrance $2.50: Rich 13, R. C. Yerkes 13, Harmon 6, Gerton 13, Fry 11, Tippy 8, Fulford 12, Van Dyke 10, Upson 14, Heikes 10, Rex 11, Grimm 13, Holt 12, Redwing 11, Merrill 9, Hobart 9, Young 10, Easton 12, McMurchy 13, Barton 8, Willard 8, Graham 9.

No. 4, 20 singles, entrance $3 60, guaranteed $100 purse: Fulford 16, Van Dyke 17, Upson 19, Heikes 19, Holt 18, Grimm 17, Graham 17, Redwing 20, Hobart 9, Merrill 9, Young 10, Rex 16, Barton 15, McMurchy 17, Parker 13, Easton 16, Parker 13, White 19, W. G. Yerkes 15, Rich 16, Girton 15, Chauvin 11, R. C. Yerkes 10, Droulllard 9, DeWolf 9, Harmon 10, Fry 15.

No. 5, 10 singles, entrance $1.50: Willard 10, Fulford 9, Van Dyke 9, Upson 9, Heikes 9, Holt 6, Graham 10, Redwing 7, White 8, Parker 6, Easton 5, Barton 7, McMurchy 8.

No. 6, 15 singles, entrance $2.50: Parker 11, Van Dyke 14, Upson 14, Grimm 14, Merrill 11, Walton 10, Magoon 10, Rennick 14, Klein 10, Rich 11, DeWolf 9, Redwing 10, Easton 13.

No. 7, 50 bluerocks, $1.50, individual international target championship, United States aud Canada, for diamond trophy, trophy to be property of winner:

Fulford	11111111111111101111111111111111110111011111111110—46
Van Dyke	11101100111111011110111011111111111111111011111111—43
Upson	11111101111111111111111111011111111111111111110111—47
Heikes	11110111111111111111111111011111111111110011111111—46
Holt	11111111101011011111000011111111011111111111111111—42
Graham	11101011011110010111000011100001111101111111111111—35
Young	11111111111111110101111111101111111111110101110111—44
Redwing	10111011111111011111101011111111111110111110011111—42
Grimm	11011111111111101111111111111111110111111111111111—46
McMurchy	11110011111110111011111111111111111111111111110111—44
Hobart	11011011111111110111010111111111101001110111111111—41
White	11111111111110111111111110111111001111111111110111111—45
Barton	11011111001111001111011111011111111010001111111110—38
Marlin	10110110001010111110111000111110110110111111111111—36
Willard	00011101110111111111111011011111111110111101111011—40
Merrill	01111111111111111111111111111111111111111011111111—48
Butler	10001110111111101101011111000010000111101110101111—41
R C Yerkes	10111111011100001111111111111110111111111110011110—40
DeWolf	11101011111000111011101100001001100011001000111101—28
Fry	11111011011111011101111101100001111111111010001111—37
Easton	11111111111111111111111100111110101110111111111111—45
Rich	01111111111111111111110011111110110111011110111111—42
W G Yerkes	00110111101111110000011001111101001011111111111010—43
Parker	11101111101110111101111101111101110111011110111111—41
Magoon	11110111111011101111111010111110111110111101011111—39
Walton	11111111011111111111111101110111110110101110110110—41
Tippy	10101111101001011110111111110110111111110111111111—40
Harmon	01011111110111011011100000101100000010000111101001—26
Brewer	11111111011110111111111110111011111111111111110111—46

Merrill won the medal. One or two ties were shot down, and the "plunder" hought out, shot out or otherwise satisfactorily divided.

No. 8, 15 singles, $1.50: Weise 6, Redwing 9, Easton 10, Daniels 2, Holt 7, White 7, Van Dyke 7, Upson 9, Grimm 6, Merrill 8, DeWolf 3, Walton 5, Guiotte 7, Magoon 6, Rennick 3, Rich 5, Klein 9.

No. 9, 15 singles, $2.50: DeWolf 4, Redwing 15, Easton 10, Grimm 13, Van Dyke 10, Upson 13, Parker 11, Merrill 13, Holt 12, Rennick 11, Daniels 6, Wood 7, Walton 10, Magoon 11, Klein 8.

No. 10, 10 singles, $1.50: Van Dyke 6, Upson 10, Merrill 9, Grimm 6, Holt 7, Redwing 7.

Miss-and-out sweeps at live birds closed the shooting of the day and ended the tournament.

Modern Definitions.

Shooter—Modern for a prince, a king; a fat fellow; one who lives high and is sought after; one pampered and made much of; *hence*, one who cannot stand alone, one who is afraid.

Tournament—Once meant for a contest of skill among men. Modern for a sure-thing game; a cinch, a moral, a lead-pipe system of certainty.

Kicker—Modern for a being possessed of long ears, powerful hind-legs and small sense of decency.

Added Money—Sugar. Pap. Sweet suckling for those young or weak.

Guarantees—Part of the lead-pipe.

Average Money—*V*. "Added money."

Citizen—One who is humble; one who is blind, subservient; one who can not see a load of hay; one who is easy, very easy, or dead easy. Sometimes syn. with chump, a foolish fellow, one too easily tickled

Sport—Once pleasure, fun, entertainment. Modern for hard work; close figuring; sawing wood.

Dropping for Place—Theft. Robbery. Dishonesty. A dishonorable practice; an ungentlemanly act; the act of stealing from a friend; picking pockets while engaging the victim in pleasant conversation. Crookedness. The act of a crook, a thief.

Management—Bureau of apology and propitiation.

Trap Tournament—An uncertainty; a thing with no future. A thing once good.

Sand—(Now obsolete).

Pluck—(Now obsolete).

Champion—Give it up. E. Hough.

909 Security Building, Chicago.

Knoxville May Tournament.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is the desire of the Knoxville Gun Club to make its May, 1895, tournament excel any of the club's previous efforts. To accomplish this end the following scheme was thought of at the largely attended and exceedingly pleasant meeting of the Memphis Gun Club.

The Knoxville Gun Club will add to the purses the sum of $1,500, provided 100 shooters of the country will subscribe $10 each, making $1,000 additional money, or a total amount added money $2,500 to the purses. This being done, they call upon the dealers and manufacturers of the country to add $500, making grand total $3,000 added money to the purses.

Permit no one to contest but those who have entered their names upon the subscription list of $10 and who have paid same—in other words for the privilege of shooting for $3,000 added money and purses of each event (100 men, $3) $300, a shooter only puts in the pot the small sum of $10.

Now, boys, don't your mouths water? What say you? Shall we all pull together and have the biggest shoot ever held in this country? We can do it if you only send in your names, the $10 to be paid on or before April 1, 1895. The club's reputation for honesty and fair dealing to one and all is guarantee that this is no fake, but a sober, real good, sound scheme, to have the best meeting ever held among all the shooters of the country.

Now, what say you? Don't all tumble over one another in frantic efforts to get to the cashier's office. Any one who sends in his $10 will be given a certificate entitling him (or if in his absence his designated representative) to contest in the meeting. In the event he cannot come and has sent in his money it will not be refunded, because to make the shoot a go this amount if advertised must be put up, and it will be his pleasure to contribute to such a meeting even if it should be his misfortune to be absent and out of his $10. Remember only those who are on the list can or will be permitted to contest. At the Memphis meeting thirty-nine names were enrolled as follows: H. McMurchy, F. V. Van Dyke, R. Heikes, Paul North, J. L. Ward, E. L. Gilmer, John Brewer, Wm. Wagner, Joe Hunter*, Jim Elliott, J. T. Anthony, J. W. Todd, J. F. Jordon*, Fonda*, John T. Sumpter, Jr., J. T. Lloyd, Ed. Rike*, F. D. Alkire, L R. Pinkston, J. A. Woodson, Wm. Rothwell*, F. C. Ethridge*, A. B. Troutman*, J. M. Girton, Shorty Bacon, F. Schuman, M. Holden, Dan Searles, H. L. Foote. C. A. Young, W. H. Skinner, A. W. DuBray, Andy Meaders, Thos. Callender, W. T. Allen, Thos. Irwin, Irby Bennett, W. B. Powell, Ralph Worthington. Those marked with an * were put on by request of friends present.

This is a good starter, and I hope to see the 100 names entered at once. If you have a friend whom you desire to put down, kindly notify him. Let us all enter into the scheme and make this meeting the one grand *finale*—if it is so desired. Send in your names and money at as early date as possible. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.

Knoxville, Tenn.

Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., Aug. 13.—Scores made at our monthly live bird and monthly target shoot at 25 single targets:

McAlpin	1111101111111010111001111—19
Richmond	1101111110011111111101101—20
James	1010111101011100111011101—17
Huck	1111110111111011111111111—23
Paul	0111101111110111100100111—18
Lane	1011110101111011011111111—20
Frank	1100010110111101111110011—17
Lenone	1111101111101101101011110—19

Sweep No. 1, 10 birds: Lenone 7, Abbott 6, Lane 8, Paul 9, Huck 10, Jelleme 6.

No. 2, expert: Lenone 7, Paul 8, James 7, Richmond 10, Abbott 9, Huck 9.

No. 3, same: James 3, Lenone 6, Paul 6, Huck 6, Richmond 4, Abbott 5, Lane 4;

No. 4, same: Richmond 8, Paul 10, James 4, Lenone 8, Lane 6, Hemion 3, Hall 0, Huck 9, Krehs 6, Abbott 6.

No. 5, 5 pairs: Lenone 5, Richmond 4, James 5, Paul 7, Huck 9, Lane 5, Abbott 9, Hall 0.

Monthly live bird, Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 7 birds:

Richmond	0222000—3	Hutchinson	1001012—4
James	2111020—5	Hughes	2011222—6
Paul	1012001—4	Griffiths	1102212—6
Huck	2221222—7		

Sweep No. 1, 10 birds: Richmond 7, Paul 9, James 4, Hutchinson 4, Griffiths 9, Huck 8.

No. 2, same: Paul 6, Griffiths 8, Huck 9, Hutchinson 2, Richmond 8.

No. 3, 5 pairs: Paul 5, Richmond 8, Huck 9.

At the tournament of the New England Shooting Association, at Worcester, Mass., the team race was won by the Worcester Sportsmen's Club team No. 1. The individual championship contest was won by G. Wheeler on 26 breaks out of a possible 30.

Shenango Gun Club Tournament.

New Castle, Pa., Aug. 8.—Inclosed find scores made at the Shenango Gun Club tournament held here yesterday. The weather was fine and there were about 50 shooters on the grounds.

No. 1, 10 singles: Gillette 4, Nye 10, Nelson 9, Ebley 4, Skillman 5, Wilson 9, Matthews 9, Gill 4, Davis 6, Klee 10, Tuay 9, Upson 9, Ward 8.

No. 2, 10 singles: Tuay 9, Upson 9, Nelson 7, Skillman 6, Nye 7, Badshot 8, Shoner 8, Hass 8, Mesner 8, Carley 7, Klee 5, Frye 10, Ward 6, Wheatlord 7, Crockitt 9, Rigby 6, Wilson 9, W. Rigby 5, Agnew 3, Gleisner 5.

No. 3, 10 singles: Tuay 8, Upson 10, Nelson 7, Skillman 10, Nye 8, Badshot 10, Carley 7, Klee 9, C. J. W. 8, Rigby 7, Wheatlord 8, Crolel 10, Shoner 9, Hass 8, Crockitt 7, Penn 9, Parke 9, Messner 8, Ward 7, E. Rigby 7, Wilson 7, Gillette 3.

No. 4, 10 singles: Upson 10, Skillmon 5, Badshot 4, Crolel 6, Tuay 8, Hass 9, Messner 10, Prye 10, Penn 9, Barley 5, Shoner 6, Crockitt 9, C. J. W. 5, Wheatlord 8, Parke 8, Grace 9, Nelson 10, Montgomery 8, Keck 7, Harvey 6, Wilson 9, Klee 8, Keck 8, Nye 8, Ward 8, Clawson 4, Rigby 7, P. Wilson 10.

No. 5, 10 singles: Prye 10, Upson 9, Messner 6, Nelson 5, P. Wilson 6, Penn 9, Shoner 10, Hass 9, Crockitt 10, Wheatlord 10, J. A. Wilson 8, Tuay 10, Parke 9, Keck 7, Skillman 9, Nye 9, Montgomery 8, Alexander 7, Clomson 8, McCullough 10, C. J. W. 6, Carley 5, Klee 9, Keck 6, Gillette 6, Grace 8, Bartolow 9, Crable 10, E. Rigby 7, Taylor 9, Rummell 8, Harvey 6, Naylor 10, Hamilton 9, Badshot 7.

No. 6, 10 singles: Crockitt 6, Shoner 10, Wheatlord 4, Naylor 7, McCullough 5, Tuay 7, Penn 9, J. A. Wilson 9, Nye 7, Keck 7, Hass 10, Parke 8, Rummell 9, Upson 9, Clomson 6, Hamilton 8, Harvey 5, Alexander 7, C. J. W. 8, Klee 7, Grace 8, Taylor 9, Messner 8, Badshot 6, Montgomery 9, Keck 7, Ward 6, Skillman 8, Nelson 9, Cumming 7.

No. 7: Shoner 13, Hass 12, Tuay 14, Upson 15, Nelson 15, Skillman 15, Nye 14, Badshot 11, J. A. Wilson 12, Parke 11, Wheatlord 11, Keck 10, Crohle 10, Grace 11, Messner 13, Penn 13, Taylor 15, Rummel 14, Hamilton 12, Crockitt 13, Cuming 8, Naylor 13, Harvey 10, Klee 12, Wilson 15, Mathews 14, C. J. W. 10, Malone 12, Ward 9, Prye 13.

No. 8, 5 pair doubles:

Taylor	10 11 10 11 10— 7	Rummell	11 11 11 11 10— 9
Crockett	00 11 11 00 10— 5	Ward	10 10 10 10 10— 5
Shoner	11 10 00 10 11— 6	Prye	11 11 10 11 11— 9
Upson	11 11 11 11 11—10	Keck	11 10 10 01 11— 7
J A Wilson	10 00 10 11 11— 6	Clomson	11 10 10 10 11— 7
Hass	00 10 11 11 10— 6	Harvey	00 11 10 10 00— 4
W Rigby	00 11 10 11 10— 5	Montgomery	10 00 00 10 10— 3
Skillman	10 01 00 10 10— 4	Wheatlord	00 01 10 11 01— 5
Nye	10 01 11 10 10— 6	Hamilton	11 11 00 00 11— 6
Badshot	10 00 10 10 10— 4	Cuming	11 10 10 10 11— 7
Tuay	10 01 11 11 11— 8	Naylor	10 10 01 01 11— 6

Inside Uncle Sam's Picket Line.

Butte, Mont.—For some time past Butte has presented quite a military air, there being no less than 1,500 of Uncle Sam's boys quartered with us, sent here no doubt to soothe the disturbed feelings of Mr. Debs's followers. But Butte's reputation had evidently been besmirched. The soldiers came into town shoving two box cars ahead of the train, and in these cars were the best shots of the regiment prepared for business. Very much to their surprise, there was no commotion at all on account of their arrival. They encamped on the grounds used by the gun club, and when the day for the weekly shoot came around a picket line was found around the traps. A few words of explanation to the head officer soon fixed things, and it was not long until officers and soldiers were interested spectators. There was some great shooting done, Mr. Jaeger especially covering himself with glory, breaking 66 without a miss. Rueger was a close second, forcing Jaeger in one match to break 30 straight before winning the money. Below are the scores:

Ten birds:

Cowan	1110111110— 8	Rueger	0101110111— 8
Naughton	0101011100— 5	Wright	1111101100— 7
Jaeger	1111111111—10	Smith	0011101011— 6

Twenty-five singles, known traps, unknown angles:

Cowan	1011110001101110111111111—19
Rueger	1110110110111111111111110—21
Naughton	1011010001111111000010110—14
Jaeger	1101111101111111011111111—22
Wright	1011110010110011111111110—18
Smith	0111001001011110111001110—15

Medal shoot, 25 singles, unknown angles:

Cowan	1111111011111110110101111—21
Rueger	1011111111110111111010111—21
Naughton	1010110011110111000111110—16
Jaeger	1011110111111111000110101—18
Wright	1001011111100011010111101—16
Smith	1110101101001110110101110—15

Team shoot, 20 singles, unknown angles:

Cowan	11111101111101110101—16	Smith	01111011111111101101—16
Rueger	11111111111111111001—18	Jaeger	11111111111011111111—19
Wright	01101011101111001111—14	Naughton	01111011110110111000—13
	—48		—48

Fifteen singles and 3 pairs:

Wright	100111110110001	10 10 01—12
Jaeger	111111111111111	11 11 11—21
Rueger	111001111111111	11 10 10—17
Smith	101110111111110	11 10 10—16

Ten singles, $1.50 entrance:

Rueger	1111111111—10	Jaeger	1111111111—10
Wright	1010110011— 6	Smith	1011101111— 8

Shoot-off on ties:

Rueger	11111111111111110111—19	Jaeger	11111111111111111111—20

J. F. C.

New Hands at the Trap.

Orangeville, Md., Aug. 9.—The shooters whose scores are given here are all new except Hartner. The scores are not without credit for beginners.

Match at 10 Keystone targets, 5 traps, A. S. A. rules: Shackleford 7, Stiner 6, James 7, Hartner 10, Wonder 8, Bire 8, Steever 8, Mason 7, Kimble 6.

Second match:

Stiner	110001011101110— 9	James	000110110111111—10
Shackleford	001011111110101—10	Steever	101111111111011—13
Wonder	111111011011000—10	Mason	101101111110111—12
Hartner	111111111111111—15	Kimble	100110110111111—11
Bire	111110110011111—12		

Third match:

Hartner	1111111111—10	Wonder	1110111101— 8
Bire	1101110111— 8	James	1110100111— 7
Kimble	0010011111— 6	Stiner	1011111101— 8

J. A. H.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 21-22.—Sturgis, Mich., Rod and Gun Club's annual tournament, Hotel Thornton's guaranteed stake $50. W. E. Pearson, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-23.—Hot Springs (S. D.) Gun Club's tournament; $250 added.

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsononock Park, Altoona.

Aug. 22-24.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Bunker Hill, Ill.

Aug. 29.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fifth tournament, at Auburn.

Aug. 29.—Staunton, Va., Gun Club tournament. J. M. Kinney, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Endeavor Gun Club's annual shoot, Marion, N. J. E. Hollister, Sec'y, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Sept. 3.—Putney, Vt.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Putney Gun Club.

Sept. 4-7.—New London, Conn.—Standard Keystone Co.'s seventh annual tournament. James W. Clinton, Sec'y.

Sept. 11-13.—Indianapolis, Ind., second annual tournament, on the grounds of the North End Shooting Club.

Sept. 19 20.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Chattanooga Gun Club, at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sept. 20.—Penacook, N. H.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Penacook Gun Club.

Sept. 25-26.—Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club tournament, with Central New York League team shoot, at Rochester. J. B. Mullan, Sec'y.

Sept. 26.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, sixth tournament, at Rochester.

Oct. 3-5.—West Newburgh (N Y.) Gun and Rifle Association tournament. Last day live birds. W. C. Gibbs, Sec'y.

Oct. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club, at Charleston, S. C.

Oct. 11.—Lewiston, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Androscoggin Gun Club.

Oct. 22-24.—Emerald Gun Club tournament, at Dexter Park. Targets and live birds. Dr. G. V. Hudson, Sec'y, 9 Madison street, New York.

Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at Utica.

Oct. 25.—Richmond, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Richmond Gun Club.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Aug. 15.—Audubon Club, handicap medal shoot, allowing birds as handicap:

J M Gillespie	0222221202101111—15	J McCauley	1021112012000121—14
L Hamiline	2222220221110211—15	C S Wilcox	2022211210122221—15
W Shepard	0122202220002021—13	C B Dicks	1211212102201101—13
F R Bissell	2222202100100211—15	*E Bingham	2222202222222222—14
F A Place	2120221110122211—15	*M J Eich	0211122222211122—14
R Wadsworth	0112111212211121—15	* Not members.	

Tie on 15, same thing over:

J M Gillespie	0011122200120111—14	F A Place	2021010111121011—14
L Hamiline	0021112012212121—15	R Wadsworth	1122110211121101—14
F R Bissell	0010102220021121—15	C S Wilcox	1021121222120121—15

Second tie on 15:

L Hamiline	2210222201021101—14	C S Wilcox	2121221121121101—15
F R Bissell	2100102110221121—15		

Third tie on 15:

F R Bissell	0221001122000221—15	C S Wilcox	0200222120211121—15

Fourth tie on 15,

F R Bissell	2120101122202101—15	C S Wilcox	0212211202012111—15

Fifth tie on 15:

F R Bissell	1100002222021201—15	C S Wilcox	2102222002212211—15

Darkness overtook them and they will continue the tie next month at club shoot.

Aug. 16.—Soft Mark Gun Club medal shoot at 10 live birds:

Douglas	0001122111—7	N S Cuttler	1221202012—8
W S Bond	2010011100—5	Groll	1010020000—3

Ravelrigg.

Shooting at Maple Bay.

Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 16.—The regular diamond medal shoot of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club took place to-day, Geo. Mann winning A class medal for the third time, and B class medal having been won for the second time by George Mosher. The scores:

Class A.

Geo Mann	1111111101101111111111111101111111101111111111111—46
Chas Wagner	1110111111111111111101111111111101111101111110111—45
A G Courtney	1111111011111111111111011101111011111100101111111—42
C F Arno	1111101101110011101111110101101111001111111111101—39

Class B.

Geo Mosher	0111110110111011101101110111111111111111111111101—42
Dick King	1011111011110111000111111011111101110111111111—40
Harry Duguid	1101010111111110111111001011010011111111111111110—38
H White	1001001111111111101100110011110101101111011011110—35
M Petit	1001110111110001001111111101110110111111110110001111—35
Dan Walters	1110001101011011100011111011101111001100100101—21
John Cool	1010111110010101111100111011000010101010111001111—28
Harry Jones	1101111101110110111010000100100011000000111001111—27

Falstaff.

Weir City Trap Notes.

Weir City, Kan., Aug. 16.—I inclose herewith scores made by members of the Business Men's Gun Club, at this place, at their last regular medal contest. The day was pleasant, as a light shower in the morning made the air cool after a two weeks' drought. The usual handicap (of birds allowed) was arranged, and from the appended scores our handicap for this shoot was not very far wrong.

Regular medal contest, 25 singles:

McIlhany (allowed 0)	1111101111111111111101111—23
Doan (4)	0110001111110001101011111—20
Franks (4)	1011101111101000111010100—19
Holmes (2)	1110110101111011111111111—23
*Allison (0)	0010010111101101110001011—14
Kirk (6)	1011010101001000110011101—19
*Price (0)	0010111000111111001110110—15
Morrison (5)	0011111111101101110111111—25
Calhoun (0)	1101111101111111111111111—23
Ayers (5)	1101100100101010100100111—18
*Morton	1010111011111111100111001—18

*Visitors. Morrison won first gold medal.

Ties on second shot off on 25, as below:

McIlhany	1111111111111111101111111—24
Holmes (2)	1101101111010101010111011—20
Calhoun	1111011111111110111011111—22

McIlhany won second gold medal. After the medal contest several sweeps were shot off, the boys taking advantage of the pleasant day to practice up for the open shoot given at this place on Wednesday, the 22d inst. Our boys are all improving, and within another year the Business Men will be right in the front.

Mamaluke.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

There has just come from the Forest and Stream press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Last Personally-Conducted Tour to the North via the Pennsylvania Railroad.

On Tuesday, August the 21st, the last of the personally conducted tours to the North, via the Pennsylvania Railroad will be run. The party will leave Philadelphia in special Pullman cars, and the tour includes Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands, the Rapids of the St Lawence, Montreal, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, and down the Hudson River. The round-trip rate, including all necessary expenses, from New York Philadelphia, Newark, Trenton, Baltimore and Washington, is $90 00 Tickets will also be sold from other stations at proportionate rates Tourist Agent and Chaperon will conduct the party. For tickets, descriptive itineraries, and reservation of seats on the train, address Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. *Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

A. E. H., Williamsport, Pa.—A brook trout has scales.

C. S.—The powder is suited for use in the gun. The manufacturers will supply full direction as to charges.

G. H., Toronto, Can.—Jack rabbits are true hares, as are also cottontails, the naturalists of the Ontario Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding. Jack rabbits when hotly pursued, and cottontails also, run into holes of other animals, or into stone fences, or into hollows in the rocks, but they are not in any sense burrowers as is the English rabbit. The jack rabbit of the Western plains is not a very distant relation of the varying hare which is a native of your own section. The history of the North American *Leporidæ* has been written by Dr. Coues and Dr. Allen in one of the folio volumes of the United States Geological Survey. Of course, the law which allows cottontails to be shot at all seasons of the year is a bad one.

Half Rates to Washington, D. C., and Return, via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the Biennial Encampment of the Supreme Lodge and Grand Encampment of the Knights of Pythias of the world, to be held at Washington, Aug. 27 to Sept. 5, inclusive, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell, from Aug. 23 to 28, inclusive, round-trip tickets to Washington and return at rate of a *single fare for the round trip.* These tickets will be valid for return passage until Sept. 6, with a further extension of time until Sept. 15, obtainable by depositing tickets with joint agent at Washington on or before Sept. 6. This arrangement will afford a rare opportunity to all to visit the National Capital. Stop off at Philadelphia and Baltimore will be allowed on tickets through those points. Round trip tickets from Washington to Baltimore and return, limited to two days, including day of sale, can be purchased during this Encampment at rate of $1.25 each.—*Adv.*

The exquisite pictures of "Sport with Rod and Gun" that are sent this year as premiums with the old reliable Forest and Stream, the American sportsman's favorite journal, are gems of art worthy a place on the walls of any home Pictures of this class are a surprise to those who have been accustomed to the inferior and crude productions sent out as premiums by many publishers. People of artistic tastes will be quick to recognize and appreciate the vigorous treatment of the subjects and the exquisite coloring of the water colors, and sportsmen who have been fortunate enough to indulge in the fascinating sport of fishing for the gamy bass off Block Island will be delighted with the splendidly natural reproduction of the scenery and incidents of the sport at those famous old fishing grounds.—*Joplin (Mo.) Herald.*

It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where we get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

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Length and weight of the Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft. 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. Reel seats below hand.

Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz., 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.

No. H—A special lot of Hard Rubber and Nickel, Raised Pillar, Multiplying Reels with Balance Handle and Side Spring Click, 40yds., 63 cts.; 60yds., 73 cts.; 80yds., 88 cts.; 100yds., 98 cts.

Any of the above reels sent by mail for price and 10 cts. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot Hard Rubber and Nickel Raised Pillar Click Reels, 40yds., 38cts., 60yds., 48cts. Sent by mail 5cts. extra for postage.

No. C—Nickel-Plated, Raised Pillar Multiplying Reels, with click and drag and screen oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 63c.; 80yds., 78c.; 100yds., 83c.; 150yds., 98c. 10c. extra for postage.

Single Gut Leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz.; 3yds., 60c. doz. Double Gut Leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. doz. Hand Twisted Gut Leaders, 10c. each, 90c. doz.

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All kinds of Hollow Point best quality Hooks snelled to single gut 10 cts. doz.; double gut, 15cts. doz.; treble, 20 cts. doz.; four ply, 25 cts. doz. 1 cent extra per dozen for postage.

300ft. Braided Linen Reel Line on Block, 41 cts.; 300ft. of Hand-Made Linen Reel Lines on Block, 9 thread, 38 cts., sent by mail 3 cts. extra for postage.

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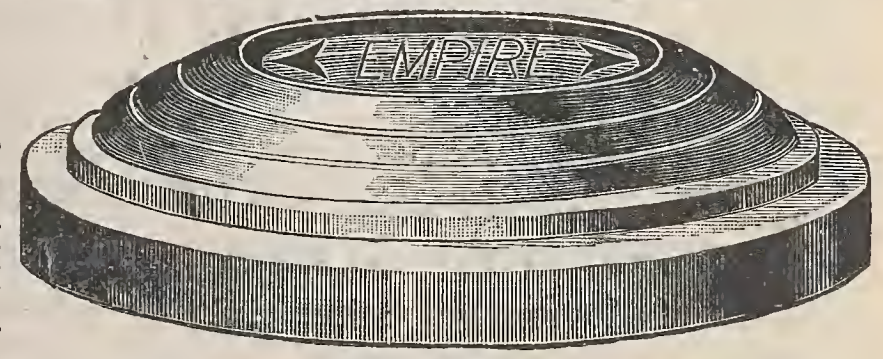

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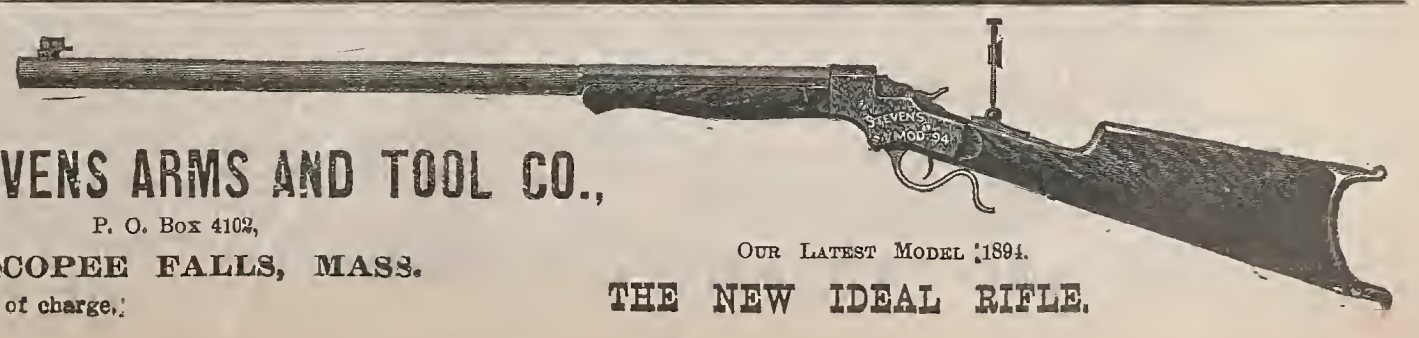

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CONTENTS.

Editorial.
Mongolian Pheasants for Middlesex Fells.
Concerning a Breed of Swine.
Neighborliness.
The Sportsmen's Exposition.

The Sportsman Tourist
Camping and Tramping in Mexico.
Flannel Shirt Days.

Natural History.
Beaver Chippings.
Siberian Reindeer in Alaska.

Game Bag and Gun.
Texas and the Southwest.
The Four Bears of Bald Mountain.
Two Greenhorns Afloat.
In Nova Scotia Wilds.
Chicago and the West.
South Dakota Prairie Chickens.

Sea and River Fishing.
Michigan's Favored Waters.
A Day on the Mooseup.
Trouting on Upper Magalloway.
Angling Notes.
Canadian Angling Notes.
New Jersey Coast Fishing.

Fishculture.
States Owning Their Tide-Waters

The Kennel.
Specialty Club Secretaries

The Kennel.
Kicking and Kickers at Field Trials.
The Paucity of Bench Show Judges
Gordon Setter Trials.
Points and Flushes.
Dog Chat.
Kennel Answers.
Beagle Meets.
Show Beagles as Practical Field Dogs.

Yachting.
Classification by Sailing Length.
The Improvement of Measurement Rules.
Shrewsbury Y. C. Regatta.
Club Races.
Yachting News Notes.

Canoeing.
Ottawa C. C. Regatta.
Toronto C. C. Paddling Cup.
News Notes.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Newark Shooting Society.
Plattdeutsche Verein Festival.
Zettler Rifle Club Festival.
Club Scores.
Rifle Notes

Trap Shooting.
Wopsononock.
Pennsylvania Association.
Drivers and Twisters.

Answers to Queries.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

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MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS FOR MIDDLESEX FELLS

SOME years ago, ten perhaps, we noted the case of a crusty old fellow living not far from the chief city of western Massachusetts, who in pique over the law forbidding the trapping of partridges posted his farm and vowed that if he could not trap the birds no "city sports" should shoot them. Certain of the town sportsmen, who had marked many a grouse in those covers, took this turn of affairs sadly to heart; but one of them more sagacious than his fellows exhorted the old man to steadfastness in his resolution and strong nails in his trespass signs, for he had discovered the beautiful truth that a well posted farm meant a game refuge, and a game refuge meant an overflow into neighboring covers. In this particular case the exclusion of shooters from the forbidden premises actually did supply good near-by shooting for the several seasons during the interregnum of the dog-in-the-manger. The experience has been repeated again and again elsewhere. In many a district where game is scarce, to take down the signs which read "No shooting here," would mean in practical effect to erect others proclaiming "No shooting anywhere." What is true of protected private lands is true in a larger sense of protected public lands.

We have taken occasion before this to direct attention to the admirable system of public reservations adopted in Massachusetts, under which extensive tracts of wild land have been set apart for the public. There are already, in the neighborhood of Boston, four such reservations, the Middlesex Fells of 3,200 acres, the Lynn woods of 2,000 acres, the Stony Brook woods of 600 acres, and the Blue Hills reserve of 4,000 acres. A fifth park is to be added in Waltham.

An editorial writer in the Boston *Herald* points out that one highly valuable service which may be rendered by these protected domains will be to constitute preserves for feathered game. Under the rules firearms are strictly excluded from the reservations. The covers are naturally adapted to the support of the native birds; grouse and quail and woodcock will resort to these harbors, and there unmolested increase and thrive and overflow into adjacent territory. Here, too, exotic species will flourish. The Lynn woods have already been stocked by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association with Western grouse; and now there is a project of establishing a colony of Mongolian pheasants in the Middlesex Fells.

These Massachusetts reservations will prove to be sources of game supply for all the country around about. There should be just such game refuges in every State in the Union. They should have been set apart years ago. They may be established now.

NEIGHBORLINESS.

THE youngster at school considers it unmanly to peach on another. Grown to manhood he scorns to inform on the neighbor who gobbles his game or hooks the fish out of his stream. Read the letter written by a farmer to Secretary Banks of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. It pictures precisely the dilemma in which many have found themselves when imposed upon by their neighbors of pot-hunting proclivities.

The remedy is not difficult. Organize a local protective society, town or county. Employ an attorney for the society. Let the club as a club institute suits against offenders, and assume responsibility for them. Employ an attorney for the society. Have him in his official and professional capacity conduct the prosecution. The club as a club can bear responsibility from which an individual would shrink. The attorney, if a good lawyer and worth his fee, will be so devoted to his profession that he will not hesitate to teach even his next door neighbor that the law must be observed.

This is not theory. It is in brief a statement of the practical mode of work adopted by the clubs which have been most successful in accomplishing something and making their mark. Try it. It is a neighborly way of getting the better of an unneighborly neighbor.

CONCERNING A BREED OF SWINE.

"FISH-HOG" and "game-hog"—here are two terms which are neither euphonious nor refined. There is in them none of the art of conveying an unpleasant suggestion clothed in alluring guise. They are direct, blunt, harsh, homely—vulgar, if you will. Each stands for something that cannot be designated in polite terms. A hog is a hog the world over; and always has been. There is no expression more apt, to describe the selfish, gluttonous, wantonly wasteful, hoggish destroyer of game or fish than to call him what he is—a hog. The application of the term has come naturally into common acceptance. It is terse, expressive and not to be mistaken. It has been adopted as filling a long-felt want, fits admirably into the colloquial speech of the day, and has come to be a part of the language of field and stream. Call a man a game-hog or a fish-hog, and you have said more in the one word than could be told in a column.

That we must go to the swine for a name to apply to some of those who use rod and gun is not a creditable commentary on the field manners of the times; and it is a tremendous pity that there should be so many fishermen and so many shooters to whom the ignoble terms may be applied with a propriety and deserving beyond cavil. For in truth there are game-hogs and fish-hogs galore. They go in droves. The woods are full of them.

There are some shooters and some fishermen, who, judged by their works and words, are possessed by an indecent mania for killing. They appear to kill purely and simply for the sake of doing to death the greatest possible number of victims in the shortest possible interval of time. They joy in the zest of what they are wont to term in language grotesquely bombastic, a "battle-royal" with their prey. A battle-royal as described by them is discovered to be a fray in which the hazard is unequally shared, and the odds are wholly on one side. To return from a fishing trip besmeared with blood and staggering under a heavier burden of fish than was lugged in by the last battler-royal preceding them is the height—or the disgusting depth—of their ambition. To out-score in gross weight or number the record holder of the hotel piazza is the goal on which is fixed the gaze of their piggish vision. Once their inordinate "catch" has been spread out for the admiration of foolish men and silly women, they have no further concern as to the disposition of the fish; hotel kitchen or garden compost heap, it is all one to them. They have made their record, and rest on their laurels, proud and content, until some other fisherman of the same low aims outdoes them in slaughter, when envy bids them again fall to. No theory to account for the number and greed of the fish-hogs abroad in the land would be well founded, which did not take into full reckoning the emulation created and stimulated by the hotel piazza and office fish scores. No true account of the fish-hog can be given—when some one shall write his natural history—which shall fail to note that the creature is not an angler by instinct, nor belongs to the anglers' guild, but is an imitator, a pretender, one who practices the craft but lacks the spirit, and because wanting in that spirit debases and abuses the practice of fishing and brings it into contempt and bad odor.

We talk and write of the beauties of nature as revealed to him who goes afield, of the inspiration one may find in the forest and by the stream, of the message whispered by the pines, sung by the dashing brook, intoned by the mighty sea. But speak of these things to some men and you speak to dulled unheeding ears. As well tell it to the squealing, grunting hog. Such folk hear never the pipe of Pan, but ever the song of Circe; and hearing they become as swine.

Fish-hog is a term which has but recently come into the colloquialisms of the language; it was unknown in the boyhood days of older anglers who are still casting their flies. Not that none of the species were abroad then; but those were the days of plenty. Fish were many and fishermen few. Little heed was given to fostering a store which no one dreamed would ever be abated. It is only of late years, when the problem of maintaining the fish supply has been presented so clearly and so imperatively, that much consideration has been given to the ravages of the wasteful fisherman. No one is ever accused of selfishness so long as there is enough and to spare for all.

The designation of hog is growing in frequency. This is an indication that the public is alive not only to the existence of the wanton fisherman, but to the fact as well that his fishing practice is selfish, greedy and unfair to the rest of the community. When you call a man a hog, it means that you do not like his way. And that means that he is not to have his way; but must conform to the ways of men. Blunt and homely as it is, then, neither euphonious nor refined, the name of the fish-hog is full of promise. He has been found out, recognized, identified, named; and having been found out he will not be tolerated.

There are restrictions in the fish and game laws of many States limiting the number or amount of fish and game one may take in a given time. Such laws are wise and necessary, and are growing to be effective. They are intended to curb the gluttonous proclivities of the fish and game hogs. They are not required for the restraint of sportsmen. In such matters your sportsman at heart is a law unto himself; no statute limits his practice afield; he is guided and governed by the great unwritten rule of taking only what can be used; of sparing, and wasting not; of regard for others than himself.

THE SPORTSMAN'S EXPOSITION.

THE enterprise of an exposition of sportsmen's supplies, appurtenances and belongings is taking shape. It will be held in the Madison Square Garden of this city some time in the early months of next year.

An informal meeting of those interested was held last Monday, to discuss the forming of an association to carry the project through. Temporary officers were elected as follows: President, Charles Tatham; Secretary, Alfred Stetson; Executive Committee, J. A. H Dressel, F. S. Webster, Charles Daly, J. von Lengerke, Charles Tatham. A meeting for formal organization and election of officers will be held in this city Sept. 18.

The affair is in the hands of responsible people, who will carry it through with credit to all interests concerned.

CELIA THAXTER, who died last Monday, was a poet of nature. She loved the wild creatures about her home on the Isle of Shoals, studied their ways closely, and wrote of them as of familiar friends. Many of her poems relate to the wildfowl, the sea birds and the shore birds. When the Audubon Society undertook its work, Mrs. Thaxter was one of the first to respond to the call.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMPING AND TRAMPING IN MEXICO.

THERE was no mistake about it. I had a severe attack this time. For days I thought I could recognize the symptoms, and tried to avert the "spell" by thoughts of hard times, pressure of business, obligations to be met, etc., but it was of no use. Every breeze came to me laden with the odor of the woods and suggestions of the campfire. My diseased imagination distorted the sounds of the air into the quack of the duck, the honk of the goose, and the whistle of the buck. As I walked along at nightfall the peepers and myriads of unclassified little things which make the sounds of the night, whispered of the mott and the arroyo. I could stand it no longer. I recognized the disease, and I knew the sole remedy. Quickly gathering together a few congenial spirits, who had been similarly affected, preparations were made for a ten days' outing in the Republic of Mexico. There were Jay, a disciple of St. John, of Prohibition fame; two Texas sportsmen, a Chicago "tenderfoot," and one who can best be described as a "dude," and the writer.

The State of Coahuila was selected as the sanitarium to which our pilgrimage was to be made, and where we expected to be restored to our normal conditions. This State is separated from Texas on the north by the Rio Grande River, and perhaps no section of the North American continent affords a greater variety or abundance of game and fishes. The time was about the middle of January of this year, and we were soon on a west-bound train rapidly leaving San Antonio and our "dumps" behind us.

We left the train at Del Rio, a Texas border town, where we were met by our guide, the genial and always reliable Señor Eduardo Dignonity. We had telegraphed to him in the morning, and he had procured for us a complete camping outfit, a mule team, an ambulance, a cart, provisions for two weeks, and a Mexican, who was to perform the important duties of *chef* and mule driver. Our duffle was quickly transferred from the baggage car to the conveyances, and before the last good-by of our fellow passengers had died away our Mexican shouted "*Huia milos,*" and away we went over a smooth and well kept road.

A soft southern breeze blew into six radiant and expectant faces. The sky was cloudless, the air balmy. Afar off in the west, enveloped in a veil of deep blue, could be seen the majestic Sierra Del Carmen Mountains, at whose feet our guide informed us we were to pitch our tent. Ah, me, what a change in twenty-four hours! Yesterday moping, going about our daily grind in a half-hearted and perfunctory manner, irritable and fault finding. To-day, as we filled our lungs with the soft air of this glorious climate, we became new beings, radiant and hopeful. Everything had taken on a new color. We were *con amore* with nature and with each other.

CAMP ON THE SAN DIEGO RIVER, MEXICO.

Just as the sun was touching the horizon we reached the banks of the Rio Grande River. The thought of crossing this wide stream of muddy water, with its swift current and treacherous holes, was not an inspiring one. But our self-reliant guide plunged boldly in with his frail cart, calling to us to follow. With bated breath and hearts in throats we followed him, and soon were on Mexican soil with our belongings uninjured. On this side we found many quail, and ducks were flying in such numbers that we could not resist the temptation to stop long enough to take some of both. We climbed a steep hill and entered the village of Las Vacas through an old gate and archway. At this point we were halted by the cordados (rangers), who demanded our passports. Through the kindness of Juan Maria Munos, Jefe de la Aduana (lieutenant-general of the rangers and collector of the customs on the Rio Grande), we were permitted to hunt and fish in the State of Coahuila, and our teams, arms and luggage were admitted free of duty. While talking to these dark-featured men of the border, and curiously noting their wide-brimmed sombreros, trimmed with gold and silver, and their blankets of gorgeous colors, we saw our guide coming from a low one-story adobe building concealing something under his coat. There was an unusual expression in his eye which aroused our curiosity. Thinking that he was playing one of his border jokes, smuggling, we did not question his strange actions until we had left the village, when he informed us (out of the hearing of Jay, however) that he had a jug of muscal.

After leaving Las Vacas the night became very dark, the roads rough and our pace necessarily slower. For several miles we followed along the foot of a low range of mountains, and then crossed over into what seemed a broad valley, and by 10 o'clock we entered a thick "mott" where we pitched our tent. In a very short time we had an ideal camp-fire, dead and dry wood being abundant, and by the time the tea kettle had begun its vesper hymn, the tent was up and staked down. After a hearty supper we wrapped ourselves in the blankets, and rolling in under the canvas were soon enjoying the sleep which comes from healthful fatigue. Before daybreak the following morning all were up, some preparing to hunt turkey in the adjoining live oak motts, others to go into the valley among the musquite and chaparral for deer, while others would follow along the arroyo for ducks. Throughout the morning could be heard the report of the shotgun and rifle, and each one was speculating as to what the others would bring into camp. By noon all had straggled in, tired and hungry, but well laden with game. The result of our initial hunt was two buck deer, five turkeys and many ducks.

The term "mott" in this country is applied to a clump of live oak trees, varying from one to forty acres in extent. It is derived from the Spanish word *mata*. These motts are usually found along the streams and are as a rule long and narrow. As many as a half dozen varieties of trees are found in them, such as the live oak, pecan, hackberry and walnut, the live oak predominating. The oak remains green throughout the year and affords unsurpassed cover for all kinds of game.

The wild turkey roosts in the motts, usually near a stream, and feeds in the adjoining chaparral. Our method of hunting the turkey was either to locate their roosts and shoot them in their roosting places by moonlight or daybreak, or to select an opening in the motts and shoot them on the wing as they flew to or from the trees, either at sun-up or sun-down. We found that at this season of the year there was some evidence of domestic infelicity in the *Meleagris* family. The gobblers and the hens were in different flocks and roosted apart from each other. While Mexico has no game laws, we made it our invariable rule not to kill any but males of both turkeys and deer. We found the gobblers in fine condition, some of them weighing as much as 25lbs. Wherever we went we found the motts full of these magnificent birds. All that was necessary to do to bag a brace of them was to find some high point overlooking the mott about sun-up and mark their roosting places. By going there cautiously the same night or by daybreak the following morning one could get several shots at them in the trees.

In this country still-hunting is followed for deer. The most successful way we found was to mount a mule and ride through the valley, looking out for clumps of brush or trees and small ravines. Before going very far from camp we would invariably "jump" a buck or two while they were feeding. When we came upon them unexpectedly they would trot off, and when 100 to 200yds. away turn around and face us. If you were simply an average shot the moment you saw them you should dismount, getting off on the far side of your mule, resting your rifle on your saddle, and the instant the deer stopped and turned toward you you should shoot at his shoulder. If your aim were true he would drop within 100yds. If you missed him he would trot off another 100yds. and repeat his first performance. If you missed him the second time he would gallop away, leaving you in disgust. A good shot would shoot out of the saddle on sight, and bring his quarry down before he had time to stop. Our buckboard was found very serviceable in getting in our game, especially the big bucks. It proved to be almost impossible to put a heavy buck on a mule and keep him there until we reached camp. Frequently while waiting in the motts for wild turkeys to come to roost we would see deer within 75 or 100yds., and a charge of turkey shot would cause them to shake their tails and gallop off.

When our level-headed guide saw the amount of game we had killed the first morning he said, "Boys, this will never do, you will drive us out of camp with all this meat." The fact that we were compelled to leave some of our game for the wolves and coyotes to devour, marred what was otherwise an ideal outing. During our entire stay the weather resembled that of June in the Northern and Eastern States, and game would keep sweet no longer than three or four days.

In the afternoon our guide and counselor called our attention to the fact that the arroyo was full of fish, and before the sun had gone down several fine strings of bass had been caught. As a sort of moral agony a pair of scales was kept in camp, and when the piscatorial liar began his big story he was at once steered against the unsympathetic scales. Mendacity did not flourish in this camp.

For our supper, Vincente, our *chef*, prepared a feast, the memory of which still produces an aqueous condition of the mouth and a tickling of the palate. Would you hear our woodland bill of fare? Venison, turkey, duck, squirrel, quail, trout and bass, all done to a turn and served with consummate skill. Vincente looked upon the rapidly disappearing food in amazement, and no doubt felt some alarm as to the future of the camp, when we should have become convalescent.

The next morning we broke camp and continued our course toward the Sierra Del Carmen Mountains, the headwaters of the San Diego River. It was my pleasant lot to ride with the guide in the buckboard, and I found him in a communicative mood. During the ride of twenty miles he related many experiences of border life, in hunting big game and Indian fights. He was a native Texan, his parents having come to Texas from one of the Northern States when Texas was a Republic. He had associated so much with the Mexicans that he could speak their language better than he could his own tongue. With my usual delicacy I refrained from asking the usual question put to border men, as to how many men he had prepared for the undertaker, but I felt some curiosity on this point. He showed me a very handsome hunting suit, with breast plate made of polished bones, perfectly round, about the size of a lead pencil, and about 1in. in length. There were perhaps one hundred of these, linked together with buckskin cords passed through a small hole bored in the center of each bone. On this unique garment was inscribed the following, evidently written many years ago: "Taken from an Apache chief, whom I killed in a hand to hand fight, while guiding the U. S. troops in 1867, E. D." One of his remarkable hunting stories was this: Some years ago while out after deer, he came upon two large bucks with their horns locked together so securely that they could not separate them, and they were unable to run. He killed them both, and found the antlers so interlocked that he could not get them apart. On my return from this trip I verified this story. At a certain border saloon I found the identical horns, among hundreds of other trophies which adorned the walls of the place.

In the afternoon we reached the banks of the beautiful San Diego River, and set our tent near a high bluff at the edge of a mott and on the banks of the stream. The San Diego is a bold and swiftly flowing river. The waters are cool and very clear. It is fed by many never failing springs, and remains almost stationary. This is an ideal stream for the fisherman. Within 50ft. of our tent was a huge boulder, which in some glacial period had been placed in the river. Around this rock, within a radius of 20ft., could be seen hundreds of trout and bass, from 1 to 3lbs. in weight. If one would creep up unobserved and cast a fly or live minnow into this pool a bass would strike it the moment it touched the water. Jay was the scientific fisherman of the party. He used a spoon hook and 12in. leader. On these clear waters we found that a leader made quite a difference in the catch. Our best bass fishing was in still water, in bayous, around boulders and water lilies, and not in the ripples and rapids.

In the deep waterholes, where the water was from 15 to 25ft. deep, could be seen many buffalo fish of great size. Jay determined one morning to catch one of these. He attached several hooks to his bass line and prepared to hook one as it passed over the line. After several unsuccessful attempts he got a fair hold on one, which proved to be an 18-pounder (by the scales). When the fish felt the hook this loafing member of the sucker family made a surprisingly game fight, which lasted thirty minutes. After exhausting ourselves we got it close to the bank and shot it through the head with a rifle. We caught several in this manner, when Jay finally hooked the "daddy" of all buffalo, and the reel having gotten caught we quit with a broken rod and line. Great was the astonishment and loud the comments of camp when we came in with these big fish strung on a pole carried on our shoulders.

What proved to be the most useful as well as the most thoroughly enjoyed of our paraphernalia was the canvas boat. It was convenient in crossing and recrossing the river for ducks killed, and in many ways was indispensable. I was never before in a canvas boat, and felt somewhat timid about the use of this one, but I never before saw a boat get such rough usage and come out with so little injury. It positively refused to upset. We ran into reefs, over rocks and shot the rapids, and although our frail craft was knocked hither and thither it always bobbed up serenely without a leak.

After remaining several days at our second camp we continued down the river three or four miles to our third camp. After a great deal of persuasion our Dude was induced to walk, carrying with him his English hunting suit, big knife, horse pistol and Winchester. Up to date he had failed to kill any game, and had insisted that there was no game in the "blasted country." The cook quietly told us that he never had been known to get out of sight of the camp. One morning, however, he came into camp with a large gobbler, showing a bullet hole in its breast. Some unkindly hinted that the turkey had been dead several days, and suggestively held their noses whenever in its neighborhood, while others said something about the

use of salt on its caudal extremity. The manner in which that bird came to its death will always be an open question. I think it was a case of old age, as it had lost its spurs in many a hard fought battle.

When our champion from the city of the World's Fair discovered what his rival had done, he fell into a morbid and dejected mood. Had he not the latest and most improved firearms? Had he not centered the bullseye many a time at the Chicago shooting galleries? Did not his small brother regard him as invincible? And yet no turkey, bear, deer or duck had fallen to his gun. He complained bitterly of his fate. He spoke of how delighted his old father would be if he could write home and tell him that he had killed a deer. He was willing to give ten dollars in American money to kill even a turkey. These pathetic lamentations touched our guide, and when he had called to his aid his limited knowledge of mental arithmetic, and had estimated the amount of mescal which the ten dollars would buy, he said, "Never mind, my boy, you too will have game." Just as the sun was setting he went into the clearing and sniffed the air like a well-trained hound, looking up and down the river. When he came back he said, "Will you get up in the morning when I call you?" "Yes," was the eager reply.

Before daylight the next morning the two left camp, the guide without weapon, Chicago armed to the teeth with knife, pistol, shotgun and rifle. In a short time we were aroused by the report of a shotgun twice in succession and within five minutes the guide came in breathless. "What did you uns bring that feller with you for?" he said. "Why I tuck him right up to a turkey roost and got within forty feet of them ere turkeys, and when it got light sez I, 'See thet un on thet low branch? Shoot him first,' and he banged away, and what do think fell? Nuthin'. Then I sez, 'See thet big gobbler with his head stickin' out? Give it to him,' and he banged away, an' what do you suppose fell? Nuthin' but leaves. En I sez, 'Look yander and yander;' and bang, bang, went his gun, an' what do you suppose fell? Nuthin' but shot." We implored our guide for the sake of the young man's family to say nothing more about the matter. It is probable that the smaller brother's idol is still unshattered.

For several days we led a lazy, care-free life. We lounged around camp, reading such literature as we had with us, smoking our pipes, listening to the thrilling stories of border life related by the guide; and each in his way, following his own taste, extracting the most pleasure from life in the woods. Vincente proved to be a good cook, and our oppetites increased in an alarming ratio. Part of every day was spent in an exploring tour around the adjacent country. We took our camera with us, and made snap shots at such bits of scenery as we wished to perpetuate. During one of my morning rambles I discovered a most remarkable spring of water. It was about 2ft. long, 3ft. wide and 4ft. deep, and it was quite a distance from the river, at the base of a cliff. The water was clear as crystal, and growing along the margin were hundreds of water lilies in bloom. At the bottom of the spring and along its sides were growing the most beautiful vines and flowers I ever saw. They were of every tint, from dark green to bright scarlet, and were so interwoven and their colors so arranged as to produce a most charming effect. I called my companions to enjoy with me this striking work of nature. Even Vincente, who had never been accused of entertaining a sentiment, exclaimed "*Esta bonita.*"

One morning while we were out gathering the nuts of the pecan tree, there rode up two Mexican cowboys—*vaqueros*, in their language. Their attire alone would indicate their calling. They were dressed in the typical leather suits, and had expended small fortunes in the purchase of sombreros. The average Mexican applies all his spare money to the purchase of a hat. It is jealously guarded and taken care of, and it is the last article of apparel that finds its way to the pawnbroker. Jay had seen the same *vaqueros* while out fishing, and came into camp somewhat out of breath and alarmed about their appearance in our neighborhood. They proved very friendly, however, and gave us much valuable information about the habits and methods of taking the large game in this country. The Mexican cowboy seldom uses his rifle for any other purpose than to kill the animals which prey on his stock. They expressed great surprise at our hammerless guns, never having seen any before. With the instinct of a Connecticut Yankee they offered to trade for them. When they learned that we had a canvas boat on the river they put spurs to their ponies and galloped off to see a boat that would fold up like a hat. We learned from them that sheep and goat herders (*pastores*) were paid from $6 to $8 per month. These were the only human beings we had seen since we crossed the Rio Grande.

After spending another day in boating and fishing we moved down the river to our fourth and last camp. From this we expected to kill such game as we wished to take home or send to friends. One day was set aside for turkeys and another for deer, and both were marked with remarkable success. While Jay was a successful turkey hunter and fishermen, he had never killed a deer. He must have this experience before we broke camp finally. One day he saddled a gentle mule, and taking his lunch went off for deer. All day long from over the ranges came the crack of the rifle. In the evening he came in with nothing but a very noticeable expression of disgust on his face. He had shot at seven deer, some of them at close range, and had missed them all. He is a good shot at other game, but has never succeeded in overcoming the "buck ague."

After spending four days at the camp we packed our duffle, and turned our mules' head towards the Rio Grande. The following is the result of our hunt: Eight deer, 20 turkeys, 50 ducks, 2 Mexican eagles, quail, no account kept, squirrels, no account kept, bass and trout 150lbs., other fish 100lbs. Had we left the river and gone into the mountains we could have found Mexican lions and an abundance of black bear.

On our homeward trip we came unexpectedly upon the old deserted mission of Santa Maria, on a small tributary of the San Diego River. It was built many years ago by the Jesuits. The church is now in ruins, but the walls around the mission forming an inclosure of about five acres, seem to be as good as the day they were built. The walls are of limestone and about 12ft. high. We drove into the inclosure through an opening or gateway, and turning a sharp angle brought up before the dwelling of a Mexican family. We came upon them suddenly, and the moment they saw us they scattered like a covey of quail. Both the guide and the cook attempted to get them out of their hiding places, telling them that he wanted to take their photographs, and insisted that we would do them no harm, but they kept out of sight and remained as still as death. As we were about to leave, a middle-aged woman was seen approaching the house from a spring near by. She came up to us without hesitation, and was very friendly. She seemed to have more than the average intelligence prevailing in this isolated section. She induced her husband and the rest of the family to come from their hiding places—the group, including the pigs, dogs, goats and chickens—for they all live together on terms of perfect equality. There were fifteen of them, and she assured us that they were all her children; but this statement was a tax on our credulity, for they showed a variety of colors and features. Some showed Spanish blood, others pure Indian. Two of the senoritas were quite pretty, but were so shy that it was with the greatest difficulty that we induced them to remove their shawls from their heads and faces that we might take their pictures. This was a new experience for them, and they imagined that the camera was some deadly weapon. We explained its functions, and promised to send them several of the views, which will afford them subjects for conversation for many days.

L. C. B.

"JACKAL" WITHIN THE WALLS OF SANTA MARIA MISSION.

Vermont Quail and Sharp-tail Grouse.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., Aug. 23.—A covey of quail was recently seen in Harvey's Woods in the town of West Caston. Their origin is not known. The Rutland Fish and Game Club have several times put out quail in the county, but without any apparent results.

The seven sharp-tail grouse which Commissioner John W. Titcomb put out in the woods near St. Johnsbury have been heard from. One covey of young ones was seen last Monday, and another covey has been reported, although the witness to the last covey was not positive but what they might have been ruffed grouse. WHEELOCK.

Sage Hens and Coyotes.

FORT BIDWELL, Modoc County, Cal., Aug. 14.—If any of your sportsmen want practice send them here. The country is alive with sage hens. I was out a few hours one day last week with another gunner. We shot away our ammunition and brought in 48 birds, which was probably not one-tenth of what we saw. California offers a bounty of $5 per scalp for coyotes, and thousands have been killed in this section, hence the marked increase in sage hens.

L.

FLANNEL SHIRT DAYS.

NOONDAY—and pretty warm at that. I am sitting on the porch of the camp enjoying the comforts of a pipe and a flannel shirt simultaneously. In the dazzling sunlight which compels me to half close my eyes I see the surface of the lake, slightly ruffled by a soft southern breeze. The wind rustling in the leaves of bush and treetops wafts the sweet scent of balsam and fir from the hillside and mingles their aroma with that of the tobacco in my pipe. The birch barks are lying unused in the shade of the brush. They seem to share the general languor which has taken possession of the camp and its surroundings. Even the distant roaring of the falls at the foot of the lake sounds faint in the noonday air.

A solitary Indian is at work on a new birch canoe, and the languid air with which he mops his brow and draws his knife across the cedar strips looks as if he too had fallen a victim to the universal *dolce far niente.* The craft shows no signs of progress. Who would blame him? Not I, who am enjoying my ease, my pipe, the breeze, the scent of the woods and last, but not least, the freedom from restraint of stiff collars, cuffs and boiled shirts, and all the other paraphernalia of modern civilized attire. These are flannel shirt days and I am enjoying them to my heart's content.

Ah, how clear the air, how fresh the verdant hillsides, how blue and limpid the lakes, now mirror-like showing again the outlines of the hills, the rocks, the dark spruce and the gleaming birches, and then again, when a breeze ruffles the waters, reflecting the azure above dancing and gleaming in the sunlight.

I know a small lake, or rather pond, beyond that hardwood ridge yonder, clustered among the hills, shaded by the forests, whose child it is. In its crystal depths, all along the wooded shores, under the old logs and around the sunlit rocks, there dwells many a noble trout; and if you succeed in enticing them from their lair, I warrant you some sport. But, alas! they are changeable in their moods and appetites, and there are times when, offer them the choicest tidbits your fly-book and bait-box afford, and few and far between will be the flashing rises and the vicious tugs which so delight the sportsman's heart. But then we are not fish-hogs, you and I, and there will always be trout enough after a forenoon's fishing to grace the birch bark plates on the log table, up there on the point, where the pines stand sentinel over the lake and the cedars stretch their boughs lovingly across the waters.

We were up there the other day, my wife and I. There had been thunder showers the night before, and the air was crisp and cool. The sunlit woods faintly rustled in the morning breeze that bore us along through the narrow stretch of water separating this part of the lake from the larger portion beyond. A pair of kingbirds have built their nest here on an old log, away out in the water. They do not seem to fear any foes, nor the rain and the storm. As the canoe passed within a few feet of their dwelling, we see three little heads stretched out above the nest. One of the parents is perched upon a branch near by, pouring forth his morning song and keeping watch, while the other no doubt is in the bushes looking for food for their brood. We pass by them swiftly. The canoe glides along, propelled by the measured stroke of the blades, past the swampy mouth of the brook from Lake La Roche, whose waters we near tumbling down over the rocks in the deep woods; past headlands of birches and spruce; past little islands clad in the dark green of cedars and bordered by bright patches of rushes, that look like slender spears thrust through the bosom of the lake; past white, glistening water lilies; on again over the ruffled surface of the lake, which now sends its ripples toward the bow of our craft. The cry of a loon sounds across the water; we look up, and there, not fifty yards away, he swims, turning his head to and fro. For a moment we see his white breast gleaming in the sunlight; and then, frightened by our approach, he dives down to come up again away out of reach. His fears are unfounded; we would not harm him.

We leave on our right the outlet of Lake Au Sable and the bay where the old beaver dam bears witness of the sagacity of its builders—who now, alas, have all found their way to the furrier's benches—and cross straight over the lake, where the lilypads and alder bushes mark the entrance to the river. We pass on between the four ponds which flank its mouth, into a small pond-like widening of the stream, almost entirely covered with rushes, white and yellow lilies and their broad round leaves, save for a narrow channel on the left. The channel is crooked, and to save time we head our craft straight through the lilypads and bulrushes. The paddles touch bottom here, and using them as push-poles we plunge through the aquatic vegetation. Splash, splash, it sounds right and left. The quiet repose which reigned here a moment ago is rudely broken by our intruding. On all sides before the bow leap a small army of bullfrogs, which until now had been resting on the leaves, enjoying the warm morning air and stupidly blinking at the sun. The blue heron had as quietly enjoyed his breakfast here and

thought himself quite safe from all intrusion, but he too starts up with a cry, and with outstretched beak and legs flaps his wings and beats a hasty retreat over the tree-tops. We pass on, and in a few seconds the quiet spot is left behind, the kingfisher, the white, spotless lily and the sunny air.

Cool, balsamic shade now receives us, as we enter between the banks. The alders that fringe the shores form an impenetrable thicket on both sides; and as they stretch their arms over the water's edge obscure the dividing line between river and shore. White gleaming birches mingle with the spruce, pine and cedar. They stretch their limbs far, far up into the sky, waving and nodding toward one another from either shore, and joining their crowns way above our heads. The river now flows faster beneath our canoes, we see the ripples where the alders touch its surface, the long aquatic grasses are waving in the current underneath; but the surface remains unruffled; and down in the depths we see again the gleaming birches, the swaying pines and the azure heaven above.

A bend in the river and another opening like the first partly overgrown. Turning the point we see the broad wake of a muskrat as he swims across. We speed on to have a closer view of him, but as he perceives us he dives in an instant and is seen no more. A large rock comes in view now as the river narrows again. A short distance below it the water shows in white ripples, giving evidence of the strong current. We ply the paddles vigorously, and pressing them hard against the rocky bottom climb up the rapids. The rocky, moss-grown giant is soon left behind, another rapid follows, then a bend in the river and we are at the foot of a third, too steep and too rocky to be passed by the canoe. It is beached a little below, behind a projecting point, which breaks the current and forms a safe anchorage.

Taking up our rods we start ahead over the short portage, while the guide follows with the canoe on his shoulders. The end of the carry is soon reached, and a small lake surrounded by brushy hills lies before us in the morning sun. Lake Number Two, they call it, as it is probably considered too insignificant for a more euphonious name. Hark! what is the noise that falls on our ears as we enter the river again? Like distant thunder it sounds. The canoe shoots around an island that divides the river at this point and there, right before us, shades of Izaak Walton, what a glorious pool! Large, slanting rocks rise on the right, making a safe and convenient landing place for our craft. From out of the depths of the forest vaults leaps a wild mountain brook. Gigantic bowlders and rocky ledges lie in its pathway, forming a natural dam over which the stream rushes, a boiling, seething mass of white foam, falling into a wide basin below. The projecting rocks divide the current into several channels and thus nature has formed one of the most tempting pools an angler's eyes ever beheld.

But we do not fish here to-day. The canoe is quickly pulled ashore, lifted on the strong shoulders of our guide and we climb the steep incline of the rocky ledge. For a few minutes our path lies through low brushes and second growth trees We stop to slake our thirst at a little spring which trickles under the roof of an old spruce, and in another minute the shade of the big silent woods closes around us, silent save for the sound of the rushing stream which is our companion part of the way. Over slippery logs, over mossy stones, over windfalls, bare roots and through swampy stretches lies our path. The sun sends his rays slanting through the green network of foliage overhead. They dance upon the carpet of brown leaves and turf under our feet, and play at hide and seek around the rocks and mossgrown tree-trunks, until they seem to lose themselves in the dark recesses of the shadowy forest. The morning is cool and we march on buoyantly, chatting on the way. After some twenty minutes of arduous working the woods grow lighter, the blue sky shows again amid the slender columns ahead. We quicken our pace and there before our eyes under the arching branches stretches the silvery surface of Lake William. The end of our journey is reached. The canoe is put into the water, the rods are strung, hooks and flies adjusted, and now for the sport which we have come such a long way to obtain.

As we float out amid the rocky shores through a small bay, I begin casting my flies while Mrs. B. puts on her sinkers and worm and trolls her bait far astern. A large rock shows above the water to the right; I lengthen my cast to reach it and in another moment my flies play around its base. One—two splashes—a flash of gold in the water—I strike, the rod bends and sways, while my reel buzzes its ever welcome song into my ear. Two half-pounders hardly lie in the canoe at the feet of George, when Mrs. B. with a fierce expression on her face, jerks her rod forward and fastens a fish that had made too free with the bait. She handles him skillfully and he is soon deposited with the others. He seems an ounce or two heavier than they. We proceed along the wooded shores, casting into every likely nook and corner, over sunken logs and rocks, under overhanging cedars, and once in a while into the deeper water on the other side. But only an occasional fish is caught, until we reach a small bay, deeply shaded by the dense forest. Casting around an old stump, that rises out of the water here like the broken mast of a sunken vessel, I hook another double, while my companion strikes at the same moment, and bends her rod almost double. George has his hands full for a few moments, and the landing net is kept busy. The place seems alive with fish for several minutes. I score a few misses, while Mrs. B. is more fortunate or, as she thinks, cleverer than I—let us give her the benefit of the doubt—and has four trout to her credit before I catch another. The fish are rising and biting freely now, and sport is good. But the large ones are not out to-day, one of a little over three-quarters being the heaviest caught. All fish of a quarter of a pound and under are carefully removed and returned to their element. Black-hackle and Parmachene-belle are the flies that have the call; in fact, I have found these two the best taking flies in this region.

The sun rises higher and higher, and as the heat of the day increases the fish cease biting. With double-edged appetites we head our canoe for the small peninsula which commands a beautiful view of the lake and the woodlands. We step ashore; and the blue smoke of our campfire rises up through the crowns of the pines. Potatoes are peeled and sliced, the fish dressed, and the smell of coffee and frying bacon give evidence that preparations for luncheon are in progress. Have you ever tasted a meal equal to the one now spread before us on the birch bark plates? Was there ever a banqueting hall grander, were ever columns loftier, or arches more graceful than these that support the eternal roof over our heads! Where is your dyspepsia now or that tired feeling you complained of? All have departed after a few weeks' sojourn here among the lakes and hills, a short time of close communion with Mother Nature, of return to the pristine condition of life. The meal is over, and now follows sweet repose upon the mossy ground. The embers of the fire are burning low; and while the smoke from the pipe curls up and is blown away by the faint breeze, we lie and feast our eyes upon the beauties of the landscape.

The sun is low in the west, when, after the afternoon's fishing, we finally prepare for the homeward trip. It is hard to tear ourselves away while the trout are still rising, even though our creel is filled and it costs great strength of mind not to let our awakened fishing propensities get the better of us. Every rise causes us to stop for just another cast—we halt again and again until at last the lengthening shadows of trees and mountains command our return to camp. I do not know the number of trout we caught that day, but I do know that after George had cut a long twig and began to string the beauties on it, it grew longer and longer before our admiring eyes as if the treasure were inexhaustible; and I also know that after I had lugged those trout over the portage and emerged with them upon the rock by the pool I could have taken my solemn oath at that moment that to the best of my knowledge and belief that string of fish weighed 100lbs. at least.

Which, however, did not deter me from toying a few parting casts at the pool. I caught two fish which I did not add to the rest, but returned them for another day or another angler.

Our descent down the river was naturally swifter and easier than our ascent in the morning. Nevertheless the sun had long disappeared behind the hills when we shot the last rapid and soon after entered Lake Seymour. Like glass lay its surface before us. Deep shades of blue and purple rested upon hill and ridge, standing out in bold relief against the pale evening sky. Hazy darkness enveloped valley and bay and inlet, while clear and distinct in the waning light stood every rock, point and island in the beautiful sheet of water.

The pale, placid moon peeped out over the eastern hills, and clouds of mist rose from the water, as our craft shot out of the narrows and Camp Mastigouche hove in sight. The tinkling of cowbells sounded a cheery welcome, while from the windows bright, shifting lights told of the crackling logs in the fireplace, sending their promise of warmth and comfort through the chilly night air.

ALBERT BRUNING.

MASTIGOUCHE LAKE, Quebec, 1894.

Natural History.

BEAVER CHIPPINGS.

BY THOMAS CHESTER.

THE beaver, in its structure, customs and habits, is highly interesting to all who like to study the ways of the lesser animals. Many stories have been told, many anecdotes and traditions have been related, illustrating its sagacity and instinct. And though part of these beliefs may be ascribed to the overflow of an exuberant imagination, still enough remains true to place the beaver at the head of all the fur-bearing animals in downright sagacity and in the possession of that mystic quality which we call instinct, that reaches out to the verge of reason and brings about results by the adoption of means.

The beaver is strongly and compactly built. In form it very much resembles the muskrat, though it is much larger. The forward feet and legs are very small as compared with the size of the animal; the hind legs are larger and very strong and muscular. The hind feet are fully webbed and on the second digit of each is a very curious growth or formation. This is a horny scale which grows out over the nail of the toe, but is not attached to it, forming, as it were, a second nail over the first one. These dew claws are used by the beaver in scratching himself, and in picking the particles of bark and other matter from between his teeth. The body of the beaver, when fully grown, is 24 to 30in. long; the tail is from 12 to 15in. long and 6 to 8in. wide in the middle, and shaped much like a mason's trowel. A continuation of the backbone runs centrally through it, to the extreme end. It tapers from about 2in. thick at the root to ¼in. thick at the end, and it also tapers from the central bone on each side to the outer edge and to about the same thinness; the whole is covered with a thick, hard, scaly-like skin, of a dark brown color. A full-grown beaver weighs from 40 to 50lbs. And in years gone by they have been taken weighing 70 or 80lbs.; but of late it is rare to get one weighing more than 45 or 50lbs. The fur is extremely fine and is waterproof. The inner coat, or fur proper, varies in color from a gray to a very dark brown on the upper parts. Below on the flanks it is from light to dark gray. The outer coat of long hair which covers the inner fur varies from a light to a dark brown.

The skull is of a heavy structure and is from 5 to 6in. long, from 3 to 4in. wide, with a circumference over the eyes of 11 or 12in. The under jaw is very thick and strong. The upper part of the skull is broad and flat, with a slight rise from nose to top of head, but being somewhat depressed between the eyes. The ears are short and nearly hidden by the fur, but their interior is large and they are attached to the skull by a hollow, hard, gristly substance of a bony nature. This attachment undoubtedly quickens the hearing, and seems to be common to most wild animals. The eyes are small and not especially quick-sighted.

The nose is medium-sized and wonderfully quick-scented. To guard against this nose taxes to the utmost the ingenuity of the best trapper. The beaver has twenty teeth; two incisors, or cutting teeth, at the extreme front end of each jaw, four grinders on each side of upper jaw and four on each side of the under one. The upper incisors curve a little inward and the lower ones, which are a little the longer, curve outward. They are from 1¼ to 1½in. long. The outer surfaces are covered by a hard enamel, which forms the cutting edges. These teeth are gouge-shaped, and convex on the face, or outer side, and are sharpened by a concave slant on the inner side. The grinders are placed well back in the mouth. The upper ones slant backward, the under ones forward.

The beaver lives to be twenty or twenty-five years old, and has been found all over the wooded parts of the northern hemisphere, existing to-day in many of the States of the Union and across the continent from Labrador to Mexico.

The beaver lives a busy life and a varied one. They commence building their dams in the early fall while the streams are low, this condition enabling them to work with greater ease and facility. They build on streams, ponds, thoroughfares between ponds, or near the mouths of small brooks emptying into larger waters. The main condition sought in choosing a location for the dam is that the water be slack, of a springy nature, not too far from wood, and having some natural formation tending to the lessening of labor—such as the narrows at the foot of an expansion in the stream, or some place where there is one or more small islands in the stream, or some other obstruction.

These conditions are sought for and adopted by the beaver in a general way. But when hard pushed it will build almost anywhere that it can find wood and water, for it has a wonderful facility in adapting itself to a change of conditions.

In commencing their dam they cut alders, willows and other bushes which may be growing in the near vicinity, and float them down to the location; then they take one at a time, place it slanting—butt up stream, top down stream—cover the butt end with mud, stones, grass roots and such other matter as may be near by; and so proceed until they have a row placed across the stream. Then they fill in the face of the inclined row with sticks, mud and any debris which may be handy by; frequently they go up stream above the site of the dam and cut wild grass and bushes, put them in the water and float them down against the dam, then go down and place them where needed. They repeat these operations until they have the dam as high as they want it, which may be from two to six or eight feet. Finally then, to make it tight, they carry up mud and muck in their mouths and by aid of their paws, on their chests, and spread it over the face of the wall; then in traveling over it, their large webbed hindfeet press it down and make it compact. As the dam settles, it is leveled up, so that when full the water runs over it in one unbroken sheet.

After the dams are finished they commence work on their houses. They usually select a place to build up toward the head of the flowage on the bank of the stream in shoal water. In such cases they dig tunnels underground from the bed of the stream to their houses. The houses are cone-shaped, having a diameter at the base of from 3 to 7ft. or more, and a slant height of from 5 to 15ft., according to the number of the family. The houses are built up of alders, willows, grass tussocks and mud mixed in and interlaced much in the same manner as is the material in the dams; then a coating of mud and muck is spread over the outer surface save a space on top, which is left unplastered for ventilation. This plastering is not finished up until late in the fall, when the cold nights freeze the layers as they are put on, making a hard strong wall, which is proof against all depredations of animals which might try to break in. The interior of the houses is lined with mosses, grass and leaves, making a comfortable room for the beaver to live in. Sometimes there are two compartments, one above the other. The upper one is to be used in case of very high water, which may flow them out of the lower one. From these compartments, passage-ways are cut leading into the water near the bottom of the stream, and being below the frost line, they are consequently free and open all winter for egress and ingress between the house and the water.

Usually a house is occupied by only one family; but sometimes two or more families will live in it, having separate passage-ways to go in and out as they may see fit. It is seldom they form these gregarious communities now. In old times, when beaver were plenty, they did so. Some of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s trappers in British America found as many as twenty-seven beaver in one house, which were probably of three or four families. A family may be only two old ones, or the two old ones and all their progeny which may be with them, and may vary from two in number to a dozen or more.

Sometimes beaver do not build regular houses to live in through the winter, but tunnel into the banks of streams, commencing well down in the water, inclining upward as they proceed, till they get far enough above the surface level of the water to insure them against an overflow, which may occur by heavy rains. At the end of the tunnel they form a circular room to live in, lining it with grass and leaves, making it dry and comfortable. At the end of the tunnel they break a hole through to the surface of the ground. Then they go down through the passage-way and up to the land, where the break is, and cover it over loosely with sticks, twigs and leaves. This breaking through the surface is frequently charged against the beaver as a mistake on its part, a miscalculation in its plans; but the charge is ill-considered, hastily made and is not true; they do this to ventilate their apartment. To sustain life, they must have pure air to breathe, as must all other animals; this can be obtained in sufficient quantity in the present instance only by this opening overhead. The sticks and other matter with which they cover the opening hide it from view, but still leave space sufficient for the passage of air.

Sometimes a beaver will not provide any kind of a place to stay in, but wanders about disconsolate and alone. This is caused by some misfortune, by some accident which has happened to it, usually the loss of a toe or a foot, the tribute paid to some amateur trapper. It fails to mate up with any other beaver. No beaver of the opposite sex will have anything to do with it, but passes it by, gives it the cold shoulder, seeming instinctively to know that it is incapable of supplying the winter's subsistence; and the unfortunate one seems to know this, too, for it loses all ambition, all desire to labor, and goes about from place to place in a hopeless, dejected condition. Sometimes it will take up its abode in an old vacated house, which has been wrecked and torn by the elements—the winds and the waters. Here it may stay till cold and hunger drive it out; then it will enter some occupied house and try to make friends with the inmates. But they don't want it, won't keep it, so drive it out. If it shows resistance the whole family will unite in forcing it to leave; but it usually goes without this rigorous persuasion, knowing their teeth are long and sharp. Should

manage to live until spring, which it usually does—in some way—it is all right; the green herbage and warm weather recuperate its system, its wounds heal up, its strength and ambition return, and when the fall of the year again rolls round it succeeds in mating with another beaver, and together they commence the toils of preparing for another winter and for the rearing of a family.

After they get their dams and houses built, the beaver commence cutting up wood and drawing and floating it to their houses for their winter's supply of food; or at least enough to last them through the first half of the winter, as that is the time when the streams are frozen over the closest and hardest. They do not eat the wood, but only the bark which they gnaw and scrape off. They feed on the bark of almost all the deciduous trees, but they prefer to use that of the softer woods, such as the poplar, white birch, mountain ash, willow, alder and such like, as the trees are easy to cut down, and the bark, being fine grained, is easy of digestion. But when they find these favorite trees scarce, they will cut down trees of almost any kind—even the spruce and fir—and eat their bark. Indeed, I have frequently known them to eat the bark of the fir from choice. I say from choice, because plenty of deciduous trees were growing close by. I think there is some medicinal quality in the balsam which the beaver instinctively knows is beneficial to its system.

They commence to fell a tree by cutting a groove around it as high as they can conveniently work, and another one two or three inches from it, then biting and splitting off with their teeth the section of wood between the grooves, and repeating the operation until the tree falls. Sometimes a single beaver will do the work, but usually two or more labor together. They cut trees of any and every size up to two and three feet in diameter. When the tree is felled they lop off the limbs and tops, cut them into sections two, three, four or more feet long, according to size of the sticks and such as they may be able to draw into the water and float down to their houses. The bodies of the larger trees which they fell are not cut up; they eat the bark off them as they lie. This supplies them with food while they are gathering the lesser parts for future use. The smaller trees up to six or eight inches in diameter they cut up and float off; the larger of these they cut into very short pieces and roll them into the water down a path previously cleared of obstructions. They seem to know that the greater the diameter the heavier the stick, and that to be able to handle it it must be cut very short. As fast as they get any wood to their winter quarters they take it, a stick at a time, to the bottom of the pool formed in front of the house, and push it down on to the muck or mud; this forms a vacuum between the stick and the ground, and the pressure of the water from above holds it in place. They frequently place a little mud on the end of the stick which is hardest pressed down, to keep it in position. The other end of the stick may incline upward at any angle; and so they proceed till they have pieces placed all over the bottom. Then they bring down some smaller and much longer woods, such as alder, willow and little poplars, sinking them over the first layer and sticking the butt ends into the mud of the banks; thereby helping to keep the first sticks in place; then more larger sticks are brought and stuck in between the lower and upper tiers, and so continued and repeated until they get all they want, and have a pile so interlaced and mixed together that it is difficult to pull it apart. The woods of this pile, being naturally heavy, soon become so saturated with the water that it will remain long submerged of its own specific gravity.

The beaver cannot and, indeed, does not keep under water all the wood which it gathers for winter use. When its favorite trees are scarce it has to take up with some of the lighter kinds, such as small cedar, pine and spruce; these they cannot hold in the water except in so far as they may be able to interlace them with the heavier woods. Neither can they keep their wood submerged where the bottom of the stream is of a gravelly nature, simply because they cannot produce a vacuum between the wood and the gravel; but it is seldom that they build a house in such a location. Sometimes their burrows in the banks will be from such a bottom; in that case they draw whole bushes to their home and stick their butt ends in under the banks, thus holding them in place, and then poke some larger and heavier wood under their bushy parts. This art which the beavers have of submerging their wood is very simple. It is the same principle as that on which some scientific toys such as the sucker are made and used, the same which enables a person suspended head down to walk on a smooth surface with properly constructed "shoes." The two flat, smooth surfaces coming together force the air from between them, and the exterior air pressing on the "shoes" is sufficient to hold the person in position. Of course, the beaver in its rude way, and with rough, uneven surfaces to work on, can achieve success in this line only to a limited extent. Still it does well, does all that its needs require, and I'm not sure that we should not give to the beaver the honor of the discovery of the principle, for it is very probable that the beaver made practical application of it long before man did. Simple and elementary as the foregoing remarks are, and as plainly understood as they are by most people, yet there are many erroneous opinions prevailing respecting the whys and wherefores of the beaver sinking its wood; and perhaps the most popular of them all and the most widespread, reaching from Maine to Mexico, is that the beaver takes one end of the stick in its mouth and sucks the air out of it, thereby causing the wood to become heavier, partly by water taking the place of air, and partly by the collapse or shrinkage of the stick. It is very evident that in order to have the beaver do this it must produce a vacuum in its mouth; it might not succeed then, but to succeed at all this condition must exist and be present. Now when the beaver puts its mouth over the end of the stick, in order to produce a vacuum it is necessary to exclude the outside air, and the only way in which it would be possible to do this would be for the beaver to press its lips so tightly about the wood about the exterior of its mouth as to exclude all air from the outside; this it is impossible for it to do, as, practically speaking, the beaver has no lips. The mouth is, to some extent, always open; the incisors are always bare, uncovered; the lips grow up to their bases and no further. So it is impossible for the beaver to have its mouth air tight, even when empty. Still, nothwithstanding all this, many people hold the opinion that the beaver sinks its wood by sucking the air out of them, and the only excuse I can give for this is that on its face it seems very plausible and has some truths mixed in with its fallacies.

By the time the beaver gets its wood cut and yarded up in front of its house, the streams and ponds commence to freeze and soon they are closely sealed over. Now it is that it has a season of rest from its weary labor and surely it deserves it, for it has worked and fared hard during the last two or three months. Now it is that they can sport about in their ponds, under the ice, and when they feel hungry can take a stick from the pile, draw it up the inclined plane to their house, eat the bark off at their leisure, then draw it out to the water and push it out of their way. They don't take all the wood into their houses, but only the smaller and medium-sized pieces; the larger sticks are piled where they lie in the water or on the edge of the shore. I have often stood on the ice near the house and heard them scraping off the bark at the pile under the ice.

For a while after the streams are frozen over the beaver don't come out on the ice much, as there are not many holes open, but later on, when the snows come and cover the ice, they seem to thaw it out in the springy places. Through these holes, in soft weather, the beaver come out on top of the ice and go back to the timber, a distance frequently of fifty or sixty rods. There they cut the smaller woods, such as alders and willows, draw them down to the holes, get them under the ice and gnaw the bark off. This they will do when they have plenty of wood at the house. They seem to like the new, fresh bark best.

The beaver stay in their houses till the late spring or early summer, bringing forth their young there, and teaching them to swim in the ponds and take care of themselves. They have young once a year, in May, and produce from two to four at a litter; usually two or three, rarely four. In the warmer climates they are more prolific. They nourish their young with milk from the breast, the milk glands being placed well forward on the breast as are those of the bear and some other animals. The young stay with the old ones till they are three years old; then in the fourth year they push out for themselves, mate up with other beaver and form new families.

When the little ones become strong enough to endure the journey the old ones move down with them to larger and more open waters, where they spend the summer roaming about the streams and ponds as fancy leads them, living on such herbage and berries as may come in their way, and, as some trappers say, eating the fresh-water mussels, and which they may do, for the muskrat eats them and is very fond of them. But as to the beaver eating them I cannot say, as I have never seen any proof it.

The beaver's tail is very fine eating; it is neither fish nor flesh but a white, nameless substance, intermediate between the two. It is greatly relished by hunters and trappers and indeed by many others. Boiling is perhaps the best way of cooking it; then the hard white skin may be peeled off and the inner or eatable substance scraped from the bone. When properly seasoned it is delicious on bread or toast. The carcass too is very good eating, especially the hind quarters. The meat is of a bright red color, very much resembling beef, and has somewhat the flavor of both duck and mutton. The Indian is very fond of it, as he is of muskrat meat. It is a question which he likes best, but I think the greater quantity of meat in the carcass of a beaver will tip the scale in its favor. It is surprising how tenaciously he will stick to a beaver or muskrat till he captures it. Time counts as nothing to him, hunger, cold and exposure are endured without complaint—not so much on account of any value which he may place on the pelt as because he wants something to eat. If an Indian were paddling his canoe along a stream and should see a mink sitting on one end of a log and a muskrat sitting on the other end, he would shoot the muskrat in preference to the mink, the pelt of the rat might be worth fifteen cents, that of the mink a dollar; but he could realize nothing on the mink till he went down river to the settlements and sold the pelt; that would look to him away off in the happy future, and the Indian is not provident of the future. What he wants is something he can realize to-day, now, something tangible, something he can eat, something he can place between his teeth and feel conscious that he is bringing a pressure to bear upon it. In fact he wants the muskrat meat and wants it as soon as he can get it.

Telegraph Wires as Game Destroyers.

OUR native wild game birds are evidently fighting a losing fight against ultimate extermination. Especially is this true of that beautiful shy bird the American woodcock. Had he to contend only against the thinning of his ranks by the sportsman's piece, he could easily hold his own; but when to the chance of getting shot as he flits up before the dog is added, year after year, the constant curtailing of his breeding and feeding area by the destruction of swamps and swales in the ceaseless march of improvement and by the spreading forest fires, his chances for keeping ahead of the annual losses are growing less and less.

Who that has seen his fiftieth year and will make a comparison in the number of birds he could flush in an average day's hunt thirty years ago, with the meagre few that he can bring to bag in these degenerate days, needs any one to assure him that this noble bird is, more or less slowly it is true, yet surely passing away.

Now in these later days is added still another pitfall which the march of civilization has set for the wing of this noble bird—the wire. Almost every sportsman has seen its work; twice in as many years have I, within a mile of my house at Islip, L. I., picked up a dead woodcock that had flown the previous night against the stretched telegraph wire. This same thing is occurring constantly all over the land; and with every mother bird thus killed, having a young brood, is involved the destruction of her four little ones as well. Alas, however, I see no way to prevent it and I suppose there is no alternative but to accept the inevitable extermination when it comes, and pray that its coming may be long delayed.

Who can tell me why there are no tree toads this year? I have not heard a single one this whole summer long. Some say "the drought," but I have seen it quite as dry at times before this; but then the toads were always "calling for water" as the boys say. No, I think they too are disappearing from our trees; and if so may not their disappearance have something to do with the apparent yearly increase of moths, worms and tree pests?

ISLIP, Long Island, Aug. 13. A. HUNTINGTON, M.D.

Siberian Reindeer in Alaska.

MR. CHARLES HALLOCK has favored us with the following letter from Mr. Hamilton, assistant to Rev. Sheldon Jackson, the General Agent of Education in Alaska, dated at Washington, Aug. 20. It contains very gratifying news about Dr. Jackson's efforts to introduce the Siberian reindeer into Alaska, and reads:

"A letter from the Doctor, dated at Port Clarence, July 9, and received here on Aug. 18, brings the good news that, although the past winter had been unusually severe, the herd had passed through it in good condition. This spring 150 fawns were born. The employees were all in good health and spirits. Up to the time of writing 48 deer had been procured from Siberia. The Laps had not yet arrived. They did not sail from San Francisco until June 17."

We learn that Mr. Hallock is preparing an exhaustive monograph on the *Rangifer* family, which will be printed in connection with Dr. Jackson's forthcoming report on the Alaska reindeer.

Turkey Buzzards in New York.

A FLOCK of eight turkey buzzards was seen in Mountainville, Orange county, N. Y., Aug. 19. They were circling over the eastern slope of Schunemunk Mountains and were flying south. Mountainville is five miles west of Newburg, and not far north of the New Jersey line, so that this record of the unusual occurrence of the buzzards in New York will probably hold for New Jersey as well. Two of the birds passed within a stone's throw and were clearly identified. CHAS. B. REYNOLDS.

[Though this species has been recorded from points in New England—Connecticut, Massachusetts and Maine—and commonly occurs as far north as Ontario and the Saskatchewan in the west, this observation is worth recording. We have heard that two specimens were recently shot near Blooming Grove, Orange county, N.Y., where they excited interest as being unknown birds.

Game Bag and Gun.

SOUTH DAKOTA PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

MITCHELL, S. D., Aug. 22.—The count sportsman—butcher or game hog a more appropriate title. His performance is regarded as worthy of note, and luck better than average. The fewer of them who visit this State now the greater the cause for congratulation. The gun clubs and State are paying heavy premiums on the capture of this class, and, thanks to the movement, there are fewer of them each year.

The notion that the prairie chicken is extinct in the Dakotas is a fallacy. The last year or two being drier than usual, they have bred by the thousands in the sloughs, where years before they drowned; and the reports made by hunters from all directions over the State during the past two weeks are that the prairie chicken has not been so plentiful for years.

The 15th of August was celebrated here by several Chicago, Milwaukee and other Eastern city hunters, as well as by all local sportsmen, except those who believe the game law to be closed until Sept. 1, and they are few and hard to find.

The season has been favorable, as since Aug. 16 the days have been damp, thus enabling the dogs to work well. But as a matter of fact the best shooting is over soon after the season opens, and the rest of the fall affords shooting that depends for its quality a good deal on luck, an intelligent dog and a good shot.

From daylight until 9 or 10 o'clock the game is plentiful in the stubble fields. The rest of the day it will be found in the dry runs or sloughs nearest the stubbles.

Two or three parties of four or five each from here have planned to make extensive hunts through North Dakota as soon as the birds begin to pack here.

One pot-hunter claimed to have killed yesterday 148 birds, and 12 of them at one shot, by pouring both barrels into them while on the ground. NOMINATOR.

The Kickapoo Opening.

CIMARRON, Kan., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see by the papers that the Kickapoo Reservation is going to open in about six weeks. An Indian opening is one of the finest things I ever saw. It is the old, wild, woolly West right over again. Any one who loves to hunt, who loves to see an exciting free show that will last a month and be amusing all the time, and who at the same time wants to make a little money, had better come to Guthrie, Okla., and go in with the rush.

The country to be opened is about twenty-three miles square, and is almost all good farm land, with plenty of timber, good water, good climate, and more quail to the acre than I ever saw anywhere else. Deer and turkeys, fish and squirrels, lots of them. It is about thirty miles southeast of Guthrie, which is the nearest good outfitting point on the railroad. I have been to every opening for six years, and for a sportsman who loves hunting and excitement, it is too good to talk about. I am hardening my horses and getting ready to drive down there and go in; and will tell you all about it when I get the first rush over, or at any rate after I come home again.

Brethren of the quail button, if you want the best time that is left on earth, that I know of, come down to the opening. W. J. DIXON.

Rail Found Inland.

STOCKTON, Cal., Aug. 10.—In connection with my renewal, I give you a little experience I had a few days ago, and would like to know if any of your readers ever me with like one. While I and my boy Earle were out dove shooting, the dog started up a bird, which I took to be a rail. It flew 20 or 30yds. and dropped in some dry grass. I told the boy to go and see if he could get it. Much to my surprise, he killed it on the wing, he being only 13 years old and this his first season with a shotgun. When he brought the bird to me it proved, as I thought, a rail. What seems strange to me, that he was up in that sandy, dry country, 15 miles from any marsh or wet ground of any kind. While there are plenty of them in the tules along the San Joaquin River, this is the first I have ever met on dry ground. S. N. C.

[Instances like this have been recorded in our columns before.]

THE FOUR BEARS OF BALD MOUNTAIN.

"SPEAKING of bears," said Frank Walker, the local story teller, "you ought to hear Lon Bishop tell how he and Waite Hager killed four bears on Bald Mountain five years ago. Just you drive up to Lon's sometime and ask him to tell you the story; it's worth the ride."

Frank had been telling how he caught three beaver last winter, and I asked for a bear story. His reply brought to my mind the four bears I had seen in the hotel office about five winters ago, and of reading in the local paper something about how they were killed. My wife and I drove up over the mountains to Lon Bishop's home. The house was little more than a few boards nailed together in any shape to form a roof and four sides. Lon is a gummer, that is, he gathers spruce gum for our girls to chew, and makes a good living at it. He is a short, solidly-built man, with a face like an Indian's and the straight, long black hair peculiar to this race. He sells his hair for $12 every year, he told me.

When night finds him too far from home to return he takes his two straps and hangs himself from a limb of a tree and says he sleeps most soundly, and no "bars" trouble him. Lon is odd, but he is honest and brave, as the story will show.

"Come into the house, Ed, and you too, Mrs. Parmenter, and I will tell you about the four bears and the skins of two of them to boot."

We went in and to our surprise found that the room was cool and clean. Lon brought out two bear skins and told us they were taken from two of the bears that I am to tell you of. They were very fine skins and worth $20 each, Lon said. After we had drank a cup of tea, to satisfy Lon, he filled his pipe, after asking permission of my wife, threw himself down on the bear skins on the floor and told us his story.

"It was along about Thanksgiving time, and there had been a pretty heavy snowstorm the day before. I had been chopping up wood up here along with Waite Hager, and as I had to go eight miles to our chopping ground and didn't carry any rifle with me, I always had my two-headed axe, though, and didn't dream of being afraid of anything. On this particular morning I started out the same as usual, but looked at my rifle and came near taking it with me. I knew it was the finest day of the season to track bears and came near letting the chopping go and having a hunt. I gave it up, though, and left the rifle at home.

"Waite and I chopped all day, and until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. It gets dark early up there in the mountains; we could just see to chop when we quit work. Our path took us through the thickest kind of woods, and we were hurrying along as fast as we could, so as to get on the main road before dark, when out from the right of the path came four bears—a mother, a yearling and two pretty well grown cubs.

"We didn't think of running, or anything but getting those bears, for the bounty on a bear is $15, and the hide and meat are worth from $20 to $30. I grabbed my axe and started for the yearling, and Waite went for the old she one. I brought my bear a clip side of the head that killed him dead in his tracks, but Waite did not have so good luck. The old bear did not delay to be hit, but with her cubs took up the path mightily smart. We chased them for 40 or 50 rods, and our yelling scared them, I guess. Anyway, the cubs switched off and went up two trees, and when the old bear saw them going up, she took to a big birch and got up in the branches in no time.

"What to do we did not know. It was getting dark and we were five miles from a gun. We didn't want to chop the trees down for fear of the bears getting away and we could not drive them down anyway. At last we decided that one of us would go for a rifle and it fell to me. I made Waite promise to stick to the bears anyway and started as fast as I could walk for home.

"It took me about three hours to go and return, for the road was rough, and when I got into the wood coming back it was mighty dark and slippery. When I got near the place I had left Waite I smelled smoke and knew that he had been making himself as comfortable as he could. I came to the fire but Waite was not there. I had brought a lantern and commenced to look around for him. I didn't know but what the bears had come down and done him up.

"In an instant I saw how it was. The cubs had started to come down and Waite had killed them with his axe before they got to the ground. I found a splash of blood on the tree that the old bear went up, and after looking around found her track and alongside of it was Waite's. He had hit the old bear when she came down, but did not kill her, and so was following her over the mountain.

"I started on a trot after him, but did not see him again until long after daylight next morning. The track led over the mountain there and down through the valley, then they went north and came pretty near to the Deerfield River, then back southeast again and over Bald Mountain. When I got to Bald Mountain it was light enough for me to see the track without the lantern. At three places along the road I saw where the bear had stopped and dug up moss to put in the wound Waite's axe had given her. She had bled pretty hard, and I thought I would come on to Waite and the bear every minute. I did not, though, and up over the mountain I went. Now the track led toward the village, and I knew Waite would have her anyway. Down the mountain went the track and at last followed the main road. Pretty soon I heard a rifle, and knew that somebody had shot at the bear. A quarter of a mile further I came upon Waite and another man. The bear was lying in the road stone dead. Waite had come up just in time to see the man shoot her. The man was soaking strips of wood for barrel staves in the brook beside the road, and had seen the bear coming. He had run to his house and got his rifle and killed her within a few steps of where he was at work. She weighed 395lbs., and I never saw a bigger one.

"Waite said that the cubs had come down about an hour and a half after I started for the gun and he killed each one with one blow of the axe. The old bear got down before he could finish the second cub, and he had to fight her on the ground. His first blow took her in the neck and only made her mad. He aimed a second blow at her but she struck the axe and sent it off into the woods. Before he could find it again she had started off through the woods. He could hear her crashing through the bushes and followed her by the noise she made. He thought she would bleed to death before she got very far."

"How far was it you followed that bear, Lon?" I asked.

"Well, Ed, as near as we could figure it was twelve or fifteen miles, and the woods were awful thick, I can tell you. Waite had a harder time of it than I had, for he had to keep close enough to the bear to hear her crashing through the bushes and had to run some of the way. At other times the bear would stop and then he would keep perfectly still so she would not start until he got his wind. He didn't want to fight her again until it got light, for he knew he had made her ugly.

"We gave the man that shot her the $15 bounty and took the bear to the village. Next day we brought in the yearling and two cubs and got our bounty and the money for the meat."

He did not seem to think it was a bold, fearless thing to do to follow a wounded bear for twelve miles through the mountains on a dark night, or to kill another with an axe; but I do, and would rather have a rifle and daylight when I go hunting.

After a trout supper Lon harnessed our horse for us. I gave him my fly-book and reel, and he said there was enough tackle to last him five years.

His stories of bear hunts and gunning expeditions are as interesting as any I have ever heard, and the best part of it is I know they are true. E. S. PARMENTER.

TWO GREENHORNS AFLOAT.

AT Hathorn's camp in the Adirondacks, I made acquaintance, among several others who were stopping there, with a young man, a medical student, whose health had broken down, and who in consequence had, as he said, been banished here for the summer to live in the open air and rough it. He had been in the woods several weeks, had regained to all appearance his health, and looked strong and vigorous. In the way of amusement he had become tired of fishing and taken to paddling—an art which he sedulously cultivated. His medical knowledge had been of benefit to several guides round the lake, among others to old Sutton, and the latter had in return taken him on several expeditions deer floating, and inspired him with the fancy for paddling. He would spend hours on the lake by himself in the stern of his boat practicing, and in the long summer evenings we could frequently hear his song from far out on the water—for like the Canadian voyageur, he loved to accompany his stroke "with the music of his voice."

The Doctor and I soon became fast friends, for with diversity of taste in some respects, there was that natural affinity which attracts even different dispositions.

One night while chatting round the camp-fire, we were discussing the requisites indispensable for a tramp in the woods away from hotels and stores. My ideas on that subject I have generally found to be more severe than the average, and I suppose I had stated them on this occasion, probably with the air of one who expected to find no sympathizers. What was my surprise when the Doctor went over my list, and brief though I thought it was, pronounced nearly one-half superfluous. His simple traveling kit would have done credit to an Indian.

I have forgotten now the details, but I recollect he dispensed with plate, spoon, knife and fork, declaring he could find on any spruce tree a piece of bark which would answer for the first, and besides require no washing, as wherever he happened to stop he could procure a fresh strip, clean and sweet. His pocket-knife would supply the others out of any chance chip or branch.

I felt myself outdone by the austerity of my new friend, acknowledged my inferiority and expressed pleasure at finding a man after my own heart.

The upshot was we entered into an alliance to make trips together, he showing me such places as he had visited, but with which I was unacquainted, and I reciprocating.

Our first excursion was made to two ponds, the headwaters of Brown's Tract Inlet. We started some time in the forenoon, intending to row straight down the lake, and after reaching the quiet water of the inlet, paddle leisurely along, trying any trout holes we might pass, and using no more diligence than was necessary to get to our destination by sundown. The distance up the stream to the carry is only about four miles, and from the carry to the ponds not over three-quarters of a mile, so that it was no very arduous undertaking.

Of incidents on the way there were none that remain in my memory, except that at a point on the creek—I can see it now as I write, clear almost as if before me—in a nook of the bank where a large tamarack tree hung its spreading branches over the water, so as to make a deep, cool shade, there was a dark pool. The Doctor silently paddled up to it, and indicated that there was a good place for a cast. It needed no such hint, however, for any one who had ever seen a trout hole before could see at a glance that here was one certain. I shall not attempt a description of what followed. Fish stories are proverbially suspicious. Let it suffice to say that we left that hole with enough trout for our dinner and that it has retained a grateful place in my recollection to this day. Other places we found also, and by the time we reached the carry we had enough for our meal and some to spare.

At the carry we landed, made a fire, cooked our fish in the frying pan, warmed some coffee, and with the bread we had brought made a hearty meal, the Doctor's substitute for plate, knife and fork being adopted and approved.

After a long rest we started for the ponds. Instead of crossing the carry, which at this point leaves the inlet and runs over to Eighth Lake, we followed up the stream, which now becomes narrow, shallow and rocky. We soon found it impracticable to paddle, and had to get out and wade, one in front pulling and the other behind shoving the boat. The stream was so overgrown with alder and other bushes, it was difficult work to force our way through, and though the distance, as I have mentioned, was only about three-quarters of a mile, it appeared to us a good deal more. Finally we reached the clear sandy bar at the head of the creek and saw the pond open in front of us. Compared with the gloom under the bushes, it was bright and cheerful; and we felt like men emerging from the darkness of a forest into a clearing where the light of day prevails.

The pond is of small extent, with an island in the middle formed of a steep, stern-looking mass of granite. On every side surrounded by the primeval woods, it lay there silent, serene and solitary, seemingly never profaned by the presence of man. We rowed around feeling like intruders in a sylvan sanctuary. The shores were low and damp, and I could see no place dry enough to build a camp. The Doctor, however, knew the spot, and shooting the boat ashore pointed out a lightly trodden path, which he said led over to the adjoining pond. Pursuing this a short distance we reached the dilapidated remains of a rude bark shelter, which he told me Sutton and he had built on a previous visit. Our first work was to renovate this shelter, which was easily accomplished, and then to cut some wood for our night's fire. This done, we shouldered the boat and followed the path. Between the ponds there was a steep ascent, and when we had surmounted it we could see the water lying in a longish narrow basin, with a sandy beach at one end and under us a steep bluff. We carried the boat down to the edge, and launching her took a cautious turn round the shores, the Doctor noting all the more prominent features, for he now disclosed to me that this was a great resort for deer, and as the night would be dark he proposed floating. I had noticed his gun in the boat when we left Hathorn's, but attributed no special significance to it. Though I had no particular fancy for this sport I had to assent, and when we returned he got some birch bark and constructed a lantern such as he had seen Sutton use on similar occasions, put a piece of tallow candle in it, fixed it on a stick in the prow of the skiff, and having satisfied himself it was all right we left for our camp to get supper and make ready for the night.

The preparation and consumption of our meal was an affair that did not require much time, and when we had finished and smoked our pipes it was still too early to make a start. With such important business on our minds, waiting became tedious. To take a nap under the circumstances was out of the question. Our impatience soon drove us to make a move. Extinguishing our fire and fixing the wood so as to be ready at hand to build a new one when we came back—we left.

Away from the smoke we had noticed that the mosquitoes were rather thick; and as the darkness came on they seemed to get worse. The Doctor had brought in his pocket a phial with some kind of lotion for anointing the face and hands, whose virtues he commended. I tried it and found at any rate temporary benefit. On reaching the lake we stopped at the top of the bluff to reconnoiter. It was still too light, and we had to remain concealed among the bushes for a while longer. Here the mosquitoes seemed to be more numerous than before, and in spite of our lotion gave us a great deal of annoyance. Without them to pester us, I would have enjoyed such a situation. There were several elements that commended themselves to my taste. The night was, as I have said, quiet and clear, we were alone in a forest miles distant from any human habitation, perhaps from any human being; the deep silence that reigned was broken only by an occasional ripple of the water on the beach below us, or the light splash of some diminutive fish and rustle of insects in the leaves. It was so quiet, we feared even to whisper to each other, lest perhaps the keen-eared deer we hoped were down at the bottom of the pond, might hear and take alarm. So we sat down in silence, lit our pipes and waited.

At last when the darkness had settled down so completely that we could scarcely discern anything beyond arm's length, the Doctor got up, and motioning me to follow led the way to the boat. The candle in the lantern was lit, I took my seat in the front, my face directed to the prow, with my limbs cramped up in a position which, at the time, I thought endurable enough, but which later I found otherwise, and with gun in hand I was ready for the fray. The Docter shoved the boat gently off the sand, leaped into the stern and I could soon perceive the influence of his paddle in her motions.

The art of paddling lies in propelling the boat without taking the paddle out of the water and so quietly that no noise, not even of a ripple, is perceptible to the ear. The Doctor had practiced sedulously and appeared to have acquired considerable proficiency. I felt the motion of the boat, but it was so dark I could not make out the direction in which he was steering, and how he managed not to get lost I do not know. Doubtless he had taken a direction on starting and continued it as near as possible until some object was encountered that could be an indication. The first I perceived was the rubbing against some reeds in the darkness, caused, no doubt, by the trees on the shore, which we had approached. Backing out from among the reeds a little, the boat now appeared to change her course and to creep parallel to the shore for a while. By and by she ran in again among the reeds and some lilypads, and began to back and fill, as if trying to work closer shoreward. I began now to strain my eyes and peered eagerly into the darkness while I listened intently to catch any sounds.

This continued a long time—how long I could not guess, and did not try—but the impression of length was very decided and was not lessened by the irksomeness of my cramped position, which began to be unbearable. The mosquitoes also were peppering me badly. After some time I thought I detected the sound as of something moving among the brush on shore—the crackling of branches and by and by the impatient stamp of a hoof. The boat was now evidently being urged closer in, and I felt the moment of action had arrived, and that there really was something alive in front of us. I did my best to peer into the gloom. The sounds increased in distinctness and nearness. The Doctor gave the boat a slight jerk, I supposed as a hint either that he saw something, or to stimulate me to look. But all in vain. I could make out nothing, and if he did, he could not dare to speak. How long this lasted I know not—it seemed almost a year to me—when suddenly there was a start, and an excited snort, followed by a crash of snapping bushes as of some scared animal in rapid retreat. It was doubtless the deer, and it or they were off. The Doctor uttered a sigh of disappointment, listened a while, and then said aloud: "It's all up. They are gone. Didn't you see them?" I had to acknowledge that I had not, and—neither had he.

There was no occasion to tarry longer. We paddled slowly back to the beach, disappointed and disgusted.

This was my first experience at floating, and whether our failure was to be attributed to my want of knowledge or not, I cannot say. The Doctor himself had been rowed up to deer by Sutton, and had shot at least one; but to my knowledge had never before paddled anybody up to one himself. We were both greenhorns at the business, and as is usually the result in such cases, had only our labor for our pains.

We returned to our shelter, kindled our fire, took some

refreshments and a smoke, then rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep.

The following forenoon we loitered round the two ponds, examined the signs of hoof marks on the ground of the previous night's adventure, speculated over the same and drew such lessons for future benefit as the occurrences seemed to teach. Later in the day we started stream downward and in the evening were back at Hathorn's, ashamed of our want of luck, and therefore preserving silence with regard to it. NEW JERSEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

A Tennessee Dove Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 25.—In most of the Northern States it is unlawful to shoot doves (the bird commonly known as the "mourning dove," or "turtle dove") at any season of the year, there being a sort of superstitious belief that this bird is too sorrowful to want to die, or something of that sort, because it sits around and grieves for its absent mate. My own personal belief, which I do not advance as scientific, is that if the average turtle dove had lost its mate it would not be grieved beyond the point of consolation, and I believe it hollers because it can't hold a peck of stolen wheat instead of half of peck. But *n'importe*, as we say in Chicago.

In the South the touching legends which have long enshrouded this able-bodied wheat thief with an unusual forbearance have not been retained in full force. In some of the Southern States the dove is not protected at all. In others it has a regular close season like any other game bird. These protective laws are usually local or county special laws, of the sort which make the editor of the *Game Laws in Brief* grow gray. When you want to go shooting in Tennessee, Maryland or some other of the Southern States, you should take the advice of the long-suffering individual above mentioned and carry along a copy of the statutes in brief, also a county map, an indexed gazetteer and a theodolite adjusted to the local dip of the magnetic needle and the chronological variation of the longitude. In this way you may be safe, provided you can prove whether or not the turtle dove is a song bird, an insectivorous bird, a game bird, or that sort so generally and generously mentioned by legislative enactments as "other bird." If it isn't one bird, of that same sort or another sort, then probably, or perhaps, it is an "other bird." And there you are. The actual shooter knows very well that, all sentiment aside, the dove is a game bird of no mean sort. It cannot be worked to dogs, but it has sagacity, caution, toughness, courage and speed locked up in its person enough to make it one of the hardest of flying things to bring to bag. In this it is altogether different from the robin, the thrush, the lark, etc., which naturally need and deserve protection. The dove should be called a game bird, if for no other reason than that pass shooting at doves is three-to-one harder shooting than any sort of duck shooting. As to the dove being a song bird, it is not so much a song bird as Bob White, and goodness knows Bob White could pose forever as a prima donna and not be safe from the final farewell tour which at length corrals all sweet singing things.

Anyhow, at Memphis, in early August, I was informed that it was then legal to shoot doves, and though I have since been unable to find any law protecting that bird there at any season, I saw my way clear to accepting the invitation to go out and kill all the doves in West Tennessee. Mr. Irby Bennett was the immediate instigator of this nefarious project of depopulation, and he included in the conspiracy Mr. Ferd. Van Dyke and Mr. W. R. Hobart, also beside himself, representatives of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. I think I was to go along and tell the story of how not one dove escaped to tell the tale.

The Cedars.

Along in the early 60s, when there were two kinds of money in Tennessee, of which you could take your choice, and of which everybody had two or three trunks full, the owner of a certain fine plantation came to Mr. Edmund Orgill, of Memphis, and offered to sell it in exchange for a certain sum of money of the kind marked C. S. A., in contradistinction to the sort marked U. S. A. I don't know how much the amount was, maybe $50,000, maybe $500,000, but anyhow Mr. Orgill opened a trunk or two of money and bought the place, which lies only sixteen miles from Memphis. Upon it he built a vast plantation house, with lofty pillars and wide halls, and rooms whose ceiling are high as those of the dining hall of any city club house. He improved the 3,000 acres in every way, cut wide avenues through the woods, and made of it a place partly Southern plantation house and partly English country house, for Mr. Orgill is of English descent. The beautiful place is now known far and wide as "The Cedars."

Each summer Mr. Orgill takes his wife and some members of his family to England, thus escaping the heat of a long warm season. This summer Mr. Joe Orgill and Mr. Will Orgill were left alone at home on the great place, with no feminine hand to engineer the Lares, the Penates, and the nigroes. Such being the case, Mr. Irby Bennett, his wife and mother moved out to the Cedars and were installed as part of the family. In Tennessee, if you like another man's house better than your own, you just go over there and live, and it's all right. Mr. Bennett is building a new house. When he gets it done, if Mr. Orgill likes it better than his own, he will just move over in there and live with Mr. Bennett, and it will be all right. We all having discovered that we liked the Cedars pretty well, we just moved in one evening, and for a day or so owned the place, including the eight or ten drags, carts, wagonettes, etc., all the trotting and thoroughbred horses, the Jersey herd, the beagles, the fox-terriers, the bird dogs, the Berkshires and the nigroes. There isn't an animal (excepting the nigroes) allowed on the place which isn't a thoroughbred of its kind and which hasn't a pedigree running back to the Conquest. Even the doves, of which there are thousands, are thoroughbreds, as we will testify.

The Beginning of the Holocaust.

In the South, when a guest arrives at the house, the immediate presumption is that he is hungry, and nothing affords the real Southerner more pleasure than to see his guest eating something. On this basis, I feel sure that we Northern men pleased our host perfectly, for we did full credit to the hearty luncheon which was instituted as the initiatory to the programme. After that we climbed into the wagonette, and with two negroes on the driver's seat started off through the old woods to the wheat fields, where we were to make the holocaust which should complete the extermination of the dove family in West Tennessee. There were six guns of us, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Will Orgill, their young friend Mr. Frank Murphy, Mr. Van Dyke, Mr. Hobart and myself. The more guns the better on a dove shoot, as it keeps the birds moving.

In the middle of the day the doves take to the shade of the woods. They feed in the early morning and late evening, using on wheat stubble for that purpose when they can find it. At sundown they go to water. Water-hole shooting is the commonest sort in dry localities. Sometimes a fly-way or pass can be found along a hedge. In our case we were to take stands at different points about the wheat fields to get our shooting as the birds came in to feed. No blinds were used. We simply crouched down low under the trees or stood close up to the shrubs which made our stands. Mr. Bennett assigned each his station, and unselfishly assigned to himself the unwelcome task of walking about the neighboring fields and stirring up the birds. We could see some bunches of birds flying about as we crossed the fence, and it was predicted we would have some sport.

The Holocaust Continues.

Mr. Hobart was to take a tree near the middle of the field, and Mr. Van Dyke and I were to go to the apple trees on the far side of it. As I walked on, opposite to Hobart and abreast of Van Dyke, I saw the latter cut down two birds which rose from the cornfield at his left, and also saw Hobart hit a bird hard which was quartering toward me. As this bird was about to get away I fired at it, and managed to worry it down with a very poor shot, though we could never find it in the stubble. Then all at once the firing became general, like that of a skirmish line. We were putting up some birds on the stubble, and they circled about, giving all of us long chances, out of which only a bird or so materialized. I found in about three seconds that I wasn't going to kill every bird I shot at, by several. Hobart marked down two birds on the stubble, and walking them up got a handsome double on them, but the rest of us had not one chance of that kind, and were shooting at the blue streaks which were whizzing this way and that in singles, whisps and bunches.

It transpired that Van Dyke and I had the best end of the game, over by the apple trees, as the birds drew in best at that point. As we first went in Van Dyke had several shots, most of which he improved handsomely. I missed an easy double with a swiftness and precision which startled me, and then repeated the thing with *sang froid* and *aplomb*. This gave me misgivings about my gun, which was a brand new Parker just out of the tissue paper. As it only weighed 6¾lbs. it was a baby gun. I thought it should do baby shooting, but it wouldn't. After a while I learned that its idiosyncrasy was for birds about 50yds. away, and that it couldn't begin to shoot much under 40yds. After that I regularly killed all the hard birds, and missed all the easy ones, never killing a close cross shot, and not killing one bird with the left barrel. The right barrel was a "cylinder," about as much as a milk funnel is a cylinder. I haven't any idea what the left barrel was, but it was a lot too good for me. I killed 5 doves straight at about a quarter of a mile, which made my highest run and half my bag. If the pesky things hadn't kept on coming so close up to me, I'd have killed about a million of them, and so helped on our proposition of exterminating the supply. As it is, there are several thousand left down there.

Meantime Ferd Van Dyke, he of the long legs and quiet habits, was doing some very beautiful shooting a little further down into the field, and making the record of the day. Van Dyke's bag was sixteen birds, and he got them very clean and regularly, using his old Smith gun. Of course Mr. Bennett could shoot nothing but a Winchester repeater, and we could hear him slap in three or four barrels every once in a while in the cornfield back of us. Mr. Hobart moved over to the edge of the corn, and got a number of shots, but mostly long and hard ones. Our other friends had less shooting, but still enough to keep them busy. I presume the six of us fired nearly 200 shots, say 150. We brought in just thirty-five doves! No one need be sure that he can do a great deal better than this until he has shot doves under just such conditions. We found the game very swift and wild, and at long range they made a hard mark, and were, moreover, demons to carry off shot.

The Holocaust Has Conditions.

As we saw it, dove shooting was a pleasant, companionable sport, easy in its environments, but difficult in its execution. I should call the dove, flying at full speed and well under way, a harder bird to hit than a wild duck, and proportionately harder to kill. I would rather kill two quail over points than one dove flying full tilt over a wheat field. One does not shoot all day at doves, but he has furious sport for a couple of hours or so, provided he be as fortunate as we were at the Cedars. One does not walk. He puts his shells conveniently near, makes himself comfortable and waits for the birds to come. When he knocks down a bird the attendant colored boy goes out and picks it up, and says, "Golly! dat was a mighty good shoot, sah." Then you give the boy a quarter. It is worth a quarter to be told you are shooting well, when you know you aren't. A man's conceit in himself is something he will not willingly let die.

After we had shot for a time in our wheat field, until the birds were pretty well scattered, Mr. Bennett thought we would better go over to a pond hole where sometimes the birds came to water in numbers in the late evening. We piled into the wagonette again and Jim, the driver, soon had us over. We deployed as skirmishers and waited till dense dusk, but the birds had changed their minds and we got only a very few shots. The last shot of the day was also the most spectacular one, Ferd. Van Dyke folding up nicely a rocketing bird that came in over the pool at a great distance from him. This we voted good enough for a finisher, and so went in for dinner.

Dove Shooting as a Sport.

I never had so good a dove shoot before and cannot hope to have another so delightful in every way. We did not kill quite all the doves we shot at, and left the extermination incomplete, but under the circumstances I felt as though we had had a fair sort of sport at a fair game bird. I don't know that I ever got tangled up at any harder sort of shooting in my life.

By this I would not seem to advise Northern men to shoot this bird to any general extent. In the North bird life of any sort is not so prolific. Moreover, the dove is absolutely protected by law in most of the Northern States. It is protected thus in Illinois, and can not be shot at any season. Perhaps, as our game shooting diminishes we shall some day come to give this bird a season. It is very generally shot illegally in Illinois. In the central and lower part of the State it is very numerous. Along the latitude of northern Illinois it is not numerous and should not be shot. In the South it exists in such numbers that I know of no reason why it should not be considered proper game of the field.

In no other sort of shooting, unless one excepts snipe shooting or good duck shooting, does one get so much shooting to the square inch as in dove shooting under proper conditions. Bags of 50, 60, and even 75 are sometimes made, and I don't know of any man on earth I would back to kill that many on a stand out of twice or three times that many shells. In the dryer West and Southwest, in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and I believe California, the water-hole shooting is the usual form of the sport, and the shooting is sometimes prodigious. In New Mexico I have seen a little wet tank in the mountains visited by thousands of these birds in an evening. They probably came from over a great strip of country. We never shot them there, as the rifle was the only arm used, except the six-shooter. In Tennessee the best way of getting sport was formerly to go to some wheatfield, which was pretty sure to be visited every day by numbers of birds. Lately more wheat has been sowed in that State, and as the fields become more numerous, the birds scatter more and so afford less shooting, though we luckily found a good flight at the Cedars.

Every Western chicken shooter will remember that he usually puts up a dove or so on every piece of stubble he crosses. Perhaps if we had fewer wheat fields we would see more doves on each, and so come to hold the dove as a game bird, which indeed it should be on quality. In a country like the North the habits of the bird scatter it in such way that it can rarely be pursued in any systematic form of sport. In the South its habits are such that it becomes a game bird, capable of sportsmanlike pursuit. I can't quite agree that anybody ever ought to kill a fox with a shotgun, but that is because I am sectionally prejudiced. I can, however, see that it might possibly be sportsmanly wrong to shoot doves in the North, while it remained quite right, on the other hand, to shoot them under the widely different conditions of the South.

At least, we had no qualms of conscience over our dove shoot at the Cedars, because we deliberately set out to kill all the doves of west Tennessee, and only brought in 35 of them. This grieved us a good deal, but did not spoil our appetites. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

California Doves and Quail.

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dove season for this county opened on Aug. 1, and all day on the first and for several days thereafter, there was a continual booming of big and little guns from the grain fields and "waterholes" of the San Fernando Valley.

During July the doves were very plentiful, more so than they had been for some years, but there have been complaints from many sportsmen that the season opened too late, as a great many of the birds had flocked up. This is no doubt owing to the extremely dry year, there being no late rains to destroy the young ones or the eggs.

Some very fair bags have been made. Two parties bagged thirty-nine dozen in the first four days. They were market-hunters, and I sincerely hope that by next dove season their occupation will be gone so far as market-shooting is concerned.

Messrs. Ed. Tufts and E. K. Benchley, of this city, bagged 72 and 90 respectively on the first. Other parties report bags of from three to six dozen birds.

Dove shooting on a "flight" affords good sport and taxes the skill of the best of them.

The quail this season are more fully grown at this date than they were when the season opened last September. This also is due to the exceptionally dry season. For some reason a great many quail did not nest this year, but have remained banded in flocks all summer.

CULPEPPER.

STOCKTON, Cal., Aug. 15.—The dove shooting has been something grand this season, and many large bags have been made. My two boys, Earle and LaRue, age eleven and thirteen years, bagged sixty in two hours. This is the first year the boys have had shotguns, and they did some fine shooting. I anticipate much sport with them this fall and winter goose shooting. I have just received an invitation from "Billy" Mershon, of the Saginaw Crowd, to join them on their annual pilgrimage to the Bad Lands. Business prevents my accepting, much to my sorrow. Mershon and Briggs, of that Crowd, are old hunting friends of mine, and I have been with them on two or three of their annual trips to Dakota.

Trout fishing in our mountain streams has been unusually good this season. At the Big Trees Mr. Simpson, a fishing friend of mine, caught fifty one morning weighing ¾ to 1½lbs. and one or two of 2lbs.

I have taken the FOREST AND STREAM almost continually since 1874, and will probably do so until I am too old to shoot or fish or cannot see to read. S. N. C.

Miss Delaney Shoots a Bear.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y., Aug. 23.—Miss Alice Delaney, while at Saratoga Lake this morning with a party of friends, shot a bear. The people at the lake say it is six years since one was killed there before. D. J.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

A COPIOUS and life-giving rain fell and rejuvenated thirty-one counties, comprising the extreme southwest of Texas, and put an end to the parching drouth of three years' duration. From numbers of localities once famous for quail, and from which the birds migrated during the dry period, comes the word that the cheery cry of Bob White is once more heard in the land. A well-known San Antonio sportsman stated last week that he never saw so many quail as he did in what is called the black-jack district, ten miles south of town. The birds are much more plentiful at present writing than for years past, and sportsmen of the section are anticipating a good time in the field.

Texas Deer.

The writer has just returned from a pleasant piscatorial journey in the mountain spring streams tributary to the Guadalupe River, forty miles northwest of San Antonio. Deer were sighted nearly every day, and more than once the bamboo was pointed and an imaginary trigger pressed. They are very plentiful, an old resident of the mountain stating that they "are thicker than for fifteen years past." There is plenty of grass and mast, and all the springs are doing a lively business, thus assuring an abundant water supply for the winter.

Mitchell's Lake,

Nine miles south of San Antonio, which has been as dry as a prohibition orator, is now full of water, and good bags of bluewings and yellowlegs are made every day by the members of the Mitchell's Lake Club (about 75 members). Plover and all kinds of shore birds are beginning the initial boring on the coast, and everything points to the end of a hot summer and the immediate inauguration of a glorious fall.

Grouse.

On the flat prairies between Houston and Eagle Lake there has been rare sport on young chickens. The Houston boys tried hard to prevent the killing of birds out of season, but the country is so large and sparsely settled that it is a hard matter to catch the pot-hunting violator of the law. Victoria also sends word that chickens are plentiful.

Black Bass.

The fishing in the Nueces River at Uvalde, Green Lake at Victoria, Eagle Lake and the lagoons on the coast near Velasco is at its height and bass are captured in large numbers.

Tarpon.

Everybody catches his or her tarpon this year. Girls, boys, men and women, Senators and hoodlums who were fortunate enough to go to Corpus Christi, Rockford or Aransas Pass and cast lines in the bay were rewarded with captures of tarpon, jewfish, stingarees and other denizens of the deep, the tarpon fishing particularly being better than ever before, everybody landing one or more. It is said to be "dead easy" now. Some not fortunate enough to catch the high-toned fish with costly apparatus "slung" clotheslines armed with the commonest hooks and hauled the silver king ashore like sacks of potatoes. In fact the fishing is so good that the Greek fishermen of the coast are in despair, for the sportsmen and sportswomen don't buy of them this year. They all catch their own tarpon.

Five gentlemen asked me to-day why "my friend Hough" didn't come after a tarpon. Everybody seeming particularly anxious that FOREST AND STREAM be placed in possession of facts concerning the good fishing of the coast.

A Sad Spectacle.

Speaking of the idiotic game laws of our State—the greatest game State in the Union—which legalizes the murder of deer on August 1, a Mr. Aue of San Antonio sends a communication to one of our dailies wherein he states that one of his boys went for deer shortly after the 1st of August and that he returned with a doe whose teats were still wet from the suckling of her fawn. The father asked the boy to go out in the vicinity of the killing and secure the poor little orphan, which he did. He found the half eaten carcass of the little fellow. Its piteous bleating for the motherly breast had attracted a hungry wolf who lost no time to tear it to pieces. What a picture to place before our tender-hearted legislators. What a spectacle for the pot-hunting scroundel to contemplate. Can such men sleep in peace? A. C. G.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Aug. 9.—This is written for the benefit of brother sportsmen who visit the South and Southwest during the fall, winter and spring, especially those who visit Texas and as far as San Antonio. If they really want a good time with plenty of good shooting and fine fishing they can have it here within a few miles of this city on the Gulf shores. Quail are more plentiful than we have had them in the last three years. Of plover I have never seen so many within ten years. One party this week at Sinton on the Aransas Pass R. R., a few miles from this city, killed in one afternoon 73 fat plover. Dr. Buel, of Denver, says he killed plover the other day and thinks they must weigh nearly a pound each. Deer are killed from eight to fifteen miles out. But for a real sportsman's paradise let me tell you where to go for turkey, deer, wild hog, quail, plover, curlew, golden plover, snipe, geese, brant and all kinds of duck, where you can catch all the fish you want. This is Alazan Bay, forty to sixty miles west of Corpus Christi. Come to San Antonio, from there you can run down on the Aransas Pass R. R. to Alice; there you hire a team to take you via King's Ranch to the bay, which is thirty-five to forty miles from Alice station. There you can have all the sport you want; and you are not bothered by market-hunters and game butchers, as they cannot get their spoils to market. This is a section that has never been shot, and a good one at that, and the expense is nothing to go there. You can get accommodations at a good many of the ranches there or camp out. The people are kind and hospitable and will do anything that is right for you. At San Antonio you will find plenty of good, true brother sportsmen who are always ready to go with you and do all in their power to make it pleasant for you. I write this for the benefit of those who spend their winter South and in this section—to them I say bring your rod and gun. We have had splendid rains here this season, and that means plenty of game. Every mother's son of us believes in the FOREST AND STREAM platform—stop the sale of game. M.

Pennsylvania Game Interests.

DILLINGERSVILLE, Lehigh County, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over the act for the protection of game reported in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania March 10, 1893, I find in Sec. 15 the keynote of the entire act, in fact, the very keystone of all the acts now in force or pending:

Section 15.—No person, company, firm or corporation shall at any time kill or expose for sale or have in possession except while alive any of the game herein enumerated, or any part of the same with the intention of sending or transporting, or having the same sent or transported beyond the limits of the State," etc., etc.

The professional market-hunter is the worst enemy of sport and game, and this act does not reach him at all, for after game is shipped once within the limits of the State, say to Philadelphia or any large city, what is there to hinder to have it reshipped out of the State? Who can follow and trace the numerous shipments of game? It is an utter impossibility to stop the wholesale slaughter or rapid extinction of game in this country except by the prohibition not only of the sale or transportation of game beyond the limits of this State, but also within the limits of the State. This may seem like a very heroic measure, but it aims at the very root of the trouble, and it is the only remedy that can be applied that will prevent the entire extinction of game in the more thickly settled parts of the country, and the once numerous game birds will soon again be plentiful, instead of being a relic of the past, if such an act can be passed, and the professional market-hunter will cease to exist, as "Othello's occupation will be gone," and the true sportsman, who only finds keen pleasure and health in this manly pastime, will rise up as one man and call the act blessed. L. W. M.

"On St. Lawrence Marshes."

ONTARIO GAME AND FISH COMMISSION.—Hamilton, Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Aug. 25 there appears an article from the pen of Frank Lawrence Donohue, under the heading, "On St. Lawrence Marshes."

I have no doubt by this time Mr. Donohue has already regretted the publication of the article in question. Presumably, Mr. Donohue poses as a sportsman, and therefore a gentleman, but his article must place him in a sorry light in the eyes of respectable men since he stands self-confessed as a violator of the laws which were made to protect the game and fish in this Province.

Mr. Donohue's moral vision must be distorted indeed when it causes him glory in his position as a law breaker. It is just such disreputable cases as this that tarnish the name of the true American sportsmen who visit our Province, and if our game wardens appear to be unnecessarily severe in their dealings with foreign sportsmen, these gentlemen must thank such men as Mr. Donohue for it.

If Mr. Donohue intends repeating his visit this fall, and will notify me of the time of his arrival, it will afford me very great pleasure to teach him a lesson that he will not readily forget.

It is always a pleasure to us to see American sportsmen enjoying themselves in our country, but these gentlemen must not be confounded with such persons as are represented in the person of Mr. Frank Lawrence Donohue.

A. D. STEWART, Chief Warden for Ontario.

The country mentioned in their advertisement by Messrs. Schultz & Jackson is a good one for sheep, goats and bears. Elk and moose, while not so abundant as sheep and goats, occur in fair numbers.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

NEW JERSEY COAST FISHING.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 24.—Fishing on our coast is better than at any period during the past three years. September promises all that the angler could wish for in the way of weakfish and snappers. Striped bass and kingfish are very scarce owing to the ubiquitous pound nets; but six bass have beon taken in this vicinity during the two weeks just past and but three kingfish. These two varieties are regarded as practically extinct in these waters.

I have just returned from a run down to Barnegat Bay, where I completed arrangements for a week's cruise, taking in Forked River, Sunken Ledge Island, Somer's Point and Anglesea. While there I fished the night tide and took fourteen very fine tide-runners, the heaviest 4½lbs. Now that the season for snapper fishing is here, I would advise anglers who have never tried the sport to keep their trout rods out for a while yet and have a go at these superbly game little fellows. With the following tackle they furnish excellent sport: A 2-0 ringed Carlisle hook with an 8in. section of hair wire which they cannot bite off, this fastened to a very small brass swivel, which in turn is secured to the line, which should be not heavier than 9-thread in linen or F in silk.

A small, free-running multiplying reel and a trout rod with sufficient backbone to meet the rush with which they always take the bait; a 2in. barrel float and a split T shot fastened to the wire close to the swivel, complete the outfit which in the hands of experience proves deadly to the quarry and furnishes exhilarating sport. One word as to bait. When possible always procure the spearing, or sperling, familiarly known as white bait; pass the point of the hook through the mouth out the gill opening and back to within half an inch of the tail, then through the body. As the snapper always strikes at the tail of his prey this gives the greatest certainty of capture. As they are a very nomadic fish each school covers a wide range. A slick prepared as follows proves a strong attraction: Take four or five full size mossbunkers or menhaden, pound them to a mass, inclose in a muslin bag and hang them from the side of the boat, occasionally agitating, or squeezing, the bag. The exuding oil produces a slick on the water which passes out with the tide, and when met by a school of snappers it will be followed to its source, no matter how great the distance, and once around the boat they will remain until frightened or pursued by larger fish. To the angler who has never indulged this pastime and to him who is skeptical I have one word. Try it. LEONARD HULIT.

MICHIGAN'S FAVORED WATERS.

NESTLING within a radius of eight miles of one of the most beautiful and picturesque sheets of water in Michigan, lie twenty-five other sparkling lakes from whose pellucid depths the disciple of Izaak Walton may gratify his love for pleasures to his heart's content.

Crooked Lake, aptly named on account of its peculiar shape, is three miles long and one mile wide, the forest foliage with its deep green fringe skirting along the shore in masses of almost tropical luxuriance. This is the center gem so to speak, from which, if a bird's eye view were taken, a succession of lovely sheets of water, jewel-like in their quiet crystal beauty, would greet the eye in every direction. The center of this cluster of lakes lies sixty miles west of Saginaw, in the territory tributary to the Flint and Pere Marquette railroad, easily accessible to those who wish to lay aside the carking cares of this prosaic work-a-day world and affording unlimited gratification to the enthusiastic angler in the indulgence of his favorite pursuit.

Impressed with the idea that Crooked Lake was a spot peculiarly favored by nature in many respects, a party of Saginaw gentlemen organized what was afterward christened the Tchoupitoulac Fishing Club, with a membership limited to twenty, purchasing an extreme tract of land on the shore of the lake, after which they erected a large and commodious club house for members and their families. The house is on the east bank of the lake, upon a beautiful bluff overlooking the sparkling waters 30ft. below; and is only a few minutes, walk from the F. & P. M. station, which is a quarter of a mile distant. It is open the year round.

It is the intention of the club to work in harmony with the game warden and lend all the aid in its power toward enforcing the game laws. The lake will be stocked with black bass, and wall-eyed pike, other choice fish such as pickerel and bluegill already existing in great quantities. Shooting in that territory is excellent in its season, and hunters report game as plentiful without having to stray far away from civilization.

The F. & P. M. have expended considerable money in stocking the lakes and streams referred to with fish, and the good work has begun to bear fruit. They planted large numbers of fish in the Tobacco, Muskegon and Pere Marquette rivers and their branches, all of which contained originally no trout whatever. This work was done with the aid of the United States Fish Commission and under the auspices of the State government, extensive plants being made every year, transforming the waters into the present magnificent trout streams. Two of these rivers were natural grayling streams, and the report of the United States Fish Commission for 1887, shows that the F. & P. M. R. R. Co. conveyed United States fish cars free, respectively 1,622 and 2,087 miles.

The officials of the road have also used their best efforts to have the game laws observed by everybody, and in this work they have been greatly assisted by the Pere Marquette Fishing Club, an organization recently formed, whose members are principally residents of this city. This club purchased a tract of land at Wingleton of 1,600 acres, and erected a fish hatchery with its own funds. The first year there were hatched over 50,000 trout with a very small percentage of loss. Of course, these fish are planted by the club, not only on its own domain, but in all streams in that territory. G.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There has been during the last few days quite a rush of anglers to the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini. Among others who recently started for the camping ground there are Messrs. Robert M. Lawrence and J. Arthur Beebe of Boston. As an instance of the abundance of ouananiche in the Lake St. John waters this season, Mr. Garrie H. Haulenbeek of New York, who recently spent some days at Roberval, and is to return here next month, relates that one of the guests at the hotel recently went out trolling in a boat in the bay in front of the house, though told even by the hotel people that he would take no fish there. To everybody's surprise he came back in a couple of hours, having caught 20lbs. of ouananiche.

In the Grande Discharge the fish have been taken unusually large, especially low down the rapids. Mr. Davis of New York recently spent an afternoon fishing off Isle Maligne and took 13 good fish in about two hours, five of which weighed 20lbs.

There promises to be a great rush of American anglers to our Northern trout waters during the month of September.

Mr. Bailey, formerly of the Bank of British North America here, and now its manager in New York, a very ardent and old-time angler at Lake St. John, has gone up the Ashuapmouchouan River to Lac à Jim and will return by the Mistassini.

Rev. Dr. Booth of New York, and other parties, have not only had good ouananiche fishing in the Grande Discharge, but have ascended the Ouiatchouaniche, some twenty miles from Lake St. John, to Lake Ouiatchouaniche, where they have enjoyed magnificent sport with the trout. Several of 2lbs. weight and upward have been captured there this summer, and one of 4lbs. Rev. Dr. Van Dyck, the well known Presbyterian divine of New York, accompanied by his brother, Rev. Mr. Van Dyck of Philadelphia, and Dr. Ledieux of New York, are enjoying a very extended outing in the Lake St. John district. They ascended a small stream running into the Grande Discharge, until by a few portages they reached Lake Tschotogama by way of the River Blanche. In the lake they took a large lot of ouananiche up to 5½lbs. in weight and descended to Roberval by way of the Peribonca River. They have now gone trout fishing to La Belle Riviere, and later will ascend the Mistassini River to the Fifth Falls.

American anglers should bear in mind that the close season for ouananiche commences on Sept. 15.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 23.

Maine Trout.

TIM POND (via Eustis, Me.), Aug. 23.—Catch of trout made by Percy McElrath, of New York, at Tim Pond, Maine, for week ending Aug. 19: 35, 31, 42, 115, 40, 125, 46; total for the week, 434; largest fish taken on a Montreal fly Aug. 19, weight 2lbs. J. K. VILES.

A DAY ON THE MOOSUP.

ALL things being favorable for a day's sport, I took down the old rod and made an early start for a favorite stream in the wilds of Moosup. After leaving the train at Plainfield on the N. W. R. R., it is a pleasant drive of three miles, the route leading across the crest of Stone Hill, from the summit of which can be had a magnificent view of the surrounding country, down to the left under the brow of grand old Sterling Hill runs the stream. Knowing that a warm rain of the previous day had put the trout in fine condition for sport, I was eager for the fun.

I began in the little meadow just west of the turnpike; here the stream takes on a crooked, winding course (as is usual in all meadows), each bend forming a splendid little eddy, the very place to cast a fly. This meadow always gives grand fishing, and I kept busy adding fish after fish to my creel. In the woods below these meadows the land forms a gradual incline, down which the stream dashes in a series of cascades and foaming eddies, forming a picture lovely to look upon—a picture fit for an artist's brush. At the foot of the rapids the stream bends sharply to the left, forming a swishing eddy under an overhanging ledge, where I had an exciting time with a pound trout. The crafty rascal, after seizing the fly, made a dash among the branching roots of an old tree that had fallen athwart the stream. Oh, what a mess he did make of my line as he twisted in and out among those roots! Well, the whole thing ended by my wading in and bringing both line and fish ashore in my hands. As the stream leaves these woods it passes among huge rocks and boulders, forming numerous falls and foam-flecked pools, making a picture of grand rugged beauty. From the largest of these pools I took two trout of 1lb. 4oz. and ¾lbs. respectively.

Beyond the ledges, where the stream runs on the level again, is a pool of two or three rods in diameter, but of no great depth. Wading in knee-deep, I took several small trout. When making a longer cast than usual, well out near a large rock, as the red-ibis settled upon the still water, there was a bulge 'neath the fly, a vicious yank, a fleeting glimpse of a broad black tail fanning the air, and I began walking slowly backward to land, reeling in at the same time. Now, I was using a line of rather inferior quality, and as I had some misgivings as to its strength, it fairly made my hair stand on end as I considered the possibility of its breaking. Well, there was no help for it, so I handled him as gingerly as possible as I backed slowly to land; but no use, luck was against me, for my feet slipped upon a smooth shelving rock, a heavy surge upon the already overtaxed line, which parted at the leader, and I sat squarely down waist deep in the pool. As I went to grass I obtained one good look at the cause of all the trouble as he came rushing to the surface, impelled by that last yank—one, yes, nearer 2lbs., and a beauty. Now, I am usually of a patient disposition, but we will omit what was said on that occasion; perhaps some brother angler knows how it is himself. Well, being naturally of buoyant spirits, I did not mourn long over my mishap, but changing my line and emptying my boots, Richard was himself again.

Down in the swamp below the pool, the water being shallow, I was wading the stream, letting the flies float from ripple to ripple some thirty feet in advance, when, zip! up came a fine trout with a rush. Hungry! Well, I should say he was. He pounced upon the fly as a famished cat upon a mouse. With a turn of the wrist I hooked him solid, and as he felt the cruel barb enter his flesh, he made one blind rush straight up toward me, passing squarely between my legs; as I turned quickly, reeling in the slack line, I realized that my chances were slim to save that fish. The brush gave me no show here; it was all luck and chance. As he took up the slack the line twanged like a violin string; but as the hook was in a vital spot, he soon weakened, and I drew him end over end to my feet and transferred him to my creel.

By this time Old Sol was approaching the meridian, and his rays becoming warm, I sought the welcome shade of a giant elm at the side of a lovely little meadow and threw myself on the greensward to enjoy an hour's siesta. As I lay with head pillowed upon my arm, gazing dreamily out upon the blue hills, then on the deep green foliage of the distant forest, then again on the little meadow, one of nature's gems nestling among the surrounding hills; as I listened to the musical murmur of the stream, to the twitter of the birds in the old elm, and the lazy drone of the bees among the flowers, I closed my eyes with a feeling of contentment and perfect rest.

Now, I am a fervent admirer of nature in all its form, but am also a lover of one of the grandest sports that nature provides, and that is trouting. So, I soon roused myself and sought the stream once more. Just below the old elm where the water was held in check by the litter and débris of an old rail fence, I took a ½lb. trout. I would not have risked my tackle but for the fact of having seen the fish rise several times after flies. Cautiously dropping in among the old rails, he had it in an instant and I yanked him to land at the risk of smashing my tip—not very scientific, but surely the best I could do under the circumstances, for this was no place for fancy work.

Crossing the meadow to a little pool which was thickly interspersed with boulders which had fallen from the ledge above, among which the water foamed and fretted, my nerves began to tingle as I saw a large trout rise, seize a fluttering miller that had fallen in the stream and as quietly settle back into the depths again. Quickly changing my fly for a white-miller, I sent it sweeping down into the pool. Mr. Trout was ready, and as the miller settled upon the water I saw a yellow gleam in among the water foam and, in my haste, struck to soon and the empty hook came back. Quite chagrined, I made another cast; again he rose and this time I hooked him. He made a desperate rush down stream and I followed slowly, keeping him well under control, and as he slipped over a little fall and swung around into view, I saw he was a whopper. Well, he fought nobly, but I soon had him exhausted and lifted him from the stream and laid him quivering on the bank; he weighed 1lb. 4oz. by the pocket scales. Wasn't he a beauty? Every line and curve perfect in contour and the crimson spots upon his golden sides bright and glowing, fresh from his native element.

Now, I do not want the whole earth, but all the same, a June day upon a pleasant trout stream and the fish biting well comes to a close all too soon, and with regretful feelings I saw the night approach and was compelled to leave such glorious sport. E. M. BROWN.

AN ALLIGATOR GAR.

HANNIBAL, Mo., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take pleasure in inclosing you an excellent "snap shot," taken by Mr. Will Dulany, a young amateur here, of the largest fish of any kind, to my knowledge, ever captured in the Mississippi River above its lower waters.

This alligator gar was caught last Friday on a hook by our veteran fisherman, Nate Saunders, whose genial face appears in the photograph. It required the united strength of himself and two other powerful men an hour and a half to land him.

I measured the fish carefully with the following results: Length 7ft. 4in., girth 40in., weight 274½lbs., although in a very lanky condition. In good order I have no doubt it would easily have turned the scales at 300lbs.

From its general appearance and the condition of the teeth I am of the opinion that it is in the neighborhood of 100 years old. It is now on exhibition and parties propose to have it mounted.

This has been a poor season for game fishing, owing to the fact that the Mississippi River, which usually restocks our waters during its early spring rise, has been extremely low this year; and now it is so low that navigation has been entirely suspended above St. Louis.

Early in the season the crappie and black bass were biting pretty well and a few exceptionally large bass were taken, but recently both have nearly deserted us.

By hard work I am generally able to catch a string for breakfast during the evening at our Deep Lake, which is only a long mile from my office.

There has been no sport at the big Sni E'Carte preserve, for the past two months, so the members have been obliged to put a piano in their handsome club house and

MR. WILL DULANY AND HIS MIGHTY MONSTER FROM THE MUDDY MISSISSIPPI.

make it a pleasure resort for their families to keep up the attraction.

My friend Dr. B. Q. Stevens and I had some luck down at "James Break," ten miles south of here, last Tuesday, when we caught seventy bass, crappie and large sunfish. I struck a bunch of the latter while the Doctor was taking an after-dinner nap; and although it was very hot I enjoyed it hugely for an hour, during which I witnessed a surprising instance of the wonderful agility of these active fish, one of which jumped and caught a "snake feeder" flying along at least six inches above the water.

I know our Eastern sportsmen claim the brook trout to be the gamiest fish, but weight for weight, from my experience in the Rocky Mountains, I am satisfied that our "goggle eyes" will "pull them backward" and make two turns to the trout's one.

Last month I saw Ben Williams, one of our ardent fishermen, pull out a crappie measuring 13¼in., which beats the record here for a number of years.

S. E. WORRELL.

Black Bass in Washington.

IT is reported from Silver Lake, Washington, that black bass fishing is now very fine in that beautiful sheet of water. The lake is cold and so clear that the fish can be seen taking the minnow and the angler need not be in doubt as to the proper moment to strike. Bass are caught among the lily pads from a bridge or from boats. The lake is about five miles long and from one-fourth to three-eighths of a mile wide.

The original stock is credited to the U. S. Fish Commission, and dates back five years, during the first three of which no fishing was allowed. Inquiry at the Fish Commission office shows some mistake about the report as there is no record of a deposit of bass in Silver Lake, but 10,000 whitefish were placed there Feb. 6, 1889. Bass were sent to Clear Lake Sept. 17 and Oct. 23, 1892, also Sept. 26, 1893. Spotted catfish were delivered there Oct. 23, 1892. The report, however, is explicit to the effect that one angler caught sixty black bass in Silver Lake, Aug. 10, averaging ¼lb. in weight, the largest having been a 3lbs. fish. The capture of a bass of 4lbs. is also claimed. The mystery of the origin of those bass can probably be explained by some one who is familiar with the grounds. T H. B.

TROUTING ON UPPER MAGALLOWAY.

ONE of the least advertised, and at the same time best fishing chances in this part of the country, may be found on the Upper Magalloway River, in the State of Maine. You can leave the hotel—where you will find all the accommodations of a first-class house, combined with the comforts of home—and after fifteen minutes' walk find yourself in the dense forest, where it is hard to realize yourself within many miles of civilization, except as you occasionally come across a wood road, or small clearing, where some lumbermen have been camped years ago, but which still retains the marks of their axes. These "works," as they are called by the natives, and which are found all through the forests, are used during the winter by the "jobbers," so-called, who move into the woods at the first signs of winter, taking with them from ten to sixty men and six to a dozen pairs of horses, and in some cases oxen, for getting out lumber. The logs are hauled on to the river and when the ice breaks up in the spring are driven down river, fifty or a hundred miles, to the mills, where they are sawed into all kinds of lumber and from there shipped to all parts of the country. During the summer these camps are unoccupied, except by an occasional hunter or fisherman, and as a rule they are free to all who wish to avail themselves of the shelter they afford; all that is required is that they shall be left as they are found. They nearly all contain cooking utensils and dishes, and one can spend the night very comfortably in them.

Following the carry for about two miles we reached the head of the falls, which is a very wild spot. A steamboat usually makes daily trips up the river and you can save considerable hard rowing and several hours in time by taking passage.

About two miles above, we reached Beaver Brook, a small stream emptying into the river from the east. We went up the brook for about a mile and commenced fishing. There were plenty of trout but they were of small size, none of them weighing over a half pound. We fished down to the mouth of the brook, where our canoes were tied up. One of us who had cast out into the river just where the channel of the brook makes in, called out that he had "got a good one." Our tape line and scales were ready; he measured just 18in. and brought the marker to 3¼lbs. The next rise was a good one, I should judge larger than the one already taken, but before he could be landed he broke away. However, we managed to take six more, weighing 1¼, 1⅝, 2, 2½, 2¾ and 3lbs. each.

Then we went into camp at the Narrows; and I believe I never sat down to a meal that I relished as I did the one we had of trout then and there.

That evening, just as the sun had touched the tops of the trees on the mountain, which were shadowed on the pools below the ledges, I went down to a large boulder in the stream and prepared for a cast. I had three flies on the leader, a royal-coachman, a white-miller and a silver-doctor. I made a cast over across the pool and drew the flies across a spot where there was a little eddy. The upper fly had no sooner reached this little patch of smooth water than it was taken by a trout, so anxious to get it that he jumped clear of the water, showing his handsome speckled sides; and as the sun shone through the trees just at that instant he looked like a flashing rainbow. But it lasted only for an instant; the next my line was spinning out at a fearful rate. I let him run for a moment, then I began to check him a little. He was a good one, and I wanted to secure him, so after playing for about ten minutes I tired out and succeeded in landing him—6¼lbs.

Another cast in the same place. A splash, and striking quick I hooked another beauty. After a short struggle he gave up the fight and lay beside his companion on the bank. This one tipped the scales at 4¾lbs. I fished for half an hour and caught eight trout, weighing from 2lbs. to 6¼lbs. My companions had caught twenty-six in all, weighing from ¼lb. to 2lbs. They all agree that I had won the medal for big fish that day. We had a trout supper that night, and all were satisfied that we had come to the right place.

On we went up to the Little Magalloway, where we concluded that the best fishing point was at the dam at the foot of the lake. It is a wild place, the river a succession of rapids and falls, which make excellent pools and eddies for trout. Although the fish were not as large as those we took at the narrows, they were more numerous and afforded us more sport, for they would bite as fast as we could take them in, and in an hour and a half caught all we wanted.

We decided to camp at the forks. Hauling the canoes up on the bank under a couple of spruce trees, we turned them bottom up, first having laid a couple of skids about 3ft. from the ground, so that when the canoes were placed on these it gave us plenty of room underneath. We next spread down some spruce boughs on the ground, and our blankets on top of these, which made a very comfortable bed.

On the last day of our fishing one of the party had a strange experience in hooking a trout. He had made a cast, when a trout in his eagerness to take the fly leaped clear out of the water, catching the "tail" fly, and as he struck the water on the way down caught the upper fly also, having both flies in his jaw, securely hooking himself on both hooks. He was taken in and found to weigh 2lbs.

If any contemplate a fishing excursion I can recommend this country as one of the best places for real sport, easy to get to, and good accommodations after you are there. In my estimation it is all that can be desired.

SEWES.

Bass in the Delaware River.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You may safely advise the brethren of the reel to go to Hancock, Delaware county, for bass. They are abundant now in both the east and west branches of the river, and take the minnow eagerly. Last Sunday my wife and I killed sixteen in one hour and twenty minutes, and on another occasion I landed eleven between 5 and 6:30 P. M., ranging from one to three pounds, and all small-mouths. The hotel at the station is excellent, and the absence of mosquitoes and the delicious coolness of the evenings among those balsam-scented hills are no small pleasures after the day's sport. Fly-fishing is over, but with young eels or bullheads the fisherman's luck is assured.

HENRY GUY CARLETON.

ANGLING NOTES.

Big Pike.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if I can, "without going back to mythological times," give the weight of the largest "great northern pike" caught with hook and line.

I do not for a moment imagine that my friend means to imply that the weights of the great pike of the books, those with collars and rings, and pedigree on parchment folded under the pectoral fin, were incorrectly weighed, or that the weights were tampered with in the handing down process, but that he simply wishes something that is not moss-grown and lichen-covered.

I am not quite sure whether he means pike of this country or Europe, or both, but the term "great northern pike" has such an American flavor that it would appear that he means pike caught in this country.

I have a photograph of a pike caught in a lake in Pennsylvania and its weight is given as 35lbs. I can give such particulars as I have of this fish if it is desired. This is the largest fish of this species of which I have any record in this country and it was caught within the last ten years I should say, without looking for the photograph which I have somewhere, containing on its back the name of lake, time of capture and name of captor.

Mr. Alfred Jardine, who is famous the world over for literature upon the pike and pike fishing, is recorded as having caught a pike of 37lbs. in England on Nov. 4, 1879. He also caught one of 36lbs. in 1877.

The largest pike of which I have any record as taken in modern times is mentioned in a clipping in my scrap book which I think, from the type, I cut from *Land and Water*. However this may be, credit is given in the clipping to the Belfast *Evening Telegraph* for the item. It relates that a pike of 56lbs. was caught "in the lake beside Drum," County Monaghan, Ireland. It was caught in April of this year by a blacksmith named Bogan, with a bait worked from the bank. This fish was 5ft. long. The editor says in a foot note that no waters in the United Kingdom can approach the Irish loughs as far as the size of these monsters of the genus *Esox lucius* are concerned. That is about all that I can now say of the largest pike known to have been taken in modern times.

In 1879 a pike of 25¾lbs. was caught in Lake George, New York, by Will Taylor, a boatman of Bolton, and Mr. G. O. Eddy, of Bristol, R. I. This fish was chiefly remarkable for being taken on a gang of single gut while Mr. Eddy was trolling for lake trout.

Sizes of Hooks.

An elaborate article in a recent issue of one of the New York daily papers, which purported to give plain directions for black bass fishing, said among other things that flies for casting for black bass should be tied on No. 3 hooks, but on occasion larger hooks were desirable, and then the flies should be tied on No. 4 hooks. As No. 4 is smaller than No. 3 I fail to understand the force of this direction. I say No. 4 is smaller than No. 3, because I assume that the Redditch scale is meant to be understood, and I must be right in my assumption because Nos. 3 and 4 of the Redditch scale are about right for black bass casting flies as ordinarily accepted. It is true that in the "new scale" No. 4 is larger than No. 3, but as a No. 4 new scale is equal to No. 11 old, or Redditch scale, it is certainly not intended for black bass. Not very long ago I gave the old and new scales of numbering hooks in FOREST AND STREAM, so that they could be compared one with another, but did not give the figures of the hooks. I have perhaps a dozen charts showing the figures of the hooks, and giving with each the number by the old and the new scale. If any one wishes one of these charts I will mail them free, until they are gone, by request to do so on a postal card addressed to me at FOREST AND STREAM office. In addition to the diagrams showing sizes and scales of hooks, the charts illustrate how to attach flies to the leader by jam knots, and double slip knot when eyed hooks are used. It also shows the half-hitch jam knot. They are convenient to have in one's tackle box to refer to when ordering hooks or flies, and they will also teach one the various knots I have mentioned.

Tarpon in Texas.

Florida waters are generally supposed to be the home of the tarpon, but once upon a time I was invited to breakfast by the Capitol City Press Club in Washington, and some four or five hours after sitting down to the table, Col. Sterritt, of the Dallas (Texas) *News*, told of an encounter he had with a tarpon in Texas waters. The fish escaped and the Colonel managed to save his boat, or a man, and not a woman, would now hold the pennant for the largest tarpon ever captured in fair angling, for I imagine the Colonel's tarpon must have weighed about 417lbs. Then Col. Belo, owner of the Dallas and Galveston *News*, once when we were fishing in the Saranac Lake for trout, told me about tarpon in Texas waters, and later was kind enough to have hunted up for me a lot of information about the fish, particularly about its name. From that time to this I have heard more or less about tarpon in Texas; more especially in the vicinity of Corpus Christi, and I once received some documentary evidence about the silver king having been taken with rod and reel. Now, at this very moment, Mr. Wm. D. Cleveland, of Houston, Texas, is sitting on the other side of my desk smoking a cigar and telling me at the same time about the tarpon of Texas. As near as I can make out, nothing but small tarpon are taken in Florida, and when they get to be of a respectable size they at once "pike off" for the coast of Texas.

I learn that a man can get a bite from a tarpon each hour in the day from sun-up to sun-down, "although what you are going to do with them after they bite is an entirely different matter, and something you must answer for yourself."

Bites of tarpon are furnished in profusion in Texas, but no one will undertake to guarantee that you get the tarpon after he bites; "in fact, the chances are that the tarpon will get you if you hold fast to your rod, for you must understand these Texas tarpon are full grown and not the little fish bearing this name which are found in Florida."

Upon second thought I feel sure that Col. Sterritt's tarpon must have weighed more than 417lbs., for it was a Texas tarpon sure enough, and the more I learn about these fish the more I am convinced I used the right word when I said encounter with a tarpon. Mr. Cleveland has promised me a chapter for FOREST AND STREAM about the Texas tarpon at a later date after he returns home and can confer with persons and refer to papers.

Black Bass Planting in Lake George.

Recently I spent a little time at Lake George and had a long visit with Gen. Robert Lenox Banks, president of the Lake George Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, who has done so much to restock Lake George with game fish. For a number of years he has procured annually about 500,000 lake trout fry for planting in the lake, until it has become about the best fishing water for this species of fish that I know about. More recently he has turned his attention to restocking the lake with black bass. Last year he procured a number of adult black bass and planted them in the lake. This year he procured and planted 5,000 fry, fish perhaps a year old, but he tells me that he feels his work is almost useless. I think that if a law was passed that limited the number of bass to be taken in one day by one rod it would do much to restore the black bass fishing for the general public. I am told that big catches of bass are made by owners of steam yachts, and then the fish are given to the guides, who sell them. This is one way not to restore the bass fishing.

A. N. CHENEY.

IN NOVA SCOTIA WILDS.

HARVEY and I were camped in the small house within a stone's throw of Murphy's mill—that welcome half-way station between the road and Armstrong Lake. We had been exploring the Black Brook deadwaters for trout with but meagre results. I had instinctively pointed my rod at individual members of a large flock of partridges as they scattered in all directions from our advance. Richard offered his "kingdom for a horse," I on the first impulse would have given mine (if I had one) for a gun. Then I remembered that the birds at this season (August) were valued at $20 each, and my inability to purchase a feather at that price.

We had followed the windings of the dark water for miles into the great forest, and had walked beneath the gloomy shade of gigantic pines and hemlocks, had admired the grandeur and sublimity of nature's handiwork, and had finished by returning to camp feeling very small indeed, but also very hungry. Having satisfied voracious appetites we filled pipes, found a soft log for a pillow, stretched tired limbs upon the dry moss and lazily watched the stars peep out one by one from the darkening vault above the forest.

Suddenly the guide, Charlie Murphy, electrified us by exclaiming, "If they's any trout anywheres you'll git 'em in Stoney Brook, where the deadwaters empties into Panook Lakes." A moment's pause and then, "It aint more nor two miles and a half from the head of Armstrong Lakes to there, and sir, I tell you you kin drag 'em out just as fast as you kin throw in your hook. Yes, sir, I mind the time last spring—why, sir, I jist stood on a bunch of tamerack clost to the bank and ketched five dozen; yes, sir." And the old man stooped over the fire, scooped up a pipeful of ashes and cinders, puffed vigorously a moment to make sure of his light and then lay back comfortably in his place and relapsed into silence.

That settled it. We would go to Panook next morning at daylight, walk sharp, and by breakfast time be on the ground where Murphy "ketched" his dozens. We started bright and early, determined to deprive ourselves of nothing since the distance was so short—only two and one-half miles, we carried full loads. We went up Armstrong Lakes in a boat and then struck into the "howling wilderness," and a howling wilderness it was. We went on, now plunging knee-deep through a swamp—now disappearing headlong into a hole in the hard-hack, now climbing slowly and heavily a densely wooded hill, clogged with huge granite boulders and interlaced in every direction by windfalls. It was heart-breaking. At noon we came to a lake—on the wrong side, of course, and after taking a rest and a lunch, very much needed by all, we struggled wearily to our feet and continued our terrible march—tramp, tramp, stumble, crash, bang. And all this time that tireless old guide, Murphy, moved serenely on and on, as though he were a walking machine, wound up for the day. I began to be fascinated by him. I mentally compared him to "the old man of the sea," "Sinbad"—"the wandering Jew," and found myself speculating whether I ought not to strangle him and turn back. What material was he made of, anyway? Thin, shaggy as an old wolf, with an eye like that of a hawk—straight as a rush—active as a cat—tough as leather—merry as a cricket, and absolutely tireless. "Mr. Murphy," said I, "how old are you?" "Seventy-two last March. Let me see, March 12. Seventy-two." I subsided.

On and on, hour after hour we went, until at length we halted on the brink of Stony Brook deadwater, and immediately set about making a camp for the night. That finished, we boiled the kettle, made tea, and ate like wolves, and yet we had tramped only two and a half miles. I at once decided that Murphy's miles were Dutch miles, which would make the distance about right, that is, ten miles, and the longest ten I had ever tramped in my life. Presently the old man pointed out some skids near the camp, rotten now and covered thickly with moss, and then calmly, between long-drawn whiffs from his stout black clay, which, from his want of teeth, had an absurd fashion of describing an arc of about 60° between his chin and nose, "Them's the skids where I brought out the first stick of timber for the St. Croix railroad bridge. That there stick squared 15in. and was 30 or 40ft. long; I forget which." A pause and a column of smoke. "It was just thirty-six years ago, and them's the very skids. Yes, sir, I mind it like it was last winter. Me and Lance put $2,000 worth of timber into the Windsor & Annapolis Railroad, and I've not been here sence, but, sir, them's the skids."

He mused a moment and continued in a dreamy voice, in which a far-away tone was plainly distinguishable: "Yes, sir; fifty years ago they was any amount of moose and caribou about here on the barrens, and many's the night that I've called right over yonder, and many's the one I've coaxed up within reach of the old gun. Them was the times for sport. And bears! Yes, sir; slashin's of bears. I mind one mornin' one set up on his rump and watched me milk two cows in the field right by the house. I took the milk in and ramposed high and low, but there weren't a blamed ball in the house. So the bear walked off to the woo s and I never set eyes on him sence."

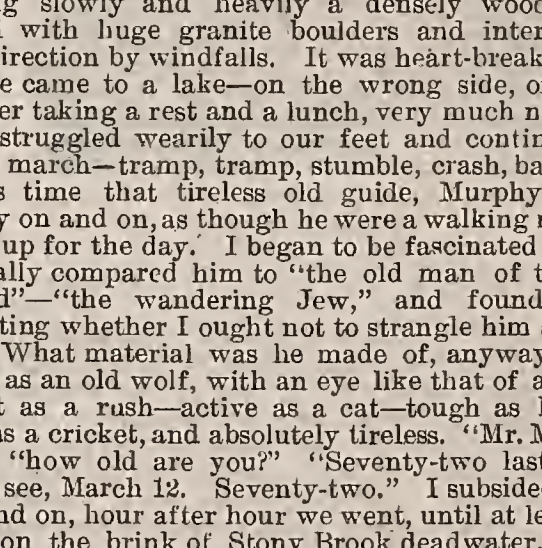
A few more whiffs and more meditation, "Down here below there's what they call 'frothy hole,' where the brook empties into a deadwater; and, sir, I mind the time I stood at the mouth of that there place and throwed 'em out just as long as I wanted to, and the flies a-chawin' me all the time, and they was smashers. Yes, sir; I stood right there in my tracks and ketched a bar'l—and it weren't a rale good day for fishin' nuther."

Said Harvey, "How far is it down to that place?"

"About three miles."

Three miles, and we had been all day doing two miles and a half. Harvey looked at me in a dazed, helpless sort of way. Shortly after this I turned in for the night; but, tired as I was, I could only get short snatches of sleep before some horrible nightmare seized me and directly I would wake up trembling and bathed in perspiration. I finally gave it up and for the next two hours sat before the fire, listening to every whisper of the night breeze and every movement in the giant sombre forest around us.

But there were fish there, and we got them. NEMO.



A FIGURE TOO FAMILIAR.

drawing by H. W. D. L.

Boston Anglers.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 25.—Mr. Patrick Kelley has recently returned from Florida. He says that the fishing in Florida is tame and insipid, and that the fishermen cannot cast a fly. Mr. Kelley also fished the lakes at Niagara for bass, and again he was disappointed at the poor game qualities of the bass of that region. "They are nothing like our small-mouthed bass," he says: "Hereafter the Rangeley Lakes are good enough for me! I would rather catch one trout a day."

Mr. E. L. Pickard is just starting for his second trip this season to the home of the Oquossoc Angling Association, at Indian Rock, Me. He will be accompanied this time by Mrs. Pickard and Miss Plummer. He is one of the most enthusiastic lovers of that region, which he has generally visited annually for years. He is a patient fisherman, but more of a lover of nature. The air of that region is his particular delight. Col. E. B. Haskell, with Mrs. Haskell and a grand child, will make a very desirable part of Mr. Pickart's party. In the party will also be Mrs. H. H. Roelofs, with four others from Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. F. A. Turner will take up a party to the Oquossoc Angling Association's camps a little later. Mr. Henry Whitmore starts this week, with Mrs. Whitmore, for a two weeks' trip to the Rangeleys. They will probably spend some time at the Birches and Bemis. They are also invited to Allerton Lodge, as the guests of Mr. Hal. Haskell, son of Col. E. B. Haskell, who is spending some weeks in camp with friends. Ex-Gov. John B. Long has been at the Birches and Bemis with members of his family, for their usual summer fishing trip. SPECIAL.

Moosehead Lake.

KINEO, Me., Aug. 15.—We forward a few items to show that the trout fishing is now excellent. The following fish have been taken within the past few days: One trout weighing 3lbs., by Chas. H. Phelps; two 6¼lbs., by J. H. Lewis; one 3½lbs., by J. H. Lewis; two 6¾lbs., by Judge J. E. Ingersoll; one 3¾lbs., by Wm. Ziegler; one 4⅛lbs., by A. S. Jerome; nine 10lbs., by H. G. Campell; seventeen 8lbs., by Master R. H. Cox; 114 trout by Lewis P. Tibbals and Dr. J. J. Kilbride; while 523, weighing from ¼ to ¾lb. each, have been taken by Mr. Lyman T. Goff, of Providence, R. I., from the streams near Mt. Kineo House, and all caught in less than eight days fishing. All the above fish mentioned were caught by fly hooks. The Mt. Kineo House is full of men from all parts of the country. The thermometer has been as high as 78° in the shade but once during the past three weeks. O. A. DENNEN.

Tuckerton Bay.

TUCKERTON, N. J.—Everett House.—Fishing in the Tuckerton Bay (or Little Egg Harbor) is better than it has been in years. All the boats are getting big hauls. Several sheepshead have been caught this week, and rockfish (striped bass) have put in their appearance. Weakfish are the staple article and are now running very large. The writer caught twenty-two to-day and twenty-nine on Monday, in about one hour and a half; all large fish. School or channel weakfish (small) are biting briskly for those who fish for numbers. W. N. VREELAND.

Susquehanna Bass.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Aug. 28.—The Canadian law taxing Americans for fishing within their borders need give the anglers of this section but little concern, when it is known that one day last week N. W. Waldron, the sporting goods dealer of this place, took from the waters of the Susquehanna 15 black bass, the largest weighing 5lbs. 1oz., the five largest 22½lbs. They were on exhibition in a Court street window. Mr. Waldron has been very successful this season, having made several large catches. WINFIELD.

A Wyalusing Bass.

WE believe the heavy-weight black bass record has been broken for Wyalusing and vicinity. Last Thursday, Aug. 10, the Rev. Henry Chamberlaine, rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, New York, caught a bass weighing 6½lbs. after it had been out of the water for some time. The fish was taken out of the river opposite Theodore Brown's place, at Brownstown, where the Rev. Chamberlaine is staying.—*Wyalusing (Pa.) Rocket, Aug. 16.*

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

States Owning Their Tide-Waters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Buzzard's Bay decision by the U. S. Supreme Court does not appear to be the only one where the court held that the tide-water of a State belongs to that State.

In Smith *vs.* State of Maryland (18 How. 71) the United States Supreme Court said: "Whatever soil below low-water mark is the subject of exclusive propriety and ownership, belongs to the State on whose maritime border, and within whose territory it lies, subject to any lawful grants of that soil by the State, or the sovereign power which governed its territory before the Declaration of Independence. But this soil is held by the State not only subject to, but in some sense, in trust for, the enjoyment of certain public rights, among which is the common liberty of taking fish, as well shell-fish as floating fish. The State has a right to protect this fishery by making it unlawful to take or catch oysters with a scoop or drag, and to inflict the penalty of forfeiture upon the vessel in this pursuit. Such a law is not repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, although the vessel which is forfeited is enrolled and licensed for the coasting trade under an act of Congress. Neither is it repugnant to the constitution, as interfering with the admiralty and maritime jurisdiction of the judicial power of the United States. Nor is the law liable to an objection that no oath is required before issuing a warrant to arrest the vessel. That clause of the constitution refers only to process issued under the authority of the United States."

Associate Justice Benjamin R. Curtis delivered the opinion of the court in this case, and among other things said; "The State holds the propriety of this soil for the conservation of the public rights of fishery thereon, and may regulate the modes of that enjoyment so as to prevent the destruction of the fishery. In other words, it may forbid all such acts as would render the public right less valuable, or destroy it altogether."

In McCready *vs.* Virginia (94 U. S. 394) the United States Supreme Court said: "The principle has long been settled in this court, that each State owns the beds of all tide-waters within its jurisdiction unless they have granted away.

"In like manner, the States own the tide-waters themselves, and the fish in them so far as they are capable of ownership while running.

"For this purpose the State represents its people, and the ownership that of the in their united sovereignty.

"The power over the fisheries remain under the exclusive control of the State, which has consequently the right, in its discretion, to appropriate its tide-waters and their beds to be used by its people as a common for taking and cultivating fish, so far as it may be done without obstructing navigation."

In Pollard's Lesse *vs.* Hagan (3 Howard 212) the United States Supreme Court said: "This right of eminent domain over the shores aud the soils under the navigable waters, for all municipal purposes, belongs exclusively to the States within their territorial jurisdiction, and they, and they only, have the constitutional power to exercise it."

In Martin *vs.* Waddell (16 Peters 410) the United States Supreme Court said: "When the Revolution took place, the people of each State became themselves sovereign; and in that character hold the absolute right to all navigable waters, and the soils under them." A. C. COLLINS.

HARTFORD, Conn.

The Melbourne Aquarium.

AN illustrated official handbook to the aquarium, picture galleries and museum collections under the control of the exhibition trustees, Melbourne, has been compiled by Mr. James E. Sherrard. The Melbourne Exhibition Aquarium was opened in 1885 and was the first established in Australia. Some useful experiments have been carried out by workers in it, pointing the way to further developments of the fishing industries of the colony. Mr. Sherrard's little handbook contains a large amount of information about the fish of Victoria and the aquarium equipment. He has made a number of experiments with a view to keeping fish alive in artificial sea water, but only with partial success. In sea water, prepared according to chemical analysis, the fish became blind and only lived a few days. In water brought up to a standard strength with refined salt made from sea water, the more hardy kinds of fish did very well, and in water made with Southall's sea salt the fish seemed quite as much at home as in their natural element. —*Nature.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 4 to 7.—Des Moines Kennel Club, at Des Moines, Iowa. M. Bruce, Sec'y.

Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 10 to 14.—Pittsburgh A. C. Kennels, at Pittsburgh, Pa. A. A. Batchelor, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. I. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Orange County Agricultural Society, at Newburgh, N. Y. D. A. Morrison, Sec'y.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Orange County Fair, at Newburgh, N. Y.

Sept. 26 to 30.—Stockton Kennel Club, at Stockton, Cal. John Hefferman, Sec'y.

Oct. 2 to 5.—Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. C. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Oct. 30 to Nov. 2.—Terrier Show, by New England Kennel Club, at Country Club, Brookline, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y, 128 Tremont street, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

Oct. 23.—New England Field Trial Club, Members' Sweepstake. A. R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells. Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Saratoga, N. Y., Sec'y.

Toronto entries close Aug. 29, with C. A. Stone, 82 King street, Toronto, Canada.

Pittsburgh entries close Sept. 3, with A. A. Batchellor, Box 357, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rhode Island State Fair Show entries close Sept. 3, with W. W. Dexter, Sec'y, Cranston, R. I.

Specialty Club Secretaries.

A PROMINENT officer of the A. K. C., and also secretary of the Pointer Club, writes as follows in regard to our remarks on the duties and responsibilities of club secretaries:

"I think you have rung a good sharp bell, the tinkling of which can not fail to call some one to his duty. Mr. Watson's article in the July *Kennel Gazette* to which you so sensibly allude in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, is certainly excellent advice and worthy of adoption by us all. It is unfortunate that members of organizations in general usually consider their election to an office as honorary recognition; a sort of a tribute to superior merit, rather than one of responsibility and care. They don't consider they were selected to do something for the welfare of their club, its membership and the advancement of its objects. As for the position of a secretary, it is always accompanied with considerable clerical work, and if the duties of the office are comprehended, oftentimes with much self denial. When the office of secretary of the Pointer Club was shouldered by me I had made up my mind that I would do just what you and Mr. Watson have pointed out as the duty of specialty clubs' secretaries.

"In order to accomplish something in the right direction, the Pointer Club not only intends to keep the public posted as to its doings but will do more—keep its members informed of the executive meetings of the board of governors. There will be sent each member a copy of the minutes of all meetings. In this way all the legislation of the board of governors will be on record before every club member, and in this way every plan and the intent of the board for advancing the purpose for which the club was organized, will be as generally known as if each member was present. This plan is very necessary where the membership of the club is scattered all over the country.

"I have so often heard the comment of persons when asked why they did not join a specialty club, or why they had droppcd out, "Why what do we get out of it? We pay our dues, never hear of you, can't vote, never have anything to say, and it don't pay." Quite right. This state of feeling, which is not altogether mistaken, must be remedied in some way. What could be more perplexing and embarrassing to a thoroughly good dog man than to be placed in a position where he could not have an opportunity to say anything?

"You will see that we realize that such a state of affairs is rather discouraging to the active success of a club, and so far as we can, intend to give all a chance to express their views, and play as well as pay.

"There is no club, no matter how enterprising, that can afford to lock up its success in the councils of a few of its members, without a periodical exchange of views and the enlargement of the scope of the club and the interests of its members."

This is the feeling that we have striven to generate, and if only one-half of the clubs respond, that half will reap the benefit that publicity of their doings is sure to bring them and the breed they represent. The Collie Club recently issued a brochure containing the adopted standard, etc., but only one kennel journal has been favored with a copy of it for review. This club, which represents a pretty lively sort of dog, is evidently far behind the breed it seeks to help in making its presence known.

Kicking and Kickers at Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are so many kickers and the entries promise to be so small this year, the clubs may have to go down in their pockets to pay losses, which is causing the field trial clubs to think holding field trials is like Jordan, "a hard road to travel." The handler who never ran a dog before is kicking, claiming the clubs ought to give him "protection" against the old experienced handlers, who take advantage of their ignorance and do not give them all the tips in handling the older "artists" in that line know aud have been years in finding out, and for which experience they paid dearly.

The small kennel owners are kicking, claiming they can not compete with a few dogs against the large kennel with many dogs. The big kennels claim they purchase the best dogs of the small kennels to prevent the latter from beating them; the small kennels then win more money at the trials than they do. One large kennel owner said to me, "I offered a small kennel owner $250 for an unbroken puppy last spring. This large price did not purchase it. Through bad training and handling this puppy was unplaced. Now this owner is doing the most kicking against the big kennels."

Owners protest when their dogs get sick and ask that the races be postponed until their dogs get well. If these owners but thought a moment what the consequences of establishing such a precedent would be, we think they would withdraw such request, as it was made, no doubt, in the "heat of passion." Adopt such a precedent and every defeated dog would have some one claiming it was sick and "they wanted a show for their money." The owners of dogs that strained their legs jumping a fence or ditch or were stepped on by a horse or ran into a wire fence or got too much to eat would come up with a protest and "a show for their money," claiming a postponement of the trials until their dogs recovered. At the present rate, these demands are growing on the clubs, you will soon see purchasers demanding the clubs put a price on all puppies for sale, or what owners must charge for the stud services of noted sires. We already have volumes of protests coming before the clubs from owners asking the clubs to put a price on training and adjust differences between some owner and trainer, or what part some owner is to have of the dog's winnings. Under a cry of "a show for their money" coming from owners, clubs have been forced to allow bitches in season to start in the trials. We now see an owner claims his dog was "smuggled in" and allowed to start in one of the trials. This dog's nomination was paid in regular order, his starting fee voluntarily paid and the dog took his chance on winning. The clubs had no power to prevent the dog starting after its starting money was paid, as stated. Neither was it a bitch in season. A demand was made on the club, after the dog ran and lost, for the return of the money paid, which the club very justly had to decline. The owner claims he "wanted a show for his money," basing his claim that he knew his dog had no chance in said club on general grounds. If we are to accept said owner's own statement claiming he knew two years before he had no show, etc., and then his dog starts and he "squeals" after he loses and demands his money back, we leave each reader to draw his own conclusions. This is the same owner whose dog won in other trials and we see in the papers the flaming stud card of this dog beating such and such noted dogs at the field trials. This owner jumps on the field trial club. His agent or himself could not make a mistake and pay for the dog's starting; it was the club that smuggled his dog in and paid the dog's entrance. The club is not demanding the dog's entrance money, it is the owner demanding a refund of this money. We hear of no field trial club advertising for winners to come and get their money. Those getting the most benefits out of field trials are doing the most kicking. Perhaps these kickers, after they have throttled the field trials by their tirades against the clubs and, like Othello, find their occupation gone, will repent and say they did not mean anything, their kicks were made in the "heat of passion."

Your staff correspondent states—"There are many who are gentlemanly, whether they win or lose." The winners, he says, think themselves "indispensable." The gentlemanly losers are getting fewer each year, judging by the amount of kicking indulged in; many have come to the conclusion field trial clubs are simply targets set up for them to kick at and furnish the "indispensable" ones with big money. I never heard of a field trial club declaring a dividend. I have known several that went down in their pockets to make good the losses on their stakes to pay the "indispensables" their winnings. Field trial clubs are getting very tired of being a target for every disgruntled and defeated individual to kick at. Some may wonder at the decadence of field trials. Those conducting the trials, giving their time and money freely to the cause for bettering the field dogs of the United States, can read "the hand-writing on the wall" and explain it, too. P. H. BRYSON.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 18.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The High-Class Dog.

No expression used in field trial parlance is more abused than the term "high class." Its misuse has brought odium on the field trial dog. The trials having nearly all become almost entirely commercial or mercenary, there was a strong tendency to have a dog appear as high class for the sake of a sale, and if he had a few of the more apparent qualities, such as nimble heels and a dashing carriage, with a little sprinkling of bird work, there were some trainers whose claim of high class was sure to be forthcoming.

As the field trials begin next month, a brief consideration of the high-class dog and his imitator or spurious brother, may be opportune.

It has been held that, by some vague distinction, there is a wide difference between the "plug shooting dog" and the "high-class" field dog. A good field dog should possess the qualities of a high-class dog, and the latter should possess the qualities of a good field dog.

It has been held that a field trial demonstrates the qualities which are desirable for breeding purposes and which breeders seek. As trials have been conducted, they do not do so, for they put the stamp of approval on too many bogus high-class dogs. Of course the query naturally arises as to what constitutes the pretender.

To make the distinction more readily apparent, a few remarks on the genuine high-class dog will be helpful. He is, first of all, what is commonly called "level-headed," which is but another term for intelligence and ready good will and steady nerves in working to the gun. In actual work, when trained, he needs no prompting or helping in doing it, for he has a knowledge of all the details and how his own efforts should fit with those of the shooter and make a joint success in bringing the game to bag. He has a keen perception at all times of what is required, and is diligent and skillful in executing it. Instead of doing his work in a set mechanical manner, he intelligently conducts his efforts to conform with advantage to the ever-changiug conditions of wind, ground, etc. He chooses his range and beats out his ground with quite as much judgment as if his haudler planned it for him—often better. He approaches likely places so as to give his nose the widest possible advantage of the wind, and at the same time approach the birds without alarming them. When going from one likely place to another he does not stop using his nose while increasing the use of his heels, but takes such a course as will cover the intermediate and less promising places, and works diligently with his nose always. He locates his birds with quickness, accuracy and self-confidence, a result of a knowledge of how to take advantage of the opportunities; and a good brain, an essential in which many field trial dogs and modern dogs are lacking, as shown by excessive nervousness and what is commonly termed "rattle-headed."

Of course, the functional powers of the nose of the high-class dog are perfect. In pointing he stands neither too far from his birds nor too close to them. It may or may not be a credit to a dog's nose to point a bevy one hundred yards or more away—sometimes they appear to be pointing the bevy when they really are pointing the footscent—but such pointing is no credit to the dog's judgment. However, the act may be due to a loss of self-reliance following ill-considered punishment.

The bogus high-class dog has a nimble set of heels and generally a wide range which he conducts in an ill-regulated manner, for in most instances he is shallow mentally. His handler gives him a deal of prompting and it is laborious to handle him. In fact, such dogs owe their fame to the supplementary efforts of their handlers in glossing over their weak intelligence and imperfect work.

In our trials a handler is allowed every liberty in handling his dog, and whether the dog did the work or the dog and the handler jointly did it it is generally credited to the effort of the dog.

No dog should be permitted to receive unreasonable assistance from his handler, or, if the handler can not be restrained, the value of the work should be rated at its true worth. For while it is impossible to conduct field trials in the manner of an ordinary day's shooting, it is not impossible to require a dog to do the details of his work as would be best for actual sport afield.

As before mentioned, the imitation dog is always speedy and nearly always of shallow intelligence, though he may be intelligent but a willful self-hunter requiring most distressing effort on the part of his handler to keep him within proper limits and control, while trying to make a good showing. When such dogs are sold, after a high-class (?) performance at a field trial, the new owners, not being familiar with all the peculiarities and natural deficiencies of the dog on the one hand, and on the other the many makeshifts, physical effort and uncertainties in handling him, obtains most unsatisfactory results, and a highly unsatisfactory opinion of field trial dogs of the "high-class" degree.

The skillful trainer, or rather one who knows how to make the greatest favorable showing out of such defective material as he may have in charge, can so direct the dog's range and gloss over his deficiences that no one but an expert can discover all the little attempts to patch over errors and covert efforts to help the dog in the details of his faulty work. In ranging, the dog goes out boldly and swiftly, but the handler must keep his eye on him constantly, and direct him, by whistle and signal, from one likely point to another. The dog may be using his nose part of the time. Most of his work is mechanical. He may have a comprehension of some of the commoner details, but he relies almost wholly on his handler for help in the general managemeut. On birds, in most instances, his work is imperfect. If he happens to come on a bevy with all the conditions favorable, he may make a dashing show, and if his attitude is spirited and stylish, it is sure to be called a high-class piece of work, and many condone a number of blunders afterward. But if he happens to hit the trail of the bevy and makes a rigid point on foot-scent, the handler, who can tell by the dog's eyes and attitude that he is not on a true point, gives him a quiet cluck and the two walk ou together. The dog may stop and make a number of points, going on when prompted; but when he at last points more rigidly, feathers more, and his eyes become intensely full and glistening, the handler knows then that the dog has the body scent, is near the birds, and that it will be safe to go forward to flush. On single birds, if the handler has been careful in marking them down, and if the dog points near them, the handler is almost sure to flush a single bird. Many dogs, owing to shallow brains, are defective in their work on birds.

In short, the patched-up field trial dog, often apparently half broken—finished training would spoil him since he would become wholly mechanical and inefficient—or the self-hunter, which, owing to his peculiar disposition, works to the gun under compulsion, has lowered the prestige of the true high-class working dog, and has done more damage thereby to his reputation as a desirable performer, than years of proper effort can mend. The desire for revenue has stimulated the effort to make a "high-class" dog out of what are really the plug dogs whose deficiencies have been plugged by the efforts of his handler and the lax system which permits the joint work of handler and dog to score. B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Gordon Setter Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been asked whether the Gordon Setter Field Trials Club intend holding field trials this year.

In reply I would say that Mr. E. K. Sperry, president of the above named club wrote me some months ago advising me to apply for the use of the grounds of the New England Field Trials Club at Assonet Neck, Mass., saying, also, that "I would be glad to aid you all in my power if your club decides to run."

He also informed me that Mr. Chas. R. Taylor, the secretary of the same club, had written him that "as on account of business calls he found it impossible to do more toward getting up a second field trials than to enter some Gordons, he supposed it was useless to longer remain as secretary of the G. S. F. T. Club, etc., etc." Mr. Sperry adds, "From this I suppose that Mr. Taylor considers the G. S. F. T. Club dead."

In regard to our field trials to be run at Assonet, Mass., on Oct. 24, entry blanks will soon be ready, and will be sent on application. The names of the judges will be announced later on. Fees will be $5 to nominate and $10 to start; trials open to any Gordon setter whether owned by a member of our club or not. Quite probably additional prizes will be offered to winning dogs owned by our members.

Since writing the above I have just received a letter from Mr. Sperry, dated this morning, saying: "By the papers I see that the good work goes bravely on. Now, I think it will have a tendency to make it understood that your club has no opposition, but instead the support of all, if I should offer, through you, the same amount and in the same way that you have; *i. e.*, that you guarantee $30, in form of entrance fees or donation, which I hereby do. And you can make use of the information herein contained as you may think best for the good of all, as well as my former proposition to unite all interested in the noble Gordon."

Subscriptions need not wait. I shall be glad to add a good many to Mr. Sperry's and mine. It is to be hoped that Gordon men will come up well, join our club, make entries of their dogs, and help the Gordon cause. We cannot expect to advance the Gordon in public estimation until they do.

JAMES B. BLOSSOM,
President Gordon Setter Club of America.

The Paucity of Bench Show Judges.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As Mr. Waters has shot so hard and often at field trial abuses, why don't you make up the other horse on the pole and show us where reformation is needed in bench show circles? In quite a good many points the troubles are identical, as professionalism, monopolism and "bluffism" is as much *en evidence* at bench shows as at any trial, and its bearing has as much importance, as bench shows are the recruiting fields, to a certain extent, for field trial enthusiasts.

I would like to know why is it not just as bad for a show as a field trial if there is not the absolute conviction that every one has just as much chance to win as a big owner? and you know this is an every-day remark at our shows. Not that I say it is so; no. I merely want to repeat the fact; but what I wish to do is to criticise the average bench show committee, with whom the blame chiefly lies.

The scarcity of competent judges is more to blame for this and similar remarks, and also the cause of small entries and interest at many shows, excepting always the Westminster Kennel Club shows. There the case is different, because it is the first prominent show of the season and everybody risks a try at it if he has something promising. But after New York how do the entries fall off? So much so that more shows have gone to the wall than field trials, and why? Of course local causes have something to do with this, but would you or I be foolish enough to send a dog around the circuit after he has been beaten at his first attempt, when we know that the very same judge is officiating at seven out of ten shows following. Really we are a very slow people in this wide, big land of ours, for we have in reality, in all these many years, only developed about three prominent judges. Here and there some local specialty judges are sandwiched in to avoid absolute stereotyped judges' lists—and the three judge at each and every show of any consequence.

With due respect and admiration for these gentlemen, who are certainly on top of the ladder or they would not be in constant demand, it is very detrimental to the general interests of bench shows to have judging brought down to such a narrow gauge. No matter how excellent the judging of these gentlemen on the average may be, as it stands now it is "one-dog judgment" as a rule, and no matter how good and capable these gentlemen may all be, to err is human, but retraction is not. The possibility of an error by any one of these judges is no disgrace, considering the great amount of judging they have to do at every show, but rather the more possible. Take one of the English sporting papers and run over the bench show reports, and you will find a dozen or two prominent and capable men as judges to one of ours, while any single State in America, though scarcely able to support one show a year, or only half a one, could swallow up, territorially, the whole of England. In the face of this, our bench show committees labor straight along in the old path, being afraid to take any others but the ever-popular trio. They are certainly good judges, but why should exhibitors be generous to foolishness and swell the show coffers with entry fees, when almost positive that they cannot win, as none of these judges would be likely to change their judgment from one show to another? But if other, of course capable, judges officiate at different shows, the element of uncertainty, which is the very essence of the sport of showing—except for the money-making element, who of course don't want any chance work, only cut and dried certainty—would induce many more men to exhibit at our shows.

We are all human and do not want to accept one man's judgment alone, no matter how good. The timidity of bench show committees in not fostering new men is killing the shows, and has done so for some years back, and will do more harm yet before this fact is plain to them. Then there is that great authority—the press, and its autocratic power to make or kill a new man, to be reckoned with; and how often is a new man and sometimes an old one, who has the courage to go from the beaten track if he has the honest belief that he is in the wrong and has not a very strong backing, pressed to the wall before he can demonstrate whether he is right or not? Some authority will say the judge is dead wrong, because he does not agree with him, and we are very great "authority" worshippers in this land, and so the cry goes forth without proof, pro or con, simply because the "authority" must be right. Generally when such a case can be sifted thoroughly, it comes to no more than a personal difference of opinion, which will always exist; even with the "know it alls." And just in this difference of opinion of capable judges lies the sport of bringing out dogs and showing them, which is entirely absent under the present state of the dog show world.

Everybody tries to make showing too much of a dead sure thing, but the only dead sure thing I can see in it is the killing of the general healthy interest in the sport. So and So has a string of dogs which have beaten mine here, so he is bound to beat mine there, the same judges officiating; therefore I would be an idiot to go there, consequently that show loses my entries. Besides, owing to this state of affairs, it pays big kennels to gobble up all good dogs, as it is quite a safe speculation under the present circumstances, for they can almost accurately calculate just how much money they can pull off at each show. What are the beaten ones expected to do? Next time they will stay at home, of course, as there is no chance for them, and so exhibiting simmers down to a dead sure thing for the large exhibitor or circuit handler. Of course I don't wish to imply that the better dogs get beaten, far from it, but we seldom believe one man's judgment conclusive, and to this natural weakness dog show committees should cater for their own interest, otherwise they will die, as so many have already, a lingering death from lack of general and amateur interest.

This humiliating lack of more prominent men in the ring and consequent tameness of judging is the principal reason for the falling off of the amateur fancier, it being too safe an investment for large show kennels, and there are too many odds against the periodical, yet principally supporting, amateur exhibitor. Another drawback is professional handling, which is a necessity in these days if you wish to win, even with a good dog. The man who disdains to resort to dog-jockeying is called a fool because he has the temerity to think a good dog should win regardless of tricks or favors!

Now jump on me gentlemen, you are welcome, though these views are merely the expression of my personal opinion, but if those who have reiterated these or like opinions verbally so often would indorse me you would see an avalanche of adverse criticism on the present lack of bench show judges.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

TUCKAHOE, N. Y.

The Pittsburgh Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. W. P. Fraser has thought it his duty to jump on the Pittsburgh Athletic Club. Mr. Fraser seems to forget that this is a world of competition, and that if we offer better inducements, and have better railroad facilities and the advantage of more central location, it is not the fault of the P. A. C. Kennel Club if some of the best kennels in the country come here. The P. A. C. is run on business principles, and I suppose always will be while the present management have hold. The club grew out of a mere nothing, and it was this latter principle which has made it the third largest athletic club in the country.

We recognize the fact that the Canadian fanciers are among the best dogmen we have, and we are very sorry to conflict with them, but it is a show in Pittsburgh now, or none for a long time to come. The last one was a financial disaster to the members of the Duquesne Kennel Club and we don't propose to have ours fall in the same straits, although our members are willing to put up the cash if it does.

Mr. Fraser must not forget that we are not under the yoke of the Queen down here, and we propose to give a show when we please. As the Toronto entries will have closed by the time of the publication of this, it will not hurt their show to announce that we have made formal application for membership in the American Kennel Club, which will be acted upon soon. A class has been added for corded poodles and a challenge class for Italian greyhound.

ALF. R HAMILTON, Cor. Sec'y.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

American Fox-Terrier Club Stakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following stakes of the American Fox-Terrier Club will be competed for at the Rhode Island State Fair Show, Sept 17 to 21, T. S. Berlin judge.

The Grand Challenge cup (value $300), for the best fox-terrier in the show (rough or smooth). The second division of the Produce Stakes of 1894. The Yankee Stakes of 1894. The Tomboy Stakes of 1894:

The following specials have been offered by different members of the board of governors: $25 for the best kennel of four wire-haired fox terriers; $25 for the best kennel of four American bred foxterriers; $25 for the best wire-haird fox-terrier dog; $25 for the best wire-haired fox-terrier bitch; $25 for the best fox-terrier sired by "Starden's King."

Please make nominations for the Produce, Yankee and Tomboy Stakes to the secretary, on or before the date of closing of entries for the Rhode Island State Fair Show, Sept. 3.

H. W. SMITH, Sec'y and Treas.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 25.

DOG CHAT.

Some time since we drew attention to the fact that a show would be given by the Orange County Agricultural Society at Newburgh, Sept. 18 to 21. Mr. Johnston, the superintendent, now informs us that their show is to be a good one, and to that end have engaged Spratts Company to bench and feed. Dr. H. Clay Glover will judge all classes.

A new fox-terrier kennel has just been started at Harriston, Ind., under the name of the Cloverleaf Kennels. A company has been organized with W. W. Stevens, Salem, Ind., as the president; Enoch Parr, treasurer, and G. G. Davis, secretary, both of Harriston. The stud dogs already in the kennel are Ford Venio (Venio Grantock—Ford), imported recently, and Von K. Parr (Beverwyck Roy—Beverwick Blundaze) from the Beverwyck Kennels.

Our contemporaries are just giving the "news" that Mr. Huntingtou sold the wolfhound Nagrajdai, which was contained in FOREST AND STREAM of March 2.

Off the coast of Siberia the Ainus of Sakhalim train packs of dogs to assist them in their occupation as fishermen. One of these packs of dogs, when out for a fishing excursion, will swim out to sea, and then spread out to form a semicircle, in order to head the shoals of fish and drive them towards the shore and into the nets of these rude and primitive people. The dogs not only perform this work with singular skill, but, when they have reached the shallow water, some of them seize the largest fish in the mouth and carry them to land. On some parts of the Devonshire coast powerful dogs are bred and trained to swim through the surf and bring back in their teeth the ends of ropes thrown from the incoming boats, without which aid it would often be impossible to land the boats safely. These dogs are exempted from the dog tax, on account of their useful labor.—*British Fancier.*

There have been many rumors afloat among the dog men of Boston and vicinity to the effect that an open air terrier show would be held in or near Boston this Fall, but when traced to their origin were found to have nothing tangible to rest upon. That something of the kind would be well received by the public as well as fanciers has long held a place in the minds of many of the leading breeders in that section, but their absence from town at the time of year necessary to prepare for such an event has no doubt been the primary cause of the idea never having been carried out. The New England Kennel Club has been quietly at work the past two months endeavoring to secure a suitable place to hold such a show and they have at last succeeded. On Friday last they made an arrangement with the Country Club, one of the leading social clubs, whereby such a show will be held under canvas on their extensive grounds at Clyde Park, Brookline, a suburb of Boston. It will be confined strictly to terriers, and as such, the first to be held in this country, we believe. They have claimed the dates of Oct. 30 to Nov. 9. Mr. Loveland writes us: "It is the intention to make it a gala week, and a suitable ending of the country season for this year. There are to be many other attractions in addition to the dogs. Arrangements have been made to have whippet racing, now so popular in England, polo and golf matches, trap shooting and other sports. Exhibitors who attend may be assured that time will not drag heavily on their hands. Premium lists will be ready in due season."

The Seminole Kennels are hard at work getting their dogs in shape for the fall shows. Champion Tim and Laura B. are ready for another "farewell" campaign; in fact, they are veritable "Pattis" in this respect. And we are glad to hear that at present they are in prime condition. The collie Golddust, as we remarked at the Specialty show, is improving with age and now is in better coat than he has been since his arrival in this country, so his owner is confident that he will hold his own with the best. Good accounts also come of their little pug Attraction, winner of the challenge prize at New York last spring. His son, Attraction, Jr., was sold to a Louisville fancier at a long price, and is expected to account for some ribbons very soon, even if he does not beat his sire. He is the best that the kennel has yet bred and reflects great credit on his sire, who is making his mark as a stock dog. Seminole Kennels will show a strong kennel of Irish setters and collies and the pug Attraction, at the Des Moines and Pittsburgh shows under the able generalship of Ben Lewis and they hope that the hard times will not affect the shows, but that the "regulars" will come out in force and make the glory of winniug all the brighter.

Mr. John Davidson, while he breaks his average at Toronto, will, however, not be allowed to remain idle next month. He will judge at Pittsburgh, as already announced, and from there judges at Providence. Then he will leave, as soon as possible after judging, for Stockton, Cal., where he judges all classes, the show having been postponed till Sept. 26 to 30, to allow of him making the long trip across the continent. It is a wonder to all his friends how this veteran manages to stand the amount of traveling he does during the year.

Mr. C. E. Bunn, of Peoria, Ill., has purchased the mastiff dog Ealderman from Mr. W. Wade, Hulton, Pa. Ealderman is by Beaufort out of Emma.

Mr. W. Tulk, Jr., assistant secretary of the Hamilton Kennel Club, Ontario, Canada, called upon us on Monday last. He reports kennel affairs in Toronto and Hamilton as being on edge waiting for the Toronto show to open. Hamilton will hold a local show about the beginning of October confined to residents in Wentworth county. As their one-day local show last year secured an entry of 208 dogs and was such a success even a larger entry is expected this time. Mr. Tulk is on a still hunt for wolfhounds and we may have more to say before going to press.

The Terra Cotta Kennels, in which Messrs. J. G. Kent, of Toronto, and W. Tulk, Jr., are partners, have just purchased Mr. Purbeck's crack greyhound bitch Southern Beauty. By many good judges this bitch is considered the best greyhound on the bench to-day; at auy rate, she is the best of her sex yet seen in public. By this purchase the kennel can now show a team that will be found hard to beat with Gem of the Season, Wild Rose and Southern Beauty the leaders. Dallas, which they have also just purchased, from Mr. H. W. Huntington, will, no doubt, also prove a useful dog.

The Pittsburgh show promises to be a good one, as many Philadelphia and Chicago exhibitors will enter there. If a show is given by responsible people and run on business principles, as this one of the P. A. C. seems to be, there is no earthly reason why it should not be supported, whether it sails under the banner of the A. K. C. or not. Pittsburgh has always been a good show town, though handicapped by insufficient space to bench the dogs, but unless shows are continually given the local interest soon dies out and for this reason alone the venture of the P. A. C. should meet with support and approbation. There are many of our best exhibitors and breeders who would welcome outside shows as they are not all imbued with that insane idea of scrambling for wins that count.

Mr. J. Otis Fellows judges at the Binghamton show, which takes places next week in connection with the fair, Sept. 6 to 13. The fanciers of Binghamton intend forming a kennel club, and will join the A. K. C. with the view of holding a larger show next year.

The Meadowmere Kennel of poodles will show a strong team at Toronto.

The Marlborough Kennels have sold two Argoss—Modjeska pups to Mr. Virtue, of Montreal.

Mr Stone sends us a circular drawing attention to the fact that wins at Pittsburgh would not be recognized by the A. K. C. As the FOREST AND STREAM explained this fact, exclusively, last week, there has probably been no harm done to the Toronto show through any misapprehension on this point.

Mr. Winchell has been keeping quiet lately, but a letter to-day (Tuesday) informs us that he has never known such a demand for bloodhound pups, everything he has had to offer has been taken with prices no object. He has just imported another fine dog pup called Jason and the bitch Blameless, in whelp. This bitch is said to be the most accurate and fastest man trailer in England. These two bloodhounds are from Mr. Brough's kennel, Yorkshire, England, and left the other side Aug. 16, on the Tauric of the White Star Line. The Brampton Beauty litter, by champion Black Prince, have come on well, the dog pups being especially promising.

N. E. F. T. Club.

The New England Field Trial Club, through its secretary, Mr. A. R. Sharp of Taunton, Mass., sends us the entry forms and rules for its Members' Stake to be run Oct. 23. The stake is open to all pointers and setters owned by members of the club, with no restriction as to handlers in good standing. Entries close Sept. 15, with $5 to nominate, $10 to fill. Ten per cent. of this goes to the club, and the balance is divided into prizes of 50% to first, 30% to second and 20% to third. While the rules are in the main similar to other field trial club rules, the note at the bottom of Rule XI. strikes one as being quite to the point in these days of half-trained dogs that are in many instances misnamed "high class." "The N. E. F. T. C. feel that the foundation of success in field trials, and the development of the shooting dog to the highest standard of excellence, depend upon the sportsman of the country, and for that reason they wish to have the owners and handlers of dogs bring their dogs on the field thoroughly broken, and under such control that they can be handled quietly and without confusion. Dogs that are disobedient, wilful and careless in their work, will not be tolerated."

The club rules call for retrieving, but the dogs will not be asked to retrieve in this stake on account of the close season, which extends to Oct. 15.

From Providence we hear that entries have already come in very satisfactorily, and a large show is expected. The Fox-Terrier Club will have the "Yankee" Stakes and "Futurity" Stake judged there, and it is reported that a new $400 cup will be competed for at this show for the first time

Other specialty clubs have done well by the show. The pointer class for bitches which leads at 55lbs. in premium list is merely a printer's error, the class being for 50lb. bitches as usual. Those who intend going to the show from New York by boat will be charged 75 cents per dog either in crate or on chain.

Students of our business columns will not fail to notice the new stud card of the Mount Vernon Kenuels, of Boston, Mass, owned by that genial and veteran exhibitor, Dr. C. A. Lougest. His mastiffs are Ingleside Maximilian, of the ultra fashionable head, and whose merits as a sire are known to all mastiff breeders; Emperor William and Emperor Maximilian are worthy sous of Maximilian out of that well known mother of winners Gerda II. In getting short-faced, large-sized and good-boned mastiffs these dogs are very valuable. In bloodhounds these kennels place the well known Alchymist, Belhus and Berry's Bradshaw, all winners; Alchymist especially being prized for his superb bloodhound character and almost faultless form of body. Champion Commodore, the American foxhound that has made such a record at the shows, is also placed at the service of the public. This addition to our list of stud dogs is quite an important one.

If straws show which way the wind blows the Pittsburgh show will be a success. The rivalry among local fanciers is intense, and some of the largest kennels in the country will be there. In addition to the changes announced last week, classes have been made for Gordon setters, greyhound aud pug puppies; challenge classes for black and tan and Skye terriers; separate classes, both dogs and bitches, for Irish, Scotch, Dandie Dinmont, Boston and Bedlington terriers and cocker spaniels, and a separate bitch class for both rough and smooth-coated St. Bernards. Mr. Hamilton, corresponding secretary, advises all exhibitors to come over the B. & O. R. R., which will not only give one-half rates or better, but will carry three dogs free and the rest at excess baggage rates—about 25 cents per hundred. Other railroads will give concessions and the one-half rate fare. The express companies return dogs to their owners free. Over $100 in money, together with a number of merchandise and other prizes have been received by the club as special prizes. These and what are received the coming week will be as equally distributed as possible among the classes. Entries close Sept. 3, and only those bearing a post mark not later than that date will be received. Mr. W. Wade will judge mastiffs. The Allegheny Valley R. R. will carry dogs free.

The Chestnut Hill Kennels, over whose destinies Mr. Henry "Nonchalant" Jarrett presides, report that sales have been good this season, though prices, except for the best stock, have scarcely been so large as usual. Mr. Jarrett is particularly enthusiastic over the litters he has by Christopher ex Modesta and Dorcas, the latter beautiful bitch being a litter sister to Dorothy, that sweet morsel of collie flesh whom the gods loved too well. The Chestnut Hill Kennels, feeling that they have enough dogs in challenge classes, and that they would like to show without risking the honorable penalties of an A. K. C. show, will bench a team at the Pittsburgh show. They will also show at Providence.

The Chesterford Park Kennels, of Maywood, Ill., will show at Des Moines with a good team, and probably at Pittsburgh; so it looks very much as if there will be quite a gathering of the clans at the Western shows.

English setter breeders, and field dog breeders especially, should read the announcement which places Mr. Diffenderffer's Count Beaufort at public service. If you cannot procure the real article get the best you can. The merits of the Count Noble blood on Gladstone and Druid—Ruby bitches has been pointed out recently in these columns, and here is an opportunity for breeders to get the next best remove from Count Noble, the blood of his brother Moss Wind 'em's son. The fee is within the reach of any breeder and for good looks and bird sense Count Beaufort is hard to beat.

Mount Pleasant Kennels offer Gordon setter pups for sale; J. B. Brainerd, English setters, old and young stock; Breeder, Yorkshire terrier pups; James Wriukle, English setter. Attention is also called to the card of Harry Reeder & Co., who have house pets and hunting dogs for sale.

Mr. F. C. Nims, who is now taking a rest at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., informs us that his crack bitch Haughty Madge, that won all before her last spring, whelped July 24 a litter of six to his imported dog Finsbury Dong; they are doing well and promise to be worthy of their blood. The Rookery Kennels will not show this fall, the nearby show at Pittsburgh being tabooed on account of the five days the dogs will be required to be benched.

Mr. R. Leslie of Lynn, Mass., has sold his pointer bitch Kathleen Kent (champion King of Kent—champion Belle Randolph) to Mr. C. H. Alden, North Middleboro, Mass. Mr. Alden has been trying to purchase her since Boston show but it was not until Saturday last that he came within the limit and this good bitch will now probably retire from the bench as she will be kept as a family pet. She was an improving sort and could probably have done even still better than her record of Reserve open class Boston, 2d Providence and vhc. Danbury 1893; 4th New York, and 2d Boston this year. In the latter competition Mr. Leslie says "she was robbed of first by a light weight bitch in the class that did not belong there." Mr. Leslie's King of Lynn, now in trainer John Lewis's hands being prepared for the coming trials, is showing up very well and has the southern requisites of speed and range in a large degree. Kentwood, a litter brother of Kathleen Kent, has been returned from Mr. Burke C. Miller's kennel at Little Rock, Ark., where he has been handled for the last two seasons, and will be shown at Providence.

Since the above was written, Mr. Leslie has sold his pointer bitch Tempest Queen (Tempest—Nadji of Naso), litter sister to champion Duke of Kent II., to Mr. Thos. H. Hall of Florida, who will use her for private shooting. This bitch divided first with one of Mr. Lovell's dogs at the Pawtucket show of 1892. This leaves Mr. Leslie with only the pointer bitch old champion Belle Randolph.

Where is the crockery? My cocker Romeo while feeding snatched a piece of crockery from my fingers, it was about 1½in. square, I suppose he took it for a piece of bread. I gave him an emetic at once and locked him up, everything came up but the crockery. I then fed him on potatoes for about a week and kept him where I could examine passages, he bled quite a lot but did not pass the piece I tried injections and searched the bowel but of no avail. This happened three months since and after the first week he has not been troubled in any way. Now where is the crockery?—*Ubique in Canadian Kennel Gazette.* Encysted probably.

We have heard from Mr. Morris, the only member now acting on the A. K. C. committee deputed to arrange for better transportation facilities for dogs to shows and learned that he has asked for the appointment of others on the committee or the taking over of the petitions that he had signed at the shows, by the secretary of the A. K. C. at the last executive meetiug. But nothing has been done so far. He is now taking the same view of the matter that was expressed in these columns some time since that the railroads as common carriers should carry dogs at reasonable rates whenever offered for transportation, and especially dogs for exhibition purposes, instead of turning all such business over to the express companies. With this end in view he has beeu in correspondence with the secretary of the Inter-State Commerce Committee, and if the appeal fails further action will be taken in the matter.

Mr. James Mortimer sailed for America last Wednesday, Aug. 29. Mr. Oldham sailed Aug. 25.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Moughlow, Jr., Black Boy, Lord Moughlow, Lady Moughlow, Golden Queen and Jessica By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for black French poodles, three dogs and three bitches, whelped June 4, 1894, by Moughlow (Carlo—Frenchie) out of Queen Zip (Carlo—Frenchie).

Brother Jonathan. By St. Patrick Kennels, Denver, Col., for blue greyhound dog, whelped February, 1893, by Dingwall out of Novenry.

Billy for Short. By St. Patrick Kennels, Denver, Col., for red greyhound dog, whelped September, 1893, by Miller's Rab out of Comedy.

Blister. By St. Patrick Kennels, Denver, Col., for red greyhound bitch, whelped August, 1893, by Glenkirk out of Innocence.

Bert Blood and Boomering. By St. Patrick Kennels, Denver, Col., for black and white greyhound dog and white and black bitch, whelped May 7, 1894, by Boomerang out of Pearl of Pekin.

Blitzen and Brevity. By St. Patrick Kennels, Denver, Col., for white and brindle bitches, whelped May 7, 1894, by Boomerang out of Pearl of Pekin.

Argus, My Gem and Hope Noble. By Miss S. A. Nickerson, Providence, R. I., for Gordon setters, two dogs and a bitch, whelped June 8, 1894, by Count Noble (Ben Butler—Belle) out of champion Janet (Beaumont—Belle Stephens).

Startle. By Dr. L Breisacher, New York city, for white bull-terrier dog, whelped April 14, 1894, by Gully the Great (Gladstone—Florrie) out of Starletta (Hinks—champion Starlight).

Earl of Warwick. By T. D. Demming, Warwick, R. I, for black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped March 15, 1894, by Count Noble (Ben Butler—Belle) out of Josephine II. (Leatherstocking—Josephine).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Topsy Wagg—Pontiac. W. H. McQuaid's (Middletown, N. Y.) pointer bitch Topsy Wagg to G. H. Thompson's champion Pontiac, July 25.

Mabel E—Happy Toby. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Mabel E. (champion Kash—Lady Thurman) to their Happy Toby (Spokane—Nellie T), Aug. 3.

Venus—Boomerang. J. G. Massey's (Rawlns, Wyo.) greyhound bitch Venus (Brabazoun—Brun) to St. Patrick Kennels' Boomerang, July 26.

Pansy Noble—Count Noble. T. M. Dean's (Providence, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Pansy Noble (Kiffer—Lady Noble) to Miss S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble (Ben Butler—Belle), June 25.

Nancy Hanks—Christopher. F. C. Carswell's (Wilmington, Del.) collie bitch Nancy Hanks to Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Christopher, July 5.

Mavis III.—Christopher, P. Mullen's (Branchtown, Pa.) collie bitch Mavis III. to Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Christopher, July 26.

Lady Moll—Christopher F. R. Carswell's (Wilmington, Del.) collie bitch Lady Moll to Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Christopher, Aug. 3.

Lassie—Christopher. M. Leslie's (Mount Airy, Pa.) collie bitch Lassie to Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Christopher, July 26.

Goldie—Christopher. Mrs. R. Konoven's (Holmesburg, Pa.) collie bitch Goldie to Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Christopher, Aug. 13.

Viola—Wellesbourne Charlie. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Chestnut Hill, Pa.) collie bitch Viola to their champion Wellesbourne Charlie, July 23.

Charm II.—Wellesbourne Charlie. P. Mullen's (Branchtown, Pa.) collie bitch Charm II. to Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Wellesbourne Charlie, July 29.

Ursa—Nabob. W. Wade's (Hulton, Pa.) bobtail sheepdog bitch Ursa to Chestnut Hill Kennels' imported Nabob, July 26.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Bellmont. J B. Blossom's (New York) Gordon setter bitch champion Bellmont, Aug. 2, nine (two dogs), by W. S. Lee's Doc (champion Beaumont—Bessie III).

Psyche. J. B. Blossom's (New York) Gordon setter bitch Psyche, Aug. 10, eleven (four dogs), by his Heather York (Heather Harold—champion Bellmont).

——. Geo. Nordloh's greyhound bitch ——, July 31, seven (four dogs), by St Patrick Kennels' Boomerang.

Bradford Daisy. U. G. Scott's (Portland, Ore.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Bradford Daisy (Charlie—Daisy), Aug. 14, three (two dogs), by his Wallace (Teddy—Farley's Pepper).

Starletta. Dr. L. Breisacher's (New York city) bull-terrier bitch Starletta (Hinks—champion Starlight), April 14, seven (four dogs), by F. F. Dole's Gully the Great (Gladstone—Florrie).

Linden Princess. Dr. C. A. Lougest's (Franklin, Mass.) mastiff bitch Linden Princess (champion Ilford Caution—Lady Dorothy), Aug. 14, seven (three dogs), by his Emperor William (Ingleside Maximilian—Gerda II.).

Nellie. Dr. Caldwell's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Nellie, Aug. 1, five (three dogs), by his champion Wellesbourne Charlie.

Dorcas. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Chestnut Hill, Pa.) collie bitch Dorcas, June 14, nine (five dogs), by their champion Christopher.

Modest. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Chestnut Hill, Pa.) collie bitch Modest, July —, nine (five dogs), by their champion Christopher.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Toby. Brindle and white bulldog, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to F. Hassurack, same place.

Pearl of Pekin II. White and blue greyhound bitch, whelped May 7, 1894, by Boomerang out of Pearl of Pekin, by St. Patrick Kennels, Denver, Col., to P. Fisher, Rawlins, Wyo.

Boomerang—Pearl of Pekin whelps. Greyhounds, whelped May 7, 1894, by St. Patrick Kennels, Denver, Col., a white and black dog to J. G. Massey, Rawlins, Wyo.; a white and brindle dog and bitch to E. A. von Winkler, Sedalia, Col.; a white and black dog to H. Allen, Denver, Col.; a white and black bitch to A. E. Getling, Texas, and a white and brindle bitch to P. J. Donahue, Cripple Creek, Col.

Dash Noble. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped June 8, 1893, by Count Noble out of Lady Noble, by Miss S. A. Nickerson, Providence, R. I., to Mrs. F. A. Wilson, Bangor, Me.

Starbeam. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped April 14, 1894, by Gully the Great out of Starletta, by Dr. L. Breisacher, New York city, to Dr. J. Fintzmann, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gully the Great—Starletta whelps. White bull-terriers, whelped April 14, 1894, by Dr. L. Breisacher, New York city, a dog and bitch to Dr. A. E. Taylor, Alden, Ia.; a dog to Dr. L. Pearson, Philadelphia, Pa., and a bitch to Mr. Chamberlin, Danville, Pa.

Clyde—Wake whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 30, 1894, by A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., to H. E. Partridge, same place.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L. S., Boston, Mass.—Will you kindly prescribe for my bull-terrier dog, fifteen months old. He has acted very mopish and languid for a long while, has no life and is sometimes troubled with vomiting; he is fed once a day—at evening. His breath is bad and his nose turns very red. About two months ago he and another dog were bitten on the lips by some poisonous insect, as I suppose, and both their lips swelled hard; the other dog recovered and is all right and chipper. The bull-terrier after the swelling went down had the glands of his throat swollen to an enormous size, but finally that went away. Since this bite he seems worse than ever and he seems o have rheumatic pains which stiffen him up. Ans. Give the following mixture:

Pot. bicarb.	ʒ i.
Papoid	gr. xii.
Tr. gent. co.	ʒ i.
Aq. ad.	℥ vi.

Mist. Give one dessertspoonful three times a day.

DOCTOR, Dover, N. J.—1. Your query as to the best hunter is too ambiguous. If you will give us some idea of the game you wish to hunt we can better answer you. 2. This you can only do by dealing with responsible trainers, aud before you purchase see the dog at work or have some one else, on whose judgment you can rely, do so for you.

W. T., Reading, Pa.—I have an Irish setter dog, 1½ years old, over distemper, that has a tape worm. How shall I rid him of it? Ans. Use any of the remedies advertised in our business columns, paying particular attention to the directions for administering them.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.
Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y.. Sec'y.
Nov. 5.—Brunswick Fur Club. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

COURSING

Oct. 1.—American Coursing Club's meeting at Huron, S. D. L. Zutaverne, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge.
Oct. 8.—North Dakota Coursing Club, at Oakes, N. D. A. P. Slocum, secretary. E H. Mulcaster, judge.
Oct. 16.—Kenmore Club's annual meeting at Goodland. Kan. C. F. Weber, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Oct. 23.—Western Kansas Coursing Club's meeting at Leoti, Kan. W. O. Allphin, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Oct. 30.—Cheyenne Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.
Nov. 6.—Altcar Coursing Club's autumn meeting at Holyoke, Col. S. W. Vidler, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Nov. 14.—California State meeting at Merced, Cal. J. R. Dickson, secretary.

New England Beagle Club Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the meeting of the field trial committee of the N. E. B. C. held in Worcester, May 25, it was voted that the selection of judges for the field trials be left with the club members, and the secretary was instructed to send a list of eligible judges to each member entitled to vote, two judges to be selected. The two gentlemen selected to judge this year's trials are Mr. Charles Quynn, of Frederick, Md., and Mr. F. H. Biddell of Newport, Vt. The first-named gentleman needs no introduction to a large majority of the beagle men, as he attended the trials at Nanuet last year, and made a very favorable impression on all present. It is almost needless to state that there are very few meu in this country who understand what a field beagle should be better than Mr. Quynn.

Mr. Biddell, with a few exceptions, is a stranger to us all. He comes highly recommended as an honorable sportsman, and has had considerable experience with beagles. The trials will be held on the same grounds as last year, Oxford, Mass, and begin Tuesday, Oct. 23. The presents prospects are that rabbits will be more plentiful than last year. Hotel accomodations are good and charges very reasonable.

The following classes will be run: Class A, All-Age class, for dogs and bitches 15in. and over 13in., that have not wou first in the All-Age class at any recognized field trial. Class B, All-Age class, for dogs and bitches 13in. and under, same conditions as Class A. Class C, Derby, for dogs and bitches 15in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1893. This class will be divided by size should a sufficient number of entries be obtained. Class D, champion class for dogs and bitches 15in. and over 13in., having won first in the All-Age class at any recognized field trial. Class E, champion class for dogs and bitches 13in. and under, same conditions as Class D. Class F, for bassett hounds and dachshunds, all ages.

Nominations close Oct. 1 in all classes except champion class, which close just before starting the class. Entry fee in all classes, except champion class, is $3 to nominate and $5 additional to start, the nomination fee to be paid at time of entry and the balance before the dogs are started. Entry fee in the champion class is $10, which must be paid before class is started. Prize money in all classes, except champion class, will be 40% of entire entry fee to first, 30% to second and 20% to third. In the champion class 80% of the entire entry fee goes to the winner and also the title of field trial Champion.

Other classes, such as Brace Stakes and Pack Stakes, will be arranged at the trials. From the present outlook the N. E. B. C. trials of 1894 will be the largest and most successful trials ever held in America, and the competition will no doubt be keener than ever before in the history of the beagle. Entry blanks and running rules are all ready and will be sent to all known beagle men, but should any one be overlooked, the same will be forwarded at once on application. Any information in regard to reaching the grounds, or in fact anything connected with the trials will be cheerfully given by the secretary.

W. S. CLARK, Sec'y.

LINDEN, Mass.

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Show Beagles as Practical Field Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice a number of replies in your paper, to the articles of both Mr. Ellis and myself. Now, if my dear friends think that I do not know what a good dog is I wish they would look to my record and see if I have not handled as many beagles and other dogs as most men in this State, and further, to see if I have not met with as good success with breaking dogs as the common run of kennel men. Of course I do not pretend to be a professional, but I can call together as nice a set of dogs as the next one.

When our friend said in last week's issue that neither Messrs. Ellis or Robinson ever saw a good beagle, he made a big mistake in regards to myself, for I can say I have seen a good beagle, but when I wrote the letter in FOREST AND STREAM I merely said, or meant to say, that you can take the majority of beagles and they do not amount to much and I cau bring a great many proofs to that effect.

D. W. Phillips and I owned at one time the Fairview Kennel, in which, I can safely say, there were as many good and well bred dogs raised and trained as in any other kennel in this State.

I do not blame my sportsmen frieuds for protecting their favorite dog, but I think after they have handled a great many beagles they will come to the conclusion that what I have said will have a little truth in it.

If my friends that own beagles have got good dogs, I say that it has been more like a lottery in getting them. I know of a great many men who have bought beagles, at the same time where one would prove good the others would fail.

I owned at one time a thoroughbred beagle bitch and blue blooded at that, and raised a litter of pups from her by a registered dog and sold every one of the pups for a good price, and out of eight pups there was but one that amounted to much, so I think I have pretty good reason for not taking a beagle when I have the choice.

I have now a pup which I think will make a good dog which came from good stock, owned by Dr. M. L. Chamber; of course the pup is a beagle, but a different kind from what most men would call a beagle; it is not one of the bow-legged kind, but it is a beagle just the same.

Perhaps I never mentioned in the letter that I wrote in the FOREST AND STREAM in reply to Mr. Ellis's letter on beagles, that I meant the short bow-legged and long-bodied beagle. If I did not I wish to correct myself.

I can plainly see that Mr. Ellis and myself have raised the hair of a few men through our views, and at the same time angered them, which was not my intention at all, but I am glad to see men come to the front and protect their favorite stock.

If any of my friends come to Long Island this fall with their dogs, I wish they would call and try my dog and see if they will not say just the same as I have.

When any man says he only goes out rabbit hunting just to see and hear the dogs run, I think that is a pretty bitter pill to swallow; I never saw a man in my life that went hunting rabbits with a dog but that he had a gun with him.

Now, if he goes to hear the dogs what does he take a gun for? and if he doesn't get any game, what does he go to the expense of buying some for? and then if he can not buy game he goes home with a long face and so disappointed that he won't go again for a long time.

If a dog runs more rabbits than another and holds to the track and does not lose it, and the man gets more rabbits, does it not prove that the dog has a good nose and knows how to handle it? Hoping to hear more from my friends.

F. B. ROBINSON.

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Editor Forest and Stream:

The field trial judge who asks "What's the use?" has evidently had considerable experience in this world, and knows that it is a waste of time to argue with men who have not had enough experience in beagle matters to cite more than two instances. However, I am of a more hopeful turn of mind, and, though they remind me of the man from "Muzouri," who said, "Stranger, you kaint prove nothin' to me; yers got to show me," I hope, by appealing to their common sense, to convince them that beagle hounds are first-class rabbit dogs.

Their proof that beagle hounds are not good rabbit dogs by saying that they once had a cross-bred dog that was a better rabbit dog than a certain beagle hound they or some one else owned, is about as rich as a statement I once heard, that a certain man hadn't a tooth in his head and yet he could beat a bass drum as well as any man. Do not these beagle critics know that a large class of sportsmen and hunters in this country are using beagle hounds for hunting rabbits, coons, foxes and deer in preference to any other dogs? Is not the knowledge of such a fact enough to convince them that beagle hounds are good hunters and useful dogs? If it does not, why it would be a waste of time to take them afield with the best beagle hounds in the country, for they would simply think they were good dogs in spite of their being beagles. I don't remember of seeing but one Chesapeake Bay dog asked to do work, and you might as well have asked a pug dog to retrieve from the water; he was simply worthless, yet I have no doubt whatever that they, as a breed, are one of the best, if not the best, retrievers we have.

I am not arguing with pot-hunters or meat-hunters, but with sportsmen who want to be informed. If you are after numbers, get a ferret and a net, as has already been suggested by some correspondent, and don't fool with a dog at all. If you want keen, high-grade sport, get some beagles. The fact that you have already owned one or two or three that were timid, gun-shy or otherwise useless does not cut any figure. If you have been buying bird dogs or foxhounds, you have no doubt had just as many failures. I have. I now own a beautiful beagle bitch that is a good rabbit hunter, yet she will quit the woods, go home and crawl under the barn at the sight of a gun. She has the ambition and ability of a good rabbit dog, but has been frightened out of being useful. A dog that has no nerves and cannot be frightened, is not finely enough constituted to ever amount to much. A timid, nervous dog, once field and gun-broken, is a "hummer." And I like to hunt behind such a dog, be it a hound or bird dog. Mr. Editor, I now feel like your private correspondent—"what's the use?"—and have a mind to tear this letter up, but remember I started out in a hopeful frame of mind, and will let it go.

AGAMAK.

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Beagle Meets.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noting in your last issue the suggestion by "Comedy" to beagle owners to have a meet not less than once a week and run their beagles for the good of the breed, I feel that I want to say a word. "Comedy," you have hit the nail on the head, but you have not hit it quite hard enough.

If all owners of beagles knew of the benefit that would accrue to the breed from this, I think they would one and all enter into it, only they should run three times a week instead of once. The good would come not only from giving the little hound a better standing among sporting people, but the hounds' health would be improved.

You can ruin the health of the best hound that ever lived by too much confinement; exercise they need and must have to be good dogs. If they do not have proper exercise their bowels become inactive and what should pass from them flows back into the system and affects the liver and kidneys, and your hound will be afflicted with weak back, weak legs, and even the voice will be affected.

Then again, when they take food into the stomach, especially of a greasy nature, they will vomit, and anything like milk will curdle in their stomachs and cause vomiting. The flesh grows very soft, and when you take them out to run they soon heat and tire, this also often causing large tumors to grow on the neck. Their feet also become tender, and if they heat them and cause them to be sore, will probably always suffer from this.

Now I run my little beagle about four hours a day, five days in a week, during the coolest part of the day, and her flesh is solid, feet are tough, nails well worn down, and her health is so good that when she comes in from a run she will jump a cane held hip high until you tire of it.

Give the beagle a chance and you will find he is all there, and there will be no complaints such as brothers Ellis and Robinson made. I was all foxhound once, I did not know any better; they are good, but the beagle is better, and I love them. Some day I will write my experience with different breeds, and some of my hunts.

COLUMBIA.

CLAREMONT, N. H., Aug. 25.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

Mr. Ira D. Brougher, the secretary, writes that they have organized the Cheyenne Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan., and will hold their annual meeting on the Cheyenne bottoms, near Great Bend, Oct. 30, with Mr. E H. Mulcaster as judge and Wm. Airhart as slipper. There will be a liberal stake, making all entries $5, and all puppies whelped after Jan. 1, 1893, are eligible to the Puppy Stake.

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"Nominator" writes from Mitchell, S. D.: "I am in receipt of a letter from J. Harvey Rew, of Artesian, stating that Delsarte gave birth to seven fine, healthy-looking greyhound puppies by Sir Hugo. If breeding tells these ought to make 'good ones.' He no doubt will have a demand for this strain. Large purses in the Derbys of '95 will bring to the front a goodly number of young dogs and all hard to knock out. I am glad to see that this subject is already being agitated by greyhound breeders and coursers."

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Mr. Mitchell Harrison's two greyhounds, Boundaway and Bird, which have been taking it easy all summer at the Chestnut Hill Kennels, have been shipped to Colorado Springs, and under Mr. Vidler's care will be trained for the Altcar meeting.

There seems to be quite a ruffling of the newspaper mind in Great Britain over the statement that the centerboard of the Vigilant was not lost the other day, as at first supposed, but "jammed in the trunk" of the famous yacht. The *Times* especially wants an "explanation of the affair." Certainly the officers of the Vigilant should have been more careful in packing the trunk aforesaid. Everybody who has ever had one to pack for any purpose knows the aggravating habit that things have of slipping in "unbeknownst," and having to be searched for in great worriment of mind. But to misplace any thing as valuable as a centerboard in this way really is unpardonable! No wonder the *Times* which is nothing if not orderly in all matters of red tape, is disgusted.—*Scranton Truth.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Seacliff, Ladies' Day, L. I. S'd.
1. Beverly, Sweeps, Mon. Beach.
1. Larchmont, Fall, L. I. Sound.
1. Squantum, Club Run, Squantum, Mass.
1. Hull Cor., Open, Hull.
1. New Bedford, Club Sail, Buzzard's Bay.
1. Rochester, Cruising Race to Oswego.
3. So. Boston, Open, City Point.
3. New York Y. R. A., Ann., N.Y.
3. Fall River, Club.
3. Cleveland, Ann., Lake Erie.
3. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
3. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor
3. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth, Mass.
3. Indian Harbor, 21ft., L.I.Sound
3. Brooklyn, fall race, Gravesend Bay.
6. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte. Lake Ontario.
8. Sea Cliff, Ladies' Day.
8. New York Bay, Club, N.Y. Bay
8. Atlantic City Cor., Club Cup, Atlantic City.
8. San Francisco Cor., Cruise to Pacific Y. C. Regatta.
8. Philadelphia, Delaware River.
8. Cor. Phila., Wilkinson Cup, Delaware River.
8. Columbia, Club, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
10. Schoodic, Sail-off for Cup.
12. Hempstead Bay, Club, Hempstead Bay.
13. Miramichi, Race, Newcastle.
13. Rochester, Ladies' Day and Closing Review, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
15. Winthrop, Club, Boston Harbor
15. Larchmont, Larchmont Cup, Long Island Sound.
15. Beverly, Club Cham., Monument Beach.
15. Phila., Pen., Mos. Boats, Delaware River.
15 16. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Vallejo.
20. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth, Mass.
20. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor
22. Squantum, Cham, Squantum, Mass.
22. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
22. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.
22. San Francisco Cor., Sail to Sausalito.
22. New York Bay, Club, N.Y. Bay
22. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, Long Island Sound.
22. Cor. Phila., Jeanes Prize, Delaware River.
22. Phila., Final Race, Classes 1, 2 and 3, Delaware River.
23. San Francisco Cor., Sail Outside.
29. Miramichi, Race, Chatham to Newcastle.
29-30. San Francisco Cor., Cruise to McNear's.

OCTOBER.

6. Cor. Phila., Sweeps, Del. River
13. San Francisco Cor., Final Sail.
20. Cor. Phila., Club, Del. River.

Vigilant.

As to the record which Vigilant has so far made abroad the writer must confess that it is not as good as even his conservative estimate of a majority of wins, made when the trip was decided upon and her chances were fully discussed. Taking out, however, the six Clyde races in which the Vigilant was admittedly in poor trim, the record is not so far from an even one as it might be. Vigilant has won five out eleven races in Ireland and the south of England, and in all except one of these races has done about as was expected. The exception was the race of Aug. 9, when she was beaten by Britannia in a working topsail breeze. The ragged condition of her keel from grounding on the Isle of Wight, and the poor fit of her head sails will in part account for the defeat.

But in spite of the record already made, the writer will not give up his position that in the open-ocean racing, for which she was designed, Vigilant is the superior boat, nor will he be convinced to the contrary until Britannia shall have beaten her under such conditions.

Britannia is a fast boat, a much faster one than Americans believed, and in light airs she is undoubtedly faster than Vigilant. She has the advantage, too, of working quickly in stays, an advantage in narrow waters which an American designer would not overlook in designing a boat to race over the British racing circuit. She is also admirably handled by a trained crew, which work together as one man, and in a way which Vigilant's crew, good as the men are, could not be expected to equal in the comparatively short time they have been together.

The result has been a series of most interesting and hotly contested races, when the least slip or mishandling on one side meant victory for the other. Defeat under such circumstances is no discredit, and Americans have more reason to feel proud of Vigilant and her archievements than as if she had met a boat vastly her inferior and scored a series of uninterrupted victories.—*Boston Globe.*

Since our last issue the Vigilant has sailed in only one match, in a fresh breeze and some sea and was outsailed by the Satanita and Britannia.

We gave some figures last week relating to the average speed of the matches sailed in British waters, and a correspondent writes to ask whether the time of the Scotch races would not be affected in some degree by the strong currents that generally prevail in Scotch lochs. We do not think that it would, as these matches were sailed over short courses, requiring to be sailed over twice in order to make the distance, and the tide under these circumstances would probably not help a yacht more on one leg than it would hold her back on another. The rise and fall of tide in the Clyde where these matches were sailed is only 8½ft. neap and 10ft. spring, which does not indicate an unusually strong current. The same correspondent suggests that a comparison of the time of the Volunteer and Vigilant only be taken in the cup matches, as these two yachts undoubtedly outclassed their predecessors.

Our object in giving the comparative averages between the cup races and the races sailed in British waters by the Vigilant was not so much to draw a comparison of speed as to dispose of the misleading statements which have appeared to the effect that the races won by the Britannia were mere drifting matches, and we took the first nine matches sailed in British waters because they corresponded in number with the cup races sailed in these waters, but a further comparison shows that if the five matches sailed by the Volunteer and Vigilant only are taken, the average speed is 7.94 knots, while, if the fastest averages of the nine matches sailed in British waters to which we referred are taken, the average is 8.98 knots. We think these points well worthy of consideration, and thank our correspondent for calling our attention to them.

It is stated that Britannia is sailing much faster this season than last, and this is probably true, as a racing yacht usually sails faster her second year than during her first, and it is quite certain that the Vigilant is sailing much faster than she did last year, her best averages in the cup matches being 8.80 and 8.82 knots, when there was a good breeze and everything favorable for fast sailing. She has, however, greatly exceeded this speed on several occasions in British waters this year, among which may be mentioned her average record of 10.33 knots at Bangor, 9.33 knots at Cork and 11.70 at Cowes.

The recent episode of the centerboard is certainly mortifying, and calls for further explanation. Mr. Gould has proved himself a true sportsman. He purchased the Vigilant, the fastest yacht in the country, and engaged the best sailing master, officers and crew obtainable; he retained the designer and builder of the yacht together with her sailmaker, to accompany her abroad, to put her in the best shape for racing on the other side; indeed, no racing yacht has ever been equipped with so much care and liberality as the Vigilant has been this season. Mr. Gould has paid for the best, and if the best has not been good enough, surely it is no fault of his.

No one would think of building a yacht like the Vigilant or Britannia except for racing purposes, and neither of these yachts embody any principle of naval architecture which is of any use or can be applied to the man-of-war, merchantman, pilot boat or fisherman.

It is fortunate that we are represented abroad by a yachtsmen who has won respect under the most trying circumstances, for yachting is a sport where the only vital principle involved is fair play and gentlemanly conduct.—*Marine Journal.*

The Goulds coutinue to furnish the chroniclers of small beer with material for a particularly cheap and nasty article of froth. When the Goulds first went over on the other side, the gifted persons who do "society" and "gossip" for our great dailies, metropolitan and otherwise, confidently predicted that George Gould's object was to ingratiate himself with the Prince of Wales by having the Vigilant beaten by the Britannia on all occasions. It occurred to these remarkable minds that the Prince could be captured by that kind of flunkeyism and that George Gould was just the sort of flunkey to do the trick. The aforesaid writers, therefore, fell over each other in their haste to picture Mr. Gould as a miserable toady, anxious to barter his manhood and his honor for a royal smile. He was described in the contemptible manner of a lickspittle who had reduced servility to a fine art and was about to make the most of his acquirements.

Of course this pretty and commendable theory was discredited by the subsequent performances of the Vigilant and the demonstration on the part of Mr. Gould to the effect that his yacht could sail when it had any wind to sail with. Two or three notable victories achieved by the Yankee racer arrested for the moment the flow of this nauseous gush. The check was only temporary, however (for the scandal monger never really dies), and now, owing to the accident that befell the Vigilant's centerboard a few days ago, we have the cackle in full force again. Now we are told that that dinner with the Prince of Wales and the Emperor of Germany did the business for Gould and that, whatever honorable and sportsmanlike impulses he may have yielded to on previous occasions, the effect of such august and glittering festivities was fatal. Gould finally concluded that he could not requite the Prince's condescension by beating his yacht any more and so, as the day promised a stiff breeze ane those conditions under which the Vigilant is invincible, George deliberately jammed his centerboard and withdrew from the contest.

If our society mud-flingers, however, were really artistic, they would not overlook the Battenberg incident as a means of corroborating their agreeable and high-minded theories concerning the Gould family. It appears that one of the younger princes of that royal but poverty-stricken family has been casting a frugal and far-seeing eye upon Miss Anna Gould, now with her brother George's party. Why not complete the picture of George Gould's degradation by adding the statement that he has an additional motive in playing toady to the Prince of Wales—the desire to palm off his sister on this royal pauper. It is a pity to ignore such an opportunity as that.

Meanwhile, we fancy that the Goulds are paying about as much attention to the society reporters as they have hitherto paid to society itself. It is not likely that, having failed to bow down to Ward McAllister, they have suddenly become solicitous as to the opinions of his smaller satellites. It is a tremendous if not a pretty how de-doo, all the same—a shining exhibition of the possibilities of American journalism.—*Washington Post.*

The Improvement of Measurement Rules.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest your excellent remarks as quoted in the *Yachtsman* of Aug. 2, and am delighted to see that you agree with the proposal I made in the *Field* some months since, that there should be a limit of measurement (either American corrected length or Y. R. A. rating, it matters not which) to rule both the challenger for and the defender of the America Cup. It is simply barbarity to continue to race under a length of hull classification and no maximum limit of measurement. The length of hull should not be mentioned at all. The challenge should be a single sentence: I hereby challenge for the America Cup, and will race for it with a yacht not exceeding (such and such) corrected length, by American rule, which is not to be exceeded by the defender.

But I write more especially to ask you to ventilate the following proposal which I have made in some of the English yachting papers, viz.: If in any racing yacht the maximum depth of hull from deck to floors be less than half extreme beam, the difference shall be added to the length on waterline before computing either American corrected length or Y. R. A. rating.

I have worked diligently at the question of improving the existing rules of rating for a long time, as may be gathered from Chapter VII. in the Badminton series on yachting, but it has only occurred to me recently that the rules might be improved by the above proposed proviso. It is very simple and is easily applied. It would not affect the large yachts to any appreciable extent, and it would adversely handicap the extreme raft-like structures which are being developed in the small classes and which promise to sweep the sea of any boats of more moderate type.

I hope you will give me and your readers the benefit of a critical examination of the proposal. You will observe that boats having a depth equal to or exceeding their half beam would not be affected by it, and those affected would not be wrecked. They would simply have to clip some sail to keep within their classification and would still win in strong breezes, which appears to be the weather in which they are most successful.

THALASSA.

The features which are generally recognized as undesirable in the latest racing yachts are, as we understand the case, two in number; first, a lack of displacement on a given length; and second, even in cases where the displacement is ample in amount, the employment of extreme dimensions of beam and draft, giving a form that is essentially weak in construction and of a minimum of internal capacity.

If this statement of the case is a correct one, we fear that our correspondent's proposal, though in the right direction, would by no means go far enough to effect a complete cure; besides which it is open to a serious objection as to its detail.

If there is a gain of speed by adhering to the fin type, the proposed penalty on beam and premium on depth might be made imperative by substituting for the simple fin of Dilemma and Wenonah, fastened outside the keel of a canoe-shaped hull, a construction similar to that of Jubilee, the fin being made of two plates instead of one, with a space between; the steel angles being bent down to give a fictitious depth to the hull where measured, though the actual midship section would show no more head room than in Wenonah and Dacotah. Such a construction would be more difficult and expensive in a wooden hull, but not in a steel one, and we believe that it would be quite possible to evade the proposed measurement to a serious extent, and yet to produce the same type of machine.

Apart from this, there is a serious objection to the employment of any measure that is not derived solely from the outside of the hull, the actual skin of the vessel, regardless of the construction. The recognized commercial standards of measurement, such as the various tonnage dimensions and measurements of different governments, and Lloyds measurements, are entirely out of the question in yacht racing formulas, for the two reasons that such measurements are at best inaccurate and indeterminate, the points to which the measurements are taken being often located in the loosest manner; and in any case, the best of these measurements depending solely on the construction of the vessel, whether steel, wood or composite.

To be really effective in a measurement formula for yacht racing, all dimensions must be taken from the outside of the skin, regardless of the construction. It is quite true that in existing boats a measurement of the depth of hold, or some similar dimension, might answer, but before the next keel would be laid, every designer would have settled on some trick of construction that would completely evade the measurement without sacrificing the freak features of the design.

However easy it may be to indicate the general features that are desirable in a rule, it is a very difficult matter to formulate a definite proposition. Even if easily obtainable, which it is not, the displacement would not fit the case entirely; its use as a divisor in something akin to the present length and sail area formulas would lead to the production of yachts of comparatively heavy displacement, thus checking one evil; but if the inducement offered, this displacement might be disposed in a more exaggerated form than that of Vigilant, giving a shallow hull with a deep keel.

On the other hand, by the employment of beam and depth or draft, a compact and shipshape form of section could be obtained; but the final result might be the canoe body minus the deep fin.

The problem of obtaining a fairly large displacement in a compact form of section which shall be structually strong, and shall have its space in a shape available for headroom as well as breadth, has not yet been solved.

Pilgrim.

The ex-fin-keel Pilgrim was launched at McIntyre & Kirk's yard on Aug. 13 after being converted into a steam yacht. The Boston *Globe* describes her as follows: "She retains most of her former hull, and the long, overhanging bow gives her a peculiar appearance. Her immense single stick and bowsprit are gone. She has been entirely decked over, and when she makes her trial trip few more handsome craft will float in these waters. She is 126ft. over all, 85ft. waterline, 23ft. beam and but 5ft. draft, in place of her great fin-keel. Aft of the pilot house is a large and commodious saloon, which can also be used as a dining room. It is finished in natural wood, carved and polished, and has an elegant sideboard with leaded glass doors, with a large French plate-glass mirror in the center. From this saloon a door leads into the butler's pantry, which is connected with the kitchen by a dumb-waiter and special stairway. Aft of the engine room are three state rooms for the owner's guests. These rooms are supplied with lavatories and other conveniences. The finish is white and gold with richly upholstered mats. Forward of the engine room on the lower deck is the kitchen, which is a model affair, being supplied with a set range, ice chest, etc. Leading off the kitchen is the officers' cabin, which has also an entrance from the pilot house. Next comes the mess room, which has two spare berths, the steward's cabin and the forecastle, with berths for the crew, the entrance to the forecastle being from a hatchway, near which is a steam winch. The deck aft of the main saloon is fitted with seats, and the whole deck is inclosed with netting. She is a twin-screw vessel and has 200-horse power compound engines and two water-tube boilers. She is expected to develop a speed of 14 knots. She also has two light masts, so that if necessary she can reach harbor under canvas. The outside of the steamer is painted white, with a broad gold stripe, and the name Pilgrim appears in gold letters on either side of the pilot house."

The Blackballing of Mr. Clarke.

A correspondent of the *Boston Herald* sends the following story of the alleged reasons for the recent blackballing of Mr. A. D. Clarke, owner of Satanita, by the Royal Yacht Squadron; after being proposed by the Prince of Wales:

"There is a story behind the blackballing of the owner of the Satanita, Mr. A. D. Clarke, last week by the members of the Royal Yacht Club Squadron, after being proposed by the Prince of Wales.

"The story dates from the collision of the Valkyrie and the Satanita on the Clyde, in which the former was sunk. Lord and Lady Lennox were on board the Valkyrie at the time of the collision, and Lady Lennox was much prostrated by the accident, she barely getting off with her life.

"Lord Lennox and her Ladyship are prominent in British society and have many friends. Lady Lennox is a yachtswoman and enjoyed the honor of being the only lady on board the Valkyrie in her first intended race against the Vigilant in British waters. It was the intention of Lord Lennox and his wife to participate in all the races along the different British coasts in the Valkyrie, and both were fitted out in the way of clothing and valuables for a month's cruise. Lady Len-

nox brought with her valuables of great worth, many being priceless on account of being family relics.

"When the Valkyrie went down, Lord and Lady Lennox lost all the valuables they had with them, and they have not yet been recompensed for them. Mr. Clarke, owner of the Satanita, offered to pay full value for all they lost, but he would do it only on the terms 'without prejudice' That is, he was quite willing to recoup his Lordship in full for all loss, but he insisted that such settlement should not be in any way taken as 'buying his peace' or being used as evidence against him in case of suit either by Lord Dunraven or any one else. Lord Lennox refused to accept this proposition, and the result is that bad blood has been engendered in first-society circles, Lord and Lady Lennox being on the one side, with the owner of Satanita on the other.

"Lord Dunraven, in part, agreed with Mr. Clarke, hut he thought the 'without prejudice' clause hardly proper, as in case of litigation for the loss of the Valkyrie it might he prejudicial to the Valkyrie's interest. Lord Dunraven was present at the club meeting when Mr. Clarke's name was acted on, but he declined positively to take any part whatever, leaving the members free, so far as he was concerned, to act for themselves.

"It was generally supposed that Mr. Clarke would be admitted to membership, and no one was more surprised or disappointed at the action of the club members than the Prince of Wales. He took it somewhat in the light of an insult, and when he found out how it was brought about, he considered that differences between personal acquaintances were hardly sufficient for a club to take part in and reject a gentleman's application for membership.

"It now turns out that Lord and Lady Lennox were instrumental in accomplishing Mr. Clarke's defeat. Following the rejection by them of Mr. Clarke's offer, they worked to defeat him for membership in the club. Lady Lennox, it is authoritatively stated, made personal requests of all the leading members and put her side of the matter strongly and positively, stating that her dearest and most choice valuables had been lost and that she had not been reimbursed for them, Mr. Clarke making his offer to recompense her conditional that it should be 'without prejudice,' and that he would offer no redress for being the cause of sinking the Valkyrie and endangering her life.

"She talked with all the leading yachtsmen, it is said, and the prominent members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and so convincing was her argument that she won over to her side enough of the leading society swells of the club to accomplish Mr. Clarke's defeat, which came in the way of a great surprise to many members who were favorable to the owner of the Satanita.

"The blackballing of Mr. Clarke is looked upon as a victory for Lady Lennox over the Prince of Wales, and is much discussed in clubdom and society circles. On all sides, however, there is great sympathy with the owner of the Satanita, who is a public-spirited and patriotic yachtsman.

"Lord Dunraven, at the time Mr. Clarke made his offer, did not himself know how the underwriters would act, consequently he was unwilling to stand by and impliedly give consent to a settlement the evidence of which he could not use himself should a suit at law be necessary with the owner of the Satanita. His manly conduct in refusing to take any part against Mr. Clarke is most favorably commented upon."

Vigilant's Centerboard.

THE damage to Vigilant, though less serious than the total loss of her board would have proved, was increased by the fact that no one connected with the yacht had any idea of the construction and hanging of the heavy centerboard. On Monday a diver was sent down and he reported that the iron attachment of the chain to the centerboard was corroded and the board firmly jammed in the trunk. Next day he descended again and the board was forced down out of the trunk until it was partly clear. The lowering of the board allowed something to drop in the mud and on examination by the diver it was found to be a piece of a bronze hook, about 3in. through. The yacht was docked and the lead keel cut away about the fore end of the trunk until it was discovered that the board was hung on a heavy bronze hook cast on to a flat soleplate, which plate was rivetted to the bottom of the keel plate of the yacht. One piece was recovered from the mud and the other piece was taken off from the keel plate, the two being used as a pattern to cast a new hook. The centerboard was removed and straightened and a new chain rigged. By Saturday night the new hook had been riveted in place and the lead recast in the keel.

Up to Monday noon the centerboard had not been shipped, but it was expected that the yacht would be able to get to Dartmouth in time for the race of Friday, and to take part in the three or four final races of the season. The latest news is that the centerboard has been dropped in the mud in the effort to ship it, making it uncertain when the yacht will be ready.

On Aug. 21 Britannia and Satanita raced in the Royal Albert Y. C., off Southsea, Britannia winning; on Aug. 22 Britannia again won and on Aug. 23, in the race from Cowes to Weymouth, Britannia was again the winner. On Aug. 24 the regatta of the Royal Dorset Y. C. was sailed off Weymouth, the principal prize being the cup offered by Lord Wolverton for the Vigilant—Britannia race. Britannia sailed alone, as Satanita did not start.

After the race at Weymouth, on Aug. 25, in which Satanita won in a strong breeze, Britannia anchored at Portland Roads. Sunday was stormy, with rain and a high wind, but Mate Simons, with the steward, Roper, and the engineer of the steam yacht Tabura started for shore. They tried to return to the yacht after rowing some distance, hut was unable to do so and the boat was hidden in the rain. Later in the day it was found capsized with no trace of the men.

The Prince of Wales is at Hamburg, from which place he cabled to cancel all entries for the remaining races, and to lay the yacht up unless Mr. Gould wished to sail for the Cape May cup. Mr. George Gould has gone to Paris, Mr. Howard Gould being with the yacht. At last advises it was uncertain when Vigilant would be ready, as it was possible that the centerboard could not be shipped without cutting the deck. If a race should be sailed for the Cape May cup it will come off next week.

Shrewsbury Y. C. Regatta.

RED BANK—SHREWSBURY RIVER.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

WHAT was called the second annual midsummer regatta of the Shrewsbury Y. C. was held at Red Bank on Aug. 18, and what might have been a serious accident, with loss of life, was avoided through the presence of mind of Clinton R. James and the owner of the Forsyth, Mr. Alexander F. Roe, who did all that possibly could be done after the accident occurred.

From what could be learned of the accident it seems that at flag stake No. 3, off Brown's Dock, in returning, Arrow, owned by John M. Sawyer, Jr., and sailed by Clinton R. James, had overhauled and passed Forsyth and Zulu, both cabin sloops. In going from flag 4 at Fair Haven, to flag 3, all had their booms well off on port side, the wind being about south. In coming up to No. 3 Arrow jibed over, and shortly after, a puff of wind striking her, the boom was jibed again. A little further, however, the final jibe was made, Arrow hauling on a wind on the port tack for the next mark and having all her sand bags up to windward.

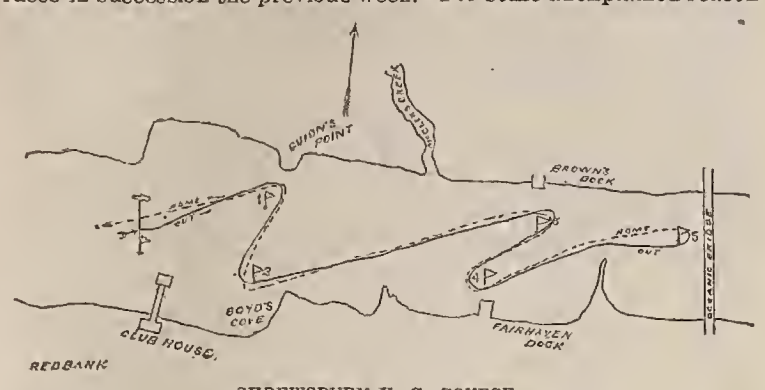
Zulu and Forsyth, after being close together all the way over from No. 4, commenced to head up for the 3 mark. Zulu, having trimmed her sail flat aft, preparatory to rounding on a wind, made No. 3, but from what could be learned, Forsyth was sailing off the wind with her mainsail so trimmed, and in this position in rounding the mark between Arrow, which was on her course on the wind, Zulu's captain, seeing a collision was unavoidable, eased her mainsail off, Arrow striking Zulu's boom in the slings. Forsyth being to leeward of the Zulu and close up, as the Arrow was swung round Zulu ran her bowsprit into the port side of Arrow, ripping the traveller out and cutting the stern down about 6in., losing her bowsprit short off at the stem.

When Forsyth struck Arrow it lifted James, Sawyer and Davis overboard. Sawyer was picked up by the Forsyth, but James slid down the bobstay under the Forsyth and became entangled with a rope under the centerboard, believed to have been the mainsheet of Arrow. In trying to get loose from the line James worked it up around his neck, but being unable to get it over his head, reached into his pocket, took out his knife, and cut the rope. Being then clear he came to the surface and a life buoy was immediately thrown from the Forsyth, James getting into it at once; and a few minutes later was picked up by the steam yacht Abbett. The rope had torn off James's shirts and his whole left side was severely chafed, evidently burned by the rope while being towed along under the Forsyth. Sawyer and Davis were also hurt, but not severely, and were about the next day, though rather sore; James will probably be out in a day or two, feeling as well as ever.

The race otherwise was one of the most exciting ever held on the river. At the start reefs were turned in, the wind being from about south and rather puffy, but afterward it calmed down so that full sail could be carried.

The courses were the usual ones for this club, for classes A, C, D and G inclusive, from a red flag off club house to flag No. 1 at Guiou's Point, across the river, passing to starboard: then back to No. 2 in Boyd's Cove, leaving on port; thence to No. 3 off Brown's Dock, leaving on starboard; thence to flag stake No. 4 off Fair Haven, leaving on port; thence to No. 5 at head of flats, leaving on port; thence to No. 4 on starboard, No. 3 on port, No. 2 to starboard, No. 1 to port, to finish; distance 10 miles. Classes E and F same start, to No. 1 and 2, thence to white and blue flag at McClee's Creek, leaving on port; thence to No. 2, then No. 1, then between judges' boat and red flag, thence home over following course, to No. 1, 2 and between judges' boat and red flag; 10 miles.

The preparatory signal was given at 2:05 P. M., the starting signal for classes A and B at 2:10, C and D 2:15 and E and F at 2:20. In some of the classes the results were very close, Kathay, the new Stewart & Binney boat (described in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 14), beating Augusta hut two seconds. In Class D Mr. Fred Oates was present with Enigma, prepared to retrieve his lost laurels, having lost four races in succession the previous week. For some unexplained reason



SHREWSBURY Y. C. COURSE.

Enigma was beaten by Irma T. In Class E Mr. C. D. McGiehan had brought Frank down prepared to do or die. Frank while making the best elapsed time was beaten, however, hy Alice C., an unknown boat built by Walling & Gorman a year ago.

The prizes for first and second in classes D, E and F were particularly valuable, being silver tea sets presented by Commodore Edward Kemp. The full times were:

CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Forsyth, Alex. F. Roe	2 13 29	Did not finish.		
Imp, J. A. Weaver, Jr.	2 12 10	Did not finish.		
Edla, M. P. Sherman	2 10 12	4 23 45	2 13 33	1 44 48
Zulu, Fraser & Worthley	2 10 34	4 30 33	2 19 59	1 49 44
OPEN JIB AND MAINSAILS.				
Kathay, W. N. DeGrauw, Jr.	2 10 29	4 23 09	2 12 40	1 41 40
Augusta, Edward Kemp	2 11 05	4 28 07	2 17 02	1 41 42
CAT-RIGGED, 20 TO 23FT.				
Jessie, A. B. Murray	2 16 19	4 30 53	2 14 34	1 38 55
Enigma, Fred. Oakes	2 18 17	4 31 39	2 13 22	1 37 43
Arrow, John M. Sawyer, Jr	2 17 45	Disabled.		
Shrewsbury, Carl Wagner	2 18 24	Did not finish.		
Pug, Dumphy Bros	2 20 00	Did not finish.		
Irma T, Forman R. Smith	2 19 10	4 29 32	2 10 22	1 34 43
CAT-RIGGED, 17 TO 20FT.				
Cinch, H. M. Knapp	2 23 33	4 07 15	1 43 42	1 05 10
Frank, C. D. McGiehan.	2 23 18	4 05 57	1 42 39	1 04 00
Maygus, E. D. Miner	2 21 32	4 06 20	1 44 48	1 06 09
Dolphin, Henry Sillcocks	2 22 24	Did not finish.		
Frances R., Dr. Thompson	2 24 31	4 20 44	1 56 13	1 14 38
Pauline, J. F. James	2 23 52	4 09 03	1 45 11	1 03 36
Alice C., F. W. Cornish	2 24 05	4 07 25	1 43 20	1 01 37
Baby, Ed. Willis	2 21 22	Did not finish.		
CAT-RIGGED, UNDER 17FT.				
Little Silver, H. L. Powers	2 24 56	4 14 42	1 49 46	1 04 51
Clytie, Malcolm Fisher	2 25 00	4 28 12	2 03 14	1 18 02
Louisa, Frank Taylor	2 25 00	4 32 02	2 07 02	1 19 51
SPECIAL CLASS—CABIN CATS.				
Win or Lose, F. M. Randall	2 12 58	4 38 03	2 25 05	1 50.23

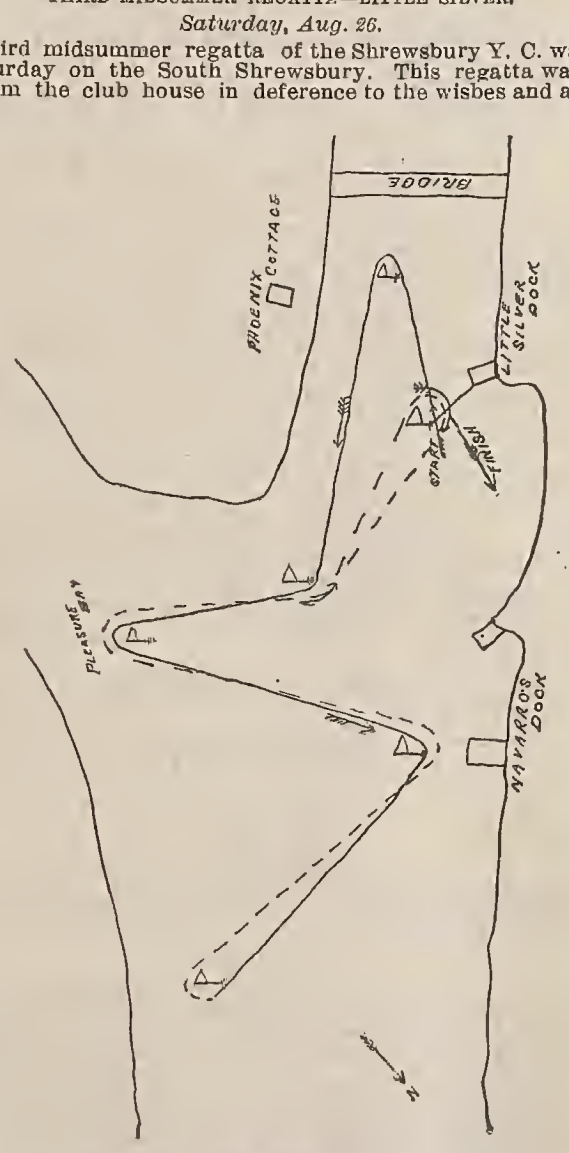
It will be seen by the above, in Class A Edla wins from Zulu by 4m. 36s.; Zulu was protested, however, for the second prize for fouling Arrow and open sloop Augusta. In Class B Kathay beats Augusta 2s. In Class C Irma T. wins from Enigma by 3m., the latter taking second prize. In Class D Alice C. wins from Pauline hy 1m. 59s., the latter taking second prize. In Class E Little Silver wins from Clytie by 15m. 8s. In Class G Win or Lose walk over.

The judges were George E. Gartland, N. J. Y. C.; H. Clay Miner, Jr. and George Williams, S. Y. C. The regatta committee comprised Clinton R. James, H. C. Miner, Jr. and Carl F. Wagner.

THIRD MIDSUMMER REGATTA—LITTLE SILVER.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

The third midsummer regatta of the Shrewsbury Y. C. was sailed last Saturday on the South Shrewsbury. This regatta was sailed away from the club house in deference to the wishes and at the re-



quest of many members who reside at Little Silver. It is probable that the club will continue to give regattas on the South Shrewsbury, but a worse place could not be selected to sail a race as the channel is very narrow, and unless one is thoroughly acquainted his boat is apt to go aground; and at best one may be dragging his centerboard along the mud all the time without knowing it.

The courses were as follows for Classes B, C and D: From a line between red flag and dock about southwest to stake No. 1, just north of bridge off Phœnix Cottage, leaving same on port hand, thence northeast to No. 2 at Northwest Passage, leaving same to starboard, thence southeast to No 3 in Pleasure Bay, leaving same on port hand, thence about northwest to No. 4 at Navarro's dock, leaving same on starhoard; thence due east to No. 5 at turn of channel, leaving same on starboard; thence back to No. 4, leaving to port, to No 3, to starboard, to No. 2, to port, to No. 1, to starboard, thence across starting line, leaving red flag on starboard, sailing over course twice, finishing between red flag and dock, going to the north. For Classes E and F the course was the same as above except that after leaving Flag No. 2 on port coming back the No 1 mark was cut out, the course being sailed over twice, the finish being the same as Classes B, C and D.

When the preparatory signal was given at 2:55 P. M. there was a good breeze blowing from about south, of enough strength to cause several to turn in single reefs. The signal to start for Class B was given at 3 o'clock, for Classes C and D at 3:05, and E and F at 3:10. The judges were on board Mr. Knapp's launch, anchored just to the east of the red flag. A great deal of interest was taken in this race, the Little Silver dock, from which a good view of the whole race could be obtained, was crowded. In the race most of the interest centered in Enigma and Undine. Mr. Oakes had a new sail on Enigma, and certainly expected to do much better with her after his recent defeats by Nancy and Arrow. He was beaten, however, after a close race hy Clinton R. James's Undine by 1m. 15s. Both Undine and Enigma had single-reefed mainsails.

In class 15 on the first turn on the way back after rounding No. 2, the DeGraw boat Kathay carried away her throat halliards, Augusta, her competitor, obtaining quite a lead, Kathay won, however by 2m. 35s.

In class E there was quite an interesting race between Crescent and Cinch, Baby and Anna. Cinch should have won, but did not follow the sailing instructions and leave red flag at finish on starhoard, crossing the line hy going to the south, the same as starting; then thinking to rectify her error, coming ahout and crossing the finish line the reverse way.

A protest was made on the ground that Cinch did not sail the course as laid down on the chart, but crossed the finish line in the wrong direction, without leaving the red flag on starboard hand. The regatta committee, after considering the protest, disqualified Cinch, the evidence showing that she had not crossed the line in accordance with directions.

CLASS B, OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kathay, W. N. DeGrauw, Jr.	3 00 32	5 29 46	2 29 14	1 52 02
Augusta, E. Kemp	3 01 01	5 38 09	2 37 08	1 54 37
CLASS C, CATS 23FT. AND OVER.				
E. H Price, C. Cook	3 06 09	5 38 27	2 32 18	1 53 56
Cora B., C. H. Woolley	3 07 53	5 38 26	2 30 33	1 51 59
CLASS D. CATS 21 TO 23FT.				
Jessie, A. B. Murray	3 06 48	5 45 10	2 38 22	1 55 36
Enigma, Fred Oakes	3 06 01	5 36 42	2 30 20	1 47 34
Undine, Com. C. R. James	3 07 09	5 36 31	2 29 22	1 46 19
Ulunda, H. L Powers	3 06 40	Did not finish.		
CATS. OVER 18FT AND UNDER 21FT.				
Crescent. George W. Gillig	3 10 47	Did not finish.		
Psyche, John S. Riker	3 12 46	Did not finish.		
Mascotte, W. S. Rathbun	3 11 17	5 40 35	2 29 18	1 50 46
Baby, Mr. Bass	3 13 07	5 09 25	1 56 18	1 17 46
Cinch, H. M. Knapp	3 13 33	Sailed wrong course.		
Anna, W. B. Parsons	3 10 40	5 09 24	1 58 44	1 17 34
CATS, 18FT AND UNDER.				
Pauline, J. Frank James	3 12 14	5 12 50	2 00 36	1 18 53
Alice C., F. W. Cornish	3 13 41	5 08 50	1 55 09	1 13 26
Lusson, A. Philbrick	3 10 47	5 17 51	2 07 04	1 25 21
Princess Aurelia W.A. Seaman	3 14 30	Did not finish.		

In class A. Kathay beats Augusta 2m. 35s. In class B Cora B. beats E. H. Price 1m. 57s. In class C. Undine wins from Enigma by 1m. 15s, Enigma taking second prize. In class C Anna wins from Baby by 12s., Baby taking second prize. In class D. Alice C. wins from Pauline by 5m. 17s., Patline taking second prize.

The judges were George E. Gartland, New Jersey Y. C., and Henry Clay Miner, Jr., Shrewshury Y. C. The regatta committee comprised Clinton R. James, H. M. Knapp, Carl Wagner and Forman R. Smith. The race was sailed under the N. Y. Y. R. A. rules. In the evening at the club house the prizes were presented to the winners and a reception was held.

The next or fourth regatta of the season will he held some time next month at Red Bank.

Duxbury Bay Regatta.

Monday, Aug. 20.

A GOOD race was sailed on Aug. 20 hy the yachts of Duxbury Bay in spite of a heavy thunder squall which capsized two yachts and compelled others to give up. In a race on Saturday the cathoat Fannie D. was beaten by the new Hanley fiver El Paso, whereupon the latter was purchased by Mrs. McDowell, wife of the owner of Fanny D. The new yacht was renamed Cleopatra, and sailed under this name on Monday. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS, ANY RIG.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Amorita, W. T. Bache	23.00	1 34 55	1 04 03
Wandering Wind, J. L. Frame	20.00	1 43 35	1 08 50
Eulalia, Damon and Lootz	27.09	1 41 45	1 14 54
Willie and Helen, B. F. Simmons	27.04	1 14 05	1 18 17
Josephine, F. B. Norwood	18.00	1 58 25	1 20 59
Rippling Water, J. Turner	18.07	1 58 25	1 24 18
Elaine, J. E. Graham	18.02	2 09 25	1 32 15
Wawa, I. Bradford	22.06	2 19 05	1 47 34

Ivan, Crusader and Hecla withdrew.

FIRST CLASS CATS, 20 TO 26FT.

Eclipse, H. H. Sears	25 10	1 32 00	1 03 07
V. D. Bacon	25.06	1 33 05	1 04 42
Future, W. T. Whitman	21.07	1 47 30	1 15 21
Adele, F. W. Boyer	25.03	1 51 21	1 22 43
SECOND CLASS CATS, 20FT. AND UNDER.			
Cleopatra, Fanny D. McDowell	19.01	1 29 07	0 53 18
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Magleathlin	18.01	1 32 29	0 55 22
Fanny D. M. MacDowell	18.04	1 32 10	0 55 25

Pearl, Idlewild, Hildegarde, White Swallow, Lulu Maude and Mildred withdrew.

THIRD CLASS, SPRITSAILS.

No Name, E. A. Ransom	15.03	1 45 05	1 02 08
Eunice B. Weston, I. Symmes	16.04	2 12 25	1 32 17
No Name, T. W. Bailey	15.00	2 32 00	1 49 14

Tom Jeff, Major D., Mayflower, Twink, Kuku, Silver Arrow, Myra and Vigilant withdrew. Nereid and Lady May capsized.

FOURTH CLASS, SPRITS, GAFF FORESAILS.

Honest John, J. C. Dawes	14.02	2 27 00	1 42 44
Mignon, Damon Bros	16.04	2 22 00	1 42 47
Natalie, H. M. Jones	14.08	2 26 15	1 43 03
Dolphin, H. Morton	15.03	2 27 30	1 44 53

Zilpha and Waterwitch withdrew.

FIFTH CLASS, KEEL SPRITS.

Now Then, J. Mack	15.00	2 30 30	1 47 54
Hornet, J. Watson	16.04	2 29 30	1 49 22

Annie C. Wisor, Mystic and Dude withdrew. Clear the Track ruled out for fouling judges' boat.

News!

FOLLOWING the lull in the racing due to Vigilant's mishap, the air is full of rumors of all sorts as to coming races. new boats, and other exciting events in yachting. Many of these stories are contradictory, and none have any special corroboration; so we give them in full for what they are worth: Satanita will defend the Cape May cup next month, in place of Britannia; Britannia will defend the Cape May cup herself; both Satanita and Britannia will sail against Vigilant in defense of the Cape May cup; Vigilant will winter on the Clyde and race at Nice next spring; Mr. Gould will build a Herreshoff yacht to defend the America's Cup next year, the challenger to be owned by Lord Dunraven and Lord Lonsdale together, another report being to the effect that Lord Lonsdale will he the sole owner; Mr. Watson has an order from Lord Dunraven for a new challenger, also an order for a design. to be built from in Germany for the German Emperor, size from 20 to 200 rating; Will Fife will build a 40-rater for Mr. Peter Donaldson; Herreshoff will build a 20-rater for English waters; Mr. Brooks's schooner Lasca will sail an ocean race from Cowes to Sandy Hook, starting on Christmas Day, with the old British schooner Selene; Colonia will he fitted out at once to race Navahoe; W. H. Langley will build a 40-footer from an Ellsworth model.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The cabin cat Kittie, Mr. Hazen Morse, and the cabin pole mast sloop Madrine, Mr. F. M. Freeman, both designed and built hy T. R. Weber, of New Rochelle, have been doing wonderfully clever work this season. They have proved hy far the best boats in their classes, and reflect great credit on the ingenuity of Mr. Weber. On Aug. 18 Madrine easily beat the entire fleet in the Horseshoe Harbor Club regatta off Larchmont. Although but 22ft. l.w.l. she beat Eurybia, Mary C., and other boats 10 and 15ft. longer on the waterline and carrying twice as much canvas. Madrine is sailed by her owner, Mr. Freeman, and her racing crew is composed of T. Fleming Day and ex-Commodore C. M. Connolly.

The much altered sloop Ilderan, Mr. Walter Southwick, has been out at Mumm's yard lately for another rebuilding, this time a new bow being put on. In the course of the last eight years the yacht has been altered in almost every possible way, the last previous alteration being a new counter stern, to which has now been added a modern bow.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett has offered a money prize of $5,000 for half-raters in the Nice regatta next March, and another of the same sum for forty-raters. The expenses of the voyage of the forty-raters are to be paid to the winner up to $1,600, and the freight of the half-raters is to he paid the winner from the port of departure.

We have received the first numbers of *Burgee and Pennant*, a new aquatic journal, a weekly devoted to the Naval Reserve and yachting; a neat-looking paper with a handsome colored cover. Capt. J. C. Summers, publisher of "Who Won," is the editor.

The second supplement to Lloyd's Yacht Register has lately been issued containing a number of recent changes in names and ownership.

Myrtis, cutter, has been purchased hy Arthur Letchworth, of the Philadelphia Y. C.

The 21ft. Class, Newport Races.

FOR over a week the 21-footers have been enjoying some good racing off Newport, five of the fleet being towed there from the Sound, and the prizes being provided by different yachtsmen. The racing opened on Aug. 18 with the first of two races for prizes offered by August Belmont, a silver cup for the winner in each race, with a pewter mug for the second, the last boat to fly a so-called "foolscap pennnant" until she won a higher place in a subsequent race. The competitors were Adelaide. W. P. Douglas; Dorothy, H. P. Whitney; Vaquero, H. B. Duryea; Houri, Butler Duncan, Jr.; Celia, Charles A. Gould. All are Herreshoff fin-keels.

The race was from Bishop's Rock 3½ miles to leeward and return, two rounds making 14 miles. There was a strong breeze and rough water. The times were:

	Start.	1st turn.	2d turn.	3d turn.	Finish.
Dorothy	2 45 15	3 14 26	4 12 00	4 23 30	5 47 09
Houri	3 00 00	3 14 20	4 12 47	4 23 20	5 47 05
Vaquero	. .. ..	3 14 31	4 14 41	4 23 46	5 47 36
Celia	. .. ..	3 14 35	4 15 53	4 46 04	5 47 20
Adelaide	2 47 00	3 15 55	4 17 00	4 47 53	grounded

The race was managed by Messrs. F. P. Sands, F. W. Hurst and R. Ellis. Adelaide took the ground and was only floated by means of a man at her masthead.

The second race was sailed on Monday, Aug. 20, in a reefing breeze and a rough sea, the times being:

	Start.	1st round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Houri	3 55 00	4 59 05	6 00 30	2 05 30
Celia	3 55 00	4 59 55	6 02 15	2 07 15
Vaquero	3 55 00	5 00 45	6 02 18	2 07 18
Adelaide	3 55 00	Disabled.		
Dorothy	3 55 00	Disabled.		

Messrs. Louis M. Rutherford and W. F. Lawrence were the judges. Adelaide broke her gaff.

The third race, for subscription prizes, the first of a series of three, was sailed on Aug. 21 in a fresh N.W. breeze, the course being a triangle lying between Brenton's Cove, Taylor's Cove and Bishop's Rock, two rounds making 13 miles. Houri sailed the race with a broken gaff, the jaws lashed to the mast. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Houri	2 46 00	5 12 00	2 26 00
Celia	2 46 00	5 12 30	2 26 30
Adelaide	2 46 00	5 15 51	2 28 51
Dorothy	2 46 00	5 15 12	2 29 13
Vaquero	2 46 00	Disabled.	

The fourth race, Aug. 22, was for a cup given by Mr. Herman B. Duryea, owner of Vaquero. The course was 6½ miles to windward, with a strong N.W. breeze, and return. Vaquero won after a spirited race, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero	10 49 00	1 32 45	2 43 45
Celia	10 49 00	1 34 25	2 45 25
Houri	10 49 00	1 37 50	2 48 50
Dorothy	10 49 00	1 38 20	2 49 20
Adelaide	10 49 00	1 37 40	2 48 40

Messrs. Sands and Rutherford were the judges.

The fifth race, the second of the subscription cup series, was sailed on Aug. 23, the wind still holding strong, but from S.W., the course being between Brenton's Cove and Bishop's Rock. Vaquero fouled the buoy at the end of the first round and retired, while Houri fouled Adelaide. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero	Disqualified.	
Dorothy	4 42 00	2 37 00
Houri	4 43 54	2 38 54
Adelaide	4 47 00	2 42 00

Bobstay Club Regatta.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

ON Aug. 18 an interesting race was sailed off Rocky Nook in connection with the annual outing and clambake of the Bobstay Club, the chief incident being the defeat for the first time of the catboat Fanny D., the victor being Hanley's famous catboat El Paso. The wind was fresh from southwest. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS—CATS			
Eclipse, H. H. Sears	25.10	1 14 13	55 01
Future, W. T. Whitman	21.08	1 17 58	56 19
City of Chicago, V. D. Bacon	25.06	1 20 37	1 01 42
Sea Belle, F. Andrews	21.08	1 39 00	1 12 21
SECOND CLASS—CATS.			
El Paso, C. E. Henley	19.01	1 13 05	49 12
Fanny D., M. McDowell	18.08	1 15 38	51 21
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathin	18.01	1 16 27	51 35
Mildred, Holmes and Harlow	18.00	1 29 22	1 00 25
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Sigrid, A. Lootz	17.10	1 22 44	1 00 37
Annie, M. S. Weston, Jr.	16.04	1 27 30	1 00 45
Flosshilda, G. R. Currier	14.00	1 31 51	1 02 06
Hector, C. P. Blinn	14.00	1 38 21	1 08 36
Nemo, J. G. Karle	17.04	1 36 16	1 10 38
FOURTH CLASS—SPRITSAILS.			
Gypsy Girl, W. Steele	15.02	1 22 10	59 00
Tom Geff, S. T. Richards	15.06	1 27 44	59 58
Spray, C. F. Bradford	16.04	1 27 29	1 00 44
E. A. Ransom	15.03	1 29 19	1 01 15
Lady May, M. M. McDowell	16.10	1 30 01	1 01 38
Tom Bailey	15.00	1 34 17	1 05 54
Marion D., Seth Drew	15.05	1 33 58	1 06 06
Nered, C. A. Walker	16 00	1 34 56	1 07 50
Eunice B., Weston T. Simms	16.04	1 35 46	1 09 01
Peerless, A. B. Holmes	16.04	1 01 25	1 09 30
J. Essie, I. Morton	17.05	1 36 36	1 11 03
Vigilant, A. M. Watson, Jr.	Withdrawn		
Perhaps, T. S. Diman	14.08	1 27 34	58 44
Pilgrim, A. Bartlett	Fouled stakeboat.		
FIFTH CLASS—GAFF FORESAILS.			
Honest John, G. C. Dawes	14.02	1 30 00	1 00 29
Aphrodite, A. G. Fay	16.02	1 28 06	1 01 09
Mignon, Damon Bros.	16.04	1 28 14	1 01 29
Dolphin, N. Morton	15.03	Withdrawn.	
Twink, N. Emerson	Withdrawn.		
SIXTH CLASS—FREE TO ALL.			
Willie and Helen, B. F. Simmons	27.04	1 24 00	1 06 12
Manatee, J. F. Gaylord	16.10	1 34 43	1 07 22
Ivan, H. Cole	21.02	1 29 26	1 07 23
Unome, W. H. Tewe	12.04	1 40 38	1 08 37
Lapwing, Eben Barker	19.00	1 36 34	1 12 36
SEVENTH CLASS—SHARPIE NORIES.			
Delano	15.00	56 05	28 19
Maglatbelin	17.00	58 38	. .. ..
Tolman	17.00	. .. ..	. .. ..

The regatta committee included John C. Dawes, F. W. Maglathlin and E. A. Ransom.

Owasco Y. C.

DOLPHIN POINT—OWASCO LAKE.

Wednesday, Aug. 22.

THIRD race of the season. Courses, Dolphin Point, north to Brinkerhoff's Point, southwest to Elm Point, southeast to place of starting, distance 8 95-100 knots. Weather clear, wind northerly, very light and puffy.

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
El-Chico, W. E. Case	25.30	1 02 44	2 58 44	2 58 44
Nemadji, C. E. Thorne	25.20	1 02 20	3 00 17	3 00 12
Asp, E. Beardsley	24.80	1 00 48	3 02 13	3 01 47
Mystery, H. B. Lewis	24.60	1 01 37	3 20 12	3 19 36
Bee, N. B. Burr	17.50	1 05 00	3 39 34	3 31 27
Gull, Stupp Bros.	17.20	1 05 00	Withdrew.	

First prize El Chico, second Nemadji, third Asp. Regatta committee, C. E. Thorne, D. Beardsley, N. B. Burr and W. E. Case. Referee, F. T. Peet. Time-keepers, W. P. Beardsley and C. N. C. Brown.

CHAS. I. AVERY, Sec'y.

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

THE Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, sailed a hard race on Aug. 18 on Lake Michigan, the wind blowing almost a gale and the yachts being under the snuggest of storm canvas. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.				
Hattie B	3 52 40	6 01 35	2 08 55	2 08 55
Pinta	3 57 40	6 09 05	2 11 25	2 10 31
Marion	3 50 40	6 10 25	2 19 45	2 16 27
THIRD CLASS.				
Viking	3 53 00	6 20 06	2 27 06	2 27 06
FOURTH CLASS.				
Ida K	3 54 45	6 34 40		

Horseshoe Harbor Club.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

THE annual regatta of the Horseshoe Harbor Club was sailed on Aug. 18 over courses off Larchmont, and proved very successful, thanks in part to a fresh S.W. breeze. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS.		
Una, T. J. McCahill	Not timed.	
SLOOPS—CLASS A.		
Mary C., S. C. Baldwin	2 31 15	2 14 51
Eurybia, Chas. Pryer	2 13 15	2 13 15
Beatrice, W. F. Herbert	2 28 20	2 08 36
Conquesco, Bryce Metcalf	2 30 15	2 10 03
SLOOPS—CLASS B.		
Madrine, F. M. Freeman	2 13 15	2 13 15
Lucy, G. A. Buell	Did not finish.	
Caper, P. Howard	2 26 45	2 14 45
Brenda, F. M. Scott	2 51 00	2 39 12
Nora, G. M. Barretts	Broke down.	
Agawam, A. G. Hamilton	2 24 30	2 15 54
CLASS D—CABIN CATS.		
Kittie, Hazen Morse	2 34 40	2 19 30
Eloise, C. H. Robbins	2 28 15	2 22 27
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	2 19 15	2 19 15
CLASS E—OPEN CATS.		
Violet, G. A. S. Weiners	1 44 30	1 42 48
Fairy, F. E. Towle	1 33 30	1 33 30
Punch, M. H. Clark	1 49 25	1 48 09
CLASS F—OPEN CATS.		
Anglesea, H. T. Spence	1 52 00	1 52 00
Constance, J. Wight	1 49 30	1 46 54
Bon Ton, E. M. Post	1 51 15	1 49 21
CLASS H—OPEN CATS.		
Caprice, F. F. Proctor, Jr	1 16 00	1 15 48
Kitten, J. X. Arosawina	1 43 00	1 43 00
CLASS I—MIXED RIGS.		
Moses, L. D. Huntington	2 01 00	1 59 18
Goblin, Bart Jacobs	2 17 30	2 15 30
Iris, J. L. Roberts	1 56 30	1 53 48

The winners were: Class A, Beatrice; Class B, Madrine; Class D, Onaway; Class E, Fairy; Class F, Constance; Class H, Caprice, Class I, Iris.

Rhode Island Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NARRAGANSETT BAY.

Wednesday, Aug. 22.

THE annual regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C. was partially spoiled by a light breeze on Aug. 22, there being more drifting than sailing. The official times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS—CUTTERS AND SLOOPS, 33FT. AND UNDER 50FT.; DISTANCE 19 MILES.		
Memory, W. N. Murray, Jamestown	3 42 24	
Paralos, W. F. Palmer, Taunton, Mass.	3 44 25	
Infanta, J. B. Mills, Bristol	3 49 00	
SECOND CLASS—YAWLS, 23FT. AND UNDER 33FT.; DISTANCE 19 MILES.		
Gannet, A. B. Emmons, Newport	3 42 47	
Hadassan, C. H. Merriam, Nayatt	3 52 07	
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS, 21FT. AND UNDER 27FT.; DISTANCE 18 MILES.		
Diamond, L. H. Tillinghast, Pawtucket	3 38 23	
Elite, J. B. Sweet, Pawtucket	3 43 02	
Venti, J. S. Martin, Newport	3 43 24	
FOURTH CLASS—24FT. AND OVER; DISTANCE 18 MILES.		
Surprise, C. W. Branch, East Greenwich	3 41 06	
Kalera, Benjamin Davis, Providence	3 42 57	
Flight, Isaac Hiller, Marion, Mass.	3 46 46	
FIFTH CLASS—CATS, 21FT. AND UNDER 24FT.; DISTANCE 12 MILES.		
Ulula, W. H. Winship, Wareham, Mass.	3 27 44	
Edna, A. E. Nickerson, Providence	3 29 20	
Cygnet, J. W. Martin, Warren	3 29 21	
SIXTH CLASS—CATS, UNDER 21FT.; DISTANCE 13 MILES.		
Zara, J. H. Foster, Riverview	3 22 38	
Mojave, W. N. Murray, Jamestown	3 24 01	
Allegro, H. M. Crosby, Osterville	3 26 45	

Surprise was protested by the other boats in her class on the ground that she was not enrolled in any yacht club. The protest has yet to be decided.

Classification by Sailing Length.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I trust you will allow me the privilege of correcting in your columns the wrong impression likely to follow your reference in this week's issue of your paper, to the alleged change of policy of the New York *Times* regarding the classification of American yachts. You must have made your comments hastily or you would have placed the *Times* right by a reference to the change in the yachting editor of the paper, of which change you are fully advised.

I had the honor of being yachting editor of the *Times* at the time that paper protested against a change of classification. The gentleman who succeeded me evidently thinks our American system of classification should be abandoned, and up to date he offers no better argument than the fact that out of a lame fleet of boats, in an "off" year, several yachts should have raced together that didn't. But permit me to say that although the *Times* may appear to have changed front the reason for it somewhat takes the edge off the apparent victory of the "measurement cranks." The same thing applies to the *Sun*. With changes in the personality of the yachting editor it is not so much cause for rejoicing if a paper changes its policy as it would be if you could win over the best element in yachting, which you call the "conservative" element, to your platform.

You will perhaps remember that one of the arguments I used in the *Times* against the proposed change in 1889 was that the only ones who desired it were the members of the measurement committee, all of whom, I believe, were non-yacht owners. There is much of unwritten history about the agitation in 1889 to come to light this winter in case the subject is seriously discussed again, and I trust I may again have the pleasure of saying a few words in praise of the "conservative" element of the New York Y. C. GEORGE CARD PEASE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass.
3-5. Passaic River Meet.
5. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.
15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Delaware River.

Canoes and Canoe Yawls.

WE have a fair example now in England of the machine type, the Yankee, in which you cannot even stow or unstow a tobacco pouch when once you have got underway. However, as this peculiar craft is now at Salcombe at the B. C. A., we may expect to hear some more about her peculiar ways. Personally, we should say that, even if Yankee ever proves to be really a fast boat all round, wind, run and reach, her fitment drawbacks are so palpable that she and her type must always be thorns in the fair side of canoe sailing and cruising. A man on stilts may be able to see a little more of the country, but it is unpleasant if not dangerous walking.

The meet at Salcombe of the B. C. A. may produce a race between Mr. Howard, the American, and Mr. Brand, as the latter has taken up the American's challenge, but at this time of writing no final arrangement of the course, date, or conditions have been arrived at. In any case, as said before, such a race is most unsatisfactory. It cannot in any way prove of any advantage to canoe sailing, nor to yawl sailing; the size and weight of the two crafts are so different that each must have her weather and water to do her best in, and they cannot be the same. No doubt, if the canoe were to win, a man might be found who would say it showed her superior speed. If a rating of 0.3 on a 30in. beam of boat is capable through superior model to beat on open salt water a craft of 0.5-rating with 5ft. 6in. beam, then the universally accepted rules and tables of time allowance are unnecessary, and, indeed, unfair upon the larger boats, and are a standing blemish on scientific yachting. There are often conditions of wind and water in which a small craft can sail past one six or eight times her rating and size; that is not effective or true speed, and hence the acknowledged necessity of classes and of keeping boats within their respective classes, and of doing away with all time allowances.

The Dragon, the new canoe, which looked so likely, but went so indifferently at Bourne End, is to be at Salcombe. She has undergone some alterations, and has new sails. Now, from Dragon sailing against Yankee on open and perhaps rough water we may learn something interesting, being canoes of a matchable size and type and very much of a match in extreme lightness of displacement.—*The Field.*

Ottawa C. C. Regatta.

OTTAWA, AUG. 11.

THE twelfth annual regatta of the Ottawa C. C. was held on Aug. 11 in celebration of the opening of the new club house, just completed. The races were as follows:

Single blade paddling, open, ½ mile with turn: F. A. Bickerdike, Lachine, 1; J. B. Duford, Ottawa, 2. Time, 4:40.

Tandem paddling, open, single blades only, ½ mile with turn: Baldwin and Pinard, Ottawa, 1; Bickerdike Brothers, Lachine, 2. Time, 4:10.

War canoe race, open: Whiskers vs. Red Elephant, and the latter won.

Morris cup race, double blades, ½ mile with turn, open to O. C. C. members only: R. Hunton 1, A. Pinard 2. Time, 4:26.

River men's race, open, in driving boats, 4 oars and paddle, length of boat to be between 25 and 28ft., ½ mile with turn: J. A. Lafortune's crew won in 4:58.

Club fours, open, 1 mile, single blades, 4 men, canoes must not exceed 17ft. long and must weigh at least 60lbs.: O. C. C. 1, Lachine 2. Time, 4:20.

Canoe upset race, open, 100yds.: E. C. Woolsey 1, J. B. Duford 2.

Tub race, open, 100yds, with broom: J. Klotz 1, A. Pinard 2.

Swimming race, open, 200yds.: H. B. Carter, Montreal, 1; E. Woolsey, Ottawa, 2.

Diving competition, long dive, open to members of recognized clubs, each competitor to have option of three trials: H. B. Carter 1, Clayton 2.

The regatta was managed by G. P. Brophy, Chairman; Henri Roy, Officer of the Day; R. H. Haycock, Benj. Batson, P. B. Taylor, Judges; F. H. Gisborne, Jacob Smith, Starters; C. Caron Pelletier, Clerk of the Course; James Wilson, Timekeeper; K. F. Clayton, Official Measurer; D'Arcy Scott, Secretary-Treasurer.

In the evening the visitors were entertained by dancing, the club house being illuminated and handsomely decorated.

Toronto C. C. Paddling Cup.

THE race for the Toronto C. C. paddling trophy on Aug. 25 was comparatively uninteresting, the best of the Toronto paddlers, like Muntz and Johnson, being absent, only H. R. Tilley and R. O. King coming to the line to meet Clarence Euson of Springfield C. C. Tilley led at first, but dropped to third place and finally, in trying to change from a sitting to a standing position, capsized. Euson now took first place, winning by a length in 8m. 45s.

The officers of the day were Geo. Wilkie, referee; Geo. Sparrow, starter; Col. J. Rogers, Peterborough, judge at finish, and T. D. Ellis and A. Shaw, timekeepers.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The annual regatta of the Holyoke and Redcliffe canoe clubs will be held as formerly on Labor Day at the Sans Souci course. An effort will be made to make the fifth anniversary of special interest alike to members and visitors. The Sans Souci Club has given the entire use of their house and grounds, which in themselves are well worth a visit, and the transportation thereto will be simpler than formerly. The steamer will not run from Holyoke, except one trip at 8:30 A.M., but will meet all trains at Smith's Ferry to convey visitors to the grounds. Light lunches can be obtained at camp, thus avoiding the necessity of bringing them. The races commence at 10 A.M. and will contain several novel features, among them a tournament and a tug of war. All are cordially invited to be present. The regatta committee consists of C. F. Schuster, L. H. Lamb, W. C. Brown, F. T. Harris. The programme includes a trophy sailing race, unlimited; standing paddling, tandem paddling, hurry-scurry, single paddling, hand paddling, kindergarten sailing (35sq ft.), upset, tournament, tug of war, club threes and ladies' race.

The Arlington C. C. will hold its seventh annual regatta on Labor Day, the first race being called at 9:30 A. M. sharp. The events will be open to all canoeists.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

CYPRESS HILLS PARK, L. I., Aug. 27.—The famous Zettler Rifle Club brought its twenty-first annual festival and prize shoot to a successful close in this park this evening. For two days the park and shooting house have been crowded with members and friends. There were visiting riflemen from New England and from Baltimore.

Fine shooting and high scores were the principal features of the two days' festival.

The programme of cash prizes, aggregating $700, brought out a large number of the local experts, whose expectations were mainly centered upon the hope that luck would abide with them this year.

G. Homerighausen of Baltimore, one of the old-timers who has not been in New York since the big festival in 1888, was present on both days. Harry M. Pope and Stephen J. Lyon of Connecticut were present on the second day.

Nearly all of the prominent shooting societies in and about New York were represented either as guests or active participants in the struggle for prizes.

The premiums for best five scores on the ring target and for the most flags on the bullseye target brought out a fine race between the experts at the close of the shoot. The four high men for the four best tickets were as follows: Fred C. Ross 355, Henry Holges 353, Louis Flach 351, Harry M. Pope 351.

Prize target, three shots per ticket, two best to count for first five, twenty-one prizes from $50 to $1. Scores: F. C. Ross 145, H. Holges 144, L. Flach 143, G. Homerighausen 142, H. M. Pope 142, P. Schmidt 71, I. Morten 71, R. Hamann 71, M. Dorrler 71, M. B. Engel 70, J. Gunther 70, T. J. Lyon 70, R. Busse 70, C. G. Zettler 69, B. Zettler 69, G. Krauss 67, L. P. Hansen 97, C. Horney 67, G. Schlicht 67, B. Walther 66, J. Young 66, C. Hutch 66.

Premiums, five best tickets: F. C. Ross 355, H. Holges 353, L. Flach 351, A. M. Pope 351.

Bullseye Target.—This target is one of the most popular of all among the lay shooters. The ever present element of luck surrounding it causes many a visitor to try his hand, even though he never had fired a shot previous. A 12-inch block with a 4-inch center looks large and inviting, ten shots for $1, with eighteen prizes ranging from $20 to $1, the best center shot to count. Six premiums for the most flags during the festival. Such inducements had a most alluring effect upon both the expert and the novice. Scores: F. C. Ross 65, L. Flach 54, M. Dorrler 34, B. Zettler 29, C. G. Zettler 29, S. J. Lyons 29, L. P. Hansen 29. Best bullseye: L. Flach 16 degrees, I. Martin 21, G. Nowack 21, L. P. Hansen 21, T. Lloyd 24½, G. Wiegman 28, S. J. Lyons 28½, R. Busse 31, C. A. Niemeyer 35, P. Feigel 35½, Homerighausen 36, J. Facklum 38.

Honor Target.—Open only to members of the club for cash and merchandise prizes presented by the club and invited guests. To take the first prize on the honor target is to the Zettler members one of his greatest aspirations. On this occasion Ernest Fisher, the Hoboken representative, secured the honor. Scores: E. Fisher 71, R. Busse 70, I. Martin 69, F. Schmidt 68, C. G. Zettler 68, R. Hamann 67, F. C. Ross 66, M. Dorrler 65, H. Holges 64, B. Zettler 64, L. Flach 63, G. Homerighausen 63, M. B. Engel 62, L. P. Hansen 61, Gus Nowak 61, G. L. Hoffman 61, Ph. Schmidt 59, G. D. Wiegman 59, B. Walther 59, Ph. Feigel 58, G. W. Plaisted 57, H. D Muller 57, J. Blumenborg 54, A. Micke 52, J. G. Gunther 52, G. Jolner 52, G. Krauss 48, W. Hollwedl 48, Dr. Grosch 47, C. J. Watson 44, A. Begerow 42, F. Fabarius 41, G. A. Schurman 40, F. C. Heinz 40, M. Miller 36, F. Helking 35, C. Wissel 34, John Coppersmith 34, A. Klein 30, A. Kohlmetz 23, J. Bouzer 20, W. Krumsieck 20.

Ladies Target.—While the members of the Zettler Club are backing each other for high scores at the 200-yard range it has been customary to put up prizes for the ladies of club to compete for at short range from a rest. A committee of three of the oldest and most reliable of the veterans is generally selected to look after the ladies interests. This year the committee men were J. Günther, G. W. Downs and M. B. Engel. Mr. Downs not being present the labor fell upon Messrs. Günther and Engel. Twenty-one ladies were present and participated, and each lady got a prize. Mrs. Dr. Grosch and Miss Blumenborg tied for high score, each making 36 out of a possible 39, 50yds. Scores:

Mrs. Grosch 36, Miss Blumenborg 36, Mrs. Wissel 35, Mrs. Günther 35, Miss Plaisted 34, Mrs. Ross 34, Mrs. Krauss 33, Mrs. C. G. Zettler 32, Miss Watson 30, Mrs. Hecking 29, Mrs. Banzer 27, Mrs. Miller 26, Mrs. Holwedl 25, Mrs Busse 24, Mrs. Schurman 24, Mrs. Martin 22, Mrs. Engel 21, Mrs. Dorrler 21, Mrs. Flach 18, Mrs. B. Zettler 18, Miss Walther 18.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Aug. 27.—Only two members of the Excelsior Rifle Club attended the weekly practice shoot at Armbruster's Schuetzen Park on Friday of last week. The weather was warm and the light good. In a series of 50 shots per man, the following appended scores were made:

L P Hansen	230	227	221	217	211	—1106
O C Boyce	217	209	214	197	215	—1052

The Sea Girt Programme.

THE fourth annual rifle competition, under the auspices of the New Jersey State Rifle Association, will take place at the State Rifle Range, Sea Girt, N. J., commencing Monday, Sept. 3, and closing Saturday, Sept. 8.

No. 1, Members' match, 200yds., open only to members of the New Jersey State Rifle Association.

No. 2, the Kuser match, 7 shots at 500yds.; position, prone, head toward target; rifle, any military; open to all comers; entries, $1 each, or three for $2, if taken at one time; re-entries allowed.

No. 3, all-comers' military match, open to everybody; distances, 200 and 300yds.; position, standing at 200, kneeling or sitting at 300yds.; 7 shots at each distance; entrance fee, $1, or three tickets for $2, if taken at one time; rifles, any military rifle adopted and issued by any State.

No. 4, the Schuetzen match, all-comers' continuous match, distance 200yds.; position, standing; number of shots, 7 on the standard American target, with 11in. bullseye (the bullseye including the 7 ring); any weight rifle, with any trigger pull, palm or other rest allowed. When firing, the muzzle of the rifle must be kept outside the loop hole of the shelter. The allowance for military rifles will be 4 points on each string. Cleaning allowed between shots. The aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes.

No. 5, Hayes medal match, open to everybody; distance, 500 and 600yds; prone, with head toward target, at 500, any at 600; 7 shots at each distance, rifles, any military adopted or issued by any State. The firing at both ranges must be done on same day or the scores will be void. Scores which would qualify members N. G. N. J. as sharpshooters will be allowed. Entrance fee $1, three for $2, if taken at one time; re-entries allowed.

No. 6, New Jersey National Guard match, open to teams of 6 from each regiment of the National Guard of New Jersey (as fully provided for in circular, Department of Rifle Practice, dated July 7, 1894).

No. 7, regimental team match (interstate), open to teams of 6 from the regimental, battalion and separate company organizations of the National Guard of the United States or of the U. S. Army.

No. 8, the Columbia trophy match, presented by the District of Columbia National Guard to the National Guard of New Jersey. The competition, therefore, will be between teams of 6 men each from the regiments of the National Guard of New Jersey.

No 9, the Perrine memorial match, open to officers and enlisted men National Guard of New Jersey.

No. 10, the Trenton cup, presented by Col. A. R. Kuser; to be shot for annually; to be held by the winner during the year; open to everybody; rifle, any military; distance 500 and 600yds.; 10 shots at each distance; firing at both stages to be done on same day; to be won three times, not necessarily consecutive, to become the property of the winner; entrance fee $1, re-entries allowed.

No. 11, Department of Rifle Practice match, open to all inspectors of rifle practice, either by commission or detail, and to all members of the New Jersey State Rifle Association.

No. 12, revolver match, distance 30yds., 5 shots on American standard target reduced to 100yds.; position, standing; off-hand use of one arm only allowed; revolver not to exceed 2¾lbs. in weight; maximum length of barrel (exclusive of chamber), 7½in.; minimum trigger pull, 3lbs.; plain open sights; ammunition, any; cleaning allowed between scores only; army revolvers, with 3-pound trigger pull and using service ammunition, will be allowed 10 points on three scores; aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes; entries 50 cents, or three for $1 when taken at one time.

No. 13, President's match, for the military championship of the United States of America. Divided into two stages. First stage: 200 and 300yds., 7 shots at each distance; open to all members of the Army, Navy or National Guard of any State; each competitor to appear in the uniform worn by the organization of which he is a member; competitors to shoot with the rifle of the model adopted or issued by the State they represent; entrance fee, $3 to both stages. Second stage: Open to prize winners in the first stage; distance, 500 and 600yds., 7 shots at each distance; rifles same as first stage.

No. 14, Trenton Interstate Fair match, open to everybody, distance 200 and 300yds., carbines allowed one point on each distance; conditions same as No. 9.

No. 15, pool matches, open to everybody, to be shot in groups of ten competitors, entrance fee $1.

MATCHES OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

No. 1, Wimbledon cup match, open to all citizens and residents of the United States, distance 1,000yds., 30 shots; weapon, any rifle within the rules, cleaning allowed; position, any without artificial rest; entrance fee, $2; 18-point handicap for military rifles, 6-point handicap for special military rifles. First prize, the Wimbledon cup, presented by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain to the National Rifle Association of America, to be competed for on conditions to be decided upon by the National Rifle Association of America, and to be held by the winner till the next fall meeting, when it will be shot for on the same conditions. Value, $500.

No 2. Hilton trophy match, open to teams of 12 from the following: 1. The United States of America. A—The army of the United States, one team from the troops stationed within each of the three military divisions—Atlantic, Pacific and Missouri (three teams in all). B—The United States Navy (one team). C—The National Guard or uniformed militia of the several States and Territories, including the District of Columbia (one from each State or Territory). 2. Other countries. England, Ireland, Scotland and each of the Provinces of Great Britain, and all other countries, one team each from the following: A—The regular army. B—The militia. C—The volunteers. D—The navy of any country.

No. 3, Interstate military match, open to one team from each State or Territory in the United States, consisting of 12 members of the regularly organized and uniformed National Guard or militia of such State or Territory, including the District of Columbia, chosen in such manner as shall be prescribed by the military authorities thereof. They shall appear in the uniform of their corps. Distance, 200 and 500yds; position, at 200yds. standing, at 500yds. prone; weapon, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or Government; ammunition, any.

Bullseye targets—1. Bullseye targets will be open all the time during the annual meeting. 2. Tickets, entitling the holder to one shot at any bullseye target, will be sold at the office of the financial officer, upon the range, at 10 cents each, or twelve for $1.

Plattdeutsche Verein Festival.

THE twentieth annual festival of the association of German societies known as the Plattdeutsche Verein, was opened in the Union Hill Schuetzen Park on Sunday of last week and was closed at an early hour on Thursday morning. During the four days it is estimated that 100,000 people visited the park. The association is composed of 111 societies, whose membership aggregates 20,000. The programme for the four days' festival consisted of shooting, bowling and all sorts of games, athletic and otherwise. To one who has never had the opportunity to mix with the Germans in their home life, a day's visit to this festival was equal to a week's travel in Germany. We know of no nationality of people who can concentrate so much solid enjoyment in a day's outing as these German-Americans can. In their daily life they are energetic and thrifty, but when the holiday comes business cares only are left at home; the rest of the family are out for Genuss.

But we are digressing; we started out to tell of that part of the festival which relates to the rifle. To resume: The shooting programme was in the hands of a committee made up principally from the New York Schuetzen Corps. August Grassman was chairman. Among his committeemen who gave him active support were John Tholke, John H. Klee, A. J. Christian, Barney Kumm, John Gobler, Fred Exmeyer, C. D. Rehm, H. Hingslage, H. Radloff and others whose modesty would not admit that they were more than passive members of the committee, the two Zettler brothers, Charles and Barney, had charge of the shooting house, and furnished the rifles and the combination that makes the noise and spoils the looks of a new clean target.

The prize programme was of the liberal order. The ring target contained twelve prizes ranging from $20 to $3, 3 shots for 50 cents. There was a fine gold medal for the shooter making the most points during the festival. There was a gold medal for the 3 best tickets, one for the second 3 best tickets and one for the third 3 best tickets. The prize target contained 18 prizes, ranging from $25 to $1, 3 shots for 50 cents, 3 best tickets to count. There was a special prize of a fine bronze figure with a French clock attached valued at $25, which was to go to the shooter making the best 15 tickets. There was a cash prize of $6 for the best 12 tickets. There was also a cash prize of $4 for the best 10 tickets. There was a special prize of $5 for a score of 40 points, all ties to divide. The range was the short or 50yds. range, the target 18, ¼in. rings, with a 6in. black. The rifles were Winchester single-loaders, .32.20, with open sights.

The competing marksmen who struggled hard during the four days' tournament to reach the first position were comprised of all classes of shooters from the expert to the Indianisch.

One of the inducements to the experts to hack the programme was a premium of $10 to the one who succeeded in making a full score of 54 points.

Among the prominent marksmen who were present and participated in shooting during the four days were F. C. Ross, Louis Flach, M. Dorrler, R. Busse, L. P. Hansen, Ignatz Martin, E. Fisher, Emil Berckman, L. Buss, John Rebhan, Henry Mahlenbrock and others.

The contest for the special prize for the best 15 tickets developed a nice little race between Messrs. Ross, Flach, Busse and Marten, and at the close of the shoot the four competitors stood in the order in which they are given above. On a total of over 700 points there was only a difference of 10 points between the first and the fourth.

On Wednesday, the last day, there were several occasions when some of the experts in which were included Messrs. Ross, Marten, Hansen and Busse had an opportunity for a full score in case they made a flag on the last shoot, but in each instance the fates were against the shooter; 52 out of the possible 54 was made by five different individuals, but none could approach the possible. Twelve individuals tied for the special prize of $5 for a score of 40 points, each got 35 cents.

Over 800 tickets were shot during the four days, which gave the shooting committee a small balance to turn into the general fund. After the prizes had been distributed the shooters assembled gave Chairman Gassman and his committee three hearty cheers and a tiger.

Each society belonging to the Association is credited with one or more representatives (delegates), each of whom is entitled to three shots on the king target. The delegate making the bigbest score is crowned king of the festival and honored with the king medal. It is a matter of much pride among the many societies to have its delegate secure the coveted prize. On this occasion the New York City Schuetzen Corps was the lucky society, and ex-Capt. Christ D. Rehm the happy individual who sported the crown and was adorned with the medal of honor. The scores and premiums will be found appended.

Champion medal—For most points, Ignatz Martin, 1,474.

Special trophy—For best 15 tickets, Fred C. Ross, French clock.

First medal for 3 best tickets, M. Dorrler; second medal, R. Busse; third medal, L. P. Hansen.

Prize target—Three shots per ticket, two best to count, 18 prizes, possible 108:

F C Ross	52	52—104	J Tohler	50	49—99
L Flach	52	52—104	L Buss	49	49—98
I Marten	52	52—104	E Berckman	50	48—98
R Busse	52	51—103	A Stoll	50	48—98
L Vogel	52	51—103	H Radloff	49	48—97
M Dorrler	51	51—102	M Haherthur	49	48—97
G Schlicht	51	50—101	J Christian	49	47—96
E Fischer	50	50—100	M Dusanck	49	47—96
L P Hansen	50	51—101	J Tholke	49	47—96

Ring target—Tickets 3 shots, 12 prizes, possible 54: F. C. Ross 52, M. Dorrler 52, J. Rebhan 52, E. Berckman 51, R. Busse 51, L. Flach 51, L. P. Hansen 51, J. Christian 50, M. Gehrder 50, I. Marten 50, A. Stoll 50, J. Tobler 50, L. Vogel 50.

Golden Gate Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 15.—I send you notes from the Golden Gate. Shell Mound range was full of life last Sunday, several hundred shooters, civil and military, being present. The German Schuetzen Club held a public prize shoot, the feature of the day being A. Johnson's luck on his first honorary ticket, viz., three shots, 25, 24, 25—74. A. Strecker was second with 71. A string of 69s, 68s, etc., followed. Some good scores with the Springfield were made in the military shoot, Poulter making 49 and 48 on Blount target in two successive scores.

The Columbia Club held its medal and all-comers' contests. A good many of the pistol cracks participated in the contest for the Blanding medal. Some fine work was also done with the Springfield rifle. Little enthusiasm was expended on the target rifle. In fact it is apparently a difficult feat to do expert work with three, or even two, styles of weapons all on the same day. The honors on the pistol range fell to Mr. Pape and the president. The contest between these enthusiasts afforded some amusement to the other members. Mr. P. arrived bright and early on the range and "piled up" fine scores. The president did not arrive until after lunch. The first squad of men he met on entering the range included Mr. P., who said, "Doctor, you don't need to take your pistol from its case to-day, as I'm on top—90 in members' contest and 93 in all-comers'." "Hard to beat," was the answer. A couple of hours subsequently P. and the other members were invited by the president to partake of liquid refreshments in celebration of his beating P. on 90-92, Creedmooring the latter in each instance. Young made the brilliant score of 90 with target rifle. Scores:

Pistol, 50yds., no re-entry, club medals—Champion class: E. Hovey 86, C. M. Daiss 84, F. O. Young 83, S Carr 80, A. Johnson 78. First class—Dr. L. O. Rodgers 90, A. H. Pape 90, D. McLaughlin 81, J. E. Klein 81, F. Poulter 74, P. Bohr 62. Second class—L. Zimmerman 78, A. Fetz 76, Kennedy 75.

All-comers' pistol, re-entry: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 93, A. H. Pape 93, Daiss 91, F. O. Young 90, S. Carr 90.

Rifle, 200yds., members only, no re-entry—Champion class—A. Johnson 82, Young 80, Hovey 77, Rodgers 74, McLaughlin 73, Brown 71. First class—A. H. Pape 76, H. Hellberg 78, P. Bohr —. Second class—C. M. Daiss 75, A. Fetz 71, C. C. Ludington 63, A. H. Kennedy 55.

Rifle, all-comers', re-entry: F. O. Young 90, A. H. Pape 84, Dr. Rodgers 80, C. M. Daiss 75.

Springfield, 200yds., standard American target: A. H. Pape 81, F. Poulter 80, F. O. Young 79, C. Perry 58. ROEEL.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

THE New York Central Corps, Capt D. Meerse, held its monthly practice shoot at the Union Hill Park Aug. 14. Thirty-five members were present and participated in the shoot. The weather was fine and some good scores were made.

Henry D. Muller raised his record on the ring target to 73 out of a possible 75. Scores, ring target, 3-shot scores, two to count:

Champion Class.

H D Muller	73	63—136	Capt Meerse	56	52—108
P F Schmidt	67	64—131	J Reitweisner	47	42—89
John Schroeder	59	55—114			

First Class.

John Eisenhardt	69	58—127	F Richards	53	53—106

Second Class.

Jos Jordan	64	59—123	M Teschmacher	60	56—116
Emil Berckman	62	60—122	W Teschmacher	56	47—103
Koch	61	61—122	F Bauman	53	39—92

Third Class.

M Ficken	61	58—119	J Lowe	39	35—74
J Forsch	55	52—107			

Fourth Class.

J Jutgens				38	34—72

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: Schmidt 57, Eisenhardt 56, Ficken 55, Schroeder 55, Jutgens 54, Muller 52, Jordan 51, Berckman 50, Reitweisner 49, Bauman 45.

Bullseye target (flags): Reitweisner 3, Schroeder 2, Muller 2, Eisenhardt 3, Richter 1, Berckman 3, Koch 2, Jordan 1. Grammerman 1, Bauman 1, Ficken 2, Forsch 1, Jutgens 2, Tonjes 1.

Point target (most points): Champion class—Schroeder 79, Reitweisner 74, Schmidt 37. First class—Rohde 38. Second class—Jordan 49, Koch 20, Berckman 14. Third class—Lowe 36, Schneeweiss 29, Forsch 18. Fourth class—Tonjes 12, Jutgens 6.

Medal winners: Champion, Reitweisner; first class, Eisenhardt; second class, Berckman; third class, Ficken; third class, Tonjes.

Rifle at San Antonio.

THE regular medal shoots of the San Antonio Rifle Club took place at the River avenue range on the 19th as follows: 200yds., muzzle rest, 10 shots per man:

Texas Field	9	10	9	9	8	7	9	9	10	8—88
A Guenther	11	11	10	11	7	8	7	8	8	12—95
E Dosch	7	10	9	9	9	6	8	12	7	9—86
Ad Altman	11	11	9	10	9	8	9	9	9	9—94
R Neuman	6	9	9	8	7	9	7	9	8	5—77
C Hummel	9	8	8	10	10	7	9	7	12	8—88

Two hundreds yards, off hand, 10 shots per man:

Texas Field	10	9	3	7	6	7	6	6	9	10—74
	10	9	9	8	6	7	7	6	7	4—73
	10	7	6	7	8	5	8	10	10	10—81
A Guenther	8	9	9	6	6	7	7	9	5	5—71
	5	9	8	5	5	8	4	7	8	6—65
	10	8	7	4	8	9	6	5	10	3—73

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, N. J., Aug. 21.—At the weekly gallery shoot of the Schlicht Rifle Club held at headquarters last night the following scores were made: Medal winners: Geo. Schlicht, champion medal; Jacob Diehl, first-class medal; Geo. Reichert, second class medal; Chas. Meyer, third class medal. Scores: C. Meyer 229, Geo. Lautenberger 214, Geo. Schlicht 214, Geo. Reichert 225, Aug. Meyer 223, Louis Dorr 210, Geo. Dorr 235, Capt. Deidrick 219, Jacob Diehl 233, Mike Daus 230, Wm. Schlicht 238, Fred Lambrix 225, Conrad Schlicht 220.

Greenville Rifle Club.

FOURTEEN members of the Greenville Rifle Club attended the weekly gallery shoot at headquarters on Friday night. Scores: First class—Collins 238, Scheeline 238, Plaisted 239, C. Boag 236, Dorrler 239, Purkess 239. Second class—Agneau 232, Charlock 227, Gotthardt 208, Chase 232. Third class—E. Wuestner, Jr. 220, E. A. Graef 221, F. Wuestner 198, G. Reuker 21[illegible].

Wants a Favorite Cleaning Recipe.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just taken up the .22 rifle (a Colt) and shoot it daily. I feel a triple satisfaction in any skill attained, because I know it means not only increased proficiency with a heavier caliber, but also when one does wing shooting with the shotgun. So far all is pleasant, but there comes a time to settle with the man who manipulates the violin, so to speak, *i. e.*, cleaning time. It is comparatively easy to clean a large caliber, but not so with its dwarf brother. It seems an endless task. Now I will be obliged if some one will suggest an abbreviated process, some "favorite way," that works quick. Another thing, I think there must be lead in the barrel. Will some one suggest a cure in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM? .45-GOVT.

A New Take Down Repeater.

THE Marlin Fire Arms Co. have put upon the market their new "take down" repeating rifle, which embodies several original features. The device which enables it to be taken apart is simple and possesses all the strength requisite to insure firmness at the joint. An attractive feature is the fact that barrels of different calibers are now interchangeable. Sportsmen may use both the .32-40 and .38-55 barrels on the same stock, and the .38-44 and .44-40 are similarly interchangeable. Smooth-bore barrels for collectors are also furnished, and as the Marlin action permits the use of cartridges of varying length less than the maximum, it will be seen that a great variety of charges may be used.

New York Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Aug. 25.—Scores of the New York Rifle Club, standard American target, 200yds. Class match:

Herrington	10	8	9	8	8	11	12	9	6—	84
Maj Shorkley	10	9	9	9	8	7	9	7—	83
Young	8	8	11	8	6	8	9	6—	78

Rest Match.

F Barker	12	12	10	9	10	12	12	8	12	9—	
Young	8	9	8	9	8	8	9	7	7	10—	

RIFLE NOTES.

THAT nitro powder is capable of imparting wonderful force to a projectile is well understood by many of our sportsmen. While attending the practice shoot of the New York Independent Corps at the New Glendale Park, Long Island, recently, an opportunity was presented to witness some shooting made with one of the German military rifles, Mauser 6 M. caliber, model 1888, using Troisdorf nitro. The arm was brought into the park by a representative of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company for the purpose of showing the members the qualities of the Troisdorf powder as well as those of the favorite arm of the Fatherland. Several of the riflemen tried the rifle at the 200yds. range, but owing to its not being properly sighted, or other causes not apparent at the time, no one made much of a success in hitting the bullseye. Finally some one proposed testing the rifle at a target for penetration. So, in company with the representative of the powder company, a party of shooters resorted to the park grounds looking for a suitable target. The park contains many oak and chestnut trees of generous dimensions. After a few preliminary shots at 8 and 12in. trees without stopping the bullets, a large chestnut whose center looked sound and healthy, and whose diameter was 30in. or more in measurement, was selected for a final test. A shot was fired at this tree. It passed through the tree and out on the opposite side, going through 28 to 30in. of what appeared to be solid wood. There is no doubt of the penetration and long-range qualities of the arm and cartridge, but the accuracy of the combination is an unknown quantity. If the military rifle of the future is no more accurate the soldier will bury his dread of its destructive qualities in his contempt for its accuracy.

Nitros in the rifle is a question of much interest to riflemen at this time. The query is put to us almost daily which is the best? and how do you use it? We would be most happy to impart this information to inquiring riflemen provided we carried any in stock, but the truth of the matter is, that our measure of confidence has received such rough usage of late that we are unable to keep the accumulation long enough to make a division with our brother riflemen.

Ferdinand Fabarius used nitro (Troisdorf) in his 32-20 Ballard at the Zettler shoot last week, using 10grs. weight. He says he got his shots about where he expected.

Ross tried the same rifle and ammunition for a 10-shot string, he kept the 10 shots in the black, making a total of 205. B. Zettler tried Dr. Chadbourn's rifle upon the machine rest last week. Our readers will recall a score published some weeks since made by Mr. Zettler, using this same rifle (Stevens 25-10). Zettler's score was so fine that both the doctor and himself became impressed with the desire to try the arm from the machine rest. A series of 50 shots was tried with both Winchester and U. M. C. ammunition, the best group was a little over 8in. in diameter, the widest 11in. The result of this test calls to mind one of Zettler's stock expression, which is that: "A rifle that varies is good for a poor shooter."

During the past week we have given considerable time to the practical trial of nitro in the rifle. The powder used was Troisdorf, and the rifles Ballard .38-55 and Winchester .32-20. Our mode of procedure was to first place the rifle upon the machine rest and target it with the factory ammunition adapted to the arm. Then with the nitro we proceeded to try various loads of the latter, to find if possible the proper quantity that would give the most uniform result in point of accuracy or grouping of the shots. An impression derived from a limited personal experience, and information gained from the experience of others engaged in experimenting with nitro in the rifle, lead us to believe that the best results would be arrived at by using a charge that would give a velocity as little above that of the regular black powder charge as possible. The instructions given by the manufacturers for loading the Troisdorf nitro called for 10grs. (weight) in the .32cal. and 12½grs. in the .38cal., with the additional advice that the unfilled space in the shell should be filled up with felt wads. These loads shot from the rifles, targeted previously with black powder, did not give velocity sufficient to reach the target (200yds.) We then began to increase the charge, using .38-55cal. rifle and 300grs. lead bullet, until we attained the elevation of the black powder charge. This elevation was found when the charge reached 35grs. measure or 27grs. weight. The grouping of the shots was so erratic (scattering) that we then felt compelled to seek for some means to overcome the trouble. Thinking that the heavy wadding might be the "Jonah," we commenced to discard the wads; we followed this line of procedure until the bullet rested upon the powder, with the point barely flush with the mouth of the shell. This mode of loading gave the best results attained during the trial when using lead bullets, and gave us patterns approximating the black powder loads. There was one feature in the action of the powder, which appeared to us unfavorable, and that was that there was a large residuum of unburned powder left in the barrel after each discharge. Subsequent experiments developed the fact that with a minimum charge of 5grs. there was the residuum of unburned powder still to be found in the barrel. Gathering together a quantity of this unburned powder, we found that the graphite finish was gone, leaving it in its original or unfinished state, with much more apparent energy than in its finished state. The query occurred to us, "Has not the manufacturer in trying to make the powder safe, overstepped the mark and made it too safe? Further experiments, using the Winchester copper-covered bullet, 255grs., with 17grs. of powder, developed the same apparent velocity as with the previous charge of 27grs. and the 300grs. lead bullet, and gave a better grouping of the bullets on the target than the black powder load. Experiments with the .32-20 Winchester rifle leads to the belief that the best results will be reached with the smaller caliber caliber. But there is yet a long journey through the field of experiments before our manufacturers will attain the desired end.

The Our Own Rifle Club of Hoboken will move its headquarters to No. 80 Hudson street on Sept. 4. This used to be the headquarters of the Miller Rifle Club. Capt. Haucken and his board of officers are making a strong effort to make the Our Own Club one of the strongest in North Hudson.

The members and friends of the Greenville Rifle Club, numbering nearly two hundred, went down to the Banks on the steamer John Lennox on Aug. 19 for a day's fishing. The excursionists were favored with good weather and succeeded in having a first class time. A large number of fish were secured in which blackfish, sea bass, sea robins and the katzenjammer figured prominently. The latter is best known among German fishermen and is said not to be a desirable catch, although often met with on the Banks.

Dr. E. R. Chadbourne and Maj. Geo. Shalkley started out on Monday for a few weeks' vacation up in Maine. Both gentlemen went prepared for woodchuck and squirrel.

The fall meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association opens at Sea Girt next Monday and will be continued during the week. To those who delight in hearing the crack of the rifle a day spent at New Jersey's popular campus will not be lost. The skirmish firing drill as conducted under the new tactics will be one of the interesting features of the meeting.

The Union Hill Schuetzen Park, Union Hill, N. J., was sold under foreclosure proceedings some days since. It is reported that the Plattdeutsche Verein expect to secure the park, in which case it will be refitted for picnics and shooting purposes as well as a home for indigent Germans.

Newark Shooting Society, 1846–1894.

THE Newark Shooting Society, which is claimed hy its members to be the oldest, or at least one of the oldest, shooting societies in the country, has been for a number of years in a condition bordering on dissolution. Some months since, however, a few of the members who yet retain their love for the rifle and the associations connected with the society, determined to reorganize and if possible inject a little new life into the old society. A meeting was decided upon and notices sent out to all the old members. A meeting was held, and it was the means of bringing together a number of old riflemen, who, although they reside in the same city, had not met in years. The result was that the society was reorganized and given a new lease of life. It was also decided to hold a festival on Aug. 21 and have a shoot open to the members. In lieu of the dearth of cash in the society's treasury, it was decided to collect together all of the club trophies won hy the society in years past and put them up as prizes to he competed for. The committee appointed for the purpose of hunting up the many trophies known to he in the hands of the members, succeeded in collecting together an interesting lot of silverware. One of the goblets in the collection had heen in the possession of the society since 1849. It came originally from Switzerland, being a prize won by one of the members of the society in Switzerland some years previous. Another interesting trophy was the Centennial cup, won by the Newark Society team in Philadelphia in 1876. A silver pitcher and tray was another prize worth winning. Then there was a large cup which would make the heart of any militiaman happy to possess. The ahove trophies were followed hy many others of lesser value.

When the shoot was opened on Aug. 21 all the ancient ware was displayed in a prominent place in the shooting house. It was expected that the value of these trophies as well as their early associations would be the means of bringing out a large number of the old members and friends of the society to compete for their possession. The result, however, was rather disappointing to the management, as only ahout twenty members put in an appearance, and all of these did no go into the competition.

In order to give all of the memhers as near an equal chance in the shooting as possihle the hullseye target with a 4in. center was brought into use, and the member who made the best center shot got first choice of the prizes, and the next best the second, etc. After the close of the shooting the centers were measured and the lucky competitors were found to stand as follows: G. Weigman 145 degrees, Wm. Hayes 203½, F. C. Watts 247, J. T. B Collins 289, F. Laute 364, A. Fisch 386½, A. Wiss 394, A. Begerow 438½, A. Seitz 524.

Honor target.—In connection with the competition for the trophies was the honor or king target, in which each member was allowed three shots on the ring target for the king's medal. A. Seitz with a score of 69 got the king's medal and the honors for 1894.

Point (flag) target, 12in. bull (blue), 6in. inner (white), and 3in. center (red).—All money shot in on this target was divided into three equal parts and paid out to each competitor according to the flag tickets held by each. The reds paid 43 cents each, the whites 8 cents, and the blues 11 cents.

	Red.	White.	Blue.		Red.	White.	Blue.
Laute	1	1	6	Wiss		6	5
E Burns	1	4	0	Fisch	1	9	9
Collins	2	7	5	Hansen	11	43	15
Hayes	2	5	3	Watts	2	6	5
Weigman	1	7	9	Begerow	1	12	5
Seitz		4	4	Felsburg		5	5

Honor target, 3 shots, possible 75: Begerow 67, Laute 60, Seitz 69, Egner 42, Garick 45, Wiss 43, Watts 61, Burns 47, Collins 61, Felsburg 62, Krueger 53, Weigman 59, Hayes 64, Fisch 44, Rommal 20.

Revolver Shooting in England.

THE wind blew so hard on Aug. 14, the shooting day of the South London Rifle Club, that the members did not shoot at 50yds., only 20yds. in the revolver competitions. Below are the results, which are exceptionally good considering that it blew harder than members ever remember to have shot in: Walter Winans 38, Rand 37, Capt. Heath 36, Clementi-Smith 35, Howe 33.

Below are the details of the leading scores for the revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club to date:

	20yds.	50yds.	Total.
Walter Winans	41 41 40 40 40 39	30 29	300
Rand	40 40 39 39 38 38	28 27	293
C F Lowe	40 39 39 39 38 38	27 27	289
Skilton	40 39 39 39 38 38	27 27	287
Capt. Cowan	38 38 38 38 37 36	27 26	278
Maj. Munday	39 37 38 36 36 37	28 27	277
Capt. Richardson	38 36 35 34 34 34	27 25	263
Carter	36 36 36 36 35 34	24 23	260
Ashby	36 35 34 33 32 32	28 25	255
Clementi-Smith	35 34 34 34 31 30	29 28	255

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 29.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fifth tournament, at Auburn.

Aug. 29.—STAUNTON, Va., Gun Club tournament. J. M. Kinney, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Endeavor Gun Club's annual shoot, Marion, N. J. E Hollister, Sec'y, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Sept. 3.—PUTNEY, Vt —New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Putney Gun Club.

Sept. 3.—ELIZABETH (N. J.) Gun Club. Live birds and targets. All day shoot.

Sept. 4-7.—NEW LONDON, Conn.—Standard Keystone Co.'s seventh annual tournament. James W. Clinton, Sec'y.

Sept. 11-13.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., second annual tournament, on the grounds of the North End Shooting Club.

Sept. 19 20.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Chattanooga Gun Club, at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sept. 20.—PENACOOK, N. H.-New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Penacook Gun Club.

Sept. 25-26.—Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club tournament, with Central New York League team shoot, at Rochester. J. B. Mullan, Sec'y.

Sept. 26.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, sixth tournament, at Rochester.

Oct. 3-5.—West Newhurgh (N Y.) Gun and Rifle Association tournament. Last day live birds. W. C. Gibbs, Sec'y.

Oct. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club, at Charleston, S. C.

Oct. 11.—LEWISTON, Me —New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Androscoggin Gun Club.

Oct. 22-24.—Emerald Gun Club tournament, at Dexter Park. Targets and live birds. Dr. G. V. Hudson, Sec'y, 9 Madison street, New York.

Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at Utica.

Oct. 25.—RICHMOND, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Richmond Gun Club.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

1895.

April 3-5 —Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York.

May.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The following scores were made in a recent team match at 25 targets per man shot at Grand Rapids, Mich.: Captain, Thomas Friant 16, C. B. Kelsey 20, M. J. Walton 21, George H. Davidson 20, H. G. Gilmore 16, H. K Summers 17, J. H. P. Hughart 9, T. Stewart White 10, George Barrs 18, C. S. Elkerton 9, Fred Avery 15—170. Captain, E. Crofton Fox 14, Harry Whiddicomb 14, Ralph H. Widdicomb 17, George A. Gould 12, C. F. Rood 12, W. S. Coleman 15, William Woodworth 14, George W. Nelson 15, W. B. Freleigh 11, Mark Norris 13, E. E. Dryden 7—144.

The trap-shooting contests will be an important feature of the Iowa State Fair, to be held at Des Moines on Sept. 4, 5 and 6, the management having added $100 to the purses. The programme comprises five events each day at 10, 15 and 20 singles and 6 pairs. On the second day there will he a contest for teams of two men each from any county or any gun club in the State, at 50 singles per man, $5 entry with $50 added by the Fair Association.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 22.—The Riverton challenge plate for live-pigeon shooting was won again to-day hy Rohert A. Welch, his opponent this time being Leonard Finletter. Welch won by one hird, the score heing 91 to 90. The match was shot on the Riverton (N. J.) Gun Club grounds, and proved to he most exciting. Welch won, but it was not until within plain sight of the last that he captured the lead, after having trailed along behind for nearly nine-tenths of the time. Finletter shot well from the start, and when Welch encountered ugly birds and made two misses in the first three shots, he took the lead. He killed 46 straight, but after that his work was much more uncertain, and as Welch settled down and did grand work toward the end, he gradually overhauled his youthful antagonist. It was a great contest of skill, and the experience of Welch turned the tide in his favor. At the 83d bird he tied the score, and this seemed to dishearten Finletter, who missed at 85 and 89, giving Welch a lead of two at 90. The latter lost a couple in the last ten, hut Finletter let an easy one get away and was hopelessly lost. This was the eighth contest for the plate, and Welch now has five victories to his credit. It was the sixth time also that the prize was won by a single bird. After the match G. C. Thomas and T. S. Dando shot a match for the Riverton memhers' championship plate. It was a handicap, Thomas being allowed to stand at 26yds., while Dando stood at 30, and the former was also allowed to shoot at 54 birds, against 50 for Dando. They tied at 47 each, and in the shoot off Dando won by killing 9 birds to Thomas's 8.

The Emerald Gun Club had a good day's sport at Dexter Park, on Aug. 24, there being 24 members present. In the club shoot at 10 live birds, club handicap rises, the scores were: G. Nowak 5, P. Butz 8, J. Woelfel 7, T. P. McKenna 9, E. Doeinck 8, Dr. G. V. Hudson 8, J. H. Moore 9, Thomas Short 7, C Stuetzle 3, J. H. Voss 8, S. P. Leveridge 9, R. Regan 9, F. W. Place 7. N. Maesel 7, P. Fogerty 8, H. Thau 6, P. J. Fitzgerald 9, C. W. Floyd 8, M. Herrington 8, F. Walters 10, C. Fred Hamilton 3, O. Bowen 7, M. Quinn 5, T. Codey 6. Afterward there was a 6-bird sweepstake event in which 12 shooters took part, and M. Herrington, C. W. Floyd and Dr. G. V. Hudson divided first money, tieing with 6 straight each. The score: M. Herrington 6, C. W. Floyd 6, T. P. McKenna 5, G. Nowak 4, F. Walters 5, Doeinck 5, Col. Vose 5, R. Regan 5, J. H. Moore 3, J. Cohen 4, B. Loeble 4, Dr. G. V. Hudson 6.

The 15-bird match for $50 a side, shot between Morfey and Dunkerly at Paterson, on Aug. 22, proved to he a one-sided affair. The birds were a fine lot of flyers and as usual Morfey out-birded his opponent. Rohert Boyle handled for Morfey and Tom Rodgers did likewise for Dunkerly. The match was ended on the 13th round when Dunkerly was shot out as the scores show:

	← ↗ ← ↖ ↑ ↖ ↗ ↙ ← ↗ ↖ ← ←
Morfey	0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
	↗ ↑ ← ↗ ↖ ↖ ↑ ↗ ↖ ← ↑ ← ←
Dunkerly	1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 1— 6

PEEKSKILL. N. Y., Aug. 21.—The Marlborough Gun Club and the Peekskill Gun Club had a match shoot on the grounds of the Peekskill Club, Union avenue, this city, yesterday afternoon. The following were the total scores: Marlborough—Vail 24, Millard 21, Covert 20, Frost 20, Baxter 16, Bingham 16, Fuller 20, Rhoades 21; total 158. Peekskill—Thomas 25, Everinghim 25, Horton 25, Wygant 23, Southard 25, Perry 23, Halstead 24, Mason 24; total 192.

Frank Class, the major domo of shooting affairs in and about Morristown, N. J., announces an all day shoot at live pigeons, to be held on the Morsistown Driving Park on Labor Day, beginning at 9:30 A.M. The events will be 7 birds, $5 entry, handicap; 5 hirds, $3 entry, handicap; 10 birds, $8 entry, handicap, and 13 hirds, $10 entry, with handicaps from 25 to 32yds. A gold watch will be awarded to the shooter making the best average in all events.

The Walsrode Gun Club of Newark held a shoot on Aug. 23, the first event being a contest at 25 targets per man between teams of three men each. The result was: Perment 22, Reibold 12, Young 18; total, 52. Leithauesser 16, Dr. Roth 18, Winters 16; total, 51. Sweeps at 10 targets: Roth 9, Perment 8, Winters 8.

The new club house of the Chillicothe (Ohio) Gun Club will be 15×15ft., divided into two rooms, one for a reception room and the other to be used for offices and storeroom. There will be an 8ft. wide verandah extending across the front of the building.

Eugene Pierre, of Boonton, N. J., and T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, will face the trap at Sam Rodgers' shooting grounds on Sept. 11 in a gun-helow-the-elbow match at 15 live birds, for $50 a side, 30yds. rise, 80yds. houndary.

In the final contest for the *Sports and Amusements* hadge of the Minneapolis Gun Club J. Joyslin was the victor with 87 breaks out of a possible 100. Mrs. Shattuck, the crack lady shot of the State, scored 76.

The final match of the series between the West End, Forester and Highland gun clubs, which took place at Davenport, was won by the Forester team, this giving them the series.

J. A. R. Elliott has challenged Dr. Carver to another series of three 100-bird matches for $100 a side and $100 on the odd match, the series to be completed before Oct. 1.

Don't forget the Endeavor Gun Club tournament to he held on Al. Heritage's Marion grounds on Lahor Day. Pleuty of good lunch will be on hand.

There will be a rush to New London next week and some hard shooting for the handsome and valuahle prizes and trophies.

Targets only will be used at the tournament of the West Jersey Gun Club at Camden, N. J. on Sept. 12 and 13.

There will be a live hird shoot at Scanlon's Hotel, Dunshach's Ferry, near Troy, on Labor Day.

The Highland Gun Cluh, of Des Moines, Ia., will hold a tournament on Oct. 16, 17 and 18.

The Paterson Gun Club will hold its monthly shoot at live birds next Tuesday.

The Rahway (N. J.) Gun Club will have an open shoot on Labor Day.

There will be an all day's shoot at Elizaheth on Labor Day.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug 21.—No. 1, 25 targets each man, known traps, unknown angles, American Association rules:

Nelson	1111011111100111111011111—21
Terry	1111101101101111001111101—19
Dornin	1111111111111111111101110—23
Moorman	0011111111110111111101010—19
Empie	1110011101111111111111001—20
Scott	0000011011100010011011011—12

No. 2, 9 singles and 3 pairs, for Silverton badge, experts:

Terry	111111101	10 10 11—12	Dornin	010011011	11 11 10—10
Wilson	111011111	11 11 11—14	Empie	100011101	10 11 10— 9

Semi-experts.

Scott	000011111	10 11 10—9	E P Miller	010000010	10 10 10—5
Moorman	000001110	00 10 10—5			

No. 3, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Nelson	1111111010111110111110011—20
Terry	0101111111010110011111111—19
Dornin	0101111111011101111110110—19
Moorman	0011100111100011111101110—16
Empie	0011111011110111011111011—19

Known traps and angles:

E P Miller	1000111111011110001101011—16
Scott	1111111001111100111101101—19
Edmonds	0000001000000100110101111— 9

Emerald Gun Club.

DEXTER PARK, Aug. 21.—Conditions 10 live birds per man, 80yds. boundary, Emerald Gun Club rules:

G Nowak (28yds)	101002●201— 5	F W Place (25)	1202101202— 7
P Butz (28)	1210210121— 8	N Maesel (25)	1021022012— 7
J Woelfel (25)	1021●12012— 7	F Fogarty (30)	2012220221— 8
T P McKenna (25)	1211220121— 9	H Thau (28)	102201●202— 6
E Doeinck (30)	1120121012— 8	P J Fitzgerald (28)	2122202121— 9
Dr G V Hudson (28)	12112112●0 — 8	C W Floyd (28)	1201212●12— 8
J A Moore (25)	1121012212— 9	M Herrington (30)	211●221022— 8
T Short (28)	1●21012201— 7	F Walters (30)	1221122221—10
C Stuetzle (28)	0001020100 — 3	C F Hamilton (25)	0001001200— 3
J H Voss (30)	1012●12121— 8	O Bowen (28)	12012●1201— 7
Dr S Leveredge (28)	1012212112— 9	M Quinn (25)	0020120202— 5
R Regan (25)	1120121221— 9	T Codey (25)	12012●2020— 6

Twenty-four members faced the traps. The birds were a fair lot for this time of the year and the shooting up to the average.

G. V. HUDSON, M. D., Rec. Sec'y.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, hy Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

"Dayton 295, Freehold 274"

WAS the way it read this afternoon, Aug. 25, when the team match between those pugnacious club's was over. Earlier in the week, with Van Dyke in Memphis, and other members out of call, it looked as if Freehold had worked a "snap convention" on poor Dayton, and there was wailing and gnashing of teeth on the old Monmouth hattleground. But when eight o'clock this morning brought Van Dyke fresh from his Western victories, and the much-sought Phillips showed up with the Princeton delegation, sorrow gave place to rejoicing, and it was conceded that Freehold had no snap, even if they had borrowed Hesse and Throckmorton, of Red Bank, for the occasion. Terms of match were: Teams of 12 men each, 30 targets per man, 15 known, 15 expert, rapid-fire.

The first Dayton squad said: "We are hayseeds, and you don't know us. But watch our smoke." Then they cut loose and broke 54 out of 60, in the first round. Wonder how Fred. Van Dyke, "cock of the walk" at Baltimore and Memphis, felt to he heaten by "farmers" on his own straw pile.

Dayton Team.

Carroll	110111101111110110010110111011—22
McDowell	111111111110111101001111111110—25
Barclay	111111111110111111001101111011—25
Farr	111111101111111111010111111101—26
J Emmons	111011101100111111111111010111—24
Tiffany	111111111111101111111111011111—28
McDonald	111111100011110111101011101111—23
P Emmons	110111110110111111010111100111—22
Allen	101111111111110111111111111111—28
Van Dyke	111111111110111101111111110011—26
Clinton	110111011111111011111101100111—24
Philips	111111011011101111011110110010—22—295

Freehold Team.

Hall	011111111111110111011110010101—23
Campbell	110110101111111101011110110111—23
Laird	111011011111011111100111110111—21
Atkinson	110000000011100111110100110111—16
Davis	111011111101101001111011111111—24
Denise	111111111101111111110101111101—26
Burtis	111111111101110011111101111111—25
Walling	111110001011100110111101010001—18
Hance	111111111111111111111001111100—26
Throckmorton	111101111111011111101101100111—24
O. Hesse	100111111111111111110111111011—26
Sherman	011011111001111111110110011110—22—274

WADS.

Trap at San Antonio.

THE regular trophy shoot of the San Antonio Gun Cluh was held on the 19th at the Lakeview grounds, with the following result:

No. 1, trophy shoot, 10 singles and 5 pairs:

Samuels	22	Black	23	Paris	22
McVickar	16	Eppstein	22	Grossman	17
France	19	Thiele	20	McCormack	21
Cann	8	Rothwell	27	Phillips	18
Shields	17	Barr	17	Weyel	16
Vollbrecht	17				

Mr. J. N. Rothwell thus placed another winning to his credit for the trophy of '94, which makes him one ahead of all competitors. Thiele is a close second, with Samuels in third place.

No. 2, 15 singles: Samuels 14, Rothwell 11, Grossman 11, Epstein 6, France 12, Thiele 6, Cann 5, Volbrecht 9, McCormack 9, Black 11.

No. 3. This was a shoot for a handsome silver cup generously donated for that purpose by Mr. McVickar. The second class men were given three dead hirds in 30 singles:

First Class.

McVickar	19	Black	24	Samuels	24
Thiele	27	McCormack	26	France	23
Paris	23	Rothwell	26		

Second Class.

Barr	23	Phillips	26	Grossman	25
Epstein	27	Cann	16	Shields	21

In the tie shoot Epstein won the shoot.

O. C. G.

Peekskill vs. Marlborough.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Team race, 8 men to a team, 25 targets, rapid-firing system:

Marlborough Team.

Vail	0111111111111111111111111—24
Millard	1110110111110111101111111—21
Covert	1111010111111111111111000—20
Frost	1101111110111101101111011—20
Baxter	1110100110010111101101110—16
Bingham	1000101101110111110111100—16
Fuller	1111101110111101110111011—20
Rhodes	0111111101111011101111111—21—158

Peekskill Team.

Pierce	1111111111111111111111110—24
Everinghim	1111111111111111111111111—25
Horton	1111111111111111111111111—25
Wygant	1111111111111111110111101—23
F Southard	1111111111111111111111111—25
Perry	1111111110111111111111011—23
Halsted	1011111111111111111111111—24
Mason	1111101111111111111111111—24—193

A rainy day. The Marlborough Club used a variety of loads and ammunition. Our club used one uniform load of Walsrode.

B. C. EVERINGHIM, Sec'y P. G. C.

The Millerton Gun Club.

MILLERTON, N. Y., Aug 21 —Three memhers of our cluh went out to-day for a little practice at the traps. A strong and fitful wind was blowing from the northwest, causing the hirds to fly in a very erratic manner that is sometimes puzzling even to a veteran.

Cline shot at only 10 birds, scoring 8, A. Binton shot at 48, breaking 24 of them. As he had never faced the traps hut once before, we think he made a very fine showing under the circumstances. Joe Brinton shot at 105, scoring 96, making his percentage 91 43-100. The last string of ten was shot after sunset, and shadows were so heavy that it was very hard to see the birds, thrown as they were against a dark green hackground. This is Jones's first season at trap-shooting, and we doubt if any amateur in the country could beat his score of today under like conditions. The scores in detail follow:

Cline	1101111101—8
A Brinton	110111001010100010010000011011011000101101111001—24
J Brinton	1111111101111101101011111110111111111010111111111111 11111011111111111111111111111011111111111111111111 —96

D. WILKINSON, Sec'y.

Putney New England Tournament.

PUTNEY, Vt., Aug. 22.—The New England Shooting Association tournament, held under the auspices of the Putney Rod and Gun Club, at Putney, Vt., Sept. 3 and 4, promises to he a decided success, and every effort will be made to present an attractive programme. The principal events the first day will be the individual and team championship matches, open to residents of New England only, the sweepstake events open to all. The second day's principal event will he a merchandise match, at 25 targets, with seven or eight prizes. All shooters coming from southern New England should come via Springfield and Greenfield, Mass., north on B. & M. Railroad, and from the north via Rutland and White River Junction through Bellows Falls, Vt. Every one interested in trap-shooting is invited to come and participate in the various events, and we insure them an equal chance with no favors shown.

Any further information in regard to this tournament will he cheerfully furnished by writing to W. E. Ayer, Putney, Vt.

Vernon Gun Club.

VERNON, Texas, Aug. 20.—Weekly cluh shoot at hluerocks:

Goore	000011011111101	11 10 11—14
Gales	010011000100001	00 11 10— 8
Houssels	110001101001001	11 10 10—10
Hope	000100110010001	10 01 00— 7
L G Hawkins	100010111110101	00 01 00—10
Lorance	110111011110110	10 10 01—14
Matthews	010011111111110	11 10 01—15
Massie	000000011001010	10 10 11— 8
Potter	101011000010000	00 00 01— 6

G. M. C.

A New Jersey Boy Wants to Shoot.

I AM a boy and never shot at a target up to June of this year, but I would like to challenge any boy in New Jersey under sixteen years of age to a match at 25, 50 or 100, or more, hluerock targets, known or unknown angles, or both, the loser to pay for birds. I also challenge any hoy of above age to a competitive exhibition of fancy rifle shooting for the junior championship of New Jersey. If you want any reference please write to the secretary of the Princeton Gun Club, of which I am a member.

GEORGE A. RULE.

WOPSONONOCK.

The success, or otherwise, of a trap-shoting tournament depends actually on the weather. Let the management plan everything carefully beforehand, and leave no stone unturned to have all things in working order prior to the hour set for the first "pull," if the clerk of the weather is ungenerous, bilious or dyspeptic, and twists the wrong spigot, that particular tournament is bound to be a failure.

There was good reason, therefore, for Manager Shaner to hang his head and mope around the veranda of the Hotel Wopsononock on the morning of Aug. 20. Sunday, Aug. 19, had opened bright and fine, only to close with a heavy thunderstorm, following which a cloud so thick that to see more than 50yds. was an impossibility, settled down on the top of "Wopsy" and stayed there until about 9 A. M. on Monday morning. Shaner, of course, was up at cock-crow. Everything was dripping wet, and the cloud of the previous night was still there. The prospect was discouraging, and Elmer Shaner refused to be comforted. When Ira Williams, the farmer who runs the home farm at Wopsononock, in reply to a question as to how long it might last, answered that it might keep on in that way tor a week, Shaner's cranial covering prepared to turn gray. It didn't "last a week," however. Nine o'clock saw the sun out and shining, and weather prophets promised a fine week. These latter were correct.

Had the Altoona Gun Club ordered their weather, they couldn't have asked for anything better than that which lasted during the whole of the four days of the fourth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, held at Wopsononock on Aug. 21-24 last.

Monday afternoon, according to promise, practice shooting was indulged in. A 100-target race, 50 known and 50 unknown angles, was the programme. Two full squads took part in the race, some good scores, so far as I can remember, being made. What became of those score sheets I don't know and I can't find anybody else who does. After the decision of the above race a move was made to the shooting park of the Altoona Gun Club, where a "walking match," doubles and other events were shot off. All this was only preparatory to the work of the

First Day.

Before going into details as to the shooting on this day, something should be said about the location of the two sets of traps at which all the events on the programme were shot off.

At the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Pennsylvania tournament, held at the Altoona Gun Club's gronnds on June 21 and 22, 1893, a suggestion was made that the proper place for a large shoot would be Lookout Point, the highest point in the Alleghenies and about 1,200yds. distant from Hotel Wopsononock, on the line of the Altoona, Clearfield and Northern R. R. The gun club's grounds proper are about one minute's walk from the hotel, but well appointed as they certainly are they are not suited for a tournament demanding two sets of traps.

From the Lookout on a clear day the view is something that must be seen to be appreciated. A pavilion 40ft. high has been erected at that point, and from it can be seen peaks of mountains whose bases rest in seven counties of the State, one peak almost due south being in Maryland. It was at the Lookout where Wopsononock Mountain descends abruptly into the valley of the "Blue Juniata," that the two sets of traps were located, one on each side of the above mentioned pavilion, right on the edge of the steep declivity. Standing at the 16yds. mark Bald Eagle and Brush mountains, six miles away in an air-line, showed but slightly over the top of the screens, behind which traps and trapper-boys were placed. When a haze filled the valley and shut out those mountains, the background was as perfect as possible. On Monday afternoon a thunderstorm passed down the valley while the sun was shining brilliantly behind the shooters' backs. The result was astonishing. The yellow rings on the Keystones, illuminated by the sunshine, made the task of following the flight of the asphalts dead easy. Those who were shooting then will not soon forget it.

Back of the score were arranged the tents of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, loaned, together with all the other paraphernalia of the Association, to the Altoona Gun Club for use on this occasion. Behind the No. 1 set of traps, to the left of the pavilion, were the tents of Forest and Stream, E. C. Powder Co. and the U. M. C. tent. Between the two last named was the cashier's house, originally the old building which stood where the pavilion now stands. On the other side were the No. 2 set of traps and the tents of the Standard Keystone Co., S. S. Co., V. L. & D. and Tatham's. All known trap and angle events were shot off at No. 2 set of traps, the new traps manufactured by the Standard Keystone Co. being used at this set. Unknown angles wero shot at No. 1, where Manager Shaner had fixed his Association's bluerock traps, Ben O. Bush's pull being utilized for the purpose of springing the traps. Keystone targets were thrown from both sets of traps and did their work well. The placing of the traps and the arranging of the tents, blackboards, etc., was the work of Manager Shaner and his two assistants, "Blinks" and "Jim" Dively. Chris. F. Stoltenberg refereed all the events at No. 2 set of of traps, and did his work acceptably.

The hour set for the opening of the tournament was 9 A.M. It was just 9:10 when "Fuller" called "Pull" and broke the first target thrown in the State shoot of 1894. Event No. 1 had 34 entries, the highest number in any one event of the day, the average being 31. As a proof of how smoothly everything went and how well the traps were working, it is worthy of note that all shooting was over before 5:30 in the evening. By that time everybody was shot to a stand still, several of those present having fired at 290 targets! And that, too, after an enforced delay at lunch time, caused by some misunderstanding on the part of the hotel management. Notwithstanding that delay, and the early hour at which the day's shoot was brought to a close, no less than 8,290 targets were thrown from the two sets of traps.

All events were open on the first day with the exception of the contest for the William Wolstencroft & Sons' trophy, representing the individual championship of the State at targets. Fifty targets per man is the condition of this badge, which was won last year by W. R. Fieles of Christiana. "Billy" Wolstencroft, who seems to have recovered his old time form, won it this year with a total of 48 breaks. "Sullivan" and Shaaber both hustled him pretty hard, making scores of 47, the former dropping his last target.

The rules of the association demand that when a man wins either first or second money in any event, he must shoot at known traps but unknown angles in the next event he takes part. This graduating handicap necessitates a uniformity in the number of targets and entrance money in each event, so as to do away as far as possible with the evil of dropping for place. The system, however, has serious drawbacks and will probably be altered before the State shoot at Philadelphia in 1895. Every open event was at 20 singles, entrance $2.50. Scores:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Ex 1.	Ex.2.
Fuller	15	13	8	16	12	13	17	15	16	14	..	..
Jones	18	19	17	18	18	19	14	20	19	17	18	..
Thurman	18	20	20	19	17	17	18	16	20	17	..	..
Vance	20	16	19	20	19	17	18	18	18	19	..	..
Trego	17	14	13	15	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..
Wellington	15	15	17	17	18	15	19	19	16	16	..	..
Van Dyke	16	18	19	19	19	19	20	16	18	17	20	18
Lands	16	19	14	15	17	18	19	19	18	17	20	18
Brewer	17	18	19	19	18	18	18	19	19	14	..	..
Smeck	16	14	17	15	18	20	13	20	18	..	18	..
Roy	13	14	8	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	19	..
Stout	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sullivan	17	17	17	20	15	16	15	15	19	17	17	..
Henry	15	15	..	..	..	19	..	16	..	..	..	..
Shaaber	17	19	14	17	20	18	18	16	18	19	16	..
Brewster	14	17	17	17	15	14	11	14	14	14	..	..
Fulford	19	19	18	20	19	19	20	19	20	19	20	20
Nelson	16	17	18	19	18	15	16	17	17	20	..	..
Skilman	15	15	15	17	12	16	15	15	13	13	..	..
Hamilton	17	16	17	14	18	15	13	15	18	15	..	..
Bartlett	18	20	16	20	16	19	18	19	17	14	18	19
Armstrong	17	18	16	16	17	19	20	18	19	17	..	..
Fieles	19	16	19	20	19	15	15	20	15	19	20	17
Clark	20	16	17	18	13	18	19	16	18	12	..	18
Killits	15	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	19	13
W E Bell	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Penn	17	18	14	17	17	17	15	17	17	..	..	..
Bender	16	14	19	15	12	..	18	..	17	14	17	16
Glover	18	14	18	19	18	19	17	19	18	19	19	19
Krueger	16	16	15	15	15	18	12	15	13	16	..	..
Park	13	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	17	..	..
Miller	16	19	18	18	16	18	18	16	19	19	17	17
Wolstencroft	16	18	17	17	18	19	17	19	18	18	19	19
White	17	15	15	15	19	17	15	16	17	17	..	..
Shafer	..	16	16	15	17	14	17	18	16	13	15	..
Thomas	..	..	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	15
Richards	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	13	11
J O'H Denny	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	19	18	17
Doc	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	..	..
Forney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16
Gumms	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Banks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Kotty	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15

Average money—Fulford won first money with 96%; Vance was second with 92%; Harry Thurman, third, 91%; Van Dyke, fourth, with 91%.

William Wolstencroft & Sons' Badge.—50 targets, representing championship of Pennsylvania at targets, 23 entries:

W H Wolstencroft 11111111111110111111111111101111111111111111111111—48
Shaaber 1111111111111111111111111111110111111101111110111—47
Sullivan 11111111111111111111111111110111111111111111101110—47
Landis 11111111111101111111111111110111111101111111110110—46
Clark 11111111101111110111111111111110111111111011111011—45
Thurman 11111111111010111111111111111111101111111111111010—45
Wellington 11101111111111011011111111111111111111111101111110—45
Nelson 11111111010111111111111111110111111101011111111111—45
Shafer 11110011110111101101111111111111111111111101111111—44
Krueger 00111011111111111110111111110111111111111111011111—44
J O'H Denny 10111111110111110111111111101111111011100111111111—43
Jones 11111111010100110111111111101111111111111111010111—43
Smeck 11111101101111111110111111111011111101110111111111—43
Roy 01101111110011111111110111101111111011111111111110—42
Fieles 01011111101011111111011111101111111110111111111011—42
Vance 11110101111101110111111110111111011110111111111011—42
White 11101111111111011111111111111001111101110111010011—41
Trego 10111111110111110111011111110111101010111011111111—41
Doc 11101111011111111111111011101101111011110101111011—41
Park 01111111011111111101111111101101101011111011111011—41
Armstrong 01111110111100011111110111111111100111111110111101—40
Fuller 10010111111110011111111111101111111110101101011001—38
Gumms 01111111111111111100111110010010010010010111110111—35

Second Day,

Wednesday, Aug. 22, was just as fine a day as its predecessor. At the Lookout, however, there was a marked difference in the appearance of the Juniata Valley. Instead of being clear, as it was the day before, the valley was shrouded in a haze as thick as is the case when forest fires are raging on the mountains which hem it in. On Tuesday, Tyrone, 16 miles from Altoona, was plainly visible, nestling at the pass in Bald Eagle Mountain through which the Pennsylvania railroad works its way eastward. On Wednesday it was impossible to see even Altoona with any degree of clearness. The haze was not without its compensations; the background was perfect, and during the afternoon the result was made manifest by the splendid work done by the men from Philadelphia

The programme contained seven open events of the same nature as those in the programme, *i. e.*, 20 targets, $2.50 entrance. It was on this day that "Billy" Wolstencroft gave himself the lie direct. The night before, at the annual meeting, he described himself as a "has been." On Wednesday he proved to himself that he was as good as, if not better, than ever. Out of the 140 targets thrown in the regular programme events he broke 134, dropping his first, 9th, 26th, 55th, 134th and 136th targets, making the great average of $95\frac{5}{7}$ per cent. Of his 140 targets the last 120 were at unknown angles, of which he broke $96\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. Good work for a "has been!"

The State events were the contests for the Reading Shooting Association's trophy for the five-men team championship; the Harrisburg Shooting Association's trophy for the six-men team championship, and the American Wood Powder Co.'s trophy for the three-men team championship. The first two were won last year by the Harrisburg Club, the six-men team trophy without a contest. This year they both went to Philadelphia, the Independent Gun Club of that city winning from three antagonists—Braddock Gun Club, Harrisburg Shooting Association and the Altoona Gun Club.

In the five-men team race the Philadelphia Club established what is believed to be a record for a similar race. The race was at 25 targets per man, 125 per team; of that number the winners dropped but four, making the wonderful total of 121. The Braddock men beat the Harrisburgers out by one target. The trophy remains this year in the care of the Association, owing to a mistake of the referee, who called Smeck's last target in his five pairs "broken," whereas it was, even according to his companions, a "lost bird." The "break" would have given Philadelphia the trophy by one target, but it being agreed upon between the teams to score the last target as lost, the score is a tie with 94 each. Armstrong, of Braddock, having to leave, it was impossible to shoot off the tie; both teams therefore agreed to divide first and second money, the trophy to remain in the hands of the Associatioa until next year's tournament.

The rapidity with which the day's events were shot off may be gauged by the fact that the seven open events were all disposed of by 1 P. M., 4.500 targets having been thrown by that hour. The highest number of entries in any event was 35, the average being 32. Altogether 7,060 targets were thrown on this day, the interval for dinner being longer than usual. Scores:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Ex. 1.	Ex. 2.
Fulford	18	20	16	19	19	18	20	..	19
Bartlett	19	18	18	19	19	17	20	19	11
Fieles	16	17	15	16	14	16	20	18	..
Glover	17	18	16	17	19	18	15	18	15
Jones	19	17	19	16	18	17	20	..	..
Vance	18	16	17	16	16	13	14	..	..
Landis	16	19	19	18	19	18	19	..	18
Smeck	19	17	16	15	14	18	18	18	15
Wellington	14	17	15	12	17	18	17	..	..
Brewster	17	19	14	15	17	16	14	..	..
Van Dyke	18	18	20	19	18	18	20	19	18
Thurman	19	18	18	17	18	19	16	18	15
Denny	9	19	15	17	17	16	17	17	14
Brewer	17	18	19	19	18	19	19	20	..
Shaaber	18	19	17	19	17	19	11	16	16
Skilman	13	9	8	12	..	..	..	..	..
Nelson	13	14	17	18	17	15	14	..	..
Thomas	14	16	10	13	15	15	..	..	..
Krueger	17	18	19	17	17	20	18	15	..
Clark	16	16	18	13	20	17	17	18	10
Penn	18	20	19	18	14	17	17	..	..
Fuller	13	17	18	13	..	..	..	..	..
White	18	18	20	17	15	16	18	15	..
Hamilton	18	17	19	15	16	17	13	..	..
Hagenbush	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bessemer	18	17	18	16	18	20	20	..	13
G T Bell	16	..	11	..	..	..	..	17	..
Ertter	13	19	18	20	16	18	14	16	..
Sullivan	20	18	15	17	19	19	15	..	..
Miller	17	17	16	20	19	17	19	15	..
Wolstencroft	18	19	19	20	20	20	18	19	..
Shafer	17	17	16	10	16	16	15	13	..
Armstrong	20	16	17	18	16	20	18	..	..
Park	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gumbs	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Roy	..	..	18	16	16	..	..	..	..
Banks	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bender	..	..	17	..	..	..	18	14	..
Stout	..	..	..	14	15	..	..	..	..
Doc	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..

Average moneys: Wolstencroft, first, $95\frac{5}{7}$; Van Dyke, second, $93\frac{4}{7}$; Fulford and Bartlett, third, $92\frac{6}{7}$; Brewer, fourth, $92\frac{1}{7}$.

Reading Trophy:

Independent Gun Club, Philadelphia.

W Wolstencroft 1111111111111111111111111—25
J Wolstencroft 1111111111111111111111101—24
Landis 1111111111111111111111111—25
Shaaber 1111111111110111111111011—23
Thurman 1111011111111111111111111—24—121

Braddock Team.

Jones 1111111111111101111111111—24
Bessemer 1111111111111011111011110—22
Armstrong 1111111111111111111011111—24
Shafer 0111111111101111110101111—21
Vance 1110111110111111111110110—21—112

Harrisburg Team.

Sullivan 1011111111011111011111111—22
Wellington 1111110111111110110111111—22
Ertter 1111101011111111111111011—22
Krueger 1111011110111101111111101—21
Fieles 1111111111111011111111111—24—111

Altoona Team.

Bender 1011110101111011101110111—18
Doc 1111111111111001110111111—22
Clark 1111111111011011111110101—21
Killets 0110111101111111101111110—20
Gumbs 1111111111011111110111111—22—104

Harrisburg trophy:

Independent Gun Club, Philadelphia.

W Wolstencroft 1111111111111111111111111—25
J Wolstencroft 1111111111111111110011010—21
Landis 1111111111111011111111111—24
Shaaber 1101111111111110111111111—23
Smeck 1111111111111101111111111—24
Thurman 1111111101111111111111111—24—147

Braddock Team.

Jones 1111111101111111111111111—24
Bessemer 1101111111111111111011111—23
Armstrong 1111111111111111111111111—25
Shafer 1111111101111100110011110—19
Vance 1110101111111111111111111—23
Nelson 0111011111111111111111111—23—137

Harrisburg Team.

Sullivan 1011111111101111111101111—22
Wellington 1111111111111111111101111—24
Henry 1011111111101010111111111—21
Ertter 1111111111111111111111111—25
Krueger 1111111111111011111111111—24
Fieles 1111111111111011110011001—20—136

Altoona Team.

Bender 1111011110011110111011111—20
Doc 1111111111111111111110111—24
Clark 1111111111111111101111101—23
Killetts 1111111011111111011111101—22
Gumbs 1111101111111111011111101—22
G T Bell 1100111100111111011011111—19—150

Wood Powder trophy, 25 singles and 5 pairs:

Independent Team No. 2, Philadelphia.

White 1111111111101111111111111 11 11 11 11 11—34
Shaaber 1111101111111111111111111 11 10 01 10 10—30
Smeck 1111001111111101111111111 11 11 10 11 10—30—94

Braddock Team.

Jones 1111111111111111111011111 01 10 11 11 10—31
Bessemer 1111111111111011111111111 11 10 11 01 00—30
Armstrong 1111111111111111111101111 11 10 11 11 11—33—94

Independent Team No. 2, Philadelphia.

W Wolstencroft 1111110111111111111111111 11 11 10 10 10—31
Landis 1111111111111011111111111 01 11 10 10 01—30
Thurman 1111100111111110111111111 11 10 10 11 11—30—91

Harrisburg Team No. 2.

Sullivan 1111111111001111111101111 11 11 11 01 11—31
Brewster 1111111011111110111101111 00 11 11 00 10—27
Wellington 1111111111111110111111111 11 10 10 10 10—30—88

Altoona Team.

Doc 1111111111110111111111111 11 10 00 00 10—28
Banks 1001100111111111111110111 11 11 10 01 11—28
Clark 1101011111101111011111101 11 10 11 10 10—27—83

Harrisburg Team No. 1.

Krueger 1011011111111111101111111 00 00 10 10 00—24
Ertter 1111111111111111111110111 10 11 01 11 10—31
Fieles 1011111111111111111111111 00 00 11 01 10—28—83

Third Day.

This day's programme contained nine 20 target races at $2 50 entrance, and a special 25 target race for $50, $25 of which was donated by "Bill" Clark, and the other $25 by the Altoona Gun Club, entrance in this event was the price of the targets, 75 cents.

A prompt start was again made and an early finish was the consequence, nearly every shooter present being out of ammunition for target shooting before the close of the day. By 5 P. M. the tournament of 1894 was over so far as targets were concerned. In the nine programme events the entry list averaged just the same as it did the day before—32. The number of targets thrown was 6,810, making a grand total of 22,160 for the three days. With a larger entry list Manager Shaner could have easily made a record; as it was everybody got all the shooting they wanted, by no means a usual occurrence.

Bartlett and his Burgess gun loomed up considerably when it came to settling the average money. His percentage of 95 gave him a clear 2 per cent. over his nearest competitor, Glover. Captain Bartlett has not been shooting targets very long (since last March, I believe), but he gets there now just as often as any of them. The way he handles that "pump gun" of his when it comes down to exhibition work is a caution.

Fulford shot consistently during the three days, and took away something more than he brought with him as the result of his hand, eye and brain work. Van Dyke, who almost reminds one of Euclid's definition of a line—length without breadth—also shot away up, chasing first average closely all the time. Captain Brewer hardly seemed at home smashing targets, still he won fourth average on Tuesday with a per centage of $92\frac{1}{7}$.

It would never do to close an account of the third day's doings without mentioning the extra event at the finish. It was a 10 target race, expert rules, entrance $1.50. J. Thurman took first money alone with a straight score, beating his son two targets. Scores:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Ex. 1.
Fulford	18	19	17	19	19	18	17	18	17	..
Van Dyke	17	20	17	19	20	18	14	19	18	7
Smeck	18	19	17	20	16	12	9	17	15	7
Shaaber	17	18	15	18	17	18	17	..	..	..
Bartlett	20	20	19	18	19	20	20	17	18	8
Jones	18	18	17	20	17	17	18	16	17	..
Wellington	16	18	16	16	17	12	17	20	10	..
Sullivan	18	17	13	17	15	19	16	16	17	..
Brewster	16	12	19	12	10	..	13	19	17	..
Miller	17	19	19	17	17	17	18	17	18	..
Shafer	13	17	18	17	15	14	15	..	14	..
Bessemer	16	..	14	16	18	16	18	15	18	..
Penn	17	19	16	15	18	..	..	..	..	..
Brewer	17	19	18	17	16	17	15	18	19	..
Glover	17	19	20	19	19	19	19	17	18	..
Landis	19	18	17	17	17	17	17	15	17	6
Vance	19	16	17	..	..	12	16	..	..	..
Ertter	17	17	19	13	18	15	19	18	17	..
J Denny	16	17	14	8	17	17	15	14	14	7
Roy	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Skilman	11	7	13	13	16	13	9	..	..	..
King	11	15	11	14	11	18	11	..	14	..
Hamilton	18	15	18	19	17	17	18	19	13	..
White	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Denny	16	15	16	14	14	12	14	16	15	7
Nelson	16	18	19	18	18	17	19	18	17	..
Laughrey	17	..	16	17	14	..	..	16	..	7
Krueger	17	16	19	19	12	14	18	18	18	..
Fieles	18	16	18	19	18	17	18	15	16	5
Clark	17	15	14	14	17	14	12	16	14	6
Wolstencroft	19	18	19	20	20	18	15	18	18	9
H Thurman	17	19	17	17	18	19	17	12	19	8
G T Bell	..	13	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Park	..	18	19	18	18	13	..	..	..	..
Mosher	..	16	18	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	..	..	15	15	14	..	..	18	16	..
Doc	..	..	..	18	18	20	16	..	16	7
Fuller	..	..	..	16	18	12	..	..	..	..
Naugle	..	..	..	..	14	..	12	..	..	..
Haynes	..	..	..	..	17	..	12	..	..	..
Uzzell	..	..	..	..	15	..	15	..	..	..
J Thurman	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	15	10
Adams	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	10	..
Holsinger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Banks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

Average money, Bartlett first with 95%, Clover second with 92 7-9%, Wolstencroft third with $91\frac{2}{3}$%, Van Dyke and Fulford fourth with 90%.

Special event, purse of $50, 4 moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., 25 targets per man, entrance price of targets:

Park 1111101101001111101011111—19
Fulford 1011111111111111111111111—24
Van Dyke 1111111111110111111111111—24
Smeck 1111111111101111111110111—23
Shaaber 1111111111011110111111110—22
Bartlett 1111111111111111111111111—25
Jones 1011110011011111110110100—17
Miller 1111001111111111111111111—23
Wellington 1101111101111111011111011—21
Sullivan 1110111101111101101111110—20
Brewer 1111100011111110111111011—20
Landis 1111111111111110111111111—24
Fieles 1111111111111111111111111—25
Clark 1111111101111111111111011—23
Wolstencroft 1101111111111111111111101—21
Thurman 1111111111110111111011111—23
Bessemer 1111011111111111111111101—23
J Denny 0101111111111111011100111—20
F Denny 0110111111011111111011011—20
Thomas 1110111100111111110111010—19
Shafer 1001101100110011111111110—17
Hamilton 1101111101111111111111110—22
Krueger 1110011110111111111110111—21
Laughrey 1111111001011101111100100—17
Adams 0101111011001100011011010—14
Nelson 1111011111111110110111101—21
Holsinger 1011111111011111111111111—23
Naugle 1101100011011111110101011—17
Fuller 0111101111011111110101011—19
Hagenbush 1111111111011110101101111—21
Haynes 1111011011101011110111111—20
Uzzell 1110110101011111101011101—18
J Thurman 1011110110111111111111111—22
King 1111111111111111111111111—25
Killets 0110111110110011111110111—19
G T Bell 1110101101111111001111111—20
Banks 0111100011101111110110101—17
Glover 1111110010111111101111110—20
Ertter 1101110011011111101111011—19
Doc 1111110101111111111011011—21
Vance 0111111110111111111110111—23
Brewster 1110001111110011111101111—19

Fourth Day.

After the close of the previous day's target shooting Manager Shaner started to move some of the tents from their location at the Lookout down to the field back of the home farm, about one minute's walk from the hotel lawn. At 9 A. M. some of the more eager shooters were trying their skill at live birds, shooting a few for practice.

Messrs. Worden Bros., of Harrisburg, furnished the live birds and looked after the handling of the same. The birds were a good lot for the time of year, the quality being necessarily somewhat mixed Some were screamers, while others flew like owls A remarkable feature was the comparatively small proportion of lingerers, the birds leaving the trap in the large majority of cases as quick as the trap was sprung The trappers were tired out with their previous three hard days' work and moved listlessly; the sun was extremely warm, too, which no doubt added to their lassitude. One little fellow, clad scantily to say the least, was an honorable exception, keeping all day on a jog trot that would have been no discredit to Edward Payson Weston or Charley Rowell "Uncle Jake" suggested a small subscription for the boy as a reward for his energy; "Billy" Fieles took up the idea and the collection; result, $2.85, and an increase of speed by all the trapper boys.

The honors of the day again belonged to Philadelphia. Welch won the championship and the diamond badge presented for annual competition by the citizens of Williamsport, the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, carrying off the L C. Smith gun trophy for the three-men team championship of the State at live birds. Welch's work was something out of the ordinary run and stamps him as a dangerous man for anybody to tackle. During the day he shot at 83 birds, killing 82; missing his 22d bird, he finished the day with a straight score of 61.

The Williamsport badge contest, referred to by Mr. Jacob Pentz, produced 24 entries, of whom five killed their 15 birds. Ties were shot off in series of 5. At the end of the first series, Brewster, having dropped his second bird, was out of it. Clark, who up to this time had killed 42 straight in the various events, missed his first bird in the next series, J O'H. Denny following his example. Sullivan and Welch killed their 5, thus leaving the contest narrowed down to two. They agreed to divide the winner's proportion of next year's entrance money, but shot off for the badge. This Welch won, as stated above, Sullivan missing his 17th bird in the ties. The latter is a fine shot, and can break targets just as well as he can kill live birds; that he can do the latter was well proven by the way in which he mowed down bird after bird, centering them every time, using his second barrel very seldom, and then mainly for safety. Sullivan, by the way, is an assumed name; if you called him Brensinger he'd answer more readily. Mr. Brensinger's head is level; he says that he has been taking FOREST AND STREAM almost from its inception and cannot do without it. His feelings are shared by a large number of the male population of the States.

The L. C. Smith gun trophy brought out four teams—Altoona, Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the Keystone Shooting League. The two last named teams went to the score first and the Keystone fairly took the wind out of their antagonists who shot in the last squad. The race between the two first teams was extremely pretty, the Pittsburgs fighting an uphill race with great pluck. Frank Denny missed his first bird and it was not until the ninth round, when White missed his bird, that the score was tied. In the fourteenth round Frank Denny again fell down, losing his bird. This gave the Keystones the advantage of one bird, an advantage they kept, running out with a total of 44 out of 45 to their opponent's 43. Neither Harrisburg nor Altoona proved dangerous; it is only fair to those teams to state that the light was not of the best while they were shooting their string.

The results of the day's events are as follows:

No. 1, 7 live birds, $5 entrance, birds extra, 31 entries:

F H Denny	2122222—7	J L Brewer	1221202—6
White	1111111—7	Jones	2222202—6
Wellington	2212112—7	Hamilton	2221102—6
Ertter	1222212—7	Wellott	2021211—6
Roy	2122111—7	Shafer	0222011—5
Hagenbush	1121121—7	J O'H Denny	0022222—5
Shaaber	1212111—7	Smith	1210120—5
J Thurman	2221212—7	H Thurman	1210210—5
Clark	1221121—7	Brad	0011121—5
Fulford	2112121—7	Hall	1001121—5
Bessemer	2112022—6	King	2012220—5
Laugbrey	1110221—6	Fieles	0120212—5
Van Dyke	2102221—6	Skilman	0100222—4
Brewster	2122012—6	Nelson	2002022—4
Sullivan	0111121—6	Doc	1021200—4
Welch	2212120—6		

No. 2, 15 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, 16 entries:

Welch	222222222222 221—15	Fieles	110111111111111—14
White	121221111121112—15	Wellington	111121111121•0—13
J O'H Denny	222222122211222—15	Jones	220212222222022—13
Bessemer	222222222212222—15	Smith	211001112121112—13
Clark	121212112122 21—15	Shafer	020112221021121—12
King	111210111112111—14	Mellot	221210201220112—12
Ertter	111111222212101—14	Laughrey	026022011111111—11
Fulford	111121021211121—14	F H Denny	212002221022011—11

No. 3, 7 live birds, $5 entrance, birds extra, 6 entries:

Laughrey	1111121—7	Errtter	1121120—6
Shafer	1221111—7	Smith	1111101—6
Wellington	1111111—7	J Thurman	1101001—5

Miss and out, entrance $2, birds extra, 7 entries:

Welch	21221111112	Uzzle	1220
Wolstencroft	21222211112	Naugle	110
White	11212212210	Haynes	0
Shafer	12121212120		

Williamsport citizens' trophy, representing individual championship of Pennsylvania at live birds, 15 live birds per man:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1894 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	3 2 4 2 3 3 1 2 2 3 5 2 5 2 3
	↖↙↖↘↖↑↙→↗↗↖↖←→↖
Smeck	1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 0 2 1—14
	5 4 1 3 2 2 4 5 2 1 3 1 5 5 3
	↘↘↖↗←↗↙↖→↗↖←←↖↗
A H King	1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 1—14
	2 1 5 4 2 2 3 5 4 2 2 5 2 2 3
	↙↙←←↗↙H←↙↗↖↘←←↗
J O'H Denny	1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—15
	2 4 3 5 4 4 5 3 3 2 2 2 2 2 2
	↖↑↑←↗↑↑↘↖↑↓H←←↗
Clark	1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2—15
	2 2 3 4 1 5 2 4 3 5 5 3 3 3 4
	←↘↘←↖↗←↖↙↗↘→↓←→
W M C Jones	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 • 1 2 2 2 2—13
	4 3 2 2 5 4 3 4 1 5 4 2 2 5 1
	↖↙↙↖↖↖↘↖↘↘↖↖←→→
R A Welch	2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1—15
	1 1 2 4 4 1 1 5 3 3 2 5 4 1 4
	↙↖↗→↗↗↖↘→H↖→←←↙
Wellington	2 1 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 •—13
	4 2 4 1 3 2 2 2 2 4 3 5 5 5 4
	↑↑←↓↘↖←↙↑←↘↙←↙↙
White	• 1 2 1 1 • 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1—13
	3 1 2 2 5 1 4 1 5 5 2 4 3 2 1
	↖↖↑←↘↗→↙↘↑↓↘←↙↘
Ertter	1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 2 1 1—14
	1 5 5 1 1 2 1 5 4 3 3 3 4 1
	↙↘→↓←←←↘↘→↑↖↘↖↖
Brewster	1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1—15
	5 3 5 5 4 3 5 5 5 1 2 4 5 2 4
	↘←→←→↗→←↖↙↙←←↖↘
Sullivan	1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1—15
	4 2 2 5 1 2 2 5 4 1 1 1 5 3 3
	↑↖↓↙↑↖↘↖←→↙↙↗↙↗
H M F	2 2 0 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2—14
	3 3 2 2 1 2 5 3 5 3 1 4 2 1 1
	↙↗H→←→↘H→←↖↗↑←←
Roy	1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 2 3 2—14
	4 3 1 1 5 5 5 4 5 5 4 3 5 1 2
	↗←→↖↘↗↗←↖↙↙↑↖←↖
F H Denny	2 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 3 1 2—14
	2 1 5 5 4 3 2 2 2 1 1 2 3 1 3
	↖H↖←↓←→←→↖←↑↖↙↗
Hy Thurman	0 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2—14
	5 5 3 2 4 5 3 5 4 1 4 2 4 1 5
	↗→H↖↖↘↖↘↖↗←↗↖←→
Shafer	0 1 1 0 0 2 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 2— 9
	3 1 3 1 3 1 4 1 3 3 3 5 2 3 3
	↑↙↗↖↖↙↖↖↖↑←→↑↑↓
Fieles	1 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 0—12
	5 1 2 5 1 3 2 1 5 1 1 3 4 4 2
	↖↘↖→↙↙↗↙H↙↖↗↗→←
Bessemer	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—13
	2 2 3 3 4 3 5 2 5 4 1 5 3 5 2
	↖↙↑←↑↗↙→↙↙↑↙↙↑
Adams	2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2—14

In making the above suggestions the Association does not believe that it is asking too much. Shooters of all kinds are among your best patrons, and the Association trusts that you will take this fact into consideration when acting upon this letter. As it understands the matter there is no charge made by the company for the carriage of dogs accompanied by their owner or attendant, but that the baggage master is authorized to demand a fee for each dog so carried. The figure of that fee varies, but the price asked in the vast majority of cases is fifty cents per division or part of division. In many instances where a hunter is only going a few miles by rail, his dog under this system costs more than he does.

Trusting that you will give this matter your early consideration, I remain, sir, yours truly,

EDWARD BANKS,
Sec'y, Pa. State Sportsmen's Association.

ALTOONA, Pa., July 26.—Mr. Edward Banks, Secretary State Sportsmen's Association.—Dear Sir: Your favor of June 18 to our General Passenger Agent has been carefully considered by that department and referred to me with all papers for reply. After looking over the ground it has not been deemed expedient at this time to make any change from our present methods in regard to the carrying of dogs in baggage cars. There are so many objections developed in the details of any plan for checking dogs, and inasmuch as all our through trains are supplied with one through baggage master from Pittsburg to Philadelphia, we think the adoption of a system of checking dogs might be reasonably postponed for the present. Yours very truly,

F. L SHEPPARD, General Superintendent.

Mr. James Wolstencroft suggested the Keystone Shooting League as the club under whose auspices the fifth annual tournament should be held. The league has grounds at Holmesburg Junction, and was chosen for the shoot in 1895.

Mr. W. H. Wolstencroft said that he was always told that it was useless to go to State shoots in neighboring States, owing to so few events being open to all. The Association, he said, could have much better attendance if all the sweeps were not open. Mr. H. M. F. Worden handed in the following motion for the consideration of the meeting: "That a committee of five be appointed by the chair to consider the propriety of amending the constitution and by-laws of the Association. The said committee to meet at the call of the president."

Mr. Thurman and the president both spoke strongly in regard to the need of some alteration in the constitution and by-laws. Mr. Hughes called attention to the remarkably large entry list achieved each year by the New York State Association. Mr. Shaaber also approved of the motion and of its object. Mr. Shaner said that in his opinion 10 bird races were too small when one came to consider the caliber of the shooters attending the State shoots.

The motion having been seconded by Mr. Fieles, the question was put in due form, and the motion was declared by the chair to have been carried. The chairman announced that he would appoint the committee after careful consideration.

Mr. Worden offered the following: "That a committee of three be appointed by the chair, with the president of this Association as chairman of such committee, for the purpose of obtaining an appropriation from the State in behalf of game preservation and protection, and to secure the appointment of a State game commission."

In support of his motion, Mr. Worden said that he would suggest that the Forestry and Game Commissions be merged under one head, adding that he not only believed such a thing possible, but that the Forestry Commission was really willing to take care of the matter of game protection. Mr. J. O'H. Denny spoke in favor of such a motion, and said that a State game warden was what was really needed.

After further discussion on the subject, the secretary read the following communication:

GREENE COUNTY, Pa., June 25.—Edward Banks, Esq., Secretary Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.—Dear Sir: Before applying to your association for membership I would like to ask the following question: Would you kindly inform me what your association would do for me under these circumstances?

I have a farm of 450 acres; if left alone under ordinary circumstances there would be plenty of game. A great deal of hunting and trapping, however, is done in this section out of season. Now this hunting and trapping is largely done by neighbors with whom, of course, I would prefer to be friendly, therefore I do not care to prosecute directly. Now, should I become a member of your association could I reach these through the association by reporting offenses to you and without my being directly known in the matter? Just this one thing more than any other is destroying our game, but neighbor does not like to prosecute neighbor. A remedy, however, I think, would be for the sportsmen of the State to have certain officers whose duty it would be to prosecute.

I am at all times for the preservation of our game, and am very fond of hunting and fishing, but never sold a piece of game in my life and never wantonly killed more than I could use, nor killed game out of season. I am anxious to join an earnest association and hope to hear from you with full particulars in answer to the above question. Very truly yours, * * *

The secretary before reading the above stated that he would not reveal the name or address of the writer for reasons that would be well understood by the members present. The letter, he said, was only one more proof of the necessity of some central power which could take action in similar cases, with power and money to prosecute the guilty parties. He had written the writer of the above to the effect that the association had neither money nor authority where with to prosecute in such cases as the one he mentioned.

Mr. Worden spoke strongly in favor of prompt and thorough action in this matter, which he looked upon as of vital importance to the sportsmen of this State. The motion carried. The president announced that he would make his appointments known at a later date.

Election of officers: President. N. A. Hughes, of Williamsport, and Vice-President, James H. Worden, of Harrisburg, were re-elected to fill their old positions. The following is a list of other officers chosen for the ensuing year, Secretary, Harry Thurman; Corresponding Secretary, John C. Shallcross; Treasurer, Jas. H. Wolstencroft. Directors: John Shaaber, of Reading, Pa.; J. O'H. Denny, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; D. P. Faust, of Tremont; W. J. Vauce, of Braddock, Pa.; J. H. Millspaugh, of Williamsport, and W. H. Wolstencroft, of Frankford, Pa.

Prior to the adjournment the report of the treasurer was read, received and filed.

On motion meeting adjourned.

It is evidently the intention of the members of the Association to make strenuous efforts to obtain better protection for game in Pennsylvania. To that end it is almost certain that the Association will reorganize shortly on lines similar to that of the New York State Association.

EDWARD BANKS.

Trap Score Type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Keystone Shooting League.

	1 5 4 4 5 5 5 3 2 4 2 2 4 5 2
	↖←↗↗↙→↖↑↙←↖↙↖←
Welch	1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1—15
	4 3 3 4 2 3 4 1 4 3 4 4 3 3 3
	↖↖↖↗→↖→↙↓↙↘↗H→←
White	1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 2—14
	4 2 3 4 2 1 5 5 4 1 5 3 1 3 2
	↗↖↖↑←↓↘↓H↙↑←↗→↖
Wolstencrof	1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—15—44

He ron Hil Gun Club

	5 3 5 3 4 1 5 3 5 5 2 4 1 5 5
	↑↖↖↖↖←H↖↑→H↑←↘↙
King	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1—15
	4 4 4 5 5 1 3 2 2 3 4 5 5 5 2
	↑↖↖H→→↓←↓←↖↗→↘↑←
J O'H Denny	2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2—15
	3 5 2 1 3 3 4 3 2 1 5 2 3 4 5
	↑↓↙↙←↑→↖↓→↓↙↑↑→
F H Denny	0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—13—43

Harrisburg Shooting Association,

	3 5 2 2 3 5 2 2 5 1 2 2 1 4 4
	←↑↑←↖↖↖→←↖←↖→↗↘
Wellington	1 1 0 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2—13
	1 4 2 1 2 5 2 5 2 3 2 2 5 1 1
	←→↙↙↖←↑→↑←↖↓↖→↓
Brewster	1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 1 2—14
	3 2 5 2 4 1 1 2 1 4 4 5 2 4 2
	↘↖→→↑↓←↑↗↗↗→H↑→
Sullivan	1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—14—41

Altoona Rod and Gun Club.

	1 4 3 5 5 5 3 2 4 3 2 3 3 3 1
	↖↘↙→→↘↑↑↘←↗↑↖↓↘
Adams	2 0 1 2 1 • 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2—12
	1 3 2 3 5 3 3 5 1 1 1 1 1 1 4
	←↓↑→↓↑↘→↖↙↙←↖↙←
Doc	2 1 0 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1—12
	3 5 1 4 5 4 4 1 3 5 5 1 4 2 2
	↑H↘↘↗←↓↖HH←↙↙←
Clark	0 1 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 0—12—36

NOTES OF THE SHOOT.

While Manager Shaner was fixing the traps on the Saturday previous to the tournament, a bald eagle sailed lazily by within gunshot. Nobody had a gun; perhaps the eagle knew it.

"Billy" Fieles has taken to his home in Christiana a memento of his visit to Wopsy in the shape of a rattlesnake killed on Friday afternoon not far from the scene of the shoot. Originally it had thirteen rattles and a button; its captor took the rattles, but Fieles took the snake.

Shaaber can roll tenpins as well as shoot. He tied for first prize in the bowling tournament which was in progress at the time of the shoot.

That German band evidently rattled Smeck. He missed two targets in quick succession, and of course blamed the band.

Manager Shaner's work at the shoot showed that he is the kingpin in his class. Given an average of 40 entries, he'd have made a record for target throwing.

Fieles exhibited one of the new Keystone traps with the electric pull attached. It worked like a charm and threw targets "out of sight."

There was no kicker at this shoot.

EDWARD BANKS.

Pennsylvania Association.

THE fourth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association was held Aug. 21, in the parlor of the Hotel Wopsononock. The officers present were: President, N. A. Hughes; Treasurer, James Wolstencroft; Secretary, Edward Banks; Corresponding Secretary, G. G. Zeth; Directors, Harry Thurman and Elmer E. Shaner.

Ten clubs were represented by delegates: Altoona Rod and Gun Club, Ed Kottman; Bloomsburg Gun Club, J. C. Hagenbush; Birdsboro Shooting Association, J. Shaaber (by proxy); Eagle Gun Club, Elmer E. Shaner; Harrisburg Shooting Association, H. M. F. Worden; Independent Gun Club, of Reading, John Shaaber; Keystone Shooting League, James Wolstencroft; Pittsburgh Gun Club, W. R. Fieles; Reading Shooting Association, James Smeck; Williamsport Rifle and Gun Club, N. A. Hughes; Wingohocking Gun Club, Harry Thurman.

The Bellefonte Gun Club, Braddock Gun Club, Forest Gun Club, of Philadelphia; Lancaster Gun Club, Springfied Gun Club, of Flourtown, Pa., S. B. Cummings, B. H. Warren, and Leonard Finletter were admitted as members of the Association.

Mr. Shaner, as a member of the legislative committee, stated that the committee had done nothing whatever this past year, no meeting having been called. Mr. Harry Thurman added that the reason why no meeting had been held was because the Legislature was not in session, and therefore nothing in the committee's line could be accomplished. The committee was continued.

The secretary read the following communications in regard to the carriage of dogs by rail:

ALTOONA, Pa., June 18.—J. R. Wood, Esq., General Passenger Agent P. R. R, Philadelphia, Pa.—Dear Sir: At the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association held in Harrisburg on Sept. 16, 1893, it was decided that this Association should use its best endeavors to obtain an improvement in the present system of carriage of dogs by rail in this State. With this end in view, the following is offered for your earnest consideration:

1. That the price for each dog so carried shall be at the rate of 25 cents for each division or part of division, over which the said dog or dogs are carried: provided, however, that the said dog or dogs are accompanied on the train by its or their owner or attendant.

2. That the owner or attendant of such dog or dogs shall, when purchasing his ticket prior to entering the train, be enabled to purchase tickets or checks at the above rate of 25 cents per division; in the case of tickets such tickets to be handed to the baggage master of each division at the rate stated above; where checks are used, the same might be stamped with the names of the divisional points and attached to the collars of each dog, each baggage master removing the check denoting his terminal point. Thus in the case of a person taking a dog from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia: He would at Pittsburgh ask for dog checks to Philadelphia, and would on payment of the sum of 75 cents, be handed three checks stamped Altoona, Harrisburg and Philadelphia respectively. These checks he would attach to his dog's collar and the baggage master of each division would detach the check denoting the terminal point of his run. The idea of the Association is that such tickets or checks shall be considered to be equivalent to the payment of 25 cents per division for each dog, and as such to be cashed for the baggage masters at such stations as you may see fit to designate. By this means the Association believes all the unnecessary trouble of seeing and feeing the baggage masters would be done away with. This trouble in the case of a person traveling at night is very great.

3. That any person going on a hunting trip shall be entitled to carry one dog free of charge. In connection with the latter suggestion the Association desires to call your attention to the fact that the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company, on certain sections of their road, permit any person going on a hunting trip to carry one dog with him free of charge, as suggested above. The Seaboard Air Line extends the same courtesy to hunters over the whole of their line from Portsmouth, Va., to Atlanta, Ga., during the hunting season.

Answers to Correspondents.

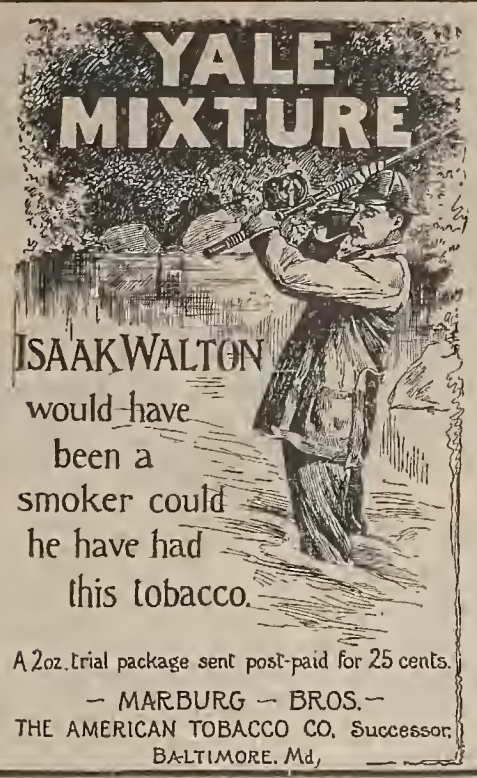
No notice taken of anonymous communications

J. D. B., New York.—You will find shore bird shooting and quail, with good salt water fishing, at Virginia Beach, at the time named.

H. L. W., Adrian, Mich.—Will you be kind enough to tell me in your next issue if there is a tool or a funnel made that will load a 12-gauge paper shell with 11-gauge wads after they have been shot, which of course leaves the edge of the shell more or less ruffled up, so in pressing the wad through the metal funnels that come with the ordinary loading sets they will not go into the shell, and it jams and breaks the shell down. Ans. You need a loader of the Barclay pattern.

R. S., Stege Station, Cal.—Could you kindly give me some information on frog culture or refer me to some one in the business. I have three ponds well adapted for frog-raising and have made thus far a good success; but they tell me that they immigrate in the winter. I stocked the ponds with a thousand little frogs last fall and they have done wonderfully well, but I find that I have lost a great many. I would like to know if they have to be fed or how to keep them in the inclosure, or if I can buy a hook on frogs? Ans. We know of no book on the subject of frog culture, nor any instances where it has been successfully accomplished. Frogs prey upon the young of their own species, and this habit makes it very difficult, if not impossible, to raise them successfully for the market.

J. B, West Park, N. Y.—1. Please inform me through your Answers to Correspondents the best 12 gauge load for foxes which requires a close even pattern with the highest penetration at long range; would the U. M. C. canvasback load (No. 153) answer the requirements? 2. Can I reload a brass shell and get as good shooting as from a machine-loaded paper shell? 3 In trying to reload a paper shell, when I push in the wad the inside of the shell is pushed down ahead of it, thus spoiling both shell and load; is there any way to prevent this? 4. The sportsmen here claim the supervisors' law for Ulster county on woodcock and partridge is Sept 1. The *Brief* does not give it so. Ans. 1. The U. M. C. No. 153 load would do very well, but heavier shot as large as BB is frequently used. 2. We doubt if your results would average as well. 3. See answer to "H. S. W." 4. The last edition of the *Brief* gives the Ulster county law as you state it. The law was not filed at Albany when the previous issue of the *Brief* was published.



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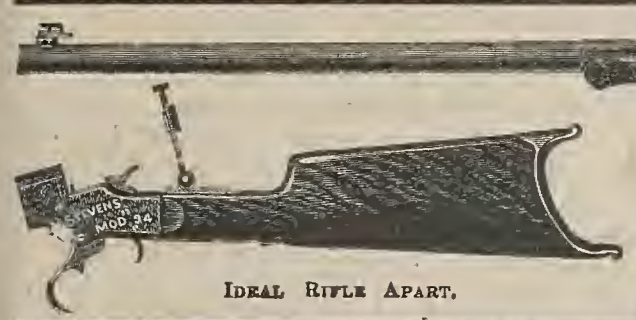

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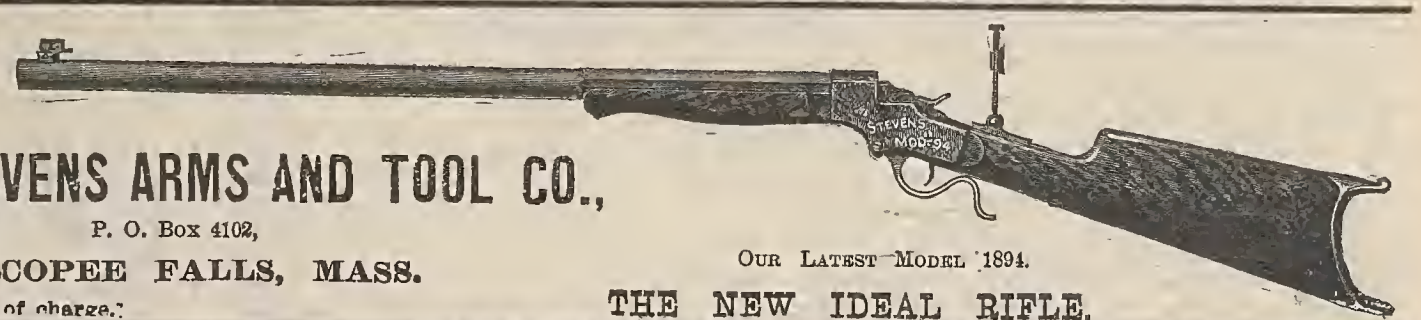

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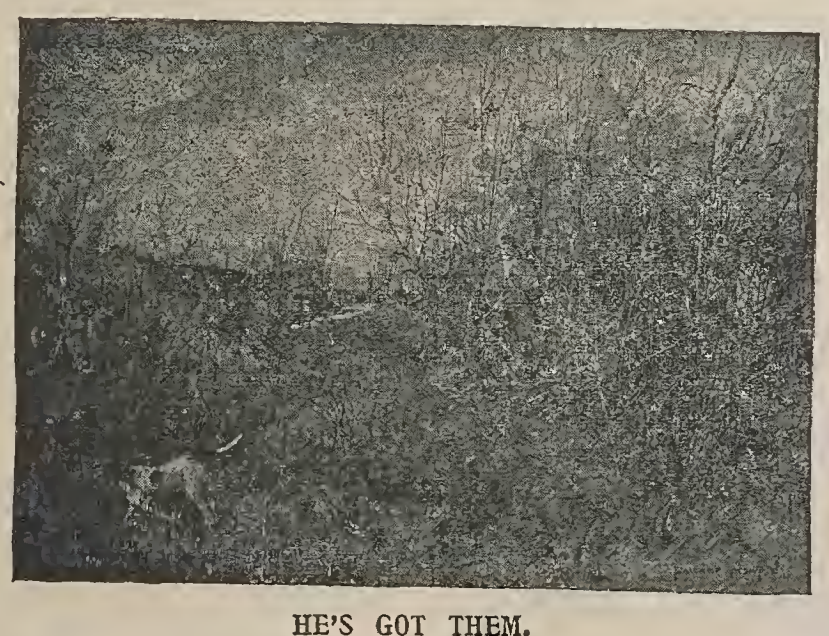

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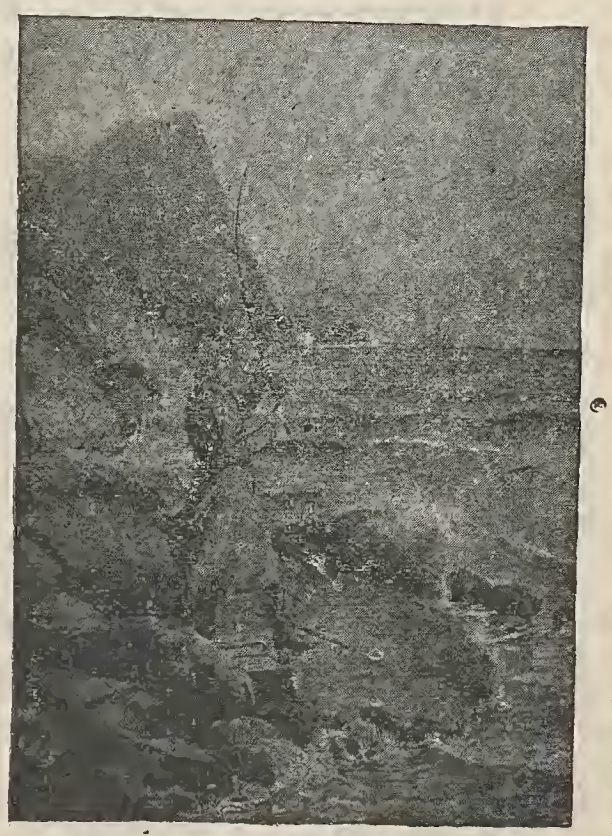

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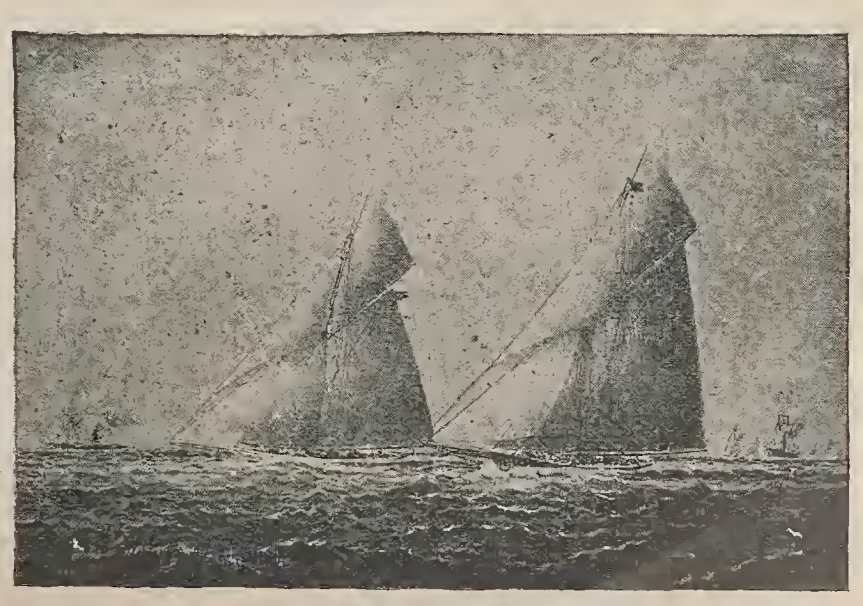

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VOL. XLIII.—No. 10. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CONTENTS.

Editorial.
Ducks with Eggs.
The Woulds.
A Lesson in Forestry.
An American Fly-Fishers' Club.
Snap Shots.

The Sportsman Tourist.
"A Terror of a Ride."
The Singing Mouse Stories.—V.

Natural History.
An Angler's Day in Birdland.
A Flying Squirrel.
A Wisconsin Heronry.

Game Bag and Gun.
Beaver Trapping with Penobscot John.
The Problem of the West.
The Moose Call.
In Colorado Hills.
Shotgun Loads.
Braggadocio.
Ohio Game Outlook.
An Adirondack Hunting Trip.
Chicago and the West.

Sea and River Fishing.
London Anglers and Their Doings.
A Fly-Fishers' Club in America.
Chicago and the West.
Texas and the Southwest
Trouting on the West Canada.

Fishculture.
New York Game Legislation.
Enforcing Minnesota Laws.
Fishculture Notes.

The Kennel.
A Reporter's Duties.
A Run with the Awashonk Beagles.
Bone Producers.
Points and Flushes.
Dog Chat.
Kennel Answers.
Hunting and Coursing Notes.
Dogs and Bathers.
Higher Entry Fees.

Yachting.
Vigilant and Satanita.
The Cannes Regattas of 1895.
Beverly Y. C.
Fall Regattas.
Yachting News Notes.

Canoeing.
Wawbewawa War Canoe Association.
A Win for Mr. Howard.
News Notes.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Golden Gate Rifles.
Zettler's Bi-Monthly.
Club Scores.
Rifle Notes

Trap Shooting.
Drivers and Twisters.
All-America vs. Plainfield.
The Soo Gun Club.

Answers to Queries.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

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A LESSON IN FORESTRY.

THE story of the destruction of life and property by forest fires in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania and New York is the melancholy repetition of a warning often given before. A great area of forest land has been burned over, vast quantities of timber have been destroyed, flourishing towns, prosperous farms, and the little cabins of the latest settlers have been wiped out of existence; and worse than all this, men, women and children have perished by hundreds—victims of the flames that swept over the dry forests. Hundreds of lives and millions of dollars have been lost, and the people and the newspapers unite in lamenting a catastrophe whose like has not been known for a dozen years. All are eager to contribute to relieve the present suffering, and we read of train loads of provisions, tents and blankets being sent to the destitute people, contributed by the generous citizens of neighboring towns.

There is something curiously and sadly human about all this. We all stand about and raise our voices in lamentation over what is really a national misfortune, but we none of us appear to recollect that this calamity has come upon us entirely through our own neglect of those precautions which should have been taken many years ago. It is perfectly well known that wood will burn, that a country that has been or is being lumbered over is peculiarly exposed to forest fires, that such fires when started among coniferous—or even among deciduous trees in a time of drought—cannot be checked when once they have got fair headway. All this being known, it is the business of each State which contains extensive forests, or where lumbering is an important interest, to guard against the danger of forest fires, by providing and enforcing a system of laws for the protection, not only of their forests, but what is of far more importance, the lives of the citizens who dwell within the limits of those forests. Such laws, properly enforced, would prevent disasters like those which have just taken place.

A proper system of forest guardianship could not be had for nothing. If it were efficient it would cost something. But if it is worth while for a city to support a paid fire department to prevent loss within its limits, why should it not be worth the while of a State to support a system of forest guards to protect its citizens, their dwellings and its own standing timber? The taxes for the support of such a force should naturally be borne in large degree by that portion of the community whose interests are especially to be served by the prevention of fires. While the inhabitants of the State at large should pay a part of the tax, a very considerable portion should be paid by the lumbermen. They are the ones most directly benefited by the protection of the forests, and yet too often they are the very ones who start such conflagrations, if not by their own carelessness with fire, at least by the accumulations which they leave behind them as they work through the woods.

The subject of forest protection is one about which much has been written, but as yet with very trifling result. We have in Washington in the Department of Agriculture a Bureau of Forestry, and we have in various parts of the country a number of forest reservations, but these things are names only. The Bureau, with the best will in the world to accomplish something, has no money and no men, and the forest reservations are being plundered and destroyed in a way that shows clearly enough how little effect the name has on the adjacent population. No adequate measures for forest protection will ever be taken in this country until some intelligent interest in forestry shall be felt by the public at large, and it is the duty of every one who now feels such an interest, and is alive to the importance of the subject, to do his part to educate his neighbor on this point.

AN AMERICAN FLY-FISHERS' CLUB.

WE heartily second Mr. A. N. Cheney's suggestion that there be formed an American Fly-Fishers' Club. The material for the organization is abundant and of the best quality; the advantages to come from such an association of kindred spirits are substantial; the club would be a success from the start.

Is it too much to say that the proposal now made will be put into early execution? Shall we not open the new year with a fly-fishers' club well established?

THE WOULDS.

THERE are in this world two sorts of men, those who fish and those who don't.

The don'ts are divided into those who would if they could but can't, and those who could if they would but won't.

The won'ts are still further divided into those who are quite contented that they don't want to, and those who are dissatisfied with themselves because they lack the taste.

When we get as far as this we reach the man who could if he would but won't, and would if he could but can't.

Talk to him about it, and he will tell you something like this: "Yes, I know that it is a great thing to go fishing. There is my partner. He is a fisherman, says it's fun, and by the way he sticks to it and leaves me here to take care of things, I guess likely it is fun—for him. But as for me, I can't fish. I've tried it, faithfully; have sat in a boat half a day at a time; have tramped miles of stream; have gone through the motions, and caught fish, too; but that is not fishing; it does not give me the enjoyment it does others. I am not a fisherman, when I see how others like it, how much good it seems to do them, and how it brightens up the world for them, I often wish I did like fishing. But I don't and never shall."

That is what the woulds say. Just such cases have come under the notice of almost every fisherman. For there is this about field sports, that while most people are quite ready to recognize what they do for those who follow them, the taste for their true enjoyment is born in one and is with difficulty acquired in mature years. It may lie long latent; and one may take to fishing or to shooting late in life; but he must have had in him, though dormant and unsuspected, the capacity of enjoyment with the rod or the gun. Not infrequently people take up in late life the fishing rod which has been idle for years, or go shooting once more after a decade of forgetfulness of the field. They renew the sports of their early days, and with them awaken again the youthful spirit, and restore health and strength and courage, and fortitude. To be possessed of such tastes is a blessing often too lightly esteemed. The father, who endows his son, in the care-free days of boyhood, with a liking for these sports of the field, is equipping him for life with resources of healthful enjoyment.

DUCKS WITH EGGS.

THE Senate Committee on Game Laws of the New York Legislature held a meeting in Rochester, last week, which is reported on another page. Senator Guy has a scheme of dividing the State into three parts—like ancient Gaul—with a separate law for each district. We are free to say that we do not think much of the plan. There is no likelihood that the task of the game protectors would be any lighter under such a system; nor is there any real reason for adopting it, except to yield to mistaken estimates of local interests. It is contrary to the growing tendency of progressive protection, which is in the direction of uniform laws for an entire State and for groups of States.

If Senator Guy would think a little more deeply on the subject of spring shooting asked for by certain Long Island people, he would understand that their interests are not diverse from those of the sportsmen in the central and western counties, who ask for the abolition of spring shooting. The purpose of forbidding the destruction of game birds which are making their way north to nest is to give them an opportunity to multiply and replenish the supply. A wild duck, with developing eggs, flying to the breeding grounds to deposit and brood them, should be given free passage and safe conduct, whether she fly nestward by the Long Island air line or that over Lake Ontario. The law of nature is the same in either event. The only reason that some people cry for spring shooting while others demand its abolition is that they do not understand the merits of the question, or if they do understand they are not willing to concede something of their individual, local and immediate interests for the larger and more permanent interests in which they too might share.

If there is any good reason for the protection anywhere of nesting birds and birds about to nest, that same reason holds everywhere and would hold all over the State of New York, even if there were a hundred and ten different districts with a separate duck law for each.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE long and severe drought which has affected so wide an area has brought about conditions which make upland shooting anything but an enjoyable sport. Covers are wilted, the ground is parched; and the view is obscured by a depressing haze. Game has been driven from its accustomed haunts; food is scarce, and the birds are in poor condition and ill-fed. There is less attraction than usual to invite one afield. And yet there is some satisfaction after all in going once more through the old covers; and the sound of the shotgun is heard everywhere in the land, affording ample testimony to the undaunted field-going of the hosts.

Some hint of the popularity of prairie chicken shooting is given by our exchanges from the chicken country which report that on the opening day every private vehicle and livery "rig" was impressed into service by the gunners. Birds in the neighborhood of Jamestown, North Dakota, are reported to be earlier in the wheat stubbles than usual, and to be abundant in supply. If we are to judge from the printed reports of the bags made, the law limiting one shooter to twenty-five birds per day does not amount to anything.

Do not forget that where the drought prevails there is real and serious danger of field and woods fire; and that a smouldering gun wad, cigar stump or pipe ashes, or camp fire carelessly abandoned or unprotected, may kindle the destruction. Indeed there are districts where not a gun should be fired, where the danger of fire is so imminent that hunting would be almost criminal.

At a meeting held last week it was definitely determined that the projected sportsmen's exposition should be held in the Madison Square Garden, in this city, in May, 1895. It will extend through a week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"A TERROR OF A RIDE."

IT is interesting to note how some little occurrence will suggest and vividly recall to us incidents in our past lives which have perhaps lain long forgotten in memory's storehouse. It may be too, that there is no particular similarity between the two events in question, nevertheless there will be something about the one which will cause the mind to quickly revert to the other. Thus I chanced to read the other day of the narrow escape of a trout fisherman in northern Wisconsin, from death by the fierce forest fires which have been ravaging and desolating that region during the past summer, and then my mind swiftly went back to the perils which beset another trout fisherman a good many years ago in Colorado. In this latter case the peril was not from fire, but it is my belief now as I recall the moments of agonized apprehension and suspense I then suffered, that anything so tangible as fire, despite its terror-inspiring presence, would have been hailed as an absolute relief to me.

It was in the early seventies that it happened, at which time I was in the employ of an English mining company whose base of operation was about seventy miles south of Denver, and close up to the snowy range. It was a very lively camp, at least 400 or 500 men being employed in the development of the mines, the construction of the reduction works, smelter, and such other work as is incident to the building up of a mining camp. As is usually the case in these places, a considerable number of tough characters drifted into the camp, attracted by the flush times created by the company's large expenditure of money. Indeed the camp very soon became quite tough, shooting and carving affrays being of painfully frequent occurrence, while as a little side diversion the Denver stage, which passed within about four miles of camp, was occasionally held up and the mail sack and passengers were relieved of such valuables as they chanced to have about them. At this time the post office of the camp was at a stage station about nine miles distant, and every afternoon some one from the camp was sent down to get the Denver mail. It so happened that the choice often fell upon me, and much to my pleasure it may be said, for the road all the way down closely followed one of the branches of the South Platte, which in those days afforded superb trout fishing, and I was passionately fond of that sport.

From the days of early boyhood in southern Michigan, the sports of the stream and field had been to me a never ending source of delight, and while the landing of an extra fine bass or pickerel seemingly filled my cup of joy quite full, yet I never ceased to look forward to my first trout as an occasion when life would put on a new and more glorious coloring. I can well remember after my arrival in Denver, the pent up eagerness with which I awaited my first chance to cast a fly, and how, when the opportunity at length arrived late one afternoon, with what a swelling heart and trembling hand I launched the feathery lure on the edge of a dark, shady pool which I intuitively felt was the abiding place of royalty.

Ah, that first rise! It was an epoch in my life. How well I remember the sudden flashing of rainbow colors in the cool dark depths, and how wildly my heart beat when a moment later there burst upon my vision the graceful outlines of a superb trout as he swiftly cleaved the waters in his fierce upward rush. I scarcely know what happened for a moment in such a tumult of excitement was I, but in another moment I felt a violent surge as he sought to free himself, and then with a fierce throb of exultation I realized that I had him well hooked. Then the battle waxed hot and furious. Hither and thither he tore through the swift waters, varying his mad rushes with frantic leaps in the air, only to find himself still a prisoner. All at once he seemed to summon his fast tiring energies for one supreme effort, and as he gracefully fell back after a mighty leap upward, I felt with a sinking heart that sudden slacking of the line which told me only too well that he was free. I have since that time brought many a princely fellow to creel, but somehow there has always remained deep down in my heart the conviction that the trout I lost that day, the first one I ever fastened, was the most royal treasure that ever gladdened an angler's eye.

It was not long after my arrival in camp before I was well acquainted with the stream. There was not a likely looking pool or riffle for miles down that I did not know of, and the many happy hours I spent following its picturesque windings amid an ever shifting panorama of beautiful and sublime scenery, will ever remain among life's golden memories.

It so happened that owing to a pressure of work I had been unable to indulge in my favorite sport for some time previous to the afternoon in question, so that it was with more than ordinary pleasure that I contemplated my mission this day. I took about two hours to make the journey down, stopping here and there at some favorite pool, and with such success that my basket was well filled before I reached the post-office. I remember one place in particular, a long, deep, shady pool made by a beaver dam, from which I took a number of beautiful fish—eight or ten at least. Indeed, I had an ideal afternoon's sport, and it was with positive regret that I saw the log post-office loom up before me.

The Denver stage usually reached here about 5 o'clock, but this afternoon, owing to an accident down the road, it did not arrive until after 7. By the time the mail was sorted, and I had secured that intended for camp, it had grown quite dark, observing which fact, and also recalling the presence of the many rough characters in the neighborhood of late, the postmaster urged me to remain until morning. I, however, had a young man's dislike to a seeming confession of weakness in the face of possible peril, and besides I was satisfied that my failure to return before morning would probably lead my friends to believe that some harm had befallen me. Moreover, I had an unusually strong and swift horse, in addition to which I carried a big Smith & Wesson .44cal. revolver, which I could use with as much rapidity and accuracy as the average man in camp, and that is saying that I was a pretty good shot. So despite the postmaster's rather urgent invitation, I decided to return to camp that night, and in a few moments I was on my way.

I had proceeded about a mile, I should think, quite uneventfully, when chancing to look up at the top of a rather sharp hill up which I was traveling, I noticed indistinctly outlined against the faint after-glow which was still visible in the west, what seemed to be the figure of a man on horseback, standing quietly by the side of the road. It was only for a moment that I saw it, but there was no doubt in my mind as to what it was, and at the same moment there rushed into my mind with the force of almost positive conviction the thought that it presaged trouble for me. My first impulse was to turn about quickly, and ride back to the post-office, but fearing the ridicule which might be visited upon me, in view of the light manner in which I had treated the postmaster's suggestion of danger, I determined to keep on my way, thinking after all it was more than probable that my fears had greatly exaggerated the possibilities of danger for me. I determined to be on my guard, however, and drawing my revolver from the holster I laid it full cocked over my left arm so as to command the mysterious horseman when I passed him. As I drew near I saw that he was leaning forward in his saddle, and then to my alarm I saw that his right hand was resting on his holster as though grasping the handle of his revolver. I had been exceedingly apprehensive from the first, and when a moment later I slowly rode by him, my excited nerves were keyed up to the highest tension. Indeed, I don't believe that man will ever know how close he was to death, for had he made the slightest hostile demonstration, I should have shot him without a moment's hesitation. It is just possible that he caught a gleam of my revolver, or guessed from my peculiar attitude that I was maintaining a steady "drop" on him, for he made not the slightest movement, save that he slowly turned his head and followed me with a fixed and penetrating gaze. But not a word nor even nod did we exchange with one another, and when at length the intervening darkness had swallowed up the outlines of his figure, I struck the spurs into my horse, anxious to put as much space as possible between myself and the grim sentinel of the hilltop.

I had gone perhaps a hundred yards when I was startled by the sharp crack of a revolver, evidently fired by the man whom I had just passed. I was revolving in my perplexed mind the reason for this rather strange procedure, when I heard another shot some considerable distance ahead, fired evidently in response to the first shot. For a moment I pondered as to its meaning, and then like a flash came the thought to my mind that I was trapped, the victim of a cunning plot; that the man whom I had just passed had identified me as the mail carrier, and had so signaled to his fellow bandits who were lying in wait for me, and who would now be prepared to hold me up, or perhaps shoot me first.

How I did wish I had accepted the postmaster's advice and had remained with him until morning, or had acted on the impulse which seized me when I first detected the sentinel on the hilltop. But, alas! now it was too late, and with the cold perspiration of despair oozing from every pore, I sought to collect my paralyzed faculties and decide upon some plan of action. If the character of the ground had permitted, I should have sought to hide off the side of the road somewhere, but the mountain rose steep and rocky on one side, and on the other was a sheer drop of twenty feet at least to the river below, so that escape that way was out of the question. I seemed to myself to be like a rat in a pit, with no possible chance of escape, when suddenly there came to mind the memory of an old Indian cut-off or trail from the main road, which I had traversed several times. It left the main road, as I remembered, about a mile and a half above the post office, and struck it again about three miles and a half above, saving nearly a mile of travel; but it was very rough in places, and I almost doubted whether I could get through in safety at night. But the prospect did not trouble me in the least, my only fear being that I would be unable to find the opening of the trail at night, as it was pretty well obscured by bushes and trees, or that the ruffians who were lying in wait for me should prove to be stationed this side of the opening. It seemed to be my only chance of escape, however, and I determined to make a try for it.

As near as I could make out in my naturally agitated state of mind it was not to exceed a quarter of a mile from me, and after riding perhaps 200yds. at a rapid pace, I drew my horse down to a walk, and pulling him well over to the right side of the road, I sought with eager gaze for some evidence of the opening. As moment succeeded moment, however, without the slightest trace of it, a feeling of utter despair began to take possession of me, and to my feverish fancy it seemed as though each succeeding moment would bring with it a stern summons to halt, or the deadly crack of a Winchester or revolver. Once I halted, certain that I heard the low voices of men a little ahead and to the right of the road, but as nothing else followed, I resumed my way in a moment. I was just in the act of turning about, certain that I had passed the trail, when my eye was attracted by a quaking asp tree, distinguished by its lighter appearance, a few feet ahead of me, and recalling the fact that such a tree stood at the opening of the trail, I directed the horse toward it. It would be difficult to give any conception of the suspense I suffered while traversing that short intervening space, for I felt that should I fail in this attempt to find the opening, I would in all probability fall a victim to the wretches who were lying in wait for me.

It was but a second, but it seemed ages before I reached it, and when the horse passed on unhesitatingly by it, a flood of inexpressible joy rushed to my heart, for I knew that I had found the trail at last. For some little distance I rode at a walk, deeming it the part of wisdom to keep as quiet as possible until I had got well out of the hearing of any one on the road. At the same time I realized the imperative necessity of making all possible despatch, lest the highwaymen, knowing possibly of the trail, should suspect that I had taken it and should endeaver to intercept me at the other end. And so in a few moments I began to ride, and what a ride it was. The imminent peril of my situation made me oblivious to the danger of the trail, and I was soon tearing over it like one possessed.

Realizing the danger from low-hanging bows I leaned forward in my saddle with my head carried as low as possible, but in spite of this precaution my hat was soon knocked from my head, my coat sleeve was torn almost in ribbons, and my hand and arm with which I was endeavoring to shield my face were scratched and bleeding in a dozen places. Three or four times the horse stumbled and nearly fell, sure-footed as he was, and once I just escaped being thrown over his head. Once he suddenly stopped, and upon investigation I found a fallen tree lying directly across the trail, which, after some little difficulty, I managed to get around. Two or three times I heard the quick bounds of startled deer, and once a great bird, an owl I fancy, flew so near to me that I distinctly felt the fanning of its wings. As I began to draw near the main road again, a torturing anxiety possessed me lest the road agents, suspecting the manner of my escape, had ridden swiftly to the upper entrance of the trail, and were there awaiting my appearance.

At length, however, I emerged from the trail into the highway, and to my intense relief found no one waiting for me. And so I had outwitted the bold bandits, and it was with very pleasant feelings toward myself that I started my horse at a swinging gallop toward camp. I realized that I was slightly disfigured, but I could not help feeling that I was still in the ring, and by a large majority. My erstwhile acute apprehension had given way to a feeling of exuberant confidence and security, and so great was the stimulus of the reaction that I seemed to regard the recent incident as on the whole a rather interesting and not altogether unpleasant experience.

Such a thing as further trouble I never thought of, save now and then, deceived doubtless by the tumbling stream near by, I fancied I heard the distant galloping of horses. It was in this rather pleasant frame of mind that I approached what was to me at night a somewhat uncanny bit of road. The high precipitous mountains on either side drew nearer together, and the intervening space was filled with a dense growth of timber, which made the place one of inky darkness at night. The thought which caused the creepy feeling, however, to run along my spine, was the fact that a year or two before a man had been waylaid and murdered by a couple of Mexican greasers, and I had a discolored spot on a long white stone by the roadside pointed out to me as the blood marks of the victim who fell and died upon it. Despite my utter disbelief in ghosts, I never passed that spot alone at night without experiencing a very uncomfortable feeling. It seemed an ideal spot for disembodied spirits to materialize, and to my excited feelings at times it seemed as though I could detect in the dull outlines of the white stone, the indistinct contour of a prostrate figure.

I presume it was the sense of danger overcome, and the reaction from a state of high nervous tension, that made me less susceptible than usual to-night to these impressions, although they recurred to me with more or less force. Indeed, I was speculating as to whether the ill-fated traveler had no warning whatever of the presence of the Mexicans, when suddenly my horse with a snort of terror stopped still, and stood trembling like a leaf. The impenetrable darkness, the grewsome associations of the place, and my previous experience all went to make my position one of demoralizing terror. I think that to the average man there is something uncanny about a great forest at night, even when one feels that there is no possible danger at hand. The sense of helplessness which accompanies one's inability to see and protect one's self against any possible assault, seems to stimulate those superstitious chords which are latent within us all. When to this are added the elements of positive danger, and a spot steeped with grewsome associations, the situation becomes one well calculated to try the stoutest heart. Men who know not the meaning of the word fear in the face of positive, tangible danger, become under the conditions above narrated the victims of an overpowering, helpless fear.

I scarcely know how it all affected me. For several moments I seemed to be in a state of semi-paralysis, so unexpected and overwhelming was the scene of this new danger evidently so near at hand. I sat there with drawn revolver, motionless, and with a feeling of utter helplessness, awaiting the onslaught of the hidden foe. The actions of my horse left me in no doubt as to the presence of danger; and I expected that each succeeding moment would bring with it the savage cry and fierce onslaught of some wild beast, or the explosive flash of a highwayman's gun. My horse gave renewed evidence of fear, and of such a violent character, that I could not help but feel that the crisis was near at hand. I had turned him partially around, determined if possible to go back down the road a bit and decide upon my future course of action, when there came to my ears the distinct sound of horses' feet coming up the road. There was no doubt about it this time, and each succeeding second seemed to bring them perceptibly nearer. I hadn't the slightest doubt that the new comers were the ruffians whom I had foiled down the road, and rather than fall into their hands after having once escaped them, I determined to face the new danger, let the result be what it would. To my horror, however, my horse refused to budge an inch, despite my most frantic efforts to urge him on. At length, rendered thoroughly desperate by the steady approach of the horsemen, I drove the spurs savagely into him three or four times. The cruel punishment was more than he could bear, and after making two or three frantic efforts to turn around, he suddenly sprang forward with a snort of mingled pain and terror. Just before me there was a slight dip in the road, and a few feet beyond the ascent on the opposite side there was a small piece of comparatively open ground which was lighted up by the rays of the moon, which shone upon it through a sharp cleft in the mountain at the left. Just as I gained the edge of this opening I saw a few feet ahead and to the right of the road, clearly outlined by the moon's rays, a very large cinnamon bear. I saw him a moment before the horse did, and almost intuitively I reached forward and grasped the right bridle rein, realizing that as soon as the horse saw the bear, he would probably endeavor to turn sharply to the left, where the thick timber would undoubtedly quickly dismount, if not seriously injure me.

Then the horse caught sight of the bear, the scent of which had evidently all along been the cause of his fear. I really shouldn't dare give my candid, honest opinion as to the height and length of the tremendous leap which followed. Suffice it to say that, prepared for it as I was, so convulsive and vehement was it in the force of its energized terror, that my feet flew out of the stirrups, and for a moment I seemed to balance exactly on the end of my spine, undecided whether I was to fall off or stay on. In another moment, however, I luckily recovered my equilibrium and settled back in the saddle, but not in time to keep the horse entirely out of the timber. Indeed, it was some little time before I got him in the road again, and not before I had received several more thumps on my already thumped and bruised anatomy. At length, however, I swung him into the road, and I have a very distinct recollection of extending to him every possible encouragement in his efforts to get to camp as quickly as

possible. It may be said, however, that he needed very little encouragement in this direction, and the manner in which he flew up over that mountain road left little fear in my mind with reference to any one overtaking me. Indeed, it seemed but a short time before I pulled in front of the only store in camp, and when a moment later I walked inside, exclamations of surprise and alarm came from the dozen or more men who were there, my torn clothes and bleeding face and hands leading them to believe that some serious harm had befallen me.

I assured them that I was not seriously hurt, and in reply to their inquiries told the story of my night's experience. When I had finished, big Jack Perdue, the sawyer, said between meditative puffs on his pipe: "'Twas a terror of a ride, sure enough," which seemed to me at the time, and even now to have been a very happy characterization of my experience.

It may be said in conclusion that I brought my trout through in safety, and whether it was that the experiences of the night seasoned them any or not, yet it certainly did seem to me the next day when I helped devour them, that there was an extra rare flavor to them. SANCHO.

THE SINGING MOUSE STORIES.—V.

The Skull and the Rose.

THE Singing Mouse peeped out from the hollow orbit of the white skull which lies upon the table next to the volume of Shakspere. It reached down a tiny pink paw and touched a leaf of the brave red rose which every day lies before the skull. It plucked the leaf, which made a buckler for its small throbbing breast. It spoke.

"The rose is bold and red," said the Singing Mouse. "Blood is red. A skull is white. The rose and the skull love one another. They understand. We do not understand."

As I sat by the skull I saw a dream of the past go by. It was as you see it now.

"Do you see the waving grasses of the valleys? Do you see the unmoving front of the white old mountains? Do you see the red roses growing down among the grasses?

"It is peace upon the land. I can see one who has seen the lands. He smiles, but he is sad. He crosses the wide sea, but cares not. He travels upon rails of iron, and he smiles, but still is sad, because he thinks, and he who thinks must weep. He leaves the ship and the iron rail, and his road is narrower and slower, for he travels now by wheels of wood. He sees the valleys, and his smile has more of peace. His trail becomes narrower yet. He goes by saddle, and the mountains hem him in, but now he smiles the more. Now he must leave even the saddle, and the trail is dim and hard. See, the trail is gone! Here, where no foot has trod, where the mountains close about, where the trees whisper, he sits and looks about him. Do you see the red rose on his breast? Always the rose is there. Do you see him look up at the mountains, about him at the trees? Do you see him lay his head upon the earth? Do you still see his smile, the smile which is weary and yet not afraid? Do you hear him sigh? And what is this he whispers, here at the end of the long and narrowing way—'I know not if this be the end or the beginning!' Ah, what does this man mean who whispers to himself in riddles?

"Look! It is the time of war. There is music. The blood stings. The heart leaps. The eye flames. The soul exults. Flickering of light on steel, the flash of servant forces used to slay, the reverberant growl of engines made for death, the passing of men in cloth and men in blankets, the tramp of hurrying hoofs, the falling of men who die—can you see this—can you catch the horror, the exultation, the joy of this, I say? They come, they go; they run their race, and it is all.

"Here are those who ride against those who slay. Do you know this one who rides at the head, smiling, swinging his sword well and smiling all the time? It is he who said in the mountains that riddle of the end and the beginning—who knew that to the heart of Nature we must come, for either the end or the beginning of a happy life. Do you see upon his breast the red rose? I think he rides to battle with the rose knowing that fate will come.

"You know of this biting whistle in the air—this small thing that smites unseen? Do you know the mowing of the death scythes? Hark! I heard the singing of this unseen thing. See! he of the rose is bitten. He has fallen. Ai! ai! He was so brave and strong! His horse has gone. He is alone. The grass here was so green. It is red. The rose upon his breast is red. His face is white, but still the smile is there, and now it is calmer and more sweet, though still he whispers, 'I know not if it be the end or the beginning!'

"He is alone with Nature again. The heavens weep for him. The grasses and leaves begin with busy fingers to cover him up. The earth pillows him. He sleeps. It is all. It is done. It is the way of life. It is the end and the beginning.

"He loved the valley, the mountain, the grass, the rose. Now, since he cherished the rose so well, see, the rose will not leave him. Out of the dust it rises, it grows, it blooms. Against his lips it presses. It is the beginning! He loved, he thought, he knew. He is not dead. He is with Nature. It is but the beginning!

"Let the rose press against his lips in an eternal pure caress. There is no end. They understand. We do not yet understand."

The pink flame of the unreal light died away. The pageant of the hills, the panorama of the battle faded and were gone. The table and the books came back. Wondering at these words, I scarce could tell when the Singing Mouse went away, leaving me staring at the barren walls and at the white skull by my hand.

For a moment it nearly seemed to me the hollow eyes had light and spoke to me. For a moment almost it seemed to me that the rose stirred down deep among its petals, and that a wider perfume floated out upon the air.

E. HOUGH.

CHICAGO, May 10.

It is told of the late John Quincy Adams that a Quincy client of his, whose case was to be tried on a certain morning, was unable to get his counsel to go to Boston, or to leave his fishing boat, except long enough to write a note to the judge, which, when presented, caused that worthy magistrate to announce to the court: "Mr. Adams is detained on important business." The note read: "Dear Judge—For the sake of old Izaak Walton, please continue my case until Friday. The smelt are biting and I cant leave."—*New York Evening Post.*

Newfoundland As It Is.

ST. JOHNS, Newfoundland.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A handbook and guide entitled "Newfoundland As It Is in '94," has been published by the Rev. Moses Harvey of St. Johns. As this work is full of gross exaggerations respecting some of the subjects on which it treats, I should be glad for space to make a few remarks on it so as to prevent people being misled.

The soil of the island, except in a few isolated spots, is of a poor, sandy, stony nature, requiring much manure. The rich, loamy, fertile soil said to be the rule in the valleys of the Exploite, Humber and other rivers is not to be found, except in very small patches, if at all. The statement that the great barrens, large open spaces of altitude in the center of the island, such as the Whitehills north on Hale's Bay, are a "splendid ranching country, equal as a cattle and sheep raising country to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains in Montana or Alberta" is altogether an error. These barrens afford no vegetation of any kind for sheep or cattle; all they grow is white moss, coarse, sour rushes and dwarf spruce. The climate of the island is all against farming, the summer being too short and too cold. The truck system obtains, as St. Johns is the only cash market. To talk of emigration to such a place, to live by the land, is ridiculous. There is very little natural meadow in the island, and the abundant supply of nutritious wild grass and pasture" is a myth, as the rivers nearly always have steep banks, which they never overflow.

As to sport, there are a good many deer still left, though at the rate people destroy them in winter by firing buckshot into the herd, they will not last very long; and Mr. Harvey forgets to tell the non-resident sportsman that before he can kill a deer he must pay a license of $100. He who writes as if the stags has always horns of "magnificent proportions—the brow antlers meeting over the nose like a pair of hands clasped in the attitude of prayer." But horns such as these are by no means common, especially with meeting brow antlers. As a rule, a stag, even a big one, has but one perfect antler, the other is a mere prong like a finger, and the perfect one is extended out like a hand over the nose, somewhat in the fashion school boys sometimes adopt, not when they are engaged in prayer, or animated by any pious or reverential feeling, but very much the reverse!

The great barrens are described as abounding with "immense numbers of snipe;" as a fact there is hardly a snipe to be seen on them, and nowhere are they plenty. Ducks of all kinds are very scarce, as there is no food for them. Curlew, so called, at the present are rarely met with, they having deserted their old haunts. Plover also are only occasionally killed. As Mr. Harvey says, the salmon rivers have been ruined more or less by barring and poaching, but he is mistaken in saying that the fishery laws are enforced, such is seldom the case, and I must add that for some curious reason the salmon are very sulky at rising to the fly, especially those of more than 4 or 5lbs. which is the size of the great majority of the fish.

The fact is the colony have undertaken to build 500 miles of railway, which can never pay in any way, hence a frantic attempt is being made to boom the country, so as to bring grist to the mill and enable those who own land along side the track to sell to advantage.

RICHARD DASHWORD.

Natural History.

AN ANGLER'S DAY IN BIRDLAND.

FRIDAY May 18, a friend and myself with rods in hand left home at an early hour, *en route* for the haunts of the trout, but finding the streams too shallow and sluggish for sport with the rod we turned to smiling nature and gave ourselves up to the fascinating study of bird habits; and never in a limited space have I observed abundance and variety of bird life as I saw it that day between Lebanon and Yantic, this State, along the wooded banks of the Susquetonscot River.

The weather was warm and humid and the woods rang with the varied notes. We soon made a rare discovery, the nest of a pair of ruby-throated humming birds, which by a careful search we located on the upper surface of a maple branch overhanging the stream. Our discovery of the wee bit of moss and lichen was wholly due to the intense anxiety of the little midgets to drive us from the spot. The female as yet had deposited no eggs. We turned from the nest to watch the flight of a yellow-billed cuckoo. It was undoubtedly a male bird, as they arrive earlier than the females. He was noticeable by the long rudder-like tail characteristic of the species as he winged his way to a distant tree. Numerous song sparrows threaded their way along the bushy banks and flitted from twig to twig. The sharp penetrating cry of the red-tailed hawk cut the air; a close scrutiny of the blue ether above disclosed his dark form wheeling aloft in ever widening circles, his silhouette well defined against the fleecy clouds. An answering call was heard and he was joined by his mate and they soon were but a speck in the distance.

A great squalling in a nearby thicket proclaimed the presence of a pair of catbirds or mimits. They flew about in seeming great distress at our near approach to their nest, which contained four greenish colored eggs. Crossing a little glade numerous shifting shadows on the leaves caused us to direct our glance upward and a flock of crows passsed over the opening with heavy laborious flight. Hearing an unusual bird note we made search and saw the bird, a beautiful rose-breasted grosbeak. This was rather unexpected as they are more common in autumn and are not plentiful at any time in the United States. Hearing the querulous note of the wood pewee or phœbe bird, we saw a couple of these unassuming little birds hovering around the upturned roots of a fallen maple near the stream, and among the mass of roots and fibre was their nest in course of construction. Suddenly the uncanny *wah-wah* of a barred owl startled us nearly out of our wits, and volume of sound being any indication of size, he must have been a monster. A flock of song sparrows flew by and with a saucy little flirt of the tail dove into the shrubbery.

While crowding through a clump of spice bush or benzoin, I discovered a nest with a head and tail projecting above the rim. The occupant allowed me to come quite close before leaving the nest, which contained four eggs of an exquisite light blue. It was the nest of the hermit thrush, a bird of secluded habits with no song, but a sharp "chuck." We paused to note the movements of a scarlet tanager and remarked on the beauty of his scarlet coat and its glowing contrast to the emerald foliage as he sported among the branches above.

The woods rang with the reverberating roll of the partridge's drum as he amused himself on his favorite log in the distant recesses of the forest. On the cedar-grown knolls the robins were flitting about and their nests were of frequent occurrence in all stages of completion, from the first twigs to the perfect nest with eggs. The finches were here in number and variety. The rustle of the towhee finch or chewink was frequently heard among the leaves in the thickets; purple finches were often seen, the adult male looking for all the world as though he had been dipped in pokeberry juice and taken out before the drying process was complete. But the pet of them all is the little American goldfinch, his bright yellow and jet black plumage conspicuous among the willows, where they usually nest. One would hardly recognize this gay-plumaged little bird in the winter months by his coat of dull green neutral tint.

The flora vied in richness with the fauna of this delightful region, my friend often calling my attention to the liberal growth of wood lilies or trilliums, the large purple or bath flower and the delicate painted trillium, its wavy white flowers adorned with pinkish purple stripes at the base. The pale purple cranesbill was here, the twinflower, Solomon's seal and hosts of others.

At one of the stream's broad reaches I saw a belted kingfisher take his curious spiral plunge as checking his rapid flight in mid-air he dropped into the stream and emerged with a small fish. At the same pool a muskrat swam across with a leaf of the blue iris waving plume-like above his head.

Catching the sharp chatter of a Baltimore oriole we directed our steps to an elm tree in a nearby opening, and there saw the male bird moving restlessly among the foliage, and also located their queer purse-like nest, which swung at the tip of a drooping branch. From the apple trees of an old orchard came the strident cry of purple grackles, and on the old wall perched a red squirrel, who greeted the intruders in his domain with a defiant chatter and then scampered along the wall as though frightened at his temerity. The soft sweet twitter of bluebirds was wafted on the air, and approaching an old dead poplar by the water we saw one of these rightly named birds perched in close proximity to a hole which led to the interior of the tree, where doubtless the mother bird was fulfilling her maternal duties. The *wick-a-wick* of the high-hole or flicker was heard that day, and occasionally one was seen in his long undulating flight, or sitting crosswise on a branch—a feat never attempted by other members of the woodpecker tribe.

Sitting on a bowlder at the foot of a moss-grown ledge our meditations are disturbed by the rustle of leaves up the ravine side. We watch the spot and a large cock partridge struts proudly into view. What a subject for the artist's brush as he stands erect in a listening attitude, the grayish white bars of legs and breast, a strong contrast to the emerald background of laurels. Soon his native instinct seems to warn him of lurking danger; his eagle eye darts from point to point in the little glen, and as the unusual objects at the foot of the ledge burst upon his vision, the spell is broken, and with an alarmed and hurried *ouit-ouit* his brown body rises from the earth and followed by a whirl of leaves shoots through the trees like a meteor, and the booming of wings soon dies away in the distance.

In the fragrant meadows aflame with the scarlet bloom of the rhodora the meadow larks or starlings skulked through the fresh young grass, or from the summit of a convenient rock poured forth their liquid notes. Redwing blackbirds hovered around the shallow grass-grown sloughs, and with noisy gabble made their usual short curving flight, fluttering back to the starting point. Along the fences flitted the familiar little chipping sparrow and occasionally we caught Bob White's well known whistle. In fact it was birds everywhere. Never was there such a day, never such a locality, where all day we were entertained by Nature's orchestra. It is certainly a fact that bird life is the most abundant along water-courses where the conditions of nature are in accordance with the wants of the feathered tribe. Here the foliage is most luxuriant, insect life if abundant, material for nesting purposes a-plenty, and the necessary water for bathing and drink; and again, it is my firm belief that birds as well as human beings have an appreciative eye for the charm of nature, which are enhanced ten-fold by the presence of the murmuring stream.

E. M. BROWN.

CONNECTICUT.

A Flying Squirrel.

ONE day my little boy and I took a stroll in the mountain just across the river, opposite Poughkeepsie, when we observed a nest in the top of a tree, which for size might be called but a sapling. I gave the tree a kick and out jumped a flying squirrel, which sailed to another large tree and disappeared. I surmised that he might be in the nest the next day. So I took a bag and cut a birch bough that was full of twigs and started for the capture of the squirrel. This time I gave the tree but a slight jar and instead of leaping from the tree he came out of the nest and clung to a branch. Instantly I gave the sapling a vigorous shake, so that he had no opportunity to leap and sail away, and he fell plump upon the ground. He assayed to climb the tree, but I would brush him down at every attempt with my birch bough, until I succeeded in putting my hat over him and then transferring him to the bag.

That this squirrel is a somewhat "mysterious fellow," as one of your correspondents says, is quite true; but this one would eat what other squirrels do. He got pretty tame in a few days and would show himself during the daytime. But all at once he disappeared. I thought he had found some place of egress and gave him up as lost. But one night as I sat at my desk I heard at "pat-pat" on the floor, and looking, saw the squirrel. I was astounded. I soon learned that he was a night animal, and found the place of his diurnal repose. It was between the bedclothes and right over my feet. I never handled him much, but he would run over me and into my pockets and nestle there. Just before I left New York State I sold him to a man who bought him, as I was in the post-office, where I had carried him in my pocket.

N. D. ELTING.

A WISCONSIN HERONRY.

Augusta, Wis.—"Bald eagles? of course they're bald eagles. Don't you suppose I know a bald eagle when I see one? Haven't I seen 'em flying that way by the hundreds?" Thus replied a long, lank, weather-beaten specimen of humanity to our question regarding certain rumors of a roost of birds dimly located among the pines anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five miles northeast of Augusta, Wis. Our informant was one of those queer characters who appear periodically upon the streets of any Western village in the timber districts, a perfect Leather-Stocking in inclination, but lacking somewhat his moral qualities, ready to eke out an existence by picking blue or blackberries in season or shooting deer out of season; usually well posted on any of nature's products which might contribute to his maintenance, but rather too apt to jump at conclusions on other questions.

While, personally, we had seen no bald eagles, it had been our luck to occasionally bag or stir up fine specimens of blue herons, and we noticed that those which escaped our guns invariably took a direct N.E. course from here. Others started up at various distances, took a course so as to land in the same locality, and in time we had a series of lines of flight all centering in one general locality like the spokes of a wheel, the hub, we figured, being somewhere between the North and South forks of the Eau Claire River some twenty miles away. It was natural then that we sought information from hunters and others, but the story of a great number of bald eagles pouring daily into the forks of the Eau Claire River called forth certain suppressed smiles and these in turn called out the remarks at the head of this article. Nevertheless, on July 5, a party of three, a doctor, a professor and the writer started out with team and full camping outfit to solve the question. Our route after leaving the farming district beyond Coon's Fork lay along the old "tote road" toward Wilson's Camp as far as Horse Creek, eleven miles distant, where we turned down the bank to the left, following the trail a mile until the south branch of the river was reached, which we forded without difficulty. From this point we followed an old winter road, long in disuse, which led in a northeasterly direction to Hamilton's Falls on the North Fork, six miles away. These roads through old pine choppings are hard and smooth in winter when covered by well packed snow, but in summer they are deserted and grown up with brush. The creeks and waterways have their temporary log and brush bridges washed out by the spring freshets, necessitating a sharp plunge of team and wagon down the steep bank on one side and a lift at the wheel on the other. To add to the vexation sundry dead trees are blown across the track, which have to be cut out with axe and moved to one side with heavy levers. In crossing a hardwood ridge we were delayed two hours by a windfall of large hardwood trees which are easily uprooted by the winds as soon as the protecting pine is cut away from about them. This meant two hours of the hardest kind of chopping and lifting, during which the mosquitoes, buffalo and deer flies made life miserable for man and beast. Clearing this obstruction in a heavy shower, we gradually descended toward the North Fork, jumping a log now and then with all hands at the wheels, until we came within hearing of Hamilton's Falls. Within eighty rods of this is Devine's Camp, once one of the best equipped lumber camps on the river, but having served its purpose during the period of denuding the country of its pine forests, now lies deserted, the ground about being covered with implements, water carts, wire from baled hay and huge marrow bones from the numerous beef quarters consumed by the small army of men formerly employed here.

On the way over we had noticed a scattering flight of herons centering still further up the forks, and from the hardwood ridge we could discern now and then a number coming and going from the North Fork and its branches. The two lines apparently met over a half section of tall pine timber about two miles a little to the south of east of our camp, but as it was now dusk and showery we prepared supper and turned in for the night.

Four o'clock next morning found us up, breakfast cooked, and ready for the voyage of discovery, and voyage it proved to be, with mud at times ankle deep, and every leaf supporting great drops of water, drenching us to the skin in a few moments.

Instead of keeping around to the right, where the herons seemed to fly, we made a short cut through the great pines whose tops towered fully a hundred feet above our heads, with but little underbrush beneath. As we rested among these grand columns no wonder we all echoed the Doctor's sentiment when he remarked, "If I were a squirrel this is just the place I would live, and I would like to stay here a month, anyway."

Gradually working our way toward the south edge of the pines, all at once a harsh, grunting, croaking sound greeted our ears and we stopped to listen. Then a louder combination still nearer, another off to the left, then half a dozen, which from a distance seemed not unlike a great many hogs fighting, grunting and squealing, confirmed our surmise that the roost was at hand.

We soon discovered that every pine for a distance of perhaps two acres contained a large stick nest, not flat and spread out like the nests in the cypress trees in Florida, but a huge round affair, large and deep on the outside as a bushel basket, not on the flat surface of spreading branches, but right in the very top where the tree separates into many parts. In one case where a tree formed into two great forks 30ft. from the ground, the top of each contained a nest, while a third nest was placed lower down on a side shoot; this tree, together with one other which spread out into a broad, flat top, were the only ones containing three nests, although quite a number had two. There were usually three young to a nest, and they stood upright on the nest or on branches level with it near by, and upon the arrival of the parent would all scramble into the nest, setting up meanwhile a great squawking, grunting sound, in a volume hardly to be expected from three birds.

The old bird usually alighted on the smaller branches near the nest, proceeding immediately to it, thrusting her bill well into the outstretched throat of the nearest, the heads and necks of both birds weaving back and forth during the process, the other two keeping up an infernal squalling all the while. As soon as the bill was withdrawn another bird was served in the same manner, while the third made a vain effort to get his bill down the throat of the one just fed, which would indicate that such thefts might be successfully made.

The old birds were constantly coming and going and therefore the combinations of noises were almost constant from one part or other of the heronry, the noise coming only from nests where birds were being fed. In the tree with three nests the birds in the nest being fed made the usual outcry but those in the remaining nests, not ten feet away, paid no attention to it.

The young were nearly full fledged and about ready to leave the nests, and when standing upon the branches were hardly distinguishable from the old birds except by close examination of the feathers of the breast which did not have the dashes of as deep black as the old birds.

We attempted to secure a set of young to mount for the local High School Museum, but when shot they invariably fluttered and scrambled about, finally landing on the nest.

From the old birds we selected fourteen of the handsomest, taking only one from a tree, for mounting purposes. These with our guns proved a tremendous load on the two miles through the brush, swamp and over logs to camp.

Rolling each bird in squares of cheese cloth and the whole in blankets we made ready for the return trip.

The trip out was an easy one compared to our ride in, and only one incident is worthy of record. When half way out we heard a hearty "Hello, boys, what d'ye get?" "Only a few of those bald eagles you were telling about." "Let's see 'em." He approached, and lifting a flap of the blanket exposing a bunch of long, slender toes. Lifting a little higher, his eye followed up a long vista of legs. "Let's see the other end." Peering in there a mass of long yellow bills met his gaze. Lifting a little higher, his eye followed up a long vista of necks. "Say, boys" (changing the subject), "did you get any deer?" "Didn't see a deer." "Well, if you went to Devine's Camp you passed within ten rods of my best salt lick." Frank S. Daggett.

Habits of the Rail.

Sweet Springs, W. Va., Aug. 27.—I have many times seen and heard it stated that sora leave a region immediately upon the advent of the first frost. I have recently been told by two separate parties, voluntarily, that they killed sora here last fall after heavy frosts. One said he caught two in a trapset for mink and muskrat, and I killed them last fall after the early frosts. Can you offer any explanation of this circumstance? C. R. C.

[The popular notion about the disappearance of the rail with the first frosts is erroneous. Probably the greater part of the sora do go about the time of the first frosts, but we have seen them in Connecticut in November, after real hard frosts, and the few birds then killed are large and fat.]

Turkey Buzzards in New York.

New York, Sept. 1.—While swimming in the Hudson River last Saturday at the foot of the Palisades opposite Croton Point, a solitary turkey buzzard came circling down the wooded shore, and seeing me, sailed out to investigate. I turned on my back and watched him as he came within about 40yds. and made a turn directly overhead. Satisfied that I was not to furnish him a meal he glided in shore again and continued his course down the the river, following high water mark and scanning the drift with his keen eyes for whatever dainties might escape his equally keen nose. He had lost feathers out of both wings, and looked the outcast and wanderer that he was. J. B. B.

[Commenting on our note in last issue, the *Evening Post* says that turkey buzzards are annual visitors at Unionville, Orange county, N. Y.]

St. Augustine Song Birds.

St. Augustine, Aug. 27.—Our Common Council passed a local bill for the protection of song birds, but of course it is useless. We've had one for years. Such laws "don't go" here. Didymus.

Game Bag and Gun.

BEAVER TRAPPING WITH PENOBSCOT JOHN.*

BY THOMAS CHESTER.

When a young man about twenty years of age I trapped one fall at Twin Ponds, on a branch of the Penobscot River, with an old Indian of the Penobscot tribe named John. He was nearly full-blooded and about 65 years old, of medium height, spare build and very straight. He was strong and rugged for his age, his limbs were supple, and he retained that light, cat-like tread peculiar to the race and which so few white men acquire. His habits were good. He was temperate in all ways save smoking and eating, kind and considerate; so a very good Indian, as most of them are when left as nature reared them, unaffected by the evils which follow in the wake of civilization, which are nearly all that reach him in his contact with the whites. John said to me: "What you think, s'posin' you me go up Two (Twin) Ponds by by and trappin' some? S'posin' we catchem some beaver, some otter, some musquash, maybe somethin' else? Maybe we do purty well, don't know, maybe so."

I told him I did not care, guessed we would, and asked him how we would trap together—how divide up the fur. He thought a moment, and then said: "Um, got no money, s'pose you got some?"

"Yes, a little."

"Well, s'pose you get something to eat for two, you and me; then you taken my canoe up and traps, maybe twenty-five, s'posin' you taken up twenty-five the same. Then we divide fur two parts, and maybe me show you how to catch ole cunning beaver. S'pose you catch some, maybe not ole, cunning fellow. Sartin he cunning ole rascal, me know him purty well."

This seemed to me to be a very good offer. I knew old John to be an excellent trapper, having followed the occupation all his life, and thought his experience and instructions would be a benefit to me, for I was then a very indifferent trapper, especially of beaver. So I told him "all right, I would go," and asked him when he would start. He said: "Purty soon, maybe three or four days; no catchem much here."

Twin ponds were part of the headwaters of a large stream which emptied into the main river from the west, about three miles below my camp. From the mouth of the stream up to the ponds was about four miles. An old tote road, which was formerly made and used by lumbermen in getting out pine timber, followed up the stream to the headwaters. The ponds themselves were each about a mile long and half a mile wide. A thoroughfare or dead wat r reach of about half a mile long connected them, and the main inlet, which empties into the upper one, is slack water, up, for a mile, and bordered on each side by low, marshy lands, conditions favorable for trapping all water game. Within a radius of three or four miles from these waters are several other small ponds, and the whole surrounding region is wild and well wooded. This section of country was well known to us both, though neither of us had been there for about two years.

Following the thoroughfare between the two ponds we came to a small rise of land. Here a good camp site was found, about eight or ten rods from the shore. The land was high enough, and dry, with plenty of spruce and fir for building purposes, and enough hard wood for fire. A small spring of cold, clear water trickled down from the side of the little hill, and was well shaded on all sides by the coniferous trees.

We chopped down trees eight or ten inches in diameter and cut them up into sections for the walls of the camp. We needed a room about twelve feet square, so cut the logs fourteen feet long; this would give length sufficient to interlock them over and under each other, at the corners, making the walls firmer and stronger. We logged the sides up about six feet, then we put on four pairs of rafters. Across these, on the outer side, we placed ribs a foot a part, then for covering over all we thatched sheets of white birch bark, making a roof proof against rain and snow, and fair to look upon. The gable ends we sealed up with long shingles or "splits," worked out of straight-grained cedar found back in a swamp. For a floor we cut down fir trees and hewed them down to plank three inches thick, smoothed and matched their edges as well as we could. Then placed some sleepers on the ground within the camp and placed the plank on them, making a very fair floor. Next we made two narrow bunks in the rear end of the camp, one for old John and one for myself. Then we built a stone fire-place and chimney up against the interior of the front wall. For plaster we used blue clay and sand, thoroughly mixed and thinned down with water. This makes a much harder and more durable cement than can be made with lime. We chinked with moss the crevices between the logs, and fitted in an old window sash with six lights of 7×9 glass, which I had taken from my camp on the river. Then we fitted in a small door in the west wall, picked fir boughs and placed them in the bunks about a foot deep, making a soft and delightfully aromatic bed

And so, after about a week of hard work, we got our camp done and everything moved into it; and congratulated ourselves much on having such good quarters. Old John standing in the room and looking it over, with a satisfied look on his face, said, "me like 'em very well; me sleepim much here." But as I shall show further on, his last expression was for a time not to be fulfilled.

The next day after we got all fixed up at camp, old John proposed that we should go up to the second pond and look for some beaver; it was rather early in the season to trap them, but we wanted one to eat. So we paddled up through the thoroughfare to the foot of the the pond and skirted its north shore up, about a quarter of a mile; here we came to an old beaver house newly repaired, and evidently occupied. Here old John began a close scrutiny of the signs—peeled sticks lying along the shore, teeth marks in the wood, clippings of the twigs along the margin of the water, and tracks made in the mud. From these observations he concluded that the house was tenanted, by only one beaver, and that one very large and very old; and by further inspection of the tracks, that it had lost one forward foot.

After these discoveries, old John looked somewhat troubled, and spoke, partly to himself, in a sort of undertone, "Sartin', he very big, cunning ole beaver. Losem one foot in trap some time. That makem scare much. Me try catchem purty hard. Maybe cheatem by and by." It was evident from the tenor of this monologue that he felt that he had found his match, or something very near it, and would have to put forth his best efforts to achieve success. Here were the representatives of two long lines of ancestors pitted against each other. The Indian anxious to catch the beaver. The beaver wary, alert and watchful to avoid and to detect all danger; both well fitted by nature to prolong existence, both having their faculties sharpened and quickened by necessities by a long life and experience. But the Indian stoically accepted the situation. And so did the beaver.

After reconnoitering to our satisfaction, we went back to camp, cut some firewood, caught some good sized trout in the thoroughfare a little below the landing, cooked and ate dinner, and talked over plans. It was about the first of October, rather too early to catch anything but muskrat; so we agreed that for two weeks or so John should work on the beaver and catch what musquosh he could; and I should cruise over the country, look up all the ponds, blaze all necessary lines and make some estimate of the quantity and kinds of game in the region.

Along about the middle of the afternoon we put some traps in the canoe and went up to the beaver works to look up a chance to set them. We found two paths, or trails, leading from the water up, back a few rods, on to the land, where the old beaver had recently been working. On one of them it had cut some poplars only the night before. Here, at the mouths of these trails, in the water, old John set the traps, while I managed the canoe. We did not go ashore as we had all necessary things aboard with us for fixing the traps. The conditions seemed very favorable; the water was the right depth; the bottom was soft, making it easy to cover the traps; old John worked with care and circumspection, and I confess that I considered the chances of getting the beaver that night very favorable. John did not appear to feel so hopeful.

After fixing the traps as well as we could we went back to camp, took about twenty more traps and set them about the shores of the lower pond for muskrats. Early the next morning we started out on our respective labors, John tending the beaver and mukrat traps and I going out to a pond about two and a half miles away and flaying a line over the route. I spent the day cruising about and exploring around the pond till the lengthening shadows of the trees on its banks warned me that it was time

*See paper by same writer on beaver habits in last issue.

to start for home. When I arrived at camp the sun had gone down, the shades of night were gathering over all around, and in the uncertain light I saw John sitting on a log in the dooryard with a dozen muskrats lying in a pile near. He seemed to feel somewhat disappointed and dejected. I greeted him, "John, you did pretty well on muskrats." "Yes, me catchem some musquash, but no getem ole beaver. He no come near 't all las' night, spose he scar'em some; he go way some other place."

It was evident that the beaver had taken the alarm, probably had sniffed in the air some taint or scent from our persons. As is generally known, the scent from the Indian's person is much stronger than is that from the white man's. Here it is that even with all his skill he labors under a disadvantage in trapping the quick-scented animals. True, he succeeds, usually, in doing away with this scent on the sticks, bushes and other objects which he may have touched in setting his traps; still, it mixes with the air and is wafted about, beyond his control, except in so far as he can neutralize it, by impregnating the air with some stronger scent, and one which may be grateful to the beaver's nose. Usually trappers carry something of this kind with them, but on this occasion we had no beaver medicine with us.

After this trial of skill in thrust and parry between old John and the beaver had been going on for a week, the Indian seemed to be losing confidence in himself. He became restless, uneasy, gloomy, and unusually taciturn. The shadows of disappointment and of hopes departing were gathering on his brow. The lines on his face were growing longer and sinking deeper. He was becoming weak and emaciated, though his appetite remained good. He would mutter in his restless, uneasy sleep, and getting up many times in the night, he would sit over the smouldering fire, brooding over his waning prospects.

In my week's cruisings I had found two families of beavers, but did not speak of them to old John, for it was rather too early in the season to catch them. But as the days passed by I became somewhat uneasy as to his condition, not knowing but that he might worry himself into a turn of sickness. So, during the night, after the seventh day of his trials, I thought the matter over and concluded to tell him next morning and ask him to go up with me and catch one or two of them, and so wean his mind away for a time from the old big one.

Early the next morning I went out to scan the weather. The signs looked bad; dark scuds of clouds were racing up from the south, following each other in quick succession, indicating a wet day. So I concluded not to go off in the woods till the storm was over. When I went back into camp old John was up and had started a fire. I told him that it looked like rain, and I guessed I wouldn't go out for that day. "Better not," said he, "much bushes; maybe getem much wet," and seemed to be glad I was going to stay with him. We had a good breakfast, then talked a while. He was slow in brightning up, but did so to some extent after a while, and proposed that I should go with him and look over the musquash traps. So we went down, got five musquas, and reset the traps; came back to camp, skinned the rats and stretched the pelts. This was a small catch, for old John had them pretty well thinned out in this lower water. They were quite plenty in the upper pond and its main inlet, but we did not wish to trap them there till we should have done with the old beaver.

After dinner we thought we would go up to the beaver traps and look for fresh signs. We found them set all right; nothing had been disturbed. We pushed further along, closely scanning the shores, till we came to the mouth of a little brook or run, which emptied into the pond. It was very small and shoal, and as we moved by I happened to look up into it and saw two or three places where the surface muck had been scraped off, showing the underlying blue clay; I thought that perhaps this might have been done by the old beaver in traveling up and down the brook, and so I called my companion's attention to it, and told him that we would back down a few rods and I would go ashore, walk up to the head of the run and look about a little, while he could go up with the canoe to the main inlet and prospect. I came to the little brook, near its source, where the water trickled out of the ground about fifty rods above the pond. I found no signs there, so followed down about twenty-five rods, and found some new works—a few alders cut down and partially peeled, a white birch cut all around, and in toward the center of the tree some 3in., and the bark eaten off in places, directly above and below the scarf. Some of this work seemed to have been done recently—the night before, I thought. All this looked quite encouraging, but the problem was to catch the old rascal. There was only about 5in. of mud and water in the brook, and under this was blue clay, compact and firm. It would be of little use to set steel traps in such a place as this; the beaver would be very likely to tear itself away; and the only other plan that promised any success was the building of an Indian killeag in the bed of the brook.

After looking the conditions all over I went down to the pond to see old John, bring him up and get his judgment in the case. He was waiting when I reached the pond, and I asked him if he had found new signs. "No, me no see 'em any good sign; two, t'ree days made; s'pose he gone away some place." I told him I thought the beaver was working upon the little brook.

When we got there he looked at the cuttings and thought them very fresh. "Sartin he come last night; maybe three, four nights; cuttem down that tree soon; gettem more bark, maybe he come to-night." Then he looked at the brook and said, "Very bad chance settem traps; not much water; beaver fight much; maybe get away." Then I said, "Suppose we make a killeag in the brook, maybe we will catch him that way. What do you think?"

"That very good way. Sartin we make killeag. We makem now, to-day."

"Well John," said I, "you'd better go down into the brook and fix it, and I will cut sticks and brush and hand to you. You can make it better than I can."

He looked at the water, then down at his low, thin moccasins and said with a gruesome twist of countenance, "much cold in there."

I told him never mind, he might put on my rubber boots and I'd take his moccasins. Then we went at it, he making the trap and I cutting and handing him the material. Soon it began to rain, and rained quite heavily all the afternoon. We were very glad to have the rain; it added much to the success of our enterprise, as it washed away all taint or scent which we might have left about the trap or in its vicinity. Old John worked carefully and skillfully and did, as it seemed to me, all that any trapper could do. It took us about two hours to make the trap; and when we got back to camp it was nearly night, and we were wet and hungry; but we didn't mind; the rain was working for us. We soon got on dry clothes, built a good fire, cooked and ate our supper; then we felt pretty well. Old John's spirits took a rise of about 20 degrees; but he had to rise about 80 more to bring him up to a normal condition. We talked a while of the probabilities of our success with the old beaver, and both of us were somewhat hopeful.

We arose quite early the next morning, especially old John, who awoke me by the crackling of the brisk fire he had burning, and speaking to me in a half jocular manner, said, "Sposem me go up, bringem down ole beaver; getem breakfas', me come back; how you likem that?"

"Like it well, John. Hope you will get it. Go ahead; I will have breakfast ready when you come back."

So he started off in the canoe. In about an hour and a quarter he hove in sight on his way back. The boat was going through the water at a rapid rate; the Indian was plying the paddle with his utmost energy. I stood on the shore at the landing watching him as he came down and felt hopeful of his success. As the canoe neared the shore with a sweep of the paddle he beached it broadside to. There in the bottom of the craft lay the beaver, and a very large one it was. As surmised, it had lost one foot, the left one forward, taken off some two years before, as the fracture was healed up and skinned over. Old John, with a radiance of satisfaction illuminating his face, asked me, "What you thinks. How you likem?"

"Oh, great luck, John; fine, large fellow; glad you got it."

"Sartin; me glad, too; big ole fellow; weigh sixty pound. He cunning ole rascal. Sometime me think me no gitem, but me keep tryem all time, by and by maybe me catchem. Sartin he here now in canoe.

I asked him if the beaver was dead when he found it. "Sartin he dead; not live long in killeag; putem my hand on him, he feelem coled; then me know he dead; no getem 'way. Then me take 'em out trap, carryem down to canoe."

The beaver was carried up to camp and laid on some splits. Then we went in to breakfast. It was a very enjoyable meal for both of us. While at table we reviewed old John's campaign against the beaver in all its strong and weak points, and the beaver's marvelous intuitions in guarding against surprise. The Indian's spirits were rapidly rising to a normal condition. The expression of his features was undergoing a rapid transformation. The shadows of gloom and disappointment were fleeing from his brow, leaving it clear and open and man-like, as nature moulded it. The kindly, considerate qualities of the man were asserting themselves. All this I noted with pleasure and satisfaction, for it betokened the success of our fall hunt. After breakfast we sharpened our knives and skinned the beaver. It was very fat and the meat looked good, and was good, as it proved when we came to eat it.

We cut off the tail and dressed the carcass; then old John said, "S'pose you putem some in pot an' boil 'em, an' me makem hoop out little ash tree an' stretchem skin." So I cut up some of the hindquarters and filled two good-sized kettles with it and hung them over the fire to boil. The liver, which is large, I washed and sliced up, ready to be fried for dinner. The rest of the meat was hung up in the shade of the trees, a little back from the camp; the weather being cool, it kept until we had eaten it all up, which did not take long.

After a while old John got the skin stretched, cleaned off and hung up in the shade to dry. It was a very large one, and the fur fine and silky, and the color very dark, shading down on the back to almost a black.

After dinner, leaving the kettle of meat simmering over a slow fire, we put some traps into the canoe, paddled to the upper pond and set them for muskrat. Then we went up the main inlet, looked about and found a new beaver house near the head of the dead water. The house was large and was occupied, apparently, by a large family of beaver. This was promising and made us feel quite elated. On the way back we went up to where we had caught the old beaver, changed the killeag, or trap, making it suitable for catching otter, which frequently go up and down these little brooks.

The Indian is always hungry. The desire, the craving for food is always present, even when so full he can hold no more. While the beaver lasted old John used to get up two or three times every night, light up the fire a little, sit down and eat of the boiled meat. I was amused, when lying awake in the bunk, to see with what relish he would eat away on the beaver's hindleg. It was fat, and the fire light flickering and playing hide-and-go-seek over his greasy face made it shine like a piece of burnished mahogany.

After trapping about two months, we thought it nearly time to be moving out. We felt sorry when we thought of leaving the place, for here we had passed many peaceful and happy days. After the siege with the old beaver, nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of our enterprise. Old John and myself worked in perfect unison. We had a good dry camp to live in; we had good health and spirits; plenty of exercise and enough to eat; and furs were sufficiently numerous to satisfy our expectations, to give zest to the business, and to pay well for our labors.

But it was now late in the fall; the weather was getting bad; the ponds and streams were frozen over, and game was not sunning much. Besides, old John was hardly able to endure a winter campaign; age was telling against him. So we concluded to gather up our traps and bring them to camp. This meant two days of hard work. Then we shod the canoe; that is, fixed long cedar "splits" over it outside to protect the bark from the roughness of the road. When this was done we fastened one end of the boat on a hand sled—we had made two while at camp—put the traps and some other things into it, and dragged them down to the mouth of the road at the main river. The river was frozen over, and trying the ice, we found that it would bear us while we drew the loads over it.

As this was to be the last night in camp, we concluded to have an extra good supper. So we baked some biscuits, fried an extra big plate of fat, tender, juicy, caribou steak, cut from a ham of one we had shot, on a back pond, about a week before, and made a dish of good tea. After supper I asked old John, whether we had better divide the fur, and how we would do it. "Sartin" he replied, "last night here; better dividem; spose me makem two piles, you takem one pile, which you like, then me takem other one." To this I assented. When he had divided up the pelts into two lots, I took the one which had in it the old big beaver skin. Then I drew it out from the pile, and handing it to old John, told him I would make him a present of it. He hesitated about taking it, but I told him I wished him to have it, for he had worked hard to get it. Finally he took it, and laying it by, said, "me like havem old beaver very much, but me no like takem from yon."

I knew that he longed to possess the skin, but his sense of fair dealing prevented him from saying anything about it. Early the next morning we loaded everything on the sleds, covered over the top of the chimney, to keep out the snow and rain, closed up the camp, and giving it a lingering, regretful look, started on down, with our loads. Our fall trapping was ended.

THE PROBLEM OF THE WEST.

WORTHINGTON, Minn., Aug. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Your editorial in the Aug. 25 issue on "Shotgun and Citizenship" was read by me with much interest, and I hope it is only one of many that you will write on the same subject.

The idea of remedying the evil by education is an admirable one, but unfortunately it must necessarily be too slow in its effect to be of much benefit in the Northwest. These States, and particularly the Dakotas and Minnesota are peopled to a very large extent with Russians and Norwegians, the former especially being very clannish in their dispositions. They came to this country in large parties—all from one locality in their old homes and settle together and usually in a section that already contains a number of their friends. The result is that whole counties are populated by one nationality, not only the farms, but the towns as well, and it is a common thing to find every merchant in a town of the same nationality as the surrounding farmers.

They come to this country with the preconceived notions you describe, and living as they do, frequently for years without being able to speak or understand our language, are to all intents and purposes as ignorant of our laws and institutions as when they first landed at Castle Garden, their one idea seems to be that this free country means license to do as they please, regardless of the rights of others. The few people of American birth living among them, unless of the same origin as themselves, are looked upon with suspicion and have no influence with them, and any attempt to argue or reason with them is simply wasted time. Progressive ideas have little or no chance to take root. The younger generations born in this country may in time be brought to a realizing sense of what they owe to others, but the growth must of necessity be slow, they live surrounded by the influences and ideas of the older generations, and do as their fathers did before them, slow to take advantage of new ideas and having little inclination or opportunity to do so.

In their old homes they were used to being kicked and cuffed about and trampled on by those in authority, and the only law that they understand or respect is one of force. Let them once see through the medium of convictions with accompanying fines and imprisonments that our game laws are not on the statute books solely as an ornament, and they will respect them, but until this is done they will be looked on only with contempt, and not only by this class but the lawless element of Anglo-Saxon origin as well. What we need are game wardens as energetic as Warden Blow, and lots of them

That in some sections the ruinous practice of the trapper has completed his deadly work. I had ample evidence this week in the receipt of a magnificent pointer from a friend at Ouawa, Ia., an ideal chicken country. My friend is an ardent sportsman, one who would rather hunt than eat, yet right on the eve of the open season he ships his favorite dog to me for my use during the entire season, and informs me that much as he would like to use her, he cannot, as the chickens have been trapped until scarely one is left in the country.

"Stop the sale of game" is a plank on which all sportsmen should stand as a matter of self-protection, if for no other reason, for in that plank and its general enactment is the only salvation of our game. So long as a market is open in which game can be disposed of, just so long will men exist to kill and ship, and express companies be found to receive and carry it.

To the sportsmen of Illinois and New York we must first look for aid; close the large markets of Chicago, New York, etc., and the multitude of smaller ones will cease to be profitable even before we can close them up. It is the large markets that make the work of the market-hunter profitable; without them the little ones would be so overstocked that the game would not bring the cost of carriage and ammunition. W. R. H.

A Squirrel's Immunity.

DAVENPORT CENTRE, N. Y., Aug. 29.—An unusual circumstance coming under my notice in regard to living up to the game law, I will submit it to the readers of your most enjoyable paper.

A fine specimen of the migratory or gray squirrel came into town this afternoon, and after canvasing the village quite thoroughly, at last took up his position on a fir tree directly across the street from the post-office; and although quite a crowd of people were watching his movements, he barked away complacently, and, would you believe it, no one rushed home after the proverbial "best shutin' gun in the country," nor even a boy threw a stone at this squirrel. Some one said, "That fellow seems to know that the law is not quite off on squirrels yet." "Yes," said I, "and it seems little short of a miracle that he has spent most of the afternoon in town, and still has his skin on yet." "Oh," was the rejoinder, "we don't kill squirrels nor birds out of season, nor do we dynamite trout streams either." I pity the squirrels and birds in most other towns. Ruffed grouse and "the grays" are plentiful here this season, but owing to the dry weather the "bog sucker" is not with us yet. C. F. L.

A Gray Squirrel County.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., Aug. 25.—The gray squirrels and ruffed grouse are very plenty around here, and the hunting this fall promises to be better than ever before. I am going to write you further about the attractions which we offer to the sportsman in the near future.

W. W. B.

THE MOOSE CALL.

DURING these sultry dog days, while sweltering in the heat of the city, deprived of our usual outing by the stringency of the money market as applied to our own individual business, how many times does the mind revert to scenes of past pleasures—to cool, shady dells, grand, somber forests, roaring cascades where the royal salmon makes his splendid leap, and calm lakes surrounded by the everlasting hills. upon whose pellucid waters our artificial flies have trailed and fluttered many a time in the pursuit of the gamy black bass.

Above all, how pleasant it is to remember the great Canadian forests in early fall and winter, with their bracing atmosphere laden with the resinous odors of spruce, pine and hemlock. One can almost hear the crackle of the glowing camp-fire and the many voices of companions who made the days pass pleasantly as they spun yarns of field and flood, or sung the songs so dear to the heart of the sportsman.

Such an experience can never die while life remains to the enthusiastic participant. His face lights up as he speaks of the camp and its many associations, some humorous, others of an adventurous nature and all breathing the true spirit of vigorous, healthy woods life, pass in review before him as though it were but yesterday they occurred.

Can it be possible that so many years have elapsed since we captured that grand-daddy trout in the deep hole just where the cold waters of the brook merged with the river? Why, the electric thrill seems to chase up and down our good right arm to this day as we see the wonderful leaps he made, with the golden sunlight flashing from his spotted sides, and only yielding himself a captive. ransom or no ransom, when incapable of another tug. How tenderly we handle the wreck of a scarlet-ibis fly which has been laid away, honorably discharged, after bringing to net a small-mouth black bass of 6½lbs.

Again we chuckle with humor at the recollection of our Commodore hanging tooth and nail to the rustic bridge with 10ft. of water below, the wind having carried his light boat from under him. It was nip and tuck for two minutes whether he could drag the canoe back by means of the desperate hold he had secured by means of the toe of his boot, and the balance of the camp lined the shore cheering alternately man and boat, casting wagers as to the chances of a cold bath, and making the woods echo with their applause when Cincinnati brawn finally conquered the obstinacy of a Canuck birchbark, wind-driven canoe, allowing the exhausted fisherman to drop into its embrace. Those were royal days when we were sporting for sport. Game was fairly plenty, and none of us were butchers. We always had enough and to spare for the camp, and at one time after the season for venison opened, there hung outside of our shanty, deer, grouse, squirrels, the head of a moose our collector had preserved, besides several splendid strings of fish, including speckled trout, black bass and an enormous maskinonge, known as the tiger of northern waters on account of his piratical build and the rapacity of his assault. There were six of us in the party, three of whom were guides. Of the sportsmen, our able Commodore led by long odds, his service in the field having been worldwide; for, being a man of extensive means, and with a desire to see the sports of the world, he had indulged his pet hobby and ridden it to the full. Besides, there was the Doctor, who was known as an authority on many matters concerning life in the woods, and whose genial nature made his companionship invaluable. As for myself, I had been through a little service in various lines, having whipped many streams from Muskoka's lakes to Okeechobee in fair Florida, besides seeing considerable of the coast ducking grounds.

The story of such a camp in the wilderness is always interesting to the sporting public. Cincinnati has probably more lovers of fishing and gunning in proportion to her population than any city in the world, which is all the more singular because she is so unfortunately situated that to obtain any genuine satisfactory results disciples of the rod or gun are compelled to make long pilgrimages to foreign fields in Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Michigan and even Canada woods.

The only satisfaction we derive from such a status lies in the reflection that a victory is better appreciated after it has been cleverly won. If we could take a five-pound bass with every cast, the sport would lose its edge and finally grow monotonous.

Although I had fished in Canada waters on more than one previous occasion, this was my first genuine outing among the grand trees that go to make up what in Canadian parlance is known as the "bush." They seldom speak of woods or forest or timber over the line—the word "bush" covers everything. Under these circumstances I expected to learn many new wrinkles pertaining to the craft, nor was I disappointed in this respect. Our guides were faithful fellows, two of them French-Canadians and unique characters, the third a full-blooded Indian, whom constant association with the whites had thoroughly civilized, though Sabattis still clung to many of the idioms of his ancestors.

I was thrown much in his company, Antoine and Pierre falling to my companions. To this fact more than any extraordinary skill on my part, I am ready to ascribe much of the good fortune that attended my foraging for game, so that even the doughty Commodore laughingly yielded me the palm as the high joint of the camp.

Sabattis was as full of enthusiasm over the sport as though it were a novelty for him, and I could readily understand how my instinctive love for nature and the woods and streams must have been handed down to me generation after generation, from some such remote ancestors, who, living in this primitive state of our aborigines when Columbus found the new world, had to depend on their skill in mastering the game of the forest in order to live.

During the hours I spent with my Indian guide he initiated me into many of the secrets of woodcraft which I have never forgotten. I learned to love the forest more than ever, the deeper I dipped into her mysteries and learned her various moods.

Crouching at his side, I have seen him call in mallards and canvasbacks with only a lone home-made decoy floating on the water—while his wonderful mimicry galled the aggressive partridge cock who drummed and strutted upon a neighboring log, until I burst into a laugh at his positive frenzy, finally dropping the deluded bird as he sped away with cannon ball velocity.

He showed me the spring hole where the big trout still hovered, though the heat of summer had gone—led me to the runway along which he was sure a deer would pass when startled from its lair beyond, and so positive was his reckoning that I brought down the first buck of the open season—he took me many miles up a stream to where a colony of beaver had built a dam and constructed their settlement, where I learned all there was to know about the sagacity of this timid creature, and the methods employed by Indian hunters to capture him.

There came a time at length when all other events were eclipsed in my mind—when the climax of my outing was reached. Sabattis had discovered the tracks of a giant moose in the woods, and even the usually taciturn and cool Indian showed signs of excitement when commenting on the great size of the animal responsible for those imprints. So it was at once settled that we were at least to make an attempt to get the king of the Canadian forest, whose great horns would make a noble appearance in any dining-room, and form the subject of many a story after the table was cleared.

The moose was in the neighborhood. During one night the guide awoke me from a sound sleep and bade me listen to a faraway sound stealing across the lovely lake on whose border our camp was situated. Ordinarily I might not have noticed the faint sound, or if so have taken it for the call of some species of owl or some one chopping wood, but when Sabattis solemnly assured me it proceeded from a bull moose, every nerve in my body tingled with anticipation.

We awaited favorable conditions, for everything depended upon that. All were interested in the venture, and the Commodore, who had shot his moose some years before, gave me more solemn instructions than I could remember in a month.

At last, while seated by the fire one cool night, enjoying its cheery blaze, Sabattis touched my arm, and beckoning, said, "Come."

I knew what that meant—the conditions of breeze and moon were alike favorable. Our hour had arrived. In three minutes I had put on an extra coat—for it would be cold work out for hours on that broad sheet of water—picked up my Winchester, and stepped over to the birch bark canoe in the bow of which I was to make myself as comfortable as the circumstances would allow.

The boys all wished us luck and saw us off. Sabattis, master of the paddle, dipped his spruce blade deep into the water, and we glided out upon the moonlit lake without a sound save the faint gurgle of water at the bow.

I had seen Sabattis fashion his moose horn out of birch bark, rolled very much after the style of a cornucopia, but never for a moment imagined what a distracting, awe-inspiring sound could emanate from that ridiculous instrument of ear torture, until the time came for him to breathe into it.

We were out near the middle of the lake. The fair moon looked down on the water, over which came a faint zephyr from the western shore, stirring up the smallest of miniature waves. Sabattis declared the conditions could not be improved, and yet, with the wariness of a veteran who knows success depends on other things than an ideal conditions of the weather, bade me not be too sanguine.

Then he raised the birch bark horn to his lips, and over the lake pealed the weirdest, most awe-inspiring sound I had ever heard. The mountains, with their forest-clad sides, threw the echo back, and it seemed to rebound from side to side for quite a space of time. Words of pen could never describe it other than to say it was a conglomeration of grunts and bellows of a peculiarly distracting nature.

Luckily I had been forewarned, and hence was not driven to distraction by the uncanny call. I remember thinking of the old fable concerning the lion and the donkey hunting together, the latter being sent into the cave to scare out the goats by his braying, while his companion slew them as they emerged. When all had been killed the proud donkey asked the lion's opinion of his share in the work, to which the other replied, with a vein of irony, that he would have been as badly frightened as the goats had he not known it was only the braying of an ass.

When the echoes of Sabattis's call had died away, we sat there and listened eagerly. No reply coming, we moved further up the lake, and again the weird sound was sent rolling up against the wooded heights.

Thus an hour passed by with no result. I was ready to despair, but not so the guide, whose life had been spent in subduing such feelings as anxiety and impatience, learning such lessons from the pertinacity of the gray wolf that pursues its quarry hour by hour with a grim determination that baffles defeat.

It was just an hour after midnight, when far away we heard the answering call of a bull. At that minute I had been shuddering with the cold, but as the sound reached my ears my whole body seemed suffused with summer heat, my head came erect, and I held my very breath while Sabattis paddled toward the shore.

Presently he gave another call, and almost immediately an answer came. It was much nearer than before. Joy! the moose bull seeking a mate, was making his way toward the shore of the lake. The guide knew well how to tone his call so as to lure him on. He was an adept, a master hand at the business.

We glided on with hardly a ripple, now within easy range of the moonlit shore. We could hear the bull crushing through the brush. Gently Sabattis toned his magic call—never have I known his equal in the line of imitation. The moose was just beyond the fringe of bushes.

"Steady," whispered Sabattis.

The canoe had advanced under his noiseless maneuvering until we were within pistol shot of the shore. I watched the fringe of bushes. Bursting out from among the trees came the big moose. Into the water to his knees among the lily-pads he advanced. There he stood looking at the strange object on the lake, fearful, yet courageous. In ten seconds he would have taken the alarm and fled, but I did not mean to give him half of that time.

I confess there was something in his grand appearance that awed me, and deep down in my heart I hated to fire; but the sportsman blood was too strong, and as my cheek rested against the stock of my Winchester I took a quick but accurate aim and pulled the trigger. Immediately there was a great splashing. "He is down!" shouted Sabattis, sending the canoe shoreward with lightning speed, while I threw another cartridge into the chamber, ready to complete my work if necessary.

It was not needed—the game was mine, and on the following day the head of the giant bull decorated our camp. That was my first and last moose. Though years have passed, I never find myself upon a moonlit sheet of water without having vivid and pleasurable recollections of Sabattis, his canoe and the weird cry that emanated from his birch bark moose call.

ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

CINCINNATI, O.

IN COLORADO HILLS.

DENVER, Colo.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Our party was composed of four middle-aged men of some little experience in the hills. The object—hunting and prospecting. The outfit consisted of two horses, heavy spring wagon, tent, shovel, pick, cooking utensils, bedding and clothing, two rifles, one shotgun, and other duffle too numerous to mention, the whole making our load too heavy for either horses or wagon.

We started west from Denver over the prairie, twelve miles into the foot hills, which rise so abruptly that one wonders how he will be able to surmount them and reach the snow-clad peaks beyond.

By noon we had reached the mouth of a small cañon running west into the hills. Here is a dwelling and store combined. The proprietor said he had kept a post-office there for many years for nothing, but had quit it; but he expatiated on the beauty of the scenery and healthfulness of the place and in proof of this said he had raised a family of seventeen children without having had a doctor in his house. We deemed the proof conclusive and lapsed into meditation as to the luxuriance of everything that is indigenous to Colorado. The product was certainly better than the coyotes it displaced. He is a hale and hearty, grizzled and gray yeoman of the Rockies.

Through most of the afternoon we climbed up the cañon, camping at night near a small ledge of rose quartz. The next morning we descended Floyd's Hill to Clear Creek, a few miles below Idaho Springs. We assisted the horses and wagon brake, in holding the wagon, by tying our one-hundred foot rope to the rear axle and three of us holding back with might and main. The effect on our limbs was such that we could scarcely walk for a day or two. After passing the springs a little way we found the road obliterated by the debris of a cloud burst. Twenty men were repairing the road or relocating it. We were the first to pass. The next morning we found the first results of over-loading, in loose boxes in the wagon hubs. We wrapped canvas around them, and drove them in again as tightly as an axe could do it. The road is very rough and steep for a wagon. In an hour we had broken the tongue brace. Bailing wire and patience repaired the break. We then commenced climbing Berthound Pass. Such grand and beautiful scenery. My impotent pen would make its attempted description sacrilege. With three walking, one driving, we toiled up that seemingly interminable hill, until at last the top is reached, where the ruins of an old hostlery and stage station speak of former rest and conviviality; for, judging from the number of beer and other bottles, Bacchus must have "roosted" on this part of the backbone of the continent. In going down the northern side we had to reinforce the brake with the rope as before, but as we could scarcely walk down hill on account of our former experience, we cut some pine boughs, made a brush heap of them, tied the rope to them, I jumped astride, and away we went. Directly the lightning flashed, thunder pealed, and the rain came down in torrents, but we could not stop. What a glorious coast I was having with the horses on a trot—when a stump—the front end of the brush pile struck it, the rear went wildly in the air, and your now humbled servant, after making a jumping-jack of himself in the air, went rolling over the bank. Two men caught the rope, the wagon was cramped to the upper side of the road and stopped, when with tearful eyes solicitous inquiries were made as to my fallen condition. (The tears were caused by excessive laughter.) I was not hurt, but was willing to share my coasting with the boys.

The rain had an end, the hill a bottom and night a beginning, a wet camping ground, plenty of wood, roaring camp-fire, good supper, sweet sleep, hearty breakfast, an early start, an hour's drive and we entered Middle Park.

We had been in South Park, which is an immense hay field, and expected to find Middle Park similar, but instead the surface is covered with sage brush and short grass. The soil is good, and with irrigation, for which there is plenty of water, it too would make a great hay country. The altitude is not so great as that of South Park.

We laid our course to Grand Lake, at the head of Grand River, and extreme upper end of the Park. Grand Lake is the most beautiful and picturesque body of water it has ever been my fortune to see. We are told it is two and one-half miles long by one and one-half miles wide, and has been measured to 700ft. and no bottom found. The mountains tower above it on three sides, and on the south, from the top of the mountain to the bottom of the lake, is no break in its steep side. We rowed across, and found that while the waters were as clear as crystal near the shore, the depth made it appear inky black at its center. Trout reported to weigh 7lbs. sport in Grand Lake. We did no fishing, having caught all we needed in the river below.

We retraced our steps as far as the mouth of Willow Creek, up which rich placer ground had been reported. We did not find the right road, but started up the creek following a dim wagon track. We came to a small ranch, whose proprietor insisted that we could not get through, but we were determined to try. We had to hold the wagon for three miles to keep it from upsetting; and at one place had to let it down the hill with the aid of a rope and snubbing post. At another point we tied the rope over the top of the wagon away up the hill, made it fast, then drove about two rods, then shored up the wagon and carried the rope forward and made fast again.

We finally reached the gold camp and found a "town company" surveying a town site. There is gold there, sure enough! Perhaps $1 to the acre, I think that is a high estimate. Not being "tenderfeet," we did not buy a town lot. We hunted deer one day and grizzlies one day and fished many days, finding here our largest trout—the best one measuring 18in. and weighing 3½lbs.

The deer were very wild. We got only two shots and no meat, but we did have a good laugh. W. and I had been on a long tramp and were nearing camp, coming down a grassy ravine. Striking a bunch of willows, we separated, going on either side to scare up some grouse,

when there was a commotion in the willows and a noise as if a runaway reaper were going through. Then a large deer broke cover within 10ft. of W. and would have run over him if it had not had better instinct than he presence of mind, for the hunter was rooted to the spot with fright, and before he could think to shoot the game was 100ft. away; and he either missed it or it outran the bullet. At camp we all insisted that the latter feat was the only way it saved its life.

The next day we all went hunting grizzlies. Fresh tracks were seen, in fact so many that we could not follow any particular one out; but we saw no bears. A mountain lion threw dirt and gravel within a few feet of us, while tearing up the ground with his feet, as a protest against being run out of the brush, but we did not see him.

We now resumed our travels to Hot Sulphur Springs. On the way down, while waiting for the cooking of dinner, C., with the heavy shotgun, was shooting suckers in a muddy bayou. He got his shells mixed, getting in buckshot backed with 6drs. of powder, and while trying to step from one slippery stone to another, the gun "went off," and so did C. We deemed it unsafe to laugh until his clothes were partly dry.

Hot Sulphur Springs takes its name from springs that bubble up with an offensive smell near the town. This place seems to be the lower terminus of Middle Park. The river here breaks through the hills, making for four miles one of the wildest dashing cañons one could wish to see. Following down the Grand to the mouth of the Blue River we went northwest across the Gore Range into Egeria Park. The pass over this range is not so high as Berthound, but rougher. It is heavily timbered. Yampa River takes its rise in Egeria Park. We followed down this stream to Steamboat Springs, about thirty-five miles. It is a pretty valley, perhaps a half-mile wide. Steamboat Springs, with about 400 inhabitants, is a lovely hamlet in the hills. There are over a hundred springs within one-half mile radius. No two are chemically alike. They noiselessly bubble and boil, forced up by gas. Some are luke-warm, others delightfully cold. Some are excellent drinking water, others extremely nauseating. Another spring a few miles distant will cook your grub. A railroad has been surveyed and will surely run down this valley, and I predict that Steamboat Springs will then become the greatest health resort in the State and also the center of the best hunting and fishing district.

Our hunting camp was about fifteen miles from the springs. We reached the ground about noon, pitched camp, ate dinner and then went after deer in different directions, while the writer did camp duty, which gave him plenty of work. I had heard some shots, and directly the mail-carrier halloed, saying my partner was taking a deer down the road and needed my help. I found him exhausted, having carried a large doe nearly a mile. He was much cast down, for the law as well as our feelings, forbids killing does. This being his first deer he had taken a snap shot through the brush, to his regret, but he carried it to camp, thinking it would be the first venison in camp. While he was skinning his game we heard the signal report of a cartridge shell. I climbed the mountain side, and found C. standing by another dead doe. I protested that he should not have broken the law. He said he had stood ten minutes waiting for it to come out in sight, so that he might see its head, and thinking that even if a doe, it would be the first venison in camp. He had carried it so far and was tired out.

When we had reached camp W. had come in at a double quick pace. He was in breathless haste, said he had killed a deer, but had no knife and so had to run to camp for one and for help to get it in before dark. He was much chagrined to learn that he was not the first to get a deer to camp, but would go back and get the antlers and then his task would be done and he could then help one of us to get a pair of horns, as we had only intended to kill one buck each.

He had jumped up a dozen does and fawns, but did not molest them. Presently a half dozen deer came tearing down the hill, passing within 30ft. of him. They had doubtless got his wind, but did not rightly locate him. As they passed him like a runaway locomotive, he blazed away at the bunch and one pitched headlong down the hill and lay still. In great glee he felt for his knife, but found that he had left it at camp and had returned as above stated. He now hurried back to his deer and reached it as darkness began to gather, and to his amazement found he had killed a doe. No more crestfallen or tired man ever returned to camp than he. We surely felt sorry for him. It was a doleful day for does. No more were shot on the trip.

The next morning we changed camp four miles for better water and to get higher in the hills as the bucks browse higher up than the does.

At noon we were all ready for a hunt, but a heavy shower came up and the scrub oak was too wet to travel through. After a while the sun shone and W. and I climbed to the top of a hill and lay on a large rock watching the deer browsing on the opposite hillside and below us. The bushes were so thick they were hidden from view much of the time but we counted thirty at one time within one thousand yards. After an hour's watching I concluded I would see how close I could get to some of them, and leaving W. on the rock to "look at me now" I descended by a roundabout way to the ravine, which I found to be 100ft., wide and so full of willows I could not get through them but got into the bed of the rivulet and literally crawled on hands and knees for a hundred yards pushing my rifle before me. The sun had not penetrated here and every bush I touched produced a shower so I was thoroughly wet. While thus creeping I came upon a bear's track made since the recent shower. The effect on my hat was very strange. It became so light it would scarcely hold the hair on my head down to its proper place. I got through all right and reached camp after dark.

The next morning it was my turn to hunt. Three of us started in different directions. I started more than a dozen bucks with many fair shots, but refused them, waiting to see larger horns and about 10 o'clock found them. Some half dozen started out of a gulch. They stopped when 200yds. off to look and I let drive at the big one, shot him through the neck. He dropped in his tracks and never moved a muscle. We judged him to weigh 300lbs. I managed to dress and partly hang him up in a tree, took head and horns and reached camp at 3 o'clock, oh so tired. We secured his meat next morning, and I had the honor of getting the first antlers. We simply gorged ourselves with trout, grouse and venison. After a long stay in camp, a great deal of hunting or roaming, for we obeyed the law after the first day, we each having one pair of antlers, started for home by way of Blue River, Hoosier Pass and South Park, stopping on the way long enough to wash out enough placer gold to pay the expenses of the trip and a little over. Hoosier Pass is high, steep and rough; we were told it was steep but smooth. When we arrived on top we found the steepness all right. We again tied the brush pile on behind and B. got astride, but it was so rough he could scarcely stay there or keep his hat on his head. Half way down he said if that was a smooth road he would like to see a —— He did not finish the sentence. At the bottom of the hill the reason was apparent; his mouth was bloody, he had bitten his tongue half off. It was a rough road.

We arrived home without broken bones and with the resolve to go again when convenient. PERRY ROBEY.

SHOTGUN LOADS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This subject was discussed a few years ago in the FOREST AND STREAM and I think a great benefit was derived by many from it. As every one cannot spend a day or two testing his gun to find the best results, he is obliged to rely on what others tell him.

I have a couple of 12-bore breechloading shotguns of about 8lbs. weight, and after numerous trials at the target came to the conclusion that 3drs. by measure of either Schultze or black powder and 1oz. shot is the best for ordinary shooting, and for hard shooting, such as ducks, etc., 3½drs. powder and 1⅛oz. shot are the best loads for a 12-bore. I load as follows: First a card, one felt, and another card over the powder, and a light card over the shot, and if the shells are not filled up so as to crim properly, add another black or pink-edge wad over the powder before the felt; and when loading with nitro powder the pink-edge wad should always be used. I cannot find much difference, if any, when a card and two pink-edge wads are used over the powder instead of the felt. I use Nos. 5, 6 and 8 shot, and find that No. 6—209 pellets to the ounce—gives the best and most regular pattern. T. H. Walsh ("Stonehage") and Greener both advise 3drs. black or 42grs. nitro powder and 1⅛oz. shot for ordinary shooting, and 3½drs. and 1⅛oz. for hard shooting. Others advise 3¼ and 3¾drs. powder and 1oz. shot; but as far as I have tried, this load causes the shot to scatter and there is no certainty of a regular pattern, and in many cases a duck would escape. With good powder, such as Curtis & Harvey's or Schultze, or any other equally as strong, 3½drs. and 1⅛oz. shot will stop any duck up to 60yds., and it is seldom they are shot at at that distance.

As to 10-bore guns there seems to be much difference in opinion as to the proper load. Greener advises 4 to 4½drs. of best powder and 1⅛oz. shot, or if the shot is smaller than No. 6, 1¼oz.; and for hard shooting 4½drs. and 1¼ to 1⅜oz. shot, and wads the shells about the same as above described for a 12-bore. Bogardus in his book says 4½ to 5drs. powder and only 1oz. shot for duck shooting, and uses 5drs. with two pink-edge wads and 1⅛oz. shot for trap-shooting; and if I remember rightly Kleinman used this same load, and both these men were considered the best duck shooters in the world. All the parties agree, however, that cartridges, no matter what bore is used, should be well crimped. I have tried about all the above loads, and when pattern is taken into account, as well as the penetration, I find that 4½drs. powder and 1¼ or even 1⅜oz. shot suits my gun best, which is a 10lbs. 32in. English make. I have tried the 4½drs. and 1oz. shot, but the pattern seems to be very open and patchy.

Greener in his works claims that with this load the quantity of powder is altogether out of proportion with that of the shot, and that there is an idea prevalent that by diminishing the charge of powder below the standard charge and keeping the standard charge of shot, the closeness of the pattern will be increased. He says this is erroneous so far as it applies to choke-bored guns, and the use of black gunpowders, and in any case it is productive of irregular shooting and patchy patterns; and overloading the gun with powder and shot or with powder only causes the same thing.

By the many different opinions thus given, and no doubt I only have mentioned a few, there seems to be a great diversity in the manner of loading a 10-bore, and I would like to hear from some more of our modern sportsmen as to their ideas. SHOTGUN.

BRAGGADOCIO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What you said in an editorial paragraph about bragging gunners, that when we hear one boasting over a "tremendously long shot" and "taking to himself the credit as a mighty sportsman" we may regard him as a "novice, or, if experienced, as one not entitled to much credit," strikes the truth. I like to go out with these fellows who "never miss," and find that they are mediocre or below par. They cunningly "blow their own trumpet," and credulous persons are led to regard them as great as Commodus, who was reputed to have severed with his arrows the thongs on his rival marksman bound for execution.

I remember a colored wing shot of Poughkeepsie of whom it was said he offered to bet that he could be drinking at a spring and shoot two grouse that might be flushed while he was quenching his thirst. He would rise, grasp his gun, fire right and left, and the drumming of two more birds would forever cease. So he got a reputation. But he knew he was safe in his offer, as such a test of his skill would never be made under the circumstances mentioned.

I was quite amused the other day when a nimrod from a neighboring county, whose skill is unequalled (according to his own "brag"), told me of his wonderful work. "Two hawks," said he, "had each caught a chicken, which they were eating in a patch of high grass. I knew I'd get one, but as they rose I dropped them both. I picked them up, and also the chickens, and cooked and ate them all. Hawks are fine eating." As I am a regular reporter for a newspaper, I said, "I'll publish that for it's a good one." He most excitedly protested. "But I won't say anything about your eating the hawks," said I. "Well, don't publish anything," said he almost in alarm. After a while he said that the reason why he did not want it mentioned was because the man with whom he was staying did not want anything said about it even if I did not mention the eating of the hawks. The plausible inference is that the story was a fabrication, and he saw that publication of it would expose him as a great blower skill he does not possess. N. D. ELTING,

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

He would not Die in Autumn.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 1.—Des-chree-shos-ka Island, below Detroit, is near by some famous ducking grounds, and no marsh in the Union is more fairly international than that bounding the big Detroit River near its mouth or lining the lake below it, for time out of mind Kanuck, habitan and Yankee settler have reaped there their harvest of fowl, or at least did so before the club preserve encroached too much on the old grounds. Of these old days the language of the country still bears record, and we have evidence of the old joy in autumn's fruitful time, set down in chapter and verse. At 'Tite Côte—of course the visiting tourist goes over to the cottages on the Canadian side, or Petite Côte where the wild rushes grow out into the river and make natural redhead blinds—one is in the pleasant land of France, only a France transported and grown broader and more independent. Of course, Jack Parker knows all the marsh hunters on 'Tite Côte, and also knows all the little taverns where one can steal up in quiet canoe by night, away from the big hotels, and get such a hot supper as we did, of muskrat, frog and chicken. Not until one has eaten muskrat, so they say, can one understand all the customs of the country and be called *en rapport* with its institutions. When he has partaken of the national Canadian dish, and so established his position in the land, he can perhaps catch the full fervor of the lines handed down from an unknown author and an unknown time—lines which, in part at least of their sentiment, will at this time appeal to the sportsman who speaks Yankee idiom or the *patois* of 'Tite Côte. The tops of the big rushes were getting gray, and the winds were whispering prophetically through them as my friend stopped the boat and half in soliloquy repeated the little confession of faith which is to-day, opening day of the season, being borne devoutly in mind by all of 'Tite Côte:

I would not die in Hautumn
Ven ze ma'ash is full of game,
Ven *poisson blanc* han duck git fat,
H'an' mus'rat do ze same.
Oh, zen ze Frainchman's harves' time,
Ven game vas sell so high.
'Tis zen he make ze *l'argent blanc*
I vould not vant to die!

And so say we all, whether or not we are to make any "white money" out of the duck crop, as does our shooter, who lives at Tite Côte. When the wind begins to say inviting things among the rushes, when the air bears the mysterious messages of the whistling wings, when fish or fowl, and even the humble muskrat are fat and fit for the fire—when, in short, the stirring summons of autumn is in the air and in the blood, then indeed must one, if he be aught of sportsman kind, look up above him and all around him, and murmur to himself the legend of 'Tite Côte in Canada:

I would not die in autumn,
When the marsh is full of game.

No, let it be some other, some less cheerful, less inviting time.

Opening Day on Many Marshes.

To-day is opening day on many of the best marshes of the West. The teal and wood ducks are having trouble this minute on the channels of the Lake Erie marshes. The Mak-saw-ba men of the Kankakee will reap a harvest of Indiana wood ducks, made legal to-day. Illinois, more conservative and more wise, forbids the Swan Lake and Hennepin men to set loose their destructive machinery until Sept. 15, but Wisconsin, just to keep up the variety in our absurdly various game laws, opens the season to-day, Sept. 1. Of course, the main interest of the Chicago shooters for Wisconsin centers on the Horicon Marsh, where the birds are reported to be on hand in all their usual numbers. Not being able to go up to the Horicon Club for opening day this year, I can only guess at the number of guns on the upper half of the marsh, which would probably be two or three dozen in all. At the Diana Club 17 guns are expected to be on hand. Messrs. C. B. Dicks, Geo. Holden, W. P. Mussey, J. Hall, Charles Wilcox, H. C. Buechner, L. R. Brown, L. M. Hamline and P. F. Stone all left in due season, and will not be back till the first of next week. When they do get back, I am disposed to think, each one of them will be ready to say that he "would not die in autumn." E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Ohio Game Outlook.

ROSE FARM, Ohio.—This seems to have been an unusually favorable season for the breeding of grouse. I hear of more than the usual number of covies being seen of late. Looking for squirrels last evening, I flushed a covey of not less than fifteen nice fellows. How I did long to give them right and left, but I had to refraid, for the season does not open on grouse till the first of the month. They are pretty safe, though, for a month or six weeks longer on account of the leaves on the bushes. It's a very difficult feat to bag the wily grouse when you only hear the whir and see a few leaves shaking in the direction he went. Grouse shooting is my favorite sport, and I know of no reason other than that he taxes my skill more to bag him than any other game we have.

Our prospect for quail is flattering (considering the fact that they were nearly all frozen to death during the hard winter of 1892), which is due mostly to the generosity manifested by our shooters in not shooting them last season. If all shooting men had the true sportsman's instinct, our game would need no law to protect it. Nothing will do more toward driving out that spirit of greed from man and educating him up to the plane of a "gentle sportsman," than the reading of good sportsman papers like the FOREST AND STREAM.

I think there will be an abundance of rabbits for those who prefer that kind of shooting.

There seems to be a goodly number of squirrels in some patches of timber. I haven't time at present to do much shooting, but expect to commence about Nov. 10, and spend about four weeks shooting grouse, quail and rabbits. If some brother sportsman would like to spend those four weeks with me and will write me to that effect, I will answer, giving full particulars. J. T. MARIS.

AN ADIRONDACK HUNTING TRIP.

"ALL right, on Tuesday morning we start for Pillsbury and the Cedars." This was the exclamation of the four inmates of Wa Wa Yanda Camp, when the question of a hunting trip far back into the wilderness was, after considerable discussion, decided in the affirmative.

Our party consisted of Hank H., a good woodsman and first-class camp mate; Harry W., somewhat less experienced in woodcraft, but a good fellow and willing to learn; the humble writer and his brother, who answered to the old nick-name "Pod," and our guide, Brown, who went under the soubriquet "Comical."

Our prospective destination was Pillsbury and Beaver Ponds and the three Cedar lakes. The two former ponds are as fine deer ponds as there are in the Adirondacks.

Early on the morning of the appointed day the camp was astir, our duffle loaded into our skiffs and Wa Wa Yanda Camp soon faded in the distance as the skiffs, propelled by strong arms, sped lightly over the surface of Indian Lake, whose wind-stirred waters were flashing and gleaming under the golden shafts of the rising sun.

It was a beautiful morning, cool and cloudless, but for a few white-caps near the horizon, and reclining in the stern I enjoyed the ever-changing panorama of the shores as the boat passed by swiftly. On, past groves of dark green spruce and hemlock, whose tops the sunlight turned to burnished gold; past clumps of white-trunked birches and poplars, whose silvery leaves sighed and murmured softly to us under the gentle breeze; past little islands and an emerald marsh, over which a pair of white-headed eagles soared with graceful sweep of wings; on, till the high bank of the Lake Lewey Carry came into view, and we knew that five miles had been left behind.

The boats were beached, unloaded and carried the quarter of a mile to the Lake Lewey outlet, while Harry, the Kodak fiend of the party, took several photographs. The boats launched, we were again rowing up the Lewey outlet. Five minutes' row up the pretty little river, which had been the scene of the capture of the first deer of the season for our party, brought us into Lewey Lake. Lewey Lake is an almost round sheet of water about two miles across, with rocky bottom and shore. It contains lake trout in considerable numbers, whose weight runs up to 15lbs. In the spring the brook trout fishing is very good, but it is idle to fish for them during the warm weather. The Miami River, a noted stream for night hunting, runs into this lake.

The two-mile row to McCormack's, the only house on the lake, was soon over. The boats were hauled into the brush and overturned, and we turned our faces southeast toward Pillsbury Pond, between which and our present position twelve long, weary miles intervened. The party started, first, my brother carrying a pack basket, a .38-cal. Marlin, and a long-bladed hunting paddle; second, Brown, with basket, paddle and rod; third, myself, with pair of blankets, shell bag and Parker hammerless: next Hank, with basket and .44cal. Marlin; and last, Harry, with pair of blankets and .38cal. Winchester.

About a quarter of a mile from Lewey we took lunch at Whitfield Spring, so named in honor of one of the party. After lunch the march was continued, and the next halt was made at the lower end of Mason Lake, three miles from Lewey. Another three miles was uneventful except for the starting of a great horned owl from his retreat in a clump of pines, and the halt was made at a brook as yet unnamed. The third halt was made at the foot of a mountain, at a place called Sleigh Harbor, because the rest of the road is practically impassable for wagons, and whatever is brought in on them is transferred at this point to sleds, and is thus carried the remaining 4½ miles to Pillsbury. The last stretch was finally traversed, and five weary mortals laid down their burdens in Sturges Camp as the sun was sinking behind the mountain crests.

Steaming coffee, brown flapjacks and pork fried crisp formed the evening bill of fare, and they vanished like mist before the rising sun. Then the blankets were spread and we gladly stretched our tired frames upon the hemlock boughs., fragrant but (I know it is rank heresy) not over soft. For a while was heard the subdued hum of voices talking over plans for the morrow, but soon it died away and the only sounds were of the sleepers, while the embers glowed sullenly on the hearth and the smoke ascended in a thin thread to the open sky above.

The next morning dawned bright and fair, and preparations were at once made for the day. It was decided that my brother and I should go to Upper Cedar Lake to visit a party of three who were camping there, and incidentally to try Cedar River for trout. The others volunteered to remain in camp and do some very necessary housekeeping. Pod and I walked the few hundred yards to the pond, launched the boat and were off. Pillsbury Pond is about a mile and a half long but is very narrow, being not more than rifle shot broad at any part. It is very irregular in shape with a long bay about midway in it running southwest. The row through Pillsbury was uneventful, and on arriving at the landing of the carry to the Cedars, we drew up the boat and started over the mile trail to Middle Cedar Lake. Arriving there we launched another skiff and pulled toward the Upper Cedar. On the way we saw two ducks, but so far away that we were unable to distinguish the species. Further on eight wood ducks swung past out of range, and then we passed on into Upper Cedar. There we found one of the party ill, while the other two had gone to Little Moose Lake for a team, leaving him alone in camp—a senseless and thoughtlessly inhuman act. Upon questioning them on their return, they gave as a reason why two went that they were afraid that one might sprain his ankle, so they thought it better to go together, although leaving alone a man who had been delirious.

Pod remained with the ill man, while I went to fish Cedar River. There was scarcely any water in the stream, but where it was fishable there were a few trout. Using a fly, I caught eight, all of which were close to the legal limit, the largest being not over 8in. long. On the way back to the boat I observed many deer tracks along the creek.

The Cedars are clear, rock-bottomed lakes very prettily set in among the mountains. They are bordered with hemlock, spruce, tamarack, beech, maple, birch and poplar—oak, hickory and chestnut being unknown in this region.

Harry, Hank and Brown put in an appearance in the afternoon. Hank and Brown soon returned, but Harry went with my brother over to Beaver Pond, an excellent feeding ground for deer, and consequently famous for jacking.

When they returned, Pod said he would remain with the disabled camper, so Harry and I started back. By the time we reached the beginning of the carry it was dusk, and I had misgivings about being able to find the trail, which was entirely unfamiliar to us. However, we found it and started, and by the time we had gone half a mile it was dark; worse yet, it began to rain, and the prospects of passing a very disagreeable night in the woods seemed decidedly good. Nevertheless we pressed on, continually getting off the trail, but ever finding it again. It became so dark that we could not see our boats, and how we finally reached Pillsbury is a source of wonder to us yet. Half an hour later we were in camp, where we found John Sturges and three others. After a good supper we were ourselves again, but we registered a solemn vow never to start to go over an unknown trail again at nightfall.

We did not hunt that night, but two of Sturges's party went out. They came across three and amid a general fusilade, all escaped unscathed except for their nerves. We had not yet gone to sleep at camp, and could hear the deep boom, boom, of the shotgun, followed by the sharp crack, crack, of the Winchester.

The other two of Sturges's party went out to hunt the latter part of the night, while the rest of us sought our blankets.

When I awoke it was raining hard, and the view without was gray and cheerless. The two who had last gone out had killed a three-point buck and had brought it up from the landing.

One afternoon three of us took our rifles and at 4:30 started to take positions for a sunset shot. Hank took his station at a part of the pond called the narrows. Pod chose one of the islands at the mouth of the bay. Pulling up to the head of the bay, where a small brook came in, I ran the boat ashore. After I had sat there a while some evil genius prompted me to move further down the bay; here I sat and smoked silently while the sun sank lower and the harsh rattle of the kingfisher and the metallic *quauk* of the great blue heron were the only sounds that broke the stillness. Suddenly, after about an hour's waiting, two red objects caught my eye, moving along the edge of the little marsh at the head of the bay, some 180yds. away. A quick glance told me they were deer, but at the distance, together with the twilight, I was unable to distinguish their heads. The rifle I had was a .38cal. Winchester belonging to Harry and I quickly raised it; as the sights come up on one they promptly blurred, so I lowered it, knowing that at the distance there was no danger of the game taking alarm. A second trial met with no better success, but at the fourth I fired. When the smoke cleared the one I had fired at was not in sight and I thought it was down. The other halted at the edge of the woods, and hastily covering it I fired. It did not move. Again the Winchester spoke sharply; still again, till I thought I was firing at a dead spruce top, but at the fourth shot up went the white flag and as it vanished into the woods I gave it a parting salute. Rowing up I found that the first had also escaped unhurt, so I wended my way back to camp with my opinion of myself as a marksman considerably reduced. Later it soothed my feelings to learn that a .38-40 cartridge is not accurate for over 120yds. point blank, so I suppose I was perforating the peat moss 40ft. short of them.

That night my brother went out with Brown and returned at about 3 A. M. They had come upon a deer swimming the pond and Pod had shot. The deer was evidently hit, for it turned at the shot and swam straight past the boat. Pod fired again as it came on, extinguishing the jack by the concussion. Now was Brown's opportunity for showing his shooting prowess, and he was equal to it. Shot after shot rang out as he worked the lever, firing at random in the darkness, till all sounds of splashing had ceased. Then they returned, but on going back in the morning found it lying dead on the marsh. It was a doe, and a chance shot had struck it just back of the foreleg. Pod's first shot had sent a buckshot through the ears, not an inch above the head, which was the cause of the deer's turning.

On the morrow Hank and Brown went to Beaver Pond, while the rest remained at camp. Harry and I fished for chub in the afternoon with fair success. Later I took my stand where I had first drawn up the boat on the previous day, but none came in.

Harry held the gun and Pod the paddle that night, and made the circuit of the pond without getting a shot, and hearing only one buck in the woods.

Brown and Hank put in an appearance early in the afternoon of the next day, bringing the head of a splendid five-point buck that Hank had secured by an evening shot at Beaver. Story and song made the evening pass swiftly, and 11 P. M. Harry and the writer started out; Harry holding the gun and I the paddle. The moon was nearly full and the pond was flooded with its silvery light. There was too much light for hunting, so we soon gave it up, after putting out one and hearing two others.

The succeeding days saw our bill of fare grow less and less. Flour began to fail us, sugar was gone, likewise condensed milk, and we were down to flapjacks without sugar and coffee with neither sugar nor milk. Most of us being accustomed to such things, we did not mind it much.

Finally Pod and Brown decided to hunt Mud Creek, about two and a half miles distant, and started at noon. That evening, after another fruitless wait for an evening shot, Harry and I started for another hunt, our positions being the same as in the last. Fixing the jackstaff in the bow, we pushed off and the skiff slipped noiselessly along the shore, the rocks and stumps, half hidden by the mist, showing white and ghostly in the light.

All was quiet in camp. Hank lay asleep on the couch. As he slept he dreamed. He dreamt of long past war times; how his mother had taken active part at the siege of Memphis with the Confederates, and fancied he could hear the roar and rattle of musketry. Suddenly he awakes. Surely a quarter of a century has passed since then. Yet what is that? Crack—crack—crack—crack! above the rushing of the wind shots are ringing out on the cold night air, and the hills are echoing and reëchoing with sound. Hurling his blanket aside, he springs up. A dry splinter falling upon the embers flares up brightly, lighting up the cabin. Hank starts; then smiles and returns to his blanket, muttering, "I forgot," and all is again silent but for the mournful hooting of an owl.

Harry and I were nearing the end of the hunt. A rainstorm had arisen and I had ceased to look ahead in my endeavors to keep the boat's head in the wind. A splash made me look up just in time to see the spiteful flash of Harry's rifle. Again and again it spoke. Catching up my rifle I also opened fire. Thick and fast came the shots now at the sound, and occasional glimpses of foam as the deer went past the boat, the smoke and reports whirling away on the wings of the wind. The deer, evidently struck by some of the leaden hail, ran 40ft. behind us, turned and came back, entering the brush just forward of the bow. The number of shots fired was twenty-one, Harry firing fifteen and the writer six. On the morrow it rained in torrents, and when, on the morning of the next, we went to search, all blood or tracks would have been washed away.

On the day after this hunt Pod and Brown returned from Mud Creek, having seen no deer. They reported seeing some large trout. Brown hooked a splendid fellow, but as Brown has no use for playing a fish, he lost him, my light tackle, which he was using, being unequal to the strain of "sneaking" it.

The next day we broke camp and turned our faces homeward, The tramp to Lake Lewey with lightened loads and a down grade, enlivened by song and talk, was soon over. A halt at McCormack's, where the party was photographed, and we launched the skiffs and once more were gliding over the calm waters of the lake. We passed over the carry and rowed down Indian Lake in the soft light of the waning day as the sun sank slowly behind Snowy Mountain, until at last we reached camp as the hazy twilight was clothing the hills with purple and the white mist was rising from the water in curling billows.

That night as we lay in the tent watching the smoke wreaths curling upward in graceful curves, we talked the hunt over in low tones. We had shed little blood, but the experience was one ever to be remembered with pleasure by us. Soon the camp sank into slumber, while the weird cry of the loon echoed over the lake and the fire flared and flickered fitfully on the hearth. EURUS.

Ohio Game.

AUG. 29.—I have just returned from a short visit to Columbiana county, Ohio, where I had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with the elusive gray squirrel. Notwithstanding the extremely dry weather and scarcity of nuts, squirrels are fairly plentiful, though the dryness of fallen leaves, twigs, etc., prevent large scores. Among those which came into my killing distance were two, showing a freakish tendency, in that each had white-tipped tail; in one case the tail was white for five inches from its end, the other not so much. In other respects the squirrels were ordinary grays in good condition. I saw no quail or pheasants, nor any indication of their presence, although residents inform me there are a few of both in the vicinity.

Keep hammering at our "stop the sale of game" plank; it is the material of which our game protection platform must be built. TWELVE POINT.

Adirondack Deer Hounding.

LAKE PLACID, Essex Co., N. Y., Aug. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to call your attention to the fact that the law against hounding of deer before Sept. 10 is daily violated with impunity in the Adirondacks. During a recent trip from Blue Mountain Lake to the Saranacs I had occular and aural demonstration of the above fact and wondered why the law was not enforced by the proper authorities. OBSERVER.

["Observer" incloses his card but requests that his name be considered confidential. It would be a better plan for him and for all other observers of such lawlessness to report it directly to Maj. J. Warren Pond, Chief Game and Fish Protector, Albany, and to "make no bones" about having their names known.]

Opening of the Rail Season.

THE opening of the rail season, so far as reported, seems to promise better things than for several years past. On the meadows of the Housatonic near Stratford, Conn., Mr. Henry Bishop killed fifty birds on Aug. 31, and a day or two later a single boat going up there and shoving over the ground on a tour of inspection put up over forty birds.

On the Hackensack Meadows in New Jersey some birds have been seen, and the reports for the first week of the season show birds in fair abundance. Mr. Geo. Van Buskirk brought in 36 of them on his first tide, and holds the record for a second year. Other figures were: Geo. Seiss 19, Dr. Curry 18, John J. Anderson 18, Mr. Palmer of Passaic 18, Wm. Ricardo 16, Richard Terhune 14, Harry Bogert of Paterson 14, Mr. Carman of Passaic 4.

New Jersey Squirrel Law.

THE *Game Laws in Brief* gives this as the law on squirrels in New Jersey:

SQUIRRELS.—SEC. 2. It shall not be lawful to kill any black or fox squirrel, except only between the 31st day of October and the 16th day of December.

It response to several inquiries it may be stated that the *Brief's* statement is correct. Gray squirrels are not mentioned in the law, although the black is a sport of the gray. "If the *Brief* says so you may depend on it."

West Virginia Game.

SWEET SPRINGS, W. Va., Aug. 29.—The prospect for deer, turkey and pheasant here this fall is very encouraging. On account of the change made in the Virginia deer law we have had no August deer hunts; hitherto we have hunted in Virginia after Aug. 15, since we are very near the Virginia line. C. R. C.

Lake Champlain Ducks.

A LETTER from Rushmore reports a good crop of wild rice on the marsh and quite a sprinkling of ducks.

H. C. K.

A Club for Young People.

ELSEWHERE in this week's issue will be found the advertisement of a shooting, fishing and boating club, situated on a lake that has many charms for lovers of nature, as well as sportsmen. The club offers unusual advantages to those desiring to spend their holidays with their families, and at the same time enjoy small game shooting and fishing.—*Adv.*

LAND near Birmingham, Ala., is advertised in exchange for a stock of sporting goods or a yacht.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

NEVER in the history of southwest Texas has the tarpon fishing been as good as it is this season. In fact, the captures of the silver king are so numerous that it has ceased to be considered a piscatorial feat to hook his glittering majesty.

Gov. Hogg and family are at Rockport and his Excellency declines to be interviewed as to the political question of the day, asserting "by Gatlins" that he has brought his wife "and the kids" to the coast to catch fish, and that he don't propose to descend to the enervating task of discussing politics "as long as the fish bite."

Hon. C. A. Culberson, Democratic nominee for Governor, which of course means that he will be the chief magistrate of this great State by 175,000 majority, is also at Rockport. He also abandons himself to the pleasures of the hour and refuses to dive into the mazy intricacies of the political situation. He comes from a family of sportsmen and his election will be hailed with delight by the votaries of the gun and rod, for through him the Texas Sportsmen's Association hope to amend the existing game laws so as to effectually put an end to the illegal slaughter.

Among the prominent San Antonians who have summered at the coast may be mentioned Mrs. F. E. Elgin, Mrs. Jose Cassiana, Mrs. Hoover, Mrs. Chas. P. Smith, Mrs. Marguerite Smith, Mrs. Olmstead, Kate Cassiana, Alice Cassiana, Ruby and Mary Mallony and Messrs. Jose Cassiana, J. S. Marquin, A. B. Caldwell, Alfred Smith, Jas. Burnett and family, State Senator Perry Lewis, Mr. Arthur Guenther and family—all ardent anglers, and every one who has been so fortunate to cast a line in the bay report the finest fishing of their lives.

The Aransas Pass railway has put in a reduced rate which is taken up by our people and hundreds have taken advantage of them and gone to the coast.

The black bass fishing near Kenville is also said to be at its height, and hundreds of pounds of the finny beauties are captured every day by San Antonio fishermen.

Reports continue to come in to the effect that the quail crop this year will be as of yore. The birds are returning from somewhere—no one knows exactly where. Bob White has been sojourning for the past three years, but he is coming back and there is no section on earth where quail are as plentiful just now than southwest Texas.

While on a recent visit to Corpus Christi, Mr. Martin, vice-president of the Mexican National Railway, hooked and landed one of the largest tarpon of the season. He has had the glittering fish mounted by a local firm, who made a complete success of the job, its silvery scales under a light coat of varnish retaining their brightness. The monster silver king will be shipped to Mr. Martin in Mexico City and placed on exhibition in his office. This is Mr. Martin's first tarpon, and he feels very proud of capturing a fish which President Cleveland would travel a thousand miles to capture.

Mitchell's Lake, nine miles south of San Antonio, is now full of water, which insures first-class duck shooting for the entire winter. Visitors to San Antonio, according to the rules of the club having the lake in charge, are to be permitted to hunt thereon free of charge, and San Antonio extends a hearty invitation to all brother sportsmen to have a go at the webfoots this winter.

O. C. G.

A FLY-FISHERS' CLUB IN AMERICA.

ON several occasions during th past ten years I have suggested, briefly, the desirability of organizing a fly-fishers' club in this country upon the lines of the club with that title in London. In a recent issue of the *Fortnightly Review* there is an article which incidentally treats of the London Fly-Fishers' Club, by Mr. Basil Field, himself a member of the club, and one of the executive committee, from which I quote: "It rents no waters, it gives no prizes, it encourages no competitions. But it does collect statistics, organizes meetings, promotes the reading of papers, and encourages discussion, not only on technical details of the angler's craft, but on the fishing laws, river pollution, fishculture and subjects of wide interest to mankind at large. It is, however, primarily a social club.

"The library is a well-selected collection of the most important works on angling and fishculture that have yet appeared. The club owes its origin to a widespread feeling that there is something in fishing beyond the mere catching of fish. The late Francis Francis reduced it to words and the present editor of *Fishing Gazette* impressed it with life. The result was the Fly-Fishers' Club. It consists of over 300 members, British and foreign, representing the House of Lords, the House of Commons, art, science, literature medicine, diplomacy, the church, the army, the navy, the bench, the bar and the legal profession in general, manufacture, commerce and trade, wholesale and retail. In short, among its members are men of every known occupation, and some with no occupation at all. For it must be remembered that while the busy man spares time to kill fish, the idle fishes to kill time, and the one common bond that unites this heterogeneous mass of humanity is the love of fly-fishing."

The objects of the Fly-Fishers' Club as set forth in the Club Annual are as follows:

"The constitution and purpose of the Fly Fishers' Club, which is purely a social club, may be stated in brief to be:

"To bring together gentlemen devoted to fly-fishing generally.

"To afford a ready means of communication between those interested in this delightful art.

"To provide in the reading room, in addition to the usual newspapers, periodicals, etc., catalogues and books, foreign as well as English, having reference to fishing, particularly fly-fishing, so as to render the club a means of obtaining knowledge about new fishing places and vacancies for rods, and making it a general medium of information on all points relating to the art."

The club is governed by a committee of twenty-one, selected from the membership, two of whom act as honorary treasurer and honorary secretary respectively. The club has no other officers. The annual subscription is two guineas for London members and one guinea for country members. Originally the London members paid three guineas annually, but this was found to be greater than was necessary, and the subscription was reduced.

The club has twelve honorary members. Five reside in Great Britain, one in Germany and six in the United States. Country members are those who have no fixed residence in the city of London.

As long ago as in 1885, the FOREST AND STREAM said of this club: "We have been struck by the fact that there is no association of this kind in America. There is room for just such an organization here, in New York, and it could be made very popular if the right men could take hold of it."

During the nine years that have elapsed since that paragraph was written nothing has been done towar organizing such a club. But apparently there is no good reason why such a club should not be organized, and there are many reasons why it should be.

Quite naturally, the club should find a home in New York city, as it seems to be a sort of clearing house for the anglers of the entire country. Without doubt there are enough fly-fishermen in New York city, if their attention could be drawn to and their interest aroused in a club of this character, to put it on its feet at once, and with non-resident members from all over the United States and Canada, who would naturally be drawn to it, the club would very soon become a general meeting place for fly-fishermen and a bureau of information for the dissemination of knowledge in all things relating to fly-fishing. The love of fly-fishing is of vigorous growth in this country and is spreading far and wide. So that every year there are large additions to the ranks of those who practice the highest style of the contemplative angler's art; for let the most inveterate bait-fisherman catch a trout, black bass or other fish with a fly on a light rod, and ever after he is a fly-fisherman from preference.

Fly-fisherman are companionable men, and as a rule, gregarious before and after the actual fishing, even if they prefer to cast their flies in lonely solitude, so I believe that at this very moment the material for a Fly-Fishers' Club, in which the anglers of the country would be greatly interested and from which they would receive great benefit, is now going to waste for the lack of action to organize and shape it. Through the London Fly-Fishers' Club I have made acquaintances that have become friends, and have gleaned information of value, and it is this experience which prompts me to advocate a similar club in this country to draw our anglers closer together for their common benefit and mutual advantage.

FOREST AND STREAM is the agent through which the club may be brought about and that journal may become the god-father of a club that will rank with that of our cousins' over the sea.

A. N. CHENEY.

LONDON ANGLERS AND THEIR DOINGS.

SUNDAY is a great day with the metropolitan angler. The Saturday half-holiday is of little avail here for fishing purposes. Many years ago, say between fifty and sixty, there used to be excellent roach and dace swims to be had off the Thames Embankment, and the angler then needed no railway "privilege" tickets. Now, it would be like fishing in pea soup to cast in off say Blackfriar's steamboat pier, or put in the leger from a boat at Cleopatra's Needles.

No, the Saturday afternoon — when the clerks, the mechanics and the working men in general leave business—does not give one an opportunity of getting away to fish. Unlike the country angler, the cockney piscator has a considerable distance to travel before he can get anything like decent fishing. Up here the rivers don't run by the bottom of the garden, and there is no fishing to be had out of the parlor window. In the course of a single season thousands of miles are individually covered upon fishing expeditions, but thanks to the liberality displayed by the various railway companies the club angler is enabled to travel at a greatly reduced fare. In fact, the London angler is a big traveler, and nothing is thought of covering 200 miles in a day and then being back in plenty of time to "weigh in" at night.

Each year sees a great increase in the number of anglers and clubs in London, and the sport of fishing was never more popular. It is estimated that there are quite 10,000 club anglers within the metropolis, and the clubs now number over 230. Then there are the unattached or non-clubmen, who probably number 20,000 or 30,000, so that altogether the sport of angling can lay claim to being in a very flourishing condition. The London club fishermen are governed by two associations, one being called the London Anglers' Association and the other having for its title that of the Central Association of London Anglers. The former is by far the most powerful of the two, and is known piscatorially as the "Anglers' Parliament." Mr. Philip Geen is its president; Mr. Richard Ghurney, who is sometimes referred to as "the father of the London anglers," is the secretary. Each society enrolled with this association is entitled to send two delegates to its monthly meetings. The association has a general committee, a renting and preservation committee, etc., and at the delegate meetings all matters relating to the angling world are dealt with. There is a great business air about the delegates, who sit on long rows of chairs facing the chairman and "Dick" Ghurney and his assistant. As each delegate arrives he gives the name of his club to a gentleman termed the "tyler," and he at the end of the proceedings calls the roll for the purpose of seeing how many societies affiliated to the association have been present.

Prior to the minutes of the previous meeting being read a great sharpening of pencils can be heard, notebooks are produced and the delegates look more like a corps of reporters waiting for some great speaker to open his oration than a lot of "jolly anglers." The reason for this great display of pencil and paper is that each delegate is supposed to give an account of the Association's meeting at the next gathering of his own society. When the chairman—who is generally Mr. W. H. Beckett—taps the table with his little brass hammer, and Mr. Ghurney adjusts his "goggles," every pencil falls upon its notebook awaiting for an item likely to interest brother club men. At this meeting new clubs are enrolled, complaints received and inquired into, matters relating to the renting and preservation of club waters, and railway concessions discussed; in fact, this meeting is the one where everything concerning the interests and doings of the Association's affiliated members is dealt with. The business of the Central Association, of which Mr. C. H. Medcalf is the president, is conducted in much the same manner. The delegates take notes of the proceedings, and reports are handed in by the visiting officers, etc. Mr. W. J. Wade is the secretary of this Association, and he has left no stone unturned to secure its success. Through his efforts, a grand piece of water was obtained on the Sussex Arun, where many "boncers" and "tonkers" in the roach class last season came to grief at the hands of the skilled London disciples of the rod. Lots of 2-pounders were basketed, and several fish were had up to 2½lbs. For roach, such fish are worth noting—and they are worth catching, too! In the sharp tidal waters of the Arun they fight like a trout!

The London anglers have a benevolent society, and over £200 was paid out last year to members who had encountered misfortune in their path. The society is carrying on an excellent work, and many a fisherman has had reason to be grateful for the assistance rendered him in this direction. A subscription of 1s. 1d. only a year is charged, but this would be totally inadequate to meet the calls on the fund were it not for the aid of smoking concerts, collecting boxes, etc. Recently the Anglers' Benevolent Society has secured six beds in a convalescent home at Dover, where sick members go to regain their health and strength. Very often when anglers in straitened circumstances have been sent away to the seaside, the committee have not forgotten their all but empty purses and have made them "pocket money" allowance. During the last year the committee had to deal with some extremely painful cases and I am happy to say that those in distress have been treated in the spirit of the true brotherhood of angling; where help was needed it was ever forthcoming, and as a result many a Waltonian set on his legs again in more ways than one. The Anglers' Benevolent Society is indeed a grand institution, having a noble object in view, and long, I say, may it prosper and flourish.

The clubs are mostly held at a local hostelry, and meetings generally take place twice a week. The clubs all have their president, vice-president, chairman, treasurer and secretary. Round the room many fish caught by members figure on the walls in ornamental glass cases. The fish are known as "specimens," and they range from a tiny bleak to a monster pike. The inscription on the case runs something after this style: "Bream, caught by Mr. Smith in the Thames, July 16, 1889, weight 5½lbs." Some of the fish are very fine, and large collections are to be found at some of the clubs. For instance, the Friendly Anglers' Club room is adorned with close on 150 cases, in which may be found trout of 10lbs. and 13lbs., chub of 5lbs. 14oz. and bream going 7lbs. 13oz. There is a grand show of fish at the Piscatorial Society's Saloon at the Holborn restaurant, there we have specimens of the American striped bass and the American black bass caught by Mr. T. R. Sachs. Plenty of the clubs have from thirty to fifty cases of fish on view. The leading angling clubs in London are considered to be the Fly-Fishers', Piscatorial Society, Gresham, Friendly Anglers, New Albions and the True Waltonians, and they indulge from time to time in some very grand banquets and other festive doings. The annual dinner of the Piscatorial Society is perhaps the most brilliant function in London angling circles, the occasion being one on which large numbers of ladies grace the proceedings with their presence.

Among other things discussed at the clubs are of course the competitions, in connection with which several prizes are offered each outing, some of the clubs having a prize list of something like £80 or £90 for one season. When a competition is about to take place, the secretary sends a report to the fishing papers to the effect that the "members' attendance is urgently requested" on such and such an evening, "when important business will be discussed." The London angler is noted for always arriving late at his club, so that a start is frequently not made until considerably past 9 o'clock. The worthy secretary—he is always "worthy"—then reads the minutes of the last meeting, and the chairman afterward calls for some one to propose and second that they be duly passed.

This function over, the chairman intimates that there is to be a competition next week; "but," says he, "before we proceed to the business I would thank you to give your orders—the waiter is in the room." This is by no means unwelcome news, and what with beer, whiskies and teetotal drinks the waiter gets very much mixed. But eventually the drinks are supplied, and the chairman, rapping the table, says something to this effect: "Worthy secretary and brothers, we have a competition in a week's time, and it is for you to say where you would like to go and how to fish when you get there. There are three prizes: First, Mr. Smith's £1 1s.; second, Mr. Money's 10s. 6d., and third, Mr. Bacon's ham. I don't think you will get much sport wherever you go; the water is 'gin-bright' all over the place. However, it is for you to decide." For a minute the company remains silent, and then one of the members:

Mr. Robinson exclaims, "Why not try the Arun, there are some prime roach there and bream like bellows. You'll stand a better chance in the tidal waters than anywhere just now."

Mr. Katchemall: "Well, I should like to give the Thames a turn. I'll bet I'll sneak a barbel or two out on the leger, and don't you think I don't know where there are some boncing chub. I propose we go to Staine's. They are sure to come on in the 'cool of the evening'."

Mr. Brown: "Try the Thames! I wouldn't go if you paid my fare there. It is like gin, so Harry Jones says—he was down at Sunbury yesterday—besides what about boats? Hundreds and thousands of them kicking about. And the steam launches a plunging through your swim! Might as well fish in the water cistern this time of year."

Thus suggestions follow each other in rapid succession, and it often takes an hour or so before a spot can be fixed upon to fish the match. Then if it is not a "roving" competition, boundaries have to be arranged, etc. Sometimes the event will be a "pegged down" one, and stewards are appointed at the meeting to peg out swims for the competitors. No one is allowed to go down to the river overnight except the stewards, and when the contestants reach the scene in the morning the former gentlemen have put the stakes in and numbered them. Subsequently a draw promptly decides where each man is to go, and the expression on some of their faces is a sight to behold when they do not get a pitch to their liking. There, however, they must stick or forfeit all participation in the match. Many of the London clubs are also the scene in connection with the weekly meetings of numerous smoking concerts and "visits" in the course of the year, while papers on angling are also read during the season.

The great event of the year, however, is the club's annual dinner, when the fishermen have quite a reunion and spend the evening merrily amid toast and song. The

Royal toast, I should say, is always most loyally honored, as the Prince of Wales is one of the patrons of the Thames Angling Preservation Society, and the Princess of Wales and other members of the royal family are followers of old Izaak themselves. At these gatherings the prizes won during the season are generally presented, and as the recipients rise to receive them they come in for much good-natured chaff. The annual dinner is also thought to be an opportune time to "open" a new prize list, when the company present again make promises of various articles, including the proverbial copper kettle. Some of the clubs here do not favor gross weight prize fishing, but give silver medals instead for the best specimen fish caught during the season. Occasionally very handsome challenge cups ornament the chairman's table, and some of the prizes are of a very valuable description. During the last few years the reading of papers on subjects piscatorial has much increased at the clubs, and the Anglers' Paper Reading Society's lectures have been greatly in demand. The papers read at the Piscatorial and Gresham angling societies are afterward printed and placed in the library, and form very interesting and instructive reading. The Fly-Fishers' Club is looked upon as *the* society, but the members take little or no active part in London angling matters. They meet once a year to dine, it is true, and occasionally give a "smoker," but that is all one hears of them. The library in connection with this club contains many rare works on the piscatorial art, a remark which may also be applied to the Gresham and Piscatorial societies.

In regard the competitions held over here, some of them turn out very big events. Only last March one took place up the Lea in which nearly 600 fishermen were engaged. This river and the Thames and Arun are generally selected for the competitions, and the following is a copy of one of the handbills issued in connection with a match got up by Mr. Eldridge, who runs the "anglers' train" every Sunday morning to Pulborough and Amberley on the Sussex Arun:

OPEN ROVING FISHING CONTEST,

(Starting from Amberly) will take place on Sunday Oct. 8, 1893,

For the following valuable prizes, given by Messrs.

A. A. Eldridge, "Rose and Crown," Goswell Road, London; Duke, "Houghton Bridge" Inn, Amberly; Cunningham, "George and Dragon," Houghton; Rogers, "The Cricketers," Amberley; Henly, "Black Dog," Bury; and other friends.

List of Prizes:

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
First prize	1 10 0	Sixth prize	0 10 6
Second prize	1 0 0	Seventh prize	0 10 6
Third prize	0 15 0	Eighth prize	0 10 6
Fourth prize	0 12 0	Specimen bream	0 5 0
Fifth prize	0 10 6	Specimen roach	0 5 0

Entrance fee 6d., which will be added to the prizes.

ALL TO START ON SUNDAY MORNING.

No live bait to be used. Jack eels, pope, dabs, bleak and gudgeon barred. Thames measure. No one to fish within 10yds. of another without his consent. One rod only to be carried. Disputes to be settled by the Stewards present. Weighing to commence at 4 o'clock. No fish will be received after 4:30 sharp. The weighing to take place at Mr. Rogers's, "The Cricketers," Amberly. All prizes will be paid to the successful competitors immediately after weighing in.

All competitors must get their tickets stamped at "The Cricketers" before starting, any one neglecting to do so will be disqualified.

Tickets to be had of Mr. A. A. Eldridge only, at the "Rose and Crown," 21 Goswell Road. Entries close at 11:30 P. M., Saturday, Oct. 7, 1893.

Stewards wearing colored favors perambulate the banks while the competitions are in progress, and it will be seen from the above bill that the latter are carried out in a thoroughly businesslike manner. In some matches the fish are registered and measured as soon as caught. This duty devolves upon the steward, and if the fish are feeding at all well these gentlemen have a pretty warm time of it. No sooner is one fish taken off the hook, and the steward is in attendance, than the cry of "Steward!" is heard in another direction, and while the angler is playing his fish the man of the white and red rosette is called upon in yet another part of the competition boundary. When the big competitions are held the railway companies run special trains to the scene of operations, and the anglers sitting in the various compartments, with their rods and boxes slung over their shoulders, look, as the train rushes by, like a regiment of soldiers, minus their scarlet uniform.

Before the competition commences it is often the practice of the committee or stewards to overhaul the contestants' bags, baskets and boxes, to see that no fish are concealed therein. This operation leads to much good-natured chaff all round, and provides rare amusement for the onlookers. Everything is closely examined, even to the parcel or cloth containing the day's provender. Small packages which perhaps only hold salt and pepper are even scrutinized, and when the fisherman's box has been stripped of its contents, and all is correct and proper, he is politely told he can put the tackle and the reels, the pepper and the salt, the beer bottle and the whisky flask, and the knuckle of pork or the piece of steak back into the box, and go to the place where the pistol will be fired when the match commences. It is only right and proper to say that I have never yet known a case during the searching of an angler's kit where fish had been discovered, which speaks volumes for the general honesty and sportsmanlike feeling prevailing among those concerned.

A pistol is fired as the signal to start fishing. Long before this the competitors have assembled in one dense mass at a given spot, and the scene when the signal is given is of an intensely humorous and amusing description. There is a wild rush along the banks to secure the well-known swims and "shops," and some of the fishermen run for a mile or a mile and a half without stopping, so intent are they in being first at some favorite pitch where they hope to make a good basket. In a marvellously short time the rods are at work, and for miles, in one long row, up and down stream, sitting on the varicolored roach boxes, are to be found followers of the man who loved Lea so well. There they patiently sit, it may be in the broiling heat of an August day, or facing the cutting east winds well known to those who go angling in the winter months. As the day wears on the villagers may be seen running up and down the banks with cans of hot tea, bread and butter, watercress, etc., which are speedily bought up by the fishermen. It is by no means an uncommon occurrence either to see an angler bring out a little spirit stove and kettle, spread a snow-white cloth by his side, and, while the kettle is boiling, cut up the bread and butter, and generally prepare for an *al fresco* tea, these roach baskets being of a very capacious character.

Just now London anglers are feeling considerably exercised over the Thames Conservancy bill, and have petitioned the County Council to get a clause inserted whereby the swans and ducks which gobble up all the ova will be removed from the river and the speed of steam launches lessened, especially in the fence months when the fish are spawning. There are several preservation bodies, the Thames Angling Preservation Society, of which the venerable Mr. W. H. Brougham is the secretary, being the pioneer in connection with the good work now being carried on up the river. Many tons of fish of all kinds have been placed in the Thames, and it is estimated that the angling public and those interested in the river have spent something like £30,000 in preserving and protecting it from the wiles of the poaching fraternity. The professional fishermen who gain their living by taking anglers out in punts have in many instances been constituted honorary river-keepers, and when the fish head up to the weirs after spawning they are sometimes out day and night, in order to see that no harm befalls them. In the matter of supporting the preservation societies, the London Club anglers might have been much more generous, but I think in time they will see the error of their ways, and each club make an annual grant for the purpose of putting new blood into the Thames. The tide is steadily flowing in that direction, I fancy, for we now have a "fish preservation week" in London, and the clubs are individually responding more liberally to the appeals made by Mr Brougham.

And now I must reel in, for the swim is full up. I hope I have given you some idea of what London piscatorial circles are like, and if that should prove the case, and if you have been interested in them, then my object will have been attained. I have now only to wish you fraternally "tight lines" and pleasant times when you take part in the noble sport of angling.

London, England. ARTHUR R. MATTHEWS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Fox Lake Anglers Organize.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 1.—When Mr. Geo. E. Cole, president and actuating spirit of the old Fox River Association, of Illinois, laid down his baton as leader of the protective forces, the work of the latter association was practically done, for it had accomplished about all it had set out to do. Its record was the most notable of any ever made by a protective association here, and Mr. Cole has never yet had an equal as an organizing and executive officer in such work. It seems, however, that no matter how well this work is done, it will not stay done unless the protective forces keep on at it. The waters of the great and prolific Fox Lake system again began to need a guardian's care, and some of the anglers recently resolved to organize again for protection. At a meeting held at the Mineola Club, Fox Lake, last week, an organization was formed for that and adjoining lakes. A vigorous prosecution of all violators of the fish laws was agreed upon and the following officers elected: Pres., Noah H. Pike; First Vice-Pres., Albert Mason; Second Vice-Pres., Allen C. Story; Sec'y and Treas., D. S. Daly. Executive Committee: James Gardiner, Lewis M. Melander, Jr., John W. Lyke, Robert O. Boyle, J. L. Lindskog. Representatives were present from Fox Lake, Pistakee Lake, Petite Lake and Long Lake fishing clubs.

The Best Yet to Come.

The most enjoyable part of the angling season is yet to come. In the fall, until well on toward the end of October, the bass fishing in this section is better than in the spring. The fish take bait better than the fly, it is true, and are taken in deeper waters, but they bite freely and play hard, and, moreover, one does not have the feeling that he is taking fish full of spawn. Last spring a great many heavy catches were reported from Wisconsin lakes, and many men boasted to me of the sport they had had. As a matter of fact the fish were taken on their spawning run. It is late June sometimes before the bass have finished spawning—indeed in the northern lakes of that State they are not through before the end of July. After that they do not bite so freely but continue to go to the shallow water to feed in the evenings and to less extent in the mornings. In the fall their habits change, and barring the fact that one too often misses the fun of seeing the strike at the surface, the bass give better sport on the rod. The Fox, the Kankakee, the Tippecanoe, and others of our bass streams are now or soon will be at their best. Further to the north the pine woods lakes will soon offer their best inducements to the mascallonge angler. The waning of the year approaches, but the angler's year will not be done for two months yet, unless the angler is also a shooter, as so many of ours are. E. Hough.

909 Security Building, Chicago.

Irish Lake Trout.

The Irish lake trout has frequently been known to grow to an extraordinary size, and at one or two exhibitions of angling trophies the stuffed carcases of some very remarkable fish have been shown. The record trout, however, seems to have been taken in Lake Ennel, or Belvedere Lake, Westmeath, by Mr. Meers, of Mullingar. The fish, which naturally afforded some capital sport, was taken immediately after capture before a Justice of the Peace in the locality. It is not to be supposed that the fish had committed any offence against the law, but there seems to be a tendency on the part of the world at large to require verification of an Irishman's story, especially if it be an Irish angler; and the weight, girth, etc., of this extraordinary trout can be recorded for future generations with the legal stamp of genuineness attached to its record. The weight is returned at exactly 26lbs., 2oz., the length 34¼in., the middle girth at 28¾in., and the girth between the centre and the tail 20in., while the breadth of the tail is very remarkable, being 10½in. It must have afforded the fish enormous propelling power. It is pleasant to know that the skin will be preserved by a skilled taxidermist, and that it will be presented to the society which has charge of the preservation of the fish in the Westmeath lakes.—*Bells Messenger* (*London*).

Caledonia Brown Trout.

The Caledonia Fishing Club has had on exhibition in a Rochester, N. Y., window two brown trout taken from Spring Creek. One weighed 11lbs., the other 10¾lbs.

Trouting on the West Canada.

The portion of the West Canada, Herkimer county, N. Y., which experience teaches me contains not only the most trout, but stretches of stream most conducive to growth as to individual size and increase of number of the fish, is the stretch between the outlet of Deer Lake, four miles above Northwood, the Roberts's cold bed, one-half mile below. At Hickley the milling operations have almost ruined the fishing, and between the points named and that one, long stretches will be found hardly worth casting into. In the spring trout can be easily taken along the stream, a common catch being 30lbs.; but when the warm weather comes on in July and August, it takes a man who knows the pools and rifts like a book to get the wily fish. In the cold beds you will find them by the hundred after four or five very hot days. But a correspondent of Forest and Stream, a great chum of mine, Ray Spears, and I have stood on shore at Fly Stream cold bed and caught enough trout in one hour to keep several large and vigorous families in trout supply for two days. Sometimes as we journeyed homeward we would notice that the air was colder; we would say, "On the rifts tomorrow," and know as we said it that the cold snap would drive the trout into the rifts and rapids, leaving the beds, which to-day were alive with them, empty and without interest for the sportsman.

We noticed last season that trout were dying in large numbers, and apparently from no disease. The peculiarity of the epidemic was that continued hot weather would usher in the devastation and then we would find trout, perhaps five or six to a pool, dead and swollen. Long investigation and observation gave us a satisfactory explanation. We found that the bark of the logs coming from the camps up stream was accumulating in the still pools when the water was low, and the heat acting on it generated a yellowish water which on three weeks' drought spread death among the fish.

Notwithstanding the lumber trouble and continued seining by natives, the West Canada with some restrictions is a fishing ground of splendid possibilities. The reins of restriction of trout destructors are held in the hands of certain residents of Northwood, and if the power be used in the future as it has in the past, 1900 will still find trout plentiful there. Robert P. Froebish.

Adirondack Black Bass.

Schroon Lake, Essex County, N. Y., Aug. 23.—The record for a large fish caught in the lake at this place this season is now held by Mr. Sidney F. Rawson, of Staten Island, a guest at the Grove Pines House. This afternoon Mr. Rawson and Prof. von Holy started out for a two hours' fishing trip and within that time caught and produced at the hotel five pickerel, the largest of which weighed exactly 8lbs. The others were good sized fish, but not worthy of notice alongside the larger one. The fish was lightly hooked, and contrary to the custom of its kind, made a fierce fight. It was, however, well landed by Mr. Rawson and well gaffed by Mr. von Holy. The black bass fishing here is now fairly good, but no very large catches are reported. —

Camp Franklin.

Trout Lake, Wis., Aug. 25.—The following are scores of fish caught at Camp Franklin: Judge John Barton Payne of Chicago and his friend Chas. R. Murray, in nine days' fishing, landed four muskalonge weighing 18, 16, 15 and 16lbs. respectively, also 119 black bass. The Judge landed a black bass weighing 5¼lbs.

L. M. Brown of Chicago in six days' fishing landed four muskalonge weighing 20, 16 and two 12lbs. respectively, and 76 black bass. C. J. C.

Long Island Sound.

Brigeport, Conn., Aug. 26.—Big strings of striped bass are bring taken at the mouth of the Housatonic River, Stratford, Conn. Mr. Jacob Huber of Bridgeport has caught several good-sized fish this month, averaging 15lbs. each.

Capt. Charles A. Deas, of the sloop Addie, while fishing near Bartlets Reef, New London, on the 11th of this month landed a sea bass weighing 6lbs. The General.

West Virginia Trout.

Sweet Springs, W. Va., Aug. 29.—The trout have been very plentiful here this year. C. H. Witts caught 7 weighing 3¼lbs., the prettiest string of brook trout caught in this country for some time, not in number but in size. A few days later 6 more were caught out of the same stream almost as large. C. R. C.

Massachusetts Bass.

Baldwinville, Mass., Aug. 25.—F. D. Searle and H. A. Perkins caught eight small-mouth bass in Philipston Lake yesterday which weighed 21¼lbs. The smallest weighed 2¼lbs. and the largest 3lbs. 9oz. This is the largest string taken here this season. H.

Moosehead Lake Fishing.

Moosehead Lake, Rineo, Me., Aug. 28.—Mr. William Ziegler, well known in New York and Brooklyn, recently caught with fly hook twenty trout that weighed 69lbs. They were all caught in less than four hours' fishing.

O. A. Dennen.

From the Adirondacks.

Blue Mountain Lake, Adirondacks, Aug., 30.—I find fish and game in this region more abundant than usual.

Random.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

New York Game Legislation.

THE Senate investigating committee on the game laws held a session this morning at the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. The members of the committee, all of whom were present, are: Senator H. J. Donaldson, of Ballston, chairman; Senator John L. Childs, of Floral Park, L. I., and Senator Guy, of New York. Charles S. Burns, of New York, the clerk of the committee, was in attendance to record the proceedings of the committee. Among others present were Messrs. W. F. Balkam, A. B. Lamberton, Frank J. Amsden, Senator Cornelius R. Parsons, Assistant District Attorney Widener and Mayor Aldridge, of Rochester. From out of town, Gen. Dwight H. Bruce, of Syracuse, president of the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game; F. S. Gavitt of Lyons, president of the New York State Central Fish and Game Protective Association; Ernest G. Gould, of Seneca Falls, president of the Honest Fisherman's Club, and A. Emerson Babcock, of Brighton, were in attendance.

Frank J. Amsden urged a stricter enforcement of the game laws. Said he: "The great point to be emphasized with regard to the protection of game is the desirability or stability in the laws made for that purpose. The frequent changes in the laws occasion great confusion, and many fishermen can justly plead ignorance of the statutes as their excuse. But perhaps this evolution is needed to render the laws perfect.

"The next point I would make is that better enforcement of the laws should prevail. There has been noticeable improvement in this respect of late through the influence principally of the State Association for the Preservation of Game. The people have also become educated and interested in the question.

"I want to impress upon you, gentlemen, the necessity for increased penalties for violation of the game laws. At present the minimum penalty is $10 and the maximum $25 for each offense. The penalty for dynamiting fish is $100, but it is difficult to convict for this offense and the penalty is seldom inflicted. Now when through the vigilance of our game protectors, setters of fyke nets are captured and taken before a justice, through influence or some other reason, they frequently get off scot free. There can be no netting without the total extinction of fish."

"Would you change the penalties which at present prevail, entirely?" asked Senator Guy.

"I think there should be increesed penalties for old offenders," replied Mr. Amsden.

Senator Guy said he feared that the establishment of more severe penalties might prevent the giving of information to the officials where offenses have been committed. A man would hesitate to give information which would result in the financial ruin of his neighbor, while if the fine were more moderate he would do so at once.

Continuing, Mr. Amsden said: "We think the law fixes the date for bass fishing much too early. Decoration Day is at present the date fixed for the opening of the bass season, but in my opinion July 1 would not be too late. We think the permittiug by the law of spearing is very unwise. Nothing but angling with hook and line should be permitted in inland waters of the State. But a few years ago the waters of Lake Ontario abounded in salmon, whitefish and trout. The supply is now almost exhausted. Ten years ago on the south shore of the lake 600 men were employed in a large fish industry. The fishing was overdone with nets, and as a result we have no longer our supply of fish from Ontario.

"I do not think we require more game protectors in this district. Our present officials are doing heroic service. I want to say a few words on the subject of birds. The position which the State Association takes is this: The shooting of birds must be confined closer than is the case at present. We believe it should be restricted to the three months of October, November and December. Before the 1st of October the birds are immature and not fit to be shot."

Assistant District Attorney Widener, in his testimony, said: "Severity of the law is the only thing which will preserve the law. I think that doubling the penalty for each successive offense would be a very good plan. I would recommend that the use of ferrets in hunting rabbits be prohibited. The shooting of birds, in my opinion, should be restricted to the last three months of the year."

A. Emerson Babcock, of Brighton, addressed the committee upon the subject of shooting game birds, and said he wished the law could be amended so as to preclude all spring shooting.

Hubert B. Hallock, of Rochester, spoke of the necessity for a law prohibiting the spearing of fish. He stated that Game Protector Schwartz favored increasing fines for offenses subsequent to the first, and thought that after the third or fourth offense imprisonment should be inflicted.

Simon Marshall, Assistant Game and Fish Protector at Charlotte, testified to the trouble he had in capturing illegal fishermen. Said he: "I certainly favor much heavier penalties for infringement of the law. Many illegal fishermen immediately after paying a fine will go out fishing again with a net and more than earn the amount of their fine. There are not many bass caught by spearing to my knowledge. Suckers are very predatory fish, frequently swallowing the spawn of other fish.

"In spite of the law prohibiting net fishiug within one mile from the shore I frequently find nets within half that distance from land. Still I believe the mile limit law is of benefit in restrainiug many from depredating. I would suggest that the bass season be made one month later than is the case at present. I think that the prohibiting of spring shooting of birds would be a grand thing."

Mr. A. B. Lamberton addressed the committee upon the "intermittent game law" which is at present in operation in Maryland. This law provides for the shooting of birds on three days of each week, and on the other three days it is prohibited. It is this way the slaughter of the game is greatly lessened.

N. S. Gavitt, President of the Central New York Association for the Protection of Game, next testified and expressed himself as in favor of different laws for different districts of the State. Said he: "I would suggest the first of July as the earliest date for bass fishing. I do not think the pickerel in our waters are a cause of the destruction of bass. I think there is no occasion for protecting the sucker fish. I caught a man the other night spearing suckers. He was much surprised and pleaded ignorance of the law, saying that they supposed that spearing was permitted in that section. This seems to be the case all over our State. General ignorance of the game laws prevail."

Ernest G. Gould, President of the Honest Fishermen's Club, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., in his testimony said that he would favor a penalty of imprisonment for the offense of dynamiting. He also thought that all shooting of birds should be prohibited in the spring and should be lawful only in the last three months of the year.

Gen. Dwight H. Bruce, of Syracuse, said: "As you all know, the price of fish as well as of meat is steadily advancing. An increase in the supply of fish is necessary before the price can be made cheaper. This increase is only made possible by careful protection of fish in our inland waters. Many entertain the erroneous opinion that all waters belong to the people. Oneida Lake some five years ago was the scene of a great deal of netting and as a result it became utterly devastated of its abundant supply of fish. Since netting has been stopped by law anyone can go to Oneida Lake with the certainty of obtaining a fine catch of fish and can be sure of paying their expenses by the sale of their catch.

"The prohibition of netting will interfere with no industry whatever. Indeed, netting should not be considered by the law in the light of an industry. In relation to the bass and trout question I do not think the season for those fish should open before July 1.

"In regard to deer I think it is the judgment of everybody that those animals should be protected. The Adirondacks are literally overrun with boys and inexperienced hunters who use no judgment in their killing of deer. Many of the hunters are inexperienced marksmen, and numbers of the deer become wounded without being killed. The hunting with jack lights is in my opinion one of the most pernicious causes of their destruction. All good men are in favor of its abolishment.—*Rochester Union and Advertiser, Aug. 28.*

Yesterday's testimony before the committee when added to the fund of information already obtained in the Adirondack region made Senator Guy feel that he really now knew something about what was needed by the people of the State of New York in the way of fish and game laws. He was freshly primed with the views of gentlemen who are sportsmen for pleasure, and their opinions had weight with him, but their testimony in no way influenced him to forget the opinions of that class of men who follow fishing and hunting from other motives than that of pastime.

"You may be sure that as a Democrat my sympathy is always, to a certain extent, with the masses," said Senator Guy, "and there is no danger that I shall recommend any measure that will work directly at variance with the interests of a certain class of wage earners. Now, in regard to this matter of limiting all bird shooting to three months, and entirely doing away with shooting in the spring, as was unanimously advocated by the witnesses before this morning's session, I could not conscientiously recommend any such measure. I know hundreds of people about Long Island who are thoroughly reputable and law-abiding men to whom spring shooting is an essential means of livelihood, and in whose community it is a recognized industry. Moreover, there are thousands of men thereabouts to whom spring shooting furnishes employment as guides, and thousands of farmers who make a little needed ready money by boarding parties who come out from New York for a few days' spring sport. Now, to be influenced by these good Rochester sportsmen and be entirely neglectful of the wishes and needs of these other men would be neither just nor wise. As suggested in my remarks this morning, I am strongly in favor of a report from this committee advising a partition of the State into three districts, each district to be governed by laws framed to meet the particular needs of the locality, as evinced by the testimony of its inhabitants before this committee."

"Would these districts bear the name of the localities, one being known as the district of the St. Lawrence?" asked the reporter.

"I have not thoroughly decided upon that," replied Senator Guy, "but it is more likely they would be known numerically, as Game District Number One, and so on. Another thing that I am strongly convinced of is that people in one part of the State should not be listened to with too much seriousness upon the conditions of another part of the State. I believe firmly that in a matter of this kind the man who lives on the soil, and whose forefathers lived there before him, should have the inalienable right to have a voice in the framing of rules to be enacted to apply to his own homestead. A great many rich gentlemen visit the Adirondack region and express to us their opinions as to what should be done in the way of game laws there, and the mountain hotel proprietor announces himself in favor of this or that measure, but it seems to me that the guides who make their living there, and the men who have never been from beneath the shade of its pines are the proper ones to consult as to how laws for that region shall be drawn up. This latter class, in contradiction to visiting sportsmen who have testified, are opposed to allowing still-hunting before the hounding season. Really, I had no idea that there was so much interest in the subject of fish and game, as we have found everywhere on our tour."

"Have you received while in Rochester any ideas that will influence your report?" said the interviewer.

"Yes," was the answer. "But by these ideas I will be influenced only in so far as to recommend changes in the law as applicable to this district. This again shows the necessity of districting the State, for you can see very well that if the whole suggestion of those gentlemen who testified this morning were to be followed it would be like taking the bread from the mouths of a very much larger class of people than those they represent. One thing I am glad to be quoted in: This committee will be very slow to advise any radical changes in the present law, except where those laws are found to be radically wrong. I myself am in the minority on this committee, but of course in a matter of this kind politics cut very little figure."

As Senator Guy is a close personal friend of Senator Childs and as he has evidently been told to do most of the talking at the sessions of the committee, it is pretty safe to say that what the young New York Senator says in this matter will have the support of his colleagues. To-day the committee is at Charlotte.

On another point the Senator said: "Regarding the establishment of heavier penalties for violation of the game laws, I will never for one moment lend my name to the support of any measure which dictates the penalty of incarceration for a man or boy for illegal hunting or fishing."—*Rochester Post Express, Aug. 29.*

Enforcing Minnesota Laws.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game Warden Sam. F. Fullerton of Duluth is doing good and efficient work in his district. On the 18th inst. he arrested one Matt. Kraodus for killing a doe and having in possession a fawn. He was arraigned in the Municipal Court of Duluth, and Judge Powell "assessed" him $50 or 60 days in the county jail. He went to the cooler, but will probably repent and put up his fine, as he is amply able to do so.

On the 20th inst. Warden Fullerton of Duluth arrested and brought before Judge Powell in the Municipal Court two men, Seenburg and Bergen, for using a trot line of about 1,000ft. in Caribou Lake in St. Louis county. They had a good smart attorney and fought their case to a finish, and the result was their conviction and the imposition of a fine of $50 each and costs, amounting to $104.

Game Warden Angus McLeod of Tower, St. Louis county, Minn., shows what kind of material he is made of in the arrest and conviction of one Louis Rossa. He was arraigned before Justice McGilvary for shooting partridge, and assessed $20 and costs. He paid his fine and determined then and there not to "pick any more birds before they were ripe."

So you see the good work goes on. We have several cases "on the string." Have made some arrests, and are waiting until we have time to try them."

Last Thursday, acting upon information, Wardens Farnham and Coffin appeared in the fashionable restaurant of George Magee in St. Paul with a search warrant and went through the place looking for "Rocky Mountain owls" (prairie chickens). After a time they found five neatly dressed birds in an ice chest on a platter ready to do duty on the table of some of George's high tasting patrons.

The case will be brought to the attention of the courts in the near future and results reported later. The recent decision of the Supreme Court has greatly strengthened the Game and Fish Commission, and they are now extremely active and alert in enforcing the excellent and strong game laws of the State.

The executive agent of the Game and Fish Commission recently determined to search the cold storage warehouses of the State, and he found at one of them a large number of birds, which he took possession of for account of the State.

The birds were the property of some of the most prominent citizens of the State. The recent decisions of the Supreme Court in regard to "having in possession game out of season," although killed "in season" has put a formidable weapon in the hands of the Commission for preservation of the game of that State. Heretofore it has been the custom to kill an unlimited amount of game and place it in cold storage and then to ship or use it after the open season is long past. The Commission propose to put a stop to such practices now if possible. MINNESOTA.

Illegal Fishing in Pennsylvania.

IT is charged that fish spears, gill nets and set nets have recently been used in Harrisburg and vicinity, contrary to the law and with deadly effect even under the nose of a very energetic fish commissioner. Eleven boats were out along the west shore of the Susquehanna, spearing eels, bass and pike-perch (locally known as salmon). The men took nearly a half-barrel of fish. Paxton Creek was also the scene of a raid with nets into which catfish, suckers, eels, carp and bass were driven by beating the waters. The fish were sold in the Harrisburg markets and it would appear that a slight inspection of the stands might reveal at least the marks of the spears. At all events the enterprising newspaper man makes the discovery and wonders why the authorities charged with the execution of the laws have not seen as much.

Fishculture Notes.

VERMONT has appropriated $500 for a new hatchery which will be located at New Durham on a brook near Mount Bet Cottage and in the vicinity of Merry Meeting Lake. The site is said to be an excellent one but the amount appropriated is much too small for an efficient hatchery. At the best the establishment will answer only for hatching trout in moderate numbers, and will be open a few months in the year.

New York will have a new hatchery building at Rockland. Commissioner Huntington has been authorized to accept the building from the contractors and to equip it for trout propagation. There is grave question whether the Beaverkill water can be utilized for the hatchery on account of its high temperature, and the supply may have to be taken from Darbee Brook or the outlet of Russell Pond.

Fish Commissioner A. F. Johnson, of Elizabethton, Tenn., obtained 500 trout from the U. S. Fish Commission three years ago and deposited them in Heaten Creek in Carter county. He reports that they have done well and he has seen some over 12in. long caught in the creek.

Gov. McKinley has appointed E. H. Shorb, Van Wert, Ohio, one of the game and fish commissioners of the State. Mr. Shorb has spent much time and money in the introduction and rearing of English pheasants and partridges, and is an enthusiastic sportsman as well as a believer in the protection of fish and game.

Five wagon loads of bass and pike were delivered at Waupaca, Wis., Aug. 17, for the chain of lakes at that place, by the State Fish Commission.

Superintendent W. W. Barrett, of North Dakota, is trying to have a fish hatchery established by his State. At present all the fish used for stocking are furnished by the U. S. Fish Commission. Devil's Lake and many other waters will soon be supplied from that source. In connection with Capt. J. W. Palmer, Mr. Barrett will visit Fort Totten to examine the springs of the locality.

The State of Oregon has a board to locate the new fishway at Willamette Falls, near Oregon City, it includes Governor Pennoyer, Treasurer Metschan, and Secretary of State McBride. They were to meet with Fish Protector H. D. McGuire on Aug. 10 to select a location. The Legislature made an appropriation of $10,000 for the fishway, which will consist of a series of connected pools excavated in the solid rock on the west side of the main fall when the water is low. In this way a gradual slope will be formed up which the salmon can readily pass when the water is high. The board has the power to remove all obstructions, artificial as well as natural, whether fish wheels, nets, lines, or other apparatus, within 50ft. of the fishway. The maintenance of such obstructions will constitute a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment or both. The builders of the way must agree to keep it in good order for two years after its completion.

The appropriation for the Maryland Fish Commission is $7,500, a reduction of $2,500 from the amount of the previous year; but as the sum now cut off was devoted to paying for captured eels the loss will not be seriously felt. Commissioner Sudler has devoted considerable time to practical study of fish hatching stations in other States and will utilize the knowledge thus gained for the benefit of his State. T. H. B.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 4 to 7.—Des Moines Kennel Club, at Des Moines, Iowa. M. Bruce, Sec'y.

Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 10 to 14.—Pittsburgh A. C. Kennels, at Pittsburgh, Pa. A. A. Batchelor, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. I. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Orange County Agricultural Society, at Newburgh, N. Y. D. A. Morrison, Sec'y.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Orange County Fair, at Newburgh, N. Y.

Sept. 26 to 30.—Stockton Kennel Club, at Stockton, Cal. John Hefferman, Sec'y.

Oct. 2 to 5.—Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. C. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Oct. 30 to Nov. 2.—Terrier Show, by New England Kennel Club, at Country Club, Brookline, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y, 128 Tremont street, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

Oct. 23.—New England Field Trial Club, Members' Sweepstake. A. R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells. Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Saratoga, N. Y., Sec'y.

Dogs and Bathers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed some sensational accounts in the daily papers this summer of men and children being attacked by large dogs while bathing. In no case have the first lurid reports been either sifted for the exact truth or followed up by reports of further action or prosecution against either the owners or the dogs. Some of the accounts—notably a very circumstantial one of an attack by a St. Bernard on a boy in the lower Hudson—bore unmistakable evidence of error, exaggeration or falsehood upon their face, and could not have been penned by any one familiar with dogs, for I

think all loving observers and students of canine nature will indorse my assertion that no dog ever attacked a human being when the latter was swimming. The particular account that I have alluded to above stated that a large St. Bernard, standing with his owner on the river bank, after watching some boys bathing, suddenly sprang into the water and made for the boy furthest out and attacked him viciously, both treading him under water and biting at him. After the details of a "fight," beyond the depth of either dog or boy, it stated that both in some way reached the shore, that the dog again sprang at the boy and tore him, and that then, for the first time, his owner interfered.

Who that knows anything of large dogs on reading the above, which I condense from memory, can not at once picture the scene more truly than the reporter does, and aquit the dog? Since I was ten years old I have owned dogs of various large breeds and no matter how obedient any one of them may have been while I was on land, or not beyond my depth in water, I found it simply impossible to swim a stroke n deep water with one of my dogs anywhere about. No command, no threat, would keep the noble and devoted animals from me the moment I struck out, and they always knew, unerringly, when my feet lost "bottom." I never had any difficulty except with the first dog—a monster, half mastiff, half great Dane—but the callow observance of a ten-year-old boy enabled me to understand him and prevent any rouble in the future. The very first time he came for me I was a little frightened at the situation and tried to swim away from him and make the shore in a semicircle, the very worst thing I could have done, the very worst thing a man or boy can do under the circumstances. Of course he could see only the back of my head, and of course he rapidly overhauled me, and equally of course his forefeet (innocent of any intention on his part) first struck my sloping back, and it was scarred by his claws and I was driven under water. Luckily I gained foothold in shallow water almost immediately. To this day I am a little proud that, at that age and in spite of my pain, I resisted the temptation to whip him and went at once to experimenting. I soon found, as I have said, that it was no use to try to keep him on shore, or to try to convince him that I was in no danger and could take care of myself in deep water. It was not his business to learn that, and he was a strictly "business dog." But I also found that whenever he saw fit to interfere and pull me out of the water, if I would pause and either float or stand upright in the water at his approach, I could easily turn which side I pleased to him and that then, if I calmly extended an arm on or above the water, in front of him, he instantly gripped it with a firm, but not at all a painful grasp, and as I always et him come up behind me, I could easily and comfortably swim in with my other arm and his assistance. I may add that I have found the same course to answer in every case and with all kinds of dogs, my dogs and the dogs of others. I would urge upon every one who may read this, that moderate degree of presence of mind required to meet such an emergency.

And now, to picture the scene of the report which I have criticised above. Can we not see the nervous and anxious St. Bernard watching these boys, restrained by his master until the usual cries and noises and the distance of one boy from shore (perhaps he may have even pretended to sink and to call for help as boys will) made this noble and self-sacrificing animal decide to disobey? Reading between the lines, can we not picture his impetuous rush and plunge? His white muzzle pointed straight for the boy's head, or the spot where it disappeared? Can we not almost see the powerful strokes of the broad, webbed feet as he breasts the river? As soon as conscious of the approach of the dog, the boy has probably turned, with another shriek, and the dog swims silently and grimly at the back of the head in front of him. Of course, the boy's back is first touched and scored; of course, he is forced under water (which would not have been the case had he held out an arm for the dog to sieze, for the latter would have turned beside the boy to seize it, and his fore feet would have had free room to plunge).

The boy comes up from his ducking, but is now terrified, probably has lost all presence of mind, and if he is a good swimmer probably has turned and faced the dog, thinking to fight him off. Remember the dog is there to save life, and for that purpose only. It is impossible to beat him off. If the dog ever reaches shore again that boy will reach it with him, that you may be sure of. But now the dog grabs for an arm whenever one is exposed (that is the chosen and best hold for a dog on an unclothed body), yet each of these attempts is thought to be a bite, and the whole is called "an attack" and "fighting." He now does just what any strong man would do; he stays there and tries to tire out the boy, who to him seems bent on self destruction. Remember that a really drowning person always flings the arms up, and you may be sure that even if the dog has to wait till the boy is really drowning he will bring him ashore by an arm. Reflect also that all the time the boy has been fighting off his true friend, those fore paws have of necessity lacerated the boy's legs, arms or chest, where contact occurred.

Of the subsequent "attack" of the dog when both have reached shore in safety, you may make what you choose. Say the boy had really hurt the dog in the water or coming out, or agree with me and set it down for a simple lie, that can be settled. But what I urge—nay, entreat—is that all who read this will do what they can to spread the understanding of a dog's purpose and the best way to assist him and to prevent injury or disaster when he is mistaken as to the need of his assistance. I reflect that once a dog thinks a person in the water needs assistance he cannot be shaken off if he is of any size. The best, therefore is to know how to help him to "meet him half way," literally. If the daily papers would copy this letter it may be the means of giving wider circulation to a knowledge that should be known.

TRACY GOULD.

TROY, N. Y.

A Reporter's Duties.

IN alluding to Mr. Doyle's letter on fox-terrier size, that we mentioned last week, Mr. Lloyd in *Sporting Mirror* hits straight out from the shoulder on the subject of dog show reports in English kennel journals. He draws attention to the fact that men are employed to write up these shows who are interested in the animals exhibited and more than hints that they are biased in their criticisms. If any one on this side follows the career of a dog at different shows in England through the medium of the sporting journals he will surely become bewildered in the multiplicity of views expressed and no line can be formed as to what the dog is like, one can merely judge of the dog's standing from the number and character of his wins. The day of signed reports will surely come and then, and only then, shall we see some uniformity of opinion on a dog's merits, for hastily formed judgment on a dog's shape and makeup will no longer be shielded by the ubiquitous "we."

Kennel journals owe it to their readers that reports should be signed so that there may be no stabbing in the dark or self interests worked in. Of course there is some excuse for the present state of things in English reports. So many shows must be covered during the week and there seems to be such a mad hurry to get reports published the same week in which the show takes place that their reports must necessarily be written under the most unfavorable circumstances. Beyond a list of awards and a few of the general tems of interest connected with the show there is little good or gain in this "beating the record." One of Mr. Lloyd's paragraphs reads: "As a reporter of many years' standing, I have some right to write in this manner, and some knowledge of the subject I am on. I have met reporters at shows, employed by papers for the sake of economy, who have had little or no experience. It is millions that the persons alluded to have some interest in a dog or two, and if you watch carefully, and follow events, you will see that the very devil is put afoot. It was only a few months ago I noticed a certain animal cracked up to the heavens. The reporter, I am sorry to say, was interested in him. Now, these shams and frauds would soon be put an end to if the editors of newspapers were apparently not ashamed of the names of their critics, or the reporters themselves weak-kneed and brained enough to hide themselves behind that infernal 'we'."

We have a good deal of this sort of thing over here but we are proud of the fact that such reports are not admitted knowingly in these columns. Whatever mistakes are made, and we do not claim to be approaching the infallible, it is the mistake of honest conviction and not from interested motives. In writing reports it is not always necessary when a dog merits severe criticism to do so in a manner that will hurt either the feelings of the judge or the unfortunate owner. When a reporter from his experience and knowledge of the breed is certain of his ground his criticism cannot be too plainly emphasized but always in such manner that offence will not be taken by those interested in the dog. Many a budding fancier has been disheartened by such impolitic writing and no wonder he believes that the reporter has it "in for him" or is taking advantage of his novitiate. Then again we do not think it the office of a reporter to continually set up his opinion against that of the judge. The judge's appearance in the ring is, or should be, a guarantee that he knows something either as a "breeder and exhibitor" or through considerable observation at shows, of the breed he adjudicates upon, and his awards should always be criticised with a due regard to the opinion to which his position entitles him. This is too often lost sight of by the reporter whose opportunities for comparison are, at the best, not on a plane with those of the judge. There are exceptions of course: for instance when a dog, through nervousness or other causes, does not show himself to any advantage in the ring, while the reporter in going over the class quietly afterwards, is enabled to see points, good or bad, as the case may be, which escaped the judge during the excitement in the ring.

A number of exhibitors have an idea that a reporter's mission is solely to criticise the judge; if their dogs are set back the reporter is primed with material for a scathing criticism, at the first opportunity. If he is sensible he will listen demurely and write his own report afterwards; he will thus command the respect of both loser and winner in the end. This is suggested by our own experience; he who essays to report a class of say bullterriers—we do not mean to be invidious—and listens to all the contrary suggestions he will be loaded with down the line of benches, will soon find himself hopelessly muddled and he had better stick to his own individual opinion—even it be a wrong one. He will at least have written intelligently to himself.

While on this subject we might as well allude to the custom of merely reporting on the winners in a class and leaving the great unwashed, represented by the lower cards, to the imagination of the readers. Many times a careful review of the highly commended dogs will show grave errors of judgment and the reporter is able to apply a little balm to the ruffled feelings of the owners who know their dogs ought to have been higher up. Further, the owners of the lettered dogs are as a rule the very men who should be advised of the faults or good points of their dogs and the reason they were not placed higher. Again the man who makes the same stereotyped criticism on a dog that appears frequently at shows shirks his duties, although exigencies of space often demand that something shall be cut short, and these are the dogs that are generally sacrificed to that end. Still a reporter is not always to blame if his criticism on a certain dog is not always the same, and this has often been made much of by those who should know better. Dogs have their moods and conditions, like unto men, and a little less flesh or a little more will often in a very short time exaggerate or modify a fault that had been overlooked before or not so apparent. Still when opinions are changed some explanation is due for the writer's own sake. A conscientious, careful, unbiased reporter need not be afraid to write candidly, and with right-thinking men neither his paper nor he will suffer.

Bone Producers.

AS WE from time to time have queries from our readers as to the best means of improving the bone in their puppies it would be well to draw greater attention to the benefits derived from the use of precipitated phosphate of lime. This agent is considered by more than one breeder of large dogs that we know of as far preferable to bone meal, which is difficult to assimilate, especially in puppies of a tender age. Mr. Wiggins, the breeder of the Alton—Judith litter of St. Bernards, is convinced that this agent is mainly responsible for the great bone that most of his young stock possess, as he commences to give this powder to the mother directly after service.

"Ashmont" in "Kennel Secrets," in which work elaborate instructions are given on the care of the dam when whelping, says: "To give the precipitated phosphate of lime—a product of bones—during the period in whelp is advisable, especially to large breeds, the offspring of which in these days are notoriously 'deficient in bone' and singularly liable to suffer from rickets."

Precipitated phosphate of lime is a white, odorless powder and may be mixed with the food once daily during the first month of gestation and twice daily from then on until the puppies have been weaned. For large dogs an even teaspoonful is the dose, slightly increased during the month before whelping, if a large litter is expected; and in lesser proportion for smaller breeds. If this procedure has not been pursued it is a good plan to give the powder to the puppies after weaning, say at seven weeks old, or earlier, if there are signs of deformity. The dose is a quarter of a teaspoonful for each dog once a day, with the last meal. If there is a decided tendency to deformity give the powder twice a day and increase the dose to half a teaspoonful. Breeders of fox-terriers, and in fact all breeds of dogs with whom good bone is a distinct advantage for show purposes, would do well to try this preparation.

We did not think it worth while to allude to Mr. Howard's letter in a contemporary, wherein he sought to defend himself on the "bribery" question by publishing the letter he sent to Mr. Elliott, over his own signature. We thought after that the case might well be left to the judgment of those who were interested in the matter; our duty was done when we called the attention of the kennel world to this attempt at bribery. The English *Stock-Keeper*, which follows events in American dogdom very closely, has this to say and probably echoes the views of most men on the subject: "Running our eye over the kennel columns of *Turf, Field and Farm* we came across an astonishing letter under the heading of 'That Bribery Case!' A Mr. T. A Howard, of Columbus, O. (we think he deserves the fullest description), dallies with the question of whether he attempted to bribe a judge. We have read the letter, and if it does not amount to bribery then all we can exclaim is what in the name of corruption is the use of an English dictionary? However, we are pleased to see that the American Kennel Club is to have an opportunity of elaborating Mr. Howard's neglected education." We do not believe that any one has as yet made any direct charge before the A. K. C. in this case, but as Mr. Howard is a delegate to that body it would seem as if some action should be taken, if only as a matter of courtesy to his fellow delegates.

DOG CHAT.

The English setter Mandan, well known to show goers in the West a few years since, has joined the large majority. He was eleven years old last June. Mandan was owned in former years by "Dick" Morgan, who sold him to Mr. C. E. Sheldon, of Akron, O., who owned him at the time of his death. Mandan was a good show dog, winning many prizes, and as a field dog it is said that few could surpass him.

In the Ladies' Kennel Association recently organized in England, there are nine ladies of title, whose patronage tends to give both eclat and material aid to the Association, and there are already 64 influential exhibitors who have joined the club. Mr. George R. Krehl has laid the foundation for, we hope, many happy tête-à-têtes by donating a tea service to the Association. The club's debut will be made at the Crystal Palace show next month.

In a whippet racing handicap, held recently in Lancashire, England, there were 260 entries for a purse of $100. This shows to what extent this exciting sport obtains in that part of England in which the whippet racing originated.

Some people have peculiar ideas as to the mission of an advertisement. One prominent breeder writes us that while he agrees with us fully in the merits of FOREST AND STREAM as an advertising medium, says there has not been a demand this season for dogs of the sort he breeds, and "with forty dogs in one's kennels the demand for grub eats into the surplus rapidly, and about all one can do is to whistle to keep up his courage while passing through the woods." This is a funny argument and calculated to make one appear like the picture of the man who doesn't advertise—all wrinkles and care.

The man who does not advertise now is looking backward. when business is slack that is just the time to advertise most.

In the past year or two there has been some trouble at Canadian shows through exhibitors from this side of the border showing challenge dogs in the open classes at Canadian shows where challenge classes have not been provided. American exhibitors should bear in mind the Canadian rule that dogs eligible for challenge honors are not allowed to compete in open classes in the absence of a challenge class for their individual breed.

A Notable Terrier Transfer.

Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., the owner of the Hill Hurst Kennels, though well ahead of competition in the way of brown poodles, has not been so successful hitherto with his wire-haired fox-terriers; his Oakleigh Bruiser, until the advent of Bushey Bramble, being his main dependence as a prize winner. He can now claim to hold a full and winning hand, having just purchased Cribbage, Sister Janet (late Surrey Janet), Sister Pattern and Brittle from Mr. H. W. Smith, of Worcester, Mass. This team, with Mr. Hunnewell's Oakleigh Bruiser and Bushey Bramble, places that gentleman's kennel at the top of the heap, for these dogs represent the cream of the fancy in this country. While congratulating Mr. Hunnewell upon his plucky purchase, we do so with a shade of regret if it means the retirement of Mr. Smith from this boomiug fancy. Wire-hairs rated along in a very desultory fashion until the Worcester fancier gave the needed fillip by importing such cracks as Cribbage, Janet and Pattern, and the influence of such importations was clearly seen in the increasing entries at some of the spring shows. The news of this important transfer was received a few hours too late for our last week's issue.

It is said that there are over 600 lady exhibitors at English shows. No wonder they want to have a say.

Mrs. Samuel Jagger, of Honley, Yorkshire, whose husband is now on a visit to this country, will be the third woman to "don the ermine" at a show on the other side. Mrs. Foster, the well-known Yorkshire exhibitor, and a clergyman's wife in Scotland whose name does not occur to us at this moment, were the first and only ladies to carry out this mild form of woman suffrage. Mrs. Jagger is to judge at Belfast show. It is very likely that when Mr. Jagger returns to this country next January he will bring his wife and their crack St. Bernard bitch Frandley Stephanie back with him. In that event Stephanie will be exhibited at New York and other spring shows.

From Aug. 10 to 30 there are thirty dog shows scheduled to take place in England and Scotland.

Pet dog exhibitors have been very busy last week in England, for one of the largest gatherings of toys and other dogs was to take place at Brighton. The specialty clubs devoted to the principal pet breeds made a grand display of challenge cups and other specials. The Toy Spaniel Club offered about 31, the two pug clubs nearly as many, while Pomeranians were not far behind, to say nothing of Yorkshires and schipperkes, for the latter of which there were two challenge cups and a number of useful specials in cutlery and cash. We mention this just to show the standing over there of some of the breeds compared to the general lack of interest in the same breeds in this country. We have a Pet Dog Club, but it does not seem to make much headway. The "paucity of judges" for these breeds may have a good deal to do with this, for, to tell the truth, the pet dog classes seem to be looked upon by the average show committee as necessary evils, the classes being tacked on to some good-natured judge willing to take them on with the rest of his assignments, and as a rule the prizes are miserably small. If the Pet Dog Club would make an effort to have judges appointed in whom they have confidence, we are confident that an improvement would soon be apparent in some of the classes that at present are lamentably weak.

The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association have been making an effort to secure better terms for the transportation of hunting dogs on the Pennsylvania lines. Their suggestion was to have dogs checked in the same way as baggage, charging 25 cents per check on each division of the road. The passenger on purchasing his ticket to be allowed to purchase these tickets at 25 cents each, the checks to be attached to the dog's collar, and each divisional baggage master to detach the check for his particular division, and collect the 25 cents for the same at such stations as the company would designate. Thus a passenger from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh would buy three checks stamped Harrisburg, Altoona and Pittsburgh respectively. This plan would save the trouble of seeing and feeing the baggage master on every division, which is such a nuisance, especially when traveling at night. The idea, which seems a good one, did not, however, meet with the approbation of the railroad company, and no change will be made at present.

The recent dog show held in Zurich under the auspices of the Swiss Canine Society, gathered together 824 entries. St. Bernards, the different sporting dogs of Switzerland, dachshunds and fox-terriers were the principal breeds represented. So great was the success of this first venture that the society intends to give a large show at Geneva next autumn. The Federal Government has subscribed 25,000fr. for the purpose.

The French journal *La Chenil* tells rather a funny story

in the issue just received which shows the wide range of possibilities in regard to an extended use of the telephone. A master baker in Berlin owned a poodle called Phlox, noted for its intelligence. An employe also owned a female of the same breed, and Phlox often absented himself from home and spent his days at the home of the baker's man. One day the baker took Phlox with him to a neighboring village, and on his return passing near the street where his employe lived, he was not surprised when his dog left him, and returning to his home alone supposed the dog would soon follow. Evening came on, and it was getting late when he thought he would telephone to the man to send Phlox home. He did so, but the man answered that he had tried every means to send the dog off, but he would not leave. The baker then resolved to go for him himself, but a sudden thought struck him, and returning to the telephone and getting the connection, told his man to seize Phlox, bring him to the telephone and attach the receptors to the dog's ears. This was done, and the master gave *le coup de sifflet*, the cry with which he was accustomed to call his dog. The latter recognizing the sound, and evidently recalled to his duty, bounded out of doors and in a few minutes was home. What possibilities this opens up to some of the owners of the "high-class" dogs, the *modus operandi* of which will instantly occur to any one endowed with a little active imagination.

The Wankie Kennels will have a team of "Scotties" at Toronto show under the care of Mr. James E. Green, the manager. Messrs. Henry Brooks and Ames will also visit the show.

The fall dog shows when held in conjunctiou with the large agricultural fairs are always interesting events, and especially is this the case with the Toronto show. One would be hard to please indeed if he could not be interested in the "passing shows" that the Toronto Fair management set before their patrons. Outside of the dog show, for any one who is fond of horses and cattle, there is much to be seen, for some of the best horse flesh in the country is exhibited at this important fair, and the scene every afternoon and evening in front of the grand stand is probably more interesting and varied than at any other fair of this description.

The Englishman's abiding affection for his four-footed friends receives another illustration. In Hyde Park, the holy of holies of the London park system, is to be found a dog cemetery. It adjoins the park keeper's lodge at Victoria Gate, and contains at present about 80 graves. The cemetery appears to be a private speculation of the keeper, who takes the fees, provides the headstones, and performs the duties of a sexton. The ordinary charge for an interment is 5 shillings; the monuments, of course, vary. The keeper shows one which is said to have cost £5. The Duke of Cambridge has two dogs buried there, and he seems to have started this public institution.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Scottish terrier notes by "Stepping Stone" in the *Scottish Fancier* will prove interesting to owners of those smart little terriers. Scottish terriers are running a race with poodles in bidding for popular favor just now, and any hints from the "old hands" will no doubt prove useful to our breeders who are just entering the game. Speaking of ears, such important factors in the smart *tout ensemble* of a Scottish terrier, this writer says that some terriers get them up so much quicker than others. Worms very often keep them down, as he has no doubt they often make fox-terriers prick theirs. This is rather a contradictory theory, but there is no telling how the presence of these parasites injures a growing puppy. He says: "As the nerve of the ear strengthens, in the event of the puppy not getting up his ears in the orthodox manner, do not fail to try for worms. If that is not the cause, then the owner must use artificial means to get them up. Strong glue, melted and put on the inside of the ear, not too near the root, with brown paper, and not too hot to irritate the animal, is very good. Fold the ear neatly together, the edges on either side meeting exactly, and hold them in position until the glue has got quite hard. Leave this in until it wears off of its own accord." He also suggests a piece of Allcock's porous plaster as a substitute for glue, as the latter does not irritate the dog as much as the glue. This writer also gives some measurements of prize terriers at various stages of their growth which may prove useful to breeders as a guide in the way of comparison with their own stock:

	Dog at 6 mos.	Bitch at 7 mos.	Same bitch at 9 mos.	Same bitch at 11 mos.	Bitch at 15 weeks
From tip of nose to inner corner of eye...	3	2¾	2⅞	3	2¾
From said point to occipital bone.....	5	4¼	4⅝	4⅝	4
Round muzzle.....	7	6	6¼	6½	5½
Round chest.....	16	..	..	17½	13
Round loin.....	15½	..	16	16	13
Round arm.....	4½	4½	4½	4⅝	4
Round skull.....	11½	11	11½	11¾	9½
Shoulder to root of tail.....	12	14	14	15	12¼

We sympathize sincerely with Mr. N. Q. Pope, president of the National Greyhound Club, in the loss he has sustained through the death of his wife, which sad event occurred suddenly at Mechanics Falls, N. Y., Aug. 24. Mrs. Pope took a great interest in her husband's kennel of greyhounds and foxhounds, being thoroughly conversant with the different strains and familiar with their pedigrees.

Mr. J. R. Oughton, owner of the Dwight Kennels, Dwight, Ill., received, Aug. 20, a Gordon setter bitch from Mr. Robert Chapman of Glenboig, Scotland. She is by Heather Dean, and was bred July 7 to champion Heather Swell, before leaving Scotland. As Mr. Chapman's Gordons are always trained for field work this importation should be a welcome one to the Gordon fancy.

Mr. Chas. Kroeber of Brooklyn asks our aid in giving publicity to an effort that is being made by Brooklyn dog owners to have the licensing and impounding of dogs in that city placed in charge of the S. P. C. A. All those who are in favor of this are request to send their names and addresses to Chas. Kroeber, 767 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. Mr. Kroeber says: "The system we advocate is the same as that in vogue in New York city, the strong points of which are: Any dog with a Society license will be allowed to roam unmolested; all dog catchers are uniformed, and they and their wagons are numbered. We are aware that there are several points in the law, such as population, etc., against us, but provided we get a good list of names to give us a good backing, we are promised success by the right parties. The population clause will be overcome through amendment by the Legislature." Brooklyn dog owners have suffered many indignities during the past years through the brutality and recklessness of the dog catchers, and any change in the method of collecting stray dogs in that city, that would prove to be humane and lawful, would no doubt be welcomed and the movement in question deserves the support of those whose dogs are continually in danger from the "grab all" tactics of the political dog catcher who does not hesitate to assault the owners so long as he gets the fifty cents for every dog he nets.

We regret to learn that Mr. J. D Shotwell, secretary-treasurer of the Collie Club, has been compelled by ill health to take a prolonged vacation. Mr. Watson, who gave us the information, also handed us a letter from Mr. Shotwell dated from Sugar Hill, N. H. What a rare place this would be to suggest to Senators as a vacation resort—in which Mr. Shotwell expresses a wish that collie breeders be notified of the closing of the sweepstakes for 1895. This is for puppies born between Nov. 1, 1893 and June 30, 1894. Entries close on Nov. 1 to be shown at the New York show of 1895. The entry fee is $5. Mr. Shotwell anticipates a return to his home on Hillside avenue, Orange, N. J., by Oct. 1.

The art of showing dogs, in all that the word implies, has almost reached perfection in England, but alongside of this *fin de siècle* smartness there are several very primitive relics of an age when the Kennel Club was in its swaddling clothes. One of these is the ring and post in ground system of "benching" at some of the one day shows. But a most reprehensible feature still in vogue at some shows, which are almost important, such as Chorley, near Manchester, where 172 fox-terriers were entered, is that of exhibitors sending in their entries without the names of the dogs. It is not necessary to point out what a wide door this opens for fraud and the running in of "ringers," and the many novice prizes that could be wou under this slipshod method.

Mr. Geo Raper has been playing in rather hard luck lately if we may use such a term as "playing" in speaking of the lively round of showing, judging and reporting this veteran keeps up. Purchasing the Irish water spaniel Killanneal, said to have been a splendid specimen and a winner wherever shown, he had sent him to Chorley (Lancashire) show, but when the box was opened Killaneal was found dead. His good fox-terrier Raby Reckon also met with a mishap, and lameness prevents him from fulfilling his engagements. Mr. Raper has other strings to his bow, however, and from all reports he can turn to a phenomenally good young bulldog, Rustic Phenomenon, which he is showing just now. It is said to have an extraordinary large head, well wrinkled, with beautiful ears and shoulders, and being but eighteen months old only needs time to furnish into a grand specimen. There are no bargains to be picked up in this direction or we should advise our bulldog breeders to keep an eye on the dog. Mr. Raper knows the value of a good bulldog as quickly as anyone.

The Chesterfield Park Kennels, of Maywood, Ill., have had the misfortune to lose by death their St. Bernard Aristocracy, a very promising son of the late Aristocrat.

Rufford Ormonde's progeny is spready apace, a daughter of his having been shipped by Spratts Patent to a gentleman in New Zealand.

A new fox-terrier judge has made his début in England. This is Mr. S. J. Stephens, so well known as the owner of Stipendiary, Vice Regal *et al.* Though the critics speak well of his work on the whole, he is said to have made a slip at Chorley when he let champion Blackrock Radiance go without a card.

Whether wins count or not at Pittsburg the P. A. C. Kennel Club may count honors easy, for a Mr. Zinn, of East Liverpool, Pa., will show a family of dogs that were whelped without forelegs. Their propelling power is behind.

Mr. Ed. Booth, late manager of Col. Ruppert's kennels, came up from his Virginia farm last week and stayed over a few days before taking steamer to Hull, England, where he will stay with the old folks at home till next spring.

We very much regret to hear of another mysterious case of death at the Swiss Mountain Kennels. This time it is the rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Harmony, a litter sister to the better known Sunray. A week ago she was found dead in her kennel when the man made his morning visit to see how she and her three puppies were doing. Her appearance suggested poisoning and an analysis was made of the contents of her stomach with the result that arsenic was found.

Another old landmark in dogdom has passed away. A few weeks since we spoke of old champion Black Prince's rapid decline and Mr. Wilmerding's intention to accelerate his demise rather than let this good old field spaniel linger on. He died Aug. 24. Black Prince's honors were won before the American Kennel Club was established and when one win in the open qualified for the champion class. His life marked more than a decade, but the old dog was game to the last. The sight of a gun would rouse him from his cosy nook, and forgetting his rheumatism and other ills he would struggle along to do his duty in the field. Black Prince was by champion Benedict out of Madcap II., was whelped July 15, 1881, and during his career had won twenty-four prizes. He was bred by Mr. Wilmerding and knew no other master.

The Hill Hurst Kennels place their new purchases Cribbage and Brittle at stud, the former at $50 and the latter at $25. These, with Oakleigh Bruiser, represent the cream of wire-hair dogs so far seen in public. They also offer poodle and wire-hair fox-terrier puppies for sale; Oak Grove Kennels, Irish and English setter pups: W. L. Manderson, bull-terriers, beagles, etc.: Geo. W. Lovell, trained pointers and setters (Mr. Lovell is a good trainer and his stock can be relied upon); Jackson Kennels, Gordon setter pups; F. G. Tripp, toy bull-terriers; W. B. Stafford, pointers and setters in training, Redstone Kennels, Irish setters at a bargain. Wants: J., a well-bred bulldog; H. S. Higgins, thoroughly broken coon dog.

Muldoon's Reformed Mastiff.

"You and I know that you can't teach people the folly of their ways," Mr. Muldoon was saying. "Why, dumb brutes have more sense about taking care of themselves than men. Take a horse for instance. If he eats anything that makes him sick you can't compel him ever to touch it again. But a man will smoke or drink himself ill and just as soon as he's well he'll do it right over. You can't make a brute do that.

"There was that big mastiff of mine. You remember him? When he was a pup I was bringing him from California and I stopped over in St. Louis. I was staying at the Southern, and they had there a little room in the back of the desk where men could go and sit down and drink.

"I was walking past there when some one called to me, and I went in and found John McCullough, the actor, a well known newspaper man, and a theatrical man, John Norton. They were all having a glass of wine, and when I went in, in answer to their call, the mastiff followed me. He sat down on the floor and looked at them. He looked very good-natured and funny.

"John McCullough took a fancy to him and offered him a drink. The dog drank a glass of wine and seemed to like it so John ordered a special bottle, and breaking up some crackers, poured the wine over them.

"The mastiff ate every particle of it, and for the rest of the night he was a frightfully drunken dog. He went staggering and falling over everything. The next morning he was just as frightfully sick. Well, do you think he ever forgot that experience, or was a fool like a man and wanted to repeat it? No; to the day of his death when he heard the cork drawn from a bottle he would get up, and putting his tail between his legs, would get out of the room as fast as he could, and if any one offered him a glass of wine it made him so mad that he would try to bite. But then men aren't like brutes," he concluded, musingly. "I know that, and I do love brutes," I said.—*Nelly Bly, in the World.*

There is one dog-catcher in Brooklyn who does not care how soon that city follows New York's example in the collection of stray dogs. There have been many complaints in past years of the atrocious conduct of some of the Brooklyn dog-catchers, but dog-catcher Thomas O'Keefe wears the boot on the other leg now. The other day this misguided young man captured a Polish Jew's dog and at once found himself surrounded by the Jew's family and a hundred neighbors. After striking him on the head with a bottle, his horse was unhitched from the wagon and the harness cut to shreds, and while he was trying to defend himself the crowd let the dogs out of the cage in his wagon, upset it and then carried Keefe to a telegraph pole, tied him fast to it and kept him there until the police freed him. Mr. O'Keefe feels injured and has resigned.

The Homing Instinct.

The account of a dog finding his way to his old home from a distance of 20 to 40 miles, although not formerly acquainted with the road, is nothing very unusual, but when the distance reaches some 200 miles the event is worth recording. The following remarkable journey of a fox-terrier can be authenticated: A minister in a southern parish in Dumfriesshire got a fox-terrier sent him by rail from a friend near Elgin, Morayshire. After being captive a few days, he was let loose. No sooner did the dog find himself at liberty than he dissapeared; uor could any trace of him be found. To the surprise of the Morayshire people, he walked in one morning, looking famished, and lay down near the fire, and it was some time before he was able to taste food. It transpired, on exchange of letters, that he had been just seven days in traversing the distance, which, as the crow flies, is a little short of 200 miles. How he made his way to his old home is a mystery, but still an indisputable fact, as much as that he is alive and well there at this moment.—*Land and Water.*

A writer in the *Asian* who has been describing some of the English kennels for that journal, in an article on bulldogs of the present day, draws attention to the exaggerated type of some of the well known champions as follows: "In my opinion, the defects of the modern bulldog lie in an absurd exaggeration of the ordinary bull points; so much so that the dog is practically ruined for aught else than show, and this is not as it should be. The vocation of the bulldog may be gone, but it should nevertheless be bred as if it existed. The bulldog is the type of courage and muscular strength, no one wants it to be a galloper; but at the same time it should be reasonably active. It should be capable of exerting a high rate of speed for a very short distance, even if this speed be merely a matter of a series of springs, while at a slow pace, at a walk or jog trot, it should be able to travel a considerable distance. As a matter of fact, with its attenuated quarters, it is hardly able to make any spring at all worthy of the name; and with such quarters and crippled elbows, it presents such a poor figure at exercise that a man must be a very wretched walker if he be not able to walk a show bulldog off its legs. The bulldog Dockleaf, when brought into the show rings, flops down at once, and can scarcely be induced to stand up for two minutes together. He did this, to my knowledge, at the Aquarium, and again at Manchester, and it was not an easy matter to judge him. I should not have been sorry to have seen him dismissed from the ring, until his owner could prevail on him to keep on his legs and show himself. But, says the bulldog fancier, the bulldog should be "pearshaped," and he breeds him pear-shaped, until the wretched creature has scarcely any power in his hind limbs at all. Bedgebury Lion had nice-sized quarters, and stood on his hind legs as a bulldog should do, and the fancy said his quarters were defective and not lathy enough. Let the shoulders be outside the ribs, by all means, but don't let us have them swinging out from the body like a door on its hinges, or we cannot help crippling the animal for all useful work. I say that we can have immense width of chest, comparatively narrow quarters, short well-roached back, deep brisket, cut up loins and shoulders outside of the body, and yet an active, well-made dog, that would do all expected of it in the days gone by, when bull and bear baiting were in fashion."

Large Russian Wolfhound Sale.

One of the most important transfers in the American kennel world was consummated last week. Mr. William Tulk, Jr., of the Terra Cotta Kennels, who came down from Hamilton, Ont., on purpose took back with him the Marlborough Kennels' whole team of Russian wolfhounds, composed of Ch. Argoss, Zerry, Princess Irma, Modjeska, Odrooski, Daiskie, Riga and two Argoss-Lobedya pups four months old. This represents a team of wolfhounds that has with one exception, Detroit, lauded the kennel prizes wherever competed for this spring. Such crack dogs as Argoss, Zerry, Princess Irma and Modjeska, are household names in this particular fancy and Messrs. Kent and Tulk in securing such a team for Canada, must be congratulated upon their enterprise, and we trust that the success of the team will be continued. The price paid, as may be supposed, was a long one but not more than dogs of such merit should command. Mr. Huntington will, we believe, devote his fancier's energies to some smaller breeds. The Terra Cotta team will be benched at Toronto and will meet again their old antagonists from the Seacroft Kennels, with the exception of poor old Leekhoi, who met his last Waterloo at Louisville.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.
Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.
Nov. 5.—Brunswick Fur Club. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

COURSING

Oct. 1.—American Coursing Club's meeting at Huron, S. D. L. Zutaverne, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge.
Oct. 8.—North Dakota Coursing Club, at Oakes, N. D. A. P. Slocum, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge.
Oct. 16.—Kenmore Club's annual meeting at Goodland, Kan. C. F Weber, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Oct. 23.—Western Kansas Coursing Club's meeting at Leoti, Kan. W. O. Allphin, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Oct. 30.—Cheyenne Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.
Nov. 6.—Altcar Coursing Club's autumn meeting at Holyoke, Col. S. W. Vidler, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Nov. 14.—California State meeting at Merced, Cal. J. R. Dickson, secretary.

A Run with the Awashonk Beagles.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After receiving our three representatives from the New England Kennel Club dog show, last April, we thought a little run would do them good and help to limber up their stiff joints, so concluded to take them out the next morning and see if we could get "Mr. Rabbit" on his feet. I woke up about 5:30 A. M. and found the morning rather misty, but it soon showed signs of clearing, and when I opened my door in response to a knock I found my friend Frank all ready to start. We soon got a pack of beagles together composed

four puppies, Zeno, Miss A., Bingo and Zip and their dam Daisy, and started for a tramp of about four miles to our first cover which was drawn blank.

We started for the next one and in about two minutes bunny was jumping for dear life with those five beagles all stretched out in line and making the woods fairly ring with the music that a lover of those little fellows likes to hear. There was Zeno singing bass, Miss A. high tenor and Bingo, Zip and Daisy taking the other parts and keeping in good time. Down along the side of the swamp they drove the game when it began to get too warm for him, so he cut through the swamp where it was very wet and then back again. Pretty soon he turned again and the dogs came to a check for a minute, but the band commenced to strike up again and up comes "Mr. Rabbit" in full view of Frank and I, giving us the full benefit of the race. First one hound would lead and then the other, pressing the rabbit so close that he took to a small patch of bull-briers, causing his pursuers some little trouble in working him out again. Finally we heard Miss A.'s high tenor bringiug him back, and looking over to our right we spy the rabbit bounding like a rubber-ball back for the swamp.

Now they have all taken up his track again and it sounds as though there were fifteen dogs instead of five. On they go through the swamp for dear life, when all of a sudden there is not a sound to be heard for a few minutes, and we thought the hare had gone to earth for safety. Off we started to investigate, but had not taken three steps when we heard Daisy rout him out of his hiding place and start back with him; and then the other four pups struck in one after the other, and on they came, when suddenly all was quiet again; but not for long. The rabbit had doubled again and struck out across the open pasture for the next woods, a full three-quarters of a mile away. Then followed a race for life until they come to a small brook where the trail got mixed up, but finally it was carried across the brook to the railroad where we caught up and put their chains on them, as we were satisfied with that run for one day's exercise, as it was now eleven o'clock, and we were expected home for dinner.

Let us have more from our beagle friends, and not let the setter and pointer fanciers have it all their own way.

T. Shallcross.

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Higher Entry Fees.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the above caption Dr. Van Hummell, in your issue of Aug. 18, has commented upon the entry fees charged by the Altcar Coursing Club. As president of the club, I am pleased that he has done so. I would like to have others express their views. I fully agree with the Doctor in that the entry fees for the puppy stakes should be higher. Had the Doctor and a few others expressed these views earlier I have no doubt but that the Altcar Coursing Club's executive committee would have made the fees higher. In fact, they may do so yet if the coursing men desire it. The committee were governed, to a certain extent, in fixing the amounts as they did, by the example set them by the Kenmore Club (and I was informed that the Doctor arranged the programme) at Goodland last October. The committee brauched out somewhat and left the old "rut" traveled by the older clubs, by making Puppy Stakes for both sexes and and establishing a Produce Stakes. They hesitated about increasing the entry fees for fear that it might be a failure. They also wished to see what would be the result of making stakes for both sexes before making any further innovations in their programme. Personally, I have no doubt, that had the Kenmore Club set the precedent of having high entry fees, that the Altcar Club would have followed suit. It is evident that the Doctor thinks the committee erred in following the precedent set by the Kenmore Club (and you must remember that the Doctor arranged the programme) at Goodland last October, as to entry fees for Puppy Stakes. In that I fully agree with him.

The Altcar Produce Stakes. I again agree with the Doctor in his views ou the fees for the Produce Stakes. I advocated higher entrance fees, and am still in hopes that the excutive committee will raise them; in fact, I am quite certain that if a few more coursing men will come out and speak their views frankly (and we will not consider you presumptious for doing so), as the Doctor has done, and tell us how many entries you will make if the fees are raised to suit, the executive committee will give due consideration to such opinions and will fix the fees at such an amount as the majority deem best. They desire to make the Produce Stakes worth winning and will be only too pleased to have you, one and all, make such suggestions as you see fit.

Re cunning dogs. High entry fees will tend to keep them out and this alone in my opinion would be sufficient justification to make the entry fees higher. I again agree with the Doctor in hoping that our judges this year will not let any cunning dog win his course, be his name Lightfoot, Van's Peter or otherwise. L. F. Bartels.

Denver, Colo.

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National Beagle Club Trials.

Tarrytown, N. Y., Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In order to avoid confusion, I will hereby state to your many readers and beagle owners that at the last meeting of the National Beagle Club of America it was voted that all beagles that will be placed first in the open classes at the New England Beagle Club field trials of 1894 will not be eligible to run in the open classes at the National Beagle Club of America field trials, to be held Oct. 29, 1894, at Hempstead, L. I., and they must compete in the champion classes.

George Laick, Secretary.

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To Hunt Wolves and Coyotes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Would you be kind enough to inform me what would be the best hound to hunt and trail coyote and wolf with, or what should I breed to produce a hound that will trail and kill them? I want about thirty to forty dogs. How would a cross of English greyhound and foxhound do? Or would any of the readers of Forest and Stream give me the benefit of their experience in this matter? George Hammer.

San Antonio, Texas.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The premium list of the National Beagle Club's field trials is now in the mail. It is neatly arranged and contains all the information regarding the different stakes and rules for entering. Entries to all the stakes, excepting the Champion Stake, close Oct. 8, and attention is drawn to the fact that every entry must be registered in the A. K. C. Stud Book or an extended pedigree as far as can be ascertained submitted to the field trial committee. The club also reserves the right to reject any entry that from the best information obtainable and according to their judgment, is not a standard bred English beagle. While this sounds a little arbitrary, the club evidently does not mean to have a repetition of the "Pade" muddle.

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A welcome letter comes from Mr. Geo. F. Reed, of Barton, Vt., that will serve to keep the ball a-rolling on the beagle question. He writes: "Those that have must lose, is the old saying. Flash, by champion Bannerman out of champion Lou, whelped July 19, a nice litter of six dog pups sired by Sport, winner of first at Boston, 1894, in the 13in. class. On Aug. 24 four of those were killed by a young bitch that had a litter only a few days old in the next room; this bitch had never acted cross toward the pups before she whelped. I have read with interest the writings of the beagle men since we heard from the owner of Snyder. I can guess who tore up his manuscript, and I feel the same I think as he did. I have seen plenty of mongrels that were called good rabbit dogs, but I never have seen one yet that could be trusted where there was a flock of sheep, or that was good for anything on very dry running, or even in deep, damp snow where they would ball up. This part of our State is the home of the Morgan horse, and our 'Doctors' do not buy a horse expecting to get a roadster with a half cross of the Clyde, and I do not believe there ever lived a dog that could hunt four days in the week from September until March, with the kind of running my beagles have to take unless they had a three-quarter cross of the hound. September is close by, so that I can shoot a few rabbits in front of the youngsters and shall have to enter a few beagles at the trials, just to keep the judges from catching cold. I should much like to take in the Northwestern trials with some of my dogs, but it seems when the trials are through at New York there will be no time to skip to Michigan. I would sooner my dogs ran every day than take that trip on the cars. Spot R. is in season, but shall not breed her, for I want to have a little fun in the challenge class with her."

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It has been supposed for nearly two years past that the celebrated greyhound Coomassie, winner of the Waterloo cup in 1877-78, died in Mr. H. G. Miller's kennel, and what is left of this gallant greyhound is mounted in a glass case in that well known courser's home. Information, however, came to *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.) that on Aug. 22 a greyhound supposed to be Coomassie had fallen over the cliffs at Penarth, in Wales, and was found dead by a policeman. Her identity was seemingly established by the collar she was wearing, on which was engraved her name and the dates of her great victories on the Altcar flats. At the time of this Coomassie's death she was owned by a Mr. Bowring, of Penarth. Now comes the strange part. One of the *Stock-Keeper's* representatives meeting the trainer of the late Coomassie in London, gave him the above news, which was questioned, since he supposed that Coomassie had died nearly two years ago in Mr. Miller's kennel, as stated above. The question now is, when did Coomassie die?

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The Australian Waterloo cup was run off July 11. This is the chief event of the coursing year in Australia, and was brought off in the enclosure of the Victoria Coursing Club at Melbourne. The cup was won by Bloomer, who repeated her last year's victory, but is said to have been decidedly lucky in getting weak hares. She is by Livingston, winner of the cup in 1887, and runs back to the best English strains. The runner-up was Goldsmith, by Hedley—Sonnet, also descended from crack English strains.

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Mr. L. F. Bartels is down at the Bartels ranch at Kit Carson, Col., breaking some of their youngsters to slips. Mr. Bartels has replied to Dr. Van Hummel, but the letter comes too late for this issue.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

6. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte. Lake Ontario.
8. Sea Cliff, Ladies' Day.
8. New York Bay, Club, N.Y. Bay
8. Atlantic City Cor., Club Cup, Atlantic City.
8. San Francisco Cor., Cruise to Pacific Y. C. Regatta.
8. Philadelphia, Delaware River.
8. Cor. Phila., Wilkinson Cup, Delaware River.
8. Columbia, Club, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
10. Schoodic, Sail-off for Cup.
12. Hempstead Bay, Club, Hempstead Bay.
13. Miramichi, Race, Newcastle.
13. Rochester, Ladies' Day and Closing Review, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
15. Winthrop, Club, Boston Harbor
15. Larchmont, Larchmont Cup, Long Island Sound.
15. Beverly, Club Cham., Monument Beach.
15. Phila., Pen., Mos. Boats, Delaware River.
15-16. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Vallejo.
20. Plymouth, Cluh, Plymouth, Mass.
20. Plymouth, Cluh, Plym. Harbor
22. Squantum, Cham, Squantum, Mass.
22. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
22. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.
22. San Francisco Cor., Sail to Sausalito.
22. New York Bay, Cluh, N.Y. Bay
22. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, Long Island Sound.
22. Cor. Phila., Jeanes Prize, Delaware River.
22. Phila., Final Race, Classes 1, 2 and 3, Delaware River.
23. San Francisco Cor., Sail Outside.
29. Miramichi, Race, Chatham to Newcastle.
29-30. San Francisco Cor., Cruise to McNear's.

OCTOBER.

6. Cor. Phila., Sweeps, Del. River
13. San Francisco Cor., Final Sail.
20. Cor. Phila., Club, Del. River.

The privilege of deciding the size of the challenger for the America's Cup is so manifestly to the advantage of the defender that it is hard to understand why, in demanding much that it is not entitled to, the holder has on all occasious neglected the opportunity which is thus presented. In the earlier of the Cup contests, in fact up to 1886, the challenge has come from an existing vessel, leaving no option to the holders; hut since that year, on each occasion when a new challenge has been discussed—twice by the Royal Clyde Y. C. and twice hy Lord Dunraven, representing the Royal Yacht Squadron—it has been within the power of the New York Y. C. to decide on the general size of the challenging yacht. Now that a new challenge is again a matter of certainty, this same opportunity practically exists.

There was a time, not many years since, when a challenge was looked upon by an influential portion of the New York Y. C. as something to be avoided in any practicable way; as involving, besides the risk of the loss of the Cup, a serious expenditure on the part of the club, of several thousand dollars, for tugboats, marks and lunches for the three trial and two Cup races. Fortunately the cluh has learned to appreciate the inestimable value of the series of races which have increased its membership from 450 in 1885, when Genesta raced for the Cup, to 1,050 this year; and to know that every dollar expended in Cup racing has been returned to it a hundred-fold, the debt of the former date being replaced hy a very snug surplus to-day. This phenomenal growth of the club is not only so far in excess of the development of other yacht clubs, but so disproportionate to the amount of racing done by the club each year, an annual regatta and the cruise races, that it can only be attributed to one source, the distinction and prestige arising from the continued successful defense of the America's Cup. The very able business management which has brought the club to its present condition of prosperity is fully aware that the very worst thing which could happen would he the total cessation of contests for the Cup; and though the club as a body is hy no means desirous of too frequent challenges, or from too dangerously fast hoats, the international races are no longer regarded as a disagreeahle necessity, but as the most important elements of the club's prosperity.

The exact conditions under which the challenge of last year was made by the one party and accepted by the other were so complicated and so differently interpreted by each side that it is impossible to say what may be the outcome of future negotiations for a race next year; but in challenging as it did at Lord Dunraven's request, the Royal Yacht Squadron has placed itself in a position where it can no longer effectively object on principle to the letter of the new deed of gift, and it is quite probable that some sort of an agreement, in nominal accord but actual violation of that precious document, will he patched up when the time comes; in the meanwhile it seems absolutely certain that a definite challenge will be sent before the last yacht of the summer fleet is out of commission. This is so nearly a certainty that a discussion of the terms and conditions is clearly in order.

The most important question, now that the former issue of the legality and fairness of replacing the original deed of gift by a new and very different one has been waived or conceded by the Royal Yacht Squadron, is the size of the challenging and defending yachts; a matter in which both sides are deeply interested, but which is, on the whole, of more importance to American yachtsmen than to their opponents. To British yachtsmen the building of one yacht to challenge for the America's Cup may mean much or little; it may direct the attention of yachtsmen to a certain size which will he the particular class of the year, or quite as probably only one or two boats may be built; on this side, however, it means the creation or revival of some one class of large yachts which will be the central feature of the season's racing; and which, possibly, may retain its popularity for more than one season.

In discussing the question of the most desirable size, there are three points that call for special consideration. First, the size, or class in which the defenders are relatively strongest as compared with the challengers; secondly, the size which will hring about the greatest permanent benefit to American yachting; and, third, the rights of existing yachts. There may be other minor considerations, but these three are the vital ones which now demand the attention of yachtsmen, and especially of the New York Y. C.

The first point has been, practically, the only one thus far considered hy the cluh in declining various challenges and in restricting the contests to the mythical "90ft. class." The superiority of the American yacht of 80ft. and over to the old tonnage rule cutters of the same length has been amply proven, so far as it goes; but the other argument on the same side, based on the performances of Madge, Clara and Minerva, to the effect that British designers were really stronger in American waters in the 53ft. and smaller classes than their American rivals, is, in our opinion, of far less importance than it is generally held to be, such sizes being entirely too small for Cup racing; and with the construction of Gloriana, Wenonah and Dacotah it has lost whatever force it may have formerly possessed.

It may be safely said to-day that neither side would willingly race for the Cup with a cutter of less than 60ft. l.w.l. nor over 90; and the argument is really limited to these extremes.

The immediate possibilities are three; the building of more yachts of the present length, 87 to 88ft. l.w.l.; the huilding of a challenger, and consequently of other yachts, up to the full limit of 90ft. l.w.l.; and the return to the size of fifteen years since, about 70ft. l.w.l. In various discussions of this question it has been urged that American designers are specially strong in one class, as the 87ft., and correspondingly weak in others, as the 70ft., not having worked in the latter class for some years; or that they would he even better prepared to go to the full limit of 90ft. In our opinion, the strength on the American side lies not in the supposed excellence of any designers in one size rather than another, but in the size which will call out the largest fleet of yachts, and of them the largest number of individual craft and the smallest number of "syndicate" hoats.

The backbone of Cup defense to-day is Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, and in view of Wasp and Gloriana, it is idle to say that the chances are better in the 87ft. class because he has never designed a 70-footer. So far as the lines and the leading features of the design are involved, it matters nothing to the modern designer whether the length be 46ft., 60ft., 70 or 90ft.; he is quite as much at home in one as another. There is, however, an increased difficulty as the size grows, in that the constantly expanding sail plans in even the largest sizes, with the strong competition in cutting down weights, make the mechanical features of the rig more of an experiment than in the smaller classes. The fleet of last year, including Vigilant, who was rerigged three times, was notably weak above the deck, as witnesed in the failure of Jubilee, the many breakages of Pilgrim, and the radical strengthening of the rigging on Colonia and Vigilant. Those designers who have had experience in the largest class, profiting by their many failures of last year, would undoubtedly be much hetter fitted to try again, even in a 90 footer; but they are very few in number, and there are others who should be represented in the next trial races, who have missed this special experience in the largest size.

We fancy that most yachtsmen will agree with us that syndicate ownership, though necessary at times, is in every way an undesirable feature of modern yacht racing, and that the real interests of the sport are far hetter served when such men as Com. Morgan, Mr. Iselin, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Belmont, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Palmer, and the Adams and Bryant brothers are sailing their own yachts, rather than drawing checks for their share of one or two syndicate boats. Without arguing this question, however, we would point out that after the costly and largely unsatisfactory experience of many members of the recent syndicates, it is likely to be a difficult matter to get together even two or three syndicates next year to put up the very large sum necessary to the construction and successful racing of a very large cutter.

The total expense of building and racing Vigilant last year has been estimated at $125,000, and this figure is probably near enough to the true amount. From this may be deducted the selling price, $25,000, leaving a net loss of $100,000. Judging from Vigilant, to go into the next trial races with a fair chance of success a cutter of the same size should be built wholly of Tobin bronze, instead of only partly plated with it; she must have at least three complete outfits of spars and sails; and she should have, in place of the crude experiment of the Hattie Palmer, a fast, staunch and powerful steam tender, of special design, fitted with cargo booms and deck winches, special towing bitts, a galley and messroom, with berths for fifty men besides her own crew, a complete diving outfit and a fairly well equipped machine shop, with portable drills and other tools driven by dynamos, offering every facility for handling and repairing the centerboard. This may seem like a fancy sketch, but it merely means the doing properly and systematically what has been done in a haphazard and defective way with Vigilant this year and last. The expense of such a tender might be lessened by her use in common by two or three yachts; but at best a new 87-footer must cost considerably more than Vigilant, and perhaps he worth even less after the races.

All sentiment apart, the modern racing yacht is nothing but a one-season toy, almost equally worthless whether she wins or loses; she may, by such a chance as this year, put in a second season without heing outbuilt on the one hand or laid up for want of a competitor; hut if she is built to win under existing conditions her racing life is a short one and her sale value equally small.

The interests of yacht racing at large are hurt more than they are helped by the spasmodic expenditure of extravagant sums on a few yachts, followed for an indefinite time by a penitential spasm of enforced economy which leaves them to rust at their docks while all racing languishes. From our knowledge of the past work and training of American designers, we have not the least doubt that they are one and all to-day, even stronger in the 70ft. class than in any other size,

and that, compared with British designeas, the American 70-footer would be relatively as good as the American 87 or 90-footer.

What is of vastly more importance is the fact that while a challenge from one of the larger sizes would mean, as last year, a scurrying among the millionaires to organize a few syndicates, a challenge from a 70-footer would start the laying of keels for at least half a dozen individual owners, insuring probably twice as many new yachts for the trial races. The success of Vigilant last year is an exception in the history of syndicates, not forgetting Puritan, and we look upon the general dependence upon the aid of men of wealth and patriotic feeling, but not thorough racing owners, as the weakest spot in the defense of the Cup.

THE popular opinion of the America's Cup places it as an emblem of supremacy over a rival nation, and its true value and most important function has been largely lost sight of. Properly used, in accordance with the words and wishes of the original owners, which have been so dishonored of late years, it is the most powerful instrument that could be devised for building up and strengthening the home fleet, of New York and the whole coast. Its power was never better shown than last season, when at a time when business was seriously depressed and yachting was feeling the effect, together with a dullness due to other causes, it brought out, at an unheard-of expense, a fleet of four yachts, of a size and type that nobody wanted, and all practically useless save for the very few races sailed last year. It was the America's Cup that brought forth Puritan, and so drove out forever the old American sloop, replacing her with a far better type, which it further improved in Mayflower and Volunteer; it is to International racing that the great improvements of recent years are due.

Enough has been seen of the large single-stickers, from Puritan to Vigilant, in the course of ten years, to prove that such a class is not adapted to the wants of American yachtsmen; of the many who have gone into it, only one, Gen. Paine, has stayed; and while it has served for some important experiments (one being how to get the poorest schooner for the most money), it is a matter of opinion whether half of the gross cost of the class would not have given far better results if expended in building up a fleet of 70-footers.

Even in this smaller class, the cost of a modern racing cutter would be enough to make some good racing men count up carefully before placing an order; but there can be no doubt that the 70-footer would not only be well within the means of many keen racing men to whom an 87-footer is out of the question, and that such a yacht would suit the general requirements, not only for racing, but for such use between times as American yachtsmen have had in the past from all classes of yachts, for summer life about the Sound. Of all classes ever existing in American waters, the 70ft., as typified by Gracie and Bedouin, has been the most popular and serviceable; and the America's Cup could be put to no higher use than in restoring the class to existense.

IF it can be proved that the chances are quite as sure in the smaller as in the larger classes, and that even more good would result to yachting, the desirability of inviting or at least accepting a challenge from a 70-footer can hardly be questioned; but at the same time the moral rights of existing yachts have been urged against any change. With Pilgrim a steamer, Colonia on the sale list and Vigilant's owner as reported, ready to replace her with a new yacht in the event of a challenge, the matter narrows down to two yachts, Jubilee and Navahoe. The position which Gen. Paine has won by his thrice successful defense of the Cup for the New York Y. C. entitles him to every possible consideration, and no doubt a word from him would carry more weight with the club than any argument on either side, while Mr. Carroll is also entitled to a voice. It is quite uncertain, however, that Gen. Paine is really desirous of testing Jubilee again in trial races; and even if he were, there is every reason to believe that the construction of three or four new yachts of the same size for next season would leave all existing yachts, especially those with steel bottoms, among the hopelessly outbuilt. If there is any future for the 1884 fleet under a cutter rig (short of their conversion into a bad size of schooner) it lies not in competition with new and improved yachts, but in further racing between Vigilant, Navahoe, Colonia (with a deeper keel), Jubilee (with an entire new rig) and Volunteer with some very essential improvements in her rig. The building of several new yachts to the class would probably kill all racing of the present fleet; but on the other hand, the construction of a new fleet of 70-footers would leave undisturbed these five good yachts, each capable of such improvement as would put them on fairly equal terms.

ONE of the strongest arguments in favor of the 70-footer, an advantage which will appeal to both sides, has not yet been touched; the lessening of absolute draft to a practicable working limit, while at the same time the proportionate draft is ample for windward work. If all considerations of expense be disregarded, it is possible, for a few special races, to carry such a draft as Pilgrim, 22ft.; but such a vessel is absolutely useless for any general racing.

The deepest of the new keel boats, Valkyrie and Britannia, draw almost 17ft. 6in., and the centerboards of the same class draw over 13 with board housed and 23 with board down. For a few match races these drafts are practicable, but they are far from desirable at all times, and any general racing of these large boats must result in material alterations in many club courses. This year there have been frequent complaints that the courses in British waters which have been sailed for over half a century by the largest keel cutters and schooners were not deep enough for the American centerboard boat.

The great size and extravagant sail plans of the modern racer demand a comparatively large draft on any given waterline, and the day has gone by when designers will sacrifice the speed of a large yacht to any consideration of convenient draft; such a mistake as was made in Thistle in 1887 and Colonia last year is not likely to be repeated; nor is it at all desirable that a fine model should be spoiled for lack of sufficient draft.

The return to the 70ft. class means a reduction of absolute draft in the keel model of from nearly 18ft. to about 13; the extreme limit found in actual practice up to the last year, very few of the largest yachts drawing over 13ft. In the centerboard type the limits would be decreased from 13 to 14ft. with board housed to about 10ft.; and the extreme draft, with board down, from 23 to about 18ft.

Not only would the lessened expense in the items of pilotage, dockage and inevitable repairs due to grounding be greatly lessened; but the class would be fitted for general racing and sailing, instead of being limited to a few special races.

Left unchecked, it is quite possible that the absolute draft may still increase, until, in a possible Cup racer of 90ft. l.w.l., it reaches an extreme of over 25ft., limiting the yacht to one or two deep harbors and to courses well out at sea.

IN discussing the relative merits of the 70 footers and the larger size up to 90ft., the Boston *Herald* suggests a compromise of a curious sort, the creation of a new class of 80ft. l.w.l. or thereabouts. The objections to this plan are obvious and serious enough to condemn it from the start. It does nothing for existing boats, the 87-footers, but it is near enough to them to interfere with any further racing such as we have suggested above; it is a further bar to the revival of the 70ft. class for general racing, apart from all international issues; it creates a special class of very costly yachts, a class that can never become permanent; and it thus increases the great evil of American yacht ing—too many poorly filled classes.

The very best thing that could happen for yacht racing in this country would be the elimination of the odd sizes of single-stickers from 80ft. upward, by their conversion into schooners or permanent retirement from racing, the similar disappearance as far as possible of some smaller classes, and the building up of four strong classes, recognized and sustained by all clubs, of the natural and always popular sizes of 30ft., 40ft., 53ft. and 70ft. l.w.l., or some equivalent measurement. There will always be individuals who will build under class limits, apparently for the sake of subsequent alteration, or to classes which exist only in club books; but the majority of yachtsmen are fairly amenable to any reasonable rules, and by systematic and concerted action on the part of clubs in encouraging those classes which prove popular for a term of years, it would be possible to bring the racing fleet down to a few strong and vigorous classes, which should be permanent and free from the yearly fluctuations which now hinder both building and racing.

THE action of the Royal Dart Y. C. in declaring its race off under the plea of a time limit seems to be entirely unjustified and unprecedented, the time limit which is so much admired by Americans being practically unknown in England. Even if such a limit has a legal existence in the rules of the Royal Dart Y. C., it is most unfair and unwise to revive it under the circumstances of an international race, in which the honors, such as they were, clearly belonged to the visitor. The action of its committee has been condemned by the leading English papers; and unless some satisfactory explanation is forthcoming it must work serious injury to the club.

Under the circumstances no one is likely to quarrel with the sailing committee of the Start Bay regatta for giving the race to Vigilant; but the action of the committee in moving the finish line, so as to make it possible for Vigilant to cross it in the calm can, hardly be considered a safe precedent. It is not as bad as the work of some of the Mediterranean committees, who are noted for their disregard of all rules and usages, in one case the men in a markboat actually getting up anchor after the leader had turned and rowing toward a following yacht in order to permit her to turn more easily; but any changes of courses or conditions after the start, unless provided for in advance, are likely to lead to protests and charges of unfairness.

In this case it is conceded that Vigilant had the advantage, slight as it was, in both of the drifting matches; and as a resail was impossible in each case, both races should have been awarded to her.

THE question of the proper crossing of a finish line, brought up by the race of the Shrewsbury Y. C., described last week, has been submitted to us for an opinion, one of the yachts, as there told, having protested the other for not crossing the line in accordance with the rules. With the printed instructions was a chart of the course, showing the actual course from start to finish in full, the directions being indicated by arrows as in the diagram published last week. According to this chart, furnished to every yacht, the exact mode of rounding the last mark and crossing the line was clearly indicated. The yacht against which protest was made disregarded the chart, and left the flag at the end of the line first on port hand, crossing the finish line in the wrong direction, then came about and recrossed it in the right direction, leaving the flag now on the starboard hand, but in so doing she did not round the flag. In our opinion the decision of the committee in sustaining the protest was a just one.

THE fall holiday, Labor Day, was as generally observed as ever this year by yachtsmen, the principal event about New York being the annual regatta of the New York Y. R. A., a strong southeast breeze making an exciting race for the fleet of fifty starters. We are obliged to defer the full accounts of all of Monday's races to next week.

As the matter of international courtesy is now to the fore in connection with Vigilant's reception abroad, we venture to quote the following from the Cleveland *Leader*, concerning the complaints against a yacht which made a long cruise in order to attend the late meet on Lake Erie, and was fortunate enough to win by fair sailing a small prize and a bunting flag. It would be a good thing for Lake Erie if more of the crack yachts from the lower lake, whether from Canada or the States, should deem the racing worth a cruise next summer, and show their racing sails off Put-In-Bay. The *Leader* says:

"Another feature of the regatta that is rather small is the disposition to criticise the Dinah since she has won the race for the big fellows. One or two Detroit and Toledo yachtsmen have made themselves conspicuous by shouting in public and private that Dinah's claim to the flag ought to be contested, that she has no business to be racing in an American regatta, and so on with a seemingly endless string of picayunish and unsportsmanlike complaints. Now, the fact of the matter is if a Toledo or Detroit boat had won the race not a word would have been heard. The Canadian boat came to the regatta, never made a complaint, took everything as it was allotted, and showed her heels to the whole crowd in the neatest and tightest race that has graced these parts for years. Not only is she a trim boat, but she sailed so much better than some of the others that there was no comparison in seamanship. If the American yachtsmen wanted to kick and protest they would better have done it before the race and then it would have come with more grace. It is a poor fighter who vilifies his opponent after he is 'knocked out.' Not all the yachtsmen have carped at the victory of the Dinah, but the shoe will pinch those who want to try to put it on."

Conanicut Y. C.

JAMESTOWN, R. I.—NARRAGANSETT BAY.

Friday, Aug. 24.

AN open race over inclosed courses was sailed on Aug. 24. Weather fine, fresh S.W. wind:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A.			
Haddassah, H. B. Merryman	29.05	2 31 20	2 30 48
Gannet, A. B. Emmons	29.09	2 30 01	2 30 01
CLASS 1.			
I. M. C., F. A. Connell	26.10	2 42 44	2 42 44
Kaleva, Benj. Davis	25.08	2 42 16	2 40 24
Venture, A. M. Crosby	24.07	2 37 10	2 33 20
Infanta, John Richardson	26.02	2 53 16	2 52 12
Four Brothers, F. M. Davies	24.09	Disabled.	
CLASS 2.			
Victor, E. V. Bowen	23.09½	1 41 54	1 41 54
Gadfly, Dr. H. J. Rhett	21.00	1 43 27	1 40 48
Thetis, John Bullitt, Jr	21.01	1 50 11	1 47 37
Boodler, H. M. Emmons	21.01	1 44 02	1 41 28
CLASS 3.			
Allegro, H. M. Crosby	19.01½	1 42 41	1 41 00
Kaloola, W. Crosby	19.05	1 42 40	1 41 53
Mojave, W. N. Murray	20.03	1 37 03	1 37 03
Puzzle, G. G. Amory	19.11½	1 43 12	1 42 46
Niobrara, J. Scannivan	19.07½	1 52 14	1 51 38
CLASS 4.			
Alice W., E. K. Morse	16.06	1 04 26	1 03 23
Mildred, Wm. Martin	16.01½	1 06 50	1 05 28
Jerboa, John B. Heidler	17.03½	1 03 03	1 05 33
Reindeer, Thomas Shea	17.07	1 03 06	1 02 49
CLASS 5.			
Vesper, G. S. Plummer	14.03	1 14 08	1 13 17
Teppoo, J. M. Whitall	14.10	1 17 27	1 16 36
Argo, F. H. Sweet, Jr	14.01¾	1 17 40	1 16 39¾
Shadow, R. Wood	15.07	1 15 42	1 15 42

Winners: Class A, Haddassah, sweepstakes. Class 1, Venture first, $25; Kaleva second, $17; I. M. C. third, $13. Class 2, Gadfly first, $20; Boodler second, $15; Victor third, $10. Class 3, Mojave first, $15; Allegro second, $10; Kaloola third, $5. Class 4, Reindeer first, $10; Alice W. second, $6; Mildred third, $4. Class 5, Vesper first, $8; Shadow second, $5; Teppoo third, $3.

Regatta committee—W. N. Murray, G. S. Plummer, H. N. Emmons, H. Selfridge, John Bullitt, Jr. Judges—E. T. Reichert, H. F. Smith, A. S. Murray.

The Cannes Regattas of 1895.

THE prospect of Vigilant, and probably other American yachts taking part in the Mediterranean regattas of next season makes the following official announcement of interest to American yachtsmen. The indications are that the races will be more generally patronized than ever in the past, the particular locality being in fashion just at this season of the year, and the yacht races and accompanying festivities being important attractions. The races at Cannes, under the auspices of the Union des Yachts Français, will begin on March 1, 1895 and continue as follows:

First Day.—Prix d'Honneur.—A race open to all yachts entered for the races during the week. The course will be from Cannes to St. Tropez, Ste. Maxime and back again. In this race there will be eight classes, as follows: (1) Racing yachts above 20 tons; (2) cruisers, yawls and schooners above 10 tons; (3) yachts above 10 and not exceeding 20 tons; (4) yachts above 5 and not exceeding 10 tons, with a course round the Iles de Lerins; (5) yachts above 3 and not exceeding 5 tons; (6) yachts above 2 and not exceeding 5 tons; (7) yachts above 1 and not exceeding 2 tons; (8) yachts not exceeding 1 ton.

Second Day.—First heat for the special prize given by the Union des Yachts Français for yachts above 1 ton and not exceeding 2 tons.

Third Day.—Course de tartanes, borneurs, plaisanciers. Aviron—yoles, canots, youyoux, bertbons, pecheurs, etc.—Illumination des yachts, Fete de Nuit, Retraite aux Flambeaux.

Fourth Day.—The Ogden-Goelet International cups: (1) value 8,000f., for yachts of over 20 tons; (2) value 4,000f., for yachts of over 5 tons and not exceeding 20 tons.

The Richard Winslow International cup: Value 2,000f., for yachts not exceeding 5 tons.

Fifth Day.—Defile of sailing and steam yachts: Banquet at the Cercle Nautique in the evening.

Sixth Day.—Prize 1,000f., for yachts exceeding three and not exceeding 5 tons. Prize, 600f., for yachts exceeding 2 and not exceeding 3 tons. Second heat of the special prize given by the Union des Yachts Français. Prize 300f., for yachts not exceeing 1 ton.

Seventh Day—Prize 2,000f., for yachts above 20 tons. Prize 2,000f., for yachts above 10 and not exceeding 20 tons. Prize 2,000f., for yachts above 5, but not exceeding 10 tons. Second heat of the Richard Winslow International cup.

Eighth Day.—Third heat of the special prize given by the Union des Yachts Français. Third heat of the Richard Winslow International cup.

Cohasset Y. C.

SEVENTH CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.

Saturday, Aug. 28.

WIND S.W. variable, with heavy puffs. Winona and Grimalkin carried whole sail, but the wind was overestimated at the start and the others in first class were reefed. Wind at start was in very heavy flaws, but between the puffs was light. Off Green Hill Madge shook out second reef. Winona steadily drew away, and at second mark had a long lead, the times from the second mark to finish being close. In it again sailed a fine race with one reef in and gets her third leg for the cup. The sport in the third class was high, Dr. Bryant finishing five seconds after Escort, but getting race on allowance by 11 seconds, his crew consisting of Mr. Jas. P. Hawes and the Doctor's boys. The Daylight had a full complement of ladies and The Senator with Mr. Crane carried the club flag around the course, Mr. Otis E. Weld and party looked on from Shadow. The last race of the series will be sailed next Saturday, and on Labor Day there will be a fisherman's race for the Cohasset lobster boats.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Winona, Hammond Braman, cat	26.08	1 09 15	0 51 03
Grimalkin, Geo. R. Howe, cat	22.10	1 14 33	0 53 41
Duster, Mapes Bros, cat	22.02	1 17 46	0 56 31
Madge, C. H. Cousens, cat	24.03	1 19 06	0 59 21
Vacuna, F. H. Pratt, yawl		1 19 53	Not meas.
Trump, Furber & Richards, cat	19.00	1 29 36	1 05 39
Zig Zag, Gammons & Wheelwright, cat	20.02	Disabled.	
SECOND CLASS.			
In It, R. B. Williams, cat	18.04	1 20 41	0 56 05
Modoc, Geo. D. Silskee, cat	16.06	1 25 57	0 59 30
THIRD CLASS.			
Trident, Dr. John Bryant, cat	13.09	0 30 05	0 18 03
Escort, John Richardson, cat	14.02	0 30 02	0 18 14
Watermelon, H. M. Knowles, cat	14.07	0 30 54	0 19 20
Hazard, F. R. Pegram, cat	15.08	0 31 18	0 20 10

QUAMINO.

Corinthian Mosquito Fleet.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE annual regatta of the Mosquito Fleet, sailed off Echo Bay, New Rochelle, on Saturday, Aug. 25, proved the most exciting of the several successful races given by the fleet this year. A strong southerly wind made the first leg of the course, which was a triangle from Echo Bay to Execution Reef, thence to and around Matinnicock Point Buoy and home, dead to windward, and the small boats got a lively slashing up in the sloppy sea that was running.

Com. Pryer's Eurybia took the lead shortly after the start, crossing first and making best time over course.

Willie Iselin, the eleven-year-old son of the former owner of Cinderella, created quite a sensation by sailing a little ¼-rater, Tomahawk, measuring only 9ft. on the waterline, over the entire course and fairly drowning out his class competitors.

The ½-rater Goblin made a very creditable showing, but was outclassed. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 30 TO 35FT.				
Eurybia	1 30 24	3 26 18	1 55 54	1 55 54
Mary C	1 30 52	3 34 40	2 03 48	2 00 51
CLASS B—SLOOPS 25 TO 30FT.				
Amazon	1 30 26	3 39 52	2 09 26	2 09 26
CLASS C—SLOOPS UNDER 25FT.				
Madrine	1 32 00	2 29 48	1 57 48	1 57 48
Caper	1 32 06	3 48 20	2 16 14	. . . .
Wanderer	1 30 43	3 53 38	2 22 55	. . . .
CLASS D, CABIN CATS.				
Almira	1 31 02	3 32 35	2 13 02	2 04 04
Onaway	1 33 15	3 26 29	2 03 14	1 58 25
Kittie	1 31 05	3 36 48	2 04 43	1 55 55
Mary	1 30 00	3 29 45	1 59 45	1 59 45
CLASS G, OPEN CATS.				
Narrioch	1 32 08	Did not finish.		
Punch	1 34 00	3 52 00	2 18 00	2 18 00
MOSQUITO SLOOPS				
Tomahawk	1 33 00	4 35 37	3 24 07	2 55 38
Maggie C.	1 31 07	Did not finish.		
MIXED RIGS.				
Moses	1 31 09	3 54 32	2 23 23	2 21 36
Cossack	1 32 06	Capsized.		
Goblin	1 31 04	4 24 57	2 31 42	2 28 27
Gwen	1 30 21	4 11 58	2 41 37	2 41 37

The winners were Eurybia, Amazon, Madrine, Kittie, Punch, Tomahawk, Moses.

Lake Geneva Y. C., Sheridan and Folly Cups.

LAKE GENEVA—WISCONSIN.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE principal events of the year in the Lade Geneva Y. C., the races for the Sheridan and Folly cups, were sailed on Aug. 25 in a strong breeze, the course being 14 miles. This was the 21ft. race for the Sheridan cup, named after the famous general, and three former winners were entered—Expert, 1891, Tattler, 1892, and Precept, 1893, all built by J. H. Cornwall, of Port Washington, L. I. Against them were two local boats, Helen and Kiduapper, both comparatively new, and the winner, Lorna, a Willis boat also from Long Island Sound.

In the fourth race for the Folly cup were Com. Burritt's famous Rival, also from the Sound, and two Cornwall boats, Possum and Hallelujah, the latter a new boat built to beat Rival. The results are as follows:

	Length.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SHERIDAN CUP.				
Lorna, J. M. Rumsey	24.04	11 20 00	2 29 15	2 27 53
Tattler, O. W. Norton	25.00	11 20 00	2 33 21	2 33 21
Expert, J. M. Rumsey	24.07	11 20 00	2 37 02	. . . .
Precept, J. Hodgkins	24.05½	11 20 00	2 35 32	2 34 05
Kidnapper, W. M. Napper	24.11	11 20 00	. . . .	. . . .
Helen, Robert Dunham	24.10	11 20 00	. . . .	. . . .
FOLLY CUP.		Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Possum, R. K. Fairbank		11 16 30	1 27 50	2 10 20
Rival, B. Carpenter		11 22 30	1 36 14	2 13 44
Hallelujah, J. Winslow		11 23 22	1 37 20	2 13 58
Mayh, H. H. Porter, Jr		11 20 40	1 41 18	2 20 08
Vanadia, W. S. McCrea		Disabled.		
Mystery, Benton Sturges		11 22 42	1 46 40	2 23 58

Winners: Possum first, Rival second.

Judges: Com. Ferd. Peck, Oconomowoc Y. C.; Gen. A. C. Ducat, Capt. Chas. King.

INTERLAKE Y. R. A.

First Annual Meet.

PUT-IN BAY—LAKE ERIE.

WHILE not altogether free from certain serious drawbacks, the Great Lakes offer great advantages for sport. which the yachtsmen between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi are availing themselves of each year to a greater extent. Just how rapidly and successfully yachting may he developed on these great fresh-water seas, depends largely on the work of organization among the various clubs and individual owners. How much may be accomplished by earnest and intelligent effort is well shown on Lake Ontario, where the organization founded in the face of many difficulties in 1884, has become notable from its success in uniting the Lake yachtsmen and enlarging and improving the Lake fleet. How very little has heen done elsewhere in the same time may be seen on Lake Michigan, where between 1881 and 1891 yachting moved astern instead of ahead, though there is now visihle a change for the hetter.

The circumstances and conditions on the neighboring lakes, Ontario and Erie, are closely similar, and yet the efforts which have attained such good results in the former case have uniformly failed in the latter. There are plenty of yachts on Lake Erie, many good yacht sailors, and not a few earnest and spirited men, such as Com. Gardner, of Cleveland, who have long worked to form a real union of the Lake clubs, hut unfortunately with little success. One of the most promising attempts was made in 1885, when, on the occasion of the formation of the Western Canoe Association, at Ballast Island, a meet of yachtsmen was held at Put-In-Bay, on the next island, to form a yachting association. In spite of all that was done by Com. Gardner and others, this attempt proved a failure, and though other attempts have since been made at times to revive this organization or to start anew, the result has been the same in each case.

With a wider interest in yachts and racing all around Lake Erie, and with a large and growing fleet, the necessity for some organization has recently become still more pressing; and last winter the subject was again taken up, with the result that a new association was formed, the name being the Inter Lake Yachting Association. The cluhs interested were: the Citizens' Yachting Association. of Detroit, the Cleveland Y. C., the Ohio Y. C. of Toledo, the Put-In-Bay Y. C of Put-In-Bay, the Sandusky Y. C., the Toledo Y. C. and the West End Y. C. of Detrolt. The officers elected were: Com., Geo. W. Gardner, Cleveland; Vice-Com., J. E Gunckel, Toledo; Rear-Com., H. C. Kendall. Detroit; Sec'y-Treas., E. W. Radder, Cleveland; Meas., W. H. Ladd, Put-In-Bay; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. A. E. Claypool. The directors for the first year are G. W. Luetkmeyer, Cleveland Y. C.; Henry Tracy, Ohio Y. C.; Wm. Gates, Toledo Y. C.; J. J. Ackerman, Citizens' Y. A.; C. B. Lockwood, Sandusky Y. C.; C J. Lichtenherg, West End Y. C.; W. H. Ladd, Put-In-Bay Y. C. The regatta committee includes Messrs. Lockwood, Gates, Lichtenherg and Radder.

When the Lake Y. R. A. was formed on Lake Ontario in 1884, its originators, with exceptionally good judgment, looked well ahead, and at some sacrifice of immediate local interests, adopted a rule that was then far in advance of the times; the results being visible in the fine fleet of modern yachts on Lake Ontario to-day, Pappoose, Vreda, Yama, Zelma, Nox, Dinah, Vedette and many more, all the direct offspring of the new rule.

When a similar attempt at organization was made on Lake Erie a year later, the same question of measurement came to the top, hut unfortunately it was dealt with in a different manner. The rules then adopted were framed with a view almost entirely to the then existing yachts of Toledo aud Detroit, and all improvements and additions to the fleet were consequently discouraged from the start. The rules offered no inducement to replace the old hoats with better ones, and when these old craft gradually passed away, as they have done, there was no systematic effort to huild up a new fleet on a definite plan, and yacht racing died out and yachting suffered in proportion.

When the same question of measurement came up last winter in the work of organization, much the same arguments as of old were made on each side, but this time the majority were in favor of more modern rules, and the result was the adoption of the Seawanhaka rule for both measurement and classification, the classes being as follows: Class A, 50ft. sailing length and over; Class B, 40ft. and under 50; Class C, 32ft. and under 40; Class D, 25ft. and under 32; Class E, under 25ft. Whether or no a better rule may be discovered in the future, or these are the best possible classes under the rule, are secondary questions; hut, in adopting this measurement and classification with the above classes, the new association has put itself in accord with the the most progressive of American cluhs, and has opened the way to the improvement and building up of its fleet by yachts of modern type.

The advantages of Put-In-Bay in every way as a point of rendezvous, in a fairly central location, convenient to Detroit, Toledo and Sandusky, though not so accessible to the Cleveland yachts; with a fine harhor, good shore accommodations and attractions, and open courses, all urged its selection for the inaugural meet; and the following programme was arranged: Rendezvous on Monday, Aug. 6; Tuesday, classes A, B and D; Wednesday, classes C and E and naphtha launches, the racing being followed by a hall at night; Thursday, race for all yachts in one class, the fleet calling at Kelley's Island on the return; Friday, banquet and presentation of prizes. Special races were provided for catboats, canoe-yawls, rowing hoats. etc., should any appear. The various prizes were: Open race, $50; classes A, B and C, each $40 and $20; class D, $25 and $10; class E, $20 and $10; naphtha launches, champion flag for first and silver cup for second prize. The first prize in each class was accompanied by a champion flag. One special prize was offered, the Cleveland *World* cup, for classes D and E, to be held after being twice won.

On Sunday and Monday yachts came flocking in from all quarters until there were fifty in the historic harbor, besides many launches, sailboats and other small craft. The racing hegan on Tuesday morning, the wind being very light S. W. The course was a triangle with 7-mile sides for class B, there being no starters in class A, that for class D heing 7 miles out and return. The start was made at 10:58, Neva of Cleveland soon taking the lead. After a little while the wind fell completely and the race was declared off for the day.

On Wednesday, in order to make sure of the good S.W. hreeze that was blowing at colors, an early start was called, the preparatory signal being fired at 8:24, with the start for Class B 10 minutes later. The starters were Sultana, Neva, Surprise, Scorpion, City of the Straits and Dinah, the latter from Hamilton, the smart little cutter designed and built by Thos. Dalton for the late Mr. Mallock. The first leg was a reach, with plenty of wind in the balloon jibtopsails, Neva coming to grief almost at the start, her topmast going at the cap, while the masthead was also sprung, compelling her to withdraw.

The order at the first mark was Sultana, City of the Straits, Surprise Dinah and Scorpion; but before the hoats had gone far in a hard hammer to windward, there was a second "surprise" in the race; the trim Canadian cutter clawing out from under her rivals and passing them in succession until she had a clear 8 minutes' lead on Sultana when she started sheet and broke out spinaker at the second mark. Off the wind she also gained, coming in an easy winner after a well-sailed race.

The smaller class had fifteen starters. Chinook, Lotus, Huntress, Crescent, Com. Gardner, Marie, Henrietta and Iris in Class D, and also in Class E, for the *World* cup, Brownie, Whim, Laurene, Grayling, Alert and Arab. The course was less satisfactory than that of the larger boats, as it proved a reach out and back, coming home with sheets well lifted. Chinook took the lead, with Brownie second, Com. Gardner third and Marie fourth, Laurene losing her topmast. Running in, Com. Gardner went ahead to second herth, Chinook being ahead by 7m. at the finish.

The full times were:

CLASS B.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Dinah	8 39 40	12 01 27	3 14 23
Sultan	8 36 45	12 11 42	3 28 10
City of the Stralts	8 38 06	12 30 36	3 46 45
Surprise	8 36 55	12 41 36	3 58 54
Scorpion	8 38 23	12 48 47	4 04 32
Neva	8 38 25	Disabled.	

CLASS C.

Chinook	8 43 40	10 35 05	1 49 25
Brownie	8 11 28	10 44 45	1 51 10
Marie M	8 43 04	10 49 52	1 57 20
Com. Gardner	8 43 50	10 42 20	1 59 27
Whim	8 45 10	11 00 35	2 07 21
Huntress	8 42 30	10 51 27	2 08 52
Lotus	8 41 10	10 53 10	2 09 00
Grayling	8 43 32	10 50 55	2 10 36
Henrietta	8 43 05	10 59 03	2 12 05
Alert	8 45 00	10 57 10	2 13 07
Arab	7 41 30	11 06 55	2 15 05
Iris	8 43 00	11 07 30	2 19 45
Crescent	8 44 55	11 15 55	2 31 00
Laurence	Disabled		

Dinah wins first prize and Sultana second in Class B; Chinook wins first and Marie second in Class D, and Chinook wins a leg for the *World* cup, one leg for which is already held by Mona.

After a cloudy sunset the wind shifted during the night to N.E. and piped up hard, making a heavy sea on the lake next morning, while it still held its strength, a good gafftopsail breeze. Neva's crew, after giving up on Wednesday, turned to over a new topmast, hut finally gave it up, as the mast appeared to he weak. On Thursday morning, however, they repented, and hunted up a stray pound stake, which was lashed aloft as a jury topmast, allowing them to set a jib-header. The open race was scheduled, the course being from off Put-In-Bay around the north end of Ballast Island and then to a finish off Sandusky Harhor, 20 miles.

The first incident of the day was a collision hetween Cynthia and Grayling, in which the latter lost bowsprit and headgear. There were seven starters, Cynthia, Alice Enright, Dawn, Neva, Josephine, Sultana and Marie. After a clever start with the gun, Sultana trimmed hard down for a beat out hetween the islands to the end of Ballast, working short tacks in the narrow passage. When clear of the island the course was a long reach across the lake to the finish. Neva had worked out under lower sails only, her jury topmast showing signs of weakness, hut after easing off she made a shift to set a working topsail and jihtopsail, and hegan to gain on Sultana, finally overtaking her, when a long luffing match followed, Sultana finally bearing off after Neva had taken the lead. Neva finished first, although she lost her jibtopsail when nearing the finish, hut Cynthia proved the winner, with Sultana second, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Cynthia	11 15 06	1 14 14	1 48 33
Sultana	11 14 00	1 13 54	1 54 30
Alice Enright	11 17 45	1 21 59	1 56 39
Neva	11 14 30	1 12 42	1 58 12
Dawn	11 16 05	Not timed.	
Josephine	11 16 33	Not timed.	
Marie M	11 15 48	Sailed wrong course.	

Cynthia is a shoal wide boat, designed hy Mr. Clapham, and carries a yawl rig.

The N.E. wind held through the night. and there was still plenty left for the final races, Classes C and E, on Friday morning, the course for the first heing the 20-mile triangle, while for the other it was out and back over one leg, again a reach hoth ways. The repairs to Grayling after the collision were not completed until 9:30, so the start, set for 9 o'clock, was postponed until 9:40. The first leg was a close reach, Josephine leading until near the mark, when Scud passed her, Alice Enright being third and Shamrock fourth. Running free under spinaker, Shamrock showed up very fast, and ran to the head before the second mark was reached. On the last leg, to windward, Scud pushed her hard and led just before the finish.

The race in Class E was less exciting, Brownie winning easily. The times were:

CLASS C.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Shamrock	9 45 00	1 38 58	3 53 58
Scud	9 44 22	1 38 42	3 54 20
Alice Enright	9 45 00	1 43 38	3 57 42
Josephine	9 43 36	1 44 25	4 00 49
Lulu B	9 45 00	2 04 50	4 19 50
Dawn	9 45 00	2 10 07	4 25 07
Alborak	9 45 00	2 12 03	4 27 03
Grayling	9 45 00	2 23 11	4 38 11

CLASS E.

Browule	9 50 42	12 04 43	2 09 38
Whim	9 53 28	12 15 54	2 18 26
Priscilla	9 51 32	12 19 49	2 25 39
Cyclone	9 52 05	12 20 50	2 28 45
Flirt	9 52 58	12 29 14	2 36 16
Unique	9 53 00	12 27 10	2 34 10
Nettie M	9 50 56	12 35 08	2 44 12
Frolic	9 51 10	Not timed.	

Shamrock and Brownie each win first prizes and Scud and Whim second.

Only two launches, Restless and Sweetheart, started in the launch race, the former winning by 1:55 corrected. This ended the racing, the prizes being presented at the banquet on Friday evening. at which speeches were made by a number of yachtsmen. Com. Gardner is now in the North, being with Prof. Cook on the Miranda expedition to Greenland, and in his absence Vice-Com. Gunckel was in command of the fleet.

The meet was a success, and leaves good ground for hope that at last Lake Erie is to have a permanent yachting association and some systematic building and racing The work of organizing the association, drawing up rules, making all arrangements for the meet and carrying on the races, has been no easy task at best; but it has been done cheerfully and willingly hy a comparatively small number of yachtsmen; many of them not yacht owners, but none the less interested in the success of yachting. The yacht owners and sailors bave in some cases failed to appreciate the work done for them, and have failed to do their part in making themselves acquainted with the various rules and living up to them; while they have not hesitated to exercise their inalienahle right of kicking at all times. The work of establishing new rules is neither pleasant nor easy, and the least that yacht owners can do is to accept such voluntary aid in the spirit in which it is offered; and to help in every way to make the enforcement of the necessary rules as easy as possible for the officers. With a mixed fleet, the yachts not yet measured, some difficulties are likely to arise under any rule of measurement; but in the present case there seems no reason why they should not he smoothed out as the rules are huilt to and generally lived up to by the yachtsmen of the Inter-Lake Y. R. A.

Model Sailing in the Large Yacht Clubs.

GLENWOOD LANDING, L. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Ever since seeing a model race of large yachts sailed at Glen Cove a number of years ago, I have thought of and been interested in model yacht racing. Lately the sport seems to he making headway, and now it seems to me is a good time for all interested to keep giving it fresh impetus and interest. One of the hest of our West Long Island Sound yacht clubs is seriously considering the holding of a race for model yachts to wind up the season with, and I think it is an excellent idea, and only hope other clubs will follow suit and do likewise. I have heard model yacht racing characterized as child's play by a few, ignorant of the amount of science and thought which is used in model yachting from start to finish. Take the American Model Y. C., for instance, and in its fleet of over forty yachts you will find all manner of interesting experiments which have been tried, and in many cases successfully. It is science clear through, from lines to hull and rig, and then the sailing of a model yacht to develop the best speed is an art in itself. Most of the yacht clubs along the sound are on harhors having sheltered spots: often at the club house, just suitable for model yachting, and it seems a pity that such an interesting step in yachting should not he made more of. Take the New Rochelle, Larchmont, Douglaston, Sea Cliff, or Hempstead Harhor cluhs. All have excellent stretches of water for model yachting, and if model yacht cluhs were formed of club members as a sort of annex, every year at least one large inter-cluh regatta could he given that would he a sight worth seeing. Then, too, every yachtsman who really understands yachting, has ideas of his own in regard to model, rig, etc. To try these views on a full scale is costly experimenting, and often what might really he very useful is in consequence allowed to go untried. With a little skill with tools though, a model of five or six feet can be easily made at a cost of a few dollars and some time, and the idea can in this way be tried. I know that I myself have learned much in regard to models from sailing model yachts, and I consider it an interesting and and scientific adjunct of yachting, worthy of being fostered and encouraged by all the larger yachting clubs. Let those interested in the sport be heard from through FOREST AND STREAM, and let us see if we cannot make for model yachting the place it should hold in yachting. Argument is good; so as a starter I will put forward the theory that triangular and off the wind courses are the poorest devised, and that the dead to windward course is the only proper one for match races. If any one is interested enough to argue on the subject I will give my reasons later on. By the way, what does the editor of FOREST AND STREAM think of model yachting?

G. GRIFFITH CLAPHAM.

The Newport Races.

THE final races at Newport for the 21-footers were sailed on Aug. 27 and 28, the former for a cup presented hy Mr. Ralph N. Ellis, and the latter for the citizens' cup, the third heat. The race of Monday was sailed from off Tracy's Ledge buoy, around Butterhall Rock bell-buoy, two rounds, a fresh southerly breeze making a reach both ways The times were: Start 2:25:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea and J. N. Rutherford	4 17 15	1 50 35
Houri, W. D. Duncan and T. Yznaga	4 12 10	1 54 40
Dorothy, H. Whitney and T. Hitchcock	4 21 55	1 52 15
Celia, Gould and Smith	4 22 50	1 52 50
Adelaide, Dr. Woodhury and T. Irvin	4 20 05	1 48 55

Vaquero won the Ellis cup.

The last race for the citizens' cup was sailed over a 12 mile course, two rounds, between Brenton's Cove buoy and Fish Rock buoy, the wind being from the south. Vaquero touched, but went clear, while Dorothy was hung up for some time, putting her out of the race. The times were: Start 12:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Celia	4 52 20	2 47 20
Vaquero	4 56 30	2 51 30
Houri	5 04 55	2 59 55
Adelaide	5 01 05	2 56 05
Dorothy	Did not finish	

The judges were Royal Phelps Carroll, L. M. Rutherford and Frederick P. Sands.

Celia, having won one first and one second, takes the cup. After the races the fleet towed back to Larchmont in time for the fall regatta on Saturday.

Beverly Y. C.

THE protest of Gilt Edge vs. Nohska in the second Buzzard's Bay championship has heen decided in favor of Nobska, who wins first prize, Gilt Edge taking second prize. Nobska wins and holds pennant.

The 213th race, first open regatta, was sailed at Quissett, July 22. The day opened with a faint northwest wind, preventing many hoats from arriving in time. After the courses had been set for a northwest wind, it suddenly died out and came in light southwest. Courses were changed and southwest courses set. Courses were a run before the wind to Gunning Point, and for this distance it was light; but as they hauled on the wind for the beat to Wepecket, 8¼ miles, for second class, and to Uncalena, 7 miles, for other classes, it breezed up strongly and reefs were soon in order on most of the boats.

In second class the new Kalama did very well, while Myrtle, Anonyma, Gymnote and Bernice made a very close race, all crossing within 20 seconds.

In second class sloops, Squeteague, altered over from a cat, showed speed for the first time, and won easily.

In third class only four boats appeared, and three, including the champion, Nobska, sailed second class course and were ruled out. Nobska, sailed by a professional, easily made the best race, hut was ruled out. Scintilla, sailed by Nobska's owner, went the correct course and took the prize.

In fourth class, Grilse, the little Minnetonka boat, showed up in great form, heating Fin over six minutes actual time, and the knockabout so badly that she withdrew. Grilse has a larger and better sail, with a good deal of peak. The original sail had a flat head and could not he properly held in.

In fourth class cats Dawdle was beaten by Ethel, a modern measurement cheater and really twice Dawdle's size.

There was a race for spritsail hoats, a feature of the port. Judges, N. H. Emmons, J. G. Palfrey.

SECOND CLASS—CATS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kalama, Chas. Brewer, B. Y. C.	23.07	1 43 05	1 31 56
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	23.08	1 46 15	1 35 11
Gymnote, W. E C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	23.08	1 46 21	1 35 17
Myrtle, D. Croshy, Osterville	23.01	1 46 34	1 34 55
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr., B. Y. C.	23.05	1 46 35	1 35 16
Just Right, H. Packard, Mon. Beach	23.00	1 54 25	1 42 41

SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS.

Squeteague, W. E C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	23.04	1 47 15	1 35 51
Mascot, G. A. Jones, Onset	25.00	1 54 54	1 45 05
Captain, A. M. Ferris, B. Y. C.	22.11	1 57 42	1 45 52
Susan, J. R. Russell, B. Y. C.	21.00	1 58 45	1 44 55
Bob, Edgar Harding, B. Y. C	21.09	2 01 57	1 48 53

THIRD CLASS—CATS.

Scintilla, G. S. Fiske, B. Y. C	20.00	1 35 55	1 23 08
Nobska, A. A. Beebe, B. Y. C.	19.06	1 44 20	1 31 02
Colymbus, H. Winsor, B. Y C.	19.11	1 57 20	1 44 29
Hermione, R. L. Barstow, B. Y. C.	19.10	2 06 30	1 53 34

FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C	17.00	1 32 50	1 16 37
Fin, Howard Stockton, B. Y. C.	16.02	1 38 57	1 21 37
Tourmaline, Edw. Hamlin, B. Y. C	16.06	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS—CATS.

Ethel. H. Croshy, Osterville	16.10	1 35 30	1 19 03
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy, B. Y. C.	16.03	1 44 35	1 27 22
Angora, J. S. Ludlam, B. Y. C.	16.11	1 46 43	1 30 24
Markatta, N. Hayward, B. Y. C.	16.06	1 46 50	1 29 58
Cygnet, E. M. Fenno, B. Y. C.	16.10	1 48 35	1 32 08
Dodo, H. Parker, B. Y. C.	16.06	1 50 00	1 33 08
Psyche, Quisset Y. C.	17.00	1 53 30	1 36 17

FIFTH CLASS.

Raccoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr., slp., B.Y.C.	11.07	1 48 42	1 23 29
Scup, U. S. Fish Com., Woods Holl, cat	14.00	2 03 15	1 42 39
Transit, Shearer, Quissett	13.00	2 14 00	1 51 40
Mory E., H. S. Crowell, Woods Holl	12.10	Not timed.	
No Name	14.00	Not timed.	
P D Q, R. W. Emmons, B. Y. C.	12.00	Capsized.	

SPRITSAILS.

Emma, Ferris	13.00	2 05 04	1 42 45
Sallie	14.00	2 09 10	1 48 34
No Name, Grinnell	13.00	2 09 25	1 47 05
No Name	13.00	2 19 25	1 48 05
Sprit	13.06	2 13 05	1 51 38
Rival	12.00	2 15 30	1 51 14
No Name, B. B Gifford	13.00	2 20 30	1 58 10
No Mame, Ed Swift	12.00	Not timed.	
No Name, P. Donelly	12.00	Not timed.	

Winners—Class 2 cats, Kalama first, Myrtle second, Anonyma third; Class 2 sloops, Squeteague first, Susan second, Mascot third; Class 3, cats, Scintilla first; Class 4, sloops, Ethel first, Dawdle second, Markatta third; Class 5, cats. Grilse first; Class 5, Raccoon first, Scup second, Transit third; Spritsails, Emma first, Grinnell second, Nickerson third.

The 214th regatta, third open sweepstakes, was sailed at West Falmouth, Aug. 25. The day opened with a very heavy sea, a strong three-reef breeze and a dense fog; it cleared up hefore the start, but greatly diminished the number of entries, all the light weather hoats, such as Ethel, Venture, etc., keeping out. The fog prevented the placing of the markboats early in the morning, and later the heavy sea made it stiff work for the small steamer to tow them out, the sea hreaking over her and filling the boats, consequently the start was delayed one hour. The course was five and one-half miles to windward and return for second class, three miles to windward and back for other classes. The sea was so heavy that the judges' hoat, a very large catboat, shipped a sea and soaked every one on board just as the fourth class came home. Susan had a walkover and withdrew. Gymnote seemed again in her old form aud sailed a great race. It was much to be regretted that Grilse was not on hand; it was due to a misunderstanding of orders that she did not appear, though her crew was there, a much disgusted set of men. It would have been interesting to see her performance in a sea such as no Dyer hoat has yet met; those who have sailed on her believe she would have won handily, while others think she would have been drowned out. Three hoats lost men overboard but picked them up unharmed.

SECOND CLASS—CATS.

Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	23.08	1 21 37	2 06 51
Linotte, W. P. Wilson, B. Y. C.	23.02	1 23 57	2 08 32
Bernice, T. G. Young, Jr., B Y. C.	23.05	1 24 45	2 09 40
Kalama. Chas. Bsewer, B Y. C.	23.07	1 24 49	2 09 57
Ulula, W. H. Winship, B. Y. C.	22.04	1 25 11	2 08 38
Auonyma, F. L Dabney, B. Y. C.	23.08	1 27 20	2 12 34

SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS.

Susan, J. R. Russell, B. Y. C.	20.02	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS—CATS.

Nobska,-A. A. Beebe, B. Y. C.	19.06	1 12 13	1 00 49
Scintilla, G. S. Fiske, B. Y C.	20.00	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

Kitten, C. H. Jones, B. Y. C.	16.03	1 15 01	1 00 16
Turkey, C. S. Dennison, B. Y. C.	16.08	1 15 12	1 00 56
Dolly, F. W. Donner, B. Y. C.	16.02	1 16 11	1 01 20
Fin, H. Stockton, B. Y. C.	16.02	1 18 00	1 03 09
Torfrida, H. S. Carruth, B. Y. C.	16.06	1 18 29	1 04 01
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy, B. Y. C.	16.03	1 20 22	1 05 37
Cygnet, E. Y. Fenno, B. Y. C.	16.10	1 23 49	1 09 49
Dodo, H. Parker, B. Y. C.	16.06	1 29 34	1 15 06
Angora, J. S. Ludlam, B. Y. C.	16.11	*Withdrew.	

Winners: class 2, cats: 1st Gymnote, 2d Linotte, 3d, Ulula; class 3: 1st Nobska; class 4: 1st Dawdle, 2d Cygnet: class 5: 1st Kitten, 2d Turkey, 3d, Dolly. Judges, W. Lloyd Jeffries, J. G. Palfrey, N. H. Emmons.

Indian Harbor Y. C. Regatta.

GREENWICH, CONN.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. on Aug. 25 was sailed in a good S.W. wind over the regular cluh courses hetween Captain's Island, Matinnicock and Oyster Bay, one feature of the day being the presence of ladies aboard the racing craft. The times were as follows, after a close and interesting race:

40FT. CLASS—SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Banshee, Henry Doscher	3 18 00	5 16 58	1 58 53
Crocodile, Wm. Osborne	3 14 40	5 15 20	2 00 40
Mistral, C. T. Wills	3 18 00	5 22 00	2 04 00

MIXED RIG CLASS—UNDER 30FT.

Sirene, Rich. Outwater	3 18 15	4 45 36	1 27 21
Fanny, Frank Burritt	3 21 24	4 50 12	1 28 48
Wabneta, H. E. Doremus	3 23 00	4 57 25	1 34 25
Gee Whiz, C. J. Field	3 19 05	5 07 45	1 48 40

21-FOOTERS.

Maysie, Wm. Osborne	12 49 00	3 32 14	2 43 14
Blonde and Brunette, H. B. Seeley	12 49 00	3 44 38	2 55 38

NAPHTHA LAUNCHES.

Crescent, Dr. V. Mott	5 41 32	6 24 22	0 42 51
Sallie, Howard Tingue	5 40 43	6 26 00	0 45 17
Florence, L. Jackson	5 41 50	6 35 21	0 53 21
But, G. W. Pfeiffer	5 41 57	6 33 25	0 51 28
Helen, H. L. Pluce	Did not finish.		

The winners were Crocodile, Sirene, Maysie and Crescent.

Larchmont Y. C. Fall Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Larchmont Y. C. as usual mustered a good fleet for its annual fall regatta, being the only New York club which can call out the larger yachts for more than one regatta in a season. The absence of Ariel, she being on the ways at Greenport for painting and unable to get to Larchmont in time, spoiled the race in her class, as Emerald would not start without a competitor. Loyal, in the smaller class, was in the same fix, the only schooners starting being Shamrock and Elsiemarie. A light air in the morning game way to a moderate S.E. breeze at noon, which shifted later to S.W. and settled there, making a typical Larchmont race, the regular courses being sailed. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—CLASS C—27 NAUTICAL MILES.				
Shamrock	12 15 00	5 31 30	5 16 30	5 14 42
Elsiemarie	12 15 00	5 32 45	5 17 45	5 17 45
CUTTERS—CLASS 5—20 NAUTICAL MILES.				
Wasp	12 25 48	4 14 49	3 49 01	3 49 01
Gloriana	12 33 50	4 25 00	3 51 10	3 50 59
CUTTERS—CLASS 6—20 NAUTICAL MILES.				
Minerva	12 30 05	4 44 00	4 13 55	4 13 55
Banshee	12 27 21	4 57 20	4 29 59	4 26 58
CUTTERS—CLASS 7—20 NAUTICAL MILES.				
Kathleen	12 28 50	5 17 20	4 48 30	4 44 40
Eurybia	12 29 15	5 29 57	5 00 42	5 00 42
CUTTERS—CLASS 8—20 NAUTICAL MILES.				
Marjorie	12 27 49	5 45 00	5 17 11	5 17 11
Conquiesco	12 30 36	6 07 00	5 36 24	5 28 27
CUTTERS AND YAWLS—CLASS 9—13 NAUTICAL MILES.				
Louise	12 27 37	3 49 45	3 22 08	3 22 08
Gavilan	12 31 04	3 35 10	3 04 06	3 04 06
Madrine	12 34 21	3 38 27	3 04 06	2 59 59
Audax	12 32 02	3 38 08	3 06 06	3 04 12
Pyxie	12 33 37	3 36 40	3 03 03	2 56 32
SLOOPS, CLASS 10—13 NAUTICAL MILES.				
Gee Whiz	12 25 55	4 02 20	3 36 25	3 24 50
Wahneta	12 28 44	3 48 45	3 20 01	3 20 01
Wave	12 25 28	3 45 33	3 20 05	3 07 06
Agawam	12 28 33	3 52 01	3 23 28	Not meas.
Moses	12 30 47	Did not finish.		
CABIN CATS, CLASS 11—13 NAUTICAL MILES.				
Almira	12 34 42	2 28 30	2 53 48	2 53 21
Onaway	12 34 58	3 33 23	2 58 25	2 54 33
Mary	12 35 00	Disabled.		
Keora	12 34 30	3 53 15	3 18 45	Not meas.
Kittie	12 34 05	3 34 14	3 00 09	2 53 46
OPEN CATS, CLASS 14—10 NAUTICAL MILES.				
Fairy	12 35 00	2 50 02	2 15 02	2 15 02
Violet	12 34 43	2 59 30	2 24 47	2 21 58
Punch	12 34 42	2 51 21	2 16 39	2 13 50
OPEN CATS, CLASS 15—10 NAUTICAL MILES				
Kismet	12 35 00	3 00 38	2 25 38	Disabled.
Zelica	12 35 00	3 07 15	2 35 15	2 32 02
Terrapin	12 35 00	3 08 43	2 33 43	2 31 46
It	12 35 00	Withdrew.		

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
SPECIAL 21FT. CLASS—13 NATUICAL MILES.			
Vaquero	12 42 00	3 29 02	2 47 02
Hoodoo	12 42 00	3 41 36	2 59 36
Dorothy	12 42 00	3 43 00	3 01 09
Maysie	12 42 00	3 41 45	2 59 45
Adelaide	12 42 00	3 29 51	2 47 51
Celia	12 42 00	3 41 04	2 59 04
Houri	12 42 00	Disqualified.	
Minnetonka	12 42 00	Disabled.	
Blonde and Brunette	12 42 00	Disqualified.	

Houri took the ground so hard that she only got off through the friendly offices of a steam launch, thus being disqualified. Minnetonka parted her bobstay and lost her bowsprit after turning Matinnicock, and withdrew. Blonde and Brunette fouled Maysie and was disqualified. The winners were: Shamrock, Wasp, Minerva, Kathleen, Marjorie, Pyxie, Wave, Almira, Punch, Terrapin and Vaquero. Mary broke the gaff fitting on her mast hoist and withdrew. Kismet was disqualified for carrying a professional. On Sept. 15 a special race will be sailed between Shamrock and Elsiemarie, and another between Queen Mab and Wasp.

Quincy Y. C. Annual Regatta.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE annual open race of the Quincy Y. C., sailed on Aug. 25, was marked by two incidents, the sinking of the sloop Mudjekeewis through striking a rock, and the victory of the new Hanley boat Cleopatra, late El Paso, in her first meeting with the Boston boats. The day was clear, with a fresh S.W. wind, there was a large fleet of starters and a very good race. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	26.03	2 06 42	1 35 57
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw	24.08	2 20 30	1 48 04
Gretchen, J. A. Tewksbury	26.03	2 24 17	1 53 32
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	Withdrew.		
Amorita, W. F. Blake	Withdrew.		
Mudjekeewis, A. J. Davis	Withdrew.		
SECOND CLASS.			
Gipsy, H. R. Drinkwater	23.02	2 11 41	1 37 30
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	21.08	2 15 51	1 39 46
Myrtle, H. F. Burkhardt	21.03	2 19 58	1 43 19
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	22.08	2 18 38	1 43 50
Ida J., C. C. Collins	23.00	2 24 13	1 49 50
Dorothy, Blanchard & Lanning	Withdrew.		
Georgie, A. Rothe	Withdrew.		
THIRD CLASS.			
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.09	1 29 17	0 58 38
Diadem, L. M. Hayward	18.02	1 29 08	1 00 14
Cuttysark	Withdrew.		
Cupid	Withdrew.		
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Spinster, L. M. Clark		1 24 11	0 58 18
Nike, T. E. Jacobs		1 26 22	1 00 28
Hullo, F. J. Robbins		1 26 41	1 00 48
Santa Maria, J. J. Souther		1 26 56	1 01 03
FIFTH CLASS.			
Cleopatra, C. C. Hanley	20.04	1 15 00	0 48 28
Magpie, H. G. Otis	19.08	1 23 42	0 56 29
Qpechee, W. P. Barker	19.07	1 24 39	0 57 20
Arah, W. F. Scott	19.01	1 25 14	0 57 23
Niobe, J. F. Schenkelbern	19.08	1 29 40	1 02 27
Dorothy, F. F. Crane	19.08	1 35 20	1 08 07
Smoke, F. B. Rice	Withdrew.		
Joker, B. Putnam	Withdrew.		
SIXTH CLASS.			
Duck, C. H. Hodges	17.09	1 22 21	0 52 57
Primrose, H. M. Faxon	16.05	1 26 59	0 55 54
Dux, C. F. Colby	16.00	1 30 58	0 59 18
Cadet, C. L. Smith	16.08	1 33 04	1 02 19
Imp, L. A. Horton	16.01	1 36 05	1 04 18
Mirage, C. Schindler	17.05	1 34 10	1 04 22
Gwendolin, C. P. Woodbury	17.07	1 39 29	1 09 54
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.09	Withdrew.	
Mab, J. W. Sanborn	15.11	Withdrew.	
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	22.03	2 08 39	1 43 55
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	21.09	2 14 51	1 49 40
Vanessa, H. Bigelow	Withdrew.		

The winners were: First class, Beatrice $15, Moondyne $10; second class, Gipsy $15, Good Luck $10; third class, Alpine $15, Diadem $10; fourth class, Spinster $15, Nike $10; fourth class, Spinster $15, Nike 10; fifth class, Cleopatra $15, Magpie $10; sixth class, Duck $15, Primrose $10.

Bay Head Y. C. Third Club Race.

BAY HEAD—BARNEGAT BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE third and last club race of the Bay Head Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 25 over a 15-mile course in a strong south wind. The club has had a most successful season. The times were;

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lilia, J. M. Dickinson	21.06	2 58 45	2 04 27
Vixen, W. Ernst	22.03	3 00 51	2 07 51
Gertie, F. H. Booth	20.10	3 06 56	2 11 06
Playmate, C. D. Cooke	20.09	Did not finish.	
Iris, Henry Cape	20.08	Scratched.	
Olympia, H. Binney	22.10	2 59 11	2 07 19

Judges—Jas. F. Dale and E. F. Wilmerding. Regatta Committee—J. M. Dickinson, J. C. Egbert and W. M. McCawley, chairman.

Vigilant and Satanita.

THE withdrawal of Britannia in consequence of the loss of her mate and steward by drowning, left only Satanita to meet Vigilant in the final matches of the season, the Royal Dart Y. C., on Aug. 31 and the Start Bay regatta, on Sept 1, both sailed off Dartmouth. The course for the former was a triangle of 10 miles, four rounds to be sailed; all open water. The day was hot and hazy, with a very light easterly wind at the start, 10:30. Satanita crossed first, but with Vigilant to windward, the latter soon running ahead and having a lead of 2m. 3s. when she turned the first mark at 11:04.

The next leg was to windward, against the tide, and though the speed was slow, Vigilant still gained, the times at the Eastern Mark being:

Vigilant.....12 00 04 Satanita.....12 11 55

They headed for the line with a light breeze over the starboard quarter, and were timed at the end of the first round:

Vigilant.....12 28 40 Satanita.....12 43 40

On the reach to the Skerrles. Vigilant still gained, the times being:

Vigilant.....12 55 00 Satanita..... 1 11 40

Thus far they had made about 5 miles per hour, but now the wind fell even lighter, the two drifting for hours in the attempt to cover 3 miles to the next mark, Vigilant finally turning it at 5:55. The match for the 40-rating class was ended by the sailing committee at the end of the second round, but the race for the two large yachts was declared off, not having been finished within a time limit of 8 hours. No notice of this was sent to either yacht by the committee, and it was not until Vigilant's steam tender Pelican hunted her up at 8 P. M. that the decision was known. The Pelican was sent from Vigilant to notify Satanita, and finally towed both yachts in.

From all reports, the action of the sailing committee of the Royal Dart Y. C., in declaring the race off under a time limit clause is most unfair; this restriction, if it exists at all, being a dead letter; and the committee, in the case of the 40-raters, having exercised its privilege of ending the race at the conclusion of the round. The action has been generally condemned by the English papers, the *Pall Mall Gazette* saying: "The Dartmouth Sailing Committee treated Mr. Gould very badly in view of the leniency with which offences against the rules of the Royal Yachting Association have been treated throughout the season. It is a great pity, and Mr. Gould now has a real and tangible grievance. We do not remember any previous occasion upon which the clause has been enforced that unless completed within eight hours a race shall be void."

Harry Horn cables to the Boston *Herald:* "No such conduct has ever been known on this side, and it is the most maladroit piece of work yet done in the Kingdom. It certainly puts the club in an unenviable position. The weak-kneed action of the committee is condemned by every one. The result is sure to affect the future regattas of this club, especially as the prizes were allowed to the 40-rators, Carina and Corsair, which sailed over the same course and under the same conditions. The Royal Dartmouth Club some years ago was guilty of left-handed conduct to the Prince of Wales when he sailed the Formosa there. The committee are always getting into some muddle. The decision is very unjust, for the Vigilant was honestly entitled to the prize."

The Start Bay regatta, on Saturday, was sailed under similar weather conditions in all respects, but the course was different, the triangle being 14 miles round, sailed three times or 42 miles naut. They started at 10:30 in a very light air from north of east, Vigilant being 2m. ahead at the end of the first leg, 5 miles. For a time they were lost in a haze, being invisible at the second mark; but the round ended:

Satanita.....12 35 08 Vigilant.....12 35 49

They started the second round nearly even, but at the mark Vigilant again led:

Vigilant..... 1 17 23 Satanita..... 1 20 27

Again they disappeared in the haze, and when once more in sight, over an hour later, Vigilant had rounded the mark, but Satanita was making her way in, having given up. Vigilant ran up until near the line and was then becalmed and unable to finish. The sailing committee obligingly shifted the line, and finally Vigilant managed to work across, being declared the winner at the end of the second round.

Lieut. William Henn, R. N.

A cable message from London on Sept. 1, brought the news of the sudden death of Lieut. Henn, the best known and most popular British yachtsman who has ever visited America. As usual, he and Mrs. Henn have spent the summer aboard of Galatea on the South coast, and he was lately taken ill at Dartmouth. He was taken to his Irish home, at Kildysart, where he died shortly after his arrival. Lieut. Henn and his cutter Galatea were the subjects of the two supplement plates of the *Yachting World* of Aug. 17, accompanied by the following account of his life:

"Lieut William Henn, R.N., was the eldest son of Mr. T. Rice Henn, D. L., and Recorder of Galway, of Paradise Hill, on the estuary of the Shannon. Born in 1847, he entered the navy in 1860 as a naval cadet in Trafalgar. The crack steam frigate Galatea had him as a midshipman from 1862 until 1866 on the North American and West India station, and during the American civil war. He was present at the bombardment and capture of the forts at Cape Haytien, and at Jamaica during the negro insurrection in 1865. He afterward served in various ships in the East Indies and on the coasts of Africa, Arahia, and Madagascar, taking part in the Abyssinian war. Lieut. Henn acted as transport pilot in the Red Sea, and while cruising in command of ships' boats, captured and destroyed many Arab slave dhows, for which service he was especially mentioned in despatches. In 1872 he was selected from many volunteers, and went to Africa as second in command of an expedition organized by the Royal Geographical Society for the search and relief of Dr. Livingstone.

"In 1870 he built his first yacht, an open lugger-rigged whalehoat, which he sailed from Plymouth to the Shannon (round Cape Clear), and in her made several voyages round the coast of Ireland. In 1874 he was by his own request placed on the retired list of his rank in the navy, and that year purchased the 31-ton cutter Minnie, built by Ratsey. For two years and a half this little vessel was his home; in her he sailed nearly 15,000 miles, including a winter voyage to the Mediterranean, where in 1877 she won for him the Grand Prix at the International Regatta, Cannes (the forerunner of the French Mediterranean regattas).

"In 1877 he bought the 80-ton yawl Gertrude, built by Alfred Payne. His wife is as much a sailor as himself, and for seven years they lived on board, being continuously in commission except when the yacht was undergoing repairs. In that time they covered upwards of 40,000 miles, always wintering up the 'Straits,' and sojourning in home waters during the summer.

"At the first Nice international regatta in 1879 Gertrude secured the 'Grand Prix,' and the following day the Prince of Monaco's cup. Subsequently she again carried off the 'Grand Prix' at Nice and 'Prix de Monte Carlo,' besides others at Cannes, Mentone, Genoa, Ajaccio, Oran, and several ocean matches at home and abroad.

"For years he had wished to test the English type of racing yacht against the American, and in 1884 decided to challenge for America's Cup. He gave an order to Mr. Beavor Webb to design a 90-ton racing cutter expressly for that purpose, and the challenge was sent to the New York Yacht Club before the yacht Galatea was launched. Sir Richard Sutton, at the same time determined to challenge with Genesta, and the joint challenge was promptly accepted by the New York Yacht Club, and for Galatea they agreed to waive the six months' notice required by the deed of gift. Galatea was constructed throughout of Siemens-Martin steel by Messrs. Reid of Port Glasgow, and was the last of the big cutters built under the 1730 rule. Her principal dimensions were: Length, L. W. L., 87ft., length over all, 102 ft. 7in., beam, 15ft., draught, 14ft., hallast (lead keel), 81 tons; sail area, Y. R. A., 8,230 sq. ft.

"Owing to defective casting of lead keel she did not stand up to her canvas as well as was anticipated. She was also very unlucky, experiencing many accidents including breaking her mast in three pieces during the Royal Ulster regatta. These mishaps prevented her from crossing the ocean with Genesta; but the following year, having been altered and improved, she sailed for America with her owner and his wife on board, making a summer passage (under her ordinary trysail) of thirty days to Marblehead, touching en route at the Azores. She was beaten for the cup by the Mayflower, an 86ft., Burgess sloop, an enlarged Puritan, but the contests took place in light weather, which did not admit of either vessel attaining a high speed.

"Soon after Galatea arrived in New York, before racing for America's cup, Lieut. Henn issued a challenge to any single-masted American yacht to sail a match against Galatea from Sandy Hook lightship to and around the islands of Bermuda and back, about 1500 miles. He left the challenge open for a month, but it was not accepted. She sailed home the end of October, 1887, under her ordinary storm sails, and, in spite of a week's head winds and a heavy easterly gale which compelled her to heave to for 19 hours, made the passage from Sandy Hook to Roche's Point in 17 days, 17 hours. Her best day's run was 257 miles. She also stopped for some hours fishing on the banks of Newfoundland. Mrs. Henn, who is an excellent navigator, accompanied her husband in both trips across the ocean, and is the first lady that crossed the Atlantic in a racing yacht. She also made a cruise of 1,000 miles with him round the reefs and keys of Florida and the Gulf of Mexico in a 28ft. center-board skip jack, when the party narrowly escaped with their lives at Jupiter Inlet.

"Lieut. Henn was on the Council of the Y. R. A., and was a member of the following yacht clubs: Royal Cork, Royal Northern, Royal Alfred, Royal Clyde, Mudhook, Royal Thames, Royal Torbay, Star Bay, and Nice; and honorary member of the New York Yacht Club, Eastern of America, Corinthian of New York, Corinthian of Marblehead, Biscayne Bay (Fla.), and Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

"Lieut. and Mrs. Henn used Galatea for a home, and kept her afloat all the year round. The Lieutenant always navigated and commanded his own ship, was a J. P for Clare, and in 1886 refused the office of High Sheriff for that county."

Current Criticism.

THE withdrawal of the Britannia and the cancellation of all her engagements by the Prince of Wales indicates one of two things—either he has had enough of such close racing as the Vigilant has given him, or he feels that in the drowning of Mate Simons the Britannia has lost her mascot. Sailors, not excepting princes, are superstitious to the verge of fatalism. The Prince knows as well as Capt. Carter how far the genius of such an accomplished yachtsman as Mate Simons weighed in all the tricks and devices that have been so prodigally employed on board the Britannia this season. It is hardly probably that the Prince would needlessly inflict so keen a disappointment upon the public, did there not exist some very good reason for his imperative action. That there is something more in it than sympathy for his drowned sailors needs not the saying. It is to be doubted even if the Prince will sail the Britannia for the Cape May cup. He will, in all probability, adhere to his determination of absolute withdrawal, and allow Mr. Gould to sail the Vigilant over the course alone and take the cup home. There will be no unpleasant onus of defeat in such a course, and after his numerous victories the Prince can well afford to be generous.—*Mail and Express.*

The Prince of Wales has withdrawn his yacht Britannia from all the races yet to be sailed this season, and the boat is to be laid up for the winter.

No other boat can be substituted for the Britannia as the defender of the Cup without the consent of the New York Y. C., and it is not likely that will be given in the absence of any good reason for Britannia's default. It is said the Prince's determination to withdraw from the regattas is due to the accident on Saturday last, by which the chief officer and steward of Britannia lost their lives. But this is scarcely a satisfactory reason for the cancelling of the Cape May cup race.

There are those who believe that Albert Edward is unwilling to risk the loss of the honors he has already won, and is afraid of Vigilant in the challenge race. But Mr. Gould declares his intention to insist on the contest, and claims that if Britannia does not sail against Vigilant she must give up the cup.

Mr. Gould will bring his yacht home with a fairly good record at all.—*New York World.*

The American press has been very wrath about the jockeying it is alleged the Vigilant has undergone over here at the hands of Britannia. The New York FOREST AND STREAM has very kindly phonographed all the wild shrieks of the alarmed American Eagle, but as far as we can understand them, nothing more than fair play is required for Vigilant, which means that she must not be covered in running down the wind, she must not be luffed if she is trying for a passage to windward, and she must not be weather bowed. All these practices are said to be the meanest kind of jockeying, and what the Americans want is to see a sailing match rendered as uninteresting and purposeless as a steam yacht race, mainly because under such conditions, Vigilant may oftener sail home to the winning line ahead of England's champion, Britannia. It should, however, be noted that Vigilant herself has made several feeble attempts at this contemned jockeying, and no one has complained about it on this side of the water. The only way to meet the wishes of the Americans would be to sail a match something like the experimental squadron sailed half a century ago, each going off on opposite tacks of an hour duration, for half a dozen hours or so—but even then, if there should be a run home, there might be some blanketing. We do not think anyone one this side of the water connected with Vigilant has complained of the "jockeying," and we think her friends at home have made a demand on our politeness, in giving Vigilant at all times the right of way, which cannot be conceded.—*The Field.*

An impression appears to have been created that Vigilant was run on to the outlying portion of the Needles Chalk Rocks to avoid a match with Britannia over a dead to windward course. Coloring was given to these surmises by the rather hasty withdrawal of the cup and its subsequent presentation to the Royal Dorset Yacht Club; then there was the fact that the owner of the Vigilant at first declined a dead to windward match, and at last only reluctantly agreed to sail it. Beyond this, Vigilant started to sail to the rendezvous in a rather dilatory fashion sometime after Britannia had started in tow, and the owner's yacht Atalanta steamed away for Southampton Water. It was undoubtedly unreasonable to conclude from these incidents that the Vigilant was purposely sailed over the rocks, and Mr. Gould has been made the victim of an unfortunate combination of circumstances. Atalanta had merely gone up to Netley to take aboard some officers of the American warship Chicago, and it was pre-arranged that she should take Vigilant in tow on her return. She caught her up off Lymington, but, as there was then a grand sailing breeze, it was thought time would be saved by Vigilant proceeding under sail, instead of losing minutes getting the towing line on board. The reported loss of the centre plate, and subsequent finding it jammed in the case, was made a great deal of, and no doubt it was somewhat stupid not to have known at once what had happened to the plate. It would be useless to attempt to disguise the fact that the manner Vigilant has been managed in this country has created, rightly or wrongly, an unfavorable impression. There was great delay in getting her officially measured, although her spars and ballasting were continually being altered, and there were all sorts of rumors as to the object of her steam tender going alongside every morning before a race. Of course a great deal of the talk was mere gossip, yet it cannot be denied that the gossips had some grounds for their circumstantial stories—.*The Field.*

The Jockeying of Vigilant.

THE Glasgow correspondent of the Boston *Globe* has show so strongly his partiality for Vigilant in her British races that his story of the much discussed "jockeying" by Britannia must be accepted as at least perfectly fair to the American boat. According to the following account it was the luffing of Vigilant which gave Satanita the prize, the object of the American yacht being to prevent Britannia from winning:

"The three cutters crossed the line together, with Vigilant sandwiched between Britannia and Satanita. It will interest your readers to know that it is confessed the crew of Vigilant, after their drilling by Britannia, started Vigilant alongside Britannia

"The match had no sooner started than Vigilant, under the lee of Britannia, luffed her up, and being under her lee bow, that cutter was in the position of overtaking yacht. This meant, by the Racing Association rules, that if Britannia touched a loose ropeyarn aboard Vigilant, Britannia was out of the race.

"Capt. Carter being in the overtaking vessel took care not to touch any flying ropeyarns, and while doing so found himself across the Solent at Southsea instead of on his way to the lee mark. This suited the Southampton cutter, Satanita, perfectly, and with spinaker set she ran off with a lead which landed her the prize. Satanita near the finish had the other two closing up, but not enough to be dangerous.

"Britannia finding Vigilant beyond the reach of a weather bower, and on the verge of doing what she has done before, sailing round Britannia, as soon as her bowsprit was clear of Vigilant's stern, bore up, and with spinaker set ran for the mark, to find Vigilant just one minute astern."

Canarsie Y. C. Corinthian Regatta.

THE Corinthian regatta of the Canarsie, after being once postponed, was sailed on Aug. 25, the course being 10 miles. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A.				
Welfare	2 51 30	5 02 45	2 11 15	2 11 15
Lona	2 50 35	5 05 25	2 09 50	2 07 29
Defiance	2 50 30	5 19 27	2 28 57	2 22 13
Iona	2 50 00	Withdrew.		
CLASS B.				
Caddie	2 47 58	4 49 20	2 01 22	1 58
Janet	2 45 30	4 48 05	2 02 35	2 01
Siren	2 48 00	4 55 30	2 07 30	2 04
Canarsie	2 52 33	4 54 59	2 02 26	2
CLASS C.				
Meteor	2 55 50	Withdrew.		
Flirt	2 56 20	Withdrew.		
Ideal	2 56 30	4 55 55	1 59 25	1 59 25
CLASS D.				
Ripple	2 55 34	Withdrew.		
Pepita	2 55 52	Withdrew.		
Strike	2 55 30	Withdrew.		
Anita	2 56 18	5 13 40	2 17 22	2 15 01

Meteor broke the jaws of her gaff, and Pepita capsized as she was making the last turn.

The Cape May Cup

AS EVENTS have shown, the much talked of "cowardly backdown" of Britannia has only kept her out of two drifting matches, the final races of the season, as her owner has accepted Vigilant's challenge for the Cape May cup. The race is set for Wednesday, Sept. 5, and if Vigilant's sails are all right and her headstays stretched, and nothing goes wrong with her centerboard, it will probably be sailed on that date. The course is from off Alum Bay pier, Isle of Wight, out of the Needles passage to the western end of the Cherbourg Breakwater; thence to Cherbourg Roads out of the eastern end of the Breakwater, and back through the Needles channel to the starting line, a total distance of about 122 miles.

The start will be made at 8 A. M. and it is reported that it will be a time start, with an interval to cross in. instead of the regular one gun start. Vigilant reached Cowes on the afternoon of Sept. 3 after a hard passage from Dartmouth, being obliged to put into Portland Roads. The wind on Tuesday promised a good race, with a reach both ways.

As we go to press, after the above was in type, the *Evening Sun* publishes the following dispatch:

COWES, Sept. 4.—The Vigilant has met with another mishap, which may possibly prevent her starting in to-morrow's race with the Britannia for the Cape May cup.

On her passage from Portland to this place yesterday she reached a point inside the Needles, near Hathergood Point, at 1 o'clock.

A sudden shock was felt, indicating that she had struck a rock or some other obstruction, and it was found that she had lost her center board.

Howard Gould and Mr. Boyd, who were sitting at luncheon had a narrow escape from serious injury.

As the boat struck, the crank flew from the centerboard winch and struck the corner of the table at which they were sitting with such force as to break off a large piece of the top. The cogs were torn from the windlas and the entire centerboard apparatus was generally disarranged.

Capt. Haff is not certain that the boat struck, though he is not prepared to say that she did not.

He thinks it possible to have the boat repaired in time to start in the race.

If not he says he will race without the board.

Examination shows that the casting broke, throwing all of the weight of the board upon the chain.

Neither of the Goulds will be on board the Vigilant to-morrow, nor will the steam yacht Atalanta accompany the Vigilant, on account of a death in the family of the Messrs. Gould's mother.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The third of the series of races for the silver tea service offered by the boat owners of Master's boat house was sailed Saturday, Aug. 25 in a strong S.W. breeze. Two 16ft. catboats competed. George Gardener's Syb and Why Not, owned by George Masters.

The course was from the red buoy off Bridgeport Light to a stakeboat anchored about a mile and a half off Black Rock light, twice around, making a distance of 14 miles.

Syb's sails set badly, and she was handled in a very poor manner, reaching too far too far to windward on the last round. Why Not won by 9.45.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Syb	3 03 27	5 12 22	2 08 55
Why Not	3 03 46	5 02 50	1 59 10

Judges, J. G. Pepper, A. S. Meloy.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

3-5. Passaic River Meet.
5. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.
15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Delaware River.

A Win for Mr. Howard.

A MATCH was sailed between the canoe Spruce (Mr. J. A. Brand) and the American canoe Yankee (Mr. W. Willard Howard) on Aug. 17, off Salcombe, the course being from the yacht Tina to a flagboat moored up the South Pool Creek, thence to the second quarantine buoy in the Widegates, and thence around the Tina, four times round, leaving all marks to port, 9 miles.

The wind was very light and fluky, and the canoes started at 3 P. M. Just before the first gun Spruce shoved off from the Tina, and, as the flood tide was making she dropped to leeward fast, not having sufficient wind to stem the stream. This was an unfortunate beginning, because Yankee, launching from Mill Bay at about the same time, but further to windward, had just enough ground to travel to drift over the starting line 1m. 32s after the second gun had gone. Spruce could not get over until 12m. 25s. had elapsed, by which time Yankee had picked up a following air, and disappeared up South Pool, thus obtaining a commanding lead, which she kept through the first round. The second round was uneventful, but at the conclusion of the third things became exciting. Spruce brought a breeze down on Yankee and looked like forging ahead for the first period during the race, but Yankee, catching a light puff, drew away and cleverly sidled across the bows of Tina and got away 13m. 31s. to the good on the last lap, and a tedious race finished at:

Yankee (winner).....6 58 26 Spruce.....7 08 22

—*The Field.*

[As stated last week, Spruce is a canoe-yawl of 5ft. 6in. beam, and the race, even if other than a fluke, would prove nothing one way or the other.]

Wawbewawa War Canoe Association.

THE Wawbewawa War Canoe Association has already established a reputation in canoeing circles about Boston, and it seems destined to soon become one of the leading canoe clubs of New England. Starting July last with but nine members, it now has a membership of nearly forty canoeists, all of whom are active paddlers, and much interested in the American Canoe Association.

On Saturday, Aug. 25, the Waltham C. C., of Waltham, Mass., held its annual regatta on the Charles River, in the presence of about 3,000 spectators, and it was here that the Wawbewawas made their enviable record. They succeeded in winning first place in the war canoe, double blade decked canoe, single blade tandem canoe and tournament events, besides making the second place in several other races. There were twenty-one fine silver cups offered for first prizes, and the Wawbewawa boys captured fourteen of these as well as seven of the second prizes. The war canoe race proved to be the most interesting, as events of this kind have never been seen in the vicinity of Boston. The race was well contested from start to finish over a mile straightaway course. The Waltham, Arlington and Wawbewawa crews were all entered, and the latter crew again showed the results of careful training under the efficient command of Capt. Louis S. Drake by winning the race with several lengths to spare. The names and positions of the crew are as follows: F. J. Burrage stroke, Wellington Wells No 2, R. D. Smith 3, M. X. Colon 4, J. W. Brown 5, C. R. Robertson 6, F. C. Perry 7, W. L. Perry 8, L. S. Lrake, Capt., 9.

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: Marshal L. Bacon, Tarrytown, N. Y.

"Valley, Plain and Peak."

THIS is the title of a little gem of a brochure recently issued by the Great Northern Railway Company, which is as unique in its design as it is delightful in its presentation. The letter press is concise and the embellishment profuse and charming. Step by step it carries the reader along its entire route from Buffalo to the Pacific by stages rapid and engaging, pointing out by full page cuts and tinted vignettes each salient feature of landscape and economic industry, *en passant*, until he presently forgets that he is not an actual passenger, and that it is the panorama which moves. Throughout the expansive game regions and stock ranges we have exquisite portraits of every animal listed on the sportsman's repertoire, with cowboys, Indians, dudes and summer girls thrown in; and accompanying each transition on the route is an enthusiastic quotation from pens of prominent visitors who have seen and admired the wonders and beauties of this magnificent transcontinental line. Altogether it is a beautiful conception and suggestive of rich enjoyment and blooming health filling the desires of all who love to range afield. During September there are low round-trip rates from Duluth and St. Paul to prominent hunting resorts on the route.—*Adv.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Golden Gate Rifles.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 26.—Rifle notes from the Golden Gate are written this week in a temperature that astonishes old San Franciscoans. The U. S. Weather Bureau recorded to-day 92° in the shade. This, however, did not discourage sundry lunatics from "toteing" pistol and rifle to Shell Mound for the semi-monthly all-comers' contests of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

The honors fell to-day, with pistol, to Smith Carr, and with rifle to F. O. Young.

Pistol, Blanding medal, 50yds., re-entry:

S Carr	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	8	10	10—96
	10	10	10	10	7	9	9	10	9	10—94
	9	10	10	10	9	9	9	10	10	8—94
F O Young	10	8	8	9	10	10	8	9	10	10—93
	8	10	9	8	9	10	10	9	9	9—92
Dr Rodgers	10	9	7	10	7	10	10	10	9	10—92
	8	9	8	9	9	9	10	9	9	8—88
A H Pape	9	8	10	9	10	9	8	10	10	9—92
C M Daiss	10	8	9	9	8	9	8	9	10	10—90
	9	10	9	9	8	7	8	10	8	7—85
F Poulter	8	7	8	9	8	8	8	9	6	9—80

The other competitions of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club resulted as follows:

Roos medal for all-comers, target rifle:

F O Young.....10 9 9 9 10 8 10 8 10 8—91

Dr. L Rodgers 84, A. Johnson 84, H. Hellberg 81, C. M. Daiss 81.

Glindeman medal, military rifle: F. Poulter 76, A. H. Pape 72.

The California Schuetzen Club completed their fall shoot to-day. Several of our champion shots were conspicuous by their absence. Excellent scores were made. Strecker won the king medal, 336 points in 200 shots.

Fine scores were made on the honorary target, re-entry, E. Schuster and J. Utschig each made 74 rings, L. C. Babin 73, Strecker 72, C. Heeth 70, D. McLaughlin 69, and a long string of 68s, etc.

On the man target Utschig made 19 19 20 20—78, Walden 75, A. Johnson 72, W. Glindeman 71, etc., etc.

The Germania Club and the Schuetzen Verein held monthly bullseye shoots to-day.

The militia were practicing extensively, but no phenomenal shooting was done. ROEEL.

Zettlers' Bi-Monthly.

CYPRESS HILLS PARK, Sept. 1.—The Zettler Rifle Club held its bi-monthly practice shoot in this park this morning. The scores of the man target were: R. Busse 57, L. Buss 57, F. Ross 55. L. Flach 55, M. B. Engel 53, C. G. Zettler 53.

Bullseye target, 3 shots, possible 3, 4in. center: H. Holges 1, G. Kraus 1, F. Ross 1, L. Flach 1, R. Busse 1, C. G. Zettler 1.

Ring target:

Fred Ross	23	23	23	23	22	23	20	25	24	23—229
	23	25	21	23	22	23	23	22	24	28—229
	24	20	23	22	22	23	22	22	25	24—227
Henry Holges	23	22	24	22	24	21	24	24	22	22—228
	24	21	24	22	17	23	23	20	23	21—218
	21	18	17	23	24	23	23	21	22	22—213
L Flach	23	23	22	22	24	21	24	24	21	23—227
	21	21	21	24	21	21	25	23	24	22—226
	21	22	22	21	21	19	24	24	25	21—220
R Busse	23	23	23	24	20	22	24	22	23	22—226
	21	21	22	18	23	21	24	24	23	22—220
	22	22	20	21	24	24	23	21	21	22—220
Ph Schmidt	24	25	19	24	24	20	20	19	17	23—216
	22	24	25	24	17	20	21	19	19	20—211
	19	22	20	19	20	22	20	22	20	24—218
Geb Krauss	25	25	20	22	22	22	23	20	21	20—220
	19	23	16	19	23	19	21	17	18	23—198
	16	21	20	22	17	19	19	21	25	18—198
L P Hansen	25	25	22	22	23	07	20	21	20	22—217
	21	16	23	24	22	19	19	22	21	22—213
	18	24	21	24	20	19	20	22	21	23—212
M B Engel	23	24	21	20	23	19	22	25	19	20—216
	24	22	22	20	22	20	19	16	19	22—207
	23	21	18	21	18	18	23	21	23	20—206
C G Zettler	18	23	18	24	20	23	22	20	25	22—213
	19	22	18	23	22	23	21	22	25	14—209
	21	20	24	21	22	16	17	20	25	19—206
A Wick	18	17	24	17	22	20	18	22	24	17—199
	17	24	19	14	23	25	23	18	11	23—197
	19	21	23	16	14	24	21	16	11	14—179

Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 1.—The following are the scores made by the members of the Hartford Rifle Club at their last shoot, German ring target, 200yds., off-hand:

Medal match, one entry:

H M Pope	22	22	20	21	24	25	18	25	23	22—222
D S Seymour	21	22	20	25	18	23	21	19	21	24—214
J M Foote, Jr.	20	23	24	21	23	21	18	12	22	14—198
W J Dunbar	18	20	19	17	21	18	17	24	10	15—179
J Edwards	11	20	20	18	13	14	15	19	19	13—173

Re-entry match:

Pope	24	24	18	20	18	22	22	24	23	21—216
	23	20	21	24	22	21	22	23	23	17—216
	19	25	25	24	22	22	20	23	22	18—220
Foote	23	21	19	24	17	17	18	24	94	23—210
	24	20	22	24	22	22	20	20	20	22—217
Seymour	25	22	22	19	24	22	20	20	21	18—213
	19	20	20	22	24	20	23	21	19	16—204
Dunbar	22	18	24	17	18	22	12	18	21	23—195
	20	21	19	22	34	15	19	19	25	18—202
H A Fox	22	19	20	17	18	19	19	22	19	23—198
	22	19	17	19	11	17	20	19	20	20—184
F Seaver	20	21	19	18	16	20	10	24	22	11—183
	15	21	25	18	23	21	19	13	18	23—196

Sea Girt.

SEA GIRT, N. J., Sept. 3.—The fourth annual meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association was opened this morning. Teams from the following States are in camp: Maine, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Georgia and the District of Columbia. During the past two years great improvements have been made in the ranges and the buildings located on the grounds, a fine club house being one of the special features. The accommodations for the comfort and convenience of the militia men and visitors is all that could be desired. The shooting to-day has been confined to pool and continuous matches. All of the teams have been engaged in shooting over the various ranges from 200 to 600yds., thus giving the men an opportunity to get their rifles sighted and become somewhat accustomed to the range. The morning opened dull, with heavy clouds rolling in from the east, driven by a strong northeast gale. If the weather holds fair the meeting will develop the largest attendance since the range was opened. To-morrow (Tuesday) the Interstate and Hilton trophy matches will be shot off. On Wednesday the Regimental team match (interstate) will be shot. This match is one of the most interesting features of the whole meeting to the public visitor. On Friday the President's and the Department of Rifle Practice matches will be shot. On Saturday comes the Wimbledon cup match and the wind up of continuous matches. Our next week's issue will contain a full account of the meeting.

Rochester Schuetzengilde.

THE tenth annual shooting tournament will be held at the range at Rosenbauer's, Sept. 19 and 20. National rules and regulations to govern; distance 175yds.; any rifle not over .44cal. may be used; any sight not magnifying may be used. Four standard American targets, two for off-hand shooting and two for peg-rest shooting. On large caliber off-hand targets $50 in cash guaranteed and divided into ten targets. Standard American rest target to be shot at from a peg rest, counting from 4 up to 12. The club, after deducting 33⅓% of all moneys taken in on this target, will divide the balance on the percentage plan into one prize for every other contestant. Standard American rest target, same as above with this exception, that .22cal. rifles only will be used. Prizes, three handsome solid gold badges. Standard American off-hand target for .22cal. rifles only. There will be twelve valuable merchandise prizes given on this target. But one prize given to each contestant. Twelve highest scores to take the prizes. Trains to the range every hour from Bay R.R. depot, North street. This shoot is open to all comers and all lovers of rifle shooting are cordially invited to attend.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Rifle at San Antonio.

THE following scores were made at the San Antonio range on Aug. 26: 22yds., muzzle rest, 10 shots:

E Seffel	10	11	9	12	8	7	9	10	10	10—96
E Dosch	10	9	11	10	12	8	10	9	10	10—96
G Altmann	12	10	11	7	9	10	8	9	10	10—96
A Steves	10	10	9	8	10	9	7	11	10	12—96
A Guenther	9	8	10	10	10	7	11	9	8	10—92
A Koehler	8	10	8	8	7	9	10	8	9	8—85
E Dreiss	12	8	10	9	7	6	11	10	11	9—93

Two hundred yards, off-hand, 10 shots:

E Seffel	9	8	4	10	7	9	6	5	8	9—75
E Dosch	4	5	10	3	10	4	10	5	4	5—60
G Altmann	10	9	7	8	6	9	8	7	7	8—79
A Steves	5	4	6	3	10	9	8	7	4	9—65
A Guenther	8	9	7	10	10	3	6	5	4	7—69
A Koekler	4	5	3	0	6	3	10	4	5	5—45
E Dreiss	10	10	10	6	5	4	9	3	8	7—72
Texas Field	6	9	8	7	10	7	9	8	10	7—81

O. C. G.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, N. J., Aug. 26.—The weekly gallery shoot of the Schlicht Rifle Club held at headquarters this evening, brought eleven members into competition for the class medals. The following scores were made: Medal winners. Geo. Schlicht champion medal, Jacob Diehl first class medal, Geo. Lautenberger second class medal, Chas. Meyer third class medal. Scores: Geo. Lautenberger 228, Chas. Meyer 232, Geo. Dorr 238, Jacob Schlicht 228, Wm. Schlicht 228, Fred. Lambrix 218, Geo. Richert 223, Aug. Meyer 227, Capt. J. Dedrich 230, Jacob Diehl 229, Geo. Schlicht 240.

Greenville Rifle Club.

TEN members of the Greenville Rifle Club assembled at the headquarters on Aug. 31 to participate in the weekly gallery shoot. Score:

M. Collins	237 233	C Boag	232 235
J Boag	233 235	Scheeline	230 232
Agneau	221 226	Chavant	232 ...
Graef	222 216	Reuker	196 209
Hill	217 ...	Holzappel	201 213

Excelsior Rifle Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Aug. 28.—The following appended scores were made by the members of this club in regular practice this evening on our gallery range; 10 shot scores, distance 75ft.: L. P. Hansen 245, J. Binns 241, D. Kastendiek 237, R. H. Duff 234, James Hughes 233, G. G. Williams 233, G. H. Ruhland 220, Wm. Hughes 215.

Conlin's Gallery.

MR. JAMES S. CONLIN announces that his rifle gallery in the Manhattan Athletic Club building, corner Madison avenue and Forty-fifth street, is now open for the fall and winter campaign. Mr. Conlin, by the way, has a number of ladies among the expert scorers at his range.

RIFLE NOTES.

The New York Central Corps, Capt. D. Meerse, will hold its fall outing at New London, Conn., on Sept. 9, 10 and 11.

The Richmond County Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Wm. Stahlback, will hold its fall shoot at Silver Lake, Sept. 12.

The German-American Society will hold a two days' festival in Ridgewood Park, Sept. 17 and 18.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 4-7.—NEW LONDON, Conn.—Standard Keystone Co.'s seventh annual tournament. James W. Clinton, Sec'y.

Sept. 11-13.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., second annual tournament, on the grounds of the North End Shooting Club.

Sept. 19 20.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Chattanooga Gun Club, at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sept. 20.—PENACOOK, N. H.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Penacook Gun Club.

Sept. 25-20.—Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club tournament, with Central New York League team shoot, at Rochester. J. B. Mullan, Sec'y.

Sept. 26.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, sixth tournament, at Rochester.

Oct. 3-5.—West Newburgh (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association tournament. Last day live birds. W. C. Gibbs, Sec'y.

Oct. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club, at Charleston, S. C.

Oct. 11.—LEWISTON, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Androscoggin Gun Club.

Oct. 22-24.—Emerald Gun Club tournament, at Dexter Park. Targets and live birds. Dr. G. V. Hudson, Sec'y, 9 Madison street, New York.

Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at Utica.

Oct. 25.—RICHMOND, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Richmond Gun Club.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

At New London.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Sept. 4.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The Standard Keystone tournament opened under favorable auspices. The first event on the programme had twenty-nine entries. Heikes took first money alone with 15 straight; Wheeler second with 14.

Second event, with same number of entries: Glover was first with 20 straight, John Fulford second with 19. Lovell Diamond bicycle was won by Gales with 24 out of 25; Cady, Sterry and Glover 23.

First money in fourth event went to Heikes and Tucker.

Four teams entered in special race. They were Oneida County Sportsmen's Association, New York; Boston Shooting Association, Worcester Sportsmen's Association, Connecticut State team. Race lasts four days.

Among those present are Col. Anthony, Ed. Fulford, Bartlett, Heikes, Van Dyke, Dickey, Glover, Capt. Mascroft, Brantingham, Bennett brothers, Tucker, Wheeler.

Targets are thrown fast and far, making shooting extremely difficult, especially as everything is at unknown angles. Every prospect of a most successful four days' shoot. EDWARD BANKS.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Independent Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., will hold its first annual tournament on Oct. 3 and 4, on the grounds of the Reading Shooting Association, Three Mile House, Reading, Pa. The Independents will be assisted by John Gates, James Schmeck, John Shaaber, Brooke Harrison and George G. Ritter. This tournament was originally set for Sept. 26 and 27, but owing to the shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, mentioned elsewhere, it was thought better to alter it to the dates first above mentioned. The programme for both days is identical and calls for 195 shots. Event No. 8 in each day's programme is a 25-target race for teams of three men. Targets are thrown at two cents each and purses will be divided according to the American Association rules.

The Harrisburg Shooting Association will hold a two days' tournament on Sept. 27 and 28. Live birds and targets make up the programme. Special features are two silver trophies which are offered for competition.

In FOREST AND STREAM's account of the Pennsylvania State shoot which took place at Wopsononock, Pa., a note was made of the fact that John Shaaber of Reading could roll tenpins as well as smash targets. Shaaber tied for first prize, a bedroom suit, valued at $40, in a bowling tournament which was in progress in the bowling alley at Hotel Wopsononock during the shoot. Having left Altoona prior to the decision of the tournament, he deputed Herman Smith of that city to roll off his tie, with the result that Herman won, Shaaber becoming the possessor of the bed room suit.

The Binghamton Gun Club, of Binghamton, N. Y., have issued a programme of a "shooting tournament for amateurs only." The dates chosen are Sept 11 and 12. The first day's programme calls for 140 shots and is composed of 10, 15 and 20-bird races. The second day calls for the same number of shots, but the programme includes a two-men team race at 25 targets per man and a 25-target race for an individual championship All the events are known traps, unknown angles. Shooting commences each day at 9:30 A. M.; targets are thrown at two cents each. The programme concludes with the following: "To the shooting public: This tournament is designed for amateurs only and to preserve it to that end only those receiving an invitation from the management or through some mutual friend will be allowed to participate. The one to whom this is addressed is cordially invited,"

The West End Gun Club, of Ottumwa, Ia., have issued the programme of its third annual tournament, which is to be held on Sept. 19 and 20. The club adds $25 each day in amounts of $5 to five separate events. All programme events will be shot under the Parker handicap, viz., winners of first money in any event shoot in the next event at three unknown traps, two men up; winners of second shoot at unknown angles, the balance at known angles; each man's score in the previous event decides his position in the current one. Mr. J. R. Young is secretary and treasurer of the club.

The New Ringgold Gun Club, of New Ringgold, Pa., will hold its third annual tournament on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Both live birds and targets will be used, the contestants in the live bird events being handicapped according to their previous records. The tournament is under the management of Messrs. B. F. Stamm and R. T. Clayton.

The Ganargua Valley Gun Club, of Palmyra, N. Y., will hold its first annual tournament on Sept. 11, shooting commences at 10 A. M. Eleven out of the twelve events on the programme are at unknown angles, the sixth event being shot under expert rules. Winners of first, second, third and fourth moneys will receive 100, 90, 80, and 70 per cent. of their entrance money respectively; the surpluss will be divided into four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. as usual.

The first annual tournament of the Lake City Gun Club will be held at Spring Fountain Park, Warsaw, Ind., on Sept. 12 and 13. The programme issued by the club is a varied one, live bird and target events being interspersed in both days' lists. The club adds $15 on the first day and $10 on the second, a citizens' purse of $25, at 15 targets, expert rules, being also included in the second day's programme. Special average prizes are offered by Messrs. C. W. Douglass and H. J. Mansfield. "Professionals will be barred" is a note on the front page of the programme. For further particulars apply to Joe S. Campfield, Secretary.

"Falstaff," a member of the Onondaga County Sportsman's Club, writes that "Partridge and woodcock shooting has been very successful with many of the local sportsmen. All are in a bustle now getting ready for ducks and squirrels, which will be plenty in this section."

The programme of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Chattanooga, is given in detail elsewhere. It is well worth examining.

EDWARD BANKS.

Maplewood Leads the Jersey League.

THE sixth of the series of team contests of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, held on the grounds of the Myrtle Park Gun Club at Irvington on Aug. 30, drew out only four of the seven teams comprised in the league, a large number of the members not having received any notice of the affair, and the others hearing of it only through the brief notice in FOREST AND STREAM. The Myrtle Parks, South Sides, Climax and Maplewoods materialized, the absentees being the Unions, Endeavors and Brunswicks.

Everything was in good shape so far as the paraphernalia of warfare was concerned, and the Empire targets worked as usual, which means that they worked well. In the office things were not as they should have been, there being no carbon paper, no score pads and consequently no duplicates for the use of the sportsmen's journals, and this notwithstanding the fact that it is a rule of the league that at each shoot there shall be made duplicate scores sufficient in number to furnish a full set of scores to each paper. This was done until recently, in fact, until Secretary Hobart left on his extended Western trip, since which time there has been but little system in the scoring. The manager states that all the score sheets and carbons were in the secretary's possession, but this does not excuse the officials for not having purchased enough carbon and manifold paper to carry them through. In order to get the scores of the team shoot given below we were obliged to make our own copies. In regard to scores of the sweepstakes we were told that if we would make copies without taking the original sheets from the grounds we could do so, but that they could not part with the originals. One member of the Myrtle Parks offered to half the scores if we would copy the other half, but we respectfully declined to do any yeoman's service, hence are not able to publish the sweep scores.

The shooting was of a high order, all the team totals being fair. As usual the Maplewood team pulled out in the lead, and as there is only one more shoot to take place they are morally sure of first prize and the State championship.

Brawny Asa Whitehead, he of the unfailing good nature and 250lbs. of brawn and muscle, pulled out a clean score of 25 breaks in the team shoot, and every break was a clear smash-up of the target. Lean and lank Ferd V. Van Dyke scored a clever 24, as did J. Warren Smith, "Tee Kay" Keller and big Tom Brantingham. Al. Sickley rolled out a 23 score and was happy in consequence. Billy Drake and Yeomans did not hit their accustomed pace, still they did not materially affect the team total.

The standing of the clubs and leaders for individual prizes to date is as follows:

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May.	June.	Aug.	Total.	Best four scores.
Maplewood	113	118	101	118	105	113	668	462
South Side	104	112	116	106	92	107	637	441
Union	109	111	111	102	96	...	529	435
Climax	107	107	109	106	100	109	638	432
Endeavor	86	102	92	114	87	...	481	395
Brunswick	85	98	85	96	90	...	454	369
Myrtle Park	82	81	101	88	...	91	423	362

LEADERS FOR INDIVIDUAL PRIZES.

	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May.	June.	Aug.	Total.	Best four scores.
Geoffroy	24	25	23	21	21	21	135	93
Sickley	24	24	19	25	21	23	136	96
Van Dyke	24	24	22	23	23	24	140	95
Miller	23	24	22	23	21	..	113	92
Yeomans	23	24	..	25	21	21	114	93
Drake	23	23	23	25	19	21	134	94
Brantingham	23	23	25	24	22	24	141	96
Thomas	22	23	22	21	19	21	128	88
Apgar	23	22	21	..	21	..	87	87
J L Smith	21	24	21	20	..	..	86	86
Sigler	23	22	23	21	23	..	112	91

THE TEAM CONTEST.

Maplewood Gun Club.

Van Dyke	1111111111111111111110111—24	
Sickley	1101111111111111111111101—23	
Yeomans	1101110111111111111011111—21	
Drake	1110111111111011011110111—21	
J W Smith	1111111111111111111101111—24	—113

Myrtle Park Gun Club.

E A Young	1011011111001101010111100—16	
Dr English	1110111101010000110111100—16	
Cummins	1101111011111101111101111—21	
Osborn	1111111110100001111011101—18	
Howard	0011111011010111111111111—20	— 91

Climax Gun Club.

S Terry	1011111011111111101111111—22	
Quimby	1111101011101111101111110—20	
Keller	1111111111111111111111011—24	
Brantingham	1111111111111111101111111—24	
D Terry	0101111110011111101110111—19	—109

South Side Gun Club.

Breintnall	1011110111111111111011111—22	
Geoffroy	1111111110111111101010111—21	
Thomas	1111101111111110110101011—21	
Duston	1101001111110101110101111—18	
Whitehead	1111111111111111111111111—25	—107

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Shooting at Lake George.

LAKE HOUSE, Lake George, N. Y., Sept. 1.—This afternoon a shoot took place for a cup offered by the Lake House for teams of five men, 25 targets per man. Saratoga entered a team which carried off the cup with ease; the other teams entered were from the Mohican Gun Club and the Lake House. A. N. Cheney acted as referee, H. W. Packard looking after the scoring department. The following is the score:

Lake House

Worden	1010010000010111100100000— 9	
Pasco	0100011111100000100010001—10	
Thompson	0001000100001011100001000— 7	
Clark	0011000001010000000000000— 4	
Lampson	0000100110010100010110111—11	—41

Mohican.

Clothier	0011100010111011110101000—13	
Varney	0101010011010101110100001—12	
Baxter	0001001100110001100010010— 9	
McClelland	1010011001101100000001010—10	
Peck	1100000011110000000100000— 7	—51

Saratoga.

Levengston	1101101111110111111111011—21	
Peters	1101111101110110110100000—14	
Ramsdell	1111100011100110000100010—12	
Gibbs	1011001011111101000111101—16	
Buck	1111111111110111101111011—22	—85

All-America vs. Plainfield.

WHEN the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., is about to take part in a team contest against any club from in or out of the State, Uncle Sam profits thereby, for the manager of the Unions at once begins to send "notices to appear" to shooters in all directions, not even restricting himself to those in the State, as witness the make-up of the team which represented the Unions in their contests with the South Sides, of Newark, a few years ago, when Pennsylvanians were imported to strengthen the Union team. This practice is not popular in New Jersey, and is condemned by the majority of shooters, although so long as the officers of the Union Club affirm that a man is a *bona fide* member by virtue of having paid $1 into the club treasury, there is no legal way of stopping the importation.

Some time ago a series of best two out of three matches were arranged between the Unions and the Climax, of Plainfield. The first contest, which took place on the Union's grounds, was won by that club, whose team members were from half a dozen or more towns, every member of the Climax team being a resident of Plainfied or a town adjacent thereto. On Wednesday, Aug. 29, the return match was shot on the Fanwood grounds of the Climax Club, and while all but one of the Climax team were resident members, the Union team were from no less than nine different towns. It may be a creditable act to scour a State or several States in order to secure a team, but nevertheless the practice is not a popular one, and should be abandoned.

The weather was all that could be desired on the 29th of August and the grounds were in the best of condition, the committee having this in charge being well up in their duties. "Jack" Benner was on hand with his usual urbane smile, and under the shade of the trees was a long table covered with all the delicacies of the season, so "why should the spirit of mortal be sad?" "Tee Kay" Keller was there and was engaged as usual in doing his famous hustling act. "Dutchy" Smith, the great and only, was there, and Ferd V. Van Dyke was there, lean and jolly as ever, Tom Brantingham, Dan Scott and Will Terry, Billy Pierson, Warry Squires, Harry Campbell, Joe Zeglio, Dr. Zeglio and lots of other hale fellows well met were on the grounds looking after the interests of the local club.

Of the Union members there were E. D. Miller, Springfield; A. A. Sickley and W. N. Drake, South Orange; J. H. Richmond, New York; M. F. Lindsley, West Hoboken; R Williams, Elizabeth; C. C. Hebberd, El Mora; Al Heritage, Jersey City; Ferd V. Van Dyke and R. H. Breintnall, Newark; Wm. Sigler, Montclair; A. S. Soper and F. Terry. Of the Climax team J. Zeglio was the only member not residing in or near Plainfield.

The teams comprised thirteen men each and each man shot at 25 Empire targets thrown from the Empire Co.'s new trap. Before and after the team shoot there was sweeppstake shooting, the scores of which follow those of the team shoot:

Union Gun Club.

Richmond	1111111011101001111111111—21	
Lindsley	1110011111011110010001101—16	
Logan	1111111110111110111111111—23	
R Williams	1111011110111111010100111—19	
Hibbard	1001010101111111010111111—18	
Heritage	1111111011111111111111111—24	
L Terry	1110111111101110101111101—20	
Van Dyke	1111100111011111111111111—22	
Breintnall	1111111111111111111111111—25	
Sickley	1111111111111101111101110—22	
Drake	1111110111111111111110111—23	
Sigler	1100111111111111111111011—22	
Miller	1111100111111111100111110—20	—275

Climax Gun Club.

Campbell	1111111110111111111111011—23	
J Zeglio	1011110010111101111110110—18	
Manning	1111011111111111110111111—23	
W Terry	0100111001101110111111111—18	
Pierson	1101111011111111111001011—20	
D Darby	0111101100011000111011101—15	
Squires	1111111011111110111111010—21	
Scott	1111111111110111111111101—23	
D Terry	1010011111110001111010101—16	
Swoddy	1011110111111111101100111—20	
Brantingham	1111111111111011111111111—24	
Keller	1111111111111111111101111—24	
Smeck	1111111111111111111011111—24	—269

No. 1, 10 single Empires, $1 entry, 3 moneys:

Breintnall	1111111101— 9	C Hebbard	1011110100— 6
Van Dyke	1111111111—10	J H Richmond	1111001111— 8
Keller	1111111111—10	Swody	0110111010— 6
Smith	0111111101— 8	Heritage	1011111111— 8
Legler	1111111111—10	Lindsley	1100001000— 3
Miller	0111101111— 8	Squires	1010111111— 8

No. 2, 10 singles, known traps, unknown angles:

Breintnall	1111111111— 9	Soper	1001111111— 8
Richmond	1111111111—10	Van Dyke	1111110111— 9
Keller	1111111111—10	D Terry	0110101111— 7
Lindsley	1111111001— 8	C Smith	0101111111— 8
Addison	0011111111— 8	C Hebbard	0011111111— 8
Miller	1011111110— 8	Sigler	1111111010— 8

No. 3, known traps and angles, entry $1:

Breintnall	1111111111—10	Brantingham	1111101101— 8
Richmond	0111001101— 6	Manning	1011111111— 9
Keller	1011111111— 9	P Williams	0110111110— 7
Smith	0101010111— 6	Addison	1111011011— 8
Lindsley	1111100111— 8	Squires	0000111010 — 4
Sigler	1111111111—10	W Terry	1111111110— 9
Van Dyke	1111111110— 9	D Darby	0111011111— 8
Hibbard	1011111011— 8	Scott	1001111111— 8
Miller	1111110011— 8	Heritage	0111011111— 8

No. 4, unknown traps, known angles, entry $1:

Breintnall	0111111110— 8	Pierson	1101110011— 7
Richmond	1111101111— 9	R Williams	1101111111— 9
Keller	1101111011— 8	Woodruff	1111011101— 8
A Smith	1111111111—10	Hebbard	0110110000— 4
Brantingham	1111111110— 9	Manning	0011101110— 6
Miller	1010101010— 5	Scott	1001011111— 7
Van Dyke	1111101101— 8	W Terry	1100001111— 6
Lindsley	0110111010 — 6	H Cambell	1111111111—10
Sigler	1111011011— 8	Soper	1111011011— 8

No. 5, known traps, unknown angles:

Breintnall	1111111111—10	D Darby	1101111111— 9
Keller	1111111111—10	Lindsley	0101011111— 7
Richmond	1111111010— 8	Trust	0011110001— 5
Smith	1111111111—10	Hebbard	1101100111— 7
Sigler	1111111111—10	R Williams	1101111111— 9
Van Dyke	1111111010— 7	Woodruff	1011011101— 7
Addison	1110101111— 8	Pierson	1111111011— 9
Miller	1110111110— 8	Scott	1101111111— 9
Brantingham	0111111111— 9	Campbell	0010111111— 7
Manning	1110111011— 8	A T Terry	1000010111— 5

No. 6, 10 singles, known traps, unknown angles:

Smith	1111111111—10	Roberts	1111111111—10
Miller	1100111011— 7	Goodman	0111111110— 8
Keller	1101111110— 8	Drake	1111111101— 9
Sigler	1110111101— 8	Scott	1101111110— 8
Woodruff	1111100111— 8	Squires	1100011111— 7
Manning	1101101111— 8	Pearson	1011011000— 5
Brantingham	1111111101— 9	P Jay	1111101001— 7
Hebbard	1101111111— 9		

	No. 7, 5 pairs.	No. 8 same:
Brantingham	11 11 10 11 10—8	11 10 11 10 10—7
Smith	11 10 10 11 10—7	11 11 00 11 00—6
Keller	10 11 11 10 00—6	11 10 11 10 10—7
P Jay	11 10 11 10 01—7	10 10 11 11 11—8
Sigllo	....	10 11 11 00 00—5
Manning	11 00 00 00 00—2	11 00 10 00 01—4
Woodruff	01 11 11 11 10—8	10 10 00 10 11—5
D Terry	11 11 10 10 10—7	11 00 00 10 11—5
Peison	10 11 10 10 10—6	11 00 00 10 00—3
Scott	10 10 11 11 10—7	00 10 11 11 10—5
Drake	10 10 10 01 11—6	....
W Terry	00 00 11 00 00—2	....

No. 1, 10 singles, entry $1, 2 moneys:

Breintnall	10	Keller	10	Sigler	8
Van Dyke	8	C Smith	5	Goodman	6

No. 2, 3 moneys:

Breintnall	10	C Smith	6	D Terry	9
Van Dyke	9	Goodman	8	Dwody	6
Keller	8	Miller	9	Zeglir	7

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. Aug. 28.—On Friday last members and their friends to the number of 100 or more gathered on the grounds of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club to participate in a programme which had been arranged by a committee appointed for that purpose The club having got nicely located in their new quarters decided to celebrate the occasion by having a sort of house warming. In addition to the fine lunch served by Caterer Compton, the programme included a team race and a free merchandise shoot. The teams were captained by Messrs. W. J. Mann and George Borst, and as usual Mr. Mann had the winning team. In the free merchandise event the committee announced they would handicap the members as they stepped to the score, so that all would have a chance at the prizes, which were 23 in number, high men taking first choice, all ties being shot off. Following are the scores:

Team shoot, 25 singles per man:

W J Mann, Capt.	24	Geo Borst, Capt.	18
Byer	22	Meyer	24
Schleyer	13	Norton	23
Maguire	22	C Lane	21
Truesdale	22	Foley	23
Babcock	21	Griffith	19
Nichols	19	S Rissinger	17
Weller	23	C Rissinger	17
Hunt	21	Rickman	14
Hill	20	Lowden	24
Fulton	19	Quirk	16
Redmond	17	T Lane	13
Hicks	23	Andrews	18
Clark	15	Rugg	17
Gordon	13	Brinsmaid	10
Benson	11	Kay	12
Bradstreet	16	Ryckman	4
Crouch	18	Stewart	20
Mullan	21	Brown	12
Kleinhaus	12	McCarthy	17
Sumner	11	Perry	18
Beyers	18—401	Hadley	23—380

In the merchandise event, C. Rissinger won first choice, Griffith second, Hadley third, Crouch fourth and Hicks fifth.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 1.—The Eureka Gun Club of this city held their regular weekly shoot on this date. The attendance was small, the near approach of the open season on game taking many out of the city. Numerous parties were heard of as having been formed for trips to famous shooting grounds, probably two-thirds of our members being out of the city for these reasons. We, however, had an enjoyable time. As visitors we had Mr. Pumphrey of Columbus, O., and Mr. Moran of Montgomery Ward & Co. Weather hot, dry and quiet.

Scores: No. 1, 25 singles:

Adams	0011011111101010010110110 —15
Willard	1111110111011011111110011—20
Miller	0111010101111011011101101—17
Stannard	1110111111111001111111111—22
Maltby	1010110010011011101010010 —13
Moran	0111110111000011011101110—16
Sprague	0000110101010111011101110—15
Goodrich	1011111100100110110011010 —15
DeWolf	C000000011011001010091110— 9

No. 2, same as above:

Willard	1111111111110001101110010—18
Adams	1111100111111001111111110—20
S annard	1111101111101101100111101—19
Miller	0000111111101111011101010—16
Goodrich	1100111111111111101100111—20
Worth	1001111001000110001100011—12
Maltby	001111111100011110101010180 —15
Sprague	1110111111111011100111001—19
Moran	1101101111111111111101101—20
Martin	0000000000100100000000101— 4
Arnold	0000000000001001000000001— 3

No. 3, same as above:

Willard	0101111111111000000001011—14
Adams	1110100011111111111101100—18
Stannard	1101110110011101101111111—19
Miller	1000100100000010111111111—15
Weart	0100000010000001100111010— 8
Maltby	010011011011100w
Sprague	1101111111111101111011111—22
Morton	1010000011000001111000011—10
Arnold	0110000011001011000010001— 9

Trophy shoot, 25 singles, unknown angles:

Class A.

Willard	1011111111011111110011110—20
Adams	1111111001110111111111111—22
Stannard	1111111110111101111111111—23

Class B.

Miller	1010101101111011111011110—18
Goodrich	0110110110110111111111111—20
DeWolf	1101101111111111001111101—20

Class C.

Maltby	1001100100001101001010011 —11
Sprague	1110110111100111110101011—18
Moran	0101101110001010001010011—12

W. F. D.

Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club.

MAPLE BAY, Onondaga County, N. Y., Aug. 30.—The medal shoot of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club took place to-day, with the following result, 50 singles per man:

Class A.

H McMurchy	11111011111111111111110111111111111111111111011111—47
A G Courtney	01111111111100111111111111011111111111110111111111—45
G Arno	11111101110111011111110110101011111111111111111110—42
A C Ginty	11111010111111010111111111011111111110010101111111—41
G C Luther	10010110011001110010110010011111010010111011011111—30

Class B.

H Jones	11010110110111111111111011111111111011111101011110—41
D Walters	11111101101111011101011111011111011011111011101—40
Mr Febiger	11111011111101101111110100011111110011111111111011—40
G Mosher	01010010111111101111101100100111111110111111011001—35
A R King	10011101011011101111110101001011101111010111111011—35
G Wright	10101011111010101101111101001011010111101011110101—33
J Herman	11001110101111010101110110011110110110011110010111—33

McMurchy won the medal in Class A for the second time. In Class B, H. Jones won the medal for the fifth time and it now becomes his property.

After the medal shoot, Courtney and McMurchy chose sides for a team race at 10 targets per man. The result was an easy victory for Courtney's team by 7 targets. Scores:

Courtney's Team.		McMurchy's Team.	
Courtney	9	McMurchy	8
Arno	9	Febiger	9
Ginty	8	Ayling	8
King	10	Mosher	5
Herman	5	Prittic	2
Steele	7—48	Holloway	9—4.

Mr. Febiger, who shot on McMurchy's team, hails from New Orleans, and shot as a guest of the club.

FALSTAFF.

Wadding Material for Shotguns.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The American Testing Institution will conduct a series of comparative tests on wads of different materials and sizes for the purpose of determining the question as to what constitutes the best wadding material, and the most advantageous method of wadding for both black and nitro powders in shotguns.

Various guns will be used with different chambers and different diameters of bore of the same caliber and the several lengths of cases employed.

Parties desiring to have any new material intended to take the place of felt tested will kindly submit their samples to the institution before Aug. 31. No charges will be made for testing such material and any one interested in the proposed trial is at liberty to witness the experiments

The tests will commence Aug. 26 and be continued indefinitely. The result of the trial will be published in these columns.

AMERICAN TESTING INSTITUTION.

DEXTER PARK, Brooklyn, E., N. Y.

Vernon Gun Club.

VERNON, Texas, Aug. 27.—The regular club shoot, held on this date resulted as follows: Club shoot, 15 singles and 3 pairs:

Lorance	111111111111110	10 10 00—16
Cooke	110011110111011	10 10 11—15
Matthews	001110111011001	00 11 10—12
Houssels	110000110011010	11 01 10—11
J S Wood	111101100001001	10 11 00—11
Hope	100110000100001	10 11 01— 9
Henry	001000000100010	01 00 01— 6

G. M. C.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

The Soo Gun Club.

"Away up Nortb," where old Lake Superior's waters kiss their final farewell to its rugged shores and go tumbling over the rocks into the beautiful St. Mary's River, a few lovers of the gun a short time since formed themselves into an organization and called it the Soo Gun Club.

This year the club held its first annual tournament. The boys were very green at the business, of course, but they were up to snuff on one thing, and raised the "added money" among themselves and a few liberal citizens of the town before the shoot.

The attendance was uot large, hut the affair was a success in every particular. No kicking was heard, and everybody seemed not only satisfied, but pleased with the manner in which the thing was run. This was due, no doubt, to the able management of John Parker, of Detroit, who chaperoned the Soo boys in this, their maiden effort.

The genial Rolla Heikes, whom everybody likes, headed the list. He is the champion of the world with the shotgun, and after the regular events he gave the bystanders an exhibition of his skill. Upson and Young both did good shooting, and what they don't know about shooting can't be learned in a day. Hobart was with the crack shots, but was not shooting in his usual good form. We also met Mr. C. A. Damon, a thorough gentlemen, who knows his gun and is always on hand to show off its work.

J. W. Nelson, of Duluth, took a run down to see what the Soo was doing in the way of shooting, and incidentally mentioned that Duluth would be heard from soon. Mr. Mack of St. Paul, always came up smiling, though facing the best shots in the country. And the jolly Johnny Parker, with his little 12-gauge barker, was on hand to see that everything went "straight," but he started out quite wrong, for the birds were flying strong, and when he wanted ten he got but eight. But, for all that, we "didn't do a thing to Jack."

Everything seemed to be favorable for the shoot. The weather of course, was fine, as it generally is up here in summer. The grounds are pleasantly located on the banks of the river, which made a good background for the targets. One of the shooters remarked: "I don't know of a better place for a midsummer shoot anywhere in the country. Everybody wants to come to a place like this in summer, anyhow, and you can come on the new Northwest from Buffalo, Cleveland or Detroit as quickly as you can come by rail."

"Yes," said another, "and there is some pleasure in coming to a place like this. Next year I am coming a week ahead to take in some of your big trout fishing and fresh air to brace me up for the shoot."

And they were not alone. Everybody was loud in praise of the pleasant weather, the invigorating atmosphere and the lovely river, with its hundreds of islands, its clear and sparkling water, its roaring roaring rapids and its pretty lakes and bays. Most of the visitors shot the rapids before going home.

At the traps, however, they were more successful, and some very good scores were made. The closing event was the most exciting of all; $75 added money greased the pot, and everybody started in with a determination to do or die. Most of them died. Heikes and Upson tied for first with 48 each to their credit. Parker had shot his string and had a cinch on third at least with 45. Dave Aitken, a Soo amateur, who, by the way, has figured in only one tournament previous to this, was at the bat, with 47 killed out of 49.

"He's going to tie Heikes and Upson for first," someone remarked: Dave looked around pleasantly and remarked, "Where's the money, in 47?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Pull," said the shooter, and as the "live bird" sailed peacefully to its resting place on the river bank one of the spectators was heard to remark that it was an awfully hard bird, anyway.

Following will be found the scores in the different events:

The First Day's Scores.

No. 1, 15 singles, entrance $2:
Heikes.........111101100011101—10 Graham........111111000001111—10
Raymond.......111101111111111—14 Thomas........001100010011011— 7
Upson..........110111110010110—10 Walton.........001101110110010— 8
Parker..........000000111010011— 6 Martyn.........011010101000011— 8
Hobart.........011110101101110—10 Aitken..........001111011101001— 9
Young..........110011001111101—10 Bellair..........101011110110100— 9

No. 2, 20 singles, entrance $2.50, $10 added by club:
Heikes.....11111011111111111111—19 Graham....11111111101111111111—19
Raymond..01111111011111111111—18 Thomas....10101000010010000111— 8
Upson.....11111111111101110101—17 Walton....10110111011111011110—15
Parker ....10011111001111111010—14 Martyn....01011110000010101001— 9
Hobart....11111101110100111111—16 Aitken.....11111111111111111011—19
Young ....11111111111111111111—20 Royce......01110111000011110010—11

No. 3, 15 singles, entrance $2:
Heikes.........111111111111111—15 Graham........111111111001111—13
Raymond.......111011011110110—11 Aitken..........111111111011111—14
Upson..........111111111111101—14 Martyn.........101010110010110— 8
Parker ....101111111111110—13 Walton.........111101110101110—11
Hobart.........111011111110101—12 Nelson..........101110100010100— 7
Young..........111111111111111—15 Royce...........110101101100101— 9

No. 4, 25 singles, entrance $3, $15 added by club:
Heikes..............................1101101111111111111111011—22
Raymond ....1011111111111111000111101—20
Upson.................................1011111110111111011111110—21
Parker...............................1111111101011011111111111—22
Hohart...............................1101111111101000010100111—16
Young ....1111111111110111111100111—22
Damon...............................1111011101111101110111111—21
Graham..............................1111111111111111111111111—25
Aitken...............................0111111111101111011110111—21
Walton...............................1110111101101101111111001—19
Mack.................................1111101011101111001110111—19
Martyn...............................1001110111001100111011111—17

No. 5, 6 pairs, entrance $2:
Heikes........10 11 10 10 11 10— 8 Graham ......10 11 11 10 11 11—10
Raymond....10 10 10 11 11 10— 8 Aitken........11 00 10 11 10 10— 7
Upson........10 11 C1 11 10 00— 7 Mack..........10 10 10 11 11 10— 8
Hobart........11 01 11 10 10 11— 9 Walton.........11 11 10 01 11 00— 8
Young........10 10 11 11 10 10— 8 Damon.........11 11 00 11 10 11— 9

No. 6, 20 birds, entrance $3, $15 added by club:
Heikes.....11111111111111111111—20 Graham....11111011111111111111—19
Raymond..11001001111111111011—15 Aitken.....10010111100101111111—14
Upson.....11111101111111111111—19 Mack......11111010001111000111—13
Rarker ....11111111111111111111—20 Walton....11010111111100111001—14
Hobart....11111011100111111111—17 Damon....01110011111010111111—15
Young.....11111111101111111111—19 Martyn....11001101000001110110—10

No. 7, 20 birds, entrance $2, $10 added by club:
Heikes.....11111111111111111101—19 Mack......11011001101111011101—14
Raymond..11111110111111111011—18 Martyn....10111111111111101111—18
Upson.....10111111111111111111—19 Graham....11110111111010111111—17
Parker ....11011111111011111111—18 Damon....11010111110111101101—15
Hohart....00111110001111011111—14 Walton....11111101101111011110—16
Young.....10111011110111111111—17 Aitken.....11111111011111111111—19

No. 8, 15 birds, entrance $1.50, $10 added hy club:
Heikes..........101111111111111—14 Damon ....100110011110111—10
Raymond.......111111010111111—13 Aitken..........111111111111111—15
Upson..........111111111111111—15 Mack............001011111111001—10
Parker..........101110110111011—11 Nelson..........110111110011111—12
Hobart.........100101101001010— 7 Martyn.........101100111101101—10
Young..........100110111111111—12 Walton.........111110110101000— 9
Graham........111111111111111—15

No. 9, 20 birds, entrance $3, $15 added by club:
Heikes.....11011111110111111111—18 Graham ...11111111111111001111—18
Raymond..01111111111111110101—17 Aitken.....11001111111111011110—16
Upson.....11111111111111111111—20 Damon.....11101010011000101111—12
Parker ....11111111101111111111—18 Mack.......00111101111101011011—14
Hohart....11111100000111101011—13 Hursley....11100000001110010111—10
Young ....11111111111110111111—19

No. 10, 25 hirds, entrance $3, $25 added by club:
Heikes.................................1111111111111011111111111—24
Raymond ....1111111111111111111111111—25
Upson..................................1111111111101111111111111—24
Parker................................0001111111111110111011111—20
Hobart................................0001101110110011111111011—17
Young.................................0111111111111110111111111—23
Graham...............................1111111111111110010011111—21
Aitken................................1001000111111111111101111—19
Mack..................................1000111111000111111111010—16

The Second Day's Scores.

No. 1, 15 targets, entrance $2, $15 added by club:
Heikes..........110011101111111—12 Young..........111001100111111—11
Raymond.......110110010000110— 7 Graham ....111101111111111—14
Upson..........110111111111111—14 Damon..........101110001111111—11
Parker ....110101111111000—10 Mack............110110101000110— 8

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $2, $10 added by club:
Heikes..........110111111111111—14 Graham ....010111111011111—12
Raymond.......110101011111111—12 Mack ....110111101001010— 9
Upson..........110011111111111—13 Aitken..........011111111010011—11
Parker ....111110111110110—12 Damon..........111111111111010—13
Young..........111111111111111—15

No. 3, 20 targets, entrance $2, $10 added by cluh:
Helkes ....11111111111111111111—20 Graham...11101111111111110111—18
Raymond..11110111110111101111—17 Mack......11111001001110111100—13
Upson.....11111111111111111111—20 Aitken.....11110111111011100111—16
Parker ....10110111011111111110—16 Damon....01111001111110100100—12
Young ....11101111111111111111—19

No. 4, 20 targets, entrance $2, $10 added hy the club:
Heikes ....00111111111111111101—17 Young ....11111101101111111110—17
Raymond..11011111111111111111—19 Damon....10101101110111001111—14
Epson.....11111111111101111111—19 Mack.......10111110111110111111—16
Parker ....11011111111111111110—18 Hobart....01010100110110111011—12
Graham...11111011111011111111—18 Aitken.....11001111111011111111—17

No. 5, 25 targets, entrance $3:
Heikes.................................1111111111111111111111111—25
Raymond..............................1111110111111111111111111—23
Upson..................................1111111111111111111111101—24
Parker................................0111101110011001101111101—17
Young.................................1111111111111111111111110—24
Graham...............................1111111111110111011111111—23
Mack..................................0110111111011100111000011—16
Damon................................1010111111111001011111011—19

No. 6, 20 singles, entrance $2.50, $10 added by the cluh:
Heikes ....11111011111111101111—18 Young ...10111111111011111110—17
Raymond..11101100111011011111—15 Damon....11010111111110011011—15
Upson.....11111111111101111111—19 Aitken.....11011111111111111111—19
Parker ....11111111111111101110—18 Mack.......11110101110100111101—14
Graham...11111111111111111010—18

No. 7, 20 targets, entrance $2:
Heikes ....11011111111111111111—19 Young ....11111111110111011111—18
Raymond..11101111110111111011—17 Mack......11110110101110110110—14
Upson.....10111111111101111111—18 Damon....11010010010001111011—11
Parker ....01111011111111111101—17 Aitken.....11111111111111111011—19
Graham...11111111111111111111—20 Hobart....11100111011011111110—15

No. 8, 20 targets, entrance $2.50, $10 added by club:
Heikes ....11111110110110111111—17 Young.....11101111011111001111—16
Raymond..11011101111011110011—15 Mack.......11100001001011000100— 8
Upson .....11011011111111111111—18 Damon ....00110110110011111101—13
Parker ....11110110110111111111—17 Aitken.....11111101100111011111—16
Graham ...11111101110111111111—18

No. 9, 20 hirds, entrance $2:
Heikes.....11101111111011111111—18 Young.....11101111111101111111—18
Raymond..11011110111111111111—18 Aitken.....11111111111111111101—19
Upson .....01101110111111111111—17 Hohart....10111110011001111110—14
Parker ....11101111011111111011—17 Mack.......10110001001101111011—12
Grabam ...11111111111111111101—19 Damon ....11111001101101110100—13

No. 10, 50 birds, entrance $3 50, $75 added by club:
Heikes ....11111111111101111111110111111111111111111111111111—48
Raymond..........11111111111001110001110011011101111010111100111111—37
Upson.............11101111111111111111111011111111111111111111111111—48
Parker ....11101111111111111111111111011111111111001111111011111—45
Graham............11011110111111111111111111111101101111111011111111110—44
Young ....11111111111111111111100111111001110111111101111110111—42
Aitken ....11111111111111111111111111111111110111111111111111010—47
Mack..............111011110010101110010101100000101001111111101111110—31
Omaia.............11110001'0001101001101111110111101100110001110011 1—31
Hobart............11100100111111111011110111011111111111111110111011—41
Martyr............0100011010011101111011100010000100011110111111100—28
Damon............1011111011111111110111100101111101111001110111101 1—39

After the regular events, Harry Heichhold, an expert pencil pusher for the Soo *News*, gave an interesting exhibition of expert shooting under unusually difficult conditions, to wit: 10 birds straightaway, shooter to kneel immediately behind the trap, muzzle rest, shooter's body held in place by that accomplished instructor, Jack Parker. Harry made a clean score. Here it is:

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—10 goose eggs.

Next year the club will hold another shoot, earlier in August, if possible, and have good reasons to anticipate a large attendance and an even more successful event. J. A. France

Weir City's Business Men's Gun Club.

Weir City, Kan., Aug. 24.—The tournament of the Business Men's Gun Cluh, given last Wednesday, was a great success and was well attended. The Galena delegation was a little late in arriving on the grounds, as they waited until Thursday to come up; hut after arriving the cluh scared up what shooters it could find in town and held another tournament for their henefit. The number of shooters on Wednesday ran up to 23 in one event, and several events contained 20 or more entries.

The visitors present on Wednesday were A. H. Piety, Topeka; Messrs. Fay, Class and Jones, from Springfield, Mo.; Lile and McRae, from Aurora, Mo.; Best and Timberlake, Columbus; Price, Allison, Morton and Gibson, from Scammon; Thornton, from Webb City; Henry and George Pierce and Charles Mathews, Chicopee; A. Dixon, Joplin. The local shooters participating were McIlhany, Calhoun, Morrison, Holmes, Kirk, Ayers, McKim and Ahhott.

The regular programme consisted of eight 20-bird races, with $10 added to No. 3, $15 added to No. 6, and $25 added to No. 8 There were also several extra events shot which were not on the programme. One of these was a rather unique race between Ben Price, of Scammon, and McIlhany, of Weir. Price challenged any man on the grounds to shoot one shell from each of twenty strange guns for $5 a side, and McIlhany accepted it. The guns were furnished by the shooters present, and the match was won by McIlhany by a margin of two birds.

Two tents were arranged for the convenience of the shoots. One of them, a large canopy top tent, was donated for the occasion hy Mr. Horace Hayden, and offered ample shade for the shooters, while the other contained the gun cases.

McIlhany, Calhoun, Piety and Class were probably the largest winners the first day, though many others got in for good money and the shooting throughout was very good.

On the second day McIlhany won the best money with 67 out of 70, while Piety was a close second.

The Galena boys expect to give a good shoot in the near future, which will probably be well attended by the Weir boys. Scammon gives a shoot on Sept. 3 (Labor Day) and a very nice programme is already prepared.

Below are the scores for the two days:

Wednesday.

No. 1, 20 singles, $2: Fay 15, Jones 15, Thornton 15, Piety 20, Class 18, Liles 17, McIlhany 19, G. Pierce 15, Calhoun 17, McRae 10, Ayers 12.

No. 2, 20 singles, $2: Fay 15, McIlbany 17, Liles 14, Jones 18, Piety 15, Thornton 16, Calhoun 18, Class 19, H. Pierce 17, Morton 8, Morrison 13, Price 12, G. Pierce 17, Mathews 10, Timherlake 16, Allison 17, Best 14, Kirk 9.

No. 3, 20 singles, $2, $10 added to the purse:
Piety.......11111011111111111101—18 B Pierce...10111110110111111111—17
McIlhany..11111011111111111111—19 Allison ....01001011111001111110—13
Calhoun...11111111111101101111—18 Morton....11011011001100001001—10
Class ......11111110111111111011—18 Ayers......00100101000100011110— 8
Liles.......10111111111011010110—15 Best.......11001010010100110111—11
Jones......11101111110101101111—16 McBrin....10111010101011110111—14
Thornton..11101111111101011100—15 H Pierce...01111111111011111110—17
McRae.....11101111101000011010—12 Morrison...11111110110011111111—17
G Prince...11110111111110101101—16 Timberl'ke 11100111010111011001—13
Fay........10110111011111011111—16

No. 4, 20 singles, $2: Piety 17, McIlhany 18, Calhoun 18, Class 15, Best 14, Morrison 10, Jones 19, Tbornton 17, Price 16, Fay 16, Ayers 11, Abbot 12, Liles 19, Timberlake 13, McRae 12, Gibson 14.

No. 5, 20 singles, $2: Piety 16, McIlhany 15, Class 18, Calhoun 18, Fay 17, Ayers 9, Price 13, Jones 19, G. Pierce 15, Thornton 15, Morton 12, Allison 15, Liles 15, Dixon 11.

No. 6, 20 singles, $2, $15 added to the purse:
Piety......11110111111111111111—18 Abbott.....11111010000001011100—10
McIlhany..11111111111011011111—18 Timb'rlake01111101111111110111—17
McRae.....10111111011111101011—15 Fahy......11111001110111111111—17
Thornton..11111101011011101111—16 Liles ......11111011111010111011—16
Kirk.......11000001101111000100— 9 Cleefs......01111011111111110111—17
Calhoun...11111101111111110110—17 Holmes....01110110111000111111—14
H Pierce...11110111111111110110—17 G Pierce...10111110010111111110—15
J Morton...11010110011110101001—12 Best.......10111010110100011111—12
Momson....11111101110111011011—17 Dixon .....11011011110111101011—15
Gihson ....11110010111111100011—14 Ayers......10110101101000011111—12
Jones......11001111111111011111—17 McKinn....01101101101100010110—11
B Price....10011111101111001111—15

No. 7, 20 singles, $2: Piety 16, McIlbany 18, Jones 19, Calhoun 18, Class 19, Best 15, Fay 18, Morrison 15, Timberlake 14, Thornton 18, McRae 12, Liles 11.

No. 8, 20 singles, $2, $25 added to purse:
Piety.......11010111110111011110—15 Morton....11001111011111111101—16
Class ......11111110111110111010—16 Morrison ..01111001000111011111—13
Price......11101110101111100110—14 Gibson.....10011111111101011011—15
O Best.....01111010111011101010—13 Dixon......11111111011010111111—17
G Pierce...01111111110111111111—18 Jones......11111101111111110011—17
Kirk.......01100100010001000010— 6 Ayers......11010100111101100010—11
McIlhany ..10111111111111011111—18 Liles.......00111110011111110111—15
Abbott ....00010100101110100111— 9 McRae.....10111111001110001011—13
Timb'rlake11111111011011111101—17 Fahy ......10110101110111101111—15
Thornton..01111011110000101100—11 H Pierce...11111101111111011110—17
Calhoun...11111111111011111011—18 J McKim ..01001111110110010000—10

Thursday.

All shooting at 10 singles, entrance $1 in each event:

No. 1: McIlhauy 10, Piety 9, Stice 4, Horn 8, Kirk 6, Leeman 3, Robertson 3, Schermerhorn 6, Morrison 6, Grantham 9.

No. 2: Piety 9, McIlhany 10, Stice 5, Horn 7, Kirk 6, Leeman 5, Robertson 3, Schermerhorn 5, Morton 6, Grantbam 6.

No. 3: Piety 9, McIlhany 9, Horn 9, Schermerhorn 8, McKim 5, Morrison 5, Grantham 5, Robertson 6, Stice 6, Leeman 2.

No. 4: Piety 9, McIlhany 10, Horn 6, Schermerhorn 7, Kirk 4, Morrison 6, Grantham 5, Robertson 6, Stice 4, Leeman 5.

No. 5: Piety 10, McIlhany 9, Stice 7, Morrison 8, Kirk 4, Schermerhorn 7, Robertson 7, Leeman 8, Grantham 7, Horn 7.

No. 6: Piety 9, McIlhany 9, Stice 5, Morrison 6, Kirk 7, Schermerhorn 7, Robertson 2, Leeman 3, Grantham 6, Horn 9.

No. 7: Piety 9, McIlhany 10, Schermerhorn 8, Leeman 7, Horn 10, McKim 3, Robertson 6, Stice 5, Grantham 7, Morrison 3. Mameluke.

Live Bird Bouts and Sweeps at Saratoga.

The live bird tournament held by the Saratoga Gun Club, Tuesday, Aug. 28, would have come pretty near heing a flat failure had it not been for the impromptu individual matches in which two of the bloods of the club engaged with a "high roller" visitor from Albany, and in which the aforesaid bloods did add much to their already high local renown, and incidentally did gather unto themselves divers fat purses of shining shekels. The tournament managers made the mistake of relying entirely upon a prodigal distribution of programmes to gain a good attendance, instead of giving the event the wider publicity in press notices in big sportsmen's newspapers like Forest and Stream—that is, if there be one as big on earth—and the error of their ways was shown in a poverty of attendance that made the few trap-shooting enthusiasts—natives and visitors—present look sad over what seemed a proof of the decadence of their beloved sport. Albany had the largest representation of shooters, there being present Harry R. Sweny, the most promising young trap shot in Sturgeondom, and whose previous shootings and winnings have heen chronicled in Forest and Stream; Stone, who has proved himself a high wall in his performance at the traps; Johnny Brewer Sanders, Sweny's youthful rival with the hreechloader, and your correspondent, who was around greeting the gang long hefore the first shot of the day had reverberated from the adjoining woods of Horsehaven.

Among those with whom I exchanged compliments were "Uncle Sammy" Goggin and Charlie Stockwell, of Troy, and the noted Saratoga shooters, Levengston, Bockes, Gibbs, Peters and last, not least, the widely known "Wash" Coster, who, by the way, was chosen to act as referee in all of the events of the day.

The weather was simply delightful in its conditions of gentle warmth, still air and in the modified light produced by a dense haze that nearly all day long hung motionless in the dead calm. Through the blueish-gray folds of the mist the distant mountains were completely shut out from sight, and had it not heen for the faintly seen foothills that bounded the horizon looking eastward from the firing points the view in that direction would have seemed like a vista of the wide ocean.

The time for the opening of the shoot had passed and the long wait for the shooters who never came was finally enlivened by a scrub match between Harry M. Levengston, Jr., of Saratoga, and Harry R. Sweny, of Albany; 5 birds, $5 a man. Levengston, who is a model of accuracy with his first barrel, scooped his 5 straight with that particular Whitworth tube, and Sweny scored equally well by the use of his second barrel on his first two hirds and by nailing the other three with the right. Strange to say, the contestants agreed to a "draw," withdrew the stakes, paid for their hirds and then joined the other shooters present in calling for the opening sweep. The scores in this and in all subsequent events are herewith given in detail:

No. 1, 5 hirds, $5 entry, the purse divided 60 and 40%:
Levengston............21111—5 Sweny...................112•2—4
Goggin....................11212—5 Perkins..................01011—3

No. 2, 7 hirds, $5 entry, the purse divided 50, 30 and 20%:
Levengston.............1111221—7 Sweny..................•121021—5
Goggin..................•221111—6 Perkins ....1110001—4
Stone...................1110212—6

No. 3, 10 hirds, $10 entry, the purse divided 40, 30, 20 and 10%:
Levengston.........1111121111—10 Perkins.............1202110102— 7
Sweny..............2101111221— 9 *Stone..............11•1•1212w
Goggin.............2121112001— 8
*Shot for birds only.

An individual match between Levengston and Sweny was here interpolated. Conditions, 15 birds each, $25 a side:
Levengston ....121111212212111—15 Sweny.........110111121211221—14

No. 4, 5 birds, $5 entry, the purse divided 45, 35 and 20%:
Levengston..............11111—5 Peters...................10121—3
Sanders ....11•11—4 Stone....................20120—3
Goggin....................1•211—4 Perkins..................0•210—2

Another little side snap in the form of a scrub between Peters (Saratoga) and Sweny gave zest to the spectators' view of the show. Conditions, 5 birds each, $10 a side:
Peters ....21022—4 Sweny.....................122•1—4

On the shoot-off, miss and out, Peters killed a long straightaway driver from No. 2 trap, and Sweny failing to stop the same kind of a tailer from the same box, gave Peters the coon.

No. 5, 5 hirds, $5 entry, the purse divided 60 and 40%:
Levengston...............12111—5 Sweny....................1••12—3
Goggin ....21211—5 Perkins..................011•1—3
Sanders...................11012—4 Peters ....10210—3
Stone......................11110—4

Grand song and dance act by Messrs. Peters and Sweny at 25 hirds a man for $50 a side. This was brought about after a long chinning match which resulted in Peters being allowed a 2yds. shortening of the rise. The sharp fellow didn't need it, as the score will show:
Peters.......................................2021211201011111222111021—21
Sweny..222212112•112111•01121021—21

Tie shot off at 10 hirds:
Peters..............1111222221—10 Sweny..............211221110•w

No. 6, 5 hirds, $5 entry, one money:
Levengston...............11121—5 Sweny.....................1111•—4
Peters ....11121- 5 Perkins..................10•21—3
Stone ....21111—5

The sixth sweep concluded the shooting. The prominent feature of the day's performance was the fine aggregate score of Mr. Levengston, who killed all his hirds—57 straight. This feat is all the more creditable when it is considered that the rise was 30yds., the boundary a 30yds. circle. Horace B. Derby.

The Chattanooga Tournament.

On Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 19 and 20, the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will give a two-days' tournament at Chattanooga, Tenn. The programme to hand states that the tournament is given for the Chattanooga Gun Club, whose grounds are within twenty minutes' ride of the center of the city, electric cars running direct to the scene of the shoot.

Each day's programme calls for 150 shots divided equally into ten events. The novelty system will be shot in five of the ten events, the usual handicap, one of distance only, heing observed. Know trap, unknown angle events make up the balance of the programme Entrance money in each event is $1.50. A special feature, and one of particular interest to those who will attend the shoot, is the added money, $100 being added each day hy the Chattanooga Gun Club, $10 to every purse. All purses are divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

On Friday, Sept. 21, the day following the close of the Interstate tournament, a shoot will be held, open only to Tennessee shooters and clubs. One of the objects of this shoot will be the formation of a State league, and the co-operation of all cluhs in Tennessee is earnestly requested. The Chattanooga Gun Club will arrange for a State championship cup.

Headquarters for shooters during the tournament will be the Read House, opposite the Union Depot, where the rates are $2 per day and upward. Address communications for information regarding the shoot to F. I. Stone, president; F. H. Woodworth, treasurer, or Wm. White, secretary, Chattanooga Gun Club, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Trap at San Antonio.

The following scores were made at the regular shoot of the San Antonio Gun Club, Sunday, Aug. 26:

No. 1, 10 singles and 3 pairs targets:
McCormack.........12 France...............11 Rothwell............11
Thiele................11 Vollbrecht.......... 9 Smith................10
Kelley ....10 Samuels ....14 Veith................. 8

No. 2, trophy shoot, 20 singles and 5 pairs:
Rothwell............13 Grossman...........15 Barr..................19
Thiele................17 Weyel................14 Veith.................19
France ....22 McCormack......... 19 Vollbrecht...........21
Kelley ....23 Smith.................25 Ramsdorf............14
Shields...............19 Samuels 25

No. 3, 15 singles:
France...............10 Vollbrecht.......... 7 Shields.............. 8
Thiele................12 McCormack......... 9 Grossman........... 7
Velth.................10 Smith................12

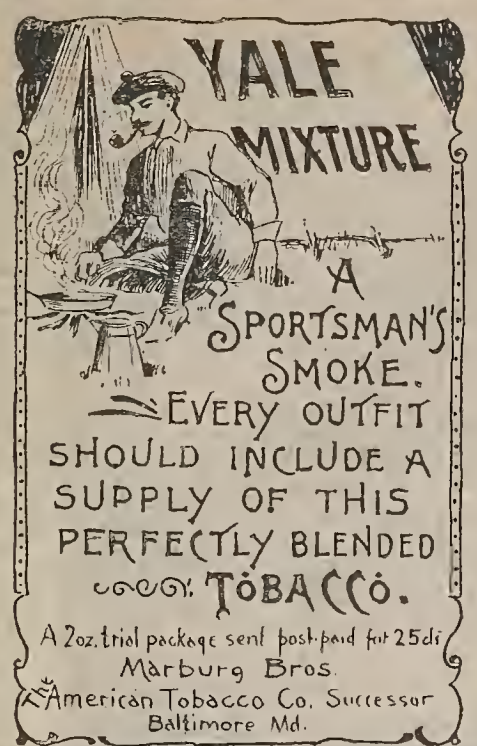
O. C. G.

The Peekskill August Record.

Peekskill, N. Y., Aug. 25.—Following is the score of the Peekskill Gun Club for the month of August in the prize competition for 1894. Shooting at 25 targets, rapid firing system, with added birds not to exceed 10:
J B Halsted......................1111011111111010101111111 —21
Dr H B Wygant.................1110111011101101111111111 —23
E F Hill............................01000000111110100101011111001100010—17
Dr P H Mason...................1111111111111111111011101 —23
H P Dain..........................11111110010101101101411111110 —23
O J Loder.........................1101111011100111001100101O —16
Dr S F Horton...................0001111111101011110w.
M S Perry........................1111111111111101110111101 —22
H L Armstrong..................1010101101011010011110111 10 —18
W D Southard...................1101101111111011100001000110001000O—18

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D., Boston, Mass.—What kind of sights are used by the quickest rifle shots of this country at glass balls or moving objects? Ans. The Lyman.



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One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at $1.19 until all are sold. These rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, silk wound, extra tip, complete in wood form and will give satisfaction.

Length and weight of the Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft. 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. Reel seats below hand.

Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz., 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.

No. H—A special lot of Hard Rubber and Nickel, Raised Pillar, Multiplying Reels with Balance Handle and Side Spring Click, 40yds., 68 cts.; 60yds., 78 cts.; 80yds., 88 cts.; 100yds., 98 cts.

Any of the above reels sent by mail for price and 10 cts. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot Hard Rubber and Nickel Raised Pillar Click Reels, 40yds., 38cts., 60yds., 48cts. Sent by mail 5cts. extra for postage.

No. C—Nickel-Plated, Raised Pillar Multiplying Reels, with click and drag and screen oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c.; 80yds., 78c.; 100yds., 88c.; 150yds., 98c. 10c. extra for postage.

Single Gut Leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz.; 3yds., 60c. doz. Double Gut Leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. doz. Hand Twisted Gut Leaders, 10c. each, 90c. doz.

A special lot of Trout Flies at 25 cents per dozen assorted, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.

A special lot of Bass and Pickerel Spoons at 5 cents each sent by mail, 1 cent extra for postage.

All kinds of Hollow Point best quality Hooks snelled to single gut 10 cts. doz.; double gut, 15cts. doz.; treble, 20 cts. doz.; four ply, 25 cts. doz. 1 cent extra per dozen for postage.

300ft. Braided Linen Reel Line on Block, 41 cts.; 300ft. of Hand-Made Linen Reel Lines on Block, 9 thread, 38 cts., sent by mail 3 cts. extra for postage.

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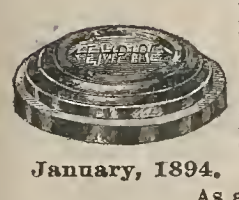

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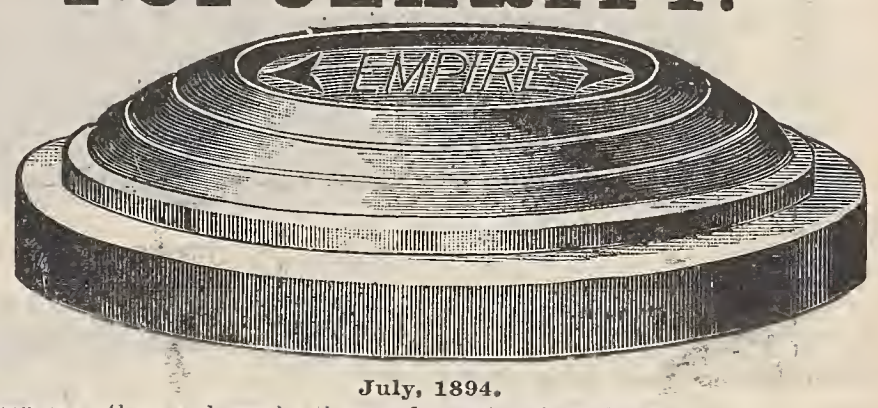

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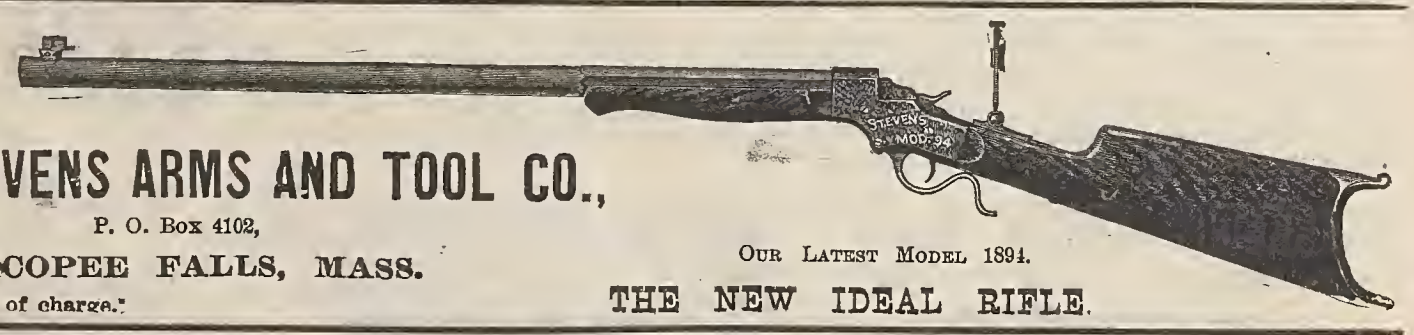

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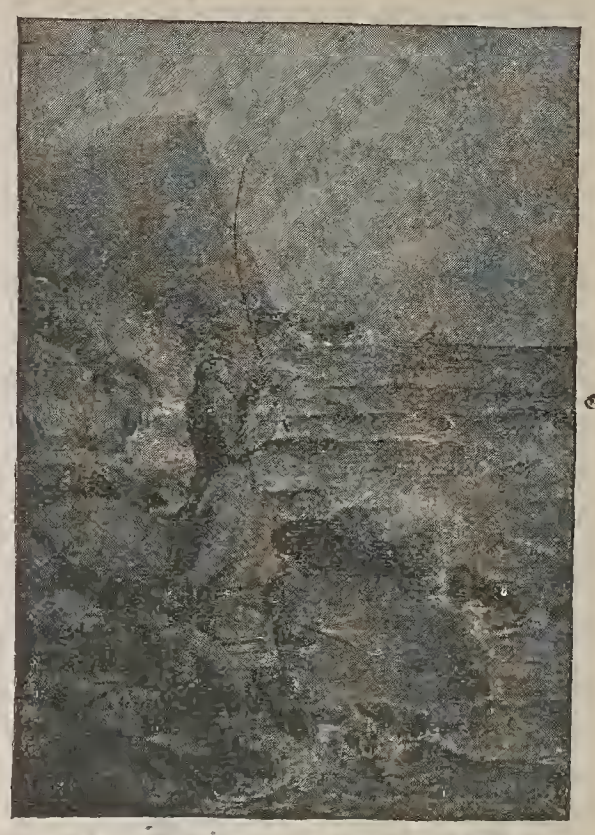

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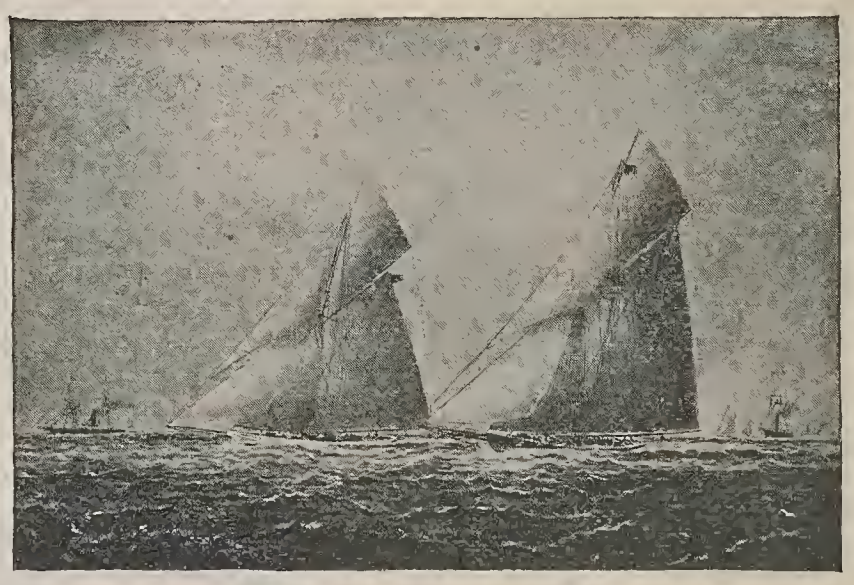

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CONTENTS.

Editorial.
The Sportsman's Exposition.
The Miranda Excursionists.
Snap Shots.

The Sportsman Tourist.
Web.
Coasting Along the Caribbean.
One Morning.

Natural History.
An Indian Mound.
Devotion of a Chimney Swift Mother.
Bird Calls of the Night.

Game Bag and Gun.
In Manitoba.
Chicago and the West.
Ten Days with Prairie Chickens.
Oregon Notes.
Hunting After Siwashes.
Texas and the Southwest.

Sea and River Fishing.
Chicago and the West.
Camp Woodbine.
More About the Salmon.
The First Bluefishing Experience
Angling Notes.
New Hampshire Fishing.

Fishculture.
New York Fish Laws
Fishing for Frostfish in N. York.

The Kennel.
Southern F. T. Derby Entries.

The Kennel.
Toronto Dog Show.
Des Moines Show Awards.
The Gordon Trials.
Dog Chat.
Kennel Notes.

Yachting.
Vigilant.
Beverly Y. C.
A Racing Circuit on the Sound.
N. Y. Y. R. A. Regatta.
Current Comment.
Model Yachting.
Fall Regattas.
Yachting News Notes.

Canoeing.
Wawbewawa War Canoe Association.
News Notes.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Sea Girt.
Club Scores.
Rifle Notes.

Trap Shooting.
New England Tournament.
Iowa Falls First Annual.
Manitou Beach Club
The Americans on British Trap Grounds
Northville Gun Club.
New London Tournament.
Drivers and Twisters.

Answers to Queries.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

THE MIRANDA EXCURSIONISTS.

FOR the last fifteen years, more or less, and sometimes more frequently than once in a season, enthusiastic and sanguine projectors have been coming into this office to broach their schemes of gathering companies of fifty to a hundred sportsmen, to charter vessels for excursions to the coast of Labrador and Greenland. And year after year, not to throw cold water on the project, we have given such aid and comfort as opportunity afforded, always insisting, however, upon the inherent impracticability of the scheme. For, in the first place, there are not many sportsmen who would care to go to the northern seas, even under the most favorable circumstances. There are few who can be gone for the length of time required by such a trip, and fewer still who would willingly tie themselves up under the conditions governing excursion parties of this sort. The average man who is bent on enjoying himself wishes to be free to come and go at his own sweet will; but if he join a party of sea excursionists, he must go when the ship goes, and stay until the ship turns about. He is not his own master; there is no fun in that. He cannot get out of the fix; and there is less fun in that. This is one reason and a quite sufficient one to deter the average sportsman from joining such an expedition.

We had seen one Greenland excursion scheme after another, iridescent as a sun-kissed glacier, fade into unreality, when Dr. F. A. Cook, who had been surgeon to the Peary expedition of 1891-92, came in one day last spring, and told of his proposed expedition to Greenland on the steamship Miranda, with the customary band of sportsmen, scientists and others. When we told Dr. Cook that he would never get his company enlisted, he smiled and exhibited a roll of names of excursionists already secured quite sufficient to make certain the sailing of the ship. It did indeed prove to be the first successfully projected expedition of the kind; and in due time the Miranda left this port bound for the west coast of Greenland. There were on board fifty odd excursionits, including a number of college professors and students bent on exploration and scientific research in Labrador and Greenland; and several sportsmen equipped for hunting walrus and polar bear. The expedition was to visit Nova Scotia, New Foundland and Greenland; proceeding under favorable conditions to Melville Bay and the winter quarters of Kane and Greeley. Each individual of the party paid $500 as his share of the expenses of the trip.

The Miranda sailed from New York on July 7, having been delayed some time beyond the date originally set for departure. Misfortune overtook her when she was ten days out; seven miles north of Belle Isle, in a fog bank, she collided bows on with an iceberg, and had to turn back to St. Johns for repairs. After a detention here, she sailed once more for Greenland; and reached the harbor of Sukkertoppen on Aug. 7. Sailing thence on Aug. 9, she had barely passed out of the harbor before she again encountered disaster. She struck a rock and stove in her bottom; but succeeded in getting back into Sukkertoppen harbor. A relief party, headed by Dr. Cook, set out with Esquimaux in an open boat for Holsteinburg, 140 miles distant, where some American boats were reported to be fishing. After five days of a tempestuous journey they reached their destination, and, dispatching couriers in native kayaks up and down the coast, at length fell in with the American schooner Rigel, whose captain undertook to go to the relief of the company. In due time the Miranda excursionists were transferred to the Rigel, and the steamship in her disabled condition set out for the return voyage with the schooner in tow. Thirty miles out, at midnight, the ship began to sink; her crew were taken off by the schooner, and she was abandoned. The Rigel reached North Sydney, Cape Breton, on Wednesday of last week, Sept. 5, with all on board safe and sound, although trophies and baggage had been lost. The Miranda excursionists have brought back from their summer outing a fund of experience for exciting tales, to tell to their children and grandchildren, of shipwreck in the Arctic, more thrilling than the polar bear stories they must otherwise have been contented with. The disastrous ending of the Miranda's voyage is not likely to stimulate the excursion business in northern seas. Dr. Cook's enterprise deserved more generous reward; and we would have rejoiced to chronicle the complete success of the Miranda excursion.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

HERE are some dates to keep in mind—May 13 to 18, 1895. The trouting season will then be around again; but in planning the campaign, provision should be made for a visit to the Sportsmen's Exposition, which will then be in progress in Madison Square Garden of this city. The committee having in hand preliminary arrangements reports a gratifying measure of progress. Many firms have given promise of cordial support; and the affair has already assumed proportions which assure a notable and worthy representation of the sportsmen's interests of this country. It is to be distinctively an expression of the field sportsmanship of the day, devoted specifically to the activities of the man of the rod and gun, dog, canoe, tent and saddle. The classification of exhibits as now adopted comprises:

Class A.—Firearms.
Class B.—Ammunition.
Class C.—Sporting sundries.
Class D.—Fishing tackle.
Class E.—Boats, canoes, etc.
Class F.—Camping outfits.
Class G.—Athletic goods.
Class H.—Kennel supplies.
Class I.—Zoölogy and taxidermy.
Class K.—Cameras and photographic supplies.
Class L.—Saddles and bridles.
Class M.—Sportsmen's art and literature.
Class N.—Trophies and loan collections.

The trade displays will be full and representative; and we trust that adequate attention will be given as well to the loan collection of arms and trophies and to illustrations of the hunting and fishing methods of people the world over. These are the features of the affair which will bring in the general public; and the general public must be attracted if the exposition is to accomplish all that it should do in stimulating the interests it represents, and in enlarging the ranks of sportsmen. Quite as valuable as the immediate returns to the trade which will come from the exposition as a bazaar will be the benefits reaped by them later from the awakened interest in shooting, fishing and kindred pursuits.

The meeting for permanent organization will be held in the rooms of the Hardware Club in this city at two o'clock next Tuesday, Sept. 18. Correspondence respecting the exposition is invited, and may be sent to Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, secretary, 313 Broadway.

SNAP SHOTS.

To Mr. N. M. Bostwick, of Denver, should be extended sincere commiseration by the brothers of the craft. He was fly-fishing for rainbow trout the other day, in the Gunnison, that Colorado stream noted for its big fish, and was doing his prettiest to take what "Kingfisher" would term "an old sooner," to excite the envy of his fishing friends. And he thought he had it, when, after a "royal struggle," he put on to the scales a rainbow measuring 27⅝in. in length, 16in. in girth and weighing an even 8¾lbs. Full of exultation, he dispatched the prize express haste to Denver, to be shown as the largest trout ever taken with fly in Colorado, for it was a plump half-pound better than the record fish, a trout taken five years ago in Twin Lakes. But alas for Mr. Bostwick and his dream of triumph! On the very train that bore his prize was another trout taken from the same stream by Mayor Shove, of Gunnison. It was longer, larger around and heavier; a bigger big fish, a monster yet more monstrous. Mayor Shove's fish weighed 10¾lbs., and when people beheld it they were so astonished that there was little wonder left for Mr. Bostwick's exhibit.

IN the ever delightful "Uncle Lisha's Shop," it is told how a New England school meeting was broken up by the cry of a foxhound on the trail, the assembled citizens tumbling out pell-mell to join in the chase; and we believe that it is a fact of record in the South that court has been adjourned that the Bench might go fishing. When there came to the International Anglers' Association, assembled in convention at Niagara-on-the-Lake, word that the bass were running in schools off Fort Niagara, the most natural thing in the world happened; the meeting adjourned *viva voce* and *sine die*, and everybody went fishing. After the fish had stopped biting, and not till then, did the delegates reconvene to listen to Mr. J. Pringle's report, recommending that Canada be divided into three districts, with as many separate close seasons for black bass; and that the license fee now exacted from American anglers in Canadian waters should be abolished. The convention adopted the report; and a memorial embodying it will be presented to the Canadian Government.

Considerable anxiety has been felt lately over the fate of numerous hunting and fishing parties who encamped in the forests or by the lakes of the territory recently ravaged by forest fires in Minnesota. In most cases, however, it appears that these parties escaped the fires without any loss more serious than that of their camp equipage, though in several instances they were obliged to take refuge in lakes and swamps until after the fire passed over, and were subjected to great suffering and inconvenience in reaching home. It is hoped that no lives were lost in any of these parties.

Gov. Hogg of Texas has given out a declaration: "Since the war I have always been, am now, and shall continue to be for the indissoluble Union, the Stars and Stripes, law and order, the preservation of local self-government and public and private integrity." We trust that the governor believes in game protection, too. It should be noted that having killed a deer out of season in Nacogdoches county, he has settled for it like a man by paying over his fine.

The death of William Mitchell, the veteran rod maker of this city, removes from the fishing tackle trade a figure long familiar. Mr. Mitchell was rarely entertaining with his reminiscences of Dr. Bethune and others of the old school, for whom in his prime he made rods, and with whom he talked fishing. He was highly respected by friends and business associates for his integrity and high character.

When you encounter a leopard, aim to shoot him on the spot.

The Sportsman Tourist.

WEB.

AS A rule it is pleasant to be invited. When one has to offer himself, the effort is attended with more or less embarrassment, depending upon the egotism of the volunteer. An invitation to a wedding, for instance, is pleasant, provided one is not recently in receipt of a printed slip from one's banker inviting one to call. An invitation to a picnic is burdened with elements of doubt, involving ants, cholera morbus, colds and other disagreeable possibilities. An invitation to call again is replete with such delightful suggestions that one is tempted to wish oneself young again, like "Podgers" and the other blades yet in the flower. An invitation to dinner, when one is familiar with the admirable gauge of the cook and not troubled by indigestion, is pleasant without any exception, thus giving the lie to the axiom that "all general rules have exceptions." An invitation to go fishing or shooting is always in order, and attended with annoyance only when one cannot accept. You see, therefore, by these contrasts that invitations as a rule carry in their train sentiments more or less pleasurable. I am led into these reflections by an invitation lately appearing in FOREST AND STREAM in bold face type, reading after this fashion: "All those who love a dog because he is a dog * * * are invited by the editor to consider this department as one in which they can discuss amicably," etc.

It is a privilege to love a dog—that is, some dogs. One may not be supposed to love all dogs any more than all women, horses or men. Some dogs are mean, some women not lovable, some horses vicious and some men prohibit, absolutely, any consideration in their favor—it is much easier, many times, to love a dog, much easier to overlook his foibles. Indeed his weaknesses are a constant appeal to you, because he gives you to understand that he has acted on his best information; when he makes a mistake from your standpoint, his contrition is sincere—you can swear by it—men and women leave one oftener in doubt. His charity is very broad and his forgiveness of your errors as beautiful as mothers'; he is a perpetual lesson in the school of the Master, but we heed him not, being ourselves unmindful of the Teacher; he possesses the virtue of obedience commensurate to his understanding, we understand and do not obey. The integrity of his love is beyond question, hence it is a privilege to respond in like measure, if we can—what is our favor is with him a prerogative, he has a right to be loved.

I saw Web a few weeks since. You do not know Web—he is not registered—but he has blue bood in his veins. Over in Middle Park, where he is surrounded by the comforts that should attend "the sere, the yellow leaf," he is known as Gordon. He hears his old name once a year when I call on his newer friends. His hair was once very silky, and is soft yet to the touch; his tail straight with an eight-inch feather. He is very fat now, and is turning gray about the face. We have spent many pleasant days together, and have aged, he the more rapidly, because of greater zeal in the discharge of his duties. At the mention of his old name he pricks up his ears and there is a perceptible twitch of the once handsome tail, indicative of doubt and yet partaking of hope. Upon the second mention of his name he rises slowly to investigate; he would jump to do so, but that privilege is no longer his. His steps are not steady, nor his line of approach exactly straight, but he finds the way, and when his nose touches my boot, he whimpers, very gently, throws his head a little to one side and curls the side of his lip as near to a smile as is vouchsafed his kind; he attempts to stand on two feet, and then three, and finally sits down and offers me a hand, and all the time that whimper and curl of the lip to express how glad he is. His memory is good and his affection unabated. He talks to me after the old fashion, as I caress him and look in vain for the eloquence of the beautiful brown eyes of the earlier days. He has no need of his sight to recognize me, and I, with my own not a little dim at the thought, wonder whether I should under a like affliction recognize him. The verdict upon this point lies in favor of—my friend.

Web has a companion, a black and tan colored shepherd, named Jack, who is as full of mischief as a monkey, and in the line of his duties worth half a dozen herders. He looks straight at you when you propose to send him on an errand; should you halt him after he has started on a mission, whether at one rod or many, he stops short and looks round with head up and every muscle taut. "What would you have me do? Just mention it or motion it?" is his plain interrogatory, and his ready obedience to your answer is a marvel. Jack steals Web's bone, on occasion, and knows just as well as any of us that he has done something mean, has been guilty of a breach of canine ethics, or the commandment handed down to us. He takes off the bone to a rod's distance, lies down and puts his paws upon it. By this time he has worked himself into the belief that it is his bone, duly earned by the sweat of his brow, and growls if Web makes a move. Web rarely sets up a prior claim, but when he does he treats Jack's growl as sheer bluff and repossesses his property with a dignity compatible with old age. Of his own volition Jack, aside from the occasional episode of the bone, has set himself up as guardian to Web. He watches over his general interests and uncertain footsteps with untiring fidelity. He has a way of putting himself directly across the path of his blind friend when the latter starts in unfavorable directions, and by rubbing against him and talking in a way that is quite comprehensible, even to one not a dog, turns him about and sends him to sanctuary. Last winter the ice on the river was thick and the weather very cold; the current of the Grand is swift. A hole had been cut in the ice for the convenience of the stock and had been kept open for several days. One morning Web strayed off toward this hole; to get into it was to be swept under by the current and drowned. Jack saw him, called to him, and started on the run, overtook him just as he reached the dangerous place, turned him around in the usual way and coaxed him toward the house, and seemed, as the observers declared, "tickled plumb to death" at the success of his undertaking. He jumped over and around the old dog until the latter was obliged to give acknowledgment of the service by two or three hoarse barks, a feeble dance and that unmistakable curl of the lip as they rubbed noses. Do you doubt, Mr. Editor, that there was pleasure to me in your invitation?

"Love a dog because he is a dog." How else or for what other reason would you love him? He is unlike anything else on this beautiful earth. He loves you under chiding or caress. He will fight for you and yours where he will not do battle for himself. His affection is not gauged by your garments; rags or velvet are all one to him, provided they are worn by his lover. He is faithful in your good fortune, and accepts the crust of your poverty uncomplainingly. Your success is his pleasure, your sorrow commands his sympathy. He is happy when you are and discontented when you are not. He is ignorant of politics, bonds and stocks, and bank accounts. His love is honest, and not to love what is honest is to be—less than a dog.

LEWIS B. FRANCE.

DENVER, Col.

COASTING ALONG THE CARIBBEAN.

ON the very edge of the prairie a group of cocoa palms curved up, from the roots that were like thin brown cords to the leaves that trembled in the passing breeze and rattled against each other with a sound like that of pattering rain. Back of the palms a fence, hidden under a thick drapery of green that was jewelled with purple and pink and white morning-glories, inclosed masses of geraniums and marigolds, hollyhocks and fuchsias. The bamboo walls of the watla rose from a bed of gaudy flowers, and were crowned by a thick thatch of leaves that rose steep and high. A few meaner huts stood amid the orange, the lemon and the mango trees, above which nodded the heads of palms burdened by shining green cocoanuts. These houses were the hamlet known as Bens.

From the edge of the prairie a shining lake spread westward, farther than eye could follow in the morning light. Eight or ten miles to the north was a narrow belt of mangroves, of palmetto and of palms that were lifted in the air to dance above the shimmering sea. Beyond that belt of trees lay the Caribbean, the Mediterranean of the Americas.

Women were stirring about in the watlas. Other women were paddling off to gather firewood, or to dig cocos and yucca, or to bring bananas and yampas with which to stuff hungry stomachs at home. Naked, pot-bellied youngsters crept from hammocks made of twisted bark, and ranged themselves in shivering rows against the walls that were brightened by the first rays of the rising sun. The children waited there until the beneficent god of light drove from their trembling forms the bitter cold of the norther, which had blown itself away and left the mercury away down at 75° F., and that *was* cold.

Parrots flew in thousands, yet always in pairs, from their roosting place hidden somewhere in the forest that borders Caratasca, toward the great fields of wild bananas on Rio Platano; and every one squawked harshly as it flew. High above the parrots floated the buzzards on still pinions. In the tamarind and the marañon trees in the grove by the houses the mockingbird in russet coat, the sousanti, poured out his song in rivalry of the chorcha that is like a glorified oriole. Vireos flitted through the grove, twittering cheerfully, and out in the sunshine where the cattle were, a dingy-brown little rascal gave up the sweet melody he must have stolen from the cardinal grosbeak, and for interest of its use threw in a most entrancing trill.

Ten o'clock and breakfast time drew near. The canoes came back with stores of roots and fruits, and the children begged for food. The defenders of the inalienable right of women and children to toil for the comfort of man, threw aside the cotton sheets under which they had shivered the night hours away, and graciously ate what their women had provided.

Later the men went in their canoes out on the lake and patiently waited there for fish to come to be caught. Others took their sheet-iron shotguns of Birmingham, with a woman or two to do the paddling, and slipped along devious channels that led from the lagoon through reedy marshes where waterfowl fed. Yet others paddled along the grassy banks, where a deer might peer with fatal curiosity from the bush, or iguaua bask on the sunlit tops of thick walls of grass, or lie stretched asleep upon some limb. And others might go afoot through the thick forest in search of the white-lipped peccary that they call the waree, or after equally vicious collared peccary that roots the moist soil in many a glade of those cool woods.

Some of the women paddled across the lagoon that day to visit the narrow spit of sand and swamp that separated the inland water from the sea. On the outer edge they might perchance find wreckage or drift from the rivers, or possibly the tracks of some turtle from the water's edge to the place where half a bushel or so of eggs were buried. There was always the possibility, too, of finding a family of box tortoises, which would help fill the dinner pot—for all is good fish that comes to the Sambo's net. A fish or two, a ray perhaps, or a lot of oysters from the shallow parts of the lagoon might be added to the store in the dory before it would be beached at Bens at sunset. Then there would be feasting and sleep, and another day like this, and so on through the lives of these simple, indolent folk.

My pipanti, with its shovel-shaped bow, was unfit for the navigation of waters that curled in waves before the breeze, as the sea dory was unfit for the work of the rivers. So I sold it for a few dollars more than it cost, and paid for a dory a few dollars more than it was worth. For now I was dealing with whites who knew how to calculate and to take advantage of their fellows when opportunity offered.

In the morning we stowed my luggage in the dory, said farewell to the village, hauled aft the string that was the sheet of the cotton bed cover we used for a sail, and skimmed along toward the western end of Cartago Lagoon. Gradually the distance was widened between us and the shore, until about noon we ran under the lee of Cannon Island. There we might have climbed to the top of the island, which was perhaps 150ft. in height, and looked upon the ancient cannon which once served the purpose of guarding this the stronghold of those pious gentlemen who then enjoyed a lucrative business along this shore. They levied tolls upon vessels plying to or from the Spanish Main. Heavy tolls they were, that took ship and cargo, life, liberty and honor.

We breakfasted and dined on the shore of the island, and slept there until the dawn faintly lighted the east. Then we got away and were soon facing the surf on the bar. My men paddled near to the inner line of breakers; they surveyed it dubiously. The man who steered stood up and looked long and anxiously at the wall of tumbling water. He turned to me.

"Me no 'fraid, boss. Go troo?"

It was my turn to stand and gaze. A single glance was enough. I had no especial reason for hurrying. There was really nothing to call me to La Criba that day. Besides, I had never felt any great passion for surf bathing; and my acquaintance with sharks was already as close as I wished. If it had not been I could, I clearly saw, get both by trying to go beyond that line of breakers—for triangular fins moved to and fro between us and the surf. I sat down.

"Just as you think best," I said with as much indifference as I really felt, following with my eyes the movement of the nearest shark. The eyes of the men followed him, too.

"Plenty shaak hereaway, boss. Shaak de debbil to ketch white mans."

"Yes? Well, do as you like. I'm in no hurry to get to La Criba to-day."

"Land breeze come off to-night, suah, suah, please God. Mabbe so."

"Likely enough. Go ashore then, if you wish to, and wait for the land breeze."

So we got out of that problem. Ten minutes later we were on the sandspit. Three hours of that was more than enough for me. My notebook fully written up; more sleep during the last week than I needed; nothing of interest for me to see, and only seven miles of smooth sand, packed as hard as rock by the sea, between me and the house of a white settler.

"Come on to La Criba as soon as the sea runs down," said I to the captain. "I go."

The walk along the beach in the morning was delightful change for one who had been sitting in canoes for weeks. There was interest in the coarse sedges, the mangrove grape trees, the coco plums with their cheeks of pink shading, like the cheek of the toper, into purple. There was interest, too, in the worm-eaten ribs and decayed stem of the ship, that lay where the waves washed to and fro among their iron fastenings, and through the stone-lined tunnels that the teredo had bored through solid pine and hard oak. I wondered whether she had been driven ashore by some norther, or had been beached on this shelving shore to collect her insurance.

A deer stood on a sand dune and stared impudently at me. I raised my gun, then lowered it again, and whooped at that beast for the fun of seeing it turn tail and fly. Then I jogged on, flattering myself upon my self-denial in not murdering a deer I could not use.

There was more of present interest later, when I saw the broad footprints of a jaguar that had prowled on the sands in search of belated turtle, and had unearthed her eggs. The tough, empty shells were shriveling in the sunshine on the sand. It would have been a pleasure to have followed those tracks and put a bullet through the spotted hide of the chap that made them; but I had no dog, and I had a vivid recollection of the tale told me, only the day before, of a Waikna who was looking through a thicket near the beach for a promising heifer. He found a promising jaguar. It lay, gorged and sleepy, its head close to the broken neck of the heifer. The man was so surprised, and perhaps displeased by finding his cow in such plight, that he pushed the jaguar away with the muzzle of his gun. Luckily for him, the gun happened to be cocked, and in his excitement the hammer fell, and the beast went down with a charge of shot blown through her interior.

I had missed no cow, and feared that I would not have presence of mind to poke the muzzle of my rifle against the ribs of any jaguar I might find, and the brute might not be gorged and sleepy, so I decided that I would not look for the fellow that made those footprints.

I came to the mouth of the Rio Platano, on the banks of which dwell, far back from the sea, a small remnant of the race that once occupied the hills and plains thereabout. Possibly they are descendants of the people who carved curious devices on the walls of caves in the mountains not far from their villages on the Platano, and of the artists who cut intricate scrolls and fret in the massive boulders of dark granite that stand in the middle of the river.

Perhaps it was the skill and patience of their forefathers that carved from granite and from scoria black and porous, and adorned with graceful lines the vases and bowls, the benches and tables, the metlatls and beaters which are thickly strewn over a mountain not far away.

At all events this poor remnant of the great Lenca race are hospitable, peaceful and kindly, as well as industrious and shy. They should be studied, their language, beliefs and habits of thought put upon record quickly, for they will probably soon pass away, and with them take a number of the few links that connect our day with pre-Columbian history and art of America.

But dreaming of these things did nothing toward setting me across the still, dark, deep river. It might be that one could safely wade across, by following the bar that lay a little out from the coast line, but I had no knowledge of the depth of water there, and the surf ran high enough to wet one completely, if it did not indeed sweep him from his feet. And I thought of sharks, then shouted in hope of catching the attention of some stray Mosquito. I waited, then once more carefully studied the soft, succulent stems that run, pink and almost translucent, here and there upon the dry sand of the shore, and hold boldly up a foot above the ground blossoms that are in shape and size much like morning-glories; but these have petals that are pink and thick and fleshy, instead of thin and delicate like those of the gem of the morning.

An ancient wreck of a canoe lay on the sandy shore of the river. One side was burned to the water's edge, and the other side seemed to be half rotten. I dragged the wreck to the river and found by carefully balancing I could make it carry me in still water. I stepped ashore and yelled again, then waited for the Indian who did not come to ferry me across.

In answer to my cry a dozen feet of alligator rose to the smooth surface of the river, in the cove sheltered by the mangrove bushes and willows. He lay too low to shoot at with any hope of success, so I silently waited, while he drifted toward me. I was vexed by the delay about crossing the river, and by the fact that I was hungry; therefore, I determined to kill that ugly brute if possible. I had heard that the barking of a dog would attract any alligator that could hear it, so I tried barking. Experience on the Red River of the South at the time of General Banks's cotton capturing expedition had shown me that the squealing of a pig would lure the

saurians more certainly than the yelping of a dog, so I tried to squeal. It did not work. The notes were perhaps too high for my voice. But the alligator had drifted down until he was abreast of and not forty feet from me. I jerked my rifle up and plumped him squarely between the eyes.

I have often heard that the hide of an alligator will turn a bullet. I believed it whenever I fired at and failed to hit my game; and I shot at hundreds of them when Uncle Sam furnished the ammunition during the weary weeks when we were patrolling the ruddy Red River and the coffee-tinted Tensas. Many a time, though, I had proof that when a .45 ball, urged by a goodly charge of powder, struck an alligator, a hole in his hide was mighty suddenly made.

So it was with this moss-back veteran of the Rio Platano. The ball from my Marlin neatly dug a furrow through his skull, and scooped out what few brains the reptile had. He lay as still as any wooden stick. There seemed to be not a twitch of a muscle. The fact is that the surprise fairly paralyzed him.

I pushed off in my crazy punt, and managed to get the carcass ashore. I dragged it partly out of the water, then sat down to contemplate the prize. There was reason for believing that it was dead. But I had seen dead alligators before, so I reached over the corpse of this one and with the point of my machete tickled his ribs, on the side furthest from me. That massive tail swung around with prodigious power and promptness, and dashed a shower of sand and water into my face. I retired.

A yell from the other bank called my attention to a Waikna standing there.

"Come over and see the lagarto grande I killed," I shouted. He quickly found a canoe and paddled across. He was joyful over the death of the alligator.

"He debbil, big debbil," said he earnestly. "He ketch young cow of me by nose. He pull her nose down. She go to bottom, den he eat um up; ketch girl, too."

A few minutes later we were in the watla of the biggest authority and biggest rascal of the hamlet of Plantain. There were in the village half a dozen cocoa palms that tossed their long arms in the trade wind. Before them the sand sloped down to the curving beach, on which lay a dory hauled beyond reach of the waves. Behind the palms were four huts having walls of trunks of the papta palmetto, and the usual thatch of leaves. Back of these, their crooked branches touching the eaves of the huts, were mangrove trees that held the sands from shifting and helped them to encroach upon the wide river behind the settlement.

While breakfast was being cooked the death of the big alligator was discussed by every man, woman and child in the place. The host asked leave and proudly exhibited my Marlin, from which I had thrown every cartridge. While they peered curiously at the mysterious and most marvelous mechanism, that could load the deadly gun quicker than a man could pull the plug from his bottle of powder, they told yarns about the savage prowess of the cayman the bullet from that little gun had killed. They brought forward a trim girl of some dozen years, and showed the rows of scars on hips and thighs, where the pointed teeth of that saurian had pricked holes into which when made one might have thrust the first joint of his little finger.

She was squatting in the shallow water at the riverside, splashing the water and paying little attention to her surroundings, which was careless; but she doesn't play that way now. She found herself gathered, without due and timely notice, into the jaws of that alligator.

The girl was so surprised that she cried aloud. In fact, she screamed. Girls act that way. Her father and brother were near, and hacked away with their ever-ready machetes at the head of the cayman. He gave up the dainty meal he had honestly captured, and showed his resentment of unfair treatment by sulking at the bottom of the river. And that girl was afraid, even when I saw her a year later, to go into deep water where alligators were known to lurk.

The village was a unit in urging me to stay and kill all the big alligators in the river. The rifle that had knocked the brains out of so big a brute could surely put an end to any cayman. There were so many such reptiles in river and lagoon that pigs and puppies were almost sure to disappear before they became big enough to be of use, and it was difficult to raise babies. It was discouraging to the industries of housewives. Any one who would clear the river of reptiles would be doing a good work for the advancement of humanity—and pigs.

No right-minded man objects to doing missionary work, when it is mixed with sport. So I told them to prepare an armful of pitch pine splinters and knots, and to fasten on the sloping bow of their biggest pipanti a rude frame of four poles, to hold a bed of sand on which to make our light. The sloping part was about 18in. wide and nearly 4ft. long. Behind this we left a place for a man who was to feed the fire. Then came a screen of split bamboo.

Before sunset we paddled up the river, that we might float down with the current. It would have been better if we had gone up earlier in the day, draped the canoe in bushes and floated down about sunset; for so we could have got a shot at the score or more of caymans which we saw as we went up. They were too shy to allow us to come close enough for a fairly good shot at the flat face that showed so little above the surface of the water.

We got our pay, though, coming down. There was little difficulty about floating to within twenty feet or so of the glaring eyeballs, dazzled by the blaze of light on our bow, and it was as easy to drive a pointed ball down between those eyes. We got half a dozen clean and easy shots while drifting down; but they only sharpened our zest. We turned aud silently paddled up the river again, and got five more alligators before one of the men whispered:

"Sula, boss; sula tara!"

Sure enough. A big deer he was—for Cental America. The light fell broadly on him as he stood knee deep among the water-poppies. He never knew what hit him, but he jumped at least a dozen feet, and fell without another kick.

The men yelled their delight, then dragged the buck into the canoe; and again we floated toward the sea. But the men felt that we had done well enough. Eleven alligators in one evening made a goodly record. A fat buck for to-morrow's feasting was vastly better. It would have been unreasonable to keep silent under such a load of reason for rejoicing. So they shouted now and then, and threw the water up to fall in spray, and slapped the broad blades of their paddles on the surface of the water, with resounding whacks. It would have been a fool of a cayman that would stay within rifle shot of so much racket.

Half a dozen men were willing to carry my gun to La Cariba for me the next day, but one was enough. It was only four miles from Plantain River to the spot were we turned from the level, smooth beach and climbed over the low dune. All the dunes are low on the coast. The constant trade winds have not enough power to drive the sands into high banks, and the northers come too seldom to much move sands from the roots of the mangrove trees, the coco plum shrubs and the coarse and hardy sedges and grasses that hold the loose particles.

Behind the dunes was the usual open prairie with here and there a group of long-leafed pines or clusters of palmettos. A little further on was a grove of short, thick-bodied cocoanut palms bearing hundreds of nuts that one standing on the ground could reach.

Two houses stood beyond this grove of palms, amid a thicket of mango and marañon, orange, lemon and cacao trees. Grapevines rioted among lime trees, and the air was sweet with the odor of pineapples. Oranges and bananas, marañones and soursops, tamarinds and cocoanuts lay on benches, tables and the floor. In a corner was an iguana, the fore and the hindfoot of one side tied together to keep the reptile from running away before it should be wanted for the dinner pot. All young ladies who expect to go to housekeeping should keep in mind this simple expedient for preventing the escape of lizards.

All that the place had of interest was quickly seen and heard, although it was a spot of ideal beauty, a paradise to one who had no ambition for anything other than a life completely free from toil, discord and anxious care. But a single day sufficed to see and hear all that could interest one there. A dory sailed, the next morning, out from the little landing and slipped over the placid waters of Ebon Lagoon toward a little cay where grow olive trees that were planted, perhaps a hundred years ago, to become living monuments of a forgotten colony.

The lake extended full two miles beyond the cay, to a thickly wooded shore. Behind the belt of thickets lay savanas beloved by deer and quail and pheasants, and forests where wild pigs root in every glade, and tapirs lazily soak in every stream; where the jaguar and the black tiger, the ocelot with its pretty, spotted skin, the brown gato de montaña, and the puma prowl after troops of monkeys of various kinds, after agoutis and armadillos, sloths, ant bears and other prey. Turkeys, pheasants, quail and parrots, ducks, plover and other birds abound there.

Near sunset our dory rounded a high point and turned to the south. Half a mile of paddling against the yellow current brought us to a few houses near groves of oranges and cocoa palms. Beside the largest of these groves stood a house of unusually large size. The lower story was of stone and bricks which had been brought from Fort Wellington, nearly two miles distant, and built into walls nearly or quite two feet thick. Upon these stood a roomy, well lighted and clean structure of wood. Wide verandas were on every side, but all the hammocks were swung, and the bent wood chairs rocked in the cool breezes on the north and the east sides of the house. We looked from that veranda down upon the orange trees and the limes, on the palms between which the yellow river showed, and over them to the low island whereon Fort Wellington stood forty years ago and gave false promise of protection to the people of the Province of Victoria.

Here was then the headquarters of a prosperous colony. Rich sugar estates were on the fertile plains that bordered el Rio Negro—the Black River. Coffee estates were on cool hills near by. Ships came here for sound and big pines to make masts and yards and planking for their hulls. Of all these prosperous settlements and of that fort nothing now is except this big house of Deacon's; a few rusty cauldrons, rollers and wheels lost in the forest where mills once stood, and a few coffee trees, and here and there a cane beneath quick-growing trees of other kinds.

Ah, well, there ended a dream that might have ended in a glorious and most happy reality. And a country that might well have become the prosperous home of thousands is now the most prolific hunting ground of a hundred or so shy, peaceful Indians and the home of a few Caribs who live largely on the sea.

One still morning the few belongings left after the last gifts had been bestowed, were put aboard a schooner that was hewn from the trunk of a Spanish cedar tree. She was a little thing—only 8ft. beam and 40ft. in length, but she tossed her head daintily, took a dip or two into the shining water on the Black River bar, which the immortal Columbus crossed on the 17th of August, three hundred and ninety-two years ago. She shook the water from her back and was away over the Caribbean, bound for Trujillo, the spot where the great discoverer first set up the standard of Spain on the Western Continent.

We were sailing over notable courses. Ours was the very path over which Puizon and Solis sailed westward with their pilot, Amerigo Vespucci, in 1497. We were skimming easily and swiftly over waters where Columbus pounded into head seas for weary weeks before his crazy punts rounded Cape Gracias à Dios, and his pious crew cried "Thanks to God," as they squared their yards and ran away southward toward the highway they sought, for India. It was on these sparkling waters that the genial English gentleman, Wallace—whose name, slightly changed by Indian tongues, is perpetuated in that of the settlement founded by him and known now as Belize—plied on these waters and along this coast the trade of toll gatherer, and scuttled ships and burned towns, hanged men and cut the throats of children, drowned mothers and ravished maids, for his own delectation and the profit and glory of Old England. For such was the merry custom of those good old times.

We sailed along with sheets eased off, over the long ground swell that began to whiten under the rippling trade wind. We passed the wretched hamlet of Iriona where is, according to the prospectus of a land company, "the best harbor on this coast, east of Trujillo," and "a navigable river flowing across our lands," which river might be navigable for the white-winged ships of fancy, but is certainly not for more material craft bigger than a small canoe. The harbor might be better and more accessible than it is, if a sandbar two feet higher than the level of the sea did not extend entirely across the entrance. But the open roadstead of Iriona was a beautiful place when we sailed across it. A score of canoes were sailing here and there on its sunny surface. In some grave men were fishing for barracuda, for kingfish, for red snapper and for the kingly tarpon. In more; boys and girls of ten years or more skimmed to and fro for fun. It was fun

We threw the head of our schooner into the wind near a canoe, in which sat a weazened Carib and a girl. My Carib captain wished to buy part of a tarpon which the old man had; and a quarrel ensued about the price. The two men scolded, argued and menaced each other with fists, paddles and sticks. Half a dozen times they seemed on the point of murdering each other—but the girl sat unconcerned, dabbling her fingers in the sea beside the canoe. The captain turned to appeal to me. "That raskil ax two shillin' for little piece that fish!" he cried.

"Big fish! Bully fish!" exclaimed the old man. He didn't hold it up for inspection. He couldn't well do so, for it was fully 4ft. long.

"Fish no good; but I give shillin', one shillin' for half of 'im," and the captain showed where he would have it cut in two.

At last the price was agreed on, the fish was cut in the middle and we sailed away, the two men shouting good-natured badinage to each other as we drew apart.

The sun was behind the black mountains in the south, and the moon was red close down to the sea in the east, when we rounded a low, sandy spit that pointed to the west. We sailed along under the lee of the point half a mile, and let our anchor go. The little dory on deck went over the side and we went ashore. I strayed toward the extreme point of the spit, where scraggy bushes, and brown grasses, and wiry sedges swayed and bent before the fresh northeast winds as they bowed four centuries ago when Columbus landed on this very point, just as we had done that afternoon. It was here that he erected the ensign of old Spain; for I stood on Punto de Caxinas, the spot were the great discoverer first put his foot on the continent of America.

I stayed there long enough for my crew to transact whatever business they may have had, with whomsoever may have been waiting for them amid the thickets of palms and mangroves. One of the crew was killed by a bullet from a soldier's rifle there a few days later. They had made a landing, and the coast guard came near as the schooner was sailing away. The officer in command ordered her to heave to; but her captain wished to save the customs authorities the bother of overhauling his cargo just then, and a shot was fired to bring her to. The soldier must have been more afraid of his rifle than usual, for the bullet hit a man on the schooner. All Caribs and many white men along that coast felt profound indignation at this high-handed interference by the authorities with the time honored custom of the Caribs. For they run many a cargo of goods smuggled from Belize. I could tell of smuggling by one who was at the time honored by the title and office of Governor of Mosquitia, and so robbed the government that betrayed him. But he is now a high official, and the tale may well be told at another time.

The lights of Trujillo twinkled over the waters of the bay, nine miles away; but as no landing might be made there after sunset, we lay quietly at anchor under the lee of the point. In the morning the faint breeze sent us across in time to breakfast comfortably in the Hotel Americano, in a town that was firmly established a century before New York was discovered, long before Jamestown had existence, and even before the most ancient of towns made by Europeans in the United States was founded. Trujillo is in miles as far from New York as Denver is; in progress, Trujillo is as far from New York as—I was about to say Chicago is; but that would be impossible.

E. W. P.

ONE MORNING.

'Twas dark when I left the yacht. The stars were awake, however, and seemed to watch me in an interested way, as though full alive to the occasion.

Stealthily I paddled up the creek, slipping through the water quietly, as though spirits were urging my boat along.

Shoos-h; the bow touched the bank. I disembarked, and slowly felt my way through the swamp, bending the alders without a rustle, and parting the tangled vines with careful hand.

It seemed as though that short fifty yards of swamp had lengthened into an hundred, before the firm ground was reached.

At last I was through, and in the heavy cover that fringed the foot of the ridge. On hands and knees the crest was gained.

The woods were asleep. Save for the fall of an occasional something that seemed to emphasize the quiet, there was absolute stillness. Suddenly, *waugh-h, waugh-h, waugh-h-h-oo, who-o-o-o!* shouted an old screech owl in tones that made the forest ring.

Ugh! It was uncanny, that unearthly screech. So unexpected.

Silence again, as profound as before.

The moments pass. I begin to see more distinctly. Now I hear the flute of a cardinal as he tunes up far away in the distance. Something is moving down there in the swamp, for I hear the swish of the bushes as they spring back into place. It is not an awkward wanderer that is abroad, for the rustling that marks his passage is faint, so faint, in fact, that only an alert ear may detect it.

The dawn at last. With eager eyes I search the top of the towering pine that harbors my game. As the daylight grows, it seems to me that every knob, every gnarl, is a turkey, and once I even raised my gun to shoulder, so sure was I that I had discovered him.

At this early hour it is a habit with roosting turkeys to awake, stretch their long necks and look about in search of anything in the shape of danger. It is a way they have, and they never omit to follow this custom. This is what that turkey did, and his sharp eye spied me in a jiffy as I stood peering up in his direction.

One glance sufficed. With a woof-f, woof-f, of wings that told of a weight of at least 20lbs., he was off and away; another moment and I heard his derisive gobble echoing 'way back among the pines.

Wilmot Townsend.

The Forest and Stream *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Natural History.

AN INDIAN MOUND.

HERE is the story of our mound exploration one summer when we were camped on the Island of Put-In-Bay, in the western end of Lake Erie. We had a boat, flat bottomed, about 16ft. long and rigged to carry a sprit-sail and pull two pair of oars. We had a small sail made for her, and said, "This sail will be a great help when the wind favors us. At other times we will row." But we never did row. When the wind was contrary we waited for it to change. We did not row five miles through that glorious summer. We stayed on one of that cluster of islands until tired of it, and when the wind came favorable sailed off to another. We fished, hunted, geologized a little, plundered the farmers' vines and generally enjoyed ourselves. But finally we did do some really serious work, and that is what I mean to tell about.

The outer barrier of Sandusky Bay is a long island named Catawba, and only separated from the mainland by a creek. We had heard of a remarkable Indian mound on the western shore of this island, and one beautiful July morning started out to find it. We had shovels, picks and all the necessary digging implements, kettle, frying pan, coffee pot, and all the more necessary feeding implements; plenty of stores; lots of muscle and pluck, and last, but not least, a favorable wind. On the western shore of Catawba Island is a little islet, barely a quarter of a mile square, called Sugar Rock. It lies in a deep bay, is connected with the main island on the north by a narrow reef of pebbles, bearing a single line of trees. On the south there is a similar reef, but it does not reach the shore; and through the interval is a passage to a broad and quiet lagoon, one of the few places where the great nelumbium shows its large pallid flowers and its wash-basin leaves.

The islet is covered with trees of good size; is rocky and uneven in surface, and on the northwesterly side rises into cliffs of some sixty feet in height. On the highest point of these cliffs, facing the west, was the mound which we were anxious to investigate. Our first camp was on the shores of the lagoon, and that proved to be a mistake. Not that the ground was hard; we were used to that, and a convenient straw-stack materially palliated that difficulty. But how thick the mosquitoes were! Right here let me enter my protest against Captain Mayne Reid. We had all read his books, and had learned that fresh pennyroyal, bruised and used profusely would certainly drive away the boldest mosquito. We were at the believing age, and believed in Captain Mayne Reid and pennyroyal, so we got lots of it and calmly prepared for night and mosquitoes. We bruised that pennyroyal; rubbed it on face and hands; covered ourselves with it. Did it hinder the robust mosquitoes of the wild and watery west? Not a bit of it. They liked it. It seemed to stir them up to a more eager activity than common, which was unnecessary. Put it down in big letters that pennyroyal as a mosquito preventive is a humbug.

In the morning we changed our camp to the western shore of Sugar Islet itself. It took a good while to get settled, and to get the commissary department properly supplied and going. One never understands how much time and labor go to supply the ordinary requirements and comforts of life, until he gets into camp and does for himself; and then he don't get the ordinary comforts; but he has some extraordinary pleasures that go far to make up for their absence; nevertheless a man who is ordinarily weak and lazy had better have a guide to do the camp work. The extra expense is cheap at its cost, and so is the extra comfort.

There was a confiding farmer near by with whom we negotiated for supplies, and obtained them at rates which seemed to us remarkable. White clover honey a eight cents per pound, splendid household bread at four cents a loaf, and chickens on the hoof at fifteen cents apiece. The latter were running loose over the whole neighborhood. We had no firearms and had to do the best we could with pebbles from the beach for artillery. There was a good deal of labor to the capture of each chicken, but lots of fun in it, and it was afternoon before the camp was organized and victualled, and we could get at the mound.

On the westerly angle of the islet, where the cliffs are highest, a level platform, approximately circular and about 60ft. in diameter, had been constructed by filling the inequalities with limestone boulders, and in the center of this platform stands a mound, at present about 10ft. in height and 40ft. in diameter. Its surface was, and is, covered with loose masses of limestone, such as are now found everywhere on the islet, varying in size, but none too large for a man to lift. Upon the mound were two or three good-sized stumps of the red cedar, their roots striking down through the boulders, and blackberry bushes and other brushwood made quite a tangle over it. Near the center was an excavation of about 4ft. deep made by a former exploring party, and we determined to attack at that point, widening and lengthening the hole. The covering of boulders proved to be from one to two feet deep, and among these enormous quantities of human bones were irregularly scattered, much broken but unmistakable. There must have been two or three bushels in the space we uncovered, which was a very small part of the entire surface. Beneath the boulders was an irregular layer of black, vegetable earth, averaging perhaps 6in. in depth, and beneath this was a hard and compact mass of yellowish brown clay, which formed the bulk of the mound. There is no such clay on the islet and it must have been brought there in canoes, and thence carried to the site on men's backs. That clay was extraordinarily hard to dig, being very tough and dense, and containing small boulders, which were always ready to catch the edge of the spade or the point of the pick. Soon nothing but the pick could be used, and it took a good many minutes to work out a shovel full of earth. We were all city boys, pretty muscular and healthy, but not used to hard manual labor, and the work told on us rapidly. But we stuck to it, taking alternately the pick, the spade and the hoisting basket, and none of us thought of giving in until we had got to the bottom of the mound. Still supper time was welcome, and the hot coffee and broiled chicken were more delicious than anything Delmonico can give us now. Then how good the pipe was as we sat around our campfire made of red cedar driftwood, and how soft the ground seemed when we rolled up in our blankets under the little tent, and how quickly we went to sleep in spite of a pint of strong coffee each had consumed. Then the glorious bath at sunrise, a hearty breakfast and back to the mound again with muscles that were stiff at first from yesterday's labors, but which limbered up after a few minutes' performance on the pick.

So we worked for two days, finding very rarely a fragment of bone, and twice or thrice an arrow head, but nothing of particular interest until nearly the end of the third day. Then we found, beneath the clay, and resting upon another stratum of black vegetable soil, nearly but not exactly in the center of the mound, a hearth of about 7ft. in diameter by 6in. thick, and composed of pebbles from the beach. Upon the hearth rested about 6in. of fine gray ashes, so completely burned that no fragment of charred wood or bone could be distinguished, and containing no implements so far as we could discover. At one end of this hearth, and almost exactly in the center of the mound, was a pile of limestone boulders, about 3ft. square and somewhat calcined on the side toward the hearth. Beneath these boulders was a deep cleft in the solid rock, such a crack as often occurs in these limestone cliffs. This we cleared of the earth and boulders which filled it, as far as we could reach, but found nothing. This was the whole result of all our hard work, and seemed to us at the time rather small; but now I am not so sure of that. Here was a site extremely unusual in character and surroundings, and exceptionally conspicuous. A great amount of labor was expended in leveling the surface and preparing the hearth, and the fire kindled there was visible for many miles around. Then came the very great task of carrying the clay from a considerable distance, and erecting the mound. All these things show that the fire was of extraordinary importance, and the accumulation of human bones mingled with the covering of boulders seems to indicate that the spot possessed some great interest, sacred or historical. Now, what was the purpose of the fire? Was it sacrificial or funereal, and are the bones among the boulders contemporaneous with the mound, or subsequent to it? I don't know, and I wish some one who does would tell me.

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

The Old Back Lane.

A LONG time ago, when a boy, I thought I would look up a place to go berrying where I had not yet been. That was how I found the old back lane. To my boyish eyes the lonely path, the sunny back meadows and the roaring brook had all the charms of a new country. It was a sunny morning that I first climbed the hill with pail in hand. The fish in the brook claimed my attention; my young heart was filled with awe among the cool, silent pines, the limbs arching over the lane, through which streamed the radiant sun.

Many the happy days spent there alone or with friends. Never was there a place where berries grew so plenty and large, and flowers, wild grapes, apples and nuts so profuse, besides lots of small game in the woods, and fish and ducks in the creek. How the bobolinks did sing in that meadow, and robins and thrushes and chewinks in the pasture. Bluejays and crows were everywhere. I knew where a partridge might be found anywhere in season.

Thousands of miles away, on the sandy plains, have I thought of the cool waters and shady woods of the old back lane, and been thankful for the memory of those days.

The other day a friend and I took a walk there, and we found a saw-mill at the entrance of the lane, and a big stack of boards, and a little distance further we found our loved pines laid low. Never, it seemed to me, had I loved them so well as now they were gone—not even when I had climbed them and been rocked by the breeze in their branches, or had lain in their cool shade and watched the hawks sailing in the blue heaven. O. FRED NEUBERT.

Devotion of a Chimney Swift Mother.

WHEN a boy, I often watched the chimney swifts, a dozen at a time, with closed wings and a wabbling motion, drop into our unused chimney for the night. In this same chimney, which first drew my attention to the birds, I once saw a beautiful thing—a tender side of bird nature.

Once, some month or more after all these little birds had taken their flight to more sunny climes, I heard a familiar twitter in the chimney, and taking out the old-fashioned fireboard found a full-grown bird lying upon the hearth. Looking more closely I discovered that he was fastened to the nest, which by his weight had fallen from its attachment up the chimney. The fellow seemed to be assured of my friendliness toward him, for he laid very still and quiet while I examined the case. I found that he was fastened by a strong hair from a horse's mane or tail, which, wrapped over his leg, bound him fast to the nest. His anxious mother, who had cast in her lot with him to remain and die too with him, for the time of insects was about gone, came into the chimney and actually waited beside me while I snipped the strong hair and released him. It was an hour or more before he got the use of his leg and learned what his mother was teaching him by flying up and down in the chimney, and then they both started on their lonesome flight to the far south. I have often wondered at this mother's generous devotion, for instinct would teach her that she must die with him if she staid, and yet she had apparently made up her mind to just that. B. B. S.

MARIETTA, O.

Bird Calls of the Night.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The migratory flight of birds is now heavy in northern sections, and I would like to ask readers of FOREST AND STREAM if they have success in identifying the species by the call note that is nightly heard? Some of the voices remind one of the bobolink, and other clear whistling notes seem rightly to belong to the oriole, but it is difficult to imagine these species as abundant as would be thus indicated. Nearly all the voices, however, seem puzzling. Are these notes heard peculiar to the migratory flight?

J. QUAY.

[Many notes of night-flying migrants are to be heard at this season, but it is by no means easy to identify species by their calls. We should doubt that the whistle came from the oriole. More likely from some plover or sandpiper. The note of the bobolink is unmistakable, however.]

Game Bag and Gun.

HUNTING AFTER SIWASHES.

AT the second crossing of the Columbia by the Canadian Pacific R. R. in British Columbia is the mining town of Revelstoke. From here I started the last of October for Griffin Lake for a caribou hunting bout with Charlie Hathaway, in the Gold Ranges, near the divide of water five miles up the trail from Three Valley Lake on the C. P. R. in the Eagle Pass.

Charlie, who is a trained, plucky hunter and trapper, as well as an experienced "rustler of the mountains" for metalliferous deposits, had built a shack here two years ago, and in company with Tom Jones had hunted, trapped and prospected the country pretty thoroughly, but did not succeed in finding much smelter food in that section.

When we reached camp we expected to find there a small axe, which had been left last season, but it could not be found. Charlie said, "No one but Siwashes would take it away." We easily stripped off the thick, dry bark of large dead fir trees, which makes a hot and lasting fire.

Charlie said, "You rustle for fish while I fix up the camp and cook a bannock." In about half an hour I came in with ten mountain trout, ranging from 4 to 7in. long. I was greeted with a cheerful fire in the stone fireplace, a bannock just browning in the skillet and water boiling in the pot. Soon some slices of spiced bacon took the place of the bannock, and when this was fried and the tea was steeped we partook of a much needed early supper. Then I went out for a lot of fresh spruce "feathers" for our bunk. On returning I found the old damp and musty chips and dirt cleaned out of the shack, the dishes washed and the fish dressed for breakfast. Our raised framework bunk was made up, the household goods were put in place, and retiring early we talked over plans for the morning hunt, and soon lulled by the murmur of the creek,

"Slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream."

Early next morning we started up the mountain on the north side of the creek, accompanied by Charlie's well-trained dog Prince, to try our luck at stopping something with horns.

On the way up the runway Charlie explained that caribou seldom traveled faster than a trot unless badly frightened, but a man following their track might go far without finding them, especially if it was the single track of a buck, which "roams" at this time of the year.

We had gone about quarter way up the mountain and I was lagging behind, when I suddenly heard a rustling. Charlie bleated like a doe or fawn, and looking up I saw him point his Winchester up the mountain, and then shifting it lower down he fired, and then sent another shot to the right down the slope of the ridge, when the dog started on the run and could not be stopped.

Coming up to Charlie on the ridge of the cross runway I did not have to wait long for the member from Griffin Lake to open his speech. "Well! I'll be taxed if I ever saw anything like that before! Nothing but a Siwash dog could have sent that buck and doe along as though the devil had kicked them! I just saw two narrow streaks of dark gray lightning through the openings, about 150yds. away, and was so surprised I missed them both. Well, the jig's up for this side of the mountain to-day."

Returning to camp and taking an early dinner we started for the mountain on the south side of the creek, and when part way up a runway saw fresh tracks of both deer and caribou, and Charlie pointed out the bones of a buck he had shot last year that struck his trail from a cross runway and followed up behind him, coming into sight about 60yds. away. It was a "soft snap" for a man with a Winchester, and the only time Charlie had been hunted by a caribou instead of being the hunter.

We followed on up the runway, which was laid out by caribou and deer generations ago, and the course could not be improved on to-day. The genius that attempts to find a better path up the mountain than that engineered by the old-time caribou, will travel on a road to disappointment.

There were plenty of swamp and spruce partridges and fool hens about, as well as numbers of large, fat red squirrels; but no big game appeared. So on coming back I ventured to break silence by shooting what proved to be a mountain harrier, with wide wings spreading over three feet from tip to tip.

The next day we tried again on another runway, and found moccasin tracks, but no horned game. The line on climbing I drew at timber limit, and followed down another runway; but Charlie went clear over the mountain, and met Ben Green, who was trapping five miles up the trail from our camp. Ben said the Indians had been hunting and drying their meat in that section for the past ten days, and that their system of hunting with dogs had driven the game to the other side of the mountain, or had frightened it so that it only traveled nights.

Charlie arrived in camp about 3 P. M., having traveled "up hill and down dale" about eighteen miles since 7 A. M., and it required several platefuls of broiled venison sirloin, that Ben had kindly given him a section of, to get him into good nature and cause him to open his mouth.

Next morning was rainy, and as we were enjoying our venison and bannock, I suggested that cranberry sauce would be a lucky accompaniment. "You shall have it," said Charlie; "this hotel has to keep up its reputation for providing all the delicacies of the season."

After breakfast we went about a mile and a half to a swamp where there were usually an abundance of low-vine cranberries, but even here the wearers of moccasins had preceded us and gathered them in. We put nearly a pint in a small bag, and they made a very nice sauce.

Another venture in the game lottery up the mountain resulted in drawing a blank, and it looked as though we were not likely to augment our larder with caribou steak.

Another rainy morning, and Charlie proposed that as the woods were very wet it would be well for me to stay and keep camp, catch fish and cook a bannock, while he tried his luck again. This programme was carried out, and about 3 o'clock the dog came into camp, soon after followed by Charlie, staggering under the weight of the hindquarters and skin of a caribou. He was greeted with a "Hurrah! Good boy! How many got away?"

While discussing a hot dinner, details of the hunt were listened to attentively. Near the top of the mountain a

family of four does, including a two-year-old, coming down the runway, were met by Charlie going carefully up. The discovery was mutual at a distance of only 50 or 60yds. Without hesitation, fire was opened on the leader, which was killed. Dropping on his knee to get below the smoke, he gave a retreating doe a shot back of the foreshoulder that dropped her, but she rose and bounded up a side runway and was voluntarily headed off by the dog, and at about 200yds. distance a second shot secured her.

As the other animals had not gone far up the mountain Prince succeeded in getting round them, bringing them to a partial halt, so that on coming up to within 150yds. or so a shot in the shoulders of one brought him tumbling dowh the mountain, and the other, shot near the heart, fell lower down.

These were the relative positions in which we found them the next day. Their skins were deftly removed, and the writer packed down the finest set of horns, to be mounted, and when near camp shot a large fox martin.

We got to camp at 5 P. M. and as our last batch of flour was used up and the weather was bad we arranged to make an early start in the morning to pack our traps and meat out to civilization.

The packing out was a severe test of endurance, and we did not stop to unpack for dinner for fear of being late to the lake. On arrival we found the boat was gone, and as darkness shut down suddenly we were obliged to camp down on the ground without time to rig up a frame to spread our skins above us for protection. We succeeded in getting a good fire, steeped some tea in a skillet, spread our skins on the ground, with blankets and rubber sheet above us, and took the pelting rain and big drops from the trees all night.

Next morning Charlie found an old dugout and paddled it round to the tie camp, got a bite to eat and ascertained that the Indians had taken the boat across two days before. Again they were ahead of us.

We rowed over and got our traps to McKenzie's tie camp at 11 A. M., where I first got food after a fast of thirty hours. After dinner we each took a pack along the railroad to Griffin Lake, and a second trip brought all our belonings to the cabin.

In discussing the hunt that night we concluded that a trip a fortnight earlier would have been more timely as it would have given us precedence of the Siwashes instead of hunting after them and taking their leavings.

F. W. R.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

AGAIN has Jupiter Pluvius visited southwest Texas, and this time with a vengeance. At Uvalde, ninety miles west of San Antonio, the Leona River overflowed the entire valley and a number of lives were lost, and the beautiful Nueces River has reached a higher mark than ever before. From every driest section of the State comes news of a liberal downpour.

This insures game for this winter in large quantities. It may not be generally known, but Texas streams are the winter home of the cold-water mallard, not the bird that comes early in the fall with a rusty breast, but that noble drake in full plumage which likes to dip his reddish yellow legs in ice water. You can find him in the Guadaloupe, San Antonio, Nueces, Medina and Comal rivers as soon as the waters congeal in the North, and while it is not conventional duck shooting, yet it is pleasant to skirt the narrow streams when the leaves are sere and yellow, and plunk the green head as he springs from the shallows of a Texas stream.

That Great Duck Story.

I see that one of our enterprising railroads has reprinted the startling account of two days' shooting by two San Antonio sportsmen, wherein they are reported having killed 812 in two days. While the statement does nobody harm, it might be well to state that the report is not true. 812 ducks is more than any four sportsmen want to kill in a week. If all the guns that come in Texas kill 25 birds to the man each day, I warrant that all visitors to Texas will return home well satisfied with the country and the chances for duck killing.

While denying the truth of these exaggerated reports, I would like to make the statement that this is the greatest duck shooting region in the United States, and they are not common ducks either. We kill all kinds of web feet, from the plebeian spoonbill up to the high-toned $5 a pair canvasback, and his majesty with the Goodyear india rubber bill and photo brown neck is not scarce either. There are lots of them, and should any Northern sportsman doubt these duck shooting statements the writer will undertake to prove the truth of these remarks with his own purse.

Plenty of Quail.

A private letter from Beeville, Texas (about thirty-five miles from the coast), contains the welcome information that there are more quail this season than for several years past. The writer also states that the knot of sportsmen located at that point are keeping their eyes on the pot-hunter, and that the latter will not be able to ply his nefarious occupation as easily as of yore. He also says, "Stop the sale of game."

This is a Joke.

I went into a game dealer's place accompanied by a friend whose delicate palate demanded something *récherchè*. Said he: "Have you any quail?"

"Yes," promptly said the game dealer, "and they are very fat this season."

You should have seen the button on my coat lapel indicative of a membership in the National Game Protective Association. The color of it was golden before the question, but when it heard the dull, hard plunkets as they dropped from that game dealer's lips, it turned a silver gray. Our quail season opens Oct. 1.

"Let's see 'em," said my friend, who don't know the difference between a Bob White and a Mexican spittoon.

I craned my neck away into the box of chipped ice, over which was bent the appetizing form of the dealer. He reached away down into the bottom and brought out a fat plover.

"Ain't they nice."

"Yes," said the friend, "give me a half dozen."

The dealer looked at me—I looked at the dealer, and I thought I noticed a derisive leer on his greasy countenance.

I didn't tell my friend anything about the deception. I was sorry I didn't have a go at the game man.

O. C. G.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From our Staff Correspondent.*]

The Pine Woods Fires.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 8.—In England, on the Continent, all over the world, the people will read of the terrible fires which within the past week have swept across great areas in the States of Minnesota and Wisconsin. They will read that in the city of Boston, on the eastern seacoast of the United States, the smoke from these forest fires was so great at one time this week as to cause great inconvenience to those who were upon the streets. Reading this, they will think that the fires must have been near Boston. Will they realize or believe the extent of this unparalleled conflagration, when they are told that the fires were burning more than a thousand miles west of Boston? The people of Boston, of New York, of all the Eastern States, have read of the fearful loss of life at Hinckley, at Pine City, along the Kettle River, all through eastern Minnesota and upper Wisconsin, from Eau Claire and Chippewa Falls to Sidnaw, the latter point being in the upper peninsula of Michigan. But will they know that these points lie separated over a square whose sides are over 150 miles each? They have read, perhaps, that over 1,000 square miles have been burned over, but if they will consult a map and compare it with the press reports from all over this square of pine country, they will be forced to the belief that the actual area of fire was many times a thousand square miles, even allowing for the fact that not one fire, but fifty different fires, seem to have broken out almost simultaneously in the most widely diverse portions of this great tract of country. We read of many countings of the identified and unidentified dead in and around the little hamlets which were hid in the great pine forests. Over 500, says one report. Another says 466, another 420, others over 500, one says "probably over 1,000." It is certain that between 400 and 500 dead human bodies have been recovered and buried. Long trenches received the dead at some of the stricken villages. It was like war. But what battle ever scattered its victims over a space of more than 100 square miles? You may find the dead of any battle some day. The dead of the forest fires of 1894 will never be discovered.

One who has never traversed the pine country of the great wilderness lying south and southwest of Lake Superior can form no just conception of its character. I think there is no more forbidding country in the world. You climb one little roll of the ground and you look about you. Only the same rolling in of the black and uninviting forest, with no rifts, no clearings, no features to free it of its horrible monotony. Log this country off, leave it full of toppings, of fallen trees and logs, of half consumed trees; let the roads through the dense tamarack swamps become overgrown, and all the trails be blotted out by the crowd of the recent growth, and you leave it still more desolate and inhospitable, still more dangerous for the inexperienced traveler. As the years pass the boughs and needles and the resinous trunks blend into glorious food for the fire demon. Nowhere else can so furious a flame be produced, and after it has raged a time the heavens become a veritable blow-pipe to intensify its fury. The touch of the forward flame is like the grip of a cyclone, aside from the destruction wrought by the heat. Now set human beings down in this country, which was unwet by any rain for over two months, and let some careless or fiendishly deliberate hand apply the needed spark, and you have roster of death, your unwritten volume of anguish and despair. What the known and unknown roster of dead and missing really is must long be one of the secrets of the woods. We shall never know how many cruisers and prospectors, how many fishermen and hunters, how many parties of pleasure or gatherings of labor were surprised by the fire. In that fateful square of 150 miles there are woods where no white man's foot has trod a second time, and waters where no line was ever cast. These may have their secrets.

No Sportsmen's Parties Reported Missing.

At this writing no actual reports have come in of the loss of sportsmen in the fires, though narrow escapes have been frequent by those who were deep in the woods of this great pleasuring ground. Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Stevens, of Chicago, were at Upper Twin Lake, just below State Line, Wis., and intended to stay some time yet, Mr. Stevens having only lately taken a 44-pound mascallonge (the largest reported for the season), but this week they come hurrying out of the woods, afraid to stay any longer. They said the fires were visible plainly and the heavens were all alight. Mr. Stevens says that numerous camping parties were coming into the railroad from all over that country, frightened by the fires. He had not heard of any loss of life. It seems probable that the anglers and campers, who would naturally be near the larger bodies of water, could take care of themselves even if overtaken by the fires. The little villages and logging camps situated away from streams or lakes, in the heart of the black forests, were the centers of the greatest suffering.

The fires crossed the very best part of the trout and deer country north of here. Hinckley and Pine City, in Minnesota, where so much loss of life occurred, may be better understood if we know that they lie east of the Mille Lacs country, say sixty to seventy-five miles southwest of Duluth, and perhaps rather more than that distance north of St. Paul. From there the fires swept east, clearing the great range that lies south of Ashland, Wis., north of Eau Claire and west of Iron Mountain, the latter point being, say, 150 miles east of Hinckley. The fire was not solid, but in patches, which ran into each other irregularly. It does not seem to have come much south of the "Soo line" railway, which would bring it along above Pembine and Ellis Junction on the old Milwaukee Northern road. It crossed the upper Brulé and the Menominee Brulé country, seems not to have taken in the Tomahawk Lake country, but must have included or have crossed near to the Manitowish country. All the trout and deer country southwest of Ashland appears to have been generally visited.

There is no doubt whatever that there were many parties of sportsmen from St. Paul, Chicago, Milwaukee, Ashland and Duluth in this great section of the pine woods at the time the fires broke out. Let us hope that the record of the other cities will be as free from disaster as that of Chicago now seems to be. One party of Milwaukee men had a narrow escape, I am told, but I get no particulars. It is almost too much to hope that all the outdoor people got out safe from the fire trap of the forests, but at this time we may at least suppose it possible. Against the loss of human life one hardly feels like mentioning that of animal life. Yet the loss of the latter must have been very great indeed. Along the "Soo line" in Minnesota dead deer and wolves are reported to have been seen in dozens. Far to the east of that, in Wisconsin, one track walker reports seven dead deer along one short stretch of his track. The progress of the flames was so sudden, rapid and powerful that not even the fleetest animals could escape, even though in many instances they had not been surrounded on little islands of untouched forest or swamp which were consumed after the main fire had gone further on.

As the main course of the fires were to the east and northeast, the great body of the deer was probably driven well toward the northeast corner of the State of Wisconsin. The southern migration of the deer of the upper peninsula had not yet begun, but the fires unquestionably drove large numbers of deer south out of that country. The fires were stopped partially or entirely two days ago by the providential rains, and they had not then burned to the Great Lakes. At Conover Station, at State Line, at Three Rivers, and all through the mascallonge country thereabout, deer were day before yesterday reported to be seen in most unusual numbers. No doubt the general drift of the game which escaped has been toward the upper right-hand corner of Wisconsin. If one wishes to kill his deer this October, he should by taking the Wisconsin Central, the Milwaukee & St. Paul, or the old Lake Shore & Western or Milwaukee & Northern roads, be able to meet his game 50 to 100 miles further south this season than would usually be the case.

With customary timidity a contemporary is unable to answer by itself the question whether forest fires can be caused by the discharge of firearms, and asks advice upon it in its closing sentences. Almost any reader of any paper can give the advice. Almost any hunter knows the necessity of caution while in the dry pine woods, and knows that especial care should be taken of the dropped cigars and matches, and of camp-fires also. We need not blame careless hunters for these fires in every instance this fall, however. The daily press this morning prints facts which make it seem possible that the fires were set out by conspiracy of timber pirates, who have been stealing the lumber from the public school lands, who have sought to destroy by fire the record of their theft. One paper heads this story, "The Crime of the Century." The appalling destruction which has now gone into the record of the day, leads one to think the heading well chosen if the facts are sure. The calamity has been more tremendous than will ever be realized by one not familiar with the country which has been afflicted.

The Floods in Texas.

Meantime, from the opposite side of the country, more than another thousand miles to the south, come the reports of the Texas floods, which raged much at the same time as the Northern fires. Around San Antonio for 100 miles everything seems to have been under water. It is indeed a mighty land, that of these United States. But our Texas friends are not so badly off as they of the North, and they take heart at the thought of the waterways now filled which last year were dry, and of game to be abundant where last year it was hardly known.

Discontented.

I am discontented that the abundant rain of this week did not occur last week, to fill up the Horicon Marsh so the boys could get shooting on opening day. It was hard pushing Sept. 1, and the bags were not large. John Yorgey made top bag on the Diana grounds, 44 birds; Dick Merrill got 32, P. V. White 31, L. R. Brown 30, C. S. Wilcox 16. Other bags ranged 10 to 25 birds. Billy Mussey, who was high bag last year, 75 birds, only got 4 birds this year. He started after his old stand, but some six shooters seem to have arrived somewhat ahead of him. This week the marsh has much more water on it, and from now on the shooting should be fine.

I am discontended with a full-page picture of seven deer, only two with horns on, which appears in the *Sporting Review*, this month. The picture shows three hounds in the foreground. It is against the law to use dogs in hunting deer in Wisconsin, or even to use dogs for rabbit hunting in the deer season. The author of the picture and of the accompanying article knows this.

I am discontented because a sportsman of New York city, whom I have tried to help to good shooting grounds in Minnesota and Dakota, says he wants to go to Dakota, but he "doesn't care how far from the railroad, if we can have a chance to ship our birds to some cold storage warehouse in St. Paul or elsewhere." I question distinctly whether a cold storage warehouse is a respectable part of a genuine sportsman's outfit. Moreover, it is against the law to ship game out of Dakota to St. Paul or any other point. Such things discourage me. Buy the *Game Laws in Brief*, and live up to it, all shooters who want to travel. Then buy a copy of FOREST AND STREAM, and live up to that. Do these two things and you will always have game to shoot in reasonable abundance. Don't do it and you won't.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Maine Deer Supply.

AUGUSTA, Me., Sept. 1.—On a recent fishing trip much was heard and seen respecting the abundance of game in this State. We fished where there were fish, away from the haunts of men, in waters whose capabilities we knew, where the trout holds undivided sway. No other fish inhabits the cold clear waters of this mountain lake hidden among the mountains. We saw deer daily, though not specially on the lookout for them. One evening we saw nine within half an hour and half a mile. I asked an old guide who has spent his life in that region if deer were not more abundant than thirty years ago. "Yes; fifty to one," said he. One of the game wardens said he saw and counted over two hundred in ten days while traveling through woods. I can't recall the exact number he named, but I know he said he saw fifty-two in one day.

KENN E. BEC.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable,*

IN MANITOBA.

WINNIPEG, Aug. 31.—Mr. G. H. Merrick, of the firm of Merrick & Anderson, wholesale hardware merchants of Winnipeg, has been naughty. He is an eminent, honored citizen and business man, and those who know him all unite in saying that he is, besides, a royal good fellow—but these enumerations are not the reasons for his naughtiness.

In an evil day last week he took his gun and sallied forth to the country, not far from this city, where game abounds. He saw some ducks. On the impulse of the moment—an impulse most potent because its possessor had a gun in hand—he accumulated three ducks. and thus was guilty of a violation of the game laws of Manitoba.

An information was filed against him and the case was tried on Thursday, Aug. 30. He manfully pleaded guilty, and was fined $10 and costs for each duck, the legal penalty of the statute being not less than $5 nor more than $25.

The rest of the day thereafter was a busy one for Mr. Merrick in answering telephone calls, all of which seemed to pertain to the price of ducks, to whether the shooting was good, etc.

In Manitoba there is an admirable firmness in enforcing law. The weak and the poor are not made legal examples by invidious selection. The law is enforced for the community, and not for a class.

Game wardens are numerous and guard quite closely the highways leading into town. Any suspicious turnout is liable to search.

With all the danger attached to illegal shooting, parties go out frequently, taking care to provide themselves with fast horses, and thus equipped it is very difficult to catch them. While the officers can search the wagons of the suspected parties, they cannot search their persons.

Mr. C. A. Boxer, of Winnipeg, who will be remembered as prominent in field trial matters a few years since, is now a Government game warden. He informs me that the greatest energy is necessary to suppress the violations of the game laws, and that many difficulties are encountered in capturing the violators. For instance, after shooting chickens a game violator will skin and put them in his hunting coat. As the officer cannot search the person of the offender, and as it is difficult to classify a skinned chicken, it is readily apparent that the officers' task is not an easy one. Yet the energy displayed by the officers has a very deterrent effect on the lawless shooter, and the depredations are confined to the few.

If there was a fraction of public sentiment of such game protection displayed by the public of the States, it would be happily auspicious for the future of game therein.

B. WATERS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DEER.

IDLEWILD CAMP, Second Connecticut Lake, Sept. 3.—The still-hunting season opened here Saturday with Mr. Tilghman Johnston, of Wilmington, bringing in the first deer. It was taken in the South Cove with Gus Haynes as guide. The first two nights of the season were cold and wet and very unfavorable for hunting. The larder of the camp contained venison, trout, pheasants and English snipe for Sunday. Every boat is out to-night on the First and Second lakes, and several deer are sure to be brought in in the morning. Game has never been so abundant as this year, and sportsmen are delighted with the outlook. Mr. O. C. Bumford, proprietor of the Lake House at First Lake, Idlewild Camp at Second and the Sportsman's Cabin at Third Lake, has a pack of seven fine deerhounds ready for the running season, which opens Sept. 15. These veteran guides are to be at the lakes through the season: Ned Norton, Fred Washburn, Guy Haynes, Fred Hall, Dave Merrill, Bert Nutting, Jim Reynolds, Wyman Huggins and Jock Farnsworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. G. Rumford, Samuel C. Rumford, Lewis Rumford, Mr. and Mrs. Tilghman Johnston, Miss Margaret Johnston, W. Poyntill Johnston, Tilghman Johnston and Harold Canning, all of Wilmington, Del., are at the camp for a few weeks' stay.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Whidden, and Harold Whidden, and Paul P. Gould, of Portland, are at the camp for the season. Mrs. Whidden is an enthusiastic sportswoman, being an accurate shot and an expert angler.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. E. Whiteley, of Wilmington, joined the party Tuesday night for a week's shooting.

Mr. John Place, of Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, came Monday for a two weeks' visit in this game land.

The Idlewild Camps will be kept open till Oct. 1 this year and are a genuine sportsman's home.

There were fifty people entertained at the lakes to-day, and the houses will be full till the close of the season.

CLAREMONT, N. H., Sept. 3.—Opening day for hunting (Sept. 1) made a great showing here. About every gun brought in from four to six grouse, and gray squirrels in abundance. Moody More, Walter Harriman and Alden Lowell, in about three hours' hunt, bagged fifteen grays. Everybody got some. To-day Frank Haskell, Geo. Noyes and Mr. Foster bagged twenty-seven grays, and all the hunters are happy.

No water in the brooks yet. I fear it is a death blow to trout. COLUMBIA.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Sept. 7.—"You fellows should stop hunting for five years and then you would have something to shoot," said a prosperous Goffstown farmer to me the other day. The remark, though not conveying a new idea, was certainly a true and good piece of advice, and although it may be a long time before it is heeded by the sportsmen of this State, deserves serious consideration. A good illustration of what a close season, covering a series of entire years, will do, is had with deer in Vermont. They have been protected there for a number of years continuously, and are now reported so plenty in sections around Rutland that farmers complain to the Game Commissioners that they destroy their crops. In some instances a drove of eight or ten deer visit a field at one time, and unless watched for and driven away, do great damage. Evidently there is sport ahead in the Green Mountain State for somebody when an open season is reached on that class of large game.

The first day of September, the beginning of the game season in New Hampshire, found the conditions for hunting far from satisfactory. The severe and long-continued drought drying and scorching the whole face of nature, and leaving little but dust, dry watercourses and lifeless vegetation, where green fields, babbling brooks and thrifty plant life of every description should abound. Farmers are naturally more than usual afraid of fires being started by careless sportsmen, and from every point of view the opening has proved dull and disappointing. The best bags reported brought into the city thus far were taken Sept. 1 by A. H. Weston, H. M. Moody and Frank Dowst. 18 partridge and woodcock; W. C. Clarke, 12 partridge, quail and woodcock. After we have a heavy rain storm more activity will be found among hunters.

PAYSON.

OREGON NOTES.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Aug. 29.—Jack McFall and Mr. Lipman have just returned from a two weeks' cruise in the Olympics for big game and fish. I listened a whole afternoon to Jack's relation of scenes and incidents of the trip. They certainly had a royal time. There was plenty of elk, plenty of bear and plenty of deer, and fish (trout) under eighteen or twenty inches were not considered worth hooking. That is a great and almost unknown country and, for fish and game, I believe it to be the best on this continent. The only trouble is that it is a hard country to get through. The character of the country affords pretty good protection for the fish and game and will for many years to come.

Mongolian pheasants are very plentiful, but through the stupidity of our Legislature proper protection is not afforded them. As the law reads they, as well as other varieties, may be shot after the 1st of August. It is a shame and the better class of sportsmen refrain from killing them. The idea of killing the mother that has a dozen little featherless creatures depending on her for a living is very obnoxious to sportsmen that carry a heart around with them.

J. Roberts Mead, George Dehardy and the writer will shoot canvasbacks on the famous Green Lake on the

Farmer Robinson, distrusting the aim of Farmer Smith, whom he has invited to go shooting with him, takes the precaution to do up old Ponto in a Yankee shot-proof dog blanket.

Washington side of the Columbia the coming season. Great sport is anticipated. The great flood that visited us last June entirely destroyed many of the very best canvas lakes, either filling them up entirely or burying the wapatos so deeply that even the beastly, disgusting carp will never be able to dig down to them. In fact the great majority of the very best lakes along Columbia Slough and down on Sauvie's Island have been entirely ruined. The current in the river carried most of the sediment to the Oregon side and left the Green Lake comparatively free. It is said that what is one man's loss is another man's gain, and in this case we are disposed to hope that the old adage may prove true. It certainly has proved true in some respects, for when Mead paid the lake a visit recently to prepare for the shooting season he found that some one that believed in the adage had been there and "swiped" nearly a thousand loaded shells, all our bedding, axes, etc. S. H. GREENE.

TEN DAYS WITH PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

MANY moons have passed since I last sent a communication to FOREST AND STREAM, for it has been a long time since I had the pleasure of going off with gun and dog. Press of business two years ago, then World's Fair year last year (when we all felt it our duty to remain in Chicago and entertain friends) deprived me of two outings, those short seasons of relief from care and trouble which are always looked back upon as the bright spots—the oases of the dry and dusty journey of business life.

But if I have not been able to go myself, I have sent others to these shooting grounds, and, thanks to FOREST AND STREAM, have seen many persons who have enjoyed the shooting in South Dakota through information gleaned from your columns.

This year it has been my good fortune to be able once more to take two or three weeks off, and I have just returned from a most successful shoot. Successful not only from a hunter's standpoint, but because of the renewed vigor and energy which one always brings back from a few weeks' sojourn in the clear, bracing air of the high prairies of Dakota.

Our party, consisting of Messrs. W. T. Underwood and Chas. Arnd, of Chicago, and myself, started via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Monday evening, Aug. 13, arriving at Armour, South Dakota, the following afternoon at 5:30. We had telegraphed ahead for a team and found it waiting us at depot. Dogs, guns and baggage were quickly loaded in, and we started for a drive of sixteen miles northwest from Armour to the little town of Harrison, arriving there about 6 P. M.

Mine host John Ernessey had everything in readiness for us and we soon had our baggage unloaded, shooting togs laid out, shell-cases filled, and everything ready for the morrow, and the opening of the shooting season (Aug. 15).

We found many hunters headed for Armour, and thought best to push out further into the country, and the results showed the wisdom of the course. To any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are contemplating a trip for chickens we can recommend these grounds. A team can always be had at Armour at reasonable rates, with a good driver, familiar with all the surrounding country. Mr. Ernessey and his good wife will make it pleasant for any one stopping with them. Mrs. E. is a capital cook and ready to serve meals at any hour of the day or night; her table is supplied with the best the land affords, with an abundance of sweet butter and rich milk.

By inquiry of the conductors on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R.R. I learned of other places along this popular road where good chicken shooting can be found. Many of the conductors are enthusiastic sportsmen, and I have always found them ready and willing to give all information needed to find good hunting grounds. One of the best locations is in the vicinity of Waubay. This is on the northern line of the C. M. & St. P. R.R. about sixty miles east of Aberdeen and 225 miles west from St. Paul. One can hardly go amiss for 'good shooting along the northern line of this road, but the further you get away from the larger towns the better, as almost every town or city of any size has its corps of hunters, and they keep the nearby grounds shot out. At these smaller places good shooting can be found all through the month of September and late into October, while near the larger towns one must be on hand at the opening of the season, as the birds soon become wild and scattered.

The following is our score for the ten days' shooting, and considering the fact that we hunted only in the early morning, about two hours, and two or three hours in the evening, we think the count fair: Aug. 15, 38; 16, 65; 17, 36; 18, 40; 20, 44; 21, 19; 22, 26; 23, 57; 24 (½ day), 37; 25 (½ day), 13; 27, 32; total, 407; an average of over 40.

If any of your readers desire any further information as to where to go, route, etc., I will be glad to answer any inquiries. S. C. GLOVER.

Game in Middlesex Fells.

MALDEN, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It gives me great pleasure to read your editorial in issue of 1st inst. of the movement to colonize the Mongolian pheasant in the Middlesex Fells. It is an idea that I have thought favorably of ever since there seemed a likelihood of the Fells being reserved. With careful trapping out of the vermin and attending to the food supply, such a colony ought to thrive and get a good hold in three or four years. With such care the grouse and quail would also increase. There are not many left, but I hear of two coveys of grouse. There are some portions of the reservation that are arable and might be continued as such to supply the necessary food, part of which might be left ungathered every year, the other part might be gathered and placed in small stacks in the most sheltered places near the roosting places; other suitable game might be added at discretion. With such a sheet of water as Spot Pond and a feeding place like Turkey Swamp, it occurred to me that wild ducks ought easily to be colonized there, and might be induced after a few years to make it a regular feeding ground. As one who has had some experience with both pheasants and wild ducks I think there is a good chance of both succeeding. It might be necessary to pinion a few of the latter for a year or two and look after them some during the winter months.

J. M. P.

Expensive Speculating.

"DOCK" Oatley and Jim Smith, the two Foster men arrested in Olneyville yesterday morning, when carrying quail and partridge to market in the season when the killing of these birds is prohibited, have been prosecuted on warrants for each and every bird in their possession. They pleaded guilty on each case.

Oatley was fined $20 on each of fourteen cases and Smith on each of twenty-three cases The total of fines was $740 and the costs amounted to $251.50.

At noon to-day they were still in the cells at the Johnston bridewell, and they were completely crushed by the severity of the penalties imposed.

It is understood that they are able to pay the amount of money required to settle the cases, but they feel it a great hardship to pay out so much. One of them had several checks in his possession, signed by marketmen, who paid fancy prices for illegally killed birds.

If they do not pay the fines and costs they will be taken to jail. If they are committed and prefer being jailed rather than part with their gains from the illegal traffic, they will stay in jail a long time. They will be allowed twenty-five cents a day for the first thirty days, and fifty cents a day thereafter. It will take about three years to work out the total amount, including committal and jail fees.

Game Warden Penney has been waited upon to-day by a number of the friends of the two prisoners, and they importune him to "let up on them." He firmly declares he cannot do anything of the sort, and declares that the game society has entered upon a crusade against pot-hunters in this State, that will be prosecuted without distinction and regardless of who may be drawn into the toils, until the pot-hunters and "fences" learn that they must desist from their illegal traffic, or suffer consequences that are to be feared.

Mr. Penney has also been encouraged by offers to-day from numerous true sportsmen, who place at his disposal any funds that may be needed to prosecute the work, and rid Rhode Island of the pot-hunting that has depleted the game which should thrive and be plentiful in this State.—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

Chickens, Ducks and Geese

are going to be very plentiful along the line of the Northern Pacific this season. Make your arrangements to go and get some of them. Send Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., 4 cents in stamps for "Natural Game Preserves of the Northwest."—*Adv.*

Prairie Chickens.

RECENT reports received by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway from stations in the prairie chicken country of Minnesota and South Dakota all indicate a prospect of the best hunting for years. Chickens are very plentiful and in fine condition. Duck shooting prospects are also good. Full information can be had by addressing Ticket Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 207 Clark street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

A DEER has been seen several times of late in western Massachusetts and northern Connecticut. It is a full grown animal and shows a quick pair of heels to chance comers. At one time it strayed to the confines of Springfield, being seen in a patch of woods. Then a glimpse was caught of it in the Belchertown meadows, and a fisherman saw it swimming in the Agawam River. Later it turned up and disappeared near Stafford Springs, Conn. It is barely possible that this deer has strayed down from the Green Mountains in Vermont, where deer are protected by a very strict game law, but the better opinion seems to be that it escaped from the private herd of some wealthy resident of either New Hampshire or Vermont. Wild deer are not unknown in Massachusetts, however, in spite of the surprise caused by the sight of the one referred to. In the dense woods of Cape Cod deer still roam in a primitive state, thanks to the law which seldom permits the hunter to take a shot at them.—*Evening Post.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

MY CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

"FISH ain't as plenty now as they was when I come to these parts," said my aged but chance acquaintance as he removed his brierwood and sent forth a small cloud of villainous tobacco smoke which would have demoralized a polecat or put out the worst cigarette ever rolled. "The lake was chuck full of 'em then. I've known 'em to frighten the cattle when they went to drink. Many and many a time I've had 'em scare the sense out of my horses when I was hauling out logs. No wonder the lake has gone down; there's been fish enough catched out of it to lower it more 'n three feet."

There was silence for a few minutes, disturbed only by the humming of skeeters and an audible suck, suck, suck at the brierwood, which would have been a credit to the rear end of an old-fashioned hand fire engine, then he resumed:

"One of them, though, done me a good turn onct. Ye see I'd been across the lake and was a-hurrying home, as it was getting late in the day. I run my boat into a snag and punched a hole through her bow below the waterline as big as yer arm. I didn't think to try and plug it up, but rowed as hard as ever I could for my life for the shore, but I put on too much elbow grease an' broke one of my oars. Then I thought the jig was up and looked around to see how far I had to swim. I took a hasty look at the shore and a squint at the hole in my boat, and noticed the water was not coming in. Then I took a good square look at the hole, and by ginger if a big fish hadn't gone and stuck his head through that are hole hard and fast and made it tight as a drum.

"I took a little rest to sort o' catch my wind, then with my sound oar paddled as hard as I could, as I was sort afraid the pesky thing would back out and leave me in the suds. Well, sir, I got ashore and stepped on to dry land, never wet a foot."

"Have you got that fish or any portion of it?" I asked.

"No, my friend. At first I kinder thought I'd keep him, but on second thought seeing as how he'd done me such a good turn I hadn't the heart to harm him, so I pulled him out carefully and put him back in the lake. He gave one or two short jerky sort o' flips with his tail, then moved off into deep water and out of sight, sort of proudly, like as though he knowed he'd done me a favor and was proud of it." A. W.

TALKING about kicking guns, here is one that I can vouch for. John G., a brawny and amiable locomotive engineer of the Mexican National road, had an old Pieper gun. The locks were worn so that the left hammer would fall if you looked at it hard, and the right one would not stand a wink. There were some white-fronted geese wintering at a lake down the road a way, and John often saw them feeding in the fields by the track. So one day he went after them with a gun loaded for geese, buckshot and powder to match. (He is a generous fellow and hates to be stingy about his powder.) He had crawled up a ditch to a distance of about 100yds. from the game, and was sliding up the bank speculating on whether he would shoot or not. He had both barrels cocked and the old gun decided she would. She kicked clear back through his hand, the hammers and action lever nearly tearing off a thumb, jumped clear across the ditch and turned a summersault. "You got him," yelled his companion. "Got nothin'," said John, looking lovingly at his piece of a hand. It didn't seem to comfort him much that he had killed one goose and crippled another one or two. The boys generously suggested to him that he had better send that old gun out by itself next time. AZTEC.

Sea and River Fishing.

MORE ABOUT THE SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We all know that the FOREST AND STREAM is a great educator. And yet, while its columns teem with the opinions and researches of the most learned, there always seems to be room for those of us of more plebeian stock to air themselves and our opinions.

We cannot refrain from the observation that many important truths have found their way to the public through the columns of the great sporting paper from the pens of common, every-day sportsmen. This is encouraging, and I take the liberty of making a few more suggestions regarding that prolific subject: the life history of the salmon.

That eminent student of the subject, Livingston Stone, by very careful estimates determined that the salmon travel at the rate of about two miles a day in the Sacramento, and about three miles a day in the Columbia. At that time my friend, Judge Greene, pointed out that if such was the case more than 200 days would be required for the salmon to reach their beds in the headwaters of the Columbia. In fact it would require nearly or quite three hundred days, for some of the spawning beds are about a thousand miles from the mouth of the river. I do not know upon what facts or data Prof. Stone made his calculations, but I believe that there may possibly be some mistake about it. The McGowans, of the Cascades, have been engaged at that place and at Astoria for many years, in handling and canning salmon, and they are regarded as among the most observing students of the habits of the salmon from a strictly business standpoint. The Cascades are about 138 miles from the mouth of the Columbia, and the McGowans always make it a point to keep themselves thoroughly posted on the "runs" of the salmon so as to be prepared to receive them when they reach the Cascades. James McGowan informs me that they always calculate that the "run" will reach them in from ten to twelve days from the mouth of the river. That would make the rate of travel from about eleven to fourteen miles a day. The McGowans are careful and successful men in this cannery business and know whereof they speak.

I have read with great interest the paper on "The Chinook Salmon," read by Prof. Stone at the annual meeting of the Am. Fisheries Soc., at Philadelphia, 1894. It is masterly. In fact, the very best thing I have ever read on the subject. The friendly controversy that for years has been going on in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM on this subject, may now be considered as about settled. He sums the whole subject up in these few words: "The truth is that the evidence compels us to admit both of these apparently conflicting facts, namely, that salmon can and do live for months in fresh water without food, and that they can and do feed during some of the time that they are in fresh water."

Doubtless that is the correct conclusion from the facts as stated by Prof. Stone, and as observed by all of us who have given the subject any consideration.

J. ROBERTS MEAD.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Aug. 29.

The run of salmon has been the best for years and the cannery men are correspondingly all happy. It is certainly interesting to observe and pleasant to contemplate the fact that the royal chinook is not yet extinct, notwithstanding the hoary prognostications of our pessimists. I wish that every man interested in the subject of salmon, and particularly in that part of it relating to the feeding habits of the salmon while in fresh water, could read Livingston Stone's delightful paper presented at the recent meeting of the American Fisheries Society. To my mind it is the ablest presentation of the subject ever published and I am glad to see that Mr. Stone has at last given us fellows that believe that salmon do feed to a degree while in fresh water a little encouragement for the faith that is within us. You know that the U. S. Commission have always and invariably heretofore declared unreservedly that the salmon do not feed at all while in fresh water. I see that Mr. Stone has modified that declaration to the extent that while they can and do live for months in fresh water without food they can and do feed during some of the time that they are in fresh water. I guess that is about the size of it. S. H. GREENE.

CAMP WOODBINE.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Aug. 23.—Monday morning, in company with Mr. Clarence A. Hayes, the greatest fisherman in Bridgeport, I took passage on the little steamer Nonowantuc *en route* for Port Jefferson, Long Island. The distance is about twenty miles and the sail a delightful one.

No need for me to dwell upon the beauties of the harbor of Port Jefferson, for every yachtsman is familiar with that landlocked bit of water where the Vigilant and many of the other big racers make their winter quarters; but as the Nonowantuc steamed into the narrow gateway, through which the tide rushes like a rapids, the view of the calm waters reflecting the blue hills that descend abruptly to the edges of the bay, with the quaint town of Port Jefferson nestling in the trees beyond, is a most delightful one and well worth a much longer journey to behold. The reports of good bluefishing on the Long Island shore had reached us in Bridgeport, so our trip was made for the purpose of adding to our stock of fish stories, forgetting all business cares and getting well burned by Old Sol.

At Mrs. Madison's comfortable little hotel we found rooms; then, after arranging for our short stay there, we sallied forth to find one "John's brother," whom we depended upon to procure our bait, boat, etc. "John's brother," being at length discovered after a tedious search along the shore, agreed for a consideration to secure everything necessary, and have all in readiness at 5 o'clock the following morning. "Sure now?" asked Clarence. "O, sure," replied the truthful youth. So, satisfied that we were O. K. as far as that was concerned, we returned to the hotel for supper.

After the meal, at Clarence's suggestion, we engaged a rowboat to visit Camp Woodbine, down near the mouth of the harbor. Clarence generously allowed me to take charge of the rowing department, while he attended to the more arduous and scientific labor of steering. I offered no objection—in fact, after a while, seeing the fatigued and overworked expression on his face despite his martyrlike efforts to conceal it, I even suggested the advisability of unshipping the rudder, allowing me to manage to steer with the oars, while he took a nap. I also offered to keep the flies and mosquitoes off him, and promised to lull his slumbers with some old, sweet melody.

"Everything but the melody part," said he. "I don't want folks on the shore to think we are blowing a fog horn as a signal of distress." (Which was unkind.) Half way to the camp we met the naphtha launch Jabberwock, with all the campers on board, bound for town. In answer to our hail, they said they would return shortly, and asked us to wait for them at the camp. On our arrival we were received by a gentleman of color from Virginia, who attends to the culinary department, and we were soon spread out in picturesque attitudes on a couple of steamer chairs, watching the approach of a thunder storm over the hills to the eastward.

Camp Woodbine, a picture of which I send you, was organized in 1893 for the purpose, as the articles of association state, of the health and enjoyment of its members by an annual outing in camp, and to that end to own and lease grounds, boats, tents and other property necessary to the carrying out of its purposes. The membership is limited to twenty.

We did not have long to wait before the launch returned, and the welcome we received made us feel at home directly. Of course we found some of the members of the FOREST AND STREAM family, notably Mr. V. R. C. Giddings, who the boys say would rather read FOREST AND STREAM than go fishing—which settles in my mind at once the answer to the old query, "What would you rather do or go a-fishing?"

The promised thunder storm drove us to the tents on its arrival, where the Woodbine Quartette entertained us with the sweetest music, to the unique accompaniment of the pattering rain on the canvas above us. The moon followed the rain, and although the invitation to spend the night in the camp was most cordial, our arrangements with "John's brother" and Mrs. Madison prevented our accepting, so we said good-night and started homeward with a favoring tide. The bay was as smooth as a mirror, the moon full and white—a perfect night; even Clarence, practical as he is, remarked it, then he fell asleep, awaking only when we reached the landing, minus our rudder, which had dropped off somewhere down the bay.

At 4:30 we were up; at 5 we had breakfast; at 5:30 we were waiting for "John's brother" and the bait; at 7:30 we were doing the same thing; ditto at 8 o'clock; at 8:15 he materialized *sans* bait; indeed he seemed surprised to think that we had expected him to procure any. Remarks followed; remarks liable to be made by a couple of disappointed fishermen; then we procured a boat, and impressing "John's brother" as a portion of the motive power, we sent the little boat flying through the surges in the direction of Camp Woodbine. A strong breeze was blowing directly up the bay, and we were wet through before we reached the camp. The campers were at breakfast when we arrived. After the meal the launch took us over to the lee shore, where in one or two hauls enough spearing were obtained to last us as long as we wanted to stay, and the Jabberwock's prow was pointed for the fishing grounds at the mouth of a little creek.

With the first of the flood the little blues began to arrive, and the spearing, jumping to escape their voracious foes, sounded like rain upon the surface of the water. And how they did bite! In two hours' actual fishing the campers—about ten in number—caught sixty-three; good-sized fish, too! We were less fortunate, for our count was only fifteen, which was all the fault of "John's brother," I can't attribute it to any other cause.

Our trip was necessarily a short one, owing to the fact that Clarence had business that called him to New York. As the Nonowantuc, on our homeward journey, bore us swiftly by the white tents on the point, the totem of the camp was unfurled, a red Jabberwock on a white field, and the little cannon loaded with the last tumbler of powder, coughed a weak salute from the foot of the flagstaff as the steamer left the bay and entered the troubled waters of Long Island Sound. Try the "harbor blues," brothers of the rod! It will cost you 75 cents round trip to Bridgeport, via the steamer Rosedale from New York, and the same amount from here to Port Jefferson via the Nonowantuc. Later in the month the fish run to about a half a pound and you have lots of sport with a light bass rod.

They break camp at "Woodbine" this coming Saturday, or I am sure you would find a cordial welcome there, and even bait.

The following is a list of the officers and members of the Camp Woodbine Association: Officers—S. B. Jones, President; N. H. Jones, Secretary; V. R. C. Giddings, Treasurer. Members—Hon. W. H. Marigold (ex-mayor of Bridgeport, and the boys say next governor of Connecticut), Messrs. A. M. Wooster, E. A. Creevey, Silas Burton, C. W. Fitch, John C. Shelton, M. L. Reynolds, A. E. Burke, M. H. Rogers, W. S. Mills, H. E. Billings, C. M. Gerdenier, Carroll B. Adams, W. C. Bryant, Patrick Coughlin. THE GENERAL.

The First Bluefishing Experience.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 5.—A few weeks ago I was taking it easy on the piazza of the Hygeia, at Block Island, feeling well content with things in general, when along came H., a typical Southerner and one of the finest all around fellows one could have the good fortune to meet. He spied me in the corner, and hailed me with "Hello, old fellow, just the one I want to see. Want to go bluefishing to-morrow? The doctor and I are going and we want to make up the party of four?"

The next morning found us at the wharf where the Birdie lay waiting for us. It was rough outside the breakwater, and Capt. Dodge rather smiled as he looked at C. and me, for he no doubt anticipated the agony that was coming. H. was a brown, robust looking chap, and we feared no harm from him. The doctor was a veteran. H. had never been in a cat before when it was rough looking. The doctor was never sick. I never had been, although a good many opportunities had presented themselves when tautog fishing down our bay here.

We rigged up in the oilskins, rounded the breakwater and with three reefs in the sail headed toward the South Light. The wind at this point was not brisk and Capt. Dodge thought we could do better with full sail out, so brought the cat up into the wind where we obtained the full benefit of the heavy swell and chop sea. In a few minutes we were off again, and cleared away the eelskin squids and lines for the blues. H. got the "blues" first. He very slowly drew in his line and said he guessed he wouldn't fish any more until some one caught something. Poor H., he was pale, and as he leaned pathetically over the cockpit side we felt sorry for him, but he braced up in a few minutes and said he felt better.

All this time C. was very intently watching the place where he thought his squid was. He didn't want to look at H. He thought the temptation would be too great, probably. And it was. He lay down in the bottom of the cockpit and groaned. The doctor and the captain smiled. I tried to, but was afraid to spoil the set of my mouth The doctor got out his cigars and passed them around. Only he and the captain and I smoked. The captain had no matches, and I crawled over C. and gave him one. That move settled it. I am certain if I had been a little selfish and kept that match and my seat I would never have had it said that I had been seasick. It did not last long, though, and the doctor and I kept on fishing. We trolled back and forth, but with not a strike, while poor C. begged to be put ashore. H. got his line in again, but soon resigned it to the doctor, and gave himself up in sympathy with C. We took a vote, and it was soon decided to put back again.

C. began to brace right up at this, and after we reached smooth water past the breakwater toward the bathing beach, proposed that we make it a sailing party. It is wonderful the amount of pluck some people have. We couldn't exactly laugh at C.'s suggestion, but took it, and wound up the trip after beating up and down the beach a few times.

The worst of it all was we caught no fish. Capt. D. did his best and we did our best, and if any of the FOREST AND STREAM readers think they could do better under the circumstances, the Birdie is always ready to make the trial. Somebody was the Jonah, and I have tried to think who it could be.

A few days after, my wife wanted to go blue-fishing, but I told her that the fish were not running and probably would not for several weeks to come. I was right, in a measure, for the boats that went out for the next week or two came back with nothing, but Capt. D. says if we come down next year he will guarantee we won't come home empty handed. TODE.

You would think, now, wouldn't you, that *Life* would give credit for the stories it copies from FOREST AND STREAM. But just there is where you would make a great mistake.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

Camp "Forest and Stream's" Fourth Annual.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 1.—In former years I have told of the summer camping seasons which, in company with an elderly gentleman who, my friends tell me, has a strong facial resemblance to myself, though quite unlike me in disposition or in morals, I have spent each year for some time back in one of the loveliest spots in the great pleasure ground which stretches from Chicago to Lake Superior, and from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi. Sometimes there have been friends with us, different friends from year to year, but always we two have kept the fire alive together, and we hope to do so for many years to come. I believe I have told how we discovered our spot—how we intended to run the Fox River on a fishing trip, but got to the village of Mukwonago, discovered Phantom Lake and never left it. The next year we did not leave it, nor the next, nor the next, nor the next, in spite of cottages built on our camp-fires, and of the great Phantom Inn, which took from us our best lookout knoll and two of our very best springs of living water.

In fact, we never could find a better place for our little summer camp, though it falls to my lot in the year to see a considerable amount of out-of-door country. I have followed the Wisconsin Central Line, on which the village of Mukwonago is situated, until it was lost in the pine woods, and I have followed other lines in all sorts of directions out of Chicago, but I never could find a place which suited quite so well. This year, on account of the high degree of popularity—to which Dr. Ennis had brought the Phantom Inn, we vowed we would go somewhere else. But when it came to duplicating the place where J. B. H. and Al. got the seventeen small-mouths, or the spot where the Chief-with-two-Stomachs, of beloved gustatorial memory, got the four 6lb. bass one afternoon, or the little lake where the same Chief got the bass last year which divided the Natchaug Silk Co. $25-prize for big-mouth bass (6lbs. 2oz.), or the creek where we got the small-mouths on the fly, or the place where we caught the big-moutbs on the fly—why, when this was demanded of me as high hustler in general of camp sites, it was sufficient to give me pause, as they say in the school of advanced thought. To be sure, there were fish being taken in many counties near by, but could we be sure of as many in as much variety? Others might not be able to wheedle the trained bass of those much fished waters into camp, but we had always done, always taking the largest bass of the season for that section, and as large as we heard of in any other section near by. Moreover, as J. B. H. remarked, where could we find grass so green as that which grew round our former camp-fires? Where should we look for oak trees as large and rugged and beautiful? Where should we find as much wildness with as much seclusion? It might be all very well, he reasoned, to go further north, and get mascallonge, but in doing that would we not sacrifice ham and eggs, which latter are an excellent thing in camping? We might go into the pine woods, and get more aroma, but we would also get more mosquitoes, and less good bread and butter. We might get more water and more work, but where could we find as pleasant scenery, as good a return for lazy men's work, and as generally lovable a land for a camp of rest? Could we anywhere find a prettier country than the rolling hardwood hills of Waukesha and Walworth counties in Wisconsin? Lastly, J. B. H. demanded of me, where were we to find, elsewhere, a spring of ice-cold silver purity like the Kellogg spring; where should we duplicate the Beulah spring by the roadside to the lake, and how could we be sure of finding another lake with eight springs flowing into it, as our small lake had? In addition, were there not certain waters further inland which had not yet had their proper exploration? Quite aside from that, where was to be found a country where shag bark, hickory bark and oak chips could be picked for broiling fuel, almost, so to speak, at the back door of the tent? And after all, asked J. B. H., was I really sure there was anywhere else in the world a glade so lovely as the one where the big oaks made the tangle of shadow back of our last camp? And could I get butter, eggs, fresh vegetables, bass, fruit, friendship and perfect water, all along with such a glade if I did find it?

After J. B. H. asked me all these questions I hunted for a while looking for a spot as good as ours, and with no hotel near it, but at length I gave it up. The late days of June found us once more at the Wisconsin Central Depot in Chicago, with our small camp outfit checked through to Mukwonago. Old man Dillenbeck, as genial and profane as ever, brought the same old many-seated rig, as jouncy and jolty as ever, and we piled in our baggage and drove through the woods for the west shore of the lake, over roads as dusty and stony as ever. We passed the little white schoolhouse on the hill, shook hands once more with our old friend Moxon, who guards the road leading down to the lake on that side, got of him full consent and a jag of straw for our camp, and in ten minutes after that were in the leafy solitude of the west shore of Phantom.

Not so rough as the Rockies, not so wild as the pine woods of Superior, not so fashionable as the Adirondacks was our locality, but someway the grass looked wonderfully green and the woods looked wonderfully inviting. As we pulled the last small bundle out of the wagon I saw J. B. H. stand up and look about him with a sigh of satisfaction, and then I knew it would have been unwise for me to have settled upon any other camping spot in the world but this. J. B. H. looked about him. Then he cut off a chew of tobacco (he can't bite it off any more) and sighed peacefully again, and I reckon he was happy.

We discovered a tent upon our camping spot of last year, and at this we looked with hostility. But from it came four boys, and in a moment we recognized the Waukesha youngsters whom we had chartered to catch frogs for us the year before. They were out on their annual summer camping trip, and seemed rejoiced to see us. J. B. H., who loves all human beings, being much different from myself, greeted them as old friends. They all turned to and helped us pitch camp, and such a raising of tents and driving of pins never was before, because it was past sundown and J. B. H. had mildly intimated that he was hungry.

The Pitching of the Tent.

Very often when folks go into camp they tumble everything out in a mix upon the ground in all sorts of bundles, boxes and packages, bags, barrels and bales. Not so with our rigid system of housekeeping. We had everything packed in reverse order to its time of use, and so did not have to turn everything upside down. Aside from our provisions, two carrybags contained about all we used, including our two little Protean tents, one of which we used for a store room. Of late, however, we have grown very stylish, what with tinned soups, preserved fruits and the like. We even have marmalade, strawberry jam and the like, and crackers that come a pound in a tin box (you buy the box). Think of that—olives, even, and lemons and things! Of course all this takes another sack or two. Well, anyhow, our two original carrybags remained about the same. It was a comfort to take out first the camp lantern (for we knew it would be nearly dark when we got into camp), and then the floor cloth of the tent, and then the small camp axe, and then the handy set of iron tent pins (better than any wooden ones), and then the tent, and then the blankets. Being full-handed with our crew of boys, we had our white house up in a jiffy, with the upper floor door stretched tightly down over a bulging mattress of fresh straw which covered the entire floor. Meantime, the mess bag was opened and a small basket, carefully carried in hand from the village, was brought in requisition. Bacon and eggs must be the main fortification that first meal. It only remained to build the fire.

The Building of the Fire.

Now, the building of the fire is a thing to be done only after due form and ceremony. If we had sought out the exact spot for the pitching of the tent, observing minutely the slope of the circumjacent territory, and determining the main watershed with care of the most uncompromising sort, the selection of that precise spot, which, of all the many spots about, should be the site of our little hearthstone, was a matter to be undertaken with a caution and a wisdom not in the least less great. In the proper camp the position of the fire is never to be changed, let the wind blow as it listeth. At least, such is our rule, and the laying of our fire was the final setting up in place of the *ichons*, the establishment of the Lares and Penates. Your transitory fire has no such significance. Realizing these things, J. B. H. chewed tobacco very vigorously as he walked over the slope of the hill in front of our tent, foot by foot, looking studiously around. At length he made a cross mark with his heel, and I knew there was where the coffee and bacon were going to be found the rest of that trip. I would not for the world have deprived J. B. H. of the lighting of the first fire in camp. That is his privilege, and I believe there is no one act in his entire year in which he takes so absolute and unadulterated a delight as he does in this lighting of the first fire in our annual camp.

J. B. H. searched about him, and appeared with a certain stone—which I believe he had located the year before—and with a neat tap broke it into two flat halves. These he bedded well in the earth, for a sort of porch to our little cooking fire. Then he selected a certain stick, rejecting many, and cut therefrom a little bunch of shavings, scorning all paper, kerosene or kindling wood as unprofessional. These small shavings he set aflame, and added thereto dry twigs and bits of our excellent hickory bark. In a few moments the First Fire was under way. Watching it for a few moments in serene satisfaction, with legs sprawled out flat on the ground, J. B. H. took another chew, if I recollect right, though it may have been the same chew. Then he set out upon yet another important ceremonial.

The Choosing of the Coffee Stick.

This was nothing less than the choosing of the coffee stick. We are people of staid and regular habits and there is nothing hit-or-miss about our camp. When J. B. H. once selects a stick with which to lift off the coffee pot from the fire, that stick, as I have said before, remains sacred to that purpose for the remainder of the trip, and to burn it would be camp sacrilege. I have this year added to the bundle of coffee sticks which lie on the elk antlers in my office, the stick of 1894. It is a straight piece of hickory limb, because that happened to be the first thing J. B. H. put his hand on. It has not the knots and curves of some of our other sticks, but I think it carries with it about as pleasant memories as any. And I assure all readers that it made most excellent coffee. Many persons think that coffee berries and water have most to do with good coffee, but this is really not the case at all.

The First Meal in Camp.

And now the bacon sizzled, the eggs sputtered, and there arose from the coffee pot an aroma the most divine that ever greeted human nostril. Our first meal in camp was ready.

I wonder if there ever does anything, anywhere, taste half so good as this first meal in camp. All the zest of novelty, of anticipation, unites with the feeling of joy at being again away from work, the comfort of relaxation, and moreover the hunger born of the labor of getting into camp. The last meal in camp does not taste well, no matter if it were cooked by a *chef*, because then you are going away, and you feel sad. But the first one—really, let us not think of any other, for the time at least. And let some skillful pen try elsewhere to tell about it. I shall not ever say how many eggs we fried, nor how many cups of coffee we drank. But it was all very pleasant, there by the lantern light. We ate classically, lying at full lengh on our stomachs, as the Ancient Greeks did, not having yet discovered any boards to make a table. I am not scholar enough to quite approve the Greek idea of lying on the stomach while you eat. It may be classical, but I don't think it gives a fellow a chance. In the morning we built a table, an elegant one, full three fet square, with legs driven into the ground. I do not read that the Greeks had any board fences, and this may account for the fact that they didn't have any tables.

Conservatism in Camp Cookery.

I had brought into camp this year, in a special effort to have the best equipped camp we ever had, one of the complete and very excellent Buzzacott camp cooking outfits, the smallest size, but of the same sort as that supplied to the United States army. This outfit will cook anything, from beef gizzard down to charlotte russe, and will cook all over and around itself, bread, meat, coffee and potatoes, all at the same time and all on a space about a foot square. We found it really the *ne plus ultra* of a camp cooking outfit, and I would want nothing better. I poured out the more than half a hundred ingredients which go into the compact steel box which makes the oven, and laid out a bewildering supply of utensils for sharpening, carving, straining, stewing, frying, boiling, broiling and serving, enough to make J. B. H.'s eyes take on an inquiring cast. But when I came to set out a nice square-cornered pan for the frying of the eggs, do you think he would use it? Not a bit of it. He said he always had been used to eating eggs fried in a round skillet, had fried them that way himself, had always seen his wife fry them that way and his mother before that fry them the same way, and that was good enough for him. Eggs fried in a square pan might be good, but he didn't believe it and wouldn't risk it. In short, he wanted the old skillet, and wanted it right away, and a bit crestfallen, I had to go and get it. Happily I had been wise enough to bring both outfits along, and could fish out the old black spider which had served us in the past.

J. B. H. was good enough to approve of our new coffee-pot, because it held enough and had a wide bottom. Our old coffee-pot with its round bottom, he had stigmatized rightly for three years as being all that a coffee-pot should not be. I could never get J. B. H. to let me show him how many things I could cook at once on the new outfit, and he preferred to burn his fingers rather than use the new hooked lifters which would have obviated all that, but he deigned to approve of the little six-legged wrought-iron stand which makes the "stove" in the Buzzacott outfit. We discovered that by its use we saved nearly all our fuel. We cooked with less than one-quarter of the fire we ever had used before, and when we left the camp our ashes could almost have been covered with the brim of one's hat. This was quite a revelation, even to J. B. H., long used to building little fires for cooking. I am in hopes next year to get him to use some of the things which I tried furtively from time to time to smuggle into commission about our fire. Maybe he will, next year. You can't do these things all at once. I kind of think he had his eye on the flat-backed stew kettle this year.

After supper we joined our young neighbors at the big camp-fire they had built of old stumps, and had a pleasant talk with them. We found that the young rascals were keeping a very slovenly camp, and not bearing to see them growing up in bad ways, we gave them some valuable advice about policing their camp, which they dutifully obeyed, burning up a lot of rubbish they had left knocking around, and tidying up their camp to a very respectable degree. They assured us that frogs were abundant this year, and what with this assurance and the six dozen speckled croakers we had brought up with us, we felt pretty well off for bait.

In short, we felt pretty well off for everything. What we did in the way of big bass I shall tell later. But already this first night we were eminently well pleased that we had decided again upon coming to Mukwonago. For see, about us the shade was as thick as though we were miles deep in a wild forest. We could barely hear the lapping of the lake, and from our quiet hill could not even see the lights of the dreaded hotel. We were very well content. The boys said they had dug out the old spring at the bottom of our hill, and that the water was better than ever, at which J. B. H. smiled cheerfully. They also said that no one was catching any bass, at which we both smiled cheerfully, because we knew very well that most summer people can't catch bass any more than a cow can catch a mouse. We knew the bass were only waiting for people who lived in tents and made small fires.

"I'm glad they aren't catching 'em," said J. B. H., grimly, "but I shouldn't wonder if we do it." With which he took another chew, and turning his face to the fire stood gazing calmly into it, as one who had settled at least one point to the satisfaction of his own mind. And so Camp FOREST AND STREAM'S fourth annual seemed to me very well begun.

Bait-Casting Record Broken.

Mr. F. B. Davidson, secretary of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, and about the whitest sort of fisherman one is apt to scare up of a summer day, writes me the following very interesting letter. So long as records are to be broken, there can not be any better man to break them than Mr. Davidson, or any who will wear his honors more modestly. He says:

"Some time ago I noticed in FOREST AND STREAM, in Mr. Cheney's notes, an item in reference to the world's bait-casting record, of 140½ft., average of five casts, held by Mr. E. C. Sturgis, of Chicago. On Aug. 18, at the Chicago Fly-Casting Club's weekly club contest, I was fortunate enough to fracture this record slightly, and also to put several points on the longest single cast on record, viz., 170ft., made, I believe, by Mr. Leonard. I intended to write you last Sunday, but did not remember what Mr. Sturgis's record was, and started to look up the item in FOREST AND STREAM. After spending all Sunday morning and several hours during the afternoon in looking through my back numbers, I found I had forgotten what I had started out to find, having become too interested in the reading matter. During the week I obtained the figures for his record, and give you mine below:

147 — 1 = 146ft.
177 — 6 = 171ft.
155 — 12 = 143ft.
140 — 4 = 136ft.
161 — 0 = 161ft.—757ft. Average 151$^{2}_{5}$ft.

"At the succeeding weekly club contest, Aug. 25, I made my former record look rather insignificant by making the following average:

163 — 11 = 152ft.
173 — 0 = 173ft.
171 — 4 = 170ft.
174 — 5 = 169ft.
176 — 4 = 172ft.—836ft. Average 167$^{1}_{5}$ft.

"You will notice that four of the casts exceed Mr. Leonard's single cast of 170ft. The above figures are taken from the club records, and the officers of the club will certify to their correctness. I don't like this idea of blowing my own horn, but as secretary of the club, and in order to have the club get credit for holding the record both for average and longest single cast, I am forced to state officially what I have done as a member of the club. Kindly publish the figures as given above in FOREST AND STREAM as a basis for records in the future.

"The boys are doing good work at these weekly meetings, 85% out of a possible 100% in accuracy and distance fly-casting, being considered rather below grade. The club does not give as much attention to long distance fly-casting, for, as a rule, it is not the kind of casting that catches fish.

"I expect to take a run down the deer old Kankakee Sept. 8, going from Shelby, Ind., to Momence. This will take from two to three days, and is a very enjoyable trip. The last time I made it I saw more fish in the river than I ever saw before anywhere in the same length of time, but the conditions were not favorable for catching them. From letters I have received the fishing on the Kankakee is extraordinarily good, and I anticipate a good time. Will let you know about the trip on my return."

The above is pretty good for the club secretary, but what ought the executive committee and the president to do? By the way, I recall that the president, which is now editor of a religious and dramatic paper published in Chicago, was formerly much puzzled to know which was his tail fly, his hand fly, his stretcher and his dropper, and used editorially to reverse them and mix them up sadly, the which, in his joint position of double-Jove-like dignity, he really didn't ought to do. In case of hand-books and keys to the angler's art, I can cheerfully recommend the president to confer earnestly with the secretary, Mr. Davidson, who knows which fly is which, and who also, as may be seen by the above records, knows a bit of angling in general. And still Chicago leads the world.

Possibly Quadruped.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 1.—The editorial "we" sometimes gets persons into trouble. Not long since I noticed on the editorial page of a sporting publication which is (or was) issued from St. Louis, some comments on the activity of the black bass. The editor went so far as to say, "in fact, we have had them to jump from between our legs when wading and fishing for them at night in midstream." So careless and indefinite a remark as to the editorial legs leaves the impression that possibly the editor was a multiped or maybe a quadruped. It almost reminds one of that other historic editor, who said, "On account of our wives' absence, we are forced to get out the paper alone this week." E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

ANGLING NOTES.

Death of the Hon. A. B. Abbott.

THE Mohican Rod and Gun Club of Glens Falls, N. Y., has been called together for the first time to take action upon the death of one of its charter members, a death by accident so startling that a whole community paused to wonder, and then to mourn, for a citizen universally esteemed. The morning of Aug. 27 Alson B. Abbott of Glens Falls left the breakfast table and went into a small room to clean a gun that his son might make a prompt start with a companion for a day's shooting. Suddenly there was a loud report as the gun was discharged, and upon entering the office Mr. Abbott was found dead on the floor with the gun at his feet. Just how the accident happened no one can tell, for Mr. Abbott was a careful, methodical man, perfectly familiar with firearms, and the last man, perhaps, in the community to take any liberties with a loaded gun. While Mr. Abbott was a sportsman with both rod and gun he was more particularly devoted to fishing and was an enthusiastic angler. I first met him on a trout stream more years ago than either of us wished to tell, as they are years that are passed, but from that first meeting till his death I found him a delightful companion, a sportsman in the highest sense of the term and a Christian gentleman.

Upon the organization of the Mohican Rod and Gun Club Mr. Abbott was among the first to join it, and took an active interest in all its objects, but more particularly in opening the Hudson River for salmon and the necessary legislation to bring it about. My last conversation with him was in regard to the necessity for enforcing the 8in. black bass law, and about the desirability of a law limiting the number of black bass to be caught in one day by one rod, if we desired to preserve the bass fishing.

Non-Resident Mohicans.

In one of my notes in this column of FOREST AND STREAM I said that so many applications for membership in the Mohican Club had been received from gentlemen residing at a distance that it had been found best to change the constitution to admit them. I have not a complete list of non-resident members of the club at hand, but I wish to give such as I can call to mind to show how widespread is the interest taken by sportsmen in opening the Hudson for salmon by building fishways, for it is this which has influenced most of those I will name to join the club.

Robert C. Lowry. Dr. W. Seward Webb, William W. Ladd, Jr., Henry P. Wells, Judge Randolph B. Martine, H. T. McCoun, Robert B. Carpenter, of New York city; Archibald Mitchell, Norwich, Conn.; W. H. Rogers, Boston, Mass.; Ralph Peverly, E. B. Warren, Com. J. B. Simpson, Philadelphia, Pa.; William D. Cleveland, Houston, Tex.; Capt. John J. Phelps, Teaneck, N. J.; Com. W. C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y.; ex-Fish Commissioner Henry Burden, Le Grand C. Cramer, Troy, N. Y.; Joseph A. Powers, Lansingburgh, N. Y.; J. M. Northrup, Jr., Fort Edward, N. Y.; D. S. Griffin, Sandy Hill, N. Y.; John A. Dix, Thomson's Mills, N. Y.; Hon. Howard Conkling, George H. Rockwell, Luzerne, N. Y.; Charles F. Burhans, Warrensburgh, N. Y.; George R. Fish, Bolton, N. Y.

An Unhappy Trout Family.

During the past few years I have been asked many times about planting brown trout in waters containing native brook trout. Soon after the brown trout were introduced into this country I planted some of them in waters containing brook trout, and afterward became convinced that I had made a mistake in so doing, since which time I have advised that great care be exercised in planting the brown trout, as they grow so much more rapidly than our native trout, they may destroy them in some waters.

In July last my brother, Mr. F. A. Cheney, of Elmira, N. Y., wrote me that if possible he would like to make a fish pond, or rather stock some water with fish. He is the manager of the Elmira Municipal Improvement Co., which includes the Elmira Illuminating Co., and he said in part:

"We get our water at the electric station from two artesian wells 14in. in diameter and are connected, flow through a pipe for a mile and then into a cistern at the station. The cistern is 30ft. long, 12ft. wide and 10ft. deep. It is under cover, but lighted from windows from three sides. The bottom is gravel and the water is so pure and clean that in looking into it the cistern appears to be empty. The flow is about 1000gals. per minute and the temperature of the water summer and winter is constant at 51½ degrees Fah." In reply I told him the water was suitable for trout if he could provide food and advised him get some trout from James Annin, Jr., and at the same time get a quantity of shrimp and moss from Caledonia Creek, which Mr. Annin would send with the trout. Next he wrote me under date of Aug. 9, as follows:

"I received from Mr. Annin yesterday 35 brook, 35 brown and 35 rainbow trout; the latter are about 6 or 7in. long and the others from 9 to 10in. I got also the shrimps and the moss and have planted the moss in boxes at the bottom of the cistern. I have found shrimps in a stream near the station and my foreman gathered a pailful, and I believe I can get a supply in this stream if they fail to breed in the moss."

I did not see him until Sept 5, when he made a report about his trout which causes me to write this note.

As I have already said, on arrival in Elmira the brook and brown trout were about the same size, none over 10in. and none, apparently, under 9in. in length. The brown trout began to grow very rapidly, so rapidly that, having occasion to net one out that had choked with a piece of liver, it was found, about the 1st of September, to be 12in. long and to weigh 15oz. The life of this trout was saved by removing the liver from its throat. As soon as the trout were accustomed to their new quarters the brown trout began what seemed to be a persistent war upon the brook trout, but never attacked the smaller rainbow trout.

The foreman, Mr. Dittmar, took a great interest in the trout and watched them as constantly as he could, and they could be observed night and day as the cistern room was provided with electric lights. When he reported to my brother that the brown trout were bent on destroying the brook trout out of pure cussedness, my brother had an aquarium made 40×20×20 to stand on the edge of this cistern, where the trout could be under close observation, and specimens of the various kinds were put into the aquarium and the specimens changed from time to time. As a rule the rainbow trout would jump out of the aquarium very promptly back into the cistern until a screen was placed to prevent them. In the aquarium the war was waged against the brook trout by the brown trout until four were killed. The two species were so nearly of the same size that one could not swallow the other, but the brown trout would bite the brook trout on sides and belly until death resulted. They would chase them into a corner and keep them there, and the brook trout gave evidence of their fear of their enemy. Occasionally a brown trout would get a good hold of a brook trout nearly its own size and would then swim around the cistern or aquarium holding him in its mouth until both were netted out. Not once did the brown trout attack the smaller rainbows, their attack being directed against the brook trout only.

All the trout were well fed with shrimps, minnows and liver. Two of the rainbow trout choked to death by trying to swallow minnows too large for their gullets. For feeding the fish a cage was made of screen-wire, and this was lowered into the cistern at feeding time and the dead food thrown into the water over the cage; any food that escaped the fish would fall to the bottom of the cage and was removed when the cage was raised, and thus the water was kept pure. The trout soon learned to know that the lowering of the cage into the cistern meant food for them, and, too, they soon learned to know that a landing net lowered into the water meant a trip to the aquarium; so they quickly gathered together over the first and fled from the second. The trout thrive in the cistern, and will be watched during the fall and winter for any new developments; but can any one explain why the brown trout wage war on the brook trout and not on the rainbow trout?

Round-Up of the Salmon Season.

Mr. John Mowat, in writing me of the salmon season in Canada, says that on the Restigouche Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of New York city, was high hook with about 100 fish. That Messrs. Kennedy, Hollins, Fearing, De Forest and Penfold had gone fishing on the upper pools right up to July 15. That Mr. Lansing, of the Restigouche Salmon Club, killed 60 fish to his own rod in the month of June. Col. Sweeny, of England, fishing the famous Sweeny pools belonging to the estate of the late Capt. Sweeny, killed 130 fish. On my way home from Lake St. John a few days ago I met a gentleman in the cars between Quebec and Montreal who told me he was one of a party of American gentlemen who were negotiating for the Sweeny pools, either to buy or lease them, in which case they will go to a Connecticut city.

Mr. Mowat killed ten salmon and seven grilse in three days on the Upsalquitch, and Mr. Alexander Mowat and Mr. Bray sixteen fish at Kedgwick.

The Governor-General of Canada was obliged to postpone his trip up the Restigouche previously referred to in these notes, but fished the home pool of the Restigouche Club at Metapedia for one day. The fish in this pool averaged about 22lbs., largest 38lbs. Mr. Mowatt concludes with the sage statement: "There are miles of water in which salmon will not rise, other places they rise at certain stages of water and are useless at any other stage. The fact is no salmon pool is good at all stages of water." A. N. CHENEY.

Large Brown Trout.

THE large fish taken in Spring Creek, recorded last week, were caught by Mr. P. V. Crittenden, president of the Caledonia Club, of Rochester, N. Y. The weights were 10¾ and 11lbs. Our correspondent O. S. B. writes:

"As they lay on a cake of ice in the window of a downtown restaurant with a scarlet-ibis hooked in the mouth of one and a queen-of-the-water in the other, they were a sight to call up memories in the heart of the angler who has been 'chained to business.' Later in the week in the same window was displayed a muscalonge from Rice Lake, Canada. A card on the ice stated the weight to be 21¾lbs., but he looked heavier."

Harry Annin, 16 years old, son of a fishing father and chip of the old block, is credited with three brown trout taken from the same waters this season, running 10¾, 11¾ and 12lbs.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FISHING.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Sept. 7.—The same conditions that blight the gunner's pastime also made our brook trout fishing the past season nearly a total failure, and in most directions has spoiled it for years to come. The usual amount of lake and pond fishing has been enjoyed, and as far as my observations extend I judge the sizes of the strings of bass, perch and pickerel have exceeded those of previous years. Massabesic Lake has stood the brunt of the bulk of the onslaught with a creditable record. My personal experience there certainly has been very encouraging, particularly in the line of gamy black bass—a fish that is not appreciated and encouraged to a fraction of the extent it should be by our Commissioners and those who have charge of the stocking of our waters. The Fish Commissioners are experimenting with lake trout fry in Massabesic, putting a few in each season. Thus far none have been seen after being introduced except those found inside other fish, several instances of which have occurred. The introduction of a few full grown lake trout, able to take care for themselve against other fish, and a heavy penalty for catching them seems to me to be a more practical way to make progress toward establishing their species there.

What seems a far better way for the State to expend its energy and money, however, is to transfer its efforts from an experiment to a certainty, and propagate black bass there instead as extensively as possible; then the Commissioners would be working for a fish which they know flourishes in that lake, can take care of itself, has no superior as an attraction among fishermen, and, therefore, cannot be too plentiful, where now already found, to please anglers. Many of our anglers have, as usual, spent vacations at either Maine waters, Connecticut lakes, or Winnipiseogee, Wentworth, Sunapee or Newfound lakes, with generally pleasing results.

Mr. William C. Clarke, one of the best known and successful sportsmen and wing-shots in the State, and also the popular president of the Hillsborough County Game and Protective Association, is the leading candidate for Mayor of this city, and will receive united support from his numerous friends who love rod and gun. PAYSON.

The Sale of Brook Trout.

FOR several months FOREST AND STREAM has been advocating as a plank in the sportsman's platform the following: "The sale of game should be forbidden at all times." If such a law could be enforced, it is very obvious that it would not be very long before the depleted game sections of our country would once more afford pretty fair sport. I believe some such measure is equally imperative for the further protection of our game fish. Take the brook trout for instance—the time was not so many years ago, when they were as plenty as could be wished for, but a continual wanton slaughter has made them so scarce as to become a luxury commanding a high market price—as a result, a very tempting opportunity during the season is always before the poacher to secure and sell a mess of trout. The market demand very soon cleaned out the streams and it was deemed advisible to pass a law prohibiting express companies from accepting and shipping them. It was thought that this would largely put a stop to the drains from this source, and it did; but the market poacher soon got around and evaded the law, and in some way or other the fish markets and restaurants manage to always have a fair supply on hand. But the trout are growing scarcer every year, notwithstanding the efforts that are being put forth to change the state of affairs, the State distributing in the neighborhood of 3,0000,000 trout fry each year and spending quite a sum for protectors, in addition to work in the same line being done by numerous protective associations. So that something else must be done, and I think a little progress, and perhaps a great deal, can be made by entirely prohibiting their scale. In any event, unless some effective measure is discovered and put into effect, it will not be very far in the future when brook trout will only be found in club preserves, where it takes a thousand or two to be the owner of one share.—*H. S. B., in Troy Times-Union.*

A Day With Captain Seavey.

KENNEBUNKPORT, Me.—If, when you happen here you want fish in plenty and a fine sail in a good safe boat there engage Capt. Seavey.

One day last month our party of five had that pleasure, leaving the port about nine o'clock and returning at four; although our actual fishing time was less than four hours, yet we managed to catch over 200 weight of goodly seafood. To one who is unaccustomed to deep-sea fishing, the novelty paid for the labor, for it is hard work to pull up 100 to 150ft. of line every time a fish is on, and oftener yet to replenish the bait. However, with a lighter line, a lighter sinker and smaller and sharper hooks than is the custom of the regular fishermen, much pleasure can be obtained. Provided (and a most important provision too), that the individual is not overcome by mal-de-mer as was one of our party. The skipper would call out "Chum, Robert, chum," and Robert would "chum" accordingly, but the fishes being denizens of great depth did not profit thereby.

For some persons to be "rocked in the cradle of the deep," lacks a proper rhythm, though it may bring forth volumes of harmony.

To say nothing of the cod and haddock with which we could have filled our baskets had the latter been large enough, the pleasant sail in the clear, bracing ocean air amply repaid us for the outing. W. H. R.

Rock Codding on the Maine Coast.

KENNEBUNKPORT, Me.—There is codding and codding. The ordinary manner of catching codfish is not angling but genuine hard work; long hand lines, clumsy hooks and half-pound sinkers, consequently the fish comes up like a log from a depth of sixteen to twenty-five fathoms.

The rock-cod, however, differs from his plainer kinsman in being found about the rocks in water 30 or 40ft. deep. He is of a beautiful bronze-red, and with his clean-cut build is as handsome as a trout. If one uses a stiff rod with a fine linen line and sharp hooks the sport is well worth the candle, for a 4-pounder will fight so hard that he has to be played some moments before the reeling in can be safely accomplished. Soft clams are a good bait and probably crabs would prove efficacious also, as the food of the rock-cod is gleaned from the rocks.

W. H. R.

The Record Fish of the Gunnison.

DENVER, Sept. 3.—I inclose article from Gunnison *Tribune* of Sept. 1: "Mayor Shove, in company with Larry Lawrence, J. H. Collins and Alfred Butters, went down the river fishing on Wednesday. The boys had fair luck until in the afternoon, when Gene hooked a whale. It was impossible to draw the monster to shore, so Gene and the fish decided to have it out right there in the middle of the water. They went at it hammer and tongs, Izaak Walton rules, and for forty-five minutes both contestants showed wonderful gameness. At the end of this time, however, the trout had to give up the fight and turned his nose heavenward. With the perspiration rolling down his face in torrents, Gene brought the vanquished victim safely to dry land and was proclaimed champion of the whole country amid loud huzzas. By the aid of the four the fish was assisted into the buggy and the boys were in such a hurry to get to town that the vehicle only struck the high places. Gene and Larry were smiling so loud that when they struck the Zugelder Hill the noise was heard and by the time they reached town a crowd of sports were gathered on the corner. "Oh, you're not in it," cried the excited mayor, and the next instant he exhibited a trout that by actual weight and measurement was the largest fish ever caught in this vicinity. John Latimer's tape line said 29in. in length, 16in. around, while Jake Miller's scales pointed to 10¾lbs. It was a rainbow trout and its long sides were a combination of beautiful hues. Mr. Shove sent his catch off to Denver to have it mounted, and when it is returned will be put some place to serve as a living advertisement of the wonders of the roaring Gunnison."

I have a personal letter from Mr. E. P. Shove, who is cashier of the First National Bank of Gunnison, and in every way reliable, vouching for the measurement and weight of the fish caught. Mr. Shove had a No. 6 coachman and a 7oz. rod. H. M. O.

Metabetchouan Ouananiche.

IN camp on the Metabetchouan River, near Lake St. John, on Sept. 3, 4 and 5, the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke of the Brick Church, in New York, took 32 ouananiche or landlocked salmon, weighing 136lbs. The largest fish was 5¾lbs., and the average over 4lbs. They were taken with small trout flies, hare's-ear, Reub-Wood, professor and dark-coachman. They were all weighed with an English tested balance. Guides, Ferdinand and François Larouche, from the Hotel Roberval.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

Fishing for Frost Fish in New York.

COPY of a resolution passed by the Commissioners of Fisheries at a meeting held Tuesday, Aug. 14, 1894:

Resolved, That frost fish may be taken in any of the inland lakes between the first day of November and the fifteenth day of December in the same year, with seines and dip-nets between the hours of sunrise and sunset. Persons desiring to take frost fish by seines or dip-nets must notify the Commissioners of Fisheries at their office, 53 Broadway, New York, of their intentions so to do on or before the first day of November in each year, and no person except such as shall have notified the Commissioners of Fisheries of their intention so to fish, shall have the legal right so to do. All lake trout, brook trout, California trout or other game fish taken while fishing for frost fish must be returned to the water at once without unnecessary injury.

A list of the persons who shall have applied for such permission will be filed in the office of the Chief Game and Fish Protector, Albany, New York, and any person who may fish without having notified the Commissioners of Fisheries of their intention so to do will be arrested and prosecuted.

L. D. HUNTINGTON, Pres., EDWARD P. DOYLE, Secy.

New York Fish Laws.

SYRACUSE, Sept. 7.—I presume that all intelligent anglers will assume that my remarks in relation to the bass and trout season before the Senate Committee at Rochester were misquoted by a local newspaper; but lest there may be some who will not do me such justice let me state that what I did say was in favor of having the trout season open universally May 1, and the opening of the bass season made from June 15 to July 1, suitable to the temperature of water and the spawning season.

I made a plea for the better enforcement of the laws, and for uniform laws, with boards of supervisors divested of the power to pass special laws without the approval of the Fish Commission. I also took position against the proposition to divide the State into districts with a special code of laws for each. DWIGHT H. BRUCE.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 10 to 14.—Pittsburgh A. C. Kennels, at Pittsburgh, Pa. A. A. Batchelor, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Orange County Agricultural Society, at Newburgh, N. Y. D. A. Morrison, Sec'y

Sept. 19 to 22.—Orange County Fair, at Newburgh, N. Y.

Oct. 2 to 5.—Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. C. M Rundle, Sec'y.

Oct. 30 to Nov. 2.—Terrier Show, by New England Kennel Club, at Country Club, Brookline, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y, 128 Tremont street, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Field Trial Club, Members' Sweepstake. A. R Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B Wells Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. All-Aged, Eastern Subscription and Selling Stakes. Entries close Oct. 1. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Sec'y.

Dec. 17.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

Manitoba Field Trials.

THE Derby winners were: Delhi first, Cynosure second, Tony Boy third. All-Age winners: Brighton Toby first, Topsy Rod second, Allene third. Full report by Mr. Waters in our next issue.

An English Fox-Terrier Kennel.

THERE are not many dog men who see *The Asian*, published in India, and as our terrier fanciers always like to hear about the other man's kennel, we doubt not that John Brown's interesting account of a day in Capt. Keene's kennel will prove amusing and instructive, as it touches on a good many things that interest terrier men and others. Capt. Keene is a well-known breeder of fox-terriers, bull-terriers, Dandies, etc., as well as a judge, in England. We pass over the preliminary courtesies of the visit and find Capt. Keene and his visitor in the former's den:

"You will see a lot of old friends on the walls around you. There's old Fuller and Nettler and Diamond, terriers of thirty years ago; that is old Sam; all are foundation stones of our modern breed. There's grand old Belgrave Joe. Here are Result and Vesuvienne, two of the very best that ever lived That large photograph of the head of the bitch I took myself. Yes, her ears are hung very high, but she is a grand bitch for all that, though I prefer the dog myself. These are the cracks of the present day—D'Orsay, Venio and Vice Regal. Not much like Vice Regal? No, it isn't. Ems has not quite hit him off, but the other two are excellent. This is my own bitch, Vesure; she was killed in my own kennels in a fight with two other bitches of mine. Those are two bull-terriers I had; this is a life-size head of my old Dandie, Border Viper. You know I have not been showing fox-terriers very long, only about two years. I had bull-terriers for a time, and then I went in for Dandies. The Dandie is a grand dog; he is slow, of course, and no good for following a horse, but otherwise he is one of the best and gamest of our terriers. Old Border Viper, 'Shem' I call him as a kennel name, is one of my especial favorites. He never leaves my side. Yes, I am very fond of Scottish terriers, too. I have a bitch which I shall show you presently. I know you will be greatly interested in her. Yes, that is a good photograph of a setter, isn't it? I took it myself, caught him instantaneously in the act of sitting. Come and look at this enlargement of the same picture."

"It is as good as any professional work."

"Oh, I dabble in a lot of odd things in my leisure moments, I am very much interested in the principles of breeding, heredity, and atavism. I have been making some experiments on the subject of the influence of a previous sire, which I know will interest you. Certainly, I grant the influence. The question is, is it physical or mental? I am now inclined to think the former. I have been having some correspondence with Romanes on the subject. We must have some further talk about that, let's go to lunch now, and then we will stroll over the grounds."

After tiffin, we lighted our cigars, and made our way to the kennels.

"What sires have you here now?" I asked.

"Only Starden's Victor, a little dog I have a fancy for. I have Hunton Billy, but he is not here at present. His Excellency is at the stud in town. Yes, he is too big I allow, and I don't breed from him myself. Everlelyn was quite right to chuck him out at Wolverhampton, and I don't quarrel with the verdict. I quite agree with you regarding the demerits of the type of the present day. I am of opinion the cracks of the day would hold their own if exhibited with the best specimens of, say, ten years ago, but the tag rag and bob-tail of the existing type are awful to behold. However, as you say, the evil will cure itself in time, and I am waiting for that time. You will not see an over-sized dog or bitch, that I am breeding from in my kennels to-day. They are small and compact, and when the craze for large, leggy, lathy terriers dies out, and I am convinced it will, my time will come. * * * See, here we are. This is Persistence, by Venio out of Determination, by Decision. What do you think of her?"

"She is a lovely little bitch."

"She is quite the pick of my kennel at preseut. How she would have been 'all there' if exhibited ten years ago, but compare her with that seven months puppy by her side. He is what I call a specimen of the present type. I don't like it a bit. Persistence has won seven prizes for me, three firsts, three seconds and a third, beating Stephen's Ethel Newcome sold for £150 She has splendid shoulders, in which she takes after her sire. She has a first-rate narrow front, and look at her jacket. The Vicary makes an excellent cross for the Clarke breed. In fact, I think it is the only cross to set it right. I am thinking of sending the bitch to Dominie. I hope to get some good ones from her this season. This is Starden's Victor, bred by Major How, by Result out of Forest Queen, by New Forest. He is a seventeen-pound dog, and as game as a pebble. He worked with hounds for two or three years. I am going to breed freely from him this season. With his style and breeding I think he ought to make a successful sire. He is a little dog I have a great fancy for. The bitch with him is Souville, by Belgrave—Sequence out of Deshabille. I shall put her to him bye and bye. Come here, I want to show you what I think one of the best Dandies of the day. Here she is, Lowland Lass, by Netherby II., by Border Viper, by Border King. I claimed her at Edinburgh at her catalogue price, and am of opinion I did a good business. What do you think of her?"

"She is a very nice bitch, but I don't altogether like her coat."

"Oh, she is a bit off coat at present. Still, I don't think a Dandie's coat should be too hard or altogether hard. A proper admixture of hard and soft hair is what we want, a coat like that of a fox. I expect to breed some good ones from that bitch. Before we cross the road there is another bitch here that I expect will take you a bit by surprise"

"What? a white Scottish terrier. I don't know that I ever saw a white one before."

"No, I am not surprised at it, I believe her to be unique. I don't know that there is another white one in the world."

"Where on earth did you raise her?"

"I thought this would interest you. When, some years ago, we were quartered at Berwick, we had some very good Scottish terriers we used out shooting, but their color used to bother me. I was always afraid of shooting them in mistake for a rabbit. I then took it into my head to try and breed white Scottish terriers, and I failed. I put a white wire-haired fox-terrier dog to a Scottish terrier bitch. The result was a litter of puppies all blacks and brindles and in shape, taking after the shape of the dam I then tried a white fox-terrier bitch and a Scottish terrier dog, again no white puppies. They were all black this time, except that they had a few white hairs on the chest. In shape they again took after the Scottish terrier. A third time I tried a white fox-terrier dog with a Scottish terrier bitch, and again a litter of black and brindles, and all practically Scottish terriers, with very little evidence of any cross. A fourth time I tried breeding from one of the bitches, the results of the cross, and again all the pups were black and brindles, with perhaps just a few white hairs on them. These experiments show the prepotency of the Scottish terrier when crossing it with the fox."

"It is, of course the older and the purer breed"

"There is no doubt about it. Still one would have thought a white puppy would have, now and then, appeared in a litter; or, at any rate, one with a fair amount of white. I had intended selecting the whitest ones, and breeding from them again, till I had attained my object; but as far as I had gone I had made no progress whatsoever."

"But what about this white bitch then?"

"I am coming to that. One day I read in an account of the Ayr show that a white Scottish terrier was being exhibited there. I immediately fired off a telegram to secure her, and she was ultimately purchased for me at what I consider the very low figure of five quid ($25). This is the bitch before you. White Heather, by Athol II. (a light gray brindle) out of Judy (a dark gray brindle), all previous ancestors being the usual blacks and brindle-colored ones. I afterward learned, on inquiry, that there had been one other white puppy, a dog, in the litter, but that he had died. I presume I was able to buy White Heather cheap, as no one else had thought of the curiosity of her color; they may even have considered the color objectionable, not being the usual one. In all other points she is an excellent Scottish terrier, and I consider I was very lucky to get her. I then thought I might possibly breed white ones from her. I put her to the Scotch terrier Kildee, and she missed. She is a very uncertain breeder. I tried her with another dog and she missed again. I then put her to Kildee again and she had seven pups, but no white ones among them. The fourth time I put her to one of my half-breeds from the white fox-terrier cross, and again a litter of blacks and brindles. So you see I have not made much progress in my attempt to produce a race of white Scottish terriers. White Heather still stands alone as a unique specimen.

"She is not an albino either."

"No, not a bit of it. There is another Dandie here, if you care to see her—Lowland Peggy, by Border Viper out of Bracken, by Mars. She is in whelp to Border Viper. Shall we cross over now to the other kennels? We were talking just now of the influence of a previous sire. I tried an experiment in the case of fowls. Do you see those white Leghorns? I penned up a number of hens with a Langshan cock for some time, and then separated them entirely. For a month they had no access to any cock at all; and I then put them with a white Leghorn cock of their own breed, and hatched a few broods. The young birds were in all cases, except one, apparently pure Leghorns. There is the exception before you. Look at his coloring, and look at the feathering down the outsides of his legs down to the feet. The influence of the Langshan cock is very plainly discernible in him."

"Yes, it seems so."

"I am now experimenting with guinea pigs, as being rapid breeders. I have put this rough boar to three smooth sows. When they have littered I shall try them a second time with a smooth boar of their own breed and note the result. The rough, long-haired guinea pig is quite a distinct breed, with marked peculiarities. The sows I am using are young ones, and have never been bred from before. I am giving the experiment every chance. When you come to see me again I may have more interesting information to give you. Now here is a little bitch, quite of the old school, Viana, by Venio out of Vernia, own sister to Venilia, dam of Vesuvienne."

"Yes, she is a nice cobby little terrier with great bone and substance."

"Of course, with the present rage for flat shoulders and very narrow fronts she would not be in it at a show."

"Yet she is fashionably bred."

"Well, you see they all come from the same foundation stock. There is no reason why there should not be small, compact ones and long, lathy ones in the same litter. It is just a question of show fashion. The cobby ones have had their day, and the long leggy ones are now having a turn. When you come home again the weathercock of fancy may have veered round once more. What do you think of this one? Viatka, by Venio out of Volka, own sister to Vengo."

"Don't like her so well."

"She is a bit full in the eyes, short in head and heavy in ears, but otherwise she is not half a bad bitch. Her legs and feet are very high class. She is now in whelp to my dog Starden's Victor. I expect you will like this bitch better."

"I do She takes me tremendously. If she were just a trifle smaller in ear—"

"She would be a high class show bitch, that just puts her out of the running."

"What's her name?"

"Finale, by Venio out of Determination, by Decision. I am not letting her out, as she is such a fighter. This is the bitch that killed Vesure, she is a little demon when she gets her blood up. Yes, there was another bitch mixed up in the row, but it was practically Finale that did all the fighting. It is no barking around with her, she means business when once she starts."

"I am glad to see that show fox-terriers have not lost pluck, whatever else they have changed in."

"No, the pluck is right enough. Redmond's Dominie and D'Orsay are as game and keen as they can be. Old Venio is a hot one, I can tell you, Vice Regal is the same. Despoiler is a little devil, and the bitches are as bad as the dogs. I can hardly take three or four of mine out together. They get up a row among themselves, or with something they meet on the road, and then it is a business to part them. Come in and look at the pups. Here is the dam. Determination, by Decision, out of a bitch by Result. She is the dam of my bitch Persistence. The pups are by Clive Newcome; there are four of them, three dogs and a bitch."

"They look nice, sturdy little beggars, and as healthy as possible."

"I think they are very promising. See, I have not cut the tail of this one I am going to leave it to see how he looks with an undocked tail."

"Won't that stand in his way at shows?"

"I don't think so. I don't see why it should. I don't imagine they can pass over a dog that was otherwise good, merely because his tail was uncut. This one has a naturally short tail, and looks as if he would carry it well. Nowadays they often do little more than pinch off the tip, and what's the difference between a dog with an inch of his tail cut and one uncut altogether"

"There's something in that. Personally, I don't care for the very long dock; but unless they dock to a reasonable length they might as well leave the tail alone, as nature made it."

"Now, what do you think of the condition of my dogs?"

"I think they are all as fit as possible."

"So do I, and put it down to my meat feeding. Very few men give any meat at all, but I allow it freely with, in my opinion, the very best results. I don't think it natural for a dog to be a vegetarian."

"Captain Keene is a member of the Kennel Club and of the special Fox-Terrier and Dandie Dinmont Clubs. He is an excellent judge of a terrier, and judges in a sound, intelligently, commonsense fashion, without displaying any of the curious idiosyncrasies of the faddist. I know very few men of whose judgment I have a higher opinion. But he is more than a mere judge. He is a sound, practical breeder, thoroughly conversant with the principles of breeding, and is moreover a keen observer of nature. With a well stored memory, he does not trust memory alone; his note books, recording the results of his observation and experiments, are kept in a careful and business-like manner; and his kennel books are the picture of neatness. The remarks I have noted regarding the white Scottish terrier bitch White Heather, and the attempt to raise a breed of white Scottish terriers will, I feel sure, be read with interest by all doggy men."

Our transatlantic voyaging fanciers are having some difficulty in getting home again, the steamers being so crowded that passage must be secured some time ahead. Advices from the other side received to-day (Friday, Sept. 7) state that Mr. Mortimer will leave on the Etruria, which is expected to arrive Sept. 8. Mr. Oldham has also been delayed, and will not reach New York till Monday, Sept. 10, on the Berlin. Both these gentlemen are down to judge at Toronto, and they will have little time to get rid of their sea legs before handing out the ribbons. Mr. Oldham will unavoidably be a day late, so spaniels will not be judged at Toronto until Tuesday, Sept. 11.

Des Moines Show Awards.

THE awards at the first annual bench show of the Des Moines Kennel Club, Sept. 4 to 7, were as follows:

HANDLER'S PRIZE.—1st, Lewis; 2d, Ehrhart.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. E. Bunn's Sinaloa.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, C. E. Bunn's Marquis and Ealderman. Reserve, Platt Bros.' Jack Raglan. Very high com., W. L. Shepard's Jack. High com., Mrs. G. W. Collins's Grover C. *Bitches:* 1st, C. E. Bunn's Mina Minting; 2d, C. C. Stephenson's Queen. Reserve and very high com., Platt Bros'. Ruby Chancellor and imported Lady Cobrey. *Puppies:* 1st, Platt Bros.' Lady Van; 2d, M. J. Olsen's Colonel.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, C. A. Pratt's Sir Bedivere and Rustic Beauty.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's Alton III; 2d, J. R. Hurlburt's Alton Boy. Reserve, W. A. Quigley's Complete. *Bitches:* 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's Alta Berna; 2d, C. A. Pratt's Lady Adelaide. Reserve and high com., Fordham Kennels' Myrra and Luce Floretta. Very high com., W. E. Dougherty's Lady Lowden.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, C. A. Pratt's Alton II.; 2d, A. C. Shallenberger's champion Melrose. Reserve, J. W. Farnof's Lawrence Garza.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's Patrician; 2d, C. A. Pratt's Argyle Alpha. Reserve, W. M. Everts's Sir Nero. Very high com., J. W. Farnof's Illinois Pontiff. *Bitches:* 1st, C. A. Pratt's Lady Judith; 2d, Fordham Kennels' La Flora. *Puppies:* 1st, J. W. Farnof's Illinois Pontiff; 2d, E. Baker's Prince. Reserve, A. J. Doll's Minnetonka.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. L. Rohinson's King William; 2d, J. C. Wees's Beau Brummel Reserve, C. F. Huttenlocker's Col. Moro. Very high com., F. S. Anderson's Sandor. High com., Fordham Kennels' Kaiser. Com., W. S. Mars's Prince Bismark. *Bitches:* 1st, F. S. Anderson's Flora A.; 2d, A. K. Wolfe's Princess Lucile. Reserve, Fordham Kennels' Lady Inca. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Fordham Kennels' Ina and Una Reserve, W. S. Mars's Prince Bismark. High com., A. M. Williams's Brutus W.

BLOODHOUNDS.—Equal 1st, J. H. Naylor's Jack Shepard and R. Williams's Vigilant.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, C. H. Ballinger's Highland Maxey.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS—*Dogs:* 1st, C. H. Ballinger's Osmaday. *Bitches:* 1st, C. H. Ballinger's Zemoza.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Bitches:* 1st, A. L. Goodrell's Vera.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. L. C. Sauveur's Ranger.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Williams's Argonaut. *Bitches:* 1st, R. Williams's Bow Spirt.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Elridge Kennels' Rush of Lad. OPEN—*Dogs* (over 55lbs.): 1st, Glenrock Kennels' Molton Banner; 2d, F. L Fleer's Gamester. *Bitches* (over 50lbs.): 1st, C. H. Clark's Emblem. *Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, J. L. Adams's Lad of Rush; 2d, Mrs. N. W. Stark's Ned Stark.

ENGLISH SETTERS—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Pape's Cactus; 2d, R. K. Armstrong's Bald Rock. Reserve, J. Pederson's Zippo II. Very high com., H. Northwood' Wordsley Dude and O. E Pearson's Dom Pedro II. High com., J. W. Shriver's Jack Burwyn and R. B. Cottrell's Young Climax. Com., F. Hoare's His Royal Nibs, G. W. Hamilton's San Fran and E. Stewart's Van Bibber. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Brett's Flower of Sulphur; 2d, Stout & Cottrell's Sousie. Reserve, F. Perkins's Chic. Very high com., J. Pederson's Faydelle and J. Brett's Maid Marion. High com., J. Pederson's Lady of Gloss and G. W. Hamilton's Tony's Romp. Com., J. S. Carpenter's Betsy Rickat.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. G. Hyland's Chris.

IRISH SETTERS—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Dr. L. C. Sauveur's Pride of Patsey and Montauk, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. L. C. Sauveur's Elfreda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, M. Barttison's Bob, Jr.; 2d, I. Gray's Patsey's Pride. Reserve, Lake Shore Kennels' Shamrock Bruce. Very high com, Claremont Kennels' Chief Red Cloud. High com., H. C. Hansen's Dan, W. Kirby's Kay and J. C. Hansen's Red. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Claremont Kennels' Pride's Beauty and Pride's Heather; 2d, Dr. L C. Sauveur's Delphine. Very high com., B. F. Lewis's Mollie. High com., Seminole Kennels' Buffalo Madge.—PUPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Claremont Kennels' Pat's Gleam *Bitchs:* 1st, Claremont Kennels' Pat's Rose.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Waverly.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. O. Lindley's Homer S.; 2d, S. G. Nordstrum's Dan N. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Sante Marie and Maid of Waverly; 2d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Effie.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' The Squire. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Metchley Surprise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. W. Wakem's Chesterford Hero; 2d, Willowdale Kennels' Moray. Reserve, G. L. Evans's Trump II. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Prince Charley. High com., E. W. Kidder's Duke. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' Ormskirk Maid and Cora Belle of Nessledown. Reserve, H. M. Jones's Lady Al De Ber II.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Kitty of Cork.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Northwood's Wordsley Trapper; 2d, W. F. Clarkson's Raby Pitcher. Very high com. reserve, Dr. G. B. Darby's Lansdowne Triton. Very high com., Mrs. Spencer's Striker, Dr. G. B. Darby's Lansdowne Poverino. High com., J. F. Belt's Hillside Royal, A. Rhys's Woodbury Gamester. Com., S. H. Kerfoot's Jerry. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. G. B. Darby's Lansdowne Trim and Lansdowne Dimity. Reserve and very high com, Mrs. Spencer's Riot and Della. *Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. Spencer's Lillay; 2d, A. Rhys's Woodbury Gamester

POODLES.—BLACK, CURLY, FRENCH—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 2d, H. G. Trevor's Chloe.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. G. Trevor's Emperor; 2d, J. B. Ellison's Ithel. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. M. V. Eberhart's Queen Zip.—RUSSIAN CORDED—1st, Mrs. R. I. Carter's Black Jack; 2d, Leo.

BULLDOGS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Lorna Doone.

BULL-TERRIERS—*Dogs:* 1st, F. L. Dever's Bellerby King; 2d, Dr. A. E. Balson, Jr.'s Croydon Bob. *Bitches:* 1st, Hawkeye Kennels' Hawkeye Duchess; 2d and reserve, F. L Dever's Lowland Duchess and Croydon Flyer. Very high com., F. W. Phillips's Satin, Dr. G. B. Darby's Lansdowne Thelma. High com, John Harris's Iowa Girl. *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. A. E. Balson, Jr.'s Croydon Bob; 2d, F. L. Dever's Croydon Puss. Reserve, F. E. Griffith's Zeke.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Shinn's Elphinstone. *Bitches:* 1st, C. A. Shinn's Bessie.—OPEN—1st and 2d, C. A. Shinn's Lady Stafford and Nellie.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and reserve, A. F. Hertzler's Kiltih and Rattler; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Colored Preacher. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, A. F. Hertzel's Bessie and Blossom.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OPEN—1st, B. F. Lewis's Nellie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Victor. *Bitches:* 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Betsy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. H. Hoyt's Tacco; 2d, J. W. Mack's Jeff. *Bitches:* 1st, F. H. Hoyt's Vitta; 2d, J. W. Mack's Blue Bell.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. L. C. Sauveur's Attraction; 2d, Lake Shore Kennels' Duke Howard. Reserve, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Patsy Bolivia and Sir Douglas. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Queen Zitka and Lady Verne; 2d, Miss D Mownie's Topsy.—NOVICE—1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Good Boy; 2d, Miss C. Mownie's Topsy. Reserve, Mrs. Crout's Grif W. *Puppies:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Juliet.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. O'Connor's Galtees.—OPEN—1st, E. Kirk's Ned; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Blue Ribbon.

DACHSHUNDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Joseph Wedekind's Nips. *Bitches:* 1st, Joseph Wedekind's Red Riding Hood.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—OPEN—1st and 2d, John Hopkinson's Beechgrove Blue Bell and Beechgrove Leader.

MISCELLANEOUS—(Under 30lbs.).—Equal 1st, B. F. Lewis's Frank and Mrs. H. W. Hugle's Snyder. Reserve, Ada Ragsdale's Beppo. (Over 30.bs.): 1st, John Hopkinson's Prude.

An instance of the homing faculty in spaniels is related by a correspondent in the *Field* (Eng.) who lives at Hertford, near London. The dog was sent to Leighton Buzzard to be trained by a game-keeper. A servant took the dog by rail from Hertford to Kings Cross Station in London and walked him across to Euston Station, where he saw the dog off; it arrived at its destination in due course. On the 8th, about 8 A. M., the dog returned to Hertfort, and the owner has since heard from the keeper that the latter took the dog out on morning of the 7th inst., found him very shy, and shortly after missed him, and he was naturally surprised to hear a few days after that the dog was at his old home. The writer says: "No doubt there are other instances of dogs returning home long distances, but I should say seldom of dogs nine months old."

Southern Field Trials Derby Entries.

THIS club's Derby entry, considering the depression in field trials this year, must be highly satisfactory to the members. The total number is forty-seven, English setters of course predominating, the pointer men only entering four; three of them are from the Charlottesville Kennel and one from the Hempstead Farm.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

NELLIE BRENT—Pat Henry's black, white and tan bitch (Tremont—Countess Leda).

MILDRED LEE—Pat Henry's black, white and tan bitch (DeSoto Boy—Gladstone's Girl).

JACK SCALES—Pat Henry's black, white and tan dog (DeSoto Boy—Gladstone's Girl).

MARS—Pat Henry's liver and white dog (DeSoto Boy—Gladstone's Girl).

CYNOSURE—Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II).

CHENNESTINE—Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II).

COLUMBINE—Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II).

ROMANCE—Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II).

VIGEROS—Avent and Thayer Kennels' dog (Count Gladstone—).

TORY DIOMID—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Count Gladstone—Tory Della).

TORY DOLTED—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Della).

TORY BELL—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Antoinette).

TORY LUNA—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond).

TORY LAURA—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond).

DASHING NOVICE II—Manchester & Wartrace Kennels' black and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Queen Novice).

GLADSTONE'S SUE—Manchester & Wartrace Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Hope's Gem).

RUBY'S PEAR—Manchester & Wartrace Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Ruby's Girl).

LADY MILDRED—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Ruby's Girl).

TOM BEGGS—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl).

NELLIE FOX—Blue Ridge Kennels black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Can-Can).

GENEVIEVE S.—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Countess Rush).

TONY BOY—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Laundress).

NORA IV.—Minnesota Kennels' liver and white bitch (Roderigo—Nora III.).

MOLLIE—Minnesota Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Nora III.).

DOLOROUS—Minnesota Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Nora III.).

JOCK—Minnesota Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Paul Boy—Canadian Lill).

JOE CUMMINGS—J. W. Renfroe's dog (Antonio—Picalo).

HARROLD SKEMPOLE—H. S. Bevan's black, white and tan dog (Whyte B.—Nettie Bevan).

IDA B.—Bryson & Bedford's black, white and tan bitch (Tremont—Leda).

IROQUOIS—Fox & Seller's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Can-Can).

TONY'S GIRL—Fox & Seller's black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Can-Can).

MOUNTAIN MAID—Wm. Neu's black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).

EUGENIE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Dell).

ADVERSITY—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Dell).

PALOMA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Lou)

ZERALDA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Lou).

SHAD—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog (Eugene T.—Lou).

LORIS—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog (Eugene T.—Lora).

ANNIE OF ABBOTTSFORD—Edward A. Burdette's black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl).

EMMA T.—James R. Foster's liver and white bitch (Dave R.—Betty B.).

JACK KING—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Tennessee Rod—Phyllis).

MARY JANE C.—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Tennessee Rod—Phyllis).

LADY CLARE—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' liver and white bitch (Prince Lucifer—Clare).

POINTERS.

TIPPO—Charlottesville Field Trials Kennels' liver and white dog (Rip-Rap—Monterey).

DELHI—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog (Rip-Rap—Queen II.).

SEPOY—Charlottesville Field Trials Kennels' liver and white dog (Hob-Nob—Diana).

HEMPSTEAD DON—Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog.

Toronto Show.

THE Toronto people do not feel in a very amiable spirit, as this year the effect of Pittsburgh clashing dates is plainly felt with an entry of 545 dogs against 630 last year. The quality of the dogs, however, is said to quite make up for the deficiency in numbers. Mastiffs have 17 entries, St. Bernards 51, bloodhounds 1, Newfoundlands 4, great Danes 6, Russian wolfhounds 15, deerhounds 3, greyhounds 22, foxhounds 16, pointers 18, English setters 34, Irish setters 9, Gordon setters 8, collies 18, bulldogs 1, bull-terriers 25, Irish terriers 16, Dandie Dinmonts 3, Bedlingtons 6, Scotch terriers 25, Skye terriers 6, black and tans 10, French and Russian poodles 18, Irish water spaniels 5, Clumber spaniels 2, field spaniels 18, cocker spaniels 53, dachshunds 4, beagles 17, fox-terriers 45, wire-haired fox-terriers 32, Yorkshires 7, toy terriers 2, pugs 6, King Charles spaniels 6, Prince Charles spaniels 1, Italian greyhounds 1, Airedale terriers 4, miscellaneous class 4.

There is a feeling abroad that if the A. K. C. recognizes Pittsburgh wins—but this is not at all probable, as the P. A. C. Kennel Club did not send in their application in proper form—the Canadians will not ratify their agreement for reciprocity between the A. K. C and C. K. C. clubs. This is probably mere rumor, and should not influence the cooler heads.

TORONTO, Ont., Sept. 10.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Show opened this afternoon with a fair lot of dogs. Very few of the old exhibitors are here, and the show seems slow comparatively. Only one judge, Mr. Mortimer, was on hand, the others are expected to-morrow. Many of the classes lack both quality and numbers; but the terrier classes are well supported. Sporting dogs do not come up to average. Spaniel classes filled well, also Scotch, bull and fox-terriers. Among the visitors are Messrs. Brooks, Donner, Bunn, Green, Higginson, Wixom, Fellows, Platt, Tricket, Merrill, Davey, Tulk, Kirby, Turner, Corrigan, Smith and Miss Griffin. Only mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, great Danes, greyhounds, wolfhounds, deerhounds judged to-day. Weather fair, and show promises to be more exciting to-morrow. H. W. L.

The Gordon Trials.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The prizes to be run for at the Gordon setter field trials on Oct. 24 next will amount to about $200—perhaps more, if subscriptions and entries come in as is expected.

The proportion to be awarded to first, second and third winners will be stated later on. The weather has been so dry that no dog could find birds before the late rain, and much time has been lost out of the short period for training. So it may be necessary to set forward the date of trials to Nov. 13, of which due announcement will be made next week. Entry fee $5 and $10 to start, open to all Gordon setters.

In the meantime every Gordon man is urged to send in his entries or state how many dogs he intends to run as soon as possible.

Assonet Neck, Mass, is much nearer and less expensive to reach than the South, and a large entry should result from that fact alone. Retrieving will not be required, as Massachusetts law does not allow quail to be shot this season, and the conditions of the trials under N. E F. T. C. rule are nearer to private shooting than those of most field trials.

JAS. B. BLOSSOM, Pres. G. S. C. of A.

DOG CHAT.

Mr. Washington A. Coster sends us the particulars of the stakes that are to be run off at the Eastern Field Trials, commencing Nov. 16 with the Members' Stake. This good old field trials club, undaunted by the bugaboo of hard times and general business depression, comes to the front once more with a programme of events that should satisfy even the most mercenary field trial dog owner. Their enterprise in the face of difficulties should be considered when the entries are made, and for the honor of the sport the Eastern Field Trials Club should be supported by every sportsman who has a dog fit to compete.

After the Members' Stake is run off, the prize for which is $100, cash or plate, the regular stakes commence on Monday, Nov. 19, with the Derby, the prizes for which are $300, $200 and $100. First forfeit, $10; second forfeit, $10 paid Sept. 1 and $10 additional to start. Entries closed May 15 and were published in FOREST AND STREAM June 9. The All-Aged Stake is for pointers and setters that have not won a first in any All-Aged open stake at the Philadelphia, Southern, United States or Central trials. Prizes $300, $200 and $100. Forfeit, $10 and $20 additional to start. Entries close Oct. 1. Another popular stake is the "Eastern Subscription" for all pointers and setters, with prizes of $300, $150 and $50. The subscription is $50, payable Oct. 1. Each subscriber may start any dog he pleases, whether his property or not, and the nomination is transferable to any person not objectionable to the club. The first round in this stake will consist of a two hours' heat; afterward the running will be at the discretion and direction of the judges.

A new feature in the trials will be the "Selling Stake," for which any dog that has not been placed at any recognized field trial is eligible. The fee is $10, payable Oct. 1. In addition, the starting fee is 5% of the selling price, to be paid the night before running of stake, and $300 is the limit in price, which must be placed on each dog at the time of filling. The winning dogs will be offered at auction by the club at 9 P. M. on the day of the announcement of awards. Another new and commendable feature is a certificate of excellence, which will be given to all dogs showing merit as good dogs in this stake, signed by the judges, president and secretary of the Club. The prizes will be $200, $100 and $50.

These prizes call for an outlay of $2,150 and we trust that field sportsmen will support the trials with an entry that will at least save the club from loss. Other information in regard to the stakes will be found in our business columns.

A show in the States is preferable with a good many exhibitors to one in Canada with its attendant annoyance of customs and frequent change of cars, and we were not surprised to see an entry of 400 dogs for the coming Pittsburgh show. Mr. Davidson, who will judge all breeds, excepting mastiffs, which are taken by Mr. Wade, will have no easy task, as some of the best dogs in the country, outside of his specialties, will be there.

A Show at West Chester, Pa.

A very satisfactory show was held at West Chester, Pa., in connection with the Chester County Agricultural Society, Aug. 30 to Sept. 1. About 250 dogs were benched and Mr. W. W. Silvey, a well known Philadelphia dogman gave out the ribbons. I am unable to give a full list of awards as there were no catalogues. An excellent lot of foxhounds were shown and some good setters, among them being the Irish setters from the Seminole Kennels in charge of Ben Lewis, on his way to Des Moines. Pride of Patsy won in challenge dogs over Montauk, Jr., and Elfreda took the corresponding ribbon for her sex. Delphinne won in open bitches. In Gordons Leo B. looked after the challenge prize. In collies the winners were The Squire, Metchley Surprise, Shepherd's Lad, Prince Charley and Shepardess. Gamester won in pointer dogs and Emblem in bitches. There was a capital show of Skyes with Mr. Shinn's well known winners to the front. Next year it is expected the show will be under A. K. C. rules, as a kennel club will be formed W. K.

In our last issue we spoke of Mr. Hunnewell's purchase of Mr. H. W. Smith's wire-hair cracks, and at that date did not know whether Mr. Smith intended to retire from the fancy or not. We are glad to learn, however, that he will still be very much in the fancy but will depend only upon dogs of his own breeding, to win further fame, imitating the example of Mr. "Beverwyck" Rathbone. He still has some good brood bitches that can be depended upon to throw game stock, which gameness is always preferable to mere bench show glory. Since selling his terriers Mr. Smith has repurchased the well-known high stepper and carriage horse Sky High; which he sold to Anthony Drexel last fall. This grand hackney has won first at three consecutive shows in New York, in addition to a number of prizes in tandem, etc. He is probably the most superb actioned horse yet shown in this country, and what is more to the point Mr. Smith can handle the reins over him in such manner that his grand quality is made the most of.

It is stated that the Stockton, Cal., show has been declared off, the show people being unable to overcome the difficulties that were met with in the preliminaries.

Dick Morgan wrote us the other day that he would be at the Pittsburgh show, where he might be seen about handling dogs this year.

Hard times have brought down the stud fee of Cribbage from $50 to $35. See advertisement.

Mr. Hunnewell in purchasing Cribbage, Janet, etc., did so with the intention of depending in the future on his own dogs to carry out his breeding projects. He has some of the best blood now and he should be successful.

As every one knows now, Mr. Wellman's North Pole dash did not materialize, owing to the unexpected collapse of his vessel in the ice packs. We were greatly interested in the experiment Mr. Wellman made of using the Belgian draught dogs instead of the native Esquimaux. The Belgians were found to be in the little ice work they were called upon to

do totally unfit, their feet becoming frost-bitten and so sore that they had to be shot. This is the result we anticipated in a recent issue. Belgian streets are pretty rough, but they are as billiard tables compared to hummock ice.

The loss of the Miranda, that took a large party to the shores of Greenland, or tried to do, will be interesting news to the fox-hunting friends of Mr. R. D. Perry, who was one of the party, but escaped the final disaster by leaving the ship for Upper Labrador after the first accident, spoken of some weeks since.

The crack fox-terrier, champion Dorsay, fell over a cliff and was seriously lamed.

Argyle Kennels have purchased the St. Bernard Lady Judith from Mr. Wiggins.

The Pittsburgh show entries number 413, and are dispersed over the benches as follows: Mastiffs 3, St. Bernards 22, great Danes 3, bloodhounds 1, Newfoundlands 1, Chesapeake Bay dogs 1, Barzois 2, greyhounds 3, foxhounds 5, bulldogs 3, bull-terriers 7, Prince Charles spaniels 1, collies 24, beagles 11, Skye terriers 6, Irish and Scotch terriers 8, spaniels 9, black and tan terriers 12, pugs 21, Mexican hairless 2, Boston toy 1, pointers 49, English setters 28, Irish setters 32, Gordon setters 7, basset hounds 2, poodles 6, fox-terriers 31, dachshunds 4, Italian greyhounds 7, miscellaneous 8. Selling class 75.

In mentioning the sale of Southern Beauty, the noted greyhound, to the Terra Cotta Kennels, the proprietors say that we were in error in crediting Mr. Purbeck with the ownership of this greyhound, as they purchased her from Mr. Geo. S. Thomas. We were aware of the fact that Mr. Thomas has had the management of Mr. Purbeck's dogs, but Southern Beauty has always been entered in Mr. Purbeck's name, and we naturally credited this gentleman with the ownership of this bitch at the time of sale, not being aware of her transfer to Mr. Thomas since the spring shows.

Mr. Henry Jarret, owner of the Chestnut Hill Kennels, ran down to Wilmington, Del., the other day and picked up a couple of good dog pups by a son of Christopher out of Sadie Wilkes, first at Washington. He went one better and also bought their dam; she is a sister of Prince Wilkes.

During Mr. Bradbury's absence in the West, at the coursing meetings, the wire hair fox-terrier stud dog Halifax Revival, will stand at the Seacroft Kennels, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., in charge of Mr. W. Turner, the manager, to whom all communications regarding services should be sent.

During Mr. Lacy's absence from this office at the Toronto and Rhode Island shows, it is desired that all matter pertaining to the kennel department, to insure prompt attention, be addressed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Mr. A. C. Bradbury, manager of the Maybrook Kennels, Englewood, N. J., leaves for Huron, S. D., this week, taking with him the greyhounds Royal Crest, Judge Burnaby, Will-o'-the-Wisp, Miss Dollar III., Jim Boy, Southern Belle and Lady Pembroke. This is a good team, and we trust that Mr. Bradbury may be able to put them in such condition that the Western coursers will not run all the deciding courses. The four first named have tasted the alkali dust of the plains before, Royal Crest being no mean foe in any company, as his victories at the Oaks and Huron meetings demonstrated.

Mr. C. D. Bernheimer seems to have relinquished his idea of getting together another kennel of fox-terriers. His fancy is running *à la Française* just at present, having purchased some poodles from the Meadowmere Kennels, of Southampton, L. I. The transfer included Rajah, a noted winner, and three young bitches. After John Stokes left Mr. Huntington's kennel he took Mr. Hearn's old kennels at Passaic, N. J., with the intention of starting a boarding kennel. Mr. Bernheimer has now taken the kennel and installed John Stokes as manager.

Mr. Mortimer did not come on the Germanic last Friday, as expected. Among those who were waiting at the dock was Mr. Ed. Corrigan, manager of the Meadowmere Kennels, who was expecting twenty-four poodles that Mr. Mortimer purchased in Paris for Mr. Trevor. From all accounts poodles seem to be the best selling dogs of the day, and we hear of one or two fanciers who intend to try their luck with the "curlies." Their smartness, intelligence and "chic" carriage commend them as ladies' pets, and as such there seems to be a good demand.

The American Kennel Club is making a collection of catalogues of every dog show held in America. Among the collection so far gathered there are several very interesting mementoes of the old dog days. One catalogue is of the New York show of 1881, said to be the first interleaved catalogue of a dog show issued in America. Probably, excepting the New York show, one of the earliest catalogues in existence is that of the Philadelphia State Kennel Club show, held in the Horticultural Hall, at Philadelphia, in November, 1877. As showing the changes in dogdom since then we note that there were 25 Newfoundlands entered in the dog class and 5 in bitches. Pointers and setters were the principal breeds represented and classes were well filled in "native English setters" and "native red and red and white setters, either Irish or crossed." Classes were also made for "black and tan or crossed, black and white and tan Gordon setters." Only two fox-terriers were entered! Beagles and greyhounds filled well, and black and tan terriers with 32 entries must have been an interesting gathering to say the least, while Skye terriers with 38 entries shows a dropping off in the fancy at the present time, though probably one of our present day Skyes was worth a bushel of the 1877 crop. We notice in this catalogue that the performing dogs are referred to as the troupe of "canine graduates." If any one has spare copies of the older shows, the A.K.C. would be glad to receive them, as all these old catalogues should be kept as valuable records.

The *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.), no doubt very justly, draws attention to the slipshod form of crediting which some of our contemporaries use when they are in need of padding from that journal. While we agree with our esteemed contemporary in the cause for grumble we think it would have been more to the point if it had been invidious for once and not included all kennel journals under the condemnatory allusion to "*our American contemporaries.*" The italics are ours, and we use them, invariably.

Without "Forest and Stream"—Never!

I HAVE had no outing this summer, as yet, but hope to take a trip to south eastern Oregon next month. If I do, and meet with any pleasing incidents, I will send you some notes of the trip. I could get along without bread and meat in the house for a while, but without FOREST AND STREAM—never! AREFAR.

HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The date of the Altcar Coursing Club meeting has been changed to Oct. 30. This is the same date as the Cheyenne meeting, and further change may have to be made.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.
Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y.. Sec'y.
Nov. 5 —Brunswick Fur Club. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

COURSING

Oct. 1.—American Coursing Club's meeting at Huron, S. D. L. Zutaverne, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge.
Oct. 8.—North Dakota Coursing Club, at Oakes, N. D. A. P. Slocum, secretary. E H. Mulcaster, judge.
Oct. 16.—Kenmore Club's annual meeting at Goodland. Kan. C. F Weber, secretary. E H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Oct. 23.—Western Kansas Coursing Club's meeting at Leoti, Kan. W. O. Allphin, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Oct. 30.—Cheyenne Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.
Oct. 30.—Altcar Coursing Club's autumn meeting at Holyoke, Col. S. W. Vidler, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Nov. 14.—California State meeting at Merced, Cal. J. R. Dickson, secretary.

American Beagle Club.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the National Beagle Club of America held in the A. K. C. rooms Sept. 6, there were present H. L. Kreuder, H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, George Laick, Geo. W. Rogers, John Bateman, A. D. Lewis, N. A. Baldwin.

The committee on selection of grounds was authorized to make hotel arrrangements and arrange for kennel room for the dogs during our field trials. A vote of thanks was given to Messrs. J. W. Barnum, A. D. Lewis, and Thomas H. Terry of Hempstead for their sportsmanlike action of offering their grounds on which to hold the trials.

The president was empowered to appoint a committee of one to change the constitution and by-laws so as to make the secretary and the treasurer two separate officers, and the secretary was instructed to notify the members of the club. The president appointed Mr. Schellhass. The executive committee divided into two parties for the purpose of nomination of officers for the coming year. Meeting then adjourned to Oct. 11, at 3.30 P. M.

The premium list and entry blanks for the fifth annual field trials are now ready and have been sent to every beagle owner whose address is known to the secretary. Should there be any one that we missed, the secretary will cheerfully forward a copy on receipt of name and address. Our trials promise to surpass any ever held in America.

GEORGE LAICK, Secretary.

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Coursing Meet Fees.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Sept 8 Mr. L. F. Bartels has an article about high entry fees. He states that the Altcar Club placed its entry fees so low because the Kenmore Club last fall had done so. The entry fee for both stakes at Kenmore meet was $10. How that compares with a $5 fee in the Altcar Produce Stake I fail to see. Q. VAN HUMMELL.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

12. Hempstead Bay, Club, Hempstead Bay.
13. Miramichi, Race, Newcastle.
13. Rochester, Ladies' Day and Closing Review, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
15. Winthrop, Club, Boston Harbor
15. Larchmont, Larchmont Cup, Long Island Sound.
15. Beverly, Club Cham., Monument Beach.
15. Phila., Pen., Mos. Boats, Delaware River.
15-16. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Vallejo.
20. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth, Mass.
20. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor
22. Squantum, Cham, Squantum, Mass.
22. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
22. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.
22. San Francisco Cor., Sail to Sausalito.
22. New York Bay, Club, N.Y. Bay
22. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, Long Island Sound.
22. Cor. Phila., Jeanes Prize, Delaware River.
22. Phila., Final Race, Classes 1, 2 and 3, Delaware River.
23. San Francisco Cor., Sail Outside.
29. Miramichi, Race, Chatham to Newcastle.
29-30. San Francisco Cor., Cruise to McNear's.

OCTOBER.

6. Cor. Phila., Sweeps, Del. River
13. San Francisco Cor., Final Sail.
20. Cor. Phila., Club, Del. River.

THE abuse of the Goulds in the American press since they ventured to purchase and race Vigilant has at least been bold and outspoken; but even this cannot be said of the attack of the New York *Herald* last week, through the medium of an unknown foreign correspondent, who, in turn, quotes some straw "American yachtsman;" the whole thing being indorsed by an editorial, as quoted elsewhere.

Apart from the contemptible insinuations as to Mr. Gould's standing as a yachtsman, the proposed certificate of ability, or respectability, is as absurd as most of the *Herald's* practical suggestions in naval architecture and yachting.

Mr. George Gould, whose standing as a yachtsman is thus covertly attacked by the *Herald*, joined the New York Yacht Club at the age of seventeen (in 1881), and the Larchmont Y. C. a year later, owning and racing for a couple of seasons one of the crack boats of the day. Even at this time he was intimately connected with his father's vast business interests, assuming responsibilities such as few men of his age are capable of bearing. As the demands on his time became greater, he gave up yacht racing, but for the past dozen years he has owned a large schooner, making his home aboard each season with his family.

This year, at the age of thirty, he has returned to yacht racing in a way that might put to shame many older and more experienced yachtsmen. He has purchased the fastest yacht afloat, secured the services of her designer, her sailmaker and the first of American racing skippers, with able assistants in every department, and he has left to these experts the work with which he does not pretend to be more familiar than they are.

There are two things in this season's work which show the character of the man; so far as has thus far appeared he has not, from the first, interfered in any way with the experts that he placed in command of the yacht; he has used every effort to race the boat on all possible occasions, he has spared neither time nor money in overcoming the obstacles which beset him in the way of accidents and failures of hull and gear. Even his most severe critics have not accused him of hurting the boat's chances by meddling with her captain. What is even more in his favor is the fact that the whole expedition was undertaken quietly and unostentatiously, without a boastful word, or a threat of the dire defeat in store for the foreign fleet at the hands of the American champion; and afterward, when disappointment met him on every side, he has quietly kept his own counsel and has taken his beating manfully, without a word of evasion or excuse. There are very few old yachtsmen who could stand the test that Mr. Gould has been put to, of losing gracefully, or who would avoid, as he certainly has avoided, the mistake of expressing his opinions when the sting of defeat is yet keenest; and thus putting himself on record in a way that he would afterward be ashamed of.

The sole fault that Mr. Gould has committed is the fact that he dared to risk the defeat of an American yacht by putting her into open races in which the chances were not all in her favor; and in putting the claim made for her last year, of champion of the seas, to a test which, though necessarily severe, is no more than is needed to prove her right to that ambitious title.

So far from any condemnation and repudiation by the New York Yacht Club as representing American yachtsmen, which is what the *Herald's* proposal would amount to, Mr. Gould has, even in his defeat, fully proven his right to recognition as a representative of the best class of young American yachtsmen, bold, modest and spirited, sparing nothing to win but taking his losses like a man.

If the *Herald's* plan could be put into practice the result would be edifying in the extreme. Living up to the spirit of the plan, an ideal jury to pass upon the qualifications of ambitious young yachtsmen would be composed of such "prominent yachtsmen" as those whose views so often ornament its columns, men who still believe that the schooners of 1870 are faster than the racing craft of to-day, who still swear by Kirby's Arrow as the fastest singlesticker ever afloat, who pronounce Vigilant a copy of Steers's sloop Julia, and who measure the merits of a steam yacht by the cubic contents of the wine bins. Even such a jury, acting up to its own standards, might find it a difficult matter to impugn Mr. Gould's standing as a yachtsman. If they were to question him by the old-time standard of a true yachtsman before the age of steam, the ownership of a big, slow, and boxy schooner, he could point to the old Hildegarde. If they accepted the more modern standard, the ownership of a shapeless, unwieldy and inconvenient steam yacht, he could show one quite as big, homely and generally unfitted for real steam yachting as any other American-built craft. If they were to go further, and question him on the practical details of sail making, seamanship, navigation and centerboard construction, it is quite possible that they might find grounds for disqualifying him; but such a course would be manifestly impossible, as their own ignorance of such matters of practical yachting would put it out of the question. On the whole, we fear that the *Herald's* proposal is not likely to be acted upon by any club, here or abroad.

Open Boats in Huntington Bay.

LABOR DAY was celebrated on Huntington Bay, L. I., by the energetic sailor men of the vicinity and their friends by a boat race in which there were three classes entered, for silk pennants as prizes. The first class was for sloop-rigged sail boats; second class, catboats 20ft. long and upward; third class, catboats less than 20ft.

The course was from the float in front of Locust Lodge, to Target Rock on Lloyds Neck, to Mason's dock (Eatons Neck), to the float and repeat. The afternoon was clear, wind strong N.E., a good sea on.

At 3 o'clock the gun gave the signal for the start, the boats having been playing around the line in beautiful form since the firing of the preparatory gun. Some six catboats crossed the line simultaneously. During the entire race the boats were visible and their movements distinguishable from the shore. The sloop Leader, Capt. Cheesebrough, of Northport, crossed the line the winner.

The catboat Gertrude, Capt. Tom Brown, of Huntington Bay, outsailed all the other catboats. Spray, Capt. H. Gordon, of Huntington Harbor, won in the second class catboats.

Interest was most centered upon the contest between Gertrude and Shadow, for Shadow, owned by George W. Brown and C. Scudder, has been considered the fastest boat of her size in Huntington. The race was won in a little over two hours. Gertrude gained the prize by 6m. 5s corrected time.

The shores were lined with enthusiastic friends. Prizes were delivered to the winning captains, and the judges of the race in accordance with the sentiments of the crews and their friends are to appoint a committee to organize a yacht club which shall consist of boats belonging to all the harbors included in the boundaries of Huntington Bay.

Indian Harbor Y. C. Special Races.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, Sept. 3.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. celebrated Labor Day by a series of three races, one for the 21-footers, the last for the Osborn cup; one for cabin cats, for the Wells cup, and a private match between Banshee and Crocodile. Before the race the cats Hornet and Areka were in collision, the latter being badly damaged. There was a strong east wind and a sea. Houri made a poor start, having to recross, and finally gave up. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
21-FOOTERS.				
Maysie	12 45 00	3 15 05	2 30 05	. . ..
Vaquero	12 45 00	3 17 02	2 32 02	. . ..
Houri	12 45 00	Withdrew.		
CABIN CATBOATS.				
Kittie	1 00 00	3 21 20	2 21 20	2 18 20
Almira	1 00 00	3 30 20	2 30 20	2 28 20
MATCH RACE.				
Banshee	1 11 32	3 47 00	2 35 28	. . ..
Crocodile	1 12 19	4 05 25	2 53 06	. . ..

Maysie wins the Osborn cup, Kittie the Wells cup and Banshee the private match.

Sewaren Land and Water Club.

SEWAREN—STATEN ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, Sept. 3.

THE third regatta of this season of Sewaren Land and Water Club was held on Labor Day over a six mile trianglar course on Staten Island Sound.

The start was over an imaginary line from the new club house to the cutter Volo, and the boats sailed twice over the course. The wind was sharp from the northeast and a lively sea was running. The race was without time allowance and the first, second and third boats going over the course and crossing the finish line were awarded the prizes. The summary is as follows:

	Start.	First Round.	Finish.
Monsoon, D. G. Whitlock	10 45 25	11 42 45	12 43 15
Latona, G. L. Boynton	10 45 30	11 45 30	12 51 45
Gypsie, W. E. Walsh	10 45 00	11 47 30	12 53 15
Cosmos, H. Cooper	10 48 00	11 48 30	12 55 30
Ripple, W. H. Smith	10 44 30	11 47 45	12 55 45
Drusilla, T. A. Stoddart	10 45 25	11 53 00	1 00 45
Clarkson, Clarkson	10 45 20	11 40 00	Did not finish.
Margil, Thos. W. Hawkins	10 45 15	11 46 00	Disqualified.

The first prize, a silver lamp, goes to Monsoon; second prize, silver sugar scoop, to Latona, and the third prize, photographs, to Gypsie.

Bayswater Y. C.

BAYSWARER—JAMAICA BAY.

Monday, Sept. 3.

AN open race was sailed over the regular club course, distance, 12 miles. Weather cloudy, east wind:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS.			
Essex, Mr. Austin	20.00	2 26 54	2 18 39
Millie, Cyrus Mott	25.10	2 04 50	2 02 25
Toboggan, Samuel Babcock	28.03	2 04 30	2 04 30
FIRST CLASS CATS.			
Edith, Wm. Armstrong	23.04	2 04 28	2 04 28
Berth, D. C. Brookes	21.00	2 06 38	2 04 18
Alice May, Mr. Moller	23.06	2 02 00	2 01 10
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Grimalkin, D. Whitford	17.11	1 13 39	1 13 06
Meta, L. D. Pettit	19.00	1 03 14	1 03 14
Susie R., E. Roehr	16.03	1 17 10	1 15 47

Winners: Sloops, Millie; first class cats, Alice May; second class cats, Meta. After the race Bertha capsized, all hands saved. Regatta committee B. J. Danklefsen, F. L. Richmond, Richard Mott.

Current Comment.

It must be universally admitted that Britannia is faster than Vigilant, having defeated her in every kind of weather. All true sportsmen agree that the contests were fought honestly and squarely, despite some American press comments which are likely to injure the cause of international racing. Mr. Gould and the New York Yacht Club will not endorse these comments. Mr. Gould has gained many friends here, and all regard him as a first-class sportsman, while the manner of leading yachtsmen on the other side when they dealt with the last challenge for the America's cup showed it was their aim to bring the yachtsmen of both countries closer together and promote international racing We trust that American yachtsmen will continue their annual visits, thereby improving the sport of yachting.—*London Morning Post.*

The disadvantage of the centerboard for big cutters was conspicuously shown in the successive accidents to the Vigilant. It may have been a defect in the new casting fitted at Southampton, although we hope that not even the American press will suggest foul play. Still the liability to be crippled for an indefinite period if a single casting gives way is a serious drawback to the type that Vigilant represents.

Everybody sympathizes with Mr. Gould, who is an adversary pleasant to meet. We trust that his yacht will sail many more races in British waters. The Vigilant is by common consent an admirable example of her builder's art, and even now experts are not agreed that, if equally well handled, the American would prove less able than her antagonist.—*London Times.*

"A good boat badly handled" will be the verdict in the case of the Vigilant. Ever since the American champion reached British waters she has been the victim of a series of blunderings. She was started in races before she was in trim to race, the result was a number of mortifying defeats. It was next discovered that her sails did not fit, and the boat failed to do herself justice. Then just previous to an important race she was run on a rock and her centerboard jammed. Having repaired the damage the boat started yesterday to sail for the Cape May Cup, the capture of which would have atoned for all previous faults. Hardly had she got well under way when her discerning managers banged her against a rock, and away went her precious centerboard.

While Gould announces his willingness to go into a 122 mile race with the Britannia, centerboard or no centerboard, the proposition is absurd. An American cup defender without a centerboard would be a novelty. Since the sloop has been in foreign waters she has started in eighteen races, of which she has won six and lost eleven. There would be no fault found with the loss of races had not the boat been handled in so slovenly a manner. As Haff's ability in the past has been proven, his suggestion that he is getting too old must be accepted. Meanwhile the American yachting public will have to grin and bear it. There is an earnest hope that the next time a representative American yacht is sent to England she will have competent handling.—*New York Evening Telegram.*

It is no use beating about the bush in regard to the feeling which now exists on this matter. One thing certain is that Mr. Gould will not find it possible to engage in any more matches with His Royal Highness, who is, above all things, a right good sportsmen, and thoroughly English in that respect. As such he naturally resents the unusual methods which have been adopted as regards the Vigilant.

The Prince is perfectly ready and willing to meet any good American sportsman who may bring crack yachts over here, but deprecates entirely such slipshod and unsatisfactory tactics as have been developed in the Vigilant-Britannia matches of late, which methods, unfortunately, instead of stimulating international yachting, have caused bitter feeling. That supposed losing of the centerboard, which was only jammed, the excuses of a drunken sailor at the centerboard, and this final mess with the centerboard, do not come within the Prince's idea of what first class yachting should be.

An American gentleman here to-day said, reflecting very much the ideas of the Prince, that in future it would be well in international yachting that an understanding should be come to, that any American coming over here to challenge for first class races, should bring with him a certificate from the New York Yacht Club that he is a representative yachtsman, so that in future no rich man who is not a sportsman would be liable to create uncomfortable situations, such as could not possibly occur in the case of a genuine yachtsman.

The same rule could be applied to English yachtsmen going over to challenge the United States. It is to be hoped that the New York Yacht Club will at once take up the matter.

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A Commercial Cable despatch from Homburg brings what will presumably be to yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic the last words on the Vigilant's career in English waters.

It is a despatch which will be an authority for the conduct of all future yachting events of an international character—more especially those between England and America.

The Prince of Wales, as the premier yachtsman of England, has shown the utmost courtesy and consideration in dealing with what the Commercial Cable despatch describes as "the unusual methods adopted as regards the Vigilant."

The Prince, we are told, is perfectly willing to meet any good American sportsman who may take a crack yacht over to England, but he deprecates entirely the slipshod and unsatisfactory tactics developed in the case of the Vigilant.

A gentleman who is said to reflect the ideas of the Prince of Wales, and evidently speaking authoritatively, says:

"In future it would be well in international yachting that an understanding should be arrived at that any American coming over here to challenge in first class races should bring with him a certificate from the New York Yacht Club that he is a representative yachtsmen. *** The same rule to be applied to English yachtsmen going over to challenge in the United States."

No fairer proposition could be made. Let these paragraphs be adopted in the rules and regulations of yachting clubs on both sides of the Atlantic.—*New York Herald.*

The Vigilant-Britannia record shows, in number of wins: Britannia 11, Vigilant 5. Four of these races were lost by the Vigilant's flukily running into calms after having held a winning lead varying from three to seven minutes. If the winds had held true the record would not improbably have been: Vigilant 9, Britannia 7. That wouldn't have materially influenced the opinion of yachtsmen on the merits of the boats, but it would have a very soothing effect on a good deal of captious criticism.—*New York Sun.*

The Vigilant has broken the record of coincidences and has again been forced into retirement by the second loss of her vexatious centerboard, which yesterday collided with the same rocks it struck acquaintance with on the eve of an important race. The Prince of Wales is naturally a little nettled, as he had been obliged to keep the crew of the Britannia in commission only, as it proved, to wait upon another accident. The Vigilant's campaign for this season is thus brought to an abrupt finale. But Mr. Gould's gallant fight against what seemed to be insuperable obstacles marks a record of American pluck and determination. In such contests it is not the victory or the defeat of the moment that signifies, but rather the ability to take defeat, if it comes, as a part of one's vicissitudes. Mr. Gould received some severe lessons at the outset, but they did not discourage him. He simply went forth to other combats, winning at last a fair share of the events in which Vigilant competed. Altogether the record is encouraging to American yachtsmen. To have won a single victory against such odds as the American yachts was called upon to fight, was almost phenomenal.—*Mail and Express.*

Ill luck has pursued the Vigilant to the end. At the last moment she is obliged to forego the chief object for which her owners took her across the ocean. No lover of honest sport can read of her last misfortune without regret, and the disappointment is the greater because the singular accident which has twice befallen her will easily be turned into an argument against the principle in yacht building which it has been supposed had been vindicated by the success of this country in all the contests for the America's Cup. It would seem as if the rock bottom of the waters around the Isle of Wight is too near the surface for centerboards like that of the Vigilant. Yet, surely the British pilot who has determined the Vigilant's course ever since she entered British waters ought to have known that fact—*New York Tribune.*

Mr. Gould has lost nothing in the estimation of British or American yachtsmen by defeat. He did all in his power to achieve success, and is entitled to the thanks of American yachtsmen for so pluckily carrying the American colors under difficulties.—*Baltimore American.*

If she had been beaten out and out whenever she raced there would have been at least something conclusive about the contests, but as it is we are still sure that the centerboard model is the ideal one for yachting, and our British cousins are just as certain that it is not.—*Providence Journal.*

It is a great relief to all Americans interested in the noble sport of yachting to learn that Vigilant will take no further part in English races this season. One can now take up a newspaper without a nervous dread of finding in it a cable despatch saying that some new mishap has befallen her centerboard. Nothing quite so uncertain as that centerboard has ever appeared in international yachting. In one race it was hopelessly jammed; in another it was dropped; before another could be begun it had either fallen to the bottom of the sea or had in some mysterious manner hidden itself from the gaze of its friends Several times official inquiries were necessary in order to say exactly what had become of it. Formal statements, accompanied by affidavits, had to be made in order to satisfy the public as to whether it had really dropped out or had been wedged, or its chain had broken. Just where the "pesky" thing is at this moment, whether lying at the bottom of the sea or hanging from the bottom of the yacht, or hidden away in its trunk, seems to be uncertain. There are many wise opinions put forth to the effect that if the centerboard had behaved better, Vigilant would have won more races, but it cannot be claimed that its behavior has demonstrated the seaworthy qualities or scientific merits of centerboard yachts.—*New York Evening Post.*

"Mr. Gould cannot be considered to have come happily out of the Cape May cup business. He at first insisted that he would hold the Prince of Wales to the contest, when it suited his boat. He now finds himself compelled to accept the favor he declined to concede. The accident which is alleged to have caused the difficulty is not intelligibly explained on behalf of Mr. Gould; it is not surprising to hear that the news of the mishap was received in many quarters with derision. There is a suggestion of 'hanky-panky" about the manner of the incident, which was at first kept dark; that does not commend itself to the British nation."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Now the races are closed, it is plain that the British is far the better record. It is true that much of the English boat's lead was gained in the inland races on the Clyde, but the races were fairly sailed, and the British boat deserves the credit for her victory. As far as the big sloops are concerned, this season's racing leaves the clear victory with the British champion.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Vigilant.

THE report which reached New York just as we went to press last week was unfortunately true in every detail, and was fully confirmed by the fuller dispatches next day, Wednesday, Sept. 5, the date set for the Cape May cup race between her and Britannia. On Tuesday at noon Vigilant was inside of the Needles on her way from Portland to Cowes, after a rough passage from Dartmouth, where she sailed her last race on Sept. 2. In crossing Alum Bay there was some sea and a good breeze; the yacht was several miles beyond the point of the former accident, when, after a shock, the cogs in the hoisting gear broke, the chain ran out, revolving the cranks rapidly, and then the chain parted and the board really sunk in the sea.

The following account is given by the *World* in an interview with Mr. Howard Gould, who was on board, Mr. George Gould being on his way from Paris:

"Vigilant will be laid up immediately and her crew will be shipped home as soon as she is dismantled. This will probably be within a week. We shall never race Vigilant again. I must admit that she is not suited for English waters. It is most unfortunate that we should be compelled to end the season's racing in this manner. The only explanation I can give for the loss of the centerboard is, that the casting made at Southampton was defective.

"The accident occurred yesterday, just as we were inside the Needles. We were sailing in five fathoms of water. A friend and I were sitting at lunch, when suddenly the machinery of the centerboard began revolving backward. The cogs failed to hold the wheels, and they flew around at a great rate.

"It was then evident that the board had dropped and was hanging by its chain. The board gave Vigilant several very hard bumps as we dragged it along for some distance, and then suddenly it broke entirely off.

"There is absolutely no truth in the statement that I had a very narrow escape from serious injury by the crank or any other part of the centerboard machinery flying off.

"As to the cause of the accident, I do not believe that we struck a rock or anything else, and the pilot was in no way to blame for the accident. The chart plainly showed that we were in 5 fathoms of water, and it is a mystery to me that the accident did not occur while we were in the open sea. Coming from Dartmouth the sea was very rough, and there must have been a great strain upon the board. When the accident occurred we were in comparatively calm water, and it was calmer still when we lost the board entirely.

"After our arrival here we made up our minds to race, centerboard or no centerboard, so long as we were allowed to ship extra ballast enough to make up for the loss of the centerboard. We had shipped an extra crew, and were going to do our best to recapture the Cape May cup.

"Of course, if we had insisted, Britannia would have raced; but I felt that we had no right to jeopardize the cup in this way. We could hardly have hoped to do ourselves justice without any centerboard, and had Britannia won, as she probably would, America's chance of seeing the cup again would have been small, as Britannia would only have to win it once more in order to become its possessor.

"There seems to be a fatality about our centerboard over here, and I don't wonder that the English don t like them; I don't like them myself now. Why, one of the things we hoped to prove to them was the desirability of using centerboards But I guess that the lesson must now be taken the other way. Centerboards are certainly the last things one wants on most of these courses. The pilots here can never realize how much we draw with them, and there is constant danger from that source."

Hathergood Point, off which the breakdown occurred, is barely a dozen miles from Cowes, and the yacht continued under sail to that port, where Mr. W. G. Jamieson and Col. Sterling went on board, on the invitation of Mr. George Gould, who had just come in from Cherbourg in the Atalanta, and made an inspection of the broken winch. The Messrs. Gould offered to sail the race the next day, as originally agreed, provided they were allowed to take on board four tons of lead to be stowed inside, in place of the weight lost in the centerboard. The following telegram was sent by Secretary Grant of the Royal Yacht Squadron, to the Prince of Wales, at Homburg:

"*To His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales:*

"Vigilant reports loss of centerboard again yesterday. Is willing to race without it. Will you allow Gould to withdraw his challenge altogether provided he is willing, or will you hold him to it?

"(Signed) GRANT, Cowes."

To this the Prince replied as follows:

"*Grant, Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes:*

"Though Gould has put me to considerable inconvenience by again losing his centerboard, I am perfectly willing to forego the race if he withdraws his challenge. (Signed) ALBERT EDWARD."

The following messages passed next day:

"*To the Prince of Wales, Homburg:*

"Have had head taken off centerboard trunk. Found board quite gone. Knowing you would not like to race under such circumstances, have allowed Gould to withdraw his challenge.

"(Signed) WILLIAM JAMIESON."

"*William Jamieson, Yacht Britannia, Cowes:*

"Telegram received. Quite approve your decision.

"(Signed) ALBERT EDWARD."

To have sailed the race with Vigilant thus disabled would of course have been most unsatisfactory; as it could have been no test of the two yachts; and a victory by Britannia would naturally have been discounted by every one, her antagonist being disabled.

This time there was no question, from the first, that the centerboard was gone completely; but all is conjecture as to the exact cause and details of the mishap. It is stated that the casting of the large cog-wheel in the hoisting gear, made at Southampton, was defective; and in other accounts, that the new hook, lately made at Southampton, was also defective. As far as the hoisting gear is concerned, there has been no news on this side of any alterations or repairs to the original parts; and as the hook is not only under 13ft. of water, but is buried deep in the lead keel, it could not have been examined. It is certain that either the hook or some other part of the forward supporting gear gave way, throwing all the weight, some four tons, on the chain and hoisting gear at the after end; and that the unusual strain proved too much for the gear wheels of the hoist, the cogs stripping and finally the chain snapping when it had run out. No one seems to know whether or not the yacht actually grounded; but it is quite probable that she did not, and that the whole breakage was due to the straining of the heavy board for several days in the sea.

In the first breakdown, of Aug. 18, there were two violent shocks as the board struck; but this time the shock was so light as to leave serious doubt as to whether the yacht touched in any way, Mr. Gould stating that it did not. The first effect of the board striking, unless it were very far down and the rock or other obstacle was so near the keel that the fore edge first took the blow, would be to raise the board in the trunk; after which the board would drop heavily, probably parting the chain and throwing the entire weight on the pin and hook. Nothing of this kind took place, and from the circumstances as reported, the most plausible inference is that either the new hook or the pin broke, not from a blow from without, but as the result of the constant straining of the board and its attachments in rough water.

The mishap was not generally known until next day, when people assembled to witness the race, and much disappointment was expressed; but so far as the yachtsmen of Cowes and the British papers are concerned, with one or two exceptions, the main feeling has been one of sympathy with the owners of the yacht. Britannia lay in readiness in Cowes Roads, with thirty-eight winning flags flying, the token of her success this season. Atalanta and Vigilant were anchored near, Mr. George Gould being with his family on the steam yacht. Shortly after noon Vigilant set her ensign in salute to Britannia, and started in tow of Atalanta for Southampton, where she will lay up. Atalanta will also winter on the other side, the Messrs. Gould returning to New York about the end of this month by steamer. Capt. Haff and the others of Vigilant's crew will soon return by steamer.

A Racing Circuit on the Sound.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ever since the publication of my former communication regarding a racing circuit, in the FOREST AND STREAM, I have been asked by many prominent yachtsmen to outline the scheme, which was, I confess, rather indefinitely proposed.

The Long Island Sound Y. R. A. should embrace all the representative yacht clubs on the Sound. It would not be at all necessary to make any changes in the racing rules of any of the clubs, as the association officials would simply be charged with the framing of a circuit that would give to each club a permanent racing day. This circuit could be made up something like this:

SPRING SESSION, MAY TO JULY, 1895.

May 30, Larchmont Y. C.	July 4, A town cup.
June 1, New Rochelle Y. C.	July 6, Douglaston Y. C.
June 8, Sea Cliff Y. C.	July 13, Corinthian Mosquito Fleet.
June 15, Seawanhaka C. Y. C.	July 20, Riverside Y. C.
June 22, Indian Harbor Y. C.	July 27, New Haven Y. C.
June 29, Knickerbocker Y C.	

SUMMER SEASON, AUG. 2 TO 17.

No Sound dates. Any club on Sound can hold special regattas during these days. They are left blank on account of New York Y. C. cruise.

FALL SEASON, AUG. 17 TO SEPT. 14.

Aug. 24, fall regatta Knickerbocker Y. C.
Aug. 31, fall regatta Larchmont Y. C.
Sept. Labor Day, New Rochelle Y. C.
Sept. 10, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.
Sept. 14. New Haven Y. C.

The fall season can be prolonged to accommodate other clubs, in fact there is no reason why we should not race throughout September. But this is a rough plan. The idea is simply this, that a racing yacht owner would know where to send his boat, and would be assured of classes.

The fixtures would be made up so that a boat would commence at one end of the Sound and finish at the end of the circuit, *i.e.*, New Haven.

This association should be made up of the different clubs, but they would only contribute enough to its support to insure the proper administration of its offices. The clubs would give the prizes, and would have their own racing rules.

The race committee of the Y. R. A. would act as judges at all races, and would see that each club was given sole right to its assigned day. I have purposely avoided a universal racing rule, simply because that is a matter that could be settled by the delegates to the Y. R. A., from the different clubs.

You will notice that I have made room for a town cup—now this is an idea we ought to take up. Let the new Y. R. A. give a day every week to the town nearest the last fixture. The town could get up subscription cups, and I feel positive that this new feature would prove very attractive. On May 30, knockabouts would race; the next Saturday would be the New Rochelle day—now take the Wednesday between and let that be for the town of New Rochelle, and the Wednesday following for the residents of Larchmont—cup. Now we go over to Oyster Bay. The S C. Y. C. has its regatta on Saturday. The following Monday the Cottagers cup of Oyster Bay could be sailed for. Then we go to Indian Harbor and on the following Monday race for the Greenwich cup, and so on to the end of the season. This plan would insure plenty of good sport and would certainly increase the interest in yachting.

C. M. CONNOLLY.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.

Cohassett Y. C.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE seventh and concluding race of the series was sailed in a fair S. E. breeze which hauled S. on last leg, but held true, giving a pretty race.

Grimalkin got the start, followed by the rest well bunched. Winona parted throat block at start and was badly handicapped, but repaired damage quickly and finished second, passing through the whole fleet, except Grimalkin; the latter having been fitted with a jib has now the typical Cape rig and shows herself to be a very different boat, having won the fifth race in a reefing breeze and the seventh in a light wind. The finish was very pretty, the winner being saluted by The Senator, and the visitors being Shadow, Daring, Faustina and several others with parties. Escort won in third class as the wind was light.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Grimalkin, Com Howe	22.10	1 17 28	0 56 43
Duster, Mapes Bros.	22.02	1 19 37	0 58 22
Zig Zag, Gaumars & Wheelwright	20.02	1 23 42	1 00 48
Winona, H. Braman	26.08	1 19 02	1 00 50
Pickanlnny, H. Adams	20.08	1 25 00	1 02 32
Frances, J. N. Willcutt	21.08	1 27 12	1 05 29
Dione, H. B. Tower	21.11	1 27 22	1 05 51
SECOND CLASS.			
Modoc, Geo. D. Silshee	16.06	1 28 46	1 02 19
Elta, A. A. Lawrence	16 10	1 35 10	1 09 00
THIRD CLASS.			
Escort, J. Richardson	14.02	0 36 25	0 24 37
Hazard, F R. Pengram	15.05	0 39 05	0 27 51
Trident, Dr. J. Bryant	13.07	0 42 45	0 30 47
Watermelon, H. M. Knowles	14.07	0 48 03	0 36 29

The Cobasset Y. C. gave a race for the working boats of Cohasset, which was a great success; 18 spritsails entered, in size from 16 to 18ft. waterline; all fine, able boats Start was at anchor with sails furled. Wind strong N.E and so much sea that judges had to land under the lee of Brush Island and start the boats from the point to Round Rock. At the gun the sails were put on like a flash and anchors walked in and all were off in a hunch before the wind, cracking on fore and mainsail and some improvised spinakers. The course was the usual 6 mile first class club course, and though the wind let up a little there was plenty of it and a very heavy sea. The boats kept well together and made a fine sight. The race was sailed without restriction as to other time allowance. The winning skippers were: Levi Cadoze, [illegible]ons or J. Jason, Jr., second. $9; Frank Martin, third, $7; F. Atwood, first, $12; $5; J. Grassie, fifth, $2. Quamino, fourth,

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Sailing Dories.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue for Aug. 25 I see some questions which I will try to answer:

1. "Do dories work well under sail?" The ordinary straight-sided dory works fairly well, and the round side, Beverly dories are very handy and fast under sail.

2. "What sort of a sail would make a 16ft. dory most handy?" For speed I should deck her over fore and aft and put a coaming on, and then rig her on the same style as a sloop, jib and mainsail. If a good deal of ballast is put in and a large crew carried, they will stand a large sail. If wanted only to [illegible] about in, I should not deck her over, but give her large leg-of-mutton or spritsail.

3. "What are the most approved dimensions of a dory?" The fastest dory anywhere round here is the Snipe, and her dimensions are, as near as I can remember:

Over all	20ft. 10in.
L.w.l	16ft. 4in.
Bottom	15ft. 3in.
Beam, about	4ft. 6in.
Centerboard length	3ft. 8in.
Width of bottom	24in.

There is no skag used for the rudder of a dory that I have ever heard of. I should be very glad to answer any other questions I can for you.

A. N. HIGGINSON.

MANCHESTER, Mass., Sept. 3.

Miramichi Y. C., Aug. 30.

THE annual race for Vice-Com. Stewart's pennant, which was postponed from the 16th to the 30th, was started in a calm. The course was from Chatham to Bay du Vin, 22 miles. The tide was with the yachts, and also what little air there was. The starters were Maude, Oriana and Learig. The two latter went away together, leaving Maude far astern, and it was nip and tuck with them for ten or twelve miles, first one being ahead and then the other. The wind came in ahead when they were seven miles from the start, but was light and fluky. At Pt. Cheral, about half way, the wind came steady and brisk from the southeast, and the yachts made a long leg across the bay and a couple of short hitches up the shore to the finishing point. The big sloop dropped Oriana steadily in the last half of the race, finishing 7m. 15s. ahead, but Oriana wins on time allowance:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oriana, J. L. Stewart	23.09	6 49 00	6 41 20
Learig, A. S. Burr	27.00	6 41 45	6 41 45
Maude, J. C. Miller	23.09	Not timed.	

New York Yacht Racing Association.

SIXTH ANNUAL REGATTA—NEW YORK BAY.

Monday, Sept. 3.

THE sixth annual regatta of the New York Y. R. A. was sailed on the usual date, Labor Day, and this time in a strong easterly breeze, making wet and exciting work for the smaller craft of the associated local clubs. The entry list was large, 114, but of these only 51 crossed the line, off Bedloe's Island, and many of these were handicapped through a disregard of the plainly printed instructions. This small display was due in part to the customary delay in getting to the start, some of the yachts coming a distance of 20 miles through crowded tidal waters. Instead of dropping down to Bay Ridge or Communipaw on the previous day and being on hand early in the morning, fresh and with boats in racing shape, the majority depended on a favoring wind and tide to enable them to make the trip on Monday morning, arriving before the start. A rough sea on the Lower Bay kept the Shrewsbury fleet at home, and a strong breeze up the river did the same for the many boats that hail from above New York. There is no good reason why this association, with its large membership and but one race in a season, should not see a fleet of 150 yachts over the line, and by united efforts on the parts of the clubs and individual owners, this end might easily be reached, making the Labor Day race one of the principal events of the year in New York waters.

The regatta was sailed over the usual courses:

Course 1.—For classes A, B C, D, E, and F: From starting line around Red Nun Buoy, No. 12, leaving the same on port hand, and return; distance, 27 statute miles.

Course 2—For classes G, H, 1, 2, 4, 6, and 7: From starting line around Swash Channel (red) Bell Buoy, leaving the same on port hand and return; distance, 21 statute miles.

Course 3—For classes 3, 5, 8, and 9: From starting line around Black Buoy No. 9, leaving the same on port hand and return; distance, 15 statute miles.

Course 3—For class 10: From starting line around Black Buoy No. 11, leaving the same on port hand and return; distance, 12 statute miles.

There was a strong easterly breeze, making a reach out and in, but with sheets close hauled on the way down, and many turned in single reefs, while some even took two tucks. Starting with an hour of the ebb gone, there was quite a sea from the tide, and it was rough and wet work for the sandbaggers The starters were:

Bessie	11 29 30	Hilma	11 55 55
Exile	11 30 15	Alida	11 56 15
Lottie	11 33 18	Lizzie B	11 58 13
Coquette	11 33 36	Miller	11 58 38
Forsyth	11 33 51	Henry Dauer	11 58 55
Reliance	11 34 09	Frank	11 59 34
Pavonia	11 34 22	You & I	11 59 36
Lurline	11 34 37	Emma R	12 00 00
Aeolus	11 37 18	Torment	12 00 06
Win or Lose	11 40 34	Chip	12 00 20
Hustler	11 42 37	Tempest	12 00 24
Clara B	11 45 20	Cinch	12 01 11
Mosquito	11 45 43	Millie	12 01 30
Zetes	11 46 15	Rip	12 01 43
Alf	11 46 29	Little Dean	12 01 50
Polly	11 46 49	Own	12 02 05
Cygnet	11 47 16	Pauline B	12 03 00
Mary	11 48 37	Ella R	12 03 58
Acorn	11 49 18	Molly Bawn	12 04 01
Minnie	11 49 20	Eureka	12 04 02
Surprise	11 49 00	Typhoon	12 04 21
Anaconda	11 39 00	Kilkenny	12 05 10
Bell	11 52 31	Shandon	12 05 19
Norman	11 54 33	Camille	12 06 31
Tough	11 54 43		

Nineteen were handicapped.

The way out was marked by a mishap, the sloop Coquette carrying away her mast when above the Narrows; she was towed to Keyport for a new one.

The turning of the outer mark in the sea was a severe test of seamanship for some of the fair weather sailors, and some of the boats made a very poor showing under reefed canvas, failing to come about. Only one capsize took place, the open boat Mosquito, at the turn. Her crew were taken off and she was towed in by the police boat Patrol. There were several protests, all of which have not yet been decided. The Boston 21-footer Exile was protested because the cabin house lately put on her was under the limit, 12 high at the side The full times were as follows, subject to protests which had not been decided up to the time of going to press.

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 62FT. AND OVER 53FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Anaconda	11 39 00	3 11 53	3 32 53	2 59 00
Aeolus	11 37 18	3 11 00	3 33 42	2 46 19

CLASS E—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 38FT. AND OVER 33FT.

Coquette	11 33 36	Carried away mast.		
Lottie	11 33 18	3 57 57	4 24 39	3 18 25

CLASS F—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 32FT. AND OVER 27FT.

Reliance	11 34 09	3 44 42	4 10 32	2 58 09
Camile	11 59 00	3 00 07	3 21 07	2 03 11
Pavonia	11 34 22	3 54 56	4 20 34	3 01 08
Forsythe	11 33 51	3 42 37	4 08 46	2 55 14

CLASS G—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 27FT. AND UNDER.

Lurline	11 34 37	3 07 40	3 33 03	2 26 29
Millie	11 39 00	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Exile	11 30 15	2 39 35	3 09 20	2 00 54

CLASS H—CABIN YAWL-RIGGED YACHTS.

Bessie	11 29 30	2 28 25	3 08 55	2 11 44

CLASS 1—OPEN SLOOPS, 32FT. AND OVER 27FT.

Polly	11 46 46	3 07 14	3 20 25	2 18 28
Cygnet	11 47 16	3 34 46	3 47 30	2 45 33

CLASS 2—OPEN SLOOPS, 27FT. AND OVER 23FT.

Clara S	11 45 20	3 07 09	3 21 49	2 12 41
Alf	11 46 29	3 45 00	3 58 31	2 48 25

CLASS 3—OPEN SLOOPS, 23FT. AND UNDER.

Zetes	11 46 15	2 15 31	2 26 19	1 36 44
Hilma	11 49 00	2 41 40	2 52 40	1 57 52
Mosquito	11 45 43	2 18 00	Capsized.	
Reliance	11 34 09	2 39 41	3 05 32	2 04 00

CLASS 4—CABIN CATBOATS, OVER 23FT

Mary	11 48 37	2 50 17	3 09 40	2 10 20
Minnie	11 49 00	Did not finish.		
Acorn	11 49 00	Did not finish.		

CLASS 5—CABIN CATBOATS, 23FT. AND UNDER.

Win or Lose	11 40 34	2 14 05	2 33 31	1 41 28
Surprise	11 49 00	Did not finish.		
Hustler	11 42 37	2 36 55	2 54 18	1 58 39

CLASS 6—OPEN CATBOATS, 32FT. AND OVER 27FT.

Own	11 59 00	3 10 37	3 11 37	2 10 09
Molly Bawn	11 59 00	Did not finish.		
Kilkenny	11 59 00	Did not finish.		

CLASS 7—OPEN CATBOATS, 27FT. AND OVER 23FT.

Alida	11 56 15	3 26 22	3 30 07	2 20 01
Norman	11 54 33	3 43 20	3 48 47	2 38 03
Henry Dauer	11 58 55	3 21 23	3 22 28	2 13 50

CLASS 8—OPEN CATBOATS, 23FT. AND OVER 20FT.

Tempest	11 59 00	2 32 42	2 34 42	1 42 49
Pauline B	11 59 00	2 34 19	2 35 19	1 43 02
Shandon	11 59 00	2 43 55	2 44 55	1 51 26
Rip	11 59 00	2 33 25	2 34 25	1 40 56
Lizzie B	11 58 13	2 34 59	2 36 46	1 43 17
Eureka	11 59 00	Did not finish.		
Typhoon	11 59 00	2 38 00	2 39 00	1 46 48
U and I	11 59 00	2 29 32	2 30 32	1 36 03

CLASS 9—OPEN CATBOATS, 20FT. AND OVER 17FT.

Ella R	11 59 00	Did not finish.		
Torment	11 59 00	Did not finish.		
Frank	11 59 00	2 35 20	2 36 20	1 38 09
Miller	11 58 38	2 29 32	2 30 54	1 33 06
Emma K	11 59 00	2 36 54	2 37 54	1 36 22

CLASS 10—OPEN CATS, UNDER 17FT.

Cinch	11 59 00	2 17 49	2 18 49	1 26 27
Little Dean	11 59 00	2 18 47	2 19 47	1 26 29
Chip	11 59 00	2 18 45	2 19 45	1 26 27
Maggie P	11 59 00	2 27 01	2 28 01	1 54 19
Bell	11 52 31	2 23 43	2 31 12	1 45 41
Tough	11 54 43	2 29 28	2 34 45	1 39 27

The judges were Capt. J. C. Summers, A. Dahm-Peterson and A. F. Adams. The regatta committee were A. F. Adams, G. E. L. Hinrichs, M. W. Bronson, E. Langerfeld, William Ross, Jr., F. M. Randall, F. W. Creegan and Garrett Van Horne.

Lake Geneva Y. C.

RACE on Sept. 1, distance fourteen miles. Weather fair, wind light.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Expert, J. M. Rumsey	24.07	11 26 16	2 19 11	2 52 55
Precept, J. Hodgkins	24.05½	11 27 04	2 42 31	3 15 27
Vanadis W. S. McCrea	20.04	11 28 48	2 45 33	3 16 45
Mephisto, Edwin Nortin	22.11	11 25 32	2 45 50	3 20 18
Rival, B. Carpenter	21.00	11 26 45	2 44 50	3 18 05
Kidnapper, W. Napper	24.07	11 25 57	2 47 03	3 21 06

Expert wins in the 24ft. class, Precept second. Vanadis wins in 21ft. class, Rival second.

Beverly Y. C.

THE 215th race, fourth open sweepstakes, was sailed Sept. 1, at Monument, in smooth water and a light southerly air. Courses were 14¼ miles for second class, 8¼ for third and fourth class sloops, 5 miles for fourth and fifth class cats. Interest centered in third class, as Mojave came round from Newport, and it is a close call between her and Nohska. Mojave had to take out some ballast to get into class. She got a fine start in the lead, while Nobska started under the lee of two boats. Mojave sailed well and earned the prize fairly. In second class Gymnote had it all her own way, while Grilse beat her class both on and off the wind. She is now in shape and sailing fast:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	23.08	2 20 28	2 01 21
Bernice, J. C. Young, Jr	23.04	2 22 23	2 02 42
Kalama, Chas. Brewer	23.07	2 23 10	2 03 54
Mist, Geo. H. Lyman	23.09	2 25 26	2 06 27
Anonyma, F. L Dabuey	23.08	2 25 46	2 06 39
Ulula, W. H. Winship	22.04	2 27 30	2 07 49
Agawam, Geo. P. Gardner	23.08	2 29 43	2 10 36
SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Squeteague, W. E. C. Eustis	23.04	2 16 18	2 06 37
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Mojave, W. N. Marray	20.00	1 36 09	1 21 06
Nohska, A. A. Beebe	19.06	1 38 24	1 22 43
Colymhus, H. Winsor	19.11	1 43 24	1 28.15
Puzzle, Wm. Amory	19.10	1 47 04	1 31 49
Elna, John Parkingon	19.11	Disahled.	
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore	19.07	Disahled.	
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy	16.03	1 12 55	1 00 38
Dodo, H. Parker	16.06	1 13 47	1 11 44
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis	16.11	1 43 32	1 24 18
Fin, Howard Stockton	16.02	1 48 24	1 27 59
Turkey, C. S. Dennison	16.03	1 51 20	1 31 43
Kitten, C. H. Jones	16.03	1 51 49	1 31 32
Tourmaline, Edw. Hamlin	16.06	1 54 29	1 34 35
Torfrida, H. S. Carrutte	16.06	1 55 10	1 35 10
Dolly, R. C. Downer	16.08	1 55 25	1 35 48
FIFTH CLASS.			
Warspite, H. A. Ricardy	12.00	1 28 15	1 00 55

Winners—Class 2 cats, Gymnote first, Bernice second, Kalama third; Class 3, cats, Mojave first, Nobska second, Colymbus third; Class 4, sloops, Grilse first, Fin second, Kitten third; Class 4, cats, Dawdle first.

Judges, N. H Emming and W. Lloyd Jeffries.

The 216th regatta, second open race was sailed on Sept. 3, at Monument Beach, in a northeast breeze, strong enough at start to make several boats, including Mojave and Nooska, put in a couple of reefs; but the wind lightened and reefs were shaken out.

The special class included Memory, a Herreshoff fin from Newport; she looked in splendid condition but did not point with Chappaquoit. Their course was to Scraggy Neck buoy No. 8, Bowbells buoy and a beat home, 14 miles.

Second class ran to buoy 10, had a beam wind to Bird Island and a beat home, 10¼ miles. Gymnote with a patch on her side as a reminder of Saturday's collision, sailed in great shape. Kalama, Myrtle, Venture and Bernice had a hot race, being all within 35 seconds.

Third and fourth classes ran to Pines, had it over the quarter to Abiels, a long beat home, another ran to Pines and a short beat home, 8¼ miles.

On the first beat boats crossing the flats had a large advantage. Fin did not dare to try as tide was low, and Grilse stuck to Fin. Result was Dolly led Grilse on this round a few seconds, but the latter spun out a lead on the short round She is now sailing well.

In third class Mojave had given her full allowance to Nobska and had ten seconds to the good at the end of first round, but Nobska reversed the order on second round. Mojave made a short hitch that seemed unnecessary to many.

Among the little fellows, Waskite, who has been considered slow, sailed for the first time and belied her reputation.

It was noticeable that though the race was open to all, yet 30 out of 38 boats belonged to the club and only one prize, a third, went to an outsider.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Chappaquoit, C. H. Jones, B. Y. C.	29.10	2 49 29	1 39 25
Memory, W. N. Murray, B. Y. C.	33.00	2 52 43	2 46 43
SECOND CLASS—CATS.			
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	23.08	2 06 41	1 51 55
Kalama, Chas. Brewer, B. Y. C.	23.07	2 08 23	1 53 31
Venture, W. Crosby, Osterville	23.09	2 08 37	1 53 58
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr., B Y. C.	23.05	2 09 26	1 54 06
Myrtle, D. Crosby, Osterville	22.11	2 09 39	1 53 54
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	23.08	2 11 05	1 56 19
Mist, G H. Lyman, B. Y. C.	23.09	2 12 48	1 58 09
Ulula, W. H. Winship, B. Y. C.	22.04	2 19 56	2 03 23
SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Squeteague, W. E. C. Eustis, B Y. C.	23.04	2 24 31	2 09 11
Mascot, G. A. Jones, Onset	25.00	1 28 38	2 15 33
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Nohska, A. A. Beebe, B. Y. C.	19.06	1 53 25	1 37 34
Mojave, W. N. Murray, B. Y. C.	20.00	1 53 43	1 38 40
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	19.07	1 56 22	1 40 38
Colymbus, A. Winsor, B. Y. C.	19.11	1 57 08	1 41 59
Doris, John Parkinson, B Y C.	19.08	2 00 41	1 45 14
Puzzle, Wm. Amory 2d, B Y. C.	19.10	2 01 10	1 45 55
Vivian, N. Huckins, Onset	19.05	2 01 26	1 45 40
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	16.11	2 01 49	1 42 35
Fin, H. Stockton, B. Y. C.	16.02	2 04 34	1 44 09
Dolly, R. C. Downes, B. Y. C.	16.08	2 05 05	1 45 28
Tourmaline, E. Hamlin, B. Y. C.	16.06	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
Whim, E. V. Bird, B. Y. C.	16.09	2 05 00	1 45 31
Dawdle, R S. Hardy, B. Y. C.	16.03	2 08 48	1 47 31
Dodo, H. Parker, B. Y. C.	16.06	2 11 20	1 51 27
Angora, J. S Ludlam, B. Y. C.	16.11	2 16 42	1 57 31
Cygnet, E. Y. Fenno, B. Y. C.	16.10	Withdrew.	
Annie, R. B. Phillips, Calaumet	16.10	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Waskite, H. N. Richards, B. Y. C.	12.02	1 19 00	1 02 03
P D Q, R. W. Emmons, B. Y. C.	12.00	1 19 27	1 02 07
Raccoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	11.06	1 22 30	1 04 20
Freak, Eben Holmes, Marion	12.00	1 23 50	1 06 30
No Name, Grinnell, Woods Holl	12.00	1 46 55	1 29 35
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.			
Weona, H. Ware, B. Y. C.	14.01	1 26 33	1 11 56
Sneak, W. Bowman, Mattapoisett	....	1 29 08	. .. ..
Little Sally, E Harding, B. Y. C.	13.00	1 44 05	1 28 08

Winners—Special class, Chappaquoit; Class 2 cats, Gymnote first, Kalama second, Myrtle third; Class 3 cats, Nobska first, Mojave second, Gilt Edge third; Class 4 sloops, Grilse first, Fin second; Class 5 sloops, Waskite first, P D Q second, Raccoon third; Class 5 cats, Weona; Class 2 sloops, Squeteague.

Judges: F. E. Cabot, W. Lloyd Jeffries, N. H. Emmons, H. S. Carruth.

Drusilla and Memory.

A SERIES of three races for a purse of $500 last week, off Newport, between the two Herreshoff fin-keels Drusilla and Memory, the former owned by Louis M. Rutherford, being about 36ft. l.w.l., built in 1892, and the latter, owned by W. N. Murray, being some 4ft. shorter, and new this year. Neither being measured, an allowance of 7m. for 20 miles was agreed upon. Drusilla has a pole-masted rig, carrying only the three lower sails, while Memory has a topmast, with topsails and jibtopsails.

The first race was sailed on Sept. 5, the course being from off Mitchell's Point Rock around the buoy off Point Judith, about 20 miles; much of it outside in a heavy sea, the wind being fresh S.W. Drusilla was steered by H. B. Duryea, with her owner and Woodbury Kane on board, while Memory was steered by Capt. Champlain.

The start was made at noon, Drusilla leading over the line, under whole lower sail, Memory having a reef in her mainsail and but one headsail. On the long beat to Point Judith against a heavy sea, Drusilla gained 18m on Memory; but off the wind the latter set her clubtopsail and jibtopsail, making up 5m., being beaten by 11m. 1s. even time.

The second race, on Sept. 6, was under very different conditions, a very light north wind, shifting to S.W. The course was from Rose Island around Nyatt Point Buoy, 20 miles, the first leg being to windward. At the start Drusilla led, but as soon as Memory set her clubtopsail and jibtopsail she took the lead, being 10m. ahead at the turn. A shift of wind to S.W brought the two hard on the wind for the finish, but an inopportune calm kept the two drifting until 9 P. M., Memory finishing with Drusilla far astern.

The third race, on Sept. 7, was sailed in a good breeze, the course being 10 miles to windward from Brenton's Reef Lightship, S.S W., and return. Drusilla led at the start and continued to gain, footing faster and pointing higher until she turned the mark 6m. ahead. Running home free, Memory caught but failed to pass her, the two finishing with Drusilla a few feet in the lead. Memory wins the three races, the agreed allowance of 7m. giving her the last race easily.

Brooklyn Y. C. Fall Regatta.

BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

Monday, Sept. 3.

THE Brooklyn Y. C. sailed its annual fall regatta on Labor Day, over courses on the Lower Bay, the wind being from the east and quite strong. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS D—CABIN CATS.				
Tabitha	2 14 30	3 48 45	1 34 15	1 34 15
Rosamond	2 13 50	Did not finish.		
Wanda	2 15 25	Carried away rudder.		
45FT. CLASS SLOOPS.				
Adele	2 12 03	3 42 48	1 30 45	Allows.
Vida	2 13 05	3 54 55	1 41 50	1 40 30
35FT. CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Ileika	2 13 30	4 24 52	2 11 22	Allows.
Mary A	2 14 20	4 31 30	2 17 13	2 12 43
Aliris	2 11 30	4 50 20	2 38 50	2 34 10
SPECIAL CLASS—25 TO 30FT.				
Vixen	2 12 15	Did not finish.		
Dorothy	2 12 20	4 37 00	2 24 40	2 24 40

The winners were Tabitha, Adele, Ileika and Dorothy.

MODEL YACHTING.

An International Contest.

THE American model yacht Marjorie beat the English model Maude yesterday afternoon in a drifting match at Prospect Park Lake. The course, a quarter of a mile to windward, was covered twice. A time allowance of 21 seconds was given the Maude. The first time over the Marjorie finished 1 minute and 16 seconds ahead, and the second time she beat her little rival by 5 minutes and 34 seconds.

A light, unsteady breeze blew across the big lake from the southwest. Shortly after 4 o'clock Herbert Fisher, owner of Marjorie, brought his yacht out of the boat house near the reservoir and launched it off the float. All her sails were set and she bore off across the lake winning loud applause from a crowd of youngsters. Mr. Fisher followed in a rowboat. Maude was then placed in the water. Mr. Haseldine, her owner, intrusted his craft to the hands of one of the lake boatmen. Wm. V. Hansen, of the American Model Y. C., who acted as referee, also followed the yachts over the course in a rowboat.

The start was made near the shore at the lower end of the lake. Both yachts bore off on the port tack at first. When it came time to go about, the sailors in the rowboats turned the little models around and started them off on the other tack. Marjorie with her immense sail area was able to utilize a greater share of the puffy wind. She gained rapidly on the first few tacks and was well in the lead when the steam launch made a tour of the lake. The waves of the steam launch proved mountainous billows to the little craft. They bobbed up and down, especially Maude, which was closer to the launch, and their sails flapped helplessly in the wind.

Mr. Haseldine with his friend, Edward Hurst, viewed the race from the little point which juts out into the lake near the reservoir. They were the only representatives of John Bull present.

"I wish I had another suit of sails with me," remarked Mr. Haseldine, as he noted the widening distance between the two boats. "The Maude I knew would not make any kind of a showing against this modern boat. It is hardly fair to call it a race. Indeed I had no idea of racing her here when I brought her over. I should, however, like to see the crack English model yacht meet the fastest American model. If there were a stiff breeze to-day my boat would do much better."

While making the course the second time the Maude was becalmed before going about on her last leg. The tall trees which lined the shore at that point intercepted the breeze.

The course, which it took twenty-three minutes to sail, is easily covered in five minutes with a good breeze by the majority of boats in the American Model Y. C. fleet.

Mr. Haseldine sails for Hull, Eng., on the Galileo next Saturday. He will endeavor to arrange a regular international model yacht race by obtaining the consent of Com. Bruce, of the Kingston Model Y. C., to bring the fastest English model to this country to sail against the fastest American model on Prospect Park lake. Mr. Haseldine praised the American Model Y. C. highly, and was much pleased with the course on the lake. The only thing he regretted was the scarcity of wind. The time was as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Maude	4 24 33	4 37 10	0 12 47	0 12 47
Marjorie	4 24 30	4 35 40	0 11 10	0 11 31
Maude	4 37 00	5 00 40	0 23 40	0 23 40
Marjorie	4 38 20	4 56 50	0 17 45	0 18 06

Brooklyn Eagle, Aug 30.

The Philadelphia Model Y. C. had their annual Labor Day race in the cove back of Petty's Island yesterday. There were only three entries, Princess, Vindex and Iroquois. There was a light east-southeast wind when they started at 3 P. M., Vindex in the lead. In the run to the outer mark Vindex held a better course than her opponents, and the outer mark was rounded as follows: Vindex 3:16:22, Princess 3:18:25, Iroquois, 3:18:28. Iroquois fouled the Princess and had to make an extra jibe, and then the gooseneck of her mainboom carried away, which practically threw her out of the contest. A plucky attempt was made to repair the damage, and the boat was held in the contest, but she did not hold a good wind. The finish was: Princess 3:25:18, Vindex 3:26:05, Iroquois 3:29:40. According to the handicap rules of the club Vindex wins the race by 3s.

The Keystone Model Y. C. had a race for 36in. model yachts yesterday in the cove back of Petty's Island, for a silver cup. Commodore Porter, of the Philadelphia Model Y. C., acted as judge, starter and referee. Over twenty yachts started at 4 P. M. in a light southeast breeze, which freshened toward evening. Clifford led off, but was soon passed by the White Lily, and after many changes the outer mark was rounded as follows: White Lily 4:52:05, Clifford 4:52:28, Willie 4:53, Scott 4:54:20, Marguerite 4:56, Daisy 5:02, Black Hawk 5:03:50. White Lily and Scott had the race to themselves, the finish being: White Lily 5:30, Scott 5:30:05, Marguerite 5:35:23, Daisy 5:42:06—rest not timed.—*Philadelphia Times, Sept. 2.*

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The new hulb-fin 21ft. yacht Ko Ko won first place in the open race for that class in Hamilton on Sept. 3, beating the ten Hamilton starters without time allowance. Among the latter was the Scalawag, a similar craft, which had previously been invincible, having won five first places in as many starts this season. The Ko Ko was designed by W. P. Stephens, the yachting editor of FOREST AND STREAM of New York. Mr. W. G. Mackendrick, her owner, has spared nothing in trying to make her the fastest boat in her class on the lake. Her leg-o'-mutton mainsail and other canvas was made by F. M. Wilson of Port Jefferson, N. Y., her hollow spar by L. K. Young & Co. of Bridgeport, Conn., and she is fitted with halyards of phosphor bronze wire, so that her canvas when once hoisted will not sag. Ko Ko intended to start from Toronto Saturday, but the heavy southwest wind and heavy sea prevented her, and she left the following morning at 6 o'clock, and had a dead beat to Hamilton. When off Bronte about 6:30 P. M. she experienced the tail end of the storm that was wrecking things around the waterfront here. The sky was obscured by the smoke, and all that gave indications of the storm was the crashes of thunder. The wind had been blowing steadily from the southwest all day, and when it suddenly veered around all the canvas was quickly on deck. Twice did this occur, and in the short space of ten minutes the wind blew from the north, south, east and west, and intermediate points, finally settling down to a hot northeaster, under which they made the piers, bowling along at a terrific rate, with three tucks in the mainsail and the spinaker set. The crew were Mr. F. Leyden, Mr. Bull and W. G. Mackendrick. The Ko Ko floats the Royal Canadian Yacht Club burgee.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ko Ko	2 30	5 41 30	3 11 30
Eclipse	2 30	5 43 20	3 13 20
Volunteer	2 30	5 44 50	3 14 50
Euroclydon	2 30	5 45 10	3 15 10
Scallawag	2 30	5 46 12	3 16 12
Wanda	2 30	5 46 28	3 16 28
Pllaway	2 30	5 49 50	3 19 50
Meteor	2 30	Did not finish.	
Caruli	2 30	Did not finish.	

The following challenge, in the New York *Sun*, has resulted in an agreement for a series of two races between the two cabin cats, Mary, designed by Mr. Philip Ellsworth, son of "Capt. Joe," and Almira, owned by H. W. Hanan. Almira was built in 1890 by Hanley, to beat Harbinger, then the crack of the Cape cats, also a Hanley boat. She has been for several seasons in New York waters. Mr. Ellsworth's challenge reads: "I desire to sail my cabin catboat Mary a series of three races against any cabin catboat in the country for a cup or a stake of $5 to $500 a side, the Almira, Kittie or the Win or Lose preferred." One of the races will take place on the Bay, one on the Sound and the third will be settled by tossing for choice. The boats are so closely matched and so well known that the races promise to be specially interesting. The first race was won by Almira, on Sept. 10.

We have received a copy of the mid-summer number of the *Yachting World*, the new English yachting weekly, this first essay being quite a large magazine in a handsome illuminated cover. It contains a number of sea stories by Clark Russell and others, with a history and description of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and also biographies of Mr. Watson and Lord Dunraven, designer and owner of Valkyrie. The number is very fully illustrated, the text including many good half-tone pictures of new yachts, while there are six supplemental plates, with portraits of Messrs. George and Howard Gould and Lord Dunraven, also Vigilant and Valkyrie, and two reproductions from paintings of yachting scenes hy Barlow Moore. Apart from the stories, the pictures alone are well worth preserving.

Since his departure for Europe early in the summer nothing has been said of Gen. Paine's whereahouts, but he has been reported lately in Glasgow, the guest of Mr. James Bell, head of the Thistle syndicate. Jubilee was hauled out last week for the winter at McIntyre's yard, Quincy.

The Sewaren Land and Water Club now owns a handsome club house, dock and float at Sewaren, New Jersey, on the shores of Staten Island Sound, and only 45 minutes from New York city and the offices of its members.

Lasca and Fleur de Lys, schooners, have both laid up at Southampton for the winter.

"Investigator" will oblige by sending his address.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Delaware River.

Wabewawa War Canoe Association.

THE sixth annual fall championship regatta of the New England Amateur Rowing Association was held on the Charles River, Boston, on Labor Day in the presence of over 10,000 people, and the Wabewawas were again successful in capturing the war canoe trophies.

The city of Boston had appropriated $500, which, together with $500 from the association's treasury, was expended for the prizes; and it is needless to say that they were well worth the rigid training necessary to obtain possession of them.

The Wabewawa War Canoe Association had entered two strong crews and the Boston public had an excellent opportunity to witness the skillful paddling of this new and prosperous organization. The senior crew won quite handily and the junior crew gave the Waltham boys a great race for second position.

The prizes consisted of nine large loving cups, together with an elegant silk banner suitably embroidered, valued at $125, and the boys are extremely happy over their great victory.

Capt. Drake's crew, that was so ably commanded, consists of the following paddlers: F. J. Burrage stroke. Wellington Wells No. 2, Rodger D. Smith No. 3. M. X. Colon No. 4, R. A. Ballou, Jr., No. 5, C. R Robertson No 6, F. C. Perry No. 7, W. L. Perry No. 8, Louis S. Drake, captain, No. 9.

There have been three war canoe races in New England this season, and the Wabewawa has been the winning boat in each regatta. For this reason the members of the association feel very proud of their 25ft. craft, which is but one year old and holds two New England championships already. Altogether the future of the Wabewawa War Canoe Association seems to be extremely bright.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The fall regatta of the Red Dragon C. C will take place on Sept. 15, off the club house, Wissinoming Station, Pennsylvania R. R., the races being called at 2:45 P. M.

The annual regatta and clam bake of the Rochester C. C. will take place on Sept. 15 at the club house, Irondequoit Bay.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

SEA GIRT.

New Jersey State Rifle Association Annual Meeting.

NOT since the days when Creedmoor was in its prime has there been such a successful meeting as was held last week on the New Jersey State range at Sea Girt.

In some respects the meeting at Sea Girt excels Creedmoor in the fact that the entries in the Interstate and Hilton trophy matches this year exceed any entry ever made at Creedmoor. When New Jersey withdrew its support from the old Brinton range at Elizabeth in 1884 and opened the new range at Sea Girt, rifle interests received, as it seemed at the time, a black eye, but it looks now as though it was the elevation of the rifle in the State. At any rate, the camp ground and range at Sea Girt has developed one of the finest and most complete in all its appointments to be found in America.

Gov. Greene was one of the first State executives to take an active interest in building up the range, and added much to his popularity hy his zeal in procuring legislative enactments in the interests of the State militia and the new range. Gov. Abbett, who succeeded Gov. Greene, and Geo. T. Werts, the present executive, have taken great interest in forwarding the interests of the State militia, and the result is New Jersey's militia is in a most flourishing condition.

Outside of the influence of the State executives mentioned there is another who has, by his active zeal, done much to place the State militia on its present footing. We refer to Gen. Bird W. Spencer, Inspector-General of Rifle Practice. Gen. Spencer is an enthusiast on military training, and many of the individual members of the State militia owe whatever success they have achieved to the personal attention given to them by Gen. Spencer. Among the other members of the staff who were prominent for their interest in promoting the interests of militia may be mentioned Gen. James M. Van Valen, Gen. E. P. Meaney, Col. John C. Owens, Col. John T. Van Cleef, Col. Wm. F. Decker, Col. A. R. Kuser, Capt. DeLancey G. Walker and others. The range superintendent, Capt. James L. Bodwell, who was prominent in years gone by as the superintendent of the Brinton range, has been in charge of the Sea Girt range since it was opened in 1884; the practical knowledge of Capt. Bodwell in range matters has been a factor in adding to the range the completeness which is to be found in all the appurtenances which go to make up a perfect range.

The opening day, Monday the 3d, was devoted to pool and continuous matches preparatory to the more serious work of the morrow, which included the Interstate and Hilton Trophy matches.

On Tuesday morning the camp was astir at an early hour and as soon as the breakfast was over the militiamen began to gather at the firing point of the 200 and 500yds. ranges, where an hour was devoted to practice and pool shooting. The conditions of the Inter-State Military match were as follows: Open to teams from each State and Territory in the United States, consisting of twelve members of the regularly organized and uniformed National Guard or militia of such State or Territory, including the District of Columbia. Distance 200 and 500yds., position at 200yds. standing; at 500 yds. prone. Weapon, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any state or government. Ammunition any. Prize.—To the team making the highest aggregate score. a large bronze "Soldier of Marathon," presented by the Commander-in-Chief, on behalf of the State of New York to be shot for annually, and to be held during the year by the Adjutant-General of the State whose team may win it; value $350. Also a medal to each member of the team. The trophy was won last year (1893) by the District of Columbia team. When the hour arrived for opening the Interstate match six teams were on hand to participate, viz., Maine, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia and Georgia.

Seven teams were entered for the Interstate and Hilton, and the members of most the teams were on the ground on Monday, in fact some of the teams had been in the camp for several days previous. Maine was represented with 12 men. The New York team came down Monday night; New Jersey had her team on the ground; Pennsylvania, District of Columbia and Georgia were also represented hy strong teams.

The weather which had been threatening rain for 48 hours previous cleared away in a measure, giving a good gray light, the wind blowing lightly from 9 to 11 o'clock. Inspector General W. Choate, of the Maine team, was the first man to open the ball at the 200-yard point, scoring a bullseye. This shot was followed hy a general fusillade up and down the line. and the Interstate match for 1894 was in full blast. There were no exceptionally high scores made at the 200-yard point. The highest individual score 46, was made by J. J. Montjoy, of the Pennsylvania team and Capt. C. A. Reed, of the New Jersey team; when the 200 yard stage was finished, it was found that the New Jersey team was in the lead with a total of 506 points. Maine and Pennsylvania were a tie for second place with scores of 504 each; District of Columbia team was fourth with 503; Georgia fifth and New York sixth.

At the 500-yard point the competing militiamen began to hunt the bullseye at a great rate, the first squad of the New Jersey and District of Columbia team in particular doing some fine work Col. A. R. Kuser, of New Jersey making 49, and Sergt. C. W. Dickey, of the District team making 47. The competition between New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia teams was quite close at 500yds , the scores of these teams at this distance are as follows: New Jersey 538, Pennsylvania 532, New York 530, District of Columbia 527. The total scores of the two distances gave New Jersey 1044 points and the winner of the interstate match. Pennsylvania was second with 1036. The Connecticut team which was entered for the Interstate did not participate on account of all of the team not appearing on the ground.

INTERSTATE MILITARY MATCH.

District of Columbia.

	200yds.	500yds.	Aggre.
Pvt S D Scott	4444545444—42	3555554444—45	87
Pvt S B Wetherald	4454443444—40	4445455444—43	83
Sergt C W Dickey	4444454435—41	5545455554—47	88
Sergt G E Cook	4444454455—43	5455445455—46	89
Sergt J M Stewart	4554344534—41	5351555351—43	84
Corp M Appleby	4445454544—43	4544545555—46	89
Lieut C H Laird	4444444454—41	4354344534—39	80
Capt J E Bell	4454445445—43	5544434454—42	85
Capt W H Moyer	4554444444—42	4554545544—45	87
Pvt H H Seizear	5455545444—45	3455455453—43	88
Pvt J M Pollard	4544344444—40	4555554455—47	87
Lieut A O Hutterly	4454444445—42	3455344555—41	83
	503	527	1030

Georgia.

Capt Geo T Cann	4535544455—44	4244533454—38	82
Surg L E Welch	4443544433—38	4455444404—38	76
Pvt W B Buepitt	3245453435—38	5353445514—42	80
Pvt H B Blun, Jr	4443544444—40	5545433455—43	83
Sergt J C Postell	3444344455—40	5545444445—44	84
Sergt A S Eichberg	4445444445—42	4545355555—46	88
Pvt T C Wilson	4444555455—45	3055554554—41	86
Pvt C S Richmond	4445454454—43	4455545534—44	87
Pvt Thos Hunter	5444554444—43	4454554545—45	88
Pvt J T Shuptrine	5444444554—42	4445545555—46	88
Pvt J G Nelson	5443444435—40	4354354535—41	81
Corp R F Jones	3545443545—42	3344445353—38	80
	497	506	1003

Pennsylvania.

Sergt R Watkins	4515555444—45	5553534355—43	88
Sergt J J Mountjoy	4555554154—46	5455451445—45	91
Pvt E E Chase	4445554444—42	4433445144—39	81
Capt F W Stillwell	4455454445—44	2454553553—43	87
Pvt W Huler	4544454444—42	5435551555—46	88
Sergt J Miller	3444445444—40	3455455454—44	84
Lieut F Roebling	4445404454—38	5455544555—47	85
Pvt J W Burns	4434445454—41	5555555540—44	85
Pvt W W Youngs	4444444455—42	4455555455—47	89
Pvt G W Stout	3523445444—40	4444455454—44	84
Sergt H J Mehard	5544554444—44	4454555543—44	88
Pvt S F Shonert	5443445444—40	5544554554—46	86
	504	532	1036

New Yo k.

Pvt Coulstone	4435444541—41	3545555544—45	86
Pvt Stewart	3444354444—39	4544544455—44	83
Pvt Stevens	3543345545—41	4545453555—45	86
Lieut Underwood	3443544554—40	3445555433—41	81
Capt DeForest	3545544444—40	4543555455—45	85
Capt Wells	4454454544—43	4555554555—48	91
Sergt Corrie	4444444544—41	4555534343—41	82
Lieut Sebbins	3444544444—40	0445444445—38	78
Pvt Boyle	5144444345—41	3544555555—46	87
Pvt Doyle	4445454454—43	5444354555—45	88
Pvt Jansen	4544444544—43	4545455545—46	88
Pvt Conroy	3344544444—39	5544555415—46	85
	490	530	1020

New Jersey.

Capt Goesser	4354534445—41	5544355555—46	87
Sergt Ch Chinn	4343434444—37	4454554454—45	82
Col A R Kuser	5544544445—44	5555554555—49	93
Pvt Wm Hayes	4455445343—41	4455354445—43	84
Col J C Owens	5434444434—39	5425334344—37	76
Pvt Theo Beck	5434545444—42	5334545444—41	83
Col W F Decker	4445544454—43	5455545554—47	90
Pvt J Ranson	5445445455—45	4554555554—47	92
Lieut J Fairhurst	4455455444—44	4555555554—48	92
Capt C A Reed	4455555445—46	5054455554—42	88
Pvt J C Kuser	4545444544—43	4455555555—48	91
Sergt A Dietrich	3444554444—41	3555155454—45	86
	506	538	1044

Maine.

Gen W S Choate	5455445544—45	4444454555—44	89
Pvt J G McMurray	5544554445—45	4444444454—41	86
Lieut G A Anthwins	5343454445—41	5344554454—43	84
Pvt J A Fairbanks	4445545433—42	3343444343—35	77
Corp W F Cummings	4445444544—42	5343455454—42	84
Lieut A E Robertson	3454554454—43	3444440454—36	79
Lieut W A Paul	4344444544—40	4253345454—40	80
Pvt J H Littlefield	4443454455—42	3554445444—42	84
Pvt E A Guptill	5445544444—44	4545445453—43	87
Sergt D W Lovejoy	5515444444—43	4545545555—47	90
Col E C Farrington	3433344444—36	4545454535—44	80
Sergt W W Cookson	4443445454—41	4445454555—45	86
	504	502	1006

RECAPITULATION.

New Jersey	1044	Dist of Columbia	1030	Maine	1006	
Pennsylvania	1036	New York	1020	Georgia	1003	

Hilton Trophy match, open to teams of twelve from the United States of America. A. The army of the United States, one team from the troops stationed within each of the three military divisions—Atlantic, Pacific and Missouri (three teams in all). B The United States Navy (one team). C. The National Guard or uniformed militia of the several States and Territories, including the District of Columbia (one from each State or Territory). The match was also open to teams from foreign countries. Distances, 200, 500 and 600yds. Rounds, 7 at each distance. Weapons, any military which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or government. Prize, a trophy presented hy Hon. Henry Hilton of New York to be shot for annually at Creedmoor or such other range as the National Rifle Association of America shall select, to be held during the year hy the head of the corps or organization whose team may win it, to be returned to the N. R. A. at the expiration thereof; value $3,000 Also a medal to each member of the winning team. With the Interstate disposed of next came the Hilton; the fact that the contest for the Interstate had developed a close race between four of the leading teams caused a decided sensation among the militiamen and the visitors who were on the range as to which would be the winner in the coming match. The captains and members of four of the teams felt that they had an even chance in the contest, so when the first stage was opened at 200yds. every contestant was tuned up to the highest tension.

The success of the New Jersey team in the previous match seemed to have added steadiness to its members. and while none of them put up full scores the general average was so high that when the 200yds. stage was finished it was found that the New Jersey team had broken the record for all previous matches at this distance, with a score of 367. The best previous score was made by Massachusetts, 364, in 1884, and District of Columbia 364 in 1883. The men of the New Jersey team now felt that their prospects for adding the Hilton trophy to the Interstate was good. The New Yorkers and the Pennsylvanians, however, were hard after the Jerseymen, the Pennsylvania team being only 4 points behind and the New York team 8 points.

At the 500yds. point the shooting was fine and many good scores were made Sergt. R. Watkins, of the Pennsylvania team, made a full score of 35 points; three other members, Pvt J. W. Burns, Sergt. H. J. Mehard and Pvt. T. F. Shonert each made 34. Eleven of the twelve men in the team made 30 or better, the exception was Pvt. G. W. Stout, who had 28 with a miss in his scores. The total for the team was 381. The District of Columbia team shot in fine form in this stage and rolled up a total of 373 points.

The finish of the second stage now showed a decided change in the relative positions of the leading teams. The Pennsylvania team was now leading by 13 points with a total of 744, the District of Columbia team was second with 731, New Jersey was third with 726. Some of the members of the latter team took a decided drop in the last stage and the possibilities of the Hillton trophy remaining in New Jersey were decidedly uncertain. The day was getting well on towards evening and the light poor. With the opening of the third and last stage the shooting showed a decided falling off in the general average of the competing teams. The New Jersey team fell back to sixth place at 600, its total for this distance being only 324. Pennsylvania and District of Columbia run so close that the winning team could not be designated until the last shot was in the target. The two last men of the Pennsylvania team shot in fine form considering the existing conditions, each making 31. The District made a good fight but the fates were against them although they beat the Pennsylvanias on the last stage of points it was not quite enough to win. Pennsylvania closed the match with a lead of six points with a total of 1088, against 1082 for the District of Columbia team.

HILTON TROPHY MATCH.

District of Columbia.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	
Pvt S F Scott	3543543—27	5554544—32	4444554—30	
Pvt S B Wetherald	5444544—30	3555544—31	5534455—31	
Sergt C W Dickey	4454454—30	5455554—33	5545455—33	
Sergt G E Cook	5455444—31	4445454—30	3544455—30	
Sergt J M Stewart	5544554—32	4444545—30	4444443—27	
Corp M Appleby	4444444—28	5455554—33	3544445—29	
Lieut C H Laird	4444515—30	4455444—30	4434455—29	
Capt J E Bell	4544545—31	4554554—33	5444353—28	
Capt W H Moyer	4444444—28	3544455—30	2455433—26	
Pvt H H Seizear	4454445—30	5435354—29	5453543—29	
Pvt J M Pollard	4454455—31	4454444—29	4345455—30	
Sergt A O Hutterly	4345545—31	5555445—33	5354435—29	
	358	373	351	1082

Georgia.

Capt G T Cann	4454555—32	4454453—29	5544332—26	
Surg L E Welch	4443434—26	5544553—31	3454454—29	
Pvt W B Burpitt	4444434—27	5544544—31	4021444—22	
Pvt H Blun, Jr	4454444—29	3544545—29	4544454—30	
Sergt J C Postell	3445444—28	4454555—32	3445534—28	
Sergt O S Eichberg	4444444—28	5545455—33	4454455—31	
Pvt T C Wilson	4545543—30	5455555—34	4555544—32	
Pvt C S Richmond	5444555—32	4455435—29	4544543—29	
Pvt T Hunter	3454544—29	2343544—25	5453424—27	
Pvt Shuptrine	0545454—27	5554544—33	2544425—26	
Pvt J G Nelson	5544445—31	3424554—27	5353554—30	
Corp R F Jones	0443443—22	5444423—26	0532435—22	
	341	359	332	1032

New York.

Pvt Coulstone	4444445—29	4544555—32	4554444—30	
Pvt Stewart	4444545—30	5445555—33	4445343—27	
Pvt Stevens	4444544—29	4045445—26	4455455—32	
Sergt Underwood	4554444—30	5445554—32	4443454—28	
Capt DeForest	4444443—27	4454555—32	5443555—31	
Capt Wells	5455444—31	5545555—33	4454545—31	
Sergt Corrie	4545555—33	3453545—29	4454444—29	
Lieut Debbins	4445544—30	0544445—26	4544434—28	
Pvt Boyle	2545443—28	5455435—31	4353533—26	
Pvt Doyle	4544054—30	3455435—29	4454514—30	
Pvt Jansen	5454553—31	2555555—32	4444444—28	
Pvt Conroy	4545544—31	4555444—31	4354425—27	
	359	366	347	1072

Maine.

Gen W S Choate	4554544—31	5443445—29	5435454—30	
Pvt J G McMurray	5544544—31	5454555—33	4444534—24	
Lieut G C Anthwins	3554354—29	4525444—31	4334344—25	
Pvt J A Fairbanks	5445545—31	4554455—29	5524355—29	
Corp W F Cummings	4445345—29	3455445—30	4544555—30	
Lieut A R Robertson	4345455—30	4444545—30	3155554—30	
Lieut W A Paul	4444543—28	5444444—29	5455444—31	
Pvt J H Littlefield	4324454—26	5334443—26	3033424—19	
Pvt E A Guptill	3342444—24	5435455—31	5433454—28	
Sergt D W Lovejoy	4455455—31	4544535—30	2555534—28	
Col E C Farrington	4344433—25	5545355—32	4555454—32	
Sergt W W Pooksow	3453445—28	5455543—31	3343554—27	
	343	361	335	1039

Pennsylvania.

Sergt R Watkins	5555544—33	5555555—35	4443354—27	
Pvt E C Chase	4545443—29	4445555—32	5452254—27	
Sergt J Miller	4445545—31	4445544—30	4435543—28	
Sergt G Britz	4444444—28	4454454—31	4434435—29	
Corp T Albert	5445545—32	4535555—32	4443544—28	
Sergt H C Cooper	4544454—29	4554355—31	4545535—31	
Pvt J W Burns	4454444—29	5554555—34	4545535—31	
Sergt F W Inness	4434455—30	4544355—30	3444444—27	
Pvt W W Youngs	4444544—29	4454553—30	2643434—27	
Pvt G W Stout	5444555—32	5405455—28	4445324—27	
Sergt H J Mehard	4455545—32	5555554—34	3554545—31	
Pvt T F Shonert	4544444—29	5555545—34	3554455—31	
	363	381	344	1088

New Jersey.

Capt H R Goesser	5434434—27	4443343—25	4545545—31	
Capt C H Springsted	4345545—30	4455444—30	4543445—29	
Col A R Kuser	5545454—32	4545534—30	4545250—25	
Pvt Wm Hayes	4554454—32	5444455—31	4434243—24	
Col J C Owens	5444444—29	4334455—28	4353444—27	
Pvt Theo Beck	4544554—31	4444555—31	3323534—23	
Col W F Decker	4545555—33	5553455—32	5045344—26	
Pvt J Ranson	4545555—33	4445543—29	5445553—31	
Lieut J Fairburst	4544544—30	4555554—33	4345444—28	
Capt C A Reid	4455444—30	4455445—31	0345445—25	
Pvt J L Kuser	5444544—30	4545545—32	5334423—24	
Sergt A Dietrich	4544355—30	3434544—27	4553554—31	
	367	359	324	1050

RECAPITULATION.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Pennsylvania	363	381	344	1088
District of Columbia	358	373	351	1082
New York	359	366	347	1072
New Jersey	367	359	324	1050
Maine	343	361	335	1039
Georgia	341	359	332	1032

REGIMENTAL TEAM MATCH (INTERSTATE).

Open to teams of six from the regimental, hattalion and separate company organizations of the national guard of the United States or of the U. S. army. Won in 1891, 1892 and 1893 by D. C. N. G. The weather Wednesday was cool and cloudy, with light winds blowing from 9 to 11 o'clock. At the 200yds. range the shooting was only ordinary, 44 being the highest individual score at this distance, made by Chapman and Cookson of the 2d Maine, and Cook, of the Engineer Corps, D. C. The best team total at this distance was made by the 1st Maine team with a score of 256. Troop A, of Georgia, was second with 251. The shooting of these two teams was somewhat of a surprise to the other contestants, for they had looked upon the "Yankees" and "Crackers" as not being in it at any stage. Georgia and Maine have taken but little interest in developing the shooting ability of their national guard, and whatever success has been achieved seems to be due to the efforts of the individual members

When the teams went back to the 500yds. point it was expected that a higher average would be made by those States which have given more attention to the development of their troops. It was conceded that the Engineer Corps of the District of Columbia would come out of the contest first, with Pennsylvania and New Jersey close behind. When the last shot was in the target and the scores footed up it was found that the Engineer Corps team was ahead as expected with a score of 269. The second Regiment of Maine was second with 260, and Troop A of Georgia third with 253.

The best individual scores were made hy Corp. R. P. Carleton, of the Engineer Corps, with 48; Corp. E. A. Guptill, 2d Maine. 47, and Lieut. G. Kemp, 3d Pennsylvania, 47. The total for the two ranges gave the Engineer Corps, District of Columbia, first place with a total of 514. The 1st Maine team second with 507, Troop A, of Georgia, third with 502. This closed the first stage of the Interstate regimeutal match, the second stage was to be shot to-morrow (Thursday). The conditions called for two skirmish runs of 20 shots each.

The fact that five of the teams were close together in their totals for the first stage of the match, there being only 15 points difference between the first and fifth, caused a decided feeling of interest as to the final results on Thursday.

Engineer Corps, D. C.

	200yds.	500yds.	Agg.
Sergt C W Dickey	5444444443—40	4355545555—46	86
Pvt Geo E Cook	4444554445—44	3434455555—43	87
Lieut G B Young	4445434433—38	4454505455—41	79
Corp R P Carleton	5453453445—42	4555455555—48	90
Lieut A O Hutterly	4444444444—40	4455445555—46	86
Pvt S P Wetherald	4484544534—41	5554455354—45	86
	245	269	514

First Regiment, Maine.

Capt M P Stiles	4444544445—42	4454454554—44	86
Lieut A A Chapman	4455545444—44	5444455444—43	87
Sergt W W Cookson	4444454555—44	3344555555—44	88
Sergt D W Lovejoy	5344554445—43	3554455554—45	88
Pvt E J Cram	5455454334—42	2543425255—38	80
Pvt J A Fairbanks	4443444545—41	3544425324—37	78
	256	241	

Troop A, 1st Regiment, Georgia.	200	500	
Sergt J C Postell	42	41	
Sergt A S Eichberg	42	44	
Pvt F C Wilson	42	46	
Pvt C S Richmond	43	42	
Pvt J T Shuptrine	40	42	
Pvt T Hunter	42	37	—503
2d Regiment, Maine.			
Gen W S Choate	40	43	
Pvt J G McMurry	39	43	
Corp E A Guptill	42	47	
Lieut E A Robertson	40	43	
Col E C Farrington	35	40	
Lieut W A Paul	43	44	—499

2d Regiment, D. C.	200	500	
Corp M Appleby	41	42	
Capt J E Bell	42	44	
Capt J A Kirk	42	43	
Lieut C H Laird	42	43	
Capt W H Moyer	43	44	
Corp A S McClain	40	35	—501
3d Regiment, Connecticut.			
Corp H L Starr	40	41	
Sergt J T Sherwin	43	43	
Sergt J A Malone	42	38	
Sergt G J Fox	42	45	
Pvt L Phillips	36	34	
Pvt C A Miner	41	37	—482

The first event on Thursday was to be the last stage of the interstate (regimental) match. The wind was blowing from the south and east with an evident intention of settling southeast, and the heavy clouds that shut out the sun looked rather wet, but the appearances were deceitful. There was no rain, and as Bugler Milburn, shortly after 8 o'clock, sounded the notes of assembly for the opening of the match, straggling gleams of sunshine appeared here and there through the clouds. The runs were made in rapid order, and by 2 o'clock the match was finished. The Engineer Corps, D. C., won first place; the Second Regiment, D. C., was second, and the First Maine Regiment third. Following the interstate match was an exhibition of rapid skirmish firing with the Springfield rifle by Private Wm. McClellaud, of the Twenty-first U. S. Infantry. Private McClelland started out to fire forty shots in the same number of runs (10) that the troops in the interstate match had done using twenty rounds. He succeeded in firing his forty shots at the eighth halt. He fired nine shots each in two halts. His forty shots were on the target and were recorded as follows: Eleven 5s, sixteen 4s, thirteen 3s, total 158. The exhibition was not given so much for accuracy as to show how quick the Springfield could be manipulated. His style of holding the rifle was what is termed the "saw-buck." His time in firing in the two halts when he fired nine shots was 25 and 26 seconds respectively, and he claimed that had the rifle extracted the empty shells freely he could have exceeded the number of shots in each halt.

Engineer Corps, D. C.

	1st Run.	2d Run.	Agg.
Sergt C W Dickey	55544444333333332 —61	5555544444444444322—70	140
Sergt G E Cook	55444444444444333333—77	44444444443333333332—69	146
Lieut G B Young	55555444444444333332 —78	55555544444444333332—79	152
Corp R P Carleton	5555544444444333 —69	55555555544444444433 —83	152
Lieut A O Hutterly	555555554444444444443—87	55555555555444444432—88	175
Pvt S B Wetherald	555555554444444443333—84	55555554444443333332 —76	160
			925

First Regiment, Maine.

Capt M P Stiles	55544444444444333333—77	5554444444444443332 —74	151
Lieut A A Chapman	55555544444444333332—77	5555544443333334222 —68	145
Sergt D W Lovejoy	55555544444444333333—80	5555544444444443333 —77	157
Pvt E J Cram	5555554444333322 —62	555555444444444433 —72	134
Pvt J A Fairbanks	55554443333333322222—63	555555444442 —52	115
Sergt W W Cookson	55555555555444444232—87	55555544444444333332—78	165
			867

Troop A, 1st Regiment, Georgia.	1st run	2d run	
Sergt J C Postell	75	70	
Sergt A S Eichberg	65	68	
Pvt F C Wilson	68	86	
Pvt C S Richmond	73	81	
Pvt J T Shuptrine	74	55	
Pvt Theo Hunter	71	59	—835
2d Regiment, N. J.			
Capt H Goesser	74	77	
Lieut Fairbanks	61	69	
Sergt C C Chinn	75	57	
Sergt A Dietrich	80	80	
Sergt Brooks	74	77	
Pvt J Ranson	82	65	—874

2d Regiment, D. C.	1st run	2d run	
Corp M Appleby	88	91	
Capt J E Bell	67	76	
Corp J A Kirk	73	77	
Lieut C H Laird	52	76	
Capt W H Moyer	87	85	
Corp A S McClain	77	63	—912
3d Regiment, Conn.			
Capt H L Starr	56	48	
Sergt J T Sherwin	78	80	
Sergt J A Malone	49	50	
Sergt G J Fox	69	48	
Pvt L Phillips	37	41	
Pvt C A Miner	64	74	—694

WIMBLEDON CUP MATCH.

Open to all citizens and residents of the United States. Distance, 1,000yds. Thirty shots. Weapon, any rifle within the rules; cleaning allowed. Position, any without artificial rest. Eighteen-point handicap for military rifles; six-point handicap for special military rifles.

The Wimbledon Cup match which used to be one of the features at Creedmoor in years gone by had a larger entry this year than has been made for many years. Unfortunately, the day set for the match, Saturday, proved to be unfavorable for long-range shooting. The day opened dark and cloudy with a heavy southeast wind sweeping across the range, and to make the conditions more unfavorable, just after the match was opened a heavy shower came up which necessitated a postponement until after lunch. About 2 P. M. the match was reopened with ten men competing. The wind had increased in force since the adjournment in the forenoon and was blowing half a gale, and to still further increase the difficulties of the marksmen heavy showers again set in and continued all the afternoon; the consequence was that good scores were out of the question. Pvt. Peter Finnegan of the 69th New York Regiment won the trophy on a score of 116. S. J. Scott of the Engineer Corps was second with 106. Gen. W. S. Choate of Maine was one of the unfortunate ones who had started his score in the morning, but in resuming the shooting he found his sighting astray, and before he could get fairly on to the target he was out of the race. He shot the new Crag-Jorgensen army rifle. Mr. Appleby shot the Berthier naval rifle, .236cal. E. A. Leopold shot a .25-40 Maynard. J. C. Postell shot the plain military rifle without special sights. Scores:

Pvt Finnegan, 69th N Y.....3423554444545455554444255530242—116
Pvt S I Scott, Engineer Corys, D C..4555r44555354r4550535r5rr50555—106
Maj J G Harries, Inspector, D C.....42504045454530045455522514403 — 97
Sergt J C Postell, Ga., 18 points h'cap5435225202334020000202445533 30— 92
Gen. W. S. Choate, Maine, 72; M. Appelby, District of Columbia, 67; E. A. Leopold, Pennsylvania, 55; Col. Clay, Washington, 69; F. C. Wilson, Georgia, 68; G. C. Shaw, District of Columbia, 58.

ALL-COMERS' MILITARY MATCH.

Open to everyhody, distances, 200 and 300yds, position, standing at 200; kneeling or sitting at 300yds, 7 shots at each distance.

Rifles, any military rifle adopted and issued by any State. This match was another event that developed spirited competition. The best shots in the teams representing the several States seemed to feel that they individually were compelled to secure the honor of winning the All-Comers' Match. This feeling was particularly acute with those who had not secured first place on some of the other events. Five of the best marksmen on the range and representing almost as many States made a spirited effort. For the top score, this rivalry resulted in high scores. S. P. Wetherald, of the Engineer Corps D. C., shot himself into first position, beating E. A. Robertson, of Maine and F. C. Wilson, of Georgia, one point. Scores:

S P Wetherald, D C	33	31—64	Major J M Pollard	30	30—60
Pvt E A Robertsou, Me.	32	31—63	Col C McClay	29	30—59
Pvt F C Wilson, Georgia.	33	30—63	Sergt C Chinn	31	28—59
Pvt P E Kent, D C	31	31—62	Lieut G B Young	27	31—58
Gen Choate, Maine	33	29—62	C P Pratt, Pennsylvania.	30	28—58
J G Murray, Maine	32	29—61	Capt H R Gosser	28	29—57
W McClelland, 21st U S A.	29	39—68			

REVOLVER MATCH.

Distance 20yds., 5 shots on American standard target, reduced to 100yds., position standing, off-hand, use of one arm only allowed. The revolver match received a good deal of attention and developed the fact that the military marksmen have given this arm considerable attention. Among the visitors for this contest were J. T. B. Collins of Bayonne, N. J., and C. B. Bishop, of the New York Revolver Club. Scores:

C Richmond, Georgia	44	43	43—130
J Collins, New Jersey,	43	41	41—125
Lt Phillips, 1st N. J.	41	41	40—122
C B Bishop, Clifton,	43	48	27—118
Gen W Choate, Maine	39	38	37—114
Col W F Decker	42	36	35—113
C B Pratt, Penn	39	38	33—110
A S Eichberg, Ga	34	32	29— 95

DEPARTMENT OF RIFLE PRACTICE MATCH.

Open to all Inspectors of Rifle Practice and to all members of the New Jersey State Rifle Association distance 500 and 600yds., 25 shots at each distance, both ranges to be shot over the same day, any military rifle, position any. No re-entries being allowed, each competitor was compelled to nurse both his gun and his nerve. Capt. J. E. Bell, of the second District of Columbia Regiment, and Col. A. R. Kuser, of New Jersey, had a close race for first position. Capt. Bell won the trophy by 5 points. Scores:

Capt J E Bell, 2d D C.	115	111—226	Col J C Owens	109	98—207
Col A B Kuser	115	106—221	Lieut-Col W S Ritter.	105	76—181
Capt A H Graff	108	106—214	Gen Spencer	104	69—173
Lieut G B Young	116	97—213			

THE SCHUETZEN MATCH.

All-comers' continuous match, distance 200yds, position standing; number of shots 7 on the American standard target, with 11in. bullseye (the bullseye including the 7 ring); any weight rifle with any trigger pull, palm or other rest allowed. When firing, the muzzle of the rifle must be kept outside the loop-hole of the shelter. The allowance for military rifles will be four points on each string. Cleaning allowed between shots. The aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes. The Schuetzen match, an all-comers' and continuous match, open during the week, was gotten up to attract the German-American marksman who use the heavy rifle with the palm rest. The Schuetzens, however, did not materialize to any great extent during the week. The only representatives of the "guild" to be seen were L. P. Hansen, of Jersey City, and E. Fisher, of Hoboken. The New York Rifle Club was represented by Messrs. C. E. Gensch and J. E. Young. Wm. Hayes, who has developed a first-class ability as a military shot and coach, returned to his old love for the time being and shot his heavy 15lbs. Schalke rifle. He made the three best scores ever put up in the Schuetzen match on this range. The military marksmen also gave this match a good deal of attention. Scores:

W Hayes, New Jersey	65 64 66	—195	E Fischer	54 54 56	—164
L Hansen, New Jersey	63 62 62	—187	C E Gench	53 54 54	—161
E J Cram, Maine	64 59 59	—182	F C Walls	51 50 57	—158
Col W F Decker, N J.	60 61 58	—179	J G Dillion	48 53 51	—152
C H Richmond	63 57 56	—176	O N Beach	45 54 48	—147
J B Taylor	59 57 56	—172	J M Stewart	47 46 48	—141
C B Pratt	58 58 56	—172	Major Harries	36 49 40	—125
S P Wetherald, D C.	58 54 54	—166	Geu Spencer	44 43 37	—124

MEMBERS' MATCH.

Two hundred yards, open only to members of the New Jersey State Rifle Association; rounds, 7; position, standing; weapon, any military rifle. This match for the past three years has been won by Col. A. R. Kuser, and as the Colonel is one of the best military shots in the State it was expected that he would win it again this year without much trouble. Major D. A. Currie, however, was a factor in the competition this year that was overlooked. The Major won the trophy on the following score: 5 4 4 5 5 5 5—33.

HAYES MEDAL MATCH.

Open to everyhody; distance, 500 and 600yds.; prone, with head toward target, at 500, any at 600; 7 shots at each distance; rifle, any military adopted or issued by any State. This trophy was presented to the Association by Wm. Hayes, of Newark, N. J., a man who probably has a larger acquaintauce among the riflemen of America than any other individual member of the fraternity. Of all the marksmen who were competing for prizes during the week there was hardly one that did not make an effort to secure the trophy. The competition was so spirited that it resulted in one full score, made by Col. A. R Kuser, and one score of 34 by Geo. E. Cook, also one of 34 by Geo. E. Cook, of the Engineer Corps, District of Columbia. Messrs. Cook and Kuser tied on their scores, but Cook got the medal on account of his score outranking that of Col Kuser. Scores:

G E Cook, Dist of Col.	32 34—66	Major G H Harries	34 29—63
Col A R Kuser, N J	35 31—66	W McClelland, U S I	32 30—62
Sergt J C Postell, Ga.	33 32—65	Sergt Brooks, N J	32 30—62
Major G M Pollard, Ga.	32 32—64		

THE KUSER MATCH.

Seven shots at 500yds., position prone, head toward target, rifle, any military, open to all comers. The Kuser match received as much attention from the competing marksmen as any other event on the programme, and resulted in one full score and five of 34 out of a possible 35. Corp. R. P Carleton of the Engineer Corps was first and Col. E. C. Farrington of Maine second. Scores:

R P Carleton, D. C. 35 34 33—101 Wm Hayes, N J. 34 34 33—101
Col Farrington, Maine. 34 34 33—103

TRENTON INTERSTATE FAIR MATCH.

Open to everybody, distances 200 and 300yds., carbines allowed one point on each distance. In this match two of the Georgia team came in first and second. Scores:

F C Wilson, Georgia. 33 31—64 J A Wells, New Jersey. 30 29—59
H Blun, Georgia. 29 30—59

THE TRENTON CUP.

Presented by Col. A. R. Kuser, to be shot for annually; to be held by the winner during the year; open to everyhody; rifle, any military; distances, 500 and 600yds.; 10 shots at each distance. The Trenton cup brought together the best marksmen on the grounds in an effort to secure the prize. The honor of winning it fell to Gen. W. S. Choate of Maine. Appended will be found the scores of the principal competitors:

Gen Choate, Maine	45 40—86	P E Kent, D C	40 43—83
Pvt Youug, En Corps, D C.	42 42—84	Sergt McCann, 6th N J	39 38—77
Pvt McClelland, 21st US Inf	43 41—84	J H McGibbons, D C	39 36—75
E M Carnochan, D C	47 37—84		

PRESIDENT'S MATCH.

The President's match, one of the old and popular events at Creedmoor, was put on the programme this year. This match was always popular with the militiamen, and its resumption this year brought out a stronger competition than ever. Sergeant C W. Dickey of the Engineer Corps won first place. The conditions were seven shots at 200 and 300yds., and seven shots at 500 and 600yds. Scores at the 200 and 300yds. ranges:

Wetherald	63	Beele	60	Robinson	59
Wilson	62	Young	60	Pollard	59
Scott	61	Clay	59	Dickey	59
Choate	61				

Scores, 500 and 600yds.:

Dickey	64	Robinson	57	Clay	55
Young	62	Wilson	57	Choate	55
Scott	62	Pollard	55	Wetherald	55
Bell	60				

Sea Girt Echoes.

One of the pleasant incidents of the week at Sea Girt was the presentation of a gold watch and a G. A. R. suit of clothes to Capt. Jas. M. Bodwell, the superintendent of the range, by the employes. The presentation was made by Gen. Spencer.

The Georgia team was one of the most popular group of marksmen in the camp. Their week's visit to New Jersey has filled each individual member with an enthusiastic desire to come again next season. The visit of this team was made under great difficelties; they could get no appropriation from their State to pay for the expense of the journey, and each member had to pay his own way.

The men from Maine were another group who made a good impression both in their shooting and social qualities. Gen. W. S. Choate, the Inspector General of the State and Col. E. C. Farrington, Inspector of Rifle Practice, are worthy representatives of the old Pine Tree State, and the efficiency of the team in rifle practice which they brought to Sea Girt indicates that the National Guard of that State is in the hands of men who are capable of bringing it to a high state of efficiency. Maine will be represeuted at Sea Girt in 1895 if she realizes the value and welfare of her citizen soldiers.

The Pennsylvania team and the District of Columbia team were composed of men who are fit representatives of this glorious land of liberty. With such men in the ranks of its militia no State in the land need fear the onslaught of anarchy and socialism.

New Jersey may well be proud of the men who represented her at Sea Girt this year. Gen. Bird W. Spencer and his staff are fast bringing the National Guard into a high state of efficiency. The State camp and range at Sea Girt demonstrates the fact that the State is treating her troops with liberality. Who can demonstrate that the outlay is not well invested?

Capt. Cann, of the Georgia team, is the latest edition of the New South. If the old Cracker State would send a regiment of such men on an expedition into the North they would make a clean sweep, provided their digestive organs could hold out.

The team from New York was hardly up to par in shooting ability. With her many regiments to draw upon, she should be able to turn out a team that would be invincible.

During the week there was a straggling group about the camp with a sort of "I am lost" appearance in their manner, and as if to impress the expression upon the mind of the camp each individual had a "nutmeg" fastened to his cap. These men were the representatives of the 3d Connecticut Regiment; they were part of a team that was entered to take part in the Interstate military match, but as the rest of the team did not materialize they could not go into the match. As a regimental team they entered the Interstate regimental match, and secured sixth place in the first stage, making a total of 482; in the second stage (skirmish) they were in tenth place with a total of 694, giving them a grand total on both stages of 1,176. The shooting of the team gave evidence that it contained good material. We are of the opinion that Connecticut is another State that needs a little internal shaking up to make her appreciate the fact that her militia is worth looking after, in order to put it in condition to be useful in a time of need.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, N. J., Sept. 8.—The weekly gallery shoot of the Schlicht Rifle Club held at headquarters this evening, the appended scores were made: Medal winners: Geo. Schlicht champion medal, J. Diehl first class medal, J. Schlicht second class medal, J Dedrick third class medal. Scores: Geo. Richert 225, Aug. Tribout 210, Louis Dorr 212, Wm. Schlicht 223, Jacob Diehl 231, Jacob Schlicht 234, Geo. Schlicht 242, Conrad Schlicht 215, John Dedrick 232, Aug. Meyer 222, H. Aufderheide 227, Chas. Meyer 231,

Rifle at San Antonio.

THE long drawn contest for supremacy in the San Antonio Gun Club came to an end on Sept. 2. Each contestant put in a string of ten shots at each shoot, but before starting on the record score he must announce himself as such.

This proved to be a cruel rule to a good many. One would start in and make a rattling score, announce himself for a record string, slap in a horrible mess in ten shots, then break the record afterward. With very few exceptions the contestants put in their worst shooting when on the trophy shoot.

The rest shooting does not come up to the usual shooting strength of the club, but possibly our rest shooting is a trifle more difficult than it is elsewhere.

Mr. Arthur Guenther leads at the 200yds., rest and any, and this wins first trophy with a total of 488, an average of $97\frac{3}{5}$.

Mr Albert Steves comes in a good second with a total of 476, average $95\frac{1}{5}$.

Mr. E. Seffel wins the trophy for best off-hand shooting, his record being a total of 362 points, average of $72\frac{2}{5}$.

Mr. G Altmann comes in a very close second with a total of 361, average of $72\frac{1}{5}$.

The practice on Sept. 2 was spirited and good scores were made, especially at the off hand range. 200yds, muzzle rest:

A Steves	9	11	10	10	11	9	9	10	9	10	—98
E Dasch	9	10	11	9	10	9	11	8	9	10	—95
W Herple	10	10	10	9	7	8	6	11	12	8	—91
Goldbeck	9	9	9	8	10	12	6	9	8	9	—89
G Heye	10	11	9	12	11	8	7	9	8	10	—95

200yds, off-hand:

Texas Field	10	9	9	10	9	6	6	8	7	8—82
A Steves	10	4	6	7	7	8	9	9	7	7—74
E Seffel	7	7	9	9	8	7	7	9	5	10—75
G Altmann	9	7	9	7	7	8	7	7	6	10—77
A Guenther	7	7	10	4	6	7	7	8	9	9—74
A Uhl	10	7	7	4	6	7	6	8	9	9—73

O. C. G.

Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn, Sept. 8.—I inclose you scores made by the Hartford Rifle Club at their regular bi monthly shoot this afternoon. German ring target, 200yds off-hand, weather rainy and very misty, making the bullseye at times almost imperceptible. Medal match, one entry:

H M Pope	21	23	24	22	20	23	24	24	25	18—224
F K Rand	23	23	17	20	17	24	23	21	15	22—205
W J Dunhar	22	23	18	14	18	24	21	19	14	17—191
H A Fox	16	22	21	22	14	21	9	19	22	20—185

Re-entry match: Pope 222, 216, 214. Rand 211, 214. Dunbar 183, 186. Fox 164.

Three shot handicap:

Pope (scratch).	Rand (2 points).	Dunbar (8 points).	Fox (15 points).
25 21 22—68	19 19 24—64	24 18 16—66	13 10 14—52
20 21 21—62	24 20 20—66	22 19 11—60	10 0 23—48
19 21 22—62	21 13 22—60	21 0 19—48	11 11 14—51
22 24 24—70	24 24 22—70	17 16 13—54	20 15 18—68
24 24 16—64	19 20 21—59	24 21 19—72	10 18 17—50
13 21 24—57	23 23 17—65	22 23 18—71	
21 23 21—65	20 17 24—63	14 19 24—65	
23 24 22—69	23 21 15—61	21 19 14—62	
24 24 25—73		19 17 13—57	16 22 21—74

H. M. POPE, Sec'y.

The Blumenthaler Co. No. 6 N. Y. S. B. No. 1.

HELD their yearly festival Sept. 2, at Fort Wendel; it brought together a great many good shooters. There were three prizes on the target of honor: first, J. Aigeldinger with 49; second, W. Hicks and G. Gross with 47. On the Medal Target were three: first medal, W. Hicks with 152 points; second, F. Nowicki with 152; third, H. D. Muller with 151 points. The principal part of their festival was the distributing of the six handsome silver goblets won during the summer shoot; champion cup, H D Muller 8,106 points, W. Hicks 8.105 and F. Schill, 7,952, F. Nowicki 6,517. J. Maurer 6,448 and J. Necaise 6,273.

The festival was a grand success and every one departed at a late hour all having a good time. The festival was under the management of Capt. F. Schill, H. D Muller, F. Bauernschmid, J. Maurer, R. Nolse, F. Wendel, G. Gross and J. Dux. HENRY D. MULLER

Greenville Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Sept. 8.—The weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club held this evening resulted in the following scores: Robidoux 234, C. Boag 234, Purkess 240, Dorrler 241, Chavant 232, Daniels Renker 215, J. Boag 233, Collins 224, Scheeline 231, Agneau 239, Gotthardt 225, Graef 198, Holzapfel 221.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 11-13.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., second annual tournament, on the grounds of the North End Shooting Club.

Sept. 19 20.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Chattanooga Gun Club, at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sept. 19-20.—OTTUMWA, Ia.—West End Gun Club's third annual tournament.

Sept. 20.—NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—New Jersey Trap-Shooter's League.

Sept. 20.—PENACOOK, N. H.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Penacook Gun Club.

Sept. 25-20.—Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club tournament, with Central New York League team shoot, at Rochester. J. B. Mullan, Sec'y

Sept. 26.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, sixth tournament, at Rochester.

Sept. 27-28.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Harrisburg Shooting Association; live birds and targets

Oct. 3-4.—READING, Pa.—Independent Gun Club; targets.

Oct. 3-5.—West Newhurgh (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Associatiou tournament. Last day live birds. W. C. Gibbs, Sec'y.

Oct. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club, at Charleston, S. C.

Oct. 11.—LEWISTON, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Androscoggin Gun Club.

Oct. 22-24.—Emerald Gun Club tournament, at Dexter Park. Targets and live birds. Dr. G. V. Hudson, Sec'y, 9 Madison street, New York.

Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at Utica

Oct. 25.—RICHMOND, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Richmond Gun Club.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

1895.

April 3-5.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York.

May.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Emerald Gun Club's tournament, on Oct. 22-24, at Miller's Dexter Park, will be the first tournament of more than one day's duration ever given by a New York city gun club. Oct. 22 and 23 will be devoted to targets. On Oct. 24 the Empire City handicap will be shot off, 26 to 33yds. handicap, boundary 80yds., entrance $10, birds extra, class shooting, 4 moneys, 4 misses out, gun in any position, The Emerald Gun Club adds $100 to this event. Handicapping committee: T. H. Keller, W. Fred Quimby, Milt Lindsley, G. V. Hudson, M.D., and Louis H. Schortemeier. Forfeit $3, to be sent with entry to G. V. Hudson, M D., 9 Madison street, New York city. Entries close when first gun is fired. The first 15 birds of the handicap will constitute another event, extra entrance money, straight shooting, high guns to get the money, entrance to either or both optional. Handicap unknown to shooter until he steps to the score. "Tee Kay" will manage the contests, both for targets and live birds.—LOUIS H. SCHORTEMEIER, Chairman Tournament Committee.

A word as to the management of the New London tournament. Penrose, of course, was the general manager and hustler of the shoot. By the time set for the opening of the tournament everything was in

working order. Screens, painted a dark green, shielded the trapper boys, who stood up to their work, a deep trench having been dug the whole length of each screen. This trench not only permitted the trappers to attend to business standing up, but also allowed "John" W. Dunbar, the superintendent of the factory, to get around from trap to trap when any attention was needed. In the cashier's office, Jas. W. Clinton took the entries and arranged the squads, while Mr. Benjamin Lee looked after the paying out of winnings. The cashier's office, together with the blackboards and manifold tables, were placed between the two sets of traps. At the upper set of traps, James Hammill, as referee, called out "dead" and "lost," according to the old style; Frank M. Curtiss acting as referee at the lower set and using the more modern horn and bell to denote breaks and misses. Referees' work was by no means easy, fractional breaks of a very slight character being quite common.

On Sept. 21, the day following the close of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament at Chattanooga, Tenn., the Tennessee State shoot will be held on the same grounds. All events are at known traps, unknown angles, and are open to residents of the State only. Event No. 6 on the programme will be a team shoot, teams to be composed of 6 men each, 15 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles, amount of entrance fee and character of trophy to be agreed upon, winning team to be given certificate, trophy to be open to competition on terms to be agreed upon on evening of 20th by representatives of competing teams.

"Bilderback's Trap-Shooter's Memorandum" is the latest thing in a trap-shooter's line. The memorandum book contains columns for the entry of targets in each event, number broken, entrance money, money received, amount won, amount lost, and remarks. The book, which is 4½in. by 2½, contains a number of pages sufficient to cover fifteen days' shooting. The idea has been copyrighted by "Bilderback," Charles Fehrenbach, Fourth and French streets, Wilmington, Del.

It a was Heikes tournament at New London. Rolla carried off the Standard Keystone trophy on the first day with 69 out of 75, after a tie with Col. Anthony; the L. C. Smith trophy on the second day with a total of 46; on the third day he won the Winchester repeating shotgun with a clear score of 25, and the Peters Cartridge Co.'s trophy with 47 out of 50.

The first week of October, 1895, has been claimed by the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, as the week in which it will hold the annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. The club's grounds are at Holmesburg Junction, on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Ohio Trap-Shooters' League have fixed upon May 15-16, 1895, as the dates on which their next annual meeting and tournament will be held. The tournament will be under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club of Dayton.

The next contest for the club championship of New Jersey takes place on Saturday, Sept. 15, at Rutherford. The fight next Saturday is apparently between the Boiling Springs and Climax gun clubs.

The Mt. Kisco Rod and Gun Club, of Mt. Kisco, N. Y., will hold its fall tournament at its shooting park on Sept. 20 and 21. For programmes address H. E. Wood, secretary.

The Worcester Sportsman's Association, of Worcester, Mass., is holding a tournament this week. Among those who will take part are Heikes, Van Dyke and Bartlett.

New Brunswick, N. J., has been chosen as the scene of the next meeting of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, Thursday, Sep. 20.

Don't forget the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament at Chattanooga, Tenn., on Sept. 19 and 20.

Straight scores were exceedingly rare at New London when the high class of shooters present is taken into consideration.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Proposed International Contests.

THE mere mention of the possibility of a meeting between the live bird shots of the United States and Europe has aroused a remarkable degree of enthusiasm. The subject has been a fruitful topic of conversation among trap-shooters for the past ten days, and the unanimous wish of all is that such a meeting may take place.

The idea is still in embryo, nothing beyond the simple preliminaries in the way of sounding the feelings of the Europeans on this matter having been done. Mr. J. Seaver Page, one of the most expert live bird shots in this country, is the prime mover and agitator of the plan to bring about an international series of live bird matches. But Mr. Page does not stand alone; he is ably seconded by Messrs. Edgar Murphy, Fred Hoey and others, every one of whom is anxious to try conclusions with the foreigners at the traps.

Mr. Page expresses himself as more than hopeful of a successful outcome of the preliminary proceedings. When in England recently, while taking part in the events of the international week at Hurlingham, and at the Gun Club, Mr. Page broached the subject of an international contest to members of both clubs. Capt. Forester Leighton, Capt. Shelley and Mr. Hopwood of the Hurlingham Club, Messrs. Robert Beresford and the McCorcodale brothers of the Gun Club, at once became interested in the affair and may be trusted to do their share toward bringing off the series of matches which it is proposed shall be held.

An excellent feature is the interest displayed by some of the most noted French experts, Messrs. Journu, Gervais and Drivon. France can unquestionably select a strong team to uphold the honor of the tricolor; a glance at the records made by the Frenchmen during the recent international week readily shows what they can do.

Italy could also furnish her quota toward a team in an international contest. Signor Guidicini has many compatriots who know how to handle the shotgun effectively at live birds.

There has been some talk about amalgamating the gun clubs of the different countries of Europe, and making the match one strictly between the United States and Europe. Englishmen and Frenchmen, however, do not favor this plan, but prefer to make it a team race of an international character. The trophy to be shot for, it has been suggested, shall be a cup or something of that nature, the team which wins it a certain number of times to become the ultimate owner of the cup or trophy.

Although, as has been said, everything is as yet in a state of uncertainty, the scheme may take on a more tangible shape at any moment. One thing is certain, however, and that is, that the United States of America stand ready to put a team in the field either against the combined clubs of Europe or in a purely international contest.

Trap at San Antonio.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Sept. 2.—The trophyy shoot of the San Antonio Gun Club is narrowing down to a few contestants. The conditions of the contest are somewhat peculiar, the trophy going at the end of the season to the shooter credited with the highest number of wins in the various trophy contests. J. N. Rothwell leads with 4 wins, closely followed by Abe Samuels, August Thiele and A. C. Paris; Mr. Paris' score in the shoot of Sept. 2, placing him only one behind the leader. The shoot is at 20 singles and 5 pairs. Considerable betting on the ultimate winner of the trophy is being indulged in. Mr. Samuels being apparently the choice of his clubmates, while outsiders seem to fancy the chance of Mr. Rothwell. All things considered the race is an open one but the end is near. The following are the scores made on Sept. 2: No. 1, 10 singles and 3 pairs: France 11, Samuels 11, Paris 8, Rothwell 9, Smith 13, Veith 12, Thiele 10, Cann 9. No. 2, 15 singles: France 8, Samuels 8, Paris 12, Rothwell 11, Veith 9, Thiele 8, Epstein 11, Vollbrecht 6, Smith 10, Grossman 10, Shields 10, Cann 5. No. 3, for trophy, 20 singles and 5 pair, first class: Samuels 23, Rothwell 23, Thiele 17, Veith 25, Paris 26, France 24. Second class: Smith 21, Vollbrecht 17, Epstein 14, Shields 17, Grossman 13, Barr 22, Cann 12, Weyel 12, Rahmsdorf 16. No. 4, 30 singles: Paris 18, Rothwell 24, Thiele 21, Vernor 25. No. 5, team shoot, 15 singles: Rothwell, captain 14, Paris 11, Vernor 11, Smith 10, Epstein 14, Rahmsdorf 7. Meyel 7; Total, 74. Samuels, captain 9, France 12, Thiele 8, Veith 12, Barr 5, Shields 6, Cann 8; Total, 60.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

THE New Utrecht Gun Club has issued its schedule of fixtures until Dec. 31, when the club year ends. Several valuable prizes are offered for competition both at live birds and targets. Mr. C. Furgueson, Jr., has presented a cup representing the championship of the club at live birds for 1894. The cup, which is called the New Utrecht cup, is shot for under club rules and club handicaps, and will be awarded to the member making the highest average in two-thirds or more of the club shoots held. Each shoot will be at 10 pigeons. The club will award a second prize to the member making the second highest average during the year, under conditions same as provided for the New Utrecht cup. The E. C. Powder cup is of sterling silver, to be shot for under New Utrecht Gun Club rules and handicaps. Shoots will be held every month, and the cup will become the property of any member winning it three times in succession. Each shoot for this cup will be shot as a sweepstake ($3 entrance), and from each sweep will be taken the sum of $5, which will go with the cup to the member eventually winning the latter. As prizes for inanimates, the club will present to the two members making the first and second highest averages for the year suitable prizes or trophies, as heretofore. If sufficient interest is taken in these shoots, they hope to give a handsome sterling silver cup to the winner of the first prize. The opening shoot of the club at targets takes place next Saturday afternoon, Sept. 15, on the Third avenue grounds.

Endeavor Gun Club.

THE Endeavor Gun Club, of Marlon, N. J., held an all-day shoot on Labor Day, Sept. 3. The entry list was large, some thirty-seven shooters taking part in the programme events. The score sheet for event No. 1 having been mislaid, that column must remain a blank. A glance at the other totals will show that the boys were not only finding the empire targets, but were cracking them. This was only to be expected, as the company was pretty warm. Among those present were Breintnall, Van Dyke, Bartlett, "Shorty," Hoffman, Capt. Money and his son Noel, Drake, T. W. Morfey, Brantingham, Richmond, Youmans and Eddie Collins. In No. 7, at 25 targets, there were eighteen entries, making a total of 450 targets thrown during the race; of that number 383 were broken, making the percentage for the eighteen shooters of a trifle over 85 per cent. In addition to the twelve events on the programme three extras were shot off. The weather of course was all that could be desired.

The conditions under which the programme events were shot were varied: No. 2 was everything known; No. 3, unknown angles; No. 4, expert rules; No. 5, expert rules; No. 6, everything known; No. 7, everything known; No. 8, everything known; No. 9, everything known; No. 10, expert rules, use of both barrels; Nos. 11 and 12, everything known. Scores:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
No. of targets in event:	..	*10*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*25*
T H Keller	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ingersoll	..	9	12	7	..	9	19	11	8	18	9	..
Hoffman	..	10	12	9	..	9	23	14	9	18	8	23
Wood	..	6	10	8	17	7	15	10	6	16	7	..
Hope	..	9	..	7	..	8	..	13	7	..	..	..
George	..	8	5	2	6	5	..	..	6	..	..	..
Breintnall	..	10	10	7	15	8	19	12	8	17	8	22
Van Dyke	..	9	14	10	18	10	25	14	10	19	9	..
Geoffrey	..	7	13	10	19	10	24	15	..	20	9	24
Shorty	..	9	13	9	18	9	24	13	9	18	5	20
Bartlett	..	9	11	10	19	10	23	..	..	..	..	..
Hebbard	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Smith	..	8	14	9	16	8	23	13	9	..	8	22
Vanduser	..	9	14	6	..	9	18	8	..	..	..	..
Thomas	..	10	10	9	10	6	.	10	8	..	10	..
T P McKenua	..	5	..	2	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Strader	..	8	..	..	..	6	..	..	3	..	5	..
Collins	..	9	12	8	17	10	22	11	..	17	9	24
Black	..	..	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Huff	..	..	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Proctor	..	..	..	6	..	10	..	11	8	..	9	..
Richmond	..	..	..	..	16	..	24	14	..	19	..	..
Youmans	..	..	..	..	20	10	21	14	9	17	9	..
Manning	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	11	9	..	9	..
Brantingham	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	13	10	..	8	..
Heritage	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	6	..	..	..	..
E Morgan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12
Jersey	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	9	..	..	..
Dr Littlefield	..	..	..	..	..	7	18	10	7	12	8	13
Capt Money	..	..	..	..	..	10	23	14	7	16	6	20
N Money	..	..	..	..	..	10	24	15	10	16	8	24
Drake	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	15	..	15	10	25
Morfey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	18	9	22
T C Wright	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	19	8	21
Lenone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	19
Dr Fletcher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	11	..
Fry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..

The detailed scores of some of the more important events are given below: No. 5, 20 targets, expert rules, entry $2:

Breintnall	11111111001101111011—15	Thomas	11001110001010100011—10
VanDyke	11111011101111111111—18	Wood	11111101111111111010—17
Geoffry	10111111111111111111—19	George	00001010001100010000— 6
Budd	11111111111111111110—19	Youmans	11111111111111111111—20
Shorty	11111101111111111011—18	Richmond	01101111111101011111—16
Collins	11111111111111001011—17	W Smith	11111101111100011111—16

No. 7, 25 targets, everything known, entrance $2 50:

Breintuall	11101110111100111111011111—19
Van Dyke	11111111111111111111111111—25
Bartlett	01111011111111111111111111—23
Hoffman	01111111111111111101111111—23
W Smith	01011111111111111111111111—23
Richmond	11111111111111111111111110—24
Shorty	11111111111111111111111011—24
Capt Money	01111111111110111111111111—23
N Money	11111111111111111111111110—24
Vanduser	11101111111111110110000011—18
E Collins	11111111111101100111111111—22
Geoffry	11111111111111111011111111—24
Ward	10011101010101000111011111—15
Youmans	11111101101111110110111111—21
Ingersoll	11111010101101111111110110—19
Littlefield	01110111110011111111000111—18
Drake	11101101111111011111111111—22
T P McKenna	01110111001101010000101000l—12

No. 10, 20 targets, expert rules, use of both barrels, entry $2:

Collins	10111111110111110111—17	Hoffman	11111111011111110111—18
Richmond	11111111110111111111—19	Geoffrey	11111111111111111111—20
N Money	10110111111211011011—16	Yeomans	11111111011101011111—17
W Drake	11111000101111110111—15	Morfey	11111100111111111111—18
CaptMoney	11111100111001111111—16	Wright	01111111111111111111—19
Shorty	11001111111111111111—18	Wood	10110111101111101111—16
Breintnall	11011111111110111110—17	Ingersoll	10011111111111111111—18
Van Dyke	11110111111111111111—19	Littlefield	00101111001110110110—12

No. 12, 25 targets, everything known, entrance $2.50:

Breintnall	01111111101111111111111110—22
Hoffman	11111110111111111111011111—23
Geoffrey	10111111111111111111111111—24
Capt Money	11110111111110111111111000—20
N Money	11111111111111111101111111—24
Morfey	11111111011110111111110111—22
Lenone	11110111100011011100111111—19
Collins	11111111111111111111111011—24
W Smith	11111110011111111111110111—22
T C Wright	11110110111111111111110111—21
Drake	11111111111111111111111111—25
Morgan	01110011101001010100100011—13
Dr Littlefield	01001101011111011000011000—13
Shorty	11001111101101011101111111—20

The Americans on British Trap Grounds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I regret exceedingly having ever publicly criticised the treatment accorded to Americans at the Gun Club and Hurlingham. Having been a guest at those clubs, no matter how contemptible the treatment, I should have remained quiet. To club men, I apologize for the "break." To sportsmen, in closing this controversy finally, I give a few plain statements, and they may decide for themselves whether Capt. Money in his recent letter to your paper states facts or fiction. The statements in the newspapers were incorrect. Following is my version of the affair:

First—Mr. Welch, *mirabile dictu*, now indorses Capt. Money's letter, though disgusted at the treatment he received, announced on the Gun Club grounds Tuesday, June 26, "I have enough," stopped shooting, and, although he went to London especially to shoot during International week, June 25 to June 30, he did not again shoot until the last day. I personally engaged Mr. Welch's return passage at his request for July 18. He, however, left England July 4. Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding, president of the American Spaniel Club, Mr. E. L. Post, and, I think, Mr. Alburger, will confirm the above.

Second—Capt Money told me he was thoroughly dissatisfied, said we were all badly handicapped, and stated that although he had tried, he could not succeed in having our handicaps changed.

Third—The *Shooting Times and British Sportsman*, of June 23, 1894, espoused our cause, and issued the following in connection with the scores of one of the shoots in which one of our party had divided the stake: "We were extremely glad to see one of the visitors to the fore, as we consider them very severely handicapped, which is scarcely the way to encourage them or others to come again. Twenty seven yards is a fair mark to start a stranger till one sees what he can do; then, if he wins a good prize or shows very marked superiority, put him back a bit. But give him a chance to start with; and it seems rather rough on foreign shots, who come immense distances to compete with us, to be stuck on the back marks to begin with, however fine shots they may be."

Fourth—The statements relative to the 2yds. difference in distance of trap from handicap mark at Hurlingham, also the changing of the trap-puller at the Gun Club were made by Mr. Post. No reflection was cast upon the Hurlingham Club as the captain implies, Mr. Post simply said that the 2yds. was a greater handicap to the long-distance men than to the short. The changing of the trap-puller at the Gun Club certainly gave good grounds for our suspicions and confirmed Capt. Money's warning to us mentioned later in this letter. We were singularly unfortunate (?) in drawing end traps and hard birds, and one day a record was kept and members of our party drew end traps time and time again, and this in connection with the strong wind blowing, certainly was an additional handicap to the unfair handicap marks from which we were shooting. We were not alone in our suspicions, for I myself overheard conversations among Englishmen on the subject. Mr. Post says the trap-pulling was denounced by certain shooters friendly to us, the result being that the trap-puller was removed. This occurred near the end of our shooting. I was not present at any meeting, but know the trap-puller was removed and a new man put in—certainly some one must have felt as we did in the matter and followed it up. The man certainly was not removed without cause. Now let me give you Mr. Post's experience after the puller had been changed. He states he went to the score and shot; he drew an inside trap, the first, he said, for some time, and upon turning to leave the score, three gentlemen came out from behind the railing and congratulated him upon his having drawn other than an end trap. Isn't this a peculiar and suggestive occurrence? Does any one who may read of this experience of Mr. Post's believe otherwise than that we were discriminated against?

Fifth—In making public the following, I beg to state that it is done with regret and only after careful consideration. I have never before made public anything told me in confidence, but after the reflections Capt Money has seen fit to cast upon me, all fair-minded men will agree that the situation warrants it. One evening on board the Britannic talking over pigeon shooting—this on our way to Europe—the Captain stated that the end traps would certainly be pulled for us at critical times; to be plain, we must expect it, as he knew the trap-puller, and we would surely be discriminated against, and wound up his statement by saying that "the worst of it is the trap-puller was formerly my gardener, and I got him his position there." Now, in connection with this, does any one believe that the Captain told this in fun? Not much; he gave it out as positive. He has shot on these same grounds for years, and he must have had some good reason for warning us as he did. Now, however, he says the opinions I have expressed are absurd; possibly they are, but he certainly then held the same views and now publicly seems to have changed for reasons best known to himself.

In conclusion I desire to say that by many we were treated very cordially, among them being Capt. Leighton, Capt. Shelley, Lord Westbury, Capt. Harvey, Mr Sutcliffe, Mr. Noakes, Mr. Walter Smith, Col. Salkeld, Sir Geo. Buckanan, Mr. Martin and Mr. Eley.

All of the above is indorsed by Mr. Post, and such parts as refer to Mr. Wilmerding, by him.

FREDERIC G. MOORE.

Wilmerding Gun Club.

WILMERDING, Pa., Sept. 1.—The Wilmerding Gun Club held a one-day shoot on this date. The conditions of the shoot were, professionals barred, known traps and angles, bluerock targets, winners of first and second moneys in any event to shoot next event under expert rules. The winners in the various events were as follows:

No. 1, everything known: A. Mackert 7, Bell 7, J. Gilm 6, Nelson 6, McEntosh 5, Skillman 5.

No. 2, same: A. Mackert 9, Hamilton 9, McEntosh 8, Lovett 7.

No. 3, 15 targets: Hamilton 13, Lovett 13, Gilm 13, Nelson 12, Skillman 11, Bell 10.

No. 4, 10 targets: Hamilton 9, McEntosh 8, Skillman 7.

No. 5, 10 targets: Nelson 10, Gilm 8, Bell 8, Messner 7.

No. 6, 20 targets:

Hamilton..11011111111111111110—18 Lovett.....11101101111111111010—17
Nelson.....11111101110111110011—16 Gilm.....11111111110111111111—19
Skillman ..11011101010000101111—12 McEntosh..01110111011110001010—12
Bell.....00101111111111111000—14

No. 7, 10 targets: Bell 9, Nelson 6, Jones 9, Gilm 8, Messner 7, Skillman 7, Lovett 7.

No. 8, 10 targets: Lister 10, Skillman 8, Gilm 8, Messner 8, Hamilton 8, McEntosh 7, Bell 7.

No. 9, 15 targets: Scott 15, Boyd 14, Armstrong 13, Nelson 12, Lovett 12, Jones 12.

No. 10, 10 targets: Nelson 9, Armstrong 9, Hamilton 9, Gilm 8, Bell 8, Scott 7, Boyd 7, Rhinehard 6, Lister 6.

No. 11, 10 targets: McEntosh 9, Hamilton 9, Boyd 8, Armstrong 8, Nelson 8, Jones 8; Scott 7, Rhinehard 7, Wilson 7.

No. 12, 10 targets: McEntosh 10, Bell 10, Rhinehard 9, Hamilton 9, Armstrong 8, Scott 8.

No. 13, 15 targets: Skillman 14, Boyd 13, Armstrong 13, Hamilton 13, Wilson 7, McEntosh 7.

No. 14, 10 targets: Skillman 9, Hamilton 8, Wilson 7, McEntosh 7.

No. 15, 10 targets: Armstrong 10, Skillman 9, Bell 7, McEntosh 7.

A. A. MACKERT, Sec'y.

Rye Gun Club.

RYE, N. Y., Sept. 3.—The Rye Gun Club was organized Aug. 30 with the following members: Leroy Gamen, Michael Doyle, Peter Hodgins, Wilbur Lyon, John Billington, Jr., William Allen, Harry Billington, John Budd, Samuel Gedney, Frank Field and Edward J. Pope. The officers elected were: President, Leroy Gamen; Vice President, John A. Billington, Jr.; Secretary, Edward J. Pope; Treasurer, Wilbur C. Lyon. Directors: John A. Budd and John S. Gedney; Captain, Michael Doyle.

The club have leased very pleasant grounds and propose to erect a suitable club house as soon as possible. Weekly and monthly trophy shoots will be held throughout the season.

The following scores were made at the opening shoot on the above date:

No. 1, 5 live birds:

W Lyon	10111—4	J Bulkley	11011—4
J Budd	11011—4	M Doyle	01101—3
E Pope	11010—3	L Gamm	00111—3

No 2, 5 live birds:

J Budd	11101—4	L Gamm	01011—3
E Pope	11100—3	W Allen	10111—4
J Bulkley	11101—4	R Held	11110—4
M Doyle	11011—4		

No 3, 5 live birds:

J A Budd	11111—5	J W Bulkley	11111—5

No. 4, 10 targets:

L Gamm	0110010011—5	R Held	0010110110—5
E J Pope	1001111111—8	W Allen	1010110111—7
J W Bulkley	0101111100—6		

Championship of British Columbia.

VICTORIA, B. C. Aug. 26.—The one hundred bird match for the provincial championship was shot over the traps of the Union Gun Club at Oak Bay yesterday. The day was an almost perfect one, the contestants in fine form, and as a result some remarkable shooting was done. J. C. Maclure, with a score of 93, broke the record for British Columbia, this being the highest score ever made in the province; F. S. Maclure took second place, with a score 88. He broke the last 46 targets straight, the longest run ever made in any match in British Columbia. J. C. Maclure and F. S. Maclure each broke 48 out of the last 50 targets. The result of the match is to give J. C. Maclure the B. C. Championship for 1894. F. S. Maclure still claims the live bird championship, no contest having taken place since 1893. The winner of match, Mr. J. C. Maclure, receives a neat gold badge beautifully engraved and bearing the inscription set in blue enamel, "Championship of British Columbia, 1894." The days scores are as follows:

J C Maclure.....11111111110111110111101111111111100111111111111111111111111111111111111101111—93
F S Maclure.....01111010011110111111111111111010101111111110111101111010111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—88
H N Short.....11111111011110101111111111111111101011110011111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—85
O Weiler.....10111011111001110011010111011111111010111111110111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—70
B H John.....11101010110111110111011111001111111110111100011111011000111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—68
F H Hewlings.....11100010111010100010110110010100101101001100011001111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—62

Adams County Sportsmen's Association.

HANOVER, Pa., Sept. 4.—The annual picnic of the Adams county sportsmen was held yesterday in the beautiful grove of Hon. W. H. Dicks, on the bank of Himes' Dam. There was a good attendance of the sportsmen of the county and also a number of visitors from other counties were present. In all, about one hundred persons enjoyed the sport of the day.

After the annual business of the organization had been transacted, the remainder of the day was spent in shooting live birds, over 600 live pigeons being used. The following are the scores in the three shoots:

No. 1, 5 live birds: I. Hoecht 4, A. Jacobs 4, C. D. Wisler 4, C. W. Malaun 5, C. Gochnauer 5, G. M. Jacobs 4, G. B. March 4, S. E. Weaver 5, J. R. Darone 5, H. F. Wehler 5, C. C. Spangler 5, L. Pottroff 5, C. S. Shirk 7, J. F. Bucher 3, D. K. Gotwald 2, A. E. Wireman 5, E. E. Albert 5, C. C. Weaver 4, R. Ertter 3.

No. 2, 10 live birds. R. Ertter 8, A. Jacobs 9, E. Fissel 8, H. G. Wehler 9, C. Gochnauer 8, J. R. Darone 10, L. Pottroff 8, F. Morrison 6, A. E. Wireman 10, S. E. Weaver 4, C. S. Shirk 10, J. F. Bucher 8, D. K. Gotwald 8, C. C. Spangler 6, G. M. Jacobs 9, L. Reinecker 8, C. D. Wisler 6, J. Morrison 10, G. B. March 8, W. H. Dicks 10.

No. 3, 9 live birds: A. E. Wireman 7, R. Ertter 6, E. Fissel 7, G. M. Jacobs 9, J. R. Darone 8, D. K. Gotwald 5, S. E. Weaver 8, C. S. Shirk 9, L. Reinecker 8, J. Menges 3, G. Wolford 9, J. F. Bucher 4, H. G. Wehler 7, J. Wolford 4, J. Morrison 7.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

THE seventh annual tournament of the Standard Keystone Company was brought to a close on Friday evening last, Sept. 7, after four days of a continuous fusillade at targets. In one respect the tournament was a curiosity—the way the targets got away from the "crackerjacks" was a caution. Mr. H. A. Penrose, of the Standard Keystone Company. managed the tournament, and kept things running at a rate that gave those present all the shooting they wanted each day by at least one hour before sundown. But Mr. Penrose had been asked to make the shooting hard, and he succeeded in doing as he was requested. The conditions of the tournament were everything at unknown angles, experts 18yds. rise, the balance at 16yds. The new model of keystone traps, with the company's electric pull attached, were used and were keyed up to the top notch, targets being thrown 70 and 80yds. The combination was too much for the vast majority of shooters present; so much so, in fact, that on the third day experts were advanced to 16yds., the others moving up to the 14-yard mark.

That the poor records made on the first two days were not wholly attributable to the extra two yards is conclusively proved by a reference to the scores after the change had been made. There was something else at fault, and what that was puzzled, and still puzzles, many of those who put up their money and shot through the programme. The location of the traps probably had a good deal to do with it.

The tournament took place about two and one-half miles from New London along the line of the electric railway that runs to Ocean Beach. Two hundred yards to the right of the streetcar line, up a hillside that was sufficiently steep to cause a quickening of the breath on the part of those who had an abundance of adipose tissue, a line of tents showed where the tournament was to take place. Parallel with the slope of the hill stood the screens behind which the two sets of traps were located, No. 5 trap in each set being considerably more down hill than No. 1. The shooters, too, stood lower than the traps, and shot up hill, the hillside being rounded off. Whether these two circumstances were to blame for the scores or not, will probably never be settled. At any rate it was claimed, and the claim seems reasonable, that the flight of the targets from traps so located must necessarily be deceptive; left-quarterers, that climbed the hill, in reality being thrown much higher than they appeared to be, while right-quarterers, which followed the slope of the hill, were really dropping much faster than most people imagined. The question was thrashed out over and over again during the four days of the tournament, and at the end the positive answer had not yet been given.

The chief results of the tournament was to place Rolla Heikes and his Winchester on a higher plane than ever, putting him practically in a class by himself, and, also, to show that 10-gauges should scarcely be allowed to stand on an equality with 12-guage guns. Glover and H. G. Wheeler are both excellent target shots; to use an accepted term, "they're about as good as they're made." These two experts wield 10-gauge guns and wield them effectively. The increased powder charge which they can use in their weapons and the larger dose of shot which they are consequently able to hurl after the targets, must necessarily give them a larger effective killing circle over their 12-gauge companions who stand on the same mark. The opening event on the

First Day.

was an extra, the regular programme being held back a little to allow the shooters from the State of Connecticut to arrive at the grounds. It was fully 10:30 before the first regular event was called. By that time it had been discovered that something was wrong, ciphers were far too common. Glover shot well, but he had the advantage of shooting the first two regular events at the 16yds. mark, going straight in each event. He was then transferred to 18yds. and shot there, except in the trophy events, until the close of the second day, when he and Wheeler were moved up to the 16yds. mark together with the other experts. This class was composed of Heikes, Dickey, Van Dyke, Bartlett, H. G. Wheeler, Upson, E. D. Fulford, Glover, "Jones" and "White."

The race for the Standard Keystone trophy brought out 23 entries, Heikes and Anthony tieing with 47 each. In the shoot off at 25 targets Heikes won with 22 to the Colonel's 20. For the Lovell diamond bicycle, Gates and Risley tied with 24 each. The tie was not shot off, Gates giving Risley value received for his chance. Scores:

First Day's Scores.

No. 1, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1.50, 29 entries:

E D Fulford....011111111011001—11 Forehand.......010111111111111—13
B A Bartlett....111110011111110—12 Glover..........111111111111111—15
O R Dickey.....011111011011101—11 Gates...........100111011110111—11
Heikes..........111111111111111—15 Herbert.........111110000111001— 9
Van Dyke......010001110111111—10 J Fulford.......100110110111111—11
White..........111011100111011—11 Tucker..........111101111010011—11
Brantingham...011010111101011—10 Cady............111101001110111—11
Daley...........010111111111111—13 Edgerton.......111011010110101—10
Chappell........000110110111100— 8 Connor..........111100010001011— 8
Jones...........111111010111111—13 Anthony.........110111111011011—12
Mascroft........111011111111011—13 Risley...........101111011101111—12
LeRoy..........111111010111011—12 Longden........010101101010011— 8
Wheeler........111111111011111—14 Sterry...........010010110011111— 9
Davis...........110110111110101—11 Savage..........110001111001001— 8
Clark...........010011000110101— 7

No. 2, 20 targets, unknown angles, entrance $2. 29 entries:

Fulford....11111011110110111011—16 Savage....11110011010010000010— 9
Bartlett...11111111111010111011—17 Gates..... 11001101111110111110—15
Heikes.....11111110011101111110—16 Glover.... 11111111111111111111—20
Dickey ....11111111110111101101—17 Burbridge.00011101110011101101—12
Van Dyke .11010111111110110101—15 Edgarton..11011110010111110101—14
White.....01110011111000110111—13 Clark......11100101000100010001— 8
Wheeler...11101000101111111111—15 Chappell.. 11011010001011010011—11
Davis......11111111111110111100—17 Tucker.....11111111111001101111—17
LeRoy ....11111111110100011101—15 Connor....10110011000100010000— 7
Herbert ...11101101001101111111—15 Sterry.....01101101111111101000—13
Branting- Forehand..11101110001110010110—12
ham......10111010110110001110—12 Anthony ..10011011111110111111—16
Jones......10110111111110101000—13 Longden...00010011010100000011— 7
Mascroft..01010010011100111011—11 Risley .....11111101000111111001—14
Cady ......11010111100001100101—11 J Fulford..11111111101111111111—19

No. 3, 25 targets, unknown angles, entrance $2.50, 28 entries, John P. Lovell Arms Co. championship contest, Lovell Diamond bicycle to highest score:

Fulford ....1011111101011101110111111—20
Bartlett................0110111011111111001000011—16
Dickey..................0011111101100111111110110—18
Heikes..................0101110111101111111111111—21
Van Dyke...............0111011110111101010010111—17
White...................0101111101011111110111010—18
Wheeler.................1111101111111111011101111—22
Davis....................0111000111111001101111111—18
LeRoy...................0101100011111011111111111—19
Herbert..................1001101110111111111011100—18
Forehand ....1111111101111110001111111—21
Anthony.................1011111111010111111111111—22
Cady.....................1110111111111111111011111—23
Savage..................0111111010100011111101011—17
Jones....................1001101011111101111101110—18
Edgarton ....1101111111011011111111111—22
Sterry...................1011111111111101111111111—23
Brantingham...........1011000111110101111110010—16
Daley....................1010111110101001110111111—18
Glover...................0111110111111111111111111—23
Clark....................0011100101010000010100001— 9
Longden................0000000001110101111011111—13
Gates....................1111111111111111111111101—24
Burbridge...............1101111100111111111110111—21
J Fulford...............0100111110011101011011111—17
Mascroft................0110110101011000100010111—13
Chappell................1110100010001111111111110—17
Risley ....1111011111111111111111111—24

No. 4, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1.50, 23 entries:

Fulford.........111110110111011—12 Cady............000010111110000— 6
Bartlett ....000111111111111—12 Savage..........11100110110011—10
Dickey..........111110110111111—13 Sterry...........001000111110111— 9
Heikes..........111110111111111—14 Tucker..........111011111111111—14
Van Dyke ......111001101111111—12 Jones...........110111011001101—10
White ....001111010010100— 7 Glover......... 111101101111100—11
Wheeler........111001111110101—11 Burbridge......011011111101011—11
LeRoy..........110011111110111—12 Edgarton.......111011110111111—13
Hubert.........110111011110101—11 Brantingham...101010101011010— 8
Forehand ......111000110010011— 8 Gates ....111101111111110 -13
Davis...........110111111111011—13 Clark...........111100001100001— 7
Anthony........010111011111011—11

No. 5, State team race, 5-men teams, 25 targets per man, unknown angles, entrance 50 cents, carload of standard keystone targets to winner in four days' contest, 4 entries:

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

Gates (captain)........................1111111111111011111111111—24
Bartlett...................................1111111111111111110111111—24
E D Fulford..............................0111111111110110011001101—18
J Fulford..................................1010011111111101111110010—18
Glover ....1111111111111111111111111—25—109

Boston Shooting Association.

Dickey (captain)........................1111111011110101111011111—21
White......................................1111111111101111111101001—21
Jones......................................1111111101111111111111111—24
Le Roy.....................................1011101011111100110111110—18
Wheeler...................................1101111111111111110111110—22—106

Worcester Sportsmen's Association.

Davis (captain)..........................1111111111110110111101110—21
Mascroft ....1111100000110110111011101—16
Forehand..................................1111111110111011110100111—20
Daley......................................0100101111110010001100101—13
Herbert....................................1110111001111111110111000—18— 88

Connecticut State Team.

Edgarton (captain)......................1111101110111111111111111—23
Risley......................................1111111011101111111111111—23
Savage.....................................1011111111100111111110111—21
Sterry......................................1100111111100111111101110—19
Burbridge.................................0010110111111110010010000—14—100

No. 6, 15 targets, unknown traps, entrance $1.50, 23 entries:

Fulford.........111111111010010—11 Savage..........011001111101100— 9
Bartlett........111111111110111—14 Edgarton.......100111101011111—11
Dickey ....111011111111111—14 Sterry...........111000110100111— 9
Heikes..........110101111111111—12 Gates...........111111110111101—13
Glover ....111111111110101—13 Burbridge......001111111101111—12
White ....110011011101111- 11 Risley...........101111110110101—11
Wheeler........111010111101000— 9 Clark...........010101011010110— 8
LeRoy..........111010111111111—13 Longden........111011110110110—11
Tucker..........111101110111111—13 J Fulford ....111111111111111—15
Jones...........111101101111111—13 Brantingham...011100110011111—10
Anthony........111111011111101—13 Van Dyke......111111101111101—13
Cady............111111110111110—13

No. 7, Standard Keystone trophy, 50 targets, unknown angles, entrance $3, 23 entries:

Fulford...........11111110111110111110111111111100101111110111110 1—42
Bartlett ....01111011111111111111111010110111111011110111110—42
Dickey.............11011111111111111111111111011100111111111111111—46
Heikes.............11100111111111111111111111111111011111111111111—47
Van Dyke.........11011111111111001111110110101111111111111111111—44
Glover.............11111010111111011111111111111111111111111111110—46
Gates..............11111110101101111111111111011111111111111011110110—42
Burbridge.........01111111101111110101011110100111001111000110100 1—34
Sterry.............11011011011111101100111111000111000001000001111 00—29
Jones..............01110111111001101111111110011111010111010111100 01—36
White..............01111111111001011111101110000111101111111111010 111—38
Daley..............10000011111111101111011100101011011110011101100111—33
Edgarton..........11111011101111111111101111011110101110110111101011—40
Wheeler...........11111011111111111111111011111111111111111111110110—45
LeRoy ....11100000111111111111111111110001110010110111110 11—37
Cady...............10011101001010110011101011101101101011110000011 11—30
Savage............11111111110100001101111101111101111110111111110011—39
Anthony...........01111111111111111111111111111111111111111001111111—47
Risley.............11111010101011111111111111101110110111111111110101—41
Herbert............11111111101011111111111111011111111110101111111101 1—39
Davis..............01111110101111111111101110111011101111111001011111 01—39
Mascroft..........10110111100010011011111100111001101110010010110000—29
Forehand..........11111011111111111111001111111101111011011010111 11—42

Trophy tie:

Heikes..............................0111111011111101111111111—22
Anthony ....1110111101001111111101111—20

No. 8, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1.50, 30 entries:

Fulford.........111110111011000—10 A Wheeler......111011011010110—10
Bartlett........111110110111111—13 W Wheeler.....001111101111110—11
Dickey..........011111111111000—11 Clark...........001010111000100— 6
Tucker..........101111111111111—14 Longden ....000100100111000— 5
Van Dyke......011110011110111—11 Conner.........000011010110011— 7
Glover..........111111111111111—15 Edgarton ......011111011111101—12
Wheeler........111111111111111—15 Gates...........111111111110111—14
LeRoy ....011111111111111—14 White ....011111011110111—12
Herbert.........110110001111001— 9 Jones ....011101111101111—12
Davis...........011011100111110—10 Sterry..........110111111111111—14
Forehand.......011101111110110—11 Mascroft ....110100101101111—10
Anthony........101111101001110—10 Burbridge......110100111100110—10
Cady...........111111011011101—12 Brantingham ...011100111011010— 9
Savage ....111100110111100—10 Risley ....111110111111111—14
J Fulford.......110111101110100—10 Heikes..........111111111011111—14

No. 9, 20 targets, unknown angles, entrance $2, 26 entries:

Fulford....01001101110110111111—14 Cady ......11110001111111011101—15
Bartlett....00111111101110011111—15 Savage....10110111110111111011—16
Dickey ....10101111111101111100—14 Edgarton..10010111000111011111—13
Van Dyke..10110111111111010000 -13 Jones......10101111001111110111—15
White .....11110100101110111011—14 J Fulford..01110101110111011110—14
Glover.....11111011011111111111—18 A Wheeler.11011000110111111100—12
Wheeler...10111110111111111111—18 W Wheeler 10110110101110111110—14
LeRoy ....11111110111111111100—17 Clark......11000001001000101000— 6
Herbert...11111111111011111111—19 Heikes ....10111111101111111011—17
Davis......11101111011111111111—18 Mascroft..01111111110011010101—13
Forehand..01111111101101100111—15 Sterry ....11011111011011100011—14
Anthony ..01011011111111110111—16 Risley.....11101110110001111111—15
Gates.....11111111110111111111—19 Burbridge.00111011111111101110—15

No. 10, 10 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1, 28 entries:

Fulford..............0111110101— 7 Jones.............. 1110111110— 8
Bartlett.............0111111010— 7 Mascroft ....0001101101— 5
Dickey...............1100011100— 5 Heikes...............1110001111— 7
White................0111111111— 9 Edgarton............1111111111—10
Van Dyke............1111111111—10 Sterry...............0111111111— 9
Glover...............1011110111— 8 Clark................1111111110— 9
Wheeler.............1110001010— 5 Gates................1011010010— 5
LeRoy...............0110110010— 5 Brantingham ....0001101011— 5
Herbert..............1000111111— 7 Tucker...............1100010111— 6
Davis................1011110111— 8 Burbridge............1101111011— 8
Forehand............1101100101— 6 A Wheeler...........0011110001— 5
Anthony ....1101001110— 6 W Wheeler..........1010100111— 6
Cady.................0011110111— 7 John Fulford.........1001111111— 8
Savage ....0101111111— 8 Risley................1110111111— 9

Second Day.

The second day was much the same as the first in every condition, save that there was more wind. The sun barely showed himself for more than a few minutes, and barring the wind everything was favorable for good scores. Wheeler broke 182 out of the 210 called for in the regular programme events, beating Heikes and Upson by one target, each breaking 181. Wheeler won the Colt hammerless gun donated to the highest scorer in the third event, breaking 23 out of 25, Heikes, Gates and Savage were only one target behind him with 22 each. In the State team race the Boston Shooting Association team gained one target on the leaders, breaking 102 to the Oneida county team's 101, leaving the New Yorkers two targets ahead on the two days' shoot. Thirty-seven shooters took part in the programme events, the entries averaging throughout the day about 24 in each event.

The L. C. Smith trophy, won last year by Mr. O. R. Dickey, of Boston, with a score of 49, was won by Heikes with 46 breaks, Colonel Anthony, Upson and Savage taking second place with 45 each; Dickey was third with 43.

Among the new arrivals on this day was Captain Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co., who found the targets just as difficult as the rest of the boys. Scores:

Second Day's Scores.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
No. of targets in event	*15*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*50*	*15*	*20*	*10*
Heikes	11	17	22	13	22	13	46	12	16	9
Dickey	11	16	20	11	19	8	43	12	17	6
E D Fulford	11	11	21	11	16	10	40	10	9	4
Bartlett	10	13	19	12	18	8	37	14	18	7
Van Dyke	8	13	19	11	15	12	37	9	16	4
White	11	9	21	..	21	..	39	..	..	..
Gates	13	15	22	14	22	14	33	12	18	8
Burbridge	9	17	15	..	19	..	30	5	..	..
Mills	9	10	16	12	..	10	..	9	12	5
H G Wheeler	12	19	23	13	22	12	41	11	20	9
Sterry	15	16	19	10	14	12	..	12	15	6
Upson	14	16	21	13	18	15	45	13	17	9
J Fulford	11	16	19	..	22	9	..	..	..	10
Risley	11	14	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	..
Brantingham	9	11	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Money	9	15	21	..	18	..	42	..	13	..
Jones	12	16	17	..	20	..	39	10	..	..
Glover	10	16	21	12	23	12	40	13	18	9
LeRoy	10	12	15	9	20	12	38	12	17	6
Clark	12	14	17	4	..	..	..	11	9	7
Herbert	10	15	17	9	..	13	..	13	17	5
Mascroft	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	..
Anthony	11	12	16	11	16	11	45	11	15	7
Cady	12	10	18	7	..	7	34	10	16	7
Tucker	12	..	..	7	14	..	..	..	..	..
W Wheeler	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Savage	11	14	22	10	17	..	45	12	17	5
Edgarton	10	15	18	12	18	9	37	14	18	9
Field	13	..	..	11	..	..	..	7	..	4
Jap	8	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	5
J C Tucker		..	..	9	8	..	..	2	..	5
Briggs		..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
C H Tucker		..	..	..	16	..	..	5	..	..
A A Tucker		..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Briggs		..	..	..	10	..	..	5	..	..
Daley		..	..	..	..	9	..	6	14	..
A Wheeler		..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	4

Detailed scores in the special events of this day's programme are as follows:

No. 7, team race, five-men teams, 25 targets per man, entrance $2.50 per team. Carload of standard keystone targets to the team making the highest aggregate during the tournament:

Boston Shooting Association.

Dickey (Captain)......................1110111101110010110111111—19
White......................................1111111001111100111111111—21
Jones......................................1101111011111011111110110—20
Le Roy.....................................1000111111111111110101111—20
Wheeler...................................1111111111111111111001101—22—102

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association

Gates (Captain)........................1111111111111100'0111111—22
Bartlett...................................1101111001100111100111111—18
J Fulford..................................1111111111110101110111111—22
E D Fulford..............................1111010111100101100011110—16
Glover ....1111111111011111011111111—23—101

Connecticut State Team.

Edgarton (Captain)......................1101100111111111000111011—18
Risley......................................1101111011111111111111001—21
Savage.....................................0111110010011110111011111—17
Sterry......................................1101110000111110011011000—14
Burbridge.................................1011001111111011111100111—19 - 89

Tucker's Rhode Island Team.

S A Tucker...............................0110111010011001111011000—14
J C Tucker ....1100000110100010010010000— 8
C H Tucker...............................1100111100110111000011111—16
A A Tucker...............................0110111111001111000100001—14
Briggs ....0110000110101000000100111—10— 62

No. 9, L. C. Smith trophy, 50 targets, unknown angles, entrance $3, 18 entries:

Heikes...........11111111111111111110110111110111111111111111111111—46
Dickey...........11111111111111101111110111111111001011110110111111—43
E D Fulford......11011111011111110011111111010010111111011011110 10—40
Bartlett...........10110111111010010101111111110101111011110110111101—37
Van Dyke.........01010111110011101111101111111111111011001110001111—37
Upson ....11111111101111111111111100111111111111011101111111—45
Gates.............11101010011110111110111101010011101110101101010101—33
LeRoy.............01010111111001111111100101011101111101111011111 1—38
Cady..............11011011110100111111101110111111110100011001100 11—34
Edgarton.........10110011001111100000111110011101111111111111111111—27
Glover............11001101011111111101111111010111101011011111111 1—40
Anthony..........11101111111111011101111111110101111111111111111111—45
Wheeler..........11111111110110111101111011110101001111101111101 1—41
Savage...........11111100111111111111111111111111111011101101111—45
White 01111111110011111111001101101111111111011101110 10- 39
Money.............11111110111100111101111111011111110111110111110111—42
Burbridge........01111101101111000111011001101101110101100011101 1—30
Jones.............11111011110111110111111001111111010110110111101 01—39

No 3, 25 targets, unknown angles, entrance $2.50, Colt hammerless trap gun donated to highest scorer, 24 entries:

Heikes.....................................1111111100111011111111111—22
Dickey.....................................0111101111111100110111111—20
Fulford ....1111111111010101111111101—21
Bartlett...................................1111110111111111010011010—19
Van Dyke.................................0101011011111111110111101—19
Upson......................................1111100111111011111111101—21
Gates......................................1101111111111101110111111—22
White ....1111111101111101111110101—21
Mills.......................................1000110111001101110111101—16
LeRoy.....................................1100011101010110101001111 -15
Herbert....................................0110011111111000111110011—17
Anthony..................................1101011010011111110100011 - 16
Wheeler...................................1111111101101111111111111—23
Cady.......................................1111110010101111100111110—18
Savage....................................1011110111111011111111111—22
Sterry......................................0111111011011111110111001—19
Burbridge.................................1011001011010110011111100—15
Jones......................................1011101111111010110111000—17
Brantingham.............................1111001011110011101111110—18
Glover.....................................1100111111101011111101111—21
J Fulford ....1010110111010111111111110—19
Clark.......................................0100011100111111101110111—17
Money.....................................1011101111011111111111110—21
Edgarton..................................1110110101010111110011111—18

Third Day.

Early this morning the weather looked threatening; the wind had shifted completely around and came directly across the traps from the east. A few gentle showers did fall while some of the first events on the programme were being decided, but toward noon the sun came out and the afternoon was simply a perfect one for breaking targets. The wind died away to nothing and the Sound at the back of the shooters was as calm as a duck pond.

According to the arrangement announced the previous evening, amateurs moved up to the 14yds. mark, experts taking their stand at 16yds. Better scores were the natural result but still nothing of a phenomenal result was recorded. Forty-five shooters took part in the programme events, the entries averaging nearly twenty-seven.

In event No. 3, 25 targets, Winchester repeating shotgun added. Heikes came out ahead with 25 straight, Wheeler and Willey being second and third with 24 and 23 respectively. In connection with this race a rather amusing incident occurred. Heikes had left one of his guns down town—his favorite gun. Finding he was not doing well with the one he had with him he dispatched a boy to New London for the other. Just as Heikes was stepping to the score to shoot his string, the boy wos seen running up the hill from the streetcar track with Rolla's winning gun. In two minutes it was out of the case and the result was as above—25 straight.

The State team race left the New York team with ths substantial lead of 11 targets for the Boston men to overcome on the last day. Strangely enough, all through these contests E. D. Fulford was the weak man on the New York team. E. D. has shown conclusively of late that he is an expert target shot, but he had a hoodoo with him at New London, and he couldn't down it.

In event No. 7, Peters Cartridge Company's trophy, Heikes was once more to the fore with 47 out of 50. Van Dyke, who shot more like himself in this event, and Glover, tied for second place with 45. Col. Anthony was third with 44, dropping his forty-second, forty-third and forty fourth targets, when he had a good chance to once more tie Heikes. The colonel's work in the trophy events to date is worth looking at, showing as it does what the Tarheel State representative can do when it comes to a long race. In considering the scores made by the shooters, it should be remembered that all events throughout the tournament were at unknown angles

Among the new arrivals to-day were W. M. Thomas of the U. M. C. Company, and his son. Young Mr. Thomas is not a shooter, but he can ride a wheel, coming from Bridgeport to the Pequot House, New London, 72 miles, in about eight hours. A. C. Courtney of the Lefever Arms Company, put in an appearance late in the afternoon, but did not shoot.

Third Day's Scores.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
No. of targets	*15*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*50*	*15*	*20*	*10*
Heikes	10	18	25	14	24	15	47	14	17	7
E D Fulford	8	18	17	11	15	14	38	11	15	10
Upson	14	17	18	14	21	14	43	13	19	9
Dickey	13	19	20	10	16	10	41	15	16	10
Van Dyke	11	16	21	13	23	13	45	12	18	7
Bartlett	14	18	21	12	21	10	40	13	18	9
Gates	11	18	21	12	22	11	38	15	16	7
Mills	11	13	15	9	..	10	..	11	16	6
Glover	13	19	19	15	22	14	45	14	8	9
Cowee	11	15	20	13	..	13	38	12	17	9
Edgarton	9	17	22	12	13	11	35	8	..	..
Anthony	9	11	16	13	16	11	44	13	17	9
Sterry	13	11	20	11	13	13	..	14	18	10
H G Wheeler	14	17	24	14	22	12	39	14	16	8
Savage	12	19	17	10	17	9	35	13	17	8
Clark	7	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
White	10	15	..	15	15	..	..	..	13	..
Willey	12	17	23	10	..	14	42	..	19	..
Raven	11	13	16	..	..	..	..	11	10	6
Mascroft	13	15	..	15	..	13	..	11	19	8
Barlow	2	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cady	12	18	20	14	22	13	38	10	..	..
Thomas	12	9	..	13	..	14	..	13	16	7
Davis	10	17	22	9	..	10	..	7	16	..
J Fulford	13	19	22	14	21	14	42	13	18	10
Herbert	12	16	21	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
LeRoy	11	11	17	13	18	13	35	..	..	..
Tucker	12	16	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Keller	11	17	20	14	..	12	35	12	16	7
Jones	11	12	20	11	21	12	..	14	..	..
Mitchell	12	14	..	8	..	6	..	7	..	..
Smith	10	9	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
White	13	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Burbridge	8	..	19	..	17	..	..	..	..	..
Money		14	20	14	12	8	41	..	16	8
Brokaw		..	..	..	..	..	20	7	..	..
Crane		13	..	..	..	13	..	12	14	..
Harvey		..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Short		..	..	13	..	9	..	10	..	5
Gordon		..	..	..	..	11	..	8	..	..
Johnson		..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Bucklen		..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Conner		..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Brantingham		..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Edwards		..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

Detailed scores in the special events in to-day's programme are as follows:

No. 3, 25 targets, unknown angles, entrance $2.50, Winchester repeating shotgun donated to highest scorer, 27 entries:

Heikes ....1111111111111111111111111—25
Fulford.......................1101111001011011011101101—17
Upson.........................1101110011001111111110101—18
Dickey........................1111111011101111111100110—20
Van Dyke......................1111111101111111110110101—21
Bartlett......................1111101101111111111111010—21
Gates.........................1111001111111001111111111—21
Mills.........................0001111011110011101010010—15
Cady..........................1111011111111111111001100—20
LeRoy.........................0111011110100111111100101—17
Keller........................1111110110111110111011101—20
Anthony.......................1101011111100101001011111—16
Wheeler.......................1110111111111111111111111—24
Savage........................0101111010011011111011110—17
Herbert.......................1110011111110111011111111—21
Glover........................0110110111111111100111110—19
Edgarton......................0101111111111111111111101—22
Sterry........................1111111100101001111111111—20
Davis.........................1111111111011111101111011—22
Money.........................1101111110101110011111111—20
Raven.........................1110011011101110100101011—16
White.........................1111110111101110111111010—19
Cowee.........................0111110110111111011111011—20
J Fulford.....................1111111111110011111111110—22
Willey........................0111111111011111111111111—23
Burbridge.....................0111111011101111011110110—19
Jones.........................0110111110111110101111111—20

No. 5, team race, five-men teams, 25 targets per man, entrance $2.50 per team. Carload of targets to team making the highest aggregate during the tournament:

Connecticut State Team.

Edgarton (Captain)..................0010111000111011111100000—13
Sterry..............................0001101000111110001011101—13
Savage..............................1110101001010110111110111—17
Burbridge...........................0010101011111110111111001—17
Cady................................1111101101111111110111111—22— 82

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

Gates (Captain).....................1101110101111111111111111—22
Bartlett............................1111001111110111111011111—21
J Fulford...........................1110111110111111111111100—21
E D Fulford.........................1011101011100011101100101—15
Glover..............................1110011111111111111110111—22—101

Boston Shooting Association.

Dickey (Captain)....................1010110110111011100011011—16
White...............................0111011001011111110110000—15
Jones...............................1101110111110111111101111—21
LeRoy...............................1111010011101110111010111—18
Wheeler.............................1111101111101111111101111—22— 92

No. 7, Peters Cartridge Co's trophy, unknown angles, entrance $3, 20 entries:

Heikes..........11101111111111111111111110111111111111111111111110—47
E D Fulford.....01010111011111111010111111011100111101111110110111—38
Dickey..........11101110111100111111100101110111111111111111011111—41
Upson...........11110111101111111111111011111001010111111111111111—43
Van Dyke........11111011011111111111111101111001111111111111111111—45
Bartlett........01011111111101111011110101111111110011111111101110—40
Gates...........00111011110111001011111111111001111110101111110111—38
Glover..........00111111101111111111111111111111111110011111111111—45
Cady............11111100111111111111011100101011110101010110111110—38
Edgarton........10101110000011111100111000011011111111111111011111—35
Keller..........10101011111110111011111010100111101101101110101110—35
Anthony.........11111111011011111111111101111111111111111000111111—44
Wheeler.........00111010110011111111111011101111111010111111011111—39
Savage..........01010111100101101111110111101101010100100101111111—33
Willey..........11110111111111110101101111101111111110111110110111—42
LeRoy...........01111111110101011001110011010101111110111000111111011—35
Money...........11111111111111111110111110110110111011011110110101011—41
Cowee...........10110111110111011101110110110101111111110001111111110—38
Brokaw..........00101010001111010010000010000100010001010111010010 1—10
J Fulford.......11111110111110110110111111111111111111110101110101 0—42

Fourth Day's Scores.

The programme as arranged for this day called for 215 shots, the special events being the fourth round in the State team race, the team race between East and West, and the 100 target race for the championship of the United States. The most important additions to the list of shooters were "Milt" Lindsley and A. G. Courtney, both of whom dropped in for the last day of the tournament.

The race for the individual championship resulted in a victory for Glover by one target. His winning score was 93 as against Connor's 93 last year. Heikes and Wheeler were close up with 92, Wheeler dropping his 100th target. Upson was third with 90, E. D. Fulford fourth with 88, Bartlett and Gates dividing fifth money, with a score of 86. The conditions of this event, as stated in the programme, are that it shall "determine who is the champion target shot of America from year to year. The prize is a handsome diamond ring, that is duplicated each year, and becomes the personal property of the winner. The conditions are 100 targets, open to the world, entrance $5. Rule, known trap, unknown angles, purse divided, 40% to second, 30% to third, 20% to fourth, 10% to fifth." As will be noted, the 10-gauges were away up in front.

The result of the State team race is given in detail below, the Oneida County Sportsman's Association winning the carload of targets. The team race between East and West was not shot.

Below is given a summary of the programme events on this day's card:

	1	2	3	4	5	6		1	2	3	4	5	6
No. of targets	15	20	15	15	25	100	*No. of targets*	15	20	15	15	25	100
Heikes	15	18	14	13	24	92	Thomas	13	19	14	10	..	81
Bartlett	13	16	11	15	21	86	Sterry	11	18	11	12	19	..
Upson	13	19	12	14	22	90	H G Wheeler	13	20	13	13	25	92
Van Dyke	12	20	8	12	23	76	Edgarton	14	16	12	10	21	..
Dickey	10	16	14	13	24	84	Tucker	10	14	14	14	..	79
Glover	13	19	14	14	22	93	Courtney	9	17	11	8	..	78
Gates	13	19	11	14	20	86	Willey	10	18	..	..	20	83
Mascroft	11	..	..	..	..	..	Jones	14	..	13	..	23	..
Barlow	0	7	..	..	..	..	W Wheeler	15	18	8	..	..	..
E D Fulford	10	17	12	14	22	88	Mills	10	..	..	..	..	..
Cowee	13	13	..	11	..	..	Mack	9	..	9	12	..	..
Anthony	11	14	8	11	13	63	Short	6	..	..	..	..	..
Raven	10	9	6	..	..	..	Cady	7	15	9	13	19	69
Keller	12	15	11	15	..	80	Money	13	19	14	13	21	84
Mitchell	10	..	6	12	..	..	Lindsley	9	15	8	12	..	59
White	13	17	10	14	19	..	Field	..	..	12	..	..	..
LeRoy	12	16	..	..	19	..	McFarlane	..	..	..	..	11	..
J Fulford	12	19	12	15	21	..	A H Wheeler	..	..	..	13	..	..

Detailed scores in the special events of this day's programme are as follows:

No. 5, State team race, 5 men teams, 25 targets per man, entrance $2.50 per man. Carload of targets to team making the highest aggregate during the tournament:

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

Gates (Capt.).......................0111111010111101111011111—20
Bartlett............................1011111101110111111111011—21
J Fulford...........................1100111111111111111100011—20
E D Fulford.........................1100101111111111111111111—22
Glover..............................1110111111111111010111111—22—105

Boston Shooting Association.

Dickey (Capt.)......................1111111111111111011111111—24
White...............................1011111110111110011101011—19
Jones...............................1011111111111111111110111—23
LeRoy...............................1111100110010111111011111—19
Wheeler.............................1111111111111111111111111—25—110

Connecticut State Team.

Edgarton............................0111010111111111101111101—21
Cady................................1101111110111111100111010—19
Willey..............................1111011111011011110111011—20
Sterry..............................1110110111111101001110111—19
McFarlane...........................0100110000100001011111101—11—90

This contest resulted in a win for the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association of New York State by the small margin of 6 targets, the Boston Shooting Association, of Boston, Mass., making a grand rally on the fourth and last day. The following is a summary of each day's work, with the totals:

	Oneida County Sportsmen's Assoc'n.	Boston Shooting Association.	Connecticut State Team.
First day	109	106	100
Second day	101	102	87
Third day	101	92	82
Fourth day	105	110	90
	—	—	—
	416	410	359

The Worcester Sportsmen's Association shot in this race, making 88 on the first day; it then withdrew. A team from Rhode Island shot on the second day, scoring 62.

The individual scores of the members of the winning team are: Glover 92, Gates 88, Bartlett 84, J. Fulford 81, E. D. Fulford 71. Glover's 92 is the top score in the race, Wheeler, of the Boston team, being a good second with 91.

No. 6, individual championship of the United States at targets, 100 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles, open to the world entrance $5. First prize, diamond ring; purse divided, 40% to second highest score, 30% to third, 20% to fourth and 10% to fifth. 18 entries:

Glover.........11111111111111101011111111111111111111111110111111011—46
               11110111111011111111111111111111111111111101111111111—47—93
Heikes.........11111011111111111101111111111111111001111111111111011—45
               1111110111111111111111111110111111111111111111111110—47—92
Wheeler........1111111111111111011001111111111111111111111111111—47
               11111111111111111101111111111111110011111011111111110—45—92
Upson..........0111111111011111111111101111111111111111111111111110—46
               10111111111100111111111111111111111111111111001111011—44—90
Fulford........11111100111111110111111011111111111111111011111111—45
               10110111101111101101111111111111111111001111111111111—43—88
Bartlett.......01011111111101011111111111110111101111110110110111—41
               11011111111110101111111111111111111111111101101111 1—45—86
Gates..........11111101110111101111111101111111111111111111111111—46
               11111111111101011011110011111010010101111111111111—40—86
Dickey.........11110111111111111111101011111011111111101110111111—44
               11111110111101011111111111101011010111111111011001—40—84
Money..........10111111101111111111111111000111111111010110011111—41
               01111111111111011111111111101101111011111011011111—43—84
Willey.........11111011010111111111100111111111110010111111111110—41
               11111011111011111101111111111101111111101001101111 1—42—83
Thomas.........11101110101110111101111111111101100101111111110111—40
               00111111100111101111111111111111111111100111001111—41—81
Tee Kay........10110111010010111111101111101111111101111111111101—40
               11111011001110111111111011110111110111111111000111—40—80
Tucker.........10111000001111101111111101110110111001011111111111—37
               01110111111111111111111101101111011111111010011111—42—79
Courtney.......01101111110011011011011110111111111011110111111011—39
               1011111111001111111001110111110111110111110111010—39—78
Van Dyke.......111110101110101111010101011101111111111101111001111—37
               110101111001110010100111101111111111110111111111111—39—76
Dady...........001101011011010100111111001011111111001010001 0011—30
               110101110111111101111110011111111110100101011111111—39—69
Anthony........01001011111111110101010011111100000010010011011101—29
               1111111011111111001011111011101001101010111000001—34—63
Lindsley.......00010000111011111111011111111011001001110111001001—31
               0101100000000111000101101101101110111111011011 0110—28- 59

Northville Gun Club.

Northville, Mich., Sept. 3.—The Northville Gun Club held its first tournament on the club grounds at Northville, Mich., on Aug. 30 and 31. It was pronounced by all shooters present, some sixty in number, one of the pleasantest and most successful shoots they had ever attended. The attendance was not quite as large as was expected, but this is attributed to the fact that duck shooting commences on Sept. 1 and many sportsmen, who would otherwise have been on hand, had made arrangements to go to the marshes on those dates to be ready at break of day on Sept. 1. It was an enthusiastic gathering, however, and the visiting shooters were loud in their praises of the courtesies extended by the Northville Club. There were eleven events on the card each day, the Parker handicap governing all sweepstake events.

The grounds are located but a short distance from the hotel—a ride of a few minutes and you are there. Bluerock traps and targets were used. The traps were placed on a low piece of ground called Yerke's Flats. The background was poor as there were high hills heavily wooded directly in front and to the right of the traps. All the shooters except a few were using black powder, but before the day was over Mr. John Parker convinced many of team that the only load to use was American wood powder loaded by the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co. in Winchester shells.

Among the trap shots present were W. R. Hobart, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Mr. John Parker, with his L. C. Smith gun, American wood powder and the Chamberlin Cartridge and Trap Co. load; Messrs. Renick, Marks, Klein, Brady, of Detroit, Mich; Mr. Donaldson, of Windsor, Ont.; Mike Low of Milford, Mich., Osmun, Windate, Linderman, Giddings, Stewart, Webb, Cooper, Cutchler, North, of Pontiac, Mich.; Shaw, Hicks, of Novi; W. S. Yerkes, Thornton, Butler, Green, Hueston, W. H. Yerkes, R. C. Yerkes, Simmons, C. Harrington, Harmon, Gilder, of Northville. The following are the scores:

First Day.

No 1, 10 targets, entrance $1: Parker 8, Thornton 9, Hueston 8, W. Yerkes 6, Clay 7, John Shaw 7, Donaldson 10, Klein 9, Harmon 8, Butler 7, Hobart 9, Renick 19, Low 8.

No. 2, 10 targets, entrance $1: Hueston 6, Harmon 9, Parker 8, Butler 8, Green 9, Windate 7, Linderman 3. Webb 4, W. H. Yerkes 8, Harrington 3, North 7, Osmun 5. W. G. Yerkes 9, Giddings 5, Cutchler 9, Hobart 9.

No. 3, 10 targets: Klein 10, Thornton 7, Hobart 7. Harman 7, Yerkes 7, Cutchler 7, Green 5, Stewart 7, Low 9, Wakely 7, Kemmel 8, Stewart 9, Clay 8, Cooper 7.

No. 4, 10 targets, entrance $1: Klein 9, Clay 6, Cooper 7, Linderman 6, Yerkes 9, Giddings 7, Osmun 9, Wakely 8, Thornton 7, Webb 9, North 6, W. H. Yerkes 7, Rennick 9, Hueston 8, Butler 8, Donaldson 8, Parker 7, Windate 7.

No. 5, team race, Detroit and Northville:

Detroit.

Donaldson...........................1101111111111100111111111—22
Klein...............................1111101111011011011111111—21
Brady...............................1111101101100011111111111—20
Hobart..............................0111111111110111111111111—23
Rennick.............................1111110110101111111111111—22
Marks...............................1111110110110110111101001—18
Parker..............................1111101111111111111111111—24—150

Northville.

R C Yerkes..........................1111000110111111111010111—19
Cutchler............................0011101111111111111110111—21
Butler..............................1110111101101111011111110—20
Thornton............................0111111111011110011101111—20
W H Yerkes..........................0110111111011111111101000—18
Hueston.............................1101111111111111110111111—23
Harmon..............................1111111011111111111110111—23—144

No. 5, 15 targets, entrance $1.50: Linderman 9, Webb 10, North 6, Thornton 12, Cooper 12, Cutchler 12, Stewart 10, Giddings 11, W. H. Yerkes 14, W. G. Yerkes 9, Harmon 7, Klein 12, Donaldson 10, Butler 10, Lon 11, Renick 8, Osmun 10, Gilder 14, Green 12, Windiate 13, Hobart 13, Parker 13, Clay 10.

No. 6, 15 targets, entrance $1.50: Thornton 11. Green 12, Clay 12, Osmun 11, Cutchler 13, Stewart 10, Gilder 12. D. P. Yerkes 11, W. H. Yerkes 14, Parker 13, Hobart 9, Windiate 13, Hueston 11, Wakely 6, Butler 14, Harmon 14, Donaldson 14, Klein 13, Low 11, Renick 12.

No. 7, 15 targets, $1.50 entrance: W. H. Yerkes 13, Butler 13, Donaldson 11, Harmon 14, Parker 14, Windiate 10, Klein 9, Cutchler 15.

No. 8, merchandise shoot, 20 targets, entrance 50c:

Wells	10110010000100000110— 7	Hobart	11111111111111111011—19
WH Yerkes	11011111111101100110—15	Babcock	00001001011110000011— 9
Simmons	11111100101011110010—13	North	10111111111111100110—16
Green	01010001101111111111—14	Wakely	01110111010111101001—13
Weaver	01100011100010010110— 9	Low	11110011111101111011—16
Clay	11111101101111101111—17	Klein	11111001111111111111—18
Hicks	11011110011001101001—12	Kimmel	11001100111010101011—12
Linderm'n	11011011000000111100—10	DP Yerkes	10111100101100111000—11
Webb	10001101011001100100— 9	Hueston	00111100111111101111—15
Cutchler	01101010111111111101—15	Butler	01111111111011111101—17
Windiate	10111101111111110101—16	Osman	01110010111111111101—15
Thornton	10111111111111111111—19	Giddings	11111111101011111010—16
Parker	11110111101111111111—18	Stewart	11111011000011111101—14
Renick	11111111111111111111—20	WH Yerkes	11010110101111111110—15
Marks	11101101110011011101—14	Harmon	11011111111111111011—18

No. 9, 10 targets, entrance $1: Simmons 7, Cutchler 6, R. Yerkes 9, Osmun 8, Parker 10, Low 8, Allen 6, Butler 9, Hobart 8, Harmon 5, Donaldson 7, Marks 7, Klein 10, Houston 8, Windiate 8, Clay 7, Webb 4, Cooper 5, Giddings 8, Stewart 7, Renick 9, North 8.

No. 10, 10 targets, entrance $1: Low 8, Wakely 8, Weaver 7, Donaldson 10, Hobart 8, Windiote 6, Hueston 8, Marks 7, Clay 7, Stewart 5, Osmun 6, North 7, Harmon 4, Lindeman 4, Cooper 5, Renick 5, Butler 5, Klein 3, Parker 6.

No. 11, 15 targets, entrance $1.50:

Renick	011111011111011—12	Donaldson	010111111011011—10
Marks	111011101111111—13	Klein	111111111111110—14
Parker	111111111111111—15	Clay	001111101110111—11
North	011010110111110—10	Harmon	110111011111011—12
Butler	011111001011011—10	Osmun	101101011011111—11

With the last event ended the day's shooting. The farmers in the vicinity of the village were in great hopes that the tournament would act in the capacity of a rainmaker, but were doomed to disappointment. In the evening the visiting shooters were pleasantly entertained by the Northville Gun Club in their club parlors.

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1. Renick 10, Donaldson 8, Kline 8, Parker 8, Butler 9, Gilder 7, Hobart 10, Osmun 10, Harmon 9, Windate 7, Cutchler 8, Clay 8, Webb 8, North 8, Cooper 2.

No. 2, 10 targets, entrance $1. Green 8, Thornton 8, Kimmel 5, Linderman 4, North 10, W. G. Yerkes 7, Clay 8, Stewart 7, Giddings 6, Webb 4, Hueston 7, Gilder 4, Windate 7, Cooper 4, Kline 8, Donaldson 9, Parker 8, Cutchler 8, Hobart 9, Renick 6, Osmun 7, Butler 5, Harmon 6.

No. 3, 10 targets, entrance $1. North 9, Donaldson 8, Hobart 8, Harmon 8, Butler 7, Osmun 8, Parker 11, Windate 8, R. C. Yerkes 10, Hueston 7, W. H. Yerkes 8, Kimmel 7, Green 8, Gilder 8, Renick 9, Cutchler 8, Stewart 8, Lindeman 7, Clay 9, Giddings 6, Klein 7, W. G. Yerkes 8, Thornton 10, Shaw 9, Simmons 7.

No. 4, 3 men team race, 25 targets, entrance $2.25 per man, 4 moneys, $20 added by the club:

Webb................................1111101000001010111110101—15
Linderman...........................1001010111101011111100001—14
Cooper..............................1101110111100011011101111—18—47
Windate.............................1101111111011010000011111—18
Giddings............................1101010101011111110111101—18
Stewart.............................1011111110111111011111001—20—56
W G Yerkes..........................0111111101111111111111010—21
Thornton............................1111111111100011010111111—20
Green...............................0001111110111111011011010—17—58
Clay................................1011100010111111011101011—17
Hobart..............................1110111000010111111101111—18
Donaldson...........................1110100111100110111101111—18—53
W H Yerkes..........................1110101111011110101111111—20
Simmons.............................1110111111111111111111111—24
Butler..............................0000111111110111110111101—17—61
Parker..............................0111111111111111110111111—23
Rennick.............................1111110111111111110111011—22
Klein...............................1111111101011011110000010—16—61
Harmon..............................1111111001101111010001110—19
R C Yerkes..........................1001101011011110101101111—17
Hueston.............................1111000101111000111001110—15—50
Cutchler............................1111001111100011111101011—18
Osmun...............................1111111111110111011111111—23
North...............................1111010111111111111010111—21—62

No. 5, 15 targets, entrance $1.50: Parker 10, R. C. Yerkes 12, Thornton 9, North 13, Shaw 13, Donaldson 11. Hobart 15, Butler 9, Osmun 13, Windate 11, Harmon 11, Green 10, W. H. Yerkes 9, Hueston 12, Klein 11, Cutchler 12, Gilder 4.

No. 6, 15 targets, entrance $1.50: Hobart 8, Osmun 11, North 12, Shaw 8, Parker 15, Butler 7, Donaldson 14, Harmon 11; R. C. Yerkes 13, Hueston 11, W. H. Yerkes 8, Klein 11.

No. 7, individual championship race, entrance $3:

Butler..............................1111100111111110110101011—19
Klein...............................1111111010111110110011110—19
R C Yerkes..........................1001111111011111111111111—22
Hueston.............................1111110011111111110101110—20
North...............................0110111111010111111101111—21
Donaldson...........................1101111010111110111110111—19
Parker..............................1010100111111001111111111—19
Osmun...............................0111111111111101111111111—23
Harmon..............................1110111111111101111101011—21
Cutchler............................1111011111101110111111111—22

No. 8, team race, Northville vs. Pontiac: Northville—W. G. Yerkes 18, Thornton 19, Butler 20, Green 15, Hueston 22, Shaw 19, W. H. Yerkes 17, R. C. Yerkes 21, Simmons 21; total, 172. Pontiac—Osmun 21, Windate 21, Linderman 11, Giddings 21, Stewart 20, Webb 18, Cooper 21, Cutchler 21; total, 175.

No. 9, 10 targets, $1 entrance: Green 6, Windate 7, Hamilton 8, Stewart 9. Kummel 6, Butler 7, Linderman 9, Hannon 7, Hueston 6, W. H. Yerkes 6, Thornton 5, Gilder 5, Cooper 6, Giddings 6, Webb 10.

No. 10, 10 targets, entrance $1: Butler 7, Hamilton 5, Green 4, Windate 7, North 8, Kimmel 9, W. H. Yerkes 6, Hueston 8, Linderman 5, Stewart 6, Thornton 5, Harmon 8, W. G. Yerkes 10, Kemmel 3, Simmons 8.

No. 11, 10 targets, $1 entrance: R. G. Yerkes 4, Linderman 5, Butler 7. Kimmel 4, North 10. Hamilton 3, Windate 10, Osmun 10, Gilder 6, Hueston 9, Stewart 8, Brooks 2, Webb 7, Giddings 9, Green 6, Harmon 6, Clem Yerkes 7, Webb 7.

J. K.

Sturgis Gun Club.

Sturgis, Mich., Sept. 1.—Inclosed find scores made on the first day of the Sturgis Gun Club's annual tournament. The shoot was held on the club grounds near this city. All events were shot at known traps and angles. Many shooters absented themselves from this tournament owing to a report that small-pox had broken out in the city. The report proved to be true, but there is no cause for alarm.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1.25: Waruf 5, F. C. Marantette 10, Spicer 7, C. Marantette 7, Kolb 8, Stacy 5, Williams 6, Allin 4, McKerlin 7, Preston 7, Neve 6.

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $1.45: Waruf 12, P. Marantette 9, Stacy 13, Kolb 13, Spicer 11, F. C. Marantette 14, Preston 15, Neve 10, Williams 8,

No. 3, 10 targets, entrance $1.25: Waruf 10, Stacy 6, Kolb 10, F. C. Marantette 9, Spicer 8, P. Marantette 7, Williams 5, McKerlin 3, Allin 7, Preston 5, Neve 6.

No. 4, 10 targets, entrance $1.25: Neve 7, Preston 10, Stacy 9, P. Marantette 7, Kolb 9, F. C. Marantette 10, Waruf 8, Spicer 5, Williams 7, Harding 8.

No. 5, 20 targets, entrance $2.50:

Preston	11100110111111111111—16	Stacy	01111011111000100111—13
Waruf	11111111111111111011—19	F C M	11111111111111111111—20
Kolb	11111111011011101111—17	Marantette	11101101011111111111—17
Neve	11011011110011101111—15	Harding	11011111101110011101—15

No. 6, 15 targets. entrance $2.25: Waruf 14, Kolb 14. Preston 11, Turner 10, Neve 8, Davie 12, Spicer 13, F. C. M. 13, Uixon 13, C Marantette 13, Harding 12.

No. 7, 10 targets, entrance $1 25: Davie 8, Waruf 8, Spicer 9, Preston 6, Neve 9, F. C. M. 9, Stacy 9, Kolb 7, Uxion, Allen 6, Turner 7, McLaughlin 7.

No, 8, 10 targets, entrance $1.25: Preston 9, Davie 6, Neve 7, F. C. M. 8. Harding 6, P. Marantette 6, Waruf 8, Turner 7, Stacy 6, Uixon 6, McLaughlin 7, Spicer 9, McKerby 6, Williams 8, Walker 6, Flanders 7, Shoecraft 6, Dr. Runion 7.

No. 9, 15 targets, entrance $2.50: Davie 11. Stacy 12, Preston 13, McKinly 10, Neve 12, Williams 11, Turner 13, Uixon 10, Allen 10, Waruf, 12, F. C. M. 14, Spicer 12, Dr. Runion 10, Stoughton 10, Shoecraft 10, Walker 10, Rommel 9.

No. 10, 15 targets, entrance $2.50: Davie 8, Waruf 12, Preston 12, Neve 11, Stacy 9, F C. M. 15, Nixon 11, P. Marantette 12, Galaway 10, Turner 12, Heary 12, Spicer 10.

A Bystander and Reader.

Trap-Shooting at Little Rock.

Little Rock, Ark. Sept. 1.—The scores in the two last contests for the Pulaski county medal are given below On Aug. 21, the day was dark and threatening, and the targets being thown as low and as hard as possible, J. W. Irwin's score of 43 out of 50 was good work.

On Aug. 28 the weather was more favorble, the day being clear but extremely hot. The attendance was only fair. Dr. L. F. French won the medal with the excellent score of 46. The conditions of the contests are 50 singles, unknown angles. On Aug. 28, Dr. J. H. Lenow and S. M. Apperson shot a live bird match, 25 live birds per man, loser to pay for the birds. The doctor won by 4 birds, killing 16 to his opponent's 12. The scores in the medal contests: Aug 21:

Connors..........01111110000110011111011111010111001111100101110101—33
Ledbetter........01011011111010000100001111001010000010111010100111—23
Irwin............10011111111110101111111110011111111111111101110111—43
Treadway.........11111111110001111000110110110011011010111001101111—35
D Alexander......11011011011111011111111011011101111110001111110111—39
Cramer...........101110101111111111110011111010111101100w.
C Alexander......11101101101101010110111110011101111011001110110100—33
Duley............00110111101101011001111100111110110101111011111 1—36
Cunningham.......11000100011001111011101101011101110110101111110110—32
French...........01101100111111111111011111111111101111110110111111—42
Cantell..........00110001111000000000110111101111000000001100111110—23
Reaver...........00111000111110000011010101010110000000011010110001—22

Aug. 28:

Woodson..........10111111101111111111110111111111111010010111111001—41
Duly.............00110110111111111110111111110111111110110110100111—39
Irwin............11111101101111111100110111111111110111001110111110—40
Lenow............01011111101101011010011010111100111001000011101011—31
Cunningham.......10111111101111111111111111101011100011010111111100—40
Semberton........10111011110011011111111111111111101011011111011110—40
Carlton..........01000010111111000101011011100011111011110010101011—29
Will Schaer......01111111010111111110111111111111110111111101111101—43
Alexander........11101111111110111100110011111111110111111111111111—43
Ledbetter........10011100000010110010110101110100110101110101011101—27
Drake............00 010011000011011111100100110001100100000010011011—22
French...........01111111111111111110111101111111101111111111111111—46
Clem Schaer......10011001000001111000000011000011100111001100111110—23

Paul R. Litzke.

Vernon Gun Club.

Vernon, Texas, Sept. 3.—The regular weekly shoot of the Vernon Gun Club was held on this date. Club shoot, 15 singles and 3 pairs:

Cooke	111010011111000	11	11	10—14
Lorance	101111110110101	01	10	00—13
Massie	111011010110101	11	01	00—13
Laird	101011010100100	11	10	11—11
Houssels	100100111000100	10	10	10— 9
T Schiffely	101001100110001	00	00	00— 7
Moore	100000000110000	00	00	00— 3

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

There has just come from the Forest and Stream press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Manitou Beach Club.

Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed are the scores made at the tournament of the Manitou Beach Rod and Gun Club, on Labor Day.

The chief feature of the day was the contest between Charles Skinner, aged 12 years, son of George W. Skinner, of Manitou Beach, and Bradley Palmer, aged 14, son of Joseph W. Palmer, of this city. Both of the lads have won for themselves laurels in the handling of the shotgun, and there was much interest manifested in the match by the old gunners. The Grand View Beach Railroad Co., to make the contest more interesting, donated a beautiful gold badge to be given to the winner. The contest was for 100 birds and was divided into four sections of 25 each. Master Skinner took the lead at the beginning and held it until the end, thus capturing the prize. In the first quarter he did remarkable shooting, succeeding in dropping 24 out of 25 birds. The summary of the event was as follows:

Skinner..............................1111110111111111111111111—24
0011111111111111011110110—20
0110110110111111110101101—18
1111011110011101111111000—18—80
Palmer..............................0001110001110110101011101—14
1001010010011910111111001—14
0101110110011111110011110—17
1011011101011110101011111—13—63

This is the second time Master Skinner has defeated Palmer. Several weeks ago Judge Warner presented a badge for a 50-bird race, and Skinner won by the score of 39 to Palmer's 38. Brad. Palmer will be remembered by those who attended the State shoot at Utica the past summer. It was there he made the remarkable run of 54 straight.

No. 1, 10 birds: C Lane 10, E. C. Meyer 9, Lowden 9, H. M. Stewart 8, Austin 8, Richmond 8, McCarthy 7, Borst 7, C. Skinner 7, Palmer 6, Rickman 5.

No. 2, 15 birds: H. M. Stewart 15, Borst 13, Meyer 11, C. Lane 11, Glover 10, Austin 10, McCarthy 8, Palmer 8, Richmond 6, Maguire 6, Rickman 5.

No. 3, 10 birds: Austin 10, C. Skinner 9, Richmond 8, Stewart 8, Meyer 7, C. Lane 7, Borst 5, Lane 4, Maguire 4, W. Farrar 4, Rickman 3.

No. 4, 10 birds: McCarthy 9, Meyer 9, Norton 8, Stewart 7, Borst 7, Glover 7, Austin 6, C. Lane 6, Richmond 5, Rickman 5, Hutchinson 4, Rogers 3.

No. 5, 15 birds: Lane 14, Lowden 13, Norton 12, Stewart 11, Rickman 11, Meyer 11, Austin 11, Lewis 10, Richmond 9, McCarthy 9, Borst 7, Maguire 6, Bruff 5, Hutchinson 5.

No. 6, 15 birds: Meyer 14, Austin 13, Mehaler 12, Lewis 12, Stewart 12, Lowden 11, C. Lane 11, Richmond 9, Norton 7, Borst 3.

No. 7, 10 jack rabbits: Meyer 10. Lewis 10, Austin 10, Palmer 10, McCauley 9, C. Lane 8, Beyer 8, Borst 8, Stewart 8, Norton 7, Richmond 6, Nichols 6, Lowden 6, Rickman 4.

No. 8, 10 jack rabbits: Meyer 9, Richmond 9, Austin 9, Lowden 9, Lewis 8, Norton 8, Stewart 8, Rickman 6, Byer 5, C. Lane 5, Farrar 3.

No. 9, 15 jack rabbits: Lane 13, Stewart 12, Norton 11, Lewis 11, Byer 11, Rickman 10, Meyer 10, Borst 9, Lowden 9, Glover 9, Nichols 7, Rickman 7, Richmond 6, Austin 5, Norton 5, Mehaler 5, Hadlock 4, Borst 2.

No. 10, 10 birds, gun below the elbow: Stewart 7, Maguire 7, Byer 7, C. Lane 7, Meyer 6, Lewis 6, Lowden 6, Richmond 2.

No. 11, 10 jack rabbits, gun below the elbow: Stewart 9, Meyer 8, Richmond 8, Austin 7, Lewis 7, Lowden 7, Lane 6, Byer 6, McCarthy 5, Rickman 5, Hadlock 2.

No. 12, 10 birds, gun below the elbow: Meyer 9, Austin 7, Lane 5, C. Skinner 5, Rickman 4, Fleckenstein 1.

New England Tournament.

Putney, Vt., Sept. 5.—The grand New England Shooting Association tournament, held on the grounds of the Putney Rod and Gun Club, is over and I do not think such a grand burlesque was ever offered to trap-shooters since the genius of the human race first conceived the idea of a clay-pigeon. Oh, it is wonderful what a farce can be made of a trap-shooting tournament, when the prime movers fail to put in an appearance and the shoot is left to wander aimlessly about and manage itself. About six weeks ago the secretary of our gun club received a letter from the secretary of the above named Association saying they wished to come to our place and hold a shoot, and they would furnish everything, including programmes, birds, traps and men to personally conduct the tournament. To this our club was only too glad to agree, and accordingly left no stone unturned to have our grounds in perfect readiness for the Association managers to go ahead and arrange traps, etc., to suit themselves, congratulating ourselves on the good fortune that led the Association to select our town as a suitable place to hold a shoot. In due time proper notices appeared in the leading sportsmen's papers and programmes were forwarded to our club for distribution among the shooters in the vicinity. A week before the day set for the grand (?) event a set of empire traps were sent to our club, and accompanying them was a market-basket partly filled with cotton, and so far as we could discover, nothing else.

We also received advices that a sufficient number of targets would be shipped from the factory to last both days, and as Mr. Hebbard was advertised as manager of the Association tournament we expected that he and the birds would be on hand promptly; but alas, our fondest hopes were not realized, and whether they were lost, strayed or stolen no one in this vicinity has been able to ascertain.

The day before our shoot was to commence the genial countenance of our old friend and club mate, Henry Warren, appeared among the boys, whose pleasant nature assures him a cordial welcome from every one who has ever had the pleasure of meeting him. He had his gun and lots of shells with him and did his share toward grinding into dust the targets he had sent us, he being the inventor and maker of the hub targets, which were used on this occasion owing to the non arrival of the others.

The first train from the North Monday morning brought Mr. Wetherbee, president of the Association, and Mr. Renehan, of White River Junction. The look of disgust of Pres. Wetherbee when he learned that no one had appeared to perfect arrangements was a study for an artist. In the meantime a party of six had driven over from Townshend, Vt., so with our own boys we could muster about 15 shooters, who shot in the various events the first day. In the team championship event only two teams were entered, one from the Putney Club and one from Townshend, the former proving to be winner. The Individual Championship event at 30 singles resulted in a tie between W. E. Ayer and A. J. Ayer, the former winning on the shoot off. As the $300 badges advertised by the Association were not shown to any one in this town it would be considered a great kindness to the respective winners if some one would forward a photograph to show the extent of the winnings. The second day's programme was reduced to 3 events, the principal one being a merchandise match at 25 singles, which brought out 13 entries. As enough prizes were offered to give each shooter one, everybody quit a winner, the only clean score being made by McNulty, who missed 25 as gracefully as any one could.

Mr. Wetherbee used us in a first-class manner, and had all the Association managers treated us in the same manner, we should have no occasion to find any fault.

[Judging from the above that there had been some misunderstanding in regard to the running of the New England tournament at Putney, Vt., we called upon Mr. Hebbard as soon as the above was received. Mr. Hebbard informs us that he has never managed a tournament for the Association, but that he merely provides empire traps and targets at the Association tournaments and looks after them during the shoot. His opinion was that being advertised to manage the tournament was a misunderstanding of his position in the Association. Regarding the non-arrival of the targets Mr. Hebbard produced undeniable proofs that both traps and targets were shipped to Putney on the same day and at the same time. He was, of course, unable to solve the mystery of their going astray, the traps having arrived at Putney in ample time for the tournament. Mr. Hebbard explains that business of importance prevented personal supervision of the working of the traps at Putney.]

No. 1, 10 targets:
W E Ayer..........1111001111— 8 F M Robertson......0100101011— 5
P E Howard.........0110100111— 6 Lawrence...........1000101101— 5
W C Renehan........1100100001— 4 F E Robertson......0100001100— 3
W A Wetherbee.....1011111001 — 7 Gale.................1011011001— 6
Holland..............0100010111— 5 A J Ayer............1110010111— 7

No. 2, 10 targets:
Howard..............1111001111— 8 Wetherbee..........1001110111— 7
Reneban.............0100000000— 1 F M Robertson......1110000001— 4
F E Robertson......1000000001— 2 W E Ayer............1110101111— 8
Gale.................1011001111— 7

No. 3, 7 targets:
W E Ayer...............0001011—3 Willard...................0110110—4
Wetherbee..............0101010—3 F E Robertson..........0001000—1
A J Ayer.................1011001—4 W Holbrook.............0110100—3
Holland..................1001000—2 Renehan..................0011000—2
Howard...................1011011—5 Lawrence.................1100101—4

No. 4, 15 targets:
W E Ayer......101101110111110—11 Holland........101101001010111— 9
Wetherbee......111110110111011—12 Willard.........101111001111010—10
A J Ayer.......011011101111101—11 F E Robertson..000000000000010— 1
Howard.........100011110101000— 7 Kelton..........001100000111111— 8
Gale............001101010010011— 7 R Holbrook....001011001100101— 7
W Holbrook....101000100010001— 5

No. 5, 10 targets:
W E Ayer............1101101100—6 Holland...............0010010110—4
Wetherbee...........0100111100—5 A J Ayer..............1101010010—5
Renehan.............1000000000—1 Kelton.................1001000001—3
Willard..............1100111110—7 Gale...................0111101010—6
Howard..............1000000101—3 Robertson............0000010001—2
Lyons................0101011010—5 F M Robertson.......1000101100—4

No. 6, team match:
Putney Club. Townshend.
W E Ayer..111111001101011—11 Howard....010010010100010— 5
A J Ayer...111101111010110—11 Holbrook...011011001100101— 8
Pember.....100001000100000— 3 Ketton......110100111010001— 8
F Robertson001100111101111—10 Lawrence..010011101100001— 7
Willard.....000100010010011— 5—40 Holland....101101101001110— 9—37

No. 7, 10 targets:
W E Ayer............1010110100—5 F E Robertson........1010000110—4
A J Ayer.............1110111111—9 Renehan...............1111010011—7
Wetherbee...........1010111111—8 Howard................1010111101—7
F M Robertson.......1101010101—6 Lyons..................0001110010—4
Willard..............0101110110—6 W Holbrook...........0110000011—4
R Holbrook..........1000001011—4 Warren................0110111010—6
Gale.................1100101001—5

No. 8, 30 targets:
W E Ayer...........................101110111011110011111111111100—23
A J Ayer...........................111001111110111010111101101111—23
Wetherbee..........................111111001110001101111011111001—21
Willard.............................000010111101011100100001100001—13
F M Robertson......................010011111110001100100111000100—15
W Holbrook.........................011000011101101101011101101010—17
Warren..............................010111101110011101101001011110—19
Holland.............................100000100010011010001101011001—12
Gale.................................101001111011111101110101010111—21
Renehan.............................000000010000101001001000101011— 9

Tie:
W E Ayer.......000101111111111—11 A J Ayer........010111101011100— 9

No. 9, 10 targets:
W E Ayer...........1110111011— 8 Warren.............1011100010— 5
A J Ayer............1110001000— 4 Willard.............0010010010— 3
Wetherbee..........1010100111— 6 Howard.............0100001011— 4

No. 10, 7 targets: Holland 4, Warren 6, Gale 6, Willard 5, Howard 1, W. E. Ayer 6, A. J. Ayer 5, Kelton 2, F. M. Roberson 5, Wetherbee 2.

No. 11, 5 targets: Wetberbee 4, Prouty 3, Baily 2, W. S. Ayer 2, Warren 4, Wing 2, W. E. Ayer 3, Lyons, 5.

No. 12, 10 targets: Warren 6, Wetberbee 8, A. J. Ayer 8, W. S. Ayer 3. W. E. Ayer 9, F. E. Robertson 4, Bailey 7.

No. 13, merchandise match, 25 targets:
W E Ayer...............................1111011100001101011001110—15
Wetherbee..............................0110001100011011110111101—15
Bailey..................................1000111110000001010010111—12
W S Ayer...............................0100000011010110000100011— 9
Wing....................................0000011000111100110000110—10
A J Ayer...............................1110010111101011111101110—18
Warren..................................1111011111011110110111101—20
Willard.................................0011111010010100110111111—16
Prouty..................................1111111010111111101100111—20
F E Robertson.........................0100000000000010010000010— 4
McNulty................................0000000000000000000000000— 0
Lyons...................................0000111101101101101011100—14
Everleth................................1010000000001100110000001— 7

W. E. Ayer.

Iowa Falls' First Annual.

Iowa Falls, Ia., Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual tournament of the Iowa Falls Gun Club closed to-day. The attendance was fair and the weather fine; keystone targets were used and thrown about 50yds. The management was excellent, and any one who attends a tournament given by the Iowa Falls Gun Club can be assured of a good time. The club gave four nice prizes for the four best averages, and there was no dropping for place. There were eighteen events at targets and one at live birds, a total of 291 targets and 10 live birds. First average was won by Budd with 275, second by Grimm with 273, third by Christianson with 270, fourth by Frazier with 264.

C. W. Budd.

First Day's Scores.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1:
T W Strother........1111111111—10 Frazier..............1111111110 – 8
Gubben..............0111111111— 9 Ward.................0100110110— 5
Grimm...............1011111111— 9 Behrens.............0101101010— 6
Hamaker............1110111110— 8 P J Martin...........0010111110— 6
Budd.................1111111111—10 W B Strothers.......0111101010— 6
Buttolph............1111010111— 8

No. 2, 15 singles, entrance $2.50:
T W Strother...101111111111111—14 Cowan..........001010010000101— 5
Gubben.........110111101101111—12 Frazier.........110111111011111—13
Hamaker.......111001111111111—13 D L Powers....111111111011111—14
Grimm..........111111010110111—12 Ward...........000110101110101— 8
Budd...........111111011110011—12 W B Strothers..011010111011101—10
Buttolph.......101111111011110—12 Behrens........101101111101101—10

No. 3, 10 singles, unknown angles, entrance $1.50:
T W Strother........1111110111— 9 Frazier..............1011100010— 5
Budd.................1111111111—10 W B Strother.........0011110001— 5
Hamaker.............0010101011— 5 Gubbin...............0111111111— 9
Cowan...............1010010111— 6 Grimm...............1011111111— 9
Ward.................0110010110— 5 Powers...............0011101111— 7
Buttolph............1110110101— 7

No. 4, 8 singles and 2 pairs, entrance $2.50:
Grimm..........11101111 10 11—10 Gubbin..........11111111 11 11—12
Frazier.........11101111 11 10—10 Powers..........01110111 11 11—10
T W Strother...11111111 10 10—10 Martin..........11000101 11 11— 8
Budd............11111011 10 11—10 Cowan...........01111010 00 00— 5
Hamaker........11111101 10 10— 9 W B Strother...10110100 10 10— 6
Buttolph.......10111101 11 10— 9 Ward............11101111 11 00— 9

No. 5, 20 singles, entrance $2.50:
T Strother.10111011001011110111—14 Gubbin....11111011111111111111—19
Budd......01111111111110101111—17 Ward.......11000110000110101010— 9
Grimm....11111101111111111111—19 Powers....11111110011110111110—16
Hamaker. 10111111111111101011 –17 Cowan.....01011011100100101111—12
Frazier....01111111011111111111—18 Martin.....11110100011011110110—13
Buttolph...11100111110110101111—15 W Strother 00111001111011011101—13

No. 6, 20 singles, entrance $2:
Grimm....00111111111111111111—18 Power.....11110110011111010111—15
Frazier....01111011110101101101—14 Woodbery.11111111111110110001—16
Hamaker..11111111101011111011—17 Cowan.....10110100110000110111—11
Budd......11111111111111111111—20 W Strother01001111111110111110—15
T Strother.11110100011001011111—13 Buttolph..111100010w
Gubben....11111110111111111111—19 Jacobs....11100111000110000100— 9
R F Martin00101101000000100001— 6 Porter.....10011111110111001111—15
Nix........10110101011011100111—13

No. 7, 15 singles, entrance $2:
T W Strother...111000001101111— 9 Woodbery......000111111010111—10
Hamaker.......111111110111011—13 Porter..........001111101111000— 9
Power..........100011100010100— 6 Jacobs..........101000000110101— 6
P J Martin......000010000110111— 6 R F Martin.....100000010010100— 4
Budd............111111110111111—14 Cowen..........0001011100w — 4
Gubben.........111110111111111—14 Grimm..........111111111101111—14
Frazer..........111111111111111—15 W R Strother..010110111101101—10

No. 8, 10 pairs, entrance $1.50:
Grimm.......................11 10 10 11 11 10 11 11 11 11—17
Buttolph....................00 10 00 00 10 10 01 10 00 11— 7
T W Strother................00 11 10 10 10 00 11 10 10 11—11
Jacobs.......................10 10 01 10 00 00 00 10 10 10— 7
J M Nix......................10 10 10 10 10 00 00 00 10 10— 7
R F Martin...................10 10 10 10 00 11 01 00 00 10— 8
Frazer........................11 10 11 11 10 11 10 10 11 10—15
Hamaker......................10 10 00 10 11 10 11 01 11 11—13
Power.........................10 00 00 10 00 10 10 10 01 10— 7
Gubben........................10 10 11 10 11 11 10 11 10 11—15
P J Martin....................01 01 10 10 01 01 10 01 00 00— 8
Budd...........................11 01 11 10 00 11 11 01 11 10—14

No. 9, 15 straightaways, entrance $2.50:
Grimm..........111111111101111—14 Hamaker........111111111111111—15
Buttolph........111101101111111—13 Porter...........111111110110000—10
Ward............101111100001111—10 R F Martin......111010011100100— 8
Davis...........110111011000001— 8 Gubbin..........110001110111111—11
T W Strother...111111111100111—13 Cannam.........011111101101011—11
Frazeir.........111110111111111—14 Cowan...........011110111010011—10
Budd............111111111111111—15

No. 10, 25 singles, entrance $3:
Grimm..................................1111111110111111111101111—23
T W Smith..............................1100010110011110100011111—15
R F Martin.............................0100000101100000010011010—10
Frazier.................................1011111111110110101111111—21
Buttolph................................1001111110101111111111111—20
Hamaker................................1111111101111111111101111—23
Jacobs..................................0011100100100100011010100—10
Budd....................................1111111111111110111111111—24
Gubben.................................1111111111101011111111110—22

No. 11, 10 singles, entrance $1:
Hamaker............0111111101— 8 Behrens..............1111011001— 7
Frazier..............1011111111— 9 Budd.................1111111111—10
Gubbin..............1111111111—10 Cowan...............1010011000— 4
Buttolph............1111111111—10 W B Smith...........1001001011— 5
Grimm...............1111111111—10

No. 12, 10 singles, unknown, use of both barrels, entrance $1.50:
Grim.................0111111011— 8 Griffin...............1111111111—10
Buttolph............0011100011— 5 Cowan...............00000w.
Frazer...............1111111101— 9 W B Strother........1101100111— 7
Budd.................1111111011— 9 T W Strother........1111100111— 8
Hamaker............1110010111— 7

No. 13, 15 singles, entrance $2:
Grim...........111111111111111—15 Buttolph.......100110111111011—11
Budd...........111111101111111—14 Hamaker......111111111111111—15
T W Strother...100100101110110— 8 Gubben.........011111111111011—13
Frazer..........111111011111111—14 W B Strother...000101111110111—10

No. 14, 10 singles and 2 pair, entrance $2:
Grim..........1111111111 11 11—14 Frazer........1111111011 11 10—12
Budd..........1110111111 10 11—12 Buttolph......0111001110 11 10—10
T W Strother.1110001101 11 10— 9 Cannan........1111011111 10 11—12
Gubben.......1111111111 11 11—14 Hamaker......1111111111 11 10—13

No. 15, 10 singles, walking match, entrance $1.50:
Grim.................1111110110— 8 Hamaker.............1101111001— 7
Budd.................1011110011— 7 Cannan...............1111111111—10
J W Strother........0111111111— 9 Buttolph.............010010w.
Gubben..............0111111011— 8 Frazer...............1011011111— 8

No. 16, 15 singles, entry $1.50:
Grim...........101111101111111—13 Luke............110001111110011—10
T W Strother...100111101011110—10 P J Martins.....011011110111010—10
Powers.........111110110101100—10 Gubben.........111111111111110—14
Hamaker.......011111101110101—11 Cannam........111011101111111—13
Frazer.........111111111111111—15 Behrens........000010111011111— 9
Budd...........111111111111111—15 Buttolph.......101111011110100—10

No. 17, 20 singles, entry $2:
Grimm....11111011111011110111—17 Luke......10011111101100011110—13
Budd......11111111111111111111—20 Gubben....11111111111111111111—20
Frazer.....11011111111111111111—19 Hamaker..01100110111111111111—16
T Strother.11010110110101111111—15 W Strother10110101100110110111—13
Buttolph...11011100110111101111—15

No. 18, 10 live birds, entry $4:
Grimm..............1121121211—10 Luke.................0201211212— 8
Budd................2112121122—10 Cowan...............0120122001— 6
Buttolph...........1221212120— 9 W B Strother........2020012102— 6
Frazer..............1112121221—10 Martin...............0012100002— 4
Gubben.............1121201212— 9 Cannam..............2120012120— 7
Hamaker...........2211121221—10

No. 19, 35 singles, entry $4:
Grimm..........................11111111111110111111111111111111110—33
Budd............................11111111111110111111111110110110111—31
Frazer..........................11111111111111111111111110111111111—34
Buttolph........................11011111011111011111110110111111101—29
T W Strother...................11011101011110111111111101111010111—29
Gubben..........................10011111101111111111111011111110111—30

Morfey beats Lenone.

Willard Park, N. J., Sept. 3.—The Morfey—Lenone race at 100 live birds per man, for $100 a side was decided to-day in favor of Morfey, who killed 93 to Lenone's 86. Under the conditions as arranged, Lenone was conceded 20 birds by his opponent. The match was brought off in hazy weather with a southwest wind blowing across the traps. The birds in many instances were slow to start, need flushing very frequently; once started, they were fast enough to please everybody. Lenone is not satisfied with the result, hence another match under precisely the same conditions will take place. No date has been fixed, but a forfeit has been posted to bind the match. Morfey used 48grs. of E. C. loaded in U. M. C. trap shells. Ed. Morgan acted as referee, Wm. Dutcher being official scorer; trappers, C. Wright and Tom Smith. Score: Conditions: 100 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, modified Hurlingham rules to govern; Lenone conceded 20 dead birds by Morfey, $100 a side:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

↖↗↖T↙↙↗H↑↖↖↑←↙↖↗↘↘↖↖↘←→↕→
Morfey.........2 2 1 2 1 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2—24
↖↑HT↘T↙↙↝↖↖←←↙↘↘↙↗→→↙↗↘→↗
2 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—24
↖T↗↙↖↗↗HH↙↖↗↑↕↙→↖↖↖↗↙↖↗↖↗
2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 0 0 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—23
↖←↙←T↖↖↙↘↖→→↗→→←↑↑↑←↖↘↘↙↙
1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 • 0 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 1 1 1 1—22—93
←H↖→↘↖↖←↕↖↘↖↖↕↕↖
Lenone.........1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 2—23
↖↘↘↗↖H↖H↖↖H↙→↖↖←T→↘←↖H←↖↖
2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 • 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2—20
↗↖↓↓↖←←↙↙↘↙↖H↖H↖↙↓↖↖↙↗↑↖→
2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 0 0 1 1 2 0 2 0 0 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2—18
→↖H↑↑H↖↗←H↘↘←H→
1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—25—86

The following 7 bird sweep was also shot on the same date, two moneys, $5 entrance, Hurlingham rules:
Lenone.....................2111111—7 Wright.....................2212221—7
Morfey.....................2121212—7 Morgan....................2221101—6

On Sept. 4 the members of the Paterson Gun Club shot for the club medals at Willard Park with the following result: Conditions: 10 live birds, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, modified Hurlingham rules to govern:
T W Morfey.........1122221211—10 G Hopper...........2122012202— 8
Ed George...........1010001220— 5 Ed Morgan..........2122111220— 9
C Wright.............2120021222— 8 R Boyle.............2021102222— 8

Winnipeg Gun Club.

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 31.—The Winnipeg Gun Club held a tournament on Aug. 23, thus bringing to a close its season of 1894. The most interesting event on the programme was the contest for the championship of Manitoba. The conditions were 50 single Winnipeg blackbirds, expert rules, $5 entrance. The event brought out 13 entries, Rowand, Luxton and Andrew tieing for the championship. In the shoot off at 10 targets, Andrew broke 9 to his opponents' 7, winning the championship. Scores:
E Rowand.........11011111111101111111110111011111010111101111111111—43
F W Scott.........11111111111110111110101101110110110111110111111 0—41
J H Cadham.......11111111111111111111100001111100111111011111111 0—42
M Potnam.........00110111011101101111011010011100011100011100110111—31
E G Simcox....... 11010111110011011101101111011110111111010001111 11—36
J Lemon..........00000001100110101110011101101110111101010000 10111—27
N K Luxton.......11101111101100111111110111111111011111111111011111—43
W M Ferguson....01110111011111111110010001111011111111101111101 01—38
J McKay..........01111111101011111111111001010111001101101111110110—37
J G Soper.........01101111111111111101111000111101111111111011110 1011—40
G Andrew.........11110111111011011111011111111111111111101111011110—43
S Fairbairn.......11011001101100111011111101111011011101111011111111—38
W H Martin.......01111110011000100101100110111111000100101101111101—30

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

W. L. C., South Boston.—I understand that upon entering Nova Scotia a duty is assessed upon sportsmen's guns, although the money is refunded upon returning. Does this apply to guns of English make? Ans. Yes.

Aztec, Mexico.—1. I have heard that there are bighorns in the Sierras of Chihuahua; is it likely? Do they inhabit any except snow-capped ranges? 2. What is the "black jaguar" mentioned by your some time Honduras correspondent, De Veras? (He ought to write some more.) 3. Is there a comprehensive manual of American mammalia, and if so what would it cost? Ans. 1. Altogether likely. The notion that bighorn are Alpine animals is an entirely erroneous one. They have been driven to the high, rough mountain peaks, but only within the last twenty-five or fifty years. Once they were found on the plains. 2. A black form of *Felis onca* which is not very uncommon. 3 No such work, unhappily.

A. L. R., Montreal, Canada.—Would you kindly tell us (1) the difference there is between raccoon, wildcat or what we call in French in Canada *chat sauvage*. 2. The French name for raccoon? 3. The French name for opossum? 4. The natural history of these two animals or what books to be consulted in that matter? Ans. 1. The raccoon is an animal belonging to the group known as *Arctoridea* or bearlike mammals, the wildcat or *chat sauvage* to the *Felidæ* or cat family. The two are about as different as a dog is from a cat. 2. *Raton.* 3. The name opossum is of North American Indian origin and we are not sure that it has a vernacular French name. In some of the French works on natural history it is called *didelphe*, which of course is derived from the Latin generic name *Didelphys*. The common French names are *opossum* and *sarigue*. 4. We have no space to give particulars. Consult the Standard Natural History for main facts about them, *i. e.*, as to structure and habits.

It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where WE get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

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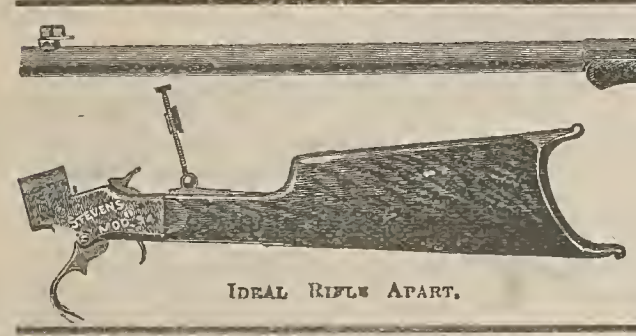

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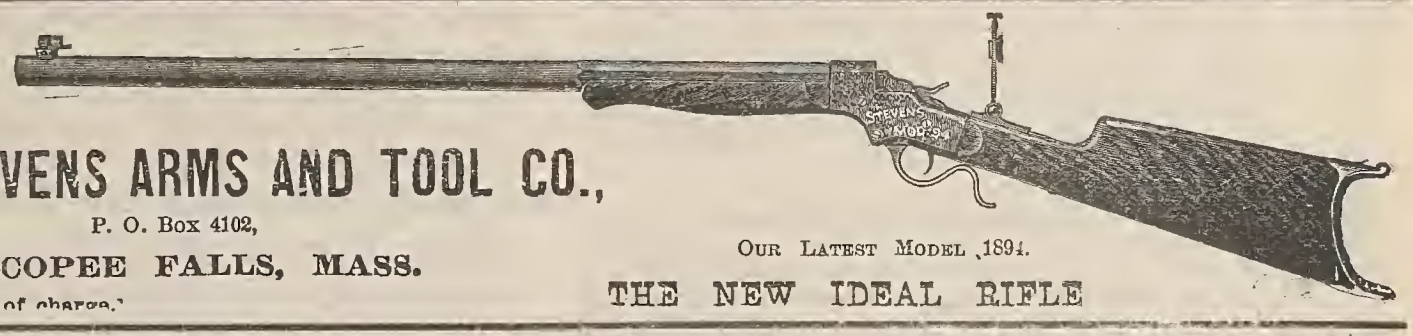

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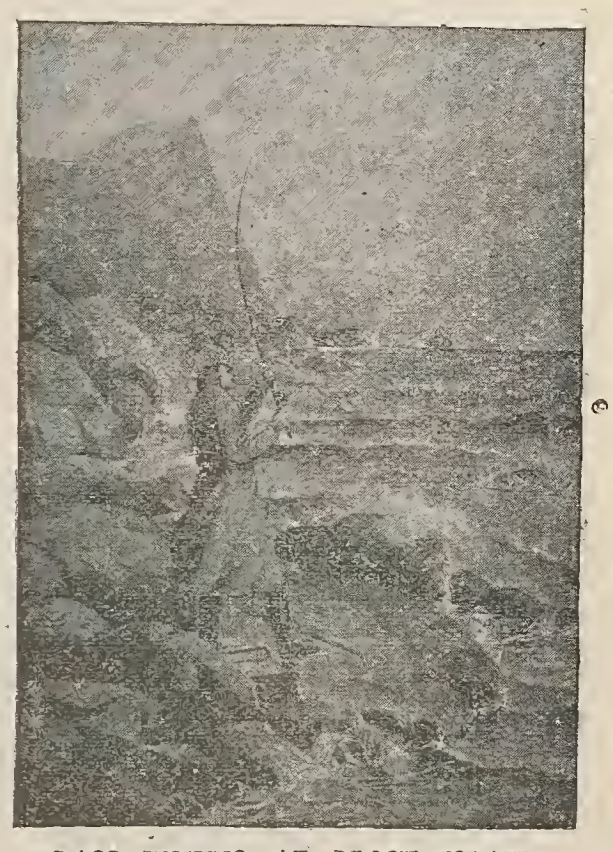

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VOL XLIII.—No. 12. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CONTENTS.

Editorial.
Portraits in Ink.—VI.
Rail for Beginners.
Snap Shots.

The Sportsman Tourist.
Vacations—Past and Present.
Trouting at Wabasis.

Natural History.
Flying Squirrels as Pets.
The Character of the Robin.

Game Bag and Gun.
Chicago and the West.
Maine and the East.
The Prairie Chicken War.
A Trip for Beach Birds.
Summer Woodcock Shooting.
Texas and the Southwest.

Sea and River Fishing.
Trouting in New Brunswick.
A Starved Trout.
Angling Notes.
Notes from the Fishing Waters.

The Kennel.
Manitota Field Trials.
Des Moines Dog Show.
Binghamton Dog Show.
Toronto Dog Show.

The Kennel.
Pittsburgh Dog Show.
Dog Chat.
Kennel Notes.

Yachting.
Vigilant's Centerboard.
New Yachts.
The 21-Footers.
Current Comment.
Fast Boats in the West.
Yachting News Notes.

Canoeing.
Mr. Howard's Racing.
News Notes.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Golden Gate Riflemen.
Maine National Guard.
Club Scores.
Rifle Notes.

Trap Shooting.
Des Moines Tournament.
Dropping for Place Must Stop.
Club Championship of New Jersey.
Drivers and Twisters.
Matches and Meetings.

Answers to Queries.

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There is a break in the dull round of labor when planting is done and hoeing time not yet come, when he goes a-fishing after his own fashion, and he deems the day the less ill spent if he bring home a catch that serves to break the monotonous fare of a farmer's table. Then there are days in haying when he follows the time-honored advice, "When it rains too hard to work, go a-fishing," for he cannot choose his days, only make the most of such as come to him.

The day laborers that he hires have a freer choice than he, between work and pastime, and while he toils in the sun, he sees the gentleman angler and the market-fisherman plying their rods on his own stream, and hears the guns untimely thinning the broods of woodcock in his own alder copses.

Of a summer Sunday be strolls out to the woodside pasture and watches a fox and her cubs at play about the threshold of their underground home, or if he fears the raid of some bounty-hunter or vengeful poultry breeder, he gives the vixen an unmistakable hint to move to safer quarters. If her Thanksgiving antedates his by two months or more, he overloooks the mistake in the calendar and forgives the venal sin for the sake of future sport and possible expiation in the days of the sere and yellow leaf, days that shall bring freedom to the old hound, now yawning and whining in the leash at home, and more to himself than he now enjoys.

When haying and harvesting are over, he robs less exacting labor of an occasional day to prowl along a willowy stream beloved of wood duck or to crawl in the sedgy borders of the haunts of dusky duck and teal, or he makes his stealthy way in the constant shade of wood roads and forest by-paths and ferny margins of the woods, where the yet unbroken flocks of grouse are likely to be, and if he stalks two or three wary birds and brings them to pocket from tree or ground, or from the air by rare chance, or gets one raking shot at a logful of sleeping wood ducks, or into a huddle of shy duskies, or a passing flock of swift-winged teal, be counts it a good day's sport, with tangible and sufficient proof thereof.

But if he has none of the rewards, the fatigues of the day are rest from toil and care, and so not unrequited.

In the later days of the year, when woods are in the fading gray of autumn, or winter has overlaid the russet with white, he ranges upland and lowland with hound and gun, hunting foxes, matching his knowledge against their cunning, and he is thankful to be the winner, but not cast down if he is the loser in the game.

If he kills the fox, he thriftily saves the skin, and prizes it the more if it is prime and marketable.

He is a close and intelligent observer of nature, and freely imparts to congenial listeners what he learns of her secrets; but concerning his love of her he is as reticent as of the love of his sweetheart.

For all expression in words, you would imagine that her infinitude of beauties are displayed in vain to him in all moods and seasons, yet his tell-tale face informs you how they satisfy his soul and fill his heart with unwritten, wordless poetry.

He is friendly and generous to sportsmen who meet him in a like spirit, but not over-hospitable to such as only make a convenience of him, his home and hunting grounds.

The first sportsman in the land does not observe close seasons more religiously than this jealous guardian of nesting and immature birds, of fox cubs and all young fur-bearers, yet he will not be converted to the belief that it is unsportsmanlike or unfair, in proper season, to shoot a fox before hounds, or stalk a sitting grouse, or catch a trout with a worm, all of which he does not only without compunction but with absolute satisfaction, and therefor he is arraigned as a pot-hunter. What say you, gentlemen of the jury, guilty or not guilty?

RAIL FOR BEGINNERS.

THE days are still hot, but the nights are growing cool. Sap is flowing very slowly through twigs and branches, stems of weeds and grasses are hard and woody, and fields are browning to their winter tint. The leaves of the trees, yellow with ripeness, or black and burned at their edges from the long drought, loose themselves from the twigs and one by one twirl slowly to earth. The full round September moon shining all through the night gives light to many migrating birds, and he who is abroad after dark may hear their voices, some familiar and some strange, but all falling from the passing hosts on high. He listens unperceived to scraps of the talk of an unseen multitude, and might surprise many secrets, could he but taste of that food told of by magicians of the East which enables the partaker to comprehend the language of birds and beasts.

The hosts which pass above us are vast in number, but they are invisible, and not many men have looked upon any portion of the migrating army in its passage. Yet a few earnest naturalists have spent nights in lighthouses and have seen and recognized some members of the passing throng as they flew within the circle of the light, or bewildered, strove to pass to it through the protecting glass; and often one may find in the morning, after a foggy night, at the foot of a lighthouse tower or on the deck of steamer which plies on some large sheet of water the bodies of those who have perished on their travels and who will never see the south land, toward which their tireless wingbeats were swiftly carrying them.

Eagerly looked for among the feathered army is the little sora, or rail, about which long clustered many a myth, for it was hard for our forefathers to believe that his feeble flight could carry him over long journeys, and it was easier to imagine that he changed his shape, and was to-day a bird of the upper air and to-morrow a frog living in the mud of the stream's bed. Although the rail is reared in all our fresh-water marshes, his range extends far to the north as well, and when the nights grow cooler he moves southward, flying by night and dropping into the wild rice meadows that he knows so well at the approach of day, and there rests and feeds till moonrise next night, when he sets off again.

He is a simple little bird of deliberate flight and easily killed. Now and then if you are shooting on the edge of the marsh there is an opportunity for a quick shot as a rail shows itself above the grass for a couple of feet only before it reaches the shelter of cat tails or weeds where the boat cannot go, or if a gale is blowing, the rising bird is swept away and a good allowance must be made for him. But ordinarily, in fair weather and on the wide marshes, he is a poor marksman or woefully out of practice who fails to knock down nine out of ten of the rail which rise before him. To knock down, however, is not always to boat, for the crippled rail is skillful in hiding himself in the grass or weeds. Of course misses are made by all of us, because we are human, but for most of those made at rail there is no legitimate excuse.

No sport is more pleasant and easy than rail shooting. In fact, it is luxurious, and we are disposed to think too much so for adult and skilled sportsmen.

No bird serves better as a practice mark for the beginner, and we incline to the belief that some day when we are all more advanced and more generous, this one will be reserved solely for those who are learning to shoot. There is something rather unsatisfactory in the destruction by a good shot of these slow, awkward little birds, and they should be reserved to be shot only by women and children and other beginners. A provision might be inserted in the game law of each State like this: "No male person above the age of fourteen years shall at any time pursue, capture, shoot, shoot at or kill any rail, rail bird, sora or ortolan, or any wading bird of the family *Rallidæ*."

Such a law would seem rather hard to many men who each year look forward to the rail shooting as a sort of practice to get them in shape for the fall shooting; and it would be a distinct hardship to the gourmands who longingly anticipate the season when this most toothsome bird shall appear on the table. Yet there are many who will hold that the man who can turn over the buzzing quail in the brush or stop the hurtling grouse as he darts through the forest has no business to shoot rail.

SNAP SHOTS.

AS BEARING on the remarks on the range of the sharp-tailed grouse printed in FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago, our recent information from the Northwest on this species is interesting. The unexampled dryness of the past summer, while it has wrought havoc among the farmers' crops, has resulted in the hatching and rearing of large broods of birds, and over a great portion of Minnesota, both the Dakotas and Manitoba, prairie chickens are more abundant than for several years. In certain sections there has been a good deal of illegal shooting, but there has not been enough to make very much impression on the number of birds over the whole area. Moreover, to the west of the country named, in Montana, Assinaboia and Alberta, as far west as the Rocky Mountains, grouse are very abundant, and the settlements in much of that region are so widely separated that good shooting can be had at almost any point. In the neighborhood of Winnepeg considerable activity has been shown by the game wardens this season, and they have made a number of arrests for illegal destruction of grouse. In fact it seems as if a better sentiment was growing up all through the Northwest on this subject. We have a recent note from Galt, Ontario, which speaks of a large covey of young prairie chickens having been seen there. These were probably sharptailed grouse, although there is no means of positively identifying them.

The arguments advanced against summer woodcock by a Wilkesbarre correspondent, in another column, are not new, but they have the great merit of being facts, and are put by our correspondent in a very terse and forcible way. Especially to the point is his statement that one reason for a scarcity of woodcock during the autumn flight is the destruction of young birds in summer. Summer shooting like spring shooting should be done away with everywhere, but it is curious to see with what persistency the old idea that July 4 is the proper date to begin shooting woodcock holds on. It might be supposed that the State of Pennsylvania with its great wealth and intelligence would be quick to take any advanced position on all matters of game protection, but as we all know, legislators are proverbially uncertain.

The Sportsman Tourist.

VACATIONS—PAST AND PRESENT.

"As travelers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon the light they leave
Behind them faintly glowing;
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one parting ray
Of joy that's left behind us."

FOREST AND STREAM of June 4 has just reached me. By the light of the camp-fire I have glanced at it, and while resting at noon by the trout stream, where the trout reflect the gorgeous tints of flowery banks and soft summer skies, I have read and re-read its pages; and they have furnished me with a host of pleasant recollections. When I was a small lad my passion for rambling first asserted its sway. Almost every Saturday from April to November would find me wandering over the Orange Mountains. Sometimes I would take the train on Friday afternoon and spend the next day at Lake Hopatcong or among the hills of Sussex or Orange counties. Until the middle of July I was armed only with the tin can of the botanical collector, a light geologist's hammer and a microscope; but after the woodcock season opened on the upper Passaic marshes and the young grouse whirred through the forests, when the rabbits watched the ripening grain and gray squirrels chattered among the unopened chestnut burrs, my companion was an old muzzleloader—a weapon the mere possession of which would invalidate any accident insurance policy ever written.

When I arrived at years that warranted greater freedom from parental supervision—parental supervision while on a vacation was to me rather a source of delight than of unwelcome restraint—I would camp for weeks at the Water Gap, or, with knapsack on back, tramp through the romantic Catskills, up and down the classic Hudson and the picturesque Housatonic. And during college vacations the mountains of northern New England were my stamping ground. It was in my freshman year that I caught my first *fontinalis*, in a meadow on the northern slope of old Graylock. It was only a fingerling, and I was prouder of that little trout than I would be to-day of a five-pounder landed with a seven-ounce rod. But my favorite walks were through southern Vermont. As a rule, Pittsfield was my starting point. My first day's tramp would bring me to North Adams or Williamstown. Thence, as fancy would dictate, I would go by easy stages through Pownal, Wilmington and other equally beautiful and retired hamlets to Woodstock, or, taking the western side of the range, I would stroll through Bennington, Shaftsboro and Dorset to Rutland. My route back to New York would be down the Connecticut Valley or across to Lake George and down the Hudson.

The last of these rambles is brought to mind by the paper to-night. It was early in July that I went up to Troy by the night boat, thence to Rutland, thence, over the Green Mountains in sight of Killington and Pico, to the little village of Bridgewater, where I found excellent board at $2.50 per week. Those were halcyon days. Under the maples and pines I read and rested. Sometimes I would climb to the summit of the neighboring peaks, at dawn to catch the melodious strains of the hermit thrush, at noon to find some rare *habenaria* or to doze on mossy couch, where the rich green was besprinkled with the shade-loving *Oxalis acetosella*, and again at sundown that I might feast upon the delicate tints of dying day, as they fell upon the valley of the wandering Connecticut or upon the far-distant, purpling crests of the White Mountains. One day I had an idea that I wanted a dinner of fresh brook trout. I could not catch them, but an old man who lived up on the brook at the foot of Pico offered to fix up a first-rate meal for the small sum of 25 cents. Experience since has taught me that all the trout I ate were plebeian chubs, but they were good just the same. And the people! The old New England farmer can never be duplicated in the West. Why, a trip to Boston or to New York was the event of a lifetime, and a man who had seen Washington or Chicago was, locally, a veritable Stanley. Far from those eastern meadows the breezes waft the odor of the new-mown hay and the clear, ringing music of the whet-stone on the scythe and the dreamy echo of the village church bell. It is a long time since I have been in any place of worship other than the grand "first temples;" but, were I back among the hills of Vermont, I believe I could listen to one of those long, prosaic sermons, could watch the fair-faced rustic maidens, with their quaint costumes, always half a decade behind the times, chat with the grave old deacons and enjoy myself even more than I did when all the world seemed gay.

From Bridgewater I went to Tyson Furnace and spent the month of August by Plymouth Pond, than which a more beautiful spot is not to be found in the length and breadth of the land. Here I angled for the sluggish dace and shot the loudly drumming partridge. I have wondered that some club of sportsmen has not secured possession of that chain of lakes and tributary trout streams and of the encircling hills, where among the heavy timber the dun deer loves to hide. It would make as valuable a property as any that I have ever seen—in fact far superior to Greenwood Lake, Hopatcong, or Mohonk and the waters could be easily stocked with either trout or bass.

When the first frosts painted the mountains crimson and gold, I went back to crowded streets and to my desk as an aspirant for journalistic honors. Those mountains of New England, how I loved them and how eagerly did I look forward to another summer beneath their shadows. How little did I imagine as I flew past Toby and Sugar Loaf and Haystack and Tom and Holyoke, that I should never behold their faces again. How little did I dream as I looked from the car window at the stately elms at Whately and Old Hadley, that, when next their leaves were sere and yellow, I should be wandering beneath tropic skies, far from the land of the stars and stripes, beside the broad Pacific. How little did I know that my brother and I, bosom friends and confidants from the very cradle, had enjoyed our last outing together. I thought that Bridgewater, only a few miles from the Woodstock railway station, was in the wilderness, but here I am, 150 miles from the locomotive whistle and thirty miles from the post-office, and yet I do not feel as much out of the world as I did on some of my boyhood vacations.

But all this has nothing to do with this year of grace nor with the mountains of southern Utah. I have been long enough in this part of the Rocky Mountain region to "size it up." While there is better trout fishing in the tributaries of the Columbia and Snake rivers, more big game among the Wind River mountains and along the Sweetwater, finer grouse shooting on the prairies of Nebraska and Dakota, larger flocks of ducks on the Chesepeake and among the Suisun tules, as an all around game country this is not to be despised. My last letter was written from Ike's shearing camp and I told of trouting on Mammoth and Asay creeks. I had begun to believe that the natives told the truth and that these trout would never rise to a fly, but one day, as my grasshopper dropped upon the riffle, there was a break. The waters parted. There was a sheen of silver spotted with rubies, a thousand tiny drops glinted with all the hues of the rainbow, hung for an instant above the white, foaming rivulet, melted in the stream that gave them birth, and the prize was won. That settled it. Out came the brown hackle, professor, coachman, dusty-miller, black-gnat and grizzly-king. My success no longer depended upon pole and clothesline, but upon rod and reel, upon cunning and endurance. Did the trout rise? Well, I should say so. With dull and sober flies my luck has been immense. I have been able to furnish eighteen able-bodied men with one square meal of trout per diem, and I have been surfeited with my own sport.

One morning before breakfast I strolled across the divide to the Mammoth. A hard tramp of two miles brought me to the "black rocks." Here in a narrow gorge the waters dashed and boiled, and above them the lofty long-leaved pines stretched their sinewy arms across the cañon. Here fell no ray of sunlight, but an eternal gloaming reigned and the thunder of the torrent drowned the rustling of winds and the song of birds. Out upon a jagged boulder I stepped, balanced my rod, twirled my wrist; and the long line straightened over the seething flood. For a second the brown-hackle was tossed on pearly crests on the way to the edge of the dark pool that was my objective point. An instant it poised in air between the bejeweled ridge and the placid water below. Flash! Strike! Whizz! Can you not tell the rest of the story by the tingling of your finger tips? Talk about those Rocky Mountain lions being deficient in gamy qualities! Bah! It's all gammon. There is no trick or dodge known to an old Restigouche salmon of which this unsophisticated rustic was ignorant. For the nonce I imagined that I was dreaming, and that a tarpon had inadvertently swallowed my bait. But I had all the business to which I could properly attend without letting fancy run riot. The rascal leaped, sulked and tried his best to get a slack line, but most of all did he endeavor to get the line around the roots of a pine tree that was of no earthly use in so unpropitious a spot. It seemed to me that I spent an hour in getting him to my net, and by the time he was landed I was ready for breakfast. On returning to camp that little trout tipped the scales at 4lbs. 2oz.

Nightly around the camp-fire sat the shearers and herders. Their work ended only when it was too dark to see. They were a strange assortment of men. During the month of June the shearers make the only cash that they possess throughout the entire year. Few, if any, have been outside of the Territory, and to the younger ones the world is bounded by the surrounding hills. Through the night air rang the strains of accordeon and harmonica, and many were the tales of hunting and adventure that I gathered for future use. One story, however, filled me with indignation. Dave Hatch claimed to have killed six mountain sheep last winter without stirring from his tracks. I wish that I possessed sufficient evidence to cinch him for the crime.

But Ike's 8,000 sheep have been shorn. The wool has been sacked and is already on its way to Salt Lake and we are up on the summer range. It was a two days' walk. The country is impassable for wagons, and all provisions are brought up on burros. I have become more attached to the shepherd dog than to any specimen of the genus *homo* that I have met in the country. No two herders use the same form of expression in working their animals, so I simply whistle and point out that which I want done and my faithful friends obey as well as though they understood my thoughts. We have pitched camp on Houston Mountain, within a mile of the summit. A short walk brings me to snow and to a spot whence I can overlook "Dixie" and the vast valley of the middle Colorado. Two miles below us is good fishing in some nameless creek, but the main attraction big game, fresh sign of bear and deer being everywhere abundant, though I have not yet had a chance to fire the rifle.

Whew, but it is cold! Every night half an inch of ice forms in the water bucket, though during the day the temperature rises to 70 and 75°. There is an entire change in the flora. Below us is the long-leaved pine, but here there is only the red pine and spruce, and a few feet above us no tree but the quaking aspen will grow. Many of the flowers are such as I have found upon the summits of the New Mexican Mogollons, but I have found a new columbine that is a salmon-colored beauty. Many of the southern songsters are here for their summer vacation. I have heard a note that sounds exactly like that of the Eastern brown thrush. This is also a great region for Indian relics—arrow-heads and curious pottery of a uniform burnt umber color and hard as flint.

Sunday afternoon, the last Sunday in June, the Sunday when the mountains of New England are in their loveliest dress. How many school children and business men are to-day dreaming of nothing but the approaching vacation? I sit alone in the tent. Ike has gone to Panguitch for supplies; it will take him four days to make the trip. Brig, the herder, left at sunrise for a neighboring camp to secure matches, flour and tobacco; he cannot return before dark. I have four matches in my pocket and there is scarcely sufficient flour in the sack for me to make a small slapjack for supper. But lambs are plentiful and that is one consolation. Old Trust lies beside me and my rifle is ready for a shot at any game that may come within my range of vision. From the aspens on the mountain side comes the bleating of the sheep and from the forest below the vesper song of the birds arises. The sun slopes slowly to the west. Twilight comes apace. One of my matches must be used to light a fire, and the fire means that this rambling screed must come to a close.

SHOSHONE.

TWO WEEKS AT WABASIS.

LAKE WABASIS is situated in the northeastern part of Kent county, in the State of Michigan, about 25 miles from the great furniture manufacturing city of Grand Rapids, and 9 miles from the nearest railway station. It derives its name from an Indian chief who, for some misdemeanor, was exiled to a territory within a radius of two miles of its shores, and who one day venturing beyond the territory allotted to him was slain by one of his own tribe. It is a picturesque body of water, bounded on one side by high, rugged hills, while the opposite shores are low and marshy, the whole being surrounded by a heavy growth of timber. The country around abounds in trout streams, and the lake itself, being well supplied with a variety of fish, and fed by numerous small creeks of the purest and coldest water, affords an excellent place for lovers of the piscatorial sport to spend a week or two in camping out.

Here the pickerel darts among the reeds in quest of minnows, and the black bass snaps at the luckless fly that falls within its reach. Perch of the largest size are found in great abundance, and will almost bite at the bare hook. Occasionally a crane flies lazily across the lake and settles in the tall reeds that line the shores to watch for his dinner of tender frogs and tadpoles, and now and then a wild duck starts up with a rush from some quiet bunch of wild rice, which grows in abundance.

What better place than one such as this for the overworked business man or any other man who, as the summer months advance and the atmosphere waxes warm under the concentrated rays of Old Sol, feels the need, or at least the inclination of taking a brief respite from the toil and strife of city life. Go, then, all you who are suffering from such an attack, to some such secluded spot as this, for even at the numerous resorts and watering places there is a sort of restraint put upon you, but here, in the wild, free woods, away from the criticisms of the outer world, you can wear your clothes until they stand alone if you feel so disposed, and shout till the welkin rings with no one to exclaim at your rudeness. Your step becomes elastic and your skin acquires a complexion that would do credit to a pretzel. How good everything tastes, and what an enormous quantity you can stow away under that old vest! It would do your sturdy ancestors good to watch you and cause your landlady to turn away in fear and trembling at the thought of your return. Then at night, who of you who have been there, have not enjoyed the pleasure of sitting around the crackling camp-fire, relating some past experience of your own or perhaps listening to the more thrilling ones of some greater tale teller than yourself.

The season was pretty well advanced, and one July night my two friends, B. and C., and myself came to the conclusion that for the next two weeks life would be a burden to us if passed within the limits of the city; so after consulting an old pioneer who had been over the ground and knew the country like a book, we decided to start on the following Saturday for Wabasis. We secured the rental of a good tent and boat, an old wagon, and lastly, a horse.

As the end of the week drew near we became anxious to set out, and by Saturday night had everything in readiness to start; so after removing two or three sections of a lumber pile kindly placed against the gate by some of our thoughtful friends, we loaded up our wagon, attached Bucephalus to it and sallied forth into the night with great expectations and a goodly supply of pork and beans and other articles necessary to the welfare and comfort of an expedition of this sort.

For the first ten miles, or as far as Plainfield, there is a good gravel road, and by occasionally shouting at him and getting out whenever we came to a hill, we managed to keep Bucephalus awake. At the Plainfield toll-gate a figure arrayed in night robes and a piece of old carpet appeared shivering upon the scene (it was a very cold night for July) and exacted our toll. After leaving Plainfield the roads became quite sandy and traveling more difficult, and at 7 A. M. we reached Silver Lake, a beautiful sheet of water with prettily wooded banks and hard pebbly beaches, a fine place for picknickers. There is a story current among the neighboring farmers of a miser who buried his gold somewhere in the vicinity of this lake. Many have searched for it without success. Here we stayed until the following Tuesday, when we struck out for Wabasis, reaching it about noon of the same day. A party of campers from Greenville, just getting ready to leave after a two weeks' stay, reported a very pleasant time, with plenty of good fishing.

Our camp was situated at the west end of the lake near a small creek, which besides supplying us with the best of drinking water, served as an excellent refrigerator, being the best possible place for keeping butter, eggs, milk, etc., which were supplied by a farmer about a quarter of a mile distant. That night (we having neglected to dig a trench around the tent) it rained. The water ran in under the tent, wetting the bedclothes and making it exceedingly disagreeable for all concerned. The next morning, however, the sun came out bright and warm and we felt like new men. Breakfast over we proceeded to the lake, taking with us a good spoon hook and strong line. Keeping pretty close in shore we trolled for about fifteen minutes without getting so much as a nibble. I was sitting in the stern holding the line, and just as we rounded a point where the reeds grew pretty thick felt a decided pull. The fish jumped clean out of the water and the line straightened out with the long, slim body of a fine pickerel about 2ft. in length hooked to the other end of it.

"Give him line; no, haul him in; let me manage him," and similar other pieces of good advice were launched at me with great rapidity, but being unable to follow all of these at once, and having a good stout line, I hauled away. Nearer and nearer to the boat, hotly contesting every foot of the way, came the unwilling fish, occasionally leaping clear of the water and showing his bright, mottled sides. He was almost alongside and I had just begun to feel pretty sure of him, when flop! with a swish of his tail and a savage jerk he tore himself loose and was gone, never to return. It was one of the meanest things I ever saw a fish do, and a sore disappointment to us; but not to be discouraged by a slight mishap of this sort, we persevered and in a short time secured several fine bass. After this we made numerous excursions, exploring all parts of the lake, never, however, forgetting to take along our fishing tackle, and almost invariably returning with at least a fair catch.

Bucephalus was always allowed the freedom of the grounds as there was good pasturage all around, and the place being inclosed by a fence, he could not stray far. One morning while we were still in the land of dreams, he managed in some unaccountable manner to open the lid of our provision box, which we kept just outside the tent, and before we were awake devoured 3lbs. of crackers and a loaf of bread, besides slobbering over everything else in the box so that we were compelled to renew our stock immediately. On another occasion he succeeded in getting hold of a bag of oats which we kept just inside the tent and fed to him only on state occasions, but we caught him in the act this time and prevented him from gorging himself, which he probably would have done in short order if left to himself. He was a very wise and knowing animal and possessed the queerest appetite of any horse I ever had the fortune to run across.

There was plenty of good sport to be had, and on leaving Wabasis we took with us as large a supply as could be disposed of among our friends. On the last day of our stay, C. and I secured in one and a half hours, seventy good sized perch and bluegills, some of the perch weighing as high as 1½lbs. This was the best record made on the trip, which will long be remembered by all concerned in it as two of the most enjoyable and well spent weeks of their existence. The sum total of expense netted each individual only $7.50, which is, I think, a very reasonable figure for two weeks of solid enjoyment and healthy sport. I will say in conclusion to all who are similarly inclined that I know of no better way than this to spend a summer vacation and can heartily recommend this mode of travel.

W. H. BARLOW.

THE DYING SUGAR MAPLE.

WHEN walking through the woody way,
That pleasant leads to the North Bay,
With rod and line and landing net,
And angler's hopes full joyous set,
Oft have I paused to catch again
A sweetly-perfumed airy vein,
That a soft wind across my path
Did striking to my senses waft.
And oft have hunted toward the wind
In tangle thick some flower to find,
That adds such sweetness all unseen
To northern woods, half ever-green.
This often done in summer time,
Not on me then did fortune shine.
In other woods when autumn came,
With dog and gun, I found my game;
I got it not by casting hook,
Nor shooting of swift-flying duck,
Though rod and gun had lured me out.
Great Nature teams with other sport;
Five senses keen, thought on each waiting,
Find pleasing game without life taking.
I saw where stood a stump decaying,
A fungus broad upon it growing.
It was a maple, large and old,
Slow yielding life from earthy mold.
I broke from it that living growth,
That odor sweet came startling forth!
Great Homer tells when warrior fell,
Life came from wound with blood as well;
And I with faith did fain receive
This thought so pleasing to believe—
As soul of saint at death goes flying—
'Tis the sweet soul of maple dying!

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. NELSON MERRILL.

The Yellowstone Game Exploration Trip.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I yesterday read the last of the thirteen articles which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM in the last winter Park expedition. I wish to say that I was greatly delighted with the whole series and it seems to me that that was one of the noted expeditions in the history of the Park. What was written about the segregation strip will convince all Americans who are not, as Mr. Hough says, either "idiots or fools," or I would add a still more numerous class of those who would sacrifice the whole Park to place a dollar in their pockets. I would like to suggest the propriety of getting those articles into pamphlet form. They would be of great value. H. M. C.

Good Books for Every One.

THIS is a reading age. Young and old, rich and poor, buy and read books. To meet these demands there has been an enormous production of printed books, good and bad, and a great competition in the book trade, which has resulted in the publication of standard works at prices that seem absurdly low when compared with the prices charged for the same volumes a few years ago.

For many years the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. has been known as the largest publishers in America of works on outdoor sports, and in that time it has supplied many thousands of its readers with volumes on the especial subjects, and with the lapse of time the trade in such volumes has been constantly increasing. With this trade in special lines has of late come an increased demand for works more general in character, and this demand is growing day by day.

To meet these requirements of our customers we have made arrangements by which we can furnish a number of the standard works of English and American authors at prices far below those at which they can usually be obtained, and we have, therefore, issued a small General Literature Catalogue, which will be forwarded free of charge to any one who may apply for it. In the list of works which we can furnish are found such authors as Walter Scott, George Eliot, Washington Irving, Charles Dickens, John Ruskin, Cooper, W. Clark Russell and many others almost equally well known.

These works are arranged in series, their prices varying from 50 cents to $1.50 a volume. All the works are cloth bound except those at $1.50 a volume, which are bound in half morocco with gilt top. We have no doubt that as soon as this catalogue becomes known to our readers, they will avail themselves of its privileges.

We have recently imported second-hand copies of several rather rare and out of print books on sport. Among these are Elliot's "Carolina Sports," Lamont's "Yachting in Arctic Seas," Dodge's "Hunting Grounds of the Great West" and others. Prices of these will be forwarded on application.

Prairie Chickens.

RECENT reports received by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway from stations in the prairie chicken country of Minnesota and South Dakota all indicate a prospect of the best hunting for years. Chickens are very plentiful and in fine condition. Duck shooting prospects are also good. Full information can be had by addressing Ticket Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 207 Clark street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

Natural History.

THE CHARACTER OF THE ROBIN.

I KNOW of no bird whose manners are so expressive of energy and vigilance as those of the robin (*Turdus migratorius*). Other birds are often to be seen leisurely and idly moving about as though they had no particular object in view, or chasing and picking mock quarrels with each other, just by way of pastime, but the robin is never to be seen acting thus. Whatever he does, is done with the air of it being a strict necessity and in a uniformly energetic manner, whether it be his most common occupation of exhuming earth worms, or that most important of bird doings, the construction of a nest. As for his vigilance, it is rarely that he is not on the lookout for danger; his most frequent attitude is one expressive of watchfulness and suspicion.

I am watching as I write several birds who are picking up the various bugs and worms to be found in a newly spaded piece of ground in the garden below; and among them is a robin. The other birds, a couple of catbirds and some song and chipping sparrows, as they do not see any danger, are not expecting it and move about in a perfectly unsuspicious and confident manner. But the robin has scarcely unearthed one worm, when he must stop and listen and look about him. He mounts a lump of earth for the purpose of having a better view of his surroundings, and his observations being reassuring, he descends with a sudden rush, and putting his head close to the ground (as if he were a most nearsighted bird), he jerks out a worm with most unexpected abruptness. Then carrying his prey, perhaps some four or five inches long, with him, he ascends his hillock and listens again.

He has a nest in a pine tree some distance away; not a very wisely designed nest for purposes of concealment, for it is placed on the end of a branch, and festooned with strings of white rags, so that it can be seen a long distance away; and judging from his constant vigilance and worrying, he believes everybody is conspiring against it. I fail to sympathize with a bereaved robin as much as with most birds, for the reason that his grief is so obtrusive, and that he has previously shown, on all occasions where his fears have been awakened, an equal amount of it. His behavior in this latter respect has often debarred him from my assistance, for it is impossible to know by the amonnt of alarm he shows, whether he merely fears trouble, or his young hopefuls are being murdered before his eyes.

The robin is not given like some birds to singing his song wherever he happens to be, when he takes the notion. He apparently considers a song of too much importance to be sung at all times and places. It is interesting sometimes to watch a robin preparing to sing, and his manner during the interruptions to which he is liable. I was watching one day a robin who, after the manner of robins, was diligently digging for worms in a newly ploughed field, beside an old barn. He had worked for some time, and carried many beakfuls of grubs and worms home, when he stopped by way of rest and recreation to sing a song. But first he looked about the field to see that there were no other birds to lessen the supply of worms, and seeing none he started for the roof of the barn. Then after having taken the usual survey of his surroundings to make sure of it being safe to be off his guard a few moments, he, with the air of one dismissing all other thoughts from his mind, settled down to his song. He was apparently just becoming oblivious to all else, when a sudden shriek of triumph and defiance from a rival robin, who had taken possession of his hunting grounds in the field below, brought him to a sense of outward things with a start. He listened intently, and his attitude grew wrathful, but he hesitated to leave his perch; he was in a mood for singing and loth to go to battle and work just yet. The challenge was not repeated and he was in a too elevated mood to mind the loss of a few worms. So after waiting a little he began again, and his clear hopeful notes were ringing out afresh when the offense was repeated. He did not wait now for consideration, but with a shriek of wrath and defiance, he started for that bird. I could not see them, a fence being in the way, but I am certain that other bird found an even more determined opponent than usual to deal with.

C. A. TYNDALL.

FLYING SQUIRRELS AS PETS.

MOHONK LAKE, Ulster County, N. Y., Sept. 1.—A friend has just handed me a cutting from a paper with the above heading, and coming from FOREST AND STREAM, I am impelled to answer it, as I have had the same responsibility laid on me.

I had three baby squirrels given me in the early spring of 1893. They were very easily tamed, and I gave them nuts to eat and branches to climb over, and thought I had provided for all their wants. After a month or so I found there was something wrong, as they seemed weak or hurt, two of them dragging their hindquarters and running with difficulty. After watching them carefully for some time I came to the conclusion that I was not feeding them their natural food, and then I tried to picture their life and what they might eat under such conditions. I began by trying even at this late day to supply the loss of the mother, and gave them milk, which they would take from the end of my finger a drop at a time. Sometimes I sweetened it very slightly and warmed it. When they tired of this and would not take it, I gave them a thin custard—slightly sweetened, but the best thing of all, and the one that seemed to give them the most strength was rice pudding—the old-fashioned poor man's pudding. A little glass dish of the milky part with a little rice left in it was put on their table in the evening and in the morning was well eaten. Then I tried mushrooms with great success.

My next experiment was in making the conditions of their life more natural. I got a good-sized, common kitchen table, had an edge put round it a couple of inches high, filled it with wood earth and planted it with moss, grass, ferns and a few mossy stones. At one side was a glass dish for water, which I was careful to have fresh every evening, for the flying squirrel is nocturnal, sleeping all day, coming out as the sun goes down, and eating very little till about 10 o'clock or later. I put a long mossy stick at the back of the table, and round the edge, hanging down, I tacked a chintz or rather printed cheese cloth curtain to keep them from falling off, as I feared they could not cling to the wooden edge. I put a small cage—a flying squirrel cage—at one end of the table and filled the floor of it with moss, this because they are passionately fond of the turning wheel and spend hours in it, all three at a time, getting the exercise of many miles of running, I should think. Next, some branches with plenty of twigs, one leading to the floor for a ladder in case they fell off, and some to the window curtains on either side of the table.

By chance I found they eagerly eat roses, the end of the rose leaves, maple blossoms and the ripened seed vessels, the nuts of the witch hazel, the acorns of the scrub oak, and indeed all acorns, and the pine cones as they open in the autumn. From these they pick the little flying seed. All these I give them on the branch, so that they may take them off and so keep their teeth in order. I give them all kinds of fruit. They will pick quite a large bush of blueberries in a night, leaving hardly a berry. The nut they like the best is the soft shell almond. All the others they tire of, even of chestnuts. I give them English walnuts, pecan nuts and peanuts and beechnuts.

Occasionally I find a piece of well rotted hemlock in the woods. This they tear all to pieces, rolling themselves in the scraps. They take earth baths quite regularly. When they stop I know it is time to put fresh wood earth under the moss, which of course I keep lightly watered. On the wall I have a bracket covered with a piece of cloth, again to keep them from slipping off the smooth wood, and on this is a double-lidded basket (a candy basket). I keep one lid a little raised by resting on the turned in handle. In it I put some cotton wool. Over it I throw a handkerchief, as they do not like the insecurity of the open lid. In this they live in perfect content (they are uneasy if the basket is on the table). They have grown strong and vigorous and are in perfect condition, and of course very tame.

This is a very long letter of suggestions, but there was much to say, and all of it necessary for the health of these fairy-like little creatures. I should be glad to hear of your five and that they are doing well.

EMILY D. TYSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Anent flying squirrels and what they eat. We had one in our cellar once some six years ago. We bought potatoes a bushel at a time, and now and then some were missed. Some telltale pieces led to the discovery of a considerable quantity snugly stored away under a platform. Cakes and other eatables were attacked, and one time a cake filled with English walnut meats was nearly consumed. It was a mystery how mice or rats could reach these things, placed as they were. Finally a new tin wash boiler was procured to protect them. One night my lucubrations were disturbed by noises from the cellar, and taking a lamp I went down. The culprit was perched on the side of the boiler. He allowed me to come, lamp in hand, near enough to touch him, and remained some time. I thought him a squirrel. I had never seen a flying squirrel, but when I had gone back up stairs readily identified him from the description and illustration I found in the encyclopædia.

A taxidermist friend wanted him, and we were willing to part with one who had caused us so much annoyance. A box trap was improvised and the game secured. My friend came for him and saw him plainly in the trap, and took him home in the passenger car. When he transferred him to a wire cage he found that he had a large, ferocious rat, and the wood of the box trap was eaten nearly through. In ten minutes he could have escaped, and what might not have happened in the car is hard to tell.

There was no doubt about the squirrel having been there, however, for we learned that one had been turned loose shortly before by a nearby neighbor. We never heard of it after, nor were we troubled by rats, either before or afterward.

Here is one instance where the squirrel failed to drive out the rats. WYKIE.

Barn Owls.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.—While in Nebraska I saw a pair of owls that while perhaps common enough elsewhere were new to me and also to those in that vicinity. They were captured in a nest that was found in the schoolhouse, and perhaps a brief description may be interesting to your readers. The birds were about grown and stood about 10 or 11in. high, were brown on the back and white on the breast, the feathers on the head and neck stood out and gave a round shape to the head with no evidence of the familiar ears common on owls. The beak was completely buried in the feathers which were white, while around was a narrow circle of brown feathers giving the appearance of a monkey's face, a name given the birds by the finder. Whether the bird is rare or not I do not know, but no one in the vicinity ever saw one like it before. W. R. H.

[The owls are no doubt barn owls (*Strix pratincola*).]

The Call of the Coon.

ESSEX COUNTY, N. Y., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are doubtless among the readers of FOREST AND STREAM those who positively know what the call or whistle of the raccoon is, if indeed he has any, loud enough to be heard any distance. Until last fall I was sure I knew the call of the coon; now, however, I am sure I do not. Old hunters about here laugh at the amateur who tells of hearing coons whistling by night. They say that every time, if it were traced up, it would be found to be a small owl, and this is my personal experience. Last fall I was attracted about nightfall to the door by the familiar sound. I could almost have sworn it was a coon down by the lake. Presently, however, a small owl flapped out of a pear tree near by. I would very much like to hear from "them ez knows."

HEATHCOTE.

Tame Rose-Breasted Grosbeak.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y.—A lady here in the village has a rose-breasted grosbeak which she has had since last April. He whistles away all day and seems to enjoy life with the rest of the family, being very tame. I thought it was a rare bird in these parts. A. L. H.

[While the rose-breasted grosbeak is nowhere a very common bird it has a wide range and is not infrequently seen in captivity. It makes a beautiful pet.]

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From our Staff Correspondent.*]

Up in the Arctics.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 15.—A Winnipeg, Man., journal has the following to say in regard to a journey well up into the Arctics recently made by a lady of adventuresome turn of mind. The McKenzie country remains as yet comparatively little known by even the most daring of American travelers. Mrs. Shaw-Colcleugh's successful feat will entitle her to the respect of the sterner sex even though it win the horrified surprise of the fairer. But there is no telling what woman is going to do these days. One can only regret that a lady showing so much pluck and determination could not resist the temptation to fall into poetry. The account says:

Mrs Emma Shaw Colcleugh has returned to the city from another of those trips which have given her much celebrity as a traveler. Always seeking out unbeaten tracks for her journeys, she this year decided upon going to the remote and little known McKenzie River region, where only one other white woman tourist had ever preceded her, and that was Miss Taylor, daughter of the late U. S. Consul. Mrs. Colcleugh's trip occupied over three months and during that time she covered fully 6,000 miles. Speaking of her trip to-day, Mrs. Colcleugh said it was not one that she would recommend to the average tourists, as there were many little drawbacks to be met with that would frighten those who could not find pleasure unless it was associated with the luxuries of palace cars and sumptuous hotels. She had, however, accepted everything as she found it and managed to get along very comfortably. The character of the country, its remoteness from civilization, the old trading forts and their historical connections, the various Indian types met with, and the novel life on the open boats on the unnavigable stretches had a charm and fascination all their own which were truly interesting and keeps one's imagination continually active. The northward journey terminated at Fort McPherson, on the Peel River, near the 17° of latitude. Here Mrs. Colcleugh had the good fortune of finding a camp of Eskimos from the Arctic regions. She found these strange people very interesting and brought away with her poetical, photographic and other souvenirs of them. Mrs. Colcleugh secured much data for magazine articles and lectures which she intends to give to the public shortly. Besides her prose description of the rivers, lakes, scenic wonders of the North, Hudson's Bay forts, etc., she also composed several poems on scenes and incidents met with on the journey. On the way home an unlooked for delay occurred and provisions running short the rations were limited to pork and bannock for several days; but the keen air and excitement inspired by the surroundings gave one such an appetite that this substantial food was eaten with a relish. The steamboat journey on the McKenzie River alone from Slave Lake and back was 4,000 miles. Mrs. Colcleugh speaks very highly of all the Hudson's Bay officials, who treated her with every possible courtesy and kindness.

Again the Butchers.

A FOREST AND STREAM friend who lives in Nebraska sends me the following under date of Sept. 7:

"I inclose a clipping from the *Daily State Journal* of Lincoln, Neb., for Aug. 29, telling how a party from there are killing game in the West. It will not be many years before these same fellows will be wondering where the game is all gone. I do not claim to be perfect in that line, but will say that out of several trips in the West, aggregating nearly five months, in the big game regions, and with parties of from five to ten, we never in that time killed as much game as this party of 'gentlemen' seem to have slaughtered in a few days, mostly to rot, as anyone must know who has hunted in the west. H."

The clipping reads:

The Fremont (Wyo.) *Clipper* tells of the exploits of a company of hunters composed of H. M. Rice of this city, A. Wannfried of Omaha and several Chicago gentlemen in northern Wyoming. Mr. Rice is quoted as saying that they shot sixty-four antelope, nineteen elk and nine bear, and for that reason their wagon was so heavily loaded they could not proceed on their way to Yellowstone Park without returning to Lander to rid themselves of the results of their prowess.

It is an old story, this of senseless, absurd, cruel and inhuman butchery. It creates no surprise to hear that the butchers are at it again. But it will never cease to create disgust in the heart of any man who has really the shadow of a claim to the misused title of gentleman.

There Are Doves in Mexico Also.

A gentleman who is well known in FOREST AND STREAM by his too rarely seen pen name of "Aztec," writes all the way from San Luis Potosi, the same being a *ciudad* located away down in *Mexico Viejo* (get on to my Spanish), as follows:

"I was amused and pleased at your account of the dove 'holocaust' in Tennessee. I began to shoot doves during the four years I lived in California. Since coming here I have kept it up, as this country is full of them summer and winter. After about ten years' practice I was beginning to get ashamed of myself that I still missed about two out of three, and had made up my mind that I was no sort of a shot anyhow. I can kill ducks pretty frequently, and though I have had very little practice for a long time, can give a fair account of myself with quail. I had long had a suspicion that it was easier to kill a duck even on a pass and in the wind than to stop a traveling dove, but I was just a little timid about saying so. Just let a dove have business at a pond about two miles away and be going with the wind besides, and the fastest member of the duck tribe is not in it with him.

"By the way, it is a common thing to meet with the prejudice against dove shooting even in the South, where they are so abundant. The negroes of the old regime think it both a shame and a waste of ammunition to kill a dove, and many Southern ladies will not eat them. The darkies hold that it is wrong to kill the descendants of the bird that brought good news to Noah in the Ark. As for the ammunition question, it was a common notion in the country districts of southwest Missouri, where I was brought up, that even Bob White was not worth a load of shot, except when there was a probability of potting a flock."

Some time, if I ever go to Mexico again, I shall inaugurate another war of extermination in company with "Aztec," feeling sure of his sympathy if we only get every other bird, any maybe not that.

Wants to Know About Skis.

Mr. Hugh P. Blackinton, of Blackinton, Mass., will pardon me if I print his letter asking for information about *skis:*

"I am very fond," he says, "of all winter sports, and for several years past have gotten much pleasure in long tramps over our Berkshire hills on Indian snowshoes. Last year for the first time I attempted to navigate with the Norwegian *ski*—on a home-made pair, made with only the vaguest idea of the essential points; but crude though they were, they served to make me realize the possibilities of grand sport in them. With a little practice I learned to coast easily on them, but was not able to wear them on a tramp with any comfort. The motion seemed very awkward and hard, and I could not make a go of it up hill. Your description of corduroying up a grade, I think, makes this point clear with me; but I do not understand how you keep your toe in the toe-cap. Is there a strap (which can be detached) going up over the heel to keep the foot from sliding backward, and if so, how is this usually attached?

"Can you wear the *skis* with moccasins, or is it necessary to wear a heavy boot as a support to the toe in pushing the shoe?

"In walking along a side grade when the ice has formed under my foot I find it almost impossible to keep my foot from sliding off the *ski* and thus disengaging my toe from the cap. I presume a heel strap—if such a thing is used—might in a way remedy this difficulty—though I hardly see how it could be overcome entirely.

"I am very much interested in this sport and am bound to have some of it this winter, and if you could give me some suggestions as to making my *skis* or refer me to any book giving me this information and posting me a little more thoroughly as to their use, I shall be grateful."

There is no book on *ski* going so far as I know, and it would be worthless if there were one. The only way to learn a sport is to practice it, at first if possible under one proficient in it. Mr. Blackinton's troubles are those usual with the beginner on *skis.* He needs first of all a good pair of *skis*, which he can get by addressing any sporting goods house in St. Paul (I don't know why Eastern dealers do not keep them, and do not see why the sport is not more generally practiced in the East) He will find that the *ski* has a heel strap which will hold the toe from slipping back out of the toe strap. This heel strap is not fastened to the *ski* at the heel, as that of course would destroy all play of the foot up or down, which is as necessary with the *ski* as with the web shoe. Some of the finest *ski* men, however, will not strap the *ski* to the foot at all, and on the most dangerous runs it is best not to do so, as a fall would then possibly wrench the ankle. In a swift coast the *ski* runner drives his toes well forward into the toe straps, and as the *skis* always go ahead, and he always goes as fast as they do, he needs no firmer connection with them than is thus afforded. Most men in ordinary travel want the *ski* strapped on, but this does not give firmness so much as security against losing the shoe. In taking a side hill one walks on the inner edge of his *skis*, with only the edge holding on the snow, and sometimes with his heel clear inside of that and off the *ski*, giving him firmer grip on a smooth crust. His strength and stiffness of ankle must give him control of the shoes here, for all the heel-strap does is to keep the foot in the toe-strap. To gain this control over the *skis* takes muscle and practice, but one needs the proper footwear. This I described in the Yellowstone Park papers lately published in FOREST AND STREAM. A moccasin will do if worn inside a stout overshoe. A "heavy boot" would not do at all, but would ruin the foot. One needs pliable yet firm foot covering of a sort to turn the grinding snow.

The *ski* gait is not so tiresome as that of the web shoe, because one does not have to lift the *ski* at each step, and he has the great privilege of resting while going down hill. There is no more pleasant feeling in the world than that of the *ski* step on a gentle grade—unless it be the exhilaration of the run where one takes no step at all, but only glides. The art of getting up hill is uncommunicable by words. The only way is to see another fellow do it, and then try to do it one's self.

In a hilly country of long grades, and of snow that packs to any extent, there is no reason for the existence of the web shoe except the reasons of conservatism and custom. In a country like that of the Park the web shoe would rightly be scoffed at as being unfitted to the environment. The web shoe is at home in level country, soft snow, and timber, where one has to climb around and pick his way over logs, etc. I should like to see the sport of *ski* gain a footing in the East. It is a manly sport, far and away passing tennis, golf, bicycling and tiddledewinks.

Improved the Senator's Health.

Despatches say that Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Senator John Sherman and party were at Hot Springs, S. D., last week, shooting prairie chickens and bathing, and that Senator Sherman's health was improved. By which?

Mr. J. M. Jones of Chicago, his friend John Howley, once of Chicago but now of New York city, and other friends have set out for Dakota on their regular annual hunt after chickens.

Colorado Deer.

Mr. W. J. Letts, of Sedalia, Mo., writes me:

"Four tenderfeet would like to take a trip to the mountains of Colorado for pleasure, and deer, and as our time would be limited to fifteen or twenty days would not want to go a great way from railroad. Can you recommend place, guide, and give estimate of cost of guide and wagon transportation?"

The gentlemen are taking altogether too little time for a pleasant and successful trip of the sort they propose, and they are moreover asking some questions I can't answer and which I wish some one out in Colorado would. My friend Dick Merrill, of Milwaukee, tells me that he and his friends had good success deer hunting north of Delta, Colo., (on the D. & R. G. Ry.) They were the guests of Henry Koehler, of the Bar I ranch, north of Delta, and they took 26 pack horses of the Bar I into the mountains with them. The Bar I outfit is hardly guiding for anybody, but perhaps Mr. Koehler would advise an inquirer whom to address in that section for a guide and outfit. Mr. Merrill and his friends got plenty of deer. Will some Colorado friend do better than this for us by way of specific advice?

Base Libel and a Snake Story.

A few weeks ago I was at New York. I always like to go there, it is so restful. It is a pleasure to hear the meadow-larks singing on the fence in the morning, and to look out of the window and see the hired men going out to milk the cows and get the early chores done; and in the evening it is nice to sit on the steps of the main store and look at the teams hitched to the fence around the court house, in the Union Square, and see the boys taking the girls into the ice cream saloon at the corner of the Square—it's a real good place, too. Anyhow, if I hadn't gone to New York I probably wouldn't have gone to Altoona, up in the Pennsylvania mountains; and if I hadn't gone there, I wouldn't have had this snake story, the truth of which I will leave to Mr. Edward Banks, who has joined the FOREST AND STREAM family in New York, and who cannot, therefore, err on the side of accuracy.

Mr. Banks and I rode up the picturesque narrow-gauge road, which climbs 1,500ft. in its seven miles of crookedness, to the Hotel Wopsononock, where the big trap tournment was held the week before. Having nothing else to do, we walked out into the woods, over some good ruffed grouse country, hoping to start a bird or so for the pleasure of seeing them go, just as one sets off any sort of fireworks. We didn't find any birds, and I lay down and went to sleep, while Mr. Banks read FOREST AND STREAM, an arrangement we found mutually satisfactory for a time, though Mr. Banks alleges I snored, in which he must certainly be mistaken. Well, we were walking home along the road a little later, when all at once we heard at our feet the universally understood and always terrifying note of a rattlesnake. Instinctively we both sprang back, and on the instant saw the rattler, a great, lazy, fat, black fellow, about 3½ft. long. He was lying at full length on a flat rock, with hardly a bend in his lazy body, but the stubby tail was erect for about 3in. of its length and was running faster than a milk-shake machine. He was a buzzer, sure. It is all a mistake to think a rattlesnake has to coil before it can rattle. He can rattle with both hands tied and in any sort of shape.

The old fellow crawled about three or four inches toward the cover when we jumped back, and seemed to say that it could be peace or war, just as we liked. We declared war, and threw a stone which struck him on the tail. In an instant he was on guard, in a loose coil, or rather loop, his body lying in horseshoe shape on the ground, his head up about six inches. We flung other stones in rapid succession and hurt him badly, but he never showed the white feather or tried to get away. He only struck once, that after he had been stove in amidships, and when he struck he showed no judgment whatever. He sprang out of his loose coil as quick as lightning, and drove his fangs sheer against the flat rock on which he had been lying. This was in quite the opposite direction from us. In striking, he sprang from a very loose coil, and went to a distance of all but about six or eight inches of his length. Perhaps he would have struck oftener had not the rock hurt his teeth, or had we not disturbed the alignment of his spinal column soon thereafter. This snake was very black, especially near the tail. Mr. Banks said it was the male snake, and that the female, of a yellower color, was no doubt near by. (A great many rattlesnakes are killed in that locality.)

We carried our prize back to the hotel, and decided to feed it to Dick, the pet raccoon which makes one of the main attractions of the hotel. Dick is usually good natured, and we had tousled him around all the morning. Now he was asleep in his box, but when we poked the snake in to him, he woke up and came out, following it eagerly. Mr. Banks pulled it away from him and Dick ran to the end of his chain and stood up on his hindlegs, in evident ill temper, because he bit me when I tried to touch him then, as he will any one when he is feeding. As soon as Dick got hold of the snake he set deliberately to work to eat it, and began directly at the head as being the tenderest part. He bit the rattler's head all over and tried to eat the softer parts, including the tongue. If he knew that that was the dangerous part of a rattler he didn't let on about it, and acted as though he had eaten many a one before. He did not actually eat the head, but only the crushed portion of it, He is so old that his teeth are bad and he could not tear the snake up very well, though he did all he could with his claws. He rejected the skin altogether, but as soon as he had gotten a hole or two torn through it he took the snake to his water-pail and carefully washed it, after coon fashion, and then worked at it diligently for an hour, finally leaving it hardly more than a flat piece of skin. Whether he ate the poison bag or not I don't know, but he started in at that end as though he was exploring for *delicatessen.* No doubt the poison would have been harmless had he eaten it. I think the fangs of the snake were broken when it struck on the rock, though we could feel them snag slightly on the string with which we explored the upper jaw.

If there is a Wopsononock rattler of female persuasion which is shy a dark-complexioned consort, she can have the same, or satisfaction for the same, by applying to Dick, the hotel coon; but I am disposed to think that she would best keep some distance away from Dick, or he will add her to the obsequies. I wonder if wild raccoons attack wild rattlesnakes, but we are not yet far enough along to say more than that one tame raccoon ate one dead rattlesnake.

There are two young red foxes also kept captive at this hotel, the slimmest, thinnest things one ever saw, and the most unspeakably suspicious and shy. Yet toward evening they grow lively, and romp and play like a pair of kittens, so far as their chains will allow them. Not so the big wildcat in the grated cage. He is perennially out of humor, and growls if you come within 20ft. of him. All the above animals are native in number around Altoona, as well as deer and turkeys and squirrels in abundance also; all of which it surprised me to learn. To the Western mind there is no game so far East as that.

Chicago Includes Russia Also.

As long as Chicago and the West has gotten so far East as this, it might as well take in Russia, too, and I don't mind telling what I know about hunting bear in Russia. My information comes from Mr. H. J. Sprengle, who was the representative of the W. W. Greener gun at the World's Fair. Mr. Sprengle once lived in St. Petersburg, and while he was up in this office the other day he told me how they hunt bear in Russia. He says it is a very expensive sport, but not difficult nor extremely dangerous as it is sometimes practiced, though the bears are very large.

The bear hunt comes off in winter, after the bears have gone into their hibernation quarters. When the peasants of a village learn there is a bear required, they go out and locate one in his winter quarters, thus saving the hunter a deal of trouble. Then the head villager demands a certain sum, which may be over $50, often less, for the privilege of a shot. He does not guarantee the hunter to kill the bear, he only guarantees that he will get a shot, or get a chance for a shot. If the hunter is one of experience, he will not pay over his money till he has had his shot, for there are tricks in this trade. A live bear is worth

more to the village than a dead one, and if the hunter is thought to be easily imposed upon, the line of beaters will drive the bear out so that it will be impossible or difficult to kill it; but they will hold on to the money just the same.

After the financial arrangements are concluded, the hunting party sets out in the morning and repairs to the spot where the bear is snoozing away in his six-months' nap. The hunter can, in some cases, go up to the edge of the hole in the snow, poke his gun against the bear's head and blow him into the ursine hereafter. If he is a very brave man, he takes the chance of a shot on the run, the bear being herded up to him, like an ox, by the line of beaters, which is apt to include pretty much the entire male population of the village. If he shoots, he has to settle, and the excuse of no meat doesn't go. Russia is the only place I know of where they shoot bears at the trap. They are high rollers over there. I never heard of this before, but there is no telling what is liable to be happening around Chicago.

From Far Away Alberta.

Some one has sent me a copy of the Edmonton, Alberta, *Bulletin* of Aug. 27, on one page of which I notice several items which might make one think it a curious and unknown country, this far-away Alberta, and one where the wildness is not yet all gone. We read of the wood buffalo, thus:

Of the wood buffaloes shot in the Athabasca district last week only one specimen has found its way to town. This was brought down last week by J. Carlton of Fort Chipewyan and was the only one shot by him this winter. He brought the whole hide; head, hoofs and tail intact, so that it could be set up as a museum specimen. The hide is 10ft. in length, its girth 8ft. The wood buffalo is fast becoming extinct. The Indians hunt them whenever they can. In season or out is the same to them. They follow them for weeks at a time, very often being unsuccessful, but they are fond of the meat and will endure many hardships to get it.

There are ducks, also, as witness:

The duck shooting opened on Thursday, and several sports in town hied themselves off to the nearest lakes only to find the ducks swimming about with down on and quite unable to fly. Last spring was a very late one and as a consequence the ducks did not begin to lay until late in May; the result is the birds are late in maturing and will not be ready to shoot for at least three weeks. Local sports have decided to defer their shooting until the birds can fly.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

MAINE AND THE EAST.

MR. J. E. HALL, well known in the Boston paper trade, is a lover of the woods and streams. But the line and rod, with the shotgun in season, must be there. He hopes to start, with a party of friends, in a day or two for their own special camping ground. It is on the West Branch of the Pleasant River, in Maine. They go in by the Katahdin Iron Works, and thence some six or eight miles by buckboard and carry to West Branch Pond, where they have a camp. The spot is said to be a beautiful one and the fishing excellent. Mr. Hall especially mentions the tramp in through the woods. The shotgun is taken, at the proper season, and ten or twelve birds is the usual quota for the camp, without much hunting. But the carrry is not always dry and dusty, though it may be this year. It is sometimes very wet in fact, and wading has to be done through brooks and swampy places. The party this time will include Mr. Hall's brother, H. C. Hall, of J. J. Hall & Co, Mr. DeFord of State street, and Mr. Chas. E. Pierce of the New York Biscuit Co.

Mr. N. G. Manson, Jr., of Bellows & Manson, is at Camp Leatherstocking, his own beautiful place on Cherry Tree Point on Richardson Lake. Mr. Bynner of the Cambridge hardware trade is with him, and also Mrs. Bynner. His brother, Mr. H. Manson, is there. Oscar W. Cutting is guide and chief factotum about the camp. His courage cannot be beaten, and he is getting down to the new steam launch, that Mr. Manson has put in this season, with a good deal of skill.

Mr. Henry Whitmore, better known in the Boston *Herald* office, where he is real estate editor, as "Harry," is off for his vacation, and Mrs. Whitmore is with him. They go to Allerton Lodge, on the east shore of Lake Mooselucmaguntic, the guests of Mr. Hal Haskell, son of Hon. E. B. Haskell, of the Boston *Herald*.

The bird shooters along the Massachusetts shore are somewhat discouraged. The weather is fearfully dry, and the swamps and marshes are destitute of water. Birds fly along shore, but they do not stop. Their feeding grounds are dried up. Mr. Claude B. Tarbox has been out again at Byfield, but saw very few birds. He scarcely fired a shot, though hearing a few yellow-legs. At Ipswich Bay and at the mouth of the Ipswich River a few beach plover are reported. Mr. Henry Powers mentions a bag of sixteen or seventeen made on Labor Day. But he says that the beach was overrun with gunners and with birds very scarce. An expert gunner at that point says that there is little inducement for him to try for birds at present. In the first place, there are too many gunners firing at targets of all sorts to such an extent that not a bird would alight. Later the mass of gunners will have got tired, and then he will put out his decoys and be ready. A few flocks of young black duck have been seen at that point, and one or two bags have been made by those who know where to go.

Mr. Charles L. Bly is just back from a very pleasant fishing trip to Round Mountain Lake in Maine. There were three other gentlemen in the party with their wives, besides Mr. and Mrs. Bly. They went first to Billy Soule's at Pleasant Island, in Cupsuptic Lake, but finding almost too many people there they concluded to try Round Mountain Lake again. The fishing they found good, for the gamy small trout of that region, and the woods are beautiful as ever. Deer are plenty, and they saw numbers of partridges or ruffed grouse.

A pitiful story of deer slaughter is current in the Rangeleys. I do not know that it is true, but it comes to me from sources that there is no reason to doubt. But the difficulty in such cases is to get positive evidence. At the best much comes from hearsay. A Boston merchant, who owns camps there, is reported to have killed five deer this summer under the jacklight. He did not get the coveted antlers—he should have known that it was not the season for fine heads—and so he kept killing. He simply took photographs of his booty, and then sunk them in the lake. This is an old trick; that of killing moose and deer in close time, and then, since they cannot be brought out to camps or settlements, why, tie a stone to the carcass and sink it. But permit me to plead right here with the man who shot those deer. Why will he do such a thing? He is only robbing his brother hunters of sport that rightfully belongs to them, in the open season. Then if he wants to butcher, why hire out with some butcher and bleed calves. Or he could, some evening, get a chance to butcher lambs, if he would apply at the abattoir. I hardly think that the law will ever reach him. He has money and can easily shut the mouths of guides. As for wardens; well, let the wardens answer.

I learn that the number of hunters going into Maine this year is something almost appalling. The quantity of deer there has been so thoroughly advertised that the Maine Central and other railroads will reap a rich harvest out of the hunting travel, as they have already done out of the fishing travel. Wonder if these roads will feel kindly toward the FOREST AND STREAM and other papers for what they have done in making the game and fish situation known? Already the gunners are moving that way. It comes to me from good authority that the baggage master on one of the Bangor & Aroostook trains had twenty-four rifles aboard the other night, and that a dozen a day is not at all a large number. "The woods will evidently be full of them" by the time the season opens. Experienced hunters, who have annually visited certain sections in Maine, tell me that they are positively afraid of their lives this fall if they attempt to hunt where there are so many guns.

SPECIAL.

SPORTSMEN'S EXHIBITION.

THE following notice was sent out last week to all the gun, fishing tackle and sporting goods houses in New York and vicinity:

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—Dear Sir: Pursuant to a call issued by a number of prominent firms, a meeting was held August 27, at the rooms of the Hardware Club, for the purpose of considering the question of holding an exposition of sportsmen's goods.

It was decided at this meeting that an exposition be held at the Madison Square Garden, in May, 1895, and the undersigned were appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements, and to call a general meeting on Sept, 18, to effect a permanent organization which shall carry the project to a complete success.

The committee has made arrangements with the Madison Square Garden Co. to hold the exposition, to last one week, from May 8th to 13th inclusive, and to allow proper time to erect and remove exhibits. The Garden Co. agrees to assume the entire financial responsibility.

The committee has divided the exhibits into the following classes, which it is thought will completely cover all desirable lines:

Class A.—Firearms.
Class B.—Ammunition.
Class C.—Sporting sundries.
Class D.—Fishing tackle.
Class E.—Boats, canoes, etc.
Class F.—Camping outfits.
Class G.—Athletic goods.
Class H.—Kennel supplies.
Class I.—Zoölogy and taxidermy.
Class K.—Cameras and photographic supplies.
Class L.—Saddles and bridles.
Class M.—Sportsmen's art and literature.
Class N.—Trophies and loan collections.

The committee having thoroughly canvassed the matter, is fully convinced that a grand and successful exposition can be held, highly educational and of great benefit as an advertising medium to all who may take part in it. A number of prominent firms in the different lines, have warmly entered into the project.

The meeting will be held on Sept. 18, Tuesday, at 2 P. M., at the rooms of the Hardware Club, in the Postal Telegraph Building, corner of Broadway and Murray street, and will hear the report of the committee, elect officers, appoint committees and curators, and take such steps as shall succesfully launch the undertaking.

It is desirable that there should be as large an attendance as possible, and you are earnestly requested to be present. Should this be impossible, please be represented by proxy Kindly inform the secretary, at the earliest possible moment, of your willingness and intention to be present. Respectfully presented. THE COMMITTEE.

CHAS. TATHAM, of Tatham & Bros., Chairman.
CHAS. DALY, of Schoverling, Daly & Gales.
F S. WEBSTER, of the Webster Studio.
JUSTUS VON LENGERKE, of Von Lengerke & Detmold.
J A. H. DRESSEL, Sec'y,
of Union Metallic Cartridge Co., 313 Broadway, N. Y.

The meeting thus called was held in the rooms of the Hardware Club on Tuesday last for the purpose of forming a permanent organization. Among those present were Col. P. G. Sanford, Capt. A. W. Money, Messrs. J. A. H. Dressel, Wm. Lyman, W. K. Park, Chas. Daly, Chas. Tatham, Justus Von Lengerke, Armin Tenner, T. W. Franklin, H. A. Penrose, F. S. Webster, J. W. Spalding, Chas. Wiebusch.

The meeting was called to order at 2:15 with Charles Tatham in the chair. Minutes of last meeting were read by Secretary Dressel, who then read a number of letters from firms interested in the exhibition, written in answer to the circular letter recently sent out. These contained a reasonable amount of encouragement, and several important firms stated their intention of exhibiting. The report of the executive committee was accepted.

Then the question of holding an exhibition came up. Mr. von Lengerke moved that an exhibition be held in Madison Square Garden May 13 to 18. The motion was seconded. Secretary Dressel stated that the cost of the exhibition, in addition to the rent of the Garden ($8,500) would include carpenter work, which at the last cycle show amounted to $3,500; music, which at that exhibit cost $1,000; advertising and the maintenance of a bureau of information. Revenue would be derived from the sale of the programme and from the restaurant.

In the discussion which followed, Mr. Spalding, of the firm of A. G. Spalding & Bros., asked what kind of fixings would be used for the exhibits. He said that often the booths and fixtures cost more than the rental of the spaces, and that he believed in having some uniform arrangement for all exhibitors.

Mr. von Lengerke answered that while a uniform arrangement for bicycle exhibitors had answered very well, it would not do in the present case, where the exhibits differed so greatly. He cited the case of guns, boats and natural history specimens, which would each require a different display.

Mr. Spalding answered that his sole object was to limit the expense which always resulted from rivalry of exhibitors.

Mr. Daly said that he did not see how it would be practical to limit the exhibitors as to their fittings. Mr. Webster said that he believed the success of the exhibition depended on the display, and that he would be glad to see rivalry and enterprising exhibits. Motion to hold exhibition was carried.

Four days will be allowed members to prepare their exhibits, and two days to take them away. The cost of spaces will range from $30 to $200, varying according to location and size, the average price for a space $9\frac{1}{2}\times12\frac{1}{2}$ being $100.

Mr. von Lengerke moved that a permanent organization be formed to be called the Sportsman's Exhibition Association, and that signatures be secured from those present pledging themselves to exhibit. Motion was carried.

Mr. Dressel then read the form of pledge, as follows:

We, the undersigned, agree to become members of an association, the object of which is to hold an exhibition in Madison Square Garden May 13 to 18, 1895.

The following signatures were secured: The Schultze Gunpowder Co., Fred. Sauter, Walsrode Smokeless Powder Co., Wm. Lyman, Armin Tenner. Wilkes-Barre Gun Co., Cornwall & Jespersen, Colt's Patent Firearms Co., Rolla O. Heikes, Chamberlin Cartridge Co., E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co., Frank Lawrence, Union Metallic Cartridge Co, Hartley & Graham, Remington Arms Co., Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., W. W. Hart & Co., Tatham Bros., Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Wiebusch & Hilger, Ltd., Union Hardware Co., Standard Keystone Target Co., American E. C. Powder Co., Brooklyn Knitting Co., Spratts Patent, Ltd., A. G Spalding & Bros., Geo. Barnard Co., Schoverling, Daly & Gales, Forehand Arms Co., Narragansett Machine Co., F. S. Webster, John T. Bailey, W. G. Paddock, Stewart & Stau, Von Lengerke & Detmold, J. H. Studer.

Mr. Franklin moved that temporary officers hold over till election of board of directors. Motion seconded and carried. Moved that a nominating committee of seven, composed of members, temporary executive committee and two additional, be appointed to select permanent officers for organization. Carried. The committee composed of Chas. Tatham, Chas. Daly, F. S. Webster, Justus von Lengerke, J. A. H. Dressel, T. W. Franklin and J. H. Studer, then adjourned for fifteen minutes. On their return the following slate was named:

President, Chas. Tatham; Vice-Presidents, Chas. Daly, Wm. J. Bruff, J. Walter Spalding, John H. Hall, A. W. Hooper, Chas. Imbrie, Solomon Turk, G. B. Grinnell, Wm. Hart, Chas. Wiebusch, T. W. Bryant, Dr. N. Rowe, A. C. Gould, L. C. Bruce, A. W. Money, J. H. Studer, Chas W. Mowry, J. Seaver Page, Wm. Lyman, F. S. Webster, Eugene DuPont; Secretary, F. S. Webster; Treasurer, J. A. H. Dressel; Executive Committee, Chas. Tatham, Chas. Daly, J. von Lengerke, F. S. Webster, J. H. Studer, T. W. Franklin, A. Walter Spalding, J. A. H. Dressel, P. G. Sanford. The nominations were ratified.

Connecticut Game.

TORRINGTON, Conn.—The law is off on quail, woodcock and partridge the first of next month. There are quite a good many of these birds especially quail; I know of nine coveys within two miles of this village back a few miles in the country. The farmers report partridge plentier than they have been in five years. If any readers of FOREST AND STREAM want to have a good time shooting and fishing during the months of October and November, western Connecticut is a very good place to get it.

FRANK GRANT.

EAST HADDAM, Conn., Sept. 10.—The wild oat crop is very luxuriant this season and rail birds unusually plenty along the Connecticut River, and the beneficial effect of the trespass law is evident from the increased number of grouse, quail and woodcock. I have noticed in particular the woodcock, as they can be flushed from any undergrowth bordering the meadows. This, of course, is in a measure due to the dry weather driving them to the low ground for moisture, but they have also increased in numbers visibly to the observing sportsman.

P. A CLARK.

HADDAM, Conn., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have not seen or heard of a woodcock this summer—the ground has been so dry, even in places usually wet and marshy, that I am sure the poor birds could not get their accustomed food. What the effect may be on our fall flight of this charming bird I cannot tell, but I fear they will be like the proverbial angel's visits. Quail were heard quite often in nesting time, but I have seen but one covey, and that was a splendid one of fully sixteen nearly grown birds, about a week since. There are some partridges scattered through the woods, and the season seems to have been favorable for rearing the young of both these birds, for they cannot endure rain and heavy dews any better than young turkeys. I hope for some sport with quail and partridge.

A.

EAST HADDAM, Conn., Sept. 17.—The rail bird shooting has not been as good for years as at the present time. The following are some of my records since the first of September: The first day I bagged 15 birds, the second 27, the third 29 and the fourth 30. This is only two hours' shooting, as the tide only lasts about that time. The expense connected with this sport is very small, as you can get a man and boat for $2.50 per tide.

As some of your readers are not familiar with this shooting, I will endeavor to explain. The rail bird is nearly as large as a quail, and lives by the side of the river and in the covers and creeks that empty into the river. They feed upon the wild oats that grow on the banks. At low tide they can be hunted with a dog, but the best time is at high tide, when you can push a boat through the oats and get them up. They are very fine eating and cannot fail to tickle the palate of any American epicure, when nicely browned and served on toast.

B. A. R.

New York Game Prospects.

ITHACA, N. Y., Sept. 15.—Since my last letter referring to the game prospects in this locality, a marked development of the supply has manifested itself and I am able to report more accurately. The long continued drought confined the woodcock to very small ranges of cover; consequently a larger number of birds were shot than is usually the case. It's not often that one is able to shoot the longbills in early September on their summer ranges, as it was possible to do this year. Ruffed grouse are plentiful in most every part of this country, and late advices from Schuyler, Seneca, Cayuga, Cortland and Tioga county show that the supply is fully up to the average. The squirrel and rabbit season opened Sept. 1, along with the ruffed grouse season, and the gray squirrels are unusually plenty. Rabbits abound in goodly numbers, and later on will afford pleasant sport for the owners of beagles.

M. CHILL.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable*

SUMMER WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

WILKESBARRE, Pa.; Sept. 13. — *Editor Forest and Stream:* As the question of midsummer woodcock shooting is being discussed quite freely pro and con by the sportsmen of this State at the present time in consequence of the proposed change in our laws concerning the season for the killing of that bird, I wish to be afforded an opportunity of expressing through your columns my views on the subject, as I know that through this medium they will reach more Pennsylvania sportsmen than in any other way.

Our Legislature has made the slaughter of woodcock lawful at any time subsequent to July 4 in any year, and many of our gunners who term themselves sportsmen and are members of clubs the object of which is the protection of game, avail themselves of the questionable privilege so inconsiderately permitted of commencing their work of carnage upon the gamiest of game birds at this unseasonable date. Many sportsmen and ornithologists allege, and I am inclined to believe that woodcocks raise two broods in a year. If this be true, the second brood has not been hatched, or, at any rate, is not sufficiently matured to care for itself when the law makes its slaughter legal. But whether two broods are raised in a year or not, I know, and every hunter experienced in the bagging of this bird is aware, that its killing in the month of July is not sport but pothunting. The birds killed then are often only half-grown, unable to fly with strength and easily knocked over in their sluggish flight by the veriest tyro. At this season woodcock shooting is no more to be compared with woodcock shooting in the true season (two months later) than bullhead fishing is with bass fishing. Woodcock in the dog days may almost be killed by the country lad with his slungshot, and with a shotgun require no skill, while in October it requires all the skill of an adept to fill his bag; and is genuine sport.

Prior to the close of the moulting season, which commences in the early part of August and closes in the latter part of September, the bird is not edible. The old birds are sick, lean and lousy after the period of incubation, and the young birds are insufficiently matured and not fit to be placed upon the table until their return from the uplands with their new plumage. The arguments used by the advocates of the midsummer season expose the true inwardness of the persons who advance them and are unsportsmanlike in the extreme. They are, that the birds are plenty in the month of July, and are easily shot, while in the month of October they are scarce, scattered and difficult to be shot. To a sportsman such arguments are simply absurd, as his mission is not the destruction of the game he seeks, but the pleasure derived from such excursions; and the more skill required, and the greater the difficulty of securing the game, the more pleasure it affords and the greater the sport.

Where is the sportsman who takes greater pride in a large bag of game easily secured than in a smaller one obtained with more difficulty? I never saw him. For this reason he refrains from joining the motley band which sallies out early in the morning of our nation's birthday and works havoc among the cocks of the wood, although the law gives him license so to do. He prefers to await the return of the bird from the moulting grounds, at which time it is full grown, strong, healthy and wary, and its killing something more than mere slaughter. Upon the statement that the bird is at this time naturally scarce and scattered, I take issue. It is scarce and scattered because of the merciless slaughter of young birds two months before, and if unmolested until the close of the moulting season, the birds, although more gamy and affording better sport, will be just as plentiful as at the opening of the midsummer season and not more scattered. D. J. W.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN WAR.

WARREN, Minn., Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* War is raging throughout northern Minnesota and Dakota between the sportsman and the prairie chicken and grouse.

As in the Japan-China war, the odds are in the Japs' favor, so it is here; the sportsman as a rule fares the best in most of the expeditions that are taken.

Prairie chickens and grouse are found in goodly numbers throughout northern Minnesota, and resident sportsmen say that the crop of birds has not been so great for years. The season has now been open about ten days, and it is becoming difficult to approach within gun range of a covey of wise old prairie chickens. Not so with their cousin, grouse. His intellectual qualities are of a different stamp. He allows you to approach him and almost trample on him before he thinks of his personal safety. He of course finally attempts escape by flight, and then his female companion and their dozen offspring try to fly the gauntlet in pairs or threes and so on, until the happy family is extinct or in a badly demoralized condition.

There are a good many hunters now in this part of the State; the greater part of them are St. Paul and Minneapolis men. Some have been here since the season opened and more are arriving. Every day chartered cars are coming in containing sportsmen and their wives, porters, dogs, guns and camp outfits. Some of them go back with a respectable showing for their trip, while others could carry all they shot in their vest pocket.

I was amused last night by listening to a Minneapolis man who was telling some of his experiences at chicken hunting on this particular trip. It seemed that he had very poor luck in bringing the birds down, and after several days of unsuccessful shooting he became desperate and resolved to slaughter a chicken in any way that might present itself. When he had reached this decision he braced up and drove on. Presently his dog came to a stand, and with gun in hand he alighted from the wagon, and with a severe determination and a beating heart he commenced his journey in the direction of his dog on his hands and knees. After reaching his animal friend, he tried to locate the game by following out a direct line from the dog's nose. At last he discovered the bird, and found that he was almost upon it.

He stopped and took in the situation of things. He thought of catching the bird alive, and then he remembered that his game bag as yet lacked its first chicken. Then he thought it would be fairer and more the part of a true sportsman to throw his hat at the bird, scare it up, and shoot it on the wing. But again the thought of his empty game bag shot through his mind. At last he concluded that, on the whole, the best thing that he could do was to take deliberate aim, shoot the bird sitting, and kill it instantly so that it would not suffer pain. With the last resolution in mind he pressed the trigger. After the smoke cleared away, he picked up what was left of the bird after the charge of shot had first taken its allowance of elegant prairie chicken breast; and if no accident befell this gentleman, he arrived in Minneapolis early this morning with his vest pocket full of prairie chicken.

Every one who shoots a great deal will now and then make, and see made, some remarkable shots; but I think the longest shot I ever saw was made on a flock of chickens the other day by my partner, "Shorty" Stuart, with a Winchester shotgun. Our dogs came to a stand, and we alighted from the wagon. No sooner had we done so than the covey took to wing, fully 90yds. away. To shoot at that distance never entered my mind, but my friend Stuart concluded to shoot once for fun. We were both amazed to see three birds drop from the flock. We stepped the distance and found it 107 long paces to the first dead bird. The shot used was No. 7, 1⅛oz.

R. E. M.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

THE first "norther" struck San Antonio on the 11th inst., breaking up the heated term and setting all migratory birds on the move. Thousands of plovers, curlew, blue-wing teal and shore birds have passed over this city in the past two weeks *en route* to the feeding grounds and winter resort *par excellence* to be found only on the Texas coast. Good bags of blue-wing teal are being made on the fresh-water lagoons along the coast, but the weather is so hot that the Texas sportsman has not yet donned his gum boots.

Death of a Sportsman.

On Sept. 13 at 9:30 P.M. the soul of Geo. Paschal, one of nature's noblemen, passed to its maker. Mr. Paschal was mayor of San Antonio and one of the most successful lawyers in Texas. He was an ardent sportsman, taking advantage of every spare moment to pursue his favorite pastime. An excellent shot, a splendid fellow in camp, a good blade at story telling, perfectly at home with the black bass, George was beloved by all men in this section who handle the gun and rod. He was indefatigable in the enforcement of the game laws, and secured the first conviction in Texas of a dog thief. We all mourn his loss.

Game Plentiful.

The reports keep on coming in from the Southwest to the effect that game of all kinds will be very plentiful this winter. Deer, turkey and all kinds of large game are reported abundant in the western counties, while quail, turkey, plover, etc., infest every county from the Colorado river to the Mexican line.

Texas Buffalo.

A cowboy whose name could not be ascertained, tells that he saw the buffalo herd spoken of in these columns, two weeks ago in Valverde county, at nearly the same point designated in the account published some three months ago. He says that he certainly saw them and that he knows them to be buffalo. He claims to have counted about thirty head. O. C. G.

Luck Reported.

NORTH HUDSON, N. Y., Sept. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following is our report for the opening of the hounding season at the above place. Mr. Sidney Phelps of Troy, N. Y., Mr. Chafey, the proprietor of Pine Ridge Cottage, and myself, with John Greenough as guide, and two hounds, Major and Towser, started on the morning of the 10th inst., and started our first race at 7:20 A. M. The doe, a large one, was killed at 8:40. The second race was run at 10 o'clock, and was finished with another large doe at 11:55 in a driving rain storm. The hounds were started again at 2:30, but lost off soon after on account of the storm.

On Tuesday, the 11th inst., we started first race at 7:45, and another large doe was the result at 8:20, the quickest race of the day. The second race began at 9:50, after another doe, which we missed, although she was shot at by myself at a distance of 60 rods in the brush alongside of the river. The next race was at 11:20, and ended in another doe at 1:30 P. M. The fourth race and last began at 3:10 and ended at 4:25. brought us a very large buck, weight 223lbs., as fine a pair of antlers as has been seen in this part of the country in many years; 13 prongs all in the velvet, and not a scratch or break. I shot him through the heart as he leaped out of the river. The head has been sent to Troy to be mounted. I shall bring it back to Brooklyn on my return next week.

This we think pretty good luck, five deer in seven races, and we feel proud enough to write you an account of it.

A. H. SCHEER.

A Bear in the Brush.

SWEET SPRINGS, W. Va., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been baiting a bear pen this fall. This morning on going to the pen as usual, I found the bait gone. Evidently it had been pulled off of the trigger by a bear, or possibly a dog. I tied the bait more securely, and I hope to catch one soon now.

What I am writing to you for is to know if there is any market for live animals? If I can get the bear down out of the mountains all right, can I sell him anywhere and for enough to make it worth my while? I am almost sure of catching one as I have caught three in this same pen during the past two years.

Of course, you know it is the common black bear, generally medium size. C. R. C.

[Live bear are not very uncommon and we presume do not bring great prices. Perhaps some reader may care for a pet of this kind. But you haven't caught the bear yet.]

Carrier Pigeon Shot.

MACOMB, Ill., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About four weeks ago a farmer near this city shot on his farm a carrier pigeon with a silver band around his leg marked "S., 16845." I understand the letter S. means that the bird was two years old, hatched in 1892. I write this thinking it may strike the eye of the owner of this number; and if it should I would be pleased to hear from him. W. O. BLAISDELL.

The Professor and the Bear.

SPOKANE, Wash., Sept. 5.—Prof. Yeager of our city schools is home from a three weeks' trip along the Pend d'Oreille River, between Newport and Box Cañon. Among his trophies is a beautiful bear skin with three bullet holes in it, put there by the professor while bruin was still wearing it. Early one morning the campers were disturbed by a rustling in the bushes, and on looking out of the tent the professor saw his bearship making off with a quarter of venison which had been hung on a limb. In a dispute over the ownership of the meat the professor had the best of the argument.

Mr. Yeager says the country along the Pend d'Oreille from Newport to Box Cañon is alive with game of all kinds, and he pronounces it the best chicken, duck and goose country he was ever in.

He is a professional photographer and spends his summers in that vocation. "The scenery," he says, "is the finest I have ever been privileged to focus, and I have taken over 300 plates this summer in that beautiful country."

Newport is a station on the Great Northern Railway, 45 miles east of this city. The town is prettily located on the banks of the river, about a mile from Albani Falls, directly above which the railway bridge crosses.

D. E. C.

Western Game.

SIOUX FALLS, South Dakota, Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Chickens in southwestern Minnesota and northwestern Iowa are reported as being unusually plentiful, and in the vicinity of Worthington, Minn., are so to my own knowledge, as the bags of myself and friends and also others, can testify. Chickens are, however, exceedingly wild and strong, as much so as is usually the case in October. Another thing I notice is that with rare exceptions the birds are all in the corn fields, which I think will account for the reported scarcity of birds in many cases.

Ducks around Worthington will be exceedingly plentiful as most of the sloughs are dried up elsewhere. In a few hours' hunt the other day with two friends I saw fully 500 teal and mallards in less than a mile, and succeeded in bagging all we wanted for our own use. Had we been so minded we could have easily killed a hundred. Later on when the flights begin the lakes in that neighborhood will be fairly alive with them. W. R. H.

Rail in the Mountains.

SWEET SPRINGS, W. Va., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in FOREST AND STREAM and in other papers accounts of the great plenty of rail in Connecticut, New York and eastern Virginia. Last fall we had a great many rail here, that is for the mountains; I killed about 150 or more and others killed more.

I am anxiously waiting a storm with an easterly wind in hopes of having some shooting like last fall. I want to ask you and the readers of FOREST AND STREAM whether the great abundance of rail on the coast would indicate that there will be plenty of rail inland or not?

C. R. C.

[We should think so. But it is not yet certain that the rail are unusually plenty this year.]

Climbing on the Plank.

EDWARDS, Miss., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your platform of "Stop the Sale of Game" is bearing fruit here in the greatest quail district in the South. There is a general statutory law protecting quail from March 1 to Oct. 1, but by law the county supervisors have especial care of the game in each county. At a late meeting of the board of this, Hinds county, protection to game birds was extended until Nov. 1, and it was made absolutely unlawful to hunt for market at all. The sportsmen here regard this as a great triumph over the pothunter and game hog.

Quail are more plentiful than for years. The covers are alive with them. R. S. W.

The Bear Season Is On.

ESSEX COUNTY, N. Y., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Elijah Simonds has trapped two more bear, this time near "Seventy," in the town of Lewis. He is now after one under Raven Mountain, on the north side. There are towns and farms all around this small mountain, and a very unlikely-looking place for bear.

Wm. Ritson, a trapper of the Boquette region, has trapped two also this summer. He said the finest pelt he ever got was secured in July. It was very black and the hair tight. HEATHCOTE.

Fleeing from Fire?

ST. LAMBERT, Canada, Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the last four days my friend, Mr. C. E. DeWolf, and I have come across nine wild pigeons on Moffat's Island, opposite the City of Montreal, going south, probably driven by fire from Minnesota or Michigan during that dreadful week. What think you of it?

J. EDGAR BUCHANAN.

Compartment Cars on the Pennsylvania Limited.

THE American people of to-day are the best travelers in the world. They require the best accommodations, and it is the aim of the railroads and the sleeping car lines to supply them. Many people desire exclusiveness in their accommodations which has heretofore been provided in the drawing and staterooms. The demand for the drawing-rooms is increasing, and in order to meet it the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has added to the already comprehensive and complete equipment of the Pennsylvania Limited a compartment car. This car, finished in the usually luxurious style of the Limited cars, contains two large drawing-rooms and seven state-rooms. The drawing-rooms contain a section and one lower berth, the state rooms one section. Both have complete and individual lavatory arrangements.

In this car one may enjoy all the privacy of a hotel room, and travel almost as much secluded as in a private car.

The Pennsylvania Limited, leaving New York every day at 10 A. M., Philadelphia 12:20, Washington 10:30 A. M., Baltimore 11:40 A. M., and arriving at Chicago 9 A. M. next day, is the only perfectly appointed Limited Express running between the Eastern cities and Chicago.—*Adv.*

Chickens, Ducks and Geese

are going to be very plentiful along the line of the Northern Pacific this season. Make your arrangements to go and get some of them. Send Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., 4 cents in stamps for "Natural Game Preserves of the Northwest."—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

TROUTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

I LAY more claim to being an angler than a writer and had rather cast a fly than trail the pen. But if all the brothers of the angle would do the first and neglect the latter I fancy the pages of good old FOREST AND STREAM would soon be uninviting to many of its readers. So I send in my quota of experiences for the "good of the cause."

I found myself on the waters of a stream in New Brunswick. At this period the water was low, clear and warm in the lower stretches of my favorite river. The trout were consequently lethargic and dull, loath to rise to a fly however attractive. Tiring of my efforts in this part of the river to induce *fontinalis* to be friendly, I took it in my head to go to the upper stretches of the stream and test my skill in the dark, deep, cool pools near its source. So with two canoes, four guides, tent, food, gun, rods and other impedimenta our small flotilla set out. A journey of five days was before us, at the end of which we pitched our tent upon a point of high land at the junction of a small brook with the larger stream and contiguous to the pools where the trout ought to be found. It was a wild region, sixty or more miles beyond any human habitation, the approach to which was a continuous ascent from our starting point, to overcome which required constant use of the setting poles of the guides and a continuous exercise of muscle. Many miles of the distance the guides dragged the canoes, the water being too shallow to admit of progress otherwise. The constant friction of the river, sand, and gravel upon the bottom of the birch bark canoes did not tend to improve their seaworthiness. Frequent halts were required to make repairs, which eventually resulted in the exhaustion of the pitch and cotton of our stores adapted to close leaky seams and fractures resulting from that style of navigation.

Still we got there, and arranged a comfortable abiding place for angler and guides and prepared for business. About sunset of the day of our arrival, and after putting the camp in order, with my two pet guides I essayed to test a promising pool near camp.

The guides quietly placed my canoe at the margin of the pool, upon which I gently laid the flies. Didn't the water fairly boil! The trout of the pool were at home. Away went the flies, seized by eager mouths; the reel sang a melody; the rod bent like a willow bough in the wind; two fish were firmly hooked and proceeded to test the light tackle to the best of their ability, and render matters very interesting. A few minutes' violent exercise sufficed to calm the exuberant spirits attached to the hook, and soon they came with much struggling within reach of Johnny's net and were safe in the canoe, rapped on the head, and laid quietly upon some grass to be admired. They were a pretty pair; one of 3½lbs. weight, the other 3¾, 7¼lbs. for the two—a good beginning.

Angler and guides lighted pipes—the festive mosquito had appeared. After a brief rest and examination of leader and flies, which seemed perfect, another cast was made. Two swirls—the flies disappeared with a rush and nearly took the rod overboard. A 20-pound salmon could not have exhibited more strength. A regular fight ensued, lasting some minutes. When the strain relaxed the line was easily recovered, and Johnny netted a "measly," subdued trout which only scaled 4¼lbs. One had escaped. All the leader below the coachman had been carried off by the absconder. Of course the larger was lost; 'tis always so. His weight? Well, call it 10lbs.; 6 probably. It was now dusk; we had plenty of trout and too many mosquitoes, so we returned to camp and exhibited to the wondering eyes of the guides the beautiful fish. Supper, a smoke and a chat occupied a few hours, when the camp became silent and all sought a needed rest on our beds of fragrant boughs.

The cook's shrill voice announced breakfast the morning following at an early hour. Now I lay no claims to being a dude. I do not go to the woods to do penance, but for comfortable sport and relaxation; consequently my kit contains a well assorted variety of articles requisite for enjoyment. My guides understand what is required of them and rarely fail to contribute their pro rate of duty. Of the four with me on this occasion, three were fair cooks, the fourth was a camp artist and a *chef*. A couple of pieces of boards supported upon a pole resting on forked sticks driven in the ground at either end, was his table. This was first covered with thick paper, upon which was spread a snow white damask cloth, an enameled ware plate well warmed and resting upon a napkin; silver-plated knives, forks and spoons rested near by; a china cup with a saucer was ready to receive the coffee, and seated on an empty box, the angler ate breakfast consisting of golden flesh trout, nicely broiled and dry as flour; light biscuit, straight from the camp oven; butter, fresh and firm; coffee, distilled from the berry grown in Asia; as dainty a breakfast as a camper out need desire.

The morning was calm, clear, and cool, the surroundings pleasant, and while enjoying the pipe a survey of my location disclosed a clearing of about two acres in extent surrounding our camp void of large trees, but overgrown with brush two feet in height, mostly blueberry bushes laden with ripe fruit. In years agone it had been a loggers' camp; a bear trap at one side contained the remains of an unfortunate bruin who had fallen a victim to his hunger or curiosity; on the other was a small hunter's shelter in fair condition. It was Saturday; trout pools were near, water, wood and berries were at hand. A council was held and decision made to remain in this place until Monday or longer before continuing our up stream journey.

This matter settled, one canoe containing myself and two guides, with suitable appliances for the business in hand, not forgetting material for lunch and an axe, pushed into the stream to make a day of it among the pools. The day was without incident, except that one lusty trout insisted on taking refuge under the canoe, evidently expecting thereby to get clear of the hook to which he had become attached, in the desire to gratify curiosity or secure a tempting bit of food. He was a 6-pounder in the water, and fought well for his life. A bamboo tip was smashed in the skirmish, but the angler and Johnny combined were too much for him; he came to the net at last, was knocked on the head with a stick —weighed 4lbs. on the scale—and laid with his brethren in the bottom of the canoe. Returning to camp about 4 P. M. the score was thirty-one trout weighing 47lbs. A query arose as to method of properly disposing of the fish. We had too many for food and too many to waste. We were in a dilemma, but our guide, Jimmy, was equal to the occasion, "Bah gosh, we smoke him." Acting on this suggestion, bark was peeled, a salting trough improvised therefrom, fish split, cleaned, laid therein, lightly sprinkled with salt, covered, weighted down and left for the night. The hunters' camp was cleaned, covered with bark and converted into a smoke-house, in which on Sunday morning were hung the trout and a fire started with fuel of white birch wood, producing abundance of smoke. We kept up the fire for about forty hours, with the result of a choice lot of nicely saved smoked trout.

Now, a 2lbs. smoked trout when properly manipulated by an ingenious cook furnishes a dish next in quality after smoked Atlantic Coast salmon, and those which were then and subsequently processed in a similar manner furnished choice morsels not only to our party but to friends to whom I donated such of them as I was able to convey to civilization.

Sunday was a charming day, and one of leisure. I never cast a fly on the first day of the week no matter what may be the inducement; hence this Sunday in August was spent about our pleasant camp, resulting in discovering that the blueberry patch in which we had our camp was a pasture ground for several families of full-grown grouse.

Good appetites were attendant upon the evening meal, and night closed in upon a band of gossipers occupying positions around the camp-fire. I smoked and listened to the wonderful tales of the guides—their experience of former years. The Oracle predicted rain shortly. The smokehouse was made secure for the night, and all sought their blankets.

Our weather prophet had been right. Rain commenced falling about midnight and continued through the night. Early morning was dark and gloomy. A storm of rain with wind prevailed, but our tents were dry and no large trees, if blown down, could reach us. We were safe from accident from that quarter. Breakfast was cooked and eaten under difficulties; wood was gathered to keep up the camp-fire, and all indications pointed to a rainy day in camp. About 10 A. M. a change of wind was noted; the rain ceased, the clouds drifted away, and soon the sun shone bright and warm.

It was voted too late to move camp that day, so an early lunch was partaken of, after which, with my guides, I visited the adjacent pools. Many handsome trout were taken and retained; small ones, if uninjured, were returned to their native element. I was not there "for count." Returning at an early hour, Billy, the *chef*, had a surprise. He, with his assistant, had been manipulating the shotgun. Nine fat, plump grouse, denuded of feathers, and nicely prepared for the culinary process, were lying in a pan. Billy was proud of his success, and greeted our returning party as we came in sight, in substance as follows: "Bah gosh, I'll ketch it more as you. See most as dix perdrix in he pan, one more of it keep for look." The one "keep for look" was a beautiful male bird in full and perfect plumage, not a feather disarranged or broken; no mark of injury discernible upon the closest inspection, evidently captured by some process unusual. Inquiring as to the mode by which this bird was taken, Jimmy produced a pole, in length of about ten feet, from one end of which attached thereto, and pendant therefrom, was a thread of moderately thick twine perhaps three feet long, with a running noose at the end. This grouse when disturbed had flown and alighted upon a branch among the lower limbs of a small tree, where he stood upright. With the apparatus described, Jimmy had quietly crept within easy reach of the bird, encircled its neck with the noose, then with a quick and sudden jerk had secured his prize beyond any possible chance of escape.

Reserving from the day's catch trout sufficient for the camp, the remainder were prepared for the smoke-house and duly deposited in proper position therein with their fellows.

Preparations were made to depart up the stream the following morning. All articles not needed for the ensuing three days were cached in a place secure—except from wandering bears. A comfortable night was passed, breakfast partaken of and with canoes lightly laden, we started on our way. Low water, sandbars and sharp rocks, played havoc with our birches. Fallen trees and brushwood obstructed the narrow stream, but a few blows with a keen axe delivered by strong arms cleared the former. Setting poles judiciously applied removed the latter. Wading here and poling there we slowly made our way into a part of the river where we had never been before. Reaching a spot at the junction of the stream, the route became uncertain; a sandbar prevented further progress. A portage became necessary, and lifting the canoes bodily this was safely passed. Night found us twelve miles on our way and within four miles of our destination, when we made camp.

Inspection of the canoes in the morning resulted in finding one wholly unserviceable; it could go no further without repairs. Inventory was taken of materials necessary for that purpose, but it was a discouraging outlook. Something must be done—we knew that, but how to do it, was the query.

We held a palaver; Johnny, who was the eldest, finally said we must "shoo him the canoe, must get gum and patch him first." Arranging for the "get gum" from the surrounding spruce forest, and to cut some small cedars from which to split and prepare shoes, false bottoms, for the birches, myself and two guides proceeded, leaving the remaining two at camp to "get gum" and prepare shoes. Three hours' poling and wading brought us to a lake, one of three in a chain, of which the stream was the outlet. Paddles were applied and the birch moved smoothly over the shallow mud-bottomed, surface-covered pond, where lilies, reeds and rushes contended for the ascendency—a very paradise for deer and ducks had any been in the country. Through a tortuous channel we passed into the second pond, a lovely body of water, with gravel bottom. A few casts of the fly developed it to be the home of numberless trout, quite differently marked from those in the stream and of less average weight, bright as newly coined silver, with brilliant crimson spots, most beautiful fish. Slowly paddling across the pond we reached a gravel bar, over which the canoe was stopped, and in deeper water shoreward was truly the home of *fontinalis* and many of him. About twenty minutes was spent in casting, the result of which was many trout averaging about 8oz. each.

Resuming the paddles we moved to the third body of water, in length about four miles, with an average width of one and one-half miles. This body of water was also stocked with trout of medium weight, and doubtless the home of a larger variety. The water was deep and cold and everything indicated that good sport could be had by trolling. Heavy fish were seen to break the water, but no single fly or combination of flies would provoke a rise, and as no trolling appliances were of the outfit the canoe was headed campward. When we arrived we found a repaired canoe, cedar shoes for the canoes nearing completion, and Jimmy with a cut leg from a glancing blow of his axe. The first accident had occurred. Eighty miles from civilization, two damaged canoes and a wounded comrade did not tend to create hilarity in our quintette. Jimmy had tightly bandaged the wounded leg and could hobble and was not discouraged. Removing the bandage exposed the gaping wound the width of the narrow blade of his camp axe. I produced from my "ditty bag" my needle, silk, sticking plaster, scissors and bandages and proceeded to close the gaping wound, which was successfully accomplished. The edges were brought together and made fast, strips of plaster applied to secure the edges of the cut in place, bandages encircled the whole, which was then wrapped with a stout silk bandanna, and barring a stiff leg Jimmy declared he was "so good as never was before;" pronounced me no end of a man whose canoe "he push for nothing forever." Surgical work had occupied so much time that canoe shoeing was suspended for the day, to be resumed at an early hour the following morning.

About 4 A. M., the clip, clip, of the little axes awoke me to find "all hands and the cook" busy finishing and putting in place the cedar strips on the bottom of the birches, joining them together and fastening them to the canoes by an ingenious use of some wire found at an ancient lumber camp, and by 6 o'clock the canoes were in the water ready to receive us. Soon the breakfast was eaten, and the camp packed and ready to be put on board. Embarking about 8 A. M. we pushed out on our return, reaching camp Cache at 11 A. M., accomplishing a distance in three hours which had consumed nearly seven on our up trip. Here we halted for the remainder of the day and night; in the meantime reducing our baggage to a minimum bulk in readiness for an early start in the morning. We found the smoke-house and cached stores undisturbed, and leaving camp we again reached civilization at the end of the second day thereafter, and thus closed an exceedingly pleasant outing.

ABERDEEN.

A STARVED TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Aug. 11 appears an article commenting on a trout which recently died in the aquarium of Mr. F. H. Francis, of Belfast, after a fast of eight months. You say, "If true, it ought to be verified," thereby implying a doubt. Your account of the fish was based on an article which I furnished to a State paper. I will give you the facts in the case, for the trout was seen by myself nearly every day from the hour in which it was placed in Mr. Francis's tank until it died.

Mr. Francis is a retail dealer in boots and shoes, and has his place of business on Main street. He is an ardent fisherman and loses no opportunity to indulge in the pastime. He has a small aquarium in his store both for his own satisfaction and that of his customers. His favorite fish are Swan Lake trout. He has one male that must weigh between five and six pounds which has been in his tank more than two years.

Swan Lake is a pretty sheet of water in the town of Swanville, six miles from Belfast. In this lake are some of the largest and handsomest square-tailed trout to be found in the inland waters of Maine. Trout weighing 8lbs. have been taken, while 5lbs. fish are common. While very plentiful, the fish will not take the hook readily, and comparatively few fish are taken.

For several years the State has maintained a hatchery at this lake with a view to stocking this and other waters of the State. The lake also contains numerous smelts and other food upon which the trout thrive.

Last November when the commissioner was stripping fish for eggs, Mr. Francis had obtained a female trout after she had been relieved of her spawn. The fish was put into the tank along with the male before mentioned. The female was about 20in. long, and when in condition must have weighed 4 or 5lbs. The fish did not eat, which was not suspicious, for trout do not eat much from the fall until into February. At the latter date the male began to eat, but the female could not be induced to take anything, in fact the female did not eat, with but one exception, from November until she died in July following, a period of eight months. Once last spring after a long trial she swallowed one or two small worms. At one other time Mr. Francis says she took a small piece of meat into her mouth, but he thinks she did not swallow it. The fish became much emaciated, shriveling up to half its former size. The male trout ate everything that was given him.

The fish died in July and was given to a fish dealer who dissected it. The intestines were found to be perfect, and apparently there was no trouble with the organs. The most remarkable feature was the entire absence of blood. There was not a single drop of blood either in the gills or body of the fish. The flesh had lost its pink color and was white and dry.

The above are the facts—you can draw your own conclusions. That the fish died of starvation there can be no doubt, but why she refused to eat I do not know.

BELFAST, Me. R. G. DYER.

Loss of Trout by Drought.

HADDAM, Conn., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dry summer has nearly destroyed the trout in our small streams throughout the State. Many of the streams are entirely dry for long distances. I walked over the bed of one where a year ago last spring I put in 4,000 young fry, and there was not water enough to wet the soles of my shoes, and of course the poor trout have perished. Even in the larger streams the water has been so low that only shallow pools have remained, which has enabled the water snake, that persistent and deadly foe of the trout, easily to capture its prey. Even with restocking it will require several years of favorable seasons to again replenish our streams. A.

ANGLING NOTES.

Planting Young Salmon.

THE time is drawing near when the first plant of fingerling landlocked salmon will be made in Lake George, and I believe it is the intention of the U. S. Fish Commissioners to make a similar plant, which will be the third in as many years, in Lake Champlain.

I have examined the streams flowing into Lake George during the past summer, at high water and at low water, and selected those in which to plant the young fish, and all those selected seem to offer everything that is desired for them; pure water of low temperature; absence of sawmills and dams; no predaceous fish to prey upon the salmon—except it may be brook trout; and plenty of food.

Last summer Mr. Rowland E. Robinson wrote me upon the subject of planting salmon in the tributaries of Lake Champlain, and I intended to quote from the letter at the time, but I was away from home fishing and the letter was mislaid until now. He said:

"Your mention of the salmon planting in Lewis Creek [this was in FOREST AND STREAM June 2, '94] some twenty years ago, reminds me that you may be interested to know that, so far as I know, not one of the fish ever returned to the stream, nor, indeed, that one ever got out of it of his own volition, even so far as the lake. The fry were put in so far down-stream that they were exposed to the attacks of almost every predatory species that inhabits Lake Champlain. Three years ago a large number of landlocked salmon were placed in the same stream, although in what part I have not been able to learn. If they were put in well up-stream, where there are no large predatory fish except an occasional pickerel, and where brook trout are yet found, there is a reasonable chance that some may pull through to maturity and a home in the lake; but if, as is rumored, they were turned out below the last dam on this stream, doubtless they have all gone to the living tombs that so speedily closed over their kindred in 1874. It is a pity that such experiments in stocking streams should be only half tried."

The intimation in Mr. Robinson's letter that the landlocked salmon were not properly planted, or rather that they were not planted in suitable waters, was a surprise to me, I may say a very unpleasant surprise, and it is a matter of regret that his letter has slumbered in my letter box until this time.

About the time referred to I had been to Vermont by direction of the U. S. Fish Commissioner to examine and select waters for planting yearling California salmon, and later I went with the U. S. fish car and planted the fish in the waters I had selected. From Arlington, Vt., on the Battenkill, I came home, and the car went on the same night to Maine to get the landlocked salmon mentioned in Mr. Robinson's letter for Lake Champlain. I heard from the car when it arrived at Essex Junction, that there had been a considerable loss of young salmon in transit, but never until I read Mr. Robinson's letter did I suspect that the planting might be fruitless through the selection of the waters in which the plant was made, or rather plants, for the fish were planted in several different places. I do know this, however, that when I left the car the men on it had orders to plant the fish in waters selected by a resident of Vermont, who had made the suggestion as to proper waters to the U. S. Fish Commissioner, and I feel sure that the men obeyed instructions; so if there was fault in planting it cannot be charged to the U. S. Fish Commission.

I may say just here that I have a great respect for the ability of the landlocked salmon, once it has grown to fair size, to take very good care of itself so far as predatory fish are concerned, if I may judge from recent experience.

Two weeks ago to-day I caught a ouananiche at the foot of the big chute in the Grand Discharge, and a few moments later I caught a pike from behind the same rock that had harbored the salmon. The ouananiche weighed 3½lbs. and the pike 14lbs. Rather queer tenants of the same pool, for a tandem of such ouananiche could have gone down the throat of the pike without touching a fin at the entrance gate.

Views of a Veteran.

It is always very pleasant to quote what the veteran, John Mowat, may say about fish and fishing, as he speaks from long experience and close observation of the fish of Canada. In a recent personal letter he says: "This has been a very favorable season for the angler on the Restigouche. I believe there is no river on this continent that can approach it as a salmon stream, either in size and number of fish, easiness of access and particularly in its freedom from all danger to the sportsman. I have not the slightest doubt that nearly if not quite 2,000 fish have fallen to the angler's rod this season, and although some of the pools formerly good have not turned out as well as usual, many have done much better. Changes owing to ice and heavy currents on the gravel bottom of the rivers are continually going on, some places deepening, others filling up, thus causing the fish to select new 'lay spots' or resting places, and in which the early running fish invariably rise to the fly.

"I see that a much larger proportion of grilse than usual are with us this year. That they are in for the first time from the smolt stage, having been ten months at sea, is undoubted. They are perfect for propagating purposes, and all males.

"If all the males come in at this stage, which I think is a correct view, then any year when they are plentiful would of necessity show a large stock of that year's product in the sea, as I believe it is now conceded that the female requires a year longer at sea to mature. There is so much of probability attending the habits of salmon at sea—where they go, how long they remain, period of return, etc.—that a great deal of what is written is theory and assertion.

"I have again received proof that Atlantic salmon will become landlocked and thrive. I saw a full three-pound salmon caught in Parker's Lake which was planted there three years ago. Samples of the same hatching were got there last year weighing 1½lbs. The fish was somewhat darker in color and deeper in body than our sea grilse, otherwise perfect. I have noticed that the trout in this lake are much deeper-bodied than any sea or river trout. The salmon was moulded similarly. Why should this be?

"I caught a smolt last week so unusually large and full that I was curious to see what it fed on, and opened it, to find it quite full of milt so ripe that it would almost run. It is useless to theorize about the reason why this smolt was so out of *rapport* with its thousand of fellows on their way to the sea.

"So far as I have heard none of the Bay or Labrador rivers can begin to show scores equal to the Restigouche. I have heard a proposition mooted to limit the rod catch to a certain number, say twenty-five or thirty fish to a rod. Should the Restigouche Club and riparian owners agree nothing would be easier, and it would show the netters that the angler does not wish to catch the last fish even if he could.

"That there have been one hundred rods on our rivers this year I have no doubt. Many only for a week or a few days. One party of two were on the water for three weeks, and I believe they had some salmon quite close to shore but failed to land them. However, angling must be learned by practical application. The best score of one rod was thirteen fish. Quite a decent day's work.

"A fine body of parent fish, betweeen 500 and 600 salmon, many of them monsters, are now in pond here ripening for the hatchery, and they are quite a sight at times when they play like a lot of children out of school. Particularly is this so when the rising tide enters.

"Trout here are no object, they don't count. The 6 and 7-pounders we read about in FOREST AND STREAM are not here. We call 3 or 4-pounders big ones, but they are not taken every day. June and September are their months with us, and from ¾ to 1lb. the usual size. They are like salmon, they have their 'lay places' and the angler, if not introduced must find them out for himself. Throwing a line hap-hazzard on our large rivers will not do; the angler must know where to get fish."

What Mr. Mowat has observed of the landlocked Atlantic salmon in Parker's Lake, I have observed in lake trout, but instead of being constant it is exceptional to find them as he describes the salmon and brook trout. Occasionally I have taken a short, deep-bodied lake trout with rich, salmon-colored flesh, darker externally than its fellows. In more than twenty-five years' fishing, I have taken not over a dozen of these fish, which some fishermen pretend to think are a different species. I have always said, and say now, that the difference is merely one caused by the quantity and quality of the food. When asked why different trout in the same lake should subsist on a diet so different as to make them very unlike in appearance, where probably the same diet was available to all, I could only say, for the same reason that one man eats toast or rolls for breakfast, and another man eats pie.

American Fly-Fishers' Club.

During a recent visit to Canada to seek the ouananiche at Lake St. John, I talked a little with anglers that I met about the formation of a fly-fishers' club in New York city to be modeled after the club of this name in London. My article in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 8 had not then appeared, but every one with whom I spoke on the subject was warmly in favor of the project. Since the publication of my letter Dr. Drummond, of Montreal, president of the St. Maurice Club and director of the Laurentian Club, has called at the office of FOREST AND STREAM and expressed a great interest in the proposed club, and a desire to assist in its organization. He said that the clubs with which he was connected, and all Canadian sportsmen, felt that something of this kind ought to be done and that New York was the proper center for it, because the Canadians were much nearer to New York than New Yorkers were to Canada, and also because a very large proportion, 60 per cent. he said, of the membership in Canadian clubs were Americans.

Dr. Drummond expresses my idea exactly when he says Canadians are much nearer to New York than New Yorkers are to Canada, and the same may be said of other portions of the continent, for I believe I expressed it that New York was the great clearing house for anglers of all the States and Canada. My companion on the trip to Lake St. John was a member of the Laurentian Club (although he has never visited the preserve), but he lives in Texas. He was heartily in favor of such a club as I proposed and when I asked him where it should be located he said there was but one place, New York City. With that he gave me names of sportsmen from different parts of the South whom he vouched for as certain to become members.

Very lately I gave a Canadian gentleman a letter of introduction to the London Fly-Fishers' Club, and he came back a member of the club. New York is much nearer to Canada or Texas than London. This day's mail brought me a letter from Mr. W. S. Eames, of St. Louis, and he says: "Anent the proposed Fly-Fishers' Club, permit me to urge upon you the propriety of your assuming command of the enterprise, and forcing the matter to an immediate issue. I have not consulted the 'brethren' here, but feel safe in saying that I can assure at least twelve local enthusiasts who will do their share as members of the proposed club. New York is a good place for the home."

I now feel perfectly sure that the American Fly-Fishers' Club will become a fixed fact in the near future, for those who have already expressed themselves as favorable to the organization are sufficient to insure its success, as their names stand for success in whatsoever they may take a lively interest, and a club of the character that I have outlined will appeal to fly-fishers throughout the continent.

I confess that it is a relief to find that Dr. Drummond believes that New York should be the home of the club, because in Canada I met one fly-fisherman so enthusiastic over the proposal to form such a club that, although he lives on this side of the line, I was somewhat afraid that he would, in his enthusiasm, organize a club in Montreal or Quebec before my letter could appear in FOREST AND STREAM advocating New York.

Scale of Hooks.

I will answer three correspondents at once by stating that I gave the old, or Redditch, style, and the new style of numbering fish hooks, in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 20, 1894, page 52. The figures of the hooks were not given, but the numbers of the two styles were given one above another for convenience in comparing them.

Chart of Fish Hooks.

In FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 1 I offered to send charts showing sizes of fish hooks under the new and old scale, etc., to those who might first apply for what I had on hand. The supply was soon exhausted, and I now have over a dozen requests for charts to which I cannot respond. I have sent to England for a new supply, and if those who have sent me their names will be patient with me I will soon be able to send them the chart.

A. N. CHENEY.

NOTES FROM THE FISHING WATERS.

SWANTON, Vt., Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* J. P. Rich, E. J. Harwood, of Scranton, and Dr. Charles S. Hart, of Montana, as the result of one day's fishing on the reefs near Hotel Champlain, Maquam Bay, caught 20 bass; 6 of them weighed 22lbs., 1 weighed 5lbs. 2oz., 3 weighed 4½lbs. a piece, 2, 4lbs. a piece.

We have had excellent luck the whole season, as this is an excellent place for black bass, as you see they average large. C. T. D.

[Is your arithmetic all right?]

REYNOLDS, Wis., Sept. 1.—A party consisting of Edward K. Lore and Roland Lore, of St. Louis, Arthur P. Hosmer and Tom Ferris, of Chicago, started from J. B. Mann's resort on Trout Lake and camped on Lake Gresham, a distance of about four miles.

They were gone six daye and caught 38 muskallonge, the largest weighing 23lbs. and the smallest being 5lbs.; 265 pike, the largest 7½lbs. and smallest 2lbs., 17 black bass, the largest 5½lbs. and smallest 1½lbs. They threw back all muskallonge less than 5lbs., pike less than 2lbs. and bass less than 1½lbs. While anchored and casting for bass, Ed. Lore hooked a 16lb. "musky" and had to fight him 18 minutes before he was able to land him. Hosmer has the record in this section for large muskallonge, having landed an old warhorse of 35lbs. weight.

Master Roland Lore, a youth of 12 years, succeeded in catching the largest bass, unaided, the fish weighing 5½lbs. as stated. Tom Ferris used his Kodac for a coaxer, which no doubt accounts for this elegant sport.

T. R. F.

GREENWOOD LAKE, N. J., Sept. 13.—L. J. Louis of Brooklyn caught, Saturday and Sunday, 44 bass and 3 pickerel, average weight of all 2lbs. F. Haug, John Iffland, C. J. Charles and E. Kokoschniegg of Newark caught, yesterday, 35 fish, 4 bass weighing 3½lbs. each, 1 pickerel 3½lbs. R. L. P.

CLAYTON, N. Y., Sept. 12.—Hon. M. B. Wright of Susquehanna brought in a 40lbs. muskallonge; J. N. Vache of New York a 15lbs. muskallonge. Both are guests of the Walton House. The fish were caught on Skinner spoon No. 8. T. M. E.

ESSEX Co., N. Y., Sept. 10.—The wall-eyed pike fishing is fine off Split Rock Point (Champlain); 2¼lbs. pike are common. HEATHCOTE.

ITHACA, N. Y., Sept. 15.—The other day a private pond located in Dunby, a village a few miles south of Ithaca, was emptied of water, and the commoner sort of fish which the pond contained were drawn off by the wagonload. An enormous quantity of fish was secured. A good many carp ranging in weight from 1 to 14lbs. were taken, together with a big lot of large-sized pickerel. In fact, the pond was literally chock full of fish, and clearly disposes of the theory, held by some, that more than three or four varieties of fish do not thrive in water covering limited areas.

At present, Cayuga Lake anglers located at this end of the lake are taking a great many so-called German carp, running in weight from 2½ to 8lbs. Another species of carp, called English carp by some local fishermen, and silver bass by others, are taking bait freely these days. They do not average as large of the German carp, but are said to be quite as toothsome. Angle worms are used successfully as carp bait at this point. M. CHILL.

Canadian Trout Preserves.

DR. DRUMMOND, of Montreal, who is president of the St. Maurice Club and one of the board of directors of the Laurentian Club, has recently returned from a long trout fishing expedition in the territory controlled by those two associations. This territory, that is to say, that leased by the Laurentian and St. Maurice, covers an area of about 120 square miles and its principal lake is Wayagamack, which, lying about 100 miles north of Three Rivers, has a shore line of not far from 50 miles. This lake is remarkable for the abundance and the large size of its brook trout. It is believed that it contains no lake trout. The largest trout taken there this year, which weighed over 6lbs., was caught by Dr. McBurney, of New York, and Dr. Bosworth also fished there and took some good ones. Two gentlemen from Toronto secured a number of large fish.

In seven days' fishing Dr. Drummond's party caught four or five trout each of which weighed over 5lbs., and they took thirty or forty weighing more than 4lbs. apiece.

The territory covered by these clubs is pretty much an unbroken wilderness. It was lumbered over many years ago, but the timber on it, although second growth, is now large. There is some mineral wealth in the shape of iron ores, but settlers are very few and far between. No red deer are found there but there are some moose and plenty of caribou and bears. In fact it is not unusual for travelers to see caribou from the deck of the steamer.

Tennessee Bass.

TRIMBLE, Tenn., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Solon Moss, one of Trimble's most expert anglers, made the largest catch of fish of the season a few days ago at Rees Lake, three miles from town. The lake is but a hundred yards or so in length and fifty or sixty in width. Charley Hendricks guided the boat for Moss, who began fishing at 11 A. M. The fisherman used a minnow troll, and when he ceased fishing just before sunset had landed seventeen trout, the aggregate weight of which was 35lbs., the largest weighing 4¾lbs. Of course in some localities this would be considered poor fishing, but it is the largest catch of trout ever made near Trimble.

JONAS JUTTON.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable

A Fly-Fishers' Club.

ALPINE, Bergen County, N. J., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with much interest Mr. A. N. Cheney's suggestion under the heading of a "A Fly-Fishers' Club in America," and I heartily indorse it, as—to use a hackneyed phrase—it will fill a long-felt want. I believe that no branch of angling is so clogged with traditional fancies and uncertainties as fly-fishing, and a club that encourages discussion would do much toward elucidating these and a great many other vexed questions by enabling members to interchange experiences, compare notes and thus to separate truth from fiction. The social feature is also one well worth considering. The common love of fly-fishing creates a kind of freemasonry among its devotees, and it is but natural that they should delight in opportunities of meeting their brother anglers once in a while to indulge in "fish talk." Last, but by no means least, such an association would commend itself for the influence it could exercise on fishing laws, fish-culture, etc. A club of this kind could enforce a great deal of useful legislation where individual efforts often fail, and inasmuch as its efforts would be directed, not to any special waters, it having none, but to the country at large, it would *ipso facto* constitute itself the champion of the angler in America. C. B.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. I. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Orange County Agricultural Society, at Newburgh, N. Y. D. A. Morrison, Sec'y.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Orange County Fair, at Newburgh, N. Y.

Oct. 2 to 5.—Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. C. M Rundle, Sec'y.

Oct. 30 to Nov. 2.—Terrier Show, by New England Kennel Club, at Country Club, Brookline, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y, 128 Tremont street, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Field Trial Club, Members' Sweepstake. A. R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells. Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. All-Aged, Eastern Subscription and Selling Stakes. Entries close Oct. 1. W. A. Coster. Saratoga Springs, N. Y.. Sec'y.

Dec. 17.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

AS NEW YORK marks a turn of the wheel of time for American fanciers, so Toronto marks the beginning or the ending of another year of fancy for our Canadian cousins in dogdom. At this show all Candians in any way interested in dogs make a point of attending and discussing the advance or the reverse in the character of their different fancies. This year, we are sorry to say, there were forebodings that the Toronto Fair show has seen its best days as a canine *fête*. In this we can scarcely coincide, for, though the show was lamentably weak in quality in many breeds hitherto well represented, this may partly be accounted for by the general business depression, the excessive freight charges now to be incurred when exhibiting, and the fact that the Pittsburgh show clashed and secured a number of American kennels that generally show at Toronto. Notably was this felt in pointers, setters, collies and some of the larger breeds. Another cause may have been in the increased entry fee and less prize money offered. These are defects that can be remedied, and next year, with a clear course, Toronto's management may again have cause to congratulate themselves as in days of yore. The local attendance was not so good as we have seen, and many familiar faces were absent.

The show seemed to labor under a cloud in other respects, too; for instance, the judging was delayed by the non-arrival of some of the judges. Mr. Mortimer returned in time to assume his official position on Monday afternoon, but Major Taylor was delayed by the Manitoba field trials and did not begin work till Tuesday noon. Then Mr. McEwen did not show up till Tuesday, and Mr. Oldham unavoidably earned the blessings of the spaniel men by not putting in an appearance till Wednesday. As he was delayed on the ocean at the time the show commenced it was manifestly impossible for him to do better, he could not get ont and walk. He hurried up to Canada as fast as the trains could carry him after landing, and made up for the delay by the expeditious manner in which he got through his classes, finishing all by Wednesday night. Of course these delays precluded the possibility of a marked catalogue. There was little kicking at the awards, and the show ran smoothly, was well managed, the rings well served and the stewards, Messrs. Sweetman Royle, Fraser and Dr. Mole, did their arduous work in a clever manner. The show was kept clean and well disinfected by Little's Phenyle and with "Capt." Murphy in charge of Spratts biscuit menu, the dogs were well catered to

Mr. C. A. Stone the superintendent, on whose shoulders devolved most of the labor both in preparation and during the show, worked as usual with a will, and experience now greases the wheels of his executive ability in such degree that the furrows of care are not so deep as they used to be. His good work for this show is appreciated by his fellow fanciers and to show this he was presented on Tuesday evening, at the Auditorium in Toronto, with an engraved testimonial, handsomely framed, setting forth his many virtues and praising him for the work he had done in years past. Afterwards the evening was devoted to speechifying, recitations and songs, under the able chairmanship of Dr. Mills, who carried himself with dignity and a *bon camaraderie* that was totally at variance with preconceived ideas. At a late hour he resigned the chair to Mr. Higginson and the rest of the night was devoted to fun and frolic. A number of the Toronto Kennel Club members were prominent in the gathering, and Messrs. Mitchener and Shepherd among others entertained the company very acceptably. Pressure on our columns this week forbids our devoting any more space to this part of our story and therefore we turn at once to a description of the different classes.

MASTIFFS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—This grand old breed does not seem to make much progress in Canada, the only good specimens so far shown hailing from the States, and this year's gathering was no exception. This time Mr. Bunn ran up from Peoria, Ill., and saved the entry from mediocrity. In challenge bitches, no challenge dogs were entered, Lady Coleus, looking really well and much better than last year, scored easily over Attraction in head, ears, body and size, as well as character. Open dogs (5) saw a little more competition, as Ealderman and Leamington fought their battle over again, but unfortunately for the latter, under the same judge as at Chicago. Ealderman has a more massive skull, but this is so offset by his peculiar muzzle, faulty eyes and more than peculiar ears, which are too small and not well carried, and color, that one passes ov Leamington's large ears, correct in every other particular, and comparing his head all round gives him the palm. Ealderman is a bit better in back, but depth of body, size, bone and general character are in Leamington's favor. Grimsby Caution is an old face, and is not in the same class with the winner, too small. Beaufort's Beau, vhc., is weak in pasterns, light in bone and faulty in set on of stern, and head should be shorter. Nigo, hc., has not improved; his full, staring eye and light, houndy body are against him. Bitches (4) proved a "snap" for Minna Minting, who, though small, is brimful of quality. Cerene loses to her considerably in head and body and condition. H. R. H., third, is not massive enough in skull and too light in muzzle. Ilford Bess, vhc., is showing age, has a fair type of head, but needs more substance; nice body and legs well formed. The winners in novice class (6) have been mentioned above, but big dog as Ealderman is compared to Minna Minting, the latter's quality and correct type should be recognized.

ST. BERNARDS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Really outside of one or two entries, and those from the Argyle Kennels, there was nothing on the benches demanding a second glance, and it is unfortunate that the dogs from the latter kennel were shown in poor condition, though perfectly healthy. Such animals as Sir Bedivere and Rustic Beauty stand to the fancy in the same light as a Patti or a Calvé in opera and neither of the latter would risk their reputation by singing before the public when troubled with a sore throat. As one breeder remarked, "Is that the great Sir Bedivere? Well I don't think he's any great shakes, there are a half a dozen better ones here to my idea." So much for coat and prettiness and he looked no deeper. This seems to be the trouble with Canadian breeders of St. Bernards, their dogs are nearly all wofully lacking in substance and head properties—running snipy and weedy but pretty enough in coat and markings. One or two of the Alton litter would work wonders up there. Sir Bedivere and Rustic Beauty were alone in their respective challenge classes, but both were thin and out of coat and Arthur was evidently just keeping them in good health and summer condition. It is dollars to doughnuts they will look very different when seen at New York next spring. Open dogs brought out a mixed lot of nine, one absentee, Warwick, Jr. Imperial proved the winner, a leggy, light-bodied specimen with a fair head if it was shorter and more massive, shows some quality and is an active mover; Duke of Wellington, second, has a fairish head, better if broader and deeper, moves poorly but good body, coat and front. Earl Douglas is well marked and was in very good coat but his head is too snipy; Prince Imperial has a better skull than muzzle, is lacking in blaze, nice coat but lacks quality all through; Don Nora, also vhc., has a weak head but is pretty well built otherwise; the others scarcely deserve mention, Sir Havelock's head is still snipy. The bitch class (9) was better, but out of coat and poor in flesh as Lady Adelaide II. was, she had no difficulty in scoring; Artilla, second, well shown, is too long in head and houndy but her body, legs and coat are very commendable and she well deserved her place; Vera, third, an almost white bitch, has an excellent deep, long body and good legs, but her head is too flat and narrow; Lady Martin, vhc., shows quality but is too light in head, good front but shown thin and was out of coat; Queen Vic, vhc., needs more stop and width of head, was not well shown, body fair but showing her bag. Lord Ponto was the best pup but is faulty in forelegs and head is too long, body very fair, will improve; Lady Wallace is plain in head; Twilight is houndy in ears, good front and nice smooth coat.

In smooth challenge dogs Alton II., shown very thin, had no competition. Challenge bitches had no entries. In open dogs (3) two very fair ones appeared in Clovis and Argyle Alpha, and the former's sweet quality would suit one of the other sex; he is prettily formed all over, but there should be more of him; like all the Keeper family, his head is beautifully marked, body is light at present, and coat should be closer and shorter; given more bone and substance and size he would be hard to beat. Argyle Alpha was thin and lathy-looking, and his lack of shadings give his head a plain look, but it is well shaped and more massive than the winner. Dawn, third, is plain-faced and straight behind. Four turned up in the bitch class, and Lady Judith had no difficulty in winning from Linda, though the latter has a head showing quality, carries too much coat and is not true in front. Lady Wallace took third, and Wilda, vhc., mixed in coat, shows some quality in head and is well formed in body, running third very close for place. Clovis, Imperial and Lord Ponto took the money in novice dogs (10), and nothing of any moment followed them, while Artilla, Vera and Linda were easily picked as winners in the bitch class and have been described above. The Argyle Kennels won the kennel prize, and Sir Bedivere was considered the best in the show, of course.

Bloodhounds had but one entry, Roger Williams's Vigilant, and was marked absent.

NEWFOUNDLANDS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—A poor lot, and only one considered good enough for first, Charlie, who is faulty in head and ears and coat not flat enough; little type or quality about him. Afterward Rover was brought in and awarded an extra first, which he was well entitled to, as he scores over the regular winner in general type, head, ears and coat, and is a better one than we generally see; I think he won last year. Second and third were rightly withheld, all curly black dogs are not Newfoundlands.

GREAT DANES (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—A great falling off in quality here, not a good one in the lot. Challenge entries drawn blank. Open had two entries but one was absent leaving a bloodless victory to Don Cæsar Jr., a very throaty, coarse headed dog with a curled tail and no type or character about him according to the sort of Great Danes we expect to see nowadays. In bitches (2) Ruth, a coarse sort of harlequin with all sorts of faults won from a fairish brindle in Brenda, who is too lippy but has a better head, cleaner and longer, than the winner though weak before the eye, and is heavy in shoulders; neither are above mediocrity. Brenda won in novices from one whose name was not in the catalogue, a coarse headed one.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—The strongest lot of these handsome hounds that Canada has yet seen, faced the judge. Mr. Huntington having transferred his team to the Terra Cotta Kennel the local kennel made a good start though dissappointed in some of the main issues—notably the kennel prize. In challenge dogs Argoss and Col. Dietz competed but the former scored so much in loin, shoulders, ribs, feet and quarters that the issue was scarcely doubtful; at the same time, Col. Dietz is an improving dog and only needs more flesh to make a harder fight. In bitches a fine trio came forward and Ch. Zerry being thrown out for her very slight chorea, left the battle between Princess Irma and Svodka, the former winning in size, action, head, cleanness of shoulders but losing in feet, to Svodka; both were well shown and in proper coat. These two are of one type. In open dogs type entered into the question, the judge leaning to the "Leekhoi" style in preference to the smoother ones, which come from the Argoss stock. Here Sorvantes won, he is well known and while of the "Leekhoi" type has more substance, swell of rib and so on than the general run; he moved very dicky behind, his hind legs being tucked under him, but was in better shape than we have seen him lately; Odrooski, the black dog, is also well known but was devoid of all feathering and too smooth, in action he was much superior and was well shown, barring coat. Ivan was lucky to best his little brother Kriletzka, who, if he fills out properly, will be a good one, both were out of coat, but Ivan was more like a thin "streak" than anything else, Kriletzka being bigger is also excellent in head, front and spread of quarters for a nine months pup; he is by Argoss out of Krimena. In the bitch class first went to the judge's old favorite Zmeika, who, barring her faulty, weak hocks, is a capital specimen of the "Leekhoi" type, excellent loin, front and head and is well and correctly coated; Riga is a well put up bitch but like her brother Odrooski, too smooth and lacking feather and frill. Lady Dietz, third, to carry out the type, should therefore have been second, although a little too fat, was in splendid form and coat, whereas Riga needs attention and was bare in places. Daiska has flat feet. but is nicely formed otherwise, has a sweet long head and was in nice correct coat and well shown. Olivia was absent. The kennel prize went to the Seacroft Kennels probably on the score of evenness of type of what we have always spoken of as the "distinctly Russian" which this judge seems to favor and grasp the meaning of.

DEERHOUNDS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—These are never very numerous at Canadian shows, and the entry, as usual, depended on American kennels, Mr. Muir supplying the three entries. Old champion Olga, keeping up well, tacked up another first to her long score. The well-known Bruar II., in open dogs, won again, beating his kennel mate, Paul Potter, in general symmetry, and especially from shoulders back, but losing something in length and strength of head. There were no entries in the bitch class.

GREYHOUNDS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—This breed is not improving here; that is, the best are imported from the States. We have seen both larger entries and very much better quality all through than those shown this year; in fact, the open classes were only moderate. Gem of the Season, showing age, was alone in challenge dogs; he was shown much better than at late shows. In the corresponding bitch class Southern Beauty met Wild Rose, and the verdict was not long in doubt, the black and white being beaten in head, body and quarters. Beauty is improving in condition, but is still bare on quarters. Some people have thought Rose could beat the Beauty, but it will be only when the latter is altogether off color. In open dogs (6) there was not a real topper in the class. Dallas, an improving dog, scored well in bone, front, ribs and quarters from Lord Torrington, whose shoulders are not clean enough, and his light stary eyes spoil his head and outlook. The well-known Justinian was third; he should have more rib, is faulty in feet and ears. His son, Justinian II., was given hc.; is faulty in front, more depth of chest and rib are necessary to bring him up higher. The winner is a Gem of the Season dog. In bitches (5), Cyclone was to the fore; her head and ears are coarse, but she is a well-put-up bitch, scoring in front and shoulders; more swell of rib would improve her. Jetsam, second, is faulty in feet and pasterns, and loin is too long; is well-ribbed, but coat should be finer. Chips, a fair-bodied one, but losing in front, secured third place; she is well known. Pee-De-Ku, hc., must depend on her hind parts for recognition; she is well developed there, but is heavy in shoulders, and should be better ribbed up, good neck and fair head. Cyclone won in novices, followed by Miss Neversettle and Grimsby Ranger, sister and brother, who are not furnished up yet. As a compliment to the judge's critical eye, Cyclone clinched her claim to first place by afterward winning the greyhound race on the track, as reported elsewhere. The kennel prize went easily to the Terra Cotta Kennels.

FOXHOUNDS (*Major Taylor, Judge*).—As usual at this show the American and English types were mixed, but not so badly as last year. That good old bitch Vexation was the only challenge representative. Open dogs (6) proved a fair class but there was a good deal of the American in the shape of one or two bodies. Ringwood won, a well-built hound, excellent in forelegs and quarters; shoulders should be cleaner and a little better defined; stop would improve an otherwise good head; a nice typical hound. Bugler, second, has an American type of body, but of course deeper and thicker; should be more tucked up at flank and feet are rather flat. Ringwood and Genius II. were last year shown as American hounds and in my report I stated that they (Genius II., Ringwood, etc.) should have been turned out of the American class as they were purely English in type and build. This year we see these same dogs in the English class where they belong. Genius II., third, is a truer built hound than Bugler and could claim second place; his skull is a trifle broad and he is getting a little heavy in shoulders, and better bent hocks would improve him. Touchstone II., vhc., has the best head in the class but feet are open and is back on pasterns and was not well shown; light in flesh. Major I did not see. There were only two bitches, first going to Belle, plain in head and throaty and body more after the American type, excellent front and looks like a worker. Frolic, from the same kennel, was second. In American dog hounds Clinker was the winner; his right place is in the English class and last year we preferred him to Genius II. and Ringwood; he should be better ribbed up but is a good hound in other respects. Trooper, second, has a good hound expression and is of a racy build; rather coarse head for an American. Grip, third, is open in feet and not straight; a bit long cast but good shoulders and bone. Argonaut, that could beat either of them, sticking purely to type, was absent. Clinker, the winner, is of the same litter as Genius II. and Ringwood in the English class. Maud, the winner last year, was again first, a well-built bitch with capital running gear; a little faulty in head. Rush, second, won in the English class last year; she loses to the others in front and hind parts. We should advise in the future that one division only should be made in this breed at this show. All the dogs that are shown are simply English hounds having English characteristics, and when a dog is a bit light off shape or long cast as an English he does duty as an American. The winning American (?) bitch is English bred, being out of the same litter as Ringwood, Genius II., etc.; the sire, old Genius, was really such in his way, for his progeny cover the whole of the foxhound prize money.

POINTERS (*Major J. M. Taylor, Judge*).—The classes in this breed simply provided, with one exception, a series of walkovers for Mr. Davey's kennel. The entries were lamentably weak, and while some of the old cracks were benched, the rank and file were not more than fair to medium. In challenge classes for heavy-weights Josie Bracket was the only one to show up, Hempstead Farm's Sandford Druid and Woolton Game declining their engagements. Josie looked fit to battle for any honors, and would have given Woolton Game the race of her life. In open dogs, same division, Jone had a walkover, as Hempstead Beau and Mack, the other entries, were absent; Jone partakes of his sire Lord Graphic's type of head, broad skull and stary eye; is light in bone and not ribbed up enough, besides being shown in light flesh, having just come from Manitoba field work. In bitches Brighton Leda scored over Phantom, well known, in head and body, Leda's ear carriage spoils her otherwise good head; Phantom was too fat. Duke of Hessen was absent in challenge light-weight dogs and Lady Gay Spanker, looking well, being out for specials only, left the sweet headed Miss Rumor a bloodless victory; she was well shown. In open dogs Ridgeview Comet, an improved dog, in Turk's absence, had no competition. In the bitch class three came forward, Hempstead Blossom, marked absent, Chaira won nicely from Faustina; she is a nicely built bitch all round, barring a little heaviness in shoulders and fine muzzle; Faustina was shown too light in flesh, muzzle should be squarer, and more rib would improve her body; her feet are not just true either. Lucy, also thin, was third; she was hard as nails and is better in front than either of the winners. In novices (2) Faustina beat Dick Taylor, a sleepy looking sort, not so clean in front and shoulders as the winner, being a bit wide there. Mr. Davey won both kennel prizes without competition.

ENGLISH SETTERS (*Major J. M. Taylor, Judge*).—We were sorry to see a distinct falling off in quality and number here, in fact the absence of the American representatives left a

void in all the setter classes, and with about two exceptions there was really not a first class English setter shown. Both challenge classes were empty. In open dogs (6) the well known field dog Paul Bo took his fourth first and now enters the challenge division. He was looking well, barring a little fineness in muzzle, little fault can be found with him. Second went to Washtenaw Grouse, the winner at Detroit last year; if he had a little more stop his head would be well shaped. The well known Matane took third, he was shown light in flesh, with better defined stop his head would be good; is well built in other respects. Brighton Tobe, reserve, should be better bent in hocks and stronger muzzle, other parts commendable, fresh from his Manitoba victory he was not in bench show bloom, but the blue ribbon on the turf was good enough for him. Druid, Jr., vhc., has good bone and front, should have more rib and chest, rather plain in head. Mingo, Jr., is throaty and rather big and coarse and deficient in ribs. The bitch class brought out eleven. Lady Patch scored her third consecutive victory and was looking well. Next came Luna, a nice headed and fronted one, but light in body and rib, shows lots of quality. Misfortune, third, has a weak head but is good in body and legs, but shown light in flesh. Liberty II., fourth, should be deeper in back ribs, and droops in quarters. May, vhc., is a bit straight faced, plain in body, nice shoulders. Forest Trippo, vhc., is heavy in front, head well shaped, is throaty but deserved her position if not more. Forest Louisa, hc., should be squarer in muzzle, and narrower and cleaner in front, nice body and quarters. Nita Gitana, a nice type of bitch, should have been higher up though her light eye and indifferent front are against her, and she could be better behind, still, all over she is more of the winner's type. In novice dogs Brighton Monk took the blue, he is a nice sort whom a little more rib development would improve. Royal Dan, second, is a fair headed one but throaty and long cast. Forest King, third, has a fairly typical head but is let down behind and was shown light. In bitches the winners have been commented upon. The kennel prizes went to Mr. Davey.

IRISH SETTERS (*Major J. M. Taylor, Judge*).—Here was a great falling off and for this the Pittsburgh show and the non-entry of Oak Grove Kennels is responsible, as in former years with the Seminole and other kennels present competition has been very strong. though the decline began last year. No challenge entries. In open dogs (3) a very fair dog in Killane was placed at the top, excellent color, good head, though the nose turns up a trifle, good bone and legs, but a trifle large-sized. Don, second, was not in very good shape, a bit bowed in front, well ribbed and good color. St. Elmo, third, is light in muzzle and skull is too domy, nice color, legs and feet. One entry in bitches, River Roe; she has a sweet, typical head, and it is a good one, but her body is flat-sided, nice, sloping shoulders and good front—a very fine stamp. In novice dogs Don and St. Elmo were the entries, and in bitches Forest Sunset scored over Biddy, so in head and body, though a little off color, the issue was never in doubt. For the first time in years the kennel prizes did not fill.

GORDON SETTERS (*Major J. M. Taylor, Judge*).—Here was another falling off, only five dogs benched and eight entries. Black Prince won in open dogs. There were no challenge entries. He is plain-faced and light in tan, no pencilings, good body and running gear. Second went to Guy, light and plain in body, should have more stop and a stronger muzzle. Rock, third, is heavy in shoulders and a bit straight in hocks, and but a moderate one in a moderate class. In bitches (2) two well known animals in Mount Royal Wanda and Countess Roxie came forward and were placed as named. The winner was the best Gordon in the show, fairly good head, clean shoulders, an improved bitch, and not meeting such hot company as last year, stood out prominently. The novice class was a repetition of the open dogs. Ben Lewis and his team were missed in this breed.

COLLIES (*R. McEwen, Judge*).—It would seem that a prophet is of no account in his own country after all if we may judge by the collie entry which was very mediocre, but we know that Mr. McEwen is of some account, and as he pretty well represents colliedom in Canada we expected a light entry, the big American kennels having gone to Pittsburgh. There were no challenge entries. In open dogs (6) Ightenhill Chief carried out our criticism at Detroit, where he was placed on a level with Finsbury Dude, third here; Chief has a good length of head, eye should be darker and is faulty in quarters, coat not dense enough, but is a fair all-round dog. Second to Finsbury Hero, who was out of top coat but good under, a bit short in muzzle. Finsbury Dude, third, is thick in head but was in good coat. An unnamed one of R. G. Steacey's took fourth; he is big in ear but rather nice head and expression, fair coat. Clip, vhc., has an open coat, but of good texture, a little full and round in skull, good length of head, faulty in tail and shown light. In bitches (3) Old Hall Perfect, the winner, a new one, a daughter of Southport Perfection, was out of coat and shown quite fat enough, ears not well carried and are large, head fairly good but cheeky, nice expression Second to Shepardess, an eleven months pup, by Christopher; plenty of coat but not dense enough, light in loin and feet could be better, too open, and stop is too clearly defined. Nora, third, was last year's winner, is a little fine in muzzle and has big ears carried wide, too full in brow, coat of good length, but not so dense as last year. In novice dogs (5) Rufford Whitefriar, another new one recently imported, scored over Ightenhill Chief; the winner is a nearly all white dog with a fair head, stop too well defined, ears large but well carried, good bone, but forefeet turn out at times, lacks undercoat and is light in body. Canadian Monarch was third, rather coarse in head, and big widely carried ears, coat should be denser. MacLeod, reserve, is faulty in ears, needs more rib and coat to be good. Shepardess won in bitches. Strathella, second, is pinched in muzzle and is a weedy, light-bodied bitch. Stratford Nellie, third, carries her ears like a deer, but has a sweet little head, and was, of course, like the others, out of coat. Ottenburn Peggy has ears like an Esquimaux, and is light in body. The kennel prize went to Saunders and Mighton.

BULL-TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—These classes are generally strong in the Queen City, and this occasion proved no exception, but competition was chiefly confined to Mr. Higginson's and the Wentworth Kennels. Duke of Rochester was alone in challenge dogs and scored his debutal win; he looked fairly well, and is keeping his head and filling out in body nicely. In bitches Vesper Belle downed Kit, but considering how very poor in head, coarse and thick the former is, in spite of good front and body, Kit's better head and equally good points behind that member should have been recognized. In open dogs our old friend Billy Bulger is an improved dog, front good, excellent body and stern, head a bit coarse, excellent quarters and shown in rare hard shape; this time he received his deserts, and should have won last year. Chatham Bob wrongly beat him last year; is light of eye and getting bull-headed. Harper's Whiskey, the Hornellsville edible dog, took third honors, and is a very promising sort; toes should be closer, head a trifle thick, and stop should not be so clearly defined, but is excellent in shoulders, body and hindparts, and was well put down. Buxton Baron II. has a light, long body, is thick in skull, and pasterns should be stronger. In bitches (2) last year's winner, Edgewood Robin, won again; she is a bit out at shoulder, is cheeky, stop too defined, and eye should be darker, otherwise good. White Rose, second, I preferred for first, better front, fair bone and good body, eye a bit light, and cheeky. In light-weight dogs there was no denying Principio's claims to first, as he was in tiptop shape and keeping very well. Vesper Willow, second, is a little wide and out at elbow, fair head, that should get no coarser, feet open, nice body, in fact, a smart terrier. Barton, third, is a light-waisted pup of eight months, good bone and fair head and front. Bitches (3) proved a victory for Nellie Harper, a well known face. She is a granddaughter of Vero Shaw's old Nelson, and much like his picture; she was in whelp. Second to Bess of Rochester, her daughter, should be truer in placement of feet, rare bone and substance, fair head, but eyes should be darker, good body and front. Countess of Wentworth, third, is lightly furnished yet, feet turn out, eyes quite large enough, good set on of stern. Harper's Whiskey won in dogs (4) and one of Uncle Dick's guesses came true. The others have been mentioned, and the same in bitches (5).

IRISH TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Not a great deal of quality this time In challenge dogs Brickbat, Jr., not looking so lusty as usual, was alone. Open dogs (3) saw Martin Shamrock first, a trifle coarse in head, good ears, and a little more rib would improve his body, good legs and feet and hard coat. The Canadian Ambassador, second, has been out before, shows a little black, looked thin but in fair coat. Carleton Blarney, third, is too long cast, and feet should be truer, and has not the terrier eye, too full. The Detroit *debutante*, Glenary Oonagh, won nicely in bitches (6), she is really a smart terrier, nice long clean head, and well made all round if she had a little more rib. Rugby Norah II., second, has her faults in forelegs, ears and muzzle. Killarney Girl, third, a fair sort, but light and full in eye, and faulty in ears. Carleton Norah, vhc., is a trifle short-faced and wide in skull, and was shown short of coat, otherwise fair. Belle of Shandon, hc., has poor ears, and her coat is shot with black, has a fair head and good coat texture. Judy, c., was weedy-looking and ragged in coat, all out of shape, or of course would have done better. With the exception of Rose, second, the novice (6) winners have been mentioned. Rose is too big and rather coarse in head, good coat, body, legs and feet, but ears could be carried better.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—A poor lot. First and second were withheld in dogs (3) and third given to Bruce, a trifle high on leg, out of coat, very crooked in front, and coat and texture not right, not silky enough in head and ears. In bitches there were no entries.

BEDLINGTONS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—We can always expect a few of these game terriers at this show, but they don't seem to make much headway and are far from good. In open dogs a new lot, mostly owned by Mr. Barber, came forward. Mike, the winner, has a fairly wedge-shaped head, little topknot and ear tips, feet should be truer aud loin be more arched, fair coat. Blucher, second, a liver, is heavy in shoulders and weak in muzzle, good topknot, coat soft, but he was in rare muscle and hard condition. Dash, third, is too big and coarse in head and is long cast, good front. In bitches (2) Miss Tack won nicely from Floss, who loses in head, but gains in body and coat, both good in topknot and tips.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—With the Waukie Kennels out in force there was no doubt about the quality, and the display was a fine one. In challenge dogs champion Tiree and Kilroy was again the order, both looked well. Open dogs (5) furnished another win for Wankie Tam, whose forelegs are his worst feature. Wankie Dandie, second, is not so cobby in body as Tam, fair head, but loses in muzzle to the winner. St. Clair Don, third, is a bit on the leg, is quite long enough in body, rather light in muzzle, nice coat. Wankie Caddie, vhc., is soft in coat and skull not flat enough, tail carried a bit too gayly, fair front, and ears should be a little smaller. In bitches (6) Vorda won from Clutha, beating in head, though ears are a trifle large, nice coat and body. Clutha's coat should be harder and muzzle stronger, nice ears and is well developed in quarters. Wankie Janet, third, is too long in body, was short of coat and throws her elbows out a little, good long head and smart outlook. St. Clair Annie is short faced and cheeky, excellent forelegs, but coat too open. Merry Coll, vhc., has been repeatedly described, looked light in body here. Compton Belle has too short a head and is soft in coat, but she has a correct front. The novice dogs were chiefly repetitions and the same in bitches. Burton Bitters, a newly imported one, with some winnings on the other side, took only c., but I could not find her; but she will probably be seen at Providence.

SKYE TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—With the exception of one entry Mrs. E. M. Williams farmed these classes, and we were pleased to welcome such a genial couple as Mr. and Mrs. Williams to the fancy. Skye terriers go well in certain districts, aud there is no reason why, with such stock as Old Burgundy and others, the new kennel should not do well in America. Old Burgundy, a champion in the old country, was put down in beautiful shape and is certainly an eye-opener for some of us in regard to coat and other characteristics, and there will be trouble ahead for some of the old cracks when he meets them. In bitches (2), Phumps, though out of coat, scored well over Princess May in head, length of body and substance. In novices (2), Fanbur won over Buccaneer; is a more level-topped one in better coat; both low to the ground and typical.

AIREDALES (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—An increase in numbers in this breed, but with one exception they were poor. Bootles was the only one that really came up to requirements, and he is faulty behind, smart head, well-carried ears, and good coat and forelegs; nice size. Bess, second, is rather woolly-coated and ears not well carried. Nettle is too big and long-coated.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—In the challenge class Broomfield Sultan in much better shape than in the spring beat Gypsey Girl in tan, quarters and set on of stern. In open dogs first went to a smart pup in Fred, who only needs time for rib development to make a name for himself; excellent front, head and hind parts and tail, good color, and thumb marks will become clearer, probably. Second to Darkie who scores over Sambo in clearness and shape of head; excellent markiugs, body should be shorter and muzzle is too Roman; large size. Sambo has too much stop. In bitches Roche Tulip, though a bit snipy and showing in whelp, scored nicely; good tail and thumb marks. Popsy, second, was lucky; though a smart sort is betwixt and between in size—neither in one class nor the other; but for a small one has a clean, long head, is not very true in front and stern is set on too low. Rochelle Majestic, third, drop-eared, is off in front but good in thumb marks, too much stop and should be darker in eye. Chloe, vhc., is dark-faced and light in body, and thumb marks and pencilings not distinct enough, also a little full in eye. Kennel prize went to F. C. McLean, who has a rather nice team and is very entusiastic in his fancy.

POODLES (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—There was a good entry here but the absence of some of the best rather detracted from the quality. Rajah, looking a little gross but in excellent close curl, was unopposed in the challenge class for dogs in Diamant's absence. Chloe, from the Meadowmere Kennels, won in Vivette's absence. Open dogs (7) saw Hill Hurst Nap, in excellent trim and curl, skull rather broad, win nicely from Tribune, whose eye should be darker and muzzle better filled in before the eye, but is a smart sort. Emperor, third, is a little wooly-coated and light in loin. Dan Lamont, vhc., turns his feet out, and but for his light loin would be good in body; his stern is set on too low. Diablo, c, was in poor shape and is entirely too long cast. In bitches (6) Victoria won but I could not fiud her. Second went to Hill Hurst Posey, a little plain before the eye, but well shown and in grand curl and condition. Hill Hurst Dinah came third; she is well known, Black Maria, vhc., is a little rusty in coat and slack in back. Cybele and Cigarette were absent. In cordeds (3) first went to White Pete, a plain dog, short in cords, good head. Dr. Vair, second, has a back as long as a street and dips as well; cords short. White Bob is something on the bobtail order.

SPANIELS (*E. M. Oldham, Judge*).—One expects a good entry in Canada's breed and we are never disappointed. A change seems to be creeping on in favor of larger and more active cockers, and there was quite an evenness of type especially in the any other color where the reds are making great headway. The blacks, seemingly, are falling off in numbers compared to former years. Several new ones were shown and they generally got well up in the list.

In Irish water spaniels, first went to Dan Rice, a big well built dog, but only in fair curl, fore part of legs not clothed as they should be and has very little topknot; has been used a good deal this month. Second to Jacko, not close enough in curl, fair head. Shot Rhue, a big coarse dog took third, short of coat, and Dennis dropped to a c., for very poor condition. Marguerite was the only bitch entry and she was all out of shape, but was the only one with properly clothed legs.

Only two Clumbers and neither tip-top; Quester alone in dogs, well shown, and Maud, too light in body and leggy and short of coat, secured the corresponding prize for her sex.

Field spaniels showed up well but were more or less out of shape. In challenge dogs Brantford Mohawk, a little light in body, was alone. In bitches Daisy Dean scored over Rosedale Bess especially in condition, the latter showing evidence of recent maternal duties, but she has the best head of the two. In open dogs (3) the issue was not long in doubt, for Staley Baron scores so in length, skull and muzzle, though shown a little light. Echo was in ragged coat; Judge absent. In bitches, first to Maid who scores over Black Queen in head and length, the latter was well shown but dips a trifle in back. Nancy, third, has a light pinched muzzle, skull too domy and shows quite enough daylight.

In liver dogs the heavy headed and deep bodied Coles Hill Rufus won, followed by Napoleon who was shown light and ragged and is not deep or square enough in muzzle; Gypsy Belle, third, turns her feet out and looked tucked up in flank. Any other color fields were a mixed lot, the winner turning up in Jack who having had an argument with a trolley car had a leg smashed, but Dr. Nicoll set it so straight that it beats the other one; Spotted Boy was second, Nellie third, Antique fourth, losing in head and ears. In novices Spracklin's Belle was the only competitor, she is weak in face and body should be longer. In black cocker challenge dogs, Black Duke competing for specials only left the ribbon to Pickpania who was well shown; no challenge bitches. In any other color, Brantford Red Jacket, getting gray in muzzle, scored over Red Obo. Then came the black open dogs, and a new face, Still in the Ring, complied with his master's wishes and won well in hand too; capital head showing lots of quality, and front good if feet were a little truer, stands a trifle high at stern, but a cocker of good size and action; Commodore, well known, second, losing in head and front to winner, also in depth of body; Woodland Clipper, third, is a bit wide in front and rather coarse iu head but well shaped; Tim, fourth, is a bit leggy and has a field head and body on same order. In bitches (6) first went to Baby Ruth who is still light in body and not true at elbow, but her charming head still serves her in good stead; Nellie, second, is a nice cobby sort a little full in brow; Rideau Reine was third, faulty in stop, good otherwise, Fossey Wiltshire, fourth, is a little weak in muzzle, nice height and well shown; Miss Phyllis, an old face, was reserve, and Fanny hc., is handicapped by a light eye, else she is nicely put together.

In any other color dogs, Hamilton Jack repeated last year's victory, but had less cause to crow this time, though winning easily in head, front and condition over Keswick, his only opponent. Then came a bad class to judge, nearly all being reds and very even in type. These were any other color bitches (15), and gave the judge a bad half hour before he decided upon Fannie, a liver, for first choice. She was short of coat, but is a well-made cocker, with good running gear, if such a term can be used with this breed, and I think it can in this case. Brantford Beauty I liked quite as well in body, well-ribbed, muzzle a trifle weak below the eye, excellent front, a good working stamp, but looking a little ragged owing to maternal duties. Raglan Russette, third, is one with good legs and feet, body well formed if a little cobbier, rare quarters, but quite as large as we want this breed. Red Rose, fourth, is a trifle heavy in shoulders, but a good working stamp if head were better shaped in skull, good legs and body, and quite large enough. These were all good cockers that could do good work iu the field for any one, and that is what we want a cocker for. Queenie Mac I could not find. Among the others I liked Polly Harmon, a little long-faced and also long in body, but an active stamp of cocker, though her front should be straighter. Red Duchess is a pup with a capital head, but small yet, and undeveloped in body; she did better in the puppy class. The novice dog winners have been commented on, and in bitches all but the winner, Cora II., were in the previous classes. None of them are good iu head, and faulty fronts are noticeable. Raglan Ruby is too long-faced. In puppy dogs Tim won over Billy, followed by Red Sultan, but neither of them will set the lake on fire. In puppy bitches the judge felt like giving Red Duchess better recognition, and placed her over Queenie Mac, first going to Woodland Princess, a very nice-headed one, but a shy shower; quite long enough in body. Mr. Oldham was consistent and was able to raise them up a bit without creating undue comment—they just ran that way.

DACHSHUNDS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—There was little quality here in open dogs. Topaz, a large dog, a bit coarse all through, was alone; he is fairly well shaped, but too big, his master, au old reader of FOREST AND STREAM, thinks the world of him. Iu bitches two pretty little German hound-terriers in Maeuschen von Veuto and Vento Flossie were placed as named; they have short ears, heads and bodies compared to the general run of these dogs in America and were black and tan in color. They come from good working stock and are said to be very game

BEAGLES (*Major J. M. Taylor, Judge*).—In the language of the classics these classes were a "cinch" for the Hornell-Harmony Kennels. This is a pity, as with such a team as they are showing now they could look serene no matter how hot the company they found themselves in. In the large sized challenge classes Sherry, looking tiptop, and champion Elf were alone, the latter keeps herself well, although of course rather heavy in neck and shoulders. In open dogs (2) Roger W. beats Pomp in body and length of head, the latter being a bit long, but well formed. Bitches had three entries, but one was absent, and both prizes fell to the Covert Kennels with Daisy Corbett and Rose Graham, the former looking deeper and lustier in body and the latter losing in strength of muzzle, but good behind that. In novices (2) a very fair bitch iu Kitty Clover, a bit out at elbow, good head and body, beat Rose Graham.

In under 13in. the challenge prizes fell respectively to champion Royal Krueger and champion Ava W., both, especially the latter, looking in splendid form. Two well known dogs, oft described, furnished the winners in the dog class (2), Razzle and Little Wonder. The only competition was in the next class for bitches, where it was nip and tuck between Evangeline and Kitty Clover. The latter is a little dished in muzzle, elbow out at times, but a well made bitch, with lots of character. Evangeline gets it in head and front a trifle. Dazzle was third; she is light in substauce compared to the other two, and but for Hia's fatness should have given place to the latter, as she is beaten in front and body, and carriage of stern. Hia was certainly deserving of something. The H. & H. pack was beautifully shown, and a prettier, more sorty lot, when held together, would be very difficult to find.

FOX-TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—We expected to see

a greater improvement in quality, but though the classes were well filled there was not any very noticeable quality in the smooth division. Beverwyck Punster furnished the challenge dog winner, but he looked light and leggy. Ripon Stormer was absent. In open dogs (9) Beverwyck King Pin scored somewhat easily in character, though getting a trifle coarse, especially in skull, excellent front and coat. Belvoir King, second, is a youngster that will keep, he is light and leggy at present, but had the cleanest front and a nice long head; did not carry his ears well in the ring. Rideau Rivet was third, he is too full in brow and skull a bit wide, good front, plenty of coat, but not enough rib. Dusky Diamond, fourth, is snipy and does not show much terrier character; good front and nice ears; of the others I liked Seacroft King, is light in body, very fair head and ears. Seacroft Jessie, second in bitches (9), her muzzle should be stronger, good legs and feet, and with a better spring of ribs would be improved. Stardale Belle stands a little out in front, fair head and body, should be a trifle shorter and deeper. Belvoir Becky, third, showed an excellent front, muzzle a bit weak before the eye, and skull should be deeper and not so round, eye rather light. Beverwyck Twinkle hardly deserved her fourth position, losing in head and front to the others. Belvoir Queen, reserve, has an excellent pair of forelegs, nice ear and head, body needs furnishing yet, but was in excellent coat; should have been fourth. Seacroft Spendthrift was lucky, poor head. In dog puppies (8) Seacroft Duke beat Stardale Sharke in feet, ears and body, but not in bone. Belvoir Queen won nicely in bitches (7) and Seacroft Duke took the novice dog prize from nine others, followed by Stardale Sharke and Stardale Sunbeam had a bloodless victory in the bitch class.

The wire-haired division was strongly supported. Of course the classification was very liberal and duplicates were abundant. In challenge dogs Oakleigh Bruiser beat Undercliffe Cornet in cleanness of head and shoulder, but was shown light. In bitches Sister Pattern, out of shape, was luckily alone. Open dogs was another victory for Brittle, but considering his mouth and age, good dog as he undoubtedly is, Dark Eye might well have scored though he is not so straight in front but was in better coat. Compton Vindex had been in the wars to look at his head, and this is his worst feature; ears are big but well made otherwise, when we could see him properly. Brittle Beaut beat his old antagonist, Mister Great Snap, being better now in head and bone, but rather leggy; Mr. G. S. is a better size. Halifax Revival was dead out of shape but he is all a terrier, with great bone and excellent forelegs. In bitches (6) Roath Rennie, the winner, is not in good shape; a bit wide in front, good skull and ears well carried. Bonnet, from the same kennel, is too full in eye and puts her feet too close; fair coat. Hill Hurst Brunette's nice front and fairly long head deserved her recognition. Roth's Tacit has gone off rather.

The novice dog (6) winner Compton Bruiser will probably get coarse in skull, excellent front, ears and coat. Aldon Fire Ball is a bit bowed in front, and Once Again (we hope so Major Stewart) is a big unfurnished one. In bitches (6), H. H. Bennetta and My Own took the money and the former repeated the win in the puppy class with Once Again the runner up and Aldon Blue Bonnie third in both classes. Hill Hurst Kennel took the kennel prize for wire or smooth and Compton Kennels that for wires. The Canadian Club offered a good lot of specials, but there seems to be a little of last year's enthusiasm wanting this time.

YORKSHIRES (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Very poor and only a third awarded. Two fair toys were shown, in Paddy, Tricks and Tessie.

PUGS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—As usual a poor lot. Challenge classes empty. Prizes withheld from a motley crew in open dogs and Daisy Bell, leggy and light in muzzle, won unopposed in the bitch class. Novice prizes withheld.

TOY SPANIELS (*E. M. Oldham, Judge*).—In King Charles spaniels Toronto Royal Duke took the challenge prize. In open dogs Dominion Prince won over Toronto Charlie II., though the latter has the best head, especially skull and tan and coat. In bitches Rose beat Annie Laurie nicely in nearly every point, and the latter excels Ruby, third, in skull and depth of muzzle, but loses behind and in body and color. Romeo won again in the mixed toy spaniel class, followed by a Blenheim with a better, shorter muzzle; both dogs are too big.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Dainty Lass, the Louisville winner, was alone. In the miscellaneous class a fairish basset won over the Chinese crested Too Too, with a white English terrier in poor condition third.

H. W. LACY.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, C. E. Bunn's Lady Coleus; 2d, H. Falconer's Attraction.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, C. E. Bunn's Ealderman and Leamington; 3d and high com., W. D. Forbes's Grimsby Caution and Nigo. Very high com., J. A. Beier's Beaufort's Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, C. E. Bunn's Mina Minting; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Cerene; 3d, H. Falconer's H. R. H. Very high com., W. D. Forbes's Ilford Bess.—NOVICE—1st and 2d, C. E. Bunn's Ealderman and Mina Minting; 2d, H. Falconer's H. R. H.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Argyle Kennels' Sir Bedivere. *Bitches:* 1st, Argyle Kennels' Rustic Beauty.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Barrow's Imperial; 2d, T. S. Vipond's Duke Wellington II.; 3d, Belle Isle Kennels' Earl Douglas. Very high com., P. F. Carey's Prince Imperial and A. Wilson's Don Nora. Com., P. Zeidler's Leo Z. and J. W. Nagle's Sir Henry Havelock. *Bitches:* 1st, Argyle Kennels' Lady Adelaide; 2d and reserve, Belle Isle Kennels' Artilla and Lady Martin; 3d and very high com., P. Hart's Vera and Queen Vic. Com., J. C. Palmer's Neil Gwynne and J. Miller's Mable. *Puppies:* 1st, J. W. Nagle's Lord Ponto and Twilight; 2d, P. Hart's Lady Wallace.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Argyle Kennels' Alton II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Clovis; 2d, Argyle Kennels' Argyle Alpha; 3d, F. H. Norris's Dawn. *Bitches:* 1st, Argyle Kennels' Lady Judith; 2d, H. Gorman's Linda; 3d and very high com., P. Hart's Lady Wallace and Wilda.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels's Clovis; 2d, G. Barron's Imperial; 3d and reserve, J. W. Nagle's Lord Ponto and Sir Henry Havelock. High com., P. J. Carey's Prince Imperial. Com., D. Cameron's Prince Charlie, J. Ross' Battle Blent and Typical Kennels' Donovan. *Bitches:* 1st, Belle Isle 2d and very high com., P. Hart's Vera and Lady Wallace; 3d, H. Gorman's Linda. High com., J. W. Nagle's Twilight. Com., E. H. Caddy's Royal Mona and J. W. Nagle's Lady Havelock.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* Extra 1st, Typical Kennels' Rover; 1st, Jas. Craig's Charlie; 2d withheld.

GREAT DANES.—OPEN—*Dogs:* Wortemburg Kennels' Don Cæsar, Sr. *Bitches:* 1st, H. P. Breary's Ruth; 2d, Wortemburg Kennels' Brenda.—NOVICE—1st, Wortemburg Kennels' Brenda.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Terra Cotta Kennels' champion Argoss; 2d, Chas. S. Hanks's Col. Dietz. *Bitches:* 1st, Terra Cotta Kennels' champion Princess Irma; 2d, Chas. S. Hanks's Svodka.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chas. S. Hanks's Sorvanantes: 2d, Terra Cotta Kennels' Odrooski; 3d, John W. Kerr's Ivan. Very high com., Dr. A. R. Gordon's Kriletzka. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Chas. S. Hanks's Zmeika and Lady Dietz; 2d and very high com., Terra Cotta Kennels' Riga and Daiska.

SCOTCH STAGHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, W. H. Muir's Olga.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, H. W. Muir's Bruar II. and Paul Potter.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Terra Cotta Kennels' Gem of the Season. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Terra Cotta Kennels' Southern Beauty and Wild Rose.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Terra Cotta Kennels' Dallas; 2d, H. Barker's Lord Torrington; 3d and high com., J. Wolfred Wurtele's Justinian and Justinian II. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Barker's Cyclone; 2d and high com., J. Wolfred Wurtele's Jetsam and Jess; 3d and high com., Terra Cotta Kennels' Chips and Pee De-Ku.—NOVICE—1st, H. Barker's Cyclone; 2d and 3d, W. F. Randall's Miss Never Settle and Grimsby Ranger.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, Smith & Clark's Vexation.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Smith & Clark's Ringwood and Genius II.; 2d, very high com. and high com., Typical Kennels' Bugler, Touchstone and Major. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Typical Kennels' Belle and Frolic.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—OPEN—1st, Smith & Clarke's Clinker; 2d, T. Woolings's Trooper; 3d, J. H. Fleming's Grip. *Bitches:* 1st, Smith & Clark's Maud; 2d, D. Purkess's Rush.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, T. G. Davey's Josie Bracket.—OPEN—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, T. G. Davey's Jone. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, T. G. Davey's Brighton Leda; 2d, Forest Kennels' Phantom.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, T. G. Davey's Miss Rumor.—OPEN *Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, T. G. Davey's Ridgeview Comet. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Chaira; 2d and 3d, T. G. Davey's Faustina and Lucy.—NOVICE—1st, T. G. Davey's Faustina: 2d, Forest Kennels' Dick Taylor.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Merrill's Paul Bo; 2d, J. Mantz's Washtenaw Grouse; 3d, A. Wells's Matane. Reserve, T. G. Davey's Brighton Tobe. Very high com. and com., Dr. J. Kime's Druid, Jr., and Mingo, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. J. Kime's Lady Patch; 2d, A. Wells's Luna; 3d and reserve, T. G. Davey's Misfortune and Liberty II. Very high com., John Smith's May, Forest Kennels' Forest Trippo. High com., Forest Kennels' Forest Louise. Com., C. G. Winchell's Nita Gitana.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Brighton Monk; 2d, Dr. J. Kime's Royal Dan; 3d, Forest Kennels' Forest King. High com., Miss Bertha Sampson's Camp, E. H. Bickford's Brush. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. J. Kime's Lady Lucy; 2d, T. G. Davey's Misfortune; 3d, R. A. McCready's Jess. Reserve, Forest Kennels' Forest Trippo. Very high com., John Smith's May. High com., Forest Kennels' Forest Starlight, A. Wells's Dido III. Com., Forest Kennels' (2) Sultana and Forest Lulu.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. B. McKay's Killane; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Don; 3d, S. Coulson's St. Elmo. *Bitches:* 1st, J. B. McKay's River Roe.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Don; 2d, S. Coulson's St. Elmo. *Bitches:* 1st, Forest Kennels' Forest Sunset; 2d, Typical Kennels' Biddy.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. P. Moss's Black Prince; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Guy; 3d, S. R. Graham's Rock. *Bitches:* 1st, Forest Kennels' Mt. Royal Wanda; 2d, H. K. Smith's Countess Roxie.—NOVICE—1st, W. P. Moss's Black Prince; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Guy; 3d, S. R. Graham's Rock.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. J. & H. L. Jeffrey's Ightenhill Chief; 2d and 3d, Saunders & Mighton's Finsbury Hero and Finsbury Dude; 4th and very high com. reserve, R. G Steacy's —— and Clip. *Bitches:* 1st, R. G. Steacy's Old Hall Perfect; 2d, Sheppard Kennels' Sheppardess; 3d, Saunders Mighton's Nora.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, H. N. Crossley's Rufford Whitefriar; 2d and reserve, A. J. & H. L. Jeffrey's Ightenhill Chief and MacLeod; 3d, Saunder & Mighton's Canadian Monarch. *Bitches:* 1st, Sheppard Kennels' Sheppardess; 2d, H. N. Crossley's Strathella; 3d, A. J. & H. L. Jeffrey's Stratford Nellie. Reserve, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Peggie.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Romance.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. J. Higginson's Duke of Rochester. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Hammall's Vesper Bell; 2d, G. P. Runton's Kit.—OPEN—*Dogs* (30lbs. and over): 1st, W. J. Higginson's Billy Bulger; 2d, J. McCormack's Chatham Bob; 3d, J Otis Fellows's Harper's Whiskey. Very high com., H. H. Curtis's Buxton Baron II. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Wentworth Kennels' Edgewood Robin and White Rose. *Dogs* (under 30lbs.): 1st and 3d, Wentworth Kennels' Principio and Barton; 2d, W. Hammall's Vesper Willow. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. J. Higginson's Nellie Harper and Bess of Rochester; 3d, Wentworth Kennels' Countess of Wentworth.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Harper's Whiskey; 2d, W. Hammall's Vesper Willow; 3d, G. C. Mashinter's Nap. High com., M. Vaisey's Royal of Rochester. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, W. J. Higginson's Bess of Rochester and Duchess of Rochester; 2d, high com. and com., Wentworth Kennels' White Rose, Queen Bess and White Star.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Brickbat, Jr.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, T. S. Bellin's Marton Shamrock; 2d, J. B. McLean's The Canadian Ambassador; 3d, L. N. Bate's Carleton Blarney. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. J. S. Niven's Glenary Oonagh; 2d, T. Geoghegan's Rugby Norah II; 3d, P. Brown's Killarney Girl. Very high com., Mount Royal Kennels' Carleton Nora. High com., C. Lyndon's Belle of Shannon. Com., Toon & Thomas's Judy.—NOVICE—1st, T. S. Bellin's Marton Shamrock; 2d and com., T. Geoghegan's Rose and Lady Alice; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Carleton Nora. High com., T. Geoghegan's Boxer Pat and C. Lyndon's Belle of Shannon.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d withheld; 3d, R. Wanless's Bruce.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, 3d and high com., R. H. Barber's Mike, Dash and Dan; 2d, F. McCurry's Blucher. *Bitches:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Miss Tack; 2d, R. H. Barber's Floss.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Brooks & Ames's champion Tiree and Kilroy.—OPEN—1st, 2d and very high com., Brooks & Ames's Wankie Tam, Wankie Dandie and Wankie Caddie; 3d, W. P. Fraser's St. Clair Don. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Brooks & Ames's Vorda, Clutha and Wankie Janet. Reserve, W. P. Fraser's St. Clair Annie. Very high com., Toon & Thomas's Merry Call. High com., Compton Kennels' Compton Belle.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., Brooks & Ames's Wankie Dandie and Wankie Caddie; 2d, Compton Kennels' Compton Styx; 3d, W. P. Fraser's St. Clair Don. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Brooks & Ames's Clutha and Wankie Janet; 3d, W. P. Fraser's St. Clair Annie. Very high com., W. L. Crawford's Highland Tatters. High com., W. P. Fraser's Braw Lass and Inverness Girl. Com., C. S. Hanks's Burton Bitters.

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. E. M. Williams's champion Old Burgundy. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Mrs. E. M. Williams's Fanbur and Princess May.—NOVICE—1st and 2d, Mrs. E. M. Williams's Fanbur and Buccaneer.

AIREDALE TERRIERS.—1st, B. R. McConkey's Bootles; 2d and 3d, D. L. McCarthy's Bess and Nettle.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Sultan; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Gipsey Girl.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, F. C. McLean's Fred and Darkie; 3d, G. E. Manson's Sambo. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, F. C. McLean's Roche Tulip and Rochelle Majestic; 2d, C. Farrow's Topsy. Very high com., Mrs. C. Farrow's Chloe.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Morey Kennels' Rajah. *Bitches:* 1st, Meadowmere Kennels' Chloe.—FRENCH—*Dogs:* 1st, Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Nap; 2d, Morey Kennels' Tribune; 3d, Meadowmere Kennels' Emperor. Very high com., J. P. Wade's Dan Lamont. Com., Woodbury Kennels' Diabolo. *Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Wade's Victoria; 2d and 3d, Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Posey and Hill Hurst Dinah. Very high com., Morey Kennels' Black Maria.—RUSSIAN—1st and 3d, Woodbury Kennels' White Pete and White Bob.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, T. A. Carson's Dan Rice; 2d, Wm. Marsden's Jacko; 3d, Typical Kennels' Shaun Rhu. Com., Andrew Laidlaw's Dennis. *Bitches:* 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Marguerite.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Sidney Smith's Quester. *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. Spraklin's Maud.

FIELD SPANIELS.—OVER 28LBS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Ed. H. Wilson's Brantford Mohawk. *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. Spracklin's Daisy Deane; 2d, R. P. Keasbey's Rosedale Bess.—BLACK—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Staly Baron; 2d, R. P. Keasbey's Echo. *Bitches:* 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Maid; 2d, J. A. Spracklin's Black Queen; 3d, Typical Kennels' Nancy.—LIVER—1st and 3d, R. P. Keasbey's Coleshill Rufus and Gypsey Belle; 2d, Typical Kennels' Napoleon.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, Dr. Wm. Mole's Jack; 2d, J. A. Spracklin's Spotted Boy; 3d and 4th, Typical Kennels' Nellie and Antique.—NOVICE—1st, J. A. Spracklin's Spracklin's Belle.

COCKER SPANIELS (not over 28lbs.)—BLACK—CHALLENGE—1st, J. H. Herbertson's Pickpania.—OPEN—*Dogs:* Equal 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Still in the Ring; 3d, George Douglas's Woodland Clipper; 4th, W. B. Palmer's Tim. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Andrew Laidlaw's Baby Ruth and Rideau Renie; 4th, George Douglas's Flossy Wilshire. Reserve, Ed. A. Wilson's Miss Phyllis. High com., M. Lellis's Fanny.—ANY OTHER COLOR THAN BLACK—CHALLENGE—1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Jacket; 2d, Thos. McKay Robertson's Red Obo.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, T. Clappison's Hamilton Jack; 2d, George Douglas's Keswick. *Bitches:* 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Fannie; 2d and 4th, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Beauty and Red Rose; 3d, Raglan Kennels' Raglan Russette. Reserve, Wm. McDonald's Queenie Mac. Very high com., John J. Guy's Heatherbloom and George Douglas's Polly Harmon. High com., A. M. Ecclestone's Red Duchess and Thos. McK. Robertson's Cora G. Com., Wm. Weeks's Red Vixen and J. T. Boyd's Daisy.—NOVICE—*Dogs* (ANY COLOR): 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Still in the Ring; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Commodore; 3d, Geo. Douglas's Woodland Clipper. Reserve, W. B. Palmer's Tim. Very high com., Alex. Wilkie's Red Ragland. High com., Wm. Weeks's Red Kaiser. *Bitches:* 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Cora II.; 2d, Wm. Macdonald's Queenie Mac; 3d, Geo. Douglas's Polly Harmon. Reserve, Raglan Kennels' Raglan Ruby. Very high com., John J. Guy's Heatherbloom. High com., J. B. Early's Judy.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. B. Palmer's Tim; 2d, Geo. Douglass's Billy; 3d, Miss M. Holden's Red Sultan. Reserve, W. Weeks's Red Mikado. Com., James J. Wilson's Turk. *Bitches:* 2d, A. M. Ecclestone's Red Duchess; 3d, Wm. MacDonald's Queenie Mac. Reserve, J. A. Spracklin's Violet.

DACHSHUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, R. McConkey's Topaz. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Vento Farm Kennels' Maeuschen von Vento and Vento Flossie.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs* (over 13in.): 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Sherry. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' champion Elf.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Roger W.; 2d, G. D. Welton's Pomp. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Daisy Corbett and Rose Graham.—NOVICE—*Bitches:* 1st, G. D. Welton's Kitty Glover; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Rose Graham.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs* (13in. and under): 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' champion Royal Krueger. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' champion Ava W.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Little Wonder and Razzle. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Evangeline and Dazzle; 2d, G. D. Welton's Kitty Clover.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Punster.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. A. Macdonald's Beverwyck King Pin; 2d, R. Gibson's Belvoir King; 3d, P. G. Keyes's Rideau Rivet; 4th, D. J. Kelly's Dusky. Very high com., Dr. J. F. Belt's Hillside Royal, C. S. Hanks's Seacroft King and C. Lyndon's Tally Ho. High com., W. A. Littlejohn's Dusky Luck. Com., Dr. W. Mole's Trap. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Jessie and Lady Spendthrift; 2d, J. O. Bennett's Stardale Belle; 3d and reserve, R. Gibson's Belvoir Becky and Belvoir Queen; 4th, A. A. Macdonald's Beverwyck Twinkle.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Duke; 2d and very high com., J. O. Bennet's Stardle Sharke and Stardle Squire; 3d, D. J. Kelly's Dusky Diamond. High com., Compton Kennels' Compton Viper and W. A. Littlejohn's Dusky Luck. *Bitches:* 1st, R. Gibson's Belvoir Queen; 2d, J. O. Bennett's Stardle Sunbeam; 3d, C. T. Hanks's Seacroft Mystery. Very high com., Compton Kennels' Compton Flash.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Duke; 2d, J. O. Bennett's Stardle Sharke; 3d, D. J. Kelly's Dusky Diamond. Very high com., C. McCormick's Buzz, J. O. Bennett's Stardle Squire and W. A. Littlejohn's Stardle Star. High com., M. E. Mitchell's Blemton Tom. *Bitches:* 1st, J. O. Bennett's Stardale Sunbeam.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Hill Hurst Kennels' Oakleigh Bruuier; 2d, A. Whyte's Undercliffe Cornet; *Bitches:* 1st, Hill Hurst Kennels' Sister Pattern.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Hill Hurst Kennels' Brittle; 2d, A. A. MacDonald's Dark Eye; 3d and high com., Compton Kennels' Compton Vindex and Tinderhox; 4th, Rochelle Kennels' Brittle Beaut. Very high com., G. M. H. Richie's Mister Great Snap and A. C. Bradbury's Halifax Revival. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Compton Kennels' Roath Reniue and Bonnet; 3d, Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Brunette. Reserve, Bain & Close's My Own. Very high com., W. C. Dulles's Roche Tacit.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Compton Kennels' Compton Bruiser; 2d, A. A. Macdonald's Aldon Fire Ball; 3d, A. D. Stewart's Once Again. Very high com., Rochelle Kennels' Brittle Beant. High com., M. O'Rourke's Bodo. *Bitches:* 1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Hill Hurst Brunette; 2d, Bain & Close's My Own; 3d, A. A. Macdonald's Aldon Blue Bonnie. Very high com., C. Lyndon's Aldon Laurel. *Puppies:* 1st, Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Brunette; 2d, A. D. Stewart's Once Again; 3d, A. A. Macdonald's Aldon Blue Bonnie. Very high com., A. C. Bradbury's Maybrook Vixon.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* Prizes withheld. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, withheld; 3d, Mrs. J. A. Pitt's Baby Bunting.

TOY TERRIERS—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRES.—1st, E. F. Mumford's Paddy Tricks; 2d, W. R. Mumford's Tessie.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* Prizes withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Daisy Bell.—NOVICE—Prizes withheld.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. Trebilcock's Toronto Royal Duke.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. Ben Davis's Dominion Prince; 2d, A. Trebilcock's Toronto Charlie II. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. Ben Davis's Rose; 2d, Lovell & Wodehouse's Annie Laurie; 3d, A. Trebilcock's Ruby.

RUBY, BLENHEIM, PRINCE CHARLES AND JAPANESE SPANIELS.—1st, A. Trebilcock's Romeo; 2d, Prince Charlie.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. Ben Davis's Dainty Lass.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, C. S. Hanks's Drayman (basset hound); 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Too Too (Chinese-crested dog); 3d, W. J. Higginson's Guess (white English terrier).

SPECIALS.

Mastiffs—Best kennel, C. E. Bunn. Best kennel owned by Canadian exhibitor, W. D. Forbes. St. Bernards—Best kennel, Argyle Kennels. Best Canadian Kennel, P. Hart. Best in show, Sir Bedivere. Russian Wolfhounds—Best kennel, Seacroft Kennels. Greyhounds—Best kennel, Terra Cotta Kennels. Best Canadian kennel, Terra Cotta Kennels. Foxhounds—Best kennel, Smith and Clark. Pointers—Best open and Canadian kennels, T. G. Davey. Best dog bred in Canada, Forest Kennels' Dick Taylor. English Setters—Best open and Canadian kennels, T. G. Davey. Best English setter dog bred in Canada, A. Wells's Matane; best bitch ditto, Dr. J. Kime's Lady Patch. Best brace, Lady Patch and Lady Lucy. Irish Setters—Best dog bred in Canada, S. Coulson's St. Elmo; best bitch ditto, Typical Kennels' Biddy. Gordon Setters—Best dog bred in Canada, W. P. Moss's Black Prince; best bitch ditto, Forest Kennels' Mount Royal Wanda. Collies—Best open and Canadian kennel, Saunders and Mighton. Best Canadian-bred dog in novice class, A. J. & H. L. Jeffrey's Malcolm; best bitch ditto, Stratford Nellie. Best dog bred in Canada, Macleod; best bitch ditto, Stratford Nellie. Collie Club specials did not fill. Bull-terriers—Best kennel, W. J. Higginson. Best owned in Canada, Wentworth Kennels. Best dog or bitch bred in Canada, Vesper Belle. Irish Terriers—Best kennel, Thomas Geoghan. Scottish Terriers—Best kennel, Wankie Kennels. Skye Terriers—Best kennel, Mrs. E. M. Williams. Black and Tan Terriers—Best kennel, F. C. McLean. Poodles.—Best kennel, Woodbury Kennels. Spaniels—Newton Abbott cup for best field spaniel bitch, J. A. Spracklin's Daisy Deane; reserve, Spracklin's Belle. Best kennel of field spaniels, R. P. Keasbey. Best kennel of cockers, A. Laidlaw. Best kennel of red cockers, Brant Cocker Kennels. The Whitehead trophy for best cocker stud dog's get, champion Black Duke with Pickpania and Woodland Princess. Best brace of cockers, Geo. Douglas's Billy and Woodland Princess. Best red cocker bitch, Brantford Beauty. The McConnell trophy for best kennel of field spaniels owned in Toronto, Typical Kennels. Beagles—Best Kennel, Hornell-Harmony Kennels. Best brace of bitches, Daisy Corbett and Evangeline. Best in show, champion Royal Krueger. Fox-terriers—Best kennel, Hill Hurst Kennels. Best Canadian kennel, Compton Kennels. Best pup sired by Dark Eye or champion Blemton Trump, Chas. Longdon's Aldon Laurel. Canadian Fox-Terrier Club specials: Best kennel of smooths, John O. Bennett. Best kennel of wires, Compton Kennels. Best brace of smooths, A. U. Macdonald's Beverwyck King Pin and Beverwyck Twinkle. Best brace of wires, Compton Kennels' Roath Rennie and Compton Vindex, Best smooth dog, King Pin. Best smooth bitch, Stardale Belle. Best wire dog, Dark Eye. Best bitch, Roath Rennie. Best Canadian-bred puppy (smooth) under 12mos. old, Stardale Sharke; bitch ditto, Belvoir Queen. Best Canadian bred dog pup under 12mos., Stardale Sharke. Best Canadian-bred wire bitch pup under 12mos., Aldon Blue Bonnie. Yorkshire terriers—Best open and Canadian kennels, Mrs. Pitt. Pugs—Best kennel, Woodbury Kennels. Toy spaniels—Best kennel, Allen Trebilcock. Handlers prize, W. J. Tulk, Jr. and Fred Kirby.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

Field Trial Echoes.

Capt. McMurdo will remain at Union Point, Man., till about October 1st. He, having a domicile of his own in Manitoba, can shoot without restriction after the season opens on the 15th inst.

Mr. J. J. Spracklin will remain at Dominion City for a while before returning home.

Mr. D. E. Rose has decided to remain in Manitoba and give his dogs work on chickens until the season in Indiana is favorable for work on quails, when he will return there and prepare his dogs for the trials of the United States Field Trials Club at Bicknell.

Mr. J. M. Avent said that he would return to Mississippi immediately after the conclusion of the field trials at Morris.

Mr. J. B. Stoddard will remain at Morris, Man., till the season is favorable for work on quails in the States. His pointer dog Tick Boy made a most formidable run in the competition, and will be a competitor to treat with great respect if he is run in any of the forthcoming field trial events.

Mr. J. A. Armstrong made a very favorable impression during the Manitoba field trials, that event marking his *debut* as a field trial handler in America. The quietness and effectiveness he displayed in handling his dogs is worthy the emulation of the American handlers. Constant whistling and shouting are true signs of unskilfulness, providing that the dogs are not deaf.

Mr. W. B. Wells was the subject of much praise for the skillful manner in which he managed the competition and the soundness of his awards. Everybody seemed pleased with his rulings; and when a judge can conclude a competition in such a manner, it must be well done beyond question.

B. WATERS.

WINNIPEG, Man., Sept. 12.

PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.

THE Pittsburgh Athletic Club dog show, in spite of the disadvantages under which it was held in clashing with the Toronto show was a success as far as the number and quality of the entries was concerned. Over three hundred dogs were benched, and many of the classes were particularly strong both in numbers and quality, notably the English and Irish setters, pointers, collies, the beagle bitch class and the black and tan terrier bitches. The attendance, however, it is much to be regretted, was very poor throughout, and it was a mistake to have held the show the week the Grand Army were celebrating, there being too many other attractions in the city for a big crowd to come to the dog show. I fear the club will lose money in consequence of this, bnt all the members are enthusiastic, and declare they will give a better show next year when they will have profited by their experience, for the management was anything but good in many respects this year. Nobody seemed to know how a show of this sort should be run, and if it had not been for Mr. Carl Klocke, the well known dachshund enthusiast, who volunteered his services as ring steward, and of W. Van Essen, who took an active hand in the management after the first two days, things would have been far worse than they were. The president of the club, L. McGrew; the secretary, H. H. Batchelor; the treasurer, H. Woodside, Jr., together with Messrs. Lang and Hamilton of the dog show committee, worked hard morning, noon and night to make the show a success, but not one of them had had any previous experience, which made their tasks all the harder.

Among those present were Mrs. Lee, H. Jarrett, Dr. Daniels, J. R. Purcell, Mark Lewis, H. Northwood, Geo. Battison, Ben Lewis, W. L. Washington, T. H. Howard, W. T. Ford, J. C. Mahler, L. O. Seidel, E. C. Wooliscroft, Dr. F.H. Hoyt, Messrs. Davis and Winter, Dr. Grimes, A. G. Eberhart and A. F. Hochwalt. The auction sale was as usual a failure, very few of the dogs changing hands, and those that did were sold at absurdly low prices, the best *bona fide* sale being of the pointer puppy Rush of Lad, Jr., who was bought by Mr. G. W. Long for $51.

Mr. John Davidson judged all the classes with the exception of mastiffs, which were judged by Mr. Wade, but as there were only two his task was not a very hard one.

MASTIFFS.—There were no entries in the challenge classes, and only two turned up in the open classes, and first went to the symmetrical Marquis, all other prizes being rightly withheld from Boyer, a bad one in all respects.

ST. BERNARDS.—The challenge classes were again drawn blank, and in open dogs Alta Kennels' Grand Master, in exquisite condition and greatly improved in loin and hindquarters, made mincemeat of the class. Pouf II. came next; he is poor in color, lacks quality, is deficient in muzzle and has just a fair skull and body. Rea Fransisco, third, was in poor condition, shown thin and ragged, and is only moderate in bone, skull and muzzle. Knoxville Wayne, reserve, has a poor, common head, but is good in body and is a capital mover. In bitches Santa Rosa, much improved in condition, won, but it is questionable if she should have been placed over Laura C., she had size and condition in her favor, but Laura C. is far better in eye, muzzle and expression, but was not in the best of shape. Gemmie II. lacks quality all over, is faulty in muzzle, but has a fair skull and body properties.

In the open class for smooth-coated dogs Buster was first, but Nicode should have had the coveted blue. Nicode has a capital body, legs and feet, shows plenty of quality, is a big dog, standing over lots of ground, and has a good skull; his muzzle might with advantage be deeper and squarer, and his ears are too large and houndy. Buster has a good skull, good bone and nice color, but is small and very short in body. Alvin Joslyn is a poor one at all points. In bitches, Cathedral, shown heavy in whelp, nevertheless easily defeated her only opponent, Ruth F., a bad one, small and weak-headed. The puppies were not of much merit, Tasso winning in size and substance. All of the Crest Haven Kennels' entries were unfortunately too late for competition, which was lucky for some of the winners.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Ben was the only entry, but he well deserved his blue ribbon, being far above the average usually shown, being good in coat, with a head that had some pretensions to Newfoundland type.

BLOODHOUNDS.—The young bitch Vigilant was the only entry. She will never make a crack show bench specimen.

GREAT DANES.—Sandor won; he is a fair-bodied dog, good in color, but faulty in tail and head. Tullia, second, is a small bitch of fair type, clean in neck and shoulders, but weak in muzzle and too light in body. Flora, third, is the best type of the lot, has a really good head and is a nice, graceful mover, but is handicapped by her white markings.

GREYHOUNDS.—Champion Master Rich, put down in splendid condition, was the only entry in the challenge class. Open dogs were not up to much; Jim, the winner, has the most power and substance but is coarse in head and has bad ears. Napoleon has a better head and neck but is too light in body. Archbishop, the only puppy, is a promising one, but was not in the best of shape, but was the best greyhound shown.

FOXHOUNDS.—Ranger II. was alone in the challenge class for dogs as was Bow Sprit in the class for bitches; the latter is the best American hound of the two, Ranger being too much on the English type. Brave, the only entry in the open classes, was not on his bench when I went round.

POINTERS.—These were a grand collection and the classes were properly divided for heavy and light weights. In the challenge class for dogs Rush of Lad was the only entry and was put down in excellent condition. There were twenty entries in challenge bitches. In the open class for heavyweight dogs competition was very keen, and the four first dogs are all good ones. Moulton Banner won with but little to spare from Rod H., and had the latter been shown with more flesh he could have beaten him. Both dogs have excellent heads but Rod beats Banner in cleanness of neck and shoulders, but in hindquarters Banner was the better to-day and he shows a little more quality than Rod throughout. Gem's Beppo, third, has a good skull and capital muzzle, but loses to those above him in ribs, loin and legs and feet. Saddleback, reserve, is a good-bodied dog, shown in grand condition, but somewhat plain in head. St. Blaise well deserved his two letters.

In light-weight dogs Lad of Rush won, but I much prefer London as he beats Lad in head and shows far more quality throughout. Rap's Bud is a good black and white, has capital bone, legs and feet, but could be improved in head. Victor Rent, reserve, is poor in head, otherwise fair.

In heavy weight bitches, that good bitch Emblem won with a good deal to spare. Frankie, an all black bitch came second, she is good in body and has capital legs and feet, but is weak in head and for this reason I preferred the grand headed Beo R., in spite of her poor front and bad feet, and she was not in the best of condition. In light-weight bitches a new one came out and won very easily, and a real good one she is, too; she has a head that could be improved by a trifle more length in muzzle, a shade throaty, has grand legs and feet, ribs and hind quarters, and is a high quality bitch. She was bought by Dr. Daniels for $100 before the judging, and her owners Messrs. Plee and Dean accepted a deposit on her, but acted in a most reprehensible manner in regard to her, for after she had won and they had obtained an offer of $100 more for her, they managed somehow or other to get the bitch out of the show, and there was great difficulty in making Messss. Plee and Dean return her, in fact not till the treasurer of the club had cashed Dr. Daniels's check, and offered Mr. Plee the cash, at the same time threatening to have him arrested if he did not return the bitch, did he see fit to act rightly in the matter, and he then conducted Mr. Woodside and Dr. Daniels's agent to a grocery store a mile and a half away, where he had the bitch hidden. Lass of Kippen came second, Lady Norrish II., third, with Lady Margaret reserve. The latter I liked for second place; she is a good, symmetrical black and white, with excellent shoulders, legs and feet, well sprung ribs and nice quality head and clean neck; her muzzle is a trifle weak. Lady Norrish II. was not in good shape, but has a good skull and excellent muzzle. In puppies Rush of Lad, Jr., won easily; he has a capital muzzle and good skull, splendid legs and feet, grand bone, but is somewhat spoiled by his light eye, and of course being only six months old is unfurnished as yet, but he will undoubtedly be heard from again. Beppo's Diamond, second, is very moderate, and Lassie Rush, third, has an excellent body, but is dished in face. Moulton Banner won the special for best pointer, with little to spare from Belle of Lancaster, and Lad of Rush won the special for the best placed at any field trial in America, but for this I much preferred the black and white bitch Lady Margaret.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Victress Llewellyn, not looking her best, was the only entry in the challenge classes. In open dogs Bald Rock won; he is a dog of correct type, liver-ticked in color, good legs and feet, capital ribs and loin, and grand carriage of flag and a good mover, but he is too short in neck, somewhat loaded in shoulders, has not good ears, and to my mind is too low and cloddy all over. Albert's Ranger, second, is of correct type, but is not quite nice in expression and skull, has a fair muzzle and good body properties. Worsley Dude was as good as anything in the class, as with the exception of being out at elbows and a trifle leggy, it is hard to find much fault with him. Knight Templar, reserve, is a dog of good quality, has a fair skull and good muzzle, but is light of bone and body. MacMurdo is an almost black dog, has a good body, but is common in head and expression and carries his tail badly. Dad's Bo deserved another letter; he has quite a fair head and nice body and action. Count Monk of Furness was in poor condition, but has a fair head. In bitches that good bitch Flower of Sulphur again won easily. Lady Gladstone, second, is thick in skull, good in muzzle, but lacks quality, and I much preferred the symmetrical and high quality Maid Marian, in spite of her weak muzzle, for second place. Blue Jenny, third, has a good head of correct type, but was out of condition. The rest of the class were poor ones.

IRISH SETTERS.—In the challenge class for dogs, Finglas, Pride of Patsy and Montauk, Jr., was the order. Finglas was in superb condition and Patsy was not, otherwise Patsy has the better neck, shoulders and expression, and given both in equal condition I prefer Pride of Patsy. In challenge bitches, champion Ruby Glenmore, shown for the first time since 1891, was put down in beautiful shape and of course easily disposed of Elfreda. The winner is a beautiful bitch, full of quality, good in color and nice in expression. In open dogs, Bob, Jr., in good coat and feather, beat Dick Finglas, a promising youngster with a better head than the winner, but not furnished in body; but has grand legs and feet. Kildare Royal, third, is good in body, fair in color, but coarse in head. Ray, reserve, deserved his position; a nice dog, with no very glaring faults. Earl of Sarsfield is washy in color and only moderate otherwise. Ruby Glenmore II. won easily in bitches; a greatly improved bitch, with excellent body properties and good color, but faulty in head and eye. Delphinne came second, losing to the winner in body and color. Kildare Winnie is good in body, fair in color, but weak in head. The rest of the class were a poor lot. In puppies, Rex, the winner in the dog class, is fair in body and color, but only moderate in head. Finglasine and Finglas Girl are two promising young bitches that will be heard from again.

GORDON SETTERS.—Leo B. and Princess Louise were alone in their respective challenge classes. In open dogs Homer S. won easily. Gunner, second, lacks quality and has a poor flag. In bitches Santa Maria, good in body and color but plain in head, won from Maid of Waverly, who is very moderate at all points.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Only one put in an appearance, but she is an excellent bitch of good quality and type.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Kitty of Cork, lacking curls, was alone; she is just a fair one.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Fumble and Stumble beat Dandy S. in open dogs; the winner scores in muzzle and feather but will be too large when full grown. Dandy S. is better in body but was out of coat. In bitches Quiss won; she is a poor one but won rightly, as all the others were too large.

COLLIES.—These were good classes, some of the best being present. In challenge dogs that typical collie Wellesbourne Charlie, in fair coat, easily disposed of The Squire who should certainly be retired. In bitches Flurry III. had no trouble in defeating Metchley Surprise. In open dogs Marvel, out of coat, nevertheless rightly won being the best in head, ears and quality. Scotsmau with his poor ears, coarse skull and dished face, good as he is in body properties, was not entitled to be in the money. Chesterford Hero, although small is typical and full of quality, has good expression head and ears, and was in fair coat and should have been easily second to his brother Marvel. Clarence reserve, should have been third, a well built dog with a good coat and fair head and ears. Prince Charlie and Roxey were outclassed. In bitches Sadie Wilkes in good coat, a grand bodied bitch with a fair head, but only moderate ears, rightly won. Wilford Maud, second, is a very poor one in all respects, weedy, and weak in head and should not have had more than c Ormskirk Gypsy Maid, although out of coat should have been easily second, and Helen Douglas was in her right place with third. She is a nice headed bitch, with fair coat, but heavy in ear. In puppies Silver King, a sable headed white puppy rightly won. He has an excellent coat, but is only moderate in head and ears. Cowboy came second, he is weak in head and only moderate otherwise.

POODLES.—In the open class for curly dogs Ithel was alone, he is very moderate and is spoiled by his light eye. In bitches Paris, in poor shape, won, with Queen Tip second. Neither of these are true curlies, being far too open in coat, which in some places hangs down in cords. Betsy, third, should have won, she was not trimmed, but was a true curly. In corded Black Jack easily beat Leo, scoring in head, eye, ear and coat, and rightly won the special for best.

BULLDOGS.—Quiberon, a plain-faced, long-bodied, white dog, was alone in open dogs, and in bitches Queeu Mab, a good-fronted and fair-headed bitch, although faulty in hind action, easily disposed of the poor-bodied and pinched-face Lorna Doone.

BULL-TERRIERS.—These were a poor lot. In open dogs Reno, third, was by far the best, but his tail was terribly and clumsily faked, but still he should have been first or nowhere. Rex, the winner, is a common, leggy brute, with a butterfly nose. Boxer, second, is coarse in head and full in eye. Dandy is coarse and thick in head. In bitches Lansdowne Thelma beat Beauty, the latter had also had her caudal appendage touched np, but was a far better bodied bitch than the winner and quite as good in head. White Prim, the only puppy, is quite a fair one, but her tail had also been tampered with.

BASSET HOUNDS.—Two put in an appearance. Bow was awarded the blue ribbon and second was withheld from Rodeur, who is not a basset.

DACHSHUNDS.—Fritz K. was alone in the challenge class; he is beginning to show age a bit but is a typical specimen of the German type, although I should like him better were he longer in body and had a bit more loose skin about him. In the open class Nellie S., best in length of body, breast and crook, also in head, rightly defeated Flora K., who is shorter in body and does not show that weasel-like conformation so desirable in this breed. Boo S. is a liver and tan of the old-fashioned type with a terrier head, short ears and short body, more useful for work, probably, but not exactly a bench show dachshund.

BEAGLES.—The challenge classes had no entries, and in open dogs only one was entered, but he was a good one, nice style, short coupled, good coat, a sweet, typical head, although a bit weak in muzzle, and good legs and feet. The open bitch class, as already noted, was remarkable for its quality. Belle of Westchester, a typical-headed little hound, won; she has a good front and nice body but is a bit cowhocked. Molly L., second, was too high in my opinion; she has good legs and feet but is not short enough in couplings and too long in head. The same applies to Gypsy Weller, placed third. Annetta Bannerman has the best head of the lot but is too long cast. Ginger, hc., ought to have been higher; in fact it ought to be a close thing between her and the winner, and I prefer Ginger, for he beats the winner a bit in muzzle, is shorter coupled and her chief defect is she stands a little out in front. Belva Lockwood, hc., deserved another letter, as she has a beautiful head and good cobby body, but shows her age in shoulders and front. In puppies Mollie Bannerman won easily; a very sweet one but will improve with age.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Dusky Trap was alone in the challenge classes; he was not looking blooming, and should be retired from the bench. In open dogs Wordsley Trapper won again, but was too high up; his bad mouth alone should put him back, but the judge never looked at it; he is short of coat and weak in muzzle, but is otherwise a good varmint sort of a dog. Lansdowne Triton came second; he was in his right place, but Cambridge Victor should have won, a nice terrier, with plenty of coat, good expression and ears and a fair head, although not quite clean or flat enough in skull. Lansdowne Poverino should have been third, with the winner reserve. Muncie Mixer, reserve, is a bad one and not worth a c. card. Black Rock was not in good shape, but will be heard from again. Rex of Sharon deserved his three letters, but too long cast in body. Roath Tipster I did not see, but all the rest of the class were very poor. Lansdowne Trim was an easy winner in bitches; she has large ears, a too prominent eye, and is light of bone, otherwise fair. Lansdowne Dimity is weak in head, and too small, and Riot, third, should have had her place. The rest of the class call for no comment, being moderate in the extreme. Wawasset Baron won easily in puppies, a fair dog that will get too coarsc. Muncie Mixer had no right to second place, and the wire-hair, Hill Hurst Racquet, although large in ear and soft in coat, should have been second.

IRISH TERRIERS.—The dog class was not a strong one, but John Briggs, reserve, should have won. He is soft in coat and moved a little stiffly in the ring; but he has far the best head, expression and body. Galtees, the winner, was never a good one, and he now shows age and has hardly a sound tooth in his head; but the judge did not examine his mouth. Ned and Blue Ribbon are poor ones. In bitches the well-known Candor was alone.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—The Colored Preacher was the only entry, and scored a bloodless victory.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—Beach Grove Leader and Blue Bell were the only entries, and each scored in their respective classes, but both are very moderate.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Mr. Shinn had four of his well-known Skyes entered, but none of them were in the best of condition.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Rochelle Oolah was alone in the challenge class for dogs, as was Queen III. in bitches; she begins to show her age and is gone in mouth. In open dogs Chicago Spider rightly won; he is a clean cut dog, with a good lean head and fair muzzle; his ears might be held better and he is a bit shelly in body and his thumb mark not quite distinct enough. Chesterford Victor, second, has a nice head and good markings, but would be improved by being cropped, and is faulty in tail. Pittsburgh Dandy, although too large, should have been an easy second: he is a bit coarse in head and a trifle smutty in markings, but is a grand bodied dog with beautiful legs and feet. The bitch class was the strongest seen for some time. Betsy, the winner at Toronto last year, won; she has a good skull and muzzle and excellent markings and eye, but is a bit too large and is faulty in front. Princess Frederika was in her right place; she has a good skull and muzzle, but a light eye which spoils her expression, and is only fair in body. Othella, third, should have won easily, and was by far the best black and tan in the show, and without doubt the best American-bred specimen yet seen. She is full of quality, has a lovely dark eye, a good skull and was in grand condition. She is a bit pinched and weak in muzzle, and her neck might with advantage be longer, but she will take a lot of beating in the best of company. Rochelle Mab was out of condition, but well deserved her three letters. Canada Queen got all she deserved with reserve, and was outclassed in this company, for her light, staring, full eye, short head and light tan must always tell against her in strong competition.

Three Yorkshires were shown in the class provided for Mexican hairless, Chesapeakes, Yorkshires and toys. Dixie, a fair one, won easily but the other two are bad ones. Only one Boston was shown, a good one with a capital frout and good muzzle.

PUGS.—In the challenge class for dogs, Drummer, Attraction and Cashier was the order, and rightly so; Drummer, in spite of his broken foreleg, is so far the best in head properties that he won with a bit to spare, especially as Attraction was looking anything but at his best. In open dogs Patsy Bolivar was placed over Al Von, but this is wrong, as Al Von scores in shortness and depth of body and in ears and color, and is quite as good af Patsy Bolivar in head. Young Penrice is smutty in color and faulty in body but has fair head properties. Sir Douglas has good wrinkle but is coarse otherwise. Queen Zitka, the winner in bitches, is a beautiful little pug, grand in body and color and good in head properties. Rustic Queen II. is not nearly so good, is smutty and loses in body. Lady Bonsor, reserve, might well have beaten Topsy, third, as, although she loses in body, she is far better in head. Legal Tender, the winner in puppies, is quite a fair one and will improve. The others I did not see. The Eberhart Pug Kennels were awarded the special for best kennel.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—The well-known Sprite easily beat Byron in the challenge class. In open dogs Tacco was placed over Adonis, but the latter should have won, as he is far the better in size and quality, and only loses a little in skull, Tacco being flatter. In bitches the beautiful little Trixie had no difficulty in winning from her kennel companion Vito.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—Only two were entered, and Palma was placed over Armeda; but I much preferred the latter, who beats the winner in head and back, although losing a little in coat.

MISCELLANEOUS.—This class was divided for under and over 30lbs. In the under 30lbs. class a fair whippet and a good schipperke were given equal firsts, but the latter might well have won outright. In the class for over 30lbs. first went to Ben Lewis's black and tan rough-haired terrier, and second to the bob-tail sheep dog Dame Ursa, who is by no means a good specimen. In the selling class for sporting dogs first was easily won by the pointer, Moulton Banner, second going to the Irish setter, Finglas. In the non-sporting division Wellesbourne Charlie, the collie, won very easily, second going to the smooth St. Bernard bitch Cathedral. Ben Lewis as usual captured first in the handlers' competition, George Batterson being awarded a consolation prize of $25 for second. He deserves special mention for the grand condition the Kildare Kennels' Irish setters were in.

E. BARDOE ELLIOTT.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st, Chas. E. Bunn's Marquis; 2d withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Alta Kennels' Grand Master; 2d, Mrs. F. E. Moore's Pouf II.; 3d, T. H. Fox's Rex Francisco. Reserve and very high com., Thos. E. Unks's Knoxville Wayne. Very high com., King Graphic Kennels' Chicora Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, Alta Kennels' Santa Rosa; 2d, C. W. Van Essen's Laura C.; 3d, Albert S. Geyser's Gemmie II. Reserve and very high com., Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Lady.—SMOOTH-COATED—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, M. J. Gusky's Buster; 2d, Alta Kennels' Nicoda; 3d, Jas. P. Hilldorfer's Alvin Joslyn. *Bitches:* 1st, Alta Kennels' Cathedral; 2d, Ed. W. Gibson's Ruth F. *Puppies:* 1st, Harry W. Griffith's Tasso Reg; 2d, Joseph P. Hilldorfer's Lady Murdo.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, E. Jagdman's Ben.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, Roger Williams's Vigilant.

GREAT DANES.—1st and 3d, Frank S. Anderson's Anderson's Saudor and Flora; 2d, Joseph F. Milligan's Tullia.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. G. Fite's champion Master Rich.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. J. Hammond's Jim; W. J. Friday, Jr.'s Napolean. *Puppies:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Archbishop.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Ranger II. *Bitches:* 1st, R. Williams's Bow Sprit.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. W. Huston's Brave.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Eldredge Kennels' Rush of Lad.—OPEN—HEAVY WEIGHT—*Dogs:* 1st, Glenrock Kennels' Moulton Banner; 2d, J. R. Purcell's Rod H.; 3d, Dr. John R. Daniels's Genus Beppo. Very high com. reserve, J. Dieter's Saddleback. Very high com., King Graphic Kennels' Spot of Kent. High com., J. R. Purcell's St. Blaise, J. McDowell's Spot S. *Bitches:* 1st, C. H. Clark, Jr's Emblem; 2d, F. Kruse's Frankie; 3d, J. N. Anderson, Jr.'s Beo R. Very high com. reserve, L. McGrew's Belle Swiveler. High com., F. Kruse's Pearl.—LIGHT-WEIGHT—*Dogs:* 1st, J. L. Adams's Lad of Rush; Dr. J. R. Daniels's London; 3d, King Graphic Kennels' Rap's Bud and Victor Kent. Very high com., Dr. J. R. Daniels's Signal; Eldridge Kennels' Rush of Lad's Pride. High com., J. R. Purcell's Cid, I. Ferguson's Dan, McGrew & Woodside's Hessen's Boy. Com., J. R. Purcell's Sam Bang and George. *Bitches:* King Graphic Kennels' Belle of Lancaster; G. W. Lovell's Lass of Kip-pen; 3d, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Lady Norrish II. Very high com. reserve, J. R. Purcell's Lady Margaret. Very high com., Eldridge Kennels' Spotty Ale, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Beppo's Gem, R. B. Morgan's Promotion's Sister, J. O. Gabriel's Spunk. High com., King Graphic Kennels's Jess Dot. Com., Eldridge Kennels' Maud N.—NOVICE—1st, C. H. Clark, Jr.'s Emblem; 2d, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Lady Norrish II.; 3d, J. R. Purcell's Lady Margaret. Very high com. reserve, I. Ferguson's Dan, J. Dieter's Saddleback and L. McGrew's Flirt Hessen. High com., H. W. Hespenheide's Leon H. *Puppies:* 1st, H. L. Retter's Rush of Lad, Jr.; 2d, J. A. Smith's Lassie Rush; 3d, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Beppo's Diamond. Very high com. reserve, F. Kruse's Coxie. High com., L. McGrew's Plucky Maid.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, J. Lewis's Victress Llewellyn.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. K. Armstrong's Bald Rock; 2d, Warwick Kennels' Albert's Ranger; 3d, H. Northwood's Wordsley Dude. Very high com. reserve, Newell & MacConnell's Knight Templar. Very high com., F. Pastre's MacMurdo, Dr. J. A. Phillis's Pittsburgh Phil, King Graphic Kennels' Count Monk of Furness. High com., D. Swan's Don S., R. B. Morgan's (2) Mark's Best and Dad's Bo. Com., W. H. Cline's Count Cline, A. B. Tyler's Pansy Vic, J. F. Bell's Doctor W. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, J. Brett's Flower of Sulphur and Maid Marion; 2d, King Graphic Kennels' Lady Gladstone. Very high com. reserve, Warwick Kennels' Blue Jenny. Very high com., G. Battison's Queen Emma. High com., F. Pastre's Nellie Kitson.—NOVICE—1st, R. K. Armstrong's Bald Rock; 2d, Warwick Kennels' Albert's Ranger; 3d, Newell & MacConnell's Knight Templar. Very high com. reserve, G. W. Lang's Kansas. High com., G. C. Sutch's Dad Hill. Com., L. L. Volgt's Bonnie M.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. L. Washington's Finglas; 2d and very high com. reserve, Seminole Kennels' Pride of Patsy and Montauk, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, W. L. Washington's champion Ruby Glenmore; 2d, Seminole Kennels' champion Elfreda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Z. Bartleson's Bob, Jr.; 2d, W. L. Washington's Dick Finglas; 3d, Geo. Elliott's Kildare Royal. Very high com. reserve, W. Kirby's Kay. Very high com., J. C. Richard's Earl of Sarsfield, E. W. Walker's Kildare Duquesne. *Bitches:* 1st, W. L. Washington's Ruby Glenmore II.; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Delphinne; 3d, W. H. Beazel's Winnie. Very high com. reserve, C. L. Beares's Kildare Oriska. Very high com., B. F. Lewis's Molly. High com., Seminole Kennels' Buffalo Madge.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. L. Washington's Dick Finglas; 2d, G. Elliott's Kildare Royal; 3d, G. E. Hermon's Mack, Jr. Very high com., W. Kirby's Kay. High com., W. W. Orison's Kildare Rhue. *Bitches:* 1st, C. L. Beares's Kildare Oriska; 2d, B. Lewis's Molly; 3d and very high com. reserve, G. W. Lang's Rene Woodlawn and Kildare Gladys. Very high com., E. W. Walker's Hetty. High com., J. C. Richard's Lady Sarsfield. Com., C. A. Anderson's Nellie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, C. K. Hill's Rex; 2d, J. C. Richard's Earl of Sarsfield. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, G. W. Lang's Finglasine and Finglas Girl.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. O. Lindsley's Homer S.; 2d, King Graphic Kennels' Gunner. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Santa Maria and Maid of Waverlw.—NOVICE—1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Santa Maria and Maid of Waverley. Very high com., O. G. Bartlett's Charley.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Bitches:* 1st, M. A. Vitl's Gossip.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Bitches:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Kitty of Cork.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Bell's Tumble and Stumble; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Dandy S. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Bell's Quess.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGEE—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Welleshourne Charlie; 2d, Seminole Kennels' champion The Squire. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Flurry III.; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Champion Metchley Surprise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Marvel; 2d, W. T. Ford's Scotsman; 3d, J. W. Walkern's Chesterford Hero. Very high com reserve, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Clarence. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Prince Charlie. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Sadie Wilkes; 2d and 3d, W. T. Ford's Wilford Maud and Helen Douglas. Very high com reserve, Seminole Kennels' Ormskirk Gypsy Maid. Very high com., A. W. Anderson's Nell. High com., Seminole Kennels' Belle of Nessledown. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Silver King and Cowboy; 3d and very high com., W. T. Ford's Wilford Ben and Wilford Jim.

POODLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. B. Ellison's Ithel. *Bitcehs:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Paris; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Queen Zip; 3d, S. Dalzell's Betsy.—CORDED—1st, Mrs. R. I. Carter's Black Jack; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo.

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, O. G. Ricketson's Quiberon. *Bitches:* 1st, J. C. Mahler's Queen Mab; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Lorna Doone.

BULL-TERRIERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, S. H. Ralson's Rex; 2d, J. R. Tindle's Boxer; 3d, W. Wedgewood's Keno. Very high com., J. S. O'Neil's Dandy. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. G. B. Darby's Lansdowne Helena; 2d, W. Wedgewood's Beauty. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Wedgewood's White Prim.

BASSETT HOUNDS.—1st and 2d, R. H. Watson's Bow and Rodeur.

DACHSHUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, L. O. Seidel's Fritz K.—OPEN—1st and 3d, L. O. Seidel's Nellie S. and Boo S.; 2d, C. Stern's Flora K.

BEAGLES.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 3d and very high com. reserve and high com., Etna Beagle Kennels' Dan J., Gypsey Weller, Annetta Bannerman and Belva Lockwood; 2d, M. Lewis, Jr.'s Molly. Very high com., H. Fitzsimmon's Ginger. Com., J. B. Davis's Flow. *Puppies:* 1st, Etna Beagle Kennels' Mollie Bannerman; 2d, J. A. Schaum's Birdie S.; 3d, R. During's Daisy.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Cambridge Fox-Terriers Kennels' Ch. Dusky Trap.—OPEN—1st, H. Northwood's, Wordsley Trapper; 2d and very high com., Dr. G. B. Darby's Lansdowne Triton and Lansdowne Poserino; 3d, Cambridge Fox-Terrier Kennels' Cembridge Victor. Very high com. reserve, H. S. Sweitzer's Muncie Mixer. Very high com., F. H. Hoyt's Rex of Sharon, Rochelle Kennels' Brittle Bat. Chesterford Park Kennels' Black Rock, T. Taniton's Roath Tipster. High com., E. C. Wooliscroft's London Risk, E. H. Powell's Ed, Dr. J. B. McGee's Hill Hurst Racquet, Mrs. Spencer's Strike. Com., E. H. Powell's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. G. B. Darby's Lansdowne Trim and Lansdowne Dimity; 3d and very high com. reserve, Mrs. Spencer's Riot and Lulu. Very high com., F. H. Hoyt's Psyche II. High com., Cambridge Fox-Terrier Kennels' Cambridge Vick and Cambridge Blossom. *Puppies:* 1st, J. Ferris's Wawasset Baron; 2d, H. S. Sweitzer's Muncie Mixer; 3d, Dr. J. B. McGee's Hill Hurst Racquet. Very high com., Mrs. Spencer's Lilly. High com., W. Wedgewood's Auburn Fancy and R. Montgomery's Blaine.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. O'Conner's Galtees; 2d, Dr. Kirk's Ned. Very high com. reserve, Chestnut Hill Kennels' John Briggs. Very high com., B. F. Lewis's Blue Ribbon. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Candor.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Colored Preacher.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, John Hopkinson's Beach Grove Leader. *Bitches:* 1st, John Hopkinson's Blue Bell.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Shinn's Elfinstone. *Bitches:* 1st, C. A. Shinn's Bessie.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. A. Shinn's Lady Stafford and Nellie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Rochelle Ootah. *Bitches:* 1st, Chas. Wilson's Queen III.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chas. Wilson's Chicago Spider; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Victor; 3d, W. A. Scott's Rochelle Lord. Very high com. reserve, Davis & Winter's Pittsburgh Dandy. *Bitches:* 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Betsey; 2d, Davis & Winter's Princess Frederika; 3d, J. C. Mahler's Othellia. Very high com. reserve, Chas. Wilson's Canda Queen. Very high com., Chesterford Park Kennels' Rochelle Mahn.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS, TOY AND YORKSHIRE TERRIERS AND CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dixie; 2d, S. Fry's Prince; 3d, B. F. Lewis's Nelly.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—H. Crosby's Patsy.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, German Howard Pug Kennels' Drummer; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Attraction; 3d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com. reserve, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Patsy Bolivar and Sir Douglas; 2d and 3d, German Howard Pug Kennels' Al Von and Young Peurier. *Bitches:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels Queen Zitka; 2d, German Howard Pug Kennels' Rustic Queen II.; 3d, Miss C. Moroni's Topsy. Very high com. reserve, T. H. Davies's Lady Bonsor.—NOVICE—1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' La Belle Senora; 2d, German Howard Pug Kennels' Sateen II.; 3d, Miss C. Moroni's Topsy. Very high com. reserve, Ed. Caldwell's Royal Teddy. *Puppies:* 1st, German Howard Pug Kennels' Legal Tender; 2d, A. C. White's Young Douglas; 3d and very high com. reserve, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Romeo and Juliet.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Joe Lewis's Sprite; 2d, F. H. Hoyt's Byron.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. H. Hoyt's Tacco; 2d, Mrs. W. G. Benham's Adonis. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. H. Hoyt's Trixie and Vito. Reserve and very high com., D. R. Brown's Brownie.

BARZOIS.—1st and 2d, Paul H. Hacke's Palma and Armeda.

MISCELLANEOUS.—OVER 30LBS.—1st, Ben Lewis's Frank; 2d, Chas. Rosser's Dame Ursa.—UNDER 30LBS.—Equal 1st, Joe Lewis's Minnie C. and Chestnut Hill Kennels' Micke.

SELLING CLASS.—SPORTING—1st, Moulton Banner; 2d, W. L. Washington's Finglas.—NON-SPORTING—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Welleshourne Charlie; 2d, Alta Kennels' Cathedral. Reserve and very high com., J. W. Mack's Middy.

SPECIAL PRIZE.

Largest string of dogs: Ben Lewis 1st, George Batterson (25) 2d.

DES MOINES DOG SHOW.

THE first annual dog show of the Des Moines Kennel Club, if not remarkable for the number of entries, was certainly remarkable for its quality, as may be gathered from the fact that many prominent kennels were represented. The show was held under a canvas tent in the Fair grounds, which, although very warm, was all right so long as the rain kept off but, unfortunately, it poured in torrents all Thursday, and the best part of the night as well, which made things very unpleasaut for man and beast alike. The officers of the club did all in their power in the interest of the exhibitors and were fairly successful for a first attempt, but the stalls might with advantage have been kept cleaner and the dirty straw, etc., was in most instances shovelled under the benches, a most reprehensible practice, and one which doubtless will be corrected another year, the benches also in many cases should have been nearer the ground, thus avoiding all possibility of dogs hanging themselves. It is scarcely necessary to say that with Spratts doing the feeding, with Murphy at the head of affairs, no fault could be found on this score. The attendance was excellent and averaged between three and four thousand daily in the first two days of the show, but the wet weather considerably lowered it on the remaining days, but still I believe the club will come out on the right side and they richly deserve to. Among those noticed present were: Arthur Trickett, C. E. Bunn, F. Derier, Mr. Platt, Dr. Quigley, A. C. Shallenberger, J. W. Fornoff, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Weiss, H. T. Robinson, C. F. Huttenlocker, B. F. Lewis, L. Orr, W. F. Clarkson, Chester E. Clapp, A. G. Eberhart and L. F. Whitman. Mr. John Davidson judged all classes and seemed to give satisfaction.

MASTIFFS.—Sinaloa was the only representative in the challenge class. She is typical, but too undersized. In open dogs it is a close thing between Marquis and Ealderman; the latter scores considerably in skull and substance, but loses in color, eye, ear and muzzle, and taking his faulty ear carriage, light eye and "puggy" muzzle into consideration I think the decision to-day a correct one. Jack Raglan made a good third, a good little all-round dog of excellent type and color. Jack and Grover C. scarcely deserved their letters, both being weedy specimens, faulty in skull, muzzle and expression. In bitches Minna Minting won very easily; she was in good shape; but how Queen came to get second is a puzzle, as beyond being in nice condition she has absolutely nothing to commend her, and both Lady Cobrey and Ruby Chancellor in spite of their poor condition simply smother her in all mastiff points. I like Lady Cobrey the better, as, although Ruby scores a bit in muzzle, Lady has it in all other points, and is a nice quality bitch. Only two puppies put in an appearance, a big and a little one, and the big one got it, but is a bad one, with a very poor head and light body and shows the haw badly. Lady Van, although anything but a flyer, certainly should have won.

ST. BERNARDS.—Sir Bedivere first, Rustic Beauty second was the order in the challenge class. Neither were in full bloom, but will doubtless come round again all right when the weather becomes more favorable and Arthur gets his work in on them. In open dogs Alton III. in good coat and condition won, he is a good-bodied dog with an excellent coat and color, but faulty in muzzle and expression. Alton Boy has a good head of nice quality and expression, but is poor in color and light in body and quite out of coat. Complete is a grand bodied dog, a large, massive dog, sound, with excellent bone, legs and feet, but loses in head in head and expression. In bitches, in their present condition it is a very close thing between first and second, and I rather incline toward Lady Adelaide II. Alta Berne was thin and all out of coat, having only recently weaned puppies; in this respect Lady Adelaide was far better and she also scores in muzzle, although she loses in eye and expression. Myrra is a good headed bitch with an excellent muzzle, but is far too small. Lady Lowden is none too good in head, is too small, but is good in color and shadings. Luce Floretta is excellent in color and shadings, but weak in head and far too small.

The challenge class for smooths was worth going a long way to see, for the three brothers, Alton II., champion Melrose and Lawrence Garza are all three grand and worthy representatives of this beautiful breed, and it is a case of "How happy could I be with either, etc.," but still at the same time I do not agree with the award that put them in the above order, and am of the opinion that Melrose should have had the coveted blue with quite a little to spare. He is a more massive dog all through, far better in loin and hindquarters, also in chest and shoulders, and also scores in color and shadings, and in my opinion is the best in color and type. Lawrence Garza, a greatly improved dog with great substance for his inches, grand skull, good muzzle and expression, is handicapped by being too small. Alton II. was certainly not looking his best, being light, but he is on the houndy side, laks shadings, is none too good behind and faulty in tail carriage. In open dogs Patrician won from Argyle Alpha; the winner was in grand condition and scores in color and shadings, but loses to Alpha in muzzle, expression, size and quality, and had the latter been in as good shape as the winner he certainly would have been entitled to the verdict. Sir Nero is a poor one with a wretched head and awful ears, and never should have been placed over Illinois Pontiff, a nice-quality puppy on the small order. In bitches Lady Judith easily disposed of the ordinary La Flora. In puppies Illinois Pontiff, already noticed, won with a lot to spare.

GREAT DANES.—These were good for a show of this caliber. In open dogs King William, a nice, upstanding, well built, active dog, won; but he is poor in head and expression, light in eye and of wrong type, and for this reason I should have placed the enormous young dog Beau Brummel at the head of affairs; he, although too cheeky and somewhat coarse in head, neck and shoulders, is nearer the correct type, as his breeding (Lord Wolverton—Senta) would indicate. He loses to the winner in front and stifles, he being far too straight behind. Col. Moro, third, has far the best head, a good head of nice quality and correct type, with grand legs and feet, but he is too undersized. Kaiser is coarse in head and neck, but fair otherwise. In bitches Mr. Frank Anderson's blue bitch Flora won very easily, being far the best in type and quality, has a good clean head, neck and shoulders, and is a graceful mover. Her white markings are against her and she is suffering from a "whipped" tail, which the owner of the second bitch seemed to think, after being instigated by another, should have barred her from winning, and tried to make out the bitch was suffering from mange and should therefore be disqualified; but the veterinarian calmed his fears by certifying, after he had examined the bitch, that she was not suffering from mange or any contagious disease, but as the instigator of the whole business is a quack "vet," one would naturally suppose that he at least could tell the difference between mange and a "whipped" tail. Princess Lucile is coarse and common in head, lacking all true type, but is fair otherwise. This bitch escaped from the show and had not been recovered by the time the show closed. Lady Inca is a very moderate specimen. Ina, the winner in puppies, is a really promising red bitch, with nice clean neck and shoulders, a clean cut head, bit weak in muzzle and is a nice, gracefully made bitch all over. The others were a poor lot.

BLOODHOUNDS.—Mr. Roger Williams's young bitch Vigilant came against that good hound, Jack Shephard. As it handicaps a bitch so in this breed to compete against a dog, especially as in this case case, a young bitch against a matured old dog, the judge decided to give them equal first; but I think the dog was entitled to win outright, as the bitch will never be as good, even for a bitch, in head properties as he is. Highland Maxey, a moderate deerhound, in poor shape, was the only specimen. Those two good wolfhonnds, Osmaday and Zenoza, were shown in wretched condition. The bitch is the better of the two. Only one greyhound, a bad one that did not deserve a notice, but the judge was lenient and gave it a first.

FOXHOUNDS.—The well known Ranger II. was the only challenge entry, and Mr. Williams's Argonaut and Bowsprit were the only representatives in the open classes; the latter is a very sweet quality bitch.

POINTERS.—Tempest being absent gave Rush of Lad a walk-over in the challenge class for heavy weight dogs, and in bitches there were no entries. In heavy weight dogs, open class, Molton Banner rightly defeated Gamester and easily won the special for best pointer in the show; he has a good head and excellent muzzle. In bitches Emblem was indulged with a walk-over, Lass of Kippen being transferred to the light weight division, where she also scored a bloodless victory, and in light weight dogs Lad of Rush had no difficulty in defeating Ned Stark, a poor one at all points.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—These were good classes, quality and correct type being well to the fore. In open dogs, that grandly made little one, Cactus, was placed at the head of affairs; he is of true type, has good shoulders, legs and feet, grand loin and hindquarters, and nicely sprung ribs; his most pronounced faults are his yellow eyes and faulty carriage of flag. The newly imported Bald Rock came second; he is a liver and white ticked dog with a good skull and excellent muzzle and grand action and tail carriage, but is somewhat short and thick in neck, a bit loaded in shoulders, and, to my mind, is too low and cloddy throughout; his ears are faulty and spaniel-like. Zippo II., third, is an enormous dog, has a good type of head but is a bit coarse all over and is faulty behind. Wordsley Dude I like as well as anything in the class; a fine upstanding, rangy blue belton of excellent type and quality, and bar being out at the elbows is second to none shown. Jack Berwyn has a fair head but was all out of coat. Bitches were another good class, Flower of Sulphur winning, closely pressed by Sousie. The winner is an excellent bitch of sweet quality and type, and was in good condition. Sousie is a good-headed one, but loses to the winner in shoulders, condition and feather, having only recently weaned a litter. Chick, third, a sweet-headed lemon and white, was far too fat, and is faulty in pasterns and might well have given way to Maid Marian, another very high quality and good-bodied one, but a bit weak in muzzle. Chris, the only puppy shown, was a poor one.

IRISH SETTERS.—Pride of Patsey easily defeated Montauk, Jr., in the challenge class for dogs, and in challenge bitches Elfreda was fortunate in being alone, as it would not take a good one to beat her. In open dogs, Bob, Jr., was an easy winner, all things considered, although I do not quite like his head, it being a bit short and thick; but he was in grand condition and feather. Patsey's Pride has a good body, legs and feet, and color, but has a poor, plain head, and I preferred the Claremont Kennels' other string, Chief Red Cloud, as, although a bit weak in muzzle, he is far better in skull and type, and equally good in other respects. Rags well deserved his letters, as did Shamrock Bruce, who has a fair head, but is poor in color and coat, and has a bad eye, but is good in body. In bitches, Pride's Beauty was placed at the head of affairs, but I again preferred her kennel companion, Pride's Heather, who, however, only got third. She is not pleasing in eye and expression, but is the best in skull and muzzle, and beats the winner in loin and in color. Delphine, well known, separated this pair; she has the most substance, but is beaten in quality, color and style. Pat Gleason, the only dog puppy, is a nice one, spoiled by his bad eye. Pat's Rose is weak-headed and weedy.

GORDOF SETTERS.—Heather Lad had no difficulty in disdisposing of Leo B. in the challenge class for dogs aud in the class for bitches Princess Louise entered in the catalogue as Lady Waverly was alone. In open dogs Homer S. had an easy win as his only competitor was a bad one. In open bitches Sante Marie won from Dwight Effie, scoring in color and body but losing a bit in head. Maid of Waverly is a poor one.

COLLIES.—Old Squire, looking very gray and ragged but still full of life was alone in the challenge class for dogs, as was Metchley Surprise in bitches. In open dogs Chesterford Hero, looking well, but not in full coat, was an easy winner. Moray, second, is a big, coarse dog, thick head with poor ears and was too high up, Prince Charlie was hardly used with v. h. c. and should have been an easy second, being a good bodied dog and far less coarse than the others. Bitches. Ormskirk Gypsy Maid had an easy win, she is a nice quality of bitch but was not in full coat. Cora Belle has gone thick in head and coarse and Lady Al De Ber II would have beaten her had she had any coat on her, a nice quality bitch with fair head and ears but too small.

Kitty of Cork, Ben Lewis's well known Irish bitch, was the only spaniel in the show.

FOX-TERRIERS.—There were no entries in the challenge classes. In open dogs the competition was fairly keen but they were not well placed, as Lansdowne Triton, only third, should have won easily; he is far the best in head and character, has the best jaw and good legs and feet. Wardsley Trapper, the winner, lacks coat, is weak in jaw and has hardly a sound tooth in his mouth. He is a showy, terrier-like little dog, but was outclassed both by Triton and Poverino. Raby Pitcher had no right in the first rank; he is very moderate in head, has poor ears, is shelly in body and bad behiud, and I venture to say will never be as fortunate again. Striker, a white dog, too full in eye and shown too light, ought not to have been placed over Hillside Royal; the latter has a long, powerful head and strong jaw but is dished in face, has too much lip and is too large in ear. In bitches,

Lansdowne Trim won rightly, but it was a close thing between Dimity and Riot for second place; the latter scores in head and substance but loses in front. In puppies Lilly easily defeated Gamester, woo is short and thick in head.

POODLES.—In the challenge class for black curly, Paris was placed over Chloe, a great mistake, as in no one point can she begin to compare with Chloe. Paris was subsequently disqualified for insufficient description in the catalogue, so Chloe got her deserts after all. In open dogs, Emperor rightly defeated Ithel who has good curl, but a poor head and a light eye. In bitches, Queen Zip, a fair one, was alone, and in the class for corded, Black Jack defeated Leo, but had the latter been better groomed the tables should have been turned.

BULLDOGS.—Only one put in an appearance and that a poor one, faulty in body, does not stand out enough, deficient in skull and pinched in muzzle.

BULL-TERRIERS.—In open dogs, Bellerby King, a greatly improved dog since last spring, yet by no means a flyer, won easily from a forward puppy, who will get too thick with age. In bitches, Rex, winner, is a grand bodied bitch, a bit loaded in shoulders, has a good head with a powerful jaw and excellent muzzle, but she is spoiled by a very light eye and will, I fear, soon thicken up too much. Lowland Duchess, second, is a bitch on quite different lines, has a beautiful eye, good expression and character capital, front and good legs and feet, but is weak in muzzle and was not in coat, having just weaned a litter. A promising puppy came third, but the rest were a bad lot. In puppies the second in open dogs was here placed first, but was not entitled to it as the bitch puppy placed second was by all odds the best one, and if she furnishes well will be heard from again.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Mr. Shinn sent some of his well known Skyes, which had things all their own way, but they were not in the best of shape.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—These were quite a good collection, Mr. Hertzler sending a nice kennel of four. In open dogs Kiltib is a good headed dog, with good ears and a nice front, but soft in coat, light in eye and too large. The Colored Preacher beats him in size, coat and eye, but loses in head, ears and front. The third dog is too thick and short in head, otherwise fair. The winner in bitches was the best of the lot and is a hard one to beat in any company, her chief fault being her somewhat heavy and rounded ears. A promising puppy came second.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—In open dogs Chesterford Victor, good in head, color and front, but faulty in tail, was alone, as was Betsy, the winner at Toronto last year, in the corresponding class for bitches.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—These were a poor lot, being far too coarse and common.

PUGS.—In the challenge class the rivalry was keen, each one thinking they had the best, but the judge placed them correctly. Attraction scores from Duke Howard in size, shortness of face, wrinkle, eye, ear and expression, but loses to him in tail, loin and hindquarters, where he is decidedly weak. Duke Howard is a cobby, compact dog, of nice size, good skull, fair muzzle and nice curl and carriage. Cashier is well known; he is over-sized and had to take a back seat. In open dogs Patsy Bolivar rightly won, scoring in size, face, ear, quality and coat from the somewhat coarse Sir Douglas. In bitches the winner was a long way the best, but the second and third might well have changed places. The second is the best in eye, color and body, but loses a deal in head properties.

DACHSHUNDS.—Nips and Red Riding Hood were the only two; the dog is a good one and is by far the better.

BEDLINGTONS.—Two competed, but both are very moderate.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Galtees was alone in the challenge class, and two competed in the open, the winner scoring well in head, eye and coat, but has faulty ear carriage.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the class for under 30lbs. equal firsts were given to a pretty Maltese not quite straight enough in coat, and a so-called old English terrier of Ben Lewis's. The Maltese should have won outright. In the class for over 30lbs. a poor Airedale was the only entry.

E. BARDOE ELLIOTT.

Binghamton Dog Show.

THE fourth annual dog show of the Binghamton Kennel Club was given under the auspices of the Binghamton Industrial Exposition, which ran from Sept. 6 to 13; 104 dogs were benched. The quality was good. The number would have been larger had the club been a member of the A. K. C., for when people show their dogs they want to get a record. Next year it will be all right, as the club will be reorganized and apply at once for admission. With the Exposition back of them they can give a good show every year, and Binghamton is a good market for all kinds of dogs. The officers of the Exposition vied with each other to make visitors comfortable. Mr. H. C. Martin, secretary, was everywhere. He seems to be the right man in the right place. The superintendent, C. H. Barrett, was ably assisted by his wife. They attended strictly to the wants of the dogs, and the place was at all times clean and neat. Sanitas was the disinfectant and Spratts food was used. For steward I had Mr. A. P. Fish, the most prominent breeder in the city. He has had large experieuce as steward, and everything worked smooth. Mr. S. R. Winans also rendered valuable assistance. The judging was all finished by 2 P. M., and there was no kicking about the awards. The Seminole Kennels sent four dogs, but they were four days on the road, and arrived in horrible shape. It is a shame to treat dogs so. The express companies are well paid to handle dogs, and they should not delay them on the road.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. H. H. Tarr's King. Small, smutty, lacks wrinkle and type.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Silber's Hector. Heavy type. *Bitches:* 1st, W. F. Silber's Minka. Good type; one of the best I have seen in some time.

ST. BERNARDS—*Dogs:* 1st, W. A. Hustace's Duke of Avondale. 2d, H. H. Evans's Rex. Small and bad color.

POINTERS.—1st, D. Stack's Gobler. Very good in body and legs.—NOVICE—1st, E. S. Cave's Isabell. Best in head and feet. 2d, D. Stack's Cora. A bit thick in head; good loin and bone.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Elcho, Jr., II. Four days on the road; sick and in bad condition. 2d, W. R. Thomas's Kenmore, Jr. Too much white; fine color and condition. Very high com., N. E. Luce's Blucher's Budd. Nose black; not in good condition. High com., A. Root's Carlo. *Bitches:* 1st, Fish & Dinnock's Lottie M. Good body, bone and legs. 2d, Seminole Kennels' Biddy. Light in bone; not shown well. Very high com., Abbott Bros.'s Noreen.

GORDON SETTERS.—1st, C. W. Jones's Clia. Very good type.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. P. Fish's Jackson Belthus, Very handsome black and white; body, legs and feet good. 2d, M. S. Hellen's Mollo's Echo. Bit heavy in head; will improve. *Bitches:* 1st, A. P. Fish's Mollo B. A very good bitch; very roomy with excellent legs and feet. 2d, A. P. Fish's Mollo's Belle. Very fair.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, M. S. Hellen's Mollo's Echo. *Bitches:* 1st, T. Briggs's Mollo's Nelley. Good but not developed.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. H. Kent's Dandy K Very good; will improve. 2d, C. H. Kent's Scottie. Thick in head; heavy ears. *Bitches:* 1st, E. B. Emerus's Lassie. Best in head and action. 2d, C. H. Beman's Juno. Best in ear. Very high com., C. H. Kent's Gipsie. High com., M. E. Phelps's Maud Muller.—NOVICE—1st, E. B. Emens's Lassie. Equal 2d, C. H. Kent's Midget K. and C. W. Beman's Juno. Very high com., C. H. Kent's Beauty K and Flossie K.

DALMATAINS.—1st, W. Ridd's Sport. A very good specimen, well marked with black, very distinct.

BEAGLES.—*Bitches:* 1st, A. P. Fish's Little Corrine. Very good but body too long. 2d, W. L. Benson's Sport. Too long; light in bone; no brush.

COCKER SPANIELS.—1st, A. K. Martin's Fido. A fair one.

PAISLEY TERRIERS.—1st, A. K. Martin's Annie Rooney.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. R. D. Woodford's Prince. A good son of Memnon and a good all round dog. 2d, C. H. Clinton's Thatcher. Fair. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. H. Clinton's Queenie and Nig.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. H. Barrett's Larchmont Nailer. Very good; will improve. *Bitches:* 1st, C. H. Barrett's Larchmont Rose. Nice size; cobby and good. 2d, S. J. Clark's Fly. Light in bone.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Golden Shoe. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Sweet Chimes. 2d, F. O. Day's Break of Day. No flyers in the pug class.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, E. L. Hine's Toodles.

Special for largest number of dogs, A. P. Fish. Second largest, C. H. Kent. J. OTIS FELLOWS.

THE MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS.

The Derby.

THE trials of the Manitoba Field Trial Club were most successfully run, beginning on Sept. 5 at Morris, Man.

Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., judged, and his decisions were well received. He was painstaking and thorough, giving the dogs ample opportunity to display their powers.

Birds were not so numerous as they were last year, yet they were in sufficient numbers for field trial purposes, when the dogs were worked in the vicinity of the stubble field. In the open prairie birds were scarce.

On Wednesday evening the club held a meeting and elected officers for the ensuing year. Following is the list: Patron, C. C. Chipman; President, F. G. Simpson; First Vice-President, R. Adamson; Second Vice-President, J. M. Avent; Secretary-Treasurer, John Woolton; Managing Court, W. F. Ellis, D. M. Telford, G. B. Borradaile, T. L. Peters, C. W. Graham; Auditors, T. L. Peters and D. M. Telford. A vote of thanks was tendered the retiring officers. The last Tuesday in August was the date selected for the beginning of the trials next year. Messrs. W. B. Wells and R. J. Gallagher were elected honorary members. The rule concerning all-age winners was changed, in that a dog can now win two all-age stakes before being ineligible in the club's All-Age Stake.

The weather was sultry and trying to the dogs' powers of endurance. Birds were difficult to find in the time between 10 A. M. aud 4 P. M., and therefore there was but little attempt at working outside of morning and evening.

Delhi, the winner of the Derby, is a diligent worker and maintains a uniform good pace. On birds he is skillful and true in his point work, and he displays that useful quality called bird sense. He was handicapped by lameness caused by an injured foot, which troubled him a good deal in his second heat. He limped but kept gamely at work notwithstanding. Every one heartily congratulated the genial Capt. McMurdo on his winning, and all were glad at his success.

Cynosure, winner of second, ran prettily, showed great range and speed, but was faulty in locating and pointing, not having sufficient experience probably.

Tony Boy, third, has great range and hunts diligently, but owing to faulty point work, he impaired his performance.

Dash Antonio also showed great range and speed, but his point work was faulty.

All in all the Derby was a notably good one. The prizes were: 1st, $100; 2d, $75; 3d, $50; 4th, $25.

WEDNESDAY.

It was announced on Tuesday evening that the trials would be started at 6 A. M. sharp, but breakfast was not served soon enough for the early start contemplated, and nearly au hour was in consequence lost. The morning was cool and bracing. As the sun rose higher the temperature gradually grew warmer until at 9 o'clock it was uncomfortable.

The puppies were diligent in seeking but most of them showed a lack of finish in their pointing. Their work on birds was inferior. Still, it should be considered that most of the puppies had a limited experience. Birds were in sufficient numbers for the trial purposes and were quite tame, therefore easy to work on. It was said that the temperature was about 86 deg. in the warmest part of the day.

The trials began with the Derby, which had the large number of fifteen starters, and all showing good natural qualities. There was quite a good attendance of sportsmen. Among those present were Messrs Thos. Johnson, G. B. Borradaile, W. T. Kirby, Mr. Vanderslice, superintendent of the N. P. Ry.; Mr. Sprado, manager of the Manitoba Hotel; R. J. Gallaugher, secretary of the club; Mr. Chipman, manager of the Hudson Bay Company; Mr. T. G. Simpson, president of the club, and Mr. Telford of Winnipeg, Mr. R. Adamson of Virden, and the well known handlers and owners, Messrs. J. Wooton and W. F. Ellis of Manitou, and Messrs. J. M. Avent, D. E. Rose, J. B. Stoddard, J. J. Spracklin, W. Pickering, Capt. C. D. McMurdo and H. I. Regnoold.

The dogs were drawn in the following order:

Blue Ridge Kennels' blue belton bitch Nellie Fox (Antonio—Can Can), D. E. Rose, handler, with Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Hempstead Don (Sandford Druid—Merrylegs), J. M. Avent, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog Tony Boy (Antonio—Laundress), D. E. Rose, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog Tippoo (Rip Rap—Monterey), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler.

Richard Bangham's black, white and tan dog Dash Antonio (Antonio—Lady Lucifer), J. J. Spracklin, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' black and white dog Tom Beggs (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), D. E. Rose, haudler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog Delhi (Rip Rap—Queen II.), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler, with W. F. Ellis's black, white and tan dog Columbus (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link), owner, handler.

T. Cowan's black and white dog Snatch, no pedigree, W. Pickering, handler, with Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Clementina (Roderigo—Norah II.), J. M. Avent, handler.

J. Wootton's black and white bitch Bonnie Lit (Orlando—Lady Lit), owner, handler, with Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Cynosure (Roderigo—Norah II.), J. M. Avent, handler.

T. G. Davey's liver and white pointer bitch Lucy (Ridgeview Faust—Peggy), J. Armstrong, handler, with F. G. Simpson's black and white bitch Miss Lit (Orlando—Lady Lit), J. M. Avent, handler.

T. G. Davey's liver aud white pointer bitch Faustina (Ridgeview Faust—Peggy), J. Armstrong, handler, a bye.

There was not one which could justly be called a duffer, and they displayed remarkably good ranging qualities. There is a vast improvement in that respect. It would pass for a superior stake anywhere. Perfect or good point work could not be expected from puppies which had so short a season of preparation. Everything considered, it was a remarkably superior Derby.

First Round.

NELLIE FOX AND HEMPSTEAD DON were started at 6:52. Don was much the wider ranger, he taking long casts and going fast. He was diligent in searching, and his manner of working on birds was the better. Nell made a false point. Don pointed, probably on footscent, as a bevy was flushed close by after he had gone on. Nell backed. Don next made two points on single birds and Nell backed well. She did some inferior roading, carrying a low nose and puzzling on the footscent. Don had poor style. Nell was better in style and, while she beat out her ground well, it was limited to a small area. Up at 7:22.

TONY BOY AND TIPPOO were started at 7:29. Both began badly on birds, each flushing under favorable conditions for pointing. About 300yds. further on Tony Boy pointed a single bird, then ran in on it and wilfully flushed. Next Rose flushed some birds of a bevy, and Tony Boy flushed remaining birds. Next he pointed, probably on the footscent. The heat ended at 8:10. Both were wide rangers, the pointer the wider, some of his casts being fully a quarter of a mile. Tony Boy was a good ranger, beat out his ground with judgment, but he made a very unsteady showing on birds.

DASH ANTONIO AND TOM BEGGS started at 8:14. Plenty of birds were fouud during the heat, but most of them flushed wild. Dash flushed, then stopped on the remaining birds of the bevy. Both were steady to shot. The warmth of the sun was beginning to assert itself, and it was making the work harder for the dogs. Tom roaded nicely on a bevy down wind, then willfully flushed. Dash roaded well on a single bird which flushed wild. Tom pointed a single bird, and as Rose was walking up to him he moved on and the bird flushed. Up at 8:48. Neither one ranged wide, though both were diligent and showed interest in work on birds, though the work was inferior in finish.

DELHI AND COLUMBUS began their heat at 8:53. Delhi pointed and was well backed by Columbus; moving on, Columbus drew and pointed prettily, Delhi at the same time taking a wide cast. Nothing found. Delhi next pointed two or three birds nicely; Capt. McMurdo failing to flush, the birds lying very close. Columbus at the same time was roading up wind and pointing, probably on the back track. Delhi coming in flushed one of the birds which he had pointed. Next Columbus flushed three birds heedlessly. Up at 9:38. The pointer showed high class capabilities. He had a wide range, uniform speed and was honest and accurate in his point work.

SNATCH AND CLEMENTINA began at 9:43. Snatch was not behaving well and the heat was not over before she began to show signs of weariness. Clementina's work on birds was fairly good. She pointed one accurately and prettily. She next roaded down wind to an excusable flush, then on her next birds she poiuted after flushing an outlying single. Up at 10:13. Clementina was much superior to Snatch; the latter had almost quit work when the heat ended.

BONNIE LIT AND CYNOSURE were started at 10:18. The latter pointed a single bird and was nicely backed. Both were steady to shot. The weather was getting very warm. No more birds were found before the heat ended at 10:53. Cynosure exhibited a good range and diligence. Lit was a closer worker, showing good judgement and unifoam speed.

The weather was then so warm and chickens so hard to find that further running was postponed till afternoon. The party returned to town in the meantime.

LUCY AND MISS LIT started at 3:25. Lucy flushed a single bird. Lit secured a good point on a single and was neatly backed. Both were steady to shot. Lucy ranged wide and with judgment. Up to the time birds were found and the gun fired, Lit's range was ordinary, but the find infused energy and effort in her. She had but one good eye, and undoubtedly the infirmity lessened her effort. Up at 5:04

FAUSTINA was cast off at 4:14. Hempstead Don was selected to run with her. He made two false points, then secured a true point on a single bird. It was marked down and Faustina secured a point on it. Faustina was lame and had an indifferent range and was disposed to point on false scents. Don ranged wide and with fair judgment, but he too heeded false scents too much. Up at 4:47.

Second Round.

The work had been so meagre on birds that the judge properly gave most all the dogs a new trial. Quite a number of sportsmen were present at the afternoon competition. The work was hardly equal in quality to that of the morning.

TONY BOY AND DASH ANTONIO began their heat at 5:06. Both dogs ranged very wide. Tony at the end of a long cast pointed and held his point till his handler went up to him. Dash coming up also pointed. No birds were found, but some were flushed close by by the wagons after the dogs had moved on. Sent on, Dash pointed at the same time the bird flushed. The heat ended at 5:40. Both ranged wide and fast and covered a great deal of ground.

TIPPOO AND TOM BIGGS were started at 5:29 and ran till 5:40. Tom showed a tendency to false-point, which spoiled all his chances. Tippoo ranged wide, but wasted much time in pottering on some scent, which engaged his attention some minutes. He is a good mover, and with more experience will undoubtedly work well on birds.

DELHI AND CYNOSURE began at 5:46 and ran till 6:02. Cynosure ranged wide. She pointed a bevy in stubble and was well backed. She held her point well for some moments while her handler was walking to her. Sent on, Delhi was next to point. He stood in stubble and had birds, but his handler failed to flush them. Delhi moved on, and Cynosure drew forward and pointed the birds. Next both roaded to edge of the stubble a few yards away and pointed some remaining birds. Both dogs made a good showing, Cynosure the better. Delhi did not equal his first heat in his going.

BONNIE LIB AND CLEMENTINE started at 6:06. Lib made a good point on a single bird and next made a false point. In the meantime Clementine broke away from control for several minutes, and was out of sight. In returning, she pointed where some birds had been flushed by her. The handlers were brought together. Lib's range was irregular and of ordinary compass. Clementine was disposed to point on false scents. They were ordered up at 6:22.

MISS LIT AND LUCY began at 6:26. Miss Lit made two flushes, then held a half point to a flush on a third. She stiffened on point as her handler walked up, aud birds were flushed to her point. Lucy's range was ordinary. Miss Lit's range improved and she covered a good deal of ground. Up at 6:42.

FAUSTINA was started at 6:46 with Nellie Fox for a running mate. The latter pointed two birds iu a grain field. Faustina made two flushes. Up at 7:01, and the work of the day was ended.

THURSDAY.

There was an uncomfortable closeness in the atmosphere, although a light fog deadened the sun's rays in the morning hours. The work on birds was limited, many opportunities to point being lost. While nearly all the dogs were wide rangers they did not distinguish themselves as good finders.

TONY BOY AND CYNOSURE began at 7:10. Both dogs worked out of control for some minutes, some of the time out of sight on the prairie. Tony flushed a bevy. He flushed a single and stood to wing. Each made a false point. Tony pointed a single well and was steady to shot. Cynosure was narrowing her range a great deal in the last of the heat and required constant urging to keep her out. Tony was going well and keeping up his wide range. Up at 7:53, and Cynosure was showing signs of quitting.

DASH ANTONIO AND DELHI were started at 7:58. Delhi flushed twice, once down wind. Delhi next found and pointed a bevy well, and was steady to shot. Dash had a superior range and was fast in his work, but on birds his performance was full of errors. Delhi showed good judgment and honest work to the gun, and uniformly so. He ranged well and maintained good speed, though not so fast as some of his competitors. Still, he covered as much ground as could properly be worked to the gun.

MISS LIT AND HEMPSTEAD DON were run 11m., starting at 8:36. They did nothing to improve their chances.

The All-Age Stake.

There were twelve starters, several of them being dogs of

national reputation. The work, however, did not rate high so far as work on birds is concerned, except in a few instances. The stake was begun immediately after the Derby was concluded on Thursday.

The winner of first, Brighton Tobe, showed excellent finding qualities, accuracy in his point work and superior judgment in beating out his ground and searching for birds. In this respect he excelled nearly all of his competitors. His work, too, was well sustained in every heat which he ran. He was inferior in style. He carried his head low and he had but little tail action.

Topsy Rod made a most commendable showing, but his knowledge of the best manner of searching the most promising ground for birds was inferior to that of several other of his competitors. While he ranged wide, he went in straight casts regardless of the most favorable places.

Allene was showy in her point work, but it was full of errors as she ranged with poor judgment, cutting her ground too fine and ranging too close.

I fancied the two pointers, Ightfield Diana and Tick Boy, for third, they being her superior in judgment, range and work on birds, taking one heat with another, though she excelled in style.

The prizes were $125, $75 and $50, first, second and third respectively.

The dogs were drawn in the following order:

Blue Ridge Kennels' black and white bitch Allene (Gath's Mark—Ruby Girl), D. E. Rose, handler, with R. Adamson's liver and white pointer bitch Ightfield Diana (Ightfield Dick—Cleo), J. B. Stoddard, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels black, white and tan dog Dick Fox (Chance—Countess Rush), D. E. Rose, handler, with Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Tate (Jean Val Jean—Mamie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' blue belton dog Blue Ridge Mark (Gath's Mark—Ollie J.), D. E. Rose, handler, with J. B. Stoddard's black and white pointer dog Tick Boy (Duke of Kent—Bloom), owner, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog Ightfield Dogwood (Ightfield Dick—Cowslip), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Bessie Shoupe (Gath's Hope—Countess Rush), D. E. Rose, handler.

T. G. Davey's black, white and tan dog Brighton Tobe (Locksley—Liddesdale II.), J. Armstrong, handler, with Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Topsy Rod (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

A. D. Weldon's black, white and tan Joker, no pedigree. J. J. Spracklin, handler, with Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog Hempstead Duke, J. M. Avent, handler.

The weather was hot and dry, and birds difficult to find in the forenoon.

First Round.

ALLENE AND IGHTFIELD DIANA began at 8:53. Allene pointed a bevy well; Diana backed; both were steady to shot. Allene false-pointed and was backed. The heat ended at 9:33. Allene showed lack of judgment in her ranging, and did not beat out a wide scope of ground. Diana went in a slow gallop, which she, however, maintained steadily, and ranged wide. Her style was inferior. She showed good judgment in her ranging. Up at 9:33.

DICK FOX AND TATE were cast off at 9:36. Tate took wide casts. In some bushes he made a flush on birds of a bevy. Next he pointed a single nicely and was steady to shot. Tate next pointed a close-lying bird. Avent failed to flush it. Dick pointed near the same place where Tate had pointed. Tate coming in again pointed the bird. Dick had a narrow range and ordinary speed. Tate was fast. His judgment in beating out his ground was not above commonplace. Neither made a good showing. Up at 10:06, and the running was postponed till afternoon.

BLUE RIDGE MARK AND TICK BOY were cast off at 3:50. Mark pointed a single and Tick backed. Next Tick pointed a bevy which lay very close. Sent on, and soon Tick pointed and held his point well till his handler went to him. Mark wheeled to a point, moved on and flushed the bird. Tick moved on a few yards and pointed a single. Next he got a point on another single, and Mark made two flushes. Tick about 300yds. away pointed staunchly till his handler went to him, then cast off, roading to the left and pointing every few yards till he got 100yds. or thereabouts away; Stoddard failed to flush. Mark roaded up wind and made two good points on the birds Tick had probably been pointing. After the dogs were sent on a bird was flushed near where Tick made his last point. Up at 4:20. Tick showed great judgment in beating out his ground and was a successful finder. He also was skillful in point work. His speed was uniform and fairly fast.

BESSIE SHOUPE AND IGHTFIELD DOGWOOD were cast off at 4:25. Bessie's range was not wide and she beat out her ground irregularly. Dogwood was much the wider ranger and had more judgment in working the ground. Bessie's point work was faulty. She flushed twice, singles each time. Dogwood made a good point on three birds. Next he pointed and Bessie, crossing about 100yds. ahead of him, caught scent and pointed the birds. Then Dogwood roaded up to where the birds flushed. Bess made a false point and flushed or pointed a bevy, she being too far away to determine whether it was an error or not. Up at 5:04.

BRIGHTON TOBE AND TOPSY ROD started at 5:06. Tobe made a very good piece of work roading down wind on birds which he pointed. He was steady to shot. At the same time Topsy had taken a long cast and got near where some birds flushed, but he was too far away to determine the character of his work. Next, Topsy pointed a bevy well. Tobe coming in got among the birds and pointed or flushed them, the birds going the moment he stopped. The dogs took wide casts. Tobe pointed two birds in the prairie and Topsy, about 300yds. away on stubble, at the same time pointed a bevy. The dogs were doing good work. Topsy got two points on remaining birds. Topsy's work was superior and he carried a high head. Tobe was accurate in his work, but carried a low nose and was slower in locating. His judgment was excellent and better than Topsy's in beating out his ground. Both ranged wide. Tobe the better.

JOKER AND HEMPSTEAD DUKE started at 5:38. Joker made a point on a single, a flush on another, and a false point. Duke false-pointed. Neither showed much skill in work on chickens. Up at 6:07.

Second Round.

ALLENE AND TATE were started at 6:15 and ran till 6:30. A heavy rain storm was threatening, and the work ended for the day.

FRIDAY.

The weather was cloudy and cool, with a stiff breeze blowing steadily. Rain threatened. A light sprinkle fell during the last two hours of the trials. The work was better and birds were easier to find, and therefore seemed more plentiful. New ground was worked northeast of town, near the Red River. Six dogs were kept in the second series. They were run as follows, the first heat being the unfinished one of yesterday:

ALLENE AND TATE started at 7:19, resuming their heat. Allene made a point on birds nicely. Tate flushed a single up wind. Allene pointed a single and was steady to shot. Tate flushed, then dropped to a point on some remaining birds. Allene beat out her ground unnecessarily close and her range was too narrow. She had a pleasing style. Up at 7:48.

IGHTFIELD DIANA AND BESSIE SHOUPE started at 7:52. Bessie had not made a creditable showing, and her work in this heat added nothing to her chances of winning. Diana roaded nicely and located a bevy, pointing it well. Next she drew nicely to a point on a single bird. Bessie showed speed, but lacked knowledge of chicken hunting. Diana showed excellent judgment and knowledge. Her speed was not extremely fast, yet she maintained a steady gallop and covered a lot of ground. Up at 8:02.

DOGWOOD AND TOPSY ROD began at 8:07. Topsy took a long cast and pointed a bevy. Dogwood refused to back and stole the point. Topsy was the faster ranger and took wide casts, but his judgment in beating out the ground was not of the best. Dogwood ranged wide but his speed was lessened by a tenderness in his shoulders or feet. He ranged at good speed nevertheless.

BRIGHTON TOBE AND TICK BOY began at 8:27. Tobe took a cast to the rear and found and pointed well a bevy of chickens. At the same time, Tick took a cast in front about 300yds. and pointed a bevy; he was steady to shot. Next, at the edge of stubble, Toby pointed three birds. Next he pointed a bevy, and Tick coming in a few minutes later independently pointed the same birds. Up at 8:43. Both showed good speed and judgment in work, and ranged well.

Third Round.

TATE AND DIANA were started at 8:53. The former had hardly shown merit enough for further competition. He made a better showing in this heat, however, than in any previous one. The conditions for work were more favorable. He pointed some birds at the edge of stubble. Next he pointed or flushed, the stop of the dog and the flush of the bird being nearly simultaneous. Diana made a difficult piece of roading down wind to an excusable flush. Tate false-pointed and was backed. Up at 9:08. Diana was the wider ranger. Tate showed good speed and took wide casts, but beat out his ground with poor judgment.

TICK BOY AND ALLENE started at 9:11. The latter was lacking in judgment in ranging. Tick flushed excusably a bevy across wind. Next, Allene dropped to a point on a bevy and Tick going across wind pointed the same bevy. Allene next dropped to a flush, the bird lighting a few feet ahead of her. She remained down and the birds were flushed ahead of her. Up at 9:25.

TOPSY ROD AND TOBE started at 9:29, and ran a good heat, Tobe, however, outworking his famous competitor. He did not make much demonstration about it, but he kept finding and pointing birds most consistently. His work was even, and there was a good quantity of it. In range, too, he showed the better judgment. While his casts were not so wide as the erratic, long casts which Topsy took once in a while, they were more uniform, quite wide enough to find birds, and were taken with better judgment. A bevy was seen to flush near some bushes, and Topsy was found pointing near the place. The dogs were taken up and started on new ground. Tobe pointed a bevy on stubble; next he pointed a single bird. Topsy pointed a single well. Tobe next pointed a bevy. He next pointed or flushed a bevy, dropping as the birds rose, and Armstrong flushed a remaining single in front of him. He beat Topsy in finding, pointing and judgment in his work. Up at 10:27. Topsy had the better style.

First was won by Brighton Tobe, second by Topsy Rod, third by Allene.

The Amateur Stake was not run. B. WATERS.

Rhode Island Dog Show.

THE entries for the Rhode Island dog show number 507. This is a satisfactory increase over the entry of 467 a year ago. The depression in business naturally has a slight effect upon the number of entries, and then the fee for entering is fifty per cent. more this year than a year ago. Several of the puppy classes have been cut out this year and that means the loss of quite a number of entries. The quality of the dogs shown can hardly be expected to exceed the quality seen last year, but is expected to be equal, and in some special classes will be even better.

The entries are divided as follows: Mastiffs 9, St. Bernards, rough, 14, St. Bernards, smooth, 13, Newfoundlands 2, great Danes 1, deerhounds 5, wolfhounds 8, greyhounds 8, foxhounds 19, beagles 38, pointers 30, English setters 47, Irish setters 29, Gordon setters 29, field spaniels 4, cocker spaniels 16, Irish water spaniels 1, collies 24, bulldogs 20, bull-terriers 21, fox-terriers, smooth, 43, fox-terriers, wire, 17, Irish terriers 14, Boston terriers 18, black and tan terriers 8, Skye terriers 7, Dandie Dinmont terriers 9, Bedlington terriers 4, dachshunds 2, Yorkshire terriers 2, pugs 6, Japanese spaniels 1, King Charles spaniels 3, toy spaniels 3, Chesapeake Bay dogs 7, poodles 10, schipperkes 1, miscellaneous 9.

NARRAGANSETT PARK, R. I., Sept. 18.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The show opened auspiciously this morning, with capital quality of dogs and a number of prominent fanciers present. Noticeable classes are mastiffs, St. Bernards, setters, collies, beagles, bull-terriers and especially bulldogs and fox-terriers. The weather is fair and the show promises to be a great success. King Orrey, the bulldog, belongs to the Woodlawn Park Kennels. H. W. LACY.

Tompkins County (N. Y.) Fair Dog Show.

ITHACA, N. Y., Sept. 9.—At the Tompkins County Fair, held in this city this week, a very entertaining little dog show was held. Local and a few out of town dogmen exhibited some exceptionally fine specimens. Beagles made a good showing, as did spaniels, pointers, setters and pugs. A St. Bernard or two and a few other breeds, indifferently represented, made up an exhibit that was really interesting, and which by a little extra effort next year could be made an attractive and thoroughly recognized feature of the annual county exhibition.

Local fanciers assure me that a good sized building is to be set apart for the use of the kennel interests hereafter and a rattling good dog show given. M. CHILL.

DOG CHAT.

Mr. Damon tells us that his crack pointer Strideaway will again compete in the All-Age Stake at Bicknell, Ind., and will be sent to Mr. George Gray for preparation. Their breeding operations this summer have been very successful, and Strideaway has sired some very promising stock.

Mr. F. S. Eaton, of Springfield, Mass., has sold his pointer Glideaway, by Soult II. out of Jean of Beauford, to Mr. J. H. Wesson of the same city, for $150.

The Bay City Kennels, of Bay City, Mich., report that all their dogs are doing well. They have recently purchased the cocker bitch Rideau Rhea from the Swiss Mountain Kennels, and she had a litter by Bendigo and only saved two. More about this kennel next week.

Mr. C. A. Sumner, of Los Angeles, Cal., now owns the fox-terrier Raby Rasper, that Mr. Raper sent out to California last year. He has won wherever shown in that State.

Mr. Purbeck writes us that he owned Southern Beauty, the greyhound, at the time of her sale to the Terra Cotta Kennels, and that Mr. Thomas was to make what he could over a certain price; and that explains the whole situation.

The Mere Kennels' (of Tarrytown, N. Y.) late importation Ray of Light, by Ripon Thunderer—Day Dawn, whelped six fine puppies, four dogs, to Raby Barrister on Aug. 21 last. An offer from the Leinster Kennels of New Orleans to take the bitch puppies of this litter, and those to be whelped by Dudley Nettle, in pup to champion Dominie, due about Sept. 21, is being considered by the owner. We understand that Mr. Graef is not to be turned from his purpose of getting a first class dog, owing to their inability to come to terms with the owner of Pendennis, and has instructed his agent to see what one of the young dog's conquerors can be bought for.

During the Toronto show some greyhound racing was indulged in on the track in front of the grand stand. The rain and muddy track were not conducive to good time, and the strangeness of their surroundings and company, and the excitement of the moment impelled several of the competitors to indulge in mild scraps when they should have been putting their best legs first. The dogs were entered in the show after the first round on Wednesday, the finals were run off on Thursday, when Cyclone beat Fawn, Miss Neversettle beat Dallas, Grimsby Ranger beat Southern Beauty. Cyclone finally won, Miss Neversettle was second and Grimsby Ranger third. Cyclone was first in her class at the show as well.

Sales are few at Toronto. Mr. T. A. Carson bought the well known Irish water spaniel Marguerite from Mr. Andrew Laidlaw.

The Bloodhound Club's members, not being pleased with the inducements offered to show their dogs at Rhode Island, have unanimously decided not to exhibit at that show. While specialty clubs are within their rights in withholding support from any club, the Bloodhound Club should remember that at no time, even at the principal shows, have the entries been at all numerous in this grand breed or such as to justify a committee in allotting a large classification. Our idea of the duties of a specialty club may be erroneous, but we imagine that such a club is formed to aid and add to the prizes offered by the bench show committee, and by so working in unison create an interest and an entry such as they desire. When a show is not able to allot sufficient money to a certain breed, that breed's specialty club should come to the rescue, providing the judges are satisfactory. We should think the worst setback a specialty club could inflict upon a breed it is supposed to foster is to withhold their patronage so that the breed is entirely unrepresented at the boycotted show. Specialty clubs should always bear in mind the old saying, "Out of sight out of mind." The way to boom a breed is to put it before the public and—keep it there.

Our columns are so crowded this week that a number of "Dog Chat" notes, letters and other matter are deferred until the next issue. Owing to delay in mails, we were unable to publish the reports of the Manitoba field trials and Des Moines show last week.

The Mascoutah Kennel Club claim the dates Feb. 22 to March 1, 1894, for their next show. Mr. Lincoln the secretary, tells us that the premium list will be the most complete and valuable that has ever been offered for a dog show in Chicago.

We are so pressed for space this week that we can do no more than allude to Mr. Blossom's circular letter calling upon the Gordon men to come to the scratch; there will be at least $200 in money to be won and only $5 required to nominate and $10 to fill, for a chance to win it.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.
Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Lalck, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.
Nov. 5.—Brunswick Fur Club. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

COURSING

Oct. 1.—American Coursing Club's meeting at Huron, S. D. L. Zutaverne, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge.
Oct. 8.—North Dakota Coursing Club, at Oakes, N. D. A. P. Slocum, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge.
Oct. 16.—Kenmore Club's annual meeting at Goodland, Kan. C. F Weber, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Oct. 23.—Western Kansas Coursing Club's meeting at Leoti, Kan. W. O. Allphin, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Oct. 30.—Cheyenne Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.
Oct. 30.—Altcar Coursing Club's autumn meeting at Holyoke, Col. S. W. Vidler, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Nov. 14.—California State meeting at Merced, Cal. J. R. Dickson, secretary.

Brunswick Fur Club Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sixth annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at North Acton, Mass., beginning Nov. 6. The club headquarters will be at the Nagog House, which will make a special rate of $1.50 per day to all attending the trials. Entries for the Derby will close at 10 P. M. Nov. 5, and for the All-Age class at the same hour Nov. 6.

The trial grounds are as fine as can be found in New England; foxes are pleutiful, and a cordial invitation is extended to all hunters to attend this meet with their best hounds. The secretary will be glad to give any further information which may be desired. BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

DORCHESTER, Mass., Sept. 14.

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We are pleased to hear from Mr. J. V. Young that our western contemporary was in error in crediting him with the sketch of a foxhunt entitled "Death of Old Bob at Last," as he wishes Mr. Bryson to have all the glory of such a run and such a vivid and descriptive story.

Canoeing.

FROM all accounts the meet of the British C. A., held at Salcombe last month, was quite a success, though the attendance was small, only about thirty, with seventeen canoes. Those who were present had a very pleasant and sociable time, and there was more racing than usual.

THE American representative in canoeing has fared even worse than the larger craft which has aspired to capture the laurels in international yachting, and like Vigilant, Yankee has failed to demonstrate the beauties of the national device, the centerboard. In one of the races at the B. C. A. meet, the centerboard fell out and was lost as completely as was Vigilant's. The reasons for Yankee's defeat are even plainer than in the case of Vigilant; she is a new and untried boat, her speed beside the older American craft being very doubtful in view of the differences of model and in the absence of actual tests. Further, she is in every way unfitted for the waters on which canoe sailing is of necessity done in England; the peculiarities of the American type, especially the long straight keel, being carried out to an extreme, as in all of Mr. Howard's craft. The superior speed of

American canoes has been freely conceded by British canoeists since 1886; and it is a matter of regret that in this, the first American sailing canoe to visit England, the national type has been so poorly represented.

Mr. Howard's Racing.

IT will be in the memory of most canoeing men that the American canoeist Mr. Howard, having sailed several matches at Bourne End-on-Thames at the Royal C. C. meeting in June, found out that his canoe's "acknowledged superior speed" could not be obtained on "so poor a course as Bourne End reach." Leaving aside the possibility that superior speed may have lain dormant, we had the fact that nowhere near the speed of any of the English canoes was reached by the Yankee at Bourne End. Mr. Howard then published an open challenge to all canoemen to sail on open salt water, and he selected Salcombe Harbor as the locality when his challenge was taken up by Mr. Brand, owner of the canoe-yawl Spruce.

We have now received some very interesting notes from Mr. Howard from Salcombe, and, with his permission, we mention some of them, and especially a description of a capsize, which, had we not received it from the actor therein, we should have been inclined to dub a Munchausonian adventure.

At this moment, with the exception of Mr. Lane's description of the camp and meet of the British Canoe Association, we have no official report of the results of the B. C. A. races; but no doubt with all the hundred and one things to be done in camp, and in packing up and transporting away, the officer responsible for the report finds his hands too full at the moment to fill in the log. But we understand that several races were sailed, the results being favorable to the British canoes. Mr. Howard, however, sailed his match against Spruce and won, but, without saying much as to speed, as indicated by the match, we feel sure Mr. Howard himself will admit that the conditions and circumstances were no test of either boat. A full report of this match was published last week in the *Field*, page 321, which says "the wind was light and fluky." Spruce, before the starting gun, could not, from where she put off, stem the tide, and was 12m. 25s. late in crossing the starting line; Yankee put off from shore at a different place (probably in the slack) and made the line all right. The whole race was in puffs and calms, drifts and spurts on both sides, and the finish, if taken as to times of crossing the start line so as to show difference of time occupied in sailing the course, is 57s. in favor of Spruce; but Spruce had to allow Yankee 6m. 41s. Y. R. A. time for difference of rating, so that Yankee beat Spruce by 5m. 44s. In the race for the Lough Erne challenge cup there appears to have been a better breeze, and, apart from the question of corrected time by handicap, Yankee finished fifth out of ten starters, beating five canoes. But the race was a handicap, and the canoe entry did not include the best flowers, such as Dragon, Battledore, Whizz and other crack racing boats. The canoe yawl Rogue won the cup, with Spruce second.

Thus far, therefore, the "open water" race, so much desired by the Yankee, has not been obtained, and possibly a further match will be sought. We suggested Southampton water some time back, and we have no doubt that in such water a really fair trial could be had almost any day. But it should be against canoes, not against canoe-yawls; the inequalities between the two classes are too extensive to make a race between them worth anything more than a pleasant sail.

Hollow spars have been quite the fashion in canoes for many years past, but the American breed of this nature does not seem to stand the damp at this time so unhappily common; the Yankee's spars all came apart and had to be "whipped up;" probably they were only gummed together, whereas our spars are usually screwed up after being split and hollowed out. But so far the hollow spar is more or less a poetical delusion; bamboos fill the bill, but they are ugly and utterly unshipshape, and very often split and snap without any warning or perceptible spring.

Capsizing we have often pointed out may be quite dangerous, notwithstanding watertight compartments and bucket-wells. The perfect drill of righting a capsized canoe in a few seconds, which has so frequently been displayed by our leading canoe sailors and by Mr. Howard in Yankee, may go wrong and not come off, and then, as we have warned novices, all depends on its being smooth water and close to land. Mr. Howard says:

"On Tuesday, during the Salcombe cup race (probably he means the Town Regatta race), Yankee took a bad case of gripes, and while trying to keep her off the shore I landed myself in the water. The boat was turned up by the great force of the wind, and the tops of the masts stuck in the mud a foot or more. I had to dive down and pull them up bodily. I went on and rounded the first buoy almost benumbed with cold. On the beat back the wind was so strong that my weight—160lbs.—was not enough, even on the end of my long seat, to hold up barely 65 sq. ft. of sail. Benumbed with wet and cold I was unable to do any acrobatic feats, and was thrown bodily to leeward like a stone out of a sling; then I lost my centerboard. No canoe was able to go the course. Spruce, with a rag of canvas, won the race, sailing to windward with center-plate and rudder out of water, her lee deck acting as a center-plate."

If so perfect a canoe acrobat as Mr. Howard in his bottled-up American canoe is unable to prevent the elements from planting the boat roots upward in submerged British soil, let no novice risk such a probable loss of his property and possible loss of his life. He may not be able to accomplish the first-prize aquatic feat of diving to the bottom and prising the mast bodily out of the mud; he had better sit contentedly on the keel and wait the rising tide to either lift the hull off the masts or the masts out of the mud.

Any way, the whole thing seriously shows the folly of racing 30in. canoes, unballasted, on open water; a hulb-keel ballasted canoe would possibly be uncomfortable, but very unlikely to serve her owner such a trick. Were the canoe races frequently on open waters, or comparatively open waters, no doubt the type of racing canoe would rapidly change from the narrow bucket-well and no ballast form to that of the utmost beam allowed and a moderate allowance bulbed-fin liftable keel.—*The Field.*

The following letter for Mr. William Willard Howard appears in the last issue of the *Field:*

SIR—Kindly give me space for a few words on your canoeing notes of last Saturday.

1. If the racing at Salcombe has left any doubt as to the speed of my canoe Yankee, I have only to point out that my challenge to British canoeists for match sailing is still open, and to say that I should be glad of a race with the "best flowers" of English canoeing on Southampton water, or any convenient place large enough to contain a trianguiar course. I should prefer to meet Dragon (R. C. C.), as I consider her to be the best English racing canoe that I have seen. I expected to meet Dragon at Salcombe, but I understand that her owner found it impossible to attend the B. C. A. camp.

2. It is true that Yankee finished fifth in the B. C. A. cup race, but, as you say you have had no report of the racing, I may add that she started 10m. 7s. late (owing to her skipper having sailed as mate in a yawl race the same afternoon), but had the race been decided on corrected sailing time, as with yacht racing in America, she would have won the race. On the official figures of the race, had Yankee started even with Rogue (winner) she would have finished 2m. 47s. after Rogue, and so won on time allowance, Rogue giving Yankee 3m. on the B. C. A. handicap. On Y. R. A. rules Rogue would have given Yankee 4½m. In actual sailing time Rogue did the course in less time than Spruce I. or any other boat in the fleet except Rogue. Under R. C. C rules Rogue would not be admitted to either yawl or canoe races, as she carries two sliding seats. I quite agree with you that yawls and canoes should be kept in separate classes, or, if they are raced together, a craft like Rogue, with two sliding seats, should give a canoe the full Y. R. A. time allowance.

3. I cannot quite see how Yankee's mishaps in the Salcombe cup race, Aug. 14, "show the folly of racing 30in. canoes, unballasted, on open waters." The capsize happened in a narrow waterway, South Pool Creek, and was due entirely to the fact that the nearness of the shore prevented luffing out of the circular squall that swept down on her. Spruce III. was luffed ashore at the same time but she quickly got off uninjured. Had I been able to luff without danger of wrecking my boat, I should have escaped the squall and doubtless finished the race. I did continue the race, but too benumbed with cold to prevent another capsize, and the loss of Yankee's center-plate half an hour later. In that race much larger craft than Yankee were sunk or disabled, and only three boats finished out of fourteen entries.

4. What sort of boat would you recommend to novices? Surely not yawls, for during the B. C. A. races and cruises no fewer than four yawls capsized—Spruce I., Rogue, Vestal and Slaney. Surely not open-well canoes, for when they capsize, they are run ashore and taken in tow, as anyone may have seen in the case of Dragon and Whizz at Bourne End, Vanessa and Meryl at Teddington reach, and Banshee at Salcombe. As a matter of fact, Yankee is the only canoe that I have seen in England that is able to get up and continue a race after a capsize. Now if you cannot recommend a craft of that sort to a novice, what kind of marine curiosity are you going to advise recruits in canoeing to take up? My observation of hulb-plate canoes in America is that they capsize quite as readily as boats like Yankee. Of course it is possible to make a non-capsizable canoe by giving her a tremendously heavy bulb-fin, but she would not be a canoe worth the notice even of a novice. During the race on Aug. 14, Spruce III., (weighted center-plate ½-rater) was kept from capsizing only by the unusual skill of her skipper, Mr. Brand, and the letting fly of the main sheet at critical moments. Yankee never lets fly a sheet, even when on her beam ends, but sails with cleated sheets at all times.

In conclusion, permit me to say that, as a racing machine, Yankee is a very mild sort of craft indeed when compared with the canoe that an English canoeist intends to build under the R. C. C. rules for next year. As at present outlined this craft will be 16ft. over all, 10ft. water line, and 3ft. beam. She will have a Yankee self-draining well and a 7ft. sliding seat, and will carry 180 sq. ft. of sail.

Salcombe, S. Devon, Sept. 3. WM. WILLARD HOWARD.
New York Canoe Club.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

20. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth, Mass.
20. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor
22. Squantum, Cham, Squantum, Mass.
22. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
22. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.
22. San Francisco Cor., Sail to Sausalito.
22. New York Bay, Club, N.Y. Bay
22. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, Long Island Sound.
22. Cor. Phila., Jeanes Prize, Delaware River.
22. Phila., Final Race, Classes 1, 2 and 3, Delaware River.
23. San Francisco Cor., Sail Outside.
29. Miramichi. Race, Chatham to Newcastle.
29-30. San Francisco Cor., Cruise to McNear's.

OCTOBER.

6. Cor. Phila., Sweeps, Del. River
13. San Francisco Cor., Final Sail.
20. Cor. Phila., Club, Del. River.

THE committee recently appointed by the Yacht Racing Association to report on the desirability of a change of the rule, held a meeting on Sept. 10, and after consultation with Messrs. Watson, Fife, Payne and Dixon Kemp, adopted a resolution recommending that negotiations be entered into with the New York Y. C. looking to the adoption of an international rule; and that, in the event of these negotiations being a failure, modification of the present rule be made in 1895, to take effect at the end of next season; the modifications being such as to produce a more compact form. A suggestion was made that beam should be included in the formula, and also that a premium be put upon depth of hull at a quarter of the beam, thus insuring a desirable depth of body and internal space.

The proposed coöperation of the two countries can only work to mutual advantage if carried out, and there are no serious obstacles in the way if both parties really desire to make such a step. There is a certain difficulty in this country from the fact that there is no union of clubs and yachtsmen such as the British Y. R. A. and the Union des Yachts Français, and any action would depend on the harmonious coöperation of the leading American clubs.

The matter really hinges on the New York Y. C., if that club takes up the subject in earnest and invites the assistance of the Seawanhaka, Larchmont, Eastern, Atlantic and a few other clubs, the work can be carried out by a conference committee; but if the New York Y. C. opposes the scheme, either actively, or only by neglecting to take it up and push it, there is little likelihood that the other clubs will do anything. The systematizing of international racing under one common rule, with definite class limits, means more racing, better racing, and generally more satisfactory results than under the existing system, with its inducements toward outbuilding and overpowering. The outcome of the committee's work is likely to be a formal overture from the Y. R. A. to the New York Y. C. to assist in a revision of the present rules.

ONE of the mortifying things in life is to be compelled to explain in cold blood a remark that was intended to be facetious or sarcastic; and just now we are in that unpleasant predicament. Our contemporary, the *Yachtsman*, has innocently taken in sober earnest our recent remarks about the two national airs, "God Save the Queen" and "America." For the enlightenment of the *Yachtsman* we must needs explain, that when the American patriot desires to chant the praises of liberty and freedom he borrows the identical tune in which the enslaved subjects of an *effete* monarchy are used to extol the virtues of their sovereign, whether Queen or Kaiser. We may take the *Yachtsman* further into our confidence, and say that our remarks were directed at a class of Americans who extol or condemn a thing not on its merits, but merely according to their belief, often erroneous, that it is of American or foreign origin. It is hardly a matter of national pride that in over a century the greatest nation on earth has not been able to produce a fitting national air.

The *Yachtsman's* comments, however, fail to explain a most exceptional breach of yachting usage—the failure of the fleet to salute the winning yacht. If ever the millenium comes in yachting, one of the signs will be the total suppression of the senseless whistling and cannonading which marks the termination of a race; but as long as it is the custom to thus salute the winner, the failure to do so in the case of Vigilant is certainly a fair ground for criticism.

All sorts of rumors are rife as to new challengers, one being to the effect that Mr. Will Fife, Jr., is at work on a design for a syndicate composed of Lord Dunraven, Lord Lonsdale, Capt. Harry McCalmont and Mr. A. B. Walker. It is fairly certain that Mr. Watson will design a challenger for Lord Dunraven and Lord Lonsdale, and the challengers are desirous of such terms as will allow them to select a representative yacht from the class, by a series of trial races, just as the defender is selected on this side. There is nothing at all unfair in this proposal, or in any way contradictory to the spirit of the *bona fida* deed of gift, however it may conflict with the complicated verbiage of the new deed; but it remains to be seen whether the New York Y. C. will go so far. If an agreement be made to build to one standard size for challenger and defender, no further necessity exists for demanding the exact dimensions ten months in advance so as to be able to outbuild the challenger; and it matters little to the defenders what the particular name or ownership of the challenging yacht may be. It is true that a selection by a series of trial races will probably produce a faster yacht than the building of but one boat; but if the challenger is to reap the full amount of benefit from such trial races, the only place to hold them is at New York. If sailed, as they naturally would be, off Cowes, they would probably show the fastest boat for the channel, but not of necessity, as has been often proven, for Sandy Hook.

The great value of the trial races of recent years lies not in the fact that they tend to the selection of the fastest of the three or four boats built to defend the Cup; but that through these races, just prior to the main competition, the boats are worked up to far better form. The building and fitting out of the defending yachts is always done in a hurry, they go on the August cruise as a trial trip, and the cruise racing serves to work them up to tolerable form; but it is in the final trial races in September that they are properly tuned up for the international races for the Cup. In the case of the challenging yacht, though ready earlier in the season and sailing more races, all the work of tuning up is thrown away by the Atlantic passage in July, and should be done anew after refitting at New York. To do it properly is manifestly impossible, as there is nothing for the challenger to race with, and only by real racing can the best trim be ascertained. If the privilege of trial races and the subsequent selection of a challenger is accorded, the challenging club should send at least two yachts to New York to sail against each other until one is manifestly superior, thus avoiding the mistake of last season, of sailing Valkyrie with no positive knowledge as to her new trim and ballasting.

The suggestion has been made from the other side, and seconded by some American papers, that the next Cup races be sailed elsewhere than New York, and it is reported that Lord Dunraven will ask that Newport be chosen. The principal reason for this, on the part of Lord Dunraven, is to avoid the attendant crowd of steamers and tugs which caused so much annoyance last year, and which, sooner or later, will go further and actually interfere with a race. If Lord Dunraven were fully posted as to the steamboat and tugboat business, he would know that there is not an available place on the Atlantic coast where this nuisance can be avoided, and that Newport would be quite as bad as New York. The races come most providentially for the steamboat men just after the end of the busy season before the steamers are laid up and when almost all they can take in is profit. If there are a few dollars to be made at Newport, every idle tug and steamer, large and small, not of New York alone, but of Boston and the Sound ports, will be on hand, the dozen hours' steaming being no obstacle at all.

While many yachtsmen from the vicinity of New York would be deprived of a chance of seeing the races at little loss of time, their places would be taken by others from New England, and especially from Boston, and the attendant fleet would be quite as large as ever. Much the same applies to Marblehead; some of the smaller tugs would be absent, but their places would be taken by others, not to speak of small sailing craft by the hundred; a nuisance which is not experienced outside of Sandy Hook. We have seen a fleet of cathoats and small sloops off Marblehead and Half Way Rock, in 1887, so dense that it was dangerous to sail a large racing yacht. In going so far to sea, off the Hook, this evil of many small sailboats is at least avoided, but off Newport or Marblehead it will be a new and serious complication.

UNFORTUNATELY, there is no gainsaying the truth of all that is urged against the course outside of Sandy Hook, it is most inconvenient of access, and the long tow of twenty miles each way, with the loss of time, is a serious drawback which would be avoided at Newport or Marblehead. On the other hand, however, even if the New York Y. C. were at all inclined to give up its home waters, the winds at the other two places are quite as uncertain and fickle as off the Hook, and the chances of postponement quite as great. The vicinity of Point Judith, Brenton's Reef and Block Island is the very home of fluky winds, as witness the many drifting races for the Goelet cups and other prizes, and the record of Marblehead in any season shows innumerable postponements through calm or fog. Even though no worse than Sandy Hook in this most important particular, it cannot be urged that either place is better provided with wind in September and October.

Another serious objection is found to the selection of Newport, the absence of hotel accommodation, the hotels being few and poor, though quite up to the standard in the matter of charges. Though the races are not run for the benefit of the spectators, they attract a very large number of yachtsmen from all parts of the country, and it would be a disappointment to many were they held in a place like Newport with poor railway facilities and few hotels.

There can be no doubt about the importance of getting an international rule for the rating of yachts in competitive sailing, and the present appears to be a ripe time for achieving the object. As we have many times pointed out, it would be an easy matter to alter the present rule, or to devise another which will secure more under-water body; but in doing so we shall be departing from the practice of our great yachting rivals, the Americans. That is really what we have at present to reckon with. There will be the usual rush of new rules and old rules refurbished; but just at present it would be a sheer waste of time examining any of them until it is decided whether or not we are to have an international rating rule.

With regard to the under-water body, it does not very much signify whether the body is under water or above it as long as the body exists somewhere, and means exist for keeping the vessel on her feet. Still, however good, fast and seaworthy a yacht, say of 46ft. waterline, may be, she is not a very desirable craft to turn into a cruiser when her racing days are over if she has only about 4ft. 6in. of head room; and it is argued that the expenses of yacht racing would be decreased if a higher price could be obtained for the cast-off racers. Of course, this argument will not appeal to the men of large means, and it must be remembered that it is really these favorites of fortune who keep yachting going in its most prominent form.—*The Field.*

American Model Y. C.

THE American Model Y. C. sailed a regatta on Sept. 1 on Prospect Park Lake, the course being ¼ mile to windward and back, with a fresh east wind; two out of three heats in each class. The times were:

SCHOONER CLASS—FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Irving B.	11 29 00	Withdrew.		
May	11 27 15	11 42 35	0 15 20	0 17 20
Dora S.	11 27 45	11 49 00	0 21 15	0 24 19
SECOND HEAT.				
May	11 52 45	12 09 17	0 15 32	0 17 22
Dora S.	11 53 42	12 15 00	0 21 18	0 24 02
SLOOPS, FIRST CLASS—FIRST HEAT.				
Magic	12 23 15	12 43 15	0 20 00	0 21 20
Daisy	12 23 40	12 47 25	0 23 45	0 23 42
Second heat conceded.				
SLOOPS, THIRD CLASS—FIRST HEAT.				
Dolphin	1 46 50	2 04 12	0 17 22	0 19 02
Marjorie	1 46 20	2 05 40	0 19 20	0 21 12
Anna	1 46 45	2 04 06	0 17 21	0 19 21
Ida May	1 46 55	Finished outside the flag.		
SECOND HEAT.				
Dolphin	2 09 28	2 28 40	0 19 12	0 21 42
Marjorie	2 09 21	2 25 14	0 15 53	0 18 25
Anna	2 09 34	2 27 05	0 17 41	0 19 51
Ida May	2 09 35	Finished outside the flag.		
THIRD HEAT.				
Dolphin	2 47 14	Did not finish.		
Marjorie	2 47 00	3 04 03	0 17 03	0 18 55
Anna	2 47 09	3 06 42	0 19 33	0 21 03
Ida May	2 47 25	3 08 05	0 20 40	0 21 57

Schooner class—May wins with Dora S. second. First class—Declared off, Magic refusing prize on a walkover. Third class—Marjorie first, Dolphin second.

Horseshoe Harbor Club Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE Horseshoe Harbor Club, of Larchmont, was to have sailed its annual regatta on Sept. 3, but a postponement was made to Sept. 8. The day was rainy with a squally S.W. wind, and one catboat, the Anglesea, capsized, her crew of seven being rescued by Bon Ton of the same class. The times were:

CLASS A—SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Madrine, F. M. Freeman	29.97	2 21 31	2 16 04
Louise, J. W. Hall	31.20	2 23 31	2 23 31
CLASS F—OPEN CATS 20FT. AMD UNDER.			
Terrapin, H. C. Curry	18.50	2 03 17	2 02 00
Ione, C. M. Bird	18.50	1 54 42	1 53 25
Anglesea, L. H. Spence	19.92	Capsized.	
Bon Ton, E. W. Post	18.00	Withdrew.	
CLASS J—OPEN CATS 18FT. AND UNDER.			
Moses, L. D. Huntington	18.00	2 15 11	2 15 11
Gobelin, Bart Jacob	17.00	2 16 25	2 15 30
Given, F. W. Smedley	17.00	2 14 27	2 13 33

The winners were: Class A, Madrine; class F, Ione (also wins the $150 Bevan cup); class J, Given.

Current Comment.

INTERNATIONAL yacht racing, so far as this country is concerned, is over for this year. The second accident to the Vigilant's centerboard on the eve of a great race made further attempts to defeat the Britannia futile, and the Prince of Wales acted gracefully in promptly consenting to the withdrawal of Mr. Gould's challenge. The series of races in which the Vigilant was engaged numbered eighteen, of which she won six, not a very flattering summary for the American yacht. It is usual, in a long contest, to admit defeat after one of the contestants has been beaten two to one, and the vast majority of the American people will, doubtless, do so in this instance, though there will be some who will continue for a long time to come, to talk of light breezes, narrow courses, hard luck and the like. There is no discredit in defeat after one has done everything possiole to secure victory, hut there is discredit in refusing to acknowledge defeat.

It is possible that the Vigilant, under altered conditions, might have beaten the Britannia, hut not probable. The latter is an exceptionally fine yacht, and won under all sorts of conditions. She won when the wind was strong and when it was light, hut she was especially fortunate in tacking, which we take to he one of the most necessary qualities of a fast yacht, and one to be especially sought after in a racer. The Vigilant, in her races with the Britannia, nearly always lost ground when there was much going about to he done. This cannot be explained away by ignorance of the course, as some have suggested, but seems to be very strong proof of the superiority of the keel boat over the centerboard craft. Nor is it to the point to urge that the Vigilant migbt have heaten the Britannia in a plain race to windward and back. The sort of race in which to test the superiority of yachts is that which brings out their points under all conditions, and the angular courses in British waters appear to do this.

The experience of the Vigilant this summer inevitably leads to the conclusion that whatever may be the merits of the centerboard in American waters, the English cutter is the hetter boat for racing purposes in Britisb waters. This was demonstrated both hy the large number of defeats sustained hy Vigilant, and the loss or disarrangement of her centerboard twice at the most critical moments, involving each time a sacrifice of an important race. With regard to American waters, the superiority of the fixed keel is not so obvious; but if the future American courses are marked out like the British, with a view of showing all the good points which a yacht has, there is a possibility that the centerboard will not retain its popularity very long, even in this country The English are said to be anxions to try conclusions with the Americans in American waters next year, and will build a boat for that purpose; but it would he more instructive and quite as interesting to have Britannia come over here and race with Vigilant.

Mr. Gould has lost nothing in the estimation of British or American yachtsmen by defeat. He did all in his power to achieve success, and is entitled to the thanks of American yachtsmen for so pluckily carrying the American colors under difficulties.—*Baltimore American.*

Our general suspiciousness is very prettily illustrated by the various reports circulated about the Vigilant in England. No sooner was Mr. Gould's intention announced than the press accused him of a determined assault upon American Society by means of forcing himself upon the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales. When he lost races it was darkly hinted that he did it on purpose, and when he won them it was grossly suggested that he did it hy accident. Even these gossipy insinuations did not satisfy our appetite for malice and all uncharitableness. The British public did not make enough noise when the Vigilant finally won a race, and the whole War of the Revolution had to be fought over again in the editorial columns of American newspapers. Then some one discovered, or thought he did, that the Vigilant was "jockeyed" out of an important race, and finally American writers on sporting subjects decided tbat an American yacht could never win glory on the other side, as she had to he steered by a British pilot. Out of this choice assortment of allegations we may take our pick, or we may believe them all without extra charge. The pity is tbat a noble sport and one which has always claimed special exemption from the sullying influences of "professionalism," should lead to discussion which would disgrace a prize-fight.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

To return again to the subject of the centerboard, the experience of the Vigilant has shown that when a 10-foot hoard made of hronze and weighing four tons is clapped on to a boat that already draws over 13ft. of water, it involves grave disadvantages. It necessitates elaborate hoisting apparatus that is always liable to get out of order. It will be remembered that in the last of the Cup races on tbis side the Vigilant's centerboard got jammed to her detriment. Then the draft which it necessitates—23ft. or more—is excessive. It is pretty near enough for a battleship. It limits the waters which she can successfully navigate. It spoils her for cruising purposes. One of the claims made for the centerboard was that it was particularly adapted to shoal waters. And tbe claim was well founded when it was attached to boats of light draft—such hoats as were rightly called typical American centerboard boats. But it doesn't hold good when it is applied to boats that may alreadv be properly termed deep-keel boats.

The Britannia with a draught something like 17ft.—and that is more than most yachtsmen care to have under them—has proved to be a handier hoat than the Vigilant. Certainly it cannot be maintained that the results of the contests between the two hoats had demonstrated the superiority of the centerboard. The most that an unprejudiced observer would say is that it has left the question of the relative merits of keel and centerhoard unsettled. Britishers will certainly draw the inference that the centerboard has been shown to be superfluous. After the Vigilant's mishaps nohody will he sorry if the next successful cup defender Herreshoff turns out proves to he a keel hoat. He came very near doing the trick with the Colonia. Many persons are of the opinion that with a little deeper keel, enough to give her about the same draught as the Valkyrie or Britannia probably, she would have beaten the Vigilant. She was only inferior to the latter in windward work, and the increase of keel would have overcome that defect. It should he remembered, in this connection, that the Vigilant's centerhoard is a very different affair from the boards which did such valuable service on the Volunteer and Mayflower and Puritan. The latter were all of wood. Their comparatively light weight made them easily handled. They were designed merely to enahle the boats to sail close to the wind. But the Vigilant's centerboard has heen loaded down with a double mission—to supply ballast as well as windward qualities. That has necessitated weight, and it is the welght that has caused the trouble. And the fact must not be lost sight of that the Vigilant draws several feet more water than any of her centerboard predecessors.—*New York Evening Telegram.*

There has not heen such an utterly uninteresting racing time this season as was experienced yesterday in Start Bay. The morning opened with a soft easterly hreeze which lasted long enough to carry Vigilant and Satanita once round the course at tbe rate of five knots, but it died away in the afternoon and the vessels lay in the doldrums, totally unable to cover another round. It was thought by every one, especially as the committee had allowed the 40-rating match to be decided on the first round, that a like course would be adopted with regard to tbe big cutters, hut the astonishing announcement was made by the executive that the match was void owing to its not having been completed in eight hours. There was a clause in the conditions to that effect, it is true, but the committee had reserved to itself the right to make any alterations. The time clause has become utterly obsolete with every club in the Kingdom but the Royal Dart; and after the Vigilant had hurried from Cowes to he present at the regatta better treatment should have been meted out to her. The Royal Dart has an unenviable reputation for doing things in maladroit fashion and the course pursued yesterday will certainly not tend to make the club more popular. The worst feature of the decision was its inconsistency. The Corsair and Carina being allowed to win at the end of the first round, the match could, according to precedent, have been finished at the end of the first round. It was officially stated that nothing further could be done in the matter, as no day was available for resailing, "so the club retains possession of the £50." As showing the wretchedly paltry weather it may he said that none of the 20-raters were able to finish one round of the course, and this race was also declared void. It was dark ere many of the yachts could get hack to harbor and wind up a very unpleasant experience.—*London Times.*

Vigilant's Centerboard.

THE *Field* gives the following account of the loss of Vigilant's centerboard:

"Anticipations that a cross channel match for the Cape May cup hetween the Vigilant and Britannia would result in a reliahle trial of the relative merits of the two vessels in a tidal jump of sea remain unfulfilled, consequent on an almost analogous course of events which culminated in tne collapse of the Wolverton cup match hetween the two vessels on the 18th ult. The withdrawal of the Britannia from the racing list for a time after the Portland disaster prevented the two vessels meeting at Dartmouth, from which port the Vigilant hurried back to Cowes, it having been mutually agreed that they should race for the cup on Weduesday last, the 5th inst. The Vigilant left Dartmouth soon after day dawn on Sunday, and before nightfall had a taste of dirty weather. With Portland Roads a back door, the yacht had a quiet night, and in a smart breeze easterly, left on Monday morning for Cowes,

"She turned in through the western end of the Wight—an ill-fated locality for the Vigilant—about noon, and then worked on against the first hour of the ebb. Tom Diaper, who has heen pilot of the Vigilant throughout her racing career on this side, wished the vessel worked up the rift, and of course, expected that a call of 'leeho' would have been responded to. Capt. Jeffrey, who is in charge of the Vigilant, except when racing, did not let the vessel come round at the word, and the consequence of keeping the ship going too long was that she scraped tbe ground. A local fisherman states that it was on the Fives Rocks she grazed, and that she careened very much (suddenly) when going off on starboard tack toward the fairway.

"Diaper complained that Capt. Jeffrey afterward almost put the ship on the Shingles through not tacking when requested. Capt. Jeffrey, who is a big sbip man, saying he wanted time for his men to 'sbift over.' It was thought that the board, which had been dropped 9ft., had broken from the hook fastening and gone down through the trunk until soundings had been got, and that it was theu held hy the cham pendant and towed over the ground until an inevitable parting came. The strain on the winding or windlass gear was evidenced in the cogs of the hig tootb wheel flying, and the smaller cog wheel being also hroken, while the crank handle flew, struck a forward 'bulkhead' 12ft. away, and eventually landed in the forecastle. Mr. Howard Gould and a friend, who were in the main cabin, had a rather startling experience, as the table hv which they were sitting was smashed.

"Capt. Haff, who has had no responsihility except when the Vigilant is actually under racing colors, was helpless to make any report of the matter until seeing Mr. G. J. Gould, and the owner of the Vigilant lost no time in making a clean hreast. It may be said that no one on the American yacht had any wish to be let off anything—being like men fortified in a strong position—and owner and crew were ready to race their vessel at the time appointed. There was no 'harney' about the business, either, as Mr. Gould said that four tons of lead ballast had heen put into the ship to make up for the loss of the hoard, and that, as he was advised the wind was generally up and down channel, the Vigilant would go 'there and back again' as fast without a centerboard as she would with one.

"The Prince of Wales was, of course, sent to, but the matter was quite left in the hands of the R. Y. S. sailing committee, they, in default of getting a reply, took action, and Mr. W. G. Jameson and Col. J. Sterling went off to the Vigilant. They were afforded every facility to gauge the racing condition of the Vigilant, and a glance sufficed to raise a feeling of sympathy for Mr. Gould. There was the wreck, and a report ashore was sufficient to warrant any wish of Mr. Gould's being met. In sporting spirit, Mr. Gould wrote a withdrawal at the R. Y. S. Castle of his challenge for the Cape May cup, and the R. Y. S. sailing committee accepted his withdrawal in a spirit which could not have failed to have satisfied Mr. Gould."

Hudson River Y. C. Fall Regatta.

THE thirty-first annual regatta of the Hudson River Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 9, over the club's triangular course on the Hudson River, the wind being light and variable, with almost a drift at the end. The times were:

CLASS A - CABIN SLOOPS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lottie, J. E Drew	4 12 50	3 47 43
Mermaid, M. Bentham	Withdrew.	
CLASS B—OPEN SLOOPS, OVER 23FT.		
Clara S., J. W. Stilger	2 46 02	2 13 00
Moore, Robert Dick	Withdrew.	
CLASS C—OPEN SLOOPS, 23FT. AND UNDER.		
Agnes N , H. Kennel	3 38 20	2 58 20
Clara A., S. Barry	Witbdrsw.	
Hilma, J. Kursteiner	4 45 04	4 08 56
CLASS D—CABIN CATBOATS.		
El Freda, W. Pink	Withdrew.	
Minnie H. Gray, P. Griffin	3 07 59	
Carrie, S. H. Brooks	Withdrew.	
Win or Lose, F. M. Randall	4 41 49	2 38 34
Sophie, L. Krauss	Withdrew.	
CLASS E—OPEN CATBOATS, 24FT. AND OVER.		
Jas. T. Corlett, C. Rothmel	3 14 35	2 43 48
Cameron, J. McCartby	Withdrew.	
CLASS F—OPEN CATBOATS, 23FT. AND UNDER 24FT.		
Four Hundred, W. Lutters	Withdrew.	
F. Oliver, W. Arndt	3 19 00	2 42 52
Roxey, L Hassinger	Witbdrew.	
CLASS G—OPEN CATBOATS, OVER 17FT. AND UNDER 20FT.		
Louisa B., J. Buck	3 07 00	2 37 25
James L. Miller, A. Avey	3 12 46	2 23 46
Maggie, E. Langerfield	3 12 28	2 43 28
Catherine A., P. Cochran	Witbdrew.	
CLASS H—OPEN CATBOATS, 17FT. AND UNDER.		
Julia, W. Robinson	3 15 13	2 43 03
Beonita, P. Cocbran	Withdrew.	
Marguerite	3 17 09	
Little Dean	2 16 30	1 45 30

The winners were: class A, Lottie; class B, Clara S.; class C, Agnes N.; class D, Minnie H.; class E, James T. Corlett; class F, F. Oliver; class G, Louisa B.; class H, Julia.

Little Dean was disqualified, her owner not being a member of the club.

Beverly Y. C. 217th Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE 217th race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed at Marblehead Sept. 8 in a very light S.S.E. air and a drizzling rain. The feature of the race was the performance of El Paso, who has been sold and re-christened Cleopatra. She gained on every leg, winning hy 26m. The race in tbe dory class was very close. Course for the second and knockabout classes was 10 miles, for the rest 5⅞.

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
M. I. E., J. H. Mayner		3 00 29	
Ariel, C. Y. C., J. Barrett	25.05	Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUT CLASS.			
Spinster, B. Y. C., L. M. Clark		2 43 54	
Jane, C Y. C., H. Parker		2 45 45	
Esther, B. Y. C , H. Taggard		2 46 38	
Otatsu, B. Y. C., F. O. North		3 05 20	
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Reaper, B. Y. C , H. P. Benson		2 27 41	
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Cleopatra	22.09	2 03 03	1 54 31
Wauda, B. Y. C., F. L. Ames	22.02	2 29 55	2 21 04
Kooralie, R. C. Robbins	23.04	2 39 28	2 31 21
FOURTH CLASS.			
Bonita, C. Y. C., C. O. Hood	20.04	2 23 11	2 12 49
Duck, B. Y. C., C E. Hodges	19.03	2 27 13	2 15 49
DORY CSASS.			
Pointer, B. C. Melyard	17.00	2 23 50	2 10 12
Snipe, S. A. Boardman	16.10	2 24 11	2 10 23
Nonpariel, B. C. Melyard	18.06	2 24 30	2 24 24
Freddie C., J. Hansen		2 34 31	
In It, Geo. Morton		2 35 31	
Hobo, F. Ramsdell		Withdrew.	
Witch		Withdrew.	

Winners: Knockabouts—First, Spinster; second, Jane. Class 2—M. L. E. Class 3—Cleopatra. Class 4—Bonita. Dory class—First, Pointer; second, Snipe.

Regatta committee—F. Elliot Cabot.

Almira—Mary Matches.

LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Sept. 10-11.

THE very keen rivalry which has existed for two seasons hetween the cahin cats Almira, W. H Hanan, and Mary, W. E. Ellsworth, resulted in a challenge from Mr. Ellsworth for a series of three match races, for $100 per side, which challenge was accepted by Mr. Hanan. The races were sailed on Sept. 10-11, Almira winning the first two, so that a third was unnecessary.

The first race was over a windward and leeward course, from off the Indian Harhor Hotel, 3½ miles ou into the Sound and return, 2 rounds making 14 miles. The regatta committee of the Indian Harhor Y. C., Messrs. F. B. Jones, F. S. Doremus and Mr. Osborne, Jr., had charge, while Mr. John M. Sawyer acted as judge for Mary, and H. E. Doremus for Almira. By the terms of the challenge each boat carried a scrutineer. There was little wind in the morning, and both hoats sent some lead ballast ashore in expectation of a drifting match. The wind came out fresh, however, from S. W., and the hallast was hadly needed, Mary being unahle to stand up properly. The start was timed:

Gun.....12 11 18 Mary.....12 13 34 Almira.....12 13 50

Almira gained steadily on the wind and the first turn was timed:

Almira.....1 15 33 Mary.....1 19 13

They ran home fast, Mary gaiuing, the round being timed: Almira, 1:49:15; Mary. 1:51:08.

The second windward leg was a repetition of the first, the times heing: Almira, 3:04:18; Mary, 3:09:07.

Almira held her lead on the run in, the finish heing timed:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Almira	12 13 50	3 36 40	3 22 50	3 22 34
Mary	12 13 34	3 41 25	3 27 51	3 27 51

The second race was sailed next day under the management of Messrs. G. W. Pfeiffer and G. I. Field, of the Indian Harbor Y. C., the judges heing Com. Henry Andrus, New Rochelle Y. C., and G. S. Tyson. The course was from off Little Captain's Island around Center Island Buoy, 6 miles to leeward, the wind being fresh from the north, and a beat back. The start was signalled at 1:05, but both were handicapped, being timed at 1:08. After a brisk run under spinnakers, the mark was turned: Almira, 2:17:41; Mary, 2:19:07.

On the wind Mary went to the front and led for a time, but Almira finally passed her, the times heing:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Almira	1 08 00	4 05 05	2 57 05	2 56 50
Mary	1 08 00	4 05 41	2 57 41	2 57 41

Almira wins by 51s. The steam yacht Embla carried the judges on each occasion.

Cohasset Y. C. Dory Race.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE Cohasset Y. C. on Sept. 8 gave a dory race for working dories for prizes amounting to $100 in gold, contributed by Mr. B. C. Clark. The boats were divided into three classes—double banked, one mile and return; singles, ¾ mile and return; boys under 17 years, ½ mile and return. There was a large attendance at the start and 27 dories were entered, and nearly all competed. The doubles started at 4:00:50 P. M., the boys after the finish of the doubles, and the singles after the finish of the boys. The races were very interesting throughout, and the excitement was high, as all the contestants worked with a will. The dories were all blackleaded and several were soaped over that. There was a moderate breeze. S.E., and at the upper mark a long, heavy sea. During the last of the race a very heavy rain gave every one a thorough drenching. This probably ends the club racing this season. The new house is well along and will be about ready by Oct. 1. The club has a charter from the State. It has adopted the old Nahasset Y. C. signal, a triangular blue field, crossed diagonally by a white bar, with red star in center of bar: The times were:

DOUBLES—1 MILE AND RETURN.

Frank Martin and Jos. Grassie	0 34 50
Antoine Salvador and Jos. Antoine	0 35 08
P Hefferen and Jerry McCarty	0 36 26½
Jos. Jason and John Smith	0 36 43
M. P. Valine and Manuel Salvador	0 37 09
Andy and Nat. Prouty	0 37 13
Harry Studley and J. Smith, Jr.	0 40 42
Tom Mannicks and partner	Broke seat.
Fred. Higgins and W. Cushing	Withdrew.
Antoine Fiquerado & Bro.	Withdrew.
Emanuel Trombers & Bro.	Withdrew.
Frank Salvador and Jack Ainslie	Withdrew.

First prize $25, second $15, third $10.

SINGLES—¾ MILE AND RETURN.

Tom Mannicks	0 33 03
Antoine Sidney	0 34 33
Fred Studley	0 35 12
Con. Murphy	0 39 08
George Denitborne	Withdrew.
Jos. Grassie	Withdrew.

First prize $15, second $10, third $5.

BOYS UNDER 17 YEARS—½ MILE AND RETURN.

J. Fratus	0 22 02
Philip Fox	0 24 48
Gus Silvie	0 25 03
John Jason	0 27 54
George Valine	0 29 00
Frank Sidney	Withdrew.

First prize $10, second $7, third $3. QUAMINO.

The 21-Footers.

THE sixth race of the Larchmont Y. C. for the 21ft. class was sailed in a fresh S.W. wind and hard rain on Sept. 8, the courses being from off the harbor around the Scotch Caps Buoy, then around Execution Buoy and home, 6¼ miles; only one round being sailed instead of two as at first proposed. Eight boats started, the absent ones being Flirt and Vaquero. After starting at 12:25, Minnetonka led on the reach to Scotch Caps, where the times were:

Minnetonka	12 38 15	Hoodoo	12 39 48
Maysie	12 39 20	Dorothy	12 40 15
Adelaide	12 39 35	Celia	12 40 46
Houri	12 39 45	Blonde and Brunette	12 41 20

On the beat to Execution with a fresh breeze positions changed considerably, the times heing:

Dorothy	1 26 00	Minnetoka	1 30 07
Adelaide	1 27 22	Maysie	1 31 45
Houri	1 27 48	Hoodoo	1 31 58
Celia	1 28 58	Blonde and Brunette	1 33 10

The last leg was before the wind, the positions being unchanged, the times were, start 12:25:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy	1 45 30	1 20 30
Adelaide	1 45 55	1 21 55
Houri	1 47 12	1 22 12
Celia	1 47 58	1 22 58
Minnetonka	1 48 58	1 23 58
Hoodoo	1 51 52	1 26 52
Maysie	1 52 16	1 27 16
Blonde and Brunette	1 52 44	1 27 44

Dorothy wins.

The seventh race was sailed on Sept 11, the course being across the Sound, from off the harbor, around a huoy off Mott's Point, 6½ miles to leeward and a beat home, the wind being fresh N.W. Seven yachts started, Vaquero being first away, all carrying spinakers to port. The turn was timed: Vaquero 2:04:55, Dorothy 2:05:36, Blonde and Brunette 2:06:55, Houri 2:07:02, Adelaide 2:07:08, Maysie 2:07:18, Hoodoo 2:07:20.

On the wind Vaquero gained on the fleet, the final times being. Start 1:25:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Houri, W. B. Duncan	3 28 05	2 03 05
Blonde and Brunette, H. B. Seeley	3 22 25	1 57 25
Vaquero, H. Duryea	3 09 22	1 44 22
Hoodoo, J. H. Adams	Not timed.	
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	3 15 18	1 50 18
Maysie, W. Osborne	3 23 07	1 58 07
Adelaide, W. P. Douglass	3 21 40	1 56 40

Adelaide broke tbe jaws of her gaff at the start, and sailed the course with the gaff lashed to the mast.

Vaquero wins, with Dorothy second. Blonde and Brunette won a private stake of $50 from Maysie.

Douglaston Y. C.

DOUGLASTON—LITTLE NECK BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE last race of the Douglaston Y. C. series was sailed on Sept. 15 in a moderate S.W. breeze, the times being:

CLASS 2.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Kittie	3 35 00	5 56 10	2 21 10
Eloise	3 35 00	5 58 55	2 23 55
CLASS 3			
Eleanor	3 35 00	Did not finish.	
Crescent	3 35 00	4 22 40	0 47 40
CLASS 4.			
Punch	3 35 00	4 20 35	0 44 25
Constance	3 35 00	4 23 55	0 46 07
Violet	3 35 00	4 20 45	0 44 22
MIXED RIGS.			
Minerva	3 35 00	4 49 45	1 14 45

The winners were Kittie, Crescent, Punch and Minerva. A prize was awarded to Violet in the Saturday afternoon series, she having won the most races. Prizes were also awarded to the winners in the annual regatta of June 24. Punch took the Webster trophy, Kittie the Taylor cup and Sasqua the Hoyt trophy. The Webster trophy and Taylor cup must be won again to become permanent property. Sasqua having won the Hoyt trophy the required number of times, retains permanent possession.

Riverside Y. C. Special Races.

RIVERSIDE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE Riverside Y. C. sailed two special races for cahin cats on Sept. 8, the course being from Little Captain's Island around Matinnicock and Center Island buoys, 15 miles naut. The day was rainy and foggy. The times were:

OPEN CLASS—CABIN CATS, UNDER 30FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mary	12 36 00	4 14 00	3 38 00	3 38 00
Almira	12 36 30	4 13 15	3 36 45	3 36 42
Kittie	12 37 00	4 44 30	4 07 30	3 56 30
Allegro	12 38 00	4 40 30	4 02 30	3 50 51
CLUB CLASS—CABIN CATS, 25FT. AND UNDER.				
Oconee	12 37 30	4 44 50	4 07 20	4 07 20
Nixie	12 39 30	5 03 30	4 24 00	4 24 00
Pearl	12 37 30	5 03 31	26 01	4 23 48

The winners were Almira and Oconee.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE racing season of the Larchmont Y. C. ended on Saturday with a series of races, for the schooner cup, one hetween Wasp and Gloriana, one hetween Madrine and Pyxie and one for the 21-footers, besides a private stake in the schooner class between Viator and Loyal. After a hazy morning, a nice S.W. wind came in and held all day, while the weather was clear and warm. The course for the schooners sailing for the Larchmont schooner cup, and for the 46 footers, was to Easton's Neck and Stamford, 35 miles; the smaller boats all sailed the Matinnicock course. The start was made at 11:40, the leaders being timed:

Emerald	11 42 26	Dagmar	11 43 28
Ariel	11 42 29	Elsemarie	11 43 32
Loyal	11 42 46	Viator	11 44 50
Atlantic	11 42 50		

The 46 and 25-footers were timed:

Pyxie	11 48 16	Wasp	11 49 15
Madrine	11 48 43	Gloriaua (handicapped)	11 50 00

The single gun for the 21-footers was fired at 11:55, the starters being Skimaug, Hoodoo, Adelaide, Maysie, Dorothy, Blonde and Brunette, Minnetonka and Celia. Skimaug is a new Clapham boat, sailing with the class for the first time. Sbamrock was entered, having a private match with Elsemarie for $100, but she was delayed on the ways at Newport and was not present, the match being postponed until the 19th. Emerald showed the way to Lloyd's Neck, a reach, then spinakers were set to the turn at Easton's Neck, where the times were:

Emerald	2 03 29	Gloriana	2 15 26
Ariel	2 05 25	Loyal	2 16 07
Elsemarie	2 08 03	Dagmar	2 16 38
Atlantic	2 09 23	Viator	2 18 45
Wasp	2 12 50		

They came on the wind for a reach to Stamford mark, where they were timed:

Emerald	2 58 55	Gloriana	3 18 20
Ariel	3 00 42	Dagmar	3 20 00
Elsemarie	3 05 08	Loyal	3 23 58
Atlantic	3 09 56	Viator	3 24 20
Wasp	3 14 06		

They started to beat to the Hempstead mark, and with a stronger breeze, Emerald worked out a longer lead, the times at the mark being:

Emerald	4 37 33	Gloriana	5 06 26
Ariel	4 42 21	Dagmar	5 12 00
Elsemarie	4 56 04	Viator	5 18 04
Atlantic	5 01 08	Loyal	5 21 17
Wasp	5 01 26		

The finish was timed:

Emerald	4 57 52	Gloriana	5 36 57
Ariel	5 04 07	Dagmar	5 38 51
Elsemarie	5 18 04	Viator	5 48 33
Wasp	5 27 06	Loyal	5 50 45
Atlantic	5 26 56		

The smaller classes could not be seen from the committee boat, but their times are as follows:

RACE FOR LARCHMONT CUP, FOR SCHOONERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	89.51	5 15 26	5 15 26
Atlantic, W. Marshall	86.31	5 45 06	5 42 35
Ariel, G. H. B. Hill	83.53	5 21 38	5 16 49
Elsemarie, J. B. King	75.60	5 34 32	5 22 30
Dagmar, Robt. Inman	73.00	5 55 23	5 40 43
Viator, W. G. Brokaw	65.92	6 03 43	5 41 07
Loyal, B. F. Sutton	65.40	6 07 59	5 44 47

PRIVATE MATCH RACE.

Wasp, Lippitt Bros	54.97	5 37 51	5 37 51
Gloriana, H. M. Gillig	54.67	5 46 57	5 46 29

PRIVATE MATCH RACE.

Madrine, F. M. Freeman	26.97	3 02 06	3 02 06
Pyxie, O. Sanderson	25.60	2 56 09	2 53 44

SPECIAL 21FT. CLASS—EIGHTH RACE.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Minnetonka, Geo. Work	2 56 15	3 01 25
Blonde and Brunette, H. B. Seeley	3 02 15	3 07 15
Hoodoo, J. H. Adams	2 58 30	3 03 30
Dorothy, H. Whitney	2 53 46	2 58 46
Maysie, Wm. Osborn	Did not finish.	
Adelaide, W. P. Douglass	Did not finish.	
Celia, C. A. Gould	2 57 03	3 02 03
Skimaug, O. H. Mallory	3 02 17	3 07 17

Club record of prizes won by the 21-footers:

Commodore's cup, offered by Com. Seymour L. Husted, Jr.—Won by Vaquero.

Larchmont Y. C. cup—Won hy Dorothy.

Brokaw cup, for yacht winning first three races—Won by Vaquero.

Crew prize, offered by Al Marshall, for the amateur crew making the hest record—Won by Herman Duryea, of Vaquero; Winthrop Rutherford, of Vaquero; Harry P. Whitney, of Dorothy, and Dr. John M. Woodbury, of Adelaide. The private match between Viator and Loyal was declared off, and will he sailed on the 19th. Viator carried a clubtopsail, while Loyal had none on board.

Fast Yachts in the West.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I SHOULD like to say a few words regarding an article from the *Minneapolis Journal* which was quoted in the FOREST AND STREAM of June 30. The writer speaking of the yachts in the Minnetonka Y. C., refers to them as "the finest fleet of sloops on any inland water in the world." Now it is very natural that a memher of the Minnetonka Y. C., should be proud of the number of fast yachts which it possesses and especially of the success which their local yachts have had (on their own waters) in coupetition with eastern yachts, notahly with the Herreshoff Alpha, one of the fastest of her class. Yet I can conceive of nothing which can substantiate the statement above referred to. It must certainly have been made in ignorance of the fact that enrolled in the Lake Geneva Y. C. which I may add is the oldest organization of its kind in the West, are several yachts brought from the East, with the reputations of being the fastest of their kind at Bridgeport and at Cow Bay, the home of the sandbagger. Among these may he mentioned the old timers Lorna, Tattler, Expert and Rival, and the newer ones. Precept, Vanadis, Mephisto and Mystery; the latter new this season and from the board of Stewart & Binney.

If the writer, to whose statement I have taken exception, still holds to his opinion, he must be ignorant of the history of the yachts which I have mentioned, and I would refer him to the forty or more successive victories acbieved by Rival when owned by Com. Burritt over all hoats of her class which cared to compete with her, and to the victories won hy Lorna when sailed in the Corinthian races at Larchmont.

It is a pity that the distance separating Lake Geneva and Lake Minnetonka makes a meeting between yacbts from the two clubs difficult to arrange. Representative yachts from the Oconomowoc and Fox Lake clubs have been raced against Geneva yachts, and have invariably met defeat, and we are very prone to think that the result would not he less favorable to our yachts should they meet those from Minnetonka.

LAKE GENEVA.

New Yachts.

Among the rumors afloat of new yachts for 1895 is one, based on the expected challenge from Lord Dunraven, of a cup defender from the Delaware, to be owned by a syndicate of the Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C., headed by the Messrs. Drexel. The report also states that the yacht will be built by the Cramps, though it is not stated who will design her. At the other end of the fleet, the 21 footers, several new boats are promised, for Messrs. H. Maitland Kerscy, R. N. Ellis, Royal Phelps Carroll and August Belmont. Mr. A. Cary Smith has orders for several sailing yachts, one for Mr. C. W. Chapin, to be built of steel by Harlan and Hollingsworth, 68ft. over all, 50ft. lwl., 16ft. beam and 4ft. 6in. draft, for Florida waters. She will be completely fitted for cruising. Another yawl is for Mr. M. R. Muckle, of Philadelphia, a wooden boat 57ft. over all, 40ft. lwl., 15ft. 9in. beam and 4ft. 3in. draft. Still a third, a schooner, is for Com. F. S. Brown, of Philadelphia, 63ft. over all, 45ft. lwl., 16ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. 8in. draft. Several boats will he built in the new 30ft. class of the Larchmont Y. C., and two members of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., are discussing the possibilities of somewhat similar craft, of reasonable accommodation, staunch construction, and moderate sail area, to he about 35ft. lwl.

Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia.

HANDICAP RACE.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

COURSE No. 6, twice arouud, one prize, a silver cup presented by Isaac W. Jeanes, distance 8 miles, weather clear, sea smooth, wind S.W., moderate, tide ebb, start 2:32:00:

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Irex, H. S. Jeanes	32.95	4 09 31	1 37 31	1 37 32
Mermaid, R. J. W. Koons	26.57	4 22 17	1 50 17	1 45 36
Dawn, J. C. Uhler	20.61	4 20 54	1 48 54	1 37 52
Louise, J. W. Brock	20.34	4 27 34	1 55 34	1 44 09
Lenni Lenape, C. H. Brock	19.85	4 21 45	1 49 45	1 37 40

Race committee, A. F. Bancroft, I. W. Jeanes.

Lake Geneva Y. C.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 8.

THIS was the last race of the season. The club prizes were given this year to the boats winning the largest number of points in the series of races sailed by the respective classes, the winner of each race receiving four points and the second boat two. In the 25ft. class Julian M. Rumsey's Lorna won the cup. Benj. Carpenter's Rival took the prize for the 21-footers with eight points to his credit. H. H. Porter's Major was second with six. Puckachee, by scoring two points in the last race, wins in the 15ft. class, having ten points. Ysabel second with eight, Little Dipper third with six.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Little Dipper, Miss Sturges	15.00	11 31 01	2 05 10	2 52 06
Puckachee, Miss E.V. Rumsey	14.11	11 15 16	2 26 10	3 10 54
Gretchen, Billings & McCrea	14.10½	11 15 58	2 29 19	3 14 21
Ysahel, B. Carpenter	14.11½	11 15 25	Did not finish.	
Johanna, C. Corwith	15.02	11 15 48	Did not finish.	

Little Dipper first, Puckachee second. Little Dipper is a Stewart & Binney stationary ballast boat, carrying a Tobin bronze centerboard. The other hoats are all sand-baggers, Puckachee and Gretchen by J. H. Cornwall of Port Washington, L. I., while Ysabel and Johanna are by local huilders. Judges, H. W. Marsh and F. E. Rich.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

As we go to press the fall sweepstakes of the New York Y. C. is heing sailed, there heing two classes, for schooners and single-stickers, the prizes heing $200 first and $100 second in each class, entsy $50. The course is a triangle outside the Hook.

A new yacht club, called the Navesink Y. C., has just heen organized at Navesink, N. J., on the Shrewsbury River, starting with a membership of forty and the following officers: Com.. E. M. Gillett; Sec'y-Treas., Arthur Smith. The club will prohibit shifting hallast and professional sailors, and crews will be limited.

Mr. Howard Gould has offered the Start Bay Y. C. a cup costing $300 for the regatta of 1895.

Mr. George Gould has heen invited by the Balloon Society, of London, to deliver a lecture on yachting, hut he has declined, being about to leave England.

Embla, steam yacht, has been sold by J. H. Hanan to E. W. Bliss.

At its September meeting the American Model Y. C. decided to make no change in its present rule of length and sail area for the coming season.

Sagamore, steam yacht, Mr. Edgar Scott, anchored off Staten Island on Sept. 14 after a voyage of 18 months, to Yokohoma and hack. She sailed from New York on May 6, 1893, and has visited Norway, the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean and Japanese waters.

Messrs. West & Son, of Southsea, England, have this season secured an unusually large and fine collection of yacbt photos, including all classes from the 1-raters upward. The gems of the collection are the large photos of Vigilant, Britannia and Satanita. The first two were photographed in dock, and in all of the Cowes races. Among the views specially suitahle for club house are some enlargements of Vigilant and Britaunia, 24×17in. Tbe pbotos of the new yachts in the smaller classes are very interesting as showing the marked peculiarities of modern racing craft.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Golden Gate Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To-day was held the semi-monthly shoot of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club. Several new members entered the competitions, and one of them, Lieut. Davis, of the U. S. Cavalry, statloned at this point, distinguished himself by making 87 at the 50yds. pistol range on his first score. He also did well with the target rifle, considering that it was his first score with this weapon. Mr. Dennis, president of the Mount Eden Rifle club, who has joined the Columbia, was on the range spying out what scores he would have to contend against.

The president of the Columbia had to "stand treat" on being top score man in all the competitions he entered. Scores:

Club medals for members only—Pistol, 50yds., standard American target, no re-entry, champion class: F. Young 86, C. M. Daiss 83; first class: Dr. Rodgers 89, F. Gehret 89, Lieut. Davis 87, F. Baumgartner 84, A. H. Pape 83, F. Poulter 82, D. W. McLaughlin 70, Capt. Klein 67; second class: A. Fetz 83, L. Zimmerman 79, C. Perry 76, A. H. Kennedy 76, R. H. Brown 72, C. Ludington 69, G. F. Mannek 26.

Rifle, any, 200yds., champion class: Dr. Rodgers 79, F. O. Young 78, D. McLaughlin 77, H. R Brown 75, Kellogg 51; first class: A. H. Pape 83, Gehret 81, Klein 76, Bohr 76, Poulter 71; second class: Perry 76, Fetz 68, Dennis 62, Kennedy 61, Davis 61.

All comers, re-entry, pistol, 50yds.:

Dr Rodgers	10 8 9 10 10 9 10 8 9 10—93		
F O Young	92	92	C M Daiss 84
F Gehret	90	89	A Fetz 79
F Baumgartner		86	Lieut Davis 76

Roos medal, any rifle: Dr. Rodgers 85, A. H. Pape 85, Young 81, Bohr 77, Gehret 75.

Rest match: A. H. Pape 105, Young 100, Capt. Kenitzer 91.

The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein held their thirty-fifth fall shooting festival last Sunday at Shell Mound Park. The attendance was large both at the picnic and at the rifle butts. All puhlic shooting was ou the point target, 3in. bullseye a red flag, 6in. a blue flag, and the rest of the 12in. black a white flag; red flag equals 3 points, a blue 2 and a white 1: single tickets, 6 shots, $1, and as a novelty, for the benefit of those who like to mix a little skill with hard work, 30-shot tickets, called champion tickets, were furnished for $5, re-entry allowed. This induced a number of marksmen, who do not like "sawing wood," to enter. In addition to prizes for most points and hest centers, special prizes ranging from $20 to $2.50 were offered for most red flags on 30-shot tickets. Competition was very keen in this contest and some very good shooting was done. Ties on red flags were decided hy preponderance of hlues on the two tickets: Some of the bests scores were:

	Red.	Blue.		Red.	Blue.
A Strecker	9	12	Dr Rodgers	8	13
J Utschig	9	11	R Finking	7	12
D Faktor	9	10	W Glindeman	7	

Best centers: P. Jacobi, D. Faktor, D. W. McLaughlin, A. Strecker, Dr. Rodgers, L. Haake, H. Huber, L. Bendel, J. Utschig, H. Wicker.

Most points were made by A. Strecker, who is a very accurate and rapid shot. He scored 363. Most of our accurate marksmen do not like the mere mechanical shooting that brings most points. It necessitates some skill, of course, hut otherwise it is downright hard work.

ROEEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Shooting.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 9.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores appended. Conditions 200yds., off hand, at the standard target:

Gindele	10	10	10	9	8	7	5	7	7	10	83
	7	9	10	8	9	6	10	9	7	8	82
	8	8	7	9	8	6	10	8	9	8	81
	8	10	6	9	9	7	8	7	10	7	81
Payne	10	3	10	10	10	10	6	7	10	7	83
	10	7	8	8	9	8	9	3	7	9	78
	10	6	7	9	7	8	8	7	7	8	77
	5	9	7	7	7	10	7	10	9	6	77
Hake	6	7	4	3	10	9	4	4	6	8	66
	8	10	10	5	5	6	9	2	7	3	65
	4	9	5	7	4	8	4	9	7	5	62
	5	5	6	4	8	6	6	5	5	6	56
Topf	8	4	4	7	4	10	6	7	7	8	65
	3	4	9	5	9	8	9	7	6	5	65
	4	6	6	7	2	7	9	8	3	8	60
	5	5	4	5	6	7	7	4	9	7	59
Schmidlin	3	0	4	0	2	4	5	1	2	4	24
	3	3	0	6	1	7	3	5	1	3	31
	4	4	3	0	4	2	0	5	2	1	25
	9	4	3	2	6	4	2	0	0	2	30
See	9	9	8	5	4	6	7	10	7	8	73
	8	6	7	5	10	8	8	6	8	8	72
	7	10	10	3	7	7	7	7	5	8	71
	10	6	9	6	5	9	6	7	7	6	71
Randall	7	7	10	7	9	7	7	9	8	7	78
	5	8	8	9	7	8	6	4	10	8	73
	7	9	5	10	7	8	7	10	5	8	76
	7	6	6	8	7	8	9	6	6	8	71
Shely	6	5	2	3	4	4	3	5	5	0	37
	2	6	3	4	10	3	8	4	4	8	53
Drube	9	8	7	8	4	5	7	10	8	7	73
	5	10	9	9	9	6	5	7	7	10	77
	7	10	8	6	5	5	3	10	6	10	70
	7	4	6	9	8	10	10	8	6	7	75

Zettler Rifle Club.

CYPRESS HILLS PARK, Long Island, Sept. 16.—Seven members of the Zettler Rifle Club met in the park this morning to participate in the bi-monthly shoot. The weather was warm and the atmosphere close and oppressive, hut these conditions did not seem to have much effect upon the experts. Their shooting was of the usual high order. Fred Ross added another fine score to his record; his 50 shots were grouped in ten-shot strings as follows: 218 219 229 232 225—1123. Messrs. Hansen, Flach, Holges, Busse and Engel made themselves prominent hy their fine shooting. There was the usual contest for high score on the man target. Ross was first with 56, Engel 55, L. Busse 54, Hansen 54, Flach 53. Bullseye target, 4in. center, 3 shots, possible 3: Holges 2, Flach 2, Engel 1, Busse 1, Hansen 1. Scores:

German ring target, 200yds. off-hand:

F C Ross	25	25	23	22	21	23	25	24	23	21	232
	22	21	21	24	22	22	21	24	24	24	225
	24	24	22	23	25	23	21	24	24	21	229
Louis Flach	24	21	23	24	21	20	25	20	24	23	225
	24	20	23	23	23	18	24	24	23	22	224
	22	22	24	24	22	24	22	21	21	22	224
H Holges	23	25	20	21	23	24	23	24	19	24	226
	20	28	25	24	22	20	20	25	25	24	225
	22	23	19	21	25	22	23	22	24	21	222
L C Hansen	25	22	23	24	24	21	21	21	22	23	226
	24	22	21	24	21	24	24	22	25	17	224
	24	25	23	25	22	24	24	20	22	18	227
R Busse	20	25	24	21	24	22	21	21	24	20	222
	25	21	22	23	21	22	20	24	19	25	222
	21	18	20	22	22	20	25	19	24	25	216
M B Engel	23	24	22	20	23	22	20	23	22	23	222
	23	19	29	22	21	24	22	20	21	24	216
	22	18	20	22	23	24	24	22	20	24	219
B Zettler	23	21	18	19	20	23	22	20	19	22	207
	22	22	16	23	19	20	19	21	20	21	203

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

THE New York Central Schuetzen Co., Capt. D. Meersse, held their monthly shoot Sept. 13 at Union Hill Schuetzen Park, 23 members were present. Following scores were made, ring target:

Champion Class.

H D Muller	66	66—132	D Meersse	60	54—114
F Schroeder	66	62—128	J Reitweisner	56	56—112
F Schmidt	64	61—125			

First Class.

C Pletz	61	59—120	J. Dux	55	52—107
J Eisenhardt	57	53—110			

Second Class.

J Jorden	53	52—105	W Teschmaker	54	37— 91

Third Class.

W Holsten	60	61—123	J Lowe	54	52—106
M Ficken	59	57—116	J Forsch	58	41— 99

Fourth Class.

F Jutgens	64	61—125

Bullseye target—Champion class: Schmidt 3, Muller 3, Schroeder 2. Second class—Jorden 1. Third class—Lowe 2, Ficken 1. Fourth class Jutgens 2.

Point target: Champion class—Reitwelsner 74, Schmidt 36, Schroeder 18. First class—Rohde 40. Second class—Jorden 34. Third class—Lowe 27, Schneweiss 7, Forsch 5. Fourth class—Jutgens 13.

Man target: Ficken 57, Schroeder 54, Muller 54, Schmidt 53, Schneweiss 48, Jorden 47.

Winners of class medals: Champion class, F. Schmidt; second class, Jorden; third class, Lowe; fourth class, Jutgens.

Man target medals: First medal, M. Ficken; second, F. Schroeder.

HENRY D. MULLER.

Rifle in Texas.

SAN ANTONIO, Sept. 9.—An ugly puffy 3 o'clock wind spoiled what would otherwise have heen a good day at the San Antonio range. While the scores are not great, still, taking everything into consideration, a good average was maintained. 200yds., muzzle rest, 10 shots, open sights:

E Dosch	10	8	10	9	12	8	9	9	10	11—96
A Uhl	10	12	9	12	9	12	12	12	9	9—106
G Altman	11	10	9	6	9	11	7	10	9	12—94
Giesecke	10	9	7	6	8	8	9	9	9	9—84
Hummel	9	10	12	8	9	9	10	8	11	10—96
Suess	11	6	7	12	7	12	6	8	9	12—90
Boettler	10	10	8	11	8	8	9	10	10	7—91
A Altman	9	9	12	9	9	11	9	10	11	11—100

200yds. off-hand, 10 shots:

Texas Field	7	8	6	10	6	7	8	6	8	6—72
Leffel	8	10	5	6	8	10	7	10	7	10—81
Guenther	6	4	10	7	7	4	5	10	7	10—70
Dreiss	5	5	7	5	5	7	4	10	5	5—58
Uhl	6	7	6	7	4	8	7	0	8	9—62
G Altmann	7	5	5	4	8	6	7	9	7	6—64

O. C. G.

Worn vs. Martin.

CYPRESS HILLS PARK, Sept. 16.—There was an interesting rifle match here to day hetween two memhers of the Williamsburgh Shooting Society. The contesting riflemen were Messrs Ignatz Martin and Geo. Worn. The conditions of the match called for 100 shots per man, Martin granting Worn a handicap of 200 points for the match. The stakes were $25 a side. Worn's shooting was a surprise to Marten, for at the finish he was only 55 points behind Martin on a total of 1,987, with his handicap added he had a total of 2,187 against 2,042 for Martin, thus winning the match with a margin of 145 points. Scores:

I Martin	194	191	206	207	218	189	217	205	195	220	—2042
G Worn	184	190	209	207	202	193	204	211	204	183+200	—2187

New York Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Sept. 15.—Three members of the New York Rifle Club attended the weekly practice shoot in the Schuetzen Park to-day. Many of the club memhers are enjoying a vacation in the country and the attendance at the weekly practice is light. Scores, standard American target:

Case	8	6	10	9	10	9	9	7	5	6—79
	6	10	9	7	8	9	8	5	8	9—79
Young	9	5	7	9	8	10	4	8	7	6—73
	8	7	8	6	9	7	6	9	4	8—72

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, N. J., Sept. 11.—At the weekly gallery shoot of the Schlicht Rifle Club, held last evening, the following appended scores were shot hy the members present. Medal winners: G. Schlicht champion medal, J. Diehl first class medal, F. Lambrix second class medal, C. Merger third class medal. Scores: A. Tribout 208, G. Schlicht 242, C. Meyer 227, G. Richert 205, F. Lambrix 221, L. Dorr 214, G. Dorr 232, W. Schlicht 216, C. Schlicht 202, H. Aufderheide 220, J. Diehl 238, J. Schlicht 201.

Greenville Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Sept. 15.—At the weekly gallery competition of the Greenville Rifle Club, held at its headquarters last night, eight members were in attendance and participated in the competition. The old veteran, M. Dorrler, led the way with the good score of 243. Scores: M. Dorrler 243, W. C. Collins 239, Agneau 234, Scheeline 230, Charlock 230, Graef 228, Renker 223, Becker 207.

RIFLE NOTES.

L. P. Hansen of the Excelsior Rifle Club, Jersey City, will meet Frank C. Watts of the Newark Shooting Society on Saturday of this week and convince the "Old Obadiah" that he is not in it in a 100-shot match. The contest will take place in the Schuetzen Park at Newark. On Monday, Sept. 24, Mr. Hansen will meet John Rebhan of the Hudson Rifle Club in a 100-shot match. The contest will be shot on the Marion range.

The New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt, Henry Offerman, will hold its last and closing shoot for the season of 1894 in the Union Hill Schuetzen Park on Sept. 27. This corps will hold weekly shoots in the Zettler gallery during the winter, The corps contains many new members, who will derive much benefit from the use of the gallery rifle.

The Zettler Rifle Club has appropriated $200 for prizes for its winter gallery practice.

The German-American Shooting Society held a two-days' shoot in Ridgwood Pard (Deckleman's), Long Island, on Monday and Tuesday of this week; all of our own local experts were there to participate. A report of the shoot will appear in our next issue.

Gus Zimmerman, who returned from Europe a few days since, brought a large collection of trophies, the result of many matches in which he participated while abroad. Zimmerman is one of our most popular experts.

Maine National Guard.

AUGUSTA, Me, Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your able correspondent, in giving an account of the competitions at Sea Girt, unintentionally gives a wrong impression regarding the interest taken and work done by the National Guard of Maine in rifle-practice, and I feel sure that he will be pleased to know that he is in error regarding the same. He says "Georgia and Maine have taken but little interest in developing the shooting ability of their national guard" etc. Since 1880 no little attention has been given to rifle practice in the national guard of Maine, and from time to time the conditions have been more difficult in qualification, till for several years the following conditions demanded.

Third class marksman: Two scores of 15 each at 200 yds. five shots.
Second class marksman: Two scores of 18 each at 200 yds. " "
First class marksman: Two scores of 21 each at 200 and 500 yds.
Sharpshooter: Two scores each of 22 at 200 yds., two of 24 each at 500, and two each of 23 at 600yds.

Under the foregoing conditions 58 per cent. of all the guard qualified in some of the classes. This year the practice has been more general and it is fair to assume that 75 or 80 per cent. of the entire force will become marksmen in these classes.

Every soldier in several companies will have qualified before the practice season closes. A good per cent will be first class and sharpshooters. The numbers of superior marksmen have simply been the outgrowth of usual practice, as our efforts have been to secure as many as possible of good average marksmen. We claim that the guard of Maine stands second to no State in its ability to shoot a rifle, and we have to learn of any State that excels it. Every company in the State has a rifle range in the town where organized.

E. C. FARRINGTON

Our reference to Maine and Geogia was in no wise a criticism upon the National Guard of these States. The work of the teams representing the two States at Sea Girt would be a refutation of any criticism that might he placed upon them. Our remarks were directed entirely toward the governments of the two States who for some reason have in the past failed to make the necessary appropriation to place the National Guard upon an even footing with that of some of their sister States such as Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 19 20.—Interstato Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Chattanooga Gun Club, at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sept. 19-20.—OTTUMWA, Ia.—West End Gun Club's third annual tournament.

Sept. 20.—NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—New Jersey Trap-Shooter's League.

Sept. 20.—PENACOOK, N. H.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Penacook Gun Club.

Sept. 20-21 —MT. KISCO, N. Y.—Mt. Kisco Rod and Gun Club's fall tournament.

Sept. 21.—CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.—Tennessee State shoot. Events open only to residents of the State

Sept. 25-20.—Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club tournament, with Central New York League team shoot, at Rochester. J. B Mullan, Sec'y.

Sept. 26 —Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, sixth tournament, at Rochester.

Sept. 27-28.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Harrisburg Shooting Association; live birds and targets

Oct. 3-4 —READING, Pa.—Independent Gun Club; targets.

Oct. 3-5.—West Newburgh (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association tournament. Last day live birds. W. C. Gibbs, Sec'y.

Oct. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club, at Charleston, S. C.

Oct. 11.—LEWISTON, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Androscoggin Gun Club.

Oct. 22-24.—Emerald Gun Club tournament, at Dexter Park. Targets and live birds. Dr. G. V. Hudson, Sec'y, 9 Madison street, New York.

Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at Utica.

Oct. 25.—RICHMOND, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Richmond Gun Club.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

1895.

April 3-5 —Interstato Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York.

May.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 14 16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

Oct. 3-6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Capt. Ward, of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club, Columbus, O., is well in the lead for the Barton Trophy, which becomes the property of the member making highest average in the season's badge matches, providing that member takis part in 50 per cent. or more of the whole number of matches shot, usually thirty in number. Ward's average for eleven shoots is a fraction over 93 per cent., his nearest competitor being French with eight shoots and a percentage of 91⅙ There are yet nine more contests for the badge. The conditions are 25 targets per man, weekly shoots during the season.

Justus von Lengerke is recovering the use of his right hand, and is much more cheerful in consequence Mr. von Lengerke has been practically paralyzed in the member by inflammatory rheumatism ever since the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament in Pittsburgh last April. Although far from all right, the symptoms are such as to warrant the belief that before long Mr. von Lengerke will be able to hold a gun to his right shoulder and call "pull."

W. H. Skinner, who represents the Forehand Arms Co., was present at the Climax gun shoot on Wednesday last. Mr. Skinner introduced a new scheme to the boys, under the name of "Chicago Freezeout." The idea is that of a miss-and-out, each man paying five cents into a pool for every target he fires at. When two men are left, it's a division. Tee Kay says it's just his size, and as a matter of fact he took to it kindly, everything coming his way.

Mr. W. W. Dornin, representing the firm of Thos. B. Dornin & Son, of Lynchburg, Va., was present at the shoot at Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday. Mr. Dornin also called upon FOREST AND STREAM during the week. Mr. Dornin is a member of that live organization the Lynchburg Gun Club, an organization which shows its appreciation of FOREST AND STREAM by numbering no less than 21 members as regular subscribers.

The Winchester Gun Association, of Winchester, Va., will hold its fourth annual tournament on Sept. 25. The programme includes 10 20-target races at a uniform entrance of $2, targets 2½ cents extra. The club adds $10 to every purse; it also adds $10 in the third and sixth events to a purse made up by novices, who shoot in those events but for their own money. Novices are 75 per cent men. The Taylor Hotel is headquarters for shooters.

The seventh and last shoot of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League takes place Thursday, Sept. 20, at New Brunswick, N. J. The Maplewoods lead in the contest with twenty-one more breaks than their nearest opponents, the South Sides, and apparently have a sure thing of first place. The prize is awarded for the highest aggregate number of breaks in any four of the seven contests.

The members of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club have gone into camp—Camp Uncle Joe Carlin—about three-quarters of a mile from B tree, a small station on the main line of the Pennsylvania, between Altoona and Harrisburg. The members extend a cordial welcome to all shooters. Traps, both live bird and target, are part of the camp equipment; so take your gun along.

The combination of a balky team, a vicious dog and Tee Kay's pants caused a good deal of fun at the close of the shoot at Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday. Tee Kay's pants were torn by the "brindled bull pup;" it was a sight to see Tee Kay gunning for the pup with Van Dyke's pump gun; the dog knew the man and the gun and fled incontinently.

"Redwing" by scoring 23 out of 25, expert rules, on the Cleveland Gun Club grounds, on Sept. 3, wears the Cleveland *World's* badge for one month. Previous winners are Perry Sherman, W. Tamblyn and D. A. Upson. Each of the above have won the badge once; it must be won three times before it becomes the property of the holder.

A large crowd visited Oakwood Park, near Dayton, O., on Labor Day, to see the match between Capt. Bogardus and Phil Wentz Conditions were, 50 live birds per man, $100 a side, 80yds. boundary, use of one barrel, any bird killed within 10yds. of the trap counted as a lost bird. Bogardus killed 41 to Wentz's 38 and won the match.

Secretary Van Gilder, of Knoxville, has 60 names down on his list of those who will pay in their $10 for the pleasure and privilege of shooting in the tournament next May. He wants 100 and he'll get them.

The last of the '94 series of tournaments given by the Interstate Manufacturers and Dealers' Association will be held at Charleston, S. C., on Oct. 10 and 11. A detailed notice is given elsewhere.

The prospects for a big shoot at Harrisburg on Sept. 27 and 28 are very bright. Mr. H. B. Shoop is the secretary of the Shooting Association.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club's tournament on Sept. 25 and 26 should be well attended. The programme is an attractive one.

The third annual tournament of the West End Gun Club, of Ottumwa, Ia., is in progress this week.

EDWARD BANKS.

Des Moines, Iowa.

DES MOINES, Ia., Sept. 6.—To-day was the last of a three days' tournament held on the State Fair Ground, under the management of Mr. C. O. Perkins and C. W. Budd, of the Highland Gun Club. The State Agricultural Society donated $100 to be added to the purses, and also refunded each contestant his admission to the Fair Grounds, and did everything they could to make it pleasant for the shooters. Among those in attendance were More Chandler and Wm. Evans, of Red Oak; Dr. Dauthett and McFarland, of Osceola; Ed. Stay, of Clinton; Dr. Doan and Mr. Hozzelwood, of Humboldt; G. P. Christiauson, Hamaker and Peterson, of Randall; Hon. J. G. Smith and Henry Durant, of Algona; Curtis and Cottrell, of Menlo; M. and W. Gorber, of Altoona; John Georgeson, of Kelly; Von Emmons, of Ottumwa; Marsden and Sheelly, of Pella and Harris, Kessler, Miller, Kersher, Bennett, of St. Paul; Peterson, of Coon Rapids; Eason, Selby, Johnson, Perkins, Budd and Gwinn, of Des Moines; Lewis and Goodman, of Indianola.

The shooting was from 5 traps, and all but 3 or 4 events were shot, rapid-fires or walk around system. Targets were thrown about 70yds., and with the half of a strong wind made the shooting difficult. The weather on the two first days was fine but during the last day was rainy and disagreeable. A large crowd of spectators witnessed the shooting; among them being quite a large number of ladies. Scores:

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1, 4 moneys, 10 entries:

Smith	1011111011—8	A Garber	1111000111—7
Sanford	1010101110—6	Chandler	0011010111—6
Lewis	1011111111—9	Evans	1111111100—8
Rice	0111000110—5	Budd	1011111111—9
Wood	0111111110—8	Durant	1101111111—9

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, 5 moneys, 11 entries:

Smith	111111111111101—14	Rice	111011110111111—13
Budd	011011111111111—13	Christianson	111111111110110—13
Wood	110111101111010—11	A Garber	011100111111111—12
Lewis	111111011000111—11	Durant	001111111110111—12
Evans	111110101111111—13	Sanford	100011011111111—11
Chandler	111111111011011—13		

No. 3, 20 targets. entrance $2, purse divided equitable system, $25 added by State Fair Association, 17 entries:

Doan	00111101111000001011—11	Chandler	11101001111111100111—15
Reams	10100111111111111010—15	W Garber	00101110100100000010— 8
Sanford	10000111011111110010—14	Smith	11111111110111111110—18
Evans	11111111110011011101—16	Allerton	00010100001010001010— 6
Johnson	11101111011011111—17	Wood	01101100001111111111—14
Durant	01101110011110000101—11	Lewis	01100100101111110011—12
Christ'ns'n	11101111111011111110—17	A Garber	01110111111111011111—17
Rice	00111111111100101001—13	W Kessler	11111110111111001111—17
Budd	11101111111111110111—18		

No. 4, 6 pairs, entrance $1.25, purse divided, Equitable system, 14 entries:

Budd	10 10 10 10 11 10— 7	Chandler	10 01 10 11 00 00— 5
Kirsher	10 11 10 11 11 11—10	Smith	10 00 10 11 10 10— 6
Hicks	10 10 10 10 10 10— 6	Durant	10 10 10 00 10 10— 5
Christianson	11 10 10 10 11 10— 8	Wood	10 10 10 11 00 11— 7
Sanford	11 10 10 10 10 00— 6	Lewis	11 10 00 11 11 10— 8
Rike	11 10 11 11 10 01— 9	Dean	10 00 10 11 10 10— 6
Evans	11 11 10 11 11 11—11	A Garber	00 10 10 11 10 10— 6

No. 5, 10 targets, unknown traps, entrance $1, 4 moneys, 11 entries:

Evans	0011011111—7	Kirsher	1101101100—6
Smith	0111011110—7	Christianson	1001111101—7
Durant	0101101101—6	Hicks	0101001011—5
Lewis	0101110001—5	Sanford	0011110111—7
Wood	1111110110—8	Rice	1101101001—6
Budd	1110111111—9		

The following extra events were shot off in addition to the five programme events. Everything known was the order, the 10-target races being placed at $1 entrance, the 15-target races being $2 entrance:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
No. of targets in events:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*
Sanford	8	8	9	9	9	7	8	11	8	6
Evans	7	9	7	8	..	8	..	..	..	..
A Garber	8	..	7	..	8	7	..	..	..	..
Chandler	8	7	7	9	..	5	..	..	..	..
W Garber	2	..	4	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Budd	18	7	8	10	8	8	9	15	9	7
Durant	6	..	..	..	9	7	..	..	..	..
Rice	6	7	6	8	8	7	9	11	9	..
Wood	10	7	4	6	9	8	7	12	..	..
Kessler	7	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lewis	9	7	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Christianson	..	8	9	9	7	9	8	..	10	8
Allerton	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Doan	..	6	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johnson	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	9	7	7	10	8	..	..	..
Goodman	..	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	..
Hicks	..	..	..	..	9	8	8	13	9	..
Beams	..	..	..	..	7	..	6	..	..	..
Kirsher	..	..	..	..	8	7	5	..	10	5
Story	..	..	..	..	:	10	10	14	10	9
Gwinn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8

Second Day.

No 1, 10 targets, entrance $1, equitable system, 21 entries:

Lewis	1011100111— 7	Marsden	1101110101— 7
Wood	1110101011— 7	Sheehy	1111010101— 7
Van	0110111001— 6	Evans	1110110111— 8
Perkins	1111111101— 9	Hamaker	1110011111— 8
Bennett	0111011101— 7	Kessler	1111011000— 6
Sanford	1111111111— 9	Chandler	1110111010— 7
Budd	1110111111— 9	W Garber	1110110111— 8
Grimm	1111111111—10	Peterson	1101111110— 8
Georgeson	1111111011— 9	Christianson	1111111110— 9
Hicks	1111111111—10	Moore	1001100011— 5
Durant	1111010111— 8		

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, equitable system, 24 entries:

Marsden	101101111111111—13	Durant	111011101011001—10
Georgeson	111111110111101—13	Van	111111111111011—14
Hamaker	111111111011101—13	Sheehy	111100101011010— 9
Sanford	011110111111111—13	Chandler	111101100010101— 9
Smith	111101110011111—12	Doan	100111001101011— 9
Bennett	111111110111111—14	Perkins	111110110010111—11
Budd	111111110111111—14	M Garber	110011110111011—11
Wood	100111111101001—10	Peterson	111111011111110—13
Gwinn	011100011011111—10	Kessler	111110110111101—12
Lewis	100110001100111— 8	Johnson	101111110111111—13
W Garber	101111111011111—13	Christianson	111011001111101—11
Hicks	111011111011111—13	Evans	111111001010100— 9

Team shoot, 25 targets per man, entrance $5, divided into 5 moneys, $50 added by the State Fair Association, 8 entries:

Christianson	1111111111111111101111111—24
Hamaker	1110011010010111100011111—16—40
Marsden	0011110011101111110101010—17
Sheehy	1010C10111101110010010010—14—31
Smith	1101111101101011111111111—21
Wood	1111101010111111111111010—20—41
Sanford	1111110111111011111111111—23
Budd	1111101111111111111111111—24—47
Hicks	0111101111110111110101101—19
Georgeson	1111001111111111111100111—21—40
Van	1111111011111011111011011—21
Story	1101010010011111111111111—18—39
McFarland	1111111111111111011111111—24
Danthett	0111111101110111111111111—22—46
Evans	0111111111101011011110111—20
Garber	1101111111011001111111111—21—41

No. 4, 6 pairs, entrance $1.25, 5 moneys, 12 entries:

Wood	10 11 10 10 10 11—8	Story	10 11 10 10 01 00—7
Van	01 11 10 11 10 11—9	Sanford	10 10 10 00 11 01—6
Evans	10 11 11 00 00 11—7	Rice	10 60 00 00 00 01—2
McFarland	10 10 10 10 10 10—6	Danthett	10 10 10 10 10 10—6
Chandler	11 00 10 11 00 10—6	Budd	11 11 00 10 11 11—9
Georgeson	11 10 00 11 11 11—9	Marsden	00 00 11 10 11 11—7

No. 5, 10 targets, expert rules, entrance $1, 4 moneys, 10 entries:

Perkins	0101000101—4	Sanford	1111010111—8
Georgeson	1101111111—9	Van	1100101110—6
Christianson	1011000101—5	Budd	1111111010—8
Hicks	1111000110—6	Story	1001001011—5
Wood	1111101001—7	Evans	1101110100—6
Marsden	1011111000—6	Sheehy	00100w

Thirteen extras were shot in addition to the five programme events, 32 shooters took part in them Known traps and angles. entrance $1.00 in the 10 target races, $1 50 in No. 3, and $2.00 in No. 9, was the order of things. Scores:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
No. of targets in event	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*
Georgeson	9	10	10	9	..	9	8	13	9	8
Story	9	8	..	7	9	10	..	14	..	8
Van	7	4	12	9	9	9	9	11	10	6
Hicks	8	10	12	10	..	9	10	13	9	9
Christianson	9	9	13	..	..	10	10	15	7	7
Budd	8	10	14	10	10	9	9	15	9	9
Danthett	7	..	15	9	7	..	..	11	..	..
Gwinn	9	9	14	8	10	..	..	..	..	..
Sanford	8	8	15	10	..	8	7	15	8	8
Hamaker		10	15	8	7	6	8	..	10	9
Marsden		8	12	8	7	9	..	..	..	..
Sheehy		8	11	5	7	7	..	..	..	..
Lewis		9	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bennett		8	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wood		7	14	8	10	8	9	13	9	9
Parkers		5	10	6	..	4	..	..	..	..
Smith		10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Peterson		9	11	7	6	..	..	..	..	..
Moore		..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McFarland		..	13	10	10	5	9	13	..	..
Evans		..	11	9	9	..	10	..	..	..
Rice		..	13	10	7	7	5	12	9	..
Schlosser		..	11	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johnson		..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cottrell		..	13	6	7	..	..	8	7	7
W Kenler		..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Garber		..	..	9	..	..	..	..	8	..
Curtiss		..	..	7	8	..	..	..	..	..
Chandler		..	..	7	6	..	5	..	..	10
Carter		..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mercer		..	..	6	4	..	..	..	..	..
Williams		..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..

Three other extras were shot as follows:

Miss-and-out: Wood and Christianson 8, Hicks 7, Van 6, Sanford 4, Garber and Georgeson 2, Budd 1, Storey 0.

Five pairs: Wood 9, Sanford and Christianson 8, Rice and Garber 7, Hamaker 7, Budd, Georgeson, Van and Evans 5, Chandler 4.

Five pairs: Wood 9, Hamaker 8. Storey and Christianson 7, Budd, Van and Georgeson 6, Sanford and Rice 5.

Third Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1, 4 moneys, 12 entries:

Van	0010011001— 4	Budd	1111111111—10
Christianson	0111111111— 9	Bennett	1111111110— 9
Sanford	1111111111—10	Gwinn	1001110111— 7
Story	1111111101— 9	Evans	1111011111—10
Danthett	1011111111— 9	Peterson	1111011111— 9
Hicks	1111111111—10	Georgeson	1111011111— 9

No. 2, 15 single targets. entrance $1.50, 4 moneys, 15 entries:

Budd	111111111111111—15	Kessler	001110010101111—10
Cottrell	111111011101111—13	Hicks	111111110111111—14
Danthett	111111111011101—13	Georgeson	111001111101111—12
Gwinn	101111111111111—14	Peterson	110111111111101—13
Sanford	011111111111111—14	Evans	011111111101111—13
Bennett	110101101111111—12	Christianson	111111111110000—11
Van	111111111111111—15	Rice	111111111110111—14
Garber	111111111110111—15		

No. 3, 20 targets, entrance $2, $25 added by State Fair Association, 5 moneys, 20 entries:

Danthett	10111111111101111111—18	Futcher	00111110101011011111—14
Smith	01111111111111111010—17	Peterson	00111101101011111111—16
Sanford	11111111111111101111—19	Van	11011111010101011111—15
Cottrell	11110111111111101101—17	Budd	11111111111111110111—19
Hamaker	01111111111111111111—19	Rice	01110111110101111111—16
Hicks	11001111111011011001—14	Kessler	11101010111110110111—15
Georgeson	11111001111111111101—17	Garber	11101111111101011111—17
Chandler	11111101110100111011—15	Story	01111111111101111111—18
Bennett	11111111101111011111—18	Christ'ns'n	11111111111011111110—18
Gwinn	11111101111111111111—19	Evans	11111111101011010110—15

No. 4, 6 pairs, entrance $1.25, equitable system, 9 entries:

Georgeson	10 10 10 10 00 10— 6	Evans	10 10 10 11 11 11— 9
Van	11 00 10 11 01 11— 8	Christianson	00 10 11 10 10 10— 6
Bennett	10 11 11 10 10 11— 9	Hamaker	11 10 10 11 01 00— 7
Budd	11 10 10 11 11 11—10	Story	11 10 10 11 10 10— 8
Rice	01 10 10 11 10 11— 8		

The following extras were shot on this day; $1 entrance on the 10-target races, $1.50 on the 15-target race:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
No. Targets.	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*
Georgeson	8	4	6	..	..	..	..	..
Van	10	9	7	5	8	12	5	7
Gwinn	9	6	8	..	8	10	4	..
Sanford	10	9	6	9	9	12	..	5
Hicks	8	..	9	9	9	13	8	..
Christians'n	9	..	7	10	9	14	7	..
Budd	9	9	10	10	10	15	10	10
Story	9	..	10	8	..	..	..	..

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
No. Targets.	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*
Kessler	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Danthett	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bennett	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Chandler	6	..	7	6	..	..	..	..
Hameker	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rice	7	10	8	7	9	7	4	
Cottrell	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..
Evans	..	9	9	..	..	..	..	..

C. W. BUDD.

Trap at San Antonio.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Sept. 9.—As your correspondent predicted, Mr. Rothwell has added another winning to his lead. This makes him five winnings and brings him head and shoulders ahead of his competitors, Messrs. Samuels, Paris and Thiele, who have each three winnings. There are three more shoots before the trophy competition closes and should Rothwell win once again, it gives him a "cinch" on the prize. The following are the scores made in a strong wind:

No. 1, 10 singles and 3 pair targets: Samuels 8, Paris 8, Chabot 10, Veith 10, Rothwell 10, France 12, Thiele 9, Smith 13, Epp 5.

No. 2, for trophy, 20 singles and 5 pairs: Paris 11, Smith 18, Rothwell 25. Samuels 18, Thiele 24, France 18, Veith 21, Barr 13, Shields 16, Chahot 16, Weyl 16, Epp 19, Prescott 13, Grossman 15, Volbrecht 17.

No. 3, 15 singles: Barr 12, Grossman 11, Paris 10, Rothwell 12, Thiele 10, France 10, Chahot 9, Shields 7, Samuels 9, Veith 8, Rahmsdorf 8, Smith 11, Vollbrecht 8.

No. 4, team shoot, 15 singles: Paris, (captain), 6, Rothwell 8, Grossman 6; total 20. France 10, Thiele 12, Vollbrecht 6; total 28.

O. C. G.

Live Birds at Scranton, Pa.

The Green Ridge Gun Club, of Scranton, Pa., will hold a live bird shoot at the Scranton base ball park, on Friday, Sept. 28. Shooting will commence at 9 A. M. sharp. The special event will be a race "to decide who is the champion wing shot of northeastern Pennsylvania." Conditions of this race are 25 live birds per man, 21yds. rise, use of one barrel only, elbow at the side and heel of the gun below the elbow, 1¼oz. shot allowed, entrance $10, including the price of the birds. The following is a list of prizes offered for competition, with the names of the donors: Green Ridge Gun Club $75 gold medal; Greene Ridge Gun Club, $60 hammerless gun; lumber dealer of Scranton, $45 gold stop watch; George W. Schlager, gun case; M. Jurish, rifle; E. R. Parker, fishing rod; George Felton, hunting coat; Alex Dun, Jr., umbrella The winner of the gold medal becomes the absolute owner. All entries must be received from Sept. 20. Send entrance fee either by check or post-office order. Address all communications to H. D. Swarts, Secretary and Treasurer, Box 566, Scranton, Pa.

Vernon Gun Club.

VERNON, Tex., Sept. 7.—The regular club shoot of the Vernon Gun Club on this date resulted as follows, 15 targets and 3 pairs:

Matthews	101110111111011	11 11 11—18
Lorance	010111011011111	11 11 11—17
Cooke	111100101111010	01 01 10—13
Houssels	111100101100110	11 00 11—13
Henry	001010000100111	11 10 11—11
L G Hawkins	000111110111010	11 00 00—11

G. M. C.

Altoona Rod and Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa., Sept. 9.—A few members of the gun club, some of whom felt that they need practice, visited Wopsononock yesterday just to see what they could do. "Doc" has the same old suit of clothes on and is cracking them right along. "Abe" Shirk made an acceptable referee, his decisions not being questioned more than three times. Scores: No. 1: Fay 3, Bishop 5, "Frank" 2. No 2: Clark 4, Doc 8, Davis 4. No. 3: Doc 10, Bishop 7, Fay 4. No. 4: Davis 4, Bell 6, Frank 2. No. 5: Doc 10, Bell 7, Patterson 5. No. 6: Doc 8, Fay 2. PROF.

Club Championship of New Jersey.

Saturday, Sept. 15, was the date fixed for the contest for the club championship of the State of New Jersey. Last year tbe Boiling Springs Club, of Rutherford. N. J., won the emblem, a cup presented by *Shooting and Fishing*. The contestants this year were the Boiling Springs and Climax Gun Clubs. Botb of these clubs count many expert trap-shooters on their rosters; a team from either club would be considered warm company at any tournament.

The weather on Saturday was all that could be desired for trap-shooting, hardly enough wind stirring to keep the air cool. The attendance at tbe club grounds during the afternoon could not but be flattering to tbe home team—the Boiling Springs team—the shoot taking place at Rutherford. In the various open events no less than 25 shooters took part, honors undoubtedly resting with "Uncle Billy" Siegler, who broke pretty nearly every target he shot at. Among those who took part were Van Dyke, who is now handling the Winchester repeating shotgun, and W. H. Skinner, representative of tbe Forehand Arms Company, of Worcester, Mass. "Tee Kay," of course, was there, and showed that the United States Cartridge Company's material was equal to the task he set it. Messrs. Wygart, Mason, Halstead and Southard formed a strong Peekskill delegation. (N. B.—They wont to see a team equ l their recent record!)

The contest for the cup was watched with intense interest until it became an assured fact that the trophy would remain with the Boiling Springs Club. The conditions under whicb it is shot are: Five-men teams, 30 singles and 10 pairs per man, the singles to be sbot one man up, 5 unknown traps. The teams were: Messrs. McAlpin, Richmond, Collins, "Hyde" and Van Dyke for the Boiling Springs; Messrs. E. D. Miller, T. H. Keller, Terry, Brantingham and Neaf Apgar for the Climax. "Hyde" and McAlpin carried off the honors, although Eddie Collins made a most remarkable brace, scoring 6 out of his first 16 and then getting no less than 30 out of his last 34. The shooting was hard, particularly the doubles, the angles being very acute. Mr. Jacob Pentz, of *Shooting and Fishing*, acted as official scorer, Forest and Stream's representative being given the post of official "button-toucher" or puller. Empire targets, bluerock traps and North's electric pull were the order of tbings at Rutherford. Scores:

Club cbampionship of New Jersey, 5-men teams, 30 singles and 10 pairs, one man up, 5 unknown traps:

Boiling Springs.

McAlpin............111111000111111111111110101110
11 10 11 01 11 11 10 11 10 11—40
Richmond............011111111111011110101110010
10 10 01 10 11 10 10 11 10 11—37
Collins............001011010001100011111111111111
11 11 11 11 11 10 10 10 11 10—36
Hyde............1111111110111110101110111111111
11 10 11 11 10 10 11 11 10 11—43
Van Dyke............1011110111111111111111110111211
11 10 10 10 10 01 10 10 10 11—39—195

Climax.

Miller............0111111111111101110111111100
10 10 10 10 11 10 11 10 10 11—38
Keller............111001111111111111101110010100l
10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10—32
Terry............01110011010100011111111011101
00 11 10 10 11 10 10 01 10 00—30
Brantingham............111011110110100111010110111111
11 10 10 10 11 11 01 10 11 11—37
Apgar............1111110111110011111101111110011
10 11 11 10 11 10 10 10 11 11—39—176

During the day a series of 10-target races, $1 entrance, were shot; the first two were everything known, the remainder known traps, unknown angles, with the exception of No. 8, which was shot expert rules. Scores in these events were as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Breintnall	10	8	9	10	8	9	8	..	..
Hollister	10	9	7	7	10	8	7	7	7
Paul	7	7	7	7	6	5	9	7	6
Seigler	8	10	9	9	10	10	10	8	..
Van Dyke		6	10	8	7	9	10	9	8
Miller		9	7	9	9	9	8	..	..
Mason		9	8	9	5	7	6	..	..
Wygant		8	3	..	..	8	..	..	..
Greiff			6	..	10	10	5	7	8
Edwards					6	6	6	10	8
Keller						8	8	6	7
Mackey						6	6	..	..
Dornin						6	9	7	7
Southard						6	..	..	..
Hyde							9	6	..
Collins							9	7	8
Apgar							9	10	8
Drake							9	10	8
Proctor							8	8	8
Fletcher							6	4	9
Brantingham							8	..	..
McAlpin								8	9
Richmond								9	8
Skinner								10	9
Halstead								10	..

During the afternoon a race was shot, 5 pairs, with the result that Apgar carried off first honors. The popularity of this style of shooting is shown by the fact that there were no less than 17 entries. Score:

Van Dyke........10 11 10 11 11—8 Greiff............10 11 11 01 10—7
Miller............10 11 10 10 11—7 Apgar............10 11 11 11 11—9
Keller............10 11 10 10 11—7 Drake............11 10 10 01 10—6
Hollister........10 10 00 10 00—3 McAlpin..........11 10 00 11 11—7
Seigler...........10 11 01 10 10—6 Hyde.............10 10 10 11 10—6
Breintnall.......10 11 10 10 10—6 Collins...........11 11 11 01 01—8
Mason............00 11 10 11 10—6 Terry.............00 11 10 11 00—5
Mackey...........10 10 00 12 11—6 Richmond.......01 11 11 10 10—7
Southard........10 01 10 00 11—5

The Charleston Tournament.

The tenth and last of the series of tournaments given by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association during the season of 1894 is announced for Oct. 10 and 11, at Charleston, S. C. The tournament is held under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club of Charleston, the club adding $100 in sums of $5 to every purse. The programme is the same as that scheduled for Chattanooga this week, consisting as it does of ten events each day, five at unknown angles and five under tbe novelty rule. The entrance moneys are uniform, $1.50 in each event. Headquarters for sbooters during the tournament will be the St. Charles Hotel, corner of Meeting and Hasell streets, where special rates for shooters have been secured. The Enterprise cars, which pass the hotel, run direct to the shooting grounds. Shooting commences at 9:30 sharp each morning. For further information inquiries should be addressed to Geo. Steck, Secretary, P. O. Box 259, Charleston, S. C.

An interesting page on the programme is the one on which the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association make the following announcement:

"This, the Palmetto Gun Club's tournament, being the tenth of the series given under our auspices during 1894, will mark the close of the season for the present year. These tournaments have been so uniformly successful that they are the talk of the trap-shooting fraternity throughout the country. Wherever one has been held trap-shooting has received a decided stimulus, interest has been revived and clubs have taken on a new lease of life. as shown by the active part members take in the club's welfare. A review of tbe various tournaments will be issued in a short time which will be replete with statistical data of particular interest, such as names of the winners, best averages, number of targets trapped, amount of money divided, etc., which in a measure will convey the immensity of the interest taken in these tournaments. It is our intention to continue giving tournaments during 1895, and we recognize in the South a good field for our work. Clubs in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana desiring tournaments should make early application for same."

Dropping for Place Must Go.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 14.—Mr. Irby Bennett, acting manager of the late Memphis tournament, writes the following straightforward words about the ethics of modern trap-shooting. I sincerely advise all trap-shooters who go to next spring's Memphis shoot to go with the intention of shooting honestly. Elsewise they may lose their car fare. Mr. Bennett says:

"I assure you such encouragement as you have given us will strengthen us in our purpose and intention of giving a strictly square shoot or closing our grounds forever. Mr. Divine is now fully recovered from his recent illness and says he fully approves of all I did here, and together we will run our future events on the dead level if we have to refuse tbe entry of half, or even all the shooters."

That is the right sort of talk, and those men mean it. It is only a question of time when the dishonest shooter will have to go out of the society of gentlemen, just as much as the card sharper or crook of any other kind. The quicker that day comes tbe better for trap-shooting, and all credit to the management first to speed that day. Mr. Divine writes me in just the same tenor as the above. They deserve the support of every reputable sportsman. I hope to see Knoxville hang out a similar banner. These two towns can make history for trap-shooting in just one week each.

Mr. H. McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., is in town to-day and will remain for some days, with a trunk full of ejectors.

Capt. A. W. Du Bray, of the Parker gun, writes me that he will be here in a few days at the latest, and will show Chicago the handsomest gun in the whole wide world—meaning the new Whitworth Parker.

909 Security Building, Chicago. E. Hough.

Saturday, Sept. 29, is the day set by the New Utrecht Gun Club for the first shoot for the American E. C. Powder cup. The shoot, which is at live birds, takes place at Woodlawn. The Third avenue grounds are not open on tbe above date.

Binghamton Gun Club.

Binghamton, N. Y., Sept. 15.—Inclosed find scores made at our tournament for amateurs. The attendance was not as large as we expected, but what it lacked in numbers it made up in enthusiasm. The strong wind of tbe first day kept tbe scores down somewhat. Another spring we intend to give an open tournament and it will be a hummer. Scores:

First Day.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
No. of targets in event	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*15*
Kendall	8	8	11	13	10	14	14	14	11	9	15	12
Brown	10	11	14	14	9	15	14	19	15	9	15	14
Waldron	8	12	12	..	..	14	13	14	13	6	15	14
Boss	6	10	13	9	5	8	..	..	11	6	..	..
Hobbie	6	10	13	12	4	13	14	17	12	13	..	13
J F	6	9	12	12	8	8	..	..	10	8	12	..
Carr	..	..	..	12	9	13	15	16	13	10	14	14
Brigden	..	..	..	12	8	14	9	19	11	9	13	15
A M S	..	..	..	10	7	13	13	17	11	9	..	..
Lefever	..	..	..	12	9	13	12	17	13	9	14	..
Stone	6	10	10	..	3	..	..	..	12	9	..	..
Brainard	7	10	9	14	7	11	..	..	9	8	10	..
Crutty	..	8	7	..	10	11	8	..	7	8	..	..
Snell	..	..	..	12	7	11	..	18	10	7	11	..
Knight	..	..	..	8	5	13	7	..	9	6	..	..
Rindge	..	..	..	10	5	8	10	10	11	6	..	..
McHenry	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	..	8	8	10	..

Second Day.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
No. of targets in events:	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*
Kendall	8	9	12	13	8	22	13	7	14	14	13
Brown	10	11	14	14	9	23	13	7	14	14	14
Lefever	8	14	11	13	8	20	10	7	14	14	..
A M S	5	12	13	11	9	23	13	8	12	12	..
Hobbie	8	14	14	11	8	22	13	6	13	13	14
Brigden	5	11	9	15	8	22	10	7	11	15	14
Carr	9	10	..	10	8	24	14	12	13	13	15
Rindge	7	11	10	12	5	17	11	9	12	..	..
Crutty	8	..	10	10	5	..	..	6	..	..	..
Waldron	8	11	11	14	10	21	14	7	14	14	..
Paddeford	6	9	..	..	6	14	..	..	..	..	..
Stone	..	9	8	..	7	20	..	..	..	..	..
Bennett	..	..	9	..	7	20	..	..	..	..	..
Boss	..	..	..	12	8	20	12	9	10	10	..
Vance	..	..	..	8	8	16	12	..	..	..	..
C Kendall	..	..	..	..	7	17	..	13	..	..	..
Rose	..	..	..	..	7	14	..	..	..	..	..
McHenry	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..
Squires	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Snell	..	..	..	..	7	15	10	11	..	..	..

Team shoot:

Waldron....................21 Carr..........................19
Brown....................23—44 Birgden....................19—38
Lefever....................20 Schermerhorn..............18
Crutty....................22—42 Rindge....................20—38
Kendall....................20
Hobble....................20—40

Live bird shooting is but very little indulged in here but it would not be very healthy for any one not prepared to shoot the race of his life to come around this neck of the woods looking for a match. A few days ago a couple of the leading members of our club became engaged in conversation as to their relative merits in live bird shooting, the outcome of which was a challenge, which was promptly accepted. The conditions 25 birds a side, for $100. Yesterday the match came off. The birds were clinkers, every one of them. The luck running about even. The following is the score:

Kendall............1111121111202211112212122—24
Boss............20•121112211122011122l222—22

Kendall's shooting was first-class, not a "slobbering" kill in the lot, his birds being centered every time. His twelfth bird, which got away, was an ugly twister. Boss is by no means satisfied with the outcome of the match, and another contest on the same terms is likely to come off soon. Winfield.

Trap-Shooting at Baltimore.

Early last spring the management of the Baltimore Gun Club decided to hold its annual tournament and selected dates with an eye to the weather possibilities, yet struck a blizzard, and with it went all hopes of a successful meeting. As usual, there were those who did not fail to say it was all the fault of the club managers; but notwithstanding discouragements elections were held, and the new officers got down into the collar with enthusiasm. The grounds secured for the year were now sold or leased to an athletic association. This necessitated a change, and with no little trouble other grounds were secured and laid out in time to begin a series of weekly shooting for money prizes offered by the club; which has just been completed, with the following results:

Class A: Hall 84¾%, R. Cantler 84%, Claridge 81%.

Class B: Malone 82%, G. Coe, Jr. 75%, E. Fox 75%, Greener 72%, Cox 73%.

Class C: Williar 75%, Dr. Fort 74%, Walters 65%, Zollinger 64%, Vance 60%, Stewart 60%, Mitchell 58%.

Class D: Beck 57%, Johns 56%, Brehm 45%, Dr. Linthicum 36%, Haupt 51%, Talbott 54%.

The shooting was at 25 targets per man each week for fourteen weeks, known traps and angles, covering the entire season with us when there is nothing else to shoot. During the same time a 6-man team of the club won second place in the team race of the Standard Gun Club tournament, beating the crack team of the Capitol City Gun Club, and being but 6 targets behind the best team of the Standard Club.

The following day four of this same team again pulled out second place in a four-man team race, breaking 94 out of the 100, the Pennsylvania team breaking 95 in the pluckiest up-hill race seen about here for many a year.

Individually, some of the members have been doing great work. Hall beat Bonday, of the Standards, in a 100 target race, known traps, unknown angles, with a score of 90 to 82. Mr. Hall also beat Vance, of his own club, the same race, only allowing Mr. Vance 25 dead; score, 91 to 80.

Malone, Hall and Cantler trotted close behind the winner of the Standard cup, representing the championship of the State, July 4.

Dr. Fort won first prize in a 100 target race at Jessups, Md., Aug. 9, breaking 93, at known traps and angles, and the general average of the entire club has been improving, showing the effects of the regular practice.

Preparations are now being made for a tournament to be held either in the late fall or spring, which will, it is hoped, prove a greater success than any yet held under the club's auspices. H. A. Penrose has agreed to be present and manage affairs, and that means something. With him as manager on the present beautifully located grounds, if the hoodoo can on only be caged, 1885 will see the Baltimore Club in the van as leader.

Too much cannot be said of Mr. Malone's management through the past season. Elected to this responsible position against some opposition, he has faithfully performed his onerous duties, at no time giving cause for just complaint, and by his prompt attendance at the grounds has made it possible for many to shoot regularly who otherwise would have been shut out from lack of time. Picus.

Climax Club Shoot.

The monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club was held at the club's grounds near Fanwood, N. J., on Wednesday last, the members competing receiving the usual target handicaps; Keller and Brantingham were scratch men. Score:

Keller............1111111110110111111111101 —22
Brantingham............1101110111000111101111010 —17
D Terry (2)............11101111111111111011011110 —23
Manning (4)............11111111111011110111101111111 —26
W Squires (5)............1111101011111011000011111110111 —22
J Ziglio (8)............001101111110111010111110111001011 —22
Swody (10)............11101010101111100110111010101111100—23
W Pierson (4)............01001011011111011011010100110 —17
Skinner............0101101111011011100111010 —17
P Jay (4)............10100100110100000111001111101 —15
Goodman (5)............101011110011110111001001111101 —20
W Terry (5)............11111011111111111101111111011 —27
D Darby (5)............011111011011000010110010111111 —19
Scott (3)............1111101101110111111011111011 —23
S Darby (6)............00111110011101000111111101100011 —21
L Van Dyke (8)............111110100111101010011111011111011 —23

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

There has just come from the Forest and Stream press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Shooting at John Watson's.

Sept. 14.—The following are the scores made at the grounds.

Sept. 4.—Chicago Shooting Club, medal shoot, 15 live birds:

John Watson............211101111211122—14 12120—4
Hy Ehlers............221102211112221—14 12120—4
R B Wadsworth............211121021121121—14 12112—5

Sept. 5.—100 live birds per man:

Striger........11111011221111011212111111221112112011112112111111—47
11111112122121111112111211111111121111111111121222—49—96
J M Robbin....11021021120111112111121121111111122112110112111112—46
11212112212121121111121121111011101111021211221112—47—93

Sept. 6.—50 live birds:

J J Smith.........21211221112220121222112202122111111221221010111 21—46
J M Robbin.........21110112210111121112011011212111111111111112111—46

Sept. 10.—R. S. Mott and J. J. Smith, A. S. Kleinman and Bob White, 50 live birds per man, $50 a corner:

R S Mott......21110201121121212210121111124111112101211121121022—45
J J Smith......21212111211211101222021102212012210101122221010211—42—87
Bob White....11211211201212211111211121111111101111212111211022—47
A S Kleinman.12111111121122221112112002111112111122112111112111 2—48 - 95

Same day, 10 birds, $5 entrance:

R S Mott............2112121211—10 Hy Ehlers............2122212111—10
T P Hicks............1101101101— 7 A S Kleinman........2121122101— 9
J J Smith............2222111121—10

Same day, 25 empire targets per man:

R S Mott............0111111010111111111111110—21
J J Smith............1011111110110111111000111—19
A S Kleinman............0111011111011111011111111—21
Bob White............1111110111010111111101111—21

Same day, 15 targets:

R S Mott........111111111111111—15 A S Kleinman...111110111111111—14
J J Smith........111011101111111—13 Bob White......111101110111101—12

Sept. 12.—South Chicago Gun Club, medal shoot, 20 live birds per man:

L Willard..11111021201111212221—18 P Miller....21010122021112120122—16
A Reeves...20101111112000210010—12 *Bingham.02222202222222222200—16
F Willard..11121122101111121110—18

Same day, 30 empire targets, for medal:

A W Reeves............011111110110101100101101111010—20
L C Willard............111111110111111011011101111111—26
F E Willard............001010111101111111001111111101—22
P Miller............110111111011011001000101111111—21
*Ed Bingham............111111011111111111111011101111—27

*Not a member. Ravelrigg.

Morfey vs. Pier.

Paterson, N. J., Sept. 11.—The match between Morfey and Pier, which took place this afternoon on Rogers's grounds, ended in a tie, each man killing 10 out of his 15 birds. The conditions of the match were 15 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Long Island rules, $50 a side.

The time announced for bringing off the match was 2:30 P. M., but it was almost 4 before Rogers came to the grounds with the traps. All preparations had to be made at that hour, even to measuring off the boundary. A large crowd of supporters of both men were present, Morfey being the favorite at 5 to 3. Among those present were Frank Class and Lennard, of Morristown, who were accompanied by Mrs. Class and Mrs. Lennard. When the match commenced Pier rather dampened the ardor of his supporters by missing his first three birds. On Pier's 8th bird a curious thing occurred. The pigeon was a fast right-quartering twister which left the trap like lightning; Pier's gun snapped for him; on examination by the referee it was found that the shell had no powder in it, although it was shotted; the referee declared it a lost bird. Morfey seemed to get rattled by the way in which Pier's backers yelled each time he missed, for he dropped his 12th, 13th and 14th birds in succession. His 12th was hard hit, but got outside the boundary; but his 13th was a clean miss. The 14th was hit lightly on the wing and went home.

In the luck of the birds Morfey had the worst of it, drawing most of the hard ones. The tie will be shot off under the same conditions on Oct. 23. A good deal of money has been wagered on the event, the tie having created increased interest in the meeting between these two shots. Referee, Chris Wright; judge for Morfey, Arthur Bunn; judge for Pier, Jim Burns; trappers, Tom Rogers and Robert Boyle; scorer, Wm. Dutcher. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

←↖→↑↗↗↗↗↗←↗↖↖↖↖
Morfey............1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1—10

↗↑→↑↖↖↖↗←↙↖→↙←→
Pier............0 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—10

Wm. Dutcher.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

Lynchburg, Va., Sept. 15.—Capt. J. L. Brewer is in town on something of a business trip, talking Winchester gun and ammunition and saying a good word for empire targets. The Captain has made some good friends among the gun cranks. Yesterday afternoon he gave an exhibition shoot at the gun club grounds, delighting quite an audience with his skill in expert work with the "pump gun." Afterward some of the club members joined him in a friendly contest. Captain Brewer is much pleased with the town and people. Following is a short score made after the exhibition shoot:

No. 1:

J L Brewer............1111011101111111111111111—24
Cleland............1000110111111101111011010—17

No. 2:

J L Brewer............1111011101111111111111111—23
Nelson............0110111111100101011000111—16

No. 3:

Moorman............0111011110111101110110001—17
Stearns............0111100111011001100000011—13
Nelson............1100110010101110100011001—13
J L Brewer............0111111111110111100111101—20
Scott............1100110011111100001111100—15
Miller............0111001101111110011100000—14
Clark............0011111100000001101111000—12

F. M. D.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

D. J. W, Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Armin Tenner treated exhaustively of the relative merits of all powders in issues of Dec. 2, 9, 16 and 23, 1893, of Forest and Stream. A reference to them will probably give you the information you desire.

H. E Sabine, Mishawaka, Clatsop County, Oregon.—The gun you refer to was exhibited by Charles Lancaster, of London, England. It was called the "Colindian gun," and was described by Mr. Lancaster as a "combination ball and shotgun, a non-fouling, smooth, oval-bore, rifled gun, from which can be fired conical-shaped, solid or express bullets. with the accuracy of an Express rifle, to 100yds., and shot of all sizes, with the excellent pattern of a shotgun." As to its capabilities we cannot say anything further. The "Paradox" gun, for shot or ball, has been used very successfully in both India and the South African colonies. It is manufactured by Holland & Holland, of London, England, and, we believe, also by Lancaster. "The Gun and its Developments," by W. W. Greener, is a standard work and will give you the other information you ask for. You will find it advertised in Forest and Stream's Sportsman's Library.

Fairyland for the Children.

Next December, Madison Square Garden will contain one of the most interesting exhibitions ever presented to the public of New York. The entire floor space of the vast amphitheater will be fitted up to represent the ancient and historic city of Nuremberg, with its old Castle, City gates and quaint streets, providing for upwards of one hundred stores. In these stores will be exhibited for sale, toys, notions and fancy articles from every part of the world. The management will attempt not only to duplicate the famous Annual Toy Fair of Nuremberg, but to present additional features of interest that will make the first Toy Fair of New York the greatest children's exhibition and aggregation of juvenile entertainments ever collected under one roof. The fair will be open daily from 10 A. M. till 11 P. M., and apart from the promenade concerts by one of New York's most famous bands, and intermediate concerts by a Vienna Ladies' Orchestra, there will be a continuous performance, probably the longest ever attempted by a management, of a thirteen hours' programme, comprising Punch and Judy shows, marionettes, performing dogs, etc., and specially imported novelties from Europe. The price of admission to this Fairyland for the children has been fixed at twenty five cents, and no extras for side shows will be allowed. The fair will be opened Dec. 5, and continue till Christmas, and will be under the direction of Mr. Frank W. Sanger, the General Manager of the Garden, and Mr. H. J. Leslie, the General Manager of the Toy Exhibition Company.—*Adv.*

It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where WE get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

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Sand Worms 12 and 15c. per doz. White or Blood Worms, 25c. per doz.

I am with you again with lower prices for Fishing Tackle. I find by experience that putting down the prices and not decreasing the quality, it increases my business every year.

One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at $1.19 until all are sold. These rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, silk wound, extra tip, complete in wood form and will give satisfaction.

Length and weight of the Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft. 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. Reel seats below hand.

Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz., 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.

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No. E—Special lot Hard Rubber and Nickel Raised Pillar Click Reels, 40yds., 38cts., 60yds., 48cts. Sent by mail 5cts. extra for postage.

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Single Gut Leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz.; 3yds., 60c. doz. Double Gut Leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. doz. Hand Twisted Gut Leaders, 10c. each, 90c. doz.

A special lot of Trout Flies at 25 cents per dozen assorted, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.

A special lot of Bass and Pickerel Spoons at 5 cents each sent by mail, 1 cent extra for postage.

All kinds of Hollow Point best quality Hooks snelled to single gut 10 cts. doz.; double gut, 15cts. doz.; treble, 20 cts. doz.; four ply, 25 cts. doz. 1 cent extra per dozen for postage.

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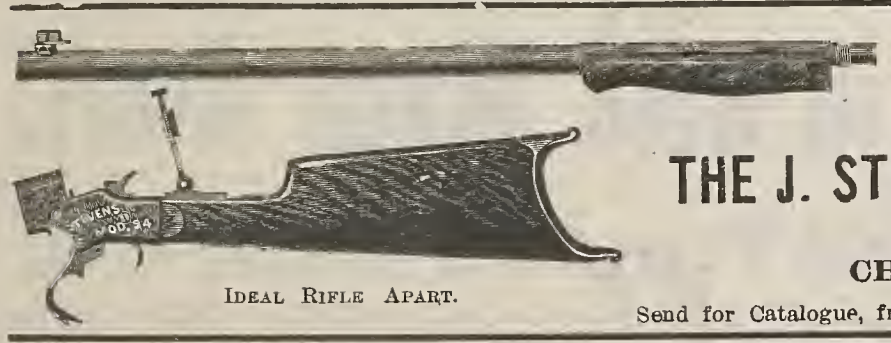

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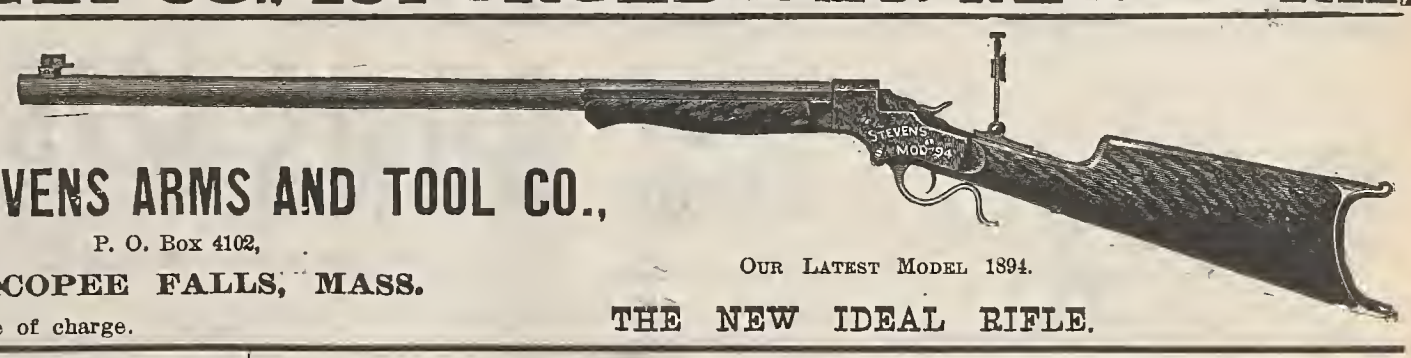

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The *Brief* gives all that resident or non-resident sportsmen need to know of the fish and game laws of this continent It is the standard authority. All dealers sell it. FOREST AND STREAM sends it on receipt of price.

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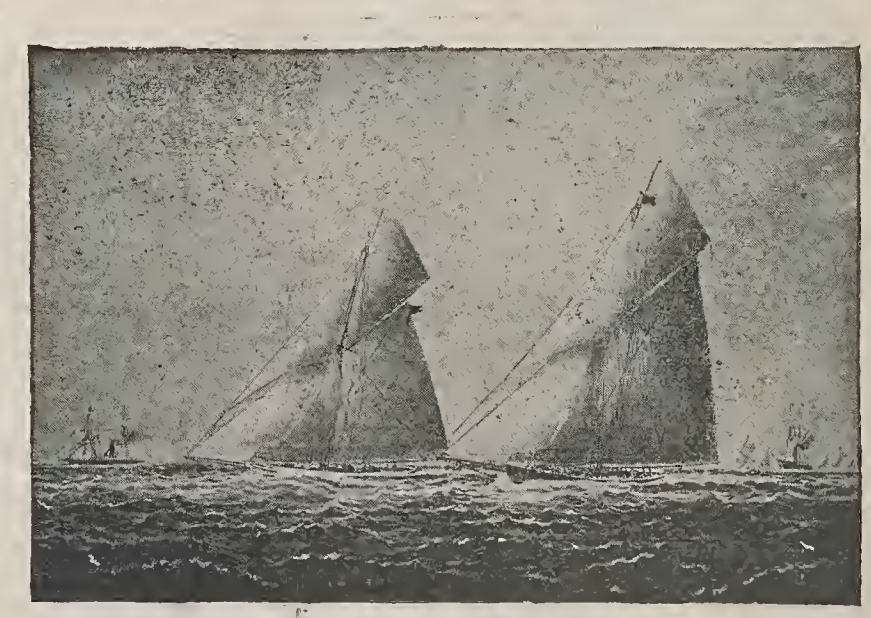
Copies of them may be seen at this office, and inspection is invited.

BASS FISHING AT BLOCK ISLAND.



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This little book is written by a practical field trial trainer, and is the result of many years experience. The author believes in suasion rather than punishment, condemns the spike collar, and recommends a sparing use of the whip.

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$225 in Gold Given Away!

THE NATCHAUG SILK CO.

will give nine big cash prizes for the following catches of fish taken during the season 1894, viz.: From the 1st day of April to the 1st day of November inclusive, with the NATCHAUG SILK FISHING LINE:

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NINTH PRIZE— (SPECIAL)	$25 in Gold for the heaviest Brook Trout caught in the State of Maine.

As the Trout caught in the lakes of Maine are acknowledged to be genuine Brook Trout, on account of the size of these fish we bar them from our Fifth Prize, and offer this as a special prize for these waters.

A sample card of our Lines sent free on application.

CONDITIONS:

All these fish must be caught with the Natchaug Silk Fishing Line in fresh water (except Prize 8) and by fair angling.

Competitors must forward to us their full name, P. O. address, together with the description and weight of fish caught, and name of dealer from whom line was purchased, together with the name of one reputable witness affixed. On November 7th, 1894, the award will be made, and the list of successful competitors announced in the FOREST AND STREAM and the *American Field*.

All successful competitors before receiving their prizes will be required to send an affidavit as to their statement of fish caught.

If your dealer does not keep the Natchaug Silk Fishing Lines, order direct from

THE NATCHAUG SILK CO., Willimantic, Conn.,
Or 213--215 Fifth Avenue Chicago.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

VOL. XLIII.—No. 13. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

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We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

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PORTRAITS IN INK.

VII.—THE DOCTOR.

OUT at all hours of day and night, pelted by storms of rain and storms of snow, chilled by bitter cold of winter and scorched by downright beams of the summer sun, our country doctor leads a hard and wearing life. He rides over roads now heavy with mire, now blocked with snow, now choking with dust.

With body so overworked and mind perplexed by difficult cases and the worry of unreasoning and exacting patients, it is a wonder how he preserves health and strength without his own physic, or maintains a cheerful spirit, yet he does both.

In an obscure corner of his office you may discover a gun, a rod and a box of fishing tackle, none too carefully kept, yet all serviceable and ready for use in their season; and these constitute his private medicine chest, with judicious draughts wherefrom he preserves the health and vigor of body and mind.

Sometimes when you meet him on his way to visit a distant patient of the continually but never dangerously ailing sort, the gun shares with him the narrow seat of the sulky, unskillfully masked under a blanket, or the red case rests between his knees, and you guess his intention of stealing an hour's shooting in some patch of roadside woods, or as much fishing in the stream that intersects his route. The entire days of such recreation that fall to his lot, lie far apart in the year.

It often happens when a day of freedom has apparently come, it slips away from him into the uncertainties of the future. Shells are loaded over night, the gun cleaned and oiled, or the rod put in order, tackle overhauled, flies arranged or bait secured. He falls asleep with a prayer for an auspicious morrow, to dream pleasant dreams of frost-painted woodlands or waters rippled by the south wind's breath and shadowless beneath a clouded sky.

The slow dawn brings an answer to his prayer, and his dreams seem about to materialize into tangible realities His horse is at the door, his gun or rod in hand, his heart is light with the thought of throwing physic to the dogs for a day, when in rushes a messenger with an urgent call to some serious case.

In an instant the promised day of recreation is changed to one of wearing toil and anxiety, but he meets the disappointment with a cheerful face and takes up the scarcely dropped burden of care without a murmur.

Indeed he has grown so accustomed to such miscarriage of his plans that he is least disappointed when most so, and hope deferred does not make his stout heart sick.

He comes home weary and worn at night, but drops in at the shoemaker's and refreshes himself with a half hour's chat of reminiscent or prospective shooting or fishing. He finds the musty atmosphere of the cobbler's den more congenial than the finer air of the Major's neat hop, and his visits are so frequent that the neighbors have ceased to ask him if the shoemaker is ailing.

The mending of bodies and the mending of soles, notwithstanding their dissimilarity, seems to bring the practitioners of the two arts into an affinity which leads both to field sports and scientific pursuits more than any other professors and craftsmen.

When at last a day arrives that leaves him free to practice the lighter arts of recreation, with what zest for them and entire abandonment of weightier duties he enters upon them.

The faculties sharpened in his regular profession are keen in the pursuit of these, and sensitive to every touch of nature. He enjoys to the utmost her beauties, discovers her secrets, and acquaints himself with the lives of her children, the wood folk and water folk whom he loves, that have grown dearer through continual longing and rare opportunity.

Far apart in the years of his professional life he breaks the links of the lengthening chain, and escapes into the great woods beyond the recall by night-bell, messenger or telegram.

His comrades tell how he revels in his brief season of liberty, when he is the life of the party, the ready deviser of expedients, the inventor of camp conveniences, the closest observer of nature, the keenest and yet the gentlest of sportsmen.

He is the better doctor for being a good sportsman, and his patients have no cause to blame him for deserting them, for he brings back to their service a clearer brain, firmer nerves and a stronger body.

NETTING BASS IN LAKE ONTARIO.

COMPLAINT is made by anglers residing in the western part of this State that the fishing on the Niagara River and on Lake Ontario has been greatly injured by the taking of black bass in nets set in the lake. It is alleged that during one week a single net owner, whose operations were conducted near Four Mile Pond, caught 1,700 black bass in his nets. General complaint is made of poor fishing, which is attributed altogether to the nets. The statement has been made that such nets may be set within one mile of the shore in the lake, and anglers there make the same complaint that those on the Jersey coast do against the pound nets.

A reference, however, to Chapter 627 of the laws of New York for 1894 shows in Section 9 an amendment to an earlier law, which reads in part: "No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed in any manner or by any device except angling * * * in Lake Ontario within one mile of the shore." It would appear, therefore, that any nets set within one mile of the shore are put there in violation of the statutes and should be removed by the local game protector.

Not only should the nets themselves be placed at the distance of at least one mile from the shore, but if long wings or fences are built from the nets toward the shore with the purpose of leading the fish into the nets, these also are set in violation of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the statute. It is altogether probable that the courts would hold that such fences are a part of the nets and that their erection and maintenance is illegal.

Anglers allege that as a result of the nets and of the fences which are built leading to them, practically very few bass pass by these traps and that the destruction is so great as to threaten the absolute ruin of the fishing. It is urged that the law be so amended as to absolutely forbid any taking of bass with nets, on the ground that bass are game fish and that they afford about all the sport that is to be had in these waters.

It would seem worth the while of the local anglers' associations to investigate the facts in this matter, and to make public the results, calling to the attention of the local game protectors any violation of the law.

THE opinion has lately been expressed in our hearing that kennel matters in this country were at a low ebb and that the fondness for dogs which for some years has been so general, is a fad which has run its course. This opinion is scarcely borne out by the condition of our kennel columns, which last week reported three important dog shows and one field trial, besides a great deal of other interesting kennel news. In addition, two or three pages of news were left over for want of space to print them. It may safely be said that no matter how the fashions shall change, there will always be left plenty of people who love a good dog and who will want to read about man's oldest and best friend.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE law-abiding citizen may well feel discouraged when those who are appointed to enforce the law are themselves guilty of violating it. Unfortunately this occurs not very infrequently, and often when public attention is called to it, the offending official avers that he sinned through ignorance, and that he is willing to pay his fine. This is all very well so far as it goes, but it goes only a very little way, for the mere payment of a fine counts for nothing in the matter of repairing the harm done to the cause of game protection by a prominent person who violates the game law—and is caught at it. In another column we reprint an item printed in the Toledo *Blade* of Sept. 19, which states that the Chief of Police of that city left there on Saturday, the 15th inst., for the State of Illinois and there shot quail in violation of the Illinois statute. Not only this, but—if we may judge from the account—he boasted of it on his return. At all events, the reporter who wrote the item evidently thought that the Chief of Police had done quite a smart thing. While perhaps nothing better than this is to be expected from a newspaper reporter whose main object is to make space and not to preach the observance of the law, what shall be said of a Chief of Police—an individual whose whole business is to enforce respect for and observance of the law—who leaves his own State and deliberately, with his eyes open, breaks the law of a neighboring State. To every question there are usually two sides, and we should be glad to learn that there has been any misstatement of facts in this case or that there is any explanation which will make the act of the Toledo Chief of Police seem a less grievous offense against law and morals than it now appears.

Before the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM is put to press, the shooting season will have opened in Connecticut, where only a few years ago reasonably good bags were the rule, and at the end of a day's tramp the gunner who worked hard might hope, when he came in at night, to turn out of his pockets from fifteen to twenty birds—quail, partridges and woodcock. Nowadays, however, he who follows his dog all day long, over hill, through swamp and along swale, must be content with a much more moderate recompense for his toil. If he gets eight or ten birds he feels that he has done well. Quail seem to have absolutely disappeared along the shores of Long Island Sound, woodcock are not, and ruffed grouse—though holding their own much better than the other birds—exist only in diminished numbers. Unless some action is soon taken either to restock the State or to put a stop to the shooting, the prospects are that before very long there will be absolutely no shooting. On the other hand, there are localities where the unprofitable tillage of the soil has been abandoned and the farms deserted, in which it is said that the birds have increased, and that both quail and ruffed grouse still are found in something like their old-time abundance. Connecticut is so near New York that a few years ago it was a favorite shooting ground for New York sportsmen; but many of these have given up their autumnal journeys thither, discouraged by the scarcity of the birds.

The name Gordon-Cumming is one well known in the annals of big-game hunting, though chiefly under the equator and among the beasts of the tropic. Recently, however, one of this name has started for the far north in an endeavor to penetrate to the land of the musk-ox. The travel is by canoe, and the expedition numbers only four men who carry provisions for six months. To reach the musk-ox country they must first pass through that of the barren ground caribou, which they will meet on the southern migration, and on the flesh of which they must largely depend for food. A most interesting account of life in this desolate northern land may be found by any one who is interested in this subject, in Mr. Warburton Pike's fascinating volume, "The Barren Grounds of North Canada."

The Mongolian pheasant has entered Massachusetts under State patronage. The last Legislature appropriated $150 for the importation and breeding of the birds; and the work is in charge of Fish and Game Commissioner Brackett. The appropriation does not provide for more than an humble beginning; but if the pheasants shall do as well in the East as they have in the Northwest, the few birds already received will insure an abundant stock for the future, provided they are protected.

The Sportsman Tourist.

BIRDS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.

THE glow of sunshine is gone, and the night herons have long since departed on their regular foraging expedition to the "fish ponds" in the bay. Only an occasional *quah* is heard from some straggler, as he hurries through the dusk of this quiet evening.

Were it not for "insect music," and now and again the intermittent rustle of a leaf under the touch of the light southerly air, the stillness would be complete.

The sky is beautifully clear, and the planets, as they swing far out in space, are glowing with the mellow light of early autumn. The moon, a slim crescent in the south, casts its dim light about me as I wait here for the birds.

'Tis a perfect night for the little migrants. A light southerly air to bear them on, faint moonlight to guide them, and the season, too, Sept. 12, is about the proper time for their first flight.

Hark! Here they come! Now I can hear the soft call and chirp of little voices in the sky. It falls with an indescribable charm of suggestion, this "small talk" of the little travelers. How swiftly they pass! They are gone!

There! Another flock! Crisp and silvery the tiny notes drop thro' the darkness. Seldom do I hear a voice that I may identify. The sweet sounds float in the air, but the little fellows hurry on, as though desirous of escaping recognition.

That was a plover! What a start his ringing call gave me, as he slipped by unseen.

There is a fascination in being alone at this hour, under the stars.

There is the added charm of mystery. It lurks in the tangle of the thickets where the shadows rest. It breathes in the damp mist of river fogs. It is voiced by the "Birds that pass in the Night." WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y., Sept. 17.

ON THE TRAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Most people, during some part of their lives, have been alone. But there are degrees of loneliness. I have heard a young woman sigh heavily when for a period of twenty-four or thirty-six hours there were no callers outside of the family at the fine residence of her parents. She selected first one book and then another, dropped them in despair, assailed the piano, and tried numerous other arts to pass the dragging and heavy hours. She seemed to have no recourse independent of her surroundings or her particular friends, and probably suffered more than some persons would in the most dreary desert.

In the center of a city I have found it difficult to find companionship or themes for quiet or pleasing contemplation. After the novelty of artificial surroundings has passed, nothing, it seems to me, is more difficult to endure than idleness in a great city. It is true there are many things constantly happening to attract and divert the attention, but most that occurs seems rather to weary than satisfy the spectator. To him all is artificial, and beyond man, in his constant strife and selfish competition, the paved streets, rails and wires, engines and smoke, fires and furnaces, gaudy colors and grinding wheels, seem false, heartless and superficial.

Surrounded by all the din and bustle, and in the midst of thousands of his own species, I believe a man can feel loneliest in the heart of a city. I mean a man who is not identified with such surroundings, or interested in the weal or woe of those about him, any more than those about him manifest their recognition. The "Ancient Mariner," who was

> Alone, alone—all, all alone,
> Alone on a wide, wide sea—

(unless he was a city man) could not have felt so painfully solitary if he had a few biscuits and a little fresh water with him. He had the sea and sky, the sun, moon and stars all to himself, and then he could have fished until he got a breeze.

Under present conditions, I have no doubt, cities are almost as necessary as taxes. He was a wise man who observed that "necessity is the mother of invention," but I cannot help but admire the villain who proclaimed that "invention is the mother of necessity." In my ideal Utopia, which will precede the millenium, there will be no great cities. Those who wish to lose their identity and merge themselves into a soulless sea, will please follow the illustrious example of Jonah in his contact with the whale. I would have my whales less eructive.

However, I am endeavoring to explain what it is to be alone. In the midst of the most deserted part of a great American desert there is a sign post set up. On the ghostly white board, in large letters, is the word Solitude; but as hundreds of people pass there on the railroad trains the sign is a standing falsehood. Besides there are jack-rabbits, prairie dogs, owls and coyotes there. Away out in the oceans there are islands, some of them mere rocks, protruding from fathomless depths of briny billows, but from them a sail is occasionally seen and migratory or native birds are there. As far as my knowledge reaches there is no place where man can exist and be absolutely alone. There is society everywhere, and man is alone nowhere. He may be lonely in a city and he may be lonely in a desert. There are degrees of loneliness, and these degrees are the imaginary gradations of man himself.

That man is a social animal is true—but whether he can exist without companionship of one or a thousand of his species is probably a mere habit or custom. If I was to select a man to experiment with, to see if he could survive in solitary existence for say ten years, I would select a wise man, give him Shakespeare's works and ask him to manage to endure worse society when he got back. The foregoing statements which I have made are comprised in some of my incomplete philosophy, which I expect one of these days to array more attractively, thereby using many more words.

The other day I felt unusually carnivorous, and as I had seen a large-sized deer track a short distance from my lair, I deliberately decided to go forth, like Esau of old, and get venison. I devoted the evening to putting my rifle in shape, sharpening my knife, and other aggressive and warlike preparations. About an hour before daybreak the morning following I was well up on the side of a mountain, making progress toward the top of a deep cañon. I say top because the cañon is inclined to incline more than ordinary cañons. If it only tipped up a few degrees more it would, I think, be the biggest well in the world. As it is, however, it is really open on one side, although the front has tried its utmost to close it completely. The stream which tumbles down through it is at constant war with the huge granite boulders, logs and trees which impede its course, and if the water was not so fresh and vigorous it could never continue in its eternal roaring and tumbling, I should think the trout would crawl out on the banks and rest.

I had reached a big shelf that there is near the cañon, about the time it was light enough to see to shoot, and two deer ran across it 50yds. from me. I might have shot one of them but I didn't know they were there, and I was out of breath. Besides, just as I saw the deer I stepped on some moss which felt like a snake and stepped back so quickly that I took my dog by surprise and almost went over a precipice with him. The dog is very well trained, but he saw the deer going away, and doubtless thought I was trifling, so he started out to catch the deer. He is one of those dogs which, in order to run fast, yelp every jump. Sometimes he gives out two yelps to one jump. In fact he makes so much noise with his mouth that he forgets to work his feet properly, I think.

If this dog didn't yelp when he runs he would be a better dog than he now is. He is speedy, and he made those deer run for their lives. If he had only shut his mouth for a few jumps, and had devoted the surplus energy to his legs and feet he would have made the connection. As it proved the deer got out of sight and the dog got tangled up in the noise he made and gave up the race. All the deer in the vicinity knew he was a bad dog and so they left there also.

This was rather discouraging after the hard climb I had made, but I never waste energy after I know an effort is futile. I found a good place to rest and wait for the dog to recover his voice, so I made the most of circumstances by thinking them over. I sat down under a big fir and contemplated. After I had been there an hour or so, four or five big grouse flew from a limb above my head. The dog wanted them, too, but as they flew across the cañon he only made two jumps and a few yelps, found he couldn't sail and gave it up. If I had known the grouse were just over my head for an hour I would have killed something. However, I discovered that my dog, in order to yelp well, had to be moving. Whenever he stopped going his mouth quit also. It is a fact worthy of note that dog can sit and howl, but when a dog yips and yelps it is a sign he is in motion in other respects. I bethink me of a proverb here which I will do up in a package for posterity, viz.:

> When yips the cur
> You'll see him whirr.

Whirr does not suit all dogs, but my dog whirrs—that is he goes with a sort of a whizz—especially when he wants to make so much noise that he cannot hear me call him back.

After I had discovered these good traits in the dog I began to observe that I was in a lonely, weird sort of a place. The big trees made deep shade, the stream sent up a dreamy roar, several squirrels barked in subdued tones—probably making remarks about the dog—and somehow, although the mountain, the cañon and forest were full of life and sounds, all seemed marvelously still and soothing; probably owing to the contrast caused by the opening and closing of the dog—at any rate it was a queer, wild place.

I thereupon fell again to thinking. What a wonder is the mind of man and how unceasingly it labors! What a multitude of subjects it harbors in a day, or an hour. How few of the things it entertains are comprehended or understood; they are taken up and dropped as quickly, and thoughts pass by myriads in superficial review—reviewed by the soul, or what we call the soul—whatever that is I wondered why so many animate forms of animal and vegetable life should have been created. Must not every thing endowed with life prey upon the essence of some other living thing or creature? Ah, may not all life in plant, or beast, or bird, or man be merely but a portion of some great all-pervading and mysterious element, and no life more than an atom of the whole.

Amid the awful surroundings of oceans, mountains, storms, thunders, tempests, the myriads of orbs and planets away into infinite and unknowable space—it is sometimes strange to me that man should consider himself as a responsible being, or as a solitary and sole creation in himself. While I cannot indorse the fundamental theory of Pythagoras—that souls are shifted about from one domicile to another in the world, I am fain to believe that all life is identical—an all-pervading essence, transmitted to differing material forms—differing veins or muscles or faculties, and that in these material and superficial forms all distinction is confined.

Recalling my attention to myself, I concluded that I was a mere atom, endowed with some incomprehensible essence which animated my anatomy, and operated upon certain muscles, glands or "gray matter," and produced in me effects which I considered motion and reason. Here I was, then, carrying my soul around in a bone box that might be shattered and destroyed by a limb falling from a tree—aye, by a burr dropping from the lowest branch of a giant pine! Here I was, with the dog, prowling about with a deadly instrument, constructed by man, in a fruitless and laborious effort to prey upon some other insignificant atom of creation

My gun seemed to have lost its attractive shape, and seemed now but an iron tube with a handle to it, containing the villainous combination of sulphur, saltpeter and lead, made to deface and destroy things endowed with the mysterious and inexplicable blessing, life. I thereupon called my dog—although he always comes without calling—except when he is whirring—and set off for home.

However, I think now, I will go out again and try and get a deer. I have an inclination to exist longer. To do it I must prey upon something. I can be omnivorous for awhile, but even if I eat grass I must destroy life, for it lives, and is full of bugs besides. The fittest must survive, and, therefore, if my dog can be suppressed, I expect to bring in something about the size of a deer shortly. If this much philosophy will supply you until then, trust me to send in a more copious installment. You have intimated that you prefer prose. I could have rhymed some of this, but I defer to your excellent taste and trepidation. This final sentence I write to save the balance of this sheet of paper. You may leave it off. RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Aug. 31.

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF IT.

TO THE masculine mind, even though only slightly balanced in favor of the ground covered by FOREST AND STREAM, there is an unfailing freshness in its weekly issue; but may I add to this another bit of praise, and say that there are just as many ladies who devour the contents of the one addressed to a certain F. F. K. as there are gentlemen? And precisely the same number await it when it has started on its missionary rounds into another county of our State.

In the sense of being ardent followers of current periodical publications we are a literary family, and how can we best talk about other than our neighbors' affairs, unless we all keep up with the same literature? If the world at large doesn't fill our minds, our own little treadmill of trading, farming, manufacturing, baking, brewing and boiling will, so we tacitly have taken the wider horizon for the limit of our view. Our shortened vision will impel us to views at hand, but with field glasses and microscope, have we not the world at our feet?

I can surely wish you "God speed" in the many paths your feet are treading, and those that are blazed, but are yet unbroken, and those, more remote, that the experienced editorial eye cannot yet discern between the giant boles blocking his sight. I read the editorials; and some of your correspondents have a rare gift at tying my eyes to their adventures; but mostly I skim through the fishing—because the fish will never take my bait—the gunning is beyond the abilities of either my brain or body; the dogs I love and fear, and I am their unswerving slave so long as they are spiritualized on paper; the yachts—ya-chets I heard a not *very* ignorant woman call them the other day—are beyond my mathematical, or mechanical, skill, and possibly you may think I have narrowed the boundaries of your usefulness. But the spirit is less captious than the latter. For what could be more intellectual than the lessons you gave us on the training of dogs? Or more graceful than those artistic lessons from nature on "Hunting Without a Gun?"

It isn't the dictionary, tradition, poetry or joints, that make either rod or pole; it is the "divine afflatus" that makes the fisherman, that electrifies his weapon. My husband, my father, my grandfather, who can wade to their waistbands all day, or lie "belly-whopper" over a dark and rich pool—dark to the eye, but rich in patience and reward to the soul—for the two-pound beauty one will bring home in the basket, they fish with rods, whether it is a fresh-cut alder or an 8oz. split bamboo, with silver gleaming joints and daintiest appointments.

May I tell you how I am an angler? It is only as fish become things of beauty and joys forever, when somebody else has tramped over field and sailed over flood, safely netted, securely bottled, and finally poured forth the contents of his vials into my aquarium; when the dust, as the children call it, has settled, the water cleared, and beneath the surface moss I see my "Johnny Roach," my pretty shiners, graceful, tidy and ceaselessly attractive, my eel, who only vouches infrequent glimpses of his lithe form, my mussels plowing their way across the sands; the delicate greens of pondwort, arrow-heads, called pond lilies, and the daintier water worts I cannot classify, and finally when the field ponds are teeming with their myriad forms of animalcu'æ, and for a few minutes we have red spiders, fancy shrimps, and millions of microscopic monsters, oh, this is my angling! This is when Walton's gentle fever burns my veins and I take a subdued delight in watching the panorama before my eyes as I lift them from sewing or reading, or go to and fro about my washing, ironing, baking, sweeping and dusting.

Thus with the prospect of a useful existence, added to your encouraging of those elements of sport that make the human heart reach out to attain other ends than a narrow, clannish life, to attain to the development of individual life, whether in bird, beast or fish, on earth, in air or water, whether in man, woman or child, I wish you all prosperity. A CONNECTICUT WOMAN

Natural History.

THE CATBIRD.

FROM the time when I first became interested in our common birds, I have always been especially attracted by the catbird—not because of any peculiarity in its general habits, but by reason of the song and personal character of the bird.

The catbird (*Galeoscoptes carolinensis*) is not ranked among famous song birds, but there are few bird songs more interesting than his. I take the catbird to hold the place among song birds of a serio-comic singer; his forte (if I may use such weighty term in speaking of a bird) is comedy rather than tragedy, the burlesque rather than the pathetic. If to burlesque be not his intention he shows very bad taste in his combinations, for he will render his imitation of the harsh screams of the bluejay or hawk in the same breath almost with such soft, delicate notes as those of the goldfinch, and introduce a sudden nasal *me-ew* right in the middle of a soft-toned soliloquy. The song of the catbird, like that of his gifted cousin, the mockingbird, seems to vary according to his mood, and his mood seems usually a very changeable one. He will mimic, or parody, and turn his song into every shape he can think of, and then lowering his voice, soliloquize in a soft-toned argumentative way, for perhaps half an hour at a time. He has an amusing way, too, of speaking, as it were, rather than singing the various sounds belonging to his song, and in a low-toned mysterious manner suggestive of the narration of a ghost story.

The manners of the catbird are no less interesting than his song. A prominent trait of his character is his inquisitiveness, he desires apparently to know the why and wherefore of everything he sees. As I pass through his haunts he will leave whatever he is occupied with and come out through the tree branches, not in a manner suggestive of fear, but rather to see if there is anything about me to gratify his love for the marvelous, or, I suspect, something that will amuse him, and serve as food for future ridicule. I was amused by a catbird one time in my youthful bird-catching days. The mate of a pet goldfinch having died, I took a trap cage and a call bird to a little wood much frequented by goldfinches, with the hope of replacing it. I was passing a group of cedars when a catbird came along and showed so much curiosity that for his gratification I put the cage down, and after showing him the way it worked, retreated a little to see

what he would do. He came immediately down and on it, and after examining it with much interest and amusement, he went back to his boughs, and if he did not laugh it was for lack of the necessary feelings. He swung himself about on those branches, and me-ewed and sang random selections of other bird notes in a riotously mirthful manner. The idea of the thing. And to think that any bird would be green enough to be taken in by it. Then he would come down and look at it and watch the movements of the call bird through the wires, and repeat its notes derisively.

The catbird appears to be rather more rational-minded in regard to his domestic affairs than most birds. His family are as well brought up as any bird's, but he does not apparently regard their well being as the sole object of his existence. He seems to look upon the nest building and worm hunting as an amusement rather than important occupation, judging from the way he proceeds about them. He goes about such work with a mysteriously interested manner, with an air of subdued amusement, as if he thought the whole thing a joke, but it wouldn't do to say so. And when his possessions are interfered with he shows a proper concern, but he does not usually become frantic like some birds—the robin for instance. On the contrary, he shows often on such an occasion an admirable presence of mind. He will endeavor to persuade me of the non-existence of a nest in a place I know it is with a suave dignity and show of candor, which would be convincing but for my knowledge to the contrary. C. A. TYNDALL.

HAD ENOUGH.

WHILE stopping a few days at the Sault Ste. Marie the past summer, en route to Clear Lake, Canada, I witnessed a prize fight between a full grown mink and a red or fox squirrel—the stakes evidently being the satisfaction of seeing which should lay the other out. It was in a small shoe shop, near the hotel, just before early breakfast, while waiting for the boy to make an extra dime by giving me a "shine."

The owner of the shop was evidently fond of pets, judging by the cages of owls and other birds, with small animals lodged on shelves about the room. In one cage was a large red or fox squirrel, and on the floor near the amateur boot black was a small paper box containing a couple of young robins. While watching the job, I saw a long, slender, full grown mink dart out from beneath a bench and take a bee line for the robins. The lad excitedly exclaimed, "He's out of his cage," and struck at the mink with his brush. The robin cage was upset and one of the birds ejected, but in the scuffle the mink was driven back minus his prey. For a minute or two the mink disappeared, when I noticed him climbing a corner of the shelving beneath the red squirrel.

The moment his eyes caught a glimpse of the squirrel he darted at the cage with lightning quickness, and winding his lithe body around the wires, sought to get contact with the now highly excited prisoner. The latter chattered and bit at his foe and faced him on every turn as the mink, "not spakin' a word," rapidly traveled over the bars hunting an entrance. Blood was up on both sides—one the eager assailant and the other the desperate defender of his life. Disappearing behind the cage after half a dozen circuits, the mink in some way found a loop-hole, as the next moment the two were locked in deadly embrace inside the cage, fighting furiously. Over and over they went—a streak of black and red—shifting positions so fast it was impossible to tell where either was using his teeth or which was head and which was tail. The squirrel still kept up his now subdued chatter—too busy to strike the loud notes, while the mink maintained his ominous silence.

For several minutes the battle waxed hotly until suddenly the mink dropped on the bottom of the cage on his back, and the now maddened squirrel, with his back to his foe, angrily attacked the bars of his cage near the top. At first I thought the mink was done for, but closer inspection showed his small beadlike eyes sharply watching the squirrel's movements. He was clearly playing possum and watching for a neck hold.

Seeing an apparently favorable opening, he suddenly darted at the squirrel, and again the battle was on. Round and round they went, over and over, for another three-minute round, and again the mink dropped to the floor on his back and the squirrel resumed his attack on the bars. Neither seemed much the worse for wear and no blood stains were visible. The shop lad was in sore trouble for fear the combatants would be slain and the boss be very mad. Getting a slender iron poker, he inserted it between the bars and pressed it across the mink's body. It didn't require anybody to hold the squirrel.

When the mink got ready, the poker didn't seem to bother him much, as he was up and grappling with the squirrel in a twinkle. The fight didn't last long before the mink again lay on the bottom of the cage in his usual pugilistic attitude.

Deeming my breakfast waiting, and fearing the fight might spin out to forty rounds or more, I left the shop for the hotel. After breakfast, with two of my comrades, we went back to learn the issue of the fight. Entering, I found the mink in a small cage gnawing a piece of raw meat, and the squirrel in his own cage "sucking his thumb," which had evidently been considerably chawed during the fight. Neither seemed ready for the hospital.

Inquiring how the battle terminated, the shop boy stated that shortly after I left the boss came, and getting a small cage, opened the door and placed it opposite the open door of the squirrel cage. Seeing a way out, the mink slid himself into the small cage—saying never a word—and left the squirrel sole sovereign of his realm. The mink evidently had had enough, and the squirrel was satisfied, as he "hadn't begun that fight nohow." OLD SAM.

Flew Through the Window.

BARTON, Vt., Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read of instances of partridges flying against windows and breaking them, but never knew of an instance personally until this morning one flew against the window of Mr. E. E. Liddell in this village, breaking through two heavy lights of glass, the lower sash being raised, the bird striking just above the bar, breaking both lights, going through the sitting room and falling in the kitchen. Its throat was cut by the glass so that it bled to death in a few minutes, and it was served for dinner. The bird must have been going with great velocity, as both lights of glass were shattered to atoms. One also flew into the house of C. E. Hamblet this morning, breaking out a large glass, but escaped through the opening made. Both houses are in the thickly settled portion of the village, but are situated about one-half mile apart. J. W. W.

[Such cases are of course not uncommon, and seem to occur most often in early autumn, when the partridges (ruffed grouse) are shifting quarters.]

Game Bag and Gun.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I passed three weeks of August and the first week of September of this year at a lake where I first camped nearly forty years ago. I have been a visitor to the same lake a dozen or fifteen times in the interim.

On my first visit we occupied the winter camp of the noted guide, Alvah Dunning. Now there is a comfortable house there, holding twenty-five persons, with fifty acres cleared around it and the ordinary belongings of a farm. But as regards game the region seems absolutely unchanged. Possibly the partridges are fewer, but the deer seem more numerous. During the three weeks when night-hunting was lawful, some one was out almost every night, and deer were seen or heard every time; and in four cases out of five could have been gotten if the hunter had been skillful. Four were secured during that time, which were as many as the house could use. Two of these were the largest I have ever seen in the Adirondacks and one of them would probably weigh 250lbs.

In the region drained by this particular lake, which lies at the head of a system, it was estimated by good judges there were from seventy-five to one hundred deer, which is as many as the food supply would sustain.

Among the causes which help to maintain this continued supply, I think the following may be enumerated:

First—The better observance of the game laws. There was no attempt among the eight or ten hunters in the house to violate these, except in one case. This particular person wished to begin on the 13th instead of the 15th, but he was unsuccessful until the law was up. The guides and innkeepers have discovered that every deer in the region is worth to them, as a body, about $75, and they hinder in various ways illegal shooting and over-killing on the part of ambitious visitors.

Second—Large sections have become so settled, and formerly isolated regions have so many visitors, that the deer are driven from them, and others are cleared, so that food and shelter are destroyed. The regions adjacent to the lines of lakes, on which the main travel is, sustain no deer. The space they occupy is thus greatly limited, but within this space they are as abundant as ever. A little more discomfort and some more expense are necessary to reach them, but these things will tend to preserve them.

Third—While the number of hunters is greatly increased, their skill has not increased in proportion. They are out for a good time. The waters abound with pleasure parties shouting to wake the echoes, and laughing and filling the air with strange noises, all the day: all of which tends to make the deer timid and wary, and so keeps them out of harm's way. And then they are unskillful shots, especially the women.

It has become a fad with women to shoot with the rifle. They seldom hit anything. Some make the attempt who never before had a gun in their hands. I met with one who called the stock a handle. They generally bang away half the day at targets, and then go out at night, and if a deer is seen, bang away at that, without doing any harm to the deer, except to frighten it, and make it more fearful and cautious in future.

Hounding is undoubtedly most fatal to the continued supply. A month is too long. If the use of dogs could be limited to two weeks it would probably be better—any limit would be an improvement. If the deer do not diminish under the present law, well and good. Certainly they have not diminished in secluded places, and away from the thoroughfares, during the life of a generation of hunters. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If the Adirondack deer were a blight which man sought to drive from earth, it could suffer no more unfair persecution than it has or does suffer. It is possible that I take rather a pessimistic view of the situation, but my fears that ten years more will see the deer a rarity in the paradise of New York State sportsmen, are founded on more than mere chimerical rumors.

In the first place, the deer laws are not and cannot under the existing method of enforcement be effective. A law is gauged as a law and a protection by the manner in which it is enforced, and no sportsman can tell me that either in Herkimer or Hamilton counties the laws covering illegal killing are regarded in any manner other than as a spice to the so-called sport. The authorities in whom the protecting power is vested are perhaps not to blame; I believe they attempt to do their duty, and here lies the peculiarity of the situation. How any legislator with the encephalon of a field mouse can expect that the miserable financial provision made at present can provide wardens and watchers enough to cope with the situation is beyond my humble powers of conception. How is the pot-hunter, the cur who sets traps at the drinking places, the salter or the spring-gun fiend to be foiled? Unless something further is done by legislators and done before long, the stable door will be shut too late, and what is more the horse won't be found again.

All men should have convictions and the following is one of mine. I consider hounding a sport in name only. A surer means of deer extermination does not exist; it is also an incentive to law-breaking. It has its own excuse to offer when hounds are caught running out of season. Many times this excuse has been given me, "My dogs are deer mad and have been running on their own hook." In some cases this is true, but even so—I appeal to every true sportsman—are the benefits a few derive from hounding a sufficient recompense to the few for the outrageous doe-running, fawn-tearing proclivities possessed by these brutes? Is not a menace to the means of the recreation of society a blow at society itself, and is not a human being who loses control of himself called mad, and for the safety of society locked up? Then why not, if hounding is detrimental to the breeding and spreading of the American deer, why not stop hounding?

Another menace to the deer is that animal known as the great American game hog. He kills two deer in the morning, but can not allow two more to pass by at night, and keeps as much meat as he has use for, burying the rest. You will recognize this delicious creature as a rule by his bragging; so many deer in so many hours! Perhaps you have met the type.

In my hearing a well known Bisby guide told a tale of trapping deer. The good man it appears had brought a party into the Cauchaagala wilderness, and deer being shy and scarce, he, with the whole genius of a mighty brain, set large steel traps among some lily pads at various intervals. The jolly fellow described to an admiring audience how "By ged. you couldn't beat it. I got them folks three deer in one night; broke their forelegs mostly, and I and one of the girls who wanted to shoot her deer came out and fixed them the next morning."

I endeavored to secure the young ladie's (?) name, wishing to express to her my esteem for her Diana-like ways. I was unable to do so, but made up for it in part by losing the good man who told the tale a twenty days' fishing trip into Moose River.

Salting is a pastime that even the youth of the Adirdacks often indulge in. A nice easy low-down way of securing meat it is, just the thing for a man too lazy to still-hunt. I don't believe my hand ever itched to swing a horse whip as they did one day in August, 1889. An old toothless reprobate had just told me with many a cackle how he had salted eight deer within two months, and in proof of his statement showed me the skins tacked up in his barn when he wheezed, "I'm old, an' I've the rheumatiz an' the asmay, but begosh I kin lay it out them yit."

He far from realized that his age saved him from a practical demonstration of his last words.

Something must be done, brother sportsmen, and the only thing at present to do is either for private parties or the authorities to offer the informers such large rewards that no man will dare either to evade or to break the law. A man would think twice before he attempted illegal hunting if a reward of $200 was to be the incentive for all about him to prove the crime. Let us have the remedy, may it be quickly applied, strongly administered, and the good wishes of good sportsmen go with it.

R. P. F.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS IN THE SIXTIES.

AWAY back in 1865 I lived in what I called the chicken paradise, near the confluence of the Platt and Elkhorn rivers in Nebraska. A magnificent valley ten miles wide stretches away in the distance; and clumps of willows and box alders border the low sandy banks of the little lakes, which dot here and there the beautiful landscape. I lived about midway between the two streams on a farm, five miles from neighbors. Prairie chickens had lived and flourished here for ages, undisturbed, save by a few hunters, the freighter and emigrants on the old military road which ran hard by.

Long rows of sunflowers lined this road, producing rich nutritious seed by the bushel, on which the chickens thrived and grew fat. However, they soon learned that corn was sweeter than sunflower seed, and exactly filled a long felt want in the chicken's craw. The way they went for that corn was a surprise even to the Indians, who visited me quite often. A friendly old buck sagely remarked to me one day, as he pointed to the corn field, "Heap corn, heap chickum, pretty soon him eat white man's corn all up. Chickum heap fat"

As soon as the corn was ripe, at the first streak of dawn, a few early birds could be seen headed for the field, then as dawn developed into daylight, the air was full, and a wild rush of wings could be heard coming from every point of the compass, till they must have numbered thousands. And what a noisy lot they were, holding a regular jubilee over the wonderful discovery they had made, and taking full possession under the right of squatter sovereignty. How they did squawk and chatter about it. The din was incessant. With the rustle of the dry leaves as they chased each other about in their play, the stripping and picking of the dry shucks, the thumping of their wings on the stalks in rising up and lighting again, they frequently deceived me, and I ran out expecting to find a herd of 500 or more Texas steers ranging the field.

It was really becoming a serious matter with me, as corn was a ready sale at my door to freighters and emigrants at 50 cents a bushel. It began to look as if the old Indian had formed a correct estimate of their number and the capacity of the Nebraska chicken for storing away corn. He was a Pawnee and had learned to talk English of the soldiers at the fort. He and his squaw stopped one day to get watermelons, of which they are very fond, and I had them in such abundance I was hauling them out by the load for my cows. "Ugh!" he grunted. "Bad chickum, heap too much chickum."

At that moment a flock came sailing past. As quick as a flash he let fly two arrows, one after the other, and two chickens fell fluttering to the ground. The squaw shuffled after them, brought them back, and squatting down before the fire on which their coffee was boiling, she proceeded to roast them after having picked a portion of the largest feathers off. They ate all of the flesh and "innards;" nothing remained but a few bones. Patting his stomach, the Indian said, "No like chickum much; chickum bad; buffalo heap good."

This then explained why the birds were so numerous; the Indians only killed them when out of other meat. I spent the greater part of my time hunting and endeavoring to drive them out of the field. When I fired they would rise with a roar like distant thunder, only to circle around and alight again just out of reach of my gun. Dan Parmelee, the crack shot of the State at that time, came out with two of his friends from Omaha, and slew them by the hundreds, until I could get men to shuck my corn in order to save it.

As other game became scarce, the demand became greater for chickens in market, and the pot-hunters and trappers wiped nearly all of them out of existence. To-day they are a rare bird in that locality.

D. E. FULLER.

Chickens, Ducks and Geese

are going to be very plentiful along the line of the Northern Pacific this season. Make your arrangements to go and get some of them. Send Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., 4 cents in stamps for "Natural Game Preserves of the Northwest."—*Adv.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

Camp "Forest and Stream's" Fourth Annual.

II.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 12.—As I remember it the editor of FOREST AND STREAM himself had promised to this year visit the tabernacle which for four years had borne the banner of the paper aloft among the oaks of Mukwonago's domain, but he didn't come, contenting himself with the promise to come next year, when very likely he will come again the same way. At any rate, he and the other enthusiasts who had agreed to join us for a time, foiled us at the last. J. B. H. and I awoke alone at sunrise of our first day in camp. Ah! but the absentees; how unfortunate they all were. They missed seeing the sun filter through the oaks that guarded our pleached spot of rest. They missed the run down the hill and the plunge into the cold lake, here all the colder by reason of the springs at the foot of our hill. They missed the curling blue of our little morning fire, and missed also the diamonds on the grass, and the big fox-squirrel on the rail fence, and the fat woodchuck at breakfast as of yore upon the stony side of the hill beyond us. They missed—last of all, the breakfast of red hot bacon and eggs, good bread and butter fresh from our icy spring and cold and firm as ever on earth butter gets to be. They missed the stirring fragrance of the morning cup of coffee and the crispness of potatoes absolutely boneless. In short, they missed, and I am sorry for them all because they missed it, the first morning in camp. Perhaps the first meal, or the first night in camp, is not after all so glorious, so delicious, so absolutely best as the first morning in camp. Indeed, perhaps not even the first morning is so good as the next morning, or the next. Where each moment slips in golden grooves along an accelerating path of pleasure, and every breath you draw is happier than the one before it, who shall say where, what or at what time or station anything is best. It is all best, after we have lost our yardsticks of comparison.

After breakfast we did not at once joint our rods and rush down without washing the dishes to begin the labor of going fishing. Nay, of such are the ways of only the careless uncultured members of the craft. In Camp FOREST AND STREAM all is done decently and in order, with no boyish haste or undue dignity. J. B. H. knew perfectly well that the bass were there, waiting for him to come and catch them. He knew the exact corner of the lake, and the precise spot in that corner, where he would coax out a lusty fellow in his first few casts. He knew we would not need any fish to eat before supper time, and knew very well that a bass taken just before supper time and cooked under protest, so to speak, was better eating than one killed early in the day. J. B. H., I am glad to say, is one of those few generous and kindly souls whose logic does not include the supposistion that dead fish will stock future waters. For him quality of sport and not quantity is the jewel to be sought. Our rule had always been to take daily what food we or our immediate camping neighbors needed to eat, or to put in only one or two days of the trip in a deliberate hunt for big bass, always selecting those days when the weather just exactly suited us. As three or four bass a day would make all we cared for, and as we preferred the little fellows of not over a pound weight for eating purposes, what need had we to search for better waters than these, and indeed, what need to search even had we been disposed to go out and try what we could do? I doubt not we could have killed 50lbs. or more of bass a day, many and many a day, if we had wished. But what glory is there in that? J. B. H. could see none. But the glory of a cultivated heart is a perfectly equipped and well conducted camp, and with that, in his opinion, there can nothing at all of the world in the least compare.

What we might have done that morning, then, along the rush bank where we saw two or three bass jump out just to give us a tip that they were there and waiting for us, is of no consequence. The main and immediate thing was to finish the arrangement of our camp. Before even that was the washing of the dishes. In some camps dishes are washed spasmodically. In Camp FOREST AND STREAM they are washed methodically. While J. B. H. can skin a squirrel or broil a bass better than I can, I yield the palm to no one when it comes to washing dishes, and the task has been mine exclusively ever since the building of the city.

In washing dishes I am not one of those who slosh around with a dishcloth in the hand. The water fit for washing greasy camp dishes is so hot no mortal hand can slosh therein. I always cut me a stick with a crotch on the end, and thereon, binding a voluminous rag upon the end, and covering the whole with a section of discarded landing net. There is nothing in the world so good to cut grease off a plate as a piece of fine twine netting. But before the net, I must needs get the *pièce de résistance* of my washing rag.

It happened that about four years ago J. B. H. brought into camp a pair of flannel shirts of which I could not altogether approve. As each year has rolled by, I have approved of them still less, yet each year he has fished them up out of that same old battered-up valise. This year, in casting about me for the body of my dish rag, I fell upon one of these shirts, which J. B. H. in an unguarded moment had left lying upon the tent floor. I cut the sleeve out of it, bound it on the end of my dish rag stick, and found it to serve excellently a double purpose. It made a good dish rag, and it rendered one of the shirts practically *hors du combat*. The discovery of this caused J. B. H. great grief, and he promptly hid the other shirt. Still, I reason that he will not bring it along again next year, and then if I have luck I will get a sleeve off of it, too.

After breakfast I went down and dug out our old iron spring, which we found full of oak leaves, and undiscovered, under its close cover of long grasses, by any wandering summer resort being. This spring we found deep and cold. Our glass butter jar, with its tightly-screwed top, we always kept in this spring, which was just barely short of the freezing point in coldness. Our bass we kept out in a certain reed bunk in the lake, and when we wanted one, we just pitched him a frog and hauled him in out of the cold storage. J. B. H. long bemoaned the ruining of our pet springs on the opposite shore by the hotel builders, but he came to like the water of this iron spring better than any about the lake.

The next step in our camp preparations was the building of our camp table, which the head man of our camp proceeded to construct out of some bits of board, flotsam and jetsam of the quiet Phantom regions. I rather think we had a better table this year than we ever did. We found that you can easily level up a table top by setting a pan of water on it when you are in course of the construction. Yes, we had a grand table, perhaps two feet by three in size—think of it! But we cared nothing for the expense of things.

Well, along about this time farmer Moxon came over to renew his acquaintance of other years, and he and J. B. H. had quite a good time again together talking crops and religion. That makes him popular up in Mukwonago, where he is as well known as any of the other leading citizens, though he lives 400 miles from there, and only gets there once a year, when Camp FOREST AND STREAM is in session. My recollection is that neighbor Moxon and J. B. H. talked crops and religion for about four or five hours, having a good time while I was getting the boat ready and sorting out the size of Natchaugs we intended to use for casting lines. Then I carefully put together J. B. H.'s favorite casting rod, indulging myself in a sigh of satisfaction at the silent and speedy response to a twirl of the thoroughbred Kentucky reel which is one of my cherished properties. Then I sorted out a bagful of frogs of just the correct maculation and longitudinal striation, and took a look at the sun. Well, you know a day in camp glides along. I don't just remember when we ate our lunch, we were so long. But here it was growing evening and before long the bass would go on feed. Really, I had to stop their conversation, because it is one of the rules of Camp FOREST AND STREAM that we must have fresh bass for supper the second night we spend in camp.

It may be that J. B. H.'s fingers are not as deft as they once were, or that his far more than three score years and ten have left his eyes not so bright as they once were. At any rate he begins his fishing every year with a battle royal with the limber-jointed thoroughbred Kentucky casting reel. All men know what singular things a casting reel can do upon occasion. J. B H., as I may earlier have intimated, is a deacon in the church, and always has been all his life. Sometimes I think the holding of a deaconship and a casting reel, both at the same time, must be a difficult thing. The ideas are not altogether compatible. Really, I hardly know which one J. B. H. would resign if it came to a vote, but he so far has always managed to hold on to both and usually comes out in command of the joint situation at the end of the camp. This evening, however, he had a monstrous hard wrestle with the reel, and many a frown and pucker chased across his troubled countenace. Of course, it's no good to speculate on such things, and not polite, but I sometimes wonder if the good old men we know didn't ever say a single swear word—not never, not once, not in their whole lives? I remember, once J. B. H. and the Chief-with-Two-Stomachs and myself were fishing on the creek below the dam, and the Chief caught a pickerel that bit his thumb and he said a swear word, which he wouldn't have done for a thousand dollars cold cash on the spot. But J. B. H. couldn't help laughing. Now, how could he—but perhaps this is becoming too philosophical.

Anyhow, to-night the reel wouldn't work, in spite of my sage advice to J. B. H. to put some oil on his thumb. Of course, the more exasperated you get over a casting reel, the worse it cuts up, and there you are. "I wish you'd try this thing yourself, young man," said J. B. H. after a last elegant sample of raw silk pyrotechnics. My duty in Camp FOREST AND STREAM, as we have regularly conceived it, is to wash dishes, row the boat and catch frogs. It does not extend to catching fish, and I resent this extra labor, usually putting only one rod in the boat. This time, however, I relented, because it was growing late. Taking the rod, I made a few casts among the rushes in the shallow water, and as luck would have it, almost at once had a couple of bass—nice little green, wriggly fellows, about a foot long, just right for cooking. Upon this, we cheerfully pulled for camp, I all the way reviling J. B. H. upon the indignity of having to ask another fellow to catch the fish. His placid spirit was proof against this. "We've got 'em," said he tersely, "and we'll eat 'em." Both of which propositions I am willing to set down as of established truth. We did eat 'em, and they were good.

But why set down in order incidents which did not happen in order? Why, indeed, attempt any sort of classification of life in camp, where we did nothing in regular order except our camp work, and where the great charm of existence was that we should, each day and each hour of the day do just what we felt like doing. One day we took our whole tribe of young Waukesha Indians with us, and explored the Mukwonago River below the dam as far as the Fox River. Here we discovered great numbers of small-mouth bass, some ancient hoary fellows, with leisurely habits and much portliness of person, but it was warm and we could only get two to rise to the fly (the Johnson-fancy), both of which lived long enough to wish they hadn't. But the shallow, weedy stream never had much attractions for the senior member of the firm, and we went there no more, though bearing the big small-mouths long in memory.

One morning our young neighbors on the hill announced their intention of returning home. They said they didn't want to go, but had to, though they were reticent as to the actual reasons. They had been living strictly on their own resources, as became young woodsmen, but of late their diet had dwindled down to bread and milk, and I think they longed for the flesh pots of their Waukesha homes. The year before this the extreme scarcity of frogs had led us to pay these boys the fabulous price of 30 or even 35 cents a dozen. This year, alas! for them, frogs were all too abundant, and under the inexorable laws of political economy, the abundant supply cut down the demand. Six boys couldn't live on 20 cents a day, and the industrial panic broke up their little community, much to our regret. We gave such relief as we could by way of canned tomatoes, jam, etc., but it could not avail. They were too hungry and too many, and the inevitable had to happen.

One of the boys, a tough and hardy youngster, in his early teens, by name of Ben Bugbee, was made of sterner stuff than the others, and refused to abandon the fort. He stayed on alone in the big wall tent, living on supplies which he obtained in some mysterious manner. J. B. H., who is always disposed to talk to boys, formed an admiration for the lad who wouldn't go home, and we finally concluded that Ben was about the right sort of stuff, moved him over bodily into our camp, thereby making him probably the happiest boy in Wisconsin, for reasons which I shall later on disclose.

If Ben had done nothing but tell us about the little perch he would have earned a right to our gratitude. We had been eating bass, and the boys had been eating perch, little fellows about 4in. long, which they found ever ready, in any weather or at any time of the day, to yield to the blandishment of a hook dangled over one particular weed bed. "You want to catch the little ones," said Ben, "not longer than your finger. The big ones aren't good." Following his advice, we caught eighteen little baby perch one evening, just big enough to fill a skillet, with their tails all turned nicely to the center. We carefully rejected all croppies, rock bass and large perch which annoyed us by getting hooked while we were after the small perch. We found that these little fellows fried in fine bread dust and served on a hot plate, still with their tails pointing centerward, and garnished with fine strips of fried bacon, made absolutely the best fish we could find in the lakes. They were of just that size you can eat bones and all, and were delicious fried brown and crisp, as our chief cook turned them out. After that we often went out and caught our regulation dozen and a half of baby perch when we happened to want something exceptionally good. Until Ben insisted on our trying this dish, we had never bothered with any fish but bass

We discovered among other things that the caddis fly cases were coming ashore in considerable numbers one morning, and that reminded us of certain suspicious splashing we had been hearing of nights among the rushes in front of our camp. We took the hint at once, and thereafter for several nights we had furious fun with the fly-rods, just after dusk, when the fish of all sorts, from sunfish and rock bass up to black bass, were feeding on the caddis as they rose. This sport nearly caused us to abandon our evening fishing for black bass in the reeds, though the caddis only rose for a short time each night. We were the only ones on the lake to take advantage of this fishing, which we discovered long ago.

We rediscovered one day that old maxim that necessity is the mother of invention. We had started off for the Fox River, where we had always had good sport with the small-mouths. It was a walk of three miles and back, but J. B. H. said he didn't mind that. Remembering our earlier experiences as to the capriciousness of taste in the small-mouth family, we stopped by the wayside to catch some dragon flies for bait. We managed to get some of these sprightly insects on the mullein stalks, but the question arose what to do with them after we had caught them, for we had no sort of receptacle for their confinement. J. B. H. tried carrying them in his hat, but his hair not being as abundant as it once was, they tickled, and he couldn't keep them there. We solved the question by sitting down by the wayside then and there, and eating the marmalade out of a wide-mouthed marmalade pot we had along in the lunch basket. We found this did very well, though of course it was useless as long as the marmalade was in it. Then we went placidly on and caught our string of bass.

We spent a little time one day in experimenting with a new model canvas canoe which Wm. Armstrong, of Chicago, had sent up to our aquatic proof-house for trial before going into the manufacture. We found it a fine birch bark model, paddling easily, though needing a new arrangement of the stretching device. Under our advice the youngest of the "kids," a boy of about twelve, whom we knew by the name of Lud, paddled the boat out into the deep water, upset it, got on top of it, paddled it ashore, and by himself righted it and got the water out of it. All of which served to pass away an hour or so.

We discovered, in course of our further experiments, that the little Skinner single-hook casting spoon, about as big as one's finger nail, really did make a difference over the bare hook frog. We used small frogs, about 2½ to 3in. long, on this spoon, and found the bass struck far more readily at this bait than at the large frogs alone. We were troubled more with crappies; small bass, etc., in using this bait, but some of the largest bass we killed were taken on this bait, and the very biggest bass of all fell victim to it—the bass which is very apt to win the Natchaug Silk Co.'s big-mouth prize for this year. Of all which more in due season.

One day we walked five miles or so through the green woods off toward Eagle P. O., climbing to the top of the highest hill in the county, whence we could see a lovely panorama of lake, stream and wood, of green and yellow grain, of shadow and of sun. This, we thought, was as good as catching a great many fish. And that we ate our lunch by the great crystal Kellogg spring, which is so clear you cannot tell where the air leaves off and the water begins. Of this J. B. H. drank a dozen cupsful, and stood a half-hour watching the liquid silver bubble out from under a confining board which some one had placed across the stream which is formed by the mighty spring. This, in his opinion, was as good as catching several fish, and as usual he was unwilling to go away from this favorite spot, but calmly went to sleep beneath the trees. Meantime Ben and I, having discovered an exceptionally fine brand of big frog in the cold marsh near by, we set to work to accumulate a mess of frogs' legs for supper, which did not take so very long. I saw an odd and shocking thing then. We usually tapped the frog over the head with a stick, and then unceremoniously cut off his hindlegs at once, dividing him into two equal parts. Coming back over our trail, I saw something clumsily moving in the shallow water, and to my surprise and horror found it to be the front half of the running gear of a frog, which had no hindlegs about his person. This frog, or half a frog, had crawled on its two front feet a distance of several feet over the grassy bank into the water. I do not know of any Indian massacre story that comes up to this. Had I been satisfied that this plucky frog's hindlegs would ever have grown out again, I should certainly not have finished killing him.

Another day we went over to Eagle Lake, and spied also afar off from that point the distant gleam of a tiny river called Lulu Lake, which nobody knows anything about, and which we are going to explore next year. And by Billy Tuohy's kindness we were invited by Mr. Mullin to go over to his farm and catch, if we could, every last one of the big trout which for years have been growing fat since their planting in the cold spring water of the marsh in front of his house. We went over and saw the trout, but it was warm and bright and we got none. They lie out in the heart of an awful bog, and he who gets one earns it. To a long line and a grasshopper they sometimes yield—big fellows, more than 4lbs. in

weight. J. B. H. got over his boots in the ice-cold bog, and vowed we should have no more to do with trout.

And then, another day, we went over and visited once more that lovely little sheet of water hid among the hills about a mile from our camp and known now as Craig's Lake. This lake was bought not long ago by Mr. A. H. Craig, the superintendent of the county schools. I told last year how he was good enough to give our little party a special dispensation allowing us to fish in these private waters. It was here that the Chief-with-Two-Stomachs caught the 6lbs. 2oz. bass which last year tied the Natchaug record for big-mouths. Since our success there, marauding parties of senseless fishermen had made Mr. Craig so much trouble that he had strictly posted the lake; but when he learned that J. B. H. was again in Mukwonago, he softened his heart, told us to take our boat over and fish all we liked, and even one evening came with his wife and had a boat ride, taking home with them the biggest bass his little lake had yielded for this year.

It was a sigular thing about this bass. We only fished Craig's Lake two evenings, each time getting a nice basket of bass, but nothing over 3lbs. the first evening.

On that evening we tried with especial care the edge of the rushes on the far side of the lake, and as we passed here I had a savage strike at the little casting spoon and small frog, but the fish broke away after a vicious run into the lilies. We marked this spot down carefully, and in about three-quarters of an hour came around again. J. B. H. was using a big fat frog of most engaging personality, and he had it all figured out just how he was going to nail that fish if he raised him again. Well, we raised him all right, but J. B. H. didn't do just the way he had figured on doing. The fish struck with such surprising fury that it disconcerted even so old an angler, and instead of letting him run off with the line and swallow the frog later on, J. B. H. unthinkingly put his thumb on the reel and tried to check the fish as he started for the lily pads. There was a great surging swirl, an eddy made by we knew not what, and that was all. The slender silk line had parted, thanks to our neglect in not examining and reversing it on the reel.

"Oh, blame it all!" said J. B. H., in great distress, "that's too bad." We both sat looking at the circling swirl in the water. At length J. B. H.'s naturally cheerful disposition got the better of his gloom.

"That was no bass, young man," said he. "That was nothing but an old pickerel, and it was a big one, too. I'm sure it would weigh 10 or 12lbs. at least. It didn't run like a bass" But I had seen the gleam of the fish which had struck my bait near there, and knew it was a great bass, and thought that J. B. H. had lost the chance of his trip to land a big one, one of our old-time sort. Over this I was disconsolate.

The next evening we were skirting along exactly the opposite shore of the lake over water which we had never found very good for fish. I was casting the same little spoon which had had the honor of so many strikes the day before, using a sinker to get it down in the water, for I fancied the bass were not rising well. At once I felt a heavy, surging strike, away down deep in the water. It bent my tip down, and J. B. H. cried, "Hit him; strike him quick." We had already learned that while with big frogs the only way to hook the fish was to wait till the "second run," with the spoon and small frog the fish was nearly always lost unless we struck at the moment the fish touched the bait. I think they strike at the middle of the whole gleaming object, which, figuring from the spoon to the end of the small frog's legs, brings their upper jaw about where the point of the hook is, when the spoon stops moving they let go. Anyhow I promptly socked the hook into this creature's anatomy as hard as I could, thereby making much submarine commotion.

"I've got a big pickerel this time, sure," I said. "See how deep he runs, and how far." And then at once I had to shout to Ben to pull out into the deep water, for the fish started for the boat in a most determined rush. We could not see him or tell what his nationality, and out in that deep, clear lake, with not a thing to mar the fight of rod and fish, we for six or eight minutes had a surging, swinging, tugging, worrying fight, one of the hardest I ever saw in these waters. At length the line began to come in more easily, and I saw the fish was going to break. With a great shake of his wide jaws he went out, and three joyful shouts announced our joy. It was a big bass! Four times more he tried this same risky maneuver, but the hook held, and at length we got him in the net. As we lifted him into the boat, we saw a bit of silk gut sticking out of his mouth, and there, deep in his throat, we found the very identical hook which J. B. H. had lost in his "big pickerel" of the night before. There was no mistaking the hook, and no longer any mistaking of the fish, which had given us two and possibly three game chances and only yielded at the last after a thoroughbred fight, which made us think more of big-mouths. The usual reason why big-mouths seem not to fight better is that they are taken in weedy waters. The drag of the line on the vegetation tires them as much as the rod does. Get them in clear, deep water, and it is a different proposition.

The taking of this bass disturbed my preconceived notions about bass habits. I always thought these big fellows lay around in pretty much the same place all the time, but this fellow was just as far away as he could get from the scene of his yesterday's hostilities.

We thought our bass would weigh at least 5lbs., though singularly slim and lean, but Mr. Craig told us it only weighed 4lbs. 4oz. in town, so it wasn't so very big after all; not nearly so big as several we got the next day we went out, and not anything like the equal of our biggest one.

I can not tell all about the pleasant days we spent in thus prowling around in the out-of-way corners of this pleasant country, allowing things to go as they pleased, and not working hard at anything. But at length the time came when J. B. H. began to get uneasy after a day with the big bass. There came a windy, rough, cloudy day, which kept all the Jew salesmen indoors at the big hotel. It only started us out post haste for certain favorite waters of which we wot. J. B. H. and Ben were ahead. In half an hour I joined them. As I came up they shouted, and held aloft a monster bass the largest bass I ever saw weighed out of these waters, though not, I think, so large as the one J. B. H. caught but did not weigh the first year we came up to Mukwonago.

"Well, you've got a five-pounder," I called, hurrying up At that moment the old fellow wriggled and spread out his gills full width, and I thought I had never seen the like. J. B. H. smiled happily. "He weighs just six and three-quarters," said he. And so the pocket scales said. Yet two days after, in Chicago, on the fine silk scale of the Natchaug Silk Co., the same bass weighed more than 6¾lbs. and I think 7lbs. I think proper weighing would have set the weight at over 7lbs. the first day, for bass lose weight fast after capture. On our pocket scales he actually weighed 6¾lbs. full, a few minutes after he was taken. The weighing operation he resented by a vast shake, which set him free, he falling out of hand in the shallow water, where had his dense big-mouth brain taken action he could have swum away. But Ben plunged into the water after him, and was lucky enough to hale him forth a second time.

For after all it was Ben, our camp protégé, who caught the biggest bass of our trip and very likely the biggest of the season. Ben was using my rod and reel, and that same contemptible looking little spoon with a meager frog on the end of it. He made just one cast to the edge of a bed of grass and reeds. Out from under the hollow bank shot a dark form, and Ben, remembering our counsel, struck when he felt the first shock of the fish. And then, I well opine, did that old monarch bass wish he had let strange things alone, for such a stretching of the neck and general hustling about I imagine no bass ever had before. In the creek, below the mill, Ben had lost a great small-mouth, for his stiff cane pole had broken the hook square off in the mouth of the unfortunate fish. But now the languid, willowy action of my old rod—a played-out lancewood, which always has the luck to get the big bass, having landed the record fish of last year and a dozen others of over 5lbs.—allowed no sudden strain to break the tackle. Ben tugged desperately up, the old rod going into a horseshoe, but staying together. The bass went out of water three times, heavily, not being built for athletics of the sort, and each time Ben thought, so he said, that he could have jumped into his mouth. All the time the boy was calling to J. B. H., and the latter soon had the monster in the landing net, after a fight which was short and eminently discouraging to the bass, who was corpulent and not used to violent physical exertion.

And then we went our ways, much excited, and Ben, with a rope and a chain stringer both passed through both lips of his great fish, resolved to take no more chances with it, and frightened if it flopped its tail.

We met even more than our usual luck in our quest for big bass, and J. B. H. nearly equaled Ben's catch that day. He killed ten bass in the evening, four of which weighed 16¼lbs., one 5¼lbs., two 5lbs. each even, and the rest hardly one under 3lbs. These were actual weights, not guesses, and bass actually so heavy rarely come into any boat so often in any one day, in any water in the country. "We have had our sport," said J. B. H. "Now I am ready to go home."

Having more bass than we could use, we took them over to the Phantom Inn and gave them to Dr. Ennis's folks for use on the hotel table. The entire place was in a flutter as we lugged the enormous string up from the landing.

"My chracious!" said the Sheeny salesmen, as Ben laid down his big one. "Vere you getch 'im? Vat you got 'im mit?" And smilingly we told them that we caught this bass out in the grass, chased it up a tree, and finally killed it with a club. "I go me out to-morrow by that same blace," said one of them, irrelevantly. And on the morrow every boat at the hotel was rented.

But it would do our friend of Israel no good to go him out by the same place, even if he knew where the same place was, which he doesn't. The big bass will wait now till next year, when J. B. H. comes again. They always wait for him. Perhaps then we will have another head to add to the preserved head of the big bass Mr. Stanton, manager of the Natchaug Silk Co. here, now has of the FOREST AND STREAM bass of 1894—a bass which I doubt not even now causes commotion in youthful circles in Waukesha. For Ben's sake, I hope the bass wins the $25 prize.

"I never saw a bass like it," said Mr. Stanton, "never in all my life."

I rarely have either, if indeed ever. And after all, it is very likely that 1895 will see the fifth annual Camp FOREST AND STREAM go to the shores of Phantom, in the land of Mukwonago; for though there may be better places for us, we do not know where they are. We know the oaks, and the grass, and the water, and we know the secrets of the bass, whom may beneficent Nature always shield from the sons of Israel and preserve for men who only want a few.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Progress of the Rail Season.

THE rail season opened with much promise and more birds than usual were reared on near-by marshes. It did not take very long, however, for the gunners to kill off these birds, and as the weather has been so warm very few migratory birds came from the North during the first half of September to take the place of those which had been killed. The two days' storm of last week brought on quite a flight, however, and as the tides were good a great many birds were killed. Reports from the Hackensack meadows give boats of from 15 to 37 birds in a tide, as the following scores show: Dr. Curry 37, ex-Senator Griggs of Paterson 30, W. F. Ryle 31, G. W. Van Buskirk 30, W. Cronkhite 25 and George Seiss 28. Mr. Van Buskirk secured a king rail, but whether it was a salt-water marsh hen or one of the gallinules is not stated.

PRESTON, Conn., Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The rail season is here and these toothsome little birds are quite plentiful in this vicinity. J. R. Robbins, ex-Game Warden of Norwich, and A. F. Hale of New London, were on the marshes along the Connecticut River Tuesday, and on one tide bagged 174 birds; 100 birds went to Mr. Robbins and the remainder to his campanion. Smaller bags are often reported but it is doubtful if Mr. Robbins's bag of 100 birds on one tide is beaten this season.

E. M. BROWN.

Prairie Chickens.

RECENT reports received by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway from stations in the prairie chicken country of Minnesota and South Dakota all indicate a prospect of the best hunting for years. Chickens are very plentiful and in fine condition. Duck shooting prospects are also good. Full information can be had by addressing Ticket Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 207 Clark street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

AT the present writing (Sept. 17) a norther is on and a great many blue-wing teal have been on the wing for the past week. One party killed sixty to two guns, another thirty-five to two guns, and reports from all the lagoons in this region show that the web-foot paddlers are at work in the shallow feeding grounds.

All Females in the Fall.

If any one should stop and take notice of it he would find that the plumage of the blue-wing drake does not develop until late in the winter. I have seen a blue-wing drake in the fall, that is, to know the bird's gender by his plumage. They all look alike until the latter part of November, when the bright feathers come out on the drakes.

Moody's Rice Farm

Is in full blast. The single strand of wire fence has been rescued from the mud wherein it has lain all summer, the "Keep oud of dis field" signs doubled in number and the Colonel expects to ornament the rice cane with neat glass designs bearing the dread "Keep off the grass" legend, for fear that some sportsmen might invade the sacred precincts of the canvasback rice farm.

The hired duck assassins are also brushing up their big 10 and 8 gauges and putting in big supplies of black powder and shot, anticipating a rich harvest off the canvasback crop.

Three Kinds of Quail.

There are three kinds of quail in southwest Texas. My friend Jacob Staff of Marshall, Texas, will never call our Texas Bob White a quail, however, as he always insists that it is a partridge, because as he says, of its migratory habits. That our Bob White migrates, there is no doubt, for where they were once very plentiful four years ago, they have been exceedingly scarce during the past three seasons, but they are returning in large numbers this year. Where they go or where they come from is unknown. One thing is certain that the localities wherein quail have been the most plentiful during the past three years' drouth are the sandy distiricts. The black lands were entirely deserted and the birds could only be found where the sand is deep and red.

Five years ago the writer came across the Massena quail in Edwards county. The bird is fully twice as large as the ordinary Virginia quail, and the dark plumage is responsible for the appellation of "black quail" which the natives have given it. It is the gamiest bird I have ever seen, lying very close to a dog. Upon putting up a coyey, which is never more than ten birds, they pitch near a stunted oak, and you will instantly conclude that the birds have made for cover, but you will be astonished to find that they are lying close to the rocks in the open and not seeking cover like the Bob White.

The blue quail is the meanest thing on earth. It is quite a good table bird, but nature has provided it with extremely long legs and short wings. If you are a good racer, you probably will find that they have wiugs, otherwise not.

A "Sportsman's" Seine.

I don't know how true it is, but I have it from fairly reliable source, that a San Antonio sportsman who is wealthy enough to own a yacht and who keeps it on the coast, has a long 300ft. seine thereon, which is put to practical use occasionally. While there may not be much harm in drawing a seine in the Gulf of Mexico, I contend that the presence of that seine on the sportsman's yacht looks badly.

Stop the Sale of Game.

The war cry adopted by FOREST AND STREAM meets with general approval here. Nearly every member of every club has expressed his approval of the idea. It is a good and grand one. It is comprehensive, and I really believe is the only way to actually and effectively protect game. Of course, it don't suit the pot-hunter. It isn't supposed to suit him, nor will it suit any individual who prefers to shoot game during the close seasons.

Another Outrage.

This time it is near Boerne, about thirty miles from San Antonio. An intelligent farmer living near there had noticed a buck and doe and two fawns come up to his water tank nearly every evening. He had his eye on the buck and thought he would wait until the velvet had worn off its antlers ere he sent forth the deadly bullet. He intended to kill it later on in the season when the whether got cold. But in an unguarded moment he told a "butcher" about it, one of those small-souled, narrow-minded and self-dominated men whom you would delight in throttling. He awaited the coming of the deer at the water's edge and fired two buckshot cartridges at the doe. It hobbled away, hard hit, but the "butcher" didn't find the carcass. The humane farmer found it the next evening, stone dead, and the two fawns lying by their dead mother, endeavoring to draw nourishment from the udder that hung cold in death. Another nice picture for the hunter out of season to contemplate.

A Big Tarpon.

State Senator Perry J. Lewis has again distinguished himself by capturing an immense tarpon at Corpus Christi. The big silver king measures 7ft. 4in., and weighed nearly 160lbs. It has been mounted and presented by Mr. Lewis to the popular general manager of the Aransas Pass Railway, Col. M. D. Monserrate, who has placed it in his office for exhibition. Col. Monserrat will send the big 'un to the Cotton Palace at Waco, which opens next month.

O. C. G.

Nebraska Notes.

GRAFTON, Neb., Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* A party of six shooters left here yesterday going overland for the sand hills in the vicinity of Hyannis and Whitman with the intention of killing grouse or anything else, "as they say," for the market. There is a cold storage house at Hyannis and the owner offers large inducements for such men to come there and kill for market.

Mr. Editor, just stick another spike in that "Stop the sale of game" platform for me.

Chickens are scarce in this vicinity, but Bob White is to be found most anywhere. There is a covey that stays in the city park, and one can hear the call "Bob White" at any time in the day. No fish to speak of are being taken from the Blue, as the seiners got in their work last spring and practically cleaned the river of anything that would stay in the seine.

DIAMOND WALT.

DOVE SHOOTING IN KENTUCKY.

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just finished reading Mr. Hough's experience at dove shooting in West Tennessee, and he describes it as it actually is. A dove can get away faster with more shot in him than anything I ever looked at over a gun barrel, or else I can make more clean misses at him than at any other bird. I would like to see some of our game hogs go to a dove roost for one evening's shooting. I would like to see their downcast looks as they wearily wended their homeward way, and to listen to their many excuses for not killing more birds. I'll warrant they would blame the gun, the cartridges, or something else besides their poor marksmanship.

Last week I had an invitation from Mr. Geo. Snadon, to go up to his Kentucky farm to a dove roost. So equipped with a good gun, plenty of shells loaded with nitro powder and No. 7 chilled shot, I took the train for Haydensville. George was at the depot to meet me, and we had a delightful drive over to his farm, passing through some of as fine wheat and tobacco country as the sun shines on. On the way over we picked up Walton and Watkins Northington and Harry Borders.

After dinner, preparations were made for the start, the roost being two miles distant. George and I took a buggy, the other boys going in a carriage drawn by mules. When we arrived at the roost not a dove was in sight and I was discouraged, but George reassured me by telling me that they do not come in until late, which I found to be the case. We killed a few at the ponds and in the adjoining wheat fields until the sun began to near the western horizon; then we stationed ourselves along an osage orange hedge that was nearly a mile long.

You should have been there then to see them come in! They came in droves, in pairs and singly, and I never saw as many doves in my life. At times I think there were fifty in sight at once. Doves were in front of them, doves to the right of them, doves to the left of them, and doves behind them. It was a continual bang, bang, bang. I had often heard of men shooting until their guns got so hot they couldn't hold them, but this was my first experience of that kind. I had to take my handkerchief and hold it in my left hand my gun was so hot. The next time I go I will take a forehand protector.

From sundown until dark we kept it up. The shooting was continuous as long as we could see. We lost a great many in the hedge, and as it grew dark the negro boys could not find them in the open field. When we stopped I had thirty-eight doves and two bull bats, and about seventy-five empty shells were lying around my feet. I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the day and I am going again. I would like so much to have Mr. Hough with me. I think he is a good conscientious sportsman, and I enjoy his writings very much. My friend Snadon is a thorough Kentucky host, and does all in his power to entertain you. SLIPPERY.

A TRIP FOR BEACH BIRDS.

BOSTON, Sept. 10.—We headed for Lieutenant Island Aug. 24—which island is part of South Wellfleet and about seventeen miles from Provincetown—in quest of beetle-heads, doe-birds, turnstones, curlews, ox-eyes, peeps or plover of any kind.

We reached the island about 4 P. M., where we were cheered by the sight of our stove waiting to have pipe fitted to it before our appetites could be appeased. Claude shinned up to the roof to run the elbow through the hole, while Brann passed up stones to wedge it tight, Glennie dashed away to the beach after driftwood and I sprinted to the pump for water.

On my way to the pump, which was only fifteen minutes' walk from our place, I was joined by a sociable bevy of mosquitoes, who gave me a warm welcome; and they made it lively for us during our stay. Night and day for two weeks they stood by us, and were full-grown and robust when we sailed away for home. I have often wondered as to what mosquitoes live upon before they espy man, poor man. We got supper very quickly, and left the cabin in charge of the ladies while we seized our trusty guns and went in quest of birds.

We found an abundance of ring-necks and beach sandpipers on our first trip, and later some bitterns. All of the beach birds were just enveloped in fat, which condition goes far to prove the healthfulness of sea air for birds as well as man. But we soon tired of gathering such small trash, and found ourselves yearning for something worthy of our metal.

Claude had his yearning partly satisfied by stopping a fine specimen of the barred owl that was chasing the dog. The breast of the bittern is used by some people here, and is pronounced very tender and palatable.

On the third day we were greeted by the cheery whistle of *Totanus melanoleucus* or "winter yellow-legs." This bird decoys very readily, and we called down the flock and captured eight of them. At no time did we find them plentiful. Brann picked up a few ruddy plover but he got all there were. We were too early for the birds and the weather was too fine. We saw just one bunch of beetle-heads during our stay, but they passed over and left us hoping, and our hopes were not realized.

We had some excellent tautog fishing out near Billingsgate Light. Securing our supply of hermit crabs for bait, with a favorable wind we could reach the Light in about an hour. On our first trip we took two barrels of tautog, ranging from 4 to 15lbs. each. And very lively sport we found it, especially when we hooked on to the 15-pounder. Our skipper took the bulk of the catch for the market, we simply keeping enough for our table. I noted a very human look about the teeth of this fish, some big fellows who had lost some of their front teeth closely resembling old people who had also dropped their incisors. I expect to hear from some injured old people pretty soon.

In FOREST AND STREAM of July 7 I expressed the wish that some lovers of shore shooting might join us in a trip to the Cape. But not until to-day, Sept. 11, have I heard from any lovers of the gun who would care to have joined us. Mr. J. M. Hartner, of Boston; Mr J. W. Babbitt, of Danvers, and Mr. George Poland, of Wakefield, have expressed a desire to be with us. But as we did not get their letters until Sept. 11, when our trip was over, I must express my regrets at not hearing from them sooner.

We will be visiting the Cape again when the geese and and ducks are about, and if any of those who failed to connect with us on this trip would like to face the exhilarating zephyrs that cavort about the Cape during the winter months we should be pleased to have them with us. We have a cottage large enough to contain a dozen with comfort. If any are desirous of getting particulars, and will promise not to be disappointed if they fail to get a trunk full of geese, they can get my address from FOREST AND STREAM, or else write me as previously.

On this trip, though we failed to secure any new specimens to add to our collections, still we had a royal good time. Between bathing in the surf, sailing and fishing, going after driftwood to replenish the fire, meekly taking buckets and lugging water and eating the pies that Virgie made, we had a jolly good time, and intend to repeat it next year. We had fresh eggs and new milk every day from the mainland, and life would have been as blissful as a dream were it not for that blood-thirsty, blood-sucking vampire who never cried quits—the infinitesimal mosquito.

Just about dusk, when night was drawing her mantle over the face of nature, one could stroll about among the hills and valleys, and be entertained by the varied voices of nature's wild childen. From the hills across the marshes came the short snappy bark of sly reynard, from the bogs and sloughs would float the harsh cry of the disturbed bittern; at your feet among the beach plum roots, was the humble mole with his muffled squeal, while from overhead near the clouds came voices and calls from feathered travelers, travelers whom we could not name, and not knowing always felt a sense of loss at our ignorance, as their voices died away in the distance.

JAY PEE.

THE BIG GAME HUNTERS.

ON Friday of last week. Sept. 21, Gen. Nelson A. Miles left Chicago for a trip to New Mexico, where he will do some shooting. There are said to be plenty of bears where he goes, and as all the circumstances of his trip are exceptionally favorable for success, he is likely to make a killing.

Mr. W. Austin Wadsworth, who is well known as the master of foxhounds of the Genesee Valley Hunt, of Geneseo, N. Y., returned East a short time ago, after a hunt on the borders of the National Park. His trip was successful, and Mr. Wadsworth killed all the game he needed. He was greatly pleased with his new rifle, carrying the old .45-70 cartridge, and says that the elk needed only a single bullet.

A hunting party taken out by Schultz and Jackson into the main range of the Rocky Mountains found on the summit near the head of Badger Creek elk, deer and goats in fair numbers, and lots of bear signs. They saw no sheep, however. Much of the weather while they were out was bad, with snow and rain, and this prevented their giving all their time to hunting. Most of their time was spent on the high plateau from which the streams flow east and west to the Columbia and Missouri rivers.

There recently returned to Glenwood Springs, Col., after two months in the mountain, a large hunting party made up of New York men. Its members were Robert L. Gerry, son of ex-Com. Gerry of the New York Yacht Club; Dr. Russell Bellamy and Robert Oelrichs. They were accompanied by half a dozen men and had thirty-five or forty horses. Their trip included Big Fish Lake, Lost Lake and the elk country about Pagoda Peak in Routt county, as well as tributaries of Bear River. The trip was one of great interest, and included fishing, shotgun shooting and big game shooting. Mr. Gerry had a camera with him, and is reported to have secured many very interesting photographs, some of which include living game.

New London County Rod and Gun Club.

THE County Rod and Gun Club of New London, Conn., was organized May 11, 1893, with the following officers and members: George Bindlose, President; Dr. E. L. R. Thomson, Vice-President; Chas. H. Tate, Treasurer; Stephen M. Crocker, Secretary; Enoch A. Crandall, Chas. A. Chase, John J. Gannon, Willis A. Janes, James W. Keefe, H. A. Penrose, A. G. Treigar, Wm. T. Smith, Clayton H. Redfield and John Merwin. The membership is limited to twenty, and each member must subscribe to four shares of stock in the club at $10 per share.

The club was formed for the purpose of protecting the game by enforcing the game laws, and to provide a place where the members of the club could go and enjoy themselves hunting and fishing. The club has leased a large tract of land in the town of East Lynne, about eleven miles from New London, and have erected thereon a very comfortable club house, which is large enough to accommodate ten or more members, and it is surrounded for miles by good country for hunting and fishing. There is a lake near the club house that will be stocked with bass. This lake was once a favorite stopping place for ducks, and it is hoped by sowing wild rice near the shores to draw them there again in large numbers. The quail last year were rather scarce owing to the severe winter of the year before, but there were a few coveys left, and they were not shot into last year in order that they might have a chance to increase. Partridges were plentiful, and there will be more this fall. There is also good woodcock shooting, and the members of the club are anticipating good sport when the season opens.

DREDD WARE.

Toledo's Chief of Police.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find clipping from the Toledo *Daily Blade*, of Sept. 19, which is self-explanatory. With such examples being set before a gun-ridden people is it any wonder that game is scarce?

"Chief of Police Benjamin Raitz returned to the city this morning, after a brief vacation hunting on the prairies. The chief left Toledo last Saturday in company with John Robinson, of the Lake Shore detective force, on a hunting expedition along the line of the Wabash. They went to a point in Illinois, about sixty miles east of St. Louis. They had splendid luck, securing a fine lot of prairie chickens and quail. The season for the latter is still closed in Illinois, but the chief shot a dozen for a sick friend in this city, easing his conscience that he broke the law in behalf of charity. The prairie chickens, a full bag of which the chief brought back with him, are plump and fat and fine specimens. The chief looks brown and hearty after his few days' outing, and will take hold of the duties of the office with renewed zeal."

Sportsmen Lost in Forest Fires.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You will see from the inclosed clipping taken from the Hallock (Hilton county, Minn.) *Enterprise*, Sept. 14, that apprehensions of sportsmen having been caught in the terrible forest fires of Sept. 3 are not without foundation. It reads: "G. H. Tiffany, of St. Paul, while hunting here last week received word that three of his intimate friends, connected with him in the St. Paul & Duluth Railway, had perished in the flames at Hinckley. He took the next train for St. Paul."

Ex-Mayor C. D. O'Brien, of St. Paul, one of your oldest contributors, was on the ill-fated train which was consumed near Hinckley, after running the gauntlet of flames. A letter to the undersigned, just received from him, says that he and his son were both badly burned. They were *en route* from their permanent camp on the Wisconsin Brulé. C HALLOCK.

Game Reports.

KEENE, N. H., Sept. 15.—Gray squirrels are very plentiful in this vicinity this year. The two best strings yet reported are 16 and 11, the former being the bag of one man and the latter that of two boys. Last Wednesday saw a large "grayer" in an elm in the very center of the city. Partridges and woodcock are also fairly abundant, but owing to the very warm weather so far this month there has been very little shooting. MONADNOCK.

"Indianland and Wonderland"

tells about some of the most interesting Indians in the Northwest, about the Yellowstone Park and other beautiful spots in the Northwest also. Send me 6 cents in stamps for it. Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Architecture of Some Angling Articles.

IF the experienced angler ever reads the angling articles that it is quite the fashion now to print in the daily newspapers, he must be amused at some of them because of their peculiar construction. I do not refer to those which are supposed to give the personal experience of somebody or another in making a remarkable catch of fish, but the more pretentious articles, often illustrated with cheap cuts, supposed to be written to instruct the reader about the habits, habitat and characteristics of some particular fish, with description of the tackle for and manner of using it to catch the fish in question. In places the workmanship is as smooth as if it were adapted from a guide book, or taken bodily from a standard text book on the subject; then a bad joint will appear where some old and disused ichthyological description is spliced to the common name of the fish, or there may be gaps poorly bridged, as if the guide book had failed at a critical point, making the whole article a piece of patchwork, with some of the seams badly stitched. At this moment I have on my desk three articles of this description from three of the leading New York morning newspapers. One is written to instruct the novice in black bass fishing with the fly, and it is well written, as all these articles are, as a rule, but the writer shows the 'prentice hand in his use of terms as well as in the soundness of his advice. For instance, he advises for fly-fishing a soft-finished braided silk line "left unprotected," meaning an undressed line. For the rod, he says, "eyelets will be much better than raised guides." Why not fasten the fly to the leader with a hook and eye? The reel should have, not terra cotta or red brick, but "German silver trimmings." There is no choice given in case one wishes "trimmings" of Honiton lace or Hamburg edging, for they must be German silver. A rule worth observing is given thus: "Let all the tackle be light from tip to fly, and let that have all possible weight." Further it is soberly stated by the writer that the discussion as to whether the smoke-colored, pink or white strainless leaders are best leads to no decision."

Another article in another paper is about the lake trout, and it begins by saying, "If the lake trout could be fished for with light tackle and light rod as salmon are, the title of salmon as king of the game fishes would fade at once; but the Mackinac trout, like the salmon trout of the New York lakes, is not built for fine tackle." Then follows a lot of other rot. As the lake trout has been fished for, and caught, too, for more than twenty-five years to my personal knowledge, with finer tackle than is ever used for salmon, the observation is not of much value.

The third article concerns the ouananiche of Canada, and it reads as if it were a cousin, once removed, or that it had married into the family of a book recently published by FOREST AND STREAM. The family resemblance is so striking that I rather expected to see the book mentioned as the parent of the article.

In one place where the seam has ripped, the article says: "When fresh-run the fish is silvery like the salmon." As it is a salmon, pure and simple, this is not strange, but I am still guessing where the salmon run from, as previously the article had stated that the fish found its home in Lake St. John. Pardon my haste—it says also that this fish is "equally at home in mid air or in the depths," so it may be fresh-run from mid-air or the depths. I have said enough to give an idea of how these articles appear when constructed, and I think I have discovered how they are built, from sub-cellar to ridge-pole.

The last number of the London *Fishing Gazette* has an article by W. Carter Platts, in which he relates that the editor of the *Daily Grinder* was sitting in his office and sent for an associate or department editor of the same paper. When he appeared the following conversation took place:

"Purvis, I believe you have no practical knowledge of fishing?"

"Couldn't tell a fisherman's 'paternoster' from a 'curse'."

"Have we nobody on the staff who ever goes fishing?"

"Not a soul. But what on earth are you driving at?"

"I want some angling copy—a few good readable specials. Must have them. The public taste has taken a turn that way of late. The British public, speaking generally, does not care a hang about actual fishing, but the B. P. has at present got a decided hankering after some other fool's account of his pursuit of salmon or trout

under difficulties, and the B. P.'s fancy has got to be pandered to. The monthlies and quarterlies have taken the thing up, and the other big dailies are following in the same rut. Can you do it, Purvis, do you think?"

"Oh, if that's all you want, I'll work off a couple of columns in time for to-morrow's issue. It is the essence of simplicity. All you want is a par. from 'Father Izaak.' 'We may say of angling,' etc. Then you babble a little of murmuring streams, of lichen-clad boulders, etc., with casual reference to the unpropitious state of the weather (that is always a safe card to play (quote Johnson's 'Worm at one end and fool at the other,' showing he was utterly wrong, drunk or insane, and then prove that he never said it; trot out the old feeble witticism, 'Better to have fished and lost than never to have fished at all,' with a touching allusion to 'Hooks in the running brooks,' etc.; sling in a smattering of catch phrases and angling slang (which you can crib from back numbers of the *Fishing Gazette*); lift a little local color from a Black's Guide, etc., etc."

"Won't do, my boy. I want the real stuff with the hayseeds sticking in it—something bright and breezy, that brings a genuine whiff of the riverside into the room with it."

"Well, you'll have to get somebody outside the staff to do it."

"No, I want you to do it."

To complete the story briefly. Purvis started into the country to learn how to fish and then write about it, that his story might have the real flavor. Remittance after remittance was sent to the absent editor and no angling copy came back in return. The last paragraph reads: "When the editor of the *Grinder* wants angling copy now for his paper he gets it from a contributor to the *Fishing Gazette*."

Perhaps after all I am unwise to give this excellent recipe for angling stories so nearly in full as I have done, for the country weeklies may follow in the footsteps of the great dailies, now that the secret is out, and we will have a lot of boys growing up to men who do not know enough about fishing, from following such guides, to spit on their bait when they bob for bull pouts.

I desire to be perfectly fair in this matter, and, therefore, must pay a compliment to the gentlemen of the daily press in connection with fishing stories. At one of the tournaments of the National Rod and Reel Association in Central Park, where I was serving as one of the judges, I was introduced to a reporter for one of the New York morning papers, and he said very frankly that he was in a hole, as he had been assigned to do the tournament, and if there was one thing he knew absolutely nothing about it was fly-casting or fishing. Hurriedly I explained the thing to him, telling him to come again if he found himself fogged; but he was so quick to grasp every point and understand its relation to other features of the art, that the next morning he had three-quarters of a column in his paper, in which he not only gave the bald facts of the contest, but discussed the style and form of the casters like a veteran fly-caster of many years' standing.

Record Black Bass.

A small-mouthed black bass was caught this season in Lake George, near Diamond Point, by Frank Laufaier, that weighed 7lbs. 2oz The weight was vouched for by Frederick Truesdale, a merchant of Hill View, a little settlement on the shore of the lake. It was claimed at the time that the fish was the largest of the species ever taken from the lake, but under date of Sept. 2, H. S. Paine, of Silver Bay, Lake George, wrote to the Lake George *Mirror* that in August, 1886, John McShattuck caught a black bass of 8lbs. 12oz. on a deep shoal near Sabbath Day Point. The fish is reported to have been caught with minnow bait on a lancewood rod of seven ounces in weight and one and one quarter hours were required to land it. Editor Lippetts prints the letter without comment, but it seems strange that a bass of this size should be sprung on an unsuspecting public eight years after the date of its capture. The Diamond Pond bass was large enough to break the record for size in Lake George without the other, and familiar as I am with the big bass of this lake and thorough as my inquiries have been among professional fishermen and others about the size of the largest bass taken, I am surprised that I never before heard of this bass weighing 8¾lbs. Nevertheless stranger things than that have happened. Why I have been so interested in searching for big bass in Lake George, is that Glen Lake, which has produced the largest small-mouthed black bass in the world, was stocked with Lake George fish, and never until this year have I heard of a bass from the parent lake weighing over 7lbs. I do not mean that literally, for years ago I did hear of two bass being caught near Balton that weighed over 8lbs. each, but my informant had been in an insane asylum (and is there now), so I was not sure that his memory was to be depended upon.

During the past week I weighed a small-mouth black bass, taken in Glen Lake by Ira Witherell and I made the weight exactly 8lbs. It is claimed that when first taken from the water the fish weighed 8¾lbs., but I do not think the scales could have been accurate, for the fish had not dried out when it came into my hands.

Extract from a Personal Letter.

"The nets at the hatchery were put out last Monday night (10th) for the first time, when twelve trout, some four-pounders, and two salmon were taken, beating last year's record for the first night, when the nets were put out on the 14th of September. Last night only five trout were taken, but for the two nights we have had a full moon and it has been very clear, so that it is extraordinary that any fish were taken. The trout and salmon can see the nets in moonlight 5ft. away. The largest salmon ever handled here knocked one of the hatchery men down as he was taking it from the net, and leaped the net and made for deep water with a splash like the screw of a steam launch."

That is not from the superintendent of the hatchery, not from one of his men, but it is from a very charming young lady whose father has a summer cottage on the shore of a New England lake not far from a State hatchery where trout and landlocked salmon are propagated. That she takes an interest in fishculture, and can cast a fly and catch fish, sail a boat alone and unaided, or row a boat with a stroke that might put many a man to shame, is because her father is a sportsman of the highest type and believes in bringing his children up to know well all healthful and maidenly out-of-door sports that strengthen and improve both body and mind and so fit them better to live their lives in this world.

I may add in this connection, that the wife of a sportsman friend had occasion last summer to write me for some historical information concerning colonial and State fish laws which I gladly furnished, and recently she again wrote me: "Since I began my chapter of the history of this town, I have learned many interesting things upon the subject of fishing, and perhaps in consequence of it I have learned to fish. It required considerable coaching on the part of my husband before I could land my fish successfully, but one day when I caught three black bass and two pickerel in a lake near where we are spending the summer, I no longer wonder why this sport had such a fascination for the men."

A Young Enthusiast.

Perhaps I may be pardoned if I bring this matter of woman's interest in fishing a little nearer home. During the summer my young daughter got up one day about daybreak and went fishing with her cousin, a young man just home from college. A man long in the employ of the family went with them to a black bass pond three miles away. A couple of hours after their departure it began to rain, and rained hard all day. As the hours passed and the young people did not return the mothers were in despair, and it was with difficulty that they were restrained from sending the town crier out—so to speak.

Just at dusk the carriage drove up with two of as wet and draggled young fisher people as it was ever my good fortune to see, as they were happier than prince or princess, for they had a good catch of black bass and yellow perch.

The daughter was questioned: "Why did you not come home when it began to rain?"

"The fish were biting then and I did not think anything about the rain."

"Did you take shelter anywhere when it was raining the hardest?"

"Shelter! No; why I caught a 3lbs. bass, and we sat in the boat all day and took it, hoping to catch another; and just at night I did catch one almost as big. It was a little hard for John, but I will get wet again to-morrow if I can get as many fish as I did to-day." And I said she did just right, whereupon there was a division in the family; but they did go again and again, and the young man caught a 5lbs. bass, the largest that ever came from the pond.

A. N. CHENEY.

CANADIAN ANGLING PERMITS.

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 19.—The fishermen of Detroit—I mean the enthusiastic amateurs who like to spend a day or two at the Flats with their rods—have been much put out of late by being approached while in Canadian waters and given the option of paying $5 for a permit or placed under arrest for breach of the Canadian fishery laws. This action of the Canadian officials has caused considerable kicking by the unthinking, and there have even been claims made that the man collecting the license money has no rights for so doing under the Canadian laws.

Some time ago George A. Johnson, secretary of the Tri-County Fish and Game Protective League and a resident of Detroit, wrote Sir Charles Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fishery of the Canadian Government. Sir Charles said that permits were required of American fishermen. A few days later Mr. Johnson received the following detailed conditions:

"The conditions on which such permits can be obtained are as follows: First, fee, $5 for a period of three months and $10 for a period of six months.

"Second, one angling permit only is issued to each applicant, and is not transferable.

"Third, only one fishing line to be used under each permit, with not more than three hooks.

"Fourth, no one is allowed under an angler's permit to catch or kill in one day more than twelve bass or pickerel, twenty trout or four maskalonge.

"Fifth, no bass to be killed measuring less than 10in. in length and no trout under 6in. in length. All fish of less size than the above to be returned to the water alive.

"Sixth, no person holding an angler's permit shall export, sell, or offer for sale, any fish caught with hook and line."

G. W. Raymond, who is at present engaged in and around the Flats issuing permits, and whom some have believed unauthorized to issue permits or make arrests for violations of the law, has full authority to do just what he has been doing. Mr. Raymond is a well known Canadian, being postmaster at Mitchell's Bay. He is the regular officer of the Province of Ontario, charged with the enforcement of the fisheries laws.

Mr. Johnson says that he believes the law a good one and that all true lovers of the sport should aid in its enforcement. Mr. Johnson believes the enforcement of the law by the Canadian Government is doing much toward protecting the fish, and it would be of advantage to American sportsmen if the laws were equally well enforced on this side of the border.

A. D. B. VAN ZANDT.

Surf Fishing in New Jersey.

WM. W. HART, the taxidermist, has been spending his vacation at Belmar, N. J., and had good surf fishing there. On two or three occasions he took fine 3lbs. bluefish with light surf pole, common light bass line and reel. It was necessary to cast about 200 to 250ft. out into the surf with heavy 6 to 8oz. sinker, but the fish bit ravenously, and when hooked they gave lively work until landed high and dry on the sand. When the bluefish did not bite, plaice, a large species of flounder, were caught, weighing from 2 to 6lbs. The largest catch was made by Mr. Hart, which was twelve fish weighing 40lbs.

Sheriff Hilleary's Big Haul.

As a result of complaints of unlawful fishing on Lake Lochloosa, Sheriff Hilleary, of Alachua county, and his deputies recently captured sixteen fishermen who were violatiug the fishing law. They also seized seven nets. The men were all bound over to the county court.

The sportsmen of Gainesville have signed a document in the shape of a pledge, which obligates themselves to do all in their power to enforce the game law. If the sportsmen of other towns in the State would do likewise it would be a step in the right direction.

G. A. I.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 12.

CANADIAN EXPLORATION AND FISHING

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some exceedingly interesting facts have been made known to civilization concerning the interior of the great Labrador peninsula, and the fish and game that inhabit it by the return to Quebec of the Dominion Exploratory Survey, led by Messrs. Low and Eaton, after an absence of nearly fifteen months. They took accurate measurement of the great falls of the Hamilton River, which drops nearly 800ft in five miles, and has one sheer fall of 300ft. Then Lake Michikamaw was found to be bigger than great lake Mistassini, and quite a number of lakes were found bigger than Lake St. John. The fish in these northern waters are exceedingly plentiful, and include large whitefish, lake and brook trout, ouananiche and red and white carp. At Natvak sea trout up to 14lbs. weight are taken. Immense herds of caribou cross the northern rivers in late autumn, usually furnishing ample food supply to the Indians, who slaughter them by thousands. Their entire absence last year, which caused death by starvation of hundreds of Indians, is supposed by the aborigines to have been caused by the polluted atmosphere, due to the number of carcasses left to decay in the previous season.

Ouananiche have the most unreliable habits of any game fish in Canada. No amount of careful observation seems to warrant anybody in professing a thorough knowledge of Canadian fresh-water salmon. This year they have beaten all previous records in regard to the time they have remained in and about Lake St. John, at the head of the Grande and Petite Discharge. Upon the occasion of a very recent attempt to follow these somewhat highly educated fish amid the beautiful islands at the head of the great lake's outlet, I was privileged to enjoy the companionship of the charming angler and author, Mr. A. Nelson Cheney, of Glens Falls, and his good friend, Mr. W. D. Cleveland. We had some fishing, but to me the outing would have been one of the most enjoyable I ever had, even if I had never seen a fish during it. Mr. Cheney had heard much and received many conflicting stories respecting the ouananiche in Canada, and it will be most interesting to note what so keen and accurate an observer has to say to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM concerning the specimens that he met and vanquished during the last days in August at Lake St. John.

As illustrative of the sport afforded by our Northern trout waters just now, I clip the following item from an evening paper of this date published in this city:

"Four members of the Nonantum Fish and Game Club, consisting of Messrs. F. M. Ryder, formerly American Consul here, now of New Haven, Conn., J. T. Morse and J. T. Benham of the same city, and A. G. Henderson of New York, returned to town to-day after a couple of weeks' fishing and shooting at the club's preserves a few miles back of Lake Bouchette, where the association has a fine new club house and are building two others. The gentlemen are enthusiastsc over the sport enjoyed during the trip. An immense black bear was captured at Lake Lapeche, partridges were in abundance and half a dozen could easily be brought down with a single shot, while trout fishing with the fly in Lake de Commisaire was simply immense. Fish weighing from 1½ to 3½lbs. were easily hauled up two at a time, while one gentleman of the party broke the record by capturing at one cast two fish weighing 3¼ and 4lbs. respectively. Mr. Ryder captured the largest fish of the lot, a huge fellow weighing close on 6lbs.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Sept. 14.

Big St. Lawrence Fish.

CLAYTON, Jefferson County, N. Y., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mrs. W. R. Farrington, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y, successfully landed a 39lbs. muscallonge off Clayton on the 17th inst., which was generally conceded to be as handsome a specimen as ever seen here, and to Mrs. Farrington must be awarded the championship for the largest and finest muscallonge caught this or any other year from these waters by a lady. I have asked Mrs. F. to favor FOREST AND STREAM with a copy of the photograph of the fish, taken with herself and guide, Ed. Denny, of Clayton, and same will be mailed to you in a few days. On the same day Mr. W. R. Farrington, with Leander Denny as guide, landed a 15lbs. muscallonge.

A few days previous Mr. and Mrs. Farrington, fishing at Loughborough Lake, had a curious experience. Mrs. F. fishing with live bait hooked a large pickerel, measuring 31in. in length. Before this fish was brought to the surface there was a sudden aud unusual strain on the line, and a lively tussle which lasted several minutes. Eventually landing the 31in. pickerel it was found that for a space of 20in., by actual measurement, it had been scraped, proving that a much larger fish had gorged it to that extent, as the skin was literally scraped off and the fish was bleeding from the encounter. Not being clean, deep cuts, showed it was not a larger pickerel's work, and the thing happening in deep water the occupants of the boat were unable to see what the larger fish was, but it is supposed it was an immense salmon trout. This instance may prove interesting to your readers and it can be relied on as absolutely true and unexaggerated.

J. G. FRASER.

Connecticut Trout Prospect.

PRESTON, Conn., Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The outlook for good trout fishing here the ensuing spring is gloomy indeed. After an almost unprecedented drought, the large streams are nearly dry, most of the smaller ones quite so. I know by personal observation that several of these small streams have always contained large numbers of 5 and 6in. trout, which must all have perished. Montville Brook, a fine trout stream, flowing through the township of that name is nearly dry, and the farmers along the stream, although not members of the guild or particularly friendly to the angler, are doing good work by scooping the stranded trout from the shallow places and transferring to the deep pools. Good for the farmer, and may I live to see the day when a more friendly feeling shall prevail between him and the sportsman. We are now having copious rains and the streams are filling up and the few trout that are left may winter through.

E. M. BROWN.

Look at This.

"Indianland and Wonderland," "The Yakima Valley," "Work for the Unemployed," will be sent to one address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps. Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

FISHING ON THE JERSEY COAST.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have spent the greater part of two weeks last past on the waters of famous old Barnegat, and while the fishing is much better than the two previous years, yet lacks much of its old time excellence. Weakfish were fairly plentiful, but not a kingfish nor a striped bass rewarded our earnest efforts. That these fish have almost disappeared from our waters is becoming painfully apparent to all. I was greatly pleased to find at all points below Forked River abundance of sea bass. They were everywhere and in prodigious numbers. At Beach Haven, in two hours' fishing, we took 83, varying in weight from ¼lb. to ½lb. each. We distributed them among a number of hack drivers at that point. While these fish are of not much interest to the angler, yet their economic value is great and their habits very interesting.

Little Egg and Great Egg Harbor bays we found swarming with porpoises, in fact, we met them as far north as Cedar Creek, a very unusual occurrence, by the way, and it may account largely for poor fishing at many points, as they feed ravenously on the weakfish. All of the last named species we took were tide runners, and we met with none of the school fish usually so abundant. Our best catch for a single day was 46.

I would advise anglers to confine their efforts to that portion of the bay lying between Toms River and Forked River, with a decided preference to Cedar Creek Point. Shedder crab for bait can be purchased at the drawbridge, and it is by all odds the best bait for bay fishing. At the present time every point along the coast is being industriously fished, and a few striped bass have been taken from our piers, while at Avon the conditions are somewhat better. James Ronan, of Trenton, has landed several, the heaviest 21½lbs., while Judge Wm. B. Guild has followed him closely in point of numbers and weight. Bluefishing is at best an uncertain quantity. An occasional school breaking in near shore has afforded some excellent sport to those who were fortunate enough to be on hand at the time.

In seeking to arrive at—if possible—a theory for the abundance of sea bass in the bay, I conversed with several captains and fishermen, and in each case they explained that the pounds were set later than usual this year, and thus the spawning fish were able to enter the bay.

The next four weeks will witness some earnest fishing along our coast, if great preparations count. We have completed arrangements for several all-night excursions, bass fishing at various points, and these should be productive of some results. Snapper fishing in Shark River claims hundreds of votaries daily. This truly delightful sport is being indulged in now by anglers who a few years ago cared nothing for its pleasures. The possibilities are great, with proper tackle and the knowledge of where, when and how to do it. The angling interests of our coasts are growing to enormous proportions, and may be classed as an important industry of the State.

LEONARD HULIT.

With Trout in the Blue Ridge.

IT WAS not yet day, although the silver beams of the full moon lit up the country and made the mountains discernible a long way off, but I had started for a tramp along the country road, my destination being the head waters of a certain brook where I knew full well there were trout in numbers.

Soon I am at the foot of the mountain over which I must go to reach the stream. Up its steep sides winds the road, like a huge serpent, going back and forth to make the ascent possible. After a long tiresome climb I finally reach the summit; the grandeur of the scene that presented itself is beyond description. The sun is just beginning to announce the coming of the new day. Long rays of light shoot up from the east and bathe the few floating clouds in a halo of red and gold and amber, most delicate in shading, yet richer and more gorgeous than could be the conception of the beautiful to the trained artist. Down in the valley the fog rolls away before the advance of its regal enemy; like the retreat of some phantom army.

After feasting my eyes on this grand panorama of nature I made my way down a blind trail to the head of the brook. It took me but a short time to get my tackle ready and make a cast into a pretty little pool, just below where the trail crossed the stream. As the fly settled on the water there was a swirl as the first fish rose and took the lure. With a deft turn of the wrist I had him hooked, and soon in my creel. Down the stream I went, casting in riffs and pools. The fish rose well and the unwilling occupants of my creel were constantly increasing. Often in coming round a bend in the stream I surprised a pheasant, come down for its morning drink, and away it would go with a whirr and soon be lost to sight in the undergrowth of the virgin forest. Coming to a fall in the brook about eight or ten feet in height I crept to the brink and cast into the deep pool below. As the fly touched the water there was a splash, and before I had time to tighten my line the fish was up the fall and had passed between my legs. After untangling myself I succeeded in landing the plucky fellow. He was the largest of my day's catch, weighing more than a pound.

A thunder stoam came about noon and so hard did it rain that I had to seek shelter in the ruins of an old "moonshine" distillery that had long been deserted. While waiting for the rain to pass I ate lunch and took a short nap. When I awoke the storm had passed over and left the sun shining and the air much cooled. The brook now ran through such rough country that sometimes there would be a stretch of several hundred yards that I could not fish at all. The fish continued to bite, when I could find a place where the stream was accessible and my creel began to increase enormously in weight, at least it seemed to, for the day was growing into twilight. Darkness stopped my sport, so I tramped back to the house to enjoy for supper some of the fruits of my day's labor. Upon counting I found that I had taken during the day eighty-seven fine fish, having put back in the stream the little fellows.

JOHNNIE.

New Equipment on the Pennsylvania.

The celebrated Pennsylvania Limited was never so luxurious in all its appointments as it is at present with its splendid equipment of new cars. Every car in the train has just come out of the shops as bright and as fresh as a new coin. This is the only perfectly appointed Limited train in service between New York and Chicago.—*Adv.*

MY TIME AGAINST HIS'N.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept, 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After a few days' rest and quiet at the hospitable residence of a friend in Jefferson, N. H., I took a team from his well-filled stable and drove about forty miles to Dummer, a farming and lumber town on the Androscoggin River. The road was familiar, every rod of it, for I had passed over it many times in company with my old camping partner, genial Jack Riedell of Manchester.

When I pulled up in front of John Chandler's snug hostelry I received a cordial welcome from the ladies of the family. Inquiry for John elicited the information that he had gone up Bog Brook, and Mrs. Chandler informed me further that John was a good deal like the boy who was after the woodcock—he had got to have some trout, for in three days there was to be an excursion party from Berlin with an annual dinner in which trout was to figure to a large extent. As the twilight was rapidly approaching darkness a team was hitched up and Miss Adley, the trim young lady who loads the table with good things to eat, went after John. Half an hour showed that he would be obliged to look elsewhere for his trout.

While we were having a social smoke, John broke out, "Well, Smart, if you'll put your time against mine, I'll take one of the boys (from the farm) and we'll go into the pond." I knew that it meant a six mile walk, but I also knew it meant trout, and I closed with the offer. The next afternoon at 4:30 we looked upon the pretty pond nestled away up in the hills of Millsfield, and we also looked upon trout feeding and jumping in all directions. We soon had our rods up with a silver-doctor for stretcher and a white-miller for dropper; and as we began to cast we found that the trout were simply playing—they could hardly be called feeding, as not one in ten that jumped would try in the slightest degree to take fly. However, we managed once in a while to strike one, and by the time Bob had supper ready, I had fourteen from ½ to ¾lbs. each. After doing justice to the "feed," pipes were lit and a sense of enjoyment settled down over the snug little camp, before which a cheerful fire was kept burning far into the night.

When it was fairly daylight we found the playful fish again enjoying their frolic of the night before, the surface of the pond, as far as we could see being continually broken by their antics. I have been where trout were pretty thick—in fact, I have seen this particular sheet of water under favorable conditions before, but I never saw them so playful as on this bright, clear morning. When the sun got over the hills it was bright and warm. I shifted my flies, using a Montreal and a professor.

During the forenoon we took it easily, going ashore several times, and when we stopped finally for dinner I had added twenty-one to my string. Scoring only the largest caught, John and Rob had as many more, and the trout problem of the Berlin High School alumni dinner was solved. Five o'clock found us out of the woods and I got away with such a supper as nearly paralyzed Miss Ellen. It was a delightful trip and the next day as I rode to Jefferson, fully rested from the six mile walk, I began to fully realize it. Another day took me to Boston, and I surprised Mrs. S. with the handsome results of my trip, getting them home in fine condition.

WM. B. SMART.

At Artist Lake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few weeks ago D. W. Phillips, S. L. Johns and myself went for a day's outing at Artist Lake in the middle of the Island, and the good time we had more than paid for our time and expense. After we reached the lake we got our tackle in order and started in our boat, and after a few casts the fish began to strike at the fly in a manner which made our hearts beat.

Before long I heard Mr. Johns say, "Oh, I have got him this time," and sure enough, he had a beauty hooked, and then came a battle which made Johns hustle before he landed his fish. Then came Mr. Phillips's turn, and he likewise had a nice one hooked, and it made him laugh with excitement to see the line cut through the water, first one way and then another.

I did not have to wait long before I was kept busy for a while with a nice 4-pounder. After landing my fish I tried to coax another to take the fly, but met with poor success; but in the mean time Phillips and Johns were having a lot of sport, so I tried a different fly, which met with better luck, and when we got through we had about forty fish in all.

Artist Lake is a pretty sheet of water, but it is so far out of the way that it is not troubled much by anglers. Perch and black bass are the only fish that abide there, but the bass fishing is as good as you may find anywhere.

Arrived at home we had a great deal to tell about our luck. I have been once since then, and hope to go again before long.

F. B. R.

The King Rainbow of the Gunnison.

DENVER, Col., Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest amd Stream:* In yours of Sept. 15 I notice an article on the large rainbow trout recently taken on the Gunnison River, Colorado, and being a party in this act I beg leave to correct the statement as made and give you facts.

On Aug. 29 Mayor Shove of Gunnison took with a fly the king of the rainbows. To quote from a letter which I received from Mr. Butters, who was with him: "One caught by Shove actually weighed 10lbs., and in forty-five minutes he landed him." With this letter in my pocket I left, Saturday evening, Aug. 31, for the Gunnison, as has been my custom for several years, getting Sunday and Labor Day for an outing. About noon on Sunday I got two 8¾lbs. fish and shortly after another of 5½lbs., both with a No. 6 coachman and a 7½oz. rod.

The next morning the two fish were sent to Denver to be mounted. From the larger one I had some plaster casts made, and by the bye would be glad to send you one if you would like it. On the same day Mr. Shove sent the skin of his big fish to the taxidermist, where the three of them now repose peacefully side by side.

I ask for no commiseration from "my brothers of the craft," as I am not entitled to it. I got the biggest fish there was left in the river at the time I fished it—at least as far as heard from. Since then there has been another taken that weighed 8½lbs., and I believe that within two years we will get them up to 12 and 15lbs. From the fact that they were placed in the Gunnison only about six years ago the growth is remarkable.

H. M. BOSTWICK.

A New Phantom for Black Bass.

MY attention was called this summer to an improvement on the artificial minnow bait known as the phantom, and largely used by bass fishermen all over the country. The old sort in present use, sold at all tackle stores, are of oiled silk, very handsomely colored, and have metal fittings at head and for propelling fins. The weight of these brass trimmings is so great in proportion to the lightness of the rest of the fish. that these lures sink easily and become very annoying when trolling among thick grass or weeds, the tops of which may be only six inches below the surface. In open work, trolling or casting in clear, deep water, there is no objection to them whatever, though the white coat of the new home-made sort described below is much more conspicuous for twilight fishing.

The new pattern used by the backwoods fishermen and guides, and which I saw accomplish great results at Lake Hopatcong this season, where the fishing was the poorest known for years, is larger than most of the silk minnows, being five or six inches long and three-quarters of an inch at its greatest diamete It is whittled out of light wood, and tapered nicely to resemble the general contour of a minnow, but being rounder—more like a pike in shape than any other fish. There is no tail and no fin, save the two flanges of brass bound to the head, which act as revolving propellers. To a ring at the tail a gang of hooks is hung, and two other gangs hang from the sides, one of them being at the head. The whole is painted white and striped either with red or gray or black, with a dash of scarlet at the side to counterfeit the red fin of the striped perch, a favorite food of the bass. A swivel at the head allows the minnow to revolve easily and swiftly. The great beauty of this minnow is its buoyancy. For casting among lilypads and pickerel weed it is without an equal. Your long reach of heavy, wet line does not drag it more than an inch or so below the surface, and as you reel in a cast, it struggles along the top for all the world like a real live, gasping, wounded or frightened fish. Late in the afternoon its coloring renders it a valuable tempter, for it can be seen so clearly. Without the shadow of a doubt it is the greatest casting rig for universal use ever devised.

H. PRESCOTT BEACH.

Bullheads vs. Bass.

MY first experience in bullhead fishing occurred on the evening of Sept. 13, 1894. We had been staying at our summer cottage, situated at South Bay, Oneida Lake, since July 19; and had had very poor fishing. Our largest catch being fifty-one perch, one bass and one pickerel.

We waited very patiently for the bass to show up; but they wouldn't. When Sept. 13 arrived we thought they surely would appear, for a year ago on that date my parents and oarsman captured fifty-one beauties; but they still refused, so we concluded to forsake them and turn our thoughts toward bullheads. So, shortly after supper one evening, we started to try our luck.

The evening was rather cool and cloudy, and the wind kept shifting from the south to the east. There was only enough wind to cause a slight ripple on the water. Bullheads will not bite on a windy evening as the boat moves too much, causing the bait to move also.

The way to fish for bullheads is to use a stiff pole, angle worms for bait; and let your line reach within 2 or 3in. of the bottom. Keep your line as still as you can and when you have a bite pull it in.

We had no sooner got our anchor out than we began to pull them in. Oh! how fast they did bite. We had twenty-six in no time and lost as many more through lack of practice in that line of fishing. I tell you they made music for a little while. It was more than sport to see them flop around. They seemed almost as gamy as our friends the bass.

After a while they stopped biting. We waited some time for them to commence again, but in vain, so we started for home about 9:30 P. M., and arrived just in time to escape the rain, with twenty-six bullheads instead of fifty-one bass. We had had a lovely time and had made no mistake in making friends with the bullheads.

"A Little Fishermaiden," MAMIE LOFTIE.

Oil in the Delaware.

HANCOCK, Delaware County, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly call the attention of the State Fish Commissioner to the flagrant violation of law by the Standard Oil Co. at this point? At the pumping station on the west branch of the Delaware, half a mile above the village of Hancock, the waste oil is allowed to flow into the river, where it forms a disgusting scum, polluting the stream for more than a mile and certainly poisonous to the fish, for large numbers of them are seen with ulcers upon them, and dead fish on the bottom are not an infrequent sight. Oil waste could be burned if a pit were provided for the purpose, and there is no excuse for the present state of affairs. The local fish and game constable is very much on hand if a poor devil is seen with a five-inch trout, or has taken one out of season, but for reasons best known to himself has permitted this illegal pollution of the river to pass uncensured. The Delaware swarms with bass and wall-eyed pike, but a season or two of conversion of its channel into a sewer for the Standard Oil Co. will make it barren of fish as a pipe line. HACKLE.

Cast of Rainbow Trout.

MESSRS. WILLIAM MILLS & SON, of 7 Warren street, have on exhibition in their window a fine plaster cast of an 8¾lb. rainbow trout caught in the Gunnison River, Colorado, by Mr. Harry M. Bostwick, of Denver. It was taken on a No. 6 coachman fly and a 7½oz. Leonard fly rod.

Good for Everybody.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—*Forest and Stream Pub. Co.:* It is our intention to withdraw our advertisement from several other sporting papers and double our space in the FOREST AND STREAM. Our taxidermy business has increased so materially within the past year, and while no doubt much of it is due to our superior work, reasonable prices and general satisfaction to customers, we can trace without question that your paper brings us far better returns than any other advertising medium we can employ.

Kindly have your representative call in reference to enlarging our space and oblige

W. W. HART & Co.

A Beautiful Book

is "Indianland and Wonderland," published by the Northern Pacific Railroad, It costs only 6 cents in stamps Send them and I will send you the book. Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 2 to 5.—Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. C. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Oct. 30 to Nov. 2.—Terrier Show, by New England Kennel Club, at Country Club, Brookline, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y, 128 Tremont street, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Field Trial Club, Members' Sweepstake. A. R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells. Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. All-Aged, Eastern Subscription and Selling Stakes. Entries close Oct. 1. W. A. Coster. Saratoga Springs, N. Y.. Sec'y.

Dec. 17.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

RHODE ISLAND DOG SHOW.

Sept. 18 to 21. Entries 502, Dogs Benched 496.

ONCE more has the Rhode Island Fair Association convinced themselves that their dog department not only proved one of the main attractions of the fair, but that the fixture is such a timely and popular one that their show would do credit to any kennel club in the country. Aware of this fact, which they must certainly be, it is astonishing that the fair management does not seek to co-operate more liberally with the bench show committe and its chairman, on whom devolves most of the preliminary work, to further rather than hinder such a successful undertaking.

One does not expect at a fair show to see it managed with that strict observance of particulars that marks, or should mark, shows given by independent kennel clubs. There is in these fair shows considerable red tape to unravel and a lot of obstinate committeemen and managers of other departments to tackle who think that dogs do not amount to much anyhow, and that a few fat pumpkins and a long corncob or two are vastly more interesting to the bucolic visitor. This is a mistake that was plainly shown by the crowds that passed through the dog show building at Cranston last week. The show was characterized by a snap and vim that was particularly gratifying to old show goers, proving that the show is becoming a very popular one, and if properly managed in the future, with a little more liberality in the classification of certain breeds, the Cranston fixture may be depended upon to take its place among the principal dog shows of the year.

The class of dogs on exhibition could not in many breeds be excelled at any show, and the sporting classes and fox-terriers and beagles, were particularly good, while a glance at the following names of exhibitors with whom we came in contact the first day will show the interest that is taken by prominent fanciers in the show. L. and W. Rutherford, Edward and Harry Brooks, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., H. W. Smith, Clarence Rathbone, Renshaw Mason-Jones, G. W. H. Ritchie, W. Comstock, Frank Comstock, Dr. Foote and Mrs. Foote, A. R. Sharpe, E. M. Oldham, Dr. Kenney, C. Fred Crawford, Dr. Thurber, M. A. Viti, J. C. Sharpe, Johns H. Congdon, A. Fred Church, C. Stedman Hanks, L. Prince, R. M. Jones, R. Leslie, L. Contoit, H. Pape, Dr. Lougest, D. E. Loveland, Hollis White, H. Hanson, F. W. Chapman, H. V. Jamieson, H. Tallman, John Read and Mrs. Read, T. Aldrich, J. J. Scanlon, G. L. Tarr, G. T. Reed, W. A. Small, Mrs. Nicholson, E. H. Moore, Joe Lewis, R. L. Keach, Dr. Huidekoper, J. Robinson, A. D. Fiske, M. J. Flaherty, Frank F. Dole, Henry Jarrett, C. T. Brownell, Donald Monroe, John Brett, W. J. Turner, Alfred Heald, B. F. Lewis, George Thomas, as well as others with whom we are not personally acquainted.

The show was well managed and the judging commenced early, progressed speedily and was completed early on Wednesday morning only a few specials and the beagles being left over for the second day. The entry, as the numbers at the head of this report will show, was a solid one, composed of dogs and not duplicates, and very few puppies were exhibited. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Mr. Chas. R. Roberts on whom depended the management and preliminary work to be done and for a man entirely unacquainted with the practical running of a show the result is all the more surprising, but then he is a newspaper man and the reason is obvious. He was ably seconded by Mr. Fred Otto the superintendent in the conduct of the show as well as by the members of the bench committee, active among whom as stewards in the rings of which there were four in use, were Messrs. J. W. Lawson for Mr. Mortimer, C. B. McPhilip for Mr. Bellin and D. C. Hook, C. F. Crawford for Mr. Tallman, A. R. Sharp for John Davidson and Mr. Roberts himself for J. Otis Fellows. The judging as last year was in the open air alongside the show building which is fairly well arranged with good alley-ways, good light and plenty of ventilation. The weather clerk was generous excepting on Wednesday afternoon and night when the rain poured down in no half hearted manner. The benching is of the old fashioned solid partition style.

Spratts Patent attended to the feeding, which was directly under "Captain" Murphy's supervision. This company also had a display of their goods, with the urbane Mr. Ehrmann in charge. The "boys" seemed well pleased with the many courtesies extended to them, and for ourself we return thanks for the help and courtesies shown.

The catalogue was well arranged, although there were a good many typographical errors in names and a few dogs wrongly entered, which may be expected when entries are not made on proper blanks and get mixed up with the horse and cattle entries. The interleaved catalogues supplied to the press were worthy of imitation; the leaves were in to stay. A defective catalogue of this sort is a delusion and a snare, for the lenves that fall out and are lost are just the ones you wanted most. The bench show committee was composed of Samuel R. Roberts, chairman; C. C. Gray, Jas. W. Lawson, Johns H. Congdon, C. Fred Crawford, W. C. Codman, an old English exhibitor, and R. L. Keach. Dr. W. L. Burt, a dogman himself and whose fancy runs to bulldogs, was on the ground all the time and devoted to his duties as veterinarian.

MASTIFFS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Although the quality was excellent, especially the male portion of the classes, the entries were not large, Dr. Lougest furnishing six out of the nine. Ingleside Minting, in beautiful condition, had a walkover in challenge class. He has grown all round since the last show and is now a splendid specimen of the breed. Lady Diana scarcely graced her position, being almost bare of outer coat, but she has been suckling a litter and had one pup with her, a promising one, too, to drain off the milk. In open dogs there were but two entries, both repeatedly described in these columns—Emperor William and Maximilian. The former scores very much in massiveness of head and size and body, but loses behind. In Maximilian his new purchaser has a very typical dog. Colonel, hc., is a long-faced one that was lucky to be mentioned in such company. The open bitch class produced five, but there was a distinct falling off in quality. First went to Vere, who has the best front, a good deep body, well ribbed and is better and stronger in head than Gerda II., whose worst feature is her forelegs, Cerene, well known, secured three letters, but was looking thin. She will make her home in Peoria, Ill., after this show. Eider, hc., although a trifle plain in head, though fairly well shaped, not so abnormally short as some of them, stands on such good legs, has a good body and was so nicely shown that she might have changed places with Cerene at least. The kennel prize of course went to Dr. C. A. Lougest.

ST. BERNARDS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—At first glance in looking through the catalogue we thought there would be a good display here, but taken all round the quality was mixed, and nothing new to approach the old winners. Otos' absence in challenge dogs left the battle between Altoneer and champion Kingston Regent, and it was scarcely long in doubt, for Regent looked out of shape and moves rather "dicky" these days; grand dog as he undoubtedly is, he loses to his younger and more symmetrical competitor, Altoneer, who scores in hind parts, legs, action and quality. He was thin, but nicely shown. Our old friend Lady Livingstone claimed a challenge ribbon once more; out of coat, but little the worse for wear. Open dogs brought out five, Roland, Jr., absent. There was nothing striking in the lot, and the winner eventually proved to be Columbus, second here last year. He was far away the best both in head, in his handsome coat and general make-up; his muzzle should be deeper and squarer. Second went to Prince Karl, good in front and stronger perhaps in head than the winner, but lacking his type and quality; a brindle. The others, Duke of Roxbury and Mountaineer, were given an encouraging c. apiece, the judge being in a good humor. Rough bitches (2) were decidedly weedy, Nun Bayard being the only one with any pretensions to type in head. The prizes were withheld. Kingstonian Beauty was absent.

Then came the challenge classes for smooth dogs with Melrose King and Miss Alton competitorless in each class, both were shown in good fettle considering the season of the year, Melrose King especially. Smooth dogs had four, Belisarius absent; first went to Counch an excellent fronted dog with good bone, head if broader would be good as it is deep, correct coat and markings, rather straight behind; Karl second, loses in quality and head though a big well formed dog; Ponce, vhc., is too light in muzzle and was thin and weedy looking; King George, vhc., probably got the letters for true coat, for in all other respects he is very far short of the mark, with a wretched head, bad stary eye, ears on top of head and other faults. The bitch class was better but I could not understand the placing of Melrose Judith, thin as a rail and tucked up, long weak head, slack in back, curled tail, etc., over either Scottish Ruby or Eulalie II.; Scottish Ruby scores in body, and if stronger in muzzle and not quite so houndy, her head would be a good one, excellent forelegs, broad hips and hind legs, good coat, a very fair bitch; Eulalie II., reserve, would have a good head if a little deeper in stop, it is more massive than Ruby's, but ears are two large, ribs should be better sprung and more flesh would improve her, good bone and legs; either of them can beat the winner; Miss Nellie, vhc., a brindle, has too much coat for a smooth, is light in bone, long and narrow in head, turns his feet out, good body; Lady Isabella, vhc., has a very long snipy head with little character, otherwise fair and a true smooth. Mr. E. H. Moore, of course took the kennel prize with a team showing much quality.

NEWFOUNDLANDS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—Only two entries and these decidedly moderate; heads not massive enough, being snipy and long, just ordinary black dogs. When will this grand old breed be properly represented? The little boom it received when Prince George came over seems to have died out, and the dogs we see now are just black dogs, with no true character such as a Mayor of Bingley, the best and only real good one seen on American benches. Most of these black dogs have full, light eyes, ears like St. Bernards, and more or less curly, soft coats.

GREAT DANES (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Only one entry and that a black one with fairish head, but coarse throughout.

The English bloodhound class did not fill. It is a pity the class was not divided by sex, and if this had been done there would have been ten entries and several good specials.

DEERHOUNDS (*H. W. Smith, Judge*).—Mr. Thayer sent on five, the only entries, just sufficient to take the prizes which fell to Hillside Warrior in the challenge class, Hillside MacGregor and Raven in open dogs and Hillside Feodora and Heather in bitches, reversing last year's placing; all looked well and have been repeatedly described in these columns. Mr. Thayer deserves credit for sticking so well and faithfully to this breed; but for his continued support the breed would surely languish much more than it does at present.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (*H. W. Smith, Judge*).—With the Seacroft and Terra Cotta kennels showing their best the quality could not be denied, though entries were few. In challenge dogs and bitches, which should certainly have been divided, Vinga, Argoss and Col. Dietz appeared. We can scarcely endorse the decision that placed Vinga first, grand bitch as she undoubtedly is; her bent foreleg, the result of the unfortunate accident at Detroit, is against her in such hot competition; she was, however, beautifully shown, and there are many that will uphold the decision. Argoss and Col. Dietz should have been split by a reserve card to one or the other. Sorvanantes and Odrooski occupied their Toronto positions in open dogs, but in bitches Riga should have been thrown out for skin disease and first given to Olivia and Lady Dietz awarded second instead of reserve. The placing of Riga and Olivia equal we cannot understand unless it be on the score of difference in type, and this was settled for the time being when Vinga beat Argoss in the challenge class. Olivia and Lady Dietz follow the type which we have always alluded to as "distinctively Russian," while Riga follows that of her sire Argoss, only more so.

GREYHOUNDS (*H. W. Smith, Judge*).—In challenge class, Bestwood Daisy, looking as dainty as ever, was placed over Gem of the Season, principally, we believe, on account of Gem's broken hind toe. In open dogs a rare-made one in Spring of the Valley, that has filled out into a really good greyhound, barring a little coarseness in head and a light eye, excellent front, ribs good, but better if a little deeper at back, good loin, exceptionally good long, broad quarters and second thighs, shoulders well placed and action perfect. Dallas, second, loses in many points to the winner. Strideaway, vhc., is big in ear, flat-ribbed, light in bone, and not strong enough in pasterns. Open bitches had three entries and the blue went to Wild Lily, a Gem of the Season—Lily of Gainsboro bitch, nicely made all round, and Chips with her broken toe and splay feet could not hope for more than second. Eureka, vhc., was lucky to get so many letters, as her head is poor, shallow in chest, feet out and faulty in off hock.

FOXHOUNDS (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—There is little use in criticising these, as the diversity of type and general mediocrity do not demand it. There were dogs that were wholly English, half English, and others a mixture of every indifferent hound point To begin with, Elite cannot beat Commodore or Ranger II. in the challenge class, though put first. It is useless to attempt criticism when there is no decided standard to go by. Elite is as much unlike Commodore or Ranger as a mule is to a horse, but the two latter have better hound properties, especially Ranger II., who is, however, a bit too heavy for American and too light for English, but has good hound properties. If Elite is right Femur should have had first instead of Elite. In open dogs (10) the well-known Deacon, another of Dr. Thurber's dogs, won, but I like his other dog Parson's head better. Second went to Glider, snipy-headed, but fairly well formed. Jowler is a fair stamp of dog, with good legs and feet. In bitches (5) first went to Daisy, last year's winner at Providence, snipy-headed and only moderate in running gear. Second, Susie B., I am not certain about as numbers were very mixed on some of these hounds. Winsome, reserve, a very fair stamp of English hound, was the truest formed hound all round of any on the bench, and in a mixed class with no restrictions as to type should have been easily first in her class.

BEAGLES (*Jos. Lewis, Judge*).—With thirty-seven entries and many of them good ones, the judge had reason to feel proud of his position. He had no sinecure, but acquitted himself well in nearly every class. Challenge dogs brought out Forest Hunter and old champion Fitzhugh Lee, once more, the latter looking little different from last year, he was beaten by the younger dog as before in cleanness of shoulders, but yields to no beagle on the bench in forelegs and general type. Topsy S. had little difficulty in scoring over the long headed and bodied Parthenia and Twintwo, as she is so much better in head and true beagle type. She was well shown too, and Twintwo looked improved from her last appearance. In open 15-inch dogs (13), we had a treat, for the three dogs that Mr. Mortimer brought over, belonging to Mr. Joachim, were in a class by themselves where type and quality is concerned; their good heads with no suspicion of snipiness, great bone and good bodies should be considered by breeders and as a cross on some of the light weedy, long bodied stock we are running to in some of the kennels' should prove of estimable benefit. First went to Ringleader, not quite true in front, to be critical, but great bone, a little more rib would improve his body and he looked light in loin at present, quarters are good and he has nice action. These dogs did not do well on the voyage over. I preferred the second prize winner, Robin, though out of shape; I am told that he had a narrow squeak for his life, being more dead than alive when taken out of his crate; he is shorter in the body and better ribbed up than the winner, has an excellent head with beautiful expression and ears, good bone and straight forelegs, good hound markings and well carried brush; with luck he will carry many a blue ribbon yet. Diamond Forest was reserve, he is well known. Raffler, vhc., another of the English dogs, is a trifle coarse and long in body, fairly good head, throws elbows out a little, but all-round is better than the average. These English dogs are by old champion Ringwood out of champion Lonely, that is now in Mr. Krueder's kennel. Lewis, vhc., is coarse in skull, stands back on pasterns and should be lower on the leg. Sport R., the Boston winner looked light, and Investigator, also vhc., is leggy, has too much stop, a bit long in head and is light in loin. In the corresponding bitch class, Wake and Blossom were absent, leaving four in the competition. First went to the winner, Gypsey A., who had the best bone and body, is getting heavy in shoulders, is throaty and muzzle should be shorter and squarer. Belle of West Chester, second, should have more substance, forelegs straight, should be better ribbed up, has a sweet head, a little more stop would improve it, and ears should throw over a little more, a flat ear on a beagle is not desirable. Flash R., reserve, looked tucked up, is faulty in head, throws her elbow a little, good ribs; she showed an honorable scar, having lost part of one ear in an argument with a woodchuck, though some one unkindly remarked that our "purple" friend had shot the piece out to save expressage—we don't believe it. Vick R. was out of it in this company, her forte is among the briers and swamps.

In open dogs under 13in. first went to Little Corporal, a nice, pert little fellow, but head too snipy and flat, overreaching skull, good front and body, but faulty in carriage of brush. Second to Blarney, who carries his tail too straight, is light and weedy in body, snipy, but better head and expression than the winner. Reserve was given to Clarion of Glenrose, whose head is not a good one; it is better, however, than the others. He stands a trifle wide in front, good body if ribs had a little more swell; showed himself poorly, but sufficient to beat either of the others handily. It is only when the decision is very close that shy showing should be so scored. The bitch class brought out six. First to the well-known Lady of Denmark, who is getting heavy in shoulder, is a bit long-faced, but nicely formed otherwise. Clio, second, is beautiful in skull and ear, a bit pinched in muzzle, but nice body and running gear; in fact, I picked her for first; shows a bit more quality, too. Spot R., that lively little hunter, deserved her reserve card; she should be straighter in front, but the rest of her make-up is all right. Gypsey Forest, vhc., is long-faced, brow too prominent and muzzle pinched, good forepart and body. Cleopatra of Glenrose has filled out nicely and deserved her letters, though her muzzle is too fine and her shoulders should be cleaner, good body but less flesh next time, Mr. Chapman. In puppy dogs (4) there were only two left in. Tim is a giant already and was put out. Little Corporal won from Kit, long-faced, fairly good in front, but, like his brother, will be too large. A fair bitch puppy in Tossie was alone and won. Glenrose Kennels took the kennel prize in a hot competition.

POINTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—The display of pointers, while scarcely up to last year's form, was certainly good, and some of our best were there. This time but two turned up in challenge dogs against five last year. Duke of Hessen, in better shape this time, scored over his kennel mate, Sanford Druid, in head, quality and general finish; Druid was in excellent condition. Old Woolton Game cocked her game eye at the judge and walked off with another ribbon; she keeps up well and looked quite lusty. In heavy open dogs (6) the well known Molton Banner, nicely shown, won in straightness of forelegs, rib and set on of stern, but is faulty in hocks, over Hempstead Beau, who was shown a little fat, his feet could be better and neck cleaner. Skip, reserve, is a black dog, fairly well made, bit flat in stop. Dan, vhc., has a fair head, a little too much out before the eye, is faulty in feet and pasterns. In bitches (4) the blue went to that good bitch Springside Nell, with whom, had she deeper ribs and body and a bit better muzzle little fault could be found, she was well shown. Emblem, second, is a bit houndy in head, should have more stop, good bone and front. Tolby, reserve, is rather long cast, bnt excellent in front, muzzle should be deeper. Lass of Kippen, vhc., is throaty, fair head, but too lippy, faulty in ear carriage and stern is set on a bit low, otherwise good.

Light-weight dogs had nine entries, one absent, Lad of Rush, well known, took the blue; he has not a show head, but is good in other parts, and was very fit. Ridgeview Prince, second, is light in body as well as loin, and slack, good front if toes were closer, fair head, should be stronger in muzzle. Springside Tammany took reserve, a little heavy in shoulders and not straight enough in front, well ribbed up and good behind, eye light and ears could be better, but all round preferred him to Prince. Rex B., vhc., has a full light eye, too much stop, fair body, feet rather flat. Kentwood, hc., is a fair sort, but light in rib and body; the others call for no particular menton. In bitches that nice bitch Hempstead Blossom, second last year, took the blue this time in rather easier competition, rare good body, feet and pasterns could be improved, very nice head and a smart bitch all over, showing much quality. Kent's Belle, second, well deserved her place, pushing the winner, a bit straight in shoulder, nice head and body. Daisy, reserve, is a little dished in face, should be better in pasterns and feet, rather light in body and leggy. Lady Lil, vhc., should have the stop better defined and muzzle squarer, nice body and legs. Only one puppy was shown, Hedgewood Lass. The Hempstead Farm Kennels took the kennel prize and Molton Banner the special for best in the show.

ENGLISH SETTERS (*W. Tallman, Judge*).—No one, with a proper conception of what the type of an English setter should be, could help being pleased with the well-filled classes and the number of good, typical heads that were to be seen on the benches. Type—not of the flap-eared, snipy-muzzled, wild-eyed sort too frequently met with nowadays,

is always strong round Boston and Providence, and this show proved no exception. There were dogs here, not one nor two, but many that were lightly built enough to suit any field enthusiast, but still retaining their quality and the sort of head we want on an English setter. Old champion Paul Gladstone again missed another ribbon, being entered for specials only; it is wonderful how well this old dog keeps up; he was twelve years old last June. In bitches there was no denying the claims of champion Blue Nell for first place over Victress Llewellyn, whom she scores so in head and hindparts and general look of quality. Open dogs dogs (23) was a very large class, and a difficult one to judge. Cactus was all right for first place, as he is a well-made dog all round, but Leonard, second, was a decidedly lucky dog, and there were several that could claim his place; he is large, long-headed and plain in such company; good legs, but more rib would improve his body. Albert Ranger, reserve, is a much better dog, a little full in brow and light in loin, otherwise of good shape, and a dog that can give Leonard points. Harry L., a very good, typical-headed son of Prince L., who is himself thick and heavy in head, but deserved mention, should be shorter in loin and have deeper back ribs, but his head is a model for type and quality, and was assuredly overlooked when in the ring. Gasseau, vhc., has another nice typical head, and should have been higher. Bald Rock, also vhc., is rather large in head but of good English type, a little throaty, but can beat Leonard all over. San Pablo, hc., has a very fair head, faulty in pasterns, and a little drooping in quarters, good ribs. Joe Brown, hc., is a trifle coarse in head and throaty, well shown in nice coat. Worsley Dude must have been surprised to get only a card, but his faulty forelegs may account for it, though it was hard on him Then there was Dad Monarch, unnoticed, heavy, but he has lots of quality and true type. Tom Aldrich showed three nice looking black native setters, but of course they are not "Anglo" enough for these days. Open bitches (11). The winners are well known, and at last John Brett was satisfied when his Maid Marion scored for first; she was in exquisite shape considering her long journeying lately. Prima Donna, another well made bitch, equally well known, came second. Flower of Sulphur, reserve, is a trifle long cast, just a shade more stop and toes should be closer, good legs and ribs. Reverdy's Leah, vhc., well deserved her letters, a nice type of bitch all over, but back a little too flat. Nellie F., vhc., droops a trifle in quarters, body should be deeper, very fair head. Monk's Nun has scarcely kept her promise; she will always be on the small side. Lilly L., hc., is not true at elbow, and none too good behind. A very fair pup in Saxon won in dogs, muzzle should be stronger and squarer. Pendennis, second, has an excellent front and bone, head a trifle coarse. Nell's Flora won in bitches, nice legs and head, loses in shoulders. Daisy Hunter II., second, is light in body yet, and more stop would improve an otherwise good head. Joseph Lewis took the kennel prize.

IRISH SETTERS (*W. Tallman, Judge*).—Here was a challenge class calculated to try the nerviest judge of "reds." Inchiquin, champion Tim, Pride of Patsy, Montauk Jr., champion Kildare, champion Kildare Glenmore, Duke Elcho and champion Seminole. To champion Kildare, the dog we have always said would wear Tim's mantle, fell the honor of winning, followed by Inchiquin, both of them well shown, while the Seminoles showed the effects of travel. In bitches champion Queen Vic could not be denied in another hot class with such matrons as champion Norna, who took the reserve card, Edna H., champion Laura B. looking fat, champion Elfreda who should be shown in better flesh, and Delphinne. In open dogs (5), one absent, Bob Jr., in beautiful feather and condition, scored; his head is a trifle coarse, but excellent body and hind parts and very pretty. Second went to Pemberton, a little plain headed, but good color and well shown. An old acquaintance in Eudora showed up once more and proved a winner in open bitches (7); if she had a little better muzzle little fault could be found with her. Lena, second, seemed in whelp; not clean cut enough in head and neck. Delloraine, reserve, I could not find. Lizzie, vhc., is small and has an English head. Mollie was also in the three letter division. Rochdale was absent in dog pups and but two came forward in bitches. It is no use saying much about them as they will be different twelve months hence.

GORDON SETTERS (*W. Tallman, Judge*).—The classes were exceptionally well filled. In challenge dogs (3), Heather York absent, first went to that smart setter Ranger B, who put out Leo B., and is better in body, cleanness of markings and rib. The well-known Princess Louise had a walkover in the next class and was looking well. In open dogs (8) first went to the familiar Homer S., often described in this journal. Second to Dixie, not very good in front and should be deeper and squarer in muzzle. No other mention was given, but Trim B. and Comus should have been noticed. Open bitches (11), Maid of Waverly did better than at Boston by winning first here. A little more flesh would improve her; she lacks penciling and thumb marks on feet and pasterns; too much tan on head. Sante Marie, second, should be squarer in muzzle; was well shown. Nora, reserve, is a fair-made one, faulty in head and rather small, if I got the right one. These dogs were benched in sundry places instead of in a batch. The well-known Fenmont, first at Boston in the spring, could do no better than vhc. here, and Countess Roxie—shades of fame—saw hc. tacked over her stall. In puppies, King Mont and Flo Noble were the winners, but we could not find them. Criticising puppies is an unsatisfactory business, anyhow. Flo Noble and Belle Noble took the bitch prizes from Nola and Minnie-Ha-Ha, the former being full in eye and brow, and could be better in front, while Minnie is mixed in tan and a trifle coarse-headed, nice body, ribs and quarters, and she might have been reserve.

SPANIELS (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—These were few in number and there was no redemption in quality. Brantford Mohawk took the challenge prize in field spaniels. In open dogs Manuscript, the only entry, did not turn up. In bitches there were only two, Maid and Gossip, and for the first time in history the former got ahead of the latter at the finish. Maid is too high on the leg and straighter in forelegs still. Gossip gets it a trifle in type and general quality and body. Gossip is wofully crooked in front and head is rather narrow. In cocker challenge dogs the well-known Bim, looking very well, secured the ribbon unopposed. In open dogs, other than black, Brantford Rufus took the ribbon in spite of his coarse, high skull. Cousin Dick is not a bad sort; a bit high in skull, excellent muzzle, fair legs, not quite straight enough in front, good body. In open black dogs Black Baby, in Donovan's absence, had a walk-over, and luckily, too, for he is a big curly dog that must be over weight, excellent feather and earage. In bitches Miss Phyllis scored once again, this time having nothing better than Doddie, faulty in front, to beat. In any color bitches Floss won; she is ten years old and this year 41 partridges were shot over her in one day, in Maine; front straight, but too much daylight under her for modern ideas, though not for a good working stamp; eye is too full and muzzle weak. Judy, second, is scarcely up to form, is light in body, front good, but warts on underjaw make it appear undershot, and they should be removed at once. The puppies showed nothing of much moment. Taunty, the winner in bitch puppies, has a fair head, but is pinched in muzzle, yet good in front. Juanita II., second, is curly. As may be surmised from the above, the principal kennels were conspicuous by their absence, and the mutterings at Boston really did amount to earnestness, after all. G. L. Farr took the kennel prize for cockers. Kitty of Cork was the only water spaniel and took the blue ribbon, though almost bare of curl and topknot.

COLLIES (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Lots of quality here and one or two new ones to gather honors. In challenge dogs poor old Squire, dirty and ragged in coat, hung his head as much as to say, "I know it, but what can I do; I have no voice in this matter and would much rather stay at home." What is the use of subjecting this grand old dog to such humiliation, surely he has earned a comfortable retirement after years of triumphs such as seldom fall to the lot of one dog. Wellesbourne Charlie, although short of coat, looked bright and healthy and his action was in marked contrast to the Squire's, who could scarcely pick his way across the ring. Flurry III. had little difficulty in scoring over Metchley Surprise, being in excellent trim for the season. In open dogs (11) competition soon narrowed down to Seminole Kennels' Golddust and Woodlawn Trefoil, Mr. Jarrett handled the former and made the most of him, he was out of coat and looked light, showing his faults in hind parts conspicuously; his head and forepart pulled him through, but he had a close shave, as Trefoil scores from head back both in coat and formation, is not true in front, but boasts a good head and ears fairly well carried, though too far over. Curzon, looking light and out of coat, as usual, was vhc. The others call for no mention, except it be Glenfyne, who is long cast, a little broad in skull, good ears and fair coat. Open bitches (11) showed a few good ones, notably Woodlawn Sunset, whose star is rising, sweet, clean, long head, nice ears and excellent coat for the season. Shepardess, not so clean in skull as the winner, but dense in coat, ears well carried, good legs and action. Ormskirk Gypsey Maid, short sharp faced, took reserve, and Fannie, vhc., shows too much stop and brow, fair ears, nice body. Cora Belle of Nesseldown, also vhc., is rather full and round in skull and ears are heavy. Aurora, hc., shows quality, but ears are too large and inclined to prick, fair head. The kennel prize went to Seminole Kennels.

BULLDOGS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—A capital showing, and seldom do we get such a lot outside of New York or Boston. The fun started with King Lud and Wal Hampton in challenge dogs, and bulldog men will surmise the result; finish, quality, head and body were all in His Majesty's favor. Saleni, The Graven Image and Adiscombe Gypsy made up an interesting bitch class, but the issue was never in doubt, Saleni scoring so in body, ribs, chop and wrinkle and skull. All were well shown and, of course The Image scored over Gypsy in head properties and body. In open dogs, over 45lbs., His Lordship stood out like a statue, unapproachable and indifferent, while Rustic King II. did his

W. NORMAN HIGGS'S MASTIFF BRAMPTON BEAUTY.

best to look older and more fit for such company; at present he is promising, not broken up enough yet in face and stop, but well shown. King Orrey was absent. In the bitch class Katisha, who would be improved with more cushion, deeper in under jaw and muzzle, good shoulders well out, fair body, rather loosely hung together, and not short enough, won over Lady Nan, plain in front and long backed. Juno, a litter sister of Rustic King's, is faulty in ear carriage, excellent legs, if a bit more out at shoulder would be better. Derby May, hc., is too wedgy in head, has big ears carried down; should be deeper and squarer in muzzle. Hucknall, Gypsey and Mischief, the new ones, were absent, as well as Charmion.

BULL TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Although the classification was simple, some good dogs put in an appearance and the quality was even. Cordona shown very fit, disposed of Duke of Rochester beating in front and head and condition; in bitches champion Attraction, who keeps herself wonderfully well, forced Loumont Kit to the rear especially in muzzle, eye, bone and depth of rib. A smart terrier in Little Flyer took the blue in open dogs (9) beating Billy Plimmer, second, in strength of jaw, set on of stern, etc.; Harper's Whiskey, described last week, was reserve, thus displacing Billy Bulger who was vhc.; Bruce also given three letters has a long head but is cheeky and heavy in shoulders; Prince Gully, vhc., is wide in front, cheeks not flat enough, nice body; Gully the Great and Aspiration were absent; Londou C., is too broad in skull. In bitches first went to the well known Edgewood Matchless, with New Market Siren, second, light eye, cheek too prominent and a bit straight behind; Nellie Harper was vhc., seemed in whelp, she was at Toronto; Honey Bee, vhc., stands too close in feet, which throws her elbow out; Young Miss Giddy, vhc., has excellent front and body though the latter is a trifle long, very fair head, well deserving her place; Bess of Rochester could do no better than vhc. here, she is unfinished yet. The puppy class was divided and firsts given to Harper's Whiskey and Bess of Rochester.

FOX-TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—So many familiar faces were seen in the ring here, both of dogs and owners, that it looked almost like a New York or Boston gathering, and the quality was naturally of the best. The challenge dog class brought out three cracks—Blemton Victor II., Warren Safeguard and Starden's King, in the order named. Victor looked light and leggy to the others, but his cleanness of head, shoulders, neck, etc., pulled him through. Starden's King and Safeguard are more terrierlike, to my idea, but the former loses in neck and shoulders; was well shown and so was Safeguard. Warren Captious had the next class to herself. Then came another well-known lot of dogs in the open class (11). Blemtou Rasper proved the winner; he looked a trifle light and long in body. Beverwyck Royalist secured second; he looked light, too, and has not filled out in rib yet. Reserve to Werner, whom I did not catch—as a puppy he took an early departure. Blemton Stickler, Warren Salesman and Warren Tip Top were the vhc. dogs. Tip Top and Stickler are well known, and Salesman has an excellent front and is a terrier all over; could be closer in toes and brow should be flatter. Worsley Trapper could only get hc. in this company, while Seacroft King, described at Toronto, was also in the two-letter division. Hillside Royal is light in body and skull too full.

The bitch class (13) was another warm lot, but the Rutherford kennel supplied first and second winners with Warren Ripple and Duty; this old kennel keeps the others guessing all the time with their home-bred ones. Ripple I thought a bit lucky to beat Duty, standing a little wide in front, and is too round in skull, yet better bone than Duty, but not so hard in coat; nice ears. The well known Blemton Vindex was reserve; should be stronger before the eye and in pasterns. The vhc. division had Spiuster and Beverwyck Twilight; both are well known and neither is good in muzzle, while Spinster's ears should come down. Seacroft Empress, hc., a nice-bodied bitch, is pinched in muzzle. Blemton Erminie, hc., has a nice head if eye were darker; is not quite straight in front and body should be shorter. Warren Salesman won in dog puppies with Blemton Fire Brand second, but he will not set the Thames on fire unless he "fines down in skull." Dominican and Domino were placed as at the specialty show. In bitches a nice-fronted daughter of Starden's King pulled off the victory over Hill Hurst Diana In Wires, which were also good, Oakleigh Bruiser and Sister Pattern farmed the challenge classes for Mr. Hunnewell. In open dogs (5) another blue ribbon fell to his share by the aid of Cribbage, who looked better than we have seen him in some time, but needs his whiskers trimming. Brittle came next, repeating the Toronto placing under the same judge and our criticism then is good for this occasion. Brittle was lucky, good dog as he is; he was not in bloom and with no front teeth he should give way to his son Brittle Beaut. Mister Great Snap and Halifax Revival were absent In bitches (4) Mr. Hunnewell scored first and second, the blue coming to his new one, Bushy Bramble, excellent body, coat and legs, a bit sharp in muzzle, nice skull and ear. Brunette was at Toronto. Petition from the same kenuels took reserve, a bit fine in muzzle, excellent bone and front and plenty of coat but a trifle long in body. Roche Tacit, out of shape, was vhc. St. Trick, a smart puppy by Brittle, was alone in puppy dogs, and the Hill Hurst Kennels supplied the winners in bitches with Brunette and Vamp.

IRISH TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—A capital show, but most of the winners are well known. Challenge dogs brought out six, and it does seem a travesty on wins that count when such a lot should come forward to battle for a solitary prize of $10. Merle Grady won nicely over Jackanapes, who is not so clean in skull and cheek as he used to be; reserve to Brickbat, Jr., and vhc. to Crib and Boxer IV., and rightly placed. Candor, well shown, was the only representative in the corresponding class for her sex Open dogs were poor, Mr. Comstock getting the ribbon with Hanover Boy and His Honor, both old customers. Brevety, vhc., is light in eye and ears are too large; soft in coat and stop should be flatter. Shamus is leggy and feet are open. John Briggs, a neat terrier, should have had something; his skull is broad; more rib would be better and his coat should be harder. In bitches (2) Bella Rush, slack in back and not very good in front, was alone, and won, Judy being absent.

BOSTON TERRIERS (*W. C. Hook, Judge*).—There were nine dogs in the open heavy dog class and two in bitches, three in light-weight dogs and two in bitches and two in puppies. As we can make neither head nor tail, especially head, of the decisions in these classes, we let the awards stand without quibble. That the judge was well up in the breed is palpable, for in addition to the numbers of the winners in the judging book he also gave their names, a familiarity with the breed that proved his judicial acumen.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Broomfield Sultan and Gypsey Girl again in the challenge class. Old Jasper came forward once more in open dogs; his only opponent was a toy, which was transferred to the toy terrier class. Jasper is getting very coarse. Lady Prudence, the Boston winner, was the only one in the bitch class, the others being toys. The toy terriers were of the usual order.

SKYE TERRIERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—Most of them are well known and need no comment except that there was a shortness of coat all round. Sir Thomas took the challenge prize and Rhoderick Dhu won in dogs and bitches (4), Lady Stafford coming second and Nelly, reserve, faulty in ears and out of coat.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Rhudaman beat Kilroy in style and condition for the challenge prize. In the open classes the awards followed Toronto. Burton Bitters, vhc in bitches, is weak in face, otherwise a fair stamp.

DANDIE DINMONTS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Heather Daisy beat Amphion, but I prefer the dog, longer in body and better head, and the bitch was short of coat. In open dogs Heather Deacon won, light in body and very crooked in front, but nice long, strong head; second withheld. Mr. Brooks showed some home-bred ones by Amphion, but they are not up to the mark. Maggie, first, beats Mary in front, but is not so strong and well shaped in head. Gyp V. looked weedy.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS (*James Mortimer. Judge*).—Chemist had no difficulty in beating Beechgrove Leader, a puppy, but the latter's owner won the blue with Beechgrove Blue Belle in the bitch class over Ini Va La, vhc., who was out of it altogether, and second was withheld from her.

Dachshund entries were absent, and the Yorkshires were so poor that no awards were made.

PUGS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Attraction was far away the best pug on the bench and took the challenge prize without competition, while prizes were withheld in open dogs. Belle D., shorter in muzzle, lower on the leg and better bodied, took first from Daisy Belle, the Toronto winner.

TOY SPANIELS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—The Japanese spaniel entry was absent. In the King Charles class first went to the well known Boston dog, Cockney Charlie, who beats Minnie in skull and muzzle very much, was nicely shown. King of the Charlies, that could smother both, was absent, and so was Old Gold in the bitch class.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS (*John Davidson, Judge*):—The same old faces and a perusal of the prize list will convey as much information as we can do. Cleveland's win makes him a champion.

POODLES (*Jomes Mortimer, Judge*) | Only a fair showing. First went to Leo in cordeds, needs trimming and more flesh. Beauty, an untrimmed one, was second, and Paris, getting in better shape, vhc., all were short in cords and unkempt. In the curly-coated class Hill Hurst Nap and Ithel took the prizes, both are well known now, and H. H. Posey, vhc., was at Toronto last week. The nice curl and trim the Hill Hurst poodles are shown in should be imitated by other poodle owners. The Meadowmere entries were absent. One fair schipperke was shown in Lotze II., big in ear and deficient in frill.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—This was divided. Drayman, the basset, won in heavys, with a terrier called Frank second, and the Chinese, Too-Too, reserve. Spring, the well known Italian greyhound, also took first, and a toy terrier, Tiny, second.

H. W. LACY.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, George W. Glazier's Ingleside Minting. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Diana.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d Dr. C. A. Lougest's Emperor William and Emperor Maximilian. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and high com., Dr. C. A. Lougest's Vere, Gerda II. and Eider. Very high com., Woodbury Kennels' Cerene.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Altoneer. Reserve, Mrs. J. M. Nicholson's champion Kingston Regent. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H Moore's Lady Livingston.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. N. Miller's Columbus; 2d, Merry Mount Kennels' Prince Karl. Com., John F. McKugh's Duke of Roxbury and Daniel Hunt's Mountaineer. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d withheld. High com., Merry Mount Kennels' Nun Bayard. Com., John Ward's Ward's Beauty.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Melrose King. *Bitches:* 1st, Melrose Kennels' Miss Alton.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Edwin A. Perry's Counch; 2d, G. F. Chase's Karl. Very high com., Merry Mount Kennels' Ponce. High com., Charles W. Sands's King George. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Melrose Judith; 2d, Mrs. J. M. Nicholson's Scottish

Ruby. Reserve, G. W. Patterson's Eulalie II. Very high com., Dr. C. A. Lougest's Miss Nellie. High com., Wm. Miller's Lady Isabella.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Robert Sidebottom's Lyon; 2d, Charles H. Ivory's Jip I.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, M. Classen's Moltke.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. E Thayer's Hillside Warrior. —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside McGregor and Hillside Raven. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Feodora and Hillside Heather.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. S. Hanks's Vinga. —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. S. Hanks's Sorvanets; 2d, Terra Cotta Kennels' Adrooski. *Bitches:* equal 1st, Terra Cotta Kennels' Riga and C. S. Hanks's Olivia. Reserve, Terra Cotta Kennels' Lady Dietz.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Bestwood Daisy. Reserve, Terra Cotta Kennels' champion Gem of the Season. —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. A. Feitz's Spring of the Valley; 2d, Terra Cotta Kennels' Dallas. Very high com., D. H. Hagan's Strideaway. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's White Lily; 2d, Terra Cotta Kennels' Chips. Very high com., D. H. Hagan's Eureka.

FOXHOUNDS —CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. H. T. Thurber's Elite. Reserve Seminole Kennels' Ranger II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and Reserve, Dr. H T. Thurber's Deacon and Parson; 2d, S. Bennett's Glider. Very high com , T. M. Aldrich's Jowler. High com., G. H. Young's Nig. *Bitches:* 1st, A. H. Threshier's Daisy; 2d, S. Bennett's Susie B. Reserve, John Girney's Winsome.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Forest Beagle Kennels' champion Forest Hunter. Reserve, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' champion Fitzhugh Lee. *Bitches:* 1st, National Beagle Kennels' Topsy S. Reserve. Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Parthenia.—OPEN—*Dogs* (over 13in.): 1st and 2d, E. B. Joachim's Ringleader and Robin. Reserve, National Beagle Kennels' Diamond Forest. Very high com., E. B. Joachim's Raffler, H. Almy's Lewis, G. F. Reed's Sport R., D. A. Williams's Investigator. High com., Columbia Beagle Kennels' Sam B. *Bitches:* 1st, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Gypsy A.; 2d, H. Fitzsimmons's Belle of West Chester. Reserve, G. F. Reed's Flash R. *Dogs* (13in. and under): 1st, Glenridge Beagle Kennels' Little Corporal; 2d, Awashonks Beagle Kennels' Blarney. Reserve, Glenrose Kennels' Clarion of Glenrose. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Hanson's Lady of Denmark; 2d, Glenridge Beagle Kennels' Clio. Reserve, G. F. Reed's Spot R. Very high com., Forest Beagle Kennels' Gypsey Forest, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Cleopatra of Glenrose.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Glenridge Beagle Kennels' Little Corporal; 2d, H Almy's Kitt. *Bitches:* 1st, Columbia Beagle Kennels' Tossie.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and reserve, Hempstead Farm's Duke of Hessen and Sauford Druid. *Bitches:* 1st, Hempstead Farm's Woolton Game.—OPEN—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, Glen Rock Kennels' Molton Banner; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Beau. Reserve, J. L. Heard's Skip Very high com., N. L. Chaffin's Dan. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, Springside Kennels' Springside Nell; 2d, C. H. Clark, Jr.'s, Emblem. Reserve, J. L. Heard's Folby. Very high com., G. W. Lovell's Lass of Kippen. *Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, J. L. Adams's Lad of Rush; 2d and reserve, Springside Kennels' Ridgeview Prince and Springside Tammany. Very high com., G. C. Carpenter's Rex B. High com., R. Leslie's Kentwood. Com., N. L. Chaffin's Duke, J. F. Finn's Uncle Sam. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Blossom; 2d, Springside Kennels' Kent's Belle. Reserve, N. L. Chaffin's Daisy. Very high com., M. J. Flaherty's Lady Lill. High com., H. B. Tallman's Dottie O., S. Wightman's Nellie.—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, A. George's Hedgewood Lass.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, J. W. Lawson's champion Blue Nell. Reserve, J. Lewis's Victress Llewellyn.—OPEN *Dogs:* 1st, H. Pape's Cactus; 2d, Mrs. R.W. Price's Leonard. Reserve, Warwick Kennels' Albert Ranger. Very high com., C. E. Lewis's Harry L., J. M. Whipple's Gasseau and R. Armstrong's Bald Rock. High com., E. W. Openshaw's Joe Brown and F. C. Flower's San Pablo. Com., Register Brothers's Pop Monarch and H. Northwood's Worsley Dude. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, John Brett's Maid Marion and Flower of Sulphur; 2d, E. J. Meyers's Prima Donna. Very high com., F. C. Fowler's Nellie F. and J. M. Whipple's Reverdy's Leah. High com., F. C. Fowler's Monk's Nun and J. W. Lawson's Lilly L.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. W. Brown's Saxon; 2d, M. J. Flaherty's Pen Dennis. *Bitches:* 1st, H. A. Kirby's Nell's Flora; 2d, M. J. Flaherty's Daisy Hunter III. Reserve. M. J. Bernard McElroy'e Nina Laverack II. Very high com., A. R. Monroe's Dot M.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, F. C. Fowler's champion Kildare. Reserve, J. J. Scanlon's Inchiquin. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, F. C. Fowler's champion Queen Vic and champion Norna.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mr. Bartleson's Bob, Jr.; 2d, J. J. Scanlon's Pemberton. *Bitches:* 1st, St. Cloud Kennels' Eudora; 2d, F. C. Fowler's Lena. Reserve, N. McIntosh's Delloraine. Very high com., J. J. Scanlon's Lizzie and B. F. Lewis's Mollie.—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, G. Pierce's Princess; 2d, E. E. McIntosh's Goldenrod.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, N. Billings's Ranger B. Reserve. Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. O. Lindley's Homer S.; 2d, C. T Brownell's Dixie. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Maid of Waverly and Sante Marie Reserve, C. T. Brownell's Nora. Very high com., Smith Brothers' Fenmont. High com , H. K. Smith's Countess Roxie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Smith Bros.' Kingmont; 2d, L. Allworth's Joe Noble. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Smith Bros.' Flo Noble and Belle Noble. Reserve, N. Billings's Nola. Very high com., C. T. Brownell's Minnie Ha Ha.

FIELD SPANIELS.—OVER 28LBS.—ANY COLOR—CHALLENGE—1st, E. A. Wilson's Brantford Mohawk.—OPEN—1st, Woodbury Kennels' Maid; 2d, M. A. Viti's Gossip.

COCKER SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR—CHALLENGE—1st, G. L. Tarr's Bim.—OPEN—OTHER THAN BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. T. B. Earley's Brantford Rufus; 2d, F. F. Dole's Cousin Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, G. L. Tarr's Floss; 2d, Dr. T. B. Earley's Judy.—BLACK—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. L. Tarr's Black Baby. *Bitches:* 1st, E. A. Wilson's Miss Phyllis; 2d, W. J. Wheeler's Doddie.—PUPPIES—FIELD OR COCKER—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, F. W. Otto's Chub and Forest. Reserve, J. H. Ormsbee's Sandy Bosmereld. *Bitches:* 1st, G. L. Tarr's Taunty; 2d, L. A. Trankla's Juanita II.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Kitty of Cork.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hills Kennels' Wellsbourne Charlie. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' champion The Squire. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry III. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' champion Metchley Surprise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, very high com. and com., Seminole Kennels' Golddust, Curzon and Prince Charlie; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Woodlawn Trefoil. High com., Monroe & Appleby's Glenfyne. Com., Sarah White's Rob Roy. *Bitches:* 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Woodlawn Sunset; 2d, Sheppard Kennels' Sheppardess. Reserve and very high com., Seminole Kennels' Ormskirk Gipsy Maid and Cora Belle of Nesseldown. Very high com., J. Manning's Fanny. High com., G. Holdsworth's Aurora.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Congdon's King Lud; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Wall Hampton. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Saleni and Graven Image.—OPEN—*Dogs* (45lbs and over): 1st, W. R. Travers's His Lordship; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Rustic King II. *Bitches* (40lbs. and over): 1st, J. H. Congdon's Katisha; 2d, Dr. W. L. Burt's Lady Nan. Very high com , Woodlawn Park Kennels' Juno: High com., R. Mason-Jones's Derby May. Com., Dr. J. W. Bond's Judy B *Bitches* (under 46lbs.): 1st, R. Mason-Jones's Lady Grace; 2d, Dr. W. L. Burt's Princess Nan. Very high com., Woodlawn Park Kennels' Iolanthe.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. R. S. Huidekoper's Cardona. Reserve, W. J. Higginson's Duke of Rachester. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's champion Attraction. Reserve, F. A. Bliss's Loumont Kit.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. F. Church's Little Fly; 2d, F. F. Dole's Billy Plimmer. Reserve, Hornell Harmony Kennels' Harper's Whiskey. Very high com., W. J. Higginson's Billy Bulger, and F. C. Haskell's Bruce. High com., S. Penfield's Prince Gully. Com., M. Munkittrick's London. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Matchless; 2d, H. F. Church's New Market Syren. Reserve, W. G. Higginson's Nellie Harper. Very high com., H. F. Church's Young Miss Giddy, and F. C. Haskell's Honey Bee. High com., W. J. Higginson's Bess of Rochester.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. J. Higginson's Bess of Rochester. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell Harmony Kennels' Harper's Whiskey.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs.* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Victor II. Reserve, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Safeguard. *Bitches:* 1st, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Captious.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Rasper; 2d, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Royalist. Reserve, J. E. Thayer's Werner. Very high com., L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Tip-Top and Warren Salesman and Blemton Kennels' Blemton Stickler. High com., H. Northwood's Worsley Trapper and Seacroft Kennels' Seacroft King. Com., Dr. J. F. Belt's Hillside Royal. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Ripple and Warren Duty. Reserve, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Vindex. Very high com., Blemton Kennels' Spinster and C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Twilight. High com , Blemton Kennels' Blemton Erminie and C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Empress. Com., Blemton Kennels' Blemton Esperanza and C. S. Hanks's Miss Spendthrift —PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Salesman; 2d. Blemton Kennels' Blemton Fire Brand. Reserve, John E. Thayer's Hillside Dominican. Very high com., L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Satyr, Dr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset Baron, C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Duke and John E. Thayer's Hillside Domino. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Dunnette; 2d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Hillhurst Diana. Reserve. Blemton Kennels' Blemton Pickle. High com., J. H. Thayer's Hillside Darina and C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Mystery.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, H. H Hunnewell, Jr.'s Oakleigh Bruiser. *Bitches:* H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Sister Pattern.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s St. Cribbage and Brittle. Reserve, Rochelle Kennels' Brittle Beaut. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and reserve, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Bushey Bramble, Hill Hurst Brunette and Petition. Very high com., W. C. Dulles's Roche Tacit.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Smith's St. Trick. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Hill Hurst Brunette and Hill Hurst Vamp. High com., H. Smith's Sister Quorum.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., Walter J. Comstock's Merle Grady and Boxer IV; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Jackanapes. Reserve, Toon & Thomas's Brick Bat, Jr. Very high com., Dr. W. F. Kenney's Crib. *Bitches:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Candor.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Walter J. Comstock's Hanover Boy and His Honor. Very high com. and high com., Dr. W. F. Kenney's Brevety and Shamus. Com., P. W. Bowes's Mickey. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. Z. J. Lewis's Bella Rush.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—OPEN—*Dogs* (25 to 35lbs.): 1st and high com., Dwight Baldwin's Jack and Bob; 2d, Tom Plant's Tom Sayers. Very high com. and com., Henry J. O'Brien's Ben and Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, George N. Phelps's Nancy. Com., Esther Deffley's Dolly. *Dogs* (15 to 25lbs.): 1st. Tom Plant's Jem Mace; 2d, Henry J. O'Brien's Rose. *Bitches:* 1st, Samuel N. Cohen's Topsy; 2d and very high com., Dwight Baldwin's Sally and Rose. *Puppies:* 1st, Frederick G. Davis's Clytie; 2d, George N. Phelps's Topsy.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Sultan. Reserve, Toon & Thomas's Gipsy Girl.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Albert Searl's Jasper. *Bitches:* 1st, Albert Searl's Lady Prudence.

SKYE TERRIERS —CHALLENGE—1st, S. Barr's Sir Thomas.—OPEN—1st, D. Kerr's Roderick Dhu; 2d and reserve, Mrs. H. Shinn's Lady Stafford and Nelly.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st and reserve, Brooks & Ames's Rhudaman and Kilroy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Tam and Wankie Caddie. *Bitches:* 1st and com., Brooks & Ames's Vorda and Clutha. Very high com., C. S. Hanks's Burton Bitters.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and reserve, E. Brooks's Heather Daisy and Amphion.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Brooks's Heather Deacon; 2d withheld. *Bitches:* 1st. 2d, very high com. and com., E. Brooks's Heather Maggie, Heather Mary, Gypp V. and Tartan Nellie.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, T. Pearsall's Chemist, 2d, J. Hopkinson's Beechgrove Leader. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Hopkinson's Beechgrove Blue Belle; 2d withheld.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Prizes withheld.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Seminole Kennels' Attraction —OPEN—*Dogs:* Prizes withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, W. J. Wheeler's Belle D; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Daisy Belle.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Thos. Plant's Kockney Charley; 2d, John Harrison's Minnie.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, B. A. Smith's Cleveland. *Bitches:* 1st, B. A. Smith's Bigelow's Rose.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. C. Fowler's Deacon; 2d, B. A. Smith's Rough. *Bitches:* 1st, B. A. Smith's Tuckernuck Favorite; 2d, F. C. Fowler's Dimple.

ROOKERY KENNELS' PUG HAUGHTY MADGE.

POODLES.—BLACK CORDED—1st and very high com, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo and Paris; 2d, R. T. Hulme's Beauty.—ANY VARIETY—1st and very high com., H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Hill Hurst Nap and Hill Hurst Posey; 2d, J. B. Ellison's Ithel.

SCHIPPERKES.—1st, Mrs. W. L. Brown's Lotze II.

TOY TERRIERS —1st, 2d and very high com., Mrs. W. E. Tenney's Lilla, Gus and Flossie. Com., H. A. Boeske's Daisy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Heavy:* 1st, C. S. Hanks's Drayman; 2d, B F. Lewis's Frank. Reserve, Woodbury Kennels' Too-Too. High com., S. Jackson's Tommy. *Light:* 1st, J. Lewis's Spring; 2d, Mary Munkittrick's Tiny. Reserve, Mary Munkittrick's Francis. Very high com., H. Mellor's Nellie

N. E. F. T. Club's All-Aged Stake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The list of entries for our Members' sweepstake, to be run at Assonet Neck, Oct. 23, is as follows:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

ROLLA—Hobart Ames's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—M'liss).

ROWDY'S BOY—Hobart Ames's black and white dog (Roderigo—M'liss II.).

TENNESSEE VANDAL—W. C. Baylies's black, white and tan dog (The Corsair—Effie Hill).

OUR PET—Oakland Farm's white, black and tan bitch (The Corsair—Tchula).

BRADLEY—D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s black and white dog (Rowdy Rod—Breeze Gates).

POLLY II.—Bayard Thayer's black and white bitch.

FREAK—Herbert Merriam's liver and white dog (Rowdy Rod—Eve).

TWINNY—Herbert Merriam's black and white bitch (Rowdy Rod—Eve).

ECHO OF H.—Hampton Kennels' lemon and white bitch (Don M.—Mc's Fly).

KENT II.—Cohannet Kennels' blue belton dog (Count Howard— ——).

CATHERINE KENT—Cohannet Kennels' black and white bitch (Kent II.— ——).

GORDON SETTERS.

JOLLY G.—Hampton Kennels' black and tan bitch (Clark's Jake—Daisy M.).

POINTERS.

PRINCE OF PONTIAC—Geo. W. Lovell's liver and white dog (champion Pontiac—Wanda).

BOUNCE—Geo. W. Amory's liver and white dog (Bob—Sal).

DUKE OF KENT II.—Harry Dutton's liver and white dog (Tempest—Nadjy of Naso). ARTHUR R. SHARP, Sec'y.

TAUNTON, Mass., Sept. 17.

The New England Field Trials Club expect their Members' Stake to provide the occasion for a merry gathering. The draw and meeting of the club will be at Taunton, Mass., on the evening of Oct. 22, and a little banquet will follow, naturally. In the morning the members and their friends will drive over to Assonet and run off the stake, which is expected to fill with about ten entries.

United States Field Trials' Derby B Entries.

A VERY satisfactory entry has been received for the Derby B of the U. S. Field trials. There are 42 English setters and 25 pointers, all whelped in 1893.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

JOE CUMMINGS—Maj. J. W. Renfroe's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Piccaola), April 4.

DICK—W. B. Stafford's lemon and white dog (Roderigo—Bill McLean), January.

NORAH—Minnesota Kennels' lemon and white bitch (Roderigo—Norah III.), April.

MOLLIE—Minnesota Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah III.), April.

DOLOROUS—Minnesota Kennels' black and white bitch (Roderigo—Norah III.), April.

JOCK—Minnesota Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Paul Bo—Canadian Lill), Feb. 14.

NELLIE BRENT—Capt. Patrick Henry's black, white and tan bitch (Tremont—Countess Leda), May.

MILDRED LEE—Captain Patrick Henry's black, white and tan bitch (De Soto Boy—Gladstone's Girl), October.

DIXIE'S FLAG—N. T. Harris's black, white and tan dog (Wun Lung—White Wings), Feb. 16.

TONEY'S GALE—Fox & Seiler's black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Can Can), March 2.

——, Geo. D. Fisher's ——.

MONTANA MAID—Wm. Neu's black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Florence Gladstone), April 25.

EUGENIE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Delle), April 1.

ADVERSITY—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Delle), April 1.

PALOMA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Lou), Feb. 28.

SHAD—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog (Eugene T.—Lou), Feb. 28.

LORIS—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog (Eugene T.—Lora), July 22.

TORY DOTLET—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Della), March 22.

TORY DIOMED—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Count Gladstone—Tory Della), March 22.

TORY BELLE—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Antoinette), May 30.

TORY LUNA—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond), May 30.

TORY LAURA—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond), May 30.

ANNIE OF ABBOTSFORD—Edward A. Burdett's black and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl), Oct. 4.

EMMA T.—James R. Foster's lemon and white bitch—(Dave R.—Betty B), Feb. 1.

LADY MILDRED—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonia—Ruby's Girl), March 28.

TOM BIGGS—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), March 28.

NELLY FOX—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Can Can), Feb. 28.

GENEVIEVE S.—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Countess Rush), May 3.

TONEY BOY—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Laundress), Jan. 16.

CYNOSURE—Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.), May 5.

CLEMENTINA—Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.), May 5.

COLUMBINE—Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II), May 5.

ROMANCE—Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Novelist), May 22.

VIGOROSO—Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), May 20.

WUN LUNG'S PRIDE—Geo. H. Read's blue belton dog (Wun Lung—White Wings), Feb. 16.

IROQUOIS—Fox & Seiler's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Can Can), March.

RUBY'S PEARL—(Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), August.

GLADSTONE SUE—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Hope's Gem), August.

DASHING NOVICE II.—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Queen Novice), March.

JACK KING—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Tennessee Rod—Phyllis), July 21.

MARY JANE C.—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Tennessee Rod—Phyllis), July 21.

LADY CLARE—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Prince Lucifer—Clare).

POINTERS.

NICK NASO—W. J. Wilson's lemon and white dog (Royal George—Martha), March 17.

TIPPO—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Rip Rap—Monterey), March.

DELHI—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Rip Rap—Queen II.), April.

SHAH—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and ticked dog (Rip Rap—Dolly), May.

LUCKNOW—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' black and white dog (Rip Rap—Chin Chin), January.

SEPOY—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Hob Nob—Diana), April.

RIP—P. Lorillard, Jr's. liver and white bitch (Rip Rap———), January.

STAUNCH GEORGE—Maj. J. R. Purcell's black and white dog (Lad of Rush—Lady Margaret), May 11.

TAMARACK, JR.—H. K. Devereux's liver and white dog (Tamarack—Maud Graphic), March 22.

HEMPSTEAD DON—Hempstead Farm's liver and white dog (Sandford Druid—Merrilegs).

JILT'S LAD—D. G. Rowland's liver and white dog (Lad of Rush—Devonshire Jilt), March.

LAD'S NELLIE—N. T. Harris's liver and white bitch (Lad of Rush—Kent's Clip), Aug. 22.

JAMIE O. G.—J. T. Adams's liver and white dog (Lad of Rush—Devonshire Jilt), March 8.

GILT EDGE—J. L. Adams's liver and white dog (Lad of Rush—Kent's Clip), Aug 22.

YOUNG LAD OF RUSH—H. J. Smith's liver and white dog (Lad of Rush—Kent's Clip), Aug. 22.

LAD'S BESS—H. J. Smith's liver and white bitch (Lad of Rush—Kent's Clip), Aug. 22.

FLOSS OF COVINGTON—Shelton & Poindexter's liver and white bitch (Don's Boy—Lee), Jan. 5.

LAD'S LADY (L. W. Blankenbaker's liver and white bitch (Lad of Rush—Lady Margaret), May 11.

BELLE MINA—L. G. Howell's (Agt.) liver and white bitch (Kent Elgin— ——), March.

REX-FAST—W. B. Stafford's liver and white dog (Rex—Mousey), March.

DELL S.—W. B. Stafford's black and white bitch (Manitou—Pride), May.

LOVE'S KENT—W. J. Love's black and white dog (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno), June 10.

RODERICK T.—T. L. Tinsley's liver and white dog (Dash Ranger B., Jr.—Fanny Kennerley), June 14.

DAY DREAM—John T. Mayfield's liver and white bitch (Ossian—Hope II.), May 2.

COURTESAN—John T. Mayfield's lemon and white bitch (Ossian—Hope II.), May 2. P. T. MADISON, Sec'y.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

Barring All-Age Winners.

THE action of the Manitoba Field Trial Club at its recent meeting, in so amending its rules that any dog can win twice in All-Age stakes before becoming ineligible to competition in the club's future All-Age Stakes, was ill-advised and harmful. Prior to the recent amendment, the rule was that one win of a dog in the All-Age Stake of a recognized club, would be a bar to competition in the All-Age Stake of the Manitoba Club.

The new rule opens the competition to all the first prize winners in the States and Canada. It is sure to detach much support from the club's trials, a support which comes from a class whose interest it should most earnestly endeavor to permanently engage in field trials, namely, the owners of small kennels, the amateurs and the breeders. With a rule so unfavorable to them, they will naturally hold aloof from the competition.

The new rule greatly enlarges the scope of a dog's competition, much more than is apparent on the surface. A dog may never win more than one first prize in an All-Age stake, though he may afterward be a sure second, third or fourth winner in such stake; thus he may be a deterrent factor in the competition year after year.

Now supposing that there are four or five such winners in an All-Age stake, is it not a safe presumption that they would win every prize? It would be many years before all won first prizes again, and thus be rendered ineligible; but if one became ineligible, there would be a number of new winners to take his place, or compete with him if he did not win, since all the first prize winners in the States and Canada in the field trials this fall and winter, are eligible to compete in the Manitoba Club's All-Age Stake next year, as are also all the first prize winners of past years.

If every winning dog were to win his two wins in succession, it would require two trials to bar them, and at the same time there being four or five recognized contemporaneous field trial events, there would be four or five new All-Age winners to compete in the place of the one which is barred by a second win. The new rule practically throws the stake open to the world without restriction.

Undoubtedly all the first prize winners in the States and Canada will not be present in the club's engagements, but it is quite probable that enough of them will enter to destroy the interest and support of the weaker professional and amateur. In that respect three or four first prize winners accomplish as much as a dozen.

It is true also that even against the odds some unknown dog might beat the famous winning dogs in a stake, but also it should not be overlooked that such dog would be a deterrent and disintegrating factor in the competition in the following year. However, in respect to the unknown dog, the records do not support such argument very positively—therein the names of many dogs will be found many times repeated as winners in different events.

Several of the club members, notably, I think, Messrs. Simpson, Wootton, Ellis and Avent, were strong advocates of the change and instrumental in bringing it about. The latter advanced the novel plea that, as the rule stood, some man who owned a winner of an All-Age stake could boast that his dog could beat everything in the country if he could but compete, but with an opportunity afforded him to compete again by removing the bar such boaster would be silenced.

It is not very clear, however, who such boaster is, nor why the boasting of a mythical personage should have so much weight in the club's domestic affairs, or any importance at all, or even if the boasting personage were real, why the club should change a rule, founded on good sense and equity, to silence empty boasts. But accepting the plea as sincere, how could any rule, directly concerning the club's own affairs, silence the boastings of any one? A man can boast about his dog without running in a field trial once. To further the plea, let us assume, though it is far-fetched, that the rule would effectually silence such boaster, what effect has that then on the inherent equity of a field trial competition? Again, is it worth while to have several boasters come in with winning dogs if by so doing they keep many more competitors out? But in making that plea concerning the boaster, the pleader forgot to mention that the new rule removed the bar from the boaster and he who does not boast; in short, from all winners. In view of this I presume those who are not boasters, but own All-Age winners, will not attempt to run a second time. Who own the prize winners any way?

If the club starts out to so amend and add to its rules as hedge in or silence every boaster it will have a task indeed.

Precedents.

Are good precedents of value in this connection? Then there are the conditions of the stakes for many years past, enforced by the great field trial clubs of this country. Their rules, too, are specific and explicit on this matter. The older clubs have had occasion to consider and settle it years ago—but had all the members of those clubs owned first prize winners they might have ruled differently. Their rules at present are uniform on this subject. Each club recognizes the wins made under the auspices of the other clubs, and first prize All-Age winners are barred from All-Age stakes.

If precedent is worth considering in relation to the subject, the uniform ruling of all the older and more experienced club members is worthy of careful consideration. There is plenty of precedent. One can safely infer that they found good reasons for introducing and maintaining the rule, and indeed it is not difficult to learn those reasons.

After a dog has won an All-Age stake, he has achieved fame and prestige which, it may reasonably be assumed, are known throughout the sporting world, and will be a part of the permanent history of field trial competition. He will live in the traditions of sportsmen. If he has previously won a Derby, his fame is still greater. Such winnings are widely published in field trial reports, advertisements, circulars, private letters and orally. Thus the competitive powers of a winning dog become well known to all sportsmen.

If such winning dog were allowed to compete thereafter in an All-Age Stake, he would discourage many owners from making entries. No man cares to enter a competition unless he has a belief or a hope that there is a chance for him to win. Against untried competitors, there is a hope. Against a dog which has proved himself a formidable competitor, the owner may know that he has no chance of winning. With several formidable winners in the competition, many more owners would hold aloof. There are numerous such famous winners which are now eligible.

There is no handicap at a field trial. The equity of the competition can only be imperfectly maintained by barring winners. In all other sports a handicap obtains. How many horsemen would enter their horses in one stake against Robert J. and against such other eminent competitors near his ability, with no handicap to equalize chances? In bicycling, running and other sports where large fields compete, the winner whose superiority is well known is handicapped. The only protection so far applied at field trials is barring the All-Age winner from All-Age events.

Some clubs, to make an opportunity for the All-Age winner, have in the past made a champion or other stake in which such winner could run with his kind, but it was found in most instances that he did not care to run under such conditions very much. He wanted something easy. Something like a cinch was better. The All-Age winners seemed to be afraid of each other. The man who boasted and the man who didn't looked askance on a champion stake. Winning such a stake was a small gain compared to the loss of reputation and value if defeated, and defeat meant less earnings of a dog in the stud. To prevent walkovers in the champion stake it was found necessary to make a condition that there must be a certain number of starters or the stake was off.

Stripped of all sophistry, the new rule has a direct bearing in the interest of the great kennel owners who are better equipped in every way for competition than are their smaller brethren. It makes them still more formidable, as they own many winners or can control them, and can campaign their strings of dogs better and cheaper than can the small breeders, the amateurs and small owners.

Instead of promoting Canadian interests in breeding and developing dogs, the managers of the Manitoba Club have multiplied the difficulties and discouragements which their home breeders must encounter. They are competing against kennels which represent the effort and expense of years of the best talent, while their own began comparatively much more recent, and with all the bars, they were competing against heavy odds.

Lest I should be misunderstood, as I am quite sure I have been on related subjects which referred to amateurs and professionals, I will say that I am not writing against professionals personally. My desire is to call attention to such features of the competition as are harmful to it. If professionalism has unduly absorbed too much field trial interest to the detriment of the trials, the professional handler needs no argument to make him realize that his own interests are correspondingly injured. If the field trials were strictly professional events, there would be no question then as to the relative standing of professional and amateur; but if field trials cannot live without the amateur—and it is generally the amateur who puts up the purses—it might not be unwise to give him at least a peep for his money.

It was said to me not long since by a professional handler that field trials could not be run without professional handlers. The statement was not quite precise, since trials could be run without them, but not so well as with them. But handlers should not for a moment overlook the fact that they could not run without field trials. Handlers and trials are mutually dependent on each other, with the somewhat unimportant distinction that to the club members the trials are largely a diversion or side matter, while to the professional they are a means of livelihood. To determine just how much belongs to sport and how much to business is the field trial problem of the age in this age of trusts. Nothing herein is intended to be understood as advocating a bar against professional handlers. I believe the time will come, however, when they will have to be limited to one or two entries from a kennel. This does not mean that each handler could have but one entry. He might have a dozen for that matter to handle in a trial, but they should be owned by six different owners at least. Such ruling would break up the strings which are campaigned for revenue. To insure that there is no deception, an affidavit of ownership should be required with every entry.

Recognitions of Wins.

In this connection it may not be amiss to consider the rulings of other clubs in respect to wins. In particular I will refer to the U. S. Field Trials Club, which might wisely cast its eagle eye on the competition in the All-Age Stake of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, this year, for wins there are worthy of recognition. The U. S. F. T. C., in times of past, has exercised great forbearance in recognizing Canadian wins, although the trainers went many hundred miles to participate, and famous dogs competed in Canadian stakes every year.

The former club does not recognize the wins made in the trials of the Manitoba Club, but with this year's competition in evidence, it cannot consistently refuse to recognize them. A fixed principle should not be sacrificed for a little revenue. With a competition made up from the best kennels of the United States and Canada, there is no equitable reason why the wins of the Manitoba Club should not be recognized. The United States can show no more important competition than that in the All-Aged Stake of the Manitoba Club, namely, the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels, the Blue Ridge Kennels, the Avent & Thayer Kennels, Mr. T. G. Davey's kennels, and others, and the handlers were the most expert and famous of America.

The trials are not the small affair which they were sometime ago when a handler could scoop the whole pot with no penalty to the winner by a bar at the events in the States.

I hope it is possible that the Manitoba Club may reconsider its recent action in respect to All-Age winners. If they return to their recent ruling thereon, they may mildly displease a few, but may please many. B. WATERS.

Newburgh Dog Show.

THE small show held in connection with the Orange County Fair (N. Y.) seems to have been quite a success, as a number of well known dogs were present. There was no catalogue, so that a correct list of the awards was difficult to get at. The Mere Kennels exhibited Ripon Stormer and other fox-terriers. Mr. E. H. Morris had a string of winners in thirteen classes, and the Castle Point Kennels took the prizes for bull-terriers. Outside of these kennels the awards went to local dogs. The best English setter was J. S. Cleeves's Trouble. Best Irish setter, E. H. Morris's Dash. Best fox-terrier, Mere Kennels' Ripon Stormer. Best pug, Dr. A. V. Joy's Boodle. Best pointer bitch, A. Krom's Lass of Bang. Best great Dane, J. B. Miller's. Best Newfoundland, T. H. Rea's. Dr. Glover judged.

DOG CHAT.

In the awards at Antwerp International Exhibition we notice that a Diplome d'Honneur has been awarded to Spratts Patent, Limited.

Dr. C. A. Lougest has sold the well known mastiff Emperor Maximilian to Mr. J. F. Stone of Columbus, O., at a good figure.

We were sorry to hear that Mr. Comstock lost that good Irish terrier bitch Crate during the summer, as well as her eight pups by Valley Boxer. He purchased this bitch from Mr. G. R. Krehl when in England a couple of years ago, and she was considered one of the best on the bench. Mr. Comstock intends visiting England in the near future, and will probably bring a couple of others over.

During Toronto show Mr. C. E. Bunn, of Peoria, Ill., purchased the well known mastiff bitch Cerene from the Woodbury Kennels. This bitch, while by no means a flyer, is a very fair one when properly shown. She is by Minting, and although some breeders were disappointed with Minting as a sire, yet the fact remains that his daughters are about the best brood bitches we have, and this accounts for Mr. Bunn's anxiety to secure Cerene. She was mated with his Leamington during the show and the result should be entirely satisfactory. Mr Bunn has now four litters on hand, and six bitches have been bred, so there should be no dearth of mastiff stock in the land of the Whisky Trust.

Mr. Joe Lewis, the beagle judge at the Rhode Island show, indorses our criticism on the placing of the winners in the open dog class by purchasing the second prize winner, Robin, before the show closed. He has a good beagle and one that will be useful to the breed as a stud dog. As to Robin's hunting qualities we are not informed, but probably he will soon have to give an account of himself. We understand that Robin earned a stud fee or two before leaving for his new home and several "futures" were booked, so that it looks as if the purchase was a bargain, though $200 was the price asked.

Mr. J. L. Winchell has been trying an experiment in breeding back his Beaufort's Black Prince to one of his best daughters, and he has produced a litter of pups which are three-quarters champion Black Prince. The litter is a great success, as he thinks they are the best he has ever produced. "I think I have bred what has never been bred in America before—show bitches."

Several letters and other matter are unavoidably deferred till next week, owing to the pressure on our columns this week.

Mr. Bernheimer writes us that his Morey Kennels won the kennel prize for poodles at Toronto, and not the Woodbury Kennels, and that his Cigarette won third in open curly bitches, instead of Hill Hurst Dinah. We cannot understand this, as the records of these wins in the judge's book were as we published them.

A most remarkable case, not to say outrageous abuse of power, was brought to light by the Providence *Evening Telegram* during the Rhode Island Fair show. On the 19th this journal published the following editorial, which gives the whole particulars—"Does the Crime Fit the Punishment?" "From Sept. 4 to Jan. 12 is a pretty long time for a poor man, the father of a family, to be in jail, leaving wife and children to beg or starve, when that man has been guilty of no more serious a crime than keeping an unlicensed dog. We have referred to this outrage in connection with the arrest of James J. Kelly by a so-called dog officer before, and we may have more to say about it. Kelly was sent to jail on Sept. 4 because he could not pay a fine and costs amounting to $27.05, of which $5 was the dog officer's share of the fine and inducement to the arrest. Dogs ought to be licensed. We do not object to that. A man who can't afford to pay can't afford to keep a dog, except in certain cases. But how an officer can afford to have a man sent to jail for four months because the man is too poor to put $5 into the officer's pocket we do not see. To work out $27.05, Kelly has to stay at Cranston until he has "worked it" at the rate of twenty-five cents for each working day. Sundays and Christmas and Thanksgiving Day, think of that in this connection! are not working days. Probably election days don't count. Any way, the first two weeks in January will be gone before the man is out unless something is done for him. It is now too late to take an appeal, the only thing is for somebody to pay the man's fine. The *Telegram* is willing to help. It will give $5 for the dog officer's share. Are our readers ready to make up the balance?"

This was brought to the notice of several fanciers and the suggestion was at once made that the dogmen subscribe the amount necessary to get the man out of jail. It was proposed to have a popular subscription of $1 each, and Dr. Foote and Mr. T. S. Bellin were not long in securing $51. In the meantime through the financial assistance of Mayor Olney and the intervention of Judge Wilbur, the man had been released, so the money subscribed by the dogmen was turned over to James Kelley's family, which was destitute. The dogmen have a name for wrangling among themselves, gained more by exaggeration than reality, but no warmer-hearted set of men exist, and the mutual love for a dog is an open sesame in the time of trouble. The citizens of Providence are justly indignant over this affair. Had every man who has failed to pay his dog's fee been subjected to the same prosecution they might feel different, but that this poor man with a family depending upon his daily labor should have been singled out by the dog officer, has raised an amount of indignation against that individual that will make his name anything but an enviable one. This officer is probably perfectly satisfied with the outcome of his Shylock-like action, for the feelings of others cannot have much influence on such a man.

There was almost a riot among the regulars during the closing hours of the Providence show on Friday evening. Orders were given by the President Mr. Perkins, that no dog was to leave the building until 10 P. M. Several handlers had been promised release, so that they could get home before Sunday. Mr. Roberts was between the devil and the deep sea, but he realized that if the "boys" were detained they would bear it in mind next year. Then there was the public to be considered, but they not having to pay admission to the dog show would come again next year any how, and he did his best for the boys. But President Perkins was obdurate; Mr. Walter Comstock tried his persuasive powers on the man at the helm but unsuccesefully; Fred Kirby could not move him and the smooth, imploring plaint of Ben Lewis met with no responsive throb. Then the boys got down to business, signed a petition to the president setting forth that they would not show there again unless treated fairly in regard to this matter and all was over. The edict was repeated and the "boys" will win more money next year they hope. Still rules are rules and the show rule XI, says that no dog shall be removed until 10 o'clock on Friday night, Sept. 21, and therefore the management could not be blamed in the affair; still in a fair show when few people come at night to see anything but the fireworks, this rule might well be relaxed.

On the last day of the show some home-made fox-hunting on the race track was arranged for. Dr. Thurber, as an intimation that his hounds are up with the game at every point, had a fox in a box, marked dangerons, hung over his pack in the show. This fox was taken to the track and walked around it and then the dogs were slipped. The crowd surged round and the dogs became excited; Tom Aldrich's hound Jowler, made a steady point and his owner "hied" him on but he held it staunch. The dogs were taken up, the fox boxed up and the hunt declared off. Nothing but trotters and money seem to go on that track.

Stock-Keeper (Eng.) gives Mr. Mortimer, in the issue of Aug. 31, a characteristic send-off on his departure for home. After enumerating the shows he attended, a description is given of the notable purchases Mr. Mortimer made. Speaking of King Orry, which accompanied Mr. Mortimer on the voyage, this journal says: "Of all his purchases this was, no doubt, the happiest and best timed, as the value of King Orry must have been nearly doubled by the death of Dockleaf. There are excellent judges of the breed who believe that in parting with this specimen England is losing its most valuable stud dog. Orry's conspicuous point of excellence is the breadth of turn-up of underjaw; he has proved his excellence by a number of wins on the bench, scoring firsts at Brighton, Cruft's, Bulldog Club, Birmingham, Enfield, Romford, Nottingham, Portsmouth and Preston, where he secured also the 25-guinea and the 50-guinea challenge cups. He showed his soundness when he beat Dockleaf in the walking match, and among others the famous Facey Romford and Storm Fiend, Burglar and Prince Orry may be adduced as evidence of his quality at stud. Of the four prize bull bitch purchases, Hucknall Gipsy, Grosvenor Lass, Miss Mischief and Enfield Vixen, the first-named went on in advance with the schipperkes. Gipsey, before leaving, was served by Sir Garnet Wolseley; she is also a well-known winner, having won firsts at Preston, Bath and Bicester. Miss

Mischief went on a visit to Facey Romford before sailing. There are two good bob-tails in the party, Boxer III., a good-sized dog of much merit, and Mayoress of Newport. There is one black and tan terrier bitch named Surrey Gem, and four schipperkes, one of which has been put to Mephisto. The hound family is represented by three beagles from Mr. Joachim's kennel, they are Ringleader, Raffler and Robino, and in their pedigrees combine the blood of the only two champion beagles in England. From Mr. Krehl's kennel Mr. Mortimer has taken the stud and show Irish terrier Brian O'K., and the wire-haired fox-terrier Marden. The party is completed by a team of foreigners, eleven black poodles of the "fuzzy" kind. Since Mr. Mortimer bid us adieu we have received a letter from the Parisian vendor of the poodles to whom we gave Mr. M. a letter of introduction. This person writes: 'Mr. Mortimer peut se flatter d'avoir été servi en ami, tous sont des sujects de premier choix.' So that is all right." Mr. Mortimer tells us that Lady Eva, the Irish terrier he purchased, did not prove in whelp after all.

American Kennel Club Meeting.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the executive committee of the American Kennel Club was held at Delmonico's on Monday, Sept. 17, at 8 P. M., Vice-President T. H. Terry presiding. Present: Associate members, T. H. Terry, Dr. H. T. Foote, A. C. Wilmerding; American Spaniel Club, E. M. Oldham; Brunswick Fur Club, N. Q. Pope; Gordon Setter Club of America, James B. Blossom; Mascoutah Kennel Club, C. F. R. Drake; National Beagle Club, H. F. Schellhass; New England Kennel Club, Edward Brooks; New Jersey Kennel Club, E. H. Morris; Omaha Kennel Club, Dr. M. H. Cryer; Southern California Kennel Club, James Watson; St. Louis Kennel Club, J. M. Taylor.

Credentials were read of the following named delegates to represent the following named clubs: Francis G. Taylor, the Philadelphia Kennel Club; James Robinson, the Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club; Frederic S. Webster, the Northwestern Beagle Club of America, and Charles Heath, the Pointer Club of America. On motion the credentials were approved, and the delegates' names accepted.

The secretary's report was read, and on motion was accepted and placed on file. The same is as follows:

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—I beg to submit an application from the Pittsburgh Athletic Club Kennel of Pittsburgh, Pa., for admission to membership in the American Kennel Club. All of our requirements have been complied with and the club so far as its constitution is concerned is eligible to membership. This club has just held its initial show, occurring upon the same date as the show of the Toronto Kennel Club, against which the Canadian Kennel Club by resolution has filed a protest with me. Under the present order of things the American Kennel Club does not protect show dates, and in case the Pitsburgh Athletic Club Kennel had been a member, we could not have rendered the Toronto Club any assistance. The only objection that can be presented is, that we already have on our list of members a club in good standing hailing from the same city, and holding a show therein, and according to precedent we must protect that club against the recognition by us of any other club in that territory.

We have a communication from the National Beagle Club of America, requesting that said club be given a place on our field trials and coursing meetings committee. The request should be complied with. At our last meeting the Akron Poultry and Kennel Club was given thirty days to pay its prizes awarded at its last show or the officers would be disqualified in default thereof. No reply has been received. By resolution at our last meeting, Mr. E. P. Schell was given thirty days to file his defence against the action of the Pacific Kennel Club, in answer to his expulsion from that club for cause. Under date of May 30, 1894, Mr. Schell filed his defence, together with documentary testimony in his behalf.

In accordance with your resolution I mailed to each delegate a copy of the proposed rules governing registrations, and now I present them for final action.

T. A. Howard has filed an appeal from the decision of the Louisville Kennel Club in the matter of an award of a special handlers' prize at its late show. The Louisville Kennel Club has filed its answer to this appeal.

Charges have been filed against the Philadelphia Kennel Club for non-payment of prizes at its late show, by two exhibitors—Messrs. B. Alton Smith and Robert Dudley Wintbrop. The secretary promised that these claims would be met the first of the current month.

I beg to call your attention to a letter from Mr. T. A. Howard, the delegate from the Columbus Fanciers' Club, as published Aug. 10, and would recommend prompt official action by this club in the matter.

At the meeting of the advisory committee, held May 3, 1894, in the case of Martin vs. Bell, it was ordered "that George Bell be and is hereby disqualified for the term of one year from this date, the committee having found him guilty of misconduct."

During the investigation by the secretary's office it was ascertained that Bell had not sent Martin the particular animal that he had sold to him, and after Bell had been advised that such was the case, some time in September, 1893, he never offered to rectify the matter, nor did he inform Martin of it. This is a much more serious case than the one for which Bell was disqualified. It might have caused the stud book to publish pedigrees, as Martin had already bred the bitch, supposing it to be the bitch he had paid for, and the stud book would have accepted the application of Martin for the registration of the puppies. In view of this information, I would recommend that this meeting should instruct me to prefer charges against Bell to the Canadian Kennel Club.

Applications have been filed for the following prefixes: Woodlawn Park Kennels, for "Woodlawn Park;" James Ferris Belt, for "Wawaset;" E. K. Butler, Jr., for "Banty;" Theodore Sturges and Charles H. Phelps, for "Eldred;" O. W. Donner, for "Milton."

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary.

The treasurer's report was also read, and on motion accepted, and is as follows:

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—I beg to submit herewith my quarterly report of all moneys received and disbursed by me during the year 1894:

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1894	$2,815.82
Receipts from all sources to date	4,887.50
	7,703.32
Disbursements for same period	6,102.47
Balance on hand	$1,600.85

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Treasurer.

The report of the advisory committee was read by the secretary, and on motion received and placed on file. The same is as follows: Meeting of advisory committee, held May 4, 1894. Present: Messrs. Terry, Brooks and Cromwell. In the matter of Preston vs. Morris, the committee having been notified by the parties in interest that it was in litigation, it was on motion ordered that the committee deem it inadvisable, and do hereby decline to act pending the decision of the courts.

Mr. James Watson, chairman of the stud book committee, reported as follows:

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—The stud book committee reports as follows as to matters passed upon since the last meeting.

Beagle dog Louie Fitz Lee (26,164).—The owner of the dog gives notice of further information regarding its pedigree, and asks whether the registration will be allowed to stand. He further states that he is advised that persons aware of these facts will take advantage of their knowledge and seek the disqualification of his dog at the field trials. The information is that in the dam's pedigree there is a foxhound cross in the fourth generation, and in the sixth generation it is stated that pointer blood was introduced. Louie Fitz-Lee has been very successful in beagle trials, and has therefore been used a good deal at stud. From a photograph of the dog, it is very evident that he shows nothing but beagle characteristics. Your committee is of the opinion that it would not be well to disturb this registration. We register dogs with nothing whatever beyond the third generation, and in this case the alleged pointer cross, no name of dog or owner being given, is a very remote one, while foxhounds are at least hounds, differing practically only in size from the beagles. This view is also that held by several members of the Beagle Club pedigree committee, to whom, should our recommendation be sustained, the pedigree will be returned as there is yet a little discrepancy as to names, and when straightened out a new registration will be ordered.

English setter Ben C. (26,416).—The breeder of Ben C., four months after the dog had been registered by Joy Bros. informed the A. K. C. that the pedigree was questionable. In response, the present owners volunteered a mass of testimony from reputable citizens of Huron, South Dakota, which conclusively established the fact that Ben C.'s pedigree had never been reported in any other way by the breeder, C. M. Wilson, to the man to whom he sold the dog, nor his subsequent owners. All agree that the present statement is made for the purpose of injuring the Joy Brothers in their breeding and sale of English setters. Wilson has produced no testimony in response, although advised that he could do so, and your committee recommends that the pedigree stand, and C. M. Wilson, of Huron, S. D., be suspended from all privileges of the American Kennel Club.

St. Bernard Lady Gladys (23,043).—An objection was lodged by Mr. A. Russell Crowell to the registration of this bitch on the ground that Valour, the well known English St. Bernard (sire of Mr. Crowell's Nanon), is not the sire of Lady Gladys, and that the pedigree is therefore fraudulent. There is no suggestion in the extended pedigree that the same Valour is meant. In fact, the pedigree, so far as the blood lines is concerned, is valueless, being made up of unknown dogs. The St. Bernard Club committee has, however, passed the pedigree, and we are not disposed to upset it. Lady Gladys, having won at Pacific Coast shows, has claims to recognition, and we recommend that the objection be not allowed.

We have still in our possession the case of E. P. Schell, for alleged fraudulent pedigrees. This is practically the same case as that now ordered before the advisory committee, and we abstain from taking action thereon pending the advisory committee's decision.

JAS. WATSON, Chairman Stud Book Committee.

The recommendations contained in the above report were adopted.

MR. VREDENBURGH—It being in order, I submit the application of the Pittsburgh Athletic Club Kennel, of Pittsburgh, Pa., for admission to membership in the American Kennel Club.

Dr. Cryer moved that it be accepted, and stated that the Duquesne Kennel Club of that city was already a member of the A. K. C. and said that this is the second season that the Duquesne Kennel Club has omitted holding a show.

MR. MORTIMER—I move that the application be not accepted.

Motion seconded and carried. The original motion was lost.

In regard to the communication from the National Beagle Club of America, requesting that said club be given a place on the field trials and coursing meeting committee, on Major Taylor's motion Mr. H. F. Schellhass was elected to fill the vacancy, representing the National Beagle Club.

The secretary called attention to the communication from Spratts Patent, requesting permission of the American Kennel Club to publish electrotype reductions of pictures of dogs as published in the supplements of the *Kennel Gazette*, and stated that they had notified Spratts Patent that their proposition would be submitted at the next meeting of the club. After discussion the request was granted, provided they secure owners of dogs' consent.

THE SECRETARY—At the last meeting the Akron Kennel and Poultry Club was given thirty days' notice to pay its prizes. There was a charge made against the club by W. L. Washington to the effect that he had not received his prizes. The secretary notified said club of the resolution of this club, adopted at the last meeting, to which they have paid no attention. The Akron Club has been dropped from our roll of membership for non-payment of last year's dues, and the resolution adopted at the last meeting was to the effect that if these prizes were not paid within thirty days the officers of said club should be disqualified. It was so ordered.

The case of Mr. E. P. Schell was referred to the advisory committee.

The next order of business being the adoption of the rules governing registration, the secretary read the rules, which, after discussion, were adopted:

1. A dog is eligible for registration in the A. K. C. stud book under either of the following conditions:

(*a*). If it has a full pedigree for three generations, or traces to a registered dog when the pedigree is not so extended.

(*b*). If it has won two first prizes in open classes at a recognized show.

2. No change in a dog's name shall be permitted after it has been published in the annual volume of the stud book.

3. In the event of change of ownership a dog may be entered in a subsequent volume of the stud book, but a new number shall not be assigned to it, reference being made to the old number and volume in which the dog is registered.

4. No list of awards shall be given in connection with a registration, except in the case of a dog only eligible under condition *b* of rule 1, in which case reference shall be made to that fact, and the dog's wins necessary to entitle him to registration shall be quoted.

5. No kennel name shall be given as owner or breeder of a dog unless such name has been registered with the American Kennel Club. The right to be considered the breeder of a dog remains always with the individual or partnership owning or leasing the dam at the time of her being bred.

The request of E. H. Morris to be relieved from the committee on transportation was brought up, in connection with which Mr. Morris recommended that the committee should be continued, with the addition of two or three more members.

Mr. Mortimer moved that the original committee be retained, and that some other member be appointed in the place of Dr. Foote, who resigned from said committee. Motion carried.

The appeal of Mr. T. A. Howard from the decision of the Louisville Kennel Club in the matter of an award of a special prize at its last show, was referred to the advisory committee.

In regard to the charges filed against the Philadelphia Kennel Club for non-payment of prizes at its show, the secretary stated that he had received a letter from the secretary of the Philadelphia Kennel Club stating the claims of the three gentlemen who filed the charges had been settled, as well as all others of which they had any knowledge; that the delay in paying said prizes had been caused by the absence of the secretary of said club for some weeks, but that as soon as he had returned and had received knowledge of any complaints against the club, said claims had been settled immediately. This was considered satisfactory.

The matter of the letter from T. A. Howard, the delegate from the Columbus Fanciers' Club, as published, was brought up for action, and same on motion was referred to the advisory committee.

Concerning the charges made by Martin against Bell, in connection with which said George Bell was disqualified for one year, Major Taylor moved the absolute disqualification of Mr. Bell at this meeting.

Dr. Cryer moved that the secretary be directed to prefer charges against Mr Bell. Motion seconded and carried.

Applications for prefixes were on motion granted as follows: Woodlawn Park Kennels, for "Woodlawn Park;" James Ferris Belt, for "Wawaset;" E. K. Butler, Jr., for "Banty;" Theodore Sturges and Chas. H. Phelps, for "Eldred;" O. W. Donner, for "Milton."

THE SECRETARY.—I desire to call your attention to the fact that we have had a very valuable addition to our records Mr. Watson has presented us with almost a complete set of catalogues from the year 1877 up to date for all shows held in this country. A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Watson.

Meeting adjourned.

The delegates and visitors then passed into an adjoining room, where a cold collation with champagne was served. Mr. Terry was the toastmaster and called upon those who were expected to speak in the following order, their healths being previously drank in flowing bumpers:

Introductory—"The growth and increasing popularity of our kennel interests"—August Belmont. The American Kennel Club—"The completion of its first decade"—Alfred P. Vredenburgh. Our ex-officers—"Though few in numbers, their support and advice are both valuable and invited"—Elliot Smith. Our ex-delegates—"Though absent in person, we trust they will ever be present with us in spirit"—James L. Anthony. Our associate members—"One of the sources of our strength"—Edward Brooks. The press—"The instructor of the people"—James M. Taylor.

We regret exceedingly that the space taken up by the show reports and other news matter prevented our publishing the speeches in full.

Canadian Kennel Club's Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the C. K. C. was held in Richmond Hall Toronto, on the evening of Sept. 12, President Dr. J. S. Niven in the chair, and a large number of members present. The president spoke at some length on the affairs of the club and said the most important business to come before the meeting to-night was the proposed agreement with the A. K. C. Minutes of last annual meeting read and adopted.

Secretary-treasurer's report as follows read and adopted, subject to official audit, auditors to report at next meeting of the executive.

SECRETARY-TREASURER'S REPORT.

Registrations.—The total number of registrations is now 3,576, number made during year ending Aug. 31, 1894, 532, number made during year ending Aug. 31, 1893, 868, showing a decline of 336. This is as was expected owing to the withdrawing of the free registration privileges.

Duty on Dogs.—I understand the duty on thoroughbred dogs coming into Canada for breeding purposes has been removed, though there seems as yet to be no clear understanding with the Customs authorities as to this, as the following correspondence will show. No doubt your executive will at once take steps to have this put right:

TORONTO, Aug. 31, 1894.—*Jno. Small, Esq., Collector of Customs, Toronto:* Would you kindly inform me what form is necessary to pass dogs free, as I understand the duty has now been removed, and greatly oblige, H. B. DONOVAN, Sec.-Treas.

TORONTO, Sept. 6, 1894.—*H. B. Donovan, Esq:* In further reference to your inquiry *re* the free admission of dogs for breeding purposes or the improvement of stock, item No. 491, Schedule B, free goods includes dogs, but the Treasury Board has not yet, as far as I know, made any regulation governing their admission. The regulation or Order in Council passed on Nov. 8, 1887, does not include dogs. Until an Order in Council or Regulation by the Treasury Board is made governing the admission of dogs, I do not well see how a free entry can be accepted. THOS. MCLEAN, Chief Clerk.

Membership. The membership roll stands as follows:

Number paid for year ending Aug. 31, 1894	143
Number paid for year ending Aug. 31, 1895	18

Agreement with the A. K. C.—This matter with the correspondence and draft of agreement already published will be brought before you for final decision. This I believe to be the turning point in the club's career and both sides of the question deserve the most careful discussion. I do not feel it is my place to advise as to a decision in either way.

Finances.—Following will be found the financial statement for the year. I am sorry to report a deficit, though but a small one:

ANNUAL STATEMENT C. K. C., AUG. 31, 1894.

To cash, September, 1893		$106 25
"	October, "	97 75
"	November "	22 50
"	December "	18 75
"	January, 1894	17 25
"	February, "	7 75
"	March, "	26 50
"	April, "	4 25
"	May, "	6 25
"	June, "	23 25
"	July, "	21 25
"	August, "	71 25
		$418 00
By balance due secretary, Aug. 31, 1893		$32 74
"	Secretary's salary to date	191 67
"	Postage account	67 73
"	Publishing Regs	54 00
"	Advertising account	12 50
"	Printing account	46 75
"	Rent of rooms for annual meetings, 1893	5 00
"	Postage Pres. account, 1893	2 55
"	Refund Regs. overpaid	3 50
"	E. Brown, engrossing diplomas	3 80
"	H. C. Stone, clerical help, Totonto show of 1894	6 70
"	Sundries, bank charges, express, etc	2 95
		$429 89

Summary.

To cash	$418 00
By cash	429 89
Deficit balance	$11 89

Liabilities.

Balance due secretary-treasurer	11 89
President's expenses to New York	43 00
	$54 89

H. B. DONOVAN, Sec.-Treas.

Proposed agreement with the American Kennel Club read, and after discussion it was moved by Dr. Wesley Mills and seconded by Mr. J. S. Williams, and resolved that in the opinion of the C. K. C., as expressed at its annual meeting, the agreement existing between the A. K. C. and C. K. C. up to a recent date, and, as we understand, never legally abolished, was satisfactory, and that this club is in favor of continuing the same.

Letters to the president read from Mr. S. F. Glass relating to his late treasurership.

Moved by Mr. Beddington, seconded by Mr. Sweetnam, that Dr. Niven with Mr. Smith be requested to close account as soon as possible. Carried.

Agreement with the A. K. C.—A lengthy and warm discussion ensued, when it was moved by Mr. Wetherall, seconded by Mr. Lindsay, that proposed agreement be reconsidered. Carried

Moved by Mr. Klein, seconded by Mr. Sweetnam, that draft of agreement be read point by point.

Moved in amendment by Dr. Wesley Mills, seconded by Mr. Davey, that agreement be discussed as a whole. Amendment carried.

Agreement read again and discussed, when on motion of Messrs. Wetherall and Klein, it was discussed clause by clause.

Clause 3 (Bench Show Rules) rejected. Clause 5 (Delegates) made to read, the C. K. C. "may" appoint three delegates, and added to end of clause "the A. K. C. to be accorded like privileges." Clause 7 (Publication of Registrations in A. K. C. S. B.), on motion of Dr. Mills and Mr. Wetherall, the first line was changed to read, "The C. K. C. shall be free to publish its registrations," etc. Moved by Dr. Wesley Mills, seconded by Mr. Klein, that details in regard to Clause 7 and also details regarding registration be referred to executive committee with power to act. Carried.

Field trial rules referred to executive committee.

H. B. DONOVAN, Sec.-Treas.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Bonnie Buena—Raby Rasper. A. P. Robinson's (Los Angeles, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Bonnie Buena (Blemton Vesuvian—Bonnie Bess) to C. A. Sumner's Raby Rasper (Drone—Miscreant), Aug. 23.

Connie Belle—Bonnie Brush. C. A. Sumner's (Los Angeles, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Bonnie Belle (Blemton Vesuvian—Bonnie Bess) to his Bonnie Brush (Le Logos—Bonnie Buzz), July 1.

Pansy—Bonnie Brush. A. B. Chappell's (Catalina Island) fox-terrier bitch Pansy (Blemton Vesuvian—Hart's Nannie) to C. A. Sumner's Bonnie Brush (Le Logos—Bonnie Buzz), July 30.

Doris Blade—Sir Dixon. Dr. E. C. Myers's English setter bitch Doris Blade to G. O. Smitch's Sir Dixon (Gath's Mark—Esther), Aug. 17.

Frisky Viola—Bonnie Brush. T. S. Casey's (Los Angeles, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Frisky Viola (Blemton Vesuvian—Finnette II.) to C. A. Sumner's Bonnie Brush (Le Logos—Bonnie Buzz), Aug. 13.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Hilda. Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' (Chicago Lawn, Ill.) Gordon setter bitch Hilda (Jack—Becky Sharp), Aug. 17, twelve (nine dogs), by their Regnald H. (Leatherstocking—Smith's Rhoda).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Bonnie Brush. White, black and tan head, fox terrier dog, whelped May 7, 1893, by Le Logos out of Bonnie Buzz, by C. A. Sumner, Los Angeles, Cal., to A. J. Griswold, Nogalez, A. T.

Raby Rasper. White, tan patch on eye, fox-terrier dog, whelped June 2, 1892, by E. Cawston, San Francisco, Cal., to C. A. Sumner, Los Angeles, Cal.

Ealderman. Mastiff dog, by Beaufort out of Emma, by W. Wade, Hulton, Pa., to C. E. Bunn, Peoria, Ill.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. W. B., Danvers, Mass.—My pointer dog gets used up after a few hours' work, with sore feet and scratches. Is there any way I can harden his feet by an application, and tell me the best wash to use on his feet after a day's hunting; also how to rid the dog of fleas. Ans. Soak the feet for ten minutes twice a day in a solution of creolin (1 to 40); afterward apply the following ointment:

℞	Ichthylo	ʒ ii.
	Bismuth sub nit	ʒ iss.
	Mg. zinci	ʒ iss.

Mix. Sig. Apply to sore twice a day. For fleas, when washing the dog, add a pint or more of kerosene to the water or rub him all over with a mixture of one pint of kerosene and two pints of cotton-seed oil.

E. J., Boston, Mass.—Write to Netherwood Farm Kennels, Plainfield, N. J.

J. M., Irvington, N. Y.—My Irish setter dog has a habit of suddenly dashing out of his kennel and howling as if in pain, and at the same time sitting on his haunches, and his belly works as if in convulsions. Then he will wind up with licking his jaws and lying down, as if relieved. The dog is about six years old. Ans. Treat for worms.

G. S. B., Newport News, Va.—1. I have two setter dogs. One has an occasional involuntary discharge of urine of a milky appearance, and sometimes blood in the same manner. He has been in that condition for a year or more. The blood and urine come in drpps. 2. The other one has a skin disease, which commenced three years ago on his stern around the roots of his tail, and turned the hair red and it has come off in spots. There are hard lumps under the skin where it is bare. It has now spread over different parts of the body. He is scratching continually. Ans. 1. Without a personal examination we cannot advise you on this. 2. Treat for worms. Give following mixture:

℞	Mag. sulph	ʒ i
	Ferri sulp	ʒ i
	Acid sulph. dil	♏ i
	Aq. ad	ʒ viii

Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day. Well rub all over the dog the following dressing: Kerosene, 1 pint; cocoanut oil, 1lb.; sperm oil, 2 pints. Apply every other day for a month.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.
Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y.. Sec'y.
Nov. 5.—Brunswick Fur Club. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

COURSING

Oct. 9.—American Coursing Club's meeting at Huron, S. D. L. Zutaverne, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge.
Oct. 16.—Kenmore Club's annual meeting at Goodland, Kan. C. F Weber, secretary. E H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Oct. 23.—Western Kansas Coursing Club's meeting at Leoti, Kan. W. O. Allphin, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Oct. 30.—Cheyenne Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.
Oct. 30.—Altcar Coursing Club's autumn meeting at Holyoke, Col. S. W. Vidler, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Nov. 14.—California State meeting at Merced, Cal. J. R. Dickson, secretary.

The Greyhound Stud Book.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the rules of the American Coursing Board have never been published in full and are not generally familiar to either the public or patrons of coursing, will you kindly publish the following rules relating to registration? Dogs that are now registered in the National Greyhound Stud Book are entitled to free registration in the American Coursing Board Stud Book. Any one desiring registration blanks will be supplied upon application to me.

ROGER WILLIAMS, Keeper Stud Book A. C. B.

LEXINGTON, Ky.

Rule 4. The colors, sex, names, pedigrees and ages of all greyhounds, with the names of their owners, and the owners of their sires and dams, shall be registered in a greyhound stud book. The registration fee shall be twenty-five cents for each dog registered. The keeper of the stud book shall give a receipt for the registration fee of every greyhound, which shall be called a Certificate of Registration.

Rule 5. The greyhound stud book shall be published under the authority of the American Coursing Board, on Nov. 1, or as soon after as possible. No greyhound shall be allowed to run at any coursing meeting held after Oct. 1, 1894, unless it shall have been duly registered in the greyhound stud book.

Rule 6. Applications for registration of greyhounds shall be made on or before the first day of July, and registrations applied for subsequent to that date that do not appear in the stud book of that year will appear in that of the following year.

Rule 7. If the same name has been given to more than one greyhound, the keeper of the stud book shall give priority to the dog first registered, and all other dogs of the same name must be renamed before they can be registered.

Rule 8. All greyhounds whose names do not appear in the stud book or whose owners cannot produce a certificate of registration from the keeper of the stud book, on being requested to do so by the committee of any coursing meeting, shall be disqualified, and shall forfeit all entry moneys which may have been paid, and any stake or prize or share of any stake or prize won at such meeting, and such entry moneys, stake or prize, or share thereof, won by any dog so disqualified, shall be disposed of as provided by rule 37, applicable to disqualification.

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American Coursing Club's Meeting.

MR. J. HERBERT WATSON, the secretary, writes us that the eighth annual meeting of the American Coursing Club will be held at Huron, S. D., on Oct. 9, and following days, instead of Oct. 2, as previously announced. This change has been made necessary by the abandonment of the North Dakota Club's meeting at Oakes.

The Huron people have added $200 in cash and they anticipate a most successful meeting. This will be assured if the Eastern sportsmen who have greyhounds will ship them at once to Huron. If men like Mr. N. Q. Pope, who have plenty of material, will support the meeting by making entries, they will do much to encourage the sport and may rest assured that they will have just as fair a chance to win as though they were present at the meeting in person. Any dogs shipped to Mr. John Longstaff, Huron, South Dakota, will receive the best of care, and will, if requested, be handled before and during the meeting by a competent and honest trainer at a very small expense to the owner. Eastern sportsmen who would like a gallop on the Plains and see some of the most exciting coursing to be found on earth should not miss this meeting, for once experienced we are convinced that it would not be long before they had a team of longtails and were down with the form in real earnest.

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Northwestern Beagle Club's Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A meeting of the field trial committee of the Northwestern Beagle Club was held on Sept. 16, at 2 P. M., at Milwaukee, Wis. There were present G. A. Buckstaff, H. A. Dillingham, E. H. Rummele, Fred F. Merrill, Chas. Niss, Louis Steffen. The minutes of the last meeting were read. The committee appointed to select grounds reported in favor of Columbus, Wis., which place was chosen. Mr. Joe Lewis, of Moodus, Conn., and Mr. Chas. C. Sidler, of Milwaukee, were chosen as judges. The entry fee is only $5, and a large entry is expected. Over $3,000 worth of valuables will be distributed among the winners in addition to the cash. Hotel rates have been secured at $1 per day for all wishing to attend. Transportation to and from the grounds, 50 cents a person. It is not necessary to be a club member in order to run dogs in these trials, they are open to all. Premium lists and entry blanks will be ready in a few days and will be sent to all parties known. Those that do not receive any will please send in their address. Columbus is on the La Crosse Division of the C. M. & St. Paul R. R., 63 miles northwest from Milwaukee. Any other information will be cheerfully furnished. LOUIS STEFFEN, Secretary.

781 THIRD ST., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Higher Entry Fees.

DENVER, Col., Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to Dr. Q. Van Hummell, in your issue of Sept. 15, I would state that the $5 entry fee for Altcar Produce Stakes had nothing to do with the entry fee of the Kenmore meet last fall, inasmuch as the Kenmore Club did not have any Produce Stakes, and therefore we could not copy them in that respect. My article states that our executive committee followed the example of the Kenmore meet to a certain extent. In so far as they could follow the example of the Kenmore meet they did so, to wit, in fixing the fees for members in the Puppy Stakes and the Aged Stakes, at $10. Had the Kenmore Club had any Produce Stakes they probably would have followed the club in that respect, but as the Altcar Club were the first in the field with a Produce Stakes, it follows that they had no precedent to follow in this country, and therefore the executive committee fixed the fees at the figure they deemed best. As the Kenmore Club did not go beyond an Aged Stake and a Puppy Stake, the executive committee could not follow their example any further; but to this extent in regard to fees of the Altcar Club they did follow it. L. F. BARTELS.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

A few weeks since we spoke of the draft of foxhounds that Mr. Wadsworth, master of the Genessee Valley Hunt, had imported from England. Five couple were from the Holderness Hunt, that good old Yorkshire pack that hunts over the chalk wolds, and to the music of their progenitors we have enjoyed many an exciting run, and their advent brings to mind the day when Miss Hall, the daughter of old Mr. James Hall, the master, familiarly called "Pop" Hall, pounded the field at that sluice near Market Weighton. The spirit to follow was willing in most of us, but the horseflesh was weak. If these new hounds live up to the speed and stamina of their sires and dams some fast fun is in store for the Genessee men. The names of the new dogs, kindly furnished us by the master, are as follows: Jailer, by Belvoir General—Holderness Rosemary. Saucebox, by Belvoir Shamrock—Holderness Laundress. Warden, by Belvoir Saracen—Holderness Woodlark. Fielder, by Holderness Batchelor—Holderness Flourish. Silvia, by York & Ainstey Falstaff—Holderness Skillful. Songstress, by Holderness Ajax — Holderness Singwell. Audible, by Holderness Gaffer—Holderness Aspen. Barmaid, by Holderness Bellman—Holderness Willing. Blemish, by Holderness Bellman—Holderness Willing. Beauty, by York & Ainstey Falstaff—Holderness Brazen. The others were from Lord Fitzhardinge's pack—the Berkeley.

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Through the courtesy of the keeper of the English greyhound stud book, Mr. W. F. Lamonby, we are in receipt of the thirteenth volume, containing the names, colors, ages and pedigrees of greyhounds registered up to July 1, 1894. The registrations show a marked increase over those of last year, numbering 4,374 against 3,674. The number of individual owners who registered dogs during the past year is 1,627, 266 more than in 1893. The new rule compelling owners to register litters within two months of whelping, which came into force Jan. 1, is a success, no less than 636 litters having been registered up to the end of June. The "Pedigrees and Index of Winning Greyhounds" in 1893-94, compiled by Capt. Ellis, is a valuable feature of the book to all greyhound breeders, and "Dromas" again contributes a "Review of the Past Season," which is very interesting. Next year it is promised that all the registrations of the year will appear under an alphabetical list of sires, so that sires, dams and their produce may be seen at a glance. According to the list of sires and the bitches that have been mated to them, Herschel and Young Fullerton seem to have been the favorites. The pictures of leading lovers of the leash are by no means the least interesting features of the book. Texture and her trainer, Mr. James Cowlin, are given, as well as Mr. Salter, Mr. James Hedley and others.

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The Altcar Club, Mr. L. F. Bartels informs us, have changed the place of meeting from Holyoke, Col., to LaCrosse, Kans. The date of the meeting will be Oct. 30 and following days, as announced. It is expected that the Cheyenne Club will change their dates to the week following, so that there will be no conflict. The change in Altcar dates and location was made to suit the coursing men, for the location of LaCrosse is better for those desiring to attend the different meets. It was quite a distance to go from Great Bend to Holyoke, especially after the dogs have been knocked about for a month. Under the present arrangement it makes it easier on the coursers' pocketbooks, easier on the dogs, shorter distances to travel, and saves time to rest the dogs after each meet. In making this change the Western boys from Colorado have put themselves out no little, as by going to Lacrosse they have to travel 400 miles from Denver, instead of only 180 to Holyoke.

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The entries for the National Beagle Club of America's field trials will close on Oct. 8. GEORGE LAICK, Secretary, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Interstate Fair at Trenton, Sept. 24 to 28.

The great Interstate Fair at Trenton grows more extensive and important each succeeding year, and the exhibition to be held from Sept. 24 until the 28th, inclusive, promises to be unusually attractive and comprehensive. Every department is replete with interesting and instructive sights. The blooded stock is particularly fine and the daily programme of races contains the speediest classes obtainable. Circus acts of rare merit and daring, and vaudeville entertainments of all kinds will be presented.

The large purses offered for supremacy in the manifold species of exhibits and contests insure earnest efforts in the endeavor to prove superiority and excellence in the various departments.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, as is its yearly custom on this occasion, will sell excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates from many of its principal stations within a wide radius, and special trains over the New York, Belvidere and Amboy Divisions will be run *direct to the grounds*. The tracks of this company are the only ones within three miles. Extensive preparations have been made by both the management of the Fair and the railroad company for the accommodation and the convenience of the thousands who will not fail to attend an affair of such increasing importance.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

29. Miramichi, Race, Chatham to Newcastle.
29-30. San Francisco Cor., Cruise to McNear's.

OCTOBER.

6. Cor. Phila., Sweeps, Del. River
13. San Francisco Cor., Final Sail.
20. Cor. Phila., Club, Del. River.

WE publish this week a specific repudiation on the part of Mr. H. Maitland Kersey of an alleged interview with him which appeared some weeks since in the Boston *Herald*. Another story of the *Herald's* which we recently reprinted, attributing the blackballing of Mr. A. D. Clarke by the Royal Yacht Squadron to the adverse influence of Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, is now contradicted by the *Yachtsman*, which pronounces the report to be totally untrue.

A Pilot's Responsibilities.

THE question of the duties and responsibilities of a pilot has come up several times this season for discussion in relation to Vigilant and her British pilot, Capt. Diaper. In the case of a racing yacht there are other considerations than the mere legal ones, but these are at the same time the more important. The following, from the *Marine Journal*, deals very thoroughly with the legal side:

We are asked what is the legal relation of a pilot to the master of a vessel, and how far is pilot liable for the safety of the vessel on board which he may be acting?

Answer—The pilot is subordinate to the master when he is on board, and is required to possess all the knowledge requisite for the safe navigation of the vessel.

In the case of Atlee vs. Packet Co., 21 Wall. 389, the Supreme Court of the United States defined his qualifications in the following words:

"The character of the skill and knowledge required of a pilot in charge of a vessel on the rivers of the country is very different from that which enables a navigator to carry his vessel safely on the ocean. In this latter case, a knowledge of the rules of navigation, with charts which disclose the places of hidden rocks, dangerous shores, or other dangers of the way, are the main elements of his knowledge and skill, guided as he is in his course by the compass, by the reckoning, and the observations of heavenly bodies, obtained by the use of proper instruments. It is by these he determines his locality and is made aware of the dangers of such locality, if any exist. But the pilot of a river steamer, like the harbor pilot, is selected for his personal knowledge of the topography through which he steers his vessel. In the long course of a thousand miles in one of these rivers, he must be familiar with the appearance of the shore on each side of the river as he goes along. Its banks, towns, its landings, its houses and trees and its openings between trees, are all landmarks by which he steers his vessel. The compass is of little use to him. He must know where the navigable channel is in its relations to all these external objects, especially in the night. He must also be familiar with all dangers that are permanently located in the course of the river, as sandbars, snags, sunken rocks or trees, or abandoned vessels or barges. All this he must know and remember and avoid. To do this he must be constantly informed of changes in the current of the river, of sandbars newly made, of logs or snags, or other objects newly presented, against which his vessel might be injured. * * * It may be said that this is exacting a very high order of ability in a pilot. But when we consider the value of the lives and property committed to their control, for in this they are absolute masters, the high compensation they receive, and the care which Congress has taken to secure, by rigid and frequent examinations and renewal of licenses, this very class of skill, we do not think we fix the standard too high."

Judge Clifford, one of the judges of the Supreme Court, wrote the opinion in Camp vs. the ship Marcellus, an appeal in admiralty from the District Court to the Circuit, tried by him, which is reported in the first of Clifford Reps., 491. He said:

"While on board, the pilot, in the absence of the master, has the exclusive control and direction of the navigation of the vessel; but if the master is present, the power of the pilot does not so far supersede the authority of the master that the latter may not, in case of obvious and certain disability, or gross ignorance and palpable and imminently dangerous mistake, disobey his orders and interfere for the protection of the ship and the lives of those on board. Divided authority in a ship with reference to the same subject matter is certainly not to be encouraged, and can never be justified or tolerated, except in cases of urgent and extreme necessity. While standing by and witnessing a self-evident mistake, manifestly and imminently endangering the ship, and certain to cause a collision, the master should not remain silent, but might well interpose, so far at least as to point out the error and suggest the proper corrective."

In the case of the Earnmore, 44 Fed. Rep., 376, Judge Brown said:

"It is, perhaps, but reasonable to assume that the master had by this time perceived that the pilot had been drinking, and was under the influence of liquor, and feared to trust him. In such a situation he was called on to exercise his best judgment—whether to resist the pilot openly, and go according to his own judgment, or to come to anchor. The situation was an embarrassing one."

Current Comment.

THIS has been the most remarkable year since 1851, and when the slight degree of friction occasioned by the unfortunate occurrences to the Vigilant has passed away it will be universally admitted that the pressure has been beneficial not only to the racing fraternity but to the pastime. The whole intercourse of the great English-speaking countries cannot be better promoted than by peaceful contests between vessels. These contests may engender a little bad blood between individuals, but they create good will among nations.

What appeals to us most is the effect of the international rivalry upon yachting. It may be expected that the visit of the Vigilant will largely increase the demand for yachts, and we believe that the Vigilant's voyage will prove a lesson to our designers. The excellence of her 'bronze beauty' is undoubted. Given her own rules and her own elements and it will not be a foregone conclusion for the Britannia. In the Vigilant her designers had a splendid opportunity. Heretofore we have built yachts for this clime instead of America.

"The Yankees have pursued a parallel course, being defenders and not challengers. The Vigilant may be a boat for one kind of weather, but we believe the lesson of the season teaches us that the Britannia cannot beat the Vigilant under New York rules, in the vicinity of Sandy Hook. In the past, designers have always made the mistake of using the experience gained here to determine the type most effective there. The Vigilant has shown us the folly of this proceeding, and if we read the lesson aright the America's Cup will soon come to the land to which it belongs.—*The Yachting World.*

English workmen are not accustomed to bronze centerboards, but at the same time, it is not unlikely that the first accident to the boat was caused by a strain upon some part of the mechanism which had been overlooked. Nevertheless, it is a remarkable coincidence that in each case the breakdown occurred in the same locality while the boat was on the same errand. Perhaps all this comes from sailing on Sunday. Mr. Gould is a sportsman, and we sympathize with him in the ill luck he has sustained with his bronze beauty. His trip must have cost him a fabulous amount of dollars, and the result in respect of glory is very little. The Vigilant is an undoubted giant, but she met another giant who was a trifle her superior. The repeated damage to her centerboard does not impress our yachtsmen with the advantages of the contrivance, and few owners of yachts would make such victims as Mr. Gould, who has been compelled to scratch two out of three races in which he especially desired to compete. It was a cruel fortune.—*Yachting World.*

A great many of us are old enough to remember the murmurs and growls there used to be at the old club rule which declared a race null and void if not finished before 8 P. M. or 9 P. M., as it might please a committee to determine. In 1875, when the yacht owners drew up their own rules, this closing time was abolished, but the Royal Dart Y. C. adhered to it in a special form, altered from time to time, the intention of all meaning that the duration of the race should be limited. The American clubs have a similar rule to pursue, so far as possible, that the matches are sailed in a good moving breeze, so that the yachts are fairly tested. This, no doubt, is all very well in America, and at one time might have been unobjectionable in this country; but, as far as we are concerned, the time limit is quite an obsolete precaution. There are now no days for re-sailing matches, as the yachts have just as much as they can do to get from port to port to fill their engagements, according to the fixtures; the result is that declaring a race null and void simply means leaving the prizes in the hands of the clubs; in fact, if the time limit had been generally adopted this season, at least half the prizes would have been retained by the clubs. Considering the cost of a day's racing, it is small wonder that yacht owners always objected to race twice—or it might be half a dozen times—for the same prize, and it is a matter of surprise that the sailing committee of a well managed club like the Royal Dart should not recognize the objection and do the same as other clubs do—stop the races early in the afternoon when there is no prospect of their being concluded by sundown.—*The Field.*

Comment on the Vigilant's record should not be closed without a word or two about "jockeying." The British press has made somewhat sarcastic comments on the complaints in some American papers about the "unfairness" of the Britannia's tactics in "weather-bowing" Vigilant in going to windward, or in "jockeying" her by luffing to prevent her passing when on a reach.

The comments are justified, and the American papers making the complaints have not known what they were talking about, or have made them from misplaced patriotic motives. No such complaints have come from those who were at all posted in the rules or practice of yacht racing. On the contrary, they have had a full appreciation of the skill of Britannia's skipper and the speed and handiness of his boat which enabled him to do these things. The wisdom of so doing in some cases has alone been questioned.

In almost every race the Britannia has secured the weather berth, as much by reason of her quickness of movement as in any other way, and has thus been able to "weatherbow" the Vigilant for a time at least. In the light-air races she has been able to keep this position, but in stronger breezes Vigilant has always crawled out from under her lee, and when once clear has gone away so fast as not to need a return of the tactics. There is no "unfairness" here nor in "blanketing," or taking another boat's wind by luffing across her stern when running off the wind with spinnakers set.

Nor is there any "unfairness" in luffing to prevent a boat from passing to windward on a reach. The question is then simply one of judgment as to whether it is better to go away off the course in a "luffing match" and let a following boat profit by it, or to go on about your business and depend upon your speed.

In forcing a "luffing match," honors appear to be easy between the boats. Britannia was apparently in bad judgment when she forced the Vigilant so far in shore on the south side of the Isle of Wight that both boats grounded, while Vigilant was certainly in error in starting the "luffing match" with Britannia, which let Satanita win the prize.

So far as the writer has been able to see from the accounts of the racing, there has been no unfair "jockeying" on either side, but plenty of good "up and up" sailing.—*Boston Globe.*

Displacement as a Factor of Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The question of measurement is being agitated in consequence of a well-grounded dissatisfaction with the present racing model, and a belief that there can be built a boat not only faster and more able but of a model with merit in regard to utility. The engineers of former days decried the idea of ever making an iron-clad fast, dry, and seaworthy. Thus to-day we are told that a fast boat cannot be a comfortable cruiser; or in other words that a comfortable craft such as we would desire for a world's cruise and whose model would make a profitable merchant craft, cannot be built to sail faster than the modern cracks.

This is untrue, as the thing has been done. There are fishermen of Vigilant's length and less sail area that make 13 knots in a good breeze on the quarter, and are able boats to windward. Vigilant's best record on one leg is 12 knots. There was built for the lake trade in 1854 the two-masted topsail schooner Clipper City of 100 tons register.

Loadline.....97.33ft. Weight of hull equipped.....121.5 tons.
Breadth extreme..27 72 ft. 110,000ft. lumber(3-5 on deck).....185.0
Draft.....7.5ft.
Centerboard..24ft by 9ft. Displacement on 7.5 draft.....306.5 tons.

Her mid-section had a nearly flat floor. She could sail without ballast, never rolled over 5 degrees, and never burled her bow or shipped solid water when sailing over 16 knots in a heavy sea. The harder it blew the faster she sailed. She sailed 25 miles in 80 minutes in a heavy lake sea, and a lake sea is as troublesome as that on the ocean. This is 16.5 knot speed. She sailed 90 miles from Chicago to Milwaukee in less than 5 hours. This was done with a heavy deck load equal to .4 her displacement, instead of carrying her weight in a lead keel as the modern cracks do. Yet there is not a yacht in existence that can approximate her speed. She would not he over 100ft. sailing length.

Why after all our hoasted improvements and extra 40 years experience do we find boats in which everything is avowedly sacrificed for speed full four knots slower corrected time than a 97ft. schooner built 40 years ago with a view to utility and profit? It is as much a fact that this schooner, year in and year out, logged 12 to 16 knots in anything like a good breeze, as is the fact that Vigilant cannot be driven over 13 knots. Designers are on the wrong tack. "There is something rotten in Denmark."

Despite the heresy of refusing to bow down to the pet designers of two continents, I claim that the shovel bow is useful only as a length cheater. When every pound a boat carries in a race has to he on her when measured, as it undoubtedly will in the near future, the shovel bow and the round lines that made it will he consigned to the oblivion from which they should never have emerged. It is possible to obtain a fair amount of speed with great resistance and great power, as exemplified by Vigilant; but undoubtedly the boat of greatest speed is the boat of least resistance, coupled with good driving power. In the convex line the angle of the entrance is greatest at the cutwater, where it should be least. It is a notorious fact that the latest boats with very full shovel bows pile up as great a wall of water on their bows as the bluffest old freighting tub. No further evidence is needed that their model is slow. "From the law that governs waves we may learn two things in relation to the shape of vessels. First—Inasmuch as the ocean wave only breaks when the depth below the level is less than the height above the level, so the bow of the vessel never breaks the surface of the water into foam unless the resistance be greater than the atmospheric pressure on the surface. Second—That as an abrupt beach causes the whole wave to fall over on the shore without previous notice, so an abrupt bow, or the round lines of flotation, cause the water to be heaped up at the anterior extremity; and as the breaker on the surface of the water is an index to the fullness in the bottom, so the wave generated at any particular part is an index that the vessel and the water are not adapted one to the other." Full round lines give a greater displacement with more lead and canvas; but this extra power is not sufficient to counterbalance the greater resistance—in fact, power enough to rend the vessel would not drive such a model fast. Water can be moved from a vessel's path only by an easy motion given by fine lines and the displacement arranged longitudinally with regard to the resistance to be encountered at the desired speed. We may have, and should have, great beam and still have a fine entrance. The use of round lines is only a futile attempt to reverse the immutable laws of the universe.

Frictional resistance is in inverse ratio to the speed; for it is so much resistance in a given time regardless of the speed, thus having less effect per mile as the speed increases. Wave making resistance increases as the square, cube, fourth and fifth powers in progression as the speed increases. Thus a vessel with a great wave-making tendency is brought very suddenly to a speed that nothing can increase. This is the case most emphatically with the "Gloriana bow." A vessel of moderate displacement to dimensions, with fine lines, and especial care to the longitudinal distribution of buoyancy, and a like distribution of weight of hull to guard against warring elements of strain, will have no appreciable wave-making tendency at even what is now thought phenomenal speed Her resistance factor would he mainly friction, which is a constant quantity; thus she could utilize all obtainable power in overcoming friction, and not be handicapped by raising a wall of water against one ton a foot pressure at increasing powers. Such a vessel would sail faster in direct ratio to the increase of wind propulsory power. There is a limit to speed before the wind because the apparent wind is less just the speed of the vessel. With strong wave-making vessels have sailed before the wind at two-thirds to three-fourths its speed. With a model with friction the main resistance, nine-tenths the speed of the wind may be attained. On the wind the apparent wind increases at greater speed, but the forward exponent of power is relatively so small that the increase must be great to obtain equal speed; but a vessel encountering friction and hut slight transverse waves can sail faster through the water on than off the wind. With the wind abeam she may make a speed quite equal to that of the wind. Of course every model creates transverse waves at some speed, according to the speed for which the model is adapted. What I mean to emphasize is that boats under 100ft. length can be so built that transverse waves and increasing powers of resistance will not he encountered under 15 knots. In a word, that this speed can be reached in moderate weather with a rational sail area; but the model must be built for small resistance in transverse wave-making, for when this occurs at the cube of speed the driving power is not economical, especially with a tax on sail. Also, the maximum speed of a vessel is found when the transverse wave resistance is increasing as the cube, and any power applied to drive beyond this is wasted. A fine vessel of Vigilant's length can be driven as fast on 8,000ft. canvas. Valkyrie is finer, but all the new boats create transverse waves at eight knots speed.

Furthermore, remember that length is not such an all-powerful exponent of speed as has been claimed. It is not necessary to have a ship 500ft. long to obtain an economical speed of 20 knots, it may be had on half the length. Economical speed is found below the cube resistance, and this depends far more on model than on length. A larger vessel of the same model will he faster, but because a vessel of different build is a few feet longer is no sure indication of her being faster. A long, narrow craft is faster reaching than a shorter, broader one; not because she is longer on the waterline, but because she has greater excess of lateral over longitudinal resistance. Shake off the mania of demanding great length for great speed instead of working for it in excellence of model, where it alone can be attained! Built properly, the broader boat should have the finer lines; but this can never be with round lines. Then she is the fastest on all points and in all weathers. In fact, it is possible to obtain the form of least resistance and sufficient stability only in a beamy boat, 3.5 beams at least.

There is but one thing to be settled in yacht racing—the fastest model of given weight and driving power. The one question which the yachting, commercial, and naval world is waiting to have solved is the best distribution of a certain weight of displacement to obtain the greatest speed. Dimensions have nothing to do with the question; it is certainly unfair to race vessels of 100 and 150 tons displacement on equal terms as done with the Cup defenders. We hear of a fast cruiser of 4,000 tons and 12,000 I.H.P., we hear of another of 7,500 tons and 21,000 I.H.P.; they have the same speed, and are we surprised? Do we dream for a moment that the larger vessel should have the least power, that she should be taxed for the extra 9,000 I.H.P. to drive the extra weight. *The canvas of a boat should not be taxed except for excess of area in relation to displacement over the ratio of another boat.* This is a tax on light displacement and the fin-keel; both inimical to the "true sailorman's boat." A tax on sail area is a tax on power, and as a greater power is needed for a greater weight, the displacement is decreased and the depth of lead increased for greater ratio of driving power or equal ratio and time allowance. Result—fin-keels and extreme cutters of same section. With displacement out of the question and only sail area on length to regard, the smallest displacement on a given length needing the least power to attain a certain speed is the fastest under the rule. Under the present rule we can hope for nothing in the future but more extreme fin keels than yet produced—46ft. aluminum fin-keels of 20ft. draft and only ten tons displacement, until the displacement is barely above the weight of hull and the fabric is so weak that all its votaries are drowned. Let no one say, "Retain them because they are fast," they are faster than others under the discrimination of the present rule, but in actual speed in knots per hour they are not faster than boats of better type.

No rule is equitable without displacement as a factor. In all mechanics the main question is the load and velocity, the desideratum being the greatest load at the same power and velocity, the greatest speed with the same power and weight, or the least power with the same load and velocity—all tending in the direction of least resistance. The fault with previous displacement rules is that the greater displacement had to give time to the less without regard to the fact that a larger weight needs more power for the same speed. This inevitably leads to the fin-keel as the exponent of least displacement and greatest power—for an exaggerated fin can carry more sail than the Vigilant type. Sail as the exponent of power should be considered, since the converging point of all our efforts is economical speed—the model of equal weight that requires the least power for a given speed.

If one pound pressure exerted upon canvas will propel a certain number of pounds weight through the water at a given speed, then one pound force exerted upon another vessel should propel an equal number of pounds weight at the same speed if the models are equally good—and the advantage should be given to the better model as that which we wish to adduce. It may be assumed that the wind pressure per foot is equal upon two vessels sailing in consort, hence we may claim that if two models are equally capable of speed (there being no great disparagement in length, though widely differing in breadth, draft and section), they should attain the same speed with equal ratios of sail area to disagreement. If they do not, the vessel requiring the least ratio for equal speed (in other words, the vessel in which one pound force propels the greatest weight at equal speed) is the better model, and should have the benefit of the advantage given under the proposed rule. This is the only scientific rule, though somewhat difficult in operation. As before stated, the load carried, the velocity attained, and the power to accomplish it are the only things that need considering, and they must be considered, or no definite settlement of the best model will ever be made.

			Actual S.A.	Allowed S.A.	Extra S. taxed.	Do. correct.
Vigilant	(about)	150 t.D.	11,300ft	11,300	.....	.....
Colonia	"	140 "	11,000ft.	10,500	500	.....
Jubilee	"	120 "	10,000ft.	9,000	1,000	.....
Pilgrim	"	100 "	10,000ft.	7,500	2,500	1,625

Beginning with the larger, Vigilant has 75ft. per ton displacement. At the same ratio of power to displacement Colonia is allowed 10,500ft, Jubilee 9,000ft. and Pilgrim 7,500ft. without time allowance. All over these amounts must be paid for. Colonia has 500ft. more than allowed and should give an allowance to Vigilant equal to the extra speed that the extra 500ft. should give Colonia. Herein lies the difficulty of operation at first, but it is the only fair test of a yacht's capabilities and just manner of allowing time. At first the allowance must be estimated much as it has been in the past, until a broader knowledge is gained of the influence of certain areas of canvas upon vessels of varied form. The justice of this classification can be easily seen not only by its manifest subservience to nature's law, without which no success is assured, but by the light of experience in the comparison of Vigilant and Colonia. Colonia is if anything slightly faster off the wind, but slides off frightfully, due to want of keel. With sufficient draft, or with a centerboard, she would no doubt prove slightly faster than Vigilant on a wind. Colonia would allow Vigilant 5 to 15 seconds, and this should equalize the greater speed due to Colonia's finer lines. They are very near alike, and except for Colonia's want of keel, of about equal merit in model. Thus experience shows the equity of this rule. If Jubilee and Pilgrim cannot attain equal speed on the same ratio of power they are not as good models, and should bear the penalty. This illustrates the working of the proposed rule in discouraging the production of "freaks."

No fear need be entertained of very heavy displacement, for experience has shown that such a model has not stability to carry the canvas to make her fast with her full lines and sections. Furthermore, the transverse wave-making tendency is so strong in her that she is debarred from making great speed; and the sail area required for equality at low speeds would exceed the area allowed, or be above the ratio, and be therefore taxable. The last is true of very small displacement, that the ratio allowed in comparison with moderate displacement gives too little area for speed, and the taxable amount is too large to he profitable. Thus vessels must be of medium displacement, which engenders all the good qualities besides speed under a fair rule. They must also be of medium dimensions (beam and draft) for the boat that carries the largest ratio of sail area to displacement must give allowance. There will be a fairly wide margin within which designers can work for the "golden mean," without fighting so shy of it as of late. Fin-keel construction will be ended in its most exaggerated form at least; because, first, the area she carries by aid of her deep, loaded fin is unprofitable; second, the amount allowed can be carried without or on a small fin; third, as before shown, the small displacement is likely to be forced out of competition because of the great chance of losing in the first place by time allowance and the second by actual time. Under such a rule the type of least resistance (that most adapted to moving water from its path with least disturbance in consequence of obeying the laws of fluid action) will not only be found the fastest in actual speed in knots per hour, but fastest under the rule. This, of necessity, must be of moderate dimensions and displacement, with fine lines to create little but frictional resistance, and its greatest merit will he "speed, safety and comfort" in an extra degree. This is not only the scientifically correct model of greatest speed, but the "true sailorman's yacht" of comfort and seaworthiness—in fact, a type of fast cruiser for racing. Such has been attained in a form adapted to practical utility, and unfettered brains should be able to do it again. If we cannot reproduce or improve the work of our fathers, the great seafaring race of Anglo-Saxons had better forswear the sea in disgrace as the chickens of a mother duck. In our mortal wisdom we may never attain the "golden mean" of absolute greatest speed; but the proposed rule will point in the right direction, or at least stop hindering designers from aiming that way.

Although computing allowance according to ratio of sail area to displacement, yachts should be classed according to length on the loadline. Present knowledge is too limited to estimate the exact extent of influence of extra length on dissimilar models. Therefore, vessels of equal displacement and unequal length should not be classed and raced together, even under a rule with displacement as a factor. No rule or time allowance table ever formulated could make a fair race between 46 and 87-footers. Time allowance cannot be made exactly correct; therefore the limits of classes should be very circumscribed to make the error inconsiderable. Outbuilding is baby's play; it does not settle the question of better model and should be penalized. Take, for example, the 75ft. class. The displacement should he computed at the time of measurement by the measurer or sailing committee to the actual measured waterline from the design verified as having been built from (not a difficult process to a competent hand, when the displacement calculations of the designer have only to be verified; and when models have to he given, the showing of design should not be refused a private committee). This should he compulsory early in the season—subsequent changes in displacement can be easily computed between the changed waterlines, though all remodeling should be done before the year's racing begins. If this last is enforced, boats will be out earlier with better success. A man, except from habit, can just as well know in September whether he wants a new boat next season as he can in December. As most convenient, find the ratio of sail area to displacement in one boat; and from that find the amounts thus allowed to the rest. Allowance will then be given to or received from, these according as their areas are less or more than an equal ratio. The amount of allowance should he what the committee decides such extra areas are worth—no more difficult than now. The above, however, presupposes the yachts to be of precisely equal length. When not, the excess of length over the class length (85ft.), should be doubled, this plus the class length squared minus the class length squared should be deducted from the canvas allowed without tax. Each yacht should be referred to the class length. Nothing should be allowed for want of length under the class length, thereby keeping the yachts of very nearly equal lengths. An 86ft. boat would pay for excess of length ($87^2-85^2=344$) 344ft. of canvas; *i. e.*, the allowed area as computed from the ratio to displacement would be decreased that amount, and so much added to the area liable for time allowance. Doubling the excess takes one foot for actual excess in length and one foot for the advantage gained under the same power, both expressed in power. This penalty is somewhat greater than the advantage obtained by extra length, as it should be, and thus curtails outbuilding (simple excess without doubling makes Vigilant and Satanita equal, about as at present).

Designers can build a vessel within 6in. of the required length, and they should be compelled to do so. The only uncertain quantity is the crew's weight, and that can be had by "retaining" them ahead in the fall. In our first reference to last year's boats as illustrating the rule, they were for a simple explanation incorrectly supposed equal in length. When arranged for excesses of length Colonia receives 519ft., Pilgrim 875ft. and Jubilee 1,056ft., more than stated in the first illustration. The area charged Vigilant for length over class length is added to her actual area in finding the proportion that the others have without allowance; their area charged for excess of length is taken from this last amount, and allowance apportioned according to this result. In the cases of Colonia and Jubilee these areas over first computation just equal the previously assumed taxable areas, making Vigilant, Colonia and Jubilee on equal terms. Apropos my previous remarks on Vigilant and Colonia, Jubilee, despite her ill luck, laid a well founded belief that she was equal to the best. Pilgrim's taxable area is reduced to 1,625ft. If she was of equally good model her allowed share of canvas in equal ratio to the rest should propel her as fast.

As before remarked, we must avoid racing yachts of greatly different lengths even if of equal displacement, because we can not make fair allowance for length. When classed in equal lengths, the fastest model of equal ratio of sail area to displacement will be found the fastest of her length when either enlarged or diminished. (Large and small yachts can he built on the same model, and the vessel of absolute greatest speed is of the same model, whatever the size.) The best model for the larger yacht will be thus found in a surer way than by racing unequal lengths.

This exhaustive exposition of the subject is somewhat lengthy, but any treatment of such a subject which does not take in all phases of the question is worthless. This rule is not impractical, and can be carried out to the great success its foundation on nature's laws insures.

INVESTIGATOR.

The Straining of Large Yachts.

THE *Yachtsman* of Sept. 6 publishes the following letter:

To the Editor of The Yachtsman:

In your issue of the 9th inst. you refer to an interview said to have taken place between a reporter of the *Herald* and myself with regard to the racing between Britannia and Vigilant.

No such interview has taken place, nor, until I received my copy of the *Yachtsman*, had I seen the supposed result in print. As you further allude to this in your issue of the 16th, permit me to say that I have never made any statement to the effect that Valkyrie's hull was strained or injured in any way on her passage across. On the contrary, it was in excellent condition, as was Queen Mab's, after her much more severe passage.

That Valkyrie's trim was altered, and that the boat that met Vigilant here was not the same that tackled Britannia in England, is, presume, ancient history.

No doubt Vigilant in England—at any rate during the first races—suffered in a similar way; but she and Navahoe had the great advantage of numerous trials before sailing their match races in the Solent, an advantage practically denied to or impossible for an America Cup challenger.

As to Vigilant's racing in England, I can only say that I am the proud possessor of a few dollars and some odd cents, the result of a wager made prior to her departure hence, that she would he beaten three races out of five in English waters. H. MAITLAND KERSEY.

THE COLUMBIA, 29 Broadway, Aug. 27.

P. S.—The average speed for the three Valkyrie—Vigilant races for the America's Cup was 8 313 (knots). I make the average for 17 races in England 8.317, or, exclusive of the third day's drifting match on the Clyde, 8 63 knots.

At the time when the Boston *Herald's* alleged interview appeared we passed it over without comment, it evidently belonging to a class of yachting news which has been even more prevalent than usual this summer. Having seen Valkyrie in dock and afloat a great many times between the morning of her arrival last year and the day prior to her sailing this spring, we know that the statements as to her straining are without foundation; and we are equally well aware that Mr. Kersey, a practical and experienced yachtsman and by training thoroughly familiar with shipbuilding, would be the last man to make such a statement. In addition to being quoted in the *Yachtsman*, the "interview" has been republished in a number of American and English papers, and has unquestionably worked injustice to the large racing yachts. The two hard passages of Valkyrie across the Atlantic, the unusually severe buffeting that Queen Mab went through, and the many voyages of Valkyrie I., Deerhound, Castanet, Blue Rock and Britannia to and from the Mediterranean, crossing the Bay of Biscay in winter, should settle positively the question of the sea-going powers of the modern composite-built racing cutter. The weakest structurally are Vigilant and some of the new boats of this year in the 20-rating classes, of extreme S section and great beam, the wide flat floor from the hilge down to the union of the body proper with the keel being essentially deficient in strength, and requiring such bracing as was put into Vigilant in New York for the Atlantic voyage and removed at Glasgow. Though tending strongly toward the fin type, yachts such as Britannia and Valkyrie are still closely enough allied to the narrower cutter to retain much of the stiffness of side and the box-girder construction, which was an admirable feature of the old craft.

The Rating Rule.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The evasion you point out of my proposed alteration to the rating rules is so palpable that when it was first suggested I specially mentioned that it should be prohibited, and I now beg to point out that if you object to the employment of Lloyd's depth in a rating rule, the same result can be obtained by the following modification of my proposal: Add to the length of hull for rating any excess of extreme beam over 2½ times the depth of hull at ¼-beam, measured from top of deck beam to under side of grown frame at or about end section. This would have the same effect as any former proposal and get over hollow keels. It encourages a large over water hull, but windage will prevent racing owners from going far in that direction. It moreover lends itself to the issue of a builder's certificate for yachts coming within the terms of the proviso—such yachts thus avoiding special measurement as they would have no alteration of rating.

THALASSA.

[This later proposal would tend to limit beam and encourage depth of body, while being free from the objection which we urged to the previous proposal. We have not had the opportunity to apply it to known yachts so as to form an idea of its probable action.]

Miramichi Yacht Club.

CHATHAM, N. B.

Thursday, Sept. 13.

THE weather was perfect for the annual triangular race off Newcastle, a big breeze and sunshine, and the race was one of the prettiest ever seen on the river. Three of the four contestants were within 60s. of each other from the first mark to the finish line, and considerable luffing was done to prevent following boats from getting to windward. The wind was across the course, the yachts having close hauls and broad reaches on the different legs. The course was twelve miles, twice around a six mile triangle. There were four starters:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oriana, J. L. Stewart.	23.09	2 32 45	4 01 48	1 29 03	1 24 52
Maude, J. C. Miller...	23.09	2 31 05	4 02 05	1 31 00	1 26 49
Learig, A S. Burr....	27.00	2 33 00	4 02 30	1 29 30	1 29 30
Kilbride, C. Sargeant.	22.09	2 31 18	Not timed.		

Oriana won on elapsed time by 27s., on corrected time by 4m. 38s. Her record for the season is two firsts and one second for three starts.

J. L. STEWART.

Larchmont Y. C.

THE match races set for Sept. 19 were postponed to Saturday, but owing to the light airs no start was made until 2:20 P. M. Elsiemarie and Shamrock were matched together, Viator and Atlantic, and Wasp and Queen Mab. The start was timed:

Elsiemarie	2 21 34	Atlantic	2 25 15
Shamrock	2 22 50	Wasp	2 30 50
Viator	2 23 58	Queen Mab	2 31 22

The wind was very light S. E., but soon shifted to S.W. All sailed the Stamford course, turning the outer mark as follows:

Elsiemarie	4 36 15	Atlantic	4 47 38
Wasp	4 43 47	Queen Mab	4 49 30
Shamrock	4 47 10	Victor	4 52 45

The wind held for a time, hut finally dropped; the finish being made after the time limit, ½ hour after sunset, so that the races were declared off. The times of finish were:

Wasp	6 40 00	Elsiemarie	6 40 55
Queen Mab	6 44 00		

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

On Sept. 15 a meeting of yachtsmen from the vicinity of Huntington was held and a club was organized under the name of the Huntington Y. C. The club will be incorporated at once with a capital of $5,000, and a house will be built.

Verena, centerboard cutter, went ashore on Manursing Island, Long Island Sound, on Sept. 17, and was badly damaged, a hole being stove in the bottom. She was lightened of her fittings and furniture and towed off.

Atalanta, sloop, the Cup challenger of 1881, after a varied career, during which she has been burned and rebuilt, is now afloat under a schooner rig and a new name, Columbia, her new owner being J. J. Warde of Chicago. She is now 74ft. over all, 65ft. l.w.l. and 19ft. 1in. beam.

Sultana, steam yacht, under charter to J. R. Drexel, has had an unusual run of hard luck. On Sept 16 she struck a rock off Shelburne, N. S., coming off with no serious damage, but on Sept. 18, while bound out of Halifax Harbor, she was in collision with the ocean steamer Halifax City, losing some of her head gear. On Sept. 23 she steamed into Bar Harbor, towing the schooner Jennie B. Hodgdon of Gloucester, the schooner having lost both masts in collission with the yacht at 3 A. M. on Sept. 22 in a heavy fog.

Thetis, sloop, has been hauled out at Lawley's to be lengthened and altered to schooner rig.

Mate Clayton Haff and part of Vigilant's crew arrived at New York on Sept. 22 on the Paris. Captains Haff and Jeffrey will arrive this week.

The *Mail and Express* of Sept. 22 contains a very interesting article on the development and possibilities of the fin-keel, with some instructive diagrams of comparative types.

Beverly Y. C.

MONUMENT BEACH—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE third championship for Buzzard's Bay and the 218th race was sailed off Monument Beach Saturday, Sept. 15, in a strong reefing sou'wester.

The sloops Chappaquoit and Isem had made a match of $100 a side to be sailed the same day, and as part of the race they were to start off Pines Buoy and finish at the usual place off Toby Island, course being a dead beat to West Island and return, 23½ miles.

The day opened with a strong southerly wind, shifting to S.W., a pouring rain and a heavy sea. The sloops were started at 11 A. M., both having housed topmasts and Chappaquoit having in two reefs. They sailed a close race and finished under spinakers and hallooners. Isem has not been officially measured, hut her building length is 30ft. 6in.

Second class sailed the usual 10¼ mile course and made a very pretty race; Gymnote jumped off with the lead, and as far as Ahiels Ledge looked a winner, when she seemed to get tired and Linotte and Bernice who had started last seemed to take on new life and went hy her.

In fourth class sloops it is a pity that none of the knockahouts were on hand. It is claimed that in a hreeze and sea they can beat Grilse, and this was a chance lost. Every boat in the race except Isem, Anonyma, Grilse, Fin and possihly Dawdle started reefed, many of them having two or more. Fin shook out reefs hefore the start, but could not carry her sail. Grilse carried whole sail well and at end of first round led Fin 7m. 40s. Sbe was rapidly increasing this lead in second round when Fin retired.

Dawdle lead easily in fourth class cats, hut spoiled race by sailing wrong course. She left her race circular behind her annd sailed fifth class course. Course for first, third and fourth classes 8¼ miles. for fifth class, 5 miles. The rain stopped before the regular race started.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS			
Chappaquoit, C. H. Jones	29.10	4 26 16	4 11 18
Isem, H. R. Reed	....	4 29 27	. . . .
FIRST CLASS.			
Violet, Toby Club	24.04	1 51 40	1 41 14
SECOND CLASS.			
Linotte, W. P. Wilson	23.03	1 55 14	1 40 58
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr.	23.04	1 55 41	1 41 31
Gymnote. W. E. C. Eustis	23.08	1 56 21	1 42 36
Kalama, Chas. Brewer	23.07	1 58 06	1 44 15
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	23.08	1 58 11	1 44 26
Mist, G. H. Lyman	23.09	1 58 40	1 45 01
Ulula, W. H. Winship	22.04	2 01 25	1 45 29
THIRD CLASS.			
Nobska, A. A. Beebe	19.06	1 41 00	1 25 19
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore	19.07	1 45 48	1 30 14
Colymbus. Alfred Winsor	19.11	1 48 34	1 33 25
Doris, John Parkinson	19.08	1 49 31	1 34 11
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis	16.11	1 48 34	1 29 20
Fin, Howard Stockton	16.02	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
Dodo, H. Parker	16.06	2 13 21	. . . .
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy	16.03	Sailed wrong course.	
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.			
Weona, H. Ware	14.00	2 00 30	1 10 38

Winners: Special class, Chappaquoit; second class, Linotte first, Bernice second; third class, Nobska first, Gilt Edge second; fourth class sloops, Grilse first; fourth class cats, Dodo first. Violet, Grilse. Dodo and Weona win and hold pennants. Linotte ties for pennant with Anonyma and Kalama. Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

New York Y. C. Autumn Sweepstakes.

NEW YORK—OUTSIDE COURSE.

Tuesday, Sept. 18.

THE New York Y. C. closed its racing on Sept. 18 with a sweepstakes race for schooners and singlestickers, a class for each rig, the prizes being the sweepstakes, $50 per yacht, with a $200 cup added hy the club for a first in the schooner class. a $100 cup for second, and a $100 cup for the cutters. The starters were:

SCHOONERS.		
Emerald	J. R. Maxwell	Allows.
Ariel	G. H. B. Hill	3 22
Elsiemarie	J. B. King	8 23
Shamrock	W. P. Ward	10 04
CUTTERS.		
Queen Mah	Percy Chubb	Allows.
Wasp	H. P. and R. L. Lippitt	8 14

The tug Walter A. Luckenhach carried the race committee, Messrs. Chester Griswold, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., and Secretary J.V. S. Oddie, the latter two serving in place of the regular members, Messrs. Kane and Grinnell. There were also a number of club members as spectators. The day was far from pleasant, a driving N.E. storm prevailing, but there was a strong working breeze, making a good race between the two principal hoats, Ariel and Emerald. The course was a triangle of 10 mile sides. starting from the Scotland Lightship, the first leg, due east, being to windward, Supt. Olsen in a second tug setting a mark huoy. The start was given at 11:32, the interval being but 2m. Wasp went over first on starhoard tack on the weather end of the line, Queen Mah following, and bertbing herself on Wasp's weather quarter. The schooners were started at 11:35, the times of the start being: Wasp 11:34:15, Queen Mah 11:34:48, Ariel 11:35:33, Emerald 11:36:39, Shamrock 11:37:02, Elsemarie 11:37:50.

All crossed on the port tack, but at once swung about and headed in for the Long Island shore, in the wake of Wasp. Some time was lost on the tug in getting the anchor, and the racers were lost in the mist. When they were again picked up, Queen Mab was sailing alone, Wasp. as it proved, having lost her bowspsit and towed in. Emerald was leading, but with Ariel in hot chase, so close as they neared the mark that, having the winning tack, Emerald was forced to give way for her. Ariel, however, was a little slow in tacking, and failed to blanket the other as they turned. The times at the first mark were:

	Actual.	Corrected.
Emerald	1 27 58	1 51 19
Ariel	1 28 14	1 52 41
Queen Mah	1 39 43	2 04 55
Elsiemarie	2 02 00	2 24 10
Shamrock	2 03 00	2 25 58

Sheets were eased off, and with booms to starhoard they ran for the second mark, Emerald dropping her rival a little. Only these two were timed:

	Actual.	Corrected.
Emerald	2 24 25	0 56 27
Ariel	2 26 00	0 57 46

Clubtopsails were set over jibheaders on the last leg, and spinakers filled for a time, as well as halloon jibtopsails, but toward the end the studding sails were taken in. The finish was most exciting, Emerald crossing a little over 3m. ahead of Ariel, or so near to the allowance that the result was not known to those on hoard either yacht. The final figures made Emerald a winner hy hut 14s. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS 1—SCHOONERS.				
Emerald	11 36 39	3 24 26	3 47 47	3 37 47
Ariel	11 35 33	3 26 56	3 51 23	3 48 01
Shamrock.	11 37 02	4 06 29	4 29 27	4 19 23
Elsiemarle	11 37 50	4 12 38	4 34 48	2 26 25
CLASS 2.—CUTTERS.				
Queen Mab	11 34 48	3 50 03	4 15 15	4 15 15
Wasp	11 34 15	Disabled.		

It is reported that Elsiemarie lost some time through the jamming of her centerboard.

The Sailboat and The Horse.

From the New York Times.

At a summer resort not far from New York a debating society, composed of citizens calling themselves Afro-Americans, recently discussed the important question, "Which is the more dangerous animal, a horse or a sailboat?" Undoubtedly this question was suggested hy the accidents which have happened recently and not hy the pecuniary disasters which accompany racing on either land or water. Tbere is no douht that men lose money in betting on yacht races, but still no one has yet heen ruined hy playing the sailboats. The question is often asked in all seriousness. and it certainly is worthy of discussion. It is greatly to be regretted that, owing to the president's baving left his razor at home, it was not decided at the Afro-American meeting.

No doubt, if it were left to a popular vote, the decision would he in favor of the horse. This, however, would not be a fair decision, because the majority of people have at least a street-car acquaintance with horses, while their knowledge of sailboats is wholly gained from the casualty columns of the daily newspapers. The only acceptable opinion would he that of a man who has had as much experience with horses as he has had with boats, and such men are rare. The popular prejudice against the sailhoat, however, seems to be founded on the knowledge that if you capsize your boat or are run down you are in the water; whereas if your horse runs away or throws you you are on land. It is beyond dispute that in proportion to the number of horses and sailboats in use there are far fewer accidents with the former.

But it ought to be remembered that the opportunities of the average man and woman for learning how to handle a horse are much more numerous thau their opportunities for learning how to manage a sailboat. If people who go out sailing knew all about the management of boats, accidents would he extremely rare. For it ought to be remembered that a boat has no will of its own, whereas a horse has. The patient and faithful heast of burden sometimes takes the bit between his teeth aud runs away, or he is so frightened that he loses his horse sense, and in either case he gets heyond control.

The sailhoat, on the other hand, is a creature in the hands of man, and when she upsets and hurls him into the water it is a direct result of his own ignorance. It would he a very good thing indeed if there were some way to prevent those foolish persons who go out in stiff breezes without reefs or take cockleshells out into open water from obtaining the use of boats at all, but that does not appear to he practicable. It is all very well to say that if ignorant persons go out in boats and meet with mishaps they have themselves to thank for it, hut as they almost always imperil others it would he a good idea to treat them to some punishment in case of survival. Persons who attempt suicide are punished, and going out sailing without the necessary skill is the next thing to such an attempt. In the meantime the poor hoat gets all the hlame, and there are many who honestly helieve that sailing is dangerous in itself, while they will not hesitate to go out riding hehind a horse whose temper they do not know.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

A SPECIAL ladies' race was sailed on Sept. 22 for a prize offered by Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger, a pair of Bohemian glass vases. Three of the club cathoats were manned hy Mrs. Cruger, Mrs. C. W. Wetmore and Mrs. Francis L. V. Hopper. Mrs. Cruger won, hut presented one of the prizes to each of her rivals. A race of the 21ft. class, for the Roosevelt Memorial cup, was sailed after the catboat race. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
LAOIES' RACE.			
Mrs. Wetmore't hoat	11 05 39	1 55 43	2 50 04
Mrs. Cruger's hoat	11 06 10	1 47 40	2 41 30
Mrs. Hopkins's boat	11 06 15	1 47 46	2 41 36
21-FOOTERS.			
Dorothy	11 54 00	3 11 00	3 17 00
Houri	11 54 00	3 12 02	3 18 02
Celia	11 54 00	Did not finish.	

Canoeing.

Red Dragon C. C.

THE fall regatta of the Red Dragon C. C. was held off the club house at Wissinoming, Saturday, Sept. 15. The weather was perfect, cool and pleasant, with a steady hreeze from the S.E. A special race was added to our regular programme for boats of the Atlantic City mosquito type, as quite a number of the boats are now owned on the river, the Philadelphia and Riverton Y. C. giving regular races for them.

Great interest was centered in this match, as one of the best boats of the Corinthian Y. C. of the Corinthian Y. C. of Atlantic City was present.

The course was to windward and back, five miles, the Corinthian hoat winning. Had her crew been familiar with tbe river, they could have won hy a wide margin, as she is much faster than anything in these waters. The start was at 3:03 P. M., finish as follows: No. 11, Riverton Y. C.; Vixen, Corinthian Y. C.; No. 8, Riverton Y. C.; No. 3, Riverton Y. C.; Georgie, Philadelphia Y. C.; Olie, Red Dragon C. C.

Vixen wins on allowance, 32s. Prize, a handsome silver cup.

The other events were:

Senior sailing, triangular course, 3 miles: Kielve, F. W. Noyes; Smuggler, A. S. Fenimore; Cricket, E. K. Lewis; Pirate, H. E. McCormick.

Junior sailing, course as ahove, 3 miles: Fineen, J. M. Hamilton; Ted, W. E. Gray; Her Name. M. D. Wilt.

Upset sailing: Smuggler, A. S Fenimore.

Single paddling: Ardee, J. J. Murray; Dragonet, M. D. Wilt.

Tandem paddling: Dragonet, Wilt and Van Dusen; Wandering Willie, Bachman and Wise.

Upset paddling: Kielve, F. W. Noyes.

Tournament: Osceola, Noyes and Fleischman.

Refreshments were served after the races in the cluh house.

Mr. Howard's Racing.

THE circumstantial letter of Mr. Willard Howard, the American canoeist who has heen with us the whole season competing in all the canoe sailing races, will have been read last week by most canoemen interested in canoe racing. His arguments, though ingenious, hardly alter the fact that Yankee has not succeeded in vanquishing English canoes in sailing races.

The Salcombe racing of which he writes is very fully reported in the Septemher numher of the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist*, and these reports in no way alter the facts given to us by private report; and on the whole it seems clear that Salcombe proved no more acceptable a racing course for the Yankee than did Bourne End Reach, on the Thames.

Whether the Yankee's fresh challenge to all or any British canoeists will he taken up hy Dragon, the boat he particularly names, remains to he seen, but at so late a period of the year it is scarcely likely; and the challenging fever is seldom found to take a strong hold on Englishmen. On the whole, there is little to be learned from a single match race between two canoes especially when of widely different types. Where a match race is held to decide a well-balanced season's racing, in which two boats have, through the varying chances of crowded races, fluky days and accidents, heen prize winners to about an equal extent, a match is of value, and may conclusively point out the hest boat. This, however, cannot be claimed in the case of the 1894 racing. We do not in any way cast doubt upon the possible speed latent in the Yankee, but the season's racing has not opened it out; and the only definite point she has proved is that a racing canoe may be so constructed as to he herself safe, or nearly so, in capsizing. But her owner's exploits, especially those chronicled from Salcombe, clearly advise that such capsizing had hetter be confined to smooth water close in shore.

Then, as to type, we can only strongly urge that such a craft, or what might he made as a vast improvement upon Yankee under the new R. C. C. rule, is a most undesirable type: such craft will not lift canoe sailing out of the doldrums into full racing life. The Bogy craft which Mr. Howard threatens us with as about to be built for next season will, if of the dimensions he gives, depend very much for success on where the season s races for 1895 are sailed, However, we need say no more on the Bogy, because, under the particular data and dimensions given, and which do not govern any particular form or displacement, mode of ballasting or of sail plan, the craft may he anything in shape. from the deepest pegtop section to the mildest of skim-milk saucers.

SIR. As Mr. Wm. Willard Howard, of the canoe Yankee, has thought fit to make mention of my canoe's name in his letter published in your last week's issue. and has done my hoat the honor of referring to her as the best English canoe, a few words from me may not be out of place to explain the reasons why I do not see my way to take up the challenge he there throws down.

At the present time the Dragon is under extensive alterations to fittings and sail plan which, hesides necessitating much delay in arranging a series of matches, even if he and I could agree upon some neutral waters in which the event could he brought off, would mean at the end of a season bringing out practically a new craft to race against one that has been constantly sailed throughout the racing season. I am a busy man, and my professional engagements even prevented my devoting one week at Salcombe for the B. C. A. meet, although the Dragon was huilt first with a view of competing against Mr. Howard's canoe in the £50 Challenge Cup of the Royal Canoe Club, and secondly, to compete for the County of Fermanagh Challenge Cup there; and to expend the necessary time in arranging for, tuning up practically a uew craft, and competing in a series of matches far away from town, is quite, from the point of view of time alone, out of the question at this period of the year.

The Dragon, whether she is the hest English canoe or not, did on six separate occasions compete against and beat, on what is admittedly the fairest Thames course that could have been selected by the Royal Canoe Cluh for its season's races, Mr. Howard's canoe Yankee. The two canoes were in competition on those six occasions only.

For the challenge cup (the race for which Mr. Howard presumahly primarily came over) the Yankee did not start. It was pretty certain to any impartial critic, judging from the previous and subsequent displays, that the Yankee, leaving out the question of the Dragon, stood little or no chance of winning against the Battledore, Stella, Whizz or Curlew on that occasion also.

Mr. Howard now again challenges Englisb canoeists, knowing full well that he has everything to gain and nothing to lose if a race is brought off. Such a challenge I, for one, have neither the time nor the inclination to take up.

In the fourth paragraph of the same letter Mr. Howard refers to a capsize by the Dragon at Bourne End, and states that she is an open well canoe, and was either run ashore or taken in tow. The former assertion is not a fact, and neither of the latter events happened on the only occasion she has ever capsized. DRAGON, R. C. C.

American Hollow Spars.

APROPOS of the quotation from the *Field* which we published last week, a correspondent writes us as follows in regard to hollow spars. We can vouch for the quality of the spars mentioned, as they have been very thoroughly tested for several years in some of the larger racing catboats, and have proved not only much lighter than the solid sticks but reliable and durahle:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I do not know who made Yankee's spars, but I believe they were gotten out by the same man who built tbe hoat. If such is the case they are not representatives of the American breed. With one or two exceptions all the hollow sticks used by canoeists are made at Bridgeport, and stand all kinds of weather without coming apart, and it is not necessary to use screws to keep them together. I feel that I can speak with some knowledge since I have used sixteen of them in my canoes on different rigs, and have since had eight for a Scarecrow model. Only one ever came apart, and that from no fault of the maker. I know a numher of other men who have used them, and I never heard or knew of one failing. The "American breed" of spar cannot therefore he far wrong.

The statement that "so far the hollow spar is more or less a poetical delusion" may he true in England, hut the hollow spar is an absolute necessity here for racing, with big rigs especially. Solid sticks are a great deal too heavy in the first place, and are not as stiff as hollow sticks of the same diameter in the second place. Further, they can be shaped in any desired way so as to take the strain. This cannot he done with bamboo. Also, hollow sticks do not split and snap as the *Field* says bamboo do. HOLLOW SPAR.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: Thomas Nesmith, Lowell, Mass.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

THE season at the revolver cluhs is drawing to a close. There is only one more day at the South London Club, on Sept. 25. Last week Capt. Heath aud Mr. Winans had tied for the revolver championship of the club, so the shoot on Sept. 11 was an important one.

A few days hefore it took place, Mr. Winans was breaking a young mare of his own breeding, and she started hucking suddenly and caused him to sprain his wrist hadly, unfortunately the right one.

He had to have his arm in splints for forty-eight hours, and shot on Sept. 11 at the South London and on Sept. 12 at the North London clubs, with his wrist bandaged in plasters and shot in some pain. Tbis, of course, greatly handicapped him, but at the South London he was able to improve his scores for the revolver championship four points, and is now pretty well sure of the championship of that club. Below are details of scores:

Revolver competition 20yds.:

Walter Winans	6 7 7 7 7 7—41	Capt T W Heath	7 7 7 7 6 6—40
F Rand	7 7 7 7 7 6—41	Lieut J Howard	7 7 7 7 5 7—39
E Howe	6 7 7 6 7 7—40	C F Lowe	6 5 7 7 6 5—36

Revolver competition. 50yds.:

Walter Winans	6 6 7 7 6 6—39	Capt T W Heath	6 5 6 7 6 6—37
E Howe	6 5 7 7 7 6—38	C F Lowe	4 5 7 4 7 7—34
F Rand	4 7 6 6 7 7—37		

Scores for revolver championship of the club now stand:

	20yds.				50yds.				
Walter Winans	41	41	40	40	39	40	40	39	—320
Capt T W Heath	41	40	40	40	40	39	38	38	—316
F Rand	41	40	40	40	38	37	38	37	—312
Howe	40	38	38	38	37	38	35	35	—299
C F Howe	39	38	37	36	35	38	34	34	—292
Howard	39	39	36	36	36	35	35	30	—286
Clementi Smith	39	37	36	34	35	38	33	32	—284
Kemp	37	35	34	33	31	..	..	..	—170
Capt Peters	32	..	..	..	..	29	..	..	— 61

At the North London Club they were very busy on Sept. 12. In addition to the usual competitions for revolvers, the details of which are given below, there was a revolver handicap started on novel principles. The idea is to encourage men to shoot the revolver who under actual shooting are unable to win a prize. Therefore a handicap tournament was started for twelve shots at 20yds., only one entry allowed, no previous practice on the day, the shooters to have points added to the scores they made according to what was considered their shooting capabilities. Mr. Winans had to stand on his score, no points added. Capt. Heath and Mr. Rand had two points added to their scores, Mr. Andrews three points, Mr. Lowe four points, and so on. After the handicap was over Mr. Winans made the following score for twelve shots in the revolver competition, which is the hest on record for 50yds.: 6 6 7 7 7 7 6 7 7 7 6—40, which is two points more than his hest on record at 50yds. Revolver series, 20yds:

F Rand	7 7 7 7 7 7—42	Maj Palmer	7 7 5 4 7 7—37
Walter Winans	6 6 7 7 7 7—40	Capt Richardson	7 6 6 7 7 3—36
C F Lowe	6 7 7 7 7 6—40	Denyer	4 5 6 4 7 5—31
H Andrews	7 7 7 6 7 6—40	Lieut Baxter	7 2 6 2 7 7—31
Maj Munday	7 7 7 6 5 7—39	Knapp	7 4 3 7 6 2—29
Capt T W Heath	6 7 7 5 7 6—38	Dr Orton	2 5 6 2 4 5—24
Skilton	5 7 7 6 7 5—37	Treadwell	3 7 6 5 0 2—23
Carter	7 7 6 7 4 6—37		

The leading scores for revolver championship now stand:

	20yds.						50yds.	Total.
Walter Winans	41	41	40	40	40	40	30 29	301
F Rand	42	40	40	36	39	39	28 27	294
C F Lowe	40	40	40	39	39	39	27 27	291
Andrews	42	40	39	39	37	37	29 29	292
Skilton	40	39	39	39	39	38	27 27	288
Maj Munday	39	39	39	38	37	36	28 27	283
Cowan	38	38	38	38	37	36	27 26	278
Clementi-Smith	35	34	34	34	31	30	29 28	256
Ashby	36	35	34	33	32	32	28 25	255
Luff	34	33	31	31	31	30	26 ..	216

The scores for the first round of the handicap are not yet known but all who made 69 or over remain in. Messrs. Andrews and Winans are among those remaining in.

Hansen vs. Watts.

L. P. HANSEN, of the Excelsior Rifle Cluh of Jersey City, and F. C. Watts, of the Newark Shooting Society, Newark, N. J., met at the Schuetzen Park in Newark on Saturday afternoon of last week to shoot off a 100-shot match. Tbe conditions of the match called for 100 shots each, the stakes to he a supper and fixings for six. The following rifle enthusiasts were present to witness the contest: Messrs. Wm. Hayes, of Newark; Jas. T. B. Collins, of Bayonne; Richard Daniels, of Greenville; Geo. W. Varick and Mr. Williams, of Jersey City, and G. W. Plaisted, of FOREST AND STREAM. The weather was warm and pleasant, hut the light was decidedly had, owing to a hlue haze that filled the atmosphere. Mr. Watts did not arrive in the park until nearly 4 o'clock, which made it impossible to undertake to shoot 100 shots before darkness would set in, so it was decided to restrict the match to 50 shot each. Wm. Hayes was selected as referee and Richard Daniels scorer. Mr. Hansen shot a Ballard rifle with a Schalk harrel, .30-40, weight of rifle about 12lbs. Mr. Watts shot a Schalk muzzleloader, .35cal., weighing 17lbs. This rifle is owned by Wm. Hayes and has been in constant use since 1878. Scores:

L P Hansen	25 21 22 15 22 22 18 8 22 20	—195
	21 19 23 21 16 19 19 14 20 24	—196
	22 24 20 22 24 20 23 24 19 24	—222
	23 22 20 20 22 16 18 22 20 22	—205
	23 23 23 23 20 25 22 19 14 20	—212—1030
F C Watts	24 22 19 21 23 20 21 25 20 23	—218
	20 17 22 22 24 21 24 23 16 20	—209
	22 21 25 20 22 21 18 25 19 19	—212
	15 14 18 20 19 21 19 22 21 16	—185
	21 20 18 19 22 15 18 20 24 18	—195—1019

A new match was made hetween Messrs. Hansen and Watts, to be shot on Oct. 6.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—The Schlicht Rifle Cluh held its weekly shoot for class medals at headquarters last night. Medal wianers. Geo. Schlicht, champion medal; Aug. Meyer, first class medal; Geo. Reichert, second class medal. Capt. Dedrick, third class medal: Scores: C. Meyer 229, John Bauders 208, Geo. Reichert 220, H. Aufderhide 213, Aug. Tribaut 202, Jacob Diehl 232, Fred Lambrix 220. J. Schlicht 213, Conrad Schlicht 213, Aug. Meyer 232, Geo. Schlicht 238, Capt. J. Dedrick 230, Wm. Schlicht 220, Geo. Dorr 229.

Hansen vs. Rebhan.

THE 100-shot handicap match between L. P. Hansen and John Rebhan was shot off on the Marion range, Marion, N. J., on Monday last. The weather was fine but a strong fishtail wind caused many unexpected shots. Rebhan received 50 points handicap. Hansen won by 125 points. Scores:

Hansen	213	201	186	206	198	186	213	213	219	211	—2046
Rebhan	201	193	179	158	192	199	198	183	186	182	+50—192

German-American Association.

THE seventeenth annual festival and prize shoot of the German-American Shooting Society, President Otto Uehlein, was held in Deckman's Ridgewood Park, L. I., on Monday and Tuesday of last week.

This society is one of the largest shooting organizations in New York. It contains a membership of over 1,200, made up of some 20 odd separate companies. Many of the most expert riflemen in New York are members of the society, and so the annual festival of this organization brings together a group of riflemen who make the shooting house a scene of decided interest. This year unfortunately for the society the weather conditions were such as to make the annual festival much less successful than is usually the case. Heavy rains on Tuesday kept many of the members and their friends from visiting the park.

Owing to the weather conditions only 104 members participated in the shoot. There is considerable rivalry between the various companies in the society for the honor of kingship, and as each company contains one or more of the expert class of marksmen, these individuals are the center of much interest in their efforts to secure the coveted honor. The competition this year developed the usual excitement Two of the members made a tie score of 68 out of a possible 75. The two fortunate marksmen were Messrs. John Facklam and Charles Frankel. The tie was decided by the last best shot. Facklam's last shot outranking that of Frankel, he was awarded the honor and was crowned with the usual ceremonies.

Another feature of interest to the members of the society is the annual team contest, each team representing its separate company. This year there were only six teams in the competition. The Lutzow Company team won the honor.

The ring target offered twenty-five prizes, ranging from $30 to $1, three shots per ticket, the two best to count for the first five prizes. There was the usual struggle for first position on this target, and resulted in some good scores. Fred C. Ross and Louis Flach divided first and second. Gus Zimmerman took third. Messrs. Fred Eisele, Otto Uehlein, M. Dorrler and Philip F. Schmidt divided the next four prizes.

The premiums for the most points made on the prize target during the festival was won by Gus Zimmerman. The veteran Chas. G. Zettler shot himself into first position on the man target, making 58. Scores: Target of honor, 3 shots, possible 75, 12 best scores: John Facklam 68, Chas. Frankel 68, Gus. Zimmerman 67, C. Rein 64, Schincke 62, B. Zettler 60, G. Albig 60, B. Walther 60, M. Wirth 68, H. Zimmer 58, A. Stolzenberger 58, P. Schmidt 57.

Prize target (25 prizes), 3 shots, possible 75:

F C Ross	68	71—139	Otto Uehlein	72	65—137
Louis Flach	68	71—139	M Dorrler	70	67—137
Gus Zimmerman	69	69—138	P F Schmidt	69	68—137
Fred Eisele	69	68—137			

F. Kalb 69, L. P. Hansen 68, Ignatz Marten 67, Otto Hinz 66, Gus Ringler 66, B. Zettler 65, B. Walther 65, Jos. Lurch 65, Louis Buss 64, Louis Vogel 64, Fred Lindkloster 64, R. Busse 64, C. Rein 64, C. G. Zettler 63, Henry Zimmer 63, C. Horney, Jr., 63, P. Meyer 62, W. Weber 61, J. Marz 61.

Premiums (5 prizes) for the most rings: Gus Zimmerman 1,967, Ignatz Marten 793, Ph F. Schmidt 736, R. Busse 687, Louis Flach 595.

Man target (18 prizes), 3 shots, possible 60: C. G. Zettler 59, Gus Zimmerman 57, Fred C. Ross 57, Otto Uehlein 56, Ignatz Marten 56, M. Dorrler 56, B. Zettler 55, Louis Vogel 55, Thos Lloyd 55, Geb. Krause 54, Louis Flach 54, Louise Busse 53, Ph. F. Schmidt 53, Wm. Weber 52, Mr. Wirth 51, P. P. Hansen 51, Henry Zimmer 50, Fred Lindkloster 49.

Medal target, 3 shots, possible 75: Gus Zimmerman 73, Ignatz Marten 70, Fred Eisele 69, L. P. Hansen 68, F. C. Ross 68, Gus Ringler 66, Fred Lindkloster 65, Henry Zimmer 65, C. G. Zettler 65, Chas. Rein 64.

The team match followed:

Lutzow Co. No. 12.						Columbus Co. No. 2.					
G Zimmerman	20	22	19	17	23—101	P F Schmidt	19	17	20	18	22— 96
B Zettler	15	19	18	20	19— 91	C G Zettler	13	20	21	21	18— 93
C Rein	13	00	14	13	25— 61	H Witte	0	8	18	10	18— 54
G Ringler	17	14	20	19	19— 89	A Stolzenberger	19	13	21	21	24— 98
B Waltber	18	23	23	21	20—105	Relser	24	19	11	14	00— 58
					447						399

Gustav Adolph Co. No. 7.						Garfield Co. No. 21.					
F Stolz	20	16	00	13	16— 65	H Schulthies	6	6	15	22	16— 65
G Albig	15	24	22	17	23—101	Q Hintz	10	16	10	12	20— 68
F Meyer	19	22	18	22	18— 99	F Lindkloster	20	20	21	17	19— 98
J Lurch	9	15	19	24	21— 88	Haupt	23	5	23	13	4— 78
Knochenhauer	11	10	17	14	20— 72	Urbauske	9	16	5	10	12— 52
					425						361

Washington Co. No. 1.						Schiller Co. No. 10.					
H Zimmer	21	22	21	21	23—108	J Facklam	19	18	12	18	18— 85
Albrich	14	9	10	20	13— 66	O Uehlein	18	14	25	19	21— 97
J Marz	18	22	10	15	21— 86	Butcher King	23	00	6	00	6— 35
A Wirth	5	9	25	20	11— 70	Kirchuber	00	10	10	20	9— 59
F Eisele	20	22	15	14	11— 82	Knoesel	10	5	5	3	12— 44
					412						320

Rifle in Texas.

A SMALL delegation from the San Antonio Rifle Club attended the prize shoot of the Green Valley Club, Sept. 16. They went there with blood in their eye, intending the utter annihilation of their shooting brethren in the contest that was to come off. But the country fellows didn't do a thing to us. Oh, no! They just pounded us into the earth, individually, teamually and all. In the list of prize winners below it will be seen that one man from San Antonio alone shows up, Mr. Albert Steves. The names of the other San Antonio riflemen who participated are withheld by special request.

At the San Antonio range there were only three men present. They shot through their hats all the afternoon, so it was thought unnecessary to print the scores.

Conditions: Four shots at 150yds., rest, off-hand target; 4 shots at 185yds., rest, off-hand target: Alf. Hartman 77, H. Bruemer 77, O. Voges 76, H. Adams 75, O. Forcke 74, L. Sahm 73, Jos. Fey 73, A. Eherling 73, C. Schmelpfennig 73, D. Knibbe 73, A. Steves 72, C. Pape 72, A. Kneuper 72, H. Mittendorf 72, J. Schnabel 72, C. J. Marnoch 71, O. Krause 71, G. Koch 71, W. Triesch 71, G. Reininger 71, F. Kaderli 70, Conrad Pape 70, Wm. Pape 70, H. Syring 70, A. Toepperwein 70, Ed. Koch 70, John Hillert 70.

Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 22.—I inclose you scores made by the Hartford Rifle Club at their bi-monthly shoot this afternoon. German ring target, 200yds., off-hand:

Medal Match (one entry).

H M Pope	25	17	23	22	22	19	18	23	24	23—216
D S Seymour	24	24	19	18	22	22	21	21	18	23—213
W J Dunbar	21	21	16	20	22	22	13	25	20	17—198
H A Fox	25	22	24	23	19	16	16	20	15	16—195
J Edwards	23	23	20	14	22	21	18	11	14	24—190

Re-entry Match.

Seymour	18	23	19	21	22	22	19	19	21	23—207
	22	22	21	19	24	22	23	22	22	22—219
	21	21	21	23	21	17	24	21	20	17—206
Fox	25	22	19	24	21	21	20	22	24	13—211
	21	25	20	20	19	21	20	24	23	22—215
Pope	22	21	22	23	25	19	17	21	23	18—210
Duubar	21	19	19	23	16	18	19	25	18	25—203
	21	25	20	17	24	21	16	22	21	22—208

H. M. POPE, Secretary.

Greenville Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Sept. 22.—The Greenville Rifle Club opened its new series for winter practice on the gallery range last night. Twelve members were present and participated in the competition for class prizes. Scores: First class—Schoeline 239, Purkess 235, C. Boag 238, Plaisted 235. Second class—Gotthardt 221, Chase 229, Chavant 226, Charlock 227, Spahn 233. Third class—Hill 224, Renker 218, Holzapfel 228.

RIFLE NOTES.

While on a visit to Wissel's Cypress Hill Park last week, friend Wissel reminded us of the fact that the shooting season of 1894 was fast drawing to a close and that Election Day (Nov. 6) would soon roll around. He then shot a query at us in reference to another "champion" match on that day on the same lines of that held Nov. 7, 1893. He followed his query with the proposition to donate another trophy as an inducement for the experts to turn out and join in the competition. Under these circumstances we could do no less than to say to Mr. Wissel, We will have another match on Nov. 6, 1894; and we will try to have all the experts lined up in the park on that day. To those readers of FOREST AND STREAM who have forgotten about the champion match of 1893, or who were not patrons of the paper at that time, we will take this opportunity to recall some of the circumstances of the inception and the carrying out of the previous match. It is well known to the fraternity that the Zettler Bros'. "den" is the nest where many germs pertaining to rifle matters are hatched; so it was with the champion match of 1893. It came about in this manner. While making a call there in the early fall of 1893, the two brothers, Charles and Barney being present and rifle topics being uppermost in the minds of all of us, we broached the subject of a rifle match to bring together all of the experts and as many of the lay shooters as would care to go into a contest. In 1886, a match was held in Union Park in which twenty-five of our best marksmen participated. The conditions of the match were $5 entry, half winners and half losers, 100 shots per man. We argued that inasmuch as it had been some years since a match of this kind had been held, the time was ripe for holding another one, and in order to add to the interest of the match a trophy should be put up. This seemed feasible, but where was the trophy to come from? Who would go down into their pockets for the expense of it? We made up our mind to bring about the match and have a suitable trophy for the winner. After a week's work canvassing among the people who are interested in the rifle we landed at the starting point. The trophy was not in sight and doubtless it would not have been to this day if Chas. C. Wissel had not discovered our dilemma and generously come to our assistance with the proposition to donate the trophy himself. Mr. Wissel's generous proposition cleared away all obstacles from our path; the Zettler Bros took up the matter with their usual zeal and the tournament was carried out to the end and the result was a grand success. Now comes Mr. Wissel's offer for a trophy for another champion match for Election Day (Nov. 6), 1894. The entry list for 1893 contained 38 entries and on the day of the match 29 men shot in the competition, 23 of whom shot their 100 shots. In the champion match for 1894, let us have 50 men entered and facing the targets on the morning of the shoot. Why can not the expert riflemen from distant States arrange their affairs in such a way as to visit New York and participate in the contest? A programme of the coming match will be published and distributed in due season. In the mean time let our riflemen one and all get into condition for the closing shoot of the season.

The New York City Corps will have a day's outing and prize shoot at Stimmel's Park, Whitestone, L. I., on Thursday of this week.

The New York State Rifle Club held its annual fall tournament at Dover Plains, Dutchess county, on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week (25-26).

Those who delight in rest shooting with the telescope find great pleasure in the possibilities for close grouping and small strings in this style of shooting.

A further experience with Troisdorf nitro in the .38-55 Ballard on the Greenville Park range last week gave us the following results in a series of 20 shots, off-hand. German target:

First string.....23 24 18 18 21 23 24 21 24 22—218
Second string.....19 25 22 22 17 25 22 20 22 23—217

The powder charge was about 17grs. in weight, with a lead bullet tempered about one to ten, using the Winchester No. 3-W. primer.

A local correspondent of Fayetteville, N. C., writes that the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry Company is in a most flourishing condition. It recently held its one hundred and first annual election of officers. It has a finely equipped 200yds. range. At the recent annual target practice Capt. E. L. Pemberton won the Wilmington medal of 1856, which was presented to the company by James D. Nott. Scores, out of a possible 25: E. L. Pemberton 23, S. Widdifield 22, Maj. J. C. Van 20, W. H. Russel 20. How many other rifle or shooting organizations in the county can boast of having passed the century mark?

The Greenville Rifle Club has decided to hold a gallery tournament within a few weeks; programmes will be issued at an early day.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 25-26.—Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club tournament, with Central New York League team shoot, at Rochester. J. B. Mullan, Sec'y.

Sept. 26.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, sixth tournament, at Rochester.

Sept. 27-28.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Harrisburg Shooting Association; live birds and targets.

Oct. 3-4.—READING, Pa.—Independent Gun Club; targets.

Oct. 3-5.—West Newburgh (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association tournament. Last day live birds. W. C. Gibbs, Sec'y.

Oct. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club, at Charleston, S. C.

Oct. 11.—LEWISTON, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Androscoggin Gun Club.

Oct. 13.—ASHBOURNE, Pa.—Ashbourne Gun Club; targets. E. Bilting, Jr., Sec'y.

Oct. 18-19.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Elizabeth Gun Club's annual tournament. Live birds second day; lunch and loaded shells on the grounds.

Oct. 22-24.—Emerald Gun Club tournament, at Dexter Park. Targets and live birds. Dr. G. V. Hudson, Sec'y, 9 Madison street, New York.

Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at Utica.

Oct. 25.—RICHMOND, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Richmond Gun Club.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

1895.

April 3-5.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York.

May 14 16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

Oct. 3 6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Ballcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Two trophies are offered for competition at the two days' shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, which takes place Sept. 27 and 28 at Harrisburg. Both are individual trophies, one being competed for at targets, the other at live birds. The Harrisburg Shooting Association donates the target trophy, the Keystone Trap Shot Wad Company being the donor of the live bird trophy. Only members of the Pennsylvania Association are eligible to compete. The programme for the two days of events open to all is one that is sure to draw well; the graduating handicap is used, winners of first and second shooting at unknown angles in the next event.

Mr. H. L. Gates, of Utica, N. Y., who captained the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association's team at the recent tournament at New London, Conn., writes that the 100,000 standard keystone targets which were won by his team, have been received. Mr. Gates expresses the appreciation of himself and of the other members of his team at the action of the management of the tournament in so promptly forwarding the carload of targets in the face of the fact that the number of teams stipulated for in the programme did not enter.

On Oct. 30 and 31 a full two days' shoot at targets will be held at Marion, N. J. The tournament, which is promoted by Messrs. Fred Quimby, M. F. Lindsley, T. H. Keller and Al. Heritage, is intended as a complimentary benefit to Mr. C. H. Townsend, the late trap editor of this paper. The promoters have already secured promises from several of the best known trap-shooters in New Jersey and New York that they will take part in the tournament.

At the final tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League held at New Brunswick, N. J., on Thursday last, seven clubs competed, with the following result: South Side Gun Club of Newark, 109; Union Gun Club of Springfield, 101; Climax Gun Club of Plainfield, 99; Myrtle Park Gun Club of Irvington, 99; Brunswick Gun Club, 94; Maplewood Gun Club, 92; Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, 90

The Emerald Gun Club's tournament at Miller's Dexter Park on Oct. 22, 23 and 24, gives every promise of a successful meeting. The first two days are target days, Oct. 24 being reserved for live birds. The main event in the live bird programme is the Empire City handicap at 25 live birds per man, $10 entrance, birds extra. A detailed programme will be given next week.

Miss Annie Oakley will shortly leave the States and sail for the Old Country, where she will star in "Miss Rora," a play specially written for her. The play gives Miss Oakley plenty of opportunity for displaying her wonderful talents as a horsewoman and as a shot. A realistic fox hunt which takes place on the stage is one of the features of the play.

The live bird shoot which will take place on Thursday of this week, Sept. 27, at Elm Park grounds, Port Richmond, Staten Island, is an assured success; entries number about 22. The conditions are 20 live pigeons per man, 30yds. rise, $10 entrance, with $200 added. The grounds are about three minutes' walk from Elm Park station.

Notwithstanding the steady downpour on Sept. 18, Wm. Stewart and Jones met at Willard's Park, along with about 50 friends, to settle a live bird dispute for $50 a side. The birds, which were furnished by Rogers, were fast, too fast for the shooters, who got 3 and 1 respectively out of their 10 birds.

Rollo Heikes's trophies which he won at the New London tournament recently are on view at the store of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, 314 Broadway. The Chamberlin Cartridge Company of Cleveland, O., claim to have loaded Heikes's shells with which he has been so successful this year.

The Poygan Gun Club, a Chicago association, has leased 2,700 acres of land, having a frontage of eleven miles. This land includes Pine River, Willow Creek and Pumpkin Seed, all that portion on the west end of Poygan, and all of Norwegian Bay, Lake Poygan.

Next week's fixtures include the Independent Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., tournament at targets on Oct. 3 and 4, and the live bird and target tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association on Oct. 3, 4 and 5; live birds on the last day.

During the second day of the California State Sportsmen's Association's tournament at Santa Monica, President Crittenden Robinson, of San Francisco, killed every pigeon he shot at—52 straight.

The semi-monthly shoot of the Metropolis Gun Club of Kansas City resulted as follows: Horton 24, Pugh 22, Peck 20, Cosby 18, Rooney 17, Winters 17, Smock 16, Estep 15, Stilwell 14, Peterson 6.

The Ashbourne Gun Club, of Ashbourne, Pa. will hold a shoot at targets on Oct. 13. For programmes and further information address E. Bitting, Jr., Ogontz, Montgomery county, Pa.

That shoot at Chattanooga was a most successful one, and has boomed trap-shooting in that vicinity. Remember Charleston, S. C., on Oct. 10 and 11.

The Sioux Gun Club, of Clinton, Ia., is making extensive arrangements for a shoot at the Interstate Fair which will be held in that city shortly.

Although there are no new developments in the proposed international live bird shoot, the project is not slumbering.

EDWARD BANKS.

Knoxville and Memphis in '95.

THIS year the "$1,000-added-money" tournaments made the eyes of trap-shooters bulge with astonishment. To divide $1,000 among those who took part in the different programme events was without question a big thing. The Knoxville Club, however, have announced that they will at their '95 tournament add $1,500 to the purses, together with an additional $1,500 to be raised as follows: Every shooter who wishes to compete at the Knoxville tournament in 1895 shall pay an entrance fee of $10; the club counted upon 100 shooters doing this, and that means $1,000; the remaining $500 to be donated by the sporting goods manufacturers and dealers of the country.

Memphis, Knoxville's sister, can look with pride upon her gun club, that organization having gone her friendly rival at least $500 better in money added by her club. The following is how the matter stands now, the facts having been obtained from Messrs. Irby Bennett, Divine, Allen and Frank during the tournament at Chattanooga, in which they took part:

The Memphis Gun Club at a recent meeting appointed Messrs. Thos. A. Divine, president of the organization, W. F. Allen and Irby Bennett an executive committee to arrange for and carry out a tournament in 1895, authorizing that committee to pledge the name of the club for from $2,000 to $5,000 in added money. It is understood that $2,000 has been deemed sufficient, and that that sum will be added to the purses during a four-days' tournament next year. The date has not been definitely settled so far, but in all probability the tournament will take place the week following the shoot at Knoxville, the dates for which are May 21, 22, 23 and 24. In Messrs. Divine, Allen and Bennett the club has selected a strong trio, a guarantee that the shoot will prove the success it deserves to be.

The Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament at Dayton, O., on May 14, 15 and 16, the Knoxville shoot the week following, with the Memphis shoot one week later, will make a circuit that will give the boys all the shooting they want for three weeks, the Dayton shoot acting as an eye-opener. The added money in the last two weeks, $5,000 in all, should draw shooters from their very death beds.

In regard to the proposed 100 shooters at $10 each for the Knoxville shoot, it may be as well to state that Mr. Summers Van Gilder raised the number of those entered to date to 78, adding several to his list by his visit to Chattanooga.

Weir City Gun Club.

WEIR CITY, Kan., Sept. 13.—The following scores were made by members of our gun club during the present week. The monotony of target shooting was somewhat fractured by a liberal donation to a live bird shoot. The good crop in southeastern Kansas is all that ever induced the business men of Weir City to engage in the hilarity of a pigeon shoot, and judging from the way the boys came out behind it will take two good crops to get them in another pigeon sweep: Ten live birds, entrance $7.50: Wilkinson 7, McIlhany 9, Blackett 9, Featherson 7, King 6, Calhoun 9, Best 5, Morrison 8. Ties on first and third divided, Morrison won second.

After the pigeon shoot the club fell back on the old reliable bluerock and spent the balance of the afternoon cracking mud. The main event was at 25 singles. Scores: Calboun 24, Doan 23, McIlhany 21, Abbott 18, Morrison 17, Beadle 15, Ayers 16.

The North handicap has firmly established itself among our shooters. It was used at the tournament recently given here, and was pronounced by all shooters as just the thing. While entirely satisfactory to shooters it was so simple and easy to handle that the "cash man" didn't know he was figuring on a handicap. Its main advantage lies in the fact that it encourages and benefits the poorer shooter without any real detriment to the better shot, for while the high man may occasionally drop down and lose his place, this fact so pleases the low man that he takes his third and fourth money and stays with the game, thus keeping each event well filled up. Our own shoot, conducted under the North system, was most flattering to Mr. North's inventive genius, and showed that his thought in this line had produced something needed.

MAMALUKE.

Americans on British Grounds.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read Mr. Moore's article in your issue of the 15th inst., in which he apologizes for his statements published in the public prints shortly after his arrival from England. Had he stopped at the apology I should have been better pleased, and it would have put an end to a disagreeable incident, but unfortunately he again draws my name and that of Mr. Alberger of this city into the controversy in his review of the facts upon which he founded the charges.

For myself and Mr. Alberger I desire to reaffirm the statement which I have already made, namely, that neither Mr. Alberger nor I have any fault to find with the treatment which we received from any of the gun clubs in England or their members. I take advantage of this occasion to thank those clubs at which I shot for the privileges extended to me as a guest.

Should Mr. Moore desire to write another letter on the subject I must ask him to speak for himself alone, and to leave me out of the affair.

R. A. WELCH.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Sept. 20.—By shooting a double score to-day the Binghamton Gun Club finishes their series of shoots for prizes. First prize was the Lefever hammerless gun which Harvey McMurchy won at our spring tournament and then so generously donated it to our club to shoot for. Our arrangement was for twelve shoots, 25 birds each shot, highest average to take first choice, and so on. Below find scores of five leaders. McHenry being away has two scores to shoot yet, but will probably land fifth with Boss following closely:

Brown	21	22	19	24	23	19	23	24	19	23	47—264
Hobbie	13	19	18	24	22	21	24	24	19	22	45—251
Kendall	21	20	20	12	23	21	17	16	19	22	44—245
Waldron	20	21	16	23	15	20	21	21	20	22	45—244
McHenry	19	22	18	19	22	18	20	15	16	18	..—187

WINFIELD.

Peekskill Gun Club.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Sept. 22.—Following are the scores of the members of the Peekskill Gun Club of the month of September in the 1894 prize competition. The shooting is at 25 targets, rapid-firing system, with added birds not to exceed 10:

H L Armstrong	0111101101111111111101101001—24
Dr H B Wygant	1110110010101111111111111111 —22
Dr P H Mason	1001011111101111111 11111 —21
H P Dair	1110011100100111110111111011111 —22
O J Lud[illegible]	1101111111100110011101111111 —24

Other high scores for the month, not in the above competition, are: Pierce, 98 out of 100; Mason, 49 out of 50; Everingham, 39 straight; Halsted, Dain, Horton, Perry and F. Southard, 24 out of 25.

B. C. EVERINGHAM, Sec'y.

CHATTANOOGA.

LAST week was a gala one at Chattanooga. Odd Fellows covered with badges pervaded the city and filled the hotels, leaving room enough, however, for those who attended the first annual tournament of the Chattanooga Gun Club, held Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 19 to 21. There are two or three ways of getting to Chattanooga from New York, all of which are through the most picturesque portions of the South. If you're in a hurry, the Southern Railway Co.'s Vestibuled Limited, leaving New York at 4:30 P. M., lands you at Lynchburg, Va., in ample time to make Norfolk and Western connections so that Chattanooga is made by 7:25 the following evening. But if you're not in so much of a hurry leave at the same hour, 4:30 P. M., and go through to Atlanta, stop the night in the Gate City of Georgia, and leave for Chattanooga next morning. You may lose half a day, but you've seen the South, or rather a good part of her. And just now she's looking beautiful. Tobacco is being cut, cottonfields are white, and the darkies are busy saving "fodder" for the cattle in the winter; fields of cane from which sorghum will shortly be crushed, melon patches, and scantily clothed darky children, all go to make a trip to Chattanooga, via Atlanta, always a treat to a Northerner, and an experience that time can never efface.

On Sept. 19 and 20, just thirty-one years ago, a good deal of powder and lead was used up in the vicinity of Chattanooga, Tenn. The battle of Chickamauga was in progress, and thousands of men lost their lives or limbs in the vicinity of the Mountain City of Tennessee during those two days. On Sept. 19 and 20 of this year of grace, 1894, powder and lead were again raising a disturbance within a few miles of the scene of the struggle which marked an important epoch in the history of the war between North and South. Then it was all black powder that was used, and human beings were the targets. This time it was all nitro powder, while asphalt targets were the victims in the one-sided discussion.

As a matter of fact, the Chattanooga Gun Club, a young organization, has been the means of bringing together Northerners and Southerners in friendly competition before the traps, the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association giving a tournament under the auspices of the Chattanooga Gun Club. This tournament was a most decided success, and the club is due more than the ordinary amount of congratulations accorded on such occasions. Its membership is not large, but, as is often the case, the few make up in quality what they lack in quantity. The present officers of the club are: F. I. Stone, President; D. J. O'Connell, Vice-President; Wm. White, Secretary, and F. H. Woodworth, Treasurer. All four of the above, together with several other members, took an active part in the proceedings, Mr. Stone, although he shot but little, being in evidence pretty nearly all the time and succeeding admirably in his self-imposed task of putting the guests of his club at their ease.

The scene of the tournament, the shooting park of the club, is beautifully situated, and is also conveniently located only a few minutes' walk from the line of the electric streetcar line. The ride from the city takes about twenty-five minutes, the distance being about three miles. The line is laid over one of the most crooked tracks it has ever been FOREST AND STREAM's representative's lot to ride over. If it wasn't for Lookout Mountain, which towers 2,000ft. above the city, it would be impossible for a stranger on his arrival at Riverview to locate his starting point, unless he possessed the instinct of a homing pigeon, as the cars turn around corner after corner, even after the city limits have been reached.

The traps are placed on the summit of a gentle rise, the shooters standing slightly down hill. The trapper boys have been well looked after by the club, the screen, built in the shape of a long, low shed with a front that lets down when the traps are to be used, being absolutely safe, stout 2in. boards forming the backing. A deep trench also enables the boys to do their work with comparative ease and comfort. In the rear of the score the club has erected a solid grand stand that seats about 150 persons, every one of whom would be enabled to get an uninterrupted view of the shooting. On Wednesday and Thursday the stand was taxed to its utmost capacity, several ladies being present as interested spectators. Elmer Shaner, the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's manager, arrived in Chattanooga on Sunday, Sept. 16, and had everything in readiness for the opening event at 9:30 on the morning of the 19th. The blackboards were placed to the left of the score, close to the cashier's office, which was located in the tent of the Leroy Shot and Lead Works. Next in order were the tents of FOREST AND STREAM and the U. M. C. Co., the latter immediately to the left of the stand. On the right were the tents of the American E. C. Powder Co., Standard Keystone Co., Von Lengerke & Detmold, Tatham & Brother, and the S. S. Powder Co. in the order named.

The scene was a lovely one, the weather being absolutely perfect. To the right was Lookout Mountain, with its wonderful history made 31 years ago. In front was the undulating line of Mission Ridge, with Bragg's headquarters now marked by an iron-framed tower that stands up prominently against the sky. There was plenty of food for thought furnished by the location of the last but one of the series of tournaments for 1894 given by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

To return to the shoot. The skyline was all right, the targets rising well above the distant background of Mission Ridge; as a natural consequence scores were good. Of the "crackerjacks," the *bête noir* of "Dock," of Springfield, O., Heikes, Bartlett and Brewer, were well to the fore. Van Dyke, although he did not come up to his usual standard, was more than satisfied with his work, as he was somewhat handicapped by a new gun and a new load. Van Dyke has joined the noble army of "pumpers" and will in future be found using exclusively a Winchester repeater. Heikes made a great run on the first day and attempted to break the record of 181 straight which he made at Corry, Pa. His work at Chattanooga was this: Beginning in event No. 7, he made a clean score to the end of the programme, making 60 straight, 45 of them at unknown angles and 15 (event No. 9) at the Novelty rule; four extra 15-target races at unknown angles were then shot, Heikes going straight in all four events, making his record for the day 120 straight. On request he started in to shoot until he dropped one, breaking 17 more before he missed, making his score 137 straight, 122 of them at unknown angles.

Among those present from a distance on the first day were Capt. "Andy" Meaders, Frank Legler and Tom Callender, of Nashville, Tenn., the latter talking and shooting Troisdorf powder to advantage; Col. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C., who shot as well as ever; W. M. Thomas, better known as "U. M. C." Thomas, representing the U. M. C. Co., of Bridgeport, Conn., and courteously explaining to those anxious to know, all the mysteries of the shells, wads and primers on exhibition at the U. M. C. tent (N. B.—Why don't other manufacturers exhibit their manufactures at these shoots?); Arthur E. Mead, Knoxville; W. W. Watson, Louisville, Ky.; W. L. and W. J. Brown and R. M. Cleveland, Sweetwater, near Chattanooga; F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga., and FOREST AND STREAM's representative. The home club was well represented by Messrs. Wm. White, D. J. and A. L. O'Connell, F. I. Stone, F. H. Woodworth, R. Pritchard, Charles Reif, Price, Douglas Everett, "Dupont" Waddell and others.

First Day.

There was a settled appearance in the sky on this day that cheered the hearts of the management. Monday's heavy storm had freshened things up wonderfully, and the country looked its best. Riverview cars were patronized at an early hour, a start in the programme being promptly made at 9:30. The list for the day included ten 15-target events, five at unknown angles and five shot under the novelty rule. The Association's bluerock traps, with Ben O. Bush's electric pull attached, were used, keystones being the targets thrown. Manager Shaner speaks in the highest terms of his traps, terming them his "pets;" so far he has thrown almost 100,000 targets from them with a fatality of only one broken spring. That everything worked well goes without saying, the scores given below showing that; in addition to the four regular papers, four extra 15-target races were shot off, making a total of 210 shots for those who went through every event during the day.

There were two noticeable features in connection with this tournament at Chattanooga; the first was the fact that not a single charge of black powder was fired; the second, the marked popularity of pump guns, eleven Winchesters and two Burgess guns being handled at Riverview.

The executive work in connection with the shoot was well carried out, the officials discharging their duties in a thoroughly able manner. Officer J. T. Moseley, of the Chattanooga police force, a member of the club, shoots well and is fond of the sport, but on this occasion he denied himself, acting as referee throughout the three days' shoot. Cashier Fred. Philips and assistant Cashier Woodworth, Sr., the father of F. H. Woodworth, were the right people in the right place. The manifold and blackboard work was performed with such accuracy that FOREST AND STREAM regrets that a lost memorandum forbids the names of the officials detailed for those duties being handed down to history. Scores:

No. 1, 15 targets, novelty rule, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	011111111111111—14	J R Livingston	111111100111110—12
Bartlett	111000111001111—10	Childs	111000111111100—10
Van Dyke	111110111011101—12	D J O'Connell	101011110110010— 9
Brewer	011110110101111—11	L Brown	010010011100111— 8
Meadows	111100011111100—10	J Brown	101101101001011— 9
Anthony	110111011011110—11	Cleveland	011111111111010—12
U M C Thomas	101101110010100— 8	A L O'Connell	111100110111101—11
Meade	001110111111111—12	Ethridge	010110111111110—11
W W Watson	011111111111111—14	F H Woodworth	110011111111101—12
White	111111010100111—11	R Pritchard	001111110111100—10

No. 2, 15 targets, novelty rule, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	101111111011011—12	Livingston	111011101111011—12
Bartlett	111101111111110—13	Everett	110001011000101— 7
Van Dyke	111110010011101—10	Childes	001111000111010— 8
Brewer	110111110111111—13	Cleveland	011111111001101—11
Meadows	111011010101100— 9	L Brown	011110010010111— 9
Anthony	111111110011101—12	A L O'Connell	111001011101101—10
U M C Thomas	110011110101111—11	Etheridge	111111010001110—10
Meade	001111010101111—10	J Brown	010111011011011—10
Watson	101111111011110—12	Woodworth	111110011111111—13
White	100111011100111—10	Pritchard	011111011011100—10
D J O'Connell	111101111111110—13		

No. 3, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	110111111111101—13	White	111010110111111—12
Bartlett	111111111111101—14	A L O'Connell	100011111000110— 8
Van Dyke	111111111011111—14	Etheridge	111111111111110—14
Brewer	111101111111111—14	Childs	111111110011101—12
Watson	111111101111111—14	Cleveland	110101011111110—11
D O'Connell	111000101110111—10	L Brown	111111101101011—12
Meadows	100111111011111—12	Livingston	110110111111111—13
Anthony	111111111111100—13	J Brown	111111101110101—12
U M C Thomas	111111101111111—14	Everett	011100111001111—10
Mead	110111111101111—13	Pritchard	110110101000010— 7
Collen	011110101111101—11	Woodworth	101111111110111—13

No 4, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1.50, 4 moneys:

Heikes	101111111111111—14	White	111111111101111—14
Bartlett	111111111111111—15	A L O'Connell	001001101110000— 6
Van Dyke	111111111111110—14	Etheridge	111111111111111—15
Brewer	001111111111010—11	Cleveland	111111111111111—15
Watson	101111111111111—14	L Brown	111111111111111—15
D J O'Connell	011110110101011—10	Childs	111011100101111—11
Meadows	111110001101111—11	Collen	111111111111011—14
Anthony	111110111011111—13	Livingston	111111111111111—15
U M C Thomas	111110111111011—13	J Brown	111011110110111—12
Mead	100111001111110—10	Everett	111111100111111—13
Woodworth	101111110111111—13		

No. 5, 15 targets, novelty rule, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	110111011111111—13	Cleveland	100111110111010—10
Bartlett	011111110011111—12	L Brown	111010111101111—12
Van Dyke	101111110001001— 9	Callender	000100001111111— 8
Brewer	110011111101011—11	Childs	110111111110011—12
Meadows	111111111110110—13	A L O'Connell	011111111111110—13
Anthony	110111110111111—13	Etheridge	011111111011111—13
U M C Thomas	110111110111110—12	J Brown	111111011011110—12
Mead	110110011110110—10	Livingston	111101101110011—11
Watson	110111101111100—11	Pritchard	011101100101000— 7
White	000110011001011— 7	Everett	111110101001110—10
D J O'Connell	101101011111010—10	DuBray	101010001111111—10
Woodworth	110000111011110— 9	Relf	111110110111001—10

No. 6, 15 targets, novelty rule, entrance $1 50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Helkes	111111111010101—12	J Brown	101011100001110— 8
Bartlett	001110011111110—10	Cbilds	001110011110010— 8
Van Dyke	111111110110111—13	Livingston	011100111110011—10
Brewer	111110110111101—12	Reif	110010011001101— 8
Meaders	111110001110100—10	Etheridge	101011111110101—11
Anthony	111111111010111—13	Callender	010111101101110— 9
U M C Thomas	111001011100011— 9	Woodworth	111001110111001—10
Mead	111110000100100— 7	A L O'Connell	100111101101011—10
Watson	111111011111110—13	Everett	000000110011100— 5
Cleveland	001101011100110— 8	D J O'Connel	111110101011100—10
L Brown	110111111101111—13		

No. 7, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	111111111111111—15	White	111101101111111—13
Bartlett	111110111111111—14	Etheridge	111111111111111—15
Van Dyke	111110101111111—13	Callender	110011101110111—10
Brewer	111111101111100—12	A L O'Connell	010111110011111—11
Cleveland	110111111111111—14	L Brown	011111111111100—12
J Brown	111110111111111—14	Livingston	111111111111001—13
Anthony	111101111111111—14	Watson	111010111111111—13
U M C Thomas	110111111111111—14	D J O'Connell	001101101011110—10
Mead	111011111111111—14	Childes	110110111101101—11
Meadows	111111110111110—13	Everett	101100001011010— 7
Reif	010111110100101— 9	Woodworth	011111111111111—14

No. 8, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	111111111111111—15	White	111111111110111—14
Brewer	111111111111111—15	Etheridge	111101111111111—14
Bartlett	111111111111111—15	Callender	100011101111111—11
J Brown	111111110111101—13	Livingston	011111111111111—14
Cleveland	111111101111111—14	L Brown	101101101111111—12
Van Dyke	111111101011111—13	Watson	111111011111000—11
Anthony	011111111111111—14	A L O'Connell	101111001110111—11
U M C Thomas	110111111011111—13	D J O'Connell	101111100111111—12
Mead	011111111111111—14	Price	111101111111111—14
Meadows	111111110101111—13	Woodworth	110111101111111—13
Reif	110010111011110—10	Childes	101011111101110—11

No. 9, 15 targets, novelty rule, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	111111111111111—15	L Brown	111111111110111—14
Bartlett	111011110111000—10	P M Cleveland	101110111010111—11
Van Dyke	101000110011011— 8	Childes	001011111111110—11
Brewer	110111000110110— 9	Reif	001110001011110— 8
Anthony	011110111111001—11	Etheridge	111111111111101—14
U M C Thomas	011111000111110—10	A L O'Connell	111111111011110—13
Mead	011001101111111—11	Callender	000010001010111— 6
Meadows	111110101111111—13	Livingston	011110001111101—10
Watson	001110101011111—10	Price	110100111011110—10
D J O'Connell	111101111100101—11	Woodworth	111110111111111—14
J Brown	111110111011100—11		

No. 10, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1.50, 4 moneys:

Heikes	111111111111111—15	D J O'Connell	010110011101111—10
Bartlett	111111111110111—14	Cleveland	011110111111111—13
Van Dyke	111111111111111—15	Watson	011100110101101— 9
Brewer	111111011111111—14	L Brown	011111110101111—12
Chiles	101011011111011—11	Collender	111111110110100—11
Etheridge	111111011111111—14	J Brown	111111111111111—15
Anthony	111101111011101—12	Troxell	111111111101011—13
U M C Thomas	110110111111111—13	Pritchard	011001001111111—10
Mead	111111111111111—15	Reif	101100010111101— 9
Meadows	111111101111110—13	Livingston	111111101111101—13
A L O'Connell	010111010010111— 9	Woodworth	111111111111001—13
White	110011111101011—11	Price	111111011111111—14

The following are the scores made in the four extra events:

	1	2	3	4		1	2	3	4
Bartlett	15	14	14	15	Cleveland	13	13	12	..
Van Dyke	15	13	15	14	J Brown	15	14	14	..
Anthony	14	13	12	..	L Brown	13	13	11	..
Meadows	13	13	11	..	Watson	10	14	15	..
Childes	12	11	..	..	Reif	11	8	7	10
Heikes	15	15	15	15	Livingston	15	15	14	14
Brewer	15	12	14	15	D J O'Connell	10	11	10	10
Etheridge	14	13	..	..	Everett	13	..	..	..
Mead	15	14	14	..	A L O'Connell	13	13	10	13
U M C Thomas	13	12	14	..	Woodworth	10	13	15	12
White	10	..	..	..	Pritchard	9	..	..	..
Callender	13	8	10	..	Edwards	..	12	13	10

Second Day.

Another glorious day for trap-shooting, a typical September day in the Sunny South. Barely enough air was moving to cool the atmosphere even in the shade of the tents and stand. Ice cold lemonade at a nickel a glass was consumed by the gallon, the restaurant at the southern end of the stand doing a rushing business in that commodity.

Schedule time was again made when it came to starting the programme. An important addition to the list of shooters was that of the Memphis crowd, consisting of Messrs. Irby Bennett, the Southern representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Thomas A. Divine, W. F. Allen and Abe Frank. Mr. Summers Van Gilder, of Knoxville, paid a brief visit, just to look up the boys and to talk Knoxville in '95. What he says about that event is found elsewhere in these columns; it's worth looking up. Maybe they're not hustlers in Tennessee! Capt. Du Bray, of the Parker Gun Company, and Mr. C. C. Napier, Messrs. Hartley and Graham's representative, were also in attendance.

The programme was the same as on the previous day—five events at unknown angles and five under the novelty rule. An addition was made in the shape of a team race between "pump guns" and double barrels. Capt. Bartlett was chief of the "pumpers" and chose the following team: Heikes, Van Dyke, W. W. Watson, L. Brown, Capt. Brewer and Capt. Bartlett. Col. Anthony was placed in charge of the double guns and picked as his crew: Livingston, Divine, Mead, Etheridge and himself. The result was a remarkably close race, the pump guns winning by a single target, the score standing 78 to 77 at the finish. Col. Anthony announced his determination of having revenge the next day. Bartlett and Watson shot Burgess guns, the other men on the team shooting Winchesters.

During the afternoon Captain Bartlett gave an exhibition of his powers with the Burgess gun, his feats of markmanship meeting with considerable applause from the crowd present. The attendance of spectators was very flattering when the numerous counter attractions, such as horse races, etc., are taken into consideration. Bartlett's "flipper" act caught the popular fancy immensely. This closed the tournament so far as the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association was concerned. Friday, Sept. 21, had been announced as Tennessee Day, the events being open to residents of the State alone. Before the shooting on the second day was brought to a close, Mr. F. H. Woodworth made the announcement that, owing to the comparatively small attendance of Tennesseeans, Friday's events would be open to all, and that a special programme would be arranged to meet the exigencies of the case. This decision of the management was well-timed and met with unanimous approval. Scores of the second day:

No. 1, 15 targets, novelty rule, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	111111111101101—13	D J O'Connell	001110111000101— 8
Bartlett	010110101111111—11	A L O'Connell	011100111111110—11
Brewer	111110111111110—13	Legler	011001111111111—12
Van Dyke	111001111111110—12	Price	011011000001110— 7
Meadows	111111101111110—13	Allen	101111111110001—11
Mead	001000111000001— 5	Divine	110110110011110—10
Thomas	111101101111111—13	Frank	011001010000101— 6
Anthony	100101111110101—10	Pritchard	010011011011010— 8
Watson	011111111111110—13	Woodworth	110111110011111—12
Childes	011101110000100— 7	Callender	111101110101101—11
Etheridge	111111100110110—11	Volland	001001011111101— 9
L Brown	111011110110101—11	Livingston	011101001101011— 9
J Brown	111111011110111—13	Edwards	001110110010010— 7
R Cleveland	010110101001101— 8		

No. 2, 15 targets, novelty rule, entrance $1 50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	111100111111111—13	Livingston	111001110111010—10
Bartlett	110110101111111—12	Waddell	000100001110100— 5
Brewer	110011111111001—11	A L O'Connell	100111101110111—11
Van Dyke	111000101010011— 8	Rigg	101100111111000— 9
Meadows	111100101101111—11	Mead	011111111101111—13
Thomas	001111011111110—11	Pooler	000110010001110— 5
Anthony	110111110011110—11	Cbildes	000101101111011— 9
Watson	111010101111011—11	Moseley	111000000101011— 7
Ethridge	101110101101100— 9	Price	111100111001100— 9
L Brown	111111111001111—13	Legler	111111111111111—15
J Brown	011111101111101—12	Divine	111111111000011—11
Cleveland	101101111111001—11	Frank	001000011000000— 3
D J O'Connell	111111100110111—12	Allen	011111111011011—12
Woodworth	111101111101111—13	Everett	100101011001111— 9
Callender	000110110111101— 9	Pritchard	011101011001101— 9
Volland	011011111101011—11		

No. 3, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	111111101111110—13	Collender	001010111011011— 9
Bartlett	111111111110111—14	Bennett	111110111100100—10
Brewer	111111111111111—15	Edwards	111010111111101—12
Van Dyke	111101111111011—13	Everett	111101001111010—10
White	111110101111111—13	A L O'Connell	111111111101101—13
Livingston	111111111111111—15	Childes	111111011010110—11
Meadows	110111011111111—13	Watson	111111111101111—14
Meade	111011101111111—13	Divine	010001111111111—11
Thomas	111101110101111—12	Moseley	010111000010010— 6
Anthony	100011011111011—10	Price	111111101101010—11
Frank	001101010111011— 9	Rigg	101101000010111— 8
Allen	111111111101111—14	Pooler	110111111101001—11
Etheridge	111101111111111—14	Powell	011101100110011— 9
L Brown	111111111111001—13	Knoxten	111111111111111—15
J Brown	111111111110111—14	Legler	111110111111111—14
Cleveland	110101111011011—11	Pritchard	001111010111011—10
D J O'Connell	110111000110110— 9	Morris	111101100110011—10
Woodworth	110111111011101—12	Waddell	001011100000000— 4

No. 4, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	111111111111111—15	D J O'Connell	001010111111111—11
Bartlett	111101111111110—13	Woodworth	111111111111111—15
Brewer	111111111111111—15	Callender	011111010111110—11
Van Dyke	111011101111111—13	Bennett	011110011110110—10
White	101011110111111—12	Legler	100111111111110—12
Livingston	101111111110111—13	Everett	001111011001101— 9
Meadows	111111111110101—13	A L O'Connell	111011111111111—14
Meade	111111111111111—15	Knoxten	110111111011111—13
Thomas	111111111110101—13	Childes	011110111111010—11
Anthony	111111111111111—15	French	001001001100111— 7
Frank	010110001101011— 8	Price	010111001001000— 6
Allen	111101010111001—10	Watson	110111101011100— 9
Etheridge	110011111111111—13	Waddell	100011100110000— 6
L Brown	111111111111111—15	Edwards	101111101101001—10
J Brown	001111111111110—12	Smith	111110111111111—13
R Cleveland	111111110111110—13		

No. 5, 15 targets, novelty rule, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	111101111111111—14	D J O'Connell	001110011101011— 9
Bartlett	101111111111111—14	Woodworth	111111111110111—14
Brewer	110111111011111—13	Callender	100101000101001— 6
Van Dyke	110010111101011—10	Bennett	111100001000000— 5
Meadows	110110011111011—11	Legler	111101111101111—13
Thomas	011001111000000— 7	Mead	101111111111010—12
Anthony	110110011111111—12	A L O'Connell	110101011011011—10
Watson	001111101111111—12	Divine	110111101111111—13
Etheridge	111111111111111—15	Frank	101110010110011— 9
L Brown	111110000011110— 9	Allen	011101101100111—10
J Brown	101111111100011—11	Livingston	101111110111000—10
R Cleveland	011111101101111—12	Knoxton	100111100101101— 9

No. 6, 15 targets, novelty rule, entrance $1 50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	111111111111111—15	D J O'Connell	001111001101111—10
Bartlett	111011100101101—10	Woodworth	101110111110111—12
Brewer	111111110110001—11	Callender	110011101101111—11
Van Dyke	111111100110111—12	Bennett	011000111010111— 9
Meadows	110011111110111—12	A L O'Connell	111011110111110—12
Thomas	110110111011101—11	Mead	111111111110111—14
Anthony	011110111111010—11	Smith	111111111101111—14
Watson	101010110111011—10	Legler	110111101111110—12
Etheridge	111111011111111—14	Divine	111111111111111—15
L Brown	110110110111111—12	Frank	111000010000010— 6
J Brown	011101110011011—10	Allen	111111101111010—12
R Cleveland	010111100111101—10	Livingston	111101110111101—12

No. 7, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1 50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	111111111111101—14	J Brown	011100111111111—12
Bartlett	110111111111111—14	Cleveland	111111111111101—14
Brewer	111111111111101—14	D J O'Connell	011110011101101—10
Van Dyke	101111111011011—12	Woodworth	111101111011111—14
White	101111111111111—14	Callender	100101101011101— 9
Livingston	111111111111111—15	Bennett	001110111110110—10
Meadows	110111111111111—14	A L O'Connell	100001010101011— 7
Thomas	011111111110101—12	Mead	111111111111111—15
Anthony	111111111111111—15	Everett	001111111110011—11
Watson	111011111111011—13	Knoxton	011110011111111—12
Frank	001010100110001— 6	Rodgers	011101001111111—11
Allen	111110111111111—14	Legler	111111111111111—15
Etheridge	110111101101111—12	Divine	110110111111011—12
L Brown	111111101110111—13	Smith	111111111111111—15

No. 8, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	111111111111111—15	J Brown	111111111000111—12
Bartlett	011111111111111—14	Cleveland	111011011111111—13
Brewer	111111111111111—15	D J O'Connell	111101110111101—12
Van Dake	110101110111001—10	Woodworth	111111111111111—15
White	011110110011100— 9	Callender	010000110111111— 9
Livingston	111111110111111—14	Bennett	111111111110101—13
Meadows	111111111110111—14	Edwards	111111111011110—13
Thomas	111111111111111—15	Mead	111111011111111—14
Anthony	111111111111111—15	Divine	111111111111011—14
Watson	011101111111111—13	Knoxton	100100011110010— 7
Frank	101111111101111—13	Legler	111111111011111—14
Allen	111111111101111—14	A L O'Connell	100111111111101—12
Etheridge	111111111111111—15	Smith	111110001011111—11
L Brown	111101111111111—14	Everett	111101000100001— 7

No. 9, 15 targets, novelty rule, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	110111111111110—13	Woodworth	011101111111101—12
Bartlett	111110010111111—12	Callender	010010111110110— 9
Brewer	010000111111101— 9	Bennett	101010110110101— 9
Vandyke	101111010111011—11	Legler	111110011111111—13
Meadows	110001110011100— 8	Mead	001111111111101—12
Thomas	111111111011110—13	A L O'Connell	110101011110111—11
Anthony	110101011101111—11	Livingston	110011011101111—11
Everett	101000111111010— 9	Edwards	001110111110101—10
Watson	111101011111111—13	Frank	111111010011001—10
Ethridge	101000111101111—10	Allen	111101111111110—13
L Brown	111111111110001—12	Divine	001111111111111—13
J Brown	110101110111101—11	Smith	101110010110111—10
R Cleveland	110101000101101— 8	White	101111111011010—11
D J O'Connell	000110011000010— 5	Reif	111011110010111—11

No. 10, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Heikes	111111111111111—15	L Brown	001111111110111—12
Bartlett	110111111111111—14	J Brown	111110111111111—14
Brewer	111111111111111—15	Cleveland	111101011111010—13
Vandyke	111011100111111—12	D J O'Connell	111111111111101—14
White	110111010110111—11	Woodworth	111110111111111—14
Legler	111110111111111—14	Callender	101111100111111—12
Meadows	110100111111010—10	Smith	111010111111111—13
Thomas	111011111111111—14	Edwards	001001111010111— 9
Anthony	111111111110011—13	Mead	111111111111101—1[illegible]
Knoxten	111111101111111—14	A L O'Connell	111101011010011—[illegible]0
Frank	011111111011111—13	Bennett	101100111111011—11
Allen	110111101111111—13	Livingston	001110111111111—12
Etheridge	1010101111111111—12	Reif	111010111111111—13
Watson	011101111111111—13		

Extra, team race, pump guns vs. double guns, six men to a team, 15 targets per man, unknown angles, entrance $9 per team:

Pump Guns.		Double Guns.	
Heikes	111111011111110—13	Livingston	110111111110111—13
Brewer	111111111111111—15	Divine	011100101101011— 9
Bartlett	111111111111111—15	Anthony	111111111101110—13
Van Dyke	111111010111111—13	Mead	111101111111111—14
Watson	111101110100011—10	Etheridge	111111110111111—14
L Brown	011111110110111—12—78	Thomas	111111111011111—14—77

Third Day.

The cup of the management must surely have been filled. The weather was once more all that could be desired, and the attendance decidedly satisfactory after the two previous days' hard work is taken into account. The regulars were all there, the first event opening up with 22 entries. The programme contained 10 events, the first 9 being 15-target races at unknown angles, the tenth being at 10 pairs. The latter was a most interesting event, plenty of applause greeting every super-excellent shot. Heikes won first money with 18. F. H. Woodworth of the home club being second with 16; ties on 15 were too numerous to mention.

Col. Anthony felt inclined to take a fall out of the pump guns on this day, following up his expressed determination of the previous day. The match was made as before, six were to a team, but entrance money this time was $2 per man. The Colonel's team was himself, Meade, Livingston, Woodworth, Thomas and Legler; Capt. Bartlett was again the chief of the pump gun brigade, the following constitut- his team: Heikes, Bennett, Bartlett, Brewer, Van Dyke and L. Brown. Bartlett winning the toss decided to set the pace; his team went to the score and rolled up the total of 83 out of 90 at unknown angles, a great score when it is considered that Van Dyke, handicapped as stated above, was responsible for four of the seven lost targets. The pace set was too warm for the double guns, who were beaten four targets, scoring 79 out of 90, by no means a poor score in itself.

A photographer put in his appearance late in the day and took two shots at the grounds and the assembled shooters, after which Captain Brewer brought the Chattanooga tournament of '94 to a close with an exhibition of his skill with a Winchester. What Captain Jack can't do with a pump gun is hardly worth talking about. Captain Bartlett was called for by the crowd, and responded by going through his "flipper" performance. In this act Bartlett hands his gun to a friend who stands close to him; he then throws a small block of wood high into the air, turns a handspring, takes his gun and hits the block two or three times before it reaches the ground. Captain Brewer's most difficult feat apparently, and one which requires great quickness, is to break two targets thrown into the air simultaneously, breaking his first from his left shoulder, reversing his gun, pumping out the empty shell and breaking the other from his right shoulder. Scores in this day's events:

No. 1, 15 targets, entrance $1.50:

Mead	111111100110111—12	Meadows	011111101011111—12
Frank	001001100011111— 8	Legler	111101111011111—13
Bartlett	111001111111111—13	Callender	100101001011011— 8
Allen	111111111111111—15	J Brown	111111100101111—12
Livingston	111011111110000—10	Anthony	100011111111111—12
A L O'Connell	111110110101011—11	Brewer	111111111111011—14
White	011111000111110—10	Cleveland	010101111111100—10
Thomas	111111111111010—13	Woodworth	111101101111111—13
Van Dyke	111101111111111—14	Everett	111100011010100— 5
Bennett	111101111110100—11	Watson	111011111111110—13
D J O'Connell	100011110111011—10	Heikes	111111101111111—14

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $1.50:

Mead	111111111110110—13	Collender	000111010101010— 7
Frank	010100011011110— 8	Jones	111111111111101—14
Livingston	111111111011111—14	J Brown	101111111111111—14
Bartlett	111101111111111—14	Cleveland	111110111011111—13
Thomas	111011011110011—11	Authony	111010110101111—11
A L O'Connell	001000111111000— 7	Legler	111101111111110—13
Meadows	111111111111111—15	Allen	111110111001111—12
Everett	111101111111001—12	Devine	101111111111111—14
Bennett	111011101111001—11	Heikes	111111111111111—15
Dan Dyke	111011111110111—13	Woodworth	101011110101111—11
D J O'Connell	100101100111101— 9	White	110101110111111—12
Brewer	111111111111111—15	Watson	011011111111111—13

No. 3, 15 targets, entrance $1 50:

Everett	011011000101001— 7	Waddell	010100000110111— 7
Frank	100101001111011— 9	Woodworth	111111011110110—12
Meade	111111111111111—15	Legler	111111111111110—14
Livingston	111111111110101—13	J Brown	111110111011011—12
A L O'Connell	101111110111111—13	Cleveland	111010111111111—13
Meadows	011110011111111—12	Allen	010111111011110—11
Bennett	100111101011101—10	Divine	111111101100110—11
D J O'Connell	001000110111111— 9	Callender	101101011111111—12
Pooler	100001110010011— 7	White	110111111101101—12

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance $1.50:

Bartlett	111111111111111—15	Callender	111000101111111—11
Heikes	111111111111111—15	Stone	110100011000000— 5
Frank	110010101101100— 8	Jones	111110101001011—10
Livingston	010111111111011—12	Legler	111111111111111—15
Brewer	111111111111111—15	Woodworth	111111111111111—15
Mead	011111111110010—12	White	111111011101111—13
Anthony	111111011111111—14	A L O'Connell	111101010111111—12
D J O'Connell	001101111111011 -11	Watson	101111101111101—12
Thomas	111111110101111—13	Cleveland	111111111111111—15
Van Dyke	111111011100011—11	Du Bray	001111111000000— 9
Meadows	111111101111101—13		

No. 5, 15 targets, entrance $1.50:

Heikes	011111111111111—14	Edwards	111111001101110—11
Mead	111011110111111—13	Stone	111100011111110—11
Brewer	111111111111111—15	A L O'Connell	011111101011111—12
Livingston	110011111011010— 9	Jones	111110000111111—11
Bartlett	110111110000111—12	Cleveland	000111111011111—11
Frank	010110110111101—10	Woodworth	111111111111111—15
Anthony	111101111111111—14	Allen	100110111111001—10
D J O'Connell	111101111110111—13	Bennett	010111011111111—12
Meadows	101101011110111—11	Divine	101010110101011— 9
Thomas	110011111111111—13	Reif	111111011011100—11
Van Dyke	111111111111111—15	Legler	111111111101111—14
White	011111111101110—12	Pooler	011100701101011— 8

No 6, 15 targets, entrance $1 50:

Mead	111101111111111—14	Pooler	111110101101031—10
Thomas	111111111011111—14	Callender	000111011011111—10
Livingston	111111111111111—15	Bennett	111111011011111—13
Meadows	111011111110100—11	Reif	100000111110111— 9
Heikes	111111011111111—14	A L O'Connell	110010001111100— 8
Anthony	111111111111111—15	Legler	111101101111111—13
White	000101101010111— 8	Bartlett	101111111111111—14
Edwards	000011111111000— 8	Woodworth	111111011111111—14
Van Dyke	111111110111101—13	Brewer	111111111110111—14
Jones	011110111101101—11	Cleveland	111111011111111—14
D J O'Connell	111101111111001—12		

No. 7, 15 targets, entrance $1 50:

Heikes	111111111111111—15	Van Dyke	111111110011111—13
Brewer	110101011111111—12	Callender	101011011100011— 9
Meadows	111111111111100—13	A L O'Connell	111101111110010—11
Livingston	111001110110111—11	Reif	111111111111100—13
Thomas	111111000110110—10	D J O'Connell	111011000010101— 8
Meade	111110011111111—13	Edwards	110110101101001— 9
Bennett	111000111010011— 9	Legler	111111111111111—15
Anthony	111111111111101—14	Woodworth	111111111110111—14
Porter	111000010101100— 7	Cleveland	110011111101111—12
White	010111111111100—11	J Brown	111011111011111—13

No. 8, 15 targets, entrance $1 50:

Heikes	111111111101111—14	Woodworth	111111111111111—15
Brewer	111111111110101—13	D J O'Connell	000110100001010— 4
Thomas	111011111101111—13	Legler	001011011111111—11
Livingston	110011001111110—10	A L O'Connell	011111111111111—14
Bartlett	111111111111101—14	Anthony	111111110111111—14
Callender	000110110000101— 6	Reif	100110000011100— 6
Meadows	111011111100111—12	Van Dyke	100010111011111—10
Mead	001101111011110—10		

No. 15 targets, entrance $1 50:

Heikes	111111111111111—15	Woodworth	111111111111011—14
Brewer	111111114111111—14	Reif	010011111001101— 9
Meadows	111111111111111—15	Edwards	101100111011111—11
Livingston	110111100110100— 9	Anthony	111101111111111—14
D J O'Connell	110100100111110— 9	Van Dyke	111111111111101—14
Thomas	011101111001101—10	Legler	111111111111111—15
A L O'Connell	111110011101111—12	Bartlett	111011110111110—12
Callender	111111111111111—15	Bennett	111111011111101—13

No. 10, 10 pairs, entrance $2, 4 moneys:

Thomas	10 10 11 10 11 11 01 10 10 10—13
Reif	10 01 01 10 11 11 10 10 10 10—12
Brewer	11 11 10 11 11 10 10 10 10 11—15
Livingston	10 10 10 10 11 00 10 11 10 01—11
Callender	10 10 11 10 10 10 00 10 01 11—11
Heikes	11 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11—18
Anthony	11 10 11 10 10 10 11 11 10 11—15
Van Dyke	10 11 11 11 11 11 10 10 10 10—15
Cleveland	11 10 11 10 10 10 01 11 11 10—14
Legler	11 10 11 10 11 11 00 11 10 11—15
A L O'Connell	10 10 11 11 10 11 10 10 11 11—15
Woodworth	10 10 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 11—16

Extra, team race, pump guns vs. double guns, six men to a team, 15 targets per man, unknown angles, entrance $12 per team:

Pump Guns.		Double Guns.	
Heikes	111111111111111—15	Anthony	111110111111111—14
Bennett	100111111111111—13	Mead	111111111110110—13
Bartlett	111111111101111—14	Livingston	111111111111010—13
Brewer	111111111111111—15	Woodworth	111001111111111—13
Van Dyke	011111111000111—11	Thomas	111111111111101—14
L Brown	111111111111111—15—83	Legler	111111001011111—12—79

Notes of the Shoot.

Capt. Meaders, of Nashville, one of the most popular men in the South, and formerly one of her best trap shots, has found out that lack of practice is fatal to consistent trap-shooting. The Captain says he does very little shooting at the trap now, quail shooting being about all the sport he indulges in. This season he anticipates great sport, as quail are as thick as fleas.

Col. Anthony, of Charlotte, N. C., states that there are "millions of quail" in the Tar Heel State. Second broods are very numerous, 30 to 40 birds being found in some of the coveys.

Irby Bennett is responsible to a very large extent for the sudden eruption of Winchesters in the South. Irby is the representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. in that section of the State, and his popularity and enthusiasm always carries his point.

DuPont's smokeless powder has a capital representative in Mr. Waddell, of Chattanooga. What Mr. Waddell did for the boys last week "was a plenty."

Few people are blessed with as many faculties as "Jack" Brewer. He can shoot (everybody knows that); he can tell a story; sings "Sweet Marie" well when accompanied by the U. M. C. quartette, and is blessed with a healthy appetite.

Rollo Heikes proved once more very conclusively that he is "the daddy of them all." Note his run of 137 straight on the first day.

The dates of the Knoxville shoot have been fixed. That $3,000 added money will be ready for distribution on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of the third week in June. S. Van Gilder got several more $10 subscribers at Chattanooga; he has 78 on his list now.

If there are many boys in Memphis like Abe Frank, that city is in no danger of going to sleep.

Mr. Thomas A. Divine, of Memphis, although he has recovered from his recent illness, was unable to do himself justice at the traps.

Capt. DuBray, representing Parker Bros., was present at the shoot on Thursday and Friday. The captain brought with him a 20-gauge quail gun built for President Stone, of the Chattanooga Gun Club. Mrs. DuBray is accompanying her husband on this trip.

That was a happy quintette that drove over the scene of the battle of Chickamauga last Saturday morning. The thanks of the fortunate five, Capts. DuBray and Bartlett, Messrs Van Dyke and Thomas and the FOREST AND STREAM representative, are hereby tendered to our excellent cicerone and charioteer, "Dupont" Waddell, of Tennessee's Mountain City.

Capt. Bartlett is a successful relic hunter.

Kickers were conspicuous by their absence.

Mr. C. C. Napier, who travels for the well-known sporting goods house, Messrs. Hartley & Graham, arrived on Wednesday afternoon and spent Thursday in that city.

The local press did not do itself proud, nor the club justice, by its reports of the tournament. EDWARD BANKS.

Emerald Gun Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Following are the scores of the Emerald Gun Club at Dexter Park. Club point handicap and handicap rise. Event No. 1 at 10 live birds per man:

Class A, 30yds.

Herrington	→↖↑↘↖→→→↙↙ 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Phister	↖↖↑↙↘↘↖←↗ 2 ● 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1— 9
Voss	↗↖→→↙↘↓↘↙→ 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1—10	Doeinck	↘↗↖→↗↙↘↗↙↗ 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 ● 1 2— 9
Sch'rtemeir	↖↙↖←H↗↘↘→↘ 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2—10		

Class A, 28yds.

W Hudson	↙→↗↑↖←↘→↘↙ 2 2 1 2 ● 1 1 2 2 2— 9	GLeveredge	↗→←↙↑↘↗→↖ ● 1 1 2 1 1 1 ● 1 ●— 7
Tban	↖↖↑←↘↘↓H→↖ 1 1 1 1 ● 1 1 1 1 2— 9	Russell	↖↑↑↘↖↙↓↘→↖ 1 ● ● 1 2 ● 1 ● 2 1— 6
Coady	→↘↙↘↘←↘←↑→ ● 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1— 9	Floyd	↘↙↘↓↘←↘↘↖↘ 2 2 2 1 2 ● ● ● 2 ●— 6
J Maesel	↓↘↙↘↘↘H←↖← 1 ● 1 1 2 2 2 2 ● 1— 8		

Class B, 25yds.

F W Place	↙↓↙→→T↙↖↙↙ 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2—10	N Maesel	↘↘←↖↓↖↘↘↗↙ 1 1 ● 1 2 ● 2 1 ● 1— 7
J H Moore	↖↓↓←↑↗←←↘↙ 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1—10	J Hodge	↗↖↗←↙↓↖T↑→ 1 ● 2 ● ● 2 ● 2 2 1— 6
R Regan	↗H↘↖↙↘↗→↖↖ 2 2 ● 2 2 2 1 1 1 2— 9	J Woelfel	↘↘H↖T↖↖↙←↖ ● 2 1 ● 2 1 1 1 2 1— 8

No. 2 sweep at 15 targets, four moneys:

Leveredge	110111100110101—10	Floyd	111111101111101—13
Woelfel	000011001110 01— 7	Moore	000101101101010— 7
Voss	011000101010100— 6	Phister	010111111111101—11
Regan	001000000000000— 1	Hudson	111111101111111—14
Hodge	000000000010010— 2	Schortemeier	111111111111111—15
Coady	000110100111100— 7		

No. 3, 10 targets: Woelfel 4, Floyd 7, Phister 8, Coady 4, Schortemeier 8, J. Maesel 7, N. Maesel 5, Voss 8. S. H. S.

THE regular shoot of the Emerald Gun Club was held Sept. 18 at Dexter Park, L. I. Eighteen members faced the traps, a fair average under the circumstances, as the weather was not the very best and it rained continually while the shoot was in progress. Weather or no weather it would not keep them home, as the boys are trying hard to get into form for our first annual tournament at Dexter Park on Oct. 22, 23, 24, and particularly for the great Empire City handicap, which will take place on the last (Oct. 24) day, and will be at 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, four moneys, class shooting, Emerald Club adds $100 to this event, four misses out, 80yds. boundary, 26 to 33yds. rise, gun in any position, open to all; and in order to please the expert shooters, the first 15 birds in handicap will constitute another event, extra entrance money, straight shooting, high guns to get the money, entrance to either or both optional, handicap unknown to shooter until he steps to the score. A forfeit of $3 to be sent with entry to Dr. Hudson, 9 Madison street, New York. He will also give any information the shooters require. The first day will be at empire targets and will be called New York day. The second day will also be at empire targets and will be called New Jersey day. Extra events will be made to suit the shooters present if time and endurance will permit. Will send you a copy of programme when we receive it from printer.

Club shoot, 10 live birds, Emerald Club rules:

R Regan	2202221112— 9	J Hodge	1020020221— 6
L H Schortemier	1111221212—10	R Woods	2022211121— 9
J Woelfel	0210211121— 8	J Maesel	1011222201— 8
G W Floyd	2221200020— 6	J H Voss	2111121111—10
F W Place	2221112121—10	M Herrington	2212111111—10
J H Moore	1221122111—10	Counsellor Codey	0111111111— 9
Dr G V Hudson	2212●11222— 9	N Maesel	1101202101— 7
Dr S P Leveridge	0112111●10— 7	H Thau	2111101112— 9
S Doeinck	2111112012— 9	T F Russell	1001201021— 6

G. V. HUDSON, M.D.

Belfast Gun Club.

BELFAST, Me., Sept. 19.—The Belfast Gun Club have just completed their cup contest for 1894. The cup was won by Ralph H. Howes under the following conditions: There were 12 shoots; at the first shoot each man shot at 25 targets; at all subsequent shoots the man or men making the highest score to shoot at 25, and all the rest to have as many more targets to shoot at as their scores fell below the highest score made. The highest score counted 5 points and the next 4, and so on down to 1. Any member being absent from a shoot to lose his score and also his handicap, and must shoot at 25 targets at next shoot. Ralph H. Howes won the match by a score of 49 points, with John Healey second with 47 points. Much interest has been manifested in this contest, several members running along very close in number of points until the last. The prize is a silver cup finely engraved.

BOB BLACK.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Massachusetts State Shoot.

CHELMSFORD, Mass., Sept. 18.—The second monthly meeting of six clubs representing Lowell, Worcester, Boston, Marblehead, Hingham, Middlesex Sportsmen's and Massachusetts Rifle Association, Walnut Hill, was held here to-day at the grounds of the Lowell Rod and Gun Club. The grounds are pleasantly and conveniently situated about two miles from the Lowell post-office and within three minutes' walk of the electric cars. A five-trap plant, well arranged and adapted to the grounds, answer the practice requirements of the club, which is composed of sixty-five members. An extra three-trap plant is utilized for special events. The day opened with an inauspicious fog which soon lifted and fine weather was afforded the shooters.

A serious fire in Lowell detained several members of the club until afternoon, and the fact that many members of the different clubs are off hird shooting made the attendance slimmer than was expected. Under the management of President Dr. W. A. Downs and Secretary Derby the events were shot off rapidly and harmoniously, and the able manner in which Mr. Frank A. Derby handled and disbursed the moneys gave universal satisfaction to the shooters. The following scores show how well the boys can shoot:

No. 1, 10 targets, keystone regular: Dickey 7, Snow 8, Davis 9, Brown 3, Bates 8, Robinson 5, Daly 6, Dock 5, Colt 4, Allison 6, Furrow 8, Brun 9

No. 2, 10 targets, keystone reversed: Daly 4, Jones 7, Snow 7, Furrow 5, Davis 10, Brown 8, Bates 7, Dock 6, Allison 5, Brun 5, Dickey 9, Climax 7.

No. 3, 10 targets, unknown angles: Dickey 7, Snow 9, Davis 9, Jones 7, Brown 9, Bates 9, Daly 8, Dock 4, Allison 10, Farrar 5, Brun 6, Warren 6, Climax 8, Puck 7.

No. 4, 5 pairs:

Brown	11 10 11 00 00—5	Davis	11 11 11 10 10—8
Farrar	11 10 11 10 00—6	Snow	10 10 11 11 10—7
Allison	11 11 00 11 11—8	Dickey	11 11 10 10 11—8
Daly	10 10 01 10 11—6	Warren	11 01 00 10 11—6
Bates	11 10 10 11 11—8	Climax	11 10 10 11 11—8
Brown	10 11 10 10 10—6	Puck	01 11 11 11 11—9
Jones	00 11 11 10 01—6		

No. 5, 10 targets, keystone reversed: Dickey 8, Snow 5, Davis 8, Jones 6, Warren 5, Puck 5, Daly 5, Duck 5, Allison 7, Farrar 9, Breen 6, Bates 5, Brown 8, Climax 9.

No. 6, 10 targets, keystone reversed: Dicky 10, Snow 7 Davis 7, Jones 6, Brown 6, Bates 6, Daly 4, Colt 6, Allison 7, Farrar 7, Breen 8, Warren 9, Climax 8, Puck 7.

No. 7, 20 singles, keystone reversed:

Breen	01110111110110011110—14	Davis	11111111100111111111—18
Farrar	11011111011100011110—14	Snow	11001111101011111011—15
Allison	11101110101111111111—17	Dicky	1011111111 111101111—18
Daly	00111011111000111011—13	Puck	11010010111111101111—15
Bates	11110011100111100111—14	Climax	11111011111111111111—19
Brown	11111111111111011111—19	Wrrren	11011011011100100011—12
Jones	11110011111111111111—18	Burton	11001110111111111000—14

No. 8, three-man team race, for Association gold badge, 10 targets. M. S. S. A. system, entrance 70 cents:

Boston Shooting Association.		M. R. A.	
Jones	1111100111—8	Snow	1111110111—9
Brown	1110111000—6	Warren	0011110111—7
Dickey	1101101110—7—21	Puck	1111011010—7—23
Hingham Gun Club.		**Lowell Rod and Gun Club No. 2.**	
Bacon	0111101111—8	Bates	0110110110—6
Allison	0011111111—8	Colt	0011101111—7
Farrar	1111001111—8—24	Dutchy	1100010001—4—17
Lowell Rod and Gun Club No. 1.		**Worcester Sportsmen's Ass'n.**	
Climax	1111110111—9	Daly	0101111111—8
Burton	1110011010—6	Davis	1111111011—9—17
Rule	1011111111—9—24		

No. 9, badge match, 20 targets, M. S. S. A. System:

Dickey	11111101110111111110—17	Allison	11101011111011111111—17
Snow	11111111111101111010—18	Farrar	10111110001100111011—13
Davis	11110010111100111110—14	Warren	10111100111110111101—15
Jones	11010111110111111001—15	Climax	11111101011111111110—16
Brown	11111110111011111111—18	Puck	11110101101111101110—15
Bates	11110111101111100111—16	Burton	11111111010111110101—16
Daly	01110111110111100111—15	Rule	11111111111111011101—18

No. 10, 10 targets, unknown angles: Dickey 8, Snow 7, Davis 10, Jones 7, Brown 7, Bates 9, Daly 6, Allison 9, Farrar 9, Breen 7, Warren 9, Climax 10, Puck 10, Burton 8.

No. 11, 10 targets, keystone reversed: Dickey 9, Snow 9, Davis 6, Jones 4, Brown 9, Bates 7, Daly 7, Allison 7, Farrar 6, Breen 6, Warren 6, Climax 10, Puck 8, Burton 7, Rule 8.

No. 12, 10 targets, unknown angles: Dickey 10, Brown 9, Daly 4, Allison 8, Rule 8, Puck 10, Davis 8, Jones 8, Warren 9, Breen 8, Bates 8, Farrar 9, Colt 7, Climax 8, Burton 8.

No. 13, 25 targets, known traps and angles, entrance $3:

Dickey	1111111011111111111111111—24
Brown	1111111111111011111111110—23
Daly	1111111111111111110111111—24
Allison	1111110111101111011111111—22
Rule	1010011111111111111011111—21
Puck	1111111101101111111011111—22
Burton	0111111101101110110011101—18
Jones	1111111111111111111111111—25
Bates	1111111111111111110111101—23
Farrar	1111111011111110011011011—20
Climax	1111111111011111111111010—22
Davis	1011111111111111011101111—22

No. 14, 5 pairs from 3 traps:

Dickey	11 11 11 11 11—10	Davis	10 11 11 10 11— 8
Jones	11 10 11 11 00— 7	Warren	11 11 01 11 10— 8
Daly	10 10 10 11 11— 7	Breen	11 11 11 11 00— 8
Allison	01 11 00 11 10— 6	Bates	11 11 11 00 10— 7
Rule	10 10 11 11 10— 7	Climax	11 10 10 01 10— 6
Puck	11 01 00 10 11— 6	Brown	11 10 10 11 00— 6

No. 15, 15 targets, Keystone reversed: Brown 15, Davis 13, Dickey 14, Farrar 9, Breen 12, Daly 12, Climax 13, Allison 13, Jones 12, Colt 10, Snow 15, Rule 12, Puck 12, Burton 9, Bates 9.

No 16, 10 targets, known traps and angles: Bates 9, Snow 9, Brun 8, Warren 7, Climax 10, Rule 8, Dickey 9, Allison 7, Brown 9, Puck 9, Daly 7, Jones 9.

No. 17, 20 targets, keystone reversed:

Daly	01111111110111011111—17	Allison	11111111111100111011—17
Brown	01111111111111011111—18	Snow	01011010111111111111—16
Dickey	11111111111111001111—18	Climax	11111111111111111111—20
Rule	11111111111111110111—19	Farrar	11111001010000000011— 9
Puck	11111111111101111111—19	Jones	01111111111101111010—17
Bates	11111111111111111111—20	Edwards	11111111111101111111—19

No. 18, 10 targets, unknown angles: Bates 6, Allison 7, Burton 9, Snow 7, Puck 10, Rule 8, Climax 9, Daly 7, Farrar 8, Brown 6, Dickey 9, Brun 7, Warren 8, Colt 8. WAYLAND.

Trap at San Antonio.

THE agony is over as far as the trophy shoots of the San Antonio Gun Club is concerned. As predicted by your correspondent, who, as a shooting prognosticator poses at the same notch that Foster does as to cyclones, Mr. I. N. Rothwell added another winning to his string of five. This makes him seven winnings to the others' four, and as there are but two more shooting dates, Mr. Rothwell is receiving the congratulations of his friends on his victory.

Rothwell is one of the most popular shots in San Antonio. He began shooting only seven years ago, and still handles the same gun (Scott 12-gauge) that he placed to his shoulder for the first discharge. His winning the trophy for 1894 so easily places him head and shoulders above his confreres of the San Antonio Gun Club, and somehow we are all glad of it.

The shoot on the 16th was a poor exhibition, as far as the scores are concerned, which explain themselves:

No. 1, 10 singles and 3 pairs: Samuels 9, Rothwell 15, Smith 10, McCormack 7, Black 10, Thiele 13, Veith 9, Chahot 8, France 10.

No. 2, trophy shoot, 20 singles and 5 pairs: Rothwell 23, Chabot 15, Vollbrecht 16, Samuels 16, McCormack 20, Barr 16, Heyel 14, Velth 18, Grossman 15, Shields 15, Thiele 19, France 14, Smith 17, Black 16, Eppstein 19. O. C. G.

Princeton Notes.

PRINCETON, N. J., Sept. 15.—With the advent of the open season trap-shooting will probably languish for a time in this old college town. But meanwhile our mascot and pride, Master George Rule (of whom I wrote you earlier as having never shot on the wing previous to June 15 of this year, and yet as having won the Winchester prize repeating gun last month, against all comers, in a series of five shoots), is not letting any pasture grow under his feet in getting acquainted with his new gun. Daily practice is getting him in wonderful form for a 16-year-old. Last week he smashed 25 empires straight, from known traps. Inclosed score shows what he did this week, 26 out of 30, from 5 screened traps, 16yds. rise, expert rules; 86⅔% wouldn't be a gait to be ashamed of even in professional company. By the way, why doesn't somebody take up the challenge I understand he has posted with you? He offers to shoot anybody under 16 years a match at live birds, targets or glass balls (the latter to be thrown by hand and shot with repeating rifle, .22cal., using bullet cartridge). The local fraternity are ready to back him; let some one take up the gauntlet and show what boys can do. WADS.

Shooting at Saratoga.

A LIVE bird match between a couple of two-men teams, one belonging to the Saratoga Gun Club, and the other representing the West End Gun Club of Albany, took place at the Saratoga Shooting Grounds on Saturday, Sept. 22. It proved to be an interesting race. The principals in the affair were J. Nelson Ramsdill and W. L. Pike, for Saratoga, and H. R. Sweuy aud A. C. Stone, for Albany. The shooting was rocky in spots and the average below first-class work; hut the tenacity with which the teams hung to each other, and the desperate efforts of the Albanians, made to overcome the lead gained by their opponents in the first round of 10 birds, kept the excitement up to a feverish pitch, and afforded a very considerable amount of pleasure to the onlookers, particularly the natives, who were present in goodly numbers.

The pigeons were tip-top for early flyers, most of them starting promptly at the opening of the trap; the few that lingered at the trap were immediately put to death under the "no hird" penalty, with the exception of a few loggy ones, were "shooed" to flight by the antics of "Washy" Coster late in the day to save time in trapping. The weather was clear and hot, though at no time did the heat reach a degree of discomfort. With the exception of a few of the visitors, who had to catch homeward-hound trains, not daring to stay over night in that heautiful hut wicked village, the audience did not desert the performance until the curtain was rung down at the fall of the last bird.

Among the prominent sportsmen present were A. Nelson Cheney, president of the Mohican Rod and Gun Club of Glens Falls, and Myron F. Roherts, president of the Granville (N. Y.) Gun Club, though the latter gentleman is a resident of Rupert, Vt. Mr. Cheney's presence was explained hy the fact that a team of Mohicans had an inanimate target match with the Saratogians, prior to the live bird event, in which the braves were the losers by a very narrow margin. This target match was under way when the Albany contingent, accompanied hy the FOREST AND STREAM'S correspondent, arrived on the ground, about 1:30 P. M., and the saucer smashing ate well into the afternoon, so that the live bird match, pushed on one side for the time, was not concluded until "The shades of night were falling fast." The windup of the shooting at the pigeons, fluttering ahout with the uncertain flight of bats in the dusk, was largely guess-work in aligning the gun, and luck in hitting the object.

The conditions of the live hird team match were 50 birds per man, 100 per team, $50 a side and the loser to pay for the birds, American Shooting Association rules to govern, except tbat the boundary shall be a 30yds. circle in the first half of the match and a 50yds. circle in the latter half, the circle in each case being struck from the center trap and bisecting the dead line at the firing point. Mr. Thomas H. Greer, a weil known pigeon shooter on the eastern New York circuit, was chosen referee, FOREST AND STREAM'S correspondent official scorer. The retrieving of the hirds was performed hy Harry M. Levengston's liver-colored pointer Dick, who is quite a wonder for this part of the country, a "fly catch" of Ramsdill's first bird, which, though fatally wounded, would have fluttered over the deadline, brought forth the plaudits of tbe crowd. The Saratoga team won the match. hut the individual honors for the hest shooting were carried off by Young Sweny, of Albany, as the following scores show:

W L Pike	1110122110211122111121211—23
	0021111111•111101101221••—18—41
J N Ramsdill	2211211111•2100211210002•—18
	1222212122121221 1•10111•0—21—39—80
H R Sweny	1111121110111211111221101—23
	2221012111•211101111•1201—20—43
A C Stone	2100101210 1•111101•012••0—14
	2102110121011121011111101—20—34—77

Previous to the above highly-colored eveut, a return match was loudly talked of, the same to take place on the private estate of John T. Betts, at Brunswick (a suburb of Troy); but Albany fell down with such a dull, sickening thud, that another team race is not likely to arise from the ruins of this one, though to the credit of our boys it can he said that they were good losers, and accepted their defeat and the consequent inroad on their purses with that good-natured imperturbability that characterizes your thoroughly game man.

HORACE B. DERBY.

Hawkeye Gun Club.

DUBUQUE, Ia., Sept. 13.—The Hawkeye Gun Club held a shoot on their grounds to-day, the shoot proving a success in every way. Some good shooting was done and all enjoyed a fine day's sport. A number of shooters from out of town were present, besides representatives of the E. C. and Standard gun clubs. The 600 pigeons which were sprung from three King traps, kept everybody guessing, some sensational kills being made. The day was dark and so were most of the hirds. Chas. Bros was referee and W. E. Jones scorer. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 5 live birds, entrance $2.50, 3 moneys: F. Mindorfer 5, W. Glab 2, F. Drasda 3, E. C. Baumhover 4, A. Heeb 4, O. Dietrich 4.

No. 2, 5 live hirds, entrance $2.50: F. Mindorfer 4, J. Cbaloupka 3, O. Dietrich 3, N. Glab 2, A. Heeb 3, F. Drasda 5, E. C. Baumhover 4, A. J. Walters 1.

No. 3, 7 live birds, entrance $3.50:

F Drasda	0210202—4	F Mindorfer	2120222—6
J Chaloupka	2102002—4	A Heeb	0•22211—5
J O'Brien	2222201—6	O Dietrich	1012212—6
N Glab	2211110—6	E C Baumhover	2222122—7
A J Walters	0•00200—1		

No. 4, 5 live hirds, entrance $2.50: N. J. Thiel 4, A. Heeb 3, J.O'Brien 4, O. Dietrich 3, N. Glab 4, F. Mindorfer 3, J. Chaloupka 5, S. R. Showers 3, A. J. Walters 3, F. Drasda 2, E. C. Baumhover 5, W. Cox 3.

No. 5, 5 live birds, entrance $2.50: E. W. Coburn 3, N. J. Thill 3, S. R Showers 2. J. O'Brien 4, J. Chaloupka 2, A. Heeb 2, W. Cox 4, F. Drasda 3, N. Glab 4, L. Van Vleck 3.

No. 6, 7 live birds, entrance $3.50:

J Chaloupka	111•112—6	J G Brown	•10•210—3
F Jaeger	2110011—5	E W Coburn	2202102—5
N J Thill	0122112—6	W Cox	0102121—5
G Wunderlich	•122121—6	A J Walters	1000000—1
A Heeb	1000221—4	S R Showers	1000202—3
J O'Brien	022201•—4	N Glab	0020221—4
L Van Vleck	2022012—5		

No. 7, 5 live birds, entrance $2.50: F. Jaeger 3, J. Chaloupka 4, Dr. Biglow 4, H. Williams 4, E. W. Coburn 8, F. Denert 3, S. R. Showers 3, J. O'Brien 4, W. E. Bean 3, N. Glab 4, A. Heeb 4, W. Cox 5, H. Thill 4, J. G. Brown 5, G Wunderlich 4, L. Van Vleck 1. Ties for second money were shot off miss and out, N. Glab and Williams dividing.

No. 8, 7 live birds, entrance $3.50:

J O'Brien	122•111—6	G Wunderlich	1201221—6
W Cox	0111111—6	R P Evison	20112•0—4
S R Showers	121121•—6	H Williams	0121212—6
N Glab	•12••02—3	F Drasda	1000022—3

The day's sport was brought to a close with a couple of $1 miss-and-outs. In the first one, with 6 entries, J. Miller and H. Williams killed 6 and divided; in the second, with only four entries, F. H. Mindorfer and E. C. Baumhover killed 3 and divided.

O. F. SOHILL.

Elliott Defeats Carver.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 19, James A. R. Elliott, the crack western wing shot, who was defeated in July by Dr. W. F. Carver in two out of a series of three 100 bird races under Hurlingham rules, recovered his lost prestige in a series of three matches shot here on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday under the same rules, with the exception that the Hurlingham rules were modified in the matter of boundary, the American Shooting Association 50yd. limit being placed on them. The matches were for $100 a side each and $100 additional on the odd race, making the side stakes $400 a side.

Elliot shot a good match against Carver in July and although beaten in two out the three races the general scoro on the serles showed him to he only 2 birds behind the victor. Elliot claimed after tbe July match that Carver was favored hy the enlarged English boundary and as soon as he could raise another stake challenged Carver to a return match but insisted that the American boundary govern. Carver accepted and three matches shot during the past week were the result, and Elliott's victory over the "Evil Spirit of the Plains" as Carver is theatrically known was decisive. He showed himself unmistakably Carver's master as a wingshot winning all three races by the great scores of 99, 95 and 96, killing an aggregate of 290 hirds out of the 300 shot at, and making a world's record at the 50yd. boundary, his score of 99 out of 100 on Saturday never having been equalled in a match under like conditions.

Andy Thomas refereed the matches, E. F. Swinney judged for Carver and George Stockwell for Elliott. There was not a single decision that was questioned, there heing little for referee or judges to quibble over. James Whitfield was stakeholder and scorer. The guns and loads used were practically the same used in the July shoot, Elliott using a 7lbs. Greener, and Winchester shells loaded with 3½drs. E. C. powder and No. 7 shot. Carver shot a 7½lbs. Cashmore and Winchester shells loaded with 3½drs. wood powder and No. 7 shot. The general work of the two men led experts to the opiniou that Elliott's loads were far more effective than Carver's, being more uniformly deadly in their action. Elliott's work was clean througbout, and out of the birds that got away there were few but carried out some pellets of shot, and many of them were hard hit and fell dead just beyond the houndary line or over the fence.

Elliott set a championship pace in the opening race, leading off with 58 stralght kills, lost his sixtieth, a right-quartering driver of a cinnamon color, which circled out of the two loads; he then ran out with 40 straight, a record that will be hard to beat. Carver lost 9 hirds in that race, four of which fell dead out of bounds. The birds were a selected lot of old campaigners and needed but little flagging.

The second race, on Monday, was more exciting. Elliott was the first to miss, but he shot a great uphill race, and won out by two birds on a score of 95 to 93. They were also good birds.

The third and last race was still closer and more interesting, Elliott losing three before Carver missed, after a 40 run. When Carver missed his 41st it appeared to anger him, and reckless shooting cost him the two next hirds, and the score was a tie. From that on it was a hard race. A yell of triumph went up from Elliott's friends and supporters when he grassed his last bird and won the third consecutive race hy the narrow margin of one bird. The hirds on Tuesday were slower to wing than in the two preceding matches. The scores in the three matches are as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIRST DAY.

J A R Elliott....↙↖↗→↘↘↙↗↖↓H↘↙↗↗↙↙↓↓↘↗←↖↗→
2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2—25

↗↖→→↓↘↑↓→←↓↙↑→↖→→↑↖↖↑↓↑↗←
1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1—25

↖←↑↖←↘→↓↓↗↓↑↘→↖→↖H→↙→↑←↑←
1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1—24

←↑→→→←↘←↖↙→↑←↗↖↗↓←↑↗↖↖←↖H
2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2—25—99

↘→↗→↘↖↘↗↓→↑↓→↘↘↓↖→H→↖←↖↘↖
Dr W F Carver.0 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 • 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 •—21

↖↑↖↘↓↓→↘←→→↘←↓↗↖→↗↖→↑←→↖→
2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 • 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1—24

↑←↖↘↘↖H→→↑↑→↖↑↗↖↘↑↖↖←→↑←
1 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1—22

→↗→↖↗↘←→→↗↑←←↖→←↘↖↖←↖←→↑→
1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 1 1 2 2 2—24—91

SECOND DAY.

J A R Elliott...→↙$↗↗←↘↗↖H←↗↗↖↖→↗↑H→←↑←$↗
2 1 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 1—23

→↑←→↑↓↗↖↘→→↖↖↙→↗↖↗→↖←→↗←↑↗
1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 2 2 1 1 1—24

↘↑↗←↖↙→↙→↖↑←→→↖↖←→↑←↗↖↑↖↖
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 • 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1—23

←↖←→←↘↗$→$↗←↖↖↗↖↖↗↖←↖↖↘
2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2—25—95

↗↗↗→H→H↙↑↗↖→→→↖↗→↑$←↗H←↖↑
Dr W F Carver.1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 1 1 2 1—24

↘←←↑→↖←→↖$→↗→→→↗↖↑↗↑←↗↗↗→
2 1 2 1 1 • 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1—23

$↖→→↖↘↖←$↗↖←↙↖↑↓↗→↙→↖↑↖→→
2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 • 2 1 1 2 0 1 1 2 1 2 1 • 2 2 1 1—22

↑←↖↑↖←↖↖↑←→→↖H↖↗↗↑→↘←↖→↗
1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2—24—93

THIRD DAY.

Dr W F Carver.↗→$↑→→↖↖←↑↑↖↗↖↓→→↖↗→↖↗←→↑
1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1—25

↑←↙→←↙↖→↗→↖↘→→↑$→↖→↖↖→→↗↖
1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 • 0 • 1 2 2 2 1 2 2—22

↓↖↑↑↓↖→↑↖↑↗$↗→↑→←↗←←↖↗↗↖←↗
2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2—25

$↘↑→↘↗↗↑↗←↑↖↖↖↙↖→↖↖↑↗→→↗↖
1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 • • 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2—23—95

←←↑←←↘→↑↗→→↑→↖↖←↑↙↖↑↗→↖→↖
J A R Elliott....1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 • 2 1 1 1 • 2 1 1 1 2 1—23

↖→↖↙↘↖→$↓→↓→→↖→↓↑↗↖→↘↑→↖→
2 1 2 2 2 2 1 • 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1—24

↗↖↘↑↖→↗↗↑$H↖←↘↘←↖↘←↖←↖←↖↗
2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2—25

↑↖←↗→↖↑↑↑↑↖←↑↖→↖↓↖↗↖↖↗↗↗↑
1 • 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2—23—96

JAMES WHITFIELD.

The Indianapolis Amateur Tournament.

THE fine weather combined with a large crowd of shooters from far and near, went to make the Indianapolis Amateur Tournament the largest and most successful gathering ever held in Indiana, of its kind. Sept. 11, 12 and 13 were the dates, and seventy different shooters were present at some time during the shoot. The weather was perfect, neither too hot nor too cold. Everybody was happy, things ran smoothly, with no kicking, was it not good reason to be happy? The traps and grounds under the eyes of Dr. J. A. Martin and M. W. Burford, gave first class results and H. S. Humphrey handled the cash in a prompt manner with the money ready for the shooter as the event was finished. From one set of 5 traps, 3,875 bluerocks were trapped the first day and 3,475 bluerocks the second day, while 2,190 sparrows was the grand finale for the third day. The sparrows under the immediate direction of W. J. Hill, the original sparrow man, were as good a lot as ever flew from a trap, hardly a one refusing to fly on opening the trap. The shooting continued till moonlight and birds were shot after the moon had risen.

Those who came just to he coming were C. W. Raymond (Ray), President Ohio Trap Shooters' League; Ed. Rike, A. M. Mumma, of Dayton, O.; Alvin Grube, Chas. Lockwood, D. M. Smith and T. A. Gentle, Southport, Ind.; M. Whitney Thompson, Capt. N. Long, Al. Livenguth, of Lafayette, Ind.; J. T. Park, Brook, Ind.; L. B. Fleming (Short), T. J. Goodwin (Brown), both of West Lehanon, Ind.; Chas. Proctor, Union City, Ind.; Frank Murphey, Brazil, Ind.; Jno. T. Buker, Rockford, Ill.; Chas. E. Strawn, Jacksonville, Ill.; Frank L. Bills, Ed. Overly, C. C. Geers, A J. Miller, Weddle and Rogers the Urbana, Ill., shooters. J. W. King was from Rennsalaer, Ind., and J. B. Reeder and C. Thomas, from Logansport, Ind.; J. Ed. Isgrigg, Chicago, Ill.; J. M. Hershey, Matsville, Ind.; Ed. Vories (Howard) and Davis, from Crawfordsville, Ind.; M. T. Hampton and W. P. Cook, Richmond, Ind.; W. W. Washburn (McCaffrey), New Richmond, Ind.; Hyatt L. Frost, Connersville, Ind.; Mr. Bower and several whose name and residence are not at hand.

Among the local shooters were Dr. O. F. Button ("Partington"), Dr. S. H. Moore ("Jacksnipe"), Dr. C. C. Evarts, J. H. Kerr, Prof. H. D. Vories, M. A. Morris, J. W. Cooper, L. A. Wessling, W. J. Fugate, H. A. Comstock, G. J. Marott, L. C. Scott, C. Wright, Col. G. W. Spahn, A. T. Quick, Geo. Beck, Jr., J. Hymer, R. D. Townsend, F. J. Hinsdale, Chas. Polster, H. C. Roney, J. B. McGuffin, E. N. Fuliweder, Dr. R. T. Oliver, W. Wildhack.

First Day.

No. 1, 10 singles: Lockwood 8, Grube 10, Murphy 9, Mumma 7, Ray 9, Rike 9, Becker 8, Jacksnipe 9, Strawn 9, Partington 9, Bartlett 10, King 7, Reeder 8, Thomas 6, Martin 6, Burford 5, Girton 9.

No. 2, 15 singles: Lockwood 13, Grube 11, Mumma 12. Ray 11, Becker 15, Jacksnipe 14, Partington 12, Bartlett 14, Martin 13, Burford 11, Rike 12, Murphy 10, Kink 10, Park 13, Strawn 14, Thomas 12, Girton 10, Reeder 11.

No. 3, 15 singles: Lockwood 15, Grube 12, Mumma 14, Ray 12, Becker 11, Jacksnipe 9, Partington 15, Bartlett 10, Martin 10, Burford 9, Rike 13, Girton 14, Strawn 14, Hymer 10, Murphy 10, Erwin 13, Jones 10, King 11, Thomas 11, Park 9, Herschey 11.

No. 4, 20 singles: Lockwood 17, Gruhe 16, Mumma 14, Ray 19. Buker 20, Jacksnipe 19, Partington 16, Bartlett 18, Martiu 16, Burford 16, Strawn 18, Murphy 14, King 17, Rike 19, Reeder 12, Girton 18, Thomas 16, Jones 9, Herschey 11, Park 17.

No. 5, 10 singles: Lockwood 8, Grube 9, Mumma 7, Ray 10, Buker 10, Jacksnipe 6, Partington 10, Bartlett 9, Martin 10, Burford 5, Girton 7, Erwin 5, King 9, Murphy 8, Thomas 7, Jones 6, Strawn 8, Rike 5, Reeder 6, Herschey 8.

No. 6, 15 singles, $50 guaranteed by H. S. Humphrey and M. W. Burford: Strawn 13, Herschey 12, Reeder 8, Ray 13, Berker 13, Martin 10, Wesling 11, Partington 13, Grube 11, Bartlett 14, King 11, Girton 12, Proctor 13, Murphy 10, Smith 10, Thomas 9, Erwin 11, Lockwood 12, Mumma 12, Jacksnipe 10, Jones 10, Rike 10, Hymer 6, Burfor 11, Morris 6, Fugate 11, Evarts 12, Kerr 11, Parks 9, Humphrey 11, Long 13.

No. 7, 10 singles: Lockwood 8, Grube 9, Mumma 9, Ray 8, Buker 10, Jacksnipe 8, Partington 10, Bartlett 9, Martin 8, Burford 10, Townsend 5, Gerton 10, Hinsdale 3, Fugate 10, Morris 3, Smith 6, Kerr 8, Polster 8, McGuffin 1, Roney 7, Rike 10, Irwin 4, Strawn 10, Everts 6, Hymes 6, Tutewilder 8, Oliver 6.

No. 8, 15 singles: Lockwood 13, Grube 13, Mumma 12, Ray 13, Buker 15, Jacksnipe 13, Partington 14, Martin 14, Burford 10, Everts 10, Girton 12, Townsend 9, King 13, Long 9, Hinsdale 2, Polster 10, Rike 11, Fugate 11, Morris 8, Roney 10, Strawn 13, Tutewilder 12, Wildhack 12, Smith 11, Humphrey 6, Kerr 11, Irwin 11, Wesling 10, Oliver 9.

No. 9, 15 singles, $11 added money: Bartlett 13, Buker 13, Strawn 11, Martin 13, Lockwoud 11, Gruhe 13, Mumma 14, Ray 13, Jacksnipe 13, Partington 13, Burford 13, Thomas 11, King 14, Rike 12, Fugate 14, Long 12, Comstock 14, Reeder 12, Park 9. Polster 12. Everts 11, Wildhack 12, Girton 10, Townsend 10, Wesling 8, Tutewilder 9, Marrott 7, Long 10, Kerr 10, Jones 7, Smith 9, Herschey 14, Humphrey 7, Oliver 10, Irwin 10.

Second Day.

No. 1, 15 singles: Thomas 11, Buker 12, Thompson 12, Mumma 13, Bartlett 14, Rike 14, Lockwood 13, Livenguth 13, Grube 13, Short 11, Reeder 9, King 11, Ray 14, Irwin 9, Strawn 13, Partington 12, Girton 8, Martin 12, Fugate 12, Tag 4, Park 13.

No. 2, 20 singles: Buker 16, Thompson 17, Mumma 15, Livenguth 15, Partington 18, Rike 18, Lockwood 19, Grube 16, Bartlett 19, Short 13, King 18, Strawn 18, Ray 15, Fugate 18, Girton 14, Martin 16, Burford 16, Bills 11, Davis 14, H. Vories 15, Howard 11.

No. 3, 10 singles: Buker 9, Thompson 9, Mumma 10, Livenguth 7, Partington 10, Rike 6, Lockwood 10, Grube 8, Thomas 4, Ray 9, Bartlett 9, Short 7, Bills 7, King 8, Strawn 8, Howard 7, Davis 4, Martin 8, Burford 7, Fugate 6, Overly 3, H. Vories 6, Girton 6, Everts 9, Irwin 4, Scott 4, Park 8.

No. 4, 20 singles: Buker 19, Thompson 15, Mumma 10, Livenguth 17, Partington 18, Rike 19, Lockwood 15, Grube 13, Short 19, King 19, Everts 15, Bartlett 19, Strawn 17, Thomas 17, Ray 18, Howard 17, Brown 8, Martin 16, Burford 17, Scott 15, Fugate 15, Davis 12, Girton 14, Bills 14, H. Vories 16, Park 18.

No. 5, 15 singles: Buker 13, Bartlett 14, Bartlett 14, Mumma 13, Rike 12, Short 9, King 13, Partington 12, Grube 10, Ray 13, Thompson 13, Livinguth 10, Everts 11, Brown 13, Strawn 12, Davis 10, Wright 10, Roxey 10, Townsend 8, Scott 8, Tutewiler 12, Cooper 9, H. Vories 10, Martin 12, Howard 11, Kerr 10, Bills 12, Jacksnipe 14, Girton 12. Erwin 11, Overly 13, Morris 5, Lockwood 11, Humphrey 11, Fugate 15, Burford 12, Bowen 8.

No. 6, 15 singles: Buker 12, Thompson 12, Mumma 13, Ray 12, Partington 13, Rike 11, Lockwood 14, Grube 10, Thomas 9, King 14, Bartlett 13, Howard 13, Short 8, Brown 12, Everts 11, Jacksnipe 10, Martin 14, Strawn 11, Kerr 12, Comstock 12, Overly 12, Gerton 11, Davis 10, Boweu 9, Fugate 12, Livenguth 13, Marott 6, Park 13.

No. 7, 10 singles: Buker 10, Thompson 7, Mumma 10, Everts 8, Partington 8, H. Vories 5, Wright 4, Roney 6, Tutewiler 7, Townsend 3, Cooper 4, Marott 5, Oliver 7, Short 5, Brown 6, Spahr 4, 4, Morris 8, Martin 8, Burford 7, Bartlett 4, King 8, Lockwood 8, Livenguth 7, Rike 9, Ray 8, Howard 5, Bills 8, Strawn 9, Girton 8, Jacksnipe 7, Fugate 9, Erwin 7, Humpbrey 8, Thomas 6.

No. 8, 10 singles: Buker 10, Thompson 8, Mumma 10, Strawn 10, Partington 10, Fugate 10, Bartlett 9, Everts 7, King 10, Short 5. Townsend 8, Tutewiler 9, Ray 8, Cooper 3, Lockwood 7, Brown 6, Rike 10, Martin 10, Burford 7, Morris 6, Oliver 9, Jacksnipe 6, Livenguth 8, Girton 8, Humphrey 8.

No. 9, 15 singles: Buker 14, Thompson 13, Mumma 14, Strawn 14, Partington 14, Rike 15, Lockwood 11, Gruhe 14, Everts 14, Howard 12, King 15, Bartlett 12, Fugate 11, Ray 13, Davis 10, Jacksnipe 9, Oliver 12, Martin 13, Livenguth 11, Girton 11.

Silver cup for best average was won by A. M. Mumma, Dayton, O., 90%; second average was J. W. King, Rensselaer, Ind., and Dr. O. F. Britton (Partington), city, $89\frac{3}{13}$%: third average, John J. Buker, Rockford, Ill., $88\frac{6}{13}$%; fourth average, Ed. Rike, Dayton, O., $87\frac{9}{13}$%.

Third Day.

No. 1, 5 sparrows: Mumma 3, DuBray 5, Weddle 5, Rogers 5, Girton 2, Rike 4, Martin 5, Bills 4, Howard 5, Hampton 2, Cook 4, Emery 4, Ray 4, Burford 5, Strawn 2, McCaffery 5, Irwin 5, Partington 5, Short 0, Brown 3. Fugate 1.

No. 2, 10 sparrows: Mumma 8, McCaffery 9, Martin 8, Rike 8, Howard 9, Roy 5, Rogers 7, Weddle 9, DuBray 7, Short 8. Brown 3, Lockwood 7, Partington 5, Emery 5, Cook 8, Hampton 7, Thompson 8, Davis 7, Girton 7, Livenguth 8, Fugate 5, Overly 6, Irwin 9, Burford 4, Baker 7, Bills 8, Strawn 8.

No. 3, 5 sparrows: Mumma 5, McCaffery 5, Martin 5, Rike 5, Howard 5, Short 4, Brown 2, Ray 5, Rogers 4, DuBray 5, Buker 4, Thompson 4, Bills 5. Jacksnipe 4, Weddle 3, Burford 5, Cook 5, Overly 4, Livenguth 4, Tramp 5, Emery 5, Partington 4, Geers 0, Miller 4, H. Vories 4, Hamton 2, Frost 4, Girton 3. Fugate 4.

No. 4, 15 sparrows: Mumma 11, McCaffery 12, Martin 14, Short 8, Brown 7, DuBray 12, Partington 12, Lockwood 12, Miller 12, Pike 14, Jacksnipe 12, Rogers 7, Howard 11, Strawn 10, Buker 11, Tramp 12, Bills 10, Geers 10, Thompson 12, Emery 12, Girton 11, Overly 13, Burford 13, Cook 12, Weddle 14, Ray 12, Davis 8, Livenguth 7, Frost 11, Humphrey 11, Fugate 4.

No. 5, 7 sparrows: Mumma 6, Martin 6, McCaffery 6, Shott 4, Brown 6, Howard 4, H. Vories 5, Hampton 6, DuBray 5, Bills 2, Partington 5, Lockwood 7, Rike 6, Weddle 6, Irwin 7, Polster 7, Bartlett 3. Thompson 4, Cook 4, Strawn 6, Geers 5, Ray 6, Livenguth 5, Burford 5, Fugate 3, Frost 4, Girton 3, Miller 5, Buker 6, Jacksnipe 5.

No. 6, 20 sparrows: Mumma 7, Martin 16, McCaffrey 15, Short 15, Everts 15, Buker 18, Polster 14, Rike 16, DuBray 17. Partington 16, Ray 16, Thompson 13, H. Vories 12, Brown 9, Cook 18, Hampden 13, Kerr 12, Howard 13. Burford 15, Herschey 15, Waddle 15, Tramp 17, Bartlett 18, Strawn 15, Lockwood 18, Livenguth 15, Morris 15, Comstock 16, Overly 17, Grube 18.

No. 7, 8 sparrows: Mumma 4. Marten 8, McCaffrey 7, Polster 5, Jacksnipe 5, Everts 7, Thompson 4, Irwin 6, Frost 6, DuBray 3, Beck 6, Rike 8, Marott 7, Burford 5, Buker 7, Herschey 8, Cook 8, Wessling 8, Quick 2.

No. 8, 15 sparrows: Burford 11, Marten 14, McCaffrey 14, Polster 11, Irwin 12, DuBray 14, Mumma 11, Ray 11, Marott 12, Grube 15, Cook 15, Buker 11, Rike 14, Lockwood 9.

Gold medal for sparrow championship, 1894, for best average, was won by Dr. J. A. Martin of this city on $89\frac{7}{17}$%; second average, E. Rike, Dayton, O., $88\frac{4}{17}$%; third average, W. P. Cook, Richmond, Ind., $87\frac{1}{17}$%; fourth average, McCaffrey and Irwin, $85\frac{15}{17}$%.

Best average for all sorts in tournament was made by E. Rike, Dayton O., 85⅔%; second hy J. A. Marten, city, 84⅓%; third hy A. M. Mumma, Dayton, O., 82⅓%.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

W. S. M., Spencer, Ind.—The national colors are displayed from the peak of the after sail.

A. B. R., Brooklyn.—Inquire of the Steamboat Inspectors, in the Post Office Building, New York.

G. S. I., Chicago.—The rating rule of the Yacht Racing Association is length on waterline, multiplied by sail area, the product divided by 6,000; thus 20ft. l.w.l., 300sq. ft. of sail, would give 1-rating.

J. T. D.—We have published the line of various canoe-yawls in the FOREST AND STREAM and in "Cauoe and Boat Building for Amateurs." The huilders' catalogues will give you informatiou as to price.

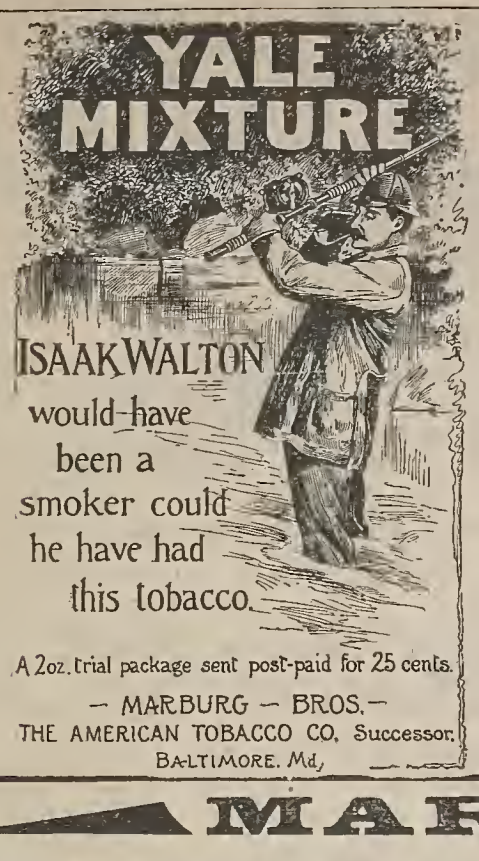
N. E. M., West Alexander. Washington county, Pa.—Please send me the American rules for rifle target shooting. Ans. There are no regular rules published. Write to Gus Nowak, secretary Zettler Rifle Club, No. 219 Bowery, New York, or to A. F. Adams, secretary of Massachusetts Rifle Association, Walnut Hill, Mass.

B. W., Milton, W. Va.—What can I do to prevent the bugs from eating all my wads up? And also please tell me if you think that the corrosion in brass shells used in a shot gun will injure the powder if left loaded for any length of time. Ans. 1. Throw the wads out the window and get some new ones. 2. Not to any great extent, provided you don't keep them too long.

W. B. C., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—Am contemplating spending the next six months in the South. Will you kindly inform me as to the hunting, (duck etc.) and fishing at Beaufort N. C. Ans. We can do no better than refer you to Charles Hallock's articles on "North Carolina Winter Sports" published in FOREST AND STREAM, December '91 and Jan. '92, which will give you all the information you desire.

S., Harrisburg, Pa.—Would like to know through columns of your paper whether our speckled trout (*S. fontinalis*) exists in Alaska streams. A gentleman who visited Alaska in 1893 told several of his friends of the many speckled trout he saw caught there. The gentleman is a native of this State. I remarked that our speckled trout were unknown in Alaska. Do our speckled trout exist in Alaska? Ans. No. The trout there are speckled, but they are not *S. fontinalis*, not the Eastern brook trout.

W. L., Lachine, Canada.—Can you let me know through your paper a good way of preparing musk-rat skin for use? I can not get rid of the fat which seems to come out of the skin after it is cured. Ans. Cleanse the skins in warm water and scrape off all the fat and superfluous flesh that can he removed. Then immerse in a solution made accordingly to the following proportion: Five gallons cold, soft water; 5 quarts wheat bran; 1 gill salt and 1oz. of sulphuric acid; allow the skins to soak 4 or 5 hours and then put them in the tanning solution which is made as follows: Into 5 gallons of warm, soft water stir 1 peck of wheat bran, and allow the mixture to stand in a warm room until fermentation takes place. Then add 3 pints of salt and stir until it is thoroughly dissolved. A pint of sulphuric acid should then be poured in gradually, after which the liquor is ready. Let the skins soak in this solution 3 or 4 hours. To finish, "flesh" the skin with some blunt tool, such as a dull butcher knife, and keep working till the skin is dry so as to insure pliability. The skin of a musk-rat is very tender, and requires careful manipulation.



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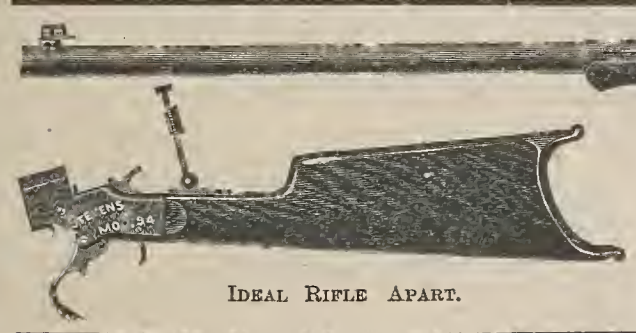

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PENNSYLVANIA GAME LEGISLATION.

THE Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association has an important work on hand. At the annual meeting of the Association, on Aug. 21, held at Wopsononock, near Altoona, the president, Mr. N. A. Hughes, of Williamsport, Pa., was authorized to appoint a committee, whose duty it shall be to carefully consider the matter of a reorganization of the Association. As in the State of New York, so also in the State of Pennsylvania, members of the State associations have come to realize that it is impossible to adequately discuss the problem of game protection and propagation during the progress of a trap-shooting tournament.

The New York State Association now has two meetings annually; one held in the summer for the purpose of bringing together the trap-shooters and lovers of the gun; the other, a convention in the winter at which game protection and kindred topics are discussed. Pennsylvania sportsmen can hardly do better than reorganize on the lines of the sister organization in New York State, remembering that the senior organization, after years of trial, has found it necessary to separate trap-shooting and the discussion of game questions in order to carry out successfully the objects of the Association as set forth in the constitution.

In regard to the adoption of a uniform law for the State of Pennsylvania, the Association also has work before it. The State itself is so large, and the interests of the different sections so diverse, that opposition is sure to be encountered on all hands when the subject of a uniform law is discussed. Success can only be obtained by mutual concessions on the part of both the eastern and western portions of the State. Sectional laws are now forbidden under the constitution of Pennsylvania, hence the open season for the extreme east must be the same as those for the wildest and coldest portions of the northwestern counties. There is a very general feeling throughout the State that barring the summer woodcock shooting, the present seasons are as nearly right as possible, if only the laws themselves were everywhere stringently enforced. The appointment of a State game warden with power to appoint his deputies, is what most sportsmen in Pennsylvania ask for. It is urged in this behalf that the odium, if any, of conducting prosecutions against violators of the game laws would then devolve, not upon game and fish protective associations, but upon officials properly so constituted by the State authorities, who could act upon information conveyed to them either by private individuals or by the aforesaid associations.

The Fish Commission has done much for the anglers of the Keystone State, and the shooters of Pennsylvania claim that they are entitled to at least as much consideration as their brethren of the rod.

It would seem wise then for the State Sportsmen's Association of Pennsylvania, instead of going in for a wholesale revision of the present game laws, to work for the appointment of a game official, whether through a regular game commission or in connection with the present Forestry Commission; and also to see to it that the propagators of foreign game birds and animals, such as Mongolian and English pheasants, English and Belgian hares, and English partridges are duly protected in their efforts for a period of at least two years.

PORTRAITS IN INK.

VIII.—A PROFESSOR OF FISHING.

WHENEVER you may chance to visit his haunts, in almost all weathers and seasons, you are likely to meet the old fisherman, wearing dilapidated clothes and bearing unconventional equipments.

Robins are not yet mating, nor the plovers calling in the tawny grass lands, before he is stealing along the brimming trout brooks, or is discovered on the flood-invaded river bank, in sun and shower and flurry of sugar-snow, so silent and so seldom moving, that the uninterrupted purr of the frogs arises from the drift of dead water-weeds close beside him, and the turtles bask undisturbed on the nearest log, the muskrat swims beneath the steadfast slant of his pole, and the wild duck whistles past him in unerring flight.

He is alert for the first sharp-set trout and tempts the hungry perch and bullhead with the earliest worm. No flies are looped about his shapeless, battered hat, no fly-book in his pocket, for he scorns all such gimcracks as he does reel and jointed rod.

A pole that only nature has had a hand in making, save in trimming, is good enough for him, and so is an honest bait that in no wise deceives but in concealing a hook.

Only when it comes to trolling has he departed from the ancient usage of pork rind and red flannel and become a late convert to modern metallic lures.

All day long, with the stout line held in his teeth, he trails the fluttering spoon along marshy margins and rocky shores, impelling his craft with slow oars or dextrous paddle, lazily laborious, always expectant, never excited by good luck, nor ever cast down by bad.

He fishes solely for fish, never for sport. In spearing and netting suckers when they come up stream to spawn and in hauling his seine when the law allows it, he has as much sport as in angling. If the pickerel, perch and smelt bite well, he apparently enjoys ice-fishing, with its cold and desolate environment, quite as much as casting his bait in open waters under softer skies.

He wastes no time on the fine arts of the craft, but brings each fast-hooked fish to boat or grass with short shrift, whether it be plebeian pickerel, eel and pout, or patrician trout and bass.

Despise him not in the day of small things, for out of the abundance of his store many a light creel has become heavy, and blank scores been made reputable, to the credit of rods and flies quite innocent of piscine blood. Also, it is well to remember that if he is somewhat greedy, there are those no less so, who profess to be truer anglers than he.

If he is touched by the fine and subtle influences of nature, if he rejoices in the gladness of the birds, the beauty of the flowers, the greenness of woods and fields, the babble of waters, the glory of dawn and sunset, he makes no sign. Yet he is a close observer of what concerns his business, wise in the manners and moods of fishes, and whoever studies nature in any of her ways must in some sort be her lover.

He has the quaintness and originality that flavor men who live much by themselves and think their own thoughts, and if you approach him without assumption of superiority, you will find him an entertaining and profitable companion.

TWO POINTS brought up in Mr. Waters's interesting recollection of old time chicken shooting in the Dakotas have an especial interest for sportsmen everywhere, and are paralleled by events that have taken place in the East within twenty-five years. The change of habits of the birds, due to changed surroundings and more constant pursuit, is just what has been seen in our native quail in the comparatively recent past. In many localities in New England and the Middle States where quail are few and are constantly pursued during the open season, it is believed by many experienced sportsmen that the birds leave the cover to feed only for a short time in early morning and evening, and fly back to the swamp in the middle of the day, instead of walking to nooning places as they used to in old times. The march westward of the posting idea is another striking fact and shows how rapidly—though perhaps unconsciously—the belief in the game preserve is extending. It is apparent that the sportsman of the near future must take his choice between a universal game preserve on the one hand, or, on the other, game laws rigidly enforced, except for a short open season.

THE LESSON OF THE SEASON.

NEARLY all of the members of the Vigilant party have now returned and undergone the interviewing process, and their stories, which are substantially identical, give very little support to the idea that the yacht and all connected with her received other than fair treatment at the hands of their opponents. In international contests of this kind there is inevitably a certain amount of feeling and friction on both sides during the excitement of the races, but in this case it will be found, we believe, when all the facts are fully known, that there has been quite as little as could be expected, and that throughout the entire series of races there has been no overt act of either party which will be remembered after the present season.

So far as Americans are concerned, there is a great deal to be learned from a careful and serious study not only of the Vigilant-Britannia races; but of the whole system of yacht racing in England; a subject which, as has been proved by the many absurd criticisms of the past season, is very imperfectly understood on this side. While the superiorty in point of speed has remained largely on this side of the Atlantic since the days of the America, it must be admitted on the other hand the sport of yacht racing is not only much more generally patronized, but much better understood on the other side. There are many well-informed American yachtsmen who have this year for the first time learned of the methods of racing in vogue in England; methods which they have not hesitated to condemn for no better reason than that the American champion has been defeated.

A sober and impartial comparison of the various points, the "one gun" and "time" start, the sailing each race to a finish as compared with a time limit, the racing rules of the road, the general management of races and the common usage of yachtsmen in a race, will show that in point of fairness there is little to choose between the American and the British methods.

The most important point for Americans to consider is that while yacht racing here is spasmodic, the larger classes having no continued existence from year to year, but disappearing for long intervals, and even the smaller classes seldom lasting for two successive seasons, in British waters there are certain fixed and permanent classes, which race year after year, sailing not six or eight races in a season, but more, probably thirty or forty. The fact is not generally understood here that many of the details of racing which have been criticised this year as inferior to American methods are made necessary by the great number of races sailed and the distance covered in attending a majority of them.

No friend of American yachting can wish for more than that yacht racing here may become as popular, as generally distributed, and as systematically managed as in Great Britain, and in order to attain such an end it is necessary that Americans should comprehend thoroughly how, after years of trial, it has been brought about; and should follow more or less the same methods. The opportunities for building up a splendid system of yacht racing in half a dozen established classes are in many respects far better here than in England; and it only rests with the individual yachtsmen and the clubs to avail themselves of them. If no other good results shall follow the visit of Vigilant, it will at least be a material benefit if American yachtsmen are led to study both the strong and weak points of the greatest system of organized yacht racing that has ever existed.

THE Springfield *Republican* tells us that a very strong petition is to be presented to Governor Greenhalge advocating the appointment of Mr. E. H. Lathrop of Springfield as Fish and Game Commissioner of the commonwealth of Massachusetts in place of one of the commissioners—Edward A. Brackett of Winchester and Isaiah C. Young of Wellfleet—whose terms expired Oct. 1. Mr. Lathrop has already served two terms as Fish Commissioner of Massachusetts with a brilliant record, having originally been appointed by ex-Governor Robinson ten years ago without any knowledge that the appointment was contemplated. Mr. Lathrop is not specially desirous of filling this office again, but Massachusetts sportsmen interested in game protection are exceedingly anxious that he should take it. Mr. Lathrop is well known outside of his own State as a thorough sportsman and just such a man as is needed on the game commission of any State. He ought to be appointed and he ought to accept the appointment.

The Sportsman Tomist.

BEARS IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

We extract the following from a private letter written by a gentleman recently returned from the Park:

When we reached the Lake Hotel the clerk at the desk asked us if we wished to see a bear, as he could show us one after we had finished dinner. We went with him to a spot some two hundred feet back of the hotel, where was deposited the swill and refuse. It was then a little after sunset. We waited some moments, when the clerk, taking his watch out of his pocket, said, "It is strange he has not come down; he is now a little over due." Before he had replaced his watch, he exclaimed "Here he comes now," and we saw descending slowly from a hill close by a very large black bear. The bear continued to approach us, when I said to the clerk, "Had we better not get behind the timber; he will be frightened off should he see us?" He answered "No, he will not be frightened in the least," and continued to converse with us in a loud voice. We were then standing in the open close by the swill heap, and the bear continued coming toward us, there being no timber intervening. We did not move, but continued talking. The bear came up to us without hesitation, diverging slightly from his direct route to the swill heap so as to approach nearer to us. He surveyed us leisurely with his nose in the air, got our scent, and seeming content that we were only harmless human beings, turned slowly away and went to the swill heap, where he proceeded to make a meal. We watched him for quite a while, when a large wagon passing along the road nigh to where we stood, the bear stopped feeding and went toward the hotel, in the direction in which the wagon was traveling. Our guide exclaimed, "He has gone to visit the pig sty," and in a little while we were satisfied this was so by hearing a loud outcry of "bar," "bar," which we afterward found proceeded from a Chinaman, one of whose special duties it was to keep bears out of the pig sty.

After the departure of the black bear, we retraced our steps, but before getting to the hotel I suggested to my friend Dell that if we returned to the refuse pile we might see another bear. We accordingly went back on the trail to within a few yards of where we stood before. When we stopped we heard, in the timber near by, a great noise as if dead pine branches were being smashed, and there emerged into the open a large grizzly. Although he was not quite so familiar as the black bear, he showed no hesitation but walked straight toward us and the object of his visit—the swill. Before reaching his destination, however, he stopped and squatted down on his haunches, calmly surveying the scene before him. The reason why he stopped became at once apparent. From the same hill down which the black bear had come we saw another grizzly, larger than the first, moving toward us at a rapid gait, in fact, on a lope, while the first grizzly regarded him with a look not altogether friendly or cordial. The second bear did not stop an instant until he reached the swill heap, where he proceeded to devour everything in sight without any regard to us or to his fellow squatted near by. The latter apparently had had some experience on a former occasion which he was not desirous of repeating.

Three men coming through the timber toward us, made a considerable racket, and the two bears moved off at no rapid gait in opposite directions. Until I left the spot I could see one of them on the edge of the timber, looking toward us, and no doubt, waiting for more quiet before partaking of the delights before him. When the three men joined us and were talking about the late departed, one of them shouted, "Here come two more," and before we could realize it we saw two good-sized cinnamons at the feast. They paid no attention whatever to us, but were entirely absorbed in finishing up what the other bears had left. By this time it was fast becoming dark and we returned to the hotel. I should have said that we measured the distance from the nearest point from the black bear to where we stood, and found it to be exactly twenty-one feet. The other bears were but a few yards further from us.

The squirrels, of which there were quite a number, were most diverting. Their presence alone added a playful element to a scene made solemn by twilight and the huge animals passing to and fro. We could tell when a bear was approaching by the chattering of bunny. He would run along the ground toward the bear with tail defiantly uplifted, jerking his head from side to side and scolding incessantly. I believe his anger was increased because the bear took no notice of him and yet he never allowed his animosity to lead him far from a place of security which he sought whenever his great enemy moved toward him. Doubtless his hatred was due to the remembrance of many careful hoards of piñon nuts, laboriously shelled and stored away for winter use and ruthlessly devoured by the huge and ugly beast.

When we entered the hotel we entertained our friends with an account of what we had seen, and had there not been three eye witnesses, we probably would have been entirely disbelieved. As we were giving our account, a man came into the room and said "If you want some fun come outside; we have got a bear up a tree." We went outside of the hotel and not over forty feet from it found a black bear in a pine tree. It seems, the wagon I have mentioned, had been stopped at the pine tree, and left there after the horses had been taken out. The owner, returning to his wagon found the bear in it, and this was the explanation why the bear had so suddenly taken to the tree.

The animal was considerably smaller than the one we had seen earlier; in fact it was not more than half as large, but still full grown. Quite a number of packers and teamsters stood about, amusing themselves by making the bear climb higher, till at last one of them asked our driver, Jim McMasters, why he did not climb the tree and shake the bear out. It was quite dark and McMasters, replied that he would not mind doing so if there were enough daylight for him to see. His companions continuing to banter him, he finally said "I believe I'll go up anyhow," and up he went, climbing, however—instead of the tree the bear had ascended—a companion tree which grew alongside of the other, the two not being more than a foot or so apart and the branches interlaced. We soon lost sight of McMasters and of the bear also for as Jim climbed the bear would climb too, until at last they both reached the top of their respective perches; when we heard Jim cry out, "Boys, he's got to come down; I can reach him." With that he proceeded to break off a small branch of his tree and we could hear him whack the bear with it and also could hear the bear remonstrating with a very unpleasant voice, at times approaching a roar. But at last the bear seemed to have made up his mind that it was better to come down than stay up and be whacked with a pine branch, so down he came, but not with any great rapidity, stopping at every resting place until Jim came down too and gave him a little persuading.

We could now see the action, but its dangerous features were lost sight of in its amusing ones. Jim had climbed on the tree down which the bear was descending, and when he was not persuading the bear he was pleading with us, somewhat as follows: "Now, boys, don't throw up here, and don't none of you hit him until he gets down. If he should make up his mind to come up again he'd clean me out, sure." After each speech of this sort he would move down to where the bear was and apply his branch, whereupon both the man and the animal would come down a few pegs lower. At last the bear was almost at the ground. We all formed a circle around the tree prepared to give both man and beast a reception when they should alight. The beast came first, and every fellow who had anything in the way of wood in his hand gave the bear admonishing blows that he might not return to the wagon again. Bruin did not stop to make us any promises at the time, but made off into the timber with great precipitancy. Jim, when he got down, did not seem to think that he had done anything more than if the bear had been a possum, which he had shaken out of the tree. And so ended our bear symposium of that evening, an experience one would fail to meet with even if he stopped at the best appointed hotel at Saratoga or other fashionable resort. Jim told me—and after what I had seen him do I did not doubt his word—that he had met this spring thirteen bears near the hotel at the cañon at one time.

A TRIP TO THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS.

Hot Springs, S. D., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from the Big Horn Mountains, where I had two weeks' trout fishing in the South and Middle Forks of Little Goose Creek.

The ride by rail on the Burlington route from Hot Springs to Sheridan, Wyo., is made in twelve hours. The Sheridan Inn is opposite the station, and is owned by Col. Cody, known to fame as "Buffalo Bill." In its magnificent surroundings Sheridan reminds one of Denver. The Big Horn Mountains on the south and east are within fifteen miles of the town, and from the foot of the mountains to the town is a valley with small ridges, between which are the Big Goose, Little Goose, South Goose, Prairie Dog and other streams of water that run into the Big Horn River.

Our fishing and hunting party started from the Sheridan Inn at 10 A. M. with two wagons, single teams, and eight riding horses. We drove up the Little Goose near to the foot of the mountains and camped for the night on the ranch of the Wallup Brothers, a pair of fine young Englishmen, who had almost finished the harvesting work, and were prepared for a month's hunt on the Big-horn Mountains and in the Big Horn Basin. Their ranch is in fact a plantation, having fields of fifty acres or more all under irrigation. The alfalfa grass is mowed four times, yielding two to two and one-half tons of hay per acre each mowing; wheat yields thirty-five bushels, oats sixty. The crops are fed to cattle and horses. Timothy and herds grass do well, as does clover. For cattle alfalfa is preferred, and for hogs the growing alfalfa; it is better than clover. This ranch is as charming to the eye as the best blue grass farm of Kentucky.

The second day we made the top of the first range of the Big Horn Mountains, 6,700ft. above the sea, and went into camp about sundown, on the banks of Tepee Creek that empties into Little Goose Creek. The pitching of the tents and the making fire for supper was done in a jiffy. Two parties with shotguns went out for grouse, and returned in an hour. One party brought in three, and the other, the lone hunter, with his dog, bagged seven brace. The grouse feed and fatten on the Oregon grape, choke cherry and sarvis berry, with now and then a grasshopper. The feeding is in the early morning and in the evening on the sides of the mountains and on the banks of the creeks. After the sun is well up, they return to the rocks near the summit,, bask in the sun and wallow in the dust. They roost near the summits. The flesh of the mountain grouse is delightful, being free from all weedy taste, and infinitely better than the grouse of the lowlands. Our cook spoiled the first lot by par-boiling, under the supposition that these grouse were something like the sage hens, that require par-boiling and washing out in soda. We subsequently broiled or fried them as young chicken are served, hot dressed in butter, salt and pepper. We skin them, instead of picking the feathers. The flesh is better of course, after cooling in the frosty air over night.

The next day we reached our permanent camp on the banks of the middle fork of Little Goose, about as far as the wagons could go. This brought us within twenty miles and in sight of Cloud Peak Mountain, which is covered with perpetual snow. Just below the Cloud Peak range is a chain of lakes that are reservoirs for the various streams that run down the mountains and into the Sheridan Valley. In these lakes there are no trout. The trout in the streams is the speckled trout. When young, and up to 6in., they look like the brown trout, if it were not speckled; but when it measures 8in. and over the meat is a yellowish salmon color. The longest we caught were 16in., and caught only in pools below the greatest cañon. Fishing in the mountains with flies was an utter failure; the live grasshopper was the only bait the trout would accept. We came two weeks too late for good fishing. The trout season opens about July 15 and continues to Aug. 15. Of course one can have fair sport in September, but one must yield to and court the fancies of this wary mountaineer. Two score in your basket after an hour's fishing is about as much as you can count on. The creeks are, say, 20ft. wide, the banks are covered with pine and willow and the rocks huge, and now and then you find under a fall a good sweep, with 5 to 7ft. deep, and a chance to make a good cast and to use 50ft. of line.

I was greatly disappointed by the trout rejecting every kind of fly in my book, and I was disgusted when I put on my hook a mountain-hornet half alive, and a trout snapped it up so quickly that I almost wished it was strong enough to sting. To my surprise the trout only measured 6¼in.

Our party numbered eleven, but as nine of them came for big-game hunting, the three remaining in camp made a nice fishing group. The trout in those streams on the Big Horn in September do not feed—at least they do not take the hook—till evening. From 3 to 6 P. M. I found the best fishing. I found roe in quite a number, and in forward state for spawning. The big-game party left our camp on horseback and with pack horses and rations for four days for Cloud Peak range. On the third day one of the party returned with a pack horse for more provisions. He reported two herds of elk, one of bulls and the other of cows, and that the mating and running season was just opened, but that the elk were on the highest ranges, just below the line of perpetual snow, and above the chain of lakes, and that the snowstorms soon to come would drive the elk down as well as the deer.

These calculations or predictions were in the main verified, but the herds had been scattered and the pairs were seeking secluded places, which made the finding of the game quite difficult. A slight fall of snow helped the boys greatly, but the sun in mid-day is blistering, and with the winds the snow soon passed away, but a pair of elk and three deer were killed. No bear were sighted; ducks and geese were not disturbed.

The Big Horn Mountains and the Big Horn Basin will be very accessible by next season. The distance by dirt road from Sheridan to the eastern rim of the basin over the mountains is seventy-five miles; just about half the way there is a lake called the Dome Lake, on the banks of which a hotel will be built, and within two hours' walk of the snow, under the shadows of the Cloud Peak range.

We paid our guide $3 per day; hire of riding horses, 50 cents per day; wagon, driver and single team, $2 per day. Of course I shall dispense with a guide next season.

The bracing air, the snow water streams on the sand rocks, the trout fishing, grouse hunting, and now and then an excursion for big game, are all to be found on the Big Horn Mountains—indeed as charming surroundings as the best sportsman may desire, and the native grass up to the snow line is abundant feed for the horses.

Andrew J. Kellar.

THE EPISODE OF THE SOAP.

In his preface to the "Man from Corpus Christi," Dr. Peirce tells us: "Friends who have had the courage to read this book in the manuscript, and to read it through, have quarreled with me over its name. The true hero of the story they aver is the dog Absalom, and he should have given title to it. The interest, they claim, centers in him, in his canine eccentricities, his wonderful memory, his patient endurance, and above all his faithful defense or chaperoning, as it were, of those thrown under his protection. All of these they declare make him the central figure of the play in which the human actors—the Man from Corpus Christi and the Author—were but subordinate characters, acting their parts only to develop his. The book then, my friends contend, should have been given some such title as 'Honest Absalom' or 'Absalom the Great'."

The qualities of Absalom are seen in this chapter of Texas experience. It is interesting to be told, as we have been by Mr. Frank M. Chapman, who has camped out with the "Man from Corpus Christi," that the idiosyncrasies of that queer character are in no wise exaggerated in Dr. Peirce's tale. But to the soap:

April 14, we drove into Bee county and camped on the river. Packing up what bird skins we had, and leaving the camp in care of Absalom, we drove to the railroad town of Papalote, to ship our trophies and do some trading.

The settlement of Papalote consists of one dwelling house, one store and post office combined and the railroad station. The store and post office commanded the greater part of our attention. We purchased some coffee and grain, and after a long consultation between Priour and myself in regard to advisability, etc., we decided to invest in a cake of soap. Making our want known to the grocery man, he proceeded to attack a large lump of yellow something with a chisel and hammer. This lump was about as large as a bushel, and I could not remember having seen soap on sale in such style before. After chiseling a while, the man held in his hand a piece of the substance, weighing perhaps a pound, for which we were to pay one dollar. Making a hole in this lump with a nail, he threaded it with a stout piece of bark, that would serve as a handle to carry or hang it by.

As we had seen no human beings besides each other, for a week, it was natural that we should remain here a time and talk with people as they came and went from the store. Where they came from was uncertain, they all emerged from the wood surrounding the clearing, and disappeared in a similar manner, no two persons entering the wood at the same place when going away. They came and went like bees from the hive, every man bringing a back-load of some merchantable article, and taking away something in exchange.

Shortly after we had secured our soap, a customer entered the store and accosted the proprietor, "Have ye got 'ny beeswax here?"

"Yes; what in thunder d'you want of beeswax?"

"None your darn business what I want it fer. I want beeswax, I do."

"But yer ain't got no gun, and wax is no good ter ye; I don't see what ye want wax fer."

"I want wax fer a sore on my gal's foot. Wax is good 'nough fer any gal's foot."

"Well, how much wax yer want; and how ye goin' to put it on yer wife's foot?"

"When I want yer to help put my gal's foot ter soak in hot wax, I'll ask ye! Gim me a coon-skin's wuth o' wax."

To my astonishment, the man in charge chiseled the customer off a piece of the same stuff he had sold us for soap. Soon after this, and while I was studying the subject over, and wondering whether we had been sold wax for soap or if the last buyer had been given soap for wax, still another customer entered and called for hard-bread and cheese. He was supplied with both, the cheese being chiseled from the same amorphous body that had supplied two other articles. Tightly clinging to the piece we had bought, I determined at the first opportunity to hold an inquest and learn its precise nature.

We remained an hour or more, and I saw skunk skins

traded for coffee; wild game exchanged for bacon; potatoes bartered for jerked beef, and dog hides swapped for molasses, until I was tired of confusion and longed for our camp again.

We had hardly alighted from our wagon, after reaching camp, when Absalom, instead of being pleased to see us, began to growl and bark in a savage manner. He had forgotten our faces, and showing his sharp teeth, defied us to approach the tent. It was in vain we saluted him by his name, Absalom, called him "good doggy," or adopted any procedure to show him who we were: he would not allow us to approach him. We tried to knock him out by throwing clubs of wood. but he was a good dodger, and such mode of attack only seemed to make him worse. I was a little afraid he might make a dash at us, for having once felt his teeth, I knew them to be sharp and capable of inflicting a painful wound.

After beating the bush for half an hour, Mr. Priour became desperate. "Give me my gun," said he, "I'll see if I'm going to be kept from my own camp by that whelp."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"What am I going to do! I'm going to blow that cur back to Corpus Christi!"

I gave him the gun, but hadn't the slightest idea that he would shoot. Taking the weapon in his hand, he turned to me and exclaimed: "You fool! Do you suppose I'm going to kill my dog!"

I was getting tired myself, and stating the same to my partner, I went into a thick clump of brush down the bluff, and lying upon my face, watched the maneuvers of the opposing forces. I could do no good at camp, and thought it only a question of time when the dog would recognize us.

Mr. Priour walked around and around the tent in a large circle. but whether he went fast or slow the savage animal kept between him and the goal, all the while showing his gleaming canine teeth and barking vociferously. At last the man went to his wagon, got his harness lines, and making a noose in them, returned to the vicinity of the dog. Going as near his foe as he cared to, he cast the noose over the animal's head, and then breaking into a run, choked the animal into quietude by dragging him over the rough ground. He then entered the tent hauling the dog behind.

I had a comfortable bed in the brush, and not wishing my partner to know that I had seen the performance, I waited ten or fifteen minutes before going to camp. When I entered the tent Mr. Priour was smoking and the dog lay at his feet, nearly lifeless from garroting. Saying that I had just awakened from a sound sleep I asked how he had made himself known to the dog. He answered that as soon as I was out of sight the intelligent animal had come to him of his own accord, and it was I against whom his threats had been so furiously directed. An inquiry as to the cause of the dog's present unconsciousness elicited the opinion that having barked at me so energetically he had completely exhausted himself. My partner evidently was not quite sure that the explanation he offered would prove satiofactory to me; however, he said but little more on the subject, omitting the customary eulogy on the animal's wonderful memory. By daylight on the following morning the dog had recovered his sensibility enough to be about, and exhibited evidences of rapid convalescence.

* * * * * *

In re-arranging our property I came across the cake of soap which we had bought at Papalote, and which I had not thought of since leaving camp on the Aransas River. The pigs had eaten nearly half of this substance and I determined to try the remainder of it for washing purposes.

Taking the soap in my hand I walked to the creek and prepared to shampoo my head. The soap-like substance was odorless and not very soluble, but after soaking it in the water a short time it felt a little moist and I rubbed it thoroughly into my hair, now quite long.

After having, as I supposed, insinuated a sufficient quantity into my flowing locks I attempted to lay the material upon the ground, but it stuck fast to my plumage. I labored diligently and tried my utmost to liberate my head from the sticky mass, and as a last resort was obliged to take my pocketknife and cut all the hair between the soap and my head. I then tried to wash away what had stuck to my hair, but it was as useless as to try to wash off pitch, and I was thankful when, after a severe exertion, I had succeeded in freeing my hand from my occiput.

I had to spend a half-hour rubbing my hands in the sand before I could take hold of anything and let go again; and if this was a fair sample of Texas soap I felt that a thorough washing once a year would be often enough for any one.

Harpooning with a sharp stick the piece that I had cut from my head, and pulling out the tufts of hair clinging to it, I returned to camp.

Mr. Priour was getting ready to go to the creek and take a wash himself.

"How's that soap for washing?" he asked, for, like myself, he had never seen anything like it before.

"Fine," I replied. "I don't care whether you call it soap, cheese, glue or scrap iron. It's the best thing to remove dirt that I have ever seen, and I wish I had bought another dollar's worth to take home with me and show the people that Texas is far ahead of New England in the soap line."

Mr. Priour's face assumed a pleased expression at my compliment to the State of which he was a native, and taking the soap by the handle I had left in it, he proceeded to the creek.

I watched him until the brush hid him from view, and felt just a little guilty at the false report I had made concerning the soap, for I knew from what he had previously said that he would use it on his head before trying it elsewhere. I imagined myself as cruel and heartless as the uncle in "Babes in the Woods," who smiled upon his brother's children just before sending them away to die, and I repented almost to the point of running after the man and correcting my statements. But he was now out of sight and hearing, and I thought he could not well get stuck up worse than I had been, and I let him go.

During his absence I took a stroll with my gun and killed a barred owl from the top of a cottonwood tree. The top of this tree was thickly set with short branches, and my owl caught fast in his network of twigs. Going back to camp I procured the harness-lines; and by their help reached my bird. The place in which it had lodged was such an almost impenetrable tangle of branches, that I tore my clothing in many places, and after I had descended to the ground I found that I had left a large piece of my overalls among the highest branches. I thought little of my loss, and hearing my partner shout, I picked up my bird, shouldered my gun and hurried back to camp.

Mr. Priour was there. His hands were stuck fast in his hair, and as he had removed his coat and shirt before wrestling with the soap, the upper part of his body was entirely nude.

"Where's your shirt?" I asked.

"Where's my shirt! Down by the creek, you fool, and to keep my pants from coming off, I've had to walk bow-legged all the way up here! Get that axe and cut off my head or my hands. I don't care which. Some cuss'll come along and carry off my gun if I don't get back to the creek pretty soon."

"Did you see any mermaids in the creek?" I asked.

"No, you fool! Do you suppose I'd come to camp this way if I'd seen a mermaid? I'd rubbed the dog-gon'd stuff all over her."

Conducting the man to a tree, and backing him up against it, with the axe I chopped him from his fetters. He then asked me why I had deceived him in regard to the character of the soap. I told him that I had had no difficulty with it, and that he must have struck an imperfection that was not uncovered when I had made use of it.

This answer satisfied him to a certain extent, and calling Absalom to him, he cleaned his hands as best as he could by rubbing them the whole length of the animal, ears and tail included. But he took from the poor dog about as much hair as he gave him pitch in return. and I thought if Absalom should attempt to scratch himself against a tree, he too. would have to be chopped out. Having his hands free again, my partner hurried away to get his shirt and gun.

Although we had had such a serious time with the soap, I thought our experience must have been a good deal less trying than if we had bought the stuff for cheese.

I thought of the family of the man who had bought cheese at Papalote on the day we were there, and I could picture them seated around their humble board, all anxious for a bite of the infrequent food which the loving husband and father had procured at the expense of a pint of buzzard oil. In my imagination I could see some wee tot's face, all aglow with pleasing expectancy as she said: "Papa, papa, I want teese." Poor child. How her little heart would ache from the keen disappointment in store for her. I pitied her. That sweet innocent mouth bedaubed with such sticky stuff. I felt like howling to the Papalote merchant: "If you didn't have cheese, why didn't you say so! If you had never seen any soap, why didn't you own up to it like a man, and not be the cause of men losing their hair and scalp, and babes their tongue and teeth!" But the man who had bought the substance for something edible was broad-shouldered and well-built, and I fancied that on the day following his tussle with the sticky compound, the groceryman might need to be pitied most of all.

Seating myself upon an old log near our camp, I skinned and stuffed my barred owl. Priour had reached the creek in time to get ahead of any "cuss" after his gun, and down in the depth of the grove I heard him shooting rapidly. Thinking he had come across a flock of warblers, and was going to get a dozen or two, I at first paid little attention to the continued banging, but as it continued without abatement I was curious to know its meaning, not knowing but he was in trouble, and was firing as a signal for me to come to his rescue. Going rapidly in the direction of the sound I soon found him directly under the tree from which a short time before I had taken my owl. The piece of cloth from my overalls, which I had left in the tree, was still there, and it was at this that Mr. Priour was sending charge after charge of No. 4 shot. Without desisting from firing he informed me that there was a bird in that tree not described in any book, and that it was so protected by vines that the shot didn't seem to reach it, but he was going to have it if it took the last charge of powder and shot he possessed to bore a hole to it through the briers.

From where I was standing I could see this object very plainly, and as it fluttered back and forth with the wind it did resemble a living thing. I had often been deceived in a like manner myself, for very often a bird almost hidden from view in a tangle of twigs and branches will only show its whereabouts by the slightest visible movement.

Many a charge of shot have I sent after a bunch of feathers, a piece of moss, or the remains of a dilapidated nest, and as Priour always laughed at me on such occasions, I was glad at last to see him deceived likewise. I should not have mourned the loss of my whole suit, if by leaving it in a treetop I could have sold my partner, for I was tired of such questions as "What you going to do with that snarl of grass you killed this morning?" "You've killed that bunch of briers, now why don't you climb the tree and get it?"

Wishing the man good luck in his undertaking I returned to camp.

Ten or fifteen minutes later Mr. Priour came for his harness-lines, stating that he had killed the bird, and was going back to get it.

I wondered what he would say upon his return.

I thought if I were in his place I should be likely to report that during my absence from the tree a hawk had come and carried away the prize. But Priour would know the source of the piece of cloth as soon as he reached it, and I was anxious for his arrival at camp with some explanation or excuse for his fierce attack upon an inanimate thing.

It was getting late, and I made coffee, and cooked as good a supper as possible with our supply of provisions, for I thought Priour could find some solace in filling his stomach. I expected the man every minute. I knew he had plenty of time to climb the tree and reach camp while I was getting ready our fare.

An hour passed. It was quite dark and I was somewhat anxious, and thinking the man might have met with some accident in climbing the tree, I went into the timber to look for him. But everything about the scene of the heavy canonading was as quiet as death, and satisfying myself that the man was not in the near vicinity, I returned to camp, knowing that a search for him in the darkness would be in vain. Building a large and bright camp-fire I seated myself by it, and smoked my pipe.

It was a dark night, and my range of vision extended only a short distance from the blazing pile which was just far enough from the timber to outline indistinctly the tall trees, which stood about like so many motionless sentinels.

Absalom I supposed to be with his master.

I could hear an occasional squeal and grunt from the pigs which had made their headquarters near our own. These being the only sounds that came to my ears, they were rather agreeable than otherwise—much more agreeable than when the animals were ravaging our stores.

Having smoked to my satisfaction. and being tired of sitting by the fire without company, I crept into the tent and was soon asleep.

I had camped long enough in Texas to know that a man was liable to have his sleep disturbed at almost any time.

By spending eight nights out of every ten in the open air for years, a man may accustom himself to the tolerance of all kinds of noise, and all sensations short of severe pain; but I hadn't camped out long enough for that, and when Mr. Priour came creeping back to camp at about midnight, I was fully aware of his proximity before he entered the tent. Keeping perfectly quiet and feigning sleep I waited for his entrance.

Going to the dying fire he mended it, and by its light appeased his hunger with the stew that I had left for him. He then came to the tent, and carefully pulling back the fold of cloth at the entrance, peered in, and satisfying himself that I was unconscious. he noiselessly stepped over me and crawled into his blanket. He said nothing to me nor I to him, and we were both soon asleep.

The next morning Mr. Priour was an entirely different person from what he had been on the day before. His loquacity had entirely disappeared and his face bore an expression of general dissatisfaction. I asked him no questions about the heavy firing, but he volunteered a story himself.

He said that he had reached the bird, that it was different from any he had ever seen, but so torn in pieces by the shot as to be worthless, and he was going to try and get his mate, which he had seen flying about the same tree.

As he had broached the subject, I thought it safe to say something myself. "Did you have much trouble in climbing the tree?" I asked.

"No, not very much. I saw a piece of your overalls about 6ft. above where my bird was killed. Did you climb that tree?"

"Yes; I climbed it to get an owl I had killed in its very top; and by the way, what kept you out so late last night?"

"O, I was hunting for Absalom. He's gone somewhere. I haven't seen him since 4 o'clock yesterday."

Mr. Priour told such a straight story that I could hardly discredit it, but I couldn't quite believe that he would spend half a night tramping through that dark grove looking for his dog, neither could I think he wasn't deceived by the piece of clothing which I had left in the tree. But I said nothing of my doubts.

Absalom had not yet returned, and Priour asked me if I had seen anything of him during my ride up the creek.

He mused awhile and finally exclaimed: "I know where that dog is; he's at the San Antonio River."

"How do you know he is there?"

"I know dog-on'd well he is. Some coon has followed us and stole him, and I'm going to ride back there tomorrow and kill every nigger in the bottoms!"

In the afternoon it rained in torrents. About dark we saw some object approaching us from the direction of the creek. It was moving slowly and apparently with great effort. From our position near the tent we studied the appearance and gait of this oscillating body which was so clumsily nearing us, and tried to decide whether it was a huge tortoise or a devil-fish. "Well, I'll be dog-on'd." said Priour. "I've traveled over every square foot of this State and I never saw anything like that before. What kind of a critter can that be; I'll have his hide and make a stew of his liver whatever it is," and he reached for his rifle.

The object drew nearer and nearer, and we could see that there were projections from its sides and after part—projections somewhat suggestive of crippled wings in front and a dragging parachute behind.

"Isn't that a pterodactyle?" I asked of my partner.

"No, sir; it's no pterodactyle. Pterodactyles don't have that style of motion. They can travel faster than a nigger chased by bees; and what's more, did you ever see a pterodactyle so far from the salt water?"

"I never saw one anywhere. That animal's near enough to shoot now, why don't you do it?"

My words were lost, for with an enthusiastic spasm of joy my comrade made a dash forward and embraced the object in his arms. Peeling the leaves, grass, brush and bark away he at last reached the nucleus—Absalom. Poor buzzard, he had evidently had a serious time with the soap Priour had rubbed into him, while trying to clean his own hands.

Probably the dog had tried to clean himself by rolling among the underbrush until he had incased himself in a straight-jacket; and it was surprising what an amount of vines and briers he had been able to drag about.

The return of the missing dog filled his master's heart with ecstasy. He at once reassumed his wonted mirthfulness, and not even reminiscences of the "undescribed specimen" interfered with his glee.

"I tell you," he said, "I knew that was Absalom as soon as I saw him; I knew he wouldn't be away from this camp another night. if he had to drag out the bottom of the creek to get here."

"If you knew it was Absalom, what did you get your rifle for?" I asked.

"To clean it, of course. Wa'n't it under all them waterspouts in the tent? I take care of my rifle if I don't do anything else. I hope you don't think I didn't know my own dog."

"I didn't know but you might have been deceived by the cocoon he had spun about him."

"No, sir, no cocoon has the memory of that dog. He does beat all, coming back to camp all alone and bringing specimens too. I found the prettiest set of vulture's eggs wrapped up on his back you ever saw. He'd found them and remembered his master."

"I didn't know the dog was an egg hunter."

"Well he is; I've known him to crack open a turtle shell as big as your hat, and dig out the eggs and bring them to me."

Finding that Priour could do nothing but sing the praises of Absalom, I left him with the dog. while I cooked our supper.

Natural History.

WAYS OF THE BEAVER.

Budleigh Salterton; Devon, England, Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article upon the beaver by Mr. Thos. Chester in Forest and Stream of Sept. 1, contains a greater amount of interesting and highly instructive detail about that animal than any account I have ever previously read.

The explanation of the means by which the sticks, stored for winter use, are held at the bottom of the pond, is certainly new to me. I never believed in the nonsensical theory that they are made heavy by the air being sucked out of the pores of the wood, but thought that the sticks were kept under water simply by being forced a sufficient depth into the mud. I have observed that most of those with the bark peeled off, which float on the surface of the pond when the ice melts, are sharp-pointed at one end, apparently for such a purpose. Doubtless, however, the vacuum produced at the end of the stick would assist in keeping it down, even if this be not the sole means of holding it.

Mr. Chester remarks that, when dam-building, the beaver has a wonderful facility in adapting itself to a change of conditions.

In upper Canada, about thirty years ago, I met with an astonishing instance of this, the dam being constructed in such an unusual manner that it would be absurd to attribute the skill shown to mere instinct. There was the clearest proof of great reasoning powers. The place selected for making a pond was on some moist land where the surface was level on both sides of a slow and small stream, so that the beavers had no slope or hollow to assist them. They had, therefore, cut the stems of the live alder bushes to a certain height and twined the cut off pieces between the stumps, filling the crevices with mud and weeds.

The total length of the dam thus formed appeared to be quite 200yds. It was carried in a curved shape across the stream, with the two ends extending, one on each side, in the direction whence the current came. The pond was therefore something like the letter U in form, and instead of the water flowng over the dam in an unbroken sheet, a smooth trough-shaped sluice had been made in one place, keeping the pond about 4ft. deep.

I helped the trapper, with whom I was then staying, to open the top of one of the houses. After pulling away 2ft. thickness of sticks and earth we found that the inside wall was formed of thin alder stems neatly interlaced, almost like a hurdle. The floor was about 18in. higher than the water, with a bed of sedges upon it, and there was a well at one side through which the beavers could dive under the wall.

Some of the trees near the pond, that had been newly cut down, were 12 to 18in. in diameter.

This trapper used to soak the flesh of the beavers in water in order to take away a peculiar muddy flavor and then roast it. To my taste it seemed more like mutton than anything else.

Lord Milton and Dr. Cheudle state in their book, "The Northwest Passage by Land," that when in the neighborhood of the Saskatchewan River they found the remains of old works which proved that beaver, before their numbers were reduced by trapping, were in the habit of cutting down much larger trees and making much larger dams than they do at the present time.

The largest work I ever saw was an old dam in the bush of New Brunswick, which must have been originally uite 60yds. in length, 4yds. in width at the top, and 8yds. at the base. The meadow formed after the waters had drained away was about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. J. J. Meyrick.

IT SHOULD BE PRESERVED.

Citronelle, Citrus County, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have hesitated writing you for some time, hoping to describe in glowing terms a successful wildcat hunt; but each time we started for the cats our dogs "jumped" deer or turkeys, and went after them as though the law did not protect them from our guns.

But my object in writing is to mention a place where the "plume bird" is still a reality, not by laws of the State, but by the watchful care of a man who desires to preserve the beautiful birds from destruction and keep one rookery from being broken up by plume hunters.

I first visited this place four and one-half years ago and made a collection of birds, and was surprised one day to find in a neighborhood long settled a large rookery on a man's homestead. Permission was easily obtained of him to shoot a few birds with a .22cal. rifle.

He told me he had refused to allow any one to shoot them, and only once when he was away had hunters been there, and then they killed several hundred, many without plumes. Shortly after he proved up his claim he left the place, and when I returned here last winter I expected to find the birds all gone; but as spring came on I went there and camped three weeks to make a few skins and watch the birds.

I made a step ladder into a big cypress tree, and there, concealed in its branches, I looked down for hours on the birds nesting in the bushes. I judged there were several hundred each of Louisiana and little blue herons, about fifty snowy herons or little white egret, and about a dozen American egrets. Besides these there were a pair of big blue herons, green herons, gallinules and other birds. At night, just before sunset, hundreds of herons, white ibis and wood ibis would come in to roost, and the cries and croaking were far from musical.

The rookery is in a small pond about three and one-half miles from the Citronelle depot and about one-quarter of a mile from the Withlacoochee River, on a homestead of 160 acres of ordinary pine land, about forty of which is cleared. Between it and the river is a palmetto scrub, where deer, turkeys or wildcats can most always be started with good dogs. The woods around everywhere are filled with quail, while for a distance of about ten miles around I consider one of the best deer sections in the State. The river has plenty of fish.

I have entered into the details because the place is now offered for sale, and a purchaser may not care to protect the rookery, which it seems a shame to have destroyed now, as it surely will be.

It would make a splendid place for hunters, and it would be a grand work if some sportsmen would purchase it and keep a man on it during breeding season, as the birds leave for the coasts and islands soon after.

The writer has tried to make a clear statement of it, to arouse an interest in this last of accessible rookeries (so far as I can learn) in Florida. Frederic L. Small.

SOME GROUSE OF WASHINGTON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first trip I made with a team across the plains in 1856 I noticed pinnated grouse on the Big Blue River, in Kansas, but not further west than that.

Then in 1860 I saw a good many between Plum Creek and Fort Kearney, on the Platte. The first sharptail grouse I remember to have seen was at the old Cœur d'Alene Mission, in Idaho, and along all the streams from there to Walla Walla Valley they were quite plentiful.

Before they began to farm the bunch grass hills of the Walla Walla Valley there were thousands of them, but since all of the valley has been put under cultivation, they have become very scarce. Up here on the Okanogan they are quite plentiful, and range on the bunch grass hills from the Okanogan to Kettle River.

When the winter is very severe they range up among the pine and fir, although birch seem to be their favorite buds. In the winter they burrow in the snow at night, and I have often seen them come up out of the snow where it was over two feet deep.

The dusky grouse, or blue grouse as we call them, leave the high mountains in the spring to raise their young, and they stay down until the sarvis berries and wild currants are gone; then they work back on to the mountain, in time to help harvest the huckleberries. Kinnikinick berries, as well as wild rosebuds, are favorite food for them. They are much larger than the sharptail grouse, and will lie much better to a dog.

The ruffed grouse here are quite plentiful. They are much smaller than the ruffed grouse of the East, and are generally found along the creeks. Here near the mill they drum at all times; sometimes in the night. In the winter their principal food is rosebuds and fir browse. They are much the best table bird we have here.

Then there is the Franklin grouse or fool hen, which stays pretty well up on top of the mountains, both winter and summer. They are a little larger than the ruffed grouse. Their flesh is much darker, but the young ones are very palatable. They are a strange bird. When they are flushed by a dog they generally fly high, but if put up by man they will fly but a little way. I have often caught them with a noose in a string on a stick not 10ft. long. I have had old hens stand and peck my feet when I was near their young. Lew Wilmot.

Okanogan, Sept. 9.

BREEDING QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.

It will be remembered that last year we printed some notes on quail reared in confinement by Mr. Allen Duncan, of Wyoming, Ontario, who seemed to have attained a measure of success greater than has attended other persons who have made similar efforts to rear quail. This season Mr. Duncan has continued his experiments and they have been attended with great success. He reports this in the following letter:

Wyoming, Ont., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have at present twelve young quail. Three of these are about two months old and the nine are a little over a month old. I left ten eggs in the quail's nest which were hatched out by the male bird. One of these unfortunately strangled itself by getting a blade of grass, of which the nest is composed, twisted round its neck. Those on hand are all doing splendidly.

I would be in favor of bantam hens to look after the young quail as they are then likely to be much tamer than when raised by a mother quail, because the quail is continually giving cautionary signals and warnings, which the bantam finds no occasion for.

Of the birds I raised last year, I sent two to Mr. Wells, and one to Mr. Taylor, of Chatham, Ont., only keeping one hen for my own use with the above result. This hen was mated with a bird from the State of Mississippi, which I obtained from Mr. Wells, of Chatham.

The feed given to the young quail is hard boiled eggs chopped fine, followed later on with seeds and grain of all kinds.

The quail are very quick to detect strangers and will invariably protest, if I take a stranger to look at them.

The male bird is very courageous in defense of his charges and will promptly do battle in their behalf. On one occasion one of the young birds got separated from the others and was making lament in consequence. I went to put them right, but the old bird seemed to think I was responsible for the trouble and promptly charged me with great courage and ferocity. Allan Duncan.

Rose-Breasted Grosbeaks.

Preston, Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent "A. L. H." writes, Sept. 22, of a tame grosbeak of the rose-breasted variety, and expresses surprise at finding it in his locality, New York. The bird, though somewhat rare, is met with all through the United States, and is most commonly seen in autumn. Those who ramble through the orchards and shrubbery will occasionally catch the simple call, *quick quick*, or hear his queer song, hard to reproduce but to my ear something in this strain, *ka-co-que-it, ka-co-que-it.* Its coat of rich black with the white spots of its wings and the dainty rose-red of the breast, make a beautiful contrast of colors, to which are added the white abdomen and tips of several of the tail feathers. The rose-breasted grosbeak is a great lover of fruit, and is found frequenting the orchards, and yet I have found him in the dense thickets, while trouting along the wildest streams, and have known him to accompany me at a short distance for several hours. I have invariably found them alone; never in pairs. They are of good size, being upward of 8in. in length.

E. M. Brown.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

Regular meetings of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, Oct. 9 and 23, at 8 o'clock. Oct. 9, Juan Gundlach—"Notes on Cuban Mammals." Oct. 23, R. W. Shufeldt—"On Peculiar Phases of Color assumed by Certain Birds."

Walter W. Granger, Sec'y.

Albino Squirrels.

Preston, Conn., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now and then albinos of different species are described in your Natural History column, and these communications are always entertaining and instructive to me. J. Cobb, while out gunning Monday last, saw two small squirrels of a pure white color and shot one, while the mate escaped. Mr. Cobb will have the squirrel mounted. They resembled the common chipmunk in all but color. Now, were they chipmunks? - E. M. Brown.

Two-Headed Kitten.

Mr. John G. Gilbert, 2d, of Marblehead, Mass., writes us of what he calls the "greatest wonder on earth," now in his possession. It is a two-headed kitten which was born alive and in good condition, but was killed by accident after two days.

"A Man From Corpus Christi."

This volume records the adventures of two bird hunters in Texan bogs, and a dog who was with them. It is written by Dr. A. C. Peirce and evidently illustrated by himself. It is a humorous and laughable account of the way in which a Northern man went to Texas, where he found a companion to act as a guide in bird ranging. Without experience in these parts, he believed that his companion would tide him over the difficulties of the situation and be of great service in the campaign. The adventures which they met with were thoroughly characteristic, and were enjoyed by the two hunters much more in retrospect than in reality. The dog had a great deal to do in plunging the hunters into difficulties, and wherever they went they had a fresh experience. The volume is very pleasantly and agreeably written. It is full of unexpected humor, although the language is frequently more expressive than choice. No one who takes it up will be likely to leave it unread, and if it does tell one much about what can be hunted in Texas, it is full of amusing experiences on the part of those who are trying to have a good time. The book will make its way wherever it has a chance, and Dr. A. C. Peirce may well take rank among the amusing and comical writers of the day.—*Boston Herald.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

MY CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.—VII.

We were sitting on some drift wood by the lake one pleasant Sunday morning enjoying a delicious sun bath; absorbing as much of the cool, invigorating breeze which was blowing from Lake Michigan as convenient without labor on our part and speculating on which one of the many sailboats in sight would first arrive at the pier. Conversation was spasmodic, it ebbed and flowed very irregularly, then finally dwindled to a dead stop. A little water snake slid out from under the pile we were occupying, and gracefully skimmed its way over the light rippling waves to another of its hiding places where it disappeared. Slight as was the circumstance it waked up the company and furnished a prolific theme for some heated talk.

For sometime snakes were energetically discussed, from the monster sea serpent down to the insignificant hair snake. There was quite a difference of opinion in regard to hoop-snake and hair-snake, but it was decided by a large majority that there was no such a reptile as either one or the other. The minority, however, were not satisfied; they never are; and as is generally the case claimed "ignorance," "fraud" and "cheating" on the part of the other party. The defeated ones appealed to the old gentleman. He was busy, having trouble with his ancient and constant companion briarwood, which was acting in a very unbecoming manner and entirely outside the rules and regulations laid down for the government of all properly disposed briarwoods. The old man said it was "clogged," "wouldn't give down." With the aid of a piece of wire, stripped from an old broom, communication was established with the bowl through the stem, a lighted match applied, a young volcano started, peace established and all was serene once more.

After a few vigorous puffs which sounded like the snort of a locomotive getting under way, the old man got started and unloaded as follows:

"You fellers ask about snakes, I don't like 'em; they're a mean, low-down, sly, slimy, crawlin' set. Give me a gun and a good knife and I ain't afeerd of anything that runs the woods in Michigan; but when it comes to snakes, I weaken every time. There's a creepy, crawly sort of a feeling comes over me and I feel as if there was about a million web-footed spiders with ice cold feet had got under my shirt and was having a regular go-as-you-please race all over me from the back of my neck to the end of my big toe. Ugh! I hate the entire sect and wish the hull lot could be run through a grist mill roller process and then dumped into thet lake.

"You see that bit of a hay field over there between the foot of the bluff and the lake? Well, that's a great place for the nasty critters, and when I'm haying there I always keep a good look out for 'em; often wish I'd six eyes in my head, two in the back and one in each ear. One time I was a-raking hay there, both ears and eyes wide open, I seed one of those tarnal hoop-snakes come a-rolling down the bluff, coming straight for me like a streak o' lightning. I'd jest time to jump one side when he was up to me and as he whizzed past I chucked the rake into the center of the ring. I'll be durned if he didn't fasten to it, and away they rolled snake and rake, over and over, round and round until they splashed out of sight into the lake. Ever see my rake agin? Well, yes, three or four days arter it come to the top, but it was all *swelled up big as my leg.* Don't know what become of it, I darsn't touch it, feared I'd get pisined too; 'spose it either drifted out to the big lake or got water-logged and sunk.

"See that scattering bunch of rushes over yander? Well, the water's shaller where the rushes are; but jest over the other side the bottom slants down quick into about eight or ten feet of water. On that slant used to be a famous place to ketch yaller perch, croppies and rock bass. I've taken boat loads away from that place. One summer years ago a big pickerel almost pestered the life out of me there. You see jest as I'd get nicely settled and the perch a-bitin' good, that infernal pickerel would come nosing round and scare 'em all off. I hooked him several times but he'd break my hooks or bite my line off. I got real riled up arter a while, and made up my mind that Muskegon county weren't big enough to hold us both; the county would have to be enlarged or else one of us would have to move on. I studied over that quite a bit and finally thought that moving the county line, even if it could be done, wouldn't change that 'ere bank; and as he seemed to have a particular hankering fur that spot,

and as I couldn't emigrate very well as I'd made a payment and a small clearing, I 'lowed I'd either capture him or drive him away. But jest how to do the job I couldn't make out; the water was too deep to spear him, the hooks and lines I had were no good; he'd either break or bite 'em off. I told Bill, one of the fishermen down at the mouth, about my trouble.

"'Oh," he said, "it is easy enough; here, take these big hooks and this new line; they'll hold; needn't be afraid of 'em; go home, get a piece of small wire 'bout two feet long; shove one end of the wire through the eye of one hook; then double the wire. This will bring the hook in the center of it. Then hand over hand twist the wire tight for about four inches; then slip on the other hook; then twist the wire together the hull length, and fasten it well to the line. He can't bite the wire off nor break that 'ere line. Git a good, strong, short, stiff pole; be sure the hull rig is well fastened together. Then take a tough piece of pork rind about five or six inches long; cut it as near as you can into the shape of a minner. Into the head of your bait fasten well the upper hook. Stick the other hook fast where it happens to come; and when he comes fooling around agin give it to him. When he takes it, don't be in a hurry, let him have it for about five minutes; he'll go to the bottom to enjoy it; let him get all the comfort he can out of it. When you do pull, give her a good hard yank to set hook in him good. He'll thrash round a good bit, but will soon tire hisself out. Don't be in too big a hurry 'bout gittin' him into the boat; take yer time, he's your fish."

"I went home feeling first-rate and the next day rigged up according to directions and rowed out to the old place and started in fishing for perch; got a few, then they quit biting. I put my perch rig in the bottom of the boat and dropped my hand-made bait overboard. It hadn't been in the water three minutes when I could feel something were at it. I slacked up on the line; he gobbled the bait and slowly went to the bottom. I kept still as long as ever I could hold in, all the time a-chucklin' to myself how slick I'd got him and what fun I'd have kicking him when he were in the boat. With a yell I couldn't smother and a yank that fetched him to the top of the water, I started the circus.

Corn cobs and grasshoppers! how he did go on! That 'ere blarsted pickerel acted as if it were a thirteen-ringed show, that he was the only actor able to be out, and without any help he'd got to do the hull performance alone and keep up the reputation of the greatest show on earth. Round and round, up and down, this way and that, he made all the figgers in multiplication table, all the letters in the alphabet, United States and Chinee. I stood up in the boat and encouraged him best I could. I hollered and cheered, swung my hat and yelled 'Go it, old feller; you're a good un. Hu-rah! that's the boss jump. Ah, you're a dandy; for pigeon wings your equal ain't on earth nor in the water. Oh! yes, you've got good teeth, needn't show 'em; but yer can't phase that are wire, and you're my huckleberry and I knows it. Won't let me ketch perch here, eh? Don't you wish you'd emigrated? What! giving up, are ye? Gittin tired, eh? er have ye got some new devilment to trick me with? Going to the bottom to rest? I guess not; reckon I'll take ye in out o' the wet.'

"I started to pull him in; couldn't budge him. I pulled and pulled this way and that; it was no go. I made the line fast to the boat, pulled up the anchor, and rowed; all the same I couldn't raise him. I took hold of the line and pulled the boat right over him; I could see he had wound and twisted that line around so many weeds, had got it so tangled up with them during that circus performance, he could'nt git away, nor could I pull him up. I worked till I got tired, then reached down as far as I could, cut the line and pulled ashore feeling dreadful tired and mad enough to do murder.

"You can bet I were ashamed to take that line back and tell how I come out, but it had to be done. Bill said, 'Let him rest a few days; he'll work the line free; then ef you'll row the boat, do as I tell ye, and give me a basket of taters next fall, I'll ketch that fish and you may have him; no fish no taters.' I took him up mighty quick; ef he'd said ten bushels I'd a bargained with him, I felt that vexed and put out.

"About a week arter Bill come up; he'd jest such a rig as I'd used. I rowed him out to the spot and anchored the boat. Says he, 'How's the water over thare?' 'Shaller and full of weeds', says I. 'How is it over yander?' 'Full of deadheads and snags.' 'Well, what is it over that way?' 'Forty feet and clear as a quill.' 'All right; now let's get some perch.'

"They bit lively till we'd about half a bushel; then quit. 'He's here," says I. 'Good,' says Bill; 'lift the anchor, take the oars; hold the boat still until I tell ye to pull away; then, man, if you can row, row for all there's in ye; make her jump for that deep water; don't stop, keep her a-going, ef ye have to go round and round in a ring.'

"Bill made two or three throws and wriggled the bait; then it were plain something was after it. Mr. Pickerel grabbed it, Bill let out line, Mr. P. went to the bottom to enjoy it; he were let rest about three minutes.

"'Are ye ready?' says Bill.

"'All right,' says I.

"'Then pull away,' and I did. Jest as the boat started Bill gin a powerful yank and my old enemy came to the top in great style. 'Hurrah!' says I.

"'Shet yer mouth and row, pull. Make her hump, lift her out of the water ef yer can,' yelled Bill.

"Fur as much as ten minutes he kept me hard at it; all the time he held Mr. P. right up to the top of the water; wouldn't let him dive a bit. At last I were told enough and I was glad to hear it, fur my wind was gone and I was wet with sweat as ef I'd bin in the lake.

"'Now,' says Bill, 'he's out of wind. I'm going to pull him alongside. You stand ready with that gaff hook, and mind you git a good hold on him well up to his tail, and then we'll lift him into the boat; and as soon as he touches the bottom of the boat whack him over the head with that club; don't give him a chance to jump, but knock the flip out of him.'

"Bill worked him alongside. I got a good hold and we lifted him into the boat. Pound him? Well I guess I did; forgot all about being out of wind a-rowing. I gin him a dozen powerful whacks on the back of his head. He were a dead fish.

"Bill said he were a beauty, biggest pickerel he'd ever seen, would weigh nigh to forty pounds, and said, 'Now ye can git yer lost hooks, for there's a piece of the wire in his mouth.' Bill pried his jaws open with the club. I stuck my hand in, got hold of the wire and pulled out—what? Jewsharps and jumping jacks! a hull handful of wiggling, twisting, squirming, nasty hair-snakes!! The line I'd used was a hair line and every hair had turned into one of them blasted, slimy little cusses. Some of 'em were five or six feet long. Oh! but I were tired. I'd jest strength enough left to tell Bill to take the oars. 'Set me ashore quick as ever yer can, take the hull mess out of my sight and I'll make yer taters ten bushels if it takes the hull crop.'

"I hurried home, drank about a quart of tansy tea to distract my attention and to switch it off on to another subject, but I didn't quit dreaming about snakes for more'n a week, and for much as a month when I'd think of 'em in the daytime my knees 'd wabble and them 'ere web-footed spiders would have a free-for-all race all over me. Geewhitaker but I *do* despise the hull lot of 'em."

A. W.

Game Bag and Gun.

MASSACHUSETTS AND MAINE.

THE storm of Sept. 20 helped the shore birds a little, and a number of flights are reported. In the vicinity of Ipswich Bay and Parker River at Byfield there has been an abundance of rail within a few days and the gunners have been after them. A few teal are coming into the creeks and coves. The other day a flock of fourteen teal came into Parker River. They were at once met by Mr. B. P. Rogers, of Byfield, his son and his nephew. They approached the flock as carefully as possible, firing at a given signal. They took twelve birds out of the flock with first and second barrels. Mr. Rodgers is an uncle of Mr. Claude Tarbox, and like the rest of the family, he is a gunner and an excellent shot. Mr. Tarbox has been out one or two mornings after partridges. One of the first mornings after the season opened he tramped for several miles and back almost home without a bird. He was tired and disgusted. But all at once up went a flock from right behind the stone wall, almost within gunshot of his own door. He got two of them, and then begun to make up his mind to gun nearer home. On Friday morning he was again out bright and early, with a little Yorkshire terrier he owns. That dog loves to hunt partridges. He put up one that morning and his master got it. This bird also was only a few rods from home for Mr. Tarbox. E. M. Gillam, commercial editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, has been out once or twice after partridges from his home in Reading. He has obtained a bird or two each time, but finds them very wild and hard to approach for young birds.

Reports from Maine continue to show the excellence of that State as a shooting and fishing region. Mr. Henry Whitmore, of the Boston *Herald*, is back from Camp Alerton Lodge, Mooselucmaguntic Lake. He did not find the fishing all that the enthusiast might expect, but was well pleased, on the whole. His best morning out was 12 trout that weighed 6lbs. He landed doubles once, and Mrs. Whitmore, who was with him, did the same, a nice feat for a lady. Mr. Charles Keyo, of the Southern Pacific Railway office, is also back in Boston again. His vacation he spent at the Mountain View House, Rangeley Lake, as usual. His brother is employed there. He took his sister, a miss in her teens, with him this time. The young lady had the fun of seeing a deer. They went up the Kennebago stream in a boat in the morning, and there on the shore was a beautiful doe that gave the young lady a fine view of herself before taking to the woods. But speaking of deer in that section, brings to the front what I saw in a Maine newspaper the other day. Capt. Fred. C. Barker was coming down the lake with one of his steamers when they sighted a deer swimming in the water. At first they tried to catch her from the steamer, but the creature proved to be able to turn such short corners that the attempt was abandoned, and a boat was lowered. Capt. Fred. got in with Mr. George Bearce, of Lewiston. They soon overtook the deer and tried to secure her with a rope. But they could not succeed in that even. They then seized her bodily with their hands and soon had her in the boat, after being nearly capsized once or twice. They took her on board the steamer and up the lakes to Rangeley. The animal, once conquered, did not seem to be greatly alarmed. At the town she was admired by everybody as much as they desired, one New York lady desiring to take her home, but this could not be done legally, under the Maine game laws. After some hours of petting and admiration the doe was set at liberty and, with tail in the air, she disappeared in the woods.

Mr. L. Dana Chapman, with Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, is back from the Megantic Club preserve, where he is much intererested as one of the directors in the new fish hatchery. He says that the club is having a most prosperous season, the club houses being full nearly all the time with guests, greatly pleased and desiring to come again. A very full quota of sportsmen is expected as soon as the season on big game opens, Oct. 1. No deer shooting has been allowed during the close season, and they are very plenty. Partridges are also plenty. Operations at the new fish hatcheries will be commenced early next month. Charlie Barrett, of Rangeley, has been engaged to take charge of the business of obtaining trout and eggs this fall. Another lot of landlocked salmon from the State nurseries at Lake Auburn will be put in this season. The landlocked salmon that were put into some of the ponds of the Megantic preserve last season have been heard from. Several been caught this summer by the guests of the club, but liberated after being examined. They are found to have made good growth.

Mr. A. R. Justice, of Philadelphia, had the excellent luck to shoot a bear on the club's preserve the other day. I am told that it was not shot from a trap either, as some of the feats of bear shooting are often managed, to the great credit (?) of sportsmen.

Mr. N. G. Manson, Jr., of Bellows & Manson, has been back from Camp Leatherstocking, Richardson Lake, for a few days, but has returned to camp again. He had an important case in court on his hands, that had to be attended to. He reports the season a very quiet one at the head of the lake. Mr. Sam Betton, of Philadelphia, for so many years a camper there, has not been there this season. Dr. Haven, with his friend, is in camp. J. Parker Whitney, who wrote those admirable articles on salmon fishing in salt water for the FOREST AND STREAM last winter, is at his beautiful camps at Mosquito Brook. I understand that he is to remain a few weeks longer only. There are a number of guests at the upper dam, and they come and go. Occasionally a big trout is taken from the pool below the dam. Otherwise little fishing is done. Mr. Manson knows where to find them and has had all the trout desired for the table. Partridge shooting has been good for such hunters as are reasonable and want a few for the table. He will probably remain till the open season on big game. His friend Mr. Bynner and wife of Cambridge, will come out, and their places will be filled by other guests.

Mr. J. A. French, of French's Hotel at Andover, and for several years manager at the Upper Dam Camps, is now reckoned as the champion sight-seer of the region. He was coming out from the South Arm the other day, with one of his teams. When near the top of Cedar Hill a moose with a fine pair of antlers appeared in the road ahead of the team. He moved on ahead for a short distance and turned out into the woods. Mr. French passed the spot and got off for another look. The moose appeared again, within easy gunshot. Alas! it was in close time, and besides Mr. French had no gun. The big tracks of the moose have since been shown to guests as proof of Mr French's statement.

Camps and camp companies are the order of the day in Maine, and a good many such companies are being formed. One of the latest mentioned is not yet named, but it includes some of the brightest dry goods merchants in the trade. Indeed it might well be called a dry goods camp, though it promises to be considerably larger than a dry goods box. As for the goods that go into the camp, it is fair to suppose that they will all be dry goods, for the gentlemen who make up the company are all temperate men. The camp is to be located at East Sebago, on the beautiful shore of Sebago Lake. Mr. Wm. H. Fisher, with Harding, Whitman & Co., says that the camp is to be purely for hunting and fishing, but that it will be thoroughly furnished in the direction of hunters' and fishers' comfort. Each owner is to have his own room and locker. The best of spring beds and mattrasses are to be provided. The company includes G. W. Snow, with Jordan, Marsh & Co.; C. A. Deane, vice-president of the Hollingsworth & Whitney Paper Co.; William Whitman and Edgar Harding, of Harding, Whitman & Co.; C. R. Benson, of R. H. White & Co.; Herbert Dumaresq, son-in-law of Eben D. Jordan; Charles B. Gookin, of Joy, Langdon & Co.; Judge S. A. Bolsten, municipal judge of the Roxbury District; Wm. A. Paine, of Paine, Webber and Co., and Wm. H. Fisher as mentioned. The camp is being completed, and is to cost a specified sum, still probably not a man in the company will be content till it has cost double that sum.

Mr. King Taylor has just returned from a couple of weeks' outing in Maine, where shooting and fishing were his chief sources of amusement. He had good luck. C. H. Cook, with Bliss, Fabyan & Co. with his friend Mr. H. F. Lowell of Boston, has just returned from his vacation in Maine. They went to Cathance Lakes, some 15 or 20 miles northeast of Machias. There are two lakes of that name; Little Cathance and Big Cathance, at the head of the Cathance River. They had very fair partridge shooting, though the trees were thick with foliage. They saw several deer but did not shoot them, for it was not yet open season. Mr. Cook believes that deer can easily be taken in that part of the country in the open season, and is only sorry that his vacation could not have been extended till after Oct. 1.

Great expectations are hovering over the open season on big game in Maine, commencing Oct. 1. Hundreds of Maine, Boston and New York sportsmen will avail themselves of the shooting privileges in that State, if we may judge by the reports from the camps and hunting resorts. Many of the accommodations are already full, at the more noted resorts. I hear it mentioned every day, among sportsmen who have visited that State almost every year for a long time, that they are afraid to go there for hunting this fall; the woods will be so full of gunners, many of them careless and inexperienced, especially near to the more noted and more accessible resorts. Many of the old hunters will seek for some quiet nook that the local papers have not yet made famous.

Mr. Daniel Gunn, the veteran printer and lover of the rod and line, went to his former fishing grounds in Nova Scotia for sea trout this year. He went by rail to Antigonish, and then crossed over the country to the vicinity of New Harbor. Here he found his usual excellent sport, fishing only with the fly. He took eighty sea trout in all, and all of them of good size. He landed five doublets, but does not mention any startling catches, such as the FOREST AND STREAM has before heard from him. The country fishermen, and some of the sportsmen who come there—be it said to their shame—take trout any way they can get them, with bait, or with nets or spears. Mr. Gunn usually surprises them with his success, and he believes that his lessons in fishing the better way have not been wholly lost upon the natives. Concerning the would-be sportsmen he has not as much courage.

Some men are fishermen always, and they manage to get a good deal of sport out of it, be it fishing for cunners off the rocks at the seashore, or be it angling for trout at the Rangeleys, or even for the lordly salmon in New Brunswick. Mr. Charles S. Robertson, of the insurance brigade in Boston, is one of these sportsmen. One of his latest exploits is fishing for smelt at Hull. A couple of Saturdays ago he went in the afternoon with the result of seventeen dozen alone, and the Saturday previous, with a couple of friends, thirty-seven dozen were taken.

SPECIAL.

"The Art of Wing Shooting."

FOR the small sum of 7 cents, the cost of mailing, Mr. Alex. S. Thweat, Eastern passenger agent of the Southern Railway, will mail a copy of "The Art of Wing Shooting," by William Bruce Leffingwell, to any address. This book, which is described by its author as "a practical treatise on the use of the shotgun, illustrating by sketches and easy reading how to become an expert shot," does all that is claimed for it. In the hands of a beginner, one who is anxious to learn, it will of course accomplish more than if the reader were a shooter of some standing; but Mr. Leffingwell treats of his subject scientifically and shows, by means of diagrams, that he is not merely an exponent of theories; hence, what he has to say is worthy of the attention of the more experienced hunter. The book is copiously illustrated by cuts of varying degrees of excellence, many of which have long been familiar to the shooting public.

Mr. Thweat's address is 271 Broadway, New York city.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From our Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 21.—The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* of Sept. 15 had the following in regard to a late game dinner held up in the pine woods:

Last Sunday Mr. C. L. Ryder, the manager of the Hotel Gogebic, entertained his many guests with a game dinner that was worth coming many miles to enjoy. The *menu* was printed on two heavy pieces of birch bark, adorned with a real partridge feather. The brook trout, black bass, venison, duck and partridge were all indigenous to Gogebic, while the meats and fish for the dinner were all supplied by the visitors at the resort.

The *menu* was as follows:

SOUP.
Game.
FISH.
Steamed Brook Trout.
Baked Black Bass.
ROASTS.
Saddle of Venison, hunter style.
Mallard Duck.
ENTREES.
Gogebic Partridge, à la Preusser.
Charlotte of Apples, port wine sauce.
VEGETABLES.
Baked and Mashed Potatoes.
Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Green Corn on Cob.
Green Peas.
RELISHES.
Celery. Cucumbers. Olives.
DESSERT.
English Plum Pudding, brandy sauce.
Lemon Pie. Mince Pie.
New York Ice Cream.
Coffee. Tea.
Bent's Crackers and Cheese. Fruit.

The manager of the Hotel Gogebic is one more of those who needs a copy of the *Game Laws in Brief*. Mr. Ryder was for a long time passenger agent of the Lake Shore & Western R. R., and was well posted on the resources of his country. It is singular he does not have in mind the venison law in the north peninsula of Michigan, but I am loath to believe that he would knowingly serve illegal venison on the table of a hotel whose best support should be expected from gentlemen sportsmen. The latter do not kill nor eat illegal venison.

Bear.

Mr. Andrew McAush, in company with Messrs. J. C. Farrar, S. Hamilton and J. C. Armstrong, were this summer in the Nepigon country and penetrated far to the north of those waters. They had grand sport with the big trout, and a local cigar store shows as curiosities in its window two tremendous trout skins uniquely mounted on birch bark, those being among the most valued trophies of the trip above mentioned. The gentlemen brought back with them a little black bear cub, which at last accounts was doing well. They killed the cub's mother.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Commander of the Department of the Missouri, U. S A., starts for the West this week with Mr. Frederic Remington, the artist. They go to New Mexico and Arizona, or even to New Zealand if they do not earlier find the object of their search, which is nothing less than large, juicy, succulent bear.

Mr. Jacob Steinmann, of Mands, Butler Co., Ohio, is not so particular as Gen. Miles. Almost anything goes with him. He writes:

"As a party of us are going to take a hunt this fall, and as we can't decide where to go to, I was advised by the readers of your paper to write to the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, and if you please write and tell us of a place where we can find bear, deer, ducks, turkeys, quail and game like that. We were talking of going to Florida and hunt in the Everglades. Please give us your opinion about Florida."

Florida might do, but I fear that even that luxuriant country would hardly produce all these sorts of game in any one locality. The Indian Nations would come very near to it, say between the Cimarron and Canadian rivers. If the gentlemen should go to Fort Smith, Ark., they could get near enough to what they wished, either in the Nations or western Arkansas. They might get their outfits confiscated in the Nations by the U. S. soldiers. I would rather chance that part of the country for a general hunt such as seems to be wanted here, than the Everglades of Florida, which latter might prove a serious undertaking.

Whether He Lives or Not.

Patrick Galvin of St. Paul was found last week with a bullet hole in his forehead, probably a self-inflicted wound. The Minneapolis *Tribune* says: "The wound was found to be a very dangerous one, but is not thought to be fatal. The loss of sight in the right eye will no doubt follow, whether the patient survives or not." I do not know whether the *Tribune* states this on a medical or on a journalistic basis, but it is safe on its facts if the man dies.

A Cyclone on Horicon Marsh.

Sept. 28.—What with the Northern forest fires and the Southern floods, we seem to be having rather an *annus mirabilis* in this section of the country. The latest thing in Western weather has been the terrible wind storm which during the past week crossed the States of Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and has since then created havoc on the Great Lakes. This cyclone has perhaps a hundred deaths to its credit, and it came near making news in the line of sporting journalism. Had it veered 200yds. to the south, at the point where it crossed the Horicon marsh of Wisconsin, it would have torn the club house of the Horicon Shooting Club into fragments, and at least seriously injured some of the fifteen shooters who were in it at the time.

This storm occurred on last Friday night, and as I happened to be up at the club at that time I was able to see personally what a wind storm can do when it tries. We all went to bed early that night, intending to get up at 3 or 4 o'clock the following morning in order to get an early stort for our duck shooting. It was about midnight when the storm struck us, and in about three minutes thereafter there was not a soul left in bed. The club house seemed every moment on the point of going to pieces, and for a few minutes hung about evenly balanced against the push of the wind. The roar of the storm was like that of a distant railway train, to quote the words of an ordinary newspaper report of a cyclone, to which I can testify as being accurate enough by way of description. In a few minutes the club house floors were afloat with water, and the most popular costume among the duck shooters seemed to be a *robe de nuit* and a pair of hip boots. The club house, however, withstood the storm, which did not strike it with its entire strength, though a small sleeping-house near by was blown entirely to pieces. On the following morning the track of the storm could be traced plainly for more than ten miles across the country. The sturdy oak timber on the hills was torn and twisted in every direction. Many orchards were torn up and one farmer lost both his house and barn. No lives were lost in that part of Wisconsin so far as we learned, except those of a couple of hundred of sparrows which were crushed by the wind under the eaves of a barn. A bushel or so of these birds were found dead along the side of the barn in the morning.

The great storm did not seem to affect the duck shooting much, as it did not pass far enough to the north to start the northern flight down. It apparently drove most of the ducks from the upper end of the Horicon marsh down to the south end, and no very startling bags were made on Saturday. Mr. Howard Bosworth, of Milwaukee, was high bag with 47 birds, and Mr. Robert Rom, of the same city, was next with 45 birds. Gov. Peck, of Wisconsin, shot on his favorite bog, about a quarter of a mile from the boat landing, and made a bag of 20. The Governor is a very ardent duck shooter, and slips off to the Horicon Club, of which he is a member, whenever the cares of the State allow him a little time to himself in the shooting season. He is a rattling good duck shot, using a 10-gauge gun and black powder, but just now is about converted to the nitro powder idea. Gov. Peck is a very popular member of the Horicon Club, and whenever he comes up he is by tacit consent given his stand on the bog above mentioned. This is the place where he killed 69 ducks one day last fall, and where he expects to do it again. It therefore bears the name of the "Governor's bog."

The ground of the Horicon Marsh has not been in the best condition yet this fall for snipe and no very heavy bags have been made, my own of 22 birds being the best yet, although on the same ground a year ago I bagged 50 jacksnipe one afternoon. The entire marsh is alive with yellowlegs, and I suppose one could kill a thousand of them a day if he cared to.

A bag of 33 chickens was made on the opening day within three miles of Horicon club house by Mr. Thomas Hanson, of Milwaukee.

Dakota.

At this writing the special car tourist sportsman is reveling in the grouse and wildfowl shooting of Dakota. There is nothing wrong in the special car tourist idea, but there is very much that is radically and absolutely wrong in the way this idea is carried into effect. The Dakota laws are in no way more openly or contemptuously violated than by the so-called Eastern sportsmen who go out to see how much they can kill each day. I hear that last week one of these special cars was searched at Minneapolis and over 300 chickens found aboard it. Again I repeat that the town of Dawson, on the Northern Pacific road, will very well bear watching in this regard, and I believe that the Northern Pacific road could do no better business action than to station a proper official at this or similar points to stop the unrestricted violation of the Dakota law.

Wrong Font.

A late issue of a Chicago publication remarks that a man by the name of Ehlers of Chicago, had been killing illegal prairie chickens in central Illinois. Mr. Henry Ehlers, one of the best known sportsmen of Chicago, and winner of this year's championship of the Illinois Association, feels hurt at an assertion which might be taken to apply to himself. Mr. Ehlers wishes to say, what in view of his reputation it is unnecessary to say, that he has not this year or any other been shooting illegal prairie chickens. The Chicago paper got into the wrong font, probably.

Heathen Near At Home.

A friend remarked to me last night that an acquaintance of his who works on South Water Street told him that he had spent the last day or so in packing quail, all of which quail were of course illegal. Yesterday a member of a South Water street commission house told me that never in the history of the street had there been so much illegal game sold as within the past year and a half. He said that the street now was overflowing with illegal game. I would gently suggest to the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, and to city warden Blow, who has been doing such excellent work in punishing violators at different points in the State, that there are plenty of heathen near at home.

Wisconsin Deer.

There should be excellent deer hunting in Wisconsin and the North Peninsula this fall, provided one hits just the right section where the game has been driven in and not driven out by the forest fires. I would not advise any one to go to Florence this fall, as late reports say that the deer have been driven from that section. On the other hand I believe that State Line and the Lake Vieux Desert region will be excellent deer country for October.

A party of thirty-one deer hunters from Ohio left Chicago this week, bound for Metropolitan, Michigan. There would seem to be enough of them to keep the deer from getting lonesome.

West.

Mr. Charles Norris, of the Big Four Railroad, leaves this week for Missoula, Montana, where he will hunt and fish in the Bitter Root range, certainly a most pleasing trip to look forward to. Mr. Norris was fortunate this summer to kill a black bear in Florence county, Michigan, the said bear having showed a disposition to pick huckleberries in the same patch with Mr. Norris and his friends.

If a wanter wants any thing and asks for it in FOREST AND STREAM he always gets what he wants. Lately I had occasion to inquire for Colorado deer country in favor of Mr. W. J. Letts, of Sedalia, Mo. And now comes Mr. W. J. Dixon, the same an old time FOREST AND STREAM man, and writes as follows, from Cimarron, Kas.:

"I am going to Colorado to hunt on my old stamping ground, and I have offered to take Mr. Letts and party in with me, and written to them in full. Referred them to you as knowing me. The Kickapoo won't open this fall, I fear, so I am going to play with my Mexicans.

"I like what you write always. You are a nice man. If you want to come to me in Colorado I can make you smell old times at White Oaks."

I print what Mr. Dixon says in full because there are so few men who think I am a nice man that I look on the statement as a matter of news. I am not at liberty to state just where Mr. Dixon intends to go, but he says there is nothing but deer. Mexicans, turkeys, antelope, prairies, mountains and cañons in that country, and that it has material for a dozen stories to the square mile. I wouldn't mind getting tangled up with W. J. out in that country myself.

The following succinct paragraph I take from the daily press:

GRANTSBURG, Wis., Sept. 26.—Peter Anderson and his brother, while out bear hunting near Mud Hen Lake, mistook a squaw for a bear. Both shot and both bullets took effect. The squaw was 100 years old.

This certainly is brief enough to suit the most exacting editor, though it seems to leave much to the imagination. One could wish to know whether the hunters shot the squaw on the supposition that she had lived long enough, then alleging the excuse that they mistook her for a bear. It would seem to be more humane to let centenarians, even Indian centenarians, live on as long as they want to, after getting such a good start. But there is no real excuse for joking over so serious a matter. A squaw does not look like a bear to the eye of any hunter fit to carry a rifle in the woods. The same painful lesson is again brought forward that no man should fire at a moving object in the woods or anything else, without knowing clearly what it is, and without intending to kill it. We are left to infer that the victim in this case was killed, although the correspondent who sends the dispatch neglects to commit himself on this important point. One or more persons are killed every fall in Wisconsin and Michigan by fools who carry rifles and shoot at anything they see moving, but still this particular brand of fool appears to be perennial and flourishing.

Snipe.

The fall flight of snipe has made its appearance well to the south of Illinois and Indiana. Two guns bagged eighty snipe at Calumet Lake two weeks ago The Desplaines Valley has shown some very heavy bags. One of seventy odd birds was made by a single gun one day last week near Lockport. Mr. Frank Bissell and a friend got a fair bag at Water Valley on the Kankakee last week. In my talk with Mr. Henry Ehlers last week he told me that he killed twenty-eight blue-wing teal and fifty-eight snipe one morning last week on the Kankakee, killing twenty-three jacksnipe without a miss. Mr. Ehlers used a 10-gauge gun on snipe, which accounts for the twenty-three. He killed seventy woodcock along the Kankakee on one trip this summer, using the same 10-gauge gun. I am trying to persuade him to use something else.

Mr. Chas. Hallock, the veteran of all veterans in matters of sportsmen's journalism, is in Chicago to-day on his way West to Hallock, Minn., where he has large landed interests. Mr. Hallock will enjoy a little of the fall at its best in the Northwest, and will then move to the South with the flight of the fowl, spending the winter in North Carolina. He tells me he has not spent a winter in the North since 1882, by which it may be seen he knows how to live.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—*The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.*—FOREST AND STREAM, *Feb. 10.*

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the articles which have appeared in your valued paper regarding legislation prohibiting entirely the sale of all kinds of game. This has been a favorite idea of mine for several years. There is no question in my mind that the indiscriminate sale of game, and the consequent incentive to market-hunters to kill all they can, will in a very short time cause the extinction of nearly all kinds of game. If there are any true sportsmen who have not yet made up their minds on which side of this question to array themselves, I would ask them to take a trip up and down South Water Street in this city at any time during the open season, and if the piles of ducks, partridge, quail, prairie chickens and all sorts of game do not make them strong advocates of the new principle, I will be out of my reckoning.

There is another feature of this matter that I have not seen touched upon and which I think could be used as a strong argument, which is that such enormous quantities of game as are dumped on the Chicago market in the fall, particularly ducks, partridge, prairie chickens and quail, cannot help but cause a large difference to the farmer in the price that his poultry brings in the market. Let all farmers know this and it is my opinion that you will have an ardent supporter of the new plank in every one in the land who raises poultry to sell.

E. T. D.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I hope you can spare me room in your columns to voice my sentiment in regard to the total prohibition of the sale of game. I am heartily in favor of it, as every American who claims the name of sportsman should be. As has been said, "the wedge that FOREST AND STREAM has started must be driven home."

One of the mistaken arguments against the prohibition of the sale of game seems to be that it will place game more in the hands of the rich. This is not so, for the law prohibits no one's shooting game, while it does prevent the rich from obtaining it out of season.

No true sportsmen will kill more game than he can dispose of, for it is against his principles, and besides he knows he is injuring his own prospects for the future. He does not find enjoyment in shooting into bevies of birds and slaughtering them by dozens. Such men do very little toward the extermination of game. It is the market-hunters who are doing the harm; they use guns that are almost cannon; net the birds; and employ all such illegitimate means of procuring game in large quantities. If the sale of game were stopped this slaughter would cease, and game would then be killed merely by the lovers of the gun.

I think that the prohibition should be made to include the law that no game should be taken out of the United States to stock foreign countries, for our game must be kept here and protected.

B. F. E.

ITHACA, N. Y.

Handsomest Passenger Train in the World.

THIS is the popular verdict on the Pennsylvania Limited and one who sees the train now in the brightness and freshness of its new equipment will fully endorse it. The new cars, the compartment car just introduced and the other distinctive features make it the most luxurious train in the world and the only perfectly appointed limited express. It leaves New York at 10 A. M. every day for Chicago.—*Adv.*

WITH THE DOG HANDLERS IN DAKOTA

In the gray dawn of an August morning, at an hour when the people in the great cities take their sweetest slumbers, I stepped off a west-bound train of the Northern Pacific at Eldridge, N. D., where, through the kindness of Mr. W. W. Titus, supplemented by the brothers Frank and George Richards, all well-known handlers and trainers, I was to enjoy several days' chicken shooting. They had extended an invitation to me some weeks before my arrival. Mr. Titus was waiting for me at the depot, notwithstanding the grim earliness of the hour, and my visions of renewing pleasant sport with the chickens began to forthwith take definite form. The opportunity to shoot with a good handler is not an every-day occurrence. Handling and training are a profession. Therefore, when a handler gives a guest some days' shooting, it is much as if a business man would turn over his plant for the pleasure of his guests.

Eldridge is an ideal town for a chicken shooter. There were in it six houses all told, of which three were empty. The hotel was quiet and homelike, far superior to the average hotel of the country town.

As I say, I found Mr. Titus awaiting me. After a greeting whose cordiality and sincerity there was no mistaking, he said: "We'll go over and get breakfast. The team and dogs are all ready for us to start."

This gave me a realizing sense that I had stepped out of a sleeping car into a chicken shoot quicker than ever before in my experience. I thought it was most exceeding early for a start, but learned that it was a later start than common, Mr. Titus often beginning his preparations as early as 4 o'clock. This was quite necessary, as I learned later, if much work was done. The days were distressingly hot, only the morning and evening hours being available for work. The sun rose like a huge ball of fire, angry red, as it mounted upward and burned out the fog and mists; the temperature steadily increased in warmth till it became oppressive. At 9 to 10 o'clock the morning's work was considered as ended. After that till the cool hours of the evening, it was useless to attempt to shoot.

After breakfast the start was made. Mr. Titus had a buckboard on which was securely fastened a large crate for carrying the dogs. Under the seat was a two-gallon jug of water, and of water the dogs drank great quantities on those hot days. The sloughs and small streams were thoroughly dried out weeks before by the intense heat, therefore water must be carried.

Some visiting sportsmen were in the party, six of us all told, of whom five had guns, Mr. Titus electing to handle the dogs—wisely, I thought, as two guns shooting together are ample for all purposes. Of course there were the usual incidents of two or three frequently shooting at the same bird and the backwardness caused by everybody insisting that everybody else should shoot, for there was not the semblance of a hog in the party. It was as pleasant as could be. As nearly as I can now remember, we bagged about sixteen or eighteen birds that afternoon.

I shot a 12-bore Parker hammerless, kindly loaned to me by Mr. Hough, whose fertile pen sheds so many good things each week for the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. It has 28in. barrels, light in weight and rather straight in the stock. I had had some very encouraging experiences with it at the traps. It was a wonderfully hard hitter. To my mind the question was settled—it was I and the gun on one side and dead chickens on the other, the quantity only measured by my forbearance. It was a settled matter, but I did not take any one into my confidence. The demonstration would be much nicer and easier. The only tinge of unpleasantness was the certain fate of the birds, and whether my forbearance would be great enough to leave any chickens in that whole region. It's so easy to kill a chicken, you know! But Dr. Mead and I soon had an opportunity. The dog pointed nicely a bevy of three-quarters grown birds, lazy flyers, going away by ones and twos with a deliberation which seemed fatal to them when two men with pretty guns were standing close by. I think the Doctor got two after some rapid firing. I think I got one in four shots.

This is rather a colorless manner of describing the death or escape of birds. Shorn of the embellishments of "the cataleptic point," "the roar of wings," "the ring out of the Damascus barrels," "the cloud of feathers," etc., a chicken story becomes commonplace. But to enumerate the points and misses, the kills and good finds of the dogs, the good shots and poor ones, etc., would require much space, so I will dwell more particularly on the most prominent features of the work.

Mr. Titus had in his string a bitch of most extraordinary chicken qualities. Her work to the gun, too, was most pleasing. Often she sook casts from a quarter to a half mile wide, and showed great judgment in beating the ground. When she found birds there was no anxiety about her stanchness. Her point was a fixed quantity till her handler went up to her. She was quite expert in roading, too. One misty morning she roaded a running bevy across a large stubble, across a down wind, nearly a quarter of a mile. That morning young Mr. Peck of St. Louis, a most genial and talented young gentleman, did some excellent shooting with his 16-gauge, the birds being in some grass and rising one or two at a time within easy range.

But the last morning had the best shooting in it. For a windup, Mr. Titus took out some of his best dogs and the most promising ground was chosen for work. Soon the bitch aforementioned had a bevy of five birds, all of which we bagged. She found birds in rapid succession thereafter, and when we had bagged a dozen we concluded we had enough and thereupon stopped shooting.

I arrived the second day after the season opened, the opening day being Aug. 20, and there was then a perceptible diminution in the birds' numbers. Bevies were badly broken, and some were quite destroyed. All the larger towns had swarms of shooters who were abroad on the opening day and they made a most apparent effect on the birds, as shown in their lessened numbers. The practice of shooting for big bags is most baneful in the destruction of game, and measures for protection are not at all equal to the measures for destruction. The laws and their enforcement in game preservation are but little more potent for observance now than they were years ago, while the destroying agencies—the increase in numbers of shooters and dogs, and improved guns and powders—has been very great.

The chicken crop this year was remarkably good. While the long dry season was seriously damaging to the farmers' interests, it was a great one for prairie chickens. Still it was not uniformly so. In some districts the birds were scarce. The same reason was given for their scarcity as for their abundance, namely, the dry season. Some farmers say that there was no water for the birds to drink, and hence they died of thirst. The young birds could not fly to the water courses, and some nights but little if any dew fell. The explanation is a novel one to me.

What impressed me most of all during my tour through Minnesota, the Dakotas and Manitoba were the vast changes which time, settlement and civilization have wrought in the past few years. In the flourishing city of Winnipeg Mr. Thos. Johnson assures me that it is not many years since he shot ducks where the city hall now stands, in the heart of the city.

The changes have been great in the game regions of Minnesota and the Dakotas. These States fifteen years ago, outside of a few small business centers—distributing points of a sparsely settled region—were mostly unbroken prairie, the slow and laborious task of reclaiming it from the wilderness having hardly well begun. The pioneer farmers were mostly immigrants who came from the different countries of Europe, striving in the face of hardship and poverty to gain ownership of a home and a farm. It was almost a foreign land so far as its inhabitants were concerned. Some sections were settled by Russians, others by Norwegians, Swedes, etc., and few of them could speak English. The native-born American set comparatively little value on a farm in the wilderness when the ownership was contingent on so much hard labor and deprivation through a term of years, and truly the struggle for a home through hot summers and cold winters, made, as it was, against the further disadvantages of poverty, was a hard one. But those days were grand ones for chicken shooting in that region. The cultivated fields were far apart and uninclosed. Little groves of trees of two to five years' growth marked the domiciles of the settlers, or where some one had attempted to settle, for abandoned claims, landmarks of blasted hopes or ruined fortunes, were not infrequent.

Generally, when one left the vicinity of the small towns, not more than four or five groves could be seen from horizon to horizon. It was no uncommon thing to find long stretches of prairie where there were no settlers. Still the best shooting was near the attempts at cultivation, for the farms were roughly tilled as one would readily imagine of a region where everything was in the rough stage of primitive beginnings. Dug-outs, hovels, shanties and makeshifts were far more common than were houses.

The crops were favorable for the chickens. Wheat was, as now, the most important one and best liked by the birds. It was the most common crop. Oats and flax came next in value, and a small acreage of corn was grown. For oats the chickens have little liking. Wheat is their favorite grain food. The best shooting was always in the vicinity of the wheat fields after the prairie food became scarce with the advent of fall; then they would congregate where the food supply was most abundant. In some sections they were so numerous that in taking a turn about one field a shooter could get all the sport he could reasonably desire in a morning or evening. A field, it should be remembered, was commonly a quarter or an eighth of a section, sometimes a half section. There was seldom a fence to obstruct the shooter's course. The unclaimed prairie and the cultivated farm had no visible line of separation save that between the golden color of the grain and the green of the prairie. Wagons could be driven across country almost anywhere, although as a matter of course it was not just nor lawful to drive through the farmer's standing grain, but to this matter many shooters gave little heed or thought. Yet the farmers were extremely liberal in those days. They permitted shooters to enjoy every reasonable privilege in shooting on their farms, but their kindness was often abused. Shooters would drive through standing grain and generally treat the farmer more as an intruder than as the legitimate owner of the soil. Though there was a trespass law it was little considered. Farmers were busy men living an earnest life, and often they had an imperfect knowledge of the English language, if they had any at all. When their rights were infringed by trespassers, they showed their resentment chiefly by vituperation and choler. It was a loss of time to attempt to arrest the trespasser, for he might be twenty or thirty miles away. On the hard, level roads of the prairie, it was no uncommon occurrence for a party to drive fifteen to thirty miles when chicken shooting. The farmer's most immediate knowledge of town characteristics were chattel mortgages, the highest prices for provisions and the lowest for wheat. If the trespasser was a city sportsman, for the farmer it was an easy deduction that all city sportsmen were alike.

I well remember in 1880 while shooting chickens near a wheatfield in Minnesota, the sudden dawning of an irate farmer in my immediate vicinity, and the issuance by him of a most peremptory order to vacate. On expressing a willingness to comply, but a desire to know why so much harshness was used, he explained that about a half hour before a shooter had killed one of his young turkeys, and as he approached, the shooter had run away, got into his wagon and escaped. As the turkeys were close by, it gave some color to his suspicions that I had designs on them. I pleaded not guilty, but he said, "You look very much like the feller that killed and stole my turkey. Mebbe you didn't, but I'd rather you'd leave anyhow. I'd feel better if you wasn't around." I left.

The farmers, however, when civilly approached and their rights given the value and respect due them, are the most obliging of men. I never knew one to refuse shooting privileges if permission was asked courteously, unless he had suffered from some depredations from shooters.

A noticeable feature of chicken life fifteen years or less ago was the large numbers of old birds, cocks, often found by ones, twos, and sometimes in small packs. They were quite abundant and often lived in territory apart from the hen and her brood. Compared to the present time, there was but little cunning in their habits or effort at self-preservation, whether the birds were old or young. In one season's shooting, in 1880, I saw chickens go to a grove but once, and then it seemed by chance, not intention. Now, they readily seek protection in cover and show much the same cunning in avoiding danger that the ruffed grouse does.

I remember one flock of old birds which Mr. Titus found a few times when I was with him. They were extremely alert and wary, rising well out of shot when we approached them. They had a systematic plan of escape. Their first flight would be for the center of a large "breaking," as a field whereon the sod is turned for the first time is called. Thence they would run to a large dense grove close by in which they were quite safe. If pursued then, all the difficulties of ruffed grouse shooting were encountered. We pursued the birds once in the thicket. The dog roaded them well and prettily across the thicket, but the birds flushed wild ahead out of sight. We did not get a shot. Another day when we found them they flushed wild from their feeding grounds as we approached, as was their habit. They took a flight to the middle of the breaking and then stood studying us carefully. We thought that by getting between them and the thicket we would intercept them and change their flight to the open prairie, where in the grass they would have no prearranged plan of defense and would be our birds. We performed our part of the plan fairly well, but the birds flew out of sight.

I believe that heredity and experience are greatly changing the habits of chickens for their own preservation. The multiplication of dangers has made them wiser. Not only are there many more shooters, but there is comparatively little cover in the open prairie. The grass is shorter and lighter. What were vast prairies ten to fifteen years ago, at the present time are one unbroken succession of farms, side by side, cultivated to the boundary lines. Fences are not so common as one might imagine. Many well-tilled farms have no apparent boundary line save that made by the plow. Still, there are many sections wherein are large tracts of country sparsely settled, particularly in North Dakota. However, in my experience there in August, we found nearly all the birds in the vicinity of the grain fields. For the best shooting the grain fields must be surrounded by open prairie, on which, about one hundred yards more or less from the edge of the stubble, the best course lies for hunting, and the dog beats out the ground well on either side of the shooter as he drives along.

By the way, the only proper manner in which to hunt chickens is with a horse and wagon if one makes any distinction between labor and sport. It is a most toilsome task to hunt chickens afoot. Wise reader, did you ever kill twelve or more chickens on a hot day, put them in your game sack and then carry them two or more miles home? If so, you know the regrets that one feels at having killed them. How heavy the birds grow; then they get heavier. They give a pendulous sway back and forth in rhythm with each step, and as the shooter becomes more fatigued the birds sway harder Perspiration runs galore. Aside from their own weight they are awkward and difficult to carry.

The handlers kill very few birds. There seems to be a belief prevalent among many of the farmers at Eldridge that with a wagon load of dogs a trainer must necessarily kill every bird in the country. For business reasons, the handlers killed few birds. Every diminution in their numbers made it so much more difficult to get points for their young dogs, and points they were after.

But the spirit of exclusiveness is in that section as in many others. Farms are being posted. Prohibited ground is constantly enlarging. It will not be many years before the game preserve will have superseded the wild hunting grounds.

B. WATERS.

GOOD WORK WITH THE .22.

OKANAGAN, Wash., Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As last Monday was a red-letter day, I took my Stevens favorite .22 rifle and went over north of the mill to an Indian ranch to get some oats.

A short distance before I got to their camp, Frank came to a point. I rode up near to where he was, and sat on my pony and watched. Soon a sharptail grouse stuck its head up out of the bunch grass and began to walk away from the dog. I got down, took a shot at its head, which I hit, and it began to flutter at a terrific rate. Soon as many as fifty flew up all around me and crossed over the swale to the edge of the timber. I followed them over and soon Frank came to a point. I saw the bird, which I shot through the neck, when the others flew further up into the timber. When I went to gather my bird, I saw another lying about four feet from the one I shot at. It was shot through the body. I started on down the meadow, and flushed one that lit in a tree, and I killed it. There were three shots and four birds.

I gave them to the Indian, and started back across a mountain, and had not gone far when Frank put up six blue grouse, and I got three in three shots. After drawing my birds, I went on and soon he put up another flock. I got three of those at three more shots. I now had six, all shot through the head; ten birds at nine shots. That was the best score I ever made with a rifle, and I was feeling fine over it.

I had not gone very far when Frank came to a point, and as it was different from a bird point, I got off from my pony and walked up to the dog. He would not move. I stood and looked very carefully and soon saw a fine buck, just as he got up. I raised my rifle, and I aimed to break his neck near his chin. When I fired, away went the deer. I went back, got my pony and rode out on to a ridge, where I had a fair view of the mountain side. I could see nothing of the deer. I then took a circle and soon Frank struck his track, which he was anxious to chase. I had to speak very sharply to him, but when I did so he steadied down and tracked slowly. I soon came to a point of rocks which I had to go around. Frank went over them, and when I came on to the ridge again I could not see the dog and thought that, as it had been so long since he had had a run, he had made up his mind to take the run, then the whipping. After waiting and listening for a little while, I whistled. Soon Frank came from my right. He was licking his chops and wiggling his tail, and started right back. I followed him, and there lay a big four-point buck, dead. I cannot remember any time in my life that I have been more pleased. I cleaned my deer and then went back and stepped the ground, and found it to be as near 130yds. as I could step it. The bullet had passed through the side of the neck and in between the point of the shoulder, passed through the large veins just above the heart, cut one rib in two and passed out behind the shoulder.

I use the .22 long rifle cartridge, which is cheap, and the best shooting cartridge I have ever tried.

LEW WILMOT.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

THE ALL-AROUND FALLACY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From time to time communications have appeared in your columns advocating all-round arms, but from the diversity of opinions expressed it would seem that no approximate standard of excellence has yet been reached and accepted by the great body of sportsmen. Since gun powders and lead have been used under the light of modern science it has, I believe, generally been understood by those who have hunted and shot both large and small game, that where count is wanted to the exclusion of the other essentials of outdoor sport, one must choose the arm in proportion to the work to be accomplished.

There is such a wide difference between hunting bear, elk, squirrels and rabbits that to attempt to harmonize the sports and class them under one head seems idle folly, and to seek for a weapon suited to all is error. True, you may kill an elk or a squirrel with the tiny .22cal., and you can annihilate both with the .50cal., but the number of times you miss on the large game with the small bullet is offset by the mutilation of the lesser game by the use of the large bullet. Therefore, when you attempt to strike a medium of size in caliber for universal use you simply reduce the extremes with no desirable gain in the results sought to be attained.

Perhaps to some extent the same rule may be applied to shotguns, although there is this broad distinction between the two arms, namely, the rifle carries its entire weight and diameter of projectile in one body of lead, while the shotgun in different bores may use the same sizes in shot in different quantities, bulk and weight, thereby multiplying power for distribution over desired area rather than concentrating force as exemplified in the rifle. Theoretical aberration respecting the power of the shotgun has had considerable to do in over-weighting many fair upland shooters; and I believe less is known through practical test of the power of the smooth-bores, choked and cylinder, by the owners thereof than is understood by riflemen of the uses and power of their favorite arm. My acquaintance with riflemen inclines me toward the opinion that almost invariably they fairly estimate the uses of the large and small calibers, but that only a small proportion of the advocates of 10-gauge shotguns for general shooting have ever tested the power of the 16-gauge or know its capacity in the hands of a decent wing shot.

For years I have annually spent a large portion of the summer and fall months with gun and rod, and single-hander or canoe. I have looked for the all-round rod, all-round boat, and gun, and met with undesirable results, and I feelingly express my belief that such a factor among the impedimenta of sportsmen has not been produced. As it seems impossible to build a boat that will successfully combine the good qualities of the hunting canoe and the yacht, or to interbreed the draft horse with the racer with good results, so an unsatisfactory arm must result from a combination of extreme qualities in a sportsman's gun. Several of your correspondents have suggested the three-barrel as embodying the essential qualities sought after, but—omitting to point out how this grouping of the two arms eliminates the extremes of bore and caliber incident to each—combining shotgun and rifle in one arm does not solve the problem, unless perhaps you join two rifle barrels of different caliber with two shot barrels of extreme bores, and then I presume no sportsman will call that combination the *sine qua non*. It is a piece of ordnance I do not wish to pack around the country. Choosing the arm for the work you desire is probably a safe procedure where excellence becomes paramount.

The advocates of the three-barrel have hit the mark very nearly in combining any satisfactory qualities where pure sport is sought in a country of miscellaneous game, but it is also an undesirable combination where you are in pursuit of any one species of game. In mountain-climbing for large game the shot barrels and ammunition becomes a serious load to carry, and useless; while in marsh or bay shooting the rifle, if of large caliber, is undesirable. But as constituting a very enjoyable weapon for a day's hunt when recruiting, and enjoying nature, and out after anything upon which to test your skill, and to tone up the nerves, a three-barrel in the small gauges becomes a very handy and effective piece.

Last season I used a 7lbs. 3oz. gun, 28in. barrels, 16-bore shot, .32-20 rifle—combination arm that afforded considerable pleasure. During a two-months' outing I shot many varieties of game with it in a manner quite as satisfactory as to be expected within the capacity of one arm. One shot barrel was closely choked and a killer at and even beyond 65yds., while the other barrel, being a perfect cylinder, scattered fine shot just about right for woodcock and reed birds; and this barrel not only threw the large sizes shot excellently, but it carried an ounce ball with fair accuracy up to 100yds., and proved itself on more than one occasion a paralyzer to deer. The little .32cal. bullet was perhaps equally as effective when nice shooting was desired, for you could bring down a squirrel, a shy duck, or raise the fur on a cotton-tail. Yet with its many useful qualities, this arm is by no means to be called an all-round, as one who has hunted bear and elk, as well as shore-birds and grouse, can readily comprehend. Nor will a larger shot bore, united with a greater caliber of rifle, approximate what is required.

When in good shooting form I can derive greater satisfaction with a sixteen-bore gun than with a twelve or ten gauge, and for obvious reasons the light caliber bullet is desirable for small game. The lighter weight of the small gauge and its ammunition becomes a consideration at the close of a long day's tramp and the satisfaction of bringing to bag by increased exercise of skill in the use of a small shot bore is a mental gratification. By these paragraphs it will appear that the combination possesses merit as a hunting piece for miscellaneous sport in certain localities, but for mountain work probably a .40 or .45-caliber repeater is preferable, while for wild fowl shooting solely, a good twelve or better a ten-bore gun with well choked barrels is the proper implement.

The interchangeable barrel system adverted to by some of your correspondents is, I take it, worthy of consideration from the standpoint of economy, but intrinsically the arm must be judged by the sportsman in the field, where it is used and wanted at an instant's notice. The hunter of big game who combines with his large-caliber rifle a 20-bore shot barrel for use upon an occasional grouse when the pot needs replenishing, and also to have in reserve at short range a ball of tremendous power, cannot in reason claim he has an all-round tool, excellent and admirable as such a weapon is for its designed purposes, to the exclusion of the wants of the hunter of small game who takes an occasional shot at deer. Here are the representatives of the two classes of men with requirements diametrically opposed and to whom no common rule will apply and no intermediate averaging of extremes will satisfy.

CAYUGA.

FOR MINNESOTA GAME PROTECTION.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Minnesota gunning season opened on the 1st inst. Reports from the various sections show game up to a general average, and fine sport. Ducks and chickens are plentiful, and market-hunters are already sending in their consignments to the cities. The dry summer season was of especial advantage to the young broods, though the recent terrible forest fires in the north destroyed a large amount of game in our best game reserves and burned over the feeding grounds.

But there is not in any State east of the Rockies to-day better fishing or gunning than in Minnesota. I have learned that since the new Board of Fish and Game Wardens was formed by legislative enactment in 1893, appropriating $15,000 yearly for their maintenance, a new life has been given to the better protection of our game, and that the laws are being rigidly enforced. But I have observed several points in which their efficiency may be increased, and through the columns of the local press I am advocating the formation of a voluntary auxiliary aid to the constituted authorities in the shape of a State Game Protective Association, similar to the ones in Delaware and elsewhere, in which any citizen of the State may join. Possessing as we do a most favored territory for the further propagation of game, aided by the large natural nucleus which we have, I am very desirous of seeing stringent yet beneficial laws for our own protection.

Minnesota is yearly overrun with sportsmen tourists from other commonwealths, whose dogs and guns, should all the present advantages now accorded them be continued, would soon deplete our game, as their effect is beginning to tell already. Our fast increasing rural population has limited our game reserves to more narrow confines, and though "we may wish to be hospitable, we cannot be expected to furnish game from our own storehouses to all the United States gratuitously."

By the formation of the proposed society and requiring a license fee from all non-resident gunners, as in Delaware, and also by exacting a license fee from all dealers and shippers, holding transportation companies amenable for violations on their part, the cash receipts from all memberships, fines and licenses would be an available sum for the purchase of other game to be turned loose in the State.

For all members to possess powers as constables, authorizing them to make arrests without warrant for all known violations of the game laws, would prevent to even a greater extent gunning out of season and other improper practices. There is nothing in these suggestions to meet the disapproval of any one who has the interests of our game supply and laws at heart, and the hearty support the FOREST AND STREAM has always given to game interests in all localities has been, and is, a source of much encouragement to workers with this end in view. We may, therefore, hope for your indorsement, for you have many readers in the Northwest, and your teachings have given us a great incentive in this useful work.

WILLIAM L. TUCKER.

PIKE COUNTY (PA.) NOTES.

MILFORD, Pa., Sept. 28.—Pike county shooting season under the special law, applicable only to this county, is open for squirrels Sept. 1 to Dec. 15; rabbits; Oct. 15 to Dec. 15; quail, Oct. 15 to Dec. 1; ruffed grouse, Sept. 15 to Dec. 15; deer, Oct. 1 to Dec. 1; woodcock, July 4 to Dec. 15. By this it will be seen that squirrels, woodcock and grouse (or as they are here called pheasants) are the only game that may now be killed legitimately.

Of these, squirrels are exceedingly scarce, usually attributed to the abundance of beech nuts in the western portion of this county, and the adjacent parts of Wayne county, which attract the squirrels to that section in quest of the more desired food.

This season has been notoriously poor for woodcock, but the sportsmen are looking forward to better bags during the flight season.

A heavy fall of snow during the early part of April last is believed to have destroyed a great many nests and young, if not in many instances killing the old birds.

Grouse are quite plentiful on the unburned grounds; but taking our woods as a whole, these noble birds are rapidly decreasing in numbers. Never in the history of the country has such an area of our forests been swept by fire as during this spring and summer. Occurring, as it did, in the nesting time of the grouse, hundreds of their nests and thousands of their eggs were destroyed. The old birds from the burned woods have sought the shelter and "shack" of adjacent unburned patches, making them more plentiful there, and that fact creates the false impression of a general abundance of grouse.

Large bevies of quail have been seen at various points, and, although never very good in this section for years past, the prospects appear to be that they will afford some fine sport when their season opens.

Rabbits, like the grouse, are all driven to the unburned grounds and are very plentiful there. Even thus early in the season they are a frequent annoyance to the owners of young or inexperienced bird dogs.

The indications for deer are very good. Although driven to the unburned grounds for better cover and protection, the fire does not destroy them, and the spring-burnt woods afford them most excellent pasture and browsing. A great many have been seen during the summer by berry pickers and others, and from all the hunting centers we hear of abundant deer signs. Not only is their presence known by signs, but this town knows of at least three deer already killed from two to four weeks before the open season. This killing was not chance work, but the deliberate effort of lawless parties that call themselves sportsmen, and seem to find no greater pleasure in the capture of game than when taken out of season or by foul, unsportsmanlike and illegal means.

Our people, who do not wish to witness the total extermination of game, are almost unanimously in favor of but one open season for all kinds, so there can be no pretext of gunning for some bird or beast permissible under the law, when in fact they are shooting game of all descriptions that chances to come within range of their guns. It is an undoubted fact that the marked scarcity of woodcock this past season, and the consequent small number of gunners seeking them, has been a great protection to the young grouse.

Another conceded necessity of our Pennsylvania game laws is a provision for game constables. As the law stands to-day, it is simply anybody's business to see to its enforcement, and as usual, "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," and as a consequence, no matter how just and proper our laws may be, no private individual cares to take upon himself the responsibility of their enforcement. We have already cited three cases of killing deer before the season was open, which fact is known to a dozen parties; that in two of the cases the Sunday law was violated, which is as publicly known, and can add that at least one-half of the birds sold in the local markets are snared, and that the fact is well known. Still an arrest for a violation of the game laws is of rare occurrence. A competent officer, to whom these facts could be presented, would do more to preserve our game than a volume of laws with no positive duties of enforcement.

The Shohola Falls property comprising about 8,000 acres is located in the interior of the county and has always been as it still is, the choicest hunting territory that we possess, yielding more and a greater variety of game and fish than any other private property of similar extent, yet in spite of the liberality of its proprietor, Garret W. Hart, in permitting all reasonable and legitimate sporting in proper season, the beneficiaries of his liberality are the first to abuse it; and in spite of his individual efforts to preserve his game for legitimate profit to the neighborhood guides, they are the lawless ones that, for a small consideration, will join their equally ungrateful patrons and shoot, snare, trap, fish or hunt, in or out of season, and thus "kill the goose that lays the golden egg." Personal observation, and all reports, indicate that this region will afford ample sport for deer, grouse, woodcock and ducks, this season, if the poaching pot-hunters do not get in their work of destruction too early and too actively.

PIKO.

The Massachusetts Deer Law.

WHITMAN, Mass., Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A recent article in your paper regarding Massachusetts deer is entitled to some comment from residents of this State. The article spoke of a deer running wild in Massachusetts, and expressed surprise at it, but if the writer were to spend a week in Cape Cod and listen to the baying of the dogs as they chase "short-tail foxes," he would not be at all surprised that deer are found off the Cape.

All the game law there amounts to you could put in your eye and then could see the reason they go fox hunting. If you are on the Cape and hear the dogs running toward the ponds, and then hear a gun, the thing to do is to get as near the place of shooting as possible, and at dark you will see some one carrying home the biggest fox you ever saw. I do not mean to say that all fox hunting is after deer, but I am willing to say that two-thirds of the hunters go out with no idea of bothering after a fox at all. They are after deer. I asked a friend who lives on the Cape how he liked the deer law, and his answer was that the present law is just what the residents wanted. They have the hunting all to themselves. They are right there all the time where the deer are, and the law keeps outsiders out of the woods.

Deer were quite plenty ten years ago. Where have they all gone now? Many of the local hunters say they have been destroyed by fire, but it was not by forest fires. The fire that destroyed the deer had to have buckshot in front of it. A few may have been killed by fire, but deer are not fools to stand still and be burned when there is plenty of water near at hand, as there is on the Cape, where there are 300 lakes and ponds.

A great friend of mine pointed out to me on the street not long ago a man that had killed nine deer in one fall on the Cape three years ago.

You will do me a great favor if you will publish part or all of this letter. I am not ashamed to sign it with my name.

WM. WEDEN.

Mercurial Ointment for Guns.

ROCHESTER, Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish through your valuable paper to inform the sporting fraternity that if they desire to keep their guns in trim and free from rust there is nothing that seems to be such a specific and preventive of oxidation on steel and iron as mercurial or "blue" ointment (*Unguentum hydrargyri*) applied in small quantity both externally and inside the barrel.

Surgeons have long been in the habit of using it on their surgical instruments to avoid rust. It is astonishing how small a quantity will answer.

There is also another benefit to be derived from its use. Mercury does not have the least affinity for steel or iron, but it does have for lead, and this quality is of great value to the rifleman, in case a rifle is leaded, as by amalgamating the lead it causes it to lift from the creases and it can easily be wiped out.

In the old muzzleloader the leading of the barrel did not occur to a great extent, as all the balls were surrounded by a patch of cloth and the lead did not come in contact with the barrel. It is different with the modern breechloader. It is best to say to those who contemplate using this material that after standing a few days with the ointment in it, the barrel will appear to be badly rusted, owing to the lifting of the lead in the creases. Wiping out will dispell all fear. A gentleman who has spent some time hunting in the jungles of India stated that nothing so effectually prevented rust on his guns as this material. The writer has used all kinds of oil and grease on his gun, but mercurial ointment is superior in his estimation to anything else.

It is his custom after having cleaned the gun and wiped it with the ointment to ram the greased cloth into the breach and put another at the muzzle. This, however, is not necessary if the arm is kept in a place of ordinary dryness. Guns with brass trimmings should not be treated with it.

J. H. B.

[Mercurial ointment has been used to prevent rust on shotguns for many years, and as suggested by our correspondent, is very effective.]

Chickens, Ducks and Geese

are going to be very plentiful along the line of the Northern Pacific this season. Make your arrangements to go and get some of them. Send Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., 4 cents in stamps for "Natural Game Preserves of the Northwest."—*Adv*

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

Col. T. H. Micheljohn, A. B. Critzer, Wm. Simms, Constant Leroux and Charley Campbell, all violent hunters who have their abode in San Antonio, went in the neighborhood of Victoria in search of prairie chickens. It was a great party in more ways than one, as all are fine hunters and good shots. They did not find chickens as the entire country was flooded by recent rains. They report thousands of plover and curlews and a good flight of bluewings, and not being too proud contented themselves with the latter birds.

Ducks at Corpus.

A private letter from Corpus Christi gives me the welcome information that the web-foots have seriously invaded the coast, the lagoons on Padre and Mustang island being literally alive with waterfowl. The crop of plover this fall is enormous, while the curlew and ibis overrun the entire coast. The shooting at the Oso has not yet commenced, but the local sportsmen are wishing for a stiff norther in which to inaugurate the duck season.

Buffalo Again.

A friend of mine living at Del Rio writes that he heard three cowboys, whose names he did not secure, converse about the alleged buffalo herd that it is claimed by several parties to have been seen in the valleys of Val Verde county. They spoke of the matter in a natural way, wondering why some one did not hunt them. They all three had seen the herd and agreed that it consisted of about thirty head, including a few calves. One of the cowmen stated that the animals were not very wild, he having ridden as close as 100yds. to them.

Another Heavy Rain.

Ordinarily the above heading means but little to people who live in a country where Jupiter Pluvius has his abode, but down here it means a good deal. It means good grass and water for cattle and game. It means money in the sportsman's pocket, and then he can hie himself to the wilds and once more press the turf as of yore and hear the beautiful note that Bob White clucks forth. In short, it means a good time for every one. Plenty of deer, turkey, doves, quail, etc., to say nothing of ducks and snipe.

The 22d of September brought us a root-soaking, invigorating and drenching rain, which lasted two days, filling every water hole and swamp and lake within a radius of 100 miles of San Antonio. Our favorite resort, Mitchell's Lake, nine miles south of the city, has opened shop again, the first time in three years, and the boys are pounding away at bluewings and plover.

A Rare Point.

As a knot of San Antonio sportsmen were exchanging experiences the other evening at one of our fashionable clubs, the conversation turned upon curious points that had been seen by those present. I remembered a curious case where I saw four dogs on a stiff point on a covey of quail at exactly 12 o'clock at night.

It was on Dec. 31, 1890, when a party consisting of Hon. S. G. Newton, Peter Shields, George Paschal and Oscar Guessaz went to Mitchell's Lake to hunt ducks. Each one had his dog with him, intending to take a turn at Bob White after the morning flight was over. The party arrived at about 4 P. M., scattered over the lake and returned to the club house for supper. After supper, it being a bright moonlit night, "Barney," a good soldier whose duty it was to keep poachers out of the preserve, proposed a 'possum hunt, stating that the "woods were full of 'em." Accordingly we started, and in an hour we had a half-dozen fat and juicy 'possums to take back to camp. As we neared the club house, and about 200yds. from it, we missed the dogs, and not wishing them to be scattered all over the country, we proceeded to hunt. Presently we came upon one, then another, and finally the whole party of dogs was seen—all rigid as statues—all pointing as hard and as faithfully as they knew how.

"What do you reckon they've got?" queried Newton as he stopped.

"The 'Colonel' certainly has something," came the tremulous voice of Judge Shields. "I never knew the 'Colonel' to lie in my life."

"I'll bet a thousand they've got a possum," said Geo. Paschal.

"Guessaz, punch him out."

I did not like to disturb the dogs, they made such a beautiful picture. But I took out my watch and looked at it.

"This is a splendid inaugural for the new year, gentlemen," I said, holding out my Waterbury for inspection. "A beautiful point the first thing in the new year is a good omen, and I doubt whether any other knot of sportsmen have ever been so fortunate to see three setters and a pointer pointing at 12 o'clock at night."

I then stepped gently forward between two of the dogs and a large covey of quail whirred away into the moonlight.

A point on quail at 12 o'clock midnight on Dec. 31, 1890. Wasn't that nice? Texas Field.

Vermont Game Notes.

Highgate, Vt., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My Forest and Stream pen I find on examination has become very rusty from disuse. Had I taken it with me into the northern wilds I might have kept its nib well polished by sending you occasional items.

Your lusty "shout" "Stop the Sale of Game" has been heard far and wide, and has become a strong plank in the platform of the sportsman's creed. It is a re-echo of the faint cry made by the writer in the Dominion Gun Club's alliance nearly a decade of years ago. It then had but few friends outside of that club of sterling sportsmen "The St. Huberts," of Ottawa, Ont., but now thanks to your efforts, the great majority of gunners in that country are following your call—ready to do battle for the cause—all glory to the Forest and Stream say we all.

Small game is plentiful this season in this section of Vermont. Good bags of ruffed grouse and gray squirrels are being made by the initiated—those who can shoot straight. One young sportsman brought in twenty-two grouse in two afternoons' outing.

A large number of woodcock bred here, but most of them left on their southward migration before the beginning of the open season, Sept. 15. The recent heavy storm has, however, brought in a good flight of northern bred birds. They arrived here thin in flesh, but a few days in our succulent covers will put them in fine condition. Then Bruce M. will be on duty every week day until the next cold rain arrives, which will start *P. minor* again on his southern journey.

One party a few mornings ago brought in three foxes, and as soon as the white frosts arrive the hounds will be out bright and early in full force.

A buck doe and two fawns have roamed around quite near here this summer, so far unmolested.

The sharp-tail grouse and quail that were turned out in this State last spring, if reports are true, have materially increased in numbers, as coveys of young birds are frequently seen.

The Forest and Stream should start and lead the cry against the "posting" and making "private preserves" of woods and waters that have been stocked by the State with fish and game as a benefit to the general public.

Stanstead.

STILL-HUNTING ON THE OSWEGATCHIE

As the time draws near for my usual hunting trip my mind goes back to last year's outings in the Adirondacks, and I feel constrained to tell my brother sportsmen of the success our party had while at Sternberg's, St. Lawrence county, near the headwaters of the Oswegatchie.

There were seven of us who arrived at the Inlet House at 4 P. M. on Oct. 8, and next morning at 7 o'clock started on our first hunt. A gentle rain had fallen through the night, and it was an ideal day on which to still-hunt the monarch of the forest, whose quick ear will catch the sound of a careless step or a broken twig at a seemingly impossible distance.

My experience on this occasion was no exception to the rule, for after my lunch near a cool spring at mid-day I started over a rocky knoll toward a hardwood ridge, where later in the day I expected to find a deer feeding on the fallen beechnuts and perhaps surprise him with a .40-70; but while picking my way over the rocks I slipped on the treacherous leaf mold, and in trying to gain my equilibrium a small stick broke under my feet with a sharp snap, and the next instant I heard a thump, thump, thump, at my left and caught a parting glimpse of three white flags as they passed out of sight at least twenty-five rods away.

Upon examination I found where the deer had been lying down in the edge of an old windfall about twenty rods from the broken stick.

Space forbids my telling the many experiences of the day as related by the different hunters when gathered around the glowing wood fire after supper. It is enough to say that Clint O. paid the penalty that we had previously agreed should fall upon the slayer of the first peer.

The next day Will L. drew the lucky number and brought in a fine doe before 11 A. M., and on Wednesday he broke his previous record by reaching the hotel at 10 A. M. with a fine spike buck on his back. Plenty of deer had been seen and several shot at by the members of the party, and many were the excuses invented for not having brought them to bag.

Thursday morning Mr. Butry was called home by a telegram, and as the "kid," his son, could not be induced to hunt anything larger than grouse, our party was reduced to five active members. There had been no rain since Monday and the woods were getting too dry and noisy for still-hunting, so we spent most of Thursday and Friday canoeing and making snap shots with the Kodak of the beautiful scenery on the river and adjacent lakes.

Saturday morning dawned windy with a light rain, which lasted until 10 A. M., and made good hunting for the rest of the day. Three more deer were added to our string that night; the first, a spike horn stopped by a .40-70 from the little Daly at 9 A. M., was credited to me; the second, a large doe at 10 A. M., to Rath, and last, but not least, a 150-pound buck at 4 P. M., to Goodman, making a grand total of six deer in six days, and every one killed in a sportsmanlike manner; that is, by still-hunting—no hounds or jack lights were used.

On Sunday afternoon the team came in from Benson's Mines to take out Goodman and Ditmars, who had made arrangements for only ten days' absence from home, and were obliged to reach there Monday.

We all came out to see them off. The luggage and deer were soon safely loaded, and as they drove away amid many expressions of regret, Dell cast a longing look behind, and, as he afterward informed me, then and there made a mental resolve that another year he would break a few more links from the "chain of business" and stay until the balsam-laden air should affect his appetite to such an extent that mine host Sternberg would deem it necessary to advance the price of board.

The following week very little hunting was done; the leaves were so dry and crisp that the running of a ground squirrel could be easily heard at a distance of 50yds., and it was almost impossible to jump a deer near enough to catch sight of it, to say nothing of getting a shot. Our time was spent in cutting up and jerking the meat of the five deer already killed, shooting a few partridge and ducks, and in unsuccessful attempts at still-hunting in the early morning, when the dew rendered the work one degree less noisy. Lastly in being delightfully lazy. Rath, who by the way when on the tramp possesses the energy of a locomotive at 90lbs. of steam and the throttle wide open, brought in from one of his twenty-mile constitutionals a large fox.

Only one more deer was added to our string, a large doe, which, as she was killed on Saturday morning, furnished us with fresh venison for our sportsmen friends at home.

On Sunday the team came in to take us out to Oswegatchie. Our journey home was an uneventful one and we reached there safely on Monday. Hector.

Rail and Gray Squirrels.

Elkton, Md.—The reed bird and rail bird season opened in this county Sept. 3, but for the first two weeks of the season there were no big bags of rail on account of low tides; thirty-six birds by John Morgan being the best I have heard of. Reed birds are more plentiful than I have seen them for the last eight years. They are in splendid condition and are being slaughtered by thousands. The prospects for quail and rabbit shooting are fairly good this fall; gray squirrels are not near so plentiful as they were two years ago, but enough can be bagged to make a pot-pie, if you go about it the right way. E. S. G.

GROUSE AND GRAY SQUIRRELS.

There are three requirements absolutely necessary to the complete enjoyment of a hunting trip. Their importance from the writer's point of view is, first, to go where there is a generous supply of the game sought after; second, to be well fed, and third, to be comfortably housed. Of course there instantly comes to the mind of the reader all those minor features which go to make up the fullness of those perfect trips, the memory of which will linger till the last spark of life burns out. Without these minor features the trip may often be a success, without any of the three first mentioned it never can be. And now to tell you of a trip which will amply fill all these requirements.

The ruffed grouse and gray squirrel shooting in the territory about Springfield I believe is not to be excelled in southern Vermont. Springfield village lies in a deep valley on the Black River, about four miles above its mouth, where it empties into the broad Connecticut. It is surrounded by hills on every side, which are plentifully covered with excellent grouse cover and heavy timber in which lurks the wily gray. Every grouse hunter knows that this bird flies the swiftest and strongest of any of our game birds, and the fact that he is rarely found elsewhere than in thick cover, which offers only snap shots, makes his capture a feat of which any man may well feel proud. To be a successful grouse hunter one must have a quick eye, a steady nerve and no small degree of skill as a wing shot. A good grouse dog greatly increases the chances for a good bag.

In this part of the State we had a mild winter without many crusts or deep snows, and the hatching season this spring was exceedingly dry and the birds have done well; reports from every side indicating that the coveys are numerous and large. There are not many good grouse dogs in this place, which is all the better for visiting sportsmen.

The gray squirrel shooting, which is always good here, is exceptionally fine this year, strings of twenty to a single gun having been made in an all day's jaunt, and two or three hours' work almost any day will bring to bag from six to ten, if a man understands his business. Still-hunting is the method employed by all the local sportsmen.

First class foxhounds are owned in town and devotees of this sport can find ample opportunities for indulgence in their favorite sport.

With the first fall of snow the rabbits (*Lepus americanus*) have to take it. Many of our local sportsmen own good rabbit dogs, and as the rabbits are very plentiful this form of sport offers great inducements to all who love the music of the hounds.

There is a good hotel and Springfield is easily reached from New York and Boston, by the way of Charlestown, N. H. and stage. W. W. B.

Game For Middlesex Fell.

Melrose, Mass., September 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since the appearance of the note in your issue of 15th inst. signed J. M. P. as to the colonization of the Mongolian pheasant in the above public reservation, I have made inquiry from a high official as to the movement, and find that the properly constituted authorities are greatly averse to such colonization on the ground that the pheasant wars with native birds. Now as this is news to me I would like to learn through your valuable paper what kinds of native birds the pheasant is on such bad terms with, and in what manner it is antagonistic.

I have been a close observer of this variety of game bird for a number of years in England and have failed to see him show any combativeness to any other variety of bird except a few blows against a game chicken, but this was accounted for by the pheasants being hatched under game hens and growing up with the game chickens. Evidently "familiarity breeds contempt." If it is true that the pheasant is antagonistic to native birds, either game or others, I should be sorry to see him colonized where he would do as much mischief as he might in the future in our Massachusetts reservations; it is well for our commonwealth that the proposed colonization of any foreign species be carefully investigated by competent persons or it may turn a greater curse than the gypsy moth or English sparrow.

There seems to be a strong probability that the reservations in Massachusetts will be gradually stocked with such native land and water fowl as there is any hope of successfully colonizing, after which some attention may be given to the introduction of desirable foreign species.

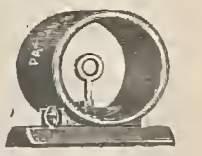
Comedy.

[The Mongolian pheasant is commonly thought to be a somewhat combative bird, and the cocks fight among themselves during the breeding season. At the same time, it is to be said that there seems to be in the country on the northwest coast where these birds are now enormously abundant, no diminution in the numbers of the grouse which are native to that region. We do not believe that the objection advanced by the authorities quoted in "Comedy's" letter is a valid one.]

New Rifle Sights.

We present herewith illustrations of two new Lyman sights. The first is a hunting sight, similar to the original ivory bead except that it has the windgauge principle added. This addition will make the sight very useful for long-range work, and will also render it easier of perfect alignment with the rear sight. It is operated by the thumb screw shown on the right side, one complete revolution of which moves the sight nearly a degree on the vernier.

The second is a patent target sight with reversible aperture and globe which can be quickly changed. The pin head is finer and better adapted for delicate target work than that in the Lyman combination sight.



A New Hammerless.

The long expected Remington hammerless shotgun is now ready for the market. It is made in two styles with automatic and non-automatic ejectors. The guns are fitted with damascus barrels, choke-bored, English walnut stocks, half pistol grips, rubber butt plates, checkered fore-ends, case-hardened frames and mountings, automatic safeties, Purdy fore-end snaps, triple bolt, top snap, extension ribs with bite and flat matted ribs.

The automatic ejector retails at from $67.50 to $247 50, according to grade, and the other at from $45 to $225.

The low price of the guns, in connection with their workmanship and shooting qualities, will undoubtedly make them very popular with sportsmen.

A Bleached Partridge.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While hunting recently, in the vicinity of our beautiful Lake Kenosha, I was much surprised and pleased when, after a successful shot, my pointer Don delivered to hand a partridge of unusual color. An examination showed it to be a young female, nearly grown, of perfect form, but almost entirely buff or yellow, the color varying from light underneath to darker shades on its back, the tail and lower wing feathers being of ashy hue, tinged with the prevailing buff. It is a beautiful and remarkable specimen of nature's entire departure from its law of regular coloring, for it does not show any of the colors ordinarily appearing on its species. Regarding it as truly a *rara avis*, I have placed it in the hands of a sportsman friend who is skilled in the art of taxidermy.

Impressed on my mind, often to be reviewed and reenjoyed, are the conditions and incidents of this day's shooting. It was a perfect day, filled with the beauty and richness of late September. I had the companionship of a friend, with whom I have spent many enjoyable and successful days afield, but from whom I had long been separated. We found an abundance of the noblest of our game birds in close proximity to my home in a large city.

This particular bird was captured on a sunny hillside, covered with birches with an undergrowth of graceful ferns and netted vines, skirted by a cool swamp of dense growth, making a natural home for the ruffed grouse. It is a beautiful spot, as the hill's summit affords an excellent view. Nestled at its base, lies one of the loveliest of lakes, fringed with tall pines whose graceful forms are mirrored in its clear depths. The surrounding hills and intervening dales, the woods, fields, and a distant river view all combine in enchanting scenery. The eager but cautious trailing of the dog, the staunch point, the flush at command, the swift flight stopped by the intuitive shot, the well obeyed order to "fetch," and the reception of the prize, are the incidents highly appreciated by all experienced sportsmen and were often repeated during the day.

I have found partridges this season in greater numbers than I have ever before seen them in this section. The occasional day spent in hunting them has been keenly enjoyed, also rewarded by renewed health, frequent game dinners for ourselves and sometimes for the friend who is "chained to business;" nor has the sick neighbor been forgotten. D. S. Short.

Haverhill, Mass.

Stray Partridges.

Preston, Conn., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It would seem by this item that there are at least one brace of ruffed grouse in this vicinity.

On Wednesday a brace of partridges were started from the shrubbery on the grounds of W. H. Prothero, Greene avenue, and directly on starting, one of them flew against the house and lay in a dazed condition for a short time. Its mate circled back, and waited till it was able to proceed, when they flew directly across the city and disappeared in the suburbs. They appeared in good condition. Queer place for them, nearly in the heart of the city.

E. M. Brown.

Carrier Pigeon Shot.

Moorefield, W. Va., Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Sept. 2 Mr. G. C. Cunningham, who lives near here, saw a bird on his barn he took for a hawk. He sent some one out with a shotgun to kill it. When the bird was picked up it proved to be a carrier pigeon. On one of its legs there was a metal tag, which has been lost, bearing the inscription "J. C. B., 7-2 94."

Perhaps the publication of this letter in your columns may result in the discovery of the owner of the pigeon.

A. R. Hack.

Game in Central Pennsylvania.

Clearfield, Pa., Set. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The prospects for a good season for game in central Pennsylvania are bright. Black and gray squirrels are reported plenty. Grouse wintered well and their drumming on the hillsides promises good sport. Very few deer were killed last fall, and as a result they are reported fairly plentiful in the game woods. Frank T. Harris.

The Outlook in Virginia.

Surry, Va., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the hunting season is now open for most kinds of game to be found in this section, I write you something in regard to it.

The deer season opened Sept. 1, and since then several have been killed near here. Old sportsmen say they never saw as many before. The turkey season opens Oct. 1, and there seem, from all indications, to be numbers of them. Squirrels can be found in large numbers. Sora have been very plentiful in our market this season, and while I am writing I can hear the constant roar of guns shooting them. If you know of any one that wishes any information about hunting in this section you can refer them to me. A. B. G.

Long Island Game Prospects.

Port Jefferson, N. Y., Oct. 1.—The ducks are coming this way thick and fast. I have been watching them for the past three weeks, and find that there will be quite a great many for the first of the season's shooting.

I think that the rabbit hunting will be very good this fall on the Island, but quail will not be very plentiful. There are an abundance of partridges (ruffed grouse) this season. F. B. R.

Rather Read It Than Eat.

Port Jefferson, N. Y., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I continue to read your valuable paper, I become more and more impressed with it. Like a great many other men I think that if one does not have the time to go hunting and fishing as much as he would like he should take the Forest and Stream and read about what his brother sportsmen are doing. There is a great deal of consolation in this. I had heard a great many people speak of the Forest and Stream being such a valuable paper, but did not know its worth until I began to get it from our newsdealer; but now I would rather go without my meals than to be without it. F. B. R.

Prairie Chickens.

Recent reports received by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway from stations in the prairie chicken country of Minnesota and South Dakota all indicate a prospect of the best hunting for years. Chickens are very plentiful and in fine condition. Duck shooting prospects are also good. Full information can be had by addressing Ticket Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 207 Clark street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Smelts, Black Bass and Trout.

Mr. Edwin Hallam, writing from Detroit, Mich., asks the following questions:

"In some of your notes not long ago you spoke of cutting up fresh-water smelts for bait. I think it was in July. Will you state in your notes in Forest and Stream how you catch smelts in July. Do you use a net or hook and line; if a hook what size and what do you use for bait? Do you have to fish for them in deep water or shallow? Any information on this subject will be read with interest.

"Do black bass (small-mouth) feed on smelt to any extent?

"Do the rainbow and brown trout feed on smelt if they have the opportunity to do so?

"Can rainbow trout and the native brook trout be raised in the same brook successfully, or will the rainbow eat the native trout? If so how have these facts been proven in wild brooks or in inclosed ponds where it was the survival of the fittest, or of the largest and strongest fish?

"Will black bass continue to increase in numbers in streams where they have been once introduced or are their numbers limited to the food supply?

"Do the black bass do as well in running streams as they do in ponds or lakes?

"These are a lot of hard questions for you to answer."

The smelts that I referred to as being used, when cut up for bait, were caught in the deep water of Sunapee Lake in June and July, with hook and line. To be exact the water was from 58 to 63ft. deep. In August, 1890, I took the bottom temperature at this very place and found it 52° Fah., while at the surface it was 68°. In many places the bottom temperature is 42°, and in one place it has been found as low as 38°, making it ideal water for smelts. The tackle used in catching smelts is a hand line of small size, although the size is not material, and a fine leader 9ft. long. Have the leader tied with loops, three in numbers, exclusive of the two end loops for attaching snelled hooks. To one of the end loops of the leader fasten a sinker of sufficient weight to take the line quickly to the bottom. A pear-shaped sinker, with wire swivel and 1½oz. in weight, is what I have used. Fasten three snelled hooks number 9 or 10, to the three loops in the leader and your smelt line is complete. Fish very near to the bottom and be constantly on the alert, for smelt bite very delicately and it requires some experience to hook them. For bait, use earth worms until you get a smelt, and thereafter bait the hook with pieces of cut-up smelt, which they seem to prefer to any bait which can be offered to them on a hook.

Black bass do not feed to any extent on smelts, as they inhabit different portions of the water of a lake in which both fish are found. Comparatively the smelt is a deep-water fish and the black bass a shallow-water fish. In the spring when the smelts run up the tributary streams to spawn, the bass have not come on to the shores and shoals to spawn, so they do not meet as a rule, yet occasionally a bass has been found with smelt inside of him.

Without doubt the brown trout and the rainbow trout would feed on the smelt if they had the opportunity, but I know of no water containing smelt in which the brown trout has been planted, or in which the rainbow trout has been planted and known to remain.

Rainbow trout and native brook trout cannot be raised in the same brook for the reason that 99 times out of 100, the rainbow trout will go down stream and disappear for good when planted in Atlantic coast streams. They disappear when they are two years old as a rule, but there are a few streams in which they have remained and grown to good size.

Jordan has declared, finally, that the rainbow trout and the steelhead trout (once called the steelhead salmon, and this name is retained in the books to-day) are one and the same. The steelhead "ascends the rivers to spawn, and then runs out to sea again." (See my note in Forest and Stream of Aug. 4, this year.) This will account for the rainbow trout taking French leave of the streams when planted on the Atlantic coast. All trout are cannibals to a greater or less degree, depending upon the food supply and circumstances.

People are often exercised about the native brook trout being eaten by other fish, and in their solicitude they overlook the fact, or refuse to recognize it, that an old *fontinalis* is about as voracious for its size as any of the trout family, barring the brown trout, which grow so much more rapidly than the native or any other trout, that they are masters of the situation when planted with other species of the family. One has only to observe the small mouth of the rainbow trout and the large mouth of the native trout, *fontinalis*, to determine which would suffer in a personal encounter. I know of one pond in an Adirondack preserve where the rainbow trout has been confined with the native trout, and the forester in charge has told me that he never discovered that one species preyed upon the other; but they may have done so for all of that.

Black bass will continue to increase in numbers in a planted stream if the water is suitable, but the matter of food is all important as it is with the well-being of any species of fish in any water. A fish can starve for lack of food as well as a man or a horse, but it will be longer about it, for there is some little food in the water under most conditions, and there is none at all in the air under any condition. Black bass fry when first hatched will eat one another, and there is no reason that I know of why an adult bass will not eat the young of the species rather than starve. It is simply wasting fish to plant them in any water lacking suitable food for them, and, I may add, an abundance of it.

Black bass will do better in a large stream than in a small pond. Naturally they are "big water fish" and they require plenty of room to be at their best. Black bass are not migratory in the sense that anadromous fishes are migratory, but they are great rovers at some seasons of the year provided they have the opportunity. Black bass have been widely distributed by the building of canals, by Fish Commissions, and by individuals; probably no other fish has been so generally planted in new waters, for they were not natives to the waters of New England or the Eastern Middle States, where they are now found in ponds without number, but I believe that the original home of the black bass was the Great Lakes, their tributaries and connections. Scores of small ponds have been planted with black bass that will never amount to anything as fishing water. For a time they have flourished and then fallen to decay. A remnant of bass may remain, for you cannot get entirely rid of them, but they are so few and far between that these little ponds can no longer be called good ponds for black bass fishing. Many mountain trout ponds have been ruined in this way, for while the black bass craze was at its height, the fish were planted right and left, without any sense or judgment. What has been done in this direction cannot well be undone, but in the future more care will be exercised in planting black bass in new waters.

Making a Black Bass Pond.

Mr. Lingo, of Denison, Texas, also desires some information, as follows:

"We are organizing a club here for the purpose of building a lake for boating, picnics and fishing, especially for fishing, and more especially for black bass and croppie. The only place near here where we could secure any body of water has no running water, and we would have to depend upon surface water for the pond. We can cover about twenty acres of land with water and the water at the dam would be about 15ft. deep and the slope would give a fall of one foot in a hundred. We would drain about 200 acres of grass and timber land; the land sandy and rocky. Do you think black bass would do well in such a lake? Bass seem to do well here in some river bottom lakes that overflow every few years, and where the water is not over 3 to 5ft. deep. All the little streams near here have more or less bass in them and the lake could be stocked with fish from these streams. The land we would use is now in timber and we would cut everything out, leaving more or less shade entirely around the lake. We do not wish to go to the expense of making the lake and then find it useless for fishing."

On the broad principle that all so-called game fishes require living water in which to thrive and multiply it would be a useless expense to make such a pond as is described in the query, for as I understand it there is no certainty that the water in the pond can be regularly renewed and aerated before it becomes stagnant.

If there was a certainty of sufficient water to keep the body of the pond in motion through the overflow, such a pond would not be fit for fish until several years after it was made, as the decomposition of the vegetable growth in the overflowed land would kill more hardy fish than the large-mouth bass, which is the black bass of Texas.

I knew of a somewhat similar pond to the one proposed that was made here in the North with the exception that it was made in the mountains and included several small springs. In the main the pond was dependent upon water from the mountain shed, although the springs were supposed to keep it alive.

Among other fish introduced were bullheads, and the decomposition of the covered timber land killed every living thing in the water. After two or three years the pond, after repeated cleanings, became clear and the little springs did what was expected of them; but Mr. Lingo has no spring for a starter as I understand him.

I have a letter from a friend in Texas, in which he describes Eagle Lake, about 75 miles west of Houston. He says: "The lake is in the open prairie, surrounded by live oak trees, and covers about 3,000 acres. It has been known to me ever since I lived in Houston, and I have heard that it was full of black bass, but as I also heard that it was not protected and that it was seined, I never cared to visit the place. The lake was recently purchased by a farmer who invited me to visit him and fish his newly acquired water. I found the lake covered with weeds and lilypads from one end to the other. Not 100ft. square of open water to be found anywhere on which to cast a fly. I had taken nothing but a fly-rod with me, for when I was in Maine last time I shipped all my rods back by express, and they had not been taken from the store to my house when the fire occurred, so they were destroyed.

"At the second or third cast I hooked a big bass which went into the moss which grew near the surface, and away went my rod in more pieces than when it left the maker's hands.

"The old fisherman with us said the only way to catch bass was with an outfit he gave me after my rod was smashed. This consisted of a cane pole about 20ft. long with about 4ft. of line and a big spoon at the end of it. He coolly informed me that he had brought it along to be used after I had broken my rod. It was no pleasure for me to fish with such a pole among lilypads and moss, but I 'yanked' two bass before night weighing from 1½ to 2¼lbs. each. The lake varies from 2 to 6ft. in depth and has a good gravel and sand bottom, and is no doubt full of fish. It would be a lovely fishing spot if the pads and moss could be cleaned out, but I imagine it would be very expensive to get rid of these nuisances, and then would they not spring up again?"

Naturally they would spring up again, and this description of a Texas bass lake—nearly as much moss, weeds and lilypads as water—serves to describe other lakes in the State about which I have heard. So that the big-mouth black bass will live in waters in Texas that we would consider in a colder climate to be very unsuitable for game fish, but they will not live long in dead water.

Landlocked Salmon for Lake George.

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, Assistant in charge of the Division of Fishculture, U. S. Fish Commission, writes me that the carload of fingerling landlocked salmon for Lake George, N. Y., will be planted between Oct. 1 and 10.

Already there is a widespread interest taken in the experiment of stocking the lake with this choice food and game fish, and I believe all the conditions are favorable to the success of the plant.

Heavy Salmon Gut.

In one of my notes in this column I said that we did not get the stoutest and best salmon gut on this side of the ocean as a rule. For this I was criticised, although I could have proved that I was right, for we do not pay 25 cents and over for a single strand of gut, but a tackle dealer and importer wrote me lately: "Really heavy salmon gut is hard to get. We sent to England for some and they replied that they had none to spare from the local trade." A. N. Cheney.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

In the last issue or so of Forest and Stream I have been writing about Phantom Lake and the little village of Mukwonago, 86 miles north of Chicago, on the Wisconsin Central road. I have always had the idea that the word Mukwonago had in its meaning something to do with frogs, but Mr. Dan Camp, of Mukwonago village, son of one of the old settlers, is quoted to a different effect in a late issue of a Chicago daily. Mr. Camp's remarks are as follows:

"How this village came to be called 'Mukwonago,' which means in Pottawatomie 'the place of bears,' I have heard my father relate many times as we sat before the great fireplace in our old log cabin not twenty rods from where now stands the *Chief* office. My father, H. H. Camp, came to Mukwonago in '36, riding an Indian pony all the way from Hamburg, New York State. He with two others were the only 'palefaces' here in the spring of 1836, but the Indian village, Mukwonago, contained 1,200 souls, and was perhaps the largest Pottawatomie Indian village in the Territory. The village was a straggling row of wigwams along what is now the main street of the village, some along the river banks, and the chief, who indulged in the luxury of four squaws, had his tepee just north of the Phantom Inn, near the outlet of Phantom Lake. This lake was called 'Nish-ko-Tash,' or clear waters. The level plateau where the Pickering cottage stands was a favorite camping place of the tribe. The Indians remained here more or less until the early '40s, and during the winter of '38 there was an old Indian across the Fox River in the heavy timber, an Indian whom the tribe held in high reverence—a sort of medicine man. He was much bent with age, the only Indian, father says, whose hair was white with age. He claimed to be 150 years old. Father is certain he must have been nearly as old as he claimed. In course of one conversation, and after father had made him a present of some tobacco and, I apprehend, a little firewater, he told the story of 'the place of bears.' Long ago when he was a young brave, there came a year when there was no rain and game fled the country, making it hard for the tribe to get any big game such as bear, elk and deer, and the tribe, or this branch of it, which at that time was camped near what is now Rochester, divided up their hunters, sending some up the valley of the Rock River, others up above the portage of the Wisconsin and Fox rivers, and some even went as far to the westward as the Mississippi for large game for winter supplies. All came back empty handed. As the party which had been sent to the north came down the trail leading from the direction of Waukesha they struck the highlands where this village now stands, which were thickly studded with great white oaks. Now these great trees on the highlands extend their roots straight down into the earth, where they were supplied with moisture. They were green and fresh and bore large quantities of acorns, a food that bears greatly like. Here they found countless numbers of bear, fat and sleek, and they killed a great many with spears and arrows—in fact, they slaughtered so many that it was impossible to carry them to their village. So they piled them up—over eighty—around a big white oak near here and concluded to move their entire village to this place, which they did, calling it 'Mukwonago,' or 'the place of bears.' This was the version given to my father fifty-six years ago by the old white-haired Indian, so that I may safely say the village has borne the name it bears for a century and a half, or before Milwaukee was thought of or the name of Chicago even spoken. This is why Muk-won-a-go is known as the oldest Indian village in Wisconsin."

The above lends a new interest to the sleepy little village near which the annual Camp Forest and Stream has been located for several years. There are more bass there now than bears, however.

Mr. F. B. Davidson, of Chicago, writes me:

"The trip I took down the Kankakee River proved void of results as far as the number of fish caught, as I struck the stream just after the high rains we had, and found the water very high and muddy, and from what I can learn the river is still in the same condition.

"I received a letter yesterday from Mr. C. C. Heimbaugh, of Momence, in which he informs me he has been appointed fish warden, which I was very glad to learn, as the services of a warden are badly needed on the Kankakee, and he is one man among ten thousand for the position. I have known him a good many years and know that he is a conscientious, energetic man, and I anticipate good results from his appointment."

All that Mr. Davidson says in regard to Mr. Heimbaugh I can cordially indorse, and I hope that under his care the good fishing of that famous stream may be made better. It has always been much subject to illegal methods of fishing. The popularity of the Kankakee with Chicago anglers dates back within the past five years, it being then brought into considerable mention by Forest and Stream.

Mascallonge.

Within the past week two very fine mascallonge have come down from Lake Vieux Desert, caught by Mr. W. T. Holley and his party. One fish weighed 35½lbs. and the other 31½lbs. The smaller fish was a beauty, a perfect specimen of its kind. It had been packed in moss and had not been near any ice, so that the colors remained as fresh and distinct as in life.

From now on until the snow comes the mascallonge will be at its best in the Wisconsin lakes. I have sent three parties up for October trips, and if with the deer and mascallonge they cannot have sport enough to satisfy the most exacting taste, I am sure I do not know where they can find what they want. E. Hough.

909 Security Building, Chicago.

THE PRIEST.

"William, fetch the priest!"

It was Admiral Sir John Hopkins of H. M. steamship Blake who thus commanded his canoeman.

It was an altogether strange and unexpected request for such a vigorous man to make, and under such circumstances. He certainly seemed to be in no immediate need of a spiritual adviser, for he was at the moment skilfully landing a fine salmon toward a convenient place for gaffing; hence I interposed with the query:

"What on earth do you want with a priest?"

Sir John's benign countenance lost for the moment its look of anxiety, and his eyes twinkled merrily as he replied:

"Why, to administer the last consolation, don't you know? We call the club with which we stun our salmon 'the priest.'" The point was obvious.

As the fish was being tenderly placed in the canoe I asked another question:

"Why do you gaff the salmon at all when you have a priest handy?"

This time Sir John was at a loss to know why I asked such a question, so I explained.

I rarely have my salmon gaffed; it is a disagreeable sight and a cruel operation, and it badly disfigures what is otherwise the most beautiful object the angler ever sees; the gorgeously brilliant silvery-purple king of fishes as he appears when first taken from the water. The fish also keeps much better when not torn by the gaff.

I have found that with a little extra care and patience the salmon may easily be led past my assistant, who wades into the stream a short distance, and stands ready with a short, slightly curved club; the fish is carefully raised to the surface of the water, and a little tap on the nose does the work in a trice; the victim instantly turns on his side without a strugle, a finger is placed beneath the gill cover and all is finished. It is better than either gaffing or netting, and is practicable in all except very swift water.

The following is an extract from a letter sent to me by Flag Lieut. H. G. Sandeman of the Blake, under date of July 20, 1894, and from the Restigouche; Lieut. Sandeman had also been fishing with us earlier in the season on the St. John at Gaspé. I quote:

"The Admiral and myself have just come down from the Restigouche after five days of splendid sport. The Admiral killed fifteen salmon, and I killed twelve, besides a goodly number of grilse. I have followed your plan of forsaking the gaff and using the 'priest,' and I did not lose a single fish by so doing, although some of them were pretty heavy, from 24 to 31lbs."

However, every salmon angler knows with what grim delight the old "gillie" puts the steel into his victim, and I presume my plan, if adopted, would lose lots of pleasure for him who plays second fiddle to the fly-fisherman.

J. F., Jr.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 24.

DOWN THE BAY.

"Hello, 1953?"

"Yes, what's wanted?"

"Is H. there?"

"Yes, eight here. Who is this?"

"Scott."

"Oh, yes. What's on your mind?"

"Well, Bill and I are going down scup-fishing to-morrow, will you go?"

"Will I? What's the use asking such a question!"

"Well, meet me at the store as early as possible."

So I met "Scotty" at "the store," and a little while after we were on the car bound for the "shanty."

Now, the shanty is a neat little cottage situated on the west bank of Pawtuxet Cove, and fortunate is the fellow who gets an "invite" to come down and spend a day or two. Things are done up brown. We found the shanty still there, and after straightening up a little, took one of the boats and rowed up to the "village" for supplies. When we went down to take the boat again, one to see us would have thought we were going on a week's cruise, but we knew what a hole there is under a fellow's belt after a day on the water, and then Bill is a terror for stowing away grub.

When we reached the cottage S. started a roaring fire in the little stove, while I overhauled the tackle. Pretty soon S. asked if I wasn't about ready to eat, and looking up saw him sitting at the table calmly eating our clams.

"Look here! What have you done, cooked the clams?"

"That's what," said he, "and they are pretty fine at that."

Supper over and the dishes washed, we took the lantern and went after shrimp, but as the tide was nearly out, had poor luck, and decided to wait till morning. We went back to the shanty, told yarns and waited for Bill. It grew late. Bill didn't materialize. We both got about asleep, when the door opened and in walked the night owl, and before we were awake began to show up a new lancewood rod.

"That beats a split-bamboo all hollow," said he. "Right," says I, and S. said nothing, but got out Bill's old split-bamboo, which was broken a short time before in a fight with a tautog, and suggested that we fix it up. That is just like S. The more rods he can have sticking out from a boat, the better he feels. The rod was soon patched up, and S. suggested we climb up and turn in. Bill lulled us to sleep with tales of his trip abroad, and we don't know how many we missed. When I came to S. was prancing around and Bill was trying to find his boots in the dark. When we got down stairs S. had the Hamburgers sizzling, and began to tell B. what he had missed by not being on hand for supper, but he made up on the breakfast, and long after S. and I had finished, kept filling up, making the excuse that we were in too much of a hurry to eat.

Breakfast over, dishes washed, and a good mess of shrimp caught, we loaded the little sail boat with our traps, and stood away for Long Meadow. The bay never looked prettier. White sails dotted the surface here and there—cats, sloops and now and then a big schooner tacking down the channel, with the sun just coming above the horizon, and the clouds scurrying away, made a panorama of never-ending interest. The fishing grounds were soon reached, anchor cast and everything made snug. On the way down we had rigged up for scup, and soon had the lines over. Probably a good many of the Forest and Stream brothers know all about this delightful fishing, but for those who do not know just the style of tackle I will explain.

A light bass rod makes the prettiest rod, and a good braided linen line is the proper line. Some use a double leader and others none at all. For hooks we use a small Carlisle with double gut snood. S. and B. both use a spreader to keep the hooks apart, but I prefer to attach mine to a leader much in the same manner as a fly-fisherman, excepting that the hooks are nearer together. There is only one objection to a light rod, we have to use a fairly heavy sinker when the tide is going out and it is difficult to tell when one has a bite.

As usual S. was the first to catch, but only secured a cunner (or chogset as we call them here). B. followed with a small tautog. Then S. brought in a scup and it rather looked as if I was "skunked." But a little while after they began to run and we soon had the fish bag nearly filled with the handsome fellows. A little astern of us a chap was fishing for squit, and when he at last secured a strike, S. and I immediately rigged for squit. A large hook is needed for this fish, say a 4 0 Carlisle or a No. 18 Cincinnati, either to gimp or treble gut. About 6 to 8ft. up the line is fastened a large float. The hook is baited with a number of shrimp, and after casting out the line is run out and the float left bobbing up and down. Our floats bobbed up and down all right but we didn't get a strike. It grew rough, too, and one after another the boats pulled up and stood away. It grew too rough to fish in comfort in a small boat, and we too pulled up in a little while and, before the wind, scudded away toward home. Now and then a heavy sea broke over us, wetting everything, but with reliable B. at the tiller we felt secure. Twice the sea "pooped" us, and poor B. in the stern sheets got the full benefit of the salt bath. My, how that little boat did pitch and roll. I began to think of Block Island and the seasick time we had there, when Bill said he was glad we had a good headway or he should be keeled over, but we reached the shanty with no mishap, and after a short smoke, a change of clothes and a few more yarns, I left S. and B., boarded an electric and "stood up" for home. Tode.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 24.

CAUGHT BY A FISH.

Jamestown, N. Y., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When a person starts out to catch a fish it seldom happens that the fish catches him. Yet this was the case of Peter Willman, of Jamestown, N. Y. Chautauqua Lake, near that city, is noted the world over for its large and fine mascalonge, sometimes weighing as high as 50lbs., and it was with one of these monster "lunge" that Mr. Willman had his experience. This is the story as told me by an eye witness:

Mr. Willman and Mr. Wilson, a friend of his, went up the lake to troll for mascalonge. The day was fine, the waves were dancing in the noonday sun as these two friends stepped into their little trolling boats and rowed out on to the lake. They had fished for some time and were some distance apart trolling over the weeds around a small island near the center of the lake. Mr. Willman had his trolling line tied to his leg. On a sudden he felt a mighty pull at the other end of the line, as if he had hooked a mule that pulled at the halter. He hung to the seat of the boat to keep from being pulled overboard. After a time the fish eased up and Mr. Willman began to haul in line. The fish came along all right till he saw the boat, which seemed to excite him somewhat, and he suddenly made up his mind that he would go the other way, which he did till he came to the end of the line, when he did not stop, but towed the boat around for a while. He soon tired of this and Mr. Willman pulled him up again and succeeded in hauling him into the boat. Then a fierce struggle took place. Some of the time Mr. Willmau was on top, sometimes the fish. Both got excited and capsized the boat.

Here the advantage lay with the fish. He towed Willman away from the boat and proceeded to do him up with the line. He swam around and round his body, passed between his legs till he had him laced up like a shoe. In the meantime Willman had taken a death grip on one of his oars that was floating by. Wilson saw the struggle that was going on and started to the rescue. When he arrived on the scene Willman was out of sight. He saw the handle of an oar come up which he grasped, and pulled up and found Willman holding to the other end for life. His eyes were set and as he pulled him into the boat his head fell back and to all appearances life was extinct. Wilson went to work to bring him to, which he succeeded in doing in a short time. He unwound the line from Willman's body and legs and then turned his attention to the fish which was out with about fifteen feet of line. He landed the fish, which was nearly exhausted by its efforts to drown Willman and regain his liberty. Only for the timely arrival of Wilson, Willman's name would have been McGinty. The fish weighed 38½lbs. The above may read a little fishy but this scene actually happened on Chautauqua Lake September 12, 1894.

Frank W. Cheney.

"Surf Fishing in New Jersey."

Morristown, N. J., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. A. N. Cheney certainly gave us good measure when in this week's Forest and Stream he so graphically described the every-day "angling" editor of the daily paper.

It was too bad he had not made the acquaintance of the scribe who sent you the valuable note of Mr. William W. Hart's "Surf Fishing in New Jersey." That Mr. H. did catch some 3lbs. bluefish we are not called upon to doubt, but that is not "good surf fishing." That he, however, cast 250ft. into the surf with a "light surf pole, common bass line and reel and an 8oz. sinker," I feel somewhat competent to deny.

How few people realize that the majority of summer fishermen who "do" their vacations on the Jersey coast never cast over 100ft., and that if any one will measure off 250ft. accurately, he will then for the first time realize how much further the measured distance is than the one he guessed at over the water. Your correspondent was possibly competent to write of "plaice, a large species of flounder," and why, pray, did he not stick to what he knew instead of inflicting such stuff on an unsuspecting public? To me, one of the great features of Forest and Stream for over twenty years past has been its reliability, and it seems an injustice that such a report as the above should go unchallenged. Let this be my excuse for writing.

Big Reel.

Oil in the Delaware.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue I noticed a communication in regard to the emptying of waste oil by the Standard Oil Company into the Delaware River and its tributaries. I spent a week in the stream when shad were running in the Delaware River in that vicinity, and was surprised to find that the fish caught in the river were unfit for food or at least were not palatable to any one who knows what shad ought to be. The flesh had a most disagreeable taste, although the fish were fine looking when taken from the water. I find upon inquiry that this was the experience of many who caught or purchased fish, and the cause was alleged to be the oils which the refineries were emptying into the river. It seems to me that a condition of this kind calls for some summary action, on the part of some one, as the continual pollution of the river in this manner will eventually destroy the fish as an article of food, if not permanently annihilate them.

L. D. H. Gilmour.

Ouananiche Scores.

Some recent catches at Lake St. John are the following: Sept. 12, at Grand Discharge, Walter A. Wood, Jr., Hoosick Falls, N. Y., 12 fish, largest 4½lbs., total catch weighed 19lbs.; G. H. Nicholls, Jr., also of Hoosick Falls, caught same day 15 fish, largest 4lbs., total weight 21lbs.; F. W. Rawle, of Philadelphia, 11 fish, largest 3lbs., total weight 19lbs., caught at Isle Malme; Dr. Samuel Smith, of Ballston Spa, N. Y., 12 fish, largest 4lbs., total weight 20½lbs., caught at Grand Discharge; Sept. 14, Wm. Ghidden, New Castle, Me., 66 fish, largest 5lbs., total weight 91lbs., caught at Grand Discharge.

An Episode of the Drouth.

Editor Forest and Stream:

'Twas one evening last June when on my trip from North Creek to Newcomb, I stopped at Minerva over night and wandered down Jones's Brook to catch a few trout for my supper. I had taken about thirty and returned most of them, and by this time was fishing on the first flat through the meadow.

Working up in a stealthy manner where the brook bent sharply making a deep hole under the near bank, I skipped my fly across it. There was a splash as of a muskrat, a gleam of a brown back; I struck and missed him. Once again I tried the same tactics, and again I struck, to have my line fly up, parted in the middle. 'Twas one of horsehair, made by Mr. Jones, and must have been cracked, as I never felt the fish at all. When I returned to the house and told my tale, they wanted to know what the fish would weigh. Not over an ounce from a pound and a half.

The last of July I was up again and the boys told me two of them had a hold of my fish but he broke away.

I went down and tried him with fly, worm and grasshopper, but he would not rise.

Last week I stopped off on my return from Newcomb. Jones and one of the boys were out picking up apples. "Well," said Jones, "they ketched your trout." "What did he weigh?" "Pound and seven ounces." "Who caught him?" "Some of the boys down the road." "How?" "Turned the brook, stirred the water in the hole, and caught him with their hands. Never saw the brook so low." H. C. KIRK.

NORTH FERRISBURG, Vt, Sept. 20.

New Hampshire Bass.

THE WEIRS, N. H., Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The chain "busted" the other day, and as a consequence I am up here getting courage for another term of imprisonment, during which memories of the past and FOREST AND STREAM will be my only comforts.

The lakes hereabouts are at their best now, especially the bass fishing to be had in them. Remote parts of Lake Winnepesaukee, such as Green's Basin and around the islands toward the eastern shore, furnish the best black bass fishing; but the man who has only a few days or hours to spare for his favorite fish, will find sport plenty good enough right around here. The lower end of the channel which connects Lake Winnepesaukee and Long Bay, so called, is considered one of the best places for bass. Helgramites and live frogs are the favorite baits used by local fishermen. The lake trout season just closed has been a very successful one.

Gray squirrels, as well as partridges, seem to be quite plenty this season. The latter may be found around the wild apple trees in the woods already this early in the season, which to me seems earlier than usual, but the dry weather we have had may have something to do with it.

MATTERHORN.

Vermont Fishing.

HIGHGATE, Vt., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fishing in Lake Champlain and in the small lakes in the interior has on the whole been good, but in many of the streams poor, owing to the sawdust nuisance, which is turning many of our clear, sparkling, laughing streams into mere sewers of reeking filth, full of malaria and disease. It remains to be seen what our Legislature will do during the coming session to remedy this evil.

STANSTEAD.

Held for Trial.

A VERMONT paper has the following item: "N. P. Leach is a terror to the breakers of the game and fish laws. Last week he caused Hugh Green to be placed under $300 bonds, and Timothy Shaughnessy under $100 bonds, to appear before the County Court for using explosives in Fairfield Pond."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 2 to 5.—Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. C. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Oct. 30 to Nov. 2.—Terrier Show, by New England Kennel Club, at Country Club, Brookline, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y, 128 Tremont street, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Field Trial Club, Members' Sweepstake. A. R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. All-Aged, Eastern Subscription and Selling Stakes. Entries close Oct. 1. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Sec'y.

Dec. 17.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

Spaniel Club Meeting.

A MEETING of the American Spaniel Club was held at 20 Irving Place, Sept. 27. Present, Messrs. A. C. Wilmerding, in the chair, E. M. Oldham, S. J. Bradbury and R. P. Keasbey.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The auditing committee reported that on account of the absence in Europe of the treasurer it had been unable to hold a meeting. Voted that the report be accepted and the committee be continued. The committee on revising the classifications reported progress and stated that now that the fall shows were over new classes would be submitted at once. The secretary was instructed to write Dr. Edw. A. Smith, requesting him to give the American Spaniel Club an order on the Westminster Kennel Club for the $100 deposited by him with that club and subsequently donated to the Spaniel Club for a special prize trophy. Meeting then adjourned.

Annual Collie Sweepstakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The attention of collie breeders is called to the fact that entries for the sweepstakes must be made on or before Nov. 1. Any collies born in the United States or Canada between June 30, 1893, and July 1, 1894, may compete. Entry fee $5, to be paid to the secretary of the Collie Club at the time of entry; $50 will be added to the stake. Entry blanks can be procured by application to J. D. SHOTWELL, Sec.

ORANGE, N. J.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

MR. WELLS, after the Manitoba trials, spent some time camping on Steel River, where he enjoyed some excellent fly-fishing for trout. He is now a most enthusiastic angler. By the way, it is not generally known in the canine world that, beside his accomplishments with the dog, gun and rod, he is a renowned amateur oarsman, holding at one time the championship of Canada. But all these are good enough in their way if cricket is not mentioned. In cricket he revels. At the bat he is a power. The Saturday after the trials at Morris, there was a cricket match at Winnipeg between the English and Canadian teams, the former being of men born in England, and the latter of men born in Canada. Mr. Wells was one of the chosen for the Canadian team, and the latter gave them an exhibition of cricket playing which won the game.

I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Wells play.

The game is quiet, and save for the prancings of the bowler, is at times sleepy.

When the umpire makes a close decision the players do not turn to and lick him, which in a manner detracts from the spirit of the game.

The batting looks easy, but I am told that it is not so, there being a number of scientific swipes and swats and slams and cuts which one must become proficient in before he can hope to have the confidence of his fellow players or the public. When at the bat, I am told it is not a good time to sleep. The ball is liable to take off a leg or foot, or at least knock off some chunks of a fellow.

The bowler casts the ball from him unreservedly. He takes a fierce run, halts suddenly, describes a mighty segment of a circle with a stiffened arm, then lets the ball go; then the batsman must do the rest if he can. Mr. Wells did very well till he knocked the ball in the air, careless-like, then somebody caught it careless-like, then another man began to bat in Mr. Wells's place.

Mr. Wells was fortunate in not being one of the ill-fated party of three which were lost in the canoe trip up the French River, *en route* to Lake Nipissing. He had a most pressing invitation to join the party of three, namely, Messrs. D. M. Christie, A. B. Northwood and G. F. H. Rispin, on their trip. He preferred the fishing on Steel River. In Winnipeg he learned of the death of the party by drowning.

Chicken Shooting.

Before going to Winnipeg, I had a few days' shooting at Eldridge, N. Dak., with Mr. W. W. Titus and the brothers Mr. Frank and George Richards, all of whom had strings of dogs in training. Chickens had been plentiful before the season opened, but the destruction of birds was so great during the first days of the open season that they ceased to be plentiful.

The city shooter can no longer be justly accused of being the man who kills the chickens. The local shooters are many in every town. They are numerous enough to shoot out all the country adjacent to their towns.

The Messrs. Richards and Mr. Titus were killing few birds, for they wanted them alive to train their dogs on. Yet in a few days the coveys were broken or destroyed entirely by outside shooters.

I would like to give an extended description of the work of their dogs, particularly of two, Minnie and Mattie, both great performers on chickens, but as some of their dogs will run in the field trials, I thought it better to refrain.

The days were fiercely hot, greatly trying to man and dog. The work was done in early morning and evening. Sometimes Mr. Titus was up about 4 A. M., and was driving across the prairie at an hour long before city people were up. From 10 till 5 there was no attempt at training, as it was so hot that no dog could work.

While I was in Winnipeg, I was the guest of Mr. Thomas Johnson, who made my stay there of the pleasantest. Being something of a patched-up wreck when I left Chicago, from the effects of a violent attack of pneumonia, my stay in Winnipeg brought renewed health and strength, the larger part due to Mrs. Johnson's excellent cookery. Few sportsmen are blessed with a wife who is ever amiable, thoughtful, devoted and skillful in housekeeping, and who loves dogs, yet Mr. Johnson is so fortunate.

While Mr. Johnson has given up field trials, temporarily I hope, his enthusiasm in dog matters is unabated. In his kennel is a litter of pointer puppies, lively, neat, promising fellows, clean of skin and sound of limb, healthy and strong, and withal sensible. They are far removed from the weedy, highly nervous and erratic beings which are the results of modern breeding skill, and which are expected to point birds. He also has a few black setters, strong, industrious fellows of the Beaudesert strain. But the pride of the kennel is Pitti Sing, now advanced in age so far as the years are a measure, but as bright of eye and swift of foot as when she was a puppy. Age has not shortened her range nor lessened her interest, though she is now about ten years old.

A curious train of circumstances led to her recovery yesterday. On Monday night last, while exercising her on the prairie, by an oversight she was lost. Soon afterward a diligent search was made for her, which was renewed on the next morning. The whole country for miles around was thoroughly searched without finding her. It seems that after being lost she took the Canadian Pacific Railroad east to Bird's Hill, about ten miles away, where the brakeman of an incoming freight train picked her up and brought her to Winnipeg in the caboose. There was a young man aboard who fancied Pitti Sing's looks, and he persuaded the brakeman to give her to him. After inspecting Sing's clean, sound teeth he decided that she was a puppy. In Winnipeg he took his prize to show to a friend of Mr. Johnson, and she was recognized at once. A message was thereupon sent to Mr. Johnson by his friend, Mr. Philips, requesting him to call. The latter had lost the pointer dog Lonsdale a few days before, and a reward had been advertised for his recovery. Mr. Johnson's man had met a boy leading the pointer presumably to safer quarters and secured possession of the dog. Mr. Johnson thereupon went to Mr. Philips's office to announce the recovery of Lonsdale and was agreeably surprised to recover Pitti Sing at the same time, a most fortunate ending, as the reader will appreciate when told that dog thieves are numerous in Winnipeg.

The city buildings were plainly in sight two or three miles away, on the grounds where Mr. Johnson conditions his dogs and where chickens were found in numbers sufficient for good shooting. Both the square and sharptails are found. The former is gradually driving the latter further north and taking possession of the feeding grounds. Mr. Wells informs me that the sharptails have been seen east as far as Port Arthur. Sportsmen inform me that the squaretails, in this climate, gradually acquire a growth of feathers on the legs and toes, much the same as the sharptails.

This is a city of sportsmen. All sorts of healthy sport flourishes. Boating, cricket, bicycling, base ball, polo, golf, etc., have hosts of admirers. Every one seems to be some kind of an athletic or proficient performer. Curling is the great winter sport, and the admirers of all other sports join in paying tribute to this greater one. I would like to give a description of the trophies which Mr. Johnson has won in the great curling matches, he being mighty in skill in curling, but space forbids.

As for the shooters, they are legion. But the laws are good and the game violators are comparatively few. Good game laws supplement good effort and intention, hence game is abundant. B. WATERS.

WINNIPEG, Man., Sept. 12.

Absurd Fallacies.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue of a rather new monthly devoted to hygiene appeared a paper entitled "The Animal Parasites which we Obtain through Our Food," from which the extract below is culled as being of interest to lovers of our favorite, the dog. Where ignorance is bliss it is cruel to awaken interest and acquaint dogdom with the terrible dangers confronting those who permit man's faithful friend to live in juxtaposition with him, unless disinfected *secundem artem*. It is now in order to organize a plant in each city under the authority of the Health Board, where our dogs shall receive the proper and necessary hygienic preparation for association with man, or, alas! we may yet discover that he and his parasites must be condemned to extermination. Oh, tempora! oh, mores, cave canem. SAMUEL L. FORT.

[*Popular Health Magazine, June issue, page 337.*]

We have perhaps not noticed that the odor of meat brought our favorite dog into the dining room. He is practically a member of the family and petted by all, none except the scientist looking upon him as anything except a most faithful friend, old Dog Tray! The scientist, however, is hard-hearted enough not to appreciate this friendship, and believing the proper place for a dog is the cellar, the barnyard, the dissecting room or the dog-pound, he hygienically looks upon the dog as his enemy. Nevertheless, some of you do not share these opinions, and as the dog comes to you, you pet him and allow him to sniffle and lick your hand. But let us look for a moment at the animal parasites which the dog has given you during that short caress.

Beloved old Dog Tray has in his nose a parasite about two to five inches long, a so-called tongue worm (*Linguatula rhinaria*); in sniffling and licking your hand he has deposited there some microscopic eggs, and the next time you take a piece of bread you will transfer these eggs on the bread to your mouth. The eggs will be swallowed and the germ will bore from your digestive tract into your liver, and there develop into a parasite about ¼ to ½in. long.

Or in caressing the dog you have unconsciously gotten a flea or a louse upon your hands, perhaps under your fingernails, and later you have swallowed that. It may now be a comforting thought for you to know that inside of that flea or louse there lives the larval stage of a tape-worm (*Dipylidium caninum*) with which you have become infected. But that is not all.

The most dangerous animal parasite which man has, is a so called hydatid, which is the larval stage of a small tapeworm (*Tœnia echinococcus*), found in the dog. From the very nature of the habits of the dog we must not be surprised to find the eggs of this tapeworm upon his coat Petting him, you get these eggs upon your hands; from your hands to your mouth is but a short distance; you swallow the eggs and have become infected with the dreaded *echinococcus*. The echinococcus develops in your liver, in your lungs, in your brain or elsewhere and you suddenly discover the fact too late—perhaps it is not you who discovers it after all, but the physician who makes your post-mortem, that the dog is your enemy rather than your friend. I am not now referring alone to the miserable collections of animated bones and dog skins which wander into our city from Virginia and Maryland, but I refer to mamma's darling little poodle as well. In fact, from statistics it appears that this hydatid parasite to which I refer is most frequent among the dirty Icelanders who live in the same huts with their dogs, frequently sharing the same plate, and next in frequency in women who keep pet lap dogs.

The following refutation will be found interesting:

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is doubtful if any country of equal intelligence has been the subject of so many groundless scares regarding the dog as the United States, for which a portion of the newspaper press is largely responsible. The above is a fair sample of how this is accomplished. "Dog Tray" is evidently the representative of the common house dog, the dog every one cherishes—and yet, sad to relate, according to this account, one is led to infer that "Dog Tray," *i.e*, your family pet, has parasites not only in his nose and his "internals," but in every flea and louse that may happen to roam over his back; and what is more, that you, his owner, will get tapeworm from your dog—only (blessed fact) you may never know it, nor your friends either, unless with scientific forethought you provide for a post mortem examination! Is it not wonderful that with these pests everywhere—for no one regards a tapeworm as a special friend—the dog of the country and the people of the land are not "devoured of worms?"

After careful examination, extending over years, it has been found that only the smallest fraction of mankind in civilized countries are infected with tapeworm. Echinococcus disease is common in Iceland, it is true. It is extremely rare in the United States and Canada, and diligent search in museums and medical literature reveals the known existence of only 85 cases in all up to date. From this any sensible person will see how slight are the chances of being infected with echinococcus disease; and in reality this is the form of parasite one is most likely to get from the dog. The forms of tapeworm that infest dogs are not those that live in the intestines of men, and *vice versa*.

There is a closer relationship between the parasites of sheep and those of the dog. It is possible for the dog to become infected from sheep, even the heads of sheep, so that we cannot sanction the general feeding of dogs on uncooked sheeps' heads. Again, sheep may be infected from dogs, so that in all districts where sheep are kept largely dogs should be carefully dosed for tapeworm, whether showing symptoms or not. But as for human beings becoming infected with internal parasites under ordinary circumstances—the chances are simply infinitesimal. Are kennel men and those that associate with dogs closely more infected with parasites than other people? Are they generally of the "lean and hungry" kind, such as they would likely be if they each harbored a few tapeworms?

How then do people get tapeworm? By eating meat either raw, which is common in certain parts of Europe, or meat insufficiently cooked, neither of which are common practices in America. Such parasites as those referred to in the article quoted are, so far as man is concerned, mere pathological curiosities. Several, in fact most, of the works on human pathology do not refer to them at all; while most veterinarians never saw a specimen of those forms referred to in the magazine article in the dog.

Most of the parasites of the dog could not live in man, even if he swallowed them abundantly—a fact not commonly known to the general public. Such writing as the above in would-be scientific journals is calculated to mislead, arouse prejudice and produce groundless alarm.

But "Old Dog Tray" has survived many attacks, and he is to-day more firmly established in the life of the home than any other animal and than ever before.

WESLEY MILLS, M.D.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY, Montreal.

Thieving at Dog Shows.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I desire through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM to express my condemnation and detest for what I term "the dog show thief," the dishonest individual who makes a practice of "exchanging" chains and other articles when you are not present to sanction the transaction. This purloiner saw fit to "exchange" with me last week at Providence, R. I., when I was absent from the show, by relieving me of a nickle-plated regulation chain which cost me $1.50 and leaving in its place a rusty 25-center.

The old saying is, "Fair exchange is no robbery," but the exchange which the light-fingered person made with me must be put down as an intentional theft. It would be well for the superintendents of shows and their corps of attendants should give this matter more of their attention and institute some method whereby the exhibitors may not be relieved of their nickle-plated ornaments. ROBERT LESLIE.

LYNN, Sept. 22.

DOG CHAT.

Blue Dog Laws.

Another peculiar phase of the dog question in Providence is furnished by the experience of a lady who was arrested for not paying the license of a dog that she did not own. This lady incurred the ill-will of one of the police officials, and this official, after trying in various ways to annoy her, hit upon the plan of having her arrested on a charge of keeping an unlicensed dog, he having seen one about her house. Reporting the fact to the dog officer and representing that the case could be proven, a warrant for the woman's arrest was issued. She went to court and pleaded not guilty. The dog officer in the meauwhile had discovered that the woman had been made the victim of a conspiracy and offered to go on her bond to save her from being placed in a cell. The woman, who owns considerable property, hearing of this, told the court she could furnish her own bond. She was allowed, however, to leave court without this formality. Afterward it was found that the officer who had been responsible for the charge had no evidence to support it, and the dog officer caused the case to be discontinued and the State will stand the costs. The possibilities of the dog law in Providence seem as far-reaching as a Russian ukase.

The Terrier Show.

This interesting undertaking of the New England Kennel Club has been lost sight of somewhat in the hurry and bustle attending the Toronto and Providence shows, but now that these events have become history, terrier men can look forward to this unique affair with pleasant expectation. The Country Club at Clyde Park, Brookline, near Boston, will hold a Fall meeting at which there will be pony races, steeple chases, gymkahrn races, polo, golf, etc. Several of the members are also officers of the New England Kennel Club and the latter club determined to take advantage of the occasion to hold a terrier show there Oct. 30 to Nov. 2. All breeds of terriers are provided for with prizes of $10 in challenge and $10 and $5 in open classes. The entry fee is $3 and entries close Oct. 13 with D. E. Loveland, secretary, 125 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

To provide further amusement for the visitors the N. E. K. C. will have whippet racing and sheepdog trials. Rather than engage a team of whippets to give exhibition runs the members thought the sport would be more interesting if they ran their own dogs, and to that end have been negotiating with whippet owners for the purchase of some fast dogs, and several orders have been sent to England. If they are successful in procuring the right dogs the sport will be introduced in such a manner that it is bound to become popular. The training of these dogs will be found not the least enjoyable part of their ownership. Owners of whippets as well as those wishing to purchase some in time to start in their races should at once communicate with Mr. Loveland, who will give full information as to where these dogs can be purchased and particulars of the races. To start the sport properly it would be advisable to engage some one who is conversant with the rules and able to arrange a satisfactory handicap. The sheepdog trials should also prove interesting if properly conducted, and owners of trained sheepdogs are especially requested to make these trials a success by sending their entries as early as possible. It would be better if the club would announce definitely, at an early date, what the stakes will be both for whippet racing and the trials. Mr. Mortimer will judge the terriers. Without prejudice to Mr. Mortimer, whose ability in this direction cannot be questioned, would it not be better to try some new man with one or two of the breeds? We want some new judging material, and such shows are just the ones in which to enter the judicial aspirants.

Mr. Schell, of San Francisco, seems to be getting into hotter water. He has been arrested for hitting his whilom friend Mr. Henry Huber with the butt end of a pistol. It will be remembered Mr. Huber brought the charges before the Pacific Kennel Club upon which Mr. Schell was expelled and his appeal is now under consideration by the A. K. C.

Mr. "Bob" Armstrong, of the Cragston Kennels, has returned from his short visit to the old country. He took in some of the shows and admits he enjoyed himself, which is stating it mildly.

The humorous editor of the Grafton *Record*, North Dakota, visited the Manitoba Field Trials at Morris, and his impressions are related in the *Manitoba Free Press*: He says: "I took in the field trials at Morris the other day. Mr. Morris was not at home, but a big man with a bald head was there running a hotel, which was the same thing to me. I got there too late for dinner and too early for supper; this bothered me most of the afternoon, but the excitement of a field trial of chicken dogs somewhat deadened the pain. I did not take my dog; he has only been in this country about one year, and I want to teach him the difference between a wood pile and a sage hen, before I try to secure the Derby from the Queen's own boys. About 3 P. M. the secretary got on the top of a billiard table and said it was time to start. I had two friends with me and we started with the rest in a contracted buggy that had fallen away. The springs of this buggy were choke bored and if we had broken the law on the domain we would have been well shaken before taken. We rode about three miles when the judge stood up and waved a white flag. Two dogs were let loose, and their trainers with toy shot-guns followed them as close as possible, and when a dog came to a stand they broke into a swift run as if they wanted to pot-hunt the birds. But I found out they didn't give two whoops for prairie chickens, it was points they were after. The judge and clerk, and FOREST AND STREAM and *American Field* representatives kept their horses right on to the wheel of the dogs, but the rest of the procession was supposed to keep back a few paces, which suited our bay horse. After a pair of dogs had shown what kind of stuff was in them they were called in, rubbed down like a trotting horse, packed in cotton and two more let out. They all ran like chain lightning, and when they found chickens acted like grown up people picking up money. They must have thought their owners couldn't hit a flock of haystacks, as they always let the birds fly away. A nice old gentleman from Vermont took the Derby prize with a fine pointer, whose honest work pleased every one. I thought I would buy a dog to take home as a souvenir, and I picked out a small, tired-looking dog with one eye gone. The man who owned him said if I wouldn't say anything about it I could have him for $900. I bought two eyebrows for fifty cents and will work hard to get the rest of the dog before I am called in. Another man in the party spoke of buying a dog, but he was put to sleep by something he heard drop before he had time to ask prices."

The Pacific Fox-Terrier Club seems to be an active body, and must be doing good work for the breed on the coast. The second division of their Produce Stake closed the other day with thirteen entries of bitches whose produce will compete at the Pacific Kennel Club's show in 1895. The club is anxious to have a show of fox-terriers, and have been in negotiation with the horse show people to hold a show of terriers in connection with the horse show, and this may be done. A pleasant feature of the recent meeting of the club was an exhibition of members' dogs under twelve months old. Such gatherings and the opportunities for discussion and comparison they afford are very commendable and worthy of imitation by the specialty clubs. At the next meeting there will be a competition for members' dogs under six months of age.

The Collie Club should bestir itself and draw the attention of Canadian exhibitors of collies to the advantages to be gained by membership in that club. Two medals offered by the club at Toronto went a-begging.

A rather unkind letter reflecting upon the management of the Toronto show and Mr. Stone especially, appeared in last Wednesday's Toronto *Globe*. Mr. T. G. Davey and the pointer and setter judge Major Taylor, came in for more or less hard knocks. In looking through the catalogue we find that the number of prizes awarded to Forest Kennels in setters (Mr. Stone's) were one third in English setters, one first in Irish setter novice bitches, and one first in Gordons, with the well known Wanda, out of eleven entries. This scarcely looks as if he had made plans to get a judge that would adjudicate upon the owners rather than the dogs. Such a letter published so conspicuously and containing such audacious accusations of dishouesty on the part of the judge should not pass unchallenged, or serious harm will be done the future interests of the show, as is unquestionably the purpose this writer had in view.

Mr. W. Norman Higgs's mastiff bitch Brampton Beauty has been returned to England by Mr. Winchell. Since her arrival at Mr. Winchell's kennels last January, she has raised one litter by his champion Black Prince. It was Mr. Higgs's intention to have her returned as soon as she was first served by Black Prince, but, fortunately for the mastiff interests of America, he allowed her to raise one litter before she was returned. Brampton Beauty was again mated, last month, to Black Prince, and was at once returned to England, probably in whelp. She is the first bitch of any breed that has been sent from England to America to be bred to an American-bred dog.

Another case of dumb rabies is reported to have occurred in the Philadelphia district. During the summer a young greyhound was sent out to the Chestnut Hill Kennels to board. The dog did not seem unwell on arrival, but on trying to examine the animal Mr. Jarrett was badly bitten through the thumb at the base of the nail. The dog developed a *bona fide* case of rabies and died in a few days, but our "nonchalaut" friend is still very much alive and looks as happy as usual.

The reason Trim B., the Gordon, was not noticed at Providence show was that he was at home, sick. In that case he should have been marked absent in the judge's book. Several of the Gordons were tagless and benched in various places, and this we remarked in our report.

Mr. Geo. F. Reed's experience with the express companies was bad enough at the beginning of the Providence show, his beagles being on the way from 8 A. M. Monday to Tuesday, 7 P. M., the beagle classes being held over till Wednesday on their account. But our friend's latter end was worse than his first. He shipped his dogs for home on Friday at 7 P. M., but they did not reach Bartow, Vt., until Monday morning and one of the dogs was nearly dead when the crate was opened. Naturally Mr. Reed feels disgruntled and "will find out what is the matter if it takes four dogs to pay for it."

The Netherwood Farm Kennels of Plainfield N. J. have had in training four setters owned by Mr. S. J. Kiernan, of Elizabeth N. J. who disappearsd about two months ago. His dogs were attached for expenses and will be sold by auction the latter part of October. The dogs are Gamester; a black, white and tan dog by Dad Wilson, reserve N. Y. 1894. Duke of Alma, black, white and tan dog by Roderigo. Mat Noble, a black and white bitch and a young bitch by Nimrod—Dominican, a very promising one. All are broken and thoroughly good shooting dogs. With them will be sold some first class young pointers and English and Irish setters ready to go to work and some young puppies. The event will be made the occasion for a little reunion at the farm and all who are interested in dogs will be welcome. Further particulars will be adverstised later.

The young collie Doon Perfection is starting off well in his career as a stud dog. He is credited with siring eighteen pups in one litter.

There is no lack of opportnnities to start a good kennel of St. Bernards in England just now. In addition to the disposal of Mr. J. F. Smith's kennel of smooths, Mr. Thos. Shillcock of Birmingham is selling off his grand kennel, among which are the noted Duke of Maplecroft, champion Young Bute, Duke of Firmont, Marvel, that used to be in the New York St. Bernard Kennels, and Donnybrook Fair. Mr. John Storey, who purchased champion Princess Florence from Mr. Shillcock after her return to England, is also disposing of his kennel, among which are Princess Florence, who has just whelped a litter, which will be welcome news to those interested in this grand bitch, Goldfinder, Earl of Shrewsbury, Marchioness of Bute, etc.

A very noted young collie dame, whose reputation has been made upon the boards and not in the sawdust ring, has arrived from England to take her part in the performances to be given by the Sandow troupe. Miss Scottie is said to be a most intelligent and well-trained animal, and if she cannot write, her education in reading, arithmetic and spelling has not been neglected. She is also fond of card playing, and can take a hand at "Nap," invariably winning her tricks when the cards are right, and will, no doubt, while over here, be initiated into the mysteries of draw poker. She also identifies figures named but once by the audience, adds and subtracts any number of figures, tells the time, distinguishes colors, and so on. How she does it is best known to her master, but that she is a very clever collie there can be no doubt. She is by champion Metchley Wonder out of Lady of the Lake (own sister to champion Edgbaston Fox) and therefore can claim relationship to a number of collies in America.

Students of our business columns will find much to interest them this week. The return of Mr. Thomas to England affords an opportunity to secure a good team of winners. Ducking men should read Mr. Mallory's announcement and sportsmen who want a handy food to take South should read what Austin & Graves say about it. Then the Nassau Hardware Co. afford an opportunity to "collar" your dog in the latest fashion. We often have inquiries for trained spaniels, and J. H. Royce offers sportsmen a chance to secure a brace; Terra Cotta Kennels offer greyhounds; C. S. Weldy, well bred poodle puppies; Oak Grove Kennels, Irish setter pups by champion Kildare; F. L. Cheney, trained Irish setters; C. T. Brownell, Gordon setters; W. L. Manderson, terriers and other breeds; H. Parton, trained pointer; H. Harvey, Irish water spaniels that should be snapped up; E. E. Beach, fox-terrier puppies; Mrs. X., Three Pines Kennels and W. Priest offer St. Bernards; Hill Hurst Kennels, brown French poodles. In the stud are offered Terra Cotta Kennels' Gem of the Season; C. T. Brownell's Gordon setter Trim B., and Hill Hurst Kennels their crack poodle and wire-haired fox-terriers, Cribbage, Oakleigh Bruiser and Brittle.

Advertisers are realizing that if they want anything in the canine line this journal affords the best medium through which to procure it. C. M. Reynolds wants a trainer for field dogs, also a trained partridge and a rabbit hound; W. H. Hutchinson, foxhound for coon.

The question as to whether a collie's ears should drop *forward* or *outward* is exercising the argumentative minds of collie breeders on the other side. As far as we can gather, the basis of argument that the tips should fall forward is an "anchor to windward," thrown out by the *fin de siècle* breeders of collies whose ears are pricked when at home and next door to it when shown. The old and true style of ear that dropped outward should be good enough and not so risky in attainment. The remarks made by "Segusian" in *Scottish Fancier* this week come with timely force: "There is a certain school that is spoiling our collies, and giving them heads and ears altogether foreign to the breed—long, narrow heads with straight faces—*i. e.*, without the gentle rise from between the eyes upward that gives the true expression—and high set ears, more like what is wanted in a terrier than in a collie." Further on he alludes to the new school as the "English Brummagem."

There is something about Danbury show that appeals to the average dogman—why we cannot say. It cannot be on the score of good management though perhaps it may be on account of the go-as-you-please air that seems to pervade the entire conduct of the show, which element would appear to extend even to the issue of its premium list, that is if such a thing is in existence and we believe it is, for we published a letter sometime since, alluding to a class for "wire-haired cockers." We have, however, received no word of the show from its enterprising secretary; nor have few others, as far as we could find. If Danbury is an A. K. C. show this year it should be made to live up to its rules and display a little interest in the dogmen who live outside the county limits. The show takes place this week, but although we have written for particulars we are as yet (Monday), uncertain when the show commences. As another instance of the go-as-you-please tactics of this show, we can name three men who were asked and expected to judge, but it is finally settled that Mr. Mortimer will fulfil this task. Still we all like to go to Danbury, and if you don't enjoy yourself it is not the fault of Mr. Sears or Mr. Read.

We would implore our *Week Ahead* contemporary not to worry its prophetic soul. FOREST AND STREAM contained a full report of the A. K. C. meeting in its last week's issue, and if the Chicago postal authorities do not realize their responsibilities in due time our esteemed contemporary is welcome to the use of it, even if it does leave it a week behind.

We should have said that Mr. Comstock's Irish terrier Crate was in whelp to his champion Boxer IV. when she died, and not Valley Boxer. Mr. Comstock has not yet been obliged to go out of his own kennel for stud dogs.

The crack St. Bernard bitch Alta Bella died recently from an attack of colic. She was one of the best St. Bernard bitches ever benched and was certainly a credit to her noted parents, Alton and the well known champion Bellegarde. She was owned at the time of her death by her breeder, Mr. Norris-Elye. Her long list of winnings included the 100-guinea challenge cup (twice). She was just over 7yrs. old when she died.

Mr. Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern passenger agent of the Southern Railway Company, sends us the following notification, which has been issued to all agents, baggage-masters and conductors on their roads: "Commencing Oct. 1, 1894, and continuing until March 31, 1895, dogs of sportsmen and hunting parties will be transported free, in baggage cars, over the lines of this company when accompanied by the owners or caretakers, but at their own risk. Only one dog to be transported free for each passenger; additional dogs to be charged for as per instructions in clauses i and j, page 22, of rules and regulations governing the baggage department, in effect May 1, 1892."

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. E. Probert, who died at Canton, O., very recently. Exhibitors of a few years ago will remember him best as an exhibitor of toy spaniels, and later as manager of Mr. Cook's mastiff kennels at Canton, O., in the days of his Moses, etc.

At the meeting of the Canadian Fox-Terrier Club held during Toronto show the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Honorary President, A. D. Stewart; President, A. A. MacDonald; Vice-President, R. Gibson; Secretary-Treasurer, H. P. Thompson; Executive Committee, F. S. Wetherall, H. A. Fraser, James Lindsay, B. H. Ross, J. O. Bennett, R. Gamble, P. J. Smyth. Truly a representative list of Canadian fox-terrier men. The club is flourishing, and during the meeting six new members were elected.

We should like to have the poodle awards at Toronto, wrongly credited to Woodbury Kennels, explained. Our awards were taken from the judge's book, and every other journal giving the awards at Toronto has been led into the same error. Who changed the awards after the third day of the show? When the classes were judged, Morey Kennels' Cigarette was marked absent.

Dr. Sauveur, the owner of the Seminole Kennels, called upon us last Thursday. The owner of the collies The Squire, Golddust, and Irish setters champion Tim and champion Laura B., as well as half a score of other celebrities, seems as devoted to the "fancy" as ever, and his friends will be pleased to hear that his kennel is doing well. He has had trying periods, like every true fancier, and one of these happened about a month since. A very fine collie was sent out to the kennels by a friend, a well known lawyer in Philadelphia. Not long afterward this dog developed a sure case of dumb rabies. While in this condition one of the vets. called in to examine the dog, opened the door of the yard where the dog was kept, when the animal made a blind rush, and biting two collie pups that happened to be around, ran full tilt against a wall. The dog was secured and finally shot. The two pups, which were as the apple of their owner's eye, developed unmistakable signs of dumb rabies and had to be

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

destroyed. The loss was severe, as they were by Golddust and the best the Doctor has yet succeeded in breeding.

While moving and arranging the new kennels at the farm one day during the summer, and while his manager, Will Connors, was away, the handsome kennels on Seminole avenue caught fire and the kennel compartments and the run fences were destroyed. Dr. Sauveur was the only man on the place at the time and his first thought was for the dogs. Rushing to the kennels he opened all the kennel doors and released the dogs, turning them across the broad haliway that runs through the center of the stone building, into the office. The fire engines were called but arrived too late to save the woodwork of the kennels. A log that had fallen out of the fire under the cooking boiler caused the trouble.

It will be remembered that we spoke of the importation of the noted great Dane Ajax, by Mr. T. B. Burnham, who keeps his dogs at the Hempstead Farm Kennels. Ajax was sent down there as soon as he landed, and shortly afterward slipped his collar, and no one has been able to catch him since. The dog has been seen several times around Hempstead, but cannot be caught. From all accounts and his foreign record this dog is too good to lose, and every effort should be made to catch him, even if Mr. Mortimer has to employ an interpreter. The dog escaped during Mr. Mortimer's absence in England.

Mrs. Peary, who recently returned from the Arctic regions, where she left her husband, Lieut. Peary, to pursue his explorations, has presented to the Philadelphia "Zoo" two Esquimau dog pups. The mother of these pups was used to draw the sledge containing Mrs. Peary's baby daughter, who was born in the highest Arctic circles.

Late accounts say that champion D'Orsay's leg has been set by Mr. Sewell and is expected to be almost as good as ever. Our telegraphic communication of this accident gave no particulars of the catastrophe. It seems Mr. Redmond and his dog were out for a ramble, when D'Orsay caught sight of a rabbit. The latter made the best of his way to the edge of a cliff and doubled sharply. This move fooled the crack fox-terrier, and unable to recover himself in time, fell over the cliff, dropping a distance of 60ft. to the sands below. His near foreleg was badly fractured. For the sake of this good and true fox-terrier enthusiast, Mr. Redmond, we trust his dog will still be able to show a good front.

There was some slight objectiou to the source of evidence against Mr. T. A. Howard in the "bribery case" brought up before the A. K. C. at its late meeting. Although Mr. Howard gave the evidence himself in a letter which he was rash enough to write to a contemporary, it was thought better to consider the case with the direct evidence contained in the original letter written to Mr. Elliott. This has been obtained and is now in the possession of the A. K. C.

N. E. K. C. Terrier Show.

Since the issue of the premium list, the following changes and additions have been made in the classification: Fox-terriers—Class 17, puppies, dogs (smooth), prizes $5 and $3; Class 17A, puppies, bitches, same money; Class 22, puppies, dogs (wire-haired), prizes $5 and $3; Class 22½, for bitches, same money; Class 22A, novice, dogs and bitches, prizes $10 and $5. Class 22B, smooth and wire, for dogs and bitches having won but one prize; prizes $10 and $5. Class 22C, for dogs and bitches never before exhibited; prizes $10 and $5. Scottish terriers—Class 27, challenge dogs, prize $10; Class 27A, bitches, same money; Class 29A, American-bred dogs, prizes $10 and $5; Class 29A, for bitches, same money. Specials—$10 each for the best Dandie Dinmont dog and bitch; $5 each for second best dog and bitch. (Heather Kennels will not compete for the above specials.) In all breeds puppy classes will be divided where five of either sex are entered. The Boston Terrier Club offer $10 each, for best dog and bitch. Open to members of the B. T. C. only.

Seminole Kennels are negotiating for the purchase of the celebrated collie champion, Metchley Wonder. Of course this grand collie is getting along in years, and that he is loaded down with honors is known to every collie student. The dog can be secured at a reasonable price, and his prospective owner thinks that his appearance on American benches would be a fitting close to such a notable career, and afford American breeders of collies an opportunity to see an animal that has made such a name for himself, and, we might add—his various owners. If he comes over it is not intended that he shall be shown for competition.

It is reported that Mr. Fowler, owner of the Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., is becoming tired of running such a large kennel, and intends to dispose of the crack Irish setters that have made the Oak Grove Kennels so rapidly famous in the past few years. All signs point to the Seminole Kennels as the future home of this grand lot of "reds," at the head of which stand champion Kildare and Queen Vic.

Portland, Ore., fanciers will hold a show next spring; their dates will be chosen to follow Los Angeles and San Francisco, and as Seattle is expected to fall in line after Portland a nice circuit will be the result. Portland held no show this season for the reason that it was too late when the two clubs in that city consolidated. Now that all matters at issue have been satisfactorily arranged, and as the fanciers with oue accord are anxious for a show, the members of the kennel club feel justified in going to considerable expense in arrangiug a show that will be a credit to the city.

There have been several inquiries recently about the Bay City Kennels, of Bay City, Mich., aud a letter from Mr. Bousfield shows us that the kennel is still very much alive. Their breeding stock has been doing well, and they have on hand now puppies of all ages from such matrons as Lady Taylor, combining the blood of Plinlimmon and Nero III., the sire of Sir Bedivere; Miss Rosebud, an imported bitch of exceptionally good blood lines, as she is by champion Hesper out of Sunrise, she by champion Guide, and bred to their St. Augustine, has thrown very fine smooths. Another litter is from Queen of Contoocock and Lord Dante. Queen is by Parson out of Juno, litter sister to the great producing matron Judith. One of Queen's 1ormer pups is Emperor of Contoocock, that took a nrst at the Specialty show last May. Two rough bitches by St. Augustine out of Lady Taylor, are also in whelp to Lord Dante. Lady Taylor, who is brimful of quality, is offered for sale in whelp to Lord Dante. The dogs are all in good health and we are pleased to hear of the success the kennel is having in its breeding operations.

It is with sincere regret that we receive Mr. C. E. Bunn's notification of the death of the crack mastiff bitch Lady Coleus. This grand bitch stood at the top of her class and apart from her intrinsic value, her loss to the breed in its present unsettled condition is one very difficult to repair. Such animals are object lessons to the young breeders—we are speaking generally, for really there seems to be few if any young or novice mastiff breeders at present. Lady Coleus was a very robust mastiff aud while in Mr. Bunn's possession was never sick a day or missed a meal. Her only trouble was a few warts on the back that at times were unsightly. On the night of Sept. 24, Mr. Bunn fed her himself; she was well, playful as a kitten and cleaned up her dish. Next morning she was found dead in her kennel and Mr Bunn presumes the cause of death was heart disease. In writing us Mr. Bunn further remarks: "Now the hard part of it all is that four weeks ago Coleus was bred to Leamington, and on opening her after death I found her to be in whelp, carrying five pups. If she had lived to have reared this litter I would have been satisfied, but as it is now my disappointment is keen. However, I am used to losing them and am not discouraged. I yet have a kennel equal or better than any, and have some youngsters better, I think, than any I ever bred."

Mr. Bunn certainly has had some hard knocks lately, the los; of Ormonde and Caution's Own Daughter being especially severe. A few more men with our Peoria friend's grit and determination in the mastiff faucy would soon lift that grand breed to a better and more popular position. Lady Coleus's career is well known; how she was imported by Mr. E. H. Moore, then sold to Mr. Whitney, of Rochester, N. Y., and when the Flour City Kennels were dispersed, purchased by Mr. Wade, and finally found her way to Mr. Bunn's kennel. She was whelped Aug. 1, 1887, and was by champion Beaufort out of Vistula.

The All-Aged Stake at Manitoba Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to Major Taylor's contention that Ticked Boy should have divided third in the M. F. T. All-Aged Stake, I have to say that had it not been for his rank piece of work, flushing and chasing in the first heat, he would certainly have been placed higher.

When accepting the position of judge, I asked the secretary to let me know whether the committee wished me to have a free hand or to go according to rule, referring him particularly to the clause which reads, "All dogs must be thoroughly broken as a matter of course." The reply was that they would prefer my sticking to the rules. I might say that, apart from this, I think an all-aged stake should be for broken dogs. Youngsters of course must have a little latitude. Mr. Stoddard, the owner of Ticked Boy, is at one with me in this point, I believe. I was sorry to have to be severe on so promising a youngster; he is just over the Derby age, I understand.

As to Mr. Waters's contention that Ightfield Diana should

THE SKYE TERRIER CHAMPION OLD BURGUNDY.

First, Toronto, 1894.

Owned by Mrs. E. M. Williams, Oakville, Ont.

have also been in third money, I have not so good a case; but still I think Allene had a shade the best of it. She ran good, consistent heats throughout. Her work was not of the high order shown last season on quail, but still it was good. In the first heat she got two points to her opponent's nothing. Diana went very poorly for the first half, but ranged out well toward the end. Diana, in her second heat, did some bird work that, in my opinion, was not equaled by any dog in the Stake; but in the next heat she did rather poorly again. Taken altogether, as I said before, I think Allene had the best of it.

If I made a mistake I hope Messrs. Adamson and Stoddard will forgive me, and put it down, not to any bad intention, but to that inborn prejudice which makes some of us think there is no dog like the English setter.

In justice to Major Taylor and Mr. Waters, I must say that the dogs were put down rather hurriedly after lunch on the second day, and I believe they were not up to see the work by Ticked Boy spoken of.

W. B. Wells.

Chatham, Ont.

Short-Sighted Policy.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 23, in Dog Chat, you have a short paragraph about the actiou of the Bloodhound Club in withholding entries for Rhode Island show. With that paragraph in the main I entirely agree, but must explain that the entries were not withheld because of the small value of the prize money, but simply because of the lack of proper classes. There was only one class, dogs and bitches mixed. The committee had been written to, and entries promised had proper classes been made, and the Bloodhound Club would also have offered special prizes, but the members did not feel inclined to run the risk, perhaps, of having a good bitch defeated by a moderate dog, owing to the refusal of the Rhode Island committee to arrange proper classes, as they did after solicitation, for other breeds, the members of the Bloodhound Club decided not to go to the trouble and expense of exhibiting at a show where the breed was evidently not thought of sufficient importance to warrant the making of separate classes. I would have made six entries of bloodhounds myself. To show the short-sighted policy of the committee in not making proper classes, Mr. C. A. Shinn; of Philadelphia, has a letter in a contemporary, in which he says: "If the Providence authorities had made suitable classes for Skye terriers, I would have made 26 entries. As it is, I only sent a pair." C. A. Lougest, M.D.

Sept. 27.

The Gordon Setter Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After due consideration, it has been decided that the Gordon Setter Field Trials at Assonet Neck, Mass., upon the grounds of the New England Field Trial Club, will be held after the Members' Stakes of the club have been run off there on Oct. 23, 1894, probably next day. This will necessitate the closing of our entries earlier than had been hoped; but, as notice was given some time ago, Gordon owners have had all the time possible for preparation.

Stakes will probably be $100 for first, $60 for second, and $25 to $40 for third—more if possible, but dependent on number of entries. Entry fee, $5 to uominate and $10 additional to start. Open to all Gordons. Please send in your entries as soon as possible to James B. Blossom,

President Gordon Setter Club of America.

New York City, Sept. 29.

Pointer Club Meeting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Board of Governors of the Pointer Club of America held a special meeting for the purpose of arranging and offering two special stakes, particulars of which are as follows: Special Produce Stakes of the Pointer Club of America for 1896. Open to all. Entry fee for dam $3. The breeder or subsequent owner of the puppies shall pay an additional fee of $1 for each puppy entered for competition. Puppies not to be less than six months old when shown. The proceeds to go to the three best puppies entered and shown. The entry of dam to be made within fifteen days after whelping, between the dates of Sept. 1, 1894, and Sept. 1, 1895. To be competed for at such show as the Board of Governors of the Pointer Club may select. Fifty per cent. to go to the first, 30 per cent. to the second, and 20 per cent. to the third. Entries are to be made not later than Sept. 15, 1895.

Grand Annual Pointer Sweepstakes.—Competition open to all. For pointers born in the United States and Canada between the dates of Sept. 18, 1893, and Sept. 15, 1894. Entry fee $3, to be paid to the secretary of the Pointer Club at the time of entry. The stakes to be divided into four prizes of 40 per cent. to first, 30 to second, 20 to third and 10 to fourth. Stakes to be competed for at the Westminster Kennel Club's show in 1895. Entries close Nov. 1. Entry blanks will be furnished by the secretary, 106 East Twenty-third street, New York, on application.

The meeting was to have been held at the American Kennel Club rooms and the notices sent out were so worded, but owing to a misunderstanding the Board adjourned to the office of President John S. Wise. The members present were Messrs. Wise, McAlpin, Lewis and Webster. All present thoroughly indorsed the plan for the year, and the secretary was authorized to issue circulars to all interested in the welfare of the pointer.

The club feels that it has done the right thing and is now ready to have its action approved by a sweeping flood of entries in these stakes. The board adjourned.

Frederic S. Webster, Sec'y.

Specialty Clubs and Dog Shows.

Editor Forest and Stream:

No dog show can expect to be a success without the assistance and co-operation of the kennel press, and the favors received from them in connection with the recent exhibit of the Rhode Island State Fair Association added materially to the number of entries and the interest manifested. To Forest and Stream no little of this credit is due, and I desire to thank you for your many kindnesses. I would also like to say a word just here in connection with the specialty clubs, to which you have referred recently. I took great pains to write to every specialty club that I knew of. Two responded promptly and well. Too much cannot be said of the Fox-Terrier Club and their efficient secretary, Mr. Smith, by whose efforts one of the finest exhibits of fox-terriers ever seen in this country was brought out. The Boston Terrier Club did remarkably well for a young organization. Of the others but two saw fit to even answer the letters. The Pointer Club declined to offer specials for good and sufficient reasons. The Bloodhound Club desired to offer specials, but their answer was delayed to such a time that the conditions they asked could not be accorded. I sincerely regret that this was so, for I believe they would have made a good and attractive exhibit. Had the specialty clubs of this country the life and energy displayed by the Fox Terrier Club, it would be necessary to hold specialty shows exclusively, for there would be no building sufficiently large to hold all the entries for one show. It is only through the agencies of these clubs that the interest in the various breeds may be advanced, and I trust you will keep the clubs aroused to the necessity of letting the outside world know what they are doing.

S. H. Roberts.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 25.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Count Antonio, Foreman III. and Jennie V. By N. Wallace, Farmington, Conn., for black, white and tan English setters, two dogs and one bitch, whelped June 10, 1894, by Antonio (Roderigo—Bo-Peep) out of Maud Noble (Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble).

Tunxis. By N. Wallace, Farmington, Conn., for lemon belton English setter dog, whelped June 10, 1894, by Antonio (Roderigo—Bo-Beep) out of Maud Noble (Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Sis Judy—Patsy Bolivar. Mrs. Nellie Crut's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Sis Judy to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossy C.), Aug. 15.

Lady Verne—Bradford Ruby II. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lady Verne (Joe II.—Maudie) to their Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Aug. 9.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Cashier's Daughter. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Cashier's Daughter (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.), Sept. 17, five (three dogs), by their Happy Toby.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lord Moughlow. French curly poodle, whelped June 4, 1894, by Moughlow out of Queen Zip, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Dr. Copeland, same place.

Good Boy. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped July 8, 1893, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Chester Bolles, Springfield, Ill.

Billy F. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped June 22, 1894, by Happy Toby out of Clara Belle, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to W. S. Faber, New York city.

Twinkle. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped July 8, 1893, by Happy Toby out of La Belle Senora, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Miss Ginnie Muhlenburg, Charleston, W. Va.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

Fox-Terrier, Philadelphia.—1. A maintains that the fox-terrier is one of the oldest breeds of dogs and was known in England 150 years ago. B argues that they are a modern breed, not more than twenty-five to thirty years old, and bred from a cross of foxhound and bull-terrier. Which is right? 2. B also claims that the fox-terrier has a chronic affliction called the itch, which A repudiates. Ans. 1. The fox-terrier, as we know the breed at the present day, is derived from the terriers which were used in the Belvoir and Grove kennels of foxhounds, and of course intermingled in turn with the terriers from other fox-hunting kennels; but those named are the main and best known sources. These terriers during the last century were no doubt the old English black and tan terriers, which were used on all kinds of varmints, but must not be confused with the black and tan terriers of this day, being cobbier, lower to the ground, thicker and shorter in the head and drop-eared, as all terriers that go to ground should be. These dark-colored terriers were mixed with the old white English terriers, and probably to beagles to produce a color that could be better distinguished in covert or drain. In the early part of the century there were dogs in the Belvoir Kennels that could be shown as good fox-terriers at the present day. As soon as shows were instituted in England, in the very early 60s, attention was drawn to these terriers, and from Old Jock and Old Trap, dogs which came from the Belvoir Kennels, and Grove Nettle from the Grove Kennels, most of the present day strains are derived. The two former were said to come

from black and tan stock. A is nearer right, and B is certainly wrong. The fox-terrier is only a modern made breed in so far as by careful and judicious selection certain characteristics have been fancified—such as length of head, straightness and narrowness of front, ear carriage, etc. We should say that the fox-terrier represents, as a whole, one of the oldest known breeds of dogs, and cannot be called a modern manufactured breed. 2. Fox-terriers are no more subjected to itch, if by this you mean mange or eczema, than any other breed of dogs, and less so than many of them.

J. F. C. G, Philadelphia, Pa.—I have some beagle pups twelve weeks old. One, at the age of eight weeks, after suffering with worms was suddenly taken with severe pains, and in his agony tried to bite the wire fence of his kennel yard. After suffering until afternoon he died in spasms, snapping his jaws until he had the saliva worked into a froth. Yesterday a sister to the above dog was heard to bark and whine (as a grown dog will that is chained and wishes to be let loose), beginning at 4:30 A. M. I arose, let them out of the kennel into a large yard that I have, when she ran to the front and began digging and barking. I saw there must be something very wrong and sought to pacify and at same time learn the trouble by picking her up, when she fastened her teeth in my thumb. She didn't attempt to chew it, simply fastening her teeth and holding on. I diagnosed worms, gave a dose of Glover's vermifuge, but no result; then gave bolus of santonine, one grain, with no help, and followed this with about 75 minims of sweet oil in which was incorporated about 12 minims of paregoric. After the bolus of santonine she vomited her food (sixteen hours after having eaten it) in the condition it was before eaten. Food consisted of stewed onions and what appeared to be cooked fat, and was fed without my knowledge and consent. I feed stale bread saturated with meat juice or milk. The barking whine began immediately after contraction of the muscles of the stomach, which was similar to contraction of muscles of forearm and came at regular intervals of about 25 seconds and lasting 5 to 7 seconds. During intervals of rest she would either lay curled or outstretched, or stand with head hanging as if in the attitude of sleep. In her paroxysms she would either trot about aimlessly or stand and p'vot on her hindlegs. Her back was slightly arched with hindlegs drawn under; tail, when she was at rest, hung down as it would ordinarily, but when in pain would stand out straight or erect and swing to and fro. She would frequently snap at her sides and likewise at myself, tin plate, etc. She licked an iron screen several times. When standing quiet a bilious fluid ran from her mouth without any apparent inconvenience or effort on her part, on several occasions. The barking whine was continued from 4:30 A. M. to 6:30 P. M., when I dispatched her. She passed nothing but some urine, and this only twice. Was this rabies or colic? I diagnosed the trouble as colic, produced by acute indigestion, caused by food on a worm-inflamed stomach. My wife diagnosed it as rabies and has grave fears for my safety. Ans. Acute indigestion with gripes (and probably convulsions). Treatment: hypodermic of morphine 1-16gr., repeat in one hour if necessary. Dose of castor oil. Apply mustard to the abdomen.

W. R. H., Rome, N. Y.—My six months old foxhound puppy is very thin. He has grown very fast, but for the past month does not have his usual appetite, and when out for exercise seems weak and lacking in spirit. Otherwise he seems well, his coat being in good condition, his eyes bright, and except for his extreme thinness and languor, I see nothing the matter with him. Ans. Treat for worms. Afterward give the following mixture:

℞. Ferri phosph.....3i.
Tr. nucis vom.....mxxxvi.
Liq. arsenicalis.....mxxiv.
Aq. ad.....℥vi.

Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day. Also give a dessertspoonful of cod liver oil twice a day.

S. T., Pawtucket, R. I.—The beagle Imogene (91472) is by Frank Forest, Jr., out of Quaboag Belle, by Larry out of Louie, by Royal Krueger out of Betsy, by Rock II out of Bell; Frank Forest, Jr., by champion Frank Forest out of Juno II., by Dan out of Auena, by Jacko out of Fan; Dan by Judge out of Dot II., Frank Forest by Riot out of Skip, by Hector out of Shoo-Fly, by Victor out of Beauty; Riot by Rattler out of Spider, by Rally out of Dolly; Larry by Rock II. out of Topsy, by Ring out of Bell, by Racer out of Tara; Rock II. by Rustler out of Vic.

O. E. W. Newkirk, Okla.—Unless you can secure the names of your bitch's sire and dam, also grandsire and granddam, you will be unable to register her get. If she wins two firsts at recognized shows she can be registered irrespective of pedigree. We forward you by mail the A. K. C. register blank which gives you full information on this point.

Reader, Hillsboro Bridge N. H.—Tan markings are usual on Llewellyn setters, the color being generally black, white and tan. The blue, lemon or orange beltons are indicative of Laverack blood. Please sign your name when you write again.

J. M. P., New London, Conn.—We do not know where you can procure a Chihuahua dog, perhaps a "kennel special" would help you.

T. H. T., Seattle, Wash.—There is little likelihood of bringing the tips down. You might try a small piece of leather glued to the under part of tip, and constant manipulation with the thumb and finger may drop them slightly.

In the course of progress incident to a largely increased use of machinery and mechanical appliances, another business which has languished somewhat of late years and gives few indications of any future improvement is that of the naturalist. Naturalists had entomological collections in their front windows, and made, oftentimes, a good living by the scientific stuffing of birds. They sold these for household ornaments, especially in parlors. Sometimes the objects were protected from the ravages of the atmosphere by glass cases. The window of the naturalist was always a place of attraction for small boys who lived in the neighborhood, and many lessons in natural history, which could not be taught in schools, were imparted in this way to the members of the rising generation. Nowadays there are but few naturalists in New York. Nearly all the fur-bearing animals and feathered birds are used for purposes of adornment, especially by women. Mink and beaver skins are no longer popular as parlor ornaments, though stuffed birds in glass cases are occasionally to be seen.—*New York Sun.*

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.
Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Lalck, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.
Nov. 5.—Brunswick Fur Club. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

COURSING

Oct. 9.—American Coursing Club's meeting at Huron, S. D. L. Zutaverne, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge.
Oct. 16.—Kenmore Club's annual meeting at Goodland, Kan. C. F Weber, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R Taylor, slipper.
Oct. 23.—Western Kansas Coursing Club's meeting at Leoti, Kan. W. O. Allphin, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Oct. 30.—Cheyenne Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.
Oct. 30.—Altcar Coursing Club's autumn meeting at Holyoke, Col. S. W. Vidler, secretary. Basil Hayman, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Nov. 14.—California State meeting at Merced, Cal. J. R Dickson, secretary.

Western Massachusetts Fox Club's Meet.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been decided by the executive committee of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club to have their seventh annual meet Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 31 and Nov. 1 in this place. The committee have, after due consultation of the almanac, made special arrangements with the Weather Bureau to have two days of fine weather for this season's hunt, the past two seasons having been decidedly unpleasant. It is expected, and due preparations are being made to make this gathering the most successful one thus far, not only as to the increased numbers of hunters and foxhounds present, but in other respects. Our local nimrods have augmented the number of dogs in the past year, and many noted fox hunters with their hounds have informed President Roraback of their intention of being present to participate in this season's hunt.

The club to-day is in a very flourishing condition, and with its 250 or more members will make a fine showing at this gathering.

The hotel accommodations will be all the most exacting can expect, as with the New Park Square (which was destroyed by fire just previous to the last meet), which is in first class shape, will be enabled to meet all demands made upon it, while the other houses will be up to their usual first-class condition to entertain all their old and as many new friends as may demand their attention.

Many of the visitors last season were entertained by resident members of the club, and the acquaintances and friendships thus formed will be ones of pleasure and lifelong friendship. The club is always ready and pleased to receive and entertain visiting sportsmen, and all members of the guild will find the latchstring without—and as President Roraback in his genial manner says—the more the merrier—and a pleasant time will be assured to all who love the chase and the "merrie baying of the hounds." WORONOCO.

Westfield, Mass., Sept. 29.

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A Noted Beagle Kennel.

To one who loves a dog because it is a dog, and especially if that dog be one of the hound family, there are few more pleasant means of spending a half holiday than a ramble through a good beagle kennel. The other day, in response to an oft extended invitation from Mr. Kreuder, president of the National Beagle Club, we ran out to his place at Nanuet, N. Y., celebrated as the scene of the National Beagle Club's field trials the past three years.

The kennels are pleasantly situated in an apple orchard, the main building being 130ft. long, containing thirteen rooms 10ft. square. The main kennel yard, liberally shaded by old apple trees, is 85×130ft., and in this yard the pack of old dogs roam at will. Half the yard is covered with rough brush and weeds which afforded grateful retreats during the intense hot weather the last few months. At the back of the building are four separate yards for puppies, each yard being 80×10ft., with shade trees in each, and a large yard adjoins where a large half-grown pack runs at will. The lower part of the main building is reserved for brood bitches and their puppies.

MR. L. C. WHITON'S SPINAWAY.
First in Challenge Class, New York Show, 1894.

Old champion Frank Forest, looking as strong as a two-year-old and in rugged health, is the first to greet us; then our old friend champion Lou gave a whimper, whether of recognition or welcome mattered not to us as long as she was looking so well. Another good-looking beagle in the pack was Little Frank, by champion Frank Forest, a winner in the 1893 trials. He is handsomely marked and well formed. Marvel is a big hound, well calculated to push through any cover and suit the advocates of a 16 inch standard. He is, we are told, a good hunter, and it is a pity he is not an inch lower, as he is well put together. Among the others are Millie, Fanny K. and Madeline. Fanny is well known, being a frequent winner at the shows. Gay is a bitch that her owner will depend upon in the trials and said to be a great hunter.

In the back yard were a lot of youngsters about 7 months old, and we soon picked out Emeline II. as something that in spite of her present shyness is likely to make a name for herself when shown, her beautiful expression, ears and front combined with an almost faultless body command notice even in a bitch so young. She is by Frank Forest out of Norah K., and a granddaughter of the noted Emeline. She will be a 14½in. beagle and is probably the best that this kennel has yet bred. Norah's Girl is another of this litter whose prettiness and sweet expression commands attention. Dandy K. is a racy looking pup out of Zillah, by Frank Forest; a little long-headed to suit the sawdust ring. There were youngsters of all colors and degrees of excellence here and one would be difficult to please, indeed, if he could not find one to fill the bill either for field or bench.

In one of the compartments was a litter of four, eight weeks old, by Roy K. out of Grayburn Daisy, prettily marked, but of course too young for anything but speculation in futures. In another compartment was Belle II. with a month old pup by Roy K., whose sad expression and upturned eyes reminded one of a canine Evangeline, if one could imagine such an animal. A smart little Lonely pup nursing with this one looks like making something good. Fanchette, that ran in the trials, was nursing a litter of six pups, three days old, and Norah K. was attending to another family by Roy K., one week old, and Mr. Kreuder is looking for an Emeline III. here. The family likeness that runs through this strain is very noticeable.

Out into the front yard again after inspecting the "dip" tank, filled with a decoction that is "good" for fleas, mange, and other ills of dogdom. The dogs all get a dip in this every week, and their freedom from sores, etc., shows that prevention is better than cure. Again we had a look at the "entered" hounds and noticed Lonely looking well and likely to have another litter soon. Roy K.'s antics attracted our attention next; he is in fine condition and fit to go on the bench or in the field any moment. He is siring some good stock just now and proving a useful dog.

Time passed and we could only spare a few minutes for a look at Mr. Kreuder's first kennel, built years ago by his father; turkeys and chickens find an asylum there now. Down below the orchard is a stream in which the dogs can take a splash, and further off is the hospital. "But I've not used it for more than a year," says Mr. Kreuder, and we were glad to hear it. Such buildings should be a part of every well regulated kennel. It is now in order to say that the kennels were sweet and clean, and this we can do with a clear conscience, for every thing was spick and span, for though Mr. Kreuder is away from home a great deal, he has a good kennel man and an able lieutenant in Miss Kreuder, who takes a great interest in the "merrie" beagle. A parting chorus that rang in our ears until we reached the din of the city, brought a very pleasant afternoon to a close. H. W. L.

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Coomassie.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue I noticed your remarks about this celebroted greyhound. In reading about her I was reminded somewhat of her career, and while I have not followed the coursing news very much, I certainly thought Coomassie died two or three years ago. Now I am not a surgeon, but I should think there would have been little or no difficulty in identifying the right Coomassie, inasmuch as, if my memory serves me right, after winning the Waterloo cup two successive years, she broke a leg while in trainigg, and I should think there would be a strong probability of there being some signs of the fracture even at this late date, as the bitch must have been three to six years of age at the time the accident is reported to have occurred. Such an accident may never have occurred, but it was a common impression in the east of England at the time, where local interest was great.

COMEDY.

Melrose, Mass., Sept. 26.

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The American Coursing Board.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. Q. Van Hummell in your issue of Aug. 25 asserts that same of the statements from my pen, in regard to the American Coursing Board—his own individual scheme—are not correct. He fails, however, to state wherein they are not so.

As to the charge that I voted for the change in Rule 18. I did so vote, but fail to see what that has to do with the subject under discussion. Since he has asked me to give my reasons for changing my opinion on this subject I will do so. After more deliberate consideration of the matter I concluded that I had erred in voting for the change. At some future time I will be pleased to go into details and show him why I came to this conclusion.

My assertion that the motion of T. W. Bartels was pigeonholed has not yet been refuted. The Doctor states that Mr. Watson asked that a reasonable time be allowed for discussion. That is true; but does the Doctor maintain that sixty days or more is a reasonable time?

The Doctor attempts to sidetrack the question, and bring in other issues. I have made no personal attack. I simply contended that the American Coursing Board was not conducted in an open-handed, fair way. The statement has not been successfully contradicted. Let him confine himself to the subject and I will promise to do likewise.

In support of any charges, I say that the action of the president of the Board, in regard to the motion made by T. W. Bartels, was not fair. The Doctor asks me, "by what rule of order he can ask a vote upon an original motion, to which an amendment has been offered, before the motion has been voted on and either accepted or voted down." I make no such contention. I do contend, however, that "no amendment can be offered to a motion until it has been restated by the presiding officer (see Robert's Rules of Order—Cushing's Manual, Jefferson, etc.)." In the case under discussion, I contend that the motion made by T. W. Bartels, and seconded by J. H. Watson, was not stated by the president until the last of July; that the amendment of Dr. Van Hummell was offered before the motion had been stated, and that having been offered before the motion was stated that it was out of order and should not have been entertained by the president. Will the Doctor kindly show me some authority to the contrary?

He informs us that he knew nothing of the motion until June 30, at which time it reached him in the "wilds of Michigan." Does this not savor of the wilds of Michigan?

In common with the other members he saw it published in the issue of the *American Field* of June 30. If this surmise is correct, then I would inform the Doctor that publishing the motion in that journal does not constitute "stating the motion."

Within thirty minutes after receipt of the motion on June 30 by the Doctor he informs us that he wrote out his amendment and sent it to Mr. Lowe, although the amendment as sent out to the members by Mr. Lowe bears date of July 10; quite a difference between thirty minutes and ten days, is there not? If the amendment of June 30 was proper, what excuse is there for withholding it for thirty days before sending it out to the members? Is it fair to conduct matters in this manner? (I don't think that the Doctor asked for any reasonable time for discussion). I do not think it fair to withhold any motion or amendment for thirty days or for twenty days, as the date of the amendment would seem to indicate the time it was withheld.

As to my statement, "why offer any amendment, etc.," quoted by the Doctor, I would state that I intended to use the words, "practically the same," in place of "just." The only excuse I have to offer the public for inflicting them with such nonsense is that I wrote my article hurriedly (in a little over 30 minutes) and in that way the error crept in.

As to the presidency of the American Coursing Board, I

sincerely thank the Doctor, through your columns, for his proffered support for the position, but must decline with thanks. I am not a member of the board—don't know whether I could be, even if I desired to, as I don't own any club—and at present time do not desire to become a member. I prefer to be a free lance.

In conclusion, I would suggest to the Doctor that he answer the charges as to the American Coursing Board and how matters are conducted, and not try to sidetrack the issues by an offer of the presidency of "his individual scheme."

L. F. BARTELS.

KIT CARSON, Col.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

There was some coursing a couple of weeks since at Ocean View, Cal., while the thermometer registered 90 to 95° in the shade! Competition must have been hot. Such sport (?) is brutal.

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The well-known greyhound Midnight, which was sent out to the coast, if we mistake not by Mr. H. W. Smith, of Worcester, Mass., has, according to *Breeder and Sportsman*, just been purchased by Mr. Hugo McCracken, of San Francisco. Midnight is by Friday Night out of Mother Demdike, and is the sire of such noted greyhounds as Skyrocket, Shortstop, etc.

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The greyhound Waratah, that was imported by Mr. Lopez, of San Francisco, from Australia, is a son of Livingston, whose daughter Bloomer, as told in these columns, won the Australian Waterloo cup. Another daughter of his, Belgravia, was successful in the same stake in 1892, and Livingston himself won the Cup in 1887. Waratah has run well forward in several events since his arrival in California and no doubt his blood will prove valuable to California breeders.

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Mr. Basil Hayman will judge the Altcar Club meeting at La Crosse, Kan., on Oct. 30, in place of Mr. E. H. Mulcaster.

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An adjourned meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, New York, on Thursday, Oct. 11, at 3:30 P. M. The members are requested to be present.

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Mr. Frederic S. Webster, of New York, will represent the Northwestern Beagle Club as delegate to the A. K. C. Intending nominators should bear in mind that the entries for the trials to be held by this club will close Oct. 20, and those who desire further information should write Mr. Louis Steffen, 781 Third street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

OCTOBER.

6. Cor. Phila., Sweeps, Del. River 20. Cor. Phila., Club, Del. River.
13. San Francisco Cor., Final Sail.

New British Yachts.

ACCORDING to the following extract from the *Field*, a fair amount of building is already assured, with the certainty of more orders later on:

It is satisfactory to be able to announce that the great interest aroused in yachting this year has already resulted in a good number of orders for new boats being placed with Clyde designers and builders. Of these, the most important is the first-class racing cutter of about 160-rating which Mr. Wm. Fife, Jr., is to design for Mr. A. B. Walker, owner of the 20-rater Thelma. A vessel of this size might be built at the famous little Fairlie yard, but to launch her on the shallow foreshore would be an impossibility, so her construction is to be intrusted to Messrs. Inglis, at Pointhouse, the builders of Calluna.

The 40 rating class is to receive an addition from the design of Mr. G. L. Watson to the order of a brother of the owner of Thelma. Mr. Watson is also engaged upon the designs of a 20-rater for the Emperor of Germany, which is to be raced in British waters.

The class specially characteristic of the Clyde, the 10-raters, is not, as far as yet known, to be enlivened by the addition of any new boats. Mr. Arthur (formerly owner of Phantom) has abandoned his inteution of building, and Dakotah's wonderful powers have fairly frightened all other yachtsmen. If this class is to be kept on the programme next season, it will need to be under handicap conditions. With the addition of Dora, five boats would be available, and, their various merits being now well known, it would not be difficult to handicap them so as to produce good sport.

For the Irish class of 6-raters, Mr. Watson is designing a new boat to the order of Mr. R. B. Burnside.

The 5-raters here this season have had most frequently to go along with the cruising tens, but it is intended to elevate them to the rank of a class by themselves next year.

Mr. Alex. Scott, having decided to sell Almida, has ordered a first class racing 5-rater from Mr. Fife, which when launched, will be known by the same name as the present boat. Several other fives are talked of though none are yet actually on order.

In the 23ft. class Mr. R. M. Donaldson is to replace Norka with a new boat; but the owners of Vida and Thaher consider their present craft good enough for another year.

There is a feeling among some of the experienced boat sailers that a new length class of 20ft. l.w.l., and with 450 to 500sq. ft. of sail area, would suit the wants of many men better than either of the existing classes, and it has been arranged to hold a meeting at an early date to consider the matter.

The 1-raters and 0.5-raters, so popular at other yachting centers, are attracting a good deal of attention here, and a move has been made toward forming a club for the special purpose of promoting match sailing in the evenings with boats of these ratings.

In addition to the yachts already mentioned, Mr. Watson has on hand designs for a 40-ton cruiser for Sir Richard Bulkeley, Bart., a fast cruising cutter for Mr. H. M. Williams, a 2.5-rater for Shanghai, and, in his capacity as designer to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, a new lifeboat for Blackpool.

As regards steam yachts, Mr. Peter Coats, of Paisley, has just instructed Mr. Watson to design for him a vessel of 450 tons, and Mr. Alex. Scott is negotiating for one of about 40 tons.

Massachusetts Y. C.

BOSTON—DORCHESTER BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 22.

THE last race of the Massachusetts Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 22 over the Dorchester Bay courses, an open race. The wind was light S.W. and the times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.01	1 10 13	0 46 13
Romance, L. Sears	23.02	1 13 38	0 49 42
Eulalie, E. S. Hunt	22.06	1 18 19	0 53 48
Thrush		Withdrew.	
Adoph		Withdrew.	
Pioneer		Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Nike, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	1 26 24	. . . .
Ruth, P. H. Fox		1 26 39	. . . .
Spinster, L. M. Clark		1 28 15	. . . .
Hobo, T. W. King		1 28 33	. . . .
Hullo, H. Y. C		1 29 44	. . . .
SECOND CLASS.			
Arab, W. F. Scott	19.01	1 37 43	1 09 51
Joker, B. Putnam	19.10	1 38 04	1 11 01
THIRD CLASS.			
In It, R. B. Williams	18.03	1 23 09	0 54 20
illett, Percy Hodges	17.09	1 27 07	0 57 43
ge, C. Schindler	17.05	1 28 26	0 58 37
M[illegible], J. W. Sanborn	15.11	1 31 14	0 59 26
mp, L. A. Harton	15.11	1 31 39	0 59 51
leurez, Walsh Bros	14.00	1 35 42	1 00 59

The judges were Messrs. A. J. Clark and W. B. Crosby.

Knickerbocker Y. C. Ladies' Day.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 22.

THE Knickerbocker Y. C. concluded a successful season on Sept. 22 with a ladies' race, in which 19 yachts started. The course was a six mile triangle, two rounds, sailed with a good S.W. wind, the mes heing:

FOURTH CLASS—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Edith, G. A. Cooper	32.07	3 25 00	4 52 07
Allace. A. N. Holden	30.00	3 25 00	4 57 35
Yolande, A. E. Keeper	31.06	3 25 00	5 04 30
Pirate, E. C. Hogg	28 09	3 25 00	5 10 30
FIFTH CLASS -CABIN SLOOPS.			
Bacchante, G. Wagner	27.00	3 25 00	5 08 00
Nanita, H. Stevenson	32.06	3 25 00	5 06 00
SIXTH CLASS—OPEN CATBOATS.			
Truant, W. H. Titus	29.06	3 35 00	4 57 00
Leisure. F. B. Myrick	31.03½	3 25 00	5 05 07
Ann, D. H. Burdett, Jr	31.00½	3 35 00	5 08 30
SEVENTH CLASS—OPEN CATBOATS.			
Aache, E. A. Fairchild	26.00	3 35 00	5 06 30
Melita, O. H. Obelborg	22.07	3 35 00	5 12 45
Themis, A. F. Petry	21.00	3 35 00	4 57 01
Florence, J. G. Honey	21.06	3 35 00	5 17 00
EIGHTH CLASS—OPEN CATBOATS.			
J. I. M., J. I. Merritt, Jr	33.00	3 35 00	5 11 00
Annie Seaman, C. Coughtry	32.00	3 35 00	5 03 45
NINTH CLASS—CATBOATS.			
Gladys, C. W. Schelsenger	35.00	3 35 00	5 15 30
Violet, G. A. Wieners	21.00	3 35 00	4 47 21
TENTH CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.			
Flora, F. G. Pauly	35.00	3 24 00	4 40 00
Gem, C. L. Strollmeyer	23.00	3 25 00	4 53 00

The winners are: Fourth class, Editb; fifth class, Nanita; sixth class, Truant; seventh class, Themis; eighth class, Annie Seaman; ninth class, Violet; tenth class, Flora.

Shamrock—Elsiemarie.

THE postponed match between the schooners Shamrock, W. P. Ward, and Elsiemarie, J. B. King, was finally sailed on Sept. 24; a quick and exciting race in a good breeze. In addition to the private stakes, the Larchmont Y. C. added a cup costing $100. The wind was fresh from N. W. in the morning, and the Eaton's Neck-Stamford-Hempstead course was selected, thirty-six nautical miles. The steam yacht Jessie, C. H. Murrary, acted as judges' boat, carrying Messrs. Augustin Monroe and A. Marshall; and the start was signaled at 11:35. Elsiemarie went over at 11:37:50, but Shamrock was in trouble and did not cross till 11:43:19, with a handicap of 3m. 19s. The first leg, of 15½ miles, was a broad reach, and the start was made with ballooners set, spinakers being tried later on, and taken in and reset as the wind hauled. Elsiemarie sailed fastest off the wind, and at the turn had a long lead, the times being: Elsiemarie 1:28:37, Shamrock 1:42:32.

The next 7 miles was to windward, and when settled down to her work, Shamrock began to make up for lost time; and at Stamford mark she had cut in two her rival's lead, the times being: Elsiemarie 2:58:08, Shamrock 3:04:16.

On the reach of 10 miles to the Hempstead mark with too much wind for club topsails and with sheets in, the two showed nearly even, the times at Hempstead being: Elsiemarie 3:57:30, Shamrock 3:04:18.

The last 3 mile leg was to windward; and this time Elsiemarie made a gain of 3 minutes, the finish being timed: Elsiemarie 4:26:41, Shamrock 4:35:51.

The final times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elsiemarie	75.60	4 48 51	4 48 51
Shamrock	73.18	4 55 51	4 53 26

The other two matches, between Queen Mab and Wasp, Vlator and Atlantic, have been declared off.

Beverly Y. C.

MONUMENT BEACH.

Saturday, Sept. 22.

THE 219th race, sail off for second class pennant, in Buzzards Bay, was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 22, in a light southerly wind. The second class boats not eligible to sail for pennant sailed a separate sweepstakes of their own. Linotte led during most of the windward work, but as wind lightened Kalama went by her. Gymnote won easily in the sweepstakes.

PENNANT RACE.

	Length.	Elapsed.
Kalama, Chas. Brewer	23.07	2 12 27
Linotte, W. P. Wilson	23.02	2 16 07
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	23.08	2 25 38
SWEEPSTAKES.		
Gymnote. W. E. C. Eustis	23.08	2 19 21
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr	23.04	2 20 29
Mist, G. H. Lyman	23.09	2 22 11
Ulula, W. H. Winship	22.04	2 25 41

Kalama wins the championship. Gymnote wins the sweep. Course 10¼ miles. Judge, A. H. Hardy.

Yorkville Y. C.

NEW YORK—EAST RIVER.

THE Yorkville Y. C. sailed its last race of the season on Sept. 23, the wind being fresh S.E. The times were:

CLASS A—SLOOPS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Maud	27.02	12 21 15	3 09 00
Cygnet	27.09	12 24 15	3 23 00
CLASS B—SLOOPS.			
Zetes	22.07	12 23 00	3 37 15
Tip Top	19.10	12 22 00	3 40 30
Gypsy	20.05	12 26 00	Not finish
CLASS C—CATBOATS.			
Little Dean	16.05	1 05'30	Not finish
Belle	15.06	1 05 35	3 56 30

The winners were: In Class A, Maud; Class B, Zetes, and Class C, Belle.

Lynn Y. C. Expert Cup.

LYNN—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 22.

The last race of the Expert cup series was sailed on Sept. 22, the wind being fresh N. W. at the start, but dying down to a calm before the finish. the times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alpine. S. J. Blethen	1 36 35	1 03 58
Irene, Gordon & Co	1 32 30	1 07 10
Astria, R. M. Benner	1 37 08	1 09 11
Black Cloud, Taylor & Putnam	1 35 15	1 11 11
Sans Pareil, R. Auger	1 49 05	1 16 50
Alice, L. P. Lynch	did not finish.	
Nellie Farley, E. C. Smith	did not finish.	

Quincy Y. C.

THE last race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 22 in a light S.W. wind. It was practically a resail of the race of Aug. 25, in which Mudjekeewis was disabled and White Fawn went to her assistance. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed	Corrected.
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	26.03	2 34 30	2 03 45
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	24.10	2 37 00	2 04 45
Mudjekeewis, Davis & Abbott	25.09	2 38 12	2 06 56
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw	24.08	2 42 22	2 09 56

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

On Sept. 23 a private match was sailed between Penguin, Mr. Geo. A. Brightson, and Alga, Mr. J. Littlefield. Penguin is a centerboard sloop, probably one of the fastest of the Ellsworth boats, though she has never been raced steadily, and Alga is the first of the Burgess 46-footers, a keel cruiser designed for the late Mr. C. A. Longfellow. The course was from off the Atlantic Y. C. house, around Southwest Spit and the Bell Buoy off the Hook. Alga made a good start, in a fresh S.W. breeze, and led easily over the course, winning by about 5m.

An interesting race was sailed on Sept. 22 by the catboats Mary and Almira, for a $50 cup offered by Com. Tyson, of the Riverside Y. C., the course being six miles to windward and return from Little Captain's Island. Mary sailed much better after some recent alterations, and beat Almira by 4m. 58s. corrected time:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mary, W. Ellsworth	2 57 07	2 57 07
Almira, W. H. Hanan	3 02 12	3 02 08

Mr. Arthur Binney has purchased the interest of the late George A. Stewart in the firm of Stewart & Binney, and will continue the business of yacht designing at the same office, 181 Tremont street, Boston.

The Boston *Globe* of Sept. 23 contains a careful and complete summary of the local races of the new knockabout class, the results being tabulated in a very effective manner.

Messrs. McIntyre and Kirk, at Quincy Point, have already hauled out Jubilee for the winter and will also haul out Pilgrim. The latter has turned out quite a success as a steam yacht.

About fifty members and guests of the Atlantic Y. C. sat down to a good dinner at the club house, Bay Ridge, on Sept. 26, the dinner being tendered to the flag officers of the Seawanbaka Corinthian and Larchmont clubs, in recognition of the courtesies extended to the Atlantic Y. C. on its annual cruise last July. Messrs. George and Howard Gould were also invited in the expectation that they would be back in New York in time for such an official welcome from the club, of which both are members, but they did not arrive in time. Com. Banks presided, and the whole affair passed off very pleasantly. Vice-Com. Ketchum made some very pertinent and appropriate remarks concerning Vigilant and her owners.

Captains Haff and Jeffrey arrived at New York on Oct. 1 on board the Berlin. The tug Ida L. Tebo, with a party of yacht skippers, met them at Quarantine and took off Capt. Jeffrey, but Capt. Haff continued on to the pier at New York, where his wife was waiting. A hearty welcome had been prepared for both captains at South Brooklyn, but they went at once to their homes at Islip and Bay Shore.

The St. Augustine Y. C. house was wrecked by the cyclone of Sept. 25, and much damage has been done to yachts and boats on the Florida coast.

The annual meeting of the Sewaren Land and Water Club was held on Sept. 29 at the club house, Sewaren, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres. (commodore *ex officio*), Wm. M. Ballard, launch Elthilda; Vice-Com. (vice-commodore *ex officio*), F. D. Wright, cutter Vala; Sec'y, L. Bruce Fulton; Treas., F. A. Sollace; Governors for three years, Charles W. Ballard, launch Elthilda; D. G. Whitlock, cat Monsoon; House Committee, Charles Badgley, R. G. Clarkson, G. L. Boynton, E. D. Ruggles, C. M. Cooper; Committee on Constitution and By-Laws, Charles Badgley, L. B. Fulton, William F. Martin; Committee to Prepare New Sailing Rules, D. G. Whitlock, Thomas W. Hawkins, R. G. Clarkson. An informal reception was held in the club house after the meeting.

The Paris *Figaro* is the authority for a statement that Satanita has been sold to a French yachtsman, who will race her in the Mediterranean; and also that three of the British 20-raters will be purchased by other French yachtsmen for the same purpose.

Meneen, the Herreshoff 2½-rater, owned by Mr. Hardie Jackson, has won 46 prizes about the Solent this season.

On Sept. 18 Vigilant was hauled out for the winter at Fay's yard, Northam, Southampton, while Atalanta will winter in the docks at the same port.

The following yachts and launches will be hauled out for the winter at Charles L. Seabury & Co.'s yards at Nyack-on-Hudson: Steam yachts and launches—Allegra, Anemone, Claymore, Nereid, Margaret, Satellite, Marjencha, So So, Cricket, Palos, Xiphias, Hirondelle, Charlietta, Daisy, Delma and others. Sloops, etc.—May, fin-keel yacht Trust Me, Kabeyun and others.

Asphodel, 20-rater, designed by Mr. Watson this year, has been sold by Prince Henry of Battenberg, and will leave for the Mediterranean.

Dacotah, the Herreshoff 10-rater, has a record for her first season of 33 starts, 25 first prizes, one other prize, and £274 winnings. Her nearest competitor is the Fife boat Lilith, with 32 starts, 11 firsts, 10 other prizes, and £137. Sula, the Watson boat, stands 26 starts, 2 firsts, 6 others, and £35. Dacotah also won two challenge cups.

Admiral, steam yacht, is at Lawley's yard, to be lengthened about 16ft. in the bows.

The Minneapolis M. Y. R. A. brought off a race in the 40in. class on Sept. 23 in a strong westerly breeze, the course being about three-eighths of a mile to windward. Two boats competed, Minerva, J. Hadden, and D. H. E., E. F. English, the latter a new boat which was only put in the water about an hour before the race. The models carried full lower sail. After an even start Minerva drew ahead, D. H. E. being delayed to trim sheets. On getting under way again she ran past to leeward. Minerva was holding the wind better, however, and when she went about had a good lead, which she increased considerably toward the finish, D. H. E. getting into trouble with her automatic rudder. Minerva sailed very steadily all through, doing much better work than heretofore. The new boat showed good speed, and when in trim will likely prove equal to beating Minerva.

The autumn race of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia will be sailed on Oct. 6, starting off the club station, Essington.

On Sept. 26 the Manchester (Mass.) Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., A. Walpole Craigie; Vice-Com., F. L. Ames; Rear-Com., John A. Barnham, Jr.; Sec'y and Treas., Chas. A. Cooley, 3 School street, Boston; Meas., Edwin P. Stanley; Delegate and Chairman Regatta Committee, Alex. H. Higginson.

On Sept. 26 Capt. Isaiah Conover, of Atlantic City, was found dead in his boat. The yacht was sailing alone about Absecom Bay, when she was boarded by another boatman.

The Massachusetts Y. C. closed its summer quarters at Rowe's wharf, Boston, on Sept. 29, and will open its winter quarters, 15 Hayward Place, Boston, on Oct. 6. The floats at the landing will be kept until Oct. 10, and the quarters at Dorchester will remain open until the same date.

Canoeing.

Paddling on the Snohomish and Snoqualmie.

THE double-bladed paddle is not a popular appendix to a canoe in western Washington waters, therefore when I chartered a Siwash *canim* for a voyage up the Snohomish and Snoqualmie, last summer, my Indian vendor, in classic Chinook, said it was *hy-as kul-tus* and insisted on my taking the venerated single blade. So we, for my wife formed one of the crew, compromised matters by taking both.

The climax of "canoebial" bliss is probably reached in a narrow, light craft, wherein one can recline against a back rest and dip the long double blade with nonchalant ease, hour after hour, in smooth water, as distinguished from being twisted through the shoulders in driving the single blade in troubled currents. But when you have a sizeable craft, fairly well water-soaked, and a vicious current to combat, the aboriginal tool becomes a very serviceable implement, and the fun of canoeing resolves into genuine solid work. Out on the waters of the Pacific Northwest you meet with considerable of that kind of work (with brief interludes for contemplative ease) when you assume the task of ascending a current. But once the headwaters of the rivers are reached and the descent begun, and the sport then becomes water tobogganing of the most exhilarating kind.

Our canoe was built by a family of the Tulalip reservation, after the manner of the Siwash, from a cedar log, having an over all length of 18ft., beam 32in., amidship depth of 13in. and being entirely open. It was an example of pure carving and exquisite model. The Siwash are expert modelers, having a keen perception of the art of design according to nature's methods, for they create without the aid of a small working model or drawing, and build for the uses intended, hence there will be found slight differences or modifications of the type, according to localities or tribal symbolisms prevailing all along the coast of the North Pacific. The accompanying drawing of sheer plan and midship section illustrates certain peculiarities in type of the larger and sea-going canoes, ranging from 30 to 60ft. in length, in which these amphibians of the west coast brave the seas from the Columbia to Alaska.

In the smaller and river craft, such as we used in our cruise, the forward overhang is less pronounced, and instead of the well defined cutwater the bow is curved more in conformity with the civilized spoonbill type. The usual method of building is to dig out the body, fill with water and throw in hot stones until the water boils and softens the wood, when spreaders are put across and the topsides are pressed out until the desired width and rise of sheer are obtained. Then with hatchet and knife the irregular outlines are softened into a graceful contour, the body scraped and polished, and the final touches of ornamentation wrought according to the legendary and artistic qualifications of the artisan. In addition to their expertness as marine architects and builders, the Siwash are born cruisers, and during probably more than half of their existence are afloat; at all times of the year, and on all the waterways of the country west of the Cascades, you can meet whole families with their camp outfit in their canoes drifting and paddling wherever fancy dictates.

The Snohomish is a powerful river formed by the union of the Skykomish and Snoqualmie, and has a length below the junction of some twenty odd miles, emptying its waters around a series of deltas by four mouths into Puget Sound at the city of Everett. It is navigable for small steamers and is influenced by tides throughout, and for a large part of its length pierces a dense forest of cedar and fir. The Skykomish is navigable for extremely light draft boats up to near the foot hills, and then becomes a torrent of white water, having

its source in the Cascades, and offers many miles of down hill sport. There are a few settlements scattered along its banks, and several fine ranches below the range, but its headwaters traverse a primeval country. The lower Snoqualmie is kindly disposed toward the voyager, but its headwaters are not commended to the canoeman. Upon the upper river are two magnificent waterfalls, the lower one making a sheer plunge of 265ft., and there trout fishing is good and well rewards the bearer of a rod for a trip into the picturesque cañons of the foot hills.

We embarked in the Ee-na, jargon for beaver, at Everett, one lazy day in the latter part of August, and dipped our paddles in the flood tide setting up the Snohomish, joining company with the hump-back salmon that had commenced running to their spawning beds lying beneath the shadow of Index Peak. The river fairly swarmed with the eager fish. The hump-back salmon, *Oncorhynchus gorbuscha*, represents one of the supposed five varieties of salmon on this coast. Every two years it ascends the rivers from the ocean, in countless numbers, to spawn, and after consummating the act of maternity the majority die, while the remainder struggle back to salt water in a mutilated condition. Such is the belief prevalent on this coast.

It had been told to me that the "humpy" traveled about three miles per day, and partook of food during its spawning journey, but could not be prevailed upon to take a baited hook. I soon satisfied myself on the latter point, but by various devices succeeded in capturing various specimens of both male and female at frequent intervals and examined their stomachs. Those fish taken near the Sound contained food and evidences of digestion; further up the river digestion seemed imperfect, while near the headwaters shrunken stomachs and torpid conditions prevailed. I bottled various specimens of viscera, and on my return submitted them to several crude microscopical and chemical tests, but with imperfect results, yet enough was adduced to warrant my inference that if a careful investigation under some scientific method was conducted interesting results would follow.

My observations on the daily progress of the salmon showed an average of about three miles per each twenty-four hours. The ratio of speed seemed to differ according to the condition of the water and the fructiferous state of the female, hence the foregoing average has been predicated on a numerous series of calculations dating from salt water to the spawning beds. Many of the Indians believe that distance cuts no figure in the duration of the journey, but that as the salmon always return to spawn in the place of their nativity, they hover around the mouths of the rivers awaiting the development of the eggs, and knowing the points to which they will ascend, time their movements accordingly. Sex is strongly marked in the external form of the "humpy." The female is of fair symmetrical contour, but the male, particularly after entering fresh water, shows the hump largely developed, which, with the peculiar hook of the mouth, detracts from beauty of form.

At frequent intervals along the river banks, at the bends, we noticed camps of Siwash engaged in seining the running salmon and curing them for market and home consumption. As an Indian's gastronomic tastes are always opposed to a white man's, so in this instance he prefers the flabby, feverish, insipid flesh of the male "humpy." But neither is a running female taken in fresh water a white man's delicacy measured by an epicurian standard, and only when taken in salt water are the females, rarely the males, adapted to canning. Just previous to the run I saw fishermen seining them out of the Sound, making single hauls of the seine in which thousands were taken, and then counted into the cannery scows at one cent each fish averaging 6lbs. No stretch of the imagination is needed to predicate the fate of the salmon on such wholesale depletion.

After passing the Pilchuck, which empties into the main river at Snohomish City, the salmon trout afforded some sport with a light rod, baiting with salmon roe. These trout become so voracious as they follow the gravid salmon, that they will seize the eggs as ejected by the females. They are strong and gamy, and put up a good little fight before they succumb to the resilience of the bamboo or lance. Trout—and there are several varieties in the State—will at certain seasons take a fly either in river or lake. Sometimes, however, they are coy, but the salmon roe, which is about the size of a pea, fastened to the point of the hook, is a lure they cannot resist.

There is something commendable in this to an angler who is after grub. I recall many days back East when I have sallied forth with a book stocked with a dozen kinds of flies, and have whipped a stream or tried a pitch into a good-looking pool, drew blanks, put on a different gang of flies, still no strike, and so on through my list. At last, after an expenditure of time and patience, I perhaps struck the correct combination and a trout. So far I have not duplicated similar experiences on this side of the range. When I have dropped a fly into a likely looking bit of water with no results, I have not wasted time in going through a gaudy assortment of tinsel and feathers, but just simply put on two or more of the sticky, pink-tinted salmon eggs, and right speedily my rod tip bowed its approval.

The ascent of the Snohomish was made in a leisurely manner. Ranch eggs, butter and milk were obtainable at convenient intervals, wild berries grew in profusion along the banks, and camp sites were numerous. Frequently we toyed with the current, hugging the shore now on one side to avoid the main stream and then shooting across upon reaching a bend where the waters ran plump into the bank, throwing back eddies that would catch our craft and make it spin as we allowed it to follow the whirl and converge toward the vortex, in pure abandon to a motion that was enjoyable without exertion on our part. And then we would exclaim, "How nice," and probably madam would say, "Don't you wish we could continue this all the time?" until at last with prompt authority I would say, "Well, let us get a hustle," and then the paddle would drive the canoe out of the charmed circles of the dancing eddies, and once more point upward. But as time was not of the essence of our contract we cheated the current by camping over on the ebb tide and sought the advantage of the flood in the upward journey.

There was plenty of company along the Snohomish. Little puffing sternwheel steamers frequently bore down on us, or one would come up astern, giving us a spiteful wash and congratulatory toot at the same time. Anon we ran the gauntlet of a log drive or raft that ran along under the impulse of gravity and a momentum commanding a wholesome respect. But the most frequent traveler was a canoe similar to our own model containing a Siwash outfit of picturesque vagabonds dressed in garbs as vivid in coloring as a Canadian forest in autumn. A coast Indian is a lazy fellow except when in a canoe. Seated in his shapely dugout, he wields a paddle all day long easily, gracefully and persistently, and Mrs. Siwash ably backs him on the job.

One day after entering the Snoqualmie we passed a point where a Siwash, his klootchman (squaw) and three little smoke-dried kids had camped. They were embarking as we passed and hailed us in the coast jargon. We had perhaps a dozen yards the start as they dipped their paddles and started in for a race. Now, I had theretofore hugged the delusion that I was no slouch with a paddle, and my wife used one with power, but those troublesome natives pulled up on us, held the boats level for a few yards, and seemed likely to pass. We had held near the shore with the advantage of slack water and a lighter boat, and settling down to the work the boats fairly flew along together. Occasionally the Siwash would shout a guttural command to his squaw, who would bend on a little harder with her paddle, and then turn toward us with a grin on her huge mouth that divided her swarthy face into two segments of smoked bacon, as she would guy me in pure Chinook. For 200yds. we kept the pace, and as my arms began to unjoint there was a splash and yell from the Tulalip craft that called a halt. One of the little Siwash imps in leaning too far out had gone overboard, greatly to my gratification, as it called off the race.

My wife uttered a cry, fearing the little tot would drown. "Don't worry," I said, "the water is cold enough to paralyze a white mortal, but that little greasy scamp is in his element, so just watch the proceedings." Two strokes of the paddles and the canoe swung into position, when the Indian grabbed the child by the hair and swung it sprawling into the boat, and as it lay sputtering on its face the fond parent raised its arterial circulation by a stimulating application of the paddle.

"What a shame!" said my wife. "Which?" I asked, "the providential immersion of the kid that saved us the race, or the fanning it got from the paddle?"

A summer cruise in western Washington is delightful. No rain falls and the temperature is always agreeable. Dry camp sites abound, and the subject of a camp site along the streams piercing the mountains and forests presents some features that veteran outers will appreciate. Fir bark is the greatest fuel for the camp-fire known, and during the dry season great blocks of the hard, resinous covering, a full foot thick, can be split from a standing dead giant, and which when piled against a hack log and touched off, burns with a vivid flame and heat that will evoke savory odors from broiler and coffee pot, in less time than is required with the oak and maple of the East.

The scenic display along our route was entrancing. The peculiar situation of winter and summer, side by side, without encroaching on each other presents a startling as well as novel picture to a newcomer from the Eastern States. Throughout the broad basin of the Sound, summer exists nearly the year round, and the flora is dressed in a garb of brightest green, while overlooking the lacustrine stretches are the snow-capped summits of the Cascades on the eastern boundary and the ice-bound Olympics on the west, whose towering peaks gleam in the sunlight with the iridescence of the opal. We never wearied in gazing upon majestic Rainier, and the lordly Baker, whose alabaster summits rise superior to the environment in ever-varying effects of tinting under changing atmospheric conditions, whether viewed beneath the glare of a mid-day sun, under the shadow of a cloud screen, or dimly veiled in the pale light of a full moon.

While it is not an extensive voyage up the Snohomish from its debouchure into the Sound to the forks of the Skykomish and Snoqualmie, yet the distance as the crow flies is increased by the windings of the stream. But the Snoqualmie is the more serpentine and this crookedness augments length over an air line. The broad valley of the latter contains several fine hop ranches, and many little towns lie close to its banks, but for the most part the great forest prevails. And what forests! Everybody has heard of the big red woods of California, yet the gigantic sequois of the valleys of the Sierras are immense only in their individuality; they excite wonder, but do not impress one with the awe-inspiring grandeur of a Washington forest. Along the upper Snoqualmie the firs and cedars reach to a height of 300ft., straight as a plumb line and 40ft. in circumference, growing closely together. It is this density and close matting of great trees that appals one. How the soil can support such growth is a marvel. The sun never pierces through the closely-packed tops, hence one moves in a subdued twilight when passing along the trails in daytime.

It is extremely difficult to penetrate these forests except along a trail. There is such a mass of fallen timber and underbrush to be encountered that it makes the heart sick and limbs weary. One can easily climb over a log in an Eastern forest, but to surmount one of these prostrate leviathans requires a ladder. I had heard that darkness can be felt and I appreciated the fact one night when having journeyed off the river through the forest trail night caught me in the depths of the great woods. Dark? Well yes! I felt it settle on me and gather around my course like a mantle. Nothing was visible, no glimpse even of a star spangled sky overhead, and every three steps my outstretched hands would touch the immense trunk of one of those mammoth trees; and then I would feel my way around it, grope a nother dozen feet and run into another huge cylinder of bark and wood.

It is a little bit uncanny prowling along the forest trails alone at midnight, when the cry of a cougar, or the sniff of a bear causes your flannel shirt to seem filled with prickers, and makes you wish for daylight and a chance with your repeater, or better still desire a comfortable couch beside the camp fire.

We found some shooting for the pot along the route, mainly grouse, which are quite double the size of the Yankee "partridge." But game is not so plenty along the rivers as a few years ago, still there is sport enough to satisfy a reasonable demand. The legislature has enacted some stringent and fair game laws, but in the foothills they are a dead letter. Deer shooting out of season and dynamiting trout are common infractions among the lawless gangs that infest the headwaters of our mountain streams, but perhaps after the scarcity of game is fully felt, as it soon will be, sufficiently to stir up the public, then we may hope the ornamental game wardens of the State will become induced to look after the matter.

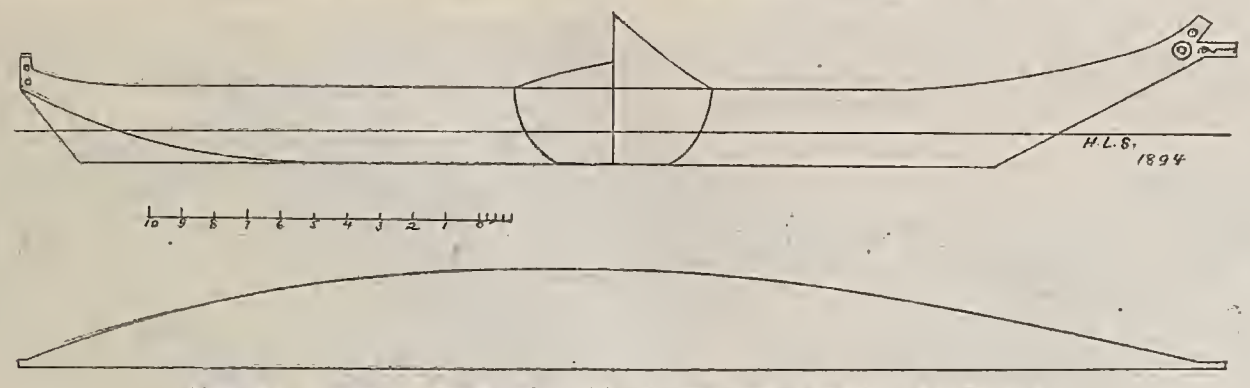
We lingered a few days around the great falls of the Snoqualmie and then made a peregrination along the south fork to the upper falls, where we pitched our tent and idled a few days. But the charm of primeval nature has sustained a check by the inroad of the iron horse that unloads excursionists from the cities of the Sound, thereby converting these magnificent retreats into mere public resorts. Nothing shocks the senses of the sportsman cruiser as the advent of the Sunday excursion train with its motley crowd of basket carriers, sandwich stuffers, beer gluttons and loads of beer, into the halls of nature's select wonders. They are not outers but rioters. The charm of nature in repose is broken and violated by their carousals, and the sanctity of creation profaned by the empty liquor flasks and debris of the lunch baskets strewn in their wake. Such is the experiences of Niagara, Montmorenci and Taughannock, and a similar fate awaits the matchless falls of the Snoqualmie.

Two weeks had slipped along since we left the "City of Smokestacks," before we turned the Ee-na's prow on the downward glide. Where is there a canoeman who has not discovered that a mile does not contain 5,280ft. when sliding down a gallant current? Distance cards or time tables become base frauds when one is on the charming slant, and so both my wife and myself are ready to asseverate that from the lower Snoqualmie Falls down stream to the Sound, by canoe, the distance is not one-quarter of the three-quarters of a hundred miles laid off on the map. To-pographical engineers are sadly lacking in veracity and accuracy, in computing up current and down current distances from the same scale, in any table to be used by a canoeman.

Aside from the Columbia, where one can spend weeks in traversing hundreds of miles of fine canoe water, there are several splendid rivers for moderate cruises in the sound country. Among them one of the most delightful is the Skagit, but its bold current and length precludes a comfortable ascent except by easy stages, and to enjoy canoeing thereon one should convey his canoe by rail and Indian pack to the head waters, or buy a dugout there from a native, and then make the long descent. Way up among its headwaters lies a pretty lake, just beneath the towering glaciers of Mt. Baker, where the trout are large and plenty, and are ready to extend a courteous and cordial invitation to the cruising readers of FOREST AND STREAM to pay them a summer visit.

CAYUGA.

EVERETT, Wash., August.



SIWASH COAST CANOE.—36ft.×6ft.×2ft. 2in.—PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON.

Mr. Howard's Racing.

SOME further particulars of Mr. Howard's sailing at the B. C. A. meet are given in the following letter to the *Field*. Dr Hayward is an old and experienced canoe sailor:

Mr. Howard is so able and so ready an exponent of the merits of his canoe Yankee that I am convinced he will take in good part a few reflections of criticism from an unprejudiced spectator. A busy man's affairs get into such a grievous tangle during a three weeks' holiday that I have only just been able to overtake my accumulated boating literature, and, therefore, have only to-day seen the last two *Fields* which instigate the following remarks:

I grant, in the first place, that Yankee was the best racing canoe at Salcombe, and I can quite believe she is the fastest canoe on long courses at present in this country. She is handsome, handy, and admirably handled. Now, *per contra*:

The Yankee required as much and as lengthy handling on shore as she did afloat. Canoeists with plenty of time and enthusiasm may like to spend hours tinkering with their ships ashore; but much makes too big a hole in a fortnight's holiday. To be engaged in "repairs" while others are sailing, while the tide is wasting, or after the first gun has gone, is an experience which palls on constant repetition. Yankee's mast and spars required repeated whippings; the steering gear wrecked on three occasions in my observation, and I believe at several other times; the various suits of sails came on and off like the disguises of a quick-change artist. I pass over the fact that the boat is so thinly built as to require very careful treatment ashore, and that she will not stow away a tobacco pouch; for one does not expect strength or comfort in a racer, but she should be able to stick to her center-plate.

Again, Yankee is a slut in stays; whatever way she may have on, when the helm goes down she gets in the wind, stops and shivers, and, if among waves or in any way blanketed, a ruinous stern-board is required.

Yankee's behavior during the race for the Salcombe Town cup on Aug. 14 was a revelation to many of us, and quite destroyed a half-formed intention of mine to order a similar craft. Had you been on the markboat, Sir, you could not have helped joining in the laughter, although it was rather rudely loud and prolonged; and I am sure you would have also joined heartily in the cheers at Mr. Howard's pluck and endurance, which followed.

As the Yankee did not return from the run up Southpool Creek anxious inquiries were made, and we heard that she had been in all sorts of trouble. However, later on we saw her beating down the harbor, and when opposite the committee boat, she capsized and turned bottom up. The prolonged and frantic but unavailing efforts to right her which Mr. Howard made, terminated in the wreck blowing ashore and in the crew's severe and in my opinion undesirable exhaustion and numbness. Now, suppose there had been no convenient shore or other refuge, say in mid channel, across which Mr. Porter, in a small Mersey canoe, has just again sailed from Folkstone to Boulogne!

To save space, I will now briefly refer to Yankee's exploits in racing at Salcombe. In the race on Aug. 10 for a valuable silver cup presented by Mr. Fred Evans, M. C. C., for canoes and canoe-yawls, Yankee was 13m. late at the start, carried away her steering gear on the second round, and was last boat but one. In the race for the Salcombe cup on Aug. 14, Yankee came to utter grief, as stated. On Aug. 15 Yankee did not race, although entered. For the Lough Erne cup on Aug. 16, there was exactly the weather for Yankee. As officer of the day, in the absence of my superior officers, I strained my powers to the utmost to wait for Yankee, recognizing that Mr. Howard had sailed in one of the canoe-yawls during the ladies' race. This race finished by a quarter past three, and at four o'clock all the competitors for the Lough Erne cup were present except Yankee. I informed them I should not take the time by the town clock of Salcombe (plainly visible to all), but would go by my watch, which was ten minutes later; even then I waited another ten minutes before firing the first gun, the hope of seeing Yankee appear supporting me against the grumbling of my assistants on the flagship. Yankee sailed a real good race. Between Rogue and Yankee at the finish there was 12m. 19s.; by Y. R. A. allowance Rogue would have had to give Yankee rather less than 4½m; this would make Rogue winner by 7¼m. If, however, we consider the times taken to do the course, we find:

Rogue.....2 10 10 Yankee.....2 12 57

Therefore, had Yankee made a good start, she would have won the cup. Yankee sailed an impromptu match with my canoe Banshee not a speedy boat, and only possessing a short slide. The Banshee was well sailed by Mr. G. Y. Laws, and won by a few seconds. There was a fair breeze; Banshee led on the run, was passed on the reach, and came ahead again on the turn to windward.

The only other race was that with Mr. Brand's ½-rater, and here Yankee's run of bad luck changed.

The system of corrected time to which Mr. Howard alludes as customary in America, must encourage slovenly starts, and, if it permits a racer to be 20 minutes late at the start without penalty, the flukiness of sailing races is indefinitely increased.

Your editorial remarks about the undesirable nature of races between canoes and canoe-yawls for valuable prizes were justified by our experiences at Salcombe. On two days out of three the yawl can give the canoe much more than her Y. R. A. allowance, and a ½-rater like Spruce III., can beat both craft by 5 times that allowance.

Of course every boat has its day; Yankee had hers when the match with Spruce III. came off, and it is curious to notice that her habit of late starting stood her in good stead on this occasion for once. The wind was very light and fluky and the tide on a strong flow; Spruce, starting early, drifted past the markboat, and could not beat back for some long time. Yankee came fussing out of Milbay between the signals, and just drifted to the line in time.

It would, as you remark, be better if the Lough Erne Cup were confined to canoes or canoe-yawls; but the deed of gift (ill-omened word!) distinctly forbids this.

Other reflections occur to me with regard to our late meet, and if you will give me space for a future letter they shall be registered therein. This letter is intended as a criticism on Yankee's performances at Salcombe, as they appear to

JOHN D. HAYWARD, M. C. C., late hon. sec. B. C.A.

LIVERPOOL.

Red Dragon C. C.

A SPECIAL race was sailed by the Red Dragon C. C. on Sept. 29. The breeze was strong from the east, kicking up a very heavy sea. These conditions seemed to suit the sharpie canoe Smuggler very well, as she won with a long lead.

Start 4:10. Finish in the following order: Smuggler, A. S. Fennimore; Kielow, T. W. Myes; Ted, M. E. Gray; Fineen, J. M. Hamilton. Ted won the prize for junior sailing. The canoe-yawl Jack-Pot had a sailover, as she was the only yawl entered.

An error has been found in making up the times for the mosquito class race of Sept. 15 which gives the race to Mr. Cook's No. 11, Riverton Y. C., instead of Vixen, Corinthian Y. C., Atlantic City.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

Every great river has a certain individuality, the study of which is a most fascinating pursuit, and one that has attracted canoeists from the earliest days of canoe traveling. No craft is so perfectly fitted for river exploration as the smaller class of canoe, open or decked, and it is to these little ships, and the enthusiasts who introduced canoeing, that the world is indebted for much of its knowledge of such rivers as the Rhine, the Danube and the Mississippi. One of the most interesting of the smaller American rivers is the St. John, which winds through Maine, New Brunswick and Lower Canada, with a maze of tributary lakes and streams. This river has found a fitting historian in Mr. J. W. Bailey, who has described it most carefully and minutely in a little book entitled the "The St. John River," issued by the Riverside Press, Cambridge. The book is not a story of a cruise, but a detailed description of the river and its scores of tributary streams. We can recommend the St. John River to all who are looking for waters suitable for canoe cruising; and we can also recommend Mr. Bailey's book as a complete and satisfactory guide to the river.

All of those questions which a novice in canoeing asks of the old hand are answered clearly and briefly in a little pamphlet by Mr. C. B. Vaux which forms one of the "Athletic Library" series published by A. G. Spalding & Bros., New York. The many points involved in chosing a canoe and learning to use it are very fully covered by Mr. Vaux, and in a way that is easily understood by the most inexperienced tyro.

The Illinois Pure Aluminum Co. of Lemont, Ill., is now offering a stock size of aluminum hunting boat, built in three sections, the dimensions being, length 11ft. 9in., beam 32in. The weight is 50lbs. without fittings and 65lbs. with fittings but without oars. The same company is making a specialty of cooking utensils of aluminum, among them being a camp outfit. The outfit for a party of six weighs but 13½lbs.

The fifth year book of the Humber Yawl Club, of Hull, England, is quite as artistic and interesting as any of the previous issues, and is well worth the attention of all canoe yawl sailors. As usual, the cover is the work of Mr. H. B. Hewardine, who has quite surpassed his previous efforts. He also contributes a page of very artistic comicalities, a dinghy race of Brownies. Mr. Alfred Strange has a couple of sketches of his "Cherub" in Dutch waters, that of the boat reefed down in the Zuyder Zee being of the sort that warms a canoe-yawler's very heart. Mr. G. F. Holmes contributes some sketches from the Holland cruise of 1893, including a series which depict the sorrows of a deck hand on a canoe-yawl. Mr. E. G. Hewardine has a page of sketches of home scenes. The designs are, as usual, an important feature, the present number including the c b. canoe-yawl Kittiwake, 18ft. long, 5ft. 3in. wide and 16in. draft, designed by Mr Holmes, the designer of two smaller canoe-yawls, Ethel 2 and Swan, 15ft.×4ft. 6in., also by Mr. Holmes, and another of his efforts, the 10ft. dinghy Dogfish, a compact and serviceable little craft. There are also two other designs for canoe-yawl dinghies, one 9ft. long and the other 6ft. 9in. The club has sixty members and a fleet of sixty boats, mostly canoe-yawls, keel and centerboard. The book is published only for private circulation.

A correspondent who is planning a long canoe cruise of 1,000 miles or more, is desirous of obtaining information of some western river that is suitable for canoeing, with good shores for camping and some fishing and shooting.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Winans Trophy.

WE call the attention of our expert revolver shots to the fact that the limit of time in which this trophy is open for public competition will expire on Dec. 3, 1894. On this date it will become the property of W. E. Petty. Mr. Petty has now held it nearly three years against all competitors. He is to be congratulated on his past successes, but we hope that some one of our many experts will come to the front before the time expires in order to make Mr. Petty's ownership more solid, if nothing more.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

The New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Henry Offerman, brought the season shoot for the year 1894 to a close at the Union Hill Schuetzen Park on Friday of last week. The attendance of the members at the shoot on Friday was not as large as expected. The prospective trophy winners, however, were out in force and shot with diligence throughout the afternoon. The programme for the season consisted of ten medals on the ring target and seventeen medals on the bullseye target. The medals on the ring target to be divided among the members having made the greatest number of points during the season. The medals on the bullseye target to be divided among the members making the best center shot on the 4in. center. A member winning a medal on the bullseye target would not be eligible for a medal on the ring target.

After the close of the shooting on Friday the members adjourned to the "Castle," while the shooting committee entered into the labor of going over the records of the season, selecting the highest scores, and measuring the bullseyes to locate the best centers. The canvassing of the ring target resulted as follows: First medal, Philip Feigel; second, August J. Christian; third, H. W. Lemcke; fourth, John G. Tholke; fifth, Fred Plump; sixth, John Bunz; seventh, Henry Buttfer; eighth, John D. Wilkens; ninth, Henry Strate; tenth, Henry Lohden.

The best center shot was made by Barney Zettler and measured 19 degrees. The other medal winners came in the following order: E. Bindenwaldt, Dr. Chas. Grosch, Jacob Schmitt, Fred Facompre, Fred Schmidt, John N. Hermann, B. Walther, J. H. Hainhorst, Wm. Hahn, Ernest Kuhlmann, H. Brunke, Henry Hoops, Hugo Krobel, E. Meyn, J. C. Bonn, Henry Hanschen.

After the committee had finished its labor in the committee room, the Captain marched the company and guests into the dining hall, where a lunch was awaiting the hungry riflemen. The absence of mine host Krobel created a void which was feelingly alluded to by Captain Offerman. John Stimmel was another absentee whose presence was much desired. Following the lunch came the usual interlude of toasts and speeches. Excise Commissioner Wm. Dalton, of New York, was a guest of the corps, and during the afternoon indulged in a few practice shots. Mr. Dalton made some good centers, and demonstrated the fact that he is not a novice in the use of the rifle. The following appended scores were made by the members participating in the shoot on Friday:

Ring Target—B. Walther 210, John C. Bonn 204, Fr. Schmitt 203, C. Grosch 201, J. Schmitt 199, P. Feigel 194, W. Hahn 191, B. Zettler 191, H. B. Michaelsen 189, A. J. Christen 188, J. G. Thoelke 184, H. Buthfer 182, H. Hanschen 180, A. W. Lemcke 173, F. Facompre 173, John D. Wilkens 171, H. F. Meyer 170, John Bunz 165, Wm. Krumsick 158, F. Plump 157.

Man Target—C. Grosch 58, P. Feigel 56, F. Schmidt 54, A. J. Christen 52, F. Plump 52, J. G. Thoelke 50.

Bullseye—W. Hahn 3, H. B. Michaelsen 3, H. F. Meyer 3, J. C. Bonn 2, B. Walther 2, W. Krumsick 2, H. Meyn, J. D. Wilkens, B. Zettler, H. Hoops, F. Dange, H. Hanschen, J. F. Cordes, G. H. von Deilen, W. Schults, G. H. Wehrenberg, Cord Meyer, Capt. H. Offermann, J. F. Cordes, J. N. Herrmann, A. Brunke, J. Gobler, J. H. Klee, A. H. Sievers, A. W. Lemcke, F. Facompre, J. Schmitt, R. Lohman, J. Wilkens, H. Buthfer, A. J. Christen each 1.

Revolver Shooting in England.

A good day brought out a lot of good scores on Sept. 19 at the North London Rifle Club. Both Rand and Winans made highest possible scores, but the former only in the handicap, not for the championship. Below are details of score in the 20yds. revolver competition:

Walter Winans	777777—42	Brading	677756—38
Rand	767777—41	Capt Heath	776675—38
Capt Peters	776776—40	Skilton	577757—38
Major Palmer	677757—39	Capt Richardson	666747—36
Lowe	565777—38	Dr Howe	575477—35
Carter	676577—38	Denyer	664674—33
Andrews	667757—38	Major Barrington	664657—33
Capt Cowan	777566—38	Knapp	434556—27

The scores for the revolver championship of the club now stand:

		20yds.			50yds.			
Walter Winans	42	41	41	40	40	40	30	29—303
Rand	42	41	40	40	39	39	28	27—296
Andrews	42	40	39	39	38	37	29	29—293
C F Towe	40	40	40	39	39	39	27	27—290
Skilton	40	39	39	39	39	38	27	27—288
Major Munday	39	39	39	38	37	36	28	27—283
Capt Cowan	38	38	38	38	38	37	27	26—280
Capt Richardson	38	36	36	36	35	34	27	25—267
Carter	37	38	36	36	36	36	24	24—267
Clementi-Smith	35	34	34	34	31	30	29	28—256
Asbby	36	35	34	33	32	32	28	25—255
Dr Howe	38	35	34	33	33	31	23	..—227
Luff	34	33	31	31	31	30	26	..—216
Capt Jones	33	32	32	30	29	..	22	19—197
Baxter	36	35	33	32	..	..	25	..—136
Kuapp	37	29	27	..	..	..	25	23—131
Thompson	36	34	30	30	..	..	..	..—126
Lieut Wilkin	38	34	33	..	..	..	20	..—125
Capt Peters	40	33	33	..	..	..	25	..—133
Varley	38	37	..	..	..	..	22	22—118
Major Palmer	39	37	33	..	..	..	..	..—119
Capt Heath	38	38	..	..	..	..	25	..—101
Frost	33	32	..	..	..	..	..	..— 64
Howard	33	29	..	..	..	..	..	..— 62
Major Shoolbred	37	22	..	..	..	..	..	..— 59
Ridgway	32	25	..	..	..	..	..	..— 57
Dr Orton	33	24	..	..	..	..	..	..— 57

For the bandicap tournament Mr. Rand and Mr. Winans are the only two shots left in. Andrews, to whom Mr. Winans gave 4 points, being beaten, and Lowe with 4 points being out, the remainder are given many points up to 15. Those beaten on Sept 12 were C. F. Lowe, Garrud, Napp, Luff, Capt. Peters, Polson, Capt. Richardson and Treadwell. Those beaten on Sept. 19 were Andrews, Capt Heath, Denyer, Fratzman, Dr. Howe, Capt. Jones, Ricketts and Skilton. There therefore remain in to shoot next time Winans, Rand, Evans, Barrington, Brading, Carter, Gould and Major Palmer.

New Jersey Guardsmen.

Teams of ten men representing companies A, B, C and D of the 2d Regiment N. J. S. N. G. met on the Holden range, Paterson, on Sept. 22. The competition was for the silver regimental trophy which is shot for annually. The distance was 200yds. The contest was close between Cos. A and C. The contest was won by Co. A on the score of 267. Co. C was one point behind with 266. Scores:

Company B.		Company D.	
Lieut Reynolds	4445544—29	Sergt Woods	4444444—28
Sergt Shannon	3444442—25	Lieut Barker	3334554—27
Sergt Robinson	3434553—27	Pvt Wilson	3343404—21
Pvt Chandler	3443323—22	Sergt Yerbury	5435442—27
Pvt Woods	3433444—25	Pvt Hutschmidt	4444444—28
Musc Daly	4333544—26	Capt Ross	3043433—20
Pvt Ladwig	4344334—25	Pvt Wickware	3243144—24
Pvt Barmore	4443354—26	Sergt Malcolm	4023444—21
Pvt Knibbs	3344545—28	Corp Bush	2445444—27
Pvt Hunzieker	0434444—23—256	Sergt Briggs	4345453—28—251

Companies A, B and C will shoot another match on Oct. 6, same place, for the Old Battalion trophy held by Company C for the last six years.

Company A.		Company C.	
Sergt Brooks	2433243—21	Pvt Weston	4442535—27
Pvt Foster	4554444—30	Lieut V'n Walrav'n	3455444—29
Pvt Rebbeck	4454443—28	Pvt McCue	2534234—23
Musc Welcher	4443454—28	Sergt Nolan	2454444—27
Corp Newby	4444454—28	Corp Whitt	4020333—15
Pvt C Gallagher	4344444—27	Pvt Vonau	5444444—29
Pvt Blake	5444443—28	Corp V'n Walrav'n	3454444—28
Corp McCloud	3433323—21	Sergt Deitrich	5544445—31
Pvt J Gallagher	4154434—28	Pvt Ransom	4444454—29
Lieut Fairhurst	4543444—28—267	Pvt McCarthy	4344445—28—266

Companies A, B and C are located in Paterson and Company D comes from Passaic.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

West New York, Sept. 25.—The weekly medal shoot of the Schlicht Club was held in the Schlicht gallery yesterday. Medal winners: Geo. Schlicht 241, champion medal; Jacob Diehl 233, first class; Jacob Schlicht 229, second class; Henry Aufderheide 230, third class; Aug. Tribout 202, fourth class. Scores: Aug. Tribout 202, Wm. Schlicht 229 Geo. Schlicht 241, Chas. Meyer 232, Geo Dorr 231, Aug. Meyer 230, Jacob Schlicht 229, Jacob Diehl 233, Fred Lambrix 204, Conrad Schlicht 207, Geo. Reichert 207, Capt. J. Dedrick 223, Henry Aufderheide 203.

Greenville Rifle Club.

Greenville, N. J., Sept. 28.—The Greenville Rifle Club held its weekly gallery shoot on the club ranges last night. Sixteen members were present and participated in the competition for class prizes. Scores:

First class: Purkees 240, Collins 237, Scheeline 236, Plaisted 236, C. Boag 232, Robidoux 228.

Second class: Chavant 237, Gotthardt 236, Agneau 235, Chase 234, Charlock 233, Spahn 232.

Third class: Graef 225, Hill 223, Holzapfel 223, Renker 224.

Cincinnati Rifle Shooting.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 23.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores appended. Conditions 200yds., off hand, at the standard target. Owing to a fitful wind blowing from about all points of the compass, some very unaccountable shots were made. The scores:

Gindele	8	9	7	9	8	10	9	8	9	6—83
	9	9	8	9	9	7	10	7	9	8—85
	9	10	7	6	10	5	0	6	10	8—81
	8	9	7	9	7	8	9	9	7	6—79
Payne	8	6	8	9	7	10	9	8	6	9—80
	6	6	6	8	10	6	8	10	7	8—75
	9	10	9	5	6	6	9	8	6	4—72
	6	5	8	5	8	9	4	7	8	8—71
Wellinger	9	6	7	6	8	8	8	5	7	6—70
	5	4	8	6	6	10	9	5	5	5—63
	8	9	6	2	5	5	4	5	4	6—54
	4	7	10	6	5	3	6	5	6	5—57
Hake	8	6	6	7	6	6	6	6	3	6—60
	9	3	5	5	6	3	9	4	5	6—55
	8	5	8	10	10	6	5	3	3	5—63
	9	3	5	5	4	5	9	7	7	7—61
Topf	5	5	5	7	9	6	6	2	4	9—58
	8	6	5	4	5	6	4	8	8	3—57
	9	6	5	6	9	4	2	7	5	6—59
	4	7	7	8	4	3	5	3	8	7—56
Drube	10	7	6	8	5	7	10	8	7	7—75
	7	8	7	9	9	7	8	7	6	6—74
	8	6	8	6	5	6	9	8	5	8—69
	4	7	9	7	5	8	7	6	6	10—69

RIFLE NOTES.

The Greenville (N. J.) Rifle Club will hold a two days' gallery tournament on Nov. 10 and 11. The programme will contain eighteen prizes on the German ring target ranging from $30 down to $1, tickets 3 shots, 50 cents. A special prize, an elegant diamond trophy, valued at $35, will head the list of premiums for most points made during the tournament. This prize alone will be worth a hard struggle to win and should be the magnet to bring all of our local experts into the competition. The Greenville club house is fitted with four fine ranges, each 81ft. long. The club, although young in years, has gained an enviable reputation in the past for its hospitality and good fellowship in entertaining brother riflemen and forwarding the interests of rifle shooting.

The Zettler brothers inform us that the interest in the coming championship match, which takes place Nov. 6, is booming. The prospects are that the entries will exceed that of last year. This leads us to remark that rifle matters in all parts of the country are showing a decided improvement. Our correspondents all speak favorably of the conditions of rifle interests in their several localities and look for a decided improvement with the opening of the season of 1895.

On the Pacific coast even the ladies are becoming enthusiastic over the rifle. At a meeting of the California Schuetzen Club at San Rafael some days since Miss Lizzie Utschig, daughter of that old veteran John Utschig, made 115 points out of a possible 125 on the German ring target.

The international festival which takes place in July, 1895, is already having its effect upon our local societies. The Zettler Bros. report that their gallery ranges will be occupied nearly every night during the coming winter by different societies in order to get their members into shooting form for the coming season.

We have before us three targets make last week using Troisdorf nitro. One of the targets contained twenty-five shots all inclosed in a rectangle 4⅞ by 6¼in shot from machine rest using lead bullet; distance 200yds. Another 10 shot group was contained inside a rectangle measuring 4⅞ by 4½in. Another target made from muzzle rest at the German Ring target, twenty-five shots were all inside the 19 ring. This targets foots up a total of 560 points averaging 22.4.

We have had inquiries as to whether the California Powder Co's. Nitro "(Peyton)" powder was in the market or not? We have not seen this brand of powder in the hands of riflemen except in the government cartridge. So we are inclined to the belief that it has not yet reached the open market.

Our Paterson, N. J., correspondent Wm. Dutcher, in writing of the Paterson Rifle Club says: "There has been less shooting in Paterson this season than there has been in many years. Dull times and the enforced idleness of our shooters through lack of work has kept the rifles in idleness as well." Of the future he speaks with the spirit of hopefulness from the fact that the hoodlums are going, etc.

L. P. Hansen and Frank C. Watts will shoot off their return match one hundred shots each in the Newark Schützen Park on Saturday of this week. The "Old Obediah" expects to dine at the expense of brother Hansen after the finish of this contest. Hansen says, nay Obed.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Oct. 3-4.—Reading, Pa.—Independent Gun Club; targets.

Oct. 3-5.—West Newburgh (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association tournament. Last day live birds. W. C. Gibbs, Sec'y.

Oct. 10.—Little Rock, Ark.—Little Rock Shooting Association's fall tournament; targets. Paul Litzke, Sec'y.

Oct. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club, at Charleston, S. C.

Oct. 11.—Lewiston, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Androscoggin Gun Club.

Oct. 13.—Ashbourne, Pa.—Ashbourne Gun Club; targets. E. Bilting, Jr., Sec'y.

Oct. 18-19.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Elizabeth Gun Club's annual tournament. Live birds second day; lunch and loaded shells on the grounds.

Oct. 22-24.—Emerald Gun Club tournament, at Dexter Park. Targets and live birds. Dr. G. V. Hudson, Sec'y, 9 Madison street, New York.

Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at Utica.

Oct. 25.—Richmond, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Richmond Gun Club.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

1895.

April 3-5.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York.

May 14 16.—Dayton, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

Oct. 3 6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 22.—The Colt Hammerless Gun Club held its annual meeting to-day and elected the following officers: President, A. C. Collins; Vice-President, J. A. Pitkin; Secretary, M. F. Cook; Treasurer, W. R. Hopkins; Captain, Fred Manross, and Mr. L. C. Grover with the above officers, form the executive committee. The club is in better condition than ever before; we have a good club house, one of the best grounds and a balance of $300 in the treasury. We have taken in 18 new members during the year, making a total membership of 131. The club is also interested in game protection, being the pioneer of starting last winter and spring quite a boom in quail purchasing for stocking purposes. The club bought 600, and liberated them in the spring; other clubs and parties took up the scheme and bought many more. The club always stands ready to furnish financial help for conviction of any game law violation.

M. F. Cook.

Capt. Brewer is anxious to shoot a race at targets with "anybody in the world" for $250 a side. What he has to say about it is told elsewhere.

Wednesday, Sept. 26, was by no means a favorable day for live bird shooting; a dull sky, chill air and a strong northeast wind being the order of things in the way of weather. It was on this date and under the above circumstances, that Robert A. Welch of Philadelphia, killed 89 live birds out of 100, defeating William C. Downing, Jr. by 9 birds, and won for the seventh consecutive time the Riverton Challenge plate. The match took place on the grounds of the Riverton Gun Club, the conditions being 100 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. The birds were a lively lot and were aided by the strong cross wind.

Highgate, Vt.—Last May a silver medal was given here, to be shot for under the following conditions: Open to all trap-shooters residing in the State, to shoot at 10 bluerock targets thrown from unknown traps, Association rules to govern, the winner to defend it against challengers; to shoot the following Thursday after receiving challenge, and the one winning it the greatest number of times by Oct. 1 to own the medal. Thos. Anderson will become the owner of the said medal, with an average of about 80 per cent.—Stanstead.

The Birmingham Rod and Gun Club, of Birmingham, Ala., which was organized quite recently with H. H. Mayberry, President; Jas. Stratton, Vice-President; Dr. H. J. Allen, Secretary, and R. H. Bough, Manager, has secured the old baseball park on the Lake View dummy line for practice grounds. The club has twenty-five members, all heartily interested in the work they have mapped out, which in part is to work for the betterment of the game laws and protection of game.

Gus. L. Becker holds the championship badge of Utah. A handsome gold medal donated by Browning Bros., of Ogden. The badge to become personal property had to be held against all comers for one year. This Becker did with a Winchester lever action pump gun and machine loaded shells. Among other shots he defeated J. M. Anderson, formerly of Kansas City, Mo., but now of Salt Lake, three times for the medal.

The Elizabeth Gun Club, of Elizabeth, N. J., will hold a two-days' tournament at live birds and targets on October 18 and 19. This shoot will be a sort of a house warming, the club having taken possession of new grounds located within 10 minutes' walk of the depot at Elizabeth. W. M. Parker is secretary of the club.

Des Moines, Ia., Sept. 25.—C. M. Grimm and C. W. Budd shot a friendly race yesterday at 50 live birds per man for the price of the birds. Grimm won, killing 46 to Budd's 37; the birds were a strong lot. Budd was using a new gun that he had shot but a short time, and seemed unable to center his birds, whereas Grimm was centering his birds well, killing them close to the traps.—S. S. S.

The Marlin Fire Arms Co. of New Haven, Conn., have just made and delivered three rifles for Miss Annie Oakley. The rifles, which are beautiful weapons, are two .44s and one .38 calibre; and have been made expressly for Miss Oakley to use in "Miss Rora," the play she will star in in England this winter. She sails for the old country early in November.

B. T. Langcake and Frank Bray shot a match on Wednesday, Sept. 26, with J. B. Collins and Richard Dwyer, the shoot taking place at Maspeth Park, L. I. The match, which resulted in a tie, was at 50 birds per man, 100 to the team; the score stood: Laycock 45, Bray 38; total, 83. Collins 40, Dwyer 43; total, 83.

In a recent live bird shoot which took place at Mifflinton, Pa., the following scores were made: No. 1, 10 live birds: Gumbes 9, Adams and Kreegar 8. No. 2, miss and out: Adams 7, Kreegar 6, Gumbes 5. No. 3, 25 live birds: Gumbes 24, Kreegar 23, Whiteman 22, Brewster 21, Adams 19.

An all-day shoot will be given on Saturday next, Oct. 6, by the New Brunswick Gun Club at their grounds in New Brunswick, N. J. The chief event of the day will be a team race, fifteen men on each team, between the New Brunswick and the Dayton Gun clubs; each team shoots at 450 targets, 30 per man.

On Thursday, Oct. 4, there will be an all day live bird shoot on the Climax Gun Club's grounds at Fanwood, N. J. Shooting commences at 10 A. M. sharp. The main events are a 10-bird, $10 entrance, 3 moneys sweep, and a free clambake for the shooters.

Adam Heilman, of Pekin, Ill., defeated Gus Walport, of Soring Bay in a live bird match on Tuesday, Sept. 25. The contest took place at Pekin and was at 100 live birds per man, $100 a side. Score: Heilman 94, Waifort 91.

The Lake City Gun Club, of Warsaw, Ind., held a very successful tournament on Sept. 12 and 13. The attendance was good and the shooting at live birds and targets thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

The Green Ridge Gun Club, of Scranton, Pa., is figuring on a 25-live bird race in which the three first prizes will be $500, $300 and $200 guaranteed.

The programme of the Emerald Gun Club's three days' tournament is noticed elsewhere. Given fine weather the event is certain to be a success.

Edward Banks.

Emerald Gun Club's Programme.

The programme issued by the Emerald Gun Club of New York for its three days' tournament at Miller's Dexter Park on Oct. 22, 23 and 24 is a varied one, and contains events at targets of a size that should suit both amateur and expert, in so far as both could be suited. The following from the programme shows that the Emeralds are thinking of the amateurs: "To encourage the amateur the Emerald Gun Club adds 10 per cent. of net purse to the regular 10-bird events for a fifth money, provided there are 25 or more entries in each of such events, so that 6 out of 10 divides something."

Oct. 22, "New York day," contains 12 events calling for 180 shots; two events are at unknown angles and two, both 20-target events, are shot under expert rules, use of both barrels. The events on this day are respectively dedicated to twelve New York gun clubs. The second day, Oct. 23, is termed "New Jersey day," and has a programme, the duplicate of that arranged for Oct. 22, each event being dedicated to some New Jersey club. Targets at 2 cents each will be deducted from the purses; all guns stand at the 16yds. mark; empire targets will be used on both days.

The third day, Oct. 24, is live bird day, the main event being the Empire City handicap. The conditions of this contest are handicaps from 26 to 33yds. rise, 25 live birds per man, from 5 ground traps, gun in any position, boundary approximate 80yds.; class shooting, 4 moneys, 4 misses out, entrance $10 and the price of the birds. The first 15 birds of this event will form another event with an extra entrance of $5, 3 moneys, straight shooting, high guns to get the money. Entrance to either or both optional. Forfeit of handicap, $3, to be sent to G. V. Hudson, M.D., recording secretary of the club, 9 Madison street, New York. Entries to both events close when first gun is fired. In case the handicap is not finished on Oct. 24, the event will be concluded the following day, and the balance of that day devoted to various events at live birds, miss and outs, etc. To the purse in the Empire City handicap the Emerald Gun Club adds $100.

Brownsville Beats Ripley.

Brownsville, Sept. 29.—After much hantering the Brownsville and Ripley gun clubs met in a friendly contest on last Thursday to decide as to the superior skill of the two clubs at the trap, the Brownsville team carrying off the honors as well as the handsome bouquet prepared, we were told, by the young ladies of Ripley, and just here will say that we are glad to see the ladies manifesting so much interest in our shoots, for their presence is always an inspiration to the young men of Brownsville. Both teams did well when you consider the fact that we are but novices, at the trap, none of us having ever had any experience in shooting at inanimate targets until this season. Two of the Brownsville team lost a shot by not being familiar with the workings of their new pump guns, they failing to throw a cartridge in their guns when called to the score. The Brownsville Club have adopted yellow as their color, and with just a little more practice, when you see a yellow streamer fluttering at the score, you may expect to hear the old familiar cry of "dead." Each club was represented by 9 men, 12 targets per man, known traps, known angles. The following is the score:

Brownsville Team.		Ripley Team.	
Tyns	111111111111—12	Palmer	001110010110— 6
Cooper	111000111111— 9	Fisher	111100110111— 9
Moorer	111111011111—11	Moorer	111111111110—11
Moses	111000111111— 9	Anthony	111111111111—12
Tucker	001111101111— 9	Scott	111111111111—12
Riddick	111111000111— 9	Scott	110101101110— 8
Bennett	111111111111—12	Kirk	111111101011—10
Moses	111111111111—12	Ganse	110110101110— 8
Moorer	111010111101— 9—92	Hatton	110111100010— 7—83

Brownsville.

Evil Spirit Et Al.

Chicago, Sept. 27.—An impartial look at the recent sections of the career of Dr. Carver, alias Evil Spirit of The Plains, would indicate that he would better pause and make medicine. Jimmy J. A. R. Elliott took three falls out of him straight, and Billy O'Fallon Crosby, just a plain farmer boy, with no fringe on him, got one decision out of three last week. The scores of the series being:- Carver 93, 95, 95; Crosby 95, 89, 92. We will be glad to see some of these good people come to Chicago, but I fear me we will not see so many 95 scores there.

E. Hough.

Central New York Trap-Shooters.

Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 39.—The sixth meeting of the Central New York Trap-Shooters' League was held on the new grounds of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, Sept. 25 and 26. The meet was a great success, as are all of our League shoots. The main interest centers on the team race and individual championship race. At this meeting two other events were advertised to take place: S. Glover and E. D. Fulford were matched for a 100-target race for $25 a side, while E. C. Meyer and Geo. Corning announced that the second of their series of 100 bird races for $100 a side each race would come off, but Mr. Corning did not put in an appearance. Glover shot in fine form, defeating the Utica champion by the excellent score of 94 to 88. Fulford claims he has not become accustomed to the new stock recently fitted to his Greener.

Among the out of town shooters were T. H. Keller, of the U. S. Cartridge Co.; Paul North, of Cleveland, O.; D. C. Smith, of Hamilton, Ont., and champion of Canada; E. F. Hammond, of Buffalo; Messrs. Brown, Hobbie and Kendall, of Binghamton, and all the well known cracks from Utica, Syracuse and Auburn.

Rochester still leads in the team race for the League trophy, Utica, the nearest champion, being 11 birds behind, Syracuse and Auburn being a tie, 23 birds behind. There are two more meetings of the League, one at Utica in October and the other at Syracuse in November, the trophy goes to the team making the highest aggregate score in the eight contests.

In the individual championship race T. H. Kaller made a clean score of 25, taking first money, but he is not in for the championship prize. In this contest the best six scores out of eight count for the trophy.

Here are the scores:

First Day.

No 1, 15 targets: Kendall 13, Brown 12, Brigden 12, Carr 14, Tuttle 14, Meyer 12, Banks 8, King 9, Hobart 12, Hammond 12, Detroit 12, Glover 14, Fulford 14, T. H Keller 13, Byer 10, C. W. H. 9, Borst 12, Lane 14, North 13, Slocum 9, Worth 11, Bishop 12, Skinner 8, J. Riss 10.

No. 2, 20 targets: Fulford 17, T. H. Keller 12, Kendall 15, Tuttle 17, Carr 18, Brigden 17, Meyer 17, Hobart 13, Worth 12, Brown 17, C. W. H. 14, Glover, 18, Hammond 20, Borst 16, Slocum 18, Bishop 17, North 15, Byer 17, Detroit 15, Lane 18, King 14, Skinner 14, T. Lane 12.

No. 3, 20 targets:

Fulford	11111110111011111001—16	CWH	11111101101101111110—16
T H Keller	00111111111111111111—18	North	10111110111111101001—15
Kendall	10100000011111111111—13	Byer	01101111111111111111—18
Tuttle	11111100111111111111—18	Borst	01011001110111011011—13
Carr	11111110111010110011—16	Hammond	11110111101111111111—18
Brigden	01111101010111111011—16	C Skinner	10111111101111101110—16
Meyer	01111110111111111101—17	Glover	11111110111111111011—18
Hobart	11110111111111011101—17	Bishop	11111111111101111111—19
Slocum	11111111011111110111—18	Lewis	11111111111101011011—17
Worth	11111111100111001111—16	King	11011110111111111111—18
Brown	11101111111111110101—17	Lane	10101111001111111011—15

No. 4, 15 targets: Fulford 15, T. K. Keller 14, Kendall 9, Tuttle 13, Carr 12, Brigden 12, Meyer 14, Hobart 10, Slocum 15, King 10, Brown 12, C. W. H. 15, Hadley 13, Byer 8, North 7, Borst 10, Glover 13, C. Skinner 11, Hammond 11, Worth 9, Bishop 12, C. Lane 12, Lewis 12, T. Lane 6.

No. 5, 25 targets: Fulford 23, T. H. Keller 22, Kendall 19, Tuttle 17, Carr 22, Brigden 19, Meyer 22, Hobart 16, Slocum 20, C.W. H. 18, North 17, Glover 21, Worth 21, Palmer 20, C. Skinner 21, King 17, Lewis 20, Hammond 22, C. Lane 20, Borst 20, Bishop 20, Byer 20, Brown 22.

No. 6, 15 targets: Fulford 15, T. H. Keller 14, Kendall 9, Tuttle 13, Carr 13, Brigden 12, Meyer 14, C. W. H. 12, Slocum 14, Wride 11, Banks 10, Glover 14, North 13, Palmer 14, R. Glover 11, King 8, C. Skinner 13, Lewis 12, Bishop 13, Hammond 10, Borst 7, Worth 11, Hadley 14, Lane 13, Foley 11, Riss 9, Andrews 9, Redmond 12, Byer 11, Burton 4.

No. 7, 20 targets: Fulford 14, T. H. Keller 18, Kendall 17, Tuttle 15, Carr 15, Brigden 15, Meyer 18, Palmer 16, Slocum 18, Glover 19, Skinner 13, C. W. H. 17, Lewis 14, Worth 15, C. Lane 18, Hammond 16, North 16, Bishop 17, Byer 19, Wride 13, Banks 12, King 11, Foley 18, Lowden 12.

No. 8, 15 targets:

E D Fulford	111111111111111—15	Hammond	111110111110111—13
T H Keller	111101111101111—13	King	110110110111110—11
Kendall	111101011111111—13	Foley	111111111110111—14
Tuttle	111011111111111—14	C Lane	111111111111011—14
Carr	101111111111110—13	C W H	111111101101111—14
Brigden	011110001111111—11	North	101111110111111—13
Meyer	111111100111110—12	Worth	111111111111110—14
Glover	111111111111111—15	Kay	110111111111111—14
Slocum	111111111111111—15	Jones	111111111111111—15
Brown	110001110101111—10	J J C	110111111111101—13
Banks	101111010101110—10	C W T	111111111111111—15
Palmer	110101011110110—10		

Match, 100 targets per man, $25 a side:

S Glover	11111111111111111111111101—24	
	11111111111111010110111—22	
	11111111111011111111111—24	
	11111111111101111111111—24—94	
E D Fulford	11110110111111111111011—22	
	11101111111111111110111—23	
	11101101111110111011101111—20	
	11101111011111111111111—23—88	

Second Day.

No. 1, 15 targets:

Mayhew	110101010011111—10	Fleischer	101010110101010— 8
Hobart	011111100011010— 9	Brigden	011101110111111—12
E D Fulford	011111110111111—13	Brown	111111010110111—12
Mosher	110111101001001— 9	Palmer	010110101111111—10
Meyer	111001110011110—10	Slocum	111111111111111—15
Byer	111001111111111—13	Arno	111001010011111—10
Mowry	110101110111111—12	Richardson	111011110101111—12
Carr	110011111111011—12	Wagner	111111110111011—13
Bortt	011111111111101—12	J Fulford	111110101111101—12
Keller	111100110111101—11	Norton	111000110110111—10
Glover	011101111111111—13	Montgomery	101011011111111—12
Tuttle	101111111111101—13	Gates	110111111011111—13
Jones	111111111101111—14	North	110101101110001— 9
Hammond	010111001011111—10	Lefever	011111101111101—12
Lane	111111111111111—15	Kendall	111111011111111—14
McMurchy	111101111111111—14	C W H	111101111101011—12
King	111111111111011—14	Hammond	011111111111111—14

No. 2, 15 targets: E. D. Fulford 13, Mosher 14, Meyer 11, Byer 12, Gates 12, Keller 14, Jones 11, Richardson 15, Glover 14, Carr 15, Borst 9, Tuttle 13, Skinner 13, King 10, Mowry 14, Palmer 11, Slocum 13, Brigden 13, Norton 10. Hobart 12. Hammond 12, North 12, Wagner 14, Arno 14, Mayhew 12, J. Fulford 13, McMurchy 13, Lefever 11, C. Lane 14, Fleischer 10, C. W. H. 13, Kendall 13, Montgomery 11, Brown 13, D. C. Smith 11, Hadley 14.

Team race, 100 targets per team:

Rochester.		Utica.	
Slocum	11111111111111111111—19	Mayhew	10111101111111011010—15
Byer	11111011111001111011—16	JWFulford	10110110001111001101—12
Meyer	11111101111011101111—17	Gates	11110101111111111111—18
Lane	11111111111101111111—19	Richards'n	11111011110111111110—17
Glover	10111111111111011111—18	EDFulford	11111111111111111111—19
	89		81
Auburn.		**Syracuse.**	
Tuttle	10111011101111001100—13	Arno	01011011110011101111—14
T K Keller	11101111010111111011—16	Mosher	11101111111111110000—15
W Stewart	11111011011111111111—18	Wagner	10111011011111011111—16
Brigden	11111010111111111110 -17	King	11100111011111011001—14
Carr	11111011111111111111—19	McMurchy	11111111111101111011—18
	83		77

No. 4, 20 targets: E. D. Fulford 18, Mosher 18, Meyer 16, Beyer 18, Gates 19, Keller 18, Jones 15, Richardson 17, Slocum 18, Palmer 17. Kendall 15, Borst 7, Hadley 18, McMurchy 18, Mowry 19, King 19, Mayhew 16, Glover 18, Tuttle 17, Carr 18, Wride 12, Norton 16, J. Fulford 15, North 17, Brigden 18, Montgomery 17, Lefever 15, Gardner 11, Wagner 18, Riss 16, Hobart 15, Lane 17, C. W. H. 17, Brown 19, Skinner 13, Jeff 10.

No. 5, Individual championship, 25 targets:

E D Fulford	11111101111101111111—22
Mosher	10111101111111111100111111—21
Meyer	01011011111101111111111111—21
Byer	11011111111111110101111111—22
Gates	11111110111111111111111101—23
Keller	11111111111111111111111111—25
Glover	11111111111011110111111110—22
Richardson	10011111111011111110110111—20
Slocum	01101111111111111111110111—22
Palmer	11111011110111111111100011—20
Wann	10110011011111011100111101—17
McMurchy	11111111111111011111111111—23
Jones	10011111110101111100101011—17
King	11001111110111100111110100—17
Lowden	11011011100111000110100010 -14
Carr	11111111111111111111111110—24
Norton	11011111111111110111111111—23
T Lane	00001001101100011111101100—12
J Fulford	11011101100101111111111101—19
Riss	11011111110111010010111011—18
Mowry	11111111111111111111011111—24
Tuttle	11110111010111111111111111—22
Kendall	11111111001111110111111111—22
Hadley	11001111111111111011110011—20
Mayhew	11111110011111111101101010—19
North	11111111101011111111111111—23
Brigden	11111111111111111111111101—24
Borst	10010110101001001101001l0—12
Montgomery	11111111110111111111110111—23
Kay	11011011111101011111101101—19
C Lane	11111111111101111111111111—24
Palmer	11111011101111001101111l0—19
Wride	11110011101010001100011110—16
Wagner	11111111111011111011111111—23
C W H	11111110011111101011011111—20
McIntyre	11111111100111101111111100—20

No. 6, 15 targets: E D. Fulford 14, Mosher 13, Meyer 14, Byer 14, Gates 13, Keller 11, Jones 10, Richardson 13, Slocum 11, Norton 14, Palmer 11, Mowry 13, D. C. Smith 14, Glover 12, Carr 14, Mann 10, Lefever 11, Kendall 14, Redmond 10, Tuttle 15, Brigden 12, Mayhew 9, Borst 8, Brown 10, C. W. H. 13, Kay 13, J. Fulford 14, Wagner 12.

No. 7, 15 targets: E. D. Fulford 15, Mosher 12, Myer 12, Byer 14, Keller 12, Gates 13, Glover 12, Richardson 14, Slocum 13, Carr 14, Tuttle 13, Brigden 14, Norton 13. Jones 8, Mowry 15, Palmer 9. Smith 14, Riss 9, Wager 14, Fulford 14, Kay 12

Slocum.

Weir City Shooters.

Weir City, Kan., Sept. 26.—Inclosed find scores made hy members of the Business Men's Gun Club of this place at their shoot. There was a fair turnout and the shooting was up to the average, though some might have done better and others worse. Scores:

No. 1, club practice shoot, 25 singles:

McIlhany	01111111111111101111111111—23
Calhoun	11111110011111111101111111—22
Doan	11101111101111111110111111—22
Morrison	10111101111111111110111011—21
Abbott	11111001111111101101110l—20
Ayers	10111010111001111111101110—17
Bobb	11111001111111011011l0111—20
Beadle	00111011111100111110010l0—17
Blackett	11110111101111011101101l0—20
Kirk	01001110101110011111111100—16
Granat	11101110110110001111100l1—17
King	11111011110101011111001l0—18

No. 2, 10 singles:

McIlhany	1111111111—10	Ayers	1111011100— 7
Calhoun	1111111111—10	Beadle	1110001110— 6
Doan	1011111111— 9	Blackett	1111011011— 8
Morrison	1111001111— 8	King	1110011101— 7
Abbott	1111111011— 9	Kirk	1111100110— 7
Bobb	1111110011— 8		

There is a gentleman in this vicinity who originally hailed from England, who has the reputation of raising and trapping the best lot of pigeons in this country, and many and various have been the "cracks" that this great pigeon grower has made concerning his birds and their shot-proof proclivities. He recently made the assertion that neither of the champions, Elliott, Carver nor Brewer, nor any other "bloomin' champion," could kill 9 ont of 10 of his birds. A little correspondence with Mr. Elliott just after his victory over Carver brought an offer from Jim to shoot against 100 of the Englishman's birds, American Association rules, and kill 90 of them for $250 a side and all the gate money, allowing the Englishman the privilege of handling his birds to suit himself. The writer called upon the Englishman and offered to post Elliott's money, but it was no go. He simply flunked, and while many around here think the Englishman had the best end of the match, all unite in guying him for not clinching the match after blowing so "bloomin' 'ard." Elliott says if there is anything he would particularly delight in doing it would be to kill some birds that an old country bird handler considered invulnerable. At present, however, it seems that the Englishman prefers to keep his birds. Probably they are pets or family relics.

Mamaluke.

Carver vs. Crosby.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 25.—Fresh from his three straight defeats by Elliott in Kansas City, Dr. Carver came to St. Louis to shoot a series of three 100-bird races. the best two in the three for a stake of $200 a side, with Wm. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill. The shoots took place on Sept. 22, 23 and 24, and resulted in Carver's taking the two last, Crosby winning the first. The scores were: First match, Crosby 95, Carver 93; second match, Carver 95, Crosby 89; third match, Carver 95, Crosby 92.

Crosby is an O'Fallon, Ill., boy, but has spent much of his time in St. Louis. He is 28 years of age, and has been shooting matches since he was 15 years old. Among his individual matches, of which he has won 17, he won the Southern Illinois championship, and the championship of the Rocky Mountain Association. Detailed scores of the second and third matches are given below:

Second Day.

Carver	11111121112122221121212312—25	
	11121111222122222211022121—24	
	12122222122221202112221112—24	
	11110121222022222212121222—22—95	
Crosby	21222112111212121222221012—24	
	21222211221212221113210202—23	
	11220121111221011111111012—22	
	02121100121122120221111110—20—89	

Third Day.

Carver	22122222212022222211210211—23	
	22122222212011122112212112—24	
	11222212112122112121221121—25	
	21122112121210212201111212—23—95	
Crosby	12221120212112212121221110—23	
	21110212122102211112111212—23	
	12102221111111112122211221—24	
	11212221121221110021110121—22—92	

Chattanooga Gun Club.

The Chattanooga Gun Club, the organization under whose auspices the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association gave a tournament in Chattanooga Sept. 19 and 20, is comparatively a baby in age, being yet barely twelve months old. In pluck and go it is the equal of nine out of ten clubs in the States, as evidenced by the way in which its executive officers took hold of and carried out to such a successful termination the tournament above referred to.

Its officers are: F. I. Stone, President; D. J. O'Connell, Vice-President; Wm. White, Secretary, and F. H. Woodworth, Treasurer. All these gentlemen are first-rate shots, but Mr. Stone's bent is more to hunt quail than smash targets. Messrs. O'Connell, White and Woodworth shot right along with the boys, the last named in particular striking a gait that was fast enough for anybody. The club includes among its members many other enthusiastic sportsmen, and will no doubt soon become a factor of some magnitude when it comes to forming a Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association.

The photograph, from which the accompanying cut was made, was taken at the tail end of the third day's shoot. The programme had been shot out, and Captain Brewer, whose well-known form will be seen seated in the chair alongside Elmer Shauer, who presided over the pulling apparatus *pro tem.*, was waiting to give his exhibition of fancy shooting which brought the three days' tournament to a close. Taking these facts into consideration, the number of shooters present is flattering to the club. An examination of the guns in the hands of the shooters will show that doublebarrels and pump guns were pretty evenly divided. The picture is not unlike many others of a similar nature, and only those who took part can actually realize "the fun we had."

Of the historical features. so prominent around Chattanooga, none are visible in the photograph. It was a necessity that the photographer should stand with his back to Lookout Mountain, while Mission Ridge lay away off to his right hand. On the actual scene of the tournament no fighting took place, all the struggles in that section being practically confined to the south bank of the Tennessee River.

AT THE CHATTANOOGA TOURNAMENT, SEPT. 21.

Audubon Gun Club.

Grand Crossino, Ill., Sept. 19.—Scores made by Auduhon Gun Club, 15 live birds per man, allowing birds as handicap:

F R Bissell (5)	12020122212202l—15	R Wadsworth	2221220300222l2—12
C S Wilcox (4)	2221121011221l1—15	W P Mussey (2)	1122212002222l2—15
J McCauley (5)	1001111220210l0—15	F A Place (2)	0022220110211l2—13
L Hamiline (2)	2222122212222l2—15	J H Amberg (3)	1012202020100201—12
W Shepard (4)	2202202020200212—14	Chas Kern (3)	2100211120112l0—14
First tie on 15:			
F R Bissel (5)	1200002202022222—15	L Hamiline (2)	2210212212211111—15
C S Wilcox (4)	1211221201222223—15	W P Mussey (2)	0210221112111111—15
J McCauley (5)	0000222220221101—14		
Second tie on 15:			
F R Bissell (5)	1022020202022202—14	L Hamiline	20200w.
C S Wilcox (4)	1222220221021111—15	W P Mussey (2)	1111222211111021—15
Third tie on 15:			
C S Wilcox (4)	0011022202022002—12	W P Mussey (2)	1102122221200l2—14

Wilcox wins tie for last month and Mussey wins this month's shoot.

Ravelrigg.

Capt. Brewer Speaks.

Capt. J. L. Brewer is in New York and is anxious to get on a match or two. In this connection Capt. Brewer desires Forest and Stream to place him on record as follows: To shoot any man in the world a match at targets, known traps, unknown angles, 500 targets per man, for a stake of $250 a side.

As regards live birds, Capt. Brewer wants to know what has become of J. A. R. Elliott's promise, made to him at the Memphis shoot, that in event of his (Elliott's) defeating Carver he would shoot J. L. Brewer a series of three matches, 100 live birds per man, $250 a side per match, the matches to he shot in the East. Capt. Brewer says he's ready whenever Elliott is He also wants to hear from Frank Parmalee regarding a match that was to take place between the two in Chicago next November, Parmalee agreeing, when at the Knoxville shoot in May, to shoot Brewer a race and also to match C. W. Budd against him for $200, both matches to take place in Chicago during the month of November.

Carver and Elliott to Shoot Again.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 1.—Dr. Carver and J. A. R. Elliott will shoot another match on Oct. 11, 12 and 13 for the live bird championship of the world and $400 a side. Articles of agreement were signed yesterday.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 27.—The Gun club held its weekly shoot on the 25th, the following scores being made:

No. 1, 25 targets, everything known:

Dornin.....1101110111101111111111011—21
Cleland.....1101111011100011011111010—17
Moorman.....0111110011101111111011001—18
Scott.....0110111101100111111111110—19
Durphy.....0110101111101011100101011—16
Miller.....1111010100000011001111010—13

No. 2, same as above:

Nelson.....0111111101110011111110101—19
Terry.....1011111111111111101110110—21
Dornin.....1110101111111111101110001—19
Moorman.....0100101110010110111100010—13
Cleland.....1011111110010111010101011—17
Stearns.....1111100110110110011100001—15

No. 3, same as above:

Scott.....1101001111010000111110110—15
Miller.....1111110101110111010101101—18
Durphy.....0111000110111110110001010—14
Dornin.....1101111111111011101111110—21
Terry.....1111110111111101111110110—21
Nelson.....1111111111111111111100111—23

No. 4, same as above:

Owen.....0001111000001011110111000—12
Christianson.....0000000101100000000110011— 7
Clark.....0110100111111010110011101—16
Scott.....1111010110100100111101010—16
Stearns.....1000100011000011011111101—12
Miller.....1101001001110011111000001—11

No. 5, same as above:

Nelson.....0000110011011110011111000—14
Terry.....1111011110011111111111100—20
Dornin.....1111111010101110011111011—18
Moorman.....0000111111010101111111100—17
Cleland.....1111010000011111100011011—15
Durpby.....0100010111100110110010100—12

No. 6, same as above:

Owen.....1001010010100001011110110—12
Christian.....1000111010110100110101010—13
Clark.....0011010001010000000011100— 8
Scott.....1111101000111111000000011—14
Stearns.....1111111111110110111111011—21
Miller.....0001011000000110001110001— 9

No. 7, same as above:

Nelson.....1[illegible]101111111101111111111—23
Terry.....1111100111011100111011110—18
Dornin.....1110111101111011101110111—20
Cleland.....1011111110110111011110111—20
Stearns.....1110111101110111011110111 - 20
Christian.....0101100000010001111001111—12

The club shoots next Tuesday, Oct. 2, at the fair grounds under the auspices of the Lynchburg Fair Association. A number of visiting shooters are expected and arrangements are in progress to make it an interesting affair. F. M. D.

Lenone vs. Post.

WILLARD'S PARK, N. J., Sept. 27.—The following interesting match was shot recently on these grounds. The score was a tie up to the twenty-fourth bird, Lenone finally winning by two birds, as Post dropped his twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth. The same parties will probably shoot another race shortly on the same conditions, but for an increased stake. Score:

Match, 25 live birds, $25 a side, 28yds. rise, modified Hurlingham rules, 50yds. boundary:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Lenone.....↖ ↑ → → ↓ ↗ ↘ → ↖ ↙ ← ↗ ↖ ↑ ← ↑ ↑ ↙ → ← ↗ ↗ ↓ ↗ ↖
0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 2 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1—20

Post.....↓ ← ↘ ↖ → ↗ ↖ → → ↗ ← ↖ ↗ ↗ → ↘ ↗ ↖ ← ← ↗ → → → ↗
1 1 2 0 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 2 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 2 2 1 2 0 0—18

Referee, Capt. Money; handler, Boyle; trapper, Wm. Hill.

Sweep No. 1, 10 live birds each, lowest man to pay for the birds:

Lenone.....0211011111— 8 Money.....1111111111—10
Morfey.....1122111111—10

Sweep No. 2, 7 birds, $5, ties miss and out, three last men allowed one miss to count as a dead bird:

Money.....2112111—7 2 Post.....1222220—6 2
Morfey.....1122111—7 0 Hopper.....0212110—5 11
Lenone.....1101210—5 20

Money and Post divided first money, Hopper taking second money on the shoot-off with Lenone.

Sweep No. 3, 7 live birds, $5 entrance, Lenone and Post allowed one miss as a dead bird:

Morfey.....0212012—5 Money.....2111211—7
Lenone.....0210212—5 Post.....1022112—6

Under the terms of the handicap Post divided first money with Capt. Money, Lenone taking second. DUTCHER.

Leavenworth Gun Club.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Sept. 21.—At the medal shoot yesterday afternoon the trophy was carried off by Walt Keller with a clean score. The shooting was above the average. Following were the scores:

Keller.....1111111111111111111111111—25
Sexton.....1111111111111111111111101—23
McElroy.....1110101111110111111111110—21
Schmelzer.....0111011011111111110111111—21
Hawn.....1111111111110110110011111—21
Tee Kay.....1011111111100011011111111—20
Lane.....1101011110111011011111011—19
Brown.....1001101101011110001110111—16
Grover.....1110010110001101011110111—16

At the close of the medal shoot the following teams shot for an oyster supper and the price of the targets, 10 targets per man, losing side to pay the bill: Keller, captain; McElroy, Grover, Lane and Schmelzer. Sexton, captain; Tee Kay, Hawn, Brown and Harper. Sexton's team won by breaking 40 out of a possible 50, as follows: Sexton 9, Tee Kay 10, Hawn 5, Brown 8, Harper 8. The defeated team broke 38: Keller 10, McElroy 6, Grover 7, Lane 9, Schmelzer 6.

The same teams then shot for cigars to be enjoyed after the supper, and the tables were turned, Keller's team scoring 19 out of 25, and Sexton's 17.

The annual meeting of the club was held at Dr. Lane's office at 8:30 o'clock last night, with a full attendance. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Judge L. Hawn; Vice-President, Dr. J. A. Lane; Secretary, H. W. Koohler; Treasurer, J. W. Sexton; Captain, Geo. W. Goff; Executive Committee—Judge Hawn, G. W. Goff, H. W. Koohler, Walt Keller and S. H. McElroy. The report of the secretary and treasurer showed the club has had a prosperous year and is in good condition financially.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

IT'S not at all an uncommon thing to read in the daily papers such headlines as "Winter Weds Summer" or "May Captures December," and the like, referring to marriages where the disparity between the ages of the contracting parties is very wide. It is seldom, however, that an editor gets a chance to use such a line as "Fall vs. Spring" when reporting a shoot.

The first contest for the American E. C. Powder cup, presented by Captain Money and his son, N. E. Money, to the New Utrecht Gun Club, which took place on Saturday afternoon last, Sept. 29, afforded just such a chance, T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., and Conny Fergueson, 3d, fighting a duel for the cup until 20 birds had been shot at. Morfey requires no introduction, his work at the traps being well known, particularly since his record in the Dexter Park handicap of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers's Association last April.

Conny Fergueson, 3d, if he keeps up his present gait, will be in it with the best of them when he comes to man's estate, a period of his life which is still nearly a decade off. Conney is not yet twelve years old; he attains that age on Jan. 19 next. He is a well-built little fellow, has a pleasant smile, particularly after a good kill, any amount of nerve, and is the pride of the club. He shoots a 16-gauge, 4½lbs. Francotte; his work with this gun can be judged from his score of 18 out of 20, the first 15 being dropped without a miss.

For the cup contest no less than eighteen members put down their names, six other members, four of whom arrived on the scene late, shot along for birds only. The number of entries caused the supply of birds to fall short, the result being that after the fifth round the Messrs. Sykes requested all those who had no chance of making straight scores to withdraw, with the privilege of a re-entry, W. F. Sykes setting the example by requesting the scorer, Mr. Rice, of Chicago, to affix the letter w to his score; eleven others followed in his footsteps, the contest finally narrowing down to Morfey, C. M. Meyer, D. Bennett, Conny Furgueson, 3d, and C. A. Sykes, whose handicap allowed one miss to be scored as a no-bird. Mr. Sykes made his score 10 straight by killing all but one of the 11 birds he shot at; Messrs. Morfey, Meyer, Bennett and Furgueson killed their 10. This left five men in for the five moneys, the conditions being "17 entries or over, five moneys." Before shooting off for the cup, miss and out, it was agreed to divide the purse.

Then came the struggle for the cup. Messrs. Meyer and Bennett each missed fast left-quarterers on the first round and retired, C. A. Sykes joining them at the end of the second round by shooting behind a zig-zagging right-quartering incomer. This left only Morfey and his young antagonist in the race. Morfey's fourth bird in the ties was a right-quarterer which was hit with both barrels but managed to fly within a few yards of the boundary. As it looked a lively bird Morfey declared to gather the bird but the referee ruled him out under his interpretation of the rules governing the contest; the trapper, who had been retrieving the dead birds, and who, incidentally, had chased Sprattley's ninth bird over the boundary line, by a pice of wretched work, was sent after the bird. Whether an expert retriever could have got the bird is an open question, anyway this man didn't, the bird just fluttering high enough to perch on the top of the 2ft. high boundary fence. Morfey appealed from the ruling of the referee, Conny meanwhile getting a hoverer from No. 4 trap which he killed, his many friends applauding him loudly. The executive committee then went into a brief session to consider Morfey's appeal; it heard the referee, examined witnesses, and decided that Morfey ought to shoot at another bird. This bird, a right-quartering incomer, he got with his first barrel, using the second for safety. His sixth bird, a lightning driver, he feathered with his right but apparently missed with his left, Conny's friends cheering for their little champion, who only had to kill to win. A low-flying right-quarterer, a bird as black as a thunder cloud, left No. 3 trap like an ice wagon but suddenly changed its mind and lit out for home at a pace that would have made a duck hawk hump; Conny stung him up but that was all. Morfey killed his next four but Conny fell down on his twentieth, a really good left-quartering driver; this gave the cup to Morfey.

The quality of the birds can best be judged by a reference to the score; a brisk wind across the traps from left to right aided them considerably in their flight, giving the "scouters" outside the fence lots of shooting; they were as good birds as will be found anywhere at this season of the year; of course there were some duffers among them but they were few in number. Score:

American E. C. Powder cup contest, 10 live birds per man, entrance $3, New Utrecht Gun Club rules and handicap:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

W F Sykes (29yds.).....↘ ↗ ↗ ↑ ↘ ← 0 0 2 2 1 2 w. — 4
R E Gray (27).....↗ ↘ ┬ ← ↗ → 1 0 2 1 0 0 w. — 3
Gus Grleff (30).....↑ → ← ┬ ↑ ↑ 0 • 1 2 2 1 w. — 4
M F Lindsley (30).....↙ ↑ ↖ → ← ↙ 2 2 2 0 0 2 w. — 4
C S 'Carlos" (29).....↖ ↑ → ↙ → → 1 0 0 2 2 0 w. — 3
T W Morfey (30).....↗ → → ↗ ↙ ↖ → ↗ ↑ ↑ 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2—10
N E Money (29).....→ ↓ → ↗ → ↘ ↗ ↗ 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 w. — 7
Capt Money (30).....← ↗ ↑ ↗ ↙ → 1 2 1 2 2 0 w. — 5
J N Meyer (29).....↙ → ← → ↗ ↙ 1 0 2 2 0 2 w. — 4
C M Meyer (29).....↓ ↑ → ← ↘ ↗ ↗ ← ↗ ↖ 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—10
C Cattenstroth (29).....↖ ↗ ↗ ↘ H ↗ 1 0 2 0 2 2 w. — 4
*A Eddy (29).....→ ↘ ↗ ← ↙ → ← ↖ ↗ ↙ 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1— 8
*H S Sprattley (27).....↗ ↗ ← ↑ ↗ ↙ ↗ ↖ ↗ → 0 2 2 1 1 0 0 2 • 0— 5
G W Cropsey (29).....↙ → ↗ ↙ ↗ ↘ 1 2 2 2 0 0 w. — 4
D Bennett (29).....← ↗ ↙ → ↘ ↗ ↗ ↖ → ↑ 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2—10
C Furgueson, Jr (30).....↗ ← ↑ ← ↘ → 0 2 2 2 2 2 w. — 5
C Furgeuson 3d (26).....↗ ┬ ← ↗ ↙ ↖ ↙ → ← ↑ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—10
J Lott (27).....↑ ↘ ↑ ← ↗ ┬ 0 2 1 2 • 0 w. — 3
C A Sykes (29).....↗ ↖ ┬ ↘ ↗ ↗ ↗ → ↗ ↖ → 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 0 1 2 2—10
*A A Hegeman (30).....↙ ↗ 1 0 w. — 1
*M Van Brunt (29).....↙ → ↗ → ↙ → 2 1 1 2 2 • w. — 5
*Charles Plate (29).....↖ ↗ ↗ ↙ → 2 0 0 2 0 w. — 2
E Lohman (27).....↙ → ↗ → ↓ ↙ ↙ 2 2 1 0 2 0 9 w. — 4
*Dan Lohman (26).....→ ↗ ↘ ↘ ← → ↙ 0 1 0 1 2 • 0 w. — 3

* For birds only.

Ties on 10:

T W Morfey.....1222202121—9 C Furgueson 3d.....2222202220—8
C M Meyer.....0 —0 C A Sykes.....10 —1
D Bennett.....0 —0

Live Birds at Dexter Park.

THE following scores were made at Louis Miller's Dexter Park last week:

Sept. 25, Hell Gate Gun Club, 10 live birds, Long Island rules:

Rinder.....101020211— 7 W Hogan.....2111200220— 7
E Doeinck.....1021102221— 8 C Petersen.....2221102002— 7
C Moltzer.....2022020012— 6 J Voss.....2221112212—10
R Regan.....2200102220— 6 H Voss.....0222001212— 7
J Sehn.....0022020112— 6 H Thau.....2111221021— 9
W Rabenstine.....0020221020— 5 L Schortmeyer.....2212122222—10
B Weber.....2021110222— 8 A Knodel.....0012001002— 4
Woefel.....0211122121— 9 F Trostle.....2100220111— 7
C Rabenstine.....2210012000— 5

Sept. 26, Nassau Gun Club, 10 live birds, American Association rules:

R Phister.....1212101121—9 C Magee.....0111121201—8
W Levens.....2201211121—9 J Young.....2201000120—5
T Edgerton.....2220112012—8 H Bramwell.....2110121102—8
G U Forbell.....2121101112—9

Sept. 27, Down Town Gun Club, 12 live birds, Long Island rules:

H Miller.....10211200002020— 7 J Huff.....111102121120 21—12
H Fajen.....21202000110202— 8 H Jorst.....212121012221 11—13

Sept. 28, Phœnix Gun Club, 15 live birds, Long Island rules:

D Freiliegh.....2111102101222 12—13 M Brown.....1102111212 1102—13
A Botty.....1120111222011 21—13 J Henry.....2111022212 11212—14
A Routan.....2221220211112 12—14 J A Khurst.....2220120220120 12—11
P Gardener.....1110001200210 10— 8 J Smith.....1111112222212 21—15
E Madison.....2111210210021 11—12 W Hughes.....2110212111102 12—13

Paterson Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., Sept. 26.—The regular monthly target shoot of the Gun Club took place at Willard's Park yesterday. The following were the scores made:

Medal contest, 25 targets:

Wright.....1011110111111111111110111—22
Morfey.....1011111111111111111111111—24
Hopper.....0101101111111100111111111—20
Morgan.....0001101110111100111110111—17
Boyle.....1111011101111111110111111—22
Dunkerley.....1101011110111010111111111—20

Sweep, 15 targets:

Morfey.....111111111111110—14 Doty.....111110111101111—13
Wright.....010111111111111—13 Boyle.....100101110101111—10
Hopper.....110011111101101—11 Morgan.....100111000010101— 7
Mainz.....001000100111001— 6 DUTCHESS.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Memphis Gun Club.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 15.—The big shoot which was given by the Memphis Gun Club has created a good deal of enthusiasm and interest among the sporting men of this country; in fact, the Memphis Gun Club is overrun with applications for membership. By the opening of next season, I think we will have the best club in the South. The Memphis Gun Club is certainly very much indebted to your correspondent, Mr. Hough, for the handsome and entertaining articles on the Memphis tournament and on Memphis in general. That article had the effect of stirring up more interest among the business men here than anything that has happened for years. The article was fully appreciated by business men in every line, and has certainly made your paper the most popular one of its kind in this country. It (the article) was published in full in the daily papers here, and was very favorably commented on. I inclose the result of a little shooting match which took place at Billing's Park, the grounds of the Memphis Gun Club, on the 14th inst., on which occasion three very handsome prizes were offered. Whenever you contemplate sending out a representative of FOREST AND STREAM to Memphis, understand that while he is here he is the guest of the Memphis Gun Club. Scores:

T P Poston.....1011111101111101111101101—20
T A Divine.....1111110111101111110111110—21
Irby Bennett.....1110011111011101111110111—20
W F Allen.....1011101111111111110100111—20
Fred Schmidt.....1101010011001100111101—14
Frank Schuman.....1010010110101100010110111—14
A B Duncan.....1111100010111111100100101—16
R T Cooper.....1111101111110010111000001—16
W R Sems.....1101101100101001011100000—12
S Poston.....1000000001110100000010001— 7
Abe Frank.....1110100010010001110011010—12
Griffith.....0000000010011101100111001—10
J H Watson.....1011001001111010111000110—14
D Cockell.....1001100111110111001100111—16
B Mallory.....1000101100100100101100101—11
Trimble.....1101000100000110000101000— 8
J M Greer.....1000000001000100000001010—.5
Kuperschmidt.....0010101010100001000001111—10
Dr Jones.....0101000100000000100010100— 6
James A Cord.....1101101111100010111000001—14
J C Neely, Jr.....0011011011001011111001111—16
Napier.....0000010000101100010010000— 6
W P Hallday, Jr.....1010010110111101111100111—17

MEMPHIS.

Colt Hammerless Gun Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 22.—The following scores were made in the medal shoot of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club on this date: Medal shoot, 25 targets:

Cook.....1011111111111111111111111—24
Melrose.....1101011110111111111001 1011—19
Owen Treat.....1011111011111111111111111—23
Manross.....1011101111111101111111111—22
Olmsted.....1010111111100011111101001—17
O B Treat.....0111111111111111111111111—24
White.....1101110111111101010011110—18
W Hills.....1111101010011000110000111—14
Higby.....1100100101001111011110000—13
Douglass.....1001111101001111111110110—18
Peard.....1111101111111101110011111—21
Colt.....1111011010111111111101111—21
Willy.....1111111111111111111110111—24
Goodwin.....0011111111011001110110111—18
Nichols.....1011101111011101010010 11—17
Green.....0110111111011111111111110—21
Capron.....1110001111111111101111111—21
Bailey.....1111010110111111111011100—19
Geiseman.....1111111111111111011111111—24
W Melrose.....1000000000w
Kehoe.....1111111011111100011011111—20
Sexton.....1110111010101101111111111—20
Pitkin.....1100111101011111110111101—20
Beveridge.....0110111111111011101111111—21
Tucker.....1101101111001111101011011—18

M. F. COOK, Sec.

Dropping for Place Must Go.

MERIDEN, Miss., Sept. 15.—That trip of Hough's was extraordinarily interesting, and told in his unapproachable way, it is about the best piece of work done lately. I have attended several tournaments, and I must say that the dirtiest work done on lowest down race track does not compare with what I have seen at such places. I see Mr. Hough is taking a stand against it, and I wish some one would make it a business to hit straight out every week at the "falling down" at every tournament. Another thing, tournament shooting will soon go unless the traveling salesmen of gun houses are handicapped out of existence. Notice the scores and see where the greater part of the money goes. Why, it goes into the hands of a few, who instead of leaving their business to enjoy a day or two of pleasant companionship are on pay during the hours they are rolling up big scores against the amateur. Notice, too, when their shooting is not quite up to the winning mark, how they put their guns away on the plea of not feeling well. GEO. W. STAPLE.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

D. O. H., Portland, Ore.—We know of no firm who manufactures paper portable houses.

DR. A. T. S., Yokohama, Japan.—"Modern American Rifles" is the standard work on the subject. We can furnish it. Price $2.

A. J., New York.—Vigilant won but one race, the private match in the Solent. The race around the Isle of Wight was largely outside the Solent.

J. Q., Tavistock, Ont.—Will the fluid discharged by a common toad when irritated cause blood-poisoning? I have heard of a case attributed to the cause. Ans. No, it is quite harmless.

E. C. M., Chicago, Ill.—Kindly advise me if there is any book published upon the subject of frog culture or frog farming, and if so, what is it and where can it be obtained? Ans. None that we know of.

TUCSON, A. T.—A, B and C shoot at 25 birds, American Association rules, 3 moneys, 60, 30 and 10 percent. B kills 23 birds, A and C kill 21 each, who takes third money? Ans. B takes first and third, A and C dividing second money; that is, B gets 70 per cent. of the purse, while A and C take 15 per cent. of the purse respectively.

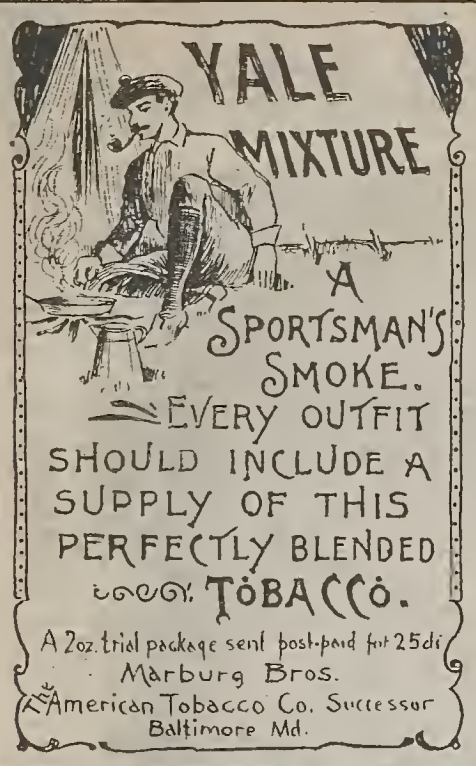
J. A. P., Helper, Utah.—E. C. smokeless powder is commonly loaded struck measure and not tapped. Tapping increases the average charge from one to three grains. For wadding, use one trap wad next to powder, one ⅜in. soft white felt and one black-edge. Write the American E. C. Powder Co. for directions for loading.

C. A. C., DeBeque, Col.—I think a great many of your readers would be pleased to see you publish or republish a few good articles on flytying. How does it strike you? Ans. Keene's "Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout" gives the information you desire with drawings and samples of the actual materials to be used. Price $1.50.

J. E. C., New York.—There is no common usage to cover this case, the fairest way would be to take the positions first, second and third, in each race; the first prize going to the yacht with the smallest number of points, and the second to the next. There is no definition of a professional which is generally recognized; but any one who is by occupation a fisherman, boatman or seaman, or who sails a boat for pay must be considered a professional.

NEW YORK.—A bets that it is against the law to shoot robins (meaning the ordinary robin red-breast) in Connecticut the year around. B bets there is an open season on them in that State. Who wins? Ans. In practice there is no open season, but the law is not clear. Section 2525 forbids the killing of a number of birds—of which the robin is one—between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1. Section 2536 absolutely prohibits the killing of robins by any one on lands not owned by himself. See *Game Laws in Brief*.

J. H. D.—1. Do deer, caribou and elk shed their antlers annually? Are the antlers often found after they have been dropped? 2. Is the quality as good as those taken from the animals? Ans. 1. Yes, they shed annually and the antlers are often found after they have been dropped, if the ground is favorable for it. In the thick underbrush of the Eastern States the fallen antlers are not often seen. On the plains of the West and on the bald hills of the Rocky Mountains, which form the winter feeding ground of the elk, we have seen hundreds, if not thousands of antlers dropped the winter before in a day's march. Similarly in the northern Rocky Mountains we have often found moose antlers dropped, and antlers of deer on the prairie. It is well known that such horns are much gnawed by various species of rodents and that weather more or less quickly destroys them. 2. The quality of the antlers that have laid out in the weather for a few months is not so good as those taken from the animal's head.



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No. C—Nickel-Plated, Raised Pillar Multiplying Reels, with click and drag and screen oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c.; 80yds., 78c.; 100yds., 88c.; 150yds., 98c. 10c. extra for postage.

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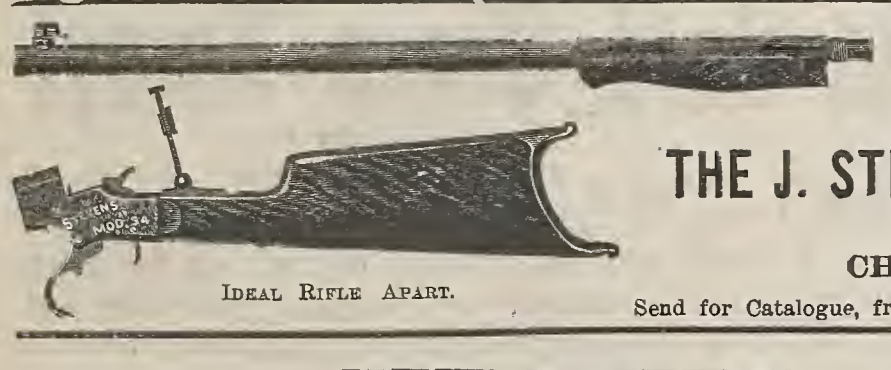

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I have had the honor of coaching many gentlemen, and have carefully studied the points especially requiring attention that have cropped up from time to time while giving instruction. I hope that those who favor me by studying this treatise may quickly gain the knowledge so essential for the making of an average if not brilliant shot.

I have purposely refrained from touching on the several merits of any class of gun—being a gun-maker myself; and, indeed, so many good works on the subject have been written, that it is really unnecessary.

I trust that authors from whose writings I have made extracts will pardon me when they recollect that I have at heart one object, viz., the advancement of a manly sport which gives pleasure, health and occupation to many, and to the patronage of whose followers I am indebted for many pleasant days.

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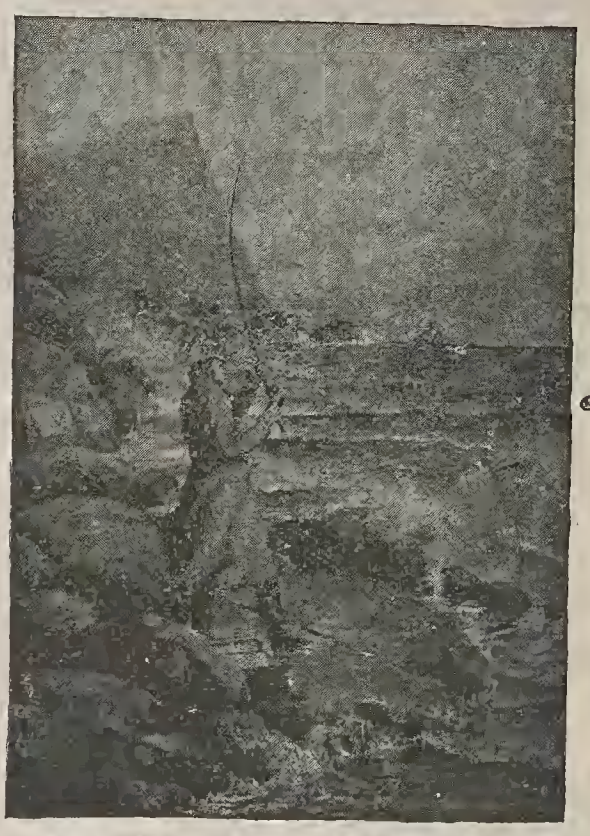
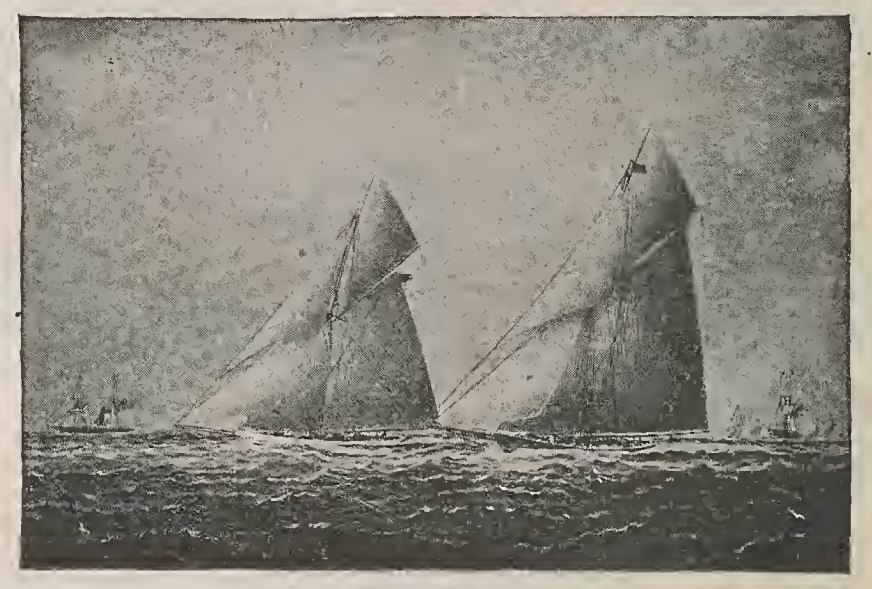


BASS FISHING AT BLOCK ISLAND.



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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

VOL. XLIII.—No. 15. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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"STOP THE SALE OF GAME."

THE enthusiastic reception accorded to the new platform plank announced by the FOREST AND STREAM is encouraging. Not only have a large number of our readers at once seen how much such a change would do toward conserving the limited game supply, but many dealers have acknowledged that the adoption of such a plank would injure their business very slightly or not at all. A representative of the farmers has called attention to the fact that the abolition of the sale of game would be likely to increase the price of some of the products of the farmers. Besides all this, there is a considerable class of men, engaged in the business of selling game, who would actually be glad to drop the traffic, on the ground that there is no profit in it. One of these has written to us from a large city, under a recent date, as follows:

I am engaged in the retail trade in poultry and game in one of the oldest established firms in ——, and have worked there about two years, and as I am an enthusiastic sportsman myself, I would like to say a few words in regard to your platform plank on "stop the sale of game."

Probably most sportsmen think that there is an enormous profit in retailing game to hotels and private customers, but if they could see the quantity of game—birds and animals—which goes to waste, they might not think it so profitable after all. During the open season thousands of partridges, prairie chickens, quail and ducks are shipped to us from all points, and, of course, when the season closes we have any quantity left over in our freezer, and this frozen game is next year worth practically nothing, and so the loss on it takes away most of the profit from what was sold the year before.

Then as to venison. There never was a cent made in retailing venison and never will be, but the rich people and the hotel men must have it, and of course, that demand must be supplied. In a lot of ten or twelve saddles there are certain to be two or more which are shot, and so utterly worthless, and these have to be thrown away.

Only the other day I was talking to a man who has handled game in this way for the past twenty years or more, and he agreed with me that on the whole there is very little profit in the business.

As I said before, however, the club men and rich gourmands must and will have it. I remember very well that a month or two ago a wealthy customer came into our store and asked for a pair of partridges, saying that he wanted "none of your shot birds; give me a pair of trapped ones."

It is not the poor fellows who sell a few birds now and then that must be reasoned with, but the men who can afford and are willing to pay for those luxuries. I wish the sale of game could be stopped, although it may seem strange for me to say it.

This testimony is very interesting, and it is by no means the only letter that we have received on the point. It comes back to the old question, so often insisted on, that influence ought to be brought on the consumers of game as well as on the middlemen, through whose hands it passes.

But there is another view of the matter which will occur to many of our readers and indeed has been often mentioned, and this is the killing of big bags by men who have the opportunity, and yet who would never think of selling their game. Probably almost every man who reads FOREST AND STREAM is acquainted with some such men, good fellows, good sportsmen, who on the whole have right ideas about preservation of game and about shooting, but who when the opportunity occurs to kill 100 or 150 birds in a day, find it impossible to stop shooting. If such men—men who are familiar with the conditions governing this whole subject; men who should exercise self-restraint and hold their hands because they know what this great destruction means—if such men will not live up to the principles which they profess and advocate, can we expect that those who make their living partly by the sale of game, or that those who know nothing about the importance of preserving game, but know only that they like to eat it, should give up the gratification of their appetites?

We can hardly expect from others acts of self-sacrifice which we are unwilling to perform, and until sportsmen mend their ways and cease to uselessly destroy fish and game, their precepts can not convert many.

WOMAN OUT OF DOORS.

IT is not so many years ago since in the minds of the majority of the better class of the community there was something disgraceful about the recreation of outdoor sports. Then the man who went shooting or fishing was thought to be shiftless, worthless, and very likely given to drink. If, notwithstanding his pursuits, he was a reputable member of the community and was successful in business or professional life, he was yet regarded as an exception to the rule and as probably a little bit off his mental balance. Men who were timid about the good opinion of their fellows kept their excursions for birds or fish a secret, and when they started out carefully hid their rods and guns. In those days a woman seen abroad with gun or fishing rod would have had small chance of escaping arrest as a lunatic. Her reputation would have been gone. The ideal woman of those days was weak, languid and prone to vapors; she was expected to weep at the sight of a dead bird and to faint at the discharge of a gun.

We have got beyond those days now. The times have changed; the world moves, though perhaps it moves but slowly. Gradually field sports for men came to take their proper place as legitimate [and wholesome recreations. It was no longer disgraceful for a man to go shooting or fishing. Soon after this, began woman's interest in these sports; at first very mildly with croquet and archery, and then passing on to tennis and bicycling, until now it is no unusual thing to see a woman fishing a stream, following the dogs, or sailing a yacht, and twenty years hence, those of us who are left alive, will look back with hearty amusement at the comments that are made to-day on women in the field.

There are no good reasons why there should not be as many and as good sportswomen as there are sportsmen. No reasons why the wife or sister should not love and share in the free, bracing outdoor life, the splendid exercise which sends the warm blood bounding through the veins, the changing charm of fields and woods, the series of pictures offered by the working dogs. Physically she is strong enough to handle a rod or a gun, or the boat's tiller, and with training, to do these things long enough and well enough to bear her part in the field.

Yet as all men do not care to shoot or to fish, or to sail a boat, so there are women who care for none of these things, but who take pleasure in being out of doors and in sharing the society and the surroundings of the sportsman, even though they may not care for the prize that he strives for. Such a woman enjoys watching the working of the dogs and the shooting done by husband or brother, or loves to accompany him along the brook or on the lake. Yet without some special interest for herself, she may sometimes find it a little dull to walk alone and unemployed around a swamp, while her companion passes through it, himself and dogs hidden from view.

For such women there are still many outdoor occupations—enough to satisfy the most exacting. There are sketching, photography, and half a dozen branches of natural history, all of which may be followed with interest and profit. Of these natural history studies, one of the most attractive and easily pursued is botany. To many people this word calls up only a meaningless jumble of long Latin names, of orders, families, genera and species; terms which have to them no meaning and which sound very alarming. But if one can only start aright, it is surprising how little technical knowledge is needed to make the study of botany fascinating even to one who knows nothing of it.

Those unfortunates who are born and bred in cities, and whose only ideas of country life are gathered from a few weeks of summer spent on hotel piazzas by sea-shore or mountains, have no conception of the beauties lying about them waiting to be discovered, and even the girl who resides in the country usually fails to see most of the beauties of her surroundings. While it is true that many of the most beautiful and rarest flowers are hidden in wood or swamp, it is also true that the dusty roadsides between which she walks or drives each day are full of countless attractions if she will look for them. There grow, though perhaps hidden under a coating of dust, the delicate soft circles of the wild carrot, the tall purple clusters of the iron weed, and the delicate blossoms of the oxalis; these and countless other flowers line the dustiest and dullest country highway, and may be gathered and identified by the laziest and most superficial botanist.

There is a touch of genius about Mrs. Dana's book, "How to Know Wild Flowers," for, while from the scientific point of view its arrangements and instructions are highly artificial, this very artificiality enables a person altogether ignorant of botany to know the common plants which she finds in fields and forest provided she can read and understand the English language. To a woman having this interest, who takes her course over field and meadow, and by the swamp and through the wood, what a treasure house is opened. With her book in her hand, her specimen basket hung over her shoulder, and her eyes keenly on the watch for new flowers, every step will reveal some novel shape or color, and each tramp will give her new friends in the lovely world of flowers. Instead of sitting lonely on the hillside, listlessly watching the clouds and listening to the whistles and calls, and the crashing of the twigs in the swamp below her, she will be on a hunt of her own, and when she meets her companion at the end of the swamp, he will listen as interestedly to the story of the plants that she has found, as she to his account of how the old dog trailed and pointed the plump partridge which lies at her feet.

THE SPORTSMAN'S EXPOSITION.

THE sportsman's exposition to be held in this city next May promises to be successful, but just how great this measure of success will be cannot be told until the plans of the directors shall have been decided on and announced. From the known character of these directors it may be assumed that their policy will be a broad one, but it is important that it should be decided on and made public with as little delay as possible. Whatever is determined, there will of course be a good exhibition of arms and implements, but much more than this is required if a full and unqualified success is to be reached, if all who are interested in American sport are to be proud of the exposition as a whole.

The question of success or non-success will depend largely on the character imparted to the exhibition. If it is a genuine sportsman's exposition it will be successful. If it is merely a series of displays of the goods sold by the exhibitors, it is not likely to attract much attention, and will fail of the good which it ought to do.

To make this exposition an entire success it must have an educational character, and must also excite the popular interest, that is the interest of the men, women and children who are now not especially interested in any form of sport. Any person who will take the trouble to walk through the large gun and fishing tackle stores of any of our important cities can there see all the implements used by sportsmen in the field, and such a person will not care to visit the proposed exposition and pay an entrance fee merely to see the same things that he can see in the stores. Such an exposition should have an historical character and show the evolution of various sportsmen's implements; a mechanical side with exhibitions of the manufacture of particular articles, and a comparative side, in which comparisons should be instituted between the implements of America and of European countries. Besides this, trophies of sport should be gathered from all lands, pictures should be collected and generally all the attractions possible should be brought together to interest the public at large.

No doubt the committee in charge of the matter have already put themselves in communication with the manufacturers and dealers in this country, but this is not enough. Amateur sportsmen in this country and in Europe should be interested in the matter, and European exhibitors be communicated with and personally interested. The co-operation of all such men is necessary to bring together collections such as will interest and educate the public.

The work of preparing for an exhibition such as should be held in New York is very considerable, and the time in which to accomplish this work is short. The undertaking must then be pushed and active measures taken to bring it to a successful issue. No time must be wasted if the work which faces the promoters is to be done.

The Sportsman Tourist.

LITTLE PLUME'S DREAM.

One spring the Blackfeet were camped on the Judith River, which in their language is named the Yellow Stream. Game was getting rather scarce in the vicinity of camp, so it was determined to move camp to Armell's Creek, another tributary of the Missouri, some thirty miles east. At that time I was living with Little Plume, a young warrior of thirty years or more, very brave and a great hunter. He was of a cheerful disposition, always laughing and joking; but the morning we were to move camp he seemed to be unusually quiet. He got up and had his customary plunge in the river, and ate his breakfast, speaking very little, and seemed to be in deep thought. After a time he got out his war sack, and selecting a bunch of choice eagle's tail feathers—very highly prized by the Blackfeet for decorative purposes—he went out and gave them to the sun; that is, he made a prayer to the sun for health and safety, and concluded by tying the bunch of feathers to the branch of a tree as an offering to the powerful god. Soon the lodges were taken down, everything was packed up and loaded on to the horses, and the march began. In those days a tribe of Indians on the march presented a stirring scene. Most of the riding horses were decked with fancy beadwork and bright saddle trappings; the pack horses carried queer-shaped sacks and pouches of rawhide, which were painted with quaint designs in bright colors. The horses which carried the property of the medicine men, sacred and mysterious bundles, were always white, and their manes and tails were painted with vermillion. The medicine pouches, made of white rawhide, were beautifully painted, and the long fringes of buckskin depending from them nearly swept the ground. The costumes of the people added not a little to the brightness of the scene. The older people often wore a buffalo robe or sombre-colored blanket, but the young and middle-aged men and women wore fancy-colored blankets of every conceivable hue; and as they trooped along laughing and chattering, their long hair flying in the breeze, they were an interesting sight. At the head of the column rode the chiefs and head men, followed by the women and children; behind them and on the flanks rode the great body of the warriors driving the loose horses before them, and of these there were many hundred.

As we rode along this bright spring morning, Little Plume informed us that he had had a very bad dream. He said that a little old white man came to him and cried out "Beware! You will be in great danger to-morrow."

"How?" asked Little Plume.

"I may not tell you'" replied the white man. "All I can say is, have courage, do your best and you may come out all right."

I had never argued with these people about their beliefs. In fact, to get at their inner life, to learn their inmost thoughts and ways, I pretended to be a true disciple of their religion. I made them think that I too, was a sun worshiper and a believer in dreams and signs. Often I would recount to the old men some dream I pretended to have had, and ask their opinion as to its portent. So when Little Plume recounted his dream to me, I said: "My friend, this is truly a fearful dream. How did the little old white man look?"

"He was very small and thin," he replied, "and his face was very smooth and white."

"Well," said I, "if I were you I would be very careful to-day. Stay close to camp, also don't ride any wild horse or fool with your gun. You can't tell what danger your dream has warned you of. There are more ways of being killed than by the enemy. Your horse might fall and crush you; your gun might go off accidentally; a rattlesnake might bite you. Oh, yes, you must be very careful."

"I am not, I never have been," replied Little Plume, "a coward, you know my record in war; it speaks for itself. But I hate these warning dreams. You are told that something is to happen to you, but do not know what it is; and that makes the heart uneasy. You can not eat or talk of anything. Always you are on the watch and fear you know not what."

About 2 o'clock we reached some pine buttes, and while the camp halted to rest a little, Three Suns, the head chief, Little Plume and I rode up to the top of one of the buttes to take a survey of the surrounding country. Only a few miles distant was the valley of Armell's Creek, very broad and level and bordered by high hills and bluffs. Here and there along the stream were small groves of cottonwood and poplar, and on the hills grew scattering pines. But what interested us most was the game. I got out my glass, a powerful telescope, and by its aid I could see countless herds of buffalo and antelope. Some few of these were between us and the creek, but the main body of them were on the plains west of it. For at least thirty miles, as far as the eye could reach, the prairie was fairly covered with buffalo.

"This is a rich country," I remarked, as I handed the glass to Little Plume. "We will soon be feasting on boss ribs."

"I'm glad of that," said Three Suns, "I'm tired of elk and deer meat," and he went on to speak of the buffalo, saying that they really were the life of the Indian, that they were the food, shelter and raiment of the people.

Little Plume, who in the meantime had been sweeping the country with the glass, here exclaimed that there seemed to be a commotion among the game far down the valley. Some buffalo and antelope had been frightened and were running toward us.

"Well," said Three Suns," that is nothing strange. You know Running Rabbit's camp (another Blackfoot chief) is between us and the big river (Missouri), and very likely they are camped somewhere about here."

"No," replied Little Plume, "I don't think it was they who frightened the game, for they would be on horseback and we would see them. I feel quite certain that some war party on foot is sneaking along up the creek and that they are what scared the game."

"You may be right," said Three Suns, "and it's best to look out. We will herd the horses in for a night or two and keep a strong guard on the watch. Now, then, we ought to be going. I think we shall camp pretty well up on the stream in order not to disturb the game until we are ready to make a big killing. Let us make to the left of that sharp butte over there (pointing to one southeast of us) and keep straight in that direction until we strike the creek."

So we mounted our horses and descended, and shortly the march was resumed. In an hour or two we reached the creek and our lodges were pitched on a level bit of prairie handy to wood and water. One of Little Plume's wives (he had five) caught a young antelope which had evidently been born that day and brought it up to us, saying, "See what a beautiful little pet I have found."

"I am just hungry for some young antelope boiled," said her brother, who was standing near by, and seizing it, he drew his knife and with one slash ripped it open and threw it upon the ground. The poor thing lay there gasping, and we could see its heart still beating but growing fainter and fainter. It was a brutal act, and I felt like giving the young scamp a good thrashing, but held my peace. The woman roundly berated him, and from the way Little Plume looked I thought he, too, was displeased.

After a hearty meal and a good smoke, Little Plume saddled up a fresh horse, and saying that he was going out on the hills to take a look at the country, rode away. I was tempted to go with him but the day had been a very warm one, and I hardly felt like exercising any more, so I stayed in the lodge and smoked and read (I had quite a bundle of books with me) until it was too dark to see the print. When it was quite dark and Little Plume did not appear, we began to grow quite uneasy about him and after a while the women began to cry and scream that he was killed. I tried to quiet them by saying that he might have found Running Rabbit's camp and concluded to stop there for the night. But it was of no use. So to get away from the doleful noise they made I went outside. Suddenly I thought I heard a call far out on the prairie, and listening intently I heard it again but could not make out what was said. A young man who was standing by heard it too and ran out in that direction. He soon returned, out of breath and so excited we couldn't understand what he said except "Little Plume—almost dead—take him horse." Immediately there was the greatest excitement in camp. Little Plume's wives and female relatives began to mourn, and cry; men came from all directions with drawn weapons, crying out for revenge, and the young man who had found Little Plume leading the way, we all went out. When we got up to him we were agreeably surprised to hear him say, though in a very weak voice: "I'm not going to die yet. Put me on a horse and I can ride to camp. I've killed one Sioux." At this there was a wild howl of joy and all began to shout out his name, and those in the camp hearing it, joined in, all crying out in their loudest voice "Little Plume wa! hai! Little Plume wa! hai!" Meaning, the victor. It is the proudest moment of a Blackfoot's life when he thus hears himself extolled by the people.

It did not take us long to get him to camp and in his lodge, and stripping off his leggings we found that he had been shot in both legs; through the calf of one and thigh of the other. No bones were broken, but the muscles were badly lacerated and there had been considerable loss of blood. I washed the wounds and dressed them with such simple remedies as I had, and after a light meal, our hero was fairly comfortable. Late that night after everything had quieted down, he told me the story of his adventures.

"You remember," he said, "that my dream warned me I would be in danger to-day. He spoke truly; I have had a very close call. All day I have felt uneasy, and the signs have been bad. When my brother-in-law ripped open the young antelope and we could see its heart beating, I felt sure that something was going to happen. Then when I rode away from camp I had gone only a very short distance when the ravens began to circle close to me, and that was still another bad sign. I ought not to have gone out, but I thought I would only go a little way, just to see how the game was, and lay out a place for the big hunt to-morrow. I went down the valley quite a little piece, and then started to ride to the top of the bluffs so that I could get a good look at the surrounding country. I was riding quartering up the ridge which is broken by deep coulées, when I saw four buffalo bulls coming toward me up the hill. No other game was close to me, so I drew my horse back out of sight, got off, and crawling to the edge of the coulée, watched for them to come within range. When they were so close I could see their eyes I fired at what I thought was the fattest one, and over he went. The rest ran off. All this time I felt very uneasy. I kept looking up at the top of the hill, then down below. My heart felt heavy, yet I could see nothing to be afraid of. I left my horse and went down and began to cut up the bull. The ravens came all around me, flying close to my head, and calling out, and some lit on the ground so close I could see their eyes. I took out the tongue and then skinned down one side and took out the entrails. Then I got so uneasy I couldn't stand it any longer, and, leaving the tongue and all, I went back to my horse, and had put my foot in the stirrup to get on and ride home, when the thought struck me that I was a foolish coward. I thought of all that fat meat lying there which my children would be so glad to have, and I went back and began to cut off and tie in shape to pack some of the best parts. As I was working away I got very uneasy again, and would often stop and look all around. And I thought I saw something appear for an instant on the edge of the hill above me, but concluded it must have been a raven just flying out of sight. I stooped over to tie some meat, and when I rose up again I saw five Indians where I thought I had seen the raven, and just as I saw them they fired at me. I ran for my horse, and just as I reached him he fell over dead. They had killed him so as to give me no chance to escape. My heart failed me when I saw this, but I ran to a coulée which partly concealed me, and fired three shots at the enemy who were rushing down the hill. That stopped them, and they went out of sight in a coulée. Soon I could see them crawling and sneaking above and below me, and saw they were trying to surround me, so I jumped up, and yelling as loud as I could I ran straight back toward camp. One of the enemy was right ahead of me, and he rose up and fired, but didn't hit me. I stopped and fired, and he threw up his hands, dropped his gun and fell over. I had more courage when I saw this, and felt strong. I ran on as fast as I could, and the enemy followed, shooting pretty often. Every little coulée I came to, I would crouch down and fire a shot at them, which would make them drop down. Then I would run on again. We kept up a running fight this way for quite a while, when a shot struck me in the calf of the leg. It didn't hurt much at first, but I could feel the blood running down into my moccasin. The next coulée I came to I fired twice at them, tore off a piece of my shirt and ran on. At the next coulée, after firing at them, I tied up the wound as well as I could, and ran on again. They didn't seem to want to catch up with me, but kept a good long rifle shot behind. I suppose they thought by keeping a long way off and shooting pretty often, they would get me after a while without much risk to themselves, but as I ran I kept dodging this way and that, and gave them a pretty difficult mark. I was getting pretty well toward camp and was running up a hill, when a shot struck me in the thigh, and over I went. I thought then my time had come, but I managed to roll into a little washout. Then I sat up, and fired twice at them. They had started to run toward me, but that stopped them, and they went 'way back and started to climb to the top of the hill. I knew if they should get up there that they would surely kill me, for they would be in easy range and could see me plainly from there. I prayed then. I didn't quite give up. I called on my dream white man for help. I had only three cartridges left, and thought I would save them for the last round. As I was looking up over the edge of the coulée I saw them stop climbing. Soon one of them made a sign to me and motioned me to go home, and that they would go to their home. I didn't answer at all. I just took aim and fired once at them. They turned and ran back the way they had come. I am not sure what made them do this, but think when they were getting near the top of the hill they either saw our camp or some of the people riding about, and thought they would be safer to get back toward the Missouri. As soon as I saw them going I fixed up both of my wounds as good as I could, and using my gun for a crutch hobbled toward camp. I thought I never would get here. Toward the last I had to crawl a little way at a time, and when you heard me call I was so weak I could have gone no further."

"Well, my friend," said I, "your dream gave you a true warning, didn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, "it did. What powerful medicine that little old white man is. I wonder what kind of a white man he really is!"

The next day a large party scoured the country in search of the war party (supposed to have been Sioux), with whom Little Plume had the battle, but could not find them. Where he shot one of them they found where he had fallen. The grass was covered with blood and all tramped down. Undoubtedly his comrades on their retreat had taken him away and buried him, or perhaps sunk the body in one of the deep holes of the creek.

J. W. Schultz.

A RIDE AFTER COWBOYS.

The climate of Texas is salubrious and wonderful, and its soil in some localities very productive. Among other products may be numbered its queer characters which are indigenous. They run the gamut of human nature to extremes—from the most kind and even-tempered to the most vicious.

Not the least interesting study of this varied population is the cowboy, or what was the cowboy of years ago, for the modern type bears little resemblance to the ancient. Now he is nothing but a laborer hired by the large ranchmen or pasture owners, to perform the hard and tedious duties of a ranch, with all of the sometime romance of the life wiped out of him.

A party of these cowboys retiring to their homes in west Texas, once, passed through the little town of Richmond on the Brazos River, which had to be crossed by a ferry at that time. They had been to Louisiana with a herd of beeves and were returning home flush with money and full of whisky. Their route before reaching the river and ferry lay through the rich bottom lands thickly settled with farms along the main road. In passing along they amused themselves shooting at objects that presented themselves, and were not very particular as to what the object was. If a dog in a yard should bark at them they marked him for their prey and the six-shooter sounded his requiem. Even the poor old ganders were treated to a like fate for hissing at them (or so the messenger said who came in ahead to inform on them). The railroad train passed Walker's Station just after this crowd had been amusing themselves. The indignant citizens put a man on the train and sent him to town to inform the authorities of what had transpired.

While the informant was making his complaint and the magistrate issuing the papers for their arrest, the offenders crossed the river and passed through the edge of the town without halting. The papers were soon ready and were handed to the sheriff, who went in pursuit; and overtaking them on the outskirts of the town informed them of his mission, which was to arrest and take them before a magistrate. One of the party asked the officer to produce his warrant, and when he did so wanted to look at it. The sheriff handed him the paper, when he very coolly tore it up and told the sheriff they had no idea of going back to contribute anything for the support of the county officers. They were four to one and the sheriff was powerless, so he rode back to summon a posse to assist him in arresting them.

Quite a crowd were assembled around the court house when the officer returned, ready to joke him on his discomfiture, but when he called for assistance all were willing to lend a hand and join in the fun of bringing them back. Everybody who could procure a horse was soon getting ready.

County Court was in session at the time, with the judge on the bench and a prisoner on trial; but the court adjourned on account of the excitement. Among others who were eager to go was the culprit being tried for some misdemeanor, a young man of twenty, who was one of the boys around town. Seeing so many getting ready he couldn't stand it, but appealing to the court, said, "Judge, please let me go." The Judge looked stern and replied, "Mr. Blank, you are a prisoner, sir." "Judge, if you'll only let me go I'll come right back and stand my trial." The Judge relaxed his discipline and let him go. After all, judges are human.

It took three-quarters of an hour to get horses and guns ready, and at that time we rode out of town eleven strong. The time consumed in preparation gave the fugi- gives a good start and advantage, and when we cleared the town and the trees surrounding it they were nowhere in sight. We knew the course they would take, however, and kept on at a long gallop in that direction. When

about three miles out we sighted them, and the chase began in earnest over the prairie. Their horses had been on a long journey, but they traveled well, and owing to the start which they had of us, held their own well. When we sighted them they were nearly three miles off; and then commenced a race which I have never seen equaled. It was a test of endurance in horseflesh in which blood counted. In the start there were eleven fairly good horses; but at the pace we went one after another began to drop out until at the end of ten miles there were only four of us. Eleven, twelve, thirteen miles were passed, and we were fast gaining on the fugitives. Ah, that wild ride! The wind that fanned our faces played with the long grasses, over which we were flying. Riding in our stirrups, we held the gallant little steeds steady. Their measured hoofbeat on the prairie was the only noise to be heard as we scurried along. Away we went, pursuers and pursued. Occasionally a flock of prairie chickens would rise and whir away, or a jack rabbit hop out of the way of our horses' feet, move off to a safe distance and turn on us with a look which plainly said, "Are they mad?"

Our companions, whom we had outridden, were fast fading out of sight as we measured off mile after mile of our course. The pursued rode like men who knew how to manage horses; but ride as they would their horses could not stand the strain put upon them. We were riding them down, and it was only a question of time when we would overtake them. On nearing a small creek fringed with timber we had gained on them until only about 300yds. separated us. They reached the creek and rode into it, but did not go up on the other side. We thought of course they were waiting for us, so we halted for a brief consultation as how to best approach them. It was no child's play riding on those fellows, who were even numbers with us and had the creek bank for a shelter. Our halt was only momentary; we went forward cautiously until we rode under the hill, when to our surprise they were not in sight anywhere. We went up on the opposite bank, but still could not see them, though the prairie was open for nearly two miles over to the Bernard timber, the nearest point of which was up the creek; and judging that they would make for the point, we rode in that direction, scanning it closely as we went; but still could not see them. Glancing back in the other direction down the creek, we saw them come out below us over 600yds. away, and ride hard for the Bernard timber. They had ridden in the bed of the creek, whose banks were high enough to screen them until they had gained on us sufficiently, and then had come up. We knew they would be lost to us once they entered the Bernard timber, but we rode after them, and had another exciting chase all to no purpose. They rode into the timber some distance ahead of us and we could only track them. After following their trail for a while we gave it up, for we never could have overtaken them.

If we could only have had the patience and forethought to have looked for their tracks at the creek, the affair would have had a different termination; perhaps resulted in our capturing them or *vice versa*.

When we called a halt on the Bernard and looked at the time, our watches marked one hour and ten minutes since we had left the court house at Richmond, and the distance was twenty miles.

Of the four horses of our party that made the race all were blooded stock, and though some of those that fell by the wayside were as good-looking, they did not have the blood to carry them through; and say what you will, "blood will tell."

S. D. CALDER.

GALVESTON, Texas.

ON THE KUSKOKWIM.

FORT WRANGELL, Alaska. — Notwithstanding Alaska has so long been an outlying possession of the United States, but little real exploration has been made of the vast territory west and north of Mt. St. Elias, that embraces and includes the immense Yukon Valley, which rises within thirty miles of the sea coast of southeastern Alaska, and debouches in Bering Sea, after a course of several thousand miles. Many consider the Yukon the principal river in western Alaska, and in fact it is such, but there are other great rivers in that region, almost unknown to white men. The Kuskokwim is one of these other rivers. For several years scores of miners have entered the Yukon Valley by Lynn Canal and the portage across the mountains by the way of the Chilcat villages. It is only thirty miles from the waters of the Pacific by this portage to the small lakes which constitute the sources of the Yukon. Some of these miners whom I have met have visited Stuart and Pelly river valleys, and others again have reached the headwaters of the Kuskokwim, and descending that stream have reached Bering Sea at its southeast extremity. I have found few of these men who are not entirely trustworthy.

I have just met a gentleman of intelligence who went into the Yukon country more than two years ago, and eventually found his way into the valley of the Kuskokwim, and at last reached this place from Bering Sea. I have thought over the substance of what he said respecting his observations in the journey from the headwaters of the stream to its mouth. The Alaska Commercial Company has a temporary trading station about 700 miles up the river, in charge of a Finn and a half breed Aleut. From this trader he procured a badarka, or skin boat, and an outfit with which to descend the river. These boats are made of the skin of the sea lion, and are about 25ft. long, 28in. wide, and 14in. deep. There are three circular holes in the deck or cover, in which three persons can sit, while the craft is navigated with paddles. When the traveling outfit is complete, each one of the three persons aboard wears a waterproof parka or shirt put on over the head, and having a hood which incloses and covers the head. This parka is made of the dried entrails of the hair seal, neatly sewed together, and when the voyager is seated in the badarka, resting on his knees, the skirt is closely gathered about the circular hole in the cover of the craft, and in that way the rain is totally excluded. The badarka will carry besides the three men from a ton to a ton and a half of freight. My friend employed two Eskimos to aid in navigating the boat. He had with him an old tent, and in addition to some tinned vegetables, a few articles for traffic with the natives, abundance of ammunition for his rifle and double-barreled shotgun.

Both sides of the great river have numerous Eskimo villages at a distance of about fifty miles apart. Each village consists of no more than half a dozen huts, each capable of containing from forty to fifty persons, and made of dirt thrown up, partly under ground, and roofed with hair seal skins. The huts have no chimneys, and the smoke escapes through a hole in the roof. Throughout the entire length of the river there are no natives except Eskimos. The Tinneh tribes of the British possessions, a savage people, seldom enter the valley of the Kuskokwim, except to trade, by which silver fox, bear skins, wolf pelts and beaver skins in large numbers reach the coast through the factors of the Alaska Commercial Company.

My friend embarked with his two native companions only a short distance west of the source of the Kuskokwim, about nine hundred miles from its mouth in Bering Sea. In their entire progress they encountered neither falls nor wild rapids. For the first 350 miles both banks were lined with a dense forest of small pines, firs, hemlocks and cedars, none of the trees being more than a foot in diameter; a fact closely observed at all the camping places while passing this scrub timber region. The valley is broad on either side, and back of it rise a range of hills covered with forests of a like kind, and still further back ranges of high mountains clad with this kind of timber until it meets the snow.

After the first day's voyage the river widened to a mile in breadth and the water was deep, clear as crystal and swift. It was the latter part of June and the red salmon were moving up stream to the breeding grounds in immense schools, miles in length. In scores of places these salmon were packed so closely in their struggle to get forward that the bardarka was with difficulty pushed through them. During the whole course of the voyage for the first 500 miles these countless schools of red salmon were encountered, and a thousand tons of fish might have been taken without perceptibly diminishing the number. Not only did they encounter billions of red salmon, but untold numbers of king salmon, actual princes among their species, were on the same errand of reproduction in the tributaries of the Koskokwim. No attempt was made to capture either the king or the red salmon with the hook. The two natives frequently speared a king salmon for food, and none were taken in that way that would weigh less than 40lbs.

Though the party made short journeys, often laying by until noon, and camping, and carefully investigating for traces of wild animals, they observed signs and saw nothing but the small mule deer of Alaska, gray—almost white—in winter, and red in midsummer. They saw not the least signs of either the brown or the black bear of Alaska, and the natives who were in company, informed my friend that bears were seldom seen in the Kuskokwim Valley. A few beaver are found in some of the tributaries of that river, but they were never abundant.

The clothing of native Eskimo, men, women and children, was made of tanned deer skin, and of the tanned skins and the entrails of the hair seal and the sea lion, ornamented where the material unites in seams with the down of wild geese, ducks and swans, which are abundant everywhere.

The principal food of the natives is smoked or dried salmon and salmon roe, which are dried on ricks in the open air. Salmon are stored in the ground in large quantities at each village. A trench is dug in the tundra or spongy soil, and on the bottom of this grass is laid. On the grass large quantities of fresh salmon are placed, and the pile is then covered over with further quantities of grass and tundra or moss. As can easily be imagined, the odor of this food when taken out for use would not make it very tempting to a civilized taste and appetite.

These Eskimo of the Kuskokwim Valley are an unwarlike, good-natured, happy-go-lucky people, and thoroughly honest. Frequent chances were given them at the villages where the voyagers stopped for petty pilfering, but not the most trifling article was missed on the entire trip. The Greco-Russian priests have neither churches nor missions among these natives, but their priests, near the mouth of the river, visit the villages up the river in the spring of the year, and marry and baptize the children and the young people in a sort of "combine" for the sake of economy and time. All the knowledge of religion they acquire is how to make the sign of the cross, which they do on the most trivial occasions.

After passing through this slightly timbered region for about 350 miles, they reached a section which stretched to the mouth of the river, about 600 miles away, which was a continuous savannah. Broad bottom lands covered with high grass extended to the foot hills, equally destitute even of shrubs, having nothing but tall grass, and behind these again high mountain ranges, with grass and moss only to the snow line. At intervals of forty or fifty miles on either side of the river were small clumps of scrub birch and alder, and that was all.

The surface of the broad savannahs was here and there relieved by small lakes of fresh water, even after the voyagers reached a point to which the tide reached from Bering Sea. Millions of wild ducks and geese haunted these lakes, and nested in the tall grass, and the natives at that season of the year gather immense quantities of eggs for food. At the various camping places, in an hour or so after the tent was pitched, twenty or thirty fat young geese were shot and brought into camp. No other signs of game on land, from the time they left the timber belt to the mouth of the river, were observed, except when they ascended one of the lower tributaries of the Kuskokwim, and then made a portage to the headwaters of another tributary, to escape the necessity of rounding Cape Newenham by badarka, in a high tide and a stiff breeze. In passing over the portage they saw evident bear traces, about a day's journey up from the mouth of the tributary.

The width of the Kuskokwim at its mouth is about thirty miles, and after narrowing to about three miles, it retains that width for the first 300 miles from the sea. It has many islands, covered only with tall grass. Here geese, ducks and wild swans in great numbers find a resort. Ice never forms on the river for 500 miles from Bering Sea, and in winter the ground freezes to a depth no greater than in the Middle States. The rainfall during summer is considerably less than at Sitka and further east and south along the coast, and the mercury during the entire six weeks spent in descending the river ranged at about 60°.

My friend, who was always an enthusiastic hunter and had spent many years in the mountains of Montana, Oregon and British Columbia, does not consider the valley of the Kuskokwim by any means the sportsman's paradise, except in respect to the wildfowl and the salmon. All the small tributaries and lakes are alive with small mountain trout, requiring no skill or tact whatever to capture them by the thousands. Commercial greed or enterprise, just as you choose to call it, will seek this valley as a field for fish-canning eventually, but the long distance from civilization, the difficulties of access and the absence of the real elements of sport, will in my judgment cause this region to be ignored by the sportsman who seeks simply a delightful vacation.

J. H. K.

MY FRENCHMEN.

WHILE standing one afternoon at the door of Cobb & Co.'s stage office, on the Diamond Fields, South Africa, watching the unloading of the passengers from the freshly arrived stage, my attention was attracted by the actions of a party of youthful diggers who had formed a knot around one of the new arrivals and seemed highly amused at his gesticulations and actions. One of the group happened to break away and pass by me, when I asked him the cause of the merriment. He replied "Oh, Dad!* Step out there and see the capers of a Frenchman, who can't speak a word of English."

Walking out to the outer edge of the assemblage, I saw that they had surrounded a young Frenchman who seemed to be very much annoyed that no one understood him. Pressing through the throng I spoke to him in broken French and proffered my assistance, when he sprang forward, and it was with some difficulty that I prevented him from embracing me. He then said, "I have arrived here with sufficient funds to pay my way, but find there is not a hotel, or any place where I can lodge in the whole camp, what am I to do? I can't remain out here in the road all night." Instantly forming the opinion that he was a gentleman, I said "If you will accept such rough accommodations as I can offer you, there is a corner in my tent to which you are very welcome." Again I had to use some force to prevent a second attempt at a hug, and finally managed to pick up one of his valises, while he shouldered the other and followed me to my quarters, where he seemed delighted with his first experience of camp life.

For some days he knocked about the claims and paid particular attention to the modes of mining, leading me to believe that he wished to get a thorough insight into the business before embarking in it. About a week elapsed when one night as we sat smoking our pipes he said, "You have been so kind in not questioning me about my business or intentions, I think it nothing but right that you should be told who I am and what I intend doing. I did not come here to dig diamonds, but to buy them; as my father is one of the largest diamond cutters in Paris. In a short time I expect the foreman of the shop to join me, but don't see how we are to purchase stock, as he knows no more English than myself. To prove that I am telling the truth I will show you that I am prepared financially to carry on my business in a proper manner." Whereupon he unbuttoned his vest, passed his hands beneath his shirt and drew out a belt, from which he unfolded letters of credit for £50,000, besides several thousands in bank bills. To say that the revelations made me uneasy would be a mild way of expressing my sensations. The idea that something might happen to my guest and his money sadly interfered with my rest, and I did not feel easy until I persuaded him the next morning to accompany him to the bank.

When we passed into the building he seemed to think that a joke was being played on him, as he very naturally associated the business with a fire-proof structure, thief-proof vaults, etc. Instead of which he found only a corrugated iron affair, with a dirt floor, and the manager's office separated from the teller's counter by a simple canvas screen, while the only visible solid appurtenances were a couple of heavy iron safes. Taking him behind the screen I introduced him, and it was comical to note the amazed look of the manager when my companion coolly produced his belt and carelessly displayed its contents. I explained the gentleman's wishes, which, after a strict examination of the letters and bills, were promptly attended to, when we were treated with marked courtesy and respectfully bowed out of the shanty. Feeling much relieved I parted from my friend and hastened to my claim; but had been at work but a short time when he joined me and pressed the immediate necessity of commencing business as soon as he could arrange suitable quarters. He seemed to be afraid that some of his craft would arrive from Europe and interfere with h s picking up a particular class of stock which he was sure that he could secure at about his own price. At that time very little was known about the true value of rough stones, and a greater proportion of those which were sold on the fields were bought by parties sp culating on their own account, or representing those in Cape Town who were interested in the weekly auction sales held at that place. My friend had attended the sales, and judging from what he had seen, was perfectly satisfied that there was not a competent judge of rough stones in the whole of South Africa.

In a few days I managed to secure a spot on one of the main thoroughfares of the camp, suitable for the location of a tent, and contracted for its construction with a runaway sailor who had been smitten with the diamond fever and had left his ship in the lurch in Cape Town. In the mean time the expected foreman arrived, and the pair took possession of the tent, but were afraid to display the usual sign of "Diamant Kooper," as neither of them could speak English or Boer. About a week elapsed, when one morning, just as I reached my claim and was starting to work, I was accosted by a young man, soliciting a job. His peculiar accent caught my ear, and I immediately asked him if he wasn't a Canadian. His answer convinced me that I had found an interpreter for the new firm, as he spoke the *patois*. Dropping pick and shovel, I started with him for the Frenchman's tent, where he was instantly engaged to translate, and the sign hung out for business. I heard nothing of the parties for some days, when one of my neighboring diggers asked if I had heard of two crazy Frenchmen who had turned up in the camp, buying nothing but "chips," which the boys were unloading on them at a lively rate. To the uninformed I would say that a large majority of our finds were not whole diamonds, but pieces, which were called "chips" or "splints," for which there was scarcely any sale, as at that time no one was capable of telling what the loss would be in cutting, particularly if there were many flaws or cracks in the chip. Being sure that my two acquaintances were

* My soubriquet, from having been longer in South Africa than any other American on the Fields.

the parties to whom the reference was made, I held my tongue, and inwardly resolved to try and make an effort to effect the sale of a number of "chips," which had been eyesores to me for some time.

That afternoon, on my way from my claim to my tent, I purposely went out of my way, in order to pass the tent of the Frenchmen. Just as I got opposite the door, I was seized and drawn in behind a canvas screen which divided the sleeping apartment from the front or office portion, where both partners drew from their pockets several small canvas bags, from which they poured on the table a heap of large diamond "chips," which they assured me would weigh over 8lbs. avoirdupois, and had been purchased at merely nominal figures. The ex-foreman took up one of the largest pieces, and examining it closely for a few seconds, laid it on the table, just in front of him, opened his pocket knife, held the blade at slight angle to one of the sides of the "chip," said "Look," and with a slight blow of a small hammer split off a portion of the stone. This was my first insight into the cleavage of a diamond, and to explain the reason of his action he told me that he would reduce the entire lot in size, in order to save postage, only exercising due care to split off such extra portions of the "chip," as would be necessary to reduce it to the form of a brilliant. All diamonds were sent in parcels by mail, which was transported overland some 500 miles to Cape Town, in small two-horse carts, driven by half-bred "Totties." It was a fortunate thing for the digging and buying fraternities that none of the "stand and deliver" brotherhood had reached that portion of the world. Of course all the small pieces were carefully preserved until some opportunity offered to send them personally down to the Cape, whence they were taken by steamers to Europe. After taking my first lesson in preparatory diamond cutting, I sold my lot of "chips" at prices which would have appalled some of the sharp ones, who had imagined they were doing "a big thing" in letting the Frenchman name the prices and take their "splints." FRANK J. THOMPSON.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

MY CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.—VIII.

A FEW resorters had gathered in my venerable friend's workshop, which was a combination curiosity, workshop, lounging and storehouse. It had rained. It did rain. The prospect was good for considerable more rain. It was not one of those hasty "get up and get" showers, but a steady, constant, consistent, continual patter-patter. Everything exposed was wet, sodden, soggy, soaked through and through. The few fish we had caught in the morning had every appearance of having been thoroughly soaked; their eyes were dull and milky; and when the fish were hooked they came in more like sticks than respectable bass, as though every particle of fight had been soaked out of them.

There were puddles in the highway, pools in the yard, and duck ponds to the right and to the left scattered all over the fields. The eave troughs and conductors were as full as a successful candidate for alderman on election night. The fowls had gathered under a small "lean-to," heads down and tails the reverse of their natural and proper position; and as the poor bedraggled chicks shifted their weight from one foot to the other they looked the perfect picture of loneliness and disgust. No, there was no music in the patter of the rain on the roof, for the shingles were soaked as soft as mush. We were a dull, dismal, gloomy set, our smoke was out, small talk exhausted, cards were in the boat, reduced to pulp, stories had been swapped and elaborated threadbare, divested of every particle of interest. The clouds were heavy, sullen and black as charcoal. There was not life enough in the company even to pull straws, pitch coppers or tie puzzle knots; while the stillness was as thick, dull and solemn as a magazine war article or one of their essays on the effects of the moon's rays on cellar drains.

Suddenly the old man opened the door, when presto! change! It was equal to the turning on of a double barrel search light or the firing of a spouting oil well. The halo penetrated every nook and corner of the building. The horses whinnied in the adjacent stable, the old rooster shook himself, braced up and moved with an early morning vigor, while there came from the company a violent fusilade of "Hello, old man," "Come in out of the wet," "Howdy do?" "Where you been?" "What you been doing?" "Come into the ark," etc., etc.

The old gentleman shook the water from his palm leaf, hung up his rubber coat, rapped smartly his briarwood pipe on the work bench, pushed a straw through the stem, filled the bowl, started a smudge equal to a coal pit, turned a pail bottom-side up, placed a couple of meal bags thereon, and as he sat down, gravely remarked, "It's a wet rain."

This sage remark having been adopted without a dissenting voice, the old man continued, "I've got a sliver in one of my hands and I want one of you fellers to get it out," at the same time producing an implement which appeared to have been a cross between a marlin spike and a cheese knife. The "sliver" having been removed and thrown out on the wood pile for future use, the old gent carefully wiped the blade of his tool, bestowing on it an affectionate glance or two then and proceeded.

"Ain't it funny how some things 'll stick to ye wus'n the itch or a bad dollar? Now I've had that are knife nigh on to forty year. The blade was made for me by a tramp blacksmith, and there never were a better piece of stuff put into a blade. The handle I made myself from the horn of a deer I shot out in the swamp yonder. I've lost it several times, but it has turned up again as often.

"Drapped it into the lake onc't through a hole in a raft of logs, but I cut it out of a big pickerel I caught through the ice the next winter. Another time I came across an old bear with a cub. I shot the old one and tried to save the young one alive, but the little cuss clawed and scratched me so I got mad and stuck the knife into him 'fore I thought. It must have hurt him bad, for he gave a powerful wrench, got away from me and run into the brush with the knife a-stickin' in him. I put a ball into him, though, the next spring, and he wasn't very fat, but the knife was there just where I'd left it.

"The next time I lost it I'd been about three mile up the river looking for a likely rollway. I tied my boat up to an old windfall while I ate my lunch. Used my knife to cut some meat. Stuck it into an old log. Forgot it and started for home. When I were about half way down I wanted the knife to cut some baccy with. It was gone. Well, as I knowed jist where I'd left it, and as the water was smooth, I thought I'd go back and get it. Now, I hadn't gone more'n half a mile, when I'll be blamed if I didn't see that ar knife stuck straight up in a piece of bark sailing along as grand as could be and a-coming down the river to meet me.

"Yes, I do set a great store by that knife, but it's cow time, boys, and I must be a-going."

The old fellow trudged off after his cows, but he left behind a broad, deep halo of cheerfulness, which the dismal weather could not deaden; the torrents of rain might dampen but could not subdue it. One of the party executed a war dance in the original language, then sang "Johnny Get Your Gun" in three foreign ones. A.W.

Natural History.

DUCK HAWKS ON THE PALISADES.

AN interesting discovery was made by some egg collectors of the suburban village of Englewood, N. J., a short time ago. They found a pair of duck hawks nesting on the Palisades and secured the eggs.

A few years ago no breeding places of the duck hawk were known in the Eastern States except on Mt. Tom and Mt. Holyoke, in Massachusetts; but this discovery proves that we have them right here on the North River, within two or three miles of New York city. The duck hawk, besides being a rare bird hereabouts, is one of the most interesting mombers of the hawk family. It is one of the true falcons, and under the name peregrine falcon was much used in the hawking of the Middle Ages. It is a very active bird and always on the go—a true hunter.

We boys who were interested in birds and their habits had always known that there were hawks on the Palisades, but had supposed them to be fish hawks. However, a fish hawk's egg is a good egg, and one morning in March ten of us started for the Palisades on an egg-seeking expedition. It was a glorious day. The sun shone out strong, the air was clear and cool, and our walk through the woods was a pleasant one. We soon reached the cliffs and looked out upon the grand view to be had from any part of the Palisades, but more especially from Clinton Point. Involuntarily we first look downward. Far, far below is the great river, flowing silently and ever onward to the sea. Some fishing smacks, sailing to and fro, seem absurdly small, and a man walking along the rocky shore below us is almost a speck. What a plunge it would be from here to the river! We remember with wonder the tradition of the man who fell over with a horse and buggy some years ago, and upon reaching the bottom, picked himself up safe and sound and led the horse home in the same condition. Looking to the right, and down the river, we see in the distance the Brooklyn Bridge and the spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and a little to the left the Harlem River and Spuyten Duyvil. A train is just pulling out around the bend, and at first seems barely to crawl along; but its speed increases, and the pigmy cars seem to go about as fast as the toy trains one sees in the shop windows. Two puffs of white smoke ascend from the engine, and almost a minute later two faint whistles come to our ears across the river. Further away, beyond the train and the Harlem River, is Long Island Sound, blue and dotted with white sails.

As we gazed on the wide prospect, a speck appeared in the distance, high up in the air. As it drew nearer it was seen to be a bird, and in a minute we knew it to be a hawk. Suddenly, with a quick swoop and uttering its peculiar, plaintive cry, it darted downward and disappeared in a recess in the cliffs. We all hastened to the spot, and saw there one of the pretty sights that only a lover and frequenter of the woods ever sees. Some fifty or sixty feet below a good-sized rock, with some dry grass on it, jutted out from the face of the wall, and in a little hollow in this grass lay three beautifully-tinted, brownish-colored eggs. We uttered cries of delight, and at the noise the hawk, which had been sitting nearby, took fright and soared out over the river, uttering again that plaintive wail.

The next thing was to get the eggs. Two persons remained above, while the others climbed down a cleft, and came up again under the nest. To reach it we soon found out was no easy matter. In fact it was almost an impossibility—bare, smooth walls to climb, with few footholds and only a stunted tree or two near the top. But one fellow said he would try it, so we gave him a "boost," and up he started. He got about half way up without difficulty, for he was a good climber, but from there he could go no further. Straight up for over fifteen feet, to the foot of a small cedar tree, a smooth wall extended. We flung up a rope we had brought with us, and he threw it over a branch of the tree. The hardest part of the climb was now to come, and he knew it, for from the tree up it was comparatively easy. He grasped the ends of the rope in both hands and began to pull himself up. He was getting along famously, when a sudden cry from the climber, and we were horrified to find that he was hanging in mid air by one end of the rope. The other end had slipped out of his hand and his weight had pulled it rapidly up and almost over the limb, but it had caught in a small notch. Just this notch stood between him and death, and there he was—his face white with terror—hanging to the end of the rope for dear life. A moment of breathless expectancy and then he began to ascend. Slowly he crept up, placing one hand over the other. He was almost at the top, but seemed to weaken and be on the point of losing his hold. We placed ourselves under him, to catch him as he fell, but he had good, strong arms, and here they stood him in good stead. One mighty effort and he grasped the branch of the tree, hoisted himself up, and was safe. We breathed a sigh of relief and shouted to him to rest.

The great strain over, he had but little strength left, and it was many minutes before he started upward again. But he had "sand," and eventually got the eggs and brought them down in safety. We all felt glad when he was again on *terra firma*, and after another rest pursued our way home. So much for the getting of the eggs, and a very exciting trip it was, too.

We afterward showed the eggs to a veteran student of birds, and he surmised that they were duck hawk's eggs. We were much surprised and mightily pleased at having captured such prizes, and when we submitted them to the authority on the subject at the Museum of Natural History in New York, and found they were real duck hawk's eggs our satisfaction was great.

That rope still hangs on the face of the Palisades as a memento of our companion's thrilling adventure, and I suppose the duck hawks sailing round there occasionally peck at it in angry resentment at having been robbed, through its help, of their eggs. H. H. C.

A White Sparrow.

PARTIAL albinism among English sparrows is of quite frequent occurrence, as one may often observe in a flock of these noisy little pests, one with a number of white feathers on wings or tail. But a perfect albino is rarer. It was my good fortune to observe one of these birds last summer in the vicinity of Bridgetown, Pa., but unfortunately I was unable to secure it for my collection, for twice when the bird was seen there was no gun to be had, and on three different days when a special hunt was organized, the white sparrow apparently had an engagement in the next county, for it was not to be found.

When first seen it was feeding by the roadside with a flock of a dozen or more of its ordinarily attired brethren, and seemed to realize that it was more conspicuous than they, for it flew off upon our approach, in advance of the others. It is not known that it was mated, but it seemed to be on friendly terms with the rest of the flock, and as far as could be seen was treated by them as if it were an ordinary sparrow. Albinos do breed and thus albinism becomes established and hereditary as in the case of white mice, white rabbits, etc. All animals and birds are liable to the deficiency or entire lack of pigment which produces albinism, and birds that are normally black, such as crows and grackles, are just as likely to be affected as other species. A crow with almost entirely white wings was frequently seen near Woodbourne, Pa., last summer. The cause or condition of albinism has not as yet been determined, so we must be content to simply call it a freak of nature. Hunters who are superstitious believe that albino animals and birds have charmed lives and cannot be shot. H. L. GRAHAM.

GERMANTOWN, Pa.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME DESTRUCTION WEST.

DEADWOOD, S. D., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am by vocation a commercial traveler and by nature a lover of field sports, hunting and fishing. My business requires occasional trips to the western part of South Dakota and northern Wyoming.

A few days ago, in conversation with some fellows of my own vocation on the train in Wyoming, I was told that a party of "Englishmen and dudes from Boston," as he styled them, while on a hunting trip a few weeks ago in the western Big Horn Mountains, had come across a herd of sixty elk in one of the small narrow valleys of that country, surrounded them and before quitting had killed the entire band, old and young, large and small, male and female, and had left the carcasses—with the exception of a few of the larger heads for trophies—to feed the wolves and fatten the ravens.

Such work as this is revolting to the senses of the true sportsman, and one's soul is filled with indignation at the relation of such wholesale murder, and it is that which calls forth this communication. We read in your valueable paper nearly every week reports from Boston hunters, but I question very much whether the hunters of that fair city will indorse such "sport" as this by any of their citizens. It is doubtful in my mind whether the parties to this affair ever read such progressive journals as our own FOREST AND STREAM, and if they do they will certainly not report the result at this trip.

I tried to learn the name of the person who gave this information, but the brother traveler who told me did not know his name, but he told the story in the rooms of the Sheridan County Commercial Company, of Sheridan, Wyo., and said that Mr. J. D. Adams, a member of the company, could give me his name.

We cannot hope to have any elk and other large game long left in this country. The advent of railroads in these heretofore wild regions brings people nearer the home of the few that are left, and it is only a matter of a very short time when this noble game animal will be extinct.

On this same trip, in conversation with a locomotive engineer—who himself is fond of the gun and rod—I learned something of the great slaughter of grouse in the sandhills of northwestern Nebraska for commercial purposes. He declares that he is positive there is not an engine on the entire Burlington system—and they have some large ones—strong enough to move, in one train, the number of grouse that were shipped over that road last year, and besides this, stacks of them that were left to rot on the prairie. The slaughter is now going on again, and we pray for the time to speedily come when our platform, "Prohibit the sale of game at all seasons," will be a law and enforced in the State of Nebraska.

The past season in Nebraska has been so very dry that the young chickens have perished for the want of moisture, except possibly in the northeastern part—even old ones are found dead over the prairie, either from the effects of the severe drouth or from some other cause. There is considerable discussion on this question. Some claim that it is from the effect of the dry weather and others that it is a disease among them. Ranchmen and settlers tell me that they find many nests with from ten to twenty eggs that apparently have never been set on, and that no old chickens have been seen for months in the vicinity.

I am reminded of an interesting discussion going on some time ago regarding the efficacy of small caliber rifles for deer shooting. A friend of mine in this city tells me he loaned a party, who was going out for a two weeks' hunting and fishing trip, his little .32cal. Winchester, just to take along to shoot grouse and other small game, but that it returned with seven deer to its credit. He does not say how many he crippled and lost, as he paid no attention to those that run off after shooting. This killing was said to have been done in Wyoming, as the State of South Dakota prohibits the killing of deer until 1896. Snow is already falling in the mountains and foot hills, and the wholesale slaughter will soon begin, as there are hundreds of hunting parties now out.

E. E.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Present and Past in the Wilder West.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

BILLINGS, MONTANA.

THE lively little city of Billings, Montana, situated well up on the Yellowstone River, at the base of the east slope of the Rockies, is one of those communities well covered by the comprehensive but not inaccurate title of "red hot sporting town." It is claimed by the sportsmen of Billings that more different kinds of sport with rod and gun can be had out of Billings, and in a higher degree of excellence, than is possible at any town in the West. Taking Billings as a center, one can outfit for elk, deer or bear about as advantageously as at any mountain town one could name. One can get some sharp-tailed grouse shooting at times, and in season he can have excellent goose and duck shooting. If he is a lover of the greyhound he can have the best of opportunities for coursing coyotes or gray wolves in the neighboring ranches. Above all he can easily reach some of the best trout fishing ever enjoyed by mortal man. The Stillwater, the Clark's Fork, Boulder Creek, the Fishtail, the Little Rocky, Bennett Creek and other mountain streams easily accessible from this point, by rail, wagon and pack animals, afford such trout fishing as cannot be understood, appreciated or believed by one who has not actually seen it. Naturally there are many lovers of the fly-rod in this mountain city, and even those making up the membership of the vigorous trap-shooting club take readily to the angle. The town presents an exceptionally strong body of active and practical sportsmen. It might well boast also of its social organization, the Billings Club, at whose elegant rooms the sportsmanship of the town is apt to be found in congregation of an evening.

Mr. Huntington, the gentleman who handles the electricity and business of the Northern Pacific station of Billings, has already written a most pleasant account of the attractions which Billings possesses for the sportsmen, and I will not attempt to add to his specifications further than to say that any visitor would be missing a good feature if he failed to get a run after Mr. Huntington's foxhounds.

Col. Babcock, of the A. L. Babcock Hardware Co.; Mr. John D. Losekamp; the main general outfitter; Mr. Phil. M. Gallaher, civil engineer; Mr. Jabe Vaughan, who feeds hungry people, are all gentlemen whom it is a pleasure to meet, and any one of them will give a stranger the straightest kind of information as to the sporting resources of the country, which is something of which the visiting stranger cannot always be sure in a Western town..

A Corner on Elk Teeth.

I am satisfied that I am presenting a unique piece of news, when I say that Billings has one distinction which no other town on earth can claim. It is the greatest elk tooth market of the world. It may not be generally understood, but is none the less a fact, that there is a corner on elk teeth. Mr. John D. Losekamp, of Billings, is the man who holds this corner. He practically holds the elk tooth stock of the entire country; and to his already enormous supply he is constantly adding, the Indians and hunters bringing teeth to him from all over the country. Not every one knows that the elk teeth, or rather the tusk, of which two only are found in the mouth of the adult elk, has a practical commercial value. The teeth are used as jewelry, mostly as pendents on watch guards or as insignia of the secret society known as the Elks. The value of a tooth ranges from 50 cents to $2.50, according to its size, color and marking. Mr. Losekamp has now over 86,000 elk teeth deposited in safety vaults. He buys them mainly of the Indians. Many of the old Indian dresses were highly ornamented with elk teeth, some of them being fairly covered with the teeth. Mr. Losekamp has lived on the frontier all his mature life, and understands Indian trading perfectly, yet he has sometimes paid over $100 for a single garment thus ornamented, caring of course for nothing but the teeth. The Indians drill the teeth to fasten them on their dresses, and this does not injure the value of the tooth, but they have a much worse habit of sometimes staining the teeth a bright red. This dye cannot be extracted, and depreciates the value of the elk tooth for a white customer. The Indians do not dye the teeth so much now since they have learned they can sell them for more in their natural state. Mr. Losekamp gave me a very interesting description of the long bargainings he has sometimes had with Indian chiefs, who were reluctant to sell the much-prized family possession of dresses covered with elk teeth. I fancy that few dwellers east of the Rockies have known much before this of the elk tooth as an article of commerce, and believe Mr. Losekamp's venture to be one altogether new in its way, though not without a prospect of handsome profit.

Couldn't Carry Any More Trout.

Mr. Losekamp is as ardent a fisherman as one would often meet, and each summer takes a long trip up his favorite stream, the Stillwater. Under date of Sept. 7, he writes me as follows:

"I am just back from my outing trip of twenty-two days in the upper Stillwater country about twenty miles above where you were with us. It would be difficult for me to give you a description of the entire trip, but I wish to give you a list of trout I caught from 8:30 to 11:30, on the upper Stillwater River, a country which is seldom gone into. Did not want to fish longer, as I had all I could conveniently carry. We caught some lower down the creek measuring 20 and 20½in. which weighed 4lbs. The catch was (Thursday, Aug. 16): 5 at 14in. long, 6 at 14½in., 6 at 15½in, 6 at 16in, 5 at 16½in.; 28 in number, which I should place at 64lbs. weight. A good day's fish in that country would certainly run close to 100 fish of the above size. I wish you could have been with me and seen sport which money could not buy in the East.

"Quivey was in a few days ago and spent a couple of days with me. Old Bill Hamilton is sojourning in the mountains, and Liver-Eating Johnson is in Red Lodge, basking in the cool air."

Speaking of this same trip, a writer in Mr. Ramsey's paper, the Stillwater *Bulletin*, says:

One of the most agreeable trips for a summer outing is up the Stillwater Valley. Although so recently open to civilization it is thickly dotted with cabins, overrun with irrigation ditches and presents some as beautiful and fertile ranches as are found in this part of the State. There are no gnats or mosquitoes which, with the cold mountain streams and plenty of fish, make it desirable for camping. Our little party spent ten days on the upper lakes of the Stillwater. As far as Nye City the road is good, but from there to the lakes the trail is very difficult; mountains, swamps and swift mountain streams bar your approach to the lakes. Eight miles above Nye is Fish Lake—by right a broad eddy in the river—a mile long and from ten to twenty rods wide. Here we camped and were joined the second evening of our arrival by John Losekamp, Ed. Vaughan and others who added their jovial stories and experiences to the chat around the camp-fire. The next day at noon one might have seen Mr. Losekamp coming into camp with twenty-seven speckled beauties weighing at least 50lbs. His score was tied by Chas. Hathaway of our party the next morning. The salmon trout of the lake are of uniform size, averaging 2lbs. at least, with a few from 3 to 3½lbs. Large game is not abundant on account of the heavy fire last fall, which destroyed the shelter and feed. The settlers are very hospitable and kind, and many pleasant reminiscences will attend our journey.

Along the Stillwater.

I very well remember the fishing trip up the Stillwater to which Mr. Losekamp refers in his letter, mentioning myself as one of the party. That was last April, when the mountains were full of snow and the water in all the streams was so cold as to make you shiver at the thought of drinking it. We made up our party at Billings, Mr. Losekamp. Col. Babcock, Mr. Vaughn, Mr. Meigs and myself going thence west by rail to the little town of Stillwater, whose name is now changed to Columbus. This pleasant village nestles next to the mighty Yellowstone, nearly opposite the mouth of the beautiful Stillwater stream, the latter one of the most beautiful streams one ever set eyes upon. At Stillwater we were joined by Mr. June Noyes, the main local trout enthusiast, and as quiet and kind a companion as ever wet a fly. We took a team here and went some distance up the Stillwater, in our second day going as high up as Absoraka. This little post office, which is now kept open for the convenience of the Stillwater settlers, is located just above the junction of the Rosebud. All the valley, as the *Bulletin* says, clear up to the extreme forks of the Rosebud, is now taken up and under the ditch, but the farming is of so feeble a sort that the wildness of the country is not much disturbed.

Indian Graveyards.

The trace of the Indian is still strong along the Stillwater; witness the several Indian burying grounds which are to be found around Absoraka. There are two of these not half a mile from the house where we stopped, one very large one in the clefts of the rocks which line that stream. Another, and one more accessible, is in the timber of the bottoms just above the house. This really was only one large burial tree, but it held a number of bodies. The cowboys, who do not share the old-timer's idea as to the sanctity of an Indian graveyard, have torn this burial tree pretty much to pieces. The lodge poles, which made the platform, are all scattered about, and the bones, clothing, etc., are spread widely around over and under the deep surface covering of forest leaves. We found here many fragments of bones, and numbers of the ornaments with which these poor people had adorned their dead—copper beads. bits of copper wire, many-colored glass and porcelain beads, etc., etc. There was one little hand, with the wrist bones still attached, bearing still about it the copper bracelet which in life was no doubt the wearer's pride. Under the leaves, some distance away from the burial tree, we found two skulls, quite perfect except that the lower jaw was gone, the coyotes no doubt having accounted for the latter. Off to our left a mile or so, opposite the great burial cliff across the Rosebud and distant from it about two miles or more, my companion pointed out to me yet another burial ground, this one also situated high up on the face of a rocky bluff. These were all Crow ("Absoraka") graves. The Crows seem to have left their dead either in trees or in caves, as seemed best at the time. The method of sepulture was the same in either case. The body was wrapped up tightly in blankets or cloths, and put far back into the cave or crevice of the rocks, no pains being taken to cover it with the rocks, though the intention seems to have been to protect it from wild animals. From the tomb across the Rosebud, there had rolled down to the foot of the cliff the head of a little baby, and I presume the coyotes had managed to get in there. One could not look on these evidences of a former life and death without a certain feeling of sadness. in spite of the recollection that the Crows were not altogether admirable persons in their habits of business or pleasure. But I am inclined to believe that their two different systems of disposition of their dead can nowhere be better seen in so close proximity to each other than here up the valley of the Stillwater and Rosebud streams.

Plenty of Trout.

As to our success at fishing, even at that inauspicious season, I could ask nothing better, though my friends were continually complaining and apoligizing about it, and declaring that they never had so poor luck in their lives. The trout were not taking the fly to any great extent, and we found that the minnow and the helgramite or "devil scratcher" made the best bait. We caught a number of trout weighing a pound, a pound and a half or two pounds. While I did not have the luck of my friends Losekamp, Noyes or Vaughn, I at least was able to hold Col. Babcock level, and moreover had the satisfaction of getting the largest trout of the trip, a magnificent fellow which we thought would weigh 5lbs. and certainly over 4lbs. I remember few trips in all my life so thoroughly enjoyable as this up the lovely Stillwater Valley. My friends urged me to join them for their summer trip, still higher up the stream, and though I could not go, I am glad to learn that this expedition has been so fortunate, as Mr. Losekamp tells. I can certainly heartily indorse all that the most enthusiastic Billings man can say in regard to the excellence of the sport near Billings. Of course, neither the Stillwater nor the other streams above mentioned, are actually near Billings, in the Eastern sense of the word near, but in Montana 50 or 60 miles is nothing, and Billings is the town you want to head for if you figure on sport in that part of the State.

Old Times and Actual Old-Timers.

Mr. Losekamp speaks of Mr. Quivey, Uncle Bill Hamilton and Liver Eating Johnson. These are all old-timers of the most interesting sort, and from them or of them all we are certainly going to hear a great deal more in FOREST AND STREAM. I met Uncle Bill Hamilton and Liver-Eating Johnson, both at Billings, and Ike Allen at Columbus, and no passing show, no panorama, no epic of the most skillful pen could for an American equal the experience of talking to these men of the days gone by. As best I can, that is to say, all too poorly and inaccurately, I shall later on try to tell some of the things they told to me.

"Old Bill Hamilton," as he is known from one end of the Yellowstone to the other, is one of the few genuine, reliable old-timers the West has left. He has lived a life of adventure since his boyhood, and his old age now finds him settled down in the little town at the mouth of the Stillwater, in a little cabin over which flutters a ragged flag in remembrance of the days when he scouted for the Generals of the Army in the West. Old Uncle Bill Hamilton is one of the most lovable men I ever met. My last remembrance of the Stillwater is that of his tall, thin figure as he stood fishing at its mouth. Uncle Bill had caught some trout, too, and with Western liberality he wanted me to take with me the largest ones he had. I can conceive that the writing descriptive of even one's most pleasant trips can sometimes be a labor, but when I come to write of Uncle Bill Hamilton, every word will be a pleasure, for a more simple and more honest man never lived, neither one less seeking of notoriety, though the record of his life, if it could ever really be obtained, would surpass, we may well believe, any volume of American adventure that has ever yet been penned.

Cyclone in Arkansas.

ON Oct. 2, a cyclone visited Little Rock, Ark., with even more disastrous effects in sportingdom than that mentioned last week at Horicon Shooting Club, in Wisconsin, Several lives were lost in Little Rock, and many persons were injured. The Richelieu, conducted by the well known sportsman, Mr. Jos. Irwin, was considerably damaged. The Dickinson Arms Co., the largest sporting goods firm in the State, suffered loss to the extent of $2,500. Joe Irwin and John Dickinson are not the sort of people we would willingly have meet with such misfortunes.

A Lawyer's Trip.

Mr. A. S. Trude, probably the best known criminal lawyer of Chicago, and a good FOREST AND STREAM man, is back from a long and successful trip in Wyoming and Idaho. Mr. Trude is a good lawyer, and no doubt he knows that elk are under a close season of six years in Montana, and are protected in Idaho till Sept. 1, 1897, and can not be legally hunted at all in Wyoming by a non-resident. I take it, therefore, that the newspaper reports which credited him with bringing back a lot of elk meat and eight elk heads are merely pieces of imaginative writing. How about it, Mr. Trude? You really wouldn't want to class yourself with Dr. Thomas, now would you?

A copy of the *Game Laws in Brief* costs 25 cents. A copy of FOREST AND STREAM costs 10 cents. They are worth it.

A Railroad Man's Trip.

Mr. W. F. White, general traffic manager of the Santa Fé R. R., and the party who accompanied him in the special car trip to New Mexico and other parts of the Spanish Southwest, have returned, after a most enjoyable and successful experience in the mountains. Mr. White is one of the most deservedly popular railroad men in the business. This trip to the Southwest is a fixture with him for each year, and he is going again next fall.

Busy Day.

State Warden Blow and Deputy Lenk arrested James Ollandher one day last week on Wolf Lake. one of the Calumet waters south of Chicago, for shooting ducks before daylight. Ollandher tried to escape, and pulled his gun on the officers, but the latter called his bluff and ran him in. His case was continued until to-morrow, $200 bail.

John Delaware, 32 West Ohio street, likes robins for autumn diet, and he shot six Sunday near Hyde Lake, at a cost of $5 a bird.

Louis Embers, 228 Clybourn place, shot two robins on the Desplaines River the same day. For the songsters he paid $10 a bird.

George McMurdy was arrested for shooting ducks and using a headlight on Wolf Lake. The court fined McMurdy $10 apiece for three ducks.

Warden Blow is enforcing the game laws vigorously, having secured 146 convictions this season.

Kit Carson's Kinsman.

The dispatches have the following:

CLAYTON, N. M., Sept. 30.—Thomas O. Boggs, better known as "Uncle Tom," one of the oldest American residents of New Mexico, is dead. Mr. Boggs came to New Mexico in 1845 with his father, who was one of the organizers of the ill-fated Donner party, the first to travel overland to California. "Uncle Tom" acted as guide for General Fremont. He was sent by General Kearney in 1848, with dispatches of General Scott in Old Mexico, to Fort Leavenworth, and met with many thrilling experiences while engaged in this duty. Mr. Boggs was a brother-in-law and companion many years of Kit Carson.

Called Back.

Mr. C. F. Johnson, late of Chicago, and a prominent angler there, located last year at Portland, Ore., and had great times in the Northwest with the salmon, trout, deer, elk and bear. Two weeks ago he arrived in Chicago. "I couldn't ask for more sport than that Coast country affords," said he, "but I couldn't stay away from this dirty, busy old Chicago. It called me back and here I am."

Egad! Sir.

In its leading article for the current issue a Chicago exsporting newspaper speaks of some "Cadwell" ducks. If the editor had known anything about shooting he probably wouldn't have said that. Do you suppose he could have meant gadwall?

Forgot

A new publication volunteers the information that there are "about 25,000 elk and 150 buffalo in the Yellowstone Park." The readers of FOREST AND STREAM learned that some time ago from seeing the news in FOREST AND STREAM. That was where the editor of the new publication saw it, but he forgot to say so. I can recommend FOREST AND STREAM to editors or readers who are looking for news for their respective purposes. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Prairie Chickens.

RECENT reports received by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway from stations in the prairie chicken country of Minnesota and South Dakota all indicate a prospect of the best hunting for years. Chickens are very plentiful and in fine condition. Duck shooting prospects are also good. Full information can be had by addressing Ticket Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 207 Clark street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

FROM DAN TO BEERSHEBA.

The Tribulations of a Trio.

I SUPPOSE it is allowable to send to a sporting paper an article which only incidentally treats of sport, but tells of an outing, wherefore this true account of the manifold trials of Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego, in their efforts to compass the journey from Refugio to Victoria, in southwest Texas.

These three worthies are all lawyers, the last a six foot three specimen of humanity, whose acquaintances, when he first came to Texas, immediately dubbed him "Scantlin';" the first, a gray-haired lawyer of three score years, and seasoned to such trips by thirty years' experience in Texas; the second, a round-faced, round-bodied smiling gentleman, inclined like Mark Tapley to come out strong under difficulties, but unlike Mark, not inclined to seek the trouble that he might have the chance of coming out of it.

Court being over, the problem of a return home began to interest this interesting trio. There had been incessant rain for several weeks, and the natural roads through this part of Texas—you know Texans in these parts believe in letting them severely alone, and never doing any work on them—were in such condition that the question was, not which was the best road, but which presented the least difficulties to be overcome.

Roads were all discussed. They had come to the large and flourishing city of Refugio somewhat after the fashion of the travelers in olden times, who, desiring to go from Victoria to Brownsville on the Rio Grande, had to travel overland to Indianola, thence by ship to New Orleans, and thence by ship to Brownsville. They went by rail from Victoria to Guero, thence to Kennedy, thence to Beeville, and thence to Refugio by hack, some 150 miles, to compass the distance of forty-five from Victoria direct, and found the roads that way so bad that they believed anything was better than a return in the same direction. To appreciate the foregoing consult a map of Texas.

So it was made known that the trio wished transportation, and about 10 A. M. there appeared one of the enterprising citizens, a certain Señor Baalim, whose long residence in Texas and large experience in the management of the Texas pony, were vouchers of his ability to take us to our destination some time. Our jehu proposed, for the consideration of four dollars per capita, to transport us to the city of Victoria, via Sharp's Lake, Terrell's Ferry and Stafford's Crossing. His outfit consisted of an ambulance, a pair of small ponies, and a jug of mustang wine, with an amount of energy and linguistic proficiency not then fully realized by his would-be passengers.

Abednego eyed the team askance. Just a doubt was creeping up his spinal column, as to the ability of those two 14½ hands high ponies to take the party, bag and baggage, and gun, to Victoria. Then, too, there was a wicked look in the eye of the brown pony, and he shook his shaggy mane over his eyes and looked devilish. He was evidently a horse with a character. Abednego had ridden such a beast during the unpleasantness between the U. S. and the C. S., and knew the look. He had doubts of that beast. He intimated some of them, as to speed, endurance and temper, to Baalim, but was assured in a eulogy such as no living animal had ever before that received, that that pony was *par excellence* the pony of the universe for style, endurance, steadiness, bottom, push, energy and mildness. Evidently Abednego was wide of the mark. There was not another such animal on the green earth. So down sank that doubt into his boots again, and he felt sheepish that he had presumed to doubt an animal, like Cæsar's wife, "above suspicion."

"I tell you father's a driver, he is!" said a tall specimen of young man with red hair and his hands in his pockets, eyeing the ponies critically, "and he'll take you through all right, you'll see. And as to Brownie there, why, he is just the beatin'est pony in all Refugio county."

Doubts set at rest, and lunch, gun and baggage loaded, they started, and for at least 200yds. from the start, with the whip of Baalim flying around them, Bill and Brownie "lit out," and the last they saw of that red-haired young man was a smile about a foot wide, with which he exulted in the fulfillment of his prophecy.

If our joys would only last! Ah, there comes the rub! If Romeo kissing his Juliet good night over the front gate could just perpetuate the sweetness of that kiss for one hour, but 'tis

> "Like the snowfall in the river,
> A moment felt, then melts forever."

The lope slowed up into a jog trot, the trot gently degenerated into a walk (and not a fast walk either) as the first mud hole was encountered and Jehu's notes of encouragement were heard, a sound impossible to spell, made by the drawing in of the breath through puckered lips. But as the optimist, Meshack, remarked, they were only going to the San Antonio River, anyway, only about twenty miles, and he reckoned they had plenty of time for that. Abednego began to study Brownie again. He thought that that animal had an opinion of his own, and that it was decidedly against going very far from the master's crib. Sometimes one ear and then the other turned backward, as if to inquire how much further before a change of course, but no change came. The road lay wet and muddy ahead, and steadily the master urged his steeds away from town.

A few miles further on the road passed a wide shallow pond, and the trio saw a flock of Wilson snipe wheeling and circling near it, and as they approached the snipe settled down, and Abednego, who was the only booted passenger, wanted a shot, so with much willingness Bill and Brownie called a halt to rest, and the hunter strode off toward the pond. A long shot at them on the water, and another as they rose secured half a dozen birds, and the journey was resumed.

"These snipe," said Abednego, "you will see differ from the jacksnipe only in being of a somewhat lighter color under the wings and on the breast, than the jacksnipe, and in going in flocks. But there is one way you can always tell one from the other, though they are so much alike. This middle toe of the jacksnipe reaches the knee, when bent up thus, and the toe of the Wilson snipe does not. But when they are cooked you can't tell the difference. Both are equally toothsome."

The party lunched at the Melon, a small stream crossed by the road. Baalim contributed some very delightful turtle steak and the jug of wine to the lunch, and with proverbial Texas hospitality insisted that all should partake of the latter, as the creek water was muddy. Meshack drank, and was charmed, and straightway began a long dissertation on the nature and manufacture of mustang wine which was his special delight, and there was nothing like it, he said. Shadrach drank slowly, and like a man who wants to get all the enjoyment possible out of it, and then fixed his eyes steadfastly on vacancy, about two miles away, as if pondering a perplexing legal question. Abednego drank, and made a wry face b hind his hand, and was vividly reminded of his boyhood, and those unripe persimmons, that he had torn his pants in climbing to gather and eat.

While the team was resting, Meshack took the gun and in a short time added three or four more birds to the bag, and Abednego with that doubt creeping once more up his spinal column, made a rapid mental calculation. To the Melon, six miles, two and a quarter hours, fifteen yet to travel, three miles an hour, 6 o'clock P. M.

Upon the road from Melon to Sharps Lake, more than once Brownie showed symptoms of baulking, and as walking was faster traveling than riding, to lighten the load, Meshack and Abednego walked several miles, bagging several ducks on the ponds by the way. Sharps Lake is a shallow pond, about half a mile across and about knee deep, one of a chain of lakes, lying nearly northwest and southeast for six or eight miles across Refugio county, and filled with aquatic birds and fowl of every kind. In this region they were hardly ever out of sight of companies of wild geese stalking across the prairie, or clouds of wild ducks of every variety on the water or rising from it. A line of white brant half a mile long stood motionless on the edge of the lake about a quarter of a mile north of the road, and Meshack wondered how many could be killed with a small cannon loaded with buckshot within range and so posted as to command a raking shot.

It was with fear and trembling that Sharps Lake was entered with our slow team, as no one could tell when Brownie would take it into his head to stop, and the water was too deep for comfortable wading. But as luck would have it the beast did not stop in the water, though he did shortly after they got on firmer land, and the load was again lightened by the dismounting of passengers, and the team again started by the exertions of the driver who under the pressure of necessity added some choice oaths to his vocabulary, stamped on the floor of the vehicle, used his whip, threatened all sorts of punishment to his steeds, and in the language of the statutes, used "loud and vociferous language." They added several ducks and 10 or 12 Wilson snipe to their bag here, Meshak shooting and Abednego retrieving. The San Antonio River was reached about half an hour before sundown, and they had still before them about four miles of river bottom to travel before reaching their stopping place, and over the very worst part of the road. The river had been overflowed for the whole distance, and the waters receding had left the whole river bottom, which is heavily timbered, soft and muddy with bad washes in the road and much debris accumulated in places.

With infinite difficulty the team were induced to pull the empty vehicle up the eastern bank of the river, from the ferry boat, and Meshak and Abednego now became convinced that if they expected to get through at all they would have to walk the whole distance.

"We are of the earth, earthy," remarked Shadrach, with a sigh, as he also rolled up his trousers, preparatory to joining the pedestrians. Meshak with his usual optimism thought that we would not find it so bad, any way, and at least Abednego wouldn't find any water he could not wade, and Baalim cursed his team energetically and encouragingly and they crawled along in the rear of the footmen. In the depth of the forest twilight came along swiftly and gloom began to lower down upon the travelers. After about a mile had been walked, the road became so bad that Shadrach got back in the hack to keep company with the driver, but the other two walked on. The method of the driver was, to begin to urge his team by shouting and stamping a little before a bad place was reached, and to keep it up *crescendo*, until it was passed. He rose to the necessities of the occasion, as his road grew worse. Meshak and Abednego pushed on, circumnavigating those pools of water they could not jump across, and occasionally differing as to the better track to take to avoid the water ahead, they gradually drifted some way apart, and as the gloom of the late evening increased, they separated entirely. Occasionally the sound of the driver's voice abusing his team could be heard as they dragged along far behind, but at last, some dire misfortune seemed to have overtaken them or the team had broken entirely down, for the driver had lifted up his voice on high, and as Meshak and Abednego each paused at the unwonted energy and deliberation of the address, they heard through the vistas of the forest Baalim thus address his team, "You scoundrels! and so you won't go any further; ha! you sore-backed devils! You Brownie, you lazy hound! so you are cutting up your hundred-dollar shines, are you! I just believe I'll get down and cut your throat from ear to ear. Why don't you go along, you scoundrels, you lop-eared bandy-legged villains! Go 'long I say! I'll kill you no-count billy goats, go 'long!"

With a sigh for the fate of their partner in distress, and a certainty on Abednego's part that help had to come from their stopping place for the night, they pushed on, and down the long corridors of the forest pursued them the music of the cries of our Baalim, whose energy and perseverance had long before this time fully earned him the pay he was to receive for the whole trip. Abednego found doubtful footing upon the muddy islands lying through the sloughs that he had to traverse, and more than once would have been wet to the knees but for his boots, but at last reached Boniface's comfortable home, and after having explained to him the situation he promised to send a team back for the stalled hack. There was some delay in getting the team to send back, and about the time that Boniface had found his men, behold slowly looming up in the darkness, down toward the timber, Bill and Brownie hove in sight, and as they halted in the light of Boniface's hospitable door, such a look of mingled woe, dejection and resentment rarely developed on the face of beast as appeared on Brownie's shaggy countenance.

A good supper and refreshing night's rest, followed by a substantial breakfast, cheered and invigorated the trio, and Abednego thought that even the ragged edges of Brownie's perversity would have been smoothed down by rest and hay, oats and corn. In the morning they saw the team once more attached to the vehicle, with high hopes that their troubles were now over. The road to Victoria was still heavy and wet, and the morning was foggy with threat of rain during the day, but until they reached the Guadaloupe bottom they did not expect to encounter any road quite so bad as the San Antonio River bottom.

Baalim mounted his seat, the passengers took their places, and the heads of the team were turned in the direction of Victoria, and with a cheerful "G'lang," the driver started. But about three rods from the starting place there was a gentle up grade. Brownie wanted to go to Refugio and not to Victoria, and here he incontinently called a halt and began to cut up one of his hundred-dollar shines, as his owner called them. He backed, both his body and his ears. He completely frustrated the efforts of the willing Bill, his co-laborer, to climb that hill, and at this early hour the anger of Baalim was kindled and he smote the beast with whip and with choice words of denunciation. But it was all to no avail; Brownie would not pull the load up that hill, and passengers dismounted as well as driver, and then by dint of whipping and pushing the vehicle on the refractory beast, forced him up the hill to level ground. Here passengers embarked and the journey was again resumed as the mist began to thicken and drip down the cover of the hack, and the hog wallows ahead, full of water, showed up white between the black, waxy, muddy lumps.

To vary the monotony of the journey, Meshak began to speak of the South Pacific extension, of the railroad from Victoria and Goliad and Beeville, and to enlarge upon the benefits of railroads in general and this one in particular to the section of country through which it passed, and Baalim listened for a while in silence; but as the team staggered through a mud hole more than usually tenacious, he began to give us his views. "Can't see that the durn railroads are any good," he said. "The country was a heap better off before we had them. Then there was plenty of work for teamsters, and the people had more money and were better contented, and hundreds of wagons would go to Indianola and load, and hauling was a good business, and there was a market for the corn that the people made and for the meat and chickens, and everything was better and peop'e were better off. Now there's all sorts of people come into the country, and the dang tramps and thieves; and in my opinion we would have been a ding sight better off in Texas if there had never been a railroad built. Go long! git out of here!" to the team.

"There is certainly one thing they are good for," said Abednego. "One can travel on them in comfort, at any rate."

"People go too fast in these days, anyway," said Baalim, "and always in a hurry, and horses is a drug in the market, and all because of the railroads."

"When I came to Texas," said Abednego, "there was a stage line from Indianola to Victoria, then the only means of getting from one place to the other. The charge was ten cents per mile, and not long miles either, and only fifty pounds of baggage allowed to each passenger. I waited three days before I could secure a seat in the coach, everything having been engaged ahead, and the stage proprietors would not take any passenger who did not stop at a particular hotel. I had stopped at the opposition house in Indianola, and before I could engage my seat had to go to the other house and put up there. When we were about ten miles from Indianola the coach stalled in the mud. All the men passengers had to get out, and the driver kindly suggested that while he held the team we should go about two hundred yards off and get two or three fence rails to pry the coach out of the mud if we wanted to get on. This was done, and the coach was dislodged from the mud by the united efforts of six or eight men; then it started again, and the unloaded passengers, scraping two or three pounds of the black, sticky mud from their shoes, concluded to walk a while to rest the team. Five hundred yards or less from the scene of the first stall, the coach stuck again in the mud, and as the rails formerly used were now the nearest, the driver again came to the rescue, and suggested that we should go and bring them to pry the coach out once more. As that seemed the only thing that could be done, it was done, and again the coach was *en route* but as the driver climbed into his high perch and cracked his whip at the leaders, he said that there were several bad mud holes a short distance ahead, and to save time we had better bring the rails along, as we would surely need them; and so it came about that we paid ten cents a mile for the privilege of walking and packing a fence rail."

Abednego quieted his conscience for getting off this old chestnut on the driver as a part of his own experience, by the thought that desperate cases required desperate remedies, and further, by the thought that it was allowable to "point a moral" if not to "adorn a tale."

"But how about being starved to death in a snow-up, or pitched into a fifty-foot river, or mashed into smithereens, by another engine, or blown into kingdom come by a boiler explosion?" retorted Baalim with withering scorn.

Here the team came to a standstill in the midst of a mud hole of larger dimensions than usual. He attempted to urge them out by shouting and stamping, but in vain, and then he said that he reckoned we would have to lighten the load before that danged Brownie would pull.

As Abednego was the booted passenger, he prepared to dismount; but the mud and water being deep, he stepped over the dashboard, and cooned it out to the harness of Bill, from which point it was possible by a spring to clear the worst part of the mud. Throwing the leg that had been between the horses over to the outside, he sprang to the ground, but unfortunately the seat of his pants had hitched on the catch fixed on the top of the pack saddle for the reception of the reins, and a fearful sound of tearing cloth saluted his ears.

Now, the suit he wore was a new one, for which he had paid $55 to a Galveston tailor, and he was proud of its neatness and fit, and with great indignation as he reached dry ground he threw back the tail of his coat to investigate the amount of the damage. Alas! there was a letter A, 2ft. in length, torn in the solid cloth, and the white of his underwear maliciously shining at him from his rear. He glanced back; Shadrach was doubled up, with his hands over his stomach, his face aflame, with a million wrinkles in it, and his whole frame convulsed with laughter; Meshak was thrown back, his mouth a yard wide, haw-hawing as though his life was at stake. The driver's weatherbeaten countenance was screwed around until circular wrinkles having the mouth for a center

crossed the whole face. Loud and long he heard peal after peal of laughter from the hackload, and even the team, startled into good nature, seemed to share in the general merriment, and moved right along out of that mud hole in fine style. Abednego was filled with rage. He cast one withering look back and then strode on in sullen silence for three miles before he stopped, taking the rain as it fell with stoic indifference, and only halting when a gate barred the way that must be opened to permit the passage of the team. For a moment he thought of passing on and leaving the driver to dismount in the mud to open it, but at last concluded to open it and ride again.

"Now really, now you know, Abed," said Meshak, as he mounted the wagon, "why really—ha, ha—we ought not to have laughed—ha, ha—at you—ha, ha—and it was too bad to have—ha, ha—your new breeches torn—ha, ha, ha—but you—you— looked so—so—ha, ha, ha—very comical—ha, ha, ha, ha—that—that—in—ha, ha—deed—ha, ha—we couldn't help it, we couldn't—ha, ha, ha, ha, he, he, he, ha, ha, ha!"

And Shadrach echoed every explosion with his voice, but by and bye Meshak was sufficiently recovered to loan Abednego two pins with which to partially conceal the rent, and on they went, their team slowly overcoming the difficulties of the road.

The road was heavy and the team very slow, and more than once on the long stretch from the San Antonio River to the Coletto all the passengers had to dismount to enable the horses to go at all. After a long walk of three or four miles by all of the passengers, as they reached a part of the road slightly better they again got in the hack, with wearied bodies and patience worn nearly threadbare.

When Coletto Creek was reached, and the team was watered, they met several acquaintances going in the opposite direction, with whom they had some talk, stopping the team near the bank of the stream for that purpose, but when the conversation was finished and it was sought to move on, Brownie refused to move in the direction desired or in any direction save back toward home. He wanted to follow the horsemen, and thereupon he and Baalim got up a controversy that threatened to be prolonged, and the trio got out of the hack upon the sandy margin of the stream with their lunch in hand, and seeking the shade of a vine-covered tree on the bank, began to eat their dinners.

After a long and animated discussion with Brownie, and much persuasion from the whip, and several eloquent and vehement threats to cut his throat from ear to ear, Baalim at last got the team started by going down the creek to recross and suddenly pulling the left rein instead of the right and thus forcing them up the east bank of the stream; and drove up to our temporary camp, hot and furious, but declaring that Brownie had never, no never in his life cut up such hundred-dollar shines as he was doing on this trip. Abednego, with a sad smile thought of the red-haired young man's description of Brownie "he's the beatin'est pony in Texas," and mentally exclaimed "Amen."

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon they reached the hill overlooking the valley of the Guadaloupe River stretching out four miles between them and Victoria, and as that had been recently heavily overflowed it was apparent that the team could take us no further, and the hack was unloaded at a neighbor's house near; the driver paid, and the trio began to cast about for some means to reach their destination. The newly built railroad running west from Victoria had been completed to the hill upon which they found themselves, but no trains was running (for this story is of a time when it was walk or nothing); and nothing remained for them to do but to foot it to town along the railroad grade. Abednego captured three heavy cornstalks, near by, that had been used in the construction of a pigsty, or some other inclosure by the workmen on the railroad, and abandoned when they moved further out, and with the help of these as walking canes, the weary three footed the remaining four miles, and walked the trestling, and bridges, while two stout colored men who had been given a dollar to do so, followed with their baggage.

The advent of the cornstalk three with their soiled and torn clothes, and weary limbs, was greeted with smiles of compassion and exclamations of surprise by those they met as they traversed the town, and there was but one consolatory thought upon which they all three dwelt with satisfaction as they neared their journey's end, and that was that they never would have such a trip to make again, as ere another court the railway would be completed.

"Papa, give me that cornstalk," said Abednego's little son as he entered his domicile and sank into his easy chair, "I want to make a horse out of it."

"Right my boy," he said as he handed it to him, "and the next time I start out from Refugio on such a trip I will ask them to hitch in a billy goat in place of Brownie, or will myself get astride a cornstalk, and ride home, as an easier way to get there than to walk, and push the hack." TEXAS.

Carrier Pigeons Shot.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream;* Inclosed you will find a metal tag taken from the leg of a carrier pigeon, which was shot at Squibnocket, Aug. 24, 1894. He was shot from the roof of a building just at dark. I inclose same to you, as it may interest some reader of the FOREST AND STREAM; I obtained it from the farmer near the Gunning Point Fishing Club House. The brass band reads T A J 93 39. The bird would not have been shot had it been recognized as a pigeon. R. W. C.

BALTIMORE, Sept 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One day last week a carrier or homing pigeon was picked up on the railroad bridge of the P. W. & B. R. R. across Gunpowder River. It has a band around the leg with C 4241 on it, and had probably been struck by a train, as it was wounded. It is now all right and is at the bridge tender's house. If he should release it do you think it would find its way home? EDWARD A. ROBINSON.

[Probably.]

Chickens, Ducks and Geese

are going to be very plentiful along the line of the Northern Pacific this season. Make your arrangements to go and get some of them. Send Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., 4 cents in stamps for "Natural Game Preserves of the Northwest."—*Adv*

A WHITE BLACKBIRD.

IT was the 19th of August, the day before the opening of the rail season in Connecticut, and we were driving over to the river to engage the shovers for the morrow, and have the usual chat with Charlie, as to the number of birds, state of the corn grass, etc. The day had been warm but the autumn coolness began to be felt in the afternoon air, and the livery stable horse pricked up his flapping ears and lifted his big clumsy feet a trifle more briskly than usual, as he trotted along the leaf-strewn woody road. As we rounded the last turn and came in sight of the river, "There's Charlie now, halloo Charlie," shouted the Doctor.

At the sound a figure bending over a boat drawn up on the bank straightened up, and Charlie turned toward us, shielding his eyes with one hand. The look of question and surprise died out of his face as he saw who it was, and with a smile of hearty welcome he came up the bank saying, as he came "How-dy-do—how-dy-do—I was calculatin you'd be along to-day, Doctor, and I've just been gitting the Madam's seat fixed in the boat."

Then the horse was tied under the shed, and as we seated ourselves on the grass the Doctor said, "Well, how about the birds—anybody been up prospecting yet?" "Wall—yes"—answered Charlie, meditatively drawing a long yellow straw through his teeth. "I guess there's a few birds in, I was up to the cove, last night, and shoved about a bit and got up eight or ten birds, but the' warn't no kind of a tide—couldn't get nowhere. But there's a fine lot o' grass, and I guess meby I can find fifteen or twenty birds if there's anybody can shoot 'em. They's goin' to be three boats up beside, you, though, and you want to get here sharp on time, so's to git in fust."

Well, the arrangements were made, and after a few more words, we drove away, promising to be on hand promptly at 6:30 A. M. the next morning. We kept our

THE WHITE BLACKBIRD.

promise, and were repaid for our early rising by the beauty of the drive in the fresh morning air. As soon as we arrived, Charlie was impatient to be off, and before long we were on our way up the river, the Doctor and Clark in one boat, and Charlie and I in another. Then the reason for Charlie's impatience was divulged.

"How are ye shootin' this year?" demanded Charlie, as soon as we were fairly off.

"Oh, Charlie, I don't know—not very well I am afraid. You see I have not had a gun in my hand for six months, and I probably couldn't hit a barn door to-day."

"Humph!" growled Charlie, "that's bad, 'cause there's a bird on this river I want you to get; we're going after him now, first thing."

"Good gracious, Charlie, you frighten me! What kind of a bird is it?"

"Wall, it's a kind of a bird I never see before, nor you either, I'll be bound; it's a white blackbird."

"A white blackbird!" I echoed.

"Yes, m'am. That's just what it is, a white blackbird. He's been around here for two weeks now, an' most everybody on the river's been a-shootin' at him; but they aint got him yet, and I want you should get him. I'd ruther you got him than twenty rail. Poor fellow! I feel kind o' sorry for him, anyway. You see, he's in a flock of about fifty, and they treat that bird real mean. They know he's some different from them, and they peck him, and fight him, and won't let him come only just on the very edge of the flock. I seen him as much as twenty times, and he's just as white as paper. And I just said now, the Madam's going to hev that bird or my name aint Charlie."

"Well, I'll do my best, Charlie," answered "the Madam," gratefully. "But I shall be so anxious to get him that I am sure to miss."

"No you won't, now. I'll look out for that. We'll just shove up quiet like, and when we get just where we want, I'll get 'em up; but I want to show him to ye first, so's you'll be sure to know him. Now, we're gettin' near where they was last night. Now, you just sit here and let me get back there with that shovin' pole, and I'll p'int him out."

So we quietly changed places, and the boat glided over the water like a wraith, propelled by Charlie's strong arm and long pole. Suddenly he whispered excitedly: "There, there he is just ahead of ye—settin' in that big bunch of grass to the right. There—see 'im—see 'im."

"No," I cried, in as suppressed a voice as my excitement would allow, "where—where?" and I bent and ducked and twisted about, making the boat rock perilously as I did so. As the words left my lips, with a whirr like an escaping rocket, the whole flock rose out of the clump of grass ahead, and made for one some distance beyond, and as they did so I had a good look at the poor pariah, who meekly followed in their wake. He did look very white in the midst of that assemblage of black-clad brothers, and my longing to "get him," became greater than before.

Charlie rowed swiftly up the creek in the wake of the flock, and in a few moments we were close to them again, and could hear their calls and chatter, as they flew back and forth in the tall corn grass. It took Charlie a few moments to locate the poor outsider, but he was finally discovered on the very edge of the flock, sitting all by himself on a drooping corn grass stalk, and looking far from happy. Finally our preparations were all made, the gun was loaded and cocked, my eye was on the bird, and I was ready to take him the moment the flock got up.

Then Charlie, with an Indian warwhoop, threw a block of wood into the midst of the birds. They rose with a rush and wheeled off, and as the gleam of the white wings caught my eye, up came my gun, the report echoed from shore to shore, and then, lying on the smooth surface of the water ahead of me, I saw the white blackbird. No longer a pariah, but destined to proudly adorn the collection with which the walls of our country home are enriched. THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.

THE GAME SUPPLY.

THE preservation of game is a subject of deep concern to every sportsman who shoots over dogs, or who trusts solely to the gun for his sport. From observation made during my recent trip in the Northwest I am convinced that, year after year, the game supply has steadily diminished.

The chickens were quite abundant this year, owing chiefly to a most favorable breeding season, but they were not so evenly and uniformly distributed over the whole chicken country as they were years ago. Their breeding and feeding grounds are now confined to comparatively narrow tracts, following such courses as are favorable to their protection and comfort in respect to growths of cover, and in affording a food supply also. Some localities may have abundance while other localities may have none, but the abundance is only for a short time.

From personal observation and what I could learn from local sportsmen the multitude of shooters is in too great a ratio to the number of chickens. The whole chicken country is searched repeatedly. Every town contains shooters enough to thoroughly sweep the whole adjacent country for miles around. Shooters from one town often meet shooters from some other town going in an opposite direction, all intent on killing chickens.

While there is a game law against the exportation of game from North Dakota, it is violated with the greatest regularity and with entire impunity. Shooters take empty trunks into the State, which, filled with chickens, are checked as baggage on the return trip.

One gentleman filled a large sack with ducks, which he took with him from North Dakota to his home in eastern Minnesota. The railroad official, as a matter of perfunctory duty, asked him what the bag contained, for there is a semblance of an effort on the part of transportation companies to observe the game laws as it pertains to themselves. The agent received for reply that the bag contained eggs. This seemed satisfactory, since no further questions were asked and the bag of ducks was accepted for transportation.

Ducks are few in numbers as compared to previous years. A few favored sections, where food is abundant and where they are least disturbed, may have large numbers; but the small sloughs, lakes, creeks and marshes, which a few years ago literally swarmed with them, they now avoid. There is sufficient food and shelter for them in the big sloughs or lakes, which are also ample enough for their needs throughout the entire season.

A few years ago all the little and big sloughs in the northern country were none too much for the needs of the ducks, so vast were their numbers. But the slaughter of those which breed in the settled sections of country and which are killed before the fall migration begins, and the continued slaughter which begins near Lake Winnipeg on the north, through all the vast region on their south bound flight to the Gulf of Mexico, is producing the inevitable result. During the winter months on the Gulf coast the market-shooters diligently pursue their vocation. They send thousands upon thousands of ducks to the game dealers in the great cities. On the northward flight in the spring time, the ducks must run the gauntlet of the previous fall. The destruction is so great that in a few years they will have shared the fate of the wild pigeon.

To give some idea of the destruction, I will mention the results of one duck hunt, made by a party of four, Mr. Pike and two sons, of Chicago, and Mr. H. W. Cowan, of Windsor, N. D., the latter gentleman living not far from the scene of slaughter. I have the information from Mr. A. S. Weld, who owns the sloughs, or part of them, where the "hunt" took place.

Their score was 1,300 ducks in eleven days, and 100 chickens, 2 wild geese and 2 sandhill cranes. This would make an illegal number of birds killed daily, as the law permits not more than 25 birds to be killed by one person in one day; it furthermore prohibits a person having more than 25 birds in possession at one time.

As these birds could not be legally shipped out of the State nor shipped for profit within the State, the question arises, what was done with that immense number of birds?

Mr. Weld further informed me that Mr. Pike brought with him 5,000 cartridges from Chicago, and took back but a few hundred. This was the destruction done by one party. Others were quite as diligently at work in the same neighborhood.

By the way, Mr. Weld further said that when one of the Pike party killed the legal number in one day, the ducks killed afterward were called snipe.

North Dakota is a rich field for missionary work by the National Game, Bird and Fish Association, of whose doings at this active season of game slaughter nothing is heard. B. WATERS.

Maine Shooting.

SIXTEEN MILES FROM EUSTIS, Me., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With Dr. F. M. Wiser and Mr. Chas. H. Meigs, of New Haven, I have just closed (Sept. 29) the most successful trout fishing season I ever had, and we opened the shooting season yesterday in pretty fair style, Dr. Wiser bagging a very large black bear, Mr. Meigs a bear and a deer, and one deer to my gun. Large game and partridges are very plentiful. Any of your readers wanting the best of deer shooting with moose, caribou and bear on the side, can get it by addressing Emery & Douglas, Eustis, Me. I guarantee a good time and plenty of game. Both Emery and Douglass are born guides and pleasant gentlemen. GEO. W. LA RUE.

A FARMER'S VIEW.

Irving, Barry Co., Mich., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On editorial page of Forest and Stream of Sept. 22, in "Portraits in Ink," called "A Pot-Hunter," you struck a chord that will vibrate responsive in the hearts of many a farmer reader. God bless you for a farmer's trump.

From 17 to 30 I lived on a farm, then was cashier and bookkeeper for five years, and the last two have been on the farm again. My clerical work was in Grand Rapids, Mich., and in New York. So I feel as though I could look at both the city and country side of shooting and fishing. From experience, I feel for my city brother and know how a day off or perhaps a week or two in the country, are looked forward to for many months, and we farmers are glad to divide our sport with our overburdened business friend, but as I know from experience our city brother sometimes thinks that the mossback farmer leaves his work every once in a while and kills game and fish at any time, in season and out, and does not wish "a city feller" to step on his land.

I will admit that there are lots of mean, selfish law-breaking farmers. Such men enter into all classes of mankind. But the largest destruction of game and fish out of and in season comes from the mean element of village, town and city. Not that mankind is worse in those places than elsewhere, except on account of the greater population gathered together in a small compass.

I really think that the average farmer is not only a game protector, but is ready to share his land with a sportsman if treated like a gentleman and asked permission to shoot or fish. You who shoot for the sport there is in it, who can buy game when you crave a meal of it, who also have meat on your table once a day at least, or at the worst three times a week, should think of this I know that the average farmer goes without meat eight months out of the year; and when he has it, the hog is the animal drawn upon. Why is this? Because it takes all he can convert into money to pay his season's expenses with perhaps the interest on a mortgage. There are of course a few forehanded farmers with whom perhaps you, my city brother, are acquainted, who when you visit them show you great buildings full of grain, while fine cattle, sheep, hogs, fowls, greet your eye, and you sit down to a table with beef, mutton or roast pork before you, while there are several hired men there also. But there is also the far more numerous class, the farmer with fewer acres, who cannot afford to hire, except a few days in harvest; who does his own work and feeds, clothes and educates four or six children, while his wife and he deny themselves everything except hard work.

No doubt such an one has a gun and is a fond lover of shooting, but he must improve every fine day, for rainy weather, days spent in going to town to exchange farm produce for family necessaries, sickness and so on, tell at the end of the year. Now this man knows that the game sent away by market-gunners, carried by sportsmen to towns and cities, has almost cut off entirely his few days' shooting when he could give his family of little ones a treat of a fresh game dinner. Very likely almost every man and boy from the nearest town has levied a tax on him and in some cases have left nothing for the family who own the land. All this would be well enough if the privileges were used with moderation, for the people of these United State should all enjoy these comforts. The average farmer I am sure is willing that those confined in cities should enjoy this opportunity of a few days at the game, and for one I wish, if it were possible, that every family could eat a few game dinners yearly.

I also know that a fair proportion of gentlemen shooters fully understand all this, and ever treat the owner of the soil well, always asking the privilege of shooting. The return to that farm of such men is looked forward to by all its human occupants as a special pleasure; the head of the family shows all his little game pockets of squirrel, quail and rabbits, while in the house the best is being made ready. At parting, the town party insists that the farmer shall accept a share of game; the hand shakes are hearty and full of friendship, and the inmates of that home return to the night chores with a feeling of joy and comfort not to be experienced again for many a day to come. To such sportsmen I can take off my hat and bow to the very ground, God bless them. They are always welcome; I had far rather have them come than to keep the game to myself. In this case it is far better to give than to receive.

I have seven neighbors living near by, and for some time have watched them from the game killing standpoint. One has camped at a lake for a week's fishing but shot no game; one fished one day, no game killed; the third has shot one woodduck but caught no fish; the other four, myself included, have neither shot nor fished. All keep guns, love the sport and borrow my Forest and Stream.

Now about pot-hunting; we are all poor shots on the wing, but good on the run, for fox, rabbits, etc. My family has not had fresh meat over one month out of twelve, and I will try to obtain a taste for them soon. So when the law is off on birds I will take a day off, and not having a bird dog will most certainly, if I should find a partridge sitting on a limb, shoot him on sight, and quick sight too, or if I have good luck enough to get sight of quail under similar circumstances I shall do the same. Rabbits I always shoot before a dog; no ferrets for me. In fishing, when I get one on the hook out he comes; no fooling with a rod and line too weak to hold him without the greatest care, and letting out 100ft. or more of line. I like the sport, but it is a fish breakfast I am after, and if fortunate enough for a meal or two I am satisfied. Three days out of a year, perhaps, for fishing, as many for squirrels and rabbits, will more than be an average for each of my seven farmer neighbors.

The law is off on quail Oct. 1. We are very busy with the last of the fall seeding and corn-husking. We know of no bird dog. Who will tramp over our farms without asking with bird dog and gun? Where will the birds go that we have seen while plowing in the spring, who used to sit and look at us, sometimes only a few yards off, and call "Bob White;" and again in haying and harvesting the little round fuzzy fellows that would scuttle away to cover; and last in corn cutting when we looked, no doubt for the last time, at the familiar coveys? Where I say, will the birds go? Here is the answer experience has taught: Two-thirds will be put into the game pockets of the market-gunner. And Grand Rapids, Hastings and other towns will turn out its army of shooters for a share of the rest.

Do the majority of shooters realize the favor granted them and take only enough to satisfy their own wants? Do they ever think that the farmers could organize and each post every foot of land he owns, only doing what those rich in this world's goods have already done, what clubs are doing yearly. Only yesterday a brother farmer replied to a question from me as to a good place for squirrels:

"Well, yes, I don't mind telling you, as one of us. But when a load of the town chaps comes along in a wagon inquiring for game, I tell them there is no game about here. Why, last fall four fellows drove up and asked to put their horses in the barn. I did put them up and gave the horses hay, and them fellows all the milk they could drink, free of charge. Well, darn their hides! They broke some wires from a post, and the cows got into my corn. They left a gate open and the hogs got into the woods, and from there into a neighbor's corn, and I had to give him fifteen bushels of corn before he was satisfied. No, no more hunters from town for me."

I told him that I knew lots of men in New York, Detroit, Grand Rapids, etc., that were far above that class, gentlemen shooters, who put no one out. "Mebby so," was all the answer I got.

Well, I have wandered all over, lost myself from what I started to write, which was to thank you for your picture of a "Pot-Hunter." One mossback who read it brought down his fist on his leg with a thump and said, "That's right, he's got it square." To the true sportsman we farmers will give a hearty handshake of welcome. All we have is free to them. J. C. Y.

MAINE GAME.

One of the first Boston parties to come out of the Maine woods since the open season on big game began is the Puffer party. The Puffers, in the soda fountain and apparatus business, under the name of A. D. Puffer & Sons, are great hunters, and they have taken a good deal of big game. They go to Maine nearly every season. In the party that has just returned were the senior Puffer and one of the sons; Mr. Coller, salesman for the Puffers; Mr. H. L. Buss, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and his brother, Mr. C. B. Buss. The party found big game plenty. They got several deer, and saw caribou, which they were not able to get. They went to Telos Lake, one of the Chamberlaine Chain, and not far from that lake. They had fair duck shooting, for so early in the season. This sort of sport is reported to be great in that part of the country later in the fall. The black ducks stop for some weeks on their migrating south. They found some partridge shooting, but very few in flocks.

The gunners are very plenty in the Maine woods. Senator W. P. Frye, of Maine, is out from his camp at the head of Mooselucmaguntic Lake. A friend of the Senator says that he, with his party, would have been glad to have stayed in camp even a month longer but for the tremendous shooting going on in that vicinity. Men of a good deal of daring are afraid to go into the woods this fall in many parts of the Maine big-game country. Careless shooting is too common.

An Oldtown, Me., dispatch to the daily papers tells of a railway train on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad that is killing deer this fall. On Monday evening, Oct. 1, the train left Oldtown as usual. But when some twenty miles out it came to a halt from a rather curious cause. The passengers proceeded to investigate and found that the train had run over a deer that had evidently attempted to cross the track ahead of the steam horse. The report says that the passengers were several of them anxious to purchase the specimen, but the train hands preferred to take care of the booty themselves. The deer was taken to Houlton and dressed and was found to weigh nearly 200lbs. If we are to believe the newspaper reports, the engineer of the same train says that his engine struck another deer on the same night, and that a couple of weeks ago two deer were killed by the same train. The story is worth investigating and the testimony of the engineer would be interesting reading. It is possible that the headlight of a moving locomotive may have a strange fascination for a deer in the night time.

Mr. Wm. H. Goggin may be considered a lucky sportsman. Only twice has he been into Maine to hunt deer, and each time he has taken his deer. With three of his friends, he is just out of the woods. The party included Mr. Wm. P. Tenney, Mr. S. Matherson, Jr. and Mr. Wm. Gray. They visited Pleasant Lake, one of the Schoodic chain, and they think they have found an ideal spot. They went to Kingman by rail, and thence to the lake by teams. Duck shooting was good; the finest of black ducks. They were there before the trout law came on, and had good trout fishing. That at Trout Lake, a pretty little lake up in the mountains, was particularly fine. Mr. Tenney landed a triplet catch—three at one cast. They shot partridges on the way up and had a genuine woods dinner. Partridges they found to be scarce as a rule, however. The first morning they tried for deer Mr. Goggin shot a buck with four-pronged antlers, of which he is justly proud. Mr. Matherson was also fortunate enough to get his deer, though the first shot spoiled his antlers. Mr. Coggin and Mr. Matherson, who hunted together, came out first, leaving Mr. Tenney and Mr. Gray, determined to secure a deer. This they accomplished in a day or two, and they are back in Boston, greatly pleased with the spot they have found. Special.

Roading a Diamond Back.

While out quail shooting with my brother one day last spring the dog struck a trail on a piece of low, damp ground, thickly covered with a rank growth of ferns and gallberry bushes. After following the trail a short distance the dog would stop every few steps as though afraid of flushing, then creep on again. I was standing off to one side, expecting every second to see the bird get up, when my brother caught the dog by the collar and pulled him back, calling to me at the same time. As soon as I got on the spot I saw the cause of this rather sudden move. There, right ahead of the dog, was a large rattlesnake wriggling slowly along. One charge of No. 8 shot in the head settled his snakeship, and as we concluded we didn't want any more hunting that afternoon, I carried him home and took the skin and rattles off. The snake was a diamond back and measured 5ft. 8in., having eleven rattles and button. G. I.

Fairbank, Fla., Oct. 3.

ADIRONDACK DEER HOUNDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent R. P. F. has the right convictions in regard to the present status of the game law relating to our Adirondack deer, and when he says, "I consider hounding a sport in name only; a surer means of deer extermination does not exist," he hits the nail squarely on the head. The salter, the cruster, the jacker and the trapper are protection in comparison.

At the time of this writing, there are at least 150 dogs and more men and boys within a radius of three miles. I can hear more than fifty gunshots every day, and they kill from four to ten deer each day. For the past two years the principal stock raising in the town bordering the wilderness here, and whose inhabitants are principally Germans and foreigners has been deer dogs. Almost every family has from one to five dogs, and during the open season for hounding they all go to the woods to hunt for meat. Last fall they took out over 300 deer; one man with his parties took out once thirty deer. This fall he has taken out two wagon loads already and has time for two more.

I have done a good deal of work and paid out hundreds of dollars for deer protection. But when last fall I saw eight deer all together drawn upon the shore of a little lake here, beside six more reported killed in an adjoining lake I declared off. No more work, no more money for deer protection as long as the law sanctions thirty days each year of this water butchery.

Of what advantage is it to deer protection to deprive the backwoodsman of his meat obtained at his salt lick; the business man who is obliged to take his vacation before the open season, or even the trapper among the lily pads of his deer, when every deer thus saved is saved only to be butchered in the water by meat-hunters in the hounding season. All game laws for the protection of our Adirondack deer will be a farce and of no avail so long as the State licenses a method of hunting that literally converts every lake and pond in the Adirondacks into a deer trap into which the deer are driven, and when there confined butchered with all the savage and bloody instincts of our race. Tell me what better is this than setting the trap among the lily pads? I am glad to say that I know of very many of my brother sportsmen who would not abuse or take advantage of this easy method to slaughter deer. But then there is the game hog, and those who gauge sport only by the number killed, and so long as a method of hunting is legalized which requires no labor, no skill or experience, when the novice is as likely to be successful as the keenest sportsman, it induces every one and all classes to take a hand in hounding. There would be much less trouble in enforcing the game law if hounding were prohibited. Then if the law was violated it would be reported.

Most people here in the woods feel pretty much as I do about it. No use, they say, to save deer for the water butchers in the fall. Stop hounding absolutely. Make a heavy penalty for having dogs on grounds where deer are found, and the law would be more readily and surely enforced, and the increase and perpetuation of Adirondack deer would be insured for all time. But if hounding be continued the time is short when all the public or State lands will be void of this noble game. Musset.

A NEGLECTED QUAIL COUNTRY.

On June 12, 1894, the writer was called to Grand Tower, Ill., and spent nearly a week there, investigating among other things, its possibilities in the shooting line, and the place promises such sport with the quail next fall that I am moved to tell the readers of our paper about it.

Grand Tower is on the east bank of the Mississippi River, 120 miles below St. Louis, and can be reached either by boat or rail. It is one of the straggling old river towns that are frequent along the lower portions of the big river; it stands on the brink of the stream. Above and below for many miles, and for some distance back of the town extend the river "bottoms," used for the production of wheat and corn, and it is here that the quail abound. During a drive of five miles through the bottoms I saw twelve pair of quail and heard a great many more. Trips in various directions showed them plenty everywhere, and Bob White could be heard almost any minute throughout the day. The season has been very dry, and a big crop of quail is the result. There will be abundance to satisfy any reasonable man, and this article is not written for the benefit of the game hog nor the market shooter, and it may be well to say that the market shooter would not be tolerated by the citizens. A gentleman, shooting only for the sport, using a little tact and distributing a few birds where they will do the most good, will have no difficulty in finding a great deal more good ground than ten men could use in a whole season.

The ground is almost as level as a floor, dry under foot, most of it being sandy enough not to be very muddy even when wet. There are occasionally shallow bayous and patches of low ground that overflow at times, and here the weeds grow pretty tall. The corn gets too tall for good shooting in the early part of the season, but the dry weather will probably cut it short this year. There is a good deal of woods, but no brush, as the cattle keep it eaten down. In fact, there is but little cover that is not fairly good for both man and dog. Good shooting will be found within half a mile of the village, and extending indefinitely, both up and down the river. The easy way to do it is to have a man take you down the river in a skiff as far as you wish, and then shoot back to town. Then, done for the day, one doesn't have a long tramp to get back to the hotel. If shooting up the river, begin at town and have the boatman come up and bring you down. The current is so strong that a skiff can make ten miles an hour down stream, but only two going up.

The Muddy, a sluggish, crooked stream with banks 15ft. high, winds through the bottom and empties into the river five miles below town. There are times when good mallard shooting can be had along it, and there are other small streams and bayous where ducks can be had, but if ducks are to be the principal game wanted, Grand Tower is not the best place to go for them. Very little quail shooting is ever done here by the natives, ducks and squirrels being their favorite game. There are two bird dogs in the town, and their owners do a little, very little, quail killing. Across the river the land is hilly, mostly covered with woods, but I saw and heard many quail over there, too. Some wild turkeys are to be found, but not in sufficient numbers to make them an object.

The Tremont House is kept by Mrs. Baronowsky, a rosy-cheeked German widow, one of the biggest-hearted people in the world, who keeps a house that is beyond criticism. The rooms are small, but the beds are strictly clean and comfortable. All the food is nicely cooked and served, and is abundant and of best quality. The only objection to the house is that the saloon is used for the office, and there is no place for the guests to sit except in the saloon or in their rather small rooms, but no doubt the landlady would allow gentlemen the use of her parlor. Her rates are $1.50 a day for transients, with liberal reduction to parties stopping several days. There is another hotel at the lower end of the village that is more in the nature of a private boarding house. It is right on the river bank and its front porch affords a grand view of the river (which is a mile wide) and the wooded bluffs and hills on the opposite side. I stopped there for supper and lodging three years ago, and was well cared for. I had a big room on the river front. Since then it has changed hands, so no information can be given as to how it is kept now. The best time to be there will be from the first of November to the middle of December. With the exception of possible rains the weather will be good. Henry Rhodes, a young man living in the village; is acquainted with everybody and all the country round about. He is fond of shooting but does not shoot quail much; he is reliable, and if not otherwise employed will be very glad to serve shooters in any way for reasonable wages.

O. H. HAMPTON.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

Ducks on the Coast.

ANTICIPATING that many readers of FOREST AND STREAM have made up their minds to visit the Texas coast this winter as a direct result of Mr. Hough's masterly word painting of the Southwest and its game and fish, and feeling sure that Corpus Christi through San Antonio will be the visitors' goal, perhaps it may be well to introduce to the world of sportsmen the chief master of dots and dashes at the civilized southern end of the Aransas Pass Railway. Max Luther is his name. He is in no wise related to the reformer of that name; but then he is considerable of a reformer himself, having come down from a 10-gauge to a little 16, which is handled to perfection in his hands. Mr. Luther is the leading duck shooting spirit of Corpus Christi, and any Northern sportsman who desires a good hunt will find Mr. Luther willing, nay, desirous, to give him all the information in his possession. It saves a world of trouble to have somebody tell you where to go and how to get there, particularly when one knows he can depend on the information. Don't take any stock in big killings, however, as the weakness of the hunters of the coast lies in that direction.

A Small-Bore.

While on a hunt with Max last winter, we found excellent shooting at bluebills over a little pond situated on a small ranch, presided over by the usual lean, lanky, chills-and-fever-complexioned denizen of the salt coast. The modest ranchero charged 25 cents for the privilege of shooting therein. He stood at the gate with hand outstretched for two bits a head, which he received. The house was close by and the little fresh-water pond not 100yds. away. The party feverishly scattered over the field of bunch grass, tearing their gum boots on the thorny stuff that prevails all over that country. The writer took things easy, however, seeing that the shooting would last but a short time, owing to the limited supply of shells, and as we were shooting 20-gauges (much to the amusement of the native, who generally turns up his nose at anything but a 10-gauge and 5drs. of black powder), I knew there was no chance of renewing our supply of ammunition.

The ranchero spoken of above picked up the little 20-gauge, wrapped me all round with a look of commiseration, sat the gun down, and "reckoned as how I'd find the feathers on them ducks purty tough. Don't think you kin put enough powder in them little shells nohow."

I slipped down to where I thought I could get the best shooting, took off a sweater that I had slipped into, for the morning air was very stiff, and from behind a bunch of grass began to pick off the bluebills quite regularly. At any rate, I was very well pleased with my shooting, being satisfied that I made at least 75 per cent. singles and doubles. When I had fired 100 shells I returned to the house to secure the rest of my ammunition. He of the broad brim came forward, took hold of the gun and yelled: "Look hyar, Mary; cum an' see de little gun that there man's bin doin' that good shootin' with. Why, gol durn it; it would jest about make a good ramrod for my old Betsy." The old lady came out, so did half-a-dozen admiring "kids." The 20-gauge was pawed all over, and as I resumed my stand and the first double fell, cleanly killed, the whole business applauded.

A Curious Fatality.

While it is a popular belief in the North that southwest Texas is infested with snakes, the visitor to this section will be astonished at the scarcity of the reptiles. They are plentiful only in rare localities and fatal bites are not frequently heard of. But the strangest case of snake bite I have ever heard of comes from Castroville, a village forty miles from San Antonio. Mr. Geyer, a well to do farmer who lived two miles from Castroville, was mowing hay three weeks ago, and while the machine was running the sliding blades in the mower refused to move, something having evidently found its way in the gearing and clogged it up. He stepped off the seat and on examination was astonished to find that what had clogged up the machinery was a large rattlesnake. The reptile was cut in three pieces and the piece next to the head was fastened in the gearing. Mr. Geyer took out the tail piece first, secured the rattles, then the middle piece, and as he pulled out the remaining piece the head struck him on the hand, and in two hours he was a corpse. Mr. Geyer was well liked and his untimely demise is regretted by the entire community.

Canvasbacks on the Moody Rice Farm.

I have received a letter from one of the market-hunters hired last winter by Col. Moody, a wealthy banker of Galveston. He states that he killed over 5,000 canvasbacks during the season and says the shooting is steady all winter. This year he is not employed because another bunch of expert duck killers has been hired. Calculating that he shot two shells to each duck bagged, which is a very conservative estimate, and 1¼oz. of shot for each shell, it will be seen that the ether in that neighborhood was perforated by 781lbs. of shot by that one gun. Multiply that by 10—the actual number of market-hunters that are hired to kill ducks on that lake by the rice-raising syndicate, and you have a total of 7,810lbs. of shot that was fired over the rice canvasback duck farm. Is it any wonder that some of the pellets find their way into the fowls' gizzards?

TEXAS FIELD.

ONE REVERIE.

THE nights are getting cool now and the open fireplace where the chestnut wood cracks and sputters is a good place to sit before and dream of the good times past. As the darkness settles around the room, hiding its familiar and civilized objects from view, and the fire flame sheds its warmth and flickering light back upon one's self, one can sit and look dreamily into the blaze and see visions of other fires, other times and other surroundings come and go in beautiful dissolving views. And sometimes to look back on the past, where one sees only the best parts of an outing and where memory and the soft shading fire light smooth out the roughness of the roughing it one can enjoy a repetition of many a pleasant day spent with nature in her own wild home.

The little briar with its fragrant load has made me drowsy. There is no singing mouse to come forth and charm me with its weird music, but as the light from the burning logs grows brighter a pretty picture presents itself for admiration.

A chain of three lakes, lying snugly among the Maine mountains: a little cabin with it attendant "hovel" almost at the foot of the tall pines of a grand old forest; an old batteau drawn up on the lake shore; a group of us around a huge camp-fire over which is sizzling and sputtering the remains of a big porcupine which I brought into camp that afternoon, to the horror of the three Maine natives, and which to their greater consternation had been dressed and was served up piping hot for supper. On the rough table it was carved with a big bowie in a great state as the Christmas porker of old, and found sweet and much like the genuine article itself. But no Maine men could be induced to touch it. But the next day after, when miles away from the nearest house, the axle of the camp buckboard broke and while the rest of the party went on afoot leaving two to keep a lookout on things, M. is said to have admitted that "he could go a small piece of thet ere porkipine now!"

TODE.

Preparing Skins for Rugs.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 29 you gave directions to a correspondent regarding the tanning of musk-rat skins. I have prepared a number of skins for rugs and such purposes. In fact I prefer to do my own work in preserving trophies of my hunting trips, such as tanning and mounting heads, and now have a number of specimens of my own killing and preserving such as moose, caribou and deer heads, also rugs of bear, caribou, deer and fox skins.

A few years since I was fortunate enough to shoot four bears with fine jet black pelts, and I proposed to cure them myself. I was told by a fur dealer that I could not do it successfully, as a bear skin on account of the grease and oil, both in the skin and hair, was very hard to properly dress. Now I have had my bear skins for three years on the floors of my house as rugs, they stay there the year around. During the warm weather they are taken up about once a week and shaken out of doors and they are bright, soft and glossy, and no moths or insects have touched them; I also have a fine red fox skin which I killed last November, and which has hung all summer in the hall of my house and no signs of insects about it. A friend was looking at it and said, "I don't see how you keep it, I had a fox-skin mat made and paid well for it, and took great care of it, but moths and worms have got at it and it is spoiled."

I prepared the bear skins as follows: I gave the skins a good scraping on flesh side, removing all fat and particles of flesh, then gave a good washing in luke-warm water, using plenty of washing-powder, such as is ordinarily used for laundry purposes, and then washed them in clear warm water and put them in a pickle of 2lbs. salt, 1lb. powdered alum, one teacupful of borax, all dissolved in a gallon of soft water. Let the skin remain in solution about a week (if a large skin), turning it over and moving it about a little each day. Take out and wash in clean water and hang up until it commences to dry (until hair is nearly dry). Give flesh side a scraping and work and pull skin until it shows slight signs of drying. Then put in a large tub containing about two bushels of dry, fine mahogany sawdust and work and knead the skin in the sawdust, taking it up and shaking out the sawdust now and then. The sawdust will work all through the fur down to the roots, and is very drying and absorbs any grease left in hair and skin. When the skin is worked dry it will be very soft, and by shaking in the air and hanging on a line and whipping with a switch all the sawdust can be removed. On the fox skin mentioned I tried an experiment—gave the skin a coating, on flesh side, when damp, of arsenical soap, such as taxidermists use, diluted with water, then let it dry in and gave a good washing, intending to leave a slight trace of the arsenic, then prepared same as the bear skin.

Small skins are much easier to dress than large ones, and they can be worked dry in the sawdust quite easily. When mahogany sawdust can not be had, fine dry sawdust of any hard wood would no doubt do as well. Of course there is some hard work in preparing the skins, but I find there is plenty of hard work in procuring the skins to work on, if you kill the animals yourself.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Oct. 1.

Lawbreaking on Staten Island.

PRINCE'S BAY, S. I., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is the time of year when the local game constable ought to come into play here on this end of Staten Island. The game laws are being violated every day, Sundays not excepted. Of course the boys can shoot squirrels now, and there are just enough around here to make this an excuse for going out with a gun, and if a robin or a high-holder comes in the way, down it comes. Of the latter quite a number have been shot. In walking through the woods the other day I saw where two had been picked and their heads cut off. No owl or hawk would pick a bird so clean and then cut its head off; and besides that owls never leave any shells of 12-bore on the same spot.

Shore birds have been shot all through the month of August in the vicinity of Great Kills. There are a few quail left on this end of the island and probably they will all be shot before the legal time.

We can't blame the game constable as he is not supposed to know anything about what is going on. Most people here think that a man to be a good game protector must be a man that has a gun and shoots well, but I incline to the belief that some other people understand these affairs as well as those that like to shoot a little once in a while early in the morning.

R. L. H.

Good Words.

I AM in favor of your "Plank," but please tell me how it will affect such cases as Mr. Hough reports on page 246 about Mr. Rice's butchery, copied from the Fremont (Wyo.) *Clipper*, or that of the Boston merchant slaughtering five deer and sinking them, mentioned by "Special" on page 247, or that most despicable case of A. H. Sheer on page 248, bragging about the killing of five does, which is the meanest and most wanton way of exterminating our big game; and numerous other similar cases of game and fish butchery of self-styled gentlemen sportsmen that we read about in our paper.

Why not add to your "Plank" that nobody should shoot more game nor catch more fish than can be used. A market-shooter is a heavenly saint side of such a H O G-entleman sportsman.

A READER FOR TWENTY YEARS.

A Query.

IS A man a pot-hunter because he uses no dog, but still hunts his partridge or squirrel?

Given: a country where there are no deer, no large game. A man who loves to use the rifle, but has no opportunity to hunt game commonly supposed to be adapted especially for that arm. Plenty of grouse and squirrels.

If this man, with a miniature rifle (.22) stalks his bird with the same care (and he will probably find it fully as hard) as he would a deer, finally locates it, draws bead and lets fly the tiny ball, and has the satisfaction of securing his bird, is that man a "pot-hunter," or as much of a sportsman as the fellow who lets his dogs do all the hunting while he calmly shoots the bird as it rises?

That's the question.

Let us hear a few answers.

TODE.

Big Bucks.

NUMBER FOUR, Lewis County, N. Y., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two large and old bucks were killed on Sept. 27 and 28 by Mr. E. Ormonde Power and his brother, J. Antonio Power, both of New York city, on Beaver Lake, and weighed respectively 225 and 200lbs.

X.

Madison County Game.

GEORGETOWN, N. Y., Oct. 6.—Gray squirrels are plenty this fall, a bag of seven being made yesterday by two of our local sportsmen. Partridges more plenty than they have been in a number of years, but have scattered with the falling leaves.

J. F. STODDARD.

Address Wanted.

WILL "Jay Pee" kindly send his address to this office.

Sea and River Fishing.

EASTERN ANGLERS.

MR. HENRY C. LITCHFIELD'S trout story must not be lost. He is very well known to thousands in the sporting line, or with the fishing line. He is always to be found with Messrs. Dame, Stoddard & Kendall. A gentleman brings the story, and so Mr. Litchfield must not be expected to vouch for the truth of it. But the gentleman did present the affidavit of the gentleman who gave it to him, regularly made out and sworn to. The gentleman went out on a fishing trip to a lake quite a long distance from any tackle store, but still he did not take pains to very thoroughly fill his kit. He cast for trout with a couple of flies on his leader. He had very little success for some time but finally got a vigorous strike and hooked his fish. Almost immediately there was another strike and another trout was hooked. Then the rare sport of handling a pair of lively trout began, but suddenly the leader broke off just above the flies with the two trout attached. The angler was greatly disgusted but took out his book for other flies and a leader. What was his surprise and disappointment to find that he had no more flies and was minus another leader. Silently bewailing his ill luck and his misfortune, he ordered his guide to pull him ashore, which was not far from the scene of his loss. He went ashore and sat down on a log, lit his pipe, and prepared to rather gloomily think matters over. Soon his attention was attracted to a little commotion in the water, not far from where he had lost his trout. The commotion drew nearer and nearer the shore. He saw that it was his team of trout, still yoked together, and as sure as fate they were coming rapidly for the shore, like a pair of steers, with the yoke between them. He seized his rod and wading out a little ways he carefully thrust it under the water as the two trout came on. At the right moment he raised it, caught the leader over it, and drew the trout in, saving both of them, with the leader and both flies. The balance of his day's fishing was done with the saved leader carefully mended, and the used flies. This story can be believed or not, as the reader chooses. There is the affidavit, and above is the story.

Mr, D. W. Smith, head of the weekday Boston *Herald* night desk, is back from his vacation in New Hampshire, he is coming to be a fisherman. He spent considerable time in black bass fishing, and much enjoyed the sport. Mr. W. C. Grout, of the *Herald* day desk, is back from his vacation at Lake Maranocook, in Maine. He is much pleased with the black bass and pickerel fishing he got there.

SPECIAL.

ANGLING NOTES.

Angler and Pot-Fisher.

THE te ms angling sportsman and pot-fisherman are strangely misapplied at times. I have considerable respect for some men who are called pot-fishermen, and very little for some other men who call themselves angling sportsmen and who affect to despise those whom they call pot-fishers.

A pot-fisherman may fish out of season, and with the crudest tackle, or with engines of destruction that are made illegal by statute; and he may not be particular about the species or the number of fish that fall to him, but as a rule he fishes for that useful utensil which is prefixed to his name, or, in other words, to fill an empty stomach, or to sell the fish that he pots. He may not be made of clay as fine as that which goes into the composition of the sportsman, and a bullhead or an eel taken on a set line may be to him as sweet of flesh as a trout taken on a fly, but for all of that he does not catch fish to leave on the bank or to boast about, for it is straight business with him, either to satisfy his hunger by the easiest and most direct means, or to make a profit, so he does not waste the meanest of fishes which he takes in his mean way. His education or advantages may be such that he knows no other course to pursue in the capture of fish, and he may take them to the last one with no thought of a future supply for his pot or his profit, but they are utilized in the market stall or on the pot-fisher's own table.

But what can be said of a man who claims to be an angling sportsman, a man with the advantages of education, a man of means who never knew the pangs of hunger or of want in any form, who with fine tackle and plenty of it, will catch and kill in an artistic manner 128 ouananiche in one day, and bring them to his hotel to spoil, that he may "make a record." I do not know what kind of a record he calls it, but I call it a disgraceful record.

And what of another man in the Maine woods, in a camp where there are a dozen men fishing, each furnishing his quota only of trout for the table (for there is no way of getting any trout out of the woods), who goes out with the warning that none of his trout can be used, and kills in one day over 200 handsome trout and brings them to the camp to rot.

I regret to say that these instances that I have quoted of inexcusable fish slaughter are not rare among those who are called sportsmen, for I have found similar cas s, or heard of them, over and over in the various fishing camps and resorts that I have visited, although it is not always that the fish are intentionally wasted after the record which is sought is accomplished. For instance, I was fishing in Lake Champlain for black bass and a gentleman in the same hotel saved his bass for a number of days in the ice-house until he had enough to fill a barrel, and then he shipped them to New York, a distance of over 300 miles by freight train. The fish were none too fresh when they started on their journey, and were utterly spoiled when they reached their destination. The man's intentions were good, but he did not show a high order of intelligence when he shipped fresh fish as freight and expected them to remain fresh.

Some hotel and camp keepers encourage this record-making business as an advertisement, and others discourage it by every means in their power. In speaking of records I refer to records of the number of fish taken and not to the size of individual fish, which is perfectly and absolutely meritorious for any man to compass in a record if it is done legitimately.

Pot-fishermen are denounced and damned by sportsmen because of their illegal methods of fishing and their general destructiveness which depopulates our waters of fish faster than they can be stocked by nature or by artificial propagation, but are they alone to blame for such a condition of things? Is not the educated sportsman who slaughters fish within the law, and then wastes them to make a record, far more to blame for the destruction, so far as his individual record is concerned, than the other fellow? I think he is, and it is for this reason that I have precious little respect for the fish pirate who masquerades under the name of angling sportsman, and he must be cast out from among angling sportsmen by the sportsmen themselves before the ignorant pot-hunter is brought to the bar, if for no other reason than his bad example.

It is not so long ago that FOREST AND STREAM put in the pillory a man prominent in angling circles for practices similar to those I have described, and from that hour that man has been dead to those same angling circles, but the lesson seems to have been forgotten. This is not a pleasant subject, but it is one the anglers themselves must face, and by their own action kill the cause of it.

Another View of the Subject.

While on the matter of the destruction of fish by sportsmen, I must say a word about a method which is employed to this end, but in a way entirely different from that already mentioned, which I hope is not widespread and may be considered as a matter of angling ethics.

A lake in the interior of New York containing lake trout was fished in season and out, netted and speared, until the trout were few and far between, and then the strong hand of the law brought the netters, spearers and illegal fishermen to jail, or they were fined and driven out of business. Then the work of restocking the lake with lake trout and black bass was begun and carried on by the State and a fish and game protective association, until the trout were as abundant as ever and the lake afforded the very best of fishing for this species of fish. The catches became greater each year and the average size of the fish increased with the fresh blood and the planted food, until now there is no better lake trout fishing in the State than in this lake. Fishermen from far and near have been attracted to it, and as it is planted every year with 500,000 lake trout fry from one of the State hatcheries, and is closely watched by a special State game protector, there is no good reason why the fishing should not continue good if sportsmen themselves do not over-fish it.

It may seem strange that I should even suggest such a thing as sportsmen depopulating a lake in a legal manner after the poachers and illegal fishermen have been brought to book and driven away, but some men with their steam yachts fish unceasingly the season through and turn the fish over to their guides to sell. I am reliably informed that one man has caught from his steam launch this year nearly one ton of lake trout, and his guide has sold the most of the catch. The people about the lake are indignant that this and other wealthy pseudo-sportsmen or market-anglers should do such a wholesale business; but what are they to do about it?

The only thing that can be done is to pass a law limiting the number of fish to be taken. New Hampshire now has such a law in relation to brook trout, and no one can take more than 10lbs. at one time under a penalty of $50, and I verily believe that other States will be driven to enact a similar law for all the species of so-called game fishes.

Private clubs with preserved waters and hatchery establishments to keep up the supply of fish in them by artificial means, limit the number of fish to be taken by the members, and if this is so in a club of real sportsmen, where sound principles regarding supply and demand prevail, why not have the same safeguards thrown around the fish in wild waters where the supply is maintained by the State? There is nothing unreasonable about such a proposition, and if the law should regulate the number of pounds of fish that a man might take at one time or in one day, it would tend to preserve the fish and save some men from a mortifying spectacle when they examine their own features in their shaving mirror after furnishing fish to a market stall through their guides.

This practice has bred another wrong, one that must work great injury to the reputation of the lake. Guides who are not employed by wealthy owners of steamboats have attempted to emulate the guides on the steam launches in wealth getting, and some of them at least have, after being paid for their services and boat, demanded as their right all the fish caught by their employers in order to market them. In conclusion I may say that I do not expect any testimonial of esteem, or even a bouquet, from the yacht owners and guides that I here referred to.

Growth of Landlocked Salmon.

Since it became known that the United States Fish Commission would this year begin to stock Lake George, N. Y., with landlocked salmon, I have been asked repeatedly how soon the planted fish would be large enough to catch or how fast they would grow As this depends upon the food, I could only say that as there was an abundance of suitable food for salmon in the lake, they would probably grow as rapidly as the same species in other similar waters. I have to-day secured a letter from Col. Wentworth, Fish Commissioner of New Hampshire, in which he mentions facts more satisfactory than any guesswork on this subject. This is an extract from the letter:

"We have taken from Pleasant Pond and Sunapee Lake about 80 brook trout and 15 landlocked salmon for the hatchery. The salmon at Pleasant Pond have done remarkably well, the largest, so far, by actual measurement was 30in. long and weighed 12lbs."

The first plant of landlocked salmon fry was made in Pleasant Pond in 1889, and to the best of my recollection consisted of 10,000, therefore this 12lbs. salmon was a little over four years old. Last fall quite a number of salmon were seen in the streams tributary to the pond where the fry were planted and where they had gone to spawn, and a score or more of these were estimated to weigh over 6lbs. each.

This pond, which is in the town of New London, N. H., has been closed to all fishing for a term of years, and the season for fishing opens on May 1 next year. The pond contains not only landlocked salmon of large size, and plenty of them, but it has brook trout, and has been planted with the Sunapee saibling. The brook trout that have been seen on the spawning beds in the streams by the hatchery men are record breakers for size, and the anglers who are fortunate enough to be at Pleasant Pond next May when the fishing opens should have such fishing as rarely falls to the lot of man in these modern days, and all within a day's journey of New York city.

A. N. CHENEY.

SPANISH MACKEREL FROM THE DOCK.

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla., March 2.—Fifty men and women took the steamer Margaret yesterday for a day's mackerel fishing from the Quarantine Dock, situated on Mullet Key. It was a jolly party that steamed down to the mouth of the bay, each with pole and line and a grain sack to hold and bring back the day's catch. All had lunch baskets and all were talking about the prospective fun.

The steamer made the Quarantine Dock and we tumbled over each other in our eagerness to capture the most beautiful of all salt-water fish. The exciting sport was inaugurated by one of our party taking a three-pound mackerel. His float had no sooner reached the water than a fish took it down out of sight. He struck, and the line started off sideways, swishing through the water and tangling up other lines on its way. He was soon landed, and the fun became general.

The dock was short, and the good fishing place still shorter; so that our party, numbering over fifty, stood about two feet apart, each person intently watching his own float. A fish was in the air every few seconds for minutes together; then they would haul off, and we would catch nothing for say five minutes, when they would return.

Quarantine, where we were fishing, is on the south end of Mullet Key, which is about two miles from the mouth of Tampa Bay. Whenever you find a dock in the bay, there you will find countless millions of minnows, seeking the docks for shelter.

The mackerel soon find the minnows and feed upon them until they have cleaned them all out, when they migrate to other feeding grounds. Great schools of hungry mackerel swim in from the gulf through the mouth of the bay and soon find their way to the quarantine dock. The fishing is better at quarantine than at docks more remote from the gulf.

When the school struck the dock, we could tell that they were coming by the agitation of the water. Then some one landed a mackerel and said "here they come," and for fifteen minutes every one was busy baiting, casting, reeling in and landing the famous beauties. Then away they would go and we waited with bated breath for their return. Now and then the lines would get into a complex tangle, and then it required the patience of a heathen god to untangle and straighten things out; for the more haste attempted in trying to untangle a foul fish line, the worse the tangle becomes.

Near us were a good Methodist and a good Presbyterian, fishing side by side in harmony. Soon the Methodist hooks a big mackerel that goes zip around the Presbyterian line, and they soon have their lines in a bad tangle and the mackerel takes French leave. Now comes a wordy scrap between these good men, in which they use great adjectives, and just as they are about to come to blows an awkward fisherman across the dock strikes a 4lbs. sea trout (weakfish), and, having no reel, he gives a tremendous jerk and lands the trout on top of the said tangled fish lines. Then the two churchmen make up their own quarrel and pitch into the awkward fisherman, who quietly takes his fish from the hook, cuts off his line and leaves the other two to untangle at their leisure.

"Here they come!" Not a word is now spoken. The only sounds are the swish of the lines as they are cast out, the strike, the click of the reel, and the flapping of the fish on the dock. Every eye is strained on the cork float. A lady near us said, "Why don't I catch a fish?" I said, "Madam you are fishing too deep; adjust your float about 4ft. from the minnow." She made the change in the line, and then dropped the line over and let the tide carry it under the dock, and after waiting a few minutes said, "I shall never catch a fish." Down went the cork, and she tugged away at a 4lbs. mackerel, the largest canght that day. Zip! went the fish off sideways, everybody reeling in to get out of the way. She calls to her husband for help. He said, "Land your own fish." After a hard fight she lands the 4lbs. beauty and holds a matinee for a few moments, in which she very gracefully receives our congratulations.

We fished until noon, when the stewards spread dinner, at which a few sat down, but the majority ate with one hand, and held the pole with the other. The wind came out strong from the southeast, and drove a heavy sea under the dock; this only made the fishing better, but it made the casting extremely hard, as we had to cast against the wind.

The steamer, after dropping us off, steamed across the bay into the Manatee River—her regular run—and was to call for us at 4 o'clock P. M. We made the most of our time. We had two boys catching minnows for us, and right lively did we make them work.

"There comes the steamer!" We reluctantly reel up our lines, and drag our heavy bags of fish on board the boat, tired out but happy, for Mr. Leaycraft and your correspondent had caught 110 Spanish mackerel and 20 sea trout (weakfish), which more than paid our expenses for the whole day.

Strange as it may seem, there were many in the party who caught but two or three fish each during this exciting four hours' fun; they struck too soon or too late, or fished too deep or too shoal. As our time was too precious to fritter it away instructing amateurs, they were badly left, and went home unhappy and disconsolate. Fifteen hundred Spanish mackerel, sixty sea trout and thirty bluefish were caught from the quarantine dock that day, and twelve or fifteen persons captured the great bulk of this fine catch.

Next to the tarpon, the Spanish mackerel are the most beautiful fish that swim in the Gulf of Mexico. They have a shapely head and a mouth that is armed with sharp white teeth that come together like a steel trap, and when they bite the minnow is cut clean through, as if done with a sharp knife. They are beautiful in outline, tapering gracefully from their heads to their broad fluked tails. They have a large and long dorsal fin, and long lateral fins near the gills; these, together with the broad flukes that form the tail, make them rapid and powerful swimmers.

We have often seen them on a poise, watching our minnow. Suddenly they start for the bait like a streak of lightning. Down goes the cork. We strike, and then comes the tug of war. How he fights! We reel in until we can lift him over the rail, and hold him up in the sunlight. How beautiful! The back a dark blue, blending down the sides to a beautiful amber, and the belly a pure white. See the rainbow colors reflected from his sides, that are covered with myriads of small transparent scales. Slowly he changes color, the dark blue is gone and the back becpmes a light green. We drop him on the dock and every scale falls off.

R. P. BELL.

Nets in Lake Ontario.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 29 relating to the part of the State and more particularly to the section over which I exercise my official duties, quite naturally makes me feel indignant. One would infer from reading, that illegal fishing was being carried on directly under my nose, as the saying is. This is not the case, as I will endeavor to show.

Trap nets are being used here. One was put in about Aug. 1, and two have come into service since. The article referred to does not make the direct statement that these nets are being set within the mile, but leaves it in such a manner that the general public might suppose such to be the case. As a matter of fact these nets are out a mile (the required distance) or over, and do not have any leads running to the shore, or even toward it. On the contrary the leads run in the opposite direction, and consequently these men and nets come easily within the letter of the law. The Munchausen story of 1,700 bass being taken by a single net during one week, is, to people living in this section, ridiculous. If the three nets have taken 1,700 bass, in addition to the other fish, from the time nets were first put in up to present date, it would come nearer the facts, and I doubt if that number have been taken.

To secure better protection of fish the facts must be stuck to and we all know these are bad enough. The law should read three or five miles from shore, bars of meshes in gill nets 2in. at least, instead of 1½ as most of them are at present. I make this suggestion merely to show that in my opinion they should be as I state. In all my reports and at the State Association for the Protection of Fish, held at Syracuse, during the last two years, I have advocated this change, and I am positive that the waters of Lake Ontario will soon be depleted, if action in the matter is not taken at once. Perch are getting scarce, and the good catches made by the anglers will soon be a thing of the past.

At the conclusion of your article, you say that it would be well for local anglers' associations to investigate. I may state that the largest and most prominent anglers club in this part of the State, the Niagara County Anglers' Club of Lockport, was notified of these nets within a week after they had been set.

CHAS. RIPSON,
Fish and Game Protector.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

Rockport and Corpus Christi Way.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 3.—I am in receipt of the following correspondence from a well known gentleman of Rockport, Texas, at which point I passed so pleasant a time last winter, and which I hope to see again this winter before the snow flies in the North—it never flies at all at Rockport. I can indorse all the encomiums of that pleasant corner of the world, and only suggest that Dave Herzfield measure his big tarpon over again. If it measures 9ft. 7in., it should weigh a whole lot more than 200lbs. I don't think Dave knows a swordfish from a tarpon, and I think he has measured the bill, beak, nose or foregoing protuberance of his fish just an inch or so too freely, though maybe I am wrong. As to the tarpon, they are there in plenty at Aransas Pass, and big ones, too. By the way, I wonder if Dave Herzfield remembers the time he and Dick Merrill broke open the oyster house at midnight in search of fresh oysters. This I saw them do, but forget whether or not I ever informed on them. My letter reads:

"Sept. 18.—Capt. A. J. Peeler and party have just returned from a short fishing trip at Aransas Pass, and report one of the finest catches of the season. In one day they caught 62lbs. of trout, redfish, etc., and three fine tarpon weighing 65lbs., 95lbs. and 142lbs. respectively. The Captain had the honor of catching the largest tarpon, having struggled with the great king for one and one-half hours. He has had many happy experiences in angling for tarpon, but this last passes them all. Capt. Peeler will return to Austin shortly.

"Mr. Dave Herzfield and his friends, Messrs. H. B. Kokernut, B. M. Peck, J. W. Tinsley, Chas. Berzinger and Claude Kent, have just returned from a day's fishing trip at Aransas Pass. Mr. Herzfield has the distinguished honor of wearing the blue ribbon in having caught one of the largest tarpons this season. The silver monster measured 9ft. 7in. in length and weighed over 200lbs. Mr. H. will have the tarpon mounted and placed on exhibition at his place of business. In landing the great fish Mr. H. compares it to a Texas bucking broncho. The largest catch of any one day while on their trip was 110lbs. of trout, redfish, Spanish mackerel, etc. The party also went "floundering" one night and speared 75lbs. of flounders. The distinguished friends of Mr. H. propose to return to the coast again at no distant day and try their hands at duck shooting.

"Ducks and geese have begun their southward flight and the professional hunter and game shipper are making extensive preparations for the coming season. On account of the peculiar lay of land, with its many water inlets, especially the fine feeding grounds, Corpus, Aransas and Corpono Bays make the finest hunting grounds in America. Already this favored section of the country has been visited by prominent sporting men from all parts of the United States, and the indications are now that our coast will be visited in numbers by the best sportsmen of the country. All lovers of sport who try a trip to south west Texas coast will be more than satisfied.

"Dr. J. A. Hunter of Dallas, Texas, formerly of the Pearl River Fishing and Hunting Club of New Orleans, has been with us for the past ten days—the Dr. caught four tarpon in one day and says he has fished and hunted from Maine to Texas, but without doubt Aransas Pass is the finest place for fishing that he ever saw. Said he, 'I saw tarpon by the hundreds, and redfish and Spanish mackerel without number.'

"Dr. Hunter, Mayor Connor, E. M. Rheardon (cashier of City Nat. Bank) of Dallas and others propose to organize a club of 200 members and erect a fine club house at Aransas Pass." E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING Chicago.

Chautauqua Lake Muscallonge.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the largest muscallonge caught in this vicinity in several years was pulled out of Chautauqua Lake the other day by L. A. Wilkinson, an ardent angler who lives at No. 377 Prospect avenue, this city. Mr. Wilkinson and A. S. Williams, of Jamestown, sailed up the lake at 5 o'clock Friday afternoon, Sept. 28. They were dragging a line at a considerable depth when suddenly they felt a pull as if it had caught on a rock. Mr. Williams stopped the boat and took hold of the line. He is a strong man but he couldn't make it lax in one pull. He finally succeeded, and to his surprise saw the head of the big fish following the line. It was but the work of two minutes before the fish was brought within reach of Mr. Wilkinson's gaff, and the two men floundered it in the boat. It was 53in. long, 21in. in girth, and weighed 35lbs. Mr. Wilkinson, not excepting the members of the Sprudels or any of the local fishing clubs, has taken the largest fish while on a simple angling tour, of any man who has gone out in near-by waters this season. When the Sprudels went on their last excursion it was with difficulty that a few minnows were caught. Ald. Coe, the city's "fish-ologist," is surprised, but he believes it because he knows it is so.

Fishing Tackle in his Grave.

THE New York *Herald* of Oct. 1 printed what purports to be extracts from the will of Moses H. Katzenberger, a wealthy resident of Memphis, lately deceased. One of these extracts is as follows:

"Should there be a boy born to either of my sisters-in-law, Cora and Lizzie, and I hope there will be, then such male issue is to take, share and share alike, all my fishing rods and tackle, except a line and a few hooks to be buried with me, in order that if there is any fishing in the other world I will be provided with tackle to enjoy the sport, which has afforded me such delight in the present mode of existence."

A Correction of a Correction.

DENVER, Col., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I must ask your further courtesy to correct the statement over my signature as it reads in FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 29. The same is evidently a typogragphical error, as the context shows. My copy reads: "About noon on Sunday I got the 8¾lbs. fish." Yours reads: "Two 8¾lbs. fish." I will admit that I am not an expert penman, but if this is not corrected, I will get a reputation for being an expert fish prevaricator. H. M. BOSTWICK.

Surf Fishing on the Jersey Coast.

ASBURY PARK, Oct. 8.—The past week has been one of glory to anglers on our coast. We have had a vivid reminder of the pleasures we enjoyed several years ago. The violent wind storm of two weeks ago destroyed the pound nets, and the heavy run of weakfish due at this period of the year has escaped destruction and been permitted to enter the undertow, where they feed ravenously on the mullet and spearing.

The grounds taken by the opponents of pound fishing, that that system interferes with and hampers all other methods of fishing, is clearly tenable and becoming more convincing as time produces these mute yet unimpeachable testimonials.

Nearly every day fine catches of weakfish are made from the piers and the beach direct. This method of fishing requires great skill, and nothing but patient practice can make perfect the casting necessary. Last evening, in company with Judge Wm. B. Guild and his son Theodore, I took eleven, ranging in weight from 3 to 4½lbs.; their catch was three and seven, respectively, of equal size. Taken with surf-rod and reel these game fellows furnish exciting sport and can safely be classed as among the best of sea-fishing.

Bluefish are notably and unaccountably scarce. None have been taken during the week, and but few at sea. I was pleased with "Big Reel's" comments in your last issue. He is entirely correct in his views and assertions. The average man using ordinary tackle will find casting 200 to 250ft. a physical impossibility. "Why can't people who write and tell fish stories keep 'em straight?"

LEONARD HULIT.

A Freak Weakfish.

DAVID F. MARTS, second assistant keeper of Ship John Lighthouse, Delaware Bay, reports that he took at the lighthouse, early in September, a 4lbs. weakfish which had two perfectly-formed mouths, one under the other, and each mouth was connected with its separate stomach and intestines. It is to be regretted that this curiosity was not preserved, but this was not practicable it seems, for none of the keepers were allowed to go to the mainland for some days after the capture. F. S. J. C.

Fisheulture and Fish Protection.

Pollution of Pennsylvania Streams.

FREQUENT complaint has been made lately of the pollution of Pennsylvania streams by refuse from tanneries and other manufacturing establishments, which is believed to have destroyed great quantities of fish, and a number of letters on this subject have been printed in FOREST AND STREAM. Inquiry of the Pennsylvania Commissioners of Fisheries as to what could be done to remedy the present unfortunate state of things has elicited from Prof. Henry C. Ford the following letter. The case is evidently one which calls for a strong expression of public opinion, and residents of the districts affected should endeavor to impress upon their representatives in the Legislature the importance of the subject:

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A long absence from the city has delayed my answer to your favor of July 25 in reference to the pollution of the Youghiogheny River. I am in receipt of many communications of similar import from other parts of the State, and regret to say that we have no law in Pennsylvania that will prevent such pollution of our streams. This has not been the fault of the Commissioners of Fisheries, for at the last two sessions of our Legislature we introduced an act to prevent the discharge of refuse of tanneries, wood acids, etc., into the waters of the commonwealth. It was defeated each time by the efforts of members of the Legislature from the very districts affected by such nuisances. It is the intention of the Commission to introduce a similar Act at the next session of the Legislature. If your correspondent and all others affected by the pollution of our streams will use their influence to induce their representatives to vote for such a bill, the Fish Commissioners will see to its enforcement if it becomes a law. HENRY C. FORD,

President Pennsylvania Commissioners of Fisheries.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 30 to Nov. 2.—Terrier Show, by New England Kennel Club, at Country Club, Brookline, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y, 128 Tremont street, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Field Trial Club, Members' Sweepstake. A. R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B Wells. Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. All-Aged, Eastern Subscription and Selling Stakes. Entries close Oct. 1. W. A. Coster. Saratoga Springs, N. Y.. Sec'y.

Dec. 17.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

A Tale of a Dog.

IN an obscure corner in a drawer of my desk I found, today, a little list of words and phrases made out by me nearly four years ago, and then slid into and mixed with other scraps of paper until it was "lost in the shuffle." It was a pleasure to find it again and a cause for regret to be reminded that my small friend, of whose daily doings it is a memorandum, finds difficulty now in obeying almost the least of the commands it contains. So great a change a little time makes in short lives. The infirmities of age have stolen upon her. She has grown fat, rheumatic and deaf; but the beauty and roguery of her brown eyes are as yet undimmed and the activity of her mind is undiminished.

It is now many years since, returning from my office one January evening, I was invited to look behind the kitchen stove and there discovered a little retriever puppy, black as the midnight except for a frill of white down her throat, curled up on a coat thenceforth to be missing from my wardrobe. It was not the last garment to be similarly sacrificed before she was made to understand that the family washing did not weekly festoon the back yard for her especial benefit. What her antecedents, both of ownership and kindred, were, we never knew. She made her appearance in the express office of the Denver & Rio Grande R. R. here one day, consigned from far-away Michigan to a railroad clerk. But the consignee had moved away, it seemed. There was no one to receive her, and owing to an ungallant and short-sighted prejudice against her sex, no hospitable door opened to her. Then it was the Providence that watches over all of us interfered and guided her puppy footsteps to my old coat behind the stove and thenceforward in paths of pleasantness and peace.

Owing to the prejudice and preference of the lady who had become her preserver and owner, her life was diverted from its natural course in the fields and woods to the less adventurous one of a household pet. In all her life she has been hunting only once, but on that occasion she nobly proved her sporting blood by retrieving three ducks that had fallen seventy or eighty yards away, wading and swimming for them, one by one, in the marshy lake, although at that time she had never before seen a duck. She had already learned to fetch and carry, however, and this feat was probably only an instance of her remarkable intelligence rather than any manifestation of hereditary instinct. It is of this intelligence, so unusual, that I believe an authentic account of some of its manifestations would interest your readers, that I mean to write.

She was never in any sense a "trick" dog. Beyond a few amusing little things, she was never taught anything except what it was necessary or convenient or otherwise desirable in the household economy for her to know or do. Much of what she knows she learned, as people do, from hearing conversation or having it addressed to her without any definite intention to teach her. Usually in teaching her to do any of the simple things within her comprehension, it was only necessary to perform the thing desired a few times—two or three—for her. I recollect that when she was taught to shut a door I stood her on her hindlegs with her forepaws against it, pushing it slowly shut once only, and repeating several times the command "Shut the door!" She grasped the idea of moving the door as quickly as a child. But to teach her to go behind it and push it shut instead of in front of it and push it further open required another lesson. As long as she had full possession of her faculties she continued to be an exception to the rule, "It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks." I never noticed that it was harder for her to learn at seven or eight years old than at one or two. Usually, of course, if a command could be as it were illustrated for her by a gesture she grasped the idea quicker, just as a man would; and as she was always a lazy dog, it seemed also to stimulate her movements. However, a gesture is not at all necessary. It is a common thing to call to her from the house as she stands at the back gate whining to be let in, behind a tight board fence, where she cannot see me nor I her, to "go around to the front gate" (which she can open herself).

The list or vocabulary referred to, and which is here given, was made in an idle hour when she was in the daily habit of doing the things indicated therein as the occasion for them happened to arise. It occurred to me that some time some ill-informed person, incredulous of canine accomplishments, might question the tales told of her, and that, if I could pull on him a memorandum made on the spot, to the accuracy of which I was willing to make affidavit, it might, for this as well as for many other reasons, be a valuable and interesting record. I remember that I carefully struck out at the time any word which there was a reasonable doubt in my mind of her understanding. My present impressions confirm the correctness of the list. Since it is hard to recall off-hand, in category, all that one knows or might on occasion remember about any subject, the list could doubtless be extended. Also, I make small mention of the numerous combinations of these words and ideas to which, in the shape of commands or questions, she was accustomed to respond, and in which form, for the most part, she gave token of her comprehension of the meaning of the separate words. For convenience the words are roughly classified under the various parts of speech. This list was made in the winter of 1890, and is as follows:

Verbs.—Come, go, hurry, run, shut, open, want, lie, sit, roll, wag, get, bring, take, ask, fetch, scratch, ride, look, find, climb, keep still, jump, walk, find, sweep, cannot, drink, eat, comb, bite, cry, hold still, see, shake, catch, bark, tease, stop, hurt.

Nouns.—Yard, prairie, walk, barn, house, gate, grass, window, door, floor, kitchen, stairs, cellar, upstairs, downstairs, table, corner, chair, room, bed, water, milk, drink, meat, bones, bread, crackers, back, medicine, pill, cake, fly, rat, mouse, paper, stick, comb, broom, paw, belly, tail, side, hand, head, ear, leg, mouth, hat, shoe, glove, horse, buggy, fence, shame, crumbs, cat, kitten, chickens, hens, snow, dirt, dog, puppy, baby, "Tatty," "Teddy," "Bob," "Rab."

Prepositions and Prepositional Phrases.—In, out, around, on, under, up, down, away, over, behind, through, by, on top, other side of.

Unclassified.—Further, outdoors, front, back, other, today, to-morrow, she, her, him, he, all, your, sick, where, wet, dry, fast, here.

I submit that the foregoing vocabulary would be a very creditable one to a child three or four years of age. When it is further taken into account that a dog is in the position of a dumb child, unable to form a single sound of the language he hears, to ask a question or express a wish; that he is seldom noticed or spoken to as compared to a child, and that it is from this association and asking questions that children learn most; that his senses are all widely different in degree and, as far as taste and smell at least are concerned, different in nature from ours; that his bodily structure and habits are wholly different from ours; and last, that so far as aptness and predisposition to learn what we know goes, heredity can do nothing for him; I submit again, in view of all these things, that the acquisition of a vocabulary so extensive in meaning and so far from the natural field of canine thought as this, implies intellectual ability of a very high order, and very little, if at all, inferior to the lower degrees of human intelligence.

Perhaps a few instances may not be uninteresting and may help to remove the doubts which, I am well aware, will be entertained by many who, for whatever reason, are not intimately familiar with the nature and capacities of the canine race. This dog has always been extravagantly fond of riding. Several years ago I happened to drive through the alley back of the yard where she lived and, seeing her there and being alone, determined to take her with me, but did not wish to do so without the knowledge of her mistress who might, else, think she had run away or been stolen. She had been taught when teasing for anything, to go, upon command, and "ask her" or "him," as the case might be, if she might have it, whereupon she would go to the person designated, attract his attention and stand waiting and teasing him to direct the person who had sent her to "give Bug" (her name) the article of food or other thing she wanted. The meaning of this performance she thoroughly understood. Accordingly, when I stopped at the alley gate, she scampered toward it in great delight at the prospect of a ride. I told her in a clear and emphatic tone, two or three times repeated, to "go ask her," whereupon she rushed to the rear door and set up a scratching and whining which soon brought her mistress. At her appearance the usual "asking" was gone through with and the request granted in the customary way. She rushed back to me, a distance of 50 or 60ft., I leaned from the buggy, unfastened the gate latch, told her to open the gate, which she did, and I lifted her into the buggy, without having stirred from my seat. The whole proceeding was exactly the same as if she had been a dumb child, incapable of articulate speech and able to express itself only in signs, looks and inarticulate cries. It was also the first time her teaching had been applied in this particular way, though often repeated afterward.

She never cared much for the companionship of dogs, nor, indeed, very much for that of any one else except her mistress. However, she was always delighted to play with a little dog, a terrier or a puppy. They seemed, to judge from

her behavior, to remind her of her own puppies, and the careful fun and roguishness of her play with them was very amusing, not to say affecting. The little chickens were always suffered to come and eat with her or even to peck at the bone under her paws without remonstrance, so far as I ever saw. Sometimes three or four at once could be seen sharing in a timorous way in her *al frcsco* meals. But like presumption on the part of the hen was sure to be met with discouraging growls and other hostile demonstrations. A gnawable bone seemed to be held in even higher esteem by her than is the wont of dogs. Once, when two or three hens were observed pecking in a hopeless way at a few shining relics of this kind in the back yard, I repeated to her several times, "The chickens are getting your bones," and then sent her to the window to see. She went fairly beside herself with fury, rushed to the door, and, upon its being opened, charged the offending fowls with the utmost ferocity. To this day the repetition of the above sentence produces a similar effect.

It was for several years a great pleasure to her to go down the street to visit her mistress's mother, partly because a black and tan, Teddy, lived there, and partly because of sundry cookies and ginger cakes she was sure to get. Her mistress always accompanied her. It was her custom to say, "To-morrow—to-morrow we'll go down to see Teddy." No further attention was paid to this promise by the dog that day. But the next morning her mistress was literally "dogged" from cellar to garret and from room to room. As the usual time for the promised visit approached in the afternoon, the dog's excitement and impatience increased, till the coutinual nosings and audible yawns, the stretchings and shakings, the whinings and eloquent looks were changed into joyous friskiness by the production of bonnet and shawl. It is to be noted that this shows the power to grasp the abstract idea of time. To-morrow was a perfectly plain conceptiou to her. She was able not only to understand the words and that they constituted a promise, but also to conuect them with her pleasurable recollections, and, which is much more wonderful, could connect them with a definite time—the next day; then to retain this impression till the time came to realize it, and last, to recognize unaided the approach and arrival of this time. Is it not idle to say, in the face of this, that the canine mind is not the same in kind as the human intellect and different only in degree?

One of her pleasures is to have her back and body gently scratched. She was long since presented with a little currycomb which, unfortunately, she cannot use herself. This comb is kept in the barn, usually within her reach. When I wish to comb her I say, "If you want your back scratched, go to the barn and get the comb." After one or two repetitions of this she goes there and disappears. If she does not find the comb in the usual places she reappears in the barn door and looks at me seated on the house steps. At command she returns and makes further search and so on till the comb is found or I am satisfied she cannot find it. She will, if compelled, take the comb back, but as she is uever tired of being scratched, it is hard to induce her to do so. There is, of course, no remarkable intelligence shown in this. It occurs to me, because we together performed this religious rite only last Sunday, and because it illustrates the fact that quite long sentences and complex ideas are intelligible to her as well as the short orders usually given. I have now to relate two things which seem to me almost if not quite as remarkable as her comprehension of time.

Her constant companion is a collie of blue blood, but of limited intelligence as compared to her. Nobody understands this better than he does. He is always alert to take his cue from her. When one is talking to them it is pathetic to see the puzzled look with which he watches her—his interpreter, as it were. When they are outdoors together a pricking of her ears and a little bark invariably sends him flying over the fcnce to see what her keener senses, as he regards them, have warned her of. There was a time when it never failed, but I have seen several cases where he seemed to be "dead on to her game." I am sorry to say that I have seen her many times betray the confidence he reposes in her, plainly with the intention of possessing herself of his bone. It has happened many times when there was absolutely no question but that she did it with calculation, there being no cause whatever for giving an alarm, and she immediately grabbing his bone as soon as his tail was fairly turned. The expressiou of satisfaction on her face when successful in this rnse is indescribable, and she wriggles all over with delight. Now, this is pure stratagem, of the same kind if not of as high a degree, as wins battles and less justifiable civil advantages. It is applied reason.

From her lazy habits and advancing age she has of late years been much troubled with torpidity of the liver and kindred ailments. Whenever I notice the usual symptons—a filmy, watery look in the eyes, tendency to shiver and loss of appetite—I give her a couple of Sargeant's pills. I am entirely satisfied that she understands the subject or at least their effect so far as making her feel better is concerned. Her usual way of obtaining what she wants is to stand or sit in front of the person whose attention she wishes to attract. Upon naming over the things she is most likely to want she indicates the right one by her behavior. On one occasion none of the ordinary wants seemed to fit the case. Let me remark here that it has often happened that she has wanted to "say" something which the utmost ingenuity has been unable to suggest, and these wishes have perforce gone unuttered and unsatisfied. (It is a sad thought somehow, that even for a dog there is no creature in the wide world who can understand his longings. We humans know how that is, ourselves.) At length her owner, noticing her appearance, exclaimed "I wonder if she wants a pill." Instantly she showed that was what she did want, led the way to the door where her medicines are kept, waited impatiently till it was given her and then went contentedly back to her bed. The same thing has happened since, and whenever it is necessary to give her this medicine she shows not only willingness but eagerness to take it.

Now, there can be no agreeable taste to the gelatine capsule and she never has occasion to go to the door of the room where her medicine is except for this purpose. No cause can be assigned for her actions except that she understands the effect of taking it and anticipates it. It being obviously impossible to obtain a statement from the dog one must make up his mind about all such things from her actions and all the circumstances. Personally, I am entirely convinced that she understands the case, as, I am sure, any one observing her would be. This is an evidence of power to reason from cause to effect more remarkable, to my mind, than anything else she does. The cause is so far removed in time and apparent relation from the effect that it seems almost incredible that a dog should connect them.

Space is lacking to extend this little chronicle. The usual performances of intelligent animals—fetching and carrying, returning for articles left or dropped, flapping her tail on the floor when listening to conversation not directed to her but concerning her, etc., are common with her also. While it is, perhaps, true that very few animals possess such marked intelligence it is also true that much of its development is due to her treatment. Practically, she was always treated like a child. There was always some one to give heed to her mute appeals and provide at once for her. Her sensitive feelings were always considered. She has seldom been punished, rarely scolded, aud when either was done there was good reason for it and she knew what it was. It is not an exaggeration to say that her friends recognize in her a dignity above that usually attaching to dogs, and would as soon think of doing a cruel or mean thing to a child as to her. Suppose she had been taken at the age of one year and put through a systematic course of daily instruction for a period of years, as is done with children, can any one say what marvelous results would have been attained? Sufficient, perhaps, to change our views as to the nature of the lower animals and their position in the scale of life.

If the reader be incredulous and inclined to say that he has never seen a case of such developed intelligence, let me ask if he knows of a case where a dog has been treated in this way—made the constant companion of human beings indoors and out for its whole lifetime, its wishes, wants and feelings attended to with conscientious care, disciplined, taught and encouraged to think, not petted and pampered to death but treated kindly and firmly with sympathetic intelligence? There are many degrees between pampering and abuse, but in all of them the dog is treated as a lower animal, small attempt made to educate him except as a servant of man, little atteution paid to his finer feelings, usually dismissed with a pat or a kick as the humor serves, lodged in a kennel and fed on scraps. If all these conditions were reversed the average intelligence of the dog would be rated much higher than it is now, and in exceptional cases of extreme docility, sensitiveness and capacity, the record here given might be far surpassed.

In conclusion let me say that this little account of a smart dog has been written with the failings of the man with "the smartest dog y' ever seen—knows everything y' say to 'im" kept well in mind. There is always a tendency to unconsciously exaggerate the capacities of our pets. There is also a disposition when telling a story to tell a good one. An effort has been made to avoid both these pitfalls, to tell the literal truth devoid of embellishment, with the ambition, also, to give a certain scientific value to the narrative and, maybe, to help a little in bettering the condition of the noblest friend of man.

E. K. WHITEHEAD.

DENVER, Col., Sept. 28.

DANBURY DOG SHOW.

Oct. 2 to 5; Entries, 158; Dogs Benched, 154.

THERE are certain annual canine gatherings which mark the seasons and from which minor events are calculated. New York show, in the dogman's mind, is associated with the break up of winter; Boston show marks a period in which overcoats are a burden and the thoughts of youth lightly turn to the color of his new spring suit, and the dogman stores away his dog crates, and if not "chained to business" goes fishing and the dogs run loose for the summer. Early fall and bracing weather are always associated with the Danbury fixture, invariably held the first week in October. Strange it is that this little show, one of the most conservative in its utter disregard of accepted forms of dog show management, one of the most awkward places to get at and worse still to get away from, should command the attention of a certain class of exhibitors year after year. After the excitement of judging—and there is precious little of this, as few of the classes have more than two or three entries—there is literally nothing to do unless it be to have another peep at the same old fat woman, impossible sea lions, wild men from Borneo and other weird objects which seem to form the principal animate exhibits at this real old country fair. It cannot be the trotting, for this is of the 2:40 order only, nor can it be the amount of prize money that can be gathered in, and the dogmen are not to be fooled by the thimble riggers; it's just Danbury, and there you are. Even the management does not change; we always know that we shall get a hearty shake of the hand and a welcome from Mr. Sears and another welcome shake from Mr. Reed, and these two men, kind and affable to every one, constitute the alpha and the omega of the Danbury committee, management or whatever you like to term it. You know if you are an old habitué that you will be always welcome to the directors' room, where coffee and sandwiches and cigars are pressed upon you; it's just a home-made dog show, without any frills or high collars, and perhaps that is why the "boys" will always patronize it.

This year there was a brightness and intimation of better management in the newly painted stalls which, as the reader should know, are of the double-decker order, running along the sides of a long narrow building, "little dogs aloft and the big dogs lying down below," and instead of the old style of chalking up the numbers at the back of the stall to provide amusement for the dogs in rubbing them out, the stalls were designated with plainly painted numbers, which are intended to serve for all time. Then there were brass tags to put on the dogs' collars, too, and the unfortunate reporter had not to run around the whole fair to try and find the owners of the tagless dogs. For all this we were thankful. These numbers, however, are merely for the guidance of the exhibitors, they are meaningless to the dear public who, for the modest sum of ten cents, is permitted to ramble through the building and expected to take an interest in the dogs just because they are dogs, for having no catalogues to guide them, their canine education is limited, and the proud gaze of the exhibitor who has won first prize is lost upon an unappreciative public. Every show, whatever its pretensions, should provide catalogues. The prize rosettes, a new feature this year, were very pretty, blue and red rosettes with a large button in the center, on which, in gold lettering, was "Danbury Fair, 1894." Although there were no regular catalogues, the management, bearing in mind the difficulties under which the reporters labored in former years, provided a few typewritten copies of the entries, which was a move in the right direction and duly appreciated.

This year instead of pitching the judging ring in the tent among the apple and pumpkin exhibits, a good large ring was fenced in at one end of the adjoining agricultural implement shed where judging could be carried on regardless of weather conditions, and this marked another acceptable innovation. A number of attendants were also on hand to take the dogs in, and compared to former years the ring was very well served under the stewardship of Mr. Reed.

Mr. Mortimer, who took all classes, got to work about 11:30 A. M. on Wednesday, aud had concluded his not very difficult task by 3:30 P. M., though he and others lost a day through supposing the show commenced on the 2d, as the dates claimed. Many of the principal winners have been commented upon at late shows, so our task is not a very difficult one. Among the principal kennels represented were the Seacroft Kennels from Boston, Hell Gate Kennels of St. Bernards and the Hermitage Kennels from New York. Frank F. Dole's team that never missed a Danbury show, Palace Kenuels of Great Danes, from New York, Lansdowne Kennels from Philadelphia and Ben Lewis's all round team of fifty dogs that comprised one-third of the whole exhibit.

Among the exhibitors and visitors we noticed H. M. Nelson, C. F. R. Drake just returned from their European trip, Frank F. Dole, N. Fenton, Fred. Schmidt, A. Heller, F. Schultz, H. Thiman, Dr. Hair, Dr. Thurber, W. S. Turner, Dr. Knox the "vet," and the veteran sportsman Mr. Knight Sperry, whose beaming countenance was reflected from a robustness that showed he had entirely recovered from his severe illness during last winter.

The typewritten catalogue was not as accurate as it might have been, and although many of the dogs were wrongly named we have corrected those we know of, and if we make mistakes in the others we claim the indulgence of their owners, for we are "doing the best we can."

Before describing the winners, it is a duty to call attention to the fact that though entries closed on Sept. 17, some dogs were accepted after that date, notably the beagle Robino; the show was under A. K. C. rules and if exception was made in one case there is no reason why Dr. Hair's entries should not have been accepted, as they were only a day or so late, owing to a delay in receiving a premium list. His dogs were present, but did not compete.

MASTIFFS.—Only oue in the challenge class, Ethel, looking fairly well, considering the distances she has traveled the last few weeks. Open dogs (1) brought out once more the Danbury dog Kaiser William; he is a plain sort, faulty in front and his head is not of the fashionable type. Dr. Hair had an entry that would surely have won had it been shown, as it is a very fair mastiff.

ST. BERNARDS.—Competition was not at all keen, as outside of the principal winners the rest were poor. In challenge rough dogs Otos, looking in good coat and handsome as ever, was unopposed. The open dog class brought out four, and that Roland, Jr., was the best in the lot was easilv seen, scoring over Vindex II. in size, character, skull and markings and depth of body, but losing to the other in hocks. Vindex has a white body, but has a very fair, deep head. Milton, a dark brindle, took vhc.; his head markings are almost black, is short in body, but of good depth, and is faulty behind, good bone. Rollo, hc., is a light, weedy specimen. In bitches (2) first went to Kingstonian Beauty, who had all she could do to beat Spec Lomond, losing considerbly in head and something in body and front, but excels in quality and bone; shown rather thin.

Prelate was the only entry in smooth dogs, he has improved on his puppy form, but his head scarcely shows enough quality and he has a white body, still he is a fair upstanding dog. In bitches (2), the well known Bellegarde, well shown, had no difficulty in beating Hermitage Abbess, who though fairly good in type and shape of head is light in body and leggy. The puppies (4) were very poor, the winner, Minnie C., being bad behind but possessing the best head. Seacroft Dayton, though better on its pins and in body, is very weak in muzzle. Othard was as good as any of them, with by far the best front. Hellgate Kennels took the special for best in the show, and as usual all their dogs were well shown.

Deerhound classes were drawn blank.

GREYHOUNDS.—In challenge class Bestwood Daisy, as neat and pretty as ever, scored without opposition. When we see these same old dogs year after year, the words of the old soug "The Brook" involuntarily come to mind—"Men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever." Open dogs (2) gave the judge a little more trouble, though the decision that placed Spring of the Valley over Jack of Clubs was correct, he beats in quarters and second thighs, hocks, depth and strength of loin, placement of shoulders and condition, losing a trifle in head, cleanness of shoulders and shortness of loin. Wild Lily, the Providence winner, was unopposed in the bitch class.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—All the competitors, or, rather, entries, came from the Seacroft Kennels. Vinga, looking well, took the challenge prize, while Sorvanets was also alone in open dogs. In bitches, barring her faulty, very straight hocks, Zmeika had a walk over her opponent, Lady Dietz, who is weedily built in comparison.

GREAT DANES.—The quality was very poor. In open dogs a red fawn, Schultz's Neuvo, won over a lumbering, bad-legged dog, Schultz's Nero. The winner is better type; neither good in head, though Neuvo is cleaner, and also in neck and shoulders; Nero gets it in bone and rib, but is not the style we want; the winuer is better in this respect. Two poorer ones came out in bitches; the winner, Diana, has a very fair head, though lippy, and is much better in front. Irene, second, is a white-headed one with the china eyes, correct, but not at all prepossessing in appearance and faulty in forelegs. She was afterward placed first over a better-formed one in Schultz's Juno. To love such an animal must be an acquired taste.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—There were no entries, and although the fat old curly dog that has proved such a bone of contention in past years is still alive and was on exhibition, his owner did not expose him to criticism this time.

Bloodhound men had no cause for complaint here as four classes were provided but there were no entries.

POINTERS.—No challenge class entries but in open dogs, any weight, three good ones came forward and the well known heavy weight Molton Banner scored once more; but for his head which is rather plain and coarse he is well made all round, the other two, Lad of Rush, second, and Lapford Major, vhc., were nearer a size, the latter losing in head being a little dished-faced; both are well ribbed but faulty in feet; Lad gets it in cleanness of shoulders, neck, carriage of steru and depth of rib. In bitches (3) competition finally lay between Lass of Kippen and Lapford Nancy, placed in that order with Emblem vhc., though the latter seemed hardly treated, scoring considerably over Nancy in head, especially in depth and squareness of muzzle, bone and front and depth of rib but is throaty and short necked; Nancy's forelegs are very light, not straight and open toed.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—In Spectre's absence Victress Llewellin took the rosette, looking well though out of coat. Open dogs by the entries promised to be a very good class, but the absence of Cactus, the Providence winner, Critic and Harry L., gave the judge a somewhat easy task. Wordsley Dude, very well shown, scored all over Young Howard in every particular but front, as he throws his elbows out aud is heavy in shoulders; Young Howard is a nicely made dog however, without that heaviness that one would expect from his breeding. Bitches (5), Woodland Grace absent, proved a nice win for the Provideuce winner Maid Marian, second going to her kennel mate Flower of Sulphur, who loses a little in head, both well shown; Flirt vhc., loses considerably in head to the winners, and is a little straight behind, had the best front of the lot and good bone; Nellie Bly, hc., was shown fat, has a short thick neck, fair head. A poor puppy in Daisy Gale was given a second, she is wide in front and very faulty in head, long and snipy.

IRISH SETTERS.—These classes promised well in the catalogue, but the Seminole entries did not show up, and in open dogs only one appeared, Hector, aud he was given a second more because he was an Irish setter and was the only one to come to time. The entries in the bitch class did not fill their engagements.

GORDON SETTERS.—These classes proved more interesting, though the winners are all old faces. Leo B. and Princess Louise was the order in the challenge class, the latter looking a little tucked up and out of coat. Open dogs (2), Jack of Spades being absent left the well-known Homer S. a bloodless victory. He looked exceedingly well, and "Ben" had him fit for a New York show. In bitches (2) both were from Dr. Dixon's kennel, and the prizes went to Santa Marie and Maid of Waverley. The winner seemed in whelp, has the best head, but loses in front to the other.

SPANIELS.—Irish water spaniels had oue, Kitty of Cork, an old rounder. There was only one entry in field spaniels, but that a good one, in fact the best, Staley Baron. There was one cocker entry, Cousin Dick, but he did not put in an appearance. The wire-haired cocker class proved blank, too, and the reason for such a classification is not apparent.

FOXHOUNDS.—The challenge class brought out one entry, champion Femur, Ranger being absent. In open dogs two well-known hounds came forward, Parson and Deacon, and their Providence positions were rightly reversed, as the former has the better front, though pasterns should be stronger, and is better in body and head. Two poor ones came out in bitches. Chippie, the winner, is a light, weedy one, and Tibia II., a five-months-old pup, is of course undeveloped yet, but shows lots of bone; she got a blue ribbon after all in the puppy class.

BEAGLES.—In challenge class, Paderewski being absent, the blue rosette went by default to Belle of West Chester. How is she in challenge class? In open dogs (2) the new dog, Robino, in very poor shape and should not have been

shown, took the prize over Clarion of Glenrose without any difficulty; both were at the Rhode Island show. Gypsey A. had a walkover in the bitch class; she looked lusty as usual.

FOX-TERRIERS.—These proved the banner classes as far as the number of entries went. Grouse II. came out for the challenge class and looked in good shape. Open dogs (8) was a good class, having several well known representatives. Seacroft King eventually won over Lansdowne Poverino, scoring in head, though light in body and a bit long cast. Poverino was shown light; he has lots of terrier character. Lansdowne Triton, reserve, is rather coarse in skull, good bone, but a bit wide in front and down behind; is well ribbed. Hillside Royal, vhc, was at the Rhode Island show, and Punch, also vhc., is light in muzzle for his skull and short-faced; shown a trifle thin, but otherwise a smart little terrier. Wordsley Trapper, hc., we spoke of two weeks since. In bitches (4) first rightly went to Lansdowne Trim, rather light in bone and leggy, nice head, ears a little large, and should be stronger in pasterns; otherwise good in front. Seacroft Empress is better in eye and ears, but loses in body. Refusal, vhc., a cobby sort, is faulty in hocks and is short-faced and thick in head, good bone and front. Lansdowne Divinity, hc., stands a little wide in front. In puppies (7) Seacroft Duke, a rather leggy sort, won over Wawasset Baron; both are fairly good in front though Baron's toes should be closer, but I liked the latter's head best, and he is nearer to the ground besides being cleaner in shoulders and neck. The others were not up to much; big and coarse in head, most of them.

WIRE-HAIRS.—This time Mister Great Snap disposed of his old opponent, Brittle Beaut; Snap was looking much improved over his Toronto form; Beaut's head is better and he was better shown. In bitches a rather weak-faced one in Mistress Betsy won, alone.

COLLIES.—Here again the absence of the Seminole entries played havoc with the classes. The Squire, Metchley Surprise, Gold Dust, Curzon, Ormskirk Gypsey Maid, Cora Belle of Nesseldown, two in each class, refused their engagements and the solitary representative was Daisy, who, though short of coat, shows intense quality, has a sweet head well shaped, but would not throw her ears; she also took the puppy prize.

BULLDOGS.—Just a few to show there is such a breed. Romance had no competitor in the challenge class in Addiscombe Gypsey's absence. The Yale mascot, Handsome Dan, came out once more and proved a mascot all to himself, for he was unopposed. In bitches Derby May, whose charms were commented upon in our Rhode Island show report, also walked over for her ribbon.

BULL-TERRIERS.—There were the same old faces that have faced the judge so often they could show themselves. Attraction beat Starlight for the challenge prize, the younger bitch is cleaner in the head and cheek, but none can down the old matron in front; she was shown too fleshy. In open dogs it seemed a near go between Topsparkle and Admiral Mello, the latter has the best front, though too wide, and is rather long cast, body and eye are in the winner's favor. American Gully, vhc., is a patched son of Gully the Great, a fine big dog, but rather round in head and cheeky, but of good length, good body, but a bit wide and heavy in shoulders. Billy Plummer was absent. In the bitch class the well known Edgewood Topsy had no difficulty in scoring over the neat looking Lansdowne Thelma, whose faulty quarters, feet and rather dished muzzle are against her; she loses in rib, to.

SKYE TERRIERS (4) were all absent.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Broomfield Sultan, one of the most consistent campaigners and in himself a refutation of the popular idea that a black and tan must be kept in a bandbox to show up fit, scored unopposed, another challenge prize. A smart little bitch in Othella won alone in bitches; she is a little light yet throughout, but nicely marked, and has quite a good head.

Toy terrier and Yorkshire terrier classes did not fill.

PUGS.—Seminole Kennels had Attraction here and their only representative; he looked better than at Providence. Just a fair bitch in Topsy won in bitches.

DACHSHUNDS.—An old acquaintance, Jessie Victoria, filled the challenge role, but was shown a little above herself. In the dog class two came forward, Feldman and Erdmann, a red and a black and tan; both are out at elbow, and it is a close thing between them, but Feldmann scores in quality, shape of head and stern; neither seemed loose enough in skin. In bitches (2) one appeared, Erline, a black and tan, a nice little sort, well shown.

IRISH TERRIERS.—The challenge class brought out Brickbat, Jr., and Galtus, and barring his size, the former won all over, so much better in front and head. In open dogs but one came forward, Ned, a big, coarse headed dog with fair coat and front. In bitches Hilltop Surprise, in good coat, and, though scarcely racily enough built, easily won from Gessela II., better front and body and coat.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—Open dogs had one entry, Duncan, is too fine in muzzle, has bat ears, and is a little long cast, nice coat. Merry Call and Burton Bitters was the order in bitches. The latter loses only in head, too short and weak. She afterward took the puppy prize.

The only toy spaniel, Young Royal, was absent.

POODLES.—The well-known Paris filled the challenge class, and in the open class Leo and Ithel, repeatedly before the public lately, were the only entries. French poodle classes did not fill.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Spring, the old campaigner whose hardiness would shock those Italian greyhound fanciers, who pack their pets in cotton wool when the frost comes, was the only representative and won.

Drayman, the basset, was also shown and won unopposed. To show the absurd classification at this show, this breed had four classes provided, nearly as many classes as we have ever seen dogs at a show.

MISCELLANEOUS.—This was divided by sex, but no numbers were given them, probably late entries. Frank, a rough terrier that is too small for an Airedale and too big for a Welsh terrier, but with characteristics leaning to the latter, was given first in dogs. In bitches the Bedlington Blue Belle beat the Airedale Vixen, whose weak face was her worst point.

B. F. Lewis took the handler's prize with 50 dogs, and W. S. Turner the second prize with about half that number.

H. W. LACY.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Ethel.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. E. Sears's Kaiser William.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, Fred Schmdit's Otos.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Fred Schmidt's Roland, Jr.; 2d, F. Mager's Vindex II. Very high com., McCall & Cattaneo's Milton. High com., Anton Heller's Rollo. *Bitches:* 1st, Fred Schmidt's Kingstonian Beauty; 2d, McCall & Cattaneo's Spec Lomond.—SMOOTH—*Dogs:* 1st, M. Bushheimer's Prelate. *Bitches:* 1st, Fred Schmidt's Bellegarde; 2d, Hermitage Kennels' Hermitage Abbess. *Puppies:* 1st, McCall & Cattaneo's Minnie C.; 2d, Seacroft Kennels' Seacroft Danger.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Palace Kennels' Schultz's Neavo and Schultz's Nero. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Palace Kennels' Schultz's Diana and Schultz's Irene. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Palace Kennels' Schultz's Irene and Schultz's Juno.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Seacroft Kennels' Vinga.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Seacroft Kennels' Sorvanets. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Seacroft Kennels' Zmeika and Lady Dietz.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Bestwood Daisy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. A. Feitz's Spring of the Valley; 2d, J. H. Winslow's Jack of Clubs. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Wild Lily.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Glenrock Kennels' Molton Banner; 2d, J. L. Adams's Lad of Rush. Very high com., M. L. Rockwell's Lapford Major. *Bitches:* 1st, George W. Lovell's Lass of Kippen; 2d, N. L. Rockwell's Lapford Nancy. Very high com., C. H. Clark, Jr.'s, Emblem.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. Lewis's Victress Llewellin.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Northwood's Wordsley Dude; 2d, F. F. Dole's Young Howard. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. Brett's Maid Marlon and Flower of Sulphur. Very high com., Hampton Kennels' Flirt. High com., E. W. Cornwell's Nellie Bly. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Martha S. Hill's Daisy Gale.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, J. Mullaney's Rector.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. and Princess Louise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. O. Lindsay's Homer S. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Santa Marie and Maid of Waverley.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—CHALLENG—1st, B. F. Lewis's Kitty of Cork.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Staley Baron.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. H. T. Thurber's champion Femur.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Dr. H. T. Thurber's Parson and Deacon. *Bitches:* 1st, F. Eastwood's Chippie; 2d, Dr. H. T. Thurber's Tibia II. *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. H. T. Thurber's Tibia II.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. Fitzsimmons's Belle of West Chester.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Lewis's Robino; 2d, F. W. Chapman's Clarion of Glenrose. *Bitches:* 1st, F. W. Chapman's Gypsey A.

FOX-TERRIERS—SMOOTH, CHALLENGE—1st, Seacroft Kennels' Grouse II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Seacroft Kennels' Seacroft King; 2d and reserve, Dr. G. B. H. Darby's Lansdowne Poverino and Lansdowne Triton. Very high com., J. F. Belt's Hillside Royal and DeWitt Cochrane's Tenyeo Punch. High com., Harry Northwood's Wordsley Trapper. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., Dr. G. B. H. Darby's Lansdowne Trim; 2d, Seacroft Kennels' Seacroft Empress. Very high com., Frank F. Dole's Refusal. *Puppies:* 1st, Seacroft Kennels' Seacroft Duke; 2d, J. F. Belt's Wawasett Baron. Com., M. A. Kenney's Bessy.—WIRE-HAIRS—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mister Great Snap; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Brittle Beaut. *Bitches:* 1st, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mistress Betsy.

COLLIES.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, George E. Sears's Daisy. *Puppies:* 1st, George E. Sears's Daisy.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Romance—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. B. Graves's Handsome Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, Rensbaw-Mason-Jones's Derby May.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Frank F. Dole's Attraction and champion Starlight.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. A. Manice's Topsparkle; 2d, Wm. Feversham's Admiral Mello. Very high com., G. E. Bailey's American Gully. *Bitches:* 1st, Frank F. Dole's Edgewood Topsy; 2d, Dr. G. B. H. Darby's Lansdowne Thelma.

DACHSHUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. C. Motchenbacher's Jessie Victoria.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Dr. Motchenbacher's Feldmann and Erdmann. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Brown's Erline.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas Brickbat, Jr.; 2d, H. C. Connor's Galtees.—OPEN—1st, Dr. Kirk's Ned. *Bitches:* 1st, G. G. Hamell's Hill Top Surprise; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Gessela III.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Duncan. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Merry Call; 2d, Seacroft Kennels' Burton Bitters. *Puppies:* 1st, Seacroft Kennels' Burton Bitters.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Sultan—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, J. C. Mahler's Othella.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Seminole Kennels' Attraction.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, Miss C. Morone't Topsy.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Paris.—CORDED—OPEN—1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo; 2d, J. B. Ellison's Ithel.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* J. Lewis's Spring.

BASSET HOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Seacroft Kennels' Drayman.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Frank. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Mr. Hopkinson's Blue Belle (Bedlington) and Vixen (Airedale).

SPECIALS.

Best St. Bernard in the show, Fred Schmidt's Otos. Handler with the largest number of dogs in charge, 1st, B. F. Lewis (50); 2d, W. Turner.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The Endurance of Pointers.

IT is commonly believed that pointers can not endure cold weather, or at least that they suffer greatly from it and that often it injures their health. But Mr. Thos. Johnson assures me that his pointers withstand the rigors of the Manitoba winters quite as well as his setters do. They will lie down in the snow and rest without any apparent discomfort. A warm room is not to their liking after they get habituated to a life in the kennel. They have neat, comfortable buildings in which they can seek shelter when so minded, but they seem to enjoy more a life in the open air and snow.

Mr. Johnson, to illustrate this point, mentioned a peculiar instance in respect to a pointer dog which was stolen and which was taken to the resorts of the market fishermen on one of the great lakes north of Winnipeg. The fishing is an established industry. The fish are caught through the ice and are drawn to the shore on sledges which are pulled by dogs. Into that laborious life the pointer was forced. His daily task was a twelve-mile trip to the shore, drawing thereto a heavy sledge-load of fish, and then a return trip to the fishing camp. Fortunately, when visiting the fishermen, a friend of the owner recognized the dog among the many employed. The owner had little trouble in gaining possession after learning of his dog's whereabouts. Afterward, the more comfortable quarters of home had no attraction for the pointer. He had become so habituated to outdoor life and so inured to the coldness of winter that he slept in the snow from choice and showed no signs of discomfort from it. He had acquired the hardiness of the Esquimaux dog, which suffers most where there is warmth.

In reference to Esquimaux dogs, those visitors who saw the team of dogs, mounted specimens, in the Manitoba Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition, will feel keen regret, as will all lovers of the dog, on learning that the team, owned by the Hudson Bay Company, was killed and mounted for the sole purpose of an exhibit at the World's Fair.

It was taken out of actual service in the far North and driven to Winnipeg to be killed and mounted, truly a sad ending to a useful life, an ill requital for gratuitous labor done through its working years. The importance and purposes of the Manitoba exhibit were not such as require the slaughter of those dogs. There was nothing to justify such a cruel act. The purpose could quite as well have been subserved by drawings or models. Had a private individual killed four or five dogs for the sole purpose of making an exhibit, there might then have been heard the voice of censure.

Sledges in Winnipeg.

In Winnipeg all kinds of dogs are used for sledging purposes, by the boys. The messenger boys in particular, are experts in managing their dogs as draft animals. Standing on their sledges they are drawn at much faster speed by their dogs than they could go unassisted. When trained those dogs are guided with ease and they will stand or lie down in front of house or office till their master returns from within. In summer the messenger boys use bicycles, so that between the wheels and the dogs the service is quicker and better than it is on this side of the line. The matter of pedigree or looks of the dogs are valueless in sledging

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Mr. J. B. Stoddard informs me that the breeding of Tick Boy was erroneously given by me as Duke of Kent ex Bloom, in the report of the Manitoba trials. It should have been King of Kent ex Bloom. The dog is a very superior performer, and therefore it is his due to give his pedigree correct. Under date of Sept. 28 Mr. Stoddard wrote that the weather in Manitoba was cold and birds wild, and that he would soon return to the States.

B. WATERS.

We understand that, according to Mr. Joachim's opinion, the Rhode Island show winner in beagles, Ringleader, that Mr. Mortimer brought over with Robino, is by far the best of the two. In this case Mr. Mortimer has the best yet. If Robino is not taken in hand at once by his new owner, the question as to which is the best will be easily solved.

DOG CHAT.

The A. K. C. and Its Members.

If kennel clubs or other associations affiliate with the A. K. C., it is supposed that they do so with a full understanding of the pains and penalties which they are liable to incur if they do not adhere to the rules of that body. When a club takes this step it assumes responsibilities that lay it open to criticism if these responsibilities are shirked. The time is past when one may blink the issue and with a shrug of the shoulders say, "Oh, well, they don't know any better; we won't be hard on them." The rules, whether good or bad, are plain and must be adhered to, or the occasion for their existence is wiped out. The Danbury Fair show people, if they have not studied these rules, should be compelled to do so. One of them, a very important one, says that every dog must be the *bona fide* property of the person making such entry at the time of closing of entries, and that every dog must be either listed or registered. A perusal of the catalogue of this show will point out some derelicts in both these requirements. This indiscriminate entering of dogs in the names of persons who do not own the dogs should be looked into by the A. K. C., which body, however, seems to overlook this part of its duty. We do not want finicky quibbling and absurd disqualification of owners for a slip of the pen, but some degree of accuracy should be maintained in giving the right owner's name. In Rule II. it says, "Exhibitors must abide by any errors made in entering their dogs." Another A. K. C. rule says that a challenge class entry must specify on the entry blank a sufficient number of first prize winnings to entitle it to compete in such class until such time as it has won in a challenge class, after which one challenge win shall be sufficient. This was not done at Danbury in any one case. The receiving of entries after published date of closing we have alluded to elsewhere. Another rule refers to puppies, which must not be entered either for exhibition or competition under six months of age. This rule was violated in several instances, and one puppy was shown for competition under the prescribed age. We simply draw attention to these lapses with a view of urging the A. K. C. to keep its protégés in proper order, whoever they may be.

FOREST AND STREAM, in common with other journals, received Dr. Thurber's letter on "Ideal Foxhounds," but as the letter has already appeared in print, and certain portions of it are rather personal, we publish merely the meat of it and the part which does most credit to the sense and patriotism of our worthy friend. This is as follows: "There always was and always will be more or less discord after a judge has given his decision; yet a man seldom shows a dog under a judge whom he does not consider competent. The mere fact that Commodore was never before beaten does not, according to A. K. C. rules, exempt him from defeat, especially when off of Southern soil, and beyond the jurisdiction of the judge from Old Keutucky, for there are still as good dogs of all breeds in old New England as the world ever knew. It is not my intention to attempt to expatiate upon the merits of my own stock or to depreciate others. If anybody desires to know why Mr. Fellows considers Elite the superior of Commodore, I presume Mr. Fellows has good and sufficient reasons of his own to give. In conclusion I will say to all admirers of the Southern type of foxbound, who may feel chagrined at the turn events have taken, that perhaps the following old, yet truthful saying, may comfort them, 'The pitcher that goes too often to the well shall be broken in the end.'—DR. H. T. THURBER."

In these days of progression and vast increase in what may be termed expert cynology, the columns devoted to kennel departments are apt to be filled continually with the news of the day in canine circles and other matter pertaining to the "fancy." The inner life of the dog is too often lost sight of and those who could, like Mr. Whitehead, afford us many pleasant moments in reading accounts of the doings, and, shall we write, sayings of these canine companions, no doubt think that such stories would not be appreciated. This is a mistake. We know that the dog's intellectual qualities are allowed to lie dormant by many breeders in the race for field and bench show honors, still the fact remains that there is a side of the dog's character that is too little considered by the ordinary dog owner. We trust that the charming "Tale of a Smart Dog" will be followed by many others of a similar character, not only to afford interesting reading matter, but also to induce others to look deeper into the companionable qualities of the animal which is known as man's best friend. Doubtless it has been the experience of many dog owners to have met with dogs who displayed intelligence equal to Bug's, but few have had the discernment or patience to educate their natural intelligence in a like manner. The lack of the sense of speech on the part of the dog should not be a deterring influence in this direction but rather the contrary, for in a language of its own the dog, to an attentive master, is well able to convey his thoughts by the tone of his bark. An intelligent dog and a dumb human being are not so far apart as some people imagine, and numerous instances could be related that would bear out Mr. Whitehead's contentions that dogs are endowed with reason. There are fools among dogs as among men, but the smart dogs only require intelligent education to bring out results that are simply astonishing merely because we look upon all dumb animals as inferior.

Last week we published a portrait of the noted Skye terrier Old Burgundy, and this week it is our painful duty to chronicle his death. Mrs. E. M. Williams, his owner, was simply wrapped up in the dog, and lovers of a good dog, whatever be its breed, will sympathize with this lady and her husband in their loss. Apart from his intrinsic value, which, as one of the very best of his breed, was naturally considerable, the fancy has lost a dog that would have proved a very interesting figure at our shows and would have won the highest honors. Two weeks since yesterday he was as lively as ever, and on Saturday was taken suddenly ill, which made Mrs. Williams fear that he had been poisoned. A vet. was sent for who pronounced the trouble as a slight attack of peritonitis, but stated that the dog was in no danger. Toward Sunday he grew weaker, gasping for breath, and in the afternoon he died. The vet. now finds that a clot of blood on his heart was the cause of death. Mrs. Williams has fortunately several puppies by Old Burgundy, and some promise to be very like the old dog, but naturally none can take his place in the affections of his fair owner.

The owner of the Chestnut Hill Kennels sends us two charming pictures of his collie Christopher "at home." They show the old dog in beautiful coat shaking hands with a curly-headed two-year-old youngster. The scene reminds us of the well-known picture, "Can't You Talk?" and it shall grace the columns of FOREST AND STREAM before long. Mr. Jarrett has had several tempting offers for the white collie Silver King, that won at Pittsburgh. He is well bred, for he is by Golddust out of a bitch by The Squire, and was bought with three others when two months old.

Mr. Loveland tells us that the N. E. K. C. will not inaugurate their whippet racing in any half-hearted manner. They propose to offer at least $100 in prizes, and no entry fee will be charged. Entries will close Oct. 25. Circulars will shortly be issued giving fuller information as to prizes, etc.

Mr. John Armstrong, who is preparing Mr. T. G. Davey's dogs for the International Field Trials to be held next month, writes his brother that quail are not at all pleutiful, he having found but four bevies in two weeks' work, so his dogs are getting a theoretical training.

At the next election of officers of the National Beagle Club which takes place at the annual meeting, Oct. 29, a slight change will be made in the constitution to meet the proposed division of the secretary-treasurer's office. In future there will be a secretary and a treasurer, Mr. George Laick being nominated for the former and Mr. G.W. Rogers for the desk work. An adjourned meeting of the club will take place at the A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, New York, on Thursday, Oct. 11, at 3:30 P. M.

There are several new offers in our business columns this week. G. W. Patterson offers young St. Bernards; J. Hope, English and Irish setters; Exchange Kennels, bull-terriers, Yorkshires, etc.; W. J. Percival, pointer dog; H. L. Kreuder, well bred beagles; Joe Lewis, some choice English setters; T. H. Garlick, dead game Scottish terriers; Chas. D. Roberts; ch. Duke of Dexter pointer pups; Standard Kennels, beagles; D. L. McCarthy, Airedale terriers; A. G. F. wants a foxhound for rabbits. Our readers, interested in dogs, may find in our list of books on dogs the very best and latest works on almost every breed, their training and care.

An American fox-terrier breeder has offered Sir Humphrey De Trafford, the Manchester Baronet and sportsman, $1,500 for his crack terrier Roper's Nutcrack, but the offer was refused.

The Swiss Mountain Kennels, in renewing their stud advertisement, report good results. They have several good St. Bernard dogs for sale, as owing to the excessive express charges now prevalent this kennel will not show so extensively as in the past, though they will not give up the breed by any means.

Members of the English Spaniel Club have broken out in revolt and a new club is in process of formation.

Poor old Princess Florence. We never expected to read this criticism, penned by the Rev. A. Carter, when he judged St. Bernards at Darlington show: "Princess Florence, *third*, has sadly deteriorated and was execrably shown. She appeared in the ring roach-backed, with her tail tucked right under her belly, and quite sheepish in expression, and was allowed to simply slouch round the ring. That she is, at her best, a grand bitch, is beyond denying. Though houndy in head, she has great depth, enormous bone, and is a wonder for size."

From the *British Fancier* we learn that Mr. Jas. Agnew, owner of the Old Hall Kennels in Scotland, has sent to this country the collie bitch Old Hall Una, winner of several firsts. This makes the sixth collie Mr. Agnew has sent to American kennels since November last, and the interesting news is given that it is just eighteen years since he shipped his first collie to America. It is not stated who the American buyer is. Our American fanciers somehow delight in keeping their own secrets.

The *Daily Nor'wester*, of Winnipeg, Man. reprints Mr. Waters' article in "Points and Flushes" of Sept. 29, which treats of the amendment in their rules which allows a dog the privilege of winning twice in their All Age stake before becoming ineligible in the club's future All Age stakes. Mr. Waters advances a very strong argument against this innovation, and as this is a very important subject we should like to have the opinions of field trial men generally on this point.

At a meeting of the New England Kennel Club held at the club rooms, Oct. 4, the election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Edward Brooks; Vice-President, James L. Little; Secretary-Treasurer, David E. Loveland; Board of Governors, the above-named officers and John E. Thayer, Samuel Hammond, Jr., George A. Fletcher, Andrew B. Cobb, C. Stedman Hanks and Oscar W. Donner; Bench Show Committee, Edward Brooks, Samuel Hammond, Jr., and David E. Loveland; Delegate to the A. K. C., Edward Brooks.

The Hempstead Farm Kennels have sold the prize-winning pointer Hempstead Beau to Mr. Clarke of Philadelphia, Pa., for $250. Mr. Clarke owned the pointer Gamester, but we regret to say that on arriving at Pittsburgh the Sunday before the show the dog was taken sick and died the next day. It seems that last July 4 he was very much frightened by a packet of firecrackers that exploded under his belly; since then he has been very nervous, and the vet at Pittsburgh gave it as his opinion that his death was due to nervous prostration and fright brought on by traveling.

As a natural consequence when certain men become too active in a specialty club there are bound to be ructions. Several English specialty clubs do not keep pace with the ambitions of some of the members, and two or three new clubs are reported in the process of formation. Mr. Krehl seems to have straddled a situation in the Schipperke Club, of which he was president, and has resigned. A good deal of public correspondence of a warm order has ensued, emphasizing the fact that no one connected with a kennel journal should take prominent positions in such clubs or other canine associations, for however good their intentions may be, there will always be found certain men who will attribute other motives to their zeal and create ill-will.

A nice question at law was involved last week in a civil case in Chief Justice Murphy's Court at Williamsburgh. The owner of a black and tan terrier called Snip, related how he loved his dog in life and when it fell sick he got a vet's prescription of one drop of Croton oil, in two drops of fish oil, to be given in five doses. The prescription was put up by a druggist who according to the dog's owner put two drops of Croton oil and two ounces of fish oil in the bottle. Snip gave up the ghost when this dose was forced upon him and so it happens that the owner sues the druggist for $50, as the value of the dog and the damage to his feelings. We have not yet heard the result.

Danbury Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read your paragraph about the Danbury show. I intended to have written to you last Saturday and called your attention to their loose ways. At my request my son entered Harry L. at Danbury. He took considerable pains to get him ready and was going on Monday so as to show the dog. Saturday the inclosed tag came, and upon looking it over I made up my mind that Harry would stay at home. I think that if I had tied that tag on the dog he would have chewed it off in a short time and then he would not have been taken in. Another thing; there was no ticket for the boy to enter on to show the dog, and no identification ticket but the coupon, and according to this coupon he could not be sent home until Saturday night, and thus be obliged to lie over Sunday somewhere on the road.

ANDREW J. LEWIS.

CENTRAL FALLS, R. I.

To Pointer Breeders.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Pointer Club of America, in offering their new stakes, are alive to the importance of introducing to the members and the breeder generally some means by which interest in the pointer and our club may be advanced and encouraged.

The Board of Governors has decided that competitions of this character ought to work advantageously in accomplishing the desired end. They urge every member and all pointer breeders who can possibly arrange to compete for these prizes to do so.

Events of a similar character, offered by other specialty clubs, have always been a decided success and a source of large income to the breeder and exhibitor. We anticipate a stake of $250 or $300, and are sure that it will be a sum worth competing for.

The entries cannot fail to bring together the best of this kind, and a win in these competitions must prove of incalculable value to both the dog and the breeder.

The Pointer Club has been liberal with its funds in the past, and it intends to expend the future income of the club in even larger special prizes than heretofore, but to arrange the competitions so that there will be no walkovers for old-timers, but to encourage the breeding of new stock and the perpetuation of the best types, and the survival of the fittest.

Pointer men, don't play the laggard or keep in a manger, but make a liberal stroke in the right direction. Show your knowledge by showing your stock; make your plans this year for next year's work, and send in all the entries you can muster as soon as possible. In thus doing your part toward the work before us you advance your own interests more surely by the enlargement of the field we represent.

We believe the pointer has never had the success which he deserves, because of the lack of confidence in the possibilities to be attained. By steadily pushing him to the front with the expenditure of some thought, time and money, he is sure to get there.

F. S. WEBSTER,
Secretary Pointer Club of America.

NEW YORK CITY.

United States Field Trials Club's Derby A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following-named dogs are dropped from Derby A on account of non-payment of second forfeit:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

YALE—H. K. Devereux's dog.
TORY DOTLETT—F. R. Hitchcock's bitch.
WILL—Minnesota Kennels' dog.

POINTERS.

DAN—N. L. Chaffin's dog.
BLYTHE'S LAD—C. G. Stoddard's dog.
DOURAY—C. G. Stoddard's dog.
WAMDUSKA—C. G. Stoddard's bitch.
DAMSEL—John T. Mayfield's bitch.

P. T. MADISON, Sec.-Treas.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club at Oxford Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.
Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club Geo Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.
Nov. 5.—Brunswick Fur Club. Bradford S Turpin, Dorchester, Mass, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

COURSING

Oct. 16.—Kenmore Club's annual meeting at Goodland, Kan. C. F. Weber, secretary. E H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Oct. 23.—Western Kansas Coursing Club's meeting at Leoti, Kan. W. O. Allphin, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R Taylor, slipper.
Oct 30.—Cheyenne Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.
Oct. 30.—Altcar Coursing Club's autumn meeting at Holyoke, Col. S. W. Vidler, secretary. Basil Hayman, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.
Nov. 14.—California State meeting at Merced, Cal. J. R. Dickson, Secretary.

New England Beagle Club's Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed please find list of nominations for the New England Beagle Club's second annual trials to be held at Oxford, Mass, commencing Tuesday morning, Oct. 23:

CLASS A, ALL-AGED STAKE, DOGS AND BITCHES, 13 TO 15IN.

MARGUERITE—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' white, black and tan bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Dido).
BUCKSHOT—George F. Reed's black, white and tan ticked dog (Dave—Daisy).
LEWIS—Howard Almy's tan and white ticked dog (Bannerman—Parthenia).
PIPER—A. D. Fisk's white, black and tan dog (Fitzhugh Lee—Lady Novice).
ROYAL ROVER—G. A. Buckstaff's black, white and tan ticked dog (Rover—Singer G.).
JEAN VAL JEAN—H. S. Joslin's black, white and tan dog (Chubb—Mystic II.).
LOUIE FITZ-LEE—H. A. P. Smith's black, white and tan dog (Fitzhugh Lee—Maid).
MOLLIE L.—Mark Lewis, Jr.'s white, black and tan bitch (Don—Mollie).
QUABOAG BELLE—Awashonk Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Larry—Louie).
ZENO—Awashonk Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Deacon Tidd—Daisy).
VICK R.—Forest Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Nell).
FOREST HUNTER—Forest Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Forest Boy—Lady Lee).
DORSEY MOLLIE—Pottinger Dorsey's black, white and tan ticked bitch (Jack—Beauty).
BLANCHE—Miss E C. Kreuder's black, white and tan bitch (Frank Forest—Iua).

CLASS B, ALL-AGE, DOGS AND BITCHES, 13IN. AND UNDER.

GYPSEY FOREST—Forest Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Frank Forest—Sue).
VIOLA—Forest Beagle Kennels' white and tan bitch (Valentine—Jeannette).
OLAF OF DENMARK—Henry Hausen's white, black and tan dog (Bannermau—Parthenia).

CLASS C, DERBY, DOGS AND BITCHES, 13 TO 15IN., WHELPED ON OR AFTER JAN. 1, 1893.

UMSLOPAGOUS OF GLENROSE—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Fitzhugh Lee—Parthenia).
NELL R.—George F. Reed's tan and white ticked bitch (Ned—Haida).
BLOSSOM—A. D Fisk's white, black and tan bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Lady Novice).
PEALER—H. A. P. Smith's black, white and tan dog (Ned—Snap).
SLIP—H. A. P. Smith's black, white and tan bitch (Ned—Snap).
DIAMOND—Awashonk Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan dog (F. Forest, Jr.—Diamond Kruger).
BINGO—Awashonk Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Deacon Tidd—Daisy).
ZENO—Awashonk Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Deacon Tidd—Daisy).

CLASS D, DERBY, DOGS AND BITCHES, 13IN. AND UNDER, WHELPED ON OR AFTER JAN. 1, 1893.

PRIDE OF GLENROSE—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Fifer—Gypsey A.).
BEATRICE OF GLENROSE—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Fifer—Gypsey A.)
LAICK'S ROY—George Laick's black, white and tan dog (Rover—Minnie L).

CLASS G, ALL-AGED, BASSET HOUNDS AND DACHSHUNDS.

PRINCETTA—Windrush Kennels' liver and white dachshund bitch (Jay—Princess).

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Show Beagles as Practical Field Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I did not think of again writing on this matter, but the letter of your correspondent in a late issue sets me going again. He concludes his letter with the hope that he will hear more from his friends. Setting aside that hope, some other parts of his letter would probably have brought me out.

He challenges his friends who do not believe he knows what a good dog is, to look up his record and see about his handling as many beagles and other dogs as any one in the State; and then he goes on and tells us that the beagles (?) he has owned and handled are the "short, bow-legged, long-bodied beagles." Shade of Sirius! What kind of a beagle is that? Had the gentleman owned a French or German name it might have been excusable, but for one with a good Anglo-Saxon name to refer to a beagle as "bow-legged" and "long-bodied," it takes the fish biscuit. I read the letter aloud to my neighbor last evening, and as he went, lantern in hand, to close the kennel gate between us and the pack, none of which measure 28in. from tip of nose to root of tail, I thought I heard him quote Shakespeare's "Oberon"—"Ho, ho ho!" and say, "Bow-legged, long-bodied" beagle. Once in a while unfortunately such a dog creeps into field trials; but if our friend had followed the result of last year's awards he would have found such a dog, although winning a first, was duly disqualified as not being a typical beagle. That there are poor beagles and useless beagles no one at all acquainted with the breed will deny; that some are gun-shy is well known, the latter, as "Agamak" says, being among the best of workers, yet it does not follow that such a fault is transmitted to the progeny, neither does it follow that all the puppies from those that are not gun-shy will be like their parents in that respect. I have in mind now the product of two bitches, one gun-shy and one not; the former never raised a gun-shy puppy (and her puppies have been used in the field); the latter produced both, and that from the same dog, yet the gun-shy dog was a thorough workman. As a breeder remarked to me the other day, "Everything depends on getting your puppies into good hands." If one has a reputation to make it is better to dispose of the young stock to a practical field man for a less amount than to the uninitiated for a higher price, for the practical man will certainly give the pup the necessary chance. Such a one wrote me only a few days ago, asking at the same time after the welfare of a pup of his breeding; this same man at one time owned Fitzhugh Lee, showing that practical men do use show beagles.

Your correspondent tells us that he has a beagle and that he thinks it will make a good hound; if he has now a "sure enough" beagle I hope it will turn out well and if he handles it gently and gives it a good chance there is a strong probability that he will have a highly satisfactory hound. If he thinks it as good as someone's else there are three or four annual field trials for beagles provided for the purpose of proving quality, where I believe all hounds get a fair chance to be seen and heard.

And now I come to the last but one paragraph where your correspondent thinks it a bitter pill to swallow when one goes out *only to hear* the hounds. I feel like the gentleman that wrote "what's the use;" perhaps your correspondent will tell me why a true huntsman tries to match the tones of his hounds, if it isn't to hear their music? Why does the bard of Avon say "match'd on mouth like bells"? I always supposed that it was the music of their voices that the foxhound, the harrier and the beagle had been cultivated for, as much as for their scent and rabbit hunting. In my estimation not less than four dogs are necessary for a satisfactory run; they need to be selected something like this: a treble, a high tenor, a second tenor and a deep tone or baritone; then if they pack with equal nose and speed, why the music and echoes are worth losing a few hours' sleep to listen to. Perhaps to properly appreciate such music one has to be educated thereto. Fortunately, as a boy, I had opportunities of hearing such packs of foxhounds as the Earl of Coventry's, the Berkeley and the Ledbury, on days that their meets were in the neighborhood. Every veer of the wind was studied, every sound listened to—but perhaps I had better not diverge from the beagle subject; knowing I could never own enough foxhounds to make a pack, I thought I might some time own some of his diminutive relatives, and I think I have laid a foundation. I know it is a long way round, Mr. Editor, to breed a satisfactory hunting and musical pack, but then there is the pleasure of it and the satisfaction of knowing each individual's peculiarity and breeding thoroughly, and the stimulus of overcoming the many obstacles to be met with.

I used to like taking a gun to shoot rabbits where they were thick, but it is nearly a year since I had a shotgun in hand, and, with one exception, nearly ten years since I shot a rabbit. I know my friends and acquaintances often laugh at me about getting nothing, but I laugh back. Last time I got cold, and had to stay indoors two or three days, then they say, what do you go in the woods nights for? I answer, to hear the dogs run. Well, they say, you can't see what the dogs hunt, but I reply that it is to *hear* the dogs' voices, that musical discord that the bard of Avon writes of.

That brings me to those "beagle meets." I am a little selfish in making the suggestion, I want to hear the combined music of a number of hounds such as we have here; some of the stock will furnish the treble, we may get the short tenor and counter tenor from the Forest stock; probably for long notes of a very mellow cadence we can find some of old Ringwood's near descendants, while perhaps the Lee and old Tone blood will furnish us with deeper tones. The more I think over this subject the better I think of it. I am pleased to see that "Colombia" favors the idea even if he thinks the meets should be three times a week; probably I agree with him and it is not unlikely that I shall go more than once a week, but if the once-a-week works well, it will be little trouble to broach the subject of more frequent meets.

Acting on your suggestion, I have no objection to act as "whipper in;" in fact, I shall be glad to hear from any local or other beagle men on the subject. A postal addressed "Comedy," Malden, Mass., will reach me all right and be duly answered. I may say that, so far as two or three of us are concerned, the meets are an established fact, and I have received considerable encouragement from others. I hope those who wish to associate for the purpose of running their hounds will be of *the kind that care for the sport* more than the rabbits.

Had it not been for the drought I should probably be writing this letter from camp, as my neighbor and self had so arranged, taking the hounds and staying over Labor Day, but think it would be almost useless to expect much of a run this dry weather.

Hoping to hear further from fellow beagle men both through your columns and the mail. COMEDY.

MALDEN, Mass., Sept. 1.

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Brunswick Fur Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the sixth annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, to be held at North Acton, Mass., on Nov. 6, the following special prizes will be awarded: Mr. N. Q Pope offers a silver medal for the hound doing the best trailing, Dr. A. C. Heffenger a silver medal for the hound showing the greatest endurance, Mr. A. B. F. Kinney a silver medal for the hound doing the best hunting, and Mr. R. D. Perry a silver medal for the hound showing the greatest speed. The hound making the highest general average in all classes will receive a silver medal from the club and will hold the *American Field* cup for one year. BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

DORCHESTER, Mass., Oct. 5.

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The Dixie Red Fox Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have organized in Alabama the Dixie Red Fox Club, with members in Mississippi, Tennessee and Alabama. We desire it to be generally known to all sportsmen.

JOHN H. WALLACE, JR.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

Mr J. F. Stoddard, of Georgetown, N. Y., is putting the well known beagle Tricotrin, that he purchased from the Hornell-Harmony Kennels, to his proper game, and proves that this show beagle, at any rate, is a practical sort. He writes: "Rabbits also came bobbing into view under pressure from the merry beagles, all of which are under the standard and full pedigreed No cross-bred or mongrel dogs these, but the cussed fools will run rabbits—their only fault. The day before yesterday they took after a great big red fox, and don't you think, I had to shoot that fox before I could get the dogs to go home with me. Then before I reached home Tricotrin jumped another fox, and—

"Villagers in the stilly night,
While slumber did surround them,
Upon the hill they heard his voice
While the fox ran all around them."

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Canoeing.

Lake Huron and the Au Sable River.

ON Aug. 10, 1893, our party, consisting of four members of the Wyoming Canoe Club of Wyoming, Ont., went rattling along the splendid highway that leads from that place to the beautiful shores of Lake Huron.

The drive to the lake, a distance of about twelve miles, in the early morning, was a pleasant one, and we abandoned ourselves to the fullest enjoyment of it. Everywhere splendid fields of ripening grain were waving in the gently breeze, orchards and vineyards laden with fruit dotted the country, while many pretty vistas of rural landscape presented themselves along our line of route, but we were not prepared for the grand surprise that awaited us as we drove down the winding roadway that leads through a grove of grand old beeches thickly interspersed with pines and cedars, to the beach below. The broad sandy beach, the high tree clad banks, the winding roadway and the deep gorges cut by the waters of Hillsboro Creek, presented a picture of rare beauty.

On reaching the beach we unloaded the canoes, and stowing the duffle into them buttoned down the covers and shoved off for a spin, and to try their trim.

While awaiting the arrival of the rest of our party we were visited by some gentlemen living in the vicinity who came down to inspect our canoes. After they had made a critical examination of them they expressed much surprise that so light a canoe should have carried us safely through the cruises of several seasons in the worst of waters and without injury to them.

The names of these canoes, all of canvas, were Yukon, Gallinipper, Zauzibar and Ojeek. The Treasurer, Captain, Secretary and "Old Bluebeech," commodore, skippers respectively.

On the arrival of the balance of our party, we hastened to take advantage of a light but fair wind, and as everything had been snugly stowed away in the canoes, and the blue-peter was floating aloft, all hands tumbled aboard in quick time, and waving a final good-bye were off.

Up to this time the Secretary, privately, had grave doubt of his ability to sit so light a canoe, but when once afloat these doubts were soon dispelled. The experience gained many years ago on the south shores of Lake Superior had given him the "key" to the "sit," and he now found himself at home in the Zauzibar.

As the sails filled out in the freshening breeze, we went spinning along and were soon carried beyond hearing of the gratuitous advice lavished on us by the friends whom we had left on the beach astern. Along this stretch of shore the shallow water is literally paved with boulders, and our attention was mainly taken up in dodging them and parrying a choice selection of mildly abusive remarks fired at random, at the head of the unfortunate, who failed to accomplish the feat gracefully.

For a distance of a mile or two from shore our paddles would frequently touch bottom, in fact all this stretch from Hillsboro Creek to Kettle Point is very shallow and dangerous in rough weather, and is given a wide berth by all but small craft For a few miles the coast shows principally high clay banks denuded of timber and uninteresting but as we progressed they became more densely timbered, presenting a more lively and inviting appearance. As the day had grown intensely hot, and the hour was approaching noon, we ran in, and under their graceful shade lunched and rested a while. Returning to the beach we indulged in a refreshing bath and then were off again.

A run of a couple of miles brought us abreast of Cedar Point, a lovely spot, where many tents and cottages could be seen nestling in shady nooks beneath the cedars; but, owing to the great heat, only the more youthful members were on the beach, who at sight of our fleet, swarmed out and came to meet us in tremendous haste. They were burning with curiosity to know who we were. As they ranged alongside of us they opened their "sally-ports" and overwhelmed us with innumerable questions. They soon learned all that was worth knowing about our canoes, then they desired to know where we had come from, where we were going to, and what we were doing it for. They inquired into our present social standing, our past history and hazy geneology, and desired to know what our future prospects and aspirations were. They were quite sociable, and were not overawed by the dignified bearing of the Commodore, but seemed to inspect his antiquated old slouch hat and tattered trousers with a critical eye.

As the breeze began to freshen we trimmed in our sails and bade our little friends good-bye, now changing our course and steering directly across Johnston's Bay for Kettle Point, and as we drifted lazily along before a dying breeze the heat of the sun nearly roasted us. The Secretary hoisted his umbrella, which broke the intensity of the glare, but for the rest of us, who were not thus provided, we had simply to take it. The Commodore got it on the roof of his nose, which had taken on a brilliant moss rose tinge and burned and smarted terribly. The Treasurer's nose was a sight to behold, but the enthusiasm of that gentleman was not diminished in the least by so trivial a thing as a sun scorched nose; but with the Captain it was different, he never ceased to smile, and seemingly did not feel the heat. Our greatest sympathies were for the Secretary, whose slender form and weakly constitution made him less able to bear the intense heat than the rest of us.

By this time we were abreast of Gustin's charming resort, Lake Valley Grove, and observed an unusual commotion among the campers, which shortly developed into a rush for the boats, into which the ladies were hustled, and they headed out for us. As they approached the fleet the Commodore was observed to shuffle, placing the Captain in a position between himself and the approaching visitors. It has been suggested that this might have been done in order to place his highly illuminated nose in a less conspicuous position; but as he has not made any confession, it is probable that the facts of this dark mystery may never be known. Our visitors greeted us pleasantly, chatted a while, and then tendered us a most pressing invitation to land and tarry for a time with them. The Captain thanked them for their very kind invitation, expressing his deep regrets that circumstances over which we had no control compelled us to decline. A roguish voice in one of the boats remarked that "probably it was just as well, as there is nothing at the resort but girls, and they were all cannibals." The Captain parried good-naturedly, and we proceeded on our journey.

The scenic beauty of this stretch of shore as viewed from a distance is very fine. The whole extent of coast line of Kettle Point and Johnson's Bay present an almost continuous wall of living green. Directly across the bay from Lake Valley Grove, Jeff's famous resort, partly hidden in a grove of gigantic butternut trees, looked decidedly restful. Away to the south, at the mouth of Shanawanda Creek, the Indian fishery buildings and their fishing fleet are just visible. With the aid of the glass we could see their chapel, their school and other buildings on the heights beyond But the scenery was fast loosing its charms for us. We were too tired, too hot, too dignified and too notoriously lazy to paddle, and the seats that for five hours we had held down with unvarying steadfastness were becoming as adamant to our sensibilities; but at last, after a tedious drift, we rounded the point, and feeling a splendid breeze were soon at our camping ground, a lovely parklike place, shaded with fine broad topped white birches, under which we pitched our tents, ate our supper, forgot our miseries, and were superlatively happy.

The evening was spent in rambling on the fine beach and in exploring the timber. The surface of the country is thrown up into a succession of low hog backs and densely timbered with pines, cedars and hemlocks, as well as almost every variety of deciduous trees. A few woodcock, partridge and hares were seen, but as the blood-thirsty mosquitoes were there in numbers and were having a picnic at our expense we cut our further explorations short, and fled to the shelter of the tents, where we were soon wrapt in the arms of oblivion, etc.

Aug. 11.—We were late in turning out this morning, breakfasted leisurely and loafed through the forenoon sumptuously. We were visited by some gentlemen who were encamped at the point, and during the conversation they informed us of a supposed coal find at that place. We were skeptical, and subsequent events abundantly justified our doubts.

Shortly after dinner, a fine breeze springing up, we decided to make the run to the Au Sable River. The tents were taken down hurriedly and tumbled into the canoes indiscriminately. The Secretary got off first, and went away like a telegram, getting a big start. The Captain came next, closely followed by the Commodore, but the Treasurer was delayed by a hitch in his rig, but at last was seen to hoist sail and shoot away from the shore. By this time there was a wide gap between the different canoes. Zanzibar's white sail was but a mere speck in the distance, while Yukon was a good half mile astern In this order we had progressed a mile or so, when on glancing back to see how the Treasurer was faring, we were somewhat startled to find that we could not see his sail At last, however, after a long scrutiny, we descried Yukon rising on the crest of a wave, and then the Treasurer was seen to be using his paddle, from which we concluded something had gone wrong.

Our attention was next directed to the Secretary, who was seen to be heading toward shore, and a moment later went plowing through the breakers and up on the beach. On seeing this the Captain and Commodore held on and landed with him to await the arrival of the Treasurer. The Secretary, who is somewhat short-sighted, explained that, having lost sight of the fleet, he concluded to go ashore and await its arrival. On the Treasurer coming up he informed us of the delay, stating that a sudden squall had caught him napping and had demolished his rig. The mast was broken in two, the step torn up, and the deck plate broken. Repairs were impossible at this place, and as there was no other alternative, we quickly decided that all should paddle the remaining distance to the river.

The wind had grown decidedly fresh and the sea lumpy, making our passage through the breakers an exciting experience, but when once clear of them we made good time, and in half an hour rounded Stony Point, and with a straight course ahead of us, were silently paddling along, when we were awakened from our half-dreamy condition by the low rumbling of thunder. A hasty glance away astern revealed a startling state of affairs. Great masses of ominous black clouds were piling up in the west, and there seemed a fair prospect that we would get a ducking before we should reach a suitable camping place. The Secretary, not relishing the prospect of getting wet, suggested that the Captain and Commodore should hoist sail, push ahead and get the tents up before the storm should overtake us. In their haste to get up sail the Commodore, at least, narrowly escaped a capsize. Once under way, they went tearing along at a tremendous pace with the canoes squirming and yawing under the pressure of sail. The seas fairly boiled around them, and sometimes over the top of them, but the aprons were tight and their own hides and spirits impervious to water.

From this time forward they had to attend strictly to business, the wind had increased to half a gale, the seas at times going clear over them, and the strain on rig and steering paddle was tremendous. The Commodore had drawn a few rods ahead of the Captain when on looking ahead he was startled at seeing not twenty feet away a most villainous-looking reef of rough, angular stones lying directly in his course. He shouted to warn the Captain of the danger but his voice was drowned in the roar of the sea. The next instant he was lifted on the crest of a huge wave and swept clear over the dangerous place. On turning to see how the Captain had fared the Commodore was amazed to see the Captain sailing along calmly and serenely unconscious of the existence of any danger. A few minutes later a great wave swept over the stern of the Captain's canoe, and climbing up her skipper irrigated his back and filled his gaping pistol pocket to the level full. The Commonore did not miss the spectacle or fail to laugh, but it was cut off in its tender infancy, for the next moment a companion wave to the one that had visited the Captain broke square over his shoulders and even went high enough to kiss the curl out of his hoary locks. This was a joyous moment for the Captain, who took sweet revenge and fairly roared in an ecstacy of delight. They were both thoroughly soaked and perfectly indifferent of what should come next, whether it was a thunder shower, a cyclone or a tidal wave. In the momentary lull that followed the Commodore shouted to the Captain, "Can you hold out to the river?" The reply came back with tremendous emphasis, "You bet."

The remaining distance to the mouth of the river was a glorious race before a gale of wind and was accomplished without accident beyond a few bumps in crossing a bar into the channel. Entering the river the canoeists continued on up for a couple of miles and landed at their old camp ground of 1892. The tents were run up in a hurry and the duffle safely stowed away in them.

The experience of the Secretary and Treasurer was even more exciting than that of the advance party, they being so seriously handicapped by the mishap to the Treasurer's rig. At one time the Secretary in reaching forward to secure some loose articles from being washed overboard, lost his balance and narrowly escaped going overboard, but by making a prodigious effort recovered, and went reeling into the cockpit in company with about a barrel of the subtle fluid. He came up smiling, however, but expressed it as his opinion that a 50-pound canoe in an angry sea was not the most favorable place in which to indulge in acrobatic exercises. After this free exhibition the Secretary grew reflective, and shortly solved the problem of how to get there without paddling; this he accomplished by bracing an open umbrella against the mast, and it proved a brilliant success.

The Treasurer's avoirdupois is considerable, and that placed in the sternsheets of so light a canoe crowded it down pretty low, and in consequence the seas had full sweep over him pretty often, but he worked his paddle with such unwavering zeal that they reached the river and the shelter of an overhanging bank before the storm reached them.

After the fury of the gale had abated somewhat they pushed on up stream, and on rounding a bend in the river came in sight of the tents, beside which stood the two anxious watchers, who at sight of their belated comrades kicked their hats into the air and raised their voices in a wild, welcoming war-whoop that fairly awoke the solitude and went echoing and re-echoing away among the hills. The Captain, who had been making preparations to go in search of the missing ones, now bounded into his boat and went down to meet them, and on seeing the Secretary looking tired, he hooked on and towed him up to camp.

Shortly after they reached camp the clouds began to break up, the sun came out We had supper, and then putting the camp in order, we settled down to the rest and enjoyment we proposed to take for the next two days.

During the night we were awakened by the shrieking of the wind through the branches of the scrub oak, under which our tents were pitched. As we lay listening the storm increased in fury, the rain descended in torrents, the lightning flashed, the thunder boomed and for a long while the roar of the elements was something terrible, but it passed away at last and we slept.

Aug. 12.—We awoke late to find the sun shining brightly in a cloudless sky; we scrambled out, and after a hasty breakfast had been partaken of, we put our rods together and thrashed a half mile of the river, up and down, but never a bass responded.

We then seated ourselves on the bank and commenced casting over a dark pool, allowing the baited hooks to sink to the bottom. The Treasurer was the first to get a nibble, and reeling in landed a small turtle. In a few minutes several more were landed, which were carefully unhooked and allowed to return to their native element. Becoming disgusted the Treasurer and Commodore returned to camp. The Captain reeled up and went for a long paddle down to the mouth of the river, where, meeting with some old friends among the campers, he spent a pleasant morning. The Secretary continued to fish, and in an hour or two surprised the camp with a fine string of bream. These we cooked and ate, finding them a much better fish than we supposed.

After dinner the entire party crossed the river and walking a short distance ascended one of these great sand dunes, so common along this stretch of shore. This one, over 200ft. in height, gave us an extended view over a large amount of country. For a long time we stood gazing on the splendid scene around us; almost every way we look extend mile after mile of hill and valley, vine and tree-clad, with its masses of many-colored foliage flaming gorgeous in its autumnal garb. Away to the southward the great basin of the now drained Lake Burwell extends for many miles, with its rank growth of almost tropical vegetation waving gently on the breeze. Glimpses of Lake George and Lake Smith lend beauty to the scene, while the river in its many windings, partly hidden by tree, bush and vine, is a marvel of sylvan beauty.

But as the shades of evening had begun to lengthen we turned away regretfully and descending from our perch sauntered leisurely back to camp. After supper had been disposed of we set to work and, after a fashion, repaired the damage to the Treasurer's boat.

BLUE BEACH.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Mr. Howard and Yankee.

THE letter from "Dragon" which we reprinted from the *Field* two weeks since, has brought out the following reply from Mr. Howard in the last issue to hand of that paper. Sir: The letter of "Dragon, R. C. C.," in your last issue would call for no reply from me were it not for the fact that it is made to appear that I have misrepresented Dragon. It is flatly denied in the letter that Dragon is an open-well canoe. I do not know what Dragon is now, but she was an open-well canoe when I saw her at Bourne End. Dragon's well, as I remember it, was about 4ft. or 5ft. long, and was without a self-draining floor. If that is not an open-well, I do not know what is. In America any well that is not self-draining is classed as open no matter what the length.

Dragon seems to be annoyed that I singled her out as my preference for a match race with Yankee. There were just two reasons why I mentioned Dragon: (1) That I consider Dragon to be the fastest English racing canoe that I have seen; (2) that her owner was the only member of the Royal Canoe Club who had shown any inclination of racing his canoe against mine on water open enough for a triangular course. I did not know that Dragon was still undergoing alterations, as I understood that she had been put into racing trim. I did not intend my reference to Dragon as a new challenge. I have made no challenge since July 4. I have believed all along that Dragon intended to meet Yankee on a triangular course if professional engagements did not prevent. As for Dragon's avowed disinclination to take up my challenge, I have nothing whatever to say.

Taking into consideration the fact that Yankee sailed only five races at Bourne End, that in one of these races Dragon capsized and withdrew while Yankee continued the race, and that Dragon and Yankee did not meet elsewhere, I am unable to see how Dragon has beaten Yankee six times, as asserted.

Dragon's opinion that I have everything to gain and nothing to lose if a match race is brought off, coincides with my own view of the matter.

I am glad to see that Mr. G. F. Eyre, hon. secretary of Oxford University Sailing Club, has the right idea as to the type of boat to recommend to a novice. A boat that may be capsized with impunity is certainly the best for a novice, and the more easily a boat capsizes the more willing would I be that a novice should learn to sail in it. No man is competent to handle a canoe or small boat until he has had experience at capsizing. At home I have invariably encouraged novices at canoe sailing to capsize early and often. It increases their skill, and takes away their fear of the water. Of course a man who cannot swim should never have control of a canoe or small boat. No man unable to swim is admitted to membership in the New York C. C.

WM. WILLARD HOWARD, New York C. C.

10 COURTENAY STREET, Salcombe, S. Devon, Sept. 18.

That the racing of Mr. Howard and his canoe Yankee in England has done little for the reputation of American models and builders is fully shown by the reports and comments we have published through the season; but the practical result is best illustrated in a letter which we have lately seen, from a British canoeist to one of the leading American canoe builders.

This canoeist last spring proposed to order an American canoe, but postponed it to the fall on account of the lateness of the season. He now writes: "Giving an order to you must, to a certain extent, be an experiment; I do not doubt the excellence of your workmanship, but judging from the performances of Mr. Howard's canoe Yankee here this summer, it is questionable in the highest degree whether the American boats of this type are equal, in speed at any rate, to our own. I know you did not build the Yankee, and possibly you could have constructed a faster boat; but it is impossible for us to look at it in that light, as we think that Mr. Howard would not have come across here, all the way from America, unless he was confident that the Yankee was a thoroughly representative boat in her own country."

In justice to American designers and builders, we must state that Yankee was designed and built by a new man, whose work has never been tested here; and moreover, the model is a distinct departure from the American type in the important point of power, being intended by Mr. Howard to carry but 112ft. of sail in place of 160, to come within the R. C C. limit. At the same time, no effort was made to select from the wide range of dimensions allowed by the new R. C. C. rules, on the other hand the canoe had the same serious fault as Mr. Howard's previous boats, a straight keel for the full length of 16ft

Differing greatly from the fastest American models, and never tried with them, Yankee cannot be considered in any way a representative of the modern American racing canoe.

We have no doubt whatever that the superior speed of American models which was conceded in 1886-88, existed in a still greater degree up to this season; and that Mr. Butler in Wasp or Bee, or Mr. Oxholm in Glenwood, would have been victorious over the best British representatives in 16×30 canoes, all using the Butler sliding seat. As matters now are, however, we see little prospect of a proof of this or even of a continuance of satisfactory international racing on either side. The recent change of the R. C. C. rules is certain to produce not only a very different canoe from the present racing craft, but many different canoes to suit different localities in England, Ireland and Scotland, such as the upper and lower Thames, the Solent or Hendon Lake. This of itself will place the American designer at a disadvantage, owing to his ignorance of the special local conditions, and it will be a very difficult matter in the future to defeat British canoeists in their own waters.

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: Wm. H. Kaye, Newark, N. J.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

OCTOBER.

13. San Francisco Cor., Final Sail. 20. Cor. Phila., Club, Del. River.

TWO CURIOUS terminations to yacht races have lately been reported about New York. In one case a buoy was carried away by a heavy storm, and a coasting schooner at anchor was designated as a mark, in place of the lost buoy. As the competing yachts reached the new mark, they found that she had weighed anchor and was just under way up the river. The other case was still more unusual. A dispute between the official timer and a reporter led to a personal encounter in which the official time sheets were lost overboard, making it impossible to decide the winner.

ON Oct. 6 Mr. George Gould and family arrived at New York in the steamer New York, Mr. Gould being thoroughly and effectively interviewed before he had left the pier. His statements fail to confirm the many reports of unfair treatment to himself and Vigilant, and he expresses himself as well satisfied with the reception accorded him by English, Scotch and Irish yachtsmen. We understand, on reliable authority, that Mr. Gould's intention is to fit out Vigilant next spring and challenge for the Cape May cup, but the yacht will not visit the Mediterranean.

THE three months, October, November and December, may properly be considered the designing season, as orders placed at a later date for any yachts of large size are more than likely to be delayed in the

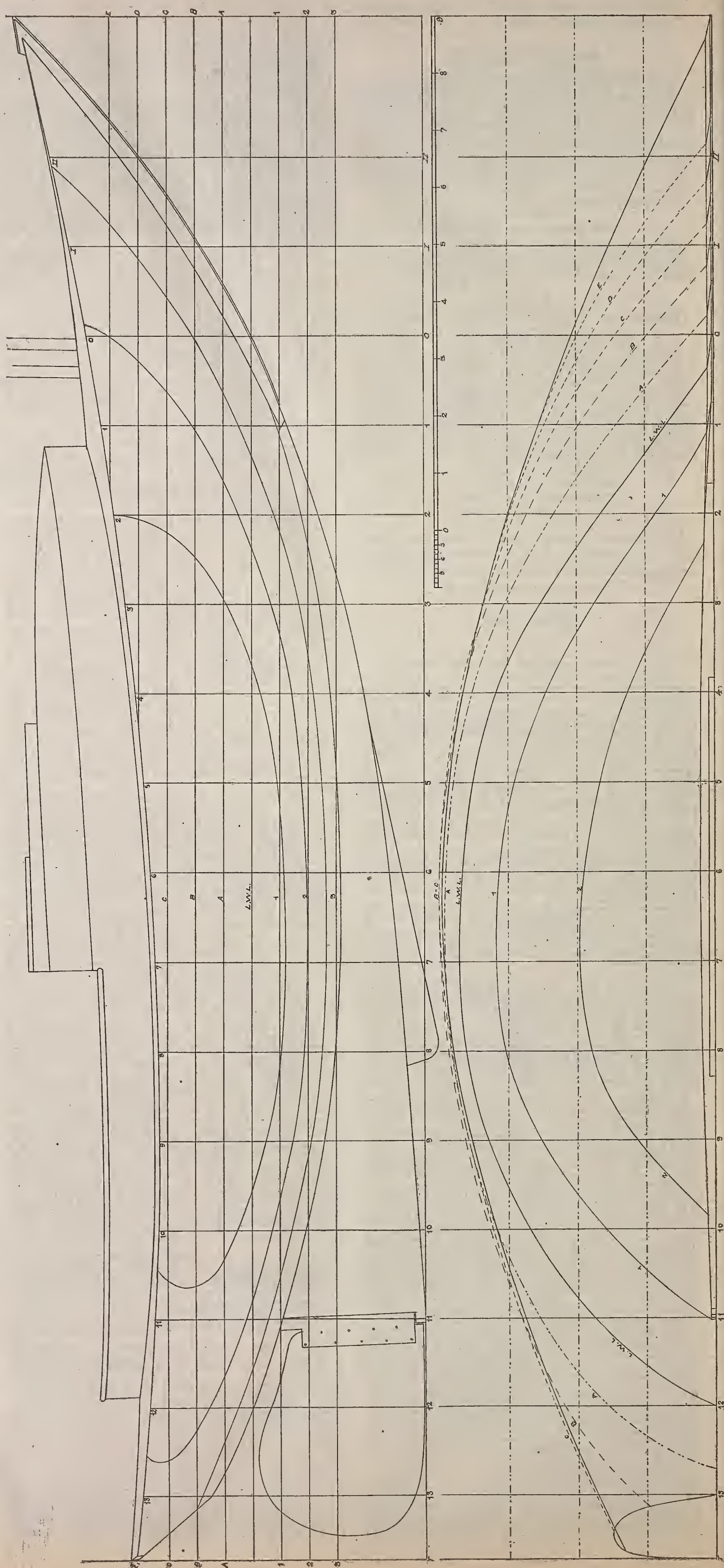
completion until half the season is gone. At the same time there is nothing to indicate the immediate commencement of new yachts, the mythical Bennett 87-footer has failed to materialize beyond the point of current rumor, and there is no further news of either a challenge or a challenger. If Lord Dunraven really proposes to challenge, now is the time for at least the opening of negotiations with the New York Y. C., if not the final agreement, and the actual commencement of designing on both sides.

The Cape Cat Hit or Miss.

THE "Caper," or Cape Cod catboat, has been from its earliest days essentially a square-ended boat, with plumb stem and short, broad counter. Of late, however, in common with all other types, it has been compelled to follow the fashion in the matter of overhangs, and since last season the sight of a "Caper" with long ends and great over all length is anything but a rarity. The yacht here illustrated is, as her name indicates, an experiment designed and built last year by Herbert F. Crosby of Osterville, Mass., for F. M. Randall of the Pavonia, Y. C. Not only has the counter been lengthened and narrowed, but the fore overhang has been carried out to an excessive degree. The yacht, which is now owned by Vice-Com. A. C. Longyear and Mr. D. W. Mitchell of the Newark Bay Boat Club, has raced but little, being used for cruising, but was the winner in her class in the Labor Day regatta of the New York Y. R. A. last year. The ballast plan originally included an iron keel, but after a trial it was removed and replaced by wood and the weight stowed inside, the change being considered an advantage. The dimensions are as follows:

Length, l.w.l	18ft. 9½in.
Overhang, bow	5ft. 7in.
Overhang, stern	2ft. 8½in.
Length over all	27ft. 1in.
Beam, extreme	9ft. 9in.
Beam, l.w.l.	9ft.
Draft	3ft. ½in.
Draft with board	7ft.
Freeboard, lowest	1ft. 7½in.
Sheer, bow	2ft. 5in.
Sheer, stern	7in.

The yacht is cat-rigged, the mast stepped just at the end of the l.w.l. She has a very roomy cabin with about 5ft. headroom and a good cockpit, which is high enough to be self-draining. The rudder construction is peculiar and by no means to be commended; the rudder stock is of cast iron, 2in. in diameter in the rudder trunk, with a square head, while below are cast two flanges, between which the blade, of 1½in. oak, is held and bolted. The yacht is fitted with both wheel and tiller.



An Amateur's Effort.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

IN the course of the next fortnight the Corinthian Y. C.'s fleet will initiate a new and curious member. It will be the little cutter Feu Follet, which has the distinction of being the product of one man's handiwork and patience.

Nearly four years ago Henry Gorter, a member of the Corinthians who is employed as a machinist by the city at the Corporation Yard, conceived the idea of building a yacht for himself and family. Being of an inventive turn of mind, and also particularly fond of boat designing, he proposed to build a yacht upon lines entirely of his own conception. His declaration that he would construct the craft himself, during such hours as he could spare when not at his place of employment, caused his friends to indulge in considerable pooh-poohing. They said it would be a life task. The fact that Gorter's home is on that dizzy height at the junction of Chestnut and Kearney streets, a point that has been appropriately dubbed the "jumping-off place," also caused the skeptics to snicker. But Gorter would not be discouraged and labored patiently upon his craft. He met with all sorts of obstacles, such as all amateur builders are bound to encounter, but the principal one came from his neighbors. His habit of rising at 4 o'clock every morning, and hammering, chopping and sawing until 7 o'clock, and on Sundays continuing the racket all day, caused a howl from those who did not relish having their early morning slumbers and Sabbath quiet disturbed. But the work went on, and to-day, instead of talking of tar and feathers, the neighbors are proud of their disturber. During the past month or so strings of yachtsmen and boatbuilders could be observed toiling up the steep hill every evening, their mission being to gaze and wonder at Gorter's odd-looking craft, for its species is quite rare here, and the Feu Follet's trial trip is being awaited with considerable interest.

The little boat is what her builder styles a beamy cutter, being a decided departure from the narrow English cutter lines. She possesses many of the characteristics of the American centerboard racer, and still is kept far enough from that type to be a genuine cutter. Her length over all is 29ft., and the waterline length is 21½ft. The deck beam measurement is 7ft. 10in., but still her greatest beam is to be found a foot or so below the deck line, giving her a vase-like appearance. The displacement is 5 tons. The keel is of lead and weighs 3 tons. It was cast by Gorter himself and he was over a month getting it in the shape he desired. The boat will draw 5ft. of water at the heel. The deck if of white cedar, as are also the topsides, while below the waterline the covering used is of Oregon pine. All the timbers are double-bend, steamed Indiana gray oak.

The Feu Follet will carry 800 sq ft. of canvas, which is an enormous spread for a boat of her dimensions. The boom is 26ft. in length, the gaff 18ft. and the hoist 19ft. The staysail is 16ft. at the foot. The jib is quite a small affair, as Mr. Gorter does not fancy large ones for cutters. The cockpit and cabin also give evidence of the builder's ingenuity and handiwork. Everything is fitted up for comfort, and the amount of room available is surprising.

When asked what he expects of his boat as regards her probable speed, Gorter smiles and says he hopes for the best. It is easy to imagine, however, that he expects some speedy work from her.

"I built her on lines that I felt ought to bring about good results," he said "but at the same time I did not intend her for racing exclusively. She will be pretty fast at all events. She will be absolutely safe, too, in any kind of sea or any kind of weather. It will be impossible to capsize her. The mast can snap off and her sails blow away, but the boat will always be found right side up. Regarding her design I will relate a singular coincidence: When I finished the plans and started to work on the boat it was with the belief that nothing like her was afloat. I had studied the plans of every great yacht known, and drew my own conclusions from them. But the season after I had begun my work the celebrated Gloriana came out, and when I got hold of a drawing of her lines I discovered immediately that she was almost a counterpart of my little boat. The Gloriana's designers had followed out the same theory that I had worked on and adopted—that was of avoiding all hollow lines above and drawing fine upon the angles. Straight lines predominate."

[From the pictures in the *Chronicle*, the yacht is of very good model, though not like Gloriana, she resembles more the Itchen boats, such as Madcap, and the Burgess 30-footers of 1889-90, with comparatively deep forefoot and short clipper stem. She is apparently a symmetrical craft, and very creditable to her designer and builder.]

International Competition.

From the Mail and Express.

WE have had two or three interviews with returned pilgrims who went over with Vigilant, and there is one thing they all agree upon. They have no cause of complaint regarding the way they were treated in the races.

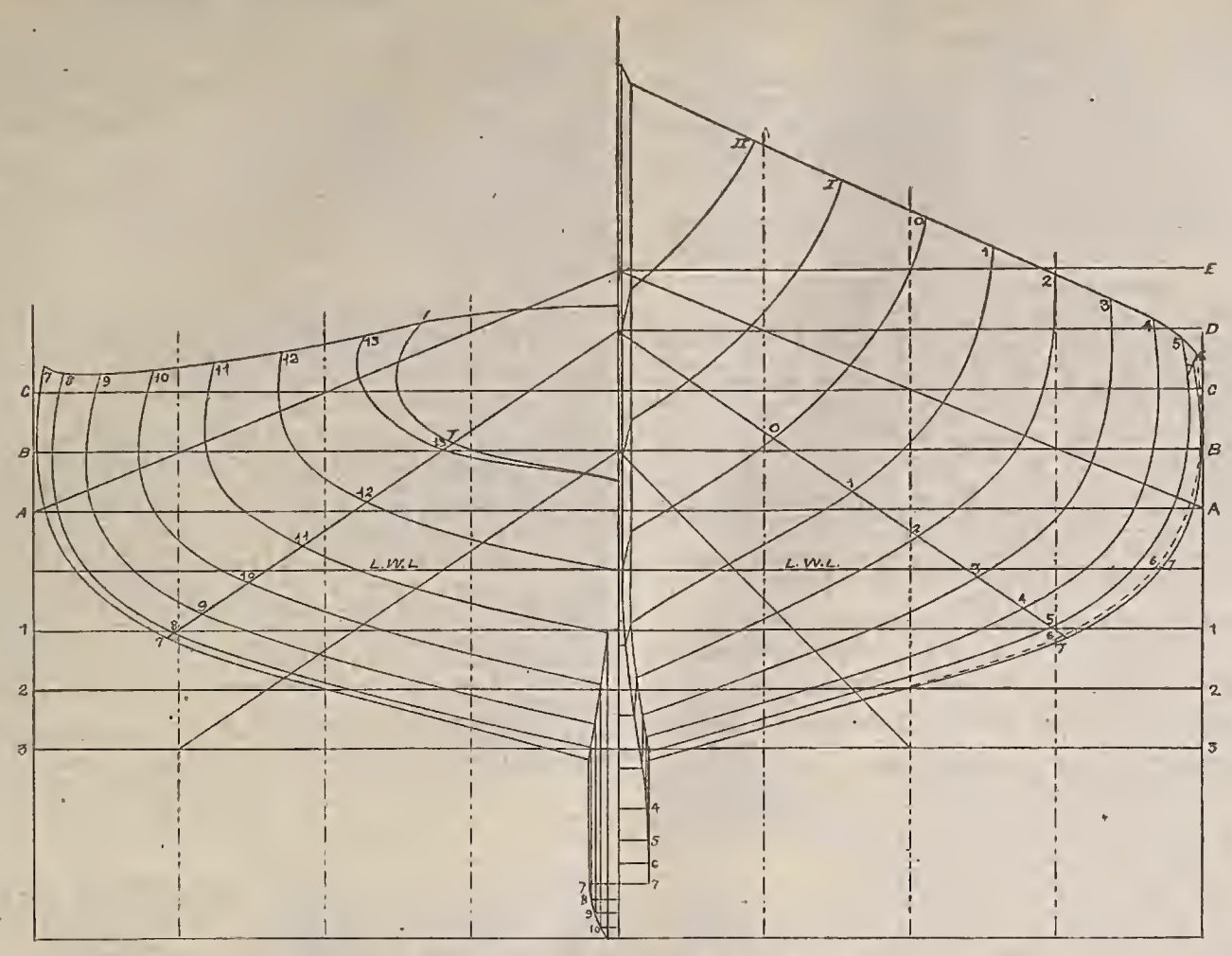
At one time while we were in the thick of the series the cablegrams contained much reference to jockeying, and complaints were put into the mouths of Capt. Haff and others connected with Vigilant. A word of caution was given in this column not to put too much faith in these statements, as they bore a decided imprint of being manufactured for the American market.

I do not know how it is that those who send news regarding international events from England cannot confine themselves to the absolute truth, unless it is that they think we can only accept defeat if accompanied by abuse of the other side.

This is the one unpleasant feature of international contests, and when American papers get abroad giving the facts as they were not with conclusions and criticisms based thereon, it only makes matters worse. Fortunately remembrances of these things do not last long, and we all come up smiling for the next engagement.

With regard to the sailing of Britannia, Capt. Haff strikes the keynote of all up and up competitions when he said in reply to questions as to fair treatment: "They were not giving anything away. We were treated with great courtesy, but they are shrewd fellows, and while we had nothing to complain of, we received no concessions that I know of."

One important point of the entire series of races except one is that these were not match races, such as we have been accustomed to for the America's Cup, but regularly advertised annual regattas. Mr. Lorillard, when he sent over his horses to run in England, did not ask that the Derby Stakes should be started at the Bushes, and Mr. Sanford, because Brown Prince had bad shoulders and could not run down hill, made no request that the judges' stand should be taken up to Tattenham Corner. Neither did Mr. Broeck, in the old days, request



BODY PLAN CAPE COD CATBOAT HIT OR MISS.

that, because his horses had been always started by drum tap, that style should be adopted when his horse ran for the Goodwood Cup.

In all regular fixtures of sport which are open to all there must be unchangeable conditions. If you don't like them, stay out: hut if you go in and are beaten, don't kick on account of conditions which you accepted, should be the motto for all contestants, no matter at what game.

In matches, of course, there is every opportunity for seeking to enforce one's wishes as to conditions, and there is an old English maxim regarding this which is well to bear in mind, and that is, "A match well made is half won."

The Vigilant and Britannia had one match race for which conditions were mutually arranged, and the Vigilant was fortunate to be the winner.

The more of these international events we have the better able we will be to accept success or defeat gracefully, but at present foreigners accuse us of being altogether too much aroused hy the necessity of being successful, approaching too often a beforehand assurance, which is hard to back down from should defeat ensue. Monitor.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

On Sept. 29 a private match was sailed off the Indian Harbor Y. C. between Banshee and Crocodile, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Banshee, Henry Doscher	2 27 33	5 01 07	2 40 34
Crocodile, William Osborne	2 26 42	5 21 11	2 54 29

Banshee, sailed by Mr. Franklin Beames, won easily.

Viva, steam yacht, John B. Herreshoff, lost her rudder on the night of Sept. 29 when off Eaton's Neck, in a storm. She ran into Huntington Bay under a jib and later shipped a new rudder at Carll's yard, Northport.

Mr. Arthur Binney has designed a cabin knockabout for a Philadelphia yachtsman, to be 38ft. over all, 25ft. l.w.l., 9ft. beam, 5ft. draft, with about 800ft. sail area. She will have a good cabin, with w. c. and galley, with a berth for one hand.

Mr. C. Fowler, of East Haddam, Conn., has ordered of C. L. Seabury & Co. a steam yacht 120ft. over all, 97ft. l.w.l., 16ft. beam, 9ft. depth and 6ft. 6in. draft. She will have a triple expansion engine and boilers, and is guaranteed to make 16 mile per hour for three consecutive hours.

Eleanor, steam yacht, has made 14½ miles on her trial trip.

One of the successful Solent 1-raters, Frou Frou, with a record of fourteen first prizes to fifteen starts, has been sold to Mr. G. Kirk, who will send her to America.

Vigilant and Lasca are now lying near to each other in Fay's yard, Northam, Southampton.

Among the new clubs formed this fall is the Green Lake Yacht Club of Green Lake, Wis. The club starts out with a membership of thirty-five, and with bright prospects for the season of 1895.

At the annual meeting of the Sodus Bay Y. C. held at Sodus Point, N. Y., on Sept. 21, the following officers were elected: Com., A. C. Bartle; Vice-Com., C. P. H. Vary; Fleet Capt., D. McNett; Sec.-Treas., F. J. B. LeFebvre, Sodus Point, N. Y.; Treas., A. G. Warren; Surgeon, Dr. F. L. Willson; Executive Committee, C. H. Perkins, J. M. Pitkin, Jr., T. E. Elliott, W. C. Burgess, F. C. Wickham; Regatta Committee, W. H. Cook, C. P. H. Vary, C. H. Hills, A. G. Warren, M. Morley.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association.

Parry Sound, Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following scores were made at the sixth annual tournament of the Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association held at Parry Sound, on Sept. 25, 26 and 27. 200yds.:

Parry Sound, First Team.

J R Leggat	2	3	5	7	8	9	10	9	10	9—72
W F Thomson	4	9	10	7	8	10	10	8	6	2—74
Geo White	8	9	7	9	8	3	10	2	6	10—72
Jas Morrish	10	7	10	9	9	10	7	9	8	6—85
D F Macdonald	9	8	8	8	9	10	10	10	8	10—90—393

Wausakausene Team.

R J Clarkson	9	3	7	3	9	3	8	9	6	10—67
Thos Newburn	7	3	8	10	7	3	6	6	10	8—68
T White	3	4	6	6	6	8	8	9	10	10—77
T W Huff	3	8	9	9	10	1	3	5	7	8—65
T Yates										—65—342

Seguin Team.

F Laurie	8	7	6	7	5	4	3	2	3	4—46
R W George	9	6	6	10	5	8	6	9	7	5—71
J Jolliffe	9	8	7	8	6	5	4	7	8	10—72
W S Moore	10	6	10	8	6	10	6	4	3	5—68
E Taylor	8	9	8	7	9	10	6	7	6	5—75—335

Presidents' match, aggregate, 30 shots, 200yds.:

D F Macdonald	90	85	81—256
Jas Morrish	84	75	66—226

Individual match:

D F Macdonald	10	10	8	9	9	6	10	9	6	5—82
G White	7	7	9	10	7	9	0	7	8	6—70
J R Leggatt	7	7	8	8	9	10	8	7	10	7—81
V Morrish	0	9	10	10	7	9	5	10	6	5—71
W F Thomson	10	10	10	10	10	4	5	10	7	0—76
W T Moore	10	6	10	8	6	10	4	6	3	0—63
T W Huff	9	8	5	9	10	8	7	3	5	1—65
J Jolliffe	10	3	6	9	3	10	10	10	0	4—65
D Beatty	10	10	6	6	8	0	10	0	4	0—54
R W George	9	6	4	5	10	1	5	8	9	7—64
T Newburn	7	8	10	3	7	4	3	10	6	6—64
E Taylor	8	5	9	7	5	2	10	1	8	0—64
T White	3	6	8	9	10	10	6	6	4	8—70

Rapid firing, distance 100yds., bullseye 4in. in diameter, breech block open, cartridges on the ground and picked up singly as required on the word "Go," number of shots 5:

Jas Moorish	8 8 7 7 7—37	J Jolliffe	9 7 5 4 4—29
D Henman	9 8 4 5 5—31	D F Macdonald	10 7 6 2 1—26

Zettler Rifle Club.

Cypress Hills Park, Oct. 7.—The Zettler Rifle Club held its bi-monthly shoot in this park this morning. The weather was fine and the light clear. The most of the regulars were on hand at an early hour prepared to contest every possible point in order to get the top score. From New Jersey came Dorrler, Hansen and Plaisted. From the Harlem district were Holges and Walther. The Williamsburgh contingent was well represented hy Krause, Günther and Ross, the latter adding further honors to his reputation as an expert by making the good score of 1,114 points in 50 snoots.

The man target brought out the usual competition. Ross was high on this target, making a full score of 60 points. Scores:

F C Ross	23	24	24	24	24	21	23	23	23	23—232
	24	22	22	23	20	21	18	24	25	25—224
	18	21	23	23	25	23	21	23	22	22—221
Louis Flach	20	22	24	21	23	25	22	23	24	21—225
	21	20	24	12	24	23	18	22	23	21—218
	21	21	22	23	19	20	21	22	21	25—215
H Holges	18	20	22	24	18	23	25	22	22	25—219
	19	23	24	24	20	21	23	21	21	21—217
	21	22	24	18	22	21	21	23	22	17—211
L P Hansen	22	22	25	22	22	22	21	16	23	25—220
	23	22	21	22	19	23	20	25	20	18—213
	20	25	18	20	18	23	24	21	21	19—209
R Busse	21	24	20	21	25	24	17	19	24	22—217
	19	24	24	18	18	24	25	19	23	18—212
	25	21	18	21	22	17	25	25	16	20—210
C G Zettler	21	21	21	23	21	22	21	22	20	22—214
	22	24	19	22	23	12	22	25	18	23—210
	24	20	21	21	21	22	16	22	21	21—209
M Dorrler	24	23	22	25	16	25	19	19	21	24—218
	25	19	20	20	23	21	22	24	20	23—217
	24	19	20	21	21	20	22	21	24	24—216
M B Engel	19	25	24	21	25	21	21	21	21	23—221
	21	18	23	22	23	25	24	17	24	14—211
	22	18	20	21	22	19	24	21	25	20—212
Geb Krauss	25	21	16	23	18	23	17	21	24	12—200
B Zettler	19	19	18	15	23	23	19	21	21	23—201

Bullseye, 4in. center, 3 shots, possible 3: C. G. Zettler 2, H. Holges 2, B. Zettler 1, F. C. Ross 1, L. P. Hansen 1.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: F. C. Ross 60, H. Holges 57, C. G. Zettler 56, L. Flach 55, M. B. Engel 55.

New Jersey Guardsmen.

The team match between companies A, B and C of the 2d Regt. N. J. S. N. G. for the Old Battalion Trophy was shot off on the Salls Haldon range, Paterson N. J., on Oct. 6. Company C won the honors and the trophy. Following the trophy match was a team match between Companies A and C, three men a side, for the lunch and refreshments. The Company C. team again demonstrated their shooting qualities by putting up the winning scores, 89 to 83. Scores:

Company C. Corp. Kniffs 18, Sergt. Nolan 22, Capt. Parker 16, Privt. Vorrace 20, Privt. Weston 17, Lieut. Van Walraven 19, Privt. Ranson 20, Lieut. Van Walraven 18, Privt. McCarthy 22, Sergt. Dietrich 21. Total 193.

Company A. Sergt. Brooks 19, Sergt. Hall 17, Mus Welcher 19, Lieut. Fairhurst 20, Privt. Rebbeck 20, Privt. C. Gallagher 17, Privt. J. Gallagher 19, Privt. Foster 23, Privt. Blake 17, Corp. Newby 20. Total, 191.

Company B. Sergt. Shannon 14, Privt. Chandler 17, Mus. Daley 22, Lieut. Reynolds 17, Sergt. Robinson 17, Privt. Hunziker 18, Privt. Barmaur 20, Privt. Woods 19, Privt. Kniblo 19, Privt. Ladwig 22. Total 185.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, Oct. 7.—The regular shoot of the Cincinnati Rifle Association was held to-day on its range. Conditions were 200yds. at standard American target:

Gindele	87 87 83 83	Lee	73 76 71 70	
Weinheimer	81 72 69 68	Schmidlin	47 39 48 50	
Stegner	64 57 57 62	Topf	60 65 57 53	
Wellinger	69 67 60 64	Locker	38 49 53 53	
Hake	59 59 63 49	Drube	69 62 50 51	
Simon	78 70 68 74			

Greenville Rifle Club.

Greenville, N. J., Oct. 6.—The weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club was held at the club headquarters last night. There was quite a large gathering of members in the club rooms, but the rifle competition was participated in by only twelve. The scores are appended: Collins 235, C. Boag 234, Purkess 239, Scheeline 236, J. Boag 240, Agneau 236, Chavant 235, Cherlock 232, Chase 230, Hill 220, Renker 221, Graef 215.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

West New York, Oct. 2.—The Schlicht Rifle Club held its weekly gallery shoot Oct. 1. Medal winners: Geo. Schlicht champion medal 242, Jacob Diehl first class medal 239, Geo. Richert second class medal 229, Chas. Meyer third class medal 239. Scores: Jacob Diehl 239, Geo. Schlicht 242, H. Aufder Heide 212, Jacob Schlicht 227, Wm. Schlicht 214, Geo. Reichert 229, Fred. Lambrix 223, Chas. Meyer 239, Geo. Dorr 224, Aug. Tribout 200, Aug. Meyer 234, Capt. J. Dedrick 227.

Hansen Defeats Watts.

Newark, N. J., Oct. 6.—The return match between L. P. Hansen, of Jersey City, and F. C. Watts, of this city, was shot off in the Schuetzen Park this afternoon. The previous match was shot on Sept. 22, 50 shots per man, and resulted in a victory for Hansen, with a margin of 11 points. The match to-day was a repetition of the first. The total score of both contestants in the first match was below the average of their usual work, and it was expected by the friends of each that in the second match they would make a better showing. The weather conditions were favorable, wind light and the atmosphere clear. The shooting of Mr. Watts was somewhat disappointing to his Newark friends, his total for the 50 shots being only 968 points. Hansen seemed to be in good form from the start and opened up a gap of 26 points on the first string. Hansen's total for the 50 shots was 1,063, beating Watts 95 points. Among the visitors who were present to witness the match were Wm. Hayes, J. T. B. Collins, A. Williamson, Geo. Varick, S Kastendick and Wm. Hughes. A fine lunch was served at the hotel following the match, the "Old Obadiah" paying the freight. Scores, 50 shots:

L P Hansen	18	22	22	21	23	19	24	18	17	18—205
	20	23	15	21	23	22	22	23	24	24—217
	20	24	23	21	21	23	24	25	20	20—221
	17	24	16	25	19	20	21	19	24	21—206
	23	24	23	18	19	22	22	22	21	20—214—1063
F C Watts	23	16	18	20	20	22	10	21	17	13—179
	17	24	22	21	24	22	15	19	22	20—205
	21	25	20	21	21	24	24	16	16	16—204
	18	20	18	21	21	21	21	22	22	12—194
	19	18	24	15	20	22	20	16	22	10—186— 968

The New York Independent Corps.

The New York Independent Corps, Capt. William V. Weber, held its practice shoot in the Glendale Schuetzen Park, L. I., on Tuesday of last week. The shooting house was well filled with the members of the corps. The competition on the targets was lively. On the man target B. Walther was first with 58, Wm. Hayes 57. Gus. Zimmerman 56. I. Martin 56, Geb. Krauss 55, J. Bittschur 53, G. Greiner 50, Ernest Fisher 48, J G. Bauer 32, Aug. Schumacher 30.

On the ring target August Begeron was high, followed by Gus. Zimmerman, Wm. Hayes, I. Martin, B. Walther, Geb. Krauss, G. Greiner, Aug. Frank, J. Bittschur, J. G. Bauer, Aug. Schumacher and J. G. Halbe.

The next shoot will he the last of the season, and will be held Oct. 30. The prospect are that it will be a very interesting meeting for some of the members whose efforts to capture the season medals have resulted in very close or tie scores. Messrs. Zimmerman and Walther are said to be a tie for the man target medal. When Oct. 30 rolls around and it finds these two marksmen in the shooting house and in their usual form, there will probably be a first-class contest over that man target medal, and he who wins it will very likely have put up the full limit of the target (60 points).

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club is noted for the number of excellent marksmen it has on its roll of membership. The members never tire of practice and regularly engage in contests with rifle and pistol. The Roos medal is one of the club's trophies. and now this bids fair to fall into the possession of one of the youngest shots, A. H. Pape. Sept. 23, in shooting with the rifle at a standard American target at Shell Mound Park Mr. Pape made the highest score yet, namely, 92 out of a possible 100 at 200yds. This places him ahead in the all-around shoot.

Mr. Pape broke the crack record with a target rifle and F. O. Young with a Springfield rifle on American target. Young succeeded in shooting nitro powder sutcessfully in his pistol.

For the Blanding pistol medal. all comers, Dr. Rodgers made 93, F. O. Young 91, A. H. Pape 90, F. Gehret 89, P. Bohr 80, Lieut. F. M. Davis 82, F. Poulter 80.

For the Roos target rifle medal, all comers, A. H. Pape 91, P. Bohr 80, F. O. Young 80, John Peters 77, A. H. Kennedy 75, L. Barrere 74.

Glindeman Springfield rifle medal, all comers: F. O. Young 84.

Winners of cash prizes in all-comers' matches for three months ending yesterday: Pistol—Smith Carr 96, C. M. Davis 94, Dr. Rodgers 93, F. O. Young 93, A. H. Pape 93.

Rifle—A. H. Pape 92, F. O. Young 91, Dr. Rodgers 88, A. McBean 87, D. W. McLaughlin 87.

Musket—F. O. Young 84, F. Gehret 82, A. H. Pape 81, F. Poulter 80, Dr. Rodgers 73.

Siebe all-around medal up to date: A. H. Pape. pistol 97; rifle 92; musket, 81, total 270; F. O. Young. pistol, 94; rifle, 91; musket. 84. total 269; Col. Kellogg, pistol, 90: rifle 86; musket. 82, total 258; Dr. Rodgers, pistol 95; rifle, 88; musket, 73, total 256; F. Gehret, pistol, 90; rifle, 84; musket, 82; total 256. Roeel.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

Jersey City, Oct. 3.—The Excelsior Rifle Club held its weekly gallery shoot at headquarters last night, six members participating. The scores are appended: W. J. Hennessey 241, L. P. Hansen 240, Wm. Hughes 239, D. Kastendick 236, Jas. Hugbes 228, J. Binns 221.

RIFLE NOTES.

The National Schuetzen Bund is sending out the first edition of its constitution and programme for the great festival which is to be held in July, 1895. This issue is in the German language and is intended for the German societies. We understand that an English edition will be issued soon and distributed among the English-speaking societies. We published the programme of prizes of this great festival several months since.

The Zettler Rifle Club will wind up its outdoor season shoot on Oct. 21. There has been some hard work on the part of the regulars to reach high position on the prize list. Fred. Ross hoosted himself on to the top rung early in the season, and at the present time he is beyond the reach of any of his competitors. Holges, Flach, Schmidt, Busse, Hansen, Engel *et al.* have all got a grip on the next rung and each is hoping that the other fellow will lose his hold and drop off at the next shoot. Quite a number are having a tug of war for the privilege of a hold on the bottom. It's a clear case of hustle, and when the dust of this shoot is cleared away it is expected that the gallery ranges of the club will be another lively center of interest during the fall and winter. The shooting committee is dangling a most enticing bait before the vision of the members in the form of the appended programme. It might be to the interest of the rifle if some of the committees of other clubs would study this. Programme: Two hundred dollars donated by the club for members only. Entrance fee 20 cents for each target, 10 shots on 25-ring target. Each member will be allowed to shoot 5 targets on each Tuesday at 20 cents a target, after that club rates. Any .22cal rifle, short cartridge. No practice shots allowed. Champion trophy—The member making the best score on his first target on each practice day will be entitled to wear this trophy until the next practice day. This trophy shall become the property of such member winning it the most number of times during the season. In case of ties, the scores to count for each. Special prize given by the club to the member making highest individual score during the season. In case of ties this prize to fall back to the club. Special prize No. 1—A fine gold locket will be presented by the Zettler Bros. to the member making the best 50 targets during the season. Special prize No. 2—A fine gold medal valued at $25 to the member making the following scores during the season: most 247, most 245, most 240, most 235. Ties to be shot off by 50-shot score. The season shoot opens on Tuesday, Oct. 23, 1894, and will be continued every Tuesday, from 9 A. M. to 12 P. M., and closes on the last Tuesday in April, 1895. Ring target prizes—Seventeen prizes, ranging from $30 to $2. Should a member be absent at a shoot, he has the right to shoot 10 targets at the following shoot not consecutive. Should he be absent at two consecutive shoots, he will be allowed only to shoot 5 targets.

While we are on the subject of the Zettlers we would suggest to our brother riflemen who have never visited this famous club at its headquarters that an hour or more spent in the home of the experts would not be thrown away, especially so if the visit is timed on a Tuesday night between November and April. On such nights they are generally "At home."

We understand that the Leonard Smokeless Powder Co. is about to put its powders upon the market, when it will make an earnest effort for the patronage of the American rifle and shotgun shooters. The fact that it is the product of American brains and capital will probably create no prejudice against its use. Among the shotgun shooters nitro has become a fixture. Our riflemen are only waiting to become convinced, when they too will fall into line. Here is a score of ten shots, off-hand, that we saw made with nitro and afterward examined the shots in the targets; eight of the ten shots were in the 8in. bull; the two sevens were nippers and came from imperfect holding. The score, while not brilliant from an expert point of view, shows what the possibilities are with the nitro now in the market. M. Herrington of the New York Rifle Club has been using nitro in his .38-55 Ballard all the past season and he claims that his scores average as good or better than previous scores made with the old reliable black powder. Dr. Barber of the same club, who is now spending a month in the woods of Maine, before starting on his trip loaded up his shells with nitro and the Winchester copper bullet. A report of the Doctor's experience with this cartridge while in the woods will be a matter of interest to us all.

An ex-military officer (retired) during an interesting chat on the rifle and its use, gave us a hard nut to crack in the form of a query as to why the United States Ordnance Board after developing the Kraig-Jorgensen rifle should handicap its efficiency by such crude sights as have been fitted to this arm? We confess our inability to reach the kernel in this query. Some wag expressed the opinion that this sight was the only one that would stand the necessary sand and rust test, and it must be adopted as a part of the "up to date" military arm.

One of our Connecticut correspondents who is interested in the coming champion match, writes as follows: "I see there is a 100-shot match brewing. One of your contemporaries states it is for New York and New Jersey men. Does this mean that Connecticut is to be left out in the cold? Or will you take us in if we come down?" In answer to this query, we would say that this match is open to all riflemen from Maine to Alaska.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Oct. 10.—Little Rock, Ark.—Little Rock Shooting Association's fall tournament; targets. Paul Litzke, Sec'y.

Oct. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, under auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club, at Charleston, S. C.

Oct. 11.—Lewiston, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Androscoggin Gun Club.

Oct. 12 13.—Lancaster, Pa.—Lancaster Gun Club's fall tournament; targets first day, live birds and targets second day. H. O. Leacby, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—Ashbourne, Pa.—Ashbourne Gun Club; targets. E. Bilting, Jr., Sec'y.

Oct. 16-18.—Des Moines, Ia.—Highland Gun Club's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets; $300 in seven guaranteed purses.

Oct. 18-19.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Elizabeth Gun Club's annual tournament. Live birds second day; lunch and loaded shells on the grounds.

Oct. 20-22.—Blooming Grove Park Association's fall tournament; live birds, targets, rifle shooting and fly-casting.

Oct. 22-24.—Emerald Gun Club tournament, at Dexter Park. Targets and live birds. Dr G. V. Hudson, Sec'y, 9 Madison street, New York.

Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at Utica

Oct. 25.—Richmond, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Richmond Gun Club.

Oct. 30-31.—Marion, N. J.—Tournament at Marion, N. J., complimentary benefit to Mr. C. H. Townsend; promoters, M. F. Lindsley, W. F. Quimby, Al. Heritage and T. H. Keller; targets.

Nov. 6.—Rye, N. Y.—Rye Gun Club's all-day shoot, commencing at 9 A. M.; live birds and targets. E. J. Pope, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

1895.

Jan. 17-19.—Hamilton, Canada.—Hamilton Gun Club's annual tournament; $1,000 added money. J. W. Bowman, Sec'y.

April 3-5.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York.

May 14 16.—Dayton, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

Oct. 3 6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club's two days' tournament, Oct. 18 and 19, promises to be a big shoot. The first day will be for targets, the second day live birds. Nobody will be barred, everybody welcome. The price of targets (2 cents) will be deducted from the purses; twelve entries or less, three moneys; over twelve entries, four moneys; ties divided. Shooting commences at 10 A. M. each day. Lunch and loaded shells on the grounds. The Elizabeth Gun Club was organized ten years ago, and has been shooting quietly ever since, without making much noise in the shooting world. It has lately taken a new departure, having enlarged its club house, erected a fence on the 50yds. boundary for live bird shooting, and built a brick pit securely screened for the rapid-firing system. The shooting grounds are only ten minutes' walk from the main depot. A stage will be at the depot on the arrival of trains, to convey shooters to the grounds. The club guarantees fair treatment and a good time to all shooters.

Robert E. Chetwood, Pres.

As claimed in the fixtures for 1895, we beg to announce our fifth annual tournament on Jan. 17, 18 and 19, 1895. We have this year added to our regular programme of $1000 in gold, two events: One an international team race between Americans and Canadians; rules governing this race will appear in our official programme later. The other is a stake race. $15 entrance; to be paid as follows; $5 on Nov. 1, $5 on Dec. 1, and $5 on Jan. 1. On Jan. 1, the nominee must name his competitor Any nominee missing one payment will forfeit his claims. This race of course will vary in magnitude according to the number of entries made; but we feel confident, from our former tournaments, that we shall have at least 100 entries, making a purse of $1500, and this will be divided into 5 moneys; 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 It will be a 15 live bird event. As this is the first that has been introduced here, we trust that the shooting fraternity will help to make it a success. All communications addressed to J. W. Bowman, Sec.-Treas. Hamilton Gun Club, will receive prompt attention.

For the Highland Gun Club's tournament, to be held at Des Moines, Ia., on Oct. 16-18, a capital programme for both live bird and target events has been prepared. On Oct. 15, the day preceding the tournament, two special matches have been arranged. At 1 P. M. John Georgeson and H. J. Wilson will shoot for the State championship and a purse of $100 The conditions are 25 live birds, 15 targets and 5 pairs of targets. On the conclusion of the above match, Dr. Carver and C. W. Budd will shoot a race at 100 live birds per man for a purse of $400.

The Lancaster Gun Club will hold a tournament at live birds and targets on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12 and 13. The programme and details of the shoot are given elsewhere. This tournament ought to be a successful one; anyway it's sure to be an enjoyable one, as the Lancaster boys know how to entertain their friends.

There will be no more shooting for the Riverton challenge plate until the latter part of this month. Mr. R. A. Welch, the holder, is now in Colorado on a hunting trip but expects to be back by the last week of October, when he will shoot a race with Mr. Thos. L. Dando, of Philadelphia, who is the next challenger on the list.

Columbia, Pa., Oct. 2.—At the regular meeting of the Rod and Gun Club, held last evening, the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, Fred'k Bucher; Secretary, Jere. Koch; Treasurer, Edwin Stair; Quarter Master, Jacob Rothschild; Master of Transportation, Charles Baker.

The Boston Shooting Association at the Wellington range on Oct. 3, had a good day at targets, no less than 3578 targets being thrown in the 24 events. In these 24 events just 29 straight scores were tallied divided as follows: Jones 5, White and Herbert 4 each; Dickey and Wheeler 3 each; Climax, Snow and Leroy 2 each; Stanton, Sanborn and Rhuel 1 each.

Mr. W. R. Hobart is back again in this city after a successful western trip. Mr. Hobart will, for the balance of the year, attend to business in the vicinity of New York and will, incidentally, boom the fifteenth annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., set for New Year's Day.

The two days' tournament at targets, on Oct. 30 and 31, at Marion, N. J., promises to be well attended. Nothing of a local nature will conflict with the above dates, and the object, a complimentary benefit to Mr. C. H. Townsend, the late trap editor of Forest and Stream, is one that meets with the approval of the shooters around New York.

The last of the '94 series of tournaments promoted by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association is being held this week in Charleston, S. C. The Association's review of the work done during the past season will shortly be issued, and should contain some interesting reading matter.

Capt. Brewer is booked to shoot Mr. Cummings, a Lancaster, Pa., amateur, a race at 50 live birds per man, during the tournament on Friday and Saturday, Oct 12 and 13. He will also shoot a race at targets with a prominent local shot during the two days.

Capt. Mascroft of Worcester, Mass., is holding his Parker gun very straight just now. While at the score at Newburg he requested perfect silence—"Gentlemen, I'm a little nervous"—but he killed the birds all the same.

The Emerald Gun Club's three days' tournament at targets and live birds at Dexter Park, L. I., on Oct. 22, 23 and 24, is engrossing the attention of the New York and New Jersey shooters. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania will have representatives there also.

The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, claim New Year's Day Jan. 1, 1895, as the date for their fifteenth annual New Year's Day tournament; all day shoot at targets; W. R. Hobart secretary.

Was this a typographical error? Clipping from a Western paper: "J. A. R Elliott and Dr. W. F. Carver have signed an agreement to shoot another series of three matches at live birds for the *windshot* championship of the world."

Eddie Hill and B. C. Kuser, both of Trenton, N. J., will shoot a match on Thursday next, Oct. 11, at Yardville, N. J. The conditions are 100 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, American Association rules to govern, $100 a side.

Capt. A. W. Money, F. Van Dyke and "U. M. C" Thomas left New York on Monday night at 9, en route for the Charleston tournament.

They're after Dr. Carver's scalp and purse in Chicago. Read what Forest and Stream's Western correspondent has to say about it.

The West Newburgh Gun Club's tournament last week was a most enjoyable one and the attendance quite satisfactory.

Carver and Elliott shoot a series of three matches on Oct. 11, 12 and 13, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. Edward Banks.

Stroudsburg Gun Club.

Stroudsburg, Pa., Oct. 8.—Inclosed you will find the scores made at the Stroudsburg Gun Club tournament on Oct 4 and 5 The following shooters were present: James L. Smith, Geo. W. Smith, Charles Rittenhouse, Thos. Young, L. G. Salmon, L. C Ayers, of Hackettstown, N. J.; E D Miller, Springfield, N. J.; M. F. Lindsley, West Hobokeu, N. J.; Harry Thurman, Philadelphia, Pa.; Wm. Stroth, West Pittston, Pa.; Mr. Hyde, Ridgeville, N. J.; Yard Brise, Trenton, N. J.; John W. Hoffman, German Valley, N. J; Geo. W. McMurtrie, Belvidere, N. J; James A. Graves, A. H. Transue, A. J. Smith, Delaware Water Gap, Pa. Others on the score are members of the Stroudsburg Gun Club. The shooting on Friday was good considering the high wind blowing directly in the faces of the shooters. Mr. Hoffman made a run of 90 straight and finished his score with 99 out of 100 at unknown angles on Thursday afternoon. Scores:

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, 50 cents entrance, known angles: M. E. Miller 7, C. M. Brownell 8, H. W. Kistler 7, Wm. Stroh 8, Harry Thurman 3, J. L. Purington 7.

No. 2, 10 targets $1 entrance: Brownell 4, Thurman 8, Stroh 10, Miller 5, Kistler 6, Purington 9.

No. 3, 10 targets, $1 entrance: Brownell 8, Coolbaugh 5, Miller 7, Thurman 8, Kistler 5, Stroh 3.

No 4, 15 targets, $1 50 entrance, known angles:

J W Hoffman..110111011011111—12 M E Miller.....010111110101011—10
J L Smith.....011001110010110— 8 Brownell.....111100110000110— 8
W Stroh.. .....111101001100011— 9 Thurman.....101101111110111—12

No. 5, 15 targets, $1.50 entrance, unknown angles: Brownell 14, Hoffman 15, Smith 7, Thurman 9 Stroh 13, Purington 9.

No. 6, 20 targets, $2 entrance, unknown angles:

Hoffman...11101111101111001111—16 Thurman..11111111101100000011—13
Smith.....10111010010111101110 —13 Miller.....01111011011111011110—15
Brownell..10111111111101101111—17 Stroh.....11110100101011100010—11

No. 7, 10 targets, $1 entrance, unknown angles: Hoffman 7, J. L. Smith 8, M. F. Lindsley 7, M. E Miller 7, E. D. Miller 9, A. J. Smith 7, Strob 8, Brownell 5

No. 8, 15 targets $1 50 entrance, unknown angles: Hoffman 11, J. L Smith 8, Lindsley 10, E. D Miller 15, A. J. Smith 4 Brownell 12, Stroh 13, M. E. Miller 11

No. 9, 20 targets, $2 entrance, unknown traps:

Brownell..11111011101111111101—17 Hoffman..11111110101101101111—16
J L Smith..11110110101110110001—13 E D Miller.11110111010010111111—15
Lindsley...10110010110011011111—13 M E Miller 00101111110111111111—16

No. 10, 25 targets, $3 entrance, unknown angles:

Brownell.....01111111110111111111011010—20
E D Miller.....11011110111111111111111111—23
Hoffman.....11111111111111111111111111—25
J L Smith.....11101110101111110011101101—18
Stroh.....11111111100110011011111110—19
Lindsley.....11111111011001011100100000—15

No. 11, 10 targets, $1 entrance unknown angles: Hoffman 10 E. D. Miller 8, A. J. Smith 5. Lindsley 8, Brownell 8, J. L. Smith 6, Purington 4, Coolbaugh 4. M E Miler 4.

No. 2, 15 targets $1.50 entrance, unknown angles: E. D Miller 12, Lindsley 11, J L Smith 7, Brownell 10. M E. Miller 10, Hoffman 15.

No. 13, 20 targets, $2 entrance, unknown angles:

Brownell..00000001110111111111—12 Hoffman..11111111111111111111—20
E D Miller.11111111111011111111—19 M E Miller.00101111111111001110—14
J L Smith..10111001001011011101—12 Lindsley...11111011111111011111—18

No. 14, 10 targets, $1 entrance, unknown angles: M E Miller 7, J. L. Smith 8, Purington 1. Hoffman 10, Lindsley 8, E D Miller 9, Brownell 7. Coolbaugh 4 Strob 6.

No. 15, 15 targets, $1 50 entrance, unknown angles: Brownell 11, E. D. Miller 11, J. L. Smith 10, Hoffman 14, A. J. Smith 9, M. E. Miller 8.

No. 16, 5 pairs, $1 entrance:

E D Miller.....10 11 11 10 11—8 Brownell.....10 10 10 00 00—3
J L Smith.....10 01 11 11 10—7 Hoffman.....11 11 10 10 10—7
Stroh.....10 10 10 10 10—5 M E Miller.....10 00 01 00 00—2

No. 17, 10 targets, $1 entrance, unknown angles: J. L. Smith 9, E. D. Miller 8, Hoffman 9, Brownell 10. M. E Miller 7, N. W. Kistler 8, Stroh 5.

Second Day

No. 1, 10 targets, 50 cents entrance, known angles: Brownell 7, E. D. Miller 10, Hyde 5, Hoffman 9, J. L Smith 7, L C. Ayers 6, C. D. Evans 6, Kistler 4.

No. 2, 10 targets, $1 entrance, known angles: J. L Smith 5, E. D. Miller 5, Hyde 5. Hoffman 8, Brownell 8. M. E. Miller 6

No. 3, 10 targets, $1 entrance, known angles: J. L Smith 8, Brownell 10. Hyde 7, E D. Miller 9 M. E Miller 6, Hoffman 9.

No. 4, 15 targets, $1 50 entrance, known angles: Hoffman 14, J. L. Smith 11. Hyde 10, Brownell 12. E D Miller 13 M. E Miller 6.

No. 5, 15 targets, known angles, $1.50 entrance: Hoffman 15, E D. Miller 14, Hyde 14, J. L. Smith 12, Brownell 14, G. W. Smith 7, Chas. Rittenhouse 3. Thos Young 10. Salmon 8

No. 6, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2 entrance:

Hoffman..11101111101011111110 -16 E Miller...01110111111111111111—18
Brownell..11101110111110111111 -17 Rittenhous10000001110101000111— 9
Hyde .....11001101010111111111—14 J L Smith.11101111110100100100—12
G Smith...1110101'11101111111—17

No. 7, 10 targets unknown angles, $1 entrance: Hoffman 9, E D. Miller 10, Hyde 9. J. L. Smith 6, Rittenhouse 7. Young 8. Salmon 6, Brownell 5, M. E. Miller 6, G W. Smith 7. Ayers 5, Kistler 7

No 8, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1 50 entrance: Hoffman 15, Brownell 14, G. W. Smith 6, J. L. Smith 11; Salmon 2, Young 9.

No. 9, 20 targets, known angles, $2 entrance:

Young....11011111111111110111—18 Hoffman..11110111011111111111—18
G Smith...11111101011100110100—13 Brownell...11111101010111001111—15
J Smith... 11101111001101011110—14 M Miller...11011100111111101111—16

No. 10, 10 targets, known angles, $1 entrance: Hoffman 10, Brownell 7, J L. Smith 7, Salmon 7, Young 7, Rittenhouse 6.

No. 11, 10 targets, known angles, $1 entrance; Hoffman 8, Brownell 9, J. L. Smith 8, Young 8, Rittenhouse 5, Purington 8, Ayres 5, G. W. Smith 7, Salmon 6, M. E. Miller 5.

No. 12, 15 targets, known angles, $1 50 entrance: Hoffman 12, Brownell 12, J. L. Smith 12, M. E. Miller 8, G. W. Smith 10, Purington 5, Young 11.

No. 13, 10 targets, known angles, $1 entrance: Hoffman 9, Brownell 9, J L. Smith 7, Palmer 6, Transue 7, Graves 7, Young 10, G. W Smith 7, Salmon 5.

No. 14, 10 targets, known angles, $1 entrance: Hoffman 7, Brownell 8, J. L. Smith 4, Bries 4. Young 6, Purington 8, Bossard 4, Miller 5, Rittenhouse 5, G. W. Smith 6.

No. 15, 15 targets, known angles, $1.50 entrance: Hoffman 15, Brownell 13, J. L. Smith 13, Bries 3. M E Miller 11.

No. 16, 10 targets, known angles, $1 entrance: Hoffman 10, Brownell 8, J. L. Smith 8, Transue 4, M. E. Miller 6, Purington 8. M. E. M.

Shooting at Allentown.

Allentown, Pa., Oct. 3.—The regular monthly shoot of the John F. Weiler Gun Club took place yesterday afternoon at the club's grounds, Manhattan Park. The medal shoot resulted as follows, 25 targets per man:

Ulmer.....1111101101101111100111111—20
Sanger.....1111011111011011101111011 20
Gillette.....1011111011111110111011011—20
Brey.....1111111111101111111111010—22
Miller .....1111011111100111101'0110—19
Benning.....1111110111111111111111011—22
Mazurie.....1111111111110111101111101—21
Zellner.....0111111011111101111011011—20
Hohe.....0110111111101111011011010—19
Boyer.....1001111111101111011110101—19
Killingler .....0111101111011111011011101—18
Grimm.....1011011110110101010111110—17
R Moore.....1001111011111101111110111—20
S Weiler.....1101101111101101110110111—19
Acker .....0111101111011111101111101—20

In the medal shoot Brey and Benning tied; Mr. Brey refusing to shoot off the tie the captain awarded the gold medal to Benning. Mazurie got the silver trophy.

The live bird match resulted as follows:

J Weiler.....10101—3 Klingler.....21312—5
Ulmer .....12022—4 Mazurie.....21211—5
Benning.....11212—5 A Weiler .....x0222—4
Benner.....11220—4

Another live bird match ended with the appended score:

J Weiler.....11221—5 S Weiler.....02221—4
Benner .....2x10x—4 Klingler.....00220—2
Ulmer .....10100—2

Chas. F. Emerson.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 4.—Mr. J. M. Robinson, all the way out in Mendocino county, Cal., writes me as below:

"I see by a recent issue of my Forest and Stream where Mr. Bartlett had been entertaining the multitude at a tournament with fancy shooting, also where Mr. Brewer had been entertaining in a similar manner some time previously.

"Will you be so kind as to let me know what kind of fancy shooting these men do? What do their tricks consist of?

"When one is attending those tournaments what is the best, neatest, most convenient and most popular case to carry one's gun in? Your opinion, please. And, do the first-class shooters provide themselves with ammunition before attending these shoots, or obtain it on the grounds?

"I am practicing on some fancy shooting myself and expect to give something new, but do not know what others are doing of late.

"I see by the announcements for 1895 that the present shooting craze is likely to continue for some time to come. Supposing that I should go that way and get right in the midst of your hottest tournaments, do you think the boys would do anything to me?"

The fancy shooting of Brewer, Bartlett, etc., consists chiefly in rapid work with the repeating shotgun. Capt. Brewer uses the Winchester repeater, while Capt. Bartlett shoots a Burgess repeating shotgun. In this rapid work three, four and five targets are thrown into the air at once by an attendant; very frequently all five targets are pulverized before they reach the ground Capt. Brewer also shoots at targets thrown in the air while prone on his back, and breaks them, too. With the shotgun upside down or held sideways it's the same thing. Capt. Bartlett's specialties are, among others, two that require great quickness. In one he places a loaded shell in the magazine, an empty one in the chamber; he then ejects the shell with a kind of forward throw and blows it out of sight with the other shell which he has pumped into the chamber. In another he hands his loaded gun to an attendant, throws a block of wood into the air, turns a "flipper," takes his gun and pumps three or four loads into the block of wood before it reaches the ground.

The leather-mutton leg case, with division for stock and for barrels, and provided with shoulder-trap for carrying, is at present the most popular gun case. Shooters such as attend the tournament circuit usually have their own regular loads sent from home or factory to the grounds ahead of them. At nearly all big shoots good nitro ammunition can, however, be had on the grounds or in the town. Shooters are superstious about their loads; if they change ammunition and miss, they lay it to the load.

As to what the boys would do to a new man who appeared among them, I can not say. It would all depend on the man. If they didn't get his wealth, he would be a dandy. I would not counsel Mr. Robinson to come East to attend tournaments expecting to make any money now. Even the best shots don't make money. A novice would almost certainly lose heavily.

"Evil Spirit," et al.

The Chicago shooters will have an opportunity to see Dr. Carver in a series of live bird matches here. He has been challenged to shoot 100-bird races with Eddie Bingham, Abe Kleinman, George Kleinman, J. Smith of Evanston, J. A. Ruble and R. S. Mott. The money is said to be waiting to bind each match. It would seem that there are many Chicago people willing and eager to tread on the "Evil Spirit's" generous coat tail. I hope some or all of the matches will be shot and that we shall see some good races out of the lot.

Budd and Carver would draw well here.

In Chicago.

Dr. Lenow of Little Rock, Ark., is in the city this week and has allowed his Purdey gun to get acquainted with some of the J. Watson brand of birds.

Mr. C. E. Bisson informs me that his 12 years old son, the well known boy rifle shooter, tried his hand last week for the first time with the shotgun at live birds. He shot a 16-gauge with 2½drs. nitro and ⅝oz. shot, and scored eight out of ten. E. Hough.

909 Security Building, Chicago.

Trap at San Antonio.

The closing shoot of the season for the San Antonio Gun Club took place at the Lakeview grounds, on Sept. 30. The attendance was good and the shooting fair. As has been predicted by the Forest and Stream shooting crack for Texas, Mr. I. N. Rothwell was an easy winner for the first class trophy for 1894; Mr. W. S. Smith, a very worthy young shooter, is proud of the capture of the second prize. The prizes are two guns, a Lefever and an L. C. Smith. Mr. Rothwell was awarded the Lefever, the Smith going to its namesake.

At the prize shoot, Mr. Rothwell jocularly stated that in order to make his victory complete, the committee in charge ought to put up a gun case as first prize so that he could have an opportunity of placing the trophy gun in new clothes. The suggestion was acted upon, and now the Lefever 12-gauge is safely escorted in a nice case. Mr. Rothwell, after winning first in the prize shoot, then distinguished himself by closing the season with a grand winning in the trophy shoot (which he did not need) by the handsome score of 27 out of 20 singles and 5 pairs, thus having 7 winnings to his credit for the season, his closest competitor having but four.

Score, prize shoot at 20 singles: Veith 20, McVicker 20, W. T. Smith 21, Barr 17, Rothwell 25, Thiele 21, France 17, Eopstein 14, Wagenfuehr 23, Shields 16, Learn 19. Paris 14, Grossmann 24, Vollbrecht 16, Epp 24, Cann 17, Rahmsdorf 12, Prescott 14, Sengg 20, G. C. Smith, Jr. 17, Scudder 20, Pancoast 19.

Rothwell alone with 25 was first; Grossmann and Epp tied for second, a silk umbrella, and they concluded to divide the use of the article for an indefinite period; Wagenfuehr came in for third, and is now the happy possessor of a camping outfit; Thiele beat Smith out of a hunting coat in the tie shoot for fourth; Veith, McVicker and Sengg tied for and divided fifth, a cleaning outfit; Learn and Pancoast divided sixth; D. P. Barr shot out France Cann and G. C. Smith for seventh; the eighth prize was divided by Shields and Vollbrecht; Eppstein, Paris and Prescott divided a bottle of rye for ninth, and Rahmsdorf took tenth as his share.

No. 2, for trophy, 20 singles and 5 pairs: Shields 18, Rothwell 27, W. S. Smith 19. Grossmann 16, Cann 11, Pancoast 24, Thiele 16, Sengg 14, G. C. Smith 11. France 13, Wagenfuehr 15, Barr 16, Vollbrecht 14, Paris 10, Learn 24, Epp 17. Texas Field.

Rye Gun Club.

The first regular shoot of the club was held on the club grounds on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 4 The programme was successfully carried out with twelve members who attended. The club medal was won by J. A Budd, who will wear it until the next regular monthly shoot. The match of 10 birds between Capt. Doyle and P. Hodgins did not occur as expected, as Capt. Doyle was unable to attend. The club will hold an all-day shoot commencing at 9 A. M., Tuesday, Nov. 6 (Election day), and all shooters are cordially invited to attend.

No. 1, 3 birds: L E. Gamm 3, 12-Gauge 2, F. Field 2, J. Budd 3, S. Gedney 3, E. J. Pope 2, H. Billington 2.

No. 2, 3 birds: W. C. Lyon 3, L. C. Gamm 1, J. A. Budd 2, S. Gedney 2, F. Field 2, 12-Gauge 2, E. J. Pope 2

No. 3, 10 targets: H. Billington 1, L. E. Gamm 6, W. C. Lyon 4, J. Billington 4, S. Gedney 7, F. Field 5, 12-Gauge 2, E. J. Pope 10, J. A. Budd 8.

No. 4, 5 targets: L. E. Gamm 5, H. Billington 2, J. A. Budd 1, S. Gedney 2, T. Field 4, J. Billington, Jr., 2, W. C. Lyon 2, H. Lyon 1, E. J. Pope 4.

No. 5 birds: Lyon 2, 12-Gauge 2, Hodgins 2, Field 5, Budd 2, Pope 3.

No. 6, shoot for club medal at 10 targets; Budd and Lyon tie with 8 each; shoot off miss and out, Budd won:

J A Budd.....1111111001—8 J Billington, Jr.....1111000011—6
E J Pope.....1101010111—7 H Billington, ...1111011001—7
L E Gamm.....1110101110—7 P Hodgins.....0100000011—3
S Gedney.....01111.0100—6 F Field.....1011101011—7
W C Lyon.....1111111001—8 12-Gauge .....0010100000—2

Lancaster Gun Club.

The Lancaster Gun Club will hold a two days' tournament on Friday and Saturday, October 12 and 13, 1894. The first day at targets and the second day at live birds and targets. The club has made arrangements with Capt. J. L. Brewer, champion wing shot of the world, and other expert shots, to give an exhibition shoot each day. On Friday a member of the local club will shoot a match against Mr. Brewer at 100 targets. On Saturday a local expert will shoot against Mr. Brewer at live birds. American Shooting Association rules to govern. Dead birds belong to the club.

Programme, Friday morning; No. 1, 10 singles, $1.00; No. 2, 15 singles, $1 50; No. 3, 10 singles, $1.00; No. 4, 25 singles, $2 50; No. 5, 15 singles, $1.50. Saturday, live bird and target events to suit shooters.

H. O. Leachy, Sec.

The Forest and Stream *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable*

West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Club.

The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Club's annual fall tournament was held at the club's grounds at Gidney's Hotel, about three miles from Newburgh proper, on Oct. 3, 4 and 5, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week. The tournament was a success, as all similar gatherings organized by this association have invariably proved to be.

The attendance of shooters from outside was flattering to the home club, while the members of that organization came up to the scratch in good shape and shot along with the visitors throughout the three days' programme. Among the visitors were: First and foremost, "Uncle Dan" Lefever, of the Lefever-Arms Co., who shot as if his years were as nothing to him; Covill, representing the new Baker Gun; Capt. J. T. Mascroft, of Worcester, Mass., accompanied by his friend, Mr. Kennerson of that city; Capt. Lenone, always ready to make and shoot a match at live birds; F. Van Dyke, of New York, showing the boys what he can do with his Winchester repeater: E. D. Fulford, shooting well to the front, but experiencing some strokes of ill-luck at live birds; "Milt" Lindsley, of the American Wood Co., accompanied by his charming wife "Wanda," graceful and effective with her gun, and several others whose scores, together with those put together by the locals, made the pace quite hot enough for anybody.

Targets were used exclusively on the two first days, kingbirds being thrown in every event on the first day, and keystones on the second. Two sets of traps were used and, consequently, a large number of targets were thrown. The grounds which are located on the summit of a slight rise just in the rear of the hotel, affords a sky background, the mountains on the other side of the Hudson adding to the beauty of the scene, and not detracting in the least from a faultless background.

The officers of the club are: John J. E. Harrison, President; David Brown, Vice-President; W. C. Gibb, Secretary; J. A. Wood, Treasurer: and Geo. Taggart, Captain. The above named gentlemen, together with Messrs. H. C. Higginson, W. P. Rayland and A. Kissam formed the executive committee.

Mr. Taggart, the captain of the club, vice president Brown and secretary Gibb were indefatigable in their efforts to keep things moving, while Mr. Rayland, better known as "Rags," helped, with other members of the club, to round off any square corners that might have prevented the absolutely smooth running of the tournament.

Scores in the target events were as follows:

First Day.

No. 1, 15 targets, $1:

Baker..........111110010111111—12 Van Dyke......111101100111110—11
E Taylor........110111111111111—14 Dan............111111011101111—13
Swivler.........101100111111011—10 A M S..........011111010111111—12
Kenerson.......011110011111111—12 Rayland.........111101111011110—12
Fulford.........110111111111111—14 Mascroft........111011011011111—12
J D Taylor......111110111111101—13 Mason..........111111111011111—14
Stansbrough....011111100110111—11 Weygant.......011011010110011— 9

No. 2, 15 targets, $1:

Fulford.........111011111111111—14 Stansbrough....110011111111111—13
E Taylor........111110011111011—12 Dan............011001101111111—11
Baker..........001101101010111— 9 A M S..........111101110111111—13
J Wood.........101110011111110—10 Mason..........111101111100111—12
Swivler.........111111111011101—13 Mascroft........110111101011111—12
J Taylor........011011011110111—12 Kenerson.......111101111111111—14
Mitchell........001111100110101— 9 H C H..........111111111111110—14
Cramer.........110110110100011— 9 Van Dyke......011101000110110— 8
Carroll..........101111111111111—14 Rayland........101111111111111—14

No. 3, 20 targets, $1.50:

Fulford....10111111111111111111—19 Lindsley...11010011011011110101—13
E Taylor..11110101101101111010—14 Van Dyke.11111010110111111111—17
Baker......10111110001010010110—11 Kenerson..11111111101101111111—18
Swivler....11100111001011011100—12 Mascroft..11011111110111111110—17
Mitchell....11011111010111111111—17 Dave......11110111111110111111—18
J S Taylor.11111111111011110111—18 A M S......01011111111111111110—17
H C H......10111111111111111111—19 St'nbrough11111111101111011010—16
Mason.....10010011011101011111—13 Rags......01101111111111101111—17

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance $1.00:

Fulford.........111111111011111—14 Van Duzer.....010011100000000— 4
E Taylor........111111101111011—13 J S Taylor......101111111111011—13
Baker..........111011111111111—14 Carroll..........1111010011110w.
Swivler.........011011110111101—11 Craman.........101101111110110—11
J Wood.........111111111011101—13 A M E...........011101101111111—12
Wooley.........111111111110110—13 Dan.............110111011010110—10
Mascroft........101111101111011—12 Renerson........111111111110111—14
Rayland.........111111100111110—12 Wanda..........110101011011111—11
Van Dyke......011111111110001—11 Stansbrough....100010010000000— 3
Mitchell........111111111111111—15 H C H...........111111101111111—14
Mason..........101111101111110—12

No. 5, 10 targets $1.00:

Fulford.............1111111111—10 Mitchell.............0111111101— 8
J S Taylor..........1111111101— 9 Cramer.............1111111111—10
Van Dyck...........1011111111— 9 Carrol..............1111111111—10
J Wood.............1111101101— 8 Baker...............1111110111— 9
A M S...............1111111111—10 Kenerson...........1111111111—10
Dan.................1011111111— 9 Mascroft...........1111110111— 9
Mason...............1111111011— 9 Rags................1011011111— 8
H C H...............1111111101— 9 Linsdley............0101101010— 5
Stanbrough.........1011001110— 6 E Taylor...........0111001111— 7

No. 6, 20 targets, unknown traps, $1.50:

Fulford....11111101010101111101—15 Rayland...10000010110111110010—10
Van Dyke..11111011011011010111—15 Baker......11111001010011101110—13
Wanda.....01010101011000110000— 8 Stanb'ru'h.11110001000000000010— 6
E Taylor..01101011111011110011—14 Kenerson..11110111100111010011—14
J S Taylor.11011110110110011111—15 Wooley....01010101111001111110—13

No. 7, 25 targets, $2, $25 added:

Fulford..............................1111111111111111111111111—25
Van Dyke............................1111111111111111111111111—24
E Taylor.............................1111111111100111111111111—23
Wood................................1111100010100111111100111—17
J S Taylor...........................1111111111111111111111111—25
Lindsley.............................1011010010001011110111110—15
H C H...............................0111111111011111111111111—23
Stansbrough.........................1111000011111111111111110—20
Mitchell.............................1111111110111111101111101—22
Wolley...............................1110111101101100011111101—18
Baker................................1011110111111111111111011—22
Rags.................................1111111011111101111101110—21
T Rhodes............................1111011110101111110001011—18
Mascroft.............................1110111111110111111111111—23
Kenerson............................1111111111111111110111111—24
Dan.................................1111001111110111111110100—19
A M L................................1011111111110111111111111—23
Mason...............................1111110111111000111111101—20
Linley...............................1101111111101111011111010—20

No. 8, 15 targets, $1:

Linley..........111101011111010—11 Weygants......010010010011111— 8
Mascroft........110111111111011—13 Fulford.........111011111101111—13
A M D..........111111111111111—15 Van Dyke......011101111110110—11
Lefever.........111101111111101—13 E Taylor........111111011111110—13
J Wood.........101101111011110—11 Kenerson.......111111111111001—13
Lindsley........011111011010110—10 Cramer.........111111111111010—12
Stansbrough....011000011011110— 8 J D Taylor.....111111111111111—15
Baker..........101011111110111—11 H C H..........111100110011111—11
Carroll.........111101011111111—13 Mitchell........110110111111011—12
Mason..........111111111111111—15 Rags...........101011110111110—11
Donoghue......011110001110011— 9

No. 9, 15 singles and 3 pairs targets, $1:

Fulford	111111111111111	11 11 10—20
Van Dyke	011011111101110	11 11 00—15
E Taylor	101001111111101	11 11 01—16
Mason	001111101110111	11 00 01—14
J Wood	110011110011110	10 10 10—13
Kenerson	111111111111111	11 11 11—21
Wanda	000111110101000	00 10 00— 8
Mascroft	111111011011111	10 11 10—17
Dan	111101111110101	11 10 00—15
A M S	011010110111101	10 01 10—13
J S Taylor	111111101111111	11 10 10—18
Stanbrough	101111110001001	10 11 10—13
H C H	101111111100110	10 11 11—16
Kissam	100101111010011	11 01 00—12
Rayland	010110111111101	11 10 11—16
Mitchell	111111101011110	11 10 11—17
Rhoades	111111111111111	11 00 11—19
Baker	111111111111110	10 11 10—18

No. 10, 15 targets, $1:

Fulford.........111011110111110—12 Mascroft........111111111111111—15
Van Dyke......110111110110110—12 Stansbrough....111100110111011—11
Bingham........111011111101101—12 Swiveller.......101100100000111— 8
Wooley.........000110111111111—11 Dan............111110111010111—12
Wanda..........000111001111000— 7 A M S..........101111111111111—14
Kenerson.......111101101110111—12 E Taylor........111010111001001— 9
J D Taylor......111101111111110—13 Rags............111111111101111—14
Mason..........101111111111111—14 Mitchell........100011111101111—11
Baker..........100111111111110—12 Bingham........011101011101111—11
H C H..........111111110111111—14 Ripley..........110101111110111—12
Kissam.........101011111010111—11 Rhodes.........111111111111011—14
Wood..........111101001111000— 9

Second Day.

No. 1, 15 targets, $1:

Stansbrough....111110111101110—12 J A Wood......111111001011110—11
Van Dyke.......111111111101111—14 Mascroft........111001111111011—12
J S Taylor......111111111111011—14 Kenerson.......011111111111101—13
Myer...........100001011101100— 7 Lefever.........111111101101101—12
W Smith........111010101111001—10 Fulford.........111111111111111—15
A M S...........111111101111111—14 Rayland.........111111111110001—12
Swivler.........001100011111100— 8

No. 2, 15 targets, unknown traps, $1:

Fulford.........111101110011111—12 Mascroft........010100101101100— 7
Van Dyke......111011111101110—12 Rayland.........101100111111111—12
J S Taylor......100111101100111—10 Myer............110000110010001— 6
Stansbrough....111000101100111— 8 A M S...........100010011110101— 8
Kenerson.......100011011000011— 7 Mitchell........011110110101010—10

No. 3, 20 targets, $1.50:

Fulford....10111111111111111111—19 W Smith...11111111101111111011—18
Van Dyke..11111011111111111111—19 Dan........11101111111110001111—16
J S Taylor.11111111111111100111—18 Rayland...11101111111111111111—19
Mason.....11000111011111111111—16 Mitchell....01110111011101111011—15
Kenerson..01111111111111111110—18 A M S......11111111111111111111—20
St'nbrough11011000111110011001—12 J A Wood..11100110100101111101—13

No. 4, 15 targets, $1:

Fulford.........111111111011111—14 J A Wood......111001110001110— 9
Van Dyke.......110111111111111—14 A M D..........011111111111011—13
J S Taylor......111011111110111—13 Dan............111010111111011—12
Mascroft.......111011101111101—12 W Smith........111011111111111—14
Kenerson.......111101111110001—11 Mitchell........011110111111111—13
Rayland........111101111111100—12 Myers...........110101011111011—11

No. 5, 25 targets, $3:

Fulford..............................1111111111111110111011111—23
Van Dyke............................1111111111111111111111111—25
J S Taylor...........................1111111011111111111111111—24
Mason...............................1110111111111111001101101—20
A M D...............................1111111001110111111111111—22
H C H...............................1110101111011111111100100—18
Rags................................1011111011110111111001111—20
Mascroft.............................1111111111101101100111111—21
Kenerson............................1111011011111111011111111—22
Gardiner.............................0011011110100111110110101—16
Palmer...............................1111110111001111111011111—21
Bauer................................1011110111111111101110110—20
Dan.................................1011101011111110111111011—20
Horton...............................1111001111111101110111011—20
Bowes...............................0111011010001011110010011—14
Nyatt................................0011010111101011110110111—17
Blue Rock...........................1010101111001111111111101—19
Wise................................1011110111110111100111100—18

No. 6, 25 targets, $2, $25 added:

Fulford..............................1111111111111111111111111—25
Van Dyke............................1111101111111111111101110—22
J S Taylor...........................1100111111111111111111101—22
Kissam..............................1011100111101110111111111—20
Wise................................1111011001111101111111111—21
Stansbrough.........................1110111001111111011111100—19
Mitchell.............................1100011111w.
H C H...............................1111011111111011101111110—21
Lenone..............................1111101110000110111111111—19
Myer................................1011111111100111111111101—21
Rags................................1111111101111010111111011—21
A M D...............................11111'1011110111110111110—21
Palmer..............................1111110111101001001011110—17
W Smith.............................1111100110111111011011110—19
Mascroft.............................1111100111111011101011111—20
Kenerson............................1110111110111111111111111—23
J A Wood............................1111011110110000101111110—17
B Taylor.............................1110110101110111111101101—19
Blue Rock...........................1011010111111101111101010—18
Jelleme.............................0001111111110001010111111—17
Arnold..............................0111111011111011010111111—20
Wyat................................1111101101011111111111111—22

No. 7, 10 targets, $1.50:

Fulford.............1110110111— 8 Mitchell.............0110111111— 8
Van Dyke...........1111111110— 9 Dan................1001110111— 7
J S Taylor..........1111111111—10 A M S..............1010101111— 7
Kenerson...........1111111010— 8 Rayland............1101111111— 9
Mascroft...........1111111011— 9 W Smith...........1111011101— 8
Arnold.............0101111111— 8 Myer...............0011110111— 7

No. 8, 15 targets, $2:

Fulford.........101111111111111—14 Mitchell........111010111111111—13
Van Dyke......111111111011111—14 Rayland........111100111111110—12
Kenerson.......101111111111000—11 A M S..........001111111111111—13
J S Taylor......111110111111011—13 Stansbrough...111000111011110—10
Mascroft........101111111111111—14

No. 9, 15 targets, $1.50:

Fulford.........111111111111111—15 Mitchell........011111111101110—12
Van Dyke......111111111111111—15 Rayland........111111111110110—13
Taylor..........111011111101111—13 A M S..........111111101111110—13
Smith..........111111111101011—13 Mascroft........111101011110100—10
Kenerson.......101111111111111—14 H C H..........101001101111110—10

No. 10, 10 targets, $1.50:

Fulford.............1111111111—10 Mitchell.............0111110111— 8
Van Dyke...........0111101111— 8 Rags................1101101011— 7
J S Taylor..........1110011111— 8 Kenerson...........1011111111— 9
Dan................1011101101— 7 Mascroft...........1111110110— 7
Hall................0011110110— 6 Kissam.............1111111111—10
Beatty..............0000000000— 0 Baker...............0011010110— 5

No 11, 15 targets, $1.50:

Fulford.........111110011111110—12 Lenone.........010011100111010— 8
Van Dyke......111111111110110—13 Kenerson.......111111111111110—14
J S Taylor......111111111111111—15 Bowers.........111101111011111—13
Blue Rock......011110101000010— 7

Team shoot, 12 men a side, 25 targets:

Butler...............................0010100110001000111000100— 9
Ferguson............................1100101011101111011101111—18
Coman...............................1110110111111001110011110—18
Taylor...............................1111111011111111111111111—24
Mitchell.............................1111101011100111111101001—18
Mason...............................1111011110010111111110111—20
Gaston..............................1011001001010011100111010—13
Gardner.............................1111111010111101101000111—18
Abbott..............................1111111111011011111111011—22
Horton..............................1111110101111111101111011—24
Wood...............................1111111011100110111010111—18
Rhoads..............................1110111111100110111101011—19—216
Wise................................1111110101110111111111111—22
Jelleme.............................1111101111110101101111011—19
Rowes...............................1011010111101100111100101—16
Rayland.............................1111111101101111000111101—19
Likely...............................0111111111011001111101010—17
Wyatt...............................1111111111111111111110101—23
Lenone..............................1111011011011010010010111—17
Palmer..............................0001010111111111111011011—18
Hall................................1110010101111011110010010—15
Stansbrough.........................0110110011010110111111111—18
Kissam..............................1111001101111101111111111—21
Higginson...........................0111111111111111111111101—22—227

Third Day.

The third day was devoted to live birds. The traps were placed in front of the target pit, the edge of the hill being practically the boundary. In the conditions of the tournament nothing was said about the boundary limit but it might have read "Monaco boundary" and not been very far out of it. On the left side the rope which marked the boundary was just 29yds from No. 1 trap; on the lower, or right-hand side, it was something over 30yds. The wind, however, blew strongly across the traps from left to right, the result being that more "dead out of bounds" were scored to the right than to the left.

The birds were good, taking them as a whole; many were of the "corker" type, birds which tried the skill of the most expert shots present. No matter what kind of birds they were it made no difference to Mr. J. D. Taylor, a member of the West Newburg Club; he shot in fine form throughout the day, making a clean score in the programme events without a slobbering kill among them. "Wanda" was using loads that were too light for many of the fast drivers she drew, the birds getting away, although in many cases hit hard.

The following are the scores in the programme events:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1894 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 1, 5 live birds, entry $5:

J D Taylor	↖↓↑↑↑ 1 1 2 1 2—5	Geo Taggert	↗↑→↓↘ • 1 0 2 1—3
Van Dyke	↖↗↓↗↗ 2 0 2 1 1—4	Kennerson	↖↙↑→→ 2 1 2 2 •—4
Lenone	↑↖↑→→ 1 • 2 2 0—3	Mascroft	↑↑↑↖→ 0 1 2 0 1—3
E Taylor	↗↖↖↖↗ 0 1 1 0 1—3	Stansbrough	↑↑→←↗ 2 2 0 2 1—4
E D Fulford	↗↖↑↗↖ 2 2 1 2 1—5	Arnold	↑↑↑↑↗ 0 0 2 2 2—3
Blue Rock	↑↙↑↙↘ 1 2 0 2 2—4		

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 2, 7 live birds, entry $7.50:

J D Taylor	↑←↖↑↘↗↗ 2 2 1 2 1 1 2—7	Mascroft	↘↑↓↖H↖↗ 2 2 2 1 2 2 1—7
Van Dyke	↖←←↑↘↗↓ 1 1 1 2 1 2 1—7	Taggart	↙↗←↗↖↗↖ 2 2 2 1 2 0 2—6
Kenerson	←←↖↖↑↑↑ 2 1 1 1 0 0 2—5	Blue Rock	↗←$↑↗→↗ 1 2 0 0 1 2 0—4
Lenone	↓→↖↖↗↑↑ 1 2 2 • 2 1 0—5	Arnold	↑↖↗→→↖← 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—7
E D Fulford	→↗↑↗↖↗↗ 1 1 1 2 1 0 0—5	Stansbrough	↑↗←↑↑↗↑ 2 2 2 2 2 0 0—5

No. 4, 10 live birds, $10 entrance:

J D Taylor	↗↖↗→↗↗↗↖↗↗ 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2—10	H C H	↑→↗↙↗↗↘↖→← 0 1 1 2 1 2 2 0 1 1—8
Van Dyke	↗↗↖↘↘↖↘↗→→ 2 • 0 2 1 0 1 2 1 2—7	M F Lindsley	↗↑↑→→↙↗↖↗→ 2 1 1 2 0 2 • 2 0 2—7
Lenone	↗↗↗↖↖←↙↗↗↖ 1 • 0 0 1 • 2 2 0 1—5	Wanda	↗↗↑↖↖↗↘↗→→ • 1 0 0 • 0 1 1 2 0—4
E D Fulford	↑↗↑↘↙↗↖↗↙↖ 0 0 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1—8	J R Dickson	↗→→↗↗↑←↖↗↗ 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 2—8
Kenerson	↗→→↗↗↑↙↓↖↖ 0 2 • 2 • 0 1 2 1 1—6	Taggart	↙→↗→↘↖↖↖↗↗ 1 1 0 1 • 1 1 2 1 2—8
Mascroft	↗↗→→↙↖↖↗→↗ 2 2 1 • 1 1 1 0 2 2—8	Arnold	←→↘↖↑↙↙↗↖↑ 1 1 0 1 2 1 1 1 2 2—9
Blue Rock	→↘↗↗↗↗↖→↖↘ 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—2		

In addition to the above an extra event at 7 birds and a private match were shot off. The 7 bird event, entrance $5, resulted as follows: E. D. Fulford, Mascroft and Taggart 7; J. D. Taylor, Kenerson, Lefever, Van Dyke, Arnold and Dickson 6; H. C. H., Blue Rock and Kissam 5; Lenone, J. A. Wood, Stansbrough and Marantette 4; Wanda 3; Lindsley and Mitchell 2; W. Patton 1.

The match was as follows: Mascroft and Lenone, 10 live birds, $10 a side:

Lenone...............•'12022•10—6 Mascroft ....112202202•—7

Edward Banks.

Dayton vs. Brunswick.

Dayton, N. J., and New Brunswick, N. J., are old rivals at the traps. Hitherto the Dayton men have carried off the honors. On Saturday last, Oct. 6, fifteen shooters, members of the Dayton Gun Club, arrived in New Brunswick shortly after mid-day, the programme being a team race, fifteen men a side, between the two clubs. New Brunswick couldn't get fifteen men together, thirteen being all that showed up. The result was that two of her men had to shoot a second score, the rule being that the lowest scores in the preceding squads should fill the vacant places. Mr. Oakley having left the ground early, Messrs. Van Nuis and Stevens were chosen; both men improved materially upon their previous scores.

The conditions of the race were 30 singles per man, 450 to the team, each man to shoot at 10 from known traps and angles, 10 at unknown angles, and 10 under expert rules, use of both barrels, second barrel break counting as ½. At everything known New Brunswick led by one target, scoring 103 to 102; at unknown angles New Brunswick gained another target, scoring 100 to Dayton's 99. Dayton, however, got a big bulge on the New Brunswickers in the last series of 10 targets at expert rules, scoring 98½ to their opponent's 86, winning the match by 10½ targets, with a total of 299½ to 289.

The way the race was shot was as follows: New Brunswick's and Dayton's first squads shot out their strings of 30 targets, New Brunswick getting a slight lead. This she increased to 7 targets by the time the second squads had shot their strings. Dayton's last three men had a big task to perform in picking up 7 targets out of 90, but they succeeded; they gained 3 at everything known and 5 at unknown angles, thus being one in the lead before they shot at expert rules. During this last series they scored 23 to their opponents' 12½, gaining 9½, and winning the match for Dayton by 10½ targets. Scores in the team race:

Conditions, 30 singles per man, 450 to the team, 10 at known traps and angles, 10 at unknown angles, 10 under expert rules, use of both barrels, second barrel break counting ½:

Dayton Team.

	Everything known.	Known traps, unknown angles.	Expert rules, both barrels, 2d bar'l to count ½.
G A Rule	1111000111—7	0011011111—7	0 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1— 5
Farr	0111101111—8	0110110011—6	1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 0— 5
Van Derveer	0110111101—7	1100001011—5	1 1 0 1 0 ½ 0 1 1 1— 6½
Groendyke	0111101010—6	1011101100—6	½ 0 0 0 ½ ½ 1 0 1 0— 3½
Lyons	0011111000—5	1011100110—6	1 1 1 1 ½ 1 1 0 1 0— 7½
Wadhams	1001110111—7	0001111000—4	0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1— 7
MacDonald	1100110100—5	0101011001—5	0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1— 8
P Emmons	1111110110—8	1111001111—8	1 1 1 1 1 ½ ½ 1 0 0— 7
Barclay	1100111011—7	1111011011—8	1 0 ½ 1 1 1 1 1 ½ 1— 8
F Van Dyke	1111111011—9	1110101110—7	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Pierson	0010000000—1	0111110010—6	1 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 0— 4
Carroll	1111111110—9	1110110101—7	0 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 0— 4
C H Allen	1111110111—9	1111111011—9	1 1 1 1 1 0 ½ 1 1 1— 8½
Phillips	1101111111—9	1101101111—8	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0— 8
McDowell	0011010101—5	1110010111—7	0 0 1 1 1 1 ½ 0 1 1— 6½
	102	99	98½

New Brunswick Team.

	Everything known.	Known traps, unknown angles.	Expert rules, both barrels, 2d to count ½.
J Fisher	1111101011—8	1011011111—8	1 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 ½ 0—4½
W Sperling	1101111111—9	1111100100—6	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 ½ 1—8½
C Van Nuis	1101100000—4	1111001100—6	1 1 ½ ½ 0 1 ½ 0 1 0—5½
C Oakley	1010110100—5	1001010110—5	0 0 0 0 1 ½ ½ 0 1 0—3
Ed Reynolds	0011010111—6	0111110111—8	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 ¾ 1—7½
H Stevens	1111010011—7	0111011010—6	0 ½ ½ 1 1 0 0 0 ½ 1—4½
Pettit	1110111111—9	1111111100—8	½ 1 1 ½ 0 1 1 1 1 1—8
Gummere	1111110111—9	1111011110—7	1 1 1 ½ ½ 1 0 1 1 0—7
V Vorhees	0010010111—5	1011101110—7	0 1 1 1 1 ½ 0 1 0 1—6½
Mundy	0110101101—6	0111111011—8	1 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1—6
Booraem	1101101111—8	1110010100—5	1 1 ½ ½ 1 ½ 0 ½ 0 1—6
Waker	0110111110—7	0111111001—7	1 0 0 ½ 1 0 1 1 1 1—6½
C Van Nuis	1011110111—8	1110111110—8	0 1 0 0 0 ½ 0 1 0 1—3½
Stevens	1111111110—9	1111111001—8	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1—8
J Voorhees	1000001100—3	1001010000—3	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1
	103	100	86

SUMMARY.

Dayton.		New Brunswick.	
G A Rule	19	Fisher	20½
Farr	19	Sperling	23½
Van Derveer	18½	Van Nuis	15½
Groendyke	15½	Oakley	13
Lyons	18½	Reynolds	21½
Wadhams	18	Stevens	17½
MacDonald	18	Pettit	25
P. Emmons	23	Gummere	23
Barclay	23	V Voorhees	18½
Van Dyke	26	Mundy	20
Pierson	11	Booraem	19
Carroll	20	Waker	20½
Allen	26½	Van Nuis	19½
Philips	25	Stevens	25
McDowell	18½	J Voorhees	7
	299½		289

Both before and after the team race a few sweeps for a nominal entrance fee were shot off, the following being the results:

No. 1, 10 targets: Carroll 7, C. H. Allen 6, Phillips 8, Van Derveer 5, Wadhams 8, G. A. Rule 8, Stevens 10, Barclay 6, Anderson 1, McDonald 6, Groendyke 5, Fisher 8, McDowell 10, Emmons 7, Farr 4, Edwards 8, Van Dyke 8, Phillips 9.

No. 2, 10 targets: Wadhams 7, Oakley 8, C. H. Allen 10, Pettit 9, Stevens 5, Barclay 9, Phillips 6, Van Dyke 8, Edwards 5, McDowell 7, Carroll 8, Fisher 7.

No. 3, 10 targets: Gunner 5, Mundy 7, McDowell 5, Allen 9, Wheeler 7, Van Dyke 9, Fisher 9, Bowen 8, V. S. Voorhees 8, Bailey 9, Edwards 8, Walker 8, Stevens 7, Raynolds 4, Van Derveer 0, J. S. Voorhees 5, Pettit 7, Van Nuis 9.

The Maplewood Gun Club has challenged the Boiling Springs Gun Club for the cup presented by Shooting and Fishing Publishing Company, now held by the Boiling Springs Club since their defeat of the Climax boys on Sept. 15. Although the cup belongs rightfully to the Boiling Springs men for the balance of this year, yet they are willing to accept the challenge of the Maplewoods provided the name of E. D. Miller, of Springfield, N. J., is expunged from their team; the Boiling Springs claiming that since Miller shot for the Climax Club in the contest above mentioned, he is hardly entitled to shoot with the Maplewoods.

Shooting at Little Rock.

Little Rock, Ark., Sept. 28.—During the past month the following shoots have taken place here:

LENOW VS. DULEY.

Tuesday, Sept. 4, the pigeon match between Dr. J. H. Lenow and W. R. Duley took place. Duley lost his first bird, a hard left-quarterer, from No. 5 trap, dead out of bounds, while the doctor killed his first bird with one barrel and took the lead at the start, which he steadily increased, and when the race was finished he was 5 birds ahead of his opponent, though Duley had the misfortune to lose 4 birds dead out of bounds, while the doctor had but 1. The day was an extremely hot, sultry one, and the birds were a fair lot considering the weather, a little slow in starting, but quite fast when once on the wing. The doctor shot a 7¾lbs. Purdy ejector gun, 3¼drs. of E. C. powder, 1¼oz. of No. 7 chilled shot, in U. M. C. Co.'s Trap shells. Duley shot a 7½lbs. Smith ejector gun, 3¼drs. of hard grain Schultze powder, 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled shot, in U. M. C. Co.'s Smokeless shells. Conditions, 25 pigeons per man for price of the birds, American shooting rules to govern; King's automatic traps were used:

Duley.....•21211200•12102121•111•00—16
Lenow.....1111221101011O2•212211112—21

LENOW VS. DICKINSON.

Dr. J. H. Lenow is very fond of pigeon shooting, and is never so well satisfied as when he has a match on with some one. He is ready to shoot any of the local shooters a pigeon match for the price of the birds, but is averse to shooting for money, and has met and defeated all of the local shooters who are in his class and who shoot pigeons for glory only. After endeavoring in vain to get on a match with some one in his class he went out of it, as the saying goes, and bantered John Dickinson for a match. The latter informed him that he would shoot him a race on the following conditions: Lenow to shoot 28yds. rise and Dickinson at 32, each to use 12-gauge guns. After considering the proposition for some time the Doctor finally accepted it and the match took place Tuesday, Sept. 18.

The day was an ideal one for the sport, with a good stiff breeze to help the birds, which were of the finest quality. When they had shot 10 birds apiece the race was a tie, but after this Dickinson struck his gait and lost only 2 birds of the remaining 15, one of them dead out of bounds, this bird he knocked down apparently stone dead with his first barrel, and the dog was sent to retrieve it; when he had got almost to it, it rose and flew over the dead line, and there fell dead, the shooter in the meantime having left the score. Dickinson was also handicapped by his gun, which on the discharge of the first barrel would jar safe, this caused him to lose a bird or two in the early part of the match, as on several occasions he was unable to use his second barrel. The Doctor did not shoot up to his usual form, and after the tenth round was not in it. Instead of improving he fell steadily off and was beaten by 7 birds Lenow shot the same gun and load as in his match with Duley. Dickinson shot an 8lbs. hammerless gun, 3½ drs. of hard grain Schultze powder, 1¼oz. of No. 6 chilled shot, in U. M. C. Co.'s Smokeless shells.

Conditions: 25 live pigeons per man for the price of the birds, American Shooting Association rules to govern, Lenow to shoot at 28yds. rise and Dickinson at 32yds.:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

↗→←←↑→↑→↙→↑↖↗↑↗↖→↖←↖↗↖→↗
Dickinson.....1 • 0 1 • 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 • 1—19

↗→↖→→↗↗↗←↖↗→↗↗↙↗↑←↖↑↑↑↗↗
Lenow.....0 • 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 2 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 0 1—12

PULASKI COUNTY MEDAL.

The following scores were made in the last two contests for the Pulaski county medal. The attendance at the last two medal contests has been rather slim, only six shooters competing for the trophy each time Tuesday, Sept. 11, the weather was cool and cloudy, with a good stiff breeze blowing from the northwest. Dr. F. L. French won the medal on 41 out of 50. He was the only man of the local cracker-jacks to put in an appearance, and had only the awkward squad to contend with. As the scores show, he was a long way ahead of his nearest opponent when the race was over. Conditions, 50 singles, unknown angles:

Francis.....11111110101110011101111111111111101110111111010111—41
Duley.....00011101110111010111010011010010111111111100011—32
Schaer.....11100000110001100111011100001100010110001100000001—22
Baise.....10001101100011111110110101110100110110001010110 1—30
Carleton.....00001100100000010000000000011011000010000000011—11
Drake.....01101011110010001110000000011111010001111101011O—25

The contest, Tuesday, Sept. 25, was a close and interesting one, being hotly contested from start to finish. It was won by R. F. Baise with 42 out of 50; his victory was a pleasant surprise to all the boys. Forty-two out of 50 under the existing conditions was really a good score: the traps were set to throw a low bird and as hard as possible, while the strong north wind that was blowing right across the traps made their flight very erratic; the angles were very acute. The weather was perfectly clear and quite cool. This had a tendency to create a desire to be afield with gun and dog rather than smashing saucers, while not a few remarked that if such weather prevails next week they would be sure to be "among them" (the quail), as the season opens October 1.

Condition of medal shoot, 50 singles, unknown angle:

French.....11101011011011111111111011111111011010001110—38
Duley.....01101110111111110111111111101111111111110100010011—39
Dickinson.....10011111111111111110111111111110011101100111101111—41
Woodson.....11111011111001100001110011011111011111011001101111—35
Baise.....10111110101101101110111111111110111101111111111111—42
Drake.....10100110000001110010000001101000101000011011010000—18

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Live Birds at Morristown.

A dull sky, threatening rain every minute, put an effectual damper upon the attendance at Frank Class's Park Hotel at Morristown, N. J., on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 3. Class had some 250 to 300 birds in his coop; enough for an afternoon's amusement. Only five shooters, however, took part in the sweeps, two of the five hailing from Trenton—Charlie Zwirlein and Eddie Hill. Class, Timmons and John Leonard formed the home contingent. Before the sweeps commenced Zwirlein and Hill shot at 10 birds each for practice, Zwirlein killing his 10, Hill's ninth dropping dead out of bounds. Class next tried his hand and knocked over 5 in succession, using but one shell to each bird. The pigeons were not of the kind usually termed hard, but there were some corkers among them. After looking over the birds in the crates, Hill bet Zwirlein that he could kill any five birds picked from those on the ground; the consideration was—"liquid refreshments for the crowd." Class picked the birds carefully, but Hill nailed each one with his first barrel. Among them were two drivers, two right-quarterers and one left-quartering incomer. During the afternoon's shoot Hill shot at 50 birds, killing 47 and losing one dead out of bounds. "Scotty," of course, did the trapping, while Class's Sancho, who made a name for himself at Dexter Park last April, retrieved the birds. Scores in the sweeps were as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Sweeps, 5 live birds, $3 entrauce, 28yd. rise, 2 moneys:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
	←↑H→↘	↗→↙↗←	↑↑↗↑↑	↗→→↙↗
Timmons	1 1 1 2 2—5	1 1 1 1 1—5	2 1 1 0 1—4	• 1 2 • 1—3
	→↛↙→↗	↗↘↗↑→	↑↗↗↑↖	↑↗↗↑↙
Zwirlein	2 0 1 0 1—3	1 0 2 1 2—4	1 2 2 • •—3	1 • 1 2 1—4
	↙↘↘↑↑	H↗↓→↓	→↗↗↖↑	↙↑↙↗↓
Class	1 1 1 0 0—3	1 2 1 2 1—5	1 2 • 2 1—4	1 2 1 1 2—5
	↗↘←→↘	↓↑→↘→	←↗↑↖↛	↗←↓←↑
Hill	1 2 1 2 1—5	2 1 1 2 1—5	2 0 0 1 2—3	2 2 2 1 1—5
				→←←←↑
Leonard				1 1 2 0 1—4

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
	↗↓↗↓→	↖↓↑→→	↑←←↘↙
Timmons	0 1 1 1 0—3	1 2 1 1 1—5	0 1 1 1 2—4
	←↗↑↑↗	↛↓↓←↓	←←←↓↑
Zwirlein	1 2 1 1 2-5	1 1 2 1 0—4	1 1 1 2 0—4
	↘↛↓↘↖	↙↓←↓↑	↗←←↖→
Class	1 2 1 2 0—4	1 1 1 1 2—5	1 1 2 2 1—5
	↑↑↗↑↗	↙→→←←	←↘↓↑↙
Hill	1 2 1 1 1—5	1 1 1 1 1—5	1 1 2 2 1—5
	↑↑↛↗↖	←↙↙↑↑	
Lennard	0 0 2 0 1—2	1 1 1 2 0—4	.....

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

There has just come from the Forest and Stream press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

The following scores were made at the annual fall tournament of the Harrisburg Shooting Association on Sept. 27 and 28, had weather preventing a better attendance:

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, $1 entrance: J. H. Worden 10, Corcoran 7, Longnecker 7, Brewster 7, Burnham 5, Hohart 4, Krueger 8, Brewer 10.

No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50 entrance: Worden 12, Brewer 13, Krueger 15, Burnham 5, Corcoran 10, Hohart 9, Brewster 12.

No. 3, 15 targets, $1.50 entrance: Krueger 11, Brewer 11, Corcoran 12, J. H. Worden 12, Burnham 11, Brewster 12, Hohart 11, Longnecker 12.

No. 4, 20 targets, $2 entrance:

Brewer....10111110111111111111—18
Krueger...01101101111101101111—15
Hobart....11111111101111011111—18
Corcoran..11011011111010101111—15
Worden....01111111111111111101—18
Brewster..11010111011111110100—14
L'ngneck'r 10000100100111001111—10
Burnham..11110111011111111111—15
Ertter.....10110011011010010101—11

No. 5, 20 targets, $2 entrance:

Brewer....01111111111111111101—18
Hohart....11011111111111011101—17
Worden....11111010111011111011—16
Burnham..01101110011110011111—14
Krueger...11011110101011111111—15
Corcoran..11101111101111110011—16
Brewster..11111110111101111111—18

No 6, 15 targets, $1.50 entrance: Hohart 13, Brewster 9, Burnham 11, Wellington 10, Kreuger 14, Worden 13, Longnecker 13, Corcoran 12.

No. 7, 15 targets $1 50 entrance: Kreuger 11, Hohart 14, Worden 13, Longnecker 10, Burnham 9, Wellington 11, Corcoran 12, Brewster 13.

No. 8, 15 targets, $1.50 entrance: Hobart 11, Worden 14, Brewster 13, Wellington 13, Kreuger 14, Burnham 12, Corcoran 13.

No. 9, 10 targets, $1.00 entrance: Worden 9, Kreuger 8, Brewster 7, Wellington 8, Corcoran 8, Hobart 9. Longnecker 4, Burnham 7.

No. 10, 10 targets, $1.00 entrance: Worden 7, Hohart 9, Kreuger 6, Wellington 6, Corcoran 8, Brewster 9, Burnham 9, Longnecker 8.

Individual target trophy presented by Harrisburg Shooting Association, 50 targets, everything known, $3 00 entrance:

Worden.....11111111111111111111111111111111011110011101111—46
Brewster.....11101111011111111111111111111111111011101111001—44
Kreuger.....10110111111111001110111111110101011111011111111011- 40
Burnham.....11101101011010111111001010101111101011101111111—38
Lougnecker.....11101111011101111110101000111101111111101110011111—38
Wellington.....00111111111101011111111110011000011101110110110—35

Special race, Brewer vs Kruger, 100 targets, $50 a side:

Brewer.....11111111101111111111110111—23
11111111111111110111111111—24
11111111111111111110111111—24
11011111111111110110111111—22—93
Kruger.....11101111101111111110111011—21
11111110111111111011111011—22
11111111101111101111101111—22
11101111111111111011111111—23—88

Second Day.

No. 1, 20 targets, $2 entrance;

Kruger....11111111101111111110—18
Hohart....11111101111111111101—18
Denny.....11100111011100101100 -12
Brewster..01101101111110111010—14
Smith.....11010110110001110000—11
Worden...11111111111111111111—20
Schaaher..01111111111111111111—19
Schmeck...11111111110111111101—18
Mellot.....01110111111110111111—17

No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50 entrance: Worden 10, Shaaher 11, Deuny 5, Schmeck 15, Longnecker 12, Brewster 11, Kruger 14, Hobart 14.

No. 3, 15 targets, $1.50 entrance: Hobart 11, Kreuger 11, Schmeck 14, Mellot 11, Denny 12, Worden 13, Schaaher 14, Brewster 13, Longnecker 15, Smith 6.

No. 4, 10 targets, $1 entrance: Schmeck 8, Schaaber 9, Longnecker 1, Denny 4, Worden 8, Hohart 8, Brewster 9, Mellot 10, Kreuger 10.

No. 5, 25 targets, $2 50 entrance:

Schaaher:.....11110111101111001011011101—18
Kreuger.....11110100111101110101111110—18
Schmeck.....10111001111111111011111110—20
Worden.....11111111011111111111111111—24
Denny.....11100111010111110101100O—16
Hohart.....11110111101011011111111100—19
Longnecker.....11111000010110111011101111—17

Keystone Top Shot Wad Company's trophy, 20 live birds per man, $5 entrance, birds extra:

Worden....22222222221021022222—18
Schmeck..12011201021201121221—16
Brewster..01121102111220222121—17
Denuy.....21022222202222222022—17
Schaaber..21111212110221222111—19
Mellot.....21111222102111221122—19
Foose.....21022112212010102221—16
Wellington11112111212111212210—19
Longnec'er21121011211201202201—16

Ties for trophy, 9 birds:

Schaaher.....110121020—6
Mellot.....220211120—7
Wellington.....111111212—9

Extra No 1, 15 targets, $1.50 entrance: Kreuger 14, Schmeck 11, Schaaber 13, Worden 14, Denny 11, Mellot 12.

Extra No. 2, 10 targets, $1 entrance: Kreuger 9, Schmeck 4, Schaaher 9, Worden 9, Denny 10, Mellot 8.

Extra No. 3, 10 live birds:

Denny.....22220-22202— 8
Schmeck.....2222222221—10
Brewster.....2112111120— 9
Worden.....1102202100— 6

Extra No. 4, miss and out, $4 entry, 11 entries: Brewster, Wellington, Denny and Worden killed three birds and divided:

Lynchburg Scores.

Lynchburg, Va., Oct 2.—To-day the Gun Club held a shoot at the Fair grounds under the auspices of the Fair Association, it being the annual exhibit of the Agricultural and Mechanical Association. On account of bad weather and the hurry and bustle of building new exhibition grounds the club had but a few days to arrange for the occasion. The fixings were all put in place, however, in good time, and the programme arranged for the occasion was carried out. The shoot, with one or two slight mishaps, passed off in good shape. The day was bright and not too warm, the company excellent, and being determined to enjoy the day, had everything their own way. The visitors, who were made most welcome, were Messrs. Fonda, Daniels, Gilmer and Jordan, of Greenboro; Col. Anthony, of Charlotte, N. C.; Tell Mitchell and E. Taylor, of Lynch's Station; Chambers, of Pamplins, and Ficklin, of Cumberland, Va. After shooting the Fair programme all hands went to the club grounds at Riverment and finished the day.

The programme included nine 15-target races, $1.50 entrance, and three 20-target races, $2; everything was shot at known traps, unknown angles. Scores:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
No of targets in event	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*195*
Fonda	9	15	11	14	10	15	11	13	10	12	13	12	—145
Gilmer	12	17	8	13	11	14	13	14	11	14	12	13	—152
W Tell Mitchell	12	14	12	14	14	13	11	12	15	13	13	12	—158
Daniels	10	12	9	12	12	12	..	10	..	..	..	..	— 77
Terry	11	14	9	15	13	17	11	11	13	13	13	14	—154
Doruin	11	14	13	15	10	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	— 97
Cleland	12	12	11	10	10	12	5	9	9	14	12	10	—126
Empie	10	13	6	15	10	12	9	11	10	13	13	13	—136
Claytor	6	13	11	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	— 51
Moorman	10	15	11	14	10	10	11	8	9	..	..	..	— 98
Col Anthony	8	15	12	11	11	18	11	14	14	11	15	12	—152
Jordan	11	15	10	20	13	17	12	11	14	14	..	..	—138
Scott	9	13	10	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	— 48
Taylor	9	19	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	— 44
Nelson	11	17	12	13	9	16	13	12	10	13	11	14	—151
Stearns	..	13	10	14	10	13	12	10	7	12	8	..	—109
Durphey	9	3	7	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	— 22
Fleppen	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	— 12
Chambers	..	9	6	9	13	5	8	7	..	..	..	..	— 75
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	6	7	11	9	9	— 54

F. M. D.

Brewer to Carver and Elliott.

New York, Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in the New York *Sun* of Oct. 1, that Dr. Carver and J. A. R. Elliott are to shoot again for the "World's Championship," on Oct. 11, 12 and 13, at Kansas City. As Mr. Elliott has just won from the Doctor, what they claimed was the "Championship of the World," may I be allowed to ask if the proposed shoot is for the championship of Mars or some future world? If it is, why not make it an open event and let us all enter, champions, ex-champions and would-be champions, so as to determine who is to go to this strange world duly credited as the champion pigeon shot of this world of ours. I always thought that I was the champion wing shot of this sphere, but it seems that I was mistaken and that all the champions of the world, and of the world to come, are to be settled by contests between these two indiviuals.

I wish to call attention to the fact that I have a forfeit of $150 deposited in the hands of the *American Field*, and am anxiously awaiting the naming of the dates and places when I can have my little say as to the championship which I have ever been ready to defend since 1888. Now I once more ask the Doctor to name dates and places, giving me two weeks notice, and thus show the sportsmen of this and other countries that he really means to shoot me a match.

J. L. Brewer, Champion wing shot of (this) world.

Boston Shooting Association.

Wellington, Mass., Oct. 3.—The following scores were made in the tournament of the Boston Shooting Association held here:

No. 1, 10 targets: Herbert and Dickey first, Jones and White second, Wheeler third.

No. 2, 10 targets: Jones first, Wheeler, Herbert, Rule and Dickey second, White third.

No. 3, 5 pairs: Rule first, Dickey and White second, Herbert and Wheeler third.

No. 4, 10 targets: White and Rule first, Jones second, Herbert and Dickey third.

No. 5, 15 targets: White first, Herbert second, Rule and Dickey third.

No. 6, 5 pairs: Herbert, Wheeler and Climax first, Dickey second, Jones third.

No. 7, 20 targets; White first, Herbert second, Jones, Wheeler and Rule third, Leroy and Dickey fourth.

No. 8, 10 targets: Herbert first, Jones and Dickey second, Rule third.

No. 9, 5 pairs: Jones, Wheeler and Rule first, White, Sanborn and Herbert second, Dickey third, Leroy fourth.

No. 10, 10 targets: Climax and Sanborn first, Jones, White, Herbert and Allison second, Wheeler, Snow, Stanton, Leroy and Curtis, third, Rule and Farrar fourth.

No. 11, 10 targets: Herbert, Wheeler and Snow first, White, Leroy, Olimax and Dickey secoud, Jones, Rule and Stanton third, Allison and Sanborn fourth.

No. 12, 10 targets: Sanborn, Jones and Burbridge first, Leroy, Herbert and Allison second, Wheeler and Climax third, Lyman, Rule and Stanton fourth.

No. 13, 5 pairs: Jones first, Wheeler second, Pickles third.

No. 14, 10 targets: Wheeler and Dickey first, Rule second, Jones, Climax, Allison and Stanton third, Herbert fourth.

No. 15, 10 targets: Jones, White, Leroy, Rule and Climax first, Herbert and Stanton second, Wheeler and Snow third, Allison, Farrar and Dickey fourth.

No. 16, 10 pairs: Wheeler first, Leroy second, Herbert third.

No. 17, 10 targets: White, Herbert, Climax and Snow first, Jones and Stanton second, Leroy, Wheeler, Rule and Allison third, Dickey fourth.

No. 18, 25 targets: White, Wheeler and Rule first, Jones second, Dickey and Stanton third.

No. 19, 10 targets: Herbert first, Stanton and Farrar second, Leroy and Walls third, Snow, Allison and White fourth.

No. 20, 10 targets: White, Wheeler and Dickey first, Jones, Rule, Allison and Snow second, Herbert third, Leroy fourth.

No. 21, 10 targets: White first. Allison and Wheeler second.

No. 22, 15 targets: Leroy first, White and Dickey second, Jones third.

No. 23, 10 targets: Wheeler first, Jones and Stanton second, Gore and Dickey third, Herbert fourth.

B. S. A.

Green Ridge Gun Club.

Scranton, Pa., Oct. 1.—The live bird shoot held at the Baseball Park on Sept. 28 under the auspices of the Green Ridge Gun Club, was a great success. The event of the day was a great success. The event of the day was a 25 live bird race, $10 entrance, birds extra. No less than 38 entries were obtained, the number preventing all ties being shot off before darkness put an end to the day's sport. The event was open to residents of northeastern Pennsylvania only. The following are the scores: F. M. Spencer 21, H. D. Swartz 21, A. C. Monies 18, W. H. Davenport 22, Clem. Marsh, Jr., 19, J. C. Highfield 21, Fred. Mason 16, L Young 21, Will. Frey 21, C. J. Maddox 20, J. D. Mason 20, Phil. Williams 14, James Twiss 18, F. H. Clemons 18, E. A. Highfield 19, C. C. Stackhouse 10, J. A. Van Bergen 18, T. J. Ely 22, Roh. Wallace 19, John Coyne 17, Sim. Davis 22, Dr. J. W. Houser 21, David J. Davis 19, W. G. Fassold 21, Thomas Carter 13, Williams Evans 20, L. Bunnell 6, H. W. Kistler 12, C. M. Brownell 10, Will. Annaman 18, W. H. Watley 19, R. J. Grimes 15, Thomas Lewis 19, Sol. Jones 21, John Hughes 19, Wm. Thomas 8, Chas. Gardner 15, Rob. Clayton 17.

Davenport, Ely and Davis tied for first prize with 22; in the shoot-off in series of 5 birds Davis killed 10 straight and won. Eight shooters tied for the second prize, Dr. J. W. Houser winning by killing 10 straight, Spencer and Highfield scoring 9 each.

Hebbard Beats Brewer.

Capt. J. L. Brewer, having just gotten a new L. C. Smith gun, was showing it to Mr. Charles C. Hebbard, of the W. Fred Quimby Company, the other day. The gun is a 7¾-pound live-bird gun, very straight in the stock. Mr. Hebbard, in throwing the gun to his shoulder, said that he could beat the man who shot it at targets. A match was made, and the result given below shows that Mr. Hebbard's judgment was correct in this instance. The shoot took place on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club at Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 6. Score:

Match at 100 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Brewer.....10011111011111010101111—19
11101011111101111111111—22
11111011111111111111111—24
11111111111111101101111—23—88
Hebbard.....11110111111101111011111—22
11101111111011111111111—23
11111111101011111111101—22
11111101111111111011111—23—90

Chattanooga Gun Club.

Chattanooga, Oct. 3.—The following scores were made yesterday at our regular Wednesday practice shoot on our club grounds near Riverview. The attendance was small, owing to our "attorney members" being engaged at court Conditions of each event were 25 singles, known traps, unknown angles.

No. 1:

White.....11111111011101111111111111—23
O'Connell.....11010101111111110001111111—19
Woodworth.....11111111111111101111111111—24
Pooler.....11011111001110001101011111—17
Reif.....11111111110111111010110011—20

No. 2:

White.....01111111111101111111111111—23
O'Connell.....11100001111111001110001111—16
Woodworth.....10111111111111101111111111—23
Pooler.....11101010000111010101010110—15
Reif.....11000111111011111110110111—19

F. H. W.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. R. P., Philadelphia, Pa.—Various receipts for waterproofing have been published in the Forest and Stream of Jan. 16, 1890; Jan. 19, 1882; and July 27, 1882.

W. D., Paterson, N. J.—Please decide the following: Ten men entered in a sweepstake for three moneys; one man won first; two tied for second place and as I decided at request that they divide second money between them or decide it by the best target, or as a last resort shoot it off and the winner take all and the loser nothing, and the next highest man on score to take third money. Ans. In rifle matches or sweepstakes the highest scores takes the money. All ties divide.

Louis, Saratoga, N. Y.—The "bug" which you send us is what is called the walking stick, an insect belonging to the order *Orthoptera*, nearly related to the grasshoppers and crickets. It closely simulates in its appearance a twig or a stick, and so is called the walking stick. Another name for it is *Mantis*, and there is an European species known as the praying mantis, from the attitude which it assumes when disturbed. Any work on insects, or any good natural history, will give you further details about this insect.

Z. T. E., Jr., White Castle, La.—Inclosed please find sample of, as I suppose, wild rice seed. Some time ago I wrote Forest and Stream in regard to purchasing and planting wild rice. In answer I received names of parties from whom I could get the seed, with instructions for planting. Last December I purchased 22lbs of the seed and planted some in Lake Natchez, twelve miles from this place. On visiting the lake ten days ago I found a strange plant bearing the accompanying seed. The plant was not where seed was sown but about a quarter of a mile east of where rice was sown. There are not less than 300 bunches of this plant growing with an average of about five heads of seed to the bunch. Never having seen wild rice growing I am in douht whether this is wild rice or not, but from what I can remember of the seed sown I think it must be the rice. To settle all doubts I send sample of seed gathered from the plants. Ans. The seed is clearly wild rice, and if none grew in the lake before it seems certain that your sowing must be responsible for the plants you found. Could the seed have been carried by a current from the point where yo sowed it to where it is now growing?

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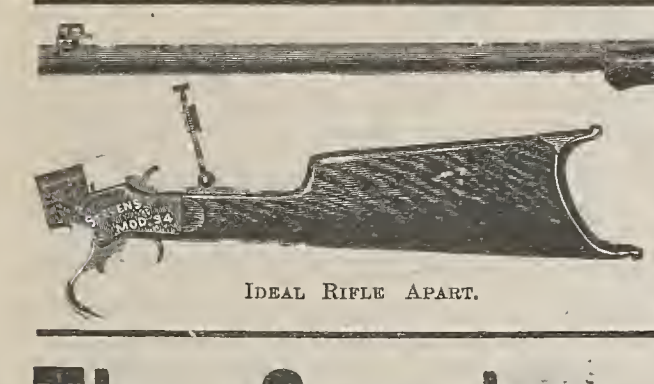

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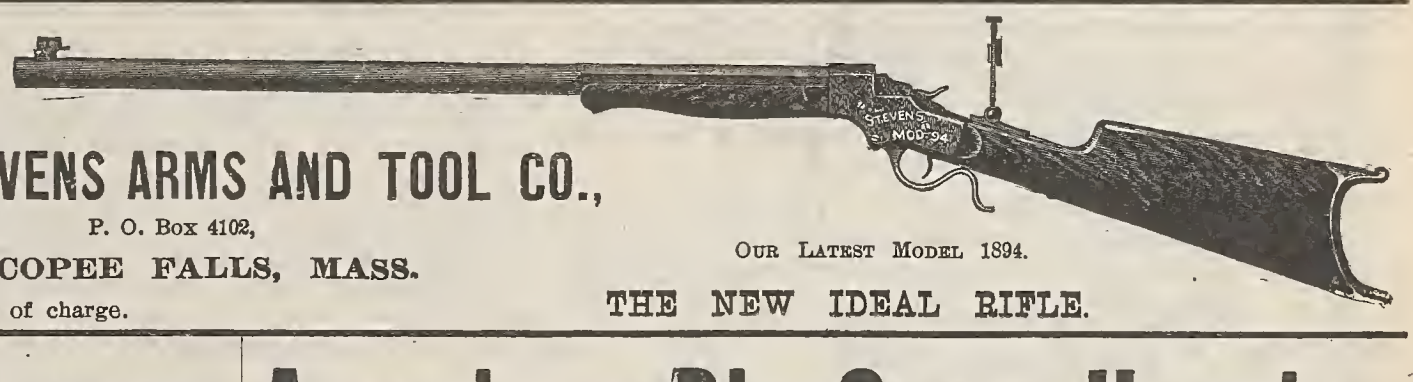

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FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

REV. DR. J. MCCLUSKEY BLAYNEY, of Frankfort, Ky., has recently accomplished a fishing performance which is worthy of chronicle. In the Trout Lake waters of Wisconsin he took 238 large-mouth black bass weighing 336 pounds, in a single day. Reckoning the working day at ten hours, the take would mean twenty-three fish per hour, or one every two and a half minutes. Such a score gives evidence of the abounding fertility of the waters, and testifies to the good luck of the fisherman and not less to his assiduity, muscle and staying power. The Doctor made a big score, one not easily to be surpassed by the every-day fisherman.

To rate the incident merely as a scoring of so many fish taken in so few hours would be, however, to make but low and vulgar account of a performance that is in itself not particularly creditable, but which might yet be dignified if done for a worthy purpose. To yank out a boat load of 238 bass in a day is of course a feat of which in itself neither Dr. Blayney nor any other right-thinking angler would be particularly proud. For one thing, and looking at it merely from the standpoint of getting amusement out of the fishing, such a snaking out of a mess of fish means a waste of raw material which properly utilized might afford a lot of fun. If those 238 bass, which were hustled from water to boat in ten hours, had been taken as an angler who was fishing for the fun of the thing would have taken them, they would have furnished entertainment for rod and reel for many a day. Dr. Blayney we assume is an angler who would prefer to fish in such a manner as to derive the most satisfaction from the pursuit; and the very fact that he was content to deprive himself of so much of the genuine pleasure as he might have enjoyed in the time at his disposal, and instead of angling took to yanking, should be taken as indicating that he had in view something other than the mere fun of fishing. While no record is given of the disposition of those 238 fish, it goes without saying that they were taken for some good purpose.

The catch was made in an unnamed lake in the Wisconsin forests, some twenty miles from the Trout Lake Hotel; and as fish are reported plentiful in the immediate vicinity of the house, we are not to assume that the guest from Kentucky had been employed by the steward to fish for the hotel table. Indeed had this been the case, the Doctor would have felt slight satisfaction in the feat; it would have been classed among those things which, as the French say, may be fitting to be done but are not fitting to be boasted of. Rather are we to understand that to the Doctor's ready ear had come some tale of destitution—of forest fire victims, it may have been—who were sorely in straits for food; and he was prompted to go fishing that he might provide for the alleviation of their distress. If thus the Reverend Doctor was following the example of the Master whose minister he is, we may be assured that no one of those 238 bass taken in the depths of the forest was wasted. For on the memorable occasion of the miraculous provision of the loaves and the fishes, it was commanded, after all had eaten, to gather up the fragments that remained, that nothing might be lost. If a like careful using of the bounties of nature was enjoined by Dr. Blayney upon those who fed of the fishes he had provided, that fact must have heightened the satisfaction he indulged for having made a catch of bass so extrordinary to meet an emergency so unusual. Every angler, even when he fishes for sweet charity, likes to feel that none of his fish are wasted; and no one, who fishes with interest loftier than mere stupid count, would care to catch 238 bass in ten hours with an apprehension that they might be left to decay.

It is not every day that an angler finds occasion to fish for the relief of the destitute. We congratulate Dr. Blayney that to him on his summer vacation such an opportunity was given, and that he improved it so well. His deed stands out as pure gold, in noble and worthy contrast with the base metal of count fishing. For there are fishermen, we regret to say, who finding the opportunity would catch 336 pounds of black bass in a day with never a thought of what was to become of the fish, and with not a shadow of concern as to whether or not the catch was made for any good purpose. Such wanton killers know neither the pleasures of angling nor the satisfaction of charitable deeds.

OF FOUR THINGS BEWARE.

TRAGEDY treads close upon the heel of mirth. We set out on pleasure, and it is like to end in sorrow. Of four things beware—a loaded gun, an unloaded gun, a catboat and a pretty face.

The story, which a Chicago shooter tells in our game columns to-day of his bursted gun on a North Dakota ducking water, came perilously near being a story of fatality to have been told by some other than himself.

In an interior village of this State, one day last week, a son returning from a shooting excursion, came into the house with game and gun. The father picked up the gun, thinking it to be unloaded, pointed it at the mother, said in fun, "Suppose I should shoot you;" pulled the trigger for a joke; and shot her dead.

Last Sunday four young men of Staten Island set out in a catboat for a day's sail on the New York Bay. The craft foundered in a gale, and only one of the four was left to tell the story of joy turned into mourning.

In this city the other day Secret Service detectives took into custody a fugitive from justice, for whom they had been looking for twelve years. A trusted employe of the Government, holding a responsible position in Washington, this man once joined a party of congenial spirits for a shooting trip to the West; there they stopped at a farm house; he became infatuated with the daughter; took her to Washington; embezzled public funds to meet her extravagant demands; and became a fugitive, his life miserably wrecked from the time of that shooting trip West.

And yet four of the most harmless things in all the world are a loaded gun, an unloaded gun, a catboat and a pretty face.

THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

NEW YORK will vote next month on the adoption of a proposed new constitution. One of the new provisions relates to the forest preserve and reads:

> The lands of the State now owned or hereafter acquired, constituting the forest preserve as now fixed by law, shall be forever kept as wild forest lands. They shall not be leased, sold or exchanged, or be taken by any corporation, public or private, nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed, or destroyed.

This is not an ideal disposition of the public forestry question; but it is perhaps the wisest one under existing circumstances. The woodlands of the State, like the woodlands owned by individuals, are properly a source of revenue. Rightly exploited wild forest lands would yield an income year after year in perpetuity, and without impairment of the capital. Such scientific systematic forestry obtains in most of the government preserves of Europe; and it might be established in this country, if it could ever be conducted as a public service and not as new form of private jobbery. As a matter of fact no subject of legislation at Albany in recent years has been more perplexing for an honest man to deal with than that of the disposition of the State forest lands. No projects ostensibly in the public interest have concealed so many niggers in the woodpile; there have been few other subjects of legislation in which the advocates of what they considered the public advantage were so liable to find themselves being used as tools to further the schemes of designing speculators and land grabbers. The ideal solution of the New York forestry problem would be found in a scientific and honest administration of the wild lands. If we may not have this the disposition embodied in the new section of the constitution should be adopted. It will at least save what is left of the woods. At some other day short of the lion and lamb age, it may be possible for a great State like New York to reap the advantages of this natural reserve in a more reasonable manner, for the public good, free from the plunderings of Adirondack forestry schemers.

THE WALTON MEMORIAL.

THE projected London memorial of Izaak Walton will consist of a stained glass window in the church of St. Dunstan's in the West; and the cost is estimated at $500. St. Dunstan's was selected as an appropriate place for the memorial inasmuch as Walton was long a vestryman of the church, and filled several other offices in the parish. The church registers too record the death of seven of his children, his first wife and her mother. The circular which Mr. R. B. Marston sends us further points out the fact that by reason of his "Lives" of eminent Divines, Walton is closely identified with the church. It was too, as every reader of Walton will remember, in "S. Dunstans Churchyard Fleetstreet" that in 1653 hung the sign of Rich. Marriot, who then and there made a lasting name for himself in the annals of literature by giving his imprint to the first edition of the "Angler." The shrine for the memorial has been happily chosen; we doubt not that the window itself will be quite as appropriate in character.

American anglers are invited to contribute to the fund now raising for the purpose; and it is to be hoped that the United States may not be without such a representation, for our British cousins surely may not claim exclusively to hold the regard which nineteenth century anglers feel toward their prototype of the seventeenth. Indeed why should not we ourselves have some tangible memorial of Walton on this side of the water? There must be Waltonians in America quite willing to provide something of the sort if it were projected to meet their approval. The parks in our cities give room to monuments to many a subject less deserving than the fishing vestryman of St. Dunstan's.

One of these days, when times shall have mended, and returned prosperity shall have made the occasion auspicious, such an American memorial enterprise may successfully be undertaken.

RUM AND REINDEER.

IT will be recalled that a most interesting experiment n stocking a country with wild game for a food supply is now in progress in Alaska, where a herd of imported reindeer has been put out and protected. Reports were received last week, saying that the deer have now firmly established themselves, and are multiplying at a rate which gives promise of the complete success of the far-sighted enterprise. Large numbers of the new-comers, unused to the natural phenomena of precipices, have manifested an unexpected degree of cervine stupidity by incontinently leaping over the cliffs to destruction, but the species is gradually becoming wonted to the novel surroundings, and the Alaskan reindeer herds individually and collectively may be reckoned as on a sure footing.

Coincidently with this philanthropic provision of venison for his empty stomach, the Eskimo is receiving from his white brothers an inordinate stock of fire-water to make him crazy and kill him. Alaskan whisky traders are driving a brisk industry in "rot-gut" whisky and doctored rum. The liquid agencies which have killed off such multitudes of Indians in this country are working out the fate of the Eskimo there. In the face of such a condition the Alaskan reindeer scheme is but a paltry measure of relief to offset certain destruction. It is a race between reindeer and rum; and the odds are all with the rum. Of the result there can be no doubt. Where the deer will save one Eskimo, the rum will kill a dozen.

THE MINNESOTA TEST CASES.

THE full text of the important Minnesota test cases is given on another page. They are worthy of careful study, for in them are set forth the sound principles of game protection; and the decisions themselves give the clinching to strong and well shapen laws. The findings of the court are in fullest and heartiest keeping with the spirit as well as the letter of the Minnesota statute; they sustain and make effective a scheme of game and fish protection admirable in plan, detail and practical working. Of the Minnesota system we shall have more to say; it is well worth study.

The Sportsman Tomist.

MAKING A RAISE.

Fur-hunting—that's what we intended doing the coming winter. The whole of the past summer we had spent in prospecting for mineral, but the autumn had come, snow already covered the summits of the mountains and we had struck nothing; and now the three of us sat in solemn conclave in Joe Dalton's cabin one fine October morning a few years ago. This cabin was situated on a ranch in the Flathead Valley, northwestern Montana, and we were discussing where to go. So far nothing had been settled. The season was too far advanced for an extended trip and we hadn't funds enough to outfit ourselves. Finally Joe deferred matters until the evening, as he wanted to ride to town, nine miles away, for the mail. He was out of tobacco, too, which was a still more serious affair.

It was 7 o'clock before he returned and we were at supper, and after unsaddling his horse he tossed a letter and two newspapers on to the bunk, drew up to the table, helped himself to a large portion of venison stew and commenced eating without further ceremony, and presently Fred inquired what made him so late.

"Business," replied Joe, as he ladled away at the stew. "I got on to something this afternoon that's worth looking into. I'll explain after a while, but I'm just about hungry now—haven't had a bite since breakfast."

It was evident from Joe's look of suppressed excitement that he had something of importance to communicate, and after finishing his meal he lit his pipe, blew forth a vast cloud of smoke, and heaving a sigh of deepest content, proceeded to unburden himself.

"Who d'ye think I saw down town to-day?"

"How should we know?" said Fred; "unless some of the boys have returned from the Libby Creek excitement."

"No, it's none of them. It was Dutch Billy."

"When did he get back?" "Where's he been to?" "Did he have any luck?" and for a moment Joe was assailed by a running fire of questions. Billy had mysteriously disappeared over two weeks ago, having left in the night for parts unknown, with a heavy pack on his back, a belt full of ammunition and his old Sharps rifle. He was a first-rate hunter and was given to making periodical excursions, always on foot and alone, into the depths of the great forest that stretched far away to the north and west of the Flathead Valley, emerging therefrom with sundry proofs of his skill in the shape of skins and furs, sometimes of considerable value.

"He's on a terror of a spree," said Joe. "He got a bear skin and five beaver hides and sold 'em at Randall's store for $25 and a gallon of whisky. He never said where he'd been but old man Ray met him on the Kootenay trail packing his wad. When little Billy's sober he'll never open his head, but when he's full he's a fool like all drunken men, and he let out to me that he'd struck two fresh beaver dams."

"Why didn't he stay and catch the beavers then?"

"His grub played out, and I guess he was thirsty," said Joe, "but he camped in a meadow near a river, he said, and I got points enough to know that place if we could only run across it, and I mean trying my best, you can make your mind easy on that."

"Well, that's a cute trick! You mean getting in ahead of Billy then and trying for them yourself?"

"You bet I do,' said Joe emphatically, "what'll that little whisky bloat do if he gets 'em? He'll only blow in what they bring, same as he's doing now. It's free for all in these parts, and we've just as good a right to make a raise as he has—and a better one—'cause we'll make good use of it."

"Of course we will," assented Fred, "but when 'll Billy start after them?"

"Billy 'll never leave town while he's got a cent, and then it'll take him a week to get sober. You boys get the outfit ready to-morrow and I'll go after some flour for we're nearly out. Then we'll pack old 'Breed and start in the evening."

Any faint scruples of mine regarding prior rights and the laws of *meum* and *tuum* (as interpreted in that none too law-abiding section) were speedily overcome by this convincing logic, and we at once commenced preparations. Beaver skins were valuable, and getting very scarce hereabouts, and the man who found a colony of them was regarded as one with a moderate bank account to draw upon.

There seemed no need to publish our movements to the neighborhood at large, so we started on our wild goose chase by moonlight. The old pony, which Joe had traded from a half breed Indian long before, was burdened with a large pack, and we went afoot, for feed might be scarce and the fewer horses we had to attend the better in such an expedition as the present. We had a small tent, our blankets, cooking utensils, an axe, six heavy double spring traps and a good supply of provisions and ammunition, and, of course, our rifles, for we were ready to take in anything we ran across.

The Indian trail to the Kootenay River was soon reached, and, leaving the open valley, we entered the forest and were soon entirely away from civilization. About 10 o'clock we came to a little grassy opening and camped for the night. Early next morning we were under way again, and now the country was rougher, the trail winding among low, rolling hills, and around swampy places where grew tangled clumps of red willows. We stopped at noon on a little stream that flowed to our right, ate a hurried meal, and started again. The timber was very fine here; giant pine and tamarack trees stood towering over their lesser fir and spruce brethren, but the density of the undergrowth prevented an extended view in any direction, and, after ascending a low hill, we followed the trail down into a wooded hollow along which another stream ran, and here we once more halted.

"This is as far as I'm anyways certain about," said Joe. "The Clearwater River is off east to our right about four miles, and this little creek puts into it. Billy took two days to get there, and he spoke of an old landslide that had dammed up the river in times gone by, but there was no getting any sense out of him. Now, if we can find that landslide we're solid. It's the only thing we've got to guide us, anyway."

There was no trail from here on as we turned down the little stream and followed its course. Joe had troublesome work leading the pony around fallen trees and through the dense brush, but the little gulch gradually widened into a comparatively open river bottom, and presently we emerged from the woods in a small meadow of some twenty acres in extent. It was completely encircled by forest, but looking ahead over the treetops we saw a line of wooded mountains. They were not far distant—half a mile to the lower slopes perhaps—and then we knew we were near the Clearwater, for it skirted the base of the hills.

Choosing a flat place just inside the timber, we pitched our tent under a spreading fir tree, and while Fred started the supper, Joe picketed his pony and I cut a good supply of "mountain feathers" (fir browse) and spread the blankets out for our bed; and after a hearty meal we passed the time in smoking and speculating on the outcome of our venture as we sat by the cheerful camp-fire. Our first need was some fresh meat, and as deer tracks had been seen all the afternoon, we decided to go hunting on the morrow, and, fatigued with our day's tramp, we turned in early.

It was a little after daylight when I awoke. The fly of the tent was not quite closed, and through the opening I could see old 'Breed standing motionless at the end of his picket rope, his ears pricked up and gazing intently across the meadow. I knew the old pony's ways, and this one told me he saw something unusual. Gently, very gently, I crawled from beneath the warm blankets. The boys were still sleeping soundly, and gaining the opening without arousing them, I looked out. A light fog hung over everything, but I could easily see across the meadow, and about half-way around to the right stood a whitetail deer, just at the edge of the brush, apparently surprised at our unwelcome intrusion, yet impelled by curiosity to remain. With a laudable wish to gratify that curiosity, but in a somewhat unexpected manner, I quietly reached for my rifle. The shot was an easy one, not over 70yds., and the sharp report of the piece broke abruptly on the perfect stillness that reigned over the forest that foggy October morning. I saw the deer bound forward on to the grass, wheel suddenly and rush back into the woods, and Joe and Fred were on their feet in an instant. Within five minutes a fire was started and I walked over the wet grass with Joe to look for my game, which I knew had been hit, and we found it lying dead just inside the timber. The ball had struck just behind the shoulder, and gone diagonally through it, coming out the opposite flank.

We soon had the deer, which was a six months' buck fawn, strung up to a branch in camp, and by the time it was dressed Fred had breakfast ready. That lucky shot of mine meant a saving of time and trouble, and we were highly elated at our good fortune. The meal concluded, we decided to explore the river and its tributaries near by, so we proceeded down our little stream in company. Just at the further extremity of the meadow stood a great fir tree with heavy masses of foliage spreading out like a canopy some 10ft. above the ground, and underneath it were signs of human occupation. A rude fireplace of stones held the ashes of a fire, and a bed of soft browse had been made, while on a limb hung two circular hoops of willow, and all this had been done quite recently.

"We've struck the right spot," said Joe. "That's Billy's camp."

Of this we had no doubt whatever, and it was but a short distance to the brink of Clearwater. Its banks were low and level, and, although well timbered, were free from underbrush, and here we separated. Joe started off down stream, while Fred and I crossed the little tributary and went in the opposite direction. After following the devious windings of the river for two miles or more, we approached a place where the stream appeared to fork, but before reaching this spot a promising-looking little creek was encountered and we decided to examine it. We had carefully scrutinized every foot of the river bank, and hadn't seen even a beaver cutting, although a mile or so up the little tributary we came to some old workings, but they were uninhabited now, having been trapped out long ago, and after a careful, though fruitless, examination, we started back to camp, reaching there late in the afternoon, somewhat tired and very hungry; but Joe had returned and had an appetizing supper almost ready, to which we did full justice, for that venison steak was perfect.

If we had been unsuccessful Joe had fared no better. He had followed the stream for nearly three miles to where it made a sharp bend, and some very old beaver signs around a muddy slough that adjoined the river proved a poor reward for his pains, so we decided to reverse matters on the morrow, we going down stream and Joe examining the river above the point where we had turned off.

We were up early next morning, and this time took a lunch with us, as we intended being away all day, and by 9 o'clock Fred and I reached the bend Joe had mentioned. For a mile or so the Clearwater had been trending away from the hills, but now it swung inward, meeting the mountain abruptly, then turning off again along its base, and on reaching this spot we emerged from the woods into an open space on the river bank, which here rose vertically from the water. As we did so we obtained an unobstructed view of the opposite bank and saw the very thing we were seeking.

The hillside ran up steeply there and the continual sapping of the fast running water had, in times gone by, loosened a large mass of earth and rocks which had slid down into the stream, partially damming it. A great quantity of driftwood, brought down by the spring freshets, had accumulated here, and one large tree had jammed against the bank on which we stood, thus enabling one to cross to the other side. The scar on the mountain slope left by the landslide was plainly visible, although overgrown with brush and small trees, but if Dutch Billy's incoherent ravings contained a grain of truth this was surely the place.

But where were the beaver dams? We could see quite a distance down stream and there was not a sign of one. In fact the river was much too rapid for such work and there were no tributaries entering here. I scanned the opposite bank closely but could see no encouragement whatever. Some tall leafless cottonwoods were scattered along it, and in one place some willow bushes concealed the outlet of a little rill or spring, but it was so small that we never gave it a second thought, and after a brief consultation we decided to cross the stream on the jam of driftwood.

The wide sweep of the Clearwater encircled a large, densely wooded flat, and the hill which arose behind it was here broken into by a hollow that seemed to run back a considerable distance. Our intention was to follow along the base of the hills and strike the river bank opposite our camp, but we were soon struggling with some of the thickest brush I ever encountered, and after crawling through acres of fallen trees and a mixture of willow bushes and jack-pine thickets tangled in every conceivable manner, we ascended the slope a little way, and between the tree trunks obtained a view of our position.

Thick forest—that was all we could see. Great yellow pines reared their lofty tops above a sea of spruce and fir trees, and here and there the bare, naked-looking tamaracks rose to as great a height. We could look almost into the hollow mentioned, and it was considerably larger than we had thought—quite a basin in fact—and down its center ran an irregular line of cottonwoods, which still retained a few of their golden leaves, and we could see more patches of yellow among the sombre foliage on the flat, and look which way we would, our eyes rested upon a rolling expanse of forest, broken only by the silvery line of the Clearwater as it pursued its sinuous course toward the Flathead.

"There must be a creek, Fred, along that line of cottonwoods."

"Yes, it looks like it from here," said he. "Let's go down and try it again."

But the further we traveled the worse matters became. Some swampy ground overgrown with masses of red willows and a liberal admixture of thorns now confronted us, and after slowly working my way through these, I was joined by Fred, who fancied he had found an easier way, but was now softly breathing maledictions on such places in general and this one in particular.

"Hold still a minute, Fred—what's that noise?"

We listened intently and heard the rippling splash of falling water. It seemed to be up toward the gulch and not far distant. This had to be investigated, and ten minutes later we were near the sound, but the willows grew thicker than ever and cost us a hard struggle to get through it. But then came our reward.

A little stream flowed out of the basin, where it had its birthplace, and this had been utilized by some beavers in the cleverest way imaginable. The little depression along which it coursed had been blocked by a large dam built of branches and small logs and plastered with mud, and this had formed a still, deep pool, which extended up the hollow some little distance, gradually shoaling until it met the running waters of the brook. Great numbers of cottonwood saplings had here been cut down and their white stumps were visible everywhere, and it was plainly seen that the work was quite fresh, while the whole locality was buried in such impenetrable brush that we marveled at Billy's cleverness at finding such a well hidden little bonanza. But Fred and I exchanged glances of the keenest satisfaction, for we had evidently "struck a perfect picnic," as he expressed it.

A beaver house was visible across the pool, but no sound broke the stillness save that of the water as it splashed downward over the dam, so we quietly withdrew. For the next three hours we crawled and struggl d in the rank heavy growth of the willow swamp, but were well rewarded for our pains. We found another and a larger beaver dam further up the stream, and after thoroughly exploring the whole basin we started back—along the side of the hill this time—to our bridge and then to camp.

"Well, Joe, what luck to-day?"

"Not much," said Joe, as he laid down a large frying pan of sizzling steak. "I struck the place where Billy got his beaver, though. If you fellows had kept on up the river instead of turning up that little creek, you'd have found it."

"Are there any there now?"

"Any there now? D'ye think Billy's that sort? Why, there was only one fam'ly anyway, an' you bet he got the last of 'em," spake Joseph scornfully.

"And if *you* had gone on around that bend, you'd maybe have found what *we* found," said Fred; and over our supper we described our little discovery to Joe's profound delight, and he thereupon, with sundry rare and emphatic expressions, vowed to replenish the common exchequer, and that right speedily.

Although well up at catching "land fur," we knew but little of beaver trapping, but Joe was an expert at the business, so he took command, and next day we all three went, taking with us a hatchet, Joe's long rubber boots and the six traps, while Fred carried his Winchester. We gained the shallow water at the head of the lower pool, and at once proceeded to business.

"Keep away from the bank, boys," said Joe, as he donned the rubber boots, "a beaver's mighty keen-scented and easily scared. Fred, cut me a dead stick—a dead one mind—'bout five feet long and an inch thick, with a little knot or branch at one end."

A little grove of cottonwood trees fringed the bank across the pool, and a good many of these had been cut down and stored away for winter use by the beaver. The bark forms their principal food, and the wet, slimy bank showed plainly where they landed, and now Joe waded carefully to this spot. The water was about a foot deep here and he placed the heavy beaver trap about six inches out from the bank. Now a beaver always lands at the same spot, and matters were so arranged that when one swam to the landing place and felt about with his hind feet for the bottom it would plant one of them on the pan of the trap. The long dead stick was passed through the ring on the trap chain and then driven firmly into the bank in an almost horizontal position, the object of this being to guide the captured beaver into deeper water and drown it by the weight of the trap. This is the method invariably followed, and after setting another Newhouse No. 4 at another slide on our side of the pool, Joe waded out on to dry ground and rejoined us.

"Two's enough for this place just now," observed he, "it's a small dam, and if they get thrashin' around much the rest might get up and leave, so we'll handle 'em gently at first. Now where's the next place?"

The upper and larger dam was not more than 200yds. away, and by making a detour we avoided much of the dense undergrowth we had encountered on the previous day. We were just approaching the upper end of the pool when a ruffed grouse ran out of a willow bush and fluttered up on to a branch. In an instant Fred had dropped the hatchet and raised his rifle.

"Stop that, stop, don't shoot around here," cried Joe hurriedly.

"Why not, Joe? I can take his head off slick as a

whistle," said Fred, as he reluctantly lowered his piece and gazed longingly at the bird.

"No, the less noise we make here the better. We've plenty of meat yet and don't need that beauty. I'll want three more dead sticks like the last one, so sail in and get 'em."

It took quite a long time for Joe to choose his places and get the traps nicely set. There were two beaver houses built of sticks and mud down toward the dam and in the deep water, but both these and the dams were left sacredly alone. He explained this presently by saying he preferred starting as far away from headquarters as possible, and gradually working down to them, although he had known men, he said, who would cut a hole in the dam itself the first thing, and catch the beaver as they came to repair it by setting the trap there. But Joe preferred his own way, and the result proved the soundness of his views.

"But why are you so mighty particular about having dead sticks for the sliding pole, Joe?"

"Why, 'cause if you put a green one there they'd most likely cut it off and pack it away and the trap with it," said Joe. "Aint they cutting green sticks all around there? Now, let's make for camp, and I'll bet old 'Breed agenst a dollar we'll have fur to dress to-morrow."

Joe prophesied correctly. When we reached the traps next morning we found a fine large beaver in the first one we had set, in the little pool. It was dead, having been drowned quickly and without making much disturbance apparently, while at the upper end two had been caught, both being kittens, as the young ones are called. We reset the traps and carried the dead beaver away from that vicinity, and after taking off the hides deposited the carcasses under a large tree a little way out on the flat from the hillside, and in an open place. A beaver skin is stretched by being laced to an oval hoop made of willow, and those we found hanging in Billy's camp came in handy. That afternoon was spent in dressing the hides, a process of great importance, for furs to fetch a good price must be well handled and nicely cleaned of all fatty matter. Had those beaver been caught later in the winter they would have been worth more money. But they were in very fair condition, so we were glad to get them.

During the next three days we caught five more beavers, and then they seemed to be getting very shy and suspicious. Twice Joe found his traps sprung—one at each dam—and nothing in them. The weather, too, which had hitherto been very fine, now turned cold and cloudy. November was approaching, and we might expect snow at any time, for the ground was usually white by the end of October in these parts.

Joe's luck, too, seemed to be changing. There were some beaver to be caught yet, but all his skill did not avail him; so he and Fred took the hatchet and cut a gap in each dam that lowered the water for fully two feet. Then a trap was set under water just inside the dam, and the very first night we got a beaver at each place. It snowed a few inches deep that night, too, and it was evident that our little expedition would soon be over.

"There," said Joe, as he and Fred returned about 2 o'clock next day with the skins; "them's the two finest and largest hides we've got yet, and if we get one more, I'll be satisfied."

"Well, sit down and get your dinner; it's all ready."

"Yes, and so are we," broke in Fred. "And if we'd had a rifle along we'd not have been back quite so soon. A bear has been feeding on the dead beavers we dumped under that tree, and he's covered what's left of 'em with leaves."

"A bear!" I replied, surprised at this information. "I'd have thought they had all holed up by this time. Are you sure the sign's quite fresh?"

"Of course it is," replied Joe. "He was there early this morning and his tracks were made in the snow, and what's more, he'll be back there again this evening, so if you want some fun, take your rifle and lie in wait for him. I'd go myself only I'm too tired."

I considered the matter a few moments. The place was nearly three miles distant, and I would have to watch until too dark to see any longer. But the moon was nearly at the full; so I took my powerful repeating rifle and a dozen cartridges, and started immediately. Great numbers of deer evidently inhabited this locality, for their tracks seemed everywhere, and I twice saw the branching antlers and waving flags of two magnificent bucks. But we had seen deer nearly every day, and I was now on a different errand, and by 3 o'clock I had crossed the river and was making my way along the side of the hill in search of a good place from which to obtain a clear view of the bait.

This was not so easy to find, but at last I decided to sit on a fallen tree that was well concealed by bushes and not more than 60yds. from the beaver meat. I could see the pile of leaves raked together by the bear, but the warm afternoon sun streaming through the trees was rapidly removing the white fleecy snow that mantled the foliage of the spruces, and the continual drip, drip of the water, added to the feathery masses that were falling in all directions, had marred the spotless carpet on the ground, so that I could not see the tracks our visitor had made. For some time I sat in perfect stillness. The silence was only broken by the distant murmur of the Clearwater and the nearer ripple of the little stream that flowed through the gap Joe had made in the beaver dam, while now and then the sharp upward swish of a branch would be heard as it let its snowy burden tumble downward. Once the rustling flutter of a grouse startled me, so close was it. Then I saw the slender form of a doe as she slowly browsed her way into a little open glade and stood there unconscious of danger. But dusk was now approaching and no other visitor appeared as my glance roved over the white scene below me, so I once more concentrated my attention on the dark pile of leaves by the tree, and as I did so a wild thrill of excitement went through me. How the brute had come without my seeing him I don't know to this minute. But there stood a black bear, slowly pawing away the leaves and rooting among them with his nose. For the first time in my life I knew what "buck fever" meant. The muzzle of my rifle moved in quivering circles as I tried to hold it steady, but with a deep breath I was forced to lower it again. Still the bear continued digging among the leaves, at last uncovering a red-looking object, and now he stood broadside to me, with his paws upon the meat.

Now for it. I dared not trust my holding powers, but laid gently back on the sloping hill and rested my rifle between my knees. The bear's black hide contrasted beautifully with the white ivory foresight and I held for the shoulder as near as I could.

A bright line of fire cut suddenly into the gathering gloom, and the thick smoke hung for a moment as the reverberating echoes of the sound died away among the hills. I just caught a glimpse of my friend as he disappeared among the brush, but the smothered roar he uttered told me something, and the blood-stained snow said more, so I followed the trail at once. To pursue a wounded bear into the brush in semi-darkness is no joke, but the broad crimson splashes thrown at every jump convinced me the chase would be a brief one. The track led through the brush, then wheeled round the point of the mountain, and the basin out of which our beaver stream flowed was evidently where my stricken friend intended going. But his strength rapidly failed him, and just as I entered a little opening I saw the bear rear up near a pine tree and essay to climb it. But one foreleg hung limp and useless and the jaws were red and gory as the poor brute swayed feebly against the pine. I was less than 20yds. away, and now a second ball pierced the breast and shattered the spine of the hapless bear, and before the sound of my shot ceased rolling up the valley, the last spasmodic kick announced the end.

It was long after dark when I reached camp, but the bright moon made traveling easy, and the wild snort of the startled pony when he got a whiff of the bear skin heralded my return to the boys, and when I dropped my burden in the camp their joy and surprise were complete, for it was a fine hide and in excellent condition. They had finished their supper but mine was ready, and I did justice to it. Then, before turning in, we agreed that Fred and I should stretch and clean the bear skin on the morrow while Joe would pay the usual visit to the traps.

His journey proved a fruitless one, so it was decided that night over the evening pipes that the following day would be our last in camp, and while Joe put a few finishing touches to our furs, the traps should be brought in by Fred and myself. We found one small beaver had been caught, but nothing else had been touched, so we returned to camp with the skin and steel traps and passed the remainder of the day in preparing for our homeward march.

Old 'Breed's pack was a good deal lighter than when we first started, for our provisions were almost done. But eleven beaver skins and the large bear hide, with the tent and blankets as well, made a bulky load, and it was after nightfall when we reached the cabin on Joe's ranch. Moreover, it was snowing freely, and not until two days after did we meet any of our acquaintances, who were all too much accustomed to these erratic little movements on our part to exhibit any curiosity regarding our absence. Nor was Dutch Billy any the wiser. His prolonged "spree," as he termed it, left him without a cent; and he went to work cutting timber to raise another grub stake, and by the time the raise was made winter was too close for him to think of visiting his find. But we often wondered what he thought when he found his birds had flown, and our wonder was mixed with admiration when we talked over Billy's knowledge of woodcraft as displayed in the discovery of such a well hidden little windfall.

As for ourselves, we passed a glorious winter on the money those beaver skins brought, and had many a rare day's sport among the deer, besides securing another pile of furs. But then, as Rudyard Kipling says, "that is another story."

CHARLES GREENWOOD.

THE NORWEGIAN SNOWSHOE OR SKI.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Sept. 28—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the experiences of Mr. Hough with the long snowshoe or *ski* of the Norwegians and Swedes. Like him I have often wondered why the American people, who love outdoor sports in winter, could be so intensely stupid about the finest of all out of door playthings.

The first winter I spent in the woods of northern Wisconsin, over thirty years ago, I learned both kinds of snowshoes and quickly laid aside the netted shoe as a fraud when the other could be had. It bears the same relation to the *ski* that the old velocipede does to the modern bicycle—you can do lots of work on it but there is little play. I am mightily in love with the bicycle, which is a wonderful plaything, especially on the miles of fine streets Los Angeles has all the year, but I agree with Mr. Hough most fully that the long snowshoe beats it. He makes a distinction, though that I never discovered, or rather he intimates the possibility of such, in speaking of ground where the web shoe is at home. I never found any ground where the other was not equally at home. When the snow is very soft and fresh it is work with either, the web shoe loads more than the long one and is more tiresome because it has to be lifted. When the snow is stiff enough and deep enough to make easy traveling with the Indian shoe, then the other will beat it day in and day out, in timber, among logs, or anything else. Where logs are very thick or hills very steep the web shoe will be better, but soon you are on smoother and more open ground where a thousand twigs are sticking up through the snow which the long shoe slides over or pushes aside without you looking at them, while they will snag the other if you attempt to make the same speed. I I have seen Norwegians who could go through or over anything with them with apparent ease, but this takes years of practice. On open country the difference in the speed of the two kinds of shoe is ridiculous. But the difference in learning is also very great. It takes but a few weeks to become quite proficient with the webbed shoe, but the other is much harder than skating, though the first stages are more easy.

The difficulties of getting up hill are not as great as Mr. Hough's experience will justify. I found that the Scandinavians, most of whom are experts, learn them in in childhood and get along well with the shoe in any shape. In the several winters I played on them in the woods and on the open country I found out many improvements. One was to countersink a place 8 or 10in. long on the bottom and fasten a strip of deerskin (off the shank where the hair is stiff) with the hair running backward. If carefully put on this will hold you well in going up hill if the grade is not too great or the snow too glassy, and without interfering much with high speed down slope. Where this won't do, if the hill is at all long, you will save much time and comfort by tying a handkerchief, strap or bit of soft rope around the shoe and lift it a little at each step. If you have it ready it takes but a moment to slip it on or off both shoes.

Going up hill on them is not the same as with the bicycle. You lift your own weight, as in walking, and not by machinery, as with the bicycle. Consequently you can ascend a far steeper hill if they do not slip back. When it comes to a very steep hill the Indian shoe is much the best, and on some hills the only shoe on which you can make a direct ascent. But, as with the bicycle, the speed and ease of the *ski* anywhere but up hill are so great that the drawbacks of up hill amount to little in the general results. Where great speed is not needed three parallel grooves $\frac{1}{2}$in. wide and $\frac{1}{8}$in. deep, rounded at the bottom, will prevent side slipping unless the snow is very hard. When the snow is glassy it pays to put in a strip of thin iron like the blade of a case knife or longer, like the centerboard of a boat. Let it project $\frac{1}{16}$in. or more from the bottom and be made sharp and beveled where it first cuts the snow. Fix it on a little pivot and fasten to position with a button or two. It can be easily arranged to raise or lower like a centerboard.

Balling of the snow under the foot and slipping back in the tread does not seem to bother experts much, but there is no use in being bothered with either. A strip of deerskin cut where the hair is long, strong and stiff, as on parts of the neck, and fastened in the tread with the hair running forward will almost entirely prevent backslip and balling. If the snow occasionally balls on this, which on some days it may do a little, especially under the heel, which is very annoying, it may be knocked out in a moment, whereas without hair it sticks very tight to the wood.

A little guard of strap iron on each side the heel is a good aid to the beginner, and may be taken off easily when not wanted. Take a strip of thin iron (not too thin) about eight inches long and an inch wide, or an inch and a half will do. Bend this up two inches at each end (or more, if necessary—so high you don't tread on it) and so that it will not interfere with the one on the next shoe, a very important point. Screw this on the tread under the deer skin. You will find it of great help to hold your foot in place, and gives leverage in curving in working up hill and all side swings of the shoe. If you are sure that it don't interfere, it is no disadvantage for a racing shoe; while for a traveling shoe it is a great advantage for any one not a first-class expert, such as it takes years to make. You want nothing behind the heel.

With the long shoe, as with the Indian shoe, buckskin moccasins with plenty of stockings under them are the thing of all things, and Arctic rubbers I imagine next, though I never used anything but moccasins. There is no bar to hurt the ball of your foot, as on the Indian shoe; but boots or shoes will not do well, if at all.

The shoes should never be tied to the foot, as it may at any time be dangerous. It only prevents losing them, which had better be done by a string from the top of the toe strap hooked into your pants or tied around your ankle.

I never found so much trouble as Mr. Hough did about the snow sticking to them and requiring so much waxing. I made mine of seasoned ash, well polished with emery paper. I then daubed them well with a mixture of pine pitch, such as is found on the ends of logs in the pineries, with beeswax and tallow in equal parts. This I ran into the wood with a flat iron as hot as it could be without burning. About once a month was often enough for this, and sometimes I let them go nearly all winter without any trouble, but then the snow was rarely soft.

Mr. Hough says nothing about the use of these shoes in the sleigh track. They are almost as fine a plaything there as anywhere and it was the performance of a Norwegian there that first set me crazy about them. On a strip of perfectly level "tote road" in the woods, hard as a floor, he ran away from about a dozen of us. We ran our best and stayed with him for about a hundred yards and then one by one we began to weaken while he ran on half a mile further and came back at about the same speed without being a bit blown. He offered to bet fifty dollars that night in the camp and pulled the money, that he could go to mill, thirty miles, in three hours. Nobody took the bet but several who were well acquainted with him said they had no doubt that he could do it. On a mile and a half course of level ground near my home I have often made a mile and a half in ten minutes without being any more tired than I am in making that time on a bicycle on a pretty good road, but I could never equal the pace of that Norwegian. In such work both shoes run in the same track of one sleigh runner without interfering in the least if properly made.

Speed on such ground as well as most anywhere is much aided by a pole, which should always be carried for safety in going down hill. This should be of hickory, rock-elm, ironwood, or some other tough wood and thick enough to allow you to throw your whole weight back on your right hand, in short, strong enough to sit on suddenly. It should be about seven feet long, or more, and shod with iron sharp enough at the point to catch in ice or hard sleigh track, and an inch and a half or so above this should be a button an inch and a quarter or so in diameter to catch on ice or hard snow and hold you with certainty and quickness when you want it to. Unless so fixed keep out of sleigh tracks on rolling country and off of steep hills when the snow is at all hard or you are liable to get into serious trouble. I was nearly knocked out once by one breaking with me on a heavy grade. A team came around a curve ahead of me and I threw my whole weight suddenly on it. There was a neat little circus there.

A racing shoe should be about 10ft. long, or even more for a heavy person, and sprung in the center so that it will stand up 3 or 4in. above the ends with no one on it. This will then distribute the weight evenly over the whole when one is on it. It should have no grooves in the bottom or anything to make friction, or possible interference with the other shoe, which latter may be very dangerous. But for a cross country or traveling shoe I found 6ft. long enough and much easier to handle. Mr. Hough would have enjoyed his trip much more I think had he had such a shoe with the improvements above described. I have found this kind very much better for the woods and for hunting, though when the snow is deep and stiff enough for good fun with any kind of snowshoe no decent man has any business hunting anything but hares, grouse or squirrels. Four inches is about as wide as they can be safely made without interfering. For racing they should be a little narrower.

The speed attainable by an expert with these shoes in

good condition is something beyond all conception. The friction is less generally than that of a bicycle would be on a downhill cement pavement with the chain off. The law of acceleration of gravity and the skill of the rider are the only limitations. That provoking law, resistance increases as the square of the velocity, has little application here, for it matters little by what figure you multiply practically nothing. The result is still practically nothing.

The step is a half push and half slide with a push from the pole. It is easily learned, but this is not learning the shoe by any means. The exertion is the least I know for the same speed. I once made twenty-five miles in five hours one afternoon and thirty the next morning in six hours, carrying a rifle and blanket on my back and 10lbs. of traps without feeling a bit tired. This was in sleigh track. This time could be much exceeded by many persons, but there never was a time when I could have done it on foot on the best road without complete exhaustion. I am not strong and never was, so from that one can tell what a tough expert can do.

I must add to Mr. Hough's remark. They beat even skating. Crazy as I used to be about that, I like the Norwegian shoe even better. With skates you are like a cat on a carpet, can show strength, quickness, infinite grace and variety of motion, but you are still tied to a small level space that grows quickly monotonous. With the *ski* you are a bird. The world is yours as far as it can be with anything.

There are plenty who can tell much more about these shoes if they would. I could tell some more, too, but have not the time just now. T. S. VAN DYKE.

Natural History.

Is He Pluto's Emissary?

WHILE looking through the *Audubon Magazine* some time ago for help from Miss Merriam in the identification of a bird, which in journeying from "lands of snow to lands of sun" had made my hill-home a resting place for a season, I came upon some bird legends which I read over again, and with increased interest, inasmuch as I had that day heard one as strange as any of those, and about a friend whose reputation I know is none of the best. Yet I cannot be persuaded that our beautiful blue-jay belongs to the personage who rules over a region of which the temperature is said to be but a few degrees colder than that of Yuma.

However, you shall hear the whole story and judge for yourself.

It was Saturday. The jays were very loquacious, and as I stood admiring their blue forms and loud, cheerful voices as they called from treetop to treetop, I was all unconscious of the presence of my maid close behind me, until she exclaimed: "Oh, 'yes, Mr. Jay; you's got back, has ye?"

"Got back from where?" I questioned.

"Why, from Torment, of course. Didn't ye know that?"

Certainly I did not, but I plied her with questions which drew from her answers that hinted of so rich a mine of superstition regarding the poor jay, that I commenced working it at once. After sifting the gold from the dross I have a tradition that is not only known and believed, for the most part, by the older generation of negroes, but is being told to the younger.

I was quite a time in finding one who could tell me the "why," though all knew the fable, and, with a single exception, gave it in pretty much the same words. As old "Uncle Bell" was the one possessed of superior knowledge, he shall voice the majority report. Looking a bit sheepish—as they all do when questioned—he answered me thus:

"What I knows 'bout jay birds? W'y I knows dey goes t' th' sea nine times ev'ry Friday, gits one grain of san' from th' shore, an' flies with hit in the'r mouths t' the'r marster in hell. An' th' wick'd 'll burn jist 's long 's thar's a grane ov san' lef' ennywhars."

Here the old man was quite overcome for an instant, then he drew closer to me, and sinking his voice almost to a whisper said "what does you tink bout dat? y'u knowes they haint nebber gwine t'git hit all toted; they caynt, *no they caynt*. An' I doan—like t' tink 'bout—no wun a-burnin'—an a-burnin' furev'r-n-ev'r does you?"

When I assured him not only that I did not enjoy contemplating such a future for any of my friends but that I repudiated the whole story, he shook his old head wisely and left me with: "I dunno chile, us'd better look out." The witness, our wood-sawyer Willis, whose testimony differs from all others, has, notwithstanding his lack of adherents, much better proof of his position, for when questioned, he not only affirmed that "th' jays tote 'trash' nine times ev'ry Friday t' make th' fire hotter to burn up we's souls with, in the 'Bad Place.'" but that he has actually seen them engaged in the business.

Now, while no one can with safety discard this report, the other is open to question, unless a jay with the sand in his mouth be put in evidence. BARRY.

Pelican on the Niagara River.

BUFFALO, Oct. 9.—While out gunning for snipe Saturday, Oct. 6, on the Niagara River, below the International Bridge, "Jake" Koch, a well known sportsman, shot and killed a full grown pelican. It is very unusual to see such a magnificent specimen of the bird in these parts and "Jake" feels as proud as if he had shot a flock of turkey buzzards. He brought the bird uptown and nailed it over the door of Fred Gerot's place on Washington street. Hundreds of people have viewed it with as much curiosity as they would a megatharion. It measures seven feet four inches from tip of wing to tip and has a pouch fully a foot in length and six inches deep. "Jake" thinks the bird was on its way south, and strayed out of the usual course pursued by the species.

Snipe shooting in unusually good in the marshes down the river just now. H. J. BALLIETT.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Game Bag and Gun.

DUCKS AND DISASTER.

FOX LAKE, Wis., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received the following letter from my old chum and companion in many an outing; and as it is a well told story of a pleasant trip, barring the finish, and as it shows the stuff he is made of, without any extra flourishings, I take the liberty of sending it to you for publication.—W. E. W.

CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—*Dear Old Boy:* Presume you are wondering what has become of me. A week ago to-day I was invited to go with a party of four to Dawson, N.D., thirty miles this side of Bismarck. We reached Dawson Tuesday morning. I took both guns with me; and after breakfast we started with a team for a lake about eight miles southwest, reaching there about 9:30.

The ponds and lake were covered with ducks, brant and geese. Mac and I started for one of the smaller ponds. The first thing to get up was an old prairie cock, who had about 40yds. start of the little gun: but he gave it up and fell dead as a mackerel before he had gone 10yds. further. "Pretty good for a left hander," says I.

Well, we got to the edge of the marsh and found it a little the toughest proposition I ever saw. The rushes and canes were at least 10ft. high, but had been bent over by the wind to about waist high, and such a network—you had to lift your feet as high as your waist every step; and with hip boots on 10yds. of that would tucker the best man that ever lived. We took turns breaking a path, and at last got to the water, which was nowhere over 12in., with the mud about the same, but of such tenacity that it nearly pulled a leg off every time you lifted your foot. We finally got on a bog that reached nearly across the open water and got to business.

The wind was blowing a gale from the north with occasional squalls of sleet and snow. The birds were moving in fine shape. First it would be a bunch of teal, then a pair of mallards, then a flock of redheads, then a couple of canvasbacks. I made some of the prettiest misses you ever saw, but finally got the hang of it, and the little gun would double them up, 30, 40, even 60yds., and nearly every one stone dead. We ran out of shells in about an hour and went for more. You can gamble I had all I could lug.

I had been there about two hours and had picked up twenty-five or thirty nice birds. Mac took out all he could carry of them. About 3 o'clock he called me to come to lunch; I hated to leave and stayed about half an hour longer before starting. Then I had gone a few rods when a pair of redheads came along; my feet were stuck in the mud and I had to try a right-handed shot. I found myself flat on my back, wondering what made the gun sound so loud. I looked at it and 3in. from the breech of the left barrel was a hole about 4in. long, taking out the whole top and side. Then I felt a twinge in my left wrist; and looking at it saw a ragged hole with a piece of iron sticking up just in sight. I pulled out a half section of the barrel about an inch long, and then came a stream of blood. I took my handkerchief, tied a knot with my teeth and one hand and twisted it around the arm the best I could: but it still bled very fast.

I found that I could'nt pull my boots out of the mud, so I pulled my feet out of the boots and started out; got along fairly till I struck the rushes; then it was tough. I would fall from exhaustion every few feet and thought once or twice I would have to give up; but the thought of wife and babies braced me up and I finally got to the edge of the marsh on hard ground and in sight of the boys, who came to me as fast as they could run.

I was wet to the waist and it was very cold, but those ponies weren't very long going the eight miles to a good surgeon. Dr. Bland, of Ohio, who gave me the best of attention and delighted me by saying that the tendons and bones had by almost a miracle escaped injury. I was so glad to get out of it so well that I minded the probing and stitching but very little. Got home Thursday night pretty tired, but the arm is doing finely and if I have no setback will be well in three weeks. FRED.

IN THE LAND OF THE PAWPAW.

SOUTH MISSOURI, Oct. 1.—The Ozark region is alive with game about now, notwithstanding the shameless habits of the game hog (of whom this section like all others has its share), and the violator of the laws who stalks the callow brood and pots a dozen at a swoop. As I wrote some time since, quail are everywhere, and to paraphrase a bit, the time for the shooting of quail has come and the voice of the shotgun is heard in the land, which from the time Phœbus "hooks up" his chariot and runs the stars to cover, until the orgies of the katydids begins in the gloaming. If quail were much more plentiful it wouldn't be much sport hunting them.

As for turkeys, they are only less in numbers than the quail. This is a dry country—not in a temperance sense by a long shot—but owing to its elevation and the peculiar subterranean drainage, water is scarce from April till winter, standing or running, though rains are ordinarily seasonable and plentiful. Springs are not plentiful after the spring months, which is reasonable. Turkeys as a rule raise their broods where they can get water without hauling it too far. The pot and lawless hunters roam the woods about hatching time and spot the broods, or know from the previous season and locality of water supply where to find them, and then as soon as the young have any flesh on them, these sneaking violators of all decency in sportsmanship lie on their murderous quest. Yet notwithstanding this, so wary and smart a bird is the turkey that one has not far to go in any direction to learn of their whereabouts. I do not say to get them always. I have suceeded in bagging but one gobbler, in the category of whoppers, and "By the beard of Mahomet" that turkey's was 8½in. long. I have heard of a number of "gangs" of from twenty-five to a hundred, not to mention smaller ones of which I am cognizant. An acquaintance who resides down the railroad a few miles, told me yesterday that an old hen turkey made her nest and raised a fine brood just across the track from his house and not more than 150ft. therefrom (the track), and the Ft. Scott and Memphis is no one or two trains a day road either. The vagaries of the wild turkey are passing strange, and likewise its smartness.

The cotton-tail of '94 is now in its juiciest prime and to be kicked out of almost any brush heap or thicket. It can get under way mighty fast, but not quite so fast as a load of shot from a good gun. The hindlegs of a fat hare of tender years, or more properly months, together with the loin thereof, judiciously stewed and thereafter browned in hissing butter, will fetch a man before the dinner bell rings.

As for squirrels, they are measurably plentiful; the gray in the creek bottoms—where you find a creek with a bottom—and the fox in the ridges. And this latter rodent is about the smartest of the tribe that I have ever "met up" with. His ways are not as the ways of his gray brother, but to paraphrase some more:

> His ways are ways of stealthiness,
> And all his paths are—

Well, past finding out. He's always on the watch. He never forgets. A gray squirrel does sometimes, and thinks about something to eat; but a fox squirrel is always thinking of the man with a gun, and the second he hears a noise or sees a motion, if he's on the ground he gets on the thither side of a tree before he starts up, and he goes straight to obscurity and there he stays, while you are in blissful ignorance that there is a squirrel within five miles. Now a gray will, when startled, jump up on the side of a tree ordinarily, and wiggle his tail and bark until he is satisfied as to the cause, or if he is up a tree, if you'll wait a spell, will show himself or come down; but a fox squirrel never comes down or moves. I don't know what ever becomes of them. A gray has the bump of curiosity well developed, while it never was made in the fox, and he never opens his head except to eat—I suppose he does then—and is as noiseless in his movements as the traditional Indian. Why he keeps to the plateaus and ridges while the gray haunts the bottoms, I haven't learned. It maybe that the latter is like most other animals, and wants a drink once in a while, while the former is well off or better without it. He's an abnormal freak anyhow.

Deer are not very numerous hereabout, though they are by no means unknown. I know of four within two miles that have been repeatedly seen this season and once run by dogs, but there is no water here to run them into, to butcher them, thank fortune, and as the cover is good they stand a fair chance of saving their pelts. Further east, in Shannon county, down in the St. Francis swamps, and over in Arkansas they are plentiful a-plenty.

I was over on Jack's Fork of the Current with a friend a while back, for a week, and had a hurrah with the turkeys, ducks, squirrels and bass, and not least by any means, the pawpaws, which are not game by any means though mentioned in the same category. Oh! no, I didn't miss the pawpaw. I might miss a squirrel or duck, but when I shot a glance from my eagle eye on to a pawpaw it was mine. Did you ever eat a pawpaw? No? I'm sorry. 'Tis years since last we met. In the halcyon days of lang syne, more than two-score years agone, when I was an innocent lad wandering by the sinuous and classic Turtle Creek in southern Ohio, or milking the cow at 3 A. M. that I might be among the forest aisles when first the shadows begun to vanish and the unsuspecting squirrels came forth from their holes that they might scratch fleas and fall beneath my deadly aim, the pawpaw and I were introduced, and my youthful affections were lavished with all the wealth of my bounding nature on that luscious, custardy, mouth-watering fruit, and now after the lapse of many years I find my long lost love amid the wilds of Jack's Fork, and with a gladsome smile I joyfully turn to it, as does the spavined and crippled horse after years of buffetings turn to the succulent clover upon which he is turned to die. Eheu! Eheu! O. O. S.

NEBRASKA PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

BEATRICE, Neb., Oct. 7.—Traveling in Nebraska during the last three weeks over the major portion of the State, I could not help having brought forcibly to my attention the fact that game of all kinds and particularly prairie chickens are fast disappearing. Why the sportsmen of the State will not awake to this fact is a mystery I cannot explain. I carry my gun with me, and whenever an opportunity presents itself I am eager to go out in the country for a few hours' shooting, but those occasions are becoming more painful to me every year, owing to the growing scarcity of the birds.

I know a great many sportsmen throughout the State and get from them a very good idea of the game prospects. Their reports of chickens become more gloomy every year. That the bird is rapidly becoming a thing of the past is only too clear. "Not a chicken in the county" is a remark that is almost universal. Mr. D. E. Fuller, in the issue of Sept. 29, stated a fact when he said chickens are a rare bird in that section. They are rare in most sections of the State. The district to-day in Nebraska in which they are at all plentiful is in the unsettled sand hills in the northwestern part of the State, and they will not be so there long. "Diamond Walt" mentions a party of market-hunters as leaving Grafton for the sand hills. Why, the hills are full of such parties. A number of sportsmen friends of mine living at Hastings have just returned from a two-weeks' hunt near Telford, and tell me that within half a mile of their party seven different outfits of market-hunters were in camp and making big shipments daily.

Some of these days a State sportsmen's association will be formed, when it will be too late to protect the game, and they will deplore the scarcity of game and pass mighty resolutions, and petition the Legislature and all that sort of thing, and raise funds to import birds and attempt to restock the depleted covers. Why cannot such an association be formed now to see that the present laws are enforced? The laws are all right; all that is needed is to enforce them. It will be a little trouble, but not nearly so expensive as restocking, and much more satisfactory.

The general reason given for the scarcity of chickens is that they died from lack of water. They died, it is true, but not from that cause, and long before the drought struck Nebraska. Quail are fairly plentiful; how is it that they survived? I have been out twice during the past week and saw quite a number of bevies each time, but not the faintest sign of a chicken.

While at Sutton I spent an afternoon with two friends most pleasantly. We found nine bevies of quail, and though the young dog we had with us would not work, we managed to walk up quite a number and bagged 53. Several more were killed, but we could not find them. That provoking dog would stand around and wag his tail in the most amiable sort of way, and bark his approval every time a bird got up, but he utterly refused to look for dead birds; that wasn't his line of business. Coming

home, my friends pointed out a field in which five chickens had been found and killed earlier in the season, and added that those birds were the only ones seen or killed this season in their section. A few years ago chickens were thicker than blackbirds in that neighborhood, but the market-hunter has been around since then.

By the way, "Diamond Walt" speaks of that bevy of quail at the Grafton Park. They must be something more than the common variety. I didn't know that quail piped "Bob White" so late in the season. W. R. H.

NEWFOUNDLAND AS IT IS.

ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland, Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read a letter in one of your recent issues bearing the signature of Richard Dashwood, known here as General Dashwood, an English general, in which the writer announces that my book, entitled "Newfoundland in 1894; a Hand-Book and Tourist's Guide," is "full of gross exaggerations respecting some subjects on which it treats." The principal of these subjects on which he alleges I have exaggerated "grossly" is the soil and climate of the island. The soil, he declares, is poor and barren, "except in a few isolated spots," the reports of fertile soil in the Exploits, Humber and other great valleys, he affirms, have no foundation in fact, while the climate "is all against farming, the summer being too short and too cold."

These are bold assertions, but they are unaccompanied by any proofs except the *ipse dixit* of General Dashwood. In the chapter of my book devoted to the agricultural resources of the island, I was careful to make no statement that was not sustained by the highest and best authorities and to affirm only what was warranted by facts. My statements are based mainly on the Reports of the Geological Survey, but also on a mass of other corroborative evidence. That survey was commenced thirty years ago by one of the most eminent geologists of the day—the late Alexander Murray, C.M.G., F.G.S.—who had been a colleague of Sir Wm. Logan for fourteen years in the geological survey of Canada. Since his death it has been continued up till the present time by Mr. J. O. Howley, F.G.S., whose ability and veracity are too well known here to be called in question. If General Dashwood's assertions are true then these two distinguished scientific men have been systematically lying, and either wilfully or stupidly deceiving the public. After years of careful and laborious examination of the whole island, they affirm that its agricultural resources are very great, and that it contains between four and five millions of acres admirably adapted for settlement and for cattle and sheep raising, while its timber and mineral resources are extremely valuable. I have quoted their reports and added the testimony of observant travelers, of railway engineers, of governors and others who had every opportunity of collecting exact information and who are incapable of deception. I have added statistics taken from the census as to the actual products of cultivated land, the value of which in 1891 was $1,562,392. A residence, on my own part, of forty years in the country, and the information obtained by traveling and by personal intercourse with the people, might be supposed to count for something. As to the climate, the evidence I have adduced shows that the General has been guilty of "gross" misrepresentation, and that the climate is well suited for farming.

General Dashwood is perfectly aware of all this, and yet in the face of this evidence he calmly declares that the soil is barren, "of a poor, sandy, stony nature," and the climate unsuitable for agriculture. He treats with contempt the conclusions of scientific men who have spent thirty years in careful explorations of the interior, and ignores the opinions of statesmen, travelers and educated men who have spent their lives in the country. Facts are against him, but "so much the worse for the facts." In vain have committees of the Legislature and agricultural societies presented, again and again, highly favorable reports of the soil and climate. In vain have trained observers explored the island in all directions. He dogmatically contradicts them all and declares that there is no agricultural soil here, only a wretched "compound of sand and stones." He expects us to accept his unsupported statements, and regard all the others as fools and falsifiers.

I venture to take my stand with those whom I have named and to pronounce General Dashwood guilty of "gross exaggerations" and misleading assertions in his attempt to depreciate the country.

He does not act without a motive. The General having retired from the active duties of his profession, devotes himself to sport. He is a "mighty hunter"—in particular an eminent deer slayer, and he "gives his whole mind" to the work. For some twenty years he has made an annual visit to Newfoundland, and spent a good part of the summer and autumn months in shooting; so that at length he has got to consider the island as one of his preserves. He feels bound to take care of it and not let it be transformed into a wretched agricultural country, seamed with roads and railroads and dotted with farmhouses, to the loss and disgust of all true sportsmen. In an unguarded moment he once denounced to Mr. Howley, our geologist, "these blanked railways, as they would be the means of driving away the deer and destroying the only decent hunting ground left to sportsmen." He has accordingly devoted his energies for years to depreciating the island, and kindly and disinterestedly warning settlers from coming here, and advising capitalists against investing in our railroads. This has become a fixed mania with him, and we have learned to tolerate and laugh at him. In 1888 he was present at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of England, at which a paper highly favorable to the island was read by an English traveler. He rose and protested that "the land described as agricultural consisted of rocks and bog and the timber scrub." Many million feet of this "scrub" timber are now annually exported, and it is accepted in the markets as the finest pine lumber. I brought him to book about this and other utterances in a letter published in the Proceedings of the Geographical Society as well as in our local press; so that we have been fair foes ever since. The new railway to Port-au-Basque has renewed his alarm, and my book, in which I commend it, has kindled his wrath afresh. Hence he runs a tilt against it.

He has not even the grace to speak well of the island as a sporting country. He wants to keep it for himself and friends. In particular he dreads the advent of the Yankee sportsmen and kindly informs them through the columns of your journal, that there is really no game worth coming for; but he throws suspicion on himself by coming as usual this year and going out on shooting excursions. Some two or three years ago, he and some other sportsmen are reported to have slaughtered some seventy or eighty deer, leaving their carcasses to rot and taint the air, so that the creatures fled from that part of the island, to the great loss of the local inhabitants. To prevent a recurrence of such unsportsmanlike slaughters, leading to an extermination of the deer, the Legislature passed a law fixing $100 as the annual charge for license to non-residents, for shooting deer, and enacting that not more than six stags should be killed by one person in one season. This has caused the cup of his indignation to overflow, as his letter shows.

To assail my book is a small matter; but I submit the General ought to have paused before he ventured to attack our new railway and arrogantly declare that "it could never pay," and broadly hint that those who spoke well of it were influenced by selfish motives. What can he know of the matter except that it may disturb his deer? The people of Newfoundland are practically unanimous in their approval of this railway, which will open up the fertile lands, the mineral and forest areas, and impart an impulse in the direction of progress such as the country has not known before. At all events the railway is honestly built by the colony itself, the bonds being guaranteed at 3½ per cent. by the Legislature. It may be presumed we know our own business quite as well as the gallant General who does his best to thwart a great national enterprise. We are unable to see why a great island, one-sixth larger than Ireland, having vast natural resources, as I have proved in my book, should be allowed to remain undeveloped, in order to furnish a sporting ground to visitors from other lands. M. HARVEY.

P. S.—I beg to forward a copy of my book to FOREST AND STREAM. I may add to the foregoing that Gen. Dashwood knows very little about the interior of the island. When he arrives he reaches his hunting grounds, which are the high and barren regions, by the shortest route, and the fertile valleys of the Garden Exploits and Humber have never been traversed by him, nor has he ever been in the splendid valleys of Bay St. George or Codroy. From the wild and barren hunting grounds he forms his opinion of the whole island. H.

SOME SQUIRREL SHOOTING.

INDIANA, Oct. 1.—This morning, Sept. 29, was one of the ideal squirrel mornings—warm, partly cloudy, and not any wind. As I have never outgrown my boyish fondness for the sport, and my wife was to be away for the day, leaving me to lonesomeness, and I was anxious to give a new nitro powder a thorough practical test, it was soon settled that I would drive as far as Bean's woods, two miles down the road, with my wife, and then hunt back toward home. Now the proper time to get into the woods for squirrels is just before daylight. At this time of year they can be heard chipping beech nuts and acorns before it is light enough to see them, but I did not get into the woods till 9 o'clock. By this time they have done feeding and are mostly taking things easy, in a fork or on a big limb, so there was not a good prospect for lots of shooting, but there was the pleasure of a stroll through the grand old woods, admiring the big old oaks and poplars that were giants when the Indians hunted beneath them. I could look up for squirrel "sign," too, and learn whether it was worth while to come again, and it was probable if they were plenty that an occasional one might show himself.

The woods were entered along a rail fence that ran across it, and I walked along a cattle path beside the fence. The dead leaves were so dry that it was useless to walk on them. The woods are full of woodpeckers, every one of them busy picking beech nuts or acorns, and hiding them under the shags of hickory bark, in hollows of the trees, and in holes they dig for the purpose in rotten wood. They are busy as a swarm of bees, and every one of them are chattering till they make a perfect bedlam, and the beech nut burrs they loosen are dropping continually. Looking under a number of beeches I find many burrs, but none af the inner covering or shell of the nut, so woodpeckers did it all. Next I look under a white or pig nut hickory, and find lots of outer hulls but no inner ones, and no nuts on the ground. Gray squirrels had no hand in this. It was flying squirrels did it, in the night. Gray ones would have eaten the nuts in the tree and dropped the chips, but under a big white oak I find many shells and chips, and half-eaten acorns. That was a squirrel, and no doubt a fox squirrel, for the grays are not fond of white oak acorns if they can get pin oaks or beech nuts.

Just then my attention was attracted by the peculiar, half angry, half protesting cry of a wood pecker; a noise that he makes only when a squirrel comes near one of his deposits of food. He was sixty yards away and too many leaves in the way to see him, but after stealthily approaching half way, I caught a glimpse of a fox squirrel's tail disappearing round the body of the tree. Getting closer I threw a stick beyond the tree hoping to bring him round, but it didn't work. The noise of the falling stick started a gray one barking on the opposite side of a thicket, and he was answered by another a hundred yards away. This was getting interesting. There was no doubt about there being enough squirrels. Guided by the barking a very slow and quiet sneak was made through the thicket till a glimpse of a shaking, bushy tail was seen not over thirty yards away. The leaves were too thick to see anything else, but a shot at the tail brought down the whole squirrel.

The shot stopped the other one's barking, and neither it nor the fox squirrel could be found, though looked for long and carefully. Further along in the woods, a gray ran up a small tree and jumped on to the body of a larger one, when a fox squirrel came round the body of the tree, and then there was a race, the gray seemed in deadly fear of the other, and the other one determined to catch him. Through the tree tops, up one tree and down another, out on long limbs and into the next tree, round and round its trunk, out to the end of a limb and into another tree, they raced so fast that it looked more like flying than running. The race was ended by the gray taking a leap that the other would not venture. It was a level jump of fully twelve feet, and nothing but mortal terror would have given such desperate energy to the muscles that propelled that squirrel. Seeing he had distanced his enemy, the gray climbed into a high fork and rested, while the fox lay out on the end of the limb where he gave up the chase and chattered his rage and disappointment.

It now seemed about time for me to take a hand. The gray was in plain sight, but full 50yds. away, and there was a hole in the other tree that he would doubtless run into if any attempt was made to get nearer. The fox was 45yds. away, but would have to come toward me if he moved, so it was thought best to take a chance at the gray and then look out for the other one. When shot at the gray ran into the hole and the fox made a dash along the limb toward the body of the tree. A snap shot with the second barrel brought him. He fell just like he had been hit with a club, and never kicked.

The next find was a gray that ran up a tall poplar stump quite near by, but he only showed a glimpse of himself as he jumped from the ground and ran up the other side. Now I'll stand still and perhaps he will peep round to see what became of me. Is that the squirrel or a knot on the side of the stump about 30ft. high?

There are so many leaves in the way I can't tell, but when I move my head to get a better view the thing disappears, and too late I know it was the squirrel, and chide myself for not knowing at the first look at the stump that there were no knots on it. It is all right now though, for he has run up 20ft. and jumped on to a long beech limb and is in plain sight, running toward the body of the tree, making a beautiful running shot, which kills him very dead indeed. Then follows more strolling among the big trees, admiring their stately shafts and imagining what stories they might tell if they could talk, till the game is almost forgotten; but there! was it a glimpse of a squirrel or a chipmunk or a bird at the root of that tree. I wait a minute and then a fox squirrel shows himself an instant on the side of the tree 6ft. above the ground, and that is the last that is seen of him, for the tree is hollow.

Only a little way beyond here one runs up to the lowest limb of a bushy beech, and sits on the limb close to the body of the tree. He is not thirty yards away, and as I slowly raise the gun I think I'll just knock him right out of his hide; but when the gun cracked, he jumped to the ground and ran away through the underbrush, surprising me so I forgot to use the second barrel. It was one of the mysterious misses we all make sometimes. The shot had fairly skinned the little limb on which he sat, and half a dozen shot had glanced off the smooth beech bark of the tree in a direction that ought to have taken them through his body. I was now at the further end of the woods, and it was time to be hunting toward home; so the same ground was hunted over, but without a find till near where the two had evaded me soon after entering the woods. Here one ran up a tree, and presently showed a nose and pair of small ears, which were instantly withdrawn behind the tree. Shortly afterward he showed himself fully, all ready to jump and land at a hole in a tree six feet away; but a lucky snap shot got him. Another one showed up in a tree twenty feet beyond the first one, and was killed at once. Then another one barked, and I tried to stalk him, but did not get a sight of him. Another one barked, and I got a glimpse of it running over the treetops, but lost it.

When near the end of the woods a big fox squirrel came out of the adjoining clover field, where he had doubtless been looking for grasshoppers, and seeing me took refuge in the nearest tall tree, and was discovered sticking his head out of a fork eighty feet above the ground A shot tumbled him out, but he caught on some limbs half way to the ground, and the second was used for safety, as the trap-shooters say.

It was now nearly noon, and I had to carry a vigorous hunter's appetite one and a half miles, most of the way through open fields, to reach home and a hot dinner to stop the inward longings. There was one small piece of woods to go through, and I had the fortune to bag two fox squirrels in it, making one very long shot and one very easy one. The gun, the squirrels and my legs all got to feeling pretty heavy by the time home was reached, but they were trifles to the hunger that assailed me; but beefsteak, coffee, fresh bread and butter, held down by half an apple pie smothered in cream, soon stopped all uneasiness.

After dinner I skinned the squirrels in the following manner: Under the root of the tail make a cut through the skin about 2in. long, as though to take a strip about 2in. wide off the animal's back, running lengthways with the body. Skin the under side of the tail back for an inch, and cut the bone in two, but do not cut off the skin of the tail. Put the tail on the ground, put a foot on it, take hold of the squirrel's hind legs and pull. The skin will tear diagonally across the body, coming clear round the body before it is stripped down to the fore legs. Take hold of the lower end of the skin which still covers the hind quarters, and pull till the body and hind legs are well uncovered. Now take hold of the skinned hind legs and pull till the skin is stripped from forelegs and head, entirely. Next, hang the squirrel by the skin which is still left on the hind feet, and finish the dressing. There will not be a hair left on the carcass except perhaps a few where the first cut was made, and the work can be done quicker than it can be described.

Squirrels are not considered aristocratic game, but if drawn as soon as killed, and properly cooked, they are good enough for anybody. They do not afford the pleasure of seeing a good dog work, like game birds, but they do afford opportunity for the slyest kind of still-hunting, and exercise one's eyes in close and patient looking, and no one can hunt them well without making a careful study of their habits. They are in season, too, when other game is not, and serve to tide over a dull time in the shooter's calendar. O. H. HAMPTON.

Some Offhand Definitions.

JERSEYVILLE Ill.—I suppose I am one of the jury you appeal to in your editorial of Sept. 22, "Guilty or not guilty," I answer "not guilty," and long may he live to enjoy the sport that justly belongs to him. L. S. H.

If not presuming too much, I would be pleased if you would define what a market-hunter is, what is a game hog, what is a pot-hunter. Suppose a party of hunters go into camp for a few days or weeks, and that they sell their surplus game to help pay the expenses of the trip; are they market-hunters? L. S. H.

[A "market-hunter" is one who hunts for the purpose of selling his game. A "game hog" is one who kills an unreasonable amount of game. The term "pot-hunter" appears to be used for "game hog" and "market-hunter." We should say that the party of hunters who sell surplus game could not be classed as market-hunters.]

GROUSE IN THE POCONO MOUNTAINS.

The first week in October my friend Wm. H. and myself left the little town of South Bethlehem, Pa., bound for McMichaels in the Pocono Mountains. We had one English setter, a little undersized, but a fairly good dog on ruffed grouse, and a pointer bitch—not the best dog in the world, by any means, but one that was an all-day worker, and the most staunch and surest bitch on grouse that it has ever been my good fortune to shoot over. It was a beautiful day, and we rode along at a rattling clip, enjoying the scenery and pure mountain air, and talking about the great things we would do on the morrow. Wm. H. knew every foot of ground in the Pocono Mountains, and he was just as expert after the wily grouse as he is tracking criminals, for he is Chief of Police in our town.

Early the next morning we started for McFall's Gap, about a mile from our hotel. It was a bright, crisp, frosty morning, and it made the blood tingle in our veins as we walked rapidly across the fields to the starting point. By the time we reached the Gap the sun began to peep above the hills, and our spirits rose accordingly. William took one side of a brook that flowed through the Gap and I the other, the dog working between us. In this way we proceeded about a quarter of a mile without the dog showing any signs of game. We began to think we had made a mistake in working this gap so early in the morning, as the frost lay quite heavy on the leaves, and it would have been better later in the day. Suddenly the bitch began to show signs of game, and I told William to be on the lookout. She roaded along the bed of the creek for some seventy-five or eighty yards, when a large cock grouse burst cover, with a noise like a big bass drum, some fifty or sixty yards ahead of the dog. "Mark," called I to Bill, and I am sure if any man can mark down accurately in a thicket he can, for I never saw his equal. He demonstrated his ability as a marker time and time again on this trip. We kept the dog working pretty close to the guns for another hundred yards, when suddenly she showed decided signs of the bird being near at hand. Stealthily she crept through the rank growth of bushes, her belly almost touching the ground, and in that position froze to a good solid point, eyes almost starting from sockets and saliva dropping from mouth. I knew the bird was close by. Whistling to locate my partner on the other side of the creek, I told him to get ready, for I was confident the bird would cross the stream. I urged her to flush, but she remained immovable. I hated to flush the bird myself, as my chances for a shot would be very slim; but there was no help for it, it had to be done. I worked my way carefully through the thick brush, and had gone but a few steps ahead of the dog, when up got the grouse, and my yell "Mark!" was answered by the crack of William's 12-gauge, and one more grouse's career was ended then and there.

After the bitch had retrieved the bird, and we had admired it to our hearts' content, we moved on slowly hunting all the likely places and sunny corners they like so well. We had gone but a short distance, when W. called "mark," having flushed a pair of birds on his side. Before the words were fairly out of his mouth, a large grouse swung into an opening, barely ten yards ahead of me. Throwing my gun hastily in position, I pressed the trigger, but the bird did not fall, and I actually thought I saw that bird wink at me, as he sped like an arrow up the stream. "Did you get him?" called W. from the other side. I was so crestfallen that my reply was scarcely audible, and I had to repeat it several times.

We were now getting into such dense cover, and the ground was such that all our shooting had to be snap-shooting and quick snap at that. We worked our way gradually through this thicket, and as we were nearing the opposite bank, a pair of birds flushed not ten steps to my right. Quickly covering the first pair as best I could, I pulled, and at the same instant heard the report of W.'s gun. There was a tremendous fluttering and thrashing around where I supposed my bird had fallen, and an instant later the bitch brought in the bird. W.'s shot had not been so effective; in other words he had scored a goose egg. He declared that it was the same birds I had missed a short time before, but he had marked the bird, and we felt sure of getting another shot at him. Our expectations were soon realized. We had gone not over two hundred yards, when up got the bird, away off to the left. We sent out a couple of urgent invitations for him to stay a while, but he declined. I never had a more forcible illustration, which brought to my mind so clearly the little story, written, I think, by S. T. Hammond, of "The One-Eyed Grouse of Maple Run," in his book "Training vs. Breaking," for I candidly believe that this bird was a very near relative that famous one. I am sure we raised that bird six or seven times but could not get a shot at it.

By this time we were nearing the head of the gap, and it was very hard traveling, and we had all we could do to leap from rock to rock, without paying much attention to the bitch or the birds. The mountain stream came tumbling and roaring over the rocks at our feet, and I felt sure it was an ideal trout stream. I afterward found that my surmises were correct; it fairly teems with trout. We finally reached the head of the falls, and came to a large, flat piece of territory, known as the barrens. It was grown up with scrub oak, and huckleberry bushes, about waist high, and there we saw the bitch do a very fine piece of roading. She began to trail, and show signs, as soon as we left the gap, and kept this up for at least a quarter of a mile. Finally she stood for an instant, then moved on, stood again, this time "for keeps." Bill was back of me, and a little to my right. I took but a few steps, when a bird flushed to my right, flew across, and gave me a left-quartering shot, about forty yards. I took plenty of time, followed him carefully, pulled in about two feet ahead of him, and at the report of the ten-gauge down he went like a rag. I had broken my gun, and was just about feeling for another shell, when up got another, but flew to my right. Hastily snapping the gun I gave him the left barrel, but I did not know whether I had killed him or not, as I was shooting black powder and the smoke came back in my face, until I heard W. exclaim, "You knocked the stuffings out of him." We put up another bird on the barrens but could not get a shot as both failed to mark them.

From here we went to Grass Lake, about two miles distant, and in due time we reached the lake. After lunch there it was decided that W. was to take one side of the lake and I the other. The lake is about half a mile long and a quarter wide, and is quite famous for deer. W. showed me one or two of their runways. I had gotten about half way around the lake, when I put up a very large cock bird in the thicket, or rather the dog did; and as he was climbing over the tops of the trees I gave him the right barrel. I realized my mistake instantly. I had shot under him. Hastily raising the gun so that the bird was lost to view, I gave him the left and was rewarded by hearing him drop with a thud full 50yds. away. I do not over-estimate the distance, for I know full well 50yds. in cover is a good long shot, and there are not many birds killed over that distance.

Going on, I met W. at the other end, but he had poor success, not having put up a bird; and as it was getting late and we had a good ten-mile tramp before us we decided to return. We were near home, when a bird flushed from the mountain road and flew directly between two saplings. It was the work of an instant for W. to throw his gun from his shoulder and nail that bird right there. We arrived at the house in good time for supper. Six great big grouse were what our bag contained that night. I suppose that a great many of my brother sportsmen will think this was not much of a bag, but any one who is used to hunting ruffed grouse on a rough mountain side can appreciate that it takes good, strong, quick shooting and indefatigable efforts of both man and dog. We were very well satisfied with the day's result, as neither of us laid any claims to being a Carver or a Bogardus.

That night, while sitting around the fire, we were much interested in the stories told by the natives concerning the early days of the Poconos, and how deer and bear had been shot within sight of the house. Their stories were corroborated by W., whose father had spent all his life in the mountains, and W. himself had driven deer time and time again out through some of their numerous runways, for some brother sportsman stationed there.

The next morning I thought I had not a joint in my body; I was so lame and stiff I could hardly get down stairs. After a little exercise, however, I felt much better. After breakfast we started for a piece of cover half a mile distant, a splendid place for birds at that season of the year. On entering the cover the bitch showed signs of game, and working along carefully soon pinned him. Getting in the best positions we could, I threw a stone about where I supposed the bird lay; I must almost have struck him for he rose from the very spot where the stone landed. He cracked his wings about twice when W. scored a nice clean kill, such as it does one good to see. After the bird had been retrieved we swung a little to the left, when W. flushed one, but too far off for a shot. He marked him down in a little neck of woods that extended down into a pasture. We started after him; W. was to go down and try and get a shot as he broke cover, and I was to remain by an old rail fence, feeling confident that if W. missed the bird would fly across the corner of the field and give me a good open shot. In this, however, I was mistaken, as the sequel will show. W. worked carefully down the edge of woods and had almost reached the extreme end when the bird burst out from under his feet, giving him a fine straightaway. W. promptly sent two loads after him, but the only harm done was to shoot two big holes in the air. Instead of the bird cutting across the corner where I was stationed he took it straight across the pasture, a good 75yds. away. I imagined that I saw a few feathers fly as I pulled on him and asked W. about it, as I was not positive. He told me that if any feathers flew they were fast to the bird. But what could you expect of a man who had made so bad a miss as he had. We followed up the game, however, and after working around the bitch came to a stand near an old treetop in a heavy thicket and out came the bird—on the other side, of course. By a long shot I managed to scratch him down, and it was only a scratch, for by the time the bitch brought him to me he appeared to be as lively as ever, and I hated to kill him. I do not think a shooter should be satisfied with merely a scratch down, but should kill as cleanly as possible; it gives better satisfaction. I was shooting a 10-gauge, 9½lbs., with 4½drs. powder and 1¼oz. No. 6 shot, and I did not find the load too large nor the gun too heavy. In my opinion an old grouse will stand more killing than any bird I know of.

We hunted several good pieces of cover that afternoon, with fair success, and when we started for the house it was quite late. W. knew of a good ravine that we would pass on our way home. The wind had risen suddenly, and we were anxious to work through before it blew too hard. Arriving at the ravine, W. followed an old road, while I was to work along the left hand ridge. We had gone but a short distance when W. told me that he had raised a bird, and that I had better come down to where he was. Keeping the dog to heel, we started to walk it up. We had gone a couple of hundred yards, when out from a tree got the grouse, good 40 or 45yds. away, and flew with the wind, which was blowing very hard by this time. When I threw up my gun I was in very serious doubts if a load of shot would ever overtake that bird, but it did, and I have thought of that shot many a time since. It seems to me that I pulled in full 10ft. ahead, yet my allowance was all right when the bitch brought in the bird. It proved to be a hen bird, and one of those small, sleek, gamy birds that we run across once in a while. She was a flyer, and no mistake.

We arrived at the house about dark, as tired and hungry as two men could be and live. On emptying our coats, we found we had seven nice, big birds, an increase of one over the previous day.

The following morning we were up bright and early, and when I let the bitch out of the barn, she was so stiff that I did not think we would be able to use her that day. After a short run she began to limber up and was in better shape than before, more steady and settled down to business. The setter had given out the day before, so we did not take her along. We harnessed the horse and drove to the top of the mountain, about five miles distant. When about half-way there we flushed a bird from the side of the road, and saw perfectly well where it went down. We were both "dead sure" we could walk to the exact spot. I wanted W. to go after him, as my gun was in the case under the seat, and he had his gun across his lap, but he said no, and insisted upon my going, and taking his gun, I finally did so, leaving the dog with him in the wagon. I walked, as I supposed, directly to the spot, but there was no bird. I kicked and stamped around on the brush within a radius of 50yds., but could not raise him. When I turned to my right and made a circle for the wagon, a good 100yds. from where we saw the bird go down, he arose, a good distance ahead of me. I covered the bird the best I knew how, but it was useless; he kept on. When I reached the wagon W. asked me how I could ever miss that bird. I told him that his gun was no good, and he very kindly informed me that it would have been just the same if I had started out with my own gun. I had nothing more to say, as I was of the same opinion.

Arrived at the top of the mountain we worked through a likely piece of cover, and soon put up a bird which W. knocked down in great shape. After finishing that strip we turned to our right and entered a large swamp, but the cover was so thick, it was almost impossible to see a bird 10ft. ahead, although we heard them getting out quite frequently. Working our way through to the other side, we ran across a typical mountaineer, with a little cur dog to tree birds, and no mistake that man could give his city cousins pointers on hunting grouse. He had seven grouse, and it was not 9 o'clock, and had shot them all with an old single-barreled gun. Continuing on our way, it was not long before we put up another pair of birds, and we had the good fortune to bring them both to bag. From that time to late in the afternoon, we had indifferent success, only picking up a bird or two, and decided to start for the house. Passing through a stubble field, in which there was a large patch of thorn apple, W. remarked that he had never failed to put up a bird at that time of day—about the time they came out to feed. This day proved no exception to the rule. He stationed himself over in the woods near a fence; the direction, he said, which they were sure to take when flushed; I took the dog and started in working toward him. We had gone but a few steps, when the bitch stood, and out got a pair; one was on the opposite side, which I did not see at all, and the other started up over the top of the hill; I pulled on the one going over the hill, and at the report of the gun it dropped several feet. It could just drag itself along above the stubble; I did not fire the other barrel, as I thought it useless, expecting to see the bird drop every moment. What ever became of that bird is a mystery to me, for it seemed that we searched every inch of that ground for 500yds. around; our search was in vain. In the meantime, W. had accounted for the bird that flew in his direction, and so ended our last day's hunt in the Pocono. While our bag was not as heavy as it might have been, we both felt perfectly satisfied, as we worked hard, and our birds were killed in a good legitimate manner. Next day we started for home, both promising ourselves that we would repeat the trip in the near future.

E. E. W.

Bethlehem, Pa.

A CARIBOU HUNT IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

On Sept. 15 W. A. Whiting, Howard Fuguet and I started on a hunting trip in Newfoundland. Our starting place was the Bay of Islands, on the western coast. The steamer Harlaw makes fortnightly trips to the towns along this coast, the scenery of which is grand in the extreme. We arrived at the Bay of Islands on the evening of Sept. 14, and that night we procured our licenses, which cost $100 each, but I think it will soon be reduced. There is a small house here, kept by Mrs. Petrie.

The next morning we started out in a river boat with our five men, bound for the Willow Steady Hills. Our route lay down the bay and up the Humber, and thence up the Willow Steady River to the foot of the great rapids. These rivers are quite large with many rapids, and their scenery is one grand panorama of beauty.

Our guides were Henry McWhirter, John Nichols, Jack McCormick, Tim McLellan, cook, and John Gusher, boatman and packer.

The first night's camp was made on Deer Lake, which is a broadening of the Humber, nineteen miles long and several miles wide. Our next camp was made at the portage for the Willow Steady Hills, which we reached about 4 P. M., and made preparations for our twelve-mile tramp next day. This tramp we found a very hard one; half the time being up to our knees in mud and water. The caribou barrens are very hard walking, and the woods a terrible tangle of underbrush and fallen timber, but in places are covered with the heaviest carpet of moss I have ever seen, into which one often sinks knee deep. The effect to the eye is very beautiful, and the ground looks like a carpet in green hues.

After lunch I struck out ahead on one of the barrens. I saw some distance away a caribou feeding. I got up within about 200yds. and shot it as it ran across the barren. It proved to be a barren doe, and was very fat, and some of its meat made a good supper for our tired party that night. The men had very heavy loads and all hands felt glad to reach the Willow Steady Hills. These hills are bare for the most part and swampy, with the gulches wooded, and back of them is a vast mountainous country heavily timbered, but interspersed with caribou barrens of all sizes.

Our first day's hunt was quite successful and we got some fine stags, having seen at least fifty caribou and a good many ptarmigan.

We stayed here a week, and every day we saw caribou, but they became less plentiful every day, so we moved over to the marshes on Grand Lake which trip took us back over the portage by which we came in and thence up the Humber and over a seven mile portage to Grand Lake. This is a beautiful sheet of water, another broadening of the Humber, and fifty-two miles long. On the marshes here we got some sport and saw a great many caribou. During our stay in the Willow Steady Hills, a black bear was shot and onother wounded—over the carcass of the caribou that was shot on our way in.

We were in camp fifteen days and we were all satisfied with the sport we got.

The scenery is grand and the climate bracing. The only drawback was the black flies, as we had come away without any tar oil.

The country is hard to hunt in, but to those sportsmen who are willing to work hard and to rough it, Newfoundland presents a fine field for sport. The stalking is very exciting at this time of the year, one who kills his game earns it. Later on when the caribou are moving south, they can be killed almost anywhere on the Humber or Willow Steady rivers, or on any of the numerous runways, by simply waiting for them to come along, but such sport does not appeal to most sportsmen.

There is a railroad being built from St. John's by way of Grand Lake to Bay of Islands, and next year the sportsman can go from St. John's and meet his guides not far from good hunting grounds. The men we had proved a fine lot of fellows in every way, I can honestly

recommend them; especially can I do so in the case of Henry McWhirter and John Nichols—McWhirter resides in New Richmond, Province of Quebec, but he intends to move to Bay of Islands. These men are thoroughly familiar with the best hunting grounds of Newfoundland both on the east and the west coast. In June and July one can get good fishing on these rivers.

I would strongly advise those who are not willing or able to rough it to stay at home. To such that are not afraid of hard work and are fond of sport, Newfoundland offers a good field.

In conclusion I would like to say, in regard to the discussion in FOREST AND STREAM as to caribou does not having horns, that the majority of those we saw had horns, and some quite large ones, and then again I saw some that had none. The guides say that barren does have none.

H. W. HAMLYN.

HOBOKUS, New Jersey.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From our Staff Correspondent.*]

It Rests With the Ducks.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 12.—The season is now at hand when it is fair for the duck shooters to expect the first of the flight of the northern pintails, mallards, etc. Indeed, a few birds have put in an appearance, but in no such numbers as to warrant the belief that any general migratory movement has begun. There is no promise of a repetition of last year's phenomenal abundance of game. Those who glutted to the extreme of their ability the desire to kill may reflect that the birds they slaughtered last year cannot come back this year to be killed again—or does their childishness and improvidence extend to the belief that a dead bird lays eggs? We could almost think so, in view of the frequent statements urged in extenuation of offenses against sporting decency. "If I don't kill them, some one else will." When I hear a man say that, I always pity his intellectual weakness so much that I hardly have time to get angry with him.

Anyhow, the season is here, and the shooters are here, both the decent and the indecent. It all rests with the ducks. Let us hope. Let us dream. Perhaps after all, dead ducks do lay eggs and come again, or if they do not, will do so in the sweet bye-and-bye. In the sweet bye-and-bye, my brethren, perhaps we shall be able to eat our cake and still have it. We shall, perhaps, then be able to kill 75 or 100 mallards in a day, and have them all come back again to be all killed over again. Bless you, my children, how wise, how provident and how logical you are!

Somewhere.

A friend in the woollier section of the West writes me the following, to which any one wanting a good trip may well give heed:

"SOMEWHERE, Kan., Oct. 8.—I am going hunting into Colorado, and shall be there on or about Nov. 15. There are black-tail (mule) deer, Virginia deer, antelope and wild turkeys, some quail and many turkeys. The law is such that a person cannot kill many even if he gets the chance, but it is wild country, queer people and a nice place to camp, and oh, I don't know what else, just camp. I am willing to have two men go with me. I want men that don't expect to kill much, that are easily satisfied, that are willing to put up their part of the expenses, which will be about $1.50 a day each, and which will include horses, food, a cook and outfit. I won't take any one as a companion and place them as I would have to unless he is a gentleman. I like newspaper men, doctors, lawyers and ministers. I won't promise much of anything but I am going and it is the best place I know of in the West to spend my fall vacation according to my tastes. I don't tell exactly where it is as this is not intended as an advertisement for anyone to go into my country without me. Consider it as an invitation because you are a sportsman and a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM. If you want to go write to me care of E. Hough, 909 Security Building, Chicago, Ill., and if some one is not ahead of you in application you may see me climb a tree and get out of the way of a certain bear that I have hunted which has returned the compliment by hunting me several times. I am going to try her once more on or about Nov. 20.—W. J. D."

'Tis Trude, 'Tis Pity, and Pity 'Tis 'Tis Trude!

Last week I spoke of the elk exploits of lawyer A. S. Trude, whom I do not hesitate to call the greatest criminal lawyer in Chicago—if this story about his killing the elk be true. I am willing and hoping that Mr. Trude is going to appear and make a defense, and explain how he justified his notions of law and his notions of killing together. But now Mr. Trude being three times called in open court, comes not, neither makes defense. Much as I regret to say it, therefore, I feel forced to give credence to the report that he did kill eight elk illegally. The next gentleman to join the ranks of Dr. Thomas, Gov. Hogg, *et al*, is, I fear, Mr. Trude, vaunted as a great sportsman of Chicago. 'Tis Trude, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis Trude!

Dr. Thomas, this is Mr. Trude—Mr. Trude, Dr. Thomas. I hope you will be very good friends.

Jumped Their Bail.

This week Assistant Warden Goelter arrested Moses Murphy, Buck Walter and Budd Smith, or men giving those pleasant names, on the charge of killing song birds along the Des Plaines bottoms last Sunday. The men put up their shotguns as bail, but when the trial day came they did not appear. The warden holds the guns for Justice Porter.

Some Snipe.

Your uncle John Watson was down at Maksawba Club on the Kankakee this week after a little of his favorite sport of jacksnipe shooting. He got 90 birds in two days, and that surely is good bag enough for anyone. Mr. Watson uses his old dog Hector on snipe. Shooters at Watson's Park may have noticed the setter, and though the pointer Cyclone surpasses him at retrieving pigeons, the older dog is said to be hard to beat on snipe in the field.

I often hear men speaking of shore bird shooting in the East, and they tell me of sport at yellowlegs, etc. Out here we don't shoot yellowlegs, or rather turn up the nose at one who does. I think I am safe in saying that on the last day I was up on the Horicon marsh I could have killed 500 of these birds if I had wanted to. They were in great flocks everywhere about, and so tame they almost flew into the duck blinds. I suppose after a while we will be glad to shoot yellowlegs, but now when anyone out here speaks of "snipe" he always means the bird commonly called jacksnipe.

Hard Time.

Mr. D. Pride, long known to the craft of shooters in Chicago but more lately of California, is back in Chicago this week on a business visit. Mr. Pride says the hard times have left the sportsmen of southern California in bad financial shape, so that they don't hunt anything so so hard as they do money, but he looks for better days when the springtime cometh.

Mr. O. H. Hampton, of Indiana and all over, is a traveling man, and he, too, says that business is dull. "I don't mind that, though," said he, "for I got a three months' vacation which I put in on my farm down in Indiana, and I killed 80 squirrels. You have to shoot those gray squirrels with a shotgun, because they won't hold still." (But I don't think a squirrel ever ought to be shot that way. A squirrel has just as good a right to have some of the fun as we have.)

Displeased Again.

I am displeased again, this time over a recent statement in FOREST AND STREAM that a muscallonge had been "pulled out" of a lake. This expression is a very common one, usually among those who yank, snake, snag or jerk their fish, in contradistinction to those who take, kill, land or capture their fish. "I'll bet I can pull out more fish in a day than you," is a favorite remark of an acquaintance of mine who never saw a gaff hook or a landing net. Now, a fish isn't a cork, you know. To read this literally and with due regard to usage of the English language, we might infer that the fish had in some way become jammed, fastened or wedged in the waters of the lake, and was only to be removed by direct application of a considerable physical force. The ethics have it not thus.

Gun Men and Guns.

Mr. S. A. Tucker, of the Parker gun, and Mr. A. G. Courtney, of the Lefever gun, were both in town this week at the same time. "I can't say that I see any actual improvement in the business situation," said Mr. Courtney, "though of course there is more trade than for the past year. Dealers are buying of us, because they have have nothing left to sell, having run out all their old stock, which they have not replenished during the year just past. They are buying, but buying only for immediate consumption."

"We are selling some goods," said Mr. Tucker, "and I think there will be a little picking up in the trade. You may say one thing, though, that for one of our manufactures we have been having more demand than we could supply. We are putting out now, you know, our new $100 list gun, with the real Sir Joseph Whitworth steel barrels. This I am ready to maintain is the handsomest gun on the face of the earth, and it is good all the way through, as good as a gun can be made. It is odd, but we have sold every one of these high-priced guns we could turn out, and we are ready for more just such hard times. Now, I will tell you—"

Oct. 13.—Mr. M. R. Bortree, president of the National Protective Association, and as tireless an enthusiast and steady a worker as ever labored in the uphill work of game protection, sends me a letter from Mr. W. W. Barrett, the State superintendent of irrigation and forestry, and commissioner of fish and game for North Dakota, whose office is at Bismarck, N. D., in course of which Mr. Barrett says:

"Every effort possible with adverse circumstances is being made in the Northwest to prevent the illegal shipment as well as the killing of wild birds and game. This granted, the success of this department in that direction is worthy of commendation, especially when it is remembered no money has been appropriated for this work. All the great transportation lines have given assurance to the writer, they will do the best they can to prevent illegal shipments from and in our State.

"Though I adhere to the strict enforcement of the game laws, my associations or dealings with the sportsmen have been most pleasant thus far.

"I consider we have what I may call more than a fair amount of prairie chickens, grouse, ducks and wild geese this fall.

"I trust our next legislative assembly will so improve our laws and make such provisions that this department can counteract the prevalent opinion among sportsmen that they can't come into our State and ignore our laws in regard to fish and game. It is the intention of this department to see the laws are rigidly enforced the remainder of the season.

"Should you, or your game warden discover in your city any game shipped from North Dakota, I would esteem it a geeat favor if you will give me all attainable facts in regard to the matter.

"I am pleased to note what you state in regard to shipments of game into Chicago since Oct. 1.

"I hereby renew my thanks to you for the interest taken in aiding this department. Your Association is rendering valuable aid to the entire Northwest."

There is ample chance for Mr. Barrett to find work in North Dakota among local and visiting violators. I have repeatedly mentioned one point, viz., Dawson, N. D., where the non-shipment law is continually, openly and flagrantly violated by non-resident sportsmen who come there in special hunting cars and send home sacks of game. There are hundreds of points which need watching as much. Mr. Barrett naïvely states in his letter that he "does not take any game paper." If he does not take FOREST AND STREAM, he of course doesn't know what is going on in such matters over in his own State, so I shall send him a few copies of late issues and a letter or so which may be of use to him if he is hankering to get somebody arrested for breaking Dakota game laws. It is the fact that the game of Dakota is gradually but surely passing away under the murderous and increasing assaults yearly made by local and non-resident, legal and illegal shooters.

Will Try the Gun Tax.

Mr. Bortree thinks it will be a good idea to try and get the $1 per gun tax put into the Illinois law the next session of the Legislature, at which time usual changes in the game law will be submitted by the sportsmen He thinks a great fund could thus be raised for protective purposes. This gun tax would hardly pass the distinguished body of our Legislature, and opinion is very much divided on the motion. The main benefit I can see derivable from the idea in its fulfilment would be the general advertising it would give the subject of game protection. Advertising and agitation are at present about all the sportsmen can do. It is discouraging work but there are many who say that the results of it are beginning now to be distinctly noticeable. This I believe, and I believe it will become more and more dangerous for violators, be they sportsmen or not sportsmen, to put in practice their selfish and destructive designs.

It is not always the country shooter or the market-hunter who deserves reproach. I have seen as beastly a spirit of butchery among so-called sportsmen as I ever saw anywhere else, nor do I believe that the name of sportsman or sporting club always covers a clean or innocent heart. Thus I hear from my old friend, Valentine Hicks, of Ashton, Ill., that the gun club of a certain country town not far from Ashton (I have not legal proof and cannot give the name) this season killed illegally all the prairie chickens around their own town before the season opened. On opening day they left their own barren fields and came over to the section near Mr. Hicks, where the farmers have an association prohibiting shooters from coming on their lands. To the credit of these farmers, be it said, they arose and drove the "gun club" shooters, the "sportsmen" back home.

The facts about game law violations creep into print oftener and oftener these days, and it is harder and harder to break the laws of the statute books and of common decency in even the wildest parts of the country and not get found out and told about. The Rockies and the Adirondacks, Dakota and the pine woods country, Texas and Wisconsin, all have shown poor concealment of the deeds of law breakers. Witness Minister Thomas and Lawyer Trude, of Chicago; Governor Hogg, of Texas, and many others who won unenviable fame. Some day I think I shall suggest that FOREST AND STREAM take a page or so and print this roll of dishonor.

It is time the roll of dishonor were shortened. It is time that the old days were done, and that the old, sinful, cruel, outrageous and unjust waste of the people's property were stopped.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

BOSTON MEN AND WOMEN IN MAINE.

BOSTON, Oct. 13.—The hunting season is on in full blast in Maine, and if we are to believe one-half of the newspaper reports the amount af big game already taken is double that of the same length of time in the season of 1893. One favorable feature for the hunters is the fact that the weather has been unusually dry, and the moose and deer have come to the water more than usual for so late in the season. This has enabled the jack-shooter to get in his work. Mr. Geo. H. Cutting, of Andover, a guide who is usually successful in taking deer, writes me that there are no beechnuts in the woods this fall, and that the deer are still in the swamps and feeding on browse. Partridges he still finds to be very scarce, and this doubtless is the true state of the case. Black-duck shooting seems to have been good on some waters, for so early in the season.

Mr. Edward A. Dow, of Woburn, started Thursday for a two-weeks' trip to Richardson Lake and vicinity. He will visit Camp Stewart and probably stop a part of the time in a camp on the Richardson Ponds. He is a good deal wearied with business, and goes as much for the rest as for shooting, though "both guns go along." Mr. Will Cutting, of Andover, is his guide. Mr. Frank F. Dodge, partner of Mr. Dow, is just back from a hunting and fishing trip to Nova Scotia waters. He has found a lake that greatly pleases him, and has put in an application to purchase the land on a certain point that projects well into the lake for a camp site. He is much pleased with the treatment he received from guides and the people generally. Even the customs and revenue officials made matters as pleasant as possible for him. He will have a partner in his new camp.

Mr. L. W. DePass returned the other day from his two weeks' vacation on the Cape, at Marshfield, where he was quartered with a farmer, and a noted raiser of ducks. This farmer has had big flocks of ducks for years, and they go to the salt water creeks and bays to feed. They have mixed and interbred with wild ducks in a way that would make a naturalist wild if he attempted to classify them. The farmer is a good deal of a gunner himself. He clips the wings of his tame ducks and they make excellent decoys. The wild ducks fly down among them, when the hunter in the blind has only to cause them to rise and then shoot at the ducks that are in the air. When the flock of wild ducks starts to fly away the tame ducks that cannot fly *quack-quack* and often draw them back for another shot. Mr. DePass got several black ducks and one or two mallard, though the season was not far enough advanced nor the weather yet rough enough for good shooting. Coot he found to be remarkably plenty, but they were not coming to the tame duck decoys. He got a dozen or more chicken plover. Winter yellowlegs he found to be rather scarce. There had not yet been any good flights.

The FOREST AND STREAM'S editorial last week concerning the tendency of women to take to outdoor sports was admirable and timely. After reading it I took up a Maine daily paper, and almost the first item I read was an account of the shooting of a deer by a Mrs. D. S. Thompson, of Livermore Falls, Me. The game was killed at Eustis.

The next day I took up another paper and found flaming head lines concerning the shooting of a moose by Mrs. George Walker, of Newton Centre, Mass., on John's Pond, a sheet of water some two miles southeast of Kennebago Lake.

SPECIAL.

Maine Game Abundant.

EUSTIS, Me., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first snow of the season is falling and finds us practically barefoot, my hunting shoes having been accidentally burned up last night. This comes at the wrong time, as I have just located some large moose not far off and expected to have killed one before many days. Deer and bear are seen in every direction; caribou are still on the mountain tops near by, while partridge (ruffed grouse) are a drug on this market. I shall try to return her in December, this being the best location for game th have yet found.

GEORGE W. LARUE.

MINNESOTA TEST CASES.

State v. Rodman. Same v. Cobb.

(Supreme Court of Minnesota. July 25, 1894.)

Game Law—Constitutional Act—Police Power—Title of Act—Excessive Fines.

1. Gen. Laws 1891, c. 9, § 11, as amended by Gen. Laws 1893, c. 124 § 9, construed as prohibiting the having in possession, more than five days after the commencement of the closed season, certain kinds of game, although lawfully taken or killed during the open season.

2. *Held*, that this statute is a proper exercise of the police power of the State to protect and preserve wild game, because reasonably tending to prevent the unlawful killing of such game during the closed season.

3. It is within the police power of the State to enact such laws as will preserve from extermination or undue depletion wild game adapted to consumption as food, or to other useful purpose; and to that end the State may adopt any reasonable regulations, not only as to the time and manner of taking or killing such game, but also imposing such limitations or restrictions upon its use, or the right of property in it, after it is taken or killed, as will tend to prevent such extermination or depletion.

4. *Held*, that the subject of the amendatory act of 1893 is sufficiently expressed in its title.

5. The provisions of section 11 of the act, as amended, are not obnoxious to that part of the constitution which prohibits the imposition of excessive fines.

(Syllabus by the Court.)

Cases certified from district court, Ramsey county; John W. Willis, Judge.

C. W. Rodman and R. E. Cobb were separately indicted for violation of the game law, and demurred to the indictments. The demurrers were overruled, and certain questions certified to the supreme court. Orders affirmed.

Pierce Butler and W. E. Bramhall, for the State. Briggs & Countryman, for defendant R. E. Cobb. D. D. Williams, for defendant C. W. Rodman.

Collins, J. These defendants were separately indicted for having in possession, more than five days after the end of the open season, parts of the flesh and meat of deer, contrary to the provisions of Gen. Laws 1891, c. 9, §11, as amended by Gen. Laws 1893, c. 134, § 9, which reads thus:

> No person shall catch, take or kill, or have in possesion or under control for any purpose whatever, any fawn, at any time, nor elk, moose, caribou or antelope, before the first day of January, 1898; nor any variety of deer, at any time between the twentieth day of November and the first day of November following, except that when the same have been lawfully caught, taken or killed, they may be had in possession or under control for five days, after the time herein limited, for use in the manner and for the purposes herein allowed. Whoever shall offend against any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall upon conviction thereof be punished by a fine of not less than fifty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars and costs of prosecution, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than sixty days nor more than ninety days for each and every such animal so caught, taken, killed or had in possession or under control.

Upon the argument of demurrers to the indictments, it was admitted by the prosecution that the deer referred to had been killed in the open season. The court, having overruled the demurrers, certified to this court the following questions of law as having been raised on the argument, and decided in favor of the State, viz.: "(1) That chapter 124 of the General Laws of this State for 1893 is unconstitutional and void; (2) that the Legislature had not the power to make it an offense to have in possession birds, animals or fish during the closed season, which had been killed and reduced to possession during the open season; (3) that if the Legislature has the power it has not exercised it, and this act does not make it an offense to have in possession during the close season birds, animals or fish which have been killed and reduced to possession during the open season; (4) that the act is void by reason of the excessive fines imposed by it; (5) that the indictment does not state a public offense."

1. By the third and fifth propositions the same question is raised, and they go merely to the construction of this act, and for that reason should be first considered. The contention of defendants is that the act should be construed as prohibiting only the having in possession during the closed season game unlawfully caught, taken or killed. On this we need but to say that the language of the act is so clear, plain and unambiguous as to leave no room for any such construction. It is perfectly obvious that it makes it an offense to have in possession during the closed season any game caught or killed in the State, the time when it was caught or killed being immaterial.

2. The first, second and fourth propositions raise the question of the validity of the act. The points made against its constitutionality are: First, that the Legislature has no power to make it an offense to have in possession, during the close season, game lawfully killed and reduced to possession during the open season, especially for the reason that it deprives a person of his property without due process of law; second, that the act violates the constitutional requirement that no law shall contain more than one subject, which shall be expressed in its title; third, that the act so far as it relates to punishment for having game in possession, is in violation of the bill of rights (Const. art. 1, § 5), declaring that excessive fines shall not be imposed, etc.

It is claimed that the act in question proceeds upon the plan of first declaring all wild game and fish within the State to be its absolute property, and then, upon that basis, providing how, and under what limitations, persons may acquire a qualified right of property in them from the State. Counsel for defendants contend strenuously that the State has no proprietary right in animals *ferœ naturæ*, and can acquire none by mere legislation; that such animals are *bona vacantia*, in which a right of property can be acquired only by reducing them to possession. If it was the intention of the Legislature to declare all wild game the property of the State in a proprietary sense, that feature of the law might be subject to counsel's criticism; but that question is not material here, for it is not necessary to resort to any such doctrine as the source of the power of the State to adopt police regulations for the preservation of wild game within its borders.

We take it to be the correct doctrine in this country that the ownership of wild animals, so far as they are capable of ownership, is in the State, not as proprietor, but in its sovereign capacity, as the representative, and for the benefit of all its people in common. The preservation of such animals as are adapted to consumption as food, or to any other useful purpose, is a matter of public interest; and it is within the police power of the State, as the representative of the people in their united sovereignty, to enact such laws as will best preserve such game, and secure its beneficial use in the future to the citizens, and to that end it may adopt any reasonable regulations, not only as to time and manner in which such game may be taken and killed, but also imposing limitations upon the rights of property in such game after it has been reduced to possession. Such limitations deprive no person of his property, because he who takes or kills game had no previous right of property in it, and, when he acquires such right by reducing it to possession, he does so subject to such conditions and limitations as the Legislature has seen fit to impose. It is upon this principle that laws have been sustained which restricted the use of such game to the people of the State in which it was caught or killed, and prohibited its being shipped out of such State as an article of commerce; the reason being that to permit game to become an article of commerce, even during the open season, would stimulate the killing to an extent leading to its total extermination. In short, the object to be attained is the preservation from extinction or undue depletion of game; and the Legislature may pass any reasonable laws to effect that end, even to the extent of restricting the use of, or right of property in, the game after it is taken or killed. All so-called game laws proceed upon that principle, and their constitutionality has rarely, if ever, been successfully assailed. Organ v. State, 56 Ark. 267, 19 S. W. 840; State v. Geer, 61 Conn. 144, 52 Atl. 1012; Magner v. People, 97 Ill. 320; American Exp. Co. v. People, 133 Ill. 649, 24 N. E. 758; Gentile v. State, 29 Ind. 415; Phelps v. Racey, 60 N. Y. 10.

No court would be justified in declaring unreasonable the provision limiting the time to five days after the commencement of the closed season, during which a person may lawfully retain possession of game taken or killed during the open season. What this provision aims at is not the mere fact of possession of game lawfully obtained, but to prevent its being unlawfully taken or killed. If it were permitted to have possession during the closed season, without limitation, of game taken or killed during the open season, it would inevitably result in frequent violations of the game law, without the least probability of a discovery. Game is usually found in secluded places, away from habitations of men, with no one to witness the killing but the hunter himself. The game would have no earmarks to show whether it was taken or killed in the open or the closed season, and hence conviction under this statute would ordinarily be impossible, and the law would become practically a dead letter. In these days of cold storage warehouses, the mere lapse of time after the expiration of the open season would furnish little aid in an effort to prove that the game had been taken or killed out of season. The regulation is one which reasonably tends to prevent the taking or killing of game in the closed or forbidden season, and is therefore a legitimate exercise of the police power. Roth v. State, 7 Ohio Cir. Ct. R. 62; Phelps v. Racey, supra.

There is nothing in the point made by counsel for defendants as to the construction of this "five days" limitation. The evident intent of the Legislature was to extend the open season for possession five days beyond the end of the open season for killing.

We fail to discover any merit in the point that the subject of the amendatory act of 1893 is not expressed in its title. The title of the original act, approved April 20, 1891, is "An act for the preservation, propagation and protection of the game and fish of the State." The title of the amendatory act is, "An act to amend an act for the preservation, propagation and protection of game and fish of the State of Minnesota, approved April 20, 1891." It would be difficult to conceive of a title that would more clearly express the subject of an act pertaining to this matter, and every provision in both the original and amendatory acts is entirely germane to the subject legislated upon.

The only remaining question is whether the act is obnoxious to the constitutional provision against the imposition of excessive fines, or the infliction of cruel or unusual punishments. The latter clause of the provision is directed, not so much against the amount or duration of the punishment, as against the character of it—what was in mind being those punishments which were cruel and degrading in their nature, and which had been condemned by public opinion years before the adoption of our constitution. The punishment for offenses against the game laws are usually graduated in one or two ways—either by making the unlawful killing or possession of each animal a separate and distinct offense, or (which works out the same result) by graduating the penalty according to the number of animals killed or possessed, so that the greater the offense the greater the punishment. This method of graduating punishment is distinctly recognized in many of our criminal statutes. Our game law is not more severe in its penalties than the game laws of other States, the validity of which in this respect has rarely been questioned, so far as we have discovered. Blydenburgh v. Miles, 39 Conn. 484; State v. Craig, 80 Me. 85 13 Atl. 129; Association v. Durham, 51 N. Y. Super Ct. 306. See, also, Mims v. State, 26 Minn. 494, 5 N. W. 369; Cooley, Const. Lim. 401. While the fines imposed are certainly large, yet we cannot say that they are excessive, in a constitutional sense. A large discretion is necessarily vested in the Legislature to impose penalties sufficient to prevent the commission of an offense, and it would have to be an extreme case to warrant the courts in holding that the constitutional limit had been transcended. Orders affirmed.

State v. Northern Pacific Express Co.

(Supreme Court of Minnesota. July 25, 1894.)

Game Law—Constitutionality—Shipments Out of State—Criminal Law—Review on Appeal.

1. State v. Rodman and State v. Cobb, 59 N. W. 1098, followed; holding that certain provisions of Gen. Laws 1891, c. 9, as amended by Gen. Laws 1893, c. 124, entitled "An act for the preservation * * * of the game and fish of the State of Minnesota," are valid.

2. The provision of the act prohibiting the shipment out of the State of certain kinds of fish caught within the State is not an unlawful interference with interstate commerce.

3. State v. Byrud, 23 Minn. 30, followed, to the effect that, when a criminal case is certified to this court, we will only consider such questions as appear from the certification to have been raised and passed on in the court below.

(Syllabus by the Court.)

Case certified from the District Court, Otter Tail county; L. L. Baxter, Judge.

The Northern Pacific Express Company was indicted for violation of the game laws. Demurrers of the indictment were overruled, and certain questions certified to the Supreme Court. Orders affirmed.

J. H. Mitchell, Jr., and Tilden R. Selmes, for appellant. H. W. Childs, Atty. Gen., and W. E. Bramhall, for the State.

Collins, J. The defendant was twice indicted for violations of Gen. Laws 1891, c. 9, as amended by Gen. Laws 1893, c. 124; one indictment being under Sec. 17, for having in its possession during the open season fish which had been caught in an unlawful manner in this State during such open season, and the other under Sec. 22, for having in its possession fish lawfully caught in this State, but not of the species excepted from the operation of this section, with the intent to ship the same out of the State. The trial court, having overruled demurrers to the indictments, certified to this court the following questions as having been raised by defendant, and determined by it, namely: (1) That chapter 124 of the General Laws of this State for 1893 is unconstitutional and void; (2) that the Legislature has not the power to prohibit, during the open season, the receiving by a common carrier, for the purpose of transportation, of fish which have been illegally caught within the State; (3) that the act is void by reason of the excessive fines imposed by it.

The first and third have been fully considered and disposed of in State v. Rodman and State v. Cobb, 59 N. W. 1098 (opinions just filed).

On the second question the defendant's contention is that the provisions of the act prohibiting the shipment out of the State of fish caught within the State unlawfully interferes with inter-State commerce. The complete answer to this is that the fish had never become articles of commerce, within the meaning contended for by defendant's counsel. Under the laws of the State they had, it is true, become private property, but of a qualified and limited character; one of the attached limitations being that they should not be shipped out of the State—that is, should not become the subject of interstate commerce. The purpose of such a provision as a means of preventing a rapid and undue depletion of certain kinds of game has already been adverted to in the State cases just mentioned. Similar provisions are very commonly found in laws for the preservation of game, and have been generally upheld as valid. Organ v. State, 56 Ark. 270, 10 S. W. 840; State v. Geer, 61 Conn. 144, 22 Atl. 1012. It must be remembered that defendant is not charged with having in possession fish caught and killed in another State, but in this.

Defendant's counsel have argued some questions which have not been certified up by the trial court, the most serious thereof being that in the first indictment it is not alleged that defendant knew that the fish had been caught in an unlawful manner. But under the rule laid down in State v. Byrud, 23 Minn. 30, and repeatedly followed, we can only consider such questions as it appears from the certification were raised and passed on in the court below. Orders affirmed.

AMONG THE TEAL.

Lima, O.—Our destination was the Lewistown Reservoir, a 25 mile drive from home. We have an interest in one of the numerous club houses that line the banks of the Reservoir, and on arriving at our shanty we soon make ourselves at home. Awaking in the morning we heard the light, drizzling rain falling on the roof, and knew that we had an ideal duck day, and we started for the prairie, where it is low and marshy, and can be waded with hip boots. As we emerged from the tall undergrowth and cat-tails, what a sight met our eyes! There, in an open body of water, were feeding at least 800 teal, with a few mallards scattered through the flock.

There were ducks by the hundred, and every one out of range. Not a blind could we find anywhere near that would bring us within gunshot of the birds. Our only chances were to walk them up or wade them up. They got up with a rush and a splash. Our first few shots failed to hit and we found that we were shooting behind. I had by this time waded out to a good blind, and was anxiously awaiting a chance to retrieve my poor shooting. "Mark, here comes a flock of eight." I cut loose with my first barrel and bring down two, and with the second barrel score one. Sam succeeds in getting one from the same flock. It is now getting late, and the ducks are flying high and scattering. By 7 o'clock the flight is over and we turn our attention to plover for awhile and then go back to the shanty with ten teal and seven plover.

Dinner over, we start out again and our success is varied. Sam gets a widgeon and four teal, and I succeed in knocking down a black mallard, four teal and a rail.

The next morning we were in our blinds by daylight, but did not succeed in getting a shot at duck. There was no flight at all; all of them must have left the day before. The weather was now getting warmer and the outlook for better shooting was not encouraging, so we packed our traps and came home, well pleased with the short outing. We did not have as large a game bag as we sometimes read about, but 20 ducks and 19 plover to two guns in one day, through this section of the country, is worth reading about.

We hope to try them again when the storms in the North shall have brought down the large ducks and an occasional flock of geese. Selmo.

Some Illinois Shooting.

Jerseyville, Ill., Oct. 8.—Oct. 1 opened the quail season in Illinois, and many of our shooters have been out after the birds. Some returned with fair bags, while others had but few. They all report plenty of birds, but that fully one-half are too small to shoot. The fact is that the law is wrong, that is the opening of the season is unreasonably early and should be changed trom Oct. 1 to Nov. 1, then close Jan. 1 instead of Dec. 1. I am told that many of the birds started were no larger than sparrows. Now, this is all wrong and should be amended. Give the birds a chance to grow first and then hunt them. I am not one of those who argue that a quail will raise two broods in one season, but believe that where small birds are found it is owing to the fact that the nest has been destroyed or from some other unknown cause. Quail begin to travel in this section about the middle of September and continue to do so until about the middle of October. During this time they can sometimes be found in flocks of fifteen or more.

I do not think that they prefer this mode of traveling, but that it only occurs when they chance to meet, and that they separate into coveys when roosting time comes. During the time they travel they often find their way into towns along their route, and can be heard whistling from the gardens, trees and housetops. L. S. H.

Four Snipe Out of Five.

Orangeville, Md., Oct. 8.—On the 3d of this month we saw Mr. J. A. Hartner of Orangeville, Ind., kill four out of five, all on the wing at once. A. L. Petty,
J. E. Evans,
Ed. Zink.

PNEUMATIC BOATS.

A SCHOOLBOY once got zero in his reading lesson for accidentally transposing the words gun boats and gum boots, thereby making a sentence in the history of the Civil War read: "Admiral Porter ascended the Mississippi in his gum boots." His rendition would not have seemed so ridiculous to any one who had seen the Layman pneumatic sporting boat, which is really a pair of wading boots with inflated tops. With these "gum boots" Admiral Porter could easily have ascended the Mississippi and been just as dry as in his gun boats.

The Layman boat, as it is called, is now on exhibition in the window of a Broadway store in New York.

It is a combination of hip wading boots with a top attachment, which, when inflated, resembles a large life-preserver. When not inflated this upper part may be worn like a vest, the weight resting on the shoulders, and so worn would scarcely attract more attention than a vest. Few observers seeing a sportsman thus equipped would suspect that he carried with him the means of crossing the deepest rivers dryshod, or of navigating any waters suitable for a small boat. The boat attachment is inflated either by means of a small pump or simply by the mouth. It contains four airtight compartments, which of course are inflated separately. This insures safety in case of an accident. It is asserted that any one of the four compartments would easily sustain the weight of a man, even if the other three were punctured. The boat in the water draws about 3½ft., and is perhaps 3ft. long by about 2ft. broad. It will easily carry two men, and its inventor has taken two or three children with him on short trips.

THE PNEUMATIC BOATS.

The advantage of this at first glance apparently superfluous buoyancy is the great stability gained. It enables the heaviest ducking charges to be fired from the boat without the slightest danger of capsize, and it also enables its owner to carry with him a heavy load of game, guns and ammunition.

The boat is propelled by the feet of the occupant. The boots are provided with flaps that open when pressed backward and close when brought forward for a new stroke. The inventor says that the motion is a little tiresome at first, but that one soon becomes accustomed to it and then it is as easy as walking.

The boat is provided with a small and inconspicuous rudder, which is really a most important adjunct. It is not intended to steer the boat, as the word is generally understood, and it is not provided with a tiller or hand lines. In fact, it is stationary. Its purpose is to keep the boat pointed in one direction, as it naturally steers all too easily by the feet. Without this rudder the boat would be more apt to turn in a circle than go ahead.

The circumference of the boat is provided with rings, loops and small sockets, which serve a number of purposes, from towing strings of live fish to erecting a duck blind. A storm cape, which fits snugly about the top of the boat, is provided for rainy weather. This would also be useful when the boat was tried in very rough water.

That the boat is thoroughly practical is proved by a number of tests made by the inventor and also by others. A prominent sportsman of Little Rock, Ark., spent several hours one day in futile efforts to capsize the boat. The most he could do was to fill his boots with water. The boat remained as buoyant and stable as ever. The other day the inventor walked dryshod across the harbor of Bristol, R. I. This is open water, 1¼ miles across, exposed to quite a sweep of wind, and was rough the day the experiment was made. Nevertheless, no water was shipped, and the trip was made in forty minutes.

The weights of the boats vary, from a maximum of 20lbs. to a minimum that only adds 4lbs. to the weight of the boots.

They will prove an addition of great importance to the equipment of duck hunters and sportsmen in general who wish to visit overflowed lands or bodies of water that for various reasons are barred to ordinary boats, and they will add one more link to the chain of causes that is lessening our game supply, inasmuch as they will render heretofore inaccessible fastnesses open to assault.

J. B. BURNHAM.

President Cleveland's Deer.

LYNN, Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find clipping from the Lynn *Daily Item* of Oct. 10:

The President and party, including ex-Gov. Russell, Private Secretary Thurber, E. C. Benedict and R. W. Gilder, had an exceedingly rough passage from Naushon to Woods Holl, Wednesday, in steam launch Coyell, owned by Com. Forbes. No one expected them to cross in the face of such a storm. * * * The party had good success deer hunting, Tuesday, at Naushon, and brought home some specimens.

I should like to inquire if there is not a law against killing deer at all seasons in this State. I understand that Commodore Forbes owns the island of Naushon and has stocked it with deer. Does the law allow that if a man does own the deer he can kill them in Massachusetts at any time? A. L. N.

[The Massachusetts law forbids killing deer in the counties of Plymouth and Barnstable; elsewhere they are unprotected. Naushon is in Dukes county.]

THE ST. MARY'S LAKE COUNTRY.

BLACKFOOT AGENCY, Mont., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had intended to write you a detailed account of my trip to St. Mary's, but finding my time too fully occupied, gave up the idea. From Sept. 1 I spent two weeks there with H. R. Norris as guide. I killed one ram and two goats, and a great many grouse and ducks. While skinning my sheep, a ewe and lamb came up within 50yds. of me, apparently as much interested in me as I was in them. After watching us curiously for a short time they leisurely went up the rocks and out of sight.

The goats I killed on Mount Going-to-the-Sun.

From our camp at the head of Munroe's Basin I explored Going-to-the-Sun and the basin on its western and northern sides. I found this basin to contain quite a good-sized stream, which is the north fork of the main North Fork of the St. Mary's. It contains a series of waterfalls of rare beauty, the highest of which is probably 150 to 200ft. in height. From Going-to-the-Sun we had a magnificent view of the country west and southwest. The Gun Sight Pass (named by you) was shown me by Mr. Norris. We saw no bear, though found signs quite plentiful.

The weather was very good, with the exception of one storm of wind and snow, in which I lost my hat, getting back to camp with a towel on my head, and so raising visions of falls and injuries galore in the minds of our people in camp.

Fish were rising only sparingly to the fly, but we were enabled to keep our table well supplied, my wife being especially proud of a speckled beauty weighing 3½lbs. which she hooked and landed.

At the discharge of the upper lake I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Stimpson and wife, who intend making quite a stay in that country. He is the kind of a sportsman that makes better sportsmen of all he meets.

GEORGE S. MARTIN.

Plenty of Bears.

BETHEL, Me., Oct. 8.—Bears have never been known so plentiful in the fall of the year in the vicinity of the Rangeley Lakes as this autumn. There have been over fifty bears killed on the border of the forests in Oxford and Franklin counties in the last four weeks, and not a day passes without some being trapped or shot. It is thought that lack of beech nuts and berries in the woods has caused them to seek food in the open country. They commenced depredations in the farmers' cornfields and continued it in the orchards and sheep pastures. Twenty-five bears have already been killed in the towns of Byron and Mexico alone since the first of September. And in Bethel and Newry upward of twenty more. If any one is spoiling for a scrimmage with bruin he can be accommodated by watching on some of these moonshiny nights in any of our back orchards.

Last week Perley Parker, a 12-year-old boy of Bethel, shot a bear in an apple tree in the orchard of Howard Chapman with a partridge charge in a $3 muzzleloader. Gray squirrels are also unusually abundant.

J. G. RICH.

If Rabbits Could Fly.

BOSTON, Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I tramped all day through the woods of East Walpole in search of ruffed grouse, but never could get within speaking distance of him, he is such a bashful fellow. I could just get a view of his tail as he would rise on soaring pinions and sail away over the treetops.

I got three simple-minded and confiding rabbits and one gray squirrel. If the rabbits could fly I would not be recording their capture. I found the squirrels very wild and only to be captured by still-hunting.

I noticed a bluebird among a flock of sparrows; they did not desire his company judging by the way in which they would pounce upon him.

One meets the cheery little chickadee everywhere. Go to the woods when snow hides the earth and you will see his little black head bobbing up serenely. JAY PEE.

Game in the Rainy Lake Country.

WEST DULUTH, Minn., Oct. 12.—Lots of ducks with us now, and grouse and partridge shooting is very good. My last trip through the woods showed an abundance of deer, and upon a recent trip by canoe into the Rainy Lake country we saw many moose and caribou in the streams, often approaching within 100ft. of them, and probably had the finest chance that will ever occur for securing pictures of this noble game, but unfortunately did not take a camera with me. Shall do so on my next trip. Rail and shore birds have been unusually plentiful this fall. E. J. L.

Virginia Quail and Ducks.

VIRGINIA BEACH, Va., Oct. 9.—We commence to shoot quail on the 15th. The country is fairly alive with birds; some of the quail have hatched three times. Sportsmen will find good accommodations here and plenty of sport. It costs $5 per day for team, guide, etc., etc. The duck season opens the 20th inst. Already large numbers of ducks and geese are seen going over at evening.

E. L. G

Three Thousand Replies.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY, NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—*Forest and Stream Pub. Co.*—GENTLEMEN: Several issues ago you put a notice in your paper calling attention to a book called "Art of Wing Shooting." This notice has poured into our office about **3,000** applications for copies of this book. We have exhausted the supply we had on hand and have written to Washington for additional supply. Will you kindly make mention of this fact in your next issue, and should we not receive the books will return the stamps sent to us. I was not aware before that your paper had such an extensive circulation, as we are getting letters from all parts of the United States and Canada.

ALEX. S. THWEATT, Eastern Passenger Agent Southern R'y Co.

Chickens, Ducks and Geese

are going to be very plentiful along the line of the Northern Pacific this season. Make your arrangements to go and get some of them. Send Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., 4 cents in stamps for "Natural Game Preserves of the Northwest."—*Adv.*

AN error appeared in the advertisement of the Layman Pneumatic Sporting Boat in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, whereby the price of the plain boat was quoted at $25, and the boy's boat at $20. The correct prices are, respectively, $26.50 and $22.

Sea and River Fishing.

OKOBOJI IN SEPTEMBER.

BLAIR, Neb., Sept. 20.—Ever since I can remember I have heard of the great sport attending bass fishing in September, and each year I have promised myself that I would experience that pleasure or know the reason why; but somehow when the cool nights and mornings of that month arrive and news comes that chickens are ripe for picking, my piscatorial sporting blood thins very rapidly, and I—well, I don't go fishing. In the spring, when the opportunity presents itself, no one is a more devoted desciple of Izaak Walton than I; no hour is too early to rise and no one more reluctant to reel up at night; but nevertheless Sept. 1 always finds my rods and tackle packed away for the year, and I am busy oiling up my gun and loading shells for the fall campaign.

This spring, during our camping trip at Okoboji, my friend George and I had several conversations on the subject, both agreeing that it would be a good idea to try it, so I was not very much surprised a couple of weeks ago at the receipt of a letter from George requesting me to pack up my traps and join him in an effort "to get some of those bass things." Accordingly I was ready when the train bearing himself and wife arrived from St. Paul, and together with my wife, joined him for Okoboji.

The afternoon of that day found our little party of four disconsolately gathered on the lake shore watching the waves pound the landing stage to pieces, and it didn't take us long to make up our minds that we would have no fishing that day, for no boat would have floated many minutes in the heavy sea. Wending our way back to the hotel in an unpleasant frame of mind, we met a gentleman just returning with a dozen tempting looking jacksnipe, which he claimed to have shot on the shores of the Gar chain of lakes. He averred that he had only seen fourteen; but George and I thought he did not look like a man who would kill everything in sight, so we concluded to just look around a little ourselves. Hastily donning shooting coats and boots we started forth with visions of full game pockets. We walked and walked, and then walked some more; but no jacks could we find, and at length having made the circuit of the lakes—some ten or twelve miles, we concluded that hereafter we would not rashly doubt a brother sportsman's statement; and voted ourselves a couple of chumps. We saw a few ducks, but with the exception of three they were entirely out of reach. Of these we did manage to pull a couple down out of the clouds; mine being a male woodduck that increased my respect for the far reaching powers of my new gun.

The second day dawned with every promise of fine sport and we started early and fished long, the wind, however, soon died completely away, leaving the lake as still and glassy as a mill pond, and though we all worked diligently the results for the day were only a couple of fair sized bass, half a dozen pickerel and four ducks shot by my wife.

The third day we started for a bed of marshes in East Okoboji, a long pull from home, but reached there only to find the wind rising so rapidly that our ability to hold the boats against it soon ceased and we reluctantly turned back.

After a hard pull of three miles against the wind we reached the opening to the Gar lakes and started in. It was bad enough in the spring; but hard as our progress then was, it was no circumstance to the present time, the lakes are at least 1½ft. lower than in June, and the weeds in First Gar Lake resembled an unmown meadow, the channel did not have 6in. of water in it, but made up for the lack of water with a couple of feet of sticky mud. Landing our passengers and sending them around the shore we managed to drag the boats through. After all our exertions, however, Middle Gar Lake, our objective point, proved as windswept as the larger lake and our labor was for naught. George did manage to land two good sized bass, but the others of us had not even a strike.

Coming back through the weeds I missed the only good thing of the trip—a flock of eighteen blue-winged teal almost knocked my hat off. My gun, of course, was not in reach, and before I could get my hands on it they were half a mile away. They probably realized my harmless condition for they passed within twenty-five yards of me and not five yards high.

The fourth and last day was but a repetition of the others—a regular gale blowing all the while, no fishing possible and ducks too scarce to bother with. We held a council of war which resulted in our starting for home that night, thoroughly dissatisfied with our first fall fishing trip. The only gleam of sunshine was the discovery of a couple of ideal duck passes that we may try when the fall flight begins. W. R. H.

Some Good Surf Fishing.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Oct. 12.—It is with much interest that I occasionally read of fine fresh-water fishing in FOREST AND STREAM, and thinking that your readers might also like to hear of some salt-water work with rod and reel that was good enough to suit the most ardent surf angler, our friends Guild and Hulit not excepted, I append the following as the result of four partial days, being of about five hours each, by four rods:

First day—150 croakers, sea trout and kingfish.

Second day—70 bluefish, averaging 10lbs. each; 12 red drum averaging 20lbs. each.

Third day—6 blues, averaging 3lbs. each.

Fourth day—2 blues, averaging 2lbs. each; 40 sea trout, croakers and kingfish; 39 red drum, averaging 20lbs. each.

Then two rods landed the following, fishing one tide each day:

First day—5 red drum, averaging 12lbs. each; 12 croakers and sea trout.

Second day—44 red drum, averaging over 20lbs. each, the largest of which fell by good luck to the rod of the writer and weighed 57lbs. This, I believe, has never been equalled with rod and reel, standing on the beach and casting in the surf; one rod taking 24 and the other 20.

Third day—16 red drum, averaging 15lbs. each; 2 blues, averaging 5lbs. each.

Fourth day—9 red drum, averaging 15lbs. each, and not one of these fish was wasted. BIG REEL.

TEXAS SALT-WATER FISHING.

SEVERAL weeks ago I took a month's vacation, and with my wife went down on the Texas coast at Aransas Pass on fishing bent. My varied experiences while there would make interesting reading in abler hands than mine, but I will try to give as much information as possible for the benefit of FOREST AND STREAM readers.

How we fished in the Corpus Christi channel for stingarees and sharks as an additional attraction to the smaller fish; how we sat on the deck of our little sloop at night cracking crabs and eating their sweet flesh; how we enjoyed the surf bathing on Mustang Island, and how we gathered shells and coral beans on St. Joseph's Island were merely pleasant incidents of the trip. Fishing was what we went for, and fishing we had.

The sport that I enjoyed more than all else was the surf fishing. To wade out as far as you can keep your footing, to where the breakers occasionally hit you in the face simply to show they are there, and then to cast your mullet far out into the white, foaming waters; to wait a few moments for the strike sure to come, and then to battle with a gamy redfish or trout, while struggling to keep your footing on the smooth sand, is an experience not soon forgotten. Here, too, the man with the rod and reel has the advantage of the heavier cast line, having more control over his tackle.

The tarpon fishing was excellent. One morning, while fishing in the Pass, I saw five tarpon landed within an hour. Another day six were caught, and all these within plain view of the beach.

Of course I tried to catch a tarpon. My outfit was good and I confidently expected success, but my hopes were shattered. Although I felt and saw them, none came within reach of the gaff.

Saturday morning I started out, seated comfortably in the stern of the skiff with Wilbur handling the oars. For half an hour we trolled up and down the Pass, when all at once I felt a slight nibble at my bait, as though some small fish had struck it. The next moment the tip of my rod bent over and the reel sang a tune pleasant to the ear. Then I knew that I had a silver king. In an instant he was out of the water, shaking his head violently, with his mouth wide open. He failed to dislodge the hook and so jumped again and again. At last, when bearing with a steady pull I felt the line slacken, and reeling in, found the fish was gone. During the next half hour I had four strikes, but all escaped. At this point our fishing was interrupted by a heavy squall which compelled us to seek the shore, and after it had passed the fish ceased biting. It seems to me that this manner of fishing for tarpon is more sportsmanlike than still-fishing, as practiced in Florida. There is no chance for the fish to gorge the bait, and it is a question whether you will be able to land your fish or not. That it can be done is proven every day during the season. Perhaps the best feature of this fishing lies in the fact that there is no waiting five or six hours for a bite. You may feel confident of hooking as many fish as you care to handle if the weather conditions are at all favorable.

I would advise brother anglers looking for genuine sport to try the fishing on this coast. It can be guaranteed. And if any one should desire further information I will be pleased to furnish it. W. M. S.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas.

TROUT STALKING.

THIS sport when the conditions are favorable may be accounted the most fascinating, exciting and artistic method of taking the speckled beauties.

The season in the northern waters of Maine is September when the summer heat is over, and when the cool days and nights have lowered the temperature of the surface waters down to 63° Fahrenheit, and below.

The field that of a placid lake or pond where trout abound when the surface is entirely smooth, or agitated only by faint ripples.

The afternoon is more favorable than the morning, although some days are throughout favorable.

With the above conditions, and a light boat and companion guide at the stern who can skillfully propel the boat over the water with scarcely a ripple from the paddle, and with a light casting rod of good length, and a light leader and a No. 8 or 10 fly, and a landing net, one is equipped for the sport.

It may be sunny or not, overcast or clear, it matters not if the wind is absent or light, but on a bright or sunny day the necessity of skillful work is more apparent than when the sky is overcast or dull. When the sun is shining or partially obscured, the boat should be worked between the sun and breaks, to the advantage of the fisherman and the disadvantage of the trout. The effect of shadow is light compared with the advantages so gained.

Many of the lakes and ponds in Maine where trout abound are favorable localities for this sport, although all are not, and there are usually quite a number of days in September when the temperature of the surface water and other features are entirely favorable.

I will confess to have allowed some decades of fishing experiences to pass before I became familiar with this sport, which of late years I have looked forward to with much interest and expectation.

The trout, which were plentiful near the surface from the going out of the ice until the middle of June when the surface water warmed up to a temperature of 65°, have sunk away to cooler depths, where they remain until the surface water again becomes favorable from the cooler weather of autumn.

But in surface stalking one does not get so large fish as in spring trolling, for it is the medium sized fish that gives itself the frolicsome play of surface feeding, weighing from ¼lb. to 2½lbs. in the waters which I frequent, averaging a trifle over ¾lb.

There are certain autumnal days when the conditions are favorable, when it would seem as if all the medium-sized trout in the waters were surface feeding.

Not in an eager and conspicuous manner with splashing breaks and flashing swirls, but in a quiet sucking in from the surface of the varied ephemeron which plentifully abound, in a manner so quiet as to be observable only to the experienced eye.

No minnow, however minute, can agitate the surface of the water more delicately than a 1½lbs. trout, if he wills it, and he does when so feeding, although the occasional more conspicuous break and swirl occurs in the presence of an unusually attractive lure, apparent to the most ordinary sight.

Equipped, the boat is propelled deftly by its stern paddle over the feeding water. The fisherman is seated in the middle of the boat casting softly to the right and left with the progress of the boat, for the advantage of a possible surface trout that may be about. A delicate apparent minnow break is observed off to the right, perhaps 50, perhaps 100 or more feet distant, of which, as soon as over, nothing remains to mark the exact spot except a possible air bubble or two. The boat is propelled toward the side of it, to within 35 or 40ft., when the cast is given over or near the spot. Perhaps the fluttering fly is taken at the instant of its fall, for the trout may be directly beneath, but generally not, for the fly is almost always taken below the surface, which position the fly will assume on a long cast and a slow draw.

The trout is likely to have moved 10 or 15ft., perhaps more, but he is almost sure to be picked up in the neighboring area if he has not been alarmed by unskillful movements of the boat or its occupants.

Often an active trout will be on the go as feeding, and by the time the boat has reached a position for casting over the first break, a second will be observed still beyond a possible cast, presumably from the trout which made the first break, and before the second break can be reached a third appears still further on, and sometimes so on, and I have often followed up and secured my trout which has carried me by a dozen breaks and fifty or sixty rods beyond the initial appearance.

Ordinarily, if a break occurs within a few boats lengths distance, which can be speedily reached, the chances are more than half in favor of securing the fish. If within casting distance the fish is almost sure of being secured.

Often breaks will occur so near the boat that nothing can be done but for the stern man and caster to remain motionless until the boat, if under a headway, may pass on, when the chances are half in favor of the trout being picked up in the rear. If the boat is still the chances of taking the trout are diminished, as the motions essential to shortening line and the proximity of the trout are likely to alarm the fish, and when alarmed he invariably strikes down. Occasionally the breaks are so plentiful that one may take half a dozen fish without moving his boat. I remember an instance a few years ago, when accompanied by an English fishing friend whose experience had been mostly in the dry fly drop of the Thames, where he had notable success, that we caught well out on the pond fourteen trout averaging nearly a pound in weight, without touching the paddle to the water, and my friend became exceedingly enthusiastic, which he well might be.

This fishing must not be confounded with pool fishing, or that which we often find in isolated ponds which are unfrequented, and where the little chaps, entirely uneducated to the penalty of the hook and fearless, will crowd about a raft or boat until a hundred or more may be picked up.

The fishing I refer to is the stalking of the fish in well frequented waters, where they are sought and followed up under the peculiar conditions which regularly occur where the trout are scattered over the surface, and not in schools, and must be sought for by their feeding breaks, a fishing distinctive in character, and which I am sure is not extensively practiced by all fishermen.

It is not probable that localities favorable for this stalking exist about all trout waters, but there are hundreds, I dare say, of lakes and ponds in Maine, where it can be most successfully followed. MOLECHUNKAMUNK.

ANGLING NOTES.

Greetings from the Old World to the New.

IT is very well known that Mr. Robert B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, London, founded the Fly-Fishers' Club in that city, or as Mr. Basil Field has said: "Francis Francis reduced it to words and R. B. Marston impressed it with life." Since the organization of the club Mr. Marston has served as its honorary treasurer and he perhaps better than any one else understands how desirable it is that such a club should exist in a community of fly-fishers, and appreciates the good that may come to the craftsmen in this country when drawn together into an organization similar to that in London.

The following letter of greeting and good wishes from Mr. Marston, received by last mail steamer, will be read with pleasure by the fly-fishers in America who contemplate banding themselves together for mutual benefit:

"LONDON, Sept. 28.—*My Dear Cheney:* I have noted with great pleasure in FOREST AND STREAM that there is a strong movement on foot to form an American Fly-Fishers' Club (why not American and Canadian Fly-Fishers' Club, seeing that there is so much fine salmon and trout fishing in Canada). I am quite certain that if the right men get interested in it it is bound to be a success, and the fact that you are taking it up so warmly is a guarantee that your best men will join.

"I must refer you to the annual reports of our Fly-Fishers' Club for particulars of the success that ours has been, but even they would tell nothing of that bond of brotherhood which has been created by the fact of members of our club meeting in all sorts of out of the way places and finding that they are members; it is, as Senior well said, a bond of sentiment which holds us together, but when that sentiment is love of fly-fishing and all that that means, I do not know where you will find one stronger.

"I wish the new club success from the bottom of my heart. I am certain that it will mean a high ideal of sport for sport's sake only, and as the years roll on a power to enforce laws against illegal fishing, slayers of innocents, 'fish hogs,' *et hoc genus omne.* Yours ever sincerely, R. B. MARSTON."

I doubt not that my friend, William Senior ("Red Spinner"), to whom Mr. Marston refers,, and who succeeded Francis Francis as angling editor of the London *Field,* and is one of the executive committee of the Fly-Fishers, would send greetings similar to those of his friend and colleague if he should see that such a club was proposed in this country, and thus we would have Godspeed from the successor to the man who reduced the first Fly-Fishers' Club to words, as well as from the man who impressed it with life.

Proposed Fly-Fishers' Club.

Mr. H. S. Bull, who conducts the angling department of the *Times-Union* (Albany) has this to say in a recent issue of that paper: "Albany has a very large number of fly-fishermen who are not only enthusiasts but experts in the art. Not many years ago a fly-casting association was formed and one or two tournaments held, but during the past five or six years it has fallen into a condition of innocuous desuetude. There is a project on foot, however, that will once more stir their enthusiasm, and perhaps as an indirect result lead to a resuscitation of the old organization. Early in September Mr. A. N. Cheney very forcibly urged in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM the formation of an American Fly-Fishers' Club, that paper heartily backed the suggestion editorially, and since that time letters have been received from prominent anglers all over the country favoring the proposition and offering assurances of co operation. I am very glad to be fully in accord with Mr. Cheney's idea, and the *Times-Union* may be counted as among the most enthusiastic supporters of the new association. Last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM has the following," etc., etc.

Because of the reference to the fly-casting association in Albany which held tournaments, one should not get the idea that it is proposed to have tournaments or anything of the sort under the auspices of the Fly-Fishers' Club when it is formed, as I believe it will be. The National Rod and Reel Association was an organization purely for contests of this kind, but the Fly-Fishers' should be a social club only.

Such a club, however, must of necessity in time exercise a healthy influence over game and fish legislation (I use the two terms fish and game because they seem to be inseparable in our statutes), if not by direct action as a body, then through an interchange of views and a focusing of sentiment favorable to the best interests of the fish upon those who make the laws for their propagation, protection and preservation. Such a club must also become an educational body, as it will centralize information regarding fly-fishing, and gather together the thoughts and experience of anglers from the various parts of the country represented, to be discussed, adjusted and disseminated after the wheat is selected from the chaff.

Another feature Mr. Marston has already referred to in his letter, but it should not be within the province of the club to offer prizes for fishing or fly-casting contests.

Planting Landlocked Salmon.

The first plant of fingerling landlocked salmon has been made in Lake George, New York, and all things considered, it was very successful, more so perhaps than any previous plant attempted on the same scale. Heretofore it has been found a difficult matter to move a carload of fingerling Atlantic or landlocked salmon a long distance as successfully as other species are moved, or as successfully as the fry of the salmon may be moved; but experience is a great teacher, and none are quicker to avail themselves of such teachings than the men of the United States Fish Commission, for they have the courage to admit failure, wholly or in part, and profit by it. I believe the first carload shipment of fingerling salmon was made in 1890, when car No. 2 started from Maine with 20,000 to be delivered at Glens Falls, N. Y., for the Hudson River. The car came no further than Troy, when all that remained alive of the fish, 10,329, were planted above the Troy dam.

On Oct. 4 car No. 4 left Green Lake, Maine, with 12,000 fingerlings of the landlocked salmon. This car is not fitted as are three other cars of the Commission; with steam pump, circulator and injector, and large tanks holding sixty gallons of water each, and the fish were transported in 100 cans of the ordinary type. At Portland there was a delay of several hours, and when the car reached Albany it had to remain on a side track until the next morning, which was Saturday the 6th. From the time the fish were put in the cars until they were planted, something over forty-eight hours, the men on the car worked the cans night and day with dippers and siphons to aerate the water. When I met the car on the main line of the D. & H. R.R., Capt. T. C. Pearce, in charge, said the fish were doing nicely, such as were left. For a moment I could not ask how many were left, but the loss figured up 1,946, far less than I had dared hope would be the result. The loss occurred almost entirely at Portland and Albany, where the car was side-tracked. From the time that I joined the car I never saw a better-behaved lot of fish, and not one died, as the conveyance was constantly in motion. At Lake George it was necessary to double up the fish in forty cans to go on the steamer and afterward in wagons to the streams. Even then, as a rule, the salmon remained at the bottom of the cans. Messrs. Britton and Sauerhoff, who went down the lake on the steamer with me, said that the salmon acted better than at any time since leaving Green Lake, and they attributed it to the Lake George air.

The water in the cans at destination was 54°, and in the brooks it was 54° and 55°. The salmon were a strong active lot and when turned into the stream acted as though they liked their new home. If anyone should wonder why the salmon were shipped in cans when they might come with less loss in one of the other cars, I can say there was reason for it. When I notified the Commission that the steamer on Lake George would make her last trip on Oct. 6, and that the steamboat train would be taken off after that date, the other cars were not available and the fish had to come. The Delaware & Hudson R. R. and the Lake George Steamboat Company furnished free transportation for car, men, etc., and gentlemen at Lake George furnished teams on same terms to take the cans to the streams.

Hudson River Fishways.

The time is approaching when the New York Legislature will be asked to provide means for building fishways in the Hudson River to let the salmon up to the headwaters and suitable spawning grounds, and I welcome everything favorable to the success of this movement.

In spite of the fact that it has been known for eight years that when salmon fry are planted in the stream they will go to sea and return as adult fish, as far as the obstructions will permit, we hear once in a while that the Hudson is not suitable for the fish. Expert opinions on this subject are of value. In a recent letter from Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal, president of the St. Maurice Club, and one of the owners of the Godbout and Mistassini salmon rivers (not the Mistassini River which flows into Lake St. John, and noted for ouananiche, but a river on the north shore of the St. Lawrence), in which he commended most heartly the movement to organize an American Fly-Fishers' Club, he had something to say about the Hudson as a salmon river:

"The success so far achieved there goes to prove that with proper protection, fishways, etc., salmon would breed as free (comparatively) in the Hudson as in the Restigouche. But until I read your paper delivered before the Mohican Club, I was under the impression that the Hudson had been at one time a salmon stream. It is a marvelous thing, when one thinks of it, the persistency of the heredity instinct in the salmon. Even now in a small, narrow, but swift-flowing stream near Sherbrooke, P. Q., ninety miles from Montreal, fish are occasionally netted or speared in spite of the fact that the water is poisoned by acids and other impurities, and blocked and coated by sawdust, etc., to an extent that would seem to preclude the possibility of a fish living in it twenty-four hours. But sixty years ago this stream, Salmon River, swarmed with fish. At Three Rivers, on the St. Lawrence, eighty-five miles from Montreal, there was caught in a net last season a female fish weighing 22lbs. It is many years since salmon regularly spawned in the river above mentioned, but these sporadic cases of atavism undoubtedly do occur, perhaps oftener than the interested public are aware, for many of our inland habitans cannot recognize a salmon when they see it. It is simply '*un gros*' or '*un belle poisson.*' However, they don't care much about the game qualities of any fish, merely a case of

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more!"

Memorial to Walton.

It has been proposed to erect a memorial to Izaak Walton in London, the memorial to take the form of a stained glass window in St. Dunstan's Church, with which Walton was so long connected. The window will cost about $500, and the matter of raising the money is in the hands of Mr. R. B. Marston, St. Dunstan's House, Felter Lane, London, to whom subscriptions may be sent. The circulars sent out with subscription blank attached have an excellent portrait of Walton, and I can send a single copy to anyone who may desire it. Mr. Marston will make no charge of any kind for expenses.

When a Record is Permissible.

For many years I have denounced the catching of a large number of brook trout for the purpose of boasting of the number taken, and yet there is a time when it is not only permissible but praiseworthy to boast of the number of trout that a man or a number of men may have caught. A very dear friend wrote me the last of September from Diamond Pond, New Hampshire: "If you were only here you would enjoy capturing the spotted sides. The ponds are chuck full, and the jumping toward evening is incessant. We are fairly snaking them, but the trout do not run large—average half a pound." As a result of this snaking with a fly 700 brook were taken, and they are now in the breeding tanks of the New Hampshire Fish Commission at the Colebrook hatchery, where their eggs will be taken and the young fish hatched artificially.

That is the kind of a record worth mentioning.

A. N. CHENEY.

Notes from the Fishing Waters.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y., Oct. 13.—Splendid catches of striped bass have been made the past week. Trolling with sand worms seems to be the most successful method, but a great many are caught by standing and casting into the surf. Several parties have captured from ten to forty in an afternoon or morning, just as the tide happens to be. Yesterday I. Smith caught nine beauties, some of his fish weighing over 6lbs. The whole lot were of good size. Anybody wanting any of this sport can find it between Petler's Hotel and Seguine's Point. R. L. H.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass., Sept. 29.—Striped bass fishing has been very good at Squibnocket this season.

R. W. C.

Some Colorado Fishing.

ESTES PARK, Col., Oct. 9.—Estes Park is situated in the very heart of the Rockies, at an elevation of 8,000ft., and north of Long's Peak. This park is fifteen miles long and ten miles wide and contains three beautiful rivers, which are filled with trout. Our native trout is the mountain trout, with black specks, but we have the rivers stocked with Eastern and the rainbow. The fishing during July, August and September is very good, but no fisherman is allowed to keep a trout that is less than 3in. in length. A good trout fisherman can take 75 trout a day if the weather is fine, the fish averaging in weight about 4oz. The largest trout caught this summer weighed 1¼lbs. dressed and quite a number weighing 1lb. were caught at intervals during the season.

I was out fishing one day last week and caught 125 from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. in the Thompson Cañon. Many people come here from the East to fish during the summer. S. N. H.

Sure and Easy Fishing, but Expensive.

STATE GAME PROTECTOR CARR has made several visits to this village in the last few days, looking up facts reported regarding different cases of illegal fishing and hunting. It appears that some time ago one of our local sportsmen and a young Owego attorney, who is also a Newark Valley boy, taking advantage of the low water in a creek near North Maine, by the use of a net took some half dozen of trout from a pool there. The penalty for this is $25 for each fish. Monday's *Record* says that the Owego attorney settled his offense for $25. It is reported that the Newark Valley man has since also settled his case for the same sum. It is also reported that Mr. Carr is hot on the trail of some other parties in town whom he suspects of shipping partridges from this station, and also some parties who were hunting birds before the season opened.—*Newark Valley Herald.*

Fishing for Count.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Cheney, in your issue of the 13th inst., echoes my sentiments on the subject of pot-fishermen. Any man, when in camp or otherwise, who will kill any larger number of fish than can be consumed by them or their immediate friends, and kill such fish purely for record or for count, is a pot-fisherman pure and simple.

Pot-fisherman does not apply to a man who fishes to sell his product—he is a market-fisherman, and so long as he confines himself to the code has as good right to fish, and to sell his fish as one does to fish for sport. The difference is that the first named fishes for count and many of his catch may be lost for food, and the last sells the product of his labor in the market. We all draw a line between a pot-fisherman and a pot-hunter in our sportsman's definition of the terms, and I fully agree with Mr. Cheney in what he says on the subject. E. S. YOUNG.

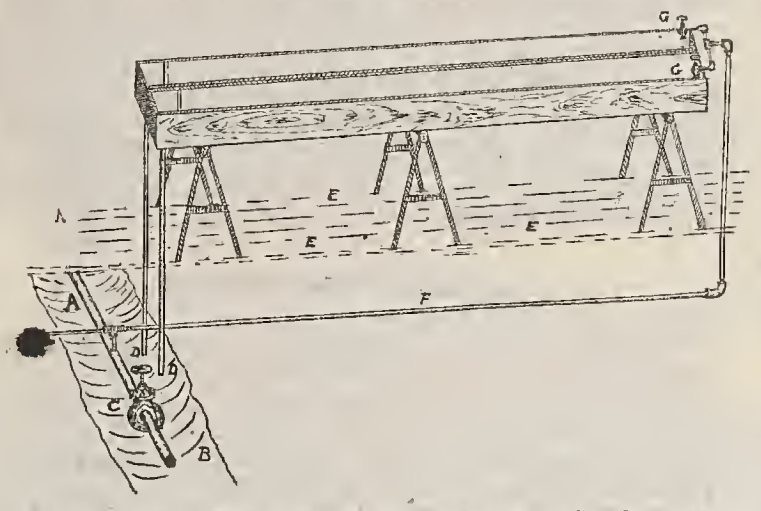
Fishculture and Fish Protection.

Improved Supply for Hatching Troughs.

A WOODEN distributing trough running across the head of a series of hatching troughs has been the regulation mode of supply in hatcheries since they have existed, and the practical worker knows what a nuisance they are. Running the length of the building, the least settling opens the joints, and their length forbids their being moved after having been built in position. Then a bit of sapwood or heart in some spot will decay, and the whole trough will be condemned and a new one made. The life of such a trough may be from four to ten years, but it is always under suspicion of leaking at any time. I have one, now seven years old, that has been caulked and pitched several times, and still drops a little here and there, and it may last another winter; still if I were to put in more wooden supply troughs, I would line them with sheet lead of sufficient thickness—at least 3lbs. to the square foot—to allow the replacing of a board when required, or I would line an old trough with lead and prolong its life indefinitely.

Of course a slovenly superintendent who is content to have leaky troughs, a wet floor, and to slosh around in rubber boots, cares nothing for a leak here and there, any more than he does to see men spit on the floor of his hatchery, and it is not for him that this is written.

The subject of dry and clean floors interested me years ago and still does. My floor is clean but a trough that leaks a few drops, just enough to show, is an annoyance, and I have one, a 60ft. distributing trough, which never has been tight. Having been called to plan a hatchery at Bath, Steuben county, N. Y., this season, I arranged for a row of troughs on each side of the building, with a 6ft. aisle in the middle at the foot of each series. The troughs were arranged by twos,



for I would not have them in threes unless the lot was too small to expand the hatchery to the required capacity, and as the water was to be brought in a 6in. iron pipe for some 600ft., with a fall of about 10ft. to the hatchery floor, my old ideas naturally ran to having the pipe branch above the building and flow into two distributing troughs, one on each side, and to discharge from the hatching troughs under the floor. I had long used brass gate-valves in wooden supply troughs, and as there were to be eighteen troughs on each side I finally decided, after sitting a half hour on a stump, that the inclosed sketch would be an improvement on any method yet devised, and I send a plan which I hope to introduce into all stations under my charge for the following reasons:

1. Absolute control of the supply without a drip when shut down.
2 Saving a portion of the space occupied by the supply trough.
3. The ease of cleaning the main pipe A, by the full-sized gate, which when shut entirely down causes water not used in the troughs to flow over the upper dam into the ponds.
4. Discharging in a central ditch under the floor.
5. Cheapness in construction and lasting a hundred times as long as wooden troughs.

When summed up there is little in this plan to suggest much thought or study, but it is new and did really take a little consideration to get it up, and the mark of a muddy hand, slapped on a pair of four-dollar trousers still remains to show how I emphasized my "Eureka," up in Steuben county.

At my Long Island station I run the waste water back under the hatching troughs in 4-inch soil pipes to a waste trough outside the building, because the ground under the hatchery is lower than the ponds outside, but at Bath the case is different and the arrangement shown is the best for the situation, if carried out as planned; and as it is a different mode of supply from any in use as far as I know, it seems worthy of illustration.

The main pipe will be pierced for nine 2-inch uprights with "tees" to branch to each side, under the floor; these will bend up and over the troughs, ending in a "tee" with two one-inch branches and gates, which, with a head of several feet, will give the required flow. FRED MATHER.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

Frog Culture.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The query of "E. C. M.," of Chicago, in regard to frog culture in the United States, may be answered in the negative. There is no book on the subject so far as I know, and if there were I think I should know of it. I don't know of anything published on the subject, except two or three articles of mine written a few years ago, about the time when frogs first became an article of trade in the New York markets. My first acquaintance with frogs—that is, to any extent—was when I went to look at forty acres of land now in the center of Chicago nearly forty years ago, which was offered me for $1 an acre. The only value of the land then was for a frog farm, and having then only recently returned from Europe, where I had visited such an establishment, the thought occurred to me as I looked over the wretched swamp covered with green scum, and was deafened by the cries of the bullfrogs, what an excellent place it was for rearing these batrachians. We have advanced since then, and may now share with the French the name of frog eaters, although we have not got so far as the cultivation of the animals.

We have no *Rana esculenta*, the edible frog of Europe. It is a really pretty creature, with its plainly marked yellow line down the back, which is greenish brown. It is not so large as our *Rana mugiens*, the common bullfrog, which is eaten here and often found in the New Jersey marshes to a length of 8in., and which I have seen take in and swallow a duckling. It sometimes weighs over 2lbs. The pretty green spotted frog (*Rana palustris*) a better jumper than Mark Twain's sporting frog, noted as the victor in a match in which this truthful historian "jockeyed" the opponent's champion by feeding it with a pound of buckshot just before the match came off, and which I have seen jump clear 7ft. on my lawn, is often caught and eaten here. In the Hackensack meadows this frog used to be exceedingly abundant, but the enterprising New Jersey boys have of late years reduced its numbers almost to extinction.

Some years ago, when pedestrianizing in the vicinity of Paris, I heard a noise like the rumbling of distant thunder, but seeing a clear sky all around I was led to investigate the cause of the phenomenon. Following the direction of the sound I soon came to an inclosure from which the babel proceeded. It was indeed a confusion of tongues. It came from the other side of a high board fence, and as I was peeping through the cracks to investigate, I was approached by a Humpty Dumpty of a little Frenchman, nearly as broad as he was long, who invited me inside to inspect "*mes grenouilles.*" The farm occupied about five acres (two hectares, the little frog-eater told me), and he thought he had more than ten thousand frogs. From the noise I thought he might have ten millions, and so I told my host, at which he laughed immoderately and said it was their singing time, just about sundown, when the frogs begin their love songs. The whole place was a series of ditches, with grassy banks between them. Going along these banks one could see myriads of frogs sitting in the long grass at the water's edge, and myriads more with their musical instruments just visible among the water cresses which mostly filled the ditches.

The frogs were fed? *Certainement, mon cher monsieur.* Horse beef from the abattoir, chopped fine, was served twice a day, and flies and gnats helped to keep them fat and rotund. Mosquitoes were plenty, and they helped out for side dishes. There are other "*grenouillieries*" (as we should say, froggeries) about Paris, and many thousands are sent in daily to the markets. Only the hindquarters are sent, neatly skinned and dressed and packed in baskets among the sprigs of watercresses, which are washed and tied in bunches and sold.

A little way off there was a snail (*escargot*) farm (*escargotterie*), where these luscious mollusks were reared for sale in the markets as material for soups and other mysterious dishes of which the French have so extensive a repertoire. I visited there the next day and found it something like the *grenouillierie*, except that the owner explained that he had great trouble to keep his stock from climbing over the fences and straying away into the adjacent market gardens, where they would ruin a whole crop of lettuce in a night. Lettuce is the main feed of the snails, and the banks between the shallow ditches, here also filled with watercress, were planted thickly with this vegetable.

One of the most curious sights of the Paris markets is the small tables covered with snow-white linen, on which numerous edible trifles are exposed for sale, such as dressed sparrows, larks (you may buy half of one), joints of fowls, hindlegs of frogs, and snails in bowls of chopped green stuff, small cheeses and tiny pats of butter about as small as we use on a small piece of toast. We may come to this in time possibly ourselves, and then we shall have frog and snail farms around our big cities, just as we have strawberry farms, henneries and broiler chicken factories and dairies, and farmers will have more lucrative crops to grow than 50-cent wheat. H. STEWART.

New Publications.

Walton and the Earlier Fishing Writers.*

A RECENT addition to our angling literature is to be found in "The Book-Lovers' Library," with the title "Walton and Some Earlier Writers on Fish and Fishing," by Robert Bright Marston. It is one of the most companionable of books, and the author in his treatment of the subject has stamped it with something of his genial personality, and it is plain to be seen that the book has been written for pure love of that which is best in the history of the contemplative man's recreation.

There is a charm about the author's pen-work which he comes honestly by, through inheritance from his father, "The Amateur Angler," as he takes his reader into the sanctuary of his library, so to speak, and offers him an easy chair and creature comforts while he discourses about the old authors on his book shelves.

I wonder if this manner of establishing friendly relations, a sort of camp-fire confidence, between author and reader is peculiar to angling writers, for I had occasion to note it in another angling author not very long ago.

Naturally the editor of the 100th edition of Walton is on familiar terms with the Father of Anglers, but as one reads Mr. Marston's later work it is discovered that he is on no less familiar terms with Dame Berners, compiler of the first book upon angling in the English language; John Dennys, the angler poet; Leonard Mascall, the pioneer fishculturist in England; Thos. Barker, to whom Walton was indebted for directions how to make and use a 'flye for trout;" Gervase Markham, and others high on the roll of fame who blazed the way for others to follow in the paths of angling literature.

Mr. Marston brings out one curious error in the first edition of Walton in a way that I do not remember to have seen noted. Westwood's Chronicle of the "Compleat Angler" records certain errors briefly; namely, "and p. 245, 'contention' instead of 'contentment';" but this gives no idea of the sense in which the word was used. The error occurs in the last verses given in the original edition, and in the last two lines, which read:

"And if contention be a stranger, then
I'l nere look for it, but in heaven again."

Only a part of the first edition (1653) was printed with this fatal error to the sense of the verse, "which," as Mr. Marston says, "when Walton discovered it, doubtless made him put on his hat and go with all speed to his friend and publisher, Richard Marriot, to stop the press."

The author quotes from a circular sent to him offering a copy of Walton for sale: "We here offer a *perfect copy* of this precious little gem, for every page is genuine, and there is not so much as a page in *fac-simile*. The last perfect copy brought by auction £310 [about $1,550] and the present one we consider to be reasonably priced. It is the first issue of the first edition, and contains the misprint on page 245, 'contention' for 'contentment.'"

To this the author adds: "The price asked was £235 (about $1,175). All good 'Waltons' go to America. Messrs. Pickering & Chatto have since informed me they sold this fine copy to an American collector."

Mr. Marston's book is delightful reading from beginning to end, and is full of rare information about the old angling writers that will be new and interesting to most readers, but I have given so much space to Walton that I must leave the other old worthies to speak for themselves in the book.

I have, however, a small bone to pick with the author. In a note on page 60 he says: "On referring to my copy of Rev. W. B. Daniel's 'Rural Sports,' I find I am able to supply an omission in the 'Biblio-

*"Walton and Some Earlier Writers on Fish and Fishing." By R. B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, Honorary Treasurer of the Fly-Fishers' Club. London: Elliot Stock. New York: Armstrong & Son. 1894.

theca Piscatoria,' which made no mention of the edition I have—Royal 8vo, printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, Paternoster Row, 1807; also to correct an American angling writer, Mr. A. Nelson Cheney, who in one of his pleasant Angling Notes in FOREST AND STREAM, January, 1893, claims that the multiplier reel was invented in America about the year 1820. In this 1807 edition of Daniel's 'Rural Sports,' not the first edition of the work, there is a fine engraving of a brass multiplying reel." Then follows mention of an advertisement in 1770 of "the best sort of multiplying winches, both stop and plain." I was somewhat surprised to read that I had ever made any claim in regard to the date or place of invention of the multiplying reel, for to be perfectly candid, I never knew anything about the matter, and do not now, except as I have learned from this very book, but I examined a file of FOREST AND STREAM to be sure that I had not quoted some one on the subject, and found that neither there nor elsewhere, at the time specified or any other time, had I said anything about the invention of the multiplying reel. About two years before the date given I did say that Walton knew nothing about the use of the reel, and did not mention it in his first edition, and the mention of it in later editions was evidently borrowed from "Barker's Delight," 1651; he being the first to mention and describe the reel in English—for it is established that the Chinese used reels in the 11th century.

I wrote to Mr. Marston upon reading the impeachment and pleaded not guilty, unless he could prove it upon me, and in due course of mail he replied as follows:

"*My Dear Cheney:*

"I will have a real good hunt for that statement about your having claimed multiplying reels, and if you don't hear from me to the contrary by the 1st of July please consider you are right and I am wrong, and that I will correct the statement in any second edition that may be called for. The fact is I fear the 'domestic earthquake' referred to in my book swallowed up the page of FOREST AND STREAM which I had before me when I made the statement. I am very sorry indeed if I have made you responsible for what some one else said, and it looks as if I had done so. * * * Ever sincerely yours, R. B. MARSTON."

It is a matter of no consequence any way, but I am sure of a correction, for the book is bound to pass through several editions, and always be a delight to those who own a copy. A. N. CHENEY.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 30 to Nov. 2.—Terrier Show, by New England Kennel Club, at Country Club, Brookline, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y, 128 Tremont street, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B Wells Sec'y.

Nov. 13.—New England Field Trial Club, Members' Sweepstake. A. R Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. All-Aged, Eastern Subscription and Selling Stakes. Entries close Oct. 1. W. A. Coster. Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Sec'y.

Dec. 17.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

That Pointer Deal at Pittsburgh.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the report of the Pittsburgh dog show published in your issue of Sept. 22, your correspondent, E. B. Elliott does me a great injustice in stating that Klee and Dean acted in a most reprehensible manner in their dealiugs with Dr. Daniels, of Cleveland.

If Mr. Elliott had but taken the pains to inquire into the real facts of the case, and then told the plain truth, his article could not have failed to place me in a proper light before the public.

Now for the benefit of such of your readers as may not have had the opportunity to read what Mr. Elliot said, I will quote that part of his report which refers to my transaction with Dr. Daniels; which is follows:

"In light-weight bitches a new one came out and won very easily, and a real good one she is, too: she has a head that could be improved by a trifle more length in muzzle, a shade throaty, has grand legs and feet, ribs and hind quarters, and is a high quality bitch. She was bought by Dr. Daniels for $100 before the judging, and her owners Messrs. Klee and Dean accepted a deposit on her, but acted in a most reprehensible manner in regard to her, for after she had won and they had obtained an offer of $100 more for her, they managed somehow or other to get the bitch out of the show, and there was great difficulty in making Messrs. Klee and Dean return her, in fact not till the treasurer of the club had cashed Dr. Daniels's check, and offered Mr Klee the cash, at the same time threatening to have him arrested if he did not return the bitch, did he see fit to act rightly in the matter, and he then conducted Mr. Woodside and Dr. Daniels's agent to a grocery store a mile and a half away, where he had the bitch hidden."

Now let me explain my position and show the unfairness of Mr. Elliott's insinuations.

In the first place I agreed to sell the bitch to Dr. Daniels for $100 on a cash basis. He paid me $10 as a guarantee and agreed to pay me the remaining $90 before takiug the bitch away. I wrote him out an order for the bitch, but informed him that I must have the balance of the money before the bitch could be taken away. Daniels took the order, folded it up, placed it in his pocket and told me he would send the money to me after arriving home. I then agreed to this, providing the money arrived before the last day of the show; and with the understanding that unless the money made its appearance by that time the order would be revoked and the deal declared off. On becoming aware of the fact that Dr. Daniels did not intend to live up to the agreement I went to the superintendent of the show, but he refused to revoke the contract, and told me that the man that came to him with my order would get the bitch. Having no other course open I then consulted an attorney, who advised me to first try and make an arrangement and have the oder rescinded and in case of failure in that effort to get my bitch out of the show iu any way I could, and to take her out clandestinely if I could get her out in no other way.

I followed the advice of my attorney, and in my subsequent actions I was simply following the line of legal instruction for which I paid the regular fee, and was doing what any other business man would have done under similar circumstances: when I took my bitch out of the show and placed her under the care of a friend.

When Mr. Daniels produced his check and the treasurer of the show cashed it, the exact stipulations of the contract, as agreed to by me, were carried out, and I then produced the bitch.

If, in the first place, Mr. Daniels had agreed to pay me the money, as I required that it should be paid, or had the superintendent of the show consented to give me protection, the bitch would never have been taken out of the show.

I did not take the bitch away with the expectation of getting more money for her than Mr. Daniels offered, but because I wanted that protection which any man would have demanded under the circumstances, and was refused it.

HENRY KLEE.

NEWCASTLE, Pa., Oct. 12.

[We do not see where the above differs materially from the account of the transaction as related by our reporter. How did Mr. Klee know it was the intention of Dr. Daniels not to live up to his bargain; *i. e.*, to pay for the bitch before the end of the show? This suspicion seems to have been without grounds, as he (Dr. Daniels) subsequently sent his check, thereby acting quite within his agreement. This is a case where a show committee of a show not held under A. K. C. rules is distinctly at a disadvantage.]

Brownstown Kennel Club's Show.

IT may not be generally known that there were two dog shows held the same week in Pittsburg, but such is a fact, however, as besides the Pittsburg Athletic Club's show the Brownstown Kennel Club were also holding a show on the South Side. There were about 150 entries at the latter, mostly pointers, setters and poodles. Some of the "regulars" lost a good deal of amusement by not attending. However, Messrs. Jarrett, Hoyt, Eberhart, Ben Lewis and Elliott "got on to it" and were well repaid for their trouble in gettiug there, for it was in a somewhat out of the way locality to say the least, and when one did arrive at Brownstown it was not easy to discover where the show was, but once there the fun began. The arrangements for benching and feeding the dogs were not up to date and the lack of disinfectant in some parts of the spacious building was very noticeable, but the worst of all was the lighting arrangement; only coal oil torches being provided, and in some places it was hard to find, not to mention see, the occupants of the benches. However, as an offset to these drawbacks a good stage was provided for judging and the rings were well served by attendants.

All the time the judging was going on a string band discoursed in dulcet toues, which, as can be imagined, added greatly to the enjoyment of everybody, dogs included. It was somewhat difficult to ascertain the owners and full particulars of the dogs, the entries all being entered in a huge book with no index, so every time the manager and secretary wanted to learn anything he had to wade through this volume until he struck the entry he required, which made it somewhat monotonous in getting out a list of awards, but fortunately he was pretty well posted on most of the dogs and their owners, otherwise it would have been a hopeless task to have discovered what dogs were there at all, as they were allowed to be taken in and out at their owners' convenience

Mr. Davis, of Messrs. Davis & Winters, the black and tan enthusiasts, was appointed to judge all the breeds, but subsequently when the show committee learned they had so much talent present, the following were asked to judge and accepted: Mr. A. G. Eberhart, poodles; Mr. H. Jarrett, collies; Mr. E. Bardoe Elliott, pointers and setters, and Mr. Davis the rest. Mr. Elliott had not time to finish his classes, so the setters were also judged by Mr. Davis. The pointers and setters were by far the best classes, there being really some decent dogs shown and there was quite a good collection of small, white curly poodles shown by a Mr. Tegetmier. Refreshments were provided for the judges and their friends after the judging, but unfortunately a disturbance among the dogs below caused the host to decamp down-stairs with the only lamp available, leaving his hosts in the dark to finish their refreshments and get down-stairs (rickety one at that) into the main hall as best they could. But they had lots of fun, and the Brownstown Kennel Club's show will long be remembered by all. E. B. E.

Mitchell's Bay Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been out prospecting, looking up some good grounds for shooting later on; but found birds very scarce in all my old favorite places. I was also looking for better grounds to place Mr. Armstrong with my string of dogs. The birds seem to have left the old grounds, and we finally found ourselves at Chatham. If any of your American readers think we have no English setters, just let them take a look in at Chatham, Ont. They will have no trouble in getting a carload in short order. Mr. W. B. Wells, Dr. Kime and Mr. McGregor can fill the first car with dogs that will hold their own in any company. A large number of birds have been turned down at different places near Chatham, so we decided to give the dogs a spin and try our old field trial ground. Early on Monday morning Messrs. Wells, Spracklin, Armstrong and myself started with eight dogs, Mr. Wells taking the well-known Matane and Luke, myself Brighton Tobe and Brighton Clip, and all put down together. I I assure you it did not take long to cut the ground out, and it kept me busy calling Wells to let up. I could not go his pace. Armstrong had the two pointers Lady Gay Spanker and Faustina, but I did not get the names of Spracklin's dogs. They succeeded in finding birds, but we found none. This will compel the club to go to last year's grounds at Mitchell's Bay. This is a very fine place, situated on the lake, with plenty of hotel accommodations.

Everything points to a good entry, and if any of our American cousins think it easy to pick winners here, we shall be pleased to have them all come and bring their best dogs. They will get a sportsman's welcome with plenty of English roast beef, and the well water is good. We hold our meeting to select the judges on Friday next at Chatham, and their names will be annouuced later. Entries for the All-Aged Stakes close Nov. 1. T. G. DAVEY.

LONDON, Ont.

Alleged Theft of a Dog.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 13.—Mr. O. Nillsson of 1656 Dewey Court, Chicago has or had a fine pointer dog which was valued highly by him. Oue day last week, as witnesses state, Dr. E. Otto of 1643 Belmont avenue, stopped before Mr. Nilsson's place, and enticing the dog to him took him away in his buggy. Nilsson went to Otto's office, and claims that he found the dog there and wanted to take him away. Otto told him that if he touched the dog he would kill him. Otto claimed that he had raised the dog himself. Therefipon Nilsson got out a writ of replevin and took possession of the dog. The suit was set for to-day, Oct. 13, at 2 P. M., but Otto took a continuance, and the ownership of the dog is still a mooted question legally. The case is now set for Oct. 17.

Several owners of valuable dogs who live in the neighborhood of Mr. Nilsson's residence have lost dogs lately. Among these is Mr. E. Thomas, the gun man, who bewails the loss of a setter which he had owned for some time, and which he valued highly. E. H.

Gordon Setter Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the New England Field Trials Club have postponed their field trials at Assonet Neck, Mass., to Nov. 13, I desire to say that the Gordon setter field trials will take place there immediately after, say on Nov. 14.

This will give owners of Gordons three weeks more time to prepare their dogs, and I hope will result in increased entries and prizes. For entry blanks, etc., write

JAMES B. BLOSSOM,
President Gordon Setter Club of America.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct 11.

The genial assistant secretary of the A. K. C. is feeling very proud this week. A litter of eight bull pups is enough to make any man feel that way in these days. The average bulldog breeder considers himself fortunate if he gets a litter of two and raises one. Mr. Lewis's litter is by Mr. Dudley Winthrop's noted dog Stanley out of a daughter of that dog. The pups are nine days old and as strong and vigorous as any one could wish.

U. S. F. T. Club's All-Age Entries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed please find list of entries to this club's All-Age Stake, trials A:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

ANTONIA—Eldred Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Miss Nelly Y.).

MINNIE T.—W. W. Titus's black, white and tan bitch (Dick Bondhu—Bettie B.).

HOOSIER BOY—Joseph H. Hunter's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).

DAISY HUNTER II.—J. H. & J. A. Hunter's black and white bitch (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).

GLEAM II —Maj. J. W. Renfroe's black, white and tan dog (Gleam—Tube Rose).

DAN BRYCE—Dr. Geo. Eubanks's black and white dog (Bryce—Dora Gladstone).

BLLE DAN—Dr. G. Chisholm's black, white and tan dog (Harry Blue—Santa).

MAYBERRY'S GABE—H. H. Mayberry's black and white dog (Harry Blue—Sauta).

LAST HOPE—H. K. Devereux's black, white and tan bitch (Alamo—Rhet).

DICK FOX—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chance—Countess Rush).

ALLENE—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl).

BESSIE SHOUPE—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Countess Rush).

BLUE RIDGE MARK—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Ollie T.).

SADIE ROSS—Bob Cooper's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Tempest).

INDIANA BELLE—Gill T. Kerr's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Lulu Hill).

DAN'S LADY—T. Goodman's black, white and tan bitch (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burges).

TOPSY'S ROD—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Topsy Avent.)

TATE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Jean Val Jean—Mamie Avent.)

DAN BURGES—J. M. Freeman's black, white and tan dog (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burges.)

PHOEBE LIVINGSTONE—J. W. Schriver's black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Cosette.)

GLEAM'S SPORT—Manchester Kennel Co.'s lemon and white dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle.)

GLEAM'S PINK—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle.)

RODFIELD—P. T. Madison's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Nelly Hope.)

LADY CATE—W. B. Stafford's black, white and tan bitch (Rock—Madge.)

MATTIE—Arthur C. Ely's black, white and tan bitch (Rock—Madge.)

POOINTERS.

GYPSY LAD—Blankenbaker & Garr's black and white dog (Brick—Gypsy Queen).

DON—D. P. Ritchey's liver and white dog (Tricket's Coin—Moulton Patti).

ROMP III.—R. J. Martinez's liver and white dog (Coney's Fritz—Dolly).

STRIDEAWAY—E. O. Damon's liver and white dog (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot).

HESSEN'S BOY—Louis McGrew's black and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Barmaid).

TWINKLE—Glen Rock Kennels' liver and white dog (Duke of Kent II.—Bessie Kapas).

TICK BOY—Stoddard & Kidwell's black and white dog (King of Kent—Bloom).

LITTLE NED—W. M. Kerr's liver and white dog (Ridgeview Dazzle—Kate Claxton).

QUEEN REGENT—W. N. Kerr's black and white bitch (King of Kent—Vickery's Daisy).

DICK BEAUFORT—J. H. Alexander's liver and white dog (Spotted Boy—Gip Beaufort).

LADY PEG—W. T. Hunter's liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Lass of Bloomo).

RODERICK T.—T. L. Tinsley's liver and white bitch (Dash Ranger R., Jr.—Fanny Kennerley).

LAD'S LADY—L. W. Blaukenbaker's liver and white bitch (Lad of Rush—Lady Margaret).

LADY MARGARET—Major J. R. Purcell's black and white bitch (Dick Swiveler—Countess Bang).

SAM BANG—Major J. R. Purcell's lemon and white dog (Dick Swiveler—Countess Bang).

ST. BLAIR—Major J. R. Purcell's liver and white dog (Guy—Lady Spotswood).

REX FAUST—W. B. Stafford's liver and white dog (Rex—Molly).

HEMPSTEAD DUKE—Hempstead Farm Kennels' dog.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y.

The N. E. K. C. Whippet Races.

AS THIS sport is practically new to the general run of dog showers it will not be out of place to give the rules under which the club will run off the handicap:

Rule 1. Color, weight, name and sex must be sent in at the time of entry; if a pup, age must be stated.

Rule 2. All false entries shall be disqualified.

Rule 3. All dogs must be weighed in before the first heat is run, or they will forfeit the right to start. No ounces allowed, every dog to run at weight entered.

Rule 4. To ascertain if a dog is out of weight, put on two ounces; if the dog draws the two ounces he is out of weight and is disqualified.

Rule 5. Every dog to start from the mark on which it is handicapped. Scratch dog to start from the right side of the track and the other dogs to be placed next to him in accordance with this rule; if there are two scratch dogs or two dogs on the same mark, they must toss for choice of position. The marks of all dogs remain the same, no matter what dog fails to weigh in, or what dog may be withdrawn.

Rule 6. All dogs to start by report of pistol; any dog slipped before pistol is fired shall be disqualified. A missfire is no start.

Rule 7. One runner-up only shall be allowed each dog, and runners-up must keep on a line with their dogs. The referee shall have power to disqualify a dog if, in his opinion, a runner-up is acting unfairly on the track.

Rule 8. Each runner-up must be ten yards over the finishing line before his dog finishes or the dog will be disqualified; the runner-up for the second dog, in the final heat, has the privilege of weighing the winning dog; if the winning dog has four ounces over the weight that he is entered at he is disqualified.

Rule 9. All dogs to run with colors on, but no dog will be disqualified, should the color be omitted either by accident or carelessness.

Rule 10. In case of a dead heat in one of the rounds it must be run over at once; the party refusing to run loses the heat, but the remaining dog must run over the course before the heat can be claimed as won. Should a dead heat occur in the final, the two dogs must run the heat again within ten minutes. The dog refusing to run over shall lose his prize money and also all bets.

Rule 11. In case a dog is held at the mark, the pistol firer shall have the right to declare all betting on the heat void. The dog held at the mark in a final heat will afterward be handicapped as if he had actually won.

Rule 12. After the bell has been rung for a heat, five (5) minutes will be allowed for dogs to be placed on their marks; any dog failing to be at the marks on time forfeits all rights.

Rule 13. No other attendants but the slipper and runner-up shall be allowed on the track at the marks. Any party violating this rule shall have his dog disqualified by the pistol firer.

Rule 14. The referee shall flag the color of the winning dog in each heat. The referee's decision shall be final, and subject to no appeal whatever in any court of law or otherwise.

As this handicap, which will be held at the Country Club Brookline, Mass., will be such an open affair, many of the whippets being practically uuknown, there is no reason why every terrier man should not endeavor to nominate an entry, as the purse is a good one, to say nothing of the fun there will be in the running

DOG CHAT.

A couple of weeks since we drew attention to a proposed auction sale of trained setters to take place at the Netherwood Farm Kennels, Plainfield, N. J., giving particulars of the dogs, their pedigrees and so on. The sale is now definitely announced in our business columns to be on Oct. 27, at 2 P. M. The sale comes at an appropriate time and the dogs should be well disposed of. It is rumored that, in addition to a number of young pointers and setters from the Netherwood Farm Kennels, the Rinada Kennels and Mr. R. A. de Russy will take advantage of the opportunity to dispose of some of their young pointer stock. Since writing the above, Messrs. Russy and Banks have decided to enter a number of their young pointers; notice of which is given in our business columns.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held in the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, at 3 P. M., on Friday, Oct. 26. The following is the business to come up: To consider agreement with the A. K. C., draw up rules for field trials, receive reports, elect new members, consider membership and registration fees, and miscellaneous business.

Dr. F. H. Hoyt has purchased from the Chesterford Park Kennels the well-known black and tan terriers, Rochelle Oolah, winner in the challenge class at Louisville and Pittsburgh, Rochelle Mab, winner of first Lexington and Columbus, and Betsey, winner of first Toronto last year, beating Gypsy Girl; first Des Moines and first Pittsburgh. Dr. Hoyt bought them at auction at the recent Pittsburgh show.

Judges, if only for their own protection, should see to it that dogs which are absent from the class they are to adjudicate upon are so marked in the judge's books. It is impossible for reporters to cover every ring at a large show, and unless they have this guide, in the present loose way of benching some of the breeds, mistakes in the identity of the dogs are sure to arise.

The N. E. K. C. Officers.

Having an hour to spare before train time, while on a visit to Boston last week, we dropped into the rooms of the New England Kennel Club on Tremont street. The door was wide open. Passing through the ante room we found a full meeting of the board, convened to discuss and arrange the preliminaries for their great terrier show that comes off the end of this month. It is not difficult to get a quorum in this club for the list of officers now is a working one, progressive and composed of fanciers representing many of the most important breeds. A glance at their *personnel* might not be out of place. There was Edward Brooks, the president, whose fancy is of the Dandie order, but spelled with an ie, and he is one that would rather see his dogs at work than win a blue ribbon. O. W. Donner likes field dogs, and though his interest is passive at present, in former years and up to quite lately his name was familiar in field trial circles. Then there is George A. Fletcher, who has probably seen more officers elected in this old club than any of his confreres; well, he likes collies, bnt he isn't such a fanatic that he wants all the other breeds killed off. Another well known kennel owner, C. Stedman Hanks, comes forward with a welcoming shake; he is comparatively a new man at the game, but as owner of the Seacroft Kennels holds a strong hand in Russian wolfhounds, and is getting up with the big guns in smooth fox-terriers. Then Sam Hammond's smiling face looms up; what does he go in for? field dogs, but he likes a game terrier, too, and, more than anything else, to be with the other "boys." James L. Little is there too; Clumbers are his hobby and he owns the best over here, and he thinks "quite some" of his Scottish terriers, too. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., we had met very early in the day, and you cannot talk anything but wire-haired fox-terriers with him, and play Cribbage to win; he may make a few remarks *en passant* about his brown poodles, but he'll come round to the wires again if you let him. A. B. Cobb is taking hold of smooth fox-terriers, owns some very fair ones aud is importing a good bitch. Lastly comes D. E. Loveland, the secretary, who is ready in his quiet way to give any inquisitive Bostonian all the information he wants about dogs, and especially about the coming terrier show. How can a club help being popular when it has such a practical lot of men at the head of it. John E. Thayer was not there, but we all know that there is not a better stayer in dogdom.

The Terrier Show.

The whippet races was the principal subject under discussion, and before the meeting broke up an enticing programme had been arranged. One hundred and fifty dollars will be given in the whippet handicap, divided as follows: $75 to first in addition to the sweepstakes of $2 for each entry, $37.50 to second, $22.50 to third, and $15 to fourth. The handicapper will be Mr. M. J. Finn, of Natick, Mass., whom we are told has considerable experience in this new sport. Mr. Jas. Mortimer will name the order in which the dogs finish; the referee has not yet been appointed. The entries close 11 A.M., Oct. 30 with D. E. Loveland, 125 Tremont street, Boston, or on the grounds on that date, and the fee is $2 for each dog.

The American Fox-Terrier Club have come gallantly to the fore as usual, and donate their Grand Challenge cup, value $300, for the best fox-terrier in the show, and $100 for the best kennel of ten fox-terriers, and should be productive of a grand display; $25 is given for the best stud dog, to be judged by the winnings of progeny in Club Stakes. This is a capital idea, for while it is an encouragement to breeders, it is also a guide to the novice. Best pair $25, and the same amount each for the best puppy, best American-bred smooth dog, best kennel of four wire-hairs, best wire-haired dog shown with two of his get, $15 to go to the stud dog's owner and $5 to go to owner of each of his get. The best wire-haired dog or bitch will also win $25, and $15 each is given for best wire dog or bitch in open classes, and best wire puppy. In addition to this there will be a sweepstake of $5 per kennel for the best terrier in the show; entries for this close at 12 M. on Oct. 30, the first day of the show. Premium lists can be had at this office.

The Boston *Herald* of Oct. 7 publishes a capital account of the Seacroft Kennels and its noted occupants. A lot of space is devoted to pictures of the well known dogs and these are exceptionally good, being reproduced from photographs taken on the spot.

As a result of the split in the English Schipperke Club, to which we alluded last week, a new club is being formed by Mr. Geo. R. Krehl under the name of the St. Hubert Schipperke Club. Mr. Krehl has written a very interesting article on this smart little terrier if that is the correct name to give a dog that, however, does not go to earth. We have been favored with a copy, but as there are so few people interested in the breed in this country we cannot spare the space to publish it *in extenso* at present. It seems that English breeders have been producing a schipperke that is at variance with the correct Belgian type, and becoming aware of this through a visit paid to the kennels of the principal Belgian exhibitor, Mons. Reussens, Mr. Krehl with the idea of getting back into the right channel, after considerable trouble was allowed to purchase the famous dog, champion St. Hubert to convince English breeders that the black, prick-eared, wire-haired terrier of England, alias schipperke, is not the true type. The English dogs are deficient in the two main characteristics of the breed—the mane and the fringe on the back of the thighs, termed *culotte*, which turns inward. The manes on these Belgian dogs, Mr. Krehl tells us, are marvelously abundant. Certainly the dogs of this breed over here are not possessed of this feature to any extent. St. Hubert is offered to the new club by his present owner so that breeders may have an opportunity to obtain his services at a slight fee. To those of our readers who may feel interested in this breed we may say that the schipperke is an excellent and faithful little watchdog, who does not readily make friends with strangers. He is very active, always on the alert, and very courageous in defending objects left in his charge, but also gentle with children. A characteristic peculiarity of the breed is their exceeding inquisitiveness and lively interest in everything about them, their excitement being expressed by sharp barks and the bristling mane. They are game and good vermin dogs. Another peculiarity of the breed and one that adds to their smart, quaint appearance, is the absence of a caudal appendage, which absence is sometimes natural, through the process of evolution, these dogs having been docked short for many generations.

Dr. Foote did not show Brittle Beaut at Danbury. It was Brittle Bright that took second to Mister Great Snap.

Considering its popularity, there is no breed, and especially one that has a specialty club, that receives less booming in the papers than the collie. Still, it must be remembered that some of the largest prices have been paid for imported stock, and America now owns several collies whose names are household words in the "fancy" of both worlds. Collies are being coutinually imported, and the very latest is the Scotch collie Provost Alexander, from Mr. Scott's kennel in Scotland.

The entries in the different beagle trials so far heard from promise some good running. Considering the fact that there are three meetings to be held within so many weeks, the number of entries secured in each stake must be considered especially gratifying. Those who are fond of the sport and wish to hear some hound music, can do so at the N. B. C. trials at Hempstead, L. I., on the 29th. The headquarters of the club will be at Roth's Hotel. Hempstead is on the Long Island Railroad, and one can go from New York city either by the Thirty-fourth street ferry or James slip ferry, foot of New Chambers street, and from Brooklyn by the Flatbush avenue station. Dogs must be at Hempstead, L. I., not later than 10 A. M. on Monday, Oct. 29, and Class A will be started at 1 P. M. the same day.

The New England Beagle Club's trials will commence Oct. 23, at Oxford, Mass., which is easy of access from Boston, being not far from Worcester, and can be reached from New York by the Fall River, Stonington or Norwich steamboats.

Mr. W. L. Washington, the well-known Irish setter breeder, is now a member of the Elliott-Washington Steel Co., of New Castle, Pa.

Mr. Joe Lewis writes us that it is his intention to make a field dog of his new purchase, the English beagle Robino, as the few times he has had him out he has worked remarkably well considering his condition.

Mr. A. B. Cobb, of Newton, Mass., is gradually getting together a nice kennel of smooth fox-terriers. His latest acquisition is the winning bitch Marton II., by Despoiler ex Damosel. Before being shipped she was bred to the well-known Devereux, son of the crack dog champion D'Orsay.

Our Chicago contemporary says it prides itself on its show reports, that they occupy a plane of their own—they do, and we do not wish to rob them of that distinction. Our contemporary also occupies another unique position in that while it pats the men who make their reports on the back with one hand, it stabs them with the other. To FOREST AND STREAM was vouchsafed the privilege of protecting Major Taylor, who wrote the Providence report in the *American Field*, from insinuations that no journal should allow its representative to be subjected to. When a kennel journal engages a reporter in whom it has confidence enough to allow him to represent that journal at a show and his name to be signed at the end of his report, it is especially the duty of that journal to protect that reporter from personal insinuations such as are to be found in a letter in our contemporary's issue of Oct. 13. Questioning a reporter's ability may be allowable, but to admit a slur upon his honesty from one who cannot even claim to be a disappointed exhibitor is, to say the least, in very bad taste. There are certain ethics of journalism that our contemporary does not seem to understand, and this is one of them.

Mr. Blossom's Heather York and Flomont and Comus and Venus were not at Providence show. Comus is one of the dogs we said should have been mentioned. The judge's book did not intimate that the dog was absent, and knowing him to be a good one, though in the careless benching of the Gordons we could not place him, gave him the benefit of the doubt.

Mr. J. F. Stoddard, of Georgetown, N.Y., has bought from Mr. C. S. Wixom the beagle bitch Velvet, winner of first in novice class at Philadelphia. He proposes to train her for the field and add another practical field beagle to the list of bench show winners.

When we draw attention to the new advertisements every week this does not mean that the student of our business columns must neglect to read the others. There may be a bargain among them that he did not catch last week. W. H. Pierce, the well known Irish setter breeder, wants some dogs to train; has excellent game facilities. W. P. Fraser offers well bred Scottish terriers. F. Glass a brace of thoroughly trained field dogs, cheap. H. Reeder & Co., trained rabbit dags, etc. J. M. Kelly, Irish setter and pointer. J. H. Whistler, collies. E. G. Faile, beagles. E. W. Fiske, cocker spaniels. Swiss Mountain Kennels renew their yearly stud card with a reduced fee on champion Middy and their four St. Bernards. From Spratts notice we see that Lad of Kent takes the cake.

A couple of weeks since we alluded to a letter which appeared in the Toronto *Globe* containing assertions and insinuations, which we spoke of at the time as requiring some contradiction on the part of the bench show committee of the Toronto show. Mr. Postlethwaite, in the *Globe's* issue of Oct. 13, writes a manly letter showing the ridiculousness of the charges and also proving conclusively that the superintendent had nothing to do with the selection of Major Taylor as judge of setters and pointers at the Toronto show. In fact, the latter was proposed by Mr. R. Junor and seconded by Mr. W. P. Fraser, and in opposition to Mr. Stone's nominee. It is also proved by affidavit that Mr. Stone had no interest in the dogs he showed for other owners, other than as a superintendent wishing to do the best for absent owners, and his own dogs, from the Forest Kennels, were handled by some one else. One part of Mr. Postlethwaite's letter bears on the questiou of officers of a club exhibiting dogs and is as follows: "The propriety of committeemen showing dogs has more than once come up for discussion, but the difficulty of forming a committee of dogmen who do not own dogs or will refrain from exhibiting them cannot easily be got over, besides it is a general custom in the United States, and honest judges would not allow themselves to be influenced by any such consideration, while it is a regulation here that committeemen who handle dogs while being judged shall remove their badges before entering the ring." Right-thinking men cannot but be pleased at the stand the committee have taken in this disagreeable affair; and we only regret that space forbids our publishing the whole letter.

New England Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting of our field trials committee last evening it was decided to run our Members' Sweepstake on Tuesday, Nov. 13, instead of Oct. 23. This was done at the request of members having entries in the stake.

ARTHUR R. SHARP, Sec'y.

OCT. 9.

[This notification arrived too late for our last issue. This change of date was suggested some time since in these columns, as many sportsmen who are interested in the New England beagle trials, to be held the same week, would have had to forego one meeting or the other had the original dates been held to.]

A Tale of a Smart Dog.

THE article in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 13, "A Tale of a Dog," is one of the best and most scientific I have ever read, and I have read many. I shall bring it before our Society for the Study of Comparative Psychology in connection with Society of Comparative Medical and Veterinary Science here. This will really help the dog.

WESLY MILLS, M. D.

MONTREAL, Can., Oct. 13.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W. D., Broctkon, Mass.—You can do nothing now. If given in time an injection of soap and water would probably have counteracted the mistake.

A. C. C., New York City.—Is it not unusual for a fox-terrier to shed his coat at this season? What is the remedy? Ans. No. This is the time for shedding; it might also be due to irritation of the skin. Brush the dog every day, and also wash him in a solution of creolin (1oz. to a pail of warm water) once or twice a week.

C. W., New York.—Please give me remedy for corns and to make hair grow on them. My great Dane bitch has corns, thick calloused cushions on forelegs and same on hips. I have stopped their increase by attention to bedding and washing with tar soap. Ans. Apply the following daily:

Salicylic acid..... ʒ iss.
Flexible collodion..... ʒ i.

A. L. P., New York city.—Glad to hear your St. Bernard pup objects to corn meal mush. It is not good dog food. The handiest food you can have is dog biscuits soaked with warm water or soup; the best are advertised in our business columns. If you care to go to the trouble of preparing the food for your three months old St. Bernard and setter pups, get some good meat bones, make a soup with vegetables and pour this over stale bread. Alternate the bread with oatmeal and rice. You can also boil lean mutton and beef, and when thoroughly cooked mix the meat with the bread, etc. You can feed raw meat chopped up without bone or fat, two or three times a week. Let them have some knuckle bones to gnaw. If you feed scraps from the table see that the pieces of meat are chopped up and don't feed chicken bones or any bones that are small enough to be swallowed. Sour milk and clapper are good at any time.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.

Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club, Hempsteat, L. I. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Brunswick Fur Club, North Acton, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club, at Columbus, Wis. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

COURSING.

Oct. 16.—Kenmore Club's annual meeting at Goodland, Kan. C. F. Weber, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.

Oct. 23.—Western Kansas Coursing Club's meeting at Leoti, Kan. W. O. Allphin, secretary. E. H. Mulcaster, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.

Oct. 30.—Cheyenne Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.

Oct. 30.—Altcar Coursing Club's autumn meeting at Holyoke, Col. S. W. Vidler, secretary. Basil Hayman, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.

Nov. 14.—California State meeting at Merced, Cal. J. R. Dickson, Secretary.

HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The prospects for a record meet at Merced, Cal., next month are very bright. According to the San Francisco *Call*, it is expected that upwards of seventy dogs will go to slips. Judge Grace and Slipper Wren are urged to do a little training as upon these two well known and able men will fall most of the real hard work. The Sacramento leashmen are especially active in preparing their dogs for this event and expect to bring back most of the money. The Friscos however will have something to say about this. Messrs. Healy and Eagan have a strong team in charge of W. Creamer. They are Fireball by Skyrocket, out of Slygirl; Empire by Shortstop, out of Bessie; Fearless by Monarch, out of Teressa J. and Applause by Midnight, out Flying Jib. No greater breeding than this can be found in any kennel.

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The Genessee Valley Hunt had an ideal day's sport on Oct. 8, although they were not able to kill. The meet was at Temple Pines at 8 A. M., and the first fox was started in the Crossett Pines, but went to earth before the hounds got fairly going. The second fox was found north of Geneseo and gave them a good run, but finally saved his brush by crossing the Genessee. The distance covered was about twenty miles.

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The American Coursing Club has made a good move in inaugurating the new stake—the American Waterloo cup. Coursing men need such a stake, one that will stand above all others, and the winning of which will convey much renown, in the same light that the English Waterloo cup is held. Our Huron friends, with their usual enthusiasm, guarantee $200 added money, so that this will insure a stake well worth running for by the best greyhounds in the country. Nominations are now open and should be made to Mr. F. B. Coyne, the secretary of the A. C. C., Huron, S. D.

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At the Leoti, Kans., meeting, to be held after the Kenmore meet, the Leoti Stakes, for 32 or more all-aged greyhounds at $10 each (non-members $12.50) will be run off. The prizes will be: Winner 50% of entrance money and $50 added; runner-up 50% of remainder and $25 added; the balance of entry fees go to third and fourth with $25 added, divided equally. The Western Puppy Stake is for 16 or more greyhounds whelped after Jan. 1, 1893, entrance $5 (non-members $7.50; to first 50% of fees and $30 added money; runner-up 50% of balance and $20 added; third and fourth dogs receive the remainder of entrance money, equally divided; 10% will be deducted from all winnings for expenses.

AMERICAN COURSING CLUB'S MEETING.

THE eighth annual meeting of the American Coursing Club at Huron, S. D., was a decided success in the quality of the competition and its management, though in respect to the number of starters the showing was inferior to the events of some previous years, for which the financial depression is undoubtedly the cause. Times are such as to keep many good sportsmen in close attendance to business. But so far as enthusiasm and interest in coursing are concerned, they are unabated. It has not fallen off as a sport in the esteem of its supporters; the times limited the scope of its public expression. A few special causes contributed to lessen the entries, one of which was the serious illness of two of Mr. H. C. Lowe's dogs, which, he explained, prevented him from attending and taking part in the competition, since the sick dogs needed his personal care. But the prospects for next year are bright as evidenced by the support already subscribed to the new stake for next year.

All the details of the competition were most complete and satisfactory.

Though not the safest for riding, the grounds were excellent for coursing, being level enough to afford a good view of the courses, and not so hard as to injure the dogs' feet.

The numerous badger holes, which were a constant menace to the safety of the rider, many times afforded the rabbits safe harbor when pressed closely for their lives. They were plentiful as need be, possessing great strength, with powers of speed and endurance which taxed oftentimes the coursing abilities of the dogs to the utmost. Though some were very fast, but few were so fast but that the dogs could press them closely and score on them.

Siuce the first meeting at Great Bend, in 1886, great progress has been made, both in the improved physical quality of the greyhound and his coursing powers. Then the loafer which ran cunning, the awkward dog which ran wide in his turus, the soft-hearted dog which was easily discouraged and the ones of poor type and short pedigrees were not uncommon, nor were they uncommon for a few years afterward. But the dogs of the present are alert and gamy, in form a combinatiou of beauty and strength, with wonderful powers of speed and endurance and control of action. The number which ran wide in their turns at this meeting was small indeed.

There was quite a good attendance of owners and visiting sportsmen, gentlemen of the right sort who can hold a competition as it should be; that is, skilfully and in good fellowship. Among those present were Messrs. J. Charlton, and W. H. Charlton, Minneapolis, A. P. Slocum, Oakes, N. D., J. Herbert Watson. Brooklyn, C. H. Scott-Durbin, Hawarden, Iowa; J. H. Rew and T. Bresbine, Artesian, S. D.; A. Melrose, Orange City, Iowa; Michael Allen, Chicago, H. G. Nichols, Mitchell, S. D., B. Hayman, Chicago, Mr. H. C. Waterhouse, Lisbon, S. D., Dr. G. Irwin Royce, Cannon Fales, Minn. and C. H. Vinton, Redfield, S. D., A. C. Bradbury, Englewood, N. J.

The judging was most satisfactorily done by Mr. E. H. Mulcaster, of Fox Lake, Wis., of whom it can be said that he exhibited all the qualities of a good judge, he rode well, he was in the right place at the right time during a course, and every part of his duties progressed with the skill which comes from knowledge, experience and good intention.

The slipper, Mr. Jos. Dodds, of Mitchell, S. D., won much praise for the superior manner in which he conducted the slipping. He proved most efficient.

Dr. G. Irwin Royce acted as slip steward, and thereby assisted materially in keeping the competition going without unnecessary loss of time. And by the way, the coursing interests of to-day owe a great deal to Dr. Royce for his earnest labors in establishing public coursing east of the Rocky Mountains. The meeting at Great Bend in 1886 was due largely to his personal efforts in organizing such material as was then available. Of the numerous obstacles to be overcome aud the personal attention required in interviewing and corresponding, few of the present day realize. But the years have not diminished his fondness and enthusiasm for the sport, nor is it probable that they ever will.

Two Huron gentlemen assisted in the interest of the coursing, Mr. C. L. Pratt as field marshal and Mr. C. C. Langley as flag steward. Both were efficient. There was a large number of spectators in attendance each day, particularly on the second day, when it seemed as if nearly all the carriages in town were in the coursing field. The crowd was orderly and well behaved.

The members of the Huron committee, Messrs. John Longstaff, John A. Sauer and F. B. Coyne, were attentive in cordially welcoming and assisting the visitors; in short, all that earnest effort, good fellowship and good intention could accomplish toward the success of the meeting was done.

The club held a special meeting on Monday evening to consider the rearrangement of prizes in the *American Field* cup stake, wherein there was $50 added money to second prize and none to first, the $100 cup not being donated this year. All those directly interested in the competition agreed unanimously to have the $50 added money divided, $30 to first, $20 to second.

The regular meeting took place on Oct. 10, Dr. G. Irwin Royce in the chair. Following is the list of officers elected: President, Dr. N. Rowe; Vice-President, A. P. Slocum; Secretary, F. B. Coyne, Huron; Treasurer, C. H. Vinton, Redfield, N. D. The executive committee was increased to five instead of three, namely, J. Charlton, John Sauer, A. Melrose, Michael Allen and H. C. Lowe. This committee was also elected as the ground committee. The resignation of Mr. T. W. Bartels was accepted. The secretary was instructed to notify all members in arrears of dues, etc., that they would be suspended from membership if the dues were not paid before the expiration of two months from the date of notice.

Mr. C. H. Vinton was elected to membership. A vote of thanks was passed to FOREST AND STREAM and the *American Field* for sending representatives to attend the meeting. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. J. Herbert Watson for his efforts in behalf of the club and earnest support of coursing matters.

American Coursing Board's rules govern the date (Jan. 1), which limits the age of Derby entries.

The meeting, Mr. B. Hayman in the chair, adjourned till Thursday evening.

Mr. J. Charlton and J. Herbert Watson were elected a committee to represent the A. C. C. in respect to representation before the American Coursing Board. The finances were reported as good, debts all paid and $100 in the treasury.

The American Waterloo Cup.

The club accepted arrangements for a new stake which had been informally perfected the night before. The conditions are: Number of entries limited to 32; entrance fee $25 and $200 added money, making the stake of $1,000 valuc. The $200 are guaranteed by the citizens of Huron. Twenty per cent. of entrance to be paid at the time of nomination, 40 per cent. on March 1, 40 per cent. on July 1. Nominations are transferable through secretary; they are to be numbered so that when 32 are reached nominations close. This stake is the American Waterloo cup, and as its title implies, has a national import instead of a mission as an advertisement for a weekly journal.

The next meeting of the club will be held at Huron, S. D., on Tuesday, the second week in October, 1895.

For the new stake 18 nominations are already subscribed and 10 per cent. paid in on each. The nominations and number nominated by each one are as follows: J. H. Rew 3, J. H. Watson 4, M. Allen 3, Columbus Coursing Kennels 2, Melrose & Durbin 2, H. C. Waterhouse 1, C. H. Vinton 1.

Thus, at this meeting, the club was assured of almost support enough to guarantee the success of the next meeting. The secretary was instructed to prepare a circular embodying the conditions of the new stake and mail them to the coursing men.

For the purpose of resting dogs between rounds, the two stakes were run in alternate sections, the coursing beginning with the Derby.

American Coursing Derby.

There were twenty starters. The quality of the competition was of a high order, the puppies showing powers of coursing quite equal to those of the aged dogs. The winner, Glenlyon, exhibited great ability to stay close to the hare in its sharpest and most cunning turns, and his endurance was extraordinary. Butterflies, second, also was swift and nimble in turning, with great endurance. Thomas B. Reed distinguished himself as a good performer, though disposed to be a bit wise as to method.

SUMMARY.

The conditions and order of running is as follows: For greyhounds 18 mos. old or younger, $10 entrance fee. Fifty per cent of entrance money to the winner, with $75 added by the club. Fifty per cent of remainder with $25 added by the club to the runner up. Fifty per cent of remainder equally to third and fourth dog.

Ten per cent of entrance deducted for expenses of the club.

First Round.

Columbus Coursing Kennels' red dog Glenwood (Glenkirk—Gilda), beat A. P. Slocum's fawn bitch Cleopatra (Rendezvous—Roy's Canary).

Eastern Coursing Kennels' fawn bitch Butterflies (Royal Crest—Drytime), beat H. G. Nichols's black bitch Crow Wing (Sir Hugo—Fleet),

Michael Allen's fawn dog Fear Not (Glenkirk—Gilda), beat J. Charlton ns. N. P. Whiting's red bitch Nanna (Glenkirk—Innocence).

Melrose & Durbin's fawn bitch Gilkirk (Glenkirk—Gilda), beat J. H. Rew ns. Nagle & Willet's fawn bitch Lady Creighton (Fox—Fanny).

J. Charlton ns. Warren & Fisk's fawn and white dog Glenkirk (Glenkirk—Scandal), beat J. Charlton ns. N. P. Whiting's red dog Chartist (Glenkirk—Innocence).

J. Charlton ns. Warren & Fisk's fawn and white dog Glenlyon (Glenkirk—Gilda), beat Melrose & Durbin's fawn dog Robert le Diable (Miller's Rab—Lady Del Glendyne).

Eastern Coursing Kennels' red dog Dakota (Glenkirk—Gilda), beat Columbus Coursing Kennels' black bitch Lady Dedlock (Miller's Rab—Lady Del Glendyne).

M. Allen's white bitch Maid Honor (Miller's Rab—Nettlefield), beat J. Charlton ns. N. P. Whiting's red dog Lucian Swift (Glenkirk—Innocence.

C. H. Vinton's fawn dog Thomas B. Reed (Glenkirk—Gilda), beat H. G. Nichols's black bitch Coon (Sir Hugo—Fleet).

Eastern Coursing Kennels' red bitch Trilby (Royal Crest—Drytime), beat J. Charlton ns. N. P. Whiting's red bitch Minnehaha (Glenkirk—Innocence).

Second Round.

Butterflies beat Glenwood. Glenlyon beat Maid of Honor.
Gilkirk beat Fear Not. Thomas B. Reed beat Trilby.
Master Glenkirk beat Dakota.

Third Round.

Butterflies beat Master Glenkirk. Thomas B. Reed a bye.
Glenlyon beat Gilkirk.

Fourth Round.

Butterflies beat Thomas B. Reed. Glenlyon a bye.

Deciding Courses.

Glenlyon beat Butterflies and won first. Butterflies second.
Thomas B. Reed third.

TUESDAY.

There was an exceedingly stiff wind from the northwest which blew steadily all day. The temperature was comfortably cool. Jacks were found in fairly sufficient numbers for the competition. There were some excellent courses during the day. The weather was clear and the ground in good condition for running. As the day advanced the number of spectators constantly increased, a large part being ladies.

First Round.

CLEOPATRA—GLENWOOD.—The first rabbit was not sighted favorably for a slip, but Cleopatra struggled, slipped her collar and started for the rabbit, but was unsighted. She was caught and put in the slips before any harm was done. This was the only time during the meeting that a dog got out of the slips in such manner. In the run-up Glenwood led, wrenched and turned, then Cleopatra took possession, she beginning to run up her score too late, as the rabbit took to earth. Glenwood won.

BUTTERFLIES—CROW WING.—The former led and the rabbit soon holed. There was nothing done. Two courses were run before these dogs were again put in the slips. Butterflies led and held possession for about a half mile, and on soft ground placed Crow Wing. The rabbit holed, neither dog scoring many points, though Butterflies won easily.

FEAR NOT—NANNA.—The former drew steadily away from Nanna and made wrench after wrench and turn after turn without letting her in. He showed great cleverness in turning.

GILKIRK—LADY CRAIG.—Lady loafed from the start, Gilkirk running true in a long course scoring several turns and a kill.

CHARTIST—MASTER GLENKIRK.—they ran a good course. Master Glenkirk raced away from Chartist in the run-up, sticking close to the rabbit, placing Chartist several times only to again take possession. He showed great speed and quick turniug, winning easily.

GLENLYON—ROBERT LE DIABLE.—The former in a long and driving course beat Robert almost pointless. He drew away in the run-up turned the rabbit several times placed Robert, taking the rabbit away again. Glenlyon in a fine drive tripped the rabbit. In a corn field they were unsighted. Glenlyon won easily.

LADY DEDLOCK—DAKOTA—Soon after they were put in slips, a fire was seen to start furiously on the prairie behind the wagons. For a half hour there was the most energetic fight to extinguish the fire, the strong wind fanning and spreading it persistently. It was kept in narrow limits till it reached a road where it stopped. Dakota beat the bitch pointless. He raced to the rabbit, did all the scoring, turning often and getting in quickly again, keeping Lady out at every turn, pressing the rabbit to a kill.

MAID OF HONOR—LUCIEN SWIFT.—Maid gained a length, turned and placed Lucien. A few exchanges followed, in which Maid showed the greater speed and cleverness in turning. The rabbit was pressed very closely from start to finish, holing at the end of about a quarter-mile course. Maid won.

THOMAS B. REED—COON.—The dogs were hardly well straightened out when the rabbit turned to the right across a narrow stretch of grass where Thomas became unsighted. Coon worked the rabbit alone for nearly a mile, then Thomas again caught sight, joined in, made two or three wrenches and a kill and won.

MINNEHAHA—TRILBY.—They ran a fine course of about a mile, scoring constantly, and making a close finish. Trilby had a slight lead to the rabbit, and held possession for about a mile when Minnehaha got in and made wrench after wrench and turn after turn. Trilby just saved himself by going in strong at the finish, making a drive and a meritorious kill.

The first round in the All-Age Stake was next begun and run through before the Derby was resumed, and this round occupied the remainder of the day.

WEDNESDAY.

A stiff but not uncomfortable northwest wind prevailed during the day. The weather was clear and pleasant.

The Derby—Second Round.

GLENWOOD—BUTTERFLIES.—Butterflies got the run up by favor of the rabbit bending its course toward her. She made the first turn, and after a few exchanges got possession and held it to the end of a long and pumping course, winning handily.

FEAR NOT—GILKIRK.—The jack bent around in big curves one way and another before straightening out, the dog Fear Not showing a bit the most speed at the start. Gilkirk outscored him in the exchanges, and drew many lengths away from him in a straightaway lead, showing decided superiority.

MASTER GLENKIRK—DAKOTA.—Master ran up with surprising swiftness, riding the rabbit from the start, and killed at the end of about 200yds., beating Dakota, pointless. The swiftness of his drive at the finish was extraordinary.

GLENLYON—MAID OF HONOR.—The former was superior from start to finish. He led to the rabbit, wrenched, drove it in a long curve, let Maid in for a short time, went in again and worked the rabbit to a kill at the end of a mile, running a meritorious course.

THOMAS B. REED—TRILBY.—The latter led up to the first turn, when Thomas got in and pressed the rabbit to several turns, when it holed. The dogs drove it constantly and there was scoring to the finish. Many times they drove forward to kill, but the rabbit saved itself.

Third Round.

BUTTERFLIES—MASTER GLENKIRK.—Master raced to the rabbit, took a turn or two, then seemed to shorten his pace. Butterflies took the lead, wrenched and turned, pressing the rabbit till it holed, beating Master easily.

GLENLYON—GILKIRK.—They ran side by side for about 100yds. when Glenlyon drew ahead, held the rabbit for a turn or two, after which it was first one and then the other turning, Gilkirk beginning to roll up a score at the finish which she ended by killing too soon. It was a good course, closely contested, Glenlyon winning.

THOMAS B. REED a bye with Glenwood.

THURSDAY.

The cloudy sky cleared up toward midday. A late start was made.

The finals were well contested. There was a large crowd out to see them.

BUTTERFLIES—THOMAS B. REED.—The latter in his course did not run perfectly true, though there was no aggravated exhibition of running cunning. Butterflies led and took two or three turns, when Tom got in and made a turn. Butterflies made a spurt and both killed. Butterflies won.

Glenlyon ran a bye with Fear Not, the course being about a half mile, when the rabbit holed.

Some courses in the All-Age Stake were next run.

Deciding Course.

GLENLYON—BUTTERFLIES.—Glenlyon led and held possession for a few turns, when Butterflies came in and there were a few exchanges, after which Butterflies began to score and Glenlyon in good time was fortunate enough to kill. He was going a little wide in his turns toward the end of the course.

This ended the Derby. Glenlyon won first, Butterflies second and Thomas B. Reed third.

The All-Age Stake.

There were 12 starters in this stake, and the work was of a good quality. The order of the running was as follows:

For all greyhounds at $20 entrance fee; 50 per cent. to winner and $30 added by the club. To runner-up 50 per cent. of the remainder and $20 added by the club. To third and fourth 50 per cent. of remainder and $25 added by the club.

First Round.

Eastern Coursing Kennels' black and white bitch Southern Belle (Laocoon—Axis), beat A. P. Slocum's black bitch Rachel (Lights o' London—May Flower Queen).

J. H. Rew's brindle bitch Jessie Green (Sir Hugo—Fleet), beat Eastern Coursing Kennels' black dog Royal Crest (Greentick—Royal Rate).

J. Charlton ns. N. P. Whiting's fawn bitch Innocence (Thornwood—Burning Shame), beat M. Allen's black and white bitch Grace O'Malloy (Master Rich—Hawthorne Belle).

J. H. Rew's brindle dog Frank Green (Sir Hugo—Fleet), beat M. Allen's white and black dog St. Clair (Lord Neversettle—White Lips).

A P. Slocum's white and black dog Rendezvous (Major Glendyne—Lady Dublin), beat Melrose & Durbin ns. T. Thackeray's brindle bitch Cigarette (Sailor—Snip).

Eastern Coursing Kennels' brindle bitch Miss Dollar III. (Eden Castle—Miss Harkness), beat F. B. Coyne ns J. R. McNickle's black dog Laplander (Trales—Dick's Darling).

Second Round.

Southern Belle beat Jessie Green. Rendezvous beat Miss Dollar III.
Frank Green beat Innocence.

Third Round.

Frank Green beat Southern Belle. Rendezvous a bye.

Deciding Course.

Frank Green beat Rendezvous and won first. Rendezvous second.
Southern Belle third.

First Round.

SOUTHERN BELLE—RACHEL.—Rachel took the lead a few lengths in the run-up, held possession for a half mile, making repeated wrenches and turns, when Rachel got in and was scoring when they were unsighted in weeds. Belle won easily. The course was a long one of about two miles.

JESSIE GREEN—ROYAL CREST.—Jessie gained a lead of three lengths in the race to the rabbit, made a turn and placed Royal, then fell. Royal turned and ran wide, letting Jessie in again; she made two turns. At the end of about a mile and a half course they lost the rabbit. Jessie won easily.

INNOCENCE—GRACE O'MALLEY.—Innoceuce showed the better speed and cleverness for a half mile, then Grace made a go-by and led to the hole where the rabbit escaped. Jessie won.

FRANK GREEN—ST. CLAIR.—Apart from the run up and a turn or two, St. Clair was not in the course, which was a long one. Frank held possession for nearly a mile, scoring constantly and holding. He got a severe fall in a buffalo wallow, but soon got in the course again, took possession and finished with a neat kill.

RENDEZVOUS—CIGARETTE.—Rendezvous raced away in the run up and was cleverer in turning. The rabbit ran into a hole.

MISS DOLLAR III.—LAPLANDER.—They ran close for two hundred yards, then Miss worked the rabbit alone over a long course, scoring on it repeatedly. She gradually drew ahead till she was many lengths in the lead running out of sight.

WEDNESDAY.

After the second round of the Derby the stake was resumed with the

Second Round.

SOUTHERN BELLE—JESSIE GREEN.—Belle was the quickest to the rabbit, took a few wrenches and placed Jessie. Then followed a fine exhibition of rapid work, knocking the rabbit to each other. It went to earth at the end of a half mile, and Belle won.

FRANK GREEN—INNOCENCE.—Innocence made a strong run up, leading Frank to the turn. Frank had the better in the exchanges in a long course, having his own way at the last, ending with a kill.

RENDEZVOUS—MISS DOLLAR III.—Excepting a few moments in the middle of the course, when Miss made three or four wrenches, Rendezvous had all the advantage. He raced to the rabbit, scored for a half mile, when Miss got in for a few points, after which he held the rabbit till it holed.

THURSDAY.

Third Round.

SOUTHERN BELLE—FRANK GREEN.—The first slip was to a short course of about 200yds., which the jndge very properly decided was no course. The points scored were nearly equal through the course, and the curve followed by the rabbit made the test most imperfect. On the next rabbit Frank held possession for nearly a mile, beating Belle almost pointless. The rabbit went to earth.

RENDEZVOUS ran a bye with Rachel. It was a most punishing, long course, iu which the former got two severe falls, which undoubtedly impaired his performance in the next course. Rachel got one hard fall.

Deciding Course.

FRANK GREEN—RENDEZVOUS.—After the run-up Frank showed a pronounced superiority iu speed and cleverness, winning easily.

Frank Green won first, Rendezvous second and Southern Belle third.

Thus ended a pleasant meetiug, remarkably free from accidents considering the dangerous character of much of the riding. There was but one fall, and that was a hard one. On the first day, while riding at full speed, Mr. A. C. Bradbury's horse fell. Aside from a badly lamed shoulder and a severe shaking up no injury was doue.

The Huron brass band serenaded the winners, closing a pleasant event in music. B. WATERS.

"Old Hurricane."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several fox hunters arranged to have a fox hunt on the morning of Sept. 1, and they offered me the use of a splendid mule and cart to drive to the hunting grounds, some ten miles from Olive Branch, Miss., about eighteen miles from Memphis.

When Dr. D. and I alighted from the train at 5 o'clock on the evening of Aug. 31, the mule and cart were waiting. The Doctor was not expected, but a horse was soon saddled for him and we were speeding on the road to Shinfox Crossing, the camping ground.

Three hunters joined us with several hounds, and others with their hounds from this side of the creek preceded us. The hunters and hounds from the other side of the creek dropped in, until the 9 o'clock supper found about twelve fox hunters, and nineteen and a half couple of hounds, ready to devour the repast. Lights were ordered out at 10 o'clock and the hunters proceeded to find the soft side of 12in. wooden benches, or sprawling full length on the schoolhouse floor, sought the fickle goddess—sleep. I tried to balance 212lbs. on a bench 12in. wide, but Morpheus was frightened away by the continual talking of those present. If there is any such thing as transmigration of souls and those present could select where theirs would go, there would be twelve additions to the hounds; indeed they did not wait until death; they are followers of Minerva and make a good pack. They gave tongue all night, the trail never got cold, many never closed their mouths; their tails have the true hound character in size; their bristles were often raised so their hats fell off at the mention of some other fellow's hound leading theirs. They had good noses, too; one, next day, said a skunk smelt like an opossum.

It was J. Payne's blue dog Alabama, that was going to make monkeys of all the others in the pack, or Powell's Pert, the Nancy Hanks of the pack, or Rover, the lemon and white dog, was going to set the grass afire with his speed, if he did not sulk and refuse to run, which he was sure to do if another dog jumped the fox before he did; or it was Lyle R. Payne's red dog that was going to carry a search-light and pilot the pack from start to finish. Spears, Dexter, Hunter and others were not going to surrender their reputation as champions to any new rival. All owners had finished a long chapter on the merits of their favorite hounds—none had demerits, when the writer dropped an unexpected bomb in their midst that caused them to be silent for awhile. I quietly asked what dogs caught the fox and led the pack at the great run they had at Byhalia, Miss., a few weeks ago. They did not dream I had heard of the run. The facts are, many of those present with the same unbeaten hounds, were to have a race after a noted fox near Byhalia, Miss. Some of the Byhalia boys, hearing when the meet was to take place, and where the hounds were to commence, sent a man on one of their best horses to drag a large beef bone over the grounds. He started one hour before the race and ran the horse and dragged the bone for three hours, and then dropped the bone in the creek bottom. Most hounds prefer to run a cur or beef bone to a fox. When the hounds struck the scent of the beef bone they were off like a tornado, their owners having to ride like demons to keep in hearing, which they did.

And they hollered until I thought their throat,
Would bust wide open at ev'ry note.

The poor hounds were run to a frazzle and when they came to where the bone was left, they shut up and commenced to fight and munch on the bones. Each owner, claiming his dog made the catch, rode rapidly to where he expected to see the hounds pulling the fox to pieces. They were horrified to see the houuds fighting over the bones, and the anathemas of the hunters were so great they shook the acorns from the trees. If it is known to the owners who played the beef bone trick on them, there will be a scrapping match at Byhalia. In this case silence would indeed be golden.

Three o'clock came and weary at heart and sick at soul I jumped to my feet with a yell! This exclamation brought the crowd to their feet; but with a yawn I remarked I was dreaming. We then commenced preparing for breakfast and feeding the horses, mules and hounds.

The man of great wealth measures his pleasures by what they cost. Some of the New York Four-Hundred's pack, horses and trappings are imported at fabulous prices; the hunters they ride cost thousands, and the maintenance of these hunts is very expensive. I see that at a hunt held at Geneseo, N. Y., the other day, more wealth was present than there is in the whole city of Memphis. There were men at our hunt that keep from one to three hounds, willing in camp to sleep or try to sleep on the soft side of a plank, and have no other incentive but the pure love of the sport and whose cup of bliss would be full if they could only see their favorite hound lead the pack. The mounts, instead of being costly imported hunters, were horses or mules of the plow. I rode the boss mule for a fox chase; when his running mate McCargo's riding horse, was in front, the mule would be close to the horse's heels or die in the attempt. You had only to sit iu the saddle and let him go. If a rail fence was reached he would give a few twists to his tail and make an onslaught on the fence; no rail fence could stand it and you would follow the fence, if not up to the trick. He would discount any gambler playing straddles. If following his running mate, he would straddle without swerving, if in his way, a sapling one could make four rails to the cut from. I never met with but one accident ou him; that was when we rode into a yellow jackets' nest. It took two hours for the other boys to find me and two hours more to dig me out of a mud hole, and my wife a week to be sure it was I. The limbs of the trees hit me upper cuts, jabbed me in the side, pummeled my back blue, closed both eyes, and I needed some fig leaves or something else when found.

Breakfast over, horses and mules were saddled. The morning star, that glorious harbinger of the approach of another day, now sent out its brilliaut rays, and the horn sounded to saddle; the dogs were uncoupled and the horses were soon mounted. I have been for many years a great advocate of form in racehorses, bird dogs, hounds or anything where speed and endurance cut any figure, but I never saw so many hounds show up in better form, and all seemed ready and willing to make this the race of their lives. We had only a half mile to ride to reach the "Hurricane grounds," so termed from the fact that a hurricane passed through there some years ago, leveling all the timber for a space of three miles square. Here the foxes lie up during the day in the jungle of young growth of bushes or briers too thick to ride or walk through, except in the roads, and too thick in many places for hounds to run with any speed. The fox, being smaller, can get through faster and with more ease than the hounds. We hoped to jump "Old Hurricane," so named from his place of living. Some of the hounds were mere puppies, and would run anything from a grasshopper to a bear; others were reliable foxhounds if no cur dogs or beef bones were around. As soou as we reached the creek, which is in the center of the "Hurricane" grounds, the "trashgang" commenced giving tongue on coons, rabbits, minks or anything else they crossed.

Mr. Spears, with several reliable hounds, was to draw the cover, and Mr. R. Payne, with several other good hounds, was to draw the sedgelauds adjoining, where the fox was apt to feed at night on the numerous rabbits that infested the sedge and fields. Mr. Payne rau up against land-owners armed with double-barrel guns when he came near their cultivated lands, the farmers telling him their crops were a dead-line aud no hounds could cross over alive. About forty boys and as many hounds had run over the crops in the same locality a short time before. The farmers were informed we were the Old Guard and not a blade of their crops would be injured, as no boys were along, and with this assurance we were allowed to proceed on the hunt.

Payne's dogs soon had a cold trail, Spears's a hot one, and iu ten minutes a jump. The race was now on. The "trashgang" and all the other dogs but two were harked to and were driving the fox for all he was worth. One of the two dogs refusing to go in was the lemon and white, already mentioned, the other was a bachelor's pet—the "Boy" he called him. The pack sent the fox scudding to where we were sitting in the road. The owner of the lemon and white dog failing to hark him in commenced to ride him down, but the dog ran through a wire fence aud saved himself. This acted like a charm in forcing the dog to the pack, and wheu ouce in he led the others for quite a time, and ran throughout the race.

The owner of the "Boy" could neither whistle nor holler, though he tried to do both, and seeing that riding the hound down worked so well in the other case, he tried to do the same with the "Boy," but the mule he rode was such a good friend of "Boy," he refused to go on the hound. "Boy" soon joined the pack and his mouth, unlike its owner's, could give tongue, and like some of the owners during the night, he never seemed to close it after he once got in the race.

Each hunter chose a different location to see the run, and the hounds and fox were often viewed, the former never being out of hearing long at a time. Their cry was like the waves of old ocean. A wave of music would come with a great roar, then another great wave, theu the fox would carry the houuds along the creek and the souud almost died away; but, like a cyclone, it would burst forth again as they ascended the bank and came nearer to us. The fox would take a cast and draw the hounds out of hearing for a few minutes, when presently you would hear the faintest sound as they drew toward us, the music increasing in volume as the hounds came nearer and sweeping by like a hurricane, their cry soon became fainter once more, until it was only the echo one heard. The hounds would come on as if they were going to drive the fox over us in the road; the fox would swerve by to one side, and the hounds' eyes looked like great balls of fire, they were so fiercely in earnest.

The fox carried his brush like a thoroughbred—at a slight elevation above his back; his great leaps were as light as a ghost's; his red coat had the sheen of burnished gold as he ran up the creek's side, his eyes dancing with cunning and he seemed to be in the heyday of happiuess, as he pricked his ears to hear how far the hounds were behind. Then he ran a log, leaping so far off the far end of it that he seemed to have wiugs. The music now came floating in from the pack in great billows that overwhelmed all other sounds; the fox came gliding through the brush and ran across the road like a flash; his signal of distress had not yet been hung out.

The hounds came in by ones and twos and threes, a dozen bunched—none of those bunched could shake the others, and no hunter was allowed to holloa until the hounds had passed him. The fox is keeping to the meauderings of the creek, disdaining the logs, then he lifts himself up and, like a feather blown across the creek, lights running on the opposite bank. The hounds continually shift leaders. Now it is Alabama, who in turn surrenders to Pert; she lets the lemon dog forge ahead and snaps at his tail in rage as he passes. Lyle, Payne's dog, now sets sail to the front and overhauls the leaders as if they were at a standstill. Then the little black and tan, Dexter, and his brother Morgan, the latter with wide open mouth, now have a driving run for the front and the leaders melt before them like snow before a July sun. They run as if coupled together, and the sly dog fox, now distressed, is looking at this or that log to see if it has a friendly hollow, as he knows there are many around. Darting in a sink hole in the creek bank he is lost to view. The hounds coming up commence digging for him, the horn is sounded, the signal the race is over, and the hunters assemble at the hole, where a council of war is held. The foxes being too scarce in this section to dig out and kill, the hounds are whipped off and the owners commence telling where they saw their dog lead the pack. Only one owner, R. Payne, saw another dog in front of his when they passed him, though others saw his dog Lyle leading as often as any other dog.

The run settles nothing. Each owner thinks his hound the best. The dreary ride of ten miles back to Olive Branch now commenced. The fiery rays of the sun seemed to melt hunters, horses and hounds. The latter as they trot along the road drop at every spot of shade, their tongues loll out and it takes several toots of the horn to induce them to resume the weary, hot, dusty march back home. Some may think they can catch "Old Hurricane," but the boys of DeSoto county, Miss., will bet all the mules they own, if run at night, that he can neither be caught nor holed. After the crops are marketed they will cover all the cash the other side want to put up, and you can break the county if you kill or run him to earth. P. H. BRYSON.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 4.

National Fox Hunters' Association's Trials.

THE National Fox Huuters' Association, of which little has been heard lately, has not gone to earth as many had supposed, but is still in the running. The initial meet of the association will take place Nov. 19 at Olympiau Springs, Ky.

The stakes are: The Derby, for foxhounds under eighteen months of age, entry fee $5, divided as follows: 50% to first, 30% to second and 20% to third.

The Champion Stake, for all ages, $5 entrance fee, divided as above. The winning of this stake also confers the club's title of champion.

It will be remembered that we gave some particulars of the rules drawn up by this Association, but as they differ somewhat from the general run of such rules we therefore print them in full, and fox hunters who intend entering their hounds should give them careful attention, as it is the intention of the Association to fully carry out their provisions so as to insure an orderly and well-conducted meeting:

Rule 1.—No nominations can he taken or entries made except hy or through a suhscriher who shall he a memher of the cluh, and therehy becomes responsible for said entry.

Rule 2.—The entrance money must in all cases accompany the nomination. No entry shall he valid until fee is paid in full.

Rule 3.—The numher of entries from any one kennel or pack shall be limited to six. The age of a dog shall be calculated up to and inclusive of the first day of the hunt.

Rule 4.—Subscribers must file with the secretary the names of the hounds he intends starting, on or before 9 P. M. of the day preceeding the trial. Every hound entered at any trial held under these rules, must have been the bona fide property of the person making such entry, ten days before closing of entries. The entries must clearly identify the dog by name and, if known, its date of birth, name of its sire and dam and the name of its breeder; should any of these particulars be unknown to the exhihitor, it must be so stated on the entry blank. Every hound entered must be registered in the N. F. H. Association stud book. The cost of such registration is fifty cents and the penalty for non registration is disqualification and the forfeiture of entry fee and prizes won. Any suhscriher taking an entry in a stake and not prefixing the word "names" to a hound which is not his own property, shall forfeit that hound's chance of the stake. He shall also, if so requested, deliver in writing to the secretary, the name of the bona fide owner of the hound named by him.

Rule 5.—If any suhscriber should enter a hound hy a different name from that in which it last ran in public, without also adding the late name of the hound—said hound shall he disqualified. A castrated dog or hitch shall be barred; any such running shall forfeit any and all prizes won.

Rule 6.—Ohjections or protests to any hound must he made in writing to the committee, and accompanied by a deposit of $10, which shall he forfeited if the ohjection is not sustained by the committee. Should an objection he made which cannot at the time he substantiated or disproved, the hound may be allowed to run under the protest, the club retaining his winnings until the ohjection is either withdrawn or decided. Should he he disqualified, the others shall be placed the same as if he had not heen in the stake.

Rule 7.—The committee or cluh may refuse any entry they may think proper to exclude; and no person who has misconducted himself in any manner in connection with dogs, dog shows or dog trials, or who is a defaulter for either stakes or forfeits in connection with either thereof, or for money due under an arrangement for division of winnings, or for penalties for infraction of rules, or for any payment required hy a decision of the cluh, shall he allowed to compete in any trials that may he held under the auspices of this cluh.

Rule 8.—No entry can be withdrawn without consent of the committee. Party so offending may he deharred at future trials or penalized at the discretion of the club.

Rule 9.—The president shall appoint a field trial committee of three from the memhers of the club, one of whom shall be an officer of the cluh and chairman of said committee. It shall be the duty of this committee to be present throughout the meeting and to have entire control and charge of same, and see to the proper enforcement of the rules and regulations; all ohjections, protests and disputes arising, to be submitted to and acted upon by them. An appeal to the cluh from their decision must he made in writing, accompanied by a deposit of $25, which will be forfeited if their decision is sustained hy the club. The committee shall select the master of hounds and appoint the necessary field stewards. The committee shall order the hunts and have power to call off same after consultation with the judges.

Rule 10.—The owner, his handler or his deputy may hunt a hound, but it must be one or the other. When the owner has deputed another person to handle him he must not interfere in any manner, nor will he be allowed to ride to hounds.

Rule 11.—Riders to hounds shall he limited to the handlers with entries in that particular hunt, at the end of which they shall retire until their hounds again come into competition; the judge, the M. F. H., flag steward and members of the press, who obtain permission from the committee.

Rule 12.—The M. F. H. shall have charge of the hounds in the field. He shall give the handlers any information they need as to direction, to enahle them to keep within reasonable distance of the hounds. He shall instruct handlers and outsiders not to converse with, or in hearing of the judges ahout the work done or merits or demerits of any of the competing hounds. It should be his duty to report any and all infringements of this rule to the committee. The offender shall he suhject to a fine or expulsion from the grounds, at the discretion of the committee. He shall ride to the hounds and shall direct the handlers and assist the judges in every proper way possible. It shall be his duty to notify hy conspicuously posting in camp the night before, the hour and place of starting on the following day. He shall also call the hunt off when officially notified to do so. He shall carefully examine all hounds entered, and if any are affected with contagious diseases, or any hitches in season, he shall promptly report same in writing to the committee, who shall officially notify owners or nominators, and har same from the trials.

Rule 13.—The field stewards where practicable, should be sworn in as deputy sheriffs. They shall be held responsihle for the proper conduct and hehavior of spectators and participants, and shall see that spectators are kept at a proper distance from, and do not interfere with the hounds participating. They shall also see that there is no destruction of property. They shall report to the committee throughout the day for instructions.

Rule 14.—The flag steward shall, if possible, keep both hounds and spectators in view, and hy a series of flag signals notify the field stewards of the general direction of the hounds. He shall also act as assisant to M. F. H. in directing and calling off the handlers.

Rule 15.—There shall not be less than three or more than five judges, who shall be elected hy the officers of the cluh. They must not he interested directly or indirectly in any one of the hounds, and must be hunters of large fox hunting experience and capable of closely following the hounds. They shall be subject to the general rules of the club and report for duty each day to the committee. They shall have the fullest discretion consistent with the rules in determining the merits of the dogs. Should an appointed judge he unable to fulfill bis engagement or become disahled, the committee shall have the power to fill the vacancy, or not, in such a manner as they see fit. Judges are requested to select a reserve award in case one of the winners should be disqualified, the prize may not fail of being awarded. The judges shall continue the running from day to day until a majority of them are satisfied. Their final decisions shall be rendered in writing to the committee. They cannot recall or reverse them on any pretext whatever after being so given. If any person openly impugns the decision or actions of a judge, on the grounds or in the camp, he may he fined, in the discretion of the committee, not more than $25 or less than $5.

No person shall attempt to influence a judge's decision either before, during or after a race. If the party so offending is a memher he shall he expelled from the club; if otherwise, he shall be fined and sent from the meeting.

The handler hunting a dog may speak to and urge him on in a proper manner, but he shall be cautioned twice by the judges for making unnecessary noise or disorderly conduct, and if after such caution he continues to so offend, he may he ordered from the field. Should a handler ride over or purposely interfere with an opponent's hound, the owner of the hound so ridden over or interfered with shall have the privilege of saying which one of the offender's entries shall be harred, or shall have the option of selecting at the end of that particular hunt one of the offender's hounds, which will remain in the stake, aud he shall he entitled to claim one-half of said hound's winnings, if any.

A hound that fails hy action or note to work fairly on a trail, and runs "cunning" to get an advantage, shall be discounted in the discretion of the judges.

A hound left on "a jump" or thrown out "on a loss taken off," shall not he penalized if it works diligently to "get in," and succeeds in a reasonable time.

A hound "thrown out" and "coming in" and refusing to hunt or "go in" to others in full cry, shall be marked and barred. Should the pack become separated the judges must divide and carefully note the work of each pack, and immediately upon reassembling individually report work noted.

A hound lost during a run and not returning until the trials are partly or wholly finished, shall be given credit, provided the judges are satisfied that he has heen running. Testimony of interested parties not to be taken on this point. Any person allowing a hound to get loose and join in the chase shall be fined not less than $5. If the loose hound belongs to an owner of one engaged in that particular chase, such owner shall forfeit one-half of his winnings, if any, unless he can prove to the satisfaction of the committee, that he had not heen ahle to take up his hound after finishing his last chase.

No hound shall he eligible to compete in trials that has been hunted or kept within a radius of fifteen miles of the ground hunted, within three months preceding the trials.

When two or three hounds, similar in appearance, are drawn to hunt in same pack, if the judges so desire, they may have different colored collars placed upon each. The M. F. H. selecting collars for the purpose.

The entries in a stake shall be numbered and divided into packs containing not over eight each; said division shall he made hy drawing lots under supervision of the judges. When possihle, a kennel or owner should not have more than one hound in each pack. After the first round the judges will order such hounds as they elect to run in the following rounds. Judges have the privilege at any time during the trials, to order any hounds (except those that have been barred) "in" again, but if said hounds have not been hunted as often and as long as those with which they are to compete, they shall run a bye, sufficient in the minds of the judges to equalize their work with their competitors. The judges shall make their decision upon the uniform principle that the hound showing the most aptitude and ability to find, trail and catch a fox, is the winner. The principle is to he carried out by estimating the work done upon the followiug scale of points:

Points.—Hunting 20, trailing 20, speed 20, endurance 20, giving tongue 10, judgment and intelligence, 10—100.

ROGER D. WILLIAMS, Chairman Committee.

National Beagle Club Field Trials Entries.

THE entries for the All-Aged Stake 13 to 15in., number 15, and for the class for 13in. and under, 4. The Derby has 5 entries—total 24.

CLASS A, ALL-AGED, DOGS AND BITCHES, 13 TO 15IN.

BUCKSHOT—George F. Reed's blue ticked dog (Dave—Daisy).

NELL R.—Geo. F. Reed's black, white and tan bitch (Ned—Haida).

BLANCHE—Miss E. C. Kreuder's black, white and tan bitch (Frank Forest—Ina).

GAY—Rockland Kennels' blue ticked bitch (Rover—Kitty).

LOUIE FITZ-LEE—H. A. P. Smith's black, white and tan dog (Fitzhugh Lee—Maid).

MOLLIE L.—Mark Lewis, Jr.'s white, black and tan bitch (Don—Mollie).

JOE—Guy D. Welton's black, white and tan dog (Billy—Katy).

DIME—Wm. Sayby's black, white and tan bitch (Judge—Baby).

HELEN—Somerset Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Storm—Una).

MARVEL—Somerset Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Bounce—Ferol).

ROYAL ROVER—G. A. Buckstaff's black, white and tan dog (Rover—Singer G.).

MILLARD—Hempstead Farm Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Burk—Little Fly).

GLORY—Hempstead Farm Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Storm—Una).

MUSIC—Hempstead Farm Kennels' black; white and tan bitch.

CRY BABY—J. B. Lozier's black, white and tan dog (Racer Jr.—Beastie).

CLASS B, FOR DOGS AND BITCHES, 13IN. AND UNDER.

LAICK'S ROY—George Laick's black, white and tan dog (Rover—Minnie L.).

RAGS—Rockland Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Little Wonder—Jessie).

LADDIE—N. A. Baldwin's black, white and tan dog (Royal Krueger—Midge).

LITTLE KIT—Daniel F. Summer's lemon and white bitch (Jack—Fanny).

CLASS C—DERBY FOR BEAGLES WHELPED ON OR AFTER JAN. 1, 1893.

LAICK'S ROY—Geo. Laick's black, white and tan dog (Rover—Minnie L.), March 9.

LUCY S.—Daniel F. Summers's black, white and tan bitch (Frank—Jip), Feb. 1.

CLOVER—Rockland Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roy K.—Fanchette), June 25.

NELL R.—George F. Reed's black, white and tan bitch (Ned—Haida), Sept. 12.

DIAMOND—Cielfeld & Shallcross's black, white and tan dog (Frank Forest, Jr.—Diamond Krueger), May 7.

GEORGE LAICK, Secretary.

Yachting.

A REPORT which bears every evidence of probability has come from London to the effect that an order for a new challenger has been definitely placed with Mr. Watson by the Dunraven syndicate, and that work will be commenced immediately. Equally important is the statement that the new cutter will be fully as large as Britannia, Vigilant and Valkyrie. The exact length of the design is left in doubt, but it is more than likely that, having gone so far as 87ft. already, Mr. Watson will now forestall the chance of being outbuilt by the defending vessel by taking the full limit of 90ft. l.w.l. The type of yacht which is likely to result is not pleasant to contemplate, as the length of the mainboom in the 87ft. boats is up to 100ft., with a sail area of 12,000, and any proportionate enlargement to 90ft. l.w.l. means a more costly and less useful boat, to say nothing of the serious detail of getting a boom that will stand.

THUS far there has been no indication of a formal challenge, but the challenger is under no necessity of sending one before the middle of December, should he choose to wait so long. Until a challenge does arrive, the holders of the Cup are in nominal but most profound ignorance of the fact that they have a big task before them in arranging building syndicates, the mere preliminary work which must precede the actual designing and construction of the defending yachts. It is highly probable that the design of the new challenger has been pretty fully matured by Mr. Watson long before this, and that details and specifications will be in the hands of the builders in a very short time. Following the usual course the challenger is likely to be well in frame or planked before a single contract for a defending yacht is signed, and then there will be a repetition of last year's work, three or four boats out in an incomplete condition by July, each sailing wonderfully fast by herself, and all showing a woeful lack of preparation when they meet for the first time, in August. That the defenders have been uniformly successful in the past is no excuse for wasting the first two or three months of the season in idle sailing, and depending on the August cruise and the three trial races for all working up and alteration.

THE head of the new syndicate, Lord Dunraven, is too well known here to require more than a mention. The second member, the Earl of Lonsdale, is also well known in this country, which he honored with a visit some half dozen years since as the manager of a burlesque troupe which scored a well-deserved failure. His career as a yachtsman is rather brief, the main incident being his ownership this season of Deirdré, Lord Dunraven's 20-rater of 1893.

The third member is Capt. Harry McCalmont, a gentleman better known from his connection with the turf than as a yachtsman though he has owned for some years the small steam yacht Giralda. This yacht he has just replaced by a very large and magnificent vessel bearing the same name, which will probably be seen in New York waters next summer.

The Cruise of the Oriole.

WHEN the thermometer begins to climb into the nineties the nomadic instinct, inherent in every true lover of nature, rises with the temperature, and he feels an ardent desire to "take to the woods" or the water, there to worship at a shrine whose varied beauty never palls. Inspired by this community of interest, on a beautiful morning in August, a party of ten invited guests boarded the little steam yacht Oriole (owned and commanded by John W. Truesdell of Syracuse) for a week's cruise along the waterways of central New York. The start was made at 8 o'clock after receiving the adieux of numerous envious friends who had assembled on the banks of the placid Erie Canal to bid *bon voyage* to the pilgrims, whose Mecca was the far-famed Watkins Glen at the head of Senaca Lake.

A sail of half an hour brought us to the Gere's Lock, through which we passed into the Jordan level. The channel here, instead of being filled with the muddy, malodorous liquid to which we are accustomed, presents an entirely different aspect. "Clinton's Ditch" of ante-bellum days has vanished, and in its place is a clear, transparent stream, fed by the waters of the beautiful Otisco and Skaneateles lakes. The ugly stump fence and low, scrubby underbush which once lined its banks have given way to majestic trees, whose sweeping branches almost touch above our heads. After passing the Camillus feeder a scene of almost entrancing beauty met our astonished eyes, and it did not require a very vivid imagination to transform it into a vision of tropical splendor. The young sumacs looked like great palms; the unsightly objects of other days were draped and festooned with the vines of wild clematis and grape, which hung in graceful profusion over the water, and so clearly reflected in its depths that for miles we seemed to be passing through fields of living green.

Never did a more congenial company start out on pleasure bent. The scientist forgot his laboratory, the business man his office, the housewife her cans, and the "three little maids from school" their hooks and their heaux.

Soon, an inward monitor apprised us that the noon hour was approaching, and a huge steam cooker was brought out filled to the brim with the good things of earth. This cooker, closed securely, was attached to the boiler by a pipe, the super-heated steam turned on, and the dinner was soon cooking itself, while we were gliding rapidly along, looking for a pretty spot when we might disembark and spread our folding tables.

In an hour's time, dinner was announced, and eleven happy, hungry people sat down to a feast fit for the gods; when all were satisfied, the men lounged and smoked in blissful content, while the "mater" and her hand-maidens cleared away the loaves and fishes. Many hands made light work of washing and stowing away the dishes, and soon everything was tidied up and we were again under way.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at Montezuma, we entered the branch canal, which connects the Erie with Cayuga and Seneca lakes. When we reached the first of the many locks, located on this canal, we were dismayed to learn that they were all closed and sealed at 6 o'clock P. M. The tenders, however, being afflicted with an "itching palm," crossing it with a piece of silver proved an open sesame, and after considerable delay we succeeded in passing the last of the portals guarded by these belligerent genii.

When we left Waterloo the shades of night were falling fast and we were still several miles from the harbor, which we hoped to enter before tying up for the night. The channel here was narrow and strange, the lighted lamps on the deck caused the overhanging branches of the trees to cast weird shadows upon the water, and a feeling akin to awe took possession of us as we peered out into the darkness and silently wondered if we were soon to make port or if we were destined, like the Wandering Jew, to go on and on forever. At 9 o'clock, however, the lights of Geneva gladdened our eyes, and pursuing our devious and winding way around the foot of Seneca Lake, we were soon safely landed and on our way to the Franklin House, where we stopped for lodging and breakfast.

At 10 o'clock the next morning, after the Captain had interviewed the oldest inhabitant as to the prospects of a blow, the cry of "All aboard" was heard and soon with colors flying, we were out on the broad bosom of Seneca Lake. Accustomed as we were to the hustling activity on our own little Onondaga Lake, it seemed very strange that during our long run of forty miles to the head of Seneca Lake we saw neither sailboat nor rowboat, no craft of any kind except the large steamboats which ply between Geneva and Watkins.

As we rounded Long Point, about half way up the lake, we experienced a little rough weather, but found a safe harbor on the other side.

While the dinner was again cooking itself we landed and soon spied out the nakedness of the land. A few years ago this place was a noted summer resort, but some blighting influence had done its work, and it is now deserted. Two immense hotels rise grand, gloomy and peculiar, their broad piazzas covered with what seemed to us to be the dust of ages. A peep through the barricaded windows revealed nothing but dirt and cobwebs, but we had not time to moralize upon the ephemeral existence of the average summer hotel, for the younger members of the party had donned their bathing suits and were already sporting in the water. Even the shrill whistle of the steam boat, conveying the welcome announcement of dinner, failed to entice them from their sport, and it was not until "our special artist on the spot" threatened to turn the camera upon them that the shivering girls ran quickly to cover. By the way, a small picture of two of them, taken on the wing, is among our most cherished possessions.

Dinner disposed of, the little boat swept and garnished, at 3 o'clock we were again under way, and twilight found us at Watkins, the objective point of our trip. While the men were busy preparing a safe anchorage for the boat, the women were on the dock, interviewing various people as to the best hotel in town. Allured by the euphonious suggestiveness of "Glen City Hotel," we settled on going there, and the result fully justified our decision, for, on being driven thither, we found a large and elegant colonial mansion, the only outward suggestion of its uses being a modest lettered arch over the gateway. This house, built by Gen. Watkins as a residence early in the present century, is set in the midst of spacious grounds, the façade completely covered by the beautiful wisteria, whose wealth of foliage entwines and encircles the huge columns of the piazza until nothing of their original beauty can be seen.

On entering the lofty hall we were received by mine host Buell, who from the first manifested an almost paternal interest in his happy guests.

An air of quiet elegance pervaded the place, and so hospitable was our reception that we felt like honored guests at an old English manor house, rather than the weary wayfarers who merely sought a comfortable place in which to eat and sleep, preparatory to exploring the famous Watkins Glen. Our rooms were cool and quiet, sweet and clean, and after refreshing slumber and a good breakfast, we started out to begin our tedious climb through this one of nature's most wonderful achievements. Far abler pens than ours have described its beauties, and we forbear to weary our readers with repetitions.

Surely, "the groves were God's first temples," and who of us could stand by the Cathedral Pool or upon the dizzy height under the beautiful rainbow fall without experiencing a feeling of reverence and awe, or fail to bow the head in silent worship of nature's God, who had "moved in such mysterious way, his wonders to perform."

After a steady climb and descent which covered about six miles, we returned to the hotel for dinner, after which we decided to drive a distance of three miles and explore Havanna Glen. This ravine is much shorter than Watkins, but well repays the enthusiastic visitor for the aching limbs and weary eyes incurred in traversing it. In some respects it differs greatly and many consider it vastly more beautiful; be that as it may, no one should visit the one without seeing the other.

Another's peaceful night's rest, another good breakfast and bidding good-by to our genial host, who with his able corps of assistants had done so much to render our stay pleasant, we sailed away toward Geneva. Again we stopped at Long Point for our dinner *al fresco*, but we did not tarry long, being anxious to reach Seneca Falls before dark. At just 6 o'clock we passed the last lock, our little craft was tied up and we proceeded to the Stanton House.

We made an early start the next morning, and at 10 o'clock were at Cayuga where we entered the lake and started for a cruise upon its waters. We steamed away past Union Springs and Aurora, and noon time found ourselves in a little sheltered bay on the east shore, where we anchored and made ready to dine. After an hour or two spent in this retreat we turned our boat and headed toward Union Springs where we proposed to spend the night.

The monotony of the trip was again varied with a little blow. The merry refrain, "We sail the ocean blue" was silenced, and some anxiety was depicted upon the faces of the "merry merry maidens," but with our careful captain at the helm of our sturdy little craft, we weathered the storm and reached Union Springs in safety. Here we learned that—as Paddy would say—the best hotel in town was the Sanitarium. The idea seemed queer to us but after receiving a warm welcome from Dr. Pierce and his wife, and spending the night at the "Hygeia," we decided that the experiment, though novel, was eminently successful.

Having but two days more to tarry before reaching home, we were bound to make the most of our time. So bright and early the next morning we started for Sheldrake, Kidder's Ferry, Ithaca, anywhere or everywhere our vagrant fancies might lead us; but, alas! for the best laid plans of men and women, before we had fairly reached the middle of the lake, which had looked so calm and peaceful when we started, the wind freshened and we were obliged to seek the first harbor which offered. It proved to be at East Varick, on the west shore. Here, to our surprise, we were welcomed by two young Syracusans, the Hosmer brothers, who are proprietors of the hotel at that beautiful point. We remained here several hours, and after enjoying a fine dinner, served by our friendly hosts, we re-embarked.

We reached Cayuga at 7 o'clock P. M., and proceeded to the Titus House, where we tarried but a night. The next morning the sky was overcast, a fine rain was falling, and we prepared for a wet journey home; but, happily for us, the Clerk of the Weather relented, and before 10 o'clock the mists had rolled away and Nature, with her cleanly washed face, was smiling again. As blessings brighten as they take their flight, so it seemed to us that our last day out was the happiest day of all the seven, enlivened as it was by jest and song, and after dinner a dance on the green. At 7 o'clock P. M. we reached Syracuse, and the now sedate men and matrons, with the "three little girls in blue," wended their way homeward, wearied but happy.

We often wonder, when recalling the pleasures of that journey into Arcadia, why so many people go so far afield in search of change and recreation, when within a few miles from home, at trifling expense, they can find such varied and beautiful scenery. We can conceive of no more restful spot in which the weary denizen of the city's mart might spend a month, the "world forgetting, by the world forgot," than at the Glen City Hotel; and soon, when nature shall have put on her robes of red and gold, of russet and brown, where could one view such a glorious panorama, painted by the Master's hand, as at Watkins Glen.

I. C. T.

The October Gale.

Some three weeks ago a cyclone of more than usual violence was announced as likely to strike the vicinity of New York by a certain night, which prediction failed utterly, there being only a moderate breeze and a little rain. The storm however did much damage at sea and on the Florida coast. On Oct. 9 a similar prediction was made of a dangerous gale approaching from the southern coast, to arrive next day, but in spite of the lateness of the season the prediction passed unnoticed by yachtsmen. This time, however, the Signal Service was right, the gale not only held its force and direction all the way up the coast until it struck New York, but it proved to be especially violent. Serious damage was done ashore, a partly erected building was blown down, falling on a tenement house and killing nine persons and injuring thirteen more. In Englewood, N. J., a large chimney fell through the roof of a house and killed a young lady who was sleeping in her room. A large gas tank partly erected in Ravenswood, opposite New York, was blown down, and a great deal of damage was done to homes, chimneys and factories about New York, Long Island and Westchester county.

The small yacht fleet about New York suffered very serious damage, many yachts being totally destroyed. At New Rochelle Banshee, 40-footer, owned by H. C. Doscher, was stove in badly, dragging ashore; Amazon, Dr. Z. E. Lewis, and Edna, schr., C. H. Noxon, were totally wrecked, as were Gohlin, slp., T. T. Richards; Margory, cutter, E. T. Birdsall, Amy and Vindex. Among the yachts sunk or badly damaged on the beach, were Francisco, Lethe, Imp, Triad, Gladys. The floats and houses of the New Rochelle Y. C. and the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet were also damaged. Mr. C. Oliver Iselin's fine residence on Premium Point had just been put in order for the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Iselin, who returned from England the previous day. The sea and wind worked havoc with the seawall and lawns and even flooded the cellars and first floor. Mr. Hunters house at Potter Beach was unroofed and nearly demolished.

A number of yachts was at anchor in Larchmont Harbor, including Viator, Magic, Audax, Pyxie, Rajah, the two 21-footers, "Blonde and Brunette" and Hoodoo. Viator and Magic both dragged their anchors and were only saved from going ashore by the steam yacht Emmeline, Mr. S. W. Roach, her captain, running a serious risk in towing them to more secure berths. The naphtha launch Florence, a cabin boat costing some $4,000 and owned by Mr. Marshall, was totally wrecked, and "Blonde and Brunette" and Hoodoo shared the same fate. Orlenta, cat, was sunk, and Olga was driven on the beach, while other small boats were more or less damaged.

At Greenport the famous Dilemma went ashore and was totally wrecked, and a great many small yachts were sunk or wrecked at other points on Long Island. The storm was very severe on the Communipaw shore of New York Bay. The cabin cat Mary, owned by W. E. Ellsworth, parted her moorings and went ashore beside the railroad trestle at Bayonne, her starboard side being badly stove in. At Staten Island a number of yachts were driven ashore or on the railroad trestle, the yawl Whistler being sunk. The full extent of the damage has not been reported, but the losses mentioned above are only a part of it.

The Cannes Regattas.

THE following is a later and more complete programme than the one we published a few weeks since of the races at Cannes next spring:

March 1.—Prix d'Honneur, Cannes, in eight classes; over 20-rating, not exceeding 20-rating, not exceeding 10-rating, not exceeding 5-rating, not exceeding 2 tons, not exceeding 1-rating; also for cruisers above 10 tons. Rating according to the rule of the Union des Yachts Français.

March 2.—Union des Yachts Français special prize for yachts exceeding 2-rating; first heat.

March 3.—Matches for all kinds of sailing boats, and illuminations, etc., in the evening.

March 4.—Match for the Ogden Goelet and James Gordon Bennett cups, of $1,100 and $800, the first for yachts exceeding 20-rating and the second for yachts not exceeding 20-rating. The Winslow cup for yachts not exceeding 6-rating; first heat.

March 5.—Review of steam yachts and banquet in the evening.

March 6.—Two hundred dollars, $80 and $20 for yachts not exceeding 5-rating; $120 for yachts not exceeding 3-rating. Special prize given by the Union des Yachts Français for yachts not exceeding 2-rating; second heat; $60, $30 and $15 for yachts not exceeding 1-rating.

March 7.—Four hundred dollars, $125 and $20, for yachts exceeding 20-rating; $400, $125 and $20, for yachts not exceeding 20-rating; $400, $125 and $20, for yachts not exceeding 10-rating. Winslow prize, 5-raters; second heat.

March 8.—Union des Yachts Français prize; deciding heat. Winslow prize, for 5-raters; deciding heat.

March 9.—Grand Prix de Monte Carlo, for yachts over 20-rating of l'Union des Yachts Français; first prize $2,000, second prize $1,000. Match for yachts not exceeding 20 rating; prize $1,000.

March 23.—Nice town prize for yachts over 20 tons; prizes, $1,000, $400 and $200. Yacht Club de France tonnage rule. Monte Carlo prizes for yachts not exceeding 20 tons, $400, $200 and $100. Nice Committee prizes for yachts not exceeding 5 tons; prizes, $100, $50 and $25.

March 24.—Yacht Club de France International cup ($300), to be raced for three times in different places. Union des Sociétés du Littoral prizes, for yachts not exceeding 5 tons.

March 25.—Yacht Club de France prizes, for French-owned yachts.

March 26.—Match from Nice to Monaco and back, for three prizes, for yachts over 10 tons.

March 27.—Match between the winners of two series.

Miramichi Y. C.

CHATHAM, N. B., OCT. 11.

THE yachting season closed with a race in a rattling southwest breeze, with fierce gusts that burled lee rails and turned copper bottoms up to windward spectators in a way to make a yachtsman's best girl shut her eyes. The course was a zigzag one, five miles to windward and back, and the windward work was against the current. The race was sailed inside of two hours. The struggle between Learig and Oriana was very pretty; Oriana caught and passed the big fellow, but was passed again by her. The open yachts gave up the race. The record is as follows:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Learig, A. S. Burr	27.00	2 39 20	4 33 00	1 53 40	1 53 40
Starling, B. R. Bouthillier	25.00	2 40 18	Did not finish.		
Oriana, J. L. Stewart	23.09	2 40 20	4 35 00	1 54 40	1 51 11
Kilbride, John Sargeant	22.09	2 41 30	Did not finish.		
Maude, J. C. Miller	23.09	2 43 00	4 33 00	1 55 00	1 51 31

This was Oriana's third victory out of four races this season. Last year, her first season, she won only one out of four against the same opponents.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Nada, steam yacht, C. R. Flint, has just been fitted with a new Almy boiler at the shops of the Almy Water Tube Boiler Co., Providence. The yacht was needed in a hurry for a duck shooting trip to the Chesapeake, and the old Mosher boiler was taken out and a new boiler made and set in its place in just four weeks. The company has an order for a battery of boilers of 1,200 horse power for a new steam yacht.

Isis, cutter, has been sold by J. McCormick to J. J. McCue, of the Brooklyn and Williamsburg yacht clubs.

The Jamaica Bay Y. C. has elected the following officers for 1895: Com., H. F. Hewlett; Vice-Com., Louis Bossert; Rear-Com., William Scheer; Treas., L. M. Pearsall; Fin. Sec'y., L. D. Buruham; Rec. Sec'y., Louis Pfing; Meas., J. Van Alen; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. Mayer; Board of Trustees, H. F. Hewlett, Louis Bossert, William Scheer, O. L. Schwencke, C. E. Pearsall, Philip Leibinger, J. C. Lefferts, Charles Engert and John Landmann.

Ruth, schooner, Henry Marquand, is out at Morgan's yard, New London, for a complete rebuilding, including a modern counter.

Valkyr, cutter, has been sold by Leroy Fales to H. L. Witherson, of New London.

Madge, cutter, now owned by George P. Golding, of Rochester, is now being broken up. She is the famous Watson boat sent out to New York by Mr. James Coats in 1881.

Capt. Charles Barr is now in the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, laid up from a fall from the bowsprit of Gloriana while the yacht was hauled out at Piepgrass's yard.

The reported sale of Satanita is positively contradicted by the recent English papers.

Columbia, steam yacht, of New York, with the owner, J. H. Ladew, and several guests on board, called at Chatham, Miramichi River, on Oct. 11, for water, and left for the goose shooting grounds at Shippegan and Miscou. She was greatly admired by the New Brunswickers. All the steamers in port saluted with their whistles, and she replied in the same way. Vice-Commodore Stewart offered the hospitalities of the Miramichi Y. C. to the party, but the yacht stayed only long enough to get water and see the town.

The Stevens Y. C., composed of students of Stevens Institute, Hoboken, have elected the following officers: Com., A. A Dal Molin; Vice-Com., B. C. Clark; Rear-Com., W. W. Ward; Sec'y, S. A. Hashrouck; Treas., C. H. Hunt; Fleet Capt., F. E. Overton; Meas., F. R. Chambers, Jr. The dates for the club regattas in 1895 were fixed for June 6, July 18 and Sept. 5. The annual cruise to the eastward will start from the summer station at Greenwich, Conn., on Aug. 7, and the regatta for the Commodore's cup will be sailed off Newport during the cruise. The date will probably be Aug. 14 or 15. The annual dinner and dance will take place at the New York Jockey Club house, Morris Park, on June 4 next. C. Oliver Iselin has been elected an honorary member of the club. The following new boats have been enrolled: Steamer Vida, sloops Vesta, Carmen, Sistra and Marguerite, and schooner La Paloma. There are 137 members in the club and 46 yachts have been enrolled.

Canoeing.

Lake Huron and the Au Sable River.

(*Concluded from Page 323.*)

SUNDAY, AUG. 13.—In the forenoon we all turned out and enjoyed a long stroll over the sand hills. On ascending a hill of considerable elevation we had a splendid view over Lake Smith, Lake George and Lake Burwell; beyond the latter on an elevation stands the pretty little town of Thedford, away to the eastward the spires of the churches at Park Hill may be seen on a clear day. Lake Huron is also visible. While returning to camp we startled a couple of red foxes from their lair, and witnessed an exciting stampede as they scrambled up a steep hill and scampered away to a place of safety. Returning, we remained quietly in camp for the remainder of the day.

Aug. 14.—We were astir early. Breakfast over, we loaded up, and shoving off a paddle of a half mile brought us to the foot of the rapids, where, leaving the main stream, we entered the Lake Burwell drainage cuts, and following this for about a quarter of a mile, made a short carry and launched our canoes in the river above the rapids. The river at this place is about five rods wide and very deep, and a more promising place for bass would be hard to find. The east bank is very abrupt but along the west side a fringe of coarse grass, lily-pads and bulrushes extends for several miles.

Crossing the river, we trolled along this fringe of grass, back and forth, for an hour or two, but never had a nibble. The Quartermaster asked the Captain what he thought about it. "Fished out," was the laconic reply. We then moved up stream some distance, and tried once more, with about the same results. At last the Captain anchored his boat and commenced casting into a deep pool at the margin of the rushes, and almost immediately had a strike, but before he could recover slack the fish had wound his line around a "sawyer" log, and breaking loose took the leader with it. The Captain remarked that he didn't care for the leader, but he did hate to lose the fish.

While this tragedy was being enacted the Secretary had landed and gone along the shore to a mass of drift timber, over which he was seen to be carefully picking his way toward a large, half submerged stump, from which he intended to make a cast. Before reaching it, however, he discovered that it was already occupied by a large water snake, at sight of which the Secretary came to a dead halt and stood eyeing it keenly, with the apparent intention of mesmerizing it. Failing in this, he commenced a series of demonstrations calculated to intimidate his snakeship; he hissed, shooed and waved his arms in a circular manner, but it was no use, it would not intimidate worth a cent. At this juncture the Captain had the hardihood and brazen-faced audacity to suggest to the Secretary that he sprinkle some chloride of sodium on its tail. The Secretary utterly ignored this advice, and fetching the tip of his rod around with a swish, awoke the saturnine reptile into life and activity and impressed upon it the unhealthy condition of the neighborhood. It immediately fled, *sans ceremonie*.

On the Secretary returning to the company he exhibited a fine string of fish, the reward of his efforts in dislodging the snake.

Repairing to the shade of a large pine, we straightened ourselves out on the greensward to rest and to await the return of the Captain who had taken his gun and gone in search of specimens. We had laid for some time and had begun to wonder why the Captain did not return, when we heard the report of his gun, and in a short time he appeared in sight, bearing on a stick at arm's length an enormous water snake, which he exhibited with much pride to an admiring crowd.

We remained at this place till after dinner, and then entering our canoes paddled leisurely up stream, enjoying every foot of the way. The swamps had given way to higher and dryer ground, the timber became more dense, extending down to and overhanging the water, affording us an agreeable shade. The water, too, had become purer and more transparent, and many fine fish were seen darting away before our advance. We easily secured all we could make use of, and then feeling a yearning desire for a change we went ashore to straighten our limbs.

After a rest we again moved up stream, creeping under the overhanging trees for the shade they afforded us from the sun. Gliding silently along in this manner we, on rounding a bend in the river, came unexpectedly on a whole rookery of blue herons; the shore was lined with them; they were perched on every limb and bush that would support their weight. As we approached them they rose like a great blue cloud and floated away out of harm's way. A mile further on we pulled in on the north bank and camped in a fine grove of scrub oak, nicely secluded, and miles from a human habitation.

Tuesday, Aug. 15.—On shoving off this morning the Secretary ran into a narrow channel behind a small island, and following it for some distance found that it ended in a *cul de sac*, and was forced to turn back, which he did under a heavy fire of chaff from the others, which, however, did not seem to disturb the equanimity of the Secretary in the least. On his rejoining us we again moved on for about a mile, when, coming to a particularly fishy-looking stretch of water, we dropped our lines overboard, and almost immediately the most exciting sport that we had yet had commenced; each angler had special and urgent business of his own to attend to, and in less than a mile of river we secured all the pike, bass and bream that we could possibly make use of, and ceased to take them before it became slaughter.

We pushed on rapidly for a few miles, starting up a good many wood duck, some woodcock, jacksnipe and wild pigeons, as well as a host of shore birds. There are no streams entering the river between Grand Bend and its mouth, the supply being wholly kept up by innumerable springs issuing from its banks. Along this portion of the river the water is very pure and clear, though the river is quite shallow and the bottom visible everywhere, from which grow the most beautiful and curious aquatic plants and grasses. The country, too, had become more level and the trees taller, their broad tops frequently festooned with the wild grape and other vines.

The Secretary, who had been induced to make the cruise in the hope that it might benefit his health, now began to show unmistakable signs of improvement. He called a halt, and demanded that we go ashore and prepare dinner, declaring that he was starving. We had been there before ourselves and, knowing the urgency of the case, we hastily prepared dinner and when it was ready invited the Secretary to begin, which he was not slow to do, and shortly remarked that "these fish are amazingly good," the potatoes, boiled in their pelts, "delicious" and the tea the best he had ever tasted, though "powerful strong;" he had regained his appetite at last, a thing he had been a stranger to for years.

Having appeased the Secretary's hunger, we again resumed our journey, the first few miles of which was very interesting from a piscatorial point of view, but after this we found the water shoaling rapidly. This continued for about a mile, when our further progress was completely barred by the shallowness of the stream. Between us and Grand Bend lay a stretch of a couple of miles of a succession of deep pools connected by short stretches of very shallow water.

The Captain and Secretary went ahead to investigate, and after they had gone over about half of the distance the Captain returned and reported it bad enough but declared his intentions of going through or know the reason why. No further discussion was necessary, all unnecessary clothing including boots and stockings were stacked in the cock-pits and rolling up our trousers, we started up the stream in single file, towing the canoes through the shallows and into deep water, when we again resumed our paddles until the next shallow was reached, when the old process was repeated. At about a half mile we came to a dam that we could not tow over by any manner of means; we, however, found a small break in the dam through which we effected a passage by tilting the canoes and hauling them through edgewise, then a stretch of deep water brought us to a point where a carry was unavoidable. We overcame the difficulty quickly though somewhat laboriously by passing a tent pole under the bows of the canoes and by two carrying on this, and a third at the stern, we soon had them over without having to unpack.

The Secretary now returned, having gone over the whole distance—and reported. "Lots of trouble ahead, boys," stating that there was a clean carry of sixty rods between the last pool and the new drainage cut at Grand Bend. "Well," remarked the Captain, "it don't make any difference whether it is sixty rods or two miles, we are going through, just the same."

We moved on again, and after about a dozen carries had been made, we reached the last pool, where we pitched our tents on a lovely green spot on the north bank and within a few rods of a fine spring of water. It was certainly a fine camping place, but we did not realize this until a tremendous supper had been disposed of, and our minds were in a mood susceptible of receiving impressions.

In the evening we inspected the great drainage cut, an excavation of about 30ft. in depth and 300ft. in width, where it passes through the sand hills. How far they proposed to extend it we failed to ascertain. The portion completed to where the great steam shovel was at work scooping out the tenacious blue clay would be about half a mile. Having satisfied our curiosity, we returned to camp, and being very tired after the labor of the carries, we turned in and were soon fast asleep.

Wednesday, Aug. 16.—Long before many of the campers were astir this morning, we had breakfasted, made the famous sixty rods carry, clawed over a dam in the cut, and running down, dragged over a bar at the mouth of the cut, and were afloat on the placid waters of Lake Huron. Heading our canoes to the westward we sped away on our return journey. We had made about six miles along this dreary shore, when, the sky becoming overcast with very rainy looking clouds, we pulled ashore and went in search of a place to camp. Failing in this, we were returning to the beach, when the Treasurer discovered a large adder lying sunning himself on the sand. As some of the party had never seen this species of snake or its performances before a cordon was formed around it and it was put through its exercises by a few gentle prods of a stick. Immediately on being touched it flattened its head, neck and body and remained in that condition until the Captain, who interpreted its action as a sort of a bluff game, landed a vicious blow at it with a club that forever ended its usefulness.

Continuing our journey in a light drizzle of rain along this dismal coast, where there is not a human habitation for about twelve miles, and where there is not a single pleasing feature to relieve the dull monotony of its coast line, was not pleasant and we were glad when at last we sighted the mouth of the Au Sable. As it had ceased to rain by this time we ran into the mouth of the river and landed to stretch our limbs. As the weather still continued to improve we pushed off again, and after a vigorous paddle of seven miles, we landed about 2 P. M. at our old camp under the white birches, having made twenty miles since morning. Though thoroughly tired, a good dinner soon put us in the best of good humor, and we set to work at once to get up the tents, after which we built a high wind-break of green boughs on their exposed sides, which proved a great comfort during the night and the day following.

Thursday, Aug. 17.—We were stormbound all day, but succeeded in putting in the time pleasantly enough in gathering and feasting on luscious thimble berries and sand cherries, both of which were to be found in the greatest abundance at this camp.

Friday, Aug. 18.—On turning out this morning we were pleased to see the lake quite calm, and as speedily as possible breakfast was disposed of, the boats packed, and we were off. Rounding Kettle Point, we steered for the slate cliffs and went ashore. We found the faces of these ledges of slate covered with the names of people who had visited them carved in the soft rock, some of them quite old. The Kettles, from which the point derives its name, are quite abundant, and may be seen from a boat in calm weather. They are imbedded in the slate rock, are spherical in form, and vary from 16in. to 4ft. in diameter. They are of a concrete nature and are principally composed of carbonate of lime. There are also some very interesting fossils, the most abundant of which is the little amber-colored, microscopic spore carps, which may be seen with the aid of an ordinary glass.

We were in the midst of a very animated discussion on the probable species of ancient seaweed these fossils belonged, when the Commodore, who had been closely observing the weather, settled the matter in short order by remarking that "if you all want to get hung up on this shore all night, just stay right where you are." We did not stay for a minute, but shoved off immediately. For the first two miles we had to pick our way through among savage-looking reefs, at times having to get out and drag the canoes over them. But at last, when opposite Jeff's resort, we got clear of them; and, a fine breeze springing up, we hoisted sail and were soon bowling along at a pleasant pace.

We had not progressed more than a couple of miles when the atmosphere began to assume a decidedly dirty appearance. The sky became overcast and away to the eastward a heavy mass of dark, portentous clouds were steadily moving in our direction. As we came abreast of Lake Valley Grove the wind changed to N. E. and having a sweep of several miles soon kicked up a dirty sea. The Treasurer here got foul of a big boulder and had a lively scramble for a little while, but got the Yukon off at last without injury. A mile further on we got a breeze that knocked us down pretty badly, and at Cedar Point we had to come on the wind and had a mighty close shave to clear a reef projecting out from the Point; we then stood in to a small bay in the hope that we might find a safe harbor, but the sight of the waves pounding on the boulder-lined shore with such terrific force deterred us from making the attempt.

We had now no choice left us but to make the run to Hillsboro Creek and with the waves boiling, hissing and seething around us, and the wind howling and shrieking in the rigging, it took all the nerve we could muster to face the music, but we headed out of the little bay and were soon battling with the waves that were constantly breaking over our starboard quarter. At times we were forced to turn tail until an ugly comber had passed and then to claw off from the ugly shore, but as our little cockleshells were behaving beautifully, and as we were nearing our destination rapidly, we began to feel a little more at ease, and shortly came in sight of a green patch of verdure that we recognized as the goal of our hopes. In half an hour we were abreast of it and earnestly searching for a smooth piece of beach and a soft place to land. The Commodore headed the Ojeek straight in for the beach, and as she glided on gracefully, rising on the white crested waves and then disappearing in the trough of the sea, to reappear again, she looked a thing of beauty, and justly the pride of her owner.

The Commodore had laid his plans to ride in on the crest of a comber, but, alas, for human calculations, it was not to be. When within a rod of the beach the Ojeek was carried back by the undertow, and then, a great comber rising up behind her like a wall, curved over and enveloped the whole outfit. The next that was seen of the Commodore was the peaked top of that old slouch hat of pre-historic and toadstool pattern, as it came up out of the surf, shedding water like a thatched roof, then his shoulders appeared above water, next his body, and finally the little Ojeek. In a moment the Commodore was out of her, and grabbing her by the stem took her up the beach on the run.

The Captain followed next, the Gallinipper gliding in beautifully, he seemed to have a sure thing of it, and to be sure of landing safely, but it, too, was not to be; he had to bow to the inevitable. As the Gallinipper came up the second time the Commodore caught her and beached her safely. In the meantime the Secretary and Treasurer had landed about forty rods up the beach, and on the Captain and Commodore rejoining them found the beach strewn with their goods and chattels, while a varied and miscellaneous assortment of spars, paddles, boots and sundry articles of wearing apparel were floating about promiscuously on the water. In explanation of this strange phenomena the Treasurer said that his boat had been imbibing water in large doses through a rent in the cover for some time, and finally, a large comber breaking over her, had burst the cover in and she filled and swamped. He then jumped out, and from this time till his feet touched bottom in shallow water so many events crowded one on another that what actually did occur is shrouded in mystery.

The Secretary on seeing the danger in which the Treasurer was placed, went to his assistance, but, getting into the breakers, was piled up on the beach among a nest of ugly boulders, but came out of the scrape in good shape, having suffered nothing worse than getting his feet wet. He then went to the assistance of the Treasurer, and in a few minutes they had ripped the cover off the Yukon, jettisoned the cargo, and, slushing the water out of her, beached her, not much the worse for the rough usage to which she had been subjected. The Treasurer was thoroughly soaked, but was cheerful and game to the finish.

We then carried everything up to an unoccupied fish shanty, where we found a large stove in good working order. We soon had a fire going, and hanging up our wet clothing to dry we then prepared our dinner, which was devoured with keenest relish, it being long after the dinner hour. After this we felt wonderfully refreshed, were exceedingly comfortable and disposed to talk and be social. We could now look back on the events of the past few hours with a calm indifference and regard them as simple incidents, scarcely worthy of notice, especially as the danger was past.

After a slight shower of rain that was falling had passed, we set up the tents, and then spent the afternoon in rambling on the beach and in the fine timber. In the evening we devoted our energies for a spell to the polishing up of knives, forks, spoons, etc., with sand, as a little surprise to the folks at home, who are apt to judge of the cleanliness and tidiness of our camp life by the condition of these articles on their arrival at home.

Aug. 19.—We reached home late in the evening, thus ending one of the most delightful cruises of our experience. BLUE BEACH.

An English View of American Canoes.

THE feature of the year's canoe racing has been the presence with us of Mr. Howard's canoe Yankee.

Although that type of craft may do well for the racing which is indulged in on the other side of the "herring pond," it is pretty evident that she is not a model that is likely to take the affections of English canoeists by storm.

Her success at Salcombe has been by no means phenomenal, in spite of her victory in the match she sailed against Mr. Brand's ½-rater Spruce. In that race, she appears to have had the best of the luck at the start, and in any case, such competitions, between craft of totally different type, prove nothing except that either boat is likely to win in her own weather.

Her racing up at Bourne proved that, for our courses, her extreme slowness in stays far more than offsets any advantage in actual speed reaching which her very small—and crank—midship section and displacement give her.

A well known authority on sailing has stated, and with that statement we quite agree, that the greatest pleasure in sailing a small craft is found in going to windward in smooth water. But one's pleasure in that form of sailing in this country, where *smooth* water is generally also narrow water, is very much marred if there is always present the haunting dread that the boat may miss stays, or at any rate is certain to be hanging about head to wind for quite an unconscionable length of time. It is quite possible that there may be some advantages from the point of view of the ardent anti-tobacco crank about a boat in which, as has been said about the Yankee, one cannot even stow a tobacco pouch, but, say we, perish the thought of cruising in such a ship. But there, of course she was never intended for any such purpose.

If it be true that the Racer of to-day is the Cruiser of to-morrow, and it used to be so at one time with canoes, then we must admit we shall be sorry for the would be cruiser who becomes the possessor of a boat of the type of the Yankee. For the sake of an extra bit of speed almost every quality which makes a boat worth owning is sacrificed. But, inasmuch as she does not exhibit that marvelous speed for which so much has been given up, it is possible that she will answer the only purpose for which she is apparently fit, viz., a beacon to warn what to avoid.

Some years ago we had a look at two of the three canoes which made the passage down the Danube from its head waters to the Black Sea.

They were useful looking craft of about 15 ft.×30in. with plenty of stowage capacity and full but easy lines, and in every way, apparently, well suited to the work one had a right to demand of them. It seems to us rather a matter for thankfulness that the conditions for canoe racing seem to allow a reasonable chance of success to just such a craft as can, at small expense, be converted into a cruiser which could do similar work to that done by those boats, and do it equally well.

However, we have not yet seen what effect the rating rule will have upon canoe design. It was adopted a year ago when canoeing was at such a low ebb that many of her most prominent votaries were actually graduating into larger craft. It is an easy descent from the deck seat of the canoe to the comparatively comfortable well of the yawl, or to the deck of something larger still; but the return step, except in the case of a few enthusiasts, is but seldom taken. So that at present there is a waiting attitude on the part of those who take an interest in the sport, for some of that young blood which is required to make things go.

Canoes will continue to be used for that cruising work to which they are best suited, but the racing canoe seems likely to have a hard struggle for existence unless ¼-raters become popular, and will admit the decked double ender to their ranks. The improvements that have been made of late years in ½-raters render it extremely difficult, if not impossibe for canoes of but little more than half that rating to compete successfully without time allowance; and that class racing without time allowance is desirable wherever possible will not, we think, be denied by many. At at rate it adds immensely to the interest of a race in the eyes of the onlookers when the "first in wins," and it must not be forgotten that it is from the ranks of those onlookers that the entry list, as a rule, is recruited.—*Model Yachtsman and Canoeist.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Iroquois Rifle Club.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 13.—The opening day of the seventh annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club, which commenced Tuesday, Oct. 9, was a decided success. According to the programme, the first day of the tourney was a rifle shooting contest for members only at their indoor gallery range, 1717 Jane street, Southside. The conditions of the shoot were 50 shots, off-hand, on the Massachusetts decimal target, 25yds. range, the winner to receive a gold medal.

The contest was very close and exciting throughout, and some really fine scores were made, particularly Mr. Andrew Goldstrom's score of 555 out of a possible 600, defeating the former champion, Mr. Albert Hofmeister, by one point. The Iroquois boys have certainly not been idle the past year, which the figures below will prove, the general average being far above last year's contest.

The totals made were as follows: A. O. Goldstrom 555, Albert Hofmeister 554, August Colteryaher 540, W. Langhorst 540, L. G. Graul 539, W. J. Udick 536, August Hofmeister 531, Harry Sperling 528, F. G. Broadhead 524, L. W. Born 515, B. Kestner 507, J. Wood 506, W. Miller 490, G. Snider 497, Joseph P. Zoeller 494, Fred Miller 483, G. F. Pifer 480, J. W. Kemler 455, Pb. Weber 445, Charles Scheller 382.

The second day of the tournament was devoted to gun shooting. Fifty bluerock targets in five events of 10 singles each, known traps and known angles, A. S. A. rules, the winner to receive a handsome gold medal. The shoot was decidedly interesting and hotly contested throughout, especially between Mr August Colteryahn and Mr. Henry L. Born, each breaking 41 birds. They then shot at 10 singles to decide the tie and each broke 8. They again shot off the tie at 10 birds, Born breaking 8 and Colteryahn 7, whereby Mr. Henry L. Born won the gold medal. The weather was very unfavorable for trap shooting, the wind blowing across the traps at an awful rate of speed, which accounts for the poor scores being made. The scores in detail follow:

	1	2	3	4	5		1	2	3	4	5
H L Born	8	9	9	8	7—41	W J Udick	5	8	5	6	7—31
A Colteryahn	7	9	7	10	8—41	P L Weber	5	6	5	7	6—29
A O Goldstrom	7	9	6	9	8—39	L G Gaul	6	4	7	5	5—27
I Wood	6	5	6	8	10—35	J P Zoeller	4	6	5	5	6—26
A Hofmeister	5	7	7	6	8—33						

The third and last day of the tournament, all comers' day, was a decided success in every respect. A 100-yard rifle match was the attraction, and from 1:30 to 5:30 o'clock the merry crack of the rifle was kept up incessantly. The event was a ticket match, entrance $1 for first ticket and 50 cents for all succeeding ones; re-entries unlimited, 3 shots to a target; the best 3 tickets to count for first 2 prizes and the best 2 for the remaining prizes. Twenty shooters took part in the contest. Delegations from the Washington (Pa.) Rifle Club, Braddock Rifle Club, Monongahela City Rifle Club, Pittsburg Rifle Club and others were in attendance. The shooting in general was very good, especially Mr. J. W. Rothwell's, who took first money, making a total score of 83 out of a possible 90. Following are the results:

J W Rothwell	28	28	27—84	Geo C Hodgon	26	25	..—51
J A Huggins	26	25	27—78	A Green	26	25	..—51
L P Ittel	28	25	..—53	D W Frazee	26	24	..—50
W C Galbreath	26	26	..—52	J F Nicholson	22	25	..—47

Mr. J. W. Rothwell took the special premium of $2 for making the most number of tens. Messrs. Ittel and Rothwell divided the premium of $2, for making the best single score of 28. Mr. T. H. Reiners captured the premium of $2 for making the highest single score of those not receiving any prizes, making 23 out of a possible 30.

At the indoor gallery rifle shoot in the evening there was a large attendance. There were 10 sweepstake events, with 15 entries each. The rapid-firing contests were a novelty, and created considerable interest. The tournament was the most successful one held by the club.

Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 13.—I inclose you scores of the Hartford Rifle Club made at their annual prize shoot held this afternoon. Stormy weather kept the attendance small, and at times made it nearly impossible to shoot, it raining in torrents. German ring target, 200yds., off-hand. The prize match was five shots to match the score of 17, 21, 14, 23, 19 shot for shot, thus a 21 for the first shot would count 4 off, as would also a 13, therefore the lowest scores win.

Prize match:

D S Seymour	2	1	5	5	2—15	H M Pope	5	8	8	1	1—23
H A Fox	2	6	10	0	0—18	F A Seaver	6	5	9	4	0—24
W J Dunbar	2	1	4	9	2—18	J C Wiseman	9	15	7	8	7—46
J Edwards	5	3	4	5	2—19	E F Oakley	5	14	7	18	4—48

Bullseye target:

Pope	25	23	22	21	25	23	15	23	21	24—222
	18	21	23	23	23	19	24	22	24	19—215
	21	23	22	22	23	21	21	23	20	18—21
	25	14	16	25	20	24	16	23	22	24—21
	23	22	20	23	23	25	24	24	21	23—22
Fox	23	22	15	18	18	15	23	23	12	23—18
	24	17	20	21	21	21	18	20	23	23—20
Dunbar	25	19	22	15	23	21	16	21	22	16—20
	23	21	18	21	20	14	19	16	22	19—19
	18	22	18	18	18	22	17	15	23	16—19
Edwards	22	23	23	18	11	18	25	21	18	17—19
Seymour	21	17	18	16	21	21	19	22	16	23—19
	22	20	22	20	11	15	19	17	22	18—18
Seaver	21	22	23	15	11	12	23	17	10	10—16
Wiseman	5	21	15	12	14	21	17	7	13	17—15
Oakley	19	0	11	10	13	21	20	14	16	10—134

The first bullseye was made by Pope, the last by Seymour; best bullseye by Pope, .31in; second, Seymour, .46in.; third, Dunbar, .48in.

H. M. POPE, Sec'y.

Revolver Shooting in England.

The last shoot of the season of the South London Rifle Club took place on Sept. 25; it was a very dull day and a drizzlibg rain, but no wind. Mr. Winans beat the English 12-shot revolver record at 20yds. by scoring 81 points, the 18 shot by scoring 120 points, and the 24 shot by scoring 156 points. Below are details of the shooting:

	20yds.						50yds.					
Walter Winans	7	7	7	7	6	7—41	7	7	7	5	6	7—39
F Rand	7	5	7	7	7	7—40	6	5	7	6	6	7—37
C F Lowe	5	7	5	7	6	7—37	5	6	7	6	4	7—34
Lieut J Howard	3	7	7	6	7	7—37	.	.	.	.	.	.
Dr Howe	4	6	7	6	6	7—36	6	4	5	7	5	7—34
Clementi Smith	7	7	4	5	7	5—35	6	4	6	6	6	6—34

The revolver championship of the club has been won for the 7th year by Mr. Winans, one year he did not shoot and one year he was second, since revolver shooting was started at the club.

All the members used black powder except Mr. Lowe who shot some of his scores with a smokeless powder and small charge.

Champion for 1894, Walter Winans (gold jewel). Revolver used, Smith & Wesson .45cal., U. M. C. ammunition. Score: 41, 41, 41, 40, 40, at 20yds.; 40 40, 39, at 50yds. Total 322 out of a possible 336, none of the shots out of the 6 ring.

Second (silver jewel), Capt. Heath, Colt revolver, .45cal., Eley's ammunition. Score: 41, 40, 40, 40, 40, at 20yds.; 39, 38, 38, at 50yds. Total 316.

Third (bronze jewel), F. Rand, Colt revolver, .45cal., Eley's ammunition. Total 314.

Fourth ($5), Dr. Howe. Score: 40, 38, 38, 38, 37, at 20yds.; 38, 35, 35, at 50yds. Total 299.

Fifth ($5), Pvt. C. F. Lowe. Total 294

Sixth ($5), Lieut. J. Howard. Total 287.

Seventh ($5), Clementi Smith. Total 287.

Eighth ($5), Kemp. Total 170.

At the North London Rifle Club on Sept. 26, there was a nasty puffy wind, but in spite of this Mr. Winans put on another highest possible score at 20yds. toward the championship. Below are details of the 20yds. scores:

Walter Winans	777777—42	Capt Jones	777444—38
Andrews	766777—40	Major Palmer	347575—31
F Rand	667766—38	Knapp	654564—30
Carter	577766—38	Barrington	473755—30
C F Lowe	667657—37	Luff	377445—30
Clementi-Smith	477577—37	Lieut Baxter	766425—30
Brading	775656—36	Capt Evans	472644—27
Denyer	666647—35	Dr Orton	456723—26
Major Munday	566764—34	Capt Peters	643543—24
Dr Howe	574567—34		

The leading scores for the revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club now stand:

		20yds.				50yds.		
Walter Winans	42	42	41	41	40	40	30	29—305
Rand	42	41	40	40	39	39	28	27—296
Andrews	42	40	40	39	39	38	29	29—296
C F Lowe	40	40	40	39	39	39	27	27—290
Skilton	40	39	39	39	39	38	27	27—288
Major Munday	39	39	39	38	37	36	28	27—283
Capt Cowan	38	38	38	38	38	37	27	26—280
Carter	38	38	37	36	36	36	24	24—279
Capt Richardson	38	36	36	36	35	34	27	25—267
Clementi-Smith	35	34	34	34	34	31	29	28—262
Dr Howe	38	35	34	34	33	33	23	..—260
Ashby	36	35	34	33	32	32	28	25—255
Capt Jones	33	32	32	32	30	29	22	19—229
Luff	34	33	31	31	31	30	26	..—216

The revolver competitions at 50yds. finished for the season at the North London Rifle Club on Oct. 3, there was too much wind for high scoring; below are details. The scoring at this club differs from that at the South London Rifle Club, as the bull is 6 instead of 4in. at 20yds. and only counts 5 instead of 7 points. Scores at 50yds.:

Walter Winans	455555—29	Carter	454534—25
Major Palmer	445455—27	Skilton	443445—24
Rand	454455—27	Capt Jones	335444—23
Major Mundy	455445—27	Barrington	453955—22
C F Lowe	535545—26	Capt Richardson	540554—22
Capt Evans	452555—26	Denyar	504345—21
Clementi-Smith	453453—26		

The two higbest scores made during the season at 50yds. and which count for the revolver championship of the club are as below: Walter Winans 59 out of possible 60, F. Andrews 58

There are four more weeks of shooting at 20yds. The scores for the championship of the club at both 20 and 50yds. now stand:

		20yds.				50yds.		
Walter Winans	42	42	41	41	40	40	30	29—305
F Rand	42	41	41	40	39	39	28	27—296
F Andrews	42	40	40	39	39	38	29	29—296
C F Lowe	40	40	40	39	39	39	27	27—290
Skilton	40	39	39	39	39	38	27	27—288
Major Mundy	39	39	39	38	37	36	28	27—283
Capt Cowan	38	38	38	38	38	37	27	26—280
Carter	38	38	37	36	37	46	25	24—280

Central New York Schuetzen.

New York, Oc. 13.—The New York Central Schuetzen Corps, Capt. D. Meersse, held their last monthly outdoor shoot on Oct. 11 at Union Hill Schuetzen Park; about 30 members were present:

Champion Class.

G Zimmerman	70	66—139	F Schmidt	65	64—129
F Schroder	65	65—130	J Reitweissner	47	44— 91
H D Muller	65	64—129	D Meersse	46	44— 90

Class I

C Pletz	60	59—119	J Eisenhardt	57	56—113

Class II.

E Berkman	64	63—127	F Baumann	58	58—116
M Teschmaker	62	56—118	W Teschmaker	61	54—115
J Jorden	64	54—118	J Fagen	56	55—111

Class III.

W Holsten	63	59—122	J Forsch	61	48—109
M Ficken	63	56—119	J Loewe	47	46— 93

Class IV.

F Jutgens				53	45— 98

Bullseye target: Champion Class.

F Schroeder	3	F Schmidt	1	G Zimmerman	1
H D Muller	3	J Reitweissner	1		

Class III.

M Ficken	1	J Loewe	1	J Shneweiss	1

Point target: Champion Class.

G Zimmermann	156	J Reitweissner	25		

Class I. Class II.

A Rohde	21	E Berkmen	32

Man target: H D. Muller 57, F. Schmidt 57, J. Eisenhardt 56, E. Berkmann 56, G. Zimmerman 56, M Ficken 56, F. Jutgen 55.

Winners of class medals: Champion class, F. Schroder; Class III., M. Ficken.

Man target medals: First medal, H. D. Muller; second, F. Schmidt.

Henry D. Muller.

A Central Fire .22cal. Repeater.

Brighton, Eng.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Would the above be possible to make and would it be safer than a rim-fire for rapid shooting? I should much like to have the opinions of your readers on the subject.

This autumn I was shooting a rim-fire .22cal. repeater very rapidly, and at one of the shots I was struck in several places on the face. I could not make out how it happened, but think one of the cartridges must have exploded in the carrier from the friction, or else the rim of the cartridge burst in firing. To avoid this danger I am having a repeater of 22cal. altered to shoot central fire cartridges, and am having some of the cartridges made.

The first batch seem to have too large a cap and not sunk enough. I fear that there will be a difficulty to get a small enough cap to avoid the end of the bullet pressing on it from the cartridge behind it in the carrier.

The cap will have to be so very small as the blunt end of the bullet cannot be larger than 15cal. at most.

What would you advise in the matter? Walter Winans.

Greenville Rifle Club.

Greenville, N. J., Oct. 12.—The Greenville Rifle Club held its weekly gallery shoot for class prizes this evening. Scores: First class—J. Boag 241, C. Boag 237, Collins 237, Plaisted 235, Scheeline 237, Purkess 238, Dorrier 244. Second class—Agneau 230, Charlock 221, Gottbardt 232, Chase 226. Third class—Hill 223, Graef 223.

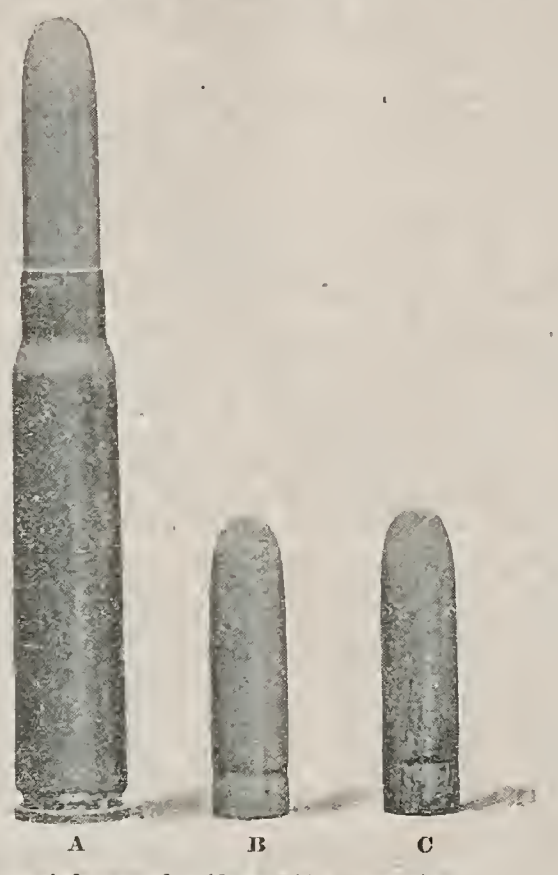
The club will hold second annual gallery tournameut on its headquarters range, Nov. 10 and 11. The programme is appended: German ring target, open to all comers, any .22cal. rifle with short rim-fire cartridges allowed, tickets (3 shots) 50 cents, re-entries unlimited; three best tickets to count for the first five prizes, two tickets to count for all others; only one prize and one premium can be won by one shooter; all ties divided; 18 prizes, ranging from $30 to $1. Premiums for the most rings shot during the tournament: First, a special prize (donated), an elegant diamond trophy mounted by Hayes Bros., value $40; second, cash $5, third $3, fourth $2, fifth $1; the well known shooting rules to govern. Chas. Rothweiler, Sec'y.

Killing Power of the New .30cal. Military Rifle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your readers are aware of the fact that the small caliber military cartridge as adopted by the U. S A. gives a muzzle velocity nearly double as high as that obtained with any ordinary target or sporting rifle loaded with the service charge of black powder and the regular lead bullet. They also know that the penetrative force of the steel or nickel jacketed bullet as employed by our army and nearly all military powers abroad is simply marvelous, and when compared to the penetrative force of the old rifles, or those adapted for a lead bullet, is even still greater in proportion to the velocity.

With these well established facts before him, and being further informed that the modern military infantry weapon produces a comparatively flat trajectory, and will do accurate shooting up to a distance where the ordinary rifle fails to do so, it would appear quite natural that the sportsman feels a desire to avail himself, if possible, of the advantages thus presented by the military rifle, and as previously pointed out. But he is likewise familiar with the fact that the penetrative force of a projectile of the nature here in question is by no means identical with a killing effect, and hence the question arises, what is necessary to be done in order to render the military rifle and the new military ammunition useful for the sportsman and for hunting large game? This question occurred in Europe several years ago, and I then, in conjunction with others, carried out a series of experiments with a view of solving this question. Tests of a similar nature and serving the same purpose were then, and have since been, carried out by numerous parties in various parts of the world. The conclusion arrived at by all concerned has been this: A steel or nickel-jacketed bullet, while justly recognized as a progressive step in point of humanity in warfare, means cruelty to animals when employed by the sportsman for shooting large game. It is very rarely the case that a bullet of this kind will cause instant death. A deer or bear hit with such a bullet in any part of the body, the head probably excepted, will still be able to travel miles after being shot, and, as a rule, will die a lingering death. The cause for this phenomenon is readily found. The bullet in passing through the body does not deform, and its channel is so minute that it will not serve to make the blood flow freely; in short it does not possess the elements requisite to produce an efficient killing effect—a sudden death.



A B C

A—30cal. smokeless powder rifle cartridge, exact size.
B—Metal-jacketed bullet before firing.
C—Bullet which has been fired through more than 1ft. of pine timber.

Yet a great many Mannlicher rifles, with which the new 30cal. rifle is almost identical, are at the present day employed by hunters in countries where a bullet traveling over a distance of several miles and capable of killing men or beast far beyond a point of the shooter's observation can be employed with little or no risk of endangering the life and limbs of his fellow men. It is very extensively used, for instance, by German hunters in Africa, and is by them pronounced by far the most efficient weapon for shooting large and dangerous animals such as the hippopotamus and rhinoceros. These sportsmen use a lead pointed bullet instead of the steel or nickel-jacketed projectile. The fore half of the bullet is made of solid lead and only the rear half consists of the regular material otherwise employed in the rifle. There are a great many cases on record where animals, as previously named, have been killed stone dead in their tracks with such bullets, and the opinion prevailing among African hunters is that no other rifle and no other ammunition will approach the .30cal. rifle in regard to killing power when the modified bullet is employed. The many incidents related by these, as a rule, very intelligent and trustworthy sportsmen, warrant the conclusion that such a bullet placed in the right part of the body of the toughest grizzly would immediately and forever take all the fighting stuff out of *Ursus horribilis*.

The length of the barrel of the military rifle has been found to render the weapon somewhat inconvenient for hunting purposes. European sportsmen therefore have the barrel cut off enough to obtain the length corresponding to that of the ordinary sporting rifle. Armin Tenner.

[The cartridge illustrated is adapted to the German military arm, and differs somewhat from the U. S. Army standard, The base of the latter is flanged to enable extraction instead of grooved as in this case, and the total length is somewhat less owing to the fact that the bullet is more deeply seated in the shell. Otherwise the resemblance is very close.]

The Beideman Rifle Club

Opened its range for the fall and winter season on Oct 6. The members meeting at the range in one and twos, upon each member's arrival they were compelled to shoot an official score, which showed disastrous results to some of the cracks; yachting trips and various other sports no doubt had bad effects on their "hold." The boys all promise better results next week. Conditions 25yds, possible 250, ¼in. ring, targets 1½in. bull outside range, strictly off-hand, using Wurfflein rifles:

A C McGowan	236	Wm Wurfflein	232	A J Yergey	223
J L Woods	234	W Gilbert	229	Dr E L Gardener	223

Walt Gilbert, Sec'y.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

West New York, N. J., Oct. 9.—The Schlicht Rifle Club held its weekly shoot for class medals last night. Seventeen members were present and participated in the competition. The scores are appended. Medal winners: Geo Schlicht, champion medal, 235; Jacob Diebl, first class, 235; Jacob Schlicht, second class, 230; Charley Meyer, third class, 233.

Scores: Wm. Schlicht 230, Aug. Tiebout 204, Ch. Meyer 233, Geo. Reichert 222, Fred. Lambrix 221, Jacob Schlicht 230, Aug. Meyer 231, Jacob Diehl 235, Geo. Dorr 229, Henry Aufderheide 230, Capt. J. Dedrick 231, Geo. Schlicht 235, Wm. Marrs 209.

Buckeyes Beat the Shermans.

The Shermau Gun Club sent its four-man team to Dayton on Oct. 5 to do battle with the Big Four of the Buckeye Gun Club. The bad weather made the day an unpropitious one so far as big scores went, Heikes being far ahead with a total of 46 out of 50. As a result of this shoot the Dayton boys still hold the club championship. Scores:

Buckeye G. C. Team.		Sherman G. C. Team.	
Heikes	46	Ward	40
Raymond	37	Alkire	37
Cain	36	French	30
Rike	35—154	Porterfield	19—126

The Buckeye team thus won by 28 targets. The trophy is a handsome solid silver, gold lined punch bowl, valued at $400. It was donated by the *Sporting Review* to the champion team of the State, which must defend its title against all comers.

The officials were: Referee—W. Fred Quimby, Newark, N. J. Judges—For Buckeyes, Andy Mumma, Dayton; for Shermans, Charles Strong, Springfield. Scorer—C. A. Young, Springfield.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Oct. 16-18.—Des Moines, Ia.—Highland Gun Club's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets; $300 in seven guaranteed purses.

Oct. 18-19.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Elizabeth Gun Club's annual tournament. Live birds second day; lunch and loaded shells on the grounds.

Oct. 20-22.—Blooming Grove Park Association's fall tournament; live birds, targets, rifle shooting and fly-casting.

Oct. 22-24.—Emerald Gun Club tournament, at Dexter Park. Targets and live birds. Dr. G. V. Hudson, Sec'y, 9 Madison street, New York.

Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at Utica.

Oct. 24.—Pittsburg, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's fall shoot, targets. For programmes address C. M. Hostetter, 520 Wood street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Oct. 25.—Richmond, Me.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under auspices of Richmond Gun Club.

Oct. 27.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa., P. R. R.—Keystone Shooting League's monthly shoot. For programmes address John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, 328 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 30-31.—Marion, N. J.—Tournament at Marion, N. J., complimentary benefit to Mr. C. H. Townsend; promoters, M. F. Lindsley, W. F. Quimby, Al. Heritage and T. H. Keller; targets.

Nov. 6.—Rye, N. Y.—Rye Gun Club's all-day shoot, commencing at 9 A. M.; live birds and targets. E. J. Pope, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

1895.

Jan. 17-19.—Hamilton, Canada.—Hamilton Gun Club's annual tournament; $1,000 added money. J. W. Bowman, Sec'y.

April 3-5.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York.

May 14 16.—Dayton, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

Oct. 3-6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

A tournament will be held at Al. Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J., on Oct. 30 and 31, for the benefit of C. H. Townsend, late trap editor of Forest and Stream. We trust that all shooters who are so situated that they can do so will attend and thus help us to show our appreciation in a substantial way of the efforts of the beneficiary to promote our sport. Programmes may be had by addressing M. F. Lindsley, lock box 8, West Hoboken, N. J. W. Fred Quimby, T. H. Keller, Al. Heritage, M. F. Lindsley, committee.

The programme of the Central New York Trap-Shooters' League's seventh contest for 1894 will take place at Utica, N. Y., on Tuesday and Wednesday next, Oct 23 and 24. All events are shot at known traps, unknown angles. The first day is devoted to sweepstake shooting, the second to the team race, individual championship match and to sweepstakes. Mr. E. D. Fulford will have entire charge of the arrangements. Two sets of traps will be kept busy all the time.

The North Side Gun Club of Pittsburg, Pa., will hold a one-day shoot at targets on Oct. 24. All events will be shot under a handicap system, the handicap committee being Elmer Shaner, "Old Hoss" and "Jim Crow." Experts shoot at 5 unknown traps; semi-experts at known traps, unknown angles; amateurs at everything known. Programmes may be obtained from C. M. Hostetter, 520 Wood street, Pittsburg, Pa.

A series of three 100-bird matches have been arranged between T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., and W. G. Clark, of Altoona, Pa. The first match will in all probability be shot at Altoona on Dec. 17, the second at Paterson on Dec 19, the third at Holmesburg Junction, if the use of the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League can be obtained for the occasion.

The Elizabeth Gun Club's shoot, on Oct. 18 and 19; the Emerald Gun Club's three days' tournament at Dexter Park on Oct. 22, 23 and 24, and the Marion (N. J.) tournament on Oct. 30 and 31, the complimentary benefit to Mr. C. H. Townsend, will keep New York and New Jersey trap-shooters busy for the balance of this month.

With Elliott's sweeping challenge to Brewer and the world, and with the prospect of Brewer and Carver meeting in the near future on the grounds of the Kentucky Gun Club, at Louisville, Ky., live bird shooters have enough to keep them awake for the next week or two.

At the Grand street park, Maspeth, on Thursday last, Oct. 11, B. T. Langcake and P. Sullivan shot a match at 50 live birds a side against Stanter Dwyer and J. B. Collins, the stake being $600. Langcake and Sullivan won by two birds, the score standing 36 to 34 in their favor.

The Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., with grounds at Holmesburg Junction on the P. R. R., will hold its monthly shoot on Saturday, Oct. 27. For programmes address John C. Shallcross, secretary, 328 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

At the Herron Hill Gun Club (Pittsburg, Pa.) shoot last week, the main event was a 20 live bird sweepstake, $20 entrance. J. E. England ("Bessemer") won first money alone with a straight score

Elliott's scores in his recent matches with Dr. Carver class him as the equal of any man in the world at live birds; a race between him and Capt. Brewer will be worth going to see.

The Frankford (Pa.) Gun Club will hold a shoot on its new grounds, near Bridesburg station, P. R. R., on Saturday, Oct. 20; shooting commences at 1 P. M.

The Memphis Gun Club has claimed June 4, 5, 6 and 7, 1895, as the dates for their tournament. The club adds $2,000 to the purses.

A gun club was organized recently at Rushville, Ill., under the title of the Rushville Gun Club.

Wet and wild weather on Saturday last knocked out many club shoots around New York.

Hutchings vs. Lyons.

The Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, Ky., afforded lovers of trap-shooting a rare treat in the match between Messrs. Sam Hutchings and Harry J. Lyons which was shot on Oct. 4. The conditions were 100 birds, 50yds. boundary, 30yds. rise, for a small sum; a purely friendly match between gentlemen.

The score stood at the close 98 to 82 in favor of Mr. Hutchings, who shot in his usual brilliant and faultless manner, making some of the most striking kills ever witnessed on any ground. Mr. Lyons, who is not such a veteran, displayed great pluck in locking horns with so prominent an opponent, and, while he was beaten, has placed himself at one bound in the front rank as a tremendous opponent. Mr. Lyons used his own gun with indifferent results until the writer requested him to try his own Parker. With it he scored 59 out of 61 birds shot at, and one dead out of bounds. The bare statement of such a fact is not so astonishing until one knows that the birds were far better than the average, that for most of the time a very strong wind sent them whizzing to the right, making the shooting extremely difficult.

These gentlemen are matched to shoot a series of target matches under different rules, the outcome of which will be looked forward to with great interest. Both contestants used E. C. powder and No. 7 shot.

The Kentucky Gun Club ranks with any club in its *personnel*, while its appointments are first class in every particular. They use there a full set of novelty rule traps, and their background being a clear sky on every shot renders it one of the finest shooting grounds in the country. They also shoot a great many pigeons, and all in all it is decidedly a first-class club.

The 25-bird $25 sweep to be shot for there on Oct. 22 will doubtless draw together the finest shots in Kentucky. Gaucho.

Elliott Challenges The World.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

Kansas City, Mo.—Replying to Brewer's letter, Elliott has posted forfeit and issued a sweeping challenge to meet Brewer and all comers in series of 100 bird races, $100 a race, and $500 on highest aggregate score.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

The series of tournaments arranged for 1894 by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers's Association was brought to a close on Thursday last at Charleston, S. C., Manager Shaner inscribing on the blackboard the words "Vale, 1894; Charleston, S. C.," after the completion of the programmed events about 5 P. M., Oct. 11.

From New York city to Charleston is rather a long jump to make for the purpose of attending a two-days' tournament, still Forest and Stream's representative, accompanied by "U. M. C." Thomas and Ferd. Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, made that jump by way of the Atlantic Coast Line. Leaving New York at 9 P. M. on Monday, the train was due to arrive at Charleston at 11:18 next night. It might have been on time had it not been for the young cyclone and floods of rain which beset it the whole way from Petersburg, Va., to the South Carolina border line. During the afternoon, as the train speeded south, immense sheets of water were spread out on either hand, low lying grounds being transformed into miniature lakes and shallow creeks into swirling rivers; even level fields were covered inches deep with the water which had fallen so quickly that it had not had time to drain off. The wind also was blowing a full-sized gale, which, added to the lowering black clouds, boded ill for the next day's tournament. It was not until Florence, S. C., was reached that the spirits of the trio above mentioned began to revive. Rain had ceased to fall and the moon was beginning to make herself felt through the clouds. The wind was howling around the station, shaking both the cars on the track and the depot buildings, it is true, but the rain had stopped; that was something. Add to this the consumption of one of the best meals provided at any railroad restaurant in the South (Charlotte, N. C., perhaps excepted), and the revival of the drooping spirits will be better understood. As a point of interest, it may be mentioned that official statistics show that 3.40 inches of rain had fallen at Florence during the day.

It was almost midnight when Charleston was reached, after about as stormy a day's travel as one would ever wish to undergo. Hotel Charleston being closed for the purpose of a complete remodeling, the St. Charles Hotel was headquarters for shooters, as per programme announcement. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, was asleep in his room, No. 68, when the New York contingent arrived. A few raps on his door brought him from his bed only to impart the cheering intelligence that there would be no shooting next day, at any rate not until 2 P. M. "All the tents have been blown down," said he, "and even the screens have been flattened; at 5 o'clock this afternoon there was about 12in. of water covering the ground where the shoot is to take place. I'm going out there first thing in the morning to get things in readiness so that we may be able to commence about 2. Good night."

Such intelligence was hardly calculated to act as a soporific; still it might have been gotten over in good shape had it not been for another enemy of the god Morpheus. Charleston, like almost every other city, has its features. The earthquake was one, and the fact that for eleven months out of every twelve it harbors mosquitos is another. What some of those mosquitos did for us was certainly a plenty. A New Jerseyman would feel quite at home in Charleston; Van Dyke, for instance, never uttered a complaint.

The morning of Wednesday, Oct. 10, was bound to come, and a beautiful morning it was. The sun was shining brilliantly and a fresh, cool breeze was blowing. It was an ideal shooting morning. During the earlier hours of the day there was nothing to do but to wander around the city; look at the cracks in the walls of the houses, traces of the earthquake; visit the long, narrow market house and make the acquaintance of the city's scavengers, turkey buzzards by the score; take a hurried peep at St. Michael's church and Fort Sumter, and buy a souvenir spoon or two.

Among those registered at the hotel were Col. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C., who was suffering from a bad headache, caused by a tedious trip due to the heavy storm; a glance at the Colonel's score will show that he was decidedly off color; Capt. A. W. DuBray, representing Parker Bros., of Meriden, Conn, both talking and shooting the Parker gun; Mr. H. P. Collins, of Baltimore, the representative of the Dupont Powder Co; "Dupont" Waddell, of Chattanooga, the Southern representative of the same firm, and Mr. C. C. Napier, representing Messrs. Hartley & Graham. Barring the above-named parties and Mr. Schwerin, of Sumter, who put in an appearance on Thursday morning, and a single member of Charleston's other gun club who shot on Wednesday afternoon, not a solitary visitor from any outside gun club was present; Savannah's gun club, with its large roll of members, was strangely conspicuous by its absence. The tournament was only saved from being a failure by the never-say-die way in which the members of the Palmetto Gun Club came to the scratch and entered right through the programme. The lateness of the season also militated against a large attendance, the rush of the cotton crop preventing many of the Charleston shooters from taking part in the tournament.

Hibernian Park, where the club's shooting grounds are located, is a full 40 minutes' ride from the city by street cars. From the St. Charles Hotel two transfers are necessary before the park is reached. The first car taken only runs about four blocks, when another streetline is struck; a transfer is made to another car, which carries one about half way to the park. A change is then made to a third car, which runs past the Magnolia Cemetery and the park, another nickel being charged. All the cars are small affairs drawn as a rule by one horse of an impoverished appearance. On Thursday morning, through the efforts of Mr. L. W. Bicaise, president of the Palmetto Gun Club, a special car for the shooters was run from the St. Charles Hotel direct to the park.

The park itself has gone to seed very considerably. It is a picturesque spot situated in a grove of most magnificent old live oaks. The hotel has no longer any pretensions, Governor Tillman, the Autocrat of South Carolina, and his State Dispensary Law, having robbed it of fully half its attractions. One hundred yards from the hotel in a northeasterly direction is a large dance hall about 90ft. long, erected on standards presumably to keep it out of the wet. Under the southern end of this hall is the gun club's room, the score being parallel to the building. The traps were virtually at the edge of the swamp, with a group of tall old pines to the extreme left which made left quarterers very hard to get on to. Between the hotel and the gun club's quarters, some of the tents of the members of the associacion were pitched. To the right were the tents of the S. S. Powder Company and Von Lengerke & Detmold; on the left were the Standard Keystone; to the right of the score and in rear of the blackboards was the U. M. C. tent; Forest and Stream's and the E. C. Powder Company's tent being on the left.

By 1 P. M., thanks to Manager Shaner's energy, everything was ready for work. Screens had been rebuilt and the tents repitched. The water-soaked ground at the score was covered with a layer of plank to keep shooters from going out of sight. The whole was the result of one grand hustle. Although it was late in the day, a couple of extras were shot to give the boys a chance to get used to the ground. Then the first day's programme was commenced, five events being shot off before a halt was called. The scores made were, comparatively speaking, very poor, but there was an indescribable something about the place which made the targets hard to find; straights were rare, but when secured paid good money. In the unknown angle events the combination of five bluerock traps and as many mischievous little niggers fixing the angles was too much for most of those at the score. The little darkies chuckled audibly as the traps threw sharp left-quarterers into the grove of pines to the left only to be missed by the man who'd called "pull." Perhaps one of the strangest things was the frequency with which straightaways were missed; the sky line was capital, but still very many of them got away unharmed.

Van Dyke and his pumpgun, and "U. M. C." Thomas both shot well up, while of the locals, Post, Worthen and Petermann more than held their own, the latter being a very consistant shot. White was another who shot in good form, particularly on the second day.

The Palmetto Gun Club is a young organization, dating from June, 1891, with a membership of only 21, composed, however, of go-ahead individuals. The officers of the club are: L. W. Bicaise, President; Geo. A. Steck, Secretary; Geo. Swan, Treasurer; Geo. Petermann, C. A. Holle, John Wohltman, Geo. Swan and W. E. Post, directors. The present quarters of the club are only temporary; a piece of ground suitable for a club house and shooting park, situated a short distance west of Hibernian Park, is being negotiated for.

Although the entry list was a small one, the tournament was satisfactory, the entire list of programme events being gone through. The cyclone which struck Charleston with its full force on Tuesday, undoubtedly kept the attendance down. The management did all in its power to make things pleasant for the guests of the club and succeeded well in every particular, save one—the mid-day lunch, an important item. The failure in this respect was, it is understood, the result of a misunderstanding on the part of the caterer.

Below are given the scores:

First Day.

No. 1, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, $5 added, novelty rules:
White..........111111111111111—15 Worthen.........111111101111101—13
Van Dyke.......111111111111011—14 Swan...........011110110011001— 9
DuBray.........110110110111011—11 Petermann.....110001100101110— 8
Edwards.......010011001001110— 7 Wohltmann....011000100111111 - 9
Bicaise.........111011011011000— 9 Anthony........111111001101111—12
Thomas........100111101011111—11 Ellis............001110110100100— 7
Post............101111101101111—12 Heidt............111011110110111—12
Steck...........111110010111100—10

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, $5 added, novelty rules:
White..........101110011100101— 9 Post.............111001110111110—11
Bicaise.........011011110111110—11 Worthen........110110011111111—12
Thomas........110011111110111—12 Steck............101011011101101—10
Van Dyke.......111101111111111—13 Petermann......101011011001111—10
DuBray........001011011011111—10 Swan...........110011101111110—11
Heidt..........111100111101100—10 Stuart..........110101100101010— 8

No. 3, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, $5 added, unknown angles:
Thomas........111010001111111—11 Stuart..........010000000101011— 5
DuBray........110011100111101—10 Steck..........010101001110011— 8
Bicaise.........101001110101100— 8 Wohltmann....000000001101101— 5
White..........010011001110100— 7 Peterman......111111100111110—12
Van Dyke......011111111110111—13 Worthen.......011100111111111—12
Costello........100000011100110— 6 Post...........111111110101111—13
Edwards.......101011101010111—10 Swan...........111011111111110—13
Heid...........001010011011100— 7 Anthony........001011101111101—10
Ellis............111101101001010— 9

No. 4, 15 targets. entrance $1.50, $5 added, unknown angles:
Van Dyke......111110110111111—13 Steck..........010111111100101—10
Thomas........111111011111111—14 White..........110110111101111—12
DuBray........111011100101010— 9 Peterman.......100111101111011—11
Bicaise.........000100111111010— 8 Post............111111111111111—15
Worthen.......101111111111111—14 Costello........100100101000110— 6
Ellis............111111111000111—12 Swan...........011101111111111—13
Edwards.......011101011101111—11

No. 5, 15 targets, entrance $1 50, $5 added, novelty rule:
Worthen.......010011111101111—11 Post...........011111111111111—14
Van Dyke......111100111111110—12 Edwards.......011100100001110— 7
Bicaise.........011101000000110— 6 Ellis............101111101011111—12
Thomas........110110111101010—10 Petermann......101100111111011—11
Du Bray........100111111010101—10 Heidt............111001111000000— 7
Swan...........110011111101111—12 Anthony........011100111101001— 9
White..........011101111011011—11 Wohlmann......010100010100100— 5
Steck...........010011000011101— 7

Second Day.

Thursday, Oct. 11, the second day of the tournament, was another beautiful day, simply perfect for shooting. The scores made were, as a natural consequence, somewhat better. Col. Anthony was still off in his shooting, and it was not until well on in the day that he really struck his gait and began to chalk up good scores. Capt. Swan, Peterman and White shot really well when the acuteness of the angles in the unknown events are taken into consideration. Van Dyke, of course, was away up, the 18yd. mark in the novelty rule events proving no bar to good work with his Winchester. "U. M. C." Thomas did some good work, save in the closing events of the day, while Capt. DuBray gave telling object lessons in the far-reaching qualities of the Parker gun. The captain has with him on his trip a Parker gun fitted with Whitworth fluid steel barrels; with this gun, an American-made gun, equal to any specimen of the gunmaker's art turned out anywhere, Capt. DuBray did some excellent work, some of his breaks being made at phenomenal distances. Mr. C. C. Napier, the Southern representative of Messrs. Hartley & Graham, of New York city, was present during the tournament, as usual, making friends for himself and business for his house wherever he goes. Messrs. Collins and Waddell found very little trouble in talking up Dupont's smokeless, as the best shots among the locals were using that powder in an efficient manner. Scores:

No. 1, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, $5 added, novelty rule:
Anthony........110001011111011—10 Schwerin.......110101101110101—10
Thomas........111010011100010— 8 Du Bray........111111100001111—11
Worthen.......111011011101011—11 Edwards.......010101101100101— 8
Swan...........101100111111111—12 Stewart........010100111000000— 5
Peterman......111011011111110—12 White..........110100111011001— 9
Steck..........100011111111010—10 Heidt...........111110101111100 11
Post...........111111111000111—12 Van Dyke......110111110111110—12

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, novelty rule:
Anthony........010101000110110— 7 Post...........111011011010011—10
Thomas........110110011010101— 9 Van Dyke......111111101111111—14
Worthen........100101111111101—11 Du Bray........101111100101111—11
Swan...........010110110111111—11 White..........111111111001000—10
Peterman.......111111111111111—15 Schwerin.......111110001111110—11
Steck...........001100110110000— 6 Stewart........010100001000000— 3

No. 3, 15 targets, entrance $1 50, unknown angles:
Anthony........001100011111010— 8 Post...........111101111100111—12
Thomas........100101011010110— 8 Van Dyke......111101111111111—14
Worthen........111111110011111—13 Du Bray........011111111110010—11
Swan...........111101110111111—13 Edwards.......101011011110101—10
Peterman......110110111011111—12 White..........011111110111001—11
Steck...........100101111010011— 9 Heidt...........111010010101101— 9

No. 4, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1.50:
Anthony........111001011111110—11 Post...........100111111111110—12
Thomas........111111010111111—13 Van Dyke......111011111111111—14
Worthen........111111100011110—11 Edwards........010101000111000— 6
Swan...........101111111111111—14 Schwerin.......000001100000100— 3
Peterman......111111110101111—13 DuBray........111011110110001—10
Steck...........001001011111110— 9 White..........110111011110011—11

No. 5, 15 targets, novelty rule, entrance $1.50:
Anthony.......011111111001111—12 Van Dyke......101110000101111— 9
Thomas........110101101101111—11 White..........111100110111111—12
Worthen........100111111111111—13 DuBray........011100101001011— 8
Swan...........100100010011010— 6 Schwerin.......110101100010111— 9
Peterman......101100101001111— 9 Bicaise.........011111110101011—11
Steck...........011010001100111— 8 Heidt...........111110110010111—11
Post............001101111101011—10

No. 6, 15 targets, novelty rule, entrance $1.50.
Anthony........111100111110100—10 Van Dyke......110111111101101—12
Thomas........100111101111101—11 White..........110011010111111—11
Worthen........111111110110011—12 DuBray.........010111111110111—11
Swan...........101110001111111—11 Schwerin.......101110011011010— 9
Peterman......011010011010111— 9 Bicaise.........001101101010110— 8
Steck...........010111001110110— 9 Heidt...........000010010011100— 5
Post............111101001111010—10

No. 7, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, unknown angles:
Anthony........111101110001111—11 Post...........111001111111111—13
Thomas........011101001110111—10 Van Dyke......111111101111111—14
Worthen........101111100111000— 9 White..........100111111111111—13
Swan...........110111001101010— 9 DuBray........110110101101010— 9
Peterman......110011111111011—12 Edwards........001101010011010 — 7
Steck...........011000101100000— 5 Bicaise.........101101001101111—10

No. 8, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, unknown angles:
Anthony.......101110111101111—12 White..........110101101100010— 8
Thomas........111110010011011—10 DuBray........110111101011010—10
Worthen.......111100111010111—11 Edwards........001011111100001— 8
Swan...........100101110110110— 9 Costello........000100010100001— 4
Peterman......111101011011111—12 Bicaise.........011101011111101—11
Steck...........110111111111110—13 Post...........1000011110w.
Van Dyke......011111111111111—14

No. 9, 15 targets, entrance $1 50, novelty rule:
Anthony.......101111011010111—11 Van Dyke......011101101101111—11
Thomas........110100100101001— 7 White..........011110111011110—11
Worthen.......100111111011011—11 DuBray........111011100111101—11
Swan...........111111111101101—12 Bicaise.........110010011010111— 9
Peterman......111111111101101—13 Heidt...........111110100000010— 7
Steck...........111001010101110— 9 Post...........101010011111101—10

No. 10, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, unknown angles:
Anthony.......100011010001011— 7 Van Dyke......111111111111111—15
Thomas........111111111110111—14 White..........100011111111100—10
Worthen.......011111011111110—12 DuBray........101011000010010— 6
Schwerin.......111011111101101—12 Bicaise.........111100010100010— 7
Peterman......111111011111010—12 Post...........110111011111011—12
Steck...........100011110110001— 8 Costello........000100000001101— 4

At the close of the programme for the second day, the unfinished programme for the first day was taken up and shot off. The scores made in these five events and in an extra, which brought the tournament to a close, are given below in a tabulated form. Each event was at 15 targets with a uniform entrance fee of $1.50.

	Novelty rule.	Unknown angles.	Unknown angles.	Novelty rule.	Unknown angles	Unknown angles extra.
Anthony	15	11	12	12	13	14
Post	13	8	10	11	7	11
Swan	9	13	12	13	14	14
Petermann	14	13	13	13	13	12
Du Bray	13	14	10	14	12	6
Worthen	10	12	8	10	13	10
Ellis	11	7	10	11	8	..
Thomas	9	12	9	10	7	11
White	10	11	13	12	14	15
Steck	11	6	6	11	13	13
Heidt	10	..	10	..	9	..
Bicaise	13	..	9	10	12	12
Van Dyke	15	11	11	11	15	13
Edwards	..	6	8	..	..	..
Stewart	..	..	..	..	..	..
Costello	..	3	4	..	5	..
Napier	..	..	..	..	6	7

Edward Banks.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

The following scores were made at the monthly live bird shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club at Rutherford, N. J., on Oct. 10:

No 1, 7 live birds, 30yds rise, 50yds. boundary:
Paul....................1112122—7 Huck....................1120112—6
James..................1211122 -7

Match at 25 live birds:
P Jones..........2012020220022020212212022—17
Paul..............2202020112120220111022101—18

Little Rock Shooting Association.

Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 11.—The fall tournament held by the Little Rock Shooting Association, Wednesday, Oct. 10, was a most successful one in every respect. The weather was fine, one of those beautiful Indian summer days that we have at this season of the year. The air was cool and bracing, making it a most delightful day for trapshooting. The visiting shooters were: J. E. Green, Nashville, Tenn.; Frank P. Poston, T. A. Divine and Irby Bennett, of Memphis, Tenn.; G. W. Hughes, A. R. Smith, Charles N. Rix and J. J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs, Ark. The grounds are very accessible; being located just across the river in North Little Rock and easily reached by boat, they are very suitable for the purposes to which they are put, having a sky background. The shooting was very good, and a glance at the score will show that the pace set by some of the shooters was a pretty hot one, and to be in it at all one had to shoot at an 80% gait. Dave Alexander made the best average, 89⅔%, winning 100 Winchester loaded shells. John M Pemberton was second with 86½%, winning 75 Victor loaded shells. John W. Dickinson was third with 86⅓%, winning 100 Peters quick shot shells. T A. Divine made the longest run of consecutive breaks, scoring 45 straight. Sumpter did not shoot up to his usual form, being badly handicapped by not having his own gun. He shot about six different guns during the day, but he said, "Just watch me when that Smith ejector arrives!"

Everything passed off smoothly, not a single kick being made during the day. When the shoot was finished everybody voted that they had had a good time and would come again in the future. Empire targets and expert traps were used and worked well, not causing any delay or interruption during the shoot. American Shooting Association rules governed. Four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10%. All events were known traps, unknown angles, except event No. 8; this event was shot handicap rise, one man up, unknown traps and unknown angles, use of both barrels.

Appended are the scores in detail:

No. 1, 15 targets, unknown angles, entry $1:
Poston.........111110111011111—13 Pemberton.....111110101111111—13
Devine..........101111110100101—10 Hughes.........111111110111111—14
Bennett........101111111101111—13 Rix............111011111111111 -14
Greene.........111111110111110—13 Sumpter........111110100101111—11
Dickinson......001100001101010— 6 D Alexander...111101101011111—12
Duley...........111111111111111—15 Irwin..........011111111111101 —13
Smith..........110100110100111— 9 C Alexander....010001110010101— 7
W Schaer.......011100101111111—11

No. 2, 15 targets, unknown angles, entry $1:
Poston.........111001110011101—10 Pemberton.....111111111111111 - 15
Divine..........111111100111001—11 Hughes.........110011111111111 -13
Bennett........101101110111010—10 Rix............111111111111111-15
Greene.........101111011111111—13 W Schaer.......111101111111111—14
Dickinson......111111111011111—14 D Alexander....111101111011111—13
Duley...........111110111101111—13 Irwin..........101111011110111—12
Sumpter........111001111101001—10 C Alexander...011100000011111— 8
Smith..........011111011111111—13

No. 3, 20 targets, unknown angles, entry $1.50:
Poston....11101111111111111110—18 Smith.....11111111100110111010—15
Divine.....10111111011011111111—17 Pemberton10111101100100101111—13
Bennett....11100111111111111111—18 Hughes....10101001011110010111- 12
Greene....10011001111111101011—14 Rix......11111111110110111110—17
Dickinson..11111110111111111111—20 Irwin......11111111001111100100-14
Duley.....10111100111101101110—14 Alexander 11111011111111111111—19
Sumpter...10001111111111110111—15

No. 4, 15 targets, unknown angles:
Poston.........111111111101011—13 Pemberton......110111111111110 - 13
Divine..........011111011011111- 12 Hughes.........111111101111111—14
Bennett........100110000010011— 6 Rix............111111111110111 -14
Greene.........101101001111011—10 D Alexander...111101111111101—13
Dickinson......110111110111111—13 Schaer.........111111111110110—13
Duley..........111111111011101—13 Irwin..........101111111101110—12
Sumpter........111111111010011—12 C Alexander....111010111101011—11
Smith..........100000111001110— 7 Woodson.......101111011101101—11

No. 5, prize shoot, 25 targets, entrance 75 cents, unknown angles:
Poston..........................1111111011101110101111110 -20
Divine..........................1111111111111 111111111111—25
Bennett.........................1110001111011011011011110—17
Greene..........................1000100111011111011110111—17
Dickinson.......................1101101111111111110011111—20
Duley...........................1111100110111101111111101—20
Sumpter.........................1110100110111111111110101—19
Smith...........................0011011101110011110101111—17
Irwin...........................1101111111101111111111011—22
Hughes..........................1111011110101 1011011111—19
Rix.............................1111111111111110010111100- 20
Woodson.........................1111111110111111101011111—22
Pemberton.......................1110110101111111111111111—22
D Alexander.....................1111111111010010110111111—20
W Shaer.........................1011101110111111111111111—22
C Alexander.....................1101011111111111111110101—21
Hobbs...........................1011111101011111111111111—22
Litzke..........................1011001011101001001110000—12
Baise...........................0010111110111111001011010—16

No. 6, 15 targets, unknown angles, entry $1:
Poston.........111010111111001—11 Woodson.......010001111111110—10
Divine..........111111111111110—14 Pemberton.....111100111110111—12
Bennett........111101101111101—12 D Alexander....111111101111111—14
Greene.........101101010110010— 8 Schaer.........110111101101111—12
Dickinson......111011111111011—13 Sumpter........111110101111110—12
Duley...........101111101111111—13 C Alexander....111110111011111—13

No. 7, 20 targets, unknown angles, entry $1.50:
Poston....10110100100011110101—11 Dickinson 01111001111111101111—16
Divine.....11101111010111111101—16 C Alex'nd'r11011111111111111111 -19
Bennett....10110011110110010101—12 Sumpter...01110111111001101111—15
Greene....01111000101001111010—11 Pemberton00111111111111111111—19
Woodson..01101111111010111111 - 16 DAlex'nd'r11111111111111111111—20
Duley.....11101110100111001111—14 Baise......1011 0111111011101001—15

No. 8, 25 targets, expert system, handicap rise, use of both barrels, entrance 75 cents:
Poston (21yds.).................1011101111111011211111112 - 22
Divine (21)....................1011110010021110102000100—13
Bennett (16)...................1101112011012000001020001—13
Greene (18)....................1020211011102000221120001—14
Dickinson (21).................1122111111121210111111122—24
Duley (16).....................1221011011121111110120111—21
Sumpter (21)...................1101010111111201121101101—19
Pemberton (21).................2010111112221202111111221—22
W Schaer (21)..................1010121211200210101102200—17
D Alexander (21)...............0011111210111211100111112—20
Baise (18).....................0202202012111111000102022—16
Rix (21).......................1000110111101110201102110—16
Hughes (21)....................1111011011112111111110200—20
C Alexander (16)...............1010201001110101220021221—16
Smith (18).....................1211120111111111011111101—22
C Schaer (16)..................0111001121110111110201011—18
Irwin (21).....................0111012220111111021111121—21
Hobbs (18).....................0201111111121122010101010—18
Litzke (21)....................0001000120110000110100011—10

No. 9, 15 targets, unknown angles, entry $1:
Poston.........110111111111110—13 Hughes.........111110111111111—14
Divine..........111011101110110—12 Smith..........001001101100111 - 8
Bennett........101001000101111— 8 Rix............111101110110111—12
Greene.........101011101011111—11 D Alexander....111111111111111—15
Dickinson......111010111111111—12 Baise..........011111111101110 - 12
Duley...........111111111111110—14 C Schaer.......001110101001011— 8
Irwin..........100101111111110—11 C Alexander....111101111111111—13
Sumpter........101111111111111—14 Woodson.......111111101101111—13
Pemberton......111011111111011—13 Premier........111111111100010—11

No. 10, 20 targets, unknown angles, entry $1 50:
Poston.....11111111111111101111—19 Premier...11110011111011111111—17
Divine.....00001101100110011111—11 Irwin......11111101111111111111—19
Bennett....11100101011101110011—13 Smith.....11110111101111111101—17
Greene....11111100000100111110—12 Rix........11110111111111111001—17
Dickinson.10111111111011101111—17 Hughes.. .11111111111101111111—19
Pemberton11111111110111111101—18 C Schaer...11011111011111111111—17
Woodson..11101111110111111111—18 DAlex'nd'r11111110110111111111—18
Baise......1111111110 01001011 —15 Carlton... 10111000001000000010 — 6
Sumpter...11101110110111111110—16

Extra No. 1, 10 targets, jack rabbit system, entry 70 cents: Poston 8, Divine 8 Bennett 6, Greene 6, Duley 6, Sumpter 5, Schaer 7, Pemberton 9, Hughes 8, Smith 7, Rix 8, Dickinson 6.

Extra No. 2, 15 targets, unknown angles, entry $1: Woodson 10, Poston 13, Premier 10, Irwin 15, Pemberton 10, Dickinson 13, Bennett 11, Sumpter 12, Smith 13, Divine 10, Rix 14, C. Schaer 8, D. Alexander 14, Hughes 14, Carlton 4.

Extra No. 3, 15 targets, unknown angles, entry $1: Woodson 14, Poston 9, Premier 11, Carlton 4, Sumpter 9, Alexander 13.

Paul R. Litzke.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

There has just come from the Forest and Stream press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Pigeon Shooting Under Difficulties.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 13.—There is a sharp rivalry existing between the pigeon shooters of Albany and Saratoga, and this has found frequent vent in individual and team matches, wherein the shooters of Sturgeondom have been pitted against the experts of the Spa. The honors have been about equally divided as regards the winnings, and these events have for the most part received detailed descriptions in FOREST AND STREAM. The latest bout was an individual match at live birds between A. C. Stone, of Albany and Mr. Wm M. Smyth, of Saratoga, 35 live birds per man, $25 a side, the loser to pay for the birds.

The Albany shooters have at various times received disastrous defeat at the hands of the Saratogans, and as it was claimed that the latter had an advantage in shooting on their own grounds, where the matches have hitherto all been shot, it was agreed that this last match should be shot on neutral territory. A nice, unobstructed meadow on the estate of John T. Betts, of Brunswick (a suburb of Troy), was selected for the struggle. The day designated was Saturday, Oct. 13, and the afternoon found the Albany correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM standing in the shelter of a wagon shed with Billy Wadsworth, a fellow-townsman, "Uncle Sammy" Goggin and a couple more Trojans (whose names he cannot now recall), and "Boss" Betts, watching the rain beating upon the orchard trees and the sodden grass with a persistency that was distressing to those contemplating a forced exposure to the storm.

Pretty soon Warren T. Lord, a neighbor of Betts,' drove up with several coops of pigeons, and a long carryall arrived a little later bringing Smythe, Livingston and Gibbs of Saratoga; Robinson of Troy; Greer of Albany, and Clement of Cincinnati, O. All hands then repaired to the shooting ground, which proved to be a wide plateau upon the summit of a "heaven-kissing" hill. Here they were joined by Stone and his inseparable friend, Lanman of Albany.

Wow! how the chilling southwest wind did blow through the many tinted whiskers, and how the driving rain did buffet us upon this unsheltered and exposed table land. None of the human species but a party of shooters and their allies would have stood out to shoot birds in such a storm. There was a noticeable absence of that hilarity which usually prevails at a shooting match; it was rather with saddened visages that the principals and their friends, enveloped in overcoats, mackintoshes and rubber armor, watched with half-closed eyes the flight of the birds, the effect of the shots, and soberly commented upon the varying phases of the shooting. A word about those birds. They were a fine lot, running almost entirely in dark colors. When they took wing quickly, as the great majority did, and dashed away, down wind, they could just beat a snipe in that kind of skating.

The match was a 35-bird race, and proved to be a close and interesting contest up to the 20th round, when the score stood 18 to 17 in favor of the Albanian; but in the next ten the Saratogan took an awful tumble, losing five birds, and with the loss of another in the next five his total showed only 26 killed out of 35 shot at. In the meantime Stone had been hitting hard for keeps, killing his birds cleanly, missing his 3d and 26th birds, and losing his 18th, 21st and 27th dead out of bounds. The boundary, by the way, marked a very limited area, for it was a 30-yard circle, struck from the center trap and bisecting a dead line that was drawn 3ft. *in front* of the firing point. The rise was 30yds., but otherwise American Shooting Association rules governed the match. Stone had things pretty easy after the 20th round, and won the match handily, as will be seen by the appended score:

Stone............................2101111111111111•21•11110•11111111—30
Smtyhe..........................1122212•1•2211211201110101000111201—26

A large number of pigeons was left over, and notwithstanding that the wind continued to blow and the rain kept up an unmerciful pelting, a sweep was called for and immediately received seven entries. The conditions were 10 birds per man, $10 entry, the purse divided 45, 35 and 20 per cent. The score tells the names of the winners:

Smythe	1222111111—10	Levengston	1001011202— 6
Lord	1111212110— 9	Jack	112101••0•— 5
Stone	1220•12211 – 8	Wadsworth	2•00•01010— 3
Betts	1101211202— 6		

The undaunted shooters were not yet ready to "holler enuff," and a 7-bird sweep was entered upon with $10 entry, the purse divided as before. Score:

Smythe	0111111—6	Wadsworth	2110210—5
Lord	1112110—6	Levengston	01•11•2—4
Stone	1111100—5	Jack	•101101—4

The victorious Albanian, Stone, flushed with success, will now endeavor to do up another Saratogan, Mr. Will A. Pike, at the same grounds, on Saturday next, Oct. 20. HORACE B. DERBY.

Emerald Gun Club's Tournament.

THE three days' tournament of the Emerald Gun Club of New York is drawing near, the dates being Oct. 22, 23 and 24, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. Details of the programme were given in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 6. The first two days are devoted to targets, a varied list of events being scheduled for each day. Oct. 24 is live bird day, the *pièce de résistance* being the Empire City handicap at 25 live birds, boundary (approximate) 80yds., handicaps ranging from 26 to 33yds. The handicapping committee is composed as follows: Messrs. Jacob Pentz, Milt. Lindsley, F. Walters, L. H. Schortemeier and "Tee Kay."

The programme, which has been issued in book form, and copies of which may be obtained from Dr. G. V. Hudson, 9 Madison street, New York, contains the following "Short Synopsis of the Emerald Gun Club and Its Members:"

"On the 15th day of March, 1882, somewhat over twelve years ago, our gun club had its birth. Of the charter members there remain at present only three, our president, Mr. Richard Regan, our efficient recording secretary, Dr. G. V. Hudson, and the Hon. J. J. Ryan, who is still a high private. A successful career of over twelve years, without a break or interjection in its prosperity, shows conclusively that the club is managed on strict business principles, at merely a nominal cost for the pleasures of a membership. The initiation fee is $5; the dues $1.50 per month, the year around, whether a member attends a shoot or not. Thus the total cost a year is $18, 'play or pay.'

"At the monthly meetings a report of the club's finances being read by the treasurer, it is decided by vote of members present to hold a contest or not, as the balance in the treasury may justify. The income of the club allows from 9 to 11 shoots per year. Thus, from a memorandum kept by a member during the year, from March, '92, to March '93, reads: 'Number of shoots, 11; number of birds shot at by me, 110; number of dead birds taken home by me, 84, or 7 dozen, 60 cents per pair. Cost to club for birds shot at, $33; cost to me, $18; value of birds taken home, 7 dozen at $1.50, $10.50. Net cost of pleasure in shooting at 110 birds, $7.50! with a chance for a prize at that!' Point handicap and a handicap rises govern all contests and protect the beginner and ordinary marksman, thus the first prize last year was won by a class B man, second by a class C member, third by a man from class A, fourth and fifth by class A1, sixth by class B, and seventh and eighth by class A members. The number of birds shot at in club shoots exclusively, from the time of the organization of the club to the present time is 27,566, representing an original value of between $8,000 and $9,000. Many sweepstakes were shot besides, of which no record was kept.

"The club membership is limited to 50. There are now 46 on the rolls. At one time the membership was limited to 35, but applications were forced to remain on file for an indefinite period, that the membership was extended to 40, then 45, then 50, at which figure it remains. Though not much disposed in entering competitions, the Emerald Gun Club and its members have participated in many events of larger importance. Being a member of the New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, in both summer and winter conventions, the club has been represented at the State shoots in latter years. In June, 1891, Mr. William J. Simpson, a representative of the club, at the State shoot at Rome, N. Y., won the Lefever diamond medal by a straight score of 20 singles and 5 pairs of targets, a record never equaled before or since. In the contest for the Dean Richmond trophy, the most valuable prize ever shot for in the United States, the Emerald team divided second with the famous Fountain Gun Club of Kings. The team was composed of Messrs. Hathaway, Simpson and Schortemeier, and though behind at the beginning of the contest, Simpson missing but one bird and Schortemeier killing straight, one-half of the second prize was accorded to the Emeralds.

"In the next year's competition at Syracuse, in 1892, the second prize again came the way of our club, Dr. J. G. Knowlton, W. J. Simpson and L. H. Schortemeier forming the team, the first-named leading off with 13 out of 15, and one dead out of bounds, the last-named with 14 of his quota; the other scored lost, as Knowlton's was, and the "anchor," Mr. W. J. Simpson, one of the most reliable team men extant, killing straight. The same week the Emerald Gun Club team captured the championship of New York State in a team race at targets, 4-man team, 20 birds per man, with a score of 76 out of 80. Another record under the conditions of 5 unknown traps, individual scores, were as follows: Moore 20, Richmond 17, Schortemeier 19, and "Reliable Bill" Simpson 20—straight again. At the New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, held at Rochester in June, 1893, the club was unrepresented by a team—but Messrs. Grieff and Schortemeier of the club, and Mr. Richmond, an ex-member, shot as the N. Y. County Gun Club team and won the muchly coveted Dean Richmond trophy and 60 per cent. of the entrance money. On Oct. 1, 1890, under the able captaincy of Col. J. H. Voss, the club won the Dexter Park championship in an exciting and close contest. This magnificent silver trophy, representing the championship of that year, may now be seen at the residence of Dr. G. V. Hudson. Nine other gun clubs sent teams of 10 men each—10 birds per man—to contest for it, and the total kills were as follows: Emerald 86, Unknown 85, Jeannette 81, Parkway 80, Northside 77, Glenmore 71, German 65, Crescent 64, Algonquin 64, and Acme 61. The individual scores were Gehring 10, Leddy 10, Remsen 10, Dr. Hudson 9, Dr. Leveredge 8, Hathaway 8, Butz 8, J. Maesel 8, Nowak 8 and Voss 7. The last named shot at his birds in the dim twilight and did well to get what he did. The Unknown Gun Club took the second prize with a total of 85. This day was a notable one in the annals of pigeon shooting. Billy Mills officiated then, as he will again at the Empire City handicap. In the autumn of the next year, 1891, in team shooting for a cup, the positions of the two teams was reversed. The Unknown Gun Club leading with the winning score af the previous year, 86, the Emeralds taking second prize with 85 and six other teams trailing. The make-up of the club teams was similar with the exception of the substitution of Messrs. Simpson and Schortemeier for two others of the former team who had resigned from the club. And now greeting to all visiting sportsmen. May you all have a good time and take your shares of the moneys, and greeting to the members of the N. Y. S. S. A., and if you consider our tournament a success, we ask for your support at the Saratoga convention of 1895, for the convention of 1896, as you will doubtlessly concede that it should take place in our vicinity after an interval of fifteen years."

Elliott Defeats Carver.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 13.—The third series of shooting matches between Dr. W. F. Carver and J. A. R. Elliott closed to-night and Elliott again demonstrated his superiority over Carver by winning two out of the three 100 bird races shot at Exposition Park this week. Elliott lost the first day's match by a score of 94 to 92, after a wrangle as to who should supply the birds. The Carver contingent having brought from St. Louis 300 birds and "Jack" Winston to do the judging for Carver. The St Louis birds were used but they failed to win the series for Carver, and Elliott again cracked all records of the 50yd. boundary by killing 100 straight on Friday and 99 out of 100 to-day, a record that he may truly be proud of. The race on Friday was a grand one and it is unlikely that its like will ever be seen again, Elliott winning on a staight score by the narrow margin of one bird, Carver only losing one bird out of the 100 and that fell dead against the fence. The birds were a good average lot, not over ten being flagged during the afternoon. The last bird according to Dr. Carver cost him £1,000, as the manufacturers of the Cashmore gun which he used have made him a standing offer of that amount if he should kill 100 straight in a match.

It was certainly hard luck for Carver, who showed his pique by challenging Elliott's shells at the 96th round; but it availed nothing, as there was only an ounce and a quarter of shot in them as weighed on a druggist's scales. James A. Bolen was selected as referee by Judges J. L. Winston and George Stockwell.

Elliott won the last race easily, Carver shooting recklessly after he saw that he could not win. There was a good deal of bitterness shown in this last series of matches, and the local sportsmen were sorry to see it. The birds on the opening day were very uneven, and a close watch on the birds showed that the Kansas City birds were at least 25 per cent. stronger flyers than the St Louis "drivers," brought here by Fred Trescher. The birds on Friday were a good average lot, the first 100 being strong, hard flyers and quick to wing; but as the evening advanced they were slower to fly, but the light was equally poor. To-day the birds averaged only fair. Both men made some brilliant kills every day, and especially on Friday, when the excitement was intense. Elliott used a 7lbs. Greener, and Winchester shells loaded with 3½drs E. C. powder and No. 7 shot. Carver shot a 7½lbs. Cashmore and Winchester shells loaded with 3½drs. wood powder and No. 7 shot.

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Oct. 11:

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Carver and Collenberger.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Oct. 9.—A match between Dr. W. F. Carver of world renown, and Moses Colenberger of this city took place here this afternoon at the Fair grounds. The conditions of the match were 100 live birds per man, American Association rules, for $100 a side and the gate money, the winner to take all, the loser to pay all expenses.

When the time announced for the match arrived, a large crowd of enthusiastic spectators had assembled on the grounds. Among the sportsmen present I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. George H. Admos, Jack Winston and D. De Wolf of St. Louis. The latter gentleman was Billy Crosby's backer against Dr. Carver in their recent matches at St. Louis. I also met a gentleman from Kansas City, Mo., but have forgotten his name, who has great faith in the Doctor's ability to defeat Jim Elliott in their coming matches.

Dr. Carver shot a Birmingham made gun No. 12, 7½lbs. ejector, using wood powder. Collenberger used his old reliable 10-bore lifter action, 9½lbs. Parker, using E. C. powder.

This might be called a heavy-weight match, as the combined weight of the two shooters is 435lbs.

Dr. Carver made many friends here among our shooters by his affability and gentlemanly deportment. The betting was light, as the majority thought Mr. Collenberger was outclassed. Nothing could have been more harmonious, as the best of feeling prevailed throughout. The birds were an extra lot of good, swift, strong flyers:

Carver..........................1202222211111122111112221—24
2121211220221222112121221—24
1101111122111011221120222—22
0112122122011121221222221—23—93
Collenberger...................2611022000201110202121011—16
1021222021101111021102222—20
2111111212220222221121211—24
2201111122210111112111111—23—83

L. S. HANSELL.

Shooting at Weir City, Kansas.

WEIR CITY, Oct. 8.—Below are given the scores made in a team shoot by members of the Business Men's Club on their grounds last week. McIlhany and Calhoun "chose up," the conditions of the match being losers to pay for the targets, and to furnish a supper for the winning team. Calhoun's team was short-handed on the day of the match, Kirk and Grant, two of the team, being absent from town. Mr. A. H. Piety of Topeka was here on business, and he was taken to fill the vacancy, his score counting for both the absent shooters. This was a little hard on Calhoun's side probably, but the victory was so decisive that no question of equity was raised. Score:

McIlhany.............................1111101111111111111111111—24
Doan.....................................1011110111001111011111111—20
Abbott...................................1101001111111010110010100—15
King......................................0100110111011010111111110—17
Hlsted...................................0001101101111111111110110—18
Beadle...................................1110010100101011110001000—12
Babb.....................................0000011101011000111011010—12—118
Calhoun.................................1011101111010111110111101—19
Piety......................................1011111111111111111101100—21
Morrison................................0011000110100000011001101—10
McKim..................................0011111101000100100001101—12
Franks..................................1000110010010111101010101—13
Holmes.................................1011001110111101110111111—19— 94

MAMALUKE.

Live Birds at Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Oct. 11.—The following are some of the scores made this month at John Watson's Park:

Oct. 1.—Match, J. J. Smith and R. Robbin, 50 live birds per man, loser to pay for the birds:

J J Smith.........11211211111122211101010121212102011101121111212011—43
R Robbin..........10222111201111112121011211110122201110022210121111—42

Oct. 3.—Chicago Shooting Club, medal shoot, 15 live birds per man:

*Dr Lenow	012101102000102— 9	R B Wadsworth	121002212212222—13
Ed Bingham	022222202222222—13	J Watson	121220002022220—10

*Not a member.

Oct. 6.—Lake County Gun Club, medal shoot, 10 live birds per man:

Col W S Bond	0022110021—6	H Koehler	1000111001—5
L W Flershem	0000000001—1	N Ford	1111111010—8

Oct. 10.—South Chicago Gun Club, medal shoot, 20 live birds per man:

L Willard	00111010211121221222—16	F Willard	00112011001212111210—14
P Miller	11112102212112211201—18	R Reeves	00211002202112212110—14

Thirty empire targets for club medal:

L C Willard.........................000101011111111111111101111111—24
P Miller................................001000111111101110111111111111—23
A W Reeves..........................101101111001101101110101100110—19
F E Willard..........................010111000000011001010110001000—11

RAVELRIGG.

Team Shoots in New England.

A recent issue of the Worcester, *Spy*. is responsible for the following: "A. W. Walls of the Worcester Sportsman's Club has made arrangements with the Wellington Gun Club of Boston for a series of team races between the two clubs. The shoots will be held monthly, and three will be held in each place. The first one in the series will take place at the Wellington Club's grounds on Wednesday, Oct. 31.

"One of the conditions of the shoot is that each club shall name ten men from which five men shall be chosen to represent the club It is not necessary, however, that the same five men shall compete in each shoot. Each man in each race will shoot at fifty birds, twenty-five Keystone system and twenty-five Keystone reversed system. Each Club will contribute $25 and the winner of the series will take the purse.

"The following men have been debarred from contesting in the match: Wheeler and Eager of Marlboro, Le Roy of Brockton, "Climax" and Rule of Lowell. These men are members of the Wellington Club, but as they do not reside in Boston, or immediate vicinity, the contesting clubs have agreed to debar them from participating in the shoots. The men named for the Worcester team are: Smith, Gilman, Davis, A. W. Walls, Mascroft, Hoyle, R. C. Walls, Kinney and Kenerson. The Wellington team will be made up from the following men: Dickey, W. W. Bennett, F. E. Bennett, Sanborn, Sawyer, Herbert, Stanton, Wadsworth, Paine and Adams."

Shooting at Dexter Park.

OCT. 9.—The North Side Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon. Edgar Barlow won the club shoot with a straight score of 7, several others being close after him. Scores:

Club handicap, 7 live birds, modified Hurlingham rules: Edgar Barlow (28) 7, Henry Meyer, John Jennings, C. N. Manning and John Menke (28) 6, Henry Wahlen (30) 5, John Tiernan and George Sims (28) 4, Louis Helmker (28) 3, John Brown (27) 2.

Miss and outs were then shot. The first, with seven entries, was won by John Jennings with a straight score of 4. The second, with six entries, was also won by Jennings, who killed 8 straight.

Oct. 10—The Parkway Rod and Gun Club held its shoot for the diamond badge this afternoon. The birds were good flyers and were helped by the strong wind which blew across the traps. Mr. James Bennett again won the diamond badge on the shoot off by killing 4 straight. Scores:

Club handicap, 7 live birds, modified Hurlingham rules, for the diamond badge: Class A—James Bennett (28), Lee Helgans (28), Anthony Botty (30) and T. T. Edgerton (28) 7, Henry Bramwell (28) 5. Class B—Thomas Short and David S. Van Wicklen (25) 7, Joseph Wooley (25) 4. Class C—Henry J. Selover (23) 4.

Climax Gun Club's Handicap.

THE regular club handicap of the Climax Gun Club was shot off at Plainfield, N. J., on Oct 10. Twelve members took part in the shoot, W. Terry, with a handicap of 5 targets, coming out on top with a score of 25 out of 30; Brantingham, scratch, and Campbell, 3 targets, were close up with 24 each, Brantingham missing his twenty-fourth target. Score:

Regular club handicap, 25 empire targets and allowances:

Smith	1111111011011111101111111	—22
Brantingham	1111111111111111111111101	—24
W Terry (5)	101111111100111111110111111110	—25
Stephenson (10)	00110110101001100010000101011000011	—15
Campbell (3)	1111100111111111111110011111111	—24
Manning (4)	10110000010111111111111101011	—20
Goodman (5)	111011001011111111100110010110	—20
Scott (3)	1111111111!0101111011011011	—23
Swody (10)	01101010110110010011110001111101111	—22
Zeglio (8)	111110110101010101110111001001011 1	—22
D Terry (2)	101011010011100111111001111	—18
P Jay (4)	11111101000110101011111100001	—18

Paterson Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., Oct. 9.—The following scores were made at Willard Park on Oct. 2 by the members of the Paterson Gun Club, the main event being the 10 live birds shoot for the club's medals. Scores:

Club medal shoot, 10 live birds, 50yds. boundary, modified Hurlingham rules:

Morgan	1112111112—10	Wright	2211220101— 8
Hopper	1112221201— 9	Morfey	0112200120— 6
R Boyle	1202112111— 9		

Miss and outs:

Morfey	120 —2	2212221212 —10	Morgan	1111—4 110—2
Wright*	1221—4	0122122120 — 8	Boyle	220—2
Hopper*	2110—3	02121222120— 9	A Bumm	220—2

*Wright and Hopper re-entered in second sweepstake after missing their first birds. DUTCHER.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

BOUNTY.—The Queens county (N. Y.) Supervisors pay a bounty of $5 on foxes and $2.50 on fox cubs.

E. J. R., New Rochelle.—Probably the bear story was a fiction. Ruffed grouse are common in your locality.

N. H., Sistersville, W. Va.—There is no bounty on English sparrows in New York State. You may obtain on application to the Agricultural Department, Washington, a report on the English sparrow in America, giving particulars of bounties offered by the several States. The bird is generally exempted from protection.

S., Newburgh, N. Y.—Will a 40-inch, 20-gauge muzzleloading shotgun kill a bird any further than a 30-inch full choke breechloader, same bore? ANS. A 30-inch full choke breechloader will kill further than a 40 inch cylinder gun of the same bore. The additional length of barrel is not nearly so great an advantage as the closer pattern secured by the chokebore.

It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where WE get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

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Length and weight of the Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft. 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. Reel seats below hand.

Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz., 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.

No. H—A special lot of Hard Rubber and Nickel, Raised Pillar, Multiplying Reels with Balance Handle and Side Spring Click, 40yds., 68 cts.; 60yds., 78 cts.; 80yds., 88 cts.; 100yds., 98 cts. Any of the above reels sent by mail for price and 10 cts. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot Hard Rubber and Nickel Raised Pillar Click Reels, 40yds., 38cts., 60yds., 48cts. Sent by mail 5cts. extra for postage.

No. C—Nickel-Plated, Raised Pillar Multiplying Reels, with click and drag and screen oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c.; 80yds., 78c.; 100yds., 88c.; 150yds., 98c. 10c. extra for postage.

Single Gut Leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz.; 3yds., 60c. doz. Double Gut Leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. doz. Hand Twisted Gut Leaders, 10c. each, 90c. doz.

A special lot of Trout Flies at 25 cents per dozen assorted, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.

A special lot of Bass and Pickerel Spoons at 5 cents each sent by mail, 1 cent extra for postage.

All kinds of Hollow Point best quality Hooks snelled to single gut 10 cts. doz.; double gut, 15cts. doz.; treble, 20 cts. doz.; four ply, 25 cts. doz. 1 cent extra per dozen for postage.

300ft. Braided Linen Reel Line on Block, 41 cts.; 300ft. of Hand-Made Linen Reel Lines on Block, 9 thread, 38 cts., sent by mail 3 cts. extra for postage.

Brass Box Swivels, all sizes No. 1 to No. 12., 15 cts. per dozen, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.

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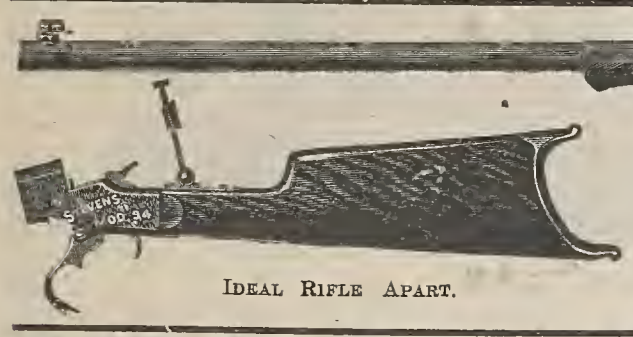

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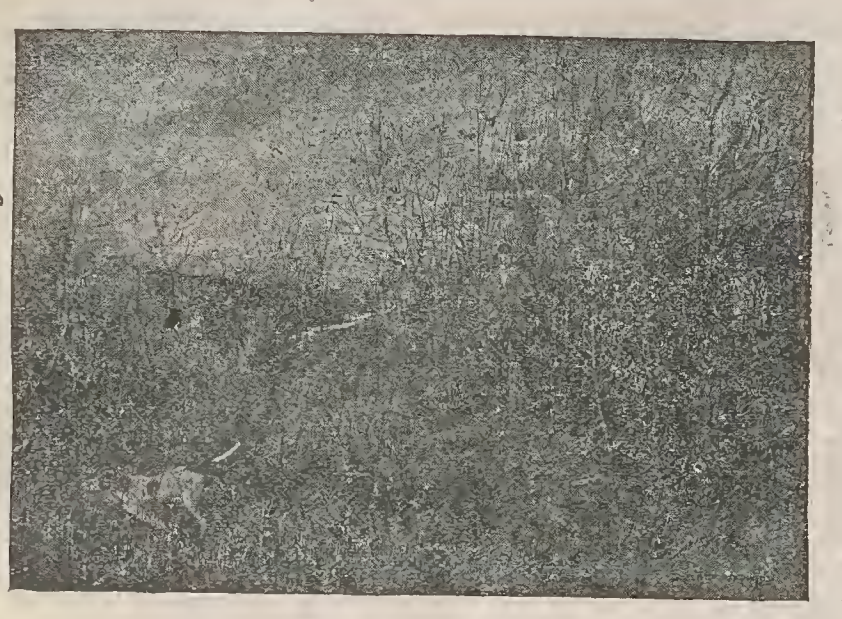

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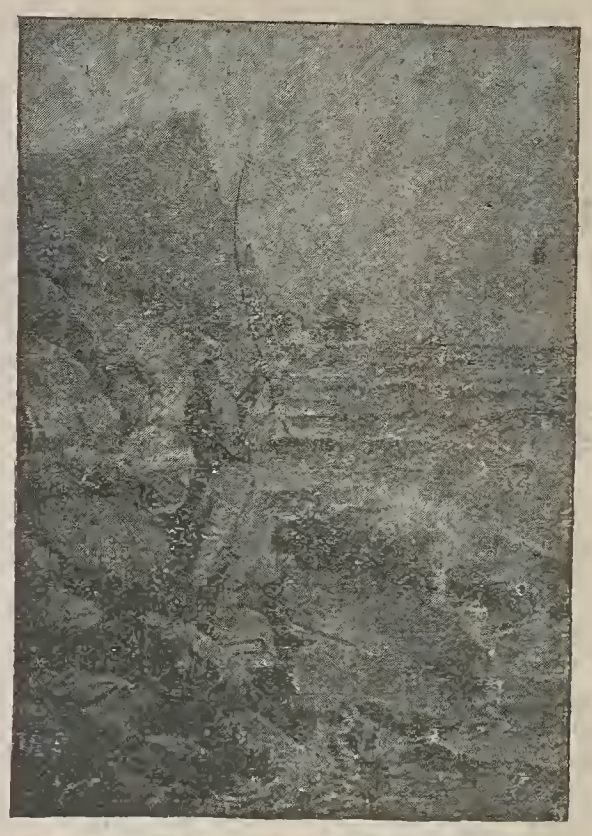

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VOL. XLIII.—No. 17 No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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WOLVES IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

THAT is an interesting story which Mrs. P. B. Brandreth sends us of the capture of a wolf in the North Woods so recently as in November last. It is all the more worthy of record because it supplements a chapter of Adirondack wild life which has practically been closed for years.

In his report of the Adirondack survey of 1873-74, Verplanck Colvin speaks of some wolf trappers that he came upon near Lost Pond, just across the divide from the headwaters of Bog River. In a later report published in 1879, he mentions the track of a large wolf seen near the Eighth Lake of the Fulton Chain. These points are less than twenty-five miles apart as the crows flies, and Brandreth Lake, where Cary's wolf was killed last November, lies midway between.

This country in the vicinity of Brandreth Lake is one of the last strongholds of the wolf in the Eastern States, certainly the last in New York State, and it is interesting to note that probably a small remnant of the once proud race still lingers in this locality. Years ago the wolves had things pretty much their own way all through the Adirondacks. The first settlers could not keep sheep nor cattle, on account of their depredations, and the limit to their numbers seems to have been dependent on the deer supply. Deer were their natural prey, and when the wolves were plenty the deer were scarce and hard to find. The deer were filled with wild terror by the presence of wolves and were frequently driven out among the settlements, seeking in the proximity of man to secure safety from their more dreaded enemy.

Old hunters relate how marauding bands of wolves would drive the deer entirely out of a section of country where they were ordinarily numerous, and how when tracking in snow they would find all the deer tracks leading in one direction, showing that the entire deer population was leaving the country. De Kay writing in 1841, of "St. Lawrence and the adjacent counties" where wolves were then most numerous, says: "We have been assured by intelligent hunters that their ravages among deer are so great that they destroy five to one killed by man. * * * Toward spring there is scarcely a lake in the north of the State that has not numerous carcasses of deer on its frozen surface."

In 1869 wolves had practically been exterminated in the eastern Adirondacks, but W. C. Watson in his "History of Essex County," published that year, stated that solitary individuals still existed. In the western Adirondacks, particularly in the southern part of St. Lawrence county and northern part of Hamilton, they were still quite common. In his monograph on the mammals of the Adirondacks, Dr. C. Hart Merriam relates that in September, 1870, he saw a pack of wolves drive a deer into the head of Seventh Lake, Fulton Chain. In 1871, however, the State put a liberal bounty on wolf scalps, and immediately there was a rapid decrease in their number. Dr. Merriam intimates that the wolves were frightened out of the country, and migrated into Lower Canada, through Clinton county and across the Richelieu River; but this seems hardly possible in view of the amount of settled country through which they would have been obliged to pass. On the other hand, it is hard to believe that they were killed off, for since 1871 the bounty has been claimed on two or three score wolves, of which fourteen full grown and one pup were taken by one man, George Muir, of Fine, in St. Lawrence county. Wolves in the Adirondacks are now even a greater rarity than panthers, and we know of no record of one having been killed during the last decade, except this one caught at Brandreth Lake last November.

NEW JERSEY JUDGES.

ON Monday of this week, Game Warden Charles A. Shriner, of Paterson, N. J., swore out warrants for the arrest of Judge Jonathan Dixon, who is a Judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, Judge of the Court of Appeals, and Presiding Judge in the Passaic and Bergen County courts; Judge James Inglis, of the Passaic County Court; Charles R. Fitch, general superintendent of the Erie Railroad; Reuben Wells, general superintendent of the Rogers Locomotive Works of Paterson, and William C. DeGraw, a hotel keeper of Greenwood Lake. The game warden's complaint set forth that the parties named had been guilty of shooting ducks from a steam launch on Greenwood Lake, a mode of hunting which is forbidden by the game law.

It is stated that Warden Shriner acted under instructions from Game and Fish Commissioner H. P. Frothingham, who directed that social, business and official standing were not to count for anything, when the laws had been violated. At the time of our going to press the cases had not been advanced beyond the issue of warrants, but whatever may be the outcome, we improve the occasion to indorse the stand taken by Secretary Frothingham and Warden Shriner. The statute is clear and explicit; it forbids shooting from boats, in language so plain that the unlearned may understand it, and a Supreme Court judge could not misconstrue it. No one, judge or layman, has any business to go duck shooting without acquainting himself with the law. If Judge Dixon and his companions actually did what they are charged with, there was not the slightest excuse for them. They probably would say as much themselves and would be the last to suggest that their position should give them exemption from the statute or immunity from the penalty of its infraction. It is not likely that these New Jersey judges will make any plea like that put forward not long since by a New York man arrested for this very offense of shooting ducks from a boat, that his position as a colonel on the Governor's staff should excuse him from paying his fine or going to jail.

If the game laws apply to anybody, they apply to judges and colonels. If not, they had better be abolished and done with.

DANVIS FOLKS.

AN announcement pleasant to make, as it will be in its reception, is of the publication in book form of Mr. Rowland E. Robinson's "Danvis Folks." The volume has been awaited with much eager anticipation ever since the concluding chapters of the serial were published in these pages.

If it is true that the best work of the writers of the present day finds its way into the newspapers and magazines, it is also the fact that the best things in the periodicals eventually come forth again as books. The Danvis chronicles were from the outset destined for book covers. As faithful and entertaining pictures of life, character and sentiment in the Vermont hill country of forty years ago, they were well worthy of a more permanent setting than could be given them in the ephemeral columns of periodical literature. Readers who followed the fortunes of the "Folks" as told from week to week in FOREST AND STREAM will be glad to go over them once more in the more connected form in which they now appear.

The volume is a sequel to Mr. Robinson's two books, "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovel's Camps." The three works constitute a series of character pictures which are marked by originality, strength of delineatian and an unusually powerful appeal to the interest and sympathy of those who follow the story. The "Danvis Folks" has in it convincing evidence of honest, conscientious literary performance, and that is something quite rare enough in these days. We trust that for his conscientious work Mr. Robinson may have the reward of hosts of readers and an appreciative reading.

THE YOGI MAN.

MR. THOMAS STEVENS, recently returned from India, has been entertaining New York audiences with stories of the marvelous things he witnessed among the Yogi or wonder-workers of that far country. These conjurers, he relates, retire into the jungle, where they live apart, fasting and meditating and growing thin and lean in striving for power to arrest the laws of nature and to work miracles. The lecturer has some tall tales to tell of the Yogi men's tricks, and to prove his stories he produces photographs made by himself. Among the "miracles" witnessed, photographed and described were the development "in a few moments" of a small fish into a big one; and the calling from nowhere in the air a dove to alight on the Yogi's outstretched hand.

These are feats of magic which it might be worth while to journey to India to see; but there is no necessity of going so far to behold conjuring performances quite as wonderful. There are Yogis, multitudes of them, here in America, who can do the fish "miracle," without staying very long in the jungle, at that; and without undergoing a course of anti-fat to prepare for it. Indeed this transformation of a little fish into a big one has been performed so frequently that the achievement has practically ceased to excite astonishment and has come to be regarded almost with indifference. It cannot for a moment be allowed that the American fish trick is in any degree less startling than the Indian; almost any American expert with a fishing rod might safely be backed to out-Yogi all India in the art of making a little fish into a big one; yet the fisherman who should assume to claim miracle-working powers on the strength of his fish performances would be laughed back into the woods again. We are used to Yogi men in this country.

Not less gifted with supernatural powers are our American conjurers who bring birds out of the upper air in a manner quite wonderful to relate. They do it with a shotgun, but if it be objected that there is in this nothing of magic or of mystery, the answer is that a true shotgun Yogi, one who has the gift, will do with his arm what other folks find in their own practice with their own guns to be utterly impossible; he brings birds to hand from the most astonishing distances and bags them in numbers the common gunner would never dream of.

It has not yet been determined, and probably never will be, which should rank as the greater magician, the conjurer of the fishing rod or the wonder worker of the shotgun. They have performed independently and in emulation to admiring audiences about the camp-fire in summer and the warm stove in winter, and the honors are even.

Some of these fine days a Hindoo or a Parsee or a lean and hungry Yogi man himself may stray over to this country and by happy chance find himself in a circle of sportsmen. There, we may be certain, he will acquire material for telling the folks at home stories of American magic and mystery, beside which the miracle yarns of travelers in India shall appear as trivial and insignificant.

PEEKAMOOSE TROUBLES.

THAT fellow fishermen are fraternal has come to be accepted as an axiom; that brothers of the angle, and sisters too for that matter, should dwell together in unity is a doctrine which has been preached and practiced ever since the day when Walton and Cotton built their little fishing house on the Dove in 1674 and consecrated it to the comradery of congenial spirits. So conventional has been this conception of the compatibility of fishing companions that we are always inclined at first to discredit and then to marvel at the discords which occasionally rend and disrupt a club of anglers.

Just now the Peekamoose Fishing Club, up in the Catskills, has got into print and put itself very much in evidence, to illustrate what angry wrangles and broils fishermen may indulge in once they abandon themselves to the delights of internecine warfare. Personal quarrels, applications for a receivership, mandamuses, injunctions, evictions and trials for contempt of court make up the hopelessly tangled snarl of Peekamoose litigation. Where the merits of the case may lie is impossible for an outsider to determine; it is enough to know and to regret that a club of fishermen should have fallen into such unhappy ways. When lawsuits take the place of trout fishing, it is high time to reel up and separate and go each his own way.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A QUEER PAIR.

They were a queer pair were Dr. Lloyd and his servant, Dawson. The Doctor was of that peculiar type of Englishman quite frequently met with in this country who can see little good in anything that bears the American trade mark. No matter how really meritorious were the things that were brought to his attention, he was always ready with some comparison which made them seem but poor sticks indeed when compared with similar things to be found in England. He had expended a good deal of money on his weapons, etc., and really possessed a very superior outfit, and he never wearied of comparing them with such American weapons as were owned in the camp, and, needless to say, much to the disparagement of the latter. Coupled with this was a most profound conviction that while there might possibly be found in England men similarly endowed with the most superior qualities, yet all Americans, even the brightest, were a very inferior lot compared with him. He was, I think, without exception the most offensively egotistical individual I ever encountered, and he disgusted even the other Englishmen in camp, several of whom were not without strong convictions concerning the superiority of everything English. He was quite a large stockholder in the mining company to which I made reference in my previous article, and he visited the camp not only for the purpose of looking after his investment, but also to take in some of the big-game shooting in the vicinity, of which he had heard very glowing accounts.

Like Cervantes in his travels, he took with him a faithful squire, Dawson by name, and if in the master's make-up there was lacking in any respect a full complement of disagreeable qualities, Dawson unquestionably supplied the deficiency. To the extent of his capacity he aped his master's manners in the fullest degree, and the supercilious contempt which he affected for everything American soon made him an exceedingly offensive personage in camp. To judge from his talk, he was the most fearless of mortals, and the number of physical conquests which he boasted of marked him as a man who could have done Tom Sayers and Jem Mace together without turning a hair. The men in camp, however, sized him up quite differently, and the number of pranks which they played upon the fellow afforded no end of amusement to every one except himself. There was one exception, however, for the Doctor, to whom he related his woes, seemed to consider them a slight upon himself, and he protested with a great show of wrath against the indignities which were visited upon his servant.

To see them start out upon a hunt was an occasion which never failed to bring out the whole camp, and while there was an evident effort to preserve a fitting degree of dignity in the presence of one who was such an important stockholder in the company, yet the spectacle was one which affected the risibles of the men in a manner at times quite uncontrollable. The Doctor, according to his own frequently related accounts, had a well established record as a mighty nimrod, yet to his own and Dawson's infinite disgust, his forays in the vicinity of the camp were invariably unsuccessful. As the Doctor explained it to me, it was the "blawsted" game that was at fault, and he bitterly inveighed against the perfidious blacktail and elk, which declined to permit such a well equipped and thorough sportsman to get a shot at them.

Some little time after his arrival I bagged one day a fine pair of mountain sheep, both being rams with superb horns, and it filled the Doctor with a most consuming envy and apparent wrath toward me, he seeming to consider my success in some way as a direct reflection upon his own skill as a sportsman. He made no end of fun of my gun, a homely but honest old Springfield, which had been restocked and resighted, and he wasted vast quantities of withering sarcasm upon the fate which should bring success to such a gun in the hands of a mere American boy. and yet permit such a combination as he and Dawson and their well-equipped arsenal to return after many attempts unsuccessful. His comments nettled me considerably at times, but I was an employe of the company and was in the possession of a fairly good salary, which I didn't care to throw up for the sake of explaining in detail to the Doctor my candid opinion of his personality, and besides I knew that in the opinion of others his talk only deepened the disgust generally felt for him, and rather benefitted me than otherwise. Suddenly, however, his manner toward me changed, and he ventured on several occasions to remark in a patronizing manner that with a good weapon and proper instruction I might eventually succeed in becoming a fair sportsman.

About this time the manager of the company approached me one day and asked me as a favor to him to take the Doctor out and try to give him a chance to bag a sheep. The Doctor was, he said, exceedingly anxious to get one, and as it might affect his feeling toward the company he was very anxious that I should do what I could to help him. Of course there was nothing left for me under the circumstances but to consent, and I informed him that I would gladly endeavor, to the extent of my humble ability to help the Doctor along.

And thus it came about that rather late one forenoon a few days after this the Doctor, Dawson and I started out. I endeavored to get an earlier start but the Doctor and his squire consumed so much time with their preparations, that it was nearly noon before we got away. I endeavored to induce the Doctor to leave Dawson behind, urging that our chances of success would be much better without him, but he would not hear to it, and intimated quite plainly that in his opinion his servant could give any one in camp cards and spades in the game of sport, and then win in a canter. I fancy, however, that I did not very well conceal my disgust at his presence, for he occasionally bent upon me very wrathful glances and several times compared the Doctor's handsome Westley Richards express with my plain old gun in terms which he evidently fancied would be very galling to me. I paid no attention to him, but as he kept up an incessant talking even after we were well on our way up the mountain side, I intimated quite forcibly to the Doctor that if he expected to get a shot at anything during the day, he would have to muzzle the chatterbox behind him. My! but didn't Dawson look daggers at me; but he subsided at the Doctor's suggestion that he had better reserve his talk until we got back to camp.

My objective point was a high, rocky, precipitous mountain several miles to the north of camp, which I knew by experience was the likeliest place to find the game we were in search of. The way led up over a high, steep and heavily wooded mountain, and just before we emerged from the timber at the top I detected several antelope in the open ground beyond and above us. The character of the ground and direction of the wind made stalking very difficult, if not impossible, a fact which I communicated to the Doctor, but he seemed to think that he could succeed in getting a shot, in which opinion of course Dawson agreed. He seemed so sanguine as to his ability in the matter that I told him to go ahead and try, and that I would stay behind and take care of the horses. So he and his squire started out, and the antics they went through during the next half-hour in affecting what they doubtless thought to be a truly scientific stalk, were enough to make a cat laugh. So absorbed was the Doctor with the idea of finding ground that would admit of his approaching the game, that he forgot all about the direction of the wind, and just when he was congratulating himself that he had found the way to certain success, the antelope got a whiff of the tainted air, and were off like a flash. Neither the Doctor nor his servant, however, discovered their flight, as they were following up a slight ravine which hid the antelope from their observation, and it must have been fully a quarter of an hour before the true facts dawned upon them. When they returned to where I had been waiting for them, they were filled with a measureless contempt for the American antelope, which the Doctor hotly declared to be the most beastly brute in existence.

Some little time afterward, while traversing the other slope of the hill, we jumped a couple of antelope which had evidently been lying behind a large rock. They were not to exceed 125yds. away when I first saw them, and I hurriedly called the Doctor's attention to them and told him to shoot. They were at least 200yds. away when he did shoot, and when I saw his ball throw up the dirt at least 50yds. this side of them I fired. It was a very uncertain and difficult shot, and I had very slight hope of being successful, but by a lucky chance I placed my ball just back of the fore shoulder of the rear antelope as neatly as though it had been a standing shot at 50yds. The antelope ran perhaps 50yds. or more when suddenly I detected a wavering of its hind quarters, and in another moment it pitched over. Its fall was greeted with a mighty shout from the Doctor and Dawson, and just as I was pluming myself upon the fact that I had furnished them incontrovertible evidence of the fact that my homely old American gun was of some account after all; the Doctor fairly took my breath away by declaring with the most delighted assurance: "I thought I couldn't have missed him for I held right on him when I shot."

"Hof course you didn't miss 'im," chimed in Dawson, "for hi saw the hair fly when you 'it 'im."

I then quite politely but positively insisted that the ball from the Doctor's rifle struck the ground at least 50yds. this side of the antelope, but the master and man laughed me to scorn, and ridiculed the idea that it was my shot which did the business. I was considerably nettled by their actions and felt quite disposed to say something rather harsh, but recollecting the character of my mission I restrained myself.

"We can undoubtedly tell who killed the antelope," I said a moment later, "by the character of the wound," for there is no mistaking generally the wound which the express bullet makes.

Investigation showed very clearly that it was my bullet which did the work, but the Doctor was not disposed to concede that he had been in the wrong, and contended quite vigorously that the character of the wound proved nothing. Had he shown the slightest conception of the ethics of true sportmanship, I would gladly have encouraged him in the belief that it was his bullet which laid the antelope low; but he was such an unmitigated, intolerable hog that I could not restrain the disposition to make him feel that in my opinion, at least, his claim was without the slightest foundation in fact.

After this nothing of any moment occurred for quite a long time. We were traversing the high tops above timber line, and from frequent points of vantage there were spread out before our vision scenes of incomparable grandeur and beauty. Peak after peak rose in lines of massive, picturesque ruggedness, and all infinitely mellowed and beautified by the hazy blue perspective of countless peaks stretching away as far as the eye could reach. On two or three occasions I called the Doctor's attention to some view which seemed to me particularly fine, but my only response was a grunt of constrained assent. I really think that all the time he was cudgeling his brains for some invidious comparison, for he finally blurted out in response to some particularly enthusiastic explanation on my part, "Ugh! I have seen lots of finer things in Wales."

It was about 3 o'clock, I should think, when we reached a lofty mountain from which we obtained an excellent view of the mountain on which I had hoped to find sheep. We dismounted from the horses and subjected the ground to a very thorough examination with our field glasses, but despite the keenest scrutiny we failed to discover anything which bore the slightest resemblance to a sheep. A half dozen times or more I swept the face of the hill to no purpose, when suddenly, attracted by what seemed to be a slight movement of a rock, I directed upon the spot the closest scrutiny, and to my joy made out in a moment the distinct outlines of a sheep. It proved to be a ram with massive horns, and while I was watching him there came within the range of my glass, seemingly from behind a great mass of rock, three other large rams. Then one after another appeared, until I had counted thirteen, all rams like the first, and as they slowly moved along the face of the mountain, now and then stopping to feed, they presented a most picturesque and inspiring sight.

I had thus far given the Doctor no intimation of my discovery, but now I told him to direct his glass toward a certain part of the mountain. In another moment there burst from his lips an exclamation of surprise and delight, and let it be recorded that for once, at least, his ever ready comparison was forgotten. He was, however, all eagerness for the fray, and it was with considerable difficulty that I restrained him until we had decided upon our plan of campaign. One condition I vigorously insisted upon, and that was that Dawson be left behind with our horses. The Doctor demurred somewhat, while Dawson was fairly beside himself at the suggestion, but I held to my demand stoutly, insisting that upon no other condition would I undertake to secure the Doctor a shot. Finally, after considerable parleying I carried my point, although it was only with the greatest reluctance that the Doctor acceded to my wishes in the matter. As to Dawson himself, it was very difficult for him to accept the situation, and he bent upon me a series of withering glances, which he evidently hoped would drive me to an untimely and tragic end.

The best point of approach was clearly from the eastern side, and it was probably not to exceed half an hour from the time we first sighted the game before the Doctor and I on foot emerged from the timber nearly due east and about half a mile from where the sheep were. We left our horses behind with Dawson, although I took the precaution to fasten mine, thinking that possibly the sulky servant out of petty spite toward me might turn mine loose with the pretext that it had jerked away from him.

Between us and the sheep was a sharp ridge, which made our approach up to that point comparatively easy, although the ground was in places exceedingly rough, and it became more so as we drew nearer to the ridge.

What an exciting moment is that when the stalking sportsman draws near to the point whence he realizes he is in all probability to catch the first close glimpse of his quarry. The uncertainty as to its position, the anticipation of the beautiful and stirring picture which is soon to be revealed to his gaze, coupled with the eager hope of success, serve to thrill and quicken the heart-beats as can few other situations in the world of sport. I thought from the direction in which the sheep seemed to be moving that we would probably find them but a short distance on the other slope of the ridge, an opinion which I communicated to the Doctor, and as we drew near to the spot which was to determine the correctness of my surmise, we were both laboring under the keenest excitement. Indeed the Doctor seemed to be on the point of a nervous chill, and thinking a moment's pause might enable him to regain a little needed composure, I directed him to remain where he was while I crawled forward to reconnoiter.

As I cautiously peered over the top there burst upon my view a scene to thrill the heart of a sportsman or any nature lover, for scarcely a hundred yards away and scattered over a comparatively small space of ground, I counted seventeen sheep, all rams and many with superb horns. A little to the north of them upon a commanding knoll there stood a patriarchal looking old ram evidently doing sentinel duty, for he never dropped his head but swept with wary, restless eyes every avenue of approach.

The memory of the first elk I ever saw—a superb old bull—late one beautiful October afternoon, clearly outlined on the crest of a timber burned hill, has always remained with me as one of the most beautiful game pictures which I ever saw, but I never could gaze upon a mountain sheep in the rugged fastnesses of his chosen haunts without stirring within me a feeling such as no other game ever aroused. There is something in his picturesque, commanding presence, and fearless grace of movement which seems in wonderful harmony with the rugged grandeur of his surroundings, and I have frequently watched him thus when the instincts of the sportsman seemed lost in the reverent admiration of a picture stamped with the impress of a mighter artist than man.

For several moments I drank in the beauty of the scene before me, and then sliding carefully back motioned for the Doctor to approach. As he took in the scene his delight and excitement apparently knew no bounds, and I could not refrain from whispering quietly in his ear: "Did you ever see anything finer in Wales?"

My remark was not lost upon him, for he grinned a sort of foolish grin, and admitted by a negative shake of the head, that even Wales was not in it just now. Then he commenced to slide his gun forward for a shot, and then I noticed that he was trembling all over like one in a chill. I readily saw that he was in no condition for an effective shot, and I urged him to wait for a moment, as there was no particular need of haste. He seemed, however, to have lost his head completely, for he raised himself suddenly to his knees and threw his rifle to his shoulder for a shot. His first upward movement was detected by the vigilant old ram on guard, who with a shrill whistle of alarm whirled about, bounded from his post and fled down the rocky slope. The others were not slow to follow his example, although for a moment the direst confusion and alarm prevailed among them. In a moment, however, they were in full flight, and considering the rough, broken character of the ground, they moved with surprising speed.

I was angry enough to have brained the blundering fool on the spot, for if ever a golden opportunity had been thrown away, this one had been. It was no time for regrets, however, and jumping to my feet I prepared for action. I had noticed before a large ram on the extreme northern edge of the band separated some little distance from the others, and as I rose to my feet I saw at a glance that he offered me a better shot than any of the others. He was running almost broadside to me, a little quartering, perhaps, and was hardly a hundred yards away. Dropping my rifle on him, I followed for several jumps, and just as he paused for a moment on a large rock I fired. I distinctly heard the thud of my bullet as it struck him, but he proceeded on his way as though nothing had happened. I slipped in a fresh shell, and was just in the act of giving him another shot when I noticed that there was a very perceptible slackening in his pace. Then he stopped, and a moment later laid down, and then I knew that he was mine all right enough. Then I remembered that I had heard no shot from the Doctor, and I turned to see what was the matter with him. It was a curious sight which greeted my eyes. He was still on his knees with his rifle at his shoulder, but he seemed like one in a trance, directing his rifle first at this fleeing sheep and then another, but with no seeming thought of firing.

"Why don't you shoot?" I shouted both surprised and provoked at the stupid spectacle which he presented. My words seemed to bring him to slightly, for in a moment he did commence to shoot, but I haven't the slightest idea that he came within 50 feet of a sheep. I then fired again, and again, and again, but with no seeming result, for they were long and difficult shots, and in

another moment the sheep disappeared in a small gulch leading to the right.

We had bagged one sheep when we should have had at least three or four, and provoked and disgusted beyond measure, I turned to the Doctor and asked: "What on earth made you jump up there as you did? You spoiled the whole thing."

For a moment he made no attempt to reply, and then to my unutterable astonishment he said in a trembling, querulous voice, "It was your talking that did it."

"My talking," I said, surprised almost out of the power of speech. "What did I say?"

"You shouldn't have asked me that question about Wales, it upset me," he replied, but his voice was scarcely audible, and he hung his head in a shame-faced way as though ashamed himself of the contemptible excuse which he offered.

"Well," I replied, almost choking with disgust, "I had no idea that you were so readily upset, although I don't know as it should have surprised me."

Then I started up toward the sheep which I had bagged. I had just stopped before it, and was admiring its massive horns and graceful proportions, when the Doctor joined me.

"You got one, did you?" he said in greatly mollified tones. "He's a beauty, isn't he?"

Then after a moment's pause he continued, "Pardon me for what I said about your upsetting me; there was no one to blame but myself. It was the sight of all those sheep which upset me."

It was the frankest admission I had ever heard him make, and withal he looked so thoroughly wobegone that I really felt sorry for him.

"That's all right," I replied, "only I should like to have seen you get a sheep. You will never get another such a chance."

He admitted the truth of my statement, and then after a moment's reflection said, "Would you mind selling me the sheep for $25?"

The question surprised me greatly, and for a moment I hardly knew what to say. After a moment's reflection, however, I replied, "I wouldn't care about selling it to you, but you are welcome to it if you want it."

"And would you mind saying that I shot it, too?" he then asked.

This was a little bit too much. I was willing to make a sacrifice for the manager's sake, but this seemed like rubbing it in.

"No," I replied, "I will not say that you shot it. You can if you want to, and I will not say anything about it unless some one asks me."

This was not as the Doctor would liked to have had it, but it was better than nothing; and he accepted my conditions with many expressions of thanks.

He went back after the horses, while I took care of the sheep, and when he returned with them, accompanied by Dawson, it was clear that the latter believed that it was his master who had killed the sheep. He began at once with some sarcastic reference to me and my gun, which, under the circumstances, I didn't propose to submit to, and I quietly intimated to the Doctor that it would be very much to his advantage to put a stop to his servant's comments, a hint which he thoroughly appreciated and acted upon with so much vigor as to thoroughly disconcert Dawson.

As the Doctor wished it, we packed the sheep on his horse, and owing to the latter's restiveness, the operation consumed a great deal of time. It was after 5 o'clock when we started upon our return. It had been the intention to pick up our antelope on our return, but the hour was so late that we decided to leave it until to-morrow when the Doctor said he would go and get it.

We moved with all possible haste, but long before we reached the slope of the mountain leading down to camp the shadows of approaching night began to gather about us, and when at length we struck the edge of the timber whence we had descried the first antelope, it was quite dark. Traveling became quite difficult, not only because of the sharp descent down which we were going, but also because of the steadily thickening timber, low sweeping boughs from which were apt at any moment to unseat and probably injure us. My horse was an experienced and very intelligent broncho, who on more than one occasion had helped me out of a bad spot. Soon after striking the heavy timber I dismounted, and taking my position just behind him with a firm grasp on his tail, I started him forward, trusting to his sagacity to find our way safely back to camp. The Doctor, who was riding Dawson's horse, at my suggestion dismounted and led his horse, while the servant brought up the rear leading the packed horse.

For some considerable time we thus pursued our way without anything of special moment occurring, although the Doctor kept calling to me for the purpose of ascertaining my exact position, and from the tones of his voice it was quite evident that he was not altogether easy concerning our position.

Suddenly there burst upon our ears from the timber at our right the cry of a mountain lion. The beast was evidently not far from us, and as his cry rang through the stillness of the gloomy, dark woods, the effect was anything but pleasant and assuring. I of course knew that there was no probable danger of an attack from him, but at the same time all the surroundings did not tend to make his immediate presence exactly desirable.

As his cry died away the Doctor asked in a low voice tremulous with fear: "For God's sake what is it?"

Then there came to mind a diabolical thought. I had a long series of pent up grievances against the two individuals behind me, and here was clearly a chance to even up matters a little.

Waiting a moment to give additional effect to my words I replied in a voice vibrating with simulated fear: "It would not be right to deceive you Doctor, it is a mountain lion."

For a moment a deathly silence followed my words, and then the Doctor asked in a voice almost inaudible from suppressed emotion: "What does he mean, do you think?"

Again did I delay a moment before replying, and then answered in a voice apparently deep in the throes of an awful fear: "I can think of but one thing, he means to attack us. It is their invariable method of attack. He is doubtless hungry, and the smell of fresh blood has infuriated him, and unless by some lucky chance we should be able to stop him, he will, I fear, be in our midst in a few moments."

Hollow groans of terror and despair came from the two men behind me, and then Dawson broke silence by asking in a low faltering voice: "Does 'e hever heat men?"

"It is his favorite food," I unblushingly replied.

After this nothing startling happened for several moments, and I was just thinking that the lion had abandoned us, when suddenly his cry rang out again, and evidently nearer than before. The Doctor and his servant too had begun to breathe easier, and this renewed evidence of the beast's presence threw them into a state of awful consternation. They both begged me to halt, and besought me to protect them, the Doctor promising me a munificent reward in case I conducted him safely back to camp. It was well for my scheme that the darkness hid my face from their view, for had they been able to catch one glimpse of it they would have quickly realized that anything but fear was the dominating emotion with me. Not that our situation was not an exceedingly uncomfortable one, for it was, and withal our horses were quite uneasy under the near presence of the lion, but I had little fear of his attacking us, and so taken up was I with the success of my scheme that I really quite enjoyed it.

I presume that I should not have carried my joke any further, but the humor of the situation possessed me to the exclusion of every other thought, and withal I had such a hearty contempt for the two men with me that I resolved upon a grand coup. I waited several minutes until we had got over an especially rough bit of ground, and then as a bit of precaution I moved up to my horse's head and slipped the bridle over his head, retaining it in a firm grasp so that he could not bolt under the excitement of my grand finale.

Then I suddenly shouted in tones of wild alarm, "Look out! Look out!" following it up quickly with a shot from my rifle, and then a wild frenzied yell.

The effect exceeded my wildest expectations. What followed I could not see, because of the intense darkness, but what really happened was this: Both the Doctor and Dawson hadn't the slighest doubt that the lion was right upon us; and thoroughly and completely panic-stricken they sought safety in flight. Dawson was in the lead and he had taken but a few steps when he stumbled over an old log and pitched headlong to the ground. The Doctor chanced to take the same direction, and just as Dawson started to pick himself up, the Doctor stumbled over the log and fell upon him.

Dawson hadn't the slightest doubt that the lion had him in his fell grasp at last, and the shrieks and yells of terror which escaped his lips for a moment it would be impossible to give any adequate conception of in words. Indeed, it quite alarmed me, for I could not conceive of the cause; and hastily dropping my bridle rein, as my horse did not seem particularly alarmed, I made my way as rapidly as I could in the direction of his cries.

Before I reached him I heard the Doctor say, "Shut up, you fool; shut up, you fool; it's only me; you'll bring the beast on us sure." From the direction of their voices I knew they were on the ground, and immediately surmised how it all happened. I was so convulsed with inward laughter that I dare not trust to my voice to speak to them.

Thinking, however, that I heard them crawling through the brush, I at length mastered my voice sufficiently to ask: "Did he hurt you any, Doctor?" having reference of course to the lion.

For an instant there was no answer, but in another moment I heard the Doctor reply in a low voice in which evident fear struggled with anger: "The blawsted idiot scratched me quite a bit, but I punched his beastly head good and hard." Then he asked, in an evidently surprised and frightened tone: "Didn't the lion get you?" "No," I answered, with the greatest difficulty, for it seemed as though I could no longer restrain the pent-up laughter within me, "I frightened him off, if I didn't kill him."

In a few moments they were both by my side, and while I longed to strike a match to see their condition, I did not dare put my power of composure to such a test. It was evident, however, that neither of them had the slightest suspicion of me, and the Doctor said in a tone of breathless terror that when I screamed he thought the lion had me sure.

The remainder of our journey was without any incident of moment, and about 9 o'clock we rode into camp, and a few minutes later drew up before the store, which was still open. As we did so several of the men crowded about us to learn the result of our hunt, and then by the aid of a lantern which one of them carried I noticed several savage scratches on the Doctor's face, while one of Dawson's eyes was discolored and swollen nearly shut. Several of the men noticed it also, and big Jack Shammel, the foreman of the whole mine, asked Dawson the cause of it.

"Hit was ha bloody Hamerican lion," he replied.

A broad smile appeared on the faces of the men, noticing which he added with evidences of considerable spirit, "You hask 'im," pointing to me; "the beast nearly heat 'im hup."

Of course I was pressed for an explanation, but certain ominous quiverings about my mouth, a feeling of tumultous hilarity within, warned me that the story was not one which I could venture to tell, certainly before the Doctor and Dawson, and I excused myself and went inside the store under the pretext of wanting some tobacco.

There must have been something telltale about my face, for Shamml and several of the men followed me inside, and with faces wreathed in broad smiles of expectancy they asked me the truth about the "bloody Hamerican lion."

I dared not tell them for fear that the story would get to the Doctor's ears and result in my losing my place, as I knew that he would insist upon the manager discharging me in such an event.

In the course of a week or so, however, he left for England, and then I told my story. No man I think ever had a more appreciative audience, and the keen delight which those rough men took in the discomfiture of the Doctor and Dawson illustrated better than anything else the extreme unpopularity of the two. Indeed for many a day to come the story was laughed over, and the phrase "A bloody Hamerican lion" got to be a standing one in the camp.

SANCHO.

BLANTON.

I WAS watching on a stand in the Ozarks one day listening to the distant music of the hounds, when a man came along with an old Kentucky rifle, doubtless thinking to cover my stand, not knowing any one was there before him. He told me I was a little off the runway, placed me right, and then asked who I was with, seeing I was a stranger. I told him I was with my friend whose name adorns the head of this rambling tale.

"Did you ever see him ride through these hills?" he asked. I told him I had heard him doing it a few times and had tried to follow him the day or two before.

"Well," he said, "it is a sight! I have seen him try to head a deer and it is a wonder he don't get killed. He jabs the spurs in as hard as he can and goes through the woods, under branches and through brush and across logs and gulleys at top speed. I wouldn't ride after a deer the way that man does if I knew it had on diamond earrings."

The day before, I was sitting on a stump at the point of a ridge listening to the receding music of the pack back in the hills. It died out, and after a while I heard them coming into the flat woods down a draw a mile or so below me. I jumped on my horse and hurried down there to intercept the deer; but it had turned and I came back to my stand. After a while I heard them down there again and before I could make up my mind to go down again the dogs and Blanton after them burst into the flat. I could tell where the dogs were by their mellow voices, and could tell that he was close behind by the "yip" that now and then floated to me on the breeze, and it told me that they were going through those close trees on the dead run.

The story is not about the run but about the stop. Suddenly a shot rang out, and then the "yip" changed to a yell of victory and joy. I knew what had happened and as I blew a blast on my horn and yelled a yell or two on my yeller and, a moment after, as I held the screw-off top in my hand, said to an imaginary man in front of me, "Well Blanton, here's to you." And that night by the camp-fire he told about his quick stop.

"Well, sirs, I was just a-cuttin' it through the brush and the dogs went wild all at once about 200yds. ahead of me, and there came a big doe on the back track. We saw each other at the same time, and the doe stopped behind a white oak, and I says, 'Whoa, Billy,' and Billy stopped so quick I nearly went over his head. Thinks I, 'Old lady, you're goin' to catch it when you come out from behind that tree.' And I yelled, 'Come out of there and take your medicine,' and she just poked her head around at me and wouldn't come, and I fixed my gun on that side so I could get her the first jump. And then she jumped out on the other side, and it's a wonder I didn't miss."

But he had not missed, for as we sat there on our camp stools and toasted our shins, while our backs were away out in the cold, Madame C. Virginianus was perched aloft in a sapling beside the tent. Blanton chuckled and said:

"Why, she'd like to chase me back out of the flat woods. * * * But the only time my father ever whipped me was for turning back, and I don't believe I ever turned back from anywhere from that day to this."

We other fellows were ready to believe this, but we asked what he had turned back from, and he continued:

"One day when I was about twelve years old my father told me to take two jugs and go to a blind distillery about sixteen miles away and get them filled, and when I got half way there I got to feeling lonesome, and I don't know what made me do it, but I turned around and came back. When my father saw me come home and found out what I had done he whooped me good and told me never to turn back again when I set out to do anything or go any where, and started me off again, and you can just bet I went. When I got back it was nearly night and I was pretty tired, and I slid off the horse at the horse block and started to pull the sack off, and an old nigger we had, named Uncle Billy, said, 'I'll take 'em off for you; go and get your supper.' But I was stubborn and I pulled it off myself, and when the jug in one end of the sack came against the jug in the other end of the sack they both broke and all the whisky ran out on the road. When my father saw what I had done he spoke to me very kindly and quietly and told me to go in and get my supper, and I knew after that that he wanted to have a boy that would not turn back a heap more than he wanted the whisky. He never whooped me again, and I have never turned back again. When I got through that day I had ridden forty miles through the woods."

* * * * * *

The Colonel and I have just returned from a visit to him at his home. We brought back with us a deer each and a bunch of quail, and the skin of the biggest wolf we had any of us ever seen. It was killed by Charlie Peace as it ran, fully a quarter of an hour ahead of the hounds. Two buckshot went into its head and four through its body, yet it jumped to its feet and ran 200yds. before it finally dropped. I give the following dimensions: Tip of head to tip of tail, 59in.; nose to occiput, 11in.; ear to ear, 13½in.; height at shoulder, 30in.

It weighed 60lbs. even, and was a savage-looking specimen, and was the first one killed in that neighborhood for a long time. Charlie was very modest about it, and did not seem to realize that he had performed a great feat in stopping a streak of gray wolf with his old 12-gauge. The Colonel promptly paid the bounty to him and took the skin to have it tanned, and then Charlie Peace (and I never tire of repeating his name) did the finest thing of all. He divided up even with the other boys. We didn't care to affront a manly youth like he is by telling him what pleasure he gave us, but we may be allowed to say so here. No English duke who bathes the Rocky Mountains in blood ever will do a finer day's hunting than our Sir Charles Peace did that day—a prince of peacefulness, a wolf slayer and the conqueror of all avarice and selfishness. May all those dear boys grow up into good men.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

A Quail's Nest in October.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Oct. 10, near Wakefield, R. I., I killed two old birds on a point in front of my dogs. Then walking over the field, I found a quail's nest with ten eggs, which were warm.

E. O. SCHUYLER.

THE MAY CYCLONE OF 1894.

RIGHT merrily our schooner bowled over the waters, with no suggestion of storm in the balmy air, no sign of trouble around the horizon, nothing to indicate the approach of disturbance, save an almost imperceptible increase in the heave of the long swinging seas, and the ominous fall of the glass.

All day we boomed along with the song of the wind in the canvas. All the night we hurried up the coast, till the morning broke and sunshine touched the wave crests with glistening spray. As the day wore on there seemed less joyousness in the tumbling waves. They rolled past sullenly, resistlessly, under the impulse of an unseen energy. Still the barometer fell, and gradually we became conscious of an uneasy feeling, as of impending danger in the thickening of the atmosphere, and a general haziness that gathered over the ocean.

The sunlight paled to a sickly yellow. Seabirds wheeled uneasily about, now high in air, now skimming over the water, their shrill wild cries suggesting alarm. Finally they vanished to south'ard, and the scene became doubly gloomy on their departure.

We were some fifteen miles south of the Delaware Breakwater at this time, and our anxious endeavor was to reach an anchorage there before the storm should burst upon us, this being the only harbor within fifty miles. Chincoteague lay to the south, Barnegat to the north, with the added danger of running the bars should we be so fortunate as to reach either inlet before nightfall.

The seas were rolling up with fearful velocity as we kept away. There was an increase in the stormy appearance of the sky to northward, the sunlight had disappeared entirely and a pall of dark scud was flying over head with suggestive swiftness.

What a wild rush we made for harbor, and as the anchor reached its resting place well within the sheltering break we felt the worst was over. There were twenty-seven sail nestled under the lee of that pile of stone that afternoon when we let the anchor go—pilot boats, fishermen, coasters, to say nothing of the tugs and steamers.

Darker grew the sky and presently an unearthly glare appeared close over the sea, under a mass of seething cloud that bore down with fearful rapidity toward us. Suddenly the breeze failed, we pitched uneasily on the waves while a deathly quiet held us in suspense as the whirl approached.

With a deafening roar the squall struck us. The last thing to impress me, as the blinding rain obliterated all from sight, was a glimpse of a huge coppery cloud that tore wildly overhead with a shriek, as of fiends at war. For hours the downpour continued. It was with difficulty we could distinguish the nearer craft as they tugged at their anchors in the swift run of sea that reached us even here.

The morning broke with the wind in the east. Outside the sea was foaming and tossing in wild confusion. Within it was smooth and swirled past the anchored vessels with an oily heave. The showers were now intermittent, the intervals being filled by heavy fog, that slid softly over and covered us with a mantle of silence. So still was the air that one might hear the "chirrup" of the rain drops that crinkled the surface of the water at each recurring downpour. Toward evening there was a lighting of the horizon seaward. An unwholesome glare that filled one with foreboding spread over the east, and the barometer which for some hours had remained stationary again commenced to fall.

Desirous of seeing the culmination of affairs to the best possible advantage, I donned my hip boots and oilers once more, and had the boys pull me off to the breakwater, where I asked and obtained permission from courteous Capt. Richards, of the Philadelphia Maritime Exchange, to stand watch all night with them in the station. The main room as I entered was filled with old sea dogs from the pilot boats, burly, deep-chested fellows, who spoke in low, resonant tones, saying much in few words, a volume of suggestion, as it were, in a sentence. I was sorry to see them enter their boats and pull away into the mist in the direction of their respective craft.

Just before night closed in a bedraggled fishhawk perched on a broken spar that stood upright among the stones, a short distance from the station, and proceeded to devour a small fish he had captured. It was amusing to see the struggle he made to retain his footing, using his wings to balance his body when the fierce gusts threatened to dash him away. As opportunity offered, he would make a jab at his prey, and tearing out a morsel gulp it quickly down. A rain squall hid him from view for a moment; when it passed he had gone.

And now the anchor lights began to blink among the shrouds of the little fleet behind us, and the flash from the lighthouse started on its monotonous round in the tower alongside.

Supper over, we returned to the watch room. The captain's wife, a sweet-voiced little lady, favored us with song, in which the captain joined with his rich baritone, while I sat in the shadow by the open door to leeward, listening, smoking, thinking.

Far away in the black of the night the swinging lights of the vessels danced like fireflies as the gale whistled by, while the boom of the sea on the breakwater thundered in strange contrast to the soft voices that filled the room. At half-past 10 the captain was relieved, and the second watch began. Still I sat by the door, listening, smoking, thinking.

"Clickety, click; clicketv, click," came a message from the Weather Bureau at Washington, "Continue signals for to-morrow."

So the storm was not yet over? How good it was amid the fierce rush of waters, to feel that we were still in touch with the seemingly far away world.

The steady tick-ticking of an energetic little clock on the corner shelf soon restored my meditations. How the time passed; what I thought about I do not remember; I was content, that was enough.

With the flood tide the gale increased in violence, and shortly after midnight its fury was almost beyond description. The station trembled under the pounding of the huge billows that dashed against the broken stone to windward, and rearing angrily, launched their roaring masses, at times clear over its roof.

Occasionally would come a lull in the fearful tumult, and leaning heavily against the blast I ventured out, keeping a firm grasp on the hand rail that ran around the station. As the squalls ceased for an instant, I could see that same weird light over the sea, while a moaning seemed to fill all space and lend its aid to heighten the effect of the gloomy scene. A drive of stinging rain lashed along in horizontal sheets by the storm fiends, almost blinds me as I seek the shelter of the watch room.

Through the early morniug hours the fury of the storm knew no bounds, but with the daylight came a change. The wild frenzy of the night was gone. The ocean lay exhausted, panting under a dense fog that was slowly trailing away before a southerly breeze, to vanish later on when the sun should command. WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y.

Natural History.

THE CRY OF THE COON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The contention over the cry of the raccoon is sure to arise when the coon season is on. One class of writers contend that the coon is a silent animal, and that it is the little owl's cry that fools the hunter. Another class blame it on the skunk. A third class stoutly assert that the cry is all right and is owned by his coonship.

I think I can throw some light on this vexed question. A life in the woods, sleeping in an open tent from April to Christmas, has enlarged my knowledge of the habits of many of the nocturnals.

The little owl with his cry is the plague of my life. He is quite numerous. Sometimes as many as five come around about dusk to see if I am at home. When I am snugly and comfortably in my hammock for the night, the little scamps glare into the tent and snap their bills at me, and follow it up with their monotonous wail. I stand their abuse for a while and then club them into the darkness of the forest. That ends it for the night. They come around the next night for an encore, and usually get it.

The raccoon has a cry something like that of the little owl, but louder, clearer and without the closing trill. I often hear both cries at the same time.

In the fall of '86 I had a male coon in my dooryard, chained beneath the trees. Nightly he answered the coons in the forest. When uttering the call, or cry, he sat on his haunches, threw up his head, so that one side of his mouth was upward, and blew the sound through the half-closed lips into the upper air.

My coon was a ventriloquist. The cry seemed to come from the treetops above him.

The raccoon sometimes repeats a loud cluck. This cry can be heard on still nights half a mile away. The cubs are warned when in danger by a cry of one note. A young coon, that I had caught in a steel trap, was carefully tended by an old male. The wound on his leg was frequently licked, and the old coon was always uneasy when the young fellow seemed to be in pain and would purr like a cat.

The skunk has a cry, but it does not resemble the cry of the coon. The call, so far as my knowledge goes, is heard only in the spring, and at daybreak or near that. It is something like this: "*Kloong-kloong, kloong-kloong.*"

I hear this cry every spring in my dooryard. The skunks are uninvited and unwelcome visitors to my cabin home, but I treat them with great respect for fear of consequences. HERMIT.

A TEXAS BUFFALO RANCH.

[*From our Texas Correspon lent.*]

GOODNIGHT, a little station on the Fort Worth and Denver City Railroad in Armstrong county, in the Texas Panhandle, is the home of Chas. Goodnight, who is quietly but earnestly and persistently conducting a experiment in the crossing of the American buffalo with native cattle, so far without completely successful result, but certainly with very interesting ones.

Mr. Goodnight has a little home ranch of about 70,000 acres. This is his garden. His real ranch, where he does business, is the Quitaque, some distance away, where he has about 400,000 acres under fence. It is at his little garden or truck patch, that he has his buffalo experimental station.

Several years ago, when buffalo were more plentiful in Texas than they are now, the cowboys working for Mr. Goodnight would often "rope" a buffalo calf and bring it home. These were turned into an inclosure, and, though little attention was paid to them, they formed the nucleus of the herd now on the ranch. As the wild buffalo began to disappear these became of greater interest, and six or seven years ago Mr. Goodnight began in earnest the attempt to produce a new and distinct breed by crossing buffalo and neat cattle, and trying to perpetuate this type by inbreeding.

There are now on his ranch about twenty-five or thirty full-blood buffaloes, and as many more half-breeds. Most of these full-bloods—probably all of them—were calved on the ranch. Indeed, the herd are the product of the calves roped and brought in by the cowboys in the late 70s, which grew up and multiplied by the regular and natural process. They are fine looking animals. Old buffalo hunters say they never saw finer looking ones when these animals covered the Texas prairies by millions, which is conclusive evidence that civilization is not fatal to the propagation of the buffalo. He needs only to be protected and given a fair show, and in time there is no reason why there should not be as many buffaloes on the prairies of Texas as there were twenty years ago.

The crosses are, however, of the greatest interest. It was Mr. Goodnight's desire to establish a type of cattle with the valuable robe, the thrifty rustling qualities, the weight and general characteristics of the buffalo. He has bred "black mooleys" to the buffalo bulls—the cattle being chiefly polled angus—and the result is an animal with the light hindquarters and heavy shoulders of the buffalo, the shaggy head and the long, wooly hair so desirable in buffalo robes being reproduced almost as perfectly as in the parent bull. The tail is long and flat like a mule's tail. Horns are absent when bred to mooleys. In two or three cases where the mothers were Texas cows the horns were like buffalo horns, but some longer. One peculiar animal, which is out of place outside of a side-show, is the offspring of a buffalo bull and a Texas cow, which has black and white stripes running around the body like a zebra's.

Mr. Goodnight finds his chief trouble in breeding the crosses. In fact, with a very few exceptions he has found it impossible to get offspring from the half-breeds. He is not discouraged, but will persevere in his efforts, and feels confident that he will at last establish a new race of cattle in Texas.

The half-breeds are heavier in weight than the average cattle, are better rustlers and keep fat through cold weather and hard rustling that thin the others and often result in heavy fatalities.

Mr. Goodnight also has on his home ranch about thirty or thirty-five elk that were brought from Colorado, which he has in a pasture of 400 or 500 acres, the fence around which is coyote-proof. These elk have not thriven well and do not appear to be at home. TEXAS FIELD.

WOLVES IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

CAMP GOOD ENOUGH, Brandreth Lake, Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You wrote a letter to Nelson Cary of Long Lake, making inquiries about a wolf which was caught by him in a trap. His brother, Reuben Cary, who is the gamekeeper of our park here, has handed the letter to me to answer. I have taken great pains to get the facts from him, just as they occurred, knowing that they would be of interest to you and many of your readers, and especially as you had shown interest enough to write for information on the subject.

The wolf was caught in a trap which was set in a large clearing about one and a quarter miles from Brandreth Lake on the Brandreth property. The cows and sheep are pastured in this clearing, and they were undoubtedly the bait which first attracted these hungry fellows.

On the 19th of April, 1893, one of the men at Brandreth Lake saw what he supposed was a deer walking on the ice about half way down the lake; he went into Cary's house and told his daughter that there was a deer walking on the ice, and if she wanted to see it she had better come out. She looked at it, and not quite understanding its shape got the field glass and discovered that it was not a deer; she ran down to the shop where Reuben Cary, her father, was working, and told him about it, and he immediately pronounced it a wolf. He got a gun and started to stalk it, but only succeeded in getting about 200yds. from it; he fired but missed it, as it was a long shot. In October of the same year he saw another wolf in the large clearing one and a quarter miles from our camp buildings; he stalked this fellow for about 300yds. and could not get any nearer than about 250yds.; he fired while the wolf was running and wounded it, as he found tracks of blood. When this wolf was first seen he was making a meal of a fine fat sheep he had just killed.

Reuben Cary immediately went to work to catch this thief, and brought up the bear trap we use for catching anything in the shape of an animal which will molest our live stock. He baited the trap with the sheep the wolf had not finished; the trap was set Monday night. Tuesday morning he went over to look at it, but no wolf as yet. He was obliged to go to Long Lake, and he left particular orders to the men here to watch that trap and to go every morning while he was away.

The first time they went up to the clearing they found an eagle in the trap; the wolf had been there, but having found the trap occupied and things probably rather lively, concluded not to investigate too closely. The next morning a pet spaniel belonging to Gen. Ralph Brandreth was found in the trap and was so badly hurt that the men were obliged to shoot him. The body of this dog was thrown aside in a pile of brush, and the next time the men went up most of the dog was missing. For some time after this the wolves deserted the trap and the foxes began to steal the bait away, but were wary enough never to be caught. At last Reuben Cary hit upon a clever plan. There was a stack of oats in this clearing, which was surrounded by a fence, and he suggested that they should take some of the lambs up from our barn and put them in this inclosure, and that their bleating would probably call the wolves around; the plan worked well, and it was not very long before they had the wolf.

Reuben was away at the time and Nelson Cary, Peter Tipador and Dar Parker went up to the clearing one Saturday afternoon with the wagon to bring down a load of oats; when they got there they saw the wolf lying as if dead, with his foot caught in the trap. One of the men, Parker, was lame and used a cane; he went toward the wolf and the men warned him that it might be ugly; but he poked it with his cane and it never moved; then he pushed its head around and still it never moved, yet it was alive. In making inquiries among the hunters I find this is a little trick the fox has and if struck ever so lightly with the slightest stick will immediately play dead and not move. The wolf and fox, I imagine, are near akin, as they are alike in build and hunt the same game. At last they shot him, and if they had been many hours later there would have been no wolf, for he had nearly succeeded in tearing his foot out of the trap.

His entire body was white excepting one dark gray patch of the original color left on his tail. All the hunters of this part of the country say that it is a sign of great age, especially as his teeth were very much worn away. They did not weigh him, but his height was 2½ft.

The body was sent to C. H. Downs, taxidermist at Blue Mountain Lake, to be mounted; it now stands in the large sitting room at Camp Comfort, belonging to Col. E. A. McAlpin, where his wolfship can gaze leisurely at probable the finest private collection of mounted heads in this country.

I inclose a photograph of the wolf taken by Benj. B. McAlpin, son of E. A. McAlpin.

If this story is doubted by any of your readers they can investigate the certificate at Albany, which was registered there when Nelson Cary received the State bounty of $30. P. B. BRANDRETH.

Taming Chipping Sparrows.

I NOTICED in the last number of *The Auk* a reference to the taming of a chipping sparrow (*Spizella socialis*). My father has always had a great fondness for birds and has devoted a great deal of time to ornithology. Some four or five years ago, at my home in Nelson county, Va., there were several pairs of chipping sparrows building in the rose bushes around the porch along the front of the house. It was the custom of my father upon leaving the breakfast table every morning to put several pieces of

bread in his pockets with which he fed the dogs who always were waiting his appearance. He generally threw a few crumbs on the floor of the porch for the chipping sparrows, and they soon learned to expect his coming. Setting to work in a methodical way he soon had one of the little birds so tame that it would perch on his hand and pick crumbs from his palm, and in a short while it became so familiar as to go to any one of the household in the same way. (I send with this three photographs which show the bird perched on and feeding from the hand of different members of the family.)

In the fall the bird left with the other migrants, but, to our surprise, returned in the spring without any symptoms of shyness, evidently remembering us all. It returned for three successive years, and each time raised two broods of young. Last year it failed to appear, so I suppose has lived out its little life.—*Wirt Robinson in the October Auk.*

"Danvis Folks."

Life In a Corner of Yankeeland. By Rowland E. Robinson, author of "Uncle Lisba's Shop" and "Sam Lovel's Camps." Price $1.25. Sent postpaid by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Game Bag and Gun.

NEW JERSEY SQUIRREL LAW.

According to the *Game Laws in Brief* there is no close season for gray squirrels in New Jersey. And the *Brief* is correct. The New Jersey game law now in force makes no mention of gray squirrels. In view of this fact it is interesting to note that many well-meaning people in New Jersey are trying to make out that gray squirrels are protected by law. The Newark *Call* recently printed a table of New Jersey open game seasons, in which it named the period between Sept. 14 and Dec. 16 as the open time for gray squirrels. This was an error, as we pointed out to the *Call* at the time. Secretary H. P. Frothingham sends us this:

State of New Jersey, Commissioners of Fisheries, Mt. Arlington, Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take pleasure in sending you a copy of the fish and game laws of New Jersey. I have been annoyed by parties claiming to have information from you that there is no law on gray squirrels. I respectfully call your attention to the fact that it is unlawful to kill gray squirrels except from Sept. 14 to Dec. 16, and I hope that your valuable paper will correct this error.

H. P. Frothingham, Sec'y.

The copy of laws sent bears the seal of the State and the authority of the Commission. In it, under Sec. 2 of Chap. 271, Laws 1893, as amended in 1894, we find a paragraph reading:

Unlawful to kill gray squirrel except from September fourteenth to December sixteenth.

But this statement is not a part of the law; it was simply chucked in there by the compiler, has no business there, and gives the official sanction of the Commission to an incorrect statement of the game law. The statute prescribes no such season, and the Legislature has not delegated to the Commissioners authority to designate and promulgate a season not named by law.

A correspondent writes from South Jersey, to set us straight, thus:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your recent statement in regard to the laws of New Jersey relating to gray squirrels is incorrect and misleading. The legislation is as follows:

Act of 1880 (Sup. Rev. § 12).—No gray, black or fox squirrel can be killed or had unlawfully in possession, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. Penalty $5 for each squirrel.

Act of 1886 (Sup. Rev. § 68).—No person shall kill or take any gray squirrel, except during the months of October, November and December. Penalty $15 for each squirrel. This law is in force.

Act of 1894 (Pamph. L., 471).—Unlawful to kill or take any black or fox squirrel, except only between Oct. 31 and Dec. 16. Penalty $20 for each squirrel.

F. S. J. C.

But our correspondent gives a very incomplete résumé of New Jersey squirrel legislation since 1880. As a matter of fact the law of 1886, which he says is now in force, lived only two years, and was repealed in 1888, when the Legislature divided the State into two game districts, and named as the open seasons for gray squirrel in the "northern game section," Nov. 1 to Dec. 15, and in the "southern game section," Nov. 15 to Dec. 25.

That law held three years, when it was repealed by Chap. 193, Laws 1891, which made the open season on gray or black squirrels between Sept. 14 and Dec. 16.

Two years afterward the law of 1891 was repealed by Chap. 27, Laws 1893, approved Feb. 28, which read as follows:

2. And be it enacted, that hereafter it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to capture, kill, or have unlawfully in possession after the same has been taken or killed, any gray, black or fox squirrel, except only between Sept. 14 and Dec. 16 in any year, under a penalty of $20 for each gray, black or fox squirrel so taken, killed or had unlawfully in possession.

This Chap. 74, of 1893, repealed the law of 1891 by specific mention, and also repealed all other laws conflicting with itself. This Sec. 2 then was in that year the only squirrel law on the New Jersey statute books. It was in force for little more than a year. On May 22, 1894, it was amended by Chap. 314 to read as follows:

CHAPTER CCCXIV.

Supplement to an act entitled "An act for the protection of certain kinds of birds, animals and fish, and to provide a procedure to recover penalties for the violation hereof," approved February twenty-eighth, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, that the second section of the act to which this is a supplement be and the same is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

2. And be it enacted, That hereafter it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to capture, kill or have unlawfully in possession after the same has been taken or killed, any black or fox squirrel, except only between the thirty-first day of October and the sixteenth day of December in any year, under a penalty of twenty dollars for each black or fox squirrel so taken, killed or had unlawfully in possession.

Thus Sec. 2 of the act approved Feb. 28, 1893, as it was amended last May and now in force, makes no mention of gray squirrels. The only squirrel law in New Jersey is this Sec. 2 in its amended form; and the *Brief*, shearing off the verbiage, states it as follows:

Squirrels.—Sec. 2. It shall not be lawful to kill any black or fox squirrel, except only between the 31st day of October and the 16th day of December.

"If the *Brief* says so you may depend on it."

However, there ought to be a law on gray squirrels in New Jersey, and we have no doubt that the next Legislature will provide one.

UTAH GAME NOTES.

The tourist who comes into Utah over the Rio Grande Western will notice on his right, just before he emerges from Spanish Fork Cañon upon the well-tilled valley of Utah Lake, a hotel-like structure bearing the title "Castilla Springs." In the cool of these autumn mornings and evenings the pools surrounding the hotel are covered with vapor and the sulphurous odor penetrates even the car windows. I enjoy a Sunday at Castilla Hot Springs at any season of the year—in the winter because two hours in the almost boiling water invariably relieves me of a threatened attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and in summer I can get what sport I want with rod, gun or rifle almost at the very doors of the hostelry. This particular mid-October day finds me awaiting the arrival of a party of Salt Lake friends who are partial to chicken shooting. On the hills within five miles in any direction deer may be started, and the hunter will be almost certain to find fresh signs of bear or mountain lions. Twenty yards in front of the platform flows Spanish Fork River, where trout do hide, but Diamond Fork, three miles up from the Springs, is the banner trout stream of this portion of Utah. I know of one party of six Salt Lakers that, in June, took 300 trout from Diamond Fork in one day. Twelve miles below, Spanish Fork River empties into Utah Lake, where duck shooting and bass fishing are unexcelled. So you see that my partiality for Castilla is very reasonable and I don't know but I shall hire a room where I can permanently store my firearms and tackle to be used as occasion may require.

But to be logical in demonstrating the necessity for a change of game wardens throughout the entire Territory, I shall have to go back four months to the opening of the trout season. I had long planned a trip to Fish Lake, an icy sheet, formed at the very summit of the Wasatch plateau by the terminal moraine of an ancient glacier, surrounded by snowbanks and almost as cold as Greenland. Fish Lake drains into Dirty Devil River and thence into the Colorado. Its trout are larger than any found in the Basin province, but it is said that in the lake they will take neither fly nor bait. However, in the Dirty Devil and its tributaries, notably in Seven Mile Creek, they are as gamy as can be desired.

Taking a buggy at Provo, we drove southward by easy stages through Utah, Sanpete and Sevier counties. At Elsinore and Monroe our party was completed, wagons and camp equipment were provided, and we were ready for an all-day climb. It was our intention to reach the lake early on the morning of the 15th. For a week before that time trout had been abundant in the settlements of Sevier Valley, and it was evident that no attempt was made to enforce the law. Indeed, those who were remonstrated with said that the local game commissioner was such a violator of the law and made so much out of the business, that he dare not make arrests for violation of the game statute. I afterward found that fish traps were in common use among fish peddlers as well as by the Indians, and that large trout were speared and pitchforked by the wagonload as they ascended the shallow creeks to spawn. But the easiest and most profitable way of catching fish was to go to the gate at the lower end of the lake, take out the top board and hold a seine or wool sack so as to catch the trout that go down stream. The water of the lake is reservoired for irrigating purposes and the removal of a 6in. plank makes a powerful current. It is no exaggeration to say that on some nights a ton of fish were caught in this nefarious way. Three times in one day I surprised different parties at the gate, each time with a seine, which they made no effort to conceal. They did not, however, make any hauls while I was present because my inquisitiveness made them suspicious. It was a common expression among them that Ben Carter (the Fish Commissioner) was as deep in the mud as they were in the mire. But again I am getting ahead of my story.

At noon of June 14 our party, three men, four ladies and three children, left Elsinore for Fish Lake. The route lay through Richfield and Glenwood to the foot of the Wasatch plateau, then a four hours' climb brought us to Oak Springs, our first camp. The next morning we crossed the head of Grass Valley and climbed Fish Lake Mountain, sighting the beautiful sheet of water at noon. Although there had been but six hours of daylight since the expiration of the law we met a wagon descending the hill, having the bed brim full of trout, and I saw three similarly loaded wagons leave the lake on the same day.

Our camp was made at the mouth of Twin Creek, and fish heads and roe that we passed showed that an indiscriminate slaughter had been going on for many days. My comrades had brought pitchforks instead of rods, and now watched the mouth of the creek as the ladies prepared dinner. The result was three large fish. After dinner we rode four miles further to the foot of the lake. Here, near one of the largest tributaries of the lake, we made a permanent camp. There were five other parties camped on the same creek, and a "run" was made on an average every two hours during the three days that we remained there. Against spears, pitchforks, traps and seines the trout had little chance of escaping. Walking down the creek on Sunday morning I found a place about a quarter of a mile below our camp, where a trap had been put in the night before, and over two bushels of roes showed the work that had been done. I found a similar deposit a short distance above our camp, but was told that this was the work of Indians.

Our next move was to the mouth of Seven Mile Creek. We had suffered from snow and ice froze half an inch thick every night, so the ladies were quite as ready to return home as was I. Seven Mile, too, was covered with campers. Here every opportunity was afforded for turning the creek, and the campers agreed to turn three times daily and divide *pro rata*. Thence we journeyed to the head of Seven Mile and I enjoyed one day of excellent fly-fishing; but by the moonlight the creek was turned and seined, so I gave my vote for a speedy return homeward, and the trip that had been planned for a month occupied just a week.

On my return home I had little time for sporting, an occasional run up Provo River and to Diamond Creek being all I could afford. Fortunately Utah Lake is enjoying for the first time a season of black bass fishing, and sportsmen have a new field for enjoyment. Carp have proved a nuisance, and the ease with which the bass take to their new habitat and the rapidity with which they increase is most encouraging. Those caught weight from 1 to 3lbs. The principal event of August I quote from a local paper:

The organization of the Provo Sportsman's Club was completed today with the following officers: R. A. Barney, President; M. M. Kellogg, Vice-President; Joseph E. Daniels, Secretary. Executive Board: A. W. McCurtain, George E. Howe, Samuel Jepperson, Dr. F. W. Taylor, S. K. King.

The object of the above association is to build a boat house at what is known as the Jepperson landing at the southwestern part of the city, on Spring Lake, for the accommodation of eighteen boats.

The society will strictly adhere to the enforcement of the fish and game laws. It is organized for mutual pleasure and recreation.

Since the above was printed a boat house has been erected and the membership has increased to twenty. I understand that if a member is caught violating the game law the club fines him $5. All others caught *in flagrante delicto*, are legally prosecuted.

The early part of September will be remembered for a feeble and ineffectual (I believe voluntarily ineffectual) effort to enforce the law regarding the seining of trout. I quote from an eveniug paper:

Deputy Sheriff Hall arrested Brig. Madsen and Levi Carpenter this morning, on a complaint charging unlawfully taking fish. This case grows out of the arrest and conviction of Parley P. Hindmarsh for unlawfully having in his possession certain fish. Madsen and Carpenter were the seiners who took the trout out of their nets they claim, after the fish was dead, having been gilled by the meshes of the net. The boys hold that they had the commissioner's consent to take trout thus caught and killed. They appear before Justice Wedgwood for trial at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

A few days later appears the following:

The case against Brig. Madsen and Levi Carpenter, accused of unlawfully taking trout from Utah Lake, was tried by a jury before Commissioner Dudley this forenoon. The defence admitted having had on Aug. 20, about 20lbs. of trout in their possession, and that they took them out of Utah Lake with seine. They proved, however, that the seine they use is a licensed one and that they made their haul strictly in accordance with law and in the presence of Frank Newell, Deputy Fish and Game Commissioner for Utah county. They proved further that in making each haul that day (they made two), there were some 600lbs. of trout came into the seine with other fish. By the time that the trout were gotten some dozen or fifteen had unavoidably gotten their heads into the meshes of the seine, were gilled and completely dead. These are the fish they had in their possession and for which they were arrested. The commissioner at every haul when this occurred has consented that the seiners take these dead trout, deeming it better for them to take the fish than to throw the speckled beauties into the water only to rot. The prosecution held persistently that the law prohibits the taking of trout of the waters dead or alive in any way, except with a hook and line, and that persons who take them as these men had done, had violated the law. The jury held, however, that there had been no intent to violate the law proven and no harm done and so acquitted the boys.

Now that shows what kind of game commissioners we are afflicted with! I do not know how much of a percentage Mr. Newell gets for allowing these men, who for years have had an unenviable reputation for poaching, to seine trout and sell them, but the law is still violated and Carpenter and Madsen still swear their licensed seine kills the trout that accidentally get entangled in its meshes. There are other violators of the law about Utah Lake and it is a wonder to me that the lake is not entirely depopulated of game fishes.

Oct. 1 was the day of duck hunter's joy, and it was a day when the effect of the new game law was first felt by the legitimate sportsman as well as by the pot-hunter. It has been the custom on Utah Lake to hunt ducks at all hours of the day and night, and the best time has been between sunset and dark. Under the new law all duck shooting is prohibited from sunset until one hour before sunrise. By the constant booming of the guns, which wakes me every morning and which even disturbs my slumbers now that the moon is brightest, I judge that a few of our citizens have forgotten all about the last session of the Legislature. Again I find myself quoting from to-day's paper:

Fish and Game Commissioner Newell has sworn out complaints before Justice Wedgwood against Niels Hansen, John Doe Atherly and Walter Smith for shooting ducks between the hours of sunset and sunrise, and against Hyrum Jarman and Parley Swinson for shooting sea gulls.

I have spent some most enjoyable hours on the lake during the past week, rowing out a mile or two to the tule islands and catching the flocks that fly from the blinds along shore. To be successful, however, decoys must be used. The ducks as yet are those that have remained about the lake all summer—teal, redheads and a few mallards. The weather is mild and the autumnal flight has not yet commenced.

When I have poor luck with ducks I fix a spoon where I generally have a fly, and a few casts along the edge of the tules reward me with fine bass. The best bass fishing is found where the mountain streams force little channels among the thick growth of algæ, duck weed, etc., striving to reach the clear, deep water at the middle of the lake. As the boat moves along, the oars festooned with green streamers that make rowing almost an impossibility, great, lazy carp move sluggishly out of the way; but the bass jump at the glittering bait, and the fisher is out of luck if he once let the fighting beauties carry the line into the weed mat whence they darted.

This is an unusually good season for grouse. The pheasant (Western ruffed grouse) is common in the cañons, and in the stubble fields of southern Utah county Western sharptails (willow grouse) have never been as abundant as they are this year. Hark! The whistle of No. 2! The dogs are ready. So am I; and of the chicken hunt more hereafter.

Shoshone.

Castilla Springs, Utah, Oct. 13.

South Dakota Prairie Game.

Fort Sully, S. D., Oct. 15.—The chicken shooting in this section is very poor this season. The birds were plentiful in the river bottoms this time last year, and they stayed there through the winter and up to March. Then they left and now there are none there. I have hunted a good deal lately, but have seen none at all.

I have seen large bags of geese and ducks and some sandhill crane brought in from the wheat fields.

Do you know of any reason why chickens should be so scarce? The summer was very dry, but it was dry and hot in places where they are now reported plentiful. There are lots of the "buffalo" berries, which seemed to be their chief food last year.

P. A. B.

[Will not market trapping account for the lack of game?]

Prairie Chickens.

Recent reports received by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway from stations in the prairie chicken country of Minnesota and South Dakota all indicate a prospect of the best hunting for years. Chickens are very plentiful and in fine condition. Duck shooting prospects are also good. Full information can be had by addressing Ticket Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway 207 Clark street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

VERMONT AS A WILD BEAST PRESERVE.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps it may interest some of your readers and surprise them almost as much as it did us natives to learn what a game preserve our State has become, as appears by a letter from a correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, which I inclose with this. We were led to believe from some newspaper accounts that there were abandoned farms enough to furnish grazing for all the deer without obliging them to invade the village gardens, but we also believed that Baron Munchausen was dead. We are devoutly thankful that the bears are so good natured, and our children so well-mannered that they never "sass" old people. The bears would be very good for young sportsmen to "learn on," but visiting sportsmen must remember that the law is not off on deer, and come loaded only for b'ar. AWAHSOOSE.

The letter reads:

As a natural paradise for animals and winged game Vermont promises to break all modern records. In fact, in some sections of the Mountain Commonwealth the farmers are actually suffering from the overabundance and unprecedented tameness of deer and partridges. They invade the fields, and, in some instances the gardens of the plantations, feeding on the grain and the vegetables until they have become a common nuisance, which the farmer is prohibited from ridding himself of because of the laws protecting all game. It is not uncommon to find deer feeding peacefully among the domestic animals in the pasture or stalking boldly along over the highways.

Here is a condition of affairs unknown since the days of the pioneer or since the days when the streams, the lakes and the mountains of Vermont were the favorite fishing and hunting grounds of the Iroquois. There were moose and deer and bears and foxes in plenty in those days, but they had been thinned out by the opening of the present century, or had emigrated across country into the then unknown Adirondack wilderness.

So numerous and troublesome have the deer now become that farmers near Rutland have complained because their grain, especially their wheat, buckweat and corn, and their vegetables are being devoured by the invaders. They say it is also an annoyance to have the deer herding with the domestic animals. This may strike the lovers of animals as a beautiful sight, but some of the farmers will seek redress from the game association.

A farmer living five miles from Rutland entered complaint last week that a herd of deer destroyed an acre and a half of buckwheat and devoured his vegetables. Mr. George H. Woodward of the mountainous community of Cuttingsville reports that the deer come into his fields seven or eight strong every afternoon at sundown and stay until he drives them away in the morning. They are so tame they do not leave their feeding grounds or the yards where cows are kept at night until some person approaches within three or four rods. Even then they sometimes refuse to move off, and actually have to be driven away. They have great fondness for herding with domestic animals, especially cows. Occasionally a bull shows fight, but they seem not to care for his angry, threatening movements. What the result would be in a fair field and fair fight none can predict.

Within two miles of Rutland the other day two deer were met trotting along the traveled road as docile as a house dog. Reports come of them in all sections of the mountainous regions, and the feeding with cows in the pastures is of frequent occurrence. One day two weeks ago a man crossing the mountain to Woodstock saw fifteen of the fleet-footed animals at close range. A fox hunter a fortnight ago ran into seven in the vicinity of Plymouth.

Farmers in the mountains also complain of the abundance of partridges, which overrun their gardens, making havoc with fruit and berries, flowers and growing vegetables.

Bears also are very numerous, and often with their young take a hand in destroying fruit and vegetables, and are almost as tame as the wild deer unless their cubs are molested. Their young are of varied sizes and weight, and are equally as destructive as their parents. These Vermont bears are not only getting plentiful in the woods, but they are learning how to avoid some of the annoyances that come with advanced civilization. Mr. Silas N. Wheeler has a hilly farm in Stamford. Mr. Wheeler recently went into a pasture and saw a good sized cub eating sweet apples. The animal was in a corner made by two barbed wire fences. He thought if he could entangle the young bear in the barbed wire fence he would have a good opportunity of killing him. He therefore drove him on the run for the fence, but the bear jumped over the top of the wire as nimbly as an athlete could do it and escaped in the woods.

Bears have often been seen roaming about the open country. One was seen the other day on what is known as Camphell Hill on the quarter-line road; in the vicinity of several residences another was roaming about with her cubs on an opening in the woods on a small mountain called Bald Mountain, both in plain sight of the city of Rutland and not far distant. On the eastern and southern outskirts of the city gardens have been invaded at night, both by deer and bears. A deer was seen running along Allen street within the city limits a few weeks ago, but soon taking fright at a locomotive whistle leaped the fence and made haste for the near-by woods

The protection the wild animals of Vermont have received from the State laws in the effort to allow the animals to breed unbindered by the sportsman is likely to be somewhat modified in the near future. The law affecting deer is and has been for years prohibitive, and has been rigidly observed It was first extended to ten years, and then to fifteen years, and now is operative until 1900 unless repealed or modified by the next Legislature, which meets in October. By this law the killing or capturing of deer or the mere possession of its meat, is punishable by a fine of $50, and the informant of such deer killing gets half the fine. A dog found pursuing a deer is liable to be shot.

The increase in the number of noxious animals in Vermont is one of the unlooked for results of the restrictive laws, for the forests are little hunted nowadays, and the bay of the deerhounds has not been heard for years. There is thus a vast and beautiful country up there among the mountains where the animals of the chase have increased and multiplied until the hard-working Vermont farmers have found in them a constant menace to their crops, and are crying aloud for protection.

FLORIDA BEARS AND COWBOYS.

SPENDING the winter in the wilderness of south Florida on the verge of the Everglades, I was impressed by the novel manner in which the cowboys hunt the black bear (*Ursus americanus*). These brutes are very numerous here and make sad havoc with the droves of hogs which rove through the piney woods, feeding themselves on mast and roots, and rarely seen by their owners except when "rounded up" for branding the increase, or for shipment alive to Jacksonville. Bears are also very destructive to the sheep, which are just being introduced.

When a family of bears get on to a "range," their presence at once becomes manifest, and the rough riders organize a hunt to destroy them. We had the pleasure of participating in a "bear drive," as they are called, one day in January. The meet was at a cracker store deep in the backwoods and the hour sunrise.

Eight cowboys suitably mounted and caparisoned had arrived before us, and with our party of two made up the drive. A word about these cowboys who although of as distinct a type as their western cousins have never been described. They are of mixed Spanish and cracker descent, born in the saddle one might say, certainly live and die in it. Their sole concern is to attend the great herds of cattle and hogs that wander over the prairies, see that they do not wander off the range, get mired in the "cut throats," or eaten by wild varmints. They are the most graceful and fearless of riders, sometimes in their all night rides sleeping in the saddle. Their dress is picturesque, a wide sombrero, gray woolen shirt with gay stripes red or blue, butternut-colored breeches of homespun, and heavy cowhide shoes armed with long spurs. Their horse furniture is a Mexican saddle with high pommel and elaborately embossed, a whip with a lash eight or ten feet long and handle of a deer's foreleg and hoof with which and their musical cry of *oooe, oe, oe*, they, control their herds, and a good rifle carried across the saddle bow. The eight had made chairs of their steeds by throwing one leg over the animal's neck, and crossing the other upon it, sitting as easily as though in a rocking chair.

The hounds, five in number, sat sedately on their haunches waiting for the party to set out. We were soon under way heading for a large bay head of several acres lying off to the westward, and a bay head is a small swamp in the high, dry piney woods covered with a dense growth of palmetto, gum, bay, cypress, water oak and tropical plants and vines, forming a jungle, leaving a broad trail in the dew-gemmed wire grass and saw palmetto of the forest.

Arrived at the bay head we circumnavigated it. "Old man Buster," our leader, narrowly scanned the ground for any signs of a bear trail leading into it; at last he saw something that caused him to drop from his saddle and examine the ground closely where a little brook flowed into the swamp. Sure enough, two broad trails were plainly perceivable there.

"Boys," said the old hunter, "the's two b'ar gone in ther' not an hour ago; put on the dawgs." The brutes took the trail at once, giving mouth and dashing into the thicket.

"Spread out, men," continued the old man, "form a line around the bay head with cocked rifles, and if one makes a break, see that you drop him." At this moment the dogs set up a clamor.

"I'll be doggoned," said Buster, "ef old Luce aint treed one of the varmints a'ready. Squire, you an' Budd lope in and fetch him down. Rest on ye watch out."

Squire and Budd, two keen-eyed young fellows with the reputation of crack shots, disappeared in the dense woods growth. The rest of us waited with rifles cocked, one at least in breathless suspense. Presently we heard a rifle shot, followed by the crashing, rending sound of a heavy body falling through branches, followed soon by a scratching sound, a warning cry from Squire and Budd, the rush of a heavy body through the thicket; the next moment a magnificent black bear broke cover midway between Buster and myself, followed by the hounds in full cry. My bullet caused him to turn and bite savagely at the wound, but Buster's behind the foreshoulder tumbled him over in a heap.

Some of the men gathered about us; others in obedience to a call from Squire plunged into the swamp and soon appeared, dragging out the heavy carcass of a second bear. Leaning on his rifle, Squire thus told the story of his adventure:

"I'm doggoned if them two b'ar weren't up the same tree. When we got in we found old Luce barkin' up a big cypress the top so kivered with moss you mought as well a looked intu a June fog. Howsomever, after five minnits I could make out a black outline in er branches and let drive. Well, gentlemen, a 400-pound b'ar fallin' 100ft. an landin' in er water not a yard from ye naterally makes a disturbance, and thets why Budd an' me didn't see er second b'ar come slippin' down er tree—not till he jumped—an our eyes bein' full of water an' mud we couldn't shoot, only yell; however, I'm glad you focht him."

We took two other bear that day beside a deer that the dogs started by a lakeside where it was feeding. We saw abundant signs of turkey but took none, the birds being exceedingly shy. The most successful method of hunting them is by discovering their roosts in the bay heads and lying in wait either at sunset when they go in from their feeding grounds or at daylight when they fly down. Panthers are occasionally shot, with catamount, foxes that climb trees, and alligators. Taken all in all the interior of the South Florida wilderness is fairly entitled to rank as a sportsman's paradise. CHARLES BURR TODD.

AVON PARK, DeSoto Co., Fla.

AN OUTING IN WYOMING.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., Oct. 9.—I want to tell you how I secured my first deer. The story will not be particularly interesting to many of your readers; certainly not to those who have had such stupendous "luck" as many of the writers whose stories and experiences I have read in your columns, all of which were very entertaining to me, but got to be rather discouraging because my experiences from year to year seemed so tame in comparison. But just here is where I hope to be of some comfort to any of your readers who, somewhat like myself perhaps, didn't get "big game," or a "wagon load" of small game every time they went for it.

My attempts to shoot a deer began away back in the fall of '77 at Mountain Falls, Frederick county, Va. I was young then, and full of energy and perseverance, and what I lacked in experience and cunning was made up in hard work. I would start, after a very early breakfast, and keep at it hard all day, only stopping long enough at noon to eat a plain "snack," which had been carried in my pocket, and on coming in at night would have a pheasant or two, or perhaps only a rabbit or a squirrel.

Well, my many different hunting trips from then until September, 1894, at Camp Success on the Big Horn Mountain in Wyoming, on the headwaters of Powder River, were a succession of disappointments not altogether dissimilar to my first experience in Virginia. The different trips took me to Maine, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland and Florida several times, and Michigan, Wisconsin and Nebraska, having hunted in nine different States, frequently seeing deer, and sometimes getting shots at them, but never successfully.

In the fall of '89 I went with a friend and others to a noted lake in Maine, thirty miles by private conveyance from Bangor, where this friend had been going every fall for ten years previously, and always getting deer, sometimes as many as seven. The truth of this I could not doubt, for this friend had photographs to show that displayed the game hung up. But when I appeared at the camp and cast my lot with the heretofore successful hunters, not a deer was even seen, much less shot. Indeed my reputation had become by this time so notorious that my friend dubbed me "Jonah," and has never since invited me to join him, declaring that my presence would be an omen of "no deer." I have on several occasions told this friend that such superstition was not becoming in a thoroughbred sportsman, but now looking back over those years of hardships, disappointments, and no deer, I dwell with increasing satisfaction, as the days and weeks go by, on the very pleasant and triumphant hunt in which I secured my first deer.

Aug. 31, 1894, Col. C., Vice-Pres. K., Dr. P., E. J. Mc, Esq. and your humble servant left the loveliest spot of the most beautiful valley of Pennsylvania, and reached Omaha about 10 Sunday morning. The further west we went the newer and wilder and more interesting became the country. Monday, Sept. 3, we were passing through the southwest corner of South Dakota and the northeastern part of Wyoming, arriving at Clearmont, the end of our railroad journey, at 4:40 P. M. During the afternoon we passed the Devil's Tower, about thirty miles to the northward, but which seemed, on account of the rare and pure atmosphere and also because of the size and stupendous height of the tower, to be not more than one-third of that distance. Then from the other side of the car could be seen the Three Pumpkin Buttes towering skyward and eighty-five miles away. The Devil's Tower was surmounted about a year ago by some venturesome fellow, and is said to be 800ft. high.

Upon coming into the valley of the Clearwater our eyes were rested by the grateful sight of the results of irrigation. Oats, alfalfa, corn, etc., were growing in most luxuriant profusion. This valley we followed from the railroad to Buffalo, a distance of thirty-six miles. Our host Tommy Gardner, and his neighbor, Billy Brock, met us on the arrival of our train with two two-horse spring wagons, and by 5 o'clock (twenty minutes after the arrival of the train) we were all comfortably settled in the wagons and on the road for Buffalo.

Our ride to Buffalo was made in about six hours, was enjoyed by all, and was uneventful except for a little episode at ——— Ranch, which we reached about 10 o'clock P. M. Here Tommy treated us to our first taste of cowboy hospitality in true wild and woolly Western style. Being in the forward wagon, he stopped here and entered the unbarred ranch without much ceremony, and striking a light, he began to rustle around for coffee and something to eat. Whether he called for the cook to get up or not, I don't know; but as I entered the ranch Johnny, the cook, made his appearance only partly dressed, and rubbing his eyes to get better awake, wanted to know "Who the devil are you, anyhow? I don't know one of you. We don't keep a road ranch." This and much more that is better unwritten; Tommy all the time proceeding with his efforts to get the fire started and rummaging for coffee, tea, etc., etc. The Colonel, not being fully informed of the rights vested in Gardner by the owner of this ranch, nor of the old custom that prevailed in the halcyon days between cook and cowboy, protested against the incivility of abusing a man in his own house (thinking of course that Johnny was owner), and insisted that we move on to Buffalo. Some of us also thought that this would be the better thing to do; but, realizing now how cold and chilly we were, and the comfort of the fast reviving fire and prospects of something to eat and drink, concluded to see the fun through.

The V. P. being somewhat of a "rustler," too, understood the situation and put in some work through that part of the medicine chest marked "for snakes" by the Doctor, which mellowed down Johnny so completely that in about ten minutes we might have had everything in the ranch, with a hearty welcome to boot from Johnny. This was a very laughable and practical illustration of what a dry and sleepy man will do for a little "good medicine."

Being rested and refreshed, we returned to the wagons and quickly passed over the remaining ten miles of our journey to Buffalo.

Tuesday morning, Sept. 4, at 10 o'clock we started for Gardner's Ranch, on the Red Fork of the Powder River, a distance of 65 miles. About 2 o'clock we arrived at Carr's Ranch, and stopping here inquired whether we could get dinner. Mr. Carr came up from the field (where he had been cutting oats) and in a very friendly and hospitable manner declared we were welcome to the best he had, but that his larder was low, that he had no fresh meat, but we should have some bacon, potatoes, tea, etc., etc. One of our hunters, thinking that perhaps he might secure some game while dinner was being prepared, started out with his Winchester repeating shotgun, and in ten minutes returned to the ranch with six sage hens, one of these (the first one killed) being shot by Brock with his rifle and the other five with five consecutive shells from the shotgun on the first rise of the flock of 12 or 15, as they got up somewhat scattered and in the usual dilatory way of the young that have not before been shot at.

Within about half an hour after our alighting at this ranch we were eating as good a dinner as ever the writer sat down to, consisting of young sage hens, bacon, potatoes, tea and bread. I had frequently heard that these birds were not edible, owing to a very disagreeable "sage" flavor, but I must declare that they were as palatable to me as good game usually is, and all seemed to enjoy them except the Doctor. The water here was carried about five miles and was no little alkaline.

The greater part of the ride to-day was over tolerably good roads, fairly well bridged for as sparsely settled a country. About dusk as we descended from the Macy to the North Fork of Powder River, we struck an old Sioux trail, plainly marked by heaps or mounds of small stones, said to have been placed there by the noble red man's squaw years and years ago. I had frequently heard that "when you strike a well marked Sioux trail you are sure to be on the most direct road between two points." It ran in our direction and we had to take it, but I thought at the time if that was a fair sample of "Poor Lo's" engineering, no wonder the unappreciative whites have sent them to the happy hunting grounds. The Colonel, too, seemed to share my disgust at the steep gradients and sharp curves of this old highway.

At dark we reined up at Morgridge's ranch, somewhat tired, very hungry and altogether glad of the opporunity to give our horses a chance to rest. Very thoughtfully and considerately (as I supposed) I suggested to the old lady of the ranch that there was hung up quite a bunch of nice, fat, young sage hens and a jack-rabbit at the back of the ranch, but she, seemingly indignant said, "We don't consider sage hens and jacks game, indeed we get tired of antelope, venison and trout." Of course I was silenced, but my private opinion after further observation is that much of that sentiment was "pleasures of memory."

When the madam allotted the beds and the Doctor and I found that our "berth checks" called for a bed on the floor we naturally felt a little envious of those who drew "sure enough" beds, but when we found out later the true inwardness of the matter we congratulated ourselves that we had used our own bedding, even though the soft side of that floor did not conform strictly to the outlines of our sides and back.

Wednesday morning we got our first sight of antelope. Three appeared on the top of a hill about two hundred yards to our left as we passed and then disappeared

behind the ridge, and before we could get to the top of this ridge the antelope were nearly a half-mile off. Several shots from our Winchesters only made them run faster, the balls in each case knocked up the dust several hundred feet behind them. The ride this morning down the bed of a dried up stream was truly grand and picturesque. Words cannot describe the scenery, nor can it be compared to any other than Rocky Mountain country. Whatever nature undertook here was carried on in a bold, startling manner and man seemed to be awed into silence The sun shone forth brightly, and when we were able to ride under the shade of the high and almost perpendicular walls of the mighty cañons, we were reminded of Isaiah's beautiful sentiment: "The shadows of a great rock in a weary land." About noon we drew up our teams at Gardner's ranch, the end of our 101 miles wagon journey from the railroad, made in about eighteen hours of driving. The remainder of the day was spent in resting, getting our guns in order, and in a reconnoissance of the nearby country. Nothing much was done on Thursday and Friday, because of the threatening weather, except to secure a guide and make further preparations for a hunt to the Big Horn.

On Saturday five of us got a bright and early start for a hunt for antelope and deer, going to Arch Creek and the Park, a distance of perhaps eight or ten miles from our ranch. Our party soon got separated, and when we returned in the evening no man could display any game but the writer, who, not wanting to own to a "skunk" shot a cottontail. But we had some tales to tell, the one of how Billy Fraker did not get his buck was told best by the writer, his companion in the disappointment. Billy feared the Colonel would cashier him, and could only be persuaded to go back to the ranch by sundry promises and entreaties too numerous to mention.

The writer was very thirsty about noon, and to get some water, said to be a "little way down the cañon," entered a pocket of one of the gulches leading into a long and deep cañon, and going down this gulch a short distance we were suddenly surprised to see a fine large buck, having five or six prongs to each antler, jump up out of some grass on the north side of the gulch and lope slowly and gracefully ahead of us. Billy dismounted and bringing his rifle to his shoulder waited for the deer to jump out of the gulch at a point ahead of us where the upper wall showed a slight depression, and to which the deer seemed to be directing his course. He did go out there, and after making a long and high leap, stood on the edge and turned his full side to us, presenting a full silhouette against a clear sky background, which made a picture that will not be effaced from memory as long as life shall last. Billy drew such a deliberate bead on him that it made me impatient, but finally snap went his gun and off jumped the deer from our view in one or two bounds. "What in thunder is the matter with your cartridge?" said I. Billy meekly replied, "I forgot to pump my gun and there was no cartridge in the barrel."

Circling around to the northward we tried to get another chance at our escaped buck, but saw nothing more of him, and after a while gave up the search and proceeded on our way for water. We rode for about three hours and then had to drink out of a water hole in a rock from which, after we had quenched our thirst, the horses refused to drink.

We were now at an elevation about of 7,000ft., and it required an open mouth and the greatest effort at inhalation to get sufficient breath to supply the lungs of one not acclimated.

The next day being the Sabbath was generally observed about as well as at home, except that none of us went to church, owing chiefly to the fact that the nearest house of worship was sixty-five miles away. The hospitality of those Wyoming ranchmen and their wives was unsurpassed in any experience we had ever had before. Our hostess and her friend Miss Smith were most estimable ladies, and were such horse-women as our grandmothers were in the East in the days when there were no carriages. Either of these ladies would saddle and bridle the horse kept picketed near the ranch and galloping out of sight over the ridge to the "range" would soon re-appear driving a bunch of from twenty to thirty horses, and inclosing them in the "corrall" would select such as would seem safe and pleasant for a "tenderfoot" to ride. In the evening, Mac, the writer and guide rode over to the latter's ranch, a distance of about five miles, preparatory to a long talked of hunt on the mountain.

Monday morning we got up at 2 o'clock, and after getting breakfast, baking biscuits, etc., etc., and catching horses, we got started for a hunt twelve miles away on the Big Horn Mountain. We reached our proposed camping place at 7 o'clock. Mac, myself and our guide (Fraker) each rode a horse, and the guide led one as pack horse, on which was our bed, frying-pan, three tin cups, bread, salt and pepper, tea, and pot for steeping same.

This is a full and complete list of all we had, no meat, flour, or anything more, and for our dinner we would have only tea and dry bread unless we could kill some game. We unpacked our horses and picketed the pack horse so he might get grass, and then commenced our hunt in earnest, each one still riding, and as I had ridden very little for the past fifteen years, I soon began to feel the truth of the old saying, "Seldom rides," etc. We had not gone a quarter of a mile until we saw a bunch of seven mountain grouse, but we all had rifles only, and fearing we might scare away larger game refrained from shooting at the grouse. We, however, rode close to where they were feeding and got within 25 or 30ft. of them without making them rise or seemingly to disturb them.

I think it would have been an easy matter for us to have killed at least five of them, and you may depend that we regretted not doing it afterward.

We pushed on, and just at 9 o'clock, as we came to the top of a divide, saw to our left a bunch of eighteen antelope quietly feeding. We got back out of sight quickly without their having seen us and without disturbing them, and dismounting, crawled up along the side hill behind the timber and rocks to within about 1,200yds., where we were securely hidden and yet could see the antelope plainly. It was a beautiful sight and we watched them a good while, but they seemed to be feeding away from us, and getting impatient, we planned to drive them so that two of us might get a reasonably fair shot at them as they ran by.

They were, however, too sharp for us, and although we shot at them several times, it was too great a distance to do them any harm. We followed them up for two or three miles, made a circle and came up within 50yds. of the leader as we were crossing another divide. But the meeting was a surprise to both parties, and before we could gallop up to the top of the hill the antelope had turned and were out of reasonable gun-shot. All we saw of the leaders, an old doe, was her big ears as she looked at us over the top of the hill. We did not follow them further, but after seeing a badger, coyote and some ground hogs, came to some water about a mile from camp at 11 o'clock and concluded that we were hungry and that we would have to make our dinner on dry biscuits and tea. But as we came a little nearer to camp we came into a large bunch of sage-hens and shot three of them in the heads with our rifles. These Mac very quickly and neatly prepared for cooking by skinning and cutting out the breast from each side of the bone and the legs off, and being very hungry we ate as though it was as good a meal as we ever enjoyed anywhere.

Mac got a headache in the afternoon, and I was very tired; so we concluded that Fraker should go out for meat alone. He, somewhat superstitious, changed horses and started southward, saying that he would not be back until after dark unless he got meat sooner, that we should stay about camp and keep up the fire and not wander off far lest we should get lost, for the country thereabouts looked all alike to one not accustomed to it.

I gave Mac some sugar pills; he felt better in about an hour, and we concluded to strike out on a short expedition on our own account. We crossed over the first divide to the southeast and got into a pocket that seemed to promise favorable for grouse. I took one side and Mac the other and we soon got interested.

Mac shot a large rattlesnake and I got on to a fresh deer trail. Soon the pocket closed into a gulch and then to a canyon, and as we traveled on down the sides grew so deep that we could not get out. After riding an hour and a half down this canyon and not striking the running stream of water on which our camp was located, and which we had expected to find long before, we concluded that we would have to go back as it was half-past five, and allowing the same time for returning that was required coming down, it would be almost dark by the time we would get to camp, not allowing anything for mishaps which are very likely to occur under such circumstances.

After returning up the canyon quite a distance, after much effort we climbed out by leading our horses up a slope steeper than the roof of a house. Indeed it was so steep and rough that one could scarcely crawl up. But getting fairly out of the canyon we came on to a "park," where we found fairly good riding. And just as the sun was going down there crossed our path a beautiful, big, six-pronged buck. He was, however, too far off for us to shoot, and so dismounting from my horse I made for him as best I could. He did not see us, and as the wind was favorable, could not scent us, but as the light was too strong for us he got away without my getting a shot.

We soon mounted our horses and made as fast as we could in the direction we thought our camp was. In a few minnutes we saw the buck again about 800yds. off across a "pocket." We got down off our horses and each saluted him, both firing about the same time and cutting the dust so close under him as to make him strike a gait that carried him out of our sight before you could say "Jack Robinson."

We started again for camp, no little alarmed, fearing we were in for a stay out all night without our bed to keep us warm. In a few minutes we saw a large buck antelope, and again dismounting we gave him a volley that made the mountain ring and the antelope "get up and dust," but with all his bones whole and no lead in his skin.

The excitement of seeing game made us forget our fears of being lost, and after some more observations of our compass and a hard ride of about quarter of an hour, we came to the pocket that we had first entered three or four hours before. From this point we had no difficulty in locating camp. When we came to our pasture we saw "Old Ned," the pack-horse, and thus knew that Mr. Fraker was in camp, and said one to the other that Fraker must have gotten some meat or he would not be in yet. When we got down to the stream near the camp we met Fraker, who told us that he had not gotten any deer or antelope.

But upon our getting close to him we remarked about the blood on his hands, when he said that if we would come up to the camp he would show us a sight we had never seen before. At the camp we saw a doe Rocky Mountain sheep and her buck kid lying side by side. Well, you may suppose that we were rejoiced at his success, and particularly pleased when we smelled the savory sirloin frying in the pan. I ate a big supper, but Mac's ride had been too much for him and he went to bed at once without any supper. After smoking and swapping yarns with the guide for an hour I turned into our bed, with the beautiful, starry, moonlit canopy of heaven covering us, and soon fell asleep hoping for such a stroke of good luck for myself on the morrow.

In the morning we were off for another hunt. When we got near the place where we had seen the antelope the day before, it was arranged that I should go around to the right and Mac and the guide should go to the left, and, after covering certain ridges and valleys, should meet at an agreed point. I felt pretty sure of being able to find the way, and so started off hopefully. After riding and walking about for perhaps two hours, I saw Mac and his companion about half a mile off, and, attracting their attention, I rode rapidly to meet them. They had seen a small bunch of mountain grouse and had gotten one. I had not seen anything.

After riding for a half hour more, and visiting the place where Fraker had shot his two sheep the evening before, I began to be somewhat tired and discouraged, and thought that this hunt was likely to end as all my others had, and I should go home saying I had hunted deer in nine different States and not shot one yet.

The guide proposed that we should strike off to the north three or four miles to points we had not been before to try our luck again for antelope. We had not gone 200yds. before he said, "See that deer there lying down in the timber?" It was but the work of a moment for us to dismount, and it was agreed that as Mac was the oldest he should have first shot. The deer was about 125yds. from us and lying among the timber behind a log, and we could only see his head. His ears stood up straight and I saw his small antlers close to his head. Mac walked cautiously up to a pine tree obliquely toward the deer, but instead of stopping at the tree went on toward another nearer to the deer and further up the hill (he afterward explained that when he got to the first tree the deer was entirely hid from him), and just as he got up to his second tree and had rested his rifle against it the deer got up and shook himself, presenting a full side view. Mac cracked away, and behold four other deer rose up all around where the first one had lain. The guide and I were standing by our horses, and after Mac shot we each fired, but I am of opinion that none of these shots took effect.

The deer seemed to be rattled and did not run more than 150yds. or so, then stopped at the top of a little rise. Two of them were standing pretty close together, with their buttocks toward us; one was a nice buck and the other I thought to be a doe. I took quick aim at the rear end of the back and pulled; the buck made a plunge toward us, and I knew that I had hit him hard, and took off my hat and threw it up, shouting, "Hurrah for my first deer!" The guide said, "Shoot him again; he'll get away!" but I said, "No, don't you do it, for I don't want to have his head spoiled." But as he still plunged heavily, but all the time getting nearer us, and seeing Fraker aiming at him, I said, "Let her go," and we each shot at him again. By this time the buck had got caught in an old pine treetop and lay quietly, and another was plunging around as if wounded. Mac pulled on this one and hit him above the eye, knocking off one antler. The guide and I ran on down alongside of the hill, and seeing another large buck fired at him. Fraker followed this fellow and got another shot. We were now sure of two fine deer, and you may know that I "cut up high." The whole affair did not last over three minutes. Mac shot three times, Fraker four, and I got off eight, so you may imagine that there was a lively time.

When we came to examine the deer my buck had in him but one shot, fair in the rear between the hams, and the second one was shot almost similarly, but with the additional hole above the eye, and one antler gone.

We packed them to camp, and after a hearty dinner of choice sirloin of venison, tea and biscuit, started for home with three horses packed down heavy with game and camp equipage and one horse for the three to ride. My feet got sore, some nails in the soles of my boots making trouble by working through, and by the time I had walked eight miles and we were back to Fraker's place, you may suppose that I was tired. After supper we started for our ranch, five miles away, each riding a horse and leading one packed with about as much game, etc., as he could carry. Our party gave us a warm reception when we pulled up at the ranch.

The next day we started homeward, stopping at North Fork to fish for trout. In this we met our ouly disappointment, not seeing nor catching a single trout, nor even getting a bite. Thursday, the 13th, we pulled up stakes and started for home. T. M. N.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

AGAIN the buffalo herd; once more Val Verde county. This time it is Dr. J. B. Taylor, of San Angelo, who swears to the existence of a herd of buffalo in the West Texas cañons. Dr. Taylor is a sportsman who is well known throughout the West and Southwest. Hearing of the existence of the bisons in Val Verde county, he immediately organized an expedition to find, and if within the range of possibilities, capture the animals. The herd was trailed to and across the Rio Grande and into the mountains of the Mexican frontier, where the search was abandoned. Application will immediately be made to Gov. Diaz, who is an ardent sportsman himself, for permission to invade the Mexican territory on the part of the searching party, and there is no doubt that the Mexican government will readily grant the permission.

A New Duck Fake.

My friend A. B. Critzer, the proud possessor of the only 24-gauge gun in the State, of whose shooting much has been written both in prose and verse, is also an inveterate duck killer. As a committee of one to stimulate the shooting of waterfowl on the great San Antonio preserve he has immortalized himself, and his name will go down kerslap on the pages of history that is usually set aside for men that reach the high perch of distinction on which my friend is at present reposing.

As soon as the generous J. Pluvius had poured his tubfuls of wet water on the favorite bottom known as Mitchell's Lake, the tule, fly and water lilies began to do business as of yore. The senna beans (a fine duck cover) opened up shop, and when the next rain came along the entire system of vegetation joined hands and with a skyward bound covered the bottom of the lake until the eager tips parted the waters and shot away into the air. On the vegetation grew until it now hides the water. Here is where Mr. Critzer fully developed.

In consultation with Charley Hummell one day, Mr. Critzer evolved the idea that the reason there were not more ducks feeding on the lake was because the traveling webfeet could not see the water through the weeds, and both he and Charley have been advocating the adoption of such a system as would call the attention of the birds to the dampness that placidly awaited the feverish paddlers. Accordingly, an army of Mexicans was hired to cut away a few hundred acres of cover, and the ducks will now have a chance to see "where they are at." Some of the most wicked duck hunting members of the club advocated the purchase of 500 little balloons. They could be anchored to Mother Earth by means of 200yds. of chalk line each, and turned loose with pungent legends attached, such as the following:

Mallards! Water below. Plenty feed. Keep off the grass.
Blue and greenwing teal! Good puddling. For further particulars apply to Spoonbill & Co.
Ducks!! Get a move on you or Scolopax will clean out the worms.
Look out for mud hens!

But then Messrs. Critzer & Hummel don't like the sign idea, and say that the balloon suggestion is nothing but an airy windy.

Plenty of Snipe.

I took an evening and morning hunt at Mitchell's Lake last week, and found excellent shooting. We could have killed much more game than we did, but then a few of us down here have come to adopt the beautiful idea handed out by FOREST AND STREAM and Mr. Hough of "Chicago and the West," that one can have just as much fun in killing 10 birds as if one killed 100, so we contented ourselves with a half-dozen teal per man and a dozen snipe to the gun for the day. The snipe are plentiful and fat

and juicy. The Texas pigeon shooting is something nice, and I guarantee rare sport to any visiting sportsman who is fortunate enough to come within our radius.

Plenty of Ducks in the City.

The above head line will sound rather fishy to some readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and outside of San Antonio it will be hard to find a corporal's guard of sportsmen who will believe that I saw this morning (Oct. 10) five large flocks of bluewings, two of gadwalls, three of sprigs and about 25 canvasbacks within the city limits of a city of 60,000 souls, on a body of water which is skirted by an electric street car line that yanks passengers downtown in 15 minutes. Such is a fact, however, and a visit to the West End Lake will not only demonstrate the truth of the above lines, but will disclose the prettiest body of water on earth, picturesque surroundings and more fish to the square inch than any other lake in the country.

Drop in and see us, you of the North. You will find the latch-string dangling on the outside. If you doubt it ask Hough, of "Chicago and the West."

Sam Allen of Houston.

I don't like to be personal, but I can't help noticing a good man when I meet him. The above named gentleman is a citizen of Houston, gentleman by birth and inclination, a sportsman by nature (can't help himself) and one of those keen blades in camp that Nimrod dreamt about when he wasn't hunting. Col. Allen owns a yacht and a few million acres of swamp lands on the Galveston Bay coast, and your humble servant has been his guest on several occassions. I have now before me a cordial invitation to join him in Galveston the last week of this month. The threat is made to take in the entire East Bay, and the ducks, geese, snipe, curlews that we will see will undoubtedly make good reading for our Northern brethren. That is, saying nothing about catching the red fish and trout in Oyster bayou and an occasional alligator. The Colonel says we are to have the same yellow cook we have had for years. But say, I forgot to mention the oysters we will fish up every morning.

We won't do a thing to 'em.

Mr. Howell Rice, a devoted disciple of the rod and gun, captured a large garfish off Rockport last week that measured 7ft. 8in. from nose to tail and weighed 132lbs.

Three hundred sportsmen in San Antonio are anxiously awaiting a norther, which has been predicted by the weather sage of St. Joseph. The first flight of bluewinged teal and jacksnipe have come and gone, and the swamps of Bexar county are left in possession of the bitterns, blue herons and the howling coyotes. TEXAS FIELD.

IN THE WHITE RIVER JUNGLE.

I VISITED the other day a place that was to me very interesting. It has been my custom for the last six or seven years, to spend a few weeks each summer on a farm about fifteen miles north of Indianapolis. Here I could lounge about, fish, either in the creek near by or in White River, which is little over a mile away, or (that which I probably followed with keenest relish) while away the time in the great wood, lying in wait for young fox squirrels.

I have always looked upon the arrangement of this wood as particularly happy. It is, perhaps, a mile wide and two and a half miles long. The central portion is very dense and thickly covered with underbrush. Through a part flows a creek, and I have spent most pleasantly whole days dividing my time between the creek and squirrel hunting. There is nothing exciting about such sport, in the sense that it is hazardous. The fishing is very ordinary and the hunting consists in lying in wait for the wily fox squirrel or catching his gray brother as he leaps from tree to tree. In fact, if one is not in search of lively sport but simply wishes to spend the time doing nothing, this little spot seems to me to offer peculiar advantages.

It was on the occasion of my last summer's visit that the incident which I am about to relate, occurred. On the evening of what had been a hot day, I took my gun and started for a particular place in the wood. That place was the border line between the thickly under-grown and the open woods. It was here that I hoped, at or about sunset, to get some good shots at an especially lively lot of little gray squirrels that I knew frequented the place, and could only be gotten within range either early in the morning or late at evening. "About half an hour by sun," to use the vernacular, I arrived at the place and the fun soon began. Now this is the one exception to the ordinary squirrel hunting. To me, under just such circumstances as I now found myself, it is the most exciting sport with a shotgun, a few kinds of bird shooting excepted. I chased them from tree to tree, catching them as they flew up or down the large tree trunks, or leaped from one limb to another.

Presently there came a lull in the excitement, and I suddenly realized that it was sundown and that I had gotten a considerable distance out into the thick, undergrown woods. I started homeward. Just as I was about to emerge into the open, however, I saw a squirrel whip around a limb in the top of a tree. The temptation was too great. I must, I thought, get this one, if possible, and then I would go home. It would make an even dozen. Walking around the tree to where I could get the light fairly on the top—for although it was almost dark in the dense woods, the tops of the tallest trees were still lighted up—I sat down. I sat there some time, my feet under me, my back against a huge oak, my gaze fixed upon the spot where I next expected to see the squirrel. I heard, or thought I heard, a slight noise in the underbrush in front of me. Straining my eyes in the change from the light of the treetop to the semi-darkness of the woods, I looked long and earnestly in the direction of the disturbance, but could neither see nor hear anything. Turning again to the tree, I saw the squirrel, acting at first as if some one were driving him around, and then apparently watching something almost beneath him in a way in which I could not account for. Moving up the safety on my gun, I was about to turn so that I would be in an easier position to shoot, when an unmistakable cracking in the bushes, slightly to the left and in front of me, arrested my attention. Straining my eyes again in the same direction, I saw, partly behind a clump of bushes, an object of some kind. I noted first that the object had a pair of very villainous-looking eyes, and my first thought was that it was a catamount; for I believed the dense jungle part of that woods capable of producing any kind of a wild animal, and report had it that a catamount had for some months dwelt there. He had, I thought, unexpectedly come upon me, and would, if I urged the matter, give me a fight. I had not the slightest notion of urging the matter.

However, in much less time than it takes to tell it my eyes had become accustomed to the dusk and I saw, not a catamount, or any ordinaay American beast, but a real, *bona fide*, full-sized, shaggy-maned lion. I at once knew how to account for his presence there, and mentally reproached myself for my own incredulity. It was reported throughout the country that a lion had escaped, two days before, from a show at Hobbsville, and was running about, no one knew where. However, as we at uncle's had not yet received the weekly papers, and had no authentic information concerning it, we did not believe it. Some of our neighbors believed it so implicitly that they were almost afraid to venture out of their houses. When we were discussing it at my uncle's and mentioned the fact that the man-eater had not been heard of in miles of us, and was not even reported to have taken that direction, I could have found it in my heart to "guy" some of our good country folk. Now, I confess, as I recalled it all, a feeling of profonnd respect for them came over me.

There he stood, not in the noble, defiant-looking attitude in which I had always seen him pictured, and had often beheld him in menageries, but half crouching, his ponderous head lowered almost to the ground, his tail nervously switching, he reminded me of a cat about to spring upon a bird. It was pleasant to think that I was the bird.

My first active impulse after I had gotten through with these reflections, which had scarcely taken the fraction of a second—for a man's mind, in cases of great danger, as in dreams, is capable of the most wonderful activity—my first impulse was, I say, to flee. I confess I never had so good an opinion of my legs as I had then. I felt easily able to out-sprint Mr. Leo or whatever his name was, and leave him out there all alone in the dark. But that would have been cowardly. Besides, despite my unusual and unwarranted opinion of my legs, my better judgment told me it would be an injudicious move. That lion, I reasoned, wanted me as badly as I didn't want him, and to get me he would have to cross an open place almost 10yds. wide. I did not think he could leap at one bound, and if he tried it I hoped to be able to give him his quietus. I also believed that the first one of us who made a move would make a mistake. My gun, a 12-gauge, was a fairly close shooter, and at 10yds. I believed I could end Mr. Leo's identification with the show business. I felt that if I did not he would end my identification with any kind of business.

Meanwhile he still stood there in that half crouching position, his tail continuing that same nervous, cat-like switching. I have often heard the tail of a lion lightly spoken of, but I must say that this one was the most peculiarly exasperating thing I have ever seen.

As we crouched there I tried to think of all I had ever read in books about the habits and traits of lions, but it was a sorry lot of information I recalled. About all I could remember was one of the first things I had ever read about them, and that was that a lion always killed its own prey. At the same time I remembered to have lately read that that was not so, and that they often preferred to eat the game killed by some one or something else. I sincerely hoped—and felt that it was hoping against hope—that this one would turn my execution over to some animal or something, I did not care what it was, just so it would not glare at me so and switch its tail in such an indescribably uncomfortable manner.

Then, in the event of me coming out second in the approaching encounter—which did not seem at all improbable—I began to think of matters I would like to have arranged. There was this or that favor I would like to have done a friend, and I remember there was one pet scheme or theory I had long cherished that I would then have given a great deal to have communicated to some one. But there was no one to tell it to but Mr. Leo, and I was not, at that time, upon sufficiently confidential terms to warrant me in broaching the subject to him.

All these and many more things passed through my mind in an incredibly short time. I began to feel bad, and the more I thought about my chances the worse I felt. All the evil things I had ever done—there were no good ones, I believe—stalked before me, and I felt still worse. A remorseful conscience was about to shatter what little nerve I had, up to that time, retained. I fully realized that I was getting in a bad way, and with whatever feelings of the ludicrous I can now look back upon my plight at that moment, I cannot forget the fact that it was a matter of extreme seriousness with me at the time and, withal, a painful experience.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for me that the enemy decided to move at this juncture. All this time I sat there in a position ready to spring, as I fully intended to do, without moving a muscle, and, aside from the beating of my heart, I believe, making no noise. Short as was the suspense, it was so harrowing that I do not think I could have endured it much longer. Watching him closely as I was, his movement was so quick that he almost took me by surprise. I can not now tell, with a satisfactory degree of certainty to my own mind, how he did it, but, since from his position he could not leap directly toward me, I believe he meant to reach me by two leaps, a sort of a flank movement and an attack direct. On account, as I said, of the extreme rapidity of the movements, the semi-darkness which had begun to envelop the woods, and my wrought up state of mind, I can not tell exactly how it happened, but I think I fired as he struck the ground the first time. As I did so I leaped to one side. He came on and landed almost where I had been sitting, but a few feet short. As he came to the ground he let forth a roar which almost deprived me of my wits, and came near causing me to drop my gun. I was now thoroughly desperate, however, and as he turned crouching toward me the second time, I covered him square and gave it him full in the forehead. Again I leaped to one side, this time fully resolved to try the sprinting tactics; but in a bound or two I landed fairly in the kindly embrace of a huge spicewood bush. I have often thought of that amusing—though at the time painful—predicament, and wondered that I did not die right there. In my frantic efforts to extricate myself I almost tore my clothes off and scratched myself in a frightful manner. As soon as I had gotten out I saw that I was only making a fight against a spice bush, and picking up my gun I reloaded it and advanced toward the enemy. He lay almost where I had given him the second shot, apparently lifeless. Unwilling to take any risk, and determined to make assurance doubly sure, I shot him again in the forehead. He did not move, and I decided he was dead. Then I sat down to recover my wind and my wits. Presently I began thinking of the peculiar manner in which the beast had acted after his second leap. I went and examined him and found that my first shot had torn away a portion of his under jaw and disabled a foreleg. That accounted for his slow motion, and was the reason I was able to shoot before he could spring the third time.

I then started for my uncle's. I did not want to tell him what I had really done, so I told him I had killed a hog. He gave it as his opinion, and in no very uncertain terms, that a man who had as good a pair of legs as I had and in a place where so many clubs were to be found as were there, who would then deliberately shoot a hog was a fool. He declared he would not help me haul it in, and hoped it would cost me a good round sum for my "foolishness." When I explained my tattered and scratched condition by saying that I did it running through the brush trying to keep out of the porker's way he made so much fun of me that I almost lost my temper. I prevailed upon one of his hired men to go with me, and when we were almost there I explained to him that I had not really killed a hog, but another kind of animal which he should see when we got there. I believe he thought I had killed a man, for the way in which he turned toward me seemed to indicate that he was disinclined to credit either of my stories. Finally we got to the spot, satisfactory explanations were offered, and after a good deal of tugging, we got Mr. Leo aboard and hauled him home in state. The next day his keeper and another man came for the carcass and I kept one claw.

The other day I stood on the very spot where it had all occurred. I took the claw (now mounted and arranged for a watch-charm, though I never use it as such) from my pocket and thought of the encounter. Then I walked over and stood by that huge spicewood bush which had apparently recovered from my furious attack; and as I thought of the way in which I had done battle there and had assailed that perfectly respectable and well-meaning bush I said half aloud, "After all, old man, there's where you made your best fight."

Then I walked meekly back to my uncle's.

C. E. WILKINS.

BOSTON GUNS.

BOSTON, Oct. 20.—Coot shooting along the Massachusetts shore has been excellent of late. The recent gales and stormy weather has sent forward large flights of these birds, and the gunners have been on the ground, making some very good bags. Mr. Geo. T. Freeman and his friend, Mr. O. W. Whittemore, have been making a good week's shooting at Anisquam. They were on the shooting grounds at that celebrated cooting point during one of the recent gales, and report an unusually large number of coot flying. They got as high as thirty in a day on the best days. They did not get the usual number of old squaws, eider, black and other ducks. The same report comes from the cape. A gunner told me he had taken a few black duck this year at points where he got twice as many last year. "There are millions of coot," he remarked. From the leather trade there are a number of noted gunners out this week.

There is a scarcity of partridges, or ruffed grouse, complained of in the Boston market. Noted salesmen, who have been in the business for years, say that the trade started off well, with a good many birds to offer, but later they have stopped coming. One thing is curious, the number of partridges that have flown into the towns, and alighted on houses and fences. Windows have also been broken by these birds. Two or three have been seen on fences and buildings in the cities of Auburn and Lewiston, and one or two have been shot. One has been shot in a graveyard at Bangor, and one or two within the city limits. At Machias one is reported to have flown into the office of a noted lawyer, smashing the glass and falling exhausted on the floor.

The accounts of deer shooting in Maine are still of the most glowing character. Many Boston gunners are returning with the full quota of the law—three deer. Moose, too, are being taken in numerous instances. One or two big Maine moose have already been cut up and sold in the Boston market. Lynn has a big moose on exhibition, the good luck of a local gunner. Bangor butchers have cut up several moose, and nearly every other city in the State has had its moose on exhibition. But the moose lies are the most exciting. A Maine girl has been treed by a moose, some portions of her dress being caught on the animal's horns. A moose has walked deliberately up the streets of Machias, and out of love for the Maine game laws, which have so well protected his kind, he started to walk up the court hourse steps, but was frightened away. This was before the beginning of the open season. A big bull moose was found in a Newport farmer's pasture, with his horses. The farmer went out on a dark night to "catch the old mare," when what was his surprise, as he put the halter over her head, to find that she had horns spreading 6 or 8ft.

Mr. S. B. Woodman is on a hunting trip with his friends, P. J. Bessee and Capt. Elliot Rogers, who met the party at Machias, having sailed in his four-masted schooner from Boston to that point. From Machias they went to Princeton. There they have taken Indian guides and gone up the river. They have been absent a week at the time of this writing. A big bear has reached the market here to-day, and it has doubtless come from one of these hunters, though full reports have not yet been received.

Mr. S. C. Dizer, so well known as a lover of trout fishing, is absent in the Maine woods. There are reports that he has already taken two deer, but not being satisfied with their heads, he is trying for his third one, with the hope of getting a better head and antlers. Mr. Dizer has taken his big trout, aad now it is an antlered buck that he is after. Mr. L. Dana Chapman is absent at the Megantic preserve. He has gone this time with several thousand landlocked salmon of one year old, the quota allowed him for the Megantic Preserve by the Maine Fish Commissioners. He will try for a deer on this trip, and his chances of success are good.

Mr. and Mrs. Westley Jones are back from another annual hunting trip to the Adirondacks, and from their hunting lodge, Camp Kickapuck. Mr. J. Rolin Stuart

Jr., their guest, killed two deer. Mr. Jones also got several deer to his score. But Mrs. Jones has again borne away the honor of the hunting trip. She was alone in the woods, when the hounds drove a fine buck past her. The animal was coming with the speed of a flying bird, but with a couple of shots from Mrs. Jones's rifle he fell dead in his tracks.

Dogging deer is being again practiced in Main this year. A gentleman who visits Bangor very frequently on business trips, and who is a good deal interested in fish and game matters, was on the train the other day on his way home to Boston. On the train was a party of three sportsmen who had been having "great luck with deer," as they expressed it. They invited the gentleman into the baggage car to see their game. They had seven deer. The gentleman asked them where they had obtained them, but they were not willing to answer. He suggested that they probably used dogs in obtaining their game. One of them looked out of the car window and remarked, "We are out of Maine now. Yes, we did dog them. Everybody who gets any deer uses dogs. We have found that out. You don't suppose that we are chumps, do you? With dogs we get deer. Without them we get none. The game law, oh yes. We are out of that State."

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From our Staff Correspondent.*]

Horicon Marsh O. K.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 19.—All this fall the members of the Horicon and Diana clubs, which control the famous Horicon Marsh of Wisconsin, have been annoyed by a series of petty legal troubles instituted by local lawyers ostensibly working for the interests of the Lombard Investment Co., holders of the chief equity in the title of the lands. There have been permits and poachers, arrests and rearrests, injunctions and counter injunctions, enough to keep the managers in activity and some of the club members in doubt. It is a pleasure to be able to say that these temporary troubles are now well ended and that the club has won its legal battle. This whole thing has been so well taken up in the issue of the Chicago *Tribune* of today that I take the liberty of reproducing the reference in full. It reads:

Chicago sportsmen who for years have shot ducks on the famous Horicon Marsh, Dodge county, Wis., are delighted with Judge Sloan's decision delivered Wednesday at Juneau, Wis. The decision dissolves an injunction granted by the same court Oct. 6 and establishes the right of the Horicon Shooting Club and the Diana Shooting Club to control absolutely the famous 18,000-acre duck preserve for the next fourteen years. After Receiver Sandford B. Ladd of the Lombard Investment Company, a Kansas City concern, bought the property known as the Horicon Marsh at public sale from United States Marshall Pratt, June 28, the company gave a lease of the game preserve to W. R. Grady of Chicago, notwithstanding the fact that the Horicon and Diana Shooting clubs held a twenty-five-year lease of the same privileges as were conceded to Mr. Grady. The two clubs, for each of which Percy F. Stone of this city is secretary and general manager, remained in possession. "Standing pat" with nine points of the law in their favor, the clubs, through Mr. Stone, proceeded to combat any attempts of interlopers to hunt ducks in the marshes of the Horicon tract. Soon after Mr. Grady secured the lease from the Lombard Investment Company he proceeded to do a wholesale business in permits. He announced through the press of Milwaukee and Chicago that he would issue permits to hunt at "$3 each for the season ending Dec. 1."

Mr. Grady added the information that "the Horicon marsh was sold by the United States Marshal June 23, 1894, at Juneau, and bought in by the Lombard Investment Company. The sale canceled all leases issued to that date."

Agencies for the sale of these permits were established at various points, and when the duck season opened their holders swarmed upon the marsh to get their $3 worth of sport. In a short time deputy sheriffs and deputy marshals were given all the work they could do in arresting the permit holders for trespass, and the Dodge County Court dockets are said to be filled with names of the men who bought these privileges from Mr. Grady and his agents. The duck hunting season opened Sept. 1, and after the permit holders had been harassed by the minions of the law carrying the warrants sworn out by Manager Stone, Mr. Grady decided upon an attempt to establish the priority of claims to the ownership of the Horicon mallards by due process of law. Oct. 6 he went before Judge Sloan and prayed for an injunction directed to the Diana Shooting Club, and ordering the clubs, "their agents, servants, employes, patrolmen and watchmen absolutely to desist and refrain from arresting or prosecuting any persons hunting upon the Horicon marshes." The injunction was issued and yesterday was dissolved.

Mr. Robert Rone, of Milwaukee, writes me that he bagged 108 ducks on the upper Horicon marsh in two days of last week. There was something of a flight on, and several guns had good success. To-day Mr. R. B. Organ, of Chicago, and Mr. R. Merrill, of Milwaukee, are going up to take their first visit to the Upper Club, and if the weather there is as cold and rough as it is here to-day they ought to get some shooting.

Your uncle John Watson continues to weekly swat the jacksnipe down on the Kankakee, and hardly a Saturday passes that he does not come in with a calm smile and three dozen snipe.

In the Far North.

In letters to Mr. Waters, of this office, Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, has the following about the fowl in the far North:

"Before I went West," says Mr. Johnson, "I wrote to an old shooting companion, John Ayre, of the Lake View House, Toronto, the man who went with me on a forty days' shoot some years ago. I had made all arrangements with the Messrs. Galt, who were camping at Whitewater Lake, to leave the camp intact so we could take possession. I received a letter to-day from his son, informing me of the sad news that he died just after receipt of my letter. This has broken me up. I have put guns and everything appertaining away for this year. Mr. John Galt returned to-day, and he tells me one of their party, Mr. R. A. Ruttan, killed exactly 100 canvasbacks to his own gun one day, and that geese were there in tens of thousands, swans in thousands, white, blue and brown crane in immense numbers, and ducks thicker than they have been for years. This is all, as you know, very tempting, but when I remember my dear old friend, John Ayre, with his great big heart, if I went I could not hit a balloon. I couldn't see one at 30yds. if I thought of John. So farewell to ducks for this year."

In regard to the same party of shooting friends who were located on Whitewater Lake, the same writer in another letter says, under date of Oct. 9:

"Our duck shooting is yet good. Mr. G. F. Galt and two friends on Saturday, Sept. 29 (at Whitewater Lake, southwest of Winnepeg a short distance), killed 227 canvasback ducks before noon; in fact, in about three hours.

"I returned on the cars to-day with the party who had been sent out by the Canadian Government, jointly with a party sent by the American Government, to define the boundary in Alaska between Canada and the United States. One of the party is a personal friend of my own, and has promised to give me particulars of the game in that country, which he says is in millions. I will get this for FOREST AND STREAM some time when I have leisure. One thing he told me which I was surprised to hear, that geese and ducks breed and live the year round in Alaska; that is, in some portions of it."

Some Violators.

Some weeks ago I mentioned the fact that a special-car party of Chicago chicken shooters had been searched at St. Paul and 250 illegal chickens found in their possession. I now learn further facts. The party was made up of Marvin Hughitt, Jr., son of one of the most prominent officials of the Chicago & Northwestern road, and Mr. D. Mark Cummings of Chicago, and I believe they were accompanied by Mr. W. R. Linn of Chicago. I understand that nothing was done to them in St. Paul further than confiscating the game. The party shot in North Dakota, this year at Carrington. They were told that they were not wanted at Dawson, and were also invited to go away from Eldridge for their hunt. A Chicago party that arrived at Dawson a few days before the opening of the season this year were promptly waited on by the local warden. "Oh, I thought you were the Cummings party," said he, apologetically. "We don't want them in here any more." The charge was that this special car of shooters had killed every bird they could and apparently were satisfied with no reasonable limit of slaughter.

It is rather a hard duty to be obliged to make public facts like these in regard to Chicago shooters who should certainly know better and do better. The special-car butcher is no better than the market-butcher; indeed I do not think he is as good. The preserve-butcher is no better than the butcher who shoots over open country. They are all alike, with the benefit in favor of the poorer and more ignorant butcher. These big-bag men are not great sportsmen. They are only great butchers. Now, that isn't so nice a trade. I believe Mr. Linn was not with this party last year, and I hope that next year every member of the party will go content to observe the letter and the spirit of the statute law and the sportsmen's unwritten law of right. If they will not do so, I hope the residents of Dakota will give them the limit. It is time for the Dakota shooters to realize that they are being robbed of their game by unscrupulous shooters from the East. For these shooters, whatever be their station, there should be in Dakota and in Chicago, in private and in the pages of the public press, but one course of conduct. They should be given justice, nothing more.

Mr. Trude, this is Mr. Hughitt. I hope you all and Dr. Thomas will be very good friends.

Cincinnati, This Time.

Dr. R. R. Braxtan, of Loogootee, Ind., writes me as below in regard to a bit of violation of the game law in his neighborhood:

"I have just learned of the most flagrant violation of the game law that it has ever been my fortune to notice. A drummer from Cincinnati who claims to be a sportsman came out to our town this week and killed and took back to his home with him 27 quail. If the gentleman in question notices this in FOREST AND STREAM, I sincerely hope he will communicate with me and undertake to prove this item false. Quail are plenty, and are good, strong flyers now, but that is no excuse for such unprincipled rascals as he."

And so it goes. The game has rather a hard time of it. I suppose it must be exterminated before we learn its value.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

THE SNAKES THAT SAVED THE TOWN.

"ETS dead contrairy ter common sense en nater," exclaimed "Quill" Baldwin after a deliberate and expectoratorial shot at the open stove-door, "thet er critter born en bred ez en enermy ter man should ever dew him er sarvice 'less 'twas by some accident-like. Ef Parson Train wuz ter stan' here this minit en declar' thet he'd know'd er case whar er snake pupposely saved er huming life, I'd think he wuz gone crazy er wuz a-lyin', I would, by ginger!"

"P'raps yer think my wife's great-uncle Steve wuz silly er else lyin' when his house tuk fire in the middle er the night, an' him ersleepin' thar alone en er blacksnake thet hed been er pet fur years en hed er den under their kitchen, cum up stairs en bit him tell he wuk up? Mebbe the ole man wuz dreamin', too, an' p'raps the dead body er ther snake warn't foun' in the ruins ther next day? How wuz that, 'Quill'?" and Zeke Slater leaned back with the satisfied air of one who has put a poser to his adversary.

"That duz seem er bit cur'us," commented Gregory, who was dusting off his stock of candies, "'pears ter me like Divine Providence actin' through the agency of er snake, as 'twere," this last with a solemn sniff or two.

"Ennybody 'cept er complete nat'ral-born idjit 'd know mor'n ter claim thet er snake bit er man ter save his life," muttered Quill, whose pipe refused to light and whose temper was fast failing. "Mos' proberbly ther reptile war out er grub en Zeke's wife's ole gret-uncle wuz better'n nothin' to chaw on. Snakes kin stan' purty poor livin'!" he added after a moment's moody reflection.

"Yew boys all talk like yer warn't weaned yit," interposed Lighthouse Charley, who had just come in out of the storm and was shaking out his great coat. "Turrible night, this, Mr. Gregory; mus' be tuff on ther coastin' schooners, sich weather!" The old man had had a taste of life before the mast when a lad and had not forgotten its disagreeable side. Then as he drew the broken armchair nearer the stove and lighted his short-stemmed pipe he followed up his timely and peace-preserving interruption:

"What duz ail yew, Quill Baldwin, ter utter sech truck ez thet 'bout snakes bein' man's nat'ral enemy?"

"I wuz jes' wishin' you'd come in, Mr. Baldwin," said Gregory, for I knew 't ef enny one could tell us ther tac's 'bout snakes yew wuz ther man. And 'fore we all git settled down le's have some cider; 't's my treat ternight!"

This unparalleled liberality started up six volunteers to go down cellar with the jug, but Gregory, perhaps feeling that one who offers a gift should himself set it before his friends, and perhaps for other reasons, insisted on going down himself, lantern in hand.

After every one had been properly moistened and the collector of snake lore had sufficiently lubricated his vocal organs for present needs and placed a mug on the stove by his side for future emergencies, Lighthouse Charlie began:

"In ther fust place ther cases whar er snake hez saved ther life uv er single bein' air tew many fur me ter think er speakin' erbout. I mout mention ther grass snakes, common little ev'ry-day grass snakes thet save young Ted Somers las' Augus' w'en his skiff wuz driftin' daown ter ther very edge er ther big dam et Derby, en no one could git out ter him. Never heard 'bout thet? Wal, wal, yew folks here ter ther village air the dumbedest set! Why, them snakes hed er nest en ther bow er his ole boat. He never used it hardly 'tall, en w'en they come er-squirmin' out scared by the noise er this dam so near, et didn' tek 'em er minit ter see haow ther lan' lay, er rather haow ther water lay. Jes' tuk hold one 'nother heads ter tails so 's they made er rope eighteen foot long. Fus' one he dived, draggin' t'others with him. Then Ted see ther snake rope tauten up en git straight, en his plague boat cum to er stop. The las' leetle squirmer hed tied hisself ter ther ringbolt en es purty a bowline hitch ez ever sailor made. Wal, thar he wuz, jes' three feet from ther edge er thet roarin' plungin' torrint, an' thar thet leetle rope er snakes held him te'l help cum. They never knowed what thet lowest one hed grasped holt on, but he knew his biz, en I'll bet 'twant no straw ner stick.

"But pshaw!" the old man ejaculated, not deigning to notice the looks of mingled doubt and wonder with which his narrative was received; "thar wuz my ole neighbor, Jedge Fowler, allus bin ez scared uv dogs ez yew er I'd be uv polar b'ars, en nat'rally ev'ry cur goes fur him. Las' month thet spiteful, mean pup er Dave Oviatt's went fur him, en ther ole man was so startled he fell en ther rascal jumped fur his throat. Jes az he jumped a spunky young adder reached out from under er fence post whar he hed his tail wrapped roun' en grabbed ther dog's hine foot. Held him, tew, tell young Oviatt cum en clubbed ther dog off, en ther 'tarnal fool went en killed ther snake, tew. Why—"

"Proper thing ter do ter snakes!" snapped Quill savagely. He met with no approval at this, and Lighthouse Charley frowned him into subjection, and continued:

"Why ther' are er thousan' cases, but ther real one I wanter give yer is whar er fam'ly er water moccasins saved this taown. Yes, sir, saved three thousan' people them squirmin' heroes did, en never er word er thanks neither. Yew all 'member thet turrible freshet en ther spring er '74 when ther Housatonic overflowed ets banks en raised perticaler Ned? Swep' off some ten er 'leven houses en barns up t'wards Shelton way? Wal, ther big new dam up ter Derby wasn't built them days, en ther ole dam were er mouty shaky pile er stone en logs en earth. Ther swash were weakenin' her ev'ry blessed day. En one night when the river wuz et ther highest ther cum on er turrific rain storm, en I sez ter ole Sam Eeles, sez I, 'Sam, this yer storm settles this dam, en this town 's er goin' ter be drowneded out sure 's beeswax!'

"He 'greed 'twere, en jes then er couple er fellers cum by en sung out thet word hed cum ther dam wuz goin' en no one wuz up thar ter help fight back ther river; they wuz goin' up, they said, en axed us ter go too. So course we went, young en ready ter go entu enythin' them days, I wuz, en all ther way up we roused up the folks en tole 'em ter be ready ter swim fer ther lives. Us four got up ter ther dam 'long 'bout 'leven o'clock. Ther river were one howlin', foamin' rush er suds en thar war ten chaps tuggin' erway ter hol' in ther weak spot which war ther east corner. Here en thar we could see leetle dribblin' streams er water tricklin' down ther bank whar er new leak hed sprung, en we fell tew en plugged them holes ez fas' ez we could with cobble stuns. Turnin' over one big flat rock en er marshy spot ter get at some small uns, Sam unkivered er nes' er water moccasins. He wuz crazy ter kill 'em but I fin'ly persuaded him ter leave 'em be en ten' ter hez wuk. I allers b'lieve er snake 'll dew more good 'n harm ef he's treated decent. Skurcely five minutes arter that Sam yelled ter me, 'Look thar!' sez he, 'see thet moccasin!'

"I looked en sure nuff thar one er ther snakes he'd gone en crawled enter er leak en he'd bunged et up tight. Before I could say er word ev'ry one er them pesky smart moccasins wuz et work, en ther mus' er bin forty. Not er drop er water cum out er enny hole them chaps struck; ef ther body got small fer it, they ran ther tail back en wedged er double thickness en. All night long them snakes held ther fort en me'n ther rest see thet we'd never er mounted to nothin' 'thout ther help. The bigges' snake wuz near whar I was wuk-kin' en he did the smartis' thing er all. When ther wash hed made ther hole too big en the leak begun ergin he ran his tail back en forward tell he hed four thickness en ther hole, then he b'gun ter eat sticks en dirt en gravel, things er snake would never choose fur his own pleasure en so he swelled out hez stomach en jammed thet cavity so all-fired tight thet when they fixed ther dam tew days later four men with picks en bars hed a mortal tuff job ter drag him out. No, sirree! since thet night I don' wanter hear no idle talk 'bout snakes bein' enemies fur they saved ev'ry mother's son uv us then. What er snake can't do has yit ter be diskivered!" And the old man, finding that the rain had slacked and that the depleted jug of cider was not going to be replenished, donned his old gum coat, bade his late listeners a grim good-night and disappeared into the night.

H. PRESCOTT BEACH.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Sea and River Fishing.

DAYS AT CAMP BLAIR.

Camp Blair, North Wakefield Trout Fishing Club, P. Q., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Leaving New York on the 6 P. M. train of the New York Central R. R. on Sept. 14, our party of seven, members and guests of the North Wakefield Trout Fishing Club, found ourselves in Ottawa at 11 o'clock the next A. M., and also found that all of our checked luggage had gone to Montreal without our consent; but by the kindness of Mr. Meyers of Rouse's Point, where our belongings started on their wayward course, everything was returned to us in good order at Ottawa by the time we had made a few needed purchases and partaken of an excellent lunch at the Russell House, a very comfortable and pleasant hotel. I can also state with considerable pride that the Customs officer intimated that we did not look like a party who would be likely to defraud Her Majesty's just revenue, hence he sent us our luggage unopened, and we broke the seals after getting into camp.

Instead of waiting for the P. M. train for North Wakefield we chartered two comfortable teams and enjoyed a delightful ride, most of the way along the banks of the Gattineau River, surrounded by grand and beautiful scenery, with forests outrivalling New England's autumnal hues. Within about six miles of camp we crossed the Gattineau River in a scow propelled by a "white ash breeze" which we furnished without extra charge, and of course we found the old scow on the wrong side of the river and had to go over in a skiff and pull it to the right side, leaving it again on the wrong side to accommodate the next customer. About three miles of the remaing six miles of our road to camp is what Pat described as "sandy" to one who had never been over it; and when being called up on the subject after getting into camp, Pat shielded his veracity by saying, "The sand was a little coarse to be sure."

Arriving at camp about 7 P. M. we found Tom and Le Roque ready to greet us, and a good warm supper at our disposal. Of course, next in order after supper was getting out our fishing toggery, adjusting rods, trying lines and selecting flies which we were sure would lure the big ones to our end of the boat the next day. But in this we counted without consulting Old Probabilities or the other parties in interest, viz., the trout we expected to try the elasticity of our rod and the strength of our lines.

The day dawned as warm and mild as a June morning—the lakes were like liquid glass, making a perfect mirror for the bordering landscape except for the splendid colors of the foliage—the gentle zephyrs that toyed tenderly with the leaves high up on the surrounding mountains seemed loth to descend and mar the perfect tranquillity below; but alas! all this quiet beauty was only withering our cherished hopes of capturing those beautiful fish; for do what we would they would not rise to the fly, and some of the party tried to tempt them with minnows and earth worms with no better success. Occasionally a small half-pound trout would so far forget his surroundings as to toy with the artificial lure, and was generally deposited in the tank for his indiscretion. And such was nearly the whole week; we would frequently see a score or more of the big fellows gliding quietly about, but with all our allurements they seemed to say to us:. "We are boarding ourselves during this kind of weather, and care nothing for your new-fangled arrangements." Still we thrashed the quiet waters with our flies as relentlessly as the farmer uses his flail on the grain-covered floor of his barn, only to give us, not sport, but barely enough fish for our breakfast.

Now, why were these miserable results? Who can tell? I only know the facts and gave up the conundrum after a week's study and fisherman's patience. Some of our club members and their guests were forced to leave camp at the end of the week on account of pressing business requirements, but I fear there was some disgust and disappointment at our ill luck mingled with the pressure. And here I would not fail to mention the kindness again of our friend Meyers of Rouse's Point. He wired us on Tuesday, inviting any who wished to join him in a day's fishing for black bass in a lake about ten miles distant from our camp, and one of our party spent a day with him, bringing back about a dozen fair-sized trout which they had caught while fishing with minnows for bass. Now, why should trout take minnows in that lake and not in ours? You tell—I gave it up without a struggle, but such were the facts.

On Friday we were reinforced by three who could not join the first party that came in, and on Sunday five others took their departure, and thereby missed the glorious sport of the remaining five. On Sunday, the 23d, it began raining, with a strong wind, clearing up cold and frosty, and during the whole week we had splendid sport, taking about 150 trout ranging in weight from 1 to 3lbs.; twice doubles were taken at one cast. The change in temperature had done the business for us, and enabled us to do the business for the trout. It needs cool. frosty nights, and a breeze by day that will bring a ripple upon the water to make the trout in these lakes rise well to the fly.

One of the Canadian members of the club visited camp about the 1st of September, and in parts of two days took over seventy-five trout, fishing one evening and one morning; so it is not the time in the month, but the condition of the temperature and wind, that insure the best results. These trout are natives, the lakes never having been stocked, and from present indications will never require it.

The lakes controlled by the club are six in number, named respectively Clear, Angelus, Long, Round, Forked and Wright's. The waters of all except Wright's flow from one to the other, and have but one outlet. Lake Angelus is about 50ft. higher than the four others with which it connects, and Wright's is from 75 to 100ft. lower than any of the others. The combined shore line of the six lakes is by estimation about twenty miles. They are situated in a wild rocky region between the Gattineau and the Lievres rivers, presenting some grand and striking scenery, with granite cliffs, the ragged and almost perpendicular sides of which tower 200ft. above the surface of the lakes. The portages between four of the lakes are neither long nor difficult, and boats can be floated in two of them most of the distance. The subject of stocking one of the lakes with black bass is being considered by the club; Wright's Lake will probably be chosen for this purpose, as it has no connection with the other lakes. The Canadian authorities furnish small fish for such purposes the same as is done in most of the States. These lakes can never be polluted by manufacturing, as there are no large streams running into them, but are fed by springs so that the waters are always pure, very clear, and delightfully cool.

These considerations with many others that might be named make the property of the North Wakefield Trout Fishing Club an exceptionally desirable one, and its value will increase as the chances for a few days' good fishing become less and less in the poor worn-out streams and lakes of the States. This is our last night in camp for the season; the wood fire has burned low in the broad fireplace and my companions have sought the sleep which these cool nights make sound and refreshing, leaving me alone with my thoughts and the few remaing bits of wood I have raked together in the center of the fireplace. Those who have enjoyed thus the last flickering embers of a camp-fire, know how soft and gentle are the reveries that come hovering o'er mind and soul; and know that whatever is good and true in us will come welling up from the spring-like depths of our natures almost unbidden, and I am sure makes us better men, and these reveries die not with the embers on the hearth. Our time is up to-morrow, Oct. 1 closes the season for trout fishing in these waters. Our company of members and guests has been larger than any previous year and our enjoyment has increased with the numbers.

After such a glorious good time it may not be in good taste to express a single regret, but "murder will out." My heart was set on feeling at the end of my line just one more of those big beauties; I knew where to find him in the early morning, and asked the cook to have me a cup of coffee soon after daybreak. I got the coffee but not the trout. As I arrived in sight of the foot of Long Lake, the first sunbeams were just struggling through the foliage on the hills beyond. I could see the locality on which my hopes were based nearly a mile distant. I could see neither man nor boat, but at intervals of a few seconds I could see the spray as it flashed from the swift line and glittered in the sunlight, and I knew it meant death to my hopes and the big trout. Remembering the old proverb, that to err is human, but to forgive divine, I am constrained to forgive him this time; but if it were just as divine to err as to forgive, I fear I should "go out on an error" regardless of the umpire. And now, Mr. Editor, having fulfilled my promise to you, I bid you and Camp Blair a good night. A.

THE RAINBOW TROUT.

I have caught our beloved *Salmo fontinalis* in the Adirondacks, in the small brooks of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont, and along the shores of Lake Superior, and feel myself tolerably well acquainted with him; but his cousin of the Rocky Mountains was a stranger to me until this season. My fishing was then limited to the month of September, and to a small portion of the waters of northwestern Colorado, and, in other times and waters the fish may and doubtless does, show himself after a different fashion; but I found the experience interesting and novel, and hope some of the readers of Forest and Stream may be glad to hear of it.

The first fishing was done at Wolcott, Colorado, in the cañon of the Eagle River. The stream is very rapid, but not broken by falls at that point. The water was remarkably clear and the day extremely bright. I put on my leader for tail fly a Reuben-Wood and the Abbey and brown-hackle for droppers, all on No. 10 hooks. The stream was full of attractive rapids, but fishing industriously over these for nearly an hour did not bring a single rise. The first fish was taken from an eddy at the foot of a ripple, where the water was 6 or 7ft. deep and comparatively sluggish. He rose quite lazily, not showing above the water but taking the fly much as a chub does, only the nose passing above the surface, but, when hooked, showed an astonishing amount of energy, and, though only weighing about 4oz., gave me fully as much trouble as many a ½lb. Eastern trout has done. He seemed to me when landed to be of precisely the same shape as an Eastern trout, differing only in having a forked tail and in the color. The sides and belly were silvery white, the spots black, beginning about the dorsal fin and thickly covering the rear of the back and sides, and the tail fin, and about the size of No. 10 shot. After the first one I took five or six more, but always from similar places in the stream, getting none at all upon the ripples. The flesh of these fish when cooked for dinner was decidedly white, with a very slight yellow tinge and a small streak of pinkish along the spine. They were firm and well flavored, but it seemed to me less succulent than *Salmo fontinalis*.

On Sept. 16, we camped in the canyon of the Bear River, which at that place is the perfection of a trout stream, having a succession of deep pools and rapids, none of the latter being too deep to wade across if care were used. The water was very cold and clear. I began fishing just after sunrise and wasted an hour or more on a most attractive rapid, without a rise. Going then to a deep pool and casting my fly over an eddy, just to one side of the rapid current which flowed into its head, I got my first rise, and, before it was eight o'clock had a dozen fine fish ranging from ½lb. to 2lbs. My first cast of this day consisted of a small black-gnat as tail-fly, a large black-ant as first drop and a brown-hackle as the second drop, and nearly all the fish took the black-ant. By noon the fish ceased to rise well and I shifted flies until nearly everything had been tried, but found the black-ant the only fly which was at all successful.

The trout in this river had the same general markings as those of the Eagle, but showed considerably more red upon them, the belly in many cases being scarlet and red lines marking the edge of the gill covers. They showed the same habits as those of the Eagle, being found not in the swift water but in still pools and eddies. Generally speaking, they were very sluggish in the rise, though one or two fish struck my flies with a rush, throwing themselves completely from the water, very much in the manner of the Eastern trout. After being hooked they showed extraordinary vigor, especially those under a pound in weight, and I did not succeed in landing any until it was completely exhausted.

The trout seemed much less timid than its Eastern brother. I frequently saw a trout come up and take my fly, from the bottom of a still pool, while I was perfectly within his vi w. He would rise very leisurely, examine the fly carefully and usually take it when it was a few inches under water. When the sun was high I found the most successful way to fish was to allow the flies to run down a rapid and swing off into the eddy, when the trout would take them well beneath the surface.

Our guides said that we were too late in the year to get the best fishing, and that in July or August our catch would be much larger and the fish much more eager. Certainly the stream abounded in trout, and in looking down into any still pool one could see hundreds of them. At this time of year it froze sharply every night and there was but little insect life visible at any time. In addition to this the stream abounded in small fish of all kinds, so that the trout must have been very well fed. My own catch for the first day was about forty and would weigh perhaps 25lbs., and I left with a high respect for the rainbow trout.

So far as my experience goes *Salmo irideus* is distinctly inferior to *Salmo fontinalis*, both in the energy of his rise and in merits as a table fish, but when his spirit is aroused by being hooked he is at least equal if not superior in vigor, and in no particular is he to be despised.

A. S. Newberry.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 15.

FISHING THE WOLF.

The thermometer was hovering around the 90° mark in Chicago on July 12 last when we rushed into the Chicago & Northwestern R.R. depot for the train north. After a thirty-six hours' visit with a sportsman brother in Oshkosh, during which we lived over again many a happy hunting experience enjoyed together on the marshes of Illinois, and on the prairies and shallow lakes of South Dakota, I started north alone for Clintonville, Wis., which was my place of rendezvous at my physician friend's home, and that same afternoon a party of us went for a drive to Pine Lake, taking along our rods and spoons, and after trolling a short time returned with five nice spring-water pickerel.

Here after resting for three days and then, accompanied by Mr. Wm. H. Tinney, the doctor's son, we took the C. & N. W. train for Aniwa, and at the latter place changed cars for Mattoon, Wis., on the Mattoon Manufacturing Co.'s train, and traveled over their private forest railroad a distance of about twelve miles. Our destination was four miles from here, and Dr. Wm. A. Cottle kindly volunteered to drive us over with his own team after dinner. He landed us at Mr. Dave Mattison's in Phlox during the afternoon. Phlox is on the Red River branch of the Wolf River, and the stream is said to contain many large trout, but owing to the ample feed, minnows, etc., they are rarely known to bite a lure, and we were dissuaded from attempting their capture. Next morning we had an early breakfast and, accompanied by Mr. John Mattison, who wanted a day's fishing, we were driven half way toward the west branch of the Wolf River, two miles through the virgin woods to an Indian sugar camp, on the Menominee reservation. This camp consisted of several log shanties built in the midst of a group of sugar maples which the Indians tapped each year. The smoky odor of the log house kept the flies away, and here was a safe and quiet place for our patient horses.

Now we had to walk a mere trail for about two miles further to the river, and before starting in the sultry atmosphere we carefully covered the exposed skins of hands, forehead and neck with a mixture of pennyroyal, ʒii.; menthol, ʒi., and olive oil, ʒvi., whose odor was not to the liking of the myriads of mosquitoes we would disturb and attract as we passed along the path.

On we went; and very soon noticed an appraching Indian. As soon as he reached us he exclaimed, "Going fish?" and before catching his breath, "Got bottle?" But we had no bottle, save the mosquito mixture, and when so informed his head dropped and silently he passed on. He had neither pennyroal nor mosquitoes about him, but the paleface-vice was uppermost in his desire, and we were told that these children of the forest, void of all sense of money values, would rapidly dispose of the immense timbered woods through which we were then passing for the corked contents of a few demijohns of firewater.

We soon heard and later reached the babbling stream, and it looked very trouty, and we were delighted at last to reach the goal for which we had traveled so many hundred miles—through heat and resultant fatigue. Trout were the only inhabitants of this brook, and had been planted here by the State authorities six years ago. It is a stream of probably 15ft. across, and here of an average depth of 2ft. We had been advised, per letter, that there was no trouble in filling a 10lbs. creel with trout in a half day's fishing; and our enthusiasm was resuscitated on reaching the water's edge. I started to fix a 6ft. salmon-gut leader on the end of my line, and Mr. M. noticing this said, "Oh, pshaw! you can't use that in this part of the stream. Just tie a gut hook on the end of your line, put a split buckshot about six inches away from it and a worm on the hook and fish that way." I did as advised, and with a sudden falling away of 50 per cent. of my enthusiasm for that day's sport, and into the cold, clear water my rubber boots and I went. I dropped my wormed hook immediately in front of a crossing, submerged log and allowed the rapid current to carry it beneath the latter's shade and immediately I felt passing along my right arm muscles that electrical thrill which a first connection at the terminal end of the line can alone produce. I felt that feel whose pleasure in its height and breadth no words of mine can fully describe, but which must be experienced to be understood, and felt, forsooth, by one who fully loves the feel. In its production the salmon family are the best operators, and for its full effects the true, born-in-the-flesh fisherman its best subject.

I had a bite, feeble, it is true, but nevertheless a bite. The result was *nil*, but on the second cast he came again, and I raised into the air a yearling trout, which I rapidly returned into his native element. The brook was full of these small fish. Our view in front and behind was impeded by the heavy growth of timber of this virgin forest, and across the stream windfall-trees, at all heights, were plentifully cast in perfect abandon, and the spreading branches of those yet standing often covered the water, so that the sun's direct rays did not reach it. Here a log beneath the shallow water, under which the rapid current

had washed a deepened sand hole where the vicious beauties awaited their prey; and the deeper and darker the water the larger its inhabitants. Sometimes the log was a tree with existent stubby branches, to which your hook appeared to have a special affinity, or some agile fish took delight in whipping a few rounds of your line around, so that wrigglingly he had ample opportunity to break away from the hook before you could disengage your tackle. Again your line would become so snarled up after a good bite that you had to spoil a second chance by boldly walking up to the spot and diving your arm shoulder deep to free once more the branch and line mixture. The small trout were very annoying, for they were continually stripping a hook too large for them to swallow, and the larger fish were few and far between. We never had over 10ft. of line in use, and when crawling stoop-shouldered through the maze of fallen trees and branches, which ever obstructed our path, we had only the gutted hook dangling from the end of our rod held in front of us. Between these frequent basketworks of fallen trees we had short, clear pools, but the latter were usually void of trout, and, prosperingly and swearingly we had to keep traveling through brushy heaps to get the fish. The native advice of a simple hook and line was fully demonstrated before the day was done.

At last we arrived at the limit of the river's reach for that day's fishing, and, finding a suitable place where we could leave the stream, we waded out and commenced our journey back to our starting point of the morning through the unchopped woods. Before doing so, however, a fresh inunction of exposed face, neck and hands with our mosquito cream was an essential. The unevenness of the wooded ground, together with the stifling heat of the atmosphere, rendered our walk very toilsome.

We had seen the little red squirrels chatteringly do the tree-trunk act across the brook several times during the day, but we dreamed not that we should have to follow their plan before sundown. We reached a beautiful and level moss-covered depression that betokened a solid foundation and smooth withal. It looked a relief from our previously troubled walking, and into this we stepped and went thigh deep, into the muddiest mud we had ever tried to bottom, and looking up for help, we saw our companion tripping across the bog-hole on a fallen tree trunk. After escaping the deception we did likewise with fear and trembling, lest we slid into the center of the same familiar morass in our Blondin act.

As we hastily worried along to keep up with our native woodsman-friend, brushing the tangled branches from across our path with our advanced and elevated arm, perspiring, tired and surrounded by hundred of blood-sucking mosquitoes, we philosophized silently on the foolhardiness of the trout fisher, who rushes beyond the borders of civilization to catch the supposedly bigger and more numerous fish, usually to find when he reaches the desired waters, that dozens of his kind have had the same idea as himself an t ahead of him have cleaned out all the big fish. This we learned had occurred here. A camping party the week before had carried away it was said, 1,500 trout, caught where we had that day fished.

At last we reached the cherished quiet of the Indian's log house where our patient horses awaited us. Here we waited and counted our fish, finding that in the three creeks we had 47, 25 and 23 respectively, or a total of 95 trout, just beyond the legal limit in size. We had only one trout that would weigh half a pound, and this and the larger catch belonged to the man who knew every inch of the best ground. Oh trouting! Oh boarding place! To the latter we turned our thoughts, tired, weary, disappointed, and hitching up, we finally traveled beyond the last stump and reached our supper table, which then was more harmonious to us than the rippling waters, and more electrical than the trout's bite. A good meal of fresh trout, potatoes and coffee, with good bread, butter and excellent spring water, formed a most refreshing repast before which our ruffled temper smoothed out to a pacific state—proving that heart and stomach must be very near together.

We had fished for the iris-hued tiger of the purling brook. We had got caught in the branchy mesh. We had felt the thrill of the trout-bite, and the piercing delight of the mosquito's trunk with its subsequent mound of cutaneous tenderness. We had tried to fathom the bottomless moss-covered bog, and tripped the overhanging tree trunk; and after all this delightful conquest we had reached the quiet of our clean boudoir and our sleep-inspiring bed. The weather alone in its torrid heat tormented us.

The turn of our fishing tide had come, however, for at the supper table we had been told that to-morrow we would try a better, deeper part of the same stream, lower down where the fish were larger, the stream less accessible, but less fished; and thus musing we fell into a troubled sleep nursing our weakening hope for better things of the morrow.

The sun rose in a hot and clear sky the next morning, and after an early breakfast we mounted our saddle horses at six o'clock and started for a spot two miles lower down the stream of yesterday's exploits and four miles from home. Following the lumber road past clearings with present stumps, and where the settlers had or were using spring-harrows to scratch in the scattered grain and with luxuriant results in those places earlier treated—thus reducing the richly vegetable soil—we rode along our heavy steeds for a mile to the forest's edge, and here struck the main Indian trail of the northern end of the reservation. This was a narrow well beaten path, deeply trodden by the shoeless hoofs of the cat-like Indian ponies, and interrupted frequently by large stones, and curving sinuously around the end of frequent windfall giant trees. At the end of the second mile we reached a spring bog-hole over which a dilapidated corduroy road still remained and over which our civilized horses were unsafe travelers. Here we had to part company with our horses—for which we were thankful because of their heavily jolting gait—and send them back by a boy who had accompanied us.

Just beyond the bridge we noticed a young squaw astride a pony's back approaching. The horse was loaded besides with full sacks. Behind was a second pony likewise loaded with blankets and bundles, and still further behind was seen a young Indian buck a-foot. The ponies tripped aross the logged bridge without a falter. The squaw looked neither at my companion nor myself and we felt a little aggrieved at the slight—he said it was my fault; I declared that it was because of his presence—but it still remains a mystery. She passed on and we quizzed the man. He talked English and we ascertained that the Indian woman was his squaw, and that they were going to town to sell a load of slippery elm bark and barter it off for groceries.

For a moment I may be permitted to digress in order to refer to the Indians' method of trading. He is said to find out the value of his wares, and after receiving the money he moves around the country store, asks the price of some selected article and pays for this, waiting for his change. After this is given to him he or she looks for another article and pays for this likewise, and so they continue until the pile of money is gone. Now gathering up the articles purchased they are loaded upon the ponies and the latter are led to the outskirts of the hamlet where the squaws mount crosswise, and ride off. I noticed one young squaw come to town in a purple woolen skirt, a thin shirt waist and moccasin-covered feet, and her buck was gallant enough to assist her to the ground in front of our house. Beware, girls, of your cherished monopoly of correct dress; and you young men that the manners of the Indian do not outshine you!

Resuming our story, we parted with the Indian who seemed loath to leave us, and my companions hinted that he was trying to get to leeward of some firewater, but this we did not have, and briskly walking off to catch up with his squaw, he disappeared. After a drink from a hat brim of the clear, cold spring water, we started on the two miles' tramp further along the trail. After traveling half this distance we struck off northward on "a blind" or little used trail, and traveling this obliquely toward the river, up hill and down, over and around many tree trunks and bog holes, we at last heard the running water, and descending a bank we saw the rippling water only a few feet away. We were considerably heated by the walk, and tried to rest and cool off, but the mosquito pests again surrounded us, necessitating another application of the oily mixture to the now raised or swollen and tender areas of yesterday's bites, for we were now more than able to mitigate their ferocious attacks. My forehead, neck and back of head were as if attacked with nettlewash, and painfully tender to the touch, the menthol-pennyroyal kept off the majority, however. When riding in the woods and wading in the brook the flies bothered us the least, and while walking the forest the foremost man got the lion's share of them.

We had with us to-day as companion, guide and fellow fisherman, a Mr. Kauffman, and after getting our rods together and the line drawn out, he took out a gut leader and began to tie this to a gutted hook with a sinker attached. I had been watching him for a pointer, and dared not to audibly express myself as to the requisite tackle for the new neighborhood. I rejoiced, however, when he told me that we would find clearer water, *i. e.*, wider and longer pond holes, and that I could use a 6ft. gut leader with a wormed hook and split shot sinker on the end, and a dropper fly further up if I wished. I so rigged up my line, using a royal-coachman for the fly and with the others started into that stream with greater hope for a better day. My two companions crossed the stream and walked further up the other side to some falls to start in there. I was told to fish down until the water got too deep for my thigh boots, then to get out and walk in the woods half a mile further down and start in again. We found the water deeper, fewer tree trunks to meander among, and though the stream was full of small trout, we occasionally basketed a better fish, but yet too small. Our lines again were too limited in length for much use of the fly, yet occasionally, under the shadow of a bush, a trout would snatch at it, and I landed a few fair fish this way. My own fishing for this day was, however, largely spoiled because of my manner of wading, and the best reaches of the river were too deep for me, and when night arrived and we three had met at the crossing of the main Indian trail, I had fully determined that on the morrow I would leave my boots at home and follow the stream in old clothes only, from start to finish, as they had done.

The day's catch consisted of 64, 49 and 46 fish, or a total of 159. The fish averaged larger, but still the largest weighed only half a pound, and this and the largest score was again caught by the one who showed us the way. With decreasing sunlight we trudged the trail homeward to the spring hole where we had parted with our horses, and expected to find them awaiting us, but they were not yet there, so after a drink of the pure water we dressed our trout, finding a few so decomposed from the heat that we had to throw them away. When this was ended our boy arrived with the horses, and we walked them home. This evening we were very tired but not hopeless, for we had had a better river, better results, and with better plans for the next day, we felt that alone—my companion und myself—we could have a still much more enjoyable time. With such expectations, and after a good supper, of trout again, and another bath, we sought our beds.

CHICAGO, Ill. DR. ALFRED HINDE.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Who Was "Iadahel?"

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reading lately Thoreau's "Concord and Merrimac," I encountered therein the following quotation from the poet Gower, a contemporary and friend of Chaucer:

"And Iadahel, as saith the boke,
First made nette and fyshes toke;
Of hunting eke he found the chace,
Which now is knowe in many place,
A tente of clothe, with cords and stake,
He sette up first and did it make."

Now, why wasn't Mr. Gower, while he was about it, a little more explicit? What is the title of the "boke" which records the deeds of Iadahel, and who was Iadahel anyway? I have painfully searched the Scriptures and a concordance and encyclopedia, but failed to get on his track. It is too late by several hundred years to question Mr. G., so I appeal to FOREST AND STREAM, whose other readers will doubtless be as glad as I to learn something more of the gentleman who is claimed to have been the first fisherman, hunter and camper-out. In the meantime why would not "Iadahel Club" be an appropriate name for any new association of anglers?

The only objection that occurs to me is the possibility of a profane reply from some unregenerate visitor when asked "what kind of a time he had" at the club.

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

ANGLING NOTES.

Loch Leven Trout.

IT is generally known, I think, that the U. S. Fish Commission is erecting a hatchery in the State of Vermont, and of this establishment Commissioner McDonald writes: "The development of the Vermont station will be exclusively with reference to work with the *Salmonidæ*, the species handled being the landlocked salmon, the Eastern brook trout, the European brook trout, the rainbow trout and the Loch Leven trout. To this series we will probably add the black-spotted trout."

The common brook trout of Europe is called in Great Britain brown or yellow trout, and in this country it is known as brown trout, or Von Behr trout, the name given to it by the U. S. Fish Commission in honor of the donor of the first eggs sent to the Commission; and it is further known, inappropriately, as German brout trout. The Loch Leven trout is found in a lake of the same name in Scotland, and is highly esteemed as a game fish.

Some years ago I examined some Loch Leven and some brown trout in ponds side by side at the Cold Spring Harbor station of the New York Fish Commission, and could discover no difference between them, and from that time to this I have been trying to find out if any difference really existed. Dr. John D. Quackenbos, of New York city, who has fished Loch Leven and who was the first individual to purchase Loch Leven trout eggs to stock American waters, wrote me:

American Testimony.*

"My comment on the Loch Leven matter is that there are two distinct trout in Loch Leven; the handsome native charr known to tradition have become extinct. One species of trout is the common *fario* or brown trout of Europe; the other is a silvery, black-spotted landlocked sea trout. No angler cares for the brown trout in the Loch, all are eager for the silvery beauty. It is the presence of this fish that enables Sir Graham Montgomery to lease the water to the Loch Leven Angling Association for £1,000 annually, and the company to pay a dividend of 10 per cent. to its share holders. For centuries the *Salmo levenensis* has ranked far above all other trout in Britain, and it is now regarded as the descendant of an anadromous fish whose means of communication with the ocean was suddenly cut off by some convulsion of nature and whose acclimatization in Loch Leven was thus rendered compulsory. The Loch Leven trout attains a weight of 10lbs.; the ordinary brown trout of the Loch rarely reaches 2lbs. When I hear people talking of buying Loch Leven eyed ova at Howietoun Fishery, and bringing them to America and hatching them, and having them turn out nothing but common brown trout, I simply remark, 'You did not get Loch Leven ova.' There is as much difference between *fario* and *levenensis* as exists between a Kentucky thoroughbred and a mule. He who has caught both will appreciate the comparison."

Doubtless it was such testimony as this, for Dr. Quackenbos stands not alone regarding the superiority of one trout over the other as they are found in the loch, that has encourged our National and State Fish Commissions to propagate and distribute the Loch Leven trout in the waters of this country. I procured some Loch Leven fry on several occasions, planted them and they turned out to be brown trout, exactly as they did at the Long Island hatchery, and this was further incentive, if any was needed, to find if possible just what we are planting under the name of Loch Leven trout.

I applied to Mr. Marston in London to aid me, and he sent me a letter from an English fish breeder who rears the Loch Leven and brown trout in his ponds and who said he could discover no difference between them, either in coloring or markings. Later Mr. Marston wrote me again on the subject as follows:

English Testimony.

"At Loch Leven I have seen the silvery trout (delicious eating) and the ordinary spotted trout like other *S. fario*. The only trout sold as Loch Leven are like *S. fario* more than sea trout, and Sir James Maitland has stocked Loch Leven for many years now with these so-called Loch Levens which I think must be a cross between the descendant of the sea or white trout which became landlocked early in this century, or comparatively early. The present Loch Levens have a peculiar green shade on the back when you look down on them in the water in a can. I have never seen any of the silvery Loch Leven fish in any lots I have bought from Sir James or from Mr. Andrews. I will ask Mr. Mallock of Perth; he is the champion Loch Leven angler, and something of a naturalist, and may help us."

It will be observed that Dr. Quackenbos and Mr. Marston both refer to a silvery trout as being the type of the Loch Leven trout in its natural habitat. In this country I have been able to learn of but one instance where the Loch Leven trout retain this silvery appearance beyond the fry stage of their existence. This is in the famous Castalia Creek in Ohio. Mr. H. C. Bowman, a member of the Castalia Club, has told me that the Loch Leven trout planted in that stream "have a blue silvery sheen without any black spots." Brown trout in the same stream are in color and general appearance identically as they are found in other waters, here and abroad. Whether the Loch Leven trout retain this silvery appearance and lack the red spots beyond a certain age, even in Castalia Creek, I do not know, and in what follows it is well to remember that at the time Mr. Bowman wrote me the Loch Leven trout had not been long established in Castalia. The following is what Mr. Mallock reported to Mr. Marston:

Scotch Testimony.

"In answer to your query as to whether there are two sorts of trout in Loch Leven, the ordinary brown trout and the silvery fellow like the sea trout, so far as my observation goes, which extends over twenty years, there is no difference in the appearance of the trout that are taken. The young from an ounce up to nearly a pound are all silvery, thickly covered with dark spots, and greenish on the back. After these trout have been up stream, spawned, and returned to the loch, they have lost their silvery appearance, and have become more yellow. They also change their habits in rising to the

* As I have explained, I have been gathering information about this trout for some time, searching in every possible direction. The letter from which I quote is not dated with the year, but I believe it was written early in 1894, and possibly Dr. Quackenbos may wish to revise it in the light of more recent information on the subject.

angler's fly, the silvery ones seldom rising on the same day as the yellow ones." (It will be noted that Mr. Mallock speaks of the "yellow ones," aud I have observed that in England the common is called brown trout, and in Scotland it is generally called yellow trout.)

"Both the food and water they are reared in have a great effect in changing their color and appearance. As to your fancying the trout now being a cross between the original inhabitants and the trout which have been put in since the lake became landlocked, I cannot think it can be correct. None have been introduced to my knowledge since 1874, and if there had been I would have heard of it."

Mr. Malloch then quotes from Dr. Day's "British and Irish *Salmonidæ*:" "Mr. David Marshall, of Kinross, remarks that the date of the connection of the late Mr. Campbell Marshall, his father and himself as tacksmen of Loch Leven begins with Sept. 1, 1839, and ends with Sept. 1, 1874, and that no such piece of work, *i.e.*, restocking Loch Leven from other waters, was done during those years, and if any thing had been done previously, they were sure to have known it."

Mr. Malloch continues: "What is a pure Loch Leven? I think this requires yet to be proved. I have never believed Loch Leven trout to be a distinct species. No two lochs in Scotland hold trout alike in appearance, and Loch Leven is no exception to the others. I am perfectly certain that if Loch Leven and its tributaries were depleted of their trout to-morrow and others introduced from wherever you like, in a short time you would have the same class of trout as are now in it. It is the rich feeding and the shallowness of the loch that alter the appearance both internally and externally. Whenever the lochs are shallow, have clear water and rich feeding, the trout assumes the appearance of Loch Leven trout. In several lochs in Sutherland where this is the case, we find trout one could scarcely distinguish from those of Loch Leven. Take, for instance, Loch Slatel, Loch Leer, Loch Coorach and Loch Crospuill, where the trout are even better shaped than Loch Leven fish. Also in Loch Stennis, in Orkney, and in many of the tidal rivers they take on the same markings as those of Loch Leven. Then again, in Loch Mulach-Corrie, the trout look more like a distinct species than Loch Leven trout, and yet they are nothing else than ordinary trout altered in shape and color by the nature of the feeding found there.

"Many thousands of Loch Leven trout have been distributed over the lochs of Sutherland during the past few years. Many of the lochs into which they have been introduced I have fished year after year, and I have never yet been able to tell the one from the other, nor have I met any other angler that has, which shows that they have adapted themselves to their environment, and have become the same as their neighbors."

Thus far the testimony that I have presented upon this subject has been that of anglers, except as Mr. Mallock speaks as a naturalist. The very conditions mentioned by Mr. Malloch as necessary to produce the coloring of Loch Leven trout doubtless exist in Castalia Creek, which is noted for its rich food. Elsewhere, so far as I can find, the Loch Leven trout develop the red spots and the general color and appearance of the brown trout.

Testimony of a Scientist.

Dr. Francis Day, who carefully examined the Loch Leven trout, and had every facility for a thorough comparison of this fish and the brown trout placed at his disposal by Sir James Maitland, was one of the greatest of English ichthyologists, and his opinion upon the question of species should be conclusive. Dr. Day says in his *Salmonidæ*, page 224: "Having thus seen that in its (the Loch Leven trout) external form either the differences which have been stated to exist between this fish and the brook trout (*fario*) are erroneous, or else they are liable to alteration when the fish is removed to another locality, I think all must admit that such unstable differences are insufficient for the purpose of constituting species."

Dr. Parnell has said: "The Loch Leven trout has never any red spots." Dr. Day in commenting upon this says: "That these fish are generally without red spots up to a certain age is of very common occurrence. * * * As the fish becomes older three main types of color are observable, a slaty or greenish gray, becoming lighter beneath, and the upper two-thirds of the body and the dorsal fin spotted with black, and the fins are generally grayish black. This form of color is prevalent up to the end of the fourth season, and may be looked upon as equivalent to the silvery stage of the salmon smolt, or grilse, but I have never seen one over four years of age continuing this livery. The second is that of an older form, and a general purplish golden, densely covered with black spots, among which some red ones are usually to be seen. * * The third form * * * which consists of under sized fish * * * have the colors of the brook (brown) trout with orange tipped adapose dorsal fins." Dr. Day relates that a lot of yearling Loch Leven trout taken from the same hatching were placed in two prepared ponds, each furnishing different food in the main, although some kinds of food were common to both. In two and a half years' time the fish were removed and "very great differences were perceptible both in size and color among these two sets of fishes—those in the upper pond being silvery with a few black spots, whereas those in the lower pond were of much larger size, covered with spots, and having purple and golden reflections." It now seems to me plain that the Loch Leven trout are nothing more than the brown trout with color and characteristics due to environment and food, and this being so there is just as much necessity for the exercise of care and judgment in planting Loch Leven trout with our native trout as there is in planting the brown trout.

The necessity of furnishing food for fish, if they are to be at their best, is becoming better understood by our anglers (fishculturists have long realized the importance of it), and in some instances they are acting upon this knowledge. Dr. Day mentions the food in the two prepared ponds already referred to. Both ponds contained small crustaceans, but the pond containing the larger trout contained the larva of *Ephemeridæ* and the American weed *Anacharis* (water thynes), and stonewort, with water crowfoot on the surface, which were not found in the pond with the smaller trout. Apparently the English fish breeders appreciate the value of food for fish more than we do. I have a price list before me of a Scotch fishculturist, in which over fifty different aquatic plants are offered for sale for stocking fish ponds.

A. N. CHENEY.

A PARADISE FOR POACHERS.

NOT a great ways from Henry's Lake Bottom, Idaho, there gushes from under the hillside one of the finest streams of clear, cold water that it has ever been my good fortune to see. This stream, the North or Henry's Lake Fork of Snake River, is as clear as crystal and a river in size, teeming with cut-throat trout.

Here, although it is against the laws of Idaho, you can, with other boon companions you will find there, wield the spear and draw the seine with grand results; sometimes in a night with the murderous spear your catch, depending on your skill, may run 500 to 1,000lbs. of Rocky Mountain or cut-throat trout. If tired of this ennobled way of taking your fish, you can draw the stream-destroying seine through some of its magnificent pools, and, lo! you have indeed a catch that fills your wagon, without the exhaustive, tiresome mode of transfixing them one by one.

Are there no laws in Idaho forbidding the taking of these trout in such a manner? Oh, yes, indeed, a good and stringent law; but you must not be afraid, it is virtually a dead letter. You can, with the others, openly seine or spear without molestation. If you should by any mistake be arrested, the judge will let you off, as he has heard that these fish are salmon trout. See?

The authorities of Idaho do not think enough of this magnificent trout stream and its fish to see the laws executed. Why should you? It will be necessary for you to get in your work soon, however, or it will not pay you to go out there and seine and spear. The other fellows are working hard night and day, and there won't be anything to spear or seine in another year. I should advise going to Henry's Lake this winter and spear them through the ice; there are only thirty or forty others going to do it, and with their help you can readily make a clean sweep, a grand round-up, as it were, of what is left over the 70 tons taken last winter in this place and in the same legitimate way. To be sure, the mangled fish don't bring a very high price in market, not quite so much on the average as bullheads or pickerel. It costs the tourist and visiting sportsmen from $2 to $5 per pound for all they catch with rod and reel, but the State don't care to encourage the visiting sportsman to come to their borders and leave their money, and they won't be bothered with them long.

Do not hesitate to go on account of the laws; with the other fisherman you can stand off any one who dares to meddle with your vocation. The State authorities are too busy to enforce the law, and in a year or so it won't matter about the law, anyway, as there will be no fish and you will be seeking pastures new.

It may be when the State wakes up and finds her fish all gone, she may appoint game wardens and spend some thousands of dollars in restocking her depleted streams, but the thing is to get your work in now; spear, net, shoot, any way, only get them, and be very expeditious about it, too, for they won't last long, as you can readily imagine.

SALT LAKE.

A Minnesota Bass Water.

WEST DULUTH, Minn., Oct. 12.—I inclose letter from my friend, Mr. Lott, which explains itself. The bass was a big-mouth, and the largest I have ever seen. Mr. Lott and I fished the same ground the week following his big catch, and I was fortunate enough to secure one of 5lbs. 8oz. Have not done much fishing this season. E. L.

AITKIN, Minn., Aug. 6.—*Friend L.:* I send to your address by this train per the N. P. Express Co. nicely packed in ice and salt, a very fine specimen of the bass that are striking flies nowadays down here. This fellow tipped the beam live weight at 7½lbs.; he measured 22in. long, girth 16in., head 7in. He was caught in Lilly Lake with a Setb Green big 4 fly and he fought hard for his life. I was about ten minutes getting him to my landing net and then I nearly lost him after getting him in the boat. I was induced by some of the boys who saw him to have him photographed. I did so, but I am afraid I have not got a good picture. You know art can't do justice to such a living beauty as he was. However, you can have him baked, and when you sit down to enjoy the dish, with its delicious flavor, just try and imagine how once he amused me while my line was cutting the water with that peculiarly musical swish—and my reel sang that sweet old song to me, I wish you could have had him on your hook; I know how you would enjoy it, and then he would have had a fitting obituary; but the words fail—enough; eat him and let me hear from you. Lilly Lake, you may know, is back of Woodrow, and it's almost virgin to the sportsman. If you come down we'll go out

GEORGE W. LOTT.

New Jersey Bass Fishing.

BERGEN POINT, N. J., Oct. 21—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your number of Aug. 25 I noticed an article, "Skittering for Bass in Swartswood Lake, New Jersey." I have just returned from a week's vacation spent at Swartswood, and can report the fishing as being very good at present.

I had the best luck trolling with live bait, which can be gotten at Emmans's, where I was staying, and the best place for sportsmen to go. Bass, both small and large-mouth, I took in good numbers, and some very large pickerel and yellow perch, and persons who have any knowledge of fishing should have good luck in these waters. James Emmans, a farmer, lives less than a quarter of a mile from the lake. He has good boats (with wells in them), and his son will row or show any one the best places to fish. The table is good and board reasonable, and shooting can be had nearby in season. Swartswood Lake can be reached by the Delaware, Lack. & Western Railroad to Newton, where Emmans will met parties wishing to stay at his house, and will drive them the six miles free of charge, or by the New York, Susquehanna & Western Railroad to Swartswood Station, which is about three miles from the lake.

P. M.

"POULTRY FOR PROFIT" is the name of a little manual published by Frederick Warne & Co., which gives advice of an eminently practical kind. It treats entertainingly of the laying breeds of fowl, of breeds of fowl for meat, etc., and has chapters on ducks, geese and turkeys. There are also very good descriptions of portable chicken houses, coops, etc., and a comprehensive chapter on poultry in confinement. Price 50 cents.

THE hunting and fishing privileges over fifty square miles of Canadian caribou grounds and a great number of lakes and streams abounding in trout, are advertised to let this week. The situation of the tract makes it easy to protect. Its waters are well adapted to canoeing and very prolific of trout. There is also good duck shooting in season. The advertiser desires to open correspondence with private individuals, and will not consider renting to clubs.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 30 to Nov. 2.—Terrier Show, by New England Kennel Club, at Country Club, Brookline, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y, 128 Tremont street, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells. Sec'y.

Nov. 13.—New England Field Trial Club, Members' Sweepstake. A. R Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. All-Aged, Eastern Subscription and Selling Stakes. Entries close Oct. 1. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Sec'y.

Dec. 17.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

THE legal status of the dog is steadily gaining for the better. There is a vast difference between his legal status now and that under the old common law when he had no legal standing at all. The details of legal progress may be unsatisfactory and slow, yet they are beneficent to the dog's best interest as they advance his legal protection to that granted other property rights.

Mention by Mr. Hough was made last week of a replevin suit brought by Mr. O. Nilsson, of Chicago, against Dr. E. Otto, to recover possession of a pointer dog stolen by the latter a week ago near Nilssou's premises. Otto took a continuance last Saturday, and on Wednesday of this week, Oct. 17, when the case came up for trial, Otto failed to appear and defend. "So now I am allowed to own my own dog," said Mr. Nilsson. Mr. Nilsson says he has witnesses to show that Otto coaxed the dog up to him, picked him up in his arms and carried him to the buggy, where he covered the dog up closely under the lap robe and drove off rapidly. The thing looks bad for Otto, and it is claimed that his large kennel will be searched. The justice awarded Mr. Nilsson the remarkable sum of $1 damages and costs. An arrest for larceny may be made later.

I mentioned, some time since, the excellent condition of Mr. Thos. Johnson's dogs. I never saw a kennel which was so perfect in that respect. The manner of doing it will no doubt be of interest to all dog owners. Mr. Johnson is truly generous in imparting valuable information for the use of brother sportsmen. He seems to take a genuine pleasure in doing so. I am indebted to him for the information hereinafter given in respect to a good dog food; and those who may use it will appreciate that he has conferred a benefit. First, however, let me say that Mr. Johnson does not trust to dog food alone to keep his dogs in good health and condition. His kennel yards and the dogs' sleeping quarters are so neat and sweet as daily scrubbing can make them. Whitewash is freely used. His kennel man is required to keep the quarters in a perfect state of sanitation. There is no deeply mystic formula in it. It is simple and in harmony with nature's laws. Cleanliness, good food and exercise are the true requirements for the dog's best development and existence.

The matter of a good and cheap food is always important to the dog owner, for without good food all other effect is ineffectual or imperfect.

I quote the information in Mr. Johnson's own words:

"*Re* biscuits for the dogs, there is no patent on their manufacture, as even if there was, it would be an open secret for a brother sportsman.

"I get one hundred pounds of flour and the same weight of 'shorts.' To the flour and shorts I add fifteen pounds of beef, first chipping it in a sausage machine. Also four big cabbages. The cabbages and beef are boiled together, and the flour, shorts, beef, cabbage and broth are mixed into a dough which is rolled and cut into proper size for cakes and then baked.

"They cost me, made as above, four cents per pound. When I am not working my dogs, I have a biscuit made from the flour and shorts, which costs only about two cents per pound. I sometimes in winter when fish are cheap get a biscuit made with fish instead of beef. The dogs eat them with great relish. One thing is certain, the dogs keep perfectly healthy and the biscuits act very nicely on the bowels. There is neither purging nor costiveness from them, effects which I have noted from other biscuits. They seem to have the same effect on a dog whether he is worked or kept in a kennel—in what kennel writers term 'innocuous desuetude.' I have kept them for a year and they seemed as good and had equally good results as when fresh."

Concerning Field Trials.

The following are the opinions of a gentleman who is eminent as a breeder of fine dogs, as a succussful competitor at field trials, a member of a prominent field trial club and a gentleman who has the respect and esteem of every one. It is part of a letter written to Mr. Thos. Johnson, and it is valuable as an expression of opinion which is rarely obtainable by the public. He says:

"I am afraid our field trials are in a bad shape; but though thoroughly in sympathy with field trials, and I believe officially connected with the —— ——, I am waiting for different methods and different judgments. To whom the prizes go, is nothing. Anbody can see what horse is ahead at the post; by the same method of judging a dog's performance would be easily misjudged. Among intelligent men that is now seen. The ignoring of that made you so honestly and rightly leave us when you were judge at the Eastern field trials. I have always said it and now they see it. What is the consequence? In whose hands are our trials? You have retired. You ought not to have done so. We require you. But your reasons are largely connected with matters somewhat local with you, in which my friendly prejudice for you tells me that you must be right.

"Forward or back, I continue to keep my interest in field trials. I hope to show it in all the encouragement I can give. I have seen with regret what you saw with us, and I have seen since a decided improvement.

"I think that with Derby trials, which must be considered trials, should be for high quality. High quality seems to be the term used, and of that you know as well as anybody. It is not shown by a puppy 'that didn't make a mistake,' but by one which may have shown many, but still showed that he had it in him and was not going back next year. Many a dog goes through a heat without a mistake, which is relegated afterward to a back seat. From the judgments of past years, where runaways were a permission (and I am by no means sure those days are past), I have always protested. I early protested any judgments made on points, one, two, three, etc. I now protest in my heart against the result of the judgment of past years and the phrase that we hear 'of being in for a piece of the money,' and of 'getting there,' instead of winning by merit, and of breeding and training so as to have the winning rather than the last dog. Those phrases show natures of gain, not improvement.

"I speak now generally of the judgment of gamy dogs. In all, of course, the judgment should be the same in the essentials of natural qualities, with the additional requirements of education, as note the development of a child to manhood."

The Derbies should be for puppies, but they have ceased

long since to be a puppy stake. They are aged stakes. A dog running as a puppy in his third year is something of a farce. At two years a dog is matured.

The foregoing excerpts show that the gentlemen who put up the money which sustains field trials are doing some hard thinking—quite as hard as the ones who do the winning.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Size of Fox-Terriers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A good many English fox-terrier breeders think that the fox-terrier of the day is too large, and controversies on "The Size of Fox-Terriers" have been going on for weeks in English kennel papers. Unfortunately for the proper settlement of such a point the evidence seems to revolve on a question of weight, as if this was the sole evidence of size in fox-terriers.

The fox-terrier is a dog that is supposed to go to earth after a fox, not to draw the fox as many erroneously suppose, but merely to worry him into bolting and so affording another run for the hounds and an opportunity for them to kill in the open. If the fox will not bolt, the noise made by the terrier in the scuffle directs the man with the spade where to dig, if practicable to do so. Here comes the question of size which is not so much one of weight as length of leg and structural formation that allows of a dog being able to go to any earth or drain in which a fox has passed; and a fox will never attempt a hole that is too small for him to turn in. The question should therefore rest upon height and comparative length of body. A fox-terrier, and there are lots of them shown, may be distinctly leggy and consequently too tall to bring himself down to his work, but still come well within the weight allowed by the standard, and this is where the mere weight of a dog forms no criterion as to its size. Instead of giving the weights of the crack dogs of the day the breeder and novice exhibitor would find a true guide if the height at shoulder and length of back were given, then the measurements would convey an impression to those who are not able to see the dogs, as to how the dog is built. A terrier may be so thoroughly well put together, every part in unison and showing requisite bone and substance that like a well-built—neat—man he will not show his size nor his weight to the casual glance until put on the scales or under the measure. Such an animal, to my mind, is what a fox-terrier should be—such a dog as Bacchanal was, for instance, or what Brittle might have been in his best days. A careful perusal of the standard of the Fox-Terrier Club will better illustrate my meaning:

"The dog must present a generally gay, lively and active appearance; *bone and strength in a small compass are essentials;* but this must not be taken to mean that a fox-terrier should be cloggy, or in any way coarse—speed and endurance must be looked to as well as power, and the symmetry of the foxhound taken as a model. The terrier, like the hound, must on no account be *leggy*, nor must he be too short in the leg. He should stand like a cleverly made hunter, covering a lot of ground, yet with a short back, as before stated. He will then attain the highest degree of propelling power, together with the greatest length of stride that is compatible with the length of his body. *Weight* is not a certain criterion of a terrier's fitness for his work—general shape, size and contour are the main points, and if a dog can gallop and stay, and follow his fox up a drain, it matters little what his weight is to a pound or so. *Though roughly speaking, it may be said he should not scale over 20lbs. in show condition.*" (The italics are mine.)

I have seen a good many terriers belonging to different packs in England, and compared to some of the winners of to-day they appeared decidedly low-set, and it must always be borne in mind that from these hunt terriers sprang most of the best strains of the modern fox-terriers.

In the *Fox-Terrier Chronicle* for September appears a list of weights of the principal fox-terriers in England and I mention here the weights of some of the best known on this side: Dominie 16lbs., Hunton Billy 16, Charlton Victor 17, 17, High Spirits 17, Cleek 18, Devereux 17, Charlton Vincit 18, D'Orsay 17½, Venio 19, Vice Regal 19, Valteline 16, Meiford Molly 15½, Beacon Tartress 16½, Dame D'Orsay 15½, Perseverance 17½, Vesuvienne 17½, Hunton Baron 19, Dudley Saunter 15, Starden's Thrift 17. In the same interesting article are given the weights of a number of the old terriers that are recoguized as pillars of their particular breeds: Brockenhurst Joe 19lbs., Buffer 17½, Tyrant 18, Bustle 16½, Old Dainty 17½, Pickle II., 16, Old Jock 18, Old Tartar 18, Old Tyke 17½, Trimmer 14, Buffett 18, Rattler 19, Venetian 18, Dickon 16, Brockenhurst Rally 17, Regent 18, Tackler 19½, Old Jester (wire) 18, Carlisle Tack (wire) 17. Now the question which I would like to ask is why is there this outcry about size when the above weights are so similar? I never saw the old dogs, but there are, no doubt, some of your readers who had that pleasure, and if so, can they tell us where the difference really lay. Does not the difference in size lie in height from the ground rather than in weight?

TACKLE TYRO.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.

Tick Boy in the Manitoba Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you allow me a little space to answer the communication of Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., *re* the pointer Tick Boy, who ran so well in the Manitoba trials last September?

Mr. Wells says Tick Boy would have been placed higher only that he made a rank flush and chase in his first heat.

I contend that the flush was excusable and that he did not chase. Tick Boy is a dog who keeps his eyes open, and if there is a chance to mark birds he does it without fail and goes directly to them. It was an exhibition of this most desirable quality which brought upon him the imputation of chasing from Mr. Wells.

I will recall the circumstances, which may refresh the memory of Mr. Wells. In going rapidly across wind, Tick Boy flushed a bird and stopped to wing. The bird was close and Tick Boy did not come into the belt of air affected by the scent of the bird until after it had flown. He then stood and watched the bird until it disappeared below the brow of a small hill. Then, thinking he had the bird marked down, he went toward it with the intention of pointing it. He did not walk nor take a roundabout course, but went rapidly in a direct line, as is his custom.

Your reporter, Mr. Waters, from his long experience as a judge and reporter of field work, at once recognized the situation, and gave Tick Boy proper credit.

The subsequent work of Tick Boy, I think, conclusively proved that he was not a chaser. In fact, he never did chase a chicken in Manitoba. He did some flushing when first worked on them, but never chased them longer than to get the birds well up into the air.

Topsy's Rod, it will be remembered by those who followed the Manitoba trials, started after a covey that he thought he had marked down, in the same way that Tick Boy did, and was called back by Mr. Avent.

This communication must not be called a kick, as I have said nothing as to the justice of Mr. Wells's decisions, it being my custom to accept the decisions of a judge with the best possible grace. Having officiated in that capacity, I know the difficulties under which a judge labors in placing dogs in a field trial to suit everybody.

J. B. STODDARD.

Mr. R. B. Morgan has settled once more in his old training quarters at Humboldt, Tenn. He reports that the birds have done well in Tennessee, that vegetation is very rank and the weather dry and dusty. He will remain at Humboldt until next April.

Boston Terriers.

IN spite of obstacles that would have discouraged less ardent lovers of the dog they represent, the Boston Terrier Club seems determined to leave no stone unturned to bring their breed to a better position in the popular fancy. And their efforts are worthy of emulation by the clubs devoted to more pretentious breeds.

Notwithstanding derision and more or less misrepresentation, they have succeeded in obtaining recognition for the breed by the A. K. C., and with true Yankee push have placed their Boston terrier among the recognized classes at some of our best shows. One cannot, therefore, but concede all praise, even if one does not concede the claims advanced on behalf of these dogs, for the energy of these men in behalf of a dog that the majority do not recognize as a true breed. Another instance of the club's enterprise lies before us in the form of a brochure, just issued, devoted to a short history of the origin of these dogs, the standard and scale of points, the constitution and by-laws, and a list of members. The most important feature, however, because it is a new and useful one in specialty club procedure, is a list of prize winners at shows from the time separate classes were first made for Boston terriers. This, we are sure, will be found a very useful guide and reference for the breeder, and is worthy of imitation, from year to year, by other specialty clubs. While we admire the spirit the Boston terrier men have displayed in the past, we are not alone in saying that in future the club's efforts to produce a more even type would be better served if they would elect all-round terrier judges to pass upon their exhibits. Although there is a more even type of dogs shown now than prevailed a couple of years ago, still there is room for greater improvement in this respect. The idiosyncrasies of specialty judges, who often represent and "go for" a type or strain at times at variance with the proper requirements of the standard, are not always the surest guide to the breeder and novice and especially when, as this club admits, their breed springs from a variety of types or strains which the club is now endeavoring to merge into one harmonious whole. This, the all-round judge with some general idea of the breed and an intelligent conception of standard requirements, could be depended upon to determine.

Another phase of the subject we should like to draw the attention of the club to is the nondescript breeding of some of the winners. It was openly stated at Boston last spring that one of the first prize winners was the result of the mating of a fox-terrier and a bull bitch. Should not winners be compelled, before being recorded as such by the club, to show their breeding for three generations back at least? and in the present state of the breed it should not be difficult to verify the breeding by a carefully kept stud book. Such reports as we have alluded to necessarily hurt the Boston terrier in the estimation of the general fancier, and every effort should be made to show that winning dogs are the result of, as the club's claims the breed to be, systematic breeding and a reproduction of self.

Barring All-Age Winners.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Waters in his article on "Barring All-Age Winners" takes exception to the new rule of the Manitoba Club allowing a dog two first prizes previous to barring from competition.

Among other names he mentions mine as being in favor of the new rule, and in this he is quite correct. I am and have been for years in favor of allowing a dog two wins before being disqualified, and I think I am safe in saying that three-fourths of our members who attend and take part in the trials are in favor of it.

Why bar a dog from further competition after winning one first prize? If he can repeat his performance under another judge and with the same and other dogs in competition, we are fully assured of his quality, and it gives us a chance to know more about him before breeding to him. Many times there is little or no choice between the first and second dog in a stake. If you bar one, why not the other? Mr. Waters thinks it will affect one stake in that it will deter some from entering the competition. In this I do not agree with him. He seems to forget that for the two years—1891-2—our All-Age Stake was open to the world without any restrictions, yet Mr. J. M. Avent, with two champion dogs entered—Orlando and Novelist—only secured third place with the latter, Mr. Ellis's Duke of Manitoba getting first and Betty S. second. There is no reason because a dog has won one year under one judge to suppose that he is bound to win again or even be placed under a different judge and in different competition. If he does, that satisfies us that he is just the dog to breed to and so improve our stock.

Take, for instance, the rule of perhaps the greatest dog event in the word—the Waterloo coursing cup. It that stake no dog is penalized for previous wins, neither is he barred from competition; and yet the nominations continue to fill every year, each one has hopes of beating the last winner and by so doing adding interest to the event and prestige to the winner.

I do not think Mr. Waters's comparison good in referring to trotting or pacing races, as that is simply a test of speed, and an owner knows or should know to a very close margin how fast his horse is and what his chances are in the race.

Our trials are steadily growing both in the number and quality of the entries, and the interest taken in them is far greater than it was a few years ago. Why? Because there are more good dogs to compete and we are gradually getting a class of dogs in Manitoba that would be a credit to any field trial. This, I claim, is largely the result of opening our trials to the world and the part American kennels have taken in them.

Should we find the new rule to work injuriously it will be quite easy to change it another year; but I for one doubt it, and make bold the prediction that our All-Age Stake the coming year will have the largest number of entries and the most interesting trials ever held in the history of the club.

JOHN WOOTON, Sec.-Treas, M. F. T. C.

MANITOU, Manitoba, Oct. 16.

Dog Show at Richmond, Va., Oct. 9 to 14.

A SUCCESSFUL little show was held here on the above dates. The dogs were benched and fed by Spratts Co. in a building well adapted to the purpose. Mr. T. Farrer Rackham judged all classes and gave general satisfaction. The society was pledged much support for its next show. Mr. Wm. T. Owens of Manchester, Va., acted as the secretary and did all in his power to make the show a success, and made many warm friends. The list of awards is as follows:

ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. B. Isaacs's Duke of Richmond. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Sands's Acme; 2d, O. Fuller's Lady.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. K. Ellis's Leo. *Bitches:* 1st, G. T. King's Belle of Richmond.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, W. E. Grant's George IV. and Good Enough. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Grant's Fannie.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. M. Macon's Romeo; 2d, G. Lanzarone's Spot. *Bitches:* 1st, W. T. Cavedos's Lou.

SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. P. Jones's Sport. *Bitches:* 1st, W. E. Grant's Flora.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, L. A. Carey's Scott.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, M. Brauer's Trap. *Bitches:* 1st, M. Brauer's Vic; 2d, T. Page's Flora.

DACHSHUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss A. Kahnwiter's Karl.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, T. Page's Floss.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. E. Grant's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, Miss M. Bannister's Peggy.

T.

Death of Paul Bo.

LOVERS of a good setter, and especially English setters, will be pained to hear of the sudden death of a dog that to all appearances when last seen in public seemed to have many years of useful life before him. Paul Bo was one of those *rara avis* that is at once a good field dog, a big stake winner, and a good winner on the bench. He was no chance dog, either, for he came rightly by his field intelligence and beauty of form, and the loss of such animal is a matter for regret. The cause of his death, however, affords a warning that should be heeded by kennel owners, though we would it had been a less valuable animal that afforded it. Every one who owns a field trial or bench show English setter knew this dog, and the following letter from his late owner, Mr. R. Merrill, will be read with interest:

It is with profound sorrow I write you of the sudden and unexpected death of my English setter Paul Bo. He died Friday (Oct. 19), morning in my kennel here in Milwaukee. His death, which is of course a great blow to me, was caused by a severe attack of pleurisy brought on by a cold and a low condition of his system. I had just returned from a shooting trip in Dakota, where I had been working Paul and a setter bitch on chickens. While out there my dogs both got covered with fleas and when I arrived home—not wishing to get the pests among the rest of my dogs—I thought it best to give them each a dip in a sulphur bath and rid them of the vermin. So on Wednesday last, a delightful warm October day, I gave all of my dogs a dip in the bath. Paul was the first dog to go into it as he had often done before, and he always seemed to enjoy its refreshing sensation. He remained in it almost four or five minutes until he became thoroughly wet through with the liquid, and then taking him out I rubbed him dry in the warm sun, after which he ran around the yard for a while and then I put him into the kennel, which had been thoroughly cleaned and disinfected in the morning of the same day. When the dogs were fed about 5:30 the same evening, I took Paul and several others out for a run. When they had been out some twenty minutes, I noticed a slight hoarseness in Paul's bark, which he always did when out for a run. I then put him in the kennel and after supper I gave him a dose of quinine and rubbed some liniment on his glands, also giving him a sore throat remedy I had often used myself. After seeing that he was made comfortable for the night I left him expecting to find him much improved in the morning.

On entering the kennel the next morning I found he had a bad sore throat and that his lungs were affected. His breathing was rapid and by putting my ear down on his chest I could plainly hear the huskiness of each respiration and knew at once the cold was settling on his lungs. I sent my man down at once for a veterinarian and he brought him up with him. The doctor said he was a very sick dog and left a number of prescriptions to be given him, which we did, and there never was a person who received better attention than Paul during his short illness. We stayed with him all day Thursday and towards evening he seemed a little improved, as his breathing was easier and he seemed to have less fever. At almost nine o'clock he had a sort of spasm and after that his breathing was more rapid and there was more huskiness with each respiration. Towards midnight he seemed to quiet down and we gave him a dose of medicine. At one-thirty we noticed that he was very weak and would not last much longer and waited patiently around him until one-forty-five when the end came without a struggle or a quiver. And then one of the best sons of the Gladstone stock and as good a dog as ever drew breath, ran his last race. His death is one of the severest blows which has ever befallen me and is very discouraging as I had been looking forward to the time when I should have had some good youngster of his to do credit to his name and keep up the reputation of the Gladstone and Count Noble strain. I have fortunately a Druid bitch in whelp to Paul and sincerely hope that some of her pups will be a credit in the field to their late sire. My intention will now be to get another dog as good as Paul Bo was, but this I never expect to do as he was one out of thousands. I shall now take renewed interest in breeding dogs and trust I shall be able to produce another Paul Bo.

Paul Bo was by champion Paul Gladstone out of Bohemian Girl, by Count Noble out of Mollie Belton; Paul Gladstone by Gladstone out of Lavalette, so it will thus be seen his breeding was of the deepest "purple." He was born June 5, 1889, and bred by Mr. J. Shelly Hudson. In 1891 Paul Bo, when owned by Mr. T. M. Brumby, of Marietta, Ga., won the Southern Field Trials Club's Derby at New Albany, Miss., and was handled by W. W. Titus; the same year he came on to the Central trials at Lexington, N. C., and, under Frank Richards's handling, won the All-Aged Setter Stake and Absolute. Since then he has not run in public but has won a number of firsts at Chicago, Detroit, etc, and qualified for the challenge class last month at Toronto. Mr. Merrill, who is a thorough sportsman, will, we are sure, have the sympathy of his fellow breeders.

The International Field Trials.

A MEETING of the International Field Trials Club was held Oct. 13 at the Garner House, Chatham, Ont., to discuss the preliminaries for the coming trials. The judges selected are Messrs. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; T. Guttridge, Chatham, Ont., and W. D. Tristem of Detroit. As intimated in our last issue, the trials will again be held at Mitchell's Bay, about 14 miles from Chatham. The trials promise to be more than interesting this year. The handsome Gzowski-Robinson trophy, that was won last year by Mr. Wells's Cleopatra, will be competed for again by the all-aged dogs, and Cleopatra, fast and clever little bitch though she is, will have to put her nose and best foot foremost and keep it there to win, as Brighton Tobe, fresh from his good work on the Manitoba chickens, will no doubt be a prominent factor in the result, not to mention Rock, Dash Antonio, Toledo Bee and others that will probably be in the draw.

Sixteen puppies have paid second forfeit in the Derby. They are:

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dr. Totten's Hannah, W. B. Wells's Manitoba May; T. C. Stagman's Judy, S. T. Miller's Rosebud, R. Baughan's Dash Antonio, M. Smith's Date.

POINTERS.—Leamington Pointer Kennels' Count Graphic, T. G. Davey's Faustina, Lucy and Forest Quail, A. Harrington's Plain Sam, Fred. Mole's Mole's Louise, R. G. Gardiner's Engarita and C. Hicklin's Buttons.

IRISH SETTERS.—J. B. McKay's Killane and River Roe.

The All-Age entries close Nov. 1, with Mr. W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont., and no doubt there will be a satisfactory entry.

Schell—Huber.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 6th inst. you have a small article regarding the trouble between Henry Huber and myself. I did beat Mr. Huber, as stated, but I entered his house on his invitation; on my entering his door he struck at me with a curtain pole. I took it from him and gave him what I considered his just deserts. There was no pistol used, nor did I have one in my possession, nor did the charges preferred against me by him have anything to do in the matter. On the examination in the court the case against me was dismissed on the testimony of Huber and his witnesses.

E. P. SCHELL.

United States Field Trials Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following named dogs are dropped from Derby B on account of non-payment of second forfeit:

English Setters—P. Lorillard's Eugenia, F. R. Hitchcock's Tory Diomed, Jacksou & Denmark Kennels' Jack King and Mary Jane C., Capt. Patrick Henry's Nellie Brent and Mildred Lee, Geo. D. Fisher's Naptholeum.

Pointers—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' Sepoy, D. G. Rowland's Jilt's Lad, N. T. Harris's Lad's Nellie, J. L. Adams's Gilt Edge and Lad's Bess.

P. T. MADISON, Sec.-Treas.

If any one has whippets to sell, now is the time to advertise them, judging by the number of inquiries we have received lately, so many of the dogmen want to have a shy at the New England Kennel Club's whippet handicap.

DOG CHAT.

Produce Stakes.

It is a recognized fact among breeders of dogs that the Produce Stake is the most popular competition that can be instituted, whether by a specialty club or a private kennel. Mr. J. E. Thayer was among the first to institute such a stake by giviug yearly $100 at Boston show for the best fox-terrier pup sired by one of his noted terriers. Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., has elaborated this idea and is now offering a series of annual producc stakes that will carry the competition into 1897. Instead of giving a lump sum to the winner, he has made an appreciable change by dividing the stake into several prizes and by sex, a very commendable and much fairer arrangemeut. The 1895 stake will be for the progeny of his stud dogs sired between Sept. 1, 1894, and April 1, 1895, and this is to be competed for at the N. E. K. C. fall terrier show, and in case the club does not repeat its terrier show next year, the competition will be postponed until the Boston show of 1896. The prizes will be $25 aud $15 each for dogs and bitches. The 1896 Produce Stakes will be for the progeny of his stud dogs sired between Sept. 1, 1894, and April 1, 1895, and will be decided at the N. E. K. C. fall terrier show in 1896, or failing such a show, at some show to be decided upon later. This stake is divided into $30 and $20 for dogs and the same for bitches. The 1897 stake will be worth $150, divided into $35, $25, $10 and $5 for dogs and the same for the frailer sex, and is to be competed for by terriers sired in 1895 subsequent to April 1 of that year, at either the N. E. K. C. fall terrier show or the regular Boston show of 1897.

Mr. Hunnewell is looking still further ahead and announces that after 1897 will come the Annual Grand Produce Stakes value $150; prizes to be distributed as in 1897. In 1898 the competition will be for those sired in 1896; in 1899 for 1897 dogs and so on. Thus it will be noticed that the progeny sired up to April 1, 1896, will be eligible for two valuable stakes. The only conditions are that the eutries shall also be entered in the regular classes at the different shows and they be sired by the Hill Hurst stud dogs. To compete for these stakes, breeders are not asked to breed to inferior stud dogs, but on the contrary to stud terriers that are recognized as some of the choicest in the country both in brown poodles and wire-haired fox-terriers.

Outside of the question of advertising, these produce stakes conducted on such lines as indicated above will serve to improve the breed of fox-terriers or other dogs in America, as with moderate stud fees and the chance of winning them back, small breeders will be induced to seek better blood and not be so apt to use the dog that comes the handiest, which latter failing is in great part the cause of many breeds not showing that all-round improvement the presence of good stud dogs would lead one to expect. We have always advocated that greater attention should be paid by breeders to blood lines and not so much to winnings, still at the same time breeders should pay even more attention to good prodncers and the nicking of the strains.

"Sandy" in the English *Field* gives his opinion of what the Skye terrier should be and holds the modern show terrier as totally unlike what the old-time terrier is or was. He calls the former Lothian terriers. In describing a strain of the old stock he says: "They were small dogs, ranging between 12lbs. and 16lbs. in weight; bitches, say, about 2lbs. less; almost invariably drop-eared, the ears small and pointed and clothed with soft hair; no long locks hanging down like a weeping ash, as seen on the ears of the Clydesdale and Lothian dogs; coat of moderate length, say, from 4in. to 5in. on the body, wiry in texture; eyes dark hazel, bright and expressive; head not large, muzzle rather short and strong, to hold the grip tenaciously; legs strong and short in proportion to length of body; tail short and bushy, carried low. Usual colors, reddish-yellow and dark or light gray; the muzzle, tips of ears and end of tail should be of a darker hue than the body color." The modern show dog is thus raked over and not without some truth: "On the other hand, these Lothian terriers we see on the show benches are large and heavy looking dogs, say from 12lbs. to 25lbs. in weight—some I could name appear even heavier—their heads are large for the size of the body; ears (unlike the Skye) are almost always pricked, and donkey like in size and shape, with long hair hanging down like a weeping ash; coat altogether out of keeping with terrier character, say from 8in. to 10in. in length, probably derived from a cross with the Russian poodle; tail rather long and badly carried, often seen curled over the dog's back, poodle-like." In answering his own question "What constitutes a Skye terrier?" his reply is briefly, "A wee rough-coated, long-backed, short-legged, quaint-looking doggie, Highland bred or of Highland descent, being a *sine qua non*."

Dogmen are seldom surprised at anything their dogs may do, but the following is certainly unique: "The following account of the 'vagaries of a dachshund' may be worthy of record in the columns of your paper. He has been in the habit of disappearing for lengthened periods, extending at times to hours, and was at last discovered by the gardener lying in front of, with nose and forepaws close to, the nest of some wild bees in the ground, to which he had evidently tracked the insects; he kills and eats the bees as they arrive, presumably laden with honey. After he has destroyed them all he proceeds to dig up the combs, which he likewise devours; it is almost needless to say that the old dog has become extremely fat, and his coat is exceedingly sleek, doubtless owing to his meliphagnic diet.—*W. Henderson, Major (Thurso, N. B.), in the Field.*

Lieut. Peary, who is now in the artcic regions, in a letter to Gen. I. J. Wistar, President of the Academy of Natural Sciences, says that owing to the intense cold and wind experienced on the inland ice in his attempt to cross to Independence Bay, his pack of Eskimo dogs were practically destroyed, some of them freezing to death, and others were rendered helpless and finally inducing in his pack the piblocto or dog madness of that region. His experience has taught him that the human animal can be so clothed and fed as to be unaffected by any degree of cold. What he needs now is an exhaustive study of the Eskimo dog and his needs under the most trying circumstances. Here is a case where cornmeal cakes might be used to advantage; they are heating enough, anyhow.

We sympathize with the owner of the foxhound Daisy, winner of first at the Rhode Island show this year. Dr. Thurber, in telling of the shocking death of this bitch, says: "It is the same old story of the tired dog returning home and run down by the diabolical motorman of an electric car. The mangled animal dragged herself into a vacant lot at the side of the track, where she lay from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M., with both hindlegs torn off. The car passed and repassed all this time, and neither the motorman nor conductor notified the owner or anybody else, although the bitch's collar had the owner's name thereon. A lady who happened to be attracted by the actions of her own dog, took the pains to follow it, and there found the injured one. Daisy was ordered to be shot by her owner, Mr. Thatcher, of East Providence. The end is not yet."

When the average motorman of a trolley car holds the life of a human being in such light regard that scarcely a day passes but that either the death of or severe injury to someone is not related, it seems hopeless to expect these men to keep an eye open for a mere dog. Owners of valuable dogs, valuable either intrinsically or from associations, as we have repeatedly pointed out, should, in cities especially, exercise better surveillance over their dogs. Probably more valuable dogs have been lost during the past three years through being run over by almost noiseless moving electric and cable cars than by any other cause. Owners are as a rule careless about their dogs unless they own a large kennel and until their duty is brought home to them in some such sudden manner as the above case indicates they will continue to let dogs wander whither they will. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure and that is why we again draw attention to the duty which a dog owner owes to himself, his dog and the community at large.

New York has its McLin in the form of a man by the name of Hurley, who has just been sent to the Island for one month for starving a lot of dogs that were either owned by him or in his charge. The man lived in a cellar basement and kept his dogs in noisome cellar vaults. Complaints were made by the neighbors, and finally President Haines's (of the S. P. C. A.) attention was called to the affair, about the middle of July. An officer who was sent to the place found a dozen dogs in various stages of starvation and disease. The man tried to bluff the officer in several ways, and the latter becoming exasperated, forced his way into the man's rooms; no dogs were found there, but in another cellar beyond an emaciated bull-terrier was found; then in some vaults further hidden from the light, the officer found a Skye terrier and a fox-terrier. Determined to seek further, he came across a subcellar, but before he could get into this "hole of Calcutta," Hurley grappled with him and a rough and tumble scrimmage ensued; a bystander interfering, the officer was enabled to open the door, when a terrible sight met his eye. Eight dogs, chiefly terriers and spaniels, were found in a wretched condition. The officer seized an emaciated greyhound that, according to a portrait in the New York *Sun*, must have been a most pathetic object. It was nothing but skin and bone. The dog was photographed and sent to a "vet.," and on the strength of the photo and the "vet.'s" evidence a warrant was issued for Hurley's arrest. The dogs were taken in charge by the S. P. C. A. and are now on a fair road to recovery. There is no clue to their ownership nor is Hurley's object known for keeping the dogs in such a terrible condition. In the photograph of the greyhound, the dog was shown so thin that he appeared little more than a skeleton partly covered with skin. Flesh there was apparently none, and the bones in places were bare; the neck was covered with mange. One photo taken by the society suggests a mounted mummy in a museum, the ridges of the vertebræ showing as though connected only by wires, for the skin was so shrunken it does not appear in the picture. One month seems little enough time to give this man for reflection.

Reckless Disinfecting.

Mrs. Williams, who owned the late champion, Old Burgundy, the Skye terrier, raises an interesting question in accounting for the death of her dog and the sickness of her other dogs since Toronto show. She thinks they were poisoned by the Phenyle powder used at the show, which was indiscriminately and too generously thrown into every dog's stall. As this stuff contains a good deal of carbolic, the idea is that the dogs were made sick or poisoned by absorption and through breathing the fine powder. She adds: "My other dogs since their return from the show have not been in right health at all, and before none of them ever ailed a day. After a lot of trouble I managed to get Buccaneer and Fanbar into their usual health, but at present my fine old fashioned bitch Phumps lies very weakly. I feel certain they have suffered from blood-poisoning, as the symptoms of all have been the same. I have attended many shows in England and never before had a sick dog after a show. I saw several dogs at Toronto show looking very sickly and I knew one gentleman whose dog turned sick quite suddenly, and the careless way in which the disinfecting powder was used, I quite believe did all the damage." There is such a thing as being killed with kindness, and we have had occasion several times to draw attention to the haphazard manner in which disinfecting powders and liquids are thrown around at some of our shows. Too often this necessary part of a dog show's detail is left to the tender mercies of one of the attendants, who probably knows as much about cause and effect in disinfectants as the nearest post. Those who have occasion to stay long in dog show buildings know the irritating effect some of these disinfectants have on the throat and nasal passages, and the poor dogs who are compelled to breathe this atmosphere for four days and nights must surely suffer.

In the Chicago *Tribune* we find that Justice Bradwell took a step in the right direction in the case of the Illinois Humane Society against two women who were accused of gross cruelty to an Esquimaux dog owned by a Mrs. Mack. According to the owner's story the dog was not only a pet but on account of the breed was valued at $500. The defendants, July 6, decoyed her dog into their house, swathed its tail in cotton cloth, saturated it with kerosene oil, and set it on fire, having in the meantime removed it to the street and pointed its head to the south. The poor tortured animal ran in the direction of Washington street, where the firemen in the engine house near the corner turned out and extinguished the flames. The dog was fatally injured and had to be killed a day or two ago, but it was taken to the Justice's office last week for him to see before continuing the case. The outrage was proved by many witnesses, and, there being no defense, the Justice inflicted a fine of $100 on each of the defendants. There have been several cases of gross cruelty to dogs in Chicago during the past summer, but we believe this is the first conviction. A sojourn in Joliet prison would have been a more fitting punishment.

The following yarn has penetrated even to the Emerald Isle and the *Irish Sportsman:* "A New York girl, who found herself a penniless orphan, after having lived in luxury, obtained the means of making a good livelihood by combing, brushing and exercising the dogs of her acquaintances for a dollar a week each. Others followed her example, and it is now said that there are over a hundred young women in New York who make a very snug income in this way. They wash the faces and paws of the pet dogs, brush and comb them, give them their breakfast, and then take them for an hour's constitutional." How nice.

Bloodhounds, or so-called bloodhounds, are being used to good purpose in these days of train robberies and bank hold-ups. At a place near Indianapolis, Ind., last week, a bank was rifled and the robbers decamped to the hills. Dogs were used in their pursuit. One of the robbers was badly wounded and tried to hide, but the hounds nosed him out and he is now a prisoner. We should say that it would be one of the first duties of the new Bloodhound Club to communicate with some of these western and southern sheriffs and place the real bloodhounds in their charge to be used for man trailing. The hounds' old functions would be kept up and if their superiority to the native hound is proved, as many claim, a great incentive would be given to a grand old breed that is scarcely appreciated as it should be.

On the controversy over the correct carriage of collie ears Hugh Dalziel has this to say in a letter to the *British Fancier:* "Whatever 'the consensus of expert opinion' may be, nature does not place the collie's ears right on the top of the head, as shown in so many of the otherwise admirable portraits you have published. How modern expert opinion justifies the forward drop of the tips of the ears, with their base apparently growing out of the occiput, I have yet to learn. Of course 'fanciers' may cultivate whatever abnormalities they please. So full of shapes is fancy that it alone is highly fantastical, but some of the prize winners of late years are a libel on the Scottish collie." And *Segusian* this week bears out our remarks in last week's FOREST AND STREAM when he says: "How many noted prize winners can be named who were at one time prick-eared? The carriage of ear 'drop forward' is as artificial as the 'modern notions' that we see promulgated in some English papers, and it is about time Scotsmen were speaking up and stopping this *blether.*"

This is only what we might expect from our esteemed and just contemporary:

When we recently drew our American contemporaries' attention to their awkward habit of naming journals in Roman letters instead of italics, we omitted to except FOREST AND STREAM, which invariably follows the English custom.—*Stock-Keeper (Eng.)*

Mr. J. L. Winchell, the mastiff and bloodhound breeder, has been staying in New York for a few days, and of course dropped in to have a dog chat. He told us that the bloodhound fancy is making great strides in popularity, and that he cannot raise puppies to fill the demand. The Southern and Western sheriffs are beginning to take more interest in the breed as man trailers, and recently Mr. Winchell sold two pairs that will be trained for this purpose in Kentucky. We had a talk about small ears and other funny points in mastiffs, but this will keep for another time, when we tackle that question as to whether a mastiff's ears can be too small. Mr. Winchell recently sent us a picture of Burgundy, the bloodhound, that Mr. Brough said was the best he ever saw or expected to see again. From the picture he must have been a beautiful and noble animal. The popular idea is that bloodhound puppies are difficult to raise, delicate, and so on. Mr. Winchell in telling his experience said that they require constant care and attentiou and good food, but that, like turkeys, when once well started they were hardy dogs. He has raised ten out of a litter of eleven born last March, and they promise to be very good ones. As to the bloodhound's reported viciousness, he treats that as all moonshine, the only time he ever saw any bloodhound cross was when some one blew into old Victor's face and he resented it—and we don't blame him.

Those who read Mr. Stoddard's letter in another column, wherein he takes exception to Mr. Wells's statement that Tick Boy chased in the Manitoba field trials, will recognize the sportsmanlike tone in which it is written. The change from the usual blustering know-all-better-than-the-judge style of those letters that come to us after the field trials, is so welcome that we cannot refrain from calling attention to it. The tyro in field trial work will also derive instruction from its perusal, as it shows how carefully each movement of the dogs should be weighed and the deductions from their actions be made, not forgetting a point which is so often lost sight of in field work—the point from which the wind comes.

Mr. Edward Booth writes us from his home in Hull, England, that the dog world over there seems very quiet, but there are as many good dogs as ever, especially in St. Bernards. After a trip to Hamburg and Berlin, Germany, he expects to visit the Kennel Club show at the Crystal Palace, London, and promises FOREST AND STREAM a few impressions of the show that are sure to be interesting. He closes his letter with the news of the death on Oct. 2 of Mr. Mark Gretton, the veteran Skye terrier fancier of Hull. He at one time owned the famous drop-eared Skye champion Sam.

The terrier show, with an entry of 244, must have exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of its promoters and we trust that the enterprise of the N. E. K. C. will meet with its reward in a "gate" of large dimensions, and that the clerk of the weather will be in his best mood. The number of entries in each breed is as follows: Bull-terriers 14, Boston terriers 22, fox-terriers 123, Dandie Dinmont terriers 10, Bedlington terriers 2, Scottish terriers 43, Irish terriers 23, black and tan terriers 4, Skye terriers 2, Yorkshire terriers 1; total 244. Fox-terriers naturally are the strongest classes, and it is safe to say that competition will be very strong. Classes 22A and 22C have been divided both by sex and coat, and class 22B by sex, owing to the liberal support in these classes.

Mr. T. Farrer Rackham, of East Orange, N. J., is doing the Southern circuit of poultry shows, several of which have added a dog department to their attractions. There is to be a show at Macon, Ga., Nov. 6 to 18, and Mr. Rackham will judge all classes, as he did at Richmond (Va.) show, which took place Oct. 9 to 14.

Albany is becoming quite a busy center of dogdom, and Mr. T. S. Bellin has been particularly active lately. He has just sold to Mr. Frank F. Dole the lately imported bull-terrier dog Greenhill Nunthorpe, E. K. C. S. B. (37112), winner of eight first prizes during the past two years at the principal shows in England. To Mr. T. S. Craig, Albany, N. Y., Mr. Bellin has sold another bull-terrier recently imported This is Amazement, winner second Birmingham, first St. Helens, third Liverpool and other prizes. Mr. A. A. Macdonald, of Toronto, Ont., also purchased from Mr. Bellin the wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Carlisle Jess, of Cribbage, Tack and Pickering Nailer blood. Mr. Bellin also intends to stir up the Irish terrier fancy a bit, for he has imported the young Irish terrier Marton Shamrock by Ballyfolly, by Ben IV. (late Bumptious Ben) dam Brighteye, litter sister to champion Brickbat. Marton Shamrock has won thirteen prizes and specials at seven shows in England, beating the well-known Firefly, Heywood Conn, Tornada, Red Enamel, Baron Dunluce, etc.

The Scottish Kennel Club show has just taken place at Edinburgh. There were about 1,500 entries, and the quality is said to have been excellent.

Another bulldog match is on the tapis. This one is expected to be between Mr. Geo. Raper's much-criticised and much-belauded Rustic Phenomenon and another heavy, Mr. Oliver's Save Monarch. This dog is 3lbs. under the stipulated 55lbs. and this constitutes the difference between the owners at present.

Dr. Lougest's son-in-law has been over in England some time picking up some new bloodhounds for the Doctor. He will also bring back a bloodhound bitch that has been in training for a year and of whom great things are expected as a man trailer.

Mr. "Dick" Merrill, the noted trap shot of Milwaukee, has just returned from a two weeks' hunt in North Dakota. He had good sport in finding chickens and grouse in good numbers, but the duck shooting was not up to the mark, owing to the extreme dryness of the season. He writes: "I wish you could have been out with me and I would have given you some sport with the grouse over Paul Bo." (Paul Bo, it must be remembered won his spurs at the Central Trials in '91, when he beat Maid of Kent for the absolute winner's race in the All-Age Stake.) "I have some very promising youngsters sired by him out of a Count Noble bitch, and they are to go for next year's Derby. I also have a fine Strideaway—Hope II. pup, and will soon send him away to be prepared

for the same stakes." Mr. Merrill has secured the services of Thos. Richards, of Wheatland, N. D., to take charge of his kennel, and he will prepare and run his dogs at the trials next year. While at Wheatland he purchased a young pointer by Rip Rap ex Lady Peg from Mr. W. F. Hunter. After a few days at the United States Trials next month, Mr. Merrill will go down to "Dixie Land," where he and Mr. Hough had such fun last winter. He will locate among the canvasbacks and redheads, and later will hustle the quail about around San Antonio, as reports from that section this year are very favorable.

The cable car juggernaut has claimed another victim, Mr. J. B. Martin's (of San Francisco) noted fox-terrier champion Blemton Brilliant having been run over near her home. This bitch, who earned her title before being sent out to California, under the colors of the Blemton Kennels was by Moonstone out of Media, and at the time of her death was over seven years old, as she was whelped April 8, 1887. Besides her bench show honors she could look back with pride upon her career as a matron, having produced such dogs as Blemton Shiner, Blemton Stormer, Regent Risk and others. The bitch had reached a ripe age, but her sudden taking off will insure Mr. Martin the sympathy of his fellow fanciers.

A new kennel club was formed last week at Sherbrooke, Quebec, Can., with Mr. L. A. Klein, the well known Canadian dachshund breeder, as president, and another well known exhibitor, F. S. Wetherall, as secretary. The club has already twenty-two members. Constitution and by-laws have been adopted and the annual meetings are set for the third Thursday in October. The secretary's address is Compton, Quebec.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Stridemore. By R. Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Jan. 11, 1894, by Strideaway (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot) out of Hops II. (King of Kent—Hops).

Rudge Bo, Nellie Bo and Pauline Bo. By R. Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis., for black, white and tan English setters, one dog and two bitches, whelped April 17, 1894, by Paul Bo (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl) out of Tube Rose (Count Noble—Lit).

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Breeze. F. Pidgeon's (Saugerties, N. Y.) beagle bitch Breeze (Stormy—Myrtle the Mouse), June 30, one bitch, by Hornell-Harmony Kennels' champion Sberry (Little Prince—champion Elf).

Bell B. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Bell B. (Gordon Tyrus—Nellie), Sept. 27, sixteen (eleven dogs), by his Murkland Ranger (imported Murkland Ranger—Beaulah).

Blossom. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Blossom (Sam B.—Nellie P.), Sept. 29, six (one dog), by his Murkland Ranger (Murkland Ranger—Beaulah).

Brittle Broom. H. T. Foote's (New Rochelle, N. Y.) wire fox-terrier bitch Brittle Broom (Brittle-Vic Broom), Aug. 31, four (two dogs), by his Brittle Brant (Brittle—Whittle).

Meersbrook Maiden. H. T. Foote's (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch champion Meersbrook Malden (Meersbrook Chance—Meersbrook Empress), Aug. 17, five (three dogs), by his champion Broomfield Sultan (Broomfield Turk—Broomfield Belle).

Whittle. H. T. Foote's (New Rochelle, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Whittle (Warren Rattler—Warren Drytime), Sept. 1, seven (two dogs), by H. W. Smith's Brittle (Brick—Vamp).

Fannie Noble III. Jacob Scbroth's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Fannie Noble III., Sept. 13, eight (four dogs), by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone.

Mabel E. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Mabel E. (champion Kash—Lady Thurman, Oct. 5, four (two dogs), by their Happy Toby (Spokane—Nelly T).

Lady Verne. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lady Verne (Joe II.—Maudie), Oct. 9, seven (five dogs), by their Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

White Lady. English setter bitch, whelped July 9, 1893, by Sig. Gladstone out of Nellie H., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to A. E. Davis, Worcester, Mass.

Daisy Rip Rap. Black and white pointer bitch, whelped May 17, 1893, by Rip Rap out of Lady Peg, by W. T. Hunter, Wheatland, N. D., to R. Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

W. N. I., New York city.—The dog has not sired any winners that we know of, but his breeding is good.

W. R. B., Orange, N. J.—Yes, the great Dane is also known as the German mastiff, but the term boarhound, we believe, is erroneous.

T. C. T., Durand, Wis.—If you will peruse our business columns you will find a number of reliable fox-terrier kennels advertised. We cannot tell you which is the best.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club, Hempsteat, L I. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.

Nov. 5—Brunswick Fur Club, North Acton, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club, at Columbus, Wis. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

COURSING.

Oct. 30.—Cheyenne Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.

Oct. 30.—Altcar Coursing Club's autumn meeting at Holyoke, Col. S. W. Vidler, secretary. Basil Hayman, judge. R. Taylor, slipper.

Nov. 14.—California State meeting at Merced, Cal. J. R. Dickson, Secretary.

The Dixie Red Fox Club's Hunt.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The hunters who assembled in Limestone county, Alabama, Sept. 8, to participate in the fourth annual camp hunt in that county were: W. I. Spears, Ingram Mills, Miss.; Capt. Wm. Bankhead and Hon. M. J. Gilchrist, Courtland, Ala.; Capt. John A. Turner, Athens, Ala.; Dr. I. F. DeLong and C. W. Spears, Rowland, Ala.; John H. Wallace, Jr., Tower Creek, Ala.; Hon. I. L. Hennigan, Leighton, Ala.; J. Iverton Ewen, Florence, Ala.; Capt. Wm. Richardson, Quidnunc, Ala.; Frank Clay and Peter Fletcher, Greenbriar, Ala.

Our camp was beautifully situated in a large grove of spreading oaks. A glade near by furnished splendid pasturage for our horses, and best of all was a spring a hundred yards to the north, from which flowed delightful, cool, freestone water. The hunting grounds were only a mile away, and have almost a national reputation for the abundance of long-winded red foxes

Mr. Spears had eight hounds in camp—six half Avent black and tans, Willis the July hound and a Whitlock-Walker Haggy. Wallace & Hennigan had seven hounds—four Albemarle county, Virginia, foxhounds, two Goodman bitches and a Goodman—Virginia cross Mr. C. W. Spears had a very fast son of Mack and Prompter and four natives. The other gentlemen also had hounds, making altogether twenty couple in camp. We hunted six days, caught three red foxes and holed three.

Two runs were had which severely tested the speed and stamina of the hounds. In those races a hound lacking in speed was easily dropped, so rapid was the pace set by W. I. Spears's Dexter, Hennigan's unbeaten Mack and C. W. Spears's Prompter.

Limestone county abounds in large plantations and few fences, and all the hunters unanimously agreed that it was the best place to hunt that they had ever seen.

The people are hospitable and cordial, and when a hound gets lost some one always brings it to camp. Mr. W. J. Spears's July hound was mistaken several times for a shepherd and a coon dog.

Willis, in my estimation, is as good as Julys get to be, but he cannot hold his own long with a pack that will lead him from the jump.

I am confident that the Virginia hounds were superior in every way to any hounds in camp. I have never seen so many hounds of equal speed at one time in a race in my life.

Our amicable contest ended very pleasantly, as there was no prejudice shown in favor of or against any hunter's hounds or any particular strain of foxhounds. So elated were the hunters with the great success which met them on every side, they decided to organize a club for the purpose of holding annual meets and by careful judging ascertain what qualities constitute the typical American foxhound.

The officers of the club are: Dr. J. F. DeLong, Rowland, Ala., President; W. I. Spears, Ingram Mills, Miss., First Vice-President; J. Overton Ewin, Florence, Ala., Second Vice-President; John A. Turner, Athens, Ala., Master of Hounds; John H. Wallace, Jr., Tower Creek, Ala., Secretary and Treasurer.

This club has twenty charter members, and not desiring to confine its membership to Alabama or the South, respectfully request all hunters who have the best interest of the foxhound at heart to send their names to the secretary and they will be sent a copy of the constitution and programme.

The club proposes to hold its first annual meeting in Limestone county in October, 1895. Two stakes are offered—an All-Age pack stake and a puppy stake for hounds under 20mos.

We would be glad to hear from all hunters in the United States and Canada. J. H. WALLACE, JR., Sec.-Treas.

TOWER CREEK, Ala., Oct. 18.

Possum and Fox Hunting in Tennessee.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On the night of Sept. 20 Mr. J. E. Mask came over to accompany me in my first oppossum hunt for this season. As I am not much of a possum hunter, I proposed starting with my dogs and hunting five miles from home, where we often camp when fox hunting, and have my kennel man bring the fox pack out next morning. This was satisfactory, and as soon as we had supper we mounted. We took a lunch along and a sack a corn for our horses, and the latter looked rather "bundlesum" to get through the woods with. I was mounted on my thoroughbred racer Roderigo, and as he has had but little training, except on the track, he did not like the sack of corn, and for a half mile kicked and pranced, affording great amusement to Mr. Mask and Tom Powell. We took four hounds that are all first-class possum and coon dogs (not fox dogs). We reached the woods, about one mile from home, and before we hardly thought the dogs had time to get out of the road they had a hot trail, and in a few minutes had "Mr. Possum" up a tree and every dog talking to him. He was up a small bush, and we soon had him in a sack.

The horn was sounded, another start was made and away the hounds went scattering in different directions. Before going a quarter of a mile they had the second trail and this also proved a hot one and they soon had the possum up a small tree and Tom had him on the ground and into the sack in a very few minutes We had scarcely mounted our horses when Drive found the third trail which gave us quite a good race before taking a tree, and this possum proved to be quite a large one that made a terrible fight in the sack with his two smaller companions.

We then changed our course and while crossing an old field we heard two of the dogs strike a quarter of a mile away, and before the other two could get to them they were talking to "Mr. Possum" up a small grape vine tree. He was soon caught and sacked, which caused quite a lot of trouble in there, and a severe fight was anticipated and caused Mr. Mask's quiet mount to get very unruly in the thick woods. After a short hunt of fifteen minutes we had another trail that proved to be a very cold track. After about fifteen minutes hard work on an old fence, the hounds decided that the possum was up a grape vine that went to a large oak, but we decided not to cut it. We then rode nearly a mile across a farm to a piece of woods, when we soon had the sixth possum up a small tree and caught him. We had to get another sack for this one.

We then hunted near a small creek bottom, and two of our dogs left us and went to the bottom for a coon chase. I blew the horn and tried to get them back, but they were bent on a coon before leaving the bottom, and soon had one going in full cry, making the mud and water slash. The race was soon ended, but they were well in the swamp, and as I am not much of a coon hunter I soon blew two of them out, and they had hardly reached us when they struck a trail that led almost straight away for a mile across fields and a small piece of wood. We had just decided that our possum dogs had gone back on us and had struck a fox, but about the time we were going to stop them they commenced giving tongue freely, up a tree, and at the same time the two dogs that did not come out of the creek bottom were trailing another coon nearly a mile below us, and before we had cut this tree they had treed their coon. This possum proved to be a large one, but rather poor for good eating. However, she gave us one of the longest races that I ever saw for a possum. The two dogs that had the coon treed were across a thick, swampy bottom, and so far away that we made no attempt to get to them, and blew for nearly a half-hour before we could persuade them to leave the game.

We then rode about a mile and a half down a lane between two farms near the place where we expected to camp. As it was hardly midnight I told Mr. Mask and Tom if they would get over in the field and go to a piece of woods about 100yds. from the road that I would take the horses on to camp and build a fire while they were catching another possum. As Mr. Mask and Tom are thoroughbred possum hunters, they were soon over the fence and in the wood. They had scarcely reached the cover before the hounds had a good trail, and in a very few minutes they had him up a tree. I could not stand the temptation, and, hitching the horses, was over the fence with one sack of the possums. By the time I reached the tree, Tom, a first-class hand with an axe, especially at a possum tree, had the small sapling ready to fall, and I was just in time to help sack the game. The two possum hunters were still unsatisfied and made a round of the woods while I returned with the sack of possums to the road, and soon reached the place where we were to camp. By the time I had hitched the horse and started a fire they had another possum up a tree about a half mile away, and the sound of the axe told me that they had this time treed up a large tree. I did not care to go to them, as I am not fond of cutting when I can get around it. I soon had a good fire by the side of a large log, the horses unsaddled, the possums hung up in a tree and our quilts spread for a nap before my most welcome camp fire. I waited some time to hear the tree fall, and finally it came down with a crash like a tree that had fallen from some timberman's axe. Then there seemed to be quite a lively run for about 75yds. and the dogs treed again, and the axe was soon started on what sounded like a still larger tree. I went to sleep before Mr. Mask and Tom cut this one down. After a good nap I was aroused by Mr. Mask yelling at me to get up and see the largest possum that we had caught. This ended our first possum hunt, with eight in the sacks, one treed that we did not go after, and two coons that we did not want to catch. By this time it was nearly one o'clock and we were all ready for a few hours' rest to get ready for my part of the sport—a fox chase.

About 4 o'clock I heard my kennelman coming with twelve and a half couple of my best red foxhounds. It was hard to get Mr. Mask and Tom up, but before any of the hounds reached camp I succeeded in getting them out and our four possum hounds only stopped and barked around us a few moments, and before we could get our horses saddled old Hunt could be heard trailing half a mile away, and the pack all soon joined in. This trail proved to be on a cunning old red fox that has been run many hard races, and when he heard our possum pack about midnight, he left his range and we had a good trail through woods, fields and creek bottoms for eighteen miles; the trail was just good enough for every dog we had to give tongue freely on, and a better one could not be asked for.

It took good, hard riding to stay with the hounds; in fact, Mr. Mask and myself were the only ones that kept in hearing, and Mr. Mask would not have ridden fast enough to stay with me, but I had him in a strange country and it was keep up or get lost. Finally the fox was jumped, and a sharp, hard run of about one and a half hours was had when the old fox decided the pace was too great for him to stand, and he went to earth. By the time the race was over several hunters joined.

As I had to go through a fox range before getting home I decided to give them the second race After crossing the creek the hounds soon had a trail. It was now about 10 o'clock and rather hot for good work, but the pack was soon hard at it and after trailing about one mile the second fox was jumped. He made for the creek bottom and crossed; we were bothered some time before crossing and did not hear the pack for nearly an hour, when we met them coming back in full cry. Their tongues were out and they were apparently suffering from heat and fatigue but they never checked a moment. They were well packed and going at a good speed for the time they had been at work and considering the heat. The excitement was now more intense than the possum hunt and away I went with them to stay to the finish. They made one more good circle and when the fox (a red) crossed the road about one hundred yards ahead of the pack with his tail down and tongue out it was seen that they would soon make short work of him, in fact in a few minutes they had him holed.

We returned by the camp to get our sack of possums, and when we reached home we could hardly wait for dinner before going to bed. To-day we had three of the largest possums for dinner. They were nicely baked, with potatoes, and none but Southerners and colored people know how we enjoyed our first possum dinner.

Next week I am to take a three days' camp hunt after a lot of large timber gray wolves that are in a large river bottom about twenty miles from here. I am a little afraid of getting some of my hounds hurt; but as we will have about sixty good hounds in the pack, they should hold their own with the wolves if they don't get scattered. J. M. AVENT.

HICKORY VALLEY, Tenn., Sept. 20.

An Unexpected Catamount Hunt.

ONE morning together with our hounds and other hunting accoutrements, we boarded a Y. & M. V. train for Sauvé, a small station five and one-half miles from New Orleans, bent on a Southern rabbit drive. After alighting from the train and walking up the track for about a mile we arrived at the spot to start in. We, means four others besides your humble servant.

Leaving one man to drive the pack, the rest kept a sharp lookout. Suddenly one of the dogs gave tongue and the rest followed. As the well trained pack settled down to work a shot rang out in the crisp morning air. "Did you get him?" "Nein, vas make monkey business and he vas go too fast already," answered the shootist, who was a Teuton. The hounds were put on the trail and once more music reigned supreme. The quarry, which was a cottontail, took a course the shape of a long S and was lost in a ditch. The dogs broke off and separated, each one going a different way, and trying to work up the lost trail, when a second shot was heard; this time the huntsman nailed the rabbit sneaking back to his nest, in fact, but ten feet from it.

After this it seemed as if the rabbit was an alien to that part of the country—the Big Cane—for not a trail was found, not a dog opened. This monotonous state of affairs went on for about two hours and a half. Just as we were sitting down to partake of lunch; Boy, a half hound and half pointer, let out a "sight yell," that caused everybody to drop his half opened lunch and snatch gun in an instant. Away they went, round and round, up and down, now on the bank of the bayou, now in the cane, in fact, everywhere except where a shot could be gotten. It is said that if a pursued "cat" happens to come to a road or path it cautiously looks up and down before crossing. One of the party was advised by the driver to go down to a dry ditch where the "cat" had been circling, and take a stand there. He had hardly reached there when coming straight towards him, he beheld something big and spotted. At first glance he took it for a stray dog, but he soon found out his mistake. The minute the "cat" caught sight of the huntsman, whose hair now stood perpendicular, it stopped still and began to snarl and lash its tail, as if ready for a spring. At this juncture the huntsman fired. The shot took effect in its front and broke one of its forelegs. By this time "Boy," the same dog who started it, was close at hand and went in to finish "puss," but the task was not so easy. In the spasmodic movement of an optic, the dog was lying on his back, with the "cat" on top. But the balance of the pack coming up by this time, they made short work of poor "Tom." As we desired the skin as a trophy, we beat the exulting pack off, which, with the exception of Boy, whose right ear was torn in strips, were safe and sound. Although having lost considerable blood, Boy persisted in hunting the balance of the day, the same as if he had never engaged in a paw to claw conflict with a bobcat in his life.

In gutting the cat, we found the remains of three young rabbits. Since killing the cat, rabbits are beginning to be fairly plentiful around Sauvé once more, and the huntsmen are anticipating with pleasure the coming season's hunt.

ONE OF THEM.

A. C. C.'s Waterloo Cup.

THE action of the American Coursing Club at its recent meeting, in establishing an American Waterloo cup, may justly be considered the most important event of the season, so far as it relates to the progress, value and permanency of the sport.

The *American Field* Cup Stake this year had but twelve starters, a serious dwindling away from its narrow importance of previous years. It is true that hard times and the misfortune of kennel sickness undoubtedly contributed to the number of absentees, still, under the most favorable conditions of a larger number of entries, it is not at all probable that the stake would have had any greater importance aside from the greater revenue to the club, which would come from a larger number of entries. The old stake was too narrow in its scope.

The title, the *American Field* Cup, had no national significance, nor was its significance that of sport above that of advertisement. It did not appeal to the patriotism and enthusiasm of the coursing men. Indeed, it could not. While the club itself was national in its aspirations it was cramped in its ideas and it was not national in working out sundry details of the stake for aged dogs. It held the stake to artificial limits. A cup was given each year and in return the stake was in a manner made to do the service of the advertising bill board. This year no cup was given. The club, now controlled by more progressive and independent men, at one step removed the stake from its narrow channel of advertising to the broader and legitimate one of a national coursing event.

Conducted as an advertising appendage, the club never could attain national importance and club independence. With men now in power who are fearless and able, and who seek to do their duty instead of profoundly studying the art of whitewashing, the future of the American Coursing Club is brighter, is national in its scope, and is in the realm of true sport. Its title is not clouded by any mortgage. The prizes are now for the individual benefit of the winners, not for the business advancement of a donor. In its infant days the club may have needed contributions. With its present strength, dignity and prestige, it is able to stand alone.

B. WATERS.

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Brunswick Fur Club Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following gentlemen have accepted invitations to judge at the field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, which begin at North Acton, Mass., on Nov. 6: Messrs. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me.; Stephen Decatur, Portsmouth, N. H.; H. A. P. Smith, Digby, Nova Scotia; S. B. Mills, Needham, Mass., G. W. Pierce, Brattleboro, Vt.; A. M. Gerry, South Paris, Me.; T. H. Gledhill, Lewiston, Me.; J. N. Goss, Newmarket, N. H.; J. F. Randall, Portland Me., and W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The Genessee Valley Hunt had the run of the season so far on Oct. 13. The meet was at Bleak House, which is situated on a hill about two miles from the village of Geneseo. The field was a large one, as there were about fifty riders out. Among the well known fox hunters were W. A. Wadsworth, the M. F. H., who rode Rochester; Captain Martin, first horse October; second, H. Hamlin's Gladstone; W. Littauer on Headlight, a noted jumper; J. S. Wadsworth on Graceful. Trumbull Carp rode a good 'un, and Dr. C. Cary on Nicoline was placed well to the front in the first run; H. W. Smith, the well know wire fox-terrier owner, was also there and rode his new purchase, Tester. A start was made at 1 P. M., and passing through the Cushing woods to the Sugar Bush, a favorite cover, first whip Maloney viewed the stealaway on the river bank. Reynard set the pace at the start and carried the pack across the Aiken Farm over the Erie tracks, doubled through the Cushing woods, through Wheeler Gully and on to the Hogback, where he succeeded in going to earth, where he was left for another day. Several covers were then drawn blank in the search for another fox. It then began to rain, and soon rendered the ground very soft, which served to thin out the field, leaving the master and a dozen trusty followers to draw the Cushing woods and the Wheeler gully, where the hounds found again. This one took us across the Hogback, through the Gulley, over the Erie tracks and on to the Aiken Farm; but here a check came and the hounds unable to pick up the line again, they were drawn off for the day. On Monday last there was another meet, this time at Murray Hill, Mr. Austin's country place. About thirty horsemen and women followed the hounds in their ineffectual efforts to find. Among the well known riders were the master, W. A Wadsworth; J. R. Townsend, Louis Onativia, William Littauer, J. S. Wadsworth, Capt. J. W. Martin, J. S. Watson, Capt. Adams, Miss Fitzhugh, F. J. Mackay, William Smith, Harry Cole, George Austin and George Servis. A lot of good riding was enjoyed, five hours of it, and so the day must not be counted altogether lost.

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The Brunswick Fur Club headquarters will be at the Nagog House, which is one mile from the North Acton station of the Framingham & Lowell division of the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railway. Entries for the Derby will close at 10 P. M., Nov. 5, and for the All-Age Stake at 10 P. M. Nov. 6. The Derby will be run Nov. 6, and the All-Age on Nov. 7, 8 and 9. A business meeting will be held before the entries for the Derby close, and the following motion will be made: That beginning with the field trials of 1894 the Derby shall be open to all foxhounds whelped on or after Jan. 1 of the preceding year. These trials are open to the world, and all fox hunters will be heartily welcomed, and are invited to enter their hounds.

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The Worcester Fur Company will hold their annual meet on Oct. 26, at the Heyward Farm on Burncoat. The head quarters of the club will be at the Lincoln House, Worcester, Oct. 25. At the conclusion of the day's hunt the annual dinner will take place at the Lincoln House, at 6 15 P. M. The hounds will be cast off at 7 A. M. on Bond's Hill, Sewell's Hill and East Ridge.

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Up to press time we have had no word from Goodlands, Kans. A full report will be in next week.

Yachting.

THE city of New London, which is becoming more and more a yachting center, is now discussing a proposal for a series of yacht races, following the college rowing races. The attendance of yachts at New London about the end of June has been increasing for some years, and it should be possible to arrange some good races. Various suggestions have been made for organized racing off Newport, in connection with or in addition to the New York Y. C. cruise. The constant growth of yacht racing throughout the whole length of Long Island Sound suggests the pressing need of some general body to arrange details and dates, and of some such circuit as was recently proposed by one of our correspondents. Many details of the plan require further study and discussing, but two of the main features would be the opening of the racing season by a series of club regattas on New York Bay, the circuit of the Sound, which would follow in June and July, being completed by a week or more of racing at Newport, for all classes, large and small. In accordance with this plan, the fleet would rendezvous at Newport, and the yachts would strip, in preparation for a series of races, instead of sailing in cruising trim, as many now do. The smaller craft could be easily shipped by rail or boat from New York and Boston. Each of the large clubs, the New York, Eastern, Atlantic, Larchmont and Seawanhaka, would give a day's racing, or more, if desirable; while prizes would be offered by the city, and by summer residents or citizens.

Between the June races at New York and the August races at Newport, there is plenty of time for the run to New London, and several days' racing there.

The possibilities of Long Island Sound as the home of an organized system of racing throughout the season under the auspices of the leading New York and Eastern clubs, have as yet hardly been appreciated by yachtsmen; but the time has come when the haphazard and desultory racing of the past must give way to something more systematic and organized.

THOUGH nothing has been heard from Lord Dunraven in the nature of a challenge, there is now little doubt that work has been begun on a new challenger, or that she will be fully up to the limit of 90ft. l.w.l. The *Field* says: "Lord Dunraven has now practically decided that the new challenger for the America Cup shall be a cutter of about the Britannia size, and may be a bit longer. This perhaps, under the circumstances, was the best decision to arrive at, as we have no yachts that a 70-footer could be fairly tried against. We understand that no communication has been sent by Lord Dunraven to the New York Y. C. yet; but the conditions which ruled the matches for the Cup last year will probably prevail."

THIS brings up the very important question of what these conditions were; it will be remembered that when the New York Y. C. finally voted to accept the challenge of Lord Dunraven, there was a very wide difference of opinion between the club on the one hand and the Royal Yacht Squadron and Lord Dunraven on the other, as to the exact terms of the so-called "mutual agreement" in that part relating to the conditions under which the Cup, if won by the challenger, should be held. This point was never definitely settled, though, as Valkyrie was not successful, no dispute arose over it. When talking of the "conditions which ruled the last match," it is first necessary to consider what these conditions really were.

THE question of size has to all appearances been practically settled by the action of the challengers in taking the maximum length allowed by the new deed, 90ft. l.w.l. In addition to this, it is more than likely that Mr. Watson will build a relatively large and powerful boat on this length, so large as to prevent the possibility of being overpowered by the defending boat. One of the arguments used against a reduction of size to 70ft. is that this would throw out the four existing 87-footers; but it now appears that the same result must follow from the selection of the larger length. In these days a two-year old yacht may be considered outbuilt, even in the classes with a maximum limit, and this is much more the case when the length has been increased by a full three feet, with even more power in proportion. The existing 87-footers, Colonia, Navahoe and Jubilee, with steel bottoms and their present sail plans, are likely to make no better showing against the new boats, assuming that several will be built, than Puritan could with Volunteer; and the Cup defenders of 1893 may be considered as out of the racing to all practical purposes. Whatever changes, including lengthening, might be made in them, they would still be far from what may fairly be expected from designers to-day.

THUS far nothing has been done toward a new fleet of defenders, and probably nothing will be done until some formal notification is received from the challengers, although valuable time is being wasted which can never be made up by hurry and bustle in the spring.

Yacht Racing in Great Britain.

ONE result of Vigilant's racing this year has been that the attention of American yachtsmen has been for the first time closely directed to the racing in British waters, the greatest and most perfect system of yacht racing that has ever existed; and which, in many respects, might well serve as a model in the much-needed work of regulating and systematizing yacht racing in America. Thus far the criticisms of Americans on the various features which have become prominent in the Vigilant-Britannia races have been mainly hostile; but a good many hasty verdicts of this kind will be reconsidered when, as we believe many will, yachtsmen take the trouble to study more closely the methods and results abroad. The number and quality of the yachts composing the racing fleet, the vast number of races sailed, the general support which yacht racing, together with designing and building receives from yachtsmen; the great distances sailed, and the work done to win a creditable record for the season, stand out strongly in contrast with the limited building, the comparatively few and inconclusive races, and the small entry lists on this side of the ocean.

We are indebted to a correspondent for the following table, which includes the records of the principal yachts which have raced in British waters this season. In the classes of 5 rating and under the racing is local, mainly about the Solent; and the 10-raters do not as a rule go far from home, though the old 10-tonners often made the complete racing circuit. In the classes above 10-rating, however, the yachts start in the Thames about the third week in May, many having already made the passage from the Clyde or the Solent; and the racing continues, down the Channel, around Land's End and through the Irish Channel to the Mersey and the Clyde, across and along the Irish coast, and back Cowes, finally ending about Sept. 1 in the Solent again.

The table deals only with the larger yachts and a few of the leaders in the smaller classes, and thus gives no idea of the full extent of British yacht racing, which includes hundreds of other small boats about the Solent and its immediate vicinity, to say nothing of such localities as the Thames, the Norfolk Broads, the Clyde and the Irish ports, each with a large racing fleet of small craft. The table is interesting in showing not only the relative performances of the principal yachts, but the great number of races sailed and the considerable sums given by clubs and individuals in the form of prizes for the encouragement of yacht racing. The figures are not quite exact in some of the smaller classes, but they show the amount of racing done and the reward winning:

				Prizes.			
	Designer.	Rating.	Starts.	1st	2d	3d	Value £
Britannia	Watson	153	42	32	2	0	2070
(also Muir challenge cup and £900 in the Mediterranean.)							
Vigilant	Herresboff	169	18	6	3	0	560
Satanita	Soper	162	18	6	0	0	455
Namara	Watson	62	21	4	4	2	197
Carina[1]	Watson	40	35	19	4	1	740
Creole	Watson	40	25	9	7	1	425
Luna[2]	Fife	20	49	18	8	1	412
Dierdrè[3]	Watson	20	47	12	7	6	287
Zinita[4]	Fife	20	37	13	9	2	214
Thelma	Fife	20	42	8	7	2	220
Dragon	Fife	20	34	9	8	2	200
Asphodel	Watson	20	40	5	6	6	130
Inyoni[5]	Nicholson	20	46	12	6	0	206
Doreen	Fife	14	16	6	0	0	70
Dakotah	Herreshoff	10	29	25	1	0	185
(also 5 cups and Nos. 1 and 5 challenge cups.)							
Lilith	Fife	10	28	5	7	0	
Delanagh	Watson	5	24	10	8	1	85
Flatfish[6]	Soper	5	21	11	5	1	68
Red Lancer	Fife	5	27	2	12	2	42
Gareth[7]	Nicholson	2½	57	31	13	3	152
Meneen	Herresboff	2½	54	24	16	4	131
Fay[8]	Soper	1	58	16	13	7	64
Morwena	Herreshoff	1	36	7	7	7	32
Scud	Bourgoyne	1	28	14	3	2	50
Wee Winn[9]	Herreshoff	½	23	12	4	1	32
Coquette	Sibbick	½	39	10	8	6	34
Pique[10]	Smith	½	23	18	3	0	34
Ragamuffin III	Smith	½	25	11	6	2	30

[1], Also 3 cups; [2], 3 cups; [3], 2 cups; [4], 2 cups; [5], 2 cups; [6], 1 cup; [7], 2 cups; [8], 1 cup; [9], 2 cups; [10], 2 cups.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

THE present season in the St. Lawrence Y. C. of Montreal has been a prosperous one, though with less racing than usual. The improvements to the club property at Dorval, including a new pier and alterations to the club house will add greatly to the comfort and convenience of the members in the future. The club has now suitable facilities for hauling up and wintering its fleet, and has secured a builder who will establish a shop and attend to the repairs and storage as well as new building. The important event of the year was the receipt by the club, through the kindly offices of Sir Charles Hibbard Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries for Canada, of an admiralty warrant, granting the use of the prefix, Royal, and the privilege of flying the blue ensign on the yachts of the club fleet. The warrant reads as follows:

[COPY]

By the Commissioners for executing the Office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Ireland, etc.

Whereas, We deem it expedient that the members of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, being natural born or naturalized British subjects, should be permitted to wear on board their respective vessels the blue ensign of Her Majesty's Fleet on the following conditions:

We do therefore by virtue of the power and authority vested in us under the provision of the 105th section of the Merchants Shipping Act, 1854, hereby warrant and authorize the blue ensign of Her Majesty's Fleet to be worn on board the respective vessels belonging to the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club and to the members of such yacht club being natural born or naturalized British subjects, accordingly subject to the following conditions:

1. Every vessel belonging to the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club in order to be eligible to wear the ensign authorized by this warrant shall have been registered as a British vessel in accordance with the Merchants Shipping Act, 1854.

2. The ensign shall not without our authority in writing be worn on board any vessel belonging to the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club while such vessel is lent, on hire, or otherwise, to any person not being a member of the club, or who being a member of the club is not a natural born or naturalized British subject.

Given under our hands and the Seal of the Office of Admiralty this 25th day of June, 1894.

(Sd.) WALTER T. KERR.
(Sd.) G. H. NOEL.

By command of their Lordships.

(Sd.) Evan MacGregor.

In Class A Messrs. Clouston's Chaperone has again been victorious, though the competition has been less keen than usual. Xania, Mr. Duggan's new flyer, designed by himself, has proved a credit to him, having won all races in which she started, beating all her competitors in the race for the Sir Donald A. Smith challenge cup and easily winning the 30ft. class series. The once successful Burgess boat Molly Bawn had to succumb to the more modern form of the newer craft.

The 25ft. class, a very convenient size, has six good boats, but none started this year; and the 21ft. and 18ft. classes have really been the life of the racing in 1894. The latter class includes two Clapham boats, Lassie and Tombola, each new this spring, and intended to contest the claim for the championship of the famous Bug, owned by Mr. Duggan, a boat of very similar form, but with a square stern. Another new 18ft. boat, Jubilant, is a centerboard bulb-fin; while of the heavier type is Pirate, Lassie failed to hold Bug, but Tombola gave her some close racing. The nature of the waters which constitute the club's anchorage and sailing ground is a serious bar to the introduction of a deeper class of boat; but the club has made very great progress in the past few years in the production of faster, safer, and in every way superior yachts on the same draft of water, less than 3ft., which characterized the old fleet. The club has now a good station, excellent sailing rules and a good racing fleet in the several classes; and in starting afresh under its new name, it has every prospect of a continuance of the success which has attended it in the past.

Changes of Rating Rule.

IN all of the English yachting journals a warm controversy is now waging over the merits and demerits of the existing Y. R. A. rule and of various new ones. While the controversy is interesting, it has thus far been void of any result, the only point settled being that nothing will be done for the coming year. We learn from the *Field* that a meeting of the council of the Yacht Racing Association was held on Oct. 10 at the Royal London Y. C., London. There were present Mr. G. B. Thompson (in the chair), Mr. Philip Percival, Jr., Mr. G. C. Colville, Mr. A. Manning, Mr. W. Baden-Powell, Mr. Herbert Crossley, Baron Von Knoop, Major P. H. Hewitt, Mr. C. Newton-Robinson, Capt. C. Nottage and Col. Fitzroy Clayton. The following report of the rating rule committee was presented to the council:

To the Council of the Yacht Racing Association:

GENTLEMEN—In accordance with your resolution of Aug. 18, 1894, appointing a committee to consider and obtain the opinions of the leading yacht designers on the working of the rating rule, the members of the committee who signed this report met on Sept. 8, and they have now to report as follows:

1. That in the smaller classes the rating rule is producing a type of vessel undesirably shallow and useless except for racing; your committee, however, do not consider it would be wise to attempt an alteration of the rule this year. They are of opinion that the time which would necessarily be consumed in discussing, drafting and passing a new rule would render all designing and building for next season practically impossible.

2. In view of the fact of the more frequent occurrence of international contests, and of the fact that at present the English and American rating rules are practically identical, the committee recommend that the council should take steps to ascertain if a common rating could not be adopted by the countries interested in yacht racing. Should the council be unwilling to or fail to bring about the international rating rule, the committee recommend that a revision of the existing rule be made next spring, to come into operation in 1896.

3. The committee have not attempted to formulate any proposal for altering the rule; but they are of opinion that immersed depth at the quarter beam might be introduced into the formula in such a manner as to insure a greater bulk of under-water body, but your committee do not put this forward with a view of prejudging the case in any proposal which the council may decide to make to bring about an international rating rule.

4. The committee further report that at their meeting they had to confer with them the following naval architects: Mr G. L. Watson, Mr. W. Fife, Jr., Mr. A. E. Payne, and Mr. Dixon Kemp, and the views of these gentlemen are embodied in our report.

5. Your committee, as well as the naval architects, were of opinion that it was most important that the recommendations of the committee should be made public at once, before it was possible to present their report to the council; the committee therefore decided that the sanction of the senior vice-president, the Marquis of Exeter, should be obtained for immediate publication; this was accordingly done, and the recommendations made known to the public.

(Signed) AUGUSTUS MANNING,
PETER DONALDSON,
G. F. FLEMMICH.

SEPT. 24, 1894.

A lengthy discussion ensued, but no decision was arrived at. Ultimately the consideration of the subject was adjourned to Wednesday, Oct. 24, when the council will meet at the Langham Hotel at 12 o'clock noon.

A sub-committee was appointed to report upon the term "recognized yacht club," in the rule, and also to define, if the committee considered it expedient, an amateur in connection with the term "member of a recognized yacht club" in the rules.

A Fast Skimming Dish.

ONE of the remarkable boats of the year in English waters has been the saucer-shaped Sorceress, a 1-rater designed and built by Mr. Linton Hope, her dimensions being: Over all, 29ft.; l.w.l., 18ft. 10in.; beam, 8ft.; draft, 6½in.; displacement, 1,470lbs.; sail area, 319sq. ft. She has a steel centerplate but 2ft. wide and 6ft. deep, of ¼in. thickness, thus permitting a certain amount of flexibility. She has not only proved a winner, but has done some very fast sailing in rough water, and has raced at times in a very heavy sea for so small a boat and such extreme proportions. We were aware that a similar boat had been sent out by Mr. Hope to British Columbia, but no particulars have reached us beyond the fact of her filling entirely in a race, as Sorceress once did. A correspondent sends us the following clipping from the *Daily Colonist*, of Victoria, B. C., and also some particulars of the boat:

"The last race of the season under the auspices of the Victoria Y. C. was sailed yesterday afternoon, the starting yachts being Daisy Bell, Victoria and Star. The start was made at 2:39 P. M. in a breeze just stiff enough to make everything draw well. The Daisy Bell took the lead and held it throughout, finishing at 4:25. The time, 1:46, is the fastest ever made over the 11-mile course by any Victoria yacht, and furnishes a record which will be found difficult to lower. The Victoria finished at 5:05 P. M., giving the Daisy Bell a winning of 35 minutes of actual time. The Star did not finish. By the victory yesterday, the Daisy Bell wins the club pennant for the season. This was offered for the yacht winning the greatest number of races during the season. Five races have been run by the club and the Daisy has made five winnings, a record of which her owners feel justly proud."

Daisy Bell was designed by Mr. Hope to sail against yachts of the usual American type of shoal craft, her dimensions being: Over all, 28ft.; l.w.l., 21ft.; beam, 8ft. 9in.; draft, 6in.; with board, 5ft.; sail area, 450sq. ft., rigged much like Scarecrow. Her first race was on May 26, at Victoria, in a S.E. gale; in the first three miles, dead to windward, she had gained 27 minutes, but in turning, to go free, she ran into the crest of a wave and filled flush with the deck. In this condition she was sailed four miles into Esquimault Harbor before being bailed out. On July 4 she sailed at Whatcom., Wash., in a good stiff blow, and led her class at least a mile up to the last turn, where she could not find the buoy, which had been set adrift by a larger yacht in another class. Garland, of Bellingham Bay, managed to find the buoy and started for home with a very long lead, but Daisy Bell finished within 2½m. of her. Daisy Bell was built by the Thomas Yacht Building Co., of which Mr. Hope is manager.

Dacotah's Record.

From the Yachting World.

In the spring high hopes were entertained of good sport in the 10-rating class. These hopes were only partly realized, as the Dacotah from the first showed herself so undoubtedly superior to the others that the destination of the second prize was, on most days, the only point of interest in the race. Herreshoff's creation in the skillful hands of her owner, Mr. Henry Allan, has shown herself little short of a marvel. Blow high, blow low, in running, reaching or going to windward, she was easily the best of the fleet, and one wonders if her designer himself could turn out a better boat. A racing "machine," certainly, but a machine of graceful appearance, perfect balance, and well-considered design even to the smallest details of construction and outfit. Her seaworthiness and speed in a strong wind and heavy sea, and her perfect steering and handiness in all conditions of wind and weather, showed what a really good racing boat can be produced of the much-derided bulb-fin type. Of the others, the Fife designed Lilith was her most serious opponent, notably so when her designer was at the tiller. Lilith is a keel boat of as graceful a form as ever came from Fairlie, and she was very fast in light winds, especially reaching. The Watson representative Sula was a first attempt on the part of that designer at producing a boat of this size of the bulb-fin type, and she cannot be written down as a success. She underwent many alterations in the course of the season which certainly improved both her speed and her steering qualities. Latterly she was doing better against Lilith as long as the strength of wind was such that she was not much inclined from even keel. But she was very tender in a breeze, and her bronze fin was not an unfamiliar sight to the crews of the boats on her weather. Of Rosetta, designed by Nicholson, it is impossible to say anything complimentary. In spite of frequent and extensive alterations she remained at the bottom of the class, and her owner gave up racing her before the season was over.

The older tens Ptarmigan and Dora were brought out in fine fettle to tackle the newcomers. Ptarmigan during the winter had been converted from centerboard to keel, and seemed to go faster in consequence. Both had new suits of sails, and were pluckily sailed for a few races in the first class. Soon, however, it was seen that they had little chance of prize winning in such company, and they retired to the handicap class, where they found plenty of sport. Ptarmigan stopped racing about the middle of the season, but Almida joined in, and with the 5-raters Tess and Fenella keen for racing, a good entry was assured up to the last rainy day. The three-year-old Tess (née Eileen), proved an unexpectedly good match for the new Fenella. Tess generally won in light weather, but Fenella had the heels of her in strong breezes. Undernoted are the results of the racing of these two classes:

Yacht.	Designer.	Rating.	Starts.	First prizes.	Other prizes.	Value.
Dacotah	Herreshoff	10	33	25	1	£274
Lilith	Fife	10	32	11	10	137
Sula	Watson	10	26	2	6	35
Rosetta	Nicholson	10	15	0	2	6
Dora	Watson	11	30	8	5	102
Ptarmigan	Fife	10	17	1	2	16
Almida	Fife	11	15	5	2	50
Fenella	Fife	5	32	10	4	73
Tess	Fife	5	20	6	5	50

Dacotah also holds the No. 1 and No. 5 challenge cups of the Royal Alfred Y. C., Kingstown. Almida won the West challenge cup, and Dora the Atchison cup of the Royal Forth Y. C.

Sailing Dories.

The sailing dory of Massachusetts Bay has found a patron in the Nahant Dory Club, which is working to encourage racing in these serviceable and inexpensive craft. Under the direction of a committee Com. M. W. Hammond, Vice-Com. F. S. Parker, Sec. Eben Wright, H. M. Sears, H. F. Otis and T. S. Bradlee, the following definitions have been framed for both racing and fishing dories for the season of 1895:

A dory shall consist of a flat-bottomed, centerboard, clinker-built boat, with rudder on stern board, without outside ballast, and the centerboard must house completely.

In all dory races sailed off Nahant (unless otherwise specified) a racing dory shall not exceed 18ft. 6in. in length on the waterline, or 25ft. over all, or be under 12in. in width on the bottom board, or exceed 7ft. beam. The number of men carried shall be limited to five, and all dories shall be measured without crew on board. No sails shall be carried beyond mainsail and working jib.

In all dory races sailed off Nahant, a fishing dory shall not exceed 15ft. in length on the bottom boards. Sail shall be restricted to two leg-of-mutton sails, a jib and flying jib. No hoisting sails (except jibs), stays, standing rigging, or weighted centerboards allowed. Half washboards not exceeding 6in. shall be allowed.

Restricted Classes.

Some of the Clyde sailormen who are apparently looking for a type with more than one season of racing life, have lately started to establish a new restricted class, after the plan of the Dublin Bay "Mermaids." The limitations adopted are: Length over all, 18ft.; beam, 7ft.; depth, 2ft. 6in.; sail area, 200 sq. ft.; clinker build, square stern, with fore deck and waterways. All the boats will be built from one standard design, and six have been promised, to start with. The class should provide plenty of sailing and good racing at a moderate cost, and as outbuilding is practically impossible, it should last for some years.

Other Clyde yachtsmen of different ideas have united to establish an unrestricted one-rating class, under the Y. R. A. rule.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

On Oct. 18 a new yacht club was started in New Rochelle at a meeting held at the residence of Mr. C. M. Connolly; the name being the Neptune Yacht Club. The organization is in the hands of a committee, C. M. Connolly, chairman, R. T. Badgely, No. 6, Neptune Place, New Rochelle, sec'y; Arthur Townsend, treas., and L. C. Ketchum, chairman of site committee. The club will have a house and anchorage on New Rochelle harbor, and will provide fully for the safety of the members' craft. The sub-committees on constitution and by-laws, and on site, are now at work and will report at a meeting for formal organization which will be held shortly at the residence of Arthur Townsend, No. 6 Neptune Place. Applications for membership should be sent to the secretary.

Com. Morgan has returned to Southampton from Havre in his steam yacht May, and the yacht will lay up there. Com. Morgan has leased a place in Leicestershire and will remain in England next year.

Many inquiries have been made by passengers on incoming Old Colony trains as to the handsome white steam yacht lying in Neponset river She is the Mindora, and is owned by Mr. Chas. H. Merrill of Exeter, N. H. She is commanded by Capt. F. L. Moulton, and has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted under his supervision. Her owner may take her for a southern trip later in the year. The Mindora is 170ft. long, is handsomely finished in solid mahogany, has ample accommodations, and is fast and seaworthy. She has a dining saloon and chart room in her deck house forward and steers from the bridge above. Capt. Moulton is very proud of his charge.—*Boston Globe.* This yacht was once well known as the Norma, built for the late N. L. Munro. Her new owner has put in all new machinery and refitted her thoroughly.

Capt. Chas. Barr, who was recently hurt by a fall from the bowsprit of Gloriana, has recovered sufficiently to leave the Presbyterian Hospital, and is now at Marblehead.

Mr. W. G. Brokaw, of the schooner Viator, has presented to Mr. S. G. Roach, owner of the steam yacht Emeline, a handsome silver cup in recognition of the services rendered by the steam yacht in the recent storm at Larchmont.

Captain James N. Peirce, a veteran pilot of the Atlantic Coast, who holds licenses in various ports, arrived in Baltimore from Norfolk in his whaleback fishing smack Capalca, a curious craft that was built upside down, inside out, wrong end first, and finally rolled down a hill, turning seven times in its descent, into the mud, fished out the next day and floated. The last named process constituted her launching. The novel craft is 27ft. over all, 7ft. 4in. beam, 4ft. 6in. depth aft, and 18in. forward. She was built of white oak ribs, with cedar planking, with house and siding of North Carolina pine. She is in three water-tight compartments. Her building was begun in Norfolk, Va., two years ago, and she was partly finished in Camden, N. J. When the last touches are put upon her there is no telling where she will be. On her forward deck is a comfortable house in which the captain has his spring bed, cooking utensils and other useful articles. Just aft is a cockpit 5ft. long, semi-circular forward, with room for 4 men to fish. Aft of that is what constitutes the amidships water-tight compartment, which Captain Peirce uses as a well for live fish, and it averages 28in. in depth. Aft of that and on the overhang will be, when completed, a storeroom for fish or anything else. Beneath this and the house forward are water-tight compartments. The rig is of the old "bum ketch" pattern, with two masts, and she carries three sails, a jib, a mainsail and a jigger. Her hull has a regular rocker built bottom, and stands the sea admirably. If capsized she will almost right herself. Captain Peirce says he sailed his craft over 800 miles without a rudder. She is named after the famous bark Capalca, which rescued the unfortunate Fenians from Van Dieman's Land years ago, and when Captain Peirce was mate of her. Captain Peirce is on a cruise in the bay, and is accompanied only by his Newfoundland dog Rover. He claims Baltimore as his home, but lives aboard his strange craft. He is 55 years old.—*Chicago Herald.*

Murray & Tregurtha, South Boston, Mass., have not found their business at all restricted by the hard times. The year thus far has been a very busy one with them. The sale of the Tregurtha water tube boilers is now more than twice as great as in 1893, and the prospects for future orders are encouraging. They have recently shipped a 5×6ft. Tregurtha boiler to the Georgetown Rice Milling Co., Georgetown, S. C., and are now building a 35in. Tregurtha boiler for Mr. Joseph S. Williams, Taunton, Mass. They have also shipped 25ft. launches to G. S. Wright, South Andover, Mass.; T. F. Cassens, Deer Island, Mass.; G. F. Hunt, Boston, Mass., and are building a high speed 30ft. launch for Boston parties.

At the annual meeting of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. the following officers were elected for 1895: Com., H. F. Hewlett; Vice-Com., Louis Bossert; Rear Com., William Scheer; Treas., L. M. Pearsall; Fin.-Sec., L. D. Burnham; Rec.-Sec., Louis Pflug; Meas., J. Van Alen; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. Mayer; Board of Trustees, H. F. Hewlett, Louis Bossert, William Scheer, O. L. Schwencke, Phillip Leibinger, C. E. Pearsall, J. C. Lefferts, Charles Engert and John Landman.

The Minneapolis Model Yacht Racing Association brought off another race in the 40in. class on Oct. 14, Minerva, J. Hadden, being again the winner. D. H. E., Mr. English, was the only other competitor. The course was half a mile to windward in a stiff breeze, the yachts carrying lower sails and jackyarders. After a fairly even start Minerva climbed out to the front and by the time they came about had a good lead. This she gradually increased to the finish, winning by about a quarter of a mile. Toward the finish the wind lightened and the models set their flying jibs. The new boat does nos seem to be in perfect trim yet and better things are expected of her. Wasp is expected to take part in the next race.

Hanniel, steam yacht, Mr. C. H. W. Foster, is out at Lawley's yard for a new boiler. Her deck will also be raised.

Frank Taff, of Whitestone, L. I., is the last of the inventors who have sought to imitate the motion of a fish's tail in the propulsion of vessels. His model is 5ft. 3in. long, 8in. wide and draws 5in. of water. She was fitted with a small vertical engine of 1½in. stroke, whose boiler carried 20lbs. of steam to develop about $\frac{1}{30}$ of a horse power. Along the side of the hull are four little black fins, fastened to shafts in pairs, two on a side. These fins are patterned after the tail of a fish, and the main surface, which is called the web, is thinned down toward the edges and strengthened by ribs of pliable metal. When the engine is started the shafts work athwartships, and by their motion the fins are set wiggling after the manner of a fish's tail. In a recent trial at the Battery, New York, Mr. Taff lighted the small gasoline lamp under the boiler and steam was up in a short time. Then he launched his model and headed her for the open river, following in a rowboat. The model began to glide away, slowly at first, but soon her speed accumulated, and she cut through the waves like a torpedo. There was no churning astern of her such as is seen in the case of screw propellers, but the little craft spun along as if on invisible wings. As the rough water of the river was reached, Mr. Taff found that the choppy waves were too much for his model. Not wishing to have her sink, he rowed up and extinguished the light. While such devices have never been of much value, the demands of naval architecture are constantly changing, and there may be points in the inventor's assertion that the idea is particularly adaptable to submarine boats, as the latter, when worked by screw propellers, have a tendency to lower their bows. The fin propeller can be canted to any angle to counteract this.—*American Shipbuilder.*

Adelaide, sloop, Mr. R. W. Inman, has been recently fitted with a gasoline engine by L. J. Wing & Co. The engine occupies but little room and has driven the yacht at an average speed of 7 miles per hour. Adelaide is a deep centerboard sloop, designed and built by Wood Bros. in 1885, 51ft. 3in. over all, 45ft. 5in. l.w.l., 15ft. beam and 7ft. draft, with 27,000lbs. of lead on her keel. From the experiments made on her and other boats, the new motor promises to make a most practical and convenient auxiliary for small sailing yachts.

The 21ft. cutter Amalia, designed and built by her owners, the Schirck Bros., of Rochester, crossed the Lake last week from Presque Isle to Charlotte, coming safely through a very severe gale. Her cockpit was flooded and all hands well drenched, but the boat sustained no damage.

Eleanor, steam yacht, will sail shortly from New London on a trip of two years around the world, her party including her owner, W. A. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., and family, private secretary L. C. Harrison, Mr. J. M. Johnson, Dr. W. K. Tingley and Miss Traver and John W. Slater, Mr. Slater's cousin, of Providence. The yacht will sail directly to Cannes, France, and thence to Egypt, through the Suez Canal to Australia and on to Japan and China, where the summer will be spent. The winter of 1895 will be passed among the Southern Pacific Islands. The summer of 1896 will be passed in Alaska, returning by way of Cape Horn to New York.

The San Francisco *Examiner* tells of a party of four young working boys who have been busily engaged at night and on holidays for some time in the construction of a 30ft. l.w.l. cutter, of 13ft. beam. Nearly all of the work has been done by the boys, and they expect to launch their craft by March next.

Marguerite (Semiramis) arrived in the Itchen River on Oct. 6, from New York, and will winter there. Fay & Co. will do some work on her, and she will be fitted out for a cruise around the world.

Mr. A. Cary Smith is at work on a design for a 70ft. schooner, to be built of wood. He has also under way the design of a pilot schooner for Fernandina, Fla. His last steamer, the City of Lowell, is even a greater success than the Richard Peck.

Canoeing.

Though formed on nominally the same lines as the American Canoe Association, the British C. A. has had no supervision of racing or racing rules, and there has been no uniform system of canoe racing rules in Great Britain, though those of the Royal C. C. have exerted considerable influence outside of the club. For some time past a movement has been on foot for the establishment of a canoe racing council, independent of the B. C. A. for the purpose of formulating rules. This new organization, unlike the A. C. A., will be composed of clubs and not individual members; but as there are only about ten canoe clubs which are interested, the difficulties which have arisen here in connection with an association of clubs may be avoided. At the same time it is hard to understand why the work of making and enforcing rules should not be done, as with us, by the existing national association.

The fate of the canoe yawl in England is now a matter of doubt, as it is quite possible that the class may be practically absorbed by the small yachts, with fin-keels and long ends, of the ½-rating class. The light, handleable canoe yawl with movable ballast is an excellent type, well suited to both American and English waters, and it will be a pity if it is allowed to disappear for want of suitable class restrictions. Though little known in this country, it has much to recommend it to those who have tired of the 30in. canoe, and there is a prospect of the type becoming quite popular here next year.

A. C. A. Executive Committee.

The date and place of the annual meeting of the A. C. A. executive committee have not yet been announced by Com. Witherbee, but the probability is that the meeting will be held in Albany, early next month. Under the constitution all proposed amendments must be published in the Forest and Stream for at least fourteen days prior to the meeting, and those having amendments to offer must give early notice. The following explains itself, the amendment is a good one, tending to remove a cause of some confusion:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to offer the following amendment to the Constitution of the American Canoe Association:

Art. V., Sec. 2, par. 8, line 4, after word "begin" strike out all the rest of that paragraph and substitute "the first day of October and end the first day of October the year following, or until their successors qualify."

My reasons for this change are as follows: At present there is no specific date for the Division pursers to close their accounts except as would naturally be done with the expiration of their term of office with the executive committee meeting in October or November. It is absolutely necessary for them to close these accounts some time before, to enable the Secretary-Treasurer to incorporate the necessary portions of their reports in his accounts and before his accounts are audited. All this takes time, and now there is more or less confusion and uncertainty as to when the pursers shall close their accounts, and then they are only done as a matter of courtesy to a certain extent. In the way I have suggested there is a specified date, the same as for the Association officers, and being the same time, all reports would bear even date and it would give plenty of time to have all reports ready for the executive committee meeting.

As it is at present, too, the Association officers have two sets of Division officers to deal with, the old Division officers for a month or more and then the new ones, and the Division officers *vice versa*, consequently there is considerable confusion that I think can be easily and properly avoided by this change suggested. Geo. P. Douglass.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Detroit Boat Club has elected the following officers: W. C. Jupp, re-elected Pres.; F. S. Werneken, Vice-Pres.; G. B. Sheehy, Sec'y, and C. F. Hammond, Treas. Directors: J. L. Dexter, S. D. McGraw, E. W. Clark, L. H. Paddock and W. R. Gridley.

A. C. A. Membership.

Central Division—Associate membership: Mrs. Henry V. Backus, Rochester, N. Y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Krag-Jorgensen Rifle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been asked to give my opinion on the Krag-Jorgensen gun, recently adopted by the United States Army. I have used it with as much care as possible, to bring out its merits, and must say that from my experience it is one of the most wonderful weapons both for power and accuracy I have ever seen.

As is well known among sportsmen, the military gun has not been useful for work in the field. The desire always has been with the military, to acquire power at the expense, somewhat, of accuracy, and in the experiments attending the introduction of the Krag-Jorgensen gun into the army, I notice that the highest point of accuracy had not been attained.

My experience as to accuracy has been very commendatory of the gun. The caliber I used was the .30, which has been adopted by the United States Army. The charge was 34grs. Peyton powder and the weight of the bullet 230grs.

The experiments I made were limited as to distance. I had noticed from the reports that the steel-cased ball was not a success, by reason of its danger in exploding the outside shell of the ball. I have not found this to be the case.

It would be natural that the heavier the weight of the leaden inside of the shell upon impact would burst the outer coat, thus virtually making an explosive ball, the use of which is contrary to military usages.

This would be natural because of the tremendous velocity, but the rifling grooves are very sharp, the rifles running clear around the barrels two and a half times.

The ordinary leaden bullet without the hardened nickel-steel coat, driven with the great velocity required by the new arm, would only be a shapeless slug; but with the hard case it takes the grooves properly and is accurate as well as powerful.

I did not have the opportunity of firing the gun at a body other than wood or iron, but the bullet, when it could be found, in every instance was unbroken and straight on end. Of course it was flattened, but the particles adhered together.

The power of the gun is tremendous and in my opinion it would be a wonderful deer and bear gun.

At a distance of 50yds. the ball crushed its way through 22in. of tough, half-dry locust. At the same distance it pounded its way through 30in. of solid oak. At the same distance the ball went clear and clean through three pieces of well dried poplar, each piece being separate from its fellow by about 4in.; the whole penetration being about 56in. At 50yds. it made a clean penetration of ¼in. of tough and hard plow-point steel, and buried itself out of sight in a heavy, dried sycamore target.

The steel plate was penetrated with as much ease as if it had been paper. The tremendous revolution of the ball is shown by the fact that the hole through which it went is ½in. in diameter, while the bullet is only 30-100in. in diameter.

At this same distance it broke through a ½in. plate of tough plow-point steel. It did not make a clean penetration, but made a clean, clear, round bore of two-thirds of the thickness of the steel plate and broke or rather split the remaining part of the plate. The ball, however, did not penetrate clean through beyond the above distance, but split open the remainder of the plate not penetrated for about an inch and a quarter.

This record is seemingly incredible, but it was done repeatedly. I was frequently struck with its vast supremacy in power over other fine standard rifles. I tested it with a .45cal. Springfield and with a .45cal. Hotchkiss, guns of the best class. The Springfield, a very fine officer's model, with long cartridge, having velocity at 53ft. of 1,283ft. per second, penetrated the ¼in. plate, making a rough, jagged, oblong break clean through; but on the ½in. plate it made very small penetration.

Several shots with the Springfield made only a small perceptible impression.

The Hotchkiss made only a small dent in the ¼in. plate. It made no penetration. I will say, however, in behalf of the Hotchkiss that the missiles used were lead, while the Krag-Jorgensen had the steel-coated missile, giving it more penetration through metal.

As to its accuracy at 100yds. and at 400yds., which last was the furthest point we were able to test, I find it a very accurate gun.

My friend, Dr. Mahan, of Charleston, killed a mountain hawk at 400yds., and at 50yds. separated the head of a gar from its body.

I noticed in reference to the gar, which was 2¼in. in diameter, that the ball had severed the head with the exception of a small piece of skin which remained. This was peculiarly noticeable from the fact that shooting the ball into a piece of wood or target, the bullet hole was almost imperceptible, but the cut on the gar's head was as clean and clear as if it had been done with a knife, and the cut was wider than the length of the bullet, thus doing away with the idea that the hole cut could have come from the ball striking sidewise.

The accuracy of the gun cannot be questioned, and I believe that the report was that it had no kick or rebound. That is true as long as the gun is perfectly clean, but after the tenth or twelfth shot without cleaning, the rebound is more vigorous and it loses somewhat in accuracy, and, what is strange to say, somewhat in power, and with fairly continuous shooting the barrel becomes so hot that without a shield it is not manageable.

The mechanism of the gun is fairly simple but will suit the intelligent hunter much better than the common soldier. The loading apparatus is very simple: there is only one trouble—the last cartridge in the magazine always jams. This may not be the case with all of the guns, but it is so with mine. The old objection to this style of gun, among which is the Hotchkiss, is the projection of the lever directly out from the outside, making a projection which is always in the way in the woods. This has been obviated by the mechanism of this gun, which allows the lever to fall along the side of the stock, so that it is very little in the way. The up motion is an admirably simple one, the expulsion of the cartridge, the placing of another one in, the cocking of the piece is all done with one stroke of the lever, and in an infinitely short space of time, and all with one compound motion.

Wm. A. MacCorkle.

San Francisco Target Work.

San Francisco, Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The weather to-day was well nigh perfect for target work, and in consequence some good scoring was done at Shell Mound by the members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

The members' rifle medals, no re-entry, were fired for. H. R. Brown led the champion rifle class with 89, D. W. McLaughlin 86, Dr. Rodgers 85, F. O. Young 82. First class, A. H. Pape 80, A. Gehret 77. Second class, Perry 78, Lieut. Davis 60, A. Fetz 50.

Members' pistol medals, no re-entry: Champion class, E. Hovey 91, S. Carr 89, Col. Kellogg 88, F. O. Young 83, C. M. Daiss 81. First class, Pape 90, Baumgartner 88, Dr. Rodgers 86, Lieut. Davis 80, Bohr 67. Second class, C. Perry 80, A. Fetz 80, Kennedy 79, A. Gehret 71, Zimmermann 66.

A sharp struggle for the all-comers' jeweled gold medal with rifle then took place, 200yds., re-entry, one score to count. Dr. W. McLaughlin carried off the honors by making the following splendid score:

McLaughlin.....8 10 8 9 9 10 10 10 10 10—94
F O Young.....9 10 10 9 10 8 10 7 10 8—91
Dr L O Rodgers.....9 8 8 10 8 10 10 9 8 10—90

A. Gehret 83, Baumgartner 80, Brown 80, Daiss 79.

McLaughlin's score is the best official score made by any competitor since the organization of the club, and is likely to take the medal finally, as the best 10-shot score of the year takes it.

The all-comers' pistol medal, as usual, developed a hot fight for high score. The honors fell to Smith Carr, who shot in his usual form, viz., 94, 93, 92, 91: Pape 93, 91, 89; Young 92, 90, 89; Kellogg 92, 86; Hovey 90, 89; Daiss 90, 86; Podgers 87, 82; Baumgartner 87; Davis 79, 76.

F. O. Young made top score in rest match, viz.: 11 10 12 12 10 11 11 11 11—109.

Roebl.

Zettler Rifle Club.

The season shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club for the year 1894 was brought to a close on the Cypress Hills Park range Oct. 21, with the following scores. A summary of the season's work will be given in our next issue:

Fred Ross	25	23	23	21	21	25	25	25	22	23—233
	22	23	25	24	24	22	22	23	22	23—230
	21	19	25	21	24	25	23	23	22	23—226
Louis Flach	24	23	23	22	21	22	21	23	23	21—223
	24	21	22	22	24	24	20	22	19	24—222
	23	20	20	22	23	25	22	22	21	23—221
Henry Holges	24	24	20	23	22	23	23	22	20	23—224
	20	23	21	22	21	22	22	25	25	24—225
	22	22	22	22	21	23	21	23	23	21—220
G W Plaisted	21	18	24	24	22	17	21	24	21	25—217
	23	19	22	18	24	20	24	17	24	23—214
	19	24	21	22	23	19	25	16	22	23—214
M B Engel	24	23	23	23	17	21	25	23	16	22—217
	18	25	17	25	19	20	20	20	23	23—210
	18	18	22	19	23	22	24	18	21	24—209
L P Hansen	20	22	24	23	22	23	23	22	20	22—221
	22	18	25	24	22	21	16	23	18	24—213
	23	20	21	21	22	21	23	20	18	14—203

Schlicht Rifle Club.

The Schlicht Rifle Club held its class medal shooting on Monday Oct. 15, '94. Following scores were made:

Charley Meyer.....235	Geo Schlicht.....243	Geo Dorr.....229
Fred Lamhrix.....236	Jacob Schlicht.....215	Aug Tribout....200
Wm Schlicht.....223	Henry Aufderheide 222	Conr'd Schlicht.207
Geo Reichert.....225	Jacob Diehl.....230	Lautenberger...225
Lue Dorr.....214	Gustaf Schulz.....200	

Medal winners: Geo. Schlicht championship medal 243, Jacob Diehl first class medal 230, Fred Lambrix second class medal 226, Charley Meyer, third class medal 235.

Greenville Rifle Club.

Greenville, N. J., Oct. 19.—Weekly shoot for class prizes. Scores:

First class—C. Boag 234, Dorrler 237, Scheeline 234, Plaisted 231, J. Boag 240, H. Purkess 237, Collins 237.

Second class—Agneau 234, Gotthardt 232, Chavant 227, Charlock 237, Spahn 242.

Third class—Graef 218, J. Hill 214, E. Wuestner 222, Holzapfel 223, Renker 218.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Oct. 27.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa., P. R. R.—Keystone Shooting League's monthly shoot. For programmes address John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, 328 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 30-31.—Marion, N. J.—Tournament at Marion, N. J., complimentary benefit to Mr. C. H. Townsend; promoters, M. F. Lindsley, W. F. Quimby, Al. Heritage and T. H. Keller; targets.

Nov. 6.—Rye, N. Y.—Rye Gun Club's all-day shoot, commencing at 9 A. M.; live birds and targets. E. J. Pope, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

1895.

Jan. 1.—Newark, N. J.—Fifteenth annual New Year's Day tournament of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 17-19.—Hamilton, Canada.—Hamilton Gun Club's annual tournament; $1,000 added money. J. W. Bowman, Sec'y.

April 3-5.—Willard Park, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added.

May 14 16.—Dayton, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

June 4 7.—Memphis, Mo.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $200 added money.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

Aug. 29-31.—Hot Springs, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 3-6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club, one of the most influential organizations of a like character in the South, has determined to put its foot firmly down on dropping for place and similar tactics. The following letter speaks for itself: Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 15, 1894.—Confirming our telegram of this date, we claim June 4 5, 6 and 7, 1895, for our annual tournament, to be held at our grounds in this city. At an enthusiastic meeting of the Gun Club, held on Friday night, the 12th inst, the club indorsed the management of our last tournament, and pledged itself to the committee who will control the next tournament. The club guarantees $2,000 to be added to purses. We hope to devise a system of handicap which will be satisfactory to all classes of shooters. The committee appointed, who will manage the tournament, consists of T. A. Divine, chairman, W. F. Allen, Irby Bennett (who managed the last tournament), Frank Poston and Fred. Schmidt. We earnestly ask your support in an effort to give a tournament, to be run on a high grade. It is the intention of the Memphis Gun Club and the committee in charge to make it a gentlemanly shoot or give up the whole business. T. A. Divine, Chairman. The Memphis Gun Club is assured that Forest and Stream will do all in its power to aid in elliminating the unpleasant features which mar many a tournament.

While a few members of the Boiling Springs Gun Club of Rutherford, N. J. were having a little practice at targets on Saturday a curious and amusing episode occurred. An English snipe was seen flying over the reeds, finally alighting at the edge of the swamp within 200yds. of the trap. Paul, Rice and Grieff seized their guns and ran splashing through the wet meadow to where the bird had dropped. Up it rose, only to fall again at the simultaneous report of Paul's and Grieff's guns. Who shot it is a question that has not been decided; anyway Gus "wet" the bird, if that goes as proof.

Miss Annie Oakley, who will star in "Miss Rora" in England during the coming winter, sails from New York on Nov. 3. After that date the address of Miss Oakley and of Mr. Frank E. Butler, her manager, will be care of Mr. Chas. Lancaster, 151 New Bond street, London, England. Miss Oakley has recently bought a horse which she will use in the play, and is now engaged in schooling him to his part.

W. T. Irwin, known as "Tramp" Irwin, a good shot and well-known dog trainer, has located at Peoria, Ill. Mr. Irwin has assumed the management of the Peoria Target Company, one of the oldest composition target companies in the country. Mr. Irwin's characteristic hustling qualities and great popularity should make him a valuable acquisition to the company.

The complimentary benefit tournament to Mr. C. H. Townsend, late trap editor of this paper, is an assured success. The efforts of the promoters, M. F. Lindsley, W. Fred Quimby, Al Heritage and Tom Keller, have so far met with entirely satisfactory results. The cause is a popular one and the attendance will of course be correepondingly large.

The second contest for the American E. C. Powder cup will take place on Saturday, Oct. 27, at the grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club at Woodlawn, L. I. The first contest was held on Sept. 29, and resulted in a victory for T. W. Morfey after a close finish with Conny Furgueson, the 11-year-old champion of the club.

Willard Park, near Paterson, N. J., has been fixed upon by the executive committee of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association as the scene of the grand American handicap for 1895.

The Lancaster, Pa., Gun Club intends to hold another tournament in the near future. The scores made in its recent effort are given elsewhere.

The list of fixtures for '94 is growing very small, while that for '95 is correspondingly increasing. Added money figures largely in the list of fixtures for next year.

Quail and grouse, ducks and snipe, are now claiming the attention of shooters who a few weeks ago were content to smash targets.

Eddie Hill and Frank Class are down to shoot their second race at Yardville, N. J., on Thursday of this week.

Dropping for place must go.

Carver Beats Budd—Budd Beats Carver.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first of a series of three matches between Dr. W. F. Carver and C. W. Budd was shot to-day on the grounds of the Highland Gun Club, of this city, Dr. Carver winning. The birds were a fair lot, but the weather was warm, with but a light wind blowing. Dr. Carver was in elegant form and killed his birds in fine shape. He was also in luck drawing quite a number of easy birds. Butt was not up to his form, shooting quite slow, but had the most difficult birds. About 200 people witnessed the match, among which were quite a number of ladies.

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

C W Budd.....2 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 2—23
2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 1 • 2 0 2 2 2 • 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1—20
1 2 1 2 0 • 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1—23
0 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 • 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 2 1 1—22—88

Dr W F Carver 2 1 1 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1—24
1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 • 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 • 1—23
1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2—24
1 1 2 1 2 1 2 • 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2—24—95

Oct. 16.—The second match Dr. W. F. Carver vs. C. W. Budd, was shot to-day on the same grounds as the one yesterday. The birds were a fine lot and with the help of a wind blowing from left to right across the traps were hard to score inside of a 50yds. boundary, many falling dead outside. Budd shot in good form, killing his birds clean and close to the traps. About 200 people were on hand to witness the match. Dr Carver left for Dallas, Texas, to-night and will give exhibitions of rifle shooting at Dallas during the fair. The third match will be shot in Chicago during the month of November, where Carver will meet Brewer, Elliott and others who may be anxious to beat him at pigeons. Both matches passed off very pleasantly; not a hitch of any kind occurred and the Doctor went home well pleased with his treatment at DesMoines; he also made many friends during his stay. Mr. Hadly and Mr. Pond, of Kansas City, accompanied the Doctor, and were on the grounds during the matches and made many friends among the shooters and spectators.

In both matches Dr. Carver used Winchester leader shells loaded with 4drs American wood powder and No. 7 shot and a Cashmore gun weighing 8lbs. Budd used Winchester leader shells, 3½drs. American E. C. powder, No. 7 chilled shot and an L. C. Smith gun weighing 7lbs. 12oz.

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1894 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

C W Budd.....2 2 • • 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 • 1 2 1 2 2 2 1—21
0 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2—23
2 2 1 2 2 2 • 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—24
1 2 2 2 1 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2—24—92

Dr W F Carver..1 1 2 0 1 1 1 0 2 • 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 • 0 2 1 1 2—19
2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 2—24
1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 1 0 1 0 2 1 2—21
2 2 2 1 1 2 2 • 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 1 0 1 0 2 1 2—21
2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 1 1—22—81

C. W. Budd.

The Way Brewer Looks at It.

Elliott's challenge to Brewer, and the question as to how Brewer will take it, have been the subject of much discussion during the past week. The way Capt. Brewer looks at it is this:

"Elliott has written me a personal letter," said he, "inclosing a copy of his letter published in the sporting papers. I have answered it by writing him that I will name dates for a series of five matches, 100 birds per man each match, for the world's championship. In my letter I said that I wanted one match to be shot at Pittsburgh, another at Philadelphia, and the other three in the vicinity of New York. It is surely my right to name the places and dates, as my title to the championship of the world at live birds has not been disputed since 1888, the year in which I won the magnificent cup donated by the *Sportsman*, the leading sporting daily newspaper published in London. That cup, which carried with it the title of champion live bird shot of the world, I won three times in succession, so that it became my own property. In 1889 I went to Australia and defeated Lewis Clark on the grounds of the Melbourne Gun Club, in a match at 100 live birds for the championship of the colonies. Clark was at that time the acknowledged champion of Australia.

"Since 1888 I have never been challenged for the championship until Elliott's letter put him in line. Surely I'm champion then until I'm defeated in a match for that title? It is for me then to say where we shall shoot. My letter to Elliott and Carver, published in Forest and Stream two weeks ago, was merely a reminder to them of promises made to shoot me some races. At the Memphis shoot Elliott told me that, in the event of his defeating Carver, he would shoot me a series of races for the championship. He had defeated Carver three straight shoots and yet he made no sign of challenging me, so I thought I'd jog his memory.

"I am anxious to shoot, and am glad he has challenged me at last. It'll be a shooting match and will be the last I'll ever shoot for the championship of the world. When 1895 comes, I'm going to retire on my honors and let the other fellows have a go for the championship, because I'll beat Elliott as sure as can be. If he or his backer will lay me odds, I'll bet that I'll beat the average he made in his last three matches with Carver, that is 97 per cent. My forfeit is up to show that I am willing to defend my title. Now, let them come on.

"There is one thing more I want to say, and that is about Carver; he doesn't want to shoot me a race and he knows it, or else why didn't he cover my $150 posted long ago to bind a match with him?

"You can also say this for me: that I am willing to shoot any man in the world a race at 500 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles, for any moderate sum of money."

If you have a friend who is so attached to business that he cannot go shooting, but might at least like to read about it in "Forest and Stream," tell us his name and address and we'll send him one of the

"FOREST AND STREAM'S" SILVER BULLSEYES.

The Emeralds' Tournament.

The three days' tournament of the Emerald Gun Club of New York was opened at Dexter Park, L. I., on Monday of this week. Notwithstanding the unpropitious outlook, so far as the weather is concerned, the number of entries, especially in the after-dinner events, ought to be considered as highly flattering. Among those from a distance were J. T. Mascroft, V. D. Kenerson and Fred. Bucklen, of Worcester, Mass; H. G. Wheeler, Marlboro, Mass.; B "Leroy" Woodward, Brockton, Mass.; W. "White" Bennett and his brother, Fred. "Jones" Bennett, Boston, Mass.; "U. M. C." Thomas, Bridgeport, Conn.; Harry Thurman and H. "Landis" David, of Philadelphia. The above, together with Brewer, Van Dyke, "Tee Kay" Hoffman, "Shorty," Breintnall, Lindsley and Fred. Quimby, made the pace hot enough for anybody.

The opening of a tournament on a Monday morning is always against a large attendance early in the day; this fact, together with the bad weather, undoubtedly kept the attendance of shooters down to a great extent. Only one set of traps was used and it was really too dark to see the flying targets before the programme was shot out.

All the arrangements made by the Emeralds for the comfort of their guests were capital; while Messrs. John Woelfel and Chas. C. Hebbard in the cashier's box office kept things moving and the winners smiling by the promptness with which all demands upon their services were attended to. As for "Tee Kay"—he was the life of the shoot. Scores:

First Day.

No. 1, 10 empire targets, known angles: Wheeler 8, Mascroft 7, Jones 9, Hobart 7, Bucklin 9, Leroy 10, Thurman 7, W. H. 9, Bennett 7, Schort 8, Landis 9, Short 8, Richmond 8, Thomas 9, Kenerson 8, Brewer 8, Rice 5, Thempson 8, Floyd 8, Hudson 8, Oberg 7, Keller 7, Ferris 8, Wood 9.

No. 2, 10 empire targets, known traps and angles: Bucklin 10, Jones 9, F. H. Keller 8, Mascroft 8, Leroy 10, Wheeler 10, Stilingworth 4, F. A. Thompson 8, Wood 9, Ferris 8, Hudson 6, Thurman 8, Kenerson 7, Hobart 8, Brewer 9, Rice 4, Richmond 8, Thomas 7, Oberg 5, Landis 8, Schort 9, W. H. Thompson 9, Smith 7, Bennett 9.

No. 3, 15 empires, known traps, unknown angles:

Keller	101111110010000—8	Bucklin	1100110111111111—12
Mascroft	1110111101011111—12	Money	1011111110111111—13
Jones	1101111101111111—13	Kenerson	0100000011001111—6
Schort	1111110111101101—12	Brewer	1111111111111111—15
Leroy	1111111101111111—14	Rice	0111111110111101—12
Wheeler	1111111111111111—15	Thomas	1111001001011111—10
Hoffman	1111111111111110—14	Hobart	1111101101001000—9
Richmond	1110111111111101—13	F Thompson	0101111100011101—10
Bennett	1001111111111111—13	Landis	1111110111011111—14
Thurman	0111111001111110—11	Wm Drake	1111001111110111—12

No. 4, 10 empire targets, known angles: Keller 9, Mascroft 7, Leroy 6, Wheeler 10, Ferris 8, Schort 9, Woods 8, Hobart 9, W. H. Thompson 10, F. A. Thompson 6, Floyd 9, Short 7, Jones 8, Bennett 9, Landis 9, Thurman 7, Kenerson 5, Brewer 8, Money 8, Thomas 6, Richmond 9, Bucklin 9, Drake 10, Hoffman 9.

No. 5, expert, known angles, unknown traps, both barrels.

Keller	1112111012110221101—17	Money	1111112121211112101111—19
Landis	0111112011211111111—18	Mascroft	1112121111111121012220—18
Thurman	1112001110101011111—15	Kenerson	1100111011102101112 2—15
Wheeler	1111111111111102111—19	Schorty	1111211112121111101—19
Leroy	1110111111211111110—18	Jones	1111110111001102122—16
Brewer	1210202012111121211—17	Hoffmann	1110210111111110111—17
Thompson	0011111110210201110—14	Bennett	0110111201110100117 0—13
Thomas	1122021121020100 2222—15	Bucklin	1100001020010121010 1—10
Richmond	1112111201110110011—16	Hobart	0110021112201021201 20—14

No. 6, 10 empires, known angles: Keller 9, Landis 8, Thurman 5, Wheeler 8, Leroy 10, Brewer 8, Bucklin 6, Kenison 6, Short 4, Woods 9, Hudson 7, Hoffman 7, Schorty 10, Money 9, Drake 9, Smith 5, Jones 9, Bennett 8, Floyd 9, Rice 6, Hobart 10, Stillingworth 3, F. F. Thompson 7, Tiernan 7, Richmond 9, Leveridge 4, W. H. Thompson 10, Thomas 9, Van Dyke 9, Mascroft 8, W. F. Quimby 9, Knebel, Jr., 9, Oberg 5.

No. 7, 25 empires, everything known:

Schorty	0111111111110111111111111—23
Money	1110111111111111111101111—23
Jones	1111011111111111101101111—22
Drake	1111111011111111111111111—24
Tiernan	0011110111101111110110101—18
Bennett	1111110111111111101111111—23
Thomas	1101111111010001111111111—20
Mascroft	1110111011111101111111111—22
Kennerson	1000111010110101100001 0—14
Keller	1111001111001111101111111—20
Landis	1111111111111111111111111—25
Thurman	1111111111111111111110111—24
Wheeler	1111111111111111111111111—25
Leroy	1111111011111101111111110—22
Brewer	1111111111111101111111111—24
Bucklin	1110010110111001101111101—17
Woods	1111101111010111011111101—20
F A Thompson	1111110111111011110111001—20
Richmond	1111111101111111011111011—22
Van Dyke	1111111110111101110111111—22
Hobart	1111111110010100110011101—17

No. 8, 15 empire targets, known traps, unknown angles: Keller 15, Landis 11, Thurman 11, Wheeler 13, Leroy 13, Brewer 14, Bennett 12, Bucklin 8, Hobart 14, Tiernan 9, Wood 8, Hoffman 14, Schorty 12, Money 14, Van Dyke 10, Drake 24, Quimby 8, Jones 14, Thomas 13, Edgerton 9, Mascroft 14, F. A. Thompson 11, Breintuall 14, Lindsley 9.

No. 6, 10 empires, known traps and angles: Keller 8, Landis 8, Thurman 8, Wheeler 8, Leroy 10, Brewer 10, Quimby 8, Kenerson 9, Woods 7, Hoffman 7, Hudson 8, Breintnall 9, Shorty 9, Money 8, Van Dyke 9, Richmond 8, Knebel 8, Floyd 8, Short 6, Maesel 3, Tiernan 8, Mascroft 10, Edgertou 6, Hobart 8, Thomas 9, F. A. Thompson 9, W. H. Thompson 8, Bucklin 8, Lindsley 7, Bennett 10, Jones 10.

No 10, 20 empires, known traps and angles:

Keller	1111101111110111111—18	Hobart	1011011111011101111—15
Landis	1111111111111111111—20	Schorty	1111011111111111110—18
Thurman	1111111111111111111—20	Money	1101111110111111111—18
Wheeler	0101111001101111011—14	Van Dyke	1110111111111111111—19
Leroy	1111111101111110111—18	Jones	1111111101111111111—19
Brewer	1111111111111111111—20	Bennett	1111111111111111111—20
Kenerson	0111111011110100110—14	Breintnall	0110100111100111010—12
Edgerton	0010011110100101110—11	Quimby	1101110011001110111—14
Hoffman	1111111111111111011—19	Lindsley	1111111101111110100—16
Mascroft	1111111011111111111—19	Bucklin	1110111111110101111—17
Woods	1001111111111111111—18		

No 11, 10 empire targets, everything known: Keller 10, Landis 9, Thurman 8, Wheeler 10, Leroy 9, Brewer 10, Shorty 8, H. W. Thompson 8, Van Dyke 9, Jones 7, Bennett 7, F. A. Thompson 7, Edgerton 9, Thomas 9.

The Class-Hill Match.

Morristown, N. J. Oct. 18.—Eddie Hill, of Trenton, N. J. and Frank Class, proprieter of the Park Hotel of this place, shot a match to-day at 50 live birds per man for a stake of $50 a side. This match was the first of two which were arranged at the Hill-Kuser match which was shot on Octoher 11 at Charlie Zwirlein's grounds af Yardville. The second takes place on Thursday, Oct. 25, at Yardville. The shooting in to-day's match was a surprise, the scores made being very poor, although the birds were certainly good ones. During the day three five-bird sweeps were shot, Scores in both sweeps and match follow:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Timmons	11111—5	11021—4	10111—4
Class	11•1•—3	1111•—4	120•2—3
Hinch	01•11—3	21012—4	21001—3
Hill	1112•—4	11110—4	21121—5
Zwirlein	12112—5	02102—3	12110—4

Match: 50 live birds per man, Hurlingham rules. $50 a side:

Class 30yds	221122112•2100010120121•12020101•2210020212120112 1—35
Hill 28yds	111•122•2122121122022011011200000121001000 20•11222—33

Brantingham vs. Sisty.

Dunellen, N. J., Oct. 17.—This afternoon T. H. Brautingham, of Plainfield, shot a race at 25 targets, unknown angles, with Walter Sisty, the score at the close standing Brantingham 22, Sisty 10. The target races at 5 targets per man, expert rules, one man up, were shot with the following results:

No. 1: Brantingham 4, Nelson 3, Sisty 2, W. Carman 1.
No. 2: Brantingham 5, Nelson and W. Carman 3, Sisty 2.
No 3: Brantingham 5, Nelson and W. Carman 3.

In No. 3 Carman shot at 5 straightaways. Dr. Nelson and W. Carman next shot a match at 10 live birds per man, loser to pay for the birds. Score: Nelson 7, Carman 6.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Shooting for Medals at Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich. Oct. 13.—The second shoot for the Louis Getschlag diamond medals, open for competition to teams of three of recognized clubs of Detroit, Windsor and vicinity, took place Oct. 9, at the Busch House grounds, Grosse Pointe.

The medals were first competed for at the John Parker tournament and were won at that time by Parker, Rennick and Klein. On Tuesday these three gentlemen lost possession of them in a six team contest by three points. It must be said, though, that the first winners were handicapped by unknown traps and angles The winners were the Pontiac Gun Club's representatives. In addition to the medal shoot there were several sweeps. The scores in full are as follows:

Louis Getschlag diamond medals, second contest, three man team, 25 blue rocks each:

Detroit Gun Club.

Klein.....1101000010111111110101011—16
Parker.....1111110111111001111111111—22
Rennick.....1011110011111110101001000—15—53

Old Reliable Gun Club.

Marks.....1001101011111011101101111—18
Avery.....1111100111100011111100001—16
Walton.....1011011011111111110101111—20—54

Pontiac Gun Club.

Webb.....1110011111111101111101111—20
Osmun.....0011111111100101111111001—18
North.....0111101111011111100011101—18—56

Grosse Pointe Gun Club.

Brady.....1111100011110111001011110—17
Brunnitt.....0001010111001110110110111—15
Forrest.....0011110110100000101011011—16—48

Michigan Gun Club.

C Daniels.....1010100101111000110100001—12
J Daniels.....1101100110011111119011110—17
Wood.....1110011110111101111111001—19—48

Pastime Gun Club.

Wolff.....1100111110111111111111000—19
Herberts.....1101110000111011011011010—15
Bessan.....0110101011101111011010110—17—51

No. 1, 15 targets, $1 entrance:

Rennick	100111101111111—12	Abby	1010001111110011— 9
Osborn	111101111111001—12	Brunnitt	1001011101110010— 9
Cline	101111111111101—13	Parker	1111110111111011—13
Stewart	0001000000010100— 3	Herberts	0001100011111011— 8
North	1001111111111110—12		

No. 2, 15 targets, $1 entrance:

Parker	0111111101111111—13	Abby	0100111000000001— 5
Stewart	0101000101110010— 7	Herberts	1011101011111011—11
North	0110010001011110— 7	Osborn	1111100110111110—11
Kline	1110110111111110—12	Rennick	0111110111101111—12

No. 3, 15 targets, $1 entrance:

Parker	1111111110011111—13	Webb	1111010010101101— 9
Kline	1111110110111111—13	Stewart	0000011011100111— 7
Rennick	1111111111111110—14	Brunnitt	1110111001010000— 8
Herberts	1111101011011111—12	North	1111001101111100—10
Osmun	1101110111101111—12	Marks	0111111111111110—13
Abby	1000011010110010— 6	Puesser	0111110111111001—11
Daniels	0011001000110000— 5	Forrest	0011110100111111—10
Wood	1011111111011111—13	Waltou	0110111111011111—12
C Daniels	1111111111100000—10	Avery	0101110001011100— 7

No. 4, 15 targets, $1 entrance:

Zielke	1011101011101111—11	Marks	1111110101111111—13
Osmun	1111011111111110—13	Forrest	1101110111101011—11
Abbey	1101111101111111—13	Parker	1111111111111111—15
Walton	1110111111111011—13	Brunnitt	0001111111101000— 8
Busser	1111101100111111—12	Webb	0111111011011100—10
Klein	1111111110110101—12	Wood	1111110011101101—11
Renick	1011111111111101—13	Abbey	1111011111111110—13
Wolf	0001111001111110— 9	C Daniels	1111101011111110—13
Harberg	1111101111100010—11	J Daniels	0001110111111011—10

A. D. B. VAN ZANDT.

Lancaster Gun Club.

LANCASTER, Pa., Oct. 17.—Below are given the scores made at the tournament held by the Lancaster Gun Club. The weather was all that could be desired, except after 11 A. M., a strong wind was blowing across the traps from left to right. The exhibition given by Capt. Brewer and event No. 11 were the most interesting features of the day. Mr. Wiley, of the local club, is to be congratulated for the nervy uphill race at 100 targets against the veteran Brewer. Scores:

No. 1, 10 targets: Rogers 9, Franklin 6, Ferguson 5, Hobart 8, Jaybird 5, Anderson 3, Landis 10, Krueger 7, Bush 8.

No. 2, 15 targets:

Landis	1111011111111001—12	Hobart	1111111111101101—13
Rogers	1111011101111110—12	Krueger	1111111111111111—15
Bush	1111101111111111—14	Ferguson	0010011w
Franklin	1110010010111011— 9		

No. 3, 10 targets: Landis 7, Rogers 9, Hobart 9, Krueger 8, Bush 9, Franklin 4.

No. 4, 15 targets:

Rogers	1111011110111110—12	Hobart	1111110111101111—13
Wiley	1101100101111111—11	Clark	1111111111111110—14
Landis	1101111111111110—14	Krueger	1011011111111110—12

No. 5, 10 targets: Wiley 9, Landis 10, Bush 6, Krueger 8, Rogers 9, Franklin 5, Ferguson 6, Hobart 8.

No. 6, 15 targets:

Wiley	1111011110100111—11	Rogers	0111100101001111— 9
Landis	1110111101101111—12	Ferguson	1011111100111111—12
Krueger	1111111111111111—15	Bush	1111011101111101—12

No. 7, 15 targets:

Rogers	1110011111101110—11	Landis	0111101110111111—12
Ferguson	1011010011011111—10	Krueger	1111111111111111—15
Wiley	1111110111111111—14	Bush	1111111110111110—13

No. 8, 15 targets:

Wlley	1111111111111011—14	Franklin	1010111111111111—13
Landis	1111111111111111—15	Clark	0111111111101111—13
Krueger	1111111111111110—14	Ferguson	1100111101w
Rogers	1100111010111111—12		

No. 9, 15 targets:

Rogers	1111111111111111—15	Wiley	1111011111111111—14
Landis	1101111111010110—11	Spangler	1100110000011011— 8
Krueger	1111111010111101—13	Sullivan	1101111010010010— 9
White	0101111101111011—11	Bush	1111111111000011—12
Franklin	0000110111111001— 8	Hobart	0111001111111111—12

No. 10, 25 targets:

Landis.....1111111111101111101111111—23
Krueger.....1101111111110111011110111—21
Wlley.....1111011111011011111110111—21
Hobart.....1111111101111101111110111—22
Sullivan.....0011001110011100110000110—12
Rogers.....1111111110111111111111001—22

No. 11, match, 100 singles per man:

Capt J L Brewer	1011111111111111111111111—24
	1101111111111111111111111—24
	1111101111111111111110111—23
	1111111111111110011111111—23—94
J C Wiley	1110101111111101011111111—21
	1011111111111101111100111—21
	1011111101111011111011111—21
	1111111111111101011110111—22—85

No. 12, 15 targets:

Sullivan	011010010110101— 8	White	1111011001111110-11
Franklin	1110001111111111—12	Cline	0101011110011111—10
Landis	1110111111111110—13	Wiley	1111111111111111—15
Rogers	1110001111111101—11	Krueger	1111111111011001—12
Hobart	1111111111111111—15	Brewer	1111111111111101—14
Bush	1111101101101000— 9	Jaybird	0011110110100011— 9

No. 13, 15 targets:

Rogers	0111111111101111—13	White	1111111111111111—14
Landis	1111111111111111—15	Brewer	1111111111111111—15
Hobart	1100101010111111—10	Krueger	1111011101111111—13
Franklin	0010111111111111—12	Wiley	1111111011111111—14
Sullivan	0001010110111100— 7		

No. 14, 15 targets: Rogers 11, Landis 13, Sullivan 6, Franklin 9, Hobart 13, White 8, Krueger 14, Wiley 12, Brewer 12.

No. 15, 15 targets: Brewer 10, Rogers 7, Wiley 9, Landis 13, Jaybird 9, Krueger 8.

No. 16, 10 pairs doubles:

Brewer	11 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 01 11—12
Wiley	10 11 00 11 11 10 10 10 10 10—12
Rogers	11 10 00 10 10 00 10 00 10 00— 7
Jaybird	10 10 10 11 10 11 11 10 10 00—12
Krueger	11 11 00 01 10 10 11 00 10 10—12
Landis	10 01 01 10 00 11 11 01 10 10—11

Ties on 12:

Wiley	10 10 00 11 10—5	Brewer	00 10 10 10 10—4
Krueger	10 11 11 11 10—8	Jaybird	11 10 10 10 00—5

Second Day.

On this day heavy rain put a damper on the proceedings, regular shooting not taking place until the afternoon, when the programme opened with a 25-target race, in which Brewer came out on top.

No. 1, 25 targets:

Williams.....1110010111001110011011101—16
Krueger.....1011011111110010001111111—18
Grube.....0010110101010110110010110—13
Galbraith.....0110111001101000100011110—1_2
Brewer.....1110111110111101110110101—19
Domme.....10011111w

The next event was at live birds, each man shooting at 7. Brewer and Brewster divided first money. The following is the score:

Anderson	1011100—4	Snyder	1101100—4
Wellington	1111101—6	Brewer	1111111—7
Franklin	1111001—5	Wiley	1111110—6
Grube	1110100—4	Kendig	1011111—6
Myers	1011000—3	Jaybird	1100111—5
Dommel	1100011—4	Cummings	1101110—5
Brewster	1111111—7		

The last match of the tournament was a miss-and-out at live birds. Fist money was divided between Brewster, Taylor and Brewer. During the afternoon Messrs. Brewer and Wiley shot at 25 live birds, Capt. Brewer winning the match by a score of 22 to 21.

Among the prominent gunners from out of town on the grounds on Saturday were W. R. Hobart, of New York, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.; David Landis, Philadelphia; G. W. Hepler and H. Brewster, Harrisburg; W. F. Rogers, from this county, and Dr. Taylor, of Columbia. TARGET.

Elizabeth Gun Club's Tournament.

THURSDAY and Friday, Oct 18 and 19, were the dates chosen by the Elizabeth Gun Club for a kind of house-warming event at their new shooting grounds at Elizabeth, N. J. The grounds are very conveniently located, being less than a ten minutes' walk from either the Pennsylvania or New Jersey depots. There are always plenty of hacks apparently willing to carry the shooter to the ground for a quarter. These facts, together with the excellent train service between New York and Elizabeth, should make the Elizabeth Gun Club's grounds a very popular resort for New York shooters.

The background for target shooting, while not exactly perfect, is a good one, as the scores made on Thursday will prove. The club has erected a high circular fence around their grounds with a radius of 80yds. boundary. Back of the score is located a capital little club house with all the facilities necessary for serving hot and cold lunches to the members and their guests. Taken altogether the Elizabeth Gun Club is to be congratulated upon the enterprising spirit it has shown in expending so much money and forethought on the fitting up of its grounds.

Thursday was "target day," the programme containing 10 events. Besides the above three extra 10 target races were shot-off, the scores showing that 2,895 were thrown during the day. A special extra was a sweep, $1, the targets being donated by the club. This event was intended as a complimentary benefit to Mr. C H. Townsend, 50 per cent. of the purse being donated to him, the balance being divided among the winners in four moneys. As a matter of fact, all the winners added their shares of the purse to the other 50 per cent., the purse being thus handed over to Mr. Townsend as a whole. Empire targets were used in every event.

Friday was devoted to live birds. Shooting did not commence until late, it being after the noon before the first regular event was commenced. Prior to this "Uncle Al" Heritage shot a couple of short races at live birds. Both, of course, were friendly races. In one, Chief Astfalk was his opponent; in the other, J. L. Brewer; Heritage losing both races by the narrow magin of one bird. Although the shooting was so late in commencing, 498 birds were trapped in the programme events. Scores:

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, known angles. $1 entrance:

J W Smith	0110011011— 6	Van Dyke	1111111111—10
Brantingham	1011110011— 7	Heritage	1110010100— 5
Drake	0111111111— 9	Jewell	1001001100— 4
Breintnall	1110111111— 9	Roberts	1111111110— 9
Hobart	1001011111— 7	Astfalk	0011011110— 6
Thomas	1011101011— 7		

No. 2, 10 targets, known angles, $1 entrance:

Breintnall	1111011111— 9	Drake	1001001111— 6
Dr Jackson	0010011111— 6	Seawood	0111110101— 7
Brantingham	1111001010— 6	Van Dyke	1111110111— 9
Heritage	1111011111— 9	Thomas	0011111001— 6
Hobart	0111001010— 5	Roberts	1111111111—10
W Smith	1101111011— 8	Astfalk	1111011111— 9

No. 3, 15 targets, known angles, $1.50 entrance:

Brantingham	111011101001111—11	Van Dyke	111111111110111—14
Dickson	001100111100001— 7	Thomas	110111111111111—14
Beintnall	011111111111110—13	Drake	110111111111110—13
W Smith	111110111010011—11	Roberts	111001111111111—13
Hobart	001011101111010— 9	Seawood	000010101011100— 6
Jewell	101110000001101— 7	Heritage	110111111101110—12

No. 4. 10 targets, unknown angles, $1 entrance:

Brantingham	1111111111—10	Thomas	1110111111— 9
Drake	0110111111— 8	Seawood	1000010100— 3
Breintnall	1110111111— 9	Van Dyke	1011100111— 7
Hobart	1111110110— 8	Roberts	1110111101— 8
J W Smith	1001111111— 8	Dickson	1010111001— 6
Geoffroy	1110111111— 9	Sigler	1111011010— 7

No. 5, 20 targets, known angles, $2 entrance:

Brant'h'm	11101111011011110110—15	Dickson	11110110101111101110—15
Geoffroy	11111111111111111101—19	Roberts	11100111011011110111—15
Breintnall	11111011011011111111—17	Thomas	11100110111101101011—14
Hobart	00111111101011001101—13	Van Dyke	11111111110111111111—19
J W Smith	10111111111111111111—19	Sigler	01111010101001111100—12
Drake	11111111111111110111—19	Seawood	00000010101000010111— 7

No. 6, 15 targets. entrance $1.50:

Breintnall	111111111110111—14	Drake	101110010101101— 9
Brantingham	110111111001100—10	Van Dyke	111010111101010—10
Geoffroy	111011101101101—11	Sigler	001001100001000— 4
Hobart	101101111111001—11	Dickson	111011000101111—10
J W Smith	011001000101001— 5	Seawood	010011010101001— 7
Dr Jackson	000011001101000— 5	Thomas	011010010111010— 8

No. 7 10 targets, known angles, $1 entrance:

Dr Jackson	1101110110— 7	Hobart	0101111110— 7
Brantingham	1110111111— 9	Woodruff	0111011111— 8
Geoffroy	1000111011— 6	Roberts	1011111111— 9
J W Smith	1010111111— 8	Van Dyke	1111111101— 9
Breintnall	1111111111—10	Seawood	1101010001— 5
Thomas	1111111111—10	A L Ivins	1010111011— 7
Drake	1111011111— 9	Lindsley	1111101011— 8
Dickson	1110111111— 9	Crane	0100010110— 4
Sigler	1111110011— 7	Dravis	0000000101— 2
Davey	0111111011— 8		

No. 8, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50 entrance:

Breintnall	111101111111111—14	Drake	110001101111111—11
Brantingham	101111110011111—12	Woodruff	100011010111011— 9
Geoffroy	011111111110111—13	P Davey	010111111001001— 9
Smith	111100101111111—12	Seawood	011101100000110— 7
Thomas	000111111010111—10	Brewer	111111111101010—12
Lindsley	011000010011111— 8	Sigler	111111100111110—12
Van Dyke	111010111111101—12	Crane	000000000000000— 0
Dr Jackson	000011011110011— 8	Hope	111111001001111—11
Dickson	111110111000101—10	Beebe	000010110100000— 4
Perment	001011111001100— 8	Ortstadt	001100110011111—.9
Hobart	111111110111111—14	Roberts	111111011111101—13
Ivins	111101111011011—12		

No. 9, 20 known angles, $2 entrance:

Brant'h'm	11111101111111111111—19	Drake	11111011111111111110—18
Lindsley	10100001110111110111—13	Jones	11111111101011111111—18
Breintnall	11110011111111111110—17	McCandle's	11111101111101011000—14
Geoffroy	10111111101101111—15	Woodruff	01111111111111110100—16
Astfalk	10001000000001001101— 6	Hope	01011111111111010110—15
J W Smith	11111011110010110—14	Seawood	11011100101101001001—11
Thomas	11110111011011011110—15	Beebe	11111100111100000010—12
DrJackson	11100110111000111111—14	Barnes	01101001010100010000— 7
Dickson	01111111101101011111—15	Orstadt	00111010101101000110—10
Van Dyke	10111101111111110011—16	Bishop	01011100011110101010—11
Hobart	01101111111101101111—16	Perment	01101001111111010111—14
Brewer	11111111111101110111—17	Sigler	11111101001101011001—13

No. 10, 25 known angles, $2.50 entrance:

Brantingham	1101000101111111111111111—20
Lindsley	0111110111011101111011001—18
Breintnall	1111111111111111111011110—23
Brewer	1111111111101111111110111—23
Van Dyke	0101011011111111111111111—20
Dr Jackson	1110101100111101111011010—17
Dickson	1111111101101111101111001—20
Hobart	1100111101111111001010101—17
Geoffroy	1101111110110011011111110—19
Ivins	1101011111010111011110011—18
Woodruff	1111111111100111111111001—21
Roberts	1111111111101101101110101—21
Schrafft	1111010011111101111111111—21
Roth	1000100100100100101100101—10

Extra No. 1, 10 targets, known angles, entrance 50 cents: J. W. Smith 9, Brantingham 10, Drake 8, Breintnall 6, Hobart 7, Thomas 6, Van Dyke 7, Roberts 8, Astfalk 1, Davey 4, Heritage 7.

No. 2, 10 targets, known angles, entrance $1: Van Dyke 6, Drake 10, Brewer 10, Dr. Jackson 7, Schrafft 10, Orstadt 2. Dickson 7, Beebe 5, McCandless 7, Bishop 6, Edwards 8, Barnes 3, Woodruff 9, Breintnall 6, Geoffroy 9, Roberts 6, Roth 7, Lindsley 9, Perment 7.

Special event, 10 targets, known angles, $1 entry, 50 per cent. of purse donated to C. H. Townsend, balance in 4 moneys, targets donated by the club. 29 entries: Van Dyke 10, Hope 6, Beebe 8, Ivins 6, Brewer 10, Hobart 8, Dickson 10, Dr. Jackson 8, Roberts 8, Breintnall 9, Lindsley 9, Brantingham 8, Heritage 7, Sigler 8, Geoffrey 9, Astfalk 6, Keogh 1, Thomas 8, Smith 7, Davey 6, Shaner 5, Edwards 6, Woodruff 9, C. Hebbard 6, W. M. Parker 4, Schrafft 8, Astfalk 5, Perment 8, Roth 7.

Second Day.

No. 1, 4 live birds, $3 entrance:

Williams	1122—4	Edgerton	1•11—3
Astfalk	2121—4	Thomas	11•1—3
Dickson	0001 - 1	Lindsley	2222—4

No. 2, 7 live birds, $4 entrance:

Batch	1111122—7	Williams	2101111—6
Lindsley	0200221—4	Thomas	1011112—6
Dickson	2221011—6	Wanda	0120112—5
Edgerton	1112111—7		

No. 3, 10 live birds, $5 entrance:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Lickson	←↑↗↓↘↗←↗↑← 1 1 0 2 1 0 1 2 0 2— 7	Edgerton	↓↗↗↗←↗↓↓→↙← 1 0 0 1 0 2 2 1 1 1— 7
Dindsley	↖↓↑↑←↓↗←→↘ 1 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 • 2— 8	Thomas	↙→↗↑↘↗↓↓←↖ 0 1 0 2 • 2 2 2 1 2— 7
Brewer	↙→→↙←↙↓↖↖← 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2—10	Hoffmau	→←→↗↗←↙←→↗ • 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2— 8
Williams	↗→↗↗→↓↘↙↖↙ 2 0 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2— 9	Folsom	→↘↓H→←↙↓→→ 1 • 0 2 0 1 2 2 2 0— 6
Batch	→↓↓↗↙↙H↘↖↗ 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 1— 9		

No. 4, 4 live birds, $3 entrance:

Dickson	2212—4	Batch	2111—4
Lindsley	1222—4	Banner	2111—4
Woodruff	•112—3	Blodgett	1112—4
Williams	•1•2—2	Thomas	•1•2—2
Edgerton	12•1—3	Folsom	1211—4

No. 5, 5 live birds, $5 entrance:

Woodruff	11121—5	Williams	21122—5
Lindsley	22222—5	Van Dyke	22112—5
Capt Jones	21121—5	Blodgett	222••—3
Banner	1••12—3	Folsom	2•221—4
Edgerton	11102—4	Wanda	••221—3
Batch	11211—5	Ross	21211—5
Dickson	22222 - 5		

No. 6, 10 live birds, $10 entrance:

Batch	→↘↑↑↖↓↘↘→← 0 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 1— 8	Williams	↖↗↑↗↘→↙↗↙← 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 2 1— 7
Ross	←←↖↙↘↙←↙↓← 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1—10	Dickson	→→→↖↑↖→↖↗↑ 0 0 0 • 0 • 1 1 2 1— 4
Edgerton	↗↙↗→←↖↑↑↖← 2 1 1 1 0 2 1 0 1 1— 8	Van Dyke	↗↖→↖↑→→↙→→ 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1—10
Woodruff	←↗↘↖↙↗↑↗↙↙ 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2—10	Folsom	←←↙←←↑↙←↑← 2 2 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 2— 9
Brewer	↓←↓←↖↗→→↖↓ 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2—10	Wanda	↙↑↖↗↙↖↓→→↓ 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 1— 6
Capt Jones	↓↖↑↗H↖→←↖↓ 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 0— 9	Banner	←←↖↗↙↖↓→→↓ 1 • 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1— 9
Lindsley	↓↑↖←↖↖↓↗←← 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0— 8		

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 18.—The following scores were made at our club shoot yesterday afternoon:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Dornin	1011011011111110110011111110—18
Cleland	0110100111011000100011011—14
Scott	0000110111111101010110000—12
Miller	1100011110111100001001011—14
Stearns	1111101010011101011100101—16
Nelson	1101011111110101111011110—19

No. 2, the same:

Dornin	1111100101111111011111111—21
Cleland	0110100111111001011110111—17
Scott	1100100010111110111111100—16
Miller	1010011000111101011011001—14
Stearns	0110110111011101111011111—19
Nelson	1111001011101100011011111—17

No. 3, the same:

Dornin	1100110010101101001010111—14
Cleland	0110111101111001101011111—18
Scott	1010010010101011001100101—12
Miller	1101000001001101001001010—10
Stearns	0111111001011101111011011—18
Nelson	1111111011111111011111110—22
Terry	1111111011111111110111111—23

No. 4, the same:

Dornin	1010111111101110001110011—17
Cleland	1110111001111011010011101—18
Scott	1111100010011111001011111—17
Miller	0010111110010110000111101—14
Stearns	0111011000111101111011110—17
Nelson	1011011111111011111111111—22
Terry	1111111101111111110111111—23

There are a great many birds this season, and hunting will be very good as soon as there has been frost enough to kill the weeds. The season opened on the 15th inst, hut shooting of game birds is forbidden in this (Campbell) county for two years, by an act of Assembly passed last winter. F. M D.

Michigan Team Championship.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Oct. 17.—Below are the scores made on Oct. 12, in a team contest between the Battle Creek and Valley City Gun Clubs for the *Shooting and Fishing* cup, emblematic of the team championship of Michigan. The scores of both teams, with the exception of Mr. Carpenter, of the Battle Creek team, were very poor. This was owing to the dark and rainy weather with a high wind, which prevailed throughout the contest. The following are the scores of both teams.

Valley City G. C. of Grand Rapids.	S.	D.	Battle Creek Gun Club.	S.	D.
Gilmore	23	13—36	Howes	21	13—34
Coleman	19	8—27	Halladay	23	16—39
Walton	21	12—33	Hubbard	18	11—29
Widdicomb	20	13—33	Beckman	23	14—37
Wharton	18	14—32—161	Carpenter	28	16—44—183

The following sweepstakes were also shot: No. 1, 10 singles, unknown angles: Gilmore 8, Carpenter 7, Hubbard 7, Willard 6, Walton 7, Howes 7, L. Bechman 6, Widdicomb 8, Coleman 5, Halladay 9, Wharton 7.

No 2, 5 pairs: Walton 5, Gilmore 7, Coleman 6, Wharton 7, Widdicomb 8, Halladay 8, Bechman 9, Carpenter 7, Widdicomb 4

No. 3, 10 singles, unknown angles: Wharton 6, Walton 7, Widdicomb 8, Gilmore 6, Bechman 8, Carpenter 8, Coleman 7, Halladay 8, Hubbard 7.

No. 4, 15 singles, unknown angles: Hubbard 13, Gilmore 8, Carpenter 14, Widdicomb 7, Walton 9, Bechman 7, Halladay 10, Wharton 12.

No. 5, 15 singles, unknown angles: Halladay 13, Walton 10. Hubbard 13, Willard 11, Widdicomb 12. Wharton 11, L. Bechman 10, H. Bechman 6, Gilmore 8, Carpenter 13.

The Grand Rapids team were very much disappointed in not carrying away the cup, but say they will challenge our team again next spring. N. E. HOWARD.

Emerald Gun Club.

THE Emerald Gun Club's point handicap was shot at Dexter Park, L. I., on Tuesday, Oct. 16. No less than 28 entries were booked for this event. Somehow or another the Emerald's club shoots are among the most popular events around New York city. Out of the 28 but two, Short and Thau, killed all, the birds being excellent flyers. Billy Mills, as good a trapper and retriever as there is in this neck of the woods, did his work in his usual style. Scores, club point handicap, 10 live birds:

G Nowak (28)	0211121221— 9	T Short (28)	2122121121—10
J Maesel (28)	2112•12102— 8	T Purcell (25)	1222110000— 6
J Wolfel (25)	0100112020— 5	C Maesel (25)	0100220120— 5
Dr Hudson (28)	1012002211— 7	Wm Hogan (25)	0200001211— 5
R Regan (25)	2110101110— 7	H Thau (28)	1112211121—10
C V Floyd (28)	1212011022— 8	T Russell (25)	0010122201— 6
N Maesel (25)	0112110112— 8	M Herrington (30)	0202101111— 7
P Butz (28)	2101000002— 4	E Doenick (28)	2211200111— 8
J Blotz (30)	2221211022— 9	J Loomis (30)	1111001222— 8
F Place (25)	1211112011— 9	T Codey (28)	0021122212— 7
J Moore (28)	1011111100— 7	F C Hamilton (25)	0001111001— 5
R Woods (30)	122211•221— 9	M Mulcahy (28)	0122011111— 8
T J Leveridge (28)	2202101111— 8	M F Lindsley (30)	1002112131— 8
J Voss (30)	1111101201— 8	Wanda (28)	2001101120— 6

Sweep, 4 live birds, $3 entrance, 2 moneys:

J B Lotz	1111—4	Wolfel	0220—2
Herrington	1111—4	Pennington	1102—3
Lindsley	2112—4	Russel	1220—3
Oberg	12•1—3		

WESTERN TRAPS.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

A BUSINESS, NOT A SPORT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 18.—A large sensation was last week sprung on that portion of the sporting world which has to do with racehorses. The Washington Park Club of Chicago, one of the foremost and most famous organizations of the country in turf matters, publicly announced its intention of abandoning permanently the racing feature, and of never offering another purse or holding another race meeting. To all interested in turf matters this comes like a thunderbolt. When we shall have considered the reasons advanced by the club for this action, I think it will be agreed that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM also are interested in the news. Not less are interested manufacturers and dealers whose joint capital invested in another American sport foots up an enormous total.

In short, the Washington Park Club quit racing because racing had become a crooked sport. In its published statement of the reasons offered for the course the Chicago *Tribune* says:

"This action of the directors was unanimous and furnishes a sensation in the sporting world without a parallel.

"The reasons for abandoning that feature which has made the club famous all over the world are based upon the popular clamor against pool selling and the degeneration of racing from a harmless and high-class sport to a species of gambling. Organized as a gentleman's jockey club, and for the avowed purpose of encouraging the improvement, breeding, training and exhibition of horses, the Washington Park Club has consistently maintained its high standard and gained a more than national celebrity.

"The feeling has spread rapidly among the directors, however, that the club could not retain its idea character and uphold its own standard. In all parts of the country were racing clubs, conducted as gambling ventures, with which the Washington Park was obliged to affiliate under the rules. Horses were being raced, winter as well as summer, at various points, and the circuit was being enlarged by the admission of clubs of doubtful standing. Under such conditions the directors agreed that the Washington Park Club owed a duty to the members and to the public that could be best performed by discontinuing racing."

All honor and credit to the gentlemen of this club, who sacrificed great sums of money to go on record as opposed to crookedness in sport. There has been no example like this in the history of American sport. It shows a revolution against certain methods To show that the action of this club was based on widespreading reasons, I will quote further, from New York papers this time. After that I wish to draw a parallel, and to ask a question. New York dispatches say:

"Racing is dead in New Jersey. It is in the throes of a death struggle in New York. The officials of Washington Park have decided not to race this season. There is opposition to racing as now conducted. The race track is no longer a sport; it is a business. Guttenberg, Gloucester, Clifton, Elizabeth and Monmouth parks are closed."

It is no longer a sport, but a business. It is no longer a business, but a crooked and dishonorable practice in business Now let us go further.

I submit that the sport of shooting at the trap, as practiced in the great American tournaments to-day is more dishonorable, more corrupt, rottener than ever horse racing was. I submit that the rounder at the trap tournament who sails under false names and false records is as disreputable and should be as odious among gentlemen as the ringer at a horse race I submit that the men who pool, combine and drop for place in the class shooting of our trap tournaments are as dishonest and as unworthy of the recognition and the society of gentlemen as the men who arrange in advance the results of a racing competition. FOREST AND STREAM is the leading trap paper of America and of the world, and in its columns I openly and publicly lay down these propositions, and I defy any man of the shooting public of America or of the world to say that they are not right and true. There is no shooter who does not know their truth, and who will not admit it.

It is a poor policy of every newspaper which has genuinely at heart the welfare of the worthy and popular sport of shooting at the trap to wink at or try to cover up the crooked and disreputable practices which have long been gradually bringing the sport into disrepute and which will eventually soon work its ruin. All shooters have known the facts. All shooters have seen the custom of open crookedness at the trap grow and become more flagrantly and more carelessly and openly practiced. It is nothing at a tournament to see a man hang back and look over an entry and not go into a shoot till the last moment, when he has already seen what other men ahead of him have done. It is nothing to see a man step back out of line and motion or call out to another man to drop or "stand in" with him. It is nothing to see shooters settling up with each other at the close of a day's shoot; after figuring out the *pro rata* profits of their dishonorable combine. It is all open and acknowledged. There is not one tournament at which it is not practiced publicly and where it can not be detected by a tyro who really wants to find it. It comes to view not in detached instances, but in general and universal practice.

This trickery and crookedness has fattened the purses of a few, but it has driven thousands away from the trap. The sport has grown, but it has not grown to the proportions it should reach. Our game is disappearing and men will shoot at the trap. Firms will manufacture guns and ammunition and targets for these shooters. But they will manufacture double the amount when the sport has become such that the general public can practice it as pleasant, honest, gentlemanly sport, where one can find a square game, and pass an hour in pleasure without being robbed by a shady character.

Trickery at the trap is as ungentlemanly as trickery at cards, and should as readily brand the practice as one intolerable to the society of gentlemen. Trickery in the saddle, even under the corrupt regime of racing, has now and again been detected and punished. In the rough code of the earlier West the punishment was death at the hands of those wronged. That was when sport was not a business, but remained a pastime for full-blooded but honorable men.

The future of the trap will be that of another sport which becomes a business and which is as a business conducted dishonestly. It will fall to pieces. The money invested in it will cease to earn interest. There will be depression, loss, failure connected with such a future, these being either absolute or relative, the principle being the same in both cases.

In the application of the remedy for this remarkable state of affairs, it will be of no use to appeal to the honor of the shooters who have been guilty in the past, for they have not any honor to stimulate. The reform must begin first with the tournament managers, private or public. The crookedness can be detected without trouble. One single tournament conducted on rigid and inflexible rules of honesty will create a howl, a rebellion, a war of words and bluster which will include threats of suits at law for injustice, defamation of character, etc., etc. (which suits will never materialize). The second tournament of the same kind will produce a less howl, and the dishonest shooters will go to thinking. At the third shoot they will stay at home, and the tournament will be a "failure." And then the young and less skillful shooters will begin to come out, and the tournaments will begin to be very far from failures.

It is the most selfish duty of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co. to put up and enforce actually at its next shoot the rule that dropping for place will disqualify a shooter—not only to hang up the rule as a scarecrow, but to go after and find and punish the violators of it. That is a more important duty than the hanging up of big purses and of breaking a lot of targets. The Empire Target people can do themselves no greater financial benefit than to hold a big shoot publicly, to publicly send home half its shooters for crookedness, and to publicly close the doors of its tournament for lack of shooters. These two concerns can break up the evil of dropping for place, that is to say, the evil of cheating and robbing at the trap, in just thirty days. They can make money doing it. There are other men who will break these targets. There are more than fifty shooters in America. There are thousands of men who want to buy guns, and take these guns out of their cases and go to shoots, as soon as they know they can get fair treatment and an honest reward for what their skill has earned them. The firms who make up the great associations, like the Interstate, the American, etc., want to bring out these unknown amateur shooters. The association shoots are full of the same dropping and combining, the same waiting and figuring and scheming. If the firms interested wish to make money out of their enterprise of advancing the sport of the traps, they can best do so by holding one shoot that shall not be a success but a "failure"—one at which the dishonest shooters shall be sorted out and sent home, with a good, swift parting salute in the rear. After a few failures of that kind they will very early be able to give an exhibition which has not for years been seen in America, of a great trap tournament really open to all, and not open only to a few.

So clearly am I convinced of the logic, the justice and right of my position herein that it it seems to me a matter of the utmost surprise that the same position has not been taken long ago, not by one, but by every member of the sporting press. Never a word has ever been printed against this current dishonesty at the trap by any paper but FOREST AND STREAM. The other papers are afraid to say a word. Their fear is based on a business policy alike too timid and too short-sighted. In years to come they may be afraid to keep silent. It is the bold and honest paper which is the best protector of its customers, and time will indicate the truth of this assertion.

The lesson of the action of the Washington Park Club is obvious. One need revert to it no further. All honor to the men who refused to have a hand in crookedness. All honor to the first tournament management to inaugurate a similar rebellion against a similar evil, and that before the evil has had time to work a result similarly wide-reaching and disastrous. Every sweepstakes is a wager. Americans will make wagers. Let them do so in a gentlemanly way, recognizing the ethics of the hazard, the principles of fair play, which have obtained among gentlemen the world over and time out of mind. Americans will shoot. Arrange it so they can all shoot. Arrange it so that a few dishonest ones can not bar out the great body of honest shooters, who will not go to the traps while the present indecent and dishonest practices at our tournaments continue.

NEWS FROM THE "EVIL SPIRIT."

At last accounts from the scenes of conflict, the Evil Spirit of the Plains appears not to have found it all easy work in defeating the shooters who have answered his challenges. Jimmie Elliott has shaken out an unsuspected reef of speed which nobody, even himself, believed possible, and has defeated Carver six times out of nine. Carver has won the series with Crosby, and has beaten Collenberger, the Jerseyville giant, and has beaten Budd once and been beaten once by Budd, making an odd score in the second race, compared with that of the day before. And now the scene will shift soon to Chicago, where Carver and Budd will shoot off their tie. This event is awaited with much interest here. We have had no pigeon races of consequence for a long time, and the boys will all turn out to see Carver and Budd. The Chicago boys also hope to see a lot more matches made up, and if all goes well we may yet see something of an old-fashioned winter here.

PARKER—MUSSEY.

Tom Parker is an innocent boy, who hasn't shot targets much, but he wanted to try. He went to Billy Mussey and trod on his coat, allowing that he could break a few targets, and that he would shoot a race at 100 targers, if he could get a little handicap.

"Why, you poor, deluded boy," said Billy, "what are you talking of, Tommy! Away, slight man! I would eat you up."

"Well, how much?" asked Tommy.

"I'll shoot you for the suppers," said Billy, "and add 10 birds to your score."

"Oh, hadn't you better make it 20 added?" asked Tom. "You know I never shot but a few times."

"Yes, I'll make it 20," said Billy, "just to even things up."

So this week they went down to Watson's and shot, and Tommy only beat Billy 33 birds, that was all. The score was Parker 77, Mussey 64, handicap added, made Parker 97.

"Well, now, what do you think of that?" said Billy. "That blame boy skun me. I'm going to try to get on a return race with him, but the handicap is going to be just the other way. He'll have to add 20 to my score. I misplaced my confidence in that fellow."

FROM THE EAST.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby and Mr. Thos. Keller were both in town this week, from New York, on business for their respective houses, and I believe both report good business here. The general impression in the trade is, however, that there is little solidity in the market, dealers buying now because they were all sold out and not because they predict a good trade for the near future. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Battle of the Giants.

ALTHOUGH a good deal has been said lately about the "wing shot championship of the world," chiefly in regard to the three Elliott-Carver series of matches so recently decided in favor of the Kansas City shooter, it is hardly likely that any claim to such title was ever advanced by either of the contestants. Elliott's right to the *American Field* championship is unquestioned by everybody, by Capt. Brewer among the rest. The championship of the world, however, seems properly to belong to Capt. Brewer by reason of his great victories in the world's championship cup contests held in England in 1888. By winning that cup three times consecutively it became his property.

At the time the contests were in progress it was generally understood that the title of "champion pigeon shot of the world" should belong to the winner of the cup. The right to that title, which was conceded to Capt. Brewer, was not questioned at the time. Has it really ever been questioned since? And that title Capt. Brewer, in an interview given elsewhere, states he is, and always has been, ready to defend at the traps. He has, since the date above mentioned (1888), met defeat, it is true, notably at the hands of E. D. Fulford, a shooter who sprang suddenly into prominence and who has done some great work with his gun. But that series of matches, shot in 1890, was for only $200 a side, and not for the championship of the world. The championship of the world has not been shot for since 1888.

Mr. Elliott, under date of Oct. 15, writes from Kansas City: "I will shoot Mr. Brewer a series of five races, the same to take place within the next thirty days, under the following conditions: Two races to take place in Kansas City, one at an intermediate point, east or south of Kansas City, to be mutually agreed upon, and the remaining two at any point in the East, to be designated by Mr. Brewer; these matches to be for $100 each, with an additional $250 and the world's championship to go to the one making the highest aggregate score, each race to be at 100 live birds, Hurlingham Gun Club or American Shooting Association rules, 30yds. rise and 50yds. boundary (the American Shooting Association's boundary). Or I will enter into a contract with Mr. Brewer and Dr. Carver, or any other championship aspirants, under the same conditions as agreed upon between Dr. Carver and Mr. Brewer for their proposed matches which are to take place in Chicago, viz.: Three races, 100 birds to the man, each race $100 a corner, and $500 each to go to the man making the highest aggregate score in the three events. I am willing to enter this contest with any number of entries, the winner of each day's shoot to take the stake of that day, and the man making the highest aggregate score in the three contests to take the additional money bet on the general result, and all honors of champion wing shot of the world." In support of his above propositions Mr. Elliott has deposited $100 with the *American Field*.

Capt. Brewer has accepted Elliott's challenge in so far as it relates to a series of matches for the world's championship, and has deposited $50 at this office as a forfeit. Brewer, however, objects to Elliott naming the places where the matches shall take place, and also objects to his limiting the time to "the next thirty days," from Oct. 15. As holder of the world's championship, or as the challenged party, Capt. Brewer claims the right to name dates and places, assuring Elliot that dates in the near future will be chosen. As for going West to shoot the matches, Brewer states that the challenger must come to him.

As Elliott is unquestionably in earnest, and as Brewer is also extremely anxious for a meeting, there seems no reason to doubt that a *bona fide* world's championship series of matches at live birds will take place before 1894 is much older. Both men are shooting in good form, and the races will be worth talking about after they're over. Elliott's average of 97 per cent. for the three matches last shot is a big one, worthy of world's championship honors. Capt. Brewer, however, is not dismayed in the slightest, but makes an offer that, if Elliott or his backer will lay him satisfactory odds, he (Brewer) will bet that he beats that average in the proposed series of three matches for the world's championship.

At present nothing definite has been decided upon. Both men have forfeits up to bind a series of matches for world's championship honors So far as naming dates and places goes, if Brewer has never forfeited the title of champion of the world, won by him in England in 1888, by failing to defend the same against any *bona fide* and properly made challenge (and it does not appear that he has failed in this respect), then it is only right and proper that he should have the say both in this respect and in that of the dates. It would be unreasonable to expect that any champion should be at the beck and call of any challenger and should be compelled to go to defend his title wherever that challenger might demand or else lose it by default. In that case championship titles could be comparatively easily won by naming a locality difficult of access as the scene for the contest Regarding dates, too, a generous allowance should be made for obvious reasons.

The Grand American Handicap in 1895.

THE Grand American Handicap of 1895, given under the auspices of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, will be held at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., on April 3, 4 and 5. Manager Shaner, of the Association, recently spent several days in this city looking at the grounds of the various gun clubs which were located within easy reach of New York. Room for two sets of traps was an essential point, as it is the intention of the Association to run two sets next April. On one set they will run off the main event, while the other will be kept going with sweepstake events. This will do away with the long, tedious waits between shots which characterize all popular events. Mr. Shaner found that Willard Park answered every requirement. It is handy to New York, the trip from the Astor House being less than fifty minutes all told; it has ample room for two sets of traps; the field is perfectly level, and the accommodation for shooters and spectators could hardly be better. In addition to this there are admirable facilities for handling the crowd which may be expected to attend such an important event.

Mr. Shaner made his report to the executive committee of the Association, consisting of Messrs. J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Co.; Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, and Tatham, of Tatham Bros., on Wednesday morning. This committee decided to act in accordance with Mr. Shaner's report, and authorized him to enter into a contract for the use of the grounds, etc., on the dates set for the handicap. This contract was signed on Thursday, Mr. Shaner leaving the same evening for his home in Pittsburgh.

The success of this year's Grand American Handicap warrants the supposition that that of 1895 will be at least as well patronized as its predecessor. That the Association thinks so is proved by its offer of "$1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added."

Eastern New York League Tournament.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 20.—The one event of interest to the trap-shooters of this part of the State during the present week was the fourth tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League of the series of 1894. This was held at Johnstown, N. Y., Tuesday, Oct. 16, The manager, Mr. Fred W. Partiss, is regarded as one of the most capable men on the League circuit, and the events hitherto held under his direction have been marked by an abundance of advance notice, good management and a fine attendance of shooters, both residents and visitors, who showed their appreciation of Fred's good work by keeping in the swim throughout the programme. The late tournament was an exception to the successful events of the past seasons, the attendance being the lightest ever seen on the Johnstown shooting grounds. This is accounted for by the fact that the affair was floated with only a week's notice, the writer (league secretary) receiving such brief warning of its coming that he was unable to give it the advantage of a notice in the trap fixtures of FOREST AND STREAM. This, combined with the depressed condition of the times that makes even the most happy-go-lucky shooter feel poor, and also the fact that the League towns are pretty widely scattered, making early rising and a longish journey the essentials to reach the field, had the effect of developing the affair into about as blue a meet as I ever attended. I have not mentioned the worst feature of the falling off in the attendance, and that was the lack of support given the tournament by the Johnstown shooters themselves, only one member of the Gun Club shooting through the programme.

And then the weather! Ugh! Cold and raw, with gray clouds of mist in the morning, that later thickened into masses of blue vapor which, in turn, precipitated showers of driving rain, the discomfort of everybody being doubled by these dreary squalls. These depressing conditions were first observed by the Albany boys as they sped up the Mohawk Valley on an early morning New York Central train. As we tried to get a glimpse of the lovely scenery through the rain-beaten windows, the looks of discouragement on the faces of Sanders, Arnold and St. Charles were reflected from the boyish features of Harry Levengston, of Saratoga, who had arrived at Albany that morning and was our companion on the journey northward.

Changing at Fonda we took another road for Johnstown, the conductor of the train obligingly stopping to let us off at the crossing that leads to the shooting ground. The dismal walk through the drizzle finally brought us to the old familiar green meadow on quite an elevation of land. Here we found Partiss, Potter, Yost and Chapman, of the Johnstown Gun Club, busily preparing traps, pulls, etc., for the expected shooting. Dr. S A. Wessels and T. C. Pegnim, of Canajoharie, were also present, and, later on, Joe Fulton, the keeper of a sportsmen's resort at West Canada Creek, showed up for the purpose of seeing the boys and smashing a few targets, at which he is quite an adept for a deer hunter.

Everything about the grounds wore a cheerless aspect, which was not at all mitigated by the absence of a fire in the shooting lodge, and the cold and inhospitable character of the shed was shown in the fate of a litter of three kittens that some vagrant tabby had dropped during the previous night, and who had frantically skedaddled when the gunners took possession of her domicile, leaving her poor little waifs to die in a few hours of cold and the lack of nourishment, warmth and comfort that their wild and half savage dam could have provided.

"Well, it's going to be a poor show, anyway," said Levengston, "so we might as well shoot out the programme and get through with that part of it;" and in compliance with the suggestion Wallace Yost and the FOREST AND STREAM correspondent got into the shelter of the shed, and, muffled to the ears in top coats, prepared to do the scoring and the clerical work. Will Potter took charge of the trap pulls; a gang of noisy and incompetent hoodlums mismanaged the traps; a squad of forlorn shooters lined up at the firing points in the pelting rain; the practical work of the tournament was on, and here are the scores in detail.

No. 1, 10 singles, $1.20 entry:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Pegnim	1111001101— 7
Sanders	1101111111— 9	Wessels	1111111011— 9
St Charles	1011110110— 7	Chapman	1010111111— 8

No. 2, 10 singles, $1 20 entry:

Levengston	1111011111—9	Wessels	0110011011—6
Sanders	1111011111—9	Chapmau	1011001101—6
St Charles	1011101111—8	Partiss	1110010101—6
Pegnim	0001101011—5	Arnold	0011111010—6

No. 3, 15 singles, $1 80 entry:

Levengston	111111111111111—15	Wessels	111000110111100— 9
Sanders	111011111111111—14	Chapman	011011000111011— 9
St Charles	011111111111010—12	Arnold	111111111101110—13
Partiss	110101011001110— 9	Jerome	101011111011010—10

No. 4, 15 singles, unknown angles, $1.80 entry:

Levengston	101100111111111—12	Wessels	111110110101001—10
Sanders	011111111111011—13	Chapman	011010100001010— 6
St Charles	100111011111111—12	Arnold	111011110110100—10
Partiss	100101011110000— 7		

No 5, 10 singles, $1.20 entry:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Wessels	0111111101— 8
Sanders	1111111110— 9	Chapman	0101101111— 7
St Charles	1011111111— 9	Arnold	1111011111— 9
Potter	0011010100— 4		

No. 6, 10 singles, $2.40 entry:

Levengst'n	1011111111010011101—15	Arnold	1111101101111110111—17
Sanders	1111111011011111118	Wessels	1111110011010000110—12
St Charles	1111010011111111011—16	Chapman	1110110101111110111—16

No. 7, 10 singles, $1.20 entry:

Levengston	1011111111—9	Wessels	1101111101—8
Sanders	1111111010—8	Chapman	1111111101—9
St Charles	1111101111—9	Fulton	1110011110—7
Arnold	1010111111—8		

No. 8, 15 singles, unknown angles, $1.80 entry:

Levengston	111111111111111—15	Wessels	010011110111101—10
Sanders	111101011110111—12	Chapman	111111111101111—14
St Charles	111110011111111—13	Fulton	111111100000010— 8
Arnold	111101011111110—12	Partiss	110111111000111—11

No. 9, 15 singles, $1.80 entry:

Levengston	111101111111111—14	Chapman	111111111011010—12
Sanders	111111101111011—13	Fulton	011111101111101—12
St Charles	001101011111011—10	Partiss	111111110111111—14
Arnold	011101111111111—13		

No. 10, 20 singles, $2.40 entry:

Levengst'n	111111111111111111101—19	Arnold	011110110101110111111—15
Sanders	111011111111111011110—17	Chapman	111111110011110111111—17
St Charles	111110101101101111111—16	Partiss	101011111001011100010—12

No. 11, 10 singles, $1.20 entry:

Levengston	1111110111— 9	Chapman	0111110110— 7
Sanders	1111110111— 9	Fulton	0111111010— 7
St Charles	1111111111—10	Partiss	1100110110— 6
Arnold	1111111111—10		

No. 12, 10 singles, $1.20 entry:

Levengston	0111111111— 9	Jerome	1000001000— 2
Sanders	1110111111— 9	Fulton	1101010010— 6
Pegnim	1011110110— 7	Wessels	0111011110— 7
Arnold	1111111111—10	Vanderpoel	1000001100— 3
St Charles	1011111101— 8		

AWARDS FOR HIGHEST AGGREGATES.

A purse of $15, divided $5, $4, $3, $2, $1, was awarded the shooter making the highest aggregate score in contests Nos. 2 to 11 inclusive. A contestant shooting through the events to qualify for the purse had to shoot at 140 bluerocks. The names of the winners, their scores and percentages follow:

Levengston, Saratoga, 127, 90.7 per cent., won first money; Sanders, Albany, 122, 87,1 per cent., won second; St Charles, Albany, 115, 82.1 per cent., won third; Arnold, Albany, 113, 80.7 per cent., won fourth; Chapman, Johnstown, 103, 73 5 per cent., won fifth.

The next Eastern League tournament, and probably the final one of the series of 1894, will be held at Saratoga on Nov. 12.

HORACE B. DERBY.

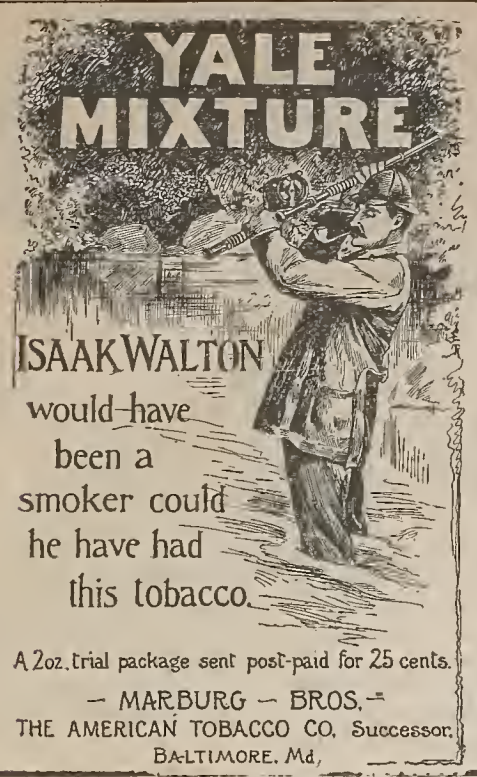
Paterson Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., Oct. 17.—The following scores were made at the club shoot at targets held at Willard Park yesterday afternoon. The conditions of the shoot are 25 targets, handicap allowance. Wright and Morfey are conceded 1 target, Boyle and Hopper 3 each, while Morgan receives 8. In this shoot Morfey came out ahead. Capt. J. L. Brewer, who is not a member of the club, shot along with the boys for practice. Score:

Brewer	1111111110101111111101111—22
Wright	0111110101110110110101101—17
Morfey	1011111111101111011111111—22
Morgan	1001011110100111010110100—14
Boyle	1111001100111111111001010—17
Hopper	1101010101111100000111010—14

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



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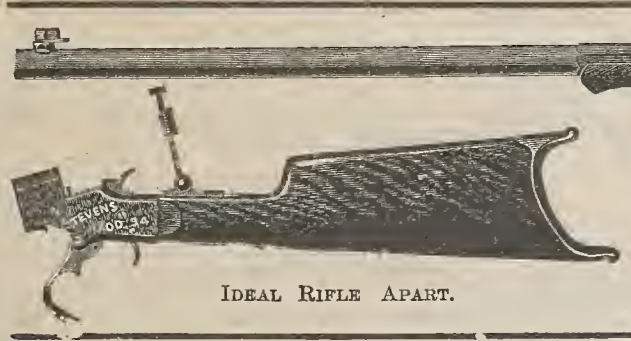

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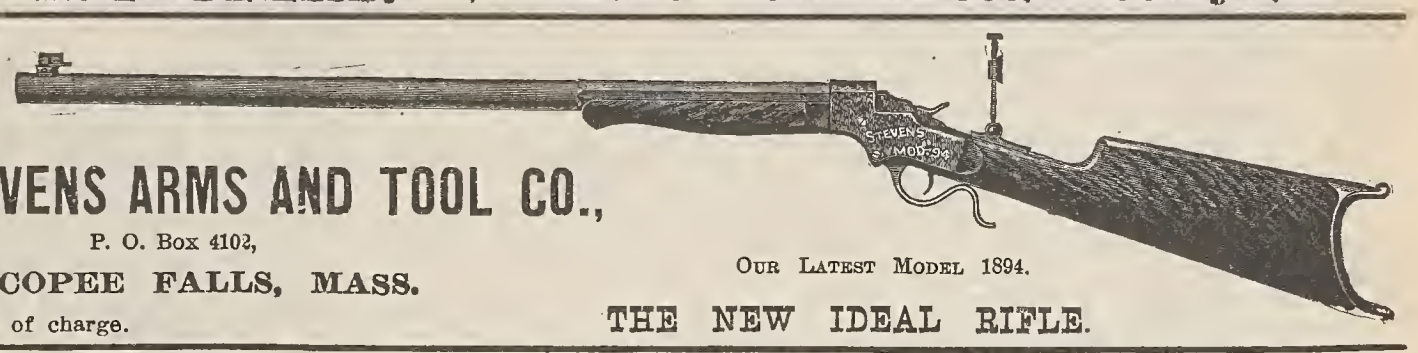

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VOL XLIII.—No. 18 No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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AN IMPERILLED PALLADIUM.

A PALLADIUM is something often heard of, but seldom seen, and most folks have a hazy notion of what it looks like; but just now the campaign orators are exhorting us to preserve the palladium of our liberties; and everybody understands that the protection of this useful article is quite as important at least as the protection of game. This being so, we are doing a public service in warning those citizens of New Jersey who are inclined to field sports that their palladium is in great peril and that they had better look to defending it.

Fish and Game Commissioner Frothingham wrote the other day that he had been annoyed by folks who claimed to have had advice from this office that there was no law on gray squirrels in New Jersey. As authority for his notion that there is such a law, he sends us a letter, which is in the nature of a legal opinion given by the counsel to the Commission, to the effect that while the law does not mention gray squirrels, nevertheless in the opinion of counsel it was clearly the intention of the author of the statute to protect them.

Under ordinary circumstances it would probably be quite sufficient to point out that the law itself must be accepted as it is, not as it might have been if its author had put his unexpressed intention into effect. But the New Jersey Commissioners—and this is what has caused the palladium to rock on its foundation—have as much as declared their acceptance of this view of counsel, and have given out that gray squirrels, not named in the law but assumed by counsel to have been in the mind of the author of the statute, may not be killed between certain dates not designated in the statute but likewise conjectured by counsel to have been in the author's mind.

This surely is to bind new burdens and grievous to be borne upon the honest and long-suffering Jersey gunner. His task has been as exacting as could be required of the average sportsman, to keep posted on the ever-changing game laws and to conform to them, as enacted at Trenton. Now the Commissioners propose to require of him compliance not only with a law as actually adopted by the Legislature, engrossed and published, but with it as it might have been if it had been enacted, engrossed and published in some different shape. The well-meaning citizen must know both the letter of law and the original but unfulfilled intent of its author. Moreover, as this original intent is now known only to the author himself, if indeed he has not forgotten it, to arrive at it correctly is purely a triumph of guesswork, and in this the average individual, unversed in the tortuous ways of legal logic, is at a distinct disadvantage. The chances are as ten to one that he will conjure up an intention which will prove to be wholly at variance with the intention guessed by official counsel to the Commission. For instance, if the statute protects only "black or fox squirrels," the gunner may assume that the author intended to protect gray squirrels as well, while the counsel to the Commission may exclude the gray squirrel and include the chipmunk. When mind readers differ, the official guesser will have the support of Commissioners and wardens; and for acting on his honest but mistaken guess the gunner will go to jail.

With such a substitution of game law conjecture for game law text, the sportsman who ventures to do any shooting at all will be in constant peril of landing himself in the lock-up or of being required to give bonds for having obeyed the letter of the statute, but violated the unexpressed intent of some last year's legislator, as conjectured and communicated in opinion of counsel to the Commission. Under these circumstances a palladium is hardly worth having as an appurtenance of field sports in New Jersey. Those who care to go shooting and to keep their palladiums too, might do well to convey them to the sure protection of the ægis of Greater New York. For on the confines of that city of the future—in particular on the borders of Brooklyn—one may bang away at everything that wears fur or feathers, season or no season, law or no law, with never a thought of interference from the worthless Long Island game protector.

SNAP SHOTS.

Dr. A. Chalmette, of Paris, is experimenting with venomous serpents, to discover an antidote for the poison; and although his work is by no means completed, he has gone so far as to announce favorable results with the hypochlorites of sodium and lime, and choride of gold and chloride of lime, for neutralizing the poison by chemical action. In an interview in *McClure's Magazine* he expresses a conviction that in the chloride of lime we have an adequate remedy for rattlesnake poison. He gives these directions for its use: "The chloride should be free from absorbed water, and, when used, should in all cases be freshly taken from a hermetically sealed bottle. One part of it by weight should be dissolved in eleven parts of boiling water, and the solution should never be made until it is about to be used, as I have found that the therapeutic power diminishes by keeping. This should be injected subcutaneously with a trephine all about the wound, and also under the skin of the abdomen, that it may enter the circulation as quickly as possible. No ligature about the part bitten is necessary. I have not yet determined the amount necessary to be used upon a human being, because I have had no opportunity of making tests. I estimate, from all the conditions, that from twenty to thirty cubic centimeters of the solution will suffice to save the life of a man bitten, it being administered in doses of five cubic centimeters each." Naturally Dr. Chalmette has not found volunteers to test his theory; and we shall not be certain that the chloride of lime will effect a cure until it shall have been demonstrated. If an opportunity to make trial on a snake-bitten victim shall come to any reader of this paragraph we trust that the remedy may be tested and reported to us.

By the way, speaking of rattlesnakes, how large do they grow? We have in this office a skin or part of a skin, which measures in length 7ft. 6in.; and Mr. L. F. Meyers, of Texas, who sends it to us, avers that at least 2ft. more of the skin is missing. It is a beauty.

By the death of John N. Babcock, of Syracuse, N. Y., those who are engaged in the cause of fish protection in central New York have lost one of their most active workers and most valued and trusted counselors. Mr. Babcock's was a high type of citizenship. He was a successful and honored business man, and he always made the time and improved the occasion to do public service in the protection of the fishing waters. He was one of the founders of the Anglers' Association of Onondaga; was its vice-president from the first, and always one of its most active members. Resolutions adopted by the Association last week on the occasion of Mr. Babcock's death give expression to the fact that much of the success of the organization in its great work has been due to his unremitting zeal, wise counsel and generous financial support. The death of such a member of such a society is a public calamity.

Judges Dixon and Inglis and the rest of the party charged with having unlawfully pursued ducks with a steam launch on Greenwood Lake, N. J., have appeared before a Paterson magistrate to plead not guilty; and a hearing was set for yesterday. We see it reported that Judge Dixon, who is a Supreme Court Justice, may determine to carry the case to a higher court, with a view to showing the unconstitutionality of the game law; but we do not mind saying that we discredit the report, for if anything in law is well established it is the constitutionality of the game statutes. If Judge Dixon and his companions shall be shown to have been guilty of the acts charged they will pay their fines in due time and the constitutionality of the game laws will remain unshaken just the same.

There is less complaint now than formerly of the English sparrow nuisance; but no one can visit Washington without having the subject emphatically and offensively brought to his attention. That city is overrun by the noisy, dirty birds. The approaches to the Capitol are kept in a positively filthy condition by them. The impudent little pests appear to have picked out the seat of the National Government as a fitting place to put in evidence their bad breeding and indecent ways. If ever there shall be in this country an anti-sparrow crusade it might well enough take its start in Washington.

We hear much of sportsman's luck, good, bad and indifferent; but rarely does there come to the FOREST AND STREAM such a story of misadventure as befel a Boston correspondent who started for the Maine woods recently, on the way sprained a knee, and was crippled for the whole time of his vacation, although he did hobble on crutches into the woods and stayed in camp eight days, seeing the parties of hunters come and go and the antlers brought in. That was bad luck, but pluck too; and after all there is something in pluck.

We had something to say the other day about a catch of 238 bass in one day in the Trout Lake waters of Wisconsin, reported to have been made by Rev. Dr. J. Mc Cluskey Blayney, of Frankfort, Ky. Dr. Blayney tells u that he did make such a catch, but that of the 238 fish all but a half-dozen were returned in good condition to the water. This, we are bound to say, relieves the feat from the suspicion, usually attaching to such an extraordinary catch, that the fish were killed to waste; and we trust that no one who read our remarks will fail to turn to the Doctor's good-natured note in our angling columns.

From a report in the San Antonio *Express*, which we reprint, it is learned that a Texas ranchman is bent on corralling the Val Verde buffalo. But the herd is said now to have crossed over into Mexico; and if the Mexicans were Yankees they would not hear to Dr. Taylor's proposition to drive the animals back into this country. Buffalo are worth money nowadays. This reminds us to say that Capt. Geo. S. Anderson has for sale, by order of the Secretary of the Interior, some of the buffalo heads taken by Howell in the Yellowstone Park last winter.

"Jacobstaff" writes of his old shooting grounds in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania, where he has had so much sport in past years, that this season the grouse have disappeared; and as a possible explanation to account for this condition of affairs, he cites a report that in the nesting season egg hunters collected and carried away from that region 10,000 ruffed grouse eggs. The story of 10,000 eggs is too well rounded out to be believed, but if there was any egg hunting at all it would have gone far toward accounting for the dearth of birds in the autumn. The Pennsylvania law forbids taking the eggs of game birds; if there are organized gangs of nest robbers, the State Sportsmen's Association would do well to give the subject attention.

The Maine correspondent, who has devised an ingenious scheme of a game exchange in Bangor for the convenience of visiting sportsmen, has made no provision for the supply of appropiate stories to go with the game bought there. No one cares to bring home a handsome deer or a mighty moose without a story to match. But this is an oversight easily remedied. No Maine hunter ever lived who could not supply hunting yarns to go with the biggest buck or moose ever brought down in those woods.

If the Maine Legislature shall make no other changes of the game law next winter, it should at least prohibit the killing of cow moose. Is there one single reasonable thing to be said in support of the present law on the subject?

There is more poetry in "partridge" than in "ruffed grouse," and the fun of partridge shooting goes ahead of ruffed grouse shooting every time.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A WEEK IN MONTANA MOUNTAINS.

It was a perfect morning. There had been a light shower at daybreak, just enough "to lay" the dust, but all was clear again when the sun peeped over the Old Jumbo Mountain and glistened through the branches of the Canadian poplars, the earliest rays seeking out here and there a raindrop still clinging to an upturned leaf, gifting it betimes with the varied tints of the "blended heaven's bow" or perchance catching it unawares as it described a swift descent from the momentary resting place whence it had been disturbed by the gentle ripples of a newborn breeze, bestowing on it for a fleeting second the wealth of a flashing diamond, ere its identity passed for aye as it kissed the absorbant lips of a thirsting Mother Earth.

As the sun shone clear of the mountain, Charlie and I loaded our camping outfit into the light dray, and answering my wife's last "When will you be back?" (asked for about the twentieth time), "Oh, in about a week," whistled for Ponto and were off to the station. A quarter of an hour later we had the luggage with Ponto chained on top on the rear platform of the caboose of the Cœur D'Alene "mixed" train. This was during the panicky times of '93, and on that train were between forty and fifty others like ourselves, bound "anywhere, anywhere out of the world."

"Which way?" asked one.

"Off at Lothrop and up Pattee Creek," answered Charlie.

"Pattee Creek? No use going there."

"What's the reason?"

"Fished to death and no birds."

"Who says this?"

"Just came from there myself, and I know."

"Were you up to the meadows?"

"No, only about half-way, but there's no sport up there. I'm going with the gang to the St. Regis, and you had better join us."

"Well, Will," said Charlie, turning to me, "what do you think?"

"Don't know. Whatever you say, goes."

"All right then; we've started for Pattee Creek and we'll stick to first principles."

At Lothrop, thirty miles from Missoula, we alighted from the train and in a few minutes had secured the services of Perry Corn, who lives a hundred yards from the station, to take us to the meadows, eight miles distant.

Corn had to go out several miles for his horses, and we were obliged to wait until afternoon. This we did with a rather poor grace, being anxious to get into camp, but as we did not appreciate the idea of an eight mile tramp with a couple of hundred pounds of baggage each, strapped to our backs, we waited. By one o'clock we were on our way in a rickety lumber wagon, over, into, through or along (I'm at a loss for a comprehensive expression) one of the roughest and toughest mountain roads ever cut in a rough mountain country. However, to the sportsman the inequalities of the road, the logs and stumps, the roots and ruts, the steep pitches and the chuck-holes, the overhanging branches above, the assorted sized boulders beneath and other trifling peculiarities in a great measure pass unheeded, as he gazes in ecstacy on either side at the walls terraced with rocky cliffs and points which are inter-grown with a scattering wild profusion of pine, fir, tamarack trees, and bush and vine of varieties beyond enumerate.

Here and there the road crosses or approaches the sparkling stream which swiftly flows along the cañon's bed, and forms at every turn a pool or riffle toward which he glances with feverish impatience, knowing well by his sportsman's intuition that these are the lurking places of those whose unsuspecting part perforce is lent to enhance the zest experienced by successful lovers of the rod and reel.

Four miles we kept to the wagon, then the horses were unhitched and the camp duffle packed on their backs over the trail which led to the meadows. Charlie took the lead with gun under arm. I followed with my rifle and leading one packed horse, and Corn brought up the rear with the other.

Shortly after leaving the wagon Ponto started a covey of ruffed grouse, and Charlie soon had all seven snugly tucked away in his hunting coat pockets. (Had there been more in the covey there would probably have been more in the pockets.)

When we had covered about half the remaining distance, we discovered fresh deer signs, and with my characteristic self-denial I graciously allowed Charlie to lead the horse the rest of the way, and to guide him along the sinuous trail in a manner to insure his not becoming untimely and unceremoniously disconnected with his belongings as he dodged in and out of each half-hitch that occurred here and yonder in the path, also the pleasure of now and then designating to him the softest spots from which to pick himself up after stumbling over some unusually conspicuous stump, log or quartz ledge.

These and kindred pleasures I must forego and worry along ahead with a weather eye cocked and primed for sight of the buck who had evidently determined to intentionally and with malice aforethought ignore a one-sided appointment, and had hurried away to keep a methink more congenial one on some neighboring mountain top.

The meadows were reached in good season, and a location for our camp was just fixed upon when Charlie and Corn came up with the horses.

"It was real nice of you to keep ahead and out of sight, so that I might enjoy the exceptional privilege of playing engineer, fireman, conductor, brakeman and switchman all at the same time." (Charlie has an idea that he is somewhat learned in railroad lore.) "Be assured, I'll not forget your extreme kindness; it will be my only earnest desire to return it at the earliest opportunity, and with interest. I—"

"Don't mention it, Charlie; don't mention it. I am perfectly satisfied that you fully appreciate the interest I have displayed in your behalf, and now if you will unpack the horses, set up the tent, make the beds, cut up a nice pile of wood, build a fire, put the potatoes on to boil, likewise the coffee, fry two or three of those grouse, and as we are supplied with baker's bread, I will endeavor to assist with the getting of the rest of the supper, and we will be all O. K. in a jiffy."

"Will, eh? Pleasant programme you have figured out, I don't think. And now, Mr. Man, if you don't get in and do a little hustling on your own account, there'll be a first-class funeral in the camp in short order."

"Well, Charlie, I am deeply wounded at your raising objections to a so skillfully arranged order of business, but having no particular heartfelt desire to attend your immediate obsequies, I suppose my disappointment will have to be choked down, and——"

An hour after we had the tent pitched and the camp in shape for rain or shine.

The meadows are in reality not meadows, but the whole is a grassy valley some four or five miles in length, and whose surroundings are very different from those of the cañon below. The mountains, instead of being steep and rocky, slope back gently; the sides facing the south are grassy and more or less open, the north sides are heavily timbered, making an ideal range for deer, though in midsummer these animals are for the most part higher up in the mountains and scattered. At the approach of winter, when game of all kinds is driven by the first snows from the high ranges, this is a veritable deer hunter's paradise.

Supper over Corn returned home, Charlie put his fishing tackle in order, started for the creek, and I with the rifle ventured out on a little exploring trip, it being new country to both of us. We walked until dark, saw an elk track and some deer sign, also found where a deer had been killed a few days earlier, but no live game was seen. Returned to camp and found Charlie with twenty trout ready for the frying-pan, which he had caught in a half hour's fishing.

We were out with the sun in the morning, and away with shotgun and rifle ready for business. Our camp was on a small branch of the main creek, and this branch came down out of a long cañon or gulch. Up this gulch we went some three miles without seeing hair or feather. Charlie complained of a severe headache, and turned back, taking Ponto with him. I concluded to leave the gulch and go a little way up the mountain, on the side facing the sun. While the mountain was steep, the climbing was quite easy, and being in good trim, it was not long till I found myself on top of a high ridge, sitting in a huckleberry patch and enjoying a few handfuls of the berries. Having gained this ridge I was now in hopes of jumping a buck, and while resting in the berry patch was on the alert for any indications of game. Ten minutes thus, and when about renewing the hunt, I heard something like the foot-fall of an animal; but after a few moments' quiet watching and no developments, concluded it a false alarm and moved a few steps along the ridge, when of a sudden just beyond a rise I saw a patch of brown fur disappearing behind some little tamarack trees. Springing forward several paces the .40 82 came up with a thump as a bear running full speed appeared long enough for my finger to touch the trigger, then it was again lost to sight in a large body of these little tamaracks that covered the north side of the mountain. At the sound of the shot a cub ran up a large pine about 30yds. ahead. It was up perhaps 15ft. when seeing its enemy it "let go all holds" and dropped to the ground like a flying squirrel. It ran out through an open, but owing to the unevenness of the ground I could not see it till it was nearly 75yds. away, when for a second the ivory bead stood out in relief before a little brown object and the rifle trigger was pressed again. At the report I could imagine some one giving the lash to a six months old pup from the racket raised by the yelpings of one little bear cub. Making sure that *mater familias* would be back in defense of the youngster, and thinking a fight was at hand, I hastily slipped half a dozen cartridges into the Winchester's magazine. That done the yelping had ceased, and no old bear had returned. Stepping along cautiously I soon came upon the cub so dead that it had apparently never kicked after the ball struck home.

But here was a mystery. What had done all the yelping and what had become of the old one? I had not particularly lost any bear in the thicket, and went at the further hunt with considerable caution; but after a time, finding no more signs of bear, waxed exceedingly brave and tramped up, down and around until tired, all to no purpose, nothing more was found. The mystery remained uncleared. There were two solutions to the problem. If there was only one cub it had done the yelping with its final efforts; my first shot gave the old bear her death wound, and she was down the mountains into the brush, where to trace her without a dog was out of the question; otherwise she would have returned to the call of the cub. If there were two cubs, one which I did not see set up its cries at the sound of the second shot and brought the old one to it, they together making off without my getting sight of them. The latter theory is the more likely correct, as the cries seemed as if the little fellows were running here and there through the thicket.

At length, concluding that further search was useless, the 40lbs. cub was lifted to my shoulder and we followed around the ridge which led to camp by a four-mile route. At first the weight of the cub was but a trifle, but before camp was sighted it was on both shoulders, around my neck, and in fact seemed to be about all over me. This was real pleasant; it was in August, with not a cloud in the sky. Over the last quarter of a mile to camp the cinnamon cub had assumed the proportions of a full-grown grizzly, and weighed 976lbs. by my Waterbury watch and buck skin chain.

"If I couldn't kill a bigger bear than that, I wouldn't kill any," was Charlie's gentle greeting as my load was wearily deposited at his feet. I sought to wither him with a fierce glare of contempt, but instead had to do the withering act myself, and tumbled into the tent, from which I crawled some time later in response to Charlie's welcome "Get up; supper is ready." When the hunting appetite was satisfied and the frame somewhat refreshed in consequence I ventured to take a look at my grizzly; and lo and behold! it was only the little cinnamon cub again.

The next morning we took another course, came in at noon with eight ruffed grouse (all of the one covey found) in the capacious depths of Charlie's ever irresistible hunting coat pockets.

Without waiting to prepare dinner we proceeded to a trial of our fortune at angling down along the main creek, in order to while away a little time until Charlie's brother Tom and our mutual friend Nick, who were booked to join us that day, should put in an appearance. We had landed something like a dozen trout each when a halloo was head, and by that same token dinner was in short meter ready for four, and the four were on hand with no uncertain appetites to enjoy it.

By 3 o'clock the quartette could have been seen distributing themselves along the stream preparatory to the evening's fishing which followed, and such fishing as it was. The Pattee Creek trout are not large, running from 6 to 10in. in length, but are free and gamy, and the evening was spent pleasantly, for we had some 200 by supper time, after which they were packed away in wet grass under an overhanging bank by the creek, where they would keep cool and fresh; and right willing were we then to hide ourselves away among the welcome robes and blankets.

The boys had heard the bear story, and in the morning all were eager to hazard a trip to the huckleberry patch. None of them were in good form for heavy tramping, especially under an August sun, and when about half-way up the ridge down which I had brought the cub, were ready to turn back, and it was only by dint of much urging, and insisting that each next point would be the last, that at length near noon we were all eating huckleberries to our content, but our ursine friends were evidently dining in some other patch. After satisfying ourselves with some quantities of this delicious fruit the boys turned campward, but still aching for a shot at a buck took the opposite course, tramped over some fine appearing game country, scared up a few deer tracks, flushed several coveys of blue grouse, killed one (one grouse, not one covey) and reached camp at 4 o'clock.

Six o'clock, a supper cooked by Nick and fit for the gods, and the rifle was again in demand. "Where do you think you are going now?" from Tom.

"Just up the creek a mile or two "

"Don't you ever know when you are tired?"

"Yes, but somehow I feel it in my bones that there is venison waiting for us up there."

"If that's the case," put in Nick, "I guess I'll go too."

It was nearly dusk, while we were sauntering along the foot of a mountain, upon the side of which we were watching, when came from Nick a startled "Look there!" "Look where?" Intuitively that exclamation was interpreted, and while executing an "about face" the Winchester was brought to play on an animal that came from a jump to a full stop at that moment, and a streak of flame shot through the settling gloom in its direction all at the same time. The shot was fired so quickly that we feared the deer had been overshot as it sped away through the thick timber and tall grass. Another cartridge was ready for action in an instant. and another bullet was on the trail of a glimpse caught of the deer. We ran over through the grass, and there lay the largest fawn either of us had ever seen with the "spots on;" so large, indeed, that neither of us had suspected its being anything but a full-grown deer until we reached the spot where it had fallen from the effect of the first shot driven square through the heart. (Whole lot of good luck about that shot.)

While covering the two miles back to camp we were to take turns at carrying the little buck. Half way a small stream crossed our path, across which some one had fallen a small pine cut from an 8in. stump, from which tree the limbs had been but doubtfully trimmed, leaving the small knotty log anything but a sure footbridge. As we came to this I was in the lead with the deer on my shoulder; had taken perhaps the second step out on to the small end of the tree, when, partially losing my balance, in order to regain it I swung the deer around in front, but did not seem to have entirely recovered the proper equilibrium, for after two or three more steps I struck a shoe against a knot and away we went. As we tumbled off on the upper side I loosed the deer and grabbed at the tree, but somehow loosing the deer seemed to have given me a sort of rebounding motion, and instead of catching the tree I fell across it and before I could stop myself turned a full somersault over it, and brought up with a splash in the creek four feet below just as the deer came floating by. I caught a leg and floundered with the buck to the bank.

And Nick—by the time the impromptu bather had "got out of the wet" he had gone stark mad, had dropped the guns (both his and mine) and had followed them into the grass, where he was rolling and twisting about and holding his sides with both hands. He laughed and he shouted, he got up and howled, he lay down, rolled some more, and laughed till the tears came in his eyes, all the while going through maneuvres that would have given pointers to a professional contortionist, but somehow the funny part of the thing did not seem to strike me as forcibly as it did him, at any rate my risibility was not aroused to any great extent just at that time. It is possible that I did not see the joke. At any rate—

"You blank lunatic! Do you intend to make a monkey and parrot out of yourself all night?" I yelled.

"If you cou—could have see—seen yourself—"

Then he went mad again, and—so was I. "Of all the blank fools, you are the blankety blankest. D' ye suppose I've gone blind?" And I gathered the venison, and wet and shivery strode away through the bright moonlight for camp.

Nick followed, but kept a respectful distance behind and ha-ha-d all the way.

When the boys had well and sufficiently admired the spotted buck, and my clothes and skin were drying by the always cheerful camp-fire, Nick humorously described the gyrations over and under the log, and as the fire's genial warmth had somewhat of a thawing effect on my marrow bones I was forced to join in the merriment at my expense; and in truth as I think of it to-day, if some one could have secured a kodak snap shot of the performance, the which might be herewith presented to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, it is my candid belief that that "Hough in a heap" would be "snowed under" so to speak.

A person might wonder the why and the wherefore of the chilliness of a night in August, especirlly as the heat of the day has been referred to. Remember, we were well up in the mountains and it is a positive fact that at sunrise on the morning following the occasion of the above incident there was a skim of ice on the water left over night in our camp kettle.

Next day the boys all wanted more venison, and we sallied forth on a heavy campaign with a view of obtaining some. After a short time I became separated from the others and returned with an empty bag.

The boys, however, jumped a deer and two fawns, which Nick got a shot at just as they were going around a point, and missed, and then took another shot at Ponto, who had

been making himself more conspicuous than the occasion required. Nick's wrath served a good turn—for Ponto; it being so excessive that his aim was again disturbed. Since then, whenever Nick refers to this incident he expresses his forcible opinion of that "blank fool dog."

Noon found us all in camp again; the usual hearty meal, a short rest, and then for the final afternoon's sport with leader and fly. The fishing suffered by comparison with what it was two days earlier; but it was good enough, and that evening, with what we already had, we each packed a basket full to be taken home on the morrow. Tom had caught a trout half again larger than the largest taken by any of the rest, and was, therefore, the hero of the hour.

The cub had been kept in a sack in a cool place, and had not yet been divested of his best suit of clothes, it having been our desire to take him home as he was; but upon examination that evening we found he would not stand the test, so I set about securing his dress suit in such a manner as would permit of its being mounted whole if we so wished later. We were all in the best of spirits, many and earnest were the expressions regarding the enjoyable features of the trip, and as the skinning process progressed by the light of that ever-burning big camp-fire, the cub and its slayer were made the butt of numerous jokes, which, however, did not have any possible effect on the cub. If he saw the point of any one of them he did not mention the fact.

After a time the conversation turned to the particular attitude that when mounted would be most befitting its peculiar style of beauty. A number of different postures were spoken of, but at last the one suggested by the irrepressible Tom was determined on, and that was—"Falling out of a tree, yelping, and eating huckleberries." (The taxidermist when interviewed in this regard, agreed to the attitude, provided we should furnish the "yelp" and the huckleberries.) Divers huckleberries have since been discovered that might be made to answer, but up to date we have failed to corral the required yelp, and the cub is still in statu quo.

Scarcely was the next morning's meal dispensed with when Corn appeared with the horses, and we were soon homeward bound. We reached Lothrop in due time, and five o'clock that Saturday evening the home station after a week of unalloyed enjoyment.

Summary: Finest weather, most pleasant of camps, a bear (?), a deer, birds enough, trout galore, a jolly party, and who could consistently ask for a better outing, especially in a place where there were "no birds" and where the stream had been "fished to death"? WILL CAVE.

MISSOULA, Montana.

Natural History.

THE TEXAS BUFFALO HERD.

THE present indications are that it may be several months before the herd of wild buffalo which were discovered last spring in the wilds of Val Verde county, will be rounded up and brought into captivity.

The expedition which Dr. J. B. Taylor, the well-known ranchman, has about completed organizing, will probably not be called upon for some time, as an investigation which the Doctor has just made shows that the animals have wandered from their old feeding ground and are now across the river in Mexico.

Dr. Taylor, in order to get the exact location of the herd before starting out with his expedition, left home several days ago and proceeded to Val Verde county, where he engaged the services of some veteran Mexican hunters and guides, and started in search of the herd. He found the valley in which they were discovered a few months ago without much difficulty, and then took up the trail of the animals. This trail, he states, was followed without difficulty, as it was made since the recent heavy rains. He and the Mexicans followed it out of the valley and through a mountain pass leading to the Rio Grande. The buffalo headed up that stream on the United States side, and were seen by a number of isolated settlers a few weeks ago as they passed along. One of these settlers, a Mexican named Gonzales, got a shot at the herd and killed one of the calves, the robe of which he kept and showed to Dr. Taylor and party as a trophy. According to the estimate of those who saw the herd, the number in it was about sixty, including about ten calves.

The party followed the trail for many miles up the river until the herd crossed into Mexico. It was followed a short distance into that country, and as it was evident that the animals were still on the go and are now probably in the Santa Rosa Mountains, the search was given up. Dr. Taylor rode across the country to Dryden, where he took the Southern Pacific train and returned to San Antonio.

Immediately upon his arrival here he wired Hon. Geo. Fulton, of Gregory, to meet him in San Antonio for the purpose of discussing what steps had best be taken toward capturing the herd. Mr. Fulton, it will be remembered, saw this same herd of buffalo about four years ago, and since its rediscovery he has evinced great interest in having the animals rounded up and placed in captivity on Dr. Taylor's ranch in Sutton county. Mr. Fulton responded promptly to the telegram, and he and the doctor met at the San Antonio Club Thursday, and held a prolonged conference as to what should be done under the circumstances toward carrying out the objects of the proposed expedition. They decided that inasmuch as the expedition had been almost fully organized it would not be advisable to disband it, and that an effort should be made to obtain permission from the Mexican government to round up the herd in that country and bring them into the United States.

It will require some time to attend to this matter, and the representative of the Smithsonian Institute, and the other distinguished persons who have been selected to comprise the expedition will be immediately notified of the situation. In the meantime Mr. Fulton will get everything in shipshape so far as equipment and supplies are concerned so that the party will have a pleasant and interesting time.

Dr. Taylor left Thursday night for St. Louis, where he will consult some of the members of the party in regard to the details of the trip. Just previous to his departure he was met by a reporter for the *Express* and asked in regard to his recent search for the buffalo.

"It is natural to suppose," said Dr. Taylor, "that these buffalo would not remain in that little valley in Val Verde county very long after rains come and grass and water become abundant. Buffalo are of a roving disposition, and this herd has remained in that valley during the past four or five years on account of the severe drouth and the lack of water and grass elsewhere. As soon as the recent abundant rains came and water and grass could be obtained outside of the valley they took up their march and followed the course of the Rio Grande to the place where they crossed, some distance above their old stamping ground."—*San Antonio Express, Oct. 6.*

A Michigan Pelican.

HOLLAND, Mich., Oct. 17.—I have just received at my taxidermic establishment for mounting, a large American white pelican, which was shot six miles from here at Maratawa Park, Oct. 13, by J. H. Skinner of the Life Saving Station. The following card, written by one of the crew and describing the bird in nautical language, accompanied the specimen:

THE WHITE PELICAN.

DIMENSIONS:

Length over all, 5ft. 2in.

Beam, 1ft.

Centerboard, 2 "feet."

Spread of canvas, 8ft. 10½in.

Gross tonnage, 16lbs.

This card was printed by one of the local papers and in such a manner as to lead many to suppose that this was the usual way descriptions of birds are written by ornithologists. The extent of the bird from tip to tip of wings, when I measured it, 24 hours after killing, was 8ft. 7in., but immediately after shooting it was said to measure 8ft. 10½in. The bill is 14in. long, wing 24in., tail 6½in., tarsi 5in., middle toe 5in.

The story of the capture as told by two of the crew, is as follows: Frank Johnson, who first saw the bird from the lookout says: "I was looking out into Lake Michigan, when I saw a large bird in the distance, which I thought was a large gull. I watched it a while as it flew around, then looked at it through the glass, when I was struck by its large size and the immense bill. I called Mr. Skinner and we watched the bird until it alighted on the beach, when he shot it. Had I known what it was I should have gone after it myself."

J. H. Skinner says: "When I first saw the bird I knew it was something out of the ordinary and as soon as it settled on the shore I at once got my gun. The rest of the crew saw me and followed. I tried to keep them back, but as I did not tell them what I was after, they were bound to go with me. The pelican did not seem to be alarmed, for I walked right up to it, as there was no cover, and shot it with one chargeof 5s as it arose from the beach."

This is the first pelican ever captured in Ottawa county and only eight or ten have been killed in the State before.

On Oct. 8, I secured from Wm. Van Ragenmoster, a female double-crested cormorant, and on the same day Harry R. Doesburg shot a female black scoter (*Oidemia americana*), a rare accidental visitor in Michigan. This bird was one of a flock of seven. I have secured and mounted these two birds for my own collection. I now have three double-crested cormorants which were killed in the county within a year, and probably will soon get the mate to my last bird as it is frequently seen where the male was shot.

I am unable to secure the pelican for my collection.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL.

A Novel Sparrow Trap.

IN one of the railroad yards in Oshkosh is a barrel supplied with a constant stream of water, the overflow escaping over the edges of the barrel. In winter this barrel is a great drinking resort for the English sparrows. Perched on the edge of the barrel their feet get wet, and when they fly from the barrel and alight on the iron rods of the freight cars, their feet are instantly frozen to the iron. O. H. HAMPTON.

Game Bag and Gun.

MUD SKIS.

MUD *skis* are thin boards 7ft. long and 6in. wide, turned up like sleigh runners at the front end, and have a toe strap at the middle to fasten them to the feet. I do not know who invented them, but who ever he was he is probably buried in some muddy place where he trusted to the *skis* to carry him safely, and, too late, found them balky.

The other day while I was shooting snipe and an occasional skulking mallard along the edge of Lake Poygan, most of the birds that were shot fell too far out on the mud to be got, and as there were a pair of these *skis* at the house I went back and got them. After trying them half an hour I thought they were a pretty good thing, for they kept on top of the mud where one could not walk without them. It is true they did not have the pleasant feel of a perfect fitting hand-sewed shoe, and their back ends interfered so often that I thought those straps must have been adjusted for some pigeon-toed man. There was some trouble, too, with the long stalks of wild rice, which was bent over at an angle of 45°, and one *ski* insisted on running under it and the other one over it, to an extent that made it quite entangling at times. There was difficulty, too, about turning round at such times, one *ski* would get across the other in a very provoking manner. But on the whole, if one had to go, one could go with them where he could not go by any other means, though it happened that I trusted them too far.

While crossing an unusually soft place a snipe arose on the left and was killed. I stood a few seconds marking where it fell, then one arose on the right, and when I tried to take out the empty shells both were stuck, and the extractor had to be used. By this time the *skis* had settled a foot deep into the mud, and every effort to pull one of them out only sank the other one deeper. These *skis* were a very forcible illustration of how the beavers keep a limb at the bottom of the pond, though I don't remember thinking of this just at the time.

I did think, though, that not long ago my wife had had a presentiment that I was not going to live till my next birthday, and now it might be verified, for there seemed little prospect for anything but to be smothered in that bottomless, thin mud, for there was no one in sight or hearing. The *skis* were slowly but steadily sinking, and in a few more minutes I would be hidden from the world.

Taking the gun by the middle with my right hand I lay down on the mud, extending the gun as far as possible and laying it across the line I wished to follow. Pulling on the gun and pushing with the other hand and both feet, I found that a little progress was made, though not much could be done with the feet, for if the legs were straightened there did not seem to be sufficient surface to support me, and the legs and feet would begin to sink in the furrow plowed by my body.

It was a long and tiresome struggle, and there was no chance to stop for rest, for the moment I stopped I began to sink. Though making progress, the uncertainty was by no means over, for there might be softer mud between me and solid ground. Crossing a hundred yards of such mud was an exhausting effort, but at last it was done, and I lay on some stiffer mud and rested. Looking at the mud-plastered clothes, I thought of one of Mr. Robinson's characters, who remarked on a certain occasion, "That was considerable of a splotteration ah." The next thought was, "If Winston Harris gets hold of this I'll never hear the last of it." And that reminds me. Winston took dinner with me not long ago, and told me a story about a shotgun and a Dutchman who was working for him. "Winston," said I, "you told me that story about three months ago, and at that time you said the hired man was a negro." "Did I?" said Winston, not a particle abashed. "Well, mebbe I did, for I never could tell a Dutchman and a nigger apart, and I never did know whether that man was a Dutchman or a nigger." "Was he white or black?" I asked. "I don't know," said Winston. "Didn't you know I went color blind after that rattler bit me? I can't see any difference between white and black." "Was this man's hair straight or woolly?" I asked. "He didn't have any hair," said Winston, "lost it in a spell of fever." "I never heard of a snake biting you," said I. "You didn't? Why, when that snake bit me, my hair was browner than yours, and you see how white it turned every hair." "How soon after the snake bite did your hair begin to turn white?" I asked. "I don't just exactly remember," said he, "but I reckon it was about forty or forty-five years."

But to return to the *skis*—that is, figuratively speaking, for I never expect to return to them in fact. I haven't any *skis* now, but have some experience, and think myself a gainer by the exchange, the experience being worth more than the *skis*. I don't really feel that I need any *skis*, anyway. O. H. HAMPTON.

OSHKOSH, Wis.

MAINE GAME INTERESTS.

BOSTON, Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As so much is being published in our papers about the result of the good game laws in the State of Maine, I cannot help putting in a line on the side of their possible shortcomings. Few people who read the papers realize the ever increasing number to shoot, and to report on the seeing of game, and also the fact that a good many of the articles are paid for by the railroads and express companies as advertisements. The woods have been full of hunters since the first part of September, few of whom (as is well known) go without meat. As far away as Eagle Lake, Penobscot waters, there was one continuous fusilade along about the middle of September, and jacklights could be seen almost any night in different parts of the shore.

The express companies have thus far this year handled over 40 tons of moose, deer and caribou, and I saw myself the first or second of October heads that were brought out in a rotten condition. This slaughter may continue for a year or two, but how any sane person can expect game to increase at this rate is a mystery to me. I myself know of five cow moose that have been killed, the bodies of one or two of which have been sold in the Boston market, and it is a well known fact among sportsmen that the larger number of deer killed toward the end of September along the lakes and rivers are does, as the bucks are back on the ridges.

I feel it is almost useless to hold out against this sort of thing until sportsmen as well as guides consider it both honorable and their duty to inform on law-breakers.

BOSTONIAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If I can possibly get time I want to write you some notes on the game situation in Maine this year. It is quite certain that deer were never so plenty in the State as this year, and there were a good many moose at the beginning of the season, but they are being slaughtered at a fearful rate, cows and calves as well as bulls, and legislative action must be promptly taken and well enforced or our noblest game park this side of the Rockies will be deprived of its noblest game. There must have been many hundreds of men hunting in Maine the first two weeks of October, and the interest has grown to be a tremendous one to the State. A.

An Idaho Game and Fish Center.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—I send you a picture of a catch of 151lbs. of speckled trout, made by Dr. Turpin and myself. Dr. Turpin is the gentleman who has written sometimes over the signature of "The Lone Fisherman." They were caught in Snake River within a mile and a quarter of Hotel Bellevue, Aronger, Idaho, managed by our old friend, K. E. Hopf. Aronger is the night stage station on the road from Beaver Cañon to Yellowstone Park. The other view represents a morning's shoot. I killed 74 sage hens and was back at noon. The climate is everything that one could wish, and I can guarantee any sportsman who goes there all the sport he wants. C. A. PRATT.

Well, That is Generous.

I WAS so proud of killing that big blue buck with my little rifle, I could not help writing of it for the FOREST AND STREAM the other day. I only wish you could have been along to have made the shot, for it always does me more good to see a friend make a good shot than to make one myself. LEW WILMOT.

STILL-HUNTING PARTRIDGES.

THE WEIRS, N. H., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The query propounded by "Tode" in your last week's issue calls for a more than passing interest by those who are in a position such as "Tode" so effectually describes. If I am a pot-hunter because I shoot my partridge or squirrel or even quail sitting and with a small-bore rifle after having successfully outwitted them in woodcraft and getting within rifle range, then I say I am proud to be a pot-hunter, or anything else by which you may designate that particular mode of hunting; and if all those who do thus are pot-hunters, then I throw up my hat and holloa "Hurrah for pot-hunters!"

Now, different men have different opinions, and one man's opinion is as good as another's, so no doubt there be some who contemptuously ignore as a sportsman those as as "Tode" describes. Yet again, I have gone hunting with the man with the scatter gun, and have watched him stand in the woods waiting for his dog to put up a partridge and then shoot the bird either sitting or on the wing. If he brought his game down on the wing he was of course very much pleased, and forthwith delivered a rhapsody regarding the beauties of using the shotgun in preference to the rifle, and the science of shooting on the wing. The bearer of the little .22 Marlin patiently heard and said nothing.

Now, note the result: the man with the scatter gun had his satisfaction simply in a pretty, difficult shot, differing from trap-shooting only in that it brings him in a result, something to show as trophy. Probably he has also enjoyed the woods and the fresh, free air and the tramp, and has loved to see his dog work among the bushes. But the dog has entirely supplied the knowledge of woodcraft necessary for the occasion. The shotgun user no doubt has enjoyed himself in his own way.

The rifleman, clad in soft moccasins, with eye and ear strained and noiseless, elastic step, watches and listens, this time to hear the distant "drumming" of some cock grouse, hardly audible. Now it is the woodcraft of one against that of the other. It is more than a half hour's work to go step by step in the direction the sound comes from. Every nerve is strained, no less than if the game sought after were one of the antlered monarchs, until away ahead, there on that log, a little brown ball of feathers is seen majestically strutting up and down. The distance is 75yds.; and the illumination of the range is not such as to call for high scores; but the ivory bead shows well up against the grouse's body, and at the spiteful spit of the little bullet all is over. Only one who has "been there" knows the peculiar satisfying taste that lingers about a man's mouth after such a stalk and such a shot. The man with the rifle has enjoyed himself and he means every word when he says, "I would rather get one bird with the rifle than two with the shotgun." He uses no dog, yet he loves the dog quite as well as his brother of the shotgun, but he relies upon his sure woodcraft to find his game and therein finds two-thirds of his enjoyment.

But will any one show me any elemet in this mode of hunting which would justly come under the heading of "pot-hunting?" Yet I have been called a pot-hunter for doing just as described above, while the dudeling who hires a guide and the guide's dog, and whose purpose in going into the woods is often only to get material whereupon to fabricate yarns to be told at the office and the club, this dudeling would-be woodsman is a "true sportsman." True, he does not waste game; and what he takes is taken fairly; but why is he any more a "true sportsman" than the man who uses the rifle and does his own hunting? Allow me to give you my humble definition of the much-abused term "true sportsman"—a gentleman who enjoys to hunt and fish. The fish and game hog, be he ever so well bred, is neither a gentleman nor sportsman, but it is he who is always first to raise the cry of "pot-hunter." MATTERHORN.

A MAINE GAME EXCHANGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Knowing the advanced position taken by your paper in all matters which interest sportsmen, I propose through you to tell your readers of a plan which I have to aid those who come to Maine for game. In Maine we have many things which those in other States wish to share. Those who sought our fine fishing and our beautiful scenery have been in great numbers and departed; and now with falling leaves comes the great rush of those whose only object is game, and that in the largest quantity and shortest time in which it can be obtained. The number coming may be judged when I say that the papers reported 300 ready to start into the woods from Moosehead alone Oct. 1, following fully as large a crowd of "sooners" who had "taken time by the forelock" and gone in a week before to have their game ready before the others arrived. By actual count there were thirty canoes with sixty men on Sept. 26, leaving on the P. & A. R.R. A Bangor daily reported one day last week two bears, two moose, two caribou and forty-five deer as coming in on the cars that day.

Now such a rush of necessity causes a great deal of inconvenience to the visiting sportsmen and danger to others in the woods. The sportsmen often have to submit to waiting hours at a comfortable hotel for guides to get ready. Then they are obliged to walk on carries where teams cannot be hired. Then they have to sit cramped up in canoes and endure all the hardships of sitting in chairs with only blankets to sit on, while the guide enjoys the luxury of sitting on a bare canoe bar. Then they have to wait for the guide to hunt up the game for them and often for him to kill it, or buy it for them of some native; and often when this cannot be done they are obliged to go to the Bangor markets and take just what they can get, and submit to the extortionate charges of those who take advantage of their necessity.

I do not mean that all who come here get their game in this way; but so many do that those who kill theirs fairly get no credit for it, especially as those who bag, usually take pains to give reporters more minute and thrilling accounts of the capture of their game than those who really kill what they bring in are accustomed to do. But that if all obtained game at one place no deception would be practiced.

Then again no one is safe in the woods with such an army of men of no experience, ready to fire at the first thing that moves. Every year more or less shoot themselves or others, besides killing sheep, cattle and horses.

I know that in the latter part of the season when it is cold enough for game to keep, lately a much easier and better way has been found. Then when the guides at some hunting camp have moose or other game ready killed, they telegraph and all the hunter has to do is to come for a sure thing. Then he can lie around camp and smoke, and eat venison a few days, and get his story made up so that all parts will fit nicely; then he can come out with his game and no one can dispute, but what the game is actually there to be seen; and when he tells them here he waded alone in the unbroken forests through 2ft. of snow, here he came on his victim and dropped him dead at the first shot at 250 to 300yds. (it is better to put it at least 200yds., as it reflects credit on one's rifle as well as himself), and tells of the terrible labor of getting the game to the cars; and then as his story has the first start and the guide is well-fed not to give him away, he at once becomes the hero of the hour.

Now thinking this all over and trying in the interest of all concerned to devise a way which will make things easier, I have thought that a game exchange, a kind of clearing house, might be established at Bangor, which would save visiting sportsmen no end of trouble, besides great expense. As it is now, when a large part of our best hunters are employed as guides, our people probably kill half the game carried out by the true sportsmen. Now if the guides did not have to take the sports round, they could easily kill all which would be needed, and bring it to Bangor, and get full as good pay and much less vexatious work. There could be arranged a want and supply bureau, so that a list could be kept of those wanting game; and when there was a supply, they could at once order just what they wanted. It now often happens that when one wants bear or moose, he can only get deer or caribou, which he does not wish; but by my plan any one could get the exact thing he wanted, and would know the exact cost of his trip beforehand.

If one wanted to make a big show he could board at one of the Bangor hotels and have his choice of high or low prices, instead of all the hardships of spring beds and poor mattresses in the common hunting camps. Then when ready, he could return home with his load of game fresh as a daisy. He would probably be obliged to pay a trifle higher than the same game would sell for in Boston, to prevent the market men from interfering and buying it to ship as they are now said to do; also he would probably have to "tip" the local wardens enough to make up for what they would lose by not having their accustomed share in the market men's profits for protecting them; but this would be no more than would be fair, as no one could be expected to give up their legitimate business for another's benefit without reasonable compensation, and all sportsmen will find most of our wardens good fellows and willing to do anything in reason.

Now, I claim that such an arrangement would be a great benefit to all concerned. The sportsman could know just how long he would be gone, and would be at much less expense and inconvenience. The guide could make as much and have a much more pleasant employment. There would be no danger of accidents and no irritation among settlers who have cattle shot or wounded. Farmers are a most unreasonable class, and seem to think that they have a perfect right to let their cattle roam in their pastures just where they please as long as they own the land. Now, as all our hunters can tell a calf or horse from a deer or moose, this friction, which threatens to become serious, would be entirely avoided. The wardens would approve of it, as it would give them a chance to show their willingness to suffer for the public good. In short, I do not see why every one would not be benefited by it, except a few railroads and up-river camps, and I am not planning for their benefit, but am looking solely at what will be of the greatest good to those interested in game. So along with your plank of "No sale of game," please insert another for "A Game Exchange in Maine."

EVEN DEAL.

BANGOR, Me.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

Ducks and Snipe.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—I had a good evening on green and blue-winged teal last week. Dr. Watts, Mr. Gillette, Postmaster Joe George, and the writer, took an afternoon at Mitchell's Lake. Knowing where there usually swims a bunch of teal in a round pond in the middle of the swamp, I strung out the party on the line of the anticipated flight and crept up to the water hole. It was full of teal that were quacking, whistling and generally enjoying themselves under the chaperonage of a few motherly sprigs, whose long necks stretched at full length to discover what that was crawling through the brush. The ducks were very tame and I had a beautiful pot-hunter chance to murder, which I did not embrace. I intended to flush the whole lot without shooting, knowing they would circle back several times. But then as the birds thundered out a pair of fat and lubberly gadwalls leaped from the cover, which was too much for me. The little 20-gauge was quickly placed ahead of the first bird, the trigger pulled, and as the first bird checked a shapeless mass in mid air the second barrel puffed a hat full of feathers out the second sprig. Then the air became alive with buzzing teal. They circled over the party strung out along the water course and I saw several fall. They came back to me and I punched the life out of nine before the flight stopped.

It was then about a half hour before sundown and we took a turn after jacksnipe, and, while they were not exceedingly plentiful, we managed to bag about twenty-five of the genus *Scolopax*.

Evening Teal.

Just as the sun rays were cleaving the tops of the live oaks on the beautiful point at the old club house, the swift-winged and twisting teal began to come in. First in pairs, then in flocks, until the air seemed alive with them. We did not kill a great many. The gait was rather swift, but one of those swifters well killed is worth a dozen such shots as I had at the pair of fat and lazy sprigs. We killed exactly nine to each gun. Not a big killing, but the time passed was very pleasant.

On our return to the wagon, a rattlesnake was found investigating the camp. A billet of wood sent his soul to Beelzebub, and in an hour we were in the city.

Protection Needed.

Nearly every sportsman who has been out this season after quail reports that not more than one-half the birds they flush are large enough to kill. Some coveys have been seen that are hardly able to take wing. The Texas season ought to be shortened.

A Good Shot.

Dr. Jesse Bell, a young and prominent disciple of Æsculapius whose shingle swings in the San Antonio breeze, is an ardent sportsman, and some five years ago, in company with the writer was he visiting a friend away up in the wildest part of Edwards county. There the Messina or black quail abounds and we had some rare sport. Having climbed up the divide one morning after a big buck that we had often seen, a bevy of Bob Whites was flushed and one saucy cock alighted on the topmost limb of a convenient mesquite.

"Watch me blow his head off," said the embryo doctor; and he blazed away with the .38 Winchester. The bird even disdained to fly in recognition and the doctor quickly slipped another cartridge into the empty chamber and fired again and again with exactly the same result. "Confound that quail," quoth he of the rifle, and the bird dropped.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From our Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 25.—On Monday, Oct. 22, at his residence in this city, there passed away one of the oldest, best-known and best-beloved of the sportsmen of Chicago. Mr. Joseph Card, or Uncle Joe Card, as he was universally known, was a character of rare and lovable sort. No man ever saw him otherwise than in good humor, and no one ever heard him utter an unkind word of any human being. His was a nature essentially large and charitable, and if he had faults of his own, no one in Chicago could have told what they were. In mind as well as body his whole expression was of content, god nature and generousness.

Mr. Card was one of the oldest members of the Maksaw-ba Club and a regular attendant at the grounds on the Kankakee. In his later years he became very fond of fishing, and he was always successful with the bass, nearly always having the largest and best take of the day. He was the very ideal picture of the true angler, jolly, happy and contented, rain or shine, and always with a hope for better days rather than a prophet of dark clouds. At the club house he was treated with the deference due his years and character, and it will be a long time before his quaint sayings and his oddities of expression will have passed out of quotation there.

Mr. Card was also a member of the largest Toledo ducking club, or rather the wealthiest, and he usually went to Lake Erie for the duck shooting which he liked so well. He was in comfortable circumstances, and a good type of the best modern sportsmanship, owing no man anything, and grudging no man anything.

Mr. Card's illness was of very long standing, and he knew years ago that he could never be well, but he looked the truth squarely and unflinchingly in the face, and no one ever heard him voice a feeling of rebellion or of fear. When the boys called on him he always told them he thought he was "a little better," though all the time he knew he never would be better. So last Monday the end came and he died as peacefully and contentedly as he had lived. The funeral ceremonies of last Wednesday were attended by a large number of Mr. Card's sportsmen friends, and the boys are very quiet now when they mention Uncle Joe.

Caught in a Sink Box.

Last week I spoke of the successful termination of the litigation which has been troubling the Horicon clubs. Grady, the permit seller, has called in all his permits and retired from the field with the assurance that he will fight no more. It happened that he did not get word to all his dupes soon enough, and out of this grew an interesting bit of news. Last Sunday Percy Stone was going over the Diana grounds and heard firing in what is called the Big Lake. He and his pusher found an iron boat hid in the reeds, and this they promptly shot full of holes and sunk, confiscating the game they found in it. A little further on they discovered a man shooting from a sink box in the middle of the lake—thus committing trespass and violating a State law at the same time. Stone went up to him, asked him what he was doing there, took away his gun, removed the shells, took the man ashore and walked him off the marsh. The fellow begged lustily, and promised all sorts of things if left alone. He will be prosecuted under the State law first and then put through a little course of trespass. The fellow turns out to be a man by the name of Hanson, and is a traveling man from Cincinnati, who hangs around the shooters of Chicago and tries to pose as a sportsman. He bought a Grady permit in Chicago, and is now in a very fair way indeed to learn how worthless that is. The Horicon men will finish out all the poaching on those grounds now, and the members are jubilant this week.

Mr. Hoyt, of New York city, was at the upper club last week, though at last accounts he had not had a good day. Mr. Hoyt was one of the six New York men to join the Diana Club last year. High bag last Saturday was 26, by Mr. Weber, of Chicago. Roll Organ and myself bagged a dozen teal in a little hole we found, only shooting about twenty minutes; but for the rest of the day did not get much shooting, though Mr. Organ got half a dozen nice mallards the day before. The shooting was very light.

The snipe seem now to be working pretty well south. There were very few at Horicon. At Oconomowoc, Wis., there was fine shooting last week. Along the Kankakee the snipe are still lingering, and there should be some fun there yet a while. At Water Valley, Ind., the sport at snipe has been great for the past two weeks.

Deer in the Settlements.

Oct. 27.—This week at Ashland, Wis., a deer pursued by hounds ran through the middle of the city into a private residence, bounding up stairs and at length in its fright leaping out of the second story window. In its fall it struck upon a picket fence and broke its hind leg, whereupon it was killed by members of the fire brigade. Some friends of mine were speaking of this incident and one of them said that a few years ago he was once sitting in a barber shop in Marquette, Mich., when a deer ran down the main street of the town. At the edge of the town it stopped, apparently much frightened and at a loss what to do. It finally escaped in the woods, how-

ever, as one can only wish the Ashland deer had done also.

Mustn't Jam His Centerboard.

Mr. George Gould of New York city in his private car Atlanta arrived at Kansas City Oct. 24. The despatches say that Mr. Gould and friends went quail shooting near Elgin, in Miller county, Mo., and bagged nearly 200 birds. It is not stated how many quail Mr. Gould killed, but if he can't shoot any better than he can sail he'd better stay at home. And he really mustn't jam the centerboard of his car, you know.

Koshkonong.

Billy Mussey and Eddie Bingham, two of Chicago's finest, have gone up to Koshkonong, in Wisconsin, to entirely destroy the canvasback crop of the year.

Strictly Business.

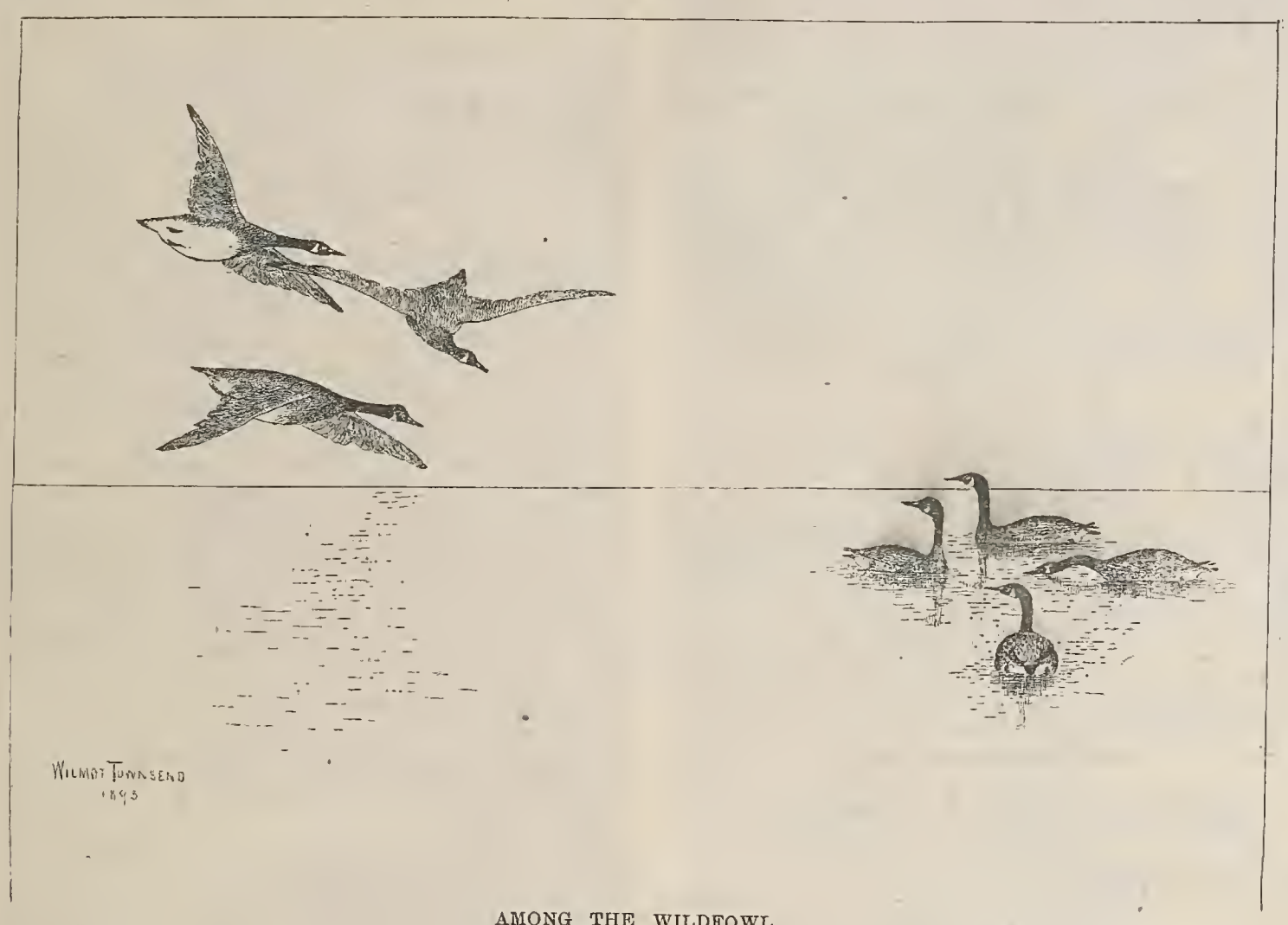
"I wish it plainly understood," said G. Harry Marlin, of the Marlin rifles, "that the purpose of my visit to Chicago is strictly business. I am doing nothing but selling our new .25-20 repeater, the only .25cal. repeater made and the best little rifle on earth for squirrels, woodchucks, rabbits, goslings, hippopotamuses or other small birds. Yes, sir, and I am selling a lot of 'em. Chicago is a good town. But I think I will go to San Antonio for the winter I am preparing a great historical work on the Origin, Growth and Decline of the Chile Queen."

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

JERSEY SQUIRREL LAW AGAIN.

ACCORDING to the *Game Laws in Brief*, there is in New Jersey no law on gray squirrels. As we said last week, the *Brief* is correct. We also took occasion to point out the error contained in the official compilation of the New Jersey game laws published by the Fish Commission.



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.

"All's well. Will you join us?"

That error is found in this paragraph interjected without warrant into the Commission's compilation:

Unlawful to kill gray squirrels except from September fourteenth to December sixteenth.

In reply to our inquiry of Secretary H. P. Frothingham as to where this provision was found in the law itself, he has sent us a copy of this letter from the counsel of the Commission:

MT. ARLINGTON, N. J., Oct. 22.—Hon. H. P. Frothingham: Dear Sir—Your letter of the 19th inst. inclosing a letter from Mr. Charles B. Reynolds of the 17th inst. pertaining to our opinion to you of Aug. 9 last, that it is unlawful to kill gray squirrel in New Jersey except between Sept. 14 and Dec. 16, has been received.

In further substantiation of that opinion we beg leave to submit the following, and you may, if you like, send a copy of this letter to Mr. Reynolds. As far as we know, there has probably always been a law in New Jersey regulating the shooting of gray squirrels. Section 2 of the Foote Act, approved Feb. 28, 1893, stated that it was unlawful to kill gray, black or fox squirrel, except only between Sept. 14 and Dec. 16. The supplement to the Foote Act, approved May 22, 1894, provided that said Section 2 be *amended* to read the same as now appears in the pamphlet you mailed to Mr. Reynolds some days ago, which states that it is unlawful to kill black or fox squirrels except only between Oct. 31 and Dec. 16, and which says nothing whatever as to gray squirrel.

In our opinion it was evidently the intention of the person who drew the act of May 22, 1894, to leave the law as to gray squirrel the same as in the Foote Act aforesaid. As we interpret it the act of May 22, 1894, is more in the nature of an amendment to Section 2 of the Foote Act than a repealer of said Section 2 of the Foote Act. If it had been the intention of the person who drew the act of May 22, 1894, to make the law pertaining to gray squirrel different from what it was according to the second section of the Foote Act he would have stated in his law of May 22, 1894, in addition to what he did state, that "said Section 2 is hereby repealed"

Of course the matter would have been very much plainer if the person who drew the act of May 22, 1894, had stated in the act that it was unlawful to kill gray squirrel except between Sept 14 and Dec. 16, and unlawful to kill black or fox squirrel except only between Oct. 31 and Dec. 16. In this way he could have made it to appear much more clear as to what was in his mind and as to what the law really would be after the passage of his act.

In the interpretation of other laws we frequently come across cases like this and invariably give them the interpretation that we have above, regarding no amendatory act as a repealing act unless it especially provides that it is to be a repealing act. Yours truly,

DICKINSON, THOMPSON & MCMASTER.

In comment on this opinion, it is pertinent to remark that while good intentions are reputed to make capital pavement, they are worthless to protect game. The speculations of Messrs. Dickinson, Thompson & McMaster as o the intention of the author of this law to protect gray quirrels are ingenious and interesting, but have no bearing on the subject, for that intention is not given expression in the law itself; and it is a familiar principle that we must take a penal statute as we find it, and construe it literally. In this case the text is definite and explicit; it designates "black or fox squirrels," says nothing about gray squirrels, and has no application to them.

It is also quite clear to us that in this case the amendment, being of the entire section, is in effect a repeal. The act of May 22, 1894, provides that Sec. 2, relating to squirrels, "be and the same is hereby amended to read as follows:"

2. And be it enacted, That hereafter it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to capture, kill or have unlawfully in possession after the same has been taken or killed, any black or fox squirrel, except only between the thirty-first day of October and the sixteenth day of December in any year, under a penalty of twenty dollars for each black or fox squirrel so taken, killed or had unlawfully in possession.

If the entire section is amended to read this new way it cannot read the old way; none of the old section remains; it is done away with—repealed.

If we adopt the contrary reasoning of the counsel to the Commission, and assume that the entire new reading of the section does not repeal the old reading, then we have here two conflicting Sections 2, prescribing different seasons for black and fox squirrels. And as Sections 1, 3, 4 and 25 of the game law were amended this year in precisely the same manner as Section 2, while not a one of the amendatory acts "especially provides that it is to be a repealing act," we have two conflicting seasons for deer, two for quail, two for hare, two for ruffed grouse and two for brook trout. That would be such a mess as we have never yet come to in game legislation; nor ever shall so long as we abide by the statutes and common sense and are not led astray by "opinions."

To speak frankly, the learned counsel to the Commission appear in this opinion to have advanced a line of reasoning, which, we believe, Secretary Frothingham will find will not stand the test of the courts, if on the strength of it he shall arrest gunners for killing gray squirrels. Protection for this game cannot be opinioned into the Statute; but it can be and should be put there by the next Legislature.

Meanwhile the Commission should correct its erroneous compilation of the game laws.

Big Game in the Big Horns.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following appeared in one of the Omaha daily papers: "Judge E. S. Dundy had a great outing in the Big Horn Mountains this summer and fall, returning Saturday evening of last week. The venerable judge outdid himself this year, securing two big grizzly bears, two black bears, fourteen elk, two bighorn sheep and a dozen blacktail deer."

Now, can any one imagine what use Judge Dundy could have for fourteen elk in the summer time, and at the same time a dozen blacktail deer? I venture the assertion that this did not comprise all the game slaughtered by the Dundy party, for he had some companions with him who were just as good rifle shots no doubt as he; but these people were not such prominent people as Judge Dundy, and didn't get their names in the paper. What a state of affairs we have to endure in this Western country in respect to the prosecution of the game laws. This Judge E. S. Dundy is no common justice of the peace, nor police judge, nor even county or district judge, but he sits on the bench and wears the robes of the great United States Circuit Court. It makes me so indignant I cannot write about it.

E. E.

[The Big Horns are in Wyoming. The Wyoming law forbids the killing of elk, mountain sheep or deer, except by residents and for immediate use as food.]

A Wild Rice Success.

PORT ELGIN, Ont., Oct 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About twelve years ago three of us here obtained from Port Hope, Ont., a half bushel of wild rice and sowed it in Arran Lake, Bruce county, Ont., since which time we have heard nothing of it until now, and find that it grew and is rapidly spreading over the lake. My reason for giving you this information is because about a year after it was sown you asked for the result. J. C. D.

The Pneumatic Boats and the Ducks.

ELIZABETH, N. J.—I heartily agree with J. B. Burnham in the sentiments expressed by him in the closing part of his article published in your issue of Oct. 20 on pneumatic boats, in which he says, "They (pneumatic boats) will add one more link to the chain of causes that is lessening our game supply, inasmuch as they will render heretofore inaccessible fastnesses open to assault." If this boat is the success its inventor claims for it, and should it come into use with wildfowl shooters, what opportunity will the ducks and geese have to feed and rest on their accustomed feeding grounds? They have little enough opportunity now on their migratory flights. With the pneumatic boat to go everywhere, as it is claimed, there will be no feeding grounds left undisturbed for the ducks and geese to feed and rest upon, and consequently no ducks and geese to shoot. By virtue of the game laws of New Jersey a partial, if not effectual, preventive of this evil is afforded in that State. By the law of that State passed Feb. 28, 1893, found on page 48 of the pamphlet laws of that State for that year, Sec. 20 provides:

That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons hunting or gunning after geese, duck or brant, to place the boat or sink box, or other floating vessel, in which he lies in wait to kill said geese, duck or brant at a distance of more than 100ft. from ice or from marsh, or meadow, or heaped seaweed, or sand bank not covered with water at high tide; and every person so offending against the provisions of this section, shall for each and every offense forfeit and pay the sum of twenty dollars

Section 21. That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to sail for, to shoot or shoot at any goose, brant or duck, from any boat or boats, vessel or vessels, propelled by steam or sail; or from any boat or boats, vessel or vessels, or similar structure or structures, anchored or staked upon the waters of this State, under the penalty of twenty dollars for each and every offense.

Section 20 prohibits the pneumatic boat from being placed at a distance of more than 100ft from ice, marsh or meadow; and Section 21 prohibits the pneumatic boat from being anchored or staked upon the feeding grounds of the wildfowl, or upon any of the waters of the State. This law if enforced would virtually prohibit the use of the pneumatic boat in New Jersey; though the penalty for violating the law is far from excessive, no wildfowl shooter would care to be subjected to the annoyance or expense of a prosecution at law for violation of the statute. It behooves all game wardens in New Jersey to see to it that these provisions of the game law of the State are strictly enforced if violated; and that the feeding grounds of the wildfowl in the waters of this State are not invaded by the pneumatic boat. The insuperable objection to the pneumatic boat is, that it is a miniature battery, and batteries of all kinds for wildfowl shooting should be abolished. ROBERT E. CHETWOOD.

The Cape Cod Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A note in the FOREST AND STREAM the other day told of deer in a Massachusetts town. If you were down here on the Cape you would soon learn the reason why a deer is seen roaming about the State; or if you would spend a week on the Cape and hear the dogs chase "short-tailed foxes" you would not be one bit surprised to see a deer on the main street in the city. All the game laws amount to you could put in your eye, and then see the reason they go "fox hunting." If you are on the Cape and hear a dog following toward the ponds, and hear a gun, the thing to do is get as near the place of shooting as possible, and at dark I will bet my old hat you will see the biggest fox carried home you ever saw. I do not mean that all of the fox hunting is after deer, but I am willing to say that two-thirds of them go out and would not bother with a fox at all. They are after foxy deer. Ask a friend that lives on the Cape how he likes the deer law, and what does he say? Why, that law is just what we want; we have the fun all to ourselves; we are right here where the deer are, and the law keeps outsiders out of the woods. Ask one of them where all the deer have gone, for they were quite plenty ten years ago, and what does he say to this? He shrugs his shoulders and says: "Gone with the fire." He is right; but he does not mean by forest fires; the fire with a few buckshot in front of it is what has done the business. There may have been a few killed by fires, but deer are not fools to stand and be burned when there is plenty of water handy, and there is plenty of it on the Cape, for there are more than three hundred lakes and ponds in the county where the Cape deer makes his home. Why, a Cape friend of mine pointed out to me not long ago on the street a man who had killed nine deer on the Cape in one fall, three years ago. You will do me a great favor if you will publish the main parts of this letter or all of it if you like; and I am not ashamed to sign it with the name of a constant reader, WILLIAM WEDEN.

Where Kansas Game is Abundant.

EMPORIA, Kan., Oct. 22.—The wild geese and cranes have been passing for a few days in large numbers. Occasionally a flock of geese alight here and stay for a little while. The ducks also begin to come in, and there will probably be a few days of good shooting whenever the cold weather sets in. Wild doves and plover have been quite plenty, but have now mostly gone southward. Jack-rabbits and cottontails are fairly plenty about here, the former giving good sport with a light rifle. Fox and gray squirrels are abundant enough along the timber on the river banks to satisfy any one but a pot-hunter. There are some prairie chickens south and west of here, but only a very few in this immediate vicinity.

It has been an unusually good season for quail, as there has been no hailstorms or hard showers to kill them. In August I found two nests near the house, one with fifteen, the other with seventeen eggs; and in September I saw several flocks of small birds, so I think the old birds mostly raised two broods this season. The shooting begins next month, Nov. 1. Altogether a day spent wandering over these great plains and among the timber is one not soon forgotten, whether the game bag gets full or not, for it is "sunny Kansas" and there is a sense of freedom here unknown in the East. If any of the brethren should wander this way, the latch-string is out and they are welcome if they can put up with a bachelor's entertainment. But to one who loves the wild creatures for their own sake there is often a feeling of sadness, for the buffalo wallows still remain, and a bit of splintered horn or broken bone is occasionally picked up that once was a part of one of the "mighty that have fallen."

PINE TREE.

The Old Ohio Home.

CALIFORNIA.—It is but twelve short years since Billy and I were wont to take our guns and in the walk of a few miles to the lake would bag a goodly number of squirrels, and on that lake with the addition of Moss and Jack to our party we would have some great sport with the wild fowl. The same water in season afforded some grand sport with the rod, for pike, bass and yellow-perch were most frequently caught. At Van Horn's, south of town, some gold-letter days have been passed with Dick and the woodcock, that bird so dear to the sportsman. West of town a tamarack swamp or two afforded some great grouse shooting, while to the south and east our days with Bob White will never be forgotten.

Since then there has been a boom; and the results while pleasing no doubt to many, have had the directly opposite effect on me. The quail have gone and at the woodcock marsh the sign (no shooting) seemed out of place where before all had been as free as air. The timberland and tamarack swamp have been converted into dollars, while the lake that afforded the boys such sport is lower by several feet and the fishing that the proprietors of two fashionable hotels had to offer consisted of one poor bass about six inches in length, which we in charity returned to the water. The companions who formed the best part of those days are gone. Billy I have not seen; Moss is in the journalistic field; Dick is well known to your readers; while the writer, like Jack, has matrimonial ties, that, while pleasant, only bring into bright relief the old days. The old home is changed so much that it is home no longer, only the place remains. One companion we have not mentioned before, but by long odds the best, the old pointer Scott, disappeared mysteriously a short time before I concluded that there were too many people there. While I have owned many dogs since then, there will always be a warm place for old Scott, the bravest and truest dog I ever knew. He no doubt succumbed to some one's ill will, but with the Rev. Adams, I often ask—"Where is my dog?" Poor old Scott; were you but alive I know that one at least would have a friendly greeting for

THE WANDERER.

The Pennsylvania Bear and Deer Stock.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On last Saturday Bill and John Condron, two hunters from the Green Woods, brought to town three bears. They caught them all in one pen on last Friday night. The bears were in good order. Last year bears caught in the same country were very poor. But one deer has as yet been brought to our market, showing that deer are very scarce.

FRANK G. HARRIS.

LACKAWAXEN, Pa., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Between Barryville and Beaver Brook and Lackawaxen, hunters have captured twelve deer and one small bear this last week. More to be heard from. Rabbits are very plentiful and partridges good. Also in town of Lackawaxen last week five deer were killed. The leaves are dropping fast and good sport will be had next week.

F. H.

A Lucky and Skillful Shot.

ONE of our local pistol "cracks" not long since left his desk for a few days' rest at the home of a friend in the hills near this city (San Francisco). He of course took his .22 Stevens target pistol along, and amused himself by climbing the hills in search of blue jays and rabbits. One forenoon while on one of his jaunts he heard in a thicket near by a tremendous crashing of brush. Remaining quiet a moment he presently saw projected from the edge of the brush successively the antlers, face, neck and chest of a large buck. Coolly leveling his little "toy" pistol he fired with careful aim at the point where the windpipe enters the chest. The animal dropped in his tracks. After being dressed the carcass weighed 100lbs. The distance was found to be thirty-seven paces. The cartridge was a .22 long rifle and the ball was recovered from the substance of one of the lungs.

ROEEL.

Where Do You Aim?

FOR the last twenty years I have not shot at a deer's body, if I could see its head or neck, under 200yds. I miss once in a while, but I seldom cripple one.

LEW WIMOT.

Quail Shooting in North Carolina.

The Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," which controls nearly 5,000 miles south of Washington and in whose territory quail shooting is found most plentiful, inform us that they have advice from all along the line of this great system that game is very plentiful this season. They have now in the hands of the printer and will be ready for distribution November 1, a very interesting book called "Quail Shooting in the Carolinas." This book will be gotten up by the Passenger Department and will give a great deal of valuable information to those who contemplate visiting the South for quail shooting. This book will contain a list of the hotels, prices of board, stable hire for teams, kind of game to be found, whether or not lands are posted, and refers by permission to large sportsmen along the line. It is hardly necessary to call attention to the excellent service this line offers from New York and the East to the hunting grounds of Virginia, Carolinas, Georgia and the South. Two fast limited trains leave New York daily, 4:30 P. M. and 12:15 A. M. (midnight), carrying through sleeping car service New York to all principal southern cities.

For further information call on or address: R. D. Carpenter, General Agent; Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway New York, N. Y. W. A. Pearce, Agt., 228 Washington st., Boston, Mass. F. B. Brice, Agt., 32 So. Third st., Phliadelphia, Pa. Mr. L. S. Brown, General Agent Passenger Dept., Washington D. C.—*Adv.*

Prairie Chickens.

RECENT reports received by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway from stations in the prairie chicken country of Minnesota and South Dakota all indicate a prospect of the best hunting for years. Chickens are very plentiful and in fine condition. Duck shooting prospects are also good. Full information can be had by addressing Ticket Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway 207 Clark street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

Chickens, Ducks and Geese

are going to be very plentiful along the line of the Northern Pacific this season. Make your arrangements to go and get some of them. Send Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., 4 cents in stamps for "Natural Game Preserves of the Northwest."—*Adv.*

"Uncle Lisha's Shop."

TWENTY-TWO sketches of homely life in Vermont as it was a generation ago. Mr. Robinson has the art of a story teller, and the gift of portrait painting; and when now and then he touches upon the tenderer side of this homely life, he does it with a sure hand. The book is racy, but very close to the soil. It is long since we have seen so masculine a treatment, and in spite of the extreme Yankeeism of speech and phrase, the book impresses one as singularly fresh and genuine.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

An Episode of Red Rock Lake.

HELENA, Mont., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I met Judge DeWitt, of the Supreme Court of this State, to-day, who told me an incident in goose hunting which I doubt has been paralleled in any country. The Judge had just returned from the Montana Hunting Club house on Red Rock Lake, in southern Montana, one of the finest duck grounds in the State. The lake is an overflowed swamp, full of what the local sportsmen call wild celery, and said to be the same plant as the famous food of the canvasback ducks in Chesapeake Bay. How accurate this may be I do not know, but it is the fact that this lake and feeding grounds are a great resort for the canvasback, and the only place in this State where that choice bird is found in any numbers.

But for the goose incident. My judicial narrator gave me the following simple tale:

"I had pushed my boat into the tules, and had knocked down a few canvasbacks, when I was rejoiced with the near approach of a band of Canada geese. I had only No. 6 shot, and surprised myself by dropping a big honker. I pushed the boat out at once and did my own retrieving. In a moment I had lifted the Canadian alien by the neck into the boat. Do you think that was a dead goose? If it were, I would enjoy seeing some athlete hold a live one by the neck. But after a struggle and a thumping, for which my former lack of pugilistic experience had not prepared me, I subdued him. Finding that his only injury was a crease on the top of the head, it occurred to me that the best way to get even with his tribe was to use him as a decoy. The next question was as to an anchor. The shores of the lake were a swamp, with not a rock in sight, and the only article of weight in the boat was a bottle of water, which it was necessary to carry by reason of the undrinkable quality of the lake water. My irreverent companions, however, say that the contents of the bottle were brewed in Milwaukee. But whatever may be the truth in this respect, the bottle was soon fastened to the honker's leg and he was planted on the water 30yds. from my *cache*. He floated as beautifully as a painted ship upon a painted ocean, and honked a melody which soon had the effect of bringing in his friends. *Honk, honk, honk*, came from the swamp in musical chorus; and *honk, honk, honk*, replied my planted soloist. I was calmly lining up the incomers with the malign intent of getting several heads in a row, when through the inspiration of honking friends the wings of the Canadian spread, his neck stretched, the body rose, legs appeared and the bottle followed the feathers into the air.

"The moment was critical. The new geese were at long range and had turned. My branded goose was leaving with the supplies. The swamp water was unfit to drink, the club house was five miles away and the day was warm. I must stop the commissary goose at all hazards. A goose with the only drinkable fluid in sight was worth more than the unincumbered immigrants. These thoughts probably moved me, for I precipitately sent the contents of both barrels after the retreating water-carrier. Alas, for a nervous aim at a crucial moment. The first barrel missed everything, and the second smashed the bottle into a thousand fragments, and with a parting *honk* of derisive farewell the goose mounted like a balloon with the basket cut." * * *

Sea and River Fishing.

FISHING THE WOLF.

(Concluded from Page 363.)

WE were up with the sun next morning, and were more than delighted with the encouraging advice of our host, to go alone—my companion and myself—to the river that day. The severe exercise and the heat of the two previous days had been a little too much for the writer, so that, with a present headache, breakfast was ignored and an extra lunch carried. Spring water was the only thing ingested except a couple of doses of effervescent phosphocaffein compound together with five grains of antifebrin. With only this aboard, we again mounted our steeds, and accompanied by the boy to bring back the horses at the end of the two miles, W. H. Finney and myself started. Another drink at the old spring, and over the same trails as yesterday, we soon reached the river at yesterday's starting point. We decided to spend the day in each other's company and catch what fish we could, as an extra diversion. We knew that we would catch more than enough trout and saw no good in following the rapacious plan of some fishermen who try to catch the very last fish. Though posterity had done nothing for us, we thought that some other sportsman would come along and have some luck after we had gone, if fish enough were left; and though none of our fish caught were carelessly wasted, they might be if we had too many.

As soon as we had cooled off a little and our fishing rods were ready—rigged as on the day before—and after donning the thickest woollen underwear, we walked, without rubber boots, into the cold spring water. In our empty condition, and sick withal, it was a chilly job, and we decided to get outside of a pint of milk and a biscuit as quickly as possible. After this, fishing along, we soon warmed up, and as the fish were more rapidly creeled we soon felt well again. The shallow places were rapidly passed, and the deeper ones more carefully fished for the larger fish, if any there were. Though less comfortable in the water, often 3½ft. deep, yet I had pleasant companionship and better fishing than on yesterday.

When the day was half done we heard in the distance the voices of happy children apparently at play, and as we approached more nearly the unseen ones their rippling laughter kept time with the noisy brook. Still unseen, we fished along until at last the voices seemed but a step away from us beyond a curve in the stream, and we were much interested to learn whence they came. The river's bend was reached silently, and on a nearby bluff, where a clearing had been made, there at the very river's edge on the rising ground, a group of merry Indian children were at play. Save for their coppered skins, they were the same as white children in their merriment. We eyed them only a moment before they discovered us, and warned by the one who first saw us, the others for an instant looked our way and, with hushed voices, they scampered over the bluff like wild things, out of our sight. All was still again save for the trout's splash and the breaking of the brook. We regretted that our civilized presence had frightened off these children, owners of the very stream we fished. We were trespassing, not they, and they had left the field to us. I would have enjoyed to watch their play for a while had I not underestimated their eagle sight. Had I known of their intuitive fear of white intruders we would have remained hidden from their view and watched their play. We were merely curious, they were severely afraid.

From this point of the river we fished with the best luck of all. The water was deeper and reached to our middle in its narrowest places, and in such we expected to find better fish, especially where overhanging bushes offered the darkness that the large trout love. After fishing along with moderate results I cast into an eddying, deep corner and allowed the current to carry the bait beneath the bushy shade, and I felt a savage bite—the line, rod and arm thrilled from the stroke, but the connection failed, and my hook was almost baitless. My companion was at my side, and I told him to cast into the same spot, and doing so, his baited hook taking the same course as mine had done, was almost immediately seized and his rod doubled, the short line whizzing back and forth across the narrowed stream in a manner that betokened an impaled conqueror, whose actions had never before been limited in this wise, as evidenced by his frenzied thrashing from this to the other side, then up and down the stream as far as the short rod and line would permit. Around the dipping branches he would whip the line in spite of my friend's efforts, and breaking loose again would try the same tactics near the other shore. At first the fisherman looked fearful of results, but he was impatient to basket the fish, but he was encouraged to be patient and soon became used to the exciting time. As yet we had had but the faintest reflex from his shining sides as he churned the water in his efforts to escape, and we were both anxious to view his dimensions. Matters continued thus for probably twenty minutes, but hours seemed to intervene. I had dropped my rod, and with landing net in my hand watched the fisherman and the fish with undiluted pleasure, adding: "Don't hurry him." And he'd reply: "All right." We both had learned ere this that the fish was well hooked, and we knew that the tackle was new and strong. After a while the antics changed. They became less and less wild. The steady pull was there, but the rod tip was not jerked to the water's edge as at first, and we began to get better and still better glimpses of light flashed from the long sides of the now rolling and troubled fish. He was less averse to the guidance of his rushes and would permit my friend to draw him toward the net, but not yet to it without another feebler effort to break loose. He tried more and more, and his balance wheel gave out still further, so that clear upon his side he'd loll and right himself again, and nearer to the surface he would come, so that now we could see plainly his many-hued sides and admire his beauteous proportions. Gently, very gently, and yet eyeing us withal, and resting on his side he was gradually dragged across the waiting, submerged net, which later on being raised caught one of the most perfect fish on which our eyes had ever feasted. The fight was ended and a 14½in. fish, fat and beautiful, was the result, and he scaled 1½lbs. In his gluttony he had swallowed the hook, thus accounting for his certain capture. This fight alone was worth our entire trip, and completely routed any remaining disappointment. Our ill-feelings had also gone, and in such good water we felt encouraged to further effort.

After catching a few smaller fish my companion had another good bite, and, connecting firmly, played another good fish, as well as the surroundings would permit, and finally landed another tiger that weighed nearly a pound. I now began to feel as if my generosity in aiding my companion to his first big fish, had been abused by his catching the second one also, leaving me to drag in merely the smaller ones. The savage sentiment of the selfish was being awakened in my being, and to work I went to try and outdo him in the next good fish to be caught.

In the near distance I espied a lonesome and large tree trunk crossing the stream and just peeping above the water's edge. With malice aforethought I planned to get the first cast beneath its woody shade for any leviathan that probably lurked within its darkened waters. My line was a little longer than his and I dropped the hook a foot in front of the log and drew it across stream in front of the tree trunk, and got a good bite, connected and landed quickly a ¾lb. trout. I was not after him, though, and hurriedly re-cast to the shore-end of the log nearest my stand. The baited hook suddenly disappeared from view, as out from the dark waters I saw rush toward it a brown streak of life. The electric thrill was rapidly conveyed to my heart, for it beat faster and faster, and my nature seemed alive with renewed vigor as my rod bent to an almost breaking point, and my new silk line and salmon-gut leader were as taut as a piano-wire. I was bound to keep the fish out from under the tree if the heavens fell, and my rod and tackle were smashed to smithereens. A fight was on both in the water and out of it, and on my generalship and patience depended my fisherman's record—of disgrace and no big fish, or victory and a partial balancing with my companion's luck.

The stream at this point was free from dipping bushes, and there was a larger pond hole just above the log. The only cover for the fish was his loggy shade, and for this he fought. When first hooked he barely reached beneath the tree before I turned him, and in his determined effort he crossed the stream immediately in front of the tree, and, failing to get his way, he thrashed back again as quickly to his first position. The rod creaked with the strain, and I was afraid it would break, as the fish rushed up the stream toward me, and I had to elevate the rod. He turned, however, and back toward the log he went. We had not seen him yet to note his size. My friend now looked over, with net in hand, to aid me in the final act. Failing to carry his loggy point, the fish suddenly darted up stream again, and when within 3ft. of me the strain upon my rod was too great and it parted at a ferule, and the upper half dropped into the water, and the line was loose and still. "That ends it," I said, "and my reputa-

tion 's gone," as I rapidly grasped the butt end of the broken pole and drew through its rings the loosened line, till its water end pointed almost to my feet. It was held fast there by the creek's bottom, and up I pulled—a disappointed pull; but ah! it was off again, a creature of life once more, and through the rings the rapid line did run. My fish fortunately had sulked as soon as he had failed to feel the rankling barb within his flesh, and, being rested somewhat, was ready with his second wind to make a second fight. He tired soon, however, and with more force than skill, and little further pleasure, I finally dragged him over my friend's net, and found in him a fat beauty of 12in. in length. He weighed exactly 1lb. My friend and I tried to mend my rod but failed, so that my fishing for that day was at an end, and watching my companion fish the short remainder of the day's limit to the crossing of the main Indian trail, I waded along with him.

The sun's rays were fewer than in the morning, and the darkening clouds seemed to shorten the day and foreshadow a coming storm, so hurrying onward, without further incident, we reached the same old spring hole, found our horses and boy there, and rode home. Our baskets contained twenty-six and twenty-seven, or a total of fifty-three good trout, and thus ended the happiest day of the trip.

During the day the same trout was caught a moment later with the first hook in his mouth which he had broken from my companion's line. This would seem to indicate a hungry fish and that little pain is caused by the implanted hook.

During the day we had watched the trout in some light portions of the deep water, and often within 6ft. of where we stood they remained quietly at the bottom of the stream, apparently not afraid or hungry. Once during the day I saw a trout's snout beneath a shallow log and not 3ft. from me, and from curiosity I dropped my wormed hook in front of him. He took it but saw me as he rushed out, then dropped it as quickly and sped down the stream. Another fish took my coachman fly when it was dangling fully 2in. above the water, got hooked, and I landed a half-pounder. Again I heard a sudden splash behind me, and looking round I saw a half dead or groggy trout swimming off in shallow water. He had escaped from my nearly full creel.

We planned after supper that we would the next day re-fish only the deep water below the Indians' watering place or clearing, and seeing that this portion was short, and that the best fishing was in the later part of the day, we decided to sleep longer next morning, and after breakfast ride and walk leisurely to the appointed place on the river and spend our last short day there. The clouds had gathered more and more as the day ended, and our host predicted a storm as we bid him good night, and, after another bath, sought our rest. During the night we heard a severe thunder storm and the rain fell heavily for quite a time, and we feared a rainy coming day.

The morning broke with a sunless, rainy sky. We breakfasted late, and about 9 o'clock it cleared somewhat and we decided to start, and, our horses being ready, off we went as before. The air was muggy and oppressively warm, and as we neared the forest's edge a steadily increasing rain began to fall, but undaunted we would not turn back. We drank at the familiar spring once more, bid good bye to our boy, and taking the trail stepped off. The rain was now dropping from the giant trees. The atmosphere was still moister and more oppressive yet. We found the mosquitoes more troublesome than ever before because of the darker day. Plenteous and frequent applications of mosquito nauseator were required. We followed the main trail to the river and decided to walk north till we reached the Indian clearing on the opposite bank and start in there. We judged the distance to be about a mile to that place, and keeping upon the high ground with great effort we walked along, sweeping the dripping rain from the bushes on our backs.

We reached what we thought a place opposite the point we wanted and decided that one should take a fixed stand upon the high ground to act as guide while the other made a bee line to the river's bank, and after reaching there would announce it by a call. I was told off to remain stationary, and my companion disappeared from view to find the river through the swamp-like lower ground, He called back as he traveled along; I answered him with the Australian "coo-we" call—the furthest heard of any vocal sound I know of in the woods.

I waited there half an hour, and his fainter calls became again more and more distinct, and appeared to come from a point further south than where he had entered the swamp. As he came nearer I wondered why he was returning. At last he reached the spot where I rested in a rotten tree stump, and seemed more bedraggled and forlorn than even my rain-soaked and mosquito-bitten self. He reported no river approachable there and wanted to turn back to the old trail, and I would not. We were not lost I averred, it was the river that was lost, I said, and if we could not find it there we certainly could further up, and on I went, he following.

After a time we struck an old trail and as that appeared to lead one way to the river we decided to follow it, and so traversing a few hills and hollows we recognized the last dip of the trail as that leading to the river where we had started in twice before, and in a moment later found that we were right. We were water-logged, hot and weary, and much disgusted with our woodcraft. It was raining still, and the great drops were falling besides from the dripping branches into the river, and the outlook was dismal throughout. The water looked redder than heretofore, and on its surface was much floating vegetable matter, and the stretch within sight showed frequently rising trout, and it was the latter fact that decided us to fish.

It was one hour past the meridian and after a lunch of cold trout, bread and milk, we tackled up and started in. The water was very cold to us, and after fishing quite a distance with poor luck my companion was much disgusted with his lack of bites. The fish seemed to be playing on the top of the water, which was so stained that, save in the shadows, we could not see our feet this day. I had caught some fish on my dropper coachman fly, but had had few bites on the wormed hook. I then decided that what fish were feeding were after the flies that the rain storm had cast into the water. So I took off my sinker and bare hook, changed my coachman to the stretcher fly, and put on another fly as a dropper, and with my new rod and a longer line, I started in for what proved to be the most enjoyable sport I had had. The end fly the fish occasionally wanted, but the nearer fly, though I changed it often, they did not seem to care for.

On we fished in the rain, and the deer flies troubled us more than any other day, and the mosquitoes even as we waded the stream would bother us. The water got deeper and deeper in the deep places, and our lunches got wet as we suddenly stepped into a deeper hole. Mine finally broke through the paper coverings and floated from the right to the left side of the all-around pocket in my hunting coat; my milk bottle alone kept the water out.

At the Indians' clearing we at last arrived, and while there we discussed, on a log, our watery lunch. Soon our limbs regained their normal warmth, and we were again just starting into the water, now seemingly very cold, indeed, and we knew that the deeper reach yet to come would be still more disagreeable, and most probably void of good results. We neither of us wanted to fish any further, but we could not reach the trail except on the side of the Indians' clearing, and "Had we better risk the Indians' dogs by approaching their camp and asking their way to the crossing trail lower down?" was the query that was revolving in our minds, when over the cliff's edge and down the narrow path to the stream, bucket in hand, a young squaw came. I asked her if we might leave the river here and cross her clearing and follow their own road to the main Indian trail. She replied not, but hurriedly filling her bucket, started up the bank. A moment's chance was left, and I yelled sharply the same query to her. She stopped suddenly, bowed her head affirmatively, and disappeared over the bluff. That settled our plans, and out of the cold, deep water we started up the bank.

The rain had now ceased to fall and the sun was trying to perforate the banks of clouds. When we reached the summit of the river's bank we found a level area of probably ten acres of cleared ground covered with a growing crop of grain, then about 10in. high. A narrow path led to the further side of the open spot, and there we noticed a group of three log houses, two near together and a third a few rods away. A smoke cloud was lazily rising from a smudge fire in front of the cabins near together, and on a large pine log near the fire, and with his back toward us, sat an Indian. In the distance was also seen the young squaw whose acquaintance we had already made.

Along the path we went straight to the fire, and as we approached a puppy dog of mongrel breed bounded toward us, and, alternately barking and playing, aroused the camp. We had some misgivings as to our reception, and just then a surly, wiry-haired, large cur noticed our approach and started for us with an ugly growl. We were near the first house now, and our young squaw, with club in hand, struck the savage dog a direct blow on the head that resounded with a sickening thud. He dropped in his tracks and we heard no more from him. This act gave us courage, and we knew that we would suffer no harm. As we were walking, I observed the squaw walk up to the Indian on the log, speak with him, but still as a marble statue he remained, with back toward us. We walked up to him, and when a few feet away and exactly in front of him, we told him why we trespassed upon his presence, and asked him for directions to the lower trail. Not until we stopped did he elevate his eyes to our gaze. A perfect stoic he proved to be, for he replied not, but kept on digging the long blade of a black-handled clasp-knife into the log on which he sat. In gentle voice we repeated our request, and, without speaking a word, he pointed his extended hand in the direction of the third house. We could see no path, however, and again asked if we understood aright, and a feeble "Yes" with the same pointing was all he'd say to us.

While thus engaged more dogs appeared, and the children with several Indian girls had gathered around us at a few steps' distance. A young Indian came out of one of the houses, dressed in his vari-colored lumberman's blanket jacket and other old clothes. He did not come near us, however. My friend observed an old squaw in one of the houses with a babe in her arms. The Indian whom we addressed was very dark-skinned and old, yet straight in body. He looked well kept, and we afterward learned that his name wat "Honest John" because of his pretensions, but that actually he took whatever he could carry away, irrespective of ownership; that for thirty-five years past time had left him unchanged, and that he must have reached the age of seventy-five. Here he had brought his own family and their alliances, and mourned away his time over hunting grounds lost and the steady encroachment of the paleface upon his people's domain. The young women were dressed quite decently, and were ornamented around their necks with tawdry tinsel and bead strings. One was observed to have enlarged neck glands, and looked thinner than the others. The tubercle bacillus was destroying her life. Consumption is their worst disease we were told. We bade them good-bye, and following the direction given found their path to the trail, reached the latter, and were soon at its crossing of the stream.

It was now about 5 o'clock and we longed for a final cast among the active trout there seen. In about an hour we had caught nearly a dozen more good trout and enjoyed the sport immensely because here we could cast a fairly long line and could better play the fish. The shades of evening began to fall on the sheltered stream, as with a fisherman's benediction on our lips we bid farewell to the source of our recent joys, and with face homeward turned we trudged our soaking clothes along the trail to the old spring, two miles nearer the house. Here we cleaned our fish as we waited for the horses to arrive. My friend had only ten and I had killed twenty-three, nearly all of the same size, each weighing probably ¼lb. Our fishing that day had been spoiled by the rain and freshet, and that portion of the stream we had started for had not been fished. In three and a half days we had caught 334 trout without seeing any other species. They were small, it is true, and the river difficult to fish, and too inaccessible for comfort. The trips to and from the stream were very exhausting and spoiled our pleasure. Besides we were too far from the main line of the railroad to distribute our fish to advantage, and we scarcely expect to again fish the same stream, as we heard of others—the Evergreen and Oconto—through the gentlemanly officials of the Northwestern Railroad, said to contain larger trout, were more enjoyable to fish and where a camping outfit was no objection.

After resting the next day (Sunday) we started homeward the following morning, stayed off at Clintonville two days and reached Chicago on the fifteenth day of our trip. We had lived on trout for nearly ten days of this time, and the phospho-albumen of this agile fish had nourished our exhausted nerve-cells, so that with renewed vigor we were desirous to again re-enter the fight for sustenance and home.

Dr. ALFRED HINDE.

CHICAGO, Ill.

ONE AFTERNOON LAST SUMMER.

THE veteran and the youngster were conversing on that subject which is always so interesting to disciples of Izaak Walton. For two hours the youngster had listened while the veteran had landed gleaming trout and lusty bass from the pools of memory and the ripples of the past, now and then, I fear, hooking an especially large victim in the cool, dark, well-stocked spring-runs of fiction. The conversation had turned to a neighboring pond, where many fished that did but fish in vain. The black bass were there, you might stand on the bank and see them, long, dark, rakish, pirate-looking fellows, darting up the channel or basking a yard below the surface in the water-cooled sunshine or lying in the shadows of the overhanging trees. They looked fierce and hungry enough for anything, but their looks were deceiving. No matter how large, juicy and appetizing the worm you dangled before their noses, they turned disgustedly away; they had naught but scorn for tender frog or crusty crawfish; and the grizzly-king, the brown-hackle and the royal-coachman dimpled the surface of the water all in vain. They had acquired, in fact, such reputations as connoisseurs that one fish from this pond was considered as great a catch as half a dozen hooked in any other waters.

The veteran had been whispering legends of three and four-pounders—great, rushing, resistless fellows, that, darting from beneath some old stump, had seized his bait and snapped his line with one impulsive rush; or again, after a stubborn fight of ten minutes or so, had stood erect upon their tails, and with widely gaping mouth, spat the bait scornfully out and vanished in the depths.

The youngster grew interested—nay, excited. "I'm going down to that pond this afternoon with every variety of bait obtainable, and if I don't catch some of those fish I'll— well, I believe I *can* catch some—that's all."

"That's right," said the veteran. "You get your bait; I'll meet you at the pond and we'll give them a trial."

The shadows pointed to 3 P. M. when the youngster pushed his boat from the bank and paddled out into the channel. It was a long narrow pond with high, steep, thickly wooded banks and one edge brightened by a green and lusty fringe of rushes; here and there gnarled, water-soaked logs thrust their brown noses above the surface of the water, affording basking places for long rows of shiny turtles that craned their necks and splashed noisily into the depths when an observer drew near. In the middle lay a marshy island bordered with white lily-pads, where frogs croaked and spattered and great blue herons dreamed their philosophic visions.

The youngster drifted with the lazy current, throwing his flies toward the bank beneath the overhanging branches. The tree-tops were so plainly reflected in the clear water that he almost seemed like to catch his hook in the inverted twigs, until the plashing flies changed the picture into circling ripples. And now he came abreast of a submerged tree, the ragged limbs of which protruded here and there from the water. What a likely lurking place for a wily bass. The long line straightened out behind, the three flies shot forward, settled gently and sank slowly beneath the surface—snap—whiz, and the royal coachman had firmly hooked a victim. A vain jerk, a few short runs and a three-quarter-pound fish lay flapping in the boat.

Just then a hallo and rustle in the bushes announced that the veteran had kept his appointment. As he boarded the craft he said that he had not come to fish, and didn't intend to do anything but manage the paddle and landing net. He knew all the likely haunts about the pond, and would row from one to another until each had received fair trial. The youngster reasoned against this unselfish resolve, but in vain. And now the leader, fitted with the gaudy flies, was wound about the fisherman's hat and two lively minnows were hooked upon the line.

Out toward the middle of the pond several large logs were lying at various angles one upon another, the upper ends near the surface, the butts lost to sight in the deep pool. Toward these the boat glided cautiously, and the bait dropped in their midst. Suddenly there was a jerk, a strong pull that bent the lancewood tip to the water, another sharp, short fight, and the landing net scooped in a bass a half pound heavier than the first victim. "Hurrah, boys," said the Veteran, "that's the way to snatch 'em. Put on a lively minnow and try that place again."

For a few moments all was still save for the whiz of the dragon flies that zigzagged about in the sunshine and the joyful snickerings and cachinnations of a red squirrel that made fun of the fishermen from his perch in a neighboring butternut tree. The minnow, after swimming about a little, suddenly made for the dark hole under one of the logs. My! what a pull! Whiz! goes the line—whir! sings the reel—then splash—and the great fellow bounds twice his length into the air. But the tip was lowered, the line taut, and the mad leap was in vain. Now the line cuts the water in a half-circle as he swims slowly but strongly. Reel up quick—there he comes like a flash straight for the boat. If he gets under it he's gone and the tackle with him. But the line slacked not an instant; a quick, strong turn of the wrist and he just clears the bow. Now he's in deep water, sulky, but still full of fight. Get the landing net ready, and perhaps he can be drawn within reach of it. Slowly he comes, inch by inch, until within a foot of the surface. Oh, what a rush! right for the logs—if he reaches that brush we'll never see him again. But the veteran didn't intend he should reach the brush. Quick as a flash, leaning over the side until the gunwale dipped water, he thrust the net in front of the darting fish. A quick dip—a loud splatter—a shower of shining drops and 3½lbs. of black bass dropped into the boat, while the united voices of the veteran and youngster sounded such a joyful hallelujah that a green heron was frightened into spasms of flight, and every turtle within hearing splashed hastily into the water.

After this commotion it was deemed best to seek new grounds; so the fishermen floated slowly from place to place about the pond, trying minnows here, crawfish there, and spoon and flies between; but the fish had lost their appetites and settled into their usual state of apathy.

But then, as the saying goes, "It is not all of fishing to fish," and it was pleasant to drift with the current, idly, dreamily, careless in thought as the swallows that dimpled the water's surface or the sandpipers that peeped and whistled along the brink, while the shadows lengthened and the sunlight, fading, lifted its invisible shimmer from the earth to the western sky, and the white clouds flushed to deepening crimson. The darkly gleaming water reflected the woods and sky, softening every tint and outline like a picture. The birds chirped and rustled and the bats fluttered about in quest of the indecisive moth. Splash, splash, two leaping bass narrowly missed falling into the boat. "Put on your flies quick; they're feeding," said the veteran. So the leader was again adjusted and the flies whistled through the air, dropping near the stumps and beneath the overhanging bushes. Once, twice, thrice, the gay deceits swirled under and the quick strike of the wrist hooked a giddy fish.

But the luck was short-lived, for twilight was darkening and the veteran and youngster gave over the sport and wended their way supperward, having as a result of the afternoon's experience a fair string of fish and a goodly amount of material for their own private string of yarns.

J. R. B.

DETROIT, Mich.

THE RANGELEY LAKE WATERS.—II.

BY MOLECHUNKAMUNK.

EXTENDING through thirty years and more of annual experience about the Rangeley Lake waters in winter and summer, and having missed only one or two years in my visitations, and having passed several months in many of my visits, I have observed some features about trout which may be of interest to fishermen, and which may throw some light upon the lives of those fish which are so gamy, beautiful and delectable.

I will simply give my experience and opinions without any intention of entering into any controversy with other fishermen whose experience, perceptiveness and conclusions may be different or superior to my own.

In referring to the Rangeley Lakes I include that chain of larger lakes situated in Oxford county, Me , commencing with the Rangeley, the Mooseluckmeguntic, the two Richardsons and the Umbagog, with the adjoining and connecting small lakes and ponds. The mentioned large lakes comprise a surface area of eighty square miles, and the principal tributary lakes and ponds, more than thirty in number, comprise an equal surface area, or a total of 160 square miles.

The drainage area tributary to the system comprises over 3,000 square miles, which is almost entirely forest. The average precipitation of rain, which includes that from melting snow, is estimated at 42in. The altitude above tide water varies from 1,200ft. to 1,600ft.

The Rangeley waters are all well stocked with trout, excepting the Umbagog, the lower lake (partly in New Hampshire), which a dozen years ago was found to contain pickerel, and have been disastrous to the trout, and in consequence have thinned out the greater proportion of the small fish, although some quite large ones are now occasionally caught. This year I heard of several being caught weighing 6 and 7lbs.

The trout of the Rangeley waters are designated as the *Salvelinus fontinalis*, and are the true speckled, carmine spotted, and of the highest type in game qualities and flavor of any which inhabit any waters, excepting those of a kindred character, and it is very difficult to find any other waters, of equally favorable characteristics. I say without prejudice, having taken trout from some forty different localities in the State of Maine, and in many other States of the Union, as well as in foreign countries, that the Rangeley Lakes trout altogether are of finer form, color and flavor, than of any other waters I know of, while for average size they surpass any of their class. Take them at any month of the year, they are fat and deliciously flavored. There will not be one in a hundred which from age or disease is out of condition for food, although I will except the spendthrift milter, in the late autumn, for, though arrayed in his most brilliant intensified suit of scarlet waistcoat with dark trimmings, mottled coat, spangled sides and white and black leggings, he has a thin sinuousness and a lacking flavor which should give him liberty and an opportunity for recuperation. I will not, however, except the full spawner, which, owing to high feed, remains in good condition, deteriorating somewhat at the termination of the spawning period, from which, however, a speedy recovery is made.

The opinion that pure water of crystal clearness is essential to the perfect existence of trout is not sustained by the condition at the Rangeley waters. Owing to the densely wooded country about, and the excessive precipitations of moisture, and the constant forest leaching which occurs, all the waters with a very few limited exceptions are somewhat opaque, having a yellowish tinge, which indicates the impregnating effect of the abundant adjoining plant life. This vegetable stain has its sequence in the furnishing of the first source of trout existence by the apparent spontaneous prodigality of infusorial life. This is clearly evident without microscopic aid, and throughout the waters, in a greater or less degree, is plainly evident to the unassisted eye, not only by sunlight in the still water, but in overcast days in winter as well as summer. This exaggerated form of animalcules, which may perhaps be more strictly classified as polygastric infusoria, is shown in multitudinous form, and in some forms which undoubtedly have never been strictly classified from the minute crustaceans invisible to the naked eye, to the prominent rotifera of two lines in breadth, which would be visible, even on a dull day, if but one-quarter of its size. On a still day with the sun's rays properly aslant, thousands of these minute representations of protoplasm may be observed in their various movements, some darting with quick movement for short distances, others whirling along with moderate speed, and others scarcely moving with invisible power, which might be mistaken for a passing current, but that they pass others from an opposite direction.

This infusoria furnishes the newly hatched trout with abundant food, as well as the small fry which become the food of larger trout, and the small fry, up to chubs and suckers of a pound or two in weight, are plentiful in the Rangeley waters, and the abundance of red fins and a dozen varieties of minnows are conspicuously noticeable.

Despite the infusoria and vegetable stain of the water it is accounted most healthful for drinking, and is as soft and silky for washing and bathing as it would be possible for a water to be.

The trout of the Rangeley Lakes probably average larger than from any other waters. I should estimate the average weight of those caught in the lakes, not ponds, at a pound. I have not kept any particular record of my catches of late years, but did until some fifteen years ago, when I had a record of over 6,000 trout, which averaged nearly a pound and a quarter, but my catches then included those of winter fishing through the ice, when the lakes were but little visited, and before it was any infraction of the law to so fish. I was very fond of those excursions of two or three weeks at the lakes, with trout for the object, and the auxiliaries of the robust open air life, the shooting, skating and other sports.

With a few companions, we would have no difficulty in securing an average of fifty pounds of trout a day, which well frozen up, were carried out for distribution among our friends. These winter trout would average a full pound and a third, seldom taking under half a pound, and up to an occasional seven or eight pounder.

Trout are not migratory in their habits, although in exceptional instances when disappointed in love affairs and driven away by successful rivals, or from a natural excess of love adventure or physical disturbances, will roam about, and oftentimes in such cases will take extended departures; otherwise they will frequent the same feeding grounds, although taking their spring and autumnal outings. We all know of the particular fellows which are found year after year in the same deep pools and by the steep rocks, which so long bid defiance to human art, but which finally yield up their liberties and lives to their unconquerable taste for the insiduous fly.

For years after years I have seen trout, so marked by their size or peculiarities as to be unmistakable, come to the same spots and defy all fair efforts against their privileges. In vain were the most dainty flies of all colors and sizes flaunted in the air, and ripple-kissed, on surface and beneath, live bait, fat worms and other delectable morsels; but all in vain. And these large fellows do not, any more than their lusty prototypes, when they have once taken possession of a first-class domicile, allow of the intrusion by other trout of their habitation, unless ousted by superior prowess. This occurs often in the season of amatory dalliance, when two are considered sufficient company, and when eternal vigilance is found to be an essential of satisfactory housekeeping, and, where robbers and tramps have to be continually chased and banged at.

Nothing can be more comical and amusing than to witness the watchfulness and incessant unrest of a worthy burger of mature years, who has taken unto himself a helpmate to regulate the domestic routine of his establishment, and to whom he has promised immunity from outside prowlers and sneak thieves. Good-natured fellow, who has grown corpulent and high-colored from numberless golden chubs, striped minnows, and viscous suckers, which his vigorous activity has secured. Now will he forth for a season in a more highly oxygenized element; he will hie for the rushing waters, and promenade among the belles of the high world. So dressing himself in his gayest colors of red, white and orange, with many delicate tinted shades and sheens, and touching up his carmine spots, he sallies forth on a rollicking tour, which leads to speedy subjugation. No lover can be more complacent and attentive than he, none more willing to shoulder the matrimonial noose, or more fiercely jealous of the intrusion of others. It is amusing when mated to witness his torturing anxiety at the approach of other trout, and his inhospitable reception of them, which is indicated by his advance toward them with open mouth. The small trout and chubs cause him no end of trouble, and he has no rest night or day. No sooner does his mate indicate her intention of depositing an egg, by her movements before the deposit, than several active chubs and small trout appear on each side eager for the delicate morsel, and while those on one side are dispersed, another daring rogue from the other side rushes in and secures the prize, and thus it goes on in particular instances throughout the spawning season, and it may be doubted if a single egg escapes to a hatching on some spawning beds. This destruction of eggs by trout themselves is a very serious evil, and is shared in by chubs and suckers, and the attending male is by no means backward in his own taste in that direction, and often when caught about the spawning bed is found with a stomach full of spawn. I incline to doubt, however, if the full charged and dispensing milter is guilty of this action, and probably not in the last stages of amatory play, as he is then very thin and flat, with most intensified colors, and when so caught has almost invariably an empty stomach.

I have observed the actions at the spawning beds a great many times, about the shores of the lakes and ponds, in the late autumn on clear, still days, and in November and December through the ice. The latter observation is the most satisfactory, and is obtained by cutting a hole a foot or two square through over the spawning beds, which may be but two or three feet below the surface. By placing a blanket or two on the ice for reclining upon, and by placing another blanket over the head, shutting out the immediate light, the trout can be observed in full play. The disturbance occasioned by cutting and clearing out the hole is over in a few minutes, and the trout below soon become entirely fearless. On some beds the spawners seem to be without particular mates, having a half dozen or more cavaliers in attendance, whose amatory distractions do not seem to interfere with their appetites, and who indiscriminately make a grand rush for the egg as soon as deposited, and it may be that there are several spawning heaps or beds immediately adjoining and half a dozen spawners at work, attended by a dozen or more males, who apparently secure every egg for digestion. I have sometimes seen fifty and even a hundred trout thus congregated in an area not over 10ft. square, and in such close proximity that there was hardly any intervening space between them. The spawning beds are generally composed of a slightly raised mound of gravel of two or three feet diameter; sometimes the beds are on the clean sand, without any coarse gravel whatever; sometimes among pebbles and a bottom grass.

The spawning beds often receive a hard scouring for eggs after the spawning season is over. It is not uncommon in the late autumn before the ice makes over the deserted beds, near the shore, to find half a dozen speckled chaps digging over the bed for some egg which may have previously escaped observation. It is not uncommon to see them digging into the beds with their bills from a horizontal position and their tails frequently flapping above the water surface, which occasions the first observation. Last of all comes the Chinaman of the lake, the sucker who works patiently at lower wages than the dominant race, who with his porcine snout makes havoc with the bed, and fairly roots it apart for the last lingering morsel which remains.

Probably nine-tenths of the Rangeley trout spawn in still water, where a moderate freshening occurs from springs. The same quarters will be occupied year after year, unless physical changes occur.

Nearly all the trout spawn between the middle of September and the middle of December, although exceptional cases occur throughout the year, and there is no time during the year but what trout can be found in spawn in a form of more or less development. I have observed them spawning through the ice well into January, and not very long ago I caught a 7-pounder in the first part of August, which was full of ripe spawn, and dripping. This fish was caught at a depth of about 30ft. on a slow troll, with a heavy sinker, with a worm added to a No. 2 fly.

TROLLING FOR SALMON.

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 16.—Again I've heard the "jingle of the salmon spoon," this time very distinctly, for I was listening for it. The other day I shoved the old Siwash "canim" off of the float at the head of Elliott Bay and turned her head for Lake Union, on whose tule-ed margin my lodge is just now located. This meant a twenty-three mile trip by salt and fresh water for the day, and as silver salmon are just now disputing the right of way with the big steamboats in the sound, I thought perhaps one might run against a spoon if I had it overboard. After paddling half a mile I dropped the troll over and settled down to business. The line had hardly got the rheumatic kinks out of it before I felt something "tail on," and in about a minute I had a 5-pound salmon floundering around in the bottom of the dugout. He showed fight, but he was "small fry," I knew by the way he bit, so I just snaked him in without any preliminary foolishness, same as a Siwash does.

I struck and lost a pair before I got Five-mile Rock on the beam and then I struck one that I didn't lose. When he struck I stopped the paddle and the salmon stopped the canoe, then he had a three-ring circus all by himself for about ten minutes. He had 80ft. of braided linen line to go on and he used it. He went out of water the first move; shook his head like a terrier and made the spoon rattle and jingle like a set of sleighbells, then he started for Cape Flattery; and by the time I had 20ft. of line in, had veered round and had fairly good headway for Tacoma. I checked that plan too and I guess it made him mad, for he sulked for a few minutes and I hauled him, tail first, to within hailing distance. Then he made a rush and took out about 40ft. of line again and shot out of water like a rocket; then I heard the spoon jingle again. He played horse for about fifteen minutes before I finally got him over the gunwale. He measured 2ft. 5in., and knew how to fight for his size too. From where I hooked him to the lighthouse was about four miles, and in that distance I hooked five more; but only got two as they seemed to be striking warily, and those I did get were only slightly hooked.

Fishermen, that is net-fishers for the canneries, complain of a very small run of fish this year; but for those four miles the water seemed to be alive with fine ones; and at no time while I was paddling that distance was it possible to look in any direction without seeing salmon jumping, and you were more likely to see a half dozen at once than only one. The three that I got while going through the school weighed 10lbs. each and measured alike 2ft. 5in. Those jumping seemed to be about the same size. I was not salmon fishing to be fishing, just merely dragging a trolling line because I could do so and not interfere with my journey, yet I caught four fine salmon within an hour and then quit, for I could not use more before they would spoil. They are royal fish and no mistake, game every inch, and will fight you until gaffed just as sure as hooked. They will take a spoon every time it comes their way, and if you have a rod and line instead of an ordinary trolling line you will find out that a ten-pounder is no joke before he is brought to gaff. There are millions of them here every fall; and there is room for all the fishermen in the United States; so that devotees of the gentle art need not be backward in coming if all they want is a couple of thousand salmon for a few days' sport. If any of the family come this way I'll get a day off and go out with them, so they cannot miss the best fishing grounds if they will hunt me up.

One curious thing I noticed about my four fish was that they had nothing in the stomach nor any sign of partly digested food. They had not touched fresh water yet and there is an abundance of food all through the sound. Now why should they have empty stomachs?

Erratic Trout.

Trout still bother me by being too erratic in their ways. For instance, two weeks ago I went out on the lake where about a dozen people were fishing, using salmon eggs for bait and getting good strings. I did likewise; that is, I got salmon eggs daubed all over me and managed to flim-flam one trout enough to get up on the wharf. All this was done in three hours' patient fishing in one of these affectionate wrap-you-in-a-wet-blanket rains which we brag about out here, keeping steady company with us. A nice cool wind from the northeast consequently direct from the few thousand glaciers over in the Cascade Mountains ruffled the lake into white-plumed wrinkles. This kind of a layout had about used up my reserve supply of patience, when I concluded I'd try a spinner on the trout; so I cut a nice slice of chub, scales, glitter and all, and shaped it into a faint resemblance to a minnow by dint of artistic carving with my pocket-knife. A good many smiles were directed toward me, and inserting my hook I consigned it to the billowy dampness of the lake and started to troll it along near the surface. I had got only a decent start when a nice big trout hit the hook in a most provoking manner and just hung right to it. I had quite a seance with him before he quit and crawled into the basket. He weighed 1¾lbs. In about an hour after that I took the car for home with eight of them "spooning it" in the wickerwork, and nearly the same size, and all but one caught on a chunk of chub cut so it would spin. When I dressed them not a single stomach showed other food than salmon eggs. There I had fished all the forenoon, wasting a lot of valu-

able time, patience, science and salmon eggs, absorbing considerable rain and a few degrees of cold, trying to feed them just what they were actually feeding on at that particular time, and they simply flirted with my hook until I jabbed it through a chunk of chub, and then had everything my own way. Brother Greene, of Portland, why is this thus? Cannot we educate these "critters" into something like steady habits?

Since that time I have worked the same *skal-lal-aye* (as the Siwash say) on them, and it is a winner every time. Therefore, ye who would coax the festive "fish of the rainbow" to your basket, paste this on your reel: When the wind blows and the heavens are overcast, when the cold hunts your marrow and your patience is nearly gone, catch a fish and cut a spinner, make it wriggle like a "minner," and if you don't get a big trout real sudden, go home, for he has evacuated the premises and gone where no bait will fetch him!

If I find out anything more I'll say so, for I've pitched my lodge within two blocks of a lake full of trout, chubs, black bass, "calico" bass (so-called), perch, goggle-eyes and a sprinkling of imported catfish of an inferior brand, and I'd rather fish than eat. EL COMANCHO.

ANGLING NOTES.

About Stocking the Hudson with Salmon.

THE last report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York for the year ending Sept. 30, 1893, is an interesting one, showing the development of the fisheries of the State, and no part of it is of more special interest at this time than that part which gives the result of planting the Atlantic salmon in the Hudson River. The chapter in relation to this subject begins: "The Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York have for years endeavored to establish salmon in the Hudson River. The planting of fry began in 1882. * * * Since that time the following plants have been made * * * making a total of 3,094,723 of the fry of this fish that have been planted in the river since the Commissioners began this work."

But, did the Commissioners begin this work? Now that there is every prospect that the salmon in the river, as the result of those plants referred to, may become self-sustaining, the credit for the work should be placed where it properly belongs.

It would appear from the extract quoted that the credit for successfully stocking the Hudson River with salmon belonged alone to the New York Fish Commission. But let us look into the matter a little.

Commissioners change from time to time, and it is possible that one set of commissioners may not know what a previous board of commissioners did or did not do on certain particular lines. Upon taking office the members of the board find the machinery of the organization at work in a particular direction, and as everything is working well they may assume, without looking into the history of the Commission, that the efforts in the direction referred to were inaugurated by the Commission when such is not the fact. It is true that the Fish Commission of New York did make a feeble effort to introduce Atlantic salmon into the waters of the State, but not specially into the waters of the Hudson, more than twenty years ago, by obtaining 4,000 impregnated eggs from Canada, and the report for 1871 contains this record; "About 3,000 of these succeeded, and when they attained a proper age, a notice was published inviting any one to apply for them, who was willing to do so, and who had any suitable stream or river where he desired to raise them. No answer was received at this office, and no application was made for them, which is a strong endorsement of the wisdom of the action of the Commissioners in not spending money on an attempt which, we are convinced, must be futile."

The report for 1874 touches upon this subject again in these words: "Your Commissioners in their previous reports ventured the opinion * * * that salmon had never inhabited any of the rivers of the Atlantic seaboard west and south of the Connecticut. So entirely were they satisfied of this fact that they positively refused to expend money in attempting to introduce them in the Hudson, for they felt assured that it would be a waste of the public funds. In this course they incurred the disapproval of some enthusiasts in fishculture, and some ignorant individuals who wanted salmon to abound in every horse pond in the country. * * * With the California salmon, however, we expect it will be different. * * * With them, of course, the undertaking is equally an experiment, and like all such attempts has the chances of failure as five to one, to the chances of success, but the conditions are far more favorable."

The next year, 1875, the Commissioners say in their report: "Time and more careful investigation have fully demonstrated that they (the Commissioners) were right, and that the true salmon cannot be propagated in our waters."

That the waters of New York were not more favorable for California salmon than for Atlantic salmon as was prophesied, was admitted in the report of 1876.

The Commissioners' reports do not take up the salmon question again until 1882-83, at which time a radical change had taken place in the composition of the board of Commissioners. Fresh blood dominated in the Commission, progress had been made in scientific fishculture, and experience had been gained that put an entirely different face upon the question of stocking the Hudson with salmon. In the report for 1882-3 I find this: "The Commissioners have no authentic information of the existence of salmon in the Hudson River in the early history of the country, though it is probable that there were some. * * Certainly there is everything in the natural conditions of the upper Hudson to favor the visits of these fish. Therefore the Commissioners have regarded with much satisfaction the experiment of the United States Commission, by its head, Commissioner Baird, looking to the establishment, or re-establishment, of the lordly salmon in our river.

This points very clearly to the one who "began the work," for the work of successfully stocking the Hudson dates from 1882.

Familiar as I am with all that has been done in this direction since that time, I have preferred not to write of my own knowledge in what follows, and so quote from a recent letter from the present U. S. Fish Commissioner, Col. Marshall McDonald, regarding the plants of salmon subsequent to the initial one in 1882. Col. McDonald's letter is dated Sept. 29, the present year:

"The project of stocking the Hudson River with salmon was first entered upon by the New York Fish Commission, and afterward abandoned by them." (This probably refers to stocking the river with the Pacific salmon, as it can scarcely be said that the New York Commission entered upon the project of stocking the Hudson with the Atlantic salmon, for none of the 4,000 eggs obtained in Canada can be traced to the Hudson.)

"The joint work of the U S. Commission and the State of New York was the outgrowth of recommendations made by me to Prof. Baird in 1882. In my report upon the fisheries of the Hudson River, contained in the census of the fisheries industries for 1880, Sec. V., Vol. 1, pages 658–659, you will find the following: 'The sources of the Hudson are in the Adirondack Mountains. Its main tributary, the Mohawk, rises in the tableland which forms the divide between the waters that flow into Lake Ontario on the one side and into the Hudson River on the other, and flows southeast; but, breaking through the Catskills, precipitates itself at Cohoes to the level of the river valley of the Hudson by falls which are about 40ft. in height. These falls, while forming a magnificent water power for the many factories along the river's banks, present an insuperable barrier to the ascent of fish. An obstruction of this kind exists at Glens Falls, on the main river. Indeed all the tributaries are characterized by similar impediments, and this may explain the fact that the Hudson is not, and, as far as we can learn from historical data, has never been, a salmon river; and yet, strange to say, the Connecticut River, similar in physical features to the Hudson, in olden times had important and productive salmon fisheries.'

"When the views above stated were brought to the attention of Professor Baird, he promptly directed that a systematic and persistent attempt should be made to cause the Hudson to become a salmon river.

"The United States Fish Commission furnished Cold Spring Harbor station with all the Atlantic salmon eggs hatched at the station; paid the expense of feeding and distributing the fry, also a salary of $500 per annum was paid the superintendent of Cold Spring Harbor station by the U. S. Fish Commission.

"The operations were continued on the part of the United States Fish Commission until 1889, after which the United States Commission furnished eggs of the Atlantic salmon to the New York Commission, but the distribution of the fish was conducted entirely by the State of New York."

This appears to be a clear statement of facts about the experiment of stocking the Hudson up to this time, and the State and National Fish Commissions have each the credit which belongs to it.

Further on in the chapter devoted to the salmon in the report of the New York Fish Commissioners, previously mentioned, one may learn of circulars being sent out to obtain information concerning the presence of salmon in the Hudson as the result of planting the fry (and a lot of yearlings of which no mention is made), and replies to the circulars are printed.

The writers of some of these letters report having taken salmon in the Hudson, and others appear to know nothing about the fish. That these net fishermen should devote their letters to what they do not know about salmon in the Hudson, is not strange, when one remembers that it is illegal to take the fish in nets, and there are people, it seems, who do not readily confess to breaking the laws. The report states:

"Answers to this communication (the circular), although not very numerous, were the first satisfactory evidence the Commissioners have ever obtained of the existence of salmon in the Hudson River. Since 1885 or 1886 the newspapers have contained occasional reference to salmon caught in the Hudson, * * * but no accurate information has ever been obtained."

This is a queer assertion to make. Whoever wrote what I have quoted may not have known that FOREST AND STREAM was the first to furnish satisfactory evidence to its readers in June, 1886, of the existence of salmon in the Hudson, for it gave the number of fish killed, where captured, the name of the captors and the weights of the fish, and it has been giving similar evidence ever since when there was occasion for it. The most complete evidence given in reply to the circulars comes from Mechanicville, and records 22 salmon taken there in 1893, but FOREST AND STREAM gave all that in detail, and more, too, more than a year before this report was issued.

It may not be strange that all the evidence furnished by FOREST AND STREAM as to the existence of salmon in the Hudson should have been overlooked, but I cannot understand how the Commissioners could overlook evidence furnished by one of their superintendents, which evidence is the result of a careful personal examination and cross-examination of the fishermen from the Troy Dam to Gravesend Bay.

In 1888 Superintendent Mather, who has hatched all the salmon at Cold Spring Harbor, was directed by the U. S. Fish Commission to examine the Hudson with a view to learning if salmon had been captured in the Hudson, and if so, how many. Mr. Mather's report is printed in the report of the Fish Commissioners of New York for 1888, and details of the capture of 134 salmon are given, and he says that he has no doubt from what he learned "that four times this number were taken by the shad fishermen, who, as before stated, are very cautious about giving information."

I presume the New York Fish Commission will thank me for calling attention to the above facts, for I have no idea that the Commission wishes to ignore what the U. S. Fish Commission has done in this matter, any more than they wish to discredit the information furnished in FOREST AND STREAM and their own reports.

Section 140 Appears.

I have on more than one occasion called attention to the injustice done to Warren county, N. Y., by Sec. 140 of the game laws, but the Mohican Rod and Gun Club of Glens Falls has just run against it so hard that it has left the executive committee looking at one another in amazement. It has long been believed that one "Jock" Brown has, under pretense of taking bait fish, been netting one of the best trout brooks in the State, which happens to be situated in Warren county. The Mohican Club took up the matter and then took up Jock himself, and he was charged with using a net in a trout brook. He was ready to plead guilty to avoid prosecution on other and similar complaints when it was discovered that Sec. 140 saved him for the time. He admitted taking bait fish in a net in a trout stream, but Sec. 140 says that he can at any time, because it is lawful in Warren county to fish for perch, suckers, bullheads and pickerel with nets and fykes, and spear and shoot such fish through the ice. As the club has not, up to this time, any legal evidence that Jock did net trout, he escapes for the present, but the end is not yet. A. N. CHENEY.

Dr. Blayney's Bass Record.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has just been called to your very clever editorial in your last paper on my catch of 238 large-mouth bass in one day (weight 366lbs. instead of 336lbs.).

I sincerely appreciate the motive and temper of your critique, and entirely agree with what you say. I predicted at the time that if my performance got into the papers, anglers all over the country would brush up their arithmetic and do sums to see if the string could be done in a sportsmanlike way. And now, as our darkies say, "you've gone done it."

But you mistake in limiting the fishing day in the forests of Wisconsin to ten hours. That day actually ran from 4 o'clock in the morning to 9 at night, with but little loss of time for meals. Upon that basis your calculations will give you over four minutes to each fish, a pretty liberal allowance on the average for a pound and a half fish to play. Those who know me would hardly charge me with "yanking" fish in ordinarily, though I confess that on this occasion I did not give every one of them time to stop for meals by the way.

My motive for the day's work was rather a complex one which I think, on the whole, sportsmen would appreciate, though I cannot claim that it was quite so worthy a one as "feeding the multitudes." About half a dozen fish were injured in the hooking and kept for use in camp. With that exception the rest were turned back into the water in good condition and are still there for the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM or any other angler to enjoy some future day, or for the multitudes to feed upon if they will work as hard to catch them as I did. So that really I am not half the piscatorial butcher your good-natured comments would seem to imply.

J. MCCLUSKY BLANEY.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Oct. 25.—The past week has been one of disappointment to anglers on our shore. The prevailing east winds have made the fishing poor and casting almost an impossibility. Other than good catches of plaice periodically and a few weakfish, the sea has yielded but few of its treasures to the angler. Consequently a great many have turned their attention to pickerel and perch, which are now biting well. I wonder how many anglers know that the small white sand skipper or beach flea makes a bait that the perch takes with avidity. I have also taken several small-mouth black bass on the same bait the present season. The beaver dams at the headwaters of the Metedeconk River just now are receiving lots of visitors. There is no better pickerel fishing in our State than at that point. A friend of mine recently took forty-six in three hours' fishing, 1½ to 3½lbs. weight.

I have just cremated my fishing record which I have carefully kept for the past fifteen years. And I had always thought there was some pretty fair catches entered therein, but "Big Reel's" four days' sweep in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 20, made me feel that I was just a no account fisherman, and that my memoranda would in the future be but mockery to me whenever I scanned its pages, so sorrowfully I consigned them to the fire. The one recording forty-six fine blues in one afternoon gave me a severe twinge, but it could not be helped, I wanted it out of my sight forever. Even an item contributed to your pages two years ago by himself regarding a large catch of plaice I made at Avon shared the same fate. I have rubbed the whole score out and am going to begin all over and catch nothing but big fish and plenty of them. LEONARD HULIT.

Smelt Fishing in Boston Harbor.

BOSTON, Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Smelt fishing has been on in the waters adjacent to this city for some weeks, and good catches have been made in all directions. The waters about Hull, Hingham, Nantasket, Downer Landing and Quincy, have yielded the best results, but those who have not the time to make the harbor trip, but instead secured places on Dorchester and South Boston bays, have had fair fishing. Commodore John N. Roberts, an active member of the Fish and Game Protective Association, is an inveterate fisherman and is probably better rigged for the sport than any man on the south shore, if Peddick's Island can be included in that bailiwick. His "shanty" on the island is cosy and comfortable, his boats are of the best, and ditto his tackle. The latch string is always on the outside to his friends, and if the Commodore happens to be up to the city "Johnny" does the honors with hearty hospitality. I have been down three times thus far and have had good fishing on several days. Taken altogether the season has been very successful, and with good weather the tackle will not be laid away for two or three weeks.

WM. B. SMART.

Brown Trout Dimensions.

MR. HENRY LOFTIE, of Syracuse, sends us a paper pattern of the brown trout caught out of Caledonia Spring, the New York State hatchery waters, by Monroe A. Green, Dec. 14, 1891. The weight was 9¾lbs., and the dimensions: Length 27½in., girth 15in. This was one of the fish developed from eggs received at the hatchery in February of 1884.

Birch Leaves in Fish Creels.

IF my brother trout fishermen will put birch leaves in their baskets instead of grass or moss, they will thank me for giving them the hint. J. G. S.

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Fishculture and Fish Protection.

The Common Sense of It.

(An Editorial in the Rochester Post-Express.)

AT the meeting of the Genesee Valley Fish and Game Protective Association yesterday, reports were received from various officers who have been trying to protect the fish from the nets and dynamite of the poachers.

It was said that the game protectors on Irondequot Bay, Long Pond, Buck Pond and Round Pond, have been very energetic in the pursuit of offenders against the game laws and that there was less illegal fishing during the past season than ever before. The inspector who has been watching the ponds has brought forty-seven actions at law against offenders and secured convictions in all but six cases; and he captured no less than 142 nets. The inspector in charge of Conesus Lake, spoke of the difficulties in his way and complained that it was very hard to secure the conviction of offenders. There is much illegal fishing in this lake. The inspector has captured three jack lights, forty-three set lines, two large seines and twelve gill nets since spring; but these represent but a small part of the illegal devices in Conesus. At Hemlock Lake there has also been a great amount of illegal fishing and the inspector seems to have disregarded in a shameful way the duties and responsibilities of his office. Many complaints have been made of the use of set lines and of the spearing of fish, but not a single arrest has been made by the inspector and no illegal device has been captured. It was said that though the office was worth $600 a year, the inspector had done nothing to earn the money. Accordingly a resolution was passed asking for his removal and the appointment of a more efficient and faithful man. The protector in charge of the upper river and Black Creek, reported that six nets and two set lines had been captured in the creek and that seven persons had been convicted of violating the law. The inspector said that in his opinion illegal fishing in Black Creek was nearly done away with.

We give this summary of the reports in order that our readers may understand precisely what has been accomplished in this region of the State toward the protection of the streams and ponds. We think they will agree with us that the reports are encouraging, but that there is great need of increased vigilance and of more relentless pursuit of offenders.

The fact is, that the fishing in Monroe county is about as poor as it is on the dry and treeless prairies of the great West. It is simply no good.

With the expenditure of money and a strict enforcement of the law, the fishing here might be made as good as any in the world. Within a few minutes' ride from the center of the city are many streams, ponds and bays, and the river flows through the city, and the lake is easy of access. These waters are the natural homes of bass, pickerel, pike and perch. It is fun to catch such fish, and it is pleasant to eat them. These waters should be teeming with fish, so that even the most unskillful angler could catch all he wanted. Let us suppose, merely for the sake of illustration, that there are 60,000 families in Monroe county; then if each family could secure fish for one meal a week from June to November inclusive from the public waters of the county, and each meal were valued at 25 cents, the total saving would be nearly $400,000 a year in the cost of food.

How foolsih it is for this community to permit poachers to catch fish with nets and kill them with dynamite, and destroy food worth many thousands of dollars. Every person familiar with the subject knows that the poachers who use nets to capture fish of all kinds, that a few are sold and a few are consumed by the poacher's family, but that the greater number are thrown away. We have been told of a farmer who drove away from the shore of a near-by lake with a wagonload of fish of all kinds; he used a few in his family, gave away a few to his neighbors and dumped the remainder on his land! The use of dynamite is even worse than nets in destructiveness, for fish of all sizes, even those too small for the hook or the net, are killed. In streams like Black Creek and Irondequoit Creek, where the channels in places are deep and the banks high, dynamite is fearfully destructive and one discharge of the explosive has been known to kill fish enough to fill a boat. The rascally poachers gather up the largest fish as they float on the top of the water and let the small ones drift down the stream. For each fish that they secure they may kill a hundred. This lawless destruction of fish has been going on in Monroe county to the verge of extermination. We have quoted the inspector in charge of the upper river and Black Creek as saying that poaching on Black Creek has practically ceased. We do not think that from a point on the stream a mile above the aqueduct down to the mouth—a distance, as the stream runs, of three miles or so—there are a dozen fish over 4in. in length, and probably these are wormy rock bass.

A few days ago two Rochester gentlemen, eager for outdoor air and exercise, rowed from the State dam at the rapids to Black Creek, and up that stream for three miles. A dozen men were fishing on the river, ten were fishing at the mouth of Black Creek, four were strolling along the banks of the stream, and fifteen lines were soaking in the water at the acqueduct. This was a total of forty-one fishermen. Some of them, indeed most of them, had been fishing for hours. The bait was good enough, consisting of minnows, grasshoppers, crabs, frogs and earthworms; and most of the fishermen seemed to be provided with suitable tackle, and to know how to use it. And yet the forty-one men, fishing for many hours, had caught only four fish. It is no wonder that the poachers are not wasting their time on Black Creek. There are no fish there now, and on the river the fishing is poorer than in years.

On the bay and the ponds to the north the fishing has been very poor the past season. It is astonishing that the owners of hotels and other resorts at these places are not vigilant protectors of the fish. It is amazing that the owners of the railway lines do not insist upon the enforcement of the law. Thousands of dollars are expended every year for brass bands and entertainments of all sorts to attract the crowds to the resorts, but the fishing, which ought to be made the greatest attraction of all, is not improved. Irondquoit Bay might be made a wonderful reservoir of fish, and in that case it would be the most popular resort near Rochester; the railroads would make money, the hotel owners would get rich, and real estate would speedily double in value.

Money should be used in stocking all our streams and ponds, the public waters should be protected more carefully, and offenders should be prosecuted more vigorously. We think this is very important. As matters stand, fish are so high, nets are so cheap, the risk of being detected is so small and the punishment is so light that the laws are violated continually.

ROBERT M. STURGEON, managing editor of the Harrisburg *Call*, was fishing at beautiful Riverview last week, and took home to Harrisburg the following story, which appears in the *Call* to-day: "Al. Stoner, of York county, one of the most expert down-the-river fishermen, says that the low stage of the river and the absence of bait fish in and around the grass plots has made the bass more than usually voracious and at times they become so desperate that they leap and devour swallows. Of late this has been noticed and it has occurred about dusk when the swallows are in the habit of just skimming the water. Their failure to bite he attributes to the clearness of the water and shyness of the fish."—*York (Pa.) Daily.*

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The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 30 to Nov. 2.—Terrier Show, by New England Kennel Club, at Country Club, Brookline, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y, 128 Tremont street, Boston.

Nov. 14.—Gordon Setter Club's Trials, at Assonet, Mass. L. A. Van Zandt, Yonkers, N. Y., Sec'y.

1895.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's nineteenth annual show, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

Feb. 26 to March 1.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells. Sec'y.

Nov. 13.—New England Field Trial Club, Members' Sweepstake. A. R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. All-Aged, Eastern Subscription and Selling Stakes. Entries close Oct. 1. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Sec'y.

Dec. 17.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

Eastern Field Trials Entries.

All-Age Stake.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

MINNIE T.—W. W. Titus's black, white and tan bitch (Dick Bondhu—Betty B.).

ANTONIA—Eldred Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Miss Nellie Y.).

LIVINGSTON OF RHŒBE—J. W. Shriver's black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Cosette), Jan. 2, 1892.

MONITOR—J. W. Shriver's liver and white dog (Gath's Hope—Cleo S.), Aug. 12, 1892.

JACK BERWYN—J. W. Shriver's black, white and tan dog (Berwyn Pride—Nettie G.), July 2, 1892.

SANDY GLADSTONE—S. Murray Mitchell's orange and white dog (Breeze Gladstone—Delaware), 3yrs.

LUCRETIA—B. E. J. Eils's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Marietta), 27mos.

MECCA—T. E. Shreve's black, white and tan bitch (Paul Gladstone—Latonia), 3½yrs.

BLUE RIDGE MARK—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Ollie T.), 3½yrs.

DICK FOX—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chance—Countess Rush), 3½yrs.

BESSIE SHOUPE—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Countess Rush), 2½yrs.

ALLENE—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl), 2½yrs.

SOUBRETTE—E. J. Meyers's black and white bitch (Rowdy Rod—Prince Donna), July 24, 1892.

SADIE ROSE—Robert Cooper's black, white and tan dog (Gath's Hope—Tempest), 2¾yrs.

DAME DURDEN—H. S. Bevans's black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers), 2½yrs.

AMETHYST—C. F. Joyce's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond), 2½yrs.

MAIDEN MINE—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, lemon and white bitch (Vanguard—Georgia Bell), 4yrs.

ANTEVOLO—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, liver and white bitch (Count Noble—Trinkett II.), 4yrs.

IGHTFIELD ROSALIE—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, lemon and white bitch (Fred—Rosa), 2½yrs.

EUGENE T.—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), 4yrs.

BERYL—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), July 17, 1892.

TOPSY ROD—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), July 4, 1892.

TATE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Jean Val Jean—Mamy Avent), Aug. 12, 1892.

TORY SANDSTONE—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Diamond), July 1, 1893.

TORY TOPAZ—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond), July 1, 1893.

CAMILLE II.—D. G. Rowland's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), 4yrs.

POINTERS.

ROMP III.—R. J. Martinez's liver and white ticked dog (Coney's Fritz—Dolly), 5½yrs.

KING OF LYNN—Robert Leslie's liver and white dog (Tempest—Nadjy of Naso), March 18, 1892.

DELPHI—Charlottesville Kennels' liver and white dog (Rip Rap—Queen II.), April, 1893.

WILD DAMON—Charlottesville Kennels' liver and white dog (Damon—Flora), April, 1890.

SELAH—Charlottesville Kennels' liver and white ticked bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly), March, 1892.

TICK BOY—Stoddard & Kidwell's black and white dog (King of Kent—Bloom), Dec. 28, 1892.

HESSEN'S BOY—McGrew & Woodside's black and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Barmaid), Oct. 8, 1892.

LADY MARGARET—J. R. Purcell's black and white bitch (Dick Swiveler—Countess Bang), 3yrs.

Subscription Stake.

R. J. Martinez, of Louisiana—One nomination.
Charlottesville Kennels of Virginia—One nomination.
Blue Ridge Kennels, of Virginia—Two nominations.
Pierre Lorillard, Jr., of New York—One nomination.
Avent & Thayer Kennels, of Tennessee—Two nominations.
F. R. Hitchcock, of New York—One nomination.
Major J. R. Purcelll, of Virginia—One nomination.

Great Selling Stake.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

JACK BURWYN—J. W. Shriver's black, white and tan dog (Burwyn's Pide—Nettie G.), July 2, 1892.

BEN GHOIL—E. J. Meyers's black and white dog (Rowdy Rod—Prima Donna), July 24, 1892.

LADY ARAMINTA—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers), January, 1892.

LEONA—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Belle of Hatchie), July 23, 1892.

JUNO—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Belle of Hatchie), July 23, 1892.

ALMONTA—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog (Gloster—Mopsa), Feb. 10, 1892.

LONGFELLOW—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog (Blade—Maggie Gladstone), January, 1892.

TOPSY RANGER—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), July 4, 1892.

TORY TOPAZ—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Diamond), July 1, 1893.

TORY JESS—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Molly), September, 1893.

TORY SOL (formerly Snupkins)—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond), January, 1893.

CAPITOL—J. W. Shriver's black, white and tan dog (Sam—Laura), May 10, 1891.

MARK H.—Shriver & Myers's blue belton dog (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie), March 4, 1890.

DICK FOX—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chance—Countess Rush), 3½yrs.

SADIE ROSS—Robert Cooper's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Tempest), 2¾yrs.

POINTERS.

POP GRACE—L. W. White's liver and white dog (Rap of Pearl—Lady Grace), 1yr.

MAUD—T. H. Gibbes's liver and white bitch (Rush of Lad—Topsy L.), 3yrs.

——— T. H. Gibbes's liver and white bitch (Rip Rap—Gibbes's Maud), 15mos.

PETE—Col. C. H. Odell's black and white dog (Roger Williams—Gibbes's Maud), 2½yrs.

BOB—Col. C. H. Odell's liver and white dog (Beppo III.—Gibbes's Maud).

FLOCK—J. R. Purcell's lemon and white dog (Staunch—Flake), 4yrs.

SAM BANG—J. R. Purcell's lemon and white dog (Dick Swiveller—Countess Bang), 3yrs.

WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Sec'y.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

Tick Boy in the Manitoba Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., gives, in a recent issue of your paper, his reason for not placing the pointer Tick Boy in the late Manitoba trials. Will you allow me a short reply?

He says had it not been for his rank piece of work in the first heat, flushing and chasing, he would have been placed higher. He also says he was told to stick to the rule that reads, "All dogs must be thoroughly broken, as a matter of course."

Now, what I wish to know is, why, if in the first heat he was so rank, he wasn't thrown out then, and not brought into the second and third series? If he flushed and chased in the first heat, and could not win anything on that account, what was to be gained by keeping him in when, no matter how good his other work should be, that rule about broken dogs was staring him in the face?

As Tick Boy ran a very good heat with the winner in the second series, and showed up well with the winner of third in the third series, showing no inclination to chase or flush willfully, if he was being kept in to see whether he was broken or not, I think he proved conclusively that he was. I know nothing of the trials except what I have read, but all reports have been very favorable to the dog.

I am not kicking against Mr. Wells's judgment, but must congratulate him on giving such general satisfaction, as but few men could judge a field trial alone and have less mistakes, if any at all.

I am interested in the pointer Tick Boy, and am willing to learn anything relating to field trials and field trial judging, and that is why I ask for an explanation.

W. L. KIDWELL.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Montreal Kennel Association.

A LARGE and enthusiastic meeting was held in Montreal on the 26th inst., which resulted in the formation of the above-named association. It was agreed that the scope of the association should be as wide as possible. The interests of the dog in every way would be fostered as far as the society could; so that the attention of members would not be given merely to the holding of shows, local or otherwise, but mutual instruction would be a chief end, and the sympathy of the general public secured by showing that the "fancy" points of dogs did not engross the entire interests of the association.

The following officers were elected: Patron, Sir Donald Smith; Hon. Presidents, Sir Joseph Hickson and Samuel Cardson; President, Prof. Wesley Mills, M. D.; Vice-Presidents, W. H. Drummond, M. D., and Jos. Lindsay; Secretary-Treasurer, Geo. Lanigan; Executive Committee, Messrs. Wm. Robb, D.V.S.; J. C. Nichol, L.D.S.; McCullough, Smith, Pitt, Beaufield, Ekers and McNally.

A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws. It is proposed to hold regular monthly meetings at which papers will be read, discussions held and specimens shown. L. A. Klein, president of the Eastern Township Kennel Club, was made an honorary foundation or original member.

The Collie Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some few weeks since you expressed surprise at the scarcity of Canadian members of the Collie Club. Might I ask what advantages may be obtained by joining the club? I know the club offers annually a few five and two dollar medals and two challenge cups; but the conditions under which the latter are offered are such that none but a very wealthy breeder can ever obtain posession of either. There was some talk at the last New York show of a Produce stake, but as no effort has been made to get entries it has probably been abandoned.

Practically speaking, the Collie Club is unknown and the object for which it was formed has been lost sight of entirely. The majority of the executive committee is composed of men who are but little known in the kennel world of today and are not actively interested in the breed whose interests they are elected to care for. Until this is remedied and the club shows some disposition to "promote the breeding of collies and protect and advance the interests of the breed," I do not think the scarcity of members, either Canadian or American, should cause any one surprise.

SCOTTIE.

Forest and Stream Fan Pedigree Blank.

For some time past breeders of dogs have demanded a pedigree form that would afford spaces for a more extended pedigree than those hitherto published. The difficulty has been in arranging a form that, while admitting the required extension, would be compact and not too large for mailing. This difficulty has been solved in the "FOREST AND STREAM Fan Pedigree Blank" which is so arranged that a dog's pedigree can be recorded for eight generations, and the spaces radiating from a center, the reader is enabled to trace at a glance the different strains which lead from sire and dam. Spaces are also provided for recording the name of dog, its breed, color, sex, breeder and address, dates of birth and purchase, from whom purchased, E. K. C. and A. K. C. Stud Book numbers and certification. These blanks are for sale at $2.00 per hundred, 30c. per doz. by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 318 Broadway, New York.

Eastern Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Board of Governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club have postponed the meetiug until Monday, Nov. 19. The trials will commence with the Members' Stake on Monday the 19th, and on Wednesday, November 21, the regular trials open with the Derby. On conclusion of this stake the others will follow in order of running as heretofore advertised to the end of the meeting. The above has been done in consideration of the handlers who have puppies running at U. S. Trials at Bicknell, Ind., and who will attend the Eastern meeting, giving plenty of time to get to Newton and rest the puppies.

WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Sec'y and Treas.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Oct. 22.

The Pointer Club of America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to make the following corrections regarding the sweepstakes and the Produce Stakes, to be given by the Pointer Club of America. Due to an error in not changing the MS. before going to press for publication, two misleading items occur in the notice appearing in your good paper of a former date—*i. e.*, the time of the closing of entries in the sweepstakes should read "Dec. 15" and not "Nov. 1," and the time the dam must be entered after whelping should read "15 days after," instead of "30 days."

We are pleased to state that we have a number of entries for the Sweepstakes in hand and several others pledged, and many letters asking for information. The circulars will be ready to mail in a few days to every pointer man in the country, and if any one is overlooked, and they will notify us, they will receive the literature giving information.

A singular fact is worthy of comment; 75 per cent. of the interest in these stakes is manifested by new men in the pointer ranks. If the stakes fill up with this material, some of our leading pointer breeders will be reminded that a leader is imposed with the responsibility of doing a leader's share toward advancing pointer interests, and the necessity of being identified with the advancing host. We take this opportunity to impress on all believers in the pointer and his quality and metal, the significance of these events in the pointer's history.

The Pointer Club has a membership of sixty-one, and it is not too much to expect or ask each member to make an entry in one or both stakes, as the time they cover will enable all to make preparations for so worthy an enterprise.

FREDERIC S. WEBSTER, Sec'y.

DOG CHAT.

New England Field Trial Club's Trials.

Mr. Sharpe, the secretary, writes us that the Members' Sweepstake of the N. E. F. T. Club will be run on the club's grounds at Assonet Neck, Mass., beginning at 8 A. M., Tuesday, Nov. 13. The train leaving Boston, N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., Park Square depot, at 5:10 P. M., Monday, Nov. 12, will reach Taunton at 6:04 in time for supper at the City Hotel. Price of board will be $2 per day. A meeting of the club will be held Monday at 8 P. M., at which the dogs will be drawn by lot for the first series of the Members' Sweepstake and such other business as may come before the club. Suitable accommodations will be made for dogs entered in the stake. Barges will leave the City Hotel at 7 A. M. on Tuesday, reaching the grounds in time for the start. Visitors who wish to attend the trial, but do not care to spend the night in Taunton may leave Boston, Tuesday, on the 8:30 A. M. train, N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., from Kneeland street depot, leaving the train at Dighton, Mass., from whence they will be connucted to the grounds. We have been asked if visitors, not members of the club, will be allowed to view the trials and make use of the barges. We understand that all well conducted people will be welcome.

The Wankie Kennels, we regret to hear, have lost their well known Scottish terrier Kilcree. He walked away from the house Oct. 17, and no trace of him can be found, although he has been advertised in all the local papers. Kilcree is too good a dog to lose, and we trust he will soon turn up again. If he does not the kennel still has his blood in a fine litter by him out of Culblean. Mr. Green writes: "I really don't know which is the best of the three dogs—such heads and bone, splendid bodies and coats."

A dog poisoner has been busy at Warwick, Orange county, N. Y., for days past, and a large number of valuable dogs have been killed by the miscreant. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., is said to have lost a white terrier, and a valuable trick dog, Bruno M., owned by Dr. Welch, is another victim.

Col. J. E. Thayer, so well known to the kennel world in connection with fox-terriers and deerhounds, will judge trotters and road horses at the great Horse Show to be held in New York, Nov. 12 and following days. Col. Thayer is the owner of Ralph Wilkes, 2.06½, the fastest trotting stallion in the world, with the exception of Directum, 2.05¼.

The Executive Committee of the Hamilton (Ont.) Kennel Club met last Friday night and decided to set aside $200 toward paying off the $600 deficit incurred at their show of 1891. The club also decided to hold a local show in the Armory, the first available Saturday after the inspection of the 13th battalion.

The Argyle Kennels have bought the celebrated St. Bernards LePrince and LePrincess.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 5.—Brunswick Fur Club, North Acton, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club, at Columbus, Wis. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

Nov. 19.—National Foxhunters' Association's meet, at Olympian Springs, Ky. H. L. Means, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

COURSING.

Nov. 14.—California State meeting at Merced, Cal. J. R Dickson, Secretary.

Kenmore Coursing Club's Meet.

THE second annual meet was held at Goodland, Kan., Oct. 16, and following days. The weather was propitious and hares were quite plentiful enough. A number of spectators enjoyed the sport. The judge, Mr. E H. Mulcaster, gave entire satisfaction on the first day's running, but his decisions on the second and following days were not well received. The charge was made that he favored dogs of his own breeding and one or two of the decisions were especially one-sided and not in conformity with the work done. Mr. Mulcaster has hitherto borne an excellent reputation in the saddle, and while his explanation may be satisfactory the fact remains that his decisions gave rise to a great deal of adverse comment. Mr. Ralph Taylor, of Colorado Springs, Colo., gave every satisfaction with the slips. The draw took place on Monday night at the Depot Hotel after a dinner given by the club. Among the sportsmen present were J. H. Watson of Brooklyn, Dr. Q. Van Hummell, H. C. Lowe, John Cochran, Bartels Bros., R. S. Howard, S. W. Vidler, D. C. Luse, J. H. Le Moyne, M. Kerrigau of San Francisco; J. Fields, M. Allen, J. Wills, B. Hayman and M. Porter, of Salt Lake City.

Kenmore Cup.

For greyhounds of all ages, at $20 each (non-members $22.50); $100 added by the town of Goodland and $50 by Dr. Van Hummell; 50 per cent. of entrance money (less non-members' extra $2.50) and $150 to the winner; 25 per cent. of entrance money (less non-members' extra $2.50) to the runner-up; remaining 25 per cent. divided between third and fourth.

First Round.

M. Allen ns (Warren & Fish's) fawn and white dog Glenlyon, by Glenkirk—Glida, *beat* G. Macdougall's black and white dog Twister, by Lord Neversettle—White Lips.

H. C. Lowe's black and white dog Prince Charlie, by Lord Neversettle—White Lips, *beat* Van Hummell & Le Moyne's brindled dog Lord Clifton, by Lord Neversettle—Partera.

Sunflower Coursing Kennel's white and brindled bitch Rhea, by Major Glendyne—Daisy Dublin, *beat* Eastern Coursing Kennels' black dog Royal Crest, by Greentick—Royal Rate.

H. C. Lowe's red dog Lord Douglas, by Neversettle—Partera, *beat* Sunflower Coursing Kennel's black and white dog Rear Admiral, by Major Glendyne—Lady Alice.

St. Patrick's white and black dog Boomerang, by Lord Neversettle—White Lips, *beat* Van Hummell & Le Moyne's brindled bitch Valkyrie, by Lord Neversettle—Partera.

H. C. Lowe's white and black dog St. Lawrence, by Lord Neversettle—White Lips, *beat* M. Harrison's red dog Boundaway, by Lord Neversettle—Partera.

D. C. Luse's black dog Colonel Breckenridge, by Norwegian—Dick's Darling, *beat* H. C. Lowe's black bitch Melita, by Lord Neversettle—White Lips.

GLENLYON—TWISTER.—A long slow course, Glenlyon doing about all the work.

PRINCE CHARLIE—LORD CLIFTON.—Prince Charlie led up for a short course and killed.

RHEA—ROYAL CREST.—Royal Crest led up, but Rhea gave him a beautiful go-by and killed.

BOOMERANG—VALKYRIE.—This was a fine long course, in which both scored very evenly. Boomerang won.

ST. LAWRENCE—BOUNDAWAY.—St. Lawrence did most all of the work and puss went to ground.

COLONEL BRECKENRIDGE—MELITA.—The Colonel led up and killed after a short course.

Second Round.

GLENLYON a bye with Master Glenkirk, Prince Charlie having been withdrawn.

RHEA—LORD DOUGLAS.—Lord Douglas led to the hare and scored heavily and killed before the bitch could offset it.

ST. LAWRENCE a bye with Lord Clifton, Boomerang being withdrawn.

COL. BRECKENRIDGE a bye with Lady P. A hard course in which Colonel had far the best of it.

Third Round.

GLENLYON—LORD DOUGLAS.—Very even course and a lot of work for the dogs. Glenlyon's condition told in the end and he killed and won.

ST. LAWRENCE—COLONEL BRECKENRIDGE.—St. Lawrence proved the cleverer and had rolled up a good score when the hare holed.

Deciding Course.

GLENLYON—ST. LAWRENCE.—St. Lawrence led to the hare and scored several times, letting in St. Lawrence, who, however, soon fell back, but came again near the finish but was unable to score. Glenlyon won.

Kenmore Derby.

For greyhound puppies, at $20 each, ($2.50 for non-members), with $100 added by the town of Goodland and $50 added by Dr. Van Hummell. Same division of money as in cup stake.

First Round.

Van Hummell and LeMoyne's brindle and white dog Van Aafke, by Lord Neversettle—Verdure Clad, *beat* M. Allen's white and black bitch Maid of Honor, by Miller's Rab—Nettlefield.

T. W. Bartels's ns. (H. B. Hersey's) brindle and white dog Baron, by Boomerang—Pearl of Pekin, *beat* M. B. Yomblin ns. (D. M. Sidle's) black bitch Lizzie Lee, by Norwegian—Dick's Darling.

H. C. Lowe's black dog High Curly, by Lord Neversettle—White Lips, *beat* Sunflower Coursing Kennels' fawn dog Extra Dry, by Glenkirk—Scandal.

Sunflower Coursing Kennels' ns. (J. C. Peebler's) fawn dog Lambright, by Norwegian—Bueneretiro, *beat* L. C. Whiton's brindle and white bitch Princetonia, by Young Fullerton—Spinaway.

Eastern Coursing Kennels' bitch Trilby, by Royal Crest—Drytime, *beat* Van Hummell & LeMoyne's red bitch Van Lenah, by Lord Clifton—Victoria.

Van Hummell & LeMoyne's white and brindle dog Van Otjen, by Lord Neversettle—Verdure Clad, *beat* St. Patrick Kennels' brindle dog Brother Jonathan, by Dingwall—Novenery.

Van Hummell & LeMoyne's fawn bitch Van de Veen, by Glenkirk—Scandal, *beat* Sunflower Coursing Kennels' fawn dog Sorrento. by Glenkirk—Scandal.

M. Allen's red dog Fear Not, by Glenkirk—Gilda, *beat* D. C. Luse's fawn bitch Fascination, by Norwegian—Bueneritero.

VAN AAFKE—MAID OF HONOR.—Long course. Maid of Hork the first half, then Van Aafke came in and piled up a winning score.

BARON—LIZZIE LEE.—Baron led up for a long course, in which both scored well and evenly. Baron won.

HIGH CURLY—EXTRA DRY.—Extra Dry led up for a few points, High Curly then nipped and trailed the hare, not doing any good work.

LAMBRIGHT—PRINCESS NICOTINE.—Lambright led up, worked the hare alone and killed, winning hands down.

TRILBY—VAN LENAH.—A long course, with honors about equally divided. Trilby won.

VAN OTJEN—BROTHER JONATHAN.—Van had the best of a short course over bad ground.

VAN DE VEEN—SORRENTO.—Van was given this course, though in my opinion Sorrento won easily.

FEAR NOT—FASCINATION.—Fear Not was given the course, and there was much dissatisfaction over the decision, as Fascination led up and did about all the work.

Second Round.

Van Aafke beat Baron.
High Curly beat Lambright.
Trilby beat Otjen.
Fear Not beat Van de Veen.

Third Round.

High Curly beat Van Aafke.
Fear Not beat Trilby.

Deciding Course.

Fear Not beat High Curly and won the stake.

Consolation Stake.

Eight entries:

Al. Johnston's Rhaon Dhu (Major Glendyne—Daisy Double) won first, Laughed At (Norwegian—Bueneritero) second. W.

As our reporter was compelled to leave the Kenmore Coursing meet on the first day, we are indebted to Mr. C. F. Weber, of Goodland, for the report of this meeting, which, however, came too late for our last issue.

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The Western Massachusetts Fox Club will hold their seventh annual meet at Westfield, Mass., Oct. 31 and Nov. 1. The meet is expected to be a large one if the weather is at all propitious. Judging from our experience last year, the visitor will be well treated, and even if no foxes are brought to bag, the pleasure of meeting so many good sportemeu is enough to repay one for the visit. The hunter's horn will sound at 5 A. M. on Wednesday for breakfast. At 6 o'clock carriages will convey the hunters to the grounds. The annual club dinner will be served to members and guests at the Town Hall at 6:30 on Wednesday evening.

Northwestern Beagle Club's Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Following is the list of entries for the Northwestern Beagle Club's second annual field trials, to be held at Columbus, Wis., beginning on Wednesday, Nov. 7.

CLASS A—ALL-AGE STAKE—FOR DOGS 13 TO 15IN.

BASE—Dillingham & Rummele's black, white and tan dog (Spelo—Gypsey Belle).

ALDERMAN—Dillingham & Rummele's black, white and tan dog (Bob—Fannie).

STORMY—F. F. Merrill's black, white and tan dog (champion Royal Krueger—Pussie).

BUCKSKIN—R. Engelmann's black, white and tan dog (Riser, Jr.—Nettie).

BLACK HAWK—B. Engelmann's black, white and tan dog (Riser, Jr.—Nettie).

ADAM—Middleton Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Sport—Trill).

MODEL—Theo. Zschetzsche, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog (Stormy—champion June M.).

RISER—Hintze Bros.' black, white and tan dog (Flute Ringwood—Zell).

TONY W—Louis Steffen's black, white and tan dog (champion Tony Weller—Topsy S.).

ROYAL ROVER—G. A. Buckstaff's black, white and tan dog (Rover—Singer G.).

CLASS B—ALL-AGE STAKE—FOR BITCHES—13 TO 15IN.

MARGUERITE—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' white, black and tan bitch (champion Fitzhugh Lee—Dido).

LOTTIE—F. W. Bencher's white, black and tan bitch (Drummer—Lofty).

MAYFLY—Dillingham & Rummele's tan, black and white bitch (Doc—Peg).

PANIC—Dillingham & Rummele's tan, black and white bitch (Doc—Peg).

RUTH C.—Dillingham & Rummele's black, white and tan ticked bitch (Base—Nellie).

LULU II.—Hintze Bros.' black, white and tan bitch (Trump—Lulu).

PEARL CAROLINE—C. Niss's black, white and tan bitch (Krueger's Judge—Krueger's Pearl).

BLOSSOM—Barrow Bros.' white, black and tan bitch (champion Little Duke—Floss).

CLASS C.—DERBY—DOGS AND BITCHES—13 TO 15IN. AND UNDER.

FANCY M.—Middleton Kennels' black, white and tan bitch, (Stormy—champion June M.).

DICK—Truman Sears's white, black and tan dog (champion Royal Krueger—Baby W.).

JUDY—Theo. Zschetzsche, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Spelo—Nell).

PRINCE II.—Theo. Zschetzsche, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog (Brittle—Judy).

LITTLE COONEY DUKE—E. Bender's black, white and tan dog (champion Little Duke—Lottie).

NANCY LEE—G. A. Buckstaff's black, white and tan bitch (Tricotrin—Donna W.).

CLASS D—DERBY FOR DOGS AND BITCHES WHELPED ON OR AFTER JAN. 1, 1893—15IN. AND UNDER.

UMSLOPAGOUS OF GLENROSE—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan dog (champion Fitzhugh Lee—champion Parthenia).

ADA—Middleton Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Adam—Little Fraud).

BUCKSKIN—R. Engelmann's black, white and tan dog (Riser, Jr.—Nettie).

BLACK HAWK—B. Engelmann's black, white and tan dog (Riser, Jr.—Nettie).

RUTH C.—Dillingham & Rummele's black, white and tan ticked bitch (Base—Nellie).

ESTHER C.—Dillingham & Rummele's black, white and tan ticked bitch (Base—Nellie).

SPOTTED CHIEF—G. A. Buckstaff's black, white and tan dog (Krueger's Bob—Pearl Caroline).

JIM LEE—T. S. Maxwell's black, white and tan dog (Scott True—Mollie).

LOUIS STEFFEN, Sec'y.

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National Beagle Club Field Trials.

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y., Oct. 29.—The annual meet of the National Beagle Club began here to-day. The club headquarters are at Roth's Hotel and among those present are H. L. Kreuder, Nanuet, N. Y.; C. W. Quynn, C. Staley Doub, R. S. Cramer, Frederick, Md.; W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass.; G. F. Reed, Barton, Vt.; Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Daniel Sommers, Thorndale, Pa.; A. D. Heald, West Chester, Pa.; N. A. Baldwin, East Orange, N. J.; John Bateman, Gravesend, N. Y.; Wm. Saxby, Ilion, N. Y.; L. W. Colquitt, South Orange, N. Y.; Louis Contoit, New York, N. Y.; Jos. Lewis, Moodus, Conn.; Bradford S. Turpin, Boston, Mass., and many others.

Owing to the late arrival of many of the members and beagles it was deemed best to postpone field work till Tuesday morning, and it was late in the afternoon before the entries were called upon to fill and the drawing made. In class A, H. A. P. Smith's Louie Fitz Lee, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Glory and Music, and J. B. Lozier's Cry Baby were absent. In class B, Daniel F. Summer's Little Kit did not fill. In class C, Geo. Laick's Laick's Roy and Awashonk Kennels' Diamond failed to appear.

The drawing resulted as follows:

CLASS B.

U. A. Baldwin's Laddie with Geo. Laick's Laick's Roy.
Rockland Kennels Rags (a bye).

CLASS C.

Geo. F. Reed's Nell R. with Rockland Kennels' Clover.
Daniel F. Summer's Lucy S. (a bye).

The annual meeting of the club was held on Monday evening at 8 P. M., President Kreuder in the chair.

It was voted to change the Constitution so that the offices of secretary and treasurer should be separate.

Mr. Louis Contoit was elected to membership.

The following officers were elected on the mail ballots being counted: President, H. L. Kreuder; First Vice-President, J. W. Appleton; Second Vice-President, H. F. Schellhass; Third Vice-President, G. B. Post, Jr.; Treasurer, Geo. Laick; Secretary, Geo. W. Rogers; Executive Committee with the above officers, A. D. Lewis, N. A. Baldwin and J. B. Lozier. B.

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Beagle Lost.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While out exercising the beagles a week ago I had the bad luck to lose the last year's Derby winner Louie Fitz Lee in the vicinity of Long Pond, Melrose, Mass. He was entered in both the New England and National field trials, and it will be a great disappointment to his owner, Mr. Smith, of Digby, N. S., as he was very anxious to have him run up against some of the cracks this year, and from what I saw of him he would have made it very interesting. If any of your many readers should come across him or hear anything of him they will do me a great favor by notifyiug me. He was a white, black and tan in color, very prettily marked, about 14in. high and strongly built. It is a great disappointment to me also, as there has been so much said in the sporting papers abont this dog I would have liked the beagle men to see what he could do. W. S. CLARK.

LINDEN, Mass,

NEW ENGLAND BEAGLE CLUB'S TRIALS.

Oct. 23 to 26.

ONCE more has a beagle club demonstrated that it is entirely feasible to conduct a field trial for beagles. Not only this, but when experienced judges are officiating they are euabled to gauge to a degree the ability and accomplishments of the little hounds. This New England Club held its second annual trials at Oxford, Mass, the same venue as in 1893; and the club members must feel proud of the fact that their meeting passed off without the slightest friction. The utmost good will prevailed, and even the disappointed ones were only so because their dogs failed to do better and not on account of any unjust decision. The club had the services of two practical hunters in Messrs. C. W. Guyn and and G. B. Appleby, and they seemed to arrive at their decisions unanimously and without much delay, a condition of affairs that we believe was not entirely the case in this club's trials last year. Both judges held to the liue with all the vigor of youth and experience of veterans, and the cover must have been very thick and impenetrable when one or the other failed to see the work done.

The Federal Hill, where the trials were held, affords pretty nearly every kind of going except swamp. The grounds are dry, perhaps in this instance a little too dry, as but little rain had fallen for some time previous to the meeting. Most of the hunting was in cover or rough bush-covered pasture, that in some parts was very rocky. The only drawback to the grounds is the stone walls, which are so numerous that the dogs no sooner get well started on a hot drive than the game at once seeks refuge in them. Hares were plentiful, and it was the exception when we had to tramp far without striking a warm trail.

The weather during the first two days could not have been better for hunting, cloudy, little wind and just enough dampness in the air to make scent hold good. The headquarters of the club were at Bacon's Hotel, and landlord Bacon did all in his power to make us comfortable; he fed us well and the hot lunches brought to the field were very good indeed; what more conld one ask for, unless some fastidious mortal took exception to the resiliency of his bed springs. But hare-hunters are out for sport and not hair mattresses.

Among the best known beagle men present duriug the week were O. F. Joslin of Oxford, who owns the noted fox-hound Rock, his nephew, H. S. Joslin, the presideut of the club, who surely should be content with the houors the week brought him; F. W. Chapman, Orland, Me.; Geo. F. Reed (Canada Gray), Barton, Vt.; B. S. Turpin, Boston, Mass.; W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., the able and courteous secretary; Thos. Shellcrosss, Howard Almy and F. W. Cielfield of Providence, R. I.; A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass.; A. H. Morse, Quinnebaug, Conn.; E. O. Cornforth, Slatersville, R. I.; H. Hanson, Fall River, Mass.; H.W. Lacy, New York; R. Leslie, Linden, Mass.; W. E. Hapgood of the Worcester *Spy*, who taught the boys a wrinkle in beagle hunting that was simply "out of sight."

But for the stormy weather on Thursday the trials would have beeu rnn off in three days; as it was there was plenty of time for the members who had beagles entered in the National trials at Hempstead, to rest both themselves and their dogs before the heavy work of this week.

The quality of the work done by the dogs was, on the whole, good, though the ability shown by Jean Val Jean, Buckshot, Blauche, Piper and Zeno and Nell R. was of a high order, especially that of the two first named. In Jean Val Jean, Mr. Joslin owns a beagle of whom he may well be proud, a tireless hunter, very careful in hunting out the likely places, but so quick in his movements while doing so that it was a difficult matter to follow him. Buckshot is a fast worker, too, and especially good ou a warm drive; his casting is wide and rapid, but he scarcely shows the patience of the other in seeking out to a find in cover. This is probably owing to his style of hunting in his Vermont home, where he is hunted mostly on the swamp hare and those little "toy rabbits" as "Cauada Gray" calls them, do not give him half a chance. He will probably be seen to better advantage in the open country around Hempstead. Blanche has made wouderful strides in her work since being under Mr. Reed's care, and is sure to give a good account of herself in the Hempstead trials. Miss Kreuder is the first lady to enter a dog at any field trials in America, and that her beagle won third iu such hot competition must be no little satisfaction to her.

The specials were awarded as follow:
Best voice—Quaboag Belle.
Style—Lewis.
Speed—Jean Val Jean.
Best All-Age entry bred by owner—Piper.
Best Derby entry bred by owner—Zeno.
Best trailing—Zeno.
Best starter—Nell R.

The annual meeting of the club was held on Monday evening, President F. W. Chapman in the chair. After routine business was cleared off, the election of officers took place and resulted in a few changes as follows. Pres., H. S. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; Vice-Pres., A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass.; Sec'y-Treas., W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass. Executive Committee: H. Hanson, Fall River, Mass., and Thomas Shellcross, with the above named officers. A telegram having been received from Mr. F. C. Bedell saying he was too sick to officiate as one of the judges—in fact he was in bed with an attack of fever, having caught cold when hunting in Vermont a week or two since, Mr. Geo. B. Appleby, a local Nimrod and mighty fox-hunter and well posted on rabbit hunting with beagles, was elected to fill Mr. Bedell's place. The meeting then adjourned. The field trial committee was then called to order and the filling of entries for Class C, the 15in. Derby, was the first and only business of importance. It was found that H. A. P. Smith's Pealer and Slip would not be able to fill. Slip was in season and Pealer lifted the 15in. standard. The drawing resulted as follows:

Class C—The Derby—13 to 15in.

Awashonk Kennels' black, white and tan dog Bingo (Deacon Tidd—Daisy), handler, Thos. Shallcross (owner), with Geo. F. Reed's tan and ticked bitch Nell R. (Ned—Haida), handler, owner.

Awashonk Kennels' black, white and tan dog Diamond (Frank Forest, Jr.—Diamond Krueger), handler, T. Shallcross, with F. W. Chapman's black, white and tan dog Umslapogus (Fitzhugh Lee—Parthenia), handler, owner.

Awashonk Kennels' black, white and tan dog Zeno (Deacon Tidd—Daisy), handler, T. Shallcross, with A. D. Fiske's black and tan bitch Blossom (Fitzhugh Lee—Lady Novice), handler, A. H. Morse.

The meeting adjourned at a late hour and with prayers for a fine day on the morrow, the anxious owners sought their couches.

TUESDAY.

The morning opened cloudy and it looked like rain, but happily the weather cleared toward afternoon and the sun came out in fugitive patches. It was an ideal hunting morn, with just enough dampness to hold the scent and afford the untried Derby dogs an opportunity to do their best. Hares were plentiful enough, and with this important factor assured, the meeting promised to be a success, even if the number of entries did not come up to expectations. The barge left the hotel about 8 A. M. for the Jefferson farm, two miles from town, situated on rising ground and clear of swamps. The going was mixed, but none of it so dense as to hinder a view of the dogs most of the time.

The Derby—First Series.

BINGO—NELL R.—This brace was put down near the farmhouse in rough pasture well covered with low bushes. At first Nell, with the perversity of her sex, was inclined to be headstrong, and Bingo showed better control. Both got down to business with a vim, and hunting independeutly became widely separated. Nell made the wider casts, and in doing so started the first hare of the meeting and had it holed before Bingo could hark to her. A spectator kindly put up another bunny, and Nell considered this her property, too, and ran it to a fling, which resulted in a check; neither houud could hit it off, so they were drawn to another field, where Bingo trailed prettily to a start, but was compelled to relinquish the lead to his speedier rival, who carried the trail along in a sharp run through thick cover, and making intelligent use of her nose at the turns, she showed herself decisively superior to the other both in speed and general smartuess. Drawn off at 9:15.

DIAMOND—UMSLAPOGUS.—Down at 9:35 on hillside. Mr. Shellcross again looked after his own, and the namesake of Rider Haggard's mighty hunter was helped over the fences by F. W. Chapman. Umsly, as we will call him for short, though he took after his dusky namesake in size, appeared rather diffident, and did not enter into the sport with any degree of enthusiasm. He was either very shy or was not on speaking terms with his owner, for he paid little heed when he told him to go in and win. Diamond was thus enabled to show himself off to advautage, though with a smarter dog along he would have been termed a potterer at times. Judge Appleby started the fuu, or rather a hare, and Diamond hit off the trail, which shortly led to a hole in the wall fence. Iu cover a reporter started another *lepus* and dogs were worked back to the warm trail, but neither could lift it, working off to one side. Diamond thought he was doing a lot of hunting, but he didn't get on very fast. Out of the cover across the road Diamond struck and nosiug out the trail inch by inch carried us into cover again, lost, then found, and after a few checks carried the trail out of woods to a wall; a lot of desultory whimpering came from him, but nothing of any moment was done. Umsly got excited about this time, and had lots of fun, running about till he felt quite tired. He was too fat and slow for this game. There was no need to keep them down so long, as Diamond did all the work and Umsly had not a ghost of a show. Up at 10:45. Tried for gunshyness, the concussion turned Umsly round with his head toward home. Diamond stood the test, but it was some time before Umsly joined us again, his owner having walked off and left him to his fate.

ZENO—BLOSSOM.—Crossing over to another part of grouuds these two were cast off at 10:55. Both were in charge of their respective owners. This couple were much of a type on the long and lean order, but were smart, industrious workers. After hunting out a lot of mixed ground without a whimper that denoted business, outside of some cover the crowd startled a hare, and the hounds were faced—nose on. Zeno opened first and Blossom harked to, and between them they made the hare hustle through the woods over the rocky brush land into thick cover where the fur proved too clever; but Blossom hit the trail eventually and carried it along at quarter speed, leaving Zeno to follow the music. Near edge of woods they missed the turn, and after ten minutes castiug they failed to strike and were called off to the trail of another hare that had been sighted, but the dogs could make nothing of it, and passing through woods they ran another hare about 10yds. to a wall, and being quickly routed out of his hiding place bunny was carried to a rocky pasture field and given law. The hounds being thrown at the trail, after some casting Zeno struck the proper chord and carried us at a merry pace, with one check, to the woods and then ou to a wall side where he lost again, but quickly routed the hare out at close quarters and indulged in a sight chase that set us all going after him pell mell up and down the field side. He flecked the hare once or twice but could not get a fair grip. Puss turned and got a good lead and Zeno was caught up. Time 12:22, aud as the clam soup was getting cold we all strolled over to the farmhouse barn, where an appetizing lunch and a welcome rest awaited us.

At 1:05 we started again with the same brace in the rough bush patch, where a hare was soon started by the crowd. Dogs being put on Zeno was again the first to get hold of the trail properly, but it led but a short distance to a wall, Blossom marking the hole. Failing to get the game out they were soon on to another hare which led Zeno, closely backed by Blossom, to a stone heap, and they were caught up at 1:20. Both hounds worked well, but Zeno proved himself superior in his wider and morc intelligent casting, and always had the speed and nose of the other. It should be said, however, that Blossom being in season, could uot be expected to do herself justice. Mr. Shallcross's courtesy in allowing her to compete with his dog was sportsmanlike and commendable. Zeuo was not affected by the situation and attended strictly to his duty.

Second Series.

ZENO—NELL R.—We expected a hustling hunt, for our Vermont friend was beut on owning this Derby, and we knew we had the winners in this brace, so took another reef in our belts and prepared for the race. Working through rocky brush land Judge Appleby stumbled on the fur, and hounds being put ou we were led a merry scramble, half the fellows swallowing their chewing gum in the excitement, till buuny went to earth and Zeno tried to follow it. Getting our wind again, Nell then struck a trail outside of woods and carried it sharply to a wall, where she was joined from lower down by Zeno. The hare was seen to pass the end of the wall, and dogs being lifted on Zeno took it up, closely pressed by Nell, to a fling, and the dogs were taken up at 1:55 to be put down later.

Class G—Bassets and Dachshunds.

To give the others a rest this class was called up, but Mr. E. A. Manice's liver and white and tan bitch Princetta, known at home as Molly Pitcher (Jay—Princess), was the only entry. Of course every oue felt compelled to smile at her Highness, as properly coustituted beagle men would be expected to do, but Princetta did not mind, and it takes a good deal to phase Mr. Chapman, who handled her. Down at edge of cover at 2:02. Worming, this is the correct term, into cover, Mr. Joslin obligingly jumped a hare, but Princetta didn't care about it much, so we trotted on down in the pines to where Mr. Chapman had a hare on the move, but no hound could be expected to pick up a trail on the dry pine needles at this time of day. But Princetta tried her best and getting dowu into a hollow among the brush she hunted assiduously aud a series of sharp yelps told she was making game. She worked along at fair speed back to pine ueedles, where she lost her hold. Then she trailed quite a piece in rough undergrowth on to a bit of swamp, where she lost and took the back track, then hunted backward and forward and was called up at 2:55. Every one had changed their opinions on dachshunds in general and Princetta in particular, for she hunted diligently, if not intelligently, and her snaky action carried her along through some very rough close brush at a speed that was very deceiving. She is only about a year old, and under good training will make a likely hunter. As Mr. Manice pays $8 for entry and the prize was only 40 per cent. it will be seen that he had to pay for the distiuction of winning with the first dachshund at an American field trial. But the glory of it!

The Derby—Continued.

Harking back to the beagles, Nell R. was put down at 3:05 to hunt aloue—a very good idea. In open, after working out some ground, she tongued and raced to a check across a road; then in rough brush patch she hit off another trail to a check; nosed it out once more by the wall fence where puss had holed, and she was taken up.

Zeno was then put down at 3:27 in the same rough pasture. On into woods where he trailed to a start and rau the game prettily to a stone heap, where the hare holed. He showed good work in this, aud it probably proved a lucky bit for him, as with this fresh in their minds the judges consulted aud soon announced Zeno wiuner of first, Nell R. second, Blossom third, and Diamond reserve. There is little between the two winners, and on the whole of the series Nell had just as good a claim to first honors. The decision was well received. This closed the running for the day, and it was a pretty tired crowd that drove home in the gathering twilight.

WEDNESDAY.

Good huuting weather again. The morning proved cloudy and raw, but little wiud was stirring until afternoon, when a northeaster came up and did not improve the hunting conditious, while to make matters worse it commenced to rain about 4 P. M. The rendezvous was at the Jefferson farm again, and the hunting, as yesterday, ou Federal Hill. Most of the spectators were members of the club and interested in the dogs. The dogs had been drawn for the All-Age Stake—13 to 15in.—last evening, and filled as follows:

All-Age Stake—13 tp 15in.

F. W. Chapman's white, black and tan bitch Marguerite (Fitzhugh Lee—Dido), handler, owner, *with* Mark Lewis's white, black and tan bitch Mollie L. (Don—Mollie), handler, W. S. Clarke.

A. D. Fiske's white, black and tan dog Piper (Fitzhugh Lee—Lady Novice), handler, A. H. Morse, *with* Miss E. C. Krender's black, white aud tan bitch Blanche (champion Frank Forest—Ida), handler, George F. Reed.

Pottinger Dorsey's black, white and tan bitch Dorsey's Mollie (Jack—Beauty), handler, W. S. Clark, *with* George F. Reed's black, white and tan ticked dog Buckshot (Dave—Daisy), handler, owner.

Howard Almy's white and tan dog Lewis (Bannerman—Parthenia), handler, owner, *with* H. S. Joslin's black, white and tan dog Jeau Val Jeau (Chubb—Mystic II.), handler, E. Barnes.

Awashonk Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Quaboag Belle (Larry—Louie), handler, T. Shallcross, *with* G. A. Buckstaff's black, white and tan, ticked dog Royal Rover (Rover—Singer G.), handler, W. S Clarke.

Awashonk Kennels' black, white and tan dog Zeno (Deacon Tidd—Daisy), a bye, handler, T. Shallcross.

Forest Beagle Kennels' Forest Hunter and Vick R. and H. A. P. Smith's Louie Fitzhugh did not fill.

First Series.

MARGUERITE—MOLLIE L.—No time was wasted, and the first brace was put down at edge of woods near the farm at 8:35 A. M. Both hounds went to work in a business-like manner and soon were tougueing on some old trails that ran to a wall. Mollie's keen nose worked out a circling trail, which drew her to a diminutive leveret, and she rau it for some distance. Mr. Appleby thought this no fun, so kindly started a full-growu *lepus*, the trail of which Marguerite was first to hit, but dropped it shortly, and Mollie harking to, found, and bustled the game to a wall hole. This was a smart drive, and both bitches meant business. Dogs were then drawn to where Mr. Reed claimed to have seen game in thick cover, but neither beagle could verify his statement, and after trying a lot of ground, they were called up at 9:45. Both hunted assiduously, but did not show very kéen nose. Their work was even on drives, but Mollie took the wider casts. Both under fair coutrol.

PIPER—BLANCHE.—A move was made to another part of the grounds. Down at 10:10 in rough bush pasture; said to be the ground for sure finds. Blanche soon began tongueing, but lost directly; picked up the trail again and the next check let Piper in, but he did not seem to interest himself much but followed Blanche to another check; then both lifting the trail they hunted puss out of the cover and across the open at a hot pace, and packing well gave us the prettiest hunt so far; a wall checked the race, and it was welcomed, as it was bellows to mend for some of us. Off again over fern patch where they lost the rabbit going toward the woods. Another hare had been seen and the dogs were held to the trail, but Piper did not care for that style of hunting and allowed Blanche to do the honors, but Piper soon showed he could run, too, and between them carryied us across the woods at a merry clip to a hole in some rocks. Blanche did good work here, hitting off smartly to three flings. Up at 10:55. Blanche seemed to have the keenest nose but lacked the range of the other, and Piper had the foot of her whenever it came to a drive on equal terms. Blanche is a vastly improved bitch on her Derby form, and showed that she had been well hunted.

DORSEY'S MOLLIE—BUCKSHOT.—These were put down in the bushy patch at eleven o'clock. Molly, who seemed in whelp was in charge of W. S. Clark, but did not care to acknowledge it at times, as he was a stranger to her; Buckshot had therefore an advantage in knowing his master Mr. Reed. On a rabbit that was viewed, Mollie did some pretty trailing on the back track, but getting the line lower down the hill started well but soon lost to Buckshot who had been casting to one side and the dog carried us pell mell across the woods and open. The pace was a corker and there was little breath left in those who managed to follow. Mollie picked up a turn or two but Buck always had the speed to take the lead and did most of the driving. As the gentleman from Vermont expressed a desire for water, a request entirely without precedent at these trials, a recess was taken to accommodate him. In a quarter of an hour the dogs were cast off again and going through woods Judge Appleby spied a hare squatting; she kindly stayed so until the dogs were brought up but instead of giving her law, they were thrown almost on to her and a "spy" run was had for a few yards when puss dodged and squatted again, fooling the dogs. Mollie called the turu but Buck would not be denied and led us a cracking burst of five minutes across thick woods to the boundary wall at the roadside, where the hare holed; he could be felt but not seen and we left him for another day. It was then 12 o'clock and we walked a mile to the farmhouse for lnnch. These two dogs gave us the most brilliant work of the meeting and had Mollie not been so heavy in whelp, and more acquainted with her handler, she would have done even better; as it was, Buck did the most brilliant work. He is a corker on a hot drive, being used to the swamp hares and free going, but Mollie is more careful in her trailing and is no doubt a good one under different conditions.

QUABOAG BELLE—ROYAL ROVER.—These were down at 1:20, edge of woods, in pasture. W. S. Clark looked after another stranger in Royal Rover. It is rather a thankless task handling a strange dog and must try one's patience, as one's voice and motions are not familiar to the dog, but Mr. Clark knows his business and was soon on terms with those he handled. A hare was viewed and dogs trailing prettily to it ran to woods, where they lost. This was a pretty run, the couple packing nicely, and their sweet music was brought back to us by the rising wiud. Soon after Rover led off in some very tick cover and a "scratching" run ensued which was hard to follow. Dogs lost, and after desultory casts arounk the hare was started by handlers and dogs drawn on. Rover, working lower down, hit off first, the rabbit squatted but Rover was not to be fooled, got him up and struck the trail several times for some sharp bursts along the edge of woods and then deeper in the woods, the dog leading all the time, Belle, when she could catch up, content to give her encouraging babble when the other was silent. After driving the hare to a wall across the woods, the hounds were called off at 2:20 with the most credit being in favor of Rover, who gets out and hunts and has a pretty

sharp nose. Belle hunts well enough, but her tongue gets the best of her head sometimes.

LEWIS—JEAN VAL JEAN—These were put down in cover at 2:25. Both dogs hunted industriously and their work was marked by good style and intelligence, though in the latter quality Jean easily led. After a while a hare was started in a pathway and dogs brought on. Jean tongued first and led off, but lost directly; working back to top of rising ground Jean lifted the trail again and carried it to the bottoms. Here he showed some very snappy, heady work, and managed to cover a lot of ground in his casts but missing no likely spots that would hold a scent. Casting back to hill he ran the trail again, Lewis, who seemed discouraged by the snappy work of his rival, dawdling to one side. It turned out there were two hares moving, as they were seen to come out of woods. Dogs up at 2:50. Lewis began his heat well, but afterward, whether rattled by the crowd or not, he seemed to lose interest, but Jean, as stated, seemed to be in every likely spot at once and did brilliant work. Both were stylish workers and under good control.

The next heat should have been Zeno's bye, but as there was only one entry left in the All-Age under 13in., the Forest Beagle Kennels' Gypsey Forest and Viola being absent, and Mr. Hanson anxious to return home that evening, it was decided to allow his entry to run off for the prize, an account of which run will be given in due order.

ZENO (a bye) with PIPER—Having returned to the farmhouse after the 13in. walkover, this brace was cast off in rough pasture below the house, a part of the grounds we had not yet hunted over. After covering a good many acres, the spectators spied a hare and hounds were drawn on. Both tongued, but Zeno struck it right first, then both took it up in hopeful fashion, but could not hit the trail warm enough to carry them along. Then put down on hillside Zeno struck a trail and carried us at a ripping pace up the hill, followed closely by Piper. This was hot work, it is bad enough to take your hills plain, but when it comes to fighting briars and rocks in the mad race to keep within striking distance of the hounds, the result is a little demoralizing to one's temper. A welcome check gave opportunity to notice that it was raining, and the keen northeast wind boded no good either for present scent or the morrow's hunting. Circling down the hill the hounds ran well, again Piper leading quite a distance. Then as it was raining hard and getting dark the dogs were called off at 4:55. Both worked well, but it was easy seen that the Derby winner Zeno would be lost in the shuffle among the older dogs. A wet ride home ensued and the weather-wise predicted no hunting to-morrow.

All-Age, 13in. and Under.

OLAF OF DENMARK—CLYDE.—It is four years next month since I first saw Clyde work the cotton-tails, but the little dog keeps up well and is still able to do a good day's work, and in his run here showed that there are few of his inches that can lead him. A. H. Morse handled Clyde, he having had him at his farm for some time. Cast off at 2:55 in rough pasture, Clyde found a trail, and Olaf, brought to the line, chimed in and followed Clyde for a sharp burst across brushy woods to the boundary wall, where we found both dogs trying to get up the hole where puss had disappeared. A good deal of hunting was done during the heat, and Olaf showed himself a fair to middling sort of a dog and was awarded the stake.

THURSDAY.

Rain, rain and more rain, with wind enough to blow scent sky high. An attempt was made about 8 A. M. to carry out the day's programme, but after driving to the Jefferson farm it was found utterly impossible to continue the running, and as it was no use getting wet through for nothing, the horses' heads were turned back to the hotel, where the day was spent in keeping the stove warm and spinning such yarns that Landlord Bacon had to shake himself to be sure he wasn't dreaming.

In the afternoon President Joslyn took several of his visitors through the Joslyn shoe factory, and to those of us whose knowledge of the shoe's construction extended no further than its fit, the sight was a most interesting one. There is an old saying, "There's nothing like leather," but Yankee ingenuity gets the better of it here.

FRIDAY.

At 6 A. M. there were several noses flattened against as many window panes in the endeavor to see the color of the skies. There was no rain, but that is as much as could be said, for the clouds hung low, and only those who were compelled to turned out to see the finish runs. A raw north wind did not add to our comfort, nor promise holding scent. The dogs for the second series of the All-Age 15in. class had been decided upon, and Dorsey's Molly, Royal Rover, Buckshot, Jean Val Jean, Piper and Blanche were left in and called in the order named.

Second Series.

DORSEY'S MOLLY—ROYAL ROVER.—No one expected to see much hunting, as it commenced to rain soon after starting into the woods, the only place to find game. This brace, under Mr. Clark's charge, started out at 8:35 with little enthusiasm—as if they knew the game was not worth the candle. Rover did some very careful hunting—some might say he pottered a bit, opened a few times, but what with the rain and the wind could not follow it up. Molly, who was not in proper shape, hunted earnestly, considering the disadvantages under which she labored. After going about an hour they were called up.

BUCKSHOT—JEAN VAL JEAN.—We all knew that in these two we had the winners, and that if there was any fur above ground they would find it. They were cast off at 9:45 in the same rough ground, and started off at a 2:10 gait, Jean showing prominently in his snappy, intelligent hunting, while Buckshot made his casts wider and more after the manner of a foxhound. A hare was seen and dogs drawn on to the line. Jean took it up directly and with a check or two, first one hound and then the other leading, carried us at a merry pace through the dripping cover to a wall—no time to hole, but over into bushy ground, where the trail was lost, and then both dogs showed their good hunting sense. Mr. Turpin saw the hare and both dogs were drawn to the line, but they did not hit it off properly, Jean tonguing now and then. Buckshot tried back to the wall, and Jean followed, and working prettily, struck it hot, and Buck harking to him drove at a good pace across an orchard to a wall near a farm house, where puss got out of the wet and danger. Dogs up at 10:25.

D. MOLLY—ROYAL ROVER—Were tried again in the open where Mr. Turpin's lynx eye had spied a small rabbit. Rover was the first to open on it but lost directly. The hare was seen to go down the hollow but neither dog did good work on it, driving slowly with frequent checks, and they were taken up at 10:50, and we tramped to the Jefferson farm for

PIPER—BLANCHE.—These two were put down at edge of covert back of the barn. After thirty minutes' walking Blanche showing most hunts, A. H. Morse started fur and Blanche was the first on, drove for a little way, lost, picked it up again and then both drove nicely across the woods again to a check; picking up again to one side they hustled puss along at a lively rate, and she, using all her wiles, caused several checks in the drive to the wall, where she took refuge. Piper in this latter work finished alone. There were two rabbits on foot and this bothered Blanche to some extent. Up at 12:25. Blanche showed the most intelligence in casting, the keenest nose, and hunted very carefully. Piper had the foot of her when it came to a race. The judges seemed determined to give

MOLLY AND ROVER every chance, and had them down again after lunch, at 1 P. M. Soon after starting a hare was seen squatting by Judge Guyn, and hounds brought up did not strike at once, but casting to one side Rover hit the trail and ran for a short distance, then Molly had her turn and treated us to a nice bit of casting, drove puss for a turn, and then relinquished the lead to Rover, who drove through the fence across a spinney to a wall where he lost, and dogs were called off shortly after, at 1:30.

Third Series.

BUCKSHOT—BLANCHE.—Moving to another part of grounds, our best spot in open rough pasture, these two were put down at 1:55. Very soon Blanche started fur and led a sharp burst across the open to the old stone heap, where the hare sought cover and escaped. These walls break up all the likely runs. Mr. Reed handled both these dogs and Buckshot did his share of the hunting. After running off the 13in. Derby the judges decided on this stake as follows: Jean Val Jeau first, Buckshot second, Blanche third, and Piper reserve, a decision that met with every indorsement.

Derby, 13in. and Under.

There were four entries in this stake, but Glenrose Kennels' Pride of Glenrose did not fill its engagement. They were drawn as follows:

Geo. Laick's black, white and tan dog Laick's Roy (Rover—Minnie L.), handler, Geo. F. Reed, *with* W. Randall's black, white and tan bitch Lola Lee (pedigree not published), handler, W. S. Clark.

Glenrose Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Beatrice of Glenrose (Fifer—Gypsey A.), a bye, handler, owner, F. W. Chapman.

First Series.

LAICK'S ROY—LOLA LEE.—These were put down in same pasture. The rain had stopped and every one felt in a better humor to appreciate the difficulties of the handlers in their efforts to make their little green ones hunt. It was soon seen that this was a hopeless task as far as Roy was concerned, for he acted as scared as the game he should have hunted. Mr. Turpin obligingly kicked up a hare, and dogs were drawn right to the line, but they would not have it. Clark in his eagerness stepped on the trail and Reed claimed a foul and the laugh that followed stirred Lola into working humor, and trailing nice and gently she followed out the old trail that led to the stone heap. Moving on to another cover Roy evidently read the sign on the gate forbidding all hunting, an order he religiously followed. Here Lola picked out a twisting trail and had quite a jolly time, with Roy joining in when he thought no one was looking at him. Up at 2:40. Lola did all the work, such as it was, and shaped quite nicely toward the end; with more opportunites she will probably make a good hunter. Roy has done well in pack work, but did not care to go it alone

BEATRICE OF GLENROSE—LOLA LEE.—Beatrice ran her bye with Lola. Both handlers of the other dogs protested Beatrice for oversize, but she was allowed to run under protest and be measured on our return, when she was found to come under the bar. Lola tongued on a trail, and both drove across the roadway to a check, Beatrice leading at the finish. Lola, however, did the hunting and picked off the turns and drove to the wall. Up at 3:30. Lola was improving all the time and was hunting very eagerly.

Second Series.

LAICK'S ROY—BEATRICE—Down at 3:12 in the same cover. Beatrice ran the old trail and showed up better, Ray joining in now and then. Up at 3:20 and we walked back to the Jeffersou barn where the judges rendered their decisions. Lola Lee first, Beatrice of Glenrose second, third withheld.

Champion Stake.

There was only one entry—Jean Val Jean—and he was cast off for a walkover. He showed his qualification for the title by trailing out a leveret about 2in. long, and the New England Beagle Trials were over for 1894. H. W. L.

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How they Felt About it.

(With Apologies to Mr. Hough.)

H. S. Joslin.—No, you can't buy my dog; his price is the same now as it was before the trials.

B. S. Turpin.—Wish they'd put conning towers up on the grounds so that reporters could see the dogs work and not have to run so much.

W. S. Clark.—They ought to run these dogs coupled; how is a man to handle two hounds in one heat?

"Canada Gray."—I tell you it's two dollars to nothing I win at Hempstead; they can't stand a load of "Buckshot."

H. Hanson.—No, Olaf is not a great Dane.

Thos. Shallcross—You see, we don't come to the trials blowing about what our dogs can do at home; we wait till they win.

W. E. Hapgood—The beagle is a hound, and his eyesight is so keen he has no use for his nose. See?

G. B. Appleby—Fooling with beagles is all right, but I killed thirteen foxes last season. That's the stuff.

C. W. Quyn—Can you blow my horn? I think we got them about right.

F. W. Chapman—I'm no hog. I don't want to win all the time; but you look out for Umsly next year. I'll get his ears plugged.

The Rabbits—Say, are they gone?

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The Northwestern Beagle Field Trials Club has an entry for its meeting of next week that the club members must be proud of. It shows that the beagle interests are in the care of the proper men, and the only regret is that the distance from the Eastern beagle men is too great to admit of the latter sending many of their dogs to compete. Mr. W. S. Clark, of Linden, Mass., will judge in place of Mr. Joe Lewis, who is unable to officiate. The club is particularly lucky in being able to secure such an able judge. At the N. E. B. C. meeting held last week there were many anxious inquiries as to the number of entries for the Columbus fixture, and considerable interest was evinced in the coming meeting. The club, however, should not lend itself to partiality in publishing the entries in the different stakes. FOREST AND STREAM has accorded the club every privilege in its power in giving publicity to the club's arrangements for the trials. In return we should have received the list of entries at the same time as other journals. Instead of this the entries were not *mailed* by the secretary until our press day, Oct. 23, and therefore received too late for our last week's issue.

The trials commence on Nov. 7, and all dogs must be at Columbus, Wis., on Nov. 6, as they will be measured at 8 P. M., and afterward the draw for the Derby will take place. The C., M. & St. Paul trains leave Milwaukee at 12:50, 5:10 and 11 A. M., and 1 and 9 P. M., for Columbus, Wis. The Hotel Tremont will be the club's headquarters, and the rates will be $1 per day for those attending the field trials. Mr. Steffen writes that rabbits are reported plentiful.

Among the list of specials are several that are quite valuable, in fact, more so than at any beagle trials yet held. The winner in Class A will get a gold medal, value $25, given by Mr. G. Pabst. The Class B winner takes a gun, value $25, and Mr. Buckstaff gives an office chair for best in Class D, and so on, the specials ranging in value from $5 to $200, the latter sum being the value of a painting given by Mr. Osthaus, of the winner in the champion class. FOREST AND STREAM gives subscriptiou to beagle showing most hunting sense.

The National Fox Hunters' Association's first annual meeting will be held, as already announced, at Olympian Springs, Ky., Nov. 19. This resort is 144 miles from Louisville, near the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, and the fare from Louisville, round trip, is $5.76. All roads entering Louisville will give special rates. Arrangements have been made with the Olympian Springs management to place their hotel and cottages at the disposal of visitors, and board and lodging can be had for not more than $1.50 a day; board of horses, 50 cents a day. Good saddle horses can be had at $1.50 a day, but should be engaged in advance by writing the secretary. This promises to be the largest gathering of fox hunters ever held in the United States, and every fox hunter in the country will find a welcome for his hounds and himself. The secretary, Mr. Harry L. Means, of Louisville, will give any further information that may be required.

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Mr. L. F. Bartels went to St. Louis Oct. 18, to get his greyhound Border Ruffian which had been stolen from him March 23. He writes: "My trip to St. Lous turned out to be successful, and the dog I went after proved to be Border Ruffian. The parties who had him, in order to disguise him, had cut off the tips of his ears and had dyed him in places with nitrate of silver or some other strong solution. The dog, however, knew me the moment I spoke to him and jumped all over me with joy at seeing me again. I recognized him, although dyed and disfigured about the ears, I should have known him had he been painted all over. The replevin case was set for the 22d, but as I have the dog in my possession, I don't care about the proceedings and will compel them to fight on the replevin bond. I do not think the parties who had him will take any action, for fear of uncovering the thief." Mr. Bartels must be congratulated on the recovery of his dog. A moral may be drawn from this—you may dye the dog but the dog's affection for his master never dies while it lives.

Yachting.

Miramichi Y. C.

CHATHAM, N. B.

Friday, Oct. 19.

THE judges of the race of Oct. 11 gave the prizes to the second and third boats on the ground that the leading ones had turned a mark-boat incorrectly, and the racing fever ran so high that one more contest was agreed upon. A purse was subscribed by the yacht owners and a few others for another race on Friday, Oct. 19.

The wind blew hard from the west, but was streaky in places near the shores. The course was twice around a five-mile broad Λ off Chatham, being practically a run and a beat, with all the windward work in the teeth of a very strong ebb tide. Oriana started first, but was overpowered by the strong gusts she got on the first of the beat up, and was passed by Maude and Learig. Near the upper buoy she passed Learig and put Maude about, but the latter got a favorable slant off the south shore, while the other two were fighting for the weather gauge on the north side, and rounded nearly five minutes ahead, with Oriana next.

Oriana's topsail halliard parted and the spreader for winging out her balloonjib washed off the deck, so that she was left to make the run with nothing but her mainsail drawing. Learig passed her, but she made a better turn at the lower buoy and crossed Learig's bows on the first tack; but Learig passed both her and Maude before reaching the upper mark again. Maude's peak halliards gave way and she lost four or five minutes in bending it again, which put her out of the race, but she kept gamely on to the finish. Learig got first money and Oriana second. The wharves and shores were lined with interested spectators, and exhibitions of clever seamanship were frequently cheered.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Oriana, J. L. Stewart	23.09	11 57 53	2 53 58	2 56 05	2 52 36
Maude, J. C. Miller	23.09	11 59 44	3 00 58	3 01 14	2 57 45
Learig, A. S. Burr	27.00	11 59 48	2 48 25	2 48 36	2 48 36
Starling, B. R. Bouthillier	25.00	12 00 47	Grounded.		

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THE second general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers will take place in New York city, at 10:30 A. M. on Thursday, Nov. 15. Through the courtesy of the president and managers of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the meetings will be held in the auditorium of No. 12 West Thirty-first street, the sessions extending through Thursday and Friday, Nov. 15 and 16.

There will be a banquet at the Hotel Brunswick at 7 P. M., Friday, Nov. 16.

In order that suitable arrangements may be made, the executive committee request that members will notify the secretary as early as practicable of their intentions as to the banquet, and also as to the probability of their attending the meetings of the Society.

It is earnestly desired that the meetings may be fully attended, in order that the papers presented may be discussed with a thoroughness commensurate with their importance.

Members intending to propose candidates for membership are requested to notify the secretary in order that the necessary blank forms of application may be forwarded and properly filled out.

The following papers will be read:

1. "Some Suggestions of Professional Experience in Connection with the Naval Construction of the last Ten Years—1884-1894." Richard W. Meade, Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy
2. "The Use of Small Models for the Determination of Curves of Stability." Mon. E. Bertin, Director of the French Government School of Naval Design.
3. "Some Obstacles to Ship-Building and Owning in this Country." Geo. W. Dickie, Esq., Naval Architect, San Francisco, Cal.
4. "Present Status of Face-Hardened Armor." W. T. Sampson, Captain and Chief of Ordnance, U. S. Navy.
5. "Cellulose and its Application to War Ships." Mon. E. Cheneau, Philadelphia, Pa.
6. "Experience Gained with our New Steel Ships as Regards Care and Preservation." Philip Hichborn, Chief Constructor, U. S. Navy.
7. "The U. S. Triple-Screw Cruisers Columbia and Minneapolis." George W. Melville, Engineer-in-Chief, U. S. Navy.
8. "Electricity on Shipboard—Its Present Position and Future Development." S. Dana Greene, Esq., New York, N. Y.
9. "Hydraulic Power for War Ships." Albert W. Stahl, Naval Constructor, U. S. Navy.
10. "Yachts in England and America." Lewis Nixon, Esq., Naval Architect, Philadelphia, Pa.
11. "A Dynamic Steam Engine Indicator Tester." Prof. Cecil H. Peabody, and Assistant Prof. E. F. Miller, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
12. "Steamer and Tow-Barge Efficiency and Classification of Lake Vessels." Jos. R. Oldham, Naval Architect, Cleveland, O.
13. "Notes on Launching." William J. Baxter, Naval Constructor, U. S. Navy.
14. "Accessibility and Circulation of Water Tube Boilers." L. D. Davis, Esq., M. E., Erie, Pa.
15. "Recent Light-Draught Gunboats of the U. S. Navy." J. J. Woodward, Naval Constructor, U. S. Navy.

The Mediterranean Regattas.

AS WE have already announced, Mr. Gordon Bennett and Baron de Rothschild have offered valuable prizes for sailing yachts at Nice regetta; but a hitch has occurred as to the terms of the matches. Mr. Gordon Bennett decided that the matches should be sailed under Y.R.A. rules and rating; but the Baron would not agree that his prizes should be also sailed under these rules, but under the rules and rating of the Union des Yachts Français. He has accordingly handed his prizes over to the Cannes Regatta Committee, who observe the Union rules, and the Baron's prizes are to be competed for by French owned yachts only. It does not, however, appear that the yachts must be French built as well as owned.

It seems that a curious error prevails among the French regatta officials that the length, girth and sail area rating rule is favorable to British yachts because it reduces their rating below the Y.R.A. rating. This, however, is the mere effect of the constant divisor, and acts alike on all. There is one important exception, however, and that is the case of a centerboard yacht like Vigilant. If no penalty is imposed on the centerplate her rating would be reduced by the French rule enormously, and Britannia would not even have a look in with her. However, Mr. George Gould informed us two or three weeks ago that he had abandoned his intention of sending Vigilant to the Riviera regattas. If she did go she would probably make as clean a sweep of the prizes as Britannia did last year.

The owners of the 40-raters are being gradually encouraged to send their yachts to the Riviera. We are informed that the £400 Monte Carlo prize and £250 are to be disposed of in the manner first and second prizes are in this country sometimes when the classes are mixed; that is to say, if the £400 prize is won by a yacht exceeding 40-rating, then the £250 prize will go to a yacht not exceeding 40-rating, and *vice versâ*. This, it is supposed will make the matches more interesting to the owners of class vessels; but it must be remembered that the arrangements prevents 40-raters winning both prizes, just as it prevents the large vessels doing so. We are afraid this old-fashioned method of shuffling the cards without paying more money will not have the effect the committee anticipates, although it is announced that the terms will be applied to most of the matches. Supposing there are three large vessels in competition and one 40-rater, the former would naturally not enjoy the £250 given to the 40-rater for what would be practically a sail over. As far as we know, the only English yacht owner up to the present who is certain to start his yacht in the Riviera regattas is Mr. F. W. L. Popham; and we understand the Prince of Wales has not as yet given any orders as to Britannia's movements next year.—*The Field.*

The Skipjack Up to Date.

THE modern *fin de siècle* flyer, such as so many sailormen now covet, is a most expensive luxury, in even the smallest sizes expressed by a fraction of a rating, and quite beyond the means of the average boat sailor. The little craft here illustrated has the merits of cheapness, easy construction, well within the powers of an amateur builder, and of fair speed and good performance; added to which she has a sheer plan that might easily be mistaken for something much more elaborate and expensive, and an up to date appearance that will commend her to many. She was designed and built by Mr. W. F. Nason, of Georgetown, Mass., who writes us as follows:

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inclosed plans show the Myra, a 15ft. cruiser, built by my brother and myself in the summer of 1893; her performance has been so satisfactory and the construction is so simple and inexpensive, that a description may interest some of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. I have been a reader of your paper since 1883, and the many designs which have appeared in it have been a source of pleasure and information to me. "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs" taught me to build my first round bottomed boat, and since then I have built several others, all of which have turned out well. The 15ft. Wizard, in particular, is a fast boat, winning the second class championship of the American Y. C., of Newburyport, for two seasons, and being first in her class in the Gloucester open regatta for two seasons.

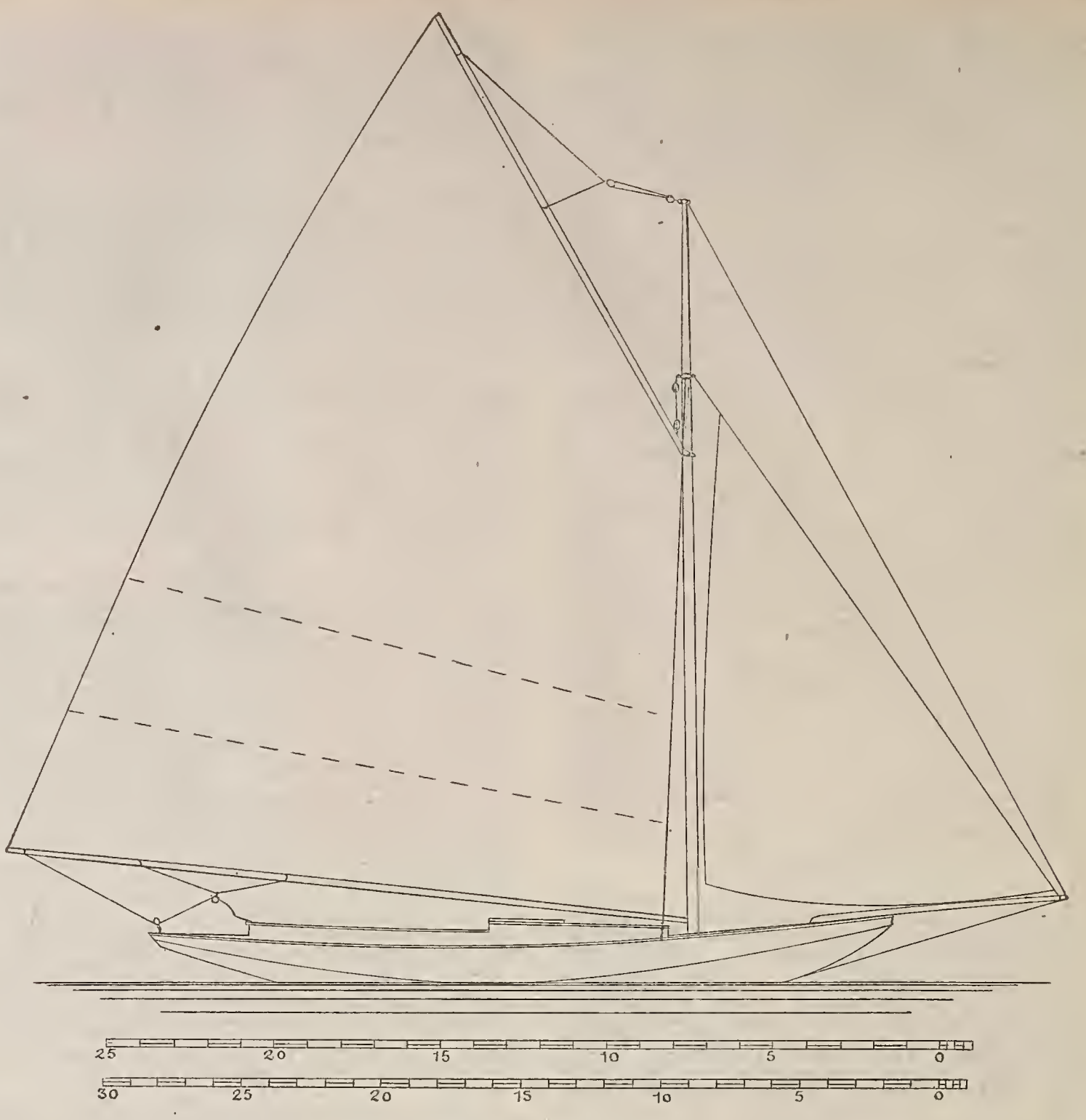
Myra was not built for racing, but is faster than most of the working boats about Newburyport; she steers easily on and off the wind, and is easy in a chop. My expectation was that with such a bow she would pound in a chop; but she is quite as easy as other boats of her draft.

The construction will be understood from the drawings, the keel is formed of the bedpieces of the centerboard trunk, which extend 2ft. fore and aft of the headledges; the stem and stern pieces being scarfed in between them. The bed pieces are 2×12in., the stem and stern 2×5, all of oak. Along the chine, where the sides and bottom meet, is a bilge stringer of hard pine, 2½×1¼in., into which are mortised the side timbers, 1×⅞in. The planking is of white pine, ⅝in., the bottom plank laid thwartships and stiffened by three strips of hard pine running fore and aft between the bilge and keel. The topsides run fore and aft in one width each. The deck and top of house are of ⅛in. pine, canvassed.

The cabin being small, necessarily the large amount of dunnage carried is stowed about the cockpit, a space on each side opening into cabin, a door in each side of the cockpit near the after end giving access to the space at the sides, while a deck hatch, inside of the coaming, leads to the space in the counter. Beneath the cockpit are two large drawers, which pull out into the cabin. The cockpit and companion are covered by a tent, and a party of five has been accommodated on the three days' trip, though three is the usual number.

The original intention was to carry from 300 to 400lbs. of ballast with a crew of three, but the boat has been sailed mainly without ballast. In this trim she is hy the stern as compared with the design, but seems to sail better than when ballasted and trimmed just to the lines. With her closed cockpit and 21in. deck it is possible to heel her to a point where her speed is hindered, with no fear of a capsize. As the design is quite capable of enlargement to 18ft. l.w.l., we give two scales for both 15ft. and 18ft. l.w.l., the respective dimensions being:

	15ft. l.w.l.	18ft. l.w.l.
Length, l.w.l.	15ft. 2in.	18ft. 2½in.
over all	22ft. 10in.	27ft. 4in.
Overhang, bow	3ft. 3in.	3ft. 10½in.
stern	4ft. 5in.	5ft. 3in.
Beam, extreme	7ft. 0¾in.	8ft. 6in.
l.w.l.	6ft. 6in.	7ft. 10½in.
Draft, hull only	1ft. 4in.	1ft. 7in.
with board	4ft.	4ft. 10in.
Freeboard, least	1ft. 0½in.	1ft. 3in.
Sheer, bow	11½in.	1ft. 2in.
stern	7in.	8in.
Mast, from fore end l.w.l.	2ft. 9in.	3ft. 4in.
deck to hounds	16ft. 6in.	19ft. 10in.
deck to truck	22ft.	26ft. 2in.
diameter at deck	5ft.	5½ft.
Bowsprit beyond end, l.w.l.	8ft. 6in.	10ft. 2in.
diameter	2¾in.	3½in.
Boom, length	20ft. 6in.	24ft. 6in.
diameter	2½in.	2¾in.
Gaff, length	15ft.	19ft. 10in.
diameter—egg-shaped	2×3in.	2½×3½in.
Mainsail area, sq. ft.	315	455
Jib area, sq. ft.	73	104
Total	388	559



SAIL PLAN OF MYRA.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

There was launched, on Oct. 1, from the yard of Messrs. Ramage and Ferguson Limited, a steam auxiliary three-masted steam yacht of 755 tons Y.M., built to the order of Mr. J. B. Robinson, from designs by Mr. G. L. Watson. This vessel, which is intended for extensive foreign cruising, has been built to the highest class at Lloyd's, with several important additions to her strength in excess of their requirements; and her equipments in all respects of an unusually complete description. The principal directions are: Length over all, 190.t.; breadth, 29ft., and depth 18ft.: and the machinery, of the builders' special design, consists of a set of triple expansion engines, having cylinders 14in., 23in. and 36in. diameter by 37in. stroke. Steam is supplied to the engines by a Bellville boiler of the same type as that which is being fitted to so many war vessels at present, and as it is the first which has been fitted on hoard a yacht, the experiment will be watched with interest by many yachtsman, as the saving in weight is considerable. A telescopic funnel and patent Bevis feathering propeller enable those on board to quickly adapt the yacht for proceeding under sail alone, and for assisting in the handling of the sheets and halyards, steam capstans are placed fore and aft. The accommodation below is commodious, and is fitted up in a most luxurious style; and on deck there is an unusually large deckhouse for an auxiliary yacht. On leaving the ways the yacht was named La Belle Sauvage by Mrs. A. G. Ramage. It may he of interest to know that, in addition to La Belle Sauvage, the same builders have already launched and completed the following steam yachts this year: Erl King, 567 tons; Ellida, 357 tons; St. Elian, 281 tons; Zeta, 271 tons They have also just received an order from Dr. Hutchinson to build a fast steam yacht of 450 tons from their own designs.—*The Field.*

Our readers will remember a brief but interesting account of a cruise across the channel and along the French coast, by Mr. Frank Dowper, M. A., which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM about the first of the year. The complete story of the same cruise has just appeared in book form, making the third volume of Mr. Cowper's "Sailing Tour." This volume, which is considerably larger than the first, deals most thoroughly and exhaustively with waters little known to yachtsmen, and but imperfectly described and chartered for pleasure navigation, on the coast of Brittany, the Morbihan and the Lower Loire. The writer has, to all appearances, explored, noted and described these new coasts as carefully and accurately as he has the English coast in the previous volumes; and a large portion of the book is devoted to charts and elaborate sailing directions, which cannot fail to be of use to those yachtsmen who may follow in his wake in waters which he portrays as far less difficult and dangerous than commonly reputed, and along a coast which possesses many charms. The casual reader, to whom the details of tides, currents and marks are unimportant, will still find much in the book to interest him in the descriptions of the places and people; and the history of this middle ground between France and England. Mr. Cowper's antiquarian tastes have led him to search the whole shore for ruins, relics and traditions; and with good success. As may be told from his former writings, he is a strong advocate of Corinthian and single-hand cruising; and the book gives evidence of the sort of work that is possible to the experienced cruiser. It is published by L. Upcott Gill, London.

The last regular meeting of the New York Y. C. for 1894 was held on Oct. 25, with Vice-Com. Brown in the chair; only the usual routine business being transacted. The following nominating committee was elected, preparatory to the annual election: William P. Douglas, E. E. Chase, James D. Smith, J. Roger Maxwell, John R. Platt, Gouverneur Kortright, Fordham Morris, C. McK. Leosser, Harold A. Sanderson, L. Vaughan Clark.

The following gentlemen were elected to membership: D. H. Hostetter, Jordan L. Mott, Jr., George D. Widener, Richard M. Laimbeer, H. M. Dombaugh, U. S. N.; James B. Hammond, George W. Swett, Henry C. Taylor, U. S. N.; Frank F. Olney, Frank W. Duryea, John Magee Ellsworth, Hobart C. Chatfield Taylor, James W. Grace, John F. Phillips, John H. Rutherford, J. C. Colwell, U. S. N; George W. Childs Drexel, Andrew T. Long, U. S. N.; E. W. Bliss, Christian M. Meyer, Benjamin Tappan, U. S. N.; Henry T. B. Harris, U. S. N.

A communication was read from Mr. L. Vaughn Clark to the effect that the Board of Trade of New London, in conjunction with some of the yachtsmen who own summer homes there, would endeavor to hold a yachting week in that port next year to take place immediately after the college boat races.

It is practically a foregone conclusion that Vice-Com. Edward M. Brown will be the next commodore to succeed Com. Morgan, who will spend next season abroad. In this event the flagship will be the steam yacht Sylvia, which has just been purchased in England by Vice Com. Brown She is an iron vessel of 195 tons. Thames measurement, 130ft. between perpendiculars, 18ft. beam and 9ft. 5in. depth, just a little smaller than Ituna. she was designed by her builders, Messrs. A. Stephens & Sons, of Glasgow, and built in 1882. Her engines are 17×28×27. and she is rated 100A1.

Sentinel, steam yacht, Mr. Chas. Fletcher, of Providence, has been exchanged for Seneca, steam yacht, with Mr. W. C. Dickson, of Norfolk.

Mr. Howard Gould returned from Europe on Oct. 22.

Eleanor, steam yacht, Mr. Wm. A. Slater, sailed from New London on Oct. 24 on a cruise around the world, hut returned next day and anchored in the harbor, having run into bad weather outside.

The officers of the Harlem Y. C. have issued the following circular: "After many vicissitudes and considerable expenditure of energy and money, we are at last enabled to state that we have established a permanent home of our own, having purchased a large plot of land at City Island, fronting on Eastchester Bay, and erected a commodious club house, replete with all the necessary appurtenances for a yachtsman's comfort and convenience, runway, float, stage, ways, etc. Our selection of site we believe to be an excellent one, as our anchorage is well sheltered, deep and safe for temporary and permanent mooring. It is quickly reached from the city by the Harlem branch of the N.Y., N. H. & H. Railroad, with whom we have perfected arrangements for a liberal reduction in the fare for our members. We extend a cordial invitation to all yachtsmen to make use of our facilities, and we shall be pleased to entertain them either at our house at City Island or at our city house foot of East 121st street. Our ambition is to make our organization an ideal yacht club, with members thoroughly imbued with a love for legitimate yachting and a desire to design, build and equip their own yachts. At our city house and grounds we have ample facilities for members to follow their full bent in building or repairing yachts and for hauling out and storing. It has been our desire to afford all these facilities to our members at a moderate expense, and we cover it all in the initiation fee. We desire to add to our roster the right sort of people with tastes and inclinations in keeping with our own, and we offer such full and equal rights and gentlemanly companionship. Further information can be obtained by inquiry of our financial secretary at our rooms foot of East 121st street."

Messrs. C. L. Seabury & Co. are busy at their works, at Nyack, with two yachts, one for Mr. F. C. Fowler, of Moodus, Conn., length over all 120ft. l.w.l. 97ft., beam 16ft., depth 9ft., draft 6ft. 6in. The yacht is to be composite build, viz: Steel frames, deck timbers, keelsons, etc., and wood planking in two thicknesses of yellow pine. The yacht is to be flush deck, schooner-rigged, with a mahogany house on deck 16ft. long, to be used as a dining room, with bridge to steer from overhead. The accommodations will be first class. She will have two guests' staterooms, one with single berth and one with double berth. The owner's stateroom will be 6½ft. long, and extend the full width of the vessel, with bathtub, water-closet, wash basin, dressing case on one side in separate compartment, connecting with stateroom. There will be a fine large saloon with seats arranged as berths, large galley, captain's room, crew's quarters, crew's toilet room, lazarette, etc. The yacht will be first class in her appointments throughout, and will have everything aboard of her up to date. She will be thoroughly modern in every way. The machinery will consist of a Seabury triple expansion engine and two Seabury patent safety water tube boilers of latest design, which will develop sufficient power to drive her at a guaranteed speed of 15 miles per hour for three consecutive hours over a measured course. She will carry an 18ft. gig, an 18ft. launch, a 15ft. cutter and a 14ft. dinghy. She will be completed and ready for delivery by June 1, 1895. The second yacht is for a New York yachtsman. Length over all 65ft., l.w.l. 52ft., beam 11ft., draft 4ft. This yacht will be built of wood. Oak keel, frames, stempost, sternpost and deadwoods of oak, yellow pine and white cedar planking, white pine decks. She will be schooner-rigged, and will have a low trunk cabin house, with a 7ft. pilot house, all to be constructed of mahogany, finished bright, natural color; the inside finished in panel work, with tinted enamel and gold, china gloss. Forward will be arranged crew's quarters. Next aft will be the pilot house; aft of that will be owner's saloon, with toilet room on one side in separate compartment; engine and boiler room next aft; next aft is galley on port side and a toilet room on opposite side, fitted with w. c., set wash basin, towel rack, mirror, etc. Aft of these compartments is arranged the after saloon, which is fitted with transoms arranged to sleep one on each side, also has wine locker, china locker, etc.; this room is finished in tinted enamel and gold, china gloss. There will be nice deck on either side of house, also deck forward and aft. The machinery will consist of a Seabury triple expansion engine and a Seabury patent safety water tube boiler. The speed is 12 miles per hour. The yacht will be ready for delivery by May 1, 1895.

There seems to be little importance attached to an international rating rule hy the mejority of yacht owners, because it may be presumed the majority are owners of small yachts, which would not be affected by such a rule At the same time, it must he remembered, if it had not been for international racing we should not have had a Genesta, Galatea, Thistle, Valkyrie or Britannia built, and possibly not a Satanita either. In fact, it may he said that the international racing of the last ten years has kept the hig class going; and if this is to be so in the future, there can be no doubt about the importance of having a rating which, as now, is practically the same as the American rule.—*The Field.*

Starling, steam yacht, has been sold by David Dows to W. L. Lock hart of Cambridge, Mass.

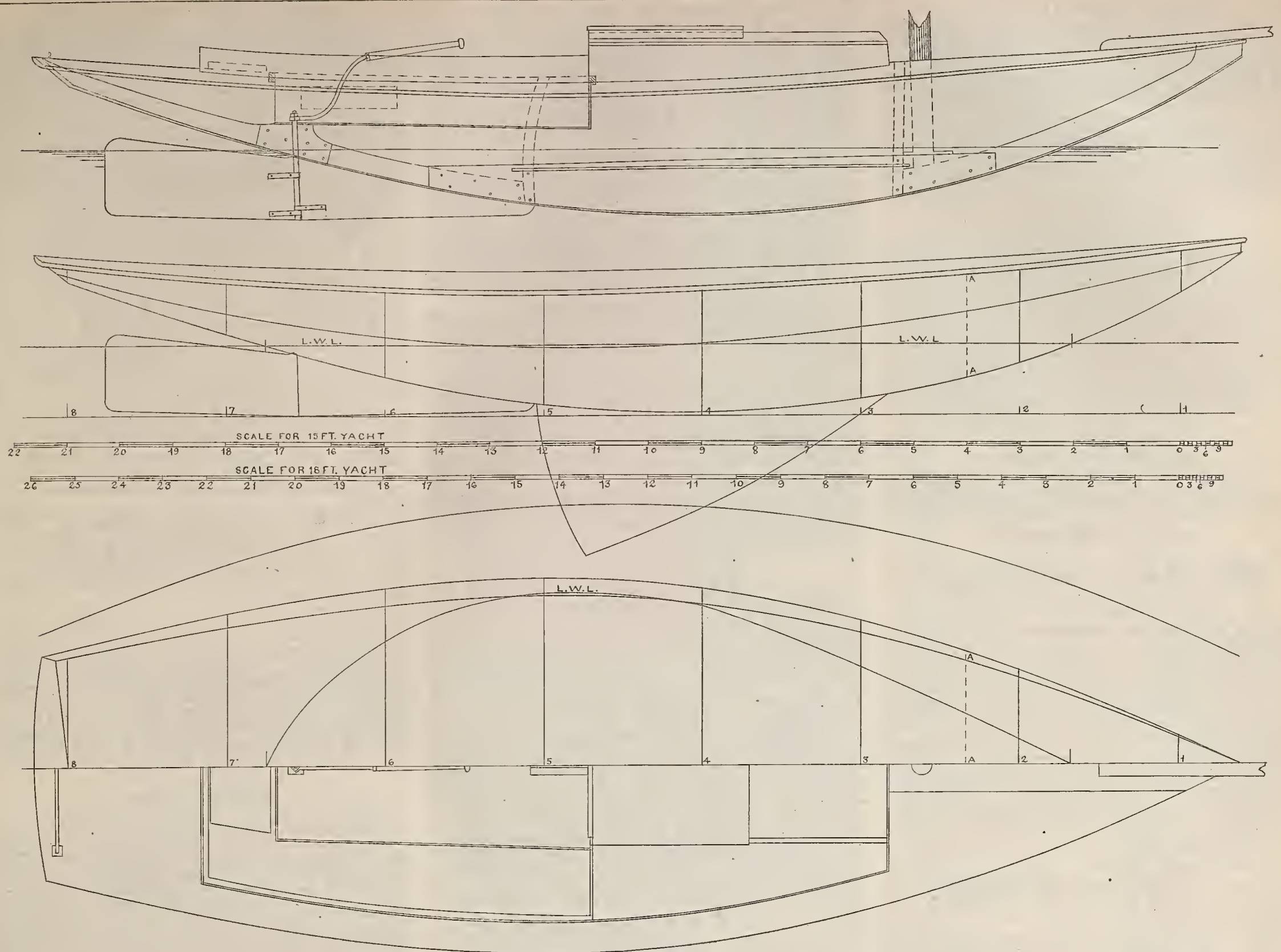
Canoeing.

BEING unable to witness personally the races of Mr. William Willard Howard with British canoeists, and knowing the interest which American canoeists must feel in the first visit of an American canoe to England, we have reprinted as fully as possible the reports of the races from the leading English journals, leaving them to tell the story In commenting on the races we have confined ourselves solely to the point of Yankee's qualifications as a representative American canoe, avoiding entirely other issues. We have received from Mr. Howard a letter complaining of our criticism, which letter we prefer not to publish, as in answering the charges of unfairness and prejudice we should be compelled in self-defense to discuss the whole matter of Mr. Howard's challenge and his position as a representative of the New York C. C. No possible good could come of such a discussion, and we certainly shall not enter into it unless forced to do so by Mr. Howard.

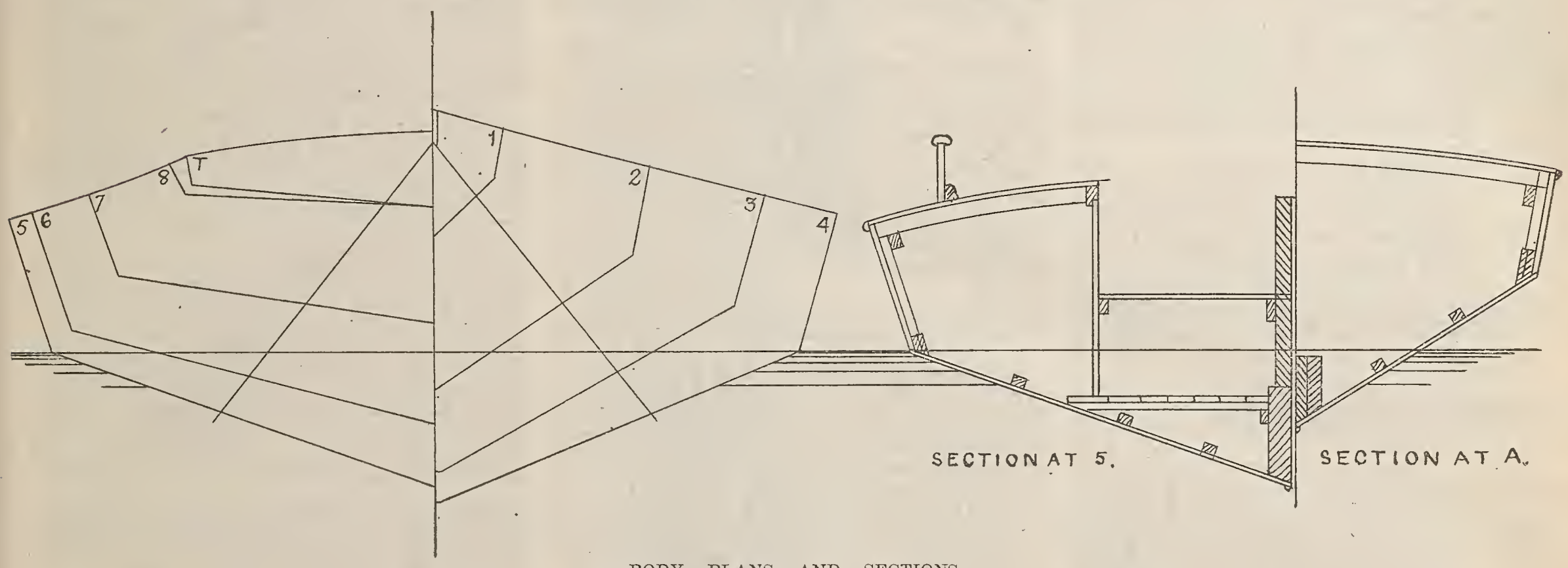
The Future of Canoe Sailing.

WE have commented frequently within the past year or so upon the great changes which have taken place in canoe sailing and racing; changes which, one and all, are to the detriment of the sport. The following remarks on the same subject from the last issue of the *Field*, apply with equal force in this country, save as relates to the competition between the canoe-yawls and ½-raters; and the suggested new class—after the type of that mystical "Class C," whose owners are heard from in the winter, but are not seen at the meets—is applicable to America as well as England. The tendency on both sides of the ocean is to the abandonment of the extreme machine, which is about all that is left of the old-time sailing canoe:

Down Thames it is common talk, and we have it on undoubted authority from Greenhithe, Erith and Hammersmith, and there is substantial fact backing such opinion, that the ½-rater class is going to be strong next season. We are not surprised after seeing the large entries in last races, and. indeed, we have often said that for Thames work nothing larger than a good ½-rater is needed, provided day sailing is all that is contemplated. This is all well in its relation to yachting, but there is beneath it a danger menacing canoeing; and it is a growing danger which the executive officers of canoe clubs must reckon with promptly. The committees of the numerous sailing clubs seeing a large class of ½-raters growing up, will probably open the programme arms to such class, and the consequence will he a boom on the popular class; and, in the result, every canoe-yawl owner will desire to go into the sporting swim, and he will naturally desire to cast from the canoe club rules any little canoe limitation which pinches him when he enters in yacht competition. So quickly is this shown to be the case, that we already hear it openly suggested that the clubs should go with the times, and throw aside canoe definitions and canoe type, and let the rule bud forth as "Y. R. A. ½-raters,"



MYRA, CRUISER—Designed and Built by W. F. Nason, 1893.



BODY PLANS AND SECTIONS.

with transom or counter stern, or indeed anything allowed to a "yacht."

If such a course is to be permitted in the case of canoe yawls, and the first-class sailing canoe is to be allowed to degenerate into a shallow saucer, with barely a tinge of canoe feature left to her, it is about time that the title "canoe" were returned to the savage, the North American Indian, and to the Canadian hunter, never again to he used in connection with craft devoid of any canoe feature.

The use of the first-class or sailing canoe may not be quite the same in all the clubs in England, but a very instructive lesson may be taken by other clubs from the state of the case as existing in the senior club, the Royal Canoe Club, at the present moment. For several years past the club bas gradually played up to racing, and to racing only, simply at the expense, or to the death, of every other quality. This might be but of little harm where there is a large and substantial body of racing owners constantly augmenting, but the very reverse is the case in canoeing—a steady decrease of entries, and, just apart from the whip up and freshener of the international race or defense of the challenge cup, a stagnation in the building of canoes.

As a matter of fact, the new rule of 1894 has not been tested, as but one canoe was built thereunder, but it may fairly be questioned whether there is any real prospect or probability of its being further tested in the coming season. The reasons for sucb doubts are ample and sound, and they should be carefully considered by members who intend to attend the autumn meetings of the clubs, whereat the rules may be altered "for better or worse."

The case may be viewed thus: The sailing canoe, if built and fitted up to date, will probably cost her owner, when it is brought to proper starting form, not a penny less than £40; and now assume the programme of races to be the same in 1895 as it was in 1894—that is, four canoe races and three mixed (very mixed) races, all above lock on the river. The proposition set before the recruit or intending canoe owner is this: "I shall have four consecutive days' racing and three days of blanketing with canoe-yawls; that is my season, or one week out of twenty-four sailable weeks. The races all being in narrow and still waters, the canoe most suitable will be of the shallowest saucer type, and of matchbox construction as to substance; she must bave the lightest of hollow spars, and be devoid of any cruising or comfort fitments. When the six or so races have been sailed, my canoe may as well be packed up and be used, for she is not of a size to fit the sailing club races, and as to cruising, or even pleasure sailing, she is at least uncomfortable, if not actually dangerous. And then, if she be not successful in her races, who would give a brass farthing for her? The net result is that the intending canoe sailer turns bis attention to the other classes, and he at once finds that, by taking a ½-rater, Y. R. A., and, though spoiling her appearance by hanging a rudder at the after end of her counter, he complies with the canoe-yawl definition of the R. C. C., and finds that, because of the position of the rudder, his "boat" no longer has a "counter stern," but has become a "canoe-yawl," and he can enter that club's seven yawl races. But in addition he finds it easy to sail, within the metropolitan waters, in thirty-five other matches of sailing clubs, and also at Bourne End week, say four races, making some forty six races for the season, and, over and above the racing, he still has a craft fit for pleasure sailing or cruising with a friend, and of reasonable selling value if fairly built and fitted.

This prospect of ample sport is a powerful inducement to drop the canoe and go into the canoe-yawl; but there is also a vanishing point of even that curve of racing stability, at any rate, in the case of a numerous body of men, and that is the inconvenience and expense of a ½-rater as compared with a small sailing canoe, and such men would gladly see a half-way boat class introduced. Their point of limit is, indeed, the utmost boundary of the general idea of the nature of a canoe, its portability, hence its expensive life. Two men can lift out of the water, and carry up and house, a sailing canoe, so she is seldom left afloat, needs no watching, and runs no risks of collision or breaking adrift. Whereas a canoe yawl needs six or eight men and a truck, and, therefore, is usually left afloat at risk; and all her expenses may be roughly estimated at four times those of the canoes, to say nothing of the building cost

In relation to an intermediate class, there are in existence—the growth of recent times—quite a large fleet of semi-canoe yawls, straggling in dimensions and fitment to such an extent as to be utterly impossible of satisfactory codification into a class for racing, yet they are a useful and popular type of boat. It takes time to form and fill a sound class; but once the class is defined, if it be not arbitrary in petty useless points, new or altered boats will soon conform to the class, and racing will follow. We may here analogize that the good-natured Thames sailing barge gives ample and exciting sport when racing against its own kind, and is at all other times useful for other purposes, and is not expensive to build and sail. But if modern racing yacht form and construction were let in to the barge matches, the racing time would be faster, but the good, useful barge would clear out from such one-sided competition, and the racing would fall. Such must he the case in canoe racing; the close at hand sailing clubs, with large programmes, will draw off all the canoe men with racing tastes who can afford the ½-rater. But, still, there will remain in the canoe class the one or two owners who are satisfied with a machine and six races for a whole season's sport, and these will effectively frighten away the cruising canoe and novices.

Apart from international competition, which this season, by the way, was a very hollow show, popular sport and keen racing within a club is chiefly a question of numbers of competitors, and number of competitors is dependent to a large extent on the general utility of the craft, beyond mere prize winning. The clear tendency of the immediate future to draw yawls into simple ½-raters, and the absence of signs of progress in the canoe class, certainly suggests that the time has come and should not be allowed to slip by, when the popular old-time canoe sailing in useful craft should be rallied up by the establishment of a new class, intermediate between canoes and yawls. Watching the tendency of the times, the lines upon which the new class should be built are evidently to embody as much of the comfort, safety and sailing power of the same canoe-yawl as can be confined in a "canoe," just the largest that two men can lift when she has been stripped of her gear. Both a maximum and minimum limitation of dimensions of hull would probably be necessary, the one to retain portability and moderate expense, the other to prevent the influx of machines of mere racing caliber.

If the proposed canoe racing council should fail to agree on the already widely differing question of what ought to constitute a canoe-yawl, but should succeed in constructing an universal new and useful class of intermediate size, though it must be a compromise of various conflicting elements, such work would be the most useful in the interests of true canoe sailing of any legislation within the past fifteen years. In order to give the class a nature distinct from yawls and from the racing canoes, we think that the most appropriate title would be that of "canoe-coble." Our east coast men, at any rate will probably share our opinion. Considering the size of the craft, the east coast coble is about the finest sea boat, easiest at rowing, driest at towing and safest at beaching in a sea, of any open boat around our coasts The round or blunt-pointed stern coble is quite of canoe form and about as good a model as could be picked for all-round cruising on varied natures of waters.

American Canoe Association.

PORT HENRY, N. Y., Oct. 23.—The annual meeting of the executive committee and board of governors of the American Canoe Association will be held at the Kenmore Hotel, Albany, on Monday, Nov 12, at 10 A. M. It is hoped that all members of the committee will make a special effort to be present at this meeting. Attention is called to Article XII. of the constitution, requiring the publication for two weeks, of any proposed amendments. W. C. WITHERBEE, Com.
C. E. CRAGG, Sec'y-Treas.

Article XII.—Amendments—This constitution may be amended at any meeting of the executive committee, provided the amendment receive the votes of at least two-thirds of said committee, and has been published in one of the official organs of the A. C. A. at least two weeks before being voted upon, or by a writing signed by the commodore and two-thirds of the members of the executive committee after a similar publication.

An Indian Dugout.

WHILE George Rathbone, a local fisherman, was drawing a seine in 50ft. of water in Otsego Lake, N. Y., between Sunken Island and West Wellington, the seine caught in some bulky obstacle at the bottom of the lake, and after tugging some time, it was dragged to the shore, when the object proved to be a dugout canoe, which from its manner of construction indicated a most interesting period of antiquity. The sides of the dugout canoe were all gone, but the rest of it was in excellent state of preservation The canoe had evidently been dug out of the solid log with stone implements and each end burned out, as was the customary method among the Indians in America prior to its first settlement by the white people. An interesting feature of the discovery is the fact that it was found at Sunken Island, near Tom Hutter's muskrat castle, as depicted in Cooper's famous novel, "Deerslayer." The old dugout has attracted much attention, and many people have come to see it from far and near.—*Gazette and Sun.*

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following ladies are proposed for associate membership in the A. C. A.: Mrs. Henry V. Backus, Rochester, N: Y.; Miss Isabella Carter, Miss Ruberta Braine, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. W. C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y. Atlantic Division: Augustus S. Mapes, New York.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

District of Columbia Outshoots New Jersey.

DURING the fall meeting at Sea Girt last September an invitation was extended by the District of Columbia team to she New Jersey team to visit Washington as the guests of the National Guard of the District of Columbia. The invitation was accepted and it was arranged that during the visit a team match should be shot off. Last week Gov. Werts and his staff, accompanied by New Jersey's crack team, started for the capital to fulfill the engagement made in September. The appended press dispatch gives the result of the match:

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—The rifle team of the District National Guard defeated the State team of New Jersey to-day at Marshall Hall, opposite Mount Vernon, by thirty-one points. Each team was composed of ten men, and the ranges were 200 and 500yds , with fifteen shots at each distance. Private Scott, D. C. N. G., made the highest score, 140 out of a possible 150. Brig.-Gen. B W. Spencer, Inspector-General of Rifle Practice, N. J. N. G., and Maj. George H. Harries, Inspector-General of Rifle Practice, D. C. N. G., commanded their respective teams. Capt. G. DeL. Walker, 6th Regiment, N. J. N. G., was range officer. The score was as follows:

Two hundred yards—District team:

Pvt Scott.....70	Capt Bell.....60	Sergt Dickey.....65
Pvt Wetherald.....66	Capt Mayer.....64	Sergt Stewart.....60
Lieut Young.....63	Capt Pollard 65	Corp Appleby 57
Pvt Lerzear.....64		

New Jersey team:

Pvt Hayes.....65	Capt Graff.....63	Pvt J L Kuser 67
Col Owens.....69	Pvt Beck.....59	Pvt Ransom.....60
Col Dicker.....62	Sergt Dietrich.....65	Col A R Kuser.....66
Maj Currie.....61		

Five hundred yards—District team:

Scott.....70	Bell 69	Dickey..... ..70
Wetherald.....69	Mayer 63	Stewart.....64
Young.....59	Pollard.....66	Appleby 66
Leizar 66		

New Jersey team:

Hayes.....67	Graff.....69	J L Kuser.....65
Owens.....55	Beck.....67	Sanson.....63
Decker.....67	Dietrich.....64	A R Kuser.....67
Currie 54		

Totals- District team:

Scott..... . .140	Bell.....129	Stewart.....124
Wetherald 135	Mayer 127	Appleby.....123
Young 122	Pollard 131	
Leizar 130	Dickey..... 135	Team total.....1296

New Jersey team:

Hayes.....132	Graff.....132	Ransom.....123
Owens.....114	Beck 126	A R Kuser.....139
Decker.....129	Dietrich.....129	
Currie.....115	J L Kuser.....132	Team total.....1265

The New Jersey team have an engagement with the Georgia team made at the same time as that with the District of Columbia team, to visit Savannah, Ga., in February. It is said that a large delegation headed by Gov. Werts will accompany the team to Savannah.

Cincinnati Rifles.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 21.—Cincinnati Rifle Association's regular practice shoot. Conditions 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindele	10	9	10	10	9	9	10	9	6	8—90
	9	8	10	8	9	8	10	10	8	8—88
	9	9	9	7	8	0	8	9	10	10—88
	8	9	9	8	9	10	10	10	8	7—88
Payne	8	8	7	9	6	6	6	9	8	10—76
	9	10	10	10	6	8	7	9	7	9—85
	6	10	9	9	7	7	7	6	7	5—73
	9	6	8	7	5	6	10	5	6	9—71
Welnheimer	9	10	9	10	10	9	5	6	6	5—79
	7	8	10	8	7	6	9	6	9	5—75
	7	10	10	7	7	9	6	7	10	3—76
	7	6	9	6	8	6	7	8	8	8—73
Hake	5	4	6	3	6	6	9	4	8	5—56
	7	9	4	6	6	6	7	4	4	7—60
	5	9	6	4	8	3	4	6	3	7—59
See	10	3	8	10	8	9	10	5	6	9—76
	10	9	7	5	7	6	6	8	8	8—74
	7	5	9	7	7	5	9	9	7	9—74
	8	10	6	9	5	6	6	6	7	10—72
Roberts	6	9	8	6	10	10	7	10	8	10—84
	7	5	10	9	8	9	9	10	7	9—83
	7	6	7	8	7	7	7	9	9	10—79
	7	9	8	10	7	9	6	5	8	9—78
Schmidlin	2	9	5	3	2	1	5	10	4	1—42
	5	5	5	2	1	2	3	7	1	9—40
	2	5	2	4	10	2	6	3	2	5—41
Topf	6	6	8	5	4	9	7	9	3	7—64
	3	4	7	6	9	9	1	10	8	3—62
	4	6	8	4	9	4	6	7	4	6—58
	8	2	4	9	6	7	2	4	8	5—55
Moher	5	9	6	3	6	2	7	1	2	1—42
	4	1	6	5	7	1	1	4	4	4—37
	1	1	5	6	1	7	2	4	1	1—29
Randall	10	7	7	10	6	7	10	10	10	8—84
	9	8	9	7	8	8	9	10	5	6—79
	10	6	8	10	7	0	9	6	8	6—76
	6	6	20	9	6	9	8	4	9	7—77
Wellinger	8	7	5	9	10	7	10	5	9	6—77
	7	9	7	8	9	10	7	8	10	5—80
	10	9	10	8	4	8	8	4	5	10—76
	7	10	7	6	6	9	6	6	8	6—71

Excelsior Rifle Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Oct. 23.—The following appended scores were shot by the members of the Excelsior Rifle Club on the gallery range this evening. Scores:

R H Duff.....247	Wm Hughes.....234	S P Thompson.....229
J W Hennessey....243	Jas Hughes.....230	J Binns.....224
L P ansen.....242		

The Zettler Club Season Shoot.

ON Oct. 21 the Zettler Club held the last of the series of its bimonthly shoots at Cypress Hills for the season 1894. The scores made by the members present on this occasion were published in last week's issue. Appended we publish a summary of the scores made by the members who shot through the season and participated in the distribution of the prizes, which took place at headquarters on Tuesday night of last week.

The programme called for $150 divided into fifteen prizes as follows: Ring target—For the best 50 scores, prizes of $25, $20, $18, $15, $12, For the best 35 scores, prizes of $10, $9, $5, $5. For the best 25 scores five prizes of $5 each.

Bullseye target—Each member is entitled to three shots on the bullseye target. After having finished five scores on the ring target, he is entitled to three shots on the bullseye target for a fine trophy, presented by C. Wissel. The shooter having the best single shot on the bullseye target will be presented with the trophy at the end of the season.

For simple practice shooting the above programme was most liberal and it was expected that it would have the effect to draw out the shooting element and keep it interested in the shoot throughout the season. But beyond a few of the regulars the members did not take but little interest in the programme. Of those who did participate only twelve members shot out the required numbers of scores necessary to entitle them to the prizes.

The few enthusiasts in the club who shoot for the love of it took advantage of the opportunity offered them, and as each shooting day came around they made the pilgrimage to Cypress Hills, where they shot their scores, discussed the rifle and enjoyed the hospitalities of mine host Wissel.

Those who followed the shoot through to the end of the season have stored away a large fund of pleasant incidents, which will be brought forth again during the coming winter in the Zettler "den." Of the twelve men whose scores are recorded in the appended list one at least is deserving of special notice. We refer to Fred. C. Ross. During the season he shot 72 scores of 10 shots each. His average is of such unusual excellence that we append them in detail for the benefit of our readers. Of the many expert riflemen whom we have met in the past fifteen years we can recall no one who has reached this high average. Although shooting under "Schuetzen" rules, he does not use the palm rest, but uses the body rest, with his rifle resting upon his fingers. His rifle is a Ballard action with a Schalk barrel (.32-40cal.), using a lubricated bullet loaded from the muzzle. The rifle weighs about 12lbs. The following are the full list of scores (72) shot by Mr. Ross during the season:

F C Ross.....	233	238	228	200	229	227	229	225	218	219	225	223
	229	232	225	220	232	219	221	224	224	221	226	233
	230	229	218	219	219	225	226	223	231	225	229	218
	217	229	236	232	222	223	228	224	228	225	205	205
	231	216	228	225	235	230	228	225	224	220	223	223
(Average 224.9)	228	220	219	226	226	223	224	226	220	222	214	233—16195

Ross' average for his best 50 scores, 227.6, placed his competitors far in the rear. Henry Holges, the second man on the list, was also well in the lead of his followers. The third and fourth men, Plaisted and Hansen, had a close race between them for their relative positions. Plaisted's margin over Hansen of three points on a total of 10,764, was decidedly narrow. The next two men on the list, Busse and Engel, had a close race for the fifth position. Busse's total for the 50 scores was 10,588 and Engel's 10,581. The margin of 7 points set Engel back into the 35-score class. Of the other competitors each held his position with a fair margin.

The competition for the Wissel trophy on the bullseye target was carried on through the season, many of the members making more or less center shots. On Oct. 21, when the last man in the competition had finished his scores, the bullseye box was broken open and the bullseyes measured to find the best center shot. The measurement developed the unusual circumstance of two of them measuring exactly the same. The two cartons in question belonged one to L. P. Hansen and the other to Geo. W. Downs. Another peculiar circumstance was that while Hansen had many cartons in the box, Downs had only one, and his one shot had accomplished as much as Hansen's many. Downs not being present when the cartons were measured, the final disposition of the Wissel trophy was left to be decided at the opening of the winter gallery shoot of the club, which was to be held on the following Tuesday night, the report of which appears in another column under the heading "The Zettlers in Winter Quarters." Scores:

Fred C Ross, 50 scores....	229	226	228	228	226	225	225	225	231	229		
	228	235	233	225	236	231	230	226	226	225		
	229	232	228	228	225	233	238	228	229	227		
(Average 227.6)	229	225	229	232	225	232	226	233	230	224		
	224	224	224	223	223	223	223	223	223	222—11381		
Henry Holges, 50 scores..	220	222	228	217	214	218	215	216	216	225		
	225	228	226	217	221	219	219	215	220	215		
	220	226	217	218	226	217	221	224	219	225		
(Average 218.6)	224	224	216	219	220	218	224	225	214	214		
	213	213	213	213	212	212	212	212	213	211—10931		
G W Plaisted, 50 scores....	214	224	220	223	216	214	219	210	221	219		
	221	220	213	210	220	219	221	219	208	209		
	217	219	208	216	212	209	216	218	216	219		
(Average 215,2)	221	209	210	209	209	211	210	213	217	223		
	218	226	214	217	217	210	214	214	206	206—10764		
L P Hansen, 50 scores.....	218	213	229	217	215	211	212	212	218	225		
	210	226	224	221	227	212	211	213	217	208		
	211	218	208	226	223	213	217	209	219	220		
(Average 215.2)	216	210	209	210	209	210	213	210	220	212		
	209	213	217	211	223	221	213	213	210	209—10761		
R Busse, 50 scores.....	219	213	214	205	216	211	219	221	204	205		
	217	206	210	216	224	204	203	202	215	214		
	221	207	210	206	222	220	218	209	226	219		
(Average 211.7)	216	202	205	211	207	222	222	216	214	204		
	217	212	204	205	210	213	217	199	199	197—10588		
Louis Flach, 35 scores.....								221	215	217	212	224	226	227
								220	219	217	216	218	220	212
								218	224	224	225	221	209	207
(Average 217.2)								221	219	225	218	213	215	203
								205	211	204	221	222	223	213— 7605
M B Engel, 35 scores								216	218	217	214	216	222	213
								218	217	214	213	214	226	221
								218	220	222	216	219	216	222
(Average 214.8)								212	221	211	210	217	210	210
								209	207	207	207	207	208	208— 7516
C G Zettler, 35 scores.....								214	205	214	206	213	210	203
								201	205	209	207	209	206	203
								207	213	208	204	209	203	208
(Average 208.6)								210	212	203	209	214	217	214
								207	210	212	215	207	208	206— 7301
Philip F Schmidt, 35 scores.....								201	218	209	204	215	210	211
								205	211	200	207	204	207	205
								200	211	220	212	205	208	202
Average 207.7)								213	204	210	207	215	201	203
								201	207	203	216	211	208	207— 7271
B Zettler, 35 scores.....								205	202	240	209	204	222	200
								210	203	212	216	202	204	212
								210	204	213	210	212	200	215
(Average 207.)								209	206	206	205	203	212	201
								205	216	205	201	203	207	202— 7246
Geb Krauss, 25 scores.....								198	221	205	203	213		
								198	205	203	200	198		
								219	208	220	198	205		
(Average 204.4.)								205	196	199	204	196		
								198	200	198	212	207— 5109		
J Günther, 25 scores.....								153	190	187	178	165		
								167	208	165	188	155		
								173	180	155	184	162		
(Average 175.)								174	182	165	145	156		
								168	164	153	161	193— 4276		

RECAPITULATION.

	Scores.	Total.	Av.		Scores.	Total.	Av.
F C Ross.....	50	11381	227.6	M B Engel....	35	7516	214 8
H Holges.....	50	10931	218.6	C G Zettler....	35	7301	208 6
G W Plaisted..	50	10764	215.2	P F Schmidt..	35	7271	207.7
L P Hansen...	50	10761	215 2	B Zettler.....	35	7246	207
R Busse.....	50	10588	211.7	Geb Krauss...	25	5109	204.4
L Flach.....	35	7605	217.2	J Günther	25	4276	175

Beideman Rifle Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 22.—The following shows the weekly shoot of the Beideman Rifle Club, at their range, Beideman Station, N. J , for week ending Oct. 20. Conditions. 25 yds, possible 250, ¼in. ring targets, ½in. bull outside range, strictly off-hand.

A J Yergey....246	Dr E L Gardiner...243	A C McGowan....237
J L Wood.....236	Walt Gilbert.....230	

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, N. J., Oct. 24.—The Schlicht Rifle Club held its weekly shoot for class medals at headquarters, Oct. 23. Scores: G. Schlicht 239, C. Meyer 231, P. Man 200, H Aufderheide 220, G. Dorr 239, J. Schlicht 223, F. Lambrix 231, G. Reichert 224, A Meyer 220, Conrad Schlicht 221, Wm. Schlicht 216, Capt. J. Dedrick 222, J. Diehl 229, Wm. Marrs 204. Medal winners: G. Dorr, champion medal; J. Diehl, first class medal; F. Lambrix, second class medal; C. Meyer, third class medal.

FRED. LAMBRIX, Secretary.

The Zettlers in Winter Quarters.

ON Tuesday night of last week the members and many invited guests of the Zettler Rifle Club met in the headquarters of the club for the purpose of inaugurating the gallery season shoot of 1894-5. A visit to the headquarters on the night in question found these large and roomy quarters well filled with many of New York's most prominent rifle enthusiasts. Among the many familiar faces to be seen were Dr. E R. Chadbourne, Maj. Geo. Shorkley, Col. Litchfield (retired), U. S. A., A. C. Gould, editor *Shooting and Fishing*, and Mr. Maynard, assistant editor; Aug. J. Christian, Chas. C. Wissel, L. P. Hansen, John H. Brown, inventor of the Brown wire gun, and others unknown to the scribe. The order of exercises for the evening called for the opening of the winter shoot, the distribution of prizes from the season's shoot at Cypress Hills to the lucky winners, also the settlement of the tie between Messrs. Hansen and Downs for the Wissel trophy. Interspersed with the above was the "caviar," without which our German-American schuetzen is not himself. President Barney Walther was on hand with his usual supply of enthusiasm.

R. Busse, one of the live members of the club, anticipating the pleasures of the occasion, introduced a quartette of male singers, artists in their profession, who were a decided feature in the evening's entertainment. During the evening Major Geo. Shorkley's enthusiasm over the Zettler Rifle Club became so pronounced that he expressed a desire to become one of the "Guild." The Major's desire was quickly responded to by the president calling a special meeting, when the old veteran was given the third degree in the order of "Zettlers." The matter of the tie between Messrs. Hansen and Downs for the Wissel trophy was brought to a decision by the two gentlemen agreeing to shoot it off in the gallery, one shot each, at a 4in. carton, muzzle rest, the best center shot to take the trophy. Hansen led off, making almost a center. Downs was not so fortunate, his shot being so far from the center that it was not necessary to bring the measuring machine into play to make a decision.

Following the shooting off of the tie between Hansen and Downs came the presentation of the trophy to the winner, also the cash prizes from the Cypress Hills shoot to the winners thereof. The ceremony was celebrated by President Walther; as each member was called up to receive his prize the president prefaced each presentation with a flow of English that can only be found in B. Walther's "unabridged." It brought down the house, the president would have been encored surely, could there have been more candidates for prizes produced.

While some of the members were engaged in entertaining the guests others were engaged in shooting and many good scores were the result. The best score of the night was shot by M. Dorrler, who made 248 out of a possible 250. F. C. Ross was second with 247. It was long after midnight before the evening's sport was brought to a close. In the shoot for the champion trophy for the highest score on the first entry the honor fell to F. C. Ross with 244. The five best scores were made by:

F C Ross (first).....244	243	244	246	247
H Holges (second).....243	243	245	243	246
M Dorrler (third).....240	242	243	248	242

Best single scores: M. Dorrler 248, F. C. Ross 247, M. B. Engel 246, H. Holges 246, B. Zettler 245, J. H. Brown 245, Dr. Chas. Grosch 243, H. D. Muller 243, C. G. Zettler 243, G. W. Plaisted 242, Gus Nowak 242, Louis Flach 142, L. P. Hansen 241, R. Busse 240, Ph. Feigel 239, J. Blumenberg 237, B. Walther 237, Ph. F. Schmidt 236, A. Klein 236, H. Murnz 231, S. Buzzini 231, G. W. Downs 229.

Champion medal, first entry: Busse 234 Blumenberg 234, Downs 221, Dr. Grosch 229, Holges 243, Muller 241, Plaisted 235, Schmidt 233, C. G. Zettler 240, Murnz 162, Buzzini 229, Dorrler 240, Engel 238, Feigel 235, Hansen 223, Klein 221, Nowak 239, Ross 244, Walther 237, B. Zettler 238.

RIFLE NOTES.

A MEETING of delegates representing the societies in the National Shooting Association of the United States of America (Nationaler Schuetzen Bund der Staaten von Amerika), was held at headquarters, 12 St. Mark's place, on Friday night of last week. President William Weber, on behalf the executive committee, gave a brief history of its labors during the past three months. The principal feature of the report was the reading of the contract which secures the Glendale Park, Long Island, to the association from June 30 to July 8, 1895, for the great national festival. Monthly meetings of the delegates will be held on the last Friday of each month up to the date of the festival. Programmes (English) containing the constitution, by-laws and prize list will be issued within a few weeks. All rifle clubs and associations in the United States and Dominion of Canada will be eligible, and are requested to join the association (Bund) and participate in the coming festival.

The individual champion match, which takes place next Tuesday (Election Day) in Cypress Hills Park, is going to be a great success. The entries are coming in fast. Up to Saturday of last week the three States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut were represented by the entry of some of their most expert marksmen. Should the weather on Tuesday be fine there will undoubtedly be a large gathering of the lovers of the rifle present to witness the contest.

Some days since it was our pleasure to meet one of the good old has beens (ex-riflemen) who was present at the champion match last year as a spectator. He said: Say Plaisted I am going to be on hand again this year; wouldn't miss it for the world. As we started to walk away the old fellow obstructed our further progress with the exclamation, Hold on! I forgot to enquire is that man Wissel going to get up another one of them deer dinners? We assurred the O-F, that the dinner would be forthcoming with doubt. He departed with a smile of anticipation born of previous experience.

The New York Schutzen Corps opened its winter gallery practice on the Zettler Galleries on Tuesday night. The success of the corps gallery shoot last season has generated a decided interest in the members to participate in the shoot this season. The many improvements which have been made by the Zettler Brothers since last season make their gallery a most inviting place for a rifleman to devote an evening.

During a visit to Zettlers one evening we had the pleasure to meet that old rifleman and inventor, John H Brown. He had just returned from Newport, R. I where he had been a witness to some of the experiments of the Naval Bureau with the new naval rifle (236 calibre.) He says the power of this little rifle is almost past belief. It has the power to penetrate two ¼in. steel plates and almost go through the third. Mr. Brown exhibited one of the bullets (135 grs. wgt.) that had been shot through 5½in. of dry pine wood. The shape of the bullet was uninjured by its passage through this mass of wood. Mr. Brown informed us that he saw one of these bullets with the shell loaded with 30grs Rifleite penetrate 23in. of dry white oak. If this small calibre and its light bullet will accomplish so much, of what advantage are the larger calibres?

We are pressed on every hand by inquiring riflemen with the query as to why our manufacturers have not got a target rifle on the market adapted to smokeless powder. We confess our inability to solve the problem. It has taken years of experiment to adapt nitro to the shotgun, and in all probability there will be considerable further time exhausted before the same success will be reached in the rifle.

We would suggest to some of these inquiring riflemen a private field of experiment for their own amusement. Buy a single loader Winchester rifle 25-20, reinforce the shell inside with brass tubing so that it will hold from 8 to 12grs. nitro (wgt), then have a bullet mould (cannelured) made, the bullet to fit the barrel loose; give the bullet an electro-photo coating of copper or soft metal to bring it up to the proper fit. We have made some personal experimeuts with the Ballard .38 55 on the lines suggested above with considerable success. But we would not advise any one to follow us using the Balard action or any other of the old-style actions of the same strength. The Winchester .25-20, however, has the requisite strength to hold all the power that can be generated in the shell and with the necessary experimenting to adjust the powder charge to the bullet and *vice versa*, we believe one can accomplish results that will be quite satisfatory. The experimentor must not expect to land his bullets in one hole at 200yds , otherwise our suggestion will not have been made in vain. This rifle loaded with the factory (black powder) ammunition will just about keep the shots in a 12in. black at 200yds., shooting from a rest.

The Bennett Brothers, W. W. and T. E., paid a visit to New York last week. They came on to participate in the tournament of the Emerald Gun Club, at Dexter Park. Some years since these gentlemen were prominently before the public as experts with the pistol and revolver. T. E. Bennett gained great prominence by his defeat of old Champion Ira Payne, in a series of revolver matches a few years before his death. The Bennetts have been out of revolver practice for some time. F. E informed us that he had hardly looked at his in the past three years.

A galley match, 100 shots, will be shot between G. G. Williams, of the Excellsiors and Geo. Oberst, of the Essex Indians, on Thusday night, Oct. 1.

Greenville Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Oct. 27.—The Greenville Rifle Club held its weekly gallery shoot at headquarters last night, 16 members participating. Scores: First class—C. Boag 231, J. Boag 238, Purkess 240, Collins 240, Robidoux 232, Dorrler 240. Second class—Agneau 234, Chavant 230, Charlock 234, Spahn 235, Gotthardt 217, Chase 238. Third class—Graef 26, Hill 229, Holzapfel 230.

On the Marion Rifle Range.

On Monday of last week there was a large gathering of local riflemen at the Marion, New Jersey rifle range to witness a series of team and individual matches. One part of the programme was a match between L. P. Hansen of the Excelsior Club and John Rebhan of the Hudson Club, 50 shots each. The weather conditions were fine. In a previous match between these two marksmen which was shot two weeks ago Rebhan won by one point on a score of 1012 against 1011 for Hansen.

The narrow margin of the previous match was the means of developing considerable interest on the part of the friends of the contestants as to the outcome of the second match. The first ten shots in the second match showed Hansen to be in good form while Rehhan seemed to laboring under difficulties. Hansen made 1070 points in his score against 1010 for Rebhan. The Excelsior contingent returned to Jersey City highly elated over the success of their champion. Scores:

John Rebhan	22	16	17	22	22	18	22	19	17	22—197	
	23	21	18	19	24	21	23	19	19	18—205	
	23	22	23	24	22	23	22	19	21	22—221	
	20	20	21	21	23	24	18	25	16	18—206	
	23	13	20	17	19	22	21	17	10	19—181	—1010
L P Hansen	23	22	2'	19	24	24	22	21	23	22—222	
	20	24	23	24	25	20	19	25	24	17—221	
	22	23	21	21	21	23	17	12	20	24—203	
	19	21	23	19	23	23	20	24	21	21—214	
	21	16	21	21	25	21	20	23	18	25—210	—1070

While the Hansen-Rebhan match was in progress a team match was shot off between Mahlenbrock and John Rebhan against Capt. A. Braun and A. Malz, 50 shots per man. Mahlenbrock and Rebhan won by 11 points. Scores:

Mahlenbrock	926	Braun	981
Rebhan	1010—1936	Malz	944—1925

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. —.—Peoria, Ill.—Peoria Target Company's tournament. Everybody invited. experts handicapped.

Nov. 6.—Rye, N. Y.—Rye Gun Club's all-day shoot, commencing at 9 A. M.; live birds and targets. E. J. Pope, Sec'y.

Nov. 7-8.—Coffeeville, Kan.—Two days' shoot of the Coffeeville (Kan.) Gun Club.

Nov. 9.—New London, Conn.—Eighth tournament of Connecticut Trap-Shooter's League, under auspices of Thames Gun Club. James W. Clinton, Sec'y.

Nov. 13-15.—Chicago, Ill.—Brewer-Carver series of three 100 live bird matches for the world's championship; $100 a side each race.

Nov. 17-18.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Two days' shoot of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

1895.

Jan. 1.—Newark, N. J.—Fifteenth annual New Year's Day tournament of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 17-19.—Hamilton, Canada.—Hamilton Gun Club's annual tournament; $1,000 added money. J. W. Bowman, Sec'y.

April 3-5.—Willard Park, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added.

May 14-16.—Dayton, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

June 4-7.—Memphis, Mo.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

Aug. 29-31.—Hot Springs, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 3-6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The shoot for the Riverton Challenge Plate originally set for Tuesday, Oct. 30, has been postponed until after the quail shooting season has gotten well under way. The challenger is Mr. J. S. Dando of Philadelphia, probably the strongest opponent Mr. Welch has had to meet in defense of the trophy.

Mr. Noel E. Money of the American E. C. Powder Company, is busy preparing for a hunting trip to Nebraska. He leaves New York for Omaha on Nov. 7.

Oscar Hesse, of Walsrode fame, starts for Germany on Nov. 7. Mr. Hesse hopes, if all goes well, to reach the Fatherland in time for the Emperor's annual hunt, and to take an active part in the second day's sport among the wild boar and deer himself. Mr. Hesse's brother is chief forester to the Kaiser.

There is some talk about a match at live birds between Frank Class and T. W. Morfey of Paterson, N. J. Morfey has several matches now on his hands; one with Eddie Hill in the middle of November and a series of three 100-bird races with W. G. Clark of Pennsylvania the latter part of December.

Those two birds dropped by Jack Brewer in his last series of five during the Empire City Handicap on Thursday of last week cost him just $50; that is the difference between what his one-fourth of first money would have been and the portion of third which he actually received; just $25 a bird.

The Coffeevillee (Kan.) Gun Club will hold a two-days' shoot on their grounds at Coffeevillee on Nov. 7 and 8.

The eighth tournament of the Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League, which was advertised to be held on Oct. 25, had to be postponed from that date until Nov. 9, owing to the heavy rain storm which prevailed on that date. So severe was the storm at New London, that although the shooters were protected while at the score by a tent, yet it was impossible to distinguish the flight of a target through the driving rain.

The Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club will hold a two-days' shoot at their new grounds at Elizabeth on Nov. 17 and 18. The first day will be for targets, the second for live birds.

T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., is booked to shoot a race with Eddie Hill, of Trenton, N. J., on Nov. 15, at Charlie Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville. The conditions of the race are 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, 28yds. rise, loser to pay for the birds.

With Carver and Brewer matched to shoot three races in Chicago, and with every possibility of a series of five races between Brewer and Elliott, things in the trap-shooting world are looking up.

The complimentary benefit to Mr. C. H. Townsend is to take place on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week at Marion, N. J.

Utica, Oct. 24.—The seventh meeting of the Central New York Trap Shooters' League closed here to-day. The light was bad and scores were low. In the team shoot for a trophy, the Oneida county team scored 79, Rochester 75, and Syracuse and Auburn 67 each, out of a possible 100. In this contest, which will be decided on Nov. 28 at Syracuse, Rochester leads by 7 birds, with Oneida second, Syracuse third and Auburn fourth. The individual championship will also be decided at the next shoot. At present John and Ed Fulford, Carr, Mayhew, Glover and C. Ayling are about even. Glover broke 25 straight in this contest to-day.

The following list of donations and subscriptions to the complimentary benefit of Mr. C. H. Townsend had been received by Mr. W. Fred Quimby up to Monday evening: Syracuse Arms Co. $10, Hunter Arms Co. $10, Lefever Arms Co. $10, Ithaca Gun Co. $10, Oneida County Sportsmen's Association $21, Elizabeth Gun Club $28, Cleveland Target Co. $10, Chas. Fehrenbach, Wilmington, Del., 150 Trap-Shooters' memorandum book; Miss Annie Oakley a handsome table lamp, onyx stand; "Uncle Al" Heritage $40, American Wood Powder Co. 100lbs powder; American E.C. Powder Co. 60lbs. powder, Louis Schortmeier box of Perfecto cigars, Forest and Stream Pub. Co. $25. In addition to the above, the Peekskill Gun Club, of Peekskill, N. Y., have written that they will subscribe $15 to the testimonial fund.

In the second contest for the cup presented to the New Utrecht (L. I.) Gun Club by Capt. A. W. Money and his son, Noel E. Money, Mr. Walter F. Sykes, president of the club, won the trophy after shooting off a tie with C. Furgueson, Jr.

The Titusville, Pa., Gun Club is said to have made arrangements with the local game dealers whereby the latter will hereafter refuse to receive ruffed grouse for shipment.

The number of entries for the Emerald Club's Empire City Handicap was fifty-one, just three less than the number of entries in the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap which took place at Dexter Park, L. I., last April.

Early on Thursday morning a large number of local pot-hunters were making the woods around Dexter Park resound with the booming of their guns as they discharged them, regardless of the law, at the flocks of robins which had come in during the storm.

Mr. L. T. Duryea ("Davenport") leaves shortly for a month's hunt in the West. He is shooting pigeons as well as ever.

During part of Thursday's shoot in the Empire City Handicap, Charlie Zwirlein's black setter did good work retrieving dead birds. When it came to ticklish birds, however, the invincible Billy Mills was deputed to do the work, and his south paw always did the business. In the miss and out H. Heyer, his brother trapper, nailed a bird on the fly for D. C. Smith, which otherwise would have gone out of bounds.

The choice of Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., as the scene of the Grand American Handicap next April, seems to meet with general satisfaction among the local shooters.

Elliott and Brewer Will Meet.

The following correspondence between Messrs. Brewer and Elliott, together with Elliott's gentlemanlike letter to Forest and Stream, also given below, will make interesting reading in view of the fact that every pigeon shooter in the States is anxious to see these two men matched. The letters referred to are as follows:

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had hoped, from the equitable proposition which I made through the columns of the *American Field* recently, that the question of championship honors of the world might be brought to an issue, and have endeavored by a personal correspondence which I inclose you, to perfect these arrangements. It seems, from the letters published in last week's issue (of Dr. Carver and J. L. Brewer), that the object cannot be accomplished without a newspaper controversy.

I trust your readers will pardon me for increasing the affliction which they have been enduring so patiently. In regard to the world's championship trophy, which Dr. Carver and J. L. Brewer base their claim upon, I have the following authentic information: Dr. Carver, in March, 1881, won at Hendon, England, a cup presented by the proprietors of the London *Sportsman*, and termed the championship of the world's challenge cup, defeating thirteen contestants in a 50-bird contest.

Who dares to assert that the number 13 is not lucky, when a man at this day and age of the world can retain championship honors for thirteen consecutive years and evade public demands from individuals to defend the title which he claims.

In regard to Mr. Brewer's assertion that he is champion wing shot of the world, also basing his claim upon a trophy he won in England, we have the following facts: In a final contest for the so-called championship of England cup, at Hendon, on July 3, 1888, the Captain was awarded the winner by killing 24 birds out of 25 at 30yds. rise, and which he has since nobly defended through the columns of the press with bombastic and insulting letters.

In regard to Dr. Carver's assertion that I had quit shooting and gone into business with my brothers, it is true, and it was my intention to devote my time and attention to business. After my withdrawal so many mushroom champions and world beaters sprung up that I found it more profitable to again resume pigeon shooting. The money supplied Dr. Carver by his backers (the syndicate) has enabled me to pay off a large amount of obligations contracted during last year's financial depression.

In my proposition of Oct. 13 I simply named amounts which had already been published as the stake in the contest between Dr. Carver and Mr. Brewer, and which could be raised by any one of the gentlemen at large who are seeking for world's championship honors. To hold such a contest in Chicago under the supervision, and with Uncle John Watson as referee, it being neutral ground, would virtually decide the championship honors of the world.

Dr. Carver's desire to shoot for the championship of the world and $5,000 a side, is simply ridiculous, and to say the least very unjust and unkind to those who are not in a financial condition to stake that amount on a shooting match. While this amount is but a mere bagatelle to the Doctor and I, there are a great number of championship aspirants whom this amount would freeze out. At present I have on deposit with the *American Field* $100 to make good my proposition to Carver and Brewer or to shoot Mr. Brewer a series of races under conditions upon which he virtually agreed to meet me. All I can say is, "Put up and shoot pigeons or—shut up." I remain just plain everyday
Jim Elliott.

The following correspondence between Elliott and Brewer speaks for itself:

New York, Oct. 18.—*J. A. R. Elliott Esq., Kansas City, Mo.:* Yours of the 16th came duly to hand. In reply I will say, that I have no proposition to make you more than we agreed upon at Memphis, in August last. I think, perhaps, you remember telling me if you defeated Carver that you would shoot me a series of matches for $750 and the championship. I do not want any newspaper controversy, and notoriety does not pay me a dollar. What I want is to know who is the champion. If you beat me, I say, joy go with the honors, and I have ever got a good word for you; if you fail to connect I hope there will be no animosity. It is not necessary to discuss the question of our abilities through the sporting papers. This we will settle behind the traps. I am quite willing for you to enjoy a good opinion of yourself, and I believe myself that you are far superior to lots of the would-be champions, and there is no reason why you should not come East and shoot all the matches I have named, as I am sure the gate money will amount to several thousand dollars, which I am quite willing to divide with you.

Trusting this may be satisfactory to you and that you will inform me at once of your willingness to accept, when I will at once go to work and arrange for our meetings, so that it will be satisfactory to the winner, and I will forfeit all claims if fair play does not exist throughout. I am, yours truly,
John L. Brewer.

Elliott's reply to the above was as follows:

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 26.—*John L. Brewer, Esq., 100 West Street, New York:* Your favor of the 18th inst. received and contents fully noted. I remember quite well arranging matches with you to take place this fall, not only at Memphis, Tenn., but standing in front of Thompson's saloon on Broadway, New York, last March. The understanding was that you were to shoot me a series of five races for the amounts named in my proposition to the *American Field* this week. You further agreed to shoot a part of this series of matches in the West and in Kansas City. The Western people are very anxious to see you shoot, and I owe them at least that favor, and will certainly require you to meet me on Western grounds.

There will be no ill will or animosity on my part toward you in these contests, and there is no city in the world where any fairer treatment is accorded a visitor than in Kansas City.

I am willing to shoot this third match at Pittsburg, Pa., and the other two at Al Heritage's, Dexter Park or John Erb's grounds (in no instance are the pigeons to cost more than 50 cents per pair for first-class birds), and you are to furnish the grounds without any additional expense, we to have joint control for that day exclusively. The Kansas City grounds I will agree to supply on the same conditions. Either to divide or shoot for the gate receipts in each contest will be agreeable to me. If you don't want to shoot at Pittsburgh, I will send a man to toss up with you to decide which point the third or fifth race will be shot at; and should I gain it, will name Kansas City. If you gain it, we will shoot them on the grounds which you name East. The more matches we shoot on one or two grounds, the less will be the expense traveling from point to point.

Would be pleased to have you wire me your answer. If agreeable, I will forward contract in accordance with the above, in order to facilitate matters and have those matches come off before cold, stormy weather. Respectfully yours,
J. A. R. Elliott.

Brewer's answer to this letter reads thus:

New York, Oct. 29.—*J. A. R. Elliott, Esq., Kansas City, Mo.:* In reply to yours of Oct. 26, I will say that your letter is quite satisfactory to me, and I will meet you in Kansas city, in Pittsburgh, and in New York city a series of 5 pigeon matches, the first two to take place in Kansas city (some date to be agreed upon), soon after my meeting with Carver in Chicago. The third match, within a few days after our meeting in Kansas city, to take place in Pittsburg, Pa. The fourth and fifth to be shot in the vicinity of New York, and dates to be arranged suitable for the meeting; and, as you state, for $100 a side each match. The gate money to be divided; $100 to be deposited by each contestant in the hands of some stakeholder to be agreed upon, on the day of each individual match, and, if it is preferable to you, you can name the stakeholder each time.

Now I trust you will understand this letter thoroughly, as I cannot enter into any championship agreement, as it is in dispute and will not be settled until after the middle of November; but, as I before stated, these matches are to be shot singly and the winner of each to take $200 and fifty per cent. of the gate money, and each contestant to pay his own expenses, as to birds, etc., or any advertising or any expense that may be caused by each individual; and, in case of interference, the referee may have the power to declare the match off, and the money refunded to the partes having deposited the same with the stakeholder; and I do openly say that fair play is all I want, and if I cannot win at that, I will be pleased to acknowledge my defeat, and will be ever grateful to the man that defeats me. If you can meet me in Chicago on November 15, I will deposit the necessary amount to assure you I am in good faith, and you can bring any responsible party with you to hold the money.

Trusting this may be satisfactory to you. I am yours truly,
John L. Brewer.

Thus the matter stands now. Both parties are evidently anxious for a meeting, but Brewer's matches with Carver, noted elsewhere, prevent any match for that title between Elliott and himself.

The Championship of Kentucky.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 25.—The event of the season came to a most pleasant and successful termination on the grounds of the Kentucky Gun Club, at Louisville, on Oct. 22, at which time the championship of Kentucky was fought out, resulting in the winning of the coveted title by Mr. Harry J. Lyons, of Louisville, one of the most energetic and enthusiastic member of that splendid club. Mr. Lyons is to be congratulated on having displayed an amount of cool nerve and courage that inspires the most phlegmatic onlooker with the deepest admiration. His score in no way exhibits the manner in which he shot—this had to be seen to be appreciated—for of itself it is not a wonderful one, although on such good strong birds it is seldom beaten. He was a bit careless with his second bird, and consequently lost it. On the fourth round he went up to the score with the safety of his gun at safe, so here he did not shoot at all. Some one had locked his gun, which, being a non-automatic hammerless, lost him the shot. After this he steadied down to work and smashed bird after bird, and by dint of pure pluck and good judgment killed out straight to the end and proved himself what few men can, a first class stayer and a very dangerous competitor. He has had little experience at the trap, but is steadily forging ahead in that resolute determined way that admits of no refusal. Another year or two ought to land him among the chosen few who can win when they want to by sheer tenacity and courage.

No. 1, 5 birds, $3 entrance, birds extra:

A DuBray	11111—5	H J Lyons	11100—3
Hussey	11•11—4	Clegg	00111—3
Means	01111—4	S Hutchings	10010—2
Gaines	10101—3	A Houston*	11111—5

*For birds.

No. 2, miss and out, $3 entrance:

S Hutchings	110	Houston	10
A DuBray	110	N T Harris	11110
Maston	11111	R H Smith	110
Voyght	11110	J Gay	11111
H Lyons	0	Thompson	11110
Gaines	11111	H Means	110
Clegg	100	P L Atherton	111•
Hussey	•		

No. 3, championship of Kentucky 25 pigeons, American Association rules, $25 entrance, open to residents of Kentucky:

H J Lyons	2•1011212212221212222222—23
J Gay	2222212200212202221122122—22
F Hussey	1111201211122122201222210—22
H Means	221222222222122122•010212—22
A W DuBray	21221222•1121121•1222•211—22
Gaines	1112112221211111202200212—22
Maston	121121•11212212•201012111—21
Voyght	1121212012122211100012112—21
R H Smith	2211222021101212122111001—21
S Hutchings	222222222121•2221112 1•••0—20
P L Atherton	1111•1222032210•0•1211111—19
A Houston	022220•210101222112121101—19
Clegg	•22221•2021212122102010•2—18
W D Thompson	01•122201102211000129220 1—16

No. 4, miss and out, $3 entrance:

S Culbertson	20	A Houston	2222122—7
J Gay	2122221—7	Clegg	2110
N T Harris	0	Hussey	10
A Du Bray	1111222—7	Church	2211221—7
P L Atherton	110	J Hutchings	2221122—7
W L Lyons	1110	Cawcett	10
Phelps	•		

The last match, which was finished in the dark, was at 5 birds, $5 entrance; resulted as follows:

A Du Bray	11111—5	S Hutchings	11101—4
Phelps	11111—5	N T Harris	01111—4
P L Atherton	10111—4	Church	10110—3
H J Lyons	11110—4	A Houston	01101—3
W L Lyons	11110—4	J Gay	11010—3

The birds were a superior lot all along, and the day being breezy only added to their flight, increasing the difficulty of making good scores.

The Kentucky Gun Club is to be congratulated in bringing together such an assembly of good shots and in successfully managing the day's shooting. Comments were heard from all quarters showing that the visiting Kentuckians were proud of this organization. Well they may be, for a better club does not exist nor can one be formed where visitors are received with more cordiality. To say that these features are conspicuous and salient in the South means a great deal, far more than any one can conceive who has not been a recipient of Southern hospitality with its spontaneous and magnificent generosity.

Gaucho.

Trap at Little Rock.

Little Rock, Ark. Oct. 25.—The tenth contest for the Pulaski County medal took place Wednesday, Oct. 24, on the club grounds in North Little Rock. The weather was bright and clear without any wind to interfere with the flight of the targets; this made it a perfect day for trap shooting. The attendance was very light, only six shooters taking part in the contest. This is the busiest time of the year with the majority of our shooters, while some will not shoot at the trap when quail and duck shooting is to be had.

Dickinson won the medal with the fine score of 47 out of 50, though Duley was right after him with 45, both of these men were shooting in fine form, Dickinson missed but three targets out of 65 and Duley six. Conditions 50 single targets per man, known traps, unknown angles.

French	01001111111111001110111011111111111011110111111101—40
Duley	01111111111111110111111011011111110111111111111111—45
Dickinson	11111111111111011111111101111111111111110111111111—47
Lenow	11111111011110011111111111010111001100011100111111—37
Hobbs	01001110101011110110001111111000101000010110110110—26
Cunningham	10111111010111001110111111111111111100111011111111—41

Paul R. Litzke.

Weir City, Kansas.

Weir City, Kansas, Oct. 20.—The following scores were made by members of Business Men's Gun Club, at this place on Oct. 17. The day was extremely windy, making good scores very difficult. This will in some measure account for the poor showing made. Trapshooting is steadily gaining in popularity here, and each meeting at the traps sees some new convert come out to try his hand. After the medal shoot Doctors King and Doan chose teams of 6 men and shot for a supper; Dr. King's team winning by a small margin. Scores:

Regular medal shoot, 25 singles per man, with handicap allowance:

Abbott	1010110111110001011010111+ 6—22
W McIlhany	1110011111111111111111111 —22
Morrisson	1010111111000001100111111+ 5—21
Blackett	0111101101111101101111010+ 5—23
Merriam	0000100000100000000001100+20—24
Kirk	0110000001010010010011111+10—21
Holmes	1011010111111111111101111+ 3—24
Doan	1111011100111100100100111+ 3—20
Hamilton	0000000000010001010011000+20—25
Histed	0100101011111111011111111+ 5—24
King	1110011100111100010011111+ 8—23
Granat	1111101101011111111111011+ 7—28

Mamaluke.

New Brunswick Gun Club.

New Brunswick, N. J., Oct 27.—The following scores were made on the above date by the members of the New Brunswick Gun Club in their monthly medal shoot at 30 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Pettit	11111111110111111111—19	Voorhees	11111110111111111011—18
Reynold	00000011101111100111—11	Wedell	01100110110110010011—11
Mundy	11100111111001100001—12	Blish	10110001100001100110— 9
Reamer	00000001010111011000— 7	Van Nuis	10111111111110011111—17
Sperling	10111110110010111111—15	J Hoagland	11100111011111111001—15
Fisher	01111111111111111011—18	*Edwards	11001100000001111100— 9
Stevens	01101111111110111101—16	*Van Dyke	11011111111101111111—18
H Smith	11111111001010110101—14	Walker	11100111000011000101—10

* Not members. Pettit won the medal in class A, Henry Smith taking the class B medal.

Brewer and Carver Matched.

All arrangements have now been perfected and Brewer and Carver will shoot a series of three 100-bird races at John Watson's Park in Chicago, Ill., on Nov. 13, 14 and 15. The conditions are 100 live birds per man each race, $100 a side; the title of champion of the world at live birds to go to the man winning the series. Brewer will leave for the West on or about Nov. 9, and before his return to this city will in all probability have shot three races with J. A. R. Elliott, two at Kansas City and one at Pittsburg, Pa.

The Emeralds' Great Tournament.

THE first day's scores made in this tournament, which opened on Monday, Oct. 22, were given in last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM. From them it could be gathered that the tournament was an assured success, had weather notwithstanding. The weather was about as unpropitious as it well could be. Monday, it will be remembered, was cold, damp and overcast, making the flight of the targets hard to follow. It was also against the attendance of the locals, who, preferring live birds to inanimate targets, laid off for the Empire City Handicap on Wednesday. Tuesday, the

Second Day,

was precisely like its predecessor as to the quality of the weather; perhaps a little "more so" as regards the penetrating powers of the chilly northeast wind which swept across Dexter Park right in the shooters' teeth.

Notwithstanding this condition of affairs the programme was started at an early hour. It will be as well to enumerate once more the list of visitors who took part in the shoot: Massachusetts was to the fore with a strong team of seven—W. "White" Bennett and his brother, Fred "Jones" Bennett, the champion pistol shots from Boston; J. T. Mascroft, V. D. Kenerson and Fred Bucklen of Worcester; B. "Leroy" Woodward, Brockton, and H. G. Wheeler of Marlboro. Harry Thurman and H. "Landis" had come from Philadelphia, and D. C. Smith of Hamilton, Canada, loaded down with championship honors, was also present, shooting well and talking up his club's great tournament which is to be held on Jan. 17, 18 and 19 next. W. H. Skinner was also on deck, smashing targets with a precision that showed that his Forehand Arms Co.'s gun and Leonard powder were in it with any of them. Of course "U. M. C." Thomas was there; by the way, if Thomas improves his shooting as much in the next six months as he has done in the past half year, he'll be warm enough for any of the "cracker jacks" to tackle. Van Dyke was hardly up to his own standard on Tuesday, but Wednesday and Thursday found him pumping lead into the live birds in a way that caused his Winchester repeater to challenge attention.

Thirty-six shooters took part in the various events, the majority shooting right through the programme. Two sets of traps were used, but lack of assistants prevented things from being hustled in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. Still everybody seemed to get enough shooting by 4:30 P. M., at which hour nothing but a whippoorwill could fairly have distinguished one of the flying targets. It was decidedly a relief to non-contestants when darkness put an end to the day's work. The expression, "lack of assistants," which I have used above, is perhaps hardly correct. There were plenty of assistants "of a sort;" all were willing to help, but referees, scorers and pullers, all require at least some previous experience in their respective lines. The bad light in particular was a great strain on the eyes of the referees, especially in the unknown angle events; absolute satisfaction could hardly be guaranteed by anybody. This shoot, however, was the Emeralds' maiden effort, and it was a good one. The experience, too, gained in this effort will be of vast use at their next similar gathering.

A word about the shooting. The quality of the work done by the shooters can hardly be estimated from the scores they made. Dexter Park is a difficult place naturally to shoot targets in; the background being none of the best; add to this a species of twilight all through the day and the scores are little short of phenomenal. "Leroy" and Brewer did the best work, as a glance at the tabulated scores given below will show. Leroy is shooting black powder again, claiming that he cannot get the same results at targets with nitro powders as he does with "soft coal." The improvement in his form at Dexter Park over that shown by him at New London early in September furnishes him with an argument of considerable strength. Massachusetts furnished several rainmakers: Leroy, Bucklen and the Bennett brothers, all used black powder notwithstanding the object lessons they have been given time and again as to the effectiveness of nitro powders of various makes. On Tuesday, after the shoot was over, it required something stronger than water to wash out the taste left in one's mouth by the volumes of dense smoke, belched forth from the guns of the above four shooters, which was blown by the raw northeaster plumb in the faces of those at the score and of the spectators behind them. All honor to Wheeler, who cut away from his leading strings and proved by his work on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday that American wood powder was just what he had been looking for; his average of 89 per cent. speaks for itself.

To particularize is, at the best, an invidious task; still, it would never do to pass over the work done by Noel Money during the afternoon. Noel and his father, Capt. A. W. Money, could hardly be improved upon as exponents of the work American E. C. powder is capable of doing. Noel was smashing the targets one after the other in a manner that couldn't fail to attract attention; the targets were just snuffed out! His percentage of 93 was surpassed by but three and only equaled by one, R. "Woods," a gentleman tersely described by the inimitable "Tee Kay," as "a Dutchman shooting under an American name!" In other words, "Woods" was the name assumed by Dick Pfister. F. "Jones" Bennett's percentage of 93⅝ is within a very small fraction of that made by the top notchers, Brewer and "Leroy." In fact, the "down Easters" held their own, and a little of other people's, too, at the close of the day. Here are their averages: Leroy 93¾, Jones 93⅝, Bennett 90½, Wheeler 89, Kenerson 88, Mascroft 85, Bucklen 72; Davis, with 88½, is another from the East who divided more than one good pot. Taken all through, the company was decidedly warm. Scores:

No. 1, 10 empires, known angles, entrance $1.20: T. H. Keller 9, Kenerson 8, Jones 10, Wheeler 5, Brewer 10, Leroy 10, Hoffman 9, Mascroft 8, Skinner 9, Woods 10, Drake 10, Richmond 9, Schorty 7, Bucklin 7, Thomas 8, Davis 8, Bennett 7, Brownell 5, Hobart 10, W. H. Thompson 9.

No. 2, 10 empires, known angles, entrance $1.20: Keller 9, Jones 9, Wheeler 9, Brewer 10, Leroy 10, Kenerson 7, Woods 9, Hoffman 9, Drake 10, Davis 9, Hudson 5, Richmond 8, Schorty 9, Bennett 9, Bucklin 9, Thomas 6, Brownell 6, Skinner 9, Hobart 8, Thompson 9, Mascroft 7, Van Dyke 10, Rice 7.

No. 3, 15 empires, known traps, unknown angles, entrance $1.80:

Keller	011111010000111— 9	Schorty	101111101111111—13
Kenerson	111111111111111—15	Bennett	111100111111111—13
Jones	110111111111111—14	Van Dyke	101111111100101—11
Wheeler	101111111111111—14	Richmond	111111111111101—14
Brewer	100111111011111—13	Hobart	111111111111111—15
Leroy	111110011111111—13	Landis	111111110111110—13
Bucklin	010011101110110— 9	Davis	111111101111011—13
Skinner	111111111111111—15	Smith	011111111111111—14
Thomas	110011011111111—12	Mascroft	101011110011010— 9
Brownell	011111111101001—11	Money	110111111111101—13
Hoffman	101111011111111—13	Hall	101110001110111—10
Drake	111110111111101—13	Rice	101111111111100—12

No. 4, 10 empires, known traps, entrance $1.20: Keller 7, Kenerson 7, Jones 9, Wheeler 7, Brewer 8, Leroy 8, Landis 10, Woods 10, Thompson 9, Drake 10, Thomas 10, Skinner 8, Schorty 10, Bennett 9, Van Dyke 10, Bucklin 6, Hobart 9, Richmond 9, Hoffman 7, Brownell 7, D. C. Smith 9, Hall 9, Davis 9, Money 8, Mascroft 9, Hudson 7, Nowak 1, Rice 5, Ferris 9, Maesel 2.

No. 5, 20 empires, expert rules, both barrels, entrance $2.40:

Keller	111111121011101111—18	Mascroft	111121210021101111—17
Kenerson	111110011111111011—17	Schorty	111211111111110111111—19
Jones	211111101111111111—19	Bennett	111111101101011112—17
Wheeler	021111111111111111—19	Van Dyke	110111112111111111—19
Brewer	111111121111111111—20	Hobart	101111010201111111—16
Leroy	111111111110211101—18	Landis	111111111111111111—20
Thomas	111110111011012101—16	Drake	111110111011101111—17
Hall	011111111010111111—17	Richmond	111001111111111211—18
Hoffman	102001111112111111—17	Edgarton	111010101211012121 0—15
D C Smith	112011111111111111—19	Money	111111111111111111—20
Davis	112121111111110111111—19		

No. 6, 10 empires, known angles, entrance $1 20: Keller 6, Kenerson 9, Jones 10, Wheeler 10, Brewer 9, Leroy 9, Woods 10, Brownell 9, Davis 7, Skinner 9, Hobart 9, J. Maesel 7, Ferris 9, Bennett 10, Van Dyke 9, D. C. Smith 8, Drake 6, Thompson 7, Shorty 10, Mascroft 9, Floyd 5, Hoffman 9, Edgerton 4, Thomas 8, Hall 9, Steutzle 6, Thurman 7, Richmond 10, Landis 10, Lindsley 10.

No. 7, 25 Empires, known traps, entrance $3:

Schorty	0111011101111111110111111—21
Bennett	1111011111111111111111111—24
Van Dyke	1110111111111100111111111—22
Hall	1111011110111111110101111—21
Drake	1011111011111111111111111—23
Hobart	1111011110110011111111111—20
D C Smith	1011111111101111111110111—22
Ferris	1110010111111100100111100—16
Davis	1100011111111111101111110—20
Thomas	1111101111111111100100111—20
Money	1111101111111111001111011—21
Grieff	1110101111111101110110110—19
Keller	1011011101110110101011101—18
Kenerson	1111111111111101111111111—24
Jones	1111111111110111111111111—24
Wheeler	1110111111111111111111111—24
Brewer	1111111111111111111111001—23
Leroy	1111111111111111111111111—25
Mascroft	1111011111111011011111111—22
Thurman	1110111101111111111111111—23
Landis	1111111001111111110111111—22
Edgerton	1110100010010100011110101—13
Lindsley	1010100111011101111111101—19
Brownell	1110110101011111110101110—18

No. 8, 15 singles, unknown angles, entrance $1.80:

Keller	101111111101111—13	Bennett	111111111111111—15
Brewer	111111111111111—15	Van Dyke	111111111011010—12
Jones	111111111011101—13	Bucklin	001011111111111—12
Richmond	111111101010111—12	Hobart	111111111011101—13
Leroy	110111111111111—14	Skinner	101111111110111—13
Kenerson	111110111111111—14	Landis	111111111111111—15
Wheeler	011101111111111—13	Hoffman	111111111111111—15
Smith	100101111011111—11	Greiff	111101111111111—14
Hall	111111110111110—13	Davis	111111111111111—15
Drake	111111111110111—14	Money	111111111111111—15
Edgerton	010110110101111—10	Ferris	011101101011111—11
Mascroft	111111111111111—15	Thurman	101110101111011—11
Schorty	101111111111111—14	Lindsley	100110110001110— 8

No. 9, 10 empires, known traps, entrance $1.20: Keller 9, Kenerson 9, Jones 9, Richmond 9, Brewer 9, LeRoy 10, Bucklin 6, Hobart 8, Wood 8, Moore 2, Thomas 8, D. C. Smith 8, Shorty 9, Bennett 10, Van Dyke 10, Wheeler 10, Mascroft 7, Skinner 8, Edgerton 7, Drake 10, Landis 8, Hall 10, Davis 8, Grieff 7, Leveridge 4, Thurman 8, Ferris 5, Hoffman 9, Maesel 6.

No. 10, 20 singles, unknown angles, use of both barrels, entrance $2.40:

Keller	1111111112101011011—17	Landis	0211111111010110110111—16
Kenerson	1220111121111111110—18	Schorty	1111111112121111111—20
Jones	1122211110111121111—19	Bennett	1110112111111111111—19
Wheeler	1111110111111121110—18	Van Dyke	1111101110112111111—18
Brewer	2111111111211111211—20	Richmond	1121111111111111111—20
Leroy	1111111121111111111—20	Skinner	1111110111111111111—19
Hohart	2121111111211201121 1—19	Lindsley	0111212111111112 1110—18
Thomas	1011110111111011111—17	Thurman	1111111211111111111—20
Mascroft	1100011101111111121—16	Money	1111111111111111111—20
Hall	1111111111111112112—20	Davis	1112111101210211111—18
Edgarton	1010020112212110111—15	Hoffman	1111111110111211111—19

No 11, 19 singles, known angles, entrance $1.20:

Keller 6, Kenerson 9, Jones 9, Wheeler 10, Brewer 9, Leroy 8, Moore 6, Richmond 9, Greiff 9, Edgarton 7, Thomas 7, Hall 9, Schorty 10, Bennett 9, Van Dyke 8, Thurman 10, Woods 9, Drake 7, Hobart 6, Bucklin 7, Mascroft 10, Davis 8, Hoffman 8, Smith 8.

No. 12, 25 singles, known angles, entrance $3:

Keller	1111111111101111111111111—24
Kenerson	1111111111111111111111111—25
Jones	1111111111110011111111111—23
Wheeler	1111111111111111111111010—23
Brewer	1111011111111111111111111—24
Leroy	1111111111111111111111111 - 25
Landis	1111000111110111111011111—20
Hobart	1100111011111010110111011—18
Thomas	1011101111111110000111011—18
Mascroft	0111011111101111111111101—21
Hall	1111010111111111011111111—22
Hoffman	1011110111111111011111011—21
Schorty	1111111111001010111111110—20
Bennett	1110111100110111111111111—21
Van Dyke	1111111101111100101101111—19
Drake	1011011111011111111111100—20
Edgerton	0000100101000100100110101— 9
Thurman	1111111111111111111111011—24

Extra No. 2, 50 empires, known traps, unknown angles, $5 entance:

Keller	1101111111100111111111111111111011111111110111111—45
Brewer	1111111111110110111111110111111111110111111111111—46
Leroy	1111111111111011101111111111111111111111111111111—48
Wheeler	1111110101111110111110111111011111111011111111001—42
Kenerson	0001110110111111111011111111011111111011111111041—41
Van Dyke	0111111011011111111111111101011011111110101111111—42
Schorty	1011111111111111111011111111110111110011011111111—44
Landis	1111010111111111111001011111111011100011110—41
Money	1111111111111111011111111111111111111111111100—48
Mascroft	1011111111111110111111111110110101111111111101110—43
Hoffman	1111111111111001110110001110111111111111010100111—39
Thomas	1111111011111111111111111110111111101111111111110—46

The following figures on the second day's scores at targets will be of interest. It will be noticed that whereas "Leroy" and Brewer are tied on the whole day's shooting with a percentage of 93¾, yet "Leroy" beat Brewer by one bird on the regular programme events. Taken as a whole, bad light, acute angles and everything considered, the percentages are remarkably high.

No. targets.	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*25*	*50*	*10*	Ex.Ex. Broke.	Shot At.	Per cent.
T H Keller	9	9	9	7	18	6	18	13	9	17	6	24	45	10	200	240	.83
Kenerson	8	7	15	7	17	9	24	14	9	18	9	25	41	9	212	240	.88
Jones	10	9	14	9	19	10	24	13	9	19	9	23	..	10	178	190	.93⅝
Wheeler	5	9	14	7	19	10	24	13	10	18	10	23	42	9	213	240	.86
Brewer	10	10	12	8	20	9	23	15	9	20	9	24	46	10	225	240	.93¾
Leroy	10	10	13	8	18	9	25	14	10	20	8	25	48	7	225	240	.93¾
Hoffman	9	9	13	7	17	9	..	15	9	19	8	21	39	9	184	225	.82
Mascroft	8	7	9	9	17	9	22	15	7	16	10	21	43	9	202	240	.85
Skinner	9	9	15	8	..	9	..	13	8	19	..	..	..	10	100	110	.91
Woods	10	9	..	10	..	10	..	..	8	..	9	..	..	9	65	70	.93
Drake	10	10	13	10	17	6	23	14	10	..	7	20	..	9	149	170	.88
Richmond	9	8	14	9	18	10	..	12	9	20	9	..	..	..	118	130	.91
Schorty	7	9	13	10	19	10	21	14	9	20	10	20	44	9	215	240	.89½
Bucklin	7	9	9	6	..	..	..	12	6	..	7	..	..	9	65	90	.72
Thomas	8	6	12	10	16	8	20	..	8	17	7	18	46	8	184	225	.82
Davis	8	9	13	9	19	7	20	15	8	18	8	..	..	8	142	160	.88¾
Bennett	7	9	13	9	17	10	24	15	10	19	9	21	..	..	163	180	.90½
Brownell	5	6	11	7	..	9	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	64	90	.71
Hobart	10	8	15	9	16	9	20	13	8	19	6	18	..	..	151	180	.84
Thompson	9	9	..	9	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	41	50	.82
Hudson	..	5	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	20	.60
Van Dyke	..	10	11	10	19	9	22	12	10	18	8	19	42	..	190	220	.86⅝
Rice	..	7	12	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	35	.71½
Landis	..	..	13	10	20	10	22	15	8	16	..	20	41	..	175	200	.87
D C Smith	..	..	14	9	19	8	22	11	8	..	8	..	..	..	99	115	.86
N E Money	..	..	13	8	20	..	21	15	..	20	..	..	48	..	145	155	.93
Hall	..	..	10	9	17	9	21	13	10	20	9	22	..	..	140	165	.85
Nowak	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	10	.01
Ferris	..	..	..	9	..	9	16	11	5	..	..	..	..	..	50	70	.71
Maesel	..	..	..	2	..	7	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	15	30	.50
T T Edgerton	..	..	..	..	15	4	13	10	7	15	7	9	..	..	80	135	.59
Floyd	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	10	.50
Stentzle	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	.60
Thurman	..	..	..	..	..	7	23	11	8	20	10	24	..	..	103	115	.90
Lindsley	..	..	..	..	..	10	19	8	..	18	..	..	..	..	55	65	.85
Grieff	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	14	7	..	9	..	..	..	49	60	.81
Moore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	6	..	..	..	8	20	.40
Leveridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	4	10	.40
															4995		

Third Day.

If Monday and Tuesday, the first and second days of the Emerald Gun Club's tournament, were bad days for the matter in hand, then Wednesday, the third day, was far worse. The morning opened even more overcast than on the previous day, while the northeaster came across Dexter Park just as if it knew there was a stove in full working order in the club house, and meant to make the shooters hunt it.

The programme for the day was the Empire City Handicap, 25 live birds per man, $10 entrance, birds extra, $100 added by the Emerald Gun Club, handicap varying from 26 to 33yds. The first 15 birds in the handicap formed an optional sweepstake of $5, 3 moneys, high guns to get the money. By Tuesday night no less than 46 forfeits of $3 each for entrance in the big event had been received by Dr. G. V. Hudson, the able and energetic secretary of the club. Before the first gun had been fired on Wednesday this number had been increased to 51! The handicapping committee, consisting of Messrs. Jacob Pentz, Milt Lindsley, Fletcher Walters, L. H. Schortemeier and "Tee Kay" had no light task before them in apportioning the various handicaps. Prior to calling up the first squad to the score, the committee announced that the conditions of the handicap had been changed, the scratch mark being 32yds instead of 33, the limit men standing at 25 instead of 26. This change was evidently satisfactory to all, not a dissenting voice being heard.

An analysis of the entries shows that no less than 14 Emeralds had put up their $10 to support the honor of their club. The following shows each man's handicap, gauge of gun and club of which he is a member:

	Name.	Handicap.	Gauge of gun.	Club.
1.	M Herrington	28	12	Emerald Gun Club.
2.	L H Schortemeier	29	12	Emerald Gun Club.
3.	J H Moore	28	10	Emerald Gun Club.
4.	Dr G V Hudson	27	12	Emerald Gun Club.
5.	August Schmitt	26	12	N. Y. German Gun Club.
6.	P Woelfel	26	12	Highland Gun Club.
7.	H G Wheeler	28	12	Boston, Mass., Shooting Assn.
8.	S C Edwards	28	10	N. Y. German Gun Club.
9.	William Pye	28	10	N. Y. German Gun Club.
10.	J Frazer	28	10	N. Y. German Gun Club.
11.	Chas Zwirlein	28	12	Yardville, N. J.
12.	Eddie Hill	29	12	Yardville, N. J.
12.	J Tiernan	27	12	
14.	T W Morfey	31	12	Paterson, N. J. Gun Club.
15.	T W Wright	28	12	Paterson, N. J. Gun Club.
16.	W H Hollis	29	12	Essex Gun Club.
17.	C E Morris	29	12	Atlantic Gun Club.
18	T Codey	28	12	Emerald Gun Club.
19.	R "Woods."	28	12	Emerald Gun Club.
20.	J W Hoffman	28	12	South Side Gun Club.
21.	J T Mascroft	27	12	Worcester Sportsmen's Ass'n.
22.	D C Smith	29	12	Hamilton, Can., Gun Club.
23.	C M Meyer	29	12	New Utrecht Gun Club.
24.	J S Taylor	28	12	West Newburg Gun Club.
25.	Eugene Doelnck	28	12	Emerald Gun Club.
26.	Capt A W Money	31	12	New Utrecht Gun Club.
27.	C Furgueson, Jr.	30	12	New Utrecht Gun Club.
28.	Dr J G Knowlton	28	12	Hon. mem. Emerald Gun Club.
29.	Fred Bennett	28	12	Boston Shooting Association.
30.	W Fred Quimby	30	12	Emerald Gun Club.
31.	M F Lindsley	30	12	Emerald Gun Club.
32.	Richard Regan	25	12	Emerald Gun Club.
33.	C F Floyd	28	12	Emerald Gun Club.
34.	Fletcher Walters	29	12	Emerald Gun Club.
35.	"Wanda"	25	12	
36.	P Garmes	30	10	New York German Gun Club.
37.	H Thau	28	10	Emerald Gun Club.
38.	V D Kennerson	26	12	Worcester Sportsmen's Assn.
39.	T T Edgerton	28	12	Parkway Gun Club.
40.	"Henry"	28	12	Stamford, Conn.
41.	F V Van Dyke	28	12	Dayton, N. J.
42.	B "Leroy"	28	12	Boston Shooting Association.
43.	J L Brewer	32	12	
44.	C Furgueson, 3d	25	12	New Utrecht Gun Club.
45.	C Oberg	27	10	New York German Gun Club.
46.	R A Welch	31	12	Riverton, N. J.
47.	Allen Willey	28	12	Hartford Shooting Association.
48.	Frank Class	31	12	Morristown, N. J.
49.	J E Timmons	28	12	Morristown, N. J.
50.	Gus Grieff	28	12	Emerald Gun Club.
51.	William Lair	27	12	Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

In the above handicaps all the men using 10-gauge guns were placed 2yds. behind the mark they would otherwise have shot from had they been using 12-gauges; as will be seen, no less than 8 men used 10-gauge guns.

All preliminaries having been arranged as far as handicaps, etc., went, T. H. Keller was appointed referee, C. Dellar and the representative of FOREST AND STREAM being the official scorers. At 10:15 Mr. Herrington opened the ball by knocking over a right-quartering driver with his first barrel. The race was shot on Wednesday (for it lasted nearly all Thursday as well,) in squads of 10 men who shot alternately until they had shot at 5 birds. They then retired and waited until three more squads of 10 had shot at 50 birds to the squad, and the fifth and last squad of 11 had had 55 liberated for them to shoot at. It was a long wait between their fifth and sixth shots, but that couldn't be helped. The first squad was called out and took possession of a couple of benches close to the score. By this means rapid progress was made with its shooting. The same was done with the second squad, but before it had completed its set of 5, the rain which had been threatening for two days commenced to fall, driving shooters, scorers and lookers-on into the club house, where shelter and warmth awaited them. The only persons left outside were the referee, trap puller and trappers. It was a most inhospitable day, becoming worse and worse as the daylight began to give way. The shoot, too, dragged terribly; almost every shooter had to be called to take his place at the score, and squad hustling was no sinecure. The birds, also, began to show signs of the effect the weather had upon them. Good as they were, the pelting rain and cold wind made them slow to start and weary of wing. Under favorable circumstances they would have been of the "corker" quality; they were so at first. But what could one expect? Even the shooters themselves, usually as cheerful a set of men as one can find, showed but few signs of animation until a colored man set their feet beating time to the music evolved from his mouth organ and guitar.

By the time each contestant had shot at ten birds the light had got very bad, and both rain and wind had increased in violence. An announcement was made by the referee that, as there was no possible chance of finishing the handicap on that day, each man would shoot at one more bird, the balance of the event going over to the next day. At the close of this, the eleventh round, 46 were left in the race, five having dropped four birds were out of it unless no straight score was made. The unlucky five were C. M. Meyer, who had the misfortune to miss his first three birds owing to defective ammunition, all three birds being good ones. His tenth was a low, fast flying incomer, a bird liable to be missed by anybody under the conditions then prevailing; Conny Furgueson, 3d, the 11-year-old member of the New Utrecht Gun Club, evidently felt the strain of shooting in such a big event and was soon out of it, apparently shooting under all his missed birds; with a few more years on his shoulders he'll be a hard one to beat; "Henry" fell out at the tenth round, while "Wanda" and T. Codey dropped out on their eleventh birds. "Wanda," the popular wife of M. F. Lindsley, of American wood powder fame, started in well by killing her first seven birds cleanly. The weather, however, soon became such that to brave the elements was really more than could have been fairly asked of a woman. Its effect upon Mrs. Lindsley is plainly shown in the four consecutive cyphers which fill the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh sections of her score. T. Codey, who all through the race as far as it had gone had drawn as hard birds as anybody, got a corking right-quartering driver for his eleventh, scoring a miss and losing his chance of the $610 in the pot.

Only nine men was left with clear scores of 11 each: Dr. Hudson, Wright, Morris, "Woods," Knowlton, Walters, Edgerton, Van Dyke and Brewer. Welch had the ill-luck to have his 11th bird, a fast right-quartering driver, carrying his load of lead just out of bounds, thus spoiling what was apparently a sure clean score for the first day. With the close of the 11th round everybody went home glad for the most part to get away from the dreary scene presented by Dexter Park, storm-ridden as it was. The

Fourth Day

was almost the exact counterpart of the one preceding it. It is true that at times the rain held up, and shooters and spectators were able to stand outside the club house without being drenched to the skin. Considering the weather the birds flew marvelously well, testing the capabilities of the shooters very severely.

It was late before the handicap was proceeded with, 10:30 having been passed before a gun was fired. The arrangement was to shoot 4 birds to a man, and then continue the squads of ten at 5 birds each as soon as all had shot at 15 live birds.

By the end of the 15th round eight men had clean scores. These were: Dr. Hudson, T. W. Wright, C. E. Morris, J. G. Knowlton, F. Walters, T. T. Edgerton, Van Dyke and Brewer. Of these, but four, Wright, Morris, Edgerton and Van Dyke, were in the extra $5 sweep; as sixteen had paid in their $5, this left $80 to divide between the four above named. Of the fifty-one who had started in the big race, eleven had fallen by the wayside, leaving only forty-one to continue the contest. Many of them had 3 misses each scored against them and it required only one more cypher to put them out entirely.

In the next 5 birds Dr. Hudson, Morris, Walters and Edgerton each spoiled the looks of their scores. The doctor, who had been shooting remarkably well, slipped up on a zig-zagging left-quartering driver. Morris was in hard luck indeed; he was centering his birds well and was looked upon as a certainty for part of first money. When he stepped to the score for his 18th bird, something was wrong with one of the traps and Billy Mills went to put it straight; Morris put the safety on his gun and forgot to unlock it; result a lost bird. Walters, who had been making Leonard powder drive his shot clean through his birds, made a bad break on his 18th bird, following it up by letting his next two birds carry his lead over the boundry. Edgerton's missed bird was a right-quartering incomer which he apparently missed clean. First money now lay between four: Knowlton, Wright, Van Dyke and Brewer, with 31 others entitled to shoot for the money.

Wright, Knowlton and Van Dyke killed their last five and divided $244. Van Dyke's last bird, however, caused him momentary anxiety. It was a right-quarterer and a strong flyer. Van pumped into him as soon as he started; his second shell, usually as effective with him as his first, didn't appear to strike the bird as it fluttered to the boundary, dropping dead finally about 10yds. inside the flags. A curious feature of the last series of five was the fact that no less than four men shot themselves out of a place by missing their twenty-fifth bird. Charlie Zwirlein had particularly hard luck on his last five, drawing perfect screamers each time he went to the trap. Brewer missed his 21st, a rattling bird, and his 24th, a bird that did not appear particularly hard, his dropping from first money down into the third hole was a surprise to everybody present, as he had been killing his birds cleanly for the most part. A decision on one of his earlier birds caused a little dissatisfaction, but it was made apparently because the referee was unable to see just what happened. It was Brewer's 9th bird, an incomer, which was just fluttering out of bounds, coming straight for the score. In the opinion of many Brewer made an attempt to gather the bird, thus turning it from its course, Billy Mills eventually retrieving it, the bird being scored a dead bird. Some claimed that the bird had even been out of bounds.

The work done by the Massachusetts contingent is worthy of special mention. Here was a body of men who, owing to the laws prevailing in their State, are unable to shoot live birds at home. All their practice is on foreign grounds. The character of their shooting is well shown by the following figures: Wheeler and Leroy, 24 out of 25; Fred Bennett, 23 out of 25; V. D. Kenerson, 20 out of 24, and J. T. Mascroft, 15 out of 19. Wheeler missed his first bird, Leroy dropping his third.

Second money, $183, was divided between eight men, each of whom had killed 24 birds: Dr. Hudson, Wheeler, Morris, "Woods," Leroy, Welch, Willey and Class. Third money, $122, went to eleven men with

scores of 25: Schortemeier, Pye, Hill, Morfey, Smith, Doeinck, Money, C. Furgueson, Jr., Bennett, Edgerton and Brewer. Fourth money, $61, was divided between Hoffman, Watters and Timmons, with scores of 22.

Thus ended a most successful tournament, a credit to the Emerald Gun Club that gave it. It is understood that the result of the four days' shooting has determined it to make the "Emerald Gun Club's tournament" an annual affair.

Score:

Empire City handicap, 25 to 32yds. rise, 25 live birds per man, from 5 ground traps, gun in any position, boundary approximate 80yds., class shooting, 4 moneys, 4 misses out; entrance $10 and price of birds. $100 added to the purse by the Emerald Gun Club; the first 15 birds of the 25 will form another event with extra entrance of $5; 3 moneys, straight shooting, high guns to get the money; entrance to either, or both, optional; forfeit of handicap $3, to be sent to recording secretary of club; entrance to both cease when first gun is fired. In case handicap is not finished on Oct. 24 the event will be finished on Oct. 25. Fifty-one entries in the main event, sixteen in the extra event:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

↑↑↓↑←HH←→↑↑↙H↑H↙←↑↓↖→→↑↓
J G Knowlton (28).2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

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* F Van Dyke (29)..2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2—25

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* T W Wright (28).2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—25

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Frank Class (31)...2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 • 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2—24

↙↙↗↗→→↙←→↖↑←→↗↙↑↑↗←↗↖↙↑→
Dr G V Hudson (27)2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 2 2 2 2—24

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B "Leroy" (28) ....2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—24

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* C E Morris (29)...2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 7 1 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 1 2—24

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R "Woods" (28)....1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—24

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* R A Welch (31)...2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—24

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H G Wheeler (28)..0 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2—24

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Allen Willey (28)...2 2 • 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2—24

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F G Bennett (28)...2 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—23

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J L Brewer (32)....2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 0 2—23

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E Doeinck (28)......1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 1 2 1 0 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2—23

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*T T Edgerton (28).2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 0 1 2 2 1 2 0—23

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*CFurgu'son,Jr(30)2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2—23

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Eddie Hill (29)......2 1 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2—23

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*Capt A Money (31).2 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1—23

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*T W Morfey (31)..2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—23

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Wm Pye (25).......0 1 1 1 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2—23

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L Schortemeier (29)1 2 1 • 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—23

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*D C Smith (29)....2 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 • 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2—23

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*J W Hoffman (28).2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2—22

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J E Timmons (28)..0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 0—22

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F Walters (29)......2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 • • 2 2 2 2 2—22

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J Frazer (28).......1 1 1 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 2 • 2 2 2 1 1 2 0—21

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*G Greiff (28).......0 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 •—21

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Wm Lair (27).......0 1 1 • 0 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 0—21

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C Zwirlein (28).....2 • 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 0—21

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V D Kenerson (26)..2 0 2 0 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 —20

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C̃ Oberg (27).......1 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 • 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 —20

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R Regan (25).......1 0 1 2 2 1 1 2 • 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 • • —18

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H Thau (28). ......• 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 —18

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*M Herrington (28).1 2 1 1 2 • 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 0 —17

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J H Moore (28).....1 0 2 1 0 2 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 —17

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J T Mascroft (27)..0 2 0 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 1 0 —15

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J Tiernan (27).....0 1 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 1 0 —15

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P Garmes (30)......2 0 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 0 1 1 1 1 0 —14

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W F Quimby (30)...2 2 0 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 0 —12

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*W H Hollis (29)...2 0 1 0 0 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 0 —11

↖↓↖→←↖↑→↖↘↘→↖↑↘
*J S Taylor (28)....0 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 • • 2 2 2 • —11

↖↙→↓↘↗↙←↖↗↑↙↑
S C Edwards (28)...1 0 2 1 1 2 1 • 2 1 1 • 0 — 9

↖↙→←↑↗↗↑↙←↑→↙
*M F Lindsley (29)..0 • 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 0 — 9

↘→→↓↘→↘←↑↗↗↗↘
A Schmitt (26).....2 2 0 1 1 2 2 1 0 2 0 2 0 — 9

↗←↙↗↓↓↗↘↖↖↗↑
C F Floyd (28).....2 1 2 2 0 • 2 2 2 2 0 0 — 8

→↙→↑↖↗T↑←↑↗↗
P Woelfel (26) .....2 2 2 1 0 2 1 0 1 • 1 0 — 8

←↖↗↑↗↖↓↑↖↑↗
T Codey (28).......2 2 2 0 0 0 1 2 1 2 0 — 7

←↘↗↑↗↗←↖↑↘↙
Wanda (25).........1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 — 7

↖→↗↙↖↖↑↖←→
Henry (28).........2 1 0 1 2 0 • 2 2 0 — 6

↗↗←←↖←↘→↗↙
*C M Meyer (29)....0 0 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 — 6

↓↘↑↖↗↑↘
Furgueson, 3d (25).0 2 2 2 0 0 0 — 3

* Entered sweep of $5 extra on first 15 birds, purse to go to the three high scores; Wright, Van Dyke, Morris and Edgerton divided $80.

Miss and out, 30yds. rise, entry $3, 14 entries:

Money	111211211222222—15	Hoffman	212220—5
Welch	112222222112222—15	Hill	120 —2
Brewer	222112211222222—15	Wright	20 —1
Smith	211112122221110—14	Liebinger	20 —1
Wheeler	12111112221120 —13	Ibert	0 —0
Edgerton	11112111210 —10	Lindsley	0 —0
Leroy	21221• — 5	Morfey	0 —0

NOTES OF THE SHOOT.

W. R. Hobart was well to the fore during the target events; he doesn't appear to have lost his eye for targets during his western trip.

Of the three winners of first money in the Empire City Handicap, Knowlton used E. C. in both barrels; Van Dyke used DuPont's Smokeless in his first shell and E. C. in his second; Wright shot Wood Powder in both barrels.

The prices for refreshments at Dexter Park were based upon those at Coney Island during the height of the season. Coffee (none too good at that) ten cents a cup, a quarter of an apple pie, ten cents, clam chowder twenty cents per plate, etc., etc., "with trimmings to match," as the saying goes, is a little steep. Shooters don't mind paying good prices when they get good articles in return; but first-class prices should be met by first-class articles. It is only fair to the Emerald Gun Club to say that this department was not under their charge.

"Uncle Al" Heritage and Dr. Hudson livened up proceedings on Wednesday afternoon by the way in which they tripped it to the colored musicians' melody.

Mr. Rice of Chicago rendered yeoman service to the management by the way in which he hustled things in its behalf.

By killing his last 24 straight in the big handicap, and by scoring 13 straight in the succeeding miss and out, Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass., scored a great run of 37.

Welch practically killed forty straight during the two days, his lost bird, the eleventh in the handicap, dropping dead out of bounds.

Capt. Money's tally of one-barrel kills will compare with any one of them; sixteen out of the twenty-five birds did not need a second dose.

EDWARD BANKS.

North Side Sweepstakes.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The initial shoot of the new Northside Gun Club, Thursday, Oct. 25, was a pronounced success. Messrs. Shaner, Crow and "Old Hoss" had charge of the affair, and it lacked nothing in entries, shooting equipment or enthusiasm. Events 4, 5, 7 and 8 were shot under the following handicap; viz: Experts shot from five unknown traps. Semi-experts shot from known trap, unknown angle. Amateurs shot at known trap and known angle. Event No. 6, was shot under the expert system. The remaining events were shot known trap and angle. One of the strong features was the fact that the semi-experts and amateurs were given as fair a show and broke in as frequently on the money as the experts. The best average for the day was made by Elmer E. Shaner who shot as an expert. The scores follow:

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1.20 4 moneys.

Hoss	0111111111— 9	Hancock	0001101101— 5
Gibson	1111111101 — 9	Zeumer	1101111111— 9
John George	1100111111— 8	Jones	0011110101— 6
Gehn	0000010011— 3	Bessemer	1111111111—10
Shafer	0001100110— 4	Colt	1111111111—10
Burges	1111101110— 8	Shaner E	1111111111—10

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $1.30:

Hoss	111101111111101—13	Zeumer	111101110101111—12
J George	101111111011101—12	Bessemer	111010111111111—13
Shafer	111101001111011—11	Burges	111111111111101—14
Jones	011011111111110—12	Gibson	011110111111111—13
Gelm	111111111111111—15	Hancock	111111010111001—11
Colt	111111111111111—15	E Shaner	111111110111111—14

No. 3, 20 targets, entrance $1.30:

Hoss	11011110110111111111—17	Colt	11111111111110111111—10
J George	00111011011111011110—14	Zeumer	11111111111111101011—18
Shafer	11101111100010111111—15	Gelm	11111101101111011101—16
Jones	11111111111101111011—18	Gibson	01101111110101001110—13
Bessemer	10111111110111111111—18	E Shaner	01101111110111110111—16

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance $1.30, handicap:

Expert Squad.

Hoss	010111111010101—10	Colt	110111011011011—11
Bessemer	001111101110101—10	Zeumer	011011110011011—10
Jones	010101000110011— 7	E Shaner	001100101101111— 9

Semi-Expert Squad.

J George	111101010111111—12	Gibson	001111100110001— 8
Gelm	111111111111110—14	Shafer	111010111111011—12
Burgess	101011111111000—10		

Amateur Squad.

Hancock	011011111001101—10	Roll	000001000000000— 1

No. 5, 20 targets, entrance $1 90, handibap:

Expert Squad.

Hoss	01000111101111011111—13	Dinger	10100101110000100110—10
Zeumer	01111110101111111011—16	Colt	00111100100100001111—11
Jones	11010001001110101110—10	E Shaner	11111110111101111101—17
Bessemer	10111011000011111100—12		

Semi-Expert Squad.

J George	11011110111101111011—15	Gelm	11101101011110111011—15
Steer	11010100111111111001—14	Fagan	10111111010101101111—15
Shafer	01110111110000101111—13	Gibson	11 1111111111101010—16

Amateur Squad.

Roll	00000000101001000100— 4	Cornman	00110100001001100101— 8
Martin	01100101000110001001— 8	Henry	10100001000000000001— 4

No. 6, 15 targets, entrance $1.30:

Hoss	111111111001110—13	Cornman	101110000001100— 6
Shafer	101111010111100—10	Dinger	111111111111111—15
Jones	101010111111111—12	Zeumer	111111000100111—10
J George	110110000101101— 8	Gelm	011010010001111— 8
Steer	001111001111111—11	Bessemer	111101011101110—11
Fagan	111100111011110—11	Shaner	111111110111111—14
Colt	001101110111000— 8	Jim Crow	010111110100010— 8
Roll	000001010001001— 4		

No. 7, 20 targets, entrance $1.90, handicap:

Expert Squad.

Hoss	01110101111111001110—14	Crow	11010111111101101111—16
Zeumer	10111011101111111100—15	Dinger	11111111111110001111—17
Jones	01111111101111111011—17	E Shaner	11010000111011111111—14
Bessemer	01101101111111101110—15		

Semi Expert Squad.

J George	10011001110111111111—15	Burges	11110110011111111100—15
Shafer	10110111110011100010—12	Gelm	00101100010111111100—11
Steer	11011101011001100111—13	S Shaner	11011111011100010110—13
Motz	00111111111101011111—16	Gilson	11111010111111100001—14
Born	10111111111111111111—19	Bell	11111111111011001000—14
Fagan	10011111100101111011—14	Pontefract	11101111101111111111—18

Amateur Squad.

Roll	00101011100101010111—11	Henry	00000101000000010100— 4
Cornman	01001111101011010111—13	Hofmeist'r	00111000010111001000— 8
Martin	01000110001111010011—10	Joe, Jr	11110011001110101100—12

No. 8, 15 targets, entrance $1.30, handicap:

Expert Squad.

Hoss	111110111011110—12	Crow	110010111001100— 8
Zeumer	111110111111111—14	W S King	111011011000001— 8
Jones	111110111111111—14	E Shaner	111110111111111—14
Colt	001110100101110— 8	Cornman	110000111100110— 8
Bessemer	110111111011111—13		

Semi-Expert Squad.

Gelm	111011111111010—12	Steer	010000100110111— 7
G Cochran	111111111111110—14	Shafer	001011111010110— 9
Motz	100000111011001— 7	Bell	100111111111111—13
Born	111111111111011—14	S Shaner	110110011001111—10
Vandy	110011111111110—11	Gibson	111111101011110—12
Fagan	011101101011100— 9	Cleveland	011111101111011—12
J George	101011111011011—11		

Amateur Squad.

Hancock	011011110101111—11	Goldstrom	011111011111111—13
Henry	000000000000011— 2	Hofmeister	101100011010110— 8
Roll	001011010010101— 7	Colteryahn	010111110101001— 9
Martin	001011110101001— 8	Udick	010101110110001— 8

No. 9:

Hoss	0111111110— 8	Fagan	1010101111— 7
Shafer	1111111111—10	W S King	1110111111— 9
Jones	1101111101— 8	Gelm	1101111100— 7
Vandy	1111111111—10	Born	1110111011— 8
Bell	0011101110— 6	Martin	1100101011— 6
Cleveland	1000011110— 5	E Shaner	1111111110— 9
J George	1011101111— 8	Colt	0001100111— 5
Motz	0110001110— 5	Colteryahn	1011110101— 7
Bessemer	1111011110— 8	Zeumer	1101011010— 6
Joe, Jr	0011000111— 5	Udick	1110111001— 7
Crow	1111101011— 8	Hofmeister	0101101011— 6
Gibson	1011111110— 8	Henry	1001011000— 4

No. 10, 15 targets, entrance $1.30

Hoss	111101011101111—12	J George	111001111100111—11
Shafer	101011111011110- 11	Vandy	110111111011111—13
Jones	001111001000111— 8	Cleveland	100000101111000 — 6
Fagan	111100101101111—11	Crow	111110111111110—13
Martin	010110001000011— 6	Barn	111'00110011111—11
Gibson	110110111101101—11	Bessemer	010000000000011— 3
E Shaner	111111101111110—13	Colteryahn	011111010100011— 9
W S King	110111111111111—14	Udick	001110011011001— 8
Colt	001011110001110— 8	Hofmeister	001101011011111—10
Bell	001111111101011—11		

BIX.

PEORIA, Ill.—The Peoria, Ill., Target Company will hold their first semi-annual tournament during the month of November. W. Tromp Irwin is now the manager and proposes to make this the largest gathering of sportsmen held in the West this year; Peoria Blackbird rules will be adopted; all shooting will be unknown angles; experts and all professionals handicapped.

WESTERN TRAP GOSSIP.

JACK WINSTON ON THE WINNERS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 25.—Jack Winston, of St. Louis, is in town this week, and had some interesting gossip over trap matters when he called at the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM.

"I saw all the late big matches at Kansas City, St. Louis and Des Moines," said he, "all the more important ones in which Dr. Carver figured, and say! I am the most unlucky man that ever was! At first I figured that Carver would beat Elliott at Kansas City, but what does Elliott do but kill 199 out of 200. I wouldn't hardly have gone up against that if I had known what was ahead. Well, I thought of course, when Carver and Crosby shot, Carver would beat Crosby, but I picked just the wrong race there too, and Crosby beat Carver. I am no millionaire, and I thought I had had about enough of Carver, so when I went up to DesMoines to see Carver and Budd shoot their matches, I picked Budd for the winner in the first race, but what does Charlie do but shoot like a Chinese sailor and let Carver beat him! Well, thinks I, there is something in this Carver business after all, so I just backed Carver to win the second race with Budd. My luck still held, and Budd beat Carver that time, just as Carver beat him in the first place.

"You can see from this that I am not a millionaire just now, but I thought I would just come around to Chicago and see the boys, and see if I couldn't get even a little bit by backing myself, since I have had such bad luck backing anybody else. I am not flourishing around any, and I don't want to shoot any pigeon races, because I haven't shot birds for a long while, but I will say if any one in Chicago, or any one anywhere else on earth, wants to shoot 100 targets, National rules, I shall be glad to make an arrangement for $100, and maybe for less if they would rather have it that way. I don't know anybody in Chicago that I wouldn't like to shoot a race with, and I know there isn't any better place to decide a match than Watson's ground in Chicago. Both sides are sure of getting a square deal there in either a pigeon or a target race.

"Of course, the pigeon game at Watson's will be a little harder than at either St. Louis or Des Moines. Both the shooters complained of the birds at Kansas City. What kind of a town is Chicago? You fellows are full of talk about hard birds and all that, but I will bet that I can kill 90 out of 100 of the hardest birds that John Watson can trap; only, I would have to do that in a regular match for money, the bet on the birds being a side bet. Of course when all these big shooters come to Chicago we will not see any such big scores as we have been hearing about, but I want to tell you to keep your eye on Jim Elliott, and don't you bet any money against him, for no one has any license to beat him now. He is in perfect condition and taking the best kind of care of himself. He goes to bed early and sleeps regularly, takes a shower bath every morning, does some running and walking and pulls fifteen miles in a shell. He is a regular athlete. Of course he is feeling 'way up about himself, but he can shoot, nevertheless, and he has got all kinds of money behind him in Kansas City. There is no trouble about his getting all the backing any one need want, from $1,000 to $5,000 a race.

"I must say that Carver is the fairest and most gentlemanly shooter I ever saw at the trap. When anything came up in the preliminaries, he always said, 'Anything will suit me; fix it up to suit yourselves;' and at the score he never said a word. Elliott, after his winnings, was not so pleasant. He had so much confidence in himself that he fairly grinned when he went to the score to shoot. After the races, when the talk about Chicago came up, he said to Carver, 'Why you can't shoot hard birds, Carver, what are you talking about. You wouldn't shoot me a race in Chicago for $5,000 a side, and you know you wouldn't.'

"'Well I have $5,000 to say that I would shoot you in Chicago,' Carver said to him. He does'nt seem to be a bit at all uneasy because he has lost the Kansas city races. Carver's backer is a gentleman by name of Hadley, of Kansas City, a jeweler who has made plenty of money in the real estate business, and he is dead anxious to back Carver for any kind of a race. When Elliott made this talk about $5,000, Hadley pulled out a roll of money as big as your leg and wants to put up $500 forfeit to bind the $5,000 race right there. Both Carver and Elliott have big backing behind them, and I guess that it is all sure enough that the races are for blood.

"You folks will see the biggest pigeon picnic in Chicago in November that you ever heard of in your lives. Carver has got nineteen races to shoot in Chicago, and is ready to shoot clear through the list, win or lose. Elliott is on the war path, too, and if they can get Brewer out here, there surely ought to be races which will decide which one of those three is the best man. Then I hear Charlie Budd and Charlie Grim are going to drift into Chicago early in November, and probably the result will be that even after it is all simmered down, we will have the biggest series of big matches ever known in this part of the country. Of course I will have to be in Chicago to see all this, and I only hope that I will be able to get on some target matches. I don't care who comes after me, Brewer, Budd, Elliott, Grim, Parmalee or anybody else, I think I can get just a few more than they can. Now, you know I can't shoot very much, but I am just willing to chance it this way. What kind of a place is Chicago? Haven't you got any shooters here at all?"

E HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Courtney Wins the Medal.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 25.—The Class A diamond medal of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club was shot for at Maple Bay on this date, the scores made being as follows:

Class A, diamond medal contest, 50 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles:

A G Courtney	01010011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Geo Holloway	11111110111111111110111110111111111011110111111111—45
C F Arno	01011110111011111011111111011111111011111111110101—41
Geo H Mann	11011111011111111111101111111000110011101111111111—41
A C Ginty	01011111010011111110111010010111111111101111111111—39
Harry Jones	10110000111011111111111110111011111011011111111110—39
D M Lefever	10111001000111101111111101010110111111111101110111—37

A. G. Courtney wins the diamond medal for the fifth time, and becomes its final possessor, missing 4 out of first 10, and making a brilliant run of 44 straight, with Holloway a close second. The medal has been contested for nearly a year, and has been won four times by C. F. Ayling (Arno), three times by Chas. Wagner, three times by Geo. H. Mann, twice by H. McMurchy, Geo. Holloway and D. M. Lefever, once by Cal. Dugard. Mr. Ayling made a pleasant speech complimenting the various rivals for the medal on their earnest endeavors. Mr. Courtney, he said, had given every one a chance to try for the prize, even when he had won it four times, but had finally won it for the last time very fairly. He then in the name of the club handed it over to Mr. Courtney. The winner made a very brief and pleasant speech, and invited the boys to Webb Howe's cafe, and celebrated the event in royal style.

The Class B and C medals were won some time ago. New trophies will now be provided for the next regular shoot, which occurs every two weeks.

FALSTAFF.

Orangeville Shooting.

ORANGEVILLE, Md., Oct. 25.—The following scores were made by the members of the Woodpowder Gun Club at a shoot held this day at Orangeville, Md.:

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance 50 cents:

Petty	1011010101— 6	Dr Smith	1111111110— 9
Ware	1110100100— 5	Kimble	0100100111— 5
Overman	0000111011— 5	Shackleford	0011100101— 5
Bire	1101011101— 7	Steever	1001111111— 8
Wonder	1011111011— 8	Hartner	1111111111—10
Oler	1111111010— 8	Evans	0100010111— 5

No. 2, 10 targets, entrance 50 cents:

Petty	1101110110— 7	Dr Smith	1111111111—10
Ware	1000010110— 4	Kimble	1010001101— 5
Overman	1011101110— 7	Shackleford	0100010110— 4
Bire	1001000110— 4	Sleever	0111011111— 8
Wonder	1001110110— 6	Hartner	1111111111—10
Oler	1011101111— 8	Evans	1110111001— 7

No. 3, 15 targets, entrance 75 cents:

Dr Smith	101101111111111—13	Evans	110111111101011—12
Hudson	010001011111111—10	Overman	101011111101111—12
Hartner	011111111111111—14	Jackson	111111101100111—12
Steever	111101101111111—13		

No. 4, 10 targets, entrance 50 cents: Overman 6, Ware 7, Wonder 5, Oler 8, Petty 6, Dr. Smith 9, Evans 7, Shackleford 6, Hartner 10, Kimble 5, Bire 7, Jackson 8, Hudson 9.

No. 5, 10 targets, entrance 50 cents: Overman 7, Ware 7, Wonder 8, Oler 9, Petty 7, Dr. Smith 9, Evans 7, Steever 9, Shackleford 6, Hartner 10, Kimble 7, Bire 7, Jackson 8, Hudson 8.

J. J. PETTY, Sec'y.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Morfey vs. Pier.

Paterson, N. J., Oct. 23.—About 500 people went to Rogers's grounds to-day to see what was thought would prove a fight to a finish between these two men, as their last match resulted in a tie, each killing 10 birds. Considerable money was wagered on the result to-day. Each side was well provided, and the Morfey followers did not let one dollar go begging. Before the match was half over they were offering odds of 10 to 6 on their favorite, which he justified by the remarkable way in which he was shooting. The birds were of the first order, every one being trained for the occasion. They were all game and strong. They were much too fast for Pier, as he was shooting away behind; he was simply outclassed, throwing up the sponge after missing his thirteenth bird. Morfey only shot at 12. Capt. Money, of Oakland, N. J; John Lennard, of Morristown, N. J., and a number of others whose names I could not learn, were present. Morfey shot his Greener 12-gauge, using 48grs. American E. C. powder and 1¼oz. No. 7 shot loaded in the U. M. C. Co.'s New Trap shell. Scores:

Match, 15 live birds, $100 a side, Long Island rules, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1894 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	↖↗↖↖↗↗→↖↓↖↗↑↗	
Pier	1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 0	— 8
	↑↗↱↙↗←↱↗→↱↱→	
Morfey	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1	—10

Referee, Tom Dunkerley; judge for Morfey, Chris. Wright; judge for Pier, James Burns; handlers for Morfey, Wright and Rogers; handlers for Pier, Rogers and Boyle; scorer, Dutcher.

Details of the birds and shots are as follows:

Morfey's: First—Extra fast left-quartering driver killed at 40yds. Second—Fast right-quartering driver, black and white, hit full and hard, and managed to carry his load just over line. Third—Fast left-quartering twister, broke its wing at 45yds. Fourth—Steel gray left-quartering incomer, fast, a fine kill. Fifth—This bird has won a reputation for itself, having been shot at and missed three times to my knowledge; it was a white, the same bird that Morfey missed in his last match; right-quartering driver, lightning fast; broke his wing at 45yds. Sixth—Extra fast left-quarterer; good kill. Seventh—Extra fast left-quartering twister; fine kill. Eighth—Extra fast blue right-quarterer; well stopped. Ninth—Extra fast right-quarterer; fine kill. Tenth—Extra fast gray right-quartering twister; fine kill at 45yds. Eleventh—Fast right-quartering twister; clean miss, didn't try. Twelfth—Fast right-quarterer, hit hard; carried load to 65yds.; a good game bird.

Not one bird needed flushing, they were off as soon as trap was pulled.

Pier's: First—Was a black and white left-quartering driver, which he grassed; a fine stop. Second—Black and white right-quarterer; very fast; hit and broke his wing at 40yds. Third—Extra fast grey bird; left-quartering driver; clean miss. Fourth—Extra fast left-quartering twister; fine kill at 40yds. Fifth—Fast right-quartering twister, which was well stopped. Sixth—Extra fast gray bird, hit lightly; went away off toward the mountains. Seventh—Fast black and white right-quarterer, shot 2yds. behind. Eighth—Extra fast left-quartering bird; well stopped. Ninth—Fast incomer, which was a complete surprise to Pier; it came about shoulder high; a clean miss. Tenth—Fast left-quartering twister, which he grassed. Eleventh—Extra fast right-quartering driver; fastest bird yet. Twelfth—Extra fast low-flying left-quartering driver; shot away over. Thirteenth—Extra fast right-quartering driver, which he hit lightly and got away towards the mountains, same as the preceding one. Dutcher.

Riverton Gun Club.

The following scores were made on Friday at a shoot held on the Riverton Gun Club grounds, at Riverton, N. J. Those who took part were Edgar Murphy, Cartaret Gun Club, New York; Fred Hoey, Hollywood Gun Club; W. B. Ogden, Elk Ridge Gun Club, Baltimore; Robert A. Welch, T. S. Dando, G H. Edwards and F. Leonard, Riverton Gun Club. Murphy did the star work, killing 60 out of 61. He took the whole of two purses and half of the other, dividing the latter with Fred Hoey. Scores:

No. 1, miss and out:

Murphy (30yds)	12111222121—11	Dando (30)	211222220— 8
Hoey (30)	22222121222—11	Edwards (27)	1121210 — 6
Leonard (30)	22212212220 —10	Ogden (27)	2222110 — 6
Welch (30)	1112221220 — 9		

No. 2, 25 live birds, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, entry $25:

Edgar Murphy (30)	2222212122101121222222112	—24
W B Ogden (27) allowed 3 birds	2212221112212222200112222022	—24
G H Edwards (27) allowed 1 bird	02122221210121222111120112	—23
T S Dando (30)	02222221121121211220220w.	—20
F Leonard (30)	22222220222222202210	—18
Fred Hoey (30)	1222212022122221020	—16
R A Welch (30)	20221222011120	—11

In the shoot-off Murphy won by killing 3 straight. Murphy took 50% of the purse, Ogden 30%, and Edwards 20%.

No. 3, miss and out:

Murphy (30)	212221111222222222222	—21
Leonard (30)	12222222222222222210	—20
Hoey	2222220	— 6
Edwards	1122220	— 6
Dando	2210	— 3
Ogden	20	— 1

Tournament of the Soo Gun Club.

Sioux City, Ia., Oct. 20.—The first annual tournament of the Soo Gun Club of this city was held on the 9th and 10th of this month. The attendance was good and the shoot a success in every way. The weather was fine but a high wind blew both days and caused the targets to be quite tricky, and high scores were not made as a rule. The club added some thirty-two special prizes to the different purses and a number of the boys went home loaded with various things a trapshooter would like. The officers and members of the club did all in their power to make it pleasant for the visiting sportsmen. Every one had a royal good time and will be glad to visit Sioux City and take part in the next annual tournament of the Soo Gun Club. There were two medals given by the club emblematic of the Northwestern championship, one for live birds and one for targets. Mr. C. M. Grimm of Clear Lake, Ia., won the live bird medal after an exciting shoot off. Mr. Taylor of South Dakota won the target medal after a hard-fought battle on ties; he had to break thirty straight to win. Five dollars was added to every purse in the target events except on the medal shoot on the second day. Scores:

First Day.

	1	2	3	4	5	6		1	2	3	4	5	6
No. of Targets	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*No. of Targets*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*
Grimm	6	13	17	9	11	19	Budd	10	12	18	8	13	8
Keller	9	14	20	10	13	15	Brott	8	8	8	4	10	..
Slocum	8	12	15	9	14	14	J Hamilton	3	..	..	..	7	..
Bird	9	10	16	8	9	12	McNamara	4	10	10	6	4	6
Damon	6	8	13	7	12	15	Bush	5	10	13	7	..	..
Parmalee	8	8	19	8	13	18	Crabill	4	13	16	9	15	14
Patch	10	12	16	8	12	11	Southard	9	12	..	10	8	..
Conklin	9	13	17	8	14	..	C Hamilton	..	10	16	6	..	..
Higgins	5	10	14	5	6	10	Joel	..	..	16	7	7	16
Trotter	5	10	18	7	10	13	Ellis	..	..	14	6	7	..
Taylor	10	13	18	10	12	19	Hogan	..	..	16	..	..	..
Wilson	10	13	15	6	14	20	Arff	..	..	..	8	13	16
Ackerman	9	13	16	7	13	..	Abbott	..	..	..	6	13	15
Loomis	8	12	15	8	14	15	Wheelock	..	..	..	7	7	..
Johnson	6	14	18	7	10	10	Baird	..	14	..	9	13	..
Myers	6	10	11	8	..	..	Dorward	..	..	..	7	..	..
Mack	7	12	17	7	9	15	Delano	..	..	..	7	12	18
Otten	5	7	12	1	..	..	Redfern	..	..	..	7	..	..
Miller	9	11	13	9	11	..	Ashton	..	..	..	8	10	..
Keefe	5	..	..	4	3	..	Pike	..	..	..	5	..	..
Lee	7	10	..	5	11	13	Hazen	..	..	..	..	8	..
Farmer	8	8	13	7	12	18	Tann	..	..	..	..	4	..
Barnard	6	9	..	..	..	..	Jones	..	..	..	..	..	13

Entrance: No. 1, $1; No. 2, $1.50; No. 3, $2; No. 4, $1.50; No. 5, $2; No. 6, $2.

The following live bird events were also shot:

No. 1, 7 live birds, entrance $3.50, $10 added:

Keller	0111021—5	Darwin	1011011—5
Grimm	1111010—5	McKinney	1110121—6
Parmelee	1110212—6	Trotter	0121111—6
Budd	0201112—5	Miller	1011111—6
Loomis	0210202—4	Joel	2121101—6
Abbott	1100110—4	Crabill	0110101—4
Slocum	1111111—7	Arff	1111221—7
Ackerman	1220012—5	Bott	2201210—5
Higgins	0011000—2	McNamara	2121011—6
Cummings	1100001—3	Otten	1020021—4
Bird	0101200—3	Hogan	1111120—6
Wilson	0111122—6	Barnard	1210121—6
Taylor	1112122—7	Conklin	0121111—6
Farmer	2120100—4	J Hamilton	0122100—4
Baird	2212212—7	Redfern	0001020—2

No. 2, 10 live birds, entrance $6, medal and $10 added:

Keller	1011210111— 8	Dorward	1111101220— 8
Budd	1111121221—10	McNamara	0201010020— 4
*Grimm	2112211121—10	Higgins	2001111020— 6
Parmlee	2112211121—10	Arff	2011112112— 9
Loomis	1200021111— 7	Joel	1010121120— 6
Abbott	0112211122— 9	Farmer	1111112212—10
Slocum	1212022111— 9	Bird	2210112111— 9
Wilson	0121100121— 7	Taylor	2101121102— 8
Ackerman	1122221122—10	McKinney	1120000021— 5
Crabill	1111012221— 9	Hogan	2201002201— 6
Bird	1111222011— 9	Wheelock	2111021010— 7
Trotter	2020011121— 7		

* Grimm won the medal on the shoot-off by killing 19 out of 20 in the ties.

The merchandise prizes in the target events on the first day were won as follows:

No. 2: Damon, one dozen photos; Higgins, Vom Hofe reel; Dorward, box of "Northwest" cigars; Otten, scarfpin.

No. 3: Slocum, one dozen photos; Higgins, box of "Mascot" cigars; Ackerman, umbrella; Miller, gun-case.

No. 5: Damon, silk hat; Miller, $5 pair of shoes; Ashton, traveling bag; Bird, buggy whip.

No. 6: Arff, one year's subscription to *Daily Tribune;* T. H. Keller, silk umbrella; Crabill, set of loading tools; Ackerman, pair of spurs.

Second Day.

	1	2	3	4	5	6		1	2	3	4	5	6
No. of targets	*10*	*20*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*No. of targets*	*10*	*20*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*
Slocum	9	17	11	8	10	7	Wheelock	5	..	..	6	..	..
Joel	5	16	10	..	..	..	Otten	5	16	..	4	..	..
Budd	9	19	15	10	15	10	Wulf	7	..	..	..	..	..
Grimm	8	20	13	9	13	9	Higgins	5	13	10	..	..	..
Parmalee	10	19	15	10	14	9	Keller	7	17	15	9	8	..
Loomis	7	12	14	7	11	8	Baird	..	15	..	..	..	..
Taylor	9	18	14	10	14	10	Lyons	..	12	8	6	..	..
Conklin	8	..	10	..	9	10	Crabill	..	16	10	9	13	9
Farmer	5	19	11	6	12	9	Keefe	..	7	..	2	..	..
Arff	6	18	13	6	15	10	C Hamilton	..	12	..	8	..	..
Bird	9	15	12	4	10	8	Wood	..	..	9	..	..	..
Myers	6	..	12	..	9	..	Cople	..	..	8	..	..	..
McNamara	1	8	4	3	10	4	Abbott	..	..	10	7	12	9
Ackerman	8	19	14	9	..	..	Hogan	..	..	..	9	..	..
Dorward	6	..	..	..	..	..	Pike	..	..	..	6	..	..
Patch	6	14	10	8	..	7	J Hamilton	..	..	..	4	..	..
Johnson	6	14	11	9	12	6	Hughes	..	..	..	6	..	..
Trotter	9	17	10	7	12	9	Kelley	..	..	..	10	..	..
Delano	8	17	11	7	14	7	Smith	..	..	..	6	..	..
Southfard	7	..	..	..	10	..	Rapid	..	..	..	9	..	..
Mack	6	15	10	6	9	8	C Caudless	..	..	..	5	..	..
Wilson	9	16	14	9	14	9	Robinson	..	..	..	5	..	..
erguson	8	17	13	..	13	7	Jones	..	..	..	..	9	6
Damon	10	16	10	10	11	7	Beard	..	..	..	..	12	..
Redfern	8	.	11	6	..	6							

Entrance, No. 1, $1.00; No. 2, $2.50; No. 3, $2.50; No. 4, 50c.; No. 5, $2.00, No. 6, $1.50.

*Medal race. Taylor won on the shoot off.

The following live bird events were also shot: No. 1, 8 live birds, $5 entrance, $10 added:

Keller	11120112—7	Darwood	10212110—6
Budd	11121112—8	Taylor	11112100—6
Grimm	21201221—7	Abbott	22112010—6
Parmelee	11221·22—8	Wilson	12110111—7
Loomis	11222110—7	McNamara	22201001—5
Slocum	01111111—7	Wood	02222222—7
Bird	11101222—7	Wheelock	11211120—7
Higgins	10220120—5	Lyons	11121112—8
Arff	20110211—6	Furguson	21111112—8
Ackerman	21222121—8	McKinney	11121101—7
Farmer	11022010—5	Trotter	02121101—6
Keefe	21011210—6	Joel	11120111—7
Baird	12111110—7	Crabill	20210111—6

No. 2, 10 live birds, entrance $6, $15 added:

Budd	1221121111—10	Wilson	2121121111—10
Loomis	2121211110— 9	Furgueson	2121012111— 9
Crabill	1220121111— 9	Arff	2212122111—10
Parmelee	1111222112—10	Abbott	2021100121— 7
Grimm	1021011111— 8	Ackerman	1110110212— 8
Beard	1110122102— 8	Wood	1011121002— 7
Taylor	2211212212—10	Farmer	1121010121— 8
Slocum	1101101212— 8	Cox	0222002222— 7
Bird	1212221100— 8	Trotter	1121212011— 9
McNamara	2222211111—10	Wheelock	1101201212— 8

The merchandise prizes in the target events on the second day were distributed as follows:

No. 2: Abbott, one year's subscription to the *Daily Journal;* Johnsou, one dozen photos; Higgins, box of Maurer's best cigars; Lyons buggy whip.

No. 3: Delano, $5 hat; Abbott, box of Rad's Own cigars; Wood, $5 shoes; Cople, hunting pants.

No. 5: Loomis, Angora rug; McNamara, rubber boots; Ackerman, hunting coat; Keller, knife.

No. 6: Damon, hunting coat; Johnson, umbrella; Ellis, chair; McNamara, gloves. C. W. Budd.

Highland Gun Club's Tournament.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 18.—The fourth annual tournament of the Highland Gun Club closed to-day. The weather was fine each day and the tournament a success in every way. Among the visiting sportsmen in attendance were S. A. Tucker, representing Parker Bros.; Mr. Danlon, representing the Burgess Gun Co.; Mr. McQueen, of St. Paul; W. T. Irwin, of Peoria; C. M. Grimm, of Clear Lake; Hon. J G. Smith, of Algona; Van Emons, of Ottumwa; Mead, of St. Louis; Christianson and Hamaker, of Randall; Cottrell and Hoskins brothers, of Menlo; John Rice, of Odell; Peterson and Preston, of Coon Rapids; Hastings, of Carlisle; Mr. Sylvester, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Dr. W. F. Carver, F. O. Hadley and Clarence Pond, of Kansas City.

The matches between Carver and Budd were shot on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 15 and 16. Scores:

[The scores made in the Budd- Carver races appeared in our issue of Oct. 27.]

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1: J. G. Smith 8, Grimm 9, McQueen 7, Cottrell 8, Blackbird 5, Lewis 7, Van 5, Hicks 7, Rice 10, Milner 9, Hamaker 8, Wilson 10, Damon 9, Budd 10, Mead 7, Sanford 6, Hoskins 8, Tucker 9.

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $2: Grimm 13, Hamaker 9, McQueen 10, J. G. Smith 14, Wilson 15, Cottrell 15, Rice 10, Van 11, Hicks 12, Balt 12, Damon 14, Tucker 13, Hoskins 11, Sanford 12, Budd 13, Mead 14, Blackbird 11.

No. 4, 8 live birds, entrance $6:

Kersher	01200112—5	Budd	12110012—6
Wilson	22222102—7	MacQueen	21121221—8
Blackbird	12111111—8	Williams	20220210—5
Hicks	11011102—6	Gwinn	12211010—6
Grimm	11201112—7	Hamaker	11201120—6
Sanford	12221122—8	Tucker	12111212—8
Peterson	12202011—6	Tex	11001120—5
Rice	11212000—4		

No. 5, 15 targets, entrance $1.50: Damon 8, Grimm 12, Wilson 13, Smith 9, Cottrell 13, Balt 9, Phelps 11, Hicks 11, Gwinn 9, Kersher 10 Budd 14, MacQueen 14, Hamaker 14, Tucker 12, Sanford 13, Blackbird 12, Haskins 13, Peterson 8, Rice 11, Van 7, Preston 9. Tex 10, Christianson 13, Milner 9.

No. 6, 20 targets, entrance $2, $25 guaranteed: Damon 18, Grimm 19, Smith 15, Van 16, Phelps 14, Cottrell 14, Kersher 13, Tucker 19, Hamaker 19, Budd 18, Gwinn 16, Wilson 16, Balt 12, Peterson 10, Kersher 12, Sanford 19, Christianson 12, MacQueen 16, Milner 16, Harkins 13, Hicks 13, Rice 15, Hastings 16.

Extra No. 1, 15 targets, entrance $1 50: Grim 14, Smith 12, Cottrell 10, Damon 13, Phelps 12, MacQueen 11, Budd 12, Wilson 15, Van 12, Tucker 15, Hamaker 14, Preston 12, Kersher 10, Sanford 9, Gwinn 10, Mead 13, Haskins 12, Rice 14, Hastings 14, Milner 13, Blackbird 9, Hicks 9.

Extra No. 2, 10 targets, entrance $1: Kessler 8, Phelps 7, Smith 6, Grimm 8, Damon 6, Kirsher 6, Sanford 6, Milner 8, Hamaker 7, Wilson 9, Peterson 7, McQueen 7, Tucker 8, Harkins 8, Cottrell 7, Carlson 5, Rice 9, Van 7, Gwinn 4, Mead 6, Hastings 8, Hicks 4, Blackbird 7, Haughton 7.

Second Day.

No. 7, 10 targets, entrance $1: Grimm 7, Milner 9, Hicks 7, Damon 9, Van 9, Tucker 9. Mead 9, Georgeson 7, Harkins 4, J. Harkins 5, McQueen 8, Wilson 6, Cottrell 5 Rice 8, Blackbird 8, Budd 10.

No. 8, 15 targets, entrance $1.50: Milner 13, Grimm 13, Cottrell 12, Van 14, Damon 10, Wilson 14, Tucker 12, Hicks 13, C. Harkins 6, J. Harkins 9, Budd 13, Rice 12, Georgeson 14, McQueen 13, Mead 12, Blackbird 11.

No. 9, 20 targets, entrance $2: Damon 17, Wilson 19, Tucker 17, Grimm 20, Budd 19, McQueen 17, Milner 18, Hicks 18, Cottrell 14, Georgeson 19, Gwinn 15, Rice 17, J. Harkins 15, C. Harkins 14, Mead 19, Peterson 17, Sanford 17, Van 15.

No. 10, 10 live birds, entrance $7.50, $75 guaranteed: Grimm 10, Wilson 8, Georgeson 10, Searight 8, Milner 9, Blackbird 9, Damon 8, Sanford 9, Cottrell 8, McQueen 8, Hicks 8, Peterson 10, Budd 10, Rice 7.

No. 11, 15 targets, entrance 1.50, $20 guaranteed: Milner 11, Wilson 13, Smith 13, Van 10, Tucker 13, Blackbird 13, Hicks 13, Damon 13, Mead 13, Geogeson 14, Sanford 14, McQueen 13, Kirsher 12, Budd 12, Rice 11, Lone 5, Jaques 8, Grimm 14.

No. 12, 10 targets, entrance $1.25: Damon 10, Wilson 10, Tucker 8, Grimm 10, Budd 7, Smith 6, Blackbird 7, Milner 9, Hicks 7, Sanford 8, Georgeson 9, Van 9, Kessler 7, Mead 8, McQueen 10, Rice 8, Lowe 6.

Extra, 8 live birds, entrance $5: Searight 10, Georgeson 7, Gwinn 6, Sanford 8, Budd 7, C Harkins 8, Wilson 5, McQueen 6, Damon 5, Blackbird 5.

Extra, miss and out, live birds, entrance $1.50:

Grimm	0	C Harknes	1120
Gwinn	110	McQueen	0
Cottrell	10	Whit	0
Rice	0	Van	0
Sanford	0	*Blackbird	1112
Georgeson	10	*Damon	1222
Milner	0	*Smith	1122
*Budd	1122	Jaques	1220
Kersher	0	*Wilson	1222

* Divided.

Extra, miss and out, live birds, entrance $1:

Milner	110	Rice	10
Whit	120	Georgeson	0
*Van	221222	Budd	221110
*Sanford	122221	Smith	21110
*McQueen	211111	Cottrell	0
*Hicks	111122	Jaques	110
Kirsher	0	Mead	1120
Damon	1120	Blackbird	110
*Gwinn	222212	Gwinn	212220
Nilson	11220	Harknes	0

* Divided.

No. 13, 15 targets, entrance $1 50: Milner 12, Budd 14, Damon 12, Gwinn 12, Sanford 12, Tucker 13, Blackbird 10, Georgeson 15, Rice 13, Mead 12.

No. 14, 20 targets, entrance $2: Damon 18, Milner 16, Grimm 19, Tucker 16, Sanford 13, Budd 18, Georgeson 18, Rice 19.

No. 15, 25 targets, entrance $2.50, $30 guaranteed: Sanford 21, Grimm 23, Damon 19, Georgeson 19, Kersher 18, Mack 17, Milner 22, Budd 21, Rice 20, Mead 21, Blackbird 21.

No. 16, 10 live birds, entrance $7.50, $60 guaranteed:

Budd	1212112101— 9	Blackbird	2121212210— 9
Milner	2201002011— 6	Mack	0000200021— 3
Grimm	1122111212—10	Tucker	1111112102— 9
Sanford	1212211212—10	Rice	2022122002— 7
Georgeson	1012120220— 7	Kerster	2110201222— 8
Damon	1121121222—10		

In addition to the above 9 extra events at targets were shot and also the three following miss-and-out events at live birds:

Extra miss and-out, live birds, entrance $1:

Grimm	1222	Damon	210
Budd	1222	Rice	1110
Sanford	1211	White	2222
Georgeson	1112	Blackbirds	1222
Mack	2221		

Extra miss-and-out, live birds, entrance $1:

Damon	1220	Mack	0
Grimm	12221112112120	Sanford	10
Milner	2211221120	Rice	11211220
Budd	12111111111121	Whit	0
Georgesou	1110	Blackford	0

Extra miss-and-out, live birds, entrance $1:

Milner	21212	Rice	10
Budd	1110	Mack	22212
Grimm	110	Sanford	22221
Georgeson	11221	Blackford	10
Damon	20	Whit	10

C. W. Budd.

Trap at Lynchburg.

Lynchburg, Va., Oct. 24.—The following scores were made at the club's grounds yesterday; every event was at known traps, unknown angles:

No. 1:

Dornin	1011110111— 8	Moorman	1111111111—10
Cleland	1111101111— 9	Empie	0011000100— 3

No. 2:

Nelson	1111101010111110011110110—18
Terry	1110111111101111101111101—21
Dornin	0111101001101101111101011—17
Moorman	1010101010011110111111011—17
Cleland	1111060111101101010010011—15
Empie	1011110110101111111111111—21
Scott	1111100011111101011111111—20

No. 3:

Nelson	1101111101101111111111010—20
Terry	1111010111111101111111110—21
Dornin	1110001111110101111100101—17
Miller	0101111001100001101110001—13
Cleland	1111111100010110110011101—19
Empie	1001111110011011011001101—16
Scott	1111111111101100100001111—18
Craft	1001001111101111010011010—15

No 4:

Nelson	0111111111001111110010111—19
Terry	1110001111111110111101010—19
Dornin	1101110011111111110111111—21
Miller	1011111010101011101110011—17
Cleland	1001110100100111100011111—15
Empie	1011111011110000001100101—14
Scott	0101101111110111101111010—19
Craft	1110101100101110001111110—16

No. 5:

Nelson	1110110110111111100111100—18
Terry	1111111110111110111110111—22
Dornin	1100011000011110000110001—11
Miller	1011101100111100111110110—17
Cleland	0101000100101001100010011—10
Empie	0101101110101001110011100—14
Scott	1111111001111111010110101— 9
Craft	0101100101110111010011110—15

F. M. D.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. G. S., Brooklyn.—Please send name to this office; it will be considered as confidential.

J. S S., Denver, Col.—Please settle a dispute here by stating what a Chesapeake canvasback duck will weigh. Party here says it must be 4lbs. or more to be considered a prime or saleable duck. Our birds do not weigh much over 3lbs. Ans. The weight of the average canvasback does not exceed 3lbs.

The Great Northern's Game Book.

The lines of the Great Northern Railway run west from St. Paul to the Pacific coast, and so cross Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington; in other words, some of the best hunting and fishing grounds left in this country. The points on this line where good sport may be had are many, yet it is not always easy to obtain information about such points, or to learn what special game or fish are to be found at them, or what special arrangements must be made for a trip.

Mr. Malcolm E. Nichols is planning a small but extremely comprehensive book which will give at a glance detailed information on all these points of the very kind most needed by the sportsman. The book will consist of an alphabetical numbered list of the Great Northern stations, which will be followed by a number of columns variously headed. In these columns will be found—among other things—the fare to the point, the kind of game there, whether it is plenty or scarce, the arm needed—whether rifle or shotgun—whether a guide is needed or not and his price per day, whether or no a dog is required, if a team must be used, and if so, its price per day. The series of columns devoted to fish is similarly arranged, and the information given is compact and is intended to cover every possible inquiry that the sportsman would make.

Another division of this compendium will be a list of the game and fish found in the country of the Great Northern, and following each species is a list, by numbers, of the stations at which it can be taken. A list of all books pertaining to the various species is to be printed, so that the reader may fully inform himself as to the habits of the game he may elect to follow.

It is probable that this little work, which will be a sort of sportsman's gazetteer of the Northwestern United States, will be ready in about six weeks, and that it will be sold for a small sum. Sportsmen who are interested should correspond with Mr. Malcolm E. Nichols, Advertising Manager, Great Northern R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where WE get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

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Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz., 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.

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Single Gut Leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz.; 3yds., 60c. doz. Double Gut Leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. doz. Hand Twisted Gut Leaders, 10c. each, 90c. doz

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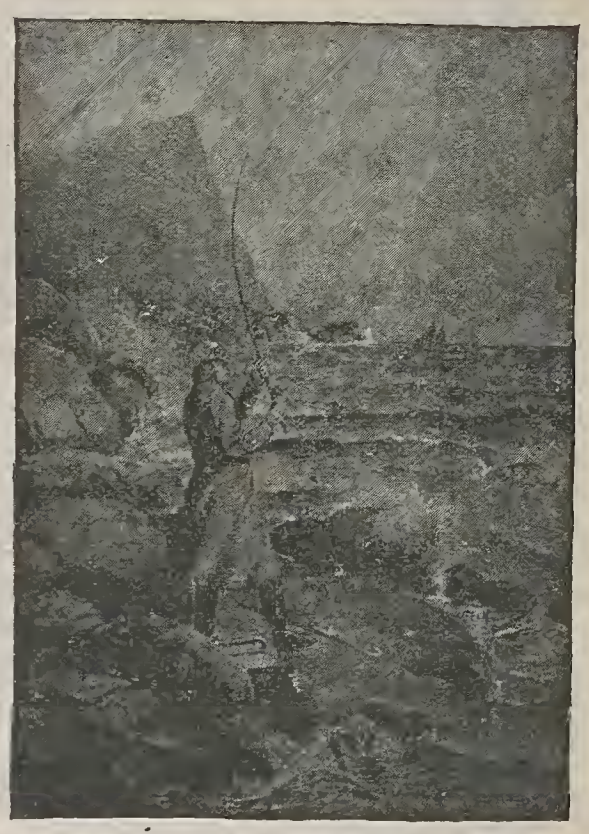

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CONTENTS.

Editorial.
Sportsmen, Judges and Wardens.
Vermont Deer.
Snap Shots.

The Sportsman Tourist.
Three Days on Long Key.
Woodlands.

Natural History.
Color Variation of the Gray Squirrel.
Breeding Hatits of the King Penguin.

Game Bag and Gun.
Chicago and the West.
Days Afield
Texas and the Southwest.
That Castilla Grouse Hunt.
Cuban Shooting.
The Big Buck of Walden's Ridge.
A Day With the Birds.
Boston and Maine.
The Sportsman's Exposition.
Down in Maine.

Sea and River Fishing.
In Quest of Ouananiche.

Sea and River Fishing.
A Day with the Flatfish.
Good bye, Sweet Stream.
The Loch Leven Trout.
Angling Notes.

The Kennel.
National Beagle Club F. Trials.
New England K C. Terrier Show.
Foxhounds at Providence.
Whippet Racing.
Dog Chat.

Yachting.
The Schooner Yacht Sverige.
Model Yacht Building.
Steel Shio Building.
Yachting News Notes.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Rifle Shooting in England.
A Bullseye That Did Not Count.

Trap Shooting.
The Townsend Benefit Shoot.
Keystone Shoo ing League.
Iowa Championship.
Drivers and Twisters.

Asnwers to Queries.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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SPORTSMEN, JUDGES AND WARDENS.

WE certainly have no intention of giving undue prominence to the affair of the New Jersey judges, who stand charged by Game Warden Charles A. Shriner with a violation of the game law in having unlawfully shot ducks from a steam launch on Greenwood Lake, but the case has assumed a phase which merits attention.

The approved standard of sportsmanship has been set so high in these days that not all who take part in field sports may lay claim to recognition as genuine sportsmen. They may be good shots or expert fly-casters, and yet lack those qualities which are requisite for admission to the ranks. Tried by his part in the Greenwood Lake incident, may Chief Justice Dixon be classed as a sportsman?

As in this country at least all sportsmen are on one footing in the field, and men of the gun recognize no class distinctions, so, too, all are equal with respect to the game laws and their observance or want of observance. When Warden Shriner swore out his complaint for Judge Dixon and his companions, two courses were open to the accused, either of them perfectly honorable for citizen, sportsman or judge. If guilty, he might have answered to the charge, pleading in extenuation an inadvertent offense, and have paid his fine. If guiltless, his was the privilege accorded as of right to every wrongly accused person, to declare his innocence and prove it.

When this duck-shooting charge was first brought, one of the party, Judge Inglis, seemed inclined to adopt the first mode of dealing with the case both for himself and for Judge Dixon and the others. Not denying the unlawful shooting, he averred that before going out in the man DeGraw's launch, the duck hunters had consulted a copy of the statute and had failed to note in it any prohibition of the practice, and that their violation of the law had therefore been unintentional. This, it is true, was a lame excuse for a jurist, nevertheless if the circumstances were as related, and if the accused persons had stood by Judge Inglis and had paid their fines, they would have come out of the affair with comparative credit. One of them in fact—a layman—manifested a desire to adopt this honorable course, for before the Paterson magistrate he put in a plea of *non vult.* (which was to say that he had not intentionally offended), and expressed a readiness to pay his fine; but none of the others joined him. Now, if Judge Dixon did shoot ducks unlawfully, and is yet unwilling to settle promptly and cheerfully for his infraction of the game law, may he be classed as a sportsman?

If, on the other hand, the Chief Justice did not shoot the ducks, it would have been, when the case came up last week, the part of a genuine sportsman, a good citizen, and a judicial officer jealous of his honor, to have denied the charge and made his defense on the facts. Did he do this? On the contrary, as reported in our game column, the eminent jurist avoided the plain issue of fact, and asked for the dismissal of the action on the ground of a defective complaint. Failing to accomplish this, he took the case on purely technical points to a higher court. The presumption is usually against a defendant who, instead of meeting the issue of fact frankly and fearlessly, skulks behind a plea of technicalities. When one is charged with shooting ducks unlawfully and answers the accusation by saying that the complaint is defective, is he to be regarded as a sportsman?

As a matter of fact, we suspect, that whether he may be regarded as a sportsman is perfectly immaterial to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey; he probably is concerned with weightier subjects of thought. The point is indeed of little consequence.

But it is of consequence, and of the very highest consequence, that we should have a clear understanding, in New Jersey and every other State in the Union, that men of all grades and stations, whether in public life or private citizens, are without distinction all alike amenable to the game laws. There are those who appear to think otherwise. The Under Sheriff of Passaic county, for instance, is quoted as saying in comment on the Greenwood Lake affair that it was "a gross outrage that a miserable fish warden should be so presumptuous as to prosecute a Justice of the Supreme Court." That was a foolish and impudent remark to come from a peace officer. If the extraordinary sentiment it embodies is held and acted upon by the other under-strappers in the office of the Sheriff of Passaic county, we advise that official to rid himself of the whole lot of them.

If anybody in New Jersey or out of it doubts the perfect propriety of Game Warden Shriner's course in prosecuting Judge Dixon, let him reflect that there are particular reasons why a Justice of the Supreme Court should observe the game laws, or failing in this, should be prosecuted by a game warden, "miserable" or otherwise.

In the first place, by reason of his position, a judge should be as a shining light, and exemplar in all that pertains to good citizenship. That means that he should scrupulously respect and abide by the law of the land, the game law included.

When charged with a violation of law, a game statute or any other, if guilty he should promptly pay the penalty; if innocent he should as promptly prove his innocence, without resorting to avoidance and technical pleading. In other words, a Justice of the Supreme Court stands with respect to law just where any other citizen stands; he is under precisely the same obligations and has no immunity from them.

Moreover, since game laws are so often and so mischievously regarded with disfavor as "class legislation," it is the duty and should be welcomed as the privilege of a high-minded judge, when occasion offers, to correct this mistaken prejudice by showing that the game statutes make no distinction of persons, but apply to all men, the highest as the lowest. In the present case, for example, Chief Justice Dixon should improve the opportunity to rebuke the un-American and contemptible servility manifested in the sentiment of the Under Sheriff of Passaic county, by himself making cheerful and ready reparation for his own deliberate or inadvertent violation of a game statute, or else he should clear himself of the charge precisely as he would expect of the humblest citizen in the land.

If these are good reasons for a Supreme Court Justice's conformity to the game laws, they are likewise reasons quite as cogent why a game warden should enforce such obedience; and they not only warranted Game Warden Shriner in taking the course he did, but compelled him to adopt it. If he shall now permit himself to be swerved from his plain duty by the silly pratings of under-sheriffs, he will be faithless to his oath of office, for that oath was to enforce the laws against all men, without any exception in favor of judges who shoot ducks from steam launches.

VERMONT DEER.

IN Vermont deer are protected all the season through, and have been for many years, ever since some public-spirited citizens of Rutland bought a herd of Adirondack deer and turned them out in the Green Mountains. The imported animals have multiplied and are growing more numerous every year. So too are the native deer in the western part of the State, which have enjoyed a certain amount of immunity under the law.

The guileless Yankees and the artless Canucks of the agricultural districts where the deer are found have been vying with each other in telling pitiful stories of the depredations of the game upon their crops. To listen to their tales of woe is to be told that their condition is more desperate than that of the poverty-stricken and deer-devoured crofters; and now they have appealed to the Legislature for relief. All they ask is permission to defend their altars and their fires and the green graves of their sires by repelling with clubs and guns the cabbage-cropping deer and potato-blighting partridge. A bill to this effect has been introduced at Montpelier, along with another one offering a bounty of a dollar a head on rattlesnakes.

We notice, however, that in their biennial report to the Legislature the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game aver in substance that this talk about the destruction of crops by deer is nonsense; but then the Commissioners are not hankering after deer meat.

They explain that among citizens of the three counties of Essex, Orleans and Lamoille, there is a special demand for a short open deer season. In these counties violations of the law have been numerous, but now the residents promise that if they shall be given liberty to hunt deer a part of the time, they will rigidly obey the law for the remainder of the year. This is as if a man who was making away with his neighbor's hay should propose to him: If you will let me take a load or two openly I will no longer steal it at night. That is not a very exalted stand to take, neither for Yankee nor Canuck; and it would be a pity if the Legislature should sacrifice the true game interests of Vermont in concession to such a highway robber style of argument.

SNAP SHOTS.

HAPPY indeed is the sportsman who is mated with just the right companion for a shooting chum. In such a union the rules of mathematics are thrown to the winds; for while twice one is two, and two guns may secure twice as much game as one, the satisfaction two friends can get out of an excursion is ten-fold or a hundred-fold what may be given to one alone. To begin at the very beginning—and that is where the fun of an outing begins if at all—there is a deal more pleasure in planning and discussing the campaign with another who is to share it than there is in figuring it out alone. And to go on to the end of it—if the end ever comes while memory holds—recollections are fresher and clearer and dearer if there be two to remember and talk together of the field days of the past. In all these three phases of one's outing—the anticipation, the realization and the retrospect—one needs a friend to share them, and by sharing each to increase it.

Thus much of the satisfaction of field sports consists in the companionships they create and foster and cement. Take away from an outing this element of social intercourse and often there will be very little left. Some of the pleasantest and firmest friendships of a lifetime have been formed in the field. Some of the friends whose absences we most deplore, for whose deaths we sorrow most sincerely, are the friends and companions of the camp and field and stream and shore. For more than one gunner old or young the charm of his once favorite sport has vanished, because he can no longer enjoy it in company with one whose personality lent to it its chief fascination.

Abundant promise is given in the prospectus of the Sportsmen's Exposition sent us to-day by Secretary Webster. The scheme has been developed to meet the requirements of an affair worthy American enterprise. The promotors should have prompt and generous co-operation and unstinted support. If the Exposition shall be in actual attainment a half of what is here outlined, it will prove an event of incalculable benefit to the interests concerned.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN QUEST OF OUANANICHE.

LET any one who is oppressed with "that tired feeling," which plays so important a part in the literature of modern advertisements, beware of patent medicines, and go to Saguenay River, where he will find Ponce de Leon's spring of youth. If the affected person does not return from that trip with a new lease of life, his malady must be a constitutional laziness which can only be cured in the next world.

After a wearisome journey from Quebec, occupying the entire day, the traveler is landed at Roberval by the one train of which the Quebec & Lake St. John Railroad is the proud possessor. There is one parlor car, which does duty on the return trip as a sleeping car, and I have often wondered when the solemn faced solitary porter managed to get a wink of sleep, as he is almost constantly on the road. There is a very fine hotel at Roberval, where fishing parties are equipped with tents, provisions, etc., and where the last taste of civilization and champagne is obtained. The trip across Lake St. John on the steamer gives one a little idea of the glorious air which is to be our sovereign panacea for the woes of the tired man. At the Island House, the guides are in waiting, standing beside their canoes, in their picturesque costumes, which look like the pickings of some second-hand clothing emporium. I selected two extremely villanous looking Kanucks, and after loading the canoes, we started down the river, *en route* for the camping ground on Isle Malîne.

The skill with which Thomas & Cie. steered the canoe through the rapids was simply marvellous. The scenery on that part of the Saguenay is wonderful; so wild and grand that one feels far removed from the humdrum of city life, and a sense of exultation at the beauty of nature takes possession of the tired man in the canoe. Everything seems more interesting by contrast, and the recollection of voyages on other rivers involuntarily impresses on the traveler the grandeur of the Saguenay. A trip on the Bosporus in a caïque is certainly enjoyable, the beautiful shores dotted with marble palaces and red-topped Turkish houses impress you as being entirely harmonious and soothing; but the banks of the Saguenay as they slip by you, with their ever changing glimpses of forests and the fast receding islets and bold rocks, give you a much more poignant feeling of exhilaration and contentment. Portages are made around the more dangerous rapids, where a canoe would have no chance to live. Then the burly Thomas shouldered the canoe and started at a brisk pace along the difficult pathway, while *son associé* Joseph (called Spaghetti for short by a member of the party) put the baggage on his head and trotted along in the wake of his senior partner. Isle Malîne is about eight miles from Lake St. John, and is surrounded by rapids, which make the approach in canoes extremely exciting. Pitching tents in a pouring rain, while the future occupants thereof are sitting on a log, clad in mackintoshes and shielded by leaky umbrellas, knocked some of the poetry out of the situation; but when the sun appeared the next morning in all its glory, the trials and tribulations of the preceding night were forgotten.

Ouananiche, or landlocked salmon, are exceedingly gamy and they certainly are blessed with a large amount of intelligence, which makes their capture very difficult. The flies which seemed to tempt them especially were Jock-Scotts and Seth-Greens. It is wonderful how these fish fight their way up against the rapids; they seem to be endowed with wonderful strength, even in adversity. The angler must go out equipped with high rubber boots, and his trusty guide or "heeler" must carry a strong landing net. When a good spot is found, generally near some rapid, the fisherman wades out to a rock, from which point of vantage his casts are made. If the ouananiche strikes the fly, a little *coup* (as the guides say) should be given to the rod, and then the struggle commences. The fish will generally start for the middle of the stream, then suddenly dart back and jump several feet out of the water, giving the line a smart whack with his tail. If the line is taut he will break the leader, unless you lower the rod as he leaves the water. If there happens to be any convenient rock near by he will try to get under it. He is very ugly and spiteful, and you must watch him every second, or he will surely get away. It often takes from 25 to 30 minutes to bring one of the wily ouananiche near enough to enable the guide to reach it with the landing net. It is splendid sport, and when the angler is lucky enough to get a 4-pounder, the pleasure is very keen indeed.

The guides are very interesting men, well worth a careful study. They are big, strong fellows, with hearts proportionate in size to their bodies, and an inborn sense of courtesy which is remarkable. They speak a queer sort of French which is very difficult to understand at first, but which is interesting from its originality. Few of them can read or write. They are willing to do anything for you, and seem to know just where the fish are lurking. Some days it is impossible to lure ouananiche from their hiding places, and often they will jump all about you and refuse to touch any kind of a fly. On a cloudy day, a yellow-May or scarlet-ibis may tempt them, or possibly, if you are fishing in the afternoon, a gray or light brown fly will be just the thing. It is almost useless to fish in the rain, as the ouananiche will not rise.

Time goes very rapidly up there on the Saguenay, and in the evenings, in place of opera, or the drama, you are entertained by the guides, who sing quaint little French songs, some of which remind the listener of Eastern melodies, while others are pretty little love songs. The men dance, with the big camp-fire as a background, all sorts of strange jigs and clogs, and often dressing themselves up, imitate the antics of a bear, or other animals, in the most lifelike manner. They are very quick in arranging for their performances, improvising costumes from the camping outfit with much dexterity, and further, seem to enjoy the show as much as the spectators. After a few days, they commenced to hum the airs of some of our college songs, and the accent which they gave to the words, set us in roars of laughter.

There were some magnificent rapids close by the encampment, which one never tired of watching. With a novel in hand, an afternoon would slip by very quickly in contemplation of those surging waters. The guides were good cooks, and as the appetites of the campers were sure to be very keen, they were kept busy broiling fish, which is the principal article of diet. One never tires of the ouananiche; there is something very appetizing in the pinkish tinge. One of the guides recited his adventures with caribou to me in a manner which was made more interesting by the quaintness of his French. They lead a queer sort of roving life, and never seem to "trouble trouble until trouble troubles them." They can do anything, from acting as valet to steering a canoe, and whatever they undertake, they do well. They are like children in their thankfulness for favors conferred, and the present of a jackknife produces a delirium of joy which is manifested by cries and laughter of a truly wild tone. One of the men, who was a great-grandfather, told us many pleasant stories of the home life of his many descendants. Age had not dulled his strength, and his eye was just as quick as it used to be. I have seen one of the men lie on his back and lift another man weighing 160lbs. in the palms of his hands, and then stand up, holding his human burden high in the air. It is wonderful to see them crossing a rapid; they wait until the water is just right, then they make a bold dash for the other side, landing you safely, after a very exciting trip.

We had four Indians who were very timid fellows, and who seldom even smiled. It was a weird sight to watch those surly Indians, seated around a table, with pipes as ornaments to their solemn, strongly marked faces, washing the camp dishes in silence, broken only by the occasional monosyllabic exclamation of the chief who was giving some order to the younger men. Washing dishes is as serious an affair to them as making treaties was to their ancestors. One of the Indians was a great favorite among the guides, who called him "La Jeunesse," as he was the pet of the crowd. As a general rule, however, the Indians kept apart from the Kanucks, sleeping in a separate tent, and being much of the time by themselves. They are quiet, inoffensive fellows who have a sad look and lack the animation and love of jollity of the Kanucks. The parting with these companions of our camping life at the Island House on Lake St. John, was really touching. They waved their brightly colored sashes at us and wished us "*bon voyage*," until the steamer had left them far behind.

If anybody wishes a complete change of air in a beautiful spot, let him get a congenial party and go to some island like Isle Malîne on the Saguenay, where no telegrams, telephones or evening newspapers ever penetrate, and from which he will return to his work refreshed, and with a fund of pleasant recollections which will cheer him up all through the winter. JAMES E. WHEELER.

DAYS AFIELD.

SOME time ago I heard a man remark, "The more I see of women the more I am in love with my wife, and the more I see of men the better I like my dog."

For more than ten years my gun had remained in its case. Old Rover, a black setter, that for so many seasons was the companion of many a day's tramp after the Bob Whites from New Jersey to Georgia, and was at all times my most devoted admirer, has been long since "gathered to his fathers." And as the frost was beginning to show a little at my temples, I fancied that the old love had been pretty well gotten out of me when last fall the Professor insisted that I should join him on a three-days' trip to Maryland.

The panic was on, had been on for five months. I had stuck to my desk every day, and it seemed as though the end had come to business and nothing was left but to worry, and fret, and chafe, and wonder how you would look offering twenty-five cents on the dollar.

My wife joined the Professor. The old hammer gun was rubbed up, two dogs borrowed, and on a Thursday morning in November 3 o'clock found us on a lonely steamboat wharf on the Eastern Shore. I won't describe those three days—I couldn't—I was eighteen again—and came home with the fever in my veins.

I won't tell how much I have spent the past year for a hammerless gun and a pair of Gladstone pups—one by Breeze, the other by Sig. Gladstone—nor how much John Lewis is charging me for breaking the Breeze—Gladstone pup Rim, nor what he writes me about him, nor how I am counting the days to get off down there in North Carolina to see the puppies work. Mrs. B. may see this, and she will have too good an argument for a sealskin coat if I do. But I'm going if well enough.

You don't know the Professor? Well, perhaps you do and don't know it. He's six feet one, big brained and bigger hearted, and the steady tramp of his long legs over fields, and mountains, and rocks, through swales and bogs, and swamps, would tire a mule. His quiet laugh and subtle wit, his thoughtfulness and fairness in shots, always ready to let you have more than half the bed when you are cramped for room (and you often are on a hunting trip), would just make you fall in love with him, and agree with him, that after all some men are better than most dogs.

We have been off this year after ruffed grouse—pheasants they call them in Pennsylvania mountains, partridges in New England and New York. What a king of game birds he is. Does any one know another that can get on wing and away as quickly and that requires such tireless energy to hunt?

Away up in Pike county, a glorious morning, three good dogs, Ben Hur and his hopeful son Ben Hadad with the Professor, Donald with me. Bartleson is waiting for us. Only he has to go and borrow a gun after we arrive. We are soon off, however, up through a piece of hemlock and no birds, up over the mountain, down again in a swale. I am going up an old road when suddenly Donald comes out in front of me and is "stiff." The birds are there under that bunch of chestnut saplings. I am on the wrong side, but the Professor is up on the hill above me. A step and that roar of wings, and the crack of the Professor's gun, another roar, another crack, still another, but evidently the Professor is putting in new shells; he is ready for the next, and the next. They are all out now and the dead are gathered in. I break through the thicket and go a little way when Donald once more "comes down" (he was just eleven months old that day), and up gets a bird. For the first time in my life I fire at a ruffed grouse. I am not quick enough. Bartleson says I hit him and that he fell about 30yds. off a little to the left. I think not and put in a new shell, and when Donald goes in, the way that bird comes out of those bushes shows that Bartleson is wrong. The first barrel cracks and still that bird is off. I am steadier now and the left barrel drops him.

Did I say a moment ago that I was eighteen again? Well, I am fourteen now and school has just "let out." Oh! how I yell and jump and struggle through those briers and laurels, and what a hunt Donald and I have before that bird is stowed in my capacious pocket.

Never was such a spring as the one we found to eat our lunch by; forgetting my wedding day, my first boy's first birthday, and some other days, I was going to say never was there such a happy day. I had some English dairy cheese and gave some to Bartleson; he remarked, "Golly, if a man had a little of that in each hand he could walk on the water." This amused the Professor, as he had some Roquefort; he invited Bartleson to have some of his cheese, "he might like it better," and putting a liberal piece on a slice of bread gave it to him. Bartleson starts in, looks up, looks silly, his eyes water, and you can see that the harder he chews the larger the "cud" becomes; finally he gulped it down with a shudder, and a "Ge-whiz, that would cure the catarrh." But he is a good fellow, and the Professor did not seem hurt at such a slighting remark about his food, so trouble was averted.

I won't attempt the whole day. It is almost night and we are crossing a pretty swamp. The Professor remarks, "This looks like a promising place for woodcock." Bartleson says that sometimes there are some there. I am across and out of it, calling for my dog. He don't come; I call to the Professor to call in his dogs and "Come on; it will soon be dark and we have a long drive and I am very tired." He replies, "Wait a moment," and then, "Oh, G orge, come here quick." Tired? No; I am in that thicket again, and there, right there in that little open glade is Ben Hur "down," and fully fifteen feet away is Donald, backing like a veteran. To the right is the Professor's shot, left mine. We step forward, and with that gently whistling-like rustle of wings away goes a woodcock to the right, and I can see the blaze as the Professor's gun cracks. Both dogs still stood firm. I stepped forward and away goes another, this time to the left. They are quickly gathered in, and as we leave the woods Bartleson says, "If I owned that pup I wouldn't take fifty dollars for him." I wonder what made the Professor smile at this? He don't know what he cost and I saw no necessity for saying "Neither would I." Poor old Rover. I like the pup, but I would rather have had you.

We had ten ruffed grouse and two woodcock.

As we drive home in the twilight we are tired, and hungry and happy. What a glorious day we have had.

G. B.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.

WOODLANDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Much is being said by men of good judgment throughout the country about preserving our forests in a measure, and increasing their areas in some sections where there is a scarcity of timber and firewood. Now, in my opinion it is the height of wisdom for the people, severally and jointly, to take action in a matter of so much importance, for that is a work that more or less interests nearly every person in the country.

If we regulate the forests we also do the same for the streams, for in the economy of nature forests and streams are so generally connected, that if considerable tracts of one are destroyed the other will surely suffer in proportion.

Let us take the closest view of the subject. If we ramble through any hilly woodland after a rain, we will notice one drop of water after another coursing along the little rootlets, fibers and leaves, and it will often continue dripping so for quite a while, sometimes in moist places for days afterward; so in this way the water is kept from floating off of the land in a body down the valleys, the rootlets, sticks and leaves acting together as a regulator of the drainage of the land. Then, again, one will often observe some rivulet running out of a moist place under a thick growth of timber and bushes. How clear it is, and how regular its volume of water throughout the year. Afterward, when the timber is cut off or burned up and the ground cleared, the little stream is gone during a greater part of the time, and when it does flow, what a volume of muddy water pours down its bed instead of the clear stream that sparkled there formerly. Then again many of us can recall to mind some larger stream draining a considerable section of country, how at one time it seemed to be full most of the year before the woodland at its sources had been cleared up, then afterward how irregular the flow of the water was, according to the state of the weather. That shows that nature's regulators of the stream were gone.

Now, the very law that governs these examples also governs every stream, large or small, throughout the once and now wooded portions of our country, which includes about all of the land east of the western prairies. So the people must regulate the forests at the sources of the streams, if they wish in a measure to control the volume of water in them, for the one follows the other as sure as effect follows cause. In helping to do it let the general government take the matter in hand, and on lands still owned by it preserve as much as possible the growth of wood, and appoint commissioners to have the general oversight of the business as well as to study the laws of painting, culture, growth and preservation of forests, and to recommend to the people the best methods to accomplish the desired ends. It would be of a much greater practical value to the people than will many of the laws now enacted. Then let the legislatures of the several States take action in the matter by buying up the cheap mountain sections and waste lands, as for instance the Adirondack region in New York State, and forbid the cutting of timber on them except under certain restrictions. By so doing the water in the streams of those sections would not diminish in volume, and besides the value of property, both public and private, would be increased, to say nothing of the natural parks, camping grounds, hunting and fishing tracts, and breathing places generally that those lands would make for the people. Also a great deal might be accomplished throughout the country by individual efforts, that is, if many of the land owners, especially those living in partly denuded sections, would take enough interest in the matter to plant trees and to preserve the old growth, if any, by a judicious cutting out, and also by taking care of the sprout lands and young timber, for on any land where wood sprouts quickly but a few years will suffice to cover the ground with a thick growth of it, provided fires and cattle are kept out, especially when the trees are very young.

Arbor Day should be one of the leading holidays

throughout the country, and should be well observed by all classes. Not that the planting of a few dozen trees here and there will in itself amount to much, but it inculcates in the minds of the people, especially the younger portion, grand ideas of the beauty and value of trees, which will in after years be of great advantage to themselves and to the country at large. Let us take any farm; what a resource it is to the owner if there is a good-sized tract of timber on it. That seems to give a substantial look to the premises; even if the buildings and fences are poor; somehow a good wood lot seems to compensate in a great degree for their dilapidated look. There is considerable land on most farms such as steep hillsides, gullies and the like, that often look unsightly, and are of no real value, which, if clothed with trees, young or old, would certainly beautify the farm, besides being a source of profit to its owner. Then take any large tract of land; if it is well timbered we all know how much the landscape is beautified, and also what an improvement it is to the general face of the country around. I think the Druids in olden times had an eye to the beautiful in nature when they performed their rites and ceremonies beneath the branches of some venerable oak; for to many persons, as well as myself, one of the most pleasing objects in nature is a gigantic oak. It is something that scarcely any one will pass by without admiring, for we are all alike then, and the same may be said of any other sound, well-proportioned tree, be it in the open land or forest. Let any one of us go through a noble old forest; a certain indescribable feeling comes over him; it might be called a slight feeling of awe mingled with admiration, something akin to that which one experiences when in the vicinity of mountains, cataracts and other grand objects of nature. It is not an unpleasant sensation by any means, as we all know, and that is the reason why communing with our great mother in her woodland haunts is so delightful to her human children.

Now, let the Legislature and the people heartily join hands in preserving our forest lands and increasing their areas when necessary, for such work as that would be a lasting benefit to the people throughout the country.

A. L. L.

CUBAN SHOOTING.

SHOOTING in Cuba must be enjoyed under conditions which to any but a sportsman who loves his pastime would be unbearable. In the first place, the system of licenses is in Cuba a nuisance in every form of business or of pleasure you may undertake. From a cock fight to the leaving of the island in a perfectly legitimate manner, licenses and special permissions must be obtained, and invariably they are presented to you in any quantity of tape. I found that any shooting license obtained in Havana gave me no more protection than none at all. I was stopped on several occasions by the soldiers and escorted a mile or more to an outpost, where a captain who murdered English politely informed me that it was all right, that he would have come out after me but he found it best to rest after dinner. Then he beamed upon me, offered a cigar and went to sleep. I afterward found that if your gun is heard at a fort, soldiers are sent to bring you in so as to be sure you are not rescuing the island from the august hand of Her Majesty the Queen of Spain; and thereafter I saw to it that the soldiers invariably returned without finding me and with something more than air in the pocket.

I found very good shooting in the region about Caibarean, which is a seaport town two and one-half days away from Havana. Immediately outside the town lay tremendous swamps, nasty to walk around in, but the roosting place of bird creation. Parrots, pigeons, flamingoes, guinea hens and birds of names I know not, all are there in great numbers. Also a not so desirable element is to be found in the presence of young alligators and snakes. The alligators are not much to be feared, as only on the large rivers do they attain large size. But the snakes—I saw great and weird scenes in the swamps in which they played prominent parts. I have the skin of one before me now which I got last winter. He looked to be 38ft. several inches when I saw him, but quiet contemplation, tanning and shrinkage brings the figure to 12ft. 8½in. without head or tail.

Likewise horrible spidery crabs would flop over me and remind me that it was time dinner was ready and time to go home. But mud and rough country, snakes, crabs, tarantulas, scorpions and all the rest sink into nothingness when you stroll into town muddy and nasty looking, with a string of forty or more birds. Small boys then are much in evidence, and the fair sex gaze enraptured at you and your boots. Then the crowd pull over the birds when the hotel is reached. An evening at the American Consul's office recounting the day's joys.

All in all in Cuba there is much sport for the gunner. Remember that while snow is thick in the North, here you may have shooting galore, 1,200 miles away from New York and amid tropical surroundings of beauty and grandeur.

The man who is weary of commonplace life and wishes for the hereafter, should take a Spanish dictionary, gun and traps to Cuba for one winter, and if after being compelled to send to the American Consul's office for an interpreter to explain that you don't drink coffee in the morning, and being comfortably started off by train to Havana by the obliging station agent when you wanted to reach the other end of the island—if then one does not find himself compelled to gird up his loins and take an interest in living he will have to die; for the Cuban wots little of the school-learnt Spanish and the desires of the Northern mangler of his native tongue.

ROBERT PHILIP FROELICH.

Colorado Game.

BERTHOUD, Colo., Oct. 27.—Duck hunting is very good here now. My son has a small lake that he has leased to some Denver sportsmen; and they come up here once or twice each week and usually get a nice string of about twenty ducks each, mostly mallards. No geese are alighting yet; some flying. Quail are on the increase under protection. I have a number of coveys on my place now, where two years ago there was not a quail. A friend of mine just returned from a hunting trip to Steamboat Springs, Colo., found deer quite plenty and had good success and a grand good time. My son just returned from my sheep ranch in Morgan Co., reports antelope quite numerous. I am going down in a few days and I want one.

A. A. KNOTT.

Natural History.

BREEDING HABITS OF KING PENGUIN.

IN Bulletin No. 2 of the United States National Museum (p. 41) Dr. J. H. Kidder mentions a curious habit of the king penguin (*Aptenodytes longirostris*) upon the authority of Captain Joseph J. Fuller. He says: "Captain Fuller, of the schooner Roswell King, informs me * * * that they [the king penguins] build no nests whatever, carrying the egg about in a pouch between the legs, and only laying it down for the purpose of changing it from male to female."

This Bulletin No. 2 was printed in 1875. In 1891 I had the good fortune to meet this same Captain Joseph J. Fuller, then about to sail for the Antarctic as master of the sealing schooner Francis Allyn. After some experimenting with cameras to find one best suited to the bad conditions of the Antarctic, we found a camera combining the essential virtues and agreed that one principal point to settle should be this one as to the egg-carrying habits of the penguins. If possible a king penguin was to be photographed so as to show the egg in position in the sac. Captain Fuller told me he felt sure he could manage the camera, which was fitted with a roll holder and films, but greatly feared the dark and foggy weather prevailing would hinder the best results.

About ten months later I received four rolls of films by schooner from St. Helena, where the Francis Allyn had

KING PENGUIN (*Aptenodytes longirostris*).

From the October *Auk*.

transhipped her catch of skins. They were Eastman films and many were excellent, especially such as had been exposed in sunlight at Cape Town, St. Helena, and Tristan d'Acunha. But the special efforts to photograph seals, sea elephants, penguins of all degrees, skuas (*Buphagus skua antarcticus*), Johnny rooks (*Senex australis*), sheath-bills (*Chionis minor*), and many another strange and interesting denizen of that comfortless Antarctic region were all failures, in part at least. The weather was no doubt largely responsible for this, and in many cases there was barely light enough to show a horizon line. The large percentage of failures was relieved by the fact that some of the best and most decipherable among them bore precisely upon the point stated by Dr. Kidder upon the authority of Captain Fuller. The photograph from which Mr. E. Whitney Blake has kindly made a careful scale drawing now reproduced, was one of the best of three, all meant to show the egg in the pouch. All three were taken on Kerguelen's Island during January, 1894, at which time the whole "rookery" of penguins was incubating. While the sailors caught the birds, then not a hard task, Captain Fuller photographed them, and while very bad photographically, it is possible to decipher at least one of them, as I think the drawing proves. A careful inspection of the original shows the larger end of the egg, which barely projects from the external sac, which holds it firmly between the thighs of the bird, a king penguin. The bird reclines in its position in the sailor's arms, while his finger holds the egg securely, to prevent the bird dropping it. The soles of the penguin's feet, if one may so speak, are turned up toward the camera, and are clearly defined against the breast. Mr. Blake's drawing shows all this and more.

The penguins, as shown in the photograph, stand dismally in pessimistic attitudes, scornful and disgusted at the intrusion, highly disapproving and indignant over the outrage with the camera. They seem to be wondering over the strange times on which they have fallen.

Upon Captain Fuller's return, nearly eighteen months after his departure, he brought me a most interesting mass of material, including a fine series of the eggs of *Chionis minor*, with skins of this singular bird, which is neither pigeon nor gull, yet partakes of the nature of each. He also secured eggs of the southern skua (*Buphagus skua antarcticus*), wandering albatross (*Diomedea exulans*) and others, all of which I retain in my cabinet.

If the accompanying drawing should be held to have settled this question, I shall hope to be allowed to convey the information to Captain Fuller, who is at present pursuing his isolated, arduous life among the seals, and to whom the credit should belong. I myself am entirely convinced from the development of my plate, that the case is proved beyond any question.—*R. G. Hazard in the Auk.*

Color Variations of the Gray Squirrel.

THE exhibition of two distinct color varieties (often in the same nest) by a single species, as seen in the cases of the gray squirrel (*Sciurus carolinensis* [Gmelin] Allen) and the screech owl, *M. asio* (L.) is an interesting fact. When, in addition, as in the case of the gray squirrel, one variety (the black) seems to have been the original one in certain localities, and to be giving place slowly but surely to the other variety, the fact becomes still more interesting.

I have been told by old hunters that the black variety, they had heard, was quite common 100 years ago in some parts of Connecticut, but that for the last fifty or sixty years they had been practically extinct. So, too, in eastern New York, a friend of mine who had hunted squirrels for years in Rensselaer county, told me some fifteen years ago that he had never shot a black one, nor seen one in the woods, though years before that they had been quite common.

In the "Vertebrates of the Adirondack Region" Dr. Merriam says of the gray squirrel: "Fifteen years ago the two forms were about equally abundant along the western border of the region under consideration; but the black has gradually become less and less common, till now it may almost be regarded as one of our rarer mammals. However, it is still abundant in a number of places bordering Lake Ontario, both in this State and in Canada." (Transactions of the Linnæan Society of New York. Vol. II., 1884, p. 134.)

In regard to the western part of New York State Robert Munro, in "A Description of the Genesee Country," published in 1804, says: "Squirrels are so numerous in some years as considerably to injure corn; and upward of 2,000 of them have sometimes been killed in a day, which is occasionally appointed for that purpose by the inhabitants; the most common kinds of them are the black and the red, the gray colored being very scarce."

Old hunters at Le Roy, N. Y., some twelve miles west of the Genesee River, tell me that fifty or sixty years ago a gray squirrel was considered quite a prize there; not more than one gray to ten blacks being the ratio. To-day the ratio is more nearly thirty-five grays to one black. From my note book I find that during the seven years, 1877–83 inclusive, out of one hundred and twenty-four squirrels observed twelve were black, or about 9⅝ per cent. From 1884–90 inclusive, out of seventy-nine observed two were black, or about 2½ per cent. These were all observed within ten miles of Le Roy, most of them within six miles.

From my own experience and observation, extending over a period of about thirty years, it would seem that in the vicinity of Le Roy the gray form is replacing the black in a manner that may be compared to a wave advancing slowly from north to south.

Thirty years ago the black form was probably nearly, if not quite, as numerous as the gray, from two to four miles north of Le Roy, and probably more numerous at the same distance south of that village. To-day the black is very rarely found north of Le Roy, and is slowly giving place on the south to the gray form. At a distance of twelve to fifteen miles south the ratio of blacks is higher and I understand increases as the Pennsylvania line is approached, a distance of some sixty miles. Of the fourteen blacks recorded in my note book, as above, only one I believe, was taken north of Le Roy.

From the above facts it would seem that there must be some reason for the displacement of the black form by the gray, and that is not entirely due to chance, or to a

mere freak of coloration. In fact, if either form is a freak it would seem to be the gray, while the black would be the true form.

The reason of the displacement of the one form by the other will probably not be understood until we have more facts in regard to it. It seems to be somewhat dependent upon the length of time the locality has been settled, and the consequent more persistent hunting of the species. Possibly the gray color is a better protection from the hunter than the black, and so is taking its place.

When we were boys my friends and myself used to think that we were more likely to find the black squirrels in woods that were more swampy than those in which the grays were most numerous. If this were true the clearing off of the woods and the consequent drying up of the swamps would account to some extent for the disappearance of the blacks.

Many hunters claim that the head of the black is more slender and pointed than that of the gray, while the tail is not quite so bushy.

I should be very glad to receive any facts in regard to the relative abundance of the two forms, and to the displacement of the one by the other. F. M. COMSTOCK.

NATURAL SCIENCE ROOMS, Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, O.

Quail Reared with Chickens.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 20.—While Mr. J. T. Stuart, a prosperous farmer living near this place, was mowing his grass this summer, the machine cut off the head of a hen quail which was sitting on her nest. A broken egg showed that the eggs would have hatched in a few days. A little daughter of Mr. Stuart's took the eggs and carefully put them under a hen, whose eggs were to hatch in a day or two. Fourteen of the quail eggs hatched and sixteen of the hen's. For a week or so the young quail went under the hen at night, as the chickens did; after that they roosted in one corner of the coop by themselves.

The little girl fed and looked after them, and they seemed to have no fear of her, but would come and jump in her hand. The moment any one else came about they would run and hide. Their favorite hiding place was under the chickens, and sometimes two or three would try to get under one chicken, and in their efforts to hide would completely upset it. After they could fly fairly well they took up their abode in the garden, but would always come to the little girl's call of "Chick, chick, chick," and if at a distance would fly and alight at her feet. When they were quite small an old cock quail came for several days and tried to toll them away, but they would not go with him. They are now full grown and all are living but one, which killed itself against a wire gate only a few days ago. Mr. Stuart promised me that they should not be molested, and hopes that they will nest in his garden next year. S. B. D.

[Our correspondent will oblige us by reporting on the outcome of this domestic quail colony.]

Grosbeak and Potato Bugs.

THERE is a theory among the farmers that the rose-breasted grosbeaks became more plenty when the potato bug first became abundant, and they may certainly be often seen making a meal of these insects. If that theory be true, we certainly have the potato bug to thank for the increase in numbers of a beautiful and interesting songster, although the aforesaid striped visitor to the potato vine would probably express anything but gratitude concerning his feathered devourer. J. R. B.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE BIG BUCK OF WALDEN'S RIDGE.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I belong to the Chickamauga Rifle Club of this city, which counts among its members half a dozen fine rifle shots. I am also an old hunter although only twenty-nine of years of age. I was for six years employed as an civil engineer in the wilderness and swamps of Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi and learned the use and love of gun and rod, so thoroughly that now I find great trouble in getting rid of the inclination to hunt. I read your fine paper whenever I can get my hands on it, and silently size up some of the tales, as I expect the one I am going to relate will be sized up by my readers.

In September and October 1892, myself and seven more good companions took a two months' hunt in the headwaters of Yellowstone and Gros Ventre rivers, east and west of Yellowstone Park, and had great success in elk, moose, black tail and mule and antelope and also got one bear. However, this has nothing to do with the subject except to show that I have had some experience in hunting deer, and love the sport.

Our rifle club, composed of Squire Thomas Cowart, William Cooke, George I. Parks, J. H. Hogan, Washington Durango, William P. White and Pat. Craig, concluded to take a deer hunt on Walden's Ridge, which is a continuation of the Cumberland Mountains. We started on Wednesday morning, Sept. 20, in a wagon with one week's supplies for men and horses, and reached our destination at 3 P. M., 15 miles from Chattanooga. We camped near a spring, got our tents up and made ourselves comfortable that day. The next morning by daybreak we were eating our breakfast and were on the way to the nearest deer drive. Squire Cowart, who is an old and experienced hunter, and who owned the pack of hounds, was to do the driving. We made the drive in the morning, but failed to start anything, and the nearest we came to a deer was a cold trail; so we went back to camp for dinner. After a good dinner, which made us all feel like hunting, we started out again. Our leader made another drive, and was on the point of blowing his horn to call the men off the stands, as he had failed to start a deer, when he heard William P. White's old deer gun go off. We all knew that of course it was not a deer, as the dogs had not struck a trail, and with one accord we started to see what White had shot at, when all of a sudden we heard his gun again. When we reached his stand we found he had shot at a big turkey gobbler which had come walking along near him. White says he knocked the gobbler down, and it fell or fluttered over a precipice, and that he scrambled down the declivity to get his gobbler and jumped a fox, and shot at that; anyway, he did not get either one.

However, the noise his big old No. 10 deer gun made served us a good turn. Of course the hounds, having followed the driver back to the standers, ran to White as soon as he fired at the gobbler, and when White scrambled down the side of the declivity to get his turkey the hounds followed him; so that when White jumped the fox and shot at and missed it, the hounds took the trail and soon ran the fox into a hole. But they had not gone 200yds. on the fox race when they jumped a very large buck. Part of the dogs took after the buck and the balance treed the fox in a hole. Mr. Wm. Cooke was the only man who had not left his stand; and, strange to say, the buck made straight for his stand. Now, Mr. Cooke is one of the very best rifle shots in our club, and is now, and was then, wearing the gold medal that we shoot for at our weekly contests; but he did not have a fair chance at the buck, so missed him. The buck stopped within 150yds. of Mr. Cooke; but unfortunately his entire body was hidden from view by a clump of trees, and Mr. Cooke had to fire at his head. When the hunter fired, the buck turned completely around and took the back track.

Pat Craig and I were sitting upon our horses on the ridge, where we had been on the deer stands, and as we heard the hounds coming toward us again and heard the report of Mr. Cooke's .44-90 Winchester, we began to look about us. We galloped down the ridge half a mile or more, keeping ahead of the dogs all the time. Finally, as the dogs seemed to be getting nearer and nearer all the time, we dismounted and walked along, listening to the hounds. I was several hundred yards in advance of Pat and finally heard the brush breaking and then saw the buck at about 200yds. distance jumping up the side of the ridge. I ran to get nearer to him and get in ahead of him, but he saw me and I knew it was then or never; so I stopped and commenced to pump my repeater at him. I got five fairly good shots at an average range of probably 200yds., the buck doing all in his power to get away. I knew I had hit him, as he ducked his tail at the second shot, and after I had fired the last one he ran off several hundred yards more, and I saw him stop and lick his side. The dogs were then in 200yds. of him; so I knew he was badly wounded or he never would have stopped with the hounds in sight of him. Well, he was a rousing big buck, and I made up my mind that if it was necessary I would camp on his trail or get him. My horse was quarter of a mile from me and the country was too rough to make any progress on horseback, so I took it afoot. I ran a while, then walked, then ran again; but with all my efforts I finally lost the sound of the dogs and turned to go toward camp with a full determination to come back at daylight in the morning and try to put the dogs on the blood trail and follow it until I found my buck.

After walking for a half mile or more I fired my rifle to locate Pat, as it was growing dusk and I wanted company on my way home. In a few moments after I fired my gun the four dogs which had stuck to the deer and brought him by me, came jumping to me, licked my hands and jumped all over me. I knew that was too much affection for dogs to bestow upon an entire stranger, as I had never hunted with them before, but in a few moments I understood them as well as if they had told me in plain "Queen's English" what they wanted. All four dogs turned in a directly opposite direction from camp and started to trot all in a row, or one after the other, through the woods. I knew what they wanted. They had either killed the deer and wanted to take me to the carcass; or the deer had whipped them off and they wanted me to go and kill it. Every now and then the dogs would look back to see if I was coming, and trot on perfectly contented.

They carried me a half mile or more to the edge of a precipice and down in the gulch they went. I followed as best I could, swinging from tree to tree and scrambling over rocks and through brush until the bottom of the gulch was reached. The dogs kept just ahead of me and led the way through the thick laurel and mountain ivy until we finally got to the bed of the North Chickamauga Creek. This creek runs through a deep gorge or cañon, that cuts the mountain in two, and emerges almost at a level with the valley to flow into the Tennessee River. Well, when we reached the bed of the creek the first thing I saw was the big buck in a hole of water with nothing but his head and horns sticking out. As soon as he saw the dogs and me he sprang out of the water hole and dashed up the bed of the creek. The dogs took up the trail and before the buck had gone 300yds. overhauled him in another water hole about 12 or 15in. deep. I heard the melee and followed as fast as I could get over the big boulders in the bed of the creek. I paid no attention to the water and split the middie of the water holes, which were pretty deep in places.

Finally I got to the scene of conflict, and I give you my word that in all my hunting experience I never saw such a grand sight. I stood with my rifle in my hand for several minutes, and was a silent spectator of the "Fight Between the Wounded Stag and the Hounds." I have seen a score of pictures of this particular style of scene, but none to equal this one. The large buck fighting with desperation the four determined dogs, his charges and counter charges, the yelp of the hounds as the buck would strike one of them, the sighing of the wind among the tall fir trees, the whoop of the whippoorwill, the constant rippling of the mountain stream, and ever and anon the snort of the infuriated beast at bay—all helped to make a drama far grander to me than the masterpiece of Shakespeare played or reproduced by a Booth, a Keene or a McCullough. The natural hunting instinct in a man, when he possesses it in large measures as I do, will make him do things and enjoy things that seem absolutely absurd to the outside world.

The dogs had their equal, if not their superior, in this contest. The old buck was so big and heavy that they could not drag him down, and although they were four as good and plucky dogs as I ever saw in my life, I believe he would have killed the last one of them if I had not interfered. Sometimes all four of them would take hold of him at once, and then he would snort, cut at them with his forefeet, knock at them with his horns from side to side, and then make two or three jumps, wheel and come at them full tilt with his head down like a mad bull. Then I would see the dogs scatter, and one of them slip around and nip the old buck on the hams and heels until he would wheel again at this new foe.

It was getting dark and I began to fear lest the deer would make a plunge into the thick mountain ivy and get away from me; as I did not know how badly he was wounded; so I took very careful aim along the barrel of my rifle, as I could not see the sights, and let drive at his neck. At the crack of the rifle the deer tumbled over into the water and the hounds covered him and I thought all was over. But imagine my surprise when the old fellow got up, shook off the dogs and went at it again; he nearly killed one of the dogs after he was shot through the neck. Then I was determined to take no more chances; as he might yet get away from me; so I threw in another shell and walked up within 5ft. of his head and blew his brains out, as it was too dark to see how to shoot even at 20ft. distance. So ended the career of one of the finest specimens of the deer race that I ever killed or saw killed.

It was now past 7 o'clock in the evening and I was in the bottom of the deepest cañon in the mountains, three miles from camp and worn out with the exertion that I had gone through. However, a hunter must always take a hunter's fare; so I shouldered my rifle after dragging the buck to the edge of the water.

When I got half-way up the side of the gulch I heard Pat fire his gun out on top; and I was glad to hear it too; for I knew he had my horse with him. Pat, it seems, had been attracted to the edge of the precipice by my firing down in the gulch which he could plainly hear. He knew I was after the buck, but did not know exactly where I was; so he stayed on top of the mountain and kept firing and whooping until I got him. I was in for going to camp and coming back in the morning after the game; but Pat said that would never do, as the wild hogs and varmints would tear the deer all to pieces, and eat it up by daylight. Well, what would we do, go and camp in that den, among the varmints and rattlesnakes all night? That was not a pleasing thought, with no supper except milt or liver fried, with no cover to sleep on or put over us, and besides I was wet up to my waist with water wading through the holes in the creek, and not a dry thread on me from perspiration. Now the only thing to do was either to stay in that gulch under those conditions, by the side of that deer, or get it out that night. So we concluded to get it out.

It was now past eight o'clock and so dark we could not see our hands before our faces, not even a friendly star to light us. We set about with the aid of matches and collected sticks enough to build a fire, then by the blaze of the fire we found some pine knots and split them up with a big hunting knife and made a good torch apiece. Then we found some more pine knots and split up a good supply; tied them together into regular flambeaus and got ready to descend the precipice. It was a dangerous undertaking for both man and beast, as we had to take one horse to bring the deer out on. We made a good fire at our point of descent, so as to mark the place where we left Pat's horse and our rifles and coats and everything we could dispense with. We took a more rambling course than I had made going down; and after half an hour of slipping and sliding and breaking brush and climbing around boulders we reached the bottom. The horse was a sure-footed fellow and was luckily rough shod. We experienced great difficulty in getting him through the thick mountain laurel and ivy that bordered the creek bed; but had to break our way through. We both came near losing all of our clothes in this attempt, and received numerous scratches and bruises, as it was dark as ink, and one had to hold the light while the other did the breaking the way. We were one and one-half hours going 300yds., but finally got the horse to the carcass of the buck.

Then came the tug of war. Both of us were worn out from over-exertion in the coppice, and to get that big buck on the horse's back and tie him so he would not be dragged off in our ascent was the most skillful part of the whole job. However, we finally got him fastened, and started, and after stopping every few feet to unfasten his horns from the matted coppice, and scrambling and working and renewing our torchlight for two hours, we got to the top of the gulch. We had to take such a roundabout, winding route up the bank that we missed our fire and the spot where we left our other horse and guns on the crest of the gulch. We groped around for half an hour or more in the dark trying to find them; as the fire had burned out and all was in darkness, and finally, being disgusted and worn out, we determined to leave them in the woods all night and make our way back to camp.

We struck out in the direction we thought camp was, and after traveling for a mile or more, heard the welcome sound of a gun. We answered by whooping as loud as we could, and walked toward the sound. We finally heard another gun fire, and this time it was considerably nearer. We answered by whooping again, and this time made our voices heard. In a few minutes we were met by a party from camp who had lanterns and were out looking for us. We made tracks as fast as our legs could carry us and arrived there about 12 o'clock at night. All of the boys were delighted at seeing the buck brought in, and all agreed it was one of the largest ever seen in this section of the country. It had a magnificent set of horns, which were given to Mr. G. I. Parks, and Mr. William Cooke took the hide. The buck weighed a few pounds short of 200lbs. with his entrails out.

Well, after we had supper we had to tell how and where it was all done, as Pat and I were the only ones who had followed the buck at all.

One thing I wish to comment upon was the wonderful vitality of the animal. Any one who knows anything about the Winchester rifles know what tremendous muzzle velocity and striking force their model of 1886 Express rifles have. I was using a .40-70-330, with the bullet 1 part tin to 15 parts lead. Now, I shot that buck through and through twice and did not stop him. If it had been a bull or a horse it would have dropped dead. I suppose the deer being hot and closely pursued by the hounds was the cause of it; but I honestly believe a deer can carry more lead than any animal we have, excepting a bear. We had to shoot an ordinary black bear in the Rocky Mountains eight times with express rifles before we dropped him.

Another feature of this experience was the gameness and grit of the old buck. I think the buck would have killed every dog if they had stuck to him and I had not been there. I am satisfied that he had whipped the dogs off when they came to me in the woods and led the way back to the deer.

This was about the only excitement we had on the trip. I saw a small doe the next day in the woods, but did not get a shot at her. We also ran a doe and a fawn through Durando's stand the next day after that, but he was not paying strict attention and let them through without

getting a shot. Our driver jumped up a large drove of wild turkeys on one of his drives, but did not stop to hunt them, as the dogs at the time were trailing a deer. Several of the boys killed some mountain pheasants (grouse) and numbers of squirrels. Taken altogether the hunt was a failure, as we were out five days and only killed one deer. On one hunt fifty miles from here, back in the mountains, last fall the party was out ten days and shipped eight whole deer back to their homes in Chattanooga, besides several that were consumed by the hunters and dogs. The place we were at is only fifteen miles from Chattanooga and is hunted too much for much game to stay there, but it is a very wild and rough country, and for that reason it is impossible to kill out the deer entirely, as they go back into the gulches or cañons where a man cannot find them. There is plenty of good deer hunting in the Cumberland Mountains of East Tennessee; but it is like Idaho and Wyoming—a man has to know where to stay and how to hunt them, or he will not have much success.

After staying out five days we came home, and all the boys agreed that they were well paid for the trip as they had enjoyed the camping out and exercise hugely, although none but myself and Mr. Cooke had obtained shots at a deer. We were especially anxious for G. I. Parks to get a shot, as he is one of the best shots in our rifle club, and we wanted to see if he would have the "buck ague" when a deer came along. However, he did not get the chance we desired so much for him. We are going to try it again, in a better place some time this fall, and if you would like to have the result to publish in your paper, some of us will write it for you.

A. B. WINGFIELD.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article in your valuable paper under date of Oct. 13, 1894, affords the directors of the Sportsmen's Exposition Association an excellent opportunity to place before your many readers a few facts regarding the enterprise as planned.

When the scheme was first taking shape, there was a probability of its being merely a trades display, but after a careful and full canvass of the situation by the committee, and much deliberation, it was expanded into an exposition, with its scope extended, so as to cover the realm of the sportsman in every essential detail, and what might have been a limited epitome of the subject was broadened into a comprehensive plan which would specifically illustrate the evolution and growth of all that pertains to the life and pursuits of the sportsman; in every sense a Sportsmen's Exposition.

The directors recognize the importance of having the enterprise embody every feature which would place the exposition on an educational, practical and profitable basis. This was considered fundamental. In this event the affair would assume a dignity and importance not to be questioned. That this has been practically accomplished is evidenced by the prompt co-operation of every one who has been approached on the subject. The universal interest manifested on all sides in the undertaking, and the unanimity of good will accorded is encouraging and inspiring.

The directors have laid out the plans accordingly, feeling convinced that the first sportsmen's exposition will be an assured success. It is to be made attractive and interesting, and every means devised to draw the public, whether amateur or professional. The practical advantages to accrue to the exhibitor will be much more surely attained by invading the ranks of the novice and the amateur by the educational and historical features, recommended by you, than by any other means, and this has been fully provided for.

The board calls your attention to the several branches (fourteen in number) which define the general character of the undertaking, but which will admit only of a brief outline here.

First in the list is *Class A.*—Firearms of every description, ancient and modern, and is a very important industry from the manufacturers' standpoint. Every style of firearm manufactured, formerly used, and now in use, and as they appear in various stages of construction will be exhibited.

Class B.—Ammunition, another important branch, will embody various kinds of powder, shot, shells, and method of making the same. The appearance of powders in the several conditions of manufacture. Their relative force and effectiveness will be illustrated with targets and diagrams. The material used in manufacturing ammunition will be systematically arranged.

Class C will be no less extensive than the preceding. The display of Sporting Sundries and appliances fill up a large share of the sportsman's necessities. They are too numerous to name in this schedule, but they will be comprehensive and complete in every respect.

Class D—Fishing Tackle—appeals to the disciples of "Old Izaak," and it will not be uninteresting or deficient, and will contain collections of rods, reels, hooks, spoons, artificial flies, lines of every kind, from the silken thread to the whaler's cable; nets, scoops, seines and dredges; baits of every sort, appliances to capture the game fish, also the methods of preserving and transporting the same.

Class E—Boats—will include various styles, from that of the Indian canoe to the finest racing shell.

Class F, Camping Outfits and Utensils, includes a host of necessary articles, and will show many new appliances and articles which serve to make camp life convenient and comfortable, such as tents, beds, bedding, stoves and cooking utensils, the arrangement of the same during camp life, and so far as practicable, realistic groups showing the home of the hunter when camping. This class will offer a splendid opportunity to introduce the picturesque camping scenes with the camp in full rig—the hunters in costume and other accessories, naturally belonging to this sunny chapter in the life of the sportsman.

Class G—Athletic Goods—will include articles manufactured for the athletic sports, such as lawn tennis, archery, fencing, baseball, football, cricket, golf, curling, racing, skating, bowling and other field and lawn games. Models and charts showing how the games are played will be introduced. Also the literature giving a history of the several games and the laws governing them.

Class H will cover the whole zoölogical and practical side of the hunter's work. Upon this branch falls a large share of the burden of making the exposition attractive and instructive. It will not be lacking in extent or character. There will be a complete museum of skins, skeletons and mounted specimens, single and in groups, of every animal followed by the hunter, and considered worthy of the attention of the sportsman, whether it is an animal, a bird, a reptile or a fish.

When grouped they will make a grand disply, and will undoubtedly be a drawing card of the exposition.

Arrangements will be made for the preparation of a number of picturesque groups of natural mounting representing hunting scenes of different nations. They will be realistic and strictly accurate from the ethnologist's and naturalist's standpoint.

The taxidermic features of the display will be represented by splendid exhibits of the best taxidermists in the country, and every effort will be made to induce foreign preparateurs to take part in this exhibit.

The advancement made in the art of taxidermy in the last fifteen years has been such as to insure in this department of the exposition a large collection of mounted animals of unusual artistic and scientific merit.

Efforts will be made to have tanks of living trout, bass, salmon, and other food fish, showing the several stages of growth, and the methods of propagation and protection. Also such living animals as can be obtained, including buffalo, moose, elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, wild boars, rabbits, hares, pheasants, quail, grouse, etc.

Collections of various kinds of traps and devices for killing and capturing game. Skins and skulls of every fur bearing animal slain for commercial purposes. Tables showing the zoölogical classification of all the animals in the exposition and the number killed in order to supply food and aid in clothing man.

Class I—Kennel Supplies will form an interesting group and include all kinds of dog food mentioned, improved kennels for benching and feeding, transportation crates, dishes and watering troughs, dog medicines and surgical instruments, books on the care and training of various kinds of dogs, literature defining the status of the dog as personal property, and the advancement in dog history.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals it is expected will be induced to exhibit the methods adopted for the humane protection of the canine race. It may be desirable to have a specimen of every species of dog used by the sportsman, and also with each dog specimens of the animals which they pursue as game.

Class K.—Cameras and Photographists' supplies will be well sustained, and in every way unique. A full display of photographs showing the work of the camera in every field and its practical advantages to the sportsman and naturalist as a means of study of our wild animals.

Class L—Will be devoted to the horse and his uses as adopted and applied by the sportsman in his pursuit of game. Saddles, bridles, spurs, whips and general equipment. Here fox hunting, coursing and falconry will be illustrated.

Class M.—Sportsmen's Art and Literature will be the library of knowledge of the Exposition. Copies of every volume published for the sportsman's use and information. All the publications devoted to field sports will be represented. Engravings and paintings will form an interesting gallery of art. Illustrations showing the sports of ancient days will form a part of the collection.

Class N.—Trophies of the Chase.—This class will consist of collections of typical examples of our large game. It will represent largely the educational features of the Exposition, and include mounted heads and entire specimens of buffalo, musk ox, moose, caribou, reindeer, Virginia and blacktail deer, mountain sheep, antelope, mountain goat, European stag, roebuck, chamois, wild boars, black, brown, grizzly and polar bears, etc., etc.

The Committee of Records and Measurements will carefully measure all the specimens, and reliable data will be recorded bearing on the display. From these tables of comparative measurements the committee will decide what specimens are worthy of being known as the "kings of record." Private persons and museums will contribute from their collections. The management wishes to emphasize the importance and value of universal co-operation and necessity of the best trophies being in the collection. A neat monograph of this exhibit will be published, with full descriptive text and effective illustrations. By this means a valuable contribution to the history of our North American and European game animals will be secured.

Specimens showing abnormal growths of horns and antlers, also skins showing albinoism and melanism are desirable.

Class C—The Loan Exhibit—will include various styles of hunting costumes and accoutrements from the time of the early trappers' day up to the present. Old firearms, Kentucky rifles, flint-lock guns, punt guns and ducking cannons in contrast with the modern breechloading guns, rifles and trappings will be shown.

Spears, arrows and other primitive weapons, various styles of foot gear. Different kinds of snow shoes and sleds.

Primitive saddles, bridles, lassoes and whips. Originals and models of canoes, skiffs, boats and other sailing craft.

Fishing hooks and harpoons of the natives. Tackles, nets, spears and devices of the Indian for capturing fish and other aquatic animals.

Also photographs, engravings and paintings of animals, hunting scenes and camp life.

In fact, everything within the realm of the sportsman, which will illustrate the evolution and advancement in firearms and implements for hunting during the earlier centuries in contrast with the scientific methods of the chase of modern times.

In submitting the foregoing to the sportsmen of the world it will readily appear how necessary it is for all to contribute something in the historical line in order to have the exposition represent what is intended.

Every article which will illustrate the various exhibits is desired.

A synopsis of the material needed for this purpose will be printed later. We believe no one will hesitate to offer such specimens and objects as they may be fortunate enough to possess, no matter how insignificant.

All loans, whatever their nature, which are donated, will be guarded and carefully arranged in systematic order, and properly labeled with the name of the exhibitor.

The management wishes to carry out to the letter the object of the exposition, and in order to accomplish it must depend on the sportsmen of the worl for general co-operation and assistance.

The Committee of Measurements and Records is composed of well known gentlemen who have kindly consented to serve the exposition, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Archibald Rogers, George Bird Grinnell.

FREDERIC S. WEBSTER, Sec'y and Curator.

THAT CASTILLA GROUSE HUNT.

HAVING finished, for the time being, with the subject of game laws and their violation in this section of the West, it will be in order for me to continue with the grouse hunt. Our party alighted from the train at Castilla a little before 11 o'clock, and as the sixty miles' ride from Salt Lake had been conducive to everything but ambition, it was unanimously agreed to wait until after dinner before engaging in violent exercise. A hot bath, the water rather sulphurous and fresh from nature's laboratory, was first in order, and after this the duck dinner required no appetizer for prologue, nor smooth yet fiery epilogue to aid digestion.

My companions all carried 10-gauge guns. In respect to bore and load there has been a moderate reaction within the last two years. A man who uses a shotgun will use it four times for ducks for every time that he spends in the pursuit of other game. If he can own but one gun it should be a duck gun and not a grouse gun, hence the increase in bore and weight. It is a fancy of mine that no gun will stand duck shooting as well as grouse or chicken shooting. Guns are in many respects like their masters, and I know that one hour of duck shooting, whether from boat or blind, tires me more than a long afternoon's tramp over the hills in search of chickens.

Our route lay up the Rio Grande track for a mile or so. On either side were the walls of Spanish Fork Cañon, a dull red or russet, with here and there a withered yellow to break the general terra cotta effect. It was beautiful, but tame compared with the autumnal coloration of an Appalachian hillside. Now on this side, now on that, and sometimes beneath us, flowed Spanish Fork River, itself throughout the greater part of the year as tawny as the Missouri, but nevertheless a fair trout stream, and fed by tributaries and clear as crystal. At length we reach the Diamond, that famous trout stream mentioned in my last. Hobble Creek, a tributary of Utah Lake, lying between Provo and Spanish Fork rivers, is as good a trout stream as Diamond, but its banks and shady ledges are so infested with rattlesnakes that the speckled darlings have no attraction for me.

The valley of Diamond is much wider than Spanish Fork Cañon. The sinuous stream alternately washes either bank, and in the great bends are little upland clearings, small ranch houses and dairies, inhabited only in the summer months, and stubble. Here in the oat stubble lies the sharp-tailed grouse, and the little ruffed grouse or pheasant is within gunshot in the thickets. These two species are locally known as "chickens" to distinguish them from "pine hens" and "sage hens;" but in flight, habits, markings and habitat they have nothing in common. On one side of the creek a long-disused tie track winds its way, and on the other a wagon road leads past the farms and saw mills to Strawberry and the Uintah Reservation. The only dog we had with us had been broken on the level prairies of Kansas, and was accustomed to neither the country nor the birds. Still, he did good service as soon as he found what was required of him. We had just struck our second stubble patch when Don commenced to sneak in a way that indicated birds ahead and on the move. In vain he made use of his Kansas wiles, the birds would not lie. As they arose they became the targets for a platoon fire, and three dropped, while one or two that were slightly crippled continued with their companions a short quarter of a mile and lit in the next field. This covey, from which we afterward secured four more birds, was the only lot of sharptails that we saw during the afternoon.

But when the sun hid itself behind the tall peaks and the cool of afternoon drew on what a change of luck we experienced! It was about four o'clock when we commenced to think of retracing our steps and one of the party suggested a trip up a little side cañon that gave promise of nothing more game-like than a porcupine. Don ran headlong upon a covey of pheasants and they so surprised him by they running to cover with their quick *cluck, cluck* (that I can compare only with the click of a gun hammer), that the poor dog quite forgot his ancestry and jumped about and barked like any common cur. It seemed as though the chickens had "packed" in that cañon for a fall flight, although this is not habitual with the species and I had never before met with a similar instance. It seemed impossible to get those birds to fly until they were actually stoned and clubbed into it, and at first the work of hunting was mere slaughter. By degrees, however, they came to understand what was required of them, and when darkness fell there was not a pheasant within sight or sound; we had all the birds that we could carry, and before us a 3 mile walk to the caravansary. Time passed quickly enough, as the homeward trail, after we struck the cañon road, was well-beaten and downhill. At the springs we found supper awaiting us and between nine o'clock and midnight the time was spent in an orthodox, sportsmanlike manner. Then, according to the rules of the house, we took a hot bath and retired to be awakened by the call, "Breakfast! No. 1 will be here in half an hour."

So, my comrades left me and I returned to hot baths and solitary hunts with just sufficient study to keep up my interest in the outside world. I have to note in conclusion, and in marked contrast to his conduct on the trout question, the stand taken by our local Game Commissioner in the enforcing of the duck law. Almost every evening for the past week our local papers have contained paragraphs like the following:

> Walter Smith, a lad of Lake View, was found guilty to-day by Judge Wedgwood of shooting at ducks after sundown. He was fined $5. His partner, Parley Swenson, a grown man, was found guilty of killing two ducks after hours, and he was fined $10 and costs. The boys are trying to raise the money, but the prospects are they will be obliged to serve their sentences out in jail.

If these laudable efforts are not spasmodic our duck shooting will constantly improve, and if we succeed in cultivating the protection idea in one particular, it will be more easy after a while to enforce the trout law.

SHOSHONE.

CASTILLA SPRINGS, Utah, Oct. 25.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The West of the Present and the Past.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

New and Old Archery.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 28.—Any one can recall the popular fancy for the noble game of archery which was so generally spread over this country a dozen years or more ago. It faded and died practically because it was too noble a game for the populace. There are few archery clubs and few archers left in America to-day.

At Mandan, N. D., I found a man who still retains his love for archery, and who is not only an enthusiastic but a skillful archer to-day. This is Mr. J. D. Allen, who runs the Indian bazaar at that point. Mr. Allen makes of the long bow an efficient field arm, and he shows nicely mounted trophies of jack rabbits, cottontails, grouse and other game, all killed by himself with the bow and arrow. Mr. Allen does not use the Indian bow, but has a dozen of the most expensive long bows of English make, with raw hide backing, etc., etc. He prefers the old English yew and has some beauties of that wood, some of them stiffer than one would think a man of his weight could use, though long practice has given him mastery over his weapon.

Mr. Allen and I walked out one bright, sunny Dakota day not long ago to have a try with the long bows. We enjoyed ourselves mostly at shooting for distance, as we started no game near the edge of the town. Mr. Allen showed himself possessed of a skill most unusual to find these days, and we had a lot of sport in our little competitions at a mark. At length we came upon a couple of Sioux tepees pitched on the summit of a ridge near town, and here we paused to investigate matters a little. The single Sioux brave and the three squaws and two pappooses who were keeping house there didn't seem to be troubled with any notions about cleanliness, but they were cheerful enough and ready to talk with Mr. Allen, who speaks Sioux very fluently. After a while we got the Sioux man out to show us a little of the incomparable skill of the Indian with the bow and arrow. He couldn't have hit a flock of meeting houses, and we both beat him till he looked foolish. He shot with the bow held horizontally across his stomach, letting the arrow fly with a push and a jerk. Evidently he had seen or heard of the old Indian fashion of handling a bow, but it was before his time. After a little he retired to his tepee and wouldn't shoot any more, lapsing into silence and smoke. We tried to buy his pipe, a goodish one of the red pipe clay, but it was a month later before Mr. Allen got it and sent it to me.

These modern bows and arrows brought us naturally to the bows of the past, which we were well situated to study, Mr. Allen having over 125 Indian bows in his collection. I noticed in all these bows what I used to think was a defect caused by the Indian's lack of proportion—one side of the bow being straighter and stiffer than the other. I found that the straigbter half of the bow was always the lower half, that part representing the top being more crooked than the lower half. Mr. Allen told me that the Indians always made their bows thin, alleging that this formation made them carry higher and further, for which there does seem philosophical ground of belief, when you come to look into it. Mr. Allen said that the Indians also purposely built their bows so that the strings crossed diagonally or on a line back from the arrow side or firing side of the bow. This is precisely what we would think would make accuracy impossible, but Mr. Allen showed that this feature was invariable. Mr. Allen said that the Indians put the double bend in the backs of their bows by smoking and heating the wood. This bend cannot be soaked out of one of the genuine old buffalo bows, which were not made to sell.

How the Indians Made Arrows.

The Sioux arrows were often or usually made of willows, and my informant told me that the arrow maker was not particular whether or not his stick was straight. A good arrow maker would straighten almost any kind of a stick. He would heat it and bend it, over and over again. In straightening it, he would put it in his mouth and pull it into shape, holding it firmly in his teeth. All the well-made old-time arrows show numerous grooves and rings, running round and round the shaft. These are teeth marks, where the Indian rolled the shaft between his teeth. I have noticed them very plainly on a couple of Crow arrows given me by Col. Ike Allen, of Columbus, Mont. These two arrows I showed to the present head man of the Crows, old Plenty-Coups, and he said they were the genuine old buffalo arrows—that is, he told my friends so. I am rusty on Crow. Plenty-Coups took these arrows between his thumb and finger, by the neck, balancing the arrow in that way; and he smiled as though the feel of them brought up the thought of other days.

The Indian arrow maker did not work in a very big hurry in the old days, but he turns out more stuff to-day. Now, as in the past, he uses in his work a knife whose blade is filed on only one side, and that the reverse side. The Indian is built backwards, and in whittling he always pulls the knife toward him, instead of pushing it away from him, as we do.

How the Indian Tanned Skins.

In his collection Mr. Allen showed me some very fine specimens of genuine old Indian elk horn bide scrapers, of the sort the squaws used in dressing hides. These were cut out of a fork of the elk antler, having a handle about a foot long, the head being at a little less than a right angle from the lower side of the handle, and of 4 or 5in. length. The bead or blade was drawn to an edge at its lower end, and was usually tipped with a bit of strap iron or a piece of steel. The shoulder or corner of the tool was carefully rounded and usually polished, and the whole implement was often nicely worked out and polished, so that it looked much like ivory.

I remember I asked old Bill Hamilton how the Indians used to dress the buffalo skins, and he explained to me that the main secret of their excellent tan lay in the steady and skillful use of this same inefficient-looking tool in the hands of the squaws.

"The squaw would first tack out the hide on the ground, flesh side up," said Uncle Bill (Mr. Allen and I saw our Sioux have a beef hide stretched out near the tepee in the same way); "and she would first go over it and get off all the shreds of flesh she could. Then as the hide began to dry she would go at it with this little hoe. She stood right on top of the hide, and stooped over, hoeing between her feet. The handle of the scraper was held in the right hand, and the left hand was pressed on this rounded shoulder, to press the edge down hard on the skin. The squaw hacked and scraped away in this way, and kept on at it till she broke up the inner fiber of the hide. Then sometimes she would take up the hide, loosening the edge and holding a fold between her knees, while she stood on it with her feet. Then she would hoe and scrape away at the fold of the hide. It was mostly a matter of hard work. Sometimes in softening a bide they dragged it back and forward over the limb of a tree, just as a tanner uses his beam, you know. They didn't put much on a hide except work. Sometimes they used brains, and sometimes they made a sort of grease by boiling up brains, marrow, and bits of the dried fleshings taken from other hides. That little squaw hoe, though, was what did the business. A good robe dresser could take that little awkward looking tool, with no edge at all on it to speak of, and pare a thick buffalo hide down till it was white and thin as paper, and it would be the same thickness all over, too."

Wouldn't Do To-Day.

So much for the Indian weapon *par excellence*, and the Indian tool of like rank. I looked at these old-time things with an interest I never felt when seeing them in museums. I seemed to be getting closer to their idea, here on the ground where they were made and used, in the West that now is of the past. I looked at their bows, their arrows, their shields, their quivers, their ineffectual stone war clubs, which I shouldn't think would scare anybody so very much, they are so absurd looking. Well-a-day, these things will hardly do in competition with the little bullet not so big as a lead pencil, that kills a man two or three miles from the man who speeds it on its trackless way.

All About Sinew.

All these old-time bows had the sinew bowstrings. And this reminds me of what another old-time friend of mine, Col. J. Isham Allen, or "Ike Allen," above mentioned, has lately told about some of the things the Indians used to do with sinew. In the issue of the *American Anthropologist* for April, 1894, Col. Allen has the following, all too brief, on this very subject. He handed me the page when I saw him. It reads as follows:

ABORIGINAL USE OF SINEW.—The aborigines of America put sinew to a very great number of uses for which it is peculiarly adapted by its flexibility, lightness, great strength and durability, and employ it in a variety of forms and sizes. In the making of clothing for men and horses, in the fabrication of weapons, including clubs, bows, arrows, etc., in the building of lodges, and for domestic and many other purposes its use is universal. For bow-strings and rough sewing the sinew of the buffalo is preferred as being coarser in texture, that of the elk being next in favor for these uses. The sinews of the deer, the antelope, the mountain sheep, and the mountain-lion are also in high favor, that of the mountain-lion being considered the finest and most durable. The sinew is prepared for use by first removing all adhering flesh with the back of a knife. It is then stretched on a board or lodge pole and left to dry for an hour or so preparatory to the separation of the fibers or threads by twisting in the hands. By the same similar twisting motion and by pulling the fiber can be extended to a reasonable length. Cords or small ropes are made by twisting many fibers together between two forked sticks fastened on the ground and during the process rubbing with thin skins of the elk and deer to soften them. The largest cord I have seen made in this manner was one-fourth of an inch in diameter. To prepare it for sewing the sinew is wet and at the needle end rolled on the knee with the palm of the hand to a fine hard point like that of a shoemaker's bristle. As suggested, the sinews are made sufficiently fine for use in fixing the guiding feathers and fastening the iron or flint heads of arrows and in the wrappings of clubs, etc. Formerly the awl used in sewing was of bone taken from the leg of the eagle. This has been displaced by the common sailor's needle. The over-stitch is that most commonly employed in aboriginal sewing.

Modern Indians No Good.

I imagine the old-time Indians were up in their native arts better than the Indians of to-day. While Mr. Allen and I were visiting at the Sioux tepees, we broke one of our hemp bow strings. We gave it to our Sioux brave to mend, and he tried to splice it with a bit of sinew, but didn't do it worth a cent. He seemed to be more engrossed in that red pipestone pipe than anything else. And I was a good deal interested in it too, and still look at it, as it hangs from the elk antlers in my office, with a good deal of interest, though I am expecting to be told by an expert that this pipe is modern and civilized in manufacture and so no good. It has a section of handle made of the red pipestone, as well as the bowl, and this section was fitted to the connecting reed by means of a bushing of red calico. This latter I think my Sioux man swiped from the skirt of Mary, the moccasin-maker. Sweet Marie was lying with her back to the flap when we called on her, and though we spoke sweetly to her and praised the *washta pappoose* we saw running around outside, Marie refused to be jolly boy and come out and talk with us. If anybody should come into this office and find me dressed up in war paint and a buckskin shirt, I beg he will not be alarmed. I shall be only celebrating. I gave this Sioux sweet Marie an order for a hunting shirt, but she only works when she feels like it, and as the sbirt has not arrived, I am disposed to think Marie has not yet come out of the lodge.

"West of the River."

It was interesting enough, here on the borderland of the old and the new, at the edge of that great and unknown country of which the old-timers once spoke with pride as "West of the River." But it is all of the past, now. There is no actual West any more. Mr. Allen told me of some very amusing things which he bas seen happen there at Mandan by virtue of certain tenderfoot ignorance of the above fact. Every once in a while, he says, even yet there appears at Mandan some tenderfoot rigged out in story book fashion, ready for wild adventures in the West. We read about these blooming idiots, and it seems hard to believe that they actually exist, but they do. My friend told me that about a couple of years ago one of these things got off the train at Mandan. He was gotten up in the regulation style, wide hat, corduroy clothes, heavy top boots, bright new belt, little pistol and big hunting knife—the kind you see in stores and nowhere else, kept exclusively for the tenderfoot trade, and good only to open tin cans with. This fellow got off and posed around for the people to get a look at him—and they all looked. He didn't talk much, only to ask where there were any Indians and bears. At length some one asked him:

"What part of the States are you from, stranger?"

This offended him, and he straightened himself up and said, pompously:

"My home is in the Rockies!"

At this everybody laughed a-plenty; so after awhile the wild man went up to the depot and sat down, and took off one of his boots, which was skinning his heel some.

A Jersey City Scout.

One time some of the Maudon boys just for fun set a couple of tenderfeet to bunting deer in the wild rose bushes just back of the waterworks. They didn't get any, hut declared they saw plenty of sign. Mr. Allen showed me the picture of a Jersey City wild man scout, Bill Germayne by name—I think he lately died. The picture showed "scout" Germayne in beaded buckskin, long hair, goatee and all that sort of thing, but the history of the scout wasn't written on it. The facts were, Bill Germayne got stuck on the scout business (he was an exhibition rifle shooter, or something of the sort), and he started West for blood and glory. When he got to the edge of the Yellowstone Park he went broke and couldn't get back home. About then along came a party of foreign Dutch dignitaries, who wanted to get a guide through the Park, and this was where Bill's buckskin shirt got in its deadly work. He had never been in the Park in his life, but he was broke and needed funds, so he offered himself as guide. The foreign dignitaries were a trifle scared for fear he might break out, but they just chanced it, and employed him, they furnishing everything. And Bill—well, Bill just followed the roads, so he got through all right. That gave him his start in the scout business, and after that he wore a few more beads and fringes. I hope Sioux sweet Marie is going to put plenty of fringe on my new sbirt, for I may need it for something of this kind some day.

Plenty of White Deer.

There is a notion prevalent that albino deer is very rare; but the article can be had if wanted. At the taxidermist shop of Chas. Emsley, at Missoula, Mont., I saw two albino white-tail deer, pure white, nicely mounted. Mr. Emsley has also the skin of a two-year-old buck, pure white, and he lately had another albino offered him from Trenton, Maine. In Mr. Allen's collection at Mandan, N. D, I saw a fine specimen of white deer. It came from Cable, Wis., in December of 1892. There are two good specimens of albino deer mounted, in St. Paul, to-day, and I know of a fine one in Chicago, which I mentioned some years ago in these columns.

Among other curiosities I saw at Mandan was a fine group of a mountain lion and four spotted cubs. These came from Boulder, Col., and they make an interesting composition. Mr. Allen also had in his collection a black-tail deer head which measured 38¼in. across the widest spread of the antlers, a phenomenal one. I saw also seven entire skins of cow buffalo, which Mr. Allen says he has had eight years, they being from the last of the Panhandle herd. There was a five-year old bull head, said to be from Charlie Allard's Flatbead reservation herd, and five other buffalo heads, the whole skin of a three-year-old buffalo cow, and entire skins of about all the great North American animals except the musk ox.

Plenty of Buffalo Heads and Robes.

I ran across plenty of buffalo robes in the Northwest, and I believe 50 to 100 robes could be bought in St. Paul without trouble. Many of these are pretty fresh, and there are some very fresh heads, too. A buffalo head is not so hard to buy, if you want it. The Babcock Hardware Co., of Billings, lately advertised quite a number in FOREST AND STREAM, but these were not Park heads. At Missoula, Mont., Emslay was mounting a fine buffalo head, said just lately to bave been killed out of the Allard herd. This bull had been shot square between the eyes. He had been acting sick, and when killed it was found he had lately been shot behind the ear with a .32 bullet. It was thought some of the boys may have done this, because the bull wouldn't drive well in the herding operations.

Heads, Horns and Skeleton.

Speaking of hides, heads and horns and of the past and present and that sort of thing, reminds me of an old, old, weather-beaten buffalo skull I picked up near Columbus, Mont., on the Yellowstone Valley, last April. This old-timer was no doubt killed by the Indians, for the frontal bone is broken in, as if it had been opened for the brains. From tip to tip of its weathered horns it measures 27⅝in., and competent judges say that is very wide. The frontal bone is also very wide. This old relic lay on a meadow in full sight of the road, and Mr. Meigs, one of our fishing party up the Stillwater, said he had seen it there for years. It is now on the wall of the FOREST AND STREAM Western office, in company with the Crow arrows and the Sioux pipe.

Mr. Meigs, seeing me kindly disposed toward skulls and bones, promised to send me a lovely Indian skull, which he said had been lying for a long time on one of the islands of the Yellowstone. "It has a bullet hole right square in the middle of the forehead," said he, and added meditatively, "I saw a fellow riding a horse around here that looked a good deal like the horse that same Indian used to ride." As I still remain shy of that particular skull, I beg to remind Mr. Meigs of his promise to go and hunt it up. I would run that skull in on my grandchildren in great shape, if I had any.

Skis.

I was interested recently by reading the comments of Mr. T. S. Van Dyke on *skis* and *ski* matters. I find it difficult to reconcile a great many of Mr. Van Dyke's ideas with those current in the country where I learned the little I have of *ski* knowledge. For instance, Mr. Van Dyke says a 6ft. *ski* will do for ordinary work as a "cross country or traveling shoe." If he would appear at Fort Yellowstone with so short a *ski* as that, he would be thoroughly laughed at as a tenderfoot, nor do I believe that so short a shoe would do at all in the soft unpacked snow of that country, where even the 10ft. *skis* sometimes sunk 8in. deep into the snow; 8ft. is about the shortest *ski* which is used in that country. They run from that to 10 and even 12ft., although the latter is quite the extreme. Larsen, our Scandinavian *ski* running private, told me that in the old country he had seen a *ski* used as long as 16ft., but this was usually in conjunction with a short *ski* on the other foot, so that the runner could turn about easily. It is a well known fact that with a *ski* and a half a man can make a pretty stagger at getting along.

Mr. Van Dyke's appliances for steadying the heel, by

means of a thin piece of strap iron on each side of the heel, would, I fear, hardly find favor in the Rockies, and I am sure I would not want any of that in mine. The least projection on the shoe catches the snow, and when the snow once begins to stick it increases into a bigger and bigger lump, which becomes sodden and icy as one treads along upon it. As it was, we found a continual trouble from the forming of lumps of snow and ice under the heel on the foot plate, and these we often had to stop and cut off with our knives. A piece of iron on each side of the foot would only aggravate this balling up of the snow, I should think. So, I should think, would Mr. Van Dyke's centerboard appliance. In fact, unless there be some merit in the idea of a piece of untanned hide fastened on the bottom of the shoe with the hair pointing backward (the practicability of which in thawing and freezing snow I seriously doubt), I should think a good many of these notions were like telescope sights and that sort of thing on a hunting rifle. Some may like them, but I wouldn't, and I believe also the average plain Rocky Mountain *ski* runner would rather have just a plain *ski* or a plain rifle with no frills or accordeon plaits.

The statements made by Mr. Van Dyke as to speed attainable on the *skis* no doubt apply to what he calls sleigh track traveling, where I suppose one could get along without sinking down much, even on foot. Of this I know nothing at all, but I don't mind saying that if he has a Swede, Norwegian or anybody else who can go out into the Park country and go 30 miles in 3 hours, 25 miles in 5 hours, or 30 miles in 6 hours, he can break Fort Yellowstone and all Montana, including myself, although I don't live in Montana. The country out there is too much broken and has in it too many climbs to attain such speed, or the half of it. Yet our best *ski* runners out here always said they would rather travel over rolling country than over one that was perfectly level. When we were going down Nez Percé Creek, 8 miles or so of level country, or a little bit better than level, since it was along the water grade of the stream, I think we never reached a speed of 4 miles an hour, nor much if any over 3 miles, but there of course the snow was deep and soft and we sank far down at each step. It would be quite a different thing no doubt on a smooth hard surface where one did not have to break a trail.

When we started on our trip through the Park we made us some nice clogs to put under our feet going up hill, but we threw them all away and finally got so that we rarely ever even stopped to knot a strip of gunny sacking under the foot when taking a steep hill. The idea out in that country seems to be to take the naked *ski* and get along with it without any furnishings other than the straps. There is all the difference in the world between ignorance and experience in getting across country on the plain and unadorned *ski* of the West, but I suppose when you are in Rome it is best to do as Romans do, so I took mine straight when I was out there. In short, this is such a big country that it seems there are sectional differences even in *ski* matters; but I can quite heartily agree with Mr. Van Dyke as to the charm of the exhilarating sport of *ski* running. You must have big hills though, to get the most fun out of it. It is seen at its best in the Rockies. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

On the Border.

AMONG the cleanest, wiriest and best sportsmen of the Rio Grande border can be named Col. William Ferguson, located at Eagle Pass. "Bill," as the writer is wont to call him, knows everything about game, having hunted in every State and Territory of the West and Southwest. He is now hunting smugglers for Uncle Sam, and he says in a recent letter that the crop this year is unusually large, and that before the birds return to the North in balmy spring, he will have several vermin-laden scalps dangling from his belt.

"Bill" says that the duck shooting at Nava is the best he ever saw, and that the black bass fishing at San Juan de Allende (40 miles in Mexico) is a perfect dream. He gives such a glowing description of a recent trip that he has set my blood afire, and some time next month I shall take in both Nava and Allende.

Mallards and Geese.

A Corpus Christi correspondent says: "Not a feather at the Aso. Lots of curlew have presented their bills, but we don't shoot them. We have some fine mallard shooting in the lagoons at the mouth of the Nueces River and plenty of geese in the Loreles Lake, about 50 miles from here."

Port Lavaca.

The duck and geese prospects were never better than this year at Lavaca. Large shipments are received daily at San Antonio and Houston, and the price received by the market-hunters scarcely enables them to buy powder and shot. Good.

A Tragedy.

On the 19th of October there was enacted a bloody tragedy in several acts near San Antonio. A fine six-point buck was shot in the hindquarters by some tyro and the poor animal was then pursued by four fierce hounds. The pack brought the deer at bay in the middle of the Salado River at the crossing on the public road from San Antonio to Austin. In fighting off his enemies, the buck drove one of his forefeet into one of the hounds, pinning it to the bottom until he drowned it. A Mexican living near by came upon the bloody scene, armed with a rope and a pocket knife. He had no trouble in roping the deer and holding it securely until he hacked out its life with the knife. Horrible.

Visitors.

It gave great pleasure to the Southwest wing of FOREST AND STREAM to shake hands with Wm. Wheeler, of Hempstead, Tex., and Jim Stewart, of Galveston, last week. Both gentlemen are sportsmen of note and good people to know.

Plenty of Bear.

Mr. Ferdinand Herff of San Antonio has just returned from a very successful bear hunt off Alpine, Texas. He joined a party at Alpine and, accompanied by a pack of first-class hounds, penetrated in the fastnesses of the west Texas Mountains. They saw plenty of deer, but killed only enough to supply camp. Six bears and three panthers were killed in five days, Mr. Herff killing three bears. He says there is not near as much sport in bear killing as he anticipated. All his former ideas of a hand to hand combat with bruin are abandoned and the animal is killed in the most plebian manner. The hounds are put down at the mouth of a cañon in which flourish a heavy growth of live oaks, the acorns of which Mr. Bruin feeds on. The game is gradually driven up the cañon, and finally the animals seek refuge in the small live oaks or upon some overhanging rocks, from which they are easily knocked off the perch by the Winchester or even the six-shooter method.

Olden Times.

About eighteen miles south of San Antonio are—or rather were—the Greytown lakes. The country surrounding is tilled by Mexicans exclusively, who raise cotton, fodder, etc. A few years ago, according to our most ancient nimrod, Col. Enoch August Dosch, he was in that region shooting deer and turkey. He came upon a party of Mexican women who were washing on the banks of one of the chain of lakes. They were talking loudly and laughing, and he was astonished to see the lake literally covered with hundreds of wild mallards and other ducks. The Mexicans don't hunt game, and the birds seem to know it, and they were not the least bit alarmed at the approach of the hunters, but kept on feeding, just as if they were in the wildest marshes of Manitoba. Speaking of the knowledge of the absence of harm that wild birds seem to possess, the writer has walked within 25yds. of all kinds of ducks that were feeding near the banks of West End Lake, in the city limits of San Antonio. The Greytown Lakes, spoken of above, have been dry for six years, and the wild ducks have been supplanted by cotton and canefields.

Requiescat in Pace.

There is a vacant chair in a San Antonio household. A cheery voice has been hushed; a generous soul has been released from its earthly tenement. Arthur C. Paris, sportsman, gentleman—as noble a fellow as ever pulled a trigger, has been cut down in the full bloom of manhood; a fond mother deprived of her support and two little children were orphaned by his sudden demise on Oct. 27. Arthur Paris's loss to the sportsmen of San Antonio is a serious one, as he was an active spirit in both field and trap shooting; besides being passionately fond of the rod. He was one of the best shots in the city and a cheery, wild west chap, whose presence cast a ray of sunshine wherever he appeared. He was generous to a fault, particularly to strangers; exceedingly hospitable and kind to his friends, whom he never forgot. Thus passed a noble soul, a generous heart, an honest man. He has pressed his last trigger.

Oct. 29.—As my nose sniffed the air this morning a thrill came over me and flock after flock of redheads and canvasbacks appeared (in my imagination). A fine norther is on and I am clutching a telegram from Corpus Christi stating that the bluebills are invading the sacred precincts of Gum Hollow. I shall take the 2 o'clock train. Good-bye. TEXAS FIELD.

A DAY WITH THE BIRDS.

"WELL, Joe, how about our day's gunning?" asked big Jim Mac, one delightful October day, as his round, good-natured face made its entry into my office.

"When shall we go?" I asked, busy calculating how much a load of wheat would come to at so much a bushel, so you may know how long ago it has been, as wheat has not been that price lately.

"How about Wednesday?" And so we determined.

Wednesday came—an October Wednesday—with its frost and bright and clear atmosphere. It was all a sportsman could wish for. I was all ready at 5 o'clock. The dogs, Flora and Sport, made themselves comfortable in the wagon; I took the ribbons and Cecil, the colt, was off with a bound. My fried Mac lived some distance up the street. Out came his big burly form, and with him came his dog Monitor, called after the celebrated battery of that name. Away we went for a six mile drive. The air was delightfully cool and fragrant with the odor of spiceberry and perfumed with the aromatic scent from the pines. Arrived at the farm, we hurried away to the fields. The country was rough and heavy, so we concluded to go slow, but the dogs with a joyous bark and yelp were away down the back lane, on one side of which was a stone fence almost covered with grass, on the other side a ditch full of golden rod and other fall flowers. About half way down this lane was a pair of bars, an entrance to a buckwheat stubble and cornfield. When well out in the field, Sport began to wind his game, which Flora seeing, came to him and both began their march, heads high, sterns low, drinking in what was to them the sweetest aroma in the world. So they go for a long distance as the wind was full in their faces. By this time Mon had seen the fun and began his march and they all three stand most beautifully. Is this not the sportsman's best pleasure to see his dogs stand perfectly free from all jealousy, firm, fast.

I walk in, flush the birds, get my two barrels in, with one bird down. Mac, who shoots from his left shoulder, knocks his birds nicely, but the reports have started a rabbit, and away goes Flora on a picnic after it, while Sport, who is at a charge, looks at me with a whimper of protest against such folly. Amid the confusion we do not mark the birds well down. We get our birds and go but a little way, when out of some bushes ahead and to the right of us springs a pheasant, but out of range. He goes toward the road, right over the bars, and settles down in the gully. Now Miss Flora puts in her appearance and a pretty thing she is, covered with mud, full of Spanish needles and limping. I examine her feet and find them full of sand burs, which I pick out one by one; it is no easy job. By her stampede she has taken at least three hours' good work out of herself. This was her only fault, but she would "break shot" and run a rabbit. I could not break her.

We conclude to hunt the pheasant and start back to find it, and after a time it rises wild; I always found it useless to hunt those birds; they are wild and will not lie for a dog. I have known good sportsmen to take a special day, "just for the fun of it," and give them a fair trial, but have never known more than four or five birds fall to two guns in a day. It don't pay to hunt pheasants, but it is nice to shoot them if you fall in with a lot, to fill the bag.

We now hunt further down the lane, find another "bunch" of birds, as Mac calls a bevy, which rise wild (for the wind is now blowing quite sharply from the west), and no shot. By this time my nerves are strung to the utmost, and our day's sport has a "black eye," which, sponge as we may with hope, will be sore Again we try. Flora in a ravine points. Sport goes to her back; and I go in and out jumps a rabbit, much to my disgust, but I check Miss Flora from running it, which is good and softens the hit on the "black eye." I am now called by Mac, and there stands Mon serenely beautiful on a dead point. This time I hope he will have something. We go up, the dogs back and we flush one bird, which rises to Mac, and which he kills. Another springs, and I miss it clean, out in the open. Black eye worse. These were birds from the first covey and we hunt on, picking up some 10 or 12 of them, which put me in better humor and got us all right side up. The black eye is somewhat better.

At this point Flora and Sport did some of the best work I ever saw dogs perform. The bushes were thick and the grass grown up through them, and into this mess went the last covey flushed in the gulley. Sport came to a point, as also did Flora, and on separate birds. Flora being the nearer, I flushed and killed her bird. They both dropped to a charge when I loaded, the Jip went and pointed dead, which I picked up. Sport at once arose, resumed his point on the bird, which I flushed, and which my friend killed beautifully as it came out to him. How is that for a trained dog—oh! ye kennel men and importers of "blue blood?" The horu now sounded for dinner and we attended joyfully to its summons.

The afternoon became somewhat windy. We worked on, picking up a few birds and alas, alack-a-day, over a point by Mon there rose what we thought was a pheasant and which was stopped in mid air by—but excuse me, I won't say which, only Mac apologized to our hostess for the loss of her golden pheasant pullet. These chickens are very wild and will lie for a dog, and although they will beat the world for eggs they are destructive on gardens and truck and not good for the table.

Mac proposed to go down along the river as he thought we might get some ducks; so bidding adieu to our kind host and his good lady, we started towards home and to the river. Leaving our dogs and team at a barn, we find a dugout. Mac poles and I keep myself busy steadying the thing, and as I am not a waterman, or never was, I think I grew noisy, for just as we turned a point I heard "Hush, hush; there they are." I look and see what I suppose is a flock of tame ducks, and as we had got into one mess, I did not feel like repeating it; but being assured by Mac, and told not to shoot until he said to, I was quiet as a mouse. At last they rose from the water, circled over our heads, and as the "Ready, shoot" came, we put four shots into the bunch of ducks and the dugout put me into the river, plump. "All greenies must be initiated," said Jim with a laugh. But I could afford a ducking as we got 17 bluewing teal. I shivered for a while, I can tell you; but as I was, and am still a good hydropathist, I soon got over it, dried my clothes at a friend's good fire and we started home with a bag of 16 partridges, 17 bluewings, several rabbits and a lot of squirrels killed on the river hills. Going home Mon kept up a big row and I teased Mac about his dog's sweet temper. He would scold and box poor Mon's ears until at last turning suddenly, he caught Sport with Mon's foot in his mouth. Sport did it quietly and slyly, but when the jolting of the wagon would make the dogs touch, Sport would bite him and apparently be asleep when Mac turned. "Ah! Mr. Joe, it is your sweet, amiable dog Sport doing all the mischief," said Jim with a laugh.

The colt Cecil went finely until half way home, when he frightened at a pile of wood. I either had to let him upset the wagon or run him down a steep hill, which I did, and landed him high and dry in a bunch of green briers, and after unhitching the wagon and pulling it away, we had to cut him out, and I made him haul us up the hill. The next morning he was pitted as if he had the small-pox. Mac had the laugh on me, but I always believed he was a little "scart" when going down the hill on a run. Cecil got to going well, and sold for $3,000, which was a big price then for a horse; but I bet he never ran into a green brier bush again. JOSEPHUS.

"Report Your Luck."

BUSHKILL, Pa., Oct. 28.—Down in the store there is a little tin placard nailed to the post, which reads, "Report your luck with rod and gun to FOREST AND STREAM," and though I have been a pretty constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM for the past fifteen years, this is the first time I have accepted the invitation. Even now, I have little luck to report, as the past week has been so very wet; but I thought possibly my fellow readers would enjoy hearing of one more proof of the wouderful sceuting powers of a well bred dog.

While hunting rabbits with Mr. Johu Schoonover, a well known resident here, a couple of quail got up from a clump of bushes to our left, and swung to the right over the bank of the Bushkill, bound for Monroe county. I took a snap shot at the hind one and was confident I saw one of its wings drop down, but though we looked for it faithfully we could not find it, as we had not a dog with us. This was at 10 o'clock in the morning. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon Mr. S. took his old setter Pearl to the spot. She immediately began to road and was gone for fully five minutes when she returned, wagging her tail and bringing the bird in her mouth.

While I was at breakfast this morning a pheasant came sailing on to the lawn, from the woods, within a few feet of the house and strutted about for several minutes until one of the dogs frightened it off. To-morrow evening I hope to have him hanging up in the cellar.

Rabbits are fairly plentiful, but owing to the forest fires this spring pheasants are rather scarce. H. E. D.

Ducks Shot from Boats on Long Island.

BAYVILLE, L. I., Oct. 25.—Having just read one of your articles on law breaking, I would like to speak about it near home. Almost every day since the law has been off ducks, there has been from one to three steam and naphtha launches chasing and shooting ducks. I do not think there is any place in the State where the game laws are so much held at defiance as they are within five miles of here. Ducks are not very plentiful yet but are coming fast. Black ducks are making a good showing on the meadows considering the weather. Three of us got eleven birds two nights ago; though not a very large bag it was all we wanted. BLACK DUCK.

FOR SALE.—One share in Horicon Club of Wisconsin. Greatest duck marsh in America. W. H., care FOREST AND STREAM.—*Adv.*

BOSTON AND MAINE.

NOT all of the hunters who go to Maine are successful, and it is refreshing to find one with the courage to say so, if he has not taken a moose, a deer or a bear. Mr. Geo. H. Lanphier, well known to the newspaper fraternity, is just back from his annual hunting trip. Last fall he went to Maine, and the ffrst or second day of hunting he shot a moose, and also obtained a deer or two, early in the trip. This year his hunting trip has been counted on with a good deal of pleasure. He corresponded with Mr. Edward Jack, well known to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, and decided from that gentleman's representations, to visit New Brunswick. He wanted moose, caribou and bear. Each of these noble game animals is well represented in the Canaan River country that Mr. Lanphier visited. He went to Salsbury, on the Intercolonial Railway, and from that point to the Canaan River. But neither moose, caribou or bear did he get. He was often near moose, judging from their tracks, but he did not succeed in approaching them near enough for a shot. He is satified that moose are plenty in that country; but next year he will wait for snow. He had to pay no license to hunt in that country—a great relief to sportsmen—and the matter of duty on his guns was easily adjusted. Sportsmen from the States are desired, and sensible customs officials are willing to do all in their power to relieve the burdens that the government imposes. Mr. Lanphier says that it is a wonderful game country.

Mr. Claud H. Tarbox, with his friend Bailey, has been out after the birds at Byfield another day. This time they were accompanied by a crack shot; a man who hunts the most of the time when the law is off. They got five partridges and one duck. The crack shot made a couple of real good misses with both barrels; one when the partridge was flying dead ahead. This much surprised him, as well as his friends. They started a large number of birds, but they would not lie to the dog. Their dog came to a point near the edge of a pondhole in a swamp, where the reeds and underbrush were very dense and high. Mr. Tarbox ordered him forward to flush the game, when the shooter was ready. The dog made a bound forward and landed in the middle of the pondhole, in the mud and water. But the bird came up in good style, and fell to one of the guns, a few rods away. The dog got out of his plight in the mudhole and retrieved the bird in good shape. It proved to be a bluewinged teal; and good sense of the dog was proven. He had carefully nosed the bird in the swamp, and come to a point at the right time, though his flushing was rather disastrous.

Mr. L. W. DePass and Mr. E. M. Gillam are planning for a partridge hunting trip to South Acton. Mr. DePass, speaking of coot shooting, mentions a gunner he came across on his gunning trip down on the Cape recently, who had an 8-bore. The usual charge for the weapon is about 5½drs. of powder and a couple of ounces of shot. In one day he got over thirty coot with his gun. His method is to find where they are bedded for the night if possible. Then he gives them his tremendous loads of lead. There is a man down there who pays fifteen cents for all the coot the gunners will bring him. The birds he peddles out through the country at twenty-five cents each, after he has sent all to the Boston market he can dispose of there. He is represented to handle a great many coot in a season. Even the poor coot are destined to fall before the market-hunters.

Among the hunters who have been to Maine for deer, who are willing to speak the truth, there is a complaint that the great majority of deer being killed in that State this year are does. It sounds better among one's friends to mention the "pronged buck" shot, but, alas, the truth told is compelling the hunters this year to say "doe." Out of seven deer seen hung up in Faneuil Market on Saturday not a single buck was to be seen, and I learn that out of something like a dozen received here this fall only one or two bucks have been counted. Of course the marketmen do not admit that the deer they are handling are Maine deer at all, though one did tell me yesterday that "Almost any of the hunters that come back from Maine will sell their deer, especially if the game happens to be of the female persuasion." The unwillingness to sell a buck, if there is really any such unwillingness, may account in part for the great majority of does that appear in the markets here. But the expression of hunters concerning the great majority of does being killed is not explained by that theory.

The attempt is likely to be made in the Maine Legislature this winter to get the beginning of the open season on partridges put forward to Oct. 1 instead of Sept. 1, as the present law stands. The best interests of game in that State believe that the ruffed grouse is doomed if the present early shooting is continued. As has so often been explained, the chicks are in flocks on the first of September, and it is easy for anybody to destroy the whole brood. By Oct. 1 the condition of the young birds has greatly improved, and they have learned better how to take care of themselves. Two well known and very responsible Boston gentlemen, who annually spend a great deal of money in land and water sporting in Maine, have called on me with the urgent request that the FOREST AND STREAM advocate this change in the law upon ruffed grouse in Maine. The gentlemen are Mr. D. H. Blanchard, who did the noble work for the suppression of salmon netting a couple of years ago, and Mr. Harry B. Moore, whose moose and deer stories are familiar to the readers of this paper. I also learn that the Maine Game Protective Association will urge this change in the laws of that State.

D. B. Farewell is back from a Maine hunting trip with two deer. He is also leader in the Press Rifle Team, having made the highest score at one of their recent shoots.

It should have been mentioned in my account of the coot shooting of Mr. G. T. Freeman and Mr. O. W. Whittemore the other day, that they were accompanied by a boy, and one who is very fond of shooting. It was Mr. Warren Hapgood, the founder, of the Monomoy Brant Club, and a gentleman who has always had a great love for sporting with rifle and rod when it can be done in a fair manner. Mr. Hapgood is now 83 years old, but he was called the "boy" of the cooting party at Anisquam.

Big bears from Maine are the order of the day now. One was shown in Faneuil Hall Market the other day weighing nearly 400lbs. It was shot by a Mr. R. G. Wilson, of Cherryfield, in Beech Ridges township, at the head of the Narragaugus River.

The taking of a big bear when jacking deer was the good fortune of a member of the Charlestown Club the other day at Arnold Lake, on the preserve of the Megantic Club. Mr. W. R. Dickey, the crack clay pigeon shot, was the lucky man. The guide was paddling the boat very softly, when he heard some animal out in the lake, so he thought that he could head him off from the shore. He proceeded to do so, telling Mr. Dickey to look out for a deer. Mr. Dickey, as soon as near enough, emptied a couple of charges of buckshot at the head of the bear, as it proved, without the least effect, except to anger him and send him madly after the boat. But he swerved out into the lake, so as to get by the boat. as soon as he saw that he was at a disadvantage in the water. The guide called to Mr. Dickey to use the rifle, which fortunately was in the boat. The bear got by the boat and started for the shore. In attemptiug to get over an old log, partly in the water, he exposed his body, and one bullet was all that was required.

The Charlestown party was remarkably successful otherwise. They took nine deer in all, though the first week of their stay was rough and stormy. But the second was fine enough to bring the deer down to the water. Mr. J. W. Hoffman got a buck estimated to have weighed over 300lbs. Mr. Hoffman says that it was as large as a small caribou. Dr. Heber Bishop is reported to have killed two deer with one bullet; the one standing just beyond the other.

Game Warden Harriman, of Bangor, has made several arrests for hunting deer with dogs, and one Boston party is reported to have paid fines and settled, though the hound used was furnished by a guide. The Boston hunters are much afraid that their names will get into the papers.

Mr. S. B. Woodman is back from his hunting trip in Maine. He is very much pleased, and well he may be. With his friend Bessee and the captain, he enjoyed a most successful trip and several deer were taken, and a bear.

Mr. J. F. Dwinell is one of the most successful partridge hunters that ever visits the Maine woods. He has been to Upton for several seasons. He is just out of the woods with a record of sixty-five birds. He has had Loomin Sargent for guide for many seasons, but this year Mr. Sargent and Steve Morse are trapping, and so Mr. Dwinell took Eldana Brooks, one of the best of the Upton guides. They found the birds more wild and better able to take care of themselves than on former seasons.

It seems that the case of the fining of the Eastport farmers for having parts of a moose in possession in close time has been carried up to the full bench. The case, I understand, was that of the body of a moose lately killed being found in the river. The men prosecuted drew the meat and hide to their homes, and were brought into court for having the same in possession. They swore that they did not kill the animal, and now are anxious to find the man who did. Unless they find this man, the case is likely to cost them something like $100 each, besides the cost of prosecution. SPECIAL.

JACKMANTON, Me.—Messrs. G. E. Greely, O. B. Leport, B. F. Welch and L. W. Johnson killed eleven deer in a week's stay at Penobscot Lake. F. E.

DOWN IN MAINE.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 1.—It has been so long since I have had occasion to use my FOREST AND STREAM pen that I find it has become pretty rusty.

In the "good old days" when the "Nessmuks" were able to get together and out into the country every few weeks, news was quite plentiful, but for a year or two our outings have been few and far between, and this fall when the time for my vacation came around the other members of our party were unable to get away, and I was forced to join in with a new party, and strike into a new country.

I started with no great expectations as to fish and game, but was thoroughly played out and knew that the location selected would offer ample opportunity for rest.

We left Boston one evening, the latter part of September and arrived at Rockland, Me., early the next morning. Here began our trip proper. The morning was perfect, just enough wind to make the sail pleasant and a bright September sun to bring out the vivid green of the thickly wooded shores, dashed with an occasional patch of red and brown or yellow, for the deciduous trees were just beginning to take on their brilliant autumn coloring. Doubtless many readers of FOREST AND STREAM have taken that sail from Rockland to Bar Harbor, and to those I need say no more, but to those unfortunates who have never had that experience let me say that it was one of the most delightful sails I ever took.

From Rockland to Bar Harbor the boat follows the shore line quite closely, threading in and out among the numerous islands, and stopping at a number of such clear, restful, inviting little towns, that one naturally gets to anticipating something quite irresistible when far-famed Bar Harbor shall be reached; for of course Bar Harbor must be the most charming place on the entire coast to draw its lion's share of the summer visitors.

Bar Harbor, as seen from the boat and during a short walk, was the stuffiest-looking place we touched at, though friends tell me its chief beauty lies in the drives leading out into the country. It was the first distinct disappointment of the trip; but then I may be prejudiced. I am not much on resorts any way.

About dusk we arrived at the end of our boat's journey, not at all sorry to land, for the trip beyond Bar Harbor is tiresome, the boat taking more of an outside course. The islands passed are more barren than those we passed earlier in the day.

A stage ride of nine miles took us to the end of transportation except as specially arranged for, and to the town where we were to stop over night. We had letters of introduction to people here who treated us in the kindest manner imaginable, having our supplies all arranged for, also a guide and team to take us into the woods. Early next morning a buckboard drew up in front of the house to take our traps and ourselves, when the road permitted, thirty-five miles further into the bush. The load was packed and strapped securely down and we were off, our host and his son following later in a light hitch and towing the boat. We enjoyed every mile of the trip, though the blueberry plains did get monotonous, and when we pulled up beside a dancing trout stream for dinner, and had the tea boiler steaming, it did seem that we were getting into the woods sure enough. Arrived at camp just before sundown, Ed. and Billy not getting in until long after dark.

The first few days we put in prospecting for deer signs and whipping over the lilypads for trout. Of the signs we found a fair number, and of the trout took enough to keep the spider from growing rusty. We took a number of half and three quarter-pounders and saw other parties take several that would go 2lbs. and better, but we failed to raise any of the big fellows. Sunday we climbed Pleasant Mountain to get the lay of the country. The climb was a "teaser," but the view from the top was well worth the price. We could see a stretch of country extending for miles in every direction, every acre of which appeared to be woodland, dotted with numerous lakes, large and small, from First Lake on the south to where Nicatous stretched its snake-like length away to the north.

What a tremendous stretch of country it was, the field glasses showing no sign of human habitation except our little camp and the Jock Darling camps on Nicatous.

Monday morning the "fine was off" and most of the party tried the burns for deer, but were unsuccessful, although starting a few and getting one or two snap shots. Later we had better luck with them. Partridges were quite plenty, and some one picked up one or two pair about every day while following the old twitch roads to and from the burns. Scarcely a day but we had a fricasee of these plump fellows, though no special effort was made to hunt them; in fact, no especial exertion was made to do anything, our heaviest work being done at the table and behind the old deacon block. From 7 P. M. to 7 A. M. was about the average night's rest, and this was frequently supplemented by a nap after dinner.

You could not do anything up there any more than you can down South. Everything was against it. The old bunk, filled with fresh-cut fir spills, was so soft and fragrant that it was next to impossible to leave it in the morning. Then the coffee was always just the flavor that enticed one to linger for a second or even a third cup, and when you stepped out of doors and looked across the lake to the mountains, growing each day more brilliant as the greens gave way to the brighter tints of red and yellow which the maples and birches were taking on, and drew in long, intoxicating draughts of the balsam-laden air, there was an indescribable something in the ether that softened the savage desire to spill blood, and we would put off till to-morrow the "big hunt."

To-morrow we would get an early start and "soak 'em." But to-day, well, to-day we would smoke. So we lingered longer and slept, and ate, and smoked, and loafed in a way that was good for the soul. And the sun and frost painted daily new landscapes for us to admire.

But one morning we did get started—breakfast at 2 A. M., and up at the inlet before it was light enough to see the landing, a rousing fire to take the chill out of our marrow, a tramp of a mile up to the big burn, and at daylight we were right after them. How we did scour the swamps that morning, drenched to the skin as soon as the sun came up and melted the frost on the grass and brakes, and hungry as bears at our regular breakfast hour, but we were out for horns that day and would not be denied.

By 10 o'clock some of the party had enough and were for looking up the lunchbox, but about that time the Nimrod of the party spied a yearling buck that was topping off a late breakfast just on the edge of the swamp we were preparing to drive, and pulling down on him sent a ball through his hip, but a little too low to break the backbone. He was off like a flash, but with his flag down, and then and there the ball was opened. Talk about deploying as skirmishers. Our column of four executed movements never dreamed of at West Point. We charged that burn with a reckless desperation worthy of a better cause.

Over the rocks and stumps, through the brush, every atom of the old "redskin taint," now nearly extinct through generations of civilization's eradicating influence, was aroused, and no aborigine ever bent himself to the chase with keener impulse than did we as we tore across the burn after that hapless buck. And at last we had him, and the excitement of that one chase repaid us for the whole trip. It lasted probably ten minutes, during which time he had covered a quarter of a mile in his devious course, and when he was bled and hung up to dry out we took account of stock and found ourselves just twenty-one shells short. And all that buck had to show for it was three bullet holes, any one of them a fatal shot. He was not the largest buck we brought out, but he certainly afforded us more hunting than usually accompanies the capture of one deer.

After thoroughly drying him out, packing him two miles to the inlet, paddliug four more to camp, and feasting on heart and liver fried in salt pork fat, garnished with baked potatoes, hot biscuit, fried onions, cranberry sauce and accompanied with a cup of Down East tea, we called the "big hunt" over and dropped back into our old habits of loafing and growing fat.

Not that we literally did nothing, for several trips were made to Cranberry Lake for a sack of the crisp fruit which has made Cape Cod famous the world over, and we "cruised round" in some direction every day. But we were not a hunting crowd, some of us having never been into the woods before; and—well, you all know how it is trying to hunt with people who are not accustomed to the woods. No matter how hard they try to keep "in the hunt," half the time they are lost, and the other half are in no position to get a shot if game is found. When a man has to work his mental motor 30 seconds to decide whether it's a doe or a kangaroo that you have just driven out on to him, and that hesitation costs him an open shot at 20 paces at a doe and fawn on the walk, it is discouraging, yet that was an actual occurrence.

But then, I did not go in any great expectations as to game, and was neither greatly surprised nor chagrined at these "episodes," as "Kingfisher" would say.

All too soon came the day when we must pack up for an early start the next morning, and on getting in one night we found our good old friend Haycock with Ben and the buckboard, ready to take us back to civilization, so called. That last night in camp we made memorable with a mammoth camp-fire, and in the morning Jet and I paddled the canoe down the lake a piece and hid her in the brush, made everything tight about camp, took a farewell look at the mountains, now fairly ablaze with color, and shouldering our guns started on a nine mile tramp over the mountain to where the team picked us up. While at dinner it set in to rain and continued with increasing severity the whole afternoon. About 5 P. M. we arrived, soaked, saturated and nearly frozen, but were soon put to rights by the kind friends who set us up on

the way in, and who had been obliged to leave us at the end of the first week in camp. Did you ever run across people when away from home, and perfect strangers, people from whom you had no moral right to expect more than civility, and yet who used you so well as to make you almost ashamed of your own relatives? Well, that's the kind of people we went to, perfect strangers, and came away glad to call friends. In fact, anyone we met showed us the greatest kindness. That sort of thing makes a vacation kind of pleasant to look back upon.

One thing I noticed with much regret was the local feeling in regard to the game laws, or rather the officers appointed to look after their enforcement. Never did I get into a section where there was such a general expression of the utter unfitness for office, as was everywhere heard regarding the game wardens in that part of Maine, and from their methods of enforcing the law as told by any number of reputable persons, the contempt in which they are held would seem well merited. It was said that this feeling was so strong that the wardens dared not go in the woods alone. My only acquaintance among the Maine wardens was Steve Lowell, of the Rangeleys, a man who would command the respect of any one coming in contact with him, and the drop from honest old "Steve" to what specimens we saw was striking, to put it mildly. We only saw one evidence of dogging and that on our way out. A party of four drove up in front of a hotel with five deer under the seat and two hounds in their laps. No conclusive evidence that they had been dogging of course, but such an open defiance of the laws of the State was disgusting. How a party of men calling themselves sportsmen could parade the evidence of their lawlessness in such a brazen manner is astonishing. What influence can they expect such an example will have on the local hunters who see outsiders coming out of the woods with such a palpable disregard for their laws.

HAL.

NORTH CAROLINA GAME

THE game laws in North Carolina have had an excellent effect. The people of the State, especially in the western section, are law-abiding people and it is rather a peculiar fact that they have insisted strictly and invariably that the game laws be carried out to the very letter. The result is that the game in the mountains of western North Carolina is much larger than it has ever been before, and the general opinion is that the bird crop, so to speak, is much larger than it has ever been before since the war. It is no trouble whatever to flush a dozen coveys within a half-day's hunt, even in the section surrounding the city of Asheville. The birds have been taken care of, and those who have posted their plantations are just now in the position to offer the visitors to Asheville splendid quail shooting. The first flight of woodcock has just taken place. The lowlands along the French Broad River are said to be teeming with this splendid bird, and the hunters are anxious to get a shot at them. The law forbids, however, any shooting in western North Carolina, of woodcock or quail until Nov. 1. The mountaineers bring the news that there is a large quantity of pheasants all over the mountain ranges, and a larger number of deer to be seen this fall than in a long while. Mr. E. P. McKissick, manager of the Battery Park Hotel, Asheville, tells us that he can offer the best class of shooting as he has privileges on a number of plantations around Asheville, being somewhat of a sportsman himself he is prepared to take out parties on his private hunting places on the plantations around Asheville and in the Great Smoky Mountains.

The Swananoa Hunt Club of Asheville has been recently resuscitated. Col. Cox, owner of the Battery Park, has just completed a magnificent club house on the grounds of the hotel, which he has given to the Hunt Club; and besides this he has built a country club house for the club four miles from Asheville on the French Broad River. These two houses will be elegantly fixed up. The club membership is 100, and there is a pack of 35 hounds, most of them having been bought from Rodman and Meadowbrook hunt clubs. Mr. J. S. Churchill of New York has been elected master of hounds, and the Hunt Club will be a great success. During the winter it will give a number of balls which will be the most prominent social functions to be held in Asheville.

Down on the Marsh.

WABASHA, Minn., Oct. 27,—*Hoo, wha-who, wa-who, who-are-you*, was the cry that greeted me in the dusk of evening not long since as I was putting the finishing touches to my abode down in the woods by the wild rice marsh. Stepping out of the tent I recognized my large round-eyed friend sitting on a limb not far away.

"Never mind who I am," I answered, "I've known you and your ancestry for many generations back, for not a year out of twenty-five have I missed camping in this marsh; and I never harmed a feather of your heads."

Ke, ke-ke, ke-ke, kar-ke-war, said another not far away.

"Yes, it's war. War on ducks, but not a war of extermination. Quality, not quantity, is what we are after and a few fat mallards will fill the bill. Now, keep up your racket all night. It's music to my ears, as a cowbell would be to one when lost in the wilderness. We'll get a FOREST AND STREAM plank and put it up in the tree for you to hoot and dance around on; and on it will be inscribed 'No shooting for market and no spring shooting.'"

"Them's my sentiments." And as the darkness came on I could hear my big-eyed friends talking the matter over.

H. B. J.

To Make Small Shot Shoot Like a Ball.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.—I have just finished reading Mr. Wilkins's experience with the lion in the White River jungle and have often read of sportsmen meeting large game when they had only bird shot to shoot, and thought that I would mention that providing one has time to fix it a shell loaded with small shot can be made to do good work at 30yds. Take jack-knife and cut around the shell between powder and shot, not quite cutting all the way through the shell, and shoot from the cylinder barrel. The front half of the shell will leave the barrel with the shot held between the wads and cardboard and will bore a hole its exact size through an inch board at from 20 to 30yds. like a single ball without a shot scattering. It would make bad medicine even for a lion.

L. O. CRANE.

The New Jersey Duck Cases.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I presume that it would be of interest to you and your readers to know exactly the points on which Judge Dixon and others endeavor to escape the penalty for having shot ducks from a steam launch in Greenwood Lake. I presume the New York papers have informed you of the motion made by Warren Dixon in behalf of his father and the other defendants, this motion being to dismiss. The motion was refused by the justice, whereupon Warren Dixon handed the justice writs of certiorari carrying the cases to the Supreme Court, of which Judge Dixon is a member.

The points of law insisted upon by Warren Dixon and Mr. John Harding, counsel for the defendants, were the following two:

First—That the justice had no jurisdiction. Sec. 36 of the game law of 1893 provides "that such justice of the peace, district court or police magistrate in any city, upon receiving proof by affidavit or affidavits of one or more persons of the violation of any of the provisions of this act, is hereby authorized, etc." Counsel claimed that Justice Senior had no jurisdiction as he had no proof. The affidavit on which the warrants were issued set forth that the affiant, the warden of the county, "on information and belief," swore that the law had been violated. Counsel contended that the justice must have absolute proof of an offense before he can issue a warrant.

Second—That the complaint did not state where the offense was committed. The section of the law violated reads as follows:

> That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to sail for, to shot or shoot at any goose, brant or duck from any boat or boats, vessel or vessels, propelled by steam or sail, etc.

The language of the complaint is that the defendants did "in the State of New Jersey, county of Passaic and township of West Milford sail for wild duck and shoot at one wild duck." Counsel claims that although it is apparent that it is charged that the sailing for was done in West Milford township there is nothing to show that the shooting at was done in New Jersey, or anywhere within the jurisdiction of the courts of New Jersey.

When Reuben Wells, one of the accused, was arraigned, he laughed at the matter and told the justice that he would send him his check for the fine and costs at any time he saw fit; as the justice himself said, Mr. Wells pleaded *non vult*. But Mr. Wells said that he would do as the others implicated did, and so his case has gone to the Supreme Court.

Only one of the cases against De Graw was certified to the Supreme Court, that being the case in which he is charged together with Judge Dixon and the others. On the other case counsel made a motion to dismiss on the grounds stated above; this was denied by the justice and the case adjourned for one week. Counsel in this case has expressed it as his intention to fight the case in the Common Pleas. From the number of witnesses produced by the warden, counsel apparently feels convinced that De Graw will be convicted before the justice, wherefore counsel deems it better to try the case on appeal before a court of which Judge Inglis is one of the three judges.

A Massachusetts Side-Hunt.

WEST CHELMSFORD, Mass., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Thinking it might interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to read of the result of the twenty-first annual hunt of the Tyngsboro Gun Club, of Tyngsboro, Mass., I inclose a list of the game killed during the three weeks the hunt has been in progress and which was brought in on the evening of Oct. 27, the last day of the hunt. To one who has been conversant with these hunts for several years it seems like an unnecessary slaughter, and contrary to the interest of true sportsmanship and to the interests of lovers of hunting. During the three weeks of the hunt so much is destroyed by decomposing and so much is thrown away finally that the game is being fast exterminated in our section, and it would seem uselessly.

Why would it not be a good idea to abolish such hunts, and permit the game to develop and increase, and as the years roll along we should all see the good results of such action by securing more and better game.

Incidentally, let me say, that the above-mentioned hunt was for a supper, sides being chosen, and the losing side to pay for the supper. The game killed consisted of 4 foxes, 3 minks, 6 coons, 1 crane, 49 partridges, 1 weasel, 29 woodcock, 6 ducks, 37 hawks, 4 owls, 1 kingfisher, 325 crows, 35 gray squirrels, 47 muskrats, 262 jays, 2 snipe, 65 red squirrels.

H. A. F.

Fox Up a Tree.

I HAVE heard the question of foxes climbing trees discussed for fifty years, but very few believe that they will. I have claimed that the gray fox would when pressed by dogs, but not until recently did the opportunity occur to settle the question without any doubt.

On the night of Oct. 11 David Quinlan, William Watson, C. U. Fowler and myself, with two dogs, drove from Getty Square, Yonkers, N. Y., out to Bryn Mawn Station on the New York & Putnan R.R. When let loose the dogs immediately took a trail of what we supposed was a coon. After about three-quarters of an hour's run the supposed coon treed. The tree was a straight, perpendicular one, about 30ft. high and stood in a pond of water waist deep. One of our party stripped and walked in the water to the tree, and shot the supposed coon, but when the shore was reached with the game it proved to be a gray fox. This settles it.

P. U. FOWLER.

A Report from New Jersey.

ALLENWOOD, N. J.—The prospects in and around this section are about as follows: Owing to the scarcity of nuts, gray squirrels are so greatly scattered through the timber that their number seems to be much smaller than commonly, or else they are much scarcer than they have been during a number of years back, for I have still-hunted with rifle very carefully for them several times and have succeeded in getting at the most only from two to three each day. According to the reports of local hunters and others besides and also according to my own observations, quail and rabbits are far more numerous than has been the case for several years. Pheasants are about as plenty as commonly around here and also over in the adjoining county (Ocean). So taking it altogether the prospects for gunning this fall are rather above the average.

A. L. L.

A Generous Louisiana Game Supply.

BURNSIDE, La., Oct. 30.—This is going to be a remarkable season for game in this section of Louisiana. The spring and summer have been very dry, ruinously dry for every crop except the quail crop. The quail have hatched out two broods almost without exception, and there has been a large crop of peas, so there has been plenty of food to make the birds fat and strong. I will not be able to do any shooting until after our grinding season, then I anticipate some very fine quail shooting. The weeds will be killed down by then, and the weather cooler for the dogs.

A letter from my friend Dr. Perkins of North Louisiana tells me that the crop of quail was never so large as this year, but the weather is so dry that little work is to be gotten out of the dogs as yet. Last year I shot for three miserable, cold and rainy days with him on his farm, and notwithstanding the weather, we managed to bag some 150 quail. Then too, the birds were found mostly in the woods, which made the shooting rather difficult. I am looking forward to great days of shooting with my old cylinder bore quail gun up at the Doctor's place.

I also hear that there are plenty of quail in the parish of New Iberia. In fact there are plenty all through Louisiana this season. Snipe I don't know so much about, as I have not had an opportunity to get into any snipe country; but a letter from Mr. Walter Anderson of New Orleans tells me that on the 13th he bagged 43 snipe at Chef Menteur. Some fine snipe shooting was had last March by Anderson and myself over in Acadia Parish. I am not posted as to ducks yet; but see a good many hanging up in the market, mostly bluewing teal.

This has been a most remarkable year for squirrels. Where have they all come from? They have been killed by the hundreds around here. I have been out four mornings and have shot sixty-five; the swamps are overrun with them. But with our dense foliage and the gray moss it takes a keen and practiced eye to make out a squirrel; so it is not so easy to make a good bag of them as one would think. There are some deer sign to be seen, and one very big track we have noticed, and when we have had a rain and some cold weather we hope to have a good chase after his highness.

Strange to say I have seen some bear tracks; we don't often see bear down here. There is a big dogwood thicket on the edge of the plantation that a bear or bears have almost demolished. The bears climb the little dogwood trees until by their weight they bend them over or break them; then they sit around on the ground and eat the berries from the broken tops. We have no bear dogs. So I don't think we will kill one next winter; I hate the idea of trapping the poor beast. Wildcats we have, a plenty of them, and we will have some glorious chases with our young pack of hounds. We have lost several hounds from rattlesnake bite; this has been a great year for rattlers, for there was no crevasse to drown them out. And there have been a good many alligators and they are quite partial to dog meat.

The outlook for sport this winter is very fine.

W. P. M., Jr.

Preparations for Camp Nine.

SAND LAKE, Mich.—The author of "The melancholy days have come," could never have been a lover of the sports of the field and forest, for as our open season for deer approaches (Nov. 5 to 25) one would judge by the animated looks and consultations among the boys of our party, that melancholia enters very little into the spirit of the occasion.

You will learn by listening, that the rifles have been tested to the satisfaction of the owner, the camp stove set up to ascertain its qualities as a baker, the tent overhauled and the hole in the northeast corner neatly patched, application made for hunters' tickets, and all of us forgetting for a few days the work and worry of eleven months of the year, are looking forward to the period of glorious sport which for eight consecutive seasons we have enjoyed together.

The barrel of Northern Spies are ready, another of potatoes, cabbage, beans, etc., and those will be sent ahead by freight. Our cook will join us at Reed City, and leaving home at 8 A. M. we will be settled and will take supper in camp the same evening.

The stories of that old camp in Lake county would fill a volume, and every hill and jack pine grove could tell of wondrous running hits at forty rods, and more of humiliating misses "dead still" at six.

Thanks to our protective laws, the deer are still plenty in portions of the Lower Peninsula, and will increase if the law against hounding is observed. One more should adorn our statute books, providing that no game or game fish should be sold. Deer carcasses are now being bought by the hundreds in the Upper Peninsula at five cents per pound.

Last season was our most successful one, our party scoring eleven deer and one bear. We will write again on our return.

JIM.

[We shall be glad to receive the promised report.]

Central New York Shooting Notes.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Gray squirrels have been more plentiful in central New York counties the present year than for a number of years. Court Bellis, of this city, is credited with a score of twenty-one grays and one black squirrel in a single day's outing at West Danby. From six to fifteen may be put down as an ordinary day's shooting.

Local gunners assert that not in a good many years have English snipe been found in such large numbers as at present. The marsh gunners, however, are not enthusiastic over the duck shooting at this end of Cayuga Lake.

The unexpected so often happens in gunning pursuits, as in other pastimes, that Mr. Art Miller, of this city, calmly tells me, with the air of a man who considers it an everyday occurrence, that one day recently, while in quest of the elusive squirrel tribe in the wilds of Danby, he picked and ate wild raspberries from a bush on which were found blossoms in profusion and unripe and ripe berries in plenty. All this in mild, middle October days.

M. CHILL.

Still-Hunting.

THE need of a good still-hunting boot aside from the Indian moccasin, has long been felt, and it will therefore be good news to many hunters to hear that one has at last been supplied. The advertisement of this boot will be found elsewhere. It is made on the principle of a moccasin, but with durable soles of tanned cowhide, which by a new process are rendered soft, flexible and waterproof. As this boot possesses the good qualities of the moccasin without its disadvantages it is sure to prove very popular.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

THREE DAYS ON LONG KEY.

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla.—We made up a party for a three days' outing on Long Key, which divides the Gulf of Mexico from Tampa Bay. There was Dr. G. F. Wright, of Denver, Col., who was brought here ten days ago so nearly dead that we thought he had come only to die, was one of the party. The Doctor has gained 14lbs. since his arrival at St. Petersburg. With the Doctor came his friend (and nurse) Mr. Ed. Marsh from Chicago. The fourth was Mr. H. V. Leaycraft, who owns a summer hotel on the top of the Catskill Mountains; and lastly myself from Fort Dodge, Ia. For crew we had a cracker of the deepest dye as captain, and a young Spaniard, who served both as sailor and cook. We chartered a 40ft. oyster schooner that had a stuffy little cabin about 7ft. square, and 4ft. high, with two small ports on each side for air and light. There were two berths in the cabin. These berths were 6ft. long, 2ft. high and 2ft. wide. We called these "state rooms."

We had a fine run down the bay, in which we saw a large number of porpoises feeding from a school of mullet. The meal was evidently nearly over, for they were sporting with their victims. A porpoise would run his long nose under a fish, flip it two or three feet into the air, and with his strong jaws and sharp teeth catch and cut the mullet in twain, as if done with a sharp knife.

Many pelicans and sea gulls hovered over this field of slaughter, picking up the pieces that the porpoises left; and then came the great scavengers of the ocean, the shark, which can smell fish blood from a great distance, and cleaned up what the birds could not carry away.

We arrived at the entrance of Pass à Grille (which divides Long Key from Pine Key) at sundown, but as the Pass was narrow and dangerous, the Captain anchored in the bay for the night. After supper the Captain loaded his pipe and between the whiffs began to talk. To a Northern man seeking recreation, the Floridian skipper is entertaining in the highest degree; for, ask him any question (however profound) about the stars above or the earth below, and he will never say, "I don't know," but will always have an answer ready, though it be—as it generally is—a roughguess.

A misty cloud near the northern horizon hid the big dipper, as well as the pole star. One of the party asked the Captain to point out the north star. The Captain pointed to a star in the northeast, and, to demonstrate more clearly, he took a fish rod and pointed out a seven-star dipper from the constellation of the Great Bear, bringing the two pointers of his dipper to bear upon his new-found pole star. Who would feel unsafe with a navigator that could carve out a seven-star dipper and establish a new pole star, with no other instrument than a bamboo pole? One of the boys lit a match, looked at the compass and pointed his finger due north, showing the Captain's north star beaming southeast. The Captain went to the binnacle, verified the report, and seemed much chagrined at his stellar collapse.

Some one spoke of a large alligator that they had seen at Jacksoville, when the Captain again "put in his oar." He had killed a 'gator that was 14ft. long, and had taken from his enormous stomach one bushel of horseshoe crab shells, and two bushels of feathers. We could understand why the crab shells were there, but how did the feathers get into this monster's stomach? He said that the 'gators would make a sneak under water and capture wild ducks and loons, and as the flesh would be digested long before the feathers the most enterprising 'gator would have the largest stock of feathers on hand. He said the alligators would dig holes in the bank and there live, "year in and year out;" and these holes he called 'gator dens. He had driven sticks across the mouth of the den of the 14ft. 'gator, and had then dug a hole down from above, when he shot the monster with a rifle.

A few days before he had taken a canoe out into a deep bayou where he caught a young 'gator, which called loudly for its mother. He saw the water boil, as a large female alligator charged on the canoe. He threw the baby overboard and saved a capsize, and possibly his life.

At sunrise we crawled up on deck, finding everything covered with a heavy dew. We got under way and sailed up the pass, which is long and narrow, until we came to an old dock, where we anchored. Mr. Leaycraft made one cast with a minnow net and caught enough bait for two hours' fishing.

We put a mackerel's head on a large hook and made a cast about 60ft. from the dock, when a grouper took the bait and started off across the pass. The Doctor let him run until 100ft. of line had run out, when he struck, and soon reeled him in so that we could see that we were sure of fish enough for breakfast. The grouper made a good fight and tried to get under the dock, but the Doctor soon landed him on deck, where the cook met him with frying pan and knife. He weighed 8lbs., and made a meal for the whole party.

After breakfast we fished from the schooner and dock, and within one hour we had caught twenty-five mackerel and five grouper.

The Spanish mackerel (next to the pompano) stands at the head of all salt water fish for beauty. They are graceful in outline, with long tapering bodies, and covered with tiny transparent scales, that when first caught reflect rainbow colors; but every scale falls off at death, and the beautiful colors fade out, leaving the fish as smooth as a brook trout. They have the flavor of the regular mackerel, but are less oily than the northern fish.

As the fish did not bite after dinner, we went up the beach after shells and gathered a large quantity; some rare and beautiful. We saw jelly fish and sea horses, stranded on the sand, and many coon tracks on the beach, where they had been looking for turtle eggs, of which they are very fond.

Our captain promised us a brown conch stew for supper. He put an old greasy and rusty kettle on the fire, put in some salt pork and fried the fat out, then added water and flour and stirred the same until the rust and grease had become well mixed, which was the secret of making the brown color to the stew. Then he added fish, potatoes and onions, cut up in small cubes, and boiled the whole conglomeration for forty minutes, when the stew was done. He then poured the "brown stew" into the wash basin, from which we were to be served, and called all hands to dinner. We made various excuses, and the "brown stew" was left to the captain and cook, who ate the whole mess with great relish.

That evening we built a camp-fire near an old house, and Mr. Leaycraft told us some stories of his early life in New York city. He had held down a clerical seat in the city hall, had been a private detective and had served two or three years on the Police force. While in this he was stationed near the docks, and part of his duty was to look out for river thieves. Many schooners and canal boats had been robbed by an adept thief named "Slippery Jack," whom no officer could capture. A scheme was devised to capture this "wharf rat" and Mr. Leaycraft was detailed to work it up. He went aboard a schooner that had just anchored out in the stream, and secreted himself in the cabin, sending the captain and crew ashore just before dark, thus leaving the craft actually unguarded. About 10 o'clock at night he heard a bump under the stern, and soon a man whom Leaycraft recognized as "Slippery Jack" forced his body half through one of the cabin windows. Leaycraft grabbed the thief by the collar, which gave away, and the fellow—true to name—slipped back into his boat and sculled rapidly away.

Leaycraft ran on deck, and drawing a bead on the fugitive ordered him to come back; but he kept on sculling, and Leaycraft fired. The man then threw up his hands, fell from his boat and went down. Leaycraft went to headquarters and reported that he had killed "Slippery Jack." The next day the papers had an account of the transaction, and congratulated the captains of schooners and canal boats that the King of Wharf Rats was dead. Not long after this a thief caught in the cabin of a canal boat was recognized as "Slippery Jack," who said he had not been struck by the shot from the schooner, but had played possum by diving under his boat, coming up on the off side and floating safely away with the tide.

The next day we took our rods and went up the pass to a narrow inlet, through which the incoming tide was running like a mill race, and standing on a point of sand, made casts and reeled in the Spanish beauties until we had captured forty, when the tide became slack and the fishing was over for that day. We returned to the schooner, where the cook had been watching a set grouper line since morning. We were just in time to see the line straighten out. At the proper time the cook struck and the astonished grouper made a fine fight for his liberty. He tried to run under the schooner but was checked; then he jumped clean out of the water and tried to shake the hook from his mouth; then he ran under the dock and wound the line twice around a pile. Mr. Marsh took the shore end of the line back around the pile and hauled him up, hand over hand, on to the dock, when he began to jump and shook the hook from his mouth. Mr. Marsh fell upon the fish, holding him with both hands and knees, and called loudly for the hatchet, which the Doctor produced, and the 24lbs. grouper was dispatched and secured. The meat of the grouper is hard, white and very free from bones, and while they are not to be compared with pompano, red snapper, or Spanish mackerel, they are far better than the northern carp, pickerel or red horse.

We trim our sails for home, where we distribute our fish among friends.

We caught two hundred mackerel, seven large grouper, and brought them home in fine condition. R. P. BELL.

A DAY WITH THE FLATFISH.

S. MET me the other day and remarked, "The flatfish are running up the bay now. What do you say, shall we try them some day next week?"

"Agreed," said I, "Cad and I will come down in the morning and take breakfast with you."

That night I overhauled my tackle, strapped the little rod on my wheel, set the alarm clock for an early hour and was soon dreaming. It seemed about fifteen minutes when the racket commenced and I crawled out of bed, groped around for a match, lit the gas, slipped into my old duds and stole down stairs for a cup of coffee, and then slinging the fish basket over one shoulder, mounted the bike and started for C.'s My, but it was chilly. A heavy fog hung over everything. The city streets were deserted by all save a sleepy "copper" and a stray cat. C. roused up, we were soon on the way to Pawtuxet. The sun was gradually rising over the housetops. The fallen leaves were frosty and glistening in the morning light, and cracked as the pneumatics rolled lightly over them. Our fingers tingled a little as they grasped the cold handle bars, but the invigorating exercise, stimulated by the cool air and the prospect of a good day's outing, sent the warm blood rushing through the body. Oh, ye brother anglers and shooters, go on a wheel to your sporting grounds. Nothing like it. You don't sit cramped in a wagon with your blood frozen in your veins. Down the road we sped, joking and story telling, until we reached the little red cottage on the banks of the cove. There was no one around. It looked deserted. A loud banging on the door, however, brought a grunt from within, and later the door opened and the smiling face of S. appeared.

"Good-morning, boys," he remarked. "Got here early enough, didn't you."

"Yes," replied C. "Art here must have been up all night. Came around to the house just after I got to bed."

"Well," said S., "we'll have breakfast."

This over, we took the boat and started for the Flats, where we anchored, but fished without success. We then pulled over to the ledge, catching nothing but chogsets. Then down to Seal Rock, where the sport began.

Probably all of our salt-water fishermen have caught flatfish, but for the benefit of those inlanders who may at some future time have a chance to fish for them, perhaps a little description of the tackle used would not be out of place. A light rod is the best. Mine was a 10oz. bass fly-rod, but one tip was broken, and cutting it off and fitting a three-ring top, I have what I call a good rod for this fishing. We use braided linen line for salt-water fishing, considering that it will stand best. Some use a leader as for scup and some a brass wire spreader. I generally fasten a sinker, and by the way a good sinker of about the correct weight in a moderate tide, I found was a rifle bullet with a small screw eye fastened to its end. I use my condemned .38-180 bullets. The sinker is fastened to the end of the line and the hooks above it, thus by allowing the sinker to rest on the botton one can more easily feel the slight bite of a small fish. As I have noticed that flatfish are sometimes found directly feeding on the botton, and at other times off the bottom, I generally arrange so that one hook shall hang below the sinker and one or two above.

A small hook, say a No. 6, 7 or 8 Carlisle to double gut is the proper thing for flats and scup, although when using a handline for tautog, I have caught both these fish on a good-sized Virginia, but as they have a small mouth and nibble, a smaller hook will catch them quicker.

Well, C. took first meat—a good flatfish. S. followed with another; then C. landed two. It rather looked as if I was to be left, keeping up my reputation as a Jonah when first starting in. But a couple became tangled on the hooks, and then the fun began. Out they came by ones and twos. The fish bag over the side soon became filled, and then a big basket. It began to get monotonous, and as we were getting hungry again S. suggested we quit and get home.

As we passed up the channel we were hailed by a number of boats, and when we showed the catch all hands pulled up and headed for the rocks. TODE.

THE LOCH LEVEN TROUT.

I HAVE received the following letter from Dr. J. D. Quackenbos about the Loch Leven trout which requires no comment from me, as he writes from personal experience and his own convictions upon the subject. Certain it is that there is something queer about this fish, and surely Dr. Quackenbos makes a very excellent argument against those whom I quoted in my notes in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 6 that contend that the Loch Leven is simply the brown trout. Since my notes were printed Mr. W. de C. Ravenel, acting assistant in charge of the Division of Fishculture of the United States Fish Commission, has written me that in the experience of the Commission it has been impossible to distinguish between the Loch Leven and the brown trout except it was known in which ponds the fish were reared. A. N. C.

Mr. A. N. Cheney:

In your communication of Oct. 6 to FOREST AND STREAM, you state that possibly I may wish to reverse my opinion regarding the classification of the Loch Leven trout—an opinion formed deliberately while I was at the loch, and supported by that of many British anglers whom I have the honor of knowing. I thank you for giving me the opportunity to make public any change in my convictions; but I am still of the same mind. That is, I believe the Loch Leven trout to be a different species of *Salmo* from the yellow *fario* that inhabits every burn and fattens in every mill-pond in Scotland. I regard it as the descendant of an anadromous fish that was seagoing within the present century. Sea fishes originally had access to the loch; flounders were caught there almost within the memory of living men; and there can be no doubt that this fish, which inhabits the Forth to-day, ascended annually from the Firth, before the age of dams and bleacheries, to spawn in the inlets of Loch Leven and feed upon its luscious crustacea. Tradition credits its presence in other Scottish lochs to the fathers of the church, who, being restricted to a fish diet during many days of the year, were active in planting choice foodfishes, among them this delicious sea-run trout and the toothsome grayling from the continent.

The Loch Leven ova that I imported in 1887 were hatched and placed in my brooks at Soo-Nipi Park. The fry certainly did not develop into *Salmo fario*, for a brown trout has never been seen in any of the lakes or brooks of the Sunapee system. But so like are the young and adult Lech Levens to our landlocked salmon, that many anglers believe a Loch Leven trout is often fast when the exciting cry of "Salmon! salmon!" from the fishing fleet greets the first frenzied leap of a supposed ouananiche pierced by the lucky steel. One Scottish authority unhesitatingly declares the Loch Leven trout to be a landlocked salmon dwarfed to its present proportions in its shallow miniature ocean. But I believe it to be a landlocked sea trout. With its purplish silver back and silvery sides starred with X and XX spots, it so closely resembles the well-known migratory *Salmo trutta*, that foreign experts commonly fail to distinguish between the two fish. The fin-ray formula is identical in each. Moreover, sea trout that have been confined in fresh water are absolutely indistinguishable from the true *Fario levenensis*.

The theory that the differences observable in the two trouts of Loch Leven are due to differences of food or residence is hardly tenable. Every one is aware that trout by the divine law of adaptation, instinctively put on the tint that harmonizes with their environment. I have known our American brook trout entirely change its coloration in twenty minutes. But no one ever heard of a trout's losing all his fighting qualities or running from a lake into a brook; or on returning from brook to lake, of exchanging his round, red haloed spots for black crosses, doubling the number of his cæcal appendages, modifying his fin-ray formula, altering the shape of his maxillary and generally refining his form, and doffing the red tips of his adipose fin—a marking never lost by the brown trout. As soon believe the saibling of Sunapee will become a brook trout if taken up the Pike stream and fed on grasshoppers, or that a Chinaman will lose his almond eye and musky pig-tail by swapping his native diet of rice and rats for Yankee crustacean salads. Both species of trout live side by side in Loch Leven, subjected to precisely the same influences. Why do not all lose their silver and stars (if all are brown trout), and why are not all structurally the same? Dr. Parnell, Yarrell, Sir John Richardson and Dr. Günther have answered these questions by pronouncing *Fario levenensis* an independent species.

But finally, dear brother of the angle, and most effectually, there is as much difference between the killing of one of these sublime fish and the suffocating of an ordinary brown trout as there is between the conquest of our ouananiche and the potting of a sucker. In full view of the castled isle of Mary Stuart, one casts his delicate flies deftly knotted on the most invisible of gut. As he floats toward the suggestive ruin, the scenes in Queen Mary's eventful life flit before him—from her youth whose rare beauty is immortalized in the Orkney portrait, to the beginning of the end, when, charged with complicity in the murder of Darnley, she was committed to Loch Leven Castle in 1567; to her escape the following spring with the aid of "Little Douglas," who yielded to the power of her resistless charms; to the revolting murder that closed her career in 1587, and the agony so inimitably expressed in the livid pallor and contracted features of the Abbotsford painting of the Queen's head after decollation—but look! that gleam through a wave's crest! that flash of

bluish silver beneath the flies, like the sudden blaze of an old mine stone! Instinctively your wrist turns and the barb of your tiny hook is set in the lip of a 1½lbs. Loch Leven trout. The moment you have dreamed of for years has come at last. Be cautious, for your tackle is refined to the utmost, and your fish is the prince of finny diplomats. His first rush is toward the drifting boat. "Catch the pirn!" cries the watchful oarsman, and in response you reel madly on the slack and lead your fish successfully past the bow. Who but a lover of the angle can conceive of the exalted thrill which accompanied the rush of that trout at the descending "teal and red"—who else, that erethism, short-lived, unearthly, that electrified every nerve in your frame as you twisted the steel into his jaw and felt him "fast"—that concentration of delight in the struggle that followed, wherein the noblest fish that God has made matched his brute intellect, perhaps his manifold experience, against your reason and art; wherein your wand-like Leonard gracefully responded to his desperate leaps for life, and arched in perfection to his wild circles. Who but an angler knows of the sweet calm that followed victory, as you tenderly placed your dying captive on the skiff bottom, and wearied by the excitement, sat down to watch his brilliance fade, with the feeling that if your life were forthwith to end, you had not altogether lived in vain.

May I entertain the hope that some day you—the dear companion of many a happy outing—will fish with me over the shoals of the storied loch; for I know that an introduction to the capricious, sharp-eyed, quick eared beauty himself must convert you from the stupid theory that makes him one with the good-natured, slow-going, worm-loving synthesis of ocellated spots, and yellow netherness, and orange fins. JOHN D. QUACKENBOS.

ANGLING NOTES.

Salmon in Lake Champlain.

FISH COMMISSIONER JOHN W. TITCOMB, of Vermont, writes me: "I recently heard a report that landlocked salmon had been taken in Lake Champlain, and that Walter Button, who keeps the lighthouse near Burlington, was conversant with the facts in the case. I wrote him and received in answer the reply which I send you with the inquiry whether you have heard anything about this, and whether you believe there is anything to it."

Mr. Button states the case as follows: "I am in receipt of yours referring to landlocked salmon. The salmon was taken in April, 1894, with a spear by a man living about one mile north of Port Kent, N. Y. The dressed weight of the salmon was 12½lbs. This man saw others of about the same weight. I think this fish was taken near the mouth of the Au Sable River, and I also think it is not generally known in that locality that any salmon has been taken."

I had not heard of this particular fish mentioned by Mr. Button, and it is not at all probable that it was a landlocked salmon, as the first of this species planted in the tributaries of Lake Champlain were planted on the Vermont side of the lake in November, 1891, and they would scarcely grow to a dressed weight of 12½lbs. in three years. The fish was, without doubt, a sea salmon, and it is not unusual to find sea salmon in Lake Champlain, on the New York side, as the result of planting fry in the Saranac River. In FOREST AND STREAM June 2, 1894, in a note under the head of "Salmon from Lake Champlain," I mentioned that two salmon were killed at the mouth of the Saranac, and 10 or 12 others were seen. The same note told of a number of plants of salmon fry made on both sides of the lake.

Only a few hours after I received Mr. Titcomb's letter, about Port Kent fish, Mr. J. W. Burdick, general passenger agent of the D. & H. R R., wrote me from Albany as follows: "It will interest you to know that on Monday last I obtained authentic information of a sea salmon approximating about 20lbs. weight, having been seen in Lake Champlain, near Westport, this season. The fish was not caught, but Mr. Bishop, the man who saw it, is an intelligent and careful naturalist and says there is no question whatever as to the identity of the fish."

Plants for Ponds and Color for Boats.

Mr. Edwin Hallam sends me another letter containing these queries: "I have just read your researches on the Loch Leven trout printed in FOREST AND STREAM. In the latter part of the article you mention some plant food for the trout family. Will you in some of your future notes in FOREST AND STREAM give the common English names of some of the plants, how and where to plant them, whether the seed or roots and character of bottom where grown?

"Here is another and perhaps foolish query, at least it so appeared to me when I first heard of it; but I would like your opinion on it. In lake and river fishing, does the outside color of the boat used have any influence in scaring the fish? In other words, if a boat is painted white outside would it be more likely to frighten fish than one painted lead color or some neutral tint? I have known fishermen who will not go fishing in a boat that is painted white on the outside if they can obtain any other."

To answer the last question first I may say that I have known fishermen who would not go fishing unless the "sign was right" and the two men would contend for a different sign. In fact, old Jake Hutcheson at Sunapee Lake swears by one "sign" on one day and another "sign" on another day, depending upon his success. He changes so easily and so frequently that I think during the year he must swear by all the signs of the Zodiac. I think Jake would be just the man to tell about the proper color to paint a boat. Personally, I have never concerned myself about the outside of the boat from which I fished. If it was dry inside and reasonably safe it was enough. However, now that I think of it I believe I have fished more from boats white or very light color outside than from boats of any other color, and I do not believe the color makes any more difference to a fish than it does whether you smoke a five cent Grabiola or a twenty-five cent Perfecto when you sit in the boat.

In my reference to aquatic plants for trout waters I did not mean to be understood that the plants themselves were to serve as food for trout, but rather that the water vegetation supported the food of the fish. Livingston Stone says: "Water plants consume carbon and return oxygen. Trout consume oxygen and return carbon. By putting plants and fish together, therefore, we avail ourselves of one of nature's great universal agencies, in balancing vital forces against each other, and maintaining the equilibrium on which the continuance of organic life depends."

While aquatic plants are most desirable in trout waters, great care should be exercised to introduce only those that are desirable, for there are many that are wholly undesirable. Mr. Armistead, of the Salway Fishery in Scotland, recommends water lobelia and water quillwort. "The water quillwort does well in water any depth up to 10 or 12ft., and does not attain a height of more than a few inches; it soon covers the bottom with a grass-like looking carpet. The water lobelia does best in water from a foot to 3ft. deep, and sends up a single flower stem." To plant them, he recommends that grass sods be cut and placed grass downward and the roots of the water plants be pricked into the soil, and then the sods are lowered into the water where desired. I have read very recently that Mr. Armistead had a book in press in which this subject will probably be treated at length, but I cannot now recall where I saw it or who is to publish it.

Mr. Thomas Andrews, a most successful trout breeder in England, says, "If I may be allowed to venture an opinion, I will name as the most desirable weeds to cultivate, watercress, starwort, crawfoot and water celery. Many southern rivers contain all these forms of vegetation, and they can be easily introduced into other waters. There can be no doubt that the reason of our southern trout running to such a size is owing to the great growth of vegetation, and the abundance of insect life which it supports." If Mr. Hallam will write to W. P. Seal, 907 Filbert street, Philadelphia, Pa., he can find out all about aquatic plants from A to Z.

Hook Chart and Jam Knot.

I believe that I have now sent out charts showing old and new scale of numbering fish hooks, with illustrations of jam and slip knots, to all that applied for them. One postal card was dated Charlestown, with no State, and I assumed it was Charlestown, Mass., from the street number given, as I happen to know that Charlestown, N. H., has no such number. Another card was from Iona, with no State, and the post mark furnished no clue, so I sent the chart to Michigan. If I have overlooked any request for charts I will be glad to remedy the oversight, as I now have plenty of the circulars.

In explanation I may say that I sent out at first a lot of charts in eight-page form, and when I sent to England for more I could only obtain about a dozen of them, but I did get a quantity in another form showing various forms of hooks with diagram of knots on a separate sheet.

Landlocked Salmon for Lake Champlain.

A week is supposed to have elapsed since I wrote the first note in this week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM, and in fact it has elapsed.

I received a letter from the U. S. Fish Commission which read in part as follows: "As the trip to Lake George with landlocked salmon was such a success I think it advisable to try and move another carload of these fish to Lake Champlain as referred to in the Commissioner's letter to you on Dec. 4, 1893. The car can go to Albany, thence over the Delaware & Hudson R. R. to such places on the lake as you think desirable. Will you arrange the transportation for the car and crew, making special arrangements to have the car hauled over the D. & H. The car can leave Green Lake with the fish as soon as these arrangements are made."

As I was not expecting that this car load of fingerling salmon would be planted on the New York side of Lake Champlain, I was somewhat unprepared to carry out the directions of the Commission so far as selecting suitable streams might be concerned, and that was all important to the success of the plant. The Chief Executive of the United States occasionally addressed a letter to some "great and good friend," but I did better than that, for I addressed two letters to two great and good friends. The first, Mr. J. W. Burdick, the general passenger agent of the D. & H. R. R., sent me transportation for the car and crew by return mail, and said he would go up the Champlain division of his road and examine the streams near Plattsburg and tell me all about them so I would not have to go myself. The second, Mr. W. C. Witherbee, of Port Henry, commodore of the American Canoe Association, wrote very promptly that he would go up the line of railroad and examine the streams near West Port, Port Douglass, etc., and that he would furnish teams to take the fish from the car to the streams. The car started from Green Lake Oct. 25 with 10,000 fingerling salmon. Mr. Elihu Vedder, of Rome, Italy, was my guest at the time and I invited him to go with me and see how fish were transported and planted. The car was No. 4 in charge of Captain T. C. Pearce, and when I met it early Saturday morning, my first question to Capt. Pearce was, "How are the fish?" When he said "Bad, very bad," his face was so serious I thought something serious had happened, but an examination of the contents of the hundred cans in the car showed the best carload of landlocked salmon ever transported a journey of forty-eight hours. The fish had grown remarkably since the trip of car No. 4 to Lake George, and they were all large and thrifty. The total loss for the entire trip was 230, making it the banner trip with this species of fish. Mr. Burdick had written me that he would make the journey with the car, but wired me Saturday that he was unexpectedly called elsewhere much to my regret, for he has for years taken such an active interest in stocking the waters of northern New York with fish, I hoped he might see this planting of salmon made. We were favored with perfect Indian summer weather, and as the car rolled along the shore of Lake Champlain, the talk of its occupants was about fish. Mr. Vedder, who is familiar with and takes a great interest in all that relates to Japan and the Japanese, told of Japanese fish and fishing, and put a question to me which I could only pass. Many people have seen the Japanese gold fish with their tails, and doubtless wondered how the Japs succeeded in breeding the fish with the extra tails. Mr. Vedder leased a villa in Perugia, Italy, for a number of summers, and he says that on the property there was an artifical pond containing gold fish, and they had occupied the pond for a hundred years or more, and certainly there had been no introduction of gold fish from Japan. Yet these fish, some of them, developed three tails. As this could not have been the result of Japanese skill in breeding curiously formed fishes, what was it? Was it just Mother Nature and inbreeding?

At Port Henry Mr. Witherbee met the car, and the fish in sixty cans were taken off, doubled into thirty cans, and three teams started with them for three different trout streams flowing into the lake without dams, mills or falls on them. The car went on to West Port and Port Douglass, and twenty cans were taken off at each place, where teams were waiting to take the fish to other trout streams tributary to the lake. Mr. Vedder and I remained at Port Henry, the guests of Mr. Witherbee. We followed the teams to the streams and saw the salmon planted in ideal water, and when this was done we drove to the top of Bulwagga Mountain, where we had a view difficult to surpass. The next day we went by steamer with Mr. Witherbee and Dr. Chas. A. Neidé to Fort Crown Point and Fort St. Frederick, taking a Peterboro canoe with us. After walking over the old ruins, little known in comparison with Fort Ticonderoga, but much greater in extent, and well worthy of preservation for historical associations, we listened at sun setting for the quail which Mr. Witherbee has planted around the old ruins, and which have done remarkably well in spite of the cold winters, and then in the gloaming we paddled back to the Bulwagga boat house. The next morning the fish car returned from Plattsburg and we joined it. Port Henry is far and away the best place to plant fish that I ever struck, provided Mr. Witherbee and Dr. Neidé assist at the planting, and I would like to make a plant up there every few months. Aside from the personal pleasure that Mr. Witherbee's guests are sure to derive, the streams are in every way suitable for the salmon, and they will be protected in the streams by Supervisors' law, and fed by plantings of natural food if such proves to be necessary. A. N. CHENEY.

Pleasant Pond Landlocked Salmon.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some three weeks since Mr. Cheney in his "Angling Notes" published a letter from Commissioner Wentworth, of New Hampshire, on the stocking of Pleasant Pond, in New London, with landlocked salmon, and the rapid and remarkable growth they had shown.

Now, with all due respect to Mr. Wentworth, I think he was entirely mistaken in supposing that he made the first plant of these fish in Pleasant Pond, for if my memory serves me right, and it usually does, my colleague on the Fish Commission put a few hundred fry in this pond in 1879 or '80.

I know he abstracted a few from one of the large lots sent to Sunapee about that time, and placed them in two other trout lakes in the vicinity. One of them I know was Star Pond in Springfield, and I think the other was Pleasant Pond. I transmitted all my regular records to my successor, and all my private notes and correspondence with a copy of the lists of lakes in the State stocked and unstocked were destroyed by fire three years ago.

Still, my memory is very clear on the point, and I know we made several small plants of fry experimentally, without any public announcement of the fact. Among the ponds so stocked were the Campton Ponds in Sandwich, and Commissioner Hodge and I visited them two years later, and took three or four salmon a foot long as samples, and I carried two of them down to Manchester and exhibited them. It is very doubtful if any one but Powers and his nephew knew of the plant in Pleasant Pond, but I am very sure it was made about 1880, and this will account for the 12lbs. fish to-day.

I have been hoping to see an account from "W. W. B." of gray squirrel shooting on Skitsiwauke, as the bushy-tailed gentry have been more plenty on this side of the river than for many years past.

A young friend of mine shot fourteen one day a month ago, and our village baker got sixteen and was back for dinner. I am on the retired list now, my right eye, which has been troubling me for some years, has at last refused to work in the woods, and I am too old to learn to shoot left-handed. It does not matter much, for the desire "to go out and kill something" departs with advancing years, and I am content to read FOREST AND STREAM and enjoy the stories of the exploits and successes of a younger generation, and am glad once more to hear from "Shoshone." When in funds I shall send for the "Danvis Folks."

VON W.

Cayuga Lake Black Bass.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Messrs. Finch and Goodwin claim the laurel branch of victory for the finest catch of black bass made at this end of Cayuga Lake this season. In a few hours' fishing one afternoon recently they caught five bass, the total weight of which was 17¾lbs. Every one was a beauty and a fighter from Fighterville. A local angler, who claims to have facts to back up his pessimistic views, asserts that the enormous quantity of carp at this extremity of the lake is destined to destroy the true angler's sport very shortly. M. CHILL.

Hudson River Striped Bass.

SING SING.—The members of the Point Senasqua Rod and Reel Club catch of striped bass on Oct. 27 on Croton Point Reef was the best of the season, some 60 being taken from 1lb. up. H. S. S.

The Sunset Limited to California. 18 Hours Quicker Time.

COMMENCING Thursday, Nov. 1, the Southern Pacific Railroad will put on a fast limited train composed of dining and sleeping cars to run from New Orleans, La., in connection with the Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," Southwestern Limited now operated between New York and New Orleans, within thirty-nine hours. This elegant train will leave New Orleans every Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, after arrival of the Southern. This new schedule gives the California travel many hours the quickest travel with complete dining and sleeping car service between New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco. For full particulars call on or address R. D. Carpenter, General Agent, or Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

FOR the convenience of the bankers, brokers, lawyers and business men in general, in the vicinity of Wall street and the Stock Exchange, the Pennsylvania Railroad tickets, formerly at No. 113 Broadway, have been removed, two doors below their former location, to No. 111 Broadway, Trinity Building, where every facility has been provided for the reservation of sleeping and parlor car space on limited and other trains to the West and South, and where a staff of experienced and attentive ticket sellers will be found constantly on duty during business hours, assuring the public the promptest and best attention. With this office in Trinity Building and the old established offices continued at No. 1 Astor House and at No. 433 Broadway, besides an office at No. 261 Broadway, the convenience of the down town business community has been well provided for by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which is always in the van to meet the wishes and requirements of the citizens of New York.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

1895.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's nineteenth annual show, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

Feb. 26 to March 1.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 13.—New England Field Trial Club, Members' Sweepstake. A. R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Nov. 14.—Gordon Setter Club's Trials, at Assonet, Mass. L. A. Van Zandt, Yonkers, N. Y., Sec'y.

Nov. 19.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. All-Aged, Eastern Subscription and Selling Stakes. Entries close Oct. 1. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Sec'y.

Dec. 17.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

NEW ENGLAND K. C. TERRIER SHOW.

Oct. 30 to Nov. 2. Entries, 244. Dogs Benched, 192.

THERE are some kennel clubs whose members are easily discouraged, but it requires a good deal more than a deluge to dampen the spirits of the New England Kennel Club's board of governors. Imagine a country club with all the modern appurtenances of race-track, polo grounds—about the best in America—golf links, etc., etc., a club house appointed with all the internal and external comforts so dear to the country club man; to one side of the polo grounds a long marquee, in which ran two long rows of Spratts benching, a number of bedraggled enthusiastic terrier men and women and a drenching rain and you have a picture of the conditions under which the club labored the first two days of the terrier show. Were the bench show committee any the less hearty in their greetings? Not a bit of it; they just made the best of it, and so did the visitors, with an occasional adjournment to the fire in the club house, where we examined the pictures and other *objets d'art*.

At this time of year, when the weather clerk is in such a capricious mood, an undertakiug such as this is fraught with much misgiving as to success, but we must congratulate the club on the complete success of their venture, and also the terrier men who risked their dogs' health in making it possible. The nights are cold at this time of year, even when the weather conditions are all that could be desired; but with two boisterous wet, cold days and nights the risk the dogs ran was considerable and the watchmen's lot must have been a very unenviable one.

On Wednesday afternoon the weather was so boisterous and the tent so water-soaked that fears were entertained that the whole thing would come down. Such a catastrophe was happily averted. Hallowe'en brought us hope, however, for the setting sun struggled through the clouds and left a streak of gold on the horizon that promised Country Club weather for the morrow. True to his promise, Old Sol came forth on Thursday and gave us a glorious Indian summer day, and and the club members and their wives and aunts and sisters and cousins drove into the grounds from all directions until the club house piazza and grand stand were crowded with a brave show of men and women in stylish costumes, and the fun of the fall meeting commenced in earnest.

Judging commenced in the tent on Tuesday at 11:30 A. M. There was some delay on account of the express companies' dilatory deliveries and several dogs were still at the office when their numbers were called. Mr. James Mortimer assumed the ermine and right well did he acquit himself. His was a difficult task, more so than at an ordinary show, so many dogs were entered in so many different classes, and that there were no reversals, and that he kept them well in his eye showed that his judicial acumen was in good working order, and that he judged in no haphazard manner, for he did not require to turn the pages of his judging book back to see where he was at. The task was rendered still more important as he was surrounded by a number of terrier experts whose presence would have made a less confident man a trifle nervous. Among those preseut were Prescott Lawrence, Winthrop Rutherford, Clarence Rathbone, G. W. H. Ritchie and Dr. Foote, the Damon and Pythias of the wire fancy; H. W. Smith, C. Stedman Hanks, D. Baldwin, H. F. Church, Frank F. Dole, Dr. R. S. Huidekoper, Herbert Merriam, Walter J. Comstock, Andrew B. Cobb and son, W. Wheeler, T. C. Hollender, J. E. Davis, Charles F. Roberts, Dr. and C. Walter Lougest, Robert S. Ryan from Baltimore, German Hopkins, Alfred Heald and son, W. S. Turner, Charlie "Blemton," Donald Mouroe, P. Grady, etc.; and among the locals, E. H. Moore, F. Blackwood Fay, W. C. Baylies, Dr. Perry. Hollis White, Sam Hammond, Jr., Willard Clark, Harry Brooks, and of course the managers of the affair, Ed Brooks, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., Oscar W. Donner, and the secretary, D. E. Loveland.

Judging was interrupted by the whippet racing and was not concluded until Wednesday. There was no occasion for hurry, as none of the outside sports could be indulged in. The first heats of the whippet racing were run off under trying conditions, but this part of the programme is described elsewhere. The arrangements for the show were carried out well; outside the tent on the open field a regulation Spratts judging ring had been put up, but the weather compelled this part of the programme to be carried out under the tent, where there was ample room between the two rows of benching, and the outside ring stood a silent reproach to the weather clerk. Austin & Graves fed the dogs very acceptably, and no dog weut hungry. Buchan's disinfectant was used, but terriers are clean dogs as a rule, and there was little need of its services. Mr. Hughes made his initial effort at benching and acquitted himself well, as the unevenness of part of the turf made the task a difficult one. Spratts Co., Austin & Graves and Buchan Disinfectant had stands at one end of the show. There was no lack of attendants with numbered badges, and everything seemed to work smoothly, Messrs. Ed Brooks and Cobb getting the dogs into the ring in good order.

And now a word for Messrs. Ed. Brooks and Hunnewell who practically assumed the burden of the show, they were untiring in their efforts aud their courtesies to visitors will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to be there, for ourselves were we to speak as we feel, our remarks might appear too fulsome, but we take this opportunity to return thanks, while every visitor from highest to lowest weut away charmed with the hospitality of the N. E. K. C., and convinced that the first terrier show held in America was a rousing success. There was no money in the venture for the club as admission was by badge and it simply formed one of the features of the Country Club's fall meeting that opens the winter season. The Terrier Show has come to stay and a bigger one is to be held next year.

On Tuesday evening the club gave a dinner to the visitors and it was a most enjoyable affair.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Those who like to see a good bull-terrier were not disappointed at the turn-out here, but we should have preferred to see one or two other kennels represented. Still, the quality of those present could not be denied, but no new faces were brought to light. In challenge dogs Cordona was ready for anything, as he was shown for his life, and it was a pity he had no competitor to put him on his mettle. This dog keeps himself well, and has doubtless a long winning career before him. Champion Attraction has been good to herself lately, and might have been shown a pound or two lighter; still, she looked very well, and it is wonderful how she holds her head. Only two came forward in heavy-weight open dogs, and the new dog, Greenhill Nunthorpe, had an easy win from White Wonder, Jr. He is a wonderfully well muscled, strong-looking customer, has a good long head with powerful jaw, and well-cut ears, which he carries to perfection; eyes too round and full, and should be darker, but the dark rims make the eyes look lighter and larger than perhaps they really are. His worst faults lie in shoulders which are not clean enough, and elbows might be straighter and truer; behind the shoulders he is a model of strength and beauty of form, with excellent quarters and muscling and a well carried stern. Little Wonder, Jr., is a lighter made dog throughout, a bit lippy and is light in body yet, good legs and fair head. Aspiration was absent. That good quality bitch, Edgewood Topsy, had no difficulty in scoring over young Miss Giddy in bitches (3), her beautiful neck and clean shoulders being very noticeable, and her whip tail is something we see too little of in the general run of terriers now shown; Miss Giddy loses in muzzle, too weak and is cheeky, nice front, fairly good body, and quarters well muscled, but her stern is coarse compared to Topsy's; Castle's Pride is also fine in muzzle, should be better in feet, nice neck and shoulders, dips slightly behind the withers, and was not in tip-top show shape. Open dogs under 30lbs. (4), but Rookery Boy was absent. First went to Little Flyer, the smart little dog that won at the Rhode Island show; second to Edgewood Pete, a trifle short in neck, while a little more liberty in couplings would improve him, but body is well shaped, nice head and eye and of the true shape in both respects. Jack of Clubs, vhc., has excellent neck and front, a little fine in muzzle, and lips could be tighter, and eyes should be smaller; it was a very close thing between the two latter. Jean D'Arc, the Louisville winner, was alone in the bitch class, she was out of coat but was well shown otherwise. Frank F. Dole won the kennel prize with four he need not be ashamed of.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—These were catalogued after the bull-terriers, but were judged first, as they are prophets not without honor in their own country. This is the first time that a representative gathering of these terriers (*sic*) have come under the eye of an all-round judge, and several pet decisions were upset; but the judge was as consistent as the different types would allow. This time we will essay a criticism of the entries, drawing conclusions from a careful reading of the club standard, the exhibit on the whole being more even than is usually the case. There were no challenge classes. In open dogs, 25lbs. and over, three came forward, but Prince Walnut, a noted winner, was absent. First went to Jack, the Rhode Island show winner. He has a more level jaw than Tom Sayers, second; good, neatly-shaped body, if it is a little light, good, straight forelegs, cheeks should be flatter and a trace of the bull is shown in wrinkle there. Rowdy, vhc., loses in stern and head to the others, and is not so good in front. In bitches Countess dethroned Nankin and Nancy. Countess has a very neat head, but does not stand so true in front as the others, and is too wide in chest. Nankin, second, is a little "bully" in body and heavy in front; has a nice fine tail. Nancy has a stump tail, but possesses a good flat skull, with a neat, square, deep muzzle, the best head of the lot, and is a smart shaped one in body. Open dogs under 25lbs. had a class of six entries, one absentee—Tom. First went to Dixie, a small, very neatly put together brindle dog, tail has a bulldog kink; he is light in bone and should be shorter in front and stronger in pasterns, very neat little flat skulled head and level muzzle, but the latter is not wide nor deep enough. Spider, second, has a fine little whip tail, pasterns are weak, nice compact body, but skull is a little round and muzzle should be deeper and squarer. Both the winners were true at elbows and straight in bone. Jem Mace, reserve, throws his feet out, is scarcely clean enough in cheek, good muzzle but skull seems too broad, nice body but "bully" in quarters and tail. Peter, vhc., is a bit leggy, but has a good flat skull and square muzzle, tail inclined to a "screw" and he should be better ribbed up Tobey, hc., is a bit cowhocked, is cheeky, and face is too snipy, tail seems to have been cut off, toes closer and pasterns stronger, elbows not true, nice body. In bitches the Providence winner, Topsy, took the ribbon again. She has a faulty screw tail, good body, fore legs not very straight and ears are too large; a dark brindle bitch with a little too much bull in her. Sally also loses in terrier characteristics. Rose, reserve, is a neat sort. In puppies, Topsy is lower to the ground and better in stern than Clytie. Bayonne Kennels took the kennel prize with a neat lot.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Such a grand collection of quality has probably never been seen before, unless we except the New York shows in the spring, but even there there was not the opportunity to get such a line on the young stock coming on. In challenge smooths the meeting of Blemton Victor II., Warren Safeguard and Starden's King again proved a most exciting and interesting struggle for honors. Starden's King—good dog though he is and better has been—had to give way before his younger rivals. Terrier all over as Safeguard is and keeping himself wonderfully clean in shape for a dog built on lines that promise coarseness with increasing years, he stood a model in the ring last week, such a combination of terrier attributes that at once calls to mind the Fox-Terrier Club's standard, where it says that a fox-terrier should resemble a foxhound in general symmetry. In meeting, however, such a "gentleman" as Blemton Victor II., the black and white dog is at a disadvantage in the absence of that *soupçon*, as the judge would say, of "gentle" quality so much desired, but, while we hail the victor we cannot help casting a backward glance at Safeguard and—wish we owned him. The next class brought out three noted dames, Warren Captious, Dona and Miss Dollar, and Captious took the blue; wonderfully well shown, her superiority in bone, excellent front and nice body could not be denied, but she loses in head to the others. Dona took reserve over Miss Dollar, but it is a near go between the two bitches; neither are very good in feet, though of course not bad, but I like Dona better in front and body than the other, though she loses to Miss Dollar before the eye; either one of them could be first without the judge's life being in danger. Open dogs was a warm lot, seventeen, with four absentees. The judge was very careful, and his decisions were well received. First went to the Providence winner, Blemton Rasper, who would be better if lower to the grouud; he was put down in rare form, and handled by the "only German," lost nothing for the want of a bit of showing at the right time; second to Warren Tip Top, the well-known son of Dusky Trap, who, though not as clean in skull and shoulders as he might be, is still a rare, workmanlike-looking terrier. Beverwyck Royalist is better in head, but not as good in body, well shown—better than at Providence. Blemton Stickler, reserve, should be stronger in pasterns and ears closer carried. In the vhc. division were Warren Salesman, a son of Safeguard, who has all the terrier shape of his sire, but is scarcely so good in head nor feet, still all round he pushes Tip Top close, even if he does lose a little in quality. Hillside Dominican also took three letters; he is making up nicely; his good feet, ears and head are most noticeable. Seacroft King is a bit long-waisted for this company, though a nice fronted dog, and shows lots of character. Beverly Rally was a noticeable terrier that will be spoken of later on. Raby Pallisy has seen his best days; looked light in loin, though well shown, faulty iu skull and pasterns. Werner, c., is rather a plain sort, pinched in muzzle, excellent texture of coat, should be a little more compact in body. Domino is getting a little coarse in skull and it is not flat enough and his ears should be carried closer. Spendthrift shows too much stop; nicely carried ears. Hillside Royal, Warren Layman and Tory were absent The open bitch class wa not quite so hard to sort out. There was one absent, Beverwyck Twilight. The blue ribbon fell to Blemton Vindex, excellently shown and "German" held the leader; she might be better in feet and pasterns and a little stronger before the eye, but she is a well-topped terrier all round and never looked better. Another well known bitch, Warren Dorothy, came next and ran the winner mighty close, for she has not the faults mentioned in Vindex. Warren Duty, third, is another capital little terrier; her ears might be better carried and a little more bone would suit her; our criticism at Providence when her kennel mate Ripple beat her comes right here, when Warren Damsel divided them, Ripple getting vhc. Damsel is a little round and full in skull and a bit light behind, but beautiful in front. Another vhc. taker was Spinster, a well known matron whose worst fault lies before the eye where she is weak, the eye is not small enough either, and ears should come down closer. Hill Hurst Diana we have described before; her muzzle should be stronger and ears smaller; fine front and nice body. Blemton Erminie is a bit long-waisted and eye should be darker; nice head and ears. Hillside Sapphire, c., is rather short in muzzle and feet should be more compact. Seacroft Empress is another that needs a little more terrier and should be more compact in body and stronger in muzzle. In puppy dogs (6) a very neat sort in Beverly Rally could not be denied; excellent front, a furnished body, he only requires to shape up a bit between the eyes, flatten in skull and get his ears down properly and he will make a name for himself; he is a son of Starden's King and a credit to his breeding, a handsomely marked white and tan dog. Warren Prancer is another of Safeguard's stamping, a trifle common in head, but rare front, bone and body. Seacroft Result, reserve, should be stronger in pasterns, a little lightly and long built all through, ears well carried, good coat. Blemton Visitor, vhc., is faulty in front and eye, but good shoulders and back. Seacroft Duke, hc., was well shown, is leggy, but all over I like him better than his kennel mate. Hillside Twinkle is rather a nice sort and could have beeu placed higher; good bone, niceish head with well carried ears. In the bitch puppy class two came forward. Hillside Stella, the winner, should be stronger in front and muzzle, after this she is a well shaped one that showed well, but Seacroft Daisy did not want anything but home and could not be kept in the ring, so I can tell little about her.

WIRE-HAIRS.—This type of the fox-terrier showed up with a strength in keeping with its increasing popularity, and although the Hill Hurst Kennels owned a majority of the entries still there was a number of other exhibitors that made the competition interesting. In challenge dogs the kennel mates, Cribbage and Oakleigh Bruiser met once more with the decision as of yore. Cribbage was really put down in almost faultless condition and far away better than he has yet been shown. He has usually with the exception of, Providence, been shown light, his ears troubling him so that he lost instead of gained flesh; now he is all right and he shows it. Bruiser also looked well but the decision was never in doubt. In bitches, Rydale Pattern (come back to her own again), has improved in flesh and coat the last few weeks though still a little ragged; she did not show very well—crouching a good deal, probably the effect of the weather. Open dogs (9), two of them absent, Saint Trick and Compton Vindex the latter having arrived too late for judging. The rival Brittle pups, Mister Great Snap and Brittle Beaut, furnished us with another little comedy which became almost a tragedy for the owner of the losing dog. Joking aside, the rivalry between these two good dogs and their owners is an amusing but at the same time a game one and would we had more of the same sort—it is the life of sporty showing. Well, Mister Great Snap won and Brittle Beaut was forced to take a second place. Snap has rounded into nice shape lately. I like Beaut's head better than the winner's but he is not so compactly built nor so good in front and should be lower to the ground. Third went to a much improved dog in Halifax Revival whose good bony front and pin wire coat will always bring him well up; he is on the coarse side, but should get some good stock. Yale Tramp, vhc., is another useful sort though a trifle long cast, nice head and front. Hill Hurst Trick, vhc., a son of Cribbage, has a good long head, should be straighter behind the withers. Hill Hurst Nip, c., needs trimming up a bit; too much hair on face and should be harder in coat. In open bitches (7) Surrey Janet, looking tip top, just romped in a winner, but another good sort, Hill Hurst Brunette came second; her coat is the texture of a besom. She was at Providence. H. H. Blossom, third, would do with more length in head but is making up nicely, carries good ears. H. H. Vamp, vhc., is another that has been out before this fall; and Hill Hurst Pansy, a little weak in head, brought up the rear with c. Lister Nettle and Roath Rennie were marked absent. In puppy dogs Hill Hurst Trick had an easy win, the other prize being withheld. In bitches little Hill Hurst Snowflake, very small, but neatly and stylishly made, scored over Maybrook Vixen, who is faulty in head and a bit slack and long in back but good front.

Smooth novice dogs have all with the exception of Warren Satyr, been mentioned above, he is another son of Safeguard and partakes of his individuality, though rather plain in head, excellent terrier front and good ears. The bitch class winners have also been spoken of with the exception of Blemton Vigilant, vhc., who is light in loin and long enough, nice ears and head in which the eye should be darker. Hill Hurst Vic., hc., is rather down behind and quite wide enough in front. In novice wire dogs it was again Brittle Beaut and Halifax Revival, and Hill Hurst Blossom and Pansy in bitches. Then came several classes that gave even the weakest competitors a chance for a ribbon, dogs of both sorts never having won but one first prize and those never before exhibited, but as they were entered in the other classes it is no use giving a recapitulation. Hillside Reina is one we did not see before, she is rather short in face but nice front, bone and ears. Hillside Kennels supplied both winners in bitches never exhibited before, with Reina and Valina, the latter short in head too, good front aud coat. Diadem II., vhc., is rather weedy. In wire dogs, same division, H. H. Trick beat Doctor, a rather nice sort, little full in eye and ears large, fairly good head and front. In bitches H. H. Snowflake had a walkover. Then came the specials and these happened to fall so that each kennel but one got a piece of the pie. Blemton Kennels took the kennel for smooths, the Hill Hurst team for wires, and then in the big competition for best ten the ribbon fell to the Rutherford team, as they certainly contained a majority of sorty ones to which Safeguard had given the stamp. The competition for best in the show lay between Blemton Cribbage, Victor II. and Surrey Janet. It was close all around, but we believe the judge thought Blemton Victor's stronger head and better eye offset any disadvantage he might have to the other in lightness of back rib and loin. Speaking personally we should have plumped for Surrey Janet, fined out a little between the eyes, little fault could be found with her and she is a terrier all over with plenty of strength both back and front.

H. W. LACY.

[*For other classes see next issue.*]

LIST OF AWARDS.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. H. S. Huidekoper's Cordona. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's champion Attraction.—OPEN—*Dogs* (30lbs. and over): 1st, F. F. Dole's Greenhill Nunthrope; 2d, G. F. Brown, Jr.'s White Wonder, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Topsy; 2d and very high com., F. F. Church's Young Miss Giddy and Castle's Pride—*Dogs* (30lbs. or under): 1st, H. F. Church's Little Flyer; 2d, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Pete. Very high com., F. W. Neale's Jack of Clubs. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Jean D'Arc.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs* (25lbs. and over): 1st, D. Baldwin's Jack; 2d, T. Plant's Tom Sayers. Very high com., W. T. Rowe's Rowdy. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Bayonne Kennels' Countess and Nankin. Very high com., Phelps & Davis's Nancy.—*Dogs* (under 25lbs.): 1st and high com., Bayonne Kennels' Dixie and Tobey; 2d, C. F. Leland's Spider. Reserve, T. Plant's Jem Mace. Very high com., F. C. Hollender's Peter. *Bitches:* 1st, Phelps & Davis's Topsy; 2d, D. Baldwin's Sally. Reserve and very high com., Bayonne Kennels' Rose and Miss Hermie. High com., W. G. Kendall's Mora. *Puppies:* 1st, G. B. Inches's Topsy; 2d, Phelps & Davis's Clytie.

FOX-TERRIERS (SMOOTH).—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' champion Blemton Victor II. Reserve, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Safeguard. *Bitches:* 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Captious. Reserve, John E. Thayer's Dona.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Rasper; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Tip Top; 3d, Clarence Rathbone's Beverwyck Royalist. Reserve, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Stickler. Very high com., John E Thayer's Hillside Dominican, W. Wheeler's Beverly Rally, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Salesman and Charles S. Hanks's Seacroft King. High com., C. Stedman Hanks's Raby Pallisy. Com., John E. Thayer's Werner and Hillside Domino, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Spendthrift. *Bitches:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Vindex; 2d and 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Dorothy and Warren Duty. Reserve, L & W. Rutherford's Warren Damsel. Very high com., L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Ripple and Blemton Kennels' Spinster. High com., Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Diana and Blemton Kennels' Blemton Erminie. Com., John E. Thayer's Hillside Sapphire and Charles Stedman Hanks's Seacroft Empress.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Wheeler's Beverly Rally; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Prancer. Reserve, C. Stedman Hanks's Seacroft Result. Very high com., Blemton Kennels' Blemton Visitor. High com., John E. Thayer's Hillside Twinkle and C. Stedman Hanks's Seacroft Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, John E. Thayer's Hillside Stella; 2d, C. Stedman Hanks's Seacroft Daisy.

WIRE-HAIRS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and reserve, Hill Hurst Kennels' Cribbage and Oakleigh Bruiser. *Bitches:* 1st, Hill Hurst Kennels' Rydale Pattern.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mister Great Snap; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Brittle Beaut; 3d, A. C. Bradbury's Halifax Revival. Reserve, F. A. King's Yale Tramp. Very high com., Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Trick. Com., G. von L. Meyer's Hill Hurst Nip. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, 3d and very high com., Hill Hurst Kennels' Surrey Janet, Hill Hurst Brunette, Hill Hurst Blossom and Hill Hurst Vamp. Com., Dr. J. Ferris Belt's Hill Hurst Pansy.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Trick; 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Snowflake; 2d, A. C. Bradbury's Maybrook Vixen.—NOVICE (Smooth)—*Dogs:* 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Salesman; 2d, W. Wheeler's Beverly Rally. Reserve, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Satyr. Very high com., C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Result. High com., J. E Thayer's Werner and C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Duke. Com., Blemton Kennels' Blemton Ethelred II. *Bitches:* 1st, Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Diana; 2d, John E. Thayer's Hillside Sapphire. Very high com., Blemton Kennels' Blemton Vigilant. High com., Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Vic.—WIRE-HAIRS—*Bitches:* 1st, Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Blossom; 2d, Dr. J. F. Belt's Hill Hurst Pansy.

Smooth and wire-haired dogs that have won but one first prize—1st, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Salesman; 2d, John E. Thayer's Hillside Dominican. Reserve, Blemton Kennels' Blemtom Firebrand. Very high com., C. S. Hanks's Seacroft King and Rochelle Kennels' Brittle Beaut. High com., C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Result. Bitches ditto—L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Ripple; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Dunnette. Reserve, J E. Thayer's Hillside Reina. High com. and Com., Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Blossom and Rose.

Smooth dogs never before exhibited—1st, W. Wheeler's Beverly Rally; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Prancer. Reserve, C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Result. Very high com., Blemton Kennels' Blemton Visitor. Smooth bitches, ditto—1st, J. E Thayer's Hillside Reina; 2d, J. Thayer's Hillside Valina. Very high com., W. Wheeler's Diadem II.

Wire-haired dogs never before exhibited—Hillhurst Kennels' Hillhurst Trick; 2d, W. P. Hunnewell's Doctor. Bitches ditto—1st, Hillhurst Kennels' Hillhurst Snowflake.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:*—1st and 2d, E. Brooks's King o' the Heatber and Amphion.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Brooks's Laddie. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, E. Brooks's Gyp V.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, C. W. Lougest's Mount Vernon Tibbie and Professor.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and reserve, Brooks & Ames's champion Tiree and Rhudaman. *Bitches:* 1st, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Diana.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, very high com. and high com., Brooks & Ames's Wankie Tam, Wankie Dandie, and Wankie Masher and Wankie Caddie; 2d, J. L. Little's Bellingham Bailiff; 3d, P. H. Howard's Kilbar, Jr. Reserve, G. Hatch's Kilrain. High com., J. L. Little's Newcastle Sandie and Newcastle Allan, W. C. Coop's Scott. Com., J. L. Little's Indiana Scottie. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Janet and Vorda. Very high com. and high com., Brooks & Ames's Wankie Daisy and Wankie Cambria.—AMERICAN BRED—*Dogs:* 1st, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Tam; 2d, P. H. Howard's Kilbar, Jr.; 3d, G. Hatch's Kilrain. Reserve, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Dandie. Very high com., Brooks & Ames's Wankie Dandie and Wankie Masher, and Hazlecroft Farm's Hazlecroft Angus. High com., J. L. Little's Newcastle Allan. Com., Hazlecroft Farm's Gipsey John. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Diana and Wankie Janet. Reserve, Brooks & Ames's Miss Ted. Very high com., J. L. Little's Newcastle Rona. High com., Brooks & Ames's Wankie Cambria.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and reserve, Walter J. Comstock's Merle Grady and champion Boxer IV. *Bitches:* 1st, Walter J. Comstock's Dunmurry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Sam A. Fletcher's Jack Desmond; 2d, T. S. Bellin's Marton Shamrock. Reserve, J. C. Rogers's St. Blaise. Very high com., Walter J. Comstock's His Honor and J. E. Davis's Regent St Mike High com., C. S. Hanks's Mike Murphy and Samuel D. Parkes's Tim. Com., Samuel D. Parkes's Tubbs. *Bitches,* 1st, E. K. Butler, Jr.'s Beauty Norah; 2d, Daniel McGarry's Brina. Very high com., Edward Woolhead's Daisy.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—*Dogs:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Sultan.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st. Davis & Winter's Rochelle Rush; 2d, Albert Searle's Jasper. *Bitches:* 1st. A. Searle's Lady Prudence.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Bijou.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, H. K. Coner's Endcliffe Maggie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Duncan Kerr's Roderick Dhue.

The National Fox Hunters' Association Meet.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Judge J. H. Perry, chairman of the committee of the National Fox Hunters' Association who went to Olympian Springs to look after the grounds, writes: "I have often visited and hunted in the vicinity of Olympian Springs and know the people and country well. The people are kindly disposed and there are plenty of foxes. The Olympian Springs are two and one-half miles southeast of the Chesapeake & Ohio R. R. in Bath county, Ky. The springs can be reached from the station either by wagon, omnibus or hack, the road being a level pike.

Olympian Springs was at one time a famous watering place. It is situated between gently rolling hills, within sight of high knobs on the east and gently undulating flatlands on the west for several miles. Nearly all the larger timber has been taken off, leaving the small timber and underbrush, and haul roads are all over the land, which will allow you to gallop as fast as you like. There is but little cleared land and but few fences. The country in which we will hunt is about six miles wide and ten miles long."

Word has been received from hunters in almost every State in the Union making inquiries concerning the meet, and it will undoubtedly be the largest gathering of fox hunters ever held in America. HARRY L. MEANS, Sec'y.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 29.

Gordon Setter Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As previously announced, the Gordon setter field trials will take place on the grounds of the New England Field Trials Club, at Assonet Neck, Mass., on Nov. 14, after the club's Members' Stakes have been run off All entries for the Gordon Setter Stakes must be received here by or before Saturday, Nov. 10, together with the nomination fee of $5. The additional fee of $10 to start is payable on or before the night previous to the trials. JAMES B. BLOSSOM,

President Gordou Setter Club of America.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.

Mr. John H. Matthews has bought the bulldog Reve Royal from Mr. Gilmore, of East Osange, N. J.

DOG CHAT.

Mr. M. J. Flaherty of Providence, R. I., writes us: "It is with great regret that I am compelled to write you of the death of my promising young bitch Daisy Hunter III., by Gem—Florence, who won second prize in the class for bitch puppies at the late State Fair show here, and where she contracted the disease, distemper, which carried her off. She was 13 months old, color lemon and white same as her great-grandmother, and gave promise of being a good one, as she was showing great things, and I expected to run her in the trials next season if nothing happened. I have still some of the same litter left and will try some of them next season in the trials.

Dr. Lougest, owner of the Mount Vernon Kennels, of Franklin, Mass., is continually improving his already strong kennel. In addition to the bloodhounds we spoke of, he has also purchased the noted mastiff bitch Lady Cameron (E. K. C. S. B. 31605), by champion Lord Stafford. Mr. Higgs says that Lady Cameron is absolutely the shortest faced and heaviest wrinkled mastiff bitch in England to-day; she is in whelp now to his dog Viscount. Lady Cameron beat Brampton Beauty at the Crystal Palace show. Dr. Lougest has also invested in a brindle bitch; importing her for breeding purposes in order to keep up the black points. She is a prize winner and is a litter sister to Miss Constable. They were shipped from London on Oct. 24, and would have been out before, but the Kennel Club did not supply the certificates in time.

Messrs. A. E. Foster and Watrous have purchased the noted field spanield Staley Baron, and Seacroft Kennels have bought the black and tan terrier Gipsey Girl from Geo. S. Thomas, who sailed for England two weeks since.

The St. Bernard Club has instituted a St. Bernard sweepstakes for St. Bernards whelped in America on and after April 25 and not later than Oct. 25, 1894. To be awarded at the St. Bernard Club show to be held in connection with the Farm Show at New York about May, 1895. Entrance fee is $5 for each entry. The amount received will be credited to the variety (rough or smooth) and sex of the entry, the winner in each class to take the total amount received in that class. (The total amount received from rough dogs will be awarded to the best rough dog, the same with smooth dogs, rough bitches and smooth bitches.) The second best in each class will receive a club medal. Competition is restrictd to dogs owned by members of the St. Bernard Club of America. Entries close Dec. 1, 1894, with Mr. Jas. A. C. Johnson, 120 Broadway, New York. In case the Farm Show is not held the stake will be declared off.

Edward Manice, who fell from a Norwich boat and was drowned was not E. A. Manice of dachshund fame.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Williams, the Skye breeders and late owners of champion Old Burgundy, have removed to Charlottesville, Va., where they intend settling and expect to be well represented at future shows. Mrs. Williams is thinking of bringing out some toy "Poms," which should take well over here.

The Collie Club has the pleasure of announcing that as a starter for its special prize list for the Westminster Kennel Club dog show of 1895, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has kindly offered the following: A silver cup to cost $50 for the best collie born in 1894, exhibited by a member of the Collie Club. A free service by either Sefton Hero or Rufford Ormonde to the best bitch in the open class, owned by a member of the Collie Club and the same in the novice and puppy classes. A bitch winning in one of these classes cannot compete in the others, the service going to the next best bitch.

The following is the proposed new classification of the American Spaniel Club: Classification No. 1: Spaniels, all breeds over 28lbs.—Challenge class dogs, challenge class bitches. Field spaniels, black—Open class dogs, open class bitches. Field spaniels, any other color—Open class dogs, open class bitches. Cocker spaniels not over 28lbs., black or liver—Challenge class dogs, challenge class bitches. Cocker spaniels, any other color—Challenge class dogs and bitches. Cocker spaniels, black—Open class dogs, open class bitches. Cocker spaniels, red or liver—Open class dogs, open class bitches. Cocker spaniels (any other color than black, red and liver)—Open class dogs or bitches. Clumber spaniels—Open class dogs and bitches. Irish water spaniels—Open class dogs and bitches. Classification No. 2: Spaniels, all breeds over 28lbs.—Challenge class, dogs and bitches. Field spaniels, black—Open class dogs, open class bitches. Field spaniels, any other color—Open class dogs, open class bitches. Cocker spaniels not over 28lbs., black or liver—Challenge class, dogs and bitches. Any other color—Challenge class, dogs and bitches. Black—Open class dogs, open class bitches. Red or liver—Open class dogs, open class bitches. Any other color—Open class, dogs and bitches. Clumber spaniels—Open class, dogs and bitches. Irish water spaniels—Open class, dogs and bitches. Classificaiou No. 3, is left unchanged. If our readers have any suggestions to make on the above, we should be pleased to publish them.

The members of the Bulldog Club will be shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Renshaw Mason Jones, who was an enthusiastic bulldog owner and member of the club. A fortnight siuce he went to his Newport residence in perfect health, a day later was taken ill with typhoid fever and died Nov. 5. The deceased gentleman owued the well known bulldogs Derby May, Lady Grace, etc. As a friend of Mr. Travers he always showed His Lordship and White Venn.

The Hamilton Kennel Club's local show will be held Saturday, Nov. 24. The judges will be: Mastiffs, great Danes, Newfoundlands, collies and barbettes, A. D. Stewart; St. Bernards, W. H. Thompson; English greyhounds, Russian wolfhounds, Danish wolfhounds, deerhounds and staghounds, W. J. Tulk; fox-terriers, F. R. Close; pointers, setters, foxhounds, harriers, beagles and retrievers, E. Tinsley; all spaniels, terriers, except fox and bull-terriers, and pugs, W. McDonald and Audrew Murdoch; bull-terriers and bulldogs, Dr. Griffin; whippets, R. B. Harris; dachshunds, poodles and miscellaneous, C. W. Ricketts.

United States Field Trials.

BICKNELL, Ind., Nov. 6.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The trials began with the Pointer Derby, ten starters, namely: Mayfield's Belle and Stafford's Della, Devereux's Tamarack, Jr., and Mayfield's Day Dream, Tinsley's Roderick T. and Rex Faust, Blankenbaker's Lad's Lady and Lockhart's Halbraden, Hempstead Don and Lady Peg II. Five were kept in the second series: Tamarack, Jr., Lady Peg, Hempstead Don, Lad's Lady and Roderick T. The competition was decidedly inferior. The vegetation is yet rank, which makes the work more difficult. Birds have not been found plentiful. The judges are Major J. M. Taylor, J. B. Stoddard and J. M. Freeman. The Setter Derby has twelve starters, namely: Clementina and Nora IV., Jack Scott and Nellie Fox, Cynosure and Touy Boy, Iroquois and Dixie's Flag, Wun Lung's Pride and Harvard, Tony's Gale and Lady Mildred. The Southern trials are postponed till the first week in February, B. WATERS.

U. S. F. T. Club's Derby B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the list of Derby B. forfeitures I see that I included Mr. J. L. Adams's dogs Jamie, O. G. and Gilt Edge. This is a mistake; the forfeits were regularly paid, but I failed to make the entry of same on the books.

P. T. MADISON, Sec.-Treas.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 28.

Canadian Fox-Terrier Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will the secretary of the Canadian Fox-Terrier Club give the names of the incoming committee that appointed the present president, secretary, etc. INQUIRER.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 19.—National Foxhunters' Association's meet, at Olympian Springs, Ky. H. L. Means, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

COURSING.

Nov. 14.—California State meeting at Merced, Cal. J. R. Dickson, Secretary.

Western Massachusetts Fox Club Hunt.

PRESIDENT Kinney, of the Worcester Fox Club, in his speech at the banquet of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club, forcibly expressed the hold which fox-hunting has upon its devotees.

"The fourth of last month I killed a moose in New Brunswick," he said. "To-day I killed an old dog fox. Which do you think gave me the most pleasure?" Every fox-hunter knew what the answer would be and there was a burst of approval when the speaker added, "Why just five minutes of the dog's baying is better than five moose."

When such words can be said of sport, is it any wonder that fox-hunting is popular among the old New England hills?

The seventh annual hunt of tho Western Massachusetts Fox Club was held in Westfield, Oct. 31 and Nov. 1. The first day was rainy in strict accordance with the precedence which has governed every hunt the club has held, but that fact did not prevent a large attendance and a successful meet. The banquet on Wednesday night was up to the high standard set by the club in every particular, and 150 members and guests listened to as fine a symposium of after dinner speaking as is heard anywhere. This fox club oratory is perhaps the distinctive feature of the hunt, and it is a question if it is equalled by the oratory of any other similar organization in existence.

Three foxes were killed the first day, which is an excellent rainy weather record and four the second day. This equals the record of the last two years.

The first day's hunt was in Pochossit along the foot of Montgomery Mountain. The hunters got an early start and had some hopes of a fair day, as it was not raining. The day was very damp, however, and soon the over-saturated clouds began to spill a little, and before noon it was raining hard. Among the visiting sportsmen the first day were N. Wallace, who brought four hounds, and H. Schenherr of Farmington, Conn.; G. I. Clapp, I. C. Neat, George Lux and William Lux of Hartford, Mr. Owens of Granby, Conn., C. E. Brace of Lee, W. H. Perkins of Ware, Hon. John R. Thayer, J. M. White, Dr. C. H. Hake, O. M. Ball, Wm. R. Dean, E. Sprague Knowles and President A. B. F. Kinney of the Fur Club, all of Worcester. This latter party brought the following dogs: Logan, Ned, Aggie and Fly of the Kinney-White pack, Billy Deau's Diamond and John R. Thayer's Joe and Guess. In all there were about thirty dogs on the opening day of the hunt.

Foxes were killed by B. J. Babley, Arthur Dibble and A. B. F. Kinney.

The scene that night in the Park Square Hotel, the headquarters of the Fox Club, was bright and cheery despite the pouring rain outside. A FOREST AND STREAM representative found the place full of hunters discussing plans for the following day and the events of the day that had gone. Before an open fire lay the body of an old dog fox, one of the trophies of the day's hunt. President Roraback and the various committeemen of the club were on hand, and the talk was as lively as at a political caucus. At 7 o'clock the members and guests fell in behind the Westfield band and marched to the Town Hall, where an excellent banquet had been prepared.

Following this President Roraback made a short address of greeting. "When I say I am glad to see you," he said, "I mean every word I say." He then introduced Capt. L. F. Thayer, civil engineer and former chairman of the Board of Selectmen, as toast master. Capt. Thayer modestly remarked that he had protested against the appointment "with all the shyness he was able," but before the evening was over he proved that his selection had not been ill judged, and that he possessed all the requirements of a good toast master. His introductions of the speakers were invariably witty and to the point, and he had the requisite number of good stories, which were given out at proper intervals.

James H. Bryan, representing the business interests of Westfield, was the first speaker. He was followed by Hon. John R. Thayer of Worcester, introduced as "chock-full of fox lore." Mr. Thayer remarked that though his local club, the Worcester Fur Club, was a strong and representative organization in a city of 100,000, yet only 60 or 70 persons sat down to its annual banquets, yet Westfield, with but 10,000 population, could muster 150 representative citizens. He recalled the events of the day, and remarked that he had stood in a driving storm for three hours "until there wasn't a thing dry about me except my throat."

Mr. A. S. Kneil was next called upon, but failing to respond, his place was taken by his running mate, Representative Henry C. Bliss, of West Springfield. Mr. Bliss wove a graceful speech about the truism that the labor of one age becomes the diversion of the next. The bicycle, he said, was but the offspring of the treadmill, and the sport of fox hunting the child of the necessity that had obliged the first settlers to hunt and fish for a living.

Toastmaster Thayer told a little story of how, when sidetracked one day in North Dakota, he had his attention called to a handsome parlor car, likewise sidetracked, which had its sides and ends festooned with deer and antelope and ducks and geese till it was nearly hid from sight. He entered the car, and then and there made the acquaintance of the president of the Worcester Fur Club. Here was an original hunter—a man who had killed all kinds of game found on the continent—yet whose first love and last love was the sound of the hunter's horn.

Mr. Kinney with much dry humor, told the story of the day's hunt. He told how the dogs had been put out on Mount Tekoa, four miles from Westfield and how, realizing the fact that being a wet day the foxes would seek the high land, he had hired a farmer for a dollar to drive him to the top of Montgomery Mountain. It was a dollar well spent as proved by subsequent events. With the assistance of a native he had picked a good crossing and waited there an hour without hearing a dog.

"Finally I heard Thayer's dogs start a rabbit I think on a hill called Grindstone. I said it is no use to go there. If it is a fox he can't stay on that little hill long." The "old gent" who had been his companion couldn't stand the bay-

ing, however, and started off for the hill. "He hadn't been gone five minutes when I heard a pack of dogs coming, and I knew there was business ahoad of them." Shortly after he had the pleasure of killing the fox. He was "straightened out" with three dogs only a few seconds behind. The dogs were Logan and Ned of the Kinney-White pack and Billy Dean's Diamond.

When the "old gent" heard the shot he returned in a hurry, but such was his excited state of mind that he ruined further chance of scoring. At one time John R. Thayer's dogs drove a fox withiu five rods of him, but he was "dancing about" under an apple tree looking in all directions but the right one, and turned the fox froui the other huuter. Mr. Kinney, when the fox was no more, was prompted to turn his gun in the direction of the aged enthusiast, but humanity prevailed and the "old gent" lived to scare away another fox shortly after.

Mr. Kinney eventually got home at a cost of some $ $ $ and found that his friends thought that because he had killed a fox he had a dry throat. "I didn't work half so hard to get that fox as I did to keep sober afterward," he remi niscently remarked.

Wm. R. Dean, of Worcester, prompted by the toastmaster, told an amusing story on himself in which an unsophisticated native and a 50 cent fox figured prominently.

The silver-tongued Henry W. Ely, of Westfield, was the next speaker. He told how the toastmaster had come to him for suggestions as to whom to call upon. He had not answered him because the band had just then started up and made that impossible; but if he had he would have told him the story of Richard, who at the capture of Jerusalem was asked how the captors were to know the faithful so that they might make no mistake in whom they killed. Richard replied, "Slay everybody! God knows his own." Mr. Ely would have called upon every one present to speak, so he said. It would be known afterward who were orators.

Then Mr. Ely began to philosophize still in the realms of mediæval history. He told how "that old law-giver, Charlemagne," had said, "I declare it to be a law that the true and only universal antidote for selfishness is universal hospitality." Mr. Ely made a very happy application of this law of hospitality to the present day and the fox club.

E. Sprague Knowles said: "If I knew a man who was a fox hunter wherever I was—on a team, in a hotel—I should go to that man and introduce myself and I know I should find a friend." The Chauncey Depew of Canada, (as the northern part of Westfield is called), who is sometimes known as George Parker made a witty speech, and was followed by C. K. Lambson.

Toastmaster Thayer announced that the hour of ten had arrived, an hour which by general understanding terminated the ceremonies. He made some suggestions for another year—one of which was that the name of the club should be changed to the "Rainmakers Club" and that the meetings should hereafter be held during the months of drought, for the benefiit of the farmers. "I trust," he continued "sometime in the future—I don't know when it will be—that the club may come together on a bright, clear, crisp day. I have attended every meeting and I have never known a day different from this."

An executive meeting of the club followed the banquet, at which the following officers were elected: President, George W. Roraback; Vice-Presidents, F. S. Gross, Wm. Warren; Secretary, C. M. Goodnow; Treasurer, L. P. Lane; Executive Committee, W. H. Foote, R. H. Kneil. J. T. Way; Reception Committee, J. D. Cadle, G. E. Whipple, N. A. Harwood; Dinner Committee, Wm. Warren, J. A. Lakin, T. J. Cooley; Master of Hounds, C. D. Allen.

One of the amusing features of the evening was "carving a coon" by President Roraback. When the cover was removed the coon was found to be alive. It was not of the native New England variety either, and the dish might fittingly have been styled "African coon."

THURSDAY.

Dame Nature, won from her frowns by their bravery in facing the elements the first day, yielded a willing conquest to the bold hunters the second, and turned to them a face all smiles. As is the case with most coquettes, she could scarcely be gracious enough, and spared no pains in turning out a perfect day. Not a cloud hung about the summit of Tekoa, and the woods were just damp enough to let the hounds trail well.

Promptly at 5 o'clock the hunter's horn sounded through the streets of Westfield, and a little after 6 the main division of hunters set out. Just after the start au accident happened that marred the day for some of their number, and which might easily have spoiled the day for all. It was, in short, the upsetting of the tally-ho. The tally-ho carried the following gentlemen: Ex-Senator John R. Thayer, E. S. Knowles and O. M. Ball, of Worcester, and John T. Way, F. S. Deweo, Jr., E. E. Austin, Geo. W. Waterman, Wm. L. Barton, Dr. Holland, and the driver, all of Westfield, on the outside, and Perry Otis, who stayed inside to keep tne door shut. With this array of manly beauty, it is no wonder that the coach was the cynosure of all eyes; but Perry Otis, who stayed inside and let vaulting ambition alone, had much the best of it in the end. Unseen fair ones peeped admiringly from behind curtained windows as the coach bowled merrily along the principal streets, and it was a question whether anybody else was in it with the tally-ho.

Some one remembered that somebody had been left behind and in an evil moment the driver attempted to turn the coach. Just then an engine on a railroad near by came puffing along, and the horses crowded the pole short round and over went the tally-ho. The dozen hunters were all thrown in a heap with the heavy-weights on top. Hon. John R. Thayer got a severe shaking up, but he is too enthusiastic a foxhunter to mind a trifle like that, and was found later in the day in the van of the hunt. John T. Way, one the energetic promotors of the meet, suffered from a badly wrenched shoulder and his right leg was also injured. Mr. Wm. J. Barton's shoulder was dislocated and Mr. Waterman was knocked senseless. He lay on his back in the road with a cigar clinched tightly between his teeth. Mr. Ball hurt his heel and leg but during the day managed to hobble to the front whenever the hounds drove his way. The driver, when he fell, still held fast to the lines, which prevented a more serious accident. He was caught under the coach and for a moment was in a very perilous position. Mr. Austin, however, grasped the leaders and the others who were not injured assisted to free the driver. Most of the hunters, including Mr. Waterman, who had recovered consciousness, having righted the coach, went on to the hunt, and one of them, the modest Perry Otis, killed a fox.

Other foxes were killed by William Tice, Arthur Dibble and a party of squirrel hunters who secured a fox that had been wounded by James L. Kelly.

The neighborhood of Tekoa was again the scene of the hunt, but the hunters were stationed mostly on Montgomery Mountain. This mountain affords a lovely view. It is set in the center of an amphitheater of other mountains that hang on the horizon like filmy clouds, and with scarcely more substantiality. The Hampton Ponds lie off to the eastward, and in its bosom the mountain nourishes twin reservoirs.

In the upland pastures violets were still blooming, and the wild apple trees still afforded an abundant supply of their fruit.

That great foxhound, Logan, was foremost among the dogs. It was said that two foxes were killed ahead of him, one of which, though wounded, might have gotteu away, if he had not run it down and caught it. When the hunt was over and the dogs were being lifted into the conveyance that had brought them to the grounds, Logan stood watching with an easy indifference characteristic of the dog.

Though it had been a hard day for him, he was still on his tiptoes. When all the other dogs were in the cart, Logan walked up, and giving a light bound alighted beside them. There was no need to lift that seasoned hunter, as the other dogs had been.

Among those present the second day were H. C. Hartley, A. B. F. Kinney, C. A. Kilbur, L. R. Cole, C. A. Sheldon, John L. Kelly, A. M. Billings, G. E. Austin, H. T. Snow, F. S. Dewey, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Jeffers, S. W. Wood, Chas. M. Lewis, Dr. Jas. Allen, Fred Schmidt, Geo. Parker, F. S. Hager, Mr. Gibbs, Chas. Sherman, Joe McClure, George M. Delanny, Wm. Tice, C. H. Hake, Johu M. White, Wm. R. Dean, President Roraback, Hon. John R. Thayer, Chauncey Allen, Arthur Way, Tom Mountjoy, B. F. Babb and Bert Holcomb.

More than one sportsman who would have thoroughly enjoyed the hunt was kept away by circumstances beyond their control. Among these were "Woronoco," Mr. S. S. Conners who has been in ill-health for several years as the result of an attack of grip, and Mr. E. E. Clark who killed a fox last year, but was kept away this by the demands of his profession.

The date for the next hunt has been left to the executive committee to decide, but even at this early date it is safe to prophesy that when it does materialize it will be a great success. Nothing can keep it from being that. It takes something more than raiu to dampen the ardor of the Western Massachusetts fox hunter and something more than snow or hail or ice to cool his hospitality. He is independent of the weather. All that is needed to make him happy and his guests also is a fox afoot in the day time and a rousing good banquet at night. The cheer of good fellowship will overcome all other obstacles.

J. B. BURNHAM.

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NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 29—Nov. 1.

THE fifth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club were brought to a successful termination last week at Hempstead, N. Y. To the regular attendants at these trials, who go year after year, it seemed odd to journey to Long Island instead of Nanuet, where we know every cover and are intimately acquainted with the "brier patch," "the sumac hill," "the swamp where Tony Weller ran" and other spots long to be remembered in beagle history. It was with some misgiving that we looked at the flat, uninteresting Hempstead plains, and more than one spectator who wished to see the running with as little labor as possible, wondered how he could do it, and longed for the old side-hill at Nanuet, where he could stand at ease and see the judges and hounds tear their way through the briers below. Then, too, we knew we should miss the kind hospitality of Mr. Kreuder and his family, and the jolly evenings in the homestead parlor after the serious work of the day was over.

Yet attached as we all are to Nanuet, it must be confessed that the club made no mistake when it chose Hempstead as this year's venue. While no hotel could give us the charming seclusion which we enjoyed at the Kreuder homestead, yet there are few hotel proprietors as obliging as Mr. and Mrs Roth. We overran the whole house from kitchen to garret and were never made to feel that we were overstepping the bounds which hotel guests are usually called upon to observe.

The hunting grounds—when we discovered where they were—proved to be the best suited to a beagle field trial of any yet found in the East; flat as a table, covered with dead grass and weeds, with here and there a scattered growth of oaks, birches and light underbrush, there was nothing that a stout runner could not easily break through and keep in with the hounds. The rabbits, too, deserve a word of praise. They ran almost as well as the white hares of New England, and on only two occasions were any of them driven to earth. Many made long runs in the open fields and gave the spectators a grand view of the chase.

The trials excited much interest among the residents of Hempstead, and many of them were present during the week. On Thursday a party of ladies and gentlemen from the Meadowbrook Hunt, handsomely mounted, gave a sporting air to the picture which it had not had before. Among the visitors and sportsmen from a distance whose names were not given in last week's issue of this paper were J. B. Lozier, A. W. and Geo. B. Post, H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, F. W. Chapman, Geo. W. Rogers, Robert Barstow and others.

The best of good feeling prevailed throughout the week and there was no frictiou or unpleasantness at any time. The decisions of the judges—Jos. Lewis, Moodus, Conn., and Bradford S. Turpin, Boston, Mass.—were well received, and the hearty cheers which greeted the victors proved that the awards were thoroughly indorsed. The prizes were paid on Thursday evening.

The National Club is strong and enterprising and is constantly growing in membership and influence, and now that it has secured the best field trial grounds in the country, it will doubtless add new laurels to its already splendid record.

On Monday morning after the adjournment of the club meeting, which was reported in last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM, the field trial committee was called in session. Geo. Laick was appointed marshall, some minor matters were arranged and the All-Age Stake—15 to 13in.—was drawn to run as follows:

Class A—All-Age Stake—15 to 13in.

Geo. F. Reed's blue ticked dog Buckshot (Dare—Daisy), handler, owner, *with* Mark Lewis, Jr.'s, white, black and tan bitch Mollie L. (Don—Mollie), handler, W. S. Clark.

Miss E. C. Kreuder's black, white and tan bitch Blanche (Frank Forest—Ina), handler, Geo. F. Reed, *with* Wm. Saxby's blue ticked bitch Dime (Judge—Baby), handler, owner.

Geo. F. Reed's black, white and tan bitch Nell R. (Ned—Haida), handler, owner, *with* G. A. Buckstaff's black, white and tan dog Royal Rover (Rover—Singer G.), handler, W. S. Clark.

Rockland Kennels' white, black and tan bitch Gay (Rover—Kitty), handler, H. L, Kreuder, *with* Somerset Kennels' black and tan bitch Helen (Storm—Una), handler, A. W. Post.

Somerset Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Marvel (Bounce—Ferol), handler, A. W. Post, *with* Hempstead Farm Kennels' black, white and tan dog Millard (Burk—Little Fly), handler, H. F. Schellhass.

Guy D. Welton's black, white and tan dog Joe (Billy—Kay), handler, H. F. Schellhass (a bye).

The meeting adjourned at 10:30 and all soon retired with anticipations of great sport on the morrow.

TUESDAY.

A cloudy sky and an east wind greeted us as we peered anxiously out of the window at dawn. The threatened rain, however, did not fall, but in the afternoon a driving mist set in and soou drenched all who followed the hounds. The day's work was unsatisfactory. Much time was wasted in searching for suitable ground which held game. It was no trouble to find rabbits in the dense cover where the judges could not follow the hounds, and there was no difficulty in finding splendid hunting grounds where there was no game. In the afteruoon, however, we were guided to a place which combined all the requisites for a successful beagle trial, and our spirits, which had fallen to a low ebb, began to rise rapidly. Five braces were run.

Class A.—15 to 13in.

First Series.

BUCKSHOT—MOLLY L.—At 7:40 this brace was cast off in thick cover. It took but a moment to discover that the ground was entirely unsuited to our purpose. It was low and swampy and extended for some distance on both sides of a sluggish brook Bull-briers grew in profusion, overran the underbrush and made a network which was almost impenetrable. Not even the thickets of Hyannis, where an attempt was made to run off the first trials of this club, were so difficult of passage. Nevertheless the judges and handlers pushed on as best they could, while the crowd stood on the upland and now and then caught a glimpse of the hounds. In the edge of the swamp Judge Lewis picked out a rabbit and the beagles were called up. Buck was the first to respond, Molly harked to him and away they weut. They were quickly out of sight and soon at fault, the rabbit having wisely taken to a wet piece of ground. Both tongued here and there but did not start the game again, and finally by hard work on the part of the handlers were drawn to the upland. There on the edge of a bull-brier thicket which covered a quarter of an acre and was impassable for men or hounds, another bit of fur was started. The beagles were caught as they attempted to force their way into the briers in pursuit, and were taken to light cover some distance from the swamp. Game was plenty, and after a few minutes' work the beagles trailed prettily together to a start. Bunny knew where safety lay, and at once took to the briers and lowlands. The judges struggled along seeing what they could, and at 8:40 ordered the brace up. Both hounds were eager, industrious workers, and judging from the small fraction of work which was seen Buck was faster than Molly in driving and in taking up the losses.

BLANCHE—DIME.—The judges seeing that it was time wasted to work longer in the swamp, ordered this brace down at 8:50 in a weed field. Mr. Saxby gave the boys several new wrinkles in caring for a field trial beagle. Dime was carefully blanketed between her races, rubbed down after working and handled much as a greyhound or whippet would have been in a coursing match. Both beagles started off well, but Dime was the more eager of the two and covered her ground carefully and at a good pace. She is a merry little worker, and although an hour passed without finding a sign of game not once did she let down in her gait Blanche on the other hand made up her mind that there was no rabbit to be found and was perfectly willing that Dime should do the hunting. Finally the little "purple pup" caught a scent of game and began to trail. Blanche worked near by, but the rabbit was put up by a spectator before either beagle could start it. The hounds were laid on the smoking track, and for a few minutes we were rewarded with a burst of music. But it was of short duration. The chase was mostly in bull-briers and both beagles were somewhat torn by them. Each caught a few turns, then ran to a check and could not hit it off again, try as hard as they would, casting far and wide. They were ordered up at 10:10 and put down again at 10:30 in underbrush, and once more we took up the march in our search for game. Pasture, weedfields, cover, yielded nothing. But at last, near the edge of an apple orchard, which was in full bloom, Marshall Laick picked up a rabbit. Away went the beagles in full cry, skirting an open field, then into a little strip of impenetrable scrub oaks, from which they forced bunny again into the open, and finally lost near the starting point. The driving especially in the fields was difficult, the hounds catching the scent here and there and doing but little steady work Up at 11:45. Dime excelled Blanche in hunting qualities and in trailing displayed greater care and better nose. In speed there was little to choose between them.

NELL R.—ROYAL ROVER.—Cast off at 11:50. Neither moved with life. In thick oak scrubs Rover tongued, but failed to start, and at 12:25 they were ordered up for lunch, which was eaten, picnic fashion, in the woods. At 12:50 they were put down again where a spectator reported that he had seen a rabbit, but neither could make it out, though swung over the track repeatedly. The lack of game was disheartening, and the judges now decided to again try the swamp, where the first brace had been run. There was surely game there, and perhaps good fortune would send us a rabbit that would take to the upland. But fortune was unkind. To be sure, a rabbit was started at once and no less than four others were seen in the thicket, but the game persisted in keeping to the cover till the judges, perspiring and weary, broke their way out to the dry ground. The effort to see the work was useless, and at 2:20 the hounds were ordered up while in full cry. It was au hour or more before the handlers succeeded in catching the beagles, who were making the woods ring with their tuneful cry.

It was a very tired crowd that gathered about the judges and discussed the probabilities of our being able to finish the trials in Hempstead. But just then J. W. Appleton joined us and suggested that we try ground about a mile away, where rabbits had been seen. The advice was acted upon at once, and after a brisk walk of fifteen minutes we entered a couutry suited to our purpose and harboring plenty of game.

GAY—HELEN.—This pretty couple was cast off in a weed field at 2:45, Gay handled by H. L. Kreuder, and Helen by A. W. Post. Two tiny levercts too small to be hunted were found in the grass, and then among the bushes at the end of the field a large rabbit was started from its form by Mr. Appleton. The best chase of the day was on at once. The beagles ran well packed and were full of fire. Eagerly they pressed their quarry, drove it from the cover into the open fields and forced it to take refuge in a stack of rails close behind a barn. Bunny soon bolted from his hiding place and as he led off for the cover was seen by the hounds. A coursing match followed but the bounding ball of fur easily outstripped his pursuers and once more the hounds were in full cry in the cover. The falling mist rendered the scenting perfect. In vain the rabbit twisted and turned and played all his tricks to throw the little hounds from his track. They clung to him splendidly and at last drove him to earth, both digging madly at the burrow and making the prettiest picture of the day. In this race Helen's work was a trifle better than that of her rival. They were about equal in speed, but Gay was inclined to depend on her mate when casting and did not quite equal her in nose. Up at 3:40.

The underbrush was now saturated by the heavy mist and every one who followed the chase was wet through and through. But it was deemed best to continue the hunt so as to finish the first series if possible.

MILLARD—MARVEL.—This brace was put down at 4:15. The hounds were worked to a place where Judge Lewis had spied a rabbit. It was easy to see that Millard had lost uoue of the energy and ambition which distinguished him two years ago, but he showed a woeful lack of training aud care. No sooner did he scent game than he was away like a flash, tonguing here, there and everywhere. His constant babble bothered his ruuning mate and she failed to show her usual good form. Even when the judges ordered Millard held up she was unable to steady herself and drove poorly and unsteadily. Millard when tried alone failed to carry a hot track and seemed content to circle at great speed and in full cry, endeavoring in vain to hit it off. Up at 5:10.

This finished the work of the day. The discovery of excellent ground and plenty of game sent us all home in good humor and it was a jolly crew that gathered about the dinner table in the evening.

WEDNESDAY.

The same dismal, leaden sky that hung over us yesterday greeted us again to-day. Before the barge left the hotel for

the hunting grounds a few drops of rain fell, but nevertheless we started, hoping for a change of wind and clearing weather. We were doomed to disappointment; by 9 o'clock the storm broke, the rain fell in torrents and put an end to field work for the day. The running of the first series in class A was completed.

NELL R.—ROYAL ROVER.—The race which this brace ran in the swamp yesterday was so unsatisfactory that the judges decided to put them down for the second time in a place where their relative merits could be determined. Handled as before, they were cast off at 8:10 on the grounds where Gay and Helen ran their splendid race. As luck would have it the same rabbit, or one that ran the same course, was jumped by a spectator. For some distance he ran in cover, then took to the open, following the fences to a vegetable garden within a dozen yards of a large barn. Taking a turn through the asparagus bed he finally squatted among the parsnips, and lay like a stone, while the hounds cast here and there, sometimes coming within a few feet of him. Finally Nell fairly ran over him. He immediately bounced into a pile of rails, the hounds trying in vain to break into his hiding-place. In this race Rover led most of the time, picking up the losses nicely and fairly outworking Nell, who acted as if she was tired, and well she might be after her long, hard run of yesterday. Up at 8:40. When the brace was ordered up the rabbit was snugly ensconced in the rails. The next couple was sent for, and meanwhile Mr. Chapman, with the skill born of long practice, caught bunny. Holding him up he pronounced him a fine, fat fellow, and then let him go. With a hop, skip and jump he raced over the fields to cover.

JOE, the bye beagle, handled by H. F. Schellhass, was put down at 8:50 with Mollie L as a running mate. They were drawn to the track of the captured rabbits, but the scent was too cold and neither could lift it. Working to another part of the grounds a rabbit was seen in its form by W. S. Clark. The beagles were brought up and a smart race in cover followed. Joe worked in the dashing style characteristic of him but seemed off in nose. Molly caught most of the turns but was too much inclined to depend on Joe in his wide casts and was too tonguey. The rabbit finally threw off his pursuers by running across a plowed field. Then Mr. Contoit provided another cottontail and the judges ordered Molly held up to give Joe a chance to show what he could do alone. For a short distance he carried the trail like a veteran, then lost and was unable to pick it up again though put on where the rabbit had been seen to pass. The rain was now coming down by the bucketful and 9:55 the hounds were ordered up and work discontinued for the day.

In due time all arrived at headquarters, most of us drenched to the skin, and the afternoon was passed in drying our hunting togs, capping one story with another, and discussing the merits of the hounds. A little diversion was caused by a visit from an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Some enterprising but overworked reporter for a Brooklyn daily had announced that the trials of the N. B. C. would be run on cats. The S. P. C. A. very properly looked into the matter, but their agents quickly discovered that the puss we were after was not of the feline tribe and that we were not hunting bagged rabbits. He declined an urgent invitation to run with the judges on Thursday's hunt and the momentary excitement occasioned by his visit passed away.

THURSDAY.

For the first time since the beginning of the trials we saw the sun. The morning was clear, cool and still, and promised grand sport. The scent, however, especially early in the day, was bad. Nevertheless, a great day's work was accomplished; no less than fourteen races were run, and the trials brought to a successful conclusion. The beagles selected to run in the second series of the All-Age, 15in. class, were: Blanche and Gay, Dime and Helen. Buckshot and Royal Rover.

Second Series.

BLANCHE—GAY.—Put down on our familiar hunting ground of yesterday at 7:55. Working through cover, both began to trail, but before either had time to start the game Mr. Chapman put it up. Both beagles were on at once, and away we went at a good clip. The bright morning had brought many spectators to the scene, and all were anxious to see the running. In their eagerness they pressed the hounds close, and it was fortunate that neither beagle was timid or the race would have come to an abrupt end. Gay was the closer worker of the two, and in the driving caught her full share of the turns; Blanche cast wide and swiftly, and at times hit it in advance of her rival. On a straight-away drive she outfooted Gay, but taking all this work into consideration, there was nothing to choose between them. The first rabbit was run to a loss. Then a second one, a very little youngster, was put up, but he furnished no sport worth recording, and at 8:35 the hounds were taken up.

DIME—HELEN.—Helen's interests were intrusted to H. F. Schellhass in the absence of Mr. Post. One of the spectators spied a rabbit, but it was too lazy to give us a good run. Puss preferred to dodge here and there and tried the patience of both men and hounds by its doubling and turning, going but a few yards in any one direction. Helen was evidently out of sorts and did not run in the form displayed in the first series. She showed no independence and constantly followed Dime, and gave tongue when she imagined her mate had the track. In the hope of finding a rabbit which would show better sport, the hounds were worked to another part of the grounds. A rabbit was jumped by a spectator and the handlers were directed to bring up their charges. Dime was not found for some time, and was then discovered trying to work the track of the leveret first started. When she was finally brought to the line the scent was gone and neither could make anything of the track. Drawn away to new grounds Dime harked back to the first rabbit and was trailing diligently when a third rabbit was put up by the crowd. Once more the scent was gone before the hounds were brought up. Then a fat, handsome specimen of the cotton-tail was discovered and he led the couple a merry race in which Dime did by far the better work. The scent was catchy and the driving uneven. Up at 9:30.

BUCKSHOT—ROYAL ROVER.—This brace was put down where the last couple were taken up and on the trail of the rabbit which they were driving. Working into a grass field both began to trail, Buck in advance. Bunny kept close in his form under a cedar tree till Buck was upon him. Then away he went at top speed with the eager hound only a yard behind. A hedge row was all that saved puss to run another day. He darted through the briers and took across a plowed field, where the beagles could not carry the line. But the spectators had seen the game cross a neighboring grass lot and the hounds were cast that way, only to disappoint the crowd, however, for the scent had disappeared. Just then another rabbit was put up and he ran into the field where the first had been jumped by Buckshot. The beagles were called up and this time Rover took his turn at the fun. He trailed slowly to the hedgerow and hustled bunny out of his form in short order. We were all again on tip-toe for a chase in the open, but again we were disappointed. Never did scent lay worse and the beagles could do nothing with it. Soon bunny was again found hiding in the grass and once more the hounds were put on the smoking trail. They did not take it, but inch by inch picked out another track and jumped their game in the edge of the underbrush. Here the driving was better, and away we all went pell-mell through the cover, Buck leading the way and catching most of the losses. Puss took to the open, and finally the hounds ran to a dead loss on plowed land. Up at 10:05.

After consultation the judges ordered down Buckshot and Dime, as it was evident that they were the two best beagles in the class.

Third Series.

BUCKSHOT—DIME.—Both started off well, working intelligently and with vim and life in every motion. Hunting through light underbrush to a new portion of the grounds a small rabbit was kicked out by the crowd. He followed the fence for some distance and then dodged into cover. The beagles caught the scent together and away they ran at a sprinter's gait, each jealous of the other and keeping a watchful eye upon its rival. The rabbit like all small ones did little but dodge, now one hound lifting the trail for a few yards and then the other. The race after the first burst was over was tame and it was not long before the beagles ran to a loss. At the send-off Dime seemed to have a little the best of Buck, but the latter soon rose to the occasion. He cast at full speed, picked up the losses quickly and showed great dash and vigor in his work. Nor was Dime lacking in hunting sense and intelligence. Buck, however, outfooted her a little and she fearing that he would get away without her depended too much upon him when at fault. Drawn to new ground Mr. Reed stumbled upon a rabbit and away we all went at top speed through the cover. Buck was now driving in his best form and proved himself too much for Dime though the little blue-ticked lady was a worthy competitor and at no time was out of the race. Up at 10:40.

The judges were now prepared to award the prizes in this class, but to comply with the running rules which provide that the first and second, and second and third prize winners shall run together it was necessary to run a formal heat between Dime and Gay.

DIME—GAY.—This brace was down at 10:50 and up at 11. No game was started and the race was merely *pro forma*.

The judges then announced the winners: First prize, $60, to Buckshot; second prize, $40, to Dime; third prize, $20, divided between Blanche and Gay; reserve, Helen.

The hearty cheers for owners and hounds which followed the announcement of the judges reminded us of the jolly meets at Nanuet when Tony Weller and Lee II. carried off the highest honors of the beagle world. After a few minutes spent in general congratulation the judges called Class B, which had been drawn to run as follows:

Class B—All-Age Stake—13in. and Under.

Geo. Laick's black, white and tan dog Laick's Roy (Rover Minnie L.), handler, Geo. F. Reed, *with* N. A. Baldwin's black, white and tan dog Laddie (Royal Krueger—Midge), handler, owner.

Rockland Kennels' white and tan dog Rags (Little Wonder—Jessie), handler, H. L. Kreuder (a bye).

LAICK'S ROY—LADDIE.—This brace of little fellows was put down at 11:15 in brush. Roy is very timid and the crowd was held back as far as possible to give him a chance to gain confidence and show his paces. Both worked slowly at first, but Laddie soon got down to business and Roy profiting by his example followed suit. A rabbit was started by a spectator and the beagles were worked to the warm trail. Laddie hit it off, closely followed by Roy. They soon ran to a check, and here Laddie showed his experience and hunting sense, casting well and working the track slowly along. The trailing was difficult. The sun was warm, the ground dry as tinder, and the chase was necessarily slow and dull. Up at 11:50, Laddie easily the better.

RAGS.—The bye beagle, in charge of H. L. Kreuder, was put down at 11:52, with Laddie for company. The latter was busy on the trail which he had been running with Roy, but Rags was evidently of the opinion that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," or beagle, as the case may be, and so he started in for a frolic. He skipped about here and there, barked at the judges, did not deign to notice Laddie, who was working industriously, and paid no attention to the orders of his handler. He was glad to get out of his crate and meant to enjoy life while he could. Laddie meantime straightened out the track and drove prettily and evenly to a burrow where he marked his game to earth, tonguing and digging with all his strength. Rags thought that was pretty good fun and did a little of it on his own account. Just then another rabbit was put up near by. Laddie was held up and Rags asked to run alone, but he would have none of it. Laddie was then put down and soon trailed the game to a start. Up at 12:20.

The second series was called immediately, and the two beagles defeated by Laddie were put down to run for second and third money.

Second Series.

LAICK'S ROY—RAGS.—This brace, handled as in the first series, was put down at 12:22. Roy set to work at once and trailed to a start. He drove the rabbit slowly through an open field, picking out the track nicely on the dry turf. Then it dawned on Rags that if he was to win anything at all he must go to work. So he joined Roy and did his best to make up for lost time. They drove a short distance in company and were ordered up at 12:30.

The judges then gave their verdict. First prize, $30, to Laddie; second prize, $20, to Laick's Roy; third prize, $10, to Rags.

Lunch was now ready, and the sandwiches and coffee, grapes and apples, rapidly disappeared before the onslaught of the hungry crowd. Then all lined up for a photograph, and after being "shot" four times the judges called for Class C. It had been drawn to run as follows:

Class C.—The Derby.

Geo. F. Reed's black, white and tan bitch Nell R. (Ned—Haida), handler, owner, *with* Rockland Kennels' black, white and tan dog Clover (Roy K.—Fanchette), handler, H. L. Kreuder.

D. F. Summer's black, white and tan bitch Lucy S. (Frank—Jip), handler, owner (a bye).

NELL R.—CLOVER.—These youngsters, handled by G. F. Reed and H. L. Kreuder respectively, were laid on at 11:40. Clover found a little foot, but before he came up with the game Judge Lewis jumped it from its form. The hounds were called up, and Nell at once led off at a slashing pace and ran in far better form that she displayed in the All-Age class. Clover refused to hark to her, and the little Vermont beagle had it all her own way. Up at 1:55.

LUCY S.—The bye was now put down with Clover on the track where Nell had been driving. But as usually happens in such cases, neither hound could hit it off. Drawn away to another part of the grounds where a rabbit had been seen. Lucy began to trail, tonguing in a squeaky voice inaudible 50yds. away. She soon ran to a check and we were about to give it up as a dead loss, when one of the judges saw the rabbit squatting in some low bushes. Lucy was held up and Clover put down close by the game. When the cotton-tail jumped she caught a glimpse of it and ran by sight till it was lost to view in the underbrush. Then she cast wildly here and there, using her eyes instead of her nose. But after a little she quieted down and began to work out the trail slowly. Clover was then set loose and soon took the rabbit away from her inexperienced competitor. Up at 2:10.

Second Series.

LUCY S.—NELL R.—When these good ones were cast off at 2:12 it was evident that we were in for one of the best races of the trials and we were not mistaken. Lucy was the first to strike the trail, and in a moment Nell was with her and the fun began. The rabbit was no coward. He refused absolutely to be driven to earth, and for a half hour he ran in cover and open, now squatting in the plowed field which had so often given harbor to our game, then hiding in the underbrush. He was hard pressed by the beagles many a time, but in vain they tried to drive him in. Back and forth through the cover, over the open fields and plowed land went the chase. Now and then a welcome check gave a moment for the judges and handlers to catch their breath, and then on we went again. It was one of the events of the meet, and a more interesting race is rarely seen. Each contestant did grand work, showing hunting sense, speed and endurance. Nell, however, had a trifle the best of the run, her greater experience making her more independent in her work. Much of the chase was give and take between them, but Nell's wide casts served her in good stead at the bad losses. Up at 2:50.

The judges gave first prize, $20, to Nell R.; second prize, $10, to Lucy S.; reserve to Clover.

The running in the open classes having been finished, the entries for the championship classes were called. They filled and ran in the order reported below:

Champion Class—15 to 13in.

Rockland Kennels' black, white and tan dog Frank Forest (Riot—Skip), handler, H. L. Kreuder (a bye).

FRANK FOREST.—This veteran was the only entry and he was cast off at 3:10 to run alone. He was in fine condition and the weight of years rests lightly upon him. He hunted with intelligence and covered his ground with the same care he displayed in the days when he was the bright star of Mr. Parry's kennel. After he had been down some time one of the judges started a rabbit but the scent was cold when Frank was brought up and he could not make it out. Not long after another cottontail was discovered. Frank hit it off at once and was driving when ordered up at 3:40. The judges awarded him first prize and immediately called for the entries in the next class.

Champion Class—13in. and Under.

N. A. Baldwin's white, black and tan dog Laddie (Royal Krueger—Midge), handler, owner, *with* Rockland Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Zillah (Racer, Jr.—Nellie), handler, H. L. Kreuder.

Geo. F. Reed's black, white and tan bitch Spot R. (Kenneally's Lee—Skip), handler, owner (a bye).

LADDIE—ZILLAH.—These merry little workers were laid on at 4:05 in the same ground which we had been hunting all day. As it was growing late and we were anxious to finish the trials before dark all hands set out to find game. Soon a war whoop from Mr. Reed told us that Spot had jumped a rabbit. She was held up despite her objections and the competing brace cast to the line, but neither could carry it, and Spot himself was unable to make it out when put down the second time. Just here it was noticed that Zillah was going on three legs, and an examination disclosed the fact that one of her feet was badly cut. However, she kept on hunting and soon caught sight of a cottontail, which Mr. Clark assisted from its form. Laddie harked to her and they ran to a check, which soon developed into a loss. Not long after, a spectator supplied another "toy rabbit," and a neat little run in the open followed. Zillah was handicapped by her injured foot and Laddie did the greater part of the work. The latter now struck a winning gait, and it was clear that it would be no easy task to down him. He is a very industrious little fellow, works out his ground carefully and when he casts does so at top speed.

SPOT R.—This handsome little lady, the winner of first in the open class last year, was put down with Laddie at 4:42 on the track of the rabbit which he had been running in the last race. Neither, however, could make it out. Soon Laddie began to trail. Spot harked to him and together they put up a rabbit in the open. They were as jealous a brace as was seen during the trials. Neither meant to give away anything to the other. Each strove to gain the lead and a long and pretty race, mostly in the open fields, followed. The rabbit did not go to earth, but he would run for a half-mile or more and squat, then he would make another long run and again wait for the hounds. These tactics frequently gave the hounds a cold track for a long distance, and here Laddie displayed a better nose than Spot. Most of the trailing was done by him, and he frequently caught the losses well in advance of his rival. Not that Spot failed to work. Never did a beagle try harder. She fairly buried her nose in the earth in her endeavors to lift the trail, but it availed her nothing; she was not in the winning form of last year, and Laddie held his own with little difficulty. At 5:30, when it was so dark that one hound could be distinguished from the other only with difficulty, the brace was ordered up.

It was a tired party that crowded into the barge for the ride back to headquarters in the moonlight. After supper the judges announced the winners in the 13in. champion class. First prize, $18 and title of field trial champion, to Laddie; second prize, $9, to Spot R.; reserve to Zillah. The judges suggested that the special prize of $30 offered by the club for the best beagle sired by or out of a field trial winner should be divided by Laddie and Blanche, as it was manifestly unfair to run the little beagle against the large one. The field trial committee approved the suggestion and it will come before the club for action at the next regular meeting.

Then with cheers for Laddie and his owner, and amid universal congratulations and good feeling, the meet of 1894 came to an end.

BRADLEY.

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What They Said.

(*With apologies to everybody.*)

Staley Doub—I tell you, pard, there's no place like old Nanuet. Say, just come up-stairs and help me open my trunk, will you?

Geo. F. Reed—Funny a man can't blow his horn when he wants to. Been introduced to Old Maryland yet?

Louis Contoit—Bet I'll never go to another field trial in a stiff hat.

Jos. Lewis—I tell you, boys, Robino's the best headed little beagle in America; he is for sure.

N. A. Baldwin—Who said Laddie wasn't bred right to hunt?

F. W. Chapman—Come down to Maine; we'll hunt bay lynx with Umsly?

John Bateman—I've got a beagle at home that can beat anything there is here. No, don't give me that chestnut.

Geo. Laick—You needn't be afraid of Roy. He won't bite.

H. L. Kreuder—Yes, I've bought Buckshot.

D. Summers—I'll cross swords with Canada Gray another year and don't you forget it.

C. W. Quynn—I wouldn't judge again for $1,000. Bet I'll sleep when I get home.

R. S. Cramer—No, I haven't seen any purple pups in Maryland yet.

Wm. Saxby—I've learned a thing or two. You just wait till next year, I'll bring more blankets.

The Dogs—Why don't they shoot something? What's it all about anyway?

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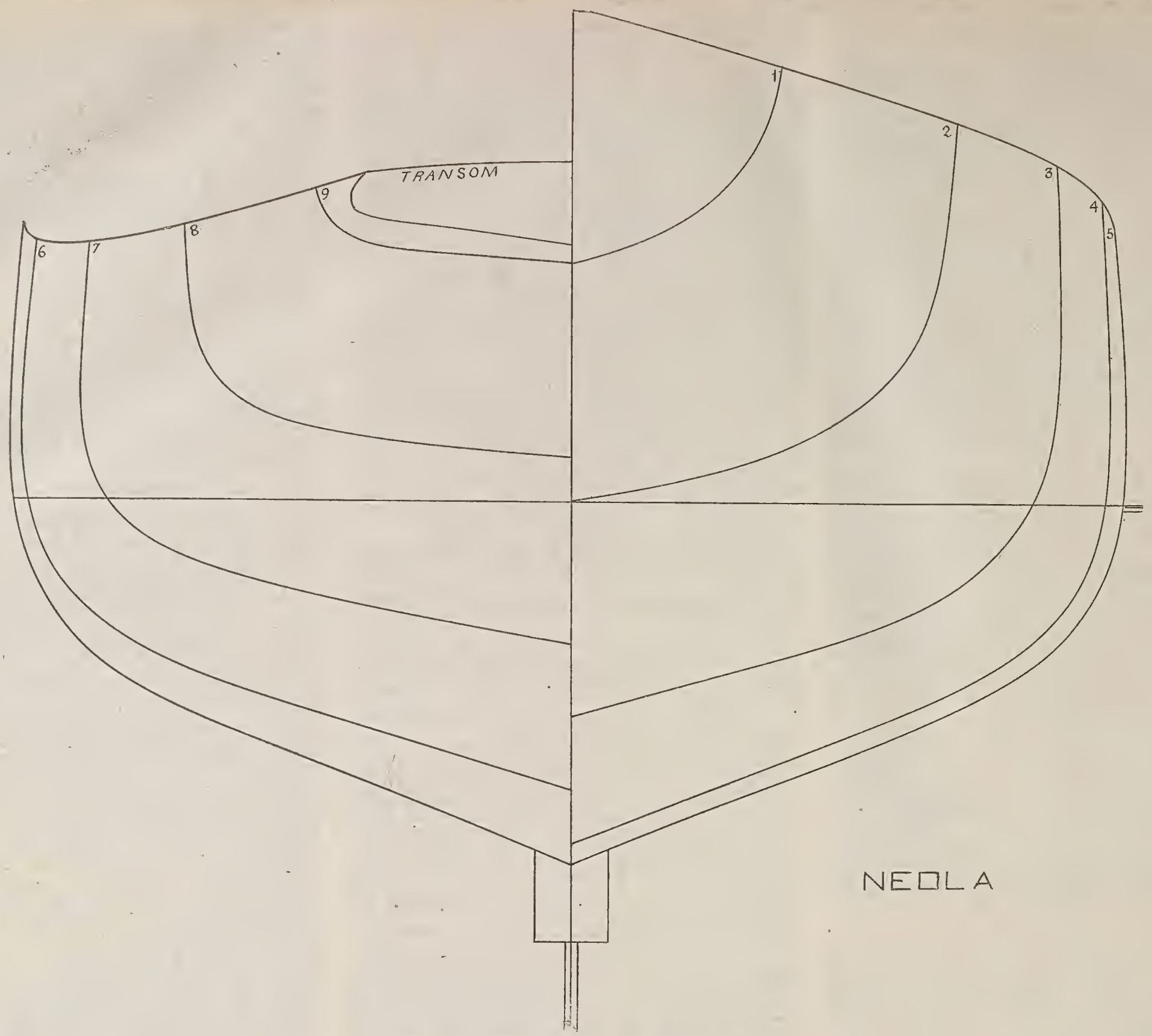
The N. E. K. C. Whippet Races.

WHIPPET racing for the *elite* did not make its debut under the most auspicious circumstances at the Terrier Club show, for the little dogs could scarcely be expected to do their best on a soggy turf and during drenching rain. Still, every one seemed eager to see the little ones run, and braved the elements until the first series was run through on Tuesday afternoon and then broke for cover. For the information of the uninitiated, we may say that these whippets are small greyhounds, or rather large Italian greyhounds with a dash of terrier in them to give them courage and tenacity. They are smart little chaps, some smooth, some broken-haired, with all the make and shape of a miniature greyhound.



NEOLA——BODY PLAN (ONE-HALF SIZE).

The method of racing is simple. The course, 200yds. straigtaway, was laid diagonally across the polo field, a lane 20yds. wide, defined at intervals by sticks in the ground. At the starting end were marks denoting the number of yards from the scratch. All whippets are handicapped on a complicated system based on the weight of the dog. The main point is that a bitch of the same weight gives the dog 2yds. start, and scaling on the weights, 2yds. to the pound is the regular rule.

The race is in heats, and getting ready for heats, each dog is grasped and held on its appropriate mark by a handler. There is another man for each dog who runs down the course waving a big white cloth, after first allowing the dog to smell of it. When the ragman, or "runners up," have reached the finish, they wave their rag more frantically than before and yell encouragingly at the dogs, who are yelping and straining to get away from the handlers at the starting line. The pistol is fired finally after a cautionary word, and away they go. The rules permit the handler to throw the dog at the pistol shot, and no little skill is exercised in sending the dogs away right. A good man can throw a dog several feet, the dog landing right in his stride, and being off under almost full headway at once.

A number of ladies stood on the rain-soaked turf to see the fun and were not the last to leave, braving pneumonia with the rest of us. The course being so wet no times were taken. The following are the results of the first rouud:

Sweepstakes, $2 each, and $150 added by the club:

First heat—Gyp (8½yds.), E. Holding, Fall River, first; Buck (3¾yds.), S. Ford, Fall River, second; Daddy White (½yd.), and Can't Tell (20½yds.), unplaced.

Second heat—Bess (20½yds.), G. Thompson, Kearney, N. J., first; Fannie (6½yds.), T. Ratcliffe, Fall River, second; Paddy (19yds.) and Spark (2¼yds) unplaced.

Third heat—Young Dick (17yds.), J. Douglas, Kearney, N. J., first; Spring (2°y'ls.), T. Redford, Fall River, second; Rose (¼yd) and Dandy (19yds.) unplaced.

Fourth heat—Daisy (4½yds.), T. Hurst, Ashland, Pa., first; Plunger (18yds.)A. Hoey, Natick, second; Dash (17yds.) and Peggy (18½yds.) unplaced.

An attempt was made to continue the racing on Wednesday but the rain simply drowned us out and the second round was postponed until Thursday when the weather being so fine a great crowd of ladies and members of the Country Club interrupted their admiration for the horses and transferred it to the whippets. Pretty nearly every one vowed he'd own a whippet before the week was out, while some of the dogly inclined members of the N. E. K. C. made anxious inquiries as to where the record breakers could be purchased. The only men who did not stop to see the running were the golfers and nothing short of the Rockies would stop them. Summary of second round is as follows:

First heat, first, J. Holding's Gip (8½yds.); second, G. Thompson's Bess (20½yds.); Fanny (6½yds.) and Buck (3¾ yds.) unplaced. Second heat, first, T. Redford's Spring (22yds.); second, J. Douglas' Young Dick (17yds.); Plunger (18yds.) and Daisy (4½yds.) unplaced. Final, won by Spring, Gip second, Bess third and Young Dick fourth.

Then the club in its enthusiasm announced another sweepstake of $2 each, to which they added $100, and drew fourteen entries.

First Round.

First heat—First, G. Thompson's Bess (14yds.); second, J. Holding's Gyp (¾yd.); Buck (sch.) and Dandy (17½yds.) unplaced.

Second heat—First, A. Lord's Paddy (17½yds.); second, J. Douglas's Young Dick (12½yds.); Fanny (2yds.) and Spring (12yds.) unplaced.

Third heat—First, J. Campbell's Dash (17yds.); second, A. Hoey's Plunger (14yds.); Rose (1yd.) ran unplaced.

Fourth heat—First, T. Hurst's Daisy (2½yds.); second, A. Hoey's Dandy White (½yd.); Spark ran unplaced.

Second Round.

First heat—First, Daisy; second, Dandy White; Plunger and Dash ran unplaced.

Second heat—First, Paddy; second, Gip; Bess and Young Dick ran unplaced.

Final won by Dandy White; second, Gip; third, Daisy; fourth, Paddy.

The dogs were handicapped by Mr. W. Finn, of Natick, Mass., and Mr. James Mortimer was judge-referee, and placed the winners accurately—no easy matter at times to one not accustomed to see these doggy streaks finish in a bunch. Each dog had a colored rag round its neck, and that helped to distinguish them.

That whippet racing will take firm hold is very probable, and in future we would suggest that the course be lined at each side with whitewashed planks—say a foot high, which would serve to mark the course for the dogs and keep people back. Several dogs were led astray and lost their chances when leading. The names of owners and dogs, with their handicaps, should be posted in some conspicuous place, for of course when the entries are made so late in the day it is impossible to get out a race card, which would aid the public in getting a knowledge of the dogs.

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National Fox Hunters' Association.

SINCE the publication of the rules of the National Fox Hunters' Association the committee has decided to reduce the entrance fee from $5 to $2.50 for each dog, and to limit the number of entries from any one kennel or pack to four.

HARRY L. MEANS, Sec.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

Mr. Alex. S. Thweatt writes us that there is a movement on foot to have a great fox hunting meet in Asheville, N. C., about Dec. 1, and he would like to have the various fox-hunting clubs of New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut and Pennsylvania communicate with him in regard to it. His address is 271 Broadway, New York.

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Mr. F. J. Hagans of Louisville, Ky., a good friend of FOREST AND STREAM, and an enthusiastic fox hunter, has had some of the best known fox hunters at his hunting lodge this fall. Messrs. Sam and James M. Herr, with the best of the Goodman & Pooler dogs, will be his guests this week. He has been solicited to act as chairman of the field trial committee or as judge at the coursing meet of the N. F. H. A., a position about as satisfactory to fill as umpire at an amateur base ball game. But some one must do it and no better choice could be made.

Yachting.

THE New York Y. C. has this week received a communication from Lord Dunraven, the nature of which will not be disclosed until it is made public at a special meeting of the club, which has been called for Nov. 8.

Model Yacht Building.

THE subject of model yachting, designing, building and sailing has never yet attracted the attention which it deserves from American yachtsmen, the sport being far less advanced than in England. That it is by no means child's play, but well worthy of the same careful study as is bestowed on large yachts, is being better understood each year, and the prospects of model yachting have greatly improved of late. The history of model yachting in America, which is largely the history of the American Model Y. C. of Brooklyn, N. Y., was told in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 10, 1894 Besides the work of the senior club, others are growing up about Philadelphia, in Minneapolis and other places, and the interest is increasing every year.

To the great number of men or boys who are fond of boats and sailing, but debarred by limited time or means or the distance from navigable water from indulging their tastes, model yachting offers special attractions, as, at a very limited cost, a man is enabled to test his skill as designer, builder and sailor, and to experiment on any theories that he may believe in. The outlay for the necessary tools and materials is small, and the work may be done at home in the evenings, and under circumstances which would make any other kind of boat or yacht building impossible.

In answer to many inquiries from our readers since the previous article on model yachting appeared, we propose to give in this and the following issues plain and simple directions for building a model yacht. The yacht selected as an example, through the kindness of her owner, Mr. J. E. Pfeiffer, of the American Model Y. C., is the Neola, one of the racing craft of the club whose name has frequently appeared in our reports of the races. The directions for building are by Mr. Herbert Fisher, secretary of the club, and the drawings by Mr. Frank Nichols. The dimensions of Neola are:

Length over all	83½in.
l.w.l.	52in
Beam	15in.
Draft	14½in.

The body plan is reproduced exactly one-half of the true size, so that it may readily be enlarged. To do this a series of lines parallel with the waterline and any convenient distance apart, as ½in., are drawn on the body plan as printed. A piece of stout brown paper about 18in. wide and 24in. long is then prepared by drawing in the waterline at the proper position, some 16in. from the lower end, and then reproducing the series of parallel lines, aut of double the distance apart of the original, or 1in. The breadth of each section on each waterline are then taken with a pair of dividers or by marking with a pencil on a strip of paper and set off twice on their respective waterlines in the enlarged body plan. The sheer and half-breadth plans should also be laid off full size on brown paper. If desired, the model may be reduced to half size by using the body plan exactly as printed; or an enlargement may be made to three-quarter size by ruling the parallel lines but ¾in. apart and laying off each breadth one and one-half times instead of twice.

There are three methods by which to build model yachts; termed in model yachting parlance, the block, bread-and-butter and the built-up plans.

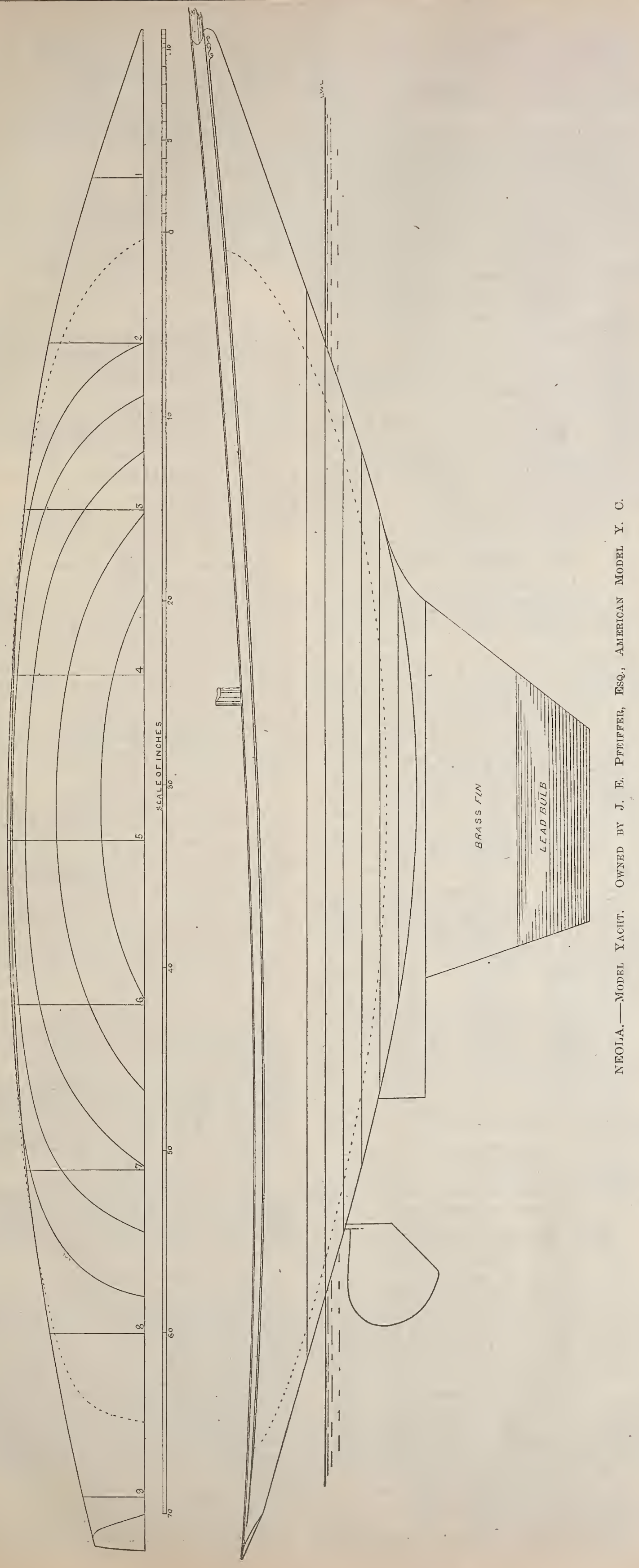
In working by either of these methods, the first thing to do is to get out the design on paper, so as to have something definite to work to before commencing to cut the wood. The design should show the deck line and water lines—the half breadth plan—the profile, and, for the block or bread-and-butter plans, as many of the vertical cross sections, not less than six to the length of the waterline, as may be deemed to be desirable or necessary for accurate work in cutting down to the form required.

It often happens that a person intending to build, may have in his mind just what he wants in the way of form or shape, and weight of a model, but is not able to properly put the lines down on paper; in that case, he must get some one who has had some experience in designing and building model yachts, to draft a plan for him, after his description; which may be done for a small cost. By expending a little money at first, thus one may save considerable time and trouble in doing the work, and when it is finished, if the builder has followed out his plan accurately, he can depend upon having a properly formed boat.

The design being completed, next thing is to make from the body plan a set of templates or forms, one for each of the cross sections shown in the drawing. These can be made of any thin wood that is easy to cut with a pen knife, say $^1/_{16}$ to $^1/_8$ of an inch in thickness, and hollowed out on one edge to conform exactly to the cross section line. Tack to the upper end a short straight piece of the same wood, to square the mould by when applying to the block.

THE BLOCK METHOD.

In what is termed the block method, which some years ago was about the only one in use, and is still used to some extent for small models of not over 20 or 25in. length, there is required a piece of soft white pine, clear of knots and straight-grained, of length, width and



NEOLA.—MODEL YACHT. OWNED BY J. E. PFEIFFER, ESQ., AMERICAN MODEL Y. C.

thickness sufficient to get out the model without having to piece out anywhere.

First mark out with a lead pencil the deck line on the block, using the drawing for a pattern, draw a line straight through the center from end to end, carry this line down each end and straight along the bottom of the block. Now cut away the sides to the deck line—a good way if the block is a large one is to take it to some mill where there is a band saw and have it sawed out. Now mark on the side the profile or keel line, and sheer line of the deck, and cut away to it, being careful to cut only a little at a time and follow up the cutting by marking the center line under the bottom of the boat so that when you have finished that part of it you have a line running down the stem and straight along what will be the center of the keel up the center of the stern post and along under the center of the overhang. When you have cut away the sheer of the deck line mark the center line over again, and divide this line off by lines running across the block at the points where the templates are to be used, and make corresponding lines across the bottom of the keel.

Having gone this far you are ready to commence to shape your boat, and this part of the work will require a great deal of care and patience. Don't try to hurry, but cut into the block carefully, trying your templates often to see that you are not cutting away too much, always being sure that the straight piece on the top of your template lies on the line on the deck at right angles to the center line, and the bottom end is on the corresponding line on the keel. When you have finished one side, turn the block and work the same on the other side, and if you have used proper care in adjusting the templates, both sides will be alike, and your boat true. Now sandpaper it down to remove the unevenness caused by your tools, using coarse (No. 2) paper first, and finish with fine (No. 1½) paper.

The boat is now ready to be hollowed out. To do this conveniently a cradle should be made for it to lie in, so that it will be held firmly while using the gouge or chisel. This can be made by taking two short pieces of board and cutting them out so that they will fit under the boat, one at either end, and connecting the two by strips nailed from one to the other.

Draw a line from ⅜ to ¾in. from the outside all around the boat on the top or deck, cut straight down from this line for about ¾in., and as you go further down in the boat, work out toward the outside until as thin as desirable until near the bottom, where it should be left thicker. The thickness of the sides depends somewhat upon the size of the model, from ¼in. on a small model to ⅓in. on one of 35 to 40in. in length.

Next get out the deck beams, cutting all before setting any in, so as to have them of the same curve or rise of deck. They should be about ¼in. in thickness by ½in. deep, and curve to rise about ½in at midship. Use the first one made as a pattern for the rest. Cut them to length for the position they are to go in, and mortise them into the sides so that the upper side is flush with the upper edge of the boat, and the ends ¼in. inside of outer line. Now fasten two straight pieces or beams in between the deck beams at the place where the hatch opening is to be, to form the sides of the hatch, being careful to leave the opening large enough to insert the hand, as you will need to hold a small weight under some of the beams while nailing on the deck.

For the deck use either pine or light mahogany ⅛in. thick and cut ⅛in. larger than the boat, and when nailed on, round off the edge with sandpaper. This forms a sort of bead, and will act as a fender.

When the deck is on, cut out the rail, preferably of oak, from ⅛ to ¼in. in thickness, according to size of boat, and about twice as high at the bow as at the stern—a gradual taper down. Cut out two or three places from the under side of the rails close together at the lowest part of the deck, for scuppers, about 1in. long and half the height of the rail. Bevel the rail where needed to conform to section of the boat, and nail on with wire nails. It is well to drill holes in the rail for the nails, to insure their going straight and to avoid splitting.

THE BREAD-AND-BUTTER PLAN.

The bread-and-butter plan is an improvement over the block method for models of larger size and is used to advantage in smaller ones as well. In this plan the water lines are laid down a distance apart equal to the thickness of the material to be used. It is desirable to have all the pieces out of the same wood to avoid breaking of the joints by expansion and contraction of different woods, so the larger the boat the thicker must be the plank from which it is made in order to be able to get all that is wanted from one plank. Large models sometimes require a plank 2in. thick and 16ft. long, and even then it is necessary to make some of the smaller sections from the pieces taken out from the center of the upper ones.

To begin this plan, cut your drawing out at the deck line and use as a pattern to mark out on the wood. As the drawing is usually made for only one-half of the boat, after marking one side draw a straight line on the board from end to end of the line you have made for one side, then turn the pattern over and mark the other side, a straight line should be drawn across the plan at midship and this line marked on each section when marked off, as well as the line running fore and aft to guide in putting the sections together; these two lines we will call the guide lines.

Now cut your drawing down to the next section or waterline and lay it on the part you have already marked out, being careful to bring the guide lines over each other, and make a light or dotted line to the pattern, and removing it draw a heavy line from 1in. to 1½in. inside of the dotted line, increasing the distance from the dotted line at the ends to 2½ or 3in This line marks the piece to be sawed out from the inside of the upper section, leaving sufficient overlap to glue to the next one below.

Now move the pattern along the plank and mark out the next section, after which cut the drawing down to the third section line to get the inside line for section as before; repeat this process until you have all the sections marked out. The bottom sections, two or perhaps three of them, if the model is for a keel boat, will be solid, not sawed out in the center.

You can now take your plank to the mill and have your sections sawed out to the lines you have made, and they are ready to be glued together. In gluing care must be taken to bring the guide lines together exactly over each other; you will facilitate this by squaring the lines down the edges of the sections after they are sawed out. When it is all glued together the whole will have something the form of the boat made of a series of steps both inside and outside, and you will find the labor of shaping it is very much less than it would be from the block, and you have a better and stronger boat; as it is less liable to check or split open. The writer has now four models that were made in this manner five or six years ago, and there is not a check or split in them, and it is impossible to tell at this time where the joints in them are. The instructions for shaping and hollowing out given for the block method should be followed in this plan, but in addition yon have the waterlines on which the sections are sawed to guide you in your work as you work off the corners until you fair the boat down to the sawed lines.

Care should be taken where the section is convex in form not to take off too much between the lines before trying the templates, or you will be apt to destroy the symmetry of the boat.

The instructions for deck beams and deck also apply to this plan.

We now come to the built up plan, which is the one at present most in favor with the advanced model yachtsman.

As the instructions for a built model are somewhat lengthy and will require considerable space, we will leave it for another number.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Steel Shipbuilding in Washington.

EVERETT, Wash., Oct. 24.—The first whaleback steamer built on the Pacific coast was launched to-day at the yards of the American Steel Barge Company, in this city, in the presence of 15,000 people.

This new rival for the Pacific carrying traffic, christened the City of Everett, is 361ft. long, 42ft. beam, 26ft. deep, with a carrying capacity of 4,800 tons, and will cost completed $300,000.

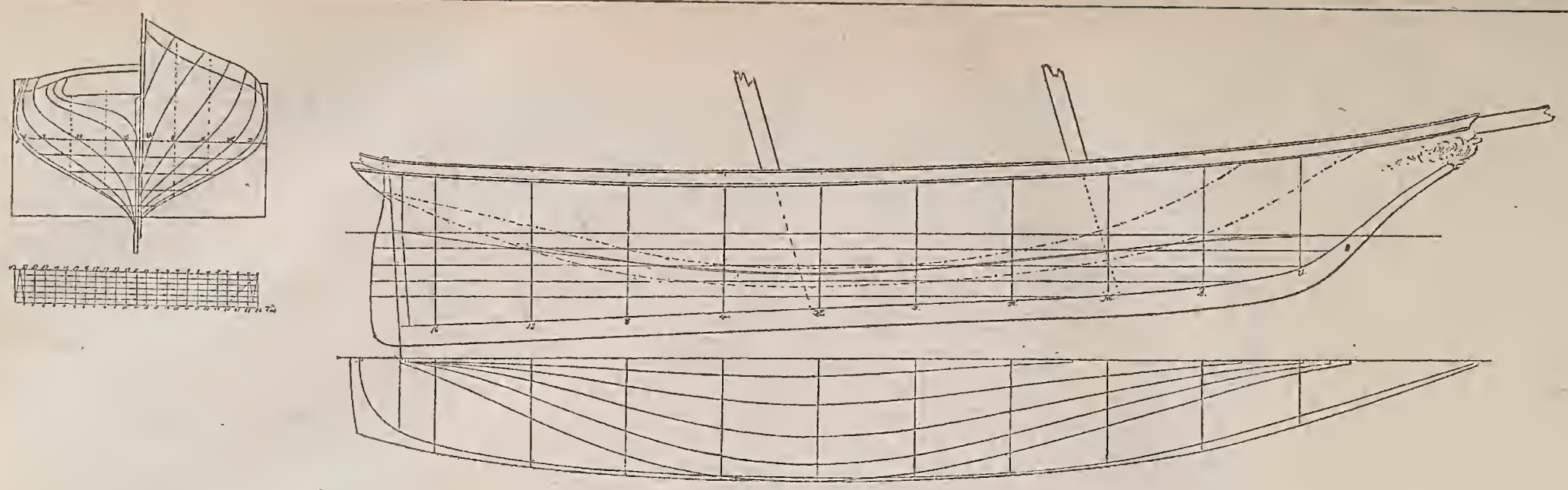
The launching and celebration in the city were successes, augmented by warm, bright weather. Among the guests were Governor McGraw and staff, officials of the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and Everett & Monte Cristo Railway companies, and mayors and councilmen from neighboring cities.

The parade in celebration of the event was a grand pageant of the industrial resources of this the youngest city in the State, and represented manufacturing enterprises employing an aggregate of $5,000,000 capital. It also marks an epoch in city building, when it is realized that four years ago a dense forest existed where now stands a vigorous city having imposing buildings, fifteen miles of paved streets, eighteen miles of water mains, eight miles of electric street railway, a port of customs entry, shipping facilities over five railroads and lines of ocean steamships, and the most extensive manufacturing industries in the Pacific Northwest. CAYUGA.

Crusader and Toxteth.

A FINE race was sailed on Oct. 13 between the keel schooner Toxteth and the centerboard schooner Crusader, both of Chicago. A gale was blowing on Lake Michigan and both yachts were reefed down when they started at 3:15 P.M., the course being from the Van Buren street gap around the Waterworks Crib and the Four-Mile Crib and back; a dead beat, a run and a beat in. Toxteth crossed in the lead and held her own over two legs of the course. The sea was very bad and Crusader finally gave up, as she was far astern and making water. The times were:

	Start.	1st crib.	2d crib.	Finish.
Toxteth	3 16 40	3 51 00	4 14 30	5 03 40
Crusader	3 15 00	3 52 00	4 15 30	Withdrew.



SCHOONER YACHT SVERIGE.

The Schooner Yacht Sverige.

But little is known in this country about the Swedish yacht which in 1852 sailed a match with America, then owned hy Lord De Blaquierre, of 20 miles to leeward and return from the Nab, and, though defeated, in part or wholly through the breaking of her gaff jaws, came nearer to the famous American yacht than any of her English competitors. We are indebted to Mr. John Emberg for the following translation of an account of this yacht, the Sverige, published in connection with the drawing, which we reproduce, in the Swedish yachting journal, *Tidning For Idrott.*

Among the models of ships in the Swedish department of the World's Columbian Exposition is one that should be noted with special attention. The long, raking and thin keel that indicates only inside hallast, the very short overhangs and the low freeboard, with its plain, rounded sides, show that the model does not represent a modern boat, while, on the other hand, the extraordinarily fine lines testify to a sailing capacity unusual for its time, and which will compel the admiration of the yacht expert for the well executed model. An American expert in looking at the model may perhaps carry away the idea that it represents the world-renowned schooner America, that first won the America's Cup, an error that is quite excusable on account of the strange similarity between this model and that of America. The model represents, however, a vessel designed and built in Sweden, and which, perhaps, under such favorable circumstances as attended America, might also have made a world-wide reputation.

The notice which she at first attracted was by no means equal to the fame of America; and as the latter finally took the prize after the Swedish yacht had for a time outsailed her, it is not to he wondered at that the history of Sverige is very little known, either in America or Sweden.

It may he stated as a fact that the model now on exhibition at Chicago, has long had a permanent resting place on Langholm's Wharf (Sweden), in company with one on the same scale of America; and on the back of the former is to he seen the inscription: "Racing schooner Sverige, built at Essingen's Wharf in 1852, by Carl Fredrik Andersson." It can most truly be said of Sverige that she was built at Essingen's Wharf and by Carl Fredrik Andersson; but whether the builder also designed her, it is hard now to tell. I have been told that the schooner was intended to be built by a Capt. Andersson for a company; and that, after her completion, he was her sailing master in the race with America. Some doubt has been thrown on the correctness of the date on the model, as the race took place early in the summer of 1852, outside the Isle of Wight; and the time betwen her completion and this date would have been short for her to have reached England; hut if, in accordance with a common custom, the year of building is that of the final completion and launching; it is not impossible that the launching and sailing to England could have been done before the date of the race. [The race was sailed on Oct. 12, 1852, not early in the summer, as stated.—Editor Forest and Stream.]

Of Sverige's racing in England little is known, save that she raced with America at the time of the latter's highest fame, and after outsailing her for a long distance, lost the race by the breaking of the jaws of her gaff. Her creditable performance with America, and the resemblance in topsides and rig, gave rise to the opinion in England that she was a copy of America; but there are many circumstances to show that this was not the case. In the first place, the designer of America was George Steers, and if he did not adopt the same secretive tactics which mark the designer of to-day, he at least did not give out his models and drawings to the public; and further, it is very doubtful whether a design was made prior to the building of the yacht, Mr. Steers, like all the other American designers of his day, being accustomed to cutting the model in wood and laying off the vessel from the model.

Further, it is not probahle that the two models, of Sverige and America, on the wharf of Langholm, would have been made exactly on the same scale as compared with each other if Sverige was only a copy of America; the models being so old that they no doubt date from a period when certain knowledge existed of Sverige's true origin, the wharf of Langholm being from the first, so it is said, hut an outgrowth of the business of Essingen.

Finally, there is a great difference between the underwater body of Sverige and America. The latter vessel has, in all of the section of the forebody, very straight lines below the waterline; while the sections of Sverige in the same part of the vessel have a very remarkable curvature. The dimensions and proportions of the two are not the same. With America looked up to as an absolute masterpiece in every detail, it is most probable that if the builder of Sverige had had a drawing of the former to work from, he would have done the work as carefully as possible; and not have made the changes in the sections, and in the forefoot, deeper and not so shapely; and in the placing of the spars and other minor details. The general appearance of the two ships is so similar that we may fairly assume that the designer of Sverige has at least taken his inspiration from the American pilot boats, which have retained the same general type before and for a time after America. The dimensions of Sverige were:

Length over all	113ft. 10in.
l.w.l.	96ft.
Beam extreme	25ft. 8in.
l.w.l.	24ft. 8in.
Draft	11ft. 8in.
Displacement, long tons	149.5
Area midship section, sq. ft	102

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

A meeting of the Council was held on Oct. 24 at the Langham Hotel, London. There were present Sir G. A. Leach (in the chair), the Hon. G. C. Colville, Mr. Philip Perceval, Jr., Mr. G. B. Thompson, Mr. C. Newton Robinson, Mr. G. E. Lake, Mr. T. B. C. West, Capt. C. G. Nottage, Mr. G. F. Flemmich, Col. Villiers Bagot, Col. Fitzroy Clayton, Mr. Herbert Crossley, Mr. W. Baden-Powell, Mr. Peter Donaldson, Mr. A. Manning and Major P. H. Hewitt. Mr. W. G. Jameson was elected to the Council to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lieut. Henn, R.N. The Marquis of Carmarthen and Mr. Linton Hope were elected members of the Association. The Council proceeded to consider the report of the rating rule committee, as already published, and decided not to make any attempt to bring about an international rating rule. Mr A. Manning then proposed and Mr. Peter Donaldson seconded, that the existing rating rule be amended next spring, and the rules as amended to come into operation in 1896. Mr. W. Baden-Powell proposed and Mr. Herbert Crossley seconded, as an amendment, that the words "next spring," etc., he omitted, and the following substituted, "That the rule be amended this autumn, and come into operation in 1895." Three voted for the amendment, which was not carried. The original motion was then put, and twelve voted for it, and it was declared carried. The following members were then appointed a committee to recommend what amendment to the rating rule is desirable, and with full powers to take such steps as they may consider expedient: Mr. H. Crossley, Mr. Peter Donaldson, Mr. G. F. Flemmich, Sir George C. Lampson, Bart., Sir G. A. Leach, Mr. A. Manning, Mr. W. Baden-Powell, Col. Saunderson, M P., Mr. G. B. Thompson and Mr. C. Newton Robinson. A question was asked by the Tenby regatta committee whether, if a yacht fouled the bowsprit of a committee boat, she should be disqualified; or whether the bowsprit ought to have been run in. The answer was that the yacht must be disqualified. The Lough Derg Y. C. referred a protest made hy the Knockerockery against the Achilla for being steered during a portion of a race hy a paid hand, but the protest was disputed because no ensign had been displayed, and was not made in time. The Council decided, under the last paragraph of Rule 30, that the Achilla must be disqualified.—*The Field, Oct. 27.*

The interest of the Encinal Club was centered yesterday in the launching of the new yacht that was built at High-street bridge hy Dr. Edward S. Clark and his brother, Carlton H Clark. Her spars and sail had heen set before launching, and when floated she was ready to get under way. This was not undertaken until high tide, at 4 P. M., as the channel from the bridge to the club house is very narrow and has not much water. Therefore, in the light prevailing winds, she did not reach the latter place till 7:30 P. M. This new addition to the fleet of the Encinal Boat Club will be known as the Nita. Her measurements are: Length over all, 30ft.; length on waterline, 26ft.; beam, 11ft.; draft without centerboard, 2ft. 6in.; draft with centerboard, 6ft.; length of hoom, 31ft.; length of gaff, 14ft. 6in.; hoist of mainsail. 17ft. 5in.; deck to hounds, 19ft.; hoist of the jib, 24ft.; foot of jib, 16ft. 5in. Her cabin is very large, having about 6ft. of head room, which does not give her a very rakish appearance; but as she is huilt expressly for a cruiser this is a decided advantage. The interior is finished in oak, with a very high polish, which gives the cahin an exquisite appearance. On the port side forward is the lavatory, with which there are special connections for pumping out the yacht. On the starhoard side forward there is the galley, while forward are the gas and water tanks and chain locker. One of the novelties aboard this craft is the illumination by gas, which is the first time such a thing has been tried in a yacht of her size on this bay. Later on, electric lights, the fittings of which are all in place, will he put in. The tables are of the leaf pattern, fastened alongside of the centerboard case. The steering gear is both wheel and tiller, at the option of the owners. There are 5,000lbs. of ballast at present in the shape of sash-weights, but this has been found to be insufficient and 3,000lbs. more will be added, 1,000 of which is likely to be in an iron shoe. Her underbody somewhat resembles Dr. Humphries' old boat, which may be, because the same man that built the vessel laid the keel and bent the ribs of this new craft The rest of the work has been done hy her owners, who are only amateurs at the art, and must therefore he congratulated on their success—*San Francisco Call, Oct. 22.*

The regular organization meeting of the Neptune Y. C. of New Rochelle was held at the residence of Mr. L. C. Ketchum on Oct. 29. The committee on constitution and by-laws submitted their report, which was adopted. The constitution, by-laws and racing rules are similar to those of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. The designating signal will be a white pointed flag with a red cross thereon outlined with hlue. The first fifty members will be admitted without initiation fee, and the dues have been set at $10 per year. The club officials are now negotiating for a house and grounds at New Rochelle. The new club will have its headquarters on the lower harbor, just inside of Glen Island. A committee is now engaged in sounding along the shore, and will lay out an anchorage inside of the channel lines. The following officers have been elected: Acting Com., Chas M. Connolly; Treas., Arthur Townsend; Sec'y., Robert T. Badgley; Trustees, Chas. M. Connolly, Arthur Townsend, Robert T. Badgley, L. C. Ketchum and A. E. McArthur. Mr. Ketchum has been appointed a committee on site and Messrs. Ketchum, Townsend and Badgley have been appointed as a house committee. The regatta or sailing committee is composed of T. Fleming Day, E. Burton Hart and F. M. Freeman. Among the members enrolled up to date are Francis Wilson, Frank M. Freeman, H. G. O. Dunham, Mr. Sherwood, Hazen Morse, E. Lyon, W. L. Lyon, Mr. Pelham, Mr. Kehoe and many other prominent residents of New Rochelle. The election of the commodore, vice-commodore and rear-commodore will not he held until the committee on site has completed its labors.

The Minneapolis M. Y. R. A. 40in. race on Oct. 21, was not brought to a conclusion owing to want of wind. A rather longer course than usual was given them and they were sent half a mile to windard and return. Wasp did not show up, leaving D. H. E. and Minerva to fight it out again. D. H. E. to leeward, was first away and drew out from Minerva; the latter was pointing higher however, and when they went about was in the best position, and on this tack increased her lead. Shortly after a shift of wind enabled her to lay a direct course for the turn, round which she came with a good lead. Shortly after the wind died almost completely away, and the yachts gave up on the run home.

The shoal-draft yawl Lounger, designed and huilt hy H. C. Wintringham for James B Hammond in 1892, has proved very successful both in Florida waters, for which her very light draft was specially intended, and in the offshore work between New York and Florida; and Mr. Wintringham has just completed the designs for a similar craft, for Mr. H. M. Billings, of New York. She will be 52ft. over all, 38ft. l.w.l., 14ft 3in. beam and but 19in. draft. The rig will he between a ketch and a yawl, similar to the "American yawl" rig of the Biscayne Bay Y. C. The yacht will be built by John F. Mumm, at Bay Ridge, the work being now well under way, as the yacht is to sail for Florida next month.

Mr. Arthur Binney is husy with the design for a 90ft. cruising steam yacht for a Boston owner, a roomy hoat of moderate power. He has also under way a 28ft. centerboard sloop of 30in. draft, for Barnegat Bay, a cabin boat with galley and w. c., and a 2½-rater for Shanghai, to be huilt in China.

Alice, yawl, 42ft. built by Clapham, has been purchased by Mr. Conyers C. Converse, of Highwood, N. J.

Hanniel, steam yacht, C. H. W. Foster, will have two new Almy water tube hoilers put in at Lawley's.

The sale of the steam yacht Emhla, hy J. H. Hanan to E. W. Bliss has heen cancelled.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

The Excelsior Rifle Club brought its half-yearly gallery competition to a close last week. On Friday night the annual election of officers was held. The new hoard is as follows: President, Thos. Hughes; Captain, L. P. Hansen; Treasurer, Wm. H. Hallowell; Secretary, W. J. Channing; Shooting Committee—L. P. Hansen, J. W. Hennessey, Jas. Hughes; House Committee—L. P. Hansen, Jas. Hughes, J. Brinkman; Finance Committee—E. J. McCarthy, H. Reeves and G. G. Williams.

The total scores of the members competing for the class medals and a list of the winners are appended:

	Total.	Aggregate.		Total.	Aggregate.
R H Duff	5,075	230	G G Williams	4,929	224
J Binns	4,805	218	J Martin	4,948	224
W Hughes	4,979	226	F P Thompson	4,838	219
J Hughes	5,100	231	L P Hansen	5,220	237
W J Hennessy	5,251	238	D Kastendiek	4,903	222

The winners in the classes were: First class—W. J. Hennessey, first medal; L. P. Hansen, second medal. Second class—Jas. Hughes, first medal; R. H. Duff, second medal. Third class—William Hughes, first medal; Jas. Martin, second medal.

Greenville Rifle Club.

Greenville, N. J., Nov. 2.—The weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club for class prizes was held at headquarters this evening. Scores: M. Dorrler 235, Geo. Purkess 241, C. Boag 241, W. C. Collins 242, J. Boag 240, C. Scheeline 233, C. H. Chavant 235, Agneau 229, Charlock 231, Spahn 233, E. Wuestner 217, Holzapfel 230, Renker 221.

Zettler Rifle Club.

The Zettler Rifle Club held its weekly gallery shoot at headquarters, 219 Bowery, on Oct 30. Fifteen members were present and participated in the competition. F. C. Ross won the champion medal on the score of 246. Dorrler and Holges were a tie for second place, with 245. Dorrler was high man for the best 10-shot score, also for the 5 scores. Scores:

Champion medal, 10 shots, first entry:

R Busse	240	G Nowak	240	G W Downs	224
J H Brown	240	C G Zettler	238	L Flach	240
M Dorrler	245	H Muenz	200	H D Muller	238
M B Engel	237	S Buzzini	229	F C Ross	246
H Holges	245	J Blumenberg	233	B Zettler	241

Five best scores:

M Dorrler	245 245 245 246 248	F C Ross	246 245 245 241 246
H Holges	245 244 247 244 241		

Best 10-shot score, 5 entries:

M Dorrler	248	C G Zettler	245	L Flach	242
F C Ross	246	S Buzzini	238	G Nowak	244
J H Brown	245	H Holges	247	B Zettler	242
M B Engel	244	R Busse	248	H Muenz	231
H D Muller	240	G W Downs	233		

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

The Independent New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Wm. V. Weher, held its closing shoot for the season at Glendale Park on Oct. 30. Twenty-one members were present and entered the competition for prizes on the ring, man and point targets. On the ring target Gus Zimmerman was high with 115 points. Zimmerman and Hayes also tied for high score on the man target, each making 59. On the point target Begerow, Hayes and Martin tied for high score, each 18 points. A full report of the season's work will be published in these columns at an early date. Scores:

Ring target, 5 shots, possible 125: Gus Zimmerman 115, I. Martin 113, Wm. Hayes 105, B. Walther 104, Geb Krauss 103, G. Bauer 102, J. Bittschier 95, E. Greiner 90. M. Herman 87, A. Stolzenberger 86, N. Burgart 81, Aug. Schmidt 70, J. Koerber 66, F. C. Halbe 60, W. Soell 59.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: Gus Zimmerman 59, Wm. Hayes 59, B. Walther 56, I. Martin 56, E. Greiner 53, Aug. Schmidt 52, Geb Krauss 50, J. Bittschier 49, E. Fisher 48, M. Hermann 45.

Point target, 5 shots, possible 20: Aug. Begerow 18, Wm. Hayes 18 Ignatz Martin 18, B. Walther 17, E. Berckman 16, Gus Zimmerman 16, Geb Krauss 16, E. Fisher 15, M. Hermann 15, E. Greiner 15, Aug. Schmidt 15, J. G. Bauer 14, F. Kronsberg 14, L. A. Hoffman 13, H. Kahn 13, W. F. Baah 13, R. Henke 12, J. Bittschier 12, F. C. Halbe 10, J. Clauter 10, Wm. Soell 11.

Freak of a Bullet.

Castleton Corners, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been shooting a rifle for the past fifteen or eighteen years, and I would he greatly obliged to you if you will try and explain the following freak:

Yesterday I was shooting off-hand at the German ring-target, 200yds. I had fired two strings of 10 shots each, getting 206 and 211 to each string. I started on the third string and fired two shots, getting 19 and 23, hut the third shot went fully 6ft. above and 4ft. to the right of the target, and I am positive I pulled it as well as any. After the above I shot from a rest, using a bag of sand, and fired four strings, making 234, 233, 237 and 239.

My rifle is a .32-40 and I load my own shells, using 45grs. hazard Fg. and a bullet of 140grs. I never load more than seventy-five shells without refilling the flask and each hullet is carefully examined for streaks and flaws before lubricating; in fact, I am so particular in loading that my shooting friends call me an old maid. I recovered the bullet from the ground, which is very stony, and it is somewhat hattered. However, I will inclose it, hoping it will assist you in making a solution of the to me puzzling affair. I always wipe my rifle after each 10 shots. There was no wind. Chas. W. Green.

Columbia Club Scores.

San Francisco, Oct. 28.—The Columbian Pistol and Rifle Club held its semi monthly all comers' shoot to-day. The attendance was small.

In the Blanding pistol madal shoot C. M. Daiss scored 91 and F. O. Young 91.

Ross target rifle medal—Fred Gehret 90, Col. Kellogg 82, H. R. Brown 79.

Kellogg rapid-firing revolver medal—Scoring is done on the usual schuetzen man-target, 5 shots, revolver with not less than 3lbs. pull of trigger; the number of seconds consumed in shooting the five shots to be deducted from the total points made in the five shots. Howard Carr carried off the honors, making in four scores 49, 62, 69, 70—250; F. O. Young 228, C. M. Daiss 226.

In practice shooting with pistol last Suoday the following were the highest scores: F. Gehret 95, Dr. Rodgers 94, A. H. Pape 93, F Young 93, C M. Daiss 92. Roebl.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

West New York, Oct. 29.—At the weekly shoot of the Schlicht Rifle Club for class medals, held at headquarters, this evening, the following appended scores were made hy the members entered in the competition. Scores: C. Meyer 233, G. Schlicht 244, W. Schlicht 238, J. Schlicht 231, F. Lambrix 230, G. Reichert 233, H. Aufderheide 222, J. Diehl 227. Medal winners: G. Schlicht, champion medal; J. Diehl, first class medal; G. Reichert, second class medal; C. Meyer, third class medal.

RIFLE NOTES.

Rapid progress is being made in preparing the grounds for the forty-five targets on the new range in the Glendale Park, Long Island. The executive committee of the National Association propose to have a grand celebration over the laying of the corner stone for the foundation of the shoooting stand of the new range. The affair will come off some time in December and all the societies in the Association will be represented.

In last week's issue in Rifle Notes in the paragraph relating to the .25-20 Winchester and nitro powder, electro-photo should read electroplate. One of our small-caliber enthusiasts, whose attention was called to the article referred to above, informs us that he is going to try a little experimenting with his .25-20. The fact that our small-caliber friend is an expert chemist and a man of large experience in nitro explosives leads us to believe that the results of his experiments in this line may be of some use to the Forest and Stream readers.

We note that the Winchester Repeating Arms Co are advertising a nitro cartridge for their .38cal. rifles, models 1873 and 1892. This cartridge is loaded with the new metal-patched bullet. It is claimed that this cartridge gives a velocity of 1,600ft. per second against 1,200 for black powder.

The Greenville Rifle Club will hold its gallery tournament on Nov. 10 and 11. All of our gallery experts should be on hand to compete for the diamond trophy; it's worth winning.

Our readers should follow the work of the Zettlers in their weekly gallery shooting, a lively competition is already well under way and high scores are being made. Dorrler, Ross and Holges are running neck and neck.

Revolver Shooting in England.

THE final competition of the North London Rifle Club took place on Oct. 17. Major Munday made a highest possible at 20yds., putting himself into fourth place for the championship. Below are details of the day's shooting, leading scores, 20yds. competition:

Major Munday	777777—42	Dr Howe	577775—38
Walter Winans	777776—41	C F Lowe	767765—38
Capt Richardson	676776—39		

Group 1.—Major Palmer (allowed 14 points), first prize.
Group 2.—Carter and Barrington (allowed 20 points), divided first.
Group 3.—Walter Winans (no points allowed), first prize.
Group 4.—Denyer (20 points allowed), first prize.
Group 5.—Lowe (4 points allowed), first prize.
Championship for 1894, leading scores:

	20yds.	50yds.
Walter Winans	42 42 41 41 41 41	29 30—307
F Andrews	42 40 40 40 39 39	29 29—298
F Rand	42 41 40 40 39 39	28 27—296
Major Munday	42 39 39 39 39 38	28 27—291
C F Lowe	40 40 40 39 39 39	27 27—290

Winans used S. & W. .45 revolver, U. M. C. ammunition, black powder; Andrews, Webley revolver, .45cal., V. R. Smokeless powder, Eley's ammunition; Rand, Colt revolver, .45cal., Eley's ammunition, black powder.

Below are details made by members who belonged to both clubs. Total for both North London and South London revolver championships: Walter Winans 629, F. Rand 610, C. F. Lowe 584.

A Bullseye that did not Count.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I received yesterday one of your "Silver Bullseyes," which I presume some kind friend asked you to send me, or possibly it was sent without any request. I am pleased with it, as I consider it one of the finest little "ads" I ever saw, but I have been reading FOREST AND STREAM for over a dozen years, and we are far from being strangers.

C. H. P. RONEY.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

JERSEY City, Oct. 30.—The Excelsior Club held its last shoot for the current series for class medals this evening. The scores are appended. Scores: L. P. Hansen 243, W. J. Hennessey 236, J. Hughes 233, F. P. Thompson 231, G. G. Williams 230, Wm. Hugbes 229, R. H. Duff 228, D. Kastendiek 221, Joe Martin 220, J. Binns 197.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 9.—NEW LONDON, Conn.—Eighth tournament of Connecticut Trap-Shooter's League, under auspices of Thames Gun Club. James W. Clinton, Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Tournament of the Saratoga Gun Club, at its East avenue grounds; targets.

Nov. 13-15.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Brewer-Carver series of three 100 live bird matches for the world's championship; $100 a side each race.

Nov. 18-19.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Two days' shoot of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

Dec. 20-21.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Two days' shoot of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

1895.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Fifteenth annual New Year's Day tournament of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 17-19.—HAMILTON, Canada.—Hamilton Gun Club's annual tournament; $1,000 added money. J. W. Bowman, Sec'y.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added.

May 14 16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

June 4-7.—MEMPHIS, Mo.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

Aug. 29 31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 3-6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Sballcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Judge Biddle recently allowed the application of the Philadelphia Gun Club for a charter, to be filed without reference to a master. The club was organized for the purpose of promoting athletic sports and social enjoyments among its members, who are as follows: A. J. Drexel, Jr., Samuel Bell, Jr., Edward Browning, Charles Bohlen, Henry C. Butcher, David S. B. Chew, B. Frank Clyde, Franklin S. Coxe, T. H. Dixon, Spencer Ervin, John R. Fell, Joseph N. Fox, Joseph C. Fraley, C. Ross Gruhh, C. Leland Harrison, Theodore L. Harrison, R. Wistar Harvey, E. C. Knight, Jr., C. Hartman Kuhn, Charles M. Lea, Clarence B. Moore, Edward Morrell, James Potter, J. R. Evans Roberts, Murray Rush, Frank Thompson and Samuel Price Wetherill. Recently the Club has arranged to purchase a large property for the practice of marksmanship and other purposes, and in part payment therefor to give certain obligations for which the members do not wish to be individually responsible, which is the reason for the club desiring to be incorporated.

A dispatch from Kansas City has been going the rounds of the daily newspapers to the effect that Brewer will shoot Elliott a series of five races at live birds, but not for the championship. This is correct in a certain sense, but the statement should be qualified by the addition of a sentence or two telling why Brewer can't nor won't shoot Elliott for the championship. As that title is in dispute until the Brewer—Carver series on Nov. 13-15 at Chicago, it is very evident that no other matches for the world's championship can be made by Brewer or Carver until after a decision has been arrived at in this series. Elliott has written Brewer that he'll meet him in Chicago shortly, as suggested in Brewer's last letter, and will then sign articles for the series of five matches. They had better defer signing those articles till after the Brewer—Carver series, so that should Brewer win, they can shoot for the championship as well as for a monetary consideration.

From time to time rumors have been afloat in regard to dissensions between the gun clubs at Pittsburgh, Pa. A recent issue of the *Chronicle-Telegraph* of that city has the following on the subject: "There is said to be quite a split in the Heron Hill Gun Club. A number of members, of a little over a year's standing, have been growing because they were always handicapped in the club's shoots. These men developed into good shots in a short time and the club promptly put them on the rear marks in order to equalize the shooting, or in other words, to also give the less skillful shooters a chance to win. This policy has not pleased the men, who are accused of being shooters for revenue only. It is said that at least a half dozen resignations have been presented."

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, is busily engaged in the preparation of the Association's second annual report, which he hopes to have ready for distribution by the close of the month. Interesting as was the first annual report issued in December of last year, this year's statement of what has been done in 1894 should be correspondingly more interesting, the shoots held under the direction of the Association having been uniformly most successful. It is proposed to make the circuit of 1895 consist almost entirely of Southern fixtures. Clubs located in Southern cities will do well to send in applications for dates in next year's circuit list at an early date.

Miss Annie Oakley sails for London on Saturday of this week, Nov. 10, on board the steamship Mohawk. During the past two weeks she has been busily engaged in training her new horse preparatory to his and her debut on the English stage in "Miss Rora." The horse is 14½ hands high, seal brown in color and, under Miss Oakley's treatment, has become a perfect pet, following her up and down stairs like a dog. Last week Miss Oakley gave an exhibition of rapid and effective work with rifle and shotgun before the kinetoscope.

As per the programme announcement, FOREST AND STREAM donated three one-year subscriptions to the management of the Emerald Gun Club as premiums at its recent tournament. The management decided to award these prizes to the three men, non-prize winners, who should make the largest runs of kills in the Empire City Handicap. The winners according were Mr. Wm. Lair, Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, 19 straight; Mr. Charles Zwirlein, Yardville, N. J., 14 straight, and Mr. C. Oberg, of the New York German Gun Club, with 13 straight. Mr. Oberg will he remembered as the gentleman who kept strictly to "gun below elbow;" he doesn't believe in "gun in any position."

At a banquet held recently by the Canandaigua, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club, F. J. Amsden of Rochester, N. Y., secretary of the New York State Fish and Game Protective Association, urged upon the club the necessity of protecting small game and song birds in this country. He said that the club should devise a plan to prohibit the shooting of these birds; that within the past few years the youngster with the rifle had succeeded in exterminating them to a frightful degree. He added that without these birds it is useless to attempt to raise fruit.

The Saratoga Gun Club will hold a tournament on the East avenue grounds on Monday, Nov. 12. The out of town clubs which are expected to be represented at the shoot are the Albany, Troy, Granville, Johnstown and Canajoharie. The principal event will be a sweep at 150 kingbirds per man. The Saratoga and the Glens Falls gun clubs will probably also have a team race for a trophy.

The Bayonne (N. J.) Gun Club is organized, with these officers: John S. Devanny, President; Nicholas Carroll, Vice-President; John Bull, Secretary and Treasurer. The club shoots are held on the Newark meadows at present, but the new grounds, Avenue A and West Twenty-second street, will soon be ready for use.

The Wilmington, N. C., tournament, to be held on Nov. 29 and 30, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association, should be a success, notwithstanding the lateness of the season. The details of the programme, given elsewhere, are something out of the ordinary run of such events.

The Rockville, M., Gun Club brought its 1894 season to a close on Oct. 26 with a target tournament at its grounds at Rockville Heights. The chief event of the day was for a gold medal and the championship of the club. Robert B. Peter was the winner with a score of 17 out of 20.

The Emerald Gun Club of New York city, emboldened by the success of its big tournament recently held at Dexter Park, L. I., will try to obtain the privilege of giving under its auspices the State shoot for 1896.

Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, of the Emerald Gun Club, states that somebody left behind him at Dexter Park several hundred shells, which he can obtain by addressing Mr. Schortemeier at 44 Grove street, New York city.

It is understood that a tournament will be held at the Elizabeth Gun Club's new grounds on Nov. 18 and 19, not 17 and 18, as previously announced. The first day will be devoted to targets, the second to live birds.

The annual tournament of the Rye (N. Y.) Gun Club was set for Tuesday of this week, Nov. 6.

H. G. Miller, '95, has been elected to the captaincy of the Yale Gun Club.

Dayton Defeats New Brunswick.

DAYTON, N. J., Nov. 3.—The Dayton "farmers" once more left their plows and pruning hooks and journeyed to Monmouth Junction. On that (their own) grounds they proceeded once more to take a fall out of the men from New Brunswick. As on previous occasions, the race was really a close one, but Dayton came out ahead finally by 11 targets. The conditions were 15 men a side, 30 targets per man, 10 targets are shot at everything known, 10 at unknown angles and 10 at expert rules, use of both barrels, second barrel break counting one-half. On the known angles round Dayton led by 10 targets; at unknown angles they increased this lead to 17, on the final round New Brunswick rallied, scoring 103 to Dayton's 97. The strong wind blowing across the traps was against high scores, as it caused the targets to take very erratic flights. This last squads shot their final strings in a very bad light, it being almost too dark to discern a target clearly. Scores:

Team race, Dayton vs. New Brunswick, 15 men to a team, 30 targrts to a man, 10 at known angles, 10 at unknown angles and 10 at expert rules, use of both barrels, second barrel break scoring one-half:

Dayton.	Known angles.	Unknown angles	Expert rules, second barrel break to count ½.	
McDowell	1011110111— 8	0111000011— 5	0121112110— 7	—20
Farr	0011111111— 8	1101101111— 8	1100101111— 7	—28
Rule	1111111101— 9	1011001100— 4	1020110001— 4½	—17½
Groendyke	0111111110— 8	0110111111— 8	1100110020— 4½	—20½
Pierson	0011110000— 4	0111101010— 6	0010122001— 4	—14
Carroll	1111010111— 8	1111111111—10	1221111111— 9	—27
McDonald	0011111011— 7	1011111100— 7	0121011011— 6½	—20½
Barclay	0111111111— 9	1111110100— 7	1221211110— 7½	—23½
Clinton	1111001111— 8	1111111111—10	0010122101— 5	—23
Allen	1111101101— 8	1101111011— 8	0121101111— 7½	—23½
J Emmons	1110111011— 8	1111110010— 7	0102111101— 6	—21
Krueger	0011110101— 6	0110111101— 7	0002001001— 2½	—15½
Phillips	1111110111— 9	0111011011— 7	0110111111— 8	—24
P Emmons	1110111111— 9	1101111111— 9	2121111111— 9	—27
Van Dyke	1111111111—10	1110111111— 9	1111121211— 9	—28
	119	112	97	328
New Brunswick.				
Smith	0111101101— 7	1011101010— 6	1200110111— 6½	—19½
Munday	0111001011— 6	1001101001— 5	0112111110— 7½	—18½
Reynolds	1100111101— 7	1111100111— 8	1000211211— 6	—21
Waker	1101110000— 5	1100011101— 5	0021100112— 5	—15
Fisher	1111011001— 7	1101011111— 8	0100111111— 7	—22
Iredell	0011000000— 2	1100111101— 7	2111002122— 6	—15
A Pettit	1011101001— 6	0010111110— 6	1111101110— 8	—20
Beebe	1111111110— 9	0001101011— 5	0010221111— 8	—20
Van Nuis	1111111111—10	1101101110— 7	1121212011— 7½	—24½
Gummere	1111111110— 9	1111101010— 7	1010212110— 6	—22
Allen	1010011101— 6	1011011111— 8	1101000011— 5	—19
Hoagland	1110101111— 8	1111111111—10	1110101111— 9	—27
Sperling	1111111111—10	1110111110— 8	1021101111— 7½	—25½
R Pettit	1111111011— 9	1110111111— 9	0110110111— 7	—25
Voorhees	1011101111— 8	0100101111— 6	1111011111— 9	—23
	109	105	103	317

Elizabeth Gun Club.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Nov. 1.—The Elizabeth Gun Club at its meeting Oct. 30, constituted its officers with three other members of the club, a board of managers, who will have exclusive control of the management and conduct of all tournaments, shoots and private matches held by the club on its grounds. The club, believing that the large and increasing number of trap shooters in New Jersey and in the vicinity of the city of New York desire some convenient shooting grounds where trap shooting both at inanimate targets and live birds can be had at regular and stated intervals, and where they can come and enjoy the sport, concluded to open its grounds to shooters generally. The club determined therefore to hold regular bi-monthly tournaments on its grounds. The first tournament will be held Thursday and Friday, Dec. 20 and 21 next, the first day at targets, the second day at live birds. The grounds of the Elizabeth Gun Club are so well arranged for both kinds of shooting, and the communication by rail to and from the city of Elizabeth is so rapid and convenient, the club believes that the trap shooters will be pleased with its action, and that they will liberally patronize its tournaments. The tournaments will be held regularly, and as long as they are sustained by the trap shooters; it is for the trap shooters themselves to determine by their patronage whether they shall continue or not. The club guarantees that all tournaments will be conducted in a manner honorable and just to all participants.

ROBERT E. CHETWOOD, President.

Live Birds at Weir City.

WEIR CITY, Kans., Oct. 27.—Below are scores made in a friendly match at 25 live birds between W. W. McIlhany and C. H. Calhoun, both of the Business Men's Gun Club of this place. The match was shot under American Association rules. McIlhany used a new Parker hammerless weighing 8lbs. His load was 3½drs. American E. C. powder in a Smokeless shell, with 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 7 shot. Calhoun used an L. C. Smith hammerless weighing 8¼lbs., with 3drs. E. C. powder and 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 6 shot. McIlhany's load seemed to be the most effective, for while he used his second barrel only six times, twice it was entirely unnecessary.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

McIlhany	↙↖↑↑↖→↗↗→↗↗←↑↑↑↘↖↗→↖↑→↑→→ 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1—23
Calhoun	↗↗→↗↑↖↘↗↗↗←↓↑↑↗↗↗→↖←↘→↗↗ 1 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 1 1 • 0 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2—20

MAMALUKE.

Victories for the Maplewoods.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., Oct. 27.—Below are given the scores made at the grounds of the Maplewood Gun Club this afternoon. We try to accommodate all clubs who desire a race of any sort with us and, although we are beaten sometimes through allowing "too big odds," we realize that it stimulates the younger clubs when they can claim that they "beat the Maplewoods." The scores show that all the Class A men were barred except in the shoot with the Brightons, who shot Warren Smith against the Maplewood's W. N. Drake. In the shoot-off with Myrtle Park, Maplewood won easily, the Myrtles going to pieces, dropping 11 out of 25. Scores:

No. 1, 10 targets:

Whatten	0101111010—6	Drake	1011010110—6
Huff	1111101100—7	Kritcher	1111011010—7
Badgley	1101110101—7	Potter	0100111111—7
W Smith	1011111101—8	George	0010110111—6
Van Idestine	1100111101—7	O'Meally	0010000110—3
Dr Jackson	1011111100—7		

No. 2, 10 targets:

Whatten	1011111101—8	W N Drake	1111101111—9
Huff	1111111011—9	Kritcher	1000101011—5
Badgely	1101011111—8	Potter	0000111000—3
W Smith	1111110111—9	George	1111111101—9
Van Idestine	1111111101—9	Young	0111100011—6
Dr Jackson	1111110101—8	Campfield	1011100101—6

Team race, 20 targets per man:

Brighton Gun Club of Orange.		Maplewood Gun Club.	
Badgley	11111101111111101101—17	Dr Jackson	01101011011111111111—16
Campfield	10111011111111011111—17	V Iderstine	01001110110011111111—14
W Smith	01111111111111111111—19	Reeves	00110100100111001111—11
Gower	11101111111111111111—19	Tillou	00111011111111110111—16
Whatten	00011011110100101011—12	W Smith	11011111110010111011—15
Huff	01111101100011000111—12	Dean	11101111111011111011—17
O'Meally	11001010111010101000—10	Howard	11101111110010101111—15
George	11110011110101101001—13	Drake	11111111111111111111—20
	119		124

Team race, 25 targets per man:

Maplewood Gun Club.

Wick Smith	11101101110100001101111110—16
Dean	01110110011101111111101110—19
Van Iderstine	11101101011111100110001110—16
Dr Jackson	01111111101111111111111010—21—90

Myrtle Park Gun Club of Irvington, N. J.

Dr Cummings	01001111111000010010011111—15
Compton	10011111011111111110111110—20
Young	10111111011011111101111111—21
McCullum	11101001111101111110100100—16
Coward	10100111111111100111011011—18—90

Shoot-off:

Maplewood.		Myrtle Park.	
W Smith	11100—3	Dr Cummings	01110—3
Dillon	11111—5	Compton	01110—3
Dean	01111—4	Young	01010—2
Van Iderstine	11111—5	McCullum	11011—4
Dr Jackson	01011—3—20	Coward	01010—2—14

No. 3, 10 targets:

W Smith	1111110111— 9	Young	0111100100— 5
Dr Jackson	1111101011— 8	Howard	1111011010— 7
Van Idersuine	1100011000— 4	Kritcher	0011100110— 5
George	1100110111— 7	Whatten	1110111111— 9
Campfield	1111111011— 9	Compton	1110100010— 5
Drake	1111111111—10	McCullum	0011000011— 4
Dean	0111101111— 8	Harrison	0101000010— 3
Cummings	1101011111— 8		

W. N. DRAKE.

The Towsend Testimonial Fund.

THE shoot on Oct. 30 at Marion, N. J., was entirely successful, but the weather on Oct. 31 was against all trap-shooting. The net receipts were $193.41. The programme originally set for Wednesday, Oct. 31, will be carried out on Thursday of this week, Nov. 8, at the same place. The hour of commencing business will be 9:30 sharp. The following merchandise prizes will be competed for: .38cal. Winchester repeating rifle, donated by W. H. Wolstencroft, of Frankford, Pa.; 12½lbs. American wood powder, donated by M. F. Lindsley; 20lbs. American E C. powder, donated by Capt. Money; one copy of "American Field and Bench Show Records," donated by Major J. M. Taylor; a magazine shooting vest; a grass ducking suit, donated by F. A. Lawrence; a box of cigars, donated by L. H. Schortemeier; 300 loaded shells, W. H. Cruttenden, Cazenovia, N. Y.

The following subscriptions to the testimonial fund have been received: By W. Fred Quimby: Syracuse Arms Co. $10, Ithaca Gun Co. $10, Hunter Arms Co. $10, Lefever Arms Co. $10, Peekskill Gun Club $15, Forest and Stream Pub. Co. $25, Riverside Gun Club $13.50, Cleveland Target Co. $10, Elizabeth Gun Club $27, Dr. G. V. Hudson $2, Cash $1, sale of Bilderbach score hooks $3.50. Total, $137.

By M Lindsley: N. A. Hughes $5, Harry Stewart ("Slocum") $5, C. B. Bristor $5, Harvey McMurchy $10, Frank C. Fowler $10, Knoxville Gun Club $25, Members of the Heron Hill Gun Club, per W. S. King $25, James Green and Joe Hunter $20, West Newburgh Gun Club $10, Will K. Park $2, Frank Class $2. Total, $119.

Total receipts:

Proceeds of shoot at Marion, N. J., on Oct. 30 and 31	$213 91
By W. F. Quimby	137 00
By M. F. Lindsley	119 00
	$469 91
Less expenses of trappers at shoot	23 50
Total	$446 41

In addition to the above sum of $446.41, a donation of $32.50 has been sent by the Lynchburg Gun Club, of Lynchburg, Va., making the total amount $478.91. The other merchandise and cash prizes not mentioned above were competed for at the recent shoot. It should not be overlooked that Al Heritage gave a cash donation of $40 to be competed for; $20 of that amount will be put up as a purse on Thursday next. On that day it is hoped that a substantial addition to the above fund will be realized.

The Wilmington, N. C., Programme.

WILMINGTON, N. C., is going to have a big time the latter part of this month. The week from Nov. 26 to Dec. 1 is to be a "grand carnival week," with all sorts of attractions scheduled for those dates. On Nov. 29 and 30 a trap shooting tournament will be held under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association, $100 being added to the purses each day. All purses will be divided into four moneys. Shooting commences at 9:30 each day. The programme is as follows:

First day, Nov. 29.—No. 1, 20 targets, practice, known angles, no purse, no entrance; No. 2, 15 targets, unknown angles, $10 purse, $1 entrance; No. 3, 20 targets, known angles, 5-men team shoot, $20 purse, entrance $5 per team; No. 4, 15 targets, unknown angles, $10 purse, $1 entrance; No. 5, 20 targets, known angles, $10 purse, $1 entrance; No. 6, 15 targets, unknown angles, $10 purse, $1 entrance; No. 7, 20 targets, known angles, $10 purse, $1 entrance; No. 8, 25 targets, unknown angles, $10 purse, $1 entrance; No. 9, 25 targets, unknown angles, 5-men team shoot, $20 purse, entrance $5 per team.

Second day, Nov. 30.—No. 1, 20 targets, practice, known angles, no purse, no entrance; No. 2, 15 targets, unknown angles, $10 purse, $1 entrance; No. 3, 20 targets, known angles, 5-men team shoot, $20 purse, entrance $5 per team; No. 4, 25 targets, unknown angles, $10 purse, $1 entrance; No. 5, 20 targets, known angles, $10 purse, $1 entrance; No. 6, 15 targets, unknown angles, $10 purse, $2 entrance; No. 7, 20 targets, known angles, $10 purse, $1 entrance; No. 8, 25 targets, unknown angles, $10 purse, $1 entrance; No. 9, 25 targets, unknown angles, 5-men team shoot, $20 purse, entrance $5 per team.

The handicap is one of distance only; three classes. All shooters averaging 85 per cent. or over will be Class A men and will shoot from the 18yds. mark; those averaging 75 per cent., but less than 85, will be Class B men and will be placed on the 16yds. mark; all under 75 per cent. will be considered as Class C men, and will shoot from the 14yds. mark. The handicap will be graduating, the shooter being classed for the next event by his work in the last preceding event which he shot in. All shooters who cannot be classified will shoot their first event from the 16yds. mark. Communications looking for further information or for programmes should be addressed to H. McL. Green, chairman of tournament committee, Wilmington, N. C.

Trap at Dexter Park, L. I.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., Oct. 30.—The First German Gun Club held its regular shoot of live birds for the club medal this morning. William Michael won with the score of 9 out of 10.

Club shoot, 10 live birds, club handicap, modified Hurlingham rules: William Michael (21yds.), 9; William Soll (21), 6; George Schneider, Frederick Brandhorst and Andrew Newell (all 21yds.), 7; George Schmeck (21), 6; Peter Wannamacher (30) and Philip Neusch (25), 5; Charles Dietz (21), 4; Charles Pfaff (21) and Frederick Schell (21), 3.

In the afternoon the Hell Gate Gun Club held its club shoot at targets in the afternoon. The attendance was very small, very different from that which usually marks the gatherings of this club. Score: Club shoot, 20 targets per man: J. Blotz 18, Philip Woelfel 10, John H. Voss 8, John Sebm 5.

The Townsend Benefit Shoot.

Tuesday, Oct. 30, saw a gathering of sportsmen at Marion, N. J., who had come together to shoot targets at Al. Heritage's grounds, and also to show their appreciation of the work done for trap-shooting by Mr C H. Townsend, late trap editor of Forest and Stream. Had the weather been more favorable, the attendance would undoubtedly have been larger, but the appearance and feel of the day was against it. It looked cold and chilly, and it felt damp and raw. "Uncle Al's" stove, chowder and other comforts went very well under the circumstances. Beside the programmed events special merchandise races were made up. Miss Annie Oakley had donated a handsome table lamp, with an onyx stand, which has gone to Oneida county, N. Y., S Glover winning it with 23 out of 25. Major Taylor's book, "American Field Trial and Bench Show Records," is now at South Orange, N. J , W. N. Drake having won it. The American E. C. Powder Comyany, through Capt. A. W. Money, donated several pounds of their powder, while M F. Lindsley also gave 100 cans of his American Wood powder. W. Fred Quimby, also a promoter of this meeting, donated 1,000 empire targets, while other merchandise prizes were also received by the committee of managment, which was made up as follows: Al. Heritage, W. Fred. Quimby, M. F. Lindsley and T. H. Keller. "Uncle Al" Heritage gave a cash donation of $40 to be shot for, $20 in each of two events, besides giving the use of his grounds free of all charge. An interesting and amusing match during the afternoon was a race at 15 targets between "Uncle Al," ex-chief of the Fire Department of Jersey City, and Nat Astfalk, chief of the Elizabeth Fire Department, in which the ex chief came out ahead by no less than four targets. Among those present from a distance whose names do not appear on the score sheets, was Capt. George Taggart, field captain of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Club. The scores given below will tell the rest of the story:

No. 1, 10 empires, known angles, entrance $1: Keller 9 Van Dyke 9, Breintnall 9, Glover 8, E. D. Miller 6, Hobart 8, Drake 8, Whitehouse w., Sigler 8.

No. 2, 10 empires, unknown angles, entrance $1:

Keller..............1111111111—10 Skinner............0000101001— 3
Van Dyke..........1111111111—10 Drake..............1011110011— 7
Breiutnall..........1011111111— 9 Richmond..........1111111000— 7
Glover..............1111111111—10 Sigler..............1111101111— 9
Miller..............0110001101— 5 Capt Money........1110111111— 9
Hobart.............1100011001— 5 Potter.............1101101111— 8

No. 3, 15 empires, known angles, entrance $1.50:

Keller ....101111111111111—14 Drake..........011100111011111—11
Van Dyke......111111111111111—15 Skinner........111111111011011—13
Breintnall......000111001101111— 9 Money..........010011111111111—12
Glover.........101111111111101—13 Potter.........111111111110111—14
Miller.......... 011110110000110— 8 Sigler..........111111111111111—15
Hobart.........010101110010111— 9 Richmond......111111110111111—14

No. 4, 10 empires, unknown angles, entrance $1:

Keller ....1011111011— 8 Edwards............0100100010— 3
Van Dyke..........1111111111—10 Hobart.............1011100011 – 6
Breintnall ....0111110010 – 6 Richmond...........0111111111— 9
Glover..............1111111111—10 Skinner ....1110011011— 7
Miller...............0111111011 – 8 Sigler.............. 1111111111—10
Potter..............1011110010— 6 Money..............1111111101— 9
Lindsley............0001001000 – 2 Drake..............1011111010— 7

No. 5, 20 empires, known angles, entrance $2:

Keller.....11011111111010111111—17 Skinner...11111111111111111111—20
Van Dyke..11110111111111111111—19 Drake .....11111111110110111111—18
Breintnall..11111111110111101011—17 Hobart....01101011100001111110—12
Glover.....11111011111111111111—19 Money.....01111111011111111101—17
Miller......11010101110001100111—12 Richmond.10111110111111111110—17
Potter.....11000111101101111011—14 Sigler......11110111111111111111—19

No. 6, 20 empires, unknown angles, entrance $2:

Keller.....11011111001111111010—15 Potter.....10111110111110110101—15
Van Dyke..11111011111110101011—16 Money.....11111001101111011111—16
Breintnall.10111101001111000111—13 Drake.....11110111101011101111—16
Glover.....11101111111111111101—18 Sigler......11011111010011111111—16
Miller.....11110110001110101010—12

No. 7, 10 empires, entrance $1, known angles:

Keller..............1111111111—10 Money..............1111000011— 6
Van Dyke..........1111111111—10 Drake...............1110111110— 8
Breintnall..........1110111101— 8 Sigler...............1101111011— 8
Glover..............1111111111—10 White...............1101000111 – 6
Miller.............. 1101101010— 6 Hobart.............. 0110111100— 6
Potter..............0101100110— 5 Heritage............0111101111— 8
Skinner.............1111111101— 9 Richmond...........1101111011— 8
Edwards............0110101101— 6 Fayette.............0110110111— 7

No. 8, 15 empires, entrance $1.50, unknown angles:

Keller ....111111111110000—11 Richmond......101011011110010— 9
Van Dyke ......111111011111111—14 Skinner.........011000100010111— 7
Breintnall......111111101101100—11 Hobart.........111101111111110—13
Glover.......111111011111111—14 Edwards........001000011000001— 4
Miller..........010001011111001— 8 Sigler..........111111111110111—15
Potter.........101110011011111—11 Fayette........100111001010001— 7
Drake ....111101111111110—13

No. 9, 10 empires, entrance $1, known angles:

Keller ....1101111010 – 7 White ....0111111100— 7
Van Dyke...........1111111111—10 Skinner..............1111111111—10
Breintnall,..........1111110011— 8 Quimby.............0111110111— 8
Glover..............1111111100— 8 Lindsley........... 1111101111— 9
Miller...............0011111010— 6 Geoffroy............1111011101— 8
Potter ....1111011101— 8 Heritage............1011110110— 7
Money ....1011111101— 8 Sigler...............1011111111— 9
Hobart..............1111110111— 9 Richmond..........1001111101— 7
Edwards............0000001011— 3 Williams............1111111111—10
Brantingham........1100111111— 8 Fayette.............1001000010— 3
Drake...............0111110111— 8 Astfalk..............1100111110— 7
Likely..............1110011011— 7 Woodruff............1111011011— 8
Hedden.............1111111111—10

No. 10, 10 empires. unknown angles, entrance $10:

Keller..............1111111111—10 Edwards ....0111000100— 4
Van Dyke...........1111111110— 9 Drake...............1100101101— 6
Breintnall...........0011111111— 8 Money..............1111011111— 9
Glover............. 1111111111—10 Geoffrey............1101111111— 9
Potter..............1111110011— 8 Skinner.............1111111111—10
Miller...............0000101001— 3 Quimby.............0101001111— 6
Hobart .... 1011010101— 6 Whitehead ....1010110000— 4
Brantingham.......0001001111— 5 Lindsley............1011000110— 5

Special No. 1, 100 cans Wood Powder, 25 empires, known angles, entrance $3:

Van Dyke..............................1111111111111111111100111—23
Keller...................................1111111110111111011111101—22
Money...................................1111111111111101110111110—22
Glover...................................1111111111111111111111111—25
Brantingham ....1111110111111011000111111—20
Skinner ....1101111001110'00110111111—18
Collins..................................0101111111111001011000111—17
Williams................................1011111111111111101111101—23
Woodruff ....1101111101111111011111011—21
Wanda...................................1001101011000101111111111—17
Richmond...............................1001110111001111111101111—19
Hartington..............................0011011111011110011101111—18
Drake....................................1111111111111101111011111—23
Heritage................................1100111111110111011100001—18
Quimby..................................1111110010111100111001100—16
Dustin...................................0101111111010101111011111—19
D Terry.................................1111111111111110111111110—23
Schrafft.................................1111111111111111110111011—23

Special No. 2, $20 in cash donated by Al. Heritage, 25 empires, unknown angles, entrance $1:

Keller...................................1110110111110111110011110—19
Van Dyke...............................1111010111111111011111010—20
Glover...................................1111111111111011111111101—23
Money...................................1011100101100111111101001—16
Potter...................................1011110001111011000111111—17
Lindsley.................................1100110110111111111111110 - 20
Hobart...................................1111000101011101111100010—15
Whitehead...............................0011110111111011010110111—18
Woodruff ....1101010111111110111111111—21
Hartington..............................0001011111011111110101011—17
Skinner ....1110001100111011111111101—18
Hefflich ....1010111111111101111110011—20
Breintnall...............................1111111111010001111111111—21
Collins ....1111011111101011111011011—20
Jersey ....1111100111011101111110110—19
Edwards.................................0111000000101110111100001—12
Richmond ....1110111111010111110010011—18
Brantingham...........................0111111111111011111111110—22
Hedden.................................0000100011111011001111010 –13
Keogh...................................0010000000101110000100000 1— 6
Williams................................1111111111111111010111111—23
Geoffroy ....1101101111100101110111111—16
Dustin...................................1101001011111111011101111—19
Derby....................................1110101001001010111111101—16
Shrafft...................................1001111111111111101110111—21

Special No. 3, merchandise event, 20 empires, known angles, entrance $2:

Keller.....01111111101101111111—17 Edwards...01100001010001101100— 8
Van Dyke..11111010111111111111—18 Woodruff..10110010101101110111—13
Breintnall..10110111001111110110—14 Astfolk....01111001110011000010—10
Glover.....11111111111111111101—19 Richmond .11111011101111101111—17
Geoffrey ..11101111111111111110—19 Lindsley...11001010001111011111—13
Brant'g'm.11111101110111111110—17 Quimby....10011101101011010010—11
C Hedden..11101111001111101000—13 Heritage ..11001010101101111111—14
Money.....11011010111111011111—16 Hartington00111101110100111111—14

Hobart....10101111110111101001—14 Darby.....10011101101100100111—12
Skinner....11101011111111101111—17 Dustin.....11111011100111111001—15
Keogh.....10001100101100010010— 8 Schrafft...11011111111110111000—15
Fayette....10101101101010111010—12 D Terry....01011111111111011111—17
Drake......11111101111111111011—18 Hefflich....01000001101011011111—12

The prizes in this event were won as follows: First prize, table lamp, donated by Miss Annie Oakley, won by S. Glover; second, "American Field Trial and Bench Show Records," presented by Major J. M. Taylor, won by W. N. Drake; third, 5lbs. E. C. powder, no winner given; fourth, 4lbs. E. C. powder, Capt. Money (donated back to committee); fifth, 3lbs. E. C. powder, Breintnall; sixth, 2lbs. E. C. powder, Lindsley (donated to those who broke 12); seventh, 1lb E. C. powder to lowest score, won by Edwards on the shoot-off.

Second Day.

Owing to the heavy rain, which did not cease falling until afternoon, the attendance at the shooting grounds was very small. No attempt was made to carry out the programme, it being decided to postpone the shoot until Thursday of this week, Nov. 8. Those shooters who did put in an appearance during the afternoon shot several small races, finishing up with a team race. Scores:

No. 1, 10 targets. Keogh 1, Ivins 7, Glover 9. Lindsley 6, Heritage 6, Stewart 4, H. Block 3. No. 2, 10 targets. Stewart 7, H. Block 4, Keogh 4, Lindsley 7, Ivins 6, Glover 6. No. 3, 10 targets, known angles. Stewart 4, Lindsley 8, Glover 10, Ivins 8, Keogh 4, Hobart 9. No. 4, 10 targets. Stewart 4, Glover 7, Hohart 6. Ivins 7, Lindsley 4. No. 5, 10 targets. Stewart 7, Glover 10, Ivins 9, Hobart 8.

No 6, 10 targets, known angles: Stewart 8, Hobart 10, Glover 8, Astfalk 1, Parker 6 Ivins 7.

No. 7, 10 targets, known angles:

Keogh...............0000011011— 4 Baker ....0111101111— 8
Ivins ....1111101111— 9 Astfalk..............1101011000— 5
Glover..............1110111111— 9 Batsch...............1011000100— 5
Hobart..............1111001110— 7 Lindsley.............1101101000— 5

No. 8, 10 targets, known angles:

Quimby.............1101001101— 6 Keogh...............1000010100— 3
Breintnall ....1111111111—10 Hobart..............1011011101— 7
Glover..............1011011111— 8 Baker ....1111111101— 9
Ivins................1110110100— 6

No. 9, 10 targets, known angles: Breintnall 9, Glover 10, Ivins 9, Hobart 8, Baker 7.

No. 10, 10 targets, known angles:

Ivins................0111110110— 7 Keogh...............1101101110— 7
Hobart ....0110011010— 5 J Keller.............0111110010— 6
Glover..............1111111111—10 Morfey..............1111101001— 7
Parker ....1111100101— 7 Chief Engineer......1000101111— 6
Breintnall ....0111111011— 8 Baker...............1101111011— 8

No. 11, 10 targets, known angles:

Glover..............1111011010— 7 Parker ....1111011101— 8
Breintnall ....1111001111— 8 Morfey..............1010111001— 6
Hobart ....0011110110— 6 Keller...............0111111101 – 8
Ivins................1110111100— 7 Baker ....1111111110— 9
Keogh...............1100110111— 7

No 12, 10 targets, known angles:

Glover..............1111111111—10 Parker ....1000001101— 4
Breintnall...........1110111111— 9 Baker................1110111111— 9
Ivins................1101011010— 6 Keller...............0111011110— 7
Keogh...............1100111010— 6 Morfey..............0111111110— 8
Hobart..............1111100011— 7

No. 13, 10 targets, known angles: Glover 9, Breintnall 6, Ivins 7, Keogh 6, Keller 10, Morfey 8, Baker 7.

No. 14, 10 targets, known angles: Glover 9, Breintnall 8, Baker 7, Keogh 4, Keller 8, Morfey 5, Van Dyke 10.

Team race, 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

Glover's Team.

S Glover..............................1111100101111111111111111 - 22
T H Keller.............................0011011001110111111110001—16
M F Lindsley..........................1110010101100111101100111—16
Baker..................................0110011011111110111111001—18
Wanda.................................1100101101011110111111110—17—89

Van Dyke's Team.

F Van Dyke............................1111100111111111101111101—21
Al Heritage............................1111101101101001010100101—15
Breintnall..............................1110110111010011110101110—18
T W Morfey............................1111111011001110111111111—21
F Betsch...............................0011110100000001010001111—11—86

State Championship of Iowa.

Des Moines, Ia , Oct. 31.—The match between John Georgeson, of Kelly, and H. J. Wilson, of Emmettsburg, for State championsbip medal and a purse of $100, took place yesterday on the grounds of the Highland Gun Club of this city. The contest was at 25 live birds, 15 single targets, from five unknown traps, and 5 pairs targets, American Association rules.

The weather was cold with some rain and a strong wind from left to right across the traps. The birds were an average lot; the targets were standard keystones and were thrown about 50yds. The shooting of both Wilson and Georgeson was good considering the day. This medal was first won by G. P. Christianson, of Randall, at the Iowa state tournament, held at Clear Lake, Ia., 1892, and has to be won five consecutive times to become the property of the holder and is subjeet to a challenge every 90 days. The challenge must he accompanied by $50 and the holder of medal has to put up a like sum and medal. Had Mr. Georgeson defeated Mr. Wilson the medal would have been his property, as he has defeated Mr. Christianson, of Randall, Mr. Williams, of Kelly, Mr. Chingrin, of Fonda, and Mr Hamaker, of Randall. There is no douht but Mr. Wilson will have to keep in good shooting trim should he succeed in holding this medal against all comers, as there are quite a number who think they can win it. Score:

Match for State championship of Iowa, 25 live birds:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

↗↖↗↖↖↗↗↙↖↖↗↗↙↖←↖↘↖↖→→↖↖↖↖↑↗↑↖↘
H G Wilson........2 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1—22

↖↗→↓↗↖↑↗↓↗↖↑↗↙↖↙↙↙↗↙↙←↙→↘→↙↑↝↗
John Georgeson....1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 2 2 2—22

Fifteen targets, expert rules:

H J Wilson.....111110111111111—14 J Georgeson....111011111011010—11

Five pairs of targets:

H J Wilson.......10 11 00 11 10— 6 J Georgeson.....11 10 10 11 10— 7

The full scores show: Wilson, 22 live birds, 14 singles and 6 out of the pairs; total 42. Georgeson, 22 live birds, 11 singles and 7 out of the pairs; total 40.

C. W. Budd.

Live Birds at Des Moines, Ia.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 30.—Below are given the scores made in a fifty live bird practice shoot held recently on the Highland Gun Club grounds of this city. The hirds were a fair lot and quite a number fell dead out of hounds. Five of the contestants used E. C. powder. two Schultze, one Du Pont's smokeless, one Troisdorf. Five used Winchester Leader shells, seven used L. C. Smith guns, one a Parker and one a Burgess repeater. Mr. S. A. Tucker shot his $400 Parker in great form and killed his birds in good shape, and if he keeps on improving will make it warm for some of the champions. Mr. Damon, representing the Burgess Gun Co., has had but very little experience in trap-shooting but has improved his scores twenty-five per cent. in the last three weeks; he will be heard from in the future. C. M. Grim, the World's Fair champion, was in good form, and with his Smith gun and E. C. powder made the high score. Waruf Irwin was a little off, but forty-four is an average score; he can do better. Georgeson, Kirsher, Perkins and Rice did not shoot up to their average, not having had any practice on live hirds for some time. The weather was warm and pleasant. Mr. C. O. Perkins had a fine lunch sent to the grounds for the shooters. Mr. Tucker said he would like to stay on the club grounds a week, so you may know all had a pleasant day, for "Tuck's" judgment is second to none, when it comes to shooting and eating. Scores:

Practice shoot, 50 live birds, 30yds. rise, American Association rules:

C M Grim..........21211121201112222122122212121212211111221212211—49
Budd...............112211111211122111022220112221122221012221110122—46
Damon.............2121110111212112111220120002210021212101110100101—38
Tucker.............1211211011211111212011221121222212121111122101121—47
Georgeson ....02210221211001112121100121211102012112110—40
Kirsher............122120121212202001121221110022111102112112221211 —43
Rice...............01201122002110101201221120110210121w —25
Perkins............11211122022001201211112101202002121200211001010120—35
Blackhird..........11122111221110112212121021012221111111001221211102—44

C. W. Budd.

Trap at Lynchburg.

Lynchburg, Va., Oct. 29.—The following scores were shot this afternoon by the members of the Lynchburg Gun Club. The net proceeds of the event, $32.50, were forwarded to New York city to be added to the Townsend Testimonial Fund. Along with the check were sent the good wishes of the Lynchburg shooters—"May he live long and prosper." Scores:

No. 1, 50 targets per man, unknown angles: Nelson 44, Terry 44, Stearns 43, Dornin 43, J. Cleland 41, Moorman 40, Miller 39, Owen 38, Scott 37, E. Cleland 32, T. Christian 32, D. Christian 30, Wrenn 30, Wingfield 29.

F. M. D,

Keystone Shooting League Scores.

The Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia. Pa , held its regular monthly shoot on Saturday, Oct. 27, at its grounds near Holmesburg Junction on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The attendance was good, but the scores suffered through bad light and a poor background. First average was won by Harry Thurman, second hy W. H. Wolstencroft, third by Landis. Scores:

No. 1, 10 targets, known angles: J. Wolstencroft 10, H. Thurman 10, Landis 10, Park 4, Henry 8, J. Thurman 8, I. Wolstencroft 9, W. H. Wolstencroft 9, Yeakel 8, Peterman 10.

No. 2, 10 targets, known angles: J. Wolstencroft 10, H. Thurman 9, Victor 6, Landis 9, J. H. Wolstencroft 9, Henry 8, J. Thurman 4, W. H. Wol 10, Peterman 8, Lane 7, Brown 7, David 7, W. H. Peck 9.

No. 3, 15 targets, known angles:

W H Pack......010011001111010— 8 Lane ....000100111001000— 5
J Wolstencroft.111101010111010—10 Henry..........111011100001111—10
H Thurman....111111011101011—12 David ....011011110101000— 8
Landis..........001010111100111— 9 J Thurman.....011011110000100— 8
JHWolstencr'ft 111010101010111—10 Peterman ......001111100110101— 9
WHWolstenc'ft011011011111111—12 Yeakel.........101011110000100— 7

No. 4, 10 targets, known angles: Landis 6, H. Thurman 10, W. H. Wolstencroft 8, J. H. Wolstencroft 6, Jas. Wolstencroft 9, Victor 4, Lane 6, Henry 10, J. Thurman 5, Peterman 10, Yeakel 6, Brown 6, David 6.

No. 5, 15 targets, unknown angles:

J Wolstencroft.111111111111111—15 Peterman ......111111011110111—13
H Thurman....101110110111111—12 Lane ....111111100011010—10
Landis..........110111110111010—11 Henry...........111111101111111—14
JHWolstencr'ft 111111001001011—10 David...........010111101101111—11
W Wolstencroft011111111111101—13 Brown..........111100100101111—10

No. 6, 15 targets, expert rules:

J Wolstencroft..101001011010100—6 Henry...........000001000111010 – 5
H Thurman.....100101101110100—8 David..........100100001010101 –6
Landis...........110110101010010—8 W H Pack.......101001111100110—9
JHWolstencroft.100011110101101—9 Peterman....... 100110110000001—6
WHWolstencr'ft010011011010110—8 J Thurman..... 111000110000100—6
Lane ....000011101100011—7 Brown...........000110011011100—7

No. 7, 25 targets, known angles entry, $3.50:

J Wolstencroft............................1111111110111010011001111—19
H Thurman................................1110111111111111111111111 – 24
Landis.....................................1111111111111101111110111—23
I H Wolstencroft..........................1100111100101001001110010—13
W H Wolstencroft ....0111001111001110111111111—19
David......................................1010111111001111111111110—20
W H Pack.................................0010000110100101111010011—12
Henry......................................1111110111101101111111000—19
Peterman ....1111101111111111111110101—22
Lane.......................................1001001001110001010110101—12

No. 8, 10 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1 00: J Wolstencroft 7, H. Thurman 5, T. H. Wolstencroft 7, Landis 9, W. H. Wolstencroft 8, Brown 7, David 6, Henry 6, Peterman 5.

No. 9. 10 targets, known angles: J. Wolstencroft 5, H Thurman 7, Landis 8, J. H. Wolsey 5, W. H. Wolsey 8, Henry 5, Peterman 3, Lane 7.

No. 10, 20 targets, known angles, $2 00.

Henry.....00011110011111111101—14 J W H.....11100001001101101011—11
Landis.....11010111011110111011—15 W H W....11011110111111111111—18
HThurman11111111111111111110—19 David......11111111111111111010 – 18

N. M. Bancroft.

Hill Beats Class.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 29 —The shoot which took place at Yardville on Friday, Oct. 26, was one of those pretty affairs which occur occasionally during a season. Frank Class and Timmons were the first on the grounds, and were enjoying a quiet little shoot of their own, when the gate opened and a crowd of shooters came in. Among them were Brewer, Morfey, Eddie Hill and Giberson. It was not long before they were at work, and several sweepstakes were shot off before dinner. The competitors were Class, Timmons, Brewer, Morfey, Zwirlein, Hill Giberson. Timmons soon began to make an impression and before the day was out was known as "the man with the terrible left." He certainly used his second barrel with telling effect, and did very fine work all day. About 12:30 all retired to do justice to Charlie Zwirlein's fine dinner. It was served royally, and to the great satisfaction of Brewer, there was plenty of it. I say to Brewer's satisfaction, but it was to ours also, for Brewer was so much engaged in devouring two chickens, 4lbs. of roast beef, half a hushel of potatoes, as well as other things too numerous to mention, that he had no time to talk. Immediately after dinner the shooting commenced again with two more sweepstakes, every one participating as before. This hrings us to the affair of the day, a match for $100 a side between Frank Class and Eddie Hill.

The birds, which were a little slow in rising in the morning, rose almost with the springing of the trap. Eddie Hill made some surprising shots, but did not seem as deliberate as Class, who also did some fine shooting. Hill won by one bird. Every one was loud in the praises of Charlie Zwirlein's dog Nig, which retrieved at the trap. It is certainly a wonderful dog and seemed to be perfectly fresh, although he had been working all the day before the shoot at Dexter Park.

No. 1, 8 birds, $5 entrance, 2 moneys:		No. 2, same:	No. 3, same:
Class	12211111—8	22212222 - 8	11222200—6
Brewer	11122222—8	22112022—7	21222222—8
Timmons	21111111—8	12111211—8	22122121—8
Giberson	1•112111—7	21211111—8	011112•2—6
Zwirlein	012122•2—6	0110w. —2	11101111—7
Morfey	11021921—6	20222122—7	21112220—7
Hill			12200121—6

Then came the match, which resulted as follows:

Match, Hill versus Class, 50 live birds, $50 a side:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

←←↙←↙↘↑←↙↘→←←↖↖↙↗←→↗↘←←↘↖
Eddie Hill......1 0 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 0 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2—23

↖↖↖↗↘↗↗←↙↘→←←↖↖↙↗←→↗↘←←↘↖
1 2 2 1 2 2 0 1 1 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 1—21—44

↖↘↖H→→↕↙↙↖↓↙→↘↙↗↘↗↖←↘↗↘↗←
Frank Class....2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 0 2 1 0 1 0 2 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 2 0 1—19

←↖↗→↘↙↘↙↗↘↖↓↘↙↘↘↗↘→↙→↙H↖↙
2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 2 1 1—24 - 43

This was followed by a sweep similar to the first three events, a miss-and-out, $5 entrance, hringing things to a close. Scores:

No. 4, 8 live birds, $5 entrance, 2 moneys:

Morfey ....22102120—6 Brewer ....21022222—7
Hill........................000122w—3 Zwirlein...................2•211122—7
Class......................12222120—7 Timmons..................02112210—6

No. 5, miss-and-out, $5 entrance:

Morfey ....11112—5 Zwirlein......................11220—4
Hill ....11211—5 Timmons.....................0 —0
Brewer....................11110—4 Giherson ....2212 —3

O. K.

Work Outshoots Brewer.

On Tuesday, Oct. 30, Capt. J. L. Brewer, went to Bergen Point, N. J., to shoot a practice race at 100 live birds on the Carteret Cluh's grounds with Mr. George Work, an amateur who has shown time and again that when he strikes his gait he is capable of doing as good work at the traps as any man living. If Capt. Brewer expected an easy race the result shows that the future opponent of Carver and Elliott had to kill his last 52 straight to prevent being distanced. Mr. Work's record in this match is the more remarkle as he has not been shooting live birds for some time and consequently was supposed to be out of practice. In Captain Brewer's own words the story of the race can best be told: "It was the prettiest race I ever shot. The birds were really a good lot and a breeze diagonally across the traps from right to left helped them. It made no difference to Mr. Work what sort of birds he got, he killed his hard ones just as surely as he downed his easy ones; his 'time' was excellent, like clockwork. I believe he would have gathered 87 of his birds in a 21yds. boundary. When I started in I didn't know what I'd gone up against and was a little careless, letting two easy incomers fool me; but when I found that I was in a shooting match for sure, I pulled myself together and kept right after him, thinking to myself, 'Now, my friend if you make a skip I've got you,' but— the skip never came, and he beat me out hy one bird." Score:

Match, 100 live birds per man:

George Work..............................1121222121011122121111112—24
2111222112221122122111212—25
2121121122022222221212211—24
1111121122212222122211121—25—98
J L Brewer................................2211112221212222201222122—24
1201122122221221212112021—23
1112222112111121212212121—25
2221222222222221211222220—35—97

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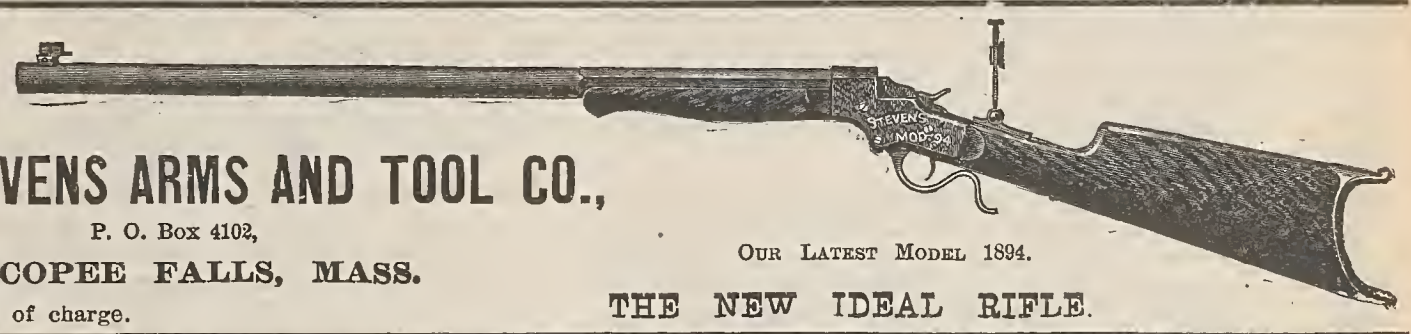

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CONTENTS.

Editorial.
A Form of Buck Fever.
End the Joke.
The Howell Case.
Snap Shots.

The Sportsman Tourist.
Another Moose.

Natural History.
Do Foxes Climb Trees?
Was it Suicide?
Some Unnatural History.
A Peculiar Partridge Trap.

Game Bag and Gun.
A Maine Hunting Trip.
Wisconsin Wanderings.
Chicago and the West.
Texas and the Southwest.
A Floating Battery Taken in.
The Long Island Deer Season.
Boston Shooters.

Sea and River Fishing.
Trout in Colorado Springs.
Taking Salmon with a Spoon.
Angling Notes.
Rainbow Trout in the South.
The Big Pike-Perch.

Fish Culture.
The Vermont Commission.
A Greenwood Lake Poacher Taken In.

The Kennel.
The U. S. Field Trials.
Brunswick Fur Club Trials.
International Field Trials.
Altcar Club Meeting.
Dog Chat.

Yachting.
Model Yacht Building.—II.
Lord Dunraven's Letter.
American Model Y. C.
Yachting News Notes.

Canoeing.
A. C. A. Executive Committee Meeting.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Cincinnati Rifles.
Champion Match of 1894.

Trap Shooting.
Live Birds at Carteret.
Williams—Brokaw Match.
Coffeyville Tournament.
Drivers and Twisters.

Answers to Queries.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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A FORM OF BUCK FEVER.

SOME time ago when one of the accident insurance companies was introducing the coupon system of free insurance, there was some talk of providing a thousand-dollar policy to be given to every holder of a copy of the *Game Laws in Brief*. The plan was abandoned for good and sufficient reasons; yet we are inclined to believe that such a policy attachment of the *Brief* would have filled a long felt want for the Long Island deer hunters.

The conditions of hunting down there are peculiar. The available area is restricted to a ridiculously small territory. The open season is extremely short, and the hunters come in droves. The man who goes deer hunting on Long Island veritably takes his life in his hands, and before setting out he should arrange his business affairs, make his will, take leave of his family, provide himself with an accident policy for a good round sum, and abandon hope. If the hazard attendant upon the sport shall be augmented during the next five years as it has been in the last five seasons, and the New York law shall remain which makes attempted suicide a crime, the lawyers will have to determine whether the sportsman who voluntarily goes deer hunting on Long Island does not thereby render himself subject to the penalty for intended suicide. When a member of the FOREST AND STREAM staff went down to Long Island last Saturday he made the perilous trip purely as a performance of duty, and when he returned thanked his stars that he had come back whole.

On the following Monday a fatal accident occurred on the Long Island deer grounds. A hunter was mistaken for a deer and mortally wounded by one of his companions. The man fired without knowing what he was shooting at, and a cry of agony told him the result.

It is the old story of reckless shooting that comes up again and again, and than which there is no class of shooting accidents more to be blamed—not even the "didn't know it was loaded" class. Of course the man who did the shooting is overcome with grief, and the genuineness of his sorrow has no doubt brought public opinion over to his side and exonerated him so far as public opinion can, but nothing will ever undo the work of that one rash moment. A human life has been sacrificed with less than trivial excuse. It is hard to imagine what in the realm of sanity can prompt a man to shoot at something not seen and not perfectly recognized.

Such disregard of all laws of common sense and prudence can only be accounted for by the theory that this is a sort of temporary insanity produced in certain minds by excitement, which overpowers and annuls their better judgment. It is as a fearful and fatal phase of "buck fever;" and one that is all the more horrible because the victim of the malady is not the individual who is himself possessed of devils, but some other innocent and unsuspecting person upon whose devoted head the subject's temporary aberration wreaks its woe. We have recorded now and then an instance of the ordinary type of "buck fever" so severe that the afflicted person has died of heart disease. These cases are extremely rare; but this form whose victim is another is distressingly frequent; we have noted its occurrence scores of times; we shall have occasion to record new cases so long as deer hunters shall lose their wits. In large assemblages of hunters, such as those which annually come together on Long Island during the deer season, there will always be found some irresponsible and criminally foolish individuals who are a menace to the safety of all others.

THE HOWELL CASE.

THE case of Edgar Howell, who killed the buffalo in Yellowstone Park last winter, was to have come before the court in Cheyenne this week.

When Howell was arrested by Scout Burgess, it will be remembered, he was taken to Mammoth Hot Springs and put into the guard-house, where he was kept for a period and then escorted out of the Park with an admonition from Capt. Anderson not to come in again. Subsequently he did go into the Park, and was arrested, confined several days in the guard-house, and then taken before Commissioner Meldrum, and tried upon the charge of having disobeyed Capt. Anderson's order not to enter the Park. Of this he was found guilty and was sentenced to confinement for thirty days in the guard-house and to pay a fine of $50 and costs. He took an appeal to the United States District Court of Wyoming, giving bail for his appearance at Cheyenne. Subsequently entering the Park he was again summarily ejected.

In the present stage of the case the original offense of killing buffalo in the National Park is not involved, except in so far as this was the occasion of Howell's confinement and expulsion. The point to be determined—and a very interesting point it is—relates to the interpretation of the regulations made by the Secretary of the Interior providing for the expulsion of offenders from the Park. Under this rule Howell was expelled. What did that expulsion mean? Capt. Anderson, on the one hand, has held in practice that when a man is expelled he must remain without the Park limits. Howell, on the other hand, bases his appeal upon the contention that once put out of the Park he had in being expelled paid the penalty; and was then free to go back. The precise language of the regulation reads that an offender shall "be summarily removed from the Park." As to whether he may turn right around and come in again with the guard that escorted him out, or whether he must stay out for a year or for all his life, there is absolutely nothing in the regulations.

ONE who is described as an "active, thoughtful shooting man and a thorough sportsman withal," relates that on three occasions within the past dozen years he has observed hawks in full and fierce pursuit of grouse, and he therefore wants the State to provide a bounty which shall encourage the destruction of the hawk tribe. That was once the accepted attitude of hostility to the hawks, maintained and justified by most people. It is no longer held by intelligent and well-informed people. Careful and systematic study of hawks has demonstrated the fact that their services are of decided usefulness to mankind. They may kill some game but they destroy vermin as well, and could ill be spared by the farmer and fruit grower.

END THE JOKE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM has nothing to do with politics, that is to say, it should have nothing to do; and as a matter of fact it would let politics alone, if politics would let alone those special interests with whose promotion this journal is concerned. When a fish commission is made the sport of political schemers, and when a game protective force is controlled in any degree by considerations of party or factional advantage, it is high time for some one—even if he be not a partisan—to speak out.

We will not go into the recent history of the New York Fish Commission. Most people who know anything of it will recall that a few years ago the most intelligent and efficient member of the board was ousted from his place because he did not train with the political adherents of the Governor then in office. And it is a familiar piece of history, too, that the places once filled by men interested in the work of increasing and protecting the fish supply have been filled in one instance at least by men who took their appointment as a huge joke and have so regarded it ever since. A commission constituted of joke commissioners is a joke commission. The fisheries and game interests of the State of New York are of altogether too high importance to be intrusted to the jocular administration of jokers.

Is it not about time to have done with the New York Joke Fish Commission? Now that there is to be a change of administration in the State, and that numerous commissions are to be made over new, would it not be well to give some attention to this board? There ought to be some new timber in it. Whether the new material be Republican or Democrat or Prohibition does not matter, so long only as it shall be sound and serviceable. But for one thing give us no more joke.

There are too many members in the board now. The work is done practically by one man. A single-headed, responsible, accountable, paid commission would be more efficient than any other. If we cannot have that, reduce the number to three.

It will require legislation to institute such a new order of things. The Legislature of 1895 will deserve public gratitude if it shall rid us of the jokers.

SNAP SHOTS.

DR. WILLETT KIDD, of Newburgh, N. Y., tells us that in September of this year he saw a flock of some forty wild pigeons just west of Orange Lake, in Orange county. Several flocks have been reported as seen this year in Sullivan county, and it is said that the birds were so numerous in the neighborhood of Rome, N. Y., that the netters set about netting them. Is the wild pigeon coming back, even in feeble numbers, to the old-time Eastern haunts? If there is any probability of this, we should lose no time in adopting measures to give it protection.

The American Ornithologists' Union held the twelfth annual congress at the American Museum of Natural History, in this city, Nov. 13 to 15. Fifteen active members were present. The officers chosen for the new year are: President, Dr. Elliott Coues; Vice-Presidents, Wm. Brewster and Dr. C. Hart Merriam; Secretary, John H. Sage; Treasurer, William Dutcher; Council—Dr. J. A. Allen, C. F. Batchelder, C. B. Cory, D. G. Elliott, Frank M. Chapman, R. Ridgway, Dr. L. Stejneger.

The assertion by Gov. Woodbury in his letter accepting the resignation of Fish and Game Commissioner John W. Titcomb, is not a whit exaggerated. Mr. Titcomb's retirement from the office will be a decided loss to the Commission and to the State; he was one of the most intelligently interested, active and enthusiastic men of the day holding such office. Together with all who have noted the progress of the Vermont fishcultural and protective interests under Mr. Titcomb's admihistration, we regret that he should have given up active direction of the work. We need more Titcombs in our fish commissions.

About the jaybird and his Friday trips to the infernal regions—have any of our Southern readers other versions of the tale than those already given by correspondents as current among the negroes of Florida and Louisiana? In Florida one story has it that the birds carry with them each a grain of sand; and in another version they carry corn. In Louisiana the sand story is told, while others aver that the bird carries bits of wood to add to the fires. It would be interesting to compare the varients of the story as told in different parts of the South.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ANOTHER MOOSE.

SOMEBODY has said that "History repeats itself." It so happens that exactly one year ago to-night I sat at this same desk and endeavored to answer your question of how I got "my first moose," the story appeared in your issue of Nov. 4, 1893. Well, as they say in the circus, "Here we are again." You may recall that the killing of that moose occurred at about seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, Sept. 19, last year. The game I shall tell you of to-night I called down, and shot *at* on the same day of the week, the same hour in the evening, and on nearly the same day of the month this year, and it seems to me that in this case, history has made a very creditable effort to sustain prophecy.

Moreover, this year's moose is very nearly the counterpart of that of last year, the antlers being almost exact duplicates as to spread and size, and the weights of the two moose were, I should judge, very nearly the same.

Another summer has come and gone, another vacation season has passed. How differently men have spent it. I speak, of course, of the business or professional man—not the man of leisure—but of him who toils with muscle, wit, or brain, for forty or fifty weeks in the year, and counts himself fortunate to find leisure for a few weeks or even days. To such a man the word vacation has a deep and gladsome meaning. To him it means for a brief season, emancipation, freedom from care, cessation of toil, rest for the brain.

"OUR COZY LITTLE TENT."

I have often been struck with the diversity of tastes existing among business men as to the manner of spending their vacations, and with the fact that so few of them adopt the woods, camp and trail.

Of course it is a case of "every man to his taste." There is undoubted pleasure in the ocean voyage, recreation and delight at the seaside resort, and in the mountain retreat.

The tour of the pedestrian, the cycler or the rider all have fascinations and delights peculiarly their own. But to me, it seems that nothing in the way of an "outing" can for a moment compare with the hunting of "big game." Here, in fact, we have almost all the recreations rolled into one—the journey by rail or boat, staging, or coaching if you please, tramping—or shall I say pedestrianism?—boating and canoeing, fishing and shooting, for where big game abounds there may you look for the wily trout and the toothsome partridge. For the photographer, painter, botanist or scientist, where can be found a better field than that afforded by the vast wilderness of forests, lakes and mountains of our own State of Maine or our neighbor's Canadian wild woods? Here we have vast pleasure grounds really very accessible, all things considered, whither the artist, scientist, sportsman or mere lover of nature may easily repair when his short season of leisure is at hand. And yet, as I have said, how few comparatively of our business men avail themselves of these magnificent forests for the purpose of recreation or hunting?

Feeling thus, I need hardly tell you that when the time for my vacation came, my mind was made up as to where and how to spend it.

Did you ever go into camp for the purpose of hunting or fishing? If so, you will know how a man feels when he realizes that the day for his departure from the city for a taste of life in the forests is near at hand. How his hunting "toggery" is pulled out of nooks and closets and repairs made or new pieces added; the fishing tackle is taken down and rubbed up; rifle and shotgun brought forth, inspected, cleaned and oiled. How impossible for him it is at this time when walking the street, to pass a window where these things are so temptingly exposed for sale without stopping to look at them To a man about to start on a hunting and fishing trip the humblest of "sporting goods" windows have an almost irresistible attraction, and he is resolute indeed who can pass on without entering the store to inquire about some new trinket that has caught his eye. A great many things are to be thought of at such a time. There are the camp supplies to be bought. It is not an easy thing to know just what to provide for a given number of men for a given time—just what to buy, how much to buy and what not to buy. But there is one thing that should always be steadily borne in mind, which is that in moose, caribou or deer hunting every pound of whatever nature (and this of course includes tents and canoes) will have to be carried more or less. I know of no good hunting grounds where this is not the case. Hence luxuries should be rigorously excluded and necessities reduced to the minimum. What are necessities? I should say in a general way flour (which should be "self-raising"), and of this you may confidently provide one pound per day per man, bacon, pork, potatoes, sugar, tea and coffee. Canned beans are palatable, nutritious and convenient, but heavy to carry. Dried beans are preferable if you know how to prepare them in camp. Where big game abounds partridge and trout are pretty sure to become a prominent part of the daily menu, and with the provisions I have named a most excellent meal can always be prepared. Butter, of course, must be classed under the head of "luxuries," but I am free to confess that it is the one luxury I cannot exclude. Of course we must not forget the condiments, but they are inconsiderable as to weight.

Then there are the guides to be engaged, and arrangements made as to time and place of meeting them. All these things, and many more are occupying the mind of the prospective hunter long before the day of departure arrives, but all is a pleasure, and, indeed, I sometimes doubt just where the greatest pleasure of a vacation of this nature really lies; whether it is in the anticipation, the realization or the retrospection. Of a fairly successful trip I am inclined to the last, for anticipation may be alloyed with much doubt, and realization is certainly shared with considerable physical effort, and it may be with some keen disappointments, but when all is over, obstacles overcome, the end sought attained, or even partially attained, you are home again, life's thread again taken up, and you look back upon the trip as a whole, the whole becomes a pleasure, and a pleasure, too, with very little alloy.

I left New York this year on Saturday evening, Sept. 15, for Montreal, my destination being Deux Rivieres, Ont., a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, some 300 miles west of that city, where I arrived early on Monday morning, the 17th. I had written Mr. Richardson, who keeps a small hotel in the place, to have a buckboard in readiness to take me in to Hurdmann's lumber depot, sixteen miles north from there, where I was to join a friend who had preceded me, and where all supplies had been sent, and where I was to meet my guide. Consequently I went in "light," as we say, having only my rifle, trout rods and photographic outfit to carry, and the journey was made in about six hours. "Six hours for sixteen miles" you say? Yes. Wait till you see that road, and you will not doubt my statement. The road is very rough, and it matters not how light you may be, it is impossible to go at a faster gait than a walk.

At Hurdmann's I met my friend and two guides and an extra man we had engaged for cook and general utility man. Geo. Crawford, a famous guide in those parts, guided my friend, and Peter Le Claire was assigned to me. He is another most excellent man, half Indian, and a hunter of the very best class, indeed, I think I have never met a man in whom the hunting instincts were stronger or more unerring. His is the eye of the hawk, the ear of the hare, the quickness of the cat, and the endurance of the camel. Israel Tailleur was our cook and extra man. A good-natured fellow is Israel. As sure as he opens his mouth he says something, and as sure as he says something he laughs. I really believe that man was born with a broad smile upon his infant face, which he has never been able to overcome. I somehow conceived the idea when I first saw him, that his name was Hiram, and in spite of all I could do "Hiram" he remained to me during the entire trip. These three men are all from Mattewa, Ontario, and were furnished us by Mr. Rankin, the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company at that place.

An early start was made from Hurdmann's on Tuesday morning, and, after a hard day's work by canoe and portage we reached our camp on Hamilton Lake, some twelve or fourteen miles further north, just at nightfall. This lake, which is about four or five miles long, and from one to two miles wide, is one of the most beautiful bodies of water I ever saw. It contains a number of small islands, all of them rocky, but covered with a picturesque growth of birch, maple, tamarack and fir, and is surrounded on all sides with mountains, or perhaps I should say high ridges, covered with a similar growth from their summits down to the irregular rocky shores. In late September, when the early frost has tinted the hillsides and islands, the lake presents a gorgeous picture of almost indescribable beauty. We had hunted moose upon this same lake last season, and although unsuccessful at this particular place, had seen many signs of the animal on and near it. Especially was this the case in what we call the Thoroughfare, a tortuous stream a mile and a half long connecting it on the south with Rascicot Lake, but we were greatly disappointed this year by the almost total absence of signs either about the lake or in the Thoroughfare. However, we considered it the most likely place for moose, and Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings were spent there in calling. But the week ended with no results, and with all signs of a storm approaching, signs which were fulfilled, for Saturday, Sunday and Monday, were spent for the most part in our cozy little tent. Stormy, blustery weather is the moose caller's especial aversion. Othello like, "his occupation's gone," and, for one whose time is limited, and who is intent on moose and moose only, such days are apt to drag. An occasional tramp through the wet bush for partridge, or an hour or two of casting or trolling for trout, alternating with some "yellow back" literature and a great deal of tobacco, made up the sum total of those three gloomy days.

Tuesday dawned, still storming, but it proved to be the lucky day. Toward noon cloud and sunshine had a struggle, and by 1 o'clock sunshine had the best of it, and Old Sol once more gladdened us with his genial face. The wind, which had been blowing a gale, gradually subsided, and the evening was clear, cold and still. Moose calling that night was of course strictly in order. My friend and Crawford chose the thoroughfare, while Peter and I started for the lower end of the lake.

A moose caller's outfit should consist of a canoe, a rifle, a jack lamp and a moose horn. The canoe should be light, but not cranky; that is to say, it should be as steady as possible to have it, in order that you may sit easily and comfortably, and have the free use of your body and arms. Remember, you are now going upon an expedition of silence and strategy, and the loss of a moose might easily be the result of a slight tip of the canoe, causing foot or rifle or paddle to make just a little noise. If the canoe is cranky, put in some ballast. The rifle, well, there are many good ones, but for moose it must be of large caliber, with plenty of powder behind the bullet. Mine is a .45-90 Winchester, full magazine, and as it has never failed me, of course I pin my faith to it. The jack will probably be a Ferguson if you buy it in these parts, for I find no other on sale. The horn is made of birch bark, and is usually about 15 or 20in. long. Such was my outfit as Peter and I left camp at about 5 o'clock on that Tuesday afternoon. What occurred I will try and tell you in the plainest possible way.

As we paddled away from camp, around the first point, and turned our canoe northward, I was struck with the perfection of the evening. Scarcely a ripple stirred the bosom of the placid lake. The wooded ridges on either side of us were clearly outlined against a cloudless sky; the tall and shapely spruce tops stood like rows of steeples, motionless and sharp. The merry crackling of our campfire died away behind us, and all was silence save the gurgle of the water at the bow of our canoe. Two or three miles of paddling lay between us and our intended calling place at the lower end of the lake. "Beautiful evening, eh, Peter?" I said as I plied the paddle from the bow end of the canoe. "Yes, it is," replied Peter from the other other end, and he lost a stroke or two while he quietly knocked the ashes from his pipe, and tucked it in his pocket. I presume it had struck him that it was just as well to have no unnecessary incense floating around when going after moose, which idea, if he had it, I most thoroughly indorse. Then dead silence for at least a mile. "Likely night for calling," I remarked.

"Fine," said Peter.

"And oh, Peter, I have intended to say this to you before, but I will say it now: in case I ever get a shot from the canoe, no matter where or when, always remember to swing the canoe around so that I can shoot to my left, if it is a possible thing to do so."

"Oh, I understand that," replied Peter, "good deal easier to shoot that side."

"That's the idea; and I thought you might not think of it when the time came."

I think this was every word that passed between us until the extreme lower end of the lake was reached. Some time before reaching this point I had stopped paddling and quietly handed the paddle back to Peter so that he could place it behind me without noise. Then I took up my rifle, noiselessly opened the breech to see that the cartridge was in its place, cocked it without letting it click and laid it across my lap. At this time the canoe was just moving a little and Peter was propelling it with the paddle without taking it from the water, so that not even the sound of a drop of water disturbed the almost absolute silence. I motioned to Peter with my hand to stop, took up my moose horn and made the first call. I wish I could describe the stillness that followed the echo of the call, but that is impossible. You must imagine yourself away from civilization, in a spot where no human sound is heard. Then picture a clear, cold, absolutely still night, above you the blue starlit sky—every one of the myriads of stars seeming unusually bright in the immense dome above; beneath, the bosom of a silent glassy lake; on every side the gloomy shores, and back of them the dense and silent forest. If you can imagine this, if you can imagine the total absence of anything human, you can possibly realize the hoarse call of the moose horn, abruptly breaking this intense stillness, you can hear the reverberating echoes rolling across the lakes and resounding from the hillsides, until they die away in the distance.

"SUCH WAS MY OUTFIT."

Imagining this, you will understand that, should there be an answer ever so faint or ever so far away, your straining ear would be keenly attuned to catch the slightest sound. After an interval of about ten minutes I called again. How the echoes rolled away among the hills! I listened with bated breath. Hark! What was that? An

answer! No, it cannot be! But, yes, it is! Twice have my ears caught the sound. Now my heart begins to jump. Who can pen the thoughts that rush like mad through the brain at such a moment? How will this end? Can I keep still and make no noise that will give him warning of his danger? My nostrils become inadequate for my breathing. I find that my mouth is open, my chest heaving and my heart thumping like a trip hammer. But I speak not a word, nor does my guide. Listen! I have not heard him for some moments. Could I have been mistaken after all? I will call. Ah! there he is again. All doubt now vanishes. The moose is coming. I shall certainly see him, at any rate.

Yes, nearer and nearer he comes. Hear him grunt! Hear the antlers ring as they strike the trees. Oh, this is too good! How unerring have been his instincts. It seems to me that I can see him as he rushes down toward the lake in a straight line for the spot where we lie in our canoe snug up to shore under the overhanging bushes. And still on he comes. And yet not one syllable has passed between Peter and myself; not the faintest suspicion of a sound has either of us made. Once more the moose is still. and for one instant doubt and fear enter my mind. I know that he is very near us now, probably not more than 300ft. away, but the dense growth of alders along the shore of the lake makes it impossible to see him in the gathering darkness. "Were it daylight," say I to myself, "I might see him." And then I think, "What if he should see us, or smell us?" Thank heaven, there is absolutely no wind, but that doubt and fear will not down. I am afraid to call for fear he will discover the trick. And so I sit and watch and wait. Peter has kept the canoe close to the shore, and we are pretty well hidden by the bushes.

My excitement is all gone, lungs performing their functions in a perfectly natural manner now. Doubt has taken the place of every other feeling. I am afraid he is suspicious and is going to give us the slip. He has not made a sound for several moments. He is still; so are we. But great Scott! Hear that! He suddenly gives one unearthly grunt, and at the same moment I see the broad shovels of his antlers above the bushes, not 200ft. away. I feel the blood rush to my face. Instinctively my finger seeks the trigger of my rifle, and my left hand closes with a tighter grip upon the barrel, but I cannot shoot yet, I can see nothing but those antlers. And I still sit and wait and watch them. The moose is straight ahead of me, and I begin to think I had better estimate for his body and fire. One fatal sound now and all is lost. I am sure he is suspicious or he would step into the water. He is wary and is listening. Just now I feel that the stern of the canoe is slowly swinging outward. I recall the conversation with Peter, and I interpret it to mean that he too, thinks I had better fire, and that he is swinging the canoe around to make it as easy for me as possible. This decides me, and I raise the rifle deliberately to my shoulder. There is still sufficient light to see both sights plainly, and, guided by the antlers, which are all I can see, I aim for what I think will be his left shoulder, and press the trigger. The echo of my piece is not repeated before I have pumped in another cartridge and have sent another bullet speeding after the first.

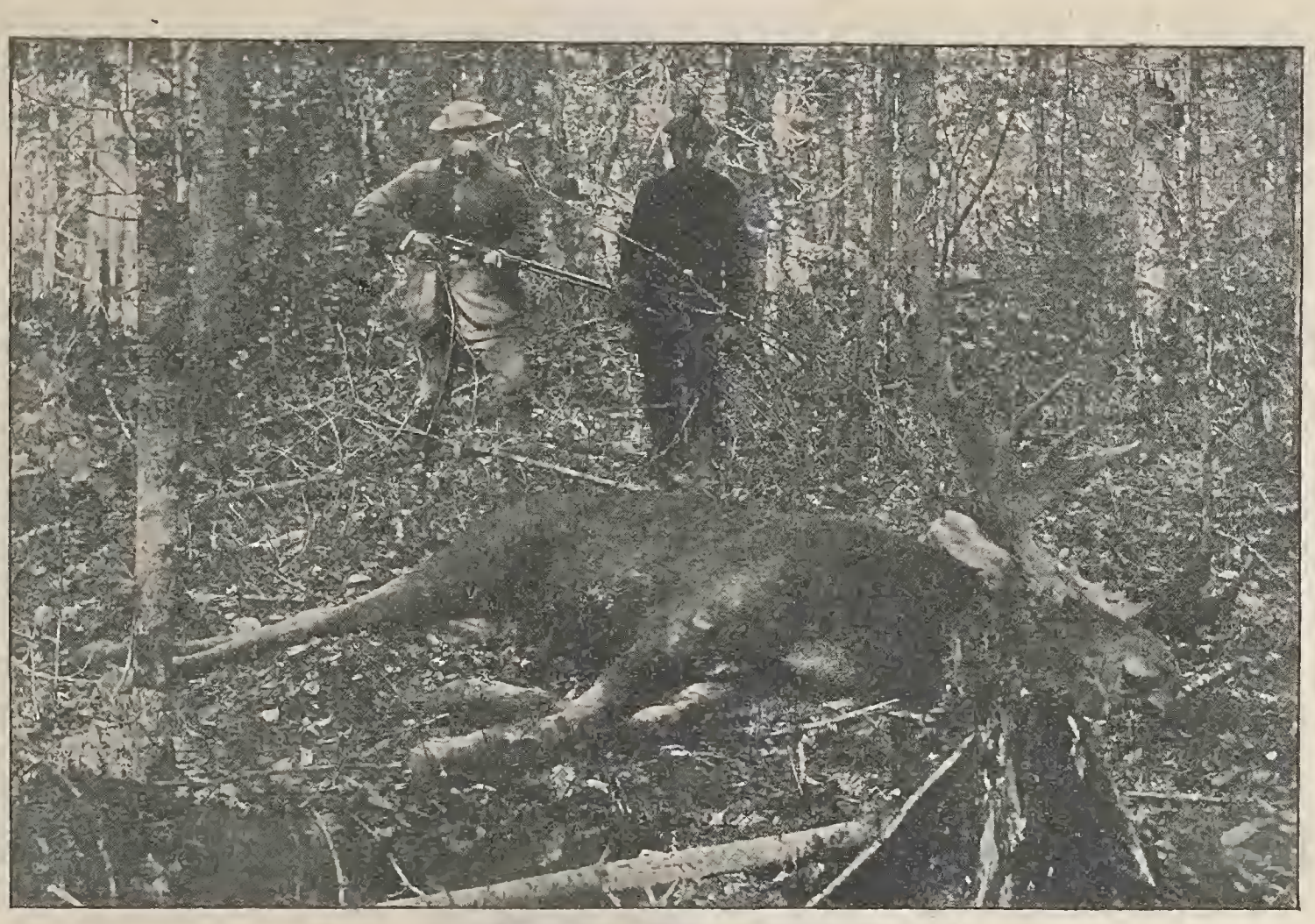
As the smoke cleared from in front of me I caught sight of the head and antlers some 20ft. to the left of where he had stood when I first fired, and without a moment's hesitation I fired a third shot. This time he gave a quick jump and disappeared in the bushes. With a few strokes of the paddle Peter sent the canoe flying across the little bay in which we were to the spot where he had disappeared. As the boat touched the shore we both leaped upon the bank and entered the woods, but only darkness confronted us. we could not see nor hear anything of the moose. Peter started into the thick underbrush without a word and I followed him as best I could, but darkness had now made walking very difficult. At every few steps he would stop and peer into the gloom ahead, and listen intently, but we saw nothing and heard not a sound. Finally I whispered to Peter: "Do you think I hit him?"

"Of course you did," said Peter, in the most assuring tone, "didn't you see him jump?"

"Well, what shall we do?"

"Wait here a minute; I'll go in a little further and see if I can see anything." And he disappeared for a minute or two into the now thoroughly darkened woods. He soon returned, however, and a whispered discussion ended in the conclusion that if I had killed him he was safe. If I had severely wounded him we could certainly trail him in the morning, and if I had missed him altogether it was useless to attempt to follow him that night. This being settled, we went back to our canoe and rapidly paddled to camp, where we were soon joined by my companion and Crawford, who eagerly inquired, "What luck?" As an illustration of the clearness of the atmosphere upon the night of which I write, and the distance sound will travel across these lakes, it is worth while recording that although my friend and myself were separated by the entire length of the lake and nearly the length of the thoroughfare, my three shots had been very distinctly heard by him, although the distance was surely five and perhaps six or seven miles.

You may be sure there was much discussion in camp that night before we retired as to the chances of my securing my moose; all of the details of the calling and shooting were gone over, explained and commented upon, and I think that all agreed that my chances were good. But as for myself I must say that I was full of doubt, and I am free to confess that my sleep during the night was not of the soundest. The moose was on my mind and for a long time the thoughts of him and the excitement of calling him down banished sleep. As I lay upon my bed of fragrant fir boughs it seemed to me that I was back upon that quiet little bay sitting in my canoe and again listening for that echo-like answer. That I was again waiting and watching to get a shot at the wary game. In fancy's realm I was already tracking him in the early morning. Peter and I were back at the spot where I had last seen the moose. I could fancy how cautiously we would follow the trail. All that my experience in woodcraft had taught me, all that my guides had ever told me, and all that I had ever read of trailing and "still-hunting" passed through my mind. How that silence, absolute silence, when trailing, is the first consideration. The smallest details all came to my mind as I lay there trying to forget myself in sleep, how that in stepping into or out of a canoe you must make no noise. When you step in the canoe you must put your foot squarely in the center of the boat, toe toward the bow, the weight of the body perpendicularly over the foot in the boat, and then she settles squarely into the water without tipping or swaying, and no noise. In stepping out, again there is method if you wish silence—yes, and



"He Rolled upon his Side—Dead."

comfort and safety, too; rise upon the leg the last to leave the canoe, the foot again squarely in the center—step out sideways, but remember, the canoe, relieved of your weight, is going to follow your foot upward, so remove the foot slowly until this has happened, and the trick is done—no noise, no splash, and no wet feet. In picking up the rifle or paddle when in the canoe lift them gently and squarely, don't drag them toward you. Then the trail, all the little points to be observed seemed to marshall themselves through my mind as if to prompt me for the task when the day should dawn. Here, even more than in the canoe, must silence be observed. Carry nothing that will clang or rattle, the rifle in front of the body, not over the shoulder, where the barrel will strike trees or branches. Step over, not upon, twigs, stones, or dead sticks. Avoid brushing against bushes and branches, but take them in the hand as you approach and bend them out of the way, gently releasing them as you pass. And so my thoughts ran on. I thought of the shooting, and wondered if I had observed the rules I have always laid down for myself. You can't hit anything if you are over excited. You must see both sights upon your rifle, and you must settle your eye carefully into both before you press the trigger. You must hold steady, and you must pull with the finger, not with the arm, or the chances are you will pull the rifle off the mark. Had I shot carefully? It is true my shot had been under adverse circumstances. Had I hit the moose at all? These and a thousand other thoughts crowded through my mind ere slumber came, but I rather astonished myself, and I think both Peter and "Hiram" too, by being up and dressed at six minutes past three in the morning! Our good-natured *chef*, however, soon had the camp-fire going, and Peter and I tucked away a substantial breakfast of fried bacon, potatoes and coffee, and a few minutes after four saw us again heading for the scenes of the night previous. We were certainly on time, for when we arrived at the little bay it was not yet light enough to trail our game, but we landed at the spot where we had last seen the moose, and Peter soon began to scan the ground, and now I was to be shown my guide's wonderful acuteness in following a trail. As we stepped from the canoe to the shore the dawn of day was just rendering distinguishable small objects upon the ground. We advanced a few paces into the woods, Peter with his eyes carefully scrutinizing the ground at each step, while I was eagerly looking ahead of him with the hope that I might see the moose. We had gone but a very few paces when he stooped, and, picking up a little piece of moss, looked at it a moment intently and then whispered, "Blood." I shook my head doubtingly, for I thought he was mistaken, and that what he thought was blood was really maroon-colored moss, but at that moment my eyes fell upon the fallen trunk of a white birch tree over which the moose had stepped, and I could plainly see upon the bark a great red blood splotch as large as the crown of my hat, and to which I eagerly called Peter's attention. I was now convinced that he was right about the blood-stained moss; and from that instant, hope and confidence took possession of me, for I felt sure that the moose was too badly wounded to escape us, and in fact from the additional blood spots upon the leaf strewn ground which we were now finding at almost every step, I began to think that it would be a dead moose when we found him. At every turn I expected now to come upon the animal, stretched there dead in the gray of the early morn. But it proved I had misjudged the wonderful tenacity of the moose, for we tracked him through the dense forest for a good two miles before we found the first signs of his having halted in his retreat, and it was over this exciting trail of two miles through what appeared to me at times an almost impenetrable thicket that Peter's wonderful powers as a tracker were so impressed upon my mind. Where the ground was soft, of course it was comparatively easy to track the moose, but often we would come out upon a wide area of open timber, upon firm ground, and this too covered with a thick carpet of freshly fallen leaves where the foot of the beast, to the unpracticed eye left not the slightest imprint. Even Peter's wonderfully trained sight would occasionally be at fault, but crouching close to the ground he would describe a circle about the last distinguishable footprint and would soon again strike the trail. To me it was simply wonderful. At the end of about three miles we were rewarded by finding three imprints of the moose's body where he had lain down as many times in a comparatively small area, and confidence immediately became conviction that he was a badly wounded beast, that our "scent was hot" and that his capture was certain. And so it proved, for not 100 yards from this spot we came upon him. Peter saw him first — halted and pointed straight ahead. My eye followed the direction of his finger, and there I saw the object of our search walking quite rapidly from us, his huge body and antlers swaying to and fro as his enormously long legs carried him with great strides through the thickly growing timber. I do not think he had heard us.

Instantly I raised my rifle and fired two shots in rapid succession. One shot at least took effect, and at the sting of the bullet he threw down his head, and with an angry snort swung sharply around toward us; but as he turned I dropped upon my knee and a quick shot sent a bullet into his right side, in the region of his heart. He was about ten rods ahead of us and I could see the blood spurt from his side in a stream as thick as my finger, as with one mighty grunt he fell headlong toward us. One desperate struggle of his mighty frame to regain his feet, and he rolled upon his side—dead.

The chase had been an exciting one, and the interest had never flagged since my ear caught his first answer to the call of my horn the night before. As I stood over his prostrate body I thought I could indeed say with Tartaran, "This is hunting!"

The spot where the moose had fallen was very near the water's edge in another bay upon the same lake, and Peter immediately went back to bring the canoe around. I had put my camera in the canoe, and when Peter came back, accompanied by the others from camp, who had started out an hour or two later to learn of our success, some pictures were made, as well as some accurate measurements with the tape line. I copy from a piece of birch bark whereon a record was made upon the spot, the following figures:

Length, center butt of horn to round of rump	7ft.
center butt of horn to end of nose	1ft. 10in.
(Making length over all, 8ft. 10in.)	
Height, at shoulder (including hair)	7ft.
at shoulder (against body)	6ft. 9in.
point of hoof to knee	2ft. 2in.
knee to top shoulder	4ft. 7in.
at rump	6ft. 4in.
point of hoof to center of shank	2ft. 5in.
shank to rump	3ft. 7in.
Spread of antlers	3ft 8¾in.

Such was the animal and such the manner of his capture. Another trophy is secured to become a lasting joy. For those who have hunted this finest of game, what I have attempted to describe may recall pleasant recollections of like experiences of their own; and if what is written here shall be the means of inducing some amateur sportsman to try his hand at "big game," resulting in the pleasure to him that I have just experienced, I shall feel that in an humble way I have been of some benefit to my fellow man.

L. C. Ivory.

New York, Oct. 12.

Shooting Positions.

When hunting deer or other large game, just how do you take aim, when you have opportunity for a deliberate shot? There is Lew Wilmot, a more than average shot; and he sits down and shoots with a knee rest. Tell us how you do it.

Natural History.

FOXES CLIMB TREES.

IN the northern part of New York city (which is city only in name) is a certain long strip of woods, through which runs a brook that converts the woods into almost a swamp. The brook is the stream which feeds Van Cortlandt Lake. This lot of woods by reason of its inaccessibility in parts, seems to be, or have been, a favorite nesting place for crows and probably hawks, although the New York & Putnam Railroad runs close along the eastern edge thereof.

About seven years ago (the incident was published in detail at the time in an obscure quarter; the publication not being at hand, I write from memory) I was passing through this place, particularly to find some early hawk's nest. I found a large nest in an oak tree about 35ft. (a low estimate) from the ground. The tree was an oak, about a foot in diameter at the butt, and was one of several that grew from a common base. I was examining the nest with a field glass, when I observed something fur-like, it seemed, softly waving in the wind. I hadn't the most remote idea what it was, so I began to pound the trunk. Evidently it was not a bird, for it did not stir. Then I commenced to thrash the shrubbery about, making all the noise at my command. But in vain. Then I resolved to climb the tree. I cut a green stick a yard long and started up—not the tree with the nest, but one of its fellows, which was so close that I saw that when I got there I would not be over 6ft. distant from the other. The green limbs of any size did not begin short of the altitude of the nest, but along the whole length of the trunks were dead limbs about as big as one's thumb. These limbs grew at short intervals, except at the bottom, so that the level of the nest was reached without trouble.

It was a little exciting, for I didn't know what I may have run up against. When I reached the level I saw nothing but a big round mass of red fur. It was the color and appearance of a red fox, but not even a foot or a bit of tail was visible to me. Then I climbed a few feet higher until I could look down upon the situation, and mapped out a plan of procedure. I saw that I could not use the club effectively, because several limbs grew over the nest so as to prevent a blow being struck from my position; so preparing for anything to happen I reached over the length of my arm and gave the thing a poke with the stick. It was a rude awakening or else the most magnificent piece of bluffing I ever saw. The fox—for such it was—rose upon its feet with the most astonished look. It all happened quicker than I can tell. The fox simply jumped up with the aforesaid look of astonishment and then to my dismay, without apparently waiting to think of the consequence, it sprang out of the nest or rather it tumbled into the air, and fell with a smack, not upon the ground, but fortunately into a large pool of water (for the woods were partially overflowed). Then I watched it slowly crawl out of the shallow pool with dragging brush, apparently none the worse for its long fall. The fox crawled into a thick place, and I came down, I am sure, as astonished as the fox.

That old crow nest undoubtedly had been the fox's home, to which it was accustomed to ascend. I could easily understand how it got out, but how it commonly got down it would be interesting to know. Hardly less extraordinary is the fact that the railroad track was but a hundred feet away, and many trains were passing daily.

But from the very day when I cautiously ventured to tell some intimate friends what I had seen, my reputation for accuracy of statement (which may never have been too good) passed beneath a cloud, I am sure. I feel that a person has no business to observe extraordinary things like that when alone. It certainly hurts his reputation.

Even now, when I am telling some little yarn to a friend, without the requisite affidavit and witnesses, I fancy I see a pained expression in his face, or else a certain absent-minded look in his eyes as if he were performing the necessary mathematical calculations to determine how much to shave off.

Now at length a gentleman, in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 10, has come to the rescue, and he has done nobly, in having at least vouched for chasing a gray fox up a tree—strangely enough at a spot only a few miles distant from the scene of my own alleged discovery.

And now I learn that it is not uncommon for gray foxes to take to such trees as they can climb when hard pressed by dogs. TAPPAN ADNEY.

Some Unnatural History.

INTERLACHEN, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a rather curious bear story in case you might like to print it:

The garden of a Florida cracker was visited quite regularly by a bear early in the mornings. He seemed to wish for his breakfast at about the same time each morning, and would swim across a stream of water running between a thick hamak and the cracker's garden. Several mornings a big alligator tried to head him off and catch him, and those mornings the bear would turn around, swim back and disappear in the hamak and go without his breakfast. For several mornings he was watched by some of the settlers in hopes that there would be a fight between bear and alligator, but each time the bear preferred to lose his breakfast rather than to fight. Finally one morning the watchers were rewarded by seeing an alligator appear behind the bear soon after he entered the stream, apparently to keep him from turning back, and another alligator at about the same time appeared swimming toward him in front. The bear started to turn, but seeing an alligator behind he decided to keep on and fight the one coming to him in front. When they met the bear at once hugged the alligator and they sank together. The people watching saw bubbles coming up and quite a disturbance of the water. Suddenly the bear appeared near the garden shore of the stream, walking on his hind legs on the bed of the stream with the alligator hugged tight to him by his front paws. After the bear had walked to dry land he threw down his burden as violently as possible in disgust, and would have entered the garden, had he not been disturbed by the report of a gun which killed the alligator. The next shot brought down the bear as he started hurriedly back. Pretty rough on the bear, I think, after his victory. R. L.

But Was It Suicide?

NEW ORLEANS, La., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago I read with interest in your paper the account of the suicide of a snake, and I have often wondered since then if animals do commit suicide. Last Monday I became convinced that they do.

A party of four of us left this city the other Saturday evening on the cutter yacht Elaine for a trip across Lake Pontchartrain to Mandeville, and reached that port a little before sunrise. After breakfast four of the party went fishing in a bayou near by, but caught nothing except an opossum, which they had treed and smoked out. The opossum was brought on board, dangling from a small pole, his tail having been passed through a split in one end of the pole.

After loafing around for several hours we decided to start for home, and the opossum was placed in the yawl boat for safety. We arrived at West End at 1 A. M. next morning, and tied up to the revetment in the new canal.

The next morning when we came to look at the opossum he was found hanging on the side of the yawl with his head under water; and on the side of the boat furthest from the revetment. He was dead, of course; but why he had allowed himself to drown I will leave to your readers to determine.

I consider that suicide is the proper verdict in this case, for I cannot see why the opossum should have taken the wrong side of the boat if he was trying to get to land, and even though he had done it through mistake and had fallen into the water, the pole held him in such a way that he could easily have climbed up on to the gunwale of the yawl.

We had supplied him with plenty of pecans and water, so neither hunger nor thirst could have driven him to desperation, and I do not think the pressure of the split pole could have hurt him very much as we had seen him asleep or "playing possum" the previous afternoon during our sail home. H. HARRISON.

A Peculiar Partridge Trap.

WHILE out for a day's gunning recently through some favorite cover of mine that extends to the shore of Belfast Bay, I came out on the bank after having worked over most of the cover and meeting with fair success in getting what birds I found. I had six points from my dog and got five woodcock. Two partridges got up very wild, but a lucky shot stopped one of them which was handsomely retrieved by Victor. It was a lovely October day, quite cool in the early morning, but as the sun got well up overhead it became rather warm for rapid work, and as I came out to a small clearing on the bank overlooking the bay, I could not resist the temptation to sit down and rest, and admire the beautiful scenery. There was hardly a ripple upon the water, and the atmosphere was so clear that the hills in the distance and the villages and farm houses could be clearly seen, although many miles away across the water. While I was sitting there enjoying the bright sunshine, my attention was attracted by the action of my dog. He seemed to be trying to tear to pieces, or get into some lobster pots that had been left along the bank about 100yds. from where I was sitting. I called him away but he soon went back again. After watching him for a while I got up and went over where he was, thinking perhaps he had seen a squirrel or some other animal go in among the pots; but when I got there I was surprised to find a partridge in one of them. It was dead. It could have been dead but a short time. It was very poor, and evidently been starved to death. How it happened to get into the trap is a mystery to me.

I went to several small covers after this and managed to pick up three more woodcock and one more partridge. I got home about 4 o'clock in the afternoen, having passed one of those enjoyable days that long live in memory. Eight woodcock and two partridges are a fair day's bag for this section. BOB BLACK.

Game Bag and Gun.

WISCONSIN WANDERINGS.

ON the steamer going from Green Bay to Sturgeon Bay a gentleman at my elbow pointed to a tiny steam yacht covered with wild rice stalks and remarked, "There is a law-breaker." Then a few more remarks established the fact that both of us were fond of field sports, and also both lovers of FOREST AND STREAM. I learned later that the gentleman was Mr. Geo. F. Peabody, Wisconsin's Fish Commissioner, and a most genial companion. A remark that I intended to look after some partridge at Sturgeon Bay brought on a talk of them, their habits and the sport of hunting them, which lasted an hour, and at the end of it Mr. Peabody declared that we had had a very fine partridge hunt right here on the boat, better, perhaps, than if we had been having it in the woods, and I answered that at any rate we did not have to regret leaving any crippled birds in the woods.

At Little Sturgeon Mr. Peabody left the steamer to look after the State's whitefish interests, and intended to drive to Sturgeon Bay that evening, saying he would expect partridge of my shooting for breakfast. Arrived at Sturgeon Bay business was first and partridge next, but in ten minutes the business was arranged, and in thirty minutes more I was behind a good team and beside a driver who said he knew where the birds were.

We drove out four miles and stopped at an abandoned house. The driver got out and went a rod or two toward the stable, when up went three partridges. I was still at the buggy and could not see them, but knew what direction they went and started after them. Just after passing the spot where they rose one got up nearly behind me and flew back. Turning quickly I had a most beautiful shot, and the king cock partridge of that woods thumped the ground and bounced ten feet. The driver yelled "Good boy!" threw his hat in the air and let off a whoop that filled the woods with noise. I verily believe that fellow enjoyed it more than I did. He had a gun, and was so enthusiastic that I really was not "in it" any more. He put me in mind of a wild setter that scares up everything in the country, but the fellow enjoyed it so immensely I hadn't the heart to call him down. He told me where the two flushed birds went, and while I was looking them up he flushed two more a hundred yards to one side. I think he knew just where they were and wanted a shot at them himself. It was impossible to follow them, for the ground was so covered with logs and fallen tree tops, and the bushes were so thick and tangled that nothing but an axe could make its way.

The old logging roads were the only places we could go. Following one of these for half a mile we came to an abandoned field somewhat grown up with bushes. At its further edge six birds got up wild. The driver, as usnal. was ahead, and had the pleasure of two shots at them. I tried one shot to no purpose, so they were six good birds yet.

The driver plunged into the brush after them, while I walked along the road, hoping he might scare one my way. I had just turned into a side road, when one flew from the side of the road I had been walking in. Had I come ten steps further on this road, there would have been a fair, open shot, but as it was there were lots of bushes between me and the bird, but I remembered to not see the bushes and use both barrels, and cut some feathers out of the bird, but did not stop him.

Passing through a narrow strip of woods we came to another field, and walked along the edge of it, staying in the field, because walking in this tangle of brush could not be done. Presently two birds arose from the short grass 50ft. out in the field and 30yds. in front, flying off to the right, clear above the brush. Now for a double to be proud of, thought I, as the gun was thrown up 2ft. ahead of the foremost one, but I led him too much and only hit him in the head, whereat he turned and flew back, falling dead 40yds. out in the field. In anxiety to get this bird I did not shoot at the other one. It seems that in partridge shooting the unlooked for is always happening, and nearly always to the partridge's advantage too. Back yonder I had just stepped aside from an easy shot, and here, holding about 6in. too much, had lost me another good shot. I felt a little bad over it, but took comfort in the thought that I was not a game exterminator, and that two partridges were a very nice bag any way.

The driver said we would now follow the path that led to the Lake Michigan beach, then along the beach a quarter of a mile to a road that would take us to the team, but he did not know as much about it as he thought and could not find the road, so we walked along the beach for a mile and a half to a road that led back to the team. By this time dark came on and we drove to town. Mr. Peabody had arrived and it was worth something to see his enthusiasm when he was shown the big cock partridge. It was evidently an old patriarch, for we tried to eat it next morning and found it too tough to be chewed.

The sight of the birds and my acconnt of the afternoon's sport, stirred Mr. Peabody up so that when I offered to lend him some clothes and get him a gun for to-morrow, he could not resist the temptation, and we had a very nice day together over the same ground of the afternoon before, though very few birds were seen; Mr. Peabody getting one and I none.

Now, to the man who never does kill enough to satisfy him, this looks like a mighty poor hunt, and if killing was all there is to shooting, it would have been a poor one, but to the true sportsman, the man of manly sentiment, killing is very little of what there is to shooting. Verily, there is a wide difference between the killer and the sportsman. The killer goes out simply to kill. If he don't kill, and lots of it, he isn't satisfied, and I doubt if he is even when he does. What did I go for? To get away from the clang of locomotive bells, the everlasting rush and roar and strife of the city, to rest a brain tired with the battles of business competition, to get away from artificialities and be with nature, to be filled with pleasant expectations, and perhaps to make a shot or two, on which I may reflect with pride while I sit dreaming by the winter evening's fire, or even as I am whirled along in railway trains—and I had all I went for, though only two partridges were killed. I really think now that I am better satisfied than if I had killed two dozen. During that long walk along the beach, the killer would have fretted, and perhaps swore, at the loss of time and the long walk for nothing, while the sportsman would have fallen into the same train of thought and enjoyment as if he had come out on purpose for a ramble along that wild shore. Which, think you, enjoys his outings most, the killer or the sportsman?

Mr. Peabody and myself left on the boat for Green Bay that night, and there were two men on that boat whose wave-rocked sleep was sound and dreamless, and while they awoke a little sore in body, they were refreshed and strengthened mentally.

At Green Bay I called on and introduced myself to Mr. John Hanlon and his good setter dog. They both love shooting and are great on woodcock and partridge, both of which have been reasonably plenty this fall within a few miles of town. John regretted (and so did I) that his foreman was away on a deer hunt, so he could not spend two or three days with me.

Eighty miles west of Green Bay is Wood county, almost in the geographical center of the State. The southern half of this county is an almost unbroken wilderness of hardwood forest and marshy prairie. A year ago I had good reports of many partridges and sharp-tailed grouse in this region, but at Grand Rapids, in the same county, I was told that fire had swept everything and there was no hunting there. It is supposed that many of the birds perished, as in more than one instance they were seen to get bewildered in the smoke and fall apparently into the burning grass.

I was told there were many partridges at Arpin, eighteen miles northwest, and that George Goodman had a good partridge dog and was acquainted at Arpin. After a long walk I at last found George in the woods chopping poles, and told him what I wanted. He said he would like to go but could not spare the time. I asked him if he meant that the work must be done, or that he must have the wages; he said the wages were all that he was after. "Then shoulder that axe and get ready to go to Arpin on the afternoon train," said I. A big smile broke out all over his face and he shouldered the axe; evidently the proposal just suited him. At train time George and his dog were at the station. The dog looked to be somewhat on the spaniel order, but his legs and body seemed to be misfits. He was 8in. high and 2ft. long, not including his tail. George must have thought that I looked at the dog rather disparagingly, for he said, "Topsy ain't much for looks; but if there's any pa'tridge in the woods he'll tree it." On the way I asked George if there was a hotel at Arpin. George said "No, only the saw-mill boarding camp; but there's a house half a mile from

there that an old bachelor lives in. He's away loggin' now, but he told me where he leaves the key, and we can get some grub at the store."

It was dark when we got there and we went to the company boarding house for supper. We went into the dining-room where nearly one hundred lumbermen were eating supper. As I still wore my "store clothes" I instantly became the observed of all observers, and one fellow yelled, "Take him out," at which some of them laughed. Then I turned toward the fellow and said, "Foreman, send that chap to the office for a cross haw," and the laugh turned the other way. There is no tool known as a "cross haw," and the usual way of suppressing a smart Aleck is to tell him to go to the office and get a cross haw.

After supper it was very dark overhead and all around, and very muddy underfoot, as we floundered along to the house which was nearer a half mile than a quarter. When at last we got there, George could not find the key, but after a while managed to get in through a window, lighted a lamp and let me in. Except that it was not very clean it looked comfortable. A good stove stood in the center of the room with a pile of dry wood behind it, and at one side of the room was a spring lounge supplied with mattress and blankets and there was a sleeping bunk up-stairs. In the "linter" there was a good cooking outfit, but no provisions. After making a fire and drying our feet, I retired to the lounge and George to the bunk up-stairs, taking Topsy with him, but Topsy refused to sleep up-stairs in a house not provided with fire escapes, and came down to my room, got under the lounge and spent the night scratching and biting by turns at fleas. I thought if he was as industrious at hunting partridges as he was after fleas, he must be a good one. At last, in spite of the novel surroundings and Topsy's noisy flea hunting I fell asleep, lulled by a pouring rain which began soon after we got into the house.

In the morning I sent George to the store after coffee, sugar, butter, bread, bacon, eggs, and canned peaches; he got all except the eggs, and all were of excellent quality. Both of us were fair cooks, and had good appetites, so we voted that it was a mighty good breakfast, after which we washed the dishes, put bacon sandwiches in some of our pockets and cartridges in others, shut up the house and went into the woods, which surrounded us for ten miles on every side.

Considering his lack of legs, Topsy was a phenomenal goer. He went on a gallop, swinging his long tail with a peculiar rotary motion, as though he was trying to scull himself through the air. But the partridges were not there. We hunted them on the wet ground and on the dry; along the creeks and away from the creeks; in brushy grounds and where there was no brush. We hunted all day and found but four, two of which we bagged. Although not looking for squirrels, we saw twenty during the day and bagged nineteen of them, all gray and black ones, and the biggest, fattest ones I ever saw. They were actually too fat to exert themselves getting away from us. We came in at sundown; hungry? Well, I ate the backs and hams of two of those big squirrels, but George was too hungry to eat squirrel and stuck to bacon. Coffee disappeared to the extent of more than a quart, and bread and butter and canned peaches in proportion. Topsy may have scratched fleas that night, but I did not hear him.

Next morning it was cloudy and very windy. Partridges were too scarce to be worth tramping after and it was a very poor day for squirrels, but we went into the woods and sat on logs and took it easy while Topsy ran about and occasionally treed a squirrel, and once in a while we would see one, so that when sunset came we had twenty-five. I had had enough of shooting, so next morning George was sent home with the squirrels, with orders to divide them among the poorer ones of his neighbors, and no doubt eight or ten families had a treat, for they were the fattest, tenderest, juiciest squirrels that ever were.

We saw a number of porcupines, and out of curiosity I shot one, finding him the hardest animal to bring down that I ever shot at. He was barely fifty feet high, but it took four charges of No. 6 shot to get him down, and he was not near dead then. Many of my readers not acquainted with the animal will be interested in a brief account of it. They are some larger than a raccoon, and of similar shape, except that they are thicker-set in body. They are rodents, and in head and teeth resemble a muskrat. They are covered with quills that grow out of the skin just like the hair. These quills are two to three inches long and one-sixteenth thick, the tips being sharp-pointed and set with minute barbs that make them hard to pull out when they have penetrated the skin of a dog or other animal. Their manner of defense is to roll themselves into a ball and switch their tails. Their food is the bark of trees, and one will stay in the same tree for weeks, perhaps not coming down till the bark is exhausted or the tree dies. When not eating bark he sits on a big limb, day and night, summer and winter alike, seeking no shelter in the coldest of weather, although poorly protected by the thin coat of hair which grows among his numerous quills. He is neither handsome nor harmful, and finds his chief safety in his utter worthlessness. What particular function he performs in the grand system of nature has never been determined. Perhaps the man who said the chief purpose of the dog was to breed fleas, can tell us what a porcupine is good for.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Stars and Gobblers.

WILLOW SPRINGS, Mo.—I have had fair success with the turkeys, having bagged six, and am in hopes of downing a big gobbler to have mounted to keep company in my hall with the elk antlers, Mongolian pheasant and puma skin. We have been having the loveliest weather ever manufactured, and if it wasn't delicious to be in the forests in the "darksome woods" when the stars twinkled with undimmed brightness, and watch the beautiful unfolding of the day, and listen for the *keouk* of the noble bird, I don't want a cent. But now a cloud has appeared, a big frown upon the face of nature, the winds sough sorrowfully and fill the air and carpet the earth with faded rustling leaves, and Dr. Hicks of St. Louis says it is a "storm period." Just 's like 's not. O. O. S.

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THE LONG ISLAND DEER SEASON.

THE deer law for New York State in general practically closed Oct. 10, when the hounding season expired. A few deer were killed after that by still-hunting up to Nov. 1 and by hounding in Sullivan county, but then the deer season closed for the entire State except in Long Island. On Long Island at that date the hunters were just beginning to make ready for their short season—the shortest by the way of any open season on the statute books of any State.

The Long Island sportsmen may pride themselves that their season opens at a much more sensible time than that of the rest of the State, for from Nov. 10 to 16 the deer are at their prime. They are in good coat, sleek and well fed, and can stand a sharp run with the dogs. When killed they are as far removed from the poor, ill-favored specimens killed elsewhere in the State early in the season as January is from June.

The Long Island hunters have only one objection to the season as it stands at present. That is, that the law permits the shooting of all other game after the first of November.

This furnishes an excuse for evil-minded persons to be upon the grounds ten days before the deer season opens with gun and dog, and while ostensibly hunting rabbits or other game to pot a deer now and then. That this is occasionally done there seems to be little doubt, and every season one hears many rumors of illegal killing. This preliminary hunting, even though strictly honest, tends to frighten the deer and drive them into the neighboring club grounds where they cannot be shot, so it is naturally unpopular with most of the deer hunters.

As told in the article printed in FOREST AND STREAM Nov. 18, 1893, the Long Island deer grounds lie between Ronkonkoma on the east and Central Islip on the west and north of the South Side Sportsmen's Club to the farming lands about Smithtown. The railroad just outside the club property skirts the southern limit, and along it in former years many deer have been killed. This year, however, few deer seem to have reached it. They have either been killed before they got so far, or else the fence which has recently been put along the track has prevented their attempt to cross. It seems likely that the former supposition is the correct explanation, as the fence is scarcely high enough to prove an obstacle to a deer in a hurry. The best known crossings are mostly on or near the railroad. Beginning from the east, perhaps the most celebrated is Oxhead Crossing, near which most of the deer have been killed in the last few years. North from the railroad runs a road skirting a low chain of hills known as the Pond Hills, and this road for half a mile or more is always lined with hunters during the season. Further west is the Connetquot River, the famous trout stream of the South Side Club, which above the railroad flows through a marsh 60 rods or more in width.

On both sides of this marsh are good crossings where the deer may be stopped on their flight southward. Sooner or later if not killed they always take that direction, which brings them to final safety in the grounds of the South Side Club. The river is the reason for this, for their natural instinct tells them that it will furnish them a means of throwing off their canine pursuers. West of the river is the "Whistling Post" where the deer have been accustomed to cross the railroad on account of the fact that the level of the track is nearly that of the country on both sides. Half a mile further is Foote's Crossing, which is near the western range of the deer at present. Years ago the deer ranged on both sides of Central Islip, and were more abundant west of Foote's Crossing than east. A forest fire, however, destroyed their cover, and now very few are found on that side. Saxon's Swamp, south of Brentwood, used to be an infallible point to start a deer, and the old Suffolk Road and the road from Islip to Central Islip were then the best stands. Report has it that deer are again straying back into these old-time haunts and that numerous tracks have been seen crossing both these roads.

From Foote's Crossing to Oxhead is probably about two miles along the railroad track. In this stretch many deer have been killed in recent years and tons of venison carried away. Along this stretch also deer are occasionally killed by passing trains. Two such cases have been reported in the last two years.

There are many other crossings or stands both east and west of the club grounds and north of the railroad. A well-known one is the "head of the brook," where the Connetquot rises.

The Long Island deer hunting is unique in many ways, but in none more so than the hour of starting for the chase. When other honest men have long hours of sleep ahead, these island hunters are afoot. The tracks of their game are found by lantern light, and often the game is afoot and flying for its life before the sun has gilded the tops of the hills.

Last Saturday, the first day of the season, a FOREST AND STREAM representative found himself upon the road at 4 A. M. He had been roused from a comfortable bed an hour before, and his companions—John Trainor, proprietor of Trainor's Hotel, and Messrs. Burr and Lamb, of King's Park—had not been to bed at all, but had whiled away the hours previous to the hunt with games of cribbage. The night was dark as Pharaoh's Egypt and damp as the vault of a crypt. The horse that drew the party seemed to push his way through a tangible wall of watery darkness. The heavy atmosphere was saturated to overflowing, and every now and then gave up a little of its water in the form of fine rain.

To assist us in making way through the blackness, we carried a lantern that shed a faint light on the road, and occasionally during the drive we saw other lights ahead or behind, that indicated other parties likewise bound for the hunting grounds. It was a dismal night, and the prospects for a clear day were very slight.

We reached a group of pines near the Oxhead Crossing just as it was beginning to pale a little in the east preparatory to a cold gray dawn. Already a deer was afoot and the dogs in hot cry. The horse was hastily driven in among a number of wagons drawn up between the trees "camp meeting style," tied and blanketed, and seizing our guns we hastened to points where we hoped to intercept the quarry.

But early as we were, the ground was well occupied. Everywhere in the darkness were hunters, some hurrying like ourselves, others content to wait where they were on the chance that the deer would cross the road in their neighborhood. For a quarter of a mile or more, the road was guarded by a cordon of hunters.

Before we had fairly gotten our positions the chase was upon us and had passed—two frightened deer bounding through the scrub oaks as if on springs, closely followed by the eager hounds.

From my position on a hill I had an excellent opportunity to overlook the chase, though it was too dark to see to shoot with any certainty. The deer looked like big "cotton-tails," and their white sterns made them easily recognized, though the dogs could not be seen. Around the base of the hill they swung in hot flight, and from the hill a broadside of shots was given, but the deer were too far off to be hurt. Presently one veered its course and made a dash for the Oxhead road. Out of the darkness directly ahead shot a flame of vivid fire, and the first deer of the day had fallen to the gun of George Thompson.

It began to grow lighter rapidly, and the hunt waxed fast and furious. North and south the dogs were driving, and the shooting was nearly continuous. It resembled the cannonading that goes on during the morning flight on a ducking marsh or at high tide during the rail and reed bird season. Far away to the east a chase would start. First the dogs could be heard voicing their uncertainty as they untangled the nocturnal wanderings of the deer. Faint distant and disjointed baying, gradually growing more nervous and excited and surer as they solved one puzzle after another. Then the wild burst of melody as the deer was jumped, and the continuous strain as they brought him hurrying along. A short period of expectancy would be followed by sudden, sharp reports that smote upon the chill, thin air viciously. Then a momentary calm—soon to be broken by other chases and other shooting.

Off to the south at one time during the early morning the shooting was incessant for several minutes. It could be compared to nothing more fittingly than the noise of a pack of firecrackers going off. Some shots lapped over on others, and there was no break. Shooting was done by the O'Berry party, of Stony Brook, who later were credited with five deer.

About seven it began to rain. For some time a thunder storm had been approaching from the west, and it now vented its fury on the unsheltered hunters. The wind rose and carried with it a dense pall of black clouds that shut in the nether world with impenetrable gloom. Torrents of rain fell, varied occasionally by volleys of stinging hail. Silence again brooded over the land. The baying of the hounds was hushed, and for the best part of an hour no shooting was heard. Then the rain gradually ceased and the storm had blown over. Thereafter the weather was good and the pursuit of the deer began again. Previous to the rain I had seen five running deer.

During the day the usual quota of deer were killed—about fifteen. Besides those mentioned, Luther Hallock, of Smithtown, killed one, a Terryville party got another, Fred Nichols, of Hauppauge, shot two, but another party got one of these in a wagon and carried it off. A Patchogue party in camp in the woods just east of the Connetquot River had one hanging up, and Ed. Randall, of Echo, also got one. A Greenpoint party were credited with one, and other parties from Sayville, Islip and Babylon no doubt got others.

There was a good deal of hard feeling during the day owing to disputes over the possession of deer. It frequently happens that deer are shot at by more than one party, and in certain cases it would tax a Solomon to decide to whom it finally belonged. At other times the party which has started a deer and whose dogs are on it when it is killed will fail to get the share of the venison to which they are entitled by the unwritten law of the woods.

A case of the latter kind occurred early in the day. An old gentleman from Babylon named Munsey, had ridden out on horseback with two hounds and started a deer. This he followed by hard riding for an hour and a half before it was killed. He carried no gun and was out merely for the sport of the chase. Just before the deer was shot he had lost his hat and spent some time in recovering it. When he got to the spot where the deer had ended its race the party that had killed it refused to give him any share of the venison. A war of words was the result between some hunters who espoused the old man's cause and the erring party. Hen Smith of Smithtown told them in plain and naked terms what he thought of them, and when they finally refused to make reparation, he offered to add to his verbal "dressing off" a good physical thrashing, but none of the guilty party accepted his challenge. The old gentleman had meanwhile stood by a quiet spectator.

Such scenes, and the crowding of the hunters, tend to take away much of the pleasure of the hunt; but there does not seem to be any way of getting rid of them. In some localities there is considerable danger to human life from reckless shooting, but a merciful Providence has so ordered that in recent years no serious accidents have been recorded.

I left at 3 o'clock, before the hunt was over, Joe Harris of the Branch Hotel, kindly consenting to carry me over to Smithtown. Just as we were starting the news spread like wildfire through the group of 30 or 40 hunters that had collected by the wagons near the Oxhead Crossing that a deer was coming. They scattered in a twinkling to head it off if possible, and this was my last glimpse of the hunt. Away we bowled at a good speed, and soon my experience of the '94 deer season was a thing of the past; but the memory of that sage-green pine-clad plain with its border of low brown scrub oak hills, and in its heart a clear, rushing stream, will long remain a bright and cheering picture. J. B. BURNHAM.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.

Long Island Ducks.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 8.—Noticing your little sign, "Report your Luck with Gun and Rod," I take pleasure in giving my report for near at home shooting on the Great South Bay, which I think will be of service to some of your readers. Instead of traveling hundreds of miles at great expense, a friend and I went down to Lindenhurst Sunday night, ready for Monday morning's shooting. We stayed there Monday and up till Tuesday noon of Election Day, when we came home to vote. We killed 22 birds, comprising broadbills, sheldrakes, but mostly black ducks. Now that is not bad for a little sport within 90 minutes of New York. Our guide was Mr. Chas. Robinson, who has a boat large and roomy and well heated, and understands his business. Any one of your readers going out with him will get the full benefit of a good day's sport.

C. A. B.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The West of the Present and the Past.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

HELENA, MONTANA.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 8.—The West of to-day is a land of contrasts, and in it the present is intimately and oddly mingled with the past. Take, for instance, the city of Helena. Its lofty and well constructed buildings are provided with every modern convenience. Its city transportation facilities are up to date in every respect. Each feature of its municipal government is modern and advanced, and quite as one would find it in a town of equal size in the East, even I suppose, to the extent of the features of political humbug and political corruption. Look at Helena from the outside, or live in Helena on the inside, and I doubt not one would find it extremely similar to any city of its size in any portion of the country, with perhaps the exception that he would discover Helena to be unduly rich in its proportion of educated and cultivated persons, and also materially rich beyond the usual city of its size. Helena is probably the richest city of its population in the world.

As one passes along the busy streets of this thriving commercial town, and notices the energy, thrift and industry of its citizens, he cannot realize that the history of this town is different from that of any other whose features are the same. In a present so prosperous he cannot suppose a past so boisterous, and from his look at the ordinary spectacle of quiet and steady commercial activity he cannot picture to himself the fact that the city's past was once a fever of the wildest speculation, that the city itself rests on ground from which the most fabulous wealth was once taken out. Yet it is a fact that the whole plain on which Helena rests, or rather the foot-slope upon which the greater part of the city is built, has been turned over and over in the search of gold, and has yielded untold fortunes. The main street of Helena looks like any other city street, with its street car tracks and its long lines of substantial buildings. Yet under that same street more than $1,000,000 of gold were taken out. Many and many is the cellar dug in Helena whose dirt has been washed out and yielded gold enough to give the house itself a substantial start. As to the total amount of gold taken from the Grizzly Gulch and its companion gulch, which makes off up into the mountains to the right, no man on earth can tell with any exactness, but that it was millions and millions of dollars is known very well. It is an unique experience to go to the top of some lofty building in Helena, and look out over what was once the greatest placer belt of the world. You can see now small traces of the early days, but here and there you can see the smoke of the stately residence of some man who made his millions almost by the turn of the spade in those glorious, golden days of a past which still is young. The wealth which lay under the grass roots has been transformed into more tangible and useful shape.

Those early days of Helena were wild times enough, but the Helena of to-day does not boast of them, though many of her leading citizens figured prominently therein. Helena has cut down the famous Hangman's Tree, which used to have a fresh corpse every morning in the vigilante days, and refers to the subject deprecatingly even when it is first broached by a visitor. But buy a book describing the incidents of those vigilante days, and you will get some notion of the stirring times of '63 in Montana. Certainly those days of action, and the recountal of their happenings furnishes a tale which it would puzzle one to call whether a chapter of horrors, or a chapter of heroism. But that is in the past, the very extreme and remote past of 20 or 30 years ago. Helena has outgrown all that. She is the capital of the State. The head fountain of law and order rests to-day exactly on the scene of what was once the most supreme example of lawlessness and disorder ever known even in the wildest days of the West. To-day you walk through the corridors of a lofty stone building, which is the home of justice, instead of through tent or cabin where once sat impromptu courts which passed on life or death. You do not now partake of the hospitality of the miner's hut, but are offered with equal freedom the elegant courtesies of a luxurious modern club house. All this within a couple of decades. Where else but in America, and where but in Montana shall you find contrast so striking?

A City of Contrasts.

Montana, and her capital city of Helena, are very proud of their years, and refer to the past as though it had all happened hundreds of years ago instead of a few months, so to speak. Indeed, this reluctance to admit a youth, which no longer remains in evidence, has led Montana to feign forgetfulness of the past, and to claim a need for proper reminders of it. Hence the extensive and elaborate collections of the Montana Historical Society, whose well filled rooms are as interesting an attraction to the visitor within the walls of Helena as any offered by the city. There you can see the contrast of the present and the past still more vividly portrayed. You can see books telling of the old days. You can see specimens of the miners' tools mingled in close juxtaposition with the weapons of the Indian who so stubbornly fought the miner. You can see all kinds of Indian implements and Indian trophies, and all kinds of white men's makeshifts, born of the necessities of the early days. You can look, read and think, ponder on the past and easily imagine yourself back there in the midst of it rather than in the halls of an elaborate edifice of to-day.

The Historical Society has published one volume of the earlier records of Montana and will soon put out a second volume, embodying some papers of the most thrilling and graphic interest, describing as they do the exploits of the first settlers of this wild part of the mountains. These volumes, and the book descriptive of the vigilante days, of which I have made earlier reference, constitute almost the entire available fund of literature on Montana, and a subject so unique and intensely interesting certainly deserves more than this scanty treatment affords. The principal of the local schools, Prof. R. J. Young, is endeavoring to get together some of the stories of the early days, mostly by way of the personal recollections of Mr. James A. Oldham, one of the very few '63 men available for such a purpose. Certainly if the book tells all that Mr. Oldham can tell of simple fact and actual occurrence, it will in interest rival the wildest romance of border days.

I saw and talked with Mr. Oldham myself for a time, finding him a very quiet and pleasant man, betraying in his speech and dress none of what are supposed to be the border characteristics. Yet certainly he has tasted all the spice of life as seen in the days of Indians and gold. I asked him to tell me what he considered one of the most exciting episodes of his experience, and he made answer in the following story:

"I don't know that I can think of anything so very exciting," said he, "but I remember something which always seemed to me a little bit amusing. I will tell it as though it happened to myself; the other party who had a hand in it I would rather not name, but he is one of the leading citizens of Helena to-day, and I saw him on the street not long ago. We were the only two parties concerned in the matter except a lot of Indians, and there are none of those Indians now any more who are concerned in it at all.

"My partner and I were out prospecting in the mountains; I won't tell you just where it was, but it was a long way northeast of Helena, in a country which at that time no one knew anything about. In those days men made long trips all over the mountains in search of paying diggings, and they took all kinds of chances in doing it. My partner and I were afraid of meeting Indians in there, but we concluded to chance it. We had three horses and the usual prospectors' supplies, including flour, a little salt, etc. We had our rifles, of course, and a trap or two, and about an ounce of strychnine, which we had along for the purpose of poisoning wolves. You may depend there was nothing in our outfit which we did not need in our business, and nothing with which we were willing to part.

"We were pretty well through our trip, and thinking of coming back home, if we could be said to have a home, when one day we were held up by a party of Indians, of what tribe it will not be necessary to tell. It happened that our horses were hid up in a little willow thicket, but such supplies as we had were at our camp when we were jumped by the Indians. There were sixteen of them and only two us, so we didn't have much show. They pulled down on us and made all kinds of threats of killing us. We stood them off with our rifles and they knew very well that if they actually came to the scratch of firing on us, some of them would get killed, although of course the next minute it would be all over with us. Time and again I thought the shooting would have to begin, for they crowded around us, and put their guns and arrows right at our breasts. It isn't a pleasant sensation to have an iron-pointed arrow drawn to the head in a stiff bow and shoved up against you by an Indian who is calling you all the tough names he can think of in his language. We were pretty mad, but it didn't do us any good, though we told their head man that if he didn't get away pretty soon we would begin to shoot. At length he offered to compromise, saying that he would take away his men if we would give him all our supplies. To this we finally agreed, seeing we could do no better, and they took all our flour, not leaving us a mouthful, and took every bit of salt we had, and you know salt was valuable to us in those days and in our situation. My partner tried to hold out a lump of salt from the bag, but the chief made him put it back, under the threat of killing him if he didn't. So they just turned us loose on foot, so far as they knew with not a morsel of food, and not even an ounce of salt to use on any fresh meat we might kill.

"They took everything we had, even down to the strychnine. I never could tell just how it happened, but somehow or other they got the strychnine in combination with the flour. We had about half a sack of flour, and I suppose the strychnine must have got spilled into the flour in some way. We didn't mind losing the strychnine so very much, but thought if we were going to lose everything else we might as well let that go too, so we didn't say anything about it to the Indians.

"You know Indians are mighty fond of good flour, and as quick as these fellows got hold of our flour they pulled off down the valley about a half a mile and built a fire and went to cooking bread for themselves. Their method of doing this was to pour water into the sack of flour and mix up the dough in the sack; then each one of them took a stick and rolled it around in the dough until he got a wad of it on the end of the stick. This wad he would hold in the flame until it was cooked, when he would break it off and eat it.

"My partner and I crawled around back of their camp and watched their method of cooking for a while. About ten of the Indians were cooking and the others had gone down the valley a little further with the horses. The ones around the fire were having a great time, talking and laughing and enjoying our flour. At least they enjoyed it for a while. Each fellow of them had made himself up a couple of balls or so of the dough and I suppose they all thought they had struck about the biggest picnic they had ever had in their lives.

"All at once we saw one of the Indians drop his dough stick and sit still, looking rather thoughtful like. Then he clapped his hand on his stomach. Then he turned his head around and said something to the other Indians. About a minute after that he gave a whoop and jumped up straight into the air, and came down flat on his back.

"In ten minutes or so after the first Indian went over there wasn't an Indian left sitting up around the fire, and of all the wriggling and kicking you ever saw, I expect that was the worst. By the time the Indians who had the horses had come back up the valley, three or four of the Indians at the fire were dead. We slipped up close to the camp and turned loose with our rifles on the Indians who came back with the horses and killed every one of them. Then we went down to the fire where the bread makers were and tried to see if we could do anything to help them along. They had a piece of old broken iron skillet at the fire, and we took this and went and got them some water at the creek. Of course, after they drank the water they very quick lay still, as water and strychnine don't seem to work very well for an Indian.

"We killed the entire sixteen of them, and then got to our horses and rifles and left the country as fast as we could. At that time our consciences never troubled us very much over what we had done, though I cannot say that I would do it over again now. I am telling you the story to show what kind of days those were, and not by way of boasting. It is a fact, however, and it is a further fact that from that time to this the Indians of that tribe have held that little valley in awe, as being an accursed place, and they never go through it or pass near to it, but have given it a wide berth ever since the time their brethren robbed us of our flour. I have heard that later on that there was something found out and said about this matter by Government officials, but I reckon it is too far in the past now to bother about a few Indians more or less."

They Were Hard Men to Kill.

Oldham has no particular reason to be fond of Indians, for they more than once evinced a perfect willingness to put an end to him. He thinks the nearest call he ever had was at the hands of Chief Joseph's Nez Percés. Oldham and a man by name of Cowan were on a sort of pleasure trip through the Yellowstone Park at the time old Joseph crossed the Bitter Roots and made for the east over the mountains of the Park. There were ladies in the party, one of them Cowan's wife, and the story of their later escape is known through reports of the Nez Percé campaign. Of the assault made upon the party it will be best to let Oldham tell the story. It shows well enough of what stern stuff some of these old-time mountain men were made.

"We had gone about twelve miles from our last camp," said he, "at the time we were stood up by the Indians, who were the advance guard of the main band. They whaled away and shot us both. I was shot through the head—you can see the scar where the ball came out through the jaw. It knocked me down, but I got up and ran, holding on to my rifle and got into a thicket, where the Indians concluded to let me alone and not come in after me, though they tried to shoot me again in there. Cowan was hit in the thigh and it knocked him off his horse and numbed him. He lay on the ground, and his wife took his head in her lap, and the Indians thought he was dead at first. One of the Indians came up to him, and made signs to his wife to ask her if the man was shot through the breast. This was the same Indian who shot me, and he was a short, mean fellow, with his hair cut square across his forehead—I know him, because a long time ago I had lent that same Indian a jack-knife, and he never brought it back. I saw him have it while we were talking to them before they shot us. This Indian came up to where Cowan was lying, and looked over his wife's shoulder, and saw he wasn't dead. He pushed his gun over the woman's shoulder and shot Cowan again, this time square in the forehead. That was rather a hard situation for a woman, wasn't it? After they shot him that time, this party of Indians left him lying for dead, and they took the woman and went on. I didn't know how my friend was, but supposed of course he was dead. Really, the second bullet had glanced and only cut his forehead open without going into the skull.

"There was another little party of Indians just back of the ones that shot us, and as these came up they saw Cowan sort of move. One of them got off his horse and came up to him, and seeing him all bloody and shot in the head concluded, I suppose, that it wasn't worth while to waste another shot on him, so he picked up a big rock and smashed Cowan in the head with it two or three times, fairly driving his head down into the ground with it. He then went on and left him for dead again.

"It must have been some little time after this when the next bunch of the Nez Percés came along, for by that time Cowan had made up his mind not to die after all, and he was sitting up in the trail, and I don't know but what he had crawled a little way on up the trail. When he was seen by this last outfit one of the Indians drew on him with a .50cal. needle gun and mowed him down, almost cutting him in two, I might say, for the bullet cut an awful gash clear across the abdomen, although it so chanced that it did not go quite deep enough to prove mortal.

"When he got this last shot Cowan fell over again, and as he was now looking bad enough for any dead man, this last lot of Joseph braves went on and left him lying on the trail, once more abandoned for dead.

"Cowan was not really dead, at least he says he wasn't, though he certainly had had enough to kill any man. Shot up as he was, he actually crawled back twelve miles over the trail to our last camp, and here he stayed two days. He found some coffee that we had spilled on the ground when we were there, and he scratched around and got up enough to make himself some coffee in a tin can we had left there. That was all he had to live on, but he lived. He was found by Howard's men when they came across after Joseph.

"As for myself, I had no picnic—to my notion. My jaw was broken and I couldn't eat, and I didn't have anything much to eat anyhow. I lived till Howard found me, entirely on crickets—these big black fellows, as big as the end of your thumb. I can't say I like them as a regular diet. They have a flat, sweetish, milky taste. But they were better than nothing, and kept me alive. I have eaten coyote, too, in my time, but I never did learn to like it." (Tom Laforge said he rather came to like coyote; I suppose it is a matter of taste.)

Both the men who passed through the above experience are alive and well to-day. Old Bill Hamilton told me the sequel of Oldham's story about the women of this party. He says that the older heads among the Indians did not want to kill these women, as the young men did when they found they could not be taken along. Chief Joseph sent some of these young men back up the trail on some excuse, and while they were gone he put the women on horses, showed them the way out through the mountains to the north and told them to hurry. They made their way out all right and finally turned up at Bozeman.

A Heroic Suicide.

"But if you are talking of hard places and trying situations," said Oldham, continuing in his reminiscent vein, "I think there was one thing happened in the old days which deserved to be called a piece of true heroism, if ever there was such a thing. That was the suicide of Henry Geery, which happened on the big expedition made up at Virginia City to go over and explore the Little Big Horn country for gold. This was a large party, led by Jim Stuart, and they had all kinds of trouble with the Indians. It was one continual fight with the Indians all the time, and the party was followed for day after day, and had to keep up a running fire for mile after mile of their retreat. Geery had the misfortune to shoot himself accidentally with his own revolver. He was shot in the breast and knew the wound was mortal. That was right in the morning, while the party was getting ready to leave that spot as fast as their horses could take them, for they knew that if they stopped the Indians would soon get them all, as the Indians were close up in large numbers. Geery knew he couldn't live, and knew he couldn't travel horseback, and he wouldn't hold the others back

on his account. In those days men wouldn't leave their partners, and he knew very well that every one of his friends would stay with him as long as he could breathe. This meant their own death, and he resolved to prevent that and to hasten his own end for that purpose. He calmly bade all his friends good-bye and told them what he was going to do. They did all they could to persuade him not to; but he had his revolver in his hand, and he smiled and said it was no use talking.

"He was going to shoot himself again through the chest, but one of the boys said, 'Oh, don't do that, for it might only just wound you worse. Shoot yourself through the head.' 'All right,' he said, and he put the pistol to his head, but it only snapped. He took the pistol and looked at it in surprise. 'That is the first time I ever knew that gun to go back on me,' he said. Then he cocked it again and the next moment blew out his brains. Every man in that outfit cried like a baby at this, and they weren't hardly a crying crowd either. They stopped long enough to dig him a grave. I think if ever a man deserved to have his grave searched out and a monument put over it, Geery does, for he was the nearest to clean grit of any man I ever heard of, and the nearest to being a noble fellow."

The above incident is strictly true. It is decsribed in detail in the volume of the Montana Historical Society. Drury Underwood—I think the same Drury Underwood who was long so prominent and beloved a sportsman of Kansas City, and who was killed at that city by being run down by the railway cars—was one of the same expedition, and was shot through the breast in one of the night attacks by the Indians. This is not such a big world after all, for I myself knew Drury Underwood, though I never heard him speak of having once had part in any of those tragedies of the old frontier.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

BOSTON · SHOOTERS.

BOSTON, Nov. 10.—Mr. L. W. De Pass is just back from a very successful wild goose shoot. He was accompanied by Mr. A. J. Mackintosh. These gentlemen had an invitation from the Attleboro Duck Club to enjoy their facilities whenever the conditions were favorable for wild goose shooting. On Thursday it was snowing heavily, and they started. The shooting camps and blinds of the club are on the borders of Winneconnet Pond, about three miles from Norton. Embarking in Boston, by afternoon train, they were on the grounds in season for the night shooting. Mr. De Pass got three noble wild geese, and Mr. Mackintosh also had good luck. There were three members of the club in the shoot that night and in the morning, and thirteen geese and five ducks were taken in all. The boys were back at the Chamber of Commerce on Friday morning in season for business, and much pleased with the good luck they had had, and also with the hospitality of the club. The club has a large number of live decoy ducks and three live wild geese.

Gov. Greenhalge left Boston Thursday morning, after election, for Castle Harmony, Harmony Lake, Me. He goes as the guest of Gen. O. A. Davidson of his staff, president of the Wild Goose Club. They will spend several days in duck shooting, which is said to be good at that point. The recent snow and unusually cold weather has caused the birds to start south earlier than usual, and they all stop in the larger lakes and ponds in Maine to rest and feed. Chairman Sam Wilson and a few other personal friends accompanied the Governor. A late report says that Gov. Greenhalge has struck some excellent duck shooting. The heavy snowstorms all along the coast of New England and the Provinces has started the birds south very early, and they are stopping to rest in the lakes further inland than usual.

The Boston markets have seldom been as bountifully supplied with wild geese as at the present time, and a few brant are also noted, with ducks innumerable. The latest reports indicate that there have just fallen 3 and 4in. of snow in the interior of Maine, the snows the first of the week having been confined to along the sea coast. Dispatches say that the conditions for tracking big game are excellent. Another crowd of hunters will now be on the go. Several Boston parties, made up months ago, will be off this week after moose and deer. They have been waiting for snow. SPECIAL.

A MAINE HUNTING TRIP.

MR. A. B. F. KINNEY, that cosmopolitan sportsman, has just returned from a hunting trip in Maine and New Brunswick. The trip was made largely for the purpose of seeing the country, for though he has hunted and fished in Maine before and in the interim hunted all over the American continent, Mr. Kinney had never previous to last month made the trip from Moosehead to the St. Johns.

The other members of the party were Thos. Martindale, who is prominently mentioned as a candidate for mayor of Philadelphia, and his sixteen-year-old son James. They outfitted at Greenville, and with three guides put their canoes into the West Branch of the Penobscot Sept. 21. They followed the usual waterways to Umbazookius stream and the lake of the same name via Chesuncook Lake. Thence over a carry of two and a half miles into Mud Pond, which lies in the St. Johns water-shed. From Mud Lake they descended to Chamberlain Lake and then through Eagle Lake and Churchill Lake into the Allaguash River. This latter they descended to Long Lake, where they established a hunting camp.

There Mr. Kinney shot his moose. He saw eight more and was within easy rifle shot of five, any one of which he could have killed. The head of the one he shot was fairly good, though excelled by others in his possession. The moose was in his prime and his head black and handsomely formed, but the horns were not in any way remarkable. Mr. Martindale shot two deer and a caribou, and his son a buck caribou and a small bull moose. They had ample opportunity to kill a dozen deer a piece had they so desired, but they were thorough sportsmen and took nothing they could not use or give away to the lumbermen or others they chanced to meet. In addition to the big game, they shot all the partridges they cared to with a .22 Winchester and caught what trout they needed.

On leaving Long Lake the party descended the Allaguash to its junction with the St. Johns, and down the latter to Fredericksburgh, where they took the railroad home via Bangor. The entire trip lasted four weeks, of which two were spent at Long Lake. During that time Mr. Kinney rode 1,000 miles in a canoe and did not walk ten.

For a distance of seventy-five miles from Moosehead they found the woods full of hunters; but after that they entered a wilder country and had things more to themselves. The timber about Long Lake is mostly primeval woods, with the exception that the pine and spruce have been taken out by the lumbermen. Mr. Kinney says that game is undoubtedly on the increase. Eighteen years ago he camped on part of the same ground and did not see a single deer. At present all kinds of game are very abundant. This is principally due to the improved observance of the game laws, which prevent the natives killing on a crust. There is plenty of territory about Long Lake for game to last and increase, and it is not likely to ever be materially decreased by legitimate hunting.

J. B. BURNHAM.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

At Gum Hollow.

NOTWITHSTANDING that I knew it was forcing the season I proposed a trip to the coast to Mr. 24-gauge Critzer on the last day of the month just passed. We both had sniffed the frosty ozone straight from Jack Frost's boudoir and we were both morally certain that the ducks made the night hideous with quacks in the neighborhood of Gum Hollow.

When thirty miles away from San Antonio the warm sun rather melted away our exaggerated expectations of good duck shooting, and as we neared the equator the feeling came stronger than ever that we were too early in the season.

At Kenedy we found but one change—the lunch counter was short one blue-eyed, flaxen-haired girl. She had married a young farmer. The black-eyed little Jewess still presides, but the light has gone out of her eyes, and amid our laughs and happy sayings the poor little thing managed to sob out that she had just lost her best friend—her husband had died three months ago. Great, large tears welled from her heart and our levity ended right there.

As we sped south we noticed a great many improvements on the line of road. The grass is somewhat longer than it was last winter; the water holes were all full; taken altogether this will be a better season for game than last.

At Rettin's we were informed that turkeys are more plentiful than ever known before, and at Linton, our friend, Geo. Scofield said that his pasture was alive with quail. In another week I shall give it a trial.

The First Canvasback.

He came buzzing along at peep o' day, while I was up to my middle in the center of Gum Hollow. I hit him with the center of the load. He was a late arrival, judging from his thinness. A few more ducks came in later on, but very few. A flock of white brant flew over the 20-gauge, and one was left to take back to San Antonio.

I'll try it again as soon as the next norther comes.

A Fine String.

By far the largest string of the biggest bass ever taken in Texas waters was brought in by Messrs. Micheljohn, Charles and Jim Dignowity and Dr. Hines last week. There were about forty beauties in all, the smallest weighing about 2lbs. and the largest about 4. Mr. Micheljohn says they were all caught with small sunfish as bait, about fifteen miles from San Antonio, a few hundred yards south of where the Leone Creek empties into the Medina River.

The 10-Bore Crank.

The sportsmen's world was undoubtedly shaken from center to circumference at the startling statement made in a Chicago paper of recent date by a San Antonio 10-borer that the small-bore shotguns crippled and did not kill game, and that a law should be passed making it a misdemeanor to shoot anythin g smaller than a large 10-bore. By way of parenthesis it would be well to state that there are a dozen small-bore men in San Antonio who are aching to meet this iconoclast who proposes to relegate modern ideas and implements to the shades of the past. They would make him very tired in a race either at artificial targets or live pigeons. They would also like him to disclose his identity so they could jump on him in good earnest.

Somebody Erred.

In my letter which appeared in the issue of Nov. 3 is made a mistake. As the type read in the anecdote referring to Dr. Jesse Bell, of this city, the doctor fired three times at a quail on a limb with a rifle, and then the bird dropped dead. There is nothing startling about that. The way the item should have read is that the doctor, after firing three times at the bird with the rifle, dropped the weapon, picked up a stone and punched the life out of it. The point I tried to make that while the doctor was a good shot with the rifle, he could do much better with a stone. TEXAS FIELD.

Holeb Lake Game and Fish.

LEBANON, N. H.—A party from here have been to Birch Island House, Holeb Lake, Me. They had good luck. Amos Gee shot two deer; so did Frank Rendrick; some of the other boys killed one deer, and the last I knew the junior editor of the *Free Press* had not put in an appearance, supposed to be waiting to get all the law allows, viz., one moose, two caribou and three deer. I was up to the same place the last of August and the first of September, and I never knew the fishing so poor in Canada or Maine the past twelve years. Two of us in a part of three days only got twenty-four trout that would not have tipped the scales at 8lbs. But there were plenty of deer; you could hardly shake a bush but one or more would run out. We counted twenty-two at one time on one of the Turner ponds, six miles north of Birch Island Camp.

MASCOMY.

A Maine Game Resort.

EUSTIS, Me., Nov. 2.—There have been taken at our camps during the month of October one caribou, one bear, thirteen deer, one bull moose (wounded, but lost) and 314 partridges. Sportsmen have not been many as yet, but several are booked for the two months that are left. Still we have a few cabins that are not engaged yet. The game has never been so plenty as this season. All wishing to have a few days' shooting should apply at once to us. DOUGLASS O. WITHAM.

A Floating Battery Taken In.

GAME PROTECTOR MARSHALL was notified last Monday night that a floating battery, a device to facilitate the slaughter of wildfowl in violation of the game laws, had been placed at the head of Long Pond. Accompanied by an assistant, Constable Marshall made a night trip to the pond in search of the poachers. Upon reaching the pond the game protectors drew their boat into the rushes and awaited developments. About 8 o'clock they were suddenly startled by the discharge of a gun. Out on the pond not far from them was the man with the gun and they went out and cautioned him that he must not shoot at game at such a distance from the shore.

"Didn't mean to do it," replied the man in the boat. "The hammer caught on the seat and the gun went off accidentally. But I'd like to know what chance you think a man has got to get any ducks on this pond by legal methods with such a thing as that over there to buck against," and the man pointed over to a fine lot of decoy ducks floating on the water while in their midst was what appeared to be a small innocent looking raft.

"My, but that's a nice flock of ducks," exclaimed the constable with never a smile to show that he was joking; "Now why don't you row in a little and shoot at those?"

"Ducks?" echoed the hunter with a look of disgust. "Them ain't ducks; them's decoys. And right over there in the middle of them is a man down under water in a tin tank a-watchin' fur ducks to get caught by the scheme, an' when they do he'll pepper 'em."

"Is that so?" replied Constable Marshall, "I guess I'll go over and see the thing."

Making his way among the decoys the constable suddenly saw a head pop up apparently out of the very center of the board raft. It stayed in sight for an instant and then disappeared. Then it popped up again and a voice sang out:

"Here, what do you mean? You are knocking those decoys all around."

"Can't help it," cheerily responded the game protector. "I want to make you a call and this seems to be the only way in to your little place."

This is what the constable found: A sort of raft made of a few planks joined together and resting flat upon the surface of the water. In the middle was a hole about 6ft. in length and 1½ft. wide, into which had been let a sheet iron box. The raft was pointed at one end to facilitate movement through the water, and on either side was an oarlock. About this craft at a short distance away were scattered a half hundred decoys. The sheet iron box, of course, was the hiding place of the hunter while in wait for ducks, and to the most intelligent wildfowl the device would suggest nothing more than a few floating boards without the least possibility of danger.

After looking the strange outfit over, Constable Marshall informed the occupant that he had violated the State game laws by venturing out into the pond a greater distance than 50ft. The device was lying fully 100 rods from the shore. The constable assisted his prisoner to take up his decoys and then ordered him to put the "craft" back where he had got it and to appear for trial before Justice Rigney at Charlotte.

On the night fixed for the trial Mr. Little appeared with Lawyer Stull as his counsel and D. C. Feely appeared as the people's attorney.

John Luke, a Charlotte boat builder, and Henry Kirke, a carpenter who went to Long Pond and looked at the odd craft, testified that the device was not a boat, this evidence being for the purpose of proving that the hunting was in violation of the law. Constable Marshall told the story of the capture and then the defendent took the stand. He admitted everything except the illegality of his hunting methods. He held that the craft was a boat and that therefore it was not a violation of the law to use it.

Justice Rigney ruled against the defendant, however, and sentenced him to pay a fine of $20 or serve twenty days in the penitentiary. Lawyer Stull gave notice that he should probably appeal the case and a stay was granted. Yesterday it was announced that an appeal had been decided upon. Charles Pierson, of Canandaigua, who built the craft, is interested in pushing the case to a high court in order to make a test.—*Rochester Herald.*

California Small Game.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although the duck season has now been open for six weeks yet there are very few northern birds in. The flight is gradually working down, but we need a heavy "norther" or cold snap to drive the main body of fowl south. Last week I noticed some canvasback and widgeon, all northern birds.

Quail shooting in this section has been unusually poor this fall and places where last season one might have counted on at least a fair bag, now yield but poor sport indeed.

I have not yet noticed any jacksnipe on any of my weekly hunts, although their feeding grounds are greatly restricted, owing to the exceptionally dry season, and therefore the chance of finding these uncertain birds is better than usual.

The Cerritos and Nigger Slough gun clubs have enjoyed some fair shooting at home-bred ducks this season, but I think the largest bag made so far by one gun in a day's shoot is of sixty-two, by Mr. Ed. Tufts, on Sept. 15, the opening day. CULPEPPER.

Moose in Alaska.

SEATTLE, Wash.—The summer here has been good for all kinds of game, grouse especially being reported numerous. An occasional bear runs against a bullet and loses his pelt to some Indian. I have a friend just returned from a summer in Alaska, who reports moose, caribou, elk, deer, bear and small game numerous and gold scarce. He says that the Yukon headwaters are well stocked with moose and that they have not been hunted much. This country is reached via Juneau by canoe and pack horse.

EL COMANCHO.

Is this the Adirondack Record Buck?

TROY, N. Y., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last month at Lewey Lake, Hamilton county, my wife killed a buck weighing 287lbs., the antlers having 24 points. Dou you know of any larger deer being killed in the Adirondacks this year? H. F BONESTEEL.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Active Pelts.

"HANK" HALLSTEAD had the name at Nicholson, where he lived, of being "as sweet as his brother Bill," who now manages the D., L. & W. R.R., at a salary greater than that of the President of the United States. Henry was keeping a village store there about 1870, and like most country stores then, the establishment took peltry and game, as well as butter, eggs, etc., in the way of trade. "Bog" Pickering, in coonskin cap and homespun came down to town one day for a supply of shorts, tobacco, powder, caps, etc., and rubbing his hand over a fox skin that lay on Henry's counter, drawled out: "That's a fine pelt, Hank; what did ye give for it?"

"Twelve shillings in trade." Then after a few minutes, "Have you got some fox skins, Bog?"

"Ya-as."

"How many?"

"I b'leve there's five up there now."

"Nice ones?"

"Yes, two big ones and three littler ones." This time it was Bog who resumed the talk. "Do you want them skins, Hank? What'll you give fer 'em?"

"Well, if they're not too small they ought to be worth a dollar in trade."

"Well, Hank, two of 'em is bigger than this one here, and if you want to take the lot, big and little, just as they run, at ten shillin' apiece, you can have 'em and let me have some trade on 'em to-day?"

"All right, Bog."

A month later. "Bog, did you bring down them fox skins?"

"What fox skins?"

"Don't you remember I bought five of you?"

"Ya-as, so you did. I said they was five of them, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"And you paid me a dollar and a quarter fer 'em, big and little, just as they run, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, they're runnin' yet, for all I know, and if you want to be sure of 'em you'd better go up and shoot 'em, or git some one to do it fer you, 'cause I've seen some other chaps up there with guns. I want to see you git 'em so you can pay me the other twenty shillin's."

Hank said the $3.75 did not matter so much—part of it was profits, anyway, but it cost near $10 to set 'em up properly for the boys, before he heard the last of it.

CAPOUSE.

Sea and River Fishing.

TAKING SALMON WITH A SPOON.

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 29.—I have had another salmon experience to-day, which is a puzzler for me. About noon I went down to Lake Union to try for trout, which are abundant and of good average size. Salmon roe is about the only bait used here and about the only thing they will take at this season. Being unsuccessful in coaxing any lake trout out I got in the boat and went to the portage between this lake and Lake Washington to try for salmon trout (so-called), which are now running in from the salt water through Lake Union and into Lake Washington by way of the logging canal cut through the portage. Arriving at this canal I found three boats trolling, as I supposed, for lake trout. Imagine my surprise on seeing a fish about 3ft. long being pulled in over the side of one of these boats. That I knew was no trout, so I rowed over to investigate. I found five salmon in this boat and two more in another. I examined the tackle used and found it was a small nickeled spoon used without any bait or feathered hook, just a plain Kirby 5-0 hook and 60ft. of heavy cotton line and no sinker.

I abandoned the trout proposition and dug up a similar spoon from my outfit, tied it on my silk trout line, ran out about 60ft. and let the 6oz. lancewood rod do the rest. In a few minutes I got a strike and lost my fish, then got another and landed a small one. In a little while after I got another fish weighing about 4½lbs., which fought as gamely as any salmon does in salt water.

They were jumping all around me in every direction, as is usual with a school of salmon in salt water. I opened and examined the stomachs of eight individuals caught in this lake to-day with a spoon, and in every case the digestive organs, intestines, etc., were in a shriveled, shrunken state, and entirely empty. I examined both males and females, both ripe for spawning, and found exactly the same state of affairs in regard to the digestive organs.

I had several strikes on a "spinner" cut from a chub belly, but did not land any of my fish, as my hooks were too light, being only small trout hooks, and in every case were torn out before I could get my fish. These were the same fish that were taking the spoon, as I could see them in two or three cases very plainly. The gentleman who had the five informed me that he had only caught one salmon in this lake before this season, and had taken that on a fly. This season he has caught quite a number with a spoon. Several other fishermen with whom I have talked on the subject say they never knew it to happen on this coast before, and were much surprised that they would take anything at all in fresh water. It seems to be a common belief beyond dispute here that salmon will not bite anything after entering fresh water, yet I find them taking a small spoon and a spinner readily, even greedily, in Lake Union, five miles from salt water, to-day.

Can some of the fishermen of FOREST AND STREAM throw any light on the subject? Why were they taking a spoon? Why did they not take some of the thousands of chub minnows in the lake instead of striking a "spinner"? Why should they strike at anything when the stomach showed conclusively that they were not feeding? Maybe these things be past "any feller's findin' out."

The salmon I should judge were identical with the "jack salmon," of the sound, and of those seen three would weigh about 7 or 8lbs. each, two about 4 to 5lbs. and the rest from 2 to 4lbs. I saw jumping many which appeared much larger; I think they would weigh about 10 or 12lbs., but none of these were caught. Perhaps they were silver salmon; I could not identify them in the brief circle they made out of water. Those caught were muddier colored than those in salt water, lacked the silvery gleam of scales and were of a reddish color all over. This I think is due to their being in fresh water instead of salt and am informed that it does not detract from their table qualities in the least, and they are apparently healthy. The ones that I caught I examined closely and could find no indications of inflammation about them in any way. The color seemed to be in the skin the same as in any other fish and the whole color of the body conformed so closely to the color of the lake water that they were hard to see until very close to the boat. This may be only another instance of the changeable quality of the color of a fish's skin, which readily adapts itself to the general color of the water and surroundings, just the same as the tree toad colors himself to conform with the leaf or bark he rests on, or it may be due to "change of climate," or rather water, from salt to fresh, which may cause an irritation producing redness of the skin. At any rate the fish are red, whatever the cause may be.

For the last three years I have heard of a "red trout" which ascends a certain stream flowing into Lake Washington at about this time of the year in multitudes. They will not bite in the stream, but are caught with grabhooks and are so plentiful that I know of one catch of sixty dozen taken in this way in a single day by one man, and yesterday a young man just returned from there told me that he "caught a butter firkin full in two hours."

As near as I can find out these are the same fish which I caught to-day in Lake Union, but are the smaller size, from 1 to 2½lbs., and their more slender form and general make-up looks more like a trout than a salmon; however, this is only my opinion, as I have never had an opportunity of seeing one of them yet, because I have never been to the creek in question. The first one I see I shall examine closely, and if they are not the same fish I will make a water color drawing of them and send it in for identification. Leaving this piscatorial lore to those better versed on the subject for dissection I will pause to state that I'm going to tackle 'em again in the near future.

EL COMANCHO.

RAINBOW TROUT IN THE SOUTH.

FLORENCE, S. C., Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 27, your correspondent, A. S. Newberry, of Cleveland, O., seems to have made a very long journey just to find that the rainbow trout is not what it has been "cracked up" to be, and has come to the conclusion that they are inferior to the *Salmo fontinalis* in game qualities. I would hint that trout of all kinds vary much in their habits, coloring, etc., according to the kind of waters they are found in, and more especially the season in which one fishes for them.

If Mr. Newberry had taken a much shorter journey into the mountain region of western North Carolina, and had hunted up the Culusagee River in the month of June (before the water gets too warm), he would have found thousands of rainbow trout, of which I will buck any 8-inch specimen against the best 10-inch speckled trout that ever was spawned.

To find this trout in perfection, it is necessary to seek streams high up in the mountains, abounding in rough rocky bottoms, rushing cascades, and little or no dull sluggish pools or ponds. I agree with Mr. Newberry, that when found in ponds they are much inferior to the *fontinalis*, pound for pound. I have been fishing for nearly a quarter of a century in many lands, but have yet failed to find any trout that will out-match the rainbow for game qualities, provided the environments are as stated. The dash with which they take the fly, the thrilling way in which they leap from the water—not once but repeatedly; and the long stubborn fight which they make, in fact till they are stone dead, cannot, in my estimation, be bettered by the trout family.

I would, however, sound a warning note to those who love the native brook trout better, but may be tempted to plant rainbow trout among them as an experiment. Let them forbear. Close observation on the Culusagee River proves that as the rainbows increase in size the native fish decrease in number. In this stream seven years ago it was no trouble to kill a creelful of the beautiful *fontinalis* in a few hours, but every year since they have been gradually getting scarce and more scarce, until this past summer the creel would not contain 10 per cent. of this species. I cannot assign any other reason for this than that the rainbows, being a fiercer, more voracious and much more active fish, are steadily cleaning them out by preying on them.

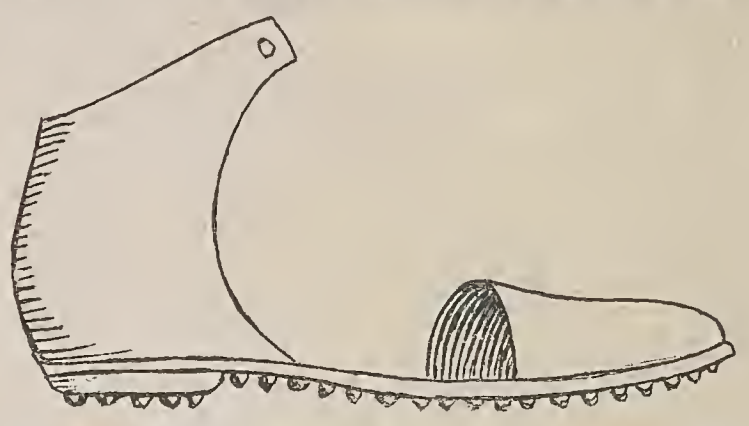
My outing for trout this summer has been over for some time, but it had been so uneventful that I have foreborne to annoy your readers with the same old story of fine catches, monsters lost, etc. The season has been one of the driest that I have ever experienced in the mountains, and as long as I remained the streams, except in a sudden freshet, never came within a foot and a half of the good fishing condition. In fact, during June the streams were so low that I found no difficulty in wading entirely through pools that no man ever waded before. Of course this was against good fishing, but yet it gave me access to many points where hoary-headed old veterans had been hiding away for years in security.

I am sorry to say that one of the finest streams in these mountains, the Horse Pasture, has been almost ruined as a trout stream, by the operations of the Georgetown Gold Mining Co., who have reopened some ancient workings and are searching for the main lead with 8in. hose. This has sent tons of mud and sand down stream and ruined the lurking places of the speckled owners of the stream. I don't wish the company any bad luck, but I do hope they may discover that the lead is in some far distant part of the State, and that their labors may be rewarded by their finding it.

I fished this year, for the first time, the Chatooga River (the head waters of the Suhannah), near where it takes its rise under the frowning 2,000ft. precipice of Whiteside Mountain. I found some good sport here, with the fish rather larger and more plentiful than in surrounding streams. This is largely owning to the protection extended to them by the owner of the land, Mr. Tom Grimshaw. One of the most delightful features of that trip was the pleasure derived from being domiciled with Mr. Grimshaw's family. It is quite a surprise to the weary angler, thirty-five miles from the nearest railroad, and isolated from civilization, to stumble on this most beautiful place and meet such people. Mr. Grimshaw is the son of an Englishman who settled here seventeen years ago, bringing with him all his English manners, tastes, family relics, paintings, books, etc., and even after so many years retaining them intact. To those of your readers who have had the pleasure of accepting an invitation to an English house party at an old country seat, the surroundings of this home and family would be very familiar.

Mr. Grimshaw is a good angler and very fond of showing his guests where the best fishing is to be had. On this stream I had the pleasure of having, for the first time in this country, as a fishing companion, a lady who was not afraid to wet her feet when in pursuit of trout. But she hailed from the mother country.

Apropos of wading, I had made for myself this summer a pair of wading shoes to wear over the stocking feet of my mackintosh waders. They worked to a charm, and as we as a class are not jealous or niggardly, I give a description to my brother anglers. They are very simple, being nothing but a double-soled sandal with low heel, filled from end to end with hob-nails. A toe-cap of canvas extending to the ball of the great toe and a



counter at the heel extending well up on the ankle and fastened by a thong passed through single eyelets on the two lugs, constitutes the whole thing. The advantages I found in them were lightness for carrying when one has a ten miles tramp to or from the fishing grounds, being open to the sole on each side, sand and pebbles were not retained in them to grind out the waders. In having them made I took the precaution of having the hob-nails driven into the outer sole before it was sewed on so as to prevent a stray point finding its way through my waders.

The hunting season is now on us down here, and quail and deer are reported plentiful, but I don't shoot.

W. M. BROWN.

TROUT IN COLORADO STREAMS.

MR. A. S. NEWBERRY writes in FOREST AND STREAM, under date of Oct. 27, concerning what he calls "rainbow trout," caught by him in certain Colorado waters. Mr. Newberry is, I judge from his interesting article, "a stranger within the gates," hence I extend my hand to him and beg leave to correct his impression concerning the trout of Eagle River and the Yampa. From the description given by him of the trout taken in the Eagle, I conclude they must have been one of our native varieties of mountain trout. We have five at least. I think—in fact I am quite certain—that the rainbow has never been planted either in the Eagle or the Yampa; his description does not tally at all with the rainbow, but does answer for the lighter variety of our natives. The Eagle empties into the Grand River, and I am familiar with the waters of the last named stream, which I have fished above the confluence every summer for the past twenty years. I have never seen or heard of a rainbow in the Grand, into which stream they certainly would have found their way from the Eagle, had the latter stream contained them.

There are a number of cañons on the Yampa, and I do not, of course, know to which cañon he refers when he writes that he "camped in the Cañon of the Bear." Yampa is the Indian name for this stream, and I have a weakness for the Indian names; they are much more beautiful in sound and are quite as appropriate, if not more pertinent, than the names usually bestowed by the so-called civilized white man. But the Yampa, from its headwaters in the Main Range and the Roan Range to the vicinity of Steamboat Springs (the distance being about fifty miles) affords many still reaches, pools and riffles that are a delight to the angler. This stream is one of the homes also of the Rocky Mountain whitefish, a sturdy fighter, who rises readily to the fly and is very toothsome withal. I wonder that he did not kill some of them. The Yampa has several smaller tributaries between the headwaters and the Springs. One of the most delightful in name and piscatorial wealth is Walton Creek, emptying into the Yampa some two miles above Steamboat. I have caught many a pound and two-pound trout in Walton Creek; its banks are bush-lined, its current not too rapid for comfort, and its waters rarely too deep to wade. I commend it to my brother with that love which attends the recollection of delightful hours spent in the wilderness. Should he ever again cross the Gore Range or find himself on the Yampa, he should not fail to visit Walton Creek.

A 4oz. trout in the Eagle, however, would have served for bait only, in the olden time. Before the railroad was built down this ideal trout stream I passed many a day of pleasure along its banks and on its riffles. Four and 5lbs. native trout were common then, and 1, 2 and 3lbs. fish made up the sum of a few hours' catch. Permit me to quote from a little story written and published ten years ago of a forenoon's experience on the Eagle: "Going down stream about a quarter of a mile, I saw a huge boulder imbedded in the bank, with a great mass of drift piled upon and against the upper side; out in front, a few yards up stream, several other boulders just out of the water, with the swift current rushing between them to become a little quiet below for three or four rods. By the side of the big boulder was a narrow, sandy beach from which I could step into a niche, and thence to the top. If I had had the designing of it, I could not have arranged it better. There were a few willows growing on the bank, but when I was on the top of the rock they were out of the way. I stepped upon the big boulder and dropped the brown-hen almost at its base. A trout there advised me that he was looking for something of the kind, and came out on the beach shortly after never to go back. Each time I lengthened the line a little and reached out for undisturbed waters, and each time with success.

"I thought the creel, getting a little inconvenient, would better be laid aside, so I left it under one of the willows in the shade. The next time I undertook to put a trout in the accustomed hole it would not go in, and I opened the cover and was surprised to find the creel quite full. Three more trout and it was packed so that it would not hold another ounce. I had weighed the creel full of fish more than once, and was ready to swear to 15lbs. of trout. I had been stepping up and down from the boulder scarcely three-quarters of an hour and had lost but one fish. * * * I took out six more, threw them up the beach and let our host take them off. * * * When we reached home the catch was counted by him and he reported twenty-five trout, weighing just 20lbs. I took off the brown-hen that had served me so well; she was somewhat ragged, but I marked and put her carefully away as a memento."

Brother Newberry reminded me of that morning, and the difference between my day and his. I could not resist the desire to hunt up the old brown-hen, and when I looked upon the remains I felt an irresistible temptation to repeat a part of my old story, trusting that it might not prove uninteresting. I wish my brother to transfer his "respect for the rainbow trout" to our native denizens of the stream.

LEWIS B. FRANCE.

DENVER, Col.

THE BIG PIKE-PERCH.

"OH I'm the boss fisherman; I've caught the biggest wall-eyed pike." Thus Jack taunted me and exulted all the day long. It was a very hot day too, and he had awakened me early in the morning with, "Come get up. Let's go a-fishing. Get out or I'll pull you out." "Of course you want to go fishing now, you feel so big since you caught that big pike-perch yesterday." "Who would'nt feel big. You never caught a 4-pound wall-eyed pike in your life."

It was true I never had, and only the day before Jack had caught one. We had been out all day but the wind blew so that we had no success. At last, tired with beating about in the wind we ran in behind a point of reeds, and as we lay there, Jack put a fresh minnow on his hook and made a cast far out into deep water. He allowed the bait to settle down pretty well, then commenced to reel in and immediately was fast to the big fish. It gave him a battle royal before he tired it out and I dipped it up in the net. Jack exulted all the way home and all of the evening, and here he was, rejoicing and with another trip planned before I was out of bed.

We went down into Lake Sally and then made a portage over into Fox Lake. Here we fished without any great success until a little after noon, when Jack hooked and, after a long and desperate fight, landed an 11lbs. pike, or pickerel as they are usually called here, then he added to his war song: "Oh I am the boss fisherman; yesterday I caught a 4lbs. pike-perch and now I have an 11lbs. pike, whoopee." I was very much subdued by all this but recovered somewhat as I hooked and landed a couple of small-mouth bass weighing about 1¼lbs. each. My rising spirits were soon checked as Jack caught a double, which when landed proved to be almost exact duplicates of the two I caught.

"Two doubles! Hurrah!" he said. "Did you imagine that you were going to get ahead of me, old man?"

I feebly answered that I had never entertained such a thought.

"You hadn't better," he cheerfully responded.

I caught one more bass, then he one more, when we concluded that we had better start for home as it was an eight-mile row with two portages to make. We made the portages into Lake Sally and started for the lock when we saw the tug coming with three empty barges in tow.

"I say," Jack exclaimed, "let's hook on behind that tow and go around in Melissa and stay all night at Mollie's (Mollie is Jack's sister) and fish in Melissa to-morrow."

"That's just the thing," I replied.

"And we'll have Mollie bake the big 11-pounder for dinner to-morrow," he said.

We pulled out to meet the tug. Running up close to the last barge in the tow I threw our anchor aboard, the long anchor rope serving as towline, and away we went, across Lake Sally, down the river and into Lake Melissa, only we did not get towed all the way. In turning a bend in the river the barges swung far to one side and our boat, obeying the law of bodies in motion that makes it so interesting to the tail boy in the game called "cracking the whip," went around further than the barges, the tow-line took a loop around a stake that stuck up a foot or so from the water, and there we were. Fortunately we did not capsize. The tug went puffing on, and as soon as we righted ourselves we rowed on, and just as the sun was setting reached our destination and were warmly welcomed and a supper quickly prepared.

The next morning we started across the lake for Rocky Point, a noted bass haunt. By the time we reached the point the sun was shining down very hot. "Not much use trying to fish," growled Jack. We did try, however, and caught several pike-perch and now and then a large-mouth bass.

Suddenly my rod bent and the line began to go off the reel very fast. I checked it a little, and the little rod bent nearly double.

"What are you hooked to?" asked Jack.

"I don't know. It is not a bass or pickerel. It acts like one of those big mascallonge we used to catch."

"By the great horn spoon!" exclaimed Jack, as the fish came in sight, "It's the biggest wall-eyed pike I ever saw. Don't you let him get away."

It was the largest pike-perch I had ever seen, and he was a fighter to the very last. At length, with a whoop of triumph, Jack got the net under the fish, and then it was ours. It was a beauty. In color it equaled any of the so-called golden pike that I have ever seen, and it weighed 6lbs. good and strong two hours later.

"Who is the boss fisherman now?" I asked Jack.

"Oh, well, you seem to have come out ahead, but I am going to catch a bigger one or else swear that I caught that one, and you dare not say I didn't."

We caught several more fish but no large ones, 2lbs. seeming to be about the average. We went back in time for dinner—at noon. The pickerel was baked in fine style and we did ample justice to it. Many of the people in the cottages around the lake came to see the big pike-perch. Every one said it was the largest pike-peach ever caught in the lake with hook and line.

After dinner we started on our long row home. As we made the portage at the lock Jack said: "Right here was where I first saw you. You and Stephens were caught in a shower while making the portage, and had turned your boat up against a stump and were sitting under it, snug and dry, eating bananas and oranges. Do you remember it?" I did remember it distinctty, and the further fact that we caught no fish that day, as the rain continued all the afternoon.

MYRON COOLEY.

DETROIT CITY, Minn.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Leap of the Salmon.

A FEW years ago I had occasion to say something about the leaping powers of the Atlantic salmon, and what I said was criticised by a well known angling authority. I mentioned that it was reported that salmon in Norwegian rivers had jumped up and over an obstruction 16ft. high. My friend and critic contended that salmon could not jump to exceed 6ft. I then brought forward evidence from a number of anglers, fishing inspectors, fish commissioners, etc. in this country and in Europe to show that salmon had made leaps ranging from 10 to 16ft. and still my critic was not convinced.

Under date of Oct. 23, 1894, Prof. A. Landmark, Inspector of Fresh Water Fisheries for Norway, writes me from Christiania about his experiments in marking salmon and sea trout for the purpose of observing their migrations, and he has this to say about the leap of the salmon:

"Concerning the height that salmon can jump under favorable circumstances there is in one place in Norway undeniable evidence that salmon sometimes have made a perfectly clear jump of 16ft. (perpendicular height). As to the details of these jumps I refer you to page 3 of my pamphlet on "Salmon Passes", a copy of which I send you by book post. No doubt a jump of the said height is quite unusual; but having myself examined the spot, where the occurrence had taken place, and heard the evidence of persons who have themselves witnessed it, I cannot doubt the fact." The pamphlet mentioned has not yet been received, and later I may have something to say about the details it contains of jumping salmon.

Habits of Landlocked Salmon.

A New York morning newspaper mentions my name in connection with the planting of yearling landlocked salmon in the tributaries of Lake Champlain for the U. S. Fish Commission, and it gives some further information in these words:

"It is the desire of the U. S. Fish Commissioner to hold the salmon in the streams until maturity, when they could go down to the lake to spawn, and need not return to the rivers. In the selection of rearing waters, therefore, this element was not considered important, and the range of choice was wider."

Where the paper got such information I do not know—certainly not from me, although I was charged with the selection of the streams in which to plant the fish. Streams were selected free from all obstructions in the shape of dams and insurmountable falls so the salmon could enter them from the lake for the purpose of spawning, for it is in the streams that they spawn, not in the lake. It is true, as the late Prof. Baird pointed out when he was U. S. Fish Commissioner, that if the salmon planted in a lake were cut off from the streams for any reason, they would select sand bars or gravel beds where springs bubbled from the bottom and there deposit their spawn. Landlocked salmon do not come to maturity in the streams where they are born or planted. They are but a few ounces in weight when they run down into the lake from the streams, and they come to maturity in the lake and return to the streams to spawn.

I think the bulk of the landlocked salmon remain in the stream until they are two years old, although some may run down at eighteen months. I have seen them in planted streams the second summer and autumn, and could not discover that any were missing from the plant to account for some having run down at a year of age. In selecting rearing waters for landlocked salmon every possible element must be considered to insure success; the failure to consider one may be fatal, and until one seeks for such waters he may be blissfully ignorant of how few there are of streams now suitable for planting with these fish. For instance, in Lake Champlain are streams flowing which were once the home of the sea salmon, and in which the sea salmon have been planted within recent years, and they have done well, too, but their streams are wholly unsuited in their present condition for landlocked salmon. Fishways in some of the streams would fit them for salmon of both kinds, sea and landlocked, if I may be allowed to separate them, but until fishways are built over the dams in them they are useless for planting. It is a great pity that fishways are not built in two of the streams near Plattsburgh, for they have demonstrated that sea salmon will again thrive in them and afford fishing and food. I say again thrive in them, for both were once salmon streams within this century.

A Retraction.

I am always careful about every statement I make in these columns, that it shall be correct in fact, but I am but human and liable to errors, and now I am wrong about one statement, and the only manly way is to acknowledge it.

In FOREST AND STREAM Oct. 13, under the head of "Amateur View of It," I said: "I am reliably informed that one man has caught from his steam launch this year nearly one ton of lake trout, and his guide has sold most of the catch."

A friend and hotel keeper on the lake in question tells me that I am "off on this statement," for he paid the guide only $200 for his fish, and I promised to correct it. I find by figuring the market price of lake trout that my friend got only 1,333lbs. of trout for his $200, and I must admit that 1,333lbs. is not "nearly one ton." But my friend did not open his hotel until the very last of June, and the trout fishing opened May 1, and in May more trout are caught per man or steam launch than during any other month, and the guide I referred to was steadily selling trout miles away from my friend's hotel long before the last of June, so I think from this later evidence he has furnished that I should have said one guide has sold considerably over one ton of lake trout, and this will allow the owner of the launch to have a few fish for his own eating. Thanks for calling my attention to the "error."

Salmon in the Adirondacks.

Superintendent John G. Roberts, of the Adirondack station of the New York Fish Commission, writes me that he recently caught some landlocked salmon in a seine for hatching purposes and two of the fish weighed 7lbs. each. One was a male and the other a female full of spawn. These fish bave grown from a lot of salmon fry planted in 1887, and while the growth is good it is not up to that which I reported from Pleasant Pond, N. H., which was remarkable.

Will Salmon Take the Fly?

A gentleman writes to me from the University Club, New York city, as follows:

"Having read in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM your interesting article on Pleasant Pond, N. H., I write to inquire if the landlocked salmon you refer to in the paper mentioned are likely to be taken with tbe fly. As the salmon in other lakes in New Hampshire and Maine can be taken only with live bait or a spoon, I suppose it is only reasonable to conjecture that such will be the case in Pleasant Point. However, I should like to have your opinion on the subject in some issue of the FOREST AND STREAM.

What the landlocked salmon may do in the way of taking the artificial fly in Pleasant Pond, when the season opens next May, is purely guess work, except as we reason by analogy, for up to this time they have not had fly or bait offered to them. It is reasonable to suppose that what the landlocked salmon have done they will keep on doing, and in Sunapee Lake, which furnished the stock for Pleasant Pond, landlocked salmon have taken the fly when it has been offered, but as near as I can learn the fly has rarely been presented to the fish for their acceptance. In May, after the ice goes out of Sunapee, and well into June, the landlocked salmon are at the surface of the water, but nearly every one fishes for them by casting a smelt bait or trolling a spoon, and as this suffices to take many fish, the fishermen are satisfied with their methods, and the fly is not cast for them, except on rare occasions.

Sidney Bickford, the artist, while casting the fly (for trout, I think) near the shore of Soo-Nipi Park, hooked a salmon of 10lbs. Buck fever struck the angler when the fish leaped, but he managed to drag the salmon into shallow water, jump from his boat, haul the fish on shore and kill it. It is a matter of fact that the artist was so prostrated from excitement that he required the services of a nurse during the night which followed, so that is not a good way to fish if one is subject to fish fever. The late Prof. Trowbridge was casting a brown hackle in June for black bass, along the shore of Sunapee, and Prof. Quackenbos was rowing the boat. The latter tells me: "Almost the first cast Gen. Trowbridge made, within 200ft. of the stove on which Prof. Campbell's supper was cooking; at Owl Nest, brought from the water a giant salmon which missed the fly and went down with a great splash. It was the grandest rise I ever witnessed, and was twice repeated, but in vain. The trout flies were too small for that mouth which we both estimated belonged to a 10-pounder."

Mr. W. L. Craig, of the New York Board of Health, struck a salmon supposed to weigh 7lbs., but the fish took his fly, so the weight could not be confirmed. As late as July 11 a gentleman was casting his flies for black bass off of Owl Nest Point, when he hooked and killed two salmon of 4½ and 6lbs. The fly in this case was a golden-doctor. William Young, the dramatic writer, says that the toodle-bug, small Rangeley Lake size, is a killing fly in Sunapee Lake for salmon and large trout. Ladies have not infrequently taken salmon in Sunapee with a small fluted spoon, No. 2. The wife of Prof. Dunning, of Columbia College, has taken a number in this way, as have the members of Prof. Quackenbos's family. Last season his young daughter Carrie hooked a 6-pounder and brought it to the net but not into it, and there the curtain drops on a pot-pourri of silver leaf, rattled girl, smashed leader and tangled landing net.

From this and other similar evidence, I believe that landlocked salmon will take the fly when they are at the surface of the water next May and June if it is offered to them. It will be observed that most of the salmon taken with the fly in Sunapee Lake have been taken on trout or black bass flies while fishing for the fishes named, and so far as I know there has been no systematic effort made to take the salmon with the fly, and until such effort is intelligently made I shall feel that landlocked salman will rise to the fly early in the season in Pleasant Pond and other New England lakes which they inhabit.

Hatchery Notes.

I hear frequently about the hatching operations at Sunapee Lake and Pleasant Pond, and so far more salmon have been taken for breeding in Pleasant Pond than in the parent lake. In one of the last letters from the superintendent he said that 130 large trout had been taken in the nets at Pleasant Pond, all of which confirms what I have said in these columns that there will be some extra fine fishing there next May when the close season of five years expires. At the hatchery on Sunapee Lake the men are taking eggs which they estimate will amount to a round million by the time they finish. The saibling run larger in average size than in any previous year, and the schools are very large in numbers on their mid-lake spawning beds.

The brook trout and salmon when hatched at this station are planted in two streams running into the lake. In October the superintendent reported that the young trout were working down stream into the lake, and at least 40 had come down into a pool near the hatchery. Although he does not say so, I assume that these are yearling trout, that is, hatched a year ago last spring, for I saw a large number of these fish, with those of this year's hatching, when I examined the two streams in the summer.

A. N. CHENEY.

Texas Tarpon.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 6.—Messrs. W. M. Lewis, H. H. M. Wallis and D. K. Bull of Racine, Wis., accompanied by their wives, have been spending a few days on the coast at Rockport, and have made the largest record ever known as tarpon fishers, capturing twelve tarpon in one day—Mr. Wallis five, Mr. Bull three, Mr. Lewis three. Now where are your Florida tarpon fishers that can down that? This is ample proof that Florida is not "in it" for tarpon. We are having splendid weather in Texas and lots of game this season.

L. F. M.

Playing and Landing a Man-Fish.

TAMPA, Fla., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago I read an account, somewhere, of an angler who undertook to play and land an expert swimmer in the pool of one of the athletic clubs—in New York, I think—but who failed to land his man, though he used a heavy striped bass rod, or a salmon fly-rod—I forgot which; at all events the swimmer seemed to have it all his own way, and eventually smashed the tackle after a long struggle. Having often performed this feat successfully, heretofore, I again essayed it last week at an entertainment of aquatic sports at the Natatorium in this city, an account of which from the Tampa *Daily Times* I inclose. On this occasion I used a 10oz. rod (similar to my Little Giant rod), a Julius Vom Hofe light striped bass reel and a Natchaug braided silk line. The line was tied to a muslin band around the neck of Capt. La Penotiere, who, by the way, is an excellent and expert swimmer, and has charge of the Natatorium. After giving him line to the full extent of the pool, I had no difficulty in bringing the Captain within reach of the landing-net in ten minutes, though he exerted himself in every manner to break away by swimming, diving and imitating the motions of a hooked fish, to the great delight of the large audience assembled. In a private trial the day before, I landed him in seven minutes. I invited any expert swimmer in the audience, to follow the Captain, but no one offered. The pool is 40×80ft., and from 3 to 12ft. deep. In open water I should use a Henshall 8oz. rod, Kentucky reel and No. 4 silk line—in other words, ordinary black bass tackle. J. A. HENSHALL.

Squibnocket Bass.

PHILADELPHIA.—In September, by invitation of Mr. R. W. Crocker. of Vineyard Haven, Mass., I spent a few days bass fishing with the Providence Club, at Squibnocket. My catch was one bass weighing 17½lbs., one of 38lbs., one of 29½lbs., and one of 24¾lbs. The one weighing 29½lbs. was hooked through the socket of the right eye. Although he was landed in about the same length of time as the others, he hugged the bottom so persistently that it tested the rod and line to the utmost, and only when reeled in under the stand was he made to show himself at all. I have stolen other kinds of fish before, but to catch a striped bass in that manner seems to me to be so unprecedented as to be worthy of being recorded. N. H. P.

Salt-Water Fishing.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—Though the salt-water fishing season is practically over, and most enthusiasts, with the exception of striped bass fishermen, have put up their tackle for another year, there is still a little sport to be had in the waters about New York. On Election Day I spent a couple of hours fishing from a dock at Pleasant Plains, which is on the Bay side of Staten Island, and took 20 fish, including 4 blackfish and 2 flatfish. The rest were bergalls or cunners, which though diminutive, make excellent pan fish. For these small fish light tackle is needed, and small hooks. I used sand worms for bait. J. B. B.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

The Vermont Commission.

To His Excellency, Governor Woodbury:

I hereby tender my resignation as Fish and Game Commissioner, to take effect when my successor is appointed. As you are aware, this action has been contemplated, owing to the fact that my time is so fully occupied at the St. Johnsbury Station of the United States Fish Commission, that I cannot give the State work the attention it deserves.

I shall continue to have the best interests of the State at heart, and particularly so with reference to the development of its department of fisheries and game. In my position as superintendent of the station at this place I shall be ready to co-operate with the State Commission in furthering the interests of their department, and in making this statement I am pleased to say that the offer is made with the advice and consent of the United States Fish Commission.

I trust that the increased interest throughout the State in matters pertaining to fish and game legislation will not rereceive any set back owing to past errors, but that its development will continue as its importance becomes more and more apparent from results already obtained.

I trust you will pardon me if I take this opportunity to make some recommendations which could not be placed in the recent biennial report to you without feeling that personal motives might be ascribed. It is a fact that at the present time the work being done by the two Commissioners is frequently enough to keep one man thoroughly occupied. Still there are many bodies of water which have never been examined by any one who is competent to judge as to their needs. Under the present system the appropriation is too small to warrant its being expended in such work. It has for a long time been demonstrated that almost any given acreage of water can be made to yield more productively than the same acreage of farm land. Under our present system many such bodies of water are unproductive, simply because it is necessary to have strict legislation covering all waters alike. If a Commissioner could give his undivided attention to the department of fisheries and game, more liberal laws could be made, a license system could be inaugurated whereby whitefish, ciscoes, suckers, mullet and pan fish, not cared for by the sportsmen, might be of commercial value to the State, and at the same time better enforcement of the laws protecting both fish and game would ensue. To sum up the whole matter, I would say that the predominating interests in Vermont are those of the sportsman and farmer, because it is their interests which attract most money to the State. If we can have but a meager appropriation, let it all go to that interest to obtain the best returns for money invested. If, however, the Legislature should at some future time feel like making a more liberal appropriation, I would make the following suggestions, based upon previous remarks:

Employ one Commissioner at a salary of not less than $1,500 per annum. Have him reside at the State hatchery and be its superintendent. All time not occupied there could be devoted to investigating the needs of our forests and streams, and supervising the work of restocking them; investigating and presenting for prosecution cases in violation of the game laws; educating the people to a proper respect for the laws in rural communities where they are now disregarded. The enforcement of the game laws is not difficult in communities where the necessity for them is understood; licensing commercial fishing in waters where game fishing would not be injured, etc. There should be one or two more commissioners to act in an advisory capacity, and render services for nominal expenses and actual time expended by them.

For such a system I estimate that, aside from the expenses of constructions, an annual appropriation of $7,500 would be adequate to do the work. This is not a large sum, when the returns from such an investment are considered. The State pays in bounties on obnoxious animals an average of over $4,000 per year. The returns from commercial fishing under proper restrictions can be estimated at $25,000 per annum to citizens of the State. The returns from the development of the farmer's and sportsman's side of this question have been fully discussed, and are beyond power of fair estimation. They are to be considered first, however.

I do not say this because I am a sportsman and the pleasures of hunting and fishing are as dear to me as to all my brotherhood, but from a practical, business standpoint. The money brought into the State is very thoroughly distributed among all classes and trades.

These suggestions are supplementary to the recommendations for legislation contained in the 12th biennial report of the Fish and Game Commissioners, and no more liberal laws than are now existing will be beneficial to the greatest number unless more liberal appropriations accompany such legislation. J. W. TITCOMB.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., Nov. 3, 1894.

John W. Titcomb, Esq:

Your favor of the 3d instant, covering your resignation as Fish Commissioner, is received and carefully noted. I quite agree with most of your views relative to the work of the Commission in the future, and trust that the State may be further benefitted by your experience and ability.

You have brought to the work a great deal of enthusiasm and knowledge, and your retirement will be a loss to the Commission and to the State.

I accept your resignation, which some two months since you informed me you intended to tender me, upon the terms stated in your letter. U. A. WOODBURY.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Nov. 5, 1894.

A Greenwood Lake Poacher Taken In.

ONE of the most notorious poachers at Greenwood Lake, Leonard McCloud, is in the Passaic county jail in Paterson, N. J., with every probability of his remaining there for an indefinite period. McCloud formerly resided at the New Jersey end of the lake, and here he carried on his violations of the law in an open and defiant manner. Game Warden Charles A. Shriner prosecuted him on a number of occasions, but McCloud always managed to raise enough funds to pay his fine. In the spring of 1893 it got too hot for him, for Warden Shriner had two warrants out for his arrest on two complaints. A number of attempts were made to capture him, but McCloud had skipped out of New Jersey and taken up his dwelling in New York, where the land company which owns one side of the lake and depends on lovers of the rod to buy its property, kindly permitted him the use of the abandoned Warwick Woodlands Hotel as a domicile. McCloud continued in New York as he had been doing in New Jersey, until Game Protector Kidd got after him and made complaints against him. Seeing imprisonment staring him in the face he communicated with Game Warden Shriner offering to turn state's evidence against some New Jersey violators of the law if the warden would permit him to return to New Jersey. Warden Shriner paid no attention to these overtures, knowing that it was only a question of time before McCloud would necessarily put his neck into the halter. This time came a little sooner than had been anticipated.

On Friday night of last week Leonard McCloud and John Prall, the latter of whom has been in the employ of William C. DeGraw, the proprietor of the Willow Point Hotel at Greenwood Lake, for some time, took a wagon and a team of horses and drove to Echo Lake, a beautiful sheet of water in Passaic county. In the wagon were a number of gill nets. McCloud and Prall worked faithfully during the night, and when each had secured a large bag of black bass, pickerel and perch proceeded to get back home. They got but a short distance from the lake when they ran into Constable Frank C. Williams and three confederates who had been watching for them for some time, as this was not the first visit of these poachers to Echo Lake. They were at once taken to Paterson and there arraigned on complaints made by Warden Shriner. The violation of the law being flagrant, and McCloud having been convicted before, Justice Senior fined them each $100 and costs. This was more money than they could raise and so they were committed to jail. Before being sent there on the complaint charging them with netting in Echo Lake, McCloud pleaded guilty to the two complaints made against him by Warden Shriner in the spring of 1893. He will be sentenced on these whenever such a course is deemed advisable.

The team of horses and wagon were placed in a barn near Echo Lake, and their owner, Mr. William C. DeGraw, proprietor of the Willow Point Hotel at Greenwood Lake, was notified to come and get them. McCloud and Prall say they were employed by DeGraw to net the fish on a promise of a share in the proceeds, and that the gill-nets used belong to DeGraw. The latter declares that he knew nothing of what was being done, that he was away from Greenwood Lake at the time, and that the team and wagon were taken without his consent, but it does not appear that he has preferred any charges of the larceny of his property against Prall and McCloud. DeGraw is the individual against whom two charges of having shot ducks from his steam launch are pending in Paterson, and who acted as guide for the judicial party who were recently arraigned on a similar charge, and who are now trying to wriggle out of it by means of the law's delays and technicalities.

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Appreciation.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under date of Aug. 22, you mailed me a recipe for my dog, which I gave it, and am happy to say that he recovered and became as he should be. I take this opportunity to thank you for your kindness and promptness, and I also must apologize for such a tardy report, but I have been away from home and this caused the delay. W. L. SCHLEGELIMLCH.

CHAINED
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Forest and Stream.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

1895.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's nineteenth annual show, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

Feb. 26 to March 1.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 19.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. All-Aged, Eastern Subscription and Selling Stakes. Entries close Oct. 1. W. A. Coster. Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Sec'y.

Dec. 17.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

THE U. S. FIELD TRIALS.

TRIALS A of the United States Field Trials Club commenced on Nov. 5 at Bicknell, Ind. They were not quite the success anticipated, owing to poor grounds, though they were far removed from a failure.

In reference to the quality of the competition, it was of an inferior order, taken all in all, as compared with that of previous years, particularly in the Setter and Pointer Derby. Undoubtedly to this condition the early date on which the trials were held contributed largely, since the vegetation was still rank and in many places heavy.

The weather, too, had been hot, which prevented the handlers giving their dogs the necessary experience and training. Then again, the grounds greatly aggravated the defective work. There were but few places where a consecutive course could be followed for a few minutes at a time. The fields where the dogs could work were generally small, and were nearly always adjacent to great cornfields, dense weeds or woods wherein the birds could seek shelter. Wire fences or heavy rail fences were obstructions met every few minutes. Some fences could be crossed, but in many instances, where there were wire fences, it was necessary to dismount and send the horses around to points where the judges could mount again. The owners of some fields objected to the horses being brought in, so in those fields the judges walked.

The work was often exceedingly difficult to see, owing to the heavy cover, which had not suffered much from frost, and nothing from heavy storms.

It will be noticed that the point work was much less than that of previous years. This is explained by the fact that the bevies when flushed went to cornfields or to cover where no satisfactory work could be gotten with the dogs. The available grounds for work were so limited that the same ground was worked more or less each day. What with wire fences, small fields, little corners and pockets, heavy cover and the almost constant necessity of turning back and forth, it could not be expected that any dog could make a good showing. Some delay, too, was caused on the first days by not knowing precisely all the club grounds. It seems that the matter of grounds had not been properly arranged before the trials began.

As the whole section was largely planted in corn, with here and there small tracts of weed fields which could best be used for the trials, the available ground was limited. In short, while the grounds never were proper grounds for a large field trial, this year they were worse than ever.

The judges were Major J. M. Taylor and Messrs. J. M. Freeman, J. B. Stoddard and G. T. Kerr. Mr. Stoddard took the place of Mr. Royal Robinson, who had important business matters to look after. Mr. Kerr judged in the All-Age Setter, and All-Age Pointer Stake in which Mr. Stoddard had an entry. They attended to their duties conscientiously and skillfuly. Their work was uncommonly difficult owing to the unfavorable grounds and conditions, but they got through with credit. It is worthy of mention that it is incomparably more difficult to place five winners in a stake than to place three. Their decisions too, were generally well received.

The following sportsmen were present: Messrs. P. T. Madison, G. T. Kerr, Indianapolis; St. Mark M. M. Mundy, Louisville; Ed. S. Shultz, St. Louis; J. E. Isgrigg, of Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago; Joseph H. Hunter, Washington; W. H. Wright, Indianapolis; Arthur W. du Bray, Cincinnati; Norvin T. Harris, St. Matthews, Ky; J. L. Barker, Racine, Wis.; G. H. Reed, Washington, Ind.; R. Merrill, Milwaukee; L. Rausch, St. Louis; F. S. Harris, Cairo, Ill.: F. F. Bock, Battle Creek, Mich.: John Hunter, Bloomington, Ind.; Mr. E. A. Burdette, Chicago; H. Hulman, Jr., Thomas G. Beggs, Albert Baker, Will Parrott, Terre Haut, Ind.; D. P. Ritchey, John M. Lily, H. S. Humphrey, C. E. Gilbert, Indianapolis; J. L. Adams, Louisville; Geo. G. Wharton, Marion, Ind.; E. H. Bisby, Chicago, and others.

The grounds were infested with rabbits, which were a great hindrance to the work on quail of some dogs. In some fields it was not uncommon to start a rabbit at every few steps.

Fairly good weather for field work prevailed during the week.

The meeting passed off pleasantly.

The number of starters might have been greater, but considering the hard times the showing was passably good.

MONDAY.

The Pointer Derby.

The trials began with this stake. The competition in it was hardly up to commonplace. Much of it was decidedly poor. No doubt the unfavorable weather conditions which prevailed before the trials and the unfavorable grounds during the trials, had much to do with the poor showing. The exceedingly dry weather had made the preparatory work difficult. The handlers assured me that nearly all the preparation of their dogs was done after the recent rains, about a week before the commencement of the trials.

The cover is still partially green and heavy. There have been no frosts sufficiently hard to kill the heavy weeds and no heavy storms to beat them down. No dog does his best under such conditions.

A large part of the field grounds are taken up with great cornfields which afford excellent shelter for the birds. Any attempt at work in such cover is most unsatisfactory, both because it is extremely difficult for the dogs to do good work under such conditions, and difficult for the judges to see it when done. The fields are small. There is hardly enough ground anywhere in one body wherein a dog of fair range could much more than get started before he would be out of it. Instead of good opportunity for consecutive effort, the dogs are held down to working in nooks and corners. Wire fences are plenitful; ground on which horses are not allowed is by no means scarce and good cover for the birds to hide in is within easy reach everywhere. The grounds are of such a peculiar nature that they do not afford a scope for a really good dog nor do they afford much opportunity for a display of what is called bird sense. A compromise dog of the mousehunter sort with fair ability in point work would fit the grounds well.

There were ten starters drawn to run in the following order:

John T. Mayfield's liver and white bitch Belle (King Don—Vinny's Tribulation), owner, handler, *with* W. B. Stafford's liver and white bitch Dell S. (Manitou—Pride), owner, handler.

H. K. Devereaux's liver and white dog Tamarack, Jr.

(Tamarack—Maud Graphic), Geo. Gray, handler, *with* J. T. Mayfield's liver and white bitch Day Dream (Ossian—Hops II.), owner, handler.

T. L. Tinsley's liver and white dog Roderick T. (Dash Ranger R., Jr.—Fanny Kennerly), Frank Richards, handler, *with* W. B. Stafford's liver and white dog Rex-fast (Rex—Mosey), owner, handler.

L. W. Blankenbaker's liver and white bitch Lad's Lady (Lad of Rush—Lady Margaret), E. Garr, handler, *with* C. B. Lockhart's liver and white dog Hal Bredan (Ossian—Vic), B. W. Butterfield, handler

Hempstead Farm's liver and white dog Hempstead Don (Sandford Druid—Merrylegs), J. M. Avent, handler, *with* W. T. Hunter's liver and white bitch Lady Peg II. (Rip Rap—Lady Peg), Frank Richards, handler.

The day was cool and clear, with a stiff breeze blowing—not a bad day for work, so far as the weather conditions were concerned.

First Round.

BELLE—DELL S.—They were worked nearly an hour before any birds were found. On a marked bevy, Belle roaded and pointed it, and was backed. Both were unsteady to wing. The birds were followed and Belle pointed and was again backed. Belle chased. They started at 8:03 and were ordered up at 9:26. Their speed and range were poor, though Belle was the better. Dell needed a lot of urging to keep her at work.

TAMARACK, JR.—DAY DREAM started at 9:30 and ran 56m. Tamarack made a point to which nothing was found. Day Dream pointed a bevy. Mayfield ordered her on and she flushed it. The birds were followed, and Day Dream pointed a single. Tamarack crossed a fence close by and pointed a bevy. Worked on the scattered birds, he flushed one. He moved on about 100yds., pointed and waited till his handler got near him, but then moved on and flushed. Tamarack was the better in range and speed and other qualities. Both were obedient.

A fox had been jumped and there was a suspension of the running while some hounds were brought from a house close by and put on the trail. One old hound is described as closing on the fox very fast, the latter getting into cover in time to save his brush.

RODERICK J.—REX-FAST.—They were started at 10:58 and ran 1h. Quite a while they searched without finding. On some scattered birds, Rex pointed. As his handler walked up, Rex jumped in and flushed the bird. He made another flush on a single. The running was stopped and the party went to lunch. In the afternoon this brace was given a further trial.

LAD'S LADY—HAL BRADEN were started at 1:07 and ran till 1:38. Hal flushed a bevy with the wind in his favor. Lady made a good point. Hal heedlessly ran across her point and flushed two birds. He made two more flushes and Lady made a good point in cover, showing some quick, sharp work. Hal made errors carelessly.

HEMPSTEAD DON—LADY PEG II. started at 1:44 and ran 34m. After working across a stubble into a cornfield Don was missed. He was found roading in the cornfield. He took a cast out into the stubble and found and pointed the bevy, doing a good piece of work. On the scattered birds Peg secured a good point and Don backed, then Don pointed one and Peg backed. Next he pointed another single, and next he made a point to which nothing was found. Then Lady made a good point on a bevy.

RODERICK T.—REX-FAST were put down for further trial at 2:23, and were worked on birds which were marked down in the previous heat. In corn, Rod pointed a single bird. Rod in corn pointed, then flushed a bird. He was steady to shot. Rex made two flushes. Rod pointed a single bird in woods. Up at 3:11. Neither showed a wide range, though Roderick was the better. They were diligent and obedient.

Second Round.

Five were left in the second series.

TAMARACK, JR.—LADY PEG.—They were cast off at 3:52. Lady going down wind flushed some scattered birds. Tamarack, Jr. was suspiciously close to a bevy which flushed. He held a point on a remaining bird and Lady backed. At the edge of woods, working on the scattered birds, Tamarack pointed nicely. He was steady to shot. He got two more good points. Lady going down wind flushed a single, Tamarack pointed in the open and was backed. He then took a short cast across the fence closely and pointed a bevy, Lady close behind backing. Tamarack had the advantage in range. Lady quartered her ground with much regularity. Both were under good control. Up at 4:28.

HEMPSTEAD DON—LAD'S LADY were started at 4:30. Don in this heat showed poorly. He was often trailing rabbits and showed indecision in all his work. He roaded at first a long way on a rabbit trail. As the handlers were walking down wind they flushed a big bevy. Don was roading in an uncertain manner. He roaded to a flush on some remaining birds and was steady to shot. The flush was excusable, as he did not have the wind in his favor. Next he pointed a rabbit and pottered on its trail. Up at 4:55. The heat was a poor one in every respect.

TUESDAY.

Clear, cool weather prevailed during the greater part of the day. Birds were found in plentiful numbers, but in such unfavorable places that the work on them was limited. There was little test on single birds, owing to the difficulty of working the heavy cover. Much time was lost in stopping the competition to go to different fields wide apart. There were delays, too, occasioned by dismounting to work out small field or fields on which the owners would not permit horses to be ridden. The quality of the work was decidedly inferior.

HEMPSTEAD DON—LADY PEG—Were started at 8:03 and ran till 8:49. A single bird was seen to flush in the open field, and on going to the place Don was found pointing a bevy. Lady passed close by the bevy but did not catch the scent. On the single birds she got three or four points. Don showed indecision and pointed listlessly on the footscent.

Third Round.

RODERICK T.—BELLE II. were cast off at 9:26. Belle was going down wind near a bevy when it flushed wild. On a single bird she pointed for a moment, then chased it. Roderick showed much the better quality, though far from high class in his work. Up at 9:43.

HEMPSTEAD DON—TAMARACK, JR.—Both caught scent of a single and drew to a flush. Plenty of birds were scattered about, but the dogs failed to take advantage of the opportunities. Don showed over-cautiousness, was slow in roading and pointing on footscent. Tamarack was superior in every way, though his work on birds was meagre. The heat ended at 10:05.

The winners were announced as follows: Tamarack first; Hempstead second, Lady Peg II. third, Roderick T. fourth, Lad's Lady fifth.

The conditions of the stake were as follows: For pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1893. Entries closed June 1, '94. First forfeit $10, Sept. 1 $10 additional, $10 to start.

First $200, second $150, third $100, fourth $75, fifth $50.

The competition as a whole was inferior. The winners showed no special work of excellence.

The Setter Derby.

This stake was started immediately after the Pointer Derby was ended.

There were twelve starters drawn in the following order:

Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch Clementina (Roderigo—Norah III.), Frank Richards, handler, *with* Minnesota Kennels' liver and white bitch Norah IV. (Roderigo—Norah III.), Frank Richards, handler.

Minnesota Kennels' black, white and tan dog Jock Scott (Paul Bo—Canadian Lill), Geo. Richards, handler, *with* Blue Ridge Kennels' blue belton bitch Nellie Fox (Antonio—Can Can), D. E. Rose, handler.

Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch Cynosure (Roderigo—Norah), J. M. Avent, handler, *with* Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog Tony Boy (Antonio—Laundress), D. E. Rose, handler.

Fox & Seiler's black, white and tan dog Iroquois (Antonio—Can Can), J. J. Johnson, handler, *with* Norvin T. Harris's black, white and tan dog Dixie's Flag (Wun Lung—White Wings), E. Garr, handler.

Geo. A. Reed's blue belton dog Wun Lung's Pride (Wun Lung—White Wings), J. H. Johnson, handler, *with* H. R. Edward's orange and white dog Harvard (Dan Burges—Gay), Geo. Gray, handler.

Fox & Seiler's black, white and tan bitch Toney's Gale (Antonio—Can Can), J. H. Johnson, handler, *with* Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Lady Mildred (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), D. E. Rose, handler.

The conditions and prizes of this stake were the same as those of the Pointer Derby. The work in the first round was imperfect so far as finding and pointing are concerned, yet superior to the work of the Pointer Stake, and, in regard to range and speed, greatly superior. Several of the competitors showed much natural merit, which with further experience may result in a better showing in field work.

First Round.

CLEMENTINA—NORAH II.—At 10:28 they were started in an open field, which was soon beaten out. Skirting along woods in a hollow, Clementina found and pointed a bevy well and was steady to shot. Soon afterward, at 10:43, the dogs were taken up and the party went to other grounds. The dogs were up 40m. On one of some birds which had been flushed by spectators Clementina got a good point. Next at the edge of a cornfield both got a point on the same bevy. Next, Clementina pointed a bevy in corn, and afterward pointed another bevy which had been marked down in a fence corner. Nora flushed a single. Clementina was the better ranger, was sharper in her point work, remained out better at her work and was the better finder. Up at 12:06.

No more running was done till after lunch.

JOCK SCOTT—NELLIE FOX.—They were cast off at 1:05. Nellie was first to find. She pointed well a bevy in corn. Jock went in ahead, and at the report of the gun both were a bit unsteady. Nell in woods made a good point on a single bird. Next, in the open field, Jock stopped to a point on a bevy. The heat ended at 1:37. Nellie maintained a more uniform speed and range, and showed better point work. Jock started well in ranging, but had shortened his fling before the end of the heat.

CYNOSURE—TONY BOY.—Their heat began at 1:42. Cynosure was not quite independent at first. Both showed good speed. They had a large field in which to show their range and judgment in beating out their ground. Before they had well begun to beat it out Cynosure took a long, straightaway cast. She was seen suspiciously near a bevy which flushed fully a third of a mile away. In the meantime Tony was worked on and worked under control. On part of the bevy, presumably which had been flushed, Cynosure got a point and two points on singles. The dogs were afterward brought together. A bevy was marked down in heavy weeds. Cynosure caught scent and was drawing when the birds flushed wild. Again sent on in a large field, both dogs left it without working more than a small part of it, they taking a long straightaway cast. After a while they were found and again brought together. On a marked bevy Cynosure got a good point and Tony backed. Each in woods got a point on single birds. Next Cynosure pointed a single in woods. The heat ended at 2:41. While both showed good speed and capabilities in point work, though in ability Cynosure was easily the better, they were faulty in their range. Cynosure in particular beat out her ground with no observance of regularity, and in searching for bevies did not properly work to the gun. With more experience this fault will be corrected. Both were fast and maintained their range to the end of the heat.

IROQUOIS—DIXIE'S FLAG.—They were started soon after the last heat was concluded. Iroquois flushed a bird in open weeds, then moved on and flushed two or three more. It was a very faulty piece of work. At 3:02 the dogs were up and the party went to new grounds. The trip took 21m. Sent on, Iroquois flushed twice in an orchard. Dixie made a stylish point; nothing found. It may have been on footscent, as some scattered birds were marked down near by and some spectators said a single had flushed from the place a few moments before the point was made. Iroquois pointed a rabbit. Both showed good speed and fair range. Dixie had the merrier action and carried himself with much dash. On birds he had but little opportunity, the luck favoring Iroquois. Up at 3:46.

WUN LUNG'S PRIDE—HARVARD.—They were cast off at 3:50. Each flushed a single, Harvard showing some unsteadiness. Next Harvard in open weeds went through a bevy, half drawing, and the judges, following along, flushed it. It was a bad error. Each made a point to which nothing was found. Harvard was suspiciously close to a bevy which flushed in heavy weeds. Pride made a good point on a single bird and afterward flushed one. He was the better ranger, carried himself stylishly, and he showed better judgment and ability on birds. Up at 4:22.

TONY GALE—LADY MILDRED.—At 4:26 they began a most unsatisfactory heat. Tony was soon lost and was not found when the heat ended at 4:47. Lady got one point on a bird of a scattered bevy and was steady to shot. No estimate of the work could be made.

This ended the day's work.

WEDNESDAY.

A dismal morning, with prospects of a cold rain, greeted the field trial party. The sky was dark and overcast. A drizzling rain set in soon after the work began. Birds were found in sufficient numbers. The work was about ordinary, with hardly a bit of remarkable incident in it.

TONY GALE—LADY MILDRED were started at 8:10, to resume their unfinished heat of the previous day. A large field was worked out, whereafter it was necessary to take the dogs to other grounds. They were up 22 minutes. Lady pointed and Gale backed. Lady moved on to locate better, when the bevy flushed wild. In the open field, she pointed at the same moment the bevy flushed. At 9:13, Lady was taken up and Tony was run alone. In woods Tony wheeled prettily to a point, and started to chase when the birds flushed. Next he pointed in woods; nothing found. Up at 9:20. He ranged fairly well, but his point work lacked finish.

Six were retained in the second series.

Second Round.

CLEMENTINA—NELLIE FOX.—The dogs were called up to start, but no available ground being near and there being every prospect that the rainfall would be greater, the judges announced that there would be no further running till after lunch. At 1:07 the dogs were cast off. A light rain fell during the heat. Nell pointed a bevy well and Clementina backed or pointed. The birds were followed. In corn, Clementina got one point on the bevy and two points on single birds. In a cornfield Nell pointed a bevy. Each made points to which nothing was found. Rabbits were very numerous and frequently were worked by the dogs, to the detriment of their work on birds. The heat ended at 2:11. Both ranged well. Clementina was difficult to control and sometimes worked to the gun, sometimes not. In this respect Nellie was the better.

CYNOSURE—WUN LUNG'S PRIDE.—On a single of some scattered birds in woods, Pride made a good point. New ground then was necessary, and it required 26 minutes to transfer the dogs to it. On some scattered birds in weeds, Pride made a good point, and on some remaining birds, Cynosure pointed and was steady to shot. She showed a great deal of self-will and did not work regularly to the gun, though showing excellent natural ability. Pride flushed a bird in woods and Cynosure chased it. They started at 3:06 and ran 29 minutes. Pride had graceful action and worked well to the gun, but was short of experience in finding and pointing. Cynosure was speedy and sharp on birds.

LADY MILDRED—DIXIE'S FLAG.—At 3:44 they were cast off in an open field. Lady pointed a bevy and when the gun was fired she started to chase, Mr. Rose explaining that it was after a rabbit which ran a moment after the birds flushed. The circumstances seemed to bear out his statement, as she made most of her chase in a different direction from the flight of the birds. In thick cover in woods, Lady made a point on a single, after which both roaded to the edge of the woods, about 40yds., where the birds flushed wild. Each then made a good point on a single bird in the open. They were ordered up at 4:00. Lady was the wider ranger aud was more successful in her point work. Dixie was very stylish in his work, and will improve greatly with more experience. This heat ended the stake and the work of the day.

The judges announced the winners as follows: Clementina first, Nellie Fox second, Cynosure third, Lady Mildred fourth, Wun Lung's Pride fifth.

The All-Age Pointer Stake.

This stake showed better work, though at the best there was nothing brilliant in it. The best work, a few exhibitions by two or three dogs, was sharp and clean.

Mr. G. T. Kerr, of Indianapolis, acted in place of Mr. Stoddard, who had a dog to run in the stake. The competition was skillfully handled and the dogs well placed.

Following is the order of running of the ten starters:

E. O. Damon's liver and white dog Strideaway (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot), Geo. Gray, handler, *with* L. W. Blankenbaker's liver and white bitch Lad's Lady (Lad of Rush—Lady Margaret), Ed. Garr, handler.

Hempstead Farm's liver and white dog Hempstead Duke, J. M. Avent, handler, *with* R. J. Martinez's liver and white dog Romp III. (Coney's Fritz—Dolly), R. J. McCartney, handler.

W. T. Hunter's liver and white bitch Lady Peg II. (King of Kent—Lass of Bloomo), F. Richards, handler, *with* Stoddard & Kidwell's black and white dog Tick Boy (King of Kent—Bloomo), J. B. Stoddard, handler.

W. N. Kerr's black and white bitch Queen Regent (King of Kent—Vickery's Daisy), Frank Richards, handler, *with* J. H. Alexander's liver and white dog Dick Beaufort (Spotted Boy—Gip Beaufort), B. W. Butterfield, handler.

W. N. Kerr's liver and white dog Little Ned (Ridgeview Dazzle—Kate Claxton), F. Richards handler, *with* D. P. Ritchey's liver and white dog Don (Trinket's Coin—Moulton Patti), Ed. Garr, handler.

The conditions of the stake were as follows: For pointers which had never won first in an All-Age stake in any recognized field trial in America. First prize $150; second, $125; third, $100; fourth, $75; fifth, $50.

Strideaway ran in good form and showed excellent capabilities, though his work was not uniformily up to the best standard. He ranged fast and beat out his ground with fair judgment. The bird work was difficult, owing to heavy cover, therefore too much should not be exacted for a standard of good work.

Little Ned also displayed excellent capabilities. His speed and range were good though he did not beat out his ground always with the best of judgment. On birds he showed good sharp work and was easily second to Strideaway.

Lad's Lady improved greatly on her Derby form, and made a creditable showing.

Lady Peg II. ran much better than in the Derby and showed some meritorious work.

Trick Boy was not running in his best form, but showed good qualities.

First Round.

LAD'S LADY—STRIDEAWAY.—From the start at 8:20 in a large weed field, it was plain that Strideaway had not fallen off in form from last year. He ran strong and fast. They ran ten minutes, when the field being worked out it was necessary to go to other ground, which transfer consumed ten minutes. In woods, Strideaway pointed and Lady backed. No bird was found, but it was explained that a rabbit had run close by and two squirrels were in the tree overhead. Sent on, next Lady pointed well a bevy and Strideaway backed or pointed. Both were steady to shot. Rabbits were so plentiful that they were a nuisance in the competition. In a hollow in heavy brush, Lady pointed, roaded about 50yds. and pointed a bevy. The dogs were widely separated. In the meantime Strideaway had pointed some birds. The dogs were brought together, and Strideaway pointed some remaining birds of the bevy Lady had pointed. The heat ended at 9:47. Strideaway was the speedier and wider ranger, and both had done good point work.

HEMPSTEAD DUKE—ROMP III.—The heat began at 6:53 on some scattered birds of the last heat. They failed to find, though Duke pointed where the birds had lit. Romp pottered constantly, carried a low nose, showed no working speed and rarely went 20yds. from his handler. He showed no ability on birds. It was said that Romp was going through the circuit. It is only fair to say that he can not win in any company, and no doubt Mr. McCartney in a spirit of fairness will tell Romp's owner the same. Both roaded in heavy cover. The birds were running and nothing decisive in the way of point work was done on them. Duke pointed twice on singles in woods; Romp backed. Next, Duke pointed, roaded, pointed, and gave it up—no birds. Up at 10:25. Duke did not work above ordinary.

LADY PEG II.—TICK BOY.—They started at 10:45 in open weeds. Tick showed some lameness in his foreleg. He took a cast, pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. Lady flushed a single and stopped to wing and pointed the rest of the bevy, which flushed wild. In the open stubble Tick roaded down wind to a flush on a bevy. Next in woods on scattered birds Tick pointed and was steady to shot. Each pointed in woods and nothing was found. Tick in open weeds pointed a single. Both pointed at the same time, moved on and Lady pointed the bevy; Tick backed. Lady flushed some scattered birds. In the open field Tick wheeled prettily to an accurate point on a single. Up at 11:18. Lady's point work was mixed, good and faulty. She showed fairly good range and speed. Tick did not show first-rate judgment in beating out his ground, and his point work was pretty good and partly poor. His range was wide.

QUEEN REGENT—DICK BEAUFORT.—The heat was a poor one, neither showing much merit. Queen ranged wider than Dick, though a narrow ranger herself. She pointed a single in woods, then moved on and flushed it. Afterward she made two flushes. Up at 11:48.

The party went to lunch.

At 12:53 the heat was resumed. Queen made a point on a bevy in corn and was steady to shot. Up at 1:26.

LITTLE NED—DON.—At 1:29 they started in the open. Don pointed in corn, and was held some moments till a judge came up. Then he began roading. About 80yds. further on in the cornfield Ned pointed a bevy, but whether Don was roading it at first or not it is impossible to say. In woods

on scattered birds each made two points. Up at 2:27. Both ranged fairly wide at good speed, Little Ned the better. The point work was fairly good.

Second Round.

Six dogs were retained. The selection was skillfully made.

STRIDEAWAY—TICK BOY.—They started at 2:37. On some scattered birds which lit in the open and along a fence, Strideaway was first to point; Tick backed. Next, Tick, standing out in field, pointed a bevy by a fence. Strideaway coming along the fence pointed the same bevy. Tick then broke his point and flushed the bevy. Following along the fence Strideaway pointed and Tick backed and a single flushed. Strideaway pointed in open weeds and nothing was found, and next he made a flush on a bird. Next he pointed scattered birds. Up at 2:54. Most of the work was on scattered or marked birds and the range was about alike, the advantage, if any, being with Strideaway.

LAD'S LADY—LITTLE NED.—They started at 2:58. A circle was made through a large field, then they were worked back to a marked bevy in open cover. Lady pointed the bevy and Ned backed nicely. Next Ned found and pointed a bevy in weeds and was steady to shot. In open both pottered some on scent and pointed; nothing found. Up at 3:30. Both ranged well and had speed, Ned the faster.

LADY PEG—DON.—In a weed field they started at 3:36. Peg pointed nicely in the open facing toward a cornfield. Richards failed to flush, ordered Peg on to locate. Don was sent in, crossed the fence into the cornfield and, the birds being but a few yards away, he soon pointed them. The find was Peg's and she should have had the opportunity to locate without competition. Still, it is probable that she got credit for both the find and point. Both ranged well in the beginning but slowed up toward the end of the heat.

Final.

STRIDEAWAY—LITTLE NED.—They began at 4:10. Ned was roading birds near briers. Some of the birds flushed wild. In corn, Ned pointed a single, left it and was returning when the bird flushed. He probably was trying to locate it better. Each pointed a single. Ned in dry leaves pointed a bird, drew cautiously to it till it was under his nose, then pounced and almost caught it. Up at 4:32. Strideaway had the best of the heat, which was good, closely and well contested.

The dogs were placed as follows: First, Strideaway; second, Little Ned; third, Lad's Lady; fourth, Lady Peg II.; fifth, Tick Boy.

They were quite correctly placed, on a fair and just estimate of their work.

All-Aged Setter Stake.

The winners were: First, Rodfield; second, Blue Ridge Mark; third, Gleam's Sport; fourth, Dan's Lady and Allene; fifth, Topsy's Rod, Minnie T. and Dan Burges.

B. WATERS.

[Comments on the running in this stake will be given next week.]

INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6 to 9.

THE fifth annual field trials held by the International Field Trials Club were brought to a successful close on Friday morning. The trials were held again on the grounds surrounding the village of Mitchell's Bay, Ont., the old grounds at Louisville not being available on account of the scarcity of birds.

Though the entries were not so large as in former years the trials were a success and passed off without a hitch. Birds were found in quite sufficient numbers after the first day when too small an area of country was covered. The quarters at Mitchell's Bay were very comfortable, hosts Raymond and McDonald doing all in their power to make the visitors' stay pleasant. The Garner House, in Chatham, was the club's headqnarters this year, genial Bill Peck, of the Kankakee House, the friend of the field trial men in this section, having left town.

The judges were Messrs. W. T. Tristem, of Detroit, Mich.; Thomas Guttridge, of Chatham, and John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich. They worked hard and cheerfully, and their decisions in the Derby were correct. There was some kicking over the award of first to Dash Antonio, but I think most of the kickers were converted to the judges' way of thinking before the trials closed. Undoubtedly he was rightly placed for his work, aside from the first heat which the judges did not (and rightly) take into consideration, was what might be termed brilliant and far ahead of anything in the stake.

The attendance this year was small as compared with that of other years, the bad weather on the second day keeping many away who would have attended.

Those present were Messrs. J. B. McKay and Geo. Armstrong, of Detroit; Mr. Richardson, Saginaw, Mich.; T. G. Davey, H. Marshall Graydon and Jack Armstrong, London; R. Bangham, Windsor, Ont.; J. R. Harrington, Kingsville, Ont.; Sefton Hallam, Leamington, Ont.; Dr. Totton and J. Huddleston, Forest, Ont.; Allen Newbury, Ed. Warner, New York; Harry Anderson, Mr. McLaren, W. B. Wells, J. Spracklin, James McGregor, A. Wells, Chatham, Ont.; B. Hayman, Chicago.

At the meeting of the club held the night before the trials the following officers were elected: President, Dr. Totton; First Vice-President, T. G. Davey; Second Vice-President; R. Bangham; Secretary-Treasurer, W. B. Wells; Executive Committee: Thos. Guttridge, Dr. Nichols, C. R. Atkinson, of Chatham; J. G. Armstrong, W. D. Tristam, F. W. Eddy, S. J. Miller, of Detroit; Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man.; L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Ont.; Wm. Brailsford, Whitechurch, England.

TUESDAY.

The Derby.

For setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1893. Forfeit $2.50 and $2.50 additional to start; 40% of entrance money to first, 20% to second, 15% to third, and 10% to fourth. Eleven starters. The dogs were drawn as follows:

T. G. Davey's pointer Forest Quail (Donovan—Forest Nell), *with* Dr. Daniels's pointer Plain Sam (Hal Pointer—Kent's Star).

J. B. McKay's Irish setter Kellane (Kildare—Ruth), *with* Dr. Totten's English setter Hanna (J. E. D.—Carrie J.).

T. G. Davey's pointer Faustina (Ridgeview Faust—Peggie), *with* Stagmen's English setter Judy (Sport—Bell).

W. J. Gardiner's pointer Engerita (Molton Banner—Graphic's Diana), *with* W. B. Wells's English setter Manitoba May (Jacob Staff—Manitoba Bess).

Sidney T. Miller's English setter Rosebud (Roy of Colehill—Toledo Queen), *with* R. Bangham's English setter Dash Antonio (Antonio—Lady Lucifer).

J. B. McKay's Irish setter River Roe (Kildare—Ruth), a bye.

First Series.

The weather the night before the trials began looked anything but prepossessing for a successful start on the morrow, heavy falls of rain and snow flurries alternating for two or three hours, and made things look blue. However, about midnight the sky cleared and a north wind set in. The start was made from the Garner House at about 8 A. M. for our long drive of 14 miles. Game promised to be very abundant, three bevies being found in about 40 minutes; after that the quail dodged us very successfully for the balance of the day, only six bevies all told being found.

FOREST QUAIL—PLAIN SAM.—Quail handled by Allen, Sam by Hallam. Put down at 10 A. M. in a large stubble, both started fairly well but Sam had the wider range and the more independent manner of working out his ground. Quail generally followed close in the others footsteps. In some brush and weeds a bevy was flushed, Sam was in the near vicinity but whether he or his handler was responsible for this it is impossible to say. On singles some slovenly work was done, then along a fence row Quail pointed a single which his handler failed to flush; then Sam pointed two or three times along the same fence row and dogs up at 10:30.

KILLANE—HANNA.—McGregor had charge of the former, Huddleston the latter. They were cast off at 10:45. After three or four fields had been drawn blank, Killane flushed a large bevy in an open stubble field with the wind in his favor and appeared quite unconcerned about it although he moved at a quicker pace afterwards. Then Hanna, to even matters as it were, flushed another large bevy rather more excusably. In the thicket on the singles of the last bevy no creditable work was done, although abundant opportunities were offered. Killane did make a couple of uncertain tail-wagging points on singles and quite a lot of birds were flushed in a reckless manner. The heat was over at 11:20. Hanna probably had the best of the poor race.

FAUSTINA—JUDY.—Handled by Armstrong and McGregor respectively. Put down at 11:25. Faustina appeared with her leg tied up, the result of a barb wire cut. The second accident of the kind in the week, but it did not appear to affect her freedom action much. She was the first to find a single in a brush pile and behaved nicely to wing, and was well backed by Judy. Then Faustina got another point, and was indifferently backed by Judy to command. The heat wound up at 12:05 with a probable flush to Faustina.

ENGERITA — MANITOBA MAY. — Spracklin handled the former, her owner the latter. Down at 12:35. Both started at high speed; Rita was the faster. May in a thicket made what looked very much like a flush; then she pointed a single, and Reta jumped in and flushed it, and the unsteadiness of both almost amounted to a chase. Then May had some fun with a blackbird, and Rita flushed and chased a quail, and the heat ended in excitement. Up at 1:30.

ROSEBUD—ANTONIO.—McGregor handled Bud, Spracklin Dash. They were let go in a large cornfield at 1:40. Dash started at a clipping gait and cutting out his ground in fine style, knowing right well what he was after, soon appeared over a high dredge dump at one side of the field. The spectators on ascending this found before them a 40ft. ditch filled with water and Dash was on the other side working merrily on hot scent, pointing and drawing. Two birds flushed near him but he did not mind that, nor the furious clarions of numerous whistles that were rending the air. There being no bridge near a leaky scow was procured with difficulty and Bud and the party were ferried across. Dash in the mean time pointed a single, and there being no one near to flush for him he did the job himself, and chased to a thicket near by. When the trial was resumed he made amends by doing some quite good work, getting three points and retrieving nicely. Bud was slow; she made a savage snatch at a bird she flushed just before the call of time. Up at 2:15.

RIVER ROE a bye.—Down at 2:35, with McGregor as handler, to run a bye with Judy. In the same field they ran for an hour and thirty minutes without finding.

Second Series.

PLAIN SAM—FAUSTINA were put down at 4:25. Faustina appeared slightly lame, but went gamily. She was the first to find, a single, which she pointed nicely. Then she got a doubtful point on a bevy and Sam made an excusable flush; then he left a true point he had made, the bird being flushed afterward. Sam did not improve his chances materially. Up at 5:15. This finished the day's work, about three miles from the hotel.

WEDNESDAY.

Heavy, low-hanging clouds promised bad weather this morning, and about 10 o'clock a snowstorm set in, making things very uncomfortable for man and beast, and compelling us to quit operations about 1:30 P. M.

RIVER ROE—JUDY, the first brace, were put down in the large open field behind the hotel at about 7:15. Roe had something of an advantage over Judy in pace and range this morning, but she pottered miserably while on game. Later on Judy did a pretty piece of work on a bevy in the open stubble and was indifferently backed by Roe, to command, then Judy was taken up and Roe was sent on to work on the singles alone; she succeeded in establishing one fair point and dogs ordered up at 7:45.

DASH ANTONIO—MANITOBA MAY.—Put down at 8 o'clock and ran an hour and thirty minutes. Both ranged well at high speed, Dash the better, though sometimes out of hand, as also was May. Dash picked up the only bevy found, in a thicket, just before they were taken up at 8:45.

RIVER ROE—FAUSTINA were sent away in the same old weed field that had been worked out a dozen times before and where the dogs could not be seen ten feet away. Faustina got a point on a single after considerable work and Roe made an apology for a back.

JUDY—DASH ANTONIO.—Down at 10:35. The judges were apparently determined to make Dash run the gauntlet of them all. Of course he outranged Judy and miss.ng for a few moments found a bevy in pretty style in a weedy creek bottom. Judy not near to back. Later Judy had a chance on another bevy in the same creek bottom but flushed it.

PLAIN SAM—MANITOBA MAY were ordered down to try them on some birds marked down in a large stubble; both dogs were soaking wet and ranged poorly; they failed to get a point and the spectators flushed the birds. Up at 11:30.

DASH ANTONIO—FAUSTINA.—Down at 11:40 to decide on first place. Dash was now wet and did not go with his usual vim but he did better than Faustina. They ran for ten minutes without a find and were ordered up at 11:50. The Judges then announced the winners:

Dash Antonio first, Faustina second, Judy third, Plain Sam fourth.

The winner is a rather fine-looking dog, of good quality, possessed of great speed and dash, and is a very promising puppy. Faustina, second, is a small-sized pointer bitch, of good bench form. She ambled through the heat without an error in bird work, but she does not impress me as being a very bold and fearless ranger. Judy, third, is a plain-looking English setter, with fair hunting ability. Plain Sam, fourth, is a large pointer dog that will probably improve in his work.

All-Age Stake.

For pointers and setters. Forfeit $5, and $5 additional to start. First, 40 per cent. of entrance money and cup, presented by Sir Casimir Gzowskie and Christopher Robinson, Q.C. (cup to be held yearly until won thrice by same kennel or owner; won last year by W. B. Wells with Cleopatra); second, 30 per cent., and third, 15 per cent.

The dogs were drawn as follows:

R. Bangham's English setter Doc (Bangham's London—Nea) *with* Dr. Wesley Mills's pointer Chiara (Ridgeview Rumor—Frivolity).

H. Marshal Graydon's English setter Monk's Fanny (Monk of Furness—Fayette) *with* W. B. Wells's English setter Cleopatra (Mingo II.—Cambriana).

W. B. Wells's English setter Luke (Toledo Blade—Cambriana) *with* R. Bangham's English setter Dash Antonio (Antonio—Lady Lucifer).

T. G. Davey's English setter Brighton Tobe (Locksley—Leddersdale II.) *with* Eddy & Armstrong's English setter Toledo Bee (Toledo Blade—Maggie Bee).

Dr. Daniel's pointer Beppo's Maid (Beppo III.—Duchess Graphic) *with* Dr. Totton's Warwick Nellie (Canadian Dick—Fancy Free).

Fred W. Shaw's pointer Margaret Kent (King of Kent—Margaret) *with* W. B. Wells's English setter Luna (Cincinnatus—Daphne).

Dr. J. L. Nicholls's English setter Lady Locksley (Locksley—Armstrong's Kate).

No time was wasted in commencing the first series, the draw having taken place the night before. The miserable weather continued.

First Series.

DOC—CHIARA.—Spracklin had charge of Doc, McGregor of Chiara. Down at 12:40, in a heavy slashing. Both started well, but Doc took the heavy cover with more courage than Chiara, and was not long in finding and pointing a bevy at a brush pile, behaving nicely to wing; Chiara not being near to back. Then he pointed a single under a log and Chiara backed; Doc a little unsteady to wing; then he nailed part of the first bevy at another brush pile and behaved nicely. Ordered up at 1:20 with the heat in favor of Doc.

We then adjourned to the roadside and partook of a cold "hand out" in a blinding snow storm and pretended to enjoy it.

MONK'S FANNIE—CLEOPATRA.—Fan handled by owner and Cleopatra by Spracklin, were called at 1:20, and put down in a large stubble. Cleopatra, the heroine of last year's stake started with her usual joyful vivacity, and Fannie also ranged well. Cleopatra soon nailed a brace under a log, and this was quite a clever piece of work under the circumstances. Fannie would not back, though given the opportunity, and after a little more birdless work they were ordered up at 1:35. The judges now decided that the weather was too stormy to continue the trials, much to every one's satisfaction, and we all stepped along the road three miles to the village.

THURSDAY.

On looking out this morning the prospects for a start did not look very bright, for the snow was still coming down. About 8 o'clock the sky showed signs of clearing and a start was made from the hotel at 9:15.

MONK'S FANNIE—CLEOPATRA were put down at 9:20 to finish the heat of yesterday; neither seemed to relish the snowy going but Cleopatry ranged the best; no bird work was done and they were ordered up at 9:45.

DASH ANTONIO—LUKE.—Dash handled by Spracklin, Luke by owner, were put down in a large open field at 10:05. Both ranging wide and fast, Dash slightly the best in speed, Luke in method. Sent into a weedy creek bottom, Luke going at full speed stopped on a positive and stylish point on a bevy. On the flush Dash, in the field beyond, chased the flying birds with vigor. Further along the same creek Luke secured two good points and Dash a false one. No more work on birds was done though considerable country was thrashed out. Up at 10:40 and a move was made to new grounds.

BRIGHTON TOBE—TOLEDO BEE.—Armstrong had charge of the former and Tom Allen the latter. Put down in slashing at 10:52. Both ranged well but Tobe was the better. He began the bird work by roading a bevy a long distance to a good point—a clever piece of work. Then he got three good points on the scattered birds and on the last one Bee coming up probably got credit for a flush, but I do not think he saw the pointing dog, which was behind a log. Up at 11:20.

BEPPO'S MAID — WARWICK NELLIE.— Hallam handled Maid and Huddleston Nellie. Down at 12:50. It stubble both seemed intelligent and busy workers and very much alike. They ranged for half an hour through a variety of country, mostly wooded, without finding. At last Maid came to a good point at a brush pile on a single; Nellie brought up would not back. After the bird had got out Maid moved round the same pile and pointed again, and a bevy was flushed; Nellie had resumed her ranging. Then Maid nailed another single in good style, and ordered up at 12:30. Maid's range at the close was very limited indeed. We now had lunch.

MARGARET KENT—LUNA.—Down at 1:05. Margaret was handled by Huddleston and Luna was handled by Spracklin. Margaret started ranging very fast—quite as fast as anything in the stake so far. Luna also showed that she is possessed of speed as well as pretty bench form. After quite a run Luna, in a wood, began roading a bevy in a positive but slow manner for about 100yds.; and just as she came to a point Margaret ran up and the bevy flushed; both were a little unsteady. Then both got independent points about 50yds. apart. Margaret held the bevy, Luna a single; both steady to shot and wing. Then some quick, sharp bird work was done, both getting two points on singles, but were a little unsteady on some of their flushes. Ordered up at 2 o'clock with honors about even.

LADY LOCKSLEY, A BYE.—Handled by Spracklin, she was put down at 2:10 to run in the bye, accompanied by Warwick Nellie. Lady ranged out quite well, though not very fast. In cornfield Nellie pointed a bevy and Lady backed. Both behaved nicely. Sent on to heavy cover to work on scattered birds, a lot of flushing was done, six or seven grouse breaking cover. Nellie was credited with two points on singles, but Lady seemed off nose. The heat wound up at 2:45, while Nellie was treating a rabbit like a cat does rats.

Second Series.

BRIGHTON TOBE—CLEOPATRA were put down at 3 o'clock and ran for 1h. 15m., and a great deal of interest was taken in the race between these two well known workers. In the woods beyond the stubble Star was not long in nailing a ruffed grouse in good style, and was well backed by Tobe. Sent on into the open Cleo roaded shortly to point and was moving on probably to locate when some spectators flushed a bevy close by. Tobe coming up pointed in the place that Cleo had left, and she on her way back refused to notice him. Sent on into woods on scattered birds Tobe pointed a black squirrel. Then in a meadow Cleo made a pretty road to a bevy and a bad flush. Then Tobe flushed a single. A single got up near Cleo which she perhaps ought to have pointed, and she was steady to wing. This did not count to her discredit. Then Tobe made a good point on a brace in brush pit, and Cleo coming up from the opposite direction, went in and the birds flushed. Both had a reef or two in their speed when they were ordered up at 4:45.

LUKE—DOCK.—If there had been any birds in the large stubble field where these two were put down at 4:20 Luke's beautiful systematic quartering would have given them little chance of escape. Dock was also good in this respect though not so speedy as Luke. In woods, having little undergrowth, Luke roaded a bevy about fifty yards, going at nearly full speed, to a pretty point with one foot on a log. Dock, coming up after the bevy had flushed, backed him in style, making the prettiest picture of the trials. Both were going strong when ordered up at 5:15.

FRIDAY.

This morning dawned with the snow coming down in heavy flakes making things look blue for an early start. At 8:20, during a lull, a start was made.

MARGARET KENT—BEPPOS MAID were sent away in a stubble field at 8:30. Margaret was the best in speed and range and soon came to a point on a bevy, Maid coming up backed prettily, Margaret then broke point before the handler could get to her and rushing in, flushed, thus spoiling a very good piece of work. Maid remained staunch under the trying circumstances. Up at 8:50 without any more bird work.

LUNA—WARWICK NELLIE were put down at 9 o'clock in a cornfield and both showed good speed. In a thicket Luna roaded to a point on a bevy in treetop, broke her point and went in lively to a flush and was unsteady. Then along a ditch both pointed, but Luna's was a true one, though she was again unsteady to wing. Up at 9:15.

Third Series.

LUKE—BRIGHTON TOBE.—Put down in stubble at 9:25 to run for what proved to be first place. This was probably done to conform to the rule. This rule should be remodeled. It should read "first and second winners shall run together and be tried on birds." Tobe had the best of in speed in a four-minute run.

WARWICK NELLIE—BEPPO'S MAID.—Down in the open at 9:35. Nellie out-ranged Maid and had better style, but the latter was the first to find—a single in treetop. Nellie did not back, though she had the chance. Maid steady to flush. Both failed to do auy more point work and up at 9:55.

DOT—TOLEDO BEE were put down in stubble at 10 o'clock. Why Toledo Bee was called down at this stage of the game will probably remain one of the dark, unfathomable mysteries in the history of field trials. Doc showed the most intelligeт method of working out his ground. Bee was erratic in range and speed. Up at 10:10.

WARWICK NELLIE—BEPPO'S MAID—Were sent away at 10:15. It apparently took the judges a long time to gauge the capabilities of this pair. Several fields were drawn blank, then along a creek bottom Nellie pointed a bevy in style, and was well backed by Maid. Then Nellie false pointed and was again backed by Maid. In orchard where birds had been marked down both pottered on footscent and made false points. Nellie was the principal offender in this respect. They failed to get a point on the only bird found, though both had the opportunity. They simmered down to very ordinary going at 1:15, when they were ordered up. This heat finished the trials, for on our arrival at Raymond's the judges announced their decision. Brighton Tobe first, Duke second, Warwick Nellie third.

First and second winners are too well known to require description, Brighton Tobe having won the All-Age at the Manitoba trials. Nellie is a small-sized pointer of good form.

I do not agrec with the awarding of first and second in this stake. On the work done, Luke should have had first, his work aside from that ridiculous four minute heat was superior to Tobe's. He made two good bevy points and two singles with probably half Tobe's opportunities on birds. His speed was nearly if not quite equal, and his quartering very much superior to Tobe's. If Tobe and Cleo had quartered their ground properly, as Luke did in the large stubble (in which, by the way, he was put down directly afterward), that bevy would never have been flushed by spectators. Furthermore, his style on point and way of carrying himself were very much superior to Tobe's, and moreover, did no doubtful work.

Tobe's work lay in speed, range, a good road and point on bevy, four singles and three or four backs. He is good on this and from a distance. Doubtful work—missed opportunities on two bevies, scattered in small area; passed quite close to a bevy that Cleo flushed, pointed too much on foot scent and was somewhat erratic in range at times. Bad work—flush of single in heat with Cleo.

Nor do I agree with the award of third to Warwick Nellie. Doc having done better work for the place by reason of his excellent bird work in the first heat under trying circumstances; his courageous manner of working out the heavy cover and his free ranging in the open. A. W.

New England K. C. Terrier Show.

[*Concluded from page 409.*]

DANDIE DINMONTS.—These were entirely confined to oue kennel, that of the president. In challenge dogs King o' the Heather won over his kennel mates Amphion and Ainstey Daisy, both the dogs are faulty in front, the bitch being truer there, but I think Amphion's greater length and strength of head and better body might have pulled him into first place. In open dogs Laddie was the only competitor. Gyp V. was not considered good enough for first, and in fact is a poor sort. We should advise the Heather Kennels to give these open dogs away and start afresh. Mr. Brooks not competing for specials these of course did not fill.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—Only two, and these well known; both were rather short of coat, the Professor especially. Mount Vernon Tibbie repeated her former wins.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—There were plenty of Tam o' Shanters round the club grounds, but few real oatmeal Scotchmen; had there been, what memories of their native braes and cairns the sight of such a row of sharp, prick-eared little customers at this show would have brought to miud. These terriers grow on one. At first sight nine out of ten will say, "What a comical little dog. What is it?" But get them into your eye and see a number of good ones together, and if their sharp, intelligent faces, knowing, cocky walk and general air of "devil come may" do not excite your interest and admiration, then you have uot a touch of sporting blood in you. There is another thing about the breed, they seem to come more evenly than most breeds, that is judging from those of the Wankie Kennels, who, of course, with the large number they breed, are enabled to even up their exhibit. Still, they seem to be breeding with good judgment, for the results are to be seen, but they will soon require new stock for outcrosses. Messrs. Little and Willard Clarke are also doing good work with the breed, though the latter cares more for their woodchuck punishing powers than anything else.

In challenge dogs it was Tiree, Rhudaman and Kilroy. Since he has changed hands Rhudaman has improved so that verily Tiree must look well to his laurels or he will win few more, though his much straighter front will always be a great advantage. Kilcree has not yet been found. In bitches Wankie Diana had a walkover. Open dogs was a hot lot; there really did not seem to be a bad one, though one or two stood out prominently, they were very sorty. First went rightly to Wankie Tam, whose smart, long, keen head and compact body are very taking. The new dog, Bellingham Bailiff, came second; he is a nice sort, looked a trifle light in loin, but boasts a good coat, long, punishing head, good front and bone. Kilbar, Jr., third, is a little long and light in body, not depth euough. Kilrain, reserve, is not long enough in head and ears look large, faulty in front, good coat and body. Wankie Dandie and Masher were vhc.; the former is a nice-shaped one that did not show very well. Masher carries his brush too gay, and should be lower to the ground. Wankie Caddie, hc., also gets his tail too far over, and is not deep enough in loin. Newcastle Sandie and Allan, hc., were at Boston last spring; the former is too round in skull and coat should be harder, and Allan is too coarse and broad iu head; good otherwise. The same may be said of Indiana Scottie, should be cleaner in head and show more smartness and quality. In bitches, a capital one by Tiree and Culblean did not shame his parentage; good coat and length of face, well carried ears; seemed in whelp. Vorda, second, was at Providence, and Wankie Daisy and Cambria have both been commented on in these columns. In the American-bred classes the winners have all been described above except Miss Ted, a fairish sort, with a soft coat. In puppies the winners were Kilbar, Jr., aud Miss Ted, with Hazelcroft Sheen vhc., a rather light-bodied one, and not strong enough in head, and too short. Wankie Kennels took the kennel prize.

IRISH TERRIERS.—There was little improvement seen here, the old winners need not be alarmed, they seem well able to hold their own. The majority of entries seem to lack quality, are not clean enough in head, broad skulls, light eyes and large-sized ones predominating. Merle Grady had no difficulty in beating champion Boxer IV. in challenge dogs, though a little open and ragged in coat. Dunmurry, nicely shown, enjoyed her honors alone in the corresponding class. In open dogs eleven came forward, but they were a mixed moderate company. Jack Desmond, a neat little good-fronted dog, whose ears should fold closer, won from Martin Shamrock, the new dog, a racily built one, good carriage of ears, but head rather coarse and too wedgy looking, too much hair on head and quite large enough. St. Blaise, reserve, is a little short in muzzle, but his nicely turned body and good coat and well carried drop ears are in his favor. Regent St. Mike, vhc., is light in middle piece, fair head, but big in ears and faultily carried. His Honor's light eye and broad skull are familiar fanlts; he looked well. Mike Murphy is too coarse in skull, nice ears, turns his feet out a bit and crouches at stern. Tubbs, c., is coarse in skull. In bitches (3) the judge had an easier task. Banty Norah won from Brina, being a little better in coat and body, ears should be carried closer, both have weak, short muzzles. Brina's bag hung down and did not add to her appearance. Daisy, vhc., was short of coat, has too much stop and is full in brow, short-faced and feet turn out, so she is not a very good specimen. The Hempstead Farm Kennels benched about half a dozen N. F. C., among them their new importations; they seem a good lot and we were particularly struck with Lady Eva's beauty and quality.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—At a terrier show these should have been better represeuted, for with the exception of Broomfield Sultan, looking fit as a fiddle, there was not a good one in the lot. In open dogs (2), Rochelle Rush must thank his stars Jasper has gone so coarse and heavy in head and front. In these particulars he wins, though none too good himself in forelegs. Lady Prudence, the Providence winner, had a walk over in the next class; she is poorly cropped, coarse in head, and washy in tan.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Only two where there should have been a dozen. Both are well known, looked in fairly good coat, especially Maggie, and were alone in their classes.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—A nice-coated little silver, a bit mixed in color, brought the catalogue to a close.

SPECIALS.

Bull-terriers, best kennel, F. F. Dole. Boston terriers, best kennel, Bayonne Kennels. Best dog, Jack. Best bitch, Countess. Fox-terriers, best kennel Hill Hurst Kennels. A grand challenge cup, value $300, for best fox-terrier in the show, Blemton Victor II. Best kennel of ten fox-terriers, L. & W. Rutherfurd. Best pair, dog and bitch, Cribbage and Surrey Janet. Best in puppy classes, Beverly Rally. Best American-bred smooth dog under two years, Beverwyck Royalist. Best kennel of four wire-haired terriers, Hill Hurst Kennels. Best wire-haired dog shown with two of his get, Brittle, with Mister Great Snap and Brittle Beaut. Best wire-haired dog or bitch, Cribbage. Best wire-haired dog in open class, Mister Great Snap. Best wire-haired bitch in open class, Surrey Janet. Best wire-haired puppy, Hill Hurst Trick. Irish terriers, best kennel, Walter J. Comstock.

Lucy. Nell R. Royal Rover. Blanche. Spot R. Buckshot. Gay. Dime. Laddie. Rags. Laick's Roy.
D. Summers. L. Contoit. A. D. Lewis. H. L. Kreuder. A. B. Purdy H. F. Sche'lhass. N. A. Baldwin.
C. W. Quynn. B. S. Turpin. Joe Lewis. Staley Doub. F. W. Chapman.
R. S. Cramer. W. S. Clark. Geo. W. Rogers. Geo. F. Reed. W. Saxby. Geo. Laick.

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB FIELD TRIALS, 1894.

DOG CHAT.

Mr. Frank S. Anderson of Chicago, Ill., has lately imported the great Dane bitch Norah and she is said to be a good one. She was bred to champion Melac Nov. 1, and her union with this crack should be productive of good results.

The Terra Cotta Kennels did not keep the Russian wolfhounds Odrooski and Inkerman which they purchased recently from the Marlborough Kennels. Dr. Drummond of Montreal purchased Odrooski and Dr. J. Parker Vosburgh of the same city bought the pup. Odrooski has won a number of prizes.

This week we are called upon to report four important field trials, a state of affairs that happily has never occurred before, and therefore a number of letters and Dog Chat paragraphs are crowded out.

We are also compelled to hold over a letter from Mr. John Bateman, in which he informs us of the cruel shooting by a farmer of his two beagles on Thursday, Nov. 1, while hunting on Staten Island. The dogs were shot at the edge of a swamp and left to die at leisure. The S. P. C. A. people will probably be called upon to look into the affair, as well as the National Beagle Club.

The beagle Ringleader, first at Providence 1894, is the sire of the English dog Herongate Forester, winner of the champion prize at the Kennel Club show held at the Central Palace, London, recently.

Mr. John M. White, of Brookville, Pa., has purchased the well-known pug bitch Peggy Pride, in whelp to Happy Tobey, and Judge Alex. M. White, of the same place, has purchased Young Douglass, second puppy class Pittsburgh, from Al. Eberhart, Cincinnati, O. We understand that these purchases form the nucleus of a pug kennel the Messrs. White intend to form.

Speaking of the dachshunds at the late Kennel Club show in London, *Stock-Keeper* remarks that the caricatures of the hound type were less prominent than on former occasions, and the judge seemed to keep Pterodactyl in mind when he was at work, and this dog is the type. The absurd domes, beaks that are points, long hanging flews, heavy dewlap, long thin drapery ears, and the man-of-war chest are not dachshund characteristics and Pterodactyl has not got any of these Basset hound qualifications. Pterodactyl won the championship.

Mr. Redmond seems to have a rising fox-terrier (we do not mean that he is following the modern type) in his pup Dame Fortune by Despoiler—Dame D'Orsay. At the Kennel Club show he was offered $750 for it which offer was refused.

An American bred deerhound, Hillside Penelope, took hc., in novice bitches at the Kennel Club show. As her name denotes she was bred by Mr. J. L. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.

The bulldog Found It, that, it will be remembered, Miss Maie Byrne imported from Mr. Pebody's kennel and which did so well at New York last spring, was also a competitor, but had to lower his flag to Guido, although, according to *Stock-Keeper*, he has improved on his English form. Found It is revisiting the old sod in company with his mistress.

Mrs. Foster is now showing a Yorkshire terrier that is described as simply perfection; and as it only weighs 3lbs., this fact makes the dog all the more remarkable.

The Ladies' Kennel Association was very much in evidence at the Kennel Club show, and it is stated that they will hold a special show at the Ranelagh Club, London, for dogs owned by members only. The *Ladies' Kennel Journal* is now to be published by the Association as a monthly, price 25 cents. Is Mr. Marples to be the editor? We see that his connection with the *British Fancier* has been severed. Mr. Marples has put in some downright hard work on that journal, and its position to-day must be a matter of no little pride to that gentleman.

Whether Mr. Raper's bulldog is as good a specimen as that well-known veteran imagines him to be or not, the fact remains that, though a big one, his name is iu every one's mouth these days. The art of advertising is not entirely confined to Americans.

Changes have taken place lately in the staff of the *British Fancier*. Mr. Theo. Marples has severed his connection as editor and Mr. Geo. Raper as reporter-in-chief. We should think their places difficult to fill as both names will be inseparably connected with the evident success of that journal. Another kennel journal, to be called *Our Dogs* is shortly to be published under a rather distinguished directorate. Mr. Marples is to be the editor and we presume Mr. Raper will be head reporter. The paper will be issued weekly at a price of one penny (two cents). The capital stock is to be $25,000 in $5 shares.

In common with other journals we have received a copy of Mr. Geo. Bell's answers to the additional charges preferred by the A. K. C. against him, but as these charges have not been published and the case is still *sub judice* and the answers simply take the form of denials and abuse, we do not see that any good end will be served by their publication in these columns. When the case is decided we shall publish the result as a matter of news.

The Pacific Coast Field Trial Club will hold their next trials at Salinas, commencing Jan. 14. The judges are Messrs. W. Dormer, A. Jackson and D. Thorn. The club has also decided to run an amateur stake after the All Age stake is concluded, open to dogs trained and handled by amateurs. Dogs that have been trained by professional handlers but have not been in their charge for six months previous to the trials are, however, also eligible for this stake, a fact that upsets to a great extent the purely amateur intention of the stake.

The next quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club will be held at the club rooms, 44 Broadway, New York, Dec. 6, at 3 P. M.

Two hundred and fifty dogs were registered with the A. K. C. during the month of October. Pointers, English setters, St. Bernards and fox-terriers lead the list, with collies and cocker spaniels close up.

The *Breeder and Sportsman* reports: "It is rumored that a well-known Eastern judge has been commissioned to purchase a crack bench show winning English setter stud dog for a party not far from San Francisco." Yes, and a well-known Eastern judge received a letter from a Californian intimating that as he (the judge) would very likely be asked to judge out there next spring, would he buy him a certain dog that he would guarantee to win first prize. The judge answered as a self-respecting man would do, and the commission will be placed elsewhere, if at all.

The following paragraphs were unavoidably crowded out last week:

Mr. James Robinson, manager of the Woodlawn Park Kennels, sends us some capital pictures of their new bulldogs King Orrey, Hucknell Gipsey, Mischief and Grosvenor Lass, which make a very acceptable addition to our bulldog album. King Orrey's head is a study, and he is sure to create a sensation when he comes out at New York next spring. We may also look for some more phenomenal litters from this kennel, as Grosvenor Lass is heavy in whelp to King Orrey, also Rock Rose II., who we trust will prove as good a matron as her mother did. The Woodlawn Park Kennels have now a great team of "bulls," and the dogs, we are happy to hear, are doing well. The two collies shown at Providence are coating up well and will be shown in the sweepstakes at New York. Duchess of Fife has just been mated to Conrad II., who sired their Sunset, and Flora May went to Woodmansterne Trefoil last week. A litter out of their Marigold by Sefton Hero is "a sight for sore 'een" as they say in "Jim's" native district. The kennels will dispose of their fox-terriers and "Irishmen," and will breed nothing but collies and bulldogs in the future—a very wise arrangement. No kennel should have more than two breeds.

Mr. Wilmerding showed a capital stamp of old time cocker in his office the other day. It seems just the stamp for work. Plenty of daylight, good straight legs and smart in appearance. It is by Rollo out of a bitch that goes back to Black Prince, from whom he gets his field merit, for he is trained and is a good worker. Mr. Wilmerding sets a good example in working his spaniels. He has been selling a number of pups lately, particulars of which will be found in Kennel Notes.

Mr. H. L. Kreuder offered $125 for Mr. Reid's beagle Buckshot before he ran at Hempstead, and he did not make a bad bargain, for the dog won the All-Age Stake, and besides being well built is a hummer in the field. Our prediction that he would win at Hempstead was true, for we expected the style of country would just suit him. If only Jean Val Jean had been there what a race these two would have given the judges!

Geo. S. Thomas sailed for England three weeks since and will spend the winter there, coming back for the New York show with, we hope, a team of winners.

Mr. A. E. Foster, owner of the well-known field spaniel Judex, purchased from Geo. S. Thomas the crack field spaniel Staley Baron, winner of a number of firsts since he was imported last spring. Mr. Foster has entered into partnership with Mr. W. W. Watrous, and their kennels, known as the Wee-Wah Kennels, will be at Tuxedo, N. Y. Among the new dogs they have are Staley Baron, Midnight III., Night, Dame Trot, etc., making a good team of blacks.

Those who were at the Terrier show sympathized with Messrs. L. & W. Rutherfurd in the loss they sustained by the death through suffocation of their well-known fox-terriers Warren Layman and Dusky II. The dogs were in one box, and were all right when placed in the baggage car. The railway people, with their usual intelligence, heated the train as if they were preparing for a blizzard, while the night was one of the mildest.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Theo. Marples's field spaniel Manuscript met with an untimely death last Thursday week. It seems he strayed off from the Hempstead Farm Kennels and must have got on the trail of some pointers that had been walked out earlier in the day. He was found dead in a lot near a house within a mile or two of the kennels, and had evidently been treated to a load of shot, none of which, however, had struck a vital spot. Mr. Marples sent the dog over last spring to be shown and sold by the Hempstead Farm.

The owners of good bulldogs, if they wish to advance the interests of the breed should advertise their dogs more conspicuously and this week we are pleased to see that Mr. Matthews avails himself of our business columns to bring his dogs more prominently before the public. He has just purchased the bulldog Reve Royal from Mr. J. R. Gilmore, East Orange, N. J., and with Bathos places him at stud. Mr. Matthews has had his eye on this young fellow for a year or more, ever since he won first at Newark, 1893, beating Romance and other good ones. His breeding includes the blood of Rustic King on the sire's side and Grabber by his dam. His own sire Rustic Swell is a dog of considerable reputation and is well known for certain bulldog properties desirable to perpetuate. Reve Royal is a well boned dog of 50lbs. weight, very large skull, good face, exceptional body, and has only one fault; his stern is carried a trifle too high to meet the views of the fastidious. His age (3 years), his strength and activity make him a desirable dog to use for breeding, and he has one especial merit which is valued highly; he is a pure brindle of perfect color, not a white spot on him, and he gets brindle puppies. Mr. Matthews writes: I am delighted with this new addition to my kennel, and hope soon to put some royal pups on the bench and increase the proportion of good old brindles and improve the quality of American-breds in particular. Old Bathos has done good work in the stud and is considered the best pure white dog in America. Reve Royal is by Rustic Swell out of Claudia and was imported last fall by Mr. Gilmore."

The Seacroft Kennels are having busy times these days with over eighty dogs in the kennel of which Turner has sole charge. Last Monday their Damson whelped seven to Starden's King and four wolfhound matrons are due to whelp within two weeks.

This kennel also purchased from Geo. Thomas before he left the noted black and tan terrier Gypsey Girl that has beaten every terrier of that breed in America. They also bought the Irish terrier Sissy, a greyhound bitch by Gem of the Season ex Bestwood Daisy, and the bull-terrier Griffo.

The Preston—Morris affair has at last been settled. As we mentioned some time since the case never came to court but was withdrawn on the agreement that Mr. Mortimer should value the bitch Lola as she was May 1, 1894. This he did on his return and appraised her at $135, which we expect is considerably more than either party expected.

We draw attention to the fact that Messrs. L. & W. Rutherfurd will sell a draft from their fox-terrier kennel this Friday, Nov. 16. A number of valuable brood bitches, dams of bench winners, will be disposed of as well as a number of young dogs. As this sale takes place during horse show week, there should be a good attendance of out of town buyers. The sale commences at 2:30 P. M.

The reporter of the Boston *Herald* remarked at the terrier show that dog men seem to know why one dog is entitled to a prize and another is not, and they will not give away the secret. Microscopic droops of a jaw, lops of an ear, wobbles of a tail, slants of a back or sets of a foot settle the question of supremacy. The judge will courteously point out the differences, but, like Dr. Holmes's gentleman, it takes four generations to even see these differences.

After the serious business of the week in the dog show tent was over and each fancier knew the color of the ribbons he had won, the club members who were horsily inclined—and there was no exception in that—took part in the different tandem, saddle horse and jumping competitions on Thursday afternoon. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., threw a double thong over a sporty looking tandem, H. W. Smith was up in the jumping contests and landed first with a gaunt looking, ewe necked, deceiving beast, Willard Clark rode a good old-fashioned sort in the saddle horse contest and won second. In fact it was a jolly time all round.

It is said that among the ancient Germans the mode of assessing damages was very curious. For instance, he who killed another man's dog was to hang the slain animal up by the tail with the nose just touching the ground and to cover him with wheat so that not a hair could be seen, and this heap of wheat was the compensation due the owner.

Mr. Clarence Rathbone, the owner of the well-known Beverwyck Kennels, receives some curious questions in the many answers to his advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM. Color is a great stumbling block. For instance, he was told the other day that a fox-terrier could not possibly be thoroughbred unless it had an evenly marked black and tan head and a spot at root of tail. Another one, in speaking of a ticked dog, said that if the ticks were only on the hair it was all right, but if the skin beneath was also black, it was "very bad"! Weight, too, is a hard nut to crack. He had an inquiry lately for a bitch, but as a *sine qua non*, it must weigh at least 25lbs.! To save himself the trouble of answering these and similar questions, he has arranged a circular, which, as it affords so much information in small compass, we consider it worthy of publication:

Ears.—Should be V-shaped and rather small, of moderate thickness, and drooping forward closely to the cheek.
Nose.—Should be black.
Teeth.—Should be level and strong. Never undershot.
Legs.—The forelegs, viewed in any direction, must be straight. They should be of strong bone throughout, the elbows working freely just clear from the sides. Both fore and hindlegs should be carried straight forward in traveling.
Feet.—Should be round, compact and not too large, the toes moderately arched and turned neither in nor out.
Color.—White should predominate. Brindle or liver markings are objectionable. Otherwise this point is of little or no importance.
Coat.—Should be smooth, but hard, dense and abundant.
Chest.—Deep, but not wide.
Weight.—Weight within certain limits is not a criterion of a terrier's fitness for his work. Roughly speaking, it may be said he should not scale over 20lbs. in show condition. (It must be remembered that this weight is put as the "limit," but in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, from 16 to 17lbs. is considered the best weight for a dog, and a pound or two lighter for a bitch.)
Fox-Terrier Pluck is a point much misunderstood. It should be remembered that he is not intended or wished to be a dead game dog, or a fighting dog, as is a bull-terrier; but he should be the best of vermin dogs, and if his size will not allow him to kill the larger vermin, such as badgers, foxes or coons, yet he should keep up his attack and worry them as long as he has strength to stand. Always remembering that even a fox-terrier needs some education or experience before he should be expected to be a first-class worker.

In looking over Paul Bo's stud card we see that he also won second in the Southern Field Trials Club's All-Age Stake in 1892.

Mr. Eberhart's well-known pug bitch, Lady Verne, winner of first novice, Lexington, Ky., second Columbus and Chicago, died three weeks since in whelping to Bradford Ruby II., supposed to be the only living son of old champion Bradford Ruby. Two puppies were born dead, but five were saved by giving them to Mabel E., who is raising them now. This bitch's death is quite a loss to the kennel, as Mr. Eberhart had refused $150 for her soon after being bred.

"The Scottish Terrier" and "The Irish Terrier" is the title of a neat brochure just received from the author, Mr. James E. Green, the well known manager of the Wankie Kennels, West Medford, Mass. The author in bringing this little book before the public does not claim to have unearthed anything new, but the idea was simply to gather together in compact form everything that has been written on the two breeds by those best qualified to do so. The old Scotch terrier is described and the gradual changes noted in the type of this game little dog, through the writings of D. I. Thompson Gray, Youatt, Hugh Dalziel, Rawdon B. Lee and H. J. Ludlow—men well qualified to afford the very truest information on the breed. The Irish terrier has been treated in the same manner. Judging from our experience in the past there should be a demand for such a book, as it gives information not easily obtainable by the average dogman interested in the breeds and should therefore meet with a ready sale.

Dr. Wesley Mills has finally won his suit against the Montreal Exposition Co. for payment for services rendered in superintending the show of 1892. After working hard for the good of the show the company refused to pay him anything. Dr. Mills did not go into it for money, but after the great success of the show, financially and otherwise, he did not expect an exhibition of such meanness, and was so disgusted that he determined to make them pay and sued them. The judgment of the court was against him on the ground of no written agreement, though the value of services was held to be great and the amount claimed ($125) very moderate. The Court of Review (three judges) has unanimously reversed this decision, awarding the amount claimed with all costs, on the ground that it was not to be presumed that such work was to be done for nothing. The Toronto *World* has also paid up for the libel they published some time since, so Dr. Mills is coming out better in his suits than was at one time expected. The Mercer—Mills suit will come off in January, we are told, if not again postponed by the plaintiff.

Mr. Freeman Lloyd has just published a book on "The Whippet and Race Dog," that seems to treat on the training and racing of whippets in an able manner. A fuller review will be given later. With the meeting at Brookline, the book came at an opportune moment, and during terrier week a number of copies were ordered through the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Jessica Snow. By J. E. Slattery, East St. Louis, Ill., for black, white and tan ticked English setter bitch, whelped June 6, 1894, by Halcyon (Gath's Mark—Clara) out of Fantasma (Gath's Hope—Lady Lit).

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Ramona. Columbus Coursing Kennels' (Huron, N. D.) greyhound bitch Ramona (Lord Neversettle—Partera), Aug. 13, nine (six dogs), by their Miller's Rab (Waterford—Nancy McPherson).

No Mercy. Columbus Coursing Kennels' (Huron, N. D.) greyhound bitch No Mercy (Wild Tick—Show Mercy), Sept. 14, eight (four dogs), by E. H. Mulcaster's Jim o' the Hill (Pinkerton—Glenblossom).

Sylph. John J. Pulligan's (Milwaukee, Wis.) Irish setter bitch Sylph (Glencho—Ashmont Norah), Sept. 8, eight (six dogs), by his Elcho's Lad (Elcho, Jr.—Mollie Bawn).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Wake. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 13, 1893, by champion Fitzhugh Lee out of Lady Novice, by A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., to Jos. Wood, Pawtucket, R. I.

Pilot of Lorain. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 27, 1890, by Murkland Ranger II. out of Bell, by Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Lawn, Ill., to E. Wilshire, St. Joseph, Mo.

Gordon Lost.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My Gordon setter was stolen from No. 40 Fourth street, Dover, N. H., Oct. 25. License No. 708. Three years old and answers to the name of Phil.

Any FOREST AND STREAM reader will confer a favor if he will advise owner if such a dog is seen in their neighborhood.

S. L. HALLAM.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. G. W., Bethlehem, Pa.—St. Bernard Bevis is by Alton (19,212) out of Hilda (19,191).

J. J. M., Boston, Mass.—Feed a little flour of sulphur mixed with the food every alternate night.

W. T. B., Hartford, N. J.—The A. K. C. requires three generations before admitting a dog to registration. FOREST AND STREAM subscription price is $4.

E. W. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—The beagle Grayburn Daisy is by Joe out of Grayburn Gyp, by Krueger's Racket out of Kate, by Sport out of Fannie. The pedigree can be extended if you wish.

P. B. D, South Bend, Wash.—We do not advise where to buy dogs. If you will consult our advertising columns, or better still, state your want in a "Kennel Special," you will no doubt be able to secure such a dog as you require.

M. M., Winston, Ont.—We scarcely know to what you refer. Newfoundlands or a cross with great Danes would make good teaming dogs. Wurtemburg Kennels, Welland, Ont., have great Danes, and Typical Kennels, Sunnyssde, Toronto, have Newfoundlands.

A. H., Paterson, N. J.—Feed your dog on boiled rice mixed with the other foods you give her. The proportions you give are those of a fairly good-sized bitch for her age; St. Bernards keep growing till two years old, and sometimes a little longer. Any of the advertised vermifuges should rid her of the worms.

J. H. C., Cincinnati, O.—Use Persian insect powder for the fleas. Dust well into the coat and allow the powder to remain on the dog. Stand the dog on a newspaper so that when the operation is concluded you can burn the fleas that drop on to it. If the kennel can be made perfectly airtight burn a pan of powdered sulphur in it for an hour or two so that all the vermin may be destroyed, then whitewash thoroughly.

W. H. W., Chicago Lawn, Ill.—The pedigree of the Irish setter, Bess III., as given in the A. K. R., does not extend further than the sire and dam—Dan—Nellie. Dan was owned by Cyrus W. Field and was out of a bitch imported by Robert Bonner. Nellie was owned by David Simpson, 96 Greenwich avenue, New York, and Bess III. was registered and owned by Dr. J. E. M. Lordly, 230 West Thirty-eighth street, New York. Probably if you write to these persons you might get some further information.

A. C., Comstock, N. Y.—1. You must never use carbolic acid on dogs for fleas unless well diluted; better use benzine and keep the dog out of draughts and away from the fire when treating. Persian insect powder you will find most efficient. 2. Dash and Maggie are not registered, so we can give no particulars. 3. Yes, they were field dogs but their descendants have not distinguished themselves at public trials, the only means we have of determining this point. 4. There is only one stud book in America, that of the American Kennel Club, 44 Broadway, New York. Fee for registering $1. Send to that address for registering blank, which gives all information.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 19.—National Foxhunters' Association's meet, at Olympian Springs, Ky. H. L. Means, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB'S TRIALS.

Nov. 5 to 9.

THE Brunswick Fur Club held its sixth annual field trials at North Acton, Mass. The weather, as noted below, was wretched, election day fell on Tuesday, and all this conspired to keep many hunters and hounds away from the meet. The judges were John Emmons, West Paris, Me.; S. B. Mills, Needham, Mass.; A. M. Gerry, So. Paris, Me.; F. H. Gledhill, Lewiston, Me., and J. N. Goss, New Market, N. H. These gentlemen are all well-known fox hunters and during the week they did a vast amount of hard work following the pack through the rough, snow-covered pastures, thick woods and wet swamps, constantly exposed to such weather as would have driven less hardy lovers of the chase to the comfortable smoking room of the Nagog House, where the club made its headquarters.

The sport was dull until Friday and then we were so fortunate as to have a run which for excitement, terrific pace, splendid trailing and decisive work has seldom if ever been equalled in New England. The only chase in the history of the Brunswick Fur Club which approaches it was the one at Ossipee, N. H., in the trials of '92, when the fox, hard pressed, went to earth only to leave his brush in the teeth of the hound leading the pack. Had it not been for the great run of Friday it is probable that the judges would have been unable to award the prizes and the trials of '94 would have been a failure; as it was their decisions were reached with little difficulty.

Zack, the winner of the highest honors, is a handsome white, black and tan Goodman hound. He has the best of legs and feet, strong body and good head and was brought to the trials in splendid condition by A. B. McGregor, manager of the White Oak Hill Kennels. He was bred by W. M. Hoffstetter.

Fury, the winner of the Derby is a small, well built bitch, lemon and white in color. Her head is bad, being of the pointer type. She was bred by Mr. Whitlock and is owned by L. A. Dennison.

Among those present at the trials were N. Q. Pope, Poland, Me.; W. Hanscom, E. Richardson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. B. Stone, L. A. Dennison, L. E. Conant, C. A. Schaffer, C. L. Wellington, Waltham, Mass.; A. B. McGregor, Geo. Holmes, Poland, Me.; Henry O. Stanley, F. K. Dexter, Dixfield, Me.; E. H. Bragg, No. Sidney, Me.; A. B. F. Kinney, O. A. Benoit, Worcester, Mass.; J. M. White, Millbury, Mass.; J. Wm. Jones, Needham, Mass.; O. F. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; Bradford S. Turpin, Boston, Mass.; Geo. E. Carr, Holliston, Mass.; J. H. Vogt, Chicago, Ill., and the judges whose names are given above.

The charming climate of New England has so often shown the members of the Brunswick Fur Club its wonderful power to produce startling changes and nasty weather, that it was more in disappointment than surprise that we watched the light clouds of Monday morning grow thick and heavy, the warm air become raw and chilly, the rain turn to sleet and then to snow, and the landscape in a few hours exchange the glories of autumn for the bleakness of winter. The sudden change in the weather was an unfortunate one for the trials as far as the number of entries and the enjoyment of those present was concerned, and the deep snow kept many at home who would otherwise have been at hand with their hounds.

A meeting of the club was held at the Nagog House on Monday evening, President Pope in the chair. The club voted unanimously to open the Derby to all foxhounds whelped on or after Jan. 1 of the preceding year. Noel E. Money, of Oakland, N. J., was elected to membership. The entries for the Derby filled as follows:

The Derby.

HUSKIE—R. D. Perry's white, black and tan dog, whelped May 23, 1893 (Walker).

FURY—L. O. Dennison's lemon and white bitch, whelped April 4, 1893 (Whitlock).

KATY DECATUR—White Oak Hill Kennels' white, black and ticked bitch, whelped Aug. 4, 1893 (July).

POLAND POACHER—White Oak Hill Kennels' black, white and tan dog, whelped July 7, 1893 (Goodman).

The meeting adjourned at a late hour. Then to bed with gloomy prospects for hunting on Tuesday.

TUESDAY.

The snow ceased falling at daylight, but heavy clouds covered the sky and a cold wind blew fiercely from the west. No attempt was made to hunt in the morning. In the afternoon the wind did not blow as hard and the sun came out. Everybody was tired of inaction and all were glad when the judges ordered out the Derby hounds, though the chances of starting a fox were reduced to a minimum.

On the west side of Magog Lake a fox track was found in the snow. It was evidently made early in the morning, and there was no scent left in it. The hounds could not take it by nose and knew nothing of following by sight. So the party undertook to start the fox and slowly picked out the track, following carefully in the drifted snow over a hill to a swamp, and then to a burrow, where reynard had gone to earth. By the time his whereabouts were learned it was too late to hunt for another track, and we all returned to the hotel, where a smoking hot dinner awaited us.

In the evening the entries for the All-Age Stake were made as follows:

The All-Age.

CLINKER—R. D. Perry's black and tan dog (Fox III.—Fanny), 5yrs. old, Avent strain.

TRAILER—R. D. Perry's black and tan bitch (Bonnie—Maggie), 2yrs. 6mos. old, Conant strain.

BILLY—C. L. Wellington's black and tan dog, 2yrs. 5mos. old, native strain.

NED—J. M. White's black and tan dog (Sam—Lena), 3yrs. old, native strain.

FLY—J. M. White's white, black and tan bitch (Crook—Doisy), 2yrs. 6mos. old, Walker & Crandall strain.

LOGAN—J. M. White's black, white and tan dog, 3yrs. 6mos. old, Pooler strain.

BEN BUTLER II.—L. A. Dennison's black, white and tan dog (Ben Butler—Flirt), 4yrs. 3mos. old, Buckfield-Byron strain.

DUKE—White Oak Hill Kennels' white, black and tan dog (Rabbit—Fannie), 4yrs. 5mos. old, Goodman strain.

CLAY—White Oak Hill Kennels' white, black and tan dog (Scully—Bessie), 6yrs. 4mos. old, Goodman strain.

PEALER—White Oak Hill Kennels' black, tan and white dog (Traveler—Vick), 4yrs. old, July strain.

ZACK—White Oak Hill Kennels' white, black and tan dog (Jacobin—Ruby), 3yrs. 4mos. old, Goodman strain.

STEVE—White Oak Hill Kennels' white, black and tan dog (Jacobin—Ruby), 3yrs. 4mos. old, Goodman strain.

SUNMAID—White Oak Hill Kennels' white, black and tan bitch (Traveler—Flash), 4yrs. 6mos. old, July strain.

WEDNESDAY.

The sun rose in a cloudless sky. A cold west wind swept over the wintry landscape, 6in. of dry snow covered the ground, and there was little to tempt us outside our comfortable quarters. However, breakfast was over at 6:30 o'clock, and then the hounds entered in the All Age Stake were brought out for the inspection of the judges. It is no easy task for one unacquainted with the individual members of the pack to learn to distinguish one from another, and it was some time before the judges felt that they were capable of so doing. Then the line of march was taken for our hunting ground of last year, and at 7:30 the pack was cast off on the west side of Magog Lake. The hounds dashed away through the drifted snow, tongning and inclined to run riot; but all were veterans and play soon gave way to work. At first all but Billy, Pealer and Duke swung to the shore of the lake. These three, however, worked to the west and soon struck a track. Their tonguing quickly drew all the pack to them but Trailer and Clinker, who meantime had found another trail which they followed away toward the south. The main pack trailed toward the west, watching the scent here and there in a way which promised sport. But disappointment awaited us. We struggled along over the walls and fences and plowed our way through the snow in the wake of the pack to the summit of a large hill.

Here we found the hounds widely scattered and striving to untangle a network of trails which covered the hill and led in all directions. Most of the pack worked eagerly, swinging and casting and trying in vain to find a drag fresh enough to be carried. But either the scent was bad or the foxes were all underground, for the pack was unable to make a start, try as hard as they would. The majority of the hounds worked with the wind, and it was not long before they disappeaerd in the cover to the southwest. The hunters could hear nothing in the stiff breeze which was now blowing, and the only way to keep in with the hounds was to follow their tracks in the snow. This was hard work and not the kind of hunting we are used to, but field trials come but once a year and if any work was to be done we were all anxious to see it. So we pressed on, and two of the party had the satisfaction of seeing a fox. The rascal was running as if for his life and passed close by Judge Goss and R. D. Perry. An hour after reynard had disappeared, Clinker, Trailer, Billy and Ned came slowly along on his track, picking it out with great difficulty, and finally losing it altogether iu a road. This was the only fox seen during the day and all the party were glad when 3 o'clock put an end to this uninteresting hunt.

In the evening the judges announced that all the hounds in the All-Age stake would be ordered out again on Thursday morning. Every one was tired with the long day's work and at an early hour all retired.

THURSDAY.

Ill fortune still pursued us. The snow melted little if any on Wednesday aud still lay on the ground to the depth of six inches or more. That which covered the trees and underbrush, however, had been softened by the sun and fallen off, making in places an icy crust which would not hold the scent and facilitated the escape of the foxes which we were fortunate enough to jump. At daybreak there was every promise of a fine hunting morning, but heavy clouds soon gathered, gradually hid the sun from view and by 11 o'clock a few straggling flakes of snow gave warning of the approaching storm. The flakes came faster and faster and at snnset they were still falling steadily.

When the party left headquarters at 7:30 the conditions for sport seemed more favorable than on any day of the week. There was no wind, and at least we should be able to hear the hounds if any work was done, and should not be compelled to learn their whereabouts by following their tracks as was the case on yesterday.

Twelve of the hounds of the All-Age Stake were ready to start when acting master of hounds R. D. Perry ordered them out. Peter, the thirteenth—unlucky number—had not yet returned from yesterday's hunt. It was just 7:55 when the pack was lined up for the throw-off on the ridge between One Island Pond and Magog Lake. They did not start away as boisterously as on Wednesday, thongh none of them seemed unwilling to hunt. Even Zack, who had not reached home until 10 o'clock in the morning, appeared as full of life as any of his companions.

The pack held together along the shore of the pond and gave tongue vigorously on a trail which led off to the south. But soon the hounds separated. Trailer, Clinker and some others continued toward the south while Billy, Fly, Ned and others found another track which swung off to the east. The music for some minutes was most inspiriting, but then came a lull and neither pack seemed able to pick out the trails beneath the pines where they had carried them. All the hounds harked back toward the starting point and for a time nothing was heard but the heavy voice of Ben Butler II. as he pounded away on a cold track which he was trying to carry alone.

Soon, however, we caught sight of eight hounds swinging wide through a pasture beyond the pond. They crossed the road, disappeared for a few minutes in a strip of pines, and then came to a large mowing where the leading hounds tongued sharply on a warm trail. They worked beautifully, now swinging for the track and again picking it out without a break in the music. As the pack trailed into the thick woods which bounded the meadow, the scent grew hot, and at 9:15 the sharp, angry notes of the pack told us that the fox was afoot. Logan aud Zack crossed the open fields, cutting to their companions, and reynard found himself pursued by as fine a pack of hounds as New England boasts. They were hot on his trail and he was not more than a couple of minutes ahead of them when he came out of the cover and into an orchard intending to cross the road. Here Judge Emmons in his auxiety to get a glimpse of the chase, turned the fox back. The sharp turn gave him a chance to increase his lead a trifle, and a few minutes later he crossed the road a quarter of a mile below and just out of sight of the judge and his companions. The fox now entered a large tract of heavy cover and thick underbrush, and if he held his line would soon be in the open country aud give us all a fine view of the chase. But he had no intention of so doing. Just how he escaped the hounds is uncertain. Probably he turned sharply back and the hounds overrunning were unable to find his track on the crust. However that may be, certain it is that this promising race ended after a half-hour's sport. The pack worked hard to get on even terms with reynard again, but all to no purpose and he easily escaped.

Not long after this race came to an end Judge Goss saw Billy and Trailer working in a pasture. They soon jumped a fox and carried him off toward the south and were quickly out of hearing. The hounds came back not long after and either lost or drove their fox to ground.

The judges gave notice in the evening that they would call out all the hounds in the All-Age class on Friday morning, and also the Derby entries. Recitations, songs and stories made the evening pass all too soon.

FRIDAY.

The heavy storm clouds of Thursday still hung over us, but no snow fell till about 11 o'clock, and then it was scarcely more than a drizzle and did not interfere with the hunt. The thermometer stood higher than it had at any time since Monday, the snow was damp enough to hold the scent well, the wind had nearly died away, and all the old tracks had been obliterated by the freshly fallen snow.

By an arrangement made on Thursday evening, the Derby entries were to be given till 10 o'clock to show their quality, and then the All-Age hounds were to be ordered out for the last race of the trials. Accordingly, we started away with the youngsters at an early hour. It was their first experience on snow. and the Master of Hounds, L. O. Dennison, desired to give them every possible chance to make a successful run. It was not till 8:35, however, that a promising track was found. It led up hill through an orchard to cover. The Derby entries were lined up and cast off. They scarcely knew what to do. One or two poked their noses into the track and then took no further interest in it. It was much pleasanter, they thought, to race and gallop through the light snow and enjoy life, and they willingly followed us down the road when we returned to the farmhonse where the All-Age class was kenneled.

As it was desirable to make the awards in the Derby if possible, it was now decided to cast the youngsters off again with the old hounds. So we started once more with a pack of sixteen—for Pealer was still absent—and on a hill a couple of miles or more west of Magog Lake we let them all go. The All-Age hounds immediately took to the thick cover which extended down the hill, and the pups followed their example and went with them. The wind had now begun to rise, and standing about in the snow waiting for a start was but poor sport. Occasionally the sharp ear of some hunter could catch the distant note of a hound far in the swamp. Then all would be silent, and our spirits, which at no time had been high with hope, fell steadily to zero. Two or three of the party returued to the Magog House and thereby missed the finest chase in the annals of the Brunswick Fur Club.

A number of us had just succeeded in lighting a fire and getting it well to burning when the eager tonguing of the pack attracted every one's attention. A moment more and the short, choppy notes of the hounds told us that reynard was seeking safety in flight. The swamp and thick cover where the fox was jumped covered but a few acres and it took the hounds only a few minutes to force reynard to take to the open. When first seen Logan and Billy were in the lead with Zack close by. After circling once or twice in the valley, the chase swung over the crest of the hill on which the hounds had been cast off, aud here Sunmaid was pressing the leaders and every hound in the pack was hot on the scent. As the eight couples in full cry streamed down the hill to the swamp at its foot, Logan was in the lead by 30yds., then came Zack and Sunmaid neck and neck, aud close behind the pack. The fox was but little ahead of his pursuers. The scent was breast high, and even thus early in the race it was easy to see that he must run as he never ran before if he would save his brush.

Away toward the north sped reynard, and the music of the hounds grew faint in the distance. Climbing to the top of the hill, three of us found the whole region spread out at our feet like a map. Faint as a whisper rose the cry of the pack, and far away—so far that they looked like mere specks on the snow—could be seen the hounds sweeping over the open fields. The pace was wonderful—there was no break in the ringing music, no checks in the running. From the summit of the hill not a movement of the pack escaped us, and not for many a day will we forget that glorious run. The fox now came nearer to us, and tried in vain to throw off the pack in a swamp on the shore of One Island Pond. Failing in this, he made a turn close by the barn whence we had started in the morning, and then ran down the east shore of the pond only to return again to the orchard. His circles were growing smaller. He had no time to think. He lost his cunning. The terrific speed of the leaders now began to tell on the pack. Some hounds dropped behind—what ones we could not tell in the distance—but still those three flyers could be seen in the lead apparently running with the same speed and ease as at first. We knew from the dodging tactics which reynard had now adopted that it was all up with him. Making a last quick turn in the orchard, he found the stragglers from the pack in his front. He was surrounded but he made one more break for freedom. Over the stone wall into the road he went—all in vain. A moment later and the lead hounds ran into him. An instant after and the whole pack was worrying him and the hounds of the Brunswick Fur Club had accomplished a feat rarely done in New England—they had killed fairly on the ground in a chase lasting an hour and a half a fine old dog fox. To be sure the running conditions could not have been better. The scent was perfect and the snow probably impeded the fox more than it did the hounds. Yet though everything was in favor of the pack, the race remains a remarkable one and honors every honnd that was in at the kill. The mask and brush of the fox—the first to be run into by the B. F. C. pack—will be handsomely mounted and kept among the trophies of the club.

When we reached the fox he lay stretched out in the road on the blood-stained snow just as the hounds left him. Most of the pack was still there and Logan's muzzle was covered with blood from a sharp bite just below his eyes. His wonderful speed had doubtless carried him first to the fox and this honor should be added to the list of those won in former years.

In the evening the judges announced the awards as follows:

ALL-AGE STAKE.

Hunting Class—First, White Oak Hill Kennels' Zack; second, C. L. Wellington's Billy; third, R. D. Perry's Trailer.

Trailing—First, White Oak Hill Kennels' Sunmaid; second, White Oak Hill Kennels' Zack; third, R. D. Perry's Trailer.

Speed—Fist, J. M. White's Logan; second, White Oak Hill Kennels' Sunmaid; third, White Oak Hill Kennels' Zack.

Endurance—First, White Oak Hill Kennels' Zack, second, R. D. Perry's Trailer; third, J. M. White's Fly.

Tonguing—First, White Oak Hill Kennels' Sunmaid; second, J. M. White's Fly; third, White Oak Hill Kennels' Zack.

Style—First, White Oak Hill Kennels' Zack; second, J. M. White's Logau; third, J. M. White's Fly.

THE DERBY.

First, L. O. Dennison's Fury; second, R. D. Perry's Huskie; third, White Oak Hill Kennels' Katie Decatur.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Highest general average medal and *American Field* cup to White Oak Hill Kennels' Zack.

A. C. Heffenger's hunting medal to White Oak Hill Kennels' Zack.

N. Q. Pope's trailing medal to White Oak Hill Kennels' Sunmaid.

R. D. Perry's speed medal to J. M. White's Logan.

A. B. F. Kinney's endurance medal to White Oak Hill Kennels' Zack.

R. D. Perry's engraving, "A Promising Litter," to L. O. Dennison's Fury.

A club meeting was held in the evening. L. O Dennison, R. D. Perry and Bradford S. Turpin were appointed a committee to select date and place for the winter meet. S. B. Mills, Needham, Mass., was elected to membership. The meeting then adjourned and the field trials of 1894 were ended.

BRADLEY.

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Altcar Club Meeting.

THE Altcar Club's coursing meeting at Lacrosse, Kan. commencing Oct. 30, was a great success in spite of weather conditions. B. Hayman of Chicago judged very acceptably and Mr. Taylor attended both slips in good form. The results are as follows:

Altcar Cup.

For all-age greyhounds at $10 each (non-members $12.50): $100 added by the Altcar Club and 50 per cent. of entrance money to first, 25 per cent. to runner-up, 12½ per cent. to third.

First Round.

G. Macdougall's black and white dog Twister (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) *beat* St. Patrick Kennels' fawn bitch Olicana (imported) (Miller's Rab—Slander).

H. C. Lowe's white and black dog St. Lawrence (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) *beat* St. Patrick Kennels' white and black dog Beau Brummel (Dingwall—Miss Kitten).

D. C. Luse ns. (D. M. Slade's) fawn dog Laughed At (Norwegian—Buenerетiro) *a bye*, D. C. Luse's red bitch Fascination (Norwegian—Buenerетiro) drawn.

H. C. Lowe's white and black bitch Princess May (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) *beat* Eastern Coursing Kennels' black dog Judge Burnaby (Burnaby—Drytime).

Q. Van Hummell's brindle bitch Viola (Babazoun—Verdure Clad) *beat* Eastern Coursing Kennels' black dog Will o' the Wisp (Burnaby—Drytime).

H. C. Lowe's red dog Lord Douglas (Lord Neversettle—Partera) *beat* R. S. Howard ns (A. Johnson's) black and white dog Rhaon Dhu (Major Glendyne—Daisy Dublin).

H. C. Lowe's white and black dog Prince Charlie (Lord Neversettle—White Lips), *beat* S. W. Vidler ns. (C. Walker's) red dog Vanness (Babazoun—Verdure Clad).

Q. Van Hummell's brindled dog Van Tromp (Lord Neversettle—Partera), *beat* J. Andrews's fawn dog Punch, pedigree not given.

Eastern Coursing Kennel's brindled bitch Miss Dollar III. (Eden Castle—Miss Harkness), *beat* St. Patrick Kennel's white and black dog Border Ruffian (Dingwall—Miss Kitten).

Eastern Coursing Kennel's black and white bitch Southern Belle (Laocoon—Axis), *beat* Q. Van Hummell's brindled bitch Valkyrie (Lord Neversettle—Partera).

M. Harrison's red dog Boundaway (Lord Neversettle—Partera), *beat* Eastern Coursing Kennel's white and fawn dog Jim Roy (imported) (Page Boy—Park Lane Beauty).

D. C. Luse ns. (L. M. Airhart's) brindled dog Ketchem (Major—Clipper), *beat* St. Patrick Kennel's white and black dog Boomerang (Lord Neversettle—White Lips).

Second Round.

Twister beat St. Lawrence.
Princess May beat Laughed At.
Viola beat Lord Douglas.
Prince Charlie beat Van Tromp.
Miss Dollar III beat Boundaway.
Ketchem beat Southern Belle.

Third Round.

Twister beat Princess May.
Prince Charlie beat Viola.
Ketchem beat Miss Dollar III.

Fourth Round.

Prince Charlie beat Twister.
Ketchem, a bye.

Deciding Course.

Prince Charlie beat Ketchem, and won.

The Colorado Stakes.

For dog puppies at $10 each ($12.50 non-members), $5 added by the Altcar Club and 50 per cent. of entrance money to the winner, 25 per cent to runner-up, 12½ per cent. to third.

First Round.

R. L. Lee's red dog Donald (Babazoun—Tony) *beat* Q. Van Hummell's white and fawn dog Van Dee (Lord Neversettle—Verdure Clad).

St. Patrick Kennels ns. (H. B. Hersey's) white and brindle dog Baron (Boomerang—Pearl of Pekin) *a bye*, St. Patrick Kennels' red dog Billy For Short (Miller's Rab—Comedy) drawn.

J. Andrews's blue dog Moses (pedigree unknown) *beat* Q. Van Hummell's brindle and white dog Van Tine (Lord Neversettle—Verdure Clad).

H. C. Lowe's black dog High Curly (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) *beat* Sunflower Kennels' red dog Extra Dry (Glenkirk—Scandle).

Eastern Coursing Kennels' fawn dog Dakota (Glenkirk—Gilda) *beat* St. Patrick Kennels' blue dog Brother Jonathan (Dingwal—Novenery).

Sunflower Kennels' red dog Sorrento (Glenkirk—Scandal) *beat* S. W. Vidler's fawn dog Valdimir (Miller's Rab—Comedy).

Q. Van Hummell's white and brindle dog Van Otjen (Lord Neversettle—Verdure Clad), *beat* L. Peebler's red dog Lambright (Norwegian—Buenerетiro).

S. W. Vidler's black dog Vizier (Miller's Rab—Comedy), *beat* R. L. Lee's red dog Montana (Babazoun—Tony).

Q. Van Hummell's brindle and white dog Van Aafke (Lord Neversettle—Verdure Clad), *a bye*.

Second Round.

Baron beat Donald.
High Curly beat Moses.
Dakota beat Van Otjen.
Van Aafke beat Sorrento.
Vizier, a bye.

Third Round.

Baron beat High Curly.
Van Aafke beat Vizier.
Dakota, a bye.

Fourth Round.

Van Aafke beat Dakota.
Baron, a bye.

Deciding Course.

Baron beat Van Aafke and won.

The Kansas Stakes.

For bitch puppies at $10 each (non-members $12.50). Prize, same as in Colorado Stakes.

First Round.

H. C. Lowe's white and black bitch Lady Alko (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) *beat* St. Patrick Kennels' red bitch Blister (Glenkirk—Innocence).

Eastern Coursing Kennels' red bitch Butterflies (Royal Crest—Drytime) *beat* R. S. Howard ns. (D. M. Sidle's) red bitch Siddie Secret (Laughed At—Lady Maud).

Dr. Q. Van Hummell's brindle and white bitch Van Ollie (Gem of the Season—Wild Rose) *beat* C. Audas's brindle bitch Queen Victoria (Spot—Lulu).

R. S. Howard ns (D. M. Sidle's) black bitch Lizzie Lee (Norwegian—Dick's Darling) *beat* H. C. Lowe's brindle and white bitch Lonely (Lord Neversettle—Partera).

D. C. Luse's fawn bitch Fascination (Norwegian—Bueneretlro) *beat* S. W. Vidder's black bitch Valletta (Miller's Rah—Comedy).

Dr. J. M. Norman ns. (J. P. Cochran's fawn and white bitch Pearl (Laughed At—Lady Maud) *a bye.*

Second Roudd.

Butterflies beat Lady Alko. Pearl beat Fascination.
Lizzie Lee a bye; Van Ollie dr.

Third Round.

Pearl beat Butterflies. Lizzie Lee a bye.

Deciding Course.

Pearl beat Lizzie Lee and won.

B.

[Our report not having arrived on time we can only give the results this week.]

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Executive Committee Meeting.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1894.

Official Reports 1893-4.

The twelfth annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association was held in Albany on Nov. 12, Com. Witherbee presiding. The meeting was called to order at 10 A. M. in a parlor of the Hotel Kenmore, the following officers and members being present: Com. W. C. Witherbee, Sec.-Treas. C. E. Cragge, Librarian W. P. Stephens; Atlantic Division, Vice-Com. H. L. Quick, Purser Thos. Hale, Jr., ex-Com. I. V. Dorland, J. K. Hand and H. H. Smythe; Central Division, Vice-Com. C. G. Belman, Purser W. S. Hackett, ex-Com. W. R. Huntington; Eastern Division, Vice-Com. R. Appollonio. Purser Cutler by proxy, A. W. Dodd, ex-Com. Dr. G. L. Parmele; Northern Division, Vice-Com. W. L. Scott, Rear-Com. J. W. Sparrow. Messrs. Wilkin, Butler and Winne of the board of governors were present, while Mr. Edwards was represented by Mr. Scott. There were also present Messrs. F. A. Nickerson, F. H. Metcalf, J. R. Robertson, L. W. Francis, L. B. Palmer, W. L. Dudley, R. A. Wadsworth and W. B. Davidson.

The minutes of the previous meeting not being at hand, a motion was carried to dispense with the reading of them. The reports of the secretary-treasurer and the camp-site committee were then read and accepted. The report of the Atlantic Division was read, and ex-Com. Dorland called attention to the interpretation therein of the word "receipts" in Chap. I., Sec. 2 of the by-laws, under which the back dues for previous years collected in 1894 were not included in the total receipts to be paid to the A. C. A. treasury. After remarks by several members, the following motion was offered by Vice-Com. Quick, seconded by Dr. Parmele:

Resolved, That it is the sense of the executive committee that Par. 2, Sec. 2, Chap. I. of the by-laws be construed as follows: "The receipts for the Division in which the meet is held shall include all moneys received during that year; and the percentage due the Association from the other divisions shall be figured on the total of all dues and entrance fees received during the year."

On motion of Mr. Dorland, the report was ordered returned to the purser for correction, there being still due to the A. C. A. treasury some $25 more under the above ruling.

The reports of the Central, Eastern and Northern Divisions were then read and accepted. The proposal of Sec'y-Treas. Douglass, published in the Forest and Stream of Oct. 27, to amend the Constitution in Art. V., Sec. 2, par. 8, to make the terms of the Division officers concurrent with those of the Association officers, from Oct 1; was taken up after discussion was carried.

Com. Witherbee then announced the following committees for 1895: Camp Site: W. R. Huntington, chairman; J. R. Robertson, L. W. Francis and Clarence Ashenden. Regatta: M. V. Brokaw, chairman; F. A. Nickerson, H. R. Tilley. Transportation: C. V. Winne, J. K. Hand, F. H. Metcalf, R. E. Burns. Signal Officer: Dr. C. A. Neidé. Fleet Surgeon: Dr. W. M. Nellis.

Mr. Huntington then made a verbal report for the new campsite committee; the following motion, by Mr. Dorland, seconded by Vice-Com. Belman, being passed after a brief discussion: Resolved, That the report of the camp site committee for 1895 be accepted, and that their recommendation, that Bluff Point, on Lake Champlain, be selected as the site of the 1895 camp, be concurred in. Considerable discussion followed over the matter of the date, whether from Aug. 9 to 16, or Aug. 9 to 23, the latter being finally adopted. Mrs. H. V. Backus, of Rochester, was elected an associate member; other names presented too late for publication in advance being left for a vote by mail.

Mr. Winne tendered to the canoeists present, on behalf of the Mohicon C. C. an invitation to a "Commers" at the Fort Orange Club in the evening, which was accepted with a vote of thanks. Mr. Stephens, as chairman of the special committee on future camp sites, then called the attention of the executive committee to the motion of Mr. Wilkin adopted at a meeting of the persons in camp at the last meet, instructing the executive committee to discharge the committee; requesting that this be done. Mr. Wilkin spoke on the question, again urging the discharge of the committee. After a little discussion, a motion to adjourn was carried, and all went to lunch with Com. Witherbee in the hotel dining room. When the meeting re-convened at 2.40 P. M. Mr. Dorland brought up the question of the site committee, speaking very strongly of the work expected of the committee, and of the discourteous reception which their efforts had met, finally moving, in accordance with the wishes of the different members, that the committee be discharged, which was done.

The report of the retiring regatta committee was not at hand, but the chairman, Vice-Com. Quick, introduced a proposal to institute handicaps by classes in those races outside of the trophy, record and unlimited, the general plan proposed being to place the racing men in one of three classes, with a fixed allowance for each class. Several plans were suggested by which the three classes could be made to finish without time allowance to be added afterward. The plan met with general approval, and the following motion was adopted, as offered by Vice-Com. Quick: Resolved, That it is the sense of the executive committee that the regatta committee shall make all races as far as possible handicap races, except the trophy and record races; and that the handicapping be made in difference of time in starting. All the details will be left to the new regatta committee. Vice-Com. Quick then called attention to the growing practice of giving valuable prizes, presented for the purpose to the Association, in addition to the silk flags as called for by the racing rules. No action was taken.

A long discussion followed over the revising of the list of lady members, being ended at last by a motion to instruct the vice-commodore of each division to appoint a special committee from the division executive committee with power to revise the list for that division, to report to the secretary-treasury by Feb. 1. The matter of omitting the flags of the various canoe clubs from the Year Book was discussed, and it was decided that in view of the considerable cost of revising and correcting the present plates, the flags be omitted. The meeting then adjourned.

A meeting of the Board of Governors was held at 4 P. M., there being present Com. Witherbee, Sec.-Treas. Cragge, Pres. Wilkin, and Messrs. Huntington, representing Mr. Winne, the recorder, Butler and Scott, the latter representing Mr. Edwards. After a full discussion of the finances of the Association, it was voted to set aside the present balance of about $650 for a temporary sinking fund, and to apportion 80 per cent. of the income for 1895 for the expenses of the year, the balance to be added to the sinking fund. To accommodate the secretary-treasurer until the next year's dues are collected, the sum of $250 was advanced from the sinking fund, the balance to be deposited in the hands of the president and recorder. It was resolved that in cases where a meeting may not be necessary, a mail vote may be taken, and that no money shall be appropriated for any purpose except upon the affirmative vote of three members of the board.

At 7:30 the committee and visiting canoeists to the number of 42 assembled in one of the hotel dining rooms as the guests of Com. Witherbee, a very elegant dinner being spread for them. When the dinner terminated at 10 o'clock, a delegation from the Mohican C. C. was in waiting to escort the entire party to the Fort Orange Club, where an elegant and substantial cold spread, with pipes and beer, was prepared in a large inclosed piazza of the club house. The orchestra from the hotel dining room was already in position in a high balcony when the guests reached the club house, and played throughout the evening. Among the large number present were many old A. C. A. men, and the whole affair was a most enjoyable reunion of old friends. The fun kept up with songs, stories and dancing until the visitors from out of town departed to catch the early morning trains, long after midnight, all carrying with them a lively appreciation of the hospitality both of Com. Witherbee and the Mohicans.

Report of Secretary-Treasurer, 1894.

Receipts.

To balance sec.-treas. R. Easton Burns, as per report	$278 14
To which was added an increase from Northern Division of	3 71
And a remittance from the K. C. C. to be credited to 1893 of	5 00
Making an actual balance of	$286 85
In addition Mr. Burns turned over $25 worth of transportation on the N. Y. Central R.R., which I sold at the rate of a fare and a third, for a net result of	16 67
Atlantic Division, full income	326 00
Central Division, 30%	63 30
Eastern Division, 30%	100 20
Year Book	551 17
Postage on Year Book	43 92
Camp dues	273 00
Sale signal codes	5 60
Camp site committee, returned amount overpaid	29 45
Subscriptions for regatta expenses	55 00
Total	$1,751 16
Nov. 9, Northern Division, 30%	31 20
Final total	$1,782 36

Expenditures.

Office expenses	$50 95
General expenses	28 80
Express charges	11 55
Year Book	372 25
Postage and addressing Year Books	50 00
Camp site committee	344 60
Regatta committee ($48.29) prize flags ($23.25)	71 54
Camp expenses, paid by secretary-treasurer	243 52
Balance	609 15
	$1,782 36

There are no claims against the Association, or outstanding bills.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 9, 1894. Geo. P. Douglass, Sec.-Treas.

The undersigned committee appointed by Commodore Irving V. Dorland, to audit the accounts of the Sec.-Treas., George P. Douglass, find the same correctly kept and properly vouched.

Harry S Farmer, No. 1553. } Auditors.
Richard Hobart, No. 1260. }

Report of Camp Site Committee.

Brooklyn, Oct. 23.—*Irving V. Dorland, Esq., Commodore A. C. A.:* In accordance with the custom your camp site committee beg to hand you its annual report of the expenses attending the arrangements of the camp located at Croton Point on the Hudson, 1894.

The committee's expenditures in full were as follows:

Expenditures.

Labor, 15 men in all, and also for teams, etc	$371 87
Lumber	379 03
Three pumps, nails, tubing, etc	16 85
Flag poles, etc	29 20
Printing receipts, etc., also for postage and expenses at camp	12 50
Making change	70
	$810 15

Receipts.

Receipts from Geo. P. Douglas, Sec'y-Treas	$315 15
From members for labor and lumber	439 50
From W. A. Underhill Brick Co., lumber, pumps, flag poles, etc., sold	55 50
	$810 15

Of the above expenditures your committee feels that it is proper to call your attention to one item, namely, that of the work done and material used for headquarters, which was $45.80.

The balance of the charges were for the benefit of every member of the camp, and this item we feel, should stand by itself, so as to become a record for future administrations.

Your committee further report that it has in hand outstanding bills of $2.50, two of which it is unable to locate, and one which is contested, and in regard to these matters we recommend that no further action be taken.

Trusting that the work of the committee has met with the approval of the members this report is respectfully submitted.

Robert J. Wilkin, Roland N. Cutter, Raymond Apollonio, } Camp Site Committee, A. C. A., 1894.

Brooklyn, Oct. 23, 1894.

Audited and found correct.

Percy F. Hogan, W. McK. Miller } Auditors.

Reports of Pursers.

Atlantic Division.

Receipts.

Balance from Purser F. L. Dunnell	$86 73
Dues from 1892	3 00
" " 1893	21 00
" " 1894	275 00
" " 1895	1 00
Entrance fees, 1894	70 00
Regatta Committee	5 00
R. B. Burchard '94 acc't. am't returned from '93 appropriation	3 00
	$464 73

Expenditures

Regatta Committee, 1893	$3 50
Office expenses	44 09
Postage—A. C. A. Year Book	13 00
Secretary-Treasurer, G. P. Douglass	326 00
Collection charges	26 20
Balance	51 94
	$464 73
Nov. 1, 1894, balance to Purser T. Hale, Jr.	51 94

Membership.

Members, Oct. 1, 1893	293
New members	70
Reinstated	3
	366
Resigned	4
Transferred	2
Dropped	85—91
Total membership Nov. 1, 1894	275

F. L. Dunnell, Purser.

Audited and found correct.

Robert H. Peebles, Thos. Hale, Jr. } Audltors.

Central Division.

Membership.

Number of members, as per last report	147
New members	25
Transferred from other divisions	2
Reinstated 23, dropped 9. Gain	14
Present membership	188

Receipts.

Balance from C. E. Wardwell, Purser	$301 29
Back dues	13 00
Dues for current year	163 00
Entrance fees	25 00
	$512 29

Expenditures.

Express on hooks	$ 85
Printing circulars, etc	17 00
Printing	1 00
Postage on Year Books	7 04
A. C. A. Treas (30% dues and fees to date)	57 90
Printing and envelopes	1 50
Office expenses for year	10 47
A. C. A. Treas., bal. of 30%	5 40
Balance on hand	411 13
	$512 29

Port Henry, N. Y., Oct. 31. Chas. E. Cragg, Purser.

Audited and found correct.

C. A. Neide, No. 14, S. W. Francis No. 2357, Wallace Foote, Jr., No. 2630, } Auditors.

Eastern Division.

Receipts.

Balance Oct. 1, 1893	$42 73
Dues, 1893	1 00
Dues, 1894	281 00
Initiation fees	52 00
	$376 73

Expenditures.

Stationery, printing, etc	$39 10
Postage on Year Books	16 80
Expense at Eastern Division meet	187 31
Sundry office expenses	14 66
Thirty per cent. dues A. C. A. Treasurer	100 20
Balance Nov. 5, 1894	18 66
	$376 73

Membership.

Number of members Nov. 1, 1893	340
New members	52
Reinstated	1
	393
Dropped for non-payment	103
Resigned	8
Died	1—112
Number of members Nov. 5, 1894	281

Boston, Nov. 5. R. Apollonio, Purser.

Northern Division.

Receipts.

Amount forward former purser	$ 92
Dues, 1894	104 00
	$104 92

Expenditures.

Printing and stationery	$ 8 75
Postage	13 47
Sundries, cartage and expenses	1 70
Thirty per cent. to Sec'y Douglass	31 20
Cash on hand	49 80
	$104 92

Membership.

Number of members 1893	176
Reinstated	1
New members	7
	184
Dropped	89
Present membership	95

J. R. Kinghorn, Purser.

The above report has been audited by auditors appointed by Commodore Molson and found to be correct.

Edw. Pratt, Chas. E. Archbald, } Auditors.

A. C. A. Membership.

Central Division: Miss Margaret C. McVean, Miss Marie B. McVean, Mrs. Augustus M. McDonell, Rochester, N. Y.

Yachting.

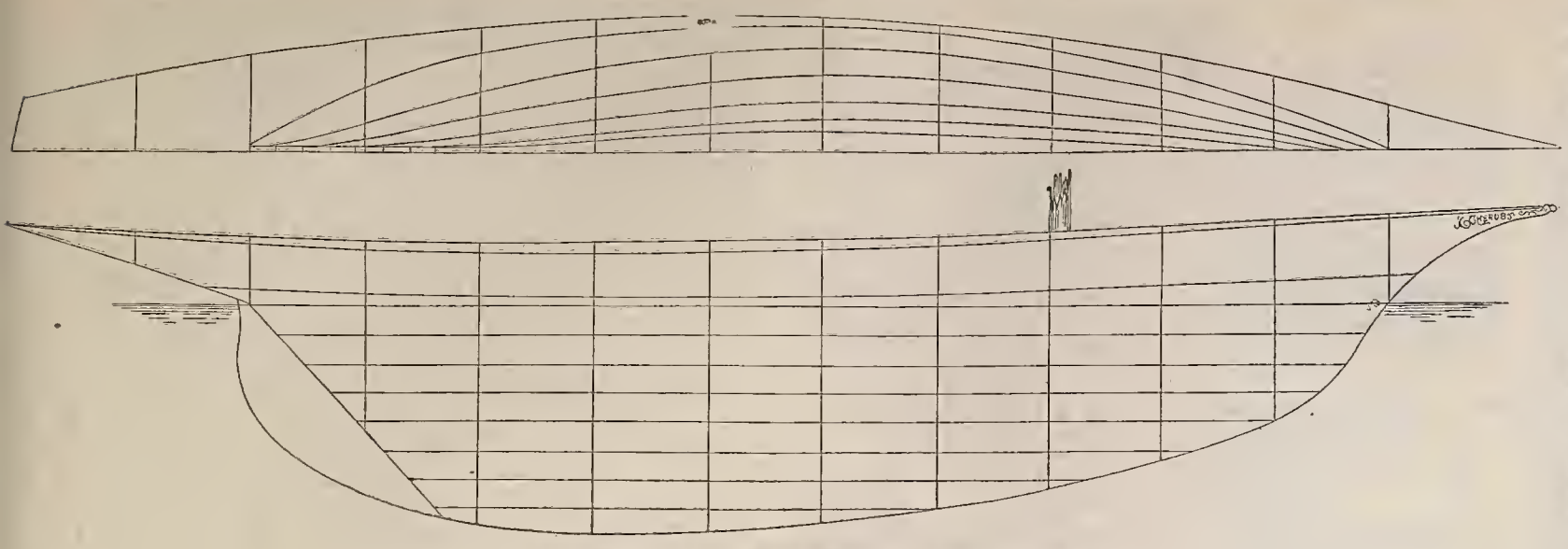
Lord Dunraven's request for the marking and measurement of the load waterline and the limitation of crews is not only fair and reasonable, but the necessity for some such measurer was made plain by the case of Vigilant's "ballast crew." If no limits be fixed and the rules be left in their present imperfect state, the only result will be an inducement to further evasion by both parties, destroying the equality of prime conditions which should exist in such important international contests; and leading to disputes over interpretations of obscure and defective rules. If an unlimited crew can be used to advantage in such big craft, then the challenger will doubtless be prepared to go quite as far as the defender in the future; and we may see the plan in practice which was seriously discussed on Vigilant in the last cup races, of slinging the crew in life lines outside the rail. All the details of crew, measurement and ballast should be governed by fixed rules, made before the yachts are designed.

The request that all windward and leeward matches be started dead to windward is fair in itself, in fact, such a stipulation was carefully inserted in the new deed of gift; but such a start is often difficult to obtain without going far off shore. It is quite unlikely that the Cup committee will be any less anxious for a windward course than Lord Dunraven himself; but to agree positively on a start dead to windward would mean still more numerous failures and postponements.

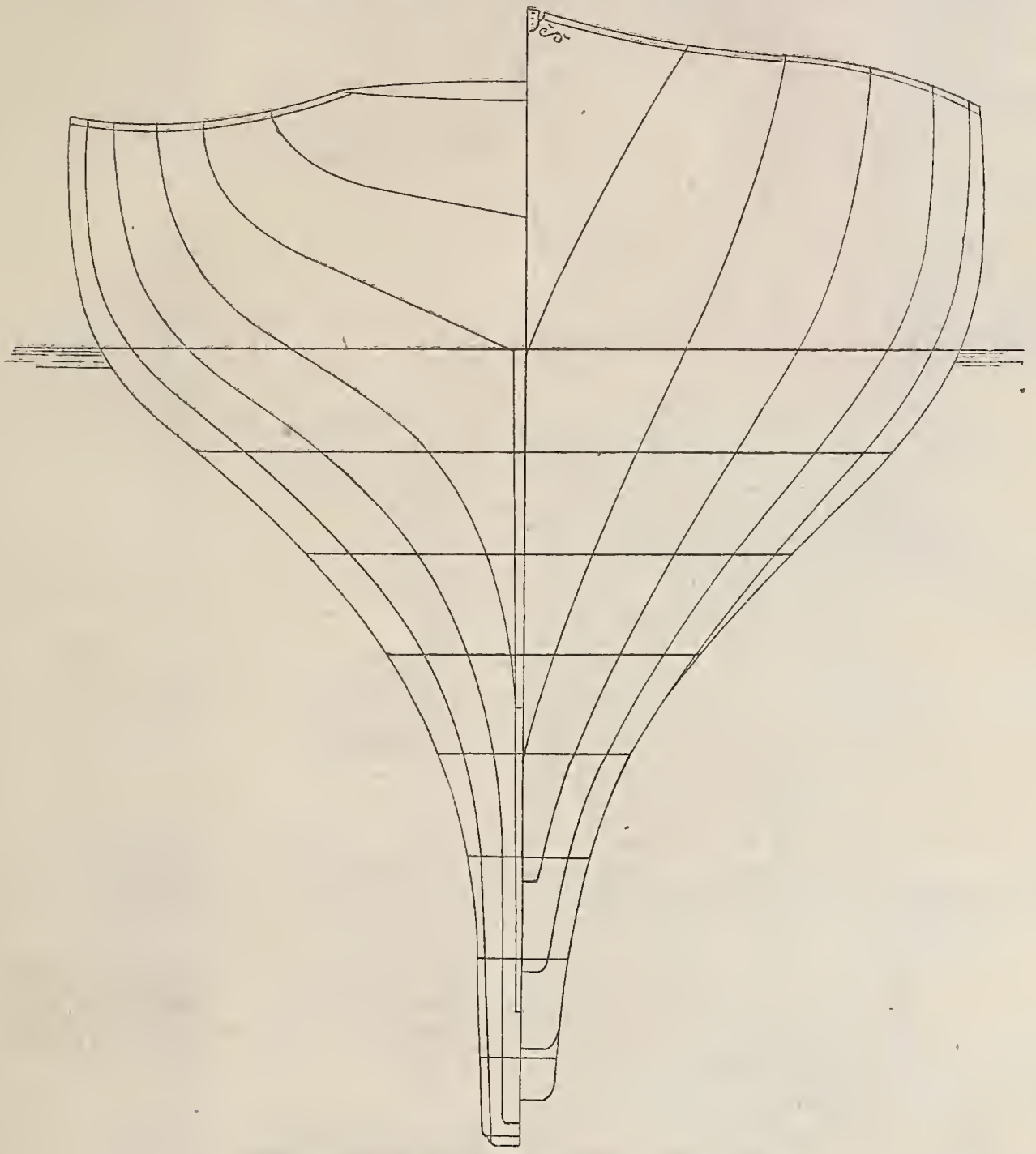
The question of a limit to size and sail area is an important one to both parties, and should Lord Dunraven's request be acceded to, either by the adoption of a sailing length limit or, what would be much the same, by a mutual agreement not to exceed a certain area of sail for a waterline of not over 90ft., the races would be more interesting and both parties would be the gainers by the removal of the existing incentive to outbuilding and overcanvassing. The records of the past four contests show that the defender has always gained by having the more powerful boat and the larger sail plan; but just as soon as this advantage is appreciated by the other side, it must disappear, the challenger also availing himself of it. There is every indication at present that Mr. Watson and Lord Dunraven will profit by the experience of Valkyrie with Vigilant and by the knowledge of the latter boat gained this year; and that the new challenger will be up to the 90ft. limit and sparred and canvassed for Sandy Hook and not for the Solent or the Irish Sea. Should this prove to be the case, the margin for overpowering the challenger, which has been utilized so successfully in the cases of Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer and Vigilant, will have disappeared, and while challenger and defender must share equally the risks attendant upon over-sparring, neither can gain materially from an excess of size.

If it can be assured that, even in going to the 90ft. limit, Mr. Watson would build a yacht of Valkyrie's power, leaving the defenders free to again outbuild, it would be good judgment for the club to decline to place any limit on sail. All the circumstances, however, point in the opposite direction of a very large and powerful boat as challenger; so large that a new attempt at outbuilding will involve dangerous risks to spars and gear. It rests with the New York Y. C. to place the entire contest on a fairer footing, with advantage to both parties, by removing the existing premium to a dangerous rivalry in overpowering.

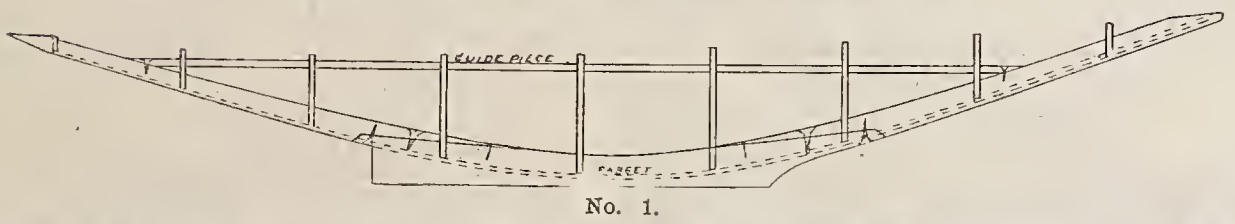
Lord Dunraven's letter clearly shows that nothing final has been done, and that the design is still open to changes, according to the conditions to be agreed upon. With the matter in this state, a word from the New York Y. C. would no doubt remove the competition to a smaller class than 90ft., an advantage to the defender rather than the challenger, but which the latter would probably agree to. Whatever appens, the '87-footer" of 1893 is out of date, as much so as May



ENGLISH DESIGN FOR MODEL YACHT—1893.



BODY PLAN OF ENGLISH DESIGN—ONE-HALF SIZE.



No. 1.

flower or Puritan; the only logical choice is between the voluntary selection of such a length as 70 or 80ft., and the building to the limit, 90ft.

THE request for a change of location from New York to Marblehead we can only look upon as most unreasonable and unwise. Apart from the almost absolute certainty that the request would be refused, it is one that, if granted, would be of no special benefit to the challenger, though causing much unnecessary trouble and expense to the defender. The chances of Valkyrie or a new boat off Marblehead would not be one whit better than off Sandy Hook; there is no more certainty of strong winds or even moderate breezes such as would make a race within the time limit. The gain in distance to the starting line, while an advantage over the Sandy Hook course, would be more than offset by a fleet of small sailboats that would be more dangerous by far than any big steamers. It is safe to say that on such an occasion Massachusetts Bay could turn out a fleet of 300 craft under 30ft., catboats and fishing craft, that would crowd the course in a way to make all sailing of 90ft. yachts a most dangerous proceeding. Something of this kind, unknown about New York on account of the distance, was seen in 1886 when Mayflower sailed her first race, and a year later when she raced with Galatea. As long as Americans want to witness the races and are willing to pay liberally for the privilege, so long will steamers be found to carry them, whether at New York, Newport or Marblehead, and a change to the latter place would show no improvement in this respect. The danger of an interference with a race, if not of collision, is as serious; but it is no worse outside the Hook than it would be elsewhere: in fact, as we have noted, the distance from a secure harbor keeps the small boats away, and the steamboat inspection laws to a certain extent keep off the smaller steam craft with only inside licenses. The great trouble lies with the largest and fastest steamboats, owned by large corporations, the heads of which in several instances are members of the New York Y. C. The first cause of the crowding and blanketing lies in the desire of these companies to secure a few more passengers at so many dollars per head, the spectators soon finding out and rewarding with their patronage the boats which crowd closest to the yachts regardless of fair play. The disciplining by their employers of one or two captains of the more flagrant offenders would exercise a wholesome restraint on the whole fleet of passenger boats.

It is probable that Lord Dunraven has been misled by the clamor of interested parties into the belief that yachtsmen generally would favor the sailing of the races elsewhere than in New York. In making this request, however, he has weakened the whole force of his letter.

THE proposal for the selection of the challenger from a fleet, by means of trial races, the privilege now allowed only to the defender, is only in accord with modern and advanced racing methods, in putting all parties on the same footing. While the time will probably come when the challenger for the America's Cup will be selected in this way it is quite clear that no such proposal would be agreed to now, and it might better have been omitted altogether.

WHILE not a direct challenge for the America Cup, Lord Dunraven's letter may be taken as a positive assurance of his intention to challenge provided no disagreement may arise over the conditions. Under a literal construction of the new deed of gift, the letter, not being a challenge in due form, the club is under no obligations to recognize or reply to it. At the same time it is such an overture for a mutual agreement as must constitute the foundation of every fair match between any two parties, the first step to a challenge under the true deed of gift. While it has already been characterized as a demand upon the New York Y. C. for more "generous concessions;" it is only fair and just to admit that a man who stands ready to put a small fortune into a yacht to sail five races should at least have the privilege of intimating his wishes as to the terms. As long as there is maintained even a pretense of a "mutual agreement" there can be no justification for the cry of "generous concessions" which has been raised whenever a challenger has ventured to ask for a departure from terms which, as is now clearly recognized, were from the beginning unlawful and unfair.

TAKING up the letter in detail, the first striking point is the entire omission of the vital question between challenger and holder, the terms upon which the cup, if won, shall be held. The allusion to the "terms and conditions governing the Vigilant-Valkyrie matches", fails to cover the point, for the reason that nobody knows what these terms were in the matter of holding the Cup. If it is assumed on all hands that Lord Dunraven is merely coming over for the sport of racing, with no hope of winning the Cup, then it makes no difference as to the conditions on which it might be held if won. So far from this being the case, it is plainly evident that Lord Dunraven has strong hopes of success in the new venture, and in that case he is no less concerned in the holding than in the winning of the Cup. The matter is one which should be finally settled, either by the formal recognition by Lord Dunraven and the club which backs his challenge of the new deed as a legal document; or by the formal abrogation by the New York Y. C. of some of the more objectionable of its provisions. If this is not done and the challenger should win, there must inevitably be a dispute over the delivery and holding of the trophy.

Model Yacht Building.—II.

(*Continued from Page 413.*)

THE design for a built-up model should have the cross section lines not over 3in. apart, and if the planking is to be very thin, say ⅛in., 2½in. is better, as these lines represent the distance apart of the frames. The design should also show the rabbet line, marking where the planking joins the stem, stern and keel.

The first thing to do is to make your body plan, showing the sections for both the fore body and after body. This done cut a pattern for each section, out of heavy paper or cardboard, and then cut off as much from the outer edge as would be equal to the thickness of the plank.

Instead of the body plan given last week, showing but one-half of each section, it will be necessary to draw one full plan for the fore body and one for the after body; each showing the two corresponding sides of each section. Draw a line straight up and down on the paper you have prepared for a body plan, and a line across at the waterline, now lay your pattern down and mark one side, turn the pattern over and mark the other, being careful to keep the center and waterlines at their proper places. After you have all the sections marked off in this manner draw a line parallel with and above the waterline about ½in. below the upper end of the lowest section in the after body plan, and at the same point on the forward body plan, this we will call the guide line, as by this line all the guides are set up. This line should also show on the profile plan for marking the keel. We are now ready to commence work.

This description is for a yacht built entirely of white cedar, although some model yacht builders use other woods for keel and frames, yet cedar is generally used for the planking.

Select a clear, straight-grained board of white cedar 12ft. long, 1¼in. thick, and about 10 to 12in. wide, this is sufficient, if properly cut, to make the entire boat. Have this planed on both sides and then cut in two at the middle, making two pieces, each 6ft. long. The better of these, the one that is freer from knots and straight in the grain, should be sawed into strips $^{3}/_{16}$in. in thickness, and sawed with the grain; these strips, which will be 1¼in. wide, or nearly so, must be sawed once more through the center. This is your planking, $^{3}/_{16}$in. thick, and a little over ½in. wide. Lay it aside to dry while you are setting up the frame.

Now mark and saw out the keel on the other piece of the plank, which should properly be in three pieces, joined as per diagram, by screws and glue. The object in making the backbone in three pieces is to have all parts of the keel straight with the grain of the wood. After it is all together plane down to the thickness required by the design, the after end or dead wood to be tapered down until it is the proper thickness at the sternpost, otherwise the rabbet line will not be correct, nor will the frames of the counter set in their right position.

Now lay the keel on the design and mark at each end where the guide line comes; get out a square piece of pine the same size square as the thickness of the keel, bevel the ends so that it will fit nicely in the keel, with the upper side exactly on the guide lines at each end, and fasten with screws. (See No. 1.)

Now lay the keel on the design and mark each cross section line on the keel and also on the guide piece. Then mark the rabbet line on the keel and cut out to the depth required for the thickness of the plank. Care must be taken in cutting this line to keep a square corner at the bottom and at the proper angle for the plank to lay in, as it comes in different places along the keel and overhang.

Now mortise for the frames. Those in the forward body must be cut from the line forward the width of the frames, and those in the after body cut aft of the line.

Now take the pieces that were left from sawing out the keel and have them resawed to one-half the thickness and planed down to three-eighths or seven-sixteenths Take the pattern from your body plans and mark with a fine-pointed pencil all the frames on these pieces, being careful to keep them with the grain of the wood as much as possible, and have them sawed out with a fine band saw. Number each frame as you mark it out, and also mark the guide line and each diagonal line on every frame.

Bevel the frames, taking the bevels for each frame from the diagonal lines and deck lines on the half breadth plan. After the frames are beveled tack a strip on each pair of frames, of the length to hold them the right distance apart, the under side of the strip even with the guide line. Mark the exact center of this strip and place this mark over a center line drawn on the guide piece of the keel, then fit the ends of the frames in the mortises until the strip just touches the guide piece. Tack the strip to guide piece, and set the ends of frames in keel with glue, fastening with screws or wire nails.

After the frames are all in cut out the stern piece for the end of the overhang; this is to be made of some moderately hard wood such as cherry or light mahogany. It should have a rabbet line cut on the underside for the ends of the plank, and should be deep enough to form a part of the rail around the deck. Fit to the end of overhang by mortising and set in glue with screws to fasten.

Now take two of the plank strips and fasten them temporarily around the upper ends of the frames, with small screws fasten an end of each plank to the stern piece, then spring them together at the center and tie them by passing a stout string around them. Beginning at the stern, screw them to the frames, one screw to each frame is sufficient to hold them in place, one screw on each side alternately, until you reach the center, then remove the string and spring the plank together at the bow and tie, being very careful to spring them evenly; then finish screwing them on, cutting the forward ends so that they will lay in the rabbet line, when the last screw on each side fastens them to stem of the keel.

You are now ready to commence planking. The first plank, called the garboard, requires considerable care to make a good fit. Take a short piece just long enough to lay into the rabbet line, so that the ends will work into the line at either end, the upper edge to be perfectly straight; cut away the lower edge until it fits nicely into the rabbet at the lowest point and both ends are an equal distance down from the temporary sheer plank. Fasten with ½in. No. 1 brass screws; where the plank is wide enough use two screws to each frame, one at the top and one at the bottom, and on this plank put one screw between each of the frames, screwing the plank to the keel. Use a small brad awl to make a hole through the plank, and just enter the point into the frame, then turn the screws in until they countersink themselves a little below the surface, so you will not hit them when planing off. When the garboard on one side is set, turn the boat over and put one on the other side in the same manner.

Next fit a plank on each side by simply trimming the ends to fit the rabbet line, and if necessary, on account of curve of the frames, bevel the lower edge to a fit to the garboard, this should be done wherever necessary all the way up the side so that the plank will touch each other both inside and outside. Place only one plank on each side at a time, carrying both sides up together, fasten each plank with two screws to each frame, and two in each end to the keel or stem.

Plank about one-third the way up on each side, using the straight plank. Then stop and measure the distance that remains to be planked on each frame. Take the longest distance you find and see how many planks it will take to finish. Then divide the distance on each of the others into the same number of equal parts. This will give you the width of the planks at different points. Cut one of the planks down to use as a pattern, and mark and cut the others by it as you go along. Plank about half of the remaining distance up, and then measure over again to see if you are going to come out right at the top. The object of this is to keep the planks as nearly as possible of a uniform width at the ends. When you have planked as far as you can go, take off the temporary sheer plank and finish up to top of the frames. A good way to hold the planks in place while fastening them is to have about a dozen small screw clamps. Hold the plank with these to every second frame. Put the screws in the intermediate frames, then remove the clamps and put in the balance of the screws.

Now cut away the surplus wood at the stem, and with a small block plane, set very fine, go all over the boat, taking off any sharp corners where the planks are joined, and sandpaper down smooth.

Now take some heavy muslin and cut into strips wide enough to just cover the inside of the planks between the frames, and fasten these pieces in with glue or thick shellac, rubbing them down smooth with the hand. After they are thoroughly dry, the whole inside of the boat should have three coats of white lead mixed with oil and turpentine and a little lamphlack, just enough to give it a slate color. Allow each coat to get perfectly dry before applying the next one.

The next thing to do is to place the deck beams in position; there are several ways of putting the deck on a model yacht, but I will only describe one—the simplest of all. First screw one of the planks to the inside of the frames so that the upper edge is ½in. below the upper edge of the sheer plank. This forms a shelf or support for the deck beams, and at the same time stiffens the whole boat, use the pieces of plank which you have left from the planking, cut the upper edge to the curve you want for the rise of the deck; cut them of the length to reach across inside of the sheer plank and rest them on the inside plank and put one screw in each end to the side of the frames. As

fast as you put in the deck beams remove the strips which are under them, and when all are in, loosen the guide piece and draw it out. Insert two pieces of the plank to form the sides of the hatch, nailing them securely to the deck beams that form the forward and after ends of the hatch.

Now get out the covering boards: these should he of oak of the same thickness as the deck proper, which may be of pine or mahogany. The cover boards are to be 1in. wide; it is better to make them of two pieces to each side to avoid too much cross-grain. Cut one piece to lay on from the how to the center of midship frame; the second from midship to stern, lay them on the top of the frames and mark for screw holes; then drill the holes with a twist drill through the covering board and countersink them so the head of the screw will be below the surface, use ¾in. No. 4 screws, put one in each frame.

Next cut and fit some thin pieces to fit underneath the covering board between the deck beams and to project about ¼in. toward the center of the boat and glue them in, these are to support the edge of the deck while caulking. Cut notches out of the center of each deck beam to let in a strip about 1in. wide and $^{3}/_{16}$in. thick as a support for the center of the deck. Cut out and fit closely one-half of the deck, cut out the place for the hatch, and nail the half deck on to the deck beams, using ½in. No. 20 wire nails, not over 1in. apart, then cut and nail on the other side of the deck in the same manner. You will need some one to help you in putting on the deck, to hold a small weight under the deck beams while you are nailing.

To make the boat perfectly watertight it should he caulked. The tools for caulking consist of two small wheels set in handles, in the same manner as tracing wheels are set. One of the wheels has a V-shaped edge for opening the seam, the other a square edge about $^{1}/_{20}$in. wide, you will also need a putty knife. For caulking use coarse knitting cotton, cut a piece the length of the seam you are to caulk, lay it on a board, and with a small brush rub some white lead well into it. With the V-shaped wheel open the seam by rolling it along back and forward with a slight pressure, lay your cotton over the seam, with the putty knife press the end into the seam, then with the square-edged wheel roll it in the whole length. Caulk every seam in the boat, not omitting the one under the covering board and caulk the seams in the deck, then with a small pencil-brush and white lead touch every screw and nail head.

As soon as the lead is dry go over every seam and screw and fill up smooth with good white lead putty. Give the putty a week or so to dry that it may he perfectly hard, and then sandpaper off. The boat is now ready to he painted, or, if you prefer it, varnished in the natural wood; if this is done, however, you must he very thorough in your sandpapering to remove every spot of white lead, except such as show in the seams and on the screws.

The design shows a model yacht of the English type, a prize winner in a designing competition for a model of 10-rating held hy the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist* last year. The dimensions are: Length over all, 54½in.; l.w.l., 40in.; beam, 9⅛in.; draft, 7⅞in.; displacement, 21.13lbs.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Lord Dunraven's Letter.

A SPECIAL meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Nov. 8, with Vice-Com. Brown in the chair, to consider the letter from Lord Dunraven, which reads as follows:

DUNRAVEN CASTLE, BRIDGEND, GLAMORGAN, Oct. 25, 1894.

DEAR MR. ODDIE—I should have written you before now on the subject of challenging for the "America Cup," hut that I was anxious before doing so to ascertain what alterations if any were to be made in our Y. R. A. rating rule However, as time is running on, it would be well I think, that certain preliminaries should be discussed without committing myself definitely to a challenge.

The terms and conditions governing the Vigilant-Valkyrie matches would be quite satisfactory to me, with the following modifications.

First, as by length on the l.w.l. is obviously meant length on which a vessel sails, I think yachts should be measured with all the weights on board, dead and alive, which they intend to carry during a race, and should be marked, that no alteration should be made in the amount of those weights and no ballast trimmed without notice given to the sailing committee not less than twenty-four hours before a race; that the committee should be entitled to take any steps they may think fit to ascertain that the vessels do not when racing exceed their measured length and that a limit—a generous one—to the number of persons on board should be fixed according to l.w.l length or rating.

Second, that all dead to windward and leeward matches should be started to windward.

The superiority of a sailing length (rating), limit over a length on the l.w.l. limit has been advocated, I notice, both in the United States and here. If, in the opinion of the New York Y. C., a fairer test of the relative merits of yachts can be so obtained, the sailing length according to your rule, instead of the l.w.l. length to he furnished by the challenger.

I do not think it possible to find a naturally better place for sailing the matches than the outer bay of New York; hut it is open to two disadvantages. First, the distance from port, and second, the overcrowding, and for those reasons I should prefer Marblehead. The superiority of Marblehead in the first respect is, I believe, undoubted. To what extent it possesses advantages over New York in the second respect it is difficult for me to say. Obviously the New York Y. C., or any committee appointed by them, will be more capable of judging. I hope you will clearly understand that I attribute no animus whatever to the steamers, but I am sure the members of the late committee will agree with me as to the extreme difficulty experienced in trying to keep a clear course last year. It is of the utmost importance that the elements of uncertainty derived from a crowded course should be as far as possible eliminated, and if there is even a probability of reducing it by sailing at Marblehead I hope the New York Y. C. will consent to do so.

It appears to me somewhat unfair theoretically that a challenging club should be confined to one vessel, while a challenged club can select a champion from an indefinite number. In practice, if a challenger should be inferior to another vessel of his nationality, a contest for the America Cup would have no interest or importance as an international test. I would therefore suggest that both parties should have equal rights of selection.

Will you kindly submit this to the New York Y. C. at the earliest opportunity, and as in the event of challenging it is desirable that I should have a speedy answer to the question whether l.w.l. length or sailing length should be given, I should he greatly obliged if you would cable me "Length" or "Rating," according to the decision of the club.

I remain, dear Mr. Oddie, yours very truly, DUNRAVEN.

After the letter was read, a general discussion took place, resulting in a resolution that the races for the Cup shall he sailed off New York. As is customary in all matters relating to challenges for the Cup, ex-Com. James D. Smith then moved that a committee be appointed to consider Lord Dunraven's propositions, which motion was carried. The committee appointed, which will continue through the year in the event of a challenge, includes ex-Com. James D. Smith as chairman and Messrs. Latham A. Fish, Chas. J. Paine, Philip Schuyler, Gouverneur Kortright, A. Cass Canfield and J. F. Tams. The first five gentlemen on the new committee were all members of the special committee of 1887 which, with ex-Com. Gerry, drew up and signed on behalf of the club the "new deed of gift."

American Model Y. C.

BROOKLYN—PROSPECT PARK LAKE.

Tuesday, Nov. 6.

OWING to the deep interest in the election and the strong N.W. wind, the last races of the season of the American Model Y. C. were far from being a success, only four yachts of the third class going over the course laid out by the regatta committee, from Sister Island to a point east of Tar Path, a beat to windward and return of about three-tenths of a mile. The yachts with their small topsails had all they could do to claw to windward against a heavy sea and wind to the turning mark, and when well around it and before the wind, including a white ash breeze by the skippers, made quick time for the finish, as the times below will show. Jennetta was handicapped by having no automatic steering gear, which explains her poor performance:

FIRST ROUND.

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jennetta, G. W. Lyon	1 02 00	Failed to round buoy.	
Dolphin, John Smith	1 03 10	0 14 40	0 16 08
Marjorie, Herbert Fisher	1 01 22	0 12 52	0 14 34
Ida May, H. E. Davis	1 01 52	0 13 18	0 14 30

Ida May winner of round.

SECOND ROUND.

Jennetta	1 26 25	Did not finish.	
Dolphin	1 27 25	0 13 53	0 14 51
Marjorie	1 26 25	0 12 45	0 14 17
Ida May	1 25 45	0 18 45	0 20 57

Marjorie winner.

THIRD AND FINAL ROUND.

Jennetta	1 51 45	0 13 15	0 14 35
Marjorie	1 51 25	0 12 30	0 13 42

Dolphin and Ida May withdrew.

Marjorie wins first prize, Ida May second.

The club has just issued its annual book, containing the constitution, sailing rules, etc. The fleet includes 6 schooners and 34 cutters and sloops.

The Lake George Y. C.'s House Burned.

THE Lake George Y. C.'s building, on the west shore of Basin Bay, about two miles south of Bolton Landing, was burned to the ground yesterday. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin. The building was a handsome two-story structure, erected four years ago at a cost of about $8,500. The officers of the club are: John B. Simpson, New York, Com.; LeGrand C. Cramer, Troy, Vice-Com.; W. H. Tippetts, Glens Falls, Sec'y, and Chas. F. Smillie, New York, Treas. The building was insured for $5,000.—*Glens Falls (N. Y.) Star, Nov. 7.*

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Howard Gould, pursuant to the intention announced some time since, has placed an order for a 20-rater hy the Y. R. A. rule with the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., and the yacht will be ready to ship to England in the spring. She will be similar to Dacotah, with a fin of Tobin bronze, and it is stated that she will be manned entirely hy Americans.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Greenville Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Nov. 12.—The second annual gallery tournament of the Greenville Rifle Club was brought to a successful close last night. Michael Dorrler again distinguished himself in his usual "get-there" style. Michael got the first prize as well as the trophy for the most points. Scores:

German ring target, tickets three shots, the three best tickets to count for first five prizes. The two best for all others; 18 prizes from $30 to $1:

M Dorrler	74	73	73	J Dodds	69	69
F Ross	75	72	72	L P Hansen	69	68
W Rosenbaum	74	72	72	Val Horn	69	67
L Flach	72	72	72	G Purkess	68	67
L Buss	72	71	71	H Gotthardt	70	63
W C Collins	72	70		J Filaramo	68	65
J Boag	72	70		C W Agneau	66	66
W H Robidoux	70	69		C Scheeline	68	61
L Vogel	70	69		C H Chavant	68	61
C Boag	69	69				

Premiums: M. Dorrler first, diamond trophy; W. Rosenbaum second, $5; F. Ross third, $3; J. Dodds fourth, $2; L. Flach fifth, $1.

Nov. 9.—At the weekly shoot of the club for the class handicap prizes the appended scores were made by the members present. Scores: Dorrler 237, Collins 240, J. Boag 236, Scheeline 233, Purkess 238, C Boag 239, Plaisted 237, Lutz 230, Agneau 238, Chavant 231, Fagin 229, Charlock 230, Chase 228, Graef 212, E. Wuestner, Jr. 223, E. Wuestner, Sr. 199, Renker 208, Holzapfel 229.

Champion Match for 1894.

THE second annual champion match for the Wissel trophy and the honors for making the best 100-shot score was shot off at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park on Election Day, Nov. 7, and won by F. C. Ross. The weather was clear and cold, with a strong gale blowing from 11 to 2 o'clock. There was considerable of a falling off in the entries as compared with the match of 1893. The principal cause for this is said to have been due to the acute congestion (political) of Connecticut, New York and New Jersey, which kept many of the contestants in last year's competition from taking part in the shoot this year.

Twenty-four men were entered in the race on Nov. 4, and on the morning of the shoot twenty of those entries were on hand to take part in the contest. From 8:30 until 10 A. M., the hour for opening the match, there was a continuous influx of shooters and others interested in the contest. The high wind which was prevailing was a matter of much concern to every man entered in the coming race, and as each new arrival came into the shooting house the query was put to him as to the probability of its continuance during the day. The report of each new arrival was that it was to be an all-day affair, and "you fellows with the small calibers had better look out for flukes."

The wind was such that it was impossible to have the shutters open, so recourse was had to the winter or storm ports, which were just large enough to admit the rifle. The interior of the shooting house was kept in a comfortable condition by a combination composed of mine host Wissel, a hot fire and a large supply of spirits, wet and otherwise.

The match was under the management of the two brothers, Charles G. and Barney Zettler, and George W. Plaisted; the conditions, 100 shots per man. The Wissel trophy, presented by that popular boniface, Charles C. Wissel, was to go to the man who made the highest 10-shot score in his 100 shots.

The match last year resulted in a tie between Chas. Hutch and Louis Flach, each with 230, in the shoot off, 3 shots each, Flach won by 3 points. The unusual weather conditions which prevailed this year made it somewhat of a conundrum as to who would carry off the honors for 1894. Under favorable weather conditions, Ross was conceded to he a pretty sure winner of both the trophy and the honors for the highest total for the hundred shots, but large slugs of lead and a gale of wind sometimes upset the best holding when combined with the small caliber and the light bullet. Such were the conditions on Tuesday morning when as the hands of Barney Zettlers "Waterbury" pointed to 10 o'clock his melodious voice filled the house with the expression: "Time gentlemen! the match is now open."

The twenty contestants were distributed on 6 targets. There was Harry M. Pope, from Hartford, Conn.; Michael Dorrler, from Greenville, N. J., Geo. W. Plaisted, from the same hurrough, and Geo. Krauss, of Williamsburg, posted at one end of the shooting house and occupying the first target. At the opposite end of the line were to be seen J. E. Smith and Raymond Rudd, from Portchester, N. Y.; L. P. Hansen and W. K. Clynes, of Jersey City. The right and left center was well supported hy Fred C. Ross and Ignatz Marten, of Williamsburg; C. G. and B. Zettler, Henry D. Muller, Wm. Rosenbaum ("Buff"), Louis Flach, R. Busse, Dr. C. E Grosch and Philip Feigel, of New York city. Then there was Geo. Schlicht from Little Germany (Guttenburg), and last but no wise least came the representative from the Harlem district—Henry Holges.

The match was hardly under way before some of the contestants found their bullets wandering from the straight and narrow path. Michael Dorrler was the first to claim the sympathies of his colaborers, his third shot was a 12; in the early part of his second string Michael again set in motion the lachrymose tendencies of his immediate neighborhood by sending one of his bullets into the outer edge of his target, thereby scoring a 2. This was so much of a strain upon the nerves of the old veteran that he felt compelled to go down to the target in order to work off his internal congestion; with his pinkey inserted in the path of the erratic bullet, he remained in a brown study until a long drawn out protest came floating down the range in the form of a command: "Put up that target, Mike!"

Dorrler was hardly back to the shooting before Charley Zettler found one of his bullets straying into the target frame. Then came L. P. Hansen with a shot clean off the target. This brought the three unfortunates into such close lachrymal relation that they were seen to wander off into the immediate neighborhood of mine host Wissel and his bureau of panaceas, where they were soon joined by others of the group, for as the match progressed there was not one man in the race that did not feel the need of a little bracing up through the effects of bad pulling or the fluky wind. The shooting of every man in the match was way below his average, nearly everyone of which attributed the cause to the wind. Of the twenty men in the race only one was able to get a total of 2,100 or better, while in the match last year eight men had totals of 2,141 or better. In this year's competition Fred C. Ross made the highest score of the twenty entered, his score being 2,142. His score last year was 2,194. The second man, George Schlicht, made a total of 2,070; in last year's competition he made 2,148. The third and fourth men, Geo. W. Plaisted and Michael Dorrler tied, each with 2,067; last year they made respectively 2,083 and 2,181. The fifth man, Harry M. Pope, made 2,054; his score last year was 2,138. The sixth man, Louis Flach, made 2,016; his score last year was 2,146. The seventh man, L. P. Hansen, made the same as Flach, 2,016; last year his score was 2,150. The eighth man, R. Busse, made 1,991; last year his score was 2,078. The ninth man, Henry Holges, made 1,990; his score last year was 2,141. The tenth man in the race, and the last to come in as a prize winner, Ignatz Martin, made 1,986; he was not in the race last year.

The best ten-shot score for the Wissel trophy was made by Fred C. Ross: his total for the ten shots was 231; the score was made in the middle of his 100 shots and was what Ross himself claimed to be a lucky score from the fact that some of his shots scored very much in his favor owing to the wind. Michael Dorrler was the second man with 228. The scores of the other contestants ran down the scale in rapid and somewhat erratic order. With each and every man's score finished there came the usual order of packing up and cleaning up of the rifles; in the meantime a rapid fire of conversation was going on as to the results of the contest and the whys and wherefores of the many disappointments that came to the surface during the day. Before the packing up was completed the general conversation had drifted into match making, the result of which will be found recorded in Rifle Notes. From the shooting-house to the Park Hotel was a short journey, and when there the tired and hungry marksmen found the dining room tables laden with an abundance of that which goes to cheer the inner man. Geb Krauss, vice-president of the Zettler Rifle Club and ex-captain of the Williamsburg Shooting Association, was, with due ceremony, installed in the chair of honor at the head of the dining hall. As presiding officer President Krauss gave entire satisfaction to all, and if it had not been election night the session would have been somewhat protracted. As it was there were many interesting speeches by Messrs. Krause, Dorrler, Ross, Wissel, Maynard, the Zettler Bros. and others. A vote of thanks, a hearty cheer (no tiger), was extended to Mr. and Mrs. Wissel, and the assemblage adjourned to meet again in 1895. Scores:

F C Ross (Williamsburg, N.Y.)	19	21	24	22	22	21	22	23	20	22	—216
	22	15	24	22	22	17	24	16	20	23	—205
	24	18	22	20	13	24	20	23	22	24	—210
	20	24	24	15	25	22	19	14	24	20	—207
	22	24	24	23	24	24	21	24	23	22	—231
	24	17	25	21	20	24	20	20	22	20	—213
	20	25	20	23	21	23	24	22	18	22	—218
	19	22	21	21	20	18	22	24	24	21	—212
	18	22	21	20	20	18	25	22	22	23	—211
	21	20	22	24	23	22	22	21	21	24	—219—2142
Geo Schlicht (Guttenburg, N.J.)	21	14	22	18	21	19	21	13	23	18	—190
	20	22	19	21	20	14	24	15	23	20	—198
	23	23	24	19	20	24	22	18	20	20	—213
	21	24	24	18	20	17	23	22	25	20	—215
	19	20	15	17	23	19	25	22	21	22	—203
	17	20	16	20	24	18	19	23	25	16	—198
	24	22	18	22	25	23	23	16	25	14	—212
	23	20	22	24	19	24	22	25	20	19	—218
	20	24	21	22	23	22	19	18	23	16	—208
	20	23	20	19	23	25	21	21	20	23	—215—2070
G W Plaisted (Greenville, N J)	22	22	20	20	22	19	24	23	22	19	—213
	24	16	19	22	22	17	20	19	19	24	—202
	19	14	15	16	20	19	19	22	22	25	—191
	22	23	23	22	23	22	20	19	20	20	-214
	20	25	22	19	20	22	22	18	20	23	—211
	25	17	18	22	15	22	25	19	22	19	—214
	22	23	23	22	23	22	20	19	20	20	-214
	20	25	22	19	20	22	22	18	20	23	—211
	25	17	18	22	15	22	25	19	22	19	—214
	22	22	22	21	18	25	15	21	24	22	—212—2067
M Dorrler (Greenville, N. J)	22	12	22	14	15	20	22	18	22	22	—199
	2	17	22	20	16	21	22	20	20	22	—182
	20	19	22	24	21	22	20	19	19	17	—203
	23	22	24	24	20	23	18	23	19	20	—216
	22	22	19	19	23	15	19	19	22	21	—201
	22	23	23	24	19	22	24	25	23	23	—228
	20	24	24	22	23	22	21	12	19	24	—221
	19	19	20	23	22	22	14	22	22	24	—207
	19	22	18	23	16	21	21	22	24	25	—211
	22	22	22	18	19	18	24	14	19	21	—199—2067
H M Pope (Hartford, Conn.)	22	22	20	24	22	23	23	24	18	22	—220
	19	20	19	22	20	25	25	23	23	23	—219
	20	15	20	20	23	19	23	20	17	—197	
	20	20	20	22	22	18	23	18	23	22	—208
	23	21	22	25	19	22	20	24	16	22	—214
	19	19	20	20	22	19	20	16	23	16	—194
	19	18	24	21	22	20	19	22	19	19	—203
	19	20	16	25	16	19	20	11	22	14	—182
	23	23	19	20	14	21	22	19	23	22	—207
	18	21	19	22	18	18	24	23	24	23	—210—2054
L P Hansen (Jersey City, N. J.)	20	18	23	21	20	18	15	21	23	17	—196
	18	18	20	21	21	19	20	23	15	19	—194
	23	19	20	23	20	18	21	20	21	19	—204
	23	13	17	23	22	20	22	21	24	17	—202
	20	25	23	24	19	17	21	24	24	23	—220
	17	20	21	23	18	21	21	23	19	24	—207
	23	21	21	16	25	23	23	23	13	18	—206
	21	21	23	0	19	22	22	17	18	14	—177
	19	22	21	18	15	22	24	21	18	20	—200
	16	24	25	21	17	19	23	23	24	18	—210—2016
Louis Flach (New York)	23	21	13	17	22	22	22	23	20	22	—205
	15	16	18	23	24	21	18	14	22	18	—189
	22	21	21	32	22	14	19	21	17	16	—196
	23	20	21	23	23	15	25	23	22	20	—215
	18	19	22	23	18	23	24	24	25	17	—213
	20	18	18	20	19	18	12	22	24	23	—193
	19	15	20	15	20	20	21	21	20	23	—194
	21	20	22	21	24	22	20	14	20	19	—203
	16	22	22	21	19	17	20	22	23	23	—205
	24	24	18	20	17	23	20	17	21	20	—203—2016
R Busse (New York)	24	18	17	20	21	20	19	18	24	23	—204
	18	23	20	20	22	23	18	21	18	20	—203
	22	23	20	20	14	18	23	22	18	19	—199
	15	20	17	22	20	12	17	18	19	21	—181
	14	20	20	19	21	24	21	22	20	21	—202
	18	24	17	22	21	18	22	21	17	21	—201
	21	20	20	18	15	18	11	24	22	22	—193
	17	22	25	22	22	23	21	21	21	15	—209
	18	21	17	20	21	19	20	18	20	25	—199
	20	22	23	24	17	20	22	18	18	16	—200—1991
H Holges (New York)	16	23	19	20	17	19	22	18	23	24	—201
	16	20	22	21	16	19	19	17	14	23	—187
	21	20	19	21	16	19	21	22	19	24	—202
	21	22	22	18	19	19	20	22	21	16	—200
	21	20	18	21	22	16	25	24	24	11	—213
	22	19	17	20	23	12	18	16	22	22	—191
	25	20	21	21	21	19	20	18	22	23	—210
	23	24	15	19	21	14	20	19	22	21	—198
	23	19	31	25	21	20	21	22	17	20	—209
	12	22	14	21	23	17	10	9	23	16	—179—1990
I Martin (Williamsburg, N. Y.)	19	23	15	21	21	23	17	19	24	24	—206
	22	17	19	21	21	24	19	17	22	22	—204
	18	21	13	23	24	0	21	25	18	10	—182
	19	16	20	16	17	22	22	15	24	13	—184
	18	16	18	20	20	18	23	21	24	17	—195
	16	23	21	17	12	16	21	22	17	22	—187
	22	18	23	23	23	19	22	22	24	25	—221
	17	20	17	22	25	19	23	24	24	21	—212
	18	17	19	19	22	22	16	23	21	21	—198
	20	25	19	22	18	17	14	21	22	19	—197—1986
B Zettler (New York)	20	11	16	19	19	20	15	22	14	15	—171
	20	18	9	24	23	12	18	22	21	19	—186
	26	22	20	21	21	21	16	21	20	23	—210
	6	20	15	7	17	20	23	22	23	25	—178
	20	24	20	19	21	21	24	18	21	20	—208
	16	18	23	22	20	22	23	17	16	21	—198
	25	22	21	20	22	16	18	17	21	18	—200
	22	23	20	22	22	22	23	22	20	20	—216
	15	11	21	18	23	25	22	18	20	14	—187
	23	25	23	23	20	23	19	10	23	22	—210—1964
C G Zettler (New York)	15	19	18	22	20	19	14	22	24	23	—196
	22	18	23	20	19	17	20	20	20	22	—194
	21	20	22	21	22	17	21	23	18	21	—207
	19	19	20	20	19	19	16	17	19	20	—187
	20	24	21	21	20	24	24	18	22	23	—217
	11	23	21	17	24	18	22	19	0	22	—177
	19	20	16	23	22	21	19	23	18	16	—197
	18	18	16	24	20	16	19	21	21	20	—193
	18	20	25	13	22	24	14	21	16	6	—179
	16	22	22	22	21	19	16	23	23	18	—202—1949
Geb Krauss (W'msburg, N. Y.)	24	14	23	17	18	15	19	20	13	20	—183
	20	17	22	22	18	21	17	22	20	12	—201
	22	17	22	22	18	23	18	22	17	16	—197
	22	22	17	18	20	19	20	22	22	18	—200
	23	14	24	22	18	17	20	23	22	17	—200
	23	20	22	18	17	16	18	18	22	17	—191
	19	22	16	13	19	18	16	22	19	19	—183
	24	19	19	22	21	20	12	18	18	25	- 198
	15	17	17	14	17	23	23	22	22	22	—192
	19	22	22	23	13	16	15	24	22	19	—195—1940
Ph Feigel (New York)	203	203	186	186	193	192	190	171	192	179	—1895
H D Muller (New York)	202	209	204	191	182	158	185	176	182	204	—1893
W Rosenbaum (New York)	172	178	202	198	153	190	208	185	191	179	—1861
R Rudd (Port Chester, N Y)	191	172	197	161	191	196	184	178	209	181	—1860
Dr E C Girsch (New York)	192	141	192	173	178	200	197	186	161	180	—1800
W K Clynes (New York)	149	135	103	147	148	102	106	116	104	69	—1179
J E Smith (Port Chester)	189	191	205	198	191	179	166	178	r		

Wissel Trophy.

F C Ross	22	24	24	23	24	24	21	24	23	22—231
M Dorrler	22	23	23	24	19	22	24	25	23	23—228
Ignatz Martin	22	18	23	23	23	19	22	22	24	25—221
L P Hansen	20	25	23	24	19	17	21	24	24	23—220
H M Pope	23	22	20	24	22	23	23	24	18	22—220
Geo Schlicht	23	20	22	24	19	24	22	25	20	19—218
C G Zettler	20	24	21	20	24	24	21	18	22	23—217
B Zettler	22	23	20	22	22	22	23	22	20	20—216
L Flach	23	20	21	23	23	15	25	23	22	20—215
G W Plaisted	22	23	23	22	23	22	20	19	20	20—214
H Holges	21	20	18	21	22	16	25	24	24	22—213
R Rudd	21	23	21	19	22	17	18	20	23	25—209
H D Muller	20	22	22	16	23	22	19	24	22	19—209
R Busse	17	22	25	22	22	23	21	21	21	15—209
W Rosenbaum	17	24	21	23	24	21	20	19	17	22—208
J E Smith	23	20	27	23	19	21	21	22	22	17—205
Ph Feigel	16	24	13	17	23	18	23	22	24	23—203
Geb Krauss	20	17	22	22	18	21	17	22	20	22—201
D C E Grosch	19	23	24	21	14	22	17	24	16	20—200
W K Clynes	14	16	21	17	16	14	0	16	11	24—149

Cincinnati Rifles.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 4.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association's held its regular shoot to-day and made the scores appended. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Capt. Gindele again distinguished himself by making another 90 (93), also a clean score counting 87:

Gindele	10	7	9	10	9	10	10	9	10	9—93
	10	9	7	10	10	8	8	10	8	8—89
	9	10	7	10	9	9	8	8	9	10—89
	9	8	8	9	10	8	8	9	8	10—87
Payne	8	6	7	10	8	10	6	8	5	8—76
	7	6	8	5	7	7	10	8	6	10—74
	8	6	7	8	8	7	8	6	7	8—73
	7	8	8	8	9	10	7	10	7	7—81
Weinheimer	9	5	7	7	6	6	10	7	6	9—72
	9	7	5	7	8	7	10	5	7	4—69
	6	7	5	8	10	6	6	5	9	6—68
	8	9	7	7	5	6	7	9	9	9—76
Wellinger	9	6	8	5	10	10	6	7	7	10—78
	6	9	7	8	8	10	7	6	7	9—77
	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	8	8	6—85
	9	7	8	10	7	7	7	8	7	9—79
Hake	10	5	9	6	5	7	7	9	7	7—72
	6	6	7	6	9	9	9	10	4	6—72
	4	6	8	8	6	9	6	5	8	5—65
	4	5	10	3	9	4	6	3	7	6—57
Drube	7	10	8	7	7	6	6	9	10	9—79
	9	7	9	10	7	9	7	3	7	10—78
	7	6	8	8	5	10	9	8	6	9—76
	7	7	9	8	6	8	6	5	9	8—73
Schmidlin	3	5	3	2	4	1	4	3	5	7—37
	5	5	4	4	1	1	2	6	1	4—33
	5	1	6	1	3	3	3	2	3	7—35
	4	5	5	3	2	6	10	6	7	2—50
Randall	10	6	5	10	8	8	9	8	7	6—77
	9	8	7	8	7	10	8	9	8	9—83
	6	7	10	9	7	6	6	9	8	8—76
	8	8	8	7	10	6	6	10	8	5—76
See	5	10	8	9	7	7	9	10	8	6—79
	9	10	7	7	9	6	7	7	8	9—78
	8	9	7	8	5	8	9	9	9	5—77
	8	5	8	10	7	7	8	6	8	8—75
Topf	8	4	8	9	5	8	7	6	6	5—66
	7	4	6	7	8	8	5	7	5	5—62
	6	8	6	9	7	4	5	5	6	5—61
	5	5	7	6	7	8	3	4	7	6—58

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, Nov 6.—The Schlicht Rifle Club held its practice shoot on Monday, Nov. 5. The following scores were made: Charles Meyer 233, Geo. Dorr 226, Geo. Richert 226, Geo. Schlicht 239, Fred. Lambrix 233. Peter Mau 202, Aug. Tribout 221, Henry Aufder Heide 230, Aug. Meyer 238, Jacob Schlicht 229.

Medal winners: Geo. Schlicht, champion; Aug. Meyer, first class; Fred. Lambrix, second class; H. Aufder Heide, third class.

The New York Central Schuetzen Corps,

CAPT. D. MEERSSE, held the first gallery shoot Nov. 7 at Zettler rifle gallery. Scores:

H D Muller	240	2J2	234	239—955
F Schroder	234	231	229	232—926
D Meersse	228	233	229	228—918
M Ficken	223	226	224	229—902
F Baumann	200	221	229	225—875
H Heidgers	197	197	182	207—783

H. D. MULLER.

Miller Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. Y., Nov. 8.—The regular meeting of the Miller Rifle Club, R. W. Dewey, captain, was held last evening at 423 Washington street. There was a large attendance. The following scores were made: Geo. Schlicht 243, E. Fisher 237, B. Vogel 232, C. Hepke 231, J. Meyer 230, A. Vanderheyden 226, L. Kammel 226, D. Miller 238, A. Meyns 232, L. Sohe 231, F. Branolt 232, R. W. Dewey 228, W. Rogers 226, W. Taylor 225, A. Stadler 225.

RIFLE NOTES.

When the farmer turns his steers into the barn-yard on a frosty morning there is usually a little elevation of the caudal appendage and more or less locking of horns of the frisky bovines, a sort of by-play as it were to start the circulation. A group of riflemen gathered in the shooting-house after a day at the butts are not unlike the farmer's steers. While we can only work in the horns and the caudal appendage in a figurative sense as applied to the genus rifleman, there is much in the peculiar antics of the two that lead to the simile.

Following the finish of the champion match at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park last week and previous to the adjournment from the shooting-house to the hotel, some one prodded Ignatz Martin in the ear with the query: Why don't yon challenge Busse for a hundred shot match? That was enough; immediately Martin's horn (challenge) was prodding Busse's ribs, and there was fun in the shooting-house. In the meantime while Busse and Martin were prancing round both Mike Dorrler and Fred. C. Ross each got a prod in the ribs from some one. This brought these two worthies into the fracas, and from this point there developed an argument in which Martin and Ross were lined up on one side and Dorrler and Busse on the other. The final outcome was a 100 shot match, for stake of $50 a side to be shot off on Thanksgiving day in Cyress Hills Park. Some of the other riflemen who were present and were dissatisfied with their scores made during the day made the proposition that an open sweepstakes shoot be gotten up to take place at the same time, the same to be open to all comers, 100 shots each, $5.00 entrance. Here is an opportunity for some of the unfortunates of the election day shoot to get consolation.

Wm. Armhruster, proprietor of the Greenville (N. J.) Schuetzen Park, is putting the shooting house in shape for open practice shooting during the winter. Last season there was shooting in this park on every Saturday during the winter.

Barney Zettler in his remarks to the shooters assembled in Wissel's dining room Tuesday evening said: "Charles and I are back numbers about ready for the shelf or the waste basket. But! We'll shoot any two old men of our age for fun or gelt." Charles says, "I second that motion." Are there any O. F.'s to take up this gauntlet?

As a matter of interest to our rifle cranks, we have gathered the following information relating to the style of rifle, powder, charge and hullet, used by the contestants in the Cypress Hills Park match on Election Day.

Messrs. Ross, Holges, Flach and Hansen use the Ballard action fitted with the "Schalk" barrel .32-40, using about 36grs. Hazard powder F. G. These rifles vary in weight from 12 to 15lbs.

Harry M. Pope is another disciple of the late Geo. Schalk, of Pottsville, Pa.; he uses the Winchester action with a Schalk—Pope barrel, .35cal. Mr. Pope at times varies the monotony of the shooting range by the use of nitro as a priming charge or otherwise.

Geo. W. Plaisted uses a Ballard .38-50 old style rechambered for 55-grain new shell. This shell swelled out to chamber, holds nearly 60grs. of powder. Bullet 300grs. The powder charge used by this crank varies according to his humor and the weather conditions. Sometimes it is 8grs. nitro and 40grs. black powder Hazard F. G., then again it is 3grs. nitro and 55grs. black powder. Sometimes when in a dyspeptic condition he drops the black powder and fills up with all nitro, on such occasions his companions generally move over to the other end of the shooting house in order not to be brought into complications with the Coroner, in case the combination should open up long expected developments.

Michael Dorrler, another crank of long standing, and who is said to have been pretty well up in shooting matters in the early history of American rifle shooting, still retains his Ballard action, into which he has fitted a relic (barrel) which he discovered some time since while delving for something better than there was on the surface. This relic is a .38-55 Remington "special" barrel in its early days, was made for Henry Oehl. Mr. Oehl is by the way one of our retired experts. He used to make it warm for the boys in times past. His shooting history antedates that of Dorrler's somewhat. But the barrel, unlike the shooter, has retained its youth or at least its shooting qualities, and at the present time is capable of doing excellent work. Mr. Dorrler uses the 255 patched bullet (home made), his powder charge is 55grs. Hazard's FFG powder.

R. Busse uses a Ballard action with a "Phillips" barrel .40-55cal. This barrel was originally fitted into a muzzle action and was built for the late Major Geo. Arey. This rifle is capable of good work when properly held.

Next we come to the Zettler brothers, Charles and Barney. These two old veterans never come on to the range twice with the same equipment. Their stock of rifles is so large and varied that they are never able to get hold of the last one the next time. About the only thing that comes to them consecutively is the bullets, these are always "Zettler," one and the same.

Geh Krauss and Ignatz Martin both use Ballard .38-55 reaut by the Zettlers and use the Zettler bullet, weight 270.

New Rifles.

THE Marlin Fire Arms Co. have just brought out a .25-20 repeater. This cartridge is loaded with the regular 86grs. hullet and with FFFG powder; its penetration is greater than that of the .32-20. The rifle is furnished in the model 1894 and at the same discounts as the regular rifles of this model, and can be furnished with any length of barrel or style of magazine. In the case of pistol grip rifles, however, it will be furnished in the 1889 model for the present. This is the only .25cal. repeater on the market.

Improvements have also been made in the cartridges for the model 1891 .32cal. rifle. These cartridges are still kept at the same price as the old .32, althongh they are much improved. In their improved form they are manufactured by the U. M. C. Co.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. in their latest catalogue for November, announce a new repeater "model of 1894," to take the .32-40 or the .38-55 cartridges. This gun is a light-weight, varying from 7¼lbs. to 7¾lbs., and is operated by a new system. It will no doubt be extremely popular.

An addition to this catalogue is an instructive table giving the velocity, penetration and trajectory of all Winchester rifles.

In the catalogue also is listed for the first time fixed ammunition charged with smokeless powder. These cartridges include the old .38 Win., the .38 S. & W., the .32 Win., and the 32 S. & W., as well as the .30cal. army and the .236cal. navy cartridges.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 22-23.—PEORIA, Ill.—Peoria Parget Co.'s handicap tournament.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

Nov. 29-30.—WILMINGTON, N C.—Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association's tournament; targets.

Dec. 20-21.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Two days' shoot of the Elizaheth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

1895.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Fifteenth annual New Year's Day tournament of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hohart, Sec'y.

Jan. 17-19.—HAMILTON, Canada.—Hamilton Gun Club's annual tournament; $1,000 added money. J. W. Bowman, Sec'y.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added.

May 8-10.—WEIR CITY, Kas.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $200 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

May 14 16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 30-31.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; added money announced later. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.

June 4-7.—MEMPHIS, Mo.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

Aug. 29 31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 3-6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament. under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The London *Field* of Oct. 27 states that the following arrangements have been made for the pigeon shooting season at Monte Carlo: "The sweepstakes shooting will commence on Dec. 10, and will continue each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday until Jan 11. The preliminary contests will begin on Tuesday, Jan. 15, and terminate on Monday, the 28th, the international prizes being shot for on Jan. 30 and Feb. 1, 4, 5. 7, and 9, the Grand Prix itself being fixed for the 4th and 5th (Monday and Tuesday). There will he a second and third series of competitions from Feb. 11 to March 15; and there will be the usual pistol and target shooting competitions throughout the winter, with the same liberal prize list, which has made this meeting so famous."

J. L. Brewer left New York city at 2 P. M. on Saturday en route for Chicago, where he this week meets Dr. W. F. Carver in a series of three 100-bird races for the championship of the world. The dates set were Nov. 13, 14 and 15. Before leaving Brewer said that he expected to be back in a week's time, as he had finally decided not to go to Kansas City for a race or two with Elliott for merely $100 a side each race. "If I defeat Carver," he said, "and I feel just as confident of doing that same thing as possible, Elliott can come to New York and shoot me a series of races for the championship. Budd and Grim are said to be in Chicago waiting for me, but I don't expect to shoot any more matches there than the three with Carver." Of course Brewer may change his mind before Saturday.

Mr. N. A. Hughes, the president of the State Sportsmen's Association, called a meeting of the committees at the Commonwealth Hotel, Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 10, at 2 P. M. The following members were present: N. A. Hughes, Williamsport; J. O'H. Denny, Latrobe; Jas. Wolstencroft, Philadelphia; Wm. H. Wolstencroft, Philadelphia; Jas. H. Worden, Harrisburg; H. M. F. Worden, Harrisburg; W. L. Powell, Harrisburg, and Harry Thurman, Germantown. Work of value to Philadelphia sportsmen who are interested in the protection of game birds and animals, was the result of this meeting. Another meeting of the different committees will be called at Harrisburg early next year, when the bills intended to be fathered by the Association will be in shape for presentation.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Nov. 6.—The Pansy Gun Club of this place, held a shoot on Saturday last. The badge contest resulted as follows: Reddick, 30 out of 41; Smith, 23 out of 25; Elbac, 22 out of 25; Ten Broeck, 22 out of 39; Kenyon, 19 out of 25; Hume, 18 out of 25. A team race, three men to a side, 25 live birds each, resulted in favor of Smith's team. Scores: Smith 23, Kenyon 19, Hume 18, total 60; Elbac 22, Reddick 19, Haut 16, total 57.

The proof reader played the mischief with the Work—Brewer match reported in last week's issue. Brewer's last 25 was killed straight, his 100th bird was not missed as given in the score; the total also was carried out as 35 instead of 25. In Brewer's account of the race it should have been 97 birds of George Work's 98 could have been gathered within a 21-yard boundary, not 87 as it was made to read.

Dr. W. A. Little won the Pfaender badge of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club at the club shoot held at Dexter Park, L. I., on Wednesday last, Nov. 7. The shoot was at 7 live birds, club handicap; Dr. Little killed all his birds. A curious feature of the race was the fact that J. B. Voorhees, Adam Eppig and Fred Pfaender also killed all their birds, hut each lost one dead out of hounds, thus scoring 6 a piece.

Billy Mills, the Dexter Park (L. I.) trapper, showed on Election Day that he can shoot pigeons equally as well as he can retrieve them. In a three-cornered match at 100 birds each, he stood at 30yds. while his opponents, James A. Hollwell, a veteran, was at 28, and Hank Gilbert, a novice, stood at 25. Mills scored 96, Hollwell 91 and Gilbert 84.

The eighth tournament of the Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League, advertised originally for Oct. 25, postponed on account of a heavy rainstorm until Nov. 9, has again had to be postponed on account of bad weather. No date has yet heen fixed for the shoot, but it is understood that an early day will be chosen.

W. R. Hobart, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and secretary of the South Side Gun Club of Newark, N. J., is doing a good deal of hustling just now looking to the ultimate success of his club's fifteenth annual New Year's Day tournament.

The Forest Hill Gun Club of Philadelphia, Pa., will hold an all-day shoot at targets on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29. The club's grounds are located at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia. For programmes address Wm. Morrison, secretary, 1943 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia.

Justus Von Lengerke arrived back from Sullivan county, N. Y., on Wednesday morning with a nice string of ruffed grouse and rabbits. Gus Grieff also scored 11 on Election Day. N. B.—Why is it that some ruffed grouse have gray tails, others chestnut?

A match was made at Carteret last Wednesday, between George Work and L. S. Thompson. Both want a bicycle badly, so they agreed to shoot a race at 100 live birds each at Hollywood, on Nov. 13, Tuesday of this week. The winner buys a bicycle, the loser paying for it and the birds as well.

W. Fred Quimby is hunting quail in Maryland; Chas. C. Hebbard and M. F. Lindsley are after Bob Whites in New Jersey, while Justus von Lengerke added to his Sullivan county record by bringing into the city on Monday morning a nice string of ruffed grouse killed on Saturday in the Greenwood Lake district.

The second day's programme of the Townsend benefit shoot, which was postponed from Oct. 31 until Nov. 8, had to he postponed once more, owing to the awful weather which prevailed on that day. No day has yet been set for the carrying out of the programme.

During the "Williams"—Brokaw shoot at the Country Club's grounds on Thursday last, any number of ducks, coots, "old squaws" and black ducks were to be seen at intervals flying up and down the Sound.

John T. Mascroft, "the Mayor of Sutton," as he is called down East, better known in New York city and vicinity as the gentleman who is "a little nervous," shot a race with Tom Keller on Thursday, Nov. 8, at 25 targets. He was beaten by a score of 24 to 19. Nervousness will tell at times.

That was a warm squad of amateurs which competed for the Inter-Club cup at Carteret on Wednesday, Nov. 7. It was constituted as follows: Capt. A. W. Money, Messrs. J. Seaver Page, George Work, Fred Hoey, L. S. Thompson and J. Knapp.

Thursday of this week, Nov. 15, Eddie Hill, of Trenton, N. J., and T. W. Morfey, Paterson, N. J., will shoot a match at 100 live birds each for $100 a side. The match will take place at Charlie Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville, N. J.

The match between T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., and F. Batsch of Elizabeth, N. J., which takes place on Wednesday of this week, is creating a lot of interest. The shoot commences at 2 P. M., on the grounds of the Elizabeth Gun Club. Both men shoot on even terms.

Pennsylvania trap-shooters will he interested to learn that J. E. England ("Bessemer") has decided to give up target shooting altogether; he will in future devote himself to live birds whenever he has the time to spare.

The season for game shooting is notoriously a bad one for news in the trap-shooting world, so many trap-shooters taking advantage of every opportunity to steal a few days in the field or among the forests.

The Valley City Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., have claimed May 30 and 31 as the dates for their tournament in 1895. The amount of added money will be announced later.

C. Furgueson, Jr., and A. A. Hegeman are booked to shoot a race at 25 live birds, at Woodland, L. I., on Nov. 24.

The Boiling Springs and the Passaic City gun clubs will shoot a twelve-men team race on Nov. 17.

Miss Annie Oakley sailed for England on Saturday last, Nov. 10, on board the Mohawk.

Live Birds at Carteret.

THE fifteenth contest for the ownership of the Inter-club cup, won by the Carteret Club, of Bergen Point, N. J., last year, took place on Wednesday last, Nov. 7, on the club's grounds. The conditions under which these contests are held are as follows: 25 live birds per man, club handicap rise, two competitions per month during the season; the cup to be won five times before becoming the property of any individual member of the club. Considerable interest centered in the outcome of last Wednesday's shoot, Capt. Money and Fred Hoey each having four wins to their credit. A victory to either of them meant the ownership of the $1,000 cup.

Six members put their names down on the list: Messrs. J. Seaver Page, L. S. Thompson, George Work, Capt. Money, Fred Hoey and J. Knapp. Each man killed his first five birds, the score board showing 30 straight kills; then came a hatch of misses, Capt. Money and Messrs Thompson and Knapp each dropping their 6th bird; Knapp dropped another in the 9th round, Thompson following suit on his 10th bird. Mr. Knapp's 11th bird getting away from him he retired from the contest. Mr. Seaver Page was the next to spoil his string of kills, his 13th and 16th birds, both incomers, falling dead out of bounds; strangely enough both lodged on the club house roof. Capt. Money had hard luck with his 14th, a fast, low-flying, left-quartering incomer. The deadline is marked by a strip of wire netting about 18in. high; Capt. Money feathered his bird with his right, hut seemed slow with his second; he waited just too long, the bird pitching stone dead on top of one of the small uprights which supported the wire and dropping on the wrong side of the little fence. Mr. Thompson missed his 16th and was practically out of it, although he shot along until the 21st round; Capt. Money having in the meanwhile let his 18th get away hard hit, also retired on the 21st round.

Fred Hoey, who had been doing good work and who had been drawing a remarkably hard lot of driving birds, dropped his 14th. This left George Work alone in first place with a straight score; as he was shooting in pretty much the same style as when he shot his race with Brewer on Oct. 30, he was looked upon as something like a certainty when he had killed 16 straight. He fell down, however, on a comparatively easy circling right-quartering incomer, his 17th bird. This made him a tie with Hoey. It was only for a few minutes, though, as Mr. Hoey, who was the last man in the squad, let another fast driver get away from him. Both men then killed out straight, Work winning with 24 out of 25. Mr. Page shot along until the 23d round, when he missed and dropped out.

This heing Work's fourth win, he is now tied with Capt. Money and Fred Hoey; if either of the three wins the next race the cup will become his property. The first race was shot on Dec. 6, 1893, Capt. Money winning on that occasion. The following are the winners of the other races: Dec. 20, 1893, George Work; Jan. 3, 1894, J. Seaver Page; Jan. 17, J. Knapp; Feh. 7, George Work; Feb. 21, Capt. Money; March 7, Capt. Money; March 21, Fred Hoey; April 4, George Work; April 18, May 2 and 16, Fred Hoey; Oct. 3, J. Knapp; Oct. 17, Capt. Money. The score, including last Wednesday's race, shows Messrs. Hoey, Work and Capt. Money, four wins each; J. Knapp, two wins; J. Seaver Page, one win.

Two miss-and-outs, $5 entrance, closed the afternoon's programme. The first, with 8 entries, was divided between Capt. Money and L. S. Thompson. This decision was not arrived at without a long struggle, Mr. Knapp not dropping out until the 12th round, and Mr. Leigh, a guest of the club, forcing the ultimate winners to kill 17 straight. Mr. Leigh's work was extremely brilliant, when it is taken into consideration that this was his first effort at live birds from the traps. Notwithstanding this fact, and also the way in which he handicapped himself (particularly on incomers) hy shooting strictly gun below the elbow, he made some really excellent quick kills on fast birds, being very sure with his second shell. The second sweep, which had only 4 entries, was divided at the close of the 4th round between Capt. Money and Mr. Ernest F. Thomas, a newly-elected member of the Carteret. Mr. Thomas is a Western man, hailing from Denver, Col. From his form, both on practice birds and in the sweeps, Mr. Thomas is likely to hold his own with most of the members of the club.

As for the birds, they were somewhat mixed; many were really good, fast birds, as good as anybody wants to see trapped; the balance were nothing out of the ordinary run. The wind, which was blowing strongly in the early part of the afternoon, came across the traps obliquely, helping right-quartering incomers to flap their way to the boundary. Mr. John S. Hoey acted as referee, and as usual, not a murmur was heard against his decisions. Scores:

No. 1, cup race, 25 live birds:

George Work (31)	1111111111111111011111111—24
Fred Hoey (31)	1111111111111011011111111—23
J S Page (29)	1111111111111•11•11110w—20
Capt A W Money (31)	1111101111111111•110111w. —18
L S Thompson (30)	1111101110111110111111w. —18
J Knapp (28)	11111011010w. — 8

No. 2, miss-and-out, $5 entrance:			No. 3, same:
Thompson (30)	11111111111111111	—17	1110 3
Work (31)	11111110	— 7	.....
Money (31)	11111111111111111	—17	1111—4
Page (29)	11111•	— 5	110 —2
Knapp (28)	111111111110	—11	.....
Hoey (31)	111•	— 3	.....
Leigh (25)	11111111111111110	—15	.....
Thomas (25)	110	— 2	1111—4

(Owing to FOREST AND STREAM's representative attending to the score board, the first and second barrel kills, as well as the direction of each bird's flight was not obtainable; hence the figure 1 above merely denotes a dead bird.)

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference hook for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use hy individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled hy J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Wright Wins from Pier.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 7.—T. C. Wright and Eugene Pier shot their sixth match at live birds at Rogers's grounds on Nov. 5. Notwithstanding the heavy rain some fifty spectators were present. The birds, which were of course a selected lot, were great flyers. Wright outshot Pier on the 13th round, winning his fourth victory, the score now standing Wright four wins to Pier's two. It is stated that Capt. Money and T. W. Morfey will shoot a match against Pier and Keyheart on Nov. 29. The following is the score of the match, together with notes on the same:

Match, Wright vs. Pier, 15 live birds per man, trap and handle, Long Island rules, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, $100 a side:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1894 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Wright.....0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1—7

Pier.....1 • • 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0—4

For Wright: Trapper, Tom Rogers; puller, Arthur Bunn; judge, — Bunn. For Pier: Trapper, Robt. Boyle; puller, Tom Rogers; judge, Jim Burns. Scorer, Dutcher.

Details of the different shots, etc., as follows:

Wright's: First, low-towering twister, clean miss; 2d, extra fast left-quartering driver, fine kill at 40yds.; 3d, extra fast right-quartering twister, clean kill; 4th, extra fast left-quartering driver twister, hit lightly, went home; 5th, fast left-quartering towering twister, extra fine kill; 6th, extra fast left-quartering driver, well stopped; 7th, extra fast right-quartering driver, fine kill at 40yds.; 8th, left-quartering twister driver, very fast, hit lightly; 9th, extra fast right-quartering twister, hit lightly; 10th, extra fast driving twister, game bird, carried load to 67yds.; 11th, right-quartering driver, extra fast, hit lightly, got away; 12th, fast left-quartering twister, hit lightly, away home; 13th, extra fast driver, fine kill at 40yds., which clinched the match.

Pier's: First, extra fast driver, grassed at 40yds; 2d, extra fast left-quartering driver, hit hard, game till his wing broke at 90yds.; 3d, extra fast, hard hit, right-quartering twister, good, game bird, flew till he dropped dead at 100yds.; 4th, extra fast right-quartering driver, killed when well on wing; 5th, twisting driver, extra fast, hit lightly and got away; 6th, extra fast driving twister, hit lightly; 7th, extra fast right-quartering driver, fine kill; 8th, extra fast driving twister, clean miss; 9th, extra fast left-quartering twister, hit lightly; 10th, extra fast driver, shot under, clean miss; 11th, slow left-quartering driver, grassed at 40yds.; 12th, extra fast right-quartering driver, shot over, clean miss; 13th, driving twister, hit lightly.

On Nov. 2 Fisher and Clutze shot a race for $25 a side at Bunn's Hotel. Under the conditions Fisher was to shoot at 10 birds, Clutze at 15. The score was a tie, each killing 4. Score: Match, Fisher vs. Clutze, 10 live birds, trap and handle, Fisher allowing Clutze 5 extra birds to shoot at, Long Island rules, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, $25 a side:

Fisher.....0 0 1 1 1 1 0 • 0 0 —4

Clutze.....0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0—4

Nov. 3.—At Willard Park the following scores were shot:

No. 1, 100 targets:

Lenone.....0000111011111100101110110011111111001101001101111—33
0001100011000001111000011001100111100100101111111—26—59

Blue Rock.....1000110000101000101111101111100110101111110111101111—31
1101111100011000010111001110101111110011010101011—31—62

Morfey.....1000010110111111101100100111111111111111110011—36
1101111110111111111011101111111111011111111111111111—45—81

Jones.....0001110101100101111010011010011010000111010010000l—24
1000101111100111000101000110111110110100111110001l—29—53

No. 2, match at 25 targets, $5 a side:

Lenone.....1110111111101000110111111—19
Morfey.....1110111101111011111111010—20

DUTCHER.

The Williams—Brokaw Match.

THE match at 200 live birds a side between J. S. "Williams" and W. Gould Brokaw, which was shot on Thursday last, Nov. 8, at the grounds of the Country Club, at Westchester, N. Y., was a remarkable one in many respects.

In the first place it was remarkable from the fact that two men could be found who were willing for the sake of shooting their race to face the cold northeaster which drove the rain full in their left eyes as they stood at the score. Their contract was a big one; it's no light matter to undetake to shoot at 200 pigeons in one day under any circumstances, however pleasant they may be, but they stuck it out from 11:30 A. M. until somewhere in the neighborhood of 5:30 P. M. The darkness at that hour—thick darkness that might be felt—alone prevented their fullfilling that contract. Secondly, it was remarkable for the sustained interest created by the closeness of the scores throughout the race. Thirdly, it was worthy of note for the reason that Brokaw called no less than 59 "no birds." whereas his opponent only "no birded" 6 up to the time when he went to the score for his 192d bird, and was swallowed up in the gloom which enveloped the shooter, handler and referee. There was one other feature which made this race memorable; that was the question which arose at the close as to what was to become of the match, it being totally impossible to finish the race. For fully 10 minutes Mr. Williams had stood at the score; ten times had he called "pull," but the birds every time, bewildered by the darkness, had refused to dust. There they sat, each one in its turn, showing up like a diminutive snowball as it reflected the light of the lamps in the club house. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., the referee deputized by John S. Hoey, who had been obliged to leave by an early train, called the match off for that day, but refused to decide as to what was to be done with the match and the trophy in dispute, a silver cup of considerable value. No rule could be quoted as bearing on the subject and the referee's decision was reserved. After a great deal of discussion, and the citing of a case or two somewhat similar in circumstances, as precedents, it was agreed between the principals to leave the case in the hands of Messrs. Gideon Knapp and Jacob Pentz as arbitrators. The outcome of this race is likely to form a valuable precedent upon which referees in future can base their decisions; the result as it was, proves the need of some rule on the point.

he time set for the match was "as soon as possible after the arrival of the 10:49 train from New York." Mr. Brokaw and his handler, Walker Breese Smith, left for West Chester at an earlier hour, and were ready for business immediately on the arrival of the main body, composed of Messrs Williams, E. F. Thomas, his handler, and others. A more disheartening outlook than that presented from the windows of the small club house at the shooting grounds it would be hard to imagine. Immediately in front was the sodden lawn on which the traps were set; the boundary, which is only 41yds., was marked by a narrow strip of wire netting and by a few red flags on 5ft. staffs which tottered and swayed to and fro in the gale like mere reeds. Beyond the boundary lay the Sound, covered with whitecaps, which were obliterated from view now and again as a heavier rain storm than usual swept toward New York. To windward it looked very "dirty;" it was just such a day when it's good to be indoors, with a nice wood fire in the grate to toast one's toes at. And yet there were men who preferred to shoot pigeons and get wet through, rather than stay indoors and enjoy the comforts of home!

The question, "How are the birds?" brought forth this statement from Brokaw: "They sit on the traps, and when they do get up are nearly all incomers." He then and there stated that he would call every lingerer a "no bird." He did it; he was nothing if not consistent. Whether he was wise in doing so may be questioned. Certain it is that by adhering to his expressed intention he lost many an easy incomer, technically known as "owls;" certain it is also that by doing as above he took chauces of getting screamers and of losing them, which, by the way, he did more than once. On the other hand, he showed that he was not very sure of incomers; the score shows that out of his 36 lost birds, no less than 22, or nearly two-thirds of the whole, had an incoming tendency; of the 22, 8 were direct incomers, while 6 were right-quartering incomers. Williams, on the other hand, waited patiently time after time for birds which refused to fly at once, the storm acting disastrously upon them, as far as flight went. He didn't mind getting a little wetter when he had a chance of something easy. After calling two no birds in his 12th round, Brokaw missed a fast incomer; in the 53d round he called three no birds and then had a right-quartering incomer drop dead out of bounds; in the 11th and 59th rounds he called four consecutive no birds, again in the 87th after two no birds, he drew a regular twisting driver that taxed his skill to the utmost; his 88th bird, an easy incomer, was missed after one other bird had been refused. In the second hundred he called fewer no birds, 49 having been scored to him in the first half of the race. His 141st bird was a low-flying driver which he killed well with his first barrel, having previously refused three birds which refused to fly the instant the trap was sprung. In the 183d round he called one no bird and was then beaten by an incomer which dodged both charges of shot. Brokaw had six birds dead out bounds while Williams had eight.

An incident happened in the 89th round that is noteworthy: Williams drew a strong right-quartering driver, which fell hard hit in the body just inside the boundary. Notwithstanding his caution not to let the dog go, the lad holding the dog did release it; the bird having no wing broken, flopped over the boundary when the dog made for it. The referee of course allowed another bird, which was killed with the first barrel. Mr. Williams's work with his first barrel was very sure throughout the whole race. The following figures tell their own tale: First barrel kills, Williams 93, Brokaw 38; used second barrel for safety, Williams 17, Brokaw 42. The longest run of straight kills was made by Williams in his third series of 25 when commencing on his 53d bird he killed straight until the 66th, he then missed three out of the next four. Brokaw's best work in his first hundred was a run of 16 in his third series of 25; he eclipsed this, however, in the second hundred, when the birds were really a far superior lot of flyers, by missing but one bird between the 128th and 163d rounds inclusive, making runs of 18 and 17.

Of course the match was a slow one, six hours being consumed in scoring 383 birds! It must be remembered, though, that Brokaw called 59 no-birds, while his opponent called 6, in addition to the 7 or 8 which refused to fly on the 192d round. The weather must also be taken into consideration when the time consumed by the match is under discussion. The time taken over the different series of 25 birds each was as follows: first series, 48 minutes; second series, 47 minutes; third series, 50 minutes; fourth series, 45 minutes; fifth series, 40 minutes; sixth series, 44 minutes; seventh series, 39 minutes; to the close of the match, 17 birds by Brokaw and 16 by Williams, about 47 minutes; total, 6 hours. The first bird was shot at 11:30 A. M. prompt.

The birds should have been a good lot; they were stated to have been picked for the shoot; in fact Jordan L. Mott, Jr., said he had made a wager that neither man would average 85 per cent. at the close; he won his bet easily, as Williams, had he killed his last nine straight, would have had but 168 to his credit. Had the weather been fine there is little doubt that the birds would have been above the average; as it was no birds could have flown well in such weather as that which prevailed on Thursday, Nov. 8. As a proof of how dark it was at the close of the match, it may be added that at the commencement of the 170th round, the red light on Stepping Stones Rock was gleaming brightly right ahead of No. 3 trap. At the 185th round the official scorer had to be supplied with an oil lamp so that he could see to make his records in the club score book. From that time on the flight of the birds was a mere matter of conjecture, based solely on the position of the bird when gathered by the dog which did the retrieving.

The decisions of both John S. Hoey, the referee, and of his deputy, Jordan L. Mott, Jr., were received without any dissatisfaction, notwithstanding the peculiar ending of the race. Scores:

Match, 200 live birds per man, 29yds. rise, 41yds. boundary:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J S "Williams"2 • 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 • 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 • 1—22
2 2 1 1 1 2 • 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 1—22
1 0 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1—24
1 0 2 • 0 2 1 2 1 1 2 0 1 1 0 2 0 1 2 2 1 1 1 0 0—17
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 • 2 1 2 0 1 0 0 0 2 2 2—20
0 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 • 1 2 1 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 0—20
0 0 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 0 1 —12—159

W G Brokaw..2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 0 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 2 • 1 0—20
• 2 1 2 0 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1—21
2 1 • 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2—23
0 0 1 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 1—19
2 2 2 • 0 2 2 2 0 0 0 2 2 1 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 0—16
2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 2—23
2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—21
2 • 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 —13—156

Up to Monday of this week the arbitrators appointed to decide the question raised by the failure to shoot this match out on Thursday, Nov. 8, had arrived at no conclusion. Before rendering any decision, they wished to first of all see the original articles of agreement drawn up for the match. Their idea was to find out whether any provision had been made for postponement under any circumstances whatever.

Coffeyville Gun Club's Tournament.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 9.—The two days' tournament of the Coffeyville Gun Club, held at Coffeyville, Kan., was not the success its projectors had hoped it would be, the attendance of visiting shooters being very slim. Independence and Weir City had promised to be there in force, but not a single shooter from either of these towns put in an appearance; in fact, there were only three visiting shooters present—that clever gentleman and congenial sportsman, Mr. A. H. Piety, of Topeka, Kan., who made a host of friends during his stay; W. R. Duley and the FOREST AND STREAM correspondent from Little Rock, Ark. The local attendance was good, considering that most of the local shooters had never taken part in a tournament before. Piety and Duley set a hot pace for the locals, and won most of the money in special prizes in the target events. Perry Landers did the best shooting in the live bird events, losing but one bird out of 27.

The weather was clear and bright, but a cold raw wind was blowing a gale during the entire two days. This made the shooting difficult, and was also very disagreeable to shooters and spectators alike, who found it a difficult matter to keep warm. The management spared no pains to make the shoot a success; 600 live birds had been provided for the shoot. The very moderate sum of 15 cents per bird was deducted from the entrance money. Targets were thrown at 2 cents, and everything was done to make it agreeable and pleasant for those in attendance. The club has a neat little club house, and also had erected a large tent in the rear of the score, where those who desired could seek shelter from the chilling wind. This was the most comfortable place on the grounds.

The grounds are very convenient, being only about six blocks from the heart of the town. The traps faced north, and there was a large, open tract of country with nothing to interfere with the view of the shooter. It was a sky background. The live bird grounds were located about 100yds. to the left of the target traps. The birds were of good quality, but the traps were poor ones, being nothing more than a tin box that tilted over; this made the birds slow to start. The grove of trees in rear of the deadline also worked against the birds, as this was the first thing to attract their attention; they would start for the trees, thus offering easy shots, as the majority of them were incomers.

Mr. A. H. Piety won the $5 premium for the best average in the programme events with 84 1/6%. Bluerock targets and expert traps were used. Purses were divided as follows: less than 10 entries, 3 moneys, 50, 30 and 20%; 10 or more, 4 moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10%. Shooters were divided into two classes, experts and amateurs. Experts shot known traps, unknown angles, amateurs shot everything known. A shooter making 85% in one event would have to shoot as an expert in the next event, or until he failed to make 85%, when he could return to the amateur class if he so desired. Piety and Duley shot as experts throughout the whole shoot. American Shooting Association rules governed. The scores that were made are as follows:

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance 50 cents: Duley 7, Kloehr 8, Lape 7, Lewark 4, Morris 6, Stewart 5, Landers 7.

No. 2, 10 targets, entrance 75 cents: Duley 7, Lape 8, Kloehr 7, Landers 9, Lewark 6, Stewart 8, Morris 3, Cox 7, Piety 9.

Na. 3, 10 targets, entrance $1: Duley 10, Lape 8, Kloehr 6, Landers 5, Morris 3, Stewart 8, Cox 1, Piety 9.

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance $1.50:

Duley	111110000111111—11	Stewart	111000111111100—10
Lape	011110101101010— 9	Landers	011000000100011— 5
Kloehr	111111011110111—13	Piety	111100111111111—13

No. 5, 20 targets, entrance $2:

Duley	00101101111111110000—12	Landers	11001100001010110000— 8
Piety	10111111110100111111—16	Lape	10111101101101111011—15
Morris	10011001010111001000— 9	Dunn	10101111001110011111—14

No. 6, 10 targets and 5 pairs, entrance $1.50:

Duley	0011111011	10 11 01 11 11	—15
Piety	1111111111	01 11 11 10 11	—18
Lape	1111110110	10 10 10 10 10	—13
Landers	1110101101	00 11 10 10 10	—12
Morris	1110110011	11 00 00 10 00	—10
Dunn	1010110001	10 11 11 10 00	—11

No. 7, 7 live birds, entrance $2.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Cox.....0 0 2 0 1 2 0—3
Duley.....1 0 0 2 0 0 0—2
Dunn.....0 2 1 1 1 1 2—6
D Wells.....0 1 2 2 2 0 0—4
Mitchell.....0 0 1 0 0 0 0—2
Stewart.....1 2 1 1 1 0 1—6
Scoville.....1 1 2 2 0 1 2—6
Benson.....0 0 1 0 1 0 1—3
Adamson.....1 2 2 0 2 2 2—6
Lope.....2 1 2 1 2 • 2—6
Swiss.....1 2 2 1 0 0 1—5
Morris.....0 1 0 2 0 2 1—4
McCreary.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0—1
Cunningham.....2 0 0 0 0 2 2—3
Landers.....1 1 1 1 2 2 1—7
Kloehr.....1 1 1 1 0 2 1—6

No less than 7 extra target events were shot as soon as the programme had been shot through. An extra 10 live bird race was also decided, the contest being for the price of the birds. The scores in this event were as follows:

10 live birds, price of the birds:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Lape.....1 2 1 1 1 • 1 0 1 2— 8
Duley.....1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 1— 9
Adamson...2 2 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 2— 9
Wells.....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 •— 3
Benson.....1 1 2 0 2 1 0 2 1 0— 7
Mitchell....0 1 0 2 1 1 2 0 2 1— 7
Lewark.....2 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 2 0— 8
Landers....1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 0—10
Merriman...2 1 0 2 1 0 2 2 1 0— 7
Litzke.....0 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 0 2— 8
Scoville.....0 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1— 7
Morris.....1 • 1 • 2 0 1 2 1 2— 7

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance 50 cents: Piety 9, Duly 4, Merriman 3, Morris 6, Dunn 4, Kloehr 8, Benson 4, Cuuningham 4, Lewark 4, Stewart 6, Lape 7, Scoville 8, Landers 8.

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $1.50:

Piety	111111101111111—14	Landers	101111111111110 —13
Duley	111111111101011—13	Lape	111111111111101—14
Kloehr	010111011111111—12	Dunn	011001000111101— 8
Morris	101001001101111— 8	Scoville	110010110100110 — 8

No. 3, 10 targets, entrance $1: Piety 8, Duley 9, Lape 5, Landers 6, Merriman 2, Morris 6, Kloehr 6, Dunn 6, Scoville 7, Stewart 9.

No. 4. miss and out, entrance 50 cents: Piety 2, Duley 0, Lape 0, Morris 0, Dunn 0, Landers 0, Kloehr 1, Scoville 0.

No. 5, 5 pairs targets, entrance $1:

Piety	00 11 10 10 01—5	Kloehr	10 00 10 10 00—3
Duley	10 10 00 10 11—5	Morris	00 10 10 10 10—4
Landers	10 11 10 01 10—6	Scoville	10 00 00 00 00—1
Lape	01 10 01 00 00—2	Stewart	10 10 10 10 10—5
Dunn	00 10 10 11 01—5		

The 5s shot off second money at 3 pairs: Duley broke 3 pairs straight and won.

No. 6, 10 live birds, $2.50:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Morris.....2 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 • 0—7
Duley.....2 • • 1 1 2 0 1 1 0—6
Adamson....1 0 1 2 2 0 1 1 1 2—8
C Wells.....2 2 0 1 2 0 2 0 2 1—7
Barber.....0 1 1 0 2 2 2 1 1 0—7
Cunningham 2 2 2 2 1 2 • 2 2 2—9
Dunn.....1 0 2 1 1 • 1 2 • 2—7
Swiss.....0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1
Benson.....0 1 2 1 0 1 2 0 1 0—6
Mitchell.....2 2 1 2 0 2 1 0 1 1—8
Kloehr.....1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 1—9
Etchen.....2 0 0 2 0 1 0 0 0 0—3
Merriman...2 0 0 0 1 0 0 2 0 0—3
Litzke.....1 1 • • 2 1 2 2 1 2—8
D Wells.....0 1 2 2 1 0 0 1 2 0—6
Scoville.....1 2 0 1 2 1 • 2 2 1—8
Stewart.....0 0 0 2 • 0 1 0 1 0—3
W Etchen...1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 •—6

No. 7, 10 targets, entrance $1: D. Wells 6, Benson 0, Lank 6, Mitchell 4, Dunn 7, Nevins 4, Barber 8, S. Cox 4, Chas. Wells 9.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Courtney Meets a Surprise Party.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 9.—The blustering and disagreeable weather of yesterday had a tendency to prevent a large attendance at the new series of medal shoots inaugurated by the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club at Maple Bay. The few trap shots who did brave the elements got cold fingers and red noses for their pains, but it did not lessen the ardor with which each class medal was contested. The competition was extremely lively, especially in the Class A contest. A. G. Courtney, the winner of the previous medal, had a big surprise in George C. Luther. The latter shooter has not been at the traps for some time, and astonished the spectators by his good marksmanship. He tied Courtney with 45 out of a possible 50, and in the shoot-off Mr. Luther succeeded in smashing 49 straight, a most remarkable run. Courtney was in fine form and used his new ejector fer the first time, and broke 56 out of 60 to win the medal for the first series. Luther broke 51 out of 60 to win the medal for the first series. Luther broke 52 out of 60. James Montgomery, champion of the West Shore Gun Club, and James Boyd appeared as new candidates for championship honors. James Boyd was shooting his new gun, and will make a better record next time. Andrew S. White easily outshot Mr. John Cool for Class B medal, but John says he will get even next time. Boyd took the Class C medal. Scores:

First shoot for the new series of medals, 50 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles:

Class A.

A G Courtney	11111111111101111010111111101111011111111111111111—45
G C Luther	10010111111111111111111011111110111111111111111111—45
H Jones	10101111111011111001111111110101111111111111101—42
G H Mann	11011110101111101010001111111111111111001111110001—37
J Montgomery	11011111111111101111110100111111001110101010100101—36
A C Ginty	00101111111101011101101001111110110011010101—33

Class B.

A S White	10111101101111111101011011011111101010100111111110—37
John Cool	00101110011000111101111010011100010001100111111011—29

Class C.

Jas Boyd	01100100010000001100111001000000111111111111111019—26

Class A ties, 60 targets:

A G Courtney	11111111111111111111101111011
	11110111111111111011111111111—56
G C Luther	11111111111111111111111111100
	11100111111101011111011001110—52

FALSTAFF.

How the Weilers Shoot.

ALLENTOWN, Nov. 9.—Enclosed please find score of the monthly shoot of the Jno. F. Weiler Gun Club.

R Moore	10110111011011011111111011—19
E Ulmer	11111110111111111111011010—21
J Benning	11111101111101110111011101—20
J Boyer	01101110101100011110011100—15
O Acker	11000101101010011111010111—15
E Miller	11011011100101111111111100—18
I Zellner	01001110111101110110010101l—16
S Weiler	10101111110010101011110011—16
M Hoffman	11000100101010011011011111—14
J Smith	01100011010100101011011111—14

A. W. BEATTY, Capt.

HARTFORD, Conn., Nov. 5.—At the shoot of the Colt Gun Club, on Saturday, Nov. 3, the following scores were made in an event at 25 targets per man: M. F. Cook 23, E. Sexton 23, F. Green 22, J. Pitkin 22, F. Olmstead 21, Owen Treat 21, S. Colt 19, J. Peard 17, P. Tinker 17, C. Stone 14, Francotte 13.

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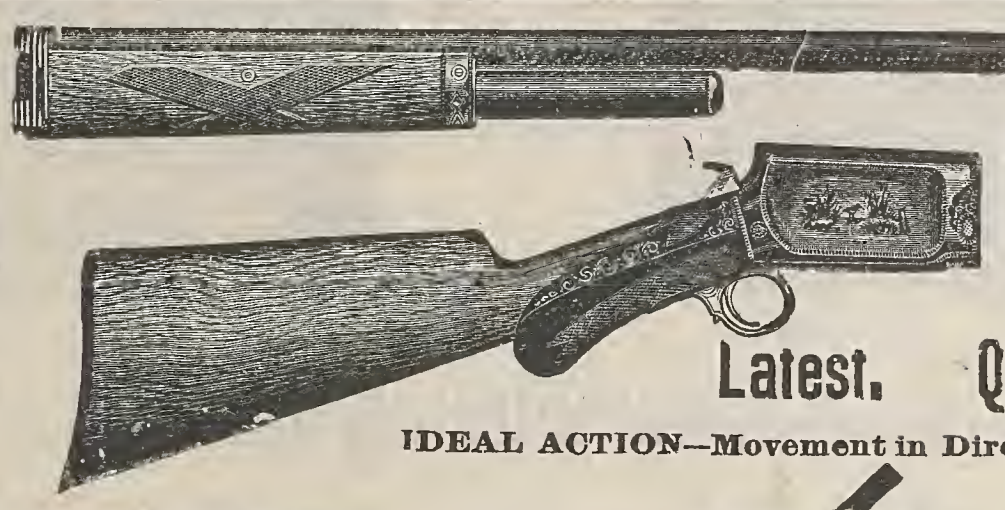

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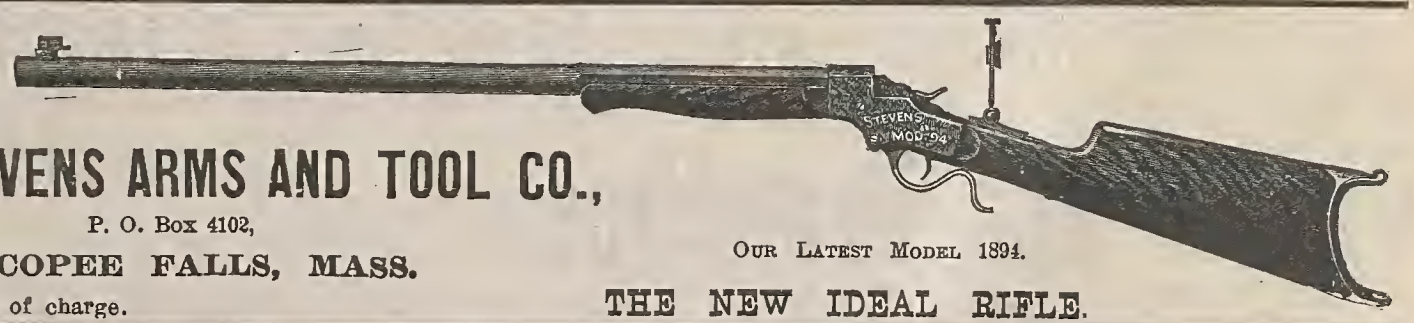

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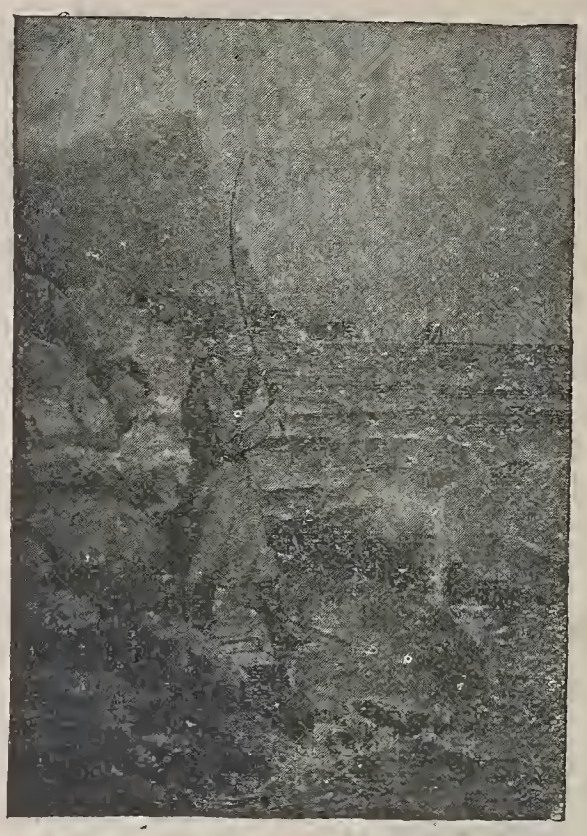

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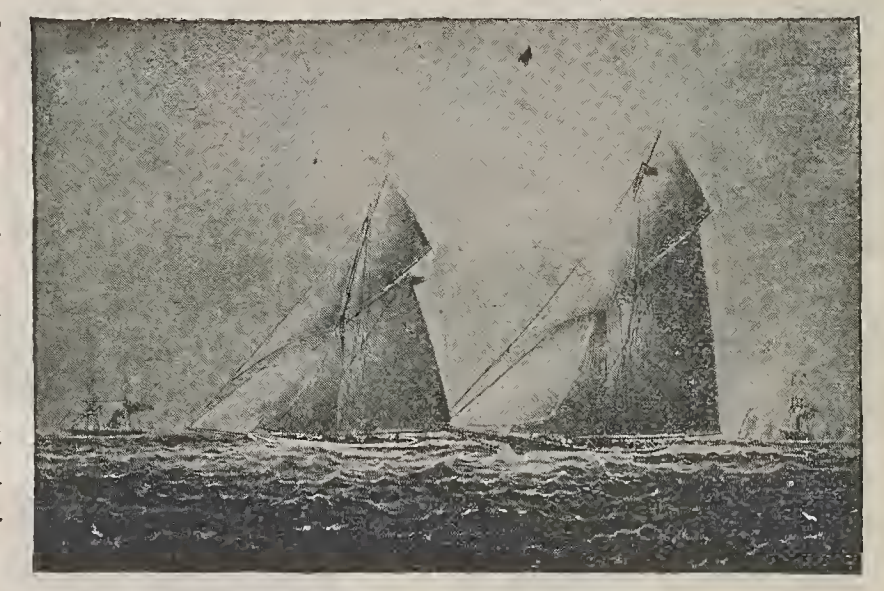
JACKSNIPE COMING IN.



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CONTENTS.

Editorial.
Snap Shots.

The Sportsman Tourist.
How the Season Opened.
A Day with the Old Dog.
Grouse and Men.
A Memory of the Antarctic.

Natural History.
The Field Mouse and the Spider.
Wild Pigeons.
Black Squirrels Supplanted by Gray.

Game Bag and Gun.
Chicago and the West.
Texas and the Southwest.
A Sea Turn at Brant Rock.
Pluck and Grit.
Duck Shooting at Wapanocca.
In Autumnal Covers.
New England Game Grounds.
Stop the Sale of Game.

Sea and River Fishing.
Good-bye, Sweet Stream.
Those "Red Trout."
Angling Notes.
Romance of Two Ponds.
Texas Tarpon and Bass.

The Kennel.
New England Field Trials.
Eastern Field Trials
Northwestern Beagle Club F. T.
Beagles Shot
Foxhounds at Providence.
Dog Chat.

Yachting.
Model Yachting.
The Centerboard.
Lord Dunraven's Letter.
Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.
Yachting News Notes.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
New York Schuetzen Corps.
Zettlers in the Gallery.
Rifle Notes.

Trap Shooting.
Kleinman the Champion.
Truly Championship Form.
Eastern New York League Tournament.
Effect of Wadding Material upon Performance of Shotguns.
Drivers and Twisters.

Answers to Queries.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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SNAP SHOTS.

WE suspect that Hon. W. S. Soule, a member of the present Vermont Legislature, is a sportsman who at some luckless period in his field career has been done out of the fox he was following by another hunter's slipping in and killing it ahead of him. That such an untoward interposition may not happen again, at least not under sanction of the laws of the State, Mr. Soule has prepared a bill, which the Legislature is now considering, to this effect:

SEC. 1. That any and all wild game in this State shall hereafter belong to and be the property of the person who first finds and starts said game, so long as said person finding and starting said game continues in actual pursuit thereof, with or without dogs.

SEC. 2. Any person shooting or otherwise capturing any game started by any other person, so long as the person finding and starting said game is in actual pursuit thereof, with intent to deprive the person finding and starting said game of his ownership thereof, shall be subject to a fine not exceeding three dollars and costs of prosecution, to be paid to the treasurer of the town in which the offense is committed, and be liable to the person finding and starting said game, in an action of trover for the actual value of the game so taken, with costs of prosecution.

The bill has been referred from the Committee on Game and Fisheries to the Judiciary Committee for consideration of the legal principles involved, and it is expected that the committee will report upon it unfavorably.

Legal principles aside, there is much to be said in support of the measure, and much against it. One's sympathy spontaneously goes out to the hunter who, after long and arduous chase, at last beholds his prey clutched by some lazy lout, it may be, who has undergone no hardship of the pursuit, but has just been lucky enough to be in position to intercept the other man's game. On the other hand, does not Mr. Soule impose altogether too severe a strain upon human nature, when he requires that one shall refrain from taking an offered shot at game simply because some one else has started the animal? Even so, a shooter is not going to stay his hand at thought of any three-dollar fine and action of trover—not if he is possessed of that gunning instinct which causes one on occasion involuntarily to take aim with an umbrella or a walking stick.

And then there is to be taken into consideration that ever present and potent element of chance. Suppose, for instance, that the man, to whom the game may be driven by the pursuer, does withhold his fire; there is no certainty that the original hunter will surely hit it when he shoots; his bullet may go wide of the mark and the game will disappear. If a person cannot make good his title to a deer when he shoots at it, how may he be given title to it before he ever gets within shot?

Again, in any given case of pursued and pursuer and interception by another, there might be re-enacted the old story of the hare and the hound—both run to a standstill, with the hare just ahead of the hound, and neither able to advance another inch; under such circumstances would not the other be justified in making the game his own?

If Mr. Soule's bill shall become a statute, we may look for some interesting cases in Vermont courts when the bear hunters shall go to law. The sympathy of court and jury would almost certainly be with the plaintiff defrauded of his bear pelt, but a smart lawyer for the defense might make out a good case on a number of points. He might show to the satisfaction of the jury (1st) that at the moment defendant shot the bear at the top of the hill, plaintiff was at the foot of the hill, sitting on a log, and clean pumped, and powerless to continue the chase, while the bear was still going at a good pace; or (2d) that defendant killed the bear in self-defense; if he had not killed the bear the bear would have killed him; or (3d) defendant didn't know it was loaded, and the killing was accidental; or (4th) the bear killed was not the animal pursued by plaintiff, but another one which plaintiff's bear had routed out from cover, plaintiff's bear having gone on into the next county.

The homicidal fatuity of the hunter who shoots at a movement in the cover thinking it game, and discovers it to be a human being, is not confined to any one locality. Last week our record was of a Long Island hunter who had thus killed a companion, mistaking him for a deer. This week it is of a Texas wild turkey hunter, who killed his comrade for a gobbler. In this case as in other wild turkey hunting casualties we have noted, the two men were calling for turkeys, heard and answered one another, each believing that the other was a real turkey, and both ready to shoot so soon as he could locate the sound; until at length seeing the cane shake one caller did kill the other. The victim was thus the victim of his own skill in simulating the note of the bird.

It would seem as if after having killed a companion by mistake for a deer, one would have no stomach for deer hunting; yet the papers recorded last week that the Long Island man who had fired into his human victim was out the next day following up the game.

Is it not about time that somebody took steps to put an end to the abominable cruelty practiced upon the hounds kept in the Adirondacks for deer hunting? The hounders have a notion, very likely well founded, that if the poor brutes are tied up short in filthy kennels, and deprived of food and drink until nearly dead, they will make a better chase when put on the trail. This of course is not true of all North Woods deer hounders, but it is true of very many of them, so many, in fact, that the sum total of the hideous cruelty is appalling. The question of deer hounding with respect to the deer is not involved; it is simply a question as to whether a lot of human brutes shall be longer allowed to outrage decency by inflicting these horrible sufferings, all in the name of "sport," and in a stage of civilization when we have humane societies to look out for the dumb creatures that cannot speak for themselves. Gen. D. H. Bruce, president of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, is also, we believe, an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; he would not be going outside of his legitimate duty as an official of either of these organizations if he should look into this particular phase of Adirondack cruelty, and take measures to suppress it.

Minnesota sportsmen are talking of a new State Association with headquarters at St. Paul. The originator of the movement is Mr. Wm. L. Tucker of that city, a gentleman well known to us as sincerely and disinterestedly concerned for the more efficient protection of fish and game. Associated with him is Mr. W. P. Andrus, the executive agent of the Fish and Game Commission, and the one man to whom more than to any other Minnesota owes its splendidly devised and effective system of protection. There is ample occasion for such an association as Mr. Tucker plans, to work in concert with Mr. Andrus and the official force of wardens. One practical field of effort for the association will be to promote a public sentiment in support of the game laws; and to this end the membership must not be restricted to sportsmen alone. Mr. Tucker has the right idea and expresses it in a letter to the *Pioneer Press:*

The gentleman sportsman, who devotes much time to the pleasures of field sports; the professional and the business man, who enjoys the companionship of his rod and gun during his all too limited vacation, and the farmer, whom we all recognize as the real propagator and protector of much of our game; all must take an active interest in all that tends toward the protection of the sport he loves, and should take pleasure in assisting in any movement that will secure this to him.

It should be our aim to cultivate the good will of those who make it possible for us to enjoy these pleasures, knowing as we do that there is an underlying antagonism to game legislation from those who consider game laws as made for the benefit of the city sportsman alone, who in the open season comes into his territory and ignores him. I must particularly dwell on this point in the attitude of the general farmer toward the city gunner. We all know that there is oftentimes justice in this show of resentment. Many a city gunner goes into the country; shows little regard for a proprietor's rights; at times abusing courtesy shown him; fills his bag, it may be, and without so much as a "thank you," returns to the city and leaves an enemy to the whole class of gunners, where he should have made a friend.

A co-operative game society, having its members in all parts of the State, coming in daily contact with our friends and antagonists, will surely the more strengthen the bonds of the one and weaken the barriers of the other.

This to my mind is the keynote for a successful State Game Protective Association.

Minnesota sportsmen are invited to correspond with Mr. Tucker, whose address is St. Paul.

Our notion is that when Game Warden Shriner, of New Jersey, offered the other day to end the prosecution of Judges Nixon and Inglis, if they would give him their word that they had not hunted ducks illegally, he opened a wide door for them to walk through; and the presumption is that if they were innocent of the charge and were good sportsmen they would gladly avail themselves of the warden's proposition.

An esteemed correspondent in the South complains that he has taken on so much flesh that because of his ponderosity he finds field shooting downright hard work. We know an enthusiastic trout fisherman who because of increasing avoirdupois was compelled to give up first fishing from land and then fishing from a boat, for he was so heavy that no one dared venture out in a boat with him. A harsher ill fortune has overtaken a New York man, in whose behalf the Charity Organization Society has just published an appeal for work and wages. This unhappy victim of his own greatness has been long out of employment as a book keeper only because employers are averse to engaging the services of a man weighing 300 pounds.

The members of the Vermont Fish and Game League held their annual dinner in Montpelier on Wednesday evening of this week. The League is one of the most energetic and useful associations we have, and it has actually accomplished great good for the fish and game interests of Vermont. Its moving spirit is Mr. John W. Titcomb, who has rendered good service in the Fish and Game Commission.

The sportsmen of Marquette, Mich., headed by Mayor Kaufman, of that city, have organized the Game Protective Association of Marquette, the ultimate purpose of which is to secure better laws and a better enforcement of them for the Upper Peninsula. The new association offers a local center for the formation of an organization to cover all of northern Michigan, and Secretary M. E. Asire, of Marquette, invites correspondence from individuals and clubs in other localities.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HOW THE SEASON OPENED.

WELL, Nov. 1 came at last, and the open season was upon us. The day dawned cloudless and just cool enough to be pleasant. The party consisted of the Skipper, who hurt the scales about 286lbs. when he climbed upon them for weighing purposes, the Clerk, supposed to be a Nimrod, but who, from his attenuated appearance, was called "Ramrod," and the Marine, who is a mighty hunter. Paris Island was the place, on the South Carolina coast, and the country just back of the Naval Station was popularly supposed to be full of snipe, and partridges, which further north would prove to be our old friend Bob White.

Notwithstanding his avoirdupois, the Skipper was ardent and enthusiastic. The Government mule was ordered to be at the door at 6:30 A. M., and after coffee and a light breakfast the party prepared to start. The Skipper was gallantly clad in an old gray suit, with his old shooting coat over that, sleeveless, as all shooting coats should be, with many pockets. His nether limbs were covered by long-legged rubber boots (recently built and launched by the Goodyear Rubber Company) measuring 22in. at the calf, to give entrance to the mighty limbs of the commander. The equipage was a two-seated wagon, called a "Democrat" here, which is appropriate, for Republicans are marked with a minus sign in these parts. There were two dogs; Bob, a liver and white pointer, knew his business well, but was slightly deaf; the other, more liver than white, was young, ardent and indiscreet.

The first act of the drama was to boost the mighty Skipper into the wagon. Scott, the colored driver, stood at the head of the mule so as to brace him up in case the whole menagerie showed signs of capsizing. The Clerk and the Marine took up advantageous positions, and with a "long heave, a strong heave and a heave all together," the ascent was accomplished, but the poor old Democrat was fearfully "down by the stern."

Then the rest of the party embarked, and the caravan began to move. The sun was just rising over the distant sea. The air was delightfully clear, and the heavy dew caused a charming fragrance to pervade it, and the dogs frisked about the party as the mild-mannered mule paced sedately through the cotton fields toward the grassy retreats, where the snipe most abounded and the partridge hid his plumage.

About a mile from the station old Bob came to a beautiful point at the side of the road, his hindquarters and tail visible in the grass and his nose steadfastly set toward a low piece with high grass and straggling trees about it. Subdued excitement at once pervaded the party. The Skipper extricated his feet from the vehicle, and when they were pointed just right, tobogganed to the ground in great shape. Guns were grasped, cartridges shoved in, and when all were ready, old Bob was "hied on" and in two minutes up jumped Mr. Snipe, and the Skipper's gun spoke out and down tumbled the bird. This seemed a good beginning. While the Skipper was putting another shell into his gun and mildly chuckling over the first bird, Mr. Ramrod, who was on the right, remarked in hesitating accents, "Was that your bird, sir?"

Now, history repeats itself. Many long years ago the Skipper and two companions landed at early daylight at Maldonado, at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, to shoot partridges. As they tramped through the sleeping village, bound for the stubble fields beyond, many dogs greeted them with waggish, doggy smiles, and jumped about, and they wanted very much to go with those guns. The gunners were afterward assured that every cur of them all would point, retrieve and do anything else with great earnestness and ability in the field; but as sailors have little sense on shore, they sternly repulsed the canine advances, and trusted to the retrieving qualities of David Johnson, a mild-mannered darky wardroom boy. Consequence, about half the birds shot were lost; but the party picked up twenty-eight fine partridges—noble, great birds—in a couple of hours. Now on this occasion, while beating across a stubble field, a bird rose fair in front and the Skipper tumbled him over in fine style, apparently. "That's the way to knock 'em over," remarked the Skipper, as he proceeded to reload. "What's the way?" said the gallant officer on the left. "I killed that bird." "Not much you didn't," said the Skipper; "I did it with my little gun." Both parties were powerful disputants, and the surrounding country rang with their assertions, each insisting that he alone had shot and that the other had not, while the cynical Surgeon on the right grinned sarcastically, and much enjoyed the dispute. Being ultimately appealed to, he declared that both had fired simultaneously, and to this day no man knoweth who killed that bird.

Having a vivid recollection of this episode, when the Ramrod man hazarded his mild inquiry, the Skipper blandly asked, "Did you shoot?" "Yes, sir," was the answer, and here is another riddle to rattle down the ages of the future, alas! unsolved. The Marine tried to be loyal to the Commander, and insisted that he saw the bird tumble in the right direction to be killed by the Skipper's gun, while the Clerk mildly pointed out that the bird was wounded on the starboard side, which would seem to be in his line of fire. As one bird would not go far to satisfy the hunger of three ravenous and healthy daughters, the Skipper renounced his claim to the bird, which slipped into the pocket of the Ramrod man.

Two or three more birds were flushed in that spot, but no more were bagged, so the derrick was again rigged, and the Democrat loaded down by the stern once more. After proceeding a couple of miles further toward Broad River, the Marine proposed to try a likely piece of ground for partridges, while the others of the party remained in the wagon, to come at his call. Nearly on the margin of Broad River, where a thicket overlooked the stream, lo! the soldier raised his hand and beckoned, and the others started for him, across cotton and cornfields. Old Bob was at a dead point. To reach him it was necessary to struggle through enlaced vines as high as the waist, and very tough. It was a hard battle. The Skipper puffed and perspired, and his mighty heart pumped like an engine. Suddenly up they rose with a rush-two-three-four, and the air seemed full of feathers. Ramrod scored one; the Skipper and Marine missed. There were certain to be more birds in the bushes. The Marine entered to beat through and kept singing out to the Skipper to work in close to the edge of the bushes. Now, to work about 300lbs. of man, gun, and ammunition through an entangled maze of blackberry-vines, bushes and tough grass, reaching as high as the waist, is no slight exertion, especially when the man-power of it all is soft and flabby, and easily fatigued after long years of sedentary life; but the soul is strong and fearless and will undertake much, even though the flesh is weak. The Skipper plunged ahead in an elephantine way, but his panting must have been like unto the panting of a Mississippi steamboat (with one of which the Skipper once pursued and killed a great deer in midstream where Arkansas and Tennessee face each other across the Father of Waters—"but that's another story" as Kipling says) and probably all the quail were intimidated thereat. At last one frightened bird jumped up at his feet to avoid being trodden on, and sailed away over the land, while the Skipper wildly pulled the lock that was not cocked, and missed the bird when he found the right one. I am afraid at this point some language was used. The Ramrod man and the Marine were respectfully reassuring in their remarks, but the Skipper probably felt that they judged that his frantic attempts to drive the birds off the ground would be mildly successful later on.

The party emerged on to the Sandy River beach, and the Skipper opened his safety-valve, and tried to reduce steam to a safe pressure, and get his breathing engine into such shape that it would be useful again. It took some time. He was tired and sore from his unaccustomed exertions, saturated with perspiration, and was conscious of a longing for the old mule and the sybaritic comfort of the wagon seats. It is very probable that he was disgusted at his bad luck, or marksmanship, and that he did not consider quail and snipe very desirable birds, anyhow.

At last he rose, and started to find an easy place to scale the bank, and so to reach that heavenly mule. Having gone perhaps a hundred feet along the shore, and seeing a place to get up, a commotion at his feet excited his attention, and after a wild struggle, another quail took wing, nearly knocking the Skipper's hat off, and followed by a wild shot from the left barrel, which frightened the bird into the trajectory of the Marine, who promptly killed it and put it into his bag. The tired Skipper felt that his education had been neglected, inasmuch as he could find no language to express his feelings on this occasion, so he struggled again through the tangled vines to the carriage, unloaded his gun, lighted his pipe, climbed laboriously into the wagon and was carted home.

Then the other men ate some lunch in the shade of a tree, rested and fed the dogs, and began to hunt.

The Skipper was pretty badly used up. He is supposed to have wasted about 20lbs. of avoirdupois during the expedition, but, although his flesh failed, yet his spirit is still undaunted, and he has heard of a pond on St. Helena Island where marsh hens, teal and other "little divin' fowls" fly in, and he has planned to seat himself comfortably on the banks of that pond, on an old box carried for the purpose, and if any adventurous birds come in range, slaughter will surely intervene. When that trip is over, I will try to give you the Skipper's further adventures for your old sporting paper. C. H. ROCKWELL.

NAVAL STATION, PORT ROYAL, S. C., Nov. 5.

A DAY WITH THE OLD DOG.

LAST Saturday was opening day for quail in Indiana, but it was anything else than an ideal autumn day. An inch of wet snow had fallen the night before, and stuck to everything it touched. The ground was covered, and every weed, bush and fence was wreathed in fleecy white, cold and wet, ready to drop at a touch. The sky was covered with gray clouds, and a northwest wind hunted the thin spots in the clothing of those who were out. It was much better weather for hunting quail at the grocer's than in the field, but as it was probably the only day I would have for the sport this year, it was decided to go.

Just across the road from the house is a 12-acre stubble, in which a covey of 14 had been seen only the day before, and right there old Joe and I went. I told Joe that it was doubtful if he proved good for much, for he was too fat and out of practice, for he had had no work for two years except on 24 quail last year, and he was getting too old, anyway. But Joe gave me to understand by whines and barks that he was going to do his level best, and cut a lot of capers to show that he was still as active as ever. Over the fence and into the weedy stubble he went, raced once around the field with high head and waving tail, then selecting the likeliest portions of the field, began a systematic hunt for the birds he had seen the day before and wondered why I did not shoot at them. Presently he came back to me, wanting to know why he could not find them to-day. I told him they had not come off the roost yet and were hard to find, so to go in and hunt them again, and he hunted them half an hour longer, but could not find them.

Thinking the storm might have made them go to the woods to roost, we left the field and went through a ten-acre clearing that cornered with the field. It was an ideal place for quail to fly to when disturbed, but otherwise none were likely to be found in it. Meanwhile guns were heard in several directions, and Joe and I began to feel that we ought to be getting something; but we didn't get a thing in the clearing, and started for another stubble, going along a bushy fence row between two fields of standing corn. Sixty rods down this fence I saw tracks—quail tracks—twelve of them; the most cheering sight the sportsman ever sees, except the sight of the birds themselves. I called Joe to me; he caught the scent at once and began to follow it. As he crawled after them with outstretched neck and nose and straight-extended tail, with legs bent till his body almost touched the ground, he looked nearly twice his actual length. Here was an opportunity to see just how he did it, as the bird tracks showed just where the trail was. Joe paid no attention to the footprints in the snow, probably did not know what they were; but got on the windward side of them, keeping a rod or more away from the trail, and every few rods stopping and smelling carefully, feeling, as it were, for the body scent. Once, when the birds had made a sharp curve toward the side Joe traveled on, he crossed the trail, and of course lost the scent; but instead of going forward to find it, he went back, and took it up two rods of where he crossed it. After the birds had turned they were going right with the wind, and here Joe crawled right on their tracks, because otherwise he could not smell them. Here he crawled along with extreme caution, stopping every few feet and looking back at me, as though to say, "Be ready for them. I can't get the body scent when they are going right with the wind." Presently the trail turned to the left, which brought it across the wind once more, which Joe soon discovered, and leaving the trail he traveled another half circle of 50yds., coming back against the wind and working for the body scent. He found it this time, and as I came to him he rolled his eye back to see what I was doing, and I imagined he winked at me. When the birds go up, one was killed and lay fluttering in plain sight of Joe, but he did not break. So much for thorough discipline in his puppy days.

The birds were marked down in the clearing we had come through, and once there Joe and I had a barrel of fun with them. By 10 o'clock we had eight and could find no more, so started to the house, going through the stubble again, and this time Joe found that covey we had not found in the early morning. They were still on their roost, dreading to put their feet in the cold snow. These birds went to the clearing too, and we had lots of fun with them till the cartridges were all gone. You see we only took twenty-eight for fear we might kill too many birds. The twenty-eight cartridges bagged just fourteen quail, and that was all we needed.

Winston Harris came over to see me about some birds on his farm and after dinner we went to get them but could not find them, and only got six during the afternoon. Winston said the quail reminded him of some great fly-fishing in which he used live quail for flies, but he would not tell me about it until I had promised it would not get into FOREST AND STREAM. Then he told the following:

"In 1847 I was living at Boonville on the Missouri River. Right opposite the town was a big bend, making half a circle four or five miles across. That fall there came hundreds of thousands of quail, traveling south, and when they struck the river they followed it till they came into the hollow of the big bend and then flew across, but as it was a mile, a good many of the weaker ones fell into the river, and those that got across were so tired that people just picked up all they wanted of them. There was several acres of very deep water in the bend and there were a good many big catfish in there that never would bite at any sort of bait. Well, these catfish got to snapping up every quail that fell into the water, so I got the blacksmith to make me a hook, got 200ft. of clothesline at the store, and tying a live quail to the hook threw it away out in the river, and something took it right off, and it would have taken me too, if the boys hadn't grabbed the line and helped. We pulled out a catfish that weighed 187lbs. strong, and he had nearly a bushel of quail in him. We thought we were going to have any amount of fun now, but the next morning dead catfish began to come to the top of the water and float down stream."

"What killed them?" I asked.

"Killed themselves trying to eat thirty quail in thirty days," said Winston. O. H. HAMPTON.

GROUSE AND MEN.

SITTING by a warm cheerful fire on a cold night reading a book about the grouse, I heard the sweet strains of our fifty-year-old piano (just tuned for the hundredth time) playing "Woodland Echoes." I had heard both many times before, but never before with so keen a sense of appreciation, for I had returned but a short time before from my first hunt after grouse.

Away up in Monroe county, Pa., near the Pike county line, I had spent some days in the woods, on the hillsides, in the swales, breathing the mountain air, drinking from mountain brooks. There seems to me to be no place on earth where one can so effectually shut out the cares of this life and business anxiety, as in those mountains and sunny swales. It's the place to get nature's own remedy without the quack doctor accompaniment. My errand, however, was not entirely in search of health. A plow horse needs rest occasionally. I went grouse shooting, and as the old piano repeated "Woodland Echoes," I recalled, as I remember now, that first grouse hunt.

I left New York one bright day in October, with my newly purchased English setter dog, warranted to point grouse at 1,000yds., and retrieve from one county to another. At Mammkachunk I was joined by my companion of the trundle bed, the country school pard, the twin in all mischief and subsequent thrashing bees, my reverend brother. He, too, had a dog borrowed of a New Jersey farmer. Fannie's only experience in hills I am sure had been in a sweet potato patch. My dog Ned had seen hills before and didn't like them; but I am dead sure he had never seen a grouse. Neither had I—except the product of the pot-hunter in the market places on Barclay street.

At Mt. Pocono we went into camp in a deserted cottage, built exclusively for summer purposes. The first morning we successfully took our bath out of the second story window, from a pipe that ran up on the outside. We didn't do it any more. The pipe froze up. We built fires, cooked our meals (and the Doctor was an excellent cook), made beds, washed dishes (before we left) and hunted. Hunted dogs and grouse. Time can never erase from my memory the whir of those Nancy Hankses of the air. For cunning, they could give politicians points. The embarrassment of those green dogs helped me out considerably. The Doctor, however, began to bring them down, having been there before—many a time. He also got Fannie down to doing some very good work. Ned proved to be a great retriever, when there was anything to retrieve. I flushed as many as six birds before getting my gun off at all. They were so different from a New Jersey cotton-tail, that they unnerved me. However, I began to shoot on general principle. It was hard on the timber, but when timber land is only worth a dollar an acre, I didn't mind. In three days I had eleven birds (all grouse), six lectures caused in getting up after falling down (I always fell near the Doctor), a played out dog, and a pain from head to foot, besides a heap of practical experience. I have never yet told how I got those birds, and the Doctor never told but once; but for the benefit of aspirants after grouse shooting honors, I will now confess. I shot at fifty, missed forty-nine, bought ten. Came home happy, and in better physical condition than in years before, and for many months enjoyed a great reputation for prowess. Sold Ned for $10 ($45 lost), changed my 10-bore for a 12-bore, joined a gun club, got

elected field captain, have shot over 4,000 shells at clay pigeons. Bought an Antonio—Ruby's Girl pup and had it trained by Lewis.

And all for what? Just because I have a life-long pleasant account to settle with that wonderful game bird the grouse. He hides in such romantic places, feeds in such secluded nooks, gives you such unexpected surprises, dies so hard, drops with such a thud, runs so like a deer when wounded, taxes so thoroughly the quality of your dog, makes you so joyous when you conquer. I would rather bring to bag one grouse than five of any other game bird in existence.

I asked my friend and neighbor Mr. K., to go grouse shooting with me this fall. He declined, saying a man should be built with one leg shorter than the other to hunt grouse successfully. This may be true at Mr. K.'s time of life but not at mine. I do, however, believe a man should be under fifty and a shining mark for a life insurance company, for this sort of shooting. Nor do I think a man should live luxuriously eleven months in the year, and hunt grouse the other one.

It's a wonderful way and place to size up human and dog nature. After the first day's hunt you either love your companion or you never want to see him again. Your dog is no good or else not for sale. And in the meantime you get awfully well acquainted with yourself, and should any one yell, "Who killed dat caribou," retrieve the bird and say, "We have another."

Having had considerable experience in grouse shooting since my first attempt at making the woodland echo, I should like to say a word about field or woods companions.

An acquaintance asked me some time ago to take him grouse hunting. I firmly declined. I now respect him. If I had taken him along, I am sure that on the return my estimate of real value of him would have been less than that placed on poor Ned. The reverend doctor has been my constant field companion since we first played Indian together on the old farm many years ago. Of him I can only say, he is a sweet preacher, an instructive teacher, a faithful brother, and a good shot—effective with tongue and gun alike, except when the devil and a rhododendron thicket are in the way. I have never seen a railroad built through a rhododendron thicket. They always go around. It's easier.

The Doctor and I initiated two brother sportsmen into grouse hunting this fall with splendid results. We have known these men many years and have held them both in high esteem. Now they can have anything we have got, except our guns. (Joe fell down too often, George is a little slow and strains his gun.) I have known these two men to hunt two full days—results, one grouse, one woodcock, and then to kick because duties called them back to New York; but never to kick on account of the weight of their bag. They had had good full days in the woods, and had seen a number of birds, but were in unfortunate positions. I have never known George's dog to come to a stand that I wasn't shoved into the open, while he would break into cover to flush. Are they sportsmen? Yes, of the highest type, a lesson, I am sure, to many who may read of them. If a mule has a kink in his tail, a sure way of discovering it is to pull it. If a man has a mean trait in his nature, take him grouse hunting and it will reveal itself in a series of kicks that would make a mule blush.

THOMAS ELMER.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.

A Memory of the Antarctic.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note in the last issue of your paper an article on the breeding habits of king penguins, quoting as authority Capt. J. J. Fuller of the then sealing and whaling schooner Roswell King. Inasmuch as the names and subject mentioned brings to me a series of recollections of times long since past I deem that a few after words may not be considered amiss.

I cruised with Capt. Fuller, and owing to my fondness of the eggs of the penguin I can vouch for the facts mentioned. I particularly had cause to study the habits of the penguin during my search for their eggs (a choice morsel wit sailors).

It was a very common matter among us seamen to frequent their haunts from time to time to replenish our larder, with a whaleboat of eggs, an immense number being consumed daily by our crew of thirty odd always hungry men. We fairly had to force our way through the countless numbers of birds in our search for the immense quantity we desired and consumed. Often we found with the female two to five eggs, and in but few instances failed to find the one concealed as described by Mr. Hazard. This, however, we generally let alone, owing to the abundance of others, and somewhat to the fact that the fowl had an effective way of wielding their seemingly ungainly half wing, half flipper, when so opposed, a stroke of which seemed not unlike a crack from the soft side of a club in an antagonist's hands.

I recall the wreck of the Roswell King and the isolation of Capt. Fuller and her crew for some sixteen months on the dreary Desolation Islands, the subsequent mutiny of her crew and their privations amid an antarctic winter when even a search expedition failed to find trace of them. I recall too the fact that it fell to the lot of the writer first from the crow's nest to note their signal of distress, when by them we too were despaired of; how we picked them up, clothed in skins from head to feet; how we shared with them our bunk and biscuit, sailing from pole to ocean until we placed them in safe hands in Capetown harbor.

To the writer somewhat and to the Francis Allyn was due the rescue. And strange to say, Captain Fuller now commands the little vessel that so befriended him, the Francis Allyn.

FRANCIS H. BUZZACOTT.

Shooting Near New York.

YONKERS, N. Y., Nov. 15.—Our local sportsmen have had the best woodcock shooting in this vicinity during the past ten days that has been had for several years past. An acquaintance bagged fifteen on Friday within three miles of our city. Another party of three killed seventeen on Tuesday, just across the Hudson, on the Jersey side. There have been many scores ranging from five to eight. We think that the greater part of the fall flight has passed. Quail are very scarce, notwithstanding that we put out a great many southern birds this spring. It is a mystery what has become of them.

J. T. W.

Natural History.

THE FIELD MOUSE AND THE SPIDER.

THE incident recorded, so far as the writer knows, is one by itself; although naturalists' notes are filled with accounts of the courage and ferocity of spiders, and it stands to reason that very many encounters such as the following must have taken place.

Spiders, on account of their spinning propensities, take the name by which they are known in natural history (*Arachnidæ*) from a Greek fable that tells how Arachne, an Athenian maiden, was transformed into a spider for attempting to rival Minerva in the art of weaving. This occupation, however, is not practiced for peaceful purposes by her descendants. They weave "snares for the falling:" their webs are traps for the unwary, and these creatures themselves, that have their brains in the breast and their hearts in the abdomen, are as spiteful as they are ugly. Fortunately all species are comparatively small, like most of the more fierce and dangerous inhabitants of our earth. If this were not the case—if such a being as the black, bird-killing tarantula of Surinam, for instance, could grow indefinitely, like some members of its family, it would be one of the most dreadful specimens of malignity and destructive energy alive.

The following events took place among the Smoky Mountains of Georgia, and were witnessed during the course of some scientfiic explorations of that region. It may be supposed by some people that pursuits of this nature entirely absorb those who follow them, but generally a little leisure is left for thinking about other matters—getting something to eat, for example. At all events, that was the object which led the writer into a lonely little valley with a large shallow pond at its upper end. Trees stood in the water and it was an excellent place to look for turkeys.

The wild turkey, most splendid of all the feathered game of America, is shy and wary to the last degree, and looks out for its own security with an eye quite as keen as that of the proverbial hawk. On this occasion, however, prudence was likely to be disadvantageous, because this man who had become discontented with pork and beans, noticed the trees, and knew for a certainty that no turkey would be so rash as to roost in the forest, when a resting place surrounded by water was at hand. Raccoons and wildcats that steal upon these lordly birds by night dislike to get wet, and in roosting amid marshes or ponds, this creature shows its discernment.

On the west of the valley rocky terraces clothed with brush rose to a considerable height, and seated on a sandstone slab the hunter silently waited for his expected prize. Not a breath of air stirred the boughs, an intense stillness brooded upon the scene and dark shadows from the mountains were lengthening across the glade, when a faint chirping sound near by drew attention to its cause; a tiny field mouse came over the rock's edge, going in a bewildered sort of way. It did not seem to notice the motionless figure resting there or perhaps was past making observations, for matters were evidently in evil case with it.

Ordinarily this animal lives in a dry, comfortable nest, eats its fill of grain and seeds and is plump and sleek and well-to-do looking as any creature can be. But now its eyes were dull and half closed, the coat was staring and it staggered in its gait. The cause of this discomfiture soon revealed itself, for a large gray spider, mottled with black, darted up from below and drew near the mouse with an unmistakably hostile mien. This new-comer also appeared to be unconscious of a man's presence. Probably notwithstanding the tarantula's eight eyes, he may have been too big to see or this denizen of wilds of nature did not recognize him for what he was. It is a popular fallacy to suppose that all inferior creatures know human beings and dread them instinctively. At all events, the spider paid no attention whatever to the intruder, but began circling round its enemy, who fronted the foe as it moved.

There are altitudes which betoken terror equally well with expressions of the countenance, and although it cannot be said that the field mouse looked as if it were overcome by fear, despair was stamped upon every motion that it made. Spiders have no proper heads, and consequently there would be a certain absurdity in speak- of the ferocious look of any being in such a condition as that. Nevertheless, no tiger bristling with rage, and with sinuous deadly movements making ready to charge, could have expressed his full purpose more plainly. When at length it rushed upon its adversary, both combatants became so mixed up in the struggle that it was impossible to see distinctly what happened. So far as could be distinguished, the mouse did not attempt to bite, though it has enough power in its jaw to press those sharp little teeth which furnish its mouth, through the body of any spider. All it seemed to do, however, was to throw off that fierce assailant whose arms clung to its body. Desperate efforts were made to this end, and they were successful, for the spider retreated, and the mouse stood swaying from side to side, and then fell down.

One cannot say exactly what ailed the animal. The chemical character and effects upon the body of those venoms belonging to poisonous Asiatic and American serpents are well understood. That of the only venomous lizard on this continent, the Gila monster, is "a deadly heart poison." In insects generally, formic acid is the active principle, but in this case, although nervous exhaustion, fear and fatigue, no doubt contributed to produce prostration, the symptoms did not correspond with those which could have followed injection into the system of any of the agents mentioned. After lying panting for a few moments, the mouse roused itself, was again attacked, and probably bitten anew. This occurred several times, its resistance gradually becoming more feeble, and the signs of distress more pronounced. At length it fell to rise no more. Two or three convulsive tremors shook its body, and it was dead.

Spiders live on blood or those juices that stand in place of blood, and now was the opportunity for this one to gratify any sanguinary tastes that it might have possessed. No exhibition of this kind took place, however. After walking around and over its victim, it seemingly became certain that the mouse was dead. Most likely the mouse had been assailed out of pure viciousness, and not because its murderer needed food or had any desire to make a prey of an animal of this description. Anyway it shortly walked to the edge of the rock and went down; a procedure which was not interfered with, partly for the reason that it is preposterous to object to any being for acting in accordance with its nature, and also because the observer entertained some hope that it might possibly return and do something else in the way of disposing of its victim's body.

The tarantula did not reappear, and the brief episode described was all that happened. There is, however, some uncertainty attaching to this. It is certain that poisoning caused the mouse to die, but the creature's behavior set at naught what is known of the action of venoms, which are continuous and cumulative. The same is true of any theory of fascination that might be formed; there would be no reactions while this state continued. Naturalists commonly repudiate the idea that animals charm their prey, and explain such facts as a bird's flying round and round a coiled snake in smaller circles until it is seized on other grounds. It is useless to speculate upon this matter, but the event itself was full of interest, and in that regard is given for what it is worth.

Wild Pigeons.

DUNNVILLE, Ont., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much interested in the report which you say Dr. Willett Kidd, of Newburg, N. Y., made to you about a flock of forty wild pigeons seen by him in Orange county, in September last. This has been an interesting subject to me for a few years, having seen the wild pigeons when they were here in myriads, while now there are probably not forty passenger pigeons on the continent.

In September last a man came to me saying that a flock of "real wild pigeons" were feeding upon a pea field some miles away from here. My informant was so positive that they were pigeons, having shot hundreds when they were plentiful, that a friend and I were induced to take our guns and drive to the place. When we reached there, it turned out as I had suspected—a lot of mourning doves rose from the field which had been sown to peas and buckwheat.

It is strange that a man who formerly had known pigeons so well should make such a mistake, yet I find it very common among old sportsmen. The dove is very like the passenger pigeon in plumage, but is very much smaller. I would venture to ask might not the birds seen in New York State have been mourning doves?

While doves are common here and breed, there is no record since April 9, 1883, of wild pigeons having been seen.

G. A. MACCALLUM.

[We are perfectly willing to accept Dr. Kidd's identification of the birds he saw as correct.]

Black Squirrels Supplanted by Gray.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Nov. 12.—The same process noted by your correspondent, F. M. Comstock, as taking place in New York, is going on here, namely, the displacing of the black squirrel by the gray. Twenty years ago a gray squirrel was a rarity in this region. Now they number, at a rough estimate, one to six. These two varieties of the family *Sciuridæ* are often found in company, and that they breed together is apparent from the black and gray coats of some of them. The assumption that the tail of the black is more bushy and its head more elongated than that of the gray are quite correct, as shown by my stuffed specimens, one of which, by the way, is cream-colored, but shows the distinguishing characteristics of the black. The tail of the gray is broader, flatter and more feathery-looking than that of its black-coated relative, and the hair is longer and finer. Belleville is, I may add, within about twenty-five miles of the northern range of the black squirrel. North of that the red has the woods to himself.

R. S. B.

Minnesota Buffalo.

THE Hallock *Enterprise* of Nov. 8 contains the following important statement:

"A two-year-old buffalo was killed near the Snake River, west of Warren, last week by Judge Lakin of that place and a Grand Forks gentleman. This is the first of the species running wild which has been seen in that vicinity for over twenty years. Where it came from or where the herd is from which it no doubt strayed is a mystery."

Warren is forty miles south of Hallock on the line of the Great Northern Railroad.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

WE were quietly floating down the Ouachita one day last season, when a shower of rain came up, and as it was near dinner time, we concluded to tie our little canvas-covered craft to the bank until after we had finished our repast. While ashore making a line fast the sailorman noticed a hollow log near by and remarked that it looked like a "possum log;" so we concluded to investigate. Investigations revealed nothing. Seeing a fallen pine we thought we would gather a little of it for kindling wood. This carried us further into the woods, and one of the boys exclaimed: "Here is a possum log sure." Upon thorough examination we came to the conclusion that he might be right. One of the boys cut a long pole and poked up the hollow and twisted it around a little, and when he brought it out it was covered with long white, grayish colored hair, which evidently belonged to none other than a possum. "Well, boys, I know he'll go fine, and as that cook of ours was raised down here in Louisiana, I know he can fix him into a fine dish. Give me that axe and I'll have him out in a minute." Sure enough, in about a minute the axe went crashing through the log, and the boys, gathered around all expectant, began to stand a little further back—"Gee! I guess that fellow has been eating something which ceased to exist"—and another lick of the axe revealed the animal in quest, with his nose drawn down between his forelegs, and coiled all up in a knot as dead as the hollow log in which he had been incased. We silently returned to our little boat. Bacon and beans were good enough for us. We carried our pine knots and disappointments, but we carried both in our arms, and they were soon disposed of when the cheerful crackling in the stove restored us to comfort and to yarns of other times.

PLUMB-BOB.

MISSISSIPP

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The West of the Present and the Past.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

HELENA, MONTANA.

Joe Flick and the Yellowstone Park.

That it isn't such a big world I had further proof at Helena. I used to know away back in college days a tall, slim, innocent boy by name of Arthur Craven, of whom I lost sight as the years rolled by. I found him at Helena, the possessor of a nice home, a wife and family, and a good law practice. Everybody who goes to Helena gets rich, because it's in the air, under the ground and all around one. I told Craven I was looking for old-timers, and he took me a long walk up a back street leading up the famous Grizzly Gulch in search for a certain old-timer by name of Joe Flick, with whom Craven had made acquaintance in his earlier days in Helena. We found Joe Flick living by himself in a little old cabin, and taking what care of himself he could in the sufferings entailed by a bad attack of the mountain man's curse, inflammatory rheumatism. Poor Joe had been a very sick man, and he offered a sad sight, bundled up as best he could arrange it in his well-worn clothing. But he was gritty and cheerful withal, and gaily said he was much better and would soon be around again as good as new. I am sure I hope he is well now, for a spirit like his deserves good fortune.

Joe Flick is well entitled to be called an old-timer, for his experiences date back to the gold days, and he numbered among his friends Jim Stuart of beloved memory and others of that coterie. Flick says that Hayden, who made the most famous expedition into the country of the Yellowstone, was not any more entitled to be called the "discoverer" of the Park country than a hundred others. "All that country in there was known perfectly well to all of us, of course," said he, "only we didn't ever say anything about it. We went all over that range time and again in our trips to the country below and east of the Park. I remember that in the same year that Hayden went in there a party of four of us went over into that country just for the fun of looking it over. There was Jim Stuart and C. M. Jeffries, R. C. Wallace and William Moothy, and we were in there quite a while, and went into parts of the section we'd never been in before. I recollect that we went up that mountain they call Mount Washburn, or some of us did. Wallace, he got tired of climbing, and allowed he'd go back to camp, and we told him we'd go on up and then come down and meet him where we'd left the horses. About two or three hours after that I happened to be looking away off over on the side of the mountain, and about a mile off I saw a man just a-leggin' it up the side of the mountain as hard as he could go. I couldn't tell who it was that far, but I thought it must be one of our party, as we were the only ones in there, so I hollered to the fellow as loud as I could, and as luck would have it, the wind being just right, he heard me, and then you ought to have seen him start for me! It was that fellow, Wallace, and he hadn't ever got to camp at all, but was plumb lost. He was going in just exactly the wrong direction, and if I hadn't happened to see him just when I did, he nevsr would have had sense to stop till he was lost for keeps. Then he might have had a mountain named after him, like that fool, Everts, that got lost on the Yellowstone headwaters and turned up on the mountain near the Mammoth Hot Springs. Wallace didn't get lost enough to write a big magazine story about it, but maybe if I'd let him alone a little while longer he would. That's about as easy a way of getting a reputation as any I know—getting lost and writing it up. No. I never got lost; never had no such luck. Consequently, there don't nobody know anything about me."

The New Days of Sportsmanship.

There are a great many of these old men of whom nobody knows anything to-day. They are passing away, and will soon be gone, alike with the times which gave them birth and occupation. For a little time yet we may meet them and talk with them, and by their eyes see the West that was. I know of no occupation more pleasant. I do not love progress, and if it could be done without prejudice, I could wish that the gold of Helena were again under ground and that her lofty blocks were cabins, and that the hospitable Montana Club were a tent instead of a palace and that the smelters were out of the hills, and game back in them. But this wild wish can never be. The gold of the placers, the game of the hills and the old-timer of the frontier belong to the old order of things. It is over. The new era of commercial interest has set on, and with it must come the new ideas in sportsmanship. The day of protection and of the game preserve, the day of modern sportsmanship has now come.

In these matters of latter day sportsmanship, the city of Helena is naturally well in the front of progress. There is no touch of the backwoods in her trap clubs, and her anglers and game shooters have all the latest wrinkles in their equipments. Mr. M. K. Bryan, who keeps what seems to be the headquarters of the craft, keeps the boys well supplied with up-to-date sporting goods, and one can get anything in the world he needs there. By the same token, when I called at Mr. Bryan's store one morning, pretty well on in the morning, too, I found it closed. After a while Mr. Bryan appeared, and said he had been out of town for a day, up the railroad on a little fishing trip, and he could'nt get back any sooner. Now, I rather admire a man who will shut up his store when the trout begin to run, and go perform what is really his first and highest duty unflinchingly and with courage.

Helena is a leading member of the young Montana State Sportsmen's Association, and carries the honor of the vice-presidency, Mr. A. J. Fisk holding that office for the initial year. Such gentlemen as Mr. Fisk, Mr. Kennett, Mr. Balliett, etc., etc., are very much a credit to sporting circles, and we could use such in Chicago if they would come East.

The St. Mary's Country.

My friend Craven has not yet risen to the height of being much of a sportsman, in the sense of being wedded to rod and gun, but there are always hopes, and maybe he will do better after a while. As it is, however, he has not been able to escape the spell of the glorious mountain region about him, and makes pilgrimages to the hills with increasing regularity. He was of a party which a year or so ago went up into the little visited country about St. Mary's Lake and on the headwaters of the St. Mary's River. He can not say enough about the charms of that beautiful region, and is one of those who would like to see that favored corner of the mountains set apart as a government reservation, to be keat forever as it is, unhurt by the hand of man.

Judge DeWitt, of Helena, is another and prominent friend of the St. Mary's reservation idea. I saw him and asked if he thought there existed any practical obstacle to the accomplishment of the purpose, which is one much cherished by certain men in the East who have visited that grand mountain region and become infatuated with it. Judge DeWitt said:

"I know of only one thing which could prevent the establishing of reserve lines; that is to say, which would present any legal difficulties. Congress could not set it aside for such purposes if valuable mineral lands had been discovered there; but, so far as I can learn, no mineral has been found in the St. Mary's region, and it is fairly to be held fit to be set aside as a great and permanent forest reserve, like the several other national parks of the United States. I am sure there could be none more worthy or more beautiful."

How They Kept Their Feet Warm.

Oct. 30.—I always used to wonder how the old-time hunters and trappers who lived beyond the edge of the frontier, were able to keep their feet warm in the winter. It was not often that they got the chance to buy boots or shoes, and as a matter of fact they were obliged to depend largely on the moccasins. This, of course, in the really old time days, before the general advent of the frontier stores. Now a moccasin is a very nice thing to wear in dry weather, and I read all kind of things about the usefulness of the moccasin on a snowshoe trip, etc., etc., though what little experience I ever had with moccasins in the snow has led me to believe that they were better in the inside of overshoes than any other way. But the old-timers of the pass had no overshoes, and neither did the Indians, and the puzzle to me was how they kept their feet from freezing. So I asked some of my genuine old-timers out in Montana last winter about this, and this is what they told me.

"It would have been a good thing if the blame Indians had froze all their feet off," said Uncle Johnny Yancy, of the Yellowstone, "but they didn't, and they never wore anything but moccasins either, and they never heard of socks. The way they got along was to have plenty of moccasins, and when one pair wore out or got wet, they just put on another pair. You know every village had a moccasin maker, and in the old days there was plenty for the moccasin maker to do. Sometimes the squaws made the moccasins for their own men, but usually there was one maker who beat them all. When a war party started out on foot, a good part of their baggage was made up of extra moccasins, and if they went on any trip away from home, horseback or on foot, they usually were well fixed the same way.

"Of course this was all right for the warm weather when they made their hunting trips or went on the war-path, but when it came to cold weather and snow they had to do about the same way. The leather they made would not turn snow water, of course, so the way they did was to stay out of the snow. You know they wouldn't winter where the snow was deepest, and during times of snow they kept about as close to the village as they could, and they wouldn't go hunting until they had to. When a buck did have to go hunting or go anywhere else, he would go on horseback and keep his feet out of the snow that way. Mr. Injun wasn't walkin' when he could ride, you could gamble on that. Well, suppose'n he gets after some elk and makes a killing, he goes in and does all his skinning and cleaning, and then he piles his meat on top of his pony, puts on a pair of dry moccasins and climbs up on top of the meat. You can bet he ain't lettin' them feet of his'n touch the ground 'cept'n in the high places. As for getting out in the snow and wadin' in it all day, the Injuns didn't do it. Of course in dry snow they could get around some, but I 'low they mostly kept their feet dry by keeping close up ag'in the fire."

I asked Uncle Bill Hamilton the same question about the footwear of the old time days, and he talked to me at some length about it in his quiet way. "We all had to wear moccasins on the frontier, in the early days," said he, "because we couldn't get anything else. Of course there was all kinds of moccasins, and some of them made pretty good foot covers, though, as you say, none would turn water or wet snow very much. The moccasin itself is a pretty good protection against a dry cold, but sometimes the feet would get quite cold, even in the best of moccasins. We used to take some lengths of this long straight rye grass with a hard round dry stem, and we would break this up into lengths and put in the bottom of our moccasins as you would an insole. The friction of this rough grass on the bottom of the foot was the best thing to keep the feet warm we ever knew. It would surprise you to see how much this little idea would do toward keeping up the circulation of the blood in the feet. It saved us many a frozen foot on the plains in the old days. In those days when we were out in the weather so much all the time, we did not need so much clothing as people wear nowadays, and we got along with poorer dress in every way. There is a good deal in being used to a thing. If you were used to moccasins to-day and put plenty of wire grass in them you would find that you could get along a good deal better than you think."

There is a common belief that moccasins made of moose hide will turn snow water, but I have seen a good many that wouldn't; and indeed never saw anything which would, except pure and unbroken rubber, which of course is an impracticable foot covering even for the hunter of to-day. The shank skin of the moose, or even of the elk, however, made a legging which would turn snow, and this device seems to be much used even yet by Indians and hunters of certain regions. The poacher Howell, who was captured last winter in the Yellowstone Park, was very badly equipped for foot gear. He told us that at first he used elk shanks for leggings, but had worn them all out. When we saw him he had no shoes, no moccasins, and not even a decent pair of socks; yet he was managing to get along all right on his *skis* in snow that was 8 or 10ft. deep. On the top of his *skis*, where the straps are usually placed, he had tacked on a long, wide footstep or stocking made of grain sacking, which came up nearly to the knee. The bottom of this fixed stocking was protected by a foot or shoe of raw elk hide, which took up the harder grinding of the foot upon the snow. The top of the stocking was fastened tightly about the leg with thongs. When Howell got ready to travel, he wrapped his feet in layer after layer of gunny sacking (in the West called "California socks") until they were swathed up into the appearance of huge clumsy bundles, the gunny sacking coming well up the leg. He then thrust his feet down into the sacks or stockings, which he had nailed fast to his *skis*, and bound the stockings tightly about his legs by means of thongs. Of course, he could not get his feet away from the *skis* until he got ready to quit the trail; but he managed to get along somehow and did not freeze his feet. The worst danger on a snowshoe trip comes when one's feet have gotten wet in the thawing snow in the warmer part of the day, and when it comes off colder in the evening.

So it would seem that there are more ways than one of keeping your feet warm, and more proofs than one of the truth that necessity is the mother of invention, which means only that the creatures of nature will adapt themselves to their environment.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

A SEA TURN AT BRANT ROCK.

WALTHAM, Mass., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "You had better come down. A sea turn to-morrow. Flight will be good." This telegram was received from Brant Rock on Oct. 18. Having been there several times of late years I knew that a sea turn meant that the wind would be somewhere in the eastern board, which is considered the best for good shooting. I was not long in advising my friend. We left Boston at six for a long, tedi ous ride, not so long in distance as in time. Just think of it; nearly two hours in going thirty-seven miles. No Empire Express about that time. Just as we were pulling out from the station in came an old Irish woman loaded with bundles so one could hardly see her, and took the seat behind us. As soon as she recovered her mind she said, "I only hed tin minutes to come from Jardin-Mashes and I run all the way, and then I had to walk through two schmoking cars, and I can hardly see at all." She made lots of fun for all. I did not enjoy my FOREST AND STREAM until she had left us at Waymouth. At Marshfield we found the team waiting for us which took us to our hotel door. Of course our first question would naturally be, "How are the bird flying?" "Oh, there are no birds, neither will there be any as long as the wind holds west, but we shall have a sea turn to-morrow." We gave orders to have breakfast ready at five, then went to bed, but not to sleep much, for the strange, squeaking bed, with the roar of the surf, was not natural to our city ears. If it had been milk wagons clattering along we should not have minded it. I got up at two and found the wind was blowing strong from the east. The sea turn had come as predicted. Now I felt sorry I had not ordered breakfast earlier, for I knew there would be a rush for positions.

Four o'clock found us eating breakfast. Soon after we started in the dory, but we were too late; a long line of boats was there before us. We either had to go a long distance from shore or form the second line. We chose the latter, and put out our decoys. Hardly had we got into position when the first gun of the morning sounded. Soon the shooting up toward Scituate commenced. I have noticed through all my shooting there that the loons are the first birds to start; and to see an old fellow coming just as straight and then to hear the shooters bang all along the line and the loon keep right on, never changing his course nor seemingly quickening his pace made us both laugh. My friend had never shot a loon, so I gave the chances to him, but he did not get one, although he hit two very hard, but not far enough ahead. Most shooters shoot behind the loon. I consider 8 to 12ft. about right. I call to mind how my companion missed a big fellow with both barrels, and I shot him after that, and it seemed to me at that time that I was fully 16ft. ahead of the bird. The coots came in singles, pairs and bunches, and the shooting was quite lively for a while. How we wished for a position in the first line, but we had to content ourselves and take their leavings. "Mark!" my companion said, "close to the water, coming straight for you." The time was short, but up went the gun, and two were killed with the first barrel and the other badly wounded. Mr. P. looked at me and said, "Well, where do I come in?" He had his chance a little later, while I was fixing the anchor buoy. I heard him chuckle, then mutter to himself, "Now we are even." Instead of taking up our anchor when a bird is shot we throw over a large painted buoy which saves lots of time, as the water there is very deep.

We stayed out until 10:30, when the flight was over for the day. I feel sure that if we could have had a good position our total for the morning instead of being fourteen would have reached three times that number, for we were both doing good shooting. After having the inner man filled with coot stew we took a long walk to some marshes to try our hand on yellow-legs, but found none. That night we went to bed tired enough; and this time to sleep.

The next morning was all we could wish for. When we got to the shooting grounds we found two long lines of boats. We were the first to form the third line. Some of the men in the first line told me afterward that they had gone out at 3:30. Not any in mine, thank you.

The shooting commenced a little sooner than the morning before, but our position almost barred us out, we only getting eight. In the evening we went to the local fish market to hear about the good shots and bad misses. The market is kept by a Mr. Phillips, who is known as the best shot in that section of the country. He takes with him two guns, one 8-gauge, the other 10.

On Sept. 26 of this year he killed seventy-five coots, which is the largest number ever killed there in one day by one man.

The birds have been unusually plenty this year, and the local gunners have had some excellent shooting. Our short outing came to an end only too soon. We enjoyed every minute, and it will furnish us talk for the stormy winter evenings.

W. N. F.

PLUCK AND GRIT.

YOUR editorial notice of a plucky hunter, who went into camp on crutches, reminds me of a somewhat similar case which I remember as having occurred many years ago, say away back in the forties, when most of the counties along the northern border of the State of Pennsylvania were unbroken forests. Of these were Potter and McKean, which were very sparsely settled by a few hardy pioneers who had pushed their way up several of the small tributaries of the upper waters of the Allegheny. In this region there was supposed to be better deer hunting grounds than in any other in the State, consequently it drew many hunters out of New York State, even from as far east as Rochester and intermediate towns.

There was one man, a well-to-do farmer, who came over from his home near Rochester and hunted every fall for several years in succession from a camp located on a branch of the Tuna Creek. Two miles below this camp lived a permanent settler, Mr. Degoalier, with whom the old hunter stopped occasionally over night, receiving some camp supplies, such as loaves of corn bread, etc. Mr. Degoalier said that he generally went into camp the 1st of November, and remained a month, more or less, until the first snows fell sufficient for good sleighing, when his son would come with a two-horse sleigh and load in the old man and his venison and return home. The average number for the season was from eight to ten deer; and Degoalier claimed that he was a skilled deer hunter and that he could easily have killed double that number had he made an effort to do so.

All this while the old man had been slightly crippled with a bad fever sore on his leg, and the last year except one that he came there it had grown much worse, and he went into camp against the advice of his friend Degoalier. The old hunter did not come out at the end of the week as usual, neither did he come out at the end of the second week, whereupon Degoalier started for the camp, where he found him unable to get out of the shanty; so he returned home for a team and hauled the old man out on an ox-sled. A young doctor was sent for who lived in Smithport, some twenty miles distant, and it was decided to amputate the leg to save his life, and it was said that the old hunter endured the cutting, sawing and mangling with stoical indifference, without the use of opiates or chloroform, as the latter article was hardly known or thought of in those days. The young doctor's surgical skill was a question of very much doubt. However, the man got well, and that very rapidly, and was able to ride home in a sleigh with his son some time in February.

But the most singular part of the story is that when the next November came around what should appear but a carriage drawn by a pair of horses and bringing the same old hunter, who went into the same old camp, where with the aid of a crutch he stumped in and around that shanty during the hunting season, which lasted three weeks or more, while his son hunted deer. That was the last trip he made to that hunting ground, and I never heard from the old man again after his return. ANTLER.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., Nov. 13.

DUCK SHOOTING AT WAPANOCCA.

ONE November morning six members of the Wapanocca Outing Club in Crittenden county, Ark., partook of a most savory and excellent 6 o'clock breakfast in their pretty cottage club house, where 45 booths or lockers bear the names of their owners, who constitute the club. The season for duck shooting was at its zenith and the sport was royal, for in November clouds and myriads of ducks and some geese and swan are drifting toward the Gulf, with the Mississippi River as guide, and lakes near its banks and brakes furnish abundant food and rest. Between 7 and 8 A. M. the wildfowl were settling, circling, streaming in from roosting to feeding grounds, almost literally grounds, as marsh ducks love the shallows and mud puddles where smartweed and peppergrass, moss and coltsfoot, snails, larvæ and chinquapin acorns are knee deep in water, and where the ducks noisily and greedily feed. Bright nights make poor shooting next day because ducks have fed chock full by the light of the moon, and frolic or doze in the day in sequestered pools.

But hark! the ball has opened hot! J. A. A. in Price's Lagoon threw out 12 cedar and 4 live decoys, and mallards (that he wisely refrained from firing at when they arose like a storm and swept all over and around him) now return in singles, pairs and small flocks, and dart ravenously to the mud flats, succulent bulbs and quacking decoys, confusing the gunner by bold sweeps and incessant, greedy pitching in. Sharply now his little gun is ringing out the death note to lordly drakes and russet hen mallards, grassing 30 before 9 o'clock and 74 by 3 o'clock, which were laid in his duck boat by the superb Bruno—smooth-coat Chesapeake Bay retriever. J. A. A. has the knack of natural blinds, live decoys and quick double shots. Crockett, his paddler, is named aright; he has genius in knowing where game is or is not, at different times of day, how to approach it and how to outwit nature's wariest sentinels. He walks the bogs like a spider, even with a backload of ducks, where the shooter dared not attempt to flounder and fails to retrieve.

My own share was eighty-five game ducks, shot in the central stand of Little Lake, opposite Crossarms, all retrieved by curly-coated Marengo. Reng (for short) is a prince of the house of Chesapeake, royal in looks, quick and tireless in work, a tiger to fight, allowing no one but the gunner to touch his pile of game, faithful unto death, he lives in the handsomest and best of sons and daughters.

One of the happiest times in a man's life is when all gather in the evening around the glowing log fireside of Wapanocca Club house, with jests and wit and heartiest friendliness and fraternity, congratulating and nobly dividing with the men who beat us, with many a toast and never a boast, brothers all, while Miles of New Orleans, James and Waters of Chicago, Fagin of Kansas City, Maddin of Nashville, Bethell of Denver, Bonnie of Louisville, Scott and Sullivan of Mississippi and Woods of England, with thirty-five Memphians, form one happy and cosmopolitan union, served in the best and politest come-again-and-stay-longer fashion by that chief of *chefs de cuisine* and champion club keeper and coffee-distiller, Col. Philip Gwin d'Afrique, long may he wave—at our Chickasaw Indian lake, "Wau-ke-wau-kee."

But in the riot of our joy we have run away from boon companions and must hark back to the foxy and alert champion of the day, lawyer U. W. M., whose sharp eyes had seen afar off the clouds of greenwing teal rushing into Walker's Cove, where he dropped anchor in grass and willows, 5in. of water and 8ft. of muck. Perpetually his double shots rang out from the spitfire until 110 plump teal loaded his boat like a tarpon. He was two hours then in a furious flight of swirling teal without a shell, studying their ways and means for future use. From Lond Pond stand came many twin electric shocks from the deadly tubes of the tall, genial Prof. J. G. H., who counts only what he bags, and honors the post of club secretary; his score was eighty-one, all retrieved by his crested Irish water spaniel Frank, who would dive out of sight for a crippled duck, and at command would bring in the decoys.

From far away Willow Poles Crossing came faintly the reports of Uncle George's new gun, and although the mallards fairly pelted him, one barrel of his gun proved useless and the mire and grass cut down his score to 39 ducks and a goose. The keenest gunner in Wapanocca Club probably is the silver-haired Vice-President A. C. T., whose 65 years have not dimmed the fire in his eyes nor paled his ruddy cheeks kept aglow by sports afield; he stood at the junction of Cross Arms and Big Lake, and although one of our deadliest shots with his ejector hammerless, he was out flight line and tied Uncle George. His retriever Topsy, wavy coated and strong, is the model form, size, coat, head and color, of all our Chesapeakes, and a most gallant and eager workman.

Heartfelt congratulations, and felicitations preceded supper. Never was mallard roasted nor teal broiled more daintily. A total of 430 ducks was the score of six men one day. Each gunner took five ducks; an express wagon divided 400 ducks among the five asylums and Young Woman's Boarding Home of Memphis. The limit now is fifty ducks per gun per day, and for every duck over this, the sportsman must drop a dollar in the slot of Wapanocca's treasury. But it is still the unwritten law and custom to give the bulk of the game to those who need it. GUIDO.

ON WAPANOCCA.

Buffalo Shooting Ground.

BUFFALO, Nov. 17.—Sportsmen who have been out during the past four weeks say that jacksnipe and partridges were never scarcer in this vicinity than they were this fall. A few snipe were shot in the marshes down the river, but where a man might have counted on a large bag last season there was not a sign of a bird this year. Rabbits are more numerous. During the first fall of snow last week a large number were shot. Many of the shooters expect to go out for rabbit Thanksgiving Day.

Fred Gerot has had a taxidermist at work on the pelican shot recently by "Jake" Koch, and the strange bird now peeps out of Fred's window at the passers by. Stuffed, he is a magnificent specimen.

John O'Brian, of the Surrogate's office, and a party of local sportsmen went up into the interior of Canada this week duck hunting. They intended to visit Chatham where Ed. Bishop, former secretary of the Board of Public Works, has a berth as Consul. Ed is as nimble when out for duck as he is with his pen, and the boys under his tutorship ought to bring home plenty of duck and a batch of ghost stories. John promised that he would bring the Surrogate a squirrel if no ducks were sighted. H. J. B.

Mr. Burrell has Dogs for Bear.

THE celebrated vermint dogs which Mr. Walter F. Burrel bought from an old hunter up the valley a short time since, have not had so much hunting of late as they have been accustomed to, and are getting sharp-set for bear or anything of that kind. Hearing that a bear was "using" out at the head of the Cornell road, Mr. Burrell went out there a few days since to give his dogs a little exercise. They soon picked up the trail of the bear and away they went after it. Mr. Burrell followed after, at the top of his speed and, in about half an hour, came up with the dogs, which had killed the bear outright and were sitting around when their master arrived, with a sort of give-us-something-harder expression on their countenance. From the marks on the tree at the foot of which the bear lay, it was evident that, being hard pressed he had tried to climb the tree; but the dogs had pulled him down and done for him on the spot. The dogcatchers will do well to look for the license tags on the collars of these dogs with a binocular before they undertake to catch them. —*Portland Oregonian.*

WHAT WE GO FOR.

IN AUTUMNAL COVERS.

BOSTON, Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We make many trips to the tangled thickets and sunny hillsides, hoping to get a fair snap shot at a swift-flying partridge, but we have not had our ambition realized as yet. If ever it shall be our luck to stop one of those wily birds, we know how we will prize it.

We love to hear the startling whir of the frightened grouse; but we love the grand old woods still more, and week after week we find ourselves heading for the fragrant pines; never disheartened, never wearied at our repeated failures. Perhaps when writing my next letter to FOREST AND STREAM I may have the pleasure of recording my first capture.

Two years ago one could stroll through the woods of the Russell Estate in Milton, and be entertained by the antics of the gray squirrels on the old stone walls and among the tree tops. But the grays have gone, and we experience a sense of sadness at the loss of the nimble tenants of the ancient woods. The partridge too have vanished. The ruthless hand of the gunner has succeeded in driving off our most noble of game birds. How much better if we would lay aside our guns for a few years, and use note book and pencil instead.

We could note the stock that is left remaining, and by careful observations would be pleased at the increased number of birds and small mammals in a few years. But I feel as though it were of no avail to expect such a state of things to occur, even though sanctioned by law. We have a class of shooters in Boston, who would be utterly incapable of understanding the wisdom of such a course. We have the Italian shooter with us, who is no respecter of person or life. Last Sunday while out for chestnuts through the woods of Hudson, we encountered three of those fellows with guns on their shoulders. And it would have been an extremely dangerous undertaking to have tried to stop them from gunning.

The gunners of our towns and villages are the ones to be appealed to. They know where the mother grouse hides with her yellow brood, also where the quail trains her young. They have observed the nests long before the young were hatched. And what an easy task to get the whole family, while the city man tramps over miles of ground looking for what is not there. I mentioned an instance last year of a farmer going behind his barn and shooting quail before the law allowed him to do so.

We have a club made up of boys from the office who confine their sporting proclivities to pickerel fishing. We had some gay old times on the ice last winter, and even now we are overhauling our traps and taking the rusty edge from our ice chisel, anticipating the pleasures of the first trip when the pickerel bite best. We took through the ice last winter some 5 and 6lbs. fish, and we are hankering to get at the "big mouths" again.

The "Dingbat Club" has one member on its books who was green last winter, so green was this fisherman that he sat at a trap watching it for half an hour, then turned his head for a moment, when looking again he had a flag up, and he exuberantly drew up a big tomato can.

My boy of eight years, at this moment asked me what a fish-hog was. He is reading a copy of FOREST AND STREAM and found the word in its columns. The boy is my companion on many of my trips, and he is fast developing into an enthusiastic lover of bird and wood-life.

I noted last week some curious traits as exhibited by our hornets. I climbed a tree over 50ft. high for one of their nests. And again I found a half-dozen nests within a foot of the ground. Some of high pretensions, and more others humbly inclined—just like humans.

JAY PEE.

NEW ENGLAND GAME GROUNDS.

BOSTON, Nov. 17.—A meeting of the New England Fish and Game Commissioners was held at the State House on Friday. The object of the meeting was the discussion of fish and game laws in the several New England States, with the hope of some time arriving at something like uniformity in the same. A resolve was passed by the Massachusets Legislature last winter recommending such a meeting to be held annually. At this meeting every New England State was represented except Vermont. There were present: For Rhode Island, J. M. H. Southwick, Charles W. Willard. C. W. Williams, Henry I. Root; for Connecticut, R. E. Follett; for New Hampshire, N. Wentworth; for Maine, O. B. Whitten, Henry M. Stanley, Thomas H. Wentworth; for Massachusetts, E. A. Brackett, J. C. Young. Prof. Putnam, curator of the Peabody Museum, was also present as the guest of the Commissioners.

A good part of the ground covered by the game laws of the several New England States was gone over in the discussion, with various recommendations for uniformity. These recommendations were answered, pro and con, with all the difficulties of the climate and seasons dwelt upon. It was also suggested that several of the States in the southern part of New England required greater protection—if indeed not perpetual close time—than the more northern and eastern portions do, where the country is very sparsely settled. There was a general discussion, aiming toward the better protection of the lobster. The general opinion was that protection of lobsters under 10½in. in length was sufficient to save the species in fair abundance, though the Rhode Island delegation was in favor of a 10in. law. The meeting attended a banquet at Parker's after adjournment, subject to the call of the chairman.

Commissioners Stanley and Wentworth, of Maine, are greatly delighted with the increase in deer and other large game that has been going on in that State for the past 8 or 10 years. Both are in earnest and very enthusiastic in the work. While in Boston they visited the markets, and are reported not to have seen as many Maine deer there as they had been led to expect.

Mr. W. T. Farley with his friend Harry Clarke started for Andover North Surplus, on a deer hunt, Monday, Nov. 12. If they had good luck, taking a moose or a bear, they were to telegraph me. Saturday I got a telegram saying "Come at once! Having great luck." George H. Cutting, who has guided Mr. Farley so often at Camp Stewart, is guide. Andover North Surplus is some six miles from Andover Me.

Mr. David B. Blanchard has lately returned from a partridge hunting trip into Maine. He went this time to Patten, in Aroostook county, and on the line of the New Bangor and Aroostook Railroad. He had fair success in shooting, but he devoted more of his time to missionary work among the guides and citizens whom he was thrown in contact with. He comes out of the woods perfectly astounded with the slaughter of game that is going on in that section. The hunters reach the very heart of the forests from several of the stations on that road, and are within a few hours' walk or paddle with canoes of the game they seek. The woods are full of hunters He counted twenty-nine dead deer on the train he came out on, and this was explained to him as not a very great day for deer. He talked with the guides he met, and suggested to them that such slaughter could not be continued. He found them reasonable, and he believes that they will gladly sign petitions to the Legislature for some changes in the Maine game laws that shall regulate this killing of game. Many of the guides he met are of the opinion that one deer in a season is enough for a hunter, and nearly all are in favor of a perpetual close time on cow moose. He found they universally agreed that ruffed grouse should not be legally killed till the 1st of October. Guns in the woods should be prohibited till the full open season begins, and that should extend over but two months—October and November He found that they generally agreed that December is a dangerous month to the big game to be open, from the fact that the snows have so often become deep before the end of that month, and the animals have begun yarding.

SPECIAL.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

Ducks In Nueces Bay.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 16.—I don't believe that there are words in the English language that I can use to convey an idea of what A. B. Critzer, of San Antonio, and the writer saw on the 9th of this month while on a ducking trip up the Nueces Bay. There are more ducks this year on the Texas coast than ever known before. All day long, sharply outlined against the western sky, could be seen a swaying and continuous mass of flying bluebills, canvasbacks and redheads, headed for the sweet water of the Nueces River. We were shooting in the bay and only caught stragglers, but they came in so rapidly that we had a magnificent day of it.

As usual, the natives about the place made all kinds of fun of the 20-gauges, but we made them so tired before the day was over. We had plenty of ducks—not too many—not as many as the day last winter when we were accused of killing 812 to two guns, 20-gauges at that.

Mr. Gaston Naquin, of Rockport, brought in 63 canvasbacks and redheads as a result of three hours' shooting on Copana Bay.

Deep Water.

A good story comes from Portland, once a town near Corpus Christi.

A real estate man and a party of Northern tourists were on the beach last winter watching the flight of bluebills and admiring the play of the mullet. The R. E. M. was expatiating on the virtues of the soil, extolling the advantages of the geographical position of the town and using such other arguments as might induce his hearers to buy land from the "Portland Town Co."

"How much water is there out in the bay?" asked one of the tourists, pointing out toward the shallows.

"About 18 to 25ft.," grandiloquently responded the R. E. M.

Just then one of these puttering, everlasting, long-billed cranes, just skipping the water, flew into the line of sight and gracefully alighted, the water hitting him about the "knees."

"By George!" said the tourist, "I am sure of one of two things. Either you are telling a lie about the depth of that water or that is the longest legged bird I ever saw."

They buried the real estate man right there in the sand.

Moody's Fence.

Col. Moody, the market-hunting banker of Galveston, of rice-duck-farm fame hasn't drained his lake yet. He has been very busy of late repairing his fence. By actual measurement, the fierce barrier that repels the sportsmen of Texas consists of one wire, with posts 90ft. apart. If Mr. Moody succeeds in draining Lake Surprise, a company will be formed to hold back the waters of the bay so the rice in the Colonel's farm can flourish.

TEXAS FIELD.

An Open Door.

IN the Paterson (N. J.) *Press* of Nov. 14, Wm. C. De Graw, the hotel keeper who was one of the party charged with unlawfully shooting ducks on Greenwood Lake, writes of the excursion in the steam launch:

In regard to the duck shooting case, "the worst lie ever invented, as the entire party will swear," there was not a duck shot in that expedition Not a gun was fired on that trip except one, and that was in New York State, shot by Judge Inglis, which he does not deny, and only did that remarking he had not unloaded his gun during the trip of one hour's time as a pleasure trip. I have not violated the law in any respect and will prove it.

In reply Game Warden Charles A. Shriner makes this proposition to open a door wide open through which all the parties to walk out:

In regard to that charge of shooting ducks from his steam launch I am sorry to see that Mr. DeGraw characterizes it as a fabrication. By so doing he calls into question the veracity of at least half a dozen persons residing along the shores of Greenwood Lake. If Mr. DeGraw was innocent why did he not stand trial? He certanly had most eminent witnesses. However this may be I desire to make a proposition. If the eminent gentlemen who were with him in his steam launch on the 17th of October will give me their word that they did not violate the law by sailing for ducks or by shooting at them I will disregard the proffered oaths of ten persons, and will recommend to the Fish Commission, at whose particular command the prosecutions were begun, to have the cases dismissed at once; if the Commission should decline to follow my recommendation I shall resign the office of warden, which would end the cases. I am perfectly willing to take the words of such men as Judge Dixon or Judge Inglis, and by accepting this proposition they can save themselves the annoyance of a lawsuit and also stand acquitted before the community of even an unintentional infraction of the law.

A Modest Moose Hunter.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours of the 14th to hand and noted. I would like very much to accommodate the readers of your journal with a recital in detail of my moose hunt in the Maine woods, but the aversion of seeing my name in print, particularly in the capacity of a moose slayer, deters me from writing at all on the subject. I am naturally a bashful man, and a sketch of the hunt in question would give me just that notoriety I am only too anxious to avoid.

JAMES N. JARVIE.

Stop the Sale of Game.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—*The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.*—FOREST AND STREAM, *Feb. 10.*

STOP the sale of quail. Yes, by all means stop it. When I think of the outcome of market-shooting and that it means destruction to our game, I realize that it is time something is done to put an end to it. I am aware that it takes time to get at things of this kind, but there should be some restriction in our game laws to prohibit the sale of game. If we don't awaken to the facts, and that very soon, too, we shall not need the advice of brother sportsmen in the choice of a gun, for there will be no use for one, unless one indulges in trap-shooting. To buy a gun to use on game will be useless and a foolish waste of money. It is a shame and an outrage the way our game is slaughtered and transported to market for money.

Stop the sale of quail, and the time will come, as in days of old, when we can go out and make a good bag without tramping one's legs off.—*Correspondence Evansville Tribune.*

Editor Forest and Stream:

Keep a-hammering away at your platform "Stop the Sale of Game." The Pittsburgh game dealers had rabbits and quail for sale for more than a week contrary to the game laws of Pennsylvania. Informations have been made against several of them, but they claim that they had them shipped from Indian Territory last December, 1893, and had kept them in cold storage ever since. But the bluff won't work with Fish Warden E. B. Todd, who is going after them with a sharp stick. These violators are going to take their cases into the courts, but their claims won't hold water. Mr. Todd is a new fish and game warden for Allegheny and Beaver counties.

P. F. S.

The Persian Partridge.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with pleasure in FOREST AND STREAM the statement that the Mongolian pheasant is to be placed in the Middlesex Fells of our new metropolitan park system. Allow me to call the attention of the proper authorities to a suggestion of Sir Austen Layard, of fame in the exploration of Nineveh. I find it in Frank Buckland's admirable book, "Notes and Jottings from Animal Life": "He [Sir Austen] regretted we had not yet introduced the gigantic partridge, the ourkakiek, the royal partridge of the Persians, or Caspian snow partridge."

This suggestion has in a way the indirect approval of that most sensible naturalist and warm-hearted lover of birds and beasts, Buckland, and is, at all events, worthy of serious consideration. It would be of interest if the Metropolitan Park Commissioners of Boston would give them a trial, either in the Middlesex Fells or in the Blue Hills, and I know of some one who would pay for the first pair if the Commissioners would procure the birds from Persia, which, I should think, might easily be accomplished by the aid of the United States Minister to Persia or of the American Consuls to that country. A. S.

Some Oshkosh Ducking Ways.

CHICAGO, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a trip to the marshes adjacent to Oshkosh, Wis., and found ducks scarce. No wonder at it, as in the mating season the mallards are shot off their nests and the nests robbed, the miscreant considering himself in great luck with a day's food ahead. In the hunting season the birds do not seek the marshes until after dark, and even then local hunters have developed the faculty of shooting them in the almost dark, and pick up the birds next morning. Those birds that rest in the marsh are out before daybreak and remain in the open lakes, where they are unapproachable. For these reasons hunting is poor. The weather was too warm for the northern ducks, and they had not arrived. Some bluebills were in, and these were being netted on their feeding grounds by fishermen, who ship them in barrels to market. The birds dive and get tangled up, and drown in the nets, set purposely for them. There ought to be some way to stop this netting of ducks.

A. H.

With the Webfeet on Nigger Slough.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Nov. 6.—On the 3d inst. Messrs. James Matfield and John Winston, both well-known sportsmen of this city, left for a day's shoot on the grounds of the Dominguez Gun Club, of which they are members. They opened the ball with the webfeet at 8 A. M., on the 4th, and after three hours shooting, picked up 101 ducks, principally teal and sprig. They shot from a blind in the tule, over a flock of fifty decoys. The Dominguez Gun Club controls the Nigger Slough, a body of water six miles long and about sixteen miles distant from Los Angeles. The above club numbers among its members some of the best duck shooters of this city, has a comfortable club house, boats and other accessories, and the members enjoy some capital sport during the season.

CULPEPPER.

Christian County Hunting Club.

SEVENTEEN members of the Christian County (Ky.) Hunting Club are on the way to the happy hunting grounds of Quiver River. They carry with them a unique outfit, consisting of one coach carrying the hunters and two cars carrying 21 saddle horses, 34 hounds, wagons, feed for stock and food for man. They have six servants to do their bidding and to act as guides to camp, should any of them get lost in the woods. They carry with them their feather beds and chairs. This club is 43 years old. Captain Parrish said last night that he had taken, including this one, 42 annual hunting trips during his membership of 43 years. He was one of the charter members.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

Barnegat Ducking.

BARNEGAT, N. J., Nov. 12.—Gunning continues to be good. Two of our gunners one day last week (William Chandler and Oscar Ridgway) killed twenty-five redheads, black ducks, broadbills and others.

WM. J. INMAN.

An Adirondack Bear.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 12.—Edgar G. Jenner, of Lewis, caught a 400-pound bear Saturday last. It was one of the largest bears ever caught in this section.

G. L. B.

Louisiana Anticipations.

FRANKLIN, La., Nov. 12.—Everything points to an immense quantity of game this year. The snipe are coming into the prairies of Iberia and Vermillion parishes in great numbers. Quail are more plentiful than I have seen them for years. As soon as the cane is all cut we expect great sport with them.

Everyone gets a deer now whenever he tries, which shows either that they are more plentiful or that we are developing into better hunters.

I hear from an old hunting companion and chum, that the duck shooting in the marshes below Poydras, La., is already all that could be wished for. We are already discussing the "whys and wherefores" of our annual trip to Abbeville. F.

Ontario Deer and Fish.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Nov. 12.—Deer have been fairly plentiful this year, and nearly all the hunting parties have killed their quota. It is evident, however, that the season has been opened too early, as many fine animals were shot only to rot in possession of their slayers.

Several weeks ago a number of bears, driven from their forest homes by bush fires, made their way into the front townships. A number of them were killed.

Maskinonge fishing was good this season. Several that weighed upward of 30lbs. each—one of 48lbs.—were killed. R. S. B.

A North Carolina Quail Country.

BESSEMER CITY, N, C., Nov. 17.—We have no fishing worth naming in this section. Of course there are a few trout and other small fish usually found in the small mountain streams. But I think the quail shooting in this county is as fine as any other section, and the quail are more abundant. We have here a good livery stable, the Mountain Park Inn, and a most charming place, with scenery unsurpassed. J. A. S.

New Jersey's Game.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Nov. 17.—Quail are scarce in Middlesex county. Ruffed grouse may be found in fair numbers along the line of the Camden & Amboy Railroad, but are hard to get at. Rabbits are abundant. Woodcock were unusually plentiful during the week ending Nov. 10, and in excellent condition. Several shooters made large bags between here and Metuchen, five miles distant. J. L. K.

Barnegat Ducking Poor.

BARNEGAT, N. J., Nov. 17.—Rabbit season has arrived and good bags are reported, seven, six and twelve being high. All parties respect the scarcity of quail, therefore none have been killed. Duck gunning is poor owing to low run of tide. W. C. I.

Theatrical Note.

THE company playing "A Wild Duck" has ceased to wing its flight. —*New York World.*

Political Note.

SOME queer fish came up on the tidal wave. One of them is Mr. Sauerherring, Republican Congressman-elect from Wisconsin.—*Chicago Herald.*

Anthropological Note.

MAN, as a whole, is a considerable fool. He not only does not know that things are loaded, but he does not take the small trouble to learn, and when he is warned the becomes reckless and takes chances.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Travel Note.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK SELOUS are now making a wedding tour in tents through Asia Minor, attended by five servants. The celebrated lion-killer and discoverer of Mashonaland is determined to shoot as many ibexes as possible.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Piscatorial Note.

MINISTER—"So you say that you saw some boys out fishing on Sunday, Bobbie. I hope you did something to discourage them." Bobbie—"Oh, yes, sir, I stole their bait."—*Harlem Life.*

Archæological Note.

A PETRIFIED cat from Arizona, with perfectly-preserved whiskers, is the most interesting object in Portland just now.—*Bangor News.*

A Card from the Winchesters.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 5.—*To whom it may concern:* Our attention has been called to the mutilation of some of our guns, apparently done for the purpose of concealing the number. We judge that the tangs are taken from the guns, softened, the numbers obliterated and the tangs re-hardened. Again, in some instances, the letters "W. R. A. Co." are placed upon that part of the gun from which the number has been obliterated.

As this cannot be done without injury to the guns, we urge that all parties handling or using Winchester guns should take notice as to whether or not the number on the tang or frame is intact.

We advise you not to buy guns, the numbers of which have been obliterated or altered, as they are undoubtedly second hand, refinished and wrongfully sold as new.

We cannot warrant such guns.

All guns going from the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. are numbered. See that your gun has not been tampered with. Yours respectfully, WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.

North Carolina Winter Resort.

VISITORS to the South will be pleased to learn that the Hotel Chattawka was opened at Newbern, North Carolina, last September, and is now under the management of DeWitt Clinton Smith, late of Minneapolis, and proprietor of the Security Hotel, Seventy-second street, Chicago, during the Fair. Mr. Smith has had twenty-five years' experience in California and the Northwest, and will no doubt make his house an attractive resort, especially as Newbern has the finest climate on the Atlantic coast, with superior hunting, fishing and boating.—*Adv.*

Excursion Rates to Florida and the South.

THE Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," will put on sale Nov. 1 excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates to all prominent winter resorts in the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida and Cuba. For full particulars call on or address R. D. Carpenter, General Agent; Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York; F. B. Price, Agent, 32 South Third street, Philadelphia Pa.; W. A. Pearce, Agent, 228 Washington street, Boston, Mass.; W. A. Turk, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.—*Adv.*

Southern Shooting.

THE Terminal Hotel at West Point, Va., is situated in a famous game country. It is on the York River, between the Mattaponi and Pamunkey rivers, and no great distance from the Chesapeake Bay. Game is found in unusual variety, and good fishing is also to be had. The hotel is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. It is supplied with artesian water and the table is excellent. It is easily accessible either by rail or water, the latter trip taking but one day from New York.—*Adv.*

Squires's Catalogue.

HENRY C. SQUIRES & SON have just issued a new catalogue—No. 22—which will be sent free on application. This is one of the most complete catalogues of sporting goods published, and as it is systematically arranged and indexed it is an important reference book for any sportsman's library. The catalogue is bound in a tasteful cover, and low net prices are given on the articles listed.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

GOOD-BYE, SWEET STREAM.

Good-bye, sweet stream, good-bye!
The day is spent; would that I might longer stay;
From thy embrace I reluctant turn away,
So fondly do I love and thee esteem.
Good-bye, sweet stream.

Good-bye, sweet stream, good-bye!
Fain down would I kneel and kiss thy rippling flow,
So surely thy charms hath set my heart aglow,
As glows the twinkling star with its bright beam.
Good-bye, sweet stream.

Good-bye, sweet stream, good-bye!
As fades this glorious day as night advances,
So vanish from my sight thy 'witching glances,
Only to fall upon me in my dream,
Good-bye, sweet stream.

Good-bye, sweet stream, good-bye!
Evening shadows creep along thy pebbly marge,
Vine-clad tree clumps in the twilight gloom enlarge,
The yellow moon looks down with silvery beam.
Good-bye, sweet stream.

Good-bye, sweet stream, good-bye!
Fragrant thoughts of thee will oft my bosom swell,
Unfading pictures in halls of memory dwell,
So beautiful do all thy windings seem.
Good-bye, sweet stream.

Good-bye, sweet stream, good-bye!
Summer days on sunny wings, alas, depart,
Joys of future hours thick cluster 'round one's heart,
Our lives with fond anticipations teem.
Good-bye, sweet stream.

Good-bye, sweet stream, good-bye!
Winter's cold may fold thee in its stern embrace,
Fling a snowy mantle o'er thy laughing face,
As 'cross thy bordering fields the wild winds scream.
Good-bye, sweet stream.

Good-bye, sweet stream, good-bye!
Smiling spring again at thy barred doors will knock,
Icy fetters with her magic keys unlock,
And flashing sunshine wake thee from thy dream.
Good-bye, sweet stream.

Good-bye, sweet stream, good-bye!
'Till then, farewell! And when once again we meet,
Gifts of gratitude I'll scatter at thy feet,
And dedicate to thee this rapturous theme.
Good-bye, sweet stream.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., Oct. 18. CHAS. T. MITCHEL.

THOSE "RED TROUT."

A SIWASH canoe is not an artistic creation, nor would it take first prize at a beauty show, but when it comes to a question of speed it is entitled to a good deal more credit than it gets. That is the reason I picked out my old "skal-lal-a-toot" as the proper craft to make a twenty mile voyage of investigation for FOREST AND STREAM, and find out conclusively what constituted the "red trout" I had heard of for the past two or three years and mentioned in my last letter. This little canoe jaunt meant a paddle through Lake Union, then a quarter mile portage and a nine mile voyage and back again on the beautiful Lake Washington to an unknown creek in an unknown wilderness of big timber. I had made one attempt on foot to reach the only stream I could hear of which was inhabited by this particular fish and I had failed to find it, so I concluded to go by boat and find it if it was there, hence this voyage.

Starting while the day was young, we soon made the run to the portage, landed and hunted up a pair of wheels with gear made for boat transportation overland and soon had our light cedar craft loaded. Then commenced a pull up hill that tested our muscles in good shape before we reached the divide. From there on it was a sloping, sliding run down to the Lake Washington beach, where we unloaded and took to water again.

After considerable slow work among the lilypads and tules we settled down to work in good earnest, passing little islands, points, headlands, tule patches and the usual lake features in rapid succession as the light paddles sung a monotonous *pisht, pisht* in accompaniment to the purl of the tiny waves under the old skal-lal-a-toot's nose. Coots scurried out from among the reeds, leaving a wake like a sternwheel steamboat as they rose. Divers, big and little, popped up from the depths, looked about and sunk again like lead. A loon or two poked head out of water, sized us up as we passed, laughed a weird, derisive, insane kind of a laugh, totally devoid of a trace of merriment, and disappeared. A few ducks were seen, but they gave a shotgun lots of leeway, and went right along toward Oregon without giving us a chance to hail them.

At one place where we ran close to a point in passing, a lot of bluejays were holding a regular council about something and making a whole lot of noise apparently without accomplishing much. After a while the bow paddler remarked that his back was getting tired, but just about the time that I arose to inform him that my spinal column too was showing indications of exhaustion, we rounded the last outlying cape and pointed for a landmark that promised indications of that much talked of creek where there was "just thousands of red trout, where a feller caught sixty dozen of 'em with a grabhook in a day, an' another feller took out a butter firkin full in two hours."

We found the place and found the fish, slipped a net under a pair of them, and snaked them out on the ferns to look at. Two were all we got and all we wanted, for examination showed this state of affairs. They were the common lake trout, such as are found in both Lake Union and Lake Washington, but they were in a sadly dilapidated condition from pushing up stream through brush, over and under logs and the usual rubbish of all the smaller Washington streams. The fins and tail were rather whitish colored, ragged and worn out or worn to about half the size they should be, the body was bright red but from inflammation and irritation, which brought the blood to the surface and caused the whole body to look as if it had been sandpapered until almost but not actually bleeding. One specimen had a strip of skin about half an inch long worn off the nose, apparently from running against obstructions in the stream. A small white worm infests the gills, and a white leech-like parasite was found clinging under the fins in places. White spots having the appearance of a sore showed on different parts of the body, and the fish were very lean and slender in shape. The eye was bright and was the only feature about the whole fish that appeared to be in a normal state of health.

Taken altogether they present just such a worn out, sick and nearly dead condition as do salmon after traveling a long way from salt water on their spawning run, and I firmly believe that it is an exactly similar or parallel case and from the same cause as with salmon.

Both the specimens taken were males. I intended to get a female too, but we had very little time, so I failed to secure one. Small rainbow trout were in the same stream in abundance and appeared to be in good condition, darting about, as is their wont, when we appeared, but the "red trout" paid no attention to us at all, and I think that by our being careful they could be picked up in the water by hand.

At any rate, the "red trout" is nothing more nor less that a common lake trout diseased and battered up generally, and to that condition is due his color.

This is the fish that is caught by grabhooks now by the hundred and salted down for winter use by the ranchers in the vicinity, as they told me themselves, and pronounced a good table fish!

Excuse me while I shed a tear that such ignorance should exist among an otherwise enlightened people.

The only way out of it I see is to get them to take FOREST AND STREAM and become educated in regard to fish and game conditions, habits and life.

EL. COMANCHO.

ANGLING NOTES.

A New Book upon Angling.

IT gives me much pleasure to announce the forthcoming of a new angling work, which will bear the title "The Book of the Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," and the author is Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, editor of the Quebec *Chronicle*, well known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM through his contributions to this journal. Mr. Chambers is peculiarly fitted to write a book of this character, for he is a keen sportsman, a close observer, and a charming writer. He has long had such a work in mind, and for the purpose of studying the fish about which he writes in its native waters he has made repeated and extensive trips to and through the Canadian wilds and filled his note books with information at first hands. It was because of his wide information upon the subject that he was selected to write about Canadian sport in "Baedeker's Canada." He was the companion of Archibald Stuart, the Scotch explorer of Mistassini Lake on a trip up Mistassini River, and also of Col. Andrew Haggard on another trip in the region beyond Lake St. John, where the ouananiche push their way far northward to spawn. Familiar with the language of the natives he has not been dependent upon an interpreter for a knowledge of the legends, folk songs, etc., of an interesting people about which he writes as part of the history of the fish and fishing of Canada; and what he writes of the philology of the ouananiche is corroborated by the best living authority, Rev. Father Arnaud, missionary to the Montagnais Indians.

Mr. Chambers's book, now nearly completed in manuscript, cannot fail to interest and instruct the great army of anglers who have either caught or hope to catch that unequalled game fish, the ouananiche; and, further, it will serve as a correct guide to the region, and give other valuable information to sportsmen and tourists.

Fly-Casting In One Lesson.

During the latter half of the month of October Mr. Elihu Vedder visited me, and almost upon the evening of his arrival he began to talk about fishing. Living abroad for the past thirty years, where he has had little opportunity for fishing, has not in the least dulled his fondness for the sport as practiced in his native country. I told him that the fishing season was practically over, that the trout fishing was closed by statute, that black bass were probably hybernating in the bottom of the lakes among the rocks, and had temporarily lost their game qualities, even if they would bite at all, and that this left pike and perch. He was game for any kind of fishing, though it resulted only in fishing and no catching; so we drove to a pretty little pond among the hills, clad in their fading autumn finery, prepared with a lunch of noble proportions to spend the day. The last time that I had fished the pond I was a boy, and fished through the ice for the so-called pickerel, and I went there on this occasion more for its beautiful surroundings than for the fish.

On our way we bought a bucket of minnows, and during the day we did manage to catch three pike and a number of perch, and Vedder rounded up all the species of fish the pond contained by catching a solitary, half-hearted black bass that came to the landing net with scarcely a protest.

"Is that the jumping black bass, the game black bass, the black bass that fights like a bulldog, and all that sort of stuff?"

"Yes, that is the fish, but it has its own season, the same as the oyster and the spring chicken and the crocus, and this is not the season when it displays its game qualities in this latitude. Come over another year when the bass are in season and you will find a fish that will make your blood rush through your veins when it jumps with your hook in its mouth. If I had my way I would close the bass season in this State the first of October."

"But I do not altogether fancy this sort of fishing compared with fly-fishing I have seen in England, and been invited to share in, but which I was obliged to decline because I could not cast a fly. At a country house on the Wandle where I was a guest a doctor came down from London on a professional visit and gave a few minutes to the patient and was off to the river with a fly-rod. Such fly-casting as he did seemed marvelous to me, and I have always desired to be a fly-fisherman."

"Well, you shall have a lesson in fly-casting when we return home, for the canal is near and I have fly-rods conveniently at hand for a trial."

The next day we went to a basin in the canal and mounting a fly-rod I showed Mr. Vedder how to do the trick. From the first his back cast was perfect, and his front cast bad. His line would go well up behind him,

curve properly, and then fell in a tangle on the water before him. Again I showed him, and he said I cast without apparent effort, while it tired him to cast five minutes. This was because he cast with his arm and his body, and not with the rod. Suddenly it came to him, and within an hour from the time he first took the rod in hand he was casting easily and gracefully over 50ft., and this without effort. On another day we went to the canal and he handled the rod like a veteran of many seasons. One measured cast was 63ft., and all his casting was done in a most workmanlike manner. In all my experience I never saw a man, green at the business, who handled a fly as he did in a few hours' practice. The moment he got the idea of proper time to be allowed for the back cast, and realize that the rod must be lifted with the tip inclined a little to the right and never carried back much beyond the perpendicular, then held in the same plane with the angler's figure and brought forward vigorously, as the fly straightened out behind, by the action of the rod itself, he was as much a fly-caster as though he had been practicing for years.

The Stocking of Pleasant Pond.

In FOREST AND STREAM, Nov. 10, my friend Col. Webber refers to a note of mine in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 12 and says, "Now, with all due respect to Mr. Wentworth, I think he was entirely mistaken in supposing that he made the first plant of these fish (landlocked salmon) in Pleasant Pond." I shall have to ask Col. Webber to read the note again, for I did not say, or even intimate, directly or indirectly, that Col. Wentworth supposed anything of the sort, and certainly in the extract from Col. Wentworth's letter which I quoted, the subject of who stocked the pond is not referred to in any way. As I was about to clear the matter up as best I could from the records I received a letter from Dr. J. D. Quackenbos, which tells the story in its entirety and makes the history of the stocking of the pond clear to all who may read:

"Please call the attention of anglers interested in the growth of landlocked salmon in Pleasant Pond, New London, to the fact that Col. Webber and not Commissioner Wentworth is the one who is 'entirely mistaken' regarding the early plants in that charming little body of water. Col. Webber asserts in his letter of Nov. 2 that if his 'memory serves him right' his colleagues on the Fish Commission, the late revered Albina H. Powers, put a few hundred fry into this pond in 1879 or '80. Now, Commissioner Wentworth has never made any claim to the credit of having stocked Pleasant Pond with anything; the lake was stocked before he became Fish Commissioner, by Lieut. Ransom F. Sargent, with the knowledge and approval of Commissioner E. B. Hodge. Trout and salmon fry from the Sunapee hatchery were placed in the tributary brooks in the spring of 1890, and these brooks were closed by a special act of the Legislature in 1891. A year ago last fall, while I was at Sunapee, Mr. Sargent corralled in the mouth of one of the inlets some thirty landlocked salmon weighing from 5 to 6lbs. each. As salmon were unknown in the lake previous to 1890, these fish have attained their size in three years and six months from the egg. Last September a four-year-old was taken weighing 12lbs.

"Now as to Mr. Powers having abstracted salmon from the large lots sent to Sunapee in 1878 and the succeeding years, to smuggle into neighboring ponds without making any public announcement of the fact, I am extremely skeptical. 'Among ponds so stocked,' says Col. Webber, that is, stocked without public announcement, 'were the Compton Ponds in Sandwich'; but if the Colonel will consult the Report of the Fish Commissioners for 1879 he will find the Sandwich ponds named among twenty-three differant bodies of water that were stocked with landlocked salmon. So that argument will not hold water. Star Pond in Springfield, not far from Sunapee Lake, was stocked repeatedly by Mr. Powers. It was close to his home in Grantham, and he enjoyed fishing its cold, deep waters. His plants were successful, and many large salmon have been taken there, but I am sorry to record that many more have responded with their life's blood to the poacher's spear. There is a Pleasant Pond in Springfield, not far from Star Pond, and this Pleasant Pond was stocked by Mr. Powers with black bass. Possibly this explains the milk in the cocoanut. If not to Col. Webber's satisfaction let me remind him that there is a third Pleasant Pond in Francestown, and this has been stocked and restocked with landlocked salmon until the fishing ought to be superb. There is no reason whatever to believe that A. H. Powers did anything underhand. Pleasant Pond, New London, is remote from his late home and favorite haunts. He had no interest in it, and he would never put salmon into it without my knowledge—he could not have done so without the knowledge of the residents of Scytheville. The 12lbs. ouananiche that we had in the tanks is just 4 years and 6 months old, and for the sport of those anglers who are planning to fish these waters on May 1, 1895, while they are still virgin, I hope he has many coetaneans of equal size and pluck."

This simply confirms what I personally learned about the planting of Pleasant Pond when I was on the spot last summer, but it is very pleasant to have it confirmed in view of the fact that I have quoted the growth of the fish in the pond to those who contemplate stocking other waters, and in various other channels than FOREST AND STREAM.

October Black Bass Fishing.

In this column I have said that if I could have my way I would close the black bass fishing in this State Oct. 1, although perhaps I did not mean on that particular date. My idea is to stop the fishing for bass after they have gathered together in winter quarters on the deep, rocky shoals. The fish at such times are not game as they are in summer, and I believe that those which are caught find their way to market, as a rule.

Since I made the memorandum in my note book on this subject two large catches of black bass have come to my notice, made in the same lake, and both by professional fishermen, who know the shoals and winter quarters of the bass far better than any amateur, in fact, few anglers know anything about where to fish for black bass after they are in their winter quarters, for they have no occasion to seek them. The two strings of bass that I refer to consisted of very large fish; one of them, I think, far larger than any like number taken during the summer. The lake is one in which black bass fishing has fallen off to the point that restocking has been commenced; and yet, if these two strings of bass had been left to spawn next spring the lake would have received more benefit than it will receive from all the bass that have been planted within the past two years. Black bass are not a fish to be propagated artificially, and the supply must be kept up in any water by caring for the adult breeding fish. Over and over I have called attention to the fact that the present law in this State does not protect the black bass during their breeding season, and if the fall fishing goes on the candle will be burned at both ends. I do not wish to pose as an alarmist, but I firmly believe that to keep up the stock of our so-called game fishes, in some waters, if not in all, we must enact a law limiting the number or weight of fish to be legally taken in a day or a season.

A case of over-fishing was reported to me recently. A "city sportsman" caught 60lbs. of trout from Terrill Pond in the Adirondacks one forenoon, and at that time there were 150lbs. of trout in camp with only three people to eat them. When the man started out fishing in the afternoon the camp keeper (and I know he has not hesitated to take trout from their spawning beds for his own table), was so alarmed at the waste that he forbade fishing in the pond, and this resulted in a row which ended in rifle shooting on the part of the camp keeper and flight through the woods on the part of his guest. If camp keepers who have persistently violated the law in regard to taking trout out of season, and killed deer contrary to law as well, are alarmed at the number of trout taken legally by a so-called sportsman, is it not time for the sportsmen themselves to give some thought to the subject of over-fishing our waters by those who do it in a legal manner in the open season? Many complaints of this nature have come to me of late, and if the whole truth could be known it would occasion great surprise.

Owls in the Fishing Business.

Did any one know that owls did a right smart business in the fishing line when they had the chance? The Fish Commissioners of New Hampshire have discovered that owls have been stripping the spawning saibling off the beds in their State. Naturally the fishing is all done at night, and the water on the mid-lake spawning grounds being very low has given the owls the chance which they have improved. Quite likely the saibling expose some portion of their bodies above the water, and the noise they make in the water attracts the night birds, and every morning the spawn takers have found evidence of their visits.

A. N. CHENEY.

ROMANCE OF TWO PONDS.

I. Potter Pond.

WE love nature and believe in the true Apostolic succession. Hence we were in the Adirondacks for vacation and when the Dominie said "I go a-fishing," the Scribe and the Professor each responded, "I also go with thee." We went. It was a magnificent day, but warm. Baskets were packed, fishing tackle looked over, the boat loaded hastily and we were off. A four-mile row down the lakes, and nearly opposite Ned Buntline's "Eagle Nest" the boat was drawn ashore and turned bottom up in the forest shade. Then a tramp of three miles, much of the way by a trail marked only by blazed trees, up hill, down hill, side hill, under hill, across swamp and through thicket, brought us "weary and heavy laden" to the pond. A hasty lunch, a little rest, and we put to sea with craft little better for our purpose than the caravels of Columbus were for his voyage of discovery. We also were discoverers. We discovered much that we did not anticipate. The Dominie took one raft, the Professor and Scribe the other. Neither craft had sufficient buoyancy to keep the feet of the crew above water, and as for navigability, the floating debris of a sawmill pond would move about as quickly and as well. But we pushed off with the slow, majestic movement which belongs to great bodies and great occasions, and which is the only dignified way of poling across a muddy pond. Arrived in water too deep for poling we "cast anchors out of the stern and wished for"—a bite. Attention was divided between fishing and keeping right side up. Catching was not yet. The trout were in springholes and we had not yet discovered them. The storm-swept Adriatic of Paul's memorable voyage was not more thoroughly sounded by the imperilled sailors than was that mountain pond by us. Suddenly the line, rod and nerves of the fishermen seem one. A strike! And as the rod bends despite the spinning reel, we realize that these are no ordinary trout we have come after. Yonder the Dominie is playing one almost large enough to tow the raft. A cheer goes up as he is landed. But thunder! Yes, just that, but far away. Shut in by forest and hills on every side, we scarcely heed the gathering advance of clouds till the batteries of heaven and the fountains of the deep seem at once concentrated upon us in the fury of the storm. The blackness was like the "All ashore that's going ashore," just before the boat starts for Albany, and night set in much quicker. We were ashore; we started a fire; it would not burn. We tried again; it went out; again and again, but everything was wet. The Scribe made shavings with a big knife; they were wet before he could put them on the fire and we could not get blaze enough to dry them. For two long hours in the darkness we fought the elements—the rain, to keep it from going in—the fire, to keep it from going out. Finally when despair was settling like gloomy night upon the camp, the Dominie's hat fanned the dampness out and the fire in. Exultant we heaped on fuel, and as the flames rose higher and higher our spirits rose with them. The victory was ours; so were the fish. We feasted, then lay down to dreams, principally waking. The extemporized bark roof and the roaring fire kept us dry—too dry, thought the Professor, who was next the fire. He and the Dominie changed places. A deer was heard walking on the hillside, and the early mists of morning dampened the locks but not the ardor of the watchful Dominie, who leveled his rifle at a log, but saw his mistake in time to save the cartridge. Hot coffee, more fishing, then breakfast and we start homeward; not by the trail, but the outlet stream. We fancy roaming the woods without a guide. We are bound to discover something; we do it. We find how easy it is to get lost. How did we do it? By leaving the stream and following a supposed shorter route. Then it rained. Shades of Noah and all his family (including the animals)! Forty days such raining might even drown the deluge. The sun is completely obscured. We can no more tell our direction than the Adriatic seamen, when during fourteen days neither sun nor stars appeared.

The Scribe has a compass. *Cui bono?* He cannot read it. Long disuse has made him forget which end of the needle points N. The laugh is on him—the seriousness on all. Miles away are shelter, comfort, loved ones—but where? Every step in the bushes is almost like wading, and figuratively we are "out of sight of land."

Wearily (those great trout have grown heavier since placed in the baskets) we turn to retrace our steps if possible. Kind Providence interposes, and for one brief moment the clouds part sufficiently to show where the sun is. This gives direction, and within a mile the boat—dry clothing and tea at 6:30. Next morning the entire party enjoyed a trout breakfast.

II. Sargent Pond.

The Dominie and Scribe had been there, and like the spies in Canaan, "brought back of the fruits of the land." Fish and venison borne over the mountains seemed heavier than grapes of Eshcol. The ladies at the cottage said "It is not fair for you gentlemen to have all the sport. We are abundantly able to go up and possess the land." They set off in high hopes—five of them (five ladies—the hopes were five thousand) accompanied by the Scribe, the Dominie, his son and a guide. To most of the ladies it was their first experience in camping out. Arrived, some catch fish for supper, some arrange the camp, others roam the woods in that joyous sense of freedom found only in glad and reverent communion with nature. The evening quickly passed in campfire chat, song and story. The latter are appropriate to the woods and soothe the feminine nerves like a Thomas concert on the garden wall. Their startled imagination can almost hear a bear in every forest sound or catch the gleam of a panther's eyeball in the reflected stars. A midnight tread arouses the would-be sleepers. 'Tis only the Dominie tramping around the fire, a frying pan in one hand, a fishbone in the other. He did not have enough supper and is vainly trying to make up the deficiency. Morning brings a glorious day, good spirits, water lilies, watching for deer. The ladies are taken to the island as the best "watch point." The Dominie and guide stay with them to do the watching and the shooting. The sun is watching too. The ladies try to escape his scrutiny by seeking shade. Alas for the coveted opportunity to see a deer! Just then one comes to water and boldly plunges in. The Dominie sees him—the guide ditto. Ladies are forgotten in the desire to secure that buck. "Hand me the rifle." But at the guide's first step in obedience the buck sees him and turning swims rapidly for the shore. No time is to be lost. "Throw in a shell and kill him yourself." Quick as thought the rifle is leveled, the range is short, the aim is true, the trigger finger pulls, and——the deer swims on. The rifle is new, has a combination set and hair trigger—the guide does not understand it and with all his pulling there is no report. The buck mounts the bank and disappears with not a single gun in honor of his escape. Then the ladies are called and politely shown where the deer was—— ! ! ! ——The sun poured down his rays mercilessly, but that was nothing compared with what was poured upon that Dominie and guide. Yet the ladies all declared they had had a good time and wanted to go again.

Hæc meminisse juvabit! J. C. ALLEN.

Texas Tarpon and Bass.

MR. FRANK HATFIELD, of the Seaside Hotel, Ropesville, Texas, sends us some further particulars of the large tarpon scores noted in our last issue. He writes: "Mr. H. M. Wallice had forty-eight strikes by tarpon and broke the record by landing five tarpon. Mr. W. M. Louis had twenty strikes, landed three. Mr. F. K. Bull had thirty strikes, landed four. This made twelve tarpon for three men in one day, with rod and reel. It breaks the record for this season. Mrs. F. K. Bull caught and landed fifteen trout and redfish in one day; and Mrs. H. M. Wallice landed sixteen redfish and trout, a very good average for our fisherwomen."

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Nov. 12.—A jolly party returned this morning from Rockport and Aransass Pass where they have spent a few days the past week tarpon fishing and doing a little shooting. The party consists of Messrs. James Barker and wife, R. W. Maguire, E. O. McCormick, N. W. Thomas, E. P. Rodgers and W. G. Crush. Mr. McCormick led by catching the largest one, weighing 234lbs. Mr. Maguire was not slow to follow with one tipping the beam at 153lbs. Next in line was Mr. Thomas with one pulling down the beam at 125½lbs. Mrs. Barker brought in the same afternoon 48 very fine redfish, some as large as 12lbs. Mr. Crush in three hours killed 160 snipe, and in two days 251 ducks. Now where is your Florida boomer? What has he got to say to this and to the last week's catch made on these same fishing grounds by the three gentlemen of Racine, 12 tarpon in one day? If there are any more doubters, let them come to San Antonio and we will take them to the bay and convince them that the big herring are at home every day.

L. F. M.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 16.—Messrs. Hardie, Allan Irvin, E. J. Coward, W. W. Wooldridge P. Wooldridge, A. W. Meek and E. Sengg, of San Antonio, made a pleasant party on the yacht Connie, off Aransas Pass. The party caught over 300lbs. of fish in one day. Mr. James Mamer landed a fine 85lbs. tarpon off Rockport. Mr. Cobolinn, the manager of the Union Fish House, at Rockport, has secured some fine and rare specimens. Among the lot was a sturgeon 8ft. long—an entire stranger in Southern waters.

Great Bass.

My last letter contained an account of a large catch of big bass at the hands of Messrs. Micheljohn, Diynowity Bros. and Dr. Hines. One of the party told some one else that the big fish were caught at the head of the San Antonio River, another pictured a beautiful scene at the mouth of the Medina, another sent a batch of ambitious fishermen on the Salado, and so the stories radiated in all directions save the right one. Murder will out. So will black bass catches. In an unguarded moment Jim Dignowity went fishing. He took Galley Newton, who has just been elected to the judgeship of one of our district courts. Jim made the judiciary swear by the holy snood never to divulge the finny secret, and he took him to Elmendorf Lake, within fifteen minutes' ride of the center of San Antonio on a street car. There they caught 3 and

4-pounders, until the wearer of the judicial ermine, covered with mud and glory, was very tired and they came back to town. That night a fisherman friend of Galley's who lives next door to him heard him talking in his sleep, and then and there discovered the secret that there is fine black bass fishing in Elmendorf Lake.

O. C. G.

Description of the No-Shee Trout.

A NEW SUBSPECIES OF TROUT FROM M'CLOUD RIVER, CAL.

Salmo gairdneri stonei. subsp. *nov.*

ALLIED to the form called *Salmo irideus*, but distinguished by its small scales, the number of scales in a transverse series being about 155, 82 before dorsal, where they are small and imbedded, 25 above lateral line.

Teeth fewer and smaller than in var. *irideus*, those on the vomer in a single zigzag series. Axillary scale of ventral small. Pectoral 1¼ in head. Eye large, 4½ in head. Maxillary 2-10. Upper part plain greenish. Spots small and sparse on dorsal, adipose fin and caudal; a few spots only on posterior part of the body. A faint red lateral band; cheeks and opercles with red, no red between branches of lower jaw. Depth 4 in length. Anal rays 11. Described from a specimen 14in. in length, collected by Livingston Stone, in McCloud River, at Baird, California.

This form is well known to the Indians, and to the fishermen on the Upper Sacramento. According to Mr. Stone, the Indian fishermen say that it is abundant in the McCloud River about eight miles above Baird. They are larger in size than the ordinary *irideus*, one having been taken weighing 12lbs.

(Named for Livingston Stone, Director of the U. S. Fish Hatchery at Baird.)

Lamper Eels in Iowa Waters.

VINTON, Ia., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Living on the sunny prairies of Iowa, hundreds of miles from the ocean, and knowing that the lamper eel is a salt-water fish, it is with much misgiving and no little timidity that I send you this communication.

Mud Creek runs through my farm and empties into the Cedar River a mile below Vinton. Every spring for about five years fishes have ascended the creek, and of a kind that puzzles me. They are from 4 to 8in. in length, and the longest ones are ¼in. in diameter. They have a sucker mouth, and the head is from ½ to 1in. long, somewhat larger than the rest of the body, and it has a row of eyelets on each side. They have no scales. They have fins, but I cannot now describe them, and although I have not seen them "rise to a fly," yet they will suck on to the rocks in a genuine lamprey way.

I do not like to expose my ignorance, but as I have seen in the Iowa State Museum at Iowa City the tusk of an elephant that was found on the banks of the Iowa River, a tooth supposed to be that of a mastodon found in a slough a short way from here, and pieces of something that I believe to be parts of the tusk of an elephant taken from the creek a few rods from my place, I am almost prepared to see 'most anything, even lamper eels, coming to Iowa to live.

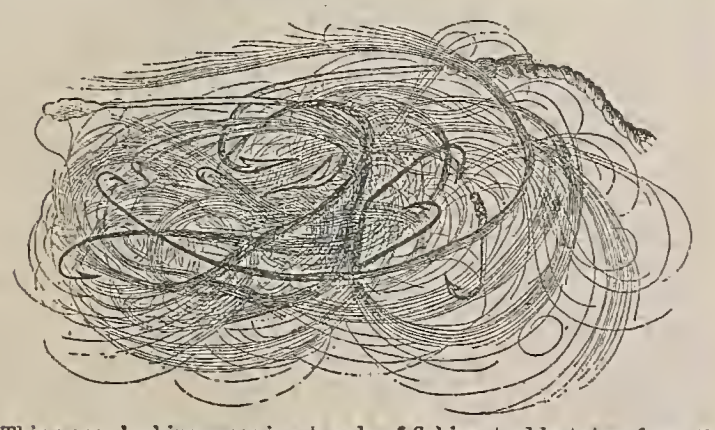
MOUNT TOM.

[Jordan says that the range of the small black lamprey is the Great Lakes, upper Mississippi and Ohio Valley.]

Try the Fly on Pleasant Pond.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If the landlocked salmon of Pleasant Pond are anything like their schoolmates of Lake St. John, the query as to whether they are likely to take the fly can best be answered by the classical expression, "Well, I should smile!" In May and June, when they are playing at the surface they go splashing about in small schools earnestly hoping from hour to hour that some one will kindly cast a fly among them. When the fly does alight the ones that don't get there first are all mad about it and nervously await their turn. It is best to use only one fly, for if two or three fish are hooked at once the leader is not even a follower. It seems to sort of explode. In my experience the silver-doctor is the best fly. When I am doing well with other flies I always have the feeling that I might be doing better with the best fly. It does not pay to cast indiscriminately over water in which landlocks live. It is better to hunt around for a school and then go directly to them, just as you would go straight up to a hill of potatoes to dig it.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.



This queer looking mess is a tangle of fishing tackle taken from the stomach of a codfish by French fishermen. The illustration is from *La Nature*, and was sent to us by Mr. H. Stewart.

Paintings of Fish.

MR. THOMAS SEDGWICK STEELE is giving an exhibition of his recent paintings of fruit, flowers, fish and still-life, at his studio in Hartford. In the list we notice several trout pieces, a branch of work in which Mr. Steele excels.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

Landlocked Salmon in New Hampshire.

HUDSON CENTER, N. H., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Webber of Charleston in his article of Nov. 2 states that in my letter to A. N. Cheney I claim the stocking of Pleasant Pond in New London with landlocked salmon. If we claimed the stocking of Pleasant Pond it would be false, as the pond was stocked for the first time before any of the present Commissioners were on the board.

What I intended to write Mr. A. N. Cheney was this: That the pond had been stocked with landlocked salmon four years and eight months by the New Hampshire Commission, and made note of the remarkable growth they had made during that time, which is not more remarkable than Mr. Webber claims for the specimens that he and Commissioner Hodge took from Sandwich Pond, 12in. in two years' growth and weighing probably 1lb. It is very well known that after a trout or salmon attains that size with plenty of smelt for food, as there are in Pleasant Pond, their growth is very rapid. Mr. Webber says his colleague abstracted a few from one of the large lots sent to Sunapee about that time and placed them in two other ponds in the vicinity; "One of them I know was Star Pond in Springfield, and the other I think was Pleasant Pond." Further on he says, "I am sure it was made in 1880, and this will account for the 12lbs. fish to-day."

Since reading this article for the first time, I have written to R. F. Sargant, of New London, one of the best fishermen and sportsmen New Hampshire can produce, a man whose land runs to the shores of the pond, and who with L. J. Cheney has had the interests of this pond at heart more than any other two men in the State. They are the men who went to Sunapee Lake with the permission of Commissioner Hodge, and took *aureolus* for the purpose of stocking Pleasant Pond and did it at their own expense. I will quote a part of Mr. Sargant's letter which I have received to-day: "I am very much surprised that any one should question your letter in regard to the growth of salmon in Pleasant Pond, for it can be proved beyond a doubt by the people of New London, that they were never introduced prior to 1890. My own knowledge goes further than this, as I was very well acquainted with Mr. Powers, and he told me when speaking of Pleasant Pond, that he was never on, or very near it, but according to my description, would be a nice place for salmon. I heard him speak repeatedly of stocking Star, and think Sid (Mr. Powers's nephew) must remember if any other pond was stocked at that time. We have seen the growth of these fish from the time of introduction. And with different talks I have had with Col. Hodge, he said it was no uncommon thing, everything being favorable, landlocked salmon grew very rapidly. We have watched the brooks, and last fall was the first time spawning salmon was ever seen there, which proves conclusively that there had been no plant there previous to 1890."

Mr. Sargant also says: "We have taken but two sizes this fall; one ranging from 5lbs. to 7lbs. (evidently the plant of '91), the other from 7lbs. to 10lbs.—the first plant. Now, if they had been introduced fourteen or fifteen years ago—out of 35 fish taken there would have been a greater variety."

Another point I will make, these brooks running into Pleasant Pond previous to four years ago had always been open to trout fishermen, and we have never heard of a landlocked salmon being taken in these brooks. At any rate they are there in quantities, and no doubt there will be as good fishing there as in any part of the State while it lasts. Landlocked salmon in my opinion are the coming fish.

N. WENTWORTH.

"Newfoundland As It Is in '94."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I should be obliged for space to reply to the remarks made in a late issue of your paper respecting a former letter of mine on the above heading, by the Rev. Moses Harvey, of St. Johns, N. F. Mr. Harvey's letter is to a certain extent a mere reproduction of former attacks made on me in the St. Johns papers, on account of what I said at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in London, his account of which differs very much from what actually took place (*vide* the journal of that institution).

Mr. Harvey very foolishly asserts that I know very little about the interior of the island, and adds that I only visit the high barrens, the hunting grounds. Well, but these high barrens are for the most part situated right in the interior. To get there, unless a man has wings he must traverse the lower portions. In this country the natural highway is up the rivers, which I have ascended and descended several times.

Mr. Harvey calls in the official reports to his aid. Now, these reports do not bear him out in some of his most extravagant statements, such, for instance, that "the great barrens in the interior are a splendid ranching country, equal as a cattle and sheep raising district to the foothills of the Rockies in Montana or Alberta," or "that this island compares favorably with Ireland or Scotland in natural resources." Now, I have yet to learn that official reports are necessarily free from error or even bias. Not that for one moment I wish to throw any doubt on the *bona fides* and honesty of the compilers thereof. Further, a man may be a good geologist, but not had much knowledge of practical farming.

Mr. Harvey, I perceive, has recourse to a plan sometimes pursued by an adversary for want of a better; he attacks my motives, which he tries to make out are of a sinister kind, a plan I think at once feeble and to be deprecated as by no means of a high order. He is kind enough to assert that my letter was instigated by indignation at the recent game laws, which limit the stags to five, not "six," and enforces a license. Now, so far from being averse to, I cordially agree with this law, as keeping out pot-hunters who formerly often came here, men who never held their hands but fired at anything on four legs; the license money is also much needed to provide funds wherewith to prosecute poachers, who are many, and kill deer out of season, etc.

I now come to a paragraph in the reverend gentleman's letter which passes the bounds of all fair controversy between two gentlemen, as being the publication of a gross and cowardly calumny, viz, that I, "some two or three years ago, with some friends, slaughtered some seventy or eighty deer on that island." A yarn somewhat akin that now circulated, and equally untrue, appeared a few years ago in the St. John (N. F.) press, and was contradicted by me in detail in one of the papers of that city, and it is not unreasonable to presume that the circulation and my denial came to the notice of Mr. Harvey. As Mr. Harvey says, I have visited Newfoundland for the last twenty years, not annually, as he with his usual incorrectness states, but on seven occasions, shooting. Now, during these seven trips only once did my own bag exceed eight deer (which be it noted is the limit now imposed by law); at that time my bag was eleven, but sometimes it only reached five to seven, had I wished it might have been more, and that when no game law existed. The largest number of deer ever killed by myself and a friend in one season was thirteen. I never shot with more than one companion. Since the new law I have been out twice and killed but five deer on each occasion. I never cared to shoot any but real big stags, and consider that half a dozen or so should satisfy any sportsman. So much for his attempt to discredit me as a true sportsman.

RICHARD DASHWOOD.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Nov. 1.

"Forest and Stream" Fan Pedigree Blank.

FOR some time past breeders of dogs have demanded a pedigree form that would afford spaces for a more extended pedigree than those hitherto published. The difficulty has been in arranging a form that, while admitting the required extension, would be compact and not too large for mailing. This difficulty has been solved in the "FOREST AND STREAM Fan Pedigree Blank" which is so arranged that a dog's pedigree can be recorded for eight generations, and the spaces radiating from a center, the reader is enabled to trace at a glance the different strains which lead from sire and dam. Spaces are also provided for recording the name of dog, its breed, color, sex, breeder and address, dates of birth and purchase, from whom purchased, E. K. C. and A. K. C. Stud Book numbers and certification. These blanks are for sale at $2 per hundred, 30 cents per dozen, by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 318 Broadway, New York.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

1895.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's nineteenth annual show, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

Feb. 26 to March 1.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 17.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

Beagles Shot.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with sadness I write of a most unmanly case by which I have lost two valuable beagles. I have hunted with them the past three years and was much attached to them. My custom has been for the past thirty or more years to visit friends and have a rabbit hunt on Staten Island, near Huguenot station. I have had permission from the late Larry Kerr to hunt on his farm and the adjoining land occupied by the Excelsior Fishing Club, and was also permitted to shoot by the adjoining farmer, Mr. Cornelius Andronet, of the shore. In fact, I have gone where I pleased over the land and swamps without let or hindrance. Between these owners a farmer has bought or leased a strip of land and is engaged in raising poultry. I was hunting with my beagles last Thursday week and was on this party's property for about two hours. He saw me with the dogs, but did not object or tell me I was trespassing. I saw them working around the house and they saw me with my gun and heard and saw the dogs. I looked for signs or notices on the trees, but saw none. (Permit me to say here, having hunted for years, I ought to know when land is posted. I never knowingly trespass on land when I see it posted, but go in a manly way and ask permission, which has seldom been refused).

My dogs were running a rabbit in a swamp, part of which is on this man's property, and about 600ft. from his dwelling. As the sun was going down I told my companion it was time to get home, especially as the dogs had lost the scent and stopped tonguing, and that the dogs would follow at the sound of the whistle. We left this man's property and then heard seven distinct shots from, as I thought, a revolver. I thought it strange my dogs did not show up, but started for home, calling for them. I expected the dogs would follow, as they would always take my track and follow home wherever I was staying.

In the morning, my dogs not having come in, I started to find them. One of the young men with me mentioned that a sign had been put up a few days back, which read: "Private Property—No Trespassing—No Hunting." This sign was about one mile from the house or the swamp. I soon found the farmer and apologized to him for unknowingly trespassing on his property. He then told me of this one sign. Also that he had shot two dogs the day before down in the swamp. I asked him to show me the dogs, and he led the way to the swamp. There lay my dog Lee, quite dead. The man said the other dog—Sedgwick—was further in the swamp, where we found him still alive. As I spoke to the dog he looked up appealingly with his beautiful hazel eyes, and I saw that the bullet had fatally wounded him, but this man seemed surprised that the dog was yet alive. I then asked him where he was when he shot the dogs. He replied on his house stoop, which is about 400ft. away. He then went home for his rifle and shot Sedgewick dead. After shooting the dogs the evening before he never went near them to ascertain if they were dead or merely wounded. I gave him my address and stated that I was a member of the National Beagle Club, and in all probability the club would take hold of this case.

Now, this man may have all the law on his side through having this one sign up about one mile away, but his land is open with only a fence here and there. If the law justifies him no sportsman's dog is safe from being killed. I cannot conceive why I was not told to leave the grounds when hunting, but he seems to have waited until I left for home, and then shot my dogs. I almost wonder that he did not take a pot-shot at me. I have given you the facts without any embellishments or falsity.

JOHN BATEMAN.

GRAVESEND BEACH, Nov. 5.

Foxhounds at Providence.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been asked by my friends to tell about the foxhounds at Providence. I am an American and am proud of the fact, and a charter member of the American Foxhound Club. We have no American dog but the Boston terrier, and I am not in love with them. I see no reason why we cannot have a foxhound that any tyro can say at sight is an American foxhound, and the only way to do it is to get away from the English and the cross-road kind.

I do not claim the honor of being the first to recognize a distinct type of American foxhounds; it was C. H. Mason, who, when judging hounds as hounds, saw the general difference between the English and American, and he sat down heavy on the short ears and broad heads.

The head gives type and character, the best type we have is a distinct type. A narrow head, prominent occiput and long folding ears. Elite was the nearest to my ideal in the challenge class and I gave him first and I stuck right to that type to the end. Ranger II. is a fair dog, but too English.

We all know what a kicker Tom Aldrich is. Well, Tom did kick about Commodore. He said any dish-faced hound should be disqualified; and Tom was right. Who ever heard of any kind of dish-faced hounds?

Commodore lacks type or character, the same may be said of Tom Aldrich's Jowler; it had a short broad head, short ears and was shown hog fat; he would hunt for nothing but a soft place to lie down. Some of the dogs were good but too English, most of them were like Commodore and Jowler, just a cross-road type, for you can find that kind at every cross-road in the United States. They have no type, they are just hounds. It would make no difference to me if the High-Mucky-Muck or the King of Corea said they were a good type of American foxhounds, I would not believe them, common sense should teach any one better.

I am bigoted enough to think I have done my share for the good of working spaniels. All who entered dogs in my classes at Providence knew who was to judge, that I am a crank for type and that I have some ideas of my own and they took their chances. It came near being a serious affair to me, the Doctor wanted to have me hung, the Captain wanted me shot, the Dago wanted to cut me and the farmers to lick me; some thought they could talk me to death, but quit when they had to write it. Your "Uncle Dick" ain't dead yet, he expects to live to see good American type foxhounds and working cockers bred and win as they should at all the shows.

I wish to be distinctly understood that I am not now and never shall be a member of the Judges' Protective Trade Association. The boys can kick and kick all they want to, it does them good and don't hurt the judge, but I reserve the right to protect myself in the sporting papers, not through the A. K. C. Yours for type and work,

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 27.

THE U. S. FIELD TRIALS.

(*Concluded from page 430*).

The All-Age Setter Stake.

THERE were a number of famous dogs in this stake of 18 starters. Of their high merit there is no doubt. This test at Bicknell is little of a criterion to judge by, as both weather and grounds were bad. The judges did the best that they could, and did well under the adverse circumstances.

Rodfield was easily first in the stake. His work was quite finished and high class in every respect. He ranged well and with judgment. His speed was uniform and well sustained, style fair. On birds he was quick, sharp and accurate, and he worked to the gun. In short, he was a sound worker and defeated his competitors beyond question. His game and skillful race was under the disadvantage of running with a badly cut leg which had not yet healed.

Blue Ridge Mark is well known. His range, speed and style were good, but his point work was a bit faulty.

Gleam's Sport was deficient in style. He was wise in his work, and accurate and successful in pointing.

As between Dan's Lady and Allene, the second prize winners, Allene was the sharper in her point work on single birds. Dan's Lady was the better finder and wider ranger.

Of the three which divided third, namely, Topsy's Rod, Minnie T. and Dan Burges, Minnie T. was much the better in her work on birds, she showing excellent ability to locate and point.

A bitch which showed excellent work on birds was Mattie.

It is probable that no field trial was ever run under more difficult adverse conditions. With judges of less skill, the stakes would have been mixed up and bungled beyond mending. The judges did remarkably well under the circumstances. All the work possible that the grounds afforded was gotten out of the dogs. That the competition was not more perfect was dne to poor and insufficient grounds and bad weather.

Probably after this year the club will abandon its grounds at Bicknell.

Mr. Freeman had a dog in this stake. Mr. Kerr judged in his place.

The conditions and prizes were the same as in the All-Age Pointer Stake.

Following is the order of running:

H. H. Maberry's black and white dog Maberry's Gabe, L. G. Howell, handler, *with* Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Tate (Jean Val Jean—Mamie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

J. M. Freeman's black, white and tan dog Dan Burges (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burges), J. Mayfield, handler, *with* Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Bessie Shoupe (Gath's Hope—Countess Rush), D. E. Rose, handler.

Major J. W. Renfroe's black, white and tan dog Gleam II. (Gleam—Tube Rose), Frank Richards, handler, *with* Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Topsy's Rod (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

W. W. Titus's black, white and tan bitch Minnie T. (Dick Bondhn—Bettie B.), F. Richards, handler, *with* Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog Blue Ridge Mark (Gath's Mark—Ollie T.), D. E. Rose, handler.

Arthur T. Ely's black and white bitch Mattie (Dick Bondhu—Bettie B.), Frank Richards, handler, *with* Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Allene, D. E. Rose, handler.

Eldred Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Antonia (Antonio—Miss Nellie Y.), Geo. Richards, handler, *with* Manchester Kennel Co.'s lemon and white dog Gleam's Sport (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan dog Gleam's Pink (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam, handler, *with* Dr. G. Chisholm's black, white and tan dog Blue Dan (Harry Blue—Santa), L. G. Howell, handler.

Dr. Geo. Eubank's black and white dog Dan Bryce (Bryce—Dora Gladstone), L. G. Howell, handler, *with* J. H. & J. A. Hunter's orange and white bitch Daisy Hunter II. (Antonio—Daisy Hunter), J. H. Johnson, handler.

Theo. Goodman's black, white and tan bitch Dan's Lady (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burges), J. H. Johnson, handler, *with* P. T. Madison's black, white and tan dog Rodfield (Antonio—Nellie Hope), John Mayfield, handler.

FRIDAY.

The weather was most disagreeable. A strong cold wind blew from the west, and a sprinkling of cold rain fell betimes during the forenoon. The sky was heavily overcast with dense black clouds. Every sign indicated bad weather, but toward noon the sky cleared up and the rain ceased. The afternoon was sunshine and cloud. The cold wind grew stiffer and colder toward night. Birds were plentiful. They were hard to work. On the whole, however, the work was better than on any previous day.

First Round.

MAYBERRY'S GALE—TATE.—Their heat began at 7:45. Tate was much the wider and faster ranger, though he appeared to dislike close work. Gale flushed twice excusably, a single bird each time, once down wind and once across wind. Tate got one point on birds. The heat lasted thirty minutes.

DAN BURGES—BESSIE SHOUPE.—At 8:26, they were cast off. Bessie going down wind flushed a bevy in open weeds. Each next pointed in corn; nothing found. Dan next pointed in open weeds; nothing found. One of the judges flushed a bevy and Dan pointed a remaining bird. Next Dan secured a good point on birds and was steady to shot. The heat ended at 9:25. Both were speedy. Dan was hard to control and devoted more attention to rabbits than was desirable. Bessie beat out her ground irregularly and her range was moderate in scope.

GLEAM II.—TOPSY'S ROD.—They were cast off at 9:45. Gleam made some difficult roading on a bevy which was running in weeds. He pointed stylishly and roaded accurately. The birds did not lie to his points and flushed wild. Next he roaded and pointed then roaded the bird to a flush in weeds. The dogs were widely separated. Topsy pointed near a fence in the open; nothing found. Topsy was much the wider and faster ranger, though Gleam covered a good deal of ground. Both worked to the gun.

MINNIE T.—BLUE RIDGE MARK.—They were cast off at 11:08. Both pointed in corn. Then they drew about, pointing betimes. Mark pointed the bevy in corn. At the same time, Minnie forty yards away pointed toward the same bevy. Minnie next took a cast in the woods toward where the scattered birds went and got a good point. In corn, Minnie roaded accurately some yards on the trail of a bevy which one of the judges flushed. She showed great precision and quickness in following birds. Mark made a point on a bevy and one on a single bird, after which he made a point to which nothing was found. Both ranged well, showed good speed and judgment, Minnie the better. Up at 2:02.

Lunch was served after which the competition was resumed.

MATTIE—ALLENE.—They were started at 12:48. Mattie pointed a bevy in the edge of a cornfield. The birds flew further into the field and were followed. On the scattered birds both did some excellent work in roading and pointing. On the opposite edge of the field Allene pointed a bevy. Mattie made a good point on a single in corn, at the same time Allene pointed and nothing was found. Up at 1:32. Allene was the faster and wider ranger. Mattie did not range independently at all times.

ANTONIO—GLEAM'S SPORT.—They began at 1:58. Gleam's Sport got a point on a single bird of a bevy marked down in open weeds; Antonio backed well. Antonio next pointed, probably on footscent. Sport next pointed a single bird, after which he found and pointed a bevy well in open weeds, and Antonio backed well. Each next made a point, to which nothing was found; and each backed the other's point. Antonio next got a good point on two birds. Sport was the better ranger and was better in bird work, though his style was poor. His pointing was accurate and fairly quick.

GLEAM'S PINK—BLUE DAN.—They started at 2:58. Pink made a good point in woods, and Dan going in, flushed it unintentionally. Dan made several false points during the heat. Pink flushed or pointed a single in weeds. One of the judges flushed a bevy in woods and it lit in an open weedfield. Pink got two good points on them. Don showed some unsteadiness to shot. Pink was much the better in every respect. Up at 3:55.

DAN BRICE—DAISY HUNTER II.—Dan pointed a bevy in weeds. On the scattered birds in woods Daisy made two or three flushes. The heat ended at 4:10 with the advantage in Dan's favor. Both ranged moderately well. Mr. Howell handled his dogs well and was observant and gentlemanly. It was his *début* in field trial competition. His dogs were outclassed, and no skill on his part could compensate for that.

DAN'S LADY—RODFIELD.—They were cast off at 4:27. A bevy was seen to flush out of heavy weeds, but the error could not be attributed to either dog as they could not be seen. Lady coming in pointed where the bevy flushed. There was some very good point work done thereafter. Rodfield made three or four excellent points on single birds, Lady made one good point on a single and flushed a bevy up wind in an open field, a most careless blunder. Rodfield made one point on footscent. He showed superior quickness and accuracy in locating and pointing birds, and his judgment was excellent. He was erect and stylish on his ponts, and worked out his ground quite skillfully. Dan's Lady was a pleasing worker, showing good speed and a merry manner, but her point work was faulty. The heat lasted 30 minutes.

SATURDAY.

The weather was most unfavorable. A light snow storm, a cold wind and a dark sky were the existing conditions at the start, but gradually the snow storm dissipated. The raw wind grew somewhat milder. Birds were not moving and were difficult to find. The conditions were unfavorable for good work. What with poor grounds and bad weather the test was quite unsatisfactory. Still the judges could do no better.

Second Round.

DAN BURGES—MINNIE.—They were cast off at 8:20. A bevy was found and was seen to flush, but whether either dog did it or not could not be determined, as the cover concealed the dogs. Up at 9:19.

BLUE RIDGE MARK—GLEAM'S SPORT.—They were started at 9:20. Both roaded in corn. Sport pointed a single in corn. Down 34 minutes.

TOPSY ROD—RODFIELD.—They began at 10:12. Down 33 minutes. Rodfield far excelled Topsy in sharp and accurate point work. He first pointed a bevy nicely in woods, and was backed by Topsy. Both were steady to shot. Rodfield pointed in open, and at the same time Topsy pointed; the former had a rabbit. Topsy pointed in woods, and it was said a bird was flushed near his point after he had moved on. Topsy again pointed; nothing found. Rodfield pointed; probably on foot-scent, as it was near where birds were marked down. Both were fast and good rangers.

ALLENE—DAN'S LADY.—A bevy was marked down in corn and was followed. Both pointed a bevy in corn and were steady to shot. Allene in the open pointed a bird nicely on ground almost bare. At the same time Lady pointed and nothing was found. Next, Allene made a good point on a single bird. Each made a point at the same time about 40yds. apart; nothing found. Up at 11:43. Each had good speed and range.

MATTIE—GLEAM'S PINK.—Off at 11:47. Each got a point on a rabbit. Mattie pointed a single bird by a fence in thick cover. Up at 12:20.

The running was suspended and the party went to lunch.

BLUE RIDGE MARK—RODFIELD.—They were cast off in open fields at 1:39, apparently to test their range. Both went wide and fast. Mark in the beginning pointed a bevy in open weeds, moved on to locate and flushed. Up at 1:48.

This ended the trials.

After reaching town the judges announced the winners as follows: First, Rodfield; second, Blue Ridge Mark; third, Gleam's Sport; fourth, Dan's Lady and Allene; fifth, Topsy's Rod, Minnie T. and Dan Burges.

B. WATERS.

NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIALS.

Members' Sweepstake.

SOME men have a hobby in horses, others for football, while many derive pleasure from the companionship of their dogs—in fact, nearly every man nowadays seeks relaxation from business cares in some kind of sport. A number of sportsmen profess to enjoy field trials—they may if their dog wins, but it would require a very lively imagination for any one, winner or loser, to fancy he was enjoying himself at the trials just held by the New England Field Trials Club for the benefit of its members. Not that he would not meet a jolly lot of fellows and all that, such men you will find always and everywhere among sportsmen, but the grounds! It would be difficult to picture to oneself anything more discouraging from a field trial view than the territory which the club protects at Assonet Neck, Mass. Even in nice dry weather the working parts of the grounds are swamps chiefly, but to add to the discomforts this year, snow had fallen to the depth of several inches in some parts, and recent rains had flooded most of the low-lying ground. This was bad enough for dogs and men, but when you have more snow and heavy rain thrown in one must indeed be of a cheerful and hopeful disposition to extract any pleasure from following the dogs for two days under such conditions. This is not the fault of the club, it is their misfortune, for on this account the club will never assume that importance which its interests entitle it to, until these conditions are changed either by the selection of other grounds or a better protection of the birds.

The nature and lay of the country is such that really no true test of a dog's merit can be arrived at, either in speed, range or cover work. If the dogs do once in a while come across birds in the open they make at once for the swamps or very thick briery cover, where dogs have to crawl in and out, sometimes up to their bellies in water, and thus with such weather as we experienced last week, the setters especially are soon chilled through. Under these conditions, the ground being mostly gullies, swamps and upland, the range is very much restricted and the hunting simply a series of twisting and turning here, there and everywhere, so that really a slow, pottering sort of dog stands as good if not a better chance than the style of dog we wish to encourage at field trials.

Birds were fairly plentiful in the worst part of the grounds, but they were well scattered and were runners from Runnerville in that wet weather. Some birds were turned down the first day on the upland, but when we came across them in the Gordon Stake they could scarcely fly, several being caught by spectators and dogs.

On Monday evening, Nov. 12, the members and their friends met at the City Hotel, Taunton, and after a banquet the club held a meeting, when the draw for the Members' Sweepstake took place in the parlor. A convivial pleasant evening was afterward spent.

On Wednesday morning an early start was made, two barges conveying the company to the club grounds, eight miles away. Among those present were Ed Brooks, Hyde Park, Mass.; Dr. Heyward, John C. and A. R. Sharp, and C. W. Davenport, Taunton, Mass.; F. H. Miller, of the Bingham *Journal*, and Elisha Burr, of Bingham, Mass., the latter gentleman ran one of the dogs in the first heat of the first Eastern Field Trials at High Point; C. P. Curtis, Taunton; Joe Whipple, Central Falls, N. Y.; E. W. Amory, B. S. Turpin, Boston, Mass.; "Bob" Leslie, Lynn, Mass.; W. Tallman, Plainfield, N. J.; Harry Tallman, Greene, R. I.; L. E. Pearl, Hampton, Mass.; Chas. R. Taylor, Providence, R. I.; H. Merriam, Weston, Mass.; Samuel F. Roberts, Pawtucket, R. I.; Geo. W. Lovell, Middleborough, Mass.; Ames L. Orr, Dwight, Ill.; C. E. Davis, Boston, Mass.; D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass.; S. N. Ellis, Harwick, Mass.; E. S. Gordon, Attleboro, Mass.; J. S. Treen, Mansfield, Mass.; H. D. Babbitt, Watertown, N. Y.; H. B. Richmond, Lakeville, Mass.; E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., and a few others whose names we could not get.

Mr. N. Wallace, of Farmington, Conn., was the judge, and having experience with these grounds—he has judged here before—he was able to arrive at a pretty fair estimate of the dogs' work without wasting much time. He is very painstaking, and following the dogs close up he misses very little of their work. It is very certain that no other judge at a field trial in America has to work nearly as hard as one who assumes that position at Assonet. We have seen pretty nearly all the field trials grounds, even at Mitchell's Bay, Ont., and they are roadside rambles in comparison. No leather that was ever tanned could withstand half a day's sloshing round in these swamps, and the lucky wearers of hip-high rubber boots had often to carry those less fortunately provided across the deepest places on their backs. Oh! it was fun—but few shirked it after the first wetting. Anon some unlucky wight would slip and sit down in the slush; but no one envied him.

The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

W. C. Baylies's English setter dog Tennessee Vandal (The Corsair—Effie Hill), handler, A. R. Sharp, *with* Hobart Ames's English setter dog Rolla (Roderigo—M'Liss), handler, E. S. Gordon.

Geo. W. Amory's pointer dog Bounce (Bob—Sal), handler, H. Tallman, *with* Bayard Thayer's English setter bitch Polly II, handler, E. Brooks.

Hampton Kennels' Echo of H. (Don M.—Mac's Fly), handler, L. A. Pearl, *with* Oakland Farm's English setter bitch Our Pet (The Corsair—Schula), handler, A. R. Sharp.

Cohannet Kennels' English setter dog Kent II. (Count Howard— ——), handler, Dr. Heywood, *with* H. Merriam's English setter dog Freak (Rowdy Rod—Eve), handler, owner.

Hampton Kennels' Gordon setter bitch Jolly G. (Clark's Jake—Daisy M.), handler, L. A. Pearl, *with* D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s English setter dog Bradley (Rowdy Rod—Breeze Gates), handler, E. A. Ellis.

Harry Dutton's pointer dog Duke of Kent II. (Tempest—Nadjy of Naso), handler, C. E. Davis, a bye.

TUESDAY.

First Series.

Heavy, dark clouds were hanging over the horizon, giving every indication of a snow fall; happily the promise did not amount to much, although at intervals during the day a drizzly sort of snow fell, although not sufficient to interfere with the work. The snow that had fallen days before did that, for it lay on some stretches of the ground from 3 to 5in. deep. The roads were hard as a brick from the night frost, and taken altogether the conditions for good scent and an enjoyable day were just about as gloomy as could be wished. The barges containing the members and visitors arrived at the grounds from Taunton about 9 o'clock, and a start was at once made with the first brace.

TENNESSEE VANDAL—ROLLA.—Down at 9:15 and working down to the inevitable swamp, at the edge of cover Vandal stopped on a single and was held for a back, but Rolla did not respond. Another bird was flushed by the judge. A lot of twisting work was done in swampy cover, but neither dog was able to find. Vandal got out to his work more intelligently, and cut out what little open work was done in a fair manner, and proved the faster of the two. It was at once apparent that the condition of the ground and the lack of open country precluded any opportunity for brilliant work. Up at 9:51.

BOUNCE—POLLY II.—These were put down at 9:53 in corn patch. Working over a swamp thickly covered on the hill at the edge, Polly pointed stylishly and held it until Bounce came up and completed a pretty picture with a stylish back; birds had flushed, however, and Bounce broke his back and worked round in front as Mr. Brooks went in over the hill into a likely gully, where Bounce pointed unsteadily; birds were running and shortly flushed, Bounce being steady to wing. After working around for some time in swamps and gully dogs were ordered up at 10:27. Bounce was under good control and seemed to hunt with some snap and vigor in spite of his low condition. Polly was inclined to be heedless, and had a will of her own. She had not the range and speed of the pointer. Several rabbits were seen in the gully and Mr. Brooks got some satisfaction out of the heat in bowling one over in good style.

ECHO H.—OUR PET.—Down at 10:39 in open on hill. The ground covered in this heat was mixed to a degree—snow-covered upland, ankle-deep swamp and bare ground. Birds were seen, but there was no actual bird work done. Our Pet, who is a known good performer, cut out what little open ground she met with in an able manner and was smart and intelligent in her endeavors to locate in the swampy cover work, and it was easily seen she would get another chance. Not so with Echo, who dilly-dallied round her handler and seemed afraid of either being drowned in the swamp or of losing herself.

KENT II.—FREAK.—Down at 11:05. Directly after starting Freak nailed a large bevy of "natives" and was steady to subsequent work. Working on the singles Freak nailed one and another got up in front of Kent, who was steady—he could not be otherwise; he is too sedate and circumspect in his actions. In thicket Freak acted puppyish on footscent, pointed once or twice, but failed to score. Taken out of woods after marked birds from this bevy Freak flushed and chased. On rising ground above, two birds got up to one side of Freak that he should have nailed. Snow began to fall lightly about this time, and soon after the dogs were called up. Time 11:27. It was a slow pottering sort of heat. The going, of a sort, was in Freak's favor, but he was slow and pottered round a good deal in cover, not being very sure of his nose. Dear old Kent II. did not like it at all. The snow bothered him, for he did not want to get his feet chilled; went along at a mincing walk most of the time and seemed as if he didn't want to rush his handler too much.

JOLLY G.—BRADLEY.—Down at 11:30. This brace livened us up a bit, for both got out to their work with some speed, especially Bradley. Down in swamp Bradley made a nice cast and swung round to a pretty point but spoiled his work by rushing in at the wild flush, stopping instantly, however, to caution. Bradly worked all round the other in open. Getting further into swamp Jolly G. had her turn and nailed the birds nicely, but Bradley coming across in front birds flushed, both steady. A lot of swamp was worked out, and all followers who were not provided with hip-high rubber boots were soon soaking wet. Then Bradley pointed a bevy at edge of woods out of swamp, which the crowd flushed. Birds were very wild and nothing was done on the singles, and dogs were called up at 12:40. Bradley had much the

best of it in speed and range and cut his open ground out more intelligently. Jolly was quite at home in the tangled cover, and though some may say she pottered a bit, still it seems her style is about what the couditions here require if birds are to be found. A good deal or it is simply in and out crawling through the briers and water-soaked sedge.

Lunch at the old barn and the hot coffee and several-years-ago chicken sandwiches kept us busy for a time.

DUKE OF KENT II. (a bye).—This was run with Our Pet, and they put up a fairly good heat. Going into swamp again, Pet pointed a single in a thicket and balance of bevy flushed. Into the open again both showed speed and range, Duke having the best of it, but did not hunt out the likely spots with the intelligence of Our Pet. This closed the first series, and Tennessee Vandal, Bounce, Bradley and Our Pet were kept in.

Second Series.

TENNESSEE VANDAL—BOUNCE.—Down at 2:08 in stubble. After covering considerable mixed ground Bradley pointed rather slouchingly at the side of a hedge and Vandal honored him stylishly, but nothing came of it. Crossing swamp and on the hill, Vandal pointed a fence rail. Some said there was a flush, but the nature of the ground made it difficult to see. The setter seemed handicapped by the wet and heavy going, while the pointer cut through in a rather snappy manner and had a little the best in speed and range, while his cover work was the more intelligent, and he was under better control than the other. Briers and thickets did not scare him.

BRADLEY—OUR PET.—Down at 2;48 in open field. Ranging over hills Bradley was first to score at the edge of swamp. Pet coming up to back, the dog moved and a bird flushed, then another, at which he was cautioned. Making a cast round the swamp Pet pointed stylishly on three, but rushed in at Sharp's flush. To the right Bradley roaded up to another but was not steady to wing. Taken out into the open they were called up at 3:04. Both dogs ranged far and wide but the cover work was in Pet's favor. Bradley was under best control, in fact there was little to choose between them. The judge knew just how they stood and announced his decision at once:

Our Pet, first; Bradley, second; Bounce, third.

We did not waste much time in congratulations but made for the barges and a sharp drive of, eight miles to the City Hotel at Taunton, brought us once more to comfort and civilization. Everyone was wet through and there was a great run on chest protectors which were served hot.

After we had dried ourselves thoroughly and partaken of a hearty supper, the word was passed round that the Gordon men were expected to meet in the paalor, where the filling and draw for the Gordon Setter Club's stake was to take place. It resulted as follows:

Hampton Kennels' bitch Jolly G. (Clark's Jake—Darby M.), handler, L. A. Pearl, *with* Noyes Billings's bitch Minnie T. (Ranger B.—Diana), handler, J. S. Treen.

J. B. Blossom's bitch Belmont (Dasher—Blanche IV.), handler, W. Tallman, *with* S. A. Nickerson's dog Count Noble (Ben Butler—Belle), handler, C. R. Taylor.

Alex. G. Cochrane's dog Mac's Paul (Don—Challie), handler, W. L. Striegel, *with* Dwight Kennels' dog Heather Lad (Heather Nap—Heather Rose), handler, A. L. Orr.

J. B. Blossom's dog Heather Bruce (Comus—Heather Bee), handler, W. Tallman, *with* Atwood Collins's dog Shot (Ben—Skylark).

Noyes' Billings's Range B. (Tom II.—Nora), handler, J. S. Treen, *with* J. B. Blossom's bitch Beaumont's Belmont (Beaumont—Belmont), handler, W. Tallman.

M. Jean Van de Putte, of Ghent, Belgium, and his dog Speck did not turn up, much to the regret of the visitors, who wanted to see in what language he would point. Herr Putte, it was said, had sailed on the Champagne that arrived last Sunday, but anyhow he failed to connect and missed a hearty welcome and a good deal of unwholesome physical labor that would have given him a wrong impression of America.

A pleasant evening was spent, Mr. E. Knight Sperry filling the chair most acceptably with beaming smile and generous hospitality. "Billy" Tallman was in good form and gave us some reminiscences of old field trial work "down souf," while Dan Goodwin's ecclesiastical recitation brought down the house. When we retired for the night it was raining hard.

WEDNESDAY.

Gordon Setter Sweepstake.

An early start was made for the long drive to the grounds, and though there was no rain the heavy clouds gave no promise of fine weather.

Mr. A. R. Sharp had been prevailed upon to judge, and he makes a capital one; his temper is accommodating and he was willing to allow the dogs every opportunity to get birds if they show the slightest inclination that way. Of this stake, as a whole, we must say that there were dogs entered which did, under vastly harder conditions than prevailed last year, work that was superior to that which was done in the last Gordon stake, and Mac's Paul, Minnie T., Ranger B. and Jolly G. are dogs that would hold their own with the best that have run on these grounds.

Shot did not put in an appearance, so Heather Bruce ran his bye with Minnie T.

Several of the dogs, for instance Heather Lad, did not seem accustomed to this choppy style of hunting, and were at a disadvantage. The weather was execrable. Fine when we started from Taunton, the dogs had no sooner been cast off in the first heat when it commenced to rain, and with little let up did so all day, thoroughly soaking us through before we had been going more than half an hour. There was some thought of postponing the running after lunch, but as there was little more to do, we kept at it, and finished early. The grounds were wet enough yesterday, but with the heavy rain during the night were more so to-day, and it would have been difficult even to imagine hunting under more adverse circumstances. The wind was northwest, but little of it.

First Series.

JOLLY G.—MINNIE T.—Down at 9:10 in cabbage field. After working in cover on bottoms we moved to upland and Jolly G. pointed, roaded a bit but could not locate—two birds flushed, and further on she pointed again on footscent. Birds were running and it was difficult to nail them close. A man with a hound had scattered the birds and they ran in all directions. Little more was done and dogs up at 9:50. The hunting conditions were so poor that little test could be made of the dog's capabilities. Jolly G. had the best of it in range, speed and style, but Minnie did better in cover.

COUNT NOBLE—BELMONT.—Down in stubble 9:58. Count Noble was seen to have the speed and range though at best both were limited, Belmont notwithstanding her years and obesity was able to keep up a fair gait. Getting into cover, Count pointed and Belmont swinging round, 50yds. further on in the open pointed and roaded the running birds that were seen. Then Noble got in ahead and flushed and chased the birds. Following the marked birds Count pointed on footscent and birds afterwards flushed from the trees—as we passed beneath. Neither dog did good work and were not under good control. Belmont while not ranging so well was fairly wise in the work and showed better nose. Up at 10:25.

MAC'S PAUL—HEATHER LAD.—Down at 10:30 in pasture edge of woods. A lot of open and mixed ground was covered, both dogs getting out fairly well, but Paul showed more judgment in his casts, while Lad came back to his handler too often. Crossing the "prairie," a wide, bare stretch of exposed fields, gave them chance to show their speed, but they did not take advantage of it. Down in a hollow in hedge Paul pointed a bird and Lad, called up to back, did so. Paul, sent on to locate, caught the bird, which could not fly. It was one of the lot turned down yesterday. We met several of these during the day, and they reminded us of the first year's trials. Bob Leslie caught one of the birds. Further on a few yards Paul nailed another, and Lad coming up, refused to back and walked all round the pointing dog, who held steady on a weak bird that was found just after. This was poor work for Lad and destroyed his chances. All the work was clearly in Mac's Paul's favor, and besides, he showed a useful familiarity with the style of country. The Heather Bruce-Shot heat was called next, but Shot did not respond, so

RANGER B.—BEAUMONT'S BELMONT were put down at 11:15 in open ground. Beaumont's Belmont at once made a wide cast of half a mile and gave us the only taste of so-called "high class" ranging seen during the trial; after her spurt she was more amenable but did not heed her handler as she should have done. She has been trained in the South and was only in Mr. Tallman's care a few days. Ranger B. ranged out quite snappily and with wisdom; he is familiar with the country and knows where to look, but was rather unlucky; getting into thick swamp birds were seen running and one flushed ahead of B. Belmont, and at edge of corn another flushed as B. B. went through the thicket. Then after B. B. had passed along Ranger nabbed the running birds; these were some of the poor weak ones spoken of. Ranger pointed again but B. B. instead of backing walked round him and came up to him as Ranger left his point, and directly one of the weaklings made a flutter and Ranger chased a yard or two and grabbed it, but stopped to command; rather excusable, however, under the circumstances. A lot more ground was covered but nothing transpired. Up at 12:15. Ranger was much superior in style and intelligent seeking, and as his work was only on those turned down birds that give little scent yet, he should have had another chance, as he was clearly the most finished worker in the stake. B. Belmont will be spoken of further on.

HEATHER BRUCE, A BYE—Running with Minnie T., they were put down in open at 1:03. Getting to the swamp again Minnie pointed and birds flushed wild, being marked to the hillside, where Bruce was found on a sort of point in thicket, or stopped on a flush, as the birds were seen to flush immediately before. Minnie roading, the birds flushed wild again and a lot of backing and filling was done with no decisive work, until getting over a ridge Minnie drew carefully to a point on five birds, which her handler flushed; steady to shot and wing. In fallen trees Minnie exhibited a good deal of "local" sense, for calmly scanning the top branches and seeing nothing, she roaded carefully through thicket to a point, but bird was running and was put up to one side. Minnie did nearly all the hunting, Bruce sticking to his handler and showing little inclination to hunt. Up 1:39.

Second Series.

MAC'S PAUL—JOLLY G. Down in stubble at 1:50. Both ranged out well though Paul's range showed better system, cutting out his field nicely. While down in swamp Minnie T. on chain with her handler winded birds on the bare open stubble and the heat dogs being called up Mac's Paul made a couple of good, wise casts and swinging in across wind stiffened stylishly on a large bevy which his handler flushed. This was a good strong covey of "natives." Jolly G. backed indifferently. After the scattered birds in swamp Jolly pointed and Paul honored her but nothing was found; but sent on to locate she did so nicely and both were steady to shot and wing. Then Paul swung round and located another. Leaving there we worked through swamp and upland for some time and dogs finally up at 2:30.

The stake was practically decided now, but the judge was prevailed upon to give Beaumont's Bellmont who had come with something of a reputation, though the reason was not apparent to the naked eye, another chance on birds to see if she would point. A bevy had been marked in open and she was worked to it, but as she was in swamp below birds flushed from the field above, and she was never able to locate afterward, though given every opportunity. The judge flushed one at edge of orchard. The bitch iustead of working through a thicket where the birds here are likely to be, would run round it, shirking her cover work almost entirely. She seemed to have no nose, and if she did not smell the money it was no fault of judge or handler, they gave her every opportunity, displaying much patience, wet through and running over as we all were. Called up at 3:20, and walking a mile to the old barn the judge rendered his decision to the bedraggled company: Mac's Paul first, Jolly G. second, Minnie T. third.

Mac's Paul's win was a popular one and he deserved it, and had the judge seen all of Minnie's work, I think she might have displaced Jolly. Ranger B., who as far as manner of hunting and sense displayed was the peer if not superior to anything in the stake, and by comparison high class should have had another ten minutes when we struck the good strong birds. As working on these marked birds was no fair test, still in the work actually done the judge's decisions are entitled to respect.

The boys were only too glad to bundle into the barges and start for home and dry clothes, vowing once more never to walk over those grounds again. But we shall all meet there again next year if nothing happens. H. W. L.

The Rutherfurd Fox-Terrier Sale.

A GOODLY crowd assembled at the American Horse Exchange, New York, on Fridey, Nov. 16, attracted by the announcement that Messrs. L. & W. Rutherfurd would dispose at auction of a draft of their well bred terriers. Mr. William Easton handled the mallet, but even his well known persuasive powers failed to bring the bids up to anything like the proper values. It must be said, however, that with few exceptions the draft was an ordinary lot, many of them being on the coarse side. The majority were whelped this year. The highest price obtained was $32, for a Warren Safeguard—Warren Daisy bitch pup with black and tan markings on one ear, and whelped May 2, 1894. She now belongs to Mr. C. D. Bernheimer, of New York. A dog pup, whelped Jan. 23, 1894, with the Safeguard markings, by Warren Safeguard—Warren Pansy, she by Pitcher, brought $25 from Mr. J. R. Kennedy. A litter sister to Mr. Bernheimer's purchase brought $22. Two Safeguard pups went for $14 each, and a dog pup by Charlton Verdict—Refuge, brought $18. The balance ranged from $11 to $1, several being sold for almost the price of chain and collar. Reprieve, by champion Result, and dam of Warren Regent, and Warren Pansy, by Pitcher, dam of Warren Romper and Prancer, the winning pup at the Terrier show, were cheap at $7 and $5 respectively Mr. A. C. Bradbury picked up a bitch by First Flight—Refuge, a sure breeder, for $4. In all the sale brought $261.50 for twenty-nine sold, an average of $9.

There was some discussion at the New England Field Trials about white on a dachshund and the amount that would pass without being penalized on the bench. The cause of this was Mr. Manice's Princetta, who had white on forefeet, and our contention is upheld by a little correspondence now going on in the *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.) on the same point. That journal remarks that German judges inform them that, "except a little touch of white on the chest, that marking is most objectionable in black and tan, red or liver-colored dachshunds. Some judges will shut their eye to a speck on the hind toes, but after that all tolorance should end, and white shirt fronts, white on heads and white feet should be barred."

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 6 I noticed Mr. Wells's kindly expressed explanation concerning the matter of his decision of third prize in the All-Age Stake of the Manitoba Field Trial Club's trials.

I had no intention to join issue with Mr. Wells in reference to his decisions. I beg to show him that he wrote the following under a misapprehension: "As to Mr. Waters's contention that Ightfield Diana should have been in third money," etc.

The paragraph itself, which Mr. Wells refers to and which was a part of the report of the Manitoba trials, puhlished by FOREST AND STREAM, was as follows: "I fancied the two pointers, Ightfield Diana and Tick Boy, for third, they being her superior in judgment, range and work on birds, taking one heat with another, though she (Allene) excelled in style."

This was advanced simply as my opinion, and not set up as a contention against the judge's decision.

In this connection, I desire to reiterate what I wrote in my report of the trials, namely, that Mr. Wells handled the stake with great skill, was painstaking, and his decisions were well received. When a judge, single-handed, can decide two stakes with so much credit as Mr. Wells justly won for himself at the Manitoba trials, it is difficult to bestow proper praise without appearing fulsome.

Mr. Stoddard, in a letter published in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 27, a letter which I trust is happily auspicious for a better future in respect to kennel literary contributions, since it is kind and tolerant, adverts to the flush and chase mentioned by Mr. Wells. He explains that the flush was across wind, and that Tick Boy marked the bird and followed it. I remember well this circumstance. Tick was roading a running bird across wind. The bevy had split up. The dog's work then was most difficult. The remarkable feature, in my judgment, was that he did it so well. The flush I considered as almost unavoidable and of no importance whatever as an error.

This must not be construed as any contention in regard to the decision. Mr. Wells is a gentleman of experience in such matters, and of unquestioned integrity. When a gentleman has proved himself competent and reliable, a difference of judgment is simply a difference of judgment. No reporter should attempt to override the judgment of a gentleman so experienced or as competent as himself. Still a difference of udgment does not impugn a decision in the least.

Field Trial Reports.

Apropos of nothing at all, I realize clearly that reporters may make mistakes, they being mortal, too. If there were nothing else to show in support of this view, the fact that their opinions differ from each other betimes would be evidence enough. No doubt there is room for improvement. The mere act of taking a pencil in hand and making notes does not clothe the reporter with the functions of a court of last resort. The *ex cathedra* tone of some of the field trial reports of past years was not well taken. In a few of them there was no justification for the arrogation of the power of final review and readjusting of the judge's decision. As a matter of opinion, differences were not improper. This, in respect to reports in general. There have been, however, a few instances in which sharp criticism has been just and wholesome, and where the soundness of decisions has not been beyond question. But the times have changed. The old cast-iron, unsympathetic standard of reporting, applied indiscriminately to all alike, is out of place in the present day, for the judges are in most instances thoroughly trained. No judge can hope to succeed if he is inexperienced. It would be just as reasonable to assume that he could sail a ship, or manage a bank or a railroad without any special training, as to assume that he could judge without any experience. When a reporter comes across a gentleman in a saddle who is incompetent from inexperience, natural unfitness or indolence, there is then a just subject for criticism. Nevertheless, criticism may be just without being caustic or peevish. Where a new club is holding its first trials and the judges are new, a reporter may have in some instances greater knowledge consequent to longer and wider experience. This, however, is less noticeable with each recurring year, since the field trial patrons and judges are now quite thoroughly trained, and expert in their duties.

Barring All-Age Winners.

Mr. Wootton, Sec-Treas. of the Manitoba Field Trial Club, did me the honor in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 27, to reply to my comments on opening the club's All-Age Stake to All-Age winners which had not won two firsts in All-Age stakes. His reply impressed me as being imperfect. He considered but a small fragment of the matter. His argument is entirely *ex parte*; it is from the standpoint of the man who owns a first-prize winner, though I do not imply that because Mr. Wootton, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Avent own first-prize winners that such interests are the grounds of their arguments. I mean simply that the argument is one-sided, from the standpoint of the owners of winners, not from the standpoint of the best interests of all concerned, namely, the club members who put up money and do the work, the amateur who pays in his fees and competes for the love of the sport, and the professional, who engages in the competition as a detail of his business.

There are more interests to be considered than those of the men who own some first-prize winner.

As the matter is of some importance, I will take up Mr. Wootton's reply in detail. He being the secretary of the club, no doubt the views he published are the official views of the club.

He says: "I am and have been for years in favor of allowing a dog two wins before being disqualified, and I think that I am safe in saying that three-fourths of our members who attend and take part in the trials are in favor of it."

Now, how many "members attend and take part in the trials?" Would not from four to six be the correct number? How many do not attend and take part? Should not the wishes of those who do not attend, be considered?

But Mr. Wootton's main plea is in the following: "Why bar a dog from competition after winning one first prize? If he can repeat his performance under another judge and with the same and other dogs in competition, we are fully assured of his quality, and it gives us a chance to know more about him before breeding to him. Many times there is little or no choice between the first and second dog in a stake. If you bar one, why not the other?"

Has not a dog proved his quality when he wins one first prize in an All-Age stake? If the first win proves nothing conclusively, what constitutes the potency of the second win? Why not insist on a third or fourth win, etc., to determine the dog's quality? In what manner do two wins fully assure one of a dog's quality? There are more than the wins to be considered in breeding to a dog.

Mr. Wootton shows the extreme difficulty of a dog winning twice, when he says that there is little difference between the first and second dog in a stake. The first-prize winner might compete all his life and never win again when competing against able other first-prize winners besides other competitors. If breeders wait till a dog has won two firsts in an All-Age stake before breeding to him, the list of available stud dogs will be exceedingly limited. There is but one such important All-Age stake, I think, wherein a dog can get two wins if he can and that must serve for competition for its winners and the winners of all other All-Age stakes, some half-dozen in number, to score the desired two wins in

it. Winners are barred from all other All-Age stakes after one win, therefore the Manitoba Club's stake is the only one in which they can compete.

Mr. Wootton asks why, if the first prize winner is barred, the second prize winner is not barred also, since they are nearly equal in quality. The answer is simple. First, second, third, fourth, etc., may be equal. The equality may be apparent to those who witness the competition, but it is not at all apparent in the records. To those who go by the records, and such men are of the great majority, the winner of second is a defeated dog; the winner of first is undefeated. The undefeated dog is the one which the amateur dislikes to meet. The amateur is the gentleman who is a club member, who generally pays the current expenses of the club, guarantees the prizes and gives full moral support to the management, or participates in the competition. It is of some importance why club secretaries should know the reason of these things. Let any one take up the records of ten years ago and determine from the records if second was equal to first.

Mr. Wootton asks why a dog should be barred after winning one first prize. That point I touched on fully some weeks ago. A win establishes that a dog has to a high degree the quality of a working dog. If he, after winning, is permitted to enter into future All-Age competitions, he thereby deters owners from entering their dogs in those competitions. Clubs must have a certain number of entries to warrant them in holding trials. An All-Age winner cuts down the entries if he competes.

A dog competing continually does not add materially to the knowledge imparted at the time he first won. Moreover, he may have competed a number of times before he won first. The life of a dog is short at the most. New material must be constantly coming to the fore to replace what is lost by old age, disease and death. There, too, must be abundance of material for the vast breeding interests to select from. Permit the winners to compete and the breeding interests are "cribbed, cabined and confined."

The second win is not necessary as a measure to determine whether or not a dog is worthy of being engaged as a sire. The sportsmen's journals give quite full criticisms of the dog's work, his faults and excellence, and there is ample opportunity at a trial to see him work in private if a breeder so desires. Still, there are a few things to consider in breeding, over and above a dog's winniugs. Some very ordinary performers have proved to be excellent sires, and some excellent winners were not satisfactory in the stud. The record as a sire and the record in pointing quails may be widely different.

Again quoting from Mr. Wootton: "He seems to forget that for the two years—1891-2—our All-Age Stake was open to the world without any restrictions, yet Mr. J. M. Avent, with two champion dogs entered—Orlando and Novelist—only secured third place with the latter, Mr. Ellis's Duke of Manitoba getting first and Betty S. second." That might be a good argument were all the years after 1891-2 to have the same field trial conditions. As matters stand, it is not well taken. That instance was but one transitional stage in the club's progress. The club's trials at that time were not so well known, advertised or patronized as they are at present. There was then a good deal of local enthusiasm and support from an amateur element.

In 1892, the Derby had 8 starters, of which 3 were owned by Mr. Avent, and he was the only expert professional handler in that stake. Mr. Pickering, who also handled in it, was a resident of Manitoba, and had not one-hundredth part of the experience of Mr. Avent, so that the latter in this connection may practically be considered the only professional expert handler present in that event.

The All-Age Stake had 13 starters, of which 4 were owned by Mr. Avent. Except him the handlers were amateurs. They may so be classed, Mr. Avent's dogs were Novelist, Betty S., Orlando and Rupert. Thus, out of the 13 starters, 9 were owned by amateurs.

Is Mr. Wootton sure that leaving the All-Age Stake open to winners was a benefit to it then?

But he seems to forget the next year. In 1893 the professional element was but little stronger, yet in the two stakes, all but one-half of third in the Derby went to one handler. The All-Age Stake was won by dogs of some reputation, namely, Count Gladstone first, Chevalier second, Betty S. third. This strongly sustains what I advanced in a previous article, namely, that a stake without any restrictions is at the mercy of dogs with records or dogs of sufficient merit to campaign. Mr. Wootton should follow the records of all years; one year does not prove all.

Let us come now to the club's trials of 1894. Of the 15 entries in the Derby, 10 were handled by expert professional handlers of national reputation in America, namely, Capt. McMurdo, Messrs. Rose, Avent, Spracklin of Canada, J. Armstrong, an expert handler with a successful reputation in England; then came Mr. Pickering, who had acquired a good deal of experience in the trials, and who is a professional trainer and field trial handler. I do not make any invidious distinction against Mr. Pickering. The comparison is in no wise a reference to skill; my aim is to show how the club drew to itself the strongest professional element of America. The only two amateur handlers in the Derby were Messrs. Wootton and Ellis.

In the All-Age Stake there was not one amateur handler.

The All-Age winners were all dogs which had reputations before that competition. First, Brighton Tobe; second, Topsy's Rod; third, Allene. With such records staring them in the face, is it probable that the amateur can keep up his enthusiasm and support? Now, wherein are the conditions of 1891-2 at all similar to those of 1894?

Were there not enough of second and third prize winners and dogs with reputations as competitors, without letting down the bars to all winners? It should be borne in mind that each event was a stage of transition. In 1895, with fewer restrictions, there will come in still many more dogs with records. The amateur will lose interest, will stay at home and will withhold his contributions. As the campaigners come in and make the stake more difficult, the amateur makes it easier for himself by going out. A stake under the present conditions of that of the Manitoba Club is a cinch for the professional.

Mr. Wootton's reference to the Waterloo Cup is hardly pertinent. There is no parallel, save that both events are competitions. The Waterloo Cup is a big stake. The prizes are large. The number of entries is large and assured. Breeders of greyhounds in England are in hundreds. Dogs of poor quality are killed. There is an abundance of good ones left, and from these the very best are called. But in coursing, only two qualities are necessary, speed and ability to stop and turu quickly, powers which all dogs possess in common and nearly alike. Intelligence in the greyhound is not desired. Education is unnecessary. It is a competition wherein from the abundance of good material and the simple test of speed and power to turn short, all dogs are nearly equal.

But in a field trial, all is different. The dog's intelligence, elaborate education, functional powers of nose, speed, experience aud skill in working to the gun, are all elements of the competition.

There is not an abundance of material in respect to setters and poiuters from which to select. Owners must run what they have. It is unnecessary to go into the particulars of the great value of a win in the Waterloo cup event, its importance in the betting world and the humble value, comparatively, of a field trial prize with its non-betting features.

Mr. Wootton misunderstood my reference to the trotting and running competitions. I realize that they are simply a test of speed. That I did not refer to. I referred to the fact that a horse was in some way protected by classification or weight. The manner of judging them is another affair. For instance, how many horses would enter in a 2:40 class, trotting event, if it were known that there were three horses in it which could trot in 2:10? Supposing all horses trotted in one class, no weight or time handicap, how many races would there be? I referred to these as a principle of handicap which obtains in one way or another at all competitions. At field trials, the only protection is to bar All-Age winners.

In conclusion Mr. Wootton says: "Should we find the new rule to work injuriously, it will be quite easy to change it another year," etc.

It is quite easy to change the rule if it is found that it works an injury, but it is not at all easy to change public sentiment. A rule may be changed and public sentiment may not change for a decade thereafter. I only advance these ideas for consideration. What the club in its wisdom may do, I consider well done, from my personal standpoint of viewing it. From a field trial standpoint I think they are wrong. I have a belief that the causes which in the States produced certain effects under certain conditions will do the same in Manitoba under like conditions. Once drive the amateur out and he does not return very numerously. Simply changing a rule does not revive the enthusiasm which is gone. It is much better to go right than to make experiments.

Mr. D. F. Pride, once a resideut of Chicago, but now a resdeut of Santa Ana, Cal., leaves for his home to-night (Oct. 27). Mr. Pride was one of Chicago's most popular trap shots. Time has not dimmed the friendships he has made. He never was a good dogman, but we cannot lay that up against him. No man can travel the circle of the sciences at once. I can only say he is a first-rate shot and a gentleman.

Messrs. Adams, Harris and Madison were appointed a committee to investigate grounds in Kentucky, Elizabethtown and vicinity, for the next fall trials of the United States Field Trial Club. The grounds at Bicknell were not favored by anybody.

Mr. Madison was the recipient of most hearty congratulations over the victory of his excellent setter, Rodfield. He took his honors modestly. Everyoue seemed glad that he won. Rodfield was so far ahead of the rest that his victory was palpable to everyone before the decision was announced. Mr. Madison has been a hard worker in field trial interests, and has been largely the life of the U. S. F. T. Club from its inception. Let us hope that his good luck will continue.

Mr. Norvin T. Harris of St. Matthews, Ky., has bought of Mr. J. M. Avent the bitch Cynosure, which has made so good a showing in the field trials this seasou. She possesses excellent natural qualities and needs only more experience to make a first class performer. If the signs indicate that Mr. Harris will again give field trials his support, field trial sportsmen can congratulate themselves ou the occurreuce. Mr. Harris also bought Tone Boy, a puppy of much promise.

Mr. H. Hulman, Jr., of Terre Haute, Ind., has announced his intention of withdrawing from active kennel interests. He has for many years been a chief owner in the Blue Ridge Kennels, and therefore a strong supporter of field trials. Wherever there was good competition the dogs of the Blue Ridge Kennels could there be found. That they owued and bred winners the records will readily show. Their victories in the past few years are too recent to recount, for they are within the knowledge of all who are interested in field trials. Their dogs are now all for sale. The withdrawal of Mr. Hulman leaves some gaps in field trial interests—an important one in respect to the competitiou, but a greater one in the ranks of the true gentlemen sportsmen. B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Eastern Field Trials.

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 19.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The Members' Stake of the Eastern Field Trials Club was an excellent one both in numbers and quality of the competition. The handling was a model of finished skill, far excelling that of professional handlers. There were ten starters, members being permitted to start any dog or dogs they chose, regardless of ownership. Keen iuterest was shown in the competition and its results by the visiting sportsmen. The work was remarkably free from errors. A. B. Duryea handled Roi d'Or and Lochinvar, F. R. Hitchcock handled Sandstone and Topaz, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., handled Leonar, Antoiuette aud Lady Araminta, W. B. Mears, Jr., handled Linwood aud Joyful, and J. E. Orr handled Shot. The judges were S. C. Bradley and W. S. Bell. N. Wallace will be present to judge the public competition which begins on Wedne-day. The weather was pleasant and birds in fair numbers. Quite a number of prominent sportsmen are in attendance. The trials promise to be a great success. B. WATERS.

DOG CHAT.

Mr. W. W. Brown of Springfield, Vt., in placing his new purchase, the well known Irish setter Henmore Shamrock, at public stud through the medium of our business columns, takes occasion to inform us of his plans in regard to the breed. He is just starting a kennel of "reds" and has completed commodious kennels of the most modern style and has a competent kennelman in charge. Although Shamrock's services are placed at the low fee of $15 there are few dogs of the breed that are better bred, as he is by Muskerry, sire of Signal, Blue Rock, Tearaway, etc., out of Avoca, thus tracing back to Champion Bob, Palmerston, Dash, Rake, etc. Shamrock has the further advantage of being well broken and a good fielder. Mr. Brown also purchased from Mr. Cheney the bitch Onota Peg, third in novice class at New York this year, and she will be shown next spring. Mr. Brown is also thinking of purchasing Rosamond from Dr. Jarvis and with a young Kildare bitch and three or four Elcho brood bitches this gentleman seems to have made a judicious start, and we shall hope to hear of uothing but success.

Mr. H. F. Longnecker of Allentown, Pa., has sold the pointer King of Hesseu (32,924) to Dr. J. M. Hoffman of the same place.

We have received a copy of a new kennel journal called *Dogs*, which is published by the Stock-Keeper Co., 77 Fleet street, London, E. C. In welcoming this little twelve-page paper we may say that it is intended to explain the devious ways of dogdom to the uninitiated and cater to the one-dog man rather than meddle with the "fancy," which to-day is so well looked after by the present journal, the *Stock-Keeper*. *Dogs* is intended to encourage the love for dogs among the populace, treat of their home life and guide the novice into the realms of "fancy" by poiuting out that a well bred dog costs no more to feed than a mongrel. A pretty picture by Moore enhances the appearance of the first page. There is a large field for such a journal and its progress will be watched with some interest.

"Canada Gray" went home in good running condition and found lots of inquiries for Buckshot and Nell R. breeders. He can now ruminate through the loug Vermont winter on the good time he had, and the fact that his team won two seconds and a third at Oxford, and three firsts, two seconds aud a third divided at Hempstead. After the latter trials he stayed a day or two with Mr. H. L. Kreuder, and they say the Nanuet cottontails are stiff yet, from the hustling the Vermont dogs gave them.

Mr. C. O. D. Iselin, of New Rochelle, N. Y., purchased a couple of prize-winning Dalmatians in England. They will be used for carriage work and will be shown at New York next spring. They are said to be very handsomely spotted, clear and round. The odd specimens of the breed that have appeared at dog shows in past years were not up to form, most of the spots running in, and the sight of a brace of really good ones will probably bring the breed into better favor. They certainly add tone to a stylish turnout.

Mrs. Jagger's noted St. Bernard bitch Wandley Stephanie had a good innings at the Crystal Palace, taking first in winners, first in open and the championship prize, and finishing up with the St. Bernard Club's 100 guineas cup for best bitch in the show.

Dr. Sherwood, who was installed as the FOREST AND STREAM veterinarian when he arrived from England, is, we are pleased to hear, making rapid strides in his profession. He was one of the "vets." at the big horse show just held in this city, and it is probable that he will be attached in a similar capacity to the S. P. C. A. He deserves his success.

We regret to hear of the death of the well known mastiff Cardinal Beaufort, owned by Mr. Lynn, of Port Huron, Mich. The dog was purchased from Mr. James Whitney by Mr. E. H. Moore while the latter was in England three years ago, Mr. Lynn getting the dog at the dispersal of the Flour City Kennels.

The Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace was notable in many varieties. Bloodhounds are increasing in the number of owuers, according to the *Stock-Keeper:* "Mastiffs produced a sensational new light in the brindle Peter Piper (Tom Bowling—Selina), exhibited by the breeder, Mr. Woolmore. St. Bernards, which we reported at great length, did not bring out an unexpected star. Newfoundlands are somewhat stationary, and the interest in Great Danes continues to lag. Deerhounds, as our reporter noted, are returning to public favor, and Borzois were a noble collection. The sporting classes did much to retrieve the ground lost by the Kennel Club at their previous show. Collies utterly lacked excitement. Mr. A. C. Jackson beat the record in bulldogs, and no entry was more interesting in detail, Mr. Sellon's and Mr. Shirley's new faces coming in for considerable attention. Bull-terriers hold their own. Charwood Marion was the talk of the fox-terrier men. The Skye terrier benches did not lack visitors, whose curiosity has been aroused by recent correspondence. The schipperke display was a victory for the Belgian type, but the other little dogs in that quarter of the show were not up to the average, on account of the dissatisfaction of owners with the classification provided.

We learn, unofficially, that at the advisory committee meeting held at 44 broadway, New York, Nov. 14, the Ben Lewis case was dismissed, as, Mr. Watson's witnesses not putting in an appearance, he was helpless in the matter. Lewis had several witnesses on his side. In the Bell case the committee decided to disqualify him indefinitely. In regard to the Howard bribery case Mr. Howard will not be considered as a delegate to the A. K. C. any more.

At the Northampton show, recently held, the special for best in show fell to Smith & Baker's St. Bernard Duke of Florence, Mr. Redmond's fox-terrier debutante Dame Fortune getting the reserve card. At the same show report speaks well of another young dog that came out, Vincet, by Veuio.

Mr. Ellis is willing to lend his noted bulldog Guido for the purpose of another gentleman making a match between that dog and Mr. Raper's Rustic Phenomenon. Guido's backer is willing to lay $500 to $250 on his chance.

Not only has Mr. Jos. Lewis sustained a severe loss personally through the death of his beagle dog Robino, but the beagle breeders who were so much taken with the dog and intended to breed to him will feel the loss, too. It seems that the dog was in Mr. Louis Contoint's care, and he was about starting with the dog for Moodus, Conn., Mr. Lewis's home. A young man was exercising the dog in the street and it is said that a butcher boy with malice aforethought drove deliberately over Robino, injuring him fatally, the dog dying the same evening, Nov. 10. All concerned were much cut up over Robino's sudden death and Mr. Lewis has instituted proceedings for $250 damages. Mr. Lewis has our sincere sympathy, for having only recently purchased the dog he can ill-afford such a loss. A number of services had been spoken for. It will be remembered that Mr. Mortimer brought Robino over from Mr. Joachim's kennels just before the Providence show. Breeders still have Ringleader, whose merits as a stock dog we reverted to last week. Miss Kreuder's Blanche, that did so well at the field trials, was to have been mated to Robino, and Mr. Reed was sending his Nell R.

Mr. C. A. Pratt, of the Argyle Kennels, Little Rock, ha imported the rough-coated St. Bernards Le Prince and La Princess, by Young Bute out of Rustic Beauty. Both the new-comers are well known in Great Britain, where the Prince has just won the championship at Edinburgh, and the Princess has taken many firsts. The dogs were seen by Mr. James Mortimer in the kennels of Messrs. Smith & Baker, and he was commissioned by Mr. Pratt to make the sale. The dogs came on the Bovic last Monday.

Hunting and Coursing.

Whippet Racing.

THE following table giving the starts required by dogs of different weights in a 200-yard handicap so that each dog will be on equal terms, will be found interesting. It is from Freeman Lloyd's book on "The Whippet and Race Dog."

Weight of dog or bitch. Lbs.	Start for dog. Yds.	Start of bitch. Yds.
Over 28		
Over 28	1	0
Over 27	2	1
Over 26	3	2
Over 25	4	3
Over 24	5	4
Over 23	6	5
Over 22	7	6
Over 21	8	7
Over 20	9½	7⅓
Over 19	11	8
Over 18	12½	9⅓
Over 17	14	11
Over 16	16	13
Over 15	18½	14⅓
Over 14	21½	17
Over 13	24½	20
Over 12	27½	23⅓
Over 11	31	26⅓
Over 10	35	30
Over 9	39	34
Over 8	43	38
Over 7	47	43
Over 6	52	48
Over 5	58	54

Northwestern Beagle Club Field Trials.

THE second annual field trials of the N. W. B. C. began at Columbus, Wis., Nov. 7. The club's headquarters were at Hotel Tremont, which gave us better accommodations at a much less rate than at either the N. E or N. B. C. field trials. The grounds are ten miles from town and situated in the township of Hampden. They could not be improved on and fully equal those at Hempstead and there is more game.

The following well-known beagle men were present, nearly all of them staying throughout the trials: G. A. Buckstaff, Louis Steffen, E. H. Rummelle, E. Bardoe Elliot, Truman Sears, E. and F. H. Bender. H. A. Dillingham, Ed Marshall, R. Engelmau, R. Hintz, C. Niss, Jr., T. S. Maxwell, F. F. Merrill, Julius Finch, A. J. Warren, P. H. Woog and the judges, C. C. Sidder and W. S. Clark.

The best of feeling prevailed throughout the trials, and the awards were well received. The weather throughout could not have been worse, but the Western beagle men are a game lot of sportsmen and held out to the very end. From what we have seen they are the leading club of the kind in the country to-day and are still growing. They are in it for the sport they derive from it and the worst kind of weather has no effect on them.

The first class to run was

Class D—Derby—For Dogs and Bitches 15in. and Under.

Truman Sears's Dick *with* Dillingham & Rummelle's Esther C.

R. Engelman's Buckskin *with* Dillingham & Rummelle's Ruth C.

G. A. Buckstaff's Spotted Chief *with* T. S. Maxwell's Jim Lee.

R. Engelman's Black Hawk a bye.

WEDNESDAY.

First Series.

At 8 o'clock the barge left the hotel, and after a tedious drive through the snow we arrived at the Wm. Bush farm, and at 7:55 the first brace,

DICK (handled by owner)—ETHEL C. (by Finch), were cast off in open pasture aud worked through a low stubble, but no signs of any game. Working through scrub oaks to low ground again, a rabbit was kicked out and both dogs took hold, Esther leading, and they ran him to hole in short order. Further on another one got up and they ran him nicely, the judges having to move around lively to follow them. He also went to ground. One more was started, which they ran to a loss in oak woods. Ordered up at 10:55, with the heat in Esther's favor.

BUCKSKIN—RUTH C.—This brace were cast off at 11:05. Buck handled by Engelman and Ruth by Finch. They got to work at once. Working to low ground covered with marsh grass and reeds, a hare was kicked out, but holed after going a few rods. Another one was soon moving, both dogs getting on. Buckskin took the lead, and catching all the turns did some phenomenal work; in fact, the best Derby work we ever saw. Ordered up at 12:20, Buck having decidedly the advantage.

SPOTTED CHIEF—JIM LEE.—Chief handled by Bender and Jim by Maxwell. Were cast off at 12:30 in light cover. The former is a great hustler, but does not work out his ground as he should. Jim did not appear to like the crowd, and the dogs had been down some time before he was seen, and he appeared to be sulking. At the discharge of the gun he bolted, and the dogs were ordered up at 1:30.

Lunch was served in the Bush farmhouse kitchen, and was an excellent one.

BLACK HAWK, A BYE, handled by Engelman, and Spotted Chief were put down in an alder thicket where a rabbit had just been seen. Black Hawk hit it off at once, and both did well, but soon lost in oaks. Hawk picked it up later on, and they led us a hot chase to a loss; probably rabbit going to hole. One more was run in the same manner, and they were ordered up at 3:10, Black Hawk having the best of it.

Second Series.

BUCKSKIN—ESTHER C.—They were cast off at 3:20 in the open where a rabbit had been seen. Getting on at once, Esther led for a short time; then Buck picked up the loss aud had it his own way for a while; then both together drove hot for a few minutes, and we were treated to a sight chase which was exciting for a few moments, but was soon over. Ordered up at 3:45, Buckskin having the best of the heat.

BUCKSKIN—BLACK HAWK.—They were cast off at 3:55, and for the next hour no livelier nor better work was ever seen at a field trial. Several rabbits were up during the heat, and gave some very exciting work, and for some time it was a close thing between them, Buck eventually having the best of it. Ordered up at 5 o'clock. We all started for the farmhouse, where the barge was waiting to convey us back to town, where we arrived about 7:30, pretty well tired out. Every chance was given us to dry our wet clothing, and after supper a very enjoyable evening was spent, the boys being introduced for the first time to "Canada Gray."

Class C—All-Age Stake.

The drawing in class C, All-Age dogs and bitches, 13in. and under, resulted as follows:

Theo. Zschetzsches's Prince II. *with* Tomman Sears's Dick.

Ed. Bender's Little Cooney Duke *with* T. Zschetzsches's Judy.

Middleton Kennels' Fancy M. a bye.

THURSDAY.

First Series.

The weather looked bad, and all signs pointed to more snow, but at 9 o'clock we were on the grounds, and fifteen minutes later the first brace in Class C was called.

PRINCE II.—DICK.—Prince II., handled by Rummelle, and Dick, by Sears, were cast off in scrub oaks. A lot of ground was worked over and some distance away Prince seemed to have one going. Dick harked to him and they drove well, Dick uot so fast as the other but quicker to pick up the losses. Dick started another and both drove nicely. Prince is a little too tonguy, but quite fast on a straightaway drive. Ordered up at 10:25.

LITTLE COONEY DUKE—JUDY.—Duke, handled by Bender, and Judy, by Rummelle, were cast off at 10:35, where one had been seen to go. Duke, put on, tongued a little but could not carry it. Judy got on and hit it off prcttily, and both drove well for some distance. They lost for a short time, Duke picking it up on the open field near an oak thicket, but lost in the cover. They had quite a number of runs in this thicket, and did some very good work and also enjoyed several sight chases. Ordered up at 11:20, Judy having the best, Dick's failing beiug that he is too tonguy and he back tracks cousiderably, still for all that he is a very merry little hound and full of hunt.

FANCY M.—DICK.—Fancy M., the bye dog, handled by Marshall, was put down to run with Dick at 11:25. Dick working to woods saw a rabbit and gave us a pretty sight chase across the open field. Fancy joined him but did not tongue on the trail. They soon lost but had another started, Dick doing all the work. Up at 12:05.

Second Series.

JUDY—PRINCE II.—They were cast off in oak thicket at 12:15 and soon a rabbit was afoot, both dogs workiug him well, Judy being the truest and catching the losses quicker. Ordered up at 12:45 for lunch.

After lunch and a short rest

JUDY—DICK were cast off at 1:45 in the oaks and worked for some time when game was started by a spectator. It was some time before the dogs got ou but finally Dick hit it off with Judy right at his heels, and they did some pretty work, going back and forth through woods and pasture until they finally lost. . Ordered up al 2:55 with Judy having a little the best of it.

The judges held a short consultation and awarded the prizes as follows: First prize, Judy; second prize, Dick; third prize, Prince II; reserve, Little Corney Duke.

Class B—All-Age Stake—For Bitches 13 to 15in.

The drawing in this class resulted as follows:

C. Niss, Jr.'s, Pearl Caroline with Glenrose Kennels' Marguerite.

Dillingham & Rummelle's May Fly with Barrows Bros.' Blossom.

Dillingham & Rummelle's Panic with F. W. Bender's Lottie.

PEARL CAROLINE—MARGUERITE.—Pearl Caroline handled by Niss and Marguerite by Steffen were ordered down at 3:05 in oak woods. Both ranged well and Marguerite did better work than at Oxford. Marguerite made game and trailed to light cover but did not start. They were called up to where one had just gone and got on at once, leading us a long chase till they finally lost. Once more they were put on and again hit it off but soon lost. Both are good workers but seemed to be too fast for their nose, never finding the track after once losing. Ordered up at 4:20.

MAY FLY—BLOSSOM.—They were cast off at 4:25 in oaks, both getting away at once. May Fly soon began trailing, probably the rabbit lost by previous brace, and trailed to cornfield where she drove prettily for some time and lost on cornfield. Working back toward the farmhouse May Fly did some fine work and eventually started, and Blossom soon joining in they gave us some beautiful work; try as he would the rabbit could not shake the little bitch May Fly, her work excelling anything I have ever seen at a field trial. She has the most peculiar voice, sounding more like a tin whistle than anything else. They were ordered up at 5:15.

Starting for the barge we were soon on our way to town. The weather this afternoon has been fine but to-night snow is falling and it looks bad for to-morrow.

FRIDAY.

Nothwithstanding the snow had been falling all night and was still falling, and that the wiud was very high, the boys were in favor of going out and a vote being taken on it, we were on our way to the grounds at 8:15 A. M. The first brace on the list not coming to time, the first brace in Class A were ordered down, which will be spoken of later on.

PANIC—LOTTIE.—Panic handled by Dillingham and Lottie by Bender were ordered down at 11.20 in cover of oaks and briers. Near the road a rabbit was seen to cross and go into a corn field. Dogs worked to the track and Lottie tracked to corn field and started him out into the open and back into cover again. They drove for some time first one finding then the other, but Lottie had the call. Ordered up at 12:05.

Second Series.

MAY FLY—LOTTIE.—They were cast off in same place last brace were down. Lottie soon had a start, May Fly joining her at once and taking the lead driving prettily, but she soon lost. Another one was soon up however, and we had another nice run. Rabbits seemed to be very plenty and dogs were at work all the time and such work as was done was worth going miles to see. Ordered up at 1.15, May Fly having a little the best of the run. After lunch,

PANIC—BLOSSOM were ordered down at 2:50 in the brier patch. Both got to work at once, and Panic getting a start drove to corn field then back to thicket again, Blossom joining in but Panic soon ran away from her and had quite a little run all to herself; ordered up at 3:30. The judges after consulting a few minues announced the winners as follows: First prize, May Fly; second prize, Lottie; third prize, Panic; Reserve, Blossom.

Class A—All-Age Stake—Dogs 13 to 15in.

The drawing for this class was as follows:

Hintze Bros.' Riser, *with* C. Niss, Jr.'s, King Lead.

R. Engelman's Buckskin, *with* Dillingham & Rummelle's Base.

T. Zschetzche's Model, *with* Middleton Kennels' Adam.

F. F. Merrill's Stormy, *with* Dillingham & Rummele's Alderman.

G. A. Buckstaff's Royal Rover, *with* L. Steffens's Tony W.

R. Engelman's Black Hawk, a bye.

RISER—KING LEAD.—Riser, handled by Hintze and King Lead by Niss, were the first brace put down this morning, as spoken of before. They were put down in blackberry bushes where game was soon on the move, both dogs getting on at once and driving well, King seeming to have the better of it, being quicker to pick up the losses, and is a good worker. They had several runs, and were ordered up at 11:15.

BASE—BUCKSKIN.—This rattling brace were cast off at 3:40 in the briers, and Base soon had a rabbit up and hustled him through the briers at a lively rate, showing he had not forgotten the art of rabbit hunting since he ran at Nanuet, two years ago. He had a good running mate in Buckskin, however, who gave the old dog a good rub, but experience told, and the heat ended in favor of Base. Ordered up at 5 o'clock for the day. If the weather is good to-morrow the judges will have their hands full to finish up, but should it turn out poor it will be impossible to get through.

SATURDAY.

A fierce snow storm set in before the grounds were reached and the wind was very high. Every one was anxious to finish up to-day and were willing to face any kind of weather.

BLACK HAWK—MODEL were the first brace down, and they soon had a start, Model doing the work. Black Hawk was not up to his form of a few days ago. Ordered up at 10:05.

STORMY—ALDERMAN.—This brace were cast off at 10:10 in the same place. Stormy handled by Merrill and Alderman by Dillingham. They soon had a start, and the rabbit went to roadside, Stormy following a little way and lost; but he never quit tonguing the remainder of the heat. It was snowing hard, and rabbits did not seem to be moving about much. Alderman getting on one for a moment, forced it into the brush pile. Ordered up at 11 o'clock.

TONY W.—ROYAL ROVER.—It seemed sheer folly to keep on hunting, as the weather was getting worse all the time; but the next brace, Tony W., handled by Steffen, and Royal Rover by Niss, were cast off in a snowdrift among the briers. A rabbit was driven out of the brush pile, and Rover getting on drove a few rods, then lost, and did not find. After lots of beating about, the dogs were taken up and we went to lunch.

After lunch the same brace were taken on to other grounds, and after some tramping a rabbit was seen near a hedge of willows and dogs called on. Rover worked the trail backward, and Tony trailed some little distance where the rabbit took to hole. Moving on, a big territory was gone over without results, and we finally returned to the farmhouse, arriving at 3 o'clock, and an hour later were on our way to the hotel. It was a very long, tedious drive, as the snow had drifted badly and it was impossible for the four horses to go faster than a walk.

At the club meeting, held in the evening, it was voted that the judges should place the dogs from what running they had already seen. The owners of the last brace of dogs down were allowed to withdraw them, which they certainly were justified. n doing under the circumstances.

The awards was placed as follows: First prize, Base; second, Buckskin; third, King Lead; reserve, Model.

Absolute winner, May Fly.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best in Class A, gold medal, value $25—Base.

Second best, 10lbs. can E. C. powder, value $7.50—Buckskin.

Best in Class B, D. B. shotgun, value $25—May Fly.

Second best, stud service, value $10—Lottie.

Best in Class C., 10lbs. can E. C. powder, value $7.50—Judy.

Second best, one ad. in *Dog Fancier*, value $7—Dick.

Best in Class D, parlor chair, value $10—Buckskin.

Second best, hunting shoes, value $5—Black Hawk.

Best in Class E, oil painting of winner, value $200—May Fly.

Best voice, steel engraving of winner, value $15—Stormy.

Best trailer, one year's subscription to *American Field*, value $5—Lottie.

Best ranger, stud service, value $15—May Fly.

Greatest speed, hunting shoes, value $5—Black Hawk.

Beagle (male) with best voice, cash $5—Stormy.

Best trailer (female), stud service, value $10—Lottie.

Dog or bitch showing best hunting sense and best finder, one year's subscribtion to FOREST AND STREAM, value $4—May Fly.

This finished the beagle field trials for 1894, and without doubt they were the hardest on record. Everyone left town for homes on the 1 A. M. train, and the boys are already talking and laying plans for the trials of 1895, which will probably be held earlier in the season. W. S. CLARK.

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Northwestern Beagle Club's Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the N. W. B. C. was held at Colum bus, Wis, Nov. 8, and called to order at 10 P. M., President Buckstaff in the chair. The following members were present: Messrs. Buckstaff, Steffen, Sears, E. and F. H. Bender, Dillingham, Rummelle, Niss, Elliott, Merrill and Engelman.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Mr. Peter Woog of Scott, Wis., and Ed. Marshall of Frankfort, Mich., were elected to membership. After the regular routine business had been disposed of the election ef officers took place, which resulted as follows: President, G. A. Buckstaff of Oshkosh, Wis.; First Vice-President, E. H. Rummelle of Sheboygan, Wis.; Second Vice-President, F. F. Merrill of Milwaukee, Wis. Executive Committee, R. Engelman of Milwaukee, Wis.; Ed. Bender of Oconomowoc, Wis.; C. Niss, Jr., of Milwaukee, Wis.; Secretary-Treasurer, Louis Steffen of Milwaukee, Wis. Adjourned at 11 P. M.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The ways of some dog men are devious. A clipping from a local paper has been sent us from Thorndale, Pa., in which we find the following: "At the meeting of the National Beagle Club at Hempstead, L. I., Spot R., a beagle owned by A. D. Heald, this borough, won second place in the Derby class, and he will receive a premium of $40." Mr. Heald attended the trials at Hempstead for two days, but did not enter a dog, and while the above little piece of ingenuity may be very pleasing in a local way, we feel compelled to throw some cold water on the case in the way of facts. Spot R. was bred and is owned by George F. Reed, of Barton, Vt. Her Derby days are over long since, and her place is now in the champion class, where, although she was quite off nose, she ran second to Laddie at Hempstead. The same local journal also states that "an effort will be made by the Pennsylvania members to have the club hold its annual meeting here next year."

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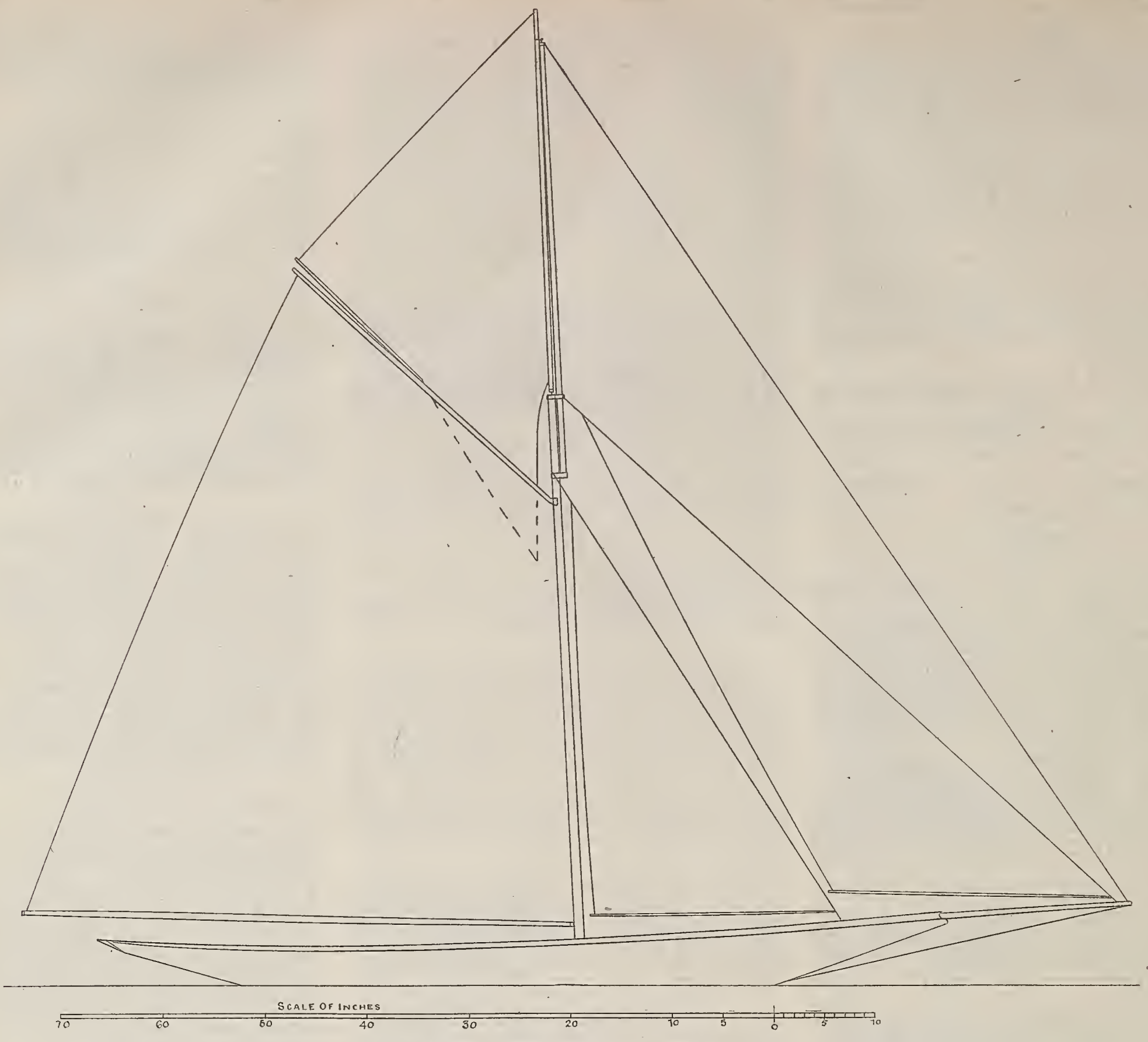
Mr. C. S. Wixom, of Covert, N. Y., tells us that on Nov. 7, he went out with his little beagles Nibs, champion Ava W. and Dorele and he and a friend, killed four grouse and seven hares ahead of them. He adds, rather naïvely: "Perhaps you were not aware that beagles would hunt grouse; well, the fact is a dog that is bred right and has brains, cau be taught many seemingly unheard of things. But we did have a most enjoyable day in the field. The dogs did perfect work, started several cotton-tails that did not seem to admire the music following close on their heels, so went to ground with whole hides.

I trust you have noted the fact that champion Royal Krueger's get have won more field trial prizes than the get of any other beagle. Just look it up a bit. Nibs, champion Ava W., Stormy, Ilwaco and Laddie. With Stormy and Dick running last week in N. W. B. C. trials—I have not heard the result—and I bred and broke them all except Stormy. He never needed breaking. He had seventy-six rabbits killed ahead of him before he was seven months old—and then some people say that the Hornell—Harmony beagles are only show dogs."

Yachting.

UNTIL Lord Dunraven shall have received the letter mailed to him on Nov. 16, nothing will be known on this side as to the action of the committee on his various suggestions. Conjecture as to the nature of this action ranges from a compliance with several of the suggestions and the denial of the majority down to a distinct intimation that no challenge will be received that is not in strict accord with the letter of the new deed. Bad as the new deed is, the club in arranging the last races with Lord Dunraven, pursued a course so irresolute and inconsistent as to lose even the respect of the opponents of the deed; and it would in one way be more satisfactory to all parties if the present committee should have the courage of its convictions, and stand by every letter of the document for which a part of its members are personally responsible, and which they still profess to believe in. If the new deed is fair and just, then the club had no reason, as it had certainly no legal right, to waive the demand for all the dimensions of the challenger under the forced and absurd construction which has been put upon the "mutual agreement" clause. If, on the other hand, the objections to this clause and others, are well grounded, then the only honorable course is to throw overboard the whole rotten fabric, rather than to risk the further contempt of yachtsmen by efforts to patch and fit it to meet objections whose fairness is conceded. Even though a complaisant challenger may be satisfied by a sop or two of exceptions, and accept the document as legal in its entirety, such a course as that of 1892-3 is beneath the dignity of a great club. Either it is right and will stick to all it has done, or it is wrong and will do differently; it cannot be right and at the same time continue to make exceptions and special rulings which prove it to be wrong.

WHILE there remains undecided such an important question as whether the club can legally recognize a challenge which does not give specifically the dimensions called for in clause six of the new deed, there is no need, in our opinion, of discussing the details of starting a race or method of measuring. Further than this, after the



MODEL YACHT NEOLA—SAIL PLAN.

repeated repudiation by the Royal Yacht Squadron of the new deed, a challenger, in our opinion, is wasting his time in arranging petty details, when he has no positive assurance that the New York Y. C. is prepared to depart from the plain and explicit wording of the twelfth and final clause of the new deed, prohibiting any transfer or delivery of the Cup to a possible winner until he has legally executed an agreement to recognize all the terms of that document.

If we can read correctly the plain English of the new deed, two very serious differences must inevitably have followed a victory by Valkyrie over Vigilant; in the first place any member of the New York Y.C. would have been legally justified in opposing the transfer of the cup to the Royal Yacht Squadron, on the ground that its challenge on behalf of Lord Dunraven was not in accord with the plain and positive requirements of clause six, and did not give the dimensions of Valkyrie. In the second place, entirely apart from this point, had it not been raised, the New York Y. C. would not have delivered the Cup until the Royal Yacht Squadron had signed a formal indorsement of the new deed, which would have completely stultified that august and honorable body.

We are in every way desirous of a race next year, but we can foresee and appreciate the danger of discord and dispute which must attend any attempt at an agreement on the present lines, of a definite understanding on trivial points and a mutual misunderstanding on vital ones. Better no international contest than one which shall result in ill feeling on both sides. As matters now are, it is far more essential to us than to England that there should be a race in 1895. With no race it is easy to foretell the work of next season. Jubilee will lie ashore at Quincy Point, Colonia will continue to rust at Tebo's, Vigilant will probably remain abroad, and Navahoe will have Queen Mab and Katrina to race with at times. Wasp and Gloriana, with Minerva and Gossoon, may or may not continue their thrilling and exciting races; a schooner or two may be added, to race with Emerald and Ariel, and some new fad will replace the 21-footers. Building, racing and improvement will be as dead as they were last year.

On the other hand, Messrs. Fife and Watson, keen and alert to profit by Vigilant's races this year, have already three large yachts on the stocks, with a probability of others; so that, in the event of no Cup race until 1896, or later, they continue to experiment and improve in the large classes, while American designers are hunting for orders for 21-footers and "knockabouts." Let us have a race, but let it be only on terms that are fair, open and definite, clearly understood and agreed to in advance by defender and challenger.

While the Forest and Stream has often had occasion to score the centerboard, and especially the peculiar model once exclusively associated with it, we have never gone so far as Mr. Nixon, in the article quoted elsewhere. The ethical question which he raises is a new one, but far less important than the practical one of whether the assumed advantages of the ballast board are sufficient to justify its further use in the face of the mechanical difficulties and the serious danger attending the carrying of a loose weight in a vessel at sea.

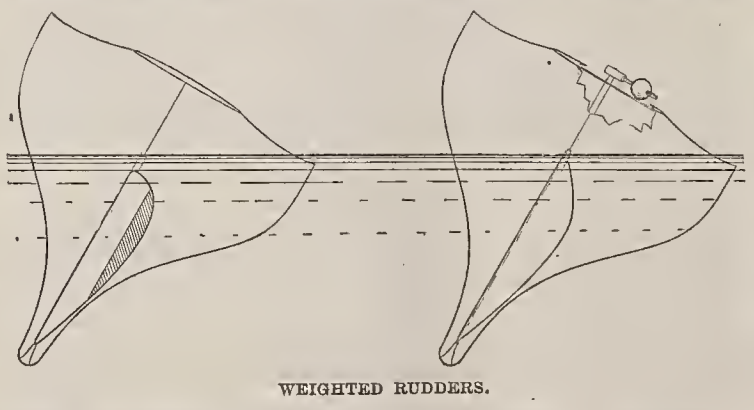
Model Yacht Building.—III.

(Concluded from Page 436.)

The hull proper being completed, the lead keel is cast by making as a mould a hollow box of the required form to contain the keel. The inside of the mould is rubbed with chalk or plumbago, the lead is melted in an iron ladle or pot until it is just in a fluid state, without being hot enough to burn the mould; and is then poured slowly and steadily until the mould is full. After the lead is cold it is removed from the mould and cleaned off, being finally planed with a small smoothing plane until perfectly smooth and of the correct shape. It is not necessary that the mould should be made with great accuracy, so long as it is large enough: as lead can be very easily cut and planed, the only precaution necessary being to grease the sole of the plane, otherwise the lead shavings will stick to it. The holes for the screws are sometimes cored as the keel is cast; but they may be readily bored with a gimlet bit, such as is used for wood.

In the ordinary keel model the lead keel is fastened to the hull by long brass screws. The construction of a fin keel is the same as in the large yachts, the fin is cut from sheet brass, and bolted between two brass angles, each screwed to the wood keel or bottom of the hull; the lead bulb being cast in two halves and bolted through and through, one on each side of the fin.

The distinctive feature which, more than any other, separates the model yacht from the full-sized craft is the steering gear. In place of the hinged rudder, held and controlled by the tiller in the helmsman's hand or by the steering wheel; the model yacht is sailed to windward practically without a rudder, yachts intended only for windward sailing sometimes having no rudder at all, except that the fixed deadwood is continued out in the outline of the rudder; while in the majority of cases in which there is a hinged rudder, it is either taken off or left free amidships; the sails are so balanced that the model will steer



WEIGHTED RUDDERS.

herself to windward by them alone. In sailing free or reaching some means of steering the hull is necessary, and two methods are employed. According to the English plan, the rudder is weighted, in some cases by a piece of lead cast in the back of the rudder; four or more rudders of different weights being carried by the owner and used according to the course and wind. The weighted rudder is shown in Fig I. and another plan in Fig II., but one rudder being used, with a short tiller running aft instead of forward from the rudderhead. This tiller has a screw thread out on it, a lead ball fitting the thread, so that it may be shifted and held at any distance from the rudderhead: thus exerting a varying leverage on the rudder.

The steering gear used by the American Model Y. C. is quite different from both of these, as shown in Figs. III. and IV. A short tiller running aft is still used, but without the weight, though a light rubber band serves to hold the rudder amidship when the sheet is slack. Near the end of this tiller is a ring, *D*, for the sheet, *C*, which is led forward to a cleat rack and made fast by a pin, being left quite slack. Just over the free end of the tiller a threaded wire segment is fitted, each end carried by a small brass standard projecting from the deck; and on this segment are two round thumb nuts, *a a*. The play of the tiller from side to side is limited by these two nuts, which may be moved toward or from the center until the tiller is just far enough over to balance the boat, the pull of the sheet of course keeping the tiller to leeward on each tack, and the boat's head out of the wind.

In running or reaching, the craft can be steered to a nicety by the automatic gear. When on the wind, a second sheet, *A*, is used, led through a ring on a traveler on the counter, and fitted with a spring snap, *B*. The forward end leads to the cleat rack, and the sheet is set up quite taut. When coming on the wind, the sheet, *A*, is snapped to its traveler on the boom, and the sheet, *C*, is left as it was, the rudder consequently being held fast amidships by the pressure of the rubber band.

Clear, straight-grained spruce is used for the mast, boom and gaff, the bowsprit being of hickory or ash. The mast is stepped in a brass tube, from the keel to the deck; the lower end of the tube being fitted with a tight plug of wood, through which is a brass screw into the keel. The mast will vary in diameter from ½in. for a 35in. model to 1in. for a 60in. model. The simplest form is the pole mast, one stick from heel to truck, dispensing with the weight and complication of a separate topmast.

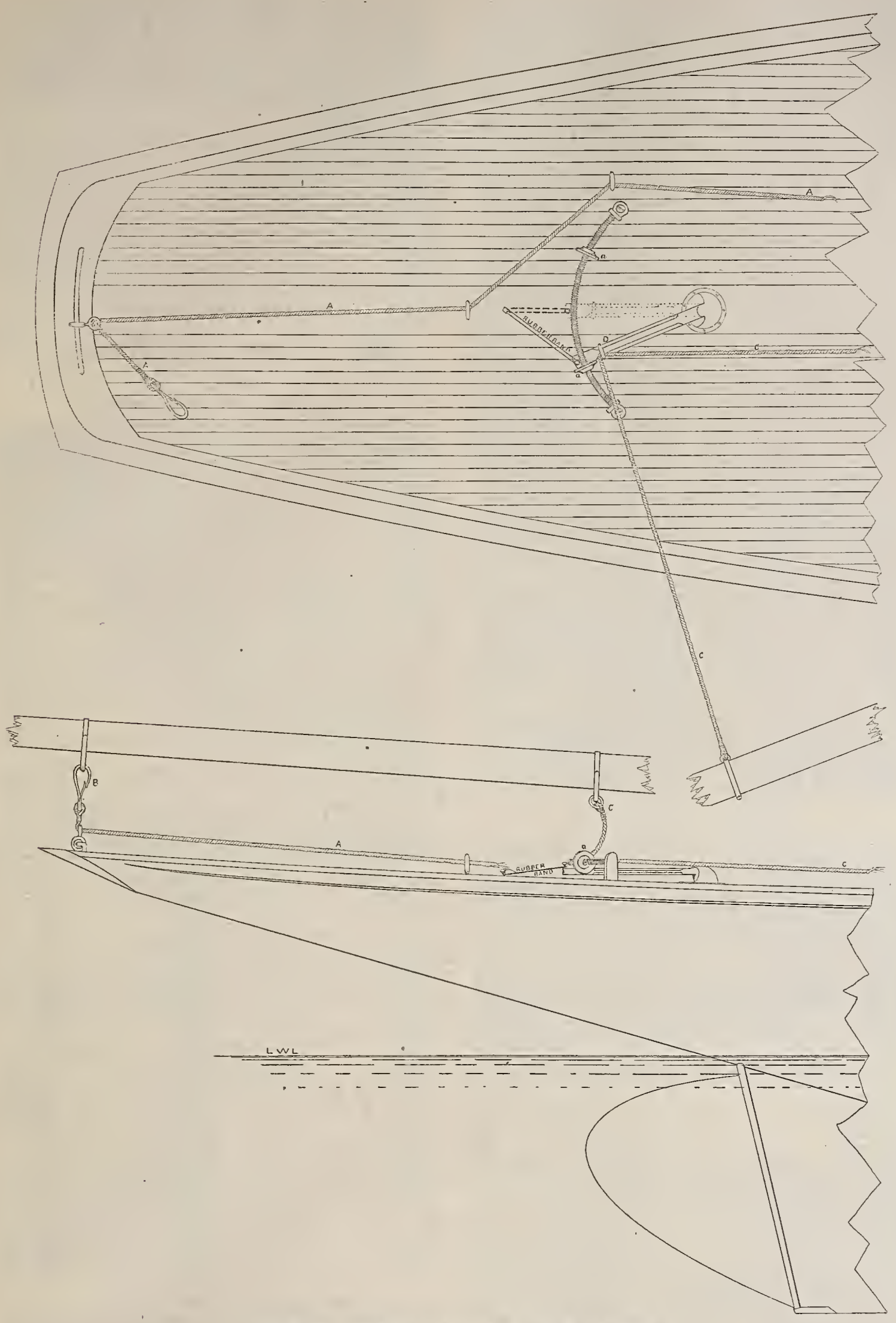
The various metal fittings are easily formed from brass in wire, tubing and sheets, all of which may be had, of all sizes and in small quantities, at machinists' supply stores. The necessary tools are a pair of shears or snips, a drill stock and half a dozen drills, a fretsaw, a hacksaw, a pair of round-nosed pliers, a riveting hammer and a few files. A metal vise is also required, very good ones for this work being now made as a part of a small anvil. The mast bands are made of drawn brass tubing, the required length being cut off with a file or hacksaw, the work marked out and the holes drilled, then the necessary lugs are shaped from the body of the tube and bent to the proper position. The main hound band has a lug on each side for the shrouds, a lug on the fore side for the forestay and one aft for the throat halliard block; also a lug just above the latter to take the heel of the topsail yard. The peak halliard and jibstay are carried on a similar band. The upper cap of topmast band has but three lugs, for shrouds and topmast stay. The topsail yard has a ferrule on the lower end, and a short wire pin driven in, which ships in the hole in the lug on the band. At the height of the topmast head is an eye, made of a piece of brass wire flattened on the ends and bent into a "figure of 8," the two flat ends encircling the yard and the middle eye going over a pin in the head of the topmast. The spreaders are made of brass wire, passing through a hole in the hound band and mast, the ends hammered flat and drilled. The wire is soldered to the band. The shrouds are of strong waterproof fishing line, twisted until taut and hooked to eyes in the deck.

The boom is fitted with a wire eye, the two ends of the wire flattened and driven into the spar. On the mast is a section of brass tube with a wire eye fitted in its after side to form, with the eye on the boom, a gooseneck. On each side are two wire hooks for the halliards. The jaws of the gaff are made of flat strips of brass or of half-round brass wire, bent as shown and driven into the end of the spar. The bowsprit ships through a gammon iron formed of a section of brass tube, fastened to the deck and stem by two screws; and a similar tube may be fitted further aft for the heel. The bowsprit end carries a cranse similar to the hound band, with lugs for the bobstay, bowsprit shrouds and headstays. The mahogany cleat or pin rack is shown in the drawings, being from 6 to 12in. long, each sheet having its own pin.

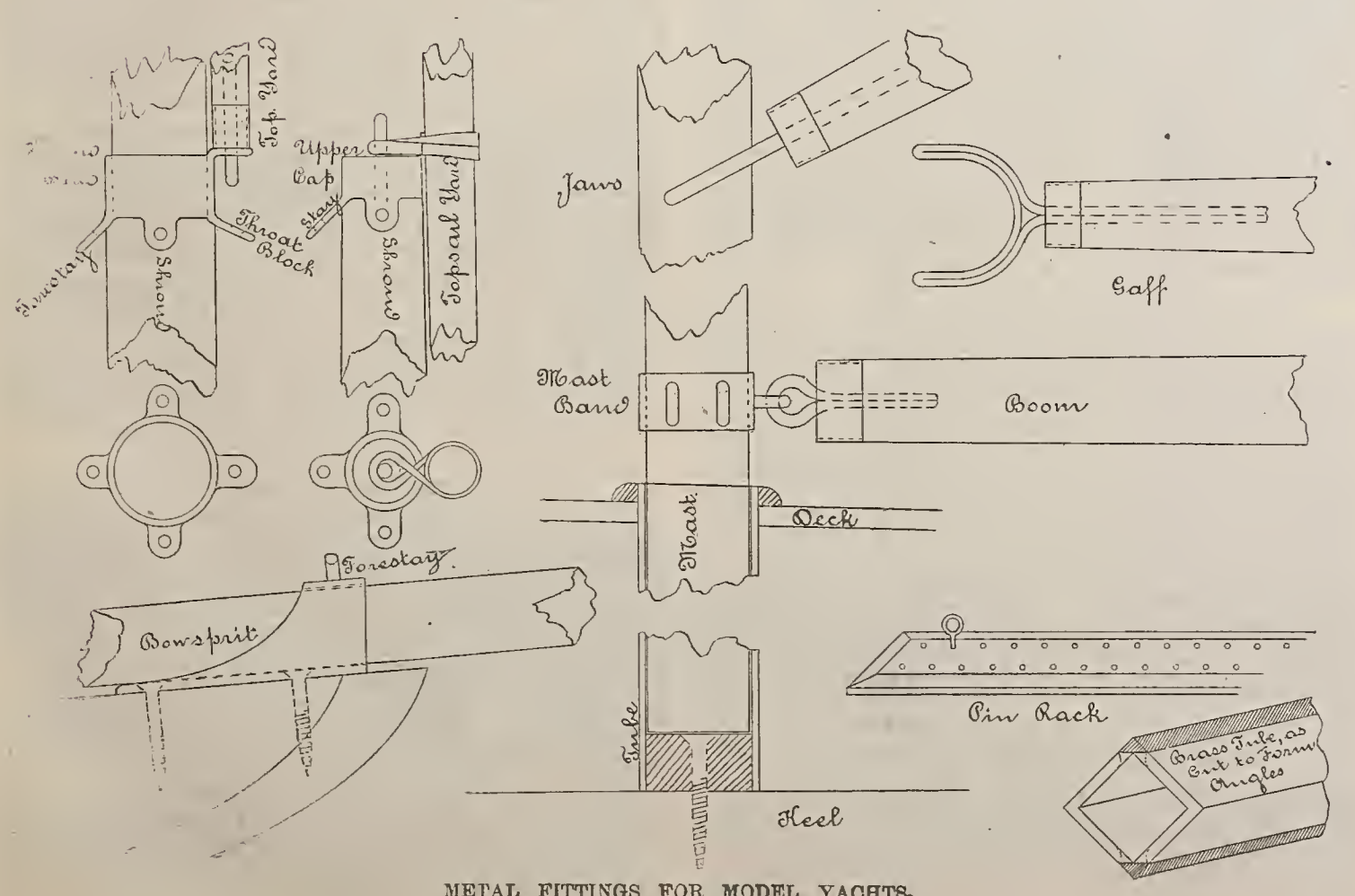
Almost anything in the way of metal work for a model may be made from the stock shapes and sizes in which brass is sold, avoiding the trouble and expense of making patterns and castings. A method of cutting two angles for a fin-keel from a length of square brass tubing is shown; if a circular saw is at hand, a cut along each of two opposite angles does the work without waste of metal; but the same end may be accomplished with a file, two opposite corners being filed away until the square tube is in two pieces, each an angle bar, then the interior edges of each flange may be further rounded with the file. A good material for sails is the best quality of Lonsdale cambric, soft finish, the sail being cut so that the selvedge runs parallel with the leech. The dimensions of Neola's spars are as follows:

Mast from end of l.w.l.	19 in.
deck to hounds	46 in.
masthead	7½in.
Topmast	42 in.
Bowsprit beyond l.w.l.	35 in.
outboard	19 in.
Boom	54 in.
Gaff	34 in.
Topsail yards	17 and 37 in.
Jib, club	28 in.
Foresail club	24 in.
Tack to peak	68¾in.
Clew to throat	65 in.

In sailing model yachts as practiced in England, the sailing ground is a small pond, the owner of each yacht walking or running around the margin armed with a stick, which by the rules is limited to 4ft. length, with which he puts his craft about as she nears the shore. In this country, however, both crew and yacht are afloat, the former in



AUTOMATIC STEERING GEAR FOR MODEL YACHTS.



METAL FITTINGS FOR MODEL YACHTS.

a small flat-bottomed punt, with a pair of short oars. After the race is started each owner rows after his yacht, and when he judges that she has gone far enough on a certain course, he rows sharply up under her lee, drops one oar and seizes the yacht, trimming sheets or putting her on the other tack, the main point being that he is penalized 10 seconds for each time he touches the boat. The rules of the American Model Y. C. as follows will prove useful to those interested in forming clubs.

CHAPTER I.—*Club Signals.*—Sec. 1. The distinguishing signal of the club shall be a pointed burgee, its width being two-thirds of its length, the field of white, with a border and "V" shaped cross-piece of navy blue.

Sec. 2. The commodore's yacht shall fly a pennant similar to the club signal, with three blue stars in the white field.

Sec. 3. The vice-commodore's yacht shall fly a pennant similar to the commodore's, except that it shall have only two stars instead of three.

CHAPTER II.—Sec. 1. Each yacht shall carry a distinguishing signal flag.

Sec. 2. The flag of each yacht shall be swallow-tail shape, one-twelfth the length of loadwaterline, width two-thirds the length; the point to be one-third the length, and the same distance apart.

Sec. 3. Each yacht shall have a distinguishing number, which shall be assigned to it by the measurer.

Sec. 4. The private signal of each yacht shall be registered with the measurer, and no two members shall have the same device.

CHAPTER III.—*Regattas.*—Sec. 1. There shall be three (3) regattas in each year, spring, summer and fall.

Sec. 2. The date of the spring regatta shall be the thirtieth (30th) day of May, the summer regatta the fourth (4th) day of July, and the fall regatta the first (1st) Monday in September.

Sec. 3. A committee of three members shall be appointed at the April meeting to make arrangements for and direct the same.

Sec. 4. An appropriation, if necessary, shall be made for defraying the cost of the prizes for the regattas, and all other expenses appertaining to the same.

CHAPTER IV.—*Challenges.*—Sec. 1. After a yacht has been defeated in a race for a challenge prize, the owner can challenge with the same yacht, for the same prize, for a race to be sailed on or after the fourteenth day after the date of his defeat, but not sooner.

CHAPTER V.—*Voting.*—Sec. 1. All changes or alterations in the Yachting Regulations, or Sailing Rules, must be submitted in writing at the regular meeting in September, and seconded, and be voted upon at the regular meeting in October of each year. Such changes or alterations as are made to go into effect the following season, and remain in force throughout the season.

No proposition to change, alter or add to the yachting regulations or sailing rules will be entertained by the club at any other than the above stated meetings.

Sec. 2. All active members that are in good standing in the club are entitled to a vote on the yachting and sailing regulations, and if unable to be present at the meeting may register their vote in writing, over their signature, and send the same to the secretary of the club, prior to the date of the meeting at which the vote will be taken.

Sec. 3. The secretary shall send to each and every active member a *verbatim* copy of each motion submitted and seconded at the September meeting of each year, which in any way relates to the yachting regulations or sailing rules.

Sec. 4. Members voting in writing over their signature must so designate by their signature on the back of the envelope containing their vote. Envelopes so designated to be opened only at the meeting at which the vote is to be taken and by tellers appointed by the chairman. Votes sent in envelopes not indorsed, or so indorsed and not properly sealed, will not be considered.

CHAPTER VI.—*Change of Ownership.*—Sec. 1. Any member, on selling or transferring a yacht, shall give notice of the same to the measurer.

Sec. 2. Any member purchasing or coming into possession as owner of a yacht, shall give the measurer thirty (30) days' notice before he can enter such yacht in a race.

Sec. 3. Any yacht which is not registered on the club records in the names of the owner or owners, shall not be entitled to representation in the club.

CHAPTER VII.—*Measurement.*—Sec. 1. No yacht shall be represented in the club, unless in has been measured and duly registered by the measurer, specifying its dimensions, rig, etc.

Sec. 2. Any member wishing to enter a new yacht in a regular club race must notify the measurer at least ten (10) days before the date of the race, otherwise the yacht will not be allowed to enter the race.

Sec. 3. After a yacht has been measured for a race no person shall alter the rig or trim of the hull of such yacht until after such race, and then he must give notice of such change to the measurer, and such yacht must be remeasured previous to entering in any race sailed under club rules and regulations.

Sec. 4. The rule for measuring loadwaterline length is that all length of boat below the l w.l. in excess of l.w.l. be added to the l.w.l. the same to be the l.w.l. length.

Sec. 5. Yachts shall be measured for time allowance according to the following system, viz.:

To the square root of the actual sail area of the largest suit of sails carried add the l.w.l. length and divide by 2, the result being corrected length for calculating time allowance.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Alterations.*—Sec. 1. Any alteration in a yacht (hull or rig) must be reported, and said yacht measured previous to the next race, and any yacht shall be remeasured at the written request to the measurer of any two yacht owners.

CHAPTER IX.—*Ballast.*—Sec. 1. All yachts shall have only stationary ballast in a race, and at the meeting previous to any race the registered weight at which any yacht shall be sailed, and the position in which the ballast will be carried in that race shall then be named.

CHAPTER X.—*Registered Weight.*—Sec. 1. The total weight of a yacht (with largest suit of sail set) shall be its registered weight.

CHAPTER XI.—*Limit.*—Sec. 1. No yacht under thirty-five (35) inches length on loadwaterline shall be recognized in the club.

Sec. 2. All yachts belonging to the club must be named.

SAILING REGULATIONS.

RULE I.—*Classification.*—Sec. 1. The sloop yachts shall be divided into three (3) classes, as follows:

First class—All yachts of forty-eight (48) and under fifty-three (53) inches loadwaterline length.

Second class—All yachts of forty-two (42) and under forty-eight (48) inches loadwaterline length.

Third class—All yachts of thirty-five (35) and under forty-two (42) inches loadwaterline length.

Sec. 2. Schooners—One class only, viz.: From forty-eight (48) to sixty-three (63) inches inclusive, loadwaterline length.

RULE II.—*Time Allowance.*—The rule of time allowance shall be as follows:

The larger yacht shall allow the smaller yacht time, in which the corrected length only shall be taxed, it to be taxed at the rate of ten (10) seconds to the inch for a one-mile course.

RULE III.—*Objections.*—If any objections be made in regard to the class or sailing of any yacht in a race, such objections must be made in writing to the regatta committee before three (3) o'clock P. M. the day after the regatta.

RULE IV.—*Limit of Time.*—The limit of time for making a race over the club course shall be for first class yachts twenty (20) minutes, for second class yachts twenty-two (22) minutes), and for third class yachts twenty-five (25) minutes.

RULE V.—*Interval Between Classes.*—Sec. 1. An interval not exceeding thirty (30) minutes shall be allowed between the races for different classes, at the expiration of which time any yacht not ready to start will be ruled out of the race for that class.

Sec. 2. At least three yachts must start in a class or no prize shall be awarded in that class.

RULE VI.—*Racing.*—Sec. 1. All regular races of the club shall be sailed over a given course to be established by the regatta committee on the day of the race.

Sec. 2. The races shall start from or across an imaginary line drawn between two anchored buoys, thence to and around a buoy anchored not less than one-fourth of a mile distant from line of starting, returning over the same course, and finishing at the starting line.

RULE VII.—*Buoys.*—Starting and finishing buoys shall be set about fifty (50) feet apart, at right angles with the line of the course.

RULE VIII.—About fifteen (15) feet behind the starting line a buoy shall be set which will fly a white flag, astern of which all yachts shall be released, and shall cross the starting line under full headway.

RULE IX.—The setting of all buoys, and the direction in which all yachts shall pass between or around said buoys shall be left entirely to the discretion of the regatta committee, they to notify all persons participating in such race before the start is made.

RULE X.—There shall be a preparatory signal given, and shortly after the starting signal shall be given.

RULE XI.—A limit of two (2) minutes shall be allowed for the yachts to cross the starting line.

RULE XII.—The time of each yacht to be taken as it crosses the line within the limit of time.

RULE XIII.—The time of all yachts that cross after the time limit shall be taken as having started at the expiration of the limit.

RULE XIV.—*Fouling.*—Should any two or three yachts foul during a race such race must be sailed over again, unless, in the opinion of the regatta committee, said yachts did not stand a fair chance to win such race.

Sec. 2. Should any yacht while in a race foul a buoy such yacht must be sailed around said buoy again from the proper direction, provided the owner desires to continue in the race.

RULE XV.—*Touching Yachts.*—Sec. 1. When in a race if any person touches the yacht he is sailing, he shall be taxed ten (10) seconds for each time he touches his yacht.

Sec. 2. This rule shall apply to all races sailed by the club, and be enforced for every touch either by hand, oar or skiff, or other means by which the movement of the yacht could be controlled.

RULE XVI.—*Pushing or Towing.*—When yachts are sailing a race no person or persons shall be allowed to push or tow any of such yachts either when sailing on a leg or when going about, and if any person or persons should perceptibly push or tow any of such yachts, such yacht or yachts shall be ruled out of such race by the referee, or by a protest made in accordance with Rule III. of the Sailing Regulations, by any person sailing a yacht in such race.

RULE XVII.—*Right of Way*—Yachts in tow to give way to yachts under sail. Yachts close hauled to give way to yachts going free (this for obvious reasons). Yachts on the port tack to give way to yachts on the starboard tack.

RULE XVIII.—*Prizes.*—Sec. 1.—There shall be a first and second prize for each class that fills.

Sec. 2. When there are three (3) or more yachts sailed in a series of races the first yacht winning two of the races shall be awarded the first prize.

Sec. 3. The second prize shall be awarded to the yacht having the next highest number of points. A first finish counting three (3) and a second finish counting two (2) points, and a third finish counting one (1) point.

Sec. 4. Prizes or prize money to be handed to the winners at the first regular club meeting after the date of the race or races

RULE XIX.—*Captains*—When competing for club prizes each yacht must be sailed by one owner only.

RULE XX.—*Referee.*—The referee to be sole judge of all yachts while in a race; his decision to be final in all cases; he shall have the power to enforce the Yachting and Sailing Regulations according to his best judgment.

In conclusion we quote from a letter written by Mr. Thos. A. Bruce, editor of the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist*, published in Hull, England, to a model yachtsman in this city:

"As regards the pastime and recreation of model yachting, yachting, cricketing, football, cycling, etc., are all means of getting exercise, recreation, and health. Yachting stands pre eminent above all in my opinion, as there is more pleasure to be had from yachting when separated from its competitive features than any of the rest. Model yachting comes next, as you may get considerable pleasure from the exercise of skill and ingenuity and the beauty of model yachting, independent of its competitive features, although the latter form a considerable enhancement to the pleasure, and add zest and spirit to the pursuit of the sport.

"Cricket, football and such sports are nothing when separated from the competitive features, and a man going through the motions that belong to them by himself would be considered a moonstruck imbecile. Cycling of course has its keen cruising pleasures.

"Such being the case, I claim for model yachting that it may stand on its own basis as advantageous to the community for health, for pleasure, for the development of the mind, as exercise in constructive skill and workmanship, and for bringing people together into companionship with a common object that shall entertain them and promote friendship.

"No frivolous objects, these, in times when business cares, worries and suspicions make it necessary that a man should have a hobby that shall bring change and relaxation.

"What is a middle-aged, gentle-mannered man to do? Is he to give up all pastime because he no longer delights in rougher sport? Is he to be obliged to always go and watch others, and never have a hand in anything himself? No! Model yachting provides a healthy channel for him yet to have sport and recreation, and so may it flourish.

"I hope my gossip may repay you for sending me news from America, for which I am much indebted. With greeting to all model yachtsmen of America, THOS. A. BRUCE."

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING, NEW YORK, NOV. 15-16.

THE second annual meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers was opened on Nov. 15, with President Clement A. Griscom in the chair, at the house of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, West Thirty-first street, New York; the lecture room and parlors being well filled with naval and professional men. Mr. Griscom, after calling the meeting to order, addressing the members as follows:

GENTLEMEN—I accept with pride and pleasure the honor you confer by again selecting me to preside over the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

The time which you will require to properly consider the large number of important and valuable contributions to our proceedings, which will be laid before you at this meeting, warns me to limit myself to a few general remarks.

The gratifying progress and encouraging condition of this Society demand notice. We begin our second year with an addition of 8 new members and associates, making our membership at present consist of 460 members and associates, and 6 juniors, a total of 466.

Your Council has regarded the publication of a volume of the transactions of the Society at its first meeting, such a volume as would be of substantial value to the members, as its most important function since your last meeting, and they hope (notwithstanding the unfortunate delay in its issue), that the volume meets with your approval.

You will note from the report of the treasurer that practically the whole expenditure has been for printing and such services as must be obtained by other than patriotic considerations, and it should be borne in mind that, to maintain the standard we have adopted, it is necessary and desirable that our membership should continue to increase.

In a brief introductory address it is not my intention or desire to burden you with any statistics of ship building progress during the past year; indeed it would be a mournful recital, for this branch of industry has suffered severely from the general depression that has prevailed throughout our land, but from papers announced to be read you will doubtless derive some very definite idea as to what we need for the development of our naval and mercantile marine.

The increasing love for yachts and yachting, and especially the very great interest taken in the recent international yacht races, are sure indications of our natural love of the sea, and with the growth of this spirit must surely come the natural ambition to see the American flag flying upon American merchantmen in every harbor on the globe.

The naval battle which has recently occurred in the war between Japan and China is of surpassing interest, not only to naval men and members of this society, but also to our citizens in general as establishing the value and necessity of an adequate naval force.

The information at present at hand, though sufficient to arouse some controversy as to the value of types of ships, cannot be regarded as sufficient to form an opinion, or even to lead to serious question as to the relative advantages of battle ships and cruisers.

It will be necessary to have accurate information in regard to more than one battle before the confidence of naval men is in the least shaken in the greatly preponderating efficiency of armed vessels.

There are points of the highest and most essential value, however, brought out by the battle of the Yalu River. Those which most impress me are, the immediate strategical and actual results, due to the fact that Japan possessed a large and capable modern fleet, and that it was thoroughly prepared for actual service, not only with munitions of war, but also with skillful and well-trained officers and men.

These are the lessons which can be brought home to our countrymen. It should be understood that a modern naval force, with all its multitude of equipment, arms, munitions and accessories, cannot be produced on the spur of the moment, but is the product of naval architects, steel-makers, and a host of others whose skill can only be obtained by experience.

It must not be overlooked that the personal element in warfare, as in peace, is an all-powerful one, sometimes predominating, sometimes secondary, but always of the greatest importance, and, therefore, an adequate navy is necessary, not only for the actual representation of power and force, but also to secure to our officers and men those superior nautical aptitudes only to be obtained by such continued experience at sea as made heroes of Hull, Decatur and Farragut.

The full development of a naval force, however, is not possible unless the growth of the merchant marine has kept pace with the naval development. My quotation of the words of Sir Nathaniel Barnaby in my address to you last year: "No nation could maintain an efficient navy without a prosperous commercial marine to support it," has still the force of an axiom.

And it should not be overlooked that in time of war the conversion of fast mail steamers into armed cruisers is generally recognized among all maritime nations as a most formidable means of offense or defense for any country so fortuate as to possess them.

Moreover, to provide the expansion of naval *personnel* rendered necessary in time of war, there must be a well-trained merchant marine to draw upon, and those nations which have not encouraged shipbuildiug and shipowning in times of peace must inevitably suffer from their short-sighted and narrow policy when confronted with a powerful and hostile fleet.

A technical society of this kind has no *raison d'etre* if there are no ships to build, and, if its labors in a purely technical field result in reawakening general interest in the development of our great maritime resources, there will be little doubt that the inception and growth of a society of this kind is a national blessing.

The opening paper, "Some Suggestions of Professional Experience in Connection with the Naval Construction of the last Ten Years—1884—1894," read by Rear Admiral Richard W. Meade, proved to be the most interesting of the whole two days, evoking a warm and lengthy discussion. Admiral Meade spoke first of the reluctance and delay in this country in abandoning wood for iron construction and of the recent progress in the manufacture of steel. He then took up the question of the vessels necessary to the navy, especially from the point of coast defence, suggesting seven different classes: Armored ships, high speed rams partially armored, torpedo vessels of at least 3 classes, high speed cruisers, to be drawn from the merchant marine, cruisers of moderate speed with good auxiliary sail power, gunboats of light draft, and finally store and training ships, practice vessels, tugs, etc. A very thorough outline of this scheme was presented, the essential qualities of each class being ranged in order of merit. In discussing the 4th class, Admiral Meade criticised the new triple screw vessels, expressing a doubt as to their claims of economy, and also as to their ability to overhaul such passenger steamers as the Majestic and Teutonic; as well as their superiority in battle over such a vessel as the American Liner New York, when fitted for war purposes as a commerce destroyer.

The discussion which followed the paper was both animated and interesting, the especial point of attack being Admiral Meade's criticism of the triple screw vessels. The second paper was on "The Use of Small Models for the Determination of Curves of Stability," by Mon. E. Bertin, Director of the French Government School of Naval Design; after which followed one on "Some Obstacles to Shipbuilding and Owning in this Country," by Geo. W. Dickie, Esq., Naval Architect, San Francisco, Cal., both read by Sect'y Capps in the absence of the authors.

A particularly interesting paper was read by Mr. S Dana Greene late ensign U. S. N., on "Electricity on Shipboard—Its Present Position and Future Development," "Cellulose and Its Application to Warships," was the title of a paper by Mon. E. Cheneau, Philadelphia, Pa., the day's session closing with Engineer-in-Chief Melville's paper on "The U. S. Triple-screw Cruisers Columbia and Minneapolis."

The first paper on Friday was entitled "A Dynamic Steam Engine Indicator Tester," by Professor Cecil H Peabody and Assistant Professor E. F. Miller, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Chief Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., then read a paper on "Experience Gained with Our New Steel Ships as Regards Care and Preservation," which brought out an interesting discussion on experiments in the preservation of iron and steel, and in composite construction. The paper on "The Present Status of Face-Hardened Armor," by W. T. Sampson, Captain and Chief of Ordnance, U. S. N., was read by Sec'y Capps, following which was one on "Hydraulic Power for Warships," by Naval Constructor Albert W. Stahl, which provoked considerable adverse discussion. Naval Constructor Baxter's paper, "Notes on Launching," was listened to attentively, the details of the launching of some of the new naval vessels being very interesting.

Yachting was represented by a paper on "Yachts in England and America" by Mr. Lewis Nixon, the designer of the Cramp Shipbuilding Co., in which the methods of measurement and the typical yachts of the two nations were compared. Mr. Nixon spoke very strongly in favor of the "one-gun" start, and also against the centerboard. In the discussion which followed Col. E. A. Stevens, the son of the late Edwin A. Stevens, and nephew of the late John C. Stevens, the founders of the New York Y. C., and builders of the Maria and America, criticised the conditions under which the America's Cup is now offered under the new deed of gift, comparing them with the original conditions under which the Cup was first devoted to the encouragement of international competition. The session closed with the reading of a paper on "The Accessibility and Circulation of Water Tube Boilers," by L. D. Davis, inventor of the Davis boilers, and one on "Recent Light-Draught Gunboats of the U. S. Navy," by J. J. Woodward, Naval Constructor, U. S. Navy. A paper by Prof. Durant was read by title, after which the meeting adjourned. The annual dinner of the Society took place at the Brunswick in the evening.

The Centerboard.

THE following remarks, by Mr. Lewis G. Nixon, chief designer of the Cramp Shipbuilding Co. in the course of his paper on "Yachts in America and England," read before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers last week, are likely to give rise to considerable comment and discussion among yachtsmen.

"We find that the yachts of England and America are becoming more and more alike, or in other words, that points of superiority are quickly appropriated by rival designers.

"On one point, however, we find a very radical difference—that is, in the use of the centerboard. While for shallow harbors and cruising work a centerboard is a convenience, it is unfortunate that it should be considered essentially American, or that our success should be so often attributed to it. A heavy centerboard like that of Vigilant is a positive drawback. It greatly increases the draft, and where a vessel with a deeper draft than Vigilant could have gone, we find her striking the bottom when her centerboard was down. Its great weight (3½ tons) when lowered was doubtless an aid to stiffness, but the same amount of stiffness could have been obtained in another way. The attention required tends to detract the mind of whoever is in charge, and it requires men to handle it who might better be employed otherwise.

"There is another and, in my estimation, more important objection to the centerboard than any yet suggested. It is a device which, so far as the true aim of yachting is concerned, is neither seamanlike nor sportsmanlike.

"The true aim of yachting or yacht racing is to develop alike the art of the naval architect and the skill and alacrity of the sailor in turning to use nature's own motive power at sea—the wind. This aim presupposes a hull of simple lines and sections which shall be permanently uniform or the same under all conditions: that is to say, a keel boat The centerboard violates this principle flagrantly. It is a mechanical device not properly a part of the vessel, disturbing the interior economy of the boat, creating problems in design and construction that are extraneous and alien to the true art, and requiring appliances and practices in maneuvering that do not in any sense pertain to seamanship proper. In a word, it is the introduction of mechanics into a science which is intended to deal purely and primarily with the forces and the difficulties of nature alone.

"From this point of view I do not hesitate to declare that in any international race calculated to contest the question of supremacy in maneuvering sailing vessels, it would be quite as sportsmanlike for one party to provide his boat with a surreptitious storage battery to operate a small auxiliary propeller to help along in a drifting match, as with a device whereby he can increase or decrease at will the wetted surface, and with the lateral or longitudinal resistance of his boat according to the requirements of his point of sailing. One is quite as mechanical as the other, and hence they would be equally unsportsmanlike and unseamanlike."

The centerboard, Mr. Nixon stated, originated in a clumsy device of the early navigators of the North Sea, whose boats were simply tubs, and the only way they could be kept on any course was by hanging a barn door over the lee rail. "Surely such a device, originating from such conditions, cannot be a good pattern for sportsmen in efforts to develop naval architecture. While it is true that there is the expedient side of this question, which is that a vessel of 13ft. draught or over is of but little use, except for international racing, it is also true that, even with a centerboard, to be successful in future international races it seems almost necessary to go to greater depths in order to lower the ballast. If this is so, it seems desirable to cut loose and design an American keel boat for international racing."

Lord Dunraven's Letter.

ON Nov. 13 the special committee to consider and reply to Lord Dunraven's letter met for the first time at the office of ex-Com. Jas. D. Smith, who presided, there being present Messrs. Canfield, Fish, Tams and Kortright. Both Gen. Paine and Mr. Philip Schuyler notified the committee by letter that they would be unable to serve, and Messrs. Archibald Rogers and C. Oliver Iselin were elected to fill the vacancies. The discussion of the Dunraven letter was private at this meeting, and at a second one on Nov. 15, at which all of the committee were present but Mr. Rogers. At this latter meeting a letter to Lord Dunraven was drawn up, which he will probably receive about Nov. 26, the contents in the meanwhile being kept private. According to a published interview, Gen. Paine approves of the suggestion that the challenger be permitted to select the fastest of several yachts, and also of that of a measurement with crew aboard, but not of the one-gun start. From all reports, Mr. Watson has not completed a design for Lord Dunraven, and no work has been begun. It is reported, but without confirmation, that the Prince of Wales has ordered a new cutter, narrower than Britannia, for next year. Britannia is now out at Hansen's yard, Cowes, where her copper has been stripped and replaced by new; and she will fit out in season for the Mediterranean races.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Giralda, Capt. McCalmont's new steam yacht, is credited with a speed of 21 knots with little vibration on the trial trip She will take part in the Mediterranean regattas in March.

Alcyone, steam yacht, of Philadelphia, is reported at Guantanamo, after being towed into Baracoa a derelict.

On Nov. 9 a club called the Revere Y. C. was organized at Revere, Mass.

The regular meeting of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was held on Nov. 13 with Vice-Com. Benedict in the chair. The meeting happened by chance to fall upon the birthday of Mr. L. F. d'Oremieulx, ex-secretary of the club, and the principal event of the evening was the presentation by Mr. Tams of a very handsome silver loving cup, with the following inscription: "Presented to Leon F. d'Oremieulx, 'Our Sec.,' by some of his fellow members in the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, as a mark of esteem and affection and of their appreciation of his ten years of service as secretary from 1884 to 1894." After the routine business had been disposed of, on motion of Mr. d'Oremieulx a committee was appointed to confer, if possible, with committees of the New York, Atlantic and Larchmont clubs over the revision of the code of yacht routine.

The largest sailing yacht in the world is now preparing for a pleasure cruise among the South Sea Islands. It is the Vine, owned by John Burns, of San Francisco, and she is being made ready in the estuary off the foot of Washington street. She is of 500 tons burden, with a length of 120ft. She was built three years ago in Tacoma for a merchantman and traded between that city and Central and South America until last spring. At that time her owner decided that he wanted to turn her into a pleasure yacht. The style is that of a revenue cutter, and very heavy. She carries 8,000 gallons of water, and when the deck house is completed will carry 45 passengers nicely, with a crew of 11. They will touch at Hawaii, Marquesas, Union, Ellice, Gilbert and Marshall islands, making fully 10,000 miles. The equipment will cost fully $40 000 when she is ready for the trip. Mr. Burns expects to set sail about Dec. 1.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Henry Offermann, inaugurated its winter gallery practice in the Zettler gallery last night. There was a large attendance of the shooting element of the corps and the result was a most satisfactory evening's sport. Up to last winter the corps had never given any attention to gallery practice, but had confined all rifle practice to outdoor shooting on the 200yds. ranges during the summer season only. Early last winter some of the active members of the corps decided to bring the members together for gallery practice. Accommodations were secured with the Zettler Bros. in their gallery, and a system of bi-monthly shoots inaugurated. The shoot was carried on independent of the corps itself and funds received from the members participating was held as a reserve for the purpose of purchasing prizes to be distributed among the members participating at the end of the season.

The result of the shoot last season was so satisfactory that when the outdoor season closed this fall Capt. Offerman and his board of officers decided to make this winter's shoot a corps affair and if possible bring all of the members into the competition.

The coming National Shooting festival which opens in Glendale Park, L. I, next July, is a strong lever which is being used to bring the members of the corps into line for this season's shoot. The gallery rifle is the best possible medium with which to educate the inexperienced shooter, and the Zettler gallery, its appointments combined with the experience of the two Zettler brothers, is by far the most favorable location to secure such education.

The programme of the corps for this winter's shoot is of such a nature as to place the novice as near upon a par with the expert as it is possible to put him.

Included in the programme is a series of team shoots which takes place at each meeting in which all the members present are divided into two teams.

It was our pleasure to be present at the opening shoot on Friday night. We congratulate Captain Offerman and his shooting committee upon the success of the opening event. We append the scores of the teams shooting in the two matches shot during the evening. Capt. Offerman's team against Capt. Tholke, two matches, scores:

FIRST MATCH.

Tholke, Captain	230	Offerman, Captain	212
Zettler	237	Seigel	233
Grosch	237	Schmidt	229
Strate	224	Bonn	235
Krumsieck	231	Lempke	182
Kuhlman	232	Christian	233
Galle	197	Plump	213
Bindewald	207	Michaelson	224
Mann	177	Wilkins	225
Woodbrook	215	Hainhorst	227
Bovestedt	215	Mohrman	229
Burfiend	230	Gobber	211
Facompre	232	Killian	201
Decker	223	Hoops	202
Meyn	158	Doris	182
Beckerman	204	Lohden	186
Wehrenberg	224—3673	Geibelhaus	218—3642

SECOND MATCH.

Tholke, Capt.	234	Offerman, Capt	213
Feigel	237	Zettler	242
Schmidt	225	Grosch	237
Strate	225	Bohn	238
Christian	234	Krumsieck	210
Facompre	232	Kuhlman	218
Hainhorst	211	Moohie	220
Decker	212	Webrenberg	217
Geibehaus	230	Binewald	234
Galle	200	Norbrack	216
Meyn	191	Gobber	197
Mau	191	Killian	219
Lohden	210	Plump	223
Hoopes	208—3057	Berestein	212—3859

The Zettlers in the Gallery.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—The Zettler Rifle Club headquarters last evening was a scene of lively interest to the many riflemen who were present. It was the regular monthly meeting night also for the weekly gallery competition. There was the usual group of regulars who can always be found lined up ready for business when there is a prospect for a little argument with the rifle. One of the interesting features of the club meeting was the election to the membership of the club of Justice Geo. F Roesch. Judge Roesch in one of his characteristic speeches spoke of the Zettler Club as the most famous of all American rifle associations, and that he joined the club with the hope that he too might in the future become sufficiently proficient in the use of the rifle as to class himself as one of the experts. With the adjournment of the meeting came the competition for the club prizes in the winter season shoot.

Messrs. Holges, Ross and Dorrler who thus far in the weekly competitions have had a close race for first position were on hand and by good holding put up some fine scores. Holges got rather the best of the argument on the total for the best five scores.

In the competition for the champion medal for the best score on the first entry, the honor was divided between Messrs. Dorrler and Flach, each with 245. Holges and Flach tied for the high score of the night, each with 247. Scores:

Championship medal, first entry: R. Busse 242, Dorrler 245, Engel 244, Grosch 228, Klein 205, Ross 242, C. G. Zettler 238, H. Munz 219, Buzzini 227, Downs 230, Flach 245, Holges 243, Muller 231, B. Zettler 243, B. Walther 244, Krauss 224.

Five best scores: Holges, 243, 244, 247, 246, 246; Ross, 242, 242, 246, 246, 246; Dorrler, 245, 243, 245, 243, 244.

Best 10 shot score: Flach 247, Ross 246, B. Zettler 244, Downs 233, Muller 239, Krauss 239, Grosch 241. Ross 246, Holges 247, Engel 245, Busse 244, Klein 209, C. G. Zettler 246, Buzzini 236, Walther 244.

In the Gallery.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Nov. 20.—There was a close and interesting gallery match between four members of the Greenville Rifle Club shot on the club ranges on Saturday night of last week. The four men were divided up into two teams, Dorrler and Chavant against Plaisted and Collins. The conditions of the match called for 100 shots per man. The stakes, refreshments for the club members present. Colin Boag referee and scorer. The club house was well filled with enthusiastic Greenville riflemen. The result of the match was a victory for the Dorrler-Chavant team by the small margin of nine points Scores:

M Dorrler	236	240	241	242	240	240	245	240	243	239	—2406
C H Chavant	232	231	239	238	241	237	234	235	232	241	—2360—4766
G W Plaisted	230	240	238	240	240	239	233	240	242	239	—2381
W C Collins	237	237	237	236	241	236	242	238	238	234	—2376—4757

Greenville Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Nov. 17.—The Greenville Rifle Club held its weekly gallery shoot at headquarters last night. Geo. Purkess upset the nerves of his competitors by putting up the fine score of 246. The scores are appended: Purkess 246, C. Boag 237, Collins 236, J. Boag 234, Charlock 230, Agneau 227, Spahn 228, Chavant 227, Fagin 224, Hill 222.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

THE New York Central Schuetzen Corps, Capt. D. Meersse, held their monthly meeting Nov. 14 at their headquarters, West Forty-seventh street. There were about 100 members present, this being the first meeting after their last outdoor shoot. This meeting has always been devoted to the distribution of the medals and money prizes to members who competed in the outdoor shoot. Forty members received prizes. The prize winners invited all present to join in a fine supper at their expense. Following are the winners:

Ring target—Champion Class—1, H. D. Muller; 2, F. Schmidt; 3, F. Schroeder; 4, D. Meersse; 5, J. Reitwasser; 6, G. Zimmerman; 7, P. Schmidt; 8, F. Schill; 9, H. Kroeger; 10, W. Ross.

Class I.—1, J. Eisenhardt; 2, C. Pletz; 3, W. Seppenfeldt; 4, J. Dux; 5, A. Rode; 6, E. Richard; 7, J. Brendel.

Class II.—1, E. Berkman; 2, J. Jorden; 3, W. Koch; 4, W. Teschmaker; 5, C. F. Gennerich; 6, F. Bauman; 7, M. Teschmaker; 8, W. Gagan; 9, H. Grannermann.

Class III.—1, M. Ficken; 2, J. Forsch; 3, H. Holsteu; 4, J. Loewe; 5, J. Schnewiss; 6, A. Ficke.

Class IV.—1, J. Tonjes; 2, F. Jutgen; 3, A. Richter; 4, A. Luck; 5, J. Eblenberg; 6, A. Bosch.

Point medals—Champion Class—H. D. Muller, F. Schroeder, F. Schmidt, J. Reitwussner, G. Zimmerman.

Class I.—A. Rode.

Class II.—E. Berkman, J. Jorden, W. Koch.

Class III.—M. Ficken, J. Forsch, J. Schneweiss.

Class IV.—F. Jutgen.

Man Target: H. D. Muller, champion medal; F. Schmidt, second medal; J. Eisenbardt, first money; F. Schroeder, second; M. Ficken, third.

Class medals: Champion Class, H. D. Muller; Class I, J. Eisenhardt; Class II., E. Berkman; Class III., M. Ficken; Class IV., F. Jutgen.

HENRY D. MULLER.

On the Greenville Range.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Nov. 17.—There was a small gathering of riflemen in Ambruster's Park this afternoon, but the weather conditions were not such as the target shooter delights in. There was a preponderance of rain and mist, so much so that the targets were at times somewhat indistinct.

The main feature of the afternoon's sport was a fifty shot match between M. Dorrler and G. W. Plaisted. In the match at Cypress Hills on election day these two men occupied second and third positions each with a total of 2067 points for the 100 shots. Since then there has been some good natured chaffing between the two as to their relative ability as marksmen. The result was the match shot to-day.

At the finish of the first twenty shots Dorrler was fourteen points behind. By brilliant work in the third string Dorrler reduced the lead to a tie and by continuing his good work he was enabled to win the match by fourteen points on a total of 1090. Plaisted made a good effort to down his competitor, making fifty black shots, but Dorrler had too much reserve force in stock to-day for him to overcome the old veteran. Scores:

50 shots, distance 200 yards.

Dorrler	23 19 22 20 17 25 21 23 17 17	—203
	19 19 25 24 20 21 23 19 22 23	—214
	25 23 25 21 19 21 22 21 23 24	—227
	25 23 25 23 24 18 19 24 21 23	—228
(Average 218)	25 20 23 25 21 22 22 18 24 24	—221—1090
Plaisted	21 24 20 19 21 23 21 20 25 21	—215
	19 23 21 25 19 22 20 20 26 21	—215
	24 25 22 22 21 22 20 19 20 19	—214
	24 19 23 19 19 23 23 23 20 24	—217
(Average 215·2)	22 19 22 20 23 20 23 25 18 23	—215—1076

RIFLE NOTES.

There appeared in the *Staats Zeitung*, one of our German papers, last week, a challenge from a Brooklyn rifleman to champion Gus Zimmerman, offering to shoot Zimmerman a 100-shoot match at 200yds. for a stake of from $1,000 to $5,000. Later developments have elicited the fact that the challenge was given out by Joe Weigler of Brooklyn, and the man he was going to put up against Zimmerman was that expert marksman Fred C. Ross. We do not expect to see such a match.

We learn that the shooting-house in the Union Hill Park was destroyed by fire a few days since. The destruction of this old landmark will be a matter of regret to the army of riflemen who have had the pleasure of shooting on this old and popular range. We are also informed that the Plattdeutsche Verein has purchased the park property, paying $100,000 for it as it stands. The park will continue to be used as a shooting park and picnic ground as well as a home for indigent Germans.

We learn that there is a new rifle association formed in Brooklyn known as the Unique Rifle Corps; its membership is said to comprise the most prominent of Brooklyn's many marksmen.

It is reported that the Greenville (N. J.) Rifle Club have in contemplation the holding of a prize shoot in Armbruster's Park on New Year's Day, 1895. If the weather should prove not too frigid on that day there is not much doubt but what all the local cranks will be on hand to answer the roll call.

The query has been put to us as to whether Barney Koenig had any facilities for beating the shooting house in his Glendale Park. At this moment we are unable to answer this query. This reminds us that there is to be a meeting in Glendale Park in December for the purpose of laying the cornerstone for the new range shooting house. As yet the date has not been made public. We heard tae suggestion made some days since by one of the cranks that on the day of the cornerstone laying it would be a good idea for Mr. Koenig to open up the present range and invite the riflemen to bring their rifles along and finish the day with rifle practice.

The Empire Rifle Club is holding a three-days' gallery tournament on the Zettler Brothers' ranges. The shoot closes to-night (Saturday).

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 22-23.—PEORIA, Ill.—Peoria Parget Co.'s handicap tournament.

Nov. 26.—WEIR CITY, Kas.—Fall tournament of the Business Men's Gun Club. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

Nov. 27.—LOUDONVILLE, N. Y.—All-day live bird shoot, under the auspices of the Loudonville Gun Club. Richard J. Lynch, Manager.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

Nov. 29.—SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.—First tournament of the South Orange Field Club, under the management of W. N. Drake; targets.

Nov. 29.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

Nov. 29.—RYE, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Rye Gun Club; live birds and targets; shooting commences at 10 A. M. E. J. Pope, Sec'y.

Nov. 29-30.—WILMINGTON, N. C.—Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association's tournament; targets.

Dec. 20-21.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Two days' shoot of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

1895.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Fifteenth annual New Year's Day tournament of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hohart, Sec'y.

Jan. 15-17.—HAMILTON, Canada.—Hamilton Gun Club's annual tournament; $1,000 added money. J. W. Bowman, Sec'y.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The following challenge has been received by the Harvard Gun Club: "The Yale Shooting Club hereby challenges the Harvard Gun Club to a match to be held Friday, Nov. 23, at the Colt Gun Club grounds, Hartford, Conn., provided these can be obtained. The same conditions as usual must govern the match, namely, five-men teams, thirty keystone targets per man, three traps at three unknown angles and American Association rules. Henry G. Miller, Jr., Capt. Y. S. C.; W. S. Miller, Pres., Y. S. C." The challenge has been accepted by Harvard. Princeton's gun club has been invited to take part in the above contest and will probably accept. Of last year's Princeton team the following are still in college: Wadhams, '95; Lewis, '95; Cresson, '95.

The South Orange Field Club has made a new departure in its career; It will hold an open tournament on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29, the touruament being under the management of Mr. W. N. Drake, of the Maplewood Gun Club. The programme consists of a 25 target race, a merchandise event; three 20 target races, two known angles and one unknown; three 15 target events, one at known angles, another at unknown angles, the third under expert rules, and five 10 target races, all at known angles. The grounds are only three minutes' walk from the South Orange station on the D. L. & W. R. R.; luncheon will be served free to all shooters. Loaded shells can be bought on the ground. Under Mr. Drake's management, with a programme as varied as the above, this initial tournament of the South Orange Field Club ought to be a success.

The Newark handicap is the title of a live bird race which W. H. Green, secretary of the Newark (N. J.) Gun Club, is promoting under the auspices of his club. The handicap is to be a duplicate as to conditions of the Empire City handicap of the Emerald Gun Club, which was such a great success. The conditions, therefore, will be 25 live birds per man, handicap rise, $10 entrance, first 15 birds to constitute an optional $5 sweepstake. It is proposed to hold this shoot on Erb's grounds during the second or third week in December. Judging from the success which attended the Empire City handicap with its 51 entries, the Newark handicap ought to have no difficulty in filling.

The Herron Hill Gun Club of Pittsburgh, Pa., has decided to hold a series of four live bird events during the winter. Each event will be at 25 live birds per man, $10 entrance, and will take place in Exposition Park on days to be selected later. These events will be handicaps, class shooting, three moneys, all shooters in western Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio and West Virginia will be invited. At the meeting of the club at which the above shoots were decided upon, the resignations of four well known shooters, who objected to the club's method of handicapping, were accepted without discussion.

In view of the recent Seaver Page—Brokaw match, which was left in an undecided condition owing to darkness, as told in last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM, the following item from the Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Leader* of Nov. 12 will be of interest: "The live bird match of Bessemer and J. O'H. Denny, at 100 to 105 birds, which was postponed at Pittsburgh last week, with Bessemer 82 and 2 birds to shoot, and Denny 77 and 5 birds to shoot, was finished this morning at the Latrobe live bird meet. It was won by Bessemer."

The fall tournament of the Business Men's Gun Club of Weir City, Kan., is set for Nov. 26. Monday of next week. Shooting commences at 9 A. M. Secretary McIlhany has issued an interesting programme which calls for 105 shots in the regular events. Special features will be a live bird race at fifty pigeons each for $100 a side, between McIlhany and Wilkinson, and a team race for an oyster supper which will bring the day's sport to a close; teams will be picked and captained by the two men who make the best average during the day's shoot.

At the conclusion of the Climax Gun Club's monthly shoot on Thursday, Nov. 15, at Fanwood, N. J., "Dutchy" Smith gave an exhibition of his powers as an ambidextrous writer. Taking a piece of chalk in each hand he wrote the first name that came into his head. With both hands simultaneosly he wrote a name upside down with his left, backward way with his right. His most difficult feat was when he wrote his own name, Charles Smith, writing Charles with his right and Smith with his left, both written simultaneously and upside down.

An all-day shoot at live birds will be held on Tuesday next, Nov. 27, on the grounds of the Loudonville (N. Y.) Gun Club, 350 birds guaranteed. The shooting will consist of open sweeps with optional entrance fees. Ample shelter, warmed by a stove, will be provided, and dinner will be served at the house of Mr. Jack Long. Route: Take the 9 A.M. Belt Line train from Albany or Troy for Menands, where conveyances will carry all shooters to the grounds. Richard J. Lynch, manager.

A new gun club was organized Nov. 6 at Augusta, Me., under the title of the Gardiner Gun Club. The following officers were elected: Dr. W. P. Gidding, President; O. M. Blanchard, Vice-President; G. B. Barstow, Secretary and Treasurer; W. S. Whitmore, G. D. Libby, G. H. Holmes, F. W. Harrington, Directors. The club consists of twenty-five members and will meet for a regular shoot on their grounds next Friday afternoon.

The Empire Rod and Gun Club had a live bird shoot at Dexter Park on the afternoon of Nov. 12. This was the Empire's first attempt at a regular club live bird shoot, the organization having previously devoted its attention to target breaking. Patrick Malone won the club medal at 7 birds with a straight score; in a 3-bird sweep that followed Malone again killed all, winning on the shoot off, miss and out, with 3 more.

The first 100 birds trapped on Tuesday afternoon last at Hollywood, N. J., proved very conclusively that if money enough is paid for pigeons, birds of a very superior quality can be obtained in the East. The pigeons in question were a specially selected lot shipped from Philadelphia, and cost f. o. b. just 35 cents each. They were well worth the money.

The live bird shoot held at the Latrobe (Pa.) Driving Park on Nov. 12 was an entire success. Among those who took part in the shoot were J. O'H. Denny, Frank Denny, A. H. King, W. S. King, "Bessemer," W. M. C. Jones, John Shafer, Wilson, Hamilton, etc., of Pittsburgh and vicinity, making altogether pretty warm company for anybody to tackle.

The two days' tournament of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association of Wilmington, N. C, which is to be held on Nov. 29 and 30 promises to be well attended. It is a gala week in Wilmington from Nov. 26 to Dec. 1. Those who attend the shoot will find lots to interest and amuse them outside of shooting targets.

An all-day shoot of the Rye (N. Y.) Gun Club will be held at the club grounds Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29. All shooters are cordially invited to attend. No regular programme has been arranged; 300 birds and a good supply of targets will assure all shooters attending a good time.—E. J. POPE, Secretary.

The Essex Gun Club has decided to change its headqnarters from the old grounds of the Jersey City Heights Club at Marion, N. J., to Erb's grounds at Newark, N. J. The Endeavor Gun Club is now the only organization regularly located at Al. Heritage's grounds at Marion.

On Tuesday, Dec. 4, the Paterson, N. J., and the Elizabeth, N. J., gun clubs will shoot a team race at live birds, 5 men to a team, 15 birds each man, $50 a side and the price of the birds. The match will be shot at Willard's Park, N. J.

It is a long time since any match has created so much talk in New Jersey as the Morfey—Batsch race, which came off on Nov. 14 at Elizabeth, N. J. The outcome of such shoots cannot but be hurtful to the sport of pigeon shooting.

The Philadelphia Gun Club is said to have bought the country seat of Richard S. Austin, near Andalusia, on the Delaware River, for a game preserve. Possession of the place, which cost $40,000, will be taken on Dec. 1.

The Gun Club at Canajoharie, N. Y., will hold an all-day shoot at live birds and targets on their grounds on Thanksgiving Day. The club extends a cordial invitation to anybody and everybody.

It is Yale's turn this year to make the arrangements for the annual shoot with Harvard; the Cambridge men are trying to have the event brought off at New Haven.

John Watson must have provided some great birds for the big sweep on Nov. 19! Kleinman 91, Brewer 89, and Elliott retiring on the 78th round.

The last few Saturday afternoons have been disastrous ones so far as target or live bird shooting with any degree of comfort was concerned.

Scott Tremaine won the Crescent Club's monthly handicap at 7 live birds on Nov. 10, the shoot taking place at Dexter Park, L. I.

The second day's programme of the Townsend testimonial benefit will be shot off during the first week in December.

As will be seen in the list of fixtures for 1895 the Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club alters its dates from Jan 17-19 to Jan. 15-17.

Kleinman, the Champion.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 16.—There is a new champion in the little world of pigeon shooters. It is scarcely necessary to state that there was no crying need for another champion, because there has really been a superfluity of champions for a long time. We have had champions galore, and we have seen the term used so much that we are quite tired of it. For months past, the columns of the shooting papers have been filled with challenges and counter challenges from champion to champion, and we have had sarcasm, abuse and boasting in nauseating doses. Champion Carver has sneered, Champion Brewer has stormed and Champion Elliott has bragged, and the result of it all has been a rise of a brand-new champion, who has earned his title fairly and squarely in a hard, gamely-fought battle against all the would-be champions whose principal weapon has been the pen and not the gun. And the new champion is none other but FOREST AND STREAM's old friend, Brother George Kleinman, who used to have fun with Champion Elliott two or three years ago.

The trouble all started with Jim Elliott and Dr. Carver. After Elliott's brilliant victories in his recent series of matches with the erstwhile "Evil Spir of the Plains," James again heard the buzzing of that championship bee which bothered him so much four years ago.

It was sweet music to his eager ears and, like the siren's song, it lured him again to his undoing. He consented to come to Chicago, which has so often been the scene of defeat for him. Dr. Carver had arranged to shoot a large number of matches in Chicago, and had announced his intention of reaching here Nov. 6, and remaining as long as he could find people to shoot with. As the Doctor had not displayed invincible form in his races with Elliott, Budd and Crosby, and was supposed to be well supplied with money, quite a number of pigeon shooters concluded to visit Chicago about Nov. 6.

Charley Budd of Des Moines and Charley Grim of Clear Lake, Iowa, were the first to arrive, and then came Elliott and Harvey McMurchy and S. A. Tucker. On Sunday last, Capt. Jack Brewer came to town from New York, full of bluster and confidence apparently. On Monday the Doctor appeared on the scene. There was a meeting of champions, and they talked and blustered and got plenty afraid of each other, and drew down their various forfeits (all of which it seems, were provided with suitable strings for the purpose). Then the whole business looked like a huge fizzle, and we outsiders were beginning to get disgusted.

Dr. Carver, however, finally proposed a way out of the difficulty. He proposed that all the aspirants for championship honors enter a sweepstake of 100 birds to each man, with an entrance fee of $50, with but one money, and that the winner receive a medal made of iron, possessing no intrinsic value, but to be known as the "Cast Iron Championship Emblem," and to be forever subject to challenge every sixty days. In future contests the amount of the stake is to be $100 a side, except in the case of a foreign challenger, when the stakes shall be $500 a side. To this no one objected but Elliott, and the following promptly put up their money: J. L. Brewer, Dr. W. F. Carver, C. W. Budd, Charles Grim and Ed. Bingham. It was agreed to shoot on Thursday and to leave entries open until the morning of that day. Elliott at first positively refused to enter but finally did so and he, George Kleinman and Mr. R. S. Mott (a well known local amateur) joined the list of contestants.

The match began shortly after 10 o'clock at Watson's Park, Burnside. The day was an absolutely ideal one for the sport, being clear and with a very heavy wind blowing from the southwest. The birds were a good lot, most of them being as fast as ever flew from a trap. When fairly in the wind, it was almost impossible to stop them in bounds, and many got away without being touched. It was the kind of shooting to fairly test a champion's ability, and the lowness of the scores proves the quality of the birds, when the reputations of the men as shooting cracks are considered.

The shooting of George Kleinman throughout the contest was of the highest order, with the possible exception of his last seven or eight birds, when it was growing quite dark. He displayed remarkable judgment and centered his birds almost invariably. Many of his kills were simply wonderful, although the same can be said of each of the contestants. George fairly won the money and the title of champion by squarely outshooting his opponents.

Brewer seemed to be handicapped in his shooting through his evident intention of having fun with Elliott and Carver. He spent most of his time between shots talking to one or the other of them or to the crowd; he is certainly far from being a pleasant man to shoot with. The applause of the crowd over Kleinman's victory undoubtedly was heartier because of Brewer's defeat. Brewer had no sympathizers.

Elliott shot a quiet, gentlemanly race, but whether intimidated by Brewer's talk or simply lack of practice, he seemed out of confidence, of which he usually has no lack. Some of his misses were almost inexcusable, he withdrew after losing 11 out of 58. Carver shot a ragged race and was at no time dangerous. He must improve much over his present form to be considered the equal of Elliott, Brewer or Kleinman. Grim shot in great form up to his last 20, but lost 7 of them and fell below Carver. Many thought his gun had become leaded, as it seemed to be doing very poor work at the end. Bingham was over careful, and instead of shooting very quick as usual with him, he was slow and lost birds he should have killed. He, with Budd and Mott withdrew on the 69th round to give the others a chance to finish before dark.

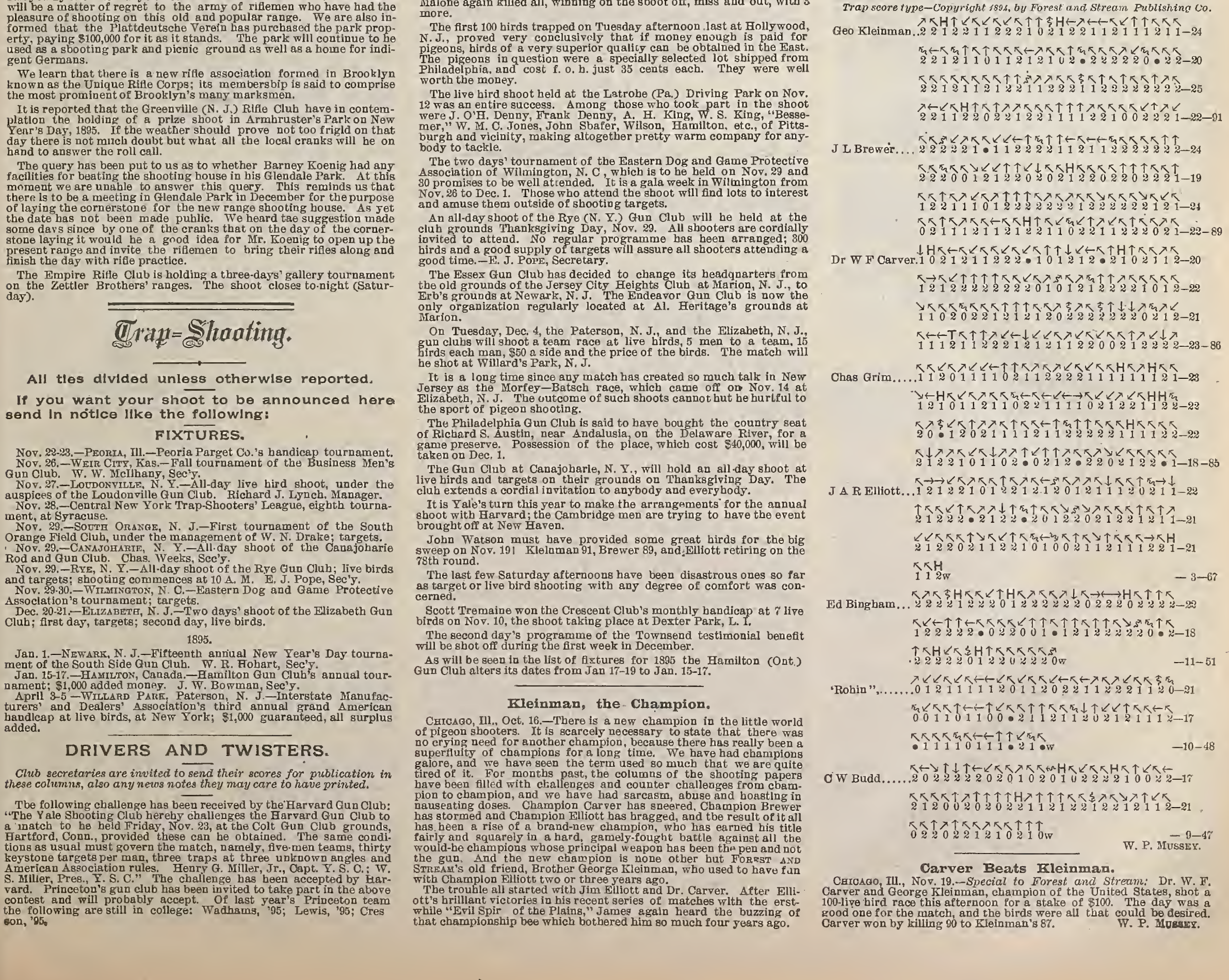
Uncle John Watson as usual acted as referee, and the birds were retrieved by his two sensational pointers, Cyclone and Rush. Their work was much admired.

At the conclusion of the race, Elliott caused much favorable comment by being the first man to step up and congratulate George Kleinman, the new champion. It was a neat and graceful thing for him to do.

Detailed scores follow, with the flight of the birds indicated:

Championship of the United States, 100 live birds per man, entrance $50, one money and the championship medal:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



W. P. MUSSEY.

Carver Beats Kleinman.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 19.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Dr. W. F. Carver and George Kleinman, champion of the United States, shot a 100-live bird race this afternoon for a stake of $100. The day was a good one for the match, and the birds were all that could be desired. Carver won by killing 90 to Kleinman's 87. W. P. MUSSEY.

Dropping for Place.

Mr. Hough's letter on the dishonesty and crookedness practiced at trap-shooting tournaments which appeared in Forest and Stream of Oct. 27 was a hummer. While agreeing with Mr. Hough in part, I must add that such pessimistic views as he has advanced will hardly receive many indorsements. The first three lines of the following paragraph seem a little too strong:

"I submit that the sport of shooting at the trap as practiced in the great American tournaments to-day is more dishonorable, more corrupt, rottener than ever horse-racing was. I submit that the rounder at the trap tournament who sails under false names and false records is as disreputable and should be as odious among gentlemen as the ringer at a horse race. I submit that the men who pool, combine and drop for place in the class shooting of our trap tournaments are as dishonest and as unworthy of the recognition and the society of gentlemen as the men who arrange in advance the results of a racing competition."

Having had no experience in tournaments west of the Ohio River, it is not for me to say what is the status of affairs out West. So far as the East is concerned, and from what tournaments I have attended in the South, I must enter a somewhat tardy protest against those first two lines and a half. "The rounder at the trap tournament who sails under false names," etc., is a person I have yet to meet; that is, to know him as such.

There are three propositions propounded by Mr. Hough in the said paragraph. Taking them categorically the first has been answered in the negative. Mr. Hough has evidently had but a limited acquaintance with either one or the other of the branches of sport he names—horse racing or trap shooting; it is only fair to presume that his information in regard to horse racing has been confined to newspaper reports of race meetings. If he had beeu fortunate enough to have seen much of horse racing, running and trotting, he would scarcely have heen so unfortunate as to class trap-shooting as practiced to-day in "the great American tournaments" as "more dishonorable, more corrupt, rottener than ever horse racing was!" It is true that dropping for place does exist and that such dropping for place is really dishonorable; but my claim is that it merely exists, does not pervade the whole system. There are many reasons for this. In the first place the men who are best able to practice it on account of their skill are the men who helong to the expert class. Eighty per cent. of this class enter all through the programme, paying the whole amount asked in a lump sum at the beginning of each day, and are entered and shoot in the same squad throughout that day. With probably twenty-five or thirty more shooters to follow them, how can they divine into what hole they should drop? Those men do not need watching. It is the expert who hangs around and enters last, or nearly last, on the list, as Mr. Hough says in another paragraph. He is the man to be watched, and he is watched; I may add that I have also seen him. The practice of receiving entries up to the time of the last squad going to the score, sometimes later, is to blame for his being able to practice his crooked work. Is there, then, not a partial preventive right here? Could not a rule be made, and adhered to, that no entries in any event would be received after the first squad has completed its string? Then shoot experts first, semi-experts next and amateurs last. The latter is generally lucky when he gets a pice of the purse; his chances are greater of dropping out altogether rather than into a place.

The second proposition, in regard to the "rounder at the trap tournament," is all right. Such a man would naturally "be as odious" as "the ringer at a horse race."

The third proposition may be dismissed as summarily as the second. There's no fault to he found with it.

Where Mr. Hough and I disagree is as to the degree of crookedness which exists in the trap-shooting tournaments of the present day. On this point it would he very interesting if Mr. Elmer E Shaner, the gentleman who has so ahly managed for the past two seasons the tournaments of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, would give his views on the subject. Anything Mr. Shaner might say (and trap-shooters will agree that this is no mere flattery) would have weight. Intimate connection with the ins and outs of at least a score of large tournaments during the past two years must have left him with some idea as to the status of trap-shooting at the present time; and will also probably have caused him to think out some plausible scheme to prevent this evil of dropping for place. Dropping for place must first he attacked. Get rid of that, or reduce it to a minimum, and then tackle the pooling or combining parties. The latter will be a tough nut to crack; but with dropping for place done away with, it might almost be tolerated as an evil that cannot be downed.

Further down in his letter Mr. Hough says: "There are more than fifty shooters in America." Yes, there are, thousands of them, and new gun clubs are being organized every week solely for the purposes of trap-shooting. The misfortune is that all of those thousands are not either wealthy men of leisure or expert shots. None hut the latter can ever go to a tournament and expect to come out whole or nearly so. The money left hehind at large tournaments is considerable. Take the expenses of a three days' target tournament that took place this summer: 22,000 targets at 3 cents each were thrown=$660; hotel bills, etc., for 3 days at $3 per day (an extremely moderate figure for that "etc."!) for 30 shooters=$270. We thus have a sum of $930 absolutely left hehind by the shooters, no account being taken of what was taken away by some of them. Trap-shooting is a sport, but it's a mighty expensive sport as shown by the above figures, to which could he added the cost of ahout 20,000 cartridges at an average cost, including expressage, of probably 3 cents each; add also the price of the railroad tickets. Figures undoubtedly talk, and such figures as those given above speak very loudly.

It is this expense, together with the ties of business, that keeps down the attendance at our tournaments far more effectually than either the crooked work or the "rounder" may do. It is the necessary expense incurred by attending and shooting at any tournament which forbids that tournaments being "really open to all, and not only open to a few."

Edward Banks.

A Public Outrage.

It is a most fortunate thing for the welfare of pigeon shooting that such matches as the Morfey-Batsch race at Elizabeth, N. J., on Nov. 14, are seen but seldom. The finish of that race was a disgrace to the principals and to those who in any way participated in the shoot. It is also most unfortunate that a young and enterprising club, such as the Elizabeth Gun Club, should receive such a black eye through the work of some of their fellow members. Although the match was a private one, and not in any way promoted by the gun club, yet it was held on the club's new grounds and the authorities should have seen to it that nothing should inure to the discredit of their organization. In this they were negligent, thereby losing a certain amount of caste in the trap-shooting world. The story of the race is decidedly unpleasant writing.

In the first place the match was stated to be for $100 a side, Morfey giving his opponent 20 dead birds. Morfey refusing to give Batsch these odds, the race was shot on even terms. That fact alone created some suspicion as to whether the shoot was to be a square one or a fake. That Batsch, an untried man, should be backed against a man like Morfey at even terms for $100 a side looked like either a piece of foolishness or a fake. I am afraid it was the latter, as I am told on good authority that there was only $15 a side on the race: that is, each side was running the risk of losing $15 besides the cost of the birds on the chance of winning what? Just the sum of $15! Two hundred birds at 25 cents each cost $50! There may have been gate money in it; there probably was, as 25 cents admission was charged at the gate. About 100 persons were present at the shoot and I suppose the majority paid the admission fee. Now that wouldn't pay expenses. Anyway the race was started, Morfey running away from Batsch right on the start; he shot in really fine form, killing his first 52 straight, a good score although the birds were nothing extra. At the commencement of the 53d round Morfey was 12 hirds in the lead. Out of his next 13 he dropped 3 while Batsch went straight; Morfey's lead was thus 9 hirds. Just about this time, the 66th round, Morfey openly made a het of $20 that he would beat Batsch by 10 birds. It looked as if he meant it as he afterwards made a remarkable run of one barrel kills; several of his friends put up money on the same terms, Morfey assuring them that he was going to beat Batsch 10 birds if he could. He told me personally that such was his intention.

The race was an interesting one to watch, both men shooting in good form. From the 50th to the 88th round Batsch missed but one bird, Morfey having dropped five meanwhile was only 6 ahead. Then came a hreak. Morphy had missed his 87th bird, whether intentionally or not I can't say; it looked to me as if he feathered it with his first barrel. Batsch weut to the score for his 88th bird and fired both charges of shot into the ground hetween the score and the traps; the hird was a left-quartering driver from No. 4 trap! Each man then missed 8 in succession, neither one making any pretense of aiming at the hird; sometimes they even saved a shell, firing but one barrel. Batsch's 90th gave him some trouble to lose; the bird could hardly fly at all; in fact, although not a pellet of lead hit it, it was unable to fly out of hounds. Batsch elected to go and gather it himself. What followed was disgraceful. He could have gathered the bird a dozen times, he had it in his hands once and it should have been scored to him; finally, however, he chased it out of bounds. It was a nearly impossible feat, but he did it. Some of Morfey's friends, who now smelled a rat very strongly, urged him to kill; he said he'd not kill till Batsch did. The score shows that when Batsch did at last kill Morfey did the same.

Some people may not understand all this missing. Very little explanation is necessary. It seems, from Morfey's own statement made openly in the club house after the shoot, that he (Morfey) had bet $40 that he would not beat Batsch by 10 birds when he "saw which way things were going." As soon as Batsch found, or suspected, that Morfey's money was going up in a different way to that first $20 bet, he determined, as the race was lost anyhow, to try and protect his friends. He therefore missed intentionally, hut Morfey had the whip-hand; he had but to miss whenever Batsch did to win his "$40."

I must say that Morfey was not getting all that was coming to him; at any rate during the last half of the match. It required no wizard to spot Batsch's trap every time he went to the score; an eye on the pulling ropes was all that was necessary. Two wrongs, however, never make one right, and Morfey's actions in the latter part of the race will be hard to excuse. It was a deliberate throwdown in a few cases; a matter of diamond cut diamond in the remainder.

In order to give this outrage on those who paid to see the match more prominence, the full score is attached. The flight of certain birds is not given for the obvious reason that neither shooter tried to kill those birds. Score:

Match, 100 live birds a side, $1—a side:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Batsch.........0 2 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 • 2 1 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 2 2—19
1 2 0 2 2 1 1 0 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 0—19
2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1—25
2 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 2 0 1 1—15—78

Morfey.........2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1—25
1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2—25
1 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 0 1 2 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—22
1 • 1 1 1 2 1 0 2 2 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 2—13—85

In justice to Mr. Robert E. Chetwood, the president of the Elizabeth Gun Club, and to what he terms "a large majority of our club members," it is only fair to state that he, as president of that club and on behalf of the majority, has written a personal letter to Forest and Stream repudiating the actions of the principals in the above match, and expressing mortification at the outcome of the shoot. Mr. Chetwood states that resolutions had been passed a few days previous to the match, forbidding absolutely any betting or drinking on the premises of the club. He adds that these resolutions will be strictly enforced in future and will have to be adhered to; otherwise "we will not belong to the club, but will withdraw from it if liquor is obtainable and open betting is carried on. * * * We have not changed our intention in that respect."

Edward Banks.

Watson's Park.

Scores made during this month are as follows:

Nov. 5.—Von Lengerke and S. Parker, 100 empire targets, 5 unknown traps:

Von Lengerke....0010000101101110111101110011001111101101111110110
0011111111011010111000011000001011001110011001111—61

S Parker..........11111111010101000101111010101011110011101000101110
00101101000011010011000010000000110011011010110011—52

Nov. 6.—George Kleinman and J. M Wilson, and W P. Mussey and Charles Grimm, 50 live birds per man:

Geo Kleinman.21211122202111110111222211211122012122211111222101—46
J M Wilson....212110221112202221211122211021121201212221211212212—46—92
W P Mussey...21221102122212202012220120202111122220102111210122—41
Chas Grimm..02111111212221220111111211212221222112212111111212—48—89

Nov. 10.—Sweeps, 10 live birds, $10 entrance, 2 moneys:

	No. 1.	No 2.
Geo Kleinman	1122111112—10	2021122211—9
Chas Grimm	1211111112—10	2112011121—9
C W Budd	1012111121— 9	2111122012—9
Dr Forthingham	1221112121—10	1111111210—9
J M Wilson	2211212112—10	1110012222—8
W S Irwin	2101111200— 7	....
H McMurchy	1210111122— 9	2120110121—8
Ed Bingham	2222222220— 9	....
C H Smith		1020200000—3

Same day, 100 empire targets per man, 5 unknown traps:

Meade............10011111111111110011011111110100101011011110010011
11001101011111101011111111111110111111001011110111—74

S Parker..........11100101011010010110011010101111111111010101111110
11100111101011100111000111111001110100100111011111—66

Same day, 16 empire targets, $3 entrance, 1 money:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
C W Budd	011111111011011—12	101110111101101—11
Chas Grimm	101110111111101—12	111111111111101—14
H McMurchy	100111001111101—10	111011011110111—12
Geo Kleinman	101001010111110— 9	110111100111101—11
Forthingham	111111011100110—11	001111111011111—12
Bingham	111101011110101—11	101111101110111—12

Dr. Forthingham and W. S. Irwin, 50 live birds per man, $50:

Dr Forthingham..21011112111012111211212221211221112110121211212202—46
W S Irwin.........20122212110122120222222221221121222220211112101212—45

Same day, 10 live birds, $10 entrance, 2 moneys:

McMurchy	2100110112— 7	Capt Brewer	2211211212—10
Grimm	1120001211— 7	B Rock	2122010122— 8
Budd	2112121121—10	J Cole	0222212111— 9
Ed Bingham	2222222222—10		

Miss and out, $5:

Budd	121110	Irwiu	0
Grimm	21121111221121	Brewer	21221212212112
McMurchy	12211122012121		

Same day, 100 empire targets per man, Meade vs Lansing:

Meade............0110111111010110011111111011101101110110111011111
1110001101110111101101011011111111111110111111111—77

Lansing...........11011110101111111110011111100111001000110111111000
11100100011101011111111111100111101111100110011110—69

Nov 14.—South Chicago Gun Club, 20 live birds, for club medal:

P Miller....20002212111012122110—16 G Sibley....22200221002221201020—13
A Reeves..10012121011222102121—16

Same club, 30 empire targets, for club medal:

Sibley..........................0000011010011000000010000010110— 9
A W Reeves....................0110111011001001111011111111111—20
P Miller.........................101100111110100011111100110010—18

B. Rock vs. W. J. Irwin, 50 live birds per man, $50:

B Rock...........11222012100222000111211112212211012122211120222222—42
W T Irwin........2012002200101001220010222122102112222211111021221—37

Same day, 10 live birds, $10 entrance, 2 moneys:

Grimm	1210112202— 8	Budd	2211202211— 9
Brewer	2222212122—10	Guhhen	1101012210— 7
Bingham	2202222222— 9	Parker	2222212211—10
B Rock	2210211100— 7		

Ravelrigg.

The New Utrecht Gun Club.

The third contest for the cup presented to the New Utrecht Gun Club by Capt. Money and his son, N. E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company, was decided on Saturday, Nov. 17 on the club's live bird grounds at Woodlawn, L. I. Morfey, C. Furgueson, Jr., and C. A. Sykes killed their ten birds; on the shoot off, miss and out, Morfey missed his third hird and retired; Furgueson then killed his fourth and won, Sykes dropping his hird. Scores:

American E. C. Powder Company's cup contest, 10 live birds per man, club handicap, ties divided, miss and out:

W F Sykes	1222012220— 8	*Mead	1121211111—10
T W Morfey	1111211211—10	M F Lindsley	2222022212— 9
Capt Money	11112•2121— 9	C A Sykes	1121121211—10
C Furgueson, Jr.	2111112221—10	A A Hegeman	1020210101— 6
C Furgueson, 3d	0022022221— 7	W Wynn	2112020211— 8
Dr. Shepard	0021•00021— 4	Deacon	2121011221— 9

* Not a member.

Hill Lost by One Bird.

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 16.—Eddie Hill lost by one hird in his match at Yardville, N. J., with T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J. The scores of 93–92 show that both men were shooting in good form, Hill really losing the match at the start, dropping his 4th, 5th and 6th birds. The birds were first-class and the time taken to shoot the match, one hour and 39 minutes, proves that there were very few loiterers; of course a lot of time was saved by the retrieving of Charlie Zwirlein's black setter dog Nig. Frank Class acted as puller, while Cubberly worked the indicator. Scores:

Hill...............................21200•2222112110112221212—21
1121221122222112212112221—25
•011211011122222121212221—22
2122121122222220221221221—24—92

Morfey...........................11021121121112121112121•1—23
1211122122122121121220211—25
11221121111111121211•121—24
22•111•1•2122212212103112—21—93

Rockaway Point Gun Club's Scores.

The following scores were made by the Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club members at their regular monthly shoot, the entrance money being nominal in all events:

No. 1, 10 targets, everything known: Scott 6, E. Bourke 2, Spott 3, Place 5, Jennings 3, Schorty 8.

No. 2, same conditions: Scott 3, Schorty 10, Heyer 7, Spot 5, Place 6, Colman 4.

No. 3, same conditions: Scott 4, Place 7, Schorty 8, Colman 3.

No. 4, same conditions: Floyd 6, Scott 6, Place 6, Schorty 9, Loeble 6, Horstman 0. Ties for second and third shot off and won by Floyd and Scott respectively.

No. 5, same conditions: Loeble 6, Floyd 9, Scott 9, Place 8, Sabin 2, Schorty 8.

No. 6, same conditions: Scott 4, Floyd 8, Place 8, Loeble 9, Schorty 8. Loeble first, ties on 8 divided second.

No. 7, club shoot, 25 singles per man, sweep included, 3 moneys:

Tiernan	1111100010011111011111111—19
E Bourke	0100101100100000011010100— 9
Schorty	1111111111011110101110111—21
Loeble	1100010111110101111101001—16
Lyons	1011110110101001110011011—16
Weeks	1000000000100000000000000— 2
J Bourke	0010001000000110000100011— 7
Scott	1001011111010011100101000—13
Floyd	1111110011111011111111011—21
J Meyer	0010110001100000001001000— 7
Bowen	1000011011111001100010001—12
Spott	0010000010011010101010000— 8
Place	1000000111111111010010001—13
Sabin	1001101101111010001111101—16
Steinhrucker	0000000101101010101101000—10

Floyd and Schorty first, Tiernan second, Loeble and Lyons third.

No. 8, 10 singles, everything known: Tiernan 6, Schorty 9, Prindle 1, Floyd 9, Bowen 8, E. Bourke 3, Lyons 4, Sabin 2.

No. 9, same: Stoney 3, Schorty 7, Floyd 9, Bowen 1, Tiernan 7, E. Bourke 1.

No. 10: Floyd 7, Tiernan 5, Schorty 8, Woods 7, Bowen 6.

No. 11, 5 pairs empires, one money: Tiernan 5, Schorty 4, Bowen 3.

Half Shell.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., Nov. 10.—The scores given below were made this afternoon at our monthly club target shoot. The wind swept across the traps, giving the targets a very erratic flight, this accounts in a great measure for the low scores made. Scores:

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

James	1110101100000110000101101—12
Richmond	1111111100110101111101011—19
Huck	1111011110011110111011101—19
Frank	1101101000111100101011000—14
Jeanerette	0001011111111111011110011—18
Van Dyke	1101111111011110111100011—19
Paul	1111110011110111111111111—22
Collins	0011101111111110111110111—20
Chaffee	1111101111111011001111110—20
S E Wolff	1010010000000000010100001— 6

The following sweeps were also shot:

No. 1, 10 birds, 50 cents: Richmond 6, Huck 8, James 5.

No. 2, 10 birds, 50 cents: Huck 8, Richmond 7, James 6, Jeanerette 6.

No. 3, 10 birds, 50 cents: Richmond 7, Huck 8, Van Dyke 9, Collins 7, Jeanerette 3, Paul 5.

No. 4, 10 birds, 50 cents: Van Dyke 9, Paul 7, Huck 8, Richmond 9, Collins 8, Chaffee 6.

No. 5, same: Richmond 7, Huck 6, Van Dyke 8, Collins 6, Chaffee 5, Paul 3, DeWolf 6, Jeanerette 5, James 7.

No. 6, same; expert: Richmond 6, Huck 6, Paul 5, DeWolf 6, Van Dyke 7.

No. 7, 10 birds, 50 cents: Richmond 8, Huck 7, Collins 6, Van Dyke 9, DeWolf 6, Chaffee 6, Jeanerette 5, Paul 7.

No. 8, same: Richmond 6, Huck 10, Van Dyke 9, DeWolf 4, Frank 7, Paul 8, Chaffee 5.

No. 9, same: Richmond 8, Huck 8, Van Dyke 8, Collins 7, Jeanerette 3, Paul 10, Chaffee 5, DeWolf 7.

Wm. H. Huck.

Shooting Live Birds at Erb's.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 15.—The Essex Gun Club held its club shoot at live birds at Erb's grounds this afternoon. There were 10 entries for the club race at 10 birds. Reinhardt shooting with the club for the first time since '92. Among the shooters also was D. Terrill, the veteran of the club, who will be 80 years old next spring. His 50 per cent. score is largely due to the fact that he was rather tired after a two days' hunt during which he had played out both his sons! Breintnall, who is suffering from his hands being swollen through rheumatism, and Herrington, whose gun broke down, both shot well. Herrington after the mishap to his gun shot with Hollis's gun, which its owner has got into such good training that it can't help but point straight. In the Jersey sweep, which followed the club race, Leddy was unfortunate enough to lose 2 birds dead out of bounds; he says that if he "had known it was only 50yds. boundary," he'd have killed them with his first barrel sure. Scores, club shoot, 10 live birds:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

W G Hollis.1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1—10 W Hughes..2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 0— 8

RBreintnall.2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1—10 D Terrill....0 • 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1— 5

W Hayes....2 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 • 1— 8 C Reinhardt2 0 1 1 0 1 2 2 1 1— 7

G L Freche.• 2 1 2 • 0 2 1 1 1— 7 R Tillon....1 0 • 1 0 1 1 2 2 1— 8

Herrington.2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1—10 H Leddy....1 1 1 0 0 1 2 1 1 2— 8

Jersey sweep, 4 birds, $3, 2 moneys:

Breintnall	112•—3	Herrington	1222—4
Freche	1200—2	Leddy	1••2—2
Erb	1110–3	Hollis	1111—4

The Northsides at Dexter Park.

Dexter Park, L. I., Nov. 13.—Eight members of the Northside Gun Club took part in the monthly shoot at live birds this afternoon. The pigeons were a fine lot of flyers, but the Northsides were equal to the occasion. John and Chris Meyer and John Tiernan killed their 7 hirds in the club race, deciding the tie in a sweepstake at 3 birds which followed. John Meyer killed 3 straight and won out. Scores:

Club match, 7 live birds, handicap rise:

John Meyer (28)	1212112—7	Harry Heyer (28)	2202111—6
C M Meyer (28)	2211212—7	John Mencke (28)	1101222—6
John Tiernan (28)	2221112—7	J H Jennings (28)	1001111—5
U C Manning (28)	1111011—6	Herman Bock (25)	1022200—4

No. 1, sweep, 3 live birds:

John Meyer	112—3	John Jennings	201—2
John Tiernan	012—2	C M Meyer	022—2

No. 2, sweep, 3 live birds, then miss-and-out:

John Meyer	1• —1	John Jennings	0 —0
John Tiernan	21021—4	C M Meyer	21020—3

The Buffalo Audubons.

The members of the Buffalo Audubon Club held their annual live bird shoot at Daw's Park, Nov. 9. The shoot began at 10 o'clock in the morning and lasted all day. Fifteen birds was the limit, and there were 33 entries. The score was as follows: C. S. Burkhardt 14, first prize, $5 in gold; A. Kobler, L. Fries, L. W. Bennett, 13; Kohler was the lucky man and won a shell loader; L. Fries captured $2 in gold; J. H. Ball, G. Fleischman, C. Oehmig, A. C. Heinold, Kirkover, R. Hankins 12; Hankins won a gun case, Kirkover $2 in gold; A. Zoeller, E. C. Burkhardt, McMichael, J. Feist, Willett 11; A. Zoeller won a shell case, J. Feist $2 in gold; A. Forrester, Wm. Brennan, A. Combs, J. O'Brian 10; O'Brian took a case of stuffed birds, Forrester $2 in gold.

Thanksgiving Day the club will shoot at keystone targets. The prizes will consist of turkeys, ducks, geese, chickens and other birds. The club has some expert marksmen, and there is talk of a match with a gun club in Rochester.

H. J. B.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—There will be a handicap sweepstake shoot at the North Side Gun Club grounds, Marshall avenue, Allegheny City, Pa., Thanksgiving afternoon, Nov. 29. Programme: 15 targets, entrance $1.30; 15 targets, handicap, entrance $1.30; 15 targets, handicap, entrance $1.30; 15 targets, handicap, entrance $1.30; 15 targets, entrance $1.30. Handicap races will be shot under the following rule: Experts will shoot from five unknown traps, semi-experts from three unknown traps, amateurs known traps and known angles. Shooting will commence at 1 P. M. sharp. Lunch will not be served on the grounds. Elmer E. Shaner, "Old Hoss," Fagan Montgomery, handicap committee. N. B.—The amateur will be protected.

The Effect of the Wadding Material Upon the Performance of Shotguns.

BY ARMIN TENNER,

Superintendent American Testing Institution.

THE question as to what extent the performance of shotguns is governed by the quality of the wadding material employed in the ammunition has time and again been made the subject of more or less exhaustive experiments. So far as the results of these tests are known they did not tend to bring this rather complicated problem very near to a satisfactory solution. In the majority of cases the work performed lacked a systematic basis, the means and methods employed were, as a rule, inadequate for the occasion, and consequently the results either did not serve as a foundation for arriving at a correct conclusion, or the conclusions drawn from them rested upon false premises.

The problem at issue is of a much more intricate nature than is generally supposed by those who believe to have penetrated the mysteries surrounding the theory of shot shooting, when, in fact, they have barely touched its surface.

In dealing with the subject we must take numerous factors into consideration, and endeavor to find something like a satisfactory explanation for the many strange phenomena by which we are confronted in trying to explain and to bring into harmony cause and effect. But for the very reason that this task is quite a difficult one, the problem at issue presents an everlasting charm for the student of ballistics and the sportsman, and incites to continuous researches and experiments. Prompted by such an impulse, I have recently conducted a series of comparative tests between the different wadding materials as they are in the American market and at the disposal of the sportsman, and herewith submit the results of this trial to the American shooting fraternity.

I hope that my report will prove of general interest, and to serve to shed some light upon the much discussed and certainly important question referred to.

I do not claim that the problem has been solved definitely and conclusively through me, but if the reader will kindly take note of the figures quoted he will, I think, at least admit that neither time nor expense has been spared to do the subject full justice.

I can modestly assert that, to my knowledge, no wadding material test has ever been made before in this or any other country on so broad a scale as the one carried out at Dexter Park during the past three months. Whether, after all, the results achieved stand in any proportion to the sum of work performed is quite another question, and one the reader must decide for himself. It is sufficient to say, that in all over 5,000 rounds of shots were fired, and not less than 1,000,000 single pellets counted on the 30in. circle of the target.

The wadding material inserted between the powder and shot charges in shotgun ammunition serves various purposes. In the first place, it is intended to prevent the gases generated by the exploded powder charge from penetrating and disturbing the shot column. This object may be accomplished with any elastic, gastight material, whether dry or lubricated. By means of its elastic nature the wadding material is expected to neutralize or at least diminish, to a certain extent, the effect of the often violent push exercised by the generated gases upon the shot charge, and thus prevent, especially when we are dealing with a very quick-burning powder and an abrupt cone of the cartridge chamber, one of the chief causes for balling of the shot; *i. e.*, that the rear portion of the shot load be driven into the foremost part of the shot column. The lubricated wad serves, in addition, to diminish the tendency of fouling of the barrels through the residue of the burned powder deposited in the bore of the gun.

The shotgun wad should possess a certain degree of elasticity, or, if several wads are employed, one of them at least, without assuming a spongy nature. It should neither be too heavy nor too light in proportion to its size or thickness. Although pretty satisfactory results are occasionally obtained with imperfect wadding, yet even—as will be shown later on—with one cardboard wad over the powder only, the quality of the material ought to be such as to impart to the wad both sufficient density and cohesive properties. A wad really deserving to be designated as a superior article, should leave the gun barrel with no or little apparent sign of damage. It should not deform much in its travel through the barrel, not lose its original shape, and certainly not blow to pieces. It should be as near circular as possible, of uniform thickness individually, and when compared with other wads of the same kind and bag, and its cohesive qualities ought to be such as to withstand the attempt to pull it in two between the thumb and forefinger of both hands.

The material now principally employed for wadding is either hair felt, a mixture of hair and wool felt, and in some cases wool felt. Various other materials have been substituted from time to time for felt; but up to the present the felt wad has not found its equal. Cork, leather and various other materials have been selected to take the place of felt, and recently a wad composed of fine ground cork, linseed oil and other ingredients has been placed in the market. Many advantages are claimed for this new composition wad, and the reader will find in the report whether or not the new wad really possesses any marked superiority over felt.

In order to secure the best possible service from a shotgun, the diameter of the wad should conform as near as possible to the bore of the individual gun. The diameter should not be below that of the bore, nor greatly in excess to the latter. In the last case it is liable to cause undue friction in the barrel, and to absorb a portion of the propelling force developed by the powder charge at the expense of the shot load. Too large wads frequently accompany the shot column a distance of 140ft., or much further than necessary and desirable. If too small, the wad may fail to serve as a gastight cushion between the powder and shot charges, especially in such cases where a 2⅝in. shell is used in a gun chambered for a longer cartridge case. The wad should fit the shell tightly, and also the bore of the gun. It should offer a slight resistance to the cleaning rod when pushed through the barrel, from the cone of the chamber to the muzzle.

The diameter of the bore of guns of the same caliber are by no means uniform; they vary considerably. Thus, for instance, the diameter of 12-bore guns vary between 0.704736in. to 0.783478in. It is, therefore, evident that a wad just sufficiently large to fit and suit a barrel with a minimum dimension of the bore will hardly be adapted for a bore measuring 0.078742in. more.

In view of these differences of the bore, wad manufacturers now generally cut their wads a trifle larger than the regular gauge. The most popular, and, perhaps, best adapted diameter for a 12-bore wad is 0.748045in. This dimension is still a trifle below the maximum dimension of 12 bore guns; but since these large dimensions are rare exceptions, and considering that the elastic wad, when pressed against the shot column by the force of the gases, naturally expands, the small difference between the diameter of the wad and that of the bore of the gun is easily overcome. Wads larger than the gauge, especially when consisting of a hard material, are apt to bulge the shell, and this may cause annoyance. The U. M. C. Co.'s wads labeled 12-gauge are all 0.748045in. in diameter, or about as large as the Eley 11¾ wad and the several kinds of Hurlingham wads offered by Von Lengerke & Detmold, and designated as 11¾ gauge wads.

Full 11-gauge, and especially 10-gauge wads, when employed in 12-bore guns, frequently prove too large. In some cases they appear to exercise a detrimental effect instead of a beneficial one, as compared with the regular 12-gauge wad.

Guns of a faulty bore may sometimes necessitate the use of an 11-gauge wad; but there is hardly ever any occasion for employing a still larger wad in a 12-bore gun. A hard 10-bore wad may, under certain conditions, be instrumental in bulging a gun at or near the choke, and the same may be said of a very hard and thick cardboard wad if used either over the felt or as a top wad. They increase the recoil and the gas pressure. The moment the shot column quits the muzzle of the gun the usefulness of the wad is at an end. The wad should now soon come to a point of rest; it should fly to one side or drop to the ground after having followed the shot cloud from 30 to 80ft.

Lubricated wads, as all intelligent sportsmen know, ought not to be brought in direct contact with the powder charge, for the reason that the powder has a tendency to absorb a portion of the lubricant contained in the wad, especially when shells are stored for a long period. A cardboard, field or trap, or any other thin, dry, preferably moisture proof wad, should be placed on the powder charge, unless a so-called express wad is used, which is covered on both sides with a moisture proof cloth. This express wad answers particularly well in all cases where economy in space must be exercised, and when the trouble of loading several wads is to be avoided.

Some powders appear to be more susceptible to inferior wadding than others, and the same rule applies to guns. It is quite difficult, yes, almost impossible for the individual sportsman to determine these last named peculiarities for himself. They can be established in anything like a satisfactory manner only with the aid of the requisite ballistic instruments and by comparisons with several powders, guns, wadding material, shells and primers. The reader will now understand why, in this test, all kinds of powders, shells and five different makes of guns were employed. The trial would hardly have amounted to much if only one kind of powder, one particular shell, and one make of gun had been used.

The American Testing Institution has been established and is maintained for the principal object of serving the interests of American sportsmen and American industry. In view of this fact I would have preferred to employ in this test chiefly American-made guns. I used, among others, an American-made gun at Chicago, and have been subjected to a great deal of unpleasant comment by the representative of that gun because I neglected at the time to apply to the manufacturers directly for a gun for that occasion. It was openly charged that I thus indirectly discriminated against the American gun. Although I never intended to favor any particular gun, and have not the least preference for any gun, powder, shell or wadding material, I made it my object to guard against any similar criticism, and therefore requested four American gun manufacturers to furnish me a gun each for the test; I even offered in one case to have the shooting done by their own representative, and, of course, invited them all to witness the trial. I am sorry to say that only one firm complied with my request. The New York agents of the Remington Arms Co. cheerfully placed one of their $20 grade 12-bore hammer guns at my disposal, and this was taken at random from the stock. I called attention to the fact that the gun would be subjected to a very severe test in point of strength, inasmuch as I should use very heavy loads in it, but the representative did not hesitate to loan the gun under these conditions. On the contrary, he stated that I should try the gun under precisely the same conditions as all others and the higher grade guns. This was done, and I may here say that the gun stood the test well. I owe the reader this explanation, for he might otherwise wonder why I used four foreign guns and only one American, for at least a large portion of the trial. The test carried out was not a gun, primer or powder test proper. It was a comparative test of wadding materials; but such a trial will naturally likewise serve to draw pretty correct conclusions in regard to the qualities of the various guns, powders and shells. It may perhaps also be considered the most exhaustive gun and shell test ever carried out in this country, and is to some extent, although not intended as such, a repetition of the Chicago powder test.

For pattern all shots were fired from muzzle rest. The figures quoted in parentheses under this heading represent the number of pellets counted in each case in the skeleton of a pigeon placed in the center of the target at 40yds. The main values given constitute the number of pellets counted within the 30in. circle (not selected). All shot charges were counted, not measured. The powder charges were measured with the regular dip measures. Tatham's chilled shot No. 7 regular was used throughout the test. Velocities and gas pressures were taken simultaneously, the former at 25 meters=82ft. from the muzzle of the gun, the pressures at the cartridge chamber. The velocity values should not be compared with those obtained in the Chicago powder test where the velocity was taken at 40yds. Five rounds of shot were fired, each for velocity, pressure and pattern. The velocity, pressure and pattern values quoted represent in each case the average of five shots with the greatest differences from shot to shot. Four pellets in the skeleton of the bird may be considered equivalent to a kill. All the wadding materials, guns, powders and shells were tested under precisely similar conditions. A sheet of muslin was spread between the muzzle of the gun and the target to facilitate the gathering of the fired wads, which was done for the purpose of examining them in regard to condition.

The shooting qualities of the guns or the properties of the shells should not be compared in those cases where "purely experimental" wadding was employed. No gun, or shell, or powder can be expected to do good work, for instance, when only one cardboard wad is used between the powder and shot charges. It must further be borne in mind that some of the guns employed were chambered for longer than the 2⅝in. shell as principally used, and the performance of these guns can therefore be judged correctly only in comparing the values obtained in the standard and the shell for which they are chambered.

One kind of black powder was used only, namely, DuPont's Eagle Ducking, but it can fairly be presumed that all other black powders are governed by the same conditions in regard to wadding as Du Pont's.

For the guidance of the reader I will here quote the average pattern and velocity values considered as standard.

12-GAUGE GUN, SHOT NO. 7, 1⅛ OUNCES.

Common cylinder barrel—135 to 150—36 to 41 per cent.
Improved cylinder barrel—145 to 162—38 to 44 per cent.
Light choke barrel—155 to 195—42 to 52 per cent.
Medium choke barrel—185 to 225—50 to 60 per cent.
Full choke barrel—215 to 240—58 to 65 per cent.
Extra full choke barrel—230 to 250—60 to 66 per cent.

Standard Velocities.

16-GAUGE GUN.

2½drs. E. C. powder, 1oz. shot No. 7, 835ft.
2½drs. Schultze powder, 1oz. shot No. 7, 890ft.
2½drs. DuPont's smokeless powder, 1oz. shot No. 7, 905ft.
2½drs. American wood powder, 1oz. shot No. 7, 890ft.
25grs. Walsrode powder, 1oz. shot No. 7, 885ft.
2½drs. DuPont's Eagle ducking black powder, 1oz. shot No. 7, 880ft.

12-GAUGE GUNS.

3drs. E. C. powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, 960ft.
3drs. Schultze powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, 965ft.
2¾drs. DuPont's Smokeless, 1⅛oz. shot, No. 7, 955ft.
3drs. American wood powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, 960ft.
3drs. DuPont's Eagle ducking, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, 950ft.
29grs. Walsrode powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, 955ft.

10-GAUGE GUNS.

3½drs. E. C. powder, 1¼oz. shot No. 7, 933ft.
3½drs. Schulte powder, 1¼oz. shot No. 7, 930ft.
3½drs. American wood powder, 1¼oz. shot No. 7, 925ft.
3½drs. DuPont's black, 1¼oz. shot No. 7, 960ft.
38grs. Walsrode powder, 1¼oz. shot No. 7, 940ft.

It will be seen that the 12-bore gun gives the highest mean velocity of the three bores. The figures obtained recently at Dexter Park do not quite agree with the velocity values obtained in England, where the 16-bore gun developed the highest velocity of the three gauges. I can, however, assure the reader that with the quotients of loads as here given, the values obtained by me are correct. By using less shot in the 16-bore gun the velocity of the latter can be increased to the average of the other two guns.

Gas Pressure or Bursting Strain.

I employ a spring device for ascertaining the bursting strain in shotgun barrels. I can on the same apparatus also determine the pressure by means of the crusher gauge. My experience, however, teaches me that the crusher gauge is not adapted for shotguns. The spring device generally indicates higher pressures than the crusher gauge, but I believe that those of the former come nearer the truth than those of the latter.

A substantially-built gun, providing there is no flaw in the barrel material, which escaped the notice of the maker, should withstand a gas pressure of 13,000lbs. This is the strain I subject every gun to which is proved by the American Testing Institution. It is the same strain to which finished guns are put abroad. No gun, however, will withstand such a strain for a long period. It may withstand a strain of 10,000lbs. to the square inch for a while, but for every day use 8,000lbs. may be regarded as the limit to which a gun should be subjected. Many guns do not burst suddenly, but gradually, and hence a gun which did not go to pieces with a strain of 10,000lbs. for a certain period may finally come to grief with a lower strain, and then the shooter will wonder why his gun has been damaged with a service load.

American Weights and Measures.

Americans enjoy all the world over the reputation of being both practical and progressive. In point of our systems of weights and measures, however, we are not entitled to this reputation; we are not leading, but are away behind the rest of the civilized nations, England excepted. Everywhere on the European continent, Russia excepted, and in many other states outside of Europe, the metric or decimal system for weights and measures has been adopted; but we still adhere to our confusing and antiquated so-called standards of weights and measures.

We have long ago emancipated ourselves from England in the way of money, but still cling to its old-fashioned weights and measures. We forget that for many weights and measures we have no fixed standards. We find ourselves at sea, for instance, when we are called upon to say what constitutes a dram of this or that powder. The centimeter is now recognized as the unit of length, the unit of velocity. The gram is the unit of mass. But not enough that we have one bad system of weights, we really use two, one as bad as the other—avoirdupois and troy. For the former we have at least a fixed standard; it is for one pound the weight, at the temperature of 62° Fahrenheit, and under the atmospheric pressure of 30in. mercury, in the latitude of London, and at or near the level of the sea, of a certain piece of platinum which is kept in the Exchequer office at Westminster.

Now, suppose one sportsman employs the avoirdupois, one the troy weight for their shot charges. They will wonder at the difference of the number of pellets of say 1½oz. The latter will load about one-fourth more than the former. Mistakes of this kind are frequent; they have also happened to me.

Avoirdupois Weight.

Drams.	Oz.	Lbs.	Qrts.	Cwts.	Ton.	Grams.
1=	.0625=	.0039=	.000139=	.000035=	.00000174=	1.771846
16=	1=	.0625=	.00223=	.000558=	.000028=	28.34954
256=	16=	1=	.0357=	.00893=	.000447=	453 59
573440=	35840=	2240 =	80=	20 =	1 =	1,016,048

Troy Weight.

Grains.	Dwts.	Oz.	Lbs.	Grams.
1 =	.04167 =	.00208 =	.0001736 =	.0648
24 =	1 =	.05 =	.004167 =	1.555
5760 =	240 =	12 =	1 =	373,242

7000grs. troy ..... 1lb. avoirdupois.
175lbs. troy ..... 144lbs. "

The same complication applies to measures for capacity, and it is even worse when we come to long measures. How much simpler and easier is the metric system, where we are only dealing with decimals!

Gas Pressure or Bursting Strain.

In my report the term gas pressure is liberally used. Gas pressure means the pressure or tension developed by a certain load in the gun barrel. This pressure is generally denoted by atmospheres. An atmosphere means the pressure exercised upon one square centimeter. As a unit for pressure, either water at a certain temperature or mercury are employed. In this country we use the term pounds. The figures given in pounds mean the pressure upon one square inch. To make this point still more comprehensive to the reader I may here quote a comparative table of pressures in atmospheres:

Atmospheres.	Pounds on square inch.	Pounds on square foot.	Feet of water.
1	14.7	2116	33.9
10	147	21163	339.0
1000	14700	2116300	33900.0

The proof-house charge of the American Testing Institution for a 12-bore gun develops a gas pressure of over 13,000lbs. No gun would stand such a strain for any length of time. About 10,000lbs. may be considered of touching the safety limit, and for some guns even as hazardous. A load giving about 8,000lbs. pressure and less is better suited for the average gun and everyday use.

I employ a spring for ascertaining the pressures in shotguns. This device gives more accurate values than the old crusher gauge, which, again, is better suited for high pressures in military rifles than the spring device. The values obtained with the spring are, as a rule, about 25 per cent higher than those secured with the crusher gauge, a fact to be borne in mind when comparisons are made with pressure values established at the American Testing Institution and those obtained by others. The figures herein quoted were taken in the cartridge chamber, where the pressure is highest.

Velocity.

Velocity is live force, energy, penetration; it is the rate of change of position; it involves the idea of direction as well as that of magnitude. Velocity is uniform when equal spaces are traversed in equal intervals of time. The unit of velocity is the velocity of a body which moves through unit distance in unit time, or the velocity of one centimeter per second. Momentum is the quantity of motion in a body, and is measured by mass plus velocity.

A velocity of No. 7 shot of 800ft. per second may be regarded suitable for targets. For game shooting 950ft. constitutes the minimum, and for live pigeons a still higher velocity is considered desirable. The maximum velocity of No. 7 shot and a 12-bore gun is reached with 1,100ft. per second.

Table of converting feet per second into miles per hour:

10 feet per second= 3.409 miles per hour.
300 " " " =204.540 " " "
1000 " " " =682 " " "

For those names which occur quite often in these reports, abbreviations will be used as follows:

v. for velocity,
gpr. for gas pressure,
drms. for drams,
gr. for grains,
pwd. for powder,
smokl. for smokeless,
ga. for gauge,
av. for average,
great. diff. for greatest difference,
DP. for DuPont,
Sch. for Schultze,
cork comp. w. for cork composition wad,
Wals. for Walsrode,
blk. for black,
cb. for cardboard,
ft. for feet,
ft. sec. for feet seconds,
l. for load,
U. M. C. for Union Metallic Cartridge Co.,
V. L. & D. for Von Lengerke & Detmold,
Winch. for Winchester,
Am. W. for American Wood.

Description of Guns Employed.

1. Parker hammerless, No. 79,217, Damascus barrels, 30in. long, chambered for 2¾in. shell, $80 grade, both barrels choke. The Parker gun was only used during a part of the tests. In its stead a three-barreled gun was employed for the remainder of the trial, and both of these guns will therefore figure as gun 1. Due notice will be given at what juncture of the test the exchange took effect.

1. Teschner, 3-barrel gun, center-fire, 28in. Damascus barrels, chambered for 2⅝in. shell, both barrels choke; maker, Collath, in Frankfurt-an-der-Oder, Germany; owned by the writer; No. of gun 8061; price, $65; weight, 8lbs.; diam. of chamber, 0.791353in.; diam. of bore, 0.704611in.; diam. of choke, 0.681084in.

2. Remington, $30 grade, hammer gun, steel barrels, 30⅛in. long, chambered for 2¾in. shell; weight, 8lbs. 7oz.; loaned by Hartley & Graham; diam. of chamber, 0.811038in.; diam. of bore, 0.738202in.; diam. of choke, 0.74611in.

3. Francotte hammerless ejector gun, No. 22,190; weight, 7lbs. 4oz.; Damascus barrels, 30in. long, chambered (tapering) for 3in. shell, loaned by Von Lengerke & Detmold, grade not given; diam. of chamber, 0.791353in.; diam. of bore, 0.722454in.; diam. of choke, 0.693268in.

4. Greener gun, No. 34,993, loaned by Charles F. Floyd, 30in. steel barrels, chambered for 3in. shell, grade not given, weight 7lbs., hammerless; diam. of chamber, 0.789385in.; diam. of bore, 0.710643in.; diam. of choke, 0.692925in.

5. German made gun, No. 11,714; owner, Tenner; weight, 7lbs. 1oz.; 31½in. Damascus barrels, chambered for 2¾in. shell; diam. of chamber, 0.789385in.; diam. of bore, 0.708674in.; diam. of choke, 0.693103in.

It appears that my gun, No. 8,061, was both the smallest bore and choke of all the guns, while the Remington gun approaches an open bore gun closer than any other. The bore of my gun has about the same diameter as the choke of the Remington. The bores of all the guns are below the diameter of the U. M. C. and V. L. & D. wads for 12-ga. guns. The diameter of the V. L. & D. Hurlingham so-called 11¾-ga. and the 12-ga. wadding of the U. M. C. has previously been given as 0.748045in. All these guns would therefore not require any larger size wadding than the sizes quoted. The test will show whether the shooting qualities of the guns are improved by employing in them larger wads.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Rye Gun Club.

RYE, N. Y., Nov. 10.—The second monthly club shoot was held at the club grounds on Nov. 6. The 150 birds trapped were up to the average, the drivers owing to a strong wind blowing directly from the score proved unusually hard birds to kill. The gentlemen from Connecticut who attended the shoot proved their shooting abilities by winning the principal sweepstakes and killing nearly all of the birds shot at by them. Following are the scores of the shoot:

	No. 1, 5 live birds.	No. 2, same.	No. 3, 3 live birds.	No. 4, 7 live birds.
S Gedney	20212—4	.....	201—2	.....
R Ingersol	10021—3	21022—4	022—2	.....
P Martin	20022—3	02002—2	212—3	.....
H Downs	10022—3	00000—0	...	.....
M Hill	....	02120—3	201—2	.....
E J Pope	....	22102—4	...	.....
J A Budd	....	.....	122—3	2112122—7
R Beck	....	.....	210—2	.....
E B Lyon	....	.....	201—2	.....
W C Lyon	....	.....	020—1	2201202—5
R Tuttle	....	.....	000—0	.....
L E Gamm	....	.....	...	0121010—4
F Field	....	.....	...	102102•—4

Target sweeps were shot as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets: R. Ingersol 8, P. Martin 7, M. Hill 7, E. B. Lyon 6, H. Downs 9.

No. 2. 10 targets: P. Martin 7, R. Ingersol 5, M. Hill 9, H. Downs 10, E. J. Pope 6.

No. 3, 10 targets: P. Martin 8, R. Ingersol 8, M. Hill 9, H. Downs 9, E. J. Pope 10.

No. 4, 10 targets: R. Ingersol 10, P. Martin 8, M. Hill 18, E. B. Lyon 8, H. Downs 7, J. A. Budd 6, F. Field 5, S. Gedney 6, E. J. Pope 7,

No. 5, 10 targets: Ingersol 6, Martin 8, Hill 6, Downs 9.

No. 6, 10 targets: Gedney 5, Hodgins 6, Field 4, Budd 8, Pope 9, Gamm 4, Tracy 4.

No. 7, 10 targets: Gamm 3, Field 4, Hodgins 8. E. J. POPE, Sec'y.

Live Birds at Willard's Park.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 14.—The following scores were made in the club handicap medal races shot this afternoon and in two miss and out sweeps that were shot at the same time and place. Scores:

Club handicap medal shoot, 10 live birds:

Morfey (30)	1222222222—10	Hopper (28)	1121212121—10
George (30)	1112122122—10	Morgan (28)	1121112100— 8
Wright (30)	2221111202— 9	Wolff (28)	2212202201— 8

No. 1, miss and out, $1.00 entrance:		No. 2, same.
Morfey	1220—3	11112112—8
George	220 —2	•
Wright	1221—4	10 —1
Hopper	1220—3	122110 —6
Morgan	10 —1	
Boyle		20 —1
George*		11111120—7

*Re-entry

DUTCHER.

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George*		11111120—7

*Re-entry

DUTCHER.

E. N. Y. League Tournament at Saratoga.

The fifth tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, and the final one of the present year's series, was held at Saratoga, Tuesday, Nov. 13, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. There was a good deal of disappointment felt by the managers that this the winding up event of the season should not draw a better attendance. That so few shooters were present can only be attributed to the financial depression that the brethren of the trap and trigger seem to have felt so severely in this quarter of the State. There has seemed to be no lack of enthusiasm among shooters, for they have been hammering away at the clays on their own home gun club grounds all the season; but when it comes to attending open tournaments, with their heavy drain upon the pocket for entrance fees, etc., it is only a few that can stand the pressure. So it has come to pass that instead of holding twenty successful tournaments on the League circuit, as in 1893, we have just squeezed through with only five fairly well attended events in '94.

At the event of last Tuesday at Saratoga there were a number of the old reliables of the league clubs present, the West End Club of Albany leading in the representation with J. B. Sanders, C. A. Arnold, William Wadsworth and the Forest and Stream correspondent, who had run up on the early morning D. & H. train, and joined a rather cheerful appearing gathering at the shooting lodge in the cold gray atmosphere of one of the dingiest of our lowering November days. Inside the old wigwam there was a grateful warmth diffused by a big stove, performing its mission of thawing out congealed humanity and devouring sawed cordwood. As one after another of the well-known knights of the trigger drifted in, hearty greetings were exchanged with Dr. B. D. Mosher of the Granville (N. Y.) Gun Club, and M. F. Roberts, president of the same club, though he resides in the near by town of Rupert, over the line in Vermont. Another Mosher, surnamed George A., appeared soon afterward, and was received with the warm welcome that is everywhere extended to the popular manager of the Syracuse Arms Co. George had a little bit of a gun with him that was eyed with a great deal of curiosity and not a little suspicion on the part of the "solid gun" men, but, all the same, when it was demonstrated later that the "pea shooter" could perform as well as the "big twelves," Roberts succumbed to its merits, and exchanging therefor some few shekels, lugged the featherweight off to delight the inmost soul of some favorite juvenile kinsman. Of the local experts present Saratoga displayed the best of her many skillful shots in the persons of H. M. Levengston, Jr., Dr. J. E. Pearsall, J. Nelson Ramsdill, J. E. Hodgman, Wm. Hay Bockes and Wm. H. Gibbs. I missed "Wash" Coster, who is away attending the field trials at High Point, N. C., but the distinguished presence of an ex-Congressman gave the necessary *éclat* to the occasion.

It was now 10 o'clock, the time set for opening the shoot; there was no one coming in save an occasional straggler from the village, and Levengston broke out with: "Don't it beat the dev— Dutch, that the league towns don't turn out more shooters? we counted surely on Troy! but 'Uncle Sammy' Goggin and his colleagues are not going to show up. I also expected that Chief Cheney and several of his Mohican braves would swoop down from Glens Falls in their war paint, but as yet no gleam of a tommy-axe has been seen, nor has a single whoop been heard in our land. There's only a few of the old stock left, anyway, so put down the names of the gang on hand and let's get to work."

Thus adjured, your correspondent hastily indited the names of those who wished to enter, and while this was being done, J. H. King, of Saratoga, was chosen referee. Chief trapper John Alsavor marshalled his forces, and pretty soon the battery of five electric traps were speeding the king birds into the motionless air. The steady flight of these five flyers, in the dead calm that prevailed, undoubtedly helped the leaders to make the splendid averages that distinguished the day's shooting. The excellence of their performance can best be judged by a perusal of the detailed scores:

No. 1, 10 singles, $1.30 entry:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Dr Mosher	1111111111—10
Sanders	1111111101— 9	McGinness	1111011111— 9
Arnold	1111111111—10	Roberts	1111111111—10
Wadsworth	1001111111— 8	Mosher	1111001111— 8

No. 2, 10 singles, $1.30 entry:

Levengston	1111111111—10	McGinness	1111111111—10
Sanders	1011111111— 9	Roberts	1111111111—10
Arnold	1111111111—10	Mosher	0111001110— 6
Wadsworth	0111111101— 8	Peters	1111111111—10
Dr Mosher	1111111111—10		

No. 3, 15 singles, unknown angles, $1.95 entry:

Levengston	111111111111111—15	McGinness	101111111111101—13
Sanders	101011111111111—13	Roberts	101111111110111—13
Arnold	111111111111111—15	Mosher	101101111111110—12
Wadsworth	111010111111011—12	Peters	011111101111011—12
Dr Mosher	111111111111111—15		

No. 4, 10 singles, $1.30 entry:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Peters	1111111111—10
Sanders	1111111111—10	Roberts	1111101111— 9
Arnold	1111111110— 9	Mosher	1111111111—10
Wadsworth	1111111001— 8	McGinness	1100111110— 7
Dr Mosher	1101111111— 9	Ramsdill	1110011101— 7

No. 2, 20 singles, unknown angles, $2.60:

Levengst'n	11111111111111111111—20	Roberts	01111111111111111111—19
Sanders	11100010011111111111—15	Mosher	11111111111111111111—20
Arnold	11111111111111111111—20	McGinness	11111101111111110101—17
Wadswo'th	11111111011111101100—16	Ramsdill	01000111111111111111—16
Dr Mosher	00101011111111111110—15	DrPearsall	11111110011101111111—17
Peters	11110111111111111111—19		

No. 2, 10 singles, $1.30 entry:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Roberts	1111111111—10
Sanders	0111111011— 8	Mosher	1100111111— 8
Arnold	1111011111— 9	McGinness	1111111111—10
Wadsworth	0011111111— 8	Ramsdill	1110111111— 9
Dr Mosher	1111111111—10	Dr Pearsall	1111001111— 8
Peters	1111111111—10		

No. 7, 15 singles, $1.50 entry:

Levengston	111111011111111—14	Peters	101111101111111—13
Sanders	111111111111011—14	Roberts	111111111111111—15
Arnold	111111011111111—14	Mosher	111111111111111—15
Wadsworth	110011111111111—13	McGinness	111111111111010—13
Dr Mosher	110111101111111—13	Ramsdill	101111111111111—14

No. 8, 15 singles, unknown angles, $1.95 entry:

Levengston	111111111111111—15	Peters	111111111110111—14
Sanders	101111111101110—12	Roberts	111111111111111—15
Arnold	111111111111101—14	Mosher	110111111111110—13
Wadsworth	110011011111111—10	McGinness	111111111111101—14
Dr Mosher	010111111111111—13	Ramsdill	111111111111001—13

No. 9, 20 singles, $2.60 entry:

Levengst'n	11111111111111111111—20	Peters	01111110111111110111—17
Sanders	11101011101111101011—15	Roberts	11111111111111111110—19
Arnold	11111110111111111011—18	Mosher	10111101111111111111—18
Wadsw'rth	01011011110110111001—13	McGinness	11111111111111011101—18
Dr Mosher	11011111111111101111—18	Ramsdill	11111111111111111011—19

No. 10, 10 singles, unknown angles, $1.30 entry:

Levenston	1011111111— 9	Roberts	1111101111— 9
Sanders	1111111111—10	Mosher	1111110110— 8
Arnold	1111111111—10	McGinness	1110111111— 8
Wadsworth	1100111011— 7	Ramsdill	1111011111— 9
Dr Mosher	1111111001— 8	Dr Pearsall	0111011111— 8
Peters	0101111111— 8		

No. 11, 10 singles, $1.30 entry:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Roberts	1111111111—10
Sanders	1111111111—10	Mosher	1110111011— 8
Arnold	1111111111—10	McGinness	1111111110— 9
Wadsworth	1101111111— 9	Ramsdill	1110101011— 7
Dr Mosher	1111111111—10	Dr Pearsall	1111011010— 7
Peters	1111111111—10		

AWARDS FOR HIGHEST AGGREGATES.

For every bird thrown, one-half cent was donated by the club to form a purse which was divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent and awarded to the contestants making the highest aggregate scores in events Nos. 2 to 11 inclusive. A contestant shooting through the events to qualify for the purse had to shoot at 135 king birds. The names of the winners, their scores and percentages are herewith given: Levengston, Saratoga, 133, 98.5 per cent, won first money; Arnold, Albany, and Roberts, Rupert, Vt., 129, 95.5 per cent, divided second; "Peters," Saratoga, 123, 91.1 per cent, won third; Dr. Mosher, Granville, 121, 89.6 per cent, won fourth; "McGinness," Saratoga, 120, 88.8 per cent, won fifth.

LIVE BIRDS FOR THE WIND UP.

At the termination of the kingbird events, several crates of pigeons were brought on the ground and a live bird sweep was started, 5 birds, $5 entry, the purse divided 60 and 40 per cent. J. Nelson Ramsdill was the choice for referee of the five men who entered the event. The score follows:

Geo Mosher	22111—5	Arnold	1●001—2
Peters	21210—4	Wadsworth	00110—2
Roberts	21011—4		

Then two well known league shooters, Arnold of Albany and Peters of Saratoga began to yearn for the notoriety of appearing in the trap columns of Forest and Stream as the principals in an individual match; they agreed to shoot at 35 birds each for $25 a side, the loser to pay for the birds. Such "yaller" shooting as followed it has seldom been your correspondent's lot to chronicle; these two men, who are rated in the league as at least 85 per cent. shoots, showing as much lack of form with the breechloader as a clam digger would with a cavalry saber. Well might they weep tears of contrition when they look at the appended score:

Peters	1●11211011101111●121110201011111●12—27
Arnold	111●1●111●011010101101012121000020●—20

When the horror engendered by this dreadful exhibition had somewhat abated, four men were found who were not to badly blown to enter the final event of the day, a scrub sweep, 5 birds, $5 a corner, the purse divided 60 and 40 per cent. The score:

Levengston	1●111—4	Peters	10110—3
Wadsworth	10211—4	Arnold	010●1—2

The next gathering of the shooting clans of this region will be at the live bird tournament of the Loudonville Gun Club, Tuesday, Nov. 27.

Horace B. Derby.

Truly Championship Form.

The shooting done by George Work at the Gun Club grounds, Hollywood, N. J., during the afternoon of Tuesday, Nov. 13, was something remarkable. The Hollywood grounds are proverbially fast; probably they're the fastest in the country. It is a rarity also to have a weak bird at Hollywood. On the day in question all were good birds save one or two, while the first 100 trapped were extraordinary birds. Add to the quality of the birds the brisk southwest wind that made the 21yds. boundary extremely small for left-quarterers, and Geo. Work's total for the afternoon of 111 kills out of 121 birds shot at is truly championship form. It is safe to say that had he quickened his time in his first 30 birds in the match, and shot at them in the same time he did his last 70, the score he might have made would have been phenomenal under the existing circumstances. Thompson, on the other hand, shot in good time until well on in his first 25. After losing his 18th bird, a straight driver, he seemed to slow up and lose his time almost entirely, bracing up at intervals during the race and knocking down every bird that came to him. During his run of 28 out of 30, between his 43d and his 72d birds, he did some work as brilliant as any put up by his opponent. His total of 10 dead out of bounds could have been reduced to at least 6, and his score of kills increased to 86 by more rapid work with his second barrel on four birds. On an inclosed ground, fence boundary, probably 9 out of the joint total of 14 dead out of bounds would have been scored as good birds.

It is noticeable that whereas George Work is credited with only 29 first barrel kills, Thompson has but 6 in his score. The reason is not far to seek. The boundary at Hollywood is marked by a 2-foot strip of wire netting; the wind was blowing briskly; it was, therefore, unsafe to run any chances with birds that had any kick left in them. Hence second barrels for safety was the order of the day. Work used his second barrel for safety 32 times, Thompson 38 times. The above figures conclusively prove the superiority on this occasion of Work's first barrel over Thompson's; Thompson's slower time was undoubtedly the cause of this in a great measure. It is only fair to the loser to state that he was shooting a gun not his own, although it was a gun of his own chosing for this match; it was the weapon which Capt. Money handles so effectively at live birds. After missing his 87th bird, the match being lost beyond all possibility of recapture, he took Fred Hoey's gun and knocked the spots off the next 12 birds. Both men were shooting E. C. powder in U. M. C. shells.

After killing 22 out of his first 25, and then losing three out of his next four, two dead out of bounds, Work quickened his time considerably. So rapid was his work that it was frequently extremely hard to properly gauge the direction of the dead bird's flight, especially if they went out against the wind like English snipe. The benefit of this change of time showed itself in the result of his succeeding 71 shots, out of which he scored no less than 68 times, one his 95th, being dead out of bounds behind the score. Had the boundary fence been but two inches higher it would have counted as a dead bird; as it was it struck the top strand of the little wire fence very heavily with its breast, falling dead two yards on the wrong side. His 84th bird was a corker. It was a dark blue in color, almost a black, in fact; as soon as the trap was high enough for it to slip out it started south like a golf ball freshly smitten by a golf stick in the hands of John Hoey. Quick as a flash Work was on to it, apparently crumpling it up with his right, following it up with a quick second. That was just what the bird had been looking for. No sooner had it touched the grass than it sprang up again as if made of india rubber, and continued its journey south as if it had merely been playing possum with George Work. Thompson went to the score and had killed his 85th bird before the spectators had fairly closed that portion of their features which had been driven wide open through amazement at the black cyclone's actions. The bird? Where was it? After flying just far enough to see Asbury Park in the distance, it turned and, after circling back over Long Branch, had finally concluded, from its desert-like aspect, that Hollywood was good enough for it, and that George Work was easy. In that conclusion it made a gross blunder, as well as more history for itself. As Work stepped to the score for his 85th bird it came rocketing over from the rear. Turning in his tracks the shooter doubled it up with his right, making a Philadelphia squab out of a remarkable bird of uncertain age.

To return to the match. The time taken to shoot it was exactly 1 hour and 48 minutes! Commencing at 2;20 P. M., the first 50 were disposed of in 28 minutes, the second series of 50 was shot at in even less time, 26 minutes; the third series took 27 minutes, the closing series being shot in just the same time, the match being over at 4:08 P. M., with Work in the lead by 9 birds. According to the conditions of the match, Thompson now has to buy Work a bicycle and pay for the 200 birds as well. Another item of interest is the flight of the pigeons. In a match with such a score as this under the conditions (21yds. boundary) almost anybody would be justified in saying, "They must have been a slow lot of birds." As a matter of fact they were of a class very seldom seen on this side of the water. Those present at the match who had shot English bluerocks at Hurlingham and the Gun Club were of the opinion that there was but little to choose between them and the English bird, that is, among the first 100 trapped. A glance at the flight of that 100 birds will show that but 7 showed any incoming qualities. In the last 100 there were 21 with incoming tendencies, Thompson drawing 7 in his third 25, Work having 9 in his last quarter of a century. Curiously enough the 28 birds in question were evenly divided between the two shooters, each having 14. As to color, it would have been a hard matter to make a decent white dress for any naked bird that might have wanted one; it would have been decollete at that. They were a fine lot of small blue birds.

The match attracted quite a small gathering of spectators considering the deserted condition of Hollywood and its neighbor, Long Branch, where horses are busily engaged cropping the late fall herbage that decks the lawns of the principal residences of that summer resort. Several ladies graced the club house during the progress of the match. Among the gentlemen present were John Hoey, who, of course, acted as referee, Fred Hoey, Capt. Money, P. Daly, Jr., Mr. Leigh, of London, England; Mr. Wallack, official scorer of the club, etc. Details of the score are as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

L S Thompson..2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 0 1 2 ● ● 2—20
2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 ● ● ● ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—20
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—22
2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 ● 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0—20—82

George Work..2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 2—22
● 0 1 ● 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1—21
2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2—25
2 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 ● 1 2 2 1 1—23—91

Dead out of bounds, Work 4, Thompson 10.

After the conclusion of the race, it being yet early, a miss and out $5 entrance was started, this had six entries, Work and Fred Hoey dividing on the sixth round. No. 2 was a precisely similar event, with this difference, however, that Capt. Money divided with Geo. Work after each had killed 6 straight. No. 3, another of the same kind, was of short duration, the same two shooters dividing the pot after the third round. No. 4, another of the same, had only four entries, Fred Hoey, Capt Money, Thompson and Work. Money and Work missed their first birds, but were permitted to re-enter after handing over another "five spot;" Work won with five straight. Scores:

	No. 1, miss and out, $5.	No. 2, same.	No. 3, same.	No. 4, same.
Fred Hoey, 30	222222—6	20 —1	● —1	2212●—4
Capt Money, 30	2120 —3	121122—6	221—3	0 —0
L S Thompson, 30	22221●—5	222220—5	22●—2	20 —1
P Daly, Jr., 28	● —0	0 —0	0 —0	.....
Leigh, 28	0 —0	0 —0	0 —0	.....
Geo Work, 30	112111—6	111122—6	122—3	0 —0
*Money	.....	......	...	1122●—4
*Work	.....	......	...	22221—5

*Re-entries.

Climax Club's Scores.

The Climax Club held its regular shoot on Thursday, Nov. 15. Thirteen members took part in the club point handicap for prizes. The handicap is one of targets, the limit man in the contest given below being allowed 10 targets, shooting at 35 to the scratch man's 25. The conditions of the contest are of a character calculated to bring out the shooting members of a club. To win a prize a shooter must compete in the majority of the regular club handicaps each season. The shooter scoring the greatest number of points at the end of a season takes first prize, and so on in rotation. Points are scored as follows: For each score of 21 one point is scored; 22 counts two points, 23 three, 24 four, and 25 counts five; that's the limit; no man can score more than five points in any one shoot, whether he breaks 26 targets or more while shooting his string. Of course, those who attend the greatest number of shoots stand the best chances of coming out near the top at the end of the season. Result: increased interest and a good atendance. On Thursday last the strong southwest wind made the targets somewhat erratic. They "dipped" out of the load many times. The background, too, although the day was bright and clear, was none of the best, the timber in front of the traps spoiling any chance of a sky line. "Dutchy" Smith, T. H. Keller and Brantingham were the scratch men, Swody the limit man; when it is seen that the three scratch men scored but 60 out of 75, the statement that the shooting was difficult needs no other backing. Small sweeps and private races were also shot, as well as a race at live birds, each man paying for his own birds. All target events were at unknown angles. In the Brantingham-Edwards match at doubles, both used Van Dyke's Winchester for the first 5 pairs. Brantingham then returned to his own gun, Edwards using Darby's gun as in the match with Van Dyke.

Club handicap, 25 empires, unknown angles, handicap allowances:

Keller (scratch)	0111011101111110111101100	—18
Smith (scratch)	1011111111011011111111110	—21
Brantingham (scratch)	1011101111011111011111111	—21
D Terry (2)	101110101010110010111111111	—19
Manning (4)	01010011111111001111111010111	—21
Scott (3)	0011101100111101111011011101	—19
Goodman (5)	001100110011110101111111110010	—19
D Darby (5)	111111110111111111111010110111	—26
W Williams (4)	011100000001011000010001101000	—10
J Zeglio (8)	1111110111011111101011011011001111	—25
W Terry (5)	111111111101111011111010100110	—23
Squire (5)	111101111111111111101011011111	—26
Swody (10)	01110110111111110110101101111000111	—25
*Edwards	0110000111010110011001110	—13
*F Van Dyke	1111011010111111010111111	—20

*Not members.

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles:

Keller	1101111111—9	Manning	1111110011—8
Van Dyke	1111011110—8	Swody	1110111000—6
Smith	0110101111—7	Edwards	1101100111—7
Brantingham	1011011110—7	Pearson	0101000111—5
J Zeglio	0111011110—7	Darby	1011111101—8
Soper	0111111111—9		

	No. 2, 10 targets:	No. 3, 10 targets:
Keller	1111111111—10	1001110110— 6
Smith	1110101111— 8	1111111111—10
Brantingham	1111111110— 9	1111011111— 9
Manning	0111001110— 6	1011101111— 8
Van Dyke	0110111111— 8	1111111111—10
Darby	1111111111—10	1111111111—10
Edwards	1010010100— 4	1101111111— 9
Swody	1010101000— 4	
W Terry	1111111111—10	1111011011— 8
Williams	1101110011— 7	
D Terry		1111111111—10

Match, 5 pairs, price of targets: Ties:

Van Dyke	10	11	11	10	10—7—	10	10	10—3
Edwards	10	11	10	11	10—7—	10	10	11—4

Match, 5 pairs, price of targets: Ties:

Brantingham	00	10	00	11	00—3—	11	11	00—4
Edwards	11	00	00	10	00—3—	11	11	11—6

Live birds:

Benner	●2100—2	Darby	02110—3
Swody	2011●—3	S Terry	02220—3
"Dutchy"	10121—4	Van Dyke	10222—4
Keller	02212—4		

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

There has just come from the Forest and Stream press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. S. S., Stratford, Ont.—Deer shed their horns every year. The horns are shed completely. The time of shedding runs from December to March.

P. N. S.—Write to the United States Fish Commission, Washington.

Remlap, Pottsvile, Pa.—What difference in velocity and penetration would changing a shot charge from 1⅛oz. to 1⅛oz. make, 10-gauge gun, 4drs. powder? Ans. The velocity and penetration would be lessened. We have no figures as to the exact decrease of velocity, but should say roughly it would be in the neighborhood of 40ft. per second.

G. D. B.—What do you consider the best caliber for an "all around" rifle to be used for most everything? Is a .32cal. rifle large enough for Adirondack deer? Ans. In our opinion there is no satisfactory "all round" rifle. A .32cal. rifle will kill deer, but not so cleanly and quickly as one of larger bore. For deer or large game we would advise the largest bore that can be used consistently with the comfort of the hunter.

J. G. H., Manitou, Col.—I notice on page 348 of the Forest and Stream of Oct. 20 issue, an article headed "Killing Power of the New .30cal. Military Rifle." Can you tell me where they are for sale or who to correspond with regarding them? Ans. The new U. S. .30cal. military rifle is not for sale, and other military .30's cannot at present be bought in this country (except possibly of Hartley & Graham, New York). You can, however, get a .30cal. single shot rifle for this cartridge from the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven.

J. B., West Park, N. Y.—1. What kind of a duck is it that weighs about a pound and a half, has a very short neck, a very dark brown back, a gray breast, and two light spots on its head (one above and back of the eye, the other just in front of the eye)? 2. In reloading shells should the powder (Hazard's ducking) be pressed much? 3. It is commonly believed that the ducks go from the Hudson to the near ponds to roost; is this true? 4. Would ducks alight by decoys placed near a brush covered boat used as a blind, in open water? Ans. 1. Probably a female of one of the surf ducks or coots. 2. Sufficient pressure to seat the wad firmly is all that is necessary. 3. We do not know. 4. They would not be likely to do so. Your boat should be concealed near shore. The law forbids placing bough-houses beyond 50ft. from shore.

Hoofs, Claws and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains.

Under this title Mr. Frank S. Thayer, of Denver, Col., publishes a volume of half-tone reproductions of photographs of wild game. Most of the photographs were made by Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wallihan, of Glenwood Springs, Col. The Wallihan subjects comprise deer, elk, antelope and cougar. There are also reproductions from photographs by unnamed persons of beaver, wildcat coyote, bear, buffalo, jack rabbit, mountain sheep, mountain goat, sage hens, prairie dogs; and a rattlesnake coiled to strike, which we recognize as the work of Mr. A. S. Bennet, of Axial, Col. The plates have been enlarged to 7×8 prints on a page 10×12; and the thirty-six pictures make up a handsome and interesting volume, to which Hon. Theodore Roosevelt contributes a prefatory note. The work done by Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan shows some of the happiest triumphs of photographing game in its native haunts; and the collection has decided value for the true pictures it affords of Western wild life. The enlargement of the plates has involved much touching up, which necessarily detracts from the effect of genuineness; and some of the plates by other photographers strike us as open to doubt as to their genuineness. Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan deserve much credit for their skill and perseverance in securing these pictures; we trust that they may be rewarded abundantly by the appreciative reception sure to be extended to the volume. The price is $5.

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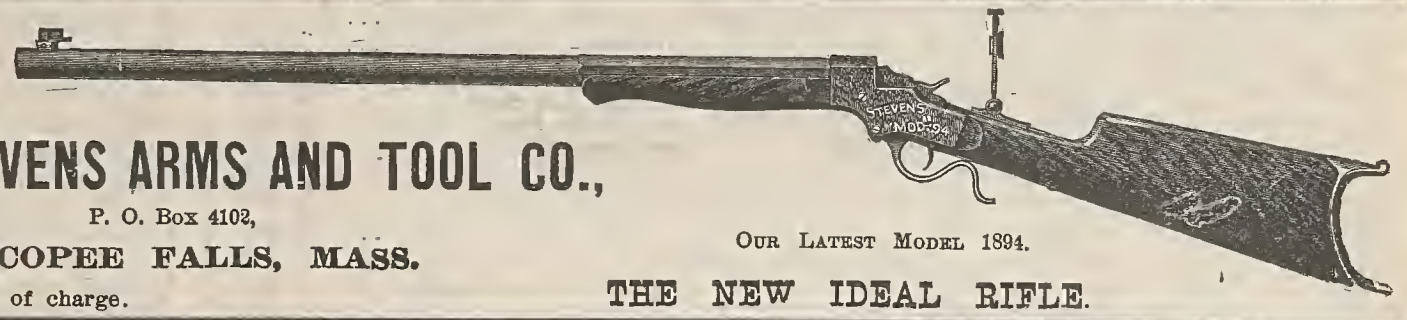

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VOL. XLIII.—No. 22. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

CONTENTS.

Editorial.
Control of Trap Shooting.
Centerboard and Keel.
Snap Shots.

The Sportsman Tourist.
Love's Eyes.
After "Little Divin' Fowl."
The Florida Cowboy.

Natural History.
Foxes Climb Florida Pines.
Lassoed Moose.
The Lord of the Glen.

Game Bag and Gun.
Chicago and the West.
A Jolly Time in North Carolina.
In New Jersey Covers.
Why Heavy Charges?
Thanksgiving in the Woods.
South Dakota Goose Shooting.
In Maine Woods.

Sea and River Fishing.
Autumnal Musings
"Red Trout," Kennerley's Salmon.
Angling Notes.
Pleasant Pond Landlocked Salmon.
Proposed Minnesota Association

The Kennel.
Eastern Field Trials.
National Fox Hunters' Association Meet.
U. S. F. T. Derby Entries.
Manitoba Field Trial Club.
Dog Chat.

Yachting.
The Dunraven Letter.
The Centerboard.
A Fast Model Yacht.
Small British Racing Craft.
An International Measurement System.
Yachting News Notes.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Cincinnati Rifles.
Zettler Rifle Club.
Gallery Tournament.
Rifle Notes.

Trap Shooting.
Effect of Wadding Material upon Performance of Shotguns.
New Utrecht Gun Club Scores.
After the Ball.
Morfey—Batsch.
The Interstate's Review.
Work Won the Cup.
Drivers and Twisters.

Answers to Queries.

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CONTROL OF TRAP-SHOOTING.

IN a report of a shooting match in our trap columns last week it was stated that one of the participants had purposely missed certain of his birds in order that he might make a lower score than he would have made if he had shot honestly; and it was alleged that his object in resorting to this trickery was to win money from some of his friends. The person thus accused sends us a note, which is printed elsewhere to-day, in which he resents the charge of having betrayed his friends, and ingenuously asserts that he lowered his score in order to protect those friends in their betting. That he did purposely miss the birds he acknowledges, but defends this on the plea of it having been done with good intent. From all of which it appears that when this particular individual is engaged in a trap-shooting match the affair is not a straight and square competition of skill between sportsmen, but is an underhanded manipulation of the score for the plucking of unsuspecting outsiders. In short, it is crookedness, and crookedness of a piece with marked cards, loaded dice, fixed rowing races, and such like tricks and devices resorted to by schemers and sharpers.

Now it goes without saying that the honest sportsman does not want this sort of business in trap-shooting; and what is more, he will not have it. If trap-shooting cannot be kept clean, so that one may take part in it without feeling that he is participating in an industry of gamblers, he will say good-bye to trap-shooting and leave it to the professional tricksters. The FOREST AND STREAM proposes to report upon, expose and denounce every instance of crooked work at the trap, when detected among shooters who are not known to be manipulators of their scores and at trap events where only honest sportsmen are supposed to be present. There is of course a certain grade of trap-shooting with which we do not concern ourselves, for it has no recognized place among decent people and does not come within the scope of a sportsman's journal.

This case of the Morfey-Batsch match is one example of numerous trap shooting occurrences which should come under the notice of some constituted authority empowered to deal with them as they deserve. We need in trap-shooting some court of appeal or board of review, such as controls almost every other branch of amateur sport. There is for rowing the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, for trotting the National Trotting Associatian, for kennel interests the American Kennel Club and for canoeing the American Canoe Association. Each of these constitutes a court before whom charges may be made respecting the unsportsmanlike conduct of individuals or clubs. The court takes the evidence, considers the case, finds the verdict and imposes the penalty. There should be just such a court for trap-shooting, and the time has come for its provision. Trap-shooting has suffered seriously already from the doings of old offenders in this line; the very fact that there has been no recognized authority to deal with abuses has given immunity to men of devious ways, and because not brought up with a turn they have grown bolder, until the public patience has been exhausted. When one comes to think of it, what a commentary it is upon the license of crooked trap-shooters when a man comes out, as in this case, and defends himself for dropping his birds on the ground that it was to help his friends win money.

FOREST AND STREAM'S scheme is something on this order: Let an organization be formed by some of the leading gun clubs and associations, and the membership of all other gun clubs and shooting associations be solicited. Out of that organization choose a judicial board of examiners to whom all complaints shall be referred. The membership fee to such an organization might be merely nominal; enough to pay the expenses necessarily attending the duties of the board and the officers of the association. All good and solid organizations which have the interests of trap-shooting at heart would join it. Let the board rule off, suspend or permanently disbar from all tournaments held by any gun club that is a member of that organization, any shooter found guilty of crooked work.

That is the scheme. Why would it not work to the advantage and purification and upbuilding of trap-shooting?

CENTERBOARD AND KEEL.

WITHIN the past ten days the centerboard, after its recent sudden and mysterious disappearance, has, so to speak, come to the surface again, and furnished a lively topic of discussion. First Mr. Lewis J. Nixon, naval constructor of the Cramp Co., has denounced the centerboard as an unscientific and unjustifiable makeshift; then Mr. A. Cary Smith, the noted yacht designer, comes forward with a tribute to the excellent seagoing powers of the new keel-ballast-board type represented by Vigilant and Navahoe; and finally comes a report from London that Lord Dunraven and Mr. Watson are at serious odds as to the question of a centerboard in the next challenger, the former contending for the board and the latter for the keel alone.

The important question of the value of the centerboard, whether light or loaded, in a racing yacht of over 80ft. has not yet been discussed from a purely technical standpoint, and in a broad and unprejudiced manner, the parties on either side contenting themselves with superficial deductions from a few selected facts.

The positive good qualities of the deep centerboard type of recent years, represented by Iroquois, Lasca and Volunteer, have been established beyond dispute; but where racing is the sole consideration, the type must give way to modern forms. A moment's consideration will show that in the only class in which the type is represented, the schooners of 80 to 90ft., a *carte blanche* order to the Herreshoffs for an up-to-date racer would outclass Emerald and Ariel in one season. So far as mere speed and racing is concerned, the type would disappear as completely in the 80ft. class as it has in the 30, 40 and 46ft.

When the discussion is limited strictly to speed, the chief argument for the centerboard, that advanced by Mr. Smith, of the results in all the late Cup races, is a most superficial one. In every race from 1885 to last year the centerboard representative has been the superior of the keel in so many vital points as to destroy the argument that its success proves the superiority of the board in the face of all evidence to the contrary. In adaptability of model to American conditions, in superior power and sail area, in better opportunities for attaining the best racing form, the superiority of Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer and Vigilant over their keel rivals would alone account for their victories; and in no way can these radical differences be ignored and the sole credit given to the centerboard over the keel.

The fairest test yet made of the two types in the large classes was that of Vigilant and Colonia. The two were of similar model, designed and built side by side by the same man, of similar construction and ballasting, with rigs almost identical in size and construction. The same equality maintained in skill of skippers and crew and in the minor details. The points of inequality were all in favor of the centerboard boat, a Tobin bronze instead of a steel bottom, a heavier crew further out to windward, a special steam tender to carry the "cruising trim," and above all, the careful working up at the hands of the designer. Added to these was the vital fact that while Vigilant, drawing at least 13ft. without her board, was an extreme development of her type; Colonia, with no centerboard, drew only 18in. more, making her lamentably deficient as compared with such standard keel craft as Wasp and Gloriana.

With all these facts in mind, let those who witnessed the bold but hopeless struggle of Colonia say whether it proved the incontestable superiority of the centerboard over the keel, or whether, on the other hand, it was not the best of evidence that Colonia with the depth of keel which her length and model demanded would have been the equal or superior of Vigilant.

Without taking up the performance of Valkyrie, or even that of Britannia this year, we are content to rest the case of the keel type on the positive performances of Kathleen, Minerva, Liris, Wasp and Gloriana in the smaller classes, and in particular on the negative argument of Colonia's defeat by Vigilant in 1893.

SNAP SHOTS.

In the well-told story of his moose of 1894 Mr. L. C. Ivory noted the coincidence that this moose was called and shot at on the same day of the week as that of the year before, at the same time of the day and on almost the same day of the month; that the horns were almost a counterpart of those of last year, and that the story of 1894 was written on the third day of November, the date of the writing of the former one. Now to carry further these curious details comes a letter which a Harrisburg, Pa., correspondent sends to Mr. Ivory setting forth, in brief: "I am not a regular reader of FOREST AND STREAM, but about a year ago I dropped into a news stand and bought a copy of Nov. 4, '93, in which I found your article, 'How I Got My First Moose,' which I have read and reread many times, always enjoying it. Last week I happened to be passing the same stand, and without knowing why, stepped in and bought a copy for Nov. 17, '94, and was more than pleased to find 'Another Moose,' which I read with fully as much interest as I did the first article. I have for nine years been deprived of my usual outing, and it is in such admirably written articles as yours that I find my greatest pleasure, and again live over the days spent in the woods."

The present Legislature of the Province of Quebec will consider the setting apart of a large tract of territory in the Laurentian Mountains for a game park. The reserve will comprise some 2,531 square miles, embracing most of the wild country between the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway on the one side, Lake St. John and Saguenay on the other, the St. Lawrence River from Quebec to Tadousac forming the base of the triangle. The object of the park is to be the preservation of the primeval forest, fish and game, the maintenance of an even water supply and the study and culture of forest trees.

MR. J. Keelas Dodge, of Patchogue, L. I., who died the other day at the age of 83, was accustomed to make much of the fact that he was the only living man on Long Island who had entertained Abraham Lincoln as a guest; and the incident of Lincoln's visit which appeared to have impressed itself most vividly upon his memory was in connection with a gun brought by Lincoln as a present for his host. The gun was loaded up with a tremendous charge and Lincoln "fired it off." The result was a bruise to Lincoln's right arm that afforded material for Mr. Dodge's reminiscent story telling to his dying day.

The Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, gave its twenty-first annual reception and banquet on Thursday evening of last week; and like all that had gone before the occasion was notable for gustatory and social success.

The Sportsman Tomist.

LOVE'S EYES.

I watch the golden eagle's flight
  Up o'er the Rockies' clefted caves,
Now big, now fading from my sight,
  While slow, below the wild grouse laves
  With faltering wing, earth's meadow waves.

And great souls have with wing-tips kissed
  The height that groundlings shrink to dare;
For swinging out above earth's mist,
  Keen visioned, in a purer air,
  They catch a sight of heaven there.

So soaring toward life's mountain heights
  I'd pierce the mists with eager will;
But here in low and fitful flights,
  I lave the prairie field-waves still;
  My breast unswelled, my vision ill.

Yet the wild grouse that laves the lea,
  Speaks out clear-tongued to all who plod,
Ee'n thus, "'Tis all as it should be,'
  As well as though winged Mercury shod,
  I follow out the will of God.

"And though I scale no dizzy cloud,
  Nor trace the gloaming's rainbow, streak,
The mists of earth can ne'er o'er-shroud
  The prairies' grassy nest I seek,
  Nor young that lifts its hungry beak.

"I'll make my quest no bliss-lit land,
  Up o'er the arched fields of blue
My vision seeks the near at hand,
  In my young brood, rib-jostling crew,
  I catch a sight of heaven too."

CLARENCE PINNEO.

AFTER "LITTLE DIVIN' FOWL."

The Second Expedition of the Skipper.

HAVING by the use of something less than a barrel of liniment and some painful but violent exercise, reduced the pain and soreness caused by the expedition after birds with the mule, the Skipper began to look about him again, intent upon going over to St. Helena Island after "little divin' fowl" and a nondescript called "pond chicken," which is very good eating, by the way. A pond of fresh water had been mentioned as lying in those parts, where teal, mallard and the "chickens" abounded, and was described as about 400yds. back from the shore, and easy walking.

The weather was continuously delightful, cool and almost cloudless, and so clear and exhilarating was the air that existence seemed a perfect delight. This was too much for the ardent mind of the Skipper to stand, so he loaded shells with shot Nos. 6 and 8 and rubbed up the old gun, and after a careful examination of the now restored muscles, prepared for action.

On this occasion the party consisted of the Skipper, the Architect and the same original soldier. Orders were given that the steam launch should be ready at six o'clock in the morning, and all hands were called at 5:30. Hot coffee, toast, fruit and enough meat to solidify the repast—and then the members of the expedition lighted their pipes and embarked. Old Bob was taken along on a chain to do the retrieving act, after the surface of the pond should be covered with dead birds. How good the tobacco tasted in the crisp morning twilight! With what looks of pitying condescension the party regarded the houses of the settlement where the rest of humanity was still sleeping the sleep of those who care not for out-of-door sport! What hopes of full bags of fowl placed in that part of the old shooting coat which gives the successful Nimrod the appearance of a hunchback! Well, the brethren of the rod and gun all know how it is themselves, and man's noblest sport and recreation has so many delights connected with it, that it is of no use to recapitulate them for the dear old FOREST AND STREAM, for has not some of the noblest narrative literature of these literary days been spread upon its fair pages?

In the story of the mule expedition I have described the Skipper, the mule and the soldier. On this present trip a new character comes on the scene. The Architect was cut out for a light-weight among the sprinters. He has been too busy these latter years to get much outing, but he still possesses that ardent soul which loves the sport itself, and so he was on hand in great shape, armed with some sort of a magazine gun, single barrel, 10-gauge, warranted to be good for anything from murder down.

With ardent hope and high spirits the party embarked, towing a batteau, and went swiftly down the river with the ebb tide. Soon after the start the soldier seemed to be much troubled. His mind was evidently working on some hard problem. At last out it came. With much slaughter of the vernacular and a plentiful interspersion, so to speak, of blankety-blanks, it seems that he had just discovered that blank, etc., pot-hunter, who had heard of the Skipper's intended trip, had preceded the party by twenty-four hours, and returned laden with great spoil.

The Skipper regarded the Architect steadfastly, and that officer returned the stare. Meanwhile the soldier kept on with his godless litany in several languages, the most of which might be expressed by what is generally known as "anathema marantha," or words to that effect, whatever it may mean. However, the weather was too good and the air too inspiring for men to remain mad long, although I am bound to record that all through the expedition the soldier's face would occassionally harden and his eyes would snap, and fearful mutterings in English and German would issue from his lips. At last, some time before sunrise the party reached the landing place and disembarked in the batteau, leaving the old dog Bob on the chain in the boat, until he should be required. A hard level sand beach to land on and a little flock of shore birds rendered up six to the Skipper's gun, and were placed in the big pocket as a nest egg. Then clambering up the bank the "easy walking, 400yds." was encountered. No accurate measurements were taken, but the Skipper asserts emphatically that it was about a mile going to the pond and about two miles coming back.

When the omnipresent Southern darky cultivates the succulent sweet potato on these Sea Islands, he divides the land into ranges of mountains and deep valleys. The ranges of mountains contain the potatoes and the valleys contain pitfalls, tangled briers, rattlesnakes, water-moccasins and oath-producing things too numerous to mention. Traveling over them is somewhat desultory, but the Skipper asserts that while the Architect was gaily skimming over the ground like a swallow, he himself was pitching and plunging like a Dutch galliot in the North Sea or an unhappy Democrat after the recent fraternal contest at the polls. This peculiar agriculture also has another effect upon men of obese tendencies. It takes about 200yds. of lineal distance and stretches it into about two miles of crooked distance. After floundering along about a mile, seemingly, the soldier pointed off to the left, and at the distance of about half a mile, showed a bushy puddle which he called a pond. Cautioned not to talk but to approach as noiselessly as possible, the Skipper breathing heavily, crawled up behind some bushes and with a snap shot killed a "chicken."

Then the party distributed itself about the pond and in hidden stands waited. The gentle pond chickens are heard in the bushes calling to each other and splashing about. The Architect from a small grass island was heard, like the enemy at the burial of Sir John Moore—"sullenly firing." The soldier crept about in the high grass, playing the changes on his "cuss" tune. The Skipper had brought a box to sit on, and patiently waited for the game to swim within range, meanwhile chewing the fragrant "cud" of pepsin gum. The sun mounted slowly in the east, but no "little divin' fowl" flew in, and the passing hours seemed freighted with monotony. Was this sport? Yes, for the Skipper had recovered his lost wind, the face of nature was like a picture, the glorious air of the advancing morning was health and life giving, and faith taught the elastic spirits of the party that if no birds were there that morning, they having been potted and frightened away by the previous and impious pot-hunter, yet in the fullness of time other birds would come, other days would follow; so with swelling hearts and fervent hopes they all took a drink, and affirmed that it was not a very good day for birds anyhow.

Old Bob swam into the mudhole and brought out the birds, one for the Skipper and two for the Architect, and the party in Indian file started for the beach. The ground seemed more like a permanent earthquake on the return than it did in going. Irreverent negroes chuckled at the ponderous flounderings of the Skipper. Old Bob filled his paws with burrs and howled dismally. At last the beach was reached and embarking in the waiting launch, the party started for home.

While thoughtfully smoking on the return trip the Architect suddenly removed his pipe from his mouth and asked, "What day is this, anyhow? "November sixth, by Jupiter." Election Day! All the Democratic birds were paralyzed, and like the Tammany tiger, had no use for two good Republicans like the Skipper and the Architect. That settled it. It was not a good day for birds in an exclusively Democratic State. Undoubtedly in North Carolina and some other States the sportsmen would have done better.

The chicken and little beach birds were good eating, but the next trip of the Skipper will probably be fishing for sea bass. I will try to send to the FOREST AND STREAM a full account of the voyage. C. H. ROCKWELL.

THE FLORIDA COWBOY.

I DO not remember ever to have seen a reference to him in print, yet he is a forceful and picturesque character in his chosen home—the wide savannas and endless reaches of piny woods that form the southern portion of the peninsula of Florida.

His avocation from youth to age is to care for the vast herds of catttle and droves of hogs that roam over that region. We found him an interesting figure, differing in some respects from his Western cousin, in other things very much like him.

An introduction to him at close range occurrod one February day as we were returning from rifling a bee tree on the banks of Bowlegs Creek, an affluent of the Peace River.

Across a "deadenin" (*i. e.*, large open space in the piny woods) appeared the figure of a man on horseback rounding up a herd of cattle which had evinced an inclination to stray off the range. The crack of his long whip and his musical cry of "Oooe, ooe, ooe, oooooe!" came pleasantly across the interval. Catching sight of us, he left his employment and came riding toward us, his tough little pony falling into the lope—a cross between a walk and a trot—which is their only gait, and which will carry their riders over fifty miles in a day with scarcely a halt. I made a mental photograph of his trappings as he rode up.

His head covering was a slate-colored sombrero with very wide brim. He wore a gray woolen shirt with red stripes, homespun butternut-colored breeches, and heavy cowhide brogans armed with cruel-looking spurs. He carried saddlebags—filled, as I conjectured, with provisions—a pair of blankets in a roll behind, and balanced on his pommel a light Marlin rifle; attached to his saddle leather was a short-handled whip with a rawhide lash nearly twenty feet long; the latter, together with their peculiar cry, being their only dependence in rounding up or controlling their cattle. The man was short and muscular, with an open, pleasant countenance, so far as appeared through many weeks' growth of beard, and, as we discovered later, was the son of one of the largest owners on the range.

"Mornin'," said he, as he rode up.

"Good morning," we responded. "What's new over around Bassenger?" he continued, throwing himself into an easy attitude, one leg over his horse's neck and the other crossed upon it. "Bassenger," said we, "how should we know; we're from the hotel. "At the Park?" said he. "I allow I oughter knowed as much, but we get so suspicious out here on the range that when we see a stranger we want ter know all about him." We were equally curious about him, and plied him with questions about his peculiar craft and life, which he readily answered. At last he set off toward the hotel, and as we drew near we met him driving a sow and her brood of twelve which had been troubling the hotel people for some days back, to their wilderness home.

Another day, in response to a cordial invitation, we drove out several miles to dine with the father of this young man, one of the lords of the country. His house was one of the best to be found in this section—two stories in height with upper and lower galleries, and cool, wide halls opening upon the former at either end. Honey suckle, Cherokee roses, and other climbing plants quite covered the structure with bloom and greenery, and as it stood at the head of a gentle slope just where the piney woods gave place to the broad prairies of the Okeechobee country, the piazzas commanded a wide, and to our mind a novel and beautiful view. On the south lay an illimitable prairie covered with coarse grass but treeless; nearer us were round and oval-shaped islands of pines like outposts of the forest in its march upon the plain; back of us the serried ranks of yellow pine, a dead wall of green, yet as one approached showing long-drawn aisles and open cathedral-like spaces. The Major received us kindly, and after a substantial dinner, a smoke on the leaf-hung balcony, and a saunter through his fine orchard of 40-year-old seedling orange, lemon and grape fruit trees, invited us to go for a ride over the range.

"I am sorry I can't show you a round up," he remarked, as we mounted, "but they only take place in the spring when the flies have driven the stock out of the woods into the open plain. I can show you the pens, however, and give you some idea of the manner of conducting the business.

"Florida is not generally regarded as a stock raising country," he continued, "yet there are nearly 500,000 head of cattle roaming over these vast savannas, besides thousands of hogs, and a lesser number of sheep. Before the war our market was Cuba almost exclusively; now we ship to Jacksonville. The grasses of Florida are not so fine and nutritious as those of the West, but then we have neither cold nor blizzards to guard against. The land is owned almost entirely by large holders, the National or State governments, railway and canal coporations under grant of the State, with a few cattle kings. By law and by immemorial usage uninclosed land is open to the use of all, so that the only way an owner can enjoy exclusive possession is to fence it. These great tracts of common land are the opportunity of the stockman. He has only to turn a parent herd of cattle loose on the prairie and grow rich on the increase; theoretically, that is. Practically the herds are subject to certain dangers which materially lessen the stockmen's profits. One of them is the attacks of wild beasts, another is the tendency of the cattle to get mired in the water holes, "cut throats" we call them, where they go to drink and which abound hereabouts. But here are our corrals."

A long lane formed by two post and rail fences led up to a large pen of perhaps half an acre in area, on one side of which was a gate opening into a much smaller pen.

"In the spring, as I said," continued my friend, "the cattle bunch on the prairie and are then driven into this pen, the young calves are branded and all turned loose again. The process requires several days' hard riding in order to get the herds of one owner together, and those of other owners excluded, and the scene at the corrals with a score or more of cowboys sorting out the increase and getting them into the inner pen for branding is an animated one. At night the camp-fires flare up and the weary stockmen stretch themselves to rest with no covering but the sky."

Later in the season it was our fortune to share the fire and sod bed of a camp of cowboys.

"Do the cattle ever turn on you?" I asked a veteran who favored me with some reminiscences.

"I never had one but once," he replied; "that was soon after the war, when there were a number of old and savage bulls on the range. You see in ordinary times we aim to sell the bulls off before they get old and ugly, but during the war they were left to themselves. A party of us camped one night on government land in the saw-grass region, below Okeechobee. As night fell I heard an old bull bellowing off to south'ard and said to my partner, 'If he smells us he'll charge us sure.' He laughed, said he 'lowed not, and went to sleep. An hour after that bull with an awful bellow charged dead on the camp. Everybody but me was took panicky and ran for the trees. I cut my horse's halter and tethered him close alongside, jumped to saddle and spurred toward the bull. He charged me, but I dropped him easily with a ball from my Marlin, the boys came down from the trees and we all went to sleep again. The bull steaks next mornin' fur breakfast was pretty tough, though "

"Do the alligators trouble you much?" I asked, seeing that the old fellow was in a reminiscent mood—as a rule the cowboy is not talkative.

"It is rare that a 'gator will attack a full grown critter," he replied, "but they'll seize calves and yearlings, and they are just naturally death on hogs, likewise on dogs. They lie in wait for hogs in the cut-throats, and when the poor brutes comes to drink, swish comes their powerful tail, knocking the beast into the water where their jaws close on 'em in a twinkling. As to dogs, you can't get a Florida bred dog to go into the water for love or money.

"I saw a fight onct to the death, between our old bull and a 'gator It was on Peace River, years ago when that stream was the paradise of 'gators. The 'gator caught the bull by the nose as he went down to drink, and there was a powerful scrimmage there for a few minutes. The 'gator though had the aid of his friends and relations, a score of whom were lying in wait for a dinner. One of them brought his tail around with a blow that swept the bull into the water with every leg broken, and after that he was only a feast for the hungry varmints."

Florida cowboys have few pleasures—"bear drives," shooting matches, horse racing and dancing parties are the principal ones. The two last named are the favorites. The colony of Englishmen who have settled in and about Fort Meade have a race track near that village, and every fall give a several days' racing tournament at which the rules and conditions of the great English race tracks obtain. It is open to all; the cowboys attend in force, and as saddle horses only are admitted they not unfrequently carry off the honors.

The dance is the favorite and only form of social amusement. It is not unusual for the beaux and belles to ride twenty miles through the forest to engage in it. The square dance is the only one practiced, and I was surprised to find that the order of the dance and directions of the master were almost identical with those witnessed among the mountaineers of the Adirondacks.

Much corn whisky flows at these gatherings, and they not unfrequently end in a free fight.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

Natural History.

FLORIDA FOXES CLIMB PINES.

THE query "Do foxes climb trees?" has been asked many times, and as often answered in the positive. Still there are some people who are incredulous. The reason is that in their part of the country (and they've probably never hunted anywhere else) foxes prefer to go to ground or take refuge in rocks when hard pressed rather than roost in trees. In my opinion, there is one good reason why they don't climb trees in the North or in the central States, and that is because they can't do it. In those parts referred to the fox travels over a great deal of ground, in many places rocky and mountainous. He also does a certain amount of digging on his own account when he wants ground moles, young rabbits under a tree stump, etc. All this work and this walking keep his claws comparatively well worn down; hence the difficulty of climbing a straight tree, even when it could be grasped. Another thing, too; when a fox can get into a good hole or among rocks, he is pretty well safe from hounds or hunters. In a tree he'd be an easy mark for even a boy with a rock.

In the Florida peninsula it's different altogether. The Florida gray fox has the agility and capabilities of any old tomcat. Give him a young pine of 8 or 10in. in diameter, and the fact that there's not a branch on it for 30ft. or more won't bother him a particle if the hounds are pressing him. He just "trees" and calmly waits to be "chunked" out of the pine; lightwood knots, judging from the way Joe Durrance, of Fort Meade, Florida, can throw them, are all that are necessary in the way of missiles. There are two reasons why foxes tree in Florida in preference to going under ground. One reason I think is because they have abnormally long claws which are due to the nature of the soil, which is sandy, and to the fact that they have to do very little, if any, digging to get their suppers. In the next place, water is so near the surface that it is almost impossible to go any depth without finding moisture, hence what holes any animals may dig are generally comparatively shallow and therefore unsafe. So that the only avenues of escape for a hard pressed fox are to hole up in a spot from which a good mattock can nearly always dislodge him with only a small outlay of manual labor; or to climb a tree where he believes he will be safer; the hounds can't scratch him out anyway. When a fox wants to go to ground he chooses a good-sized gopher hole. Be it known that Florida "gophers" are not the gophers of the West; neither do they bear any resemblance to those animals. A gopher in Florida is a common tortoise; there are plenty of them too, and for some reason best known to themselves, setters and pointers will make game on them in a way that raises a hunter's spirits only to dash them down again.

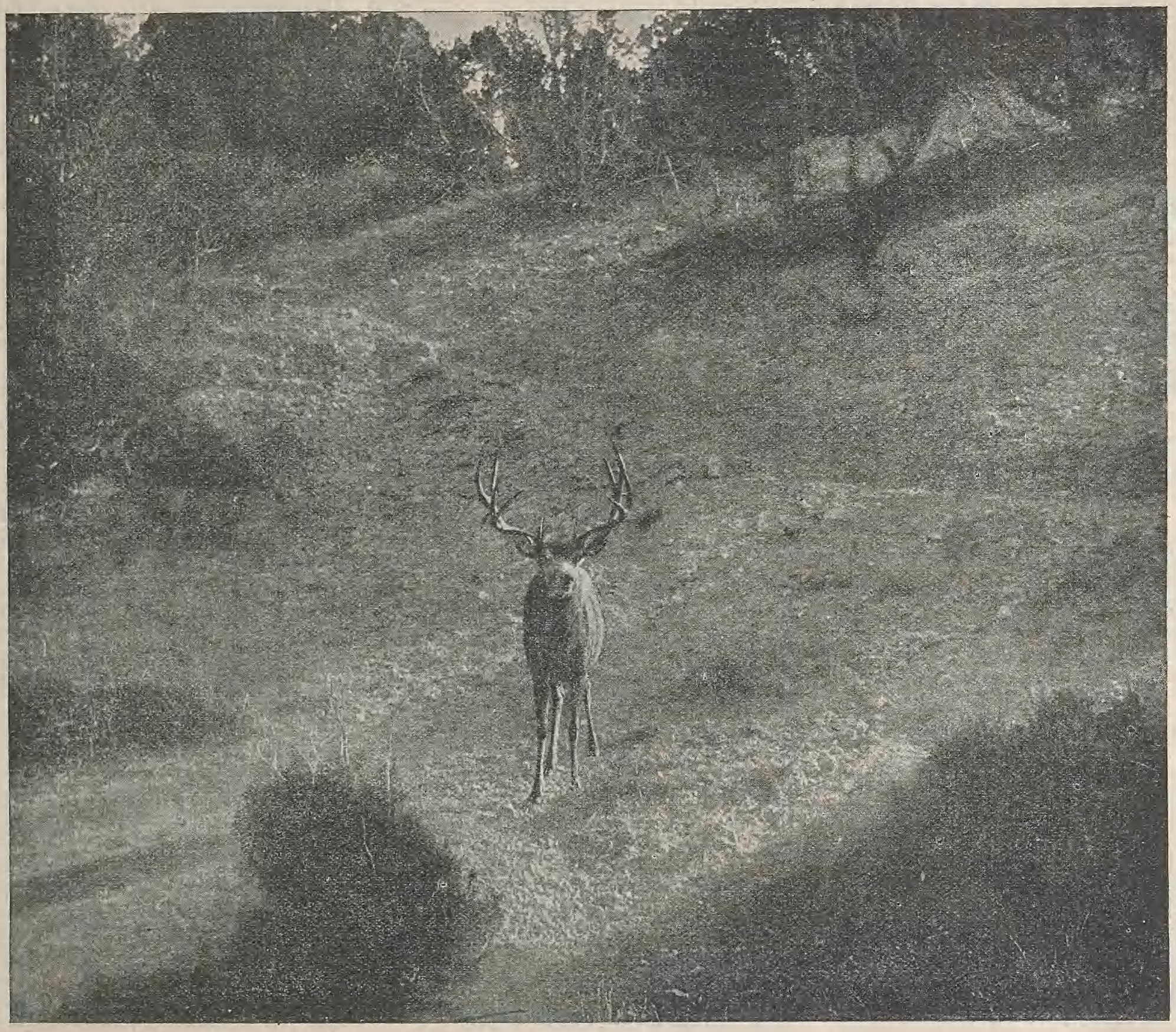
Last winter I spent a few weeks in the vicinity of Fort Meade with my brother, who has lived there some seven years. He knows every inch of the country for miles around, is as keen on any kind of sport as I am, and has a few hounds that hunt anything except rabbits and gophers. It was during my stay with him that I was first introduced to a fox up a tree. We hunted and killed foxes by moonlight, starlight, at daybreak, and once killed one in the middle of the day. We never came home empty-handed, Fred's hounds were too good for that; once a trail was struck it was dollars to doughnuts the fox would be jumped; once jumped, it was tree or hole. Possibly they lose a fox sometimes; they never did when I was out. His pack consisted of but four, old Smiler, Spring, Harlequin and Solomon, the last a great dog but headstrong as old Harry. When I knew Smiler he had seen his best days after foxes; he was getting old and the younger hounds would run away from him in a long chase. This didn't please the old dog; when he wanted to rest he'd stop and bay up a tree; as a rule the other hounds would believe him and would fly to him and assist in raising a disturbance at the foot of a pine that no fox could climb. When my brother would get to them it would be a case of "hark forward," with a sound rating thrown in. The delay would cause slow running for a while, but on every occasion that I was out the result was entirely satisfactory. We killed six foxes altogether, four of them "treed," one went to ground in a gopher hole near a cracker's house and was soon (we were told) dug out by the cracker and his son, the sixth was run into by the hounds on a road during the hunt by starlight, and was not found till next morning, the hounds having left the fox after killing it and refusing to show us where it was. As a matter of fact we were actually within a short distance of it at one time. The dim light of the stars in a great measure prevents anything like riding to hounds through the pine lands; it's a case of knowing the country and "nicking in" on such occasions. That night Solomon preferred to run a fox by himself to joining his three companions; this bothered us a little at the start, as we scarcely knew what to make of it. Smiler, Spring and Harlequin killed theirs after a long run, leaving him as above stated. Solomon pushed his fox so hard that it had to hole up, meeting its death at the hands of the aforementioned cracker and his son.

A dash of forty minutes through the pine forests after a flying pack on a moonlight night is the most exhilarating thing I know. It sounds like reckless work and probably is, but with a good horse under me, I'd sooner do it than eat. Fallen trees, gopher holes and palmetto roots, all have to be looked out for; the gopher holes being particularly dangerous for a horse to put his foot in. On the night of Dec. 23, 1893, after a long trail, we had just such a burst of about forty-five minutes, with Fred's hounds driving a gray fox before them and making such music as, taking all the surroundings into consideration, I'd never heard before. There were only five of us out, Fred and myself and the three Durrance boys, Joe, Harney and Jim. To a Northerner it would have been a weird sight to see us sweeping over the long grass, threading our way at a gallop between the boles of pine trees. As soon as we heard the hounds tree their fox we sobered down to a jog. In a couple of minutes we were with them. The four hounds were baying at the foot of a small pine; 25ft. up that pine was the fox, plainly visible in the bright moonlight. Joe Durrance dismounted, picked up a pine knot, "chunked" him out and all was over.

Were we more unsportsmanlike than the fox hunters of Kentucky who hunt the red fox, which doesn't climb trees but holes up when hard pressed and the opportunity occurs? Our hounds had earned him and he had been fairly treed after trying all the tricks he knew. Men who ride after hounds because they have open country and can do so, are apt to look down on a man who, in a mountainous, unridable country, shoots a fox before a hound which has probably stuck to the trail over the most difficult kind of ground, puzzling out the scent on bare spots, finally driving his fox over the runway where his owner is stationed. In this case there is none of the excitement attendant on riding to hounds to buoy the hunter up. Often chilled to the bone, he has stood for hours, always on the alert, straining his ear to catch the distant sound that tells him the fox is at last coming his way. Is that man no sportsman? Charles Reade once wrote a book entitled "Put Yourself in His Place." Do you see the point?

To return to hunting the fox in Florida. The last day of my stay had come and I wanted to see a chase by daylight. Getting up at daybreak, horses were fed, breakfast eaten, and we were ready to start about half an hour before sun-up. It was chilly, in fact cold, at that hour of the morning. To keep warm it was necessary to button one's coat up, a new experience to me in Florida, the thermometer having fluctuated between 70 and 90 during my stay; that is, during the daytime.

The first thing we struck was a cold trail of what turned out to be a marauding wildcat. For a long time it was slow work, but the work done by the hounds was well worth watching. First, Smiler would have it; and then, just as we thought they'd got well under way, the trail failed. Solomon's stern soon showed that he had a touch of it some 50yds. ahead; a cry from him and the other three would fly to him; a moment's delay while each one showed the other where the cat had been, and away they'd go, only to have the same thing re-enacted over and over again with variations. The cat had been evidently on the hunt and had turned aside here and there in search of her prey.



THE KING OF THE GLEN.

Photo from life by A. G. Wallihan.

At last the trail got so that the hounds could keep moving, following every twist and turn. When they did get up to the cat it was in a long "bay," almost impenetrable, and she had them at a disadvantage. We soon gave up the idea of ever doing anything with her and it began to look bad for a fox hunt; the sun was well up and the heavy dew was fast drying off.

Blowing the hounds off the wildcat, we set off to hunt for another trail. In half an hour we had one, cold, it is true, but still a trail. It was really beautiful to see the hounds work out the puzzle they had before them; Spring, the solitary lady of the pack, did great work, hampered as she was by a lame shoulder. After probably three-quarters of an hour's slow work, things suddenly brightened up considerably. In place of a spasmodic canter or two which was all we'd had to do to keep up with the hounds on this trail, we had to hustle along pretty lively to get up to them, and once with them, to keep there. Each hound was giving tongue, Solomon's deep voice playing a splendid bass accompaniment to Harlequin's soprano, Spring's contralto and old Smiler's melodious tenor. The pace improved rapidly; it began to look as if we were in for a good thing, after all. We were disappointed in this, and we thought afterward how lucky it was we'd had such good work done by the hounds while trailing. The end came too soon.

We had just reached the edge of a small swamp when hounds ceased giving tongue. Instead, each hound was springing in the air, just as a dog does when he's got a rabbit in long grass. "He's bedded right here," said Fred; "why didn't the fool get up and dust when he heard us coming?" Scarcely had the words left his lips when, out of the long grass that grew up around the top of a fallen tree, I saw a long gray object uncoil itself right among the hounds, not six feet from Solomon's nose. A sudden yell from each hound and a sight race began, each hound striving to get up to the fox. Slowly but surely Solomon began to cut down the lead; 100yds. and he was almost up to the tip of the brush. The fox had no chance to double, the pace was too hot; Harlequin, Spring and Smiler were bunched close behind Solomon. It was a great race. Another 100yds. and Solomon was almost alongside; he was reaching over as if about to pick up the fox every moment, when all at once, with a sudden spring to the left, the fox sprang at a pine and climbed like a cat for about 15ft. It was a tree 2ft. in diameter, too thick for him to clasp. There he stopped, hung on for a moment, and then, before we could get down to the hounds to hold them, so as to give him another chance for his life, his hold gave way and he toppled back right into the open jaws of old Smiler, who used to be pretty good at catching falling foxes. Although we didn't have a gallop after him, we had seen a chase neither of us may ever see the like of again. I have the hide of that fox by me now to remind me of the extraordinary termination of our morning hunt. Had the fox been able to get to a small pine, he might have been living yet; as it was, the pace was too hot to pick and choose; it was any tree or no tree at all.

Can foxes climb trees? I guess they can.

EDWARD BANKS.

A LASSOED MOOSE.

WATERVILLE, Me.—The greatest achievement in the hunting line heard of is that of Frank Pooler, of Moose River. It seems that he has had more or less experience in the use of the lasso, also understands the habits of the game with which his county abounds, and not long since, seeing a moose cow with two young ones at her side, while he was out in the woods, he made up his mind that he would secure the whole lot. Instead of shooting, he left the opening where the game had appeared and went to his home and secured some oats. With these he went back and made three piles on the ground, and then went some ways back and climbed a tree where he could overlook the place and waited. He thinks it must have been some two hours which he had to remain in this not too comfortable position, when he saw the cow and her young come out again and commence to graze. At first it looked as if they were not going to see the bait, but they worked out a little at a time and finally seemed to smell the oats, for one of the young ones came toward it and stopped, seemed to be sniffing the air, then deliberately advanced to the first pile and began to eat.

Instead of paying any more attention to the animals Mr. Pooler proceeded home, ate his supper, and some time in the evening went back with the second lot of oats and then returned home once again. He now got out his lasso, and taking some stout cord started back. It was not a very pleasant place to spend the night, but this is what Mr. Pooler did, his patience being rewarded at an hour before day had fairly dawned by seeing Mrs. Moose and her two children appear and walk deliberately up to the oats.

The distance of the lasso throw was some 12ft., Mr. Pooler thinks, and was made at the cow moose. The moose was successfully struck about the neck and then came some fun of the rough and tumble order. Pooler and the cow moose were very much mixed up, for though the lasso was firmly seated, the strike had not been sufficiently hard to choke the animal down. Instead, she put in some tall sprinting, but could not stand the second shock received when the full weight of Pooler's body was thrown upon her neck as he tripped his toe and fell to the ground. Though still hanging on to the lasso, by which he was dragged some little distance, her wind being cut off, the moose also dropped to the earth in a choked condition, so that it took but a short time for Pooler to right himself and go to her and tie her legs so that she was perfectly secure.

The two young ones, which turned out to be two little bulls, did not run to any great distance, for when the mother bellowed, as she did when the lasso was loosened, the young ones came out of the woods, a short distance away, but could not be caught at the time.

Having the moose secure, the next thing to do was to get her some half mile back to his place. This he could not do himself he found, and so returned home for his wife, who returned with him, and then the great feat of dragging the cow moose to the cowpen commenced. It took about a day to do it, as only short stages could be made at a time, the moose bellowing all the time, and the young ones following at no great distance, but dodging back quick enough if any advance was made toward them. They seemed to know that something was wrong.

Then the cow pen was reached, which consisted of a pole fence some 6ft. high, the inclosure not being over 30ft. square. This all had to be fixed and the moose hobbled. For the time being Mrs. Moose was left untied, the door to the pen left open and Mr. and Mrs. Pooler went into the house and rested for a time, also keeping a lookout for the young moose. In less than an hour both of the young ones had entered the pen with their mother and were made secure, the pen was put in proper condition and the old moose let loose. For a long time all she would do was to stand and tremble, then tried to use her head to butt the fence down; but finding this would not work she wandered round and round the pen. For a day she would not eat anything, but then consented to do away with a few oats and some cut clover. In a few days the moose would eat all right, and Saturday last Mr. Pooler was in this city and sold the two young bull moose to George Meguire of Waterville for $70.—*Boston Journal.*

The Lord of the Glen.

WE reproduce this week from Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wallihan's illustrated "Hoofs, Claws and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains," the plate entitled "The Lord of the Glen." In his description of the making of the photographs Mr. Wallihan writes of this picture: "I had waited long and patiently one morning, when I saw the gleam of the sun on a pair of horns through the cedars. With nerves all of a tremor I watched to see if he would keep on the trail he was on, which passed about 60ft. from me—but no—he turns directly toward me and comes panting down the trail until within 60ft., when I bleated like a fawn, at which he instantly stopped, with his mouth wide open, as he had evidently been running, and was very fat. The click of my shutter told me that I had his shadow hard and fast, so when he had looked and I had admired him as much as I liked, I moved my hand and he was gone—almost like magic. Satisfied for the day, I packed my camera and was soon riding over the hills for home."

Strange Effect of Fright.

A FEW days since, as a neighbor, Mr. E. B. Townsend, of Valley, Wash., was standing near his chicken house he was startled by the swift fall of a dark object almost directly overhead, and which with almost bullet-like velocity darted under the chicken house, which was elevated a foot or so above the earth.

His flock of chickens scattered around the yard, broke into panic flight, and among them was a fine young rooster weighing 10lbs. which ran swiftly toward the barn for 15 or 20yds. and fell perfectly dead from sheer fright.

Looking under the chicken house a fine blue grouse was found lying senseless from the shock of its fall to earth, and with its breast torn open by the concussion. Ed. chopped its head off and had it cooked for his dinner (the grouse, not the head), but thinks it scarcely paid for the loss of the big rooster.

O. BELKNAP.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The West of the Present and the Past.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Geography and a Valley.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 1.—I have always felt that there should be a new application of the science of geography, by which one should not need to carry it all vaguely in his head, like a last year's Fourth of July oration, but be able to use it on the spot, where it would be of some good to him. Now, to get any good of your geography, you are obliged to have along a map all the time, and even if maps were always correct, which they are not, it isn't always convenient to carry a map. For instance, I am traveling in Montana or Colorado, or some other grand part of this grand country, and I look out of the car window and see a lovely plain or a high white peak; I can't tell what or where they are. I must first look on my railroad folder and find what town I am near—or ask the porter, who always tells, but rarely knows—then I must follow the mapped-out line of my railroad—which is built on the wide angle, foreshortened, omit-the-rest-of-the-earth basis common to maps showing the course of any given railroad. Following this map, I may be fifty miles out on any given river, or may be a hundred miles from the peak which is or is not the one I think I want to know about. I read in my book that at such a point Kit Carson had a fight with the Indians, or that near such another place old Bill Williams was chewed by a bear, and I want some kind of a geography that will tell me I am seeing those places when I happen to look out of the car window and glance at them. What the map says is of no particular use. The geography of the present is no good, and I can't blame children for rejecting it. What we want is a science that will tell us where we are by looking at the landscape and not by looking at the map. Kit Carson and old Bill Williams had this sort.

I don't know, therefore, just where I was on my way between Butte and Bozeman when I saw the beautiful valley I want to tell about, but it was somewhere east of the bold, rough mountains over which the N. P. road crawls somehow, east of Butte, and it was somewhere west of the valley of the Gallatin, where the soil is as black as any that Iowa can show, and as deep, and as beastly muddy. My valley may have been that of the Jefferson, or that of the Beaverhead—all these headwaters of the Missouri being named, renamed and subnamed and divided in a way that doesn't make much difference, anyhow, and which will be abolished when the new geography appears, which shall wipe all names off the maps and set all men to studying the earth and nature instead of books and paper. Anyway, my valley wound along so beautifully among the mountains, so finely fringed with willows and cottonwoods, so admirably flecked with sunlit meadows, and so ornamented with the jewels of the sparkling river which traversed it, that I am glad I cannot tell where it was on the map, and can only say that it was beautiful. I wanted to get off the cars, and build a house and stay there and live. It was so very quiet and so charming. I knew there were whitetails in the willows, and suspected sheep on the mountains beyond, and maybe a bear up the black cañon. And it was all so sunny and bright and so free and untroubled, with no suggestion of rent, groceries or grief. It made one think of the grimy city and its suffering, desperate, sordid crowds with a feeling of disgust and pity, and made one feel as though here he could hold up his head and look himself in the face. Certainly, thought I, I will stop this train, get off right here, and locate this valley for my future home.

Wire Fence Around It.

Alas, for my valley. I saw a wire fence cross one of its natural meadows. There had been some one cutting hay—always hay, hay in the West, as if the whole family lived on it. There were some willows dropped for a fence at the edge of one of my white-tail thickets, and in the distance I saw the posts of a corral. And at length, out in the middle of my delectable valley, the place I had picked out to grow old and die in, there stood, all by itself it is true, but none the less garish, gaudy, new and unspeakably civilized, a spick and span Queen Anne cottage, with red painted roof! "Sarpington," said the R.R. map, and maybe it knew, though there was nothing there but the Queen Anne cottage and the little station building. I hope the place never grows larger. I hope it is only just some new rancher, a young fellow, with a pretty wife and a lot of nice dogs, who has dropped in there and is going to forget the world and be by it forgot. I wish him all kinds of luck, for he has sure got my place. I thought it was in the middle of the uninhabited world, but I reckon there "aint no such a place" as that any more. It all comes of the modern overgrown system of geography, with its greed of discovering places and putting names on them. No wonder Kit Carson and Bill Williams died. It is enough to disgust any one. So I sighed, and kept right on with the train.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Bozeman is situated in the heart of the black, muddy valley of Gallatin. The geographies answer for the Gallatin, and you can see the black mud for yourself, or at least you could when I was there. It was about 4ft. deep and no wheeled vehicle excepting the street car could go over it. Being thus cut off from the outside world, and indeed cut off practically from herself, Bozeman was a very quiet town last spring, quieter than ever the prevailing hard times would have made it. All Montana has for some time been suffering under the silver depression, and Bozeman, though not a silver-mining town, has had to take its share of the general trouble. It is, however, well located as a town bound to be fairly prosperous, for this same black mud of the Gallatin means agriculture, and agriculture lasts sometimes when mines shut down.

There is no great shotgun interest at Bozeman, but it is exceptionally strong as a rifle town, and boasts a strong club of gentlemen interested in long-range rifle practice. The head of this club, I take it, is Mr. W. B. Benham, who conducts one of those odd and interesting stores which can be found nowhere but on the frontier. You can buy any kind of a gun or any weapon you want at Mr. Benham's place, and also you can buy any kind of hide, head, horn or other sort of trophy. And you can for no charge have permission to look at the oddest, wildest and most impossible of collections of weird freaks in old time rifles. I never knew before how many foolish things had been done in the way of gun-making until I saw Mr. Benham's unique collection.

Mr. Benham is an old time hunter of big game, and has passed all his life in the West. In his younger days he killed many and many a deer in Minnesota, and in his long residence in Montana he has killed large numbers of all the big game. He has killed moose in that part of the Rockies. Some years ago he and some friends went on a big game hunt, just below the Yellowstone Park, getting besides Mr. Benham's moose a large number of elk and bear. Nowadays Mr. Benham does not go out hunting very much, although he could get bear, and very likely a sheep within a dozen miles of Bozeman. He pointed out to me a cañon on the near-by mountain slope where a few months ago a friend of his had killed three bears in one bunch. Even such sport rarely tempts Mr. Benham now, although he is a man in the prime of life, and he seems to prefer to stay at home and figure out trajectories, ratios of powder and lead, express charges, etc., etc. In these matters he is fairly to be called an authority, and I should be entirely willing to take his word unquestioned in the matter of either a hunting or target rifle. Both the theory, and the practice of target shooting he has down to a fine point, and at the 200-yard range is one of the best performers I ever happened to run across, as witness my own eyes. When I go into a competition with another fellow, even of the most friendly sort, I always feel bad when I discover that I have not been entertaining him in the least as a pace-maker, but I found the mortifying fact impressed upon me that in shooting with Mr. Benham it would be entirely too much courtesy to call me either pace-maker or competitor. I was only one who also shot.

Old-Time Rifle Sights.

Mr. Benham has the store which I understand was once occupied by Freund, who some years ago manufactured a rifle sight which was thought to be an essential of a perfectly equipped Rocky Mountain rifle. Mr. Benham has a whole boxful of these sights even yet, but he does not sell very many these days, and instead mounts most of his customers' rifles with the Lyman sights, which he says are better. "We used to charge people from $3 to $5 for a set of sights, according to the way we happened to feel about it," said Mr. Benham; "but I fear those days are past." Yet those old sights had some very good principles, and I value not merely as a keepsake the set which Mr. Benham gave me as a souvenir of the old days.

Live Mountain Sheep.

Besides his trophies of hides and horns, Mr. Benham nearly always has some live wild animals about him, and with great glee he took me out to show me the menagerie which he now has on hand. Chief of these animals is a great specimen of the Rocky Mountain sheep or bighorn. Dick, as this fellow is called, is now in the prime of life, between four and five years of age, and seemed in fine condition, showing no ill effects from captivity excepting that his hoofs have grown out exceedingly long, making him almost deformed in that respect. He misses the hard rocks for which nature intended him, and the soft straw of his pen is a luxury which he would gladly forsake.

Dick at one time had a mate, Betsy, and I understand that Dick was caught a year ago last May and Betsy in the June following. Betsy was sold some time ago. For

a week or so after he was first taken, Dick was very wild and would buck up and down in the air like the wildest bronco, and show fight whenever he was approached. In a week or so, however, strange to say, he grew quite tame and would eat from the hand and at the call. He even became so civilized as to break open the oats bin one night and give him an exceedingly square meal. Dick is kept in a little tight-boarded inclosure, 8 or 10ft. square, accessible only by a small door in the wall. As we stooped down and looked through the door, Dick took up his position on the opposite side of the pen, and stood there with his head high up, one of the proudest, most defiant-looking creatures one ever set his eyes on. He gazed at us steadily, his large light eye never winking or turning, and he stood so calm and immovable he might almost have been taken for a mounted specimen. I would very much have valued a photograph of this fine animal, but the dim light and close range rendered this impossible with the instrument I had.

I was, however, able to get at the local photograph gallery, known as the Hamilton gallery, a fine photograph of the mountain sheep, which was taken in this identical pen, and exactly on the spot where Dick stood as he looked at us. This photograph was made by Hamilton, not of Dick, but of an almost equally good specimen known as Billy, which was owned by Mr. Benham before Dick came into his hands. In order to get a better picture of Billy a wagon sheet was let down to cover the walls of the pen, so that some contrast could be afforded of the animal's coat against the background. The photograph thus obtained I have sent on to FOREST AND STREAM, and it is probably as good a photograph of the Rocky Mountain sheep as was ever made. Although the distance was so small, not over 8ft., the distortion is hardly noticeable. The horns may seem a trifle exaggerated, but not to any extent. The strangely fixed, immobile look of the sheep is rendered exactly, and very good judges have taken this stiff expression to indicate that this picture was a fake, and taken from a mounted sheep. This, however, was not the case. The picture shows a bit of straw hanging to Billy's breast, just as he rose and backed up into his corner. It also shows a small, horny protuberance on the forehead, which was an odd and distinguishing mark of this specimen.

Billy was caught by an old mountain man in the mountains only a few miles from Bozeman. The snow was heavy, and Billy's captor pursued him on snowshoes into the deep snow, where the poor sheep struggled helplessly. The hunter ran up and threw himself on Billy's neck, tied Billy's feet together, and finally hauled him out of the mountains on a hide, with all four of Billy's feet trussed up so tightly that he could not make a motion. Such are some of the exploits and resources of the Rocky Mountain men. Some time I am going to ask Mr. Benham to write a more complete history of these sheep of his, because he knows more of the bighorn in captivity than any one I know of in the West.

A Questionable Cat.

Another pet of Mr. Benham's interesting, though hardly so engaging as Dick, is a big wildcat called Tom. Tom is kept behind iron bars, and was one of the curiosities at the West Gallatin fair last year. Tom is shy the greater part of one foot, the steel trap which made him captive having robbed him of several claws. This, however, might almost properly be called a saving clause, for Tom uses the rest of his feet with a vindictiveness born of a most execrable disposition. Tom has whiskers and a bass voice, and no means has ever yet been discovered which will subdue or tame him in the least. He growled at us continually while we were looking at him, and swiped the end of a caressing stick with one of his good feet in a way that left grooves on the end of it as deep as if cut by a knife. Tom is one of those odd puzzles in the cat family which puzzle the hunters, but which do not puzzle the naturalists who don't happen to see them. The naturalists have certain rules and regulations under which wild animals are supposed to classify themselves, but the wild animals don't do it, just the same. There are certain distinguishing characteristics which are supposed to enable one to tell *Lynx canadensis* from *Lynx rufus*, but I have a notion that it would bother the savants to tell whether Tom was a lynx or a bobcat, provided they should actually see him.

An Owl That Scorns Water.

Still another pet of Mr. Benham's is Dick, an odd looking owl, with a gutta percha neck and a wise expression of confidence. Dick is a very sociable little fellow, and coos and chuckles very confidentially to his friend Mr. Benham. Mr. Benham tells me that this bird had not tasted or touched water since the summer before, a period of six months. He did not say that the owl came from Kentucky, and indeed I am of the opinion that it was caught in Montana.

More Interesting Things.

One of the main attractions of Bozeman, and one of its business concerns, too, is Mr. A. Gottschalk's Montana Armory, one of the greatest depots in the West for hides, furs and specimens, to say nothing of many articles indicative of the old time Indian days. Mr. Gottschalk is distinctively an old timer himself, and learned thoroughly all the mountain ranges of the upper Rockies before he went into the merchandise phase of hunting. He is, by the way, an old reader of FOREST AND STREAM, in the doctrines of which paper he believes implicitly, in so far, I suppose, as one in his business can. Mr. Gottschalk gets his goods from all over the West and Northwest country. When I first saw him he was opening the boxes of a shipment which came to him from the Cœur d'Alene Mountains. This lot had over 200 blacktail skins, and a whole box full of fine heads, horns and skins of mountain sheep. Mr. Gottschalk showed me the twenty-one-point elk head, whose picture has appeared in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and also an enormous elk skin, nearly a third larger than the ordinary elk hide, and so long that it practically reached from the ceiling to the floor of his store room. He showed me also a remarkable skin of the black bear of the quality known to the trade as "silk bear," very rare and valuable. The coat was long, soft and glossy, and felt indeed more like silk than the ordinary rough hairy covering of the bear. Mr. Gottschalk told me this specimen was brought in by the hunter Howell, the same who was captured last winter in the Park, in the act of killing the Park buffalo.

Dead Buffalo of the Park.

It was of Mr. Gottschalk that I obtained some information which leads me to suppose that there have been within the past year or two far more buffalo killed in the Yellowstone Park than was ever generally supposed. Mr. Gottschalk was discreet in giving this information, but such as he gave he gave freely, and I have every reason to believe that his statements are correct. He told me that he thought the buffalo had been scattered considerably from their ordinary range in the Park within the past few years because of their pursuit by hunting parties. He knew of 6 head that had left the Park entirely and come over into the Gallatin Valley. A hunter whom he knew only by the name "Scotty" told him that he had killed 5 head of buffalo within the Park, near Electric Peak, and brought them out of the Park, over the north line, and west of Electric Peak. This was within the past year. Mr. Gottschalk also told me that last fall he had 7 raw buffalo heads offered to him by a party in Idaho. He would not tell me the name of the party but said he thought these buffalo were killed in the central or southern part of the Park, and taken over the south line. Mr. Gottschalk further said that a friend of Howell's, the poacher, had hinted that Howell brought out 7 buffalo heads to Cooke City last winter, when he went out for supplies. As Howell admits having killed 13 buffalo and one moose, this may bring his number of buffalo up to 20 head. Mr. Gottschalk also insists that 19 head of buffalo

MR. BENHAM'S MOUNTAIN SHEEP.
Photograph from life.

were killed by Snake Indians southeast of the Park in the fall of '93. If to these figures of the slaughtered buffalo we add those found dead by the FOREST AND STREAM party, in the Hayden Valley, which I still think to have been 6 or 8 head, and if we even count these to be included in the 10 head found dead by John Folsom later on, the total will seem to be something fairly alarming, and will give grounds as reasonable, at least, as any known to the contrary, for my earlier assertion that there are not half and probably not one-fourth the number of buffalo now alive in the park which were supposed last year to exist. Mr. Gottschalk says that Jack Baronette, an old-timer who has lived and traveled all over the Park, told him this year that he thought there were about 140 buffalo alive in the Park. I believe this estimate to be as extact and correct as any attainable from the data of 1894.

A New Sort of Animal.

In his earlier days Mr. Gottschalk was a successful bear hunter, and one who liked could certainly get from him an interesting lot of bear stories. There is only one, however, which I want to tell, and that is one which will cause our friends the naturalists to smile on me with pity, and to perhaps call Mr. Gottschalk an imaginative person. He told that in the early seventies he was hunting in the limits of what is now the Park, and he killed a queer animal, whose like he had never seen before nor since, neither had he ever heard of any one who had seen or heard of one like it. He described it as being something like a bear, but too small for a bear, weighing between 100 and 200lbs., but certainly an adult specimen. He said that it had a long, sharpish nose, long claws and long hair, and was of a dark, dingy gray color. It was en the ground when he killed it. I suggested a deformed bear, also suggested wolverine, fisher and everything else which I could think of, like or unlike the description, but Mr. Gottschalk only laughed at me. "I know all the animals of this country," said he, "or at least I ought to in my business, and I tell you this animal is the only one of the sort I ever heard of. I called it a "man eater."

Further Information About the "Man-Eater."

Now, it so happened that at that time I had not met old Bill Hamilton, of whom I am going to write a great deal after awhile, and to whom I cannot help referring at this time. I was with Uncle Bill for some time at Billings and on the Stillwater after I had left Bozeman. Among other things, I asked him, as I always do any old-time hunter I meet, how many kind of bears he made out to be native to the Western country. Of course, I know that the scientists allow only two kinds of bear, the grizzly and the black, although I believe that a gentleman has come pretty near convincing them that there should be a third species, the "red bear." The scientists base their classification on the size, shape and general arrangement of the bones, etc., which lie inside of a bear's skin. Now, when you meet a live bear in the mountains you have at first no *coup d'œil*, so to speak, of his bones. You are at first more concerned with his size, shape, color, in fact, with the outside of the bear rather than the inside. These are the things which the hunters look at, and when they find a bear whose color is neither that of the grizzly or the black bear, and whose claws are neither long enough nor short enough, and which has a sort of hit-or-miss color of his own, they don't stop to examine the bear's face to see whether it has a gradual slope or a pronounced stop before the eyes. They just give that bear another name by itself and let it go at that, thinking it easier to name the bear than it is to examine his bones. I am always disposed to side with the hunters rather than the naturalists, because I don't believe in naming mountains or classifying bears. It is getting it down too fine. Anyhow, as I was saying, I asked old Bill Hamilton how many kinds of bears there were, and this is what he said:

"First of all," said he, "there is the grizzly bear, the biggest and most dangerous of them all. This bear ranges east into the Rockies, but I don't think it is ever so large there as in California. There is a great deal of dispute about the weight this bear sometimes reaches. Old Wes. Teeter, a good bear hunter, says that he has seen this bear in California weigh 1,100lbs. dressed, and of this he was sure. He thought this was the second largest grizzly he had ever seen.

"Then there is the cinnamon bear, which of course all mountain men know by its color. I know of one of these bears which weighed 900lbs. dressed. George Ray, a good bear hunter, says he has seen a cinnamon bear weighing over 1,000lbs. dressed. I have been told that men have seen cinnamon bears so large they thought they weighed 1,800lbs., but I only know that they will weigh over 900lbs. dressed.

"The next bear is the silver-tip, which grows large, but not so large as the other two I have mentioned. The silver-tip is a local ranger and does not wander about much and travel over big stretches of country like the cinnamon.

"Then we hunters have another bear, the bald-face or roach-back bear. Of course, you will say that is the silver-tip, but four-fifths of the mountain men will call this a distinct species.

"The next bear I would call the brown bear. It is usually heavier than the black bear. You will no doubt call this the same as the black bear, which is found all over the United States.

"Lastly, I am going to tell you about a bear of which the naturalists never heard, and of which I have heard but a very few mountain men speak. This is what we call the pine-nut bear. It is a small animal, and weighs only about 125lbs. dressed. It never comes down into the foothill country, and is only found high up in the mountains. It climbs away up in the pine trees for nuts, and that is why we call it the pine-nut bear. It is a vicious, hard-fighting animal. It has fur about the color of that of the grizzly. No specimen of this bear has ever come into the hands of the naturalists so far as I know, and no bookman has ever seen one. I have never seen but a very few myself, but I did see one within the past three years. In shape it is a little like a wolverine."

Here now was something interesting. Mr. Gottschalk had called his unknown animal a "man-eater," for want of a better name. In old Bill Hamilton's description of his "pine-nut bear" I could not fail to recognize the same animal. At all of which the naturalists have my entire consent to smile. I believe there may be some things in heaven and earth they have not dreamed in their philosophy.

The "Fan-Tail Deer."

While I am in the business of getting smiled at by the naturalists, I may as well make a good job of it. The scientists tell us that there is no such animal as the "fan-tail deer," and yet every one who has been much in the mountains has heard the hunters speak of this more or less mythical animal. I myself have heard several hunters claim that there were fan-tail deer in the Sacramento Mountains of New Mexico, though as I never saw one myself I was disposed to be superior, and to rest on the scientific belief that the so-called fan-tail deer was a small variety of the white-tail. Of course I asked Uncle Bill Hamilton about the fan-tail deer, and in his quiet modest way he told me what he knew.

"Yes" said he, "I know the naturalists say there is no such animal, but they only say that because they have never seen and examined a specimen of it. You must remember that this is a big country, and that for a long time it was a wild and unexplored country, and was visited by hundreds of hunters and practically no naturalists. It is only fair to suppose that the men who lived on the ground may have seen things which those who did not live there never did see. Now I myself have seen the fan-tail deer, and over toward the Missouri there are what we used to call the Fan-Tail Mountains, because we saw so many of those animals near there. I should say that the fan-tail deer was more like an antelope or a gazelle than a deer. It is a little bit of an animal, and I should think would weigh between 25 and 50lbs. It had very small horns and a long white tail, which it switched sideways rather than up and down. I always called this the North American gazelle. I never knew of one of these animals being examined by a scientific man, and of course you know I do not claim to be scientific in the least."

With these additional data in regard to the much mooted fan-tail deer, and in regard to my "man-eater," or "pine-nut bear," which so far as I know is an entirely new sort of thing under the sun, I leave the scientific people to pity me and doubt the facts, both of which I do not doubt they will do. Nevertheless I enjoyed hearing the old timers tell about the old time days, and I have a whole book full of other things they told me, all of which I am going to take pleasure in trying to repeat.

E. HOUGH.
909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

A JOLLY TIME IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Stillwater, N. C.—The first day of November, the opening of the shooting season in North Carolina, was fair and bright, and brought joy to the heart of many a sportsman. Few could be happier than the four old veterans who by solemn compact had agreed to meet together on the last day of October in Portsmouth, Va., at 9:15 A. M. sharp on the pier of the Bay Line steamers, ready to catch the train of the Seaboard Air Line for a shooting trip anywhere that would seem best to us in North or South Carolina. We have often heard of Burn's familiar line "The best laid plans o' mice and men aft gang aglee." And so with our own. For when the hour of departure arrived, there was no N. Y. P. & N. steamer in sight to bring my friends, A. H. Overman, Springfield, Mass., him of bicycle fame, and Wm. S. Gummere, the long-headed lawyer of the Pennsylvania R. R., Trenton, N. J. "Then and there was hurrying to and fro," and adjusting of glasses, straining to catch a glimpse of the steamer coming down Norfolk Harbor. A 'phone message said she was sighted. Then I made a frantic appeal to Trainmaster Wrenn and Col. Anderson, general passenger agent S. A. L., to hold the train fifteen minutes. They yielded because I told Capt. Wrenn that he was good and Col. Anderson that he was handsome. Both of these statements severely wrenched my conscience. That was the shortest fifteen minutes I ever passed, and as it was just out another message announced that the steamer would make her first landing on the Norfolk side in twelve minutes. Another quarter of an hour was begged for and secured after the same methods as before, only it took larger doses and the fetching assertion that could not resist that a S. A. L. train would make up a lost half hour in a jiffy. And still no steamer came, and the train load of passengers showed their impatience of the delay. After hurried promises from Messrs. Wrenn and Anderson that they would meet my friends and help them to overtake me by the Atlanta special, the word was given and the train glided off, my heart meantime being in my boots, for I felt like an "old har' had run 'cross my path."

I had engaged to take up Polk Miller, with his dogs and banjo, in Weldon. When I invited him to shoot with our party I expressly stipulated that he must bring a banjo or be sent back afoot from the first station. He is not known in Virginia as Mr. Miller or Mr. Polk Miller, but just Polk Miller, prince of good fellows, president of the Virginia Game Protective Association, lecturer and delineator of the character of the "old-time plantation Virginia nigger." And what a great success he is in all these rôles! Added to these, he can outwalk in the field and bag more birds than any man I have ever tackled. Briar patches, branches, mud and water are only playthings to him if they conceal a bird, and he can discount any kind of a dog in putting up a bird in a brier thicket. No matter how wet or hungry he may be (he never gets tired), as soon as our car is reached he grabs up the banjo and sings an old-time plantation darky song, one that will make you laugh your sides sore, or another that is so plaintive in its tender melody that it bedims the eyes with tears as it recounts the characteristics of that gentle race of long ago. He tells a good story on himself. Not long ago a negro walked into his drug store and thus accosted him, "Good mornin', Marse Polk Miller, dey tells me you'se de onliest man in Virginny dat can play de reg'lar 'foh de war nigger banjer."

"Well, they do say so, Tom. Want to hear me play?"

"'Deed I does, sir, and wants you to learn me how."

"All right, Tom; come up to my house any night and I'll help you."

"Thankee, sir; I'm comin' up dar right straight tonight."

He went up, and they sat down in the dining room for the lesson. They played on for a few pieces, when suddenly Polk Miller struck up, "Don't dem watermillions shine." Tom could stand it no longer, but threw down his banjo, threw up his hands, gave a loud yell, and then exclaimed, "Golly, Marse Polk Miller, how I does wish you wus a nigger!"

And it was a consolation to me to gather up Polk Miller and his banjo at Weldon. We decided we would sidetrack at Aberdeen to await the coming of Messrs. Overman and Gummere the next morning. Meantime a message came from Mr. Gummere that he had an abscess on one hand and another on his lip, but would join us as soon as possible. (Can you imagine a lawyer in a more helpless state than with an abscess on his lip?) Mr. Overman joined us by breakfast in the morning, and came in bright and cheerful in spite of his getting left. He is as "jolly" as Mark Tapley ever dared to be under the most adverse circumstances. In fact, we named him Mark Tapley, a soubriquet he bore with becoming humility.

With Mr. Henry Powell, the Aberdeen hotel man, we set out with guns and dogs galore. Polk Miller set a pace that nobody could keep up with. The dogs could hardly keep ahead of him. Everybody was eager to draw the first blood. The chance was soon given, for on a beautiful hillside the dogs drew up on a covey, each man swearing that his dog had pointed first, while I knew all the while that Shot Picôt had done the work, and I very frankly said as much to Shot. Eight barrels went off rapidly, and the truth must be told, although painful, not a feather hit the earth. Diligent search was made, because we were anxious to show the natives what cracks we were. Reproachful looks were cast around.

We now paired off and walked over the road to the farm of Dr. McNeille, formerly of Bridgeport, Conn. Here we had some very good shooting, which, for a while, was interrupted in a very unexpected and sudden manner. An elegant carriage drove up, from the boot of which sprang down an agile Frenchman, who said he was instructed to bring us to the house. Here we were welcomed by Dr. McNeille to a most appetizing lunch, consisting of such delicious viands that we were soon rendered averse to further exertions afield. So after lunch we drove in Dr. McNeille's carriages through the fields and allowed the dogs to hunt by the roadsides. This is a most luxurious way to hunt birds. The dogs may get tired, but we don't seem to care for expenses. Dr. McNeille assured us that the whole 1,500 acre farm was ours, and we believed it. It is a wonder how in less than a year he has cleared up from the stump 250 acres of ground and set it all in fine varieties of grapevines, many of which bore luscious fruit the first year. He has a charming villa, and certainly knows how to dispense a most gracious hospitality. His home is a tangible evidence of what Northern money and brains can do in the woods of "Old Carliny." It is a lucky sportsman who can claim the friendship and attention of this big-hearted, broad-gauge man. Good luck to him, and may he long live to cheer the hearts of his many friends. He quite captured us, and with many regrets we left him home with its vineyards and fig trees. In a few years those soft, sunny hillsides must prove a wonder to the passerby.

When we reached our car we were delighted to count out a great big pile of birds, Mr. Powell generously dumping his with the common lot. We had a good time at Aberdeen, and this was largely due to the efforts of mine host Powell, who, in addition to owning a good dog, knows where every covey of birds can be found. He takes good care of his friends and is "no slouch" with a gun. He can provide good shooting always in that section by making short excursions in the country or up and down the several lines of railway centering there. For the information of those interested it may be well to state that any sportsman in delicate health may find recreation and a climate suited to his physical condition in the sand hills and long-leaved pine region of southern Carolina. And at Southern Pines he can find all kinds of accommodation from the cheapest boarding houses to the fashionable Piney Woods Inn. These places are about six hours from Norfolk, Va., or Portsmouth, the termini of many lines of steamers.

Our friend Gummere's lip having subsided, he reached us on Sunday. We celebrated his arrival by going to hear a colored brother preach—the Rev. Mose Pitchford. We owed this to "Bro. Mose," for he has been for many years our faithful cup bearer afield. "Bro. Mose" is well known to many New York, Philadelphia and New Jersey sportsmen, all of whom will be glad to know that he is as handy as of yore with his corkscrew.

We had several days more of fine weather after Mr. G. came, and a batch of birds went off daily to our Northern friends. One day Overman and Gummere came in with each a brace of wild turkeys, and no one will ever know the real facts as to how they came by them. It is one of Gummere's solemn convictions that no good lawyer will ever lie except for pay. The days sped by so quickly that we hardly could realize that our week was out. We had to lose good old Polk Miller a few days before. His songs, stories and banjo still ring in our ears. This is not the last shoot of this gang. Nothing succeeds like success, and we are to have it all over again, for no four ever had more genuine fun.

L. J. Picôt, M.D.

P. S.—In answer to many inquiries impossible almost to write singly, I will say that Maxton, on the Carolina Central R.R., and Gibson Station, on the Raleigh & Augusta R.R., are good points for shooting.

IN NEW JERSEY COVERS.

You ask for experiences with rod and gun during the present season. Mr. Hoops and Gus Weiss of Hoboken, ex-Commodore Ernest Fackert of Jersey City and myself, took the 9:23 A.M. P. R.R. train from Jersey City, *en route* to Spotswood, Middlesex county, N. J., for a day with the cottontails. Hoops had with him his big white setter and Gus Weiss his two beagles, about as homely quadrupeds as ever mortal saw, with noses keen and a highly developed capacity of sticktoativeness when on a track.

We were met at the depot in Spotswood (or Snufftown) by Willy Quackenbush, the son of the farmer where we were invited to shoot Willy is a chip of the old block, as he proved in the field. Joe Quackenbush is not only a good farmer, but a good hunter and shot at small game. A ride through a sandy region among the pines and scrub oaks brought us to the farm, where we were warmly welcomed by Mr. Jones and his daughter, Mrs. Joseph Quackenbush. Mrs. Q. is one of those old-fashioned farmer's wives one always likes to meet, rotund in form, showing generous living (she only weighs about 300lbs. avoirdupois). A hearty "Glad to see you," and a cordial shake of the hand, while sincerity glows in every smile of her jolly face, puts you at ease and at home at once. We found Joe was out in the swale with a party of friends, who soon appeared at the sound of the horn announcing that dinner was ready. The party consisted of Hon. Perry Fountain, Freeholder of the county, his brother George and Mr. Thos. O'Neil of Brunswick, our host, the veritable and only Joe Quackenbush, and John, a younger brother of Mrs. Q., and a good John he proved to be. But then he has but just returned from the West, where he had been having ample practice among the jack rabbits and prairie chickens. They brought in four woodcock, four quail and several hares (rabbits), the result of the morning's work.

After putting away where we thought would do the work good a true farmer's substantial dinner, we were off to try our luck. I need not tire you with particulars of the afternoon sport. We made some good shots and some abominable ones at what we went after molly cottontails. The Freeholder got the cream, for he is a young man not only of brain but of energy, and knows the ground. Fackert's rotundity and poor Jacobstaff's lumbago prevented their getting around with sufficient activity. The younger shooters had the most shots, while we contented ourselves with stands outside the copses; but taking our chances as little *Lepus* dodged out and in, we got there sometimes.

We tried again after an early breakfast. But one hour's tramp settled Jacobstaff, and his old lumbago, that had been troubling him for several days, and which he was in hopes he could walk off, came on in redoubled force, in fact verily doubling him up; and he had to leave the party for the house, where he spent the day very pleasantly listening to reminiscences of the old neighborhood—one of the oldest in the State. Mr. Jones, the owner of the two finest farms in that region (having on the one some 2,500 bearing peach trees), is the son of Col. W. A. Jones, who was the father of the Seventh Regiment of New York city and was Sheriff of New York county about 1844 to 1846 if I remember right. The house where we stopped is one of the oldest in the State. It has a massive construction and walls nearly 2ft. in thickness of hewn timber. It had been a block-house during the Revolutionary war, and as it is but a few miles from the battle field of Monmouth, of course it was one of "Washington's Headquarters." We are going down there again some time and Mr. Jones has promised to drive us around and show us the many interesting points of revolutionary note.

The boys came in about 3 P. M., as we were to take the 6 o'clock train. They all seemed to have had a good time, as the string of cottontails and gray squirrels proved. But they put up only one woodcock and no quail or grouse. After another big dinner we were driven to the depot and were off for home, well satisfied with our day in Middlesex county and pleasant visit at Joe's.

Dr. Perry W. Levering, of the Jersey City Gun Club, and party have just returned from a day's shoot at Pete Bird's, up Ogdensburg way. They brought back 23 rabbits (hares), and the doctor killed a fine English cock pheasant, one of the stray ones probably from Tuxedo or Blooming Grove parks. It is a fine bird in full plumage. The doctor will have it mounted for his gun room.

Since writing the above another of the J. C. H. G. C. boys has arrived. Dr. Cummins—he of the big partridge (owl) mentioned in a former issue of your paper—returned, bringing with him another magnificent specimen of the English pheasant. They put up several of these splendid birds, but were careful to shoot (at) only the cocks. The last bird is somewhat larger than Dr. Levering's, probably a year older, and is in very bright plumage. It will be mounted and placed with the owl, woodcock, grouse and wood duck that adorn the dentist's reception room in Jersey avenue.

Jacobstaff.

WHY HEAVY CHARGES?

From time to time during the last fifteen or twenty years there have appeared in "our paper" dissertations on the subject of loads for shotguns, hardly any two correspondents agreeing as to the amount of powder and shot to be used, but nearly all advocating a larger load than I have shot, and although the subject is as old as guns, and I run the risk of being called down by the editor, I make so bold as to "chip in" a few of my ideas.

I had occasion the past fall to look into the matter of loaded shells for the first time, for my own use I mean, not being able to get the powder I wished to load shells with, and was surprised to find that ninety-nine one-hundredths of them were charged with 3¼ to 4drs. of powder for a 12-gauge gun. Of course I didn't buy any, but got some rifle powder, which is the only kind the average powder seller keeps, from blasting down to rifle use, and loaded what few shells I needed just then. I didn't like it, for it was too quick and the recoil unpleasant, but it was the best I could do. It is nearly twenty years since I began shooting a breechloader, a good old lifter action Parker, and in all that time I have shot powder the grain of which was the size of DuPont's Eagle Ducking No. 2, and for the past ten or twelve years that powder exclusively, and am still shooting it, for a more satisfactory, pleasant shooting powder I never used, and never expect to. I speak of black powders of course. What I may find out about the different brands of nitros remains to be seen, if I live long enough, but while this can of No. 2 "holds out to burn," I'll ne'er to nitro powders turn.

There's no doubt but that I'm an "old fogy," for I still shoot a hammer gun; but I have been pretty fortunate in getting what game I went for, and—well, the longer I I live the more I respect the maxims "handsome is as handsome does," and "let well enough alone." But when that can peters out I may experiment some. I saw a man's arm nearly cut in two once by the explosion of a gun which had in it a patent powder, and it wasn't funny a bit. I did, come to think of it, fool with a wood powder a little once, but when I found out that sometimes I could kill a quail at 40yds., and then again couldn't kill a squirrel at 15yds., or at the muzzle of the gun, I got tired of that foolishness pretty quick. And I may be eccentric, but I like to hear the gun go off, too. It reminds me of old times, and when the rime of years has powdered an old man's locks, reminiscence is pleasant if he has been good. And I'm growing deaf anyway, and if I were to go shooting patent powders and fail to hear the gun go off, and then look down the muzzle to see about it, I'd get into trouble, like as not. So as I said, as long as that can last I think I'll shoot the old reliable.

But that wasn't what I started out to say. I have been and am still surprised to see how many sportsmen cling to the idea that it is necessary to put 3¼ or 3½drs. of black powder into a load, and of nitro powders in the same proportion, probably. I speak only of a 12-gauge in this article; I never shot a 10 and never expect to as long as a 12 gets the game. A 10-bore is a cannon.

I suppose the reason why the public loaders of cartridges put such large loads on the market is because the shooters call for them, which isn't necessary at all. It is all a matter of habit, and a useless habit, too.

For many years I have used for all small game one invariable load, 3drs. powder and 1oz. shot, and whenever I shoot straight it gets game at any reasonable distance, and by pushing the gun a little it has killed at big distances. I have killed quail 'way off yonder at 75 to 80 paces, and squirrels pretty nearly out of sight, while ducks, snipe and hares turned up their toes when it seemed folly to shoot. Quite a good deal of experience has taught me conclusively that the above load is entirely sufficient in any fair shooting gun, and why shooters will load themselves down with useless weight, and get their shoulders jammed with useless kicking is what puzzles me, and has for many moons. The proof of the puddin' isn't in the weight or the cost. For deer shooting I used 3½drs., with 12 buckshot, and with that load my old Parker, blessed old gun, would put 8 out of the 12 into a 2ft. space at 50yds. with either barrel, and few deer ever got away under 60yds. while there was powder a-plenty to send the shot home. The first deer I shot with that gun was a doe, between 40 and 50yds. away, and the 8 shot that went through her lungs or thereabout all went into a space that a letter sheet would cover. I haven't any idea that 4drs. of powder would have killed her any sooner. And during that same decade, I remember while out one night fire hunting, I shined a deer's eyes at a little over 100yds., for I paced it within ten minutes—couldn't have done it if I had not had one of Ferguson's lamps—and walking up about half the distance pulled down on the orbs. There wasn't a sound or kick. I found the deer dead, and it had been standing behind a good-sized tree which protected its vitals. One shot entered just back of the eye, one in the neck, one just back of the vitals, and several struck the tree just where they ought. I mention this to show how the old gun would discriminate when obstacles were in the way, and you could not persuade me that a larger charge of powder would have shoved those three shot any better.

For turkeys I always set the gauge at 3¼ scant with 1⅛ scant of No. 1 shot. It is plenty and does the work, and the shooting is pleasant—if you get the turkey.

You remember I wrote you lately that I had got six turkeys in south Missouri. Well, two more fine specimens came to hand before I left, which made eight out of the ten I shot at with the aforementioned load, and as a rule you know turkeys in the woods don't run up and lie down while you wring their necks. One of them dropped at sixty-four long steps, for my bifurcation is arranged for that style. Sometime, maybe, I'll tell how those two birds got away. Under the circumstances I can't lay their escape to either load or gun.

Now if the loads mentioned will, under widely varying circumstances, almost uniformly prove satisfactory with me, presumably they will with others. And that leads me to say that I would like to know if any of your readers have used the shot spreaders that are on the market, or made anywhere, and if so which kind, and with what results? My gun needs something of the kind, as it shoots too close for brush uses. O. O. S.

FREDONIA, N. Y.

THANKSGIVING IN THE WOODS.

"SNOWING, come."

Our winter's hunt for 1893 had been planned many months previous and all preparations had been made for a hasty departure when our guides should summon us, and now in the latter part of November came over the wire the short but welcome message which appears above. Next morning our party, made up of Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston; Harry S. Seeley, of New York, and the writer, and generous supplies for such an expedition were being hastily transported toward the mountain fastness of northwestern Maine, where the beaver builds his dam and the lordly moose has still his home.

For hours we had journeyed away from civilization, and late in the afternoon we arrived at the terminus of the regular gauge railway where transfer is made to the diminutive narrow gauge road, its rails being put two feet apart, and room for but a single passenger in each seat.

We follow the devious pathway of winding stream, climb over mountain spurs and finally alight at the little station of Dead River, in the forest, where but a single house is the only habitation. And yet our journey is not ended, nor will it be until we have gone into the denser forest some fifty miles beyond, where the shriek of the locomotive is not heard and the dilletanti do not come. Here teams are taken for an eighteen mile drive over a primitive road to our destination for the night.

Before the sun appeared above Mount Bigelow the next morning a buckboard team with the party and supplies on board took its departure over the unequalled blue-ribbon corduroy, boulder and bog road of Maine for the camps of the Megantic Club, on the Chain of Ponds some twenty miles away.

We had planned to reach these camps soon after midday and our permanent camp beyond Mount Pisgah, in the Moose River Valley, the same night.

But the weather grew sunny and warm with advancing day, and the melting snow and previous rains had so filled the bogs and worked such sad havoc with much of the corduroy that our progress was slow indeed. It was so late in the afternoon when we reached Shaw's farmhouse, some seven or eight miles this side of the Megantic Camps, and as far as it is possible for the buckboard to go, that we decided to stay there over night and push on to our destination the next day. Shaw's farm is simply a clearing in the wilderness to grow hay to feed the horses and oxen used in lumbering operations during the winter season, and it would be a very expensive luxury to transport it in from the settlements.

As frequently happens in this northern country at this season, when the sun went down it grew intensely cold and next morning a sheet of solid ice covered the ponds.

Our guides looked crestfallen. The ice was not thick enough to be safe, and to go around the shore to the other side of the pond to the trail was entirely out of the question, because of dense water brush, boulders, overturned trees and trap rock rising sheer 50ft. and over out of the water. And besides, such crust had formed upon the snow that the most careful, stealthy footstep could be heard a hundred yards away, making successful still-hunting of big game absolutely impossible.

A council of deliberation was convened, when the guides suggested that the trip be abandoned or postponed to a more favorable season. It was announced to them that we were out for big game, that we had proceeded too far to back out, that the weather bureau probably had some more snow to distribute, that we would await its arrival with becoming complacency, and that the problem now pressing for immediate solution was how best to get an early view of Camp Taylor over in the valley beyond the mountain.

Our guide of endless resource, Herb Heal, child of the forest, lithe and sinewy, as willing as strong, and whose burden never tires, skilled with rifle and rod, grand master of paddle and frying pan, clear of eye and steady of nerve, and whose footprint in the pathless forest makes a bee-line to destination, proposed that he and Jack Boyle, a fellow guide well schooled in woodcraft, make an opening for a canoe, and then proceed to chop a canal through the ice, and for the rest of the party to follow after the lapse of a couple of hours. This plan being the only way out of the dilemma, was adopted, and at once put into execution. We returned to the warm farmhouse and whiled away a generous two hours and then embarked in frail canoes and followed in their wake.

The ice was so thick it could not be broken with a pole, and with an axe only a narrow channel could be cut, so that our heavily laden canoes had to be paddled with the utmost caution to prevent the sharp, jutting corners of ice from penetrating their thin sides and giving us an icy bath, and possibly sending us to the bottom.

Going around a bend about a mile from the landing we see the ice choppers still at work, and a very considerable part of the task yet to be accomplished. We overtake them and are chilled to the bones before reaching the shore, an hour and a half later. Packs are shouldered and the trail taken along Clear Water stream for Camp Taylor, some ten miles beyond. Ascending the stream to its source, we reach the summit of the Boundary Mountains between Maine and the Province of Quebec, overlooking Spider and Megantic lakes in Canada, and many miles of beautiful mountain scenery in Maine.

Our trail follows the crest of these mountains for several miles, and furnishes such wealth of panoramic splendor as might well enlist the pencil of artist and pen of poet. But to human mind and human skill it is not given to portray adequately such beauty and loveliness, and fortunate indeed is he whose privilege it is to gaze upon the fascinating scene.

To some the journey may seem long and rough, and that fatigue would dull the edge of romance, but he whose ear is attuned to nature's symphonies and whose eye appreciates the beautiful and grand, has a thousand compensations, and the trip ends all too soon.

Going over a ravine we encounter an enormous track of a bear, around which we gather and note that it must belong to an animal of huge proportions, and all resolve to go in pursuit the next day. The shadows are lengthening and we hurry on. Fatigue says tarry, but enthusiasm prevails, and soon we are on the downward slope toward Moose River.

Another mile and a half and we are crossing the beaver dam now in possession of a colony of these interesting quadrupeds, a few rods beyond which is Camp Taylor, our haven of rest and abode for the next few weeks, hidden away in the forest and unknown to all save its very few owners and some trusty guides.

A roaring fire is soon giving needed warmth, and a cup of bouillon paves the way to a well earned and bountiful supper. Far away as it is from sources of supply, Camp Taylor is not without most of the necessities and many of the luxuries of civilized life, and the spring mattrasses and soft wool blankets were not among the least highly prized.

The fatigue resulting from the unusual experience of the past few days was so great that an adjournment was made from the supper table to bed, nor was any practical joker inclined to indulge in levity. Political ambition, financial depression, professional obligations or business cares troubled not the dreams of the sleepers. The weather had moderated during the afternoon and night, and with the break of day the camp resounded with the enthusiasm that greeted the announcement that six inches of snow had fallen during the night and that it was still snowing. This prevented following Bruin's trail, for which, no doubt, he was thankful, but all started out in pursuit of moose, caribou and deer, the three members of the party, each with a guide, taking different directions.

As the day advanced the snow fell thicker and faster, until the great, soft snowflakes filled the air so full as to limit the vision in the mountain defiles to a few yards, and at midday it seemed as if night was at hand.

It was a slavish day to be out and all made an early return to camp, three deer having been seen but none were killed. The storm grew in volume during the night, and it was snowing in such abundance as to shut out the view of a neighboring peak not a mile away. It seemed as if a large snowball might be made by simply clasping the hands together in the air.

But venison was wanted for the camp and all sallied forth, Dr. Bishop and Herb, Harry and Latty, and the writer and Jack.

Well, perhaps it is not best to tell all the happenings of that day. Some things are too sacred to tell and should be kept as family secrets, and so I believe my readers will pardon me if I respect this custom that boasts a venerable antiquity, and give but a mere outline of this day's doings.

I had tramped up and down the mountainside, and wallowed and floundered about in soft snow two feet deep and over, until after midday, and was thoroughly fatigued with the exertion and wet with sweat and the vast quantity of snow dislodged from the spruce and fir trees, now bending under its weight and looking like huge ghostly pyramids, without getting a shot or seeing anything to shoot at, and so I informed Jack that I was going to give it up and go back to camp.

Now, if there is any one thing that Jack likes to do better than another, after pleasing his employer, it is to bring in his share of game to camp. Admiring his ambition and desire in this, and telling him I could certainly follow my tracks back to camp, we parted, Jack carrying the compass and I without one.

For a time everything went well with me, but I observed that the tracks were rapidly growing indistinct, the snow was falling so fast, and so dense was the snow cloud that no familiar peak or mountain top was discernible to aid in locating myself.

Hurrying along as fast as my weary legs would carry me, I soon arrived at a place where other tracks intersected, and making a close examination I was puzzled to know which were mine, all being well filled with snow.

THANKSGIVING DINNER IN THE WOODS.

Discovering what seemed to me satisfactory evidence, I again took the trail and hurried on. Feeling entirely confident I journeyed on and on, until I encountered a great windfall, around which the trail deflected, when it dawned upon me that I had not been that way before, and that I was upon the wrong trail, and that when I returned to the place where I took it all tracks would be so obliterated that it would be impossible to tell one track from another.

Like a flash it passed through my mind that I would probably have to pass the night upon the trail, and I felt in every pocket for matches. Not being a user of tobacco I found none.

Thinking whoever made the trail which I was following might still be within hearing distance, I fired the signal shots agreed upon for "help wanted," but got no answer.

Gathering myself together I started back. Hurrying along with anything but welcome thoughts passing through my mind, I had covered about three-fourths the distance, when I saw the welcome form of Jack coming along the trail. He had heard my signal shots and answered them, but the wind being unfavorable for me and his rifle of smaller caliber than mine I did not hear them. Jack understands human nature too well and is too astute a diplomat always to say what he thinks, and so his innocent query now was: "What did you shoot at?"

Rather an awkward question to be sure, but well calculated to let me down easily.

We hurried back, and when nearing the intersection of the trails we met Herb who hurriedly asked, "Have you seen the Doctor?"

Well, perhaps the rest hadn't better be told here, but after a time we got together and struck a beeline to camp by compass, where we brought up at dark without any desire for more exercise that day.

We were much surprised not to find Harry and Latty in, and knowing our experience, I proposed to fire the signal shots. In this I was overruled on the ground that Latty was at home on every foot of this territory, and that he couldn't be lost. Darkness soon setting in, and knowing Harry would not stay out until that hour whether successful or not, if everything was all right, I stepped out and fired the signal shots. No answer was returned. After ten or fifteen minutes more Herb fired another volley, and was answered from afar off. Later another signal brought answer from near by and soon two forms, nearly resembling animate piles of snow, came tumbling into camp the very personification of despondency and fatigue.

Latty being asked where he had been all day nonchalantly replied, "Oh, just up there in the edge of the woods."

This answer was so transparent and evasive that it became a standing jest during the remainder of the trip, and it found a place on our Thanksgiving bill of fare, by way of embellishment.

Tending to mitigate the misadventure of the day, Harry made the best shot of the trip. Locating a deer far up on the mountain side, looking directly at him, he took hasty aim and planted his bullet exactly in the median line where the neck joins the body. The bullet passed directly through the heart and out under the tail, the deer falling dead in its tracks. They attempted to bring the quarry to camp, but had to abandon it because of the severity of the storm.

Herb and Latty went out next morning and brought it in, Latty finding a stream that was turned around the wrong way "up in the edge of the woods."

It was still snowing, but with abated fury, and the hunters were content to spend the morning hours in camp, enjoying much needed rest; but two more deer fell to different rifles before night.

The succeeding day broke clear and cold, the curling smoke from our cozy camp was soon lost to view, the bark on the trees snapped with the keen frost, the forest seemed dressed as a bride in costliest laces, which the rising sun decked out with gorgeous, sparkling gems, and all were enraptured with beauty, stillness and grandeur of the scene.

Much as summer camps may be enjoyed and praised, he has missed much novel and pleasant experience who has never had the pleasure of a sojourn in the wilderness when the snows of winter still the footfall and nature sleeps.

As the day wore on one hunter and a guide, then another pair took their departure, and lastly the writer and Jack sallied forth.

Going but a short distance from camp, following the course of a mountain brook, we came upon a birch tree nine inches through and some sixty-five feet long, that had been cut down the night before by beavers. We had encountered many beaver cuttings almost every day, but had never before seen any tree so large as this felled by these diminutive rodents. Human skill could not better plan to fell the tree, nor to fell just where it was wanted. The principal gash had been cut more than half way through the trunk upon the side on which it was to fall, and upon the opposite side a smaller gash higher up, felling the tree directly between two other large trees, into one of which it must have lodged had it varied but a few feet either way in its descent.

After duly admiring for some time the patience and skill manifested here, Jack at my suggestion returned to camp and procured the saw, and sawed out a section, showing the cutting, and it has now a conspicuous place in my valued collection of trophies of the trip.

The others of the party returned to camp with two magnificent bucks and a splendid bull caribou, when hilarity and good cheer reigned supreme.

Thanksgiving was drawing near, and our *chef* was instructed to do the occasion honor, and to tax to their utmost the resources of the camp. Whether or not he succeeded we will leave our readers to decide when they have read the *menu*, which was emblazoned upon birch bark, and which is reproduced here. With but a single exception, every dish and article thereon was served, and all received due attention.

But why recount here in detail all the fun and frolic of the trip? Every incident had an individuality and pleasure all its own, but to enumerate them here would extend this article to undue length, and overtax the patience of my readers.

To sum up briefly, our two weeks of camp life in the deep snows and cold of winter was made up of fun, frolic

and incident which gave to each day an individuality all its own, and rounded out into a prized remembrance the most pleasant time we ever spent in camp.

Our unconventional life and unusual exercise soon gave energy to nerve and strength to muscle, and made easy the task which at first would seem impossible. The fascinations of our environment, the absolute whiteness of the snow, the deathly stillness of the woods, the delicate tracery of the evergreens and towering forest trees lent an added charm and made a beautiful picture of the woods in winter.

Our killing comprised two does, five bucks and a bull caribou. Slaughter being the lesser object sought, our killing was much less than it might have been. We endeavored to spare all females and those killed would not have been shot had their sex been known.

Our ambition was to secure a lordly moose, and while we were in their country of "at home," and saw their track several times, the continued snow blotted out at night the trail picked up and followed during the day, and so we got none. But this will be an impelling incentive to another trip, and will give added zest to anticipation.

Cheery Bob Phillips, superintendent of the Megantic preserves, did us the honor of accepting the hospitality of Camp Taylor during the last few days of our stay, and to show him our appreciation of his condescension and presence, and to aid in holding him down to *terra firma*, we kindly allowed him to put upon his shoulders two saddles of venison, weighing 110lbs., and carry them out over the mountain trail to the Chain of Ponds, the little distance of some ten or a dozen miles. Such honors seldom come to him, and he is so highly pleased when they do, that his elation knows no bounds, and his best friends say he wears a decided hump upon his back ever since. This dangerous experiment, which has ruined many a beautiful character, is mentioned here, that others may profit by, and avoid our mistakes. GEO. A. MCALEER.

WORCESTER, Mass.

SOUTH DAKOTA GOOSE SHOOTING.

BRIGHT and early on the morning of Nov. 8, I and my partner left Pierre, S. D., for a drive of thirty miles in quest of the wild goose. Our destination was the corn and wheat fields of Sully county, a favorite feeding locality. At this season of the year the geese roost nightly on the many sand bars of the Missouri River and at break of day their cheerful *honk, honk*, may be heard as they rise and separate into numberless squads, flying to the fields in search of food. Returning to the river by 10 o'clock, they make another trip at about 3 in the afternoon, and go back to their roosting places after dark. This is their regular habit, although on a cloudy day they often stay in the fields the whole day.

We drove out in anticipation of a good time, and on arriving in the vicinity of their usual haunts we made a number of inquiries, and the answers were invariably the same, "Yes, there are lots of geese around the Sully Buttes; good fields and nice people to stop with." So heading in the direction we soon located ourselves with Mr. F. E. Blakemore, who kindly gave us some pointers on the flights, and to whom, with his estimable wife and daughter, we were indebted for the most hospitable reception and kindly treatment we had ever enjoyed.

Hurriedly lunching, as the evening flight was on, we grasped the 10-bores and made for the lines of flight. Separating, we studied the different flights for the rest of the day, and felt repaid on coming in by finding that our observations tallied as to main flights and feeding places very closely. S., my partner, brought in a sample goose.

Six o'clock the next morning found us in the field, and on coming in about 10 o'clock I found that S. had three geese and I had six empty shells, but no goose. Of course I "got the laugh," but I gave it back in the afternoon, killing, rather singularly, four lone geese to his "one to get."

Daybreak found me in a stubble field on the west line of flight while my colleague, as the lawyers say, stuck to the east line. I think it will be some time before I shall forget that morning's shoot.

The morning broke cold, and a brisk wind from the west made it a good goose day. Hastily forming a light blind of tumble weeds, and getting my shells in reach I lay down in my blind, but had not long to wait, for soon I had the satisfaction of seeing a bunch of twelve or fourteen honkers heading directly for me, 50 or 60yds. high. Allowing them to pass over I arose and sent a charge of 00 at the nearest goose, which stopped him and he was soon a model decoy. The next geese caught sight of him, set their wings and sailed within 30yds. of me, furnishing two more decoys. Then came a clean miss with both barrels at easy range. Say, were you ever there? How a fellow kicks himself. Once more a small bunch, a nice double, a lone goose; another double, another miss, but got one with the second barrel, and so on until the flight was over and I had the pleasure of counting eleven plump geese as they lay side by side.

Hiding the game I made for the house and discovered that my partner had secured one goose. Hitching up I went after my birds and coming back called him out to size them up alongside of his one poor, scrawny, half-starved "cripple just as like as not" specimen. You see my turn came at last. But S. took it all right.

Three o'clock that afternoon found us together in the same field with eight or ten dead geese for decoys, but as our large shot was about gone we could only depend on the geese decoying near enough for us to stop them with No. 4. Soon they came, and after an A 1 time of hitting, missing and friendly guying of each other, night found us with twelve more birds, making twenty-four for the day.

The next morning we tried them for an hour after daybreak, but they were "on to us," and we only bagged three, a total bag of thirty-five geese in three days.

Bidding host and family good-bye, and sending the birds ahead by an obliging farmer, we were soon talking it over at home with our fellow sportsmen. To say that we enjoyed our trip would not half tell it, and we shall wait as patiently as possible the coming of another fall.

CAMP-FIRE.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

IN MAINE WOODS.

BOSTON, Nov. 24.—The Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association proposes to take important action the coming session of the Legislature in that State. The Association is to meet at Augusta, within a few days, and matters will be discussed. The Fish and Game Commission is expected to be present. Sportsmen are invited to be present or to send in their opinions by letter. The committee on Legislation of the Association consists of its President, Eugene M. Hersey, of Bangor; Hon. J. F. Hill, of Augusta; Hon. Jessie M. Libby, of Mechanic Falls; Hon. J. F. Sprague, of Monson; Hon. Herbert M. Heath, of Augusta; Hon. F. E. Timberlake, of Phillips. The committee will take into consideration all proposed and needed changes in fish and game laws. The committee is particularly anxious to have the views of sportsmen on the subject of killing cow moose at any time, prohibiting the killing of any moose without horns or of "spike horn" moose, increased penalities for violations of the game laws, especially dogging deer, reducing the number of pounds of trout and salmon to twenty-five instead of fifty; decreasing the amount of game that one individual may take to one bull moose, one buck deer and one doe.

W. T. Farley with his friend Harry Clark are just out of the woods from their very successful deer hunt at Andover Surplus, Me. They found the ground covered with snow, and they arrived on the ground the day following a light, fresh snowstorm. The number of deer surprised them, or at least the tracks. Mr. Clark got a fine buck the second day. Mr. Farley got a handsome buck on the third day. The gentlemen are very pronounced in their praises of deer hunting in Maine; done in the right spirit. But they are down on the slaughter that is being practiced. In some cases three or four guides to the man are hired, and they take all the deer they can get; each hunter carrying home his quota of three. Such men should go into the business of deer butchering. SPECIAL.

Down on the Marsh.

Got-drunk, got-drunk, got-drunk. "Yes, my friend, I judge from all reports they did," I made answer to the old veteran mossback on a big lilypad not far from my tent, where we were camped, fishing for bass and shooting woodcock. *Jug-o-rum, jug-o-rum, jug-o-rum*, said another. "Yes, they must have had pretty good *jag-on, jag-on, jag-on;* well, everything looks that way if the stories I've heard are true." *Elder-blue, elder-blue, elder-blue. Wilber-too, Wilber-too, Wilber-too.* "They were both here," I answered, "but, thank goodness, they've gone; and who was the third party with them?" *Peters, pe-ters, pe-ters.* "That's it, that explains the whole matter." A party had camped in this same place a few days before and had had a regular spree. They were Elder Blue, Wilbur and Peters. I knew them and had heard of them before. And the last thing I heard before hearing a woodpecker call the long roll for breakfast as the sun rose, was the frogs deploring the depravity of human nature in general and talking the matter over. H. B. J.

WABASHA, Minn., Nov. 17.

Game Trophies for the Sportsmen's Exposition.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to say a word in behalf of the Sportsmen's Exposition to be held in the middle of May next, at Madison Square Garden. I think this opens a first-class chance to get an exhibit of hunting paraphernalia, and of trophies the like of which has not before been seen here or elsewhere. Some years ago there was an exhibit of heads in London and a very good series of measures taken of them. A committee composed of Mr. Archibald Rogers, Mr. George Bird Grinnell and myself will be connected with this exhibit to the extent of being the measuring committee for the heads. I sincerely hope that all owners of big heads will send them to the exposition. I should feel a little ashamed if in our exposition on our own soil we were not able to show better heads than were shown in London, where the trophies were all from English sportsmen.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Maine Hunting.

EUSTIS, Me., Nov. 16.—Four moose hunters left this place for Spring Lake last Monday morning and returned to-day. They report killing four moose, two caribou and one deer; and they let four moose pass within easy rifle range that they did not shoot. The snow is 6in. deep, and makes the finest of hunting. All parties wishing to shoot large game should drop a line to A. B. DOUGLASS.

Florida Information Wanted.

A CORRESPONDENT asks for the address of a writer in these columns who offered to refer inquirers to a certain point in Florida where shooting and fishing are combined with moderate expenses. If this meets the eye of that contributor he will please communicate with us. Perhaps some one else can suggest such a place.

Ohio Quail.

LODI, O., Nov. 18.—Quil season opened Nov. 10 with a snow storm, but last week was pleasanter, so I managed to get a few birds. Quail are more plenty than last fall, but not as two years ago. Rabbits are numerous, as usual. E.

Long Island Rabbits.

AT Lindenhurst, L. I., last Tuesday I killed thirteen rabbits in four hours; pretty good luck for so short a distance and time. Any one going there can get good accommodations at Gleste's Hotel. A. H.

The Market and the Game.

EDGAR, Neb., Nov. 20.—There are plenty of quail here this fall but the market-hunter is getting in his work every day and many are being shipped out, mostly to Chicago. H.

THE name Cammeyer stamped on a shoe means "standard of merit." A catalogue of sportsmen's footwear will be sent free on application. Address A. J. Cammeyer, New York.—*Adv.*

IF you want fur-lined coats, vests, or robes, or anything in the line of fine gentleman's furs, you should write C. G. Gunther's Sons, 184 Fifth avenue, New York.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Supervisors' Laws.

IT is to be presumed that there was some good reason why, after conferring power upon boards of supervisors to "pass at their annual sessions such laws and ordinances as shall afford additional protection to and further restrictions for the protection of birds, fish, shellfish and wild animals except deer," etc., etc., that the time was fixed for such laws to take effect as follows: "No such ordinance shall take effect until the first day of May next after its passage." But after thinking the matter over for the past fifteen minutes I cannot discover why April 1 would not do just as well and serve every purpose intended by the law as it stands.

I was appointed by the Mohican Rod and Gun Club as a committee to go before the Supervisors of Warren county and ask for a law closing for a term of years the brooks tributary to Lake George in which the U. S. Fish Commission has this year planted 12,000 fingerling landlocked salmon. The planted streams contain a few trout, but the supervisors for the sake of possessing the salmon are willing to close the streams against fishing for any fish at any season, which is the only true way to protect a planted stream until the fish get a start. What will be the result? The supervisors will doubtless pass the law, and it will take effect the first of next May, but the trout fishing season opens, now, in these streams on the 15th of April, and next year it will be legal under the State law to fish for trout in the streams for two weeks before the supervisors' law can go into effect, and it is the trout fishermen that have caught the little Atlantic salmon in streams further north until salmon are no longer planted in them, and I think we cannot expect the landlocked salmon to escape unless the Legislature comes to their rescue and changes the word "May" in Section 273 of the game laws to read "April." It is true that the open season for landlocked salmon does not begin until May 1, but it is mighty hard for some fishermen to distinguish between a trout and a landlocked salmon if they have the chance to catch both in the same stream. I do not believe in constant tinkering with the game law, but unless there is some good reason why it should not be changed, and I know of none, it is to be hoped that the Legislature will make the change so that supervisors' laws will go into effect on April 1. That gives ample time for the laws to become known, and now that the U. S. Fish Commission has commenced stocking New York waters with landlocked salmon on a large scale, and the people, wherever the fingerlings have been planted, desire to close the streams against all fishing, to give them every protection, the law should lend itself to aid the people in this direction.

"Section 140."

Ever since, and in fact before, Section 140 of the Game Law of New York was enacted, I have tried in various ways to accomplish its repeal, as it is a menace to all fish protection in Warren county. Only a few weeks ago I told in this column how it defeated justice that the Mohican Club attempted to mete out to a notorious fish poacher. When I went before the supervisors to have the landlocked salmon protected in the streams, I presented a bill "for the further protection of fish in Warren county," and the supervisors very kindly put it through with the other. It is intended to defeat the infamous provisions of 140 as to spearing, netting and shooting fish in Warren county. I say "intended" after due deliberation. Returning on the cars from the county seat, a certain judge asked if I had accomplished the legislation I sought, and I said yes, and that I had secured the passage of one bill that might give some of the gentlemen of his profession business in the courts. That if it was not good law it would at least make the other fellow do the walking—to prove it. He asked if the doubt was in regard to the powers of the supervisors, and I said that it was: "If that is all your bill will stand, for you do not know what extraordinary powers the supervisors of this county have. Years ago, and a good many of them, a Court of Sessions sent a man to the county jail for say, sixty days. The supervisors were holding their annual meeting at the time, and they decided to have the prisoner brought before the board that the members might review the proceedings of the Court. The prisoner duly appeared, and after solemn deliberation the board resolved that the prisoner should be formally admonished by Elder Blank (one of the supervisors) and discharged. And he was discharged! So I say to you, if your bill is only a little matter of difference between your lawyer and the laws of the State, I think your case a good one." The only trouble is that if the validity of this land is ever successfully disputed, I fear the lawyer will blame the whole thing on to me. In the mean time the Mohican Club will go ahead as though the law was the best and strongest ever enacted, and I think it is as good as the average game law.

Bad Black Bass.

While Judge B.'s story may be considered the humorous feature of my journey in search of laws to protect our fish, I heard another story on the cars that is anything but humorous. I met Mr. Scott Barton, of Brant Lake, N. Y., who wished to know various things about fish and fishing, all of which led to his telling me that last year a black bass spawned near his dock in shallow water, where the fish was under his observation daily. The young bass were hatched in June and remained about the bed for a week or ten days, the parent fish guarding them and driving away any other fish that came about. After about ten days of the most solicitous care and brooding on the part of the parent fish, Mr. Barton noticed one morning that the old bass was charging right and left through the brood of young fish, and that the young were making every effort to escape into any shelter that offered, "In fact, it looked to me as though that old devil was eating its own babies." The next morning the brood of young bass appeared to be greatly reduced in numbers, and the old fish was again charging into the fry, apparently with malice aforethought. Mr. Barton was so incensed at the unnatural action on the part of the parent bass that he baited a hook and caught the old monster, and upon opening it thirty-eight or thirty-nine little black bass were found in its stomach.

Mr. Barton tells me that he could not be mistaken about the species of the little fish, they were black bass; and the parent fish had eaten most of its own brood after carefully caring for them for ten days or more. Many charges have been made against the character of the black bass, but this is by far the most serious indictment yet presented; and I cannot yet think it is the habit of the black bass to eat their own young if other food abounds.

I know of one instance where a black bass brooded its young for six weeks after they were hatched. Mr. Barton tells me, further, that after he found the young bass in the stomach of its parent, he made inquiries among the fishermen about the lake and watched other bass with their young, and from what he learned came to the conclusion that it is quite common for the black bass in Brant Lake to eat their young. I would be very glad to hear from any one who has made observations upon this subject of cannibalism among black bass. It will be a difficult matter to investigate thoroughly because of the law in some States that forbids the capture of bass during and directly after the spawning season, but it can be investigated in New York State, where there is no law to protect bass during their actual spawning season except as the supervisors have furnished it.

From the Hatcheries.

This is the season in which the work is done upon which the fishing of succeeding seasons depends. Nature and the fish hatcheries of the land are both employed in developing fish for the years to come, and as the result is large or small, so the promise of fishing in the immediate future may be good or bad. Fish Commissioner Griffin of New Hampshire writes me from Manchester: "This year our catch of breeding lake trout at Newfound Lake beats any previous record, both in the number of fish taken and in the size of the females. We took in all about 900 trout, but used only 830 for spawning, the balance being males, and were not required. I estimate that we have taken 3,500,000 eggs, but cannot tell accurately until they are figured on the trays at the hatcheries where they are laid down.

"The weight of the fish would average at least 10lbs. We weighed several that brought the scales down to 18lbs.

"We took a few male trout weighing from 1½ to 3lbs., which proves to our satisfaction that the fry planted in the past are doing well, as for the first three years that trout were taken from this lake for breeding purposes no small trout were caught. Taking into consideration the fact that all of the trout taken this year were taken off of one spawning bed with a common dip net, it leads me to think that we have as good, if not the best, lake in the country for this species of fish.

"Col. Wentworth says that the very rough weather at Sunapee Lake this fall on the saibling spawning beds has interfered with the work of taking the parent fish. Still, they have met with fair success, and at last reports they were still taking saibling.

"The catch of breeding landlocked salmon at New Found this year is larger than ever before, being 89 fish, as compared with 67 for the largest number in any previous year.

"As few have been stripped, I cannot say how many eggs we will get; but judging from the number of females taken this season, as compared with last, we will certainly have three times as many."

Stocking Virgin Waters.

Fish Commissioner George F. Peabody, of Wisconsin, sends me a description of the result of the work done in his State in the way of stocking certain streams with brook trout. The waters are streams in Waushara county, which eight years ago were barren of fish life, except perhaps suckers and chubs. About a dozen of these streams, made up of springs and flowing through a charming wooded country, although they contained no trout, seemed to invite them, and as all conditions of purity and temperature of water and food were offered the Commissioners began to stock them with brook trout fry, and the result has been such as to border on the marvelous. During the past season a catch of forty trout was made in one day in these streams, and after being dressed the fish weighed 63lbs., the largest fish weighing 3lbs. 10oz. On the same date two other gentlemen caught fifty trout, of a total weight of 62lbs. The Commissioners visited the streams in July, and in spite of an extremely hot day they caught 135 trout in three streams in a few hours fishing.

Waupaca county has also been benefited in a like manner, and one stream that sixteen years ago contained no trout, now, as the result of stocking by the Commissioners, yields strings of from 500 to 1,500 trout in from one to two weeks' fishing. I have an idea, however, that encouraging as such results must be to the Commissioners who have exercised such excellent judgment in the selection and stocking of these streams, that the waters will not stand such a tax upon their resources. When two fishing parties in three days' time take 1,200 and 1,500 trout respectively, from waters artificially stocked, they do not exercise the same good judgment displayed by the Commissioners in stocking them, and such merciless fishing must cease or the hatcheries of the State increased to keep up the supply of fish. This is but one of the many things which tend to confirm my view that we must soon have the catch of so-called game fish taken for sport limited by law.

Mr. Peabody urges very strongly that the Fish Commission of his State should be removed entirely from political influences as the only means to make it thoroughly efficient.

A New Sinker.

Mr. Alfred Jardine has a reputation as an angler which extends from his home in Great Britain to the rest of the habitable world where angling is practiced as a fine art, and a Jardine this or a Jardine that is quite sure to relate in some way to fishing; and the name is enough to insure that the article, whatever it may be, is good. I have just received from Redditch, England, samples of perhaps Mr. Jardine's latest invention, in the shape of a sinker, called the "Archer" Jardine detachable lead, and after due deliberation I have arrived at the conclusion that it is the best sinker I ever saw. I have seen many forms of detachable sinkers, but they are as nothing compared to this one, which has the very unusual merit that it may be attached or detached from a leader or line without the least injury to either, and it is so simple that I wonder that 4,000 anglers have not thought of it before. The sinker is of soft lead, round, and of various thicknesses and lengths to produce different weights. Around the lead is a spiral groove, and the ends of the lead terminate in a bit of coiled brass wire. The line or leader, when soft from wetting, may be wound around the grooves and conducted inside the spiral terminating wires, and then it is impossible for the sinker to slip on the line or leader. It is the only sinker that I know of that can be attached to a gut leader without injury to it.

The sinkers are painted a dark green, without gloss, and the lead is soft enough to be bent into the form commonly used on a casting or trolling line to prevent the line from twisting as a spinning bait revolves.

Yearling Trout.

Among those who have been converted to the use of yearling trout for stocking or restocking streams, instead of fry, is Mr. A. C. Collins, president of the State Sportsmen's and Farmers' Association of Connecticut, and I understand that the belief is growing throughout that State that yearling trout are not only better for stocking purposes, but that they are cheaper in the end than fry. And this reminds me that I have just read that "the average number of fry taken from a salmon is about 6,000."

A. N. CHENEY.

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

NOW THE withered leaves come whirling down, and caught by the eddying gusts are scattered to the hollows and fence corners, there to lie packed in damp sodden masses, awaiting the action of time and their final disintegration. The intense yellow of the last golden rods gleams out in bold contrast against the brown carpet of the fields and roadsides. Here and there the grayish white and purple stars of the belated asters attract the eye, and across the pastures bright patches of color betoken the presence of the scarlet leaved sumac. Along the edge of the forest bordering the meadow is displayed an unrivalled combination of colors—the deep green, the bright yellow, the vivid scarlet and intermediate shades marking the fading away of the emerald foliage of the summer months. Already has the hum of insect life ceased and the bark of the gray squirrel taken the place of the bird song now hushed by the approach of icy winter.

Ah, how these familiar signs all give warning of one of the inevitable changes so consistent with the laws of nature; and with this change comes a subtle undefinable feeling of melancholy inspired by this universal decay of all things bright and beautiful. This feeling most strongly appeals to the angler's heart, and why not? As is the ship to the marines or the studio to the artist, such are the forests and streams to the naturalist-angler. Grand music to his ear is the dash and roar of the mountain stream, and in the proper season he is ubiquitous in the mountains. You will hear the ring of his cheery laugh as he shouts to his comrade across the pool or where the stream leaves the hills and widens out into the calm reaches of the meadow, you will hear the splash of his wading boots and the swish of his leader as he sends the feathered cheat out to the chosen spot. But now the summer wanes and these are things of the past, and a feeling of rebellious discontent steals over him, as he lays the rod away and ponders on the cheerless idle days that must surely intervene till the return of the open season again.

But hold. Not altogether are the days profitless. These are the sportsmen's golden days, replete with pleasures made possible by these gloomy later months so distasteful to the brother of the angle. In our northern clime there are pleasures peculiar to the season. There is the start in the early hours of the glistening frosty morn, the long tramp over the breezy hills, the invigorating walk as we follow the erratic movements of the well trained canine friend through the fields, the point, the flush, the whirr of brown wings, the thunderous roar of the gun, followed by the abrupt downward plunge into the brown stubble, and then the retrieve. But this is active, boisterous sport, not to be compared with the quiet joys of the gentle art. The gun does not and cannot take the place of the rod, for we do not measure the pleasures of the day by the weight of the creel. It is enough to wander of a lovely June day, rod in hand, on the fern-covered banks of a pleasant stream, now stopping at some swirling eddy or inviting pool to capture a dripping prize, or again pausing to listen to the trill and twitter of the feathered companions of the wood. Ah! is not this the acme of happiness?

But we must yield to the stern decrees of nature and wait till springtime clothes the earth with richest garb, and brings again those days replete with pleasures that, as good old Izaak Walton saith, are without offence to either God or man.

E. M. BROWN.

"Red Trout," Kennerley's Salmon.

LOCKPORT, Nov. 23.—I dislike very much to disturb the conclusions of so enthusiastic and entertaining a correspondent and angler as "El Comancho," of Seattle, on the subject of "red trout," but that industry and perseverance which led him to undertake a quarter mile portage and a twenty mile voyage in a Siwash canoe ought to be able to stand a little contradictory evidence.

In an article published in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM "El Comancho," is positive that the "red trout" is identical with the common lake trout of the Puget Sound country. "El Comancho" is mistaken in his conclusions. The fish he writes about was identified, illustrated and described in FOREST AND STREAM a few years ago as Kennerley's salmon. This little "red fish," as it is called around the lakes of Whatcom county has puzzled many an angler, including the writer, and I was greatly pleased to learn its identity. It was my privilege to visit Lake Whatcom, Wash., less that five weeks ago, when I found these fish assembled at the mouth of a creek near the head of the lake, ready to ascend and perform their family duties, when the water in the creek was sufficiently high to permit it. I caught some of them by letting a gang of three hooks down among them and suddenly raising it.

The fish then presented a healthful appearance, the males being of a reddish hue, which I do not think is due to disease as "El Comancho" says. The files of FOREST AND STREAM will furnish him with a great deal of information about this fish.

C. S. RICE.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

Pleasant Pond Landlocked Salmon.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am perfectly contented to "sit corrected" as to the landlocked salmon in Pleasant Pond, New London. As I said, I wrote solely from memory, all my records being burned, and was deceived, by the name of the pond, as to its location, having forgotten that there was a Pleasant Pond in Springfield, it not being so named in my map of the State.

I prepared the list of the lakes in the report of 1879, myself, with no small labor, and made it as correct as possible up to that date. I should be the last person to accuse my old friend and colleague, Powers, of any underhand proceedings, for the Commissioners themselves were fully informed of the doings of each other, but for obvious reasons we did not care to make all our experiments public until we knew something of the results.

I am very glad to have the rapid growth of the "wininish" in the New London pond verified, for Mr. Powers and myself made up our minds in 1876 that it was the "coming fish" for New Hampshire waters, and that it was better for us to introduce them than to devote all our energies to the original object of the Commission, *i. e.*, that of restoring the *Salmo salar* to our rivers.

The next step I want to see taken is to stock our small rivers, which are too large for the *S. fontinalis*, with the European or brown trout, and I have so written Commissioner Shurtleff.

VON W.

The Proposed Minnesota Association.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A movement is being started with the intention of organizing a voluntary Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association as an auxiliary to the constituted State Bonrd. A plan has been outlined in several recent issues of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, and has received favorable editorial comment as also the indorsement of our State Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, and the promised active support of some well known gentlemen and enthusiasts on the game question.

A short explanation and a brief outline of the proposed work is in order. During late years the game and fish reserves of Minnesota are fast becoming depleted through the indiscriminate hunting and fishing both in and out of season. Naturally there are cases which the State Board does not become acquainted with, though where they do, they vigorously prosecute. They are doing a noble work. There is a feeling of antagonism among many people of the rural districts against game legislation, since they have an idea that game laws are made only for the benefit of a favored few. The State Board is necessarily composed of but a few members, but if there was a voluntary State organization that any might join as members, it would afford an excellent opportunity for a dissemination of views on the subject and a hearty co-operation. We would be in direct touch with the entire State, and the conduct of each member would do much to win a kinder feeling at large for those who do enjoy the pleasures of the rod and gun.

What we need is an organization to give support to the game laws, and encouragement and assistance to the State board. It is certainly most possible that such a body might be formed and incorporated during our present session of Legislature.

We will be perfectly voluntary in character, no one of us wishing to enrich himself by a dollar; and with a membership fee of not more than a dollar yearly, we should enlist the support of a very large number of gentlemen of like tastes. The game resources of Minnesota are worthy of the effort. We can be of such service in effecting additional legislation. There is a growing sentiment among sportsmen of the whole country that laws should be passed everywhere prohibiting the sale of game. Another fact is, that rich as Minnesota game reserves are, we cannot forever furnish game to citizens of other commonwealths gratuitously; and would see enacted a law exacting a license fee from all non-resident gunners. We should not be expected to give unlimited advantages to strangers to our own detriment.

WM. L. TUCKER, Sec. Com. on Organization.

New York Association.

NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF FISH, GAME AND FOREST.—Syracuse, N. Y., November 20.—The next annual meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish, Game and Forest, will be held in the Assembly Hall of the Hotel Yates, in the city of Syracuse, beginning at 10 A. M. on Thurday, Jan. 10, 1895.

This meeting will be of unusual importance. The association has become influential in the shaping of legislation in relation to the interests it assumes to protect, and at this meeting new subjects of vital interest will be presented for serious consideration, and numerous amendments to the Code are likely to be proposed. With full and zealous representations from the various auxiliary associations and clubs, the proceedings of the meeting can be made most influential. The work necessary to be done ought to be well distributed for all are alike interested. We urge that the attendance should be full, with a view to making the declarations of the meeting felt in the Legislature.

It would seem that the importance of this meeting, which must consider questions relating to fish, game and forest alike, should appeal to all of the tournament organizations as well as to the present membership of the association. Their earnest assistance and support is greatly to be desired. When the constitution of the association was revised and made to provide for winter and summer meetings, it was done with the expectation that all associations throughout the State, even such as preferred the gun to the rod, or the rod to the gun, would come into full membership, and by force of wise counsels and large numbers give to the association such power and influence as to give great weight to its recommendations to the Legislature. This circular is sent to all clubs and associations throughout the State, hoping that all earnest friends of the protection so much needed, will give to the next meeting of the association their hearty support.

Under a resolution adopted at the last meeting, proposed amendments to the code must be filed with the chairman of the law committee, W. S. McGregor, Syracuse, on or before Dec. 10. Particular attention is called to this requirement, that this part of the business programme for the meeting may be arranged in advance. It is hoped, however, that proposed amendments, so filed, will be general in their character and operation, except in cases were special legislation seems to be absolutely necessary.

A very important subject which will be introduced for special consideration will be the suggestion of the Senate committee to divide the State into three districts with a special code for each district.

It is hoped that delegates to the meeting will be appointed at least two weeks previously, and their names sent to the secretary at Buffalo, that a full and authentic roll may be prepared. A general programme of business will be prepared with a design to dispatch business, for it is manifest that the proceedings will be of unusual length and interest.

Unless active and efficient efforts shall be put forth, it must be that the cause of protection will fail, and game, fish and forest perish. Never was there more to encourage workers in this cause than now exists, and with all its friends at work there must be grand success.

JOHN B. SAGE, Sec'y. DWIGHT H. BRUCE, Pres.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

1895.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's nineteenth annual show, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 26 to March 1.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 5.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

THE E. F. T. C. TRIALS.

THE trials which began on Monday, Nov. 19, at Newton, N. C., were a decided success. There was more interest manifested in them, there were more club members in attendance, and there was a fairly good entry. All in all, these trials were auspicious for a better future for field trials.

Messrs. W. S. Bell and S. C. Bradley judged the Members' Stake, and they, with Mr. N. Wallace, judged the remainder of the competition.

Birds were moderately plentiful.

The grounds were not in the best condition owing to light cover, due to a late frost and a dry season.

The weather was quite warm, too warm at times for the highest class of work.

Following is a list of the visitors present who followed the trials every day, besides several townspeople:

L. W. Porter, J. B. Douglass, Richmond; T. R. Tuell, Tennessee; J. O. Harrison, North Carolina; John Y. Jordan, Asheville, N. C.; Edmuud H. Osthaus, Toledo, O.; G. W. Shackleford, Atlanta; R. S. Smithy, R. D. Hopkins, Britman, N. C.; W. A. Coster, A. M. Hanna, Saratoga; W. T. Thompson, W. B. Meares, Jr., Hillsboro, N. C.; F. A. Hodgman, P. Lorillard, Jr., F. R. Hitchcock, H. B. Duryea, S. S. R. Mineikin, E. R. Hearn, J. E. Orr, Major J. M. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Duncan, New York; S. Murray Mitchell, Edwin J. Dougherty, J. W. Rabe, Philadelphia; W. H. Anderson, Atlauta, Ga.; Dr. R. T. Mead and wife, Manistee, Mich.; M. M. Jordau, Greenville, S. C.; Edw. Dexter, M. M. Johnson, Boston; P. H. O'Bannon, Sperryville, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Young, H. H. and L. D. Hargrave, Charlotte, N. C.; R. S. Smith, Baltimore. The famous handlers in attendance were: C. E. Buckle, Horace Smith, John White, D. E. Rose, J. M. Avent, Maj. J. A. R. Purcell, J. N. Lewis, J. B. Stoddard, C. Tucker and son.

The Members' Stake.

There were ten starters in this stake, nearly all of which were dogs of exceptional merit. The conditions were changed in so far as to permit a member to run any dog or dogs regardless of ownership. This departure seemed to infuse more vitality and enthusiasm into this stake than has been exhibited in several years past.

It is an important stake in many respects. It has a direct personal interest for the members and is something to look forward to in the way of direct competition for them. Very few care to come year after year for the sole purpose of witnessing a competition. There must be something of more direct interest. By varying the couditions year after year or making changes so as to relieve the monotony of running for like prizes under like conditions each year, there probably would be more interest. At all events, this important stake is worthy of more consideration and attention.

The work was very clean cut and free from error, not entirely because the dogs were so far superior to anything in the open stakes, although they were superior dogs, but to their superior handling, which was a good object lesson for many professional handlers to have seen and profited by it. There was very little noise, the dogs were permitted to hunt out their ground and there was none of the unseemly and harmful scrambling so often practiced in the open stakes. It is rarely, in the latter stakes, that the handlers give their dogs half an opportunity on scattered birds owing to their over-eagerness to get points before a competitor. There is loud urging of the dogs and a pressing forward of handlers into the scattered birds before the dogs have time to point them, resulting in flushed birds and lost opportunities for work. They seem never to have outgrown the old theories of the heat system, and sacrifice much of the general qualities in a frantic effort to get points. There was none of this in the Members' Stake. While the dogs were skillfully kept up to their work there was none of the flurry and scramble which are no part of competition.

The drawing was as follows:

Pierre Lorillard's black, white and tan bitch Leona (Eugene T.—Belle of Hatchie), *with* Lochinvar, black, white and tan dog, H. B. Duryea, handler.

Pierre Lorillard's bitch Antoinette, *with* F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog Tory Sandstone (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Diamond).

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch Lady Araminta (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers), *with* W. B. Meares, Jr.'s, dog Linwood.

F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch Topaz (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Diamond), *with* W. B. Meares, Jr.'s, orange and white dog Joyful (Dion C.—Natalie).

Roi d'Or, black, white and tan dog, handled by H. B. Duryea, *with* J. E. Orr's liver and white pointer dog Shot.

Second Round.

Topaz with Leona.
Lady Araminta with Lochinvar.
Sandstone with Joyful.
Roi d'Or with Antoinette.

Third Round.

Lady Araminta with Topaz.
Leona with Lochinvar.
First, Topaz; second, Lady Araminta; third, Lochinvar.

This event preceded the Derby and All-Age Stake, which did not begin till Wednesday, Nov. 21. On Tuesday many of the visiting sportsmen went shooting.

MONDAY.

The start was late, owing to bad weather. The early morning was dark and rainy. The solid black sky showed no signs favorable for good weather, but about 8 o'clock the clouds rapidly broke up, the weather cleared perfectly, and the sun shone warm and clear. While not so warm as to be uncomfortable, it was a little too warm for the best work.

Birds were neither in abundance nor scarcity, yet they were scarce enough to test the finding qualities of the competitors quite thoroughly.

First Round.

The competition in this round was so good and the work so clean-cut by nearly all the competitors that it was indecisive in establishing any pronounced superiority. The handling, too, was so skillful that there were none of the flurries and rushing aud unseemly scrambling which so often mar the competition in professional stakes.

LOCHINVAR—LEONA.—The heat began at 9:24. Lochinvar showed a decided superiority over his competitor, though faulty in locating his birds accurately since he required coaching to set him properly on his points. He was first to point, but moved on, then both dogs roaded and nothing was found. In thick cover in a run Leona was on point and as one of the judges crossed throngh the difficult cover he flushed the bevy. The cover was so dense it was difficult to form other than a vague idea of the point. On the scattered birds Lochinvar pointed three times on singles in quick succession, and pointed once on footscent presumably, as nothing was found. Up at 10:05. Both ranged well and at good speed, Lochinvar the better.

ANTOINETTE—SANDSTONE.—They began at 10:12. Both were in heavy weeds working down wind and a bevy flushed. The high weeds concealed the cause of the flush. The bevy was followed. Sandstone took a cast into the woods and pointed it. Mr. Hitchcock failed to flush, but after he ordered the dog on he flushed the bevy a few yards further on. The dogs were steady to shot. On the scattered birds Antoinette pointed a single well and Sandstone backed. Next he flushed excusably. The heat ended at 10:54. Both ranged fairly well and with good speed. Sandstone showed some self-will at times.

LADY ARAMINTA—LINWOOD.—They were cast off at 11:05. Lady soon poiuted a bevy and was prettily backed by Linwood. The dogs were worked in a circle back to the birds in corn. Linwood pointed them, and Lady coming up the other side of the narrow run, pointed the same bevy. Both were steady to shot. The birds were followed into pine woods, where Lady flushed a single and Linwood made a good point on one. Next he drew with head well up to a point on the bevy. At the same time, Lady apparently not seeing him, drew to a point on the same birds and got very close on them before stopping, and either stopped to wing or stopped barely soon enough to make a point. In any event, her performance was far inferior to that of Linwood. Sent on, Lady pointed; uothing found. Linwood pointed a single and was steady to shot, and his next point had no bird. Up at 11:33. Linwood showed superior ability in locating, drawing and accurate pointing, far superior to his competitor in those qualities. But his range was very narrow. Lady ranged well and had the greater speed, but her point work was ordinary.

TOPAZ—JOYFUL.—They started at 11:37. Both went well, Topaz going merrily, speedily and wide. Joyful was one of the Derby entries. Topaz took a wide cast, found and pointed a bevy nicely, and held her point staunchly till her handler came up. Joyful drew in and pointed the same bevy. Both were steady to wing. Topaz flushed a single. Next she pointed in weeds where birds had been marked down and Joyful pointed, but the birds could not be found. Joyful pointed nicely a bevy in corn. Up at 12:08. Topaz was speedier and the wider ranger, and had a most animated action. Her point work was sharp and superior. Joyful ranged fairly well and at good speed, worked well to the gun and showed good judgment.

ROI D'OR—SHOT.—They started at 12:18. One of the judges flushed a bevy which was marked down close by. Shot pointed and roaded slowly on the trail of some running birds. He finally got a point on a single and was steady to shot. Sent on, he flushed a single. At the same time Roi, about 80yds. away working on separate ground, pointed a bevy, and next pointed a single. Shot showed carelessness and flushed twice. Roi made two points on birds in woods. Up at 12:55, with the heat all in Roi's favor. Roi ran a steady working heat, kept up his speed, though there was nothing in his performance above superior every-day work.

Second Round.

The work had been so even that it was impossible to make any accurate selection of the winuers. Eight dogs were retained.

TOPAZ—LEONA.—After lunch, at 1:45. Both soon pointed, moved on and made game. In woods, Topaz pointed and Leona backed. One of the attendants said a bevy had flushed from the spot a few moments before. Leoua pointed a single. Up at 2:24. Topaz was the better ranger, though ueither ran so well as in the morning.

LADY ARAMINTA—LOCHINVAR.—Lady pointed a bevy in woods and was steady to shot. Soon each got a good point on a single. Lochinvar next pointed and nothing found. Lady, standing directly over a single bird failed to point it. Up at 2:54. Lady had shortened her range very much as compared with that of the morning, and was not equal to Lochinvar in that respect. Her work on birds was not clean and skillful.

SANDSTONE—JOYFUL.—They started at 3:00 and ran 23m. Joyful pointed a bevy in corn, taking a long cast to it. He held his point quite a while till his handler came up, then moved in and flushed. Some of the birds lit a few yards away and he flushed them. Sent on again he pointed two birds in sedge grass. Up at 3:23. Both were diligent, though neither ranged wide in this heat.

ROI D'OR—ANTOINETTE.—They began at 2:30 and ran 17m. Antoinette flushed an outlying bird, then stopped on a point on the bevy. They were steady to shot. On the scattered birds, Roi pointed a single and Antoinette refused to back. Her range was much shortened. Roi kept up his steady gait and had medium range.

Third Round.

ARAMINTA—TOPAZ.—At 4:10 they were cast off. Topaz got a point on a bevy and two points on singles and one flush. Lady got one point and one flush, all in a strip of woods. Next Topaz found and pointed a bevy, and Lady drew to a point on the same bevy. Topaz was the wider and better ranger, and her point work was better. Up at 4:38.

LEONA—LOCHINVAR.—They began at 4:41 and ran 23m. Lochinvar made a staunch point in corn; nothing found. Sent on, next he pointed a bevy in weeds. The dogs were separated during the latter part of the heat, Lochinvar being lost for some minutes, when found, on point. Lochinvar was the better. The judges announced the winners as follows: First, Topaz; second, Lady Araminta; third, Lochinvar.

WEDNESDAY.

A rainy morning cleared up quickly into a delightfully pleasant day which grew warmer and warmer, till at last the handlers were content to run in their shirt sleeves, and were uncomfortably warm even then. Whether or not the dogs would have done better work if the weather had been cooler is a matter for speculation. Birds were not plentiful. It required diligent searching to find them.

The Derby.

For all setters or pointer pups whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1893. Three purses; first prize, $300; second, $200; third, $100.

The first stake of the open competition began with the Derby. The quality of the dogs was average. No phenomenal performer appeared in the competition.

The stake had 13 starters, drawn in the following order:

F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch Dotlet (Count Gladstone—Della), H. B. Duryea, handler, *with* Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog Tony Boy (Antonio—Laundress), D. E. Rose, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog Delhi (Rip Rap—Queen II.), C. E. Buckle handler, *with* Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Clementina (Roderigo—Norah II.), J. M. Avent, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr's., black, white and tan dog Shad (Eugene T.—Lou), C. Tucker, handler, *with* Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Cynosure (Roderigo—Norah II.), J. M. Avent, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch Luna, (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond), John White, handler, *with* H. H. Hargraves' lemon and white bitch Antovista (Antonio—Buena Vista), owner handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Lady Mildred (Antonio—Ruby's Girl) D. E. Rose, handler, *with* P. Lorillard Jr's., black, white and tan bitch Paloma (Eugene T.—Lou), C. Tucker, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Nellie Fox (Antonio—Can Can) D. E. Rose, handler, *with* Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog Tippoo (Rip Rap—Monterey) C. E. Buckle, handler.

W. B. Meares, Jr.'s, orange and white dog Joyful (Dion C.—Natalie) a bye, owner, handler.

Second Round.

Cynosure with Tony Boy.
Delhi with Lady Mildred.
Clementina with Luna.
Paloma with Nellie Fox.
First, Cynosure; second, Tony Boy; third, Lady Mildred.

Some changes were made in the order of the running, by consent of the handlers, to favor Mr. Avent, who was ill.

The competition was quite good, some of it superior.

The winner, Cynosure, made an exceptionally good showing. She was superior to her competitors, and won with something to spare.

Tony Boy was not excelled by any dog in the stake in respect to speed, good range and a dashing, pleasing manner of going. His point work was faulty, and in this respect was decidedly inferior in the competition to Lady Mildred, winner of third. The latter was quite successful in finding and pointing, but was not equal to Tony Boy in range and speed, though she had good medium range. It was not an easy matter to decide between the two, though I thought her finding and pointing so far the better that she should have had second. Still, Tony's superior speed and range were to be considered, and in setting off dissimilar qualities there is room for differences of opinion.

First Round.

DOTLET—TONY BOY.—They were cast off at 8:55. The first work on birds was on a bevy in heavy sedge. The dogs could not be seen. The bevy flushed, and Tony made a flush on two remaining birds. The birds were followed and Tony roaded to a point on a single and was steady ro shot. At the same time Dotlet pointed and would uot move on except when urged. She pointed and drew over cautiously till the end of the heat, plainly not on footscent. Tony Boy showed good range and speed and put much enthusiasm into his work. On the single bird which he pointed he did a good piece of work. Up at 9:29.

LUNA—ANTOVISTA.—At 9:37 they were cast off. Antovista pointed in a cornfield; nothing found. She showed some unsteadiness on a single bird. Luna pointed a bevy; Antovista refused to back and stole the point. The birds were followed. Antovista flushed one and chased. Luna pointed and several yards away one of the judges flushed a bird. Antovista refused to back. She pointed, probably on footscent. Up at 10:09. Antovista was a good ranger, was diligent and speedy, but was lacking in experience and discipline. With more experience, she should make an excellent performer. Luna showed fairly good point work and moderate range.

DELHI—CLEMENTINA.—They began at 10:14. Delhi was easily the better. Clementina was self-willed and disposed to work to please herself regardless of the gun at times. Crossing the hollow, the judges found Delhi on a point, but the birds flushed a few moments before the judges could get to him. He presumably had the point. Soon Clementina was lost, or what was probably more correct she was working to please herself. Before she was found, Delhi took a cast into the next field and pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. This was a good piece of work. The birds were followed. Delhi in woods pointed them, Clementina, crossing in ahead pointed the same bevy. Each then got a point on a single bird, and Delhi pointed footscent where birds had flushed from. Up at 11:07. Clementina was hard to handle and needed a lot of whistling and ordering to keep her even partially in control. Delhi worked well to the gun and his point work was clean and sharp. He ranged well, but came in to his handler once in a while unnecessarily.

SHAD—CYNOSURE.—They were cast off at 11:21. Cynosure opened the bird work by finding and pointing a big bevy in sedge and weeds. She was steady to shot. The birds were followed into corn. Cynosure pointed in corn, but nothing was found. Next she took a cast into sassafras bushes and heavy sedge, and she was left behind some moments on the supposition that she had gone on ahead. Returning, she was found holding a point on a bevy steadily, which flushed wild. The dogs became separated. Cynosure was ordered up at 11:52, and Shad ran four minutes longer without finding. All the advantage was with Cynosure.

LADY MILDRED—PALOMA.—After lunch at 1:30 they were cast off. Lady far outclassed her competitor. She found a bevy in weeds on a side hill and pointed it. Paloma drew a short circuit about Lady and flushed the bevy. Both were steady to shot. Next Lady roaded on a side hill in weeds across wind on a bevy which she pressed too close and flushed. A bird was left and Paloma pointed it. The dogs were worked in a circuit to the scattered birds in woods. On the way, in thick cover, Paloma made a half point on a single bird, which flushed wild. She roaded further down the hill and got a point on a single. Lady was out of sight for a few moments. She was found on a point in pines; Rose flushed the bevy and Lady was steady to shot. The heat ended at 2:07. Lady beat out her ground with excellent judgment and showed superior skill in her bird work. She found well, too. Paloma's point work was ordinary and she had no success in finding bevies. Her range was middling.

TIPPOO—NELLIE FOX.—They began at 2:18. Tippoo flushed a bevy in open weeds, which probably injured his chances seriously. The bevy was followed and Tippoo pointed it. Sent on, he flushed the remaining birds. In weeds, Tippoo backed Nellie's point; nothing found, but a bird had been flushed from the place shortly before. A bevy flushed by the handlers was followed into the woods. Both flushed the same bird, then Nellie flushed one. She next made a barren point. Each got a good point on separate birds. Nellie pointed foot scent and was backed. Up at 2:54. Both had moderately good range and speed. There were several points made where birds had been marked down, and which, therefore, were not false. Their work was in a hot part of the day.

JOYFUL—IGHTFIELD ROSALIE.—The latter was merely a workiug mate, Joyful having the bye. They started at 3. A single bird was seen to flush in high sedge, and Joyful stopped to a point on the flush. At 3:18 the dogs were taken to new ground, which took 22 minutes. Joyful was then run alone. He pointed a bevy in weeds, and got two points on singles in hard cover. His range was but moderately fair. Up at 3:54.

Second Round.

The judges consulted during some minutes and selected eight dogs to continue the running. In my opinion, Clementina, for disobedience and self-hunting, could have been left out; Paloma the same for a general inferior showing; Luna for but a moderately good performance.

CYNOSURE—TONY BOY.—They stated at 4:32. Cynosure was lost for a few minutes. She was found steadily pointing a bevy in weeds on a side hill. Tony ran into the bevy and flushed it. Tony, probably on foot scent, pointed, at the same time Cynosure pointed and a single bird was flushed after she moved on. Tony next made a good point on a single bird. Cynosure pointed on a side hill in sedge; nothing found. Both made game. Tony pointed a bevy, and Cynosure coming up close to Tony, pointed or backed. Up at 5:01. Both were good rangers and covered a lot of ground.

This heat ended the day's work.

THURSDAY.

A heavy fog partially obscured the view during the first two heats, but as the sun mounted higher the fog was burned

away. Birds were not found in plentiful numbers during the day, save in a few places and for short times. The work was not quite up to standard. After the fog was dispersed the weather conditions were fairly favorable for good work. The sky was overcast nearly all the day.

DELHI—LADY MILDRED.—They were started at 9:19. The heat was patchy in the work. Delhi, a pointer of excellent merit, ran in hard luck all the way from start to finish. He showed excellent capabilities in his first heat, and a willingness to do good work in the second, but what with bad luck in coming on his birds under difficult conditions, etc., his point work was nothing. Lady was first to point, she finding a bevy in weeds, Delhi not near to back. Sent on, Delhi, the wind not in his favor, flushed a bevy in piues. On scattered birds in thick grass and briers, Lady roaded up two, one at a time. The flushes were moderately excusable. Lady made an indecisive point on scattered birds. Delhi flushed a bird. Both roaded well along a ditch where birds had run, Delhi showing the greater skill. The running birds flushed here and there out of this ditch with no positive point work on them, though each pointed. Both roaded from the ditch into open weeds where birds had run and flushed. Followed into woods, Lady pointed the scattered birds and Delhi went close by them and failed to point. I could not see whether he scored a flush or not. Up at 9:42. Delhi was the wider ranger. Each covered a great deal of ground, Delhi showing the most judgment.

CLEMENTINA—LUNA.—They were cast off at 10:14. On a bird of a marked bevy, Luna pointed a single and was a bit unsteady to wing. The birds were followed into woods. Luna pointed a single, then flushed it. Clementina made two points on single birds. The heat ended at 10:45. Of the two Clementina did the better work, though the heat was inferior as a whole.

PALOMA—NELLIE FOX.—They started at 10:00 and ran a poor heat. Nellie false pointed repeatedly and Paloma did not do much of anything. Up at 11:15.

The judges soon announced the winners:

First, Cynosure; second, Tony Boy; third, Lady Mildred.

Thus Mr. Norvin T. Harris, who purchased both Cynosure and Tony Boy at Bicknell, showed rare judgment in selecting dogs of merit.

The All-Age Stake.

Open to all setters and pointers that have never won a first prize in an All-Age-Open Stake at the Philadelphia, Southern, United States or Central field trials. First prize, $300; second, $200; third, $100.

This stake was begun next after the Derby was decided. There were twenty-two starters, many of them dogs of field trial reputation aud superior merit.

Following is the order of drawing:

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s liver and white bitch Antevolo (Count Noble—Triuket II.), C. Tucker, handler. *with* F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog Tory Sandstone (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Diamond), John White, haudler.

S. Murray Mitchell's orange and white dog Sandy Gladstone (Breeze Gladstone—Delaware), J. Lewis, haudler, *with* Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Allene (Gath's Hope—Ruby's Girl), D. E. Rose, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog Delhi (Rip Rap—Queen II.), C. E. Buckle, handler, *with* W. W. Titus's black, white and tan bitch Minnie T. (Dick Bondhu—Betty B.), J. B. Stoddard, handler.

Stoddard & Kidwell's black and white dog Tick Boy (King of Kent—Bloom), J. B. Stoddard, handler, *with* Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s orange and white bitch Beryl (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Bessie Shoupe (Gath's Hope—Countess Rush), D. E. Rose, handler, *with* Eldred Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Antonia (Antonio—Miss Nellie Y.), J. B. Stoddard, handler.

D. G. Rowland's black, white and tan bitch Camille II. (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), Horace Smith, handler, *with* T. E. Shreve's black, white and tan bitch Mecca (Paul Gladstone—Latonia), John Lewis, handler.

J. W. Shriever's black, white and tan dog Livingston of Rhæbe (Gath's Mark—Cosette), *with* Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog Blue Ridge Mark (Gath's Mark—Ollie S.), D. E. Rose, handler.

E. J. Meyer's black and white bitch Soubrette (Rowdy Rod—Prince Donna), John Lewis, handler, *with* Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Topsy's Rod (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Maiden Mine (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), C. Tucker, handler, *with* Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog Wild Damon (Damon—Flora), C. E. Buckle, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch Tory Topaz (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond), John White, handler, *with* Major J. R. Purcell's liver and white bitch Lady Margaret (Dick Swiveler—Countess Bang), owner, handler.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white aud tan dog Eugene T. (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), C. Tucker, handler, *with* J. W. Shriever's orange and white dog Monitor (Gath's Hope—Cleo S.), owner, handler.

Second Round.

Antevolo with Wild Damon.
Minnie T. with Bessie Shoupe.
Topsy's Rod with Blue Ridge Mark.
Eugene T. with Antonia.
Lady Margaret with Mecca.

Third Round.

Eugeue T. with Minnie T.
Maiden Mine with Mecca.

Final.

Eugene T. with Topsy's Rod.

First, Topsy's Rod; second, Eugene T.; third, Blue Ridge Mark.

The competition was indecisive, no dog seeming to be able to make clean work, therefore it was a difficult stake to decide, and the opinions of experts varied greatly.

Topsy's Rod made an ordinary showing, taking all his work into consideration, save the one good find.

Eugene T. made an ordinary competition, too, and had the additional fault of working badly to the gun. There were several dogs in the stake which did better point work and worked better to the gun than Eugene, but their work was not uniformly good, nor was Eugene's for that matter.

Blue Ridge Mark, third, worked better to the gun and beat out his ground with better judgment than either of the other winners, and his work was better and more uniform, considering all his competition.

First Round.

The start was made after lunch.

ANTEVOLO—SANDSTONE.—At 1:11 they started. Sandstone dropped to a point on a marked bevy. He was steady to shot. On scattered birds, Antevolo pointed a single and Sandstone flushed it. Sandstone next got a good point on another marked bevy, doing this piece of work neatly and quickly. Antevolo got a good point ou one of the scattered birds and Sandstone pointed or backed; pointed probably, as his handler flushed a bird close by. Both showed good range and speed, covering all the ground that was necessary, though not with the best of judgment. Up at 1:45.

SANDY GLADSTONE—ALLENE.—The latter lost nearly all chance to win by false and inaccurate pointing. They started at 1:50. Allene made a beautiful point in weeds; nothing found. In open weeds Saudy pointed a bevy and was steady. He got a good point on the scattered birds and afterward he pointed a single well. Allene got a doubtful point on a single. She pointed repeatedly inaccurately. Her style on point was very fine. She ranged wide at the start but gradually shortened her range to ordinary. Sandy's gait was not fast, but he galloped steadily in an all-day manner, beat out his ground well and showed superior ability on birds.

WILD DAMON—MINNIE T.—Delhi was drawn to run with Minnie, but owing to having run in the forenoon in the Derby he was permitted to change places with Wild Damon by consent of all concerned. They started at 2:47. While being led through woods to be cast off, Minnie on chain, pointed a bevy, Wild Damon close by also recognized the scent. Soon after being cast off Minnie found and pointed a bevy nicely. Damon crossing in ahead flushed it. The scattered birds went down a hollow in a difficult place for work. They were followed. Minnie made a good point on some of them. Both were steady to shot and wing. Each secured a point on a single. Next Damon nicely pointed a bevy in weeds. Minnie on a side hill in sedge pointed a bevy and Damon backed well. On scattered birds Damon pointed, then moved on to a flush. Minnie flushed a single. Her range and judgment in beating out the ground were excellent and she worked to the gun prettily. She showed great accuracy and skill in her point work and proved an excellent finder. Wild Damon's work was about ordinary. Up at 3:23.

TICK BOY—BERYL.—Tick had the wider range, covering a great deal more ground, but Beryl was sharp, accurate and wise in her point work, and in this proved superior. Tick made game in heavy weeds, aud Beryl coming up, quickly and independently pointed the bevy. They were steady to shot. The birds were followed into woods, where Beryl pegged two good points. Her work was clear and sharp. Working into the open Tick pointed a single nicely and Beryl backed. Both pointed a bevy in woods. Again on scattered birds Beryl pointed where the birds flushed from. Next she dropped to a point on a single in sedge. They started at 3:30 and ran 31m.

BESSIE SHOUPE—ANTONIA.—They started at 4:09. They were cast off in large fields which afforded a fine opportunity for good ranging. Both went wide at good speed, Bessie the wider ranger. She pointed stauuchly in weeds and was backed; nothing found. Antonia pointed a bevy in the open and Bessie backed; both steady to shot. The birds were followed. Bessie pointed, and Antonia coming in a moment later, pointed 4ft. from Bessie. Nothing found, but by the edge of woods a single bird was flushed afterward. In sedge Bessie got a doubtful point on a marked bird. The heat was a long one and a great deal of ground was searched with little finding. Up at 5:00, and the work for the day ended.

FRIDAY.

A dense fog prevailed for an hour or more after the competition began. As the fog lifted, the temperature rose and the sun shone clear. It was uncomfortably warm. A sudden rain storm which lasted nearly an hour interfered with the work of the afternoon. Birds were not plentiful. They were in number hardly up to the needs of the competiion.

CAMILLE II.—MECCA.—They were cast off at 9:02. Camille flushed a bevy. In pines, Camille pointed a bevy and Mecca coming in ahead independently pointed the same bevy. Both dogs were steady to shot. Sent on. Both roaded in open sedge, and Mecca was first to point. Camille coming in pointed the same bevy. Sent on, Mecca pointed a single bird. Up at 9:43. Camille was too fat, but showed good capabilities. Mecca was the sharper in her bird work and maintained the better range.

BLUE RIDGE MARK—LIVINGSTON.—They started at 9:53. Every advantage of range, speed and point work was with Mark. Livingston made one point, nothing found. Both made a point on some remaining birds of a flushed bevy. The birds were followed. Mark flushed one, Livingston pointed a single in the edge of woods. Mark backed. He next made two quick, sharp points on singles in leaves in woods. Livingston was a narrow ranger. Mark ranged wide, beat out his ground with judgment, and his point work was very superior. He ran an excellent heat. Up at 10:22.

TOPSY'S ROD—SOUBRETTE.—They began at 11:05. When cast off Topsy made a quick run to the side of a ditch and pointed. The handlers had a marked bevy in the ditch. Mr. Lewis had sent his bitch away in another direction. Mr. Avent tried to flush but could not. Everybody laughed. In the meantime another bevy had been marked down. Topsy pointed it in weeds and Soubrette flushed it. In a ditch Topsy dropped to a point on a single which she was close to. Next Soubrette pointed a bird well and Topsy backed. Some scattered birds were followed into woods. Soubrette pointed in woods; nothing found. It was said a bevy was flushed there. Topsy pointed on a bevy in corn, then moved on and flushed it. Next he pointed a single. Up at 11:33. Topsy was the wider ranger. His point work was ragged. Soubrette was a moderate ranger.

MAIDEN MINE—DELHI.—They were cast off at 11:57, and ran 18 minutes. They were separated all the time, and the judges concluded to cancel the work done and begin over again. The party then went to lunch, and the heat was resumed at 1:19. Delhi pointed up wind of a bevy in open weeds, and failed to locate it. It was flushed after Delhi moved on. On the scattered birds in dense cover in a bottom, Maiden Mine made three points in quick succession. Delhi was out in the open in the meantime. He, in the open near edge of woods, pointed on two or three birds; next he pointed a single in pines. The dogs were separated. Maiden pointed a bevy in the open, and next got two points on scattered birds. She made two points and nothing could be procured, although a bird had been marked down where one of the points was made. Maiden was quicker and sharper in bird work. Both ranged well, Delhi the better. His point work was not up to his best form.

TOPAZ—LADY MARGARET.—They began at 2:06 and ran 34 minutes. Both roaded about 200yds. and made their points about alike. Topaz pointed the bevy and Lady backed. Topaz made three good points on single birds and Lady made one. Both did good point work and ranged well. The latter part of the heat was in a high wind and a flurry of leaves, a severe wind and rain storm having quickly come up.

The party sought shelter from the storm in the houses close by.

EUGENE T.—MONITOR.—They started at 3:30 and ran 34m. The heat was very one-sided, Eugene having the best of it in every particular. He was difficult to handle at times. He dropped to a point on a bevy in corn and the birds flushed wild. Next he was lost for a while. He made two or three good points on singles in woods. His range was wide.

This heat ended the day's work.

SATURDAY.

The weather was much like that of the preceding days—foggy in the morning and a hot sun during the remainder of the day.

The work was inferior as a whole. There was no really finished, high-class work, and there were several so near alike in the competition that it was extremely difficult to forecast the winners.

ANTEVOLO—WILD DAMON.—They started at 8:45. Damon made two flushes on bevies. Antevolo dropped to a point on a bird in heavy cover. She was the better ranger. Down 26m.

TOPAZ—MAIDEN MINE.—They ran a rather indifferent heat so far as pointing and finding are concerned, although they covered a great deal of ground. Maiden roaded quite a distance to a point on a bevy in woods. She was steady to shot. At the same time Topaz in weeds. Nothing found. In woods, Maiden got a good point and was backed. Topaz flushed a single, and each made a point to which nothing was found. Topaz found and pointed a bevy in pine woods. It was a good piece of work. The dogs were separated some minutes. Maiden pointed scattered birds. Topaz pointed a bevy in weeds. Both were found on a point iu briers; both were steady to wing. Topaz pointed in open weeds and two birds were flushed a short distance behind. Down at 9:28. Up at 10:43. They showed some tendency to potter betimes. Topaz made a good showing as a finding dog.

MINNIE T.—BESSIE SHOUPE.—They started at 10:58. Bessie pointed a bevy in sedge on top of a high hill. The dogs, which in the meantime were separated, were brought together. Minnie pointed two single birds and made one point on scattered birds. Next, Bessie made two good points on singles. Minnie had the advantage in range and judgment in beating out the ground.

The running was suspended while the party lunched.

BLUE RIDGE MARK—TOPSY'S ROD.—They were cast off at 12:14 and ran thirty minutes. Mark made a good point on a bevy and held it till his handler went up to him. He was steady to shot. A bevy flushed by a horseman was marked down by the edge of a cornfield. Both dogs were worked toward it. Both pointed the scattered birds. Next, both took a long cast in the open field. Topsy caught a scent, drew 30 or 40yds. to edge of woods and pointed. The bevy was about 40yds. further on in cane in woods. Both dogs roaded to it and pointed. The credit of the find was Topsy's but it was the only work which really gave him a claim to a place in the stake, as his previous work had been inferior. Up at 12:44.

EUGENE T.—ANTONIA.—They started at 12:57. They ran twenty-three minutes. Eugene flushed two or three birds of a bevy, then pointed the remaining birds. Antonia false pointed in weeds. Eugene flushed a bevy down wind. Eugene made the beteer showing, though it was poor.

LADY MARGARET—MECCA.—They began at 1:29. The work was done at the start in very thick cover, so it was impossible to determine it accurately. Lady pointed a single, which was killed. Lady steady to shot. Mecca pointed a bevy. Next Lady pointed a single. Next Lady pointed a single and was backed. Both next pointed on scattered birds, which flushed wild. Up at 1:56.

Third Round.

Four were kept in.

EUGENE T.—MINNIE T.—They started at 2:13. Eugene pointed a single on a side hill. Eugene pointed footscent where a bevy was flushed. Minnie backed. Down 15m.

MAIDEN MINE—MECCA.—They started at 2:53. Maiden pointed near a bevy which she had not accurately located. As the judge rode up, he flushed it. Some of the birds lit 100yds. away, near Mecca. The latter flushed and chased. Maiden pointed footscent. Mecca, 40yds. ahead. pointed the bird. Maiden was a bit unsteady to shot. Maiden pointed. Nothing found. Up at 3:00.

Final.

EUGENE T.—TOPSY'S ROD.—They started at 3:14. They ran 12m. Topsy pointed a bevy in heavy weeds. Eugene took a long, straight cast, leaving good grouud unworked, refused to obey the whistle and went on quite a distance. It was said he was found pointing a bevy. He worked badly to the gun, and his last cast was near being, if not quite, a bolt.

The judges then announced the winners: First, Topsy's Rod; second, Eugene T.; third, Blue Ridge Mark.

B. WATERS.

United States Field Trials B—All-Age Entries.

POINTERS.

HEMPSTEAD FARM KENNELS' Hempstead Duke. Charlottesville F. T. Club's Dogwood, Wild Damon, Selah and Delhi. D. P. Ritchey's Don. R. J. Martinez's Romp III. Stoddard & Kidwell's Tick Boy. E. O. Damon's Strideaway. Robert Leslie's King of Lynn. W. N. Kerr's Little Ned. C. W. DePauw's Verge. N. T. DePauw's Jingo. Louis McGrew's Hessen's Boy. L. W. Blakenbaker's Lad's Lady. Mr. McDowell's Sport S. Major J. R. Purcell's Lady Margaret, Sam Bang, St. Blaise and Cid. G. R. Howse's Lula K. H. K. Devereux's Tamarack, Jr. W. B. Stafford's Rex Faust.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Jackson & Denmark Kennels' Lillian Russell. F. W. Dunham's Sam P. Jones. Jos. H. Hunter's Hoosier Boy and Daisy Hunter II. J. H. Winslow's Breeze Belton. W. W. Titus, Minnie T. and Antonia. Blue Ridge Kennels' Blue Ridge Mark, Allene and Bessie Shoupe. S. Murray Mitchell's Sandy Gladstone. F. R. Hitchcock's Tory Gladstone and Tory Topaz. Theo Goodman's Dan's Lady. Nat. B. Nesbett's Blue Kate and Flirt C. C. W. De Pauw's Auld Clootie. Dr. C. W. Duke's Acolyte. D. G. Rowland's Camille II. Dr. G. Chisholm's Blue Dan. C. F. Joyce's Amethest. Maj. J. W. Renfrew's Gleam II. P. T. Madison's Rodfield. P. Lorillard Jr.'s Eugene T., Ightfield Rosalie and Beryl. W. C. Sherrod's Bostonian. Dudley Schofield's Joe Bowers. Avent & Thayer Kennels' Topsy's Rod, Cynosure and Clementina.

[The list of breedings etc., will be published next week.]

Manitoba Field Trial Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a special meeting of the Manitoba Field Trial Club held in the Manitoba Hotel, Winnipeg, on Thursday evening, Nov. 17, it was decided on motion to hold the next trials at Morris, Man., on Tuesday, Sept. 10, 1895, and to offer for competition $500 in prizes, divided as follows: Derby Stake, purse $250, four prizes, first $100, second $75, third $50, fourth $25; entries close July 1, 1895. All-Aged Stake, purse $250, first prize $125, second $75, third $50; entries close Aug. 15, 15, 1895.

An Amateur Stake will also be run off, entries for which will close same date as All-Aged.

The secretary-treasurer was also instructed to have the usual advertisements placed in FOREST AND STREAM and *American Field.*

The prospects of the club for next year are very promising.

The new officials are all more or less interested in canine matters, and doubtless will render great assistance toward making the trials of next season the best ever held in Canada.

R. J. GALLAGHER.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

Mr. F. L. Harris, Passenger Agent of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, visited Bicknell the week of field trials. Trials B of the U. S. F. T. C. will be held at West Point, Miss., on the line of the M. & O. R. R. Mr. Harris assured the sportsmen that M. & O. management felt kindly toward the club and the sportsmen, and would make some special concessions in respect to carrying dogs aud a reduced fare. One rate for a round trip was under consideration.

Mr. J. B. Scott Jr., traveling Passenger Agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Railway was also in attendance, and he seemed to think that his road too would be considerate with sportsmen who desired to attend the field trials at West Point. Those who contemplate attending the trials might wisely keep this information in mind.

B. WATERS.

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 17.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

DOG CHAT.

A number of letters and other matter are left over till next week.

The friends of Mrs. Smythe and those who know of her as the proprietor of the Swiss Mountain Kennels, of Germantown, Pa., will be shocked to hear of the sad accident which has befallen her. On Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 20, Mrs. Smythe was out driving, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. John Meacham, of Brooklyn, the parents-in-law of Mrs. Meacham, so well known in spaniel circles. In crossing the railway below her house a train ran into them, instantly killing Mr. Meacham, and Mrs. Meacham received such injuries that she died a few hours after. The flagman, who had run to stop the horses, was also instantly killed. Mrs. Smythe was fortunately thrown on the cowcatcher, but was carried several hundred feet before the train could be stopped. It was found that one arm was broken and her hips smashed. The horses were crushed to a jelly and the carriage smashed to atoms. Mrs. Smythe now lies in the hospital, and unless she has sustained internal injuries it is expected that she will recover.

Dr. Stahl has brought from Europe three fine bloodhound bitches and one bloodhound dog. These are for Dr. Lougest and are prize winners at the English shows. Dr. Lougest has received through Spratts Patent the mastiff bitches we mentioned his having purchased.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard has bought the pointer Wild Damon of the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels for the sum of $250.

Mr. W. H. Bean of Passaic N. J., writes us as follows:

"On Nov. 6, my white English setter dog strayed from home at Passaic N. J. and has not yet returned. A despicable neighbor had scattered poisoned meat in the vicinity of his house and several valuable dogs had been poisoned. To prevent my dog from getting any of it I put on him a wire muzzle; this with perhaps some poison which he may have eaten caused him to lose his sense of location and although seen some days afterwards as I now learn, (although every effort was made to trace him at the time) he has not been seen since Nov. 10. He was registered in the A. K. C. S. B. No. 27327. He is a white English setter dog named Davy Crockett, orauge ears and ticks on nose and forelegs, dry nose, black eves, three and one half years old, not broken on game and quite thin. He was a honsehold pet and highly thought of. I bought him from L. A. Goodwin Jr., Newburyport Mass., through an advertisement in your paper, 3 years ago. If any of your readers get trace of him I shall be obliged if notified and will pay suitable reward for trouble."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

A. W. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—Dell, A.K.C S.B. 12,057, by Dash out of Daisy, by Spottie out of Sarah, by Rattler out of Fan; Spottie, by Lee out of Maud; Dash, by Darcey out of Beauty, by Spot out of Beauty; Darcey, by Gladstone out of Minnie.

W. H. W., Chicago Lawn, Ill.—Bess III. (A.K.R. 6,983), black and tan bitch, whelped July, 1885. Breeder, Mr. David Simpson, 96 Greenwich avenue, New York. Owner, Dr. J. E. M. Yardly, 230 West Thirty-eighth street, New York. By Dan out of Nellie. Dan out of an imported bitch owned by Robert Bonner.

"Forest and Stream" Fan Pedigree Blank.

FOR some time past breeders of dogs have demanded a pedigree form that would afford spaces for a more extended pedigree than those hitherto published. The difficulty has been in arranging a form that, while admitting the required extension, would be compact and not too large for mailing. This difficulty has been solved in the "FOREST AND STREAM Fan Pedigree Blank" which is so arranged that a dog's pedigree can be recorded for eight generations, and the spaces radiating from a center, the reader is enabled to trace at a glance the different strains which lead from sire and dam. Spaces are also provided for recording the name of dog, its breed, color, sex, breeder and address, dates of birth and purchase, from whom purchased, E. K. C. and A. K. C. Stud Book numbers and certification. These blanks are for sale at $2 per hundred, 30 cents per dozen, by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 318 Broadway, New York.

Hunting and Coursing.

National Fox Hunters' Association Meetings.

A MEETING of this association was held in the hotel on Monday evening, Vice-President Roger Williams presiding in the absence of Admiral Jouett. Mr. Williams stated that the object of the meeting was to ratify and revise the rules drawn up by the appointed committee. The rules were read by Mr. Hagans and were discussed separately. Rules I., II. and III. were left unchanged. Rule IV. the word "exhibitor" was changed to "subscriber." Rule V. changedto read "a castrated dog or spayed bitch." Rule VI. unchanged. Rule VII.—"In connection with dogs, dog shows or dog trials" was altered to "in connection with foxhound trials." Rules VIII. to XXII. unchanged. Rule XXIII. the words "or kept" were stricken out and the words "ground hunted" were altered to "meet." Rule XXIV. unchanged. Rule XXV. was altered in some important respects. "Divided into packs containing not over eight each" was revised to read "divided according to the committee's discretion." Also the following sentence was stricken out: "Judges have the privilege at any time during the trials to order any hounds (except those that have been barred) 'in' again, but if said hounds have not been hunted so often and as long as those with which they are to compete, they shall run a 'bye' sufficient in the minds of the judges to equalize their work with their competitors" and instead the following inserted: "The judges in their discretion may permit any hound which has not had a fair trial in which it was drawn and started in the first series, to run again in the next succeeding division. But only such hounds as have qualified themselves by actual work in the field shall be admitted to a subsequent series." The last sentence but one of this rule was amended to read: "find, cry, trail and catch." The addition of the following rule was ordered: "Rule xxvi.—At the conclusion of the running of any series or round the judges shall inform the master, who shall publically announce the same, which hounds they desire to run in the next series."

The meeting then adjourned.

Thursday's Meeting.

This meeting was called to order by Dr. Wash Miller at 4:30 in the hotel. The secretary having returned home Mr. B. Hayman was elected temporary secretary and filled the position most creditably. Dr. Miller addressed the meeting on the question of continuing or abandoning the trials and called for the sense of the meeting on this point. Mr. Hagans expressed his disappointment at the grounds and scarcity of foxes, stating that the grounds were entirely unfit for the purposes of a trial. He said further that the preliminary arrangements had not been carried out in a proper manner. The committee was in the dark as to who would attend and the number of hounds that would be entered, and the committee had been deceived as to the nature of the grounds. But they were not discouraged, for he believed that foxhound field trials can be made successful, and cited the Brunswick Fur Club as an instance. He would, however, guarantee that suitable grounds with plenty of foxes could be found for trials either in the spring or any other time, and did not believe the abandonment of this meet, which he believed to be the best course, would give the association a black eye.

Mr. Kinney spoke on the results achieved in the way of making friendships and getting acquainted with other foxhunters, and the laying of a good foundation for the future of the association. The initial trials of the B. F. C. turned out much the same way and had to be given up for want of foxes. He then traced the course of the B. F. C.'s annual improvement until the present year. When going foxhunting, he remarked, one cannot expect everything as one would wish, and urged the members to be satisfied with the results of the meeting in spite of non success of trials. He concurred in the motion to abandon the trials and fully believed in the association's future success.

Mr. W. S. Walker indorsed what had been said, and remarked that another year the committee would take more time in their arrangements and not do things in such a hurry. Mr. Ware did not regard the meet as a failure by any means, for socially it had been a grand success. The chair called upon Mr. Kinney for some information as to the workings of the B. F. C., which was given. It was then formally voted that the meet be declared off for cause.

Mr. Ware moved that an executive committee of eleven be appointed to investigate grounds and make all arrangements for the next field trials, and Messrs. W. S. Walker, W. N. Ramsey, C. M. Corbin, A. B. F. Kinney, Walter Rice, A. Ware, Roger Williams and F. J. Hagans were appointed. Mr. Hayman proposed the holding of trials before spring, and the question was generally discussed, but nothing definite resulted.

A committee of three was appointed to draw up the constitution and by-laws and report the same for ratification at the next annual meeting. Messrs. R. Williams, W. S. Walker and W. W. Huffstetter were appointed. The meeting then adjourned until Friday morning at 9 A. M.

Friday's Meeting.

The adjourned meeting was called to order at the appointed time and again adjourned until evening. At 7:30 the meeting was called to order in the rooms of the Strodes Valley Hunt Club by Vice-President Dr. W. Miller; Mr. B. Hayman again acting as secretary, and fourteen members were present, beside others interested in the proceedings.

The question of electing officers for the ensuing year was brought up and discussed. Mr. W. N. Ramsey moved that the present officers be re-elected; seconded by Capt. Hathaway and carried. The vote was a very light one and the chair said it would have been better if members had discussed the matter fully

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney spoke on the advisability of a change and the advantage of electing as officers members who took an active interest in the Association's affairs, and moved that Mr. Ramsey's motion be reconsidered. Seconded by Mr. W. S. Walker, who spoke on the propriety of electing officers at this meeting. The motion to reconsider was carried unanimously. It was then voted that the Chair appoint members to act with Dr. Miller as a committee to draw up a slate of officers. They reported as follows: "It is our opinion that it would be well to re-elect all officers at present in office, and to add to the board of directors the following gentlemen: Mr. A. Ware of Washington Court House, O., A. B. F. Kinney of Worcester, Mass., and A. W. Hamilton of Mount Sterling, Ky. The report was adopted.

Mr. W. S. Walker called attention to the action of one of its members, namely Judge Perry, who had got np an independent hunt on Wednesday night and run over the grounds which it was intended the Association should use the next morning. After a few words from Mr. Winn, it was moved by Captain Hathaway, seconded by Mr. Huffstetter, that the Chair appoint a committee of three to investigate the charges made against Mr. Perry and report on same at the next annual meeting. Before the motion was put, Mr. Hayman entered a strong protest against waiting a year for a report, urging that immediate action be taken.

After a few words from Mr. Huffstetter and Mr. Kinney the motion was withdrawn and it was voted that the Chair appoint a committee of three to investigate the charges against Mr. Perry at once and report to this meeting for action to be taken thereon. The Chair appointed Messrs. W. Huffstetter, E. H. Walker and A. M. Bedford. Several gentlemen were called to give testimony before the committee and at the end of half an hour the committee returned with the following:

"We the committee appointed to investigate the charges preferred against Judge J. W. Perry would respectfully report to the Association that after hearing all the evidence offered we find that Judge Perry has been guilty of misconduct in getting np an independent hunt, and hunting over the grounds selected for the field trials of this association all of the night before the field trial and after it had been annonnced that said field trial would be held on said grounds on the following day. The committee therefore recommend that he be severely censured for his action in so doing."

The report was adopted unanimously, and the secretary was instructed to incorporate the report in the minutes of the meeting and to forward a copy to Mr. Perry.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the judges for their services during the week.

A vote of thanks to the president, Admiral Jouett, was giveu for his generous donation of $25 (to be added to first money in the Champion Stakes), and the secretary was instructed to return the president his donation, in view of the fact that the running was not brought to a conclusion.

A vote of thanks to the ladies was carried amid applause.

Moved by Mr, Hayman; seconded by Mr. E. H. Walker, that the secretary-treasurer be instructed to make, at his earliest convenience, two reports—one for each office—to the president.

Mr. Ware asked, as a member of the executive committee, for instruction as to when the Association would like to have the committee's report concerning next meeting, and the committee was instructed to render its report by August 1, 1895.

Capt. Hathaway then spoke of the pleasure it had affordet the Kentuckians to see so many visitors attending the trials, and Mr. Kinney responded in appropriate terms. A vote of thanks to the sporting press was responded to by the representatives of FOREST AND STREAM and *American Field*.

A vote of thanks was then tendered to the owners of land over which the hunting had taken place, and Judge Ewing responded. Capt. Hathaway proposed the health of the nonsporting press to which Messrs. Fox and Klepper responded cleverly. The Strodes Valley Hunt Club were thanked for their courtesies during the meet and Mr. Winn responded gracefully.

The meeting then took on a social phase and the aspect of a good time generally, with lots of back patting, good speeches, and with a jolly good whoop-la—gone away! finish, the first trials of the Association were brought to a close.

"Danvis Folks."

Editor Forest and Stream:

A perusal of "Danvis Folks" in book form (I had read the most of it as published serially in your valuable paper) confirms me in the belief that as a delineator of plain, every day New England life of twenty-five years ago Mr. Robinson stands unequalled. Long may he live and largely write. J. CHEEVER GOODWIN.

National Fox Hunters' Association Meet.

"The dusky night rides down the sky
And ushers in the morn.
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a-hunting we will go."

"Ye jovial hunters in the morn
Prepare then for the chase;
Rise at the sounding of the horn
And health with sport embrace
When a-hunting we do go."

IT was just this spirit that attracted the visitors to Olympian Springs, Kentucky, last week on the occasion of the inaugural meet of the National Fox Hunters' Association. But "the best laid plans o' men and mice aft gang aglee," and the poet must have had a prophetic vision of this meet, for alas! its application here is very appropriate.

In fox hunting man may propose, but sly reynard holds the situation, or as John Chinaman would put it, "no foxee, no huntee." The weather clerk also contributed to our undoing aud the trials had to be declared off before any stake was decided. We have become so accustomed to expect a successful issue in all our field trials, whether they be on quail, hares or foxes, that it was never expected for a moment but that such a trial as was proposed could be properly carried out here. But affairs like these require system and organization and these two material qualities were not forthcoming. There seemed to be a happy-go-lucky air throughout the meet—as if we had all assembled in this ont of the way nook of the world for a good time rather than to systematically test the merits of the hounds in the different packs.

We do not know who chose the couutry over which we were expected to hunt, but the choice must have been made from hearsay rather than personal observation, as a glance at the wooded hills and dales which surround the hotel would have convinced any one, with a knowledge of field trial requirements, of its entire unfitness. A judge cannot very well honestly say that such and such a hound is superior to others in a pack unless he has an opportunity to see the hounds work. And it was totally impossible to do so here.

Of course the social side of the gathering was a gratifying success, it could not be otherwise in "Old Kentuck;" but the serious—the business—part of the programme was a failure, dire and complete, and the reasons for this untoward outcome may be briefly explained. The Kentuckians seemed to view the affair from a pleasurable standpoint, and so long as they were mounted and the hounds were in cover they cared not for field trial regulations or the rules the members of the club had been at such pains to formulate. Helter skelter, crash and a *sauve qui peut* seemed to be the order of the day not only with those behind the hounds, but with each little company of horsemen that rallied to the music of the hounds from every point of the compass. It would have required a detachment of cavalry to keep that crowd of enthusiastic hunters within bounds, and the few who grappled with the situation were simply routed horse, foot and dragoons. I don't mean to say that any one was unruly or disorderly, that could not be with such true sportsmen; it was simply the "get thar" feeling bred in the fox hunting Kentuckian, that could not be restrained within the narrow limits of a field trial.

The meet, however, must not be counted an entire failure if it has taught the management a lesson in organization. We realize the fact that the officials were almost, if not quite, unfamiliar with the management of a field trial, and therefore, any suggestions which we offer here for future guidance are tendered in the kindliest spirit.

In the first place the secretary should have arranged a bulletin board in a conspicuous place in the hotel, and on this all the club announcements should have been posted. The names of the hounds required in the day's hunt should be written on this board, and below these the time of starting and directions as to where the hounds would be cast off or meet. When it was found that the ground was so dry and the conditions so entirely unfavorable for hunting except in the very early morning hours, the meets should have been announced for 4:30 A. M. This early hour would have allowed for the little unavoidable delays incident to starting such a large meet, and the scarcity of horses, and still have given us plenty of time to reach the hunting grounds by daylight. The hounds could then have been put in and doubtless a start made before the main crowd of local hunters had assembled. As it was, no one seemed to know exactly when we were to start, and consequently precious time was lost, and the sun was up before we were well under way. As most of the finding was in woodland, deeply carpeted with dry leaves, it was simply impossible after the sun had dried up the little dampness left by the hoar frost, for hounds to pick up a trail, or, if they did, to carry it along at any speed, and the higher the sun rose the worse became the conditions, until finally even the keenest hunters' patience melted away and the hounds were called off. This was the case the very first morning of the trials, and the experience thus learned should have prompted the arrangements outlined above.

Again the field trial committee or stewards should have been selected from hunters present who had no hounds entered in the stakes and these gentlemen should have been invested with anthority to restrain the crowd and allow none but, as the rules distinctly state, the judges, handlers and members of the press to follow the hounds at all closely. These stewards should be identified by suitable badges A man who is interested in a hound that is in a heat and consequently doing his best to help his hound along cannot be supposed to pay much attention to his duties as a field steward. We should remember this was a field trial, not a pleasure meet entirely.

The question of judges is another important point. Instead of leaving this to a hasty choice when the hunt is assembled the judges should be decided upon and announced in the press before the time set for the trials, and only such men selected who conld be depended upon to act throughout the running of the stakes. An experienced guide, one who is well up in the sport and with a thorough knowledge of the topography of the country and the wiles of the local reynards is a *sine qua non*, and a mistake was made in not having such an one here. The huntsman intead of being the field marshal as was the case at this meeting, should be an experienced hunter and have charge of the handlers and hounds under the direction of the judges. Of course we understand that these hounds would not hark to a strange voice still there are many duties and necessary ones which such an official could have performed, as the hounds being strange to one another naturally hunted very independently and were continually scattered.

With these few remarks we may pass on to the main story of the trials.

This was a Kentucky meet *per se* and therefore as Kentuckians, men and women, are renowned the world over for their devotion to sport in general and fox hunting in particular it goes without saying that there was fun galore for everyone who participated.

The forming of new friendships, a process through which one glides so easily among these jolly people, impromptu races and scurries across the bits of open country we came to now and then; the genial air of good fellowship and the entire

absence of formality and the goodnatured chaff and banter all tended to make one forget such a state as city life, with its hardness and meanness, and content to enjoy to the full this elysium of sport.

In the hunts up North and in most hunts in England, the men hunt to ride, here they ride to hunt. The music of the hounds is the magnet that draws them from their cosy beds while the stars and moon are still bright to follow the tortuous windings of the woodland paths in the gray dawn or leave their warm fireside to spend the best part of the night in the gloomy woodland pathways listening to the ebb and flow of the hound chorus. And what patience these men have—and women too, for woman's rights in the hunting field are conceded the world over but nowhere more so than in Kentucky. There is no style here, the pink and the tops and white cords and the 1,000-dollar hunters are unknown, but probably there is a more genuine love of sport hidden under their rough exteriors than could be found under the pink coat of the average post and rail fencer in the swell hunts.

The horses of the men who followed the hounds at Olympia were simply saddled with the ambition of their owners to "get thar;" the foppery of the chase was entirely absent. Their hunting horns, hanging to their shoulders by a strip of rawhide, once ornamented the crest of some departed cow or bullock, but their tone is sweeter far than the blare of the metal ones in vogue where style reigns supreme, and the mellow, rythmical winding of a Walker's horn beats Strauss or Chopin all to boots.

I might as well explain here that the jumping which constitutes the charm of hunting for most men is a very secondary consideration here. There is doubtless just as much of the daredevil spirit which prompts men to take a five-barred gate, and it finds its outcome in sending their horses at such ugly-looking places as no one in his sane moments would think of climbing up or sliding down. Their fences are, as a rule, simply "unjumpable," for a Virginia rail fence with eight or nine bars up would stop even a Filemaker. Here they pull them down to three rails and the horses crawl over or jump just as they like, and as many of the mounts are the family buggy horses it is generally a crawl. There is one phase of the fox hunting here that disappoints and irritates one who is imbued with the style of hunting in England or with some of our packs in the North, and this is that no sooner do you imagine that, with a few others who have pushed ahead, you are well away from the ruck, and have the hounds to yourselves, than in turning some corner you find twenty or thirty others standing at ease, quietly enjoying the sport, seemingly without having made much effort. He who has enjoyed the feeling of being alone with the hounds will appreciate what I mean.

Another interesting phase of hunting down here is the prominent part the mule plays in the day's sport. Some of them are good jumpers when put to it, but have little judgment of distance and must be difficult to ride. Probably in no other country outside the Shires of England could one find such a crowd of horsemen.

Of course this was a special, advertised hunt, but a field of nearly 200 horsemen in all their various equipments was a sight at once unique and interesting. A number of ladies participated in the fun, but to such straight riders as Miss Carrie Lee Hathaway, Miss Mayme Robinson and Miss Lady Prewitt must be accorded the palm, in lieu of a brush. They were among the first to arrive and the last to leave. After hunting in the early morning hours they were as ready and eager to participate in the night hunting as their fathers or brothers. No wonder Kentuckians are such fox hunters when it's bred in their mothers like that. And the negroe's love of the sport is aptly illustrated in his answer to Judge Perry, who had asked a nigger, as dark as the ace of spades, to get him some possums. The tone of contempt in which he answered, "Ma dawgs are fox dawgs. I ain't got none o' dem possum dawgs," was very amusing.

On Wednesday night there was a gay house party, a number of ladies having attended the hunt from neighboring towns, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Thomson, and the energy with which they all engaged in a good old game of blind man's buff was surprising considering they had been seven or eight hours in the saddle during the day. Another night there was a candy pulling, and so it went throughout the week, resulting in a novel sensation for those whose experience of field trials generally prompts them to wish the monotony over as quickly as possible.

Among the sportsmen present were men whose names are household words throughout the State. General W. H. Gentry, for instance, a happy example of a gallant Kentuckian, was the life of the party, and therefore a sportsman in every sense; Col. Hamilton is another, accomplished and refined to a degree, his family is noted throughout the State as eager foxhunters. Then there was Dr. Wash. Miller, whose kindly care that visitors should feel welcome was much appreciated; and Roger Williams, who is always to the front in any sport, but the list might be extended indefinitely. It would be impossible to give the names of all who took part in the hunt, but we give those who stayed at the hotel and cottages:

A. Ware, Washington Court House, O; Howard Tracy, F. J. Hagans, Harry L. Means, Louisville, Ky.; the Strodes Valley Hunt Club, of Winchester, Ky., consisting of members J. B. and W. N. Ramsey, Dr. Wash. Miller, Capt. Leeland Hathaway, Jas. F. Winn, J. P. Pendleton and J. M. Hodgkin; E. S. Jouett, Jr., Winchester; Roger Williams, Desha Breckinride, B. S. Coyle, Dr. W. B. McClure, Judge J. W. Perry and Dr. Silas Evans, Lexington, Ky.; B. Hayman, Chicago; A. B. Kinney, Worcester, Mass.; John Fox, Jr. and Max Klepper, representing *Century;* R. S. Albin and Chas. Martin, Millersburg, Ky.; A. M. Bedford, J. A. Gibson, W. B. Calk, W. B. McKinney, Robt. Fletcher, C. G. Panfan, J. W. Shront, John Botts, Dicky Meeden, J. Will How, J. S. Wyatt, R. J. Gettles, A. T. Thompson, T. W. Anderson, J. G. Johnson, all of Mt. Sterling, Ky.; A. Kulmer, Salt River, Ky.; D. E. and J. C. Peters, North Baltimore, O.; L. T. Anderson, Cincinnati, O.; W. S. Walker, Point Leavitt, Ky.; E. H. Walker, A. K. Walker and R. W. Walker, of Hammock, Ky.; J. H. Emby, Silver Creek, Ky.; T. L. Philips, A. Granville Smith, L. T. Bush, R. D. Baldwin, J. H. Oden, Col. H. P. Thomson, Nelson V. Prewitt, M.D., P. B. Winn and Carr Calman, of Winchester, Ky.; David Prewitt, Pine Grove, Ky.; Dr. W. F. Sturgill, Creedo, W. Va.; J. H. Kinnerley, Kennana, Ky.; J. D. Donner, Willis Crabb, Sam Moss, Owingsville, Ky.; James McCue and son, Sharpsburg, Ky.; H. C. Trigg, Glasgow, Ky.; J. F. Spencer, Pine Grove, Ky.; Gen. W. H. Gentry, Gentry Place, Ky.; J. H. Williams, H. Clay Williams and Victor K. Williams, Frenchburg, Ky.; Ernes Gillespie and W. H. Bridges, Judy, Ky.; N. F. Pierce, Spencer, Ky.; Geo. Rayburn, Canuaigo, Ky.; J. J. Mark, Coventry, Ky.; W. J. Lampton, Washington, D. C.; Jas. H. Cunningham, Austerlitz, Ky.

The ladies who were in attendance were Mrs. Emma Walker Herr, one of Kentucky's foremost literary women; Mrs. Silas Evans, of Lexington, Ky.; Mrs. H. P. Thomson, Thomson, Ky.; Miss Speck, St. Louis; Miss Cabell, Washington, D. C.; Miss Gay, Winchester, Ky.; Miss Estill, Jasper, Ky.; Miss Tillie Cox and Miss Bessie Faulkner, Versailles, Ky.

Such a list as this shows the widespread interest that was taken by sportsmen generally in the meet.

With the exception of the incidont in which Judge Perry was identified, and which is spoken of elsewhere, the best of feeling prevailed, although naturally there was some disappointment felt when it became necessary to declare the trials off.

The Derby was drawn on Monday night, Nov. 19, and the entries were as follows:

F. J. Hagans' black, tan and white bitch White Toes (Judge—Nellie), September, 1893, breeder, Howard Tracy.

F. J. Hagans' black, tan and white bitch White Nose (Wake—Lize), August, 1893, breeder, W. S. Walker.

Strodes Valley Hunt Club's black and tan bitch Genessee (Bonny—Betsy), June 1, 1893, breeder, L. Parker.

A. Ware's blue and ticked dog Guy (Old Hen—Maud), June 13, 1893, breeder, Ed. Templeton.

W. S. Walker's black, white and tan dog Big Strive (Imported Strive—Sal), June 1, 1893, breeder, owner.

W. S. Walker's black, white and tan bitch Fannie (Wake—Mollie), June, 1893, breeder, owner.

The secretary having for some unaccountable reason returned home with the books before the meeting closed, we are indebted to Mr. Hagans for the particulars, breeding, births, etc.

TUESDAY.

The thermometer had dropped with a rush during the night, and though it felt like home for the Northerners the denizens of the sunny South looked blue. The ground was as hard as nails and those who have run beagles in such weather knew just what to expect, for the sun was peeping over the mountain tops long before we started. There was a long delay at the start; horses were scarce, for some had broken loose in the night and returned home, and saddles were at a premium. Here is where a little more mangerial executive ability would have been valuable and pertinent. The judges had not arrived, and this led to another wait until it was after 9 o'clock when the cavalcade moved toward the woods near the hotel. The judges were Col. Hamilton, Bart Coyle, W. W. Huffstetter; huntsman, L. T. Anderson, chairmen of field committee, F. J. Hagans. The hounds were cast off and we followed through the brush, over rapidly rising ground until in certain parts the side of a house would illustrate its steepness, and horses had to hang on by their teeth. Finally we reached the summit of Knob Hill, one of the loftiest points among the surrounding hills. The view was simply entrancing, wooded hills ranging one behind the other, dotted here and there by a little clearing that marked the humble home of some squatter; a village or two could be seen in the hazy distance nestled peacefully in its russet envelope.

We were so high up that it seemed as if we could see most of the U. S., in fact Roger Williams said we could see Gibraltar and the Eiffel Tower on a clear day, but then he may have been only joking. The hounds were feathering in the gullies below but there was no scent, and but for an occasional whimper from an over-exuberant youngster it would have been difficult to tell where they were. We worked on across a chain of ridges, indulging our horses in a series of scrambles and slides. This continued until we met some niggers in the bottoms who could give us no closer information as to the whereabouts of reynard than that one had been run by their hounds the night before. We then worked to the east and did some roading for a mile or two and rallied at a large tobacco barn. Here we sunned ourselves for an hour or so while the hounds were tonguing now and then in the woods above, but finally the horns sounded and they straggled in by ones and twos. A consultation was held by the judges and committee and they wisely concluded to return to the hotel and try again toward sundown. A canter home and dinner followed. Afterward we looked over the hounds and found a rather "scratch" pack. The Walker hounds, most of them, were running to the English type, and so were some of the Strodes Valley's, whose recent importations from the Holderness Hunt, in Yorkshire, are beginning to make their mark. The others were more or less of the native type, snipy and leggy, the best of them being a couple of smart ones belonging to Mr. Hagans and others of Mr. Ware's. Mr. Kinney had his Ned and the celebrated Logan, and the latter naturally attracted much attention.

To make a short story shorter, we started again about 5 P. M., and putting in near the hotel the hounds struck at once, and there was some lively trailing in the rough woodland, and Strive and one of Hagan's hounds did some smart hunting. It soon became too dark to follow the hounds, and we waited in the bridle paths listening to the music. The hounds could be heard driving down below us in the burnt woods and

> "Fond echo seemed to like the sport
> And joined the jovial cry,
> The woods, the hill, the sound retort,
> And music filled the sky."

Finally the hounds drove the fox into the cliffs, as Messrs. Hagans and Walker ascertained. The retreat was sounded and we turned our horses' heads toward home. It was not long before the amateurs were between the sheets and dreaming of the big fences they would take in the morning.

There was no decision given in the Derby.

WEDNESDAY.

There was not much frost during the night and conditions seemed more favorable for trailing. Another large crowd was out again, there being anywhere from 130 to 150 horsemen. Starting about 6:30 A.M. from the hotel, we roaded 3½ miles and then cast off at edge of woods.

The following hounds had been drawn in the first heat of the Champion Stake, which had closed with 36 entries divided into 3 heats:

F. J. Hagans' black, white and tan dog Banjo (Sport—Rose), September, 1892, breeder, Lee Barbour.

A. Ware's black, white and tan bitch Maud (Jumbo—Old Fly), Nov. 2, 1890, breeder, W. Robinson.

A. B. F. Kinney's black and tan dog Ned (breeder and breeding unknown), 1891.

W. W. Huffstetter's white and tan dog Turk (Scully—Bessie), May, 1890, breeder, owner.

A. M. Bedford's black dog Nig (Ralf—Cloudy), June, 1891, breeder, owner.

Bourbon Kennels' white, black and tan bitch Lulu (Bolivar—Fancy), April, 1887, breeder, F. C. Riddel.

Strodes Valley Hunt Club's white and black bitch May (Calvin—Dinah), April, 1892, breeder, Geo. Brown.

Iroquis Hunt Club's black, white and tan bitch Rallie (Joe Cotton, Jr.—Solist), February, 1893, breeder, Harry L. Means.

W. S. Walker's blue bitch Kate (Little Bourbon——), 1891, breeder, W. S. Piersall.

E. H. Walker's white and black dog Rock (Trav—Bessie), 1891, breeder, R. L. Walker.

C. M. Corvin's blue ticked dog Bird (breeding unknown), 1891.

The judges to-day were Messrs. H. C. Trigg, Alexander Scobee and Col. A. W. Hamilton.

Mr. Walker's Rock and Mr. Hagans's Banjo cried a trail, and the other handlers, urging their hounds to them, excited the eager dogs, and the whole crowd dashed through the woods and pushed the forward hounds on what proved to be a false scent or back track. Banjo and Rock again hit off right and the balance packed to them, add for a mile or two there was pretty stiff going. The huntsman, Mr. Anderson, took a header in the scramble, and losing his horse in the woods, gamely footed it to the nearest farmhouse, and procuring a better mount continued in the chase. Then Willis Goodman plunged into a quaking quagmire, from which it took the united exertions of the company to extricate him. Boughs and limbs of trees were thrown on the mud, a corduroy was made over the quaking stuff, and he was enabled to escape. The hounds had thus got well away, but we caught up with them in another mile or so. It was great fun. Howard Tracy and several others were left hanging on the trees and vainly "skinning the cat." It was not long before the unwieldy crowd had caused the hounds to overrun again, and rattled them so that it was impossible to keep the trail, which at best was getting cold; so they were called off and a move made to another region. Strict orders for the crowd to keep back were given, which were religiously observed till we turned a corner. It was getting quite warm again and everything was as dry as a bun except our shirts and horses. There had been some pretty stiff climbing during this run, and how the horses held their feet is a marvel; but the riders stuck to them like so many monkeys.

At noon a fox was jumped in a sheep pasture, but we lost it after a short dash. Two hounds coming from the crowd ran right across the line where the fox had been seen to go away after doubling, but they failed to take it up. The hounds were laid on where the fox had been seen to cross a road into the woods, but the leaves were so dry it was simply impossible to do more than a little cold trailing. This convinced us all that it was useless to attempt further hunting, and though a large territory was hunted out nothing was started and we returned home. In addition to the hot sun, the wind was quite strong and this was against us too. Mr. Trigg, one of the judges, is as game as they make them. He must be getting on for seventy, and although he dislocated his shoulder in getting out of the train on Monday night he was in the saddle all day acting as one of the judges, and I followed him up several nasty places that I felt pretty proud to negotiate though in perfect health.

This was the only day in which we had some chance to see the hounds work, and it seemed to be a case of every hound for himself, for they would be scattered half a mile apart, thus requiring an amount of yelling and hallooing that must have distracted the hounds had they been on trail. A pleasant little episode was meeting a couple of sportsmen on horseback, who with three pointers, had been luckier in their line than we were, bagging quite a nice bunch of quail.

It was after 5 P. M. when we reached the hotel, hungry as bears and tired out.

The judges issued the following announcement in the evening: We have decided to continue in the finals the following dogs in the order named: H. J. Hagans' Banjo, E. H. Walker's Rock, Corbin's Bird, Bourbon's Lulu. Judges: H. C. Trigg, Alexander Scobee, A. W. Hamilton.

The social element in the party were in great form after supper, and it was late for fox hunters when we sought our hard but welcome straw couches, and lulled to sleep by the flickering wood fire, the fantastic shadows thrown on the wall soon changed in our dreams to gigantic foxes and house-high fence rails.

THURSDAY.

This should have been a good day's hunt but somehow everything seemed against us. The word was given for an early start, and the eager ones were up at 4:30 and while the moon was still shining brightly. We should have had breakfast at once and started forthwith, as it was intended to hunt in at the same part of the country as yesterday.

The following hounds were drawn to run to-day:

A. Ware's white and tan dog Drive (Grand—Trusty), 1891, breeder, John Young.

Strodes Valley Hunt Club's white and tan dog Patsy Powell (Risque—Kate), 1889, breeder, W. G. Powell.

A. M. Bedford's black dog Spokane (Ralph—Cloudy), June 1890, breeder, owner.

C. M. Corbin's white dog Joe (Barney—Alice), 1891, breeder, John Reed.

W. S. Walker's black and tan dog Tom (Bloomer—Chinn, August, 1892, breeder, owner.

E. H. Walker's blue ticked dog Joe Carr (Little Bourbon——), 1891, breeder, W. S. Walker.

Bourbon Kennels' white bitch Ollie (Ball—Clay's Jennie), June, 1891, breeder, owner.

F. J. Hagan's black and tan dog Brownie (Joe Cotton—Cora), November, 1889, breeder, N. T. Harris.

A. B. F. Kinney's white, black and tan dog Logan (Logan—Star), breeder, A. Granville Smithe.

Roger Williams's black and tan dog King (Henry's Scout—Henry's Speed), 1890, breeder, Priest Henry.

Iroquois Hunt Club's black, white and tan dog King Lee (Joe Cotton, Jr.—Solish), February, 1893, breeder, Harry L. Means.

Strodes Valley Hunt's gray and red dog Perry (Yell—Ellen), 1891, breeder, Cooper Bros.

Starting finally at 6:30, we had to halt on the roadside for one of the judges whose horse had escaped in the night, and and two of the hounds were missing, so that it was after 7 A. M. when the hounds were cast off, and the sun had gilded the trees for some time. At every step the crowd was increased by batches of ten or a dozen horsemen until there must have been 150 riders out.

The judges to-day were Col. Hamilton, Alexander Scobee and Mr. B. Hayman, who was elected in place of Mr. Granville Smithe. If ever hunters worked diligently for a find we did to-day. We marched up hill and down hill, hither and thither, but ne'er a red could we scare up. It was so warm that coats were a burden, and if we had viewed a fox I doubt if the hounds could have carried his trail along for 10yds. without a check. At noon the judges decided it was useless to try further, and there was talk of abandoning the trials, which was finally decided upon at the meeting in the evening. It was found that during the early morning hours, about 3 A. M., Judge Perry had organized an independent hunt, and starting off with some hounds, hunted over the territory that he knew we were to traverse during the day. This ruined our chances even had the weather been propitious, and was a most reprehensible and unsportsmanlike action on his part, especially so considering that he is a prominent member of the association.

The entries in the third division that did not run were:

A. Ware's white, black and tan dog Jim (Ed Walker—Kate Smith), 1891, breeder unknown.

J. F. Winn's black, white and tan dog Miller II. (Rock—Swift), May 2, 1893, breeder, owner.

A. M. Bedford's black and tan dog Ralph (Calvin—Cloudy) June, 1891, breeder, owner.

A. M. Bedford's black bitch Emily (Ralf—Cloudy), June, 1891.

Bourbon Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Blaze (Pat—Nightly), April 23, 1892, breeder, owner.

Bourbon Kennels' white, black and tan dog Jack (Scully—Nell), Sept. 1, 1891, breeder, owner.

Strodes Valley Hunt Club's white and blood-spotted bitch Bird (Kole—Hett), April 1. 1892, breeder, Pendleton Tracy.

W. S. Walker's tan and white bitch Lead (Joe Cotton——), 1801, breeder, Bud Dickerson.

W. S. Walker's blue-spotted dog Luck (Kole—Hett), April, 1892, breeder, Pendleton Tracy.

E. H. Walker's white and black bitch Alice (Trave—Bessie), 1891, breeder, R. L. Walker.

Alex. Gibbs's blue ticked dog Blue Back (Blue Back—Fan), 1892, breeder, owner.

C. M. Corbin's black, white and tan dog Charley (Red Back—Unknown), 1890, breeder, Dick Wilson.

To sum up here it may be said that the meet was held entirely too early in the fall. The leaves have only just fallen and are blown hither and thither by the wind. November is the poorest month for hunting down south for the Indian summer weather is entirely too warm. There is good night hunting and there are plenty of foxes here but they lie up during the day and only move at night. When the leaves have settled and there is more moisture scent would be much better. These conditions would obtain in February which is an ideal hunting month in Kentucky and Tennessee. This the committee should bear in mind when selecting the grounds and date for the next meet.

In the evening the members present held a meeting when it was decided to abandon the trials for this year.

In this day's hunt Mr. Kinney withdrew Logan explaining that the conditions of hunting were so different, Logan being accustomed to hunt to the gun, that in fairness to his hound's reputation he thought it best to withdraw him. He himself was not accustomed to the riding which it would be necessary to do to keep up with the hounds and unless his hound saw him every now and then he would come in and not hunt with the others. This was the case with his Ned the previous day and those who did not know the circumstances formed an erroneous opinion of the dog, so Mr. Kinney can not be blamed for not allowing Logan to run.

In the evening after a hasty supper the horn sounded, boots and saddles and the hounds were called on for a night hunt or road frolic. Four or five foxes were started and there was glorious music and running most of the night, camp-fires were lighted and the company enjoyed themselves to the full, in what to many was a hunt under novel conditions.

FRIDAY.

Here is good hunting weather said everyone when the blinds were rolled up this morning. Heavy clouds hung low, but by breakfast time the rain came down in torrents. Messrs. Corbin and young Walker took the hounds out and accompanied by Miss Hathaway and Miss Robinson, who braved the elements in company with Col. Hathaway and a few others, enjoyed the music of a good run until noon time. Meauwhile General Gentry organized several drag hunts for those who stayed at home. These were laid around the hotel in full view of the guests and proved very amusing, being followed chiefly by native hounds brought in by several old farmers. One black and tan hound of good make and shape was particularly true on the trail.

After supper the members held their adjourned meeting, which is reported elsewhere, and which finally resolved itself into a grand social finale when every one patted his fellow member on the back and voted the present the best time in their lives, and, with Kentucky hospitality, extended invitations to the strangers to come and hunt with them any and all the time if they wanted.

And so ended the first trials of the National Fox Hunters' Association, and the tuneful, sleepy echo of W. S. Walker's horn still sounds in our ears, all that remains of what will always be a pleasant memory. H. W. LACY.

Yachting.

FROM the latest advices, Lord Dunraven has taken no positive steps since the receipt of the reply to his letter, either to a decision with Mr. Watson as to final details of the new yacht or to hasten a formal challenge from some club. Meanwhile the limit of time for challenging is rapidly disappearing.

ONLY the future can prove whether the chances of a Cup race in 1895 have been made or marred by the reply of the special committee of the New York Y. C. to the letter of Lord Dunraven; but, whatever the result may be, it must be admitted that the committee has done its work well and written a good letter. So far as the specific suggestions of Lord Dunraven are concerned, there is nothing in the committee's reply to interfere in any way with a speedy conclusion of the preliminary negotiations and the sending of a challenge in due form. The committee has, however, we are glad to see, gone further than this, having already taken up the point which we commented on last week, of the relations of a challenger to the new deed. By a plain and definite statement of the terms on which the Cup if won must be held, it has disposed of the nonsensical proposition made by Lord Dunraven in 1892, of holding the Cup under "the terms of the Volunteer-Thistle matches," and of the misunderstanding that was the natural consequence of Lord Dunraven's insistence on this phrase and the club's announced determination to accept his challenge only as made under the new deed.

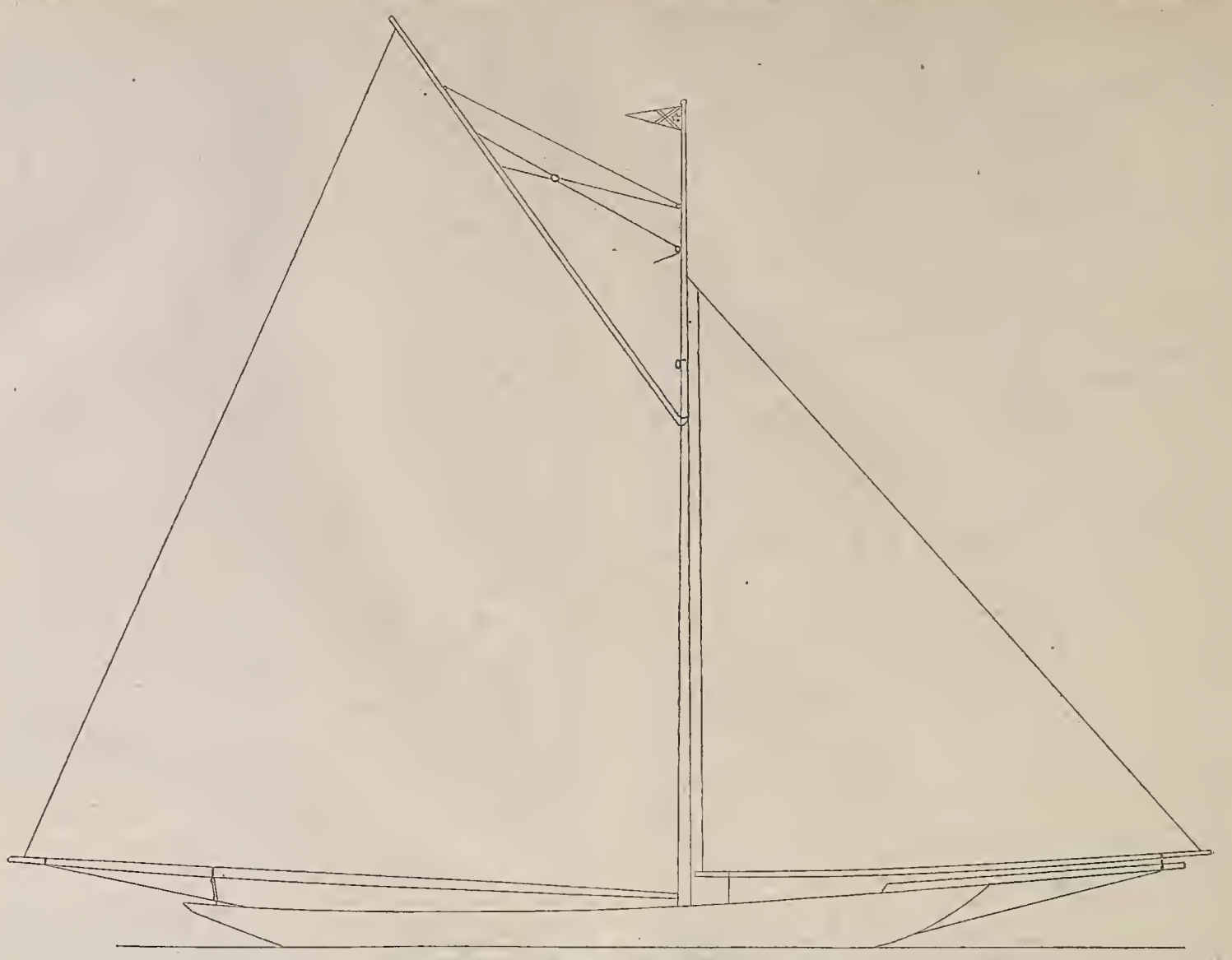
In view of this statement by the committee of tho position of the New York Y. C., the present condition of affairs is a very simple one. The club reasserts its adherence to the new deed *in toto;* the leading British yacht clubs, and particularly the Royal Yacht Squadron, have pronounced this same deed illegal and unfair, and have declared that they would not race under it. The issue is square and clearly defined, and must be fought out some day; the sooner the better for both parties.

In discussing the letter of the committee the many independent clauses can best be taken up in order of their relative importance rather than in the chance order in which they actually occur.

We have long ago pointed out that the conditions governing an international or in fact any challenge cup must be of two classes, the primary conditions under which a trophy is established and held, and which also define the broad rights of a challenger; and the secondary, relating to the practical details of racing, such as dates, courses, measurement, judges, sailing rules etc. Though no such distinction is made in the legal jumble known as the new deed, it nevertheless exists, and must be recognized in all discussions of conditions.

Of the various points of the committee's letter, only one relates to the primary conditions, that beginning with the allusion to the Valkyrie-Vigilant matches. In covering it, the committee makes a clear and concise statement that "the new deed is held to completely cover and control the contests for the cup." We have always looked upon the proposal to hold the cup under the terms of the Thistle-Volunteer races, prior to the drawing up of the new deed, as a foolish and futile attempt of the challenger to avoid the direct issue of the legality of that document. Two years ago we pointed out that it meant absolutely nothing—that as long as the holders stood by the new deed, any challenge accepted must be made under it and not under special conditions which tended to nullify it; and further, that a challenger who might win the cup, could in no way be benefitted by an agreement on the part of the New York Y. C. that it would allow him, if he were so foolish, to throw away all the unfair advantage which he might legally claim under the deed. The present statement of the committee seems to cover this point most fully, and should dispose finally of this mischievous side issue.

The committee also reminds Lord Dunraven that the time in which he may come to a decision and write and mail his challenge, is getting very short; by the letter of the new deed, if a challenge were sent by the club which Lord Dunraven will represent immediately on the receipt of the committee's letter, it could not reach New York before Dec. 1, consequently the races must be sailed after Oct. 1. Allowing for even a brief delay in arranging the details between Lord Dunraven and his club. the races cannot be sailed before the middle of October; while a longer delay, the challenge not reaching New York before Jan. 1, would justify the New York Y. C. in declining to sail next year. Not only might the formal challenge from a club havebeen sent last summer, but at the very least Lord Dunraven's personal negotiations should have begun as long since in order that both parties might have ample time for preparation. In view of the widespread knowledge of the ten-month clause, the New York Y. C. would be quite justified in declining to waive this notice when a much longer one might well have been given.



SAIL PLAN OF FIN-KEEL MODEL YACHT.

OF the numerous secondary conditions dealt with in the letter, the most important is that relating to the selection of one of several yachts after trial to represent the challenger. While this proposition is so obviously in accord with the modern practice of match sailing that it must some day prevail even in the Cup races, we had not realized that advanced ideas had so far replaced the old belief in the fairness of outmatching a single foreign adversary by putting the fleet against him, as to secure a favorable consideration from the New York Y. C. of such a proposal. "The sun do move," and the New York Y. C. with it, and we rejoice thereat; but at the same time, in view of the rigid wording of the new deed, there is room for doubt as to the power of any holder to accept a challenge which does not give the four dimensions of the challenging yacht. So far as its power goes, the committee has dealt with the matter in a broad and liberal spirit which will be appreciated by all yachtsmen, even though the change should not be made immediately.

THE next point—the measurement of the waterline and the prohibition of the "ballast crew"—is practically of little importance. It has been for some time a foregone conclusion that such a change as Lord Dunraven asks for would be made in the racing rules of the club, to govern all yachts; and it would certainly be recognized in any international contest. That the point is in reality of minor importance is apparent in considering the effect of an adverse decision. In that case, with the knowledge of what was allowed Vigilant and how she profited by it, the challenging yacht would in all probability have been designed to carry a still larger ballast crew; a sort of competition which, while hurtful to yachting, would have afforded no advantage to either side over the other, both profiting by it. Very fortunately the committee has, by its decision, averted the necessity for such an extreme course. The accompanying condition, as to shipping and shifting ballast, is also settled definitely and fairly.

THE rejection of the suggestion to substitute sailing length for l.w.l. length rests with the club as a body, or, to be accurate, with the voting members, and not with the committee, and is merely mentioned in the letter. The decision of the yacht owners present at the recent meeting was what might have been expected in view of the difference of opinion existing for some time on the question of classification. Whether or no the suggestion would have been accepted had it come in a different form, looking to the mutual agreement on some fixed limit of sail, naturally not less than the proportion of Vigilant, we can not say; but it seems evident that such a measure would be beneficial to both parties. It would not follow that such a regulation would in any way promote a small sail plan or operate to the disadvantage of the present high-powered American type; but it would put an end to a competition in over-sparring that is neither scientific nor profitable.

THE decision of the committee to abolish the one-gun start is, in our opinion, a mistake, for two reasons. In the first place, while the committee may be correct as to the nature and extent of the feeling within the club, we believe that there is a growing feeling among American yachtsmen in favor of a one-gun start, especially in important matches. The apparent disadvantage which Vigilant suffered this year and last has given rise to a strong feeling against the English method; but at the same time the striking contrast between the quick play and sharp racing in the Valkyrie-Vigilant races and the slovenly practice in all club regattas has had an effect on the yachtsmen who were gathered from all parts of the country to witness the last Cup races; and it only needs such an improvement in the American boat as will enable her to hold her own in the fascinating cat-play about the line to bring about the general adoption of the method. It is quite likely that the next season or so may see the change made, and then some patriot will discover that the races between America and Maria or some other ancient craft were started in this way, with a single gun, and that it is an American invention; thus letting us all down easily and gracefully.

To go back to the old way just now is practically a confession that while the English way is better, we are not quite up to it and must fall back on our rights for protection. A bolder way would be to stand by the best and build our boats and train our men up to it.

What makes the matter worse is that while being placed in the position of asking an advantage, the American boat in taking the two-minute interval really gains nothing, as the superior quickness of the other craft still enables her to out-maneuver right up to the final gun; postponing the trouble for two minues, perhaps, but in no way lessening it. Conditions may occur in which the two-minute interval may give an unfair advantage to one boat or the other, just as a ten-minute interval does; but in the majority of races the boat that turns quicker and is the better handled will get the start, whether with a single gun or a short interval.

THE decision of the committee in regard to starting to windward is merely in accordance with common sense. Whether starting at New York, Newport or Marblehead, in each case necessarily well under the shore, it would be absurd to tow fifteen miles further out to sea for a windward start with a probability of a sea breeze by the time the starting point was reached, making a run after all. As pointed out by the committee, there would be very serious disadvantages in towing out fifteen miles beyond the Scotland or even Half-Way Rock, sailing in and out again, and finishing at or after dark some twenty miles offshore. One point, so far as we are aware, has not been brought out in any previous discussion. If a challenger is really solicitous of starting all races to windward, he may at any time make it compulsory by the simple course of forcing a disagreement over the conditions on any grounds however frivolous; in which event he may demand three races outside of Sandy Hook, two not "to windward or leeward," but "to windward and return," the third triangular, but with the windward leg first.

IN the very probable event of the building to the 90ft. limit, the stipulation as to the two per cent. excess naturally disappears, a fact which the committee has very properly called attention to. The decision of the committee as to the transferal of the races to Marblehead has been from the first a foregone conclusion; considering all the circumstances, no yacht club would act otherwise, the only strange point is why such a suggestion was ever made.

WITH the letter of the committee before him, Lord Dunraven should be able to make an early decision; and to frame a reply as open and straightforward, and which shall avoid the bargaining and dickering which attended the previous races. Still holding our oft-expressed views of the new deed, we consider it fortunate that the committee, while evidently prepared to put a fair and liberal construction on all matters, stands strictly on the literal demands of that masterpiece of nautico-legal acumen; thus putting it to a practical test which we are convinced that it cannot withstand through any extended series of Cup contests.

The Dunraven Letter.

THE answer of the committee of the New York Y. C. to Lord Dunraven's letter reached England last week and was cabled to New York on Friday night, as follows:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 15, 1894.

"MY LORD:—The committee appointed by the New York Yacht Club have the honor to submit the following reply to your letter of Oct. 25 to Mr. Oddie, on the subject of a challenge for the America's Cup:

"As to that portion of the paragraph of your letter marked 'First,' relating to limiting the live weight and measurement with all weights on board, the committee are unanimous in its favor, and will recommend it to the club; in fact, the propriety of adopting some such regulation has for some time past been under discussion by a committee on racing rules.

"The other parts of the paragraph we think you will find already practically provided for by referring to page 30 of the report of last year's match, copy inclosed, under supplementary and final conditions.

"In regard to your proposal headed 'Secondly,' it did not seem practicable to agree to selecting a starting point so far beyond Sandy Hook Lightship as might be required for a windward course of fifteen miles, in the case of a wind off shore, in view of the distance from the Bay Ridge anchorage to the lightship, and of the importance of starting from and especially of finishing at the lightship in case of fog or darkness.

"The committee will, however, agree to add the condition that all of the races shall be started to windward, if possible, from Sandy Hook or Scotland Lightship.

"In regard to furnishing sailing length instead of loadwaterline length, the secretary of the club informs us that he has cabled, as you suggested, that loadwaterline length would be required.

"To sail the races at Newport or Marblehead or anywhere out of its home waters the club considered out of the question.

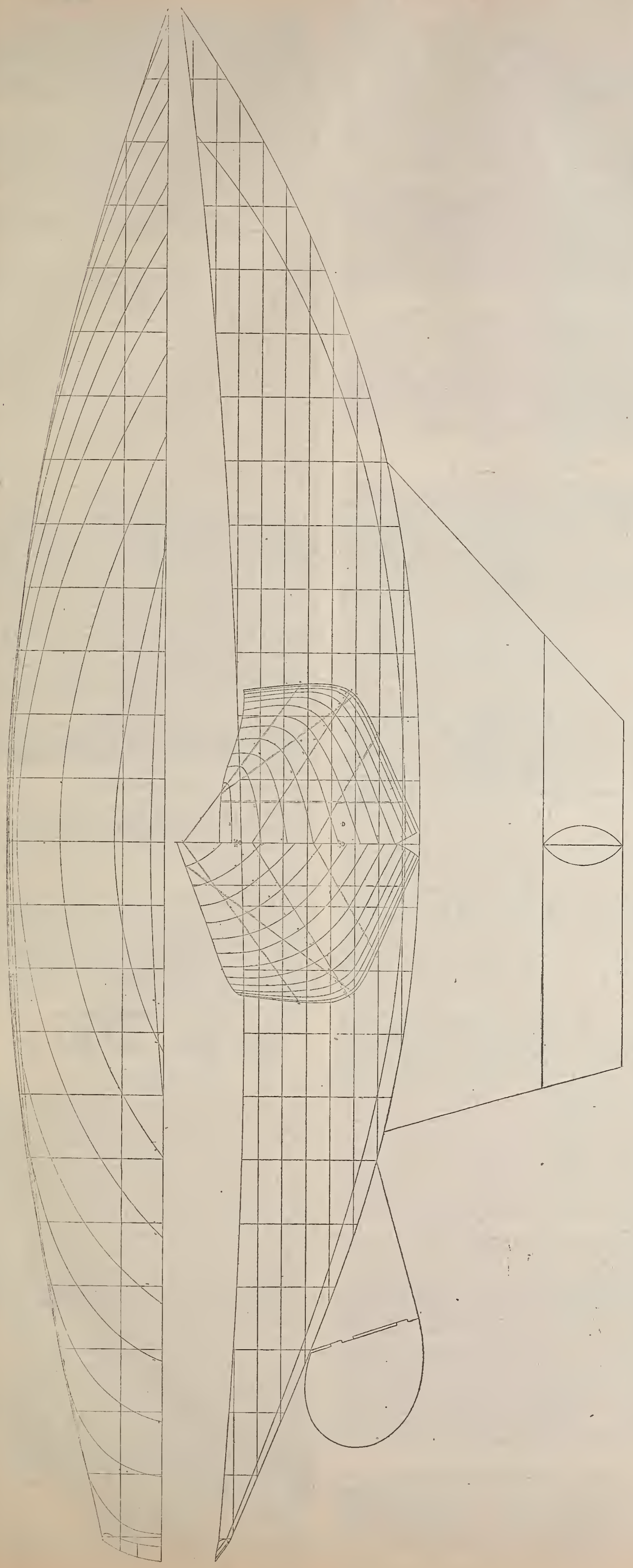
"In regard to your last suggestion, the feeling at the club is, that the name of the challenging yacht in the challenge is necessary.

"In order, however, to meet your views in the matter, and secure the best and fastest yacht as a challenger, the committee would agree (should you desire to substitute later another vessel) to recommend that the club consent to the withdrawal of an original challenge, and the simultaneous acceptance of a new challenge, without change of racing dates, from another vessel, provided she complies with the terms of the original challenge.

"The terms and conditions of the Vigilant-Valkyrie match would, with certain changes, be acceptable to the New York Y. C., and we now proceed to state those that we are convinced would be requisite.

"As to holding the Cup if won by you, the feeling of the club is this: Any agreement that the Cup, if won by you, should be held open to challenge under precisely the same conditions as those under which you challenge is superfluous, for according to the provisions of the deed, a winner would certainly be entitled so to do without any acquiescence on the part of the New York Y. C., and be perfectly free to publicly announce his intention of so doing. From this, although granting you no additional right, any such agreement is, as a matter of form, most inadvisable, being in the nature of an addition to the deed itself, which is held to completely cover and control the contests for the Cup.

"The experiment of a one-gun start, although most interesting last



DESIGN FOR MODEL FIN-KEEL—BY CHAS. A. COOLEY, ESQ., 1894.

year, was an innovation upon the customs of the club, and we feel that a certain short period, say two minutes, must be allowed for crossing the line after the starting signal, the exact time of any yacht crossing during that period to be taken as her start, and the end of the period as that of any crossing after its expiration. The feeling on this point is very strong, as well as the opinion that our practice produces a more satisfactory race.

"The conditions of the last match, as to not exceeding the load waterline length specified by more than two per cent., would, of course, in no case permit either vessel to exceed the limits fixed by the deed, a contingency possible as the upper limit is approached.

"Ten months must, of course, intervene between the receipt of the challenge and the date of the first race.

"We have written you at this length in order to provide you with the data for a challenge and the terms of a match, which, in our opinion, would at once be accepted.

"With the hope that such a challenge may be soon received, and with renewed offers of any assistance it may be in our power to render, we have the honor to remain,

"Yours very respectfully,

"JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman.
"A. CASS CANFIELD, Secretary.
"For the Committee.

"The EARL OF DUNRAVEN, No. 27 Norfolk street, Park lane west, London."

The portion of the Vigilant—Valkyrie report referred to above is as follows:

"If either yacht by alteration of trim or immersion, by dead weight, increase her load waterline length, or in any way increase her spar measurements, as officially taken, she must obtain a remeasurement by special appointment before the next race, or failing this, must report the alteration to the measurer at the club house at 10 o'clock P. M. of the day before the race following such alteration, and must arrange with him for remeasurement, and, if required. be in the Erie Basin by 7 o'clock A. M. of the day of said race, and there remain until 8 o'clock A. M. if necessary for purpose of remeasurement."

A Fast Model Yacht.

WE are indebted for the accompanying design to Mr. Chas. A. Cooley, Sec'y-Treas. of the Manchester (Mass.) Y. C., and a student of the Boston School of Naval Architecture, the design having secured the highest mark given in that institution. The design has been used by Mr. Cooley for sailing in open water, Hingham Bay, and she has fully realized her owner's idea of a boat that could carry full sail in any weather in which it would be comfortable to follow her in a row-boat. With sheets in and a good breeze it requires hard and steady work at the oars to catch her. The dimensions are:

Length over all	49in.
l.w.l.	35.5in.
Beam	10in.
Draft	10in.
Sail area, sq. in	1,836
Weight of hull, etc.	7.5lbs.
fin and bulb	15lbs.

This weight of bulb brings the model somewhat below the designed waterline, but the result in regard to speed and stability was so satisfactory on the first trial that no reduction of ballast to bring her to the designed line was deemed advisable.

The model is built on the "bread and butter" plan described on page 413, Nov. 10, the sides being about ½in. thick, with three coats of varnish inside and the outside painted black above the waterline and copper bronzed below. The deck is of mahogany, bitts of oak, and the mast is stepped in a brass tube. The fore edge of the fin is raked sharply on account of eelgrass on the sailing ground, but this feature is undoubtedly a good one in all respects, with the supplementary fin for the rudder tending to make a fin-keel steadier on her course. The rudder is weighted with lead, but has no tiller—it is only used when off the wind. The sheets, halyards and shrouds are set up with wire hooks and loops similar to the euphroe of a tent line. The shrouds, from the rail to a point about half way up the mast, are of wire, and for the rest of the distance the hounds are of cord set up in this way. The displacement curve shows a good distribution of bulk, and the diagonals are very fair and easy for such a powerful boat.

The Small British Racing Craft.

MR. WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD, the American canoeist and journalist, contributes a long and interesting article to the *New York Sun* of Nov. 18, on the small British racing yachts. There is much in the article that we fully agree with; not until Americans begin to understand the extent to which racing is carried in England, and the unlimited sport to be had from systematic and continued racing in the smallest classes as well as the larger, can we hope to realize possibilities for racing which exist in the splendid waters about New York and Boston, or to have a satifactory racing fleet, comprising a number of well supported classes.

There are some points however in which we must take issue with Mr. Howard. So far as being a comparison between the small boats of the two countries, the article is rather anomalous, as there are no small racing boats on this side to be compared with the Solent and Thames fleets. Mr. Howard mentions such small craft as Scarecrow in comparison with Pique, Sorceress and Spruce III. but he must know that while the latter were designed and built solely for speed, the American craft were designed to no existing class, and with no thought of racing, but only for afternoon sailing and cruising; their construction being quite heavy owing to the high cost of a lighter construction that would be of no advantage to them for the use proposed.

While dealing only with small yachts, Mr. Howard mentions Vigilant and Britannia in an assertion that the former is superior in actual speed through the water and in racing on open-sea courses, Britannia's advantage being that she is faster in stays and her skipper an expert in local knowledge. This very one-sided estimate ignores entirely the important points that, while the great number of Britannia's victories over Vigilant prove her at the very least almost as fast under any fair conditions, she is at the same time a ship and a sailor's home, and not a mere empty shell; and also that while Vigilant has been kept out of many races by disasters to spars, gear and centerboard, Britannia has sailed some fifty races this year with hardly an interruption.

The following quotation is one that American yachtsmen should lay to heart: "The fact that in England a small boat may be raced almost every month in the year, whereas in the United States the racing season begins in June and ends in September, has an important bearing on the constant racing competition and the building of boats. In New York a yachtsman no sooner gets his craft tuned up to racing pitch than he must haul up for the winter. In England he may race all through the winter months, as they do at that active and progressive hotbed of half-raters, the Oxford University Sailing Club. Constant racing is more potent in improving the form of boats than anything else that may be named; and, therefore, under the circumstances. it is not at all surprising that at the close of the summer season of 1894 England should have better boats." Of course the peculiar climate of England makes sailing practicable for a much longer season than in the latitude of New York; but the trouble here is the great delay in ordering and fitting out, trial trips being made after instead of long before the June regattas.

The following is but too true: "In America there is an unfortunate belief that a man owns a small yacht because he cannot afford to own a large one; whereas, in Great Britain, many of the keenest smallboat sailors are dukes and lords, and men of title and position generally. In America a man too often gets the largest boat that he can for his money; in England he aims to get the best boat of a certain size that money will procure. The result is plain, the American boat is heavy and cheaply put together, while the English boat of the same class is light, carefully built, and highly finished."

Mr. Howard condemns the lug rig in the various forms on the small raters; and also states that the American hollow spar is an impossibility there on account of the continued wet weather. He says: "Not only are the English rigs for small craft inferior in shape, but in construction they are far from being equal to the best American productions. Nothing in England this year can compare with the Scarecrow in point of neatness, extreme lightness, strength and general handiness." It would only be fair to Mr. C. J. Stevens, by the way an Englishman, to state that there is nothing in this country, as well as in England, which equal or approach the very light and beautiful rig that he has devised and made for the original Scarecrow, a part of the credit being also due to Mr. L. K. Young, who made the spars, blocks, and some of the brass fittings. On the same subject Mr. Howard says: "In the matter of blocks and fittings, Great Britain is nearly on a par with the United States; although the style and finish of American fittings are much superior to the English." This is undoubtedly true as concerns "canoe jewelry;" but if English yachtsmen are as badly off as Americans for fittings for the next larger size of craft, we are sorry for them. Apart from the special set of blocks made for Scarecrow, we do not know of a block, either wood or metal, which is fit to put on a 20ft. boat. The smallest size of yacht blocks, 3in., are far too large nd clumsy; the boxwood canoe blocks, imported from England, as well as the small metal blocks made here, are very badly designed and fitted, even if large enough, and there is nothing more needed just now than a neat, light and shipshape block to take lines from ¼ to ⅜in. diameter. In concluding the article Mr. Howard makes the very truthful remark that: "When it is possible for a 16ft. yacht to get 65 races in America during the season, we shall see whether American designers and builders do not turn out the fastest craft in the world."

An International Measurement System.

While it is doubtful whether the New York Y. C. could have been induced to entertain any proposal from the Yacht Racing Association for the adoption of a common measurement system for British and American yachts, at the same time we regret that the latter body has abandoned the proposed attempt toward such a desirable end. The differences in the rules of the two nations are even now in many respects so small that they might easily be eliminated, with obvious advantages to both parties in the event of a continuance of building for international racing. One of the most earnest advocates of a common rule is "Thalassa," the well-known English yachtsman and yachting writer, and his latest contributions to the subject, after appearing in the *Yachting World*, have just been reprinted in pamphlet form by that journal.

In reviewing the whole subject, "Thalassa" begins with the appointment of the committee last August to report on the working of the present Y. R. A. rule, and the failure of that committee to attain any practical end. After pointing out the close similarity of the two formulas, "Thalassa" shows how the addition of the two factors, length and sail, in the Seawanhaka rule, makes it superior to the Y. R. A. rule, in which the same factors are multiplied, giving practically a cubic instead of lineal quantity. As he shows, this difference, of itself, would remove the tendency to extreme length which exists under the Y. R. A. rule, a fact that disposes of the bugaboo placed before yacht owners in the discussion of a sailing length classification a few years ago, to the effect that classifying by the Seawanhaka rule would recreate the long, narrow hulls.

The general proposition for a common international system is, we believe for the first time, put into definite shape by "Thalassa" as follows: That the Seawanhaka formula and time scale be adopted by the Y. R. A., and that on the other hand the American clubs adopt the Y. R. A. method of measuring sails in place of the present method of spar measurement by the Seawanhaka rule; and also a classification by sailing length in place of waterline length. If there be any so foolish as to quibble over either side leaning too much toward the other, this proposed exchange would from its fairness be unobjectionable on such a score; but what is of infinitely greater importance is the undoubted fact that both parties would gain in their home racing by the proposed new features; while a strong stimulus would be given to international competition in all classes. We have always considered the Y. R. A. method of measuring sail as inferior in accuracy and especially in certainty verification to the Seawanhaka method, and we still believe that the latter, with a proviso, if desired, which would include the club topsail, would prove the better; but this point at most is of slight importance.

In support of this scheme, the details of which have evidently been carefully considered, "Thalassa" gives the following tables of result under the new classification, introducing, in addition to many existing yachts, a pair of imaginary boats in each of the two larger classes. The table is carried down to the half-rating class, but we give only the sizes from 20 rating upward.

Class I.

Big cutters. No limit of rating at present.

Name of Yacht.	L W.L.	Sail Area. Limit by Actual, 1894.	Y. R. A. Rating.	American Corrected Length.
				(100)
Satanita	98.00	9,016	.....	10,404
(Lion) imaginary	93.00	.....	.....	11,449
(Eagle) imaginary	90.00	.....	.....	12,100
Britannia	89.24	10,959	.....	12,267
Vigilant	87.25	11,588	.....	12,712
Navahoe	86.93	10 816 (1893)	.....	12,792

Class II.

Proposed new class.

			(90)	(80)
(Battle Axe) imaginary	75.00	.....	7,200	7,225
(Bowie Knife) imaginary	70.00	.....	7,857	8,100

Class III.

40-raters, classified by American rule.

			(40)	(62)
Carina	60.75	3,947	3 950	4,000
Vendetta	60.45	3,967	3,970	4,038
Lais	59.92	4,000	4 005	4,105
Queen Mab	59.20	4,053	4 054	4,199
Varuna	59.17	4,046	4.056	4,203
Thalia	59.14	4,055	4 058	4,206
Corsair	58.55	4,098	4,098	4,284

Class IV.

20-raters, classified by American rule.

			(20)	(48½)
Asphodel	46.53	2,576	2,578	2,547
Stephanie	46.53	2,566	2.578	2,547
Deirdré	46.17	2,506	2,599	2,584
Luna	46.10	2,595	2,603	2,591
Dragon	46.04	2,601	2,606	2,597
Thelma	45.78	2,571	2 621	2,623
Audrey	44.73	2,641	2,682	2,732
	43.52	2,740	2,757	2,862
Inyoni	43.91	2,732	2,732	2,818

The effect on the largest class is discussed as follows:

"Taking the classes in the table *seriatim*, we first come to the big cutters, for which at present there is no top limit of any kind. The only limit is the engineering difficulties connected with a single stick carrying about a quarter of an acre of sails. Vigilant's sail area, as measured for the race on Aug. 4, 1894, being 0.265 of an acre in area, and Britannia's 0.238 of an acre. Up to the limit of a quarter of an acre of sail in a cutter's rig, the engineering difficulties now appear to have been fairly well met, but it has been done at great expense to those owners who have faced the question practically. It is therefore only fair to present owners, and the time seems well chosen, to place a top limit of rating on the class of big cutters.

"International racing in the big class is mainly at present a contest for supremacy between Great Britain and America. If, therefore, we ask them to agree to a limit for this class, it should be expressed in their own formula of rating, viz., corrected length, and an agreement made that all contests should, if possible, be conducted under this rating rule; in which event the competitors would in all probability come to the starting line at equal rating, and there would be no time allowance, which now detracts from the perfection of racing otherwise obtainable in the large class. A limit of rating would, moreover, enable the two countries to meet with yachts which embody the distinctive national types more than is possible at present. Indeed, with a limit of hull length on waterline alone as at present in the Cup races, the wonder is that the competitors should have embodied any distinctions in type. If, therefore, we ask them for a rating limit to cover the Cup, and other similar races, we can well afford to accept their rating of 'corrected length' (misleading name) as the gauging rod.

"This formula $\frac{L+\sqrt{S}}{2}$ brings Vigilant to a rating of 97 50, and Britannia to a rating of 95.45, and Satanita to a rating of 98.71. It would be unfair to the existing owners of big racing cutters to fix upon any limit below their present rating, and the limit of 100 which I proposed in the *Field*, Nov. 11, 1893, seems fair to all. The letter may be quoted here: 'Sir, my proposals concerning the challenge for the America Cup (which seems to have met with some attention on the other side), put in their simplest form, are:

"'(1) That the Y. R. A. challenge and select the yacht when the time comes. (2) That the competitors be limited to a sailing length of 100, which shall not be exceeded, any combinations of L. and S. A. which do not exceed 100 by New York rule being permitted. (3) No time allowance to either if below 100. (4) People on board to be limited to fifty. (5) Length of hull on waterline to be measured with those people on board, and marks affixed on the hull. (6) Other conditions as agreed to by Lord Dunraven in 1893.—Thalassa.'

"The unbiased reader will gather from the figures given in the two classes now examined, that the American rating rule possesses the important advantage over our own rule of rendering the lengthening of a design for any class more disadvantageous in sail, and the shortening of the design more advantageous in sail. Put in another way, if any hull length be taken as the pivoting point in any class, it is necessary to reduce stability more thoroughly when increasing said hull length under the American rule; and, on the other hand, when hull length is reduced, stability can be increased more actively under the American than under our own rule. In short, the American rule is harder on L. and easier on S. than the Y. R. A. rule. Again, in a third manner, it can be stated as a fact that the sail curve for length is steeper with the American rule than with our own rule. The simple adoption of the American rule, without any modification in regard to B or D, or girth, would therefore carry us in the direction we wish to go. Whether it would carry us far enough is open to grave douht."

The questions of defects of some modern types and the advantages looked for in any future change of rule are very fully discussed, but at too great length to reproduce here. "Thalassa" proposes, as an effective but moderate remedy, the following supplement to the Seawanhaka rule: "Add to l.w.l. the excess of extreme beam over 2⅛ times the depth of hull at quarter beam, to find the length for rating." The objects aimed at by this change are (1) To encourage internal space, irrespective of the position of the waterline; (2) To handicap adversely the extreme boats recently developed by compelling them to clip sail in order to keep within the rating. (3) To arrange this handicap algebraically, so that there shall be no tax at and below the moderate point selected; and above it, that the tax shall be hardest on the most extreme boats."

The effects of the proposal on various types of 1-raters, about 19ft. sailing length, are very fully shown in tabular form. The possibilities of development, especially in some unforeseen and mischievous direction, are so unlimited under any new rule when the competition is keen in building and racing, that we hesitate to pass judgment on "Thalassa's" proposal without a more careful consideration than is possible on the first reading; but it bears evidence of a comprehensive study of the whole subject, in the light of the many other proposals recently made, and is at least free from the objections made to others. One thing is needed to put the plan into convenient and popular form, a terse and compact expression (other than "rating") for the two awkward terms "sailing length" and "corrected length," together with the omission of that most unjustifiable nuisance, the numbering of classes I., II., III., etc. We recommend the pamphlet to American yachtsmen as worthy of careful reading.

The Centerboard.

In a recent interview Mr. A. Cary Smith is reported as speaking as follows in connection with Mr. Nixon's criticism of the centerboard:

"I do not care to publicly criticise statements of this kind, but the centerboard deserves many good words. In the first place, a large racing centerboard yacht, of from 80ft. to 90ft., is a better sea boat than a keel craft, for these reasons: The keel boat, to compete with the centerboard, must draw from 17 to 21ft., and with such a draft she cannot be very wide, and the weight carried on the keel will be from 70 tons to 80 tons. Such a craft will be a bad boat before a big sea, as she is liable to be 'pooped,' the narrow stern and great weight not lifting quickly enough to escape the waves.

"Again, when 'hove to,' the keel boat must take the full fury of the wind and sea, because the deep draft will not allow of her drifting to leeward to avoid the sea. At such times the centerboard craft, from her light weight and greater buoyancy, will lift to the sea and scud like a duck. The Iroquois, a centerboard schooner, rode out the famous March blizzard under a maintrysail only without injury. The spray from the caps of the seas was blown over her topmasts. After thirty hours of this experience the trysail was slackened as the boat fell off, and, the helm being put up, she went off before the wind like a bird. Her captain told me that she was the best sea boat he ever put his foot on.

"The Navahoe, Lasca and Vigilant, all centerboards, crossed the ocean quite lately, and their sea qualities have been greatly commended. The first of these had the wife of the owner on board both going and returning, which speaks volumes for her sea qualities.

"The great runs of the Lasca and Vigilant stand alone for boats of this size, and show that their sea qualities must be of the first order. The Lasca ran out a gale without any trouble.

"When we come to the question of speed between the two types of boats, the unbroken series of defeated keels that have come from England to establish their superiority must be eloquent testimony for the centerboard.

"Once more, the sea experience of these centerboard boats and the feature of the overhang at bow and stern will in time be utilized on seagoing steamers."

While we quite agree with Mr. Smith as to the seagoing qualities of centerboard yachts of the type of Iroquois, Lasca and Volunteer, his deductions, as far as the more modern types are concerned, are hardly logical. Assuming that the centerboard craft of good depth of body but no outside keel, such as Iroquois, is a better sea boat, and in particular has certain advantages, when hove to in the worst weather, over the narrow cutter of great depth, the parallel does not hold in comparing the modern representatives of the two types, Navahoe and Vigilant with Valkyrie and Britannia. The inference that the keel boat must be much narrower and deeper than the centerboard is not borne out by the dimensions of these craft: Vigilant 26ft. beam, 13ft. 6in. draft; Navahoe 22ft. 6in. beam and 13ft. draft, both centerboards; and of the keel craft, Colonia 24ft. beam, 14ft. 6in. draft. Britannia 23ft. beam, 16ft. draft, and Valkyrie 22ft. 4in. beam and 17ft. 3in. draft. It would be almost as fair to take Britannia as compared with Navahoe and to argue that the modern centerboard boat is narrower than the keel craft; as in the face of the above figures, to credit one type with a material difference of beam such as would affect the seagoing qualities.

The matter of draft is subject to the same comparison, Vigilant and Navahoe should properly be classed with the keel boats, and not with Volunteer, Lasca and Iroquois. To us Mr. Smith's argument is much as follows: Iroquois, of moderate depth and draft, a light centerboard and no outside keel, has proved herself an excellent sea boat—*ergo*, as Mr. Smith himself would say, Vigilant and Navahoe, of much greater displacement and draft, of very different model, and excessively heavy and deep outside keels, must be good sea boats—because they carry ballast centerboards of great weight, which are probably not used in an ocean passage.

In our opinion the centerboard and keel discussion is now confined to a very narrow limit. The success of Kathleen, Minerva, Gossoon, Gloriana, Wasp and Britannia, with the comparative failure of such modern centerboard boats as Shark, Hawk, Verena, Ventura and others of less note, should be convincing proof that the keel type may be made as fast, to make a moderate claim, as the centerboard, in any size of yacht. On the side of the centerboard, it may be said that such a craft as Iroquois makes as good a cruiser and sea boat as can be set afloat, with a moderate draft that is highly advantageous for many uses, and with good accommodation but little hampered by the centerboard trunk. In the smaller classes, however, now that men have learned to understand and use the keel type; the general use of the keel boats proves that the disadvantage of draft is more than compensated for to many yachtsmen by the increased accommodation.

As far as the large classes are concerned, the defeat of the British yachts in the Cup races cannot be assumed as conclusive evidence of the superior speed of the centerboard; especially as it is off-set by Minerva, Wasp and Gloriana on the other hand, to say nothing of Britannia. The only conclusive test would be the building of an American keel yacht and a trial with the American centerboards. This interesting experiment should have been made in 1893, but the opportunity was wasted when Colonia was made to draw less than 2ft. more than Vigilant. Even with this handicap, the good work of Colonia in the trial races of 1893 is to us satisfactory ground for believing that the superior speed of the keel can be demonstrated as fully in the largest as in the smaller classes.

The owner or designer who will study carefully and impartially the course of racing for the last half dozen years will find ample data to enable him to decide between the keel and centerboard according to the size, intended use and home waters of a projected yacht; whether for racing, cruising or a combination of both; for Long Island Sound, Marblehead, the Chesapeake or Florida. The one point not yet settled, and to which discussion may very profitably be limited, is the value of a great weight carried as ballast in the centerboard; especially when associated with a hull that is essentially of the keel type. Neither of the experts, Mr Nixon nor Mr. Smith, throw any light on this, the vital point of the centerboard controversy to-day.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The *American Shipbuilder* of Nov. 15 contains a good portrait of Henry Piepgrass, the well-known yacht builder of City Island.

Yampa, schr., has been sold by Chester W. Chapin to R. S. Palmer, former owner of the Marguerite. Capt. Edward Sherlock has taken command of her and will fit her out at Boston, where she has gone from Tebo's. Mr. Palmer will sail in January for the Mediterranean, to witness the spring racing.

We have received from Mr. Thos. W. Schurmann, of Calais, Me., a couple of photos of the fast yacht St. Croix News, built by Henry A. Davidson, of Calais, from designs by Mr. Thomas Clapham. The yacht was built as a prize for a contest instituted by the St. Croix *News*, and is owned by Mr. Thos Vanstone. She is 27ft. over all, 19ft. 10in. l.w.l., 9ft. 6in. beam, and 2lin. draft, without board. While designed for a fast cruiser, she has shown great speed in the races last summer, defeating all of the fast boats of St. Andrew's and Quoddy bays. Her best point is to windward and in heavy weather. She will be refitted next season with a new mast and light sails.

A steam yacht of French design, the Jeanne Blanche, is now building by the Société des Forges et Chantiers de la Mediterranée, for Mr. Rodolphe Faulquier, a French yachtsman, owner of a smaller yacht of the same name. The new craft, designed by Mr. Largane, the naval architect of the works, will be 167ft. between perpendiculars, 21ft. 3in. beam, and 13ft. draft. The owner and his wife are enthusiastic cruisers, and the yacht will be most comfortably and elegantly furnished. She will be rigged as a two-masted topsail schooner. The hull will be of steel and the engines will give a speed of nearly 14 knots.

Tha bright little paper, the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist*, gives notice in its November issue of its suspension after this year, the support which it receives not being sufficient to warrant its further publication, a fact for which we are very sorry in the interests of model yachting.

Capt. J. R. Hattrick, Mate John W. Hattrick, and Engineer Robert Valentine, the crew of the steam yacht Alcyon, which left this port July 16 last, bound to Baracoa and Guantanamo, and which was abandoned with her engines disabled and subsequently towed into Baracoa by a Spanish gunboat, as previously stated, have just arrived at this city from Charleston, where they had been landed in the fruit schooner Nellie Coleman, from Baracoa. The trip throughout was one of continued misfortunes, and the Alcyon was forced into innumerable perils along the Southern coast and Bahamas through repeated accidents to her machinery. Captain Hattrick stated yesterday that their trip south to Florida was made through the canals, and no serious mishaps occurred until after he had taken his departure from Ragged Island, Oct. 9. The following day a heavy gale was experienced and the boilers burst and the engines gave out. For five days all hands stuck to the yacht amid most trying circumstances, making every effort to save her. Provisions and water had given out, and the seas were breaking completely over her. Oil bags were rigged out over the bows, with the effect of keeping the sea from breaking over her, and at the end of the fifth day Captain Hattrick located himself to be within close proximity of this uninhabited island. The sea having moderated somewhat, they abandoned the yacht and pulled for the island of Cayo Mono, reaching there on Oct. 14. They were now quite exhausted and lay down in the sand and slept all throughout the first night. During the day they suffered greatly from the powerful rays of the tropical sun, but the nights were spent comfortably, although they became very stiff from exposure to the heavy dews. There was no vegetation on the island saving the cocoa plums, which grew wild, and these were partaken of ravenously, with the result that they became very ill. On Oct. 20, when the sea moderated, they put off to Cocoa Cay, where they were immediately placed under arrest by the Spanish marine officer stationed there, charged with being filibusters. Captain Hattrick's Spanish papers, which fortunately he had preserved, served to disclose his identity, and he was then kindly treated and taken down to Baracoa by that officer in a small sloop, reaching there Oct. 23. There he made a statement to the American Consul. Through the efforts of the Consul a Spanish gunboat was sent in search of the yacht, and she was found to have drifted ashore to the westward of Baracoa. She was hauled off and towed to her destination, but while ashore it was found she had been boarded by the natives and plundered of furniture and nearly everything of value. Captain Hattrick says he received the kindest treatment at the hands of the lighthouse keepers along the Bahamas.—*Philadelphia Ledger, Nov. 21.*

The Larchmont Y. C. announces the following fixtures for the season 1895: Saturday, June 15, spring regatta; Thursday, July 4, annual regatta and first special race for 30 and 21-foot classes; Friday, July 12, second special race for 30 and 21-foot classes; Saturday, July 13-21, annual sail; Saturday, Aug. 3, third special race for 30 and 21-foot classes; Saturday, Aug. 31, fourth special race for 30 and 21-foot classes; Monday, Sept. 2 (Labor Day), fall regatta and fifth special race for 30 and 21-foot classes; Thursday, Sept. 5, sixth special race for 30 and 21-foot classes; Saturday, Sept. 7, seventh special race for 30 and 21-foot classes and race for Flint cups for cabin cats; Saturday, Sept. 14, Larchmont cup for schooners and eighth special race for 30 and 21-foot classes.

Lucille, steam yacht, Geo. W. Vanderbilt, will have a new Almy boiler.

Monhegan, schr., is fitting out at Poillon's for a Southern cruise.

The Erie Y. C., of Erie, Pa., has elected the following officers: Com., George T. Bliss; Vice-Com., George Berriman; Rear-Com., C. C. Wicks; Sec., E. B. Lynch; Treas., Walter Reitzel; Meas., Wm. Marks, Jr.; Asst.-Meas., Wm. Morrison; Surveyor, F. Lynch, Jr.; Asst.-Surveyor, Donald Sturgeon; Surgeon, Dr. Harvey. Com. Bliss, H. M. Eaton and Charles Heydrick were appointed a committee to secure a charter from the court.

The Beverly Y. C. has adopted the following recommendations of the special committee on measurement of the Cape Cod division of the club's racing fleet: That the classification shall remain as it is, and the clause of Rule 5 of the sailing regulations relating to measurement be amended by substituting for it the following, viz: "Racing measurement south of Cape Cod shall be the length of the yacht on a line parallel with and above the waterline; the perpendicular distance of this line above the waterline shall be, for first class 5in.; second class, 4in.; third class, 3in.; fourth and fifth classes, 2in." That the next following paragraph be amended so that it shall read, "The waterline length shall be measured when the yacht is afloat, and in her ordinary sailing trim."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

New York, Nov. 21.—The Zettler Rifle Club held its weekly gallery shoot at headquarters last night. Eighteen members were present and participated in the competition. Messrs. Flach, Holges, Ross and Dorrler are having a class for the first position for the most points. In the shooting last night Flach led his competitors for the best five scores. In the race for the champion medal for the best score on the first entry the honors were divided between L. Flach and M. Dorrler each making 246. The best ten shot score was made by Flach, Plaisted and Ross each with 247. Scores:

Championship medal, first entry: Louis Flach 246, H. Holges 245, M. B. Engel 242, B. Zettler 242, G. W. Plaisted 236, B. Walter 238, R. Busse 238, A. Klein 219. G. H. Downs 229, M. Dorrler 246, F. C. Ross 245. C. G. Zettler 245, H. D. Muller 238, F. Schmidt 231, Dr. Grosch 234, S. Ruzzini 227, Gus Nowak 224, H. Munz 207.

Best 5 scores:

L Flach	246	243	247	244	247
H Holges	245	246	244	245	244
F C Ross	245	245	243	247	244
M Dorrler	246	245	243	242	244

Best 10 shot score: L Flach 247, F. C. Ross 247, H. Holges 246, B. Walther 244, M. B. Engel 243, B. Zettler 242, Gus Nowak 241, G. W. Downs 232, A. Klein 237, G. W. Plaisted 247, M. Dorrler 246, C. G. Zettler 245, Dr. Grosch 243, R. Busse 244, F. Schmidt 242, A. D. Muller 242, S. Buzzini 232, H. Munz 229.

Gallery Tournament.

New York, Nov. 26.—The Empire Rifle Club closed a three days' gallery prize shoot at its headquarters Saturday night. There was the usual attendance of the local gallery experts and the result was sharp competition and high scores. The programme called for ten prizes from $25 to $2. There was a special prize, a diamond badge, for the shooter making the five highest scores. There was a spirited race for this prize, and it was finally won by L. Flach on the following scores: 75, 74, 74, 74, only four points off from the possible on the five scores. Mr. Rosenbaum was only one point behind Flach on his total for the five scores. The competiton for the first prize, $25, was decidedly interesting and resulted in four men tieing for the first position, each with 149 points out of a possible 150. In fact the pace was such that even the experts had to be in good form in order to get a nibble at the prizes. There were five full scores made during the shoot. Ties divided:

L Flach	75	74—149	M Dorrler	74	74—148
Wm Rosenbaum	75	74—149	W C Collins	75	72—147
L Buss	75	74—149	H D Muller	74	73—147
F C Ross	75	74—149	R Busse	73	72—145
M B Engel	74	74—148	C E Gensch	73	72—145
H Holges	74	74—148	B Zettler	73	72—145

Cincinnati Rifles.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 18.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association's held its regular shoot to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindele	10	10	9	10	7	8	6	7	9	9—85
	8	9	9	9	10	9	9	7	10	8—88
	8	8	9	8	8	7	8	8	9	9—82
	9	9	9	9	9	8	8	8	7	7—83
Louis	7	9	9	10	7	9	5	5	7	6—74
	8	8	10	10	9	10	7	10	9	6—87
	7	9	8	10	5	7	7	7	6	9—75
	8	4	8	9	4	6	9	5	6	10—69
Payne	9	8	8	4	9	7	7	8	8	8—76
	10	7	8	6	10	5	6	7	7	8—74
	5	10	6	8	8	6	7	8	6	10—74
	4	7	8	8	7	7	5	8	10	5—70
Wellinger	10	5	5	7	7	9	9	10	8	10—80
	10	8	6	7	9	6	7	10	6	9—78
	9	10	6	8	7	8	10	6	8	7—79
	10	10	8	6	8	7	6	6	8	10—79
Hake	10	7	7	7	9	5	9	6	7	5—72
Topf	7	5	3	7	6	9	7	4	7	9—60
	7	7	8	5	6	5	5	10	8	3—64
	7	3	8	7	3	8	7	5	10	8—66
	10	7	7	7	5	8	4	5	8	4—65
Simon	7	10	7	10	3	10	8	8	6	5—74
	8	9	10	10	5	6	4	8	4	9—73
	8	9	8	7	5	9	5	5	5	9—70
	7	8	9	4	7	6	8	6	4	10—69
Stegner	7	10	7	6	9	6	9	10	7	10—81
	6	6	10	7	9	5	6	10	7	9—75
	7	5	6	9	7	7	8	8	5	6—68
	3	6	8	6	4	6	6	8	6	7—60
Schmidlin	5	3	3	3	5	9	3	9	6	10—56
	5	10	2	1	2	1	7	3	3	4—38
	8	6	4	3	2	6	6	4	4	8—51
	10	4	6	6	8	8	5	5	5	3—60
Roberts	9	9	6	6	9	7	9	6	7	9—78
	10	10	6	8	7	5	9	7	7	9—81
	8	9	7	9	9	9	9	8	8	7—83
	9	7	7	7	10	7	6	9	10	5—77
Strickmeier	6	6	9	4	1	7	8	6	9	6—62
	5	5	6	4	6	4	5	9	8	7—59
	9	7	6	5	3	4	10	3	6	3—56
	3	4	1	6	10	5	4	6	9	4—52
Drube	7	8	5	8	9	8	7	8	7	9—76
	8	8	8	9	10	8	10	6	4	10—81
	6	6	8	7	6	9	8	10	8	7—75
	9	10	5	7	7	6	7	7	10	6—74

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—At the weekly gallery shoot of the Schlicht Rifle Club, held at headquarters this evening, the following appended scores were made: Wm. Schlicht 223, Fred. Krobatscb 235, Charley Meyer 236, Geo. Schlicht 244, Geo. Dorr 237, Andrew Deubline 218, Jacob Schlicht 220, Fred. Lambrix 230, Geo. Reichert 225, Aug. Tribout 215, H. Aufder Heide 230, Geo. Lautenberger 235, Aug. Meyer 228.

Medal winners: Geo. Schlicht, champion medal, 244; Fred. Krobatsch, first class, 235; Geo. Lautenberger, second, 235; Cbarley Meyer, third, 236.

FRED. LAMBRIX, Sec'y.

Greenville Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Nov. 24.—The weekly competition of the Greenville Rifle Club for class prizes at its headquarters last night brought together 16 members. The following appended scores were made:

First class—M. Dorrler 246, C. Boag 236, Plaisted 239, Robidoux 237, Collins 235, J. Boag 238, Scheeline 235, Lutz 236, Purkess 238.

Second class—Agneau 239, Gotthardt 230, Spahn 226.

Third class—Hill 218, E. Wuestner, Sr., 197. E. Wuestner, Jr., 215, Renker 226.

Miller Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J., Nov. 23.—At the weekly gallery shoot of the Miller Club, Nov. 21, the appended scores were made: Meyns 237, Berckman 231, Staden 230, Scott 226, Rogers 221, Dewey 220, Dunstedt 218. Sohl 233, Miller 230, Vogel 229, Vanderheyden 224, Gollon 221, Taylor 220.

RIFLE NOTES.

A new rifle club was organized last week in West New York, N. J. It will be known as the Unknown Rifle Club; its headquarters will be at Gus Schlicbt's gallery. The board of officers are as follows: President, Ernest Engel; Vice-President, George Jobst; Secretary, Fred Metje; Treasurer, Henry C. Zuelch; Sergeant-at-Arm, John Simpson; Captain, George W. Dorr; Shooting Master, George Nagel.

Hoboken, N. J., has for a time had the pleasure of having the only ladies' rifle club (Miller). We learn that Hoboken has become so proud over its first possession that it has come to the conclusion tbat while one is good two are better, and it now has two lady rifle clubs. They are not to be on the same block, however. The latest addition is known as the Our Own Lady Club.

In looking over the scores of our rifle cranks as they come to us from week in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, one is sometimes compelled to query as to why it is that tbere is so mucb unevenness in the scores of good shots, some high and some low. This matter of uneven scoring by the best of our marksmen is at times quite inexplicable. During a practice shoot in one of our local parks last week we were a witness to an incident in wbich this extreme uneven scoring was made prominent. One of the shooters present, after making a series of good center shots, started out to make a ten-shot score with the following result: 23 25 24 23 24 22 20 22 24 25—232. After receiving the congratulations of his companions over his brilliant effort this wortby shooter started in to make another effort with this result: 14 21 19 23 18 23 20 25 21 18—202. If some one would find the remedy for this peculiar disease his praises would be sung by all the cranks in the land.

In our last week's notes we mentioned tbe fact of the organization of a new rifle corps in Brooklyn, the Unique. We have since learned that the new corps is not Unique, but Elite. Our mistake came through our endeavor to help our German informant out of his dilemma in trying to explain the name of tbe new club to us. Our informant in his explanation described the new corps' name as something "way up" This appeared to us unique in the line of shooting, and our worthy German led us into tbe error by finally deciding that Unique was the name. The new corps is said to be unusually strong financially, its members being business men of large means.

Tbere will be a monthly meeting of the delegates of the National Shooting Association (Schuetzen Bund) at headquarters, No. 12 St. Mark's place, Friday evening, Nov. 30.

The Hild Rifle Club, with headquarters at No. 425 West Fifty-tbird street, New York city, held an open turkey shoot on Wednesday evening of this week.

The 100-shot match between Ross and Martin against Dorrler and Busse will be shot at Cypress Hills Park on Thursday (Tnanksgiving Day). There will be a large gathering of local riflemen to witness the contest. The make-up of the two teams is such as to make the final result a matter of uncertainty.

Herr Gross, the American representative of tbe Troisdorf Smokeless Powder, devotes a good deal of time to our local riflemen. He seems to be sanguine in the belief that nitro will soon be extensively used in the sporting rifle. Tbe fact that our large manufacturers have already got their rifle cartridges in different calibers on the market for sale, leads us to infer that the change is coming

Our riflemen will welcome the day tbat emancipates them from the noise and dirt of black powder; but the emancipation will be long in reacbing many of the cranks whose prejudices lie buried beneath years of experience with the powder of their fathers.

We have had many queries put to us of late as to the prospects of another match between our Eastern and far Western riflemen. At the last visit of tbe California men to Philadelphia in 1876, the Western men made matters very interesting for their Eastern brethren. The national festival in New York next July will no doubt draw the Californians into the competition, and tben there will be an opportunity to size and be sized.

Since the telegraph match some years ago between the California team and the Zettlers, the latter have had a sort of inward longing to meet the California representatives in a match wbere the two teams could come together on the same range. Telegraph matches as a general thing do not give satisfaction to either party engaged in the competition. We had in view something of this kind in the line of matches, wben we suggested in Rifle Notes some months ago the idea of adding an extra day to the festival next year to be devoted to team and individual matches. Make it sort of an annex to the great shoot—as it were. Will not our Western correspondent "Roeel" give us an idea as to how our Western friends feel on this subject. Our Eastern cranks have been so long encrusted with the belief that tbey are real champions that a meeting with tbe men of tbe far West might have the same experience (in a figurative sense) in showing the Eastern men their true position tbat the Chinese are receiving from the Japs at this time.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 29.—DEXTER PARK, L. I.—Tbanksgiving Day sboot at live birds.

Nov. 29.—SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.—First tournament of the Soutb Orange Field Club, under the management of W. N. Drake; targets.

Nov. 29.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

Nov. 29.—RYE, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Rye Gun Club; live birds and targets; shooting commences at 10 A. M. E. J. Pope, Sec'y.

Nov. 29-30.—WILMINGTON, N. C.—Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association's tournament; targets.

Dec. 4-5.—BLOOMSBURG, Pa.—Third tournament of tbe Bloomsburg (Pa.) Gun Club; live birds Dec. 4; targets Dec. 5. W. B. Allen, Sec'y.

Dec 13.—MORRISTOWN, N. J.—Handicap at 15 live birds, $15 entrance, handicap 26-33yds., class shooting, $25 added to the two high guns.

Dec. 20-21.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Two days' shoot of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The Bloomsburg (Pa) Gun Club will hold a two days' tournament on Dec. 4 and 5. The first day all the events will be at live birds, targets being used on the second day. The first event on each day is for the championsbip of Columbia county, Pa., and is open only to residents of Columbia county. The live bird programme also contains five other events: two are 5-bird races, entrance $4; one a 7-bird, $6 entrance; a 10-bird, $8 entrance and a $2 miss and out to conclude with. Tbe target performance is varied; 10, 15 and 20-target races, at a uniform entrance of 10 cents per target, figure on it; also a miss and out, $1.50 entrance, and also two events at 5 pairs. Hacks will meet all traius on each railroad running to Bloomsburg. Shooting commences at 9 sharp on Dec. 4.

Tbe Riverton Gun Club, of Riverton, N. J., and tbe New Utrecht Gun Club, with grounds at Woodlawn, L. I., have arranged to shoot two team races at live birds in the near future. The conditions of the race will be 10 men to a team, 15 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, Riverton rules govern in the match shot at Riverton, New Utrecht rules governing the contest at Woodlawn. No dates have been fixed for these matcbes, but there is every likelihood that the first will be sbot at Riverton the middle of December, the return race taking place at Woodlawn, L. I., in January.

The review for 1894, issued by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, is a comprehensive account of the good work done by the Association during the past year. As a specimen of the printer's art it is equally a success. Talking about the Interstate Association, tbose Southern gun clubs who would like to hold a successful shoot under the auspices of the Association should lose no time in sending in applications. Tbere's a nice date open in May between the Knoxville and Memphis shoots.

The Sunbury Gun Club, of Sunbury, O., is a new organization created for tbe purpose of encouraging wing shooting. Tbe officers of the club are E. D. Palmer, Pres.; W. P. Roberts, Vice-Pres.; Fred. Froiser, Sec.; A. G. Stultz, Treas.; I. M. Price and Charles Gaylord, Directors. Great preparations bave been made for a good time at tbe opening shoot on Thanksgiving Day. The members of the young club look for some good sport during the winter montbs.

The programme of the Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Forest Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., reached FOREST AND STREAM too late for any mention to be made of it. The Forest Gun Club, with grounds at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia, is a young organization, but its enterprise bids fair to mark it up a peg or two among the clubs of Philadelphia and vicinity.

The two days' tournament of the Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club, the dates of which are Dec. 20 and 21, comes at a time when tbere is nothing to conflict with it. The club's grounds are well arranged and are also easily accessible from New York city or from any part of New Jersey. Under these circumstances the first bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club should be a success.

A curious feature in connection with George Work's winning the cup at Carteret last week is tbe fact that Work did not sboot on the Carteret team that originally won the trophy. When Fred. Hoey twitted him with this after the shoot was over the other day, Work replied, "Well, I helped Carteret to win it, anyhow, by only killing 21 out of 25 when I shot against her team!"

Scott Terry, of Plainfield, N. J., and T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., shot a match at Benner's Fanwood grounds on Wednesday, Nov. 31. The conditions were 25 live birds, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, $25 a side, use of one hand only. Morfey won easily, scoring 18 to Terry's 8. It is stated that a return match is to come off this week at Paterson.

B. A. Bartlett, of tbe Burgess Gun Company, of Buffalo, N. Y., is back in the East again after a Western trip which has lasted since he took part in the Chattanooga shoot of Sept. 19 and 20. He is to take part in the Central New York Trap-Shooters' League tournament at Syracuse, N. Y., on Nov. 27 and 28 of this week.

L. S. Thompson, George Work and Fred Hoey expect to take part in the shooting at Monaco during the coming season. The two biggest events are the Grand Casino sweeps, shot on Feb. 4 and 5, and the Monte Carlo sweep on Feb. 7. In each of the above contests tbe prizes are well worth winning; high guns count.

Tbe Raritan Gun Club of Summerville, N. J., expects to bave a shoot on Thanksgiving Day. At their regular monthly meeting last Friday evening arrangements were made for new shooting grounds. Tbe old grounds will be sold by the club for building lots. The club is in a first class condition financially.

Judging from the scores made by tbe cracks at Chicago, John Watson knows something about pickiug birds. A race like that championship match at Burnside, if shot in the vicinity of New York city, would draw a crowd of phenomenal dimensions, that is, as far as crowds at pigeon shoots go.

The Central Gun Club, of Harrison, N. J., has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Jacob Ranser, President; John Floyd, Vice-President; William Coyle, Recording Secretary; John Bradley, Financial Secretary; Josepb Droughton, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Geo. Lloyd, Captain.

The following have been elected as the officers of the Riverton, Pa., Gun Club for the coming year: President, Howard Wills, Jr.; Vice-President, John Bisbop; Secretary, J. V. Bisbop; Treasurer, U. S. Sever; Captain, Jerome Wills.

The New Utrecht Gun Club has arranged for a special car on the Sea Beach Railroad to leave Third avenue and Sixty-fifth street, city line, at 1:45 and 2:45 every Saturday afternoon for the accommodation of its members who want to go tbe club's grounds, at Woodlawn, L. I.

The "President's Cup" will be the feature of the Carteret Club's shoots now, until some one wins it five times in succession. The first contest takes place on tbe first Wednesday in Decemher.

Dr. Carver was to have shot a race wlth Eddie Birgbam on Friday last; the matcb fell througb, it is said, owing to Bingham being out of all form and unwilling to shoot.

Saturday, Déc. 1, the New Utrecht Fall sweepstakes will be sbot on the club's grounds at Woodlawn, L. I., the entry list, open only to club members, is limited to 14.

The scene has shifted from the West to the East. Brewer and Elliott are both here and are botb talking shoot. "The wind bloweth wbere it listeth, etc."

Eddie Hill and S. H. Dilts shot a match at Yardville on Wednesday of this week; the terms were 100 birds each, $100 a side.

Among the many attractions for Thanksgiving Day shooters is a live bird shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., for live turkeys.

Brewer and Elliott will shoot five races——sounds familiar?

Brewer and Elliott Still Talking.

JACK BREWER and Jim Elliott are both in New York city now. Elliott is East on business as well as for pigeon shooting. On Monday he and Brewer happened to meet in the store of the W. Fred Quimby Company. After the usual amount of badinage on the part of Brewer, Elliott stated that he would shoot Brewer a series of five races, two here and two in Kansas City, the fifth anywhere, each race to be for $100 a side and at 100 live birds per man. Elliott stipulated, however, that he must not be asked to shoot within sixty days, as he wanted to get acclimatized properly. Brewer agreed to everything. Not a cent was put up at the time; it was just a verbal agreement.

The Morfey—Batsch Match.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly allow me a space in your valuable paper, in reference to what was headed "A Public Outrage," to point out wbere I was protecting my friends, instead of "throwing them down," as you bave stated.

In the first place, I did not make the match for $100, neither did I agree to give Mr. Batsch 20 dead birds. It was only a little race at 100 birds for tbe cost of the 200 birds and a nominal sum.

You also state that it was wondered, at first sight, whetber it would be a square race or a fake. Now, I am at a loss to see what reason anybody had for tbinking so. Here I have shot twenty-one matches since the 21st day of last Jannary, and have won nineteen out of tbat number; and I say right here, once and for all, that I do not class myself with any shooter who resorts to such tricks and roguery for the sake of the few dollars he could make that way. His time would certainly be very sbort among gentlemen; and I have no hesitation in saying that there were some men of tbat type in the crowd that very day, and they had been laying odds of two to one that I would beat Batsch out by ten birds. They had made arrangements with Batsch to divide their winnings if he missed enough birds to make me beat bim that number of birds. As tbe race was already lost, it could not make any difference to him, and that was their only way to steal a few dollars from my friends, and I happened to hear of their little game and was just clever enough to stop it and save my friends' money.

All of this trouble is caused by two or three $5 bettors from Newark; and their sole object is to injure my reputation among better men tban tbey ever were or ever will be. I am pleased to say that I am a member of tbe New Utrecht Gun Club, which is composed of gentlemen, and tbey know me too well to believe any such accusations made against me by a few soreheads from Newark. I cannot understand why a certain class of people are so bitter against me, unless it is that I am English born and came to this country, and have so improved in my shooting as to be able to beat the majority of the pigeon shooters, and do not lay in witb them to rob other shooters. I was offered on one occasion $250 to sell a $25 match; and, verily, if I were inclined to be crooked I would accept all such offers.

It is only right and just to add that I do not lay all the blame on Mr. Banks; I do tbink that be was influenced by the words used by C. H. Townsend and C. M. Hedden; and I know perfectly well tbat none of tbat class of men will give me credit where credit is due. I will add that I did not bet one dollar that I would not beat Batsch out by tbe ten birds. One bet was made by a party on the grounds to that effect at odds of $20 to $10 and the money put up; and after the race the stakeholder had disappeared and has not yet returned.

I did not shoot for any portion of the gate receipts.

T. W. MORFEY.

[In the above communication Mr. Morfey tells what be knows about the circumstances surrounding the match he shot with Frank Batsch, of Elizabeth, N. J., on Nov. 14. While Mr. Morfey finds fault with FOREST AND STREAM's account of the shoot, as reported in last week's issue on several minor points, he does not deny that he was guilty of willfully dropping birds. Mr. Morfey's main grievance appears to be that whereas FOREST AND STREAM stated that by dropping birds, as he acknowledges he did, he thereby lost his friends' money, he actually did the exact opposite—dropped birds in order that his friends might win money. The motive of a jockey who "ropes" a horse is very seldom inquired into.]

Alex King Can Shoot.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 23.—Tbe live bird shoot of the Herron Hill Gun Club held yesterday at Brunot's Island was a decided success. There were no less than 18 entries in the 15 bird race, bandicaps ranging from 26 to 30yds., entrance $10. Alex King, standing at the 30yds. mark, took first money alone with 15 straight; Elmer E. Sharer, J. O'H Denny and W. S. King divided second with 14. No less than seven tied for third money with 13 out of their 15. In a $2 miss and out with 8 entries Alex King and "Jim Crow" divided the pot, not without a long struggle however, each killing 18 straigbt before tbey agreed to divide.

Tbe Denny—Shafer match was won by Denny with the score of 83 to 77; no less tban 6 of Shafer's birds fell dead of bounds.

Match, cost of birds and expenses:

J O'H Denny	2221002220222122221102112—21
	2221222202222221222022011—22
	2222212120022330101122122l—21
	0212222121020120012221102—19—83
John Shafer	2122010220212220221212012—20
	2100222221102021112001011—18
	1111122101112102012100212—20
	1120211010021210122212102—19—77

Handicap rise, 15 live birds, entrance $10, three moneys:

A H King (30)	111222212222122—15	J S Wilson (28)	2222211021l•212—13
E E Shaner (28)	2222222229•22222—14	J Born (27)	20221•221111222—13
J Denny (23)	2121012122222222—14	JG Anders'n (28)	2202220022220222—11
W S King (22)	2221122122211011—14	J Anderson (28)	1002221•22212022—11
J Skilman (27)	212•21212121202—13	D Creelman (26)	2220222221•02022—11
J Huffman (27)	20222•212111212—13	T Laughrey (27)	1222001211••110—10
B Bessemer (30)	0222220222222222—13	Vandergrift (26)	0021220120•10112—10
McNaugber (26)	111011122211101—13	WM C Jones (30)	•220•2222220010— 9
C Anderson (28)	2211210220211212—13	J Shaffer (28)	22220•2022002•1— 9

No 2, miss and out, $2 entrance:

A H King	2221222212222222222—18	Elmer E Sbaner	22220
Jim Crow	1222222222222222222—18	S H Vandergrift	110
B Bessemer	2222222222220	John Shafer	0
J G Huffman	2211121222220	W S King	0

ED. SWARTWOOD.

Yale—Harvard—Princeton.

HARTFORD, Conn., Nov. 24.—Although the weatber was dark and drizzly, there was a good attendance yesterday to see the match between Yale, Harvard and Princeton on tbe grounds of the Colt Gun Club of Hartford. Everything worked smoothly, and the college boys were satisfied with the management, which was left entirely with the club members. Out of 300 targets thrown not any were broken by tbe traps, and it was one continual popping till the matcb was over. Yale won with the small score of 101 out of a possible 150. Harvard was second with 92. Princeton scored 87. Sterling of Harvard had the best score, 26, closely followed by W. Miller of Yale with 25. Among the audience was a 'busful of ladies, probably admirers of the Princetons, as tbey bad an orange flag. The scores were as follows:

Intercollegiate team race, five-men teams, 30 targets per man, 150 per team:

Yale.	
Franklin	0110110011011110011111111110101—22
Hoyt	1111010100001101101111101111101—20
H Miller	1010010100001110111011111110111—19
Benedict	0001010010101101010100011110110—15
W Miller	0111011111111101111011110111111—25—101
Harvard	
Sargent	1101101010100100011000101110011—16
Dave	0101101100110000111010001111—18
Sterling	1101111100111110111111111111111—26
Lawton	1010110100011010101111100101010—17
Pike	1000100101100011011110101011001 00—15— 92
Princeton.	
Clarke	0110110011001010010111111110101—18
Cresson	1010101101111101111100000110111—20
Johnston	0111101101010110101101011011111—20
Wadhams	1000100001101010110111111011001—16
Lewis	0010101001101101110001001010010—13-- 87

Loaded for Bears.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Nov. 24.—Yesterday afternoon a $5 sweep at 7 live birds was shot. First and second prizes were two bear cubs which have been located in the club house for some days. On the first sweep six shooters tied for first and three for second prize. Ties were shot off in the next sweep, same number of birds and entrance money. Lindsley and Hill again tied for first prize, while Charlie Zwirlein won his cub by killing 7 straight. In the end Zwirlein took both cubs home with him to Yardville, where tbey will be shot for on some future occasion. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
B Earle	1122122—7	2112202—6	E Hill	1211111—7	1211121—7
F Batsch	2122221—7	0112212—6	N Astfalk	1210121—6	0002221—4
M F Lindsley	1222222—7	2222222—7	C Smith	2110121—6	1110212—6
A Woodruff	2122222—7	2110211—6	R Blodgett	2202202—5	1202012—5
J Benner	2221222—7	2100101—4	H Folsom	0110101—4	2222212—7
Wanda	0010112—4	.....	M Mulford	.....	1201101—5
C Zwirlein	1122101—6	1121122—7			

This afternoon about 200 people were on hand to see a match between Batscb and Ross, but as Batsch's backers failed to show up tbe shoot was off. His backers did not tell him they would "squeal" until near noon on Saturday. Ross of course claimed forfeit. The following sweepstakes were shot, Nos. 1 and 2 at 10 birds, $5 entry, two moneys, No. 3, 7 birds, $5, two moneys:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Ross	0111101120—7	1112110021—8	1121122—7
Woodruff	2122102221—9	1012222221—9	2111110—6
Folsom	0022012021—5	110001020•—5	0112101—5
Edgerton	0111220020—7	0211010211—7	1111202—6
Benner	0000102010—3	0111210101—7	0102002—3
*Blodgett		2122222221-10	2101210—5

* Batsch shot for Blodgett.

C. H. T.

New Utrecht Gun Club Scores.

Thirteen members of the New Utrecht Gun Club put in an appearance on Saturday last, Nov. 24 at the club's grounds, Woodlawn, L. I., and entered their names for the club race at ten live birds, handicap allowance. The birds were excellent flyers and no true straight scores were made, although C. T. Pennington and E. Lohman, both class C. men, tallied ten with the aid of their full handicap allowances. With such men entered as Capt. Money, C. Furgueson, Jr., Nostrand, Coulston, Morfey and W. F. Sykes, this speaks volumes for the class of birds provided. The result of Saturday's race leaves Conny Furgueson, 3d, C. A. Sykes and T. W. Morfey all bunched for first place. Morfey and Conny being a tie. The little fellow drew some hard birds, his 10th being particularly swift. Such a lot of twisters as were trapped during the afternoon are very seldom seen at an ordinary club shoot.

After the club race ten men entered a five-bird sweep, $2 entrance, class shooting. Although it was a short race, Fessenden alone killed all and took first money. In a second event of a precisely similar nature with nine entries, four men killed straight. Two miss and outs, $2 entrance, brought the afternoon's sport to a close. While these events were being shot, the lamps of New Utrecht shone brightly on every hand.

Prior to the club race Capt. Money and C. Furgueson, Jr., shot a match for the price of the birds. The conditions were 50 live birds per man, 30yds. rise and 50yds. boundary. Capt. Money was shooting in good form, being quick with his first and centering his birds well. He won easily by 10 birds, killing 45 to 35. The birds were corkers, which, added to Furgueson being out of all time and form, resulted in his poor score. His start was disastrous enough; he dropped four out of his first six shot at. The way he undershot all birds alike proved very conclusively that his gun is far too crooked for live birds. Capt. Money lost but one bird in his first 25, his 18th bird, a low swift driver, which fell dead out of bounds. Furgueson had no less than five dead out of bounds out of his 15 missed birds. Capt. Money, of course, shot E. C., 50grs. of it; Furgueson stuck to Schultze, his load being 44grs.

Scores of the afternoon's work are as follows:

Match, C. Furgueson, Jr., vs. Capt. Money, 50 live birds, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, loser to pay for birds:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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              ←↑←↖↗↕↖↗↘↖→↑↙↘↑→←↑↓→↗→↘→←
C Furgueson Jr0 1 2 • 0 0 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 2 1 • 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—17
              ↗↕↖↖↗↑↰←↑↗↗↑←↑↗↗→→↑↑↑↑↓↘↳
              2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 1 • 1 • 2 2 1 2 2—18—35

              ↖→↰↖↘↑↖T↓↔↑↗↘↑↖↑↑→↕↖↑↑↗↗
Capt Money....1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 • 1 1 1 2 2 1 1—24
              →↑↖↑←↑↙→→↰↑↗↗↑→↖↘↘↑↓↗↑→↓→
              1 1 1 0 1 2 2 2 1 0 1 1 0 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1—21—45
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Club race, 10 live birds, optional sweep, $2 entrance; Class B men shoot at 11 birds, Class C men shoot at 11 birds and allowed one lost bird as a dead bird:

```
                                  ↑↗
W F Sykes (29)....................0 0w
                                  ↑↗↘↘↑↘→↘↘→
C Furgueson, Jr (30)..............2 1 • 2 0 2 • 2 2 2       — 7
                                  →↘→↑↗↖↝↑↗↑↑
C Furgueson, 3d (26)..............2 2 2 1 0 0 2 2 2 0 2+1— 9
                                  T←↗↑↰↙H↰↖→
G E Nostrand (30).................2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2       — 9
                                  →↖↑↰↰↑↖↑←↗
T W Morfey (30)...................2 1 1 2 • 2 0 2 2 1       — 8
                                  ↑↑→→↗↑→↰→↑
Capt Money (30)...................1 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 1 1       — 9
                                  ↓↘↗↙↕↙→↘→↑↑
C T Pennington (27)...............1 2 2 2 2 1 0 0 2 2 2+1—10
                                  ↗H↙↗↕↗↗S↑↓↖
H P Fessenden (29)................0 1 2 1 2 2 0 • 2 1 0     — 7
                                  ←↑→↘↓↙↙→↖↓↖
E Lohman (27).....................0 1 2 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 1+1—10
                                  ↑↕T↗→↗H→↑↗→
D Lohman (26).....................0 0 0 0 1 • 1 0 2 0 0+1— 4
                                  →↑→↘H→↓↘H→↑
G W Coulston (29).................0 1 1 1 0 1 2 • 1 2 0     — 7
                                  ↘→↓↗↘↓↘↖→↑
Dr W A Little (29)................0 2 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0       — 4
```

Sweeps, class shooting, 5 live birds, $2 entrance, 3 moneys, club handicap rises:

```
                                  No. 1.        No. 2.
                                  ↙↑↕↑←         ↕↘←↘←
Coulston..........................0 1 2 0 1—3   0 2 0 2 1—3
                                  ↓↗↑↑←         ↓↕→↑↘
Money.............................2 1 0 1 2—4   2 2 1 2 2—5
                                  ↑→↰↑←         ⇸⇷→↘→
Morfey............................1 2 0 0 1—3   1 2 1 1 1—5
                                  ↑↑↑↖↘         ↙↗→↑↓
C Furgueson, 3d...................0 2 0 2 0—2   1 1 2 2 2—5
                                  ↗↘↖↙→
Fessenden.........................2 2 1 1 2—5
                                  ↑↗→↙→         ↘↰→↑↗
C Furgueson, Jr...................2 0 2 2 2—4   2 2 2 0 2—4
                                  ↕↗↖↘↘         →↘←←↙
E Lohman..........................0 0 1 2 0—2   1 0 0 1 1—3
                                  ↙↗↗↖↘         ↙↖→↓↘
Pennington........................• 2 2 2 0—3   1 1 2 0 1—4
                                  ↖→→→↓         ↗←↖↕↓
Dr Little.........................• 0 2 1 2—3   2 1 1 1 2—5
                                  ↕→↘→→
Nostrand..........................2 1 0 2 2—4
                                                ↑↑↰←↖
Capt Kennard....................................2 0 • 0 0—1
```

Miss-and-out, $2 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Money	22—2	210—2	Coulston	0 —0	0 —0
Morfey	11—2	221—3	Little		20 —1

Work Won the Cup.

The sixteenth and, as it proved, the final contest for the $1,000 inter-club cup, won by the Carteret Club last year, took place on Wednesday, Nov. 21, at the grounds of the Carteret Club, Bergen Point, N. J. The day was a poor one for pigeon shooting, there being scarcely a breath of air; added to this, the sky was overcast and rain was falling when the members got together and shot a few practice birds prior to the main event of the day. Then the sun came out and the rain cleared away, but for all that could be seen of the northern shore of Newark Bay from the club house, that body of water might have been the Atlantic Ocean itself. Occasionally a stray tug would steam past showing up dimly in the haze; gliding through the unruffled waters of the bay, it was soon swallowed up by the incipient fog which later on in the afternoon caused considerable delay to traffic on the North and East rivers. Shortly after 4 the fog swept down in earnest and very nearly put an end to all further shooting. As it was, the hour of 5 had struck, and it was quite too dark to see with anything like certainty when Knapp missed his 4th bird in the third miss and out, ending the shoot for the afternoon.

George Work, Fred Hoey and Capt. Money of course were on hand to have a try for the cup. Each had four wins to his credit; another victory to either of them meant good-bye to the $1,000 cup for the balance of the members. J. Knapp, with two wins to his name, also took part in the race and, as it turned out, gave George Work a tough nut to crack before he ultimately won out when Knapp missed his 10th bird in the ties. There were seven entries, L. S. Thompson, Fred Hoey, Capt. Money, George Work, J. S. "Williams," J. Knapp and Schultze. The last named dropped out on the 10th round, lack of practice causing him to drop three birds out of his first ten. Capt. Money lost his 2d and 4th dead out of bounds and retired at the end of the 11th round, being beaten by a right-quarterer that was fast enough and tricky enough to suit anybody. The next to drop out was Fred Hoey, who had shot well but had drawn a remarkably hard lot of birds. He went out on the 20th round, being followed on the next round by "Williams" and Thompson. "Williams's" work throughout the race was hardly up to his form; there were reasons for it, however, chief among them being a long railroad trip from the West. Thompson, one of the best shots in the club, has been pursued by the hardest kind of luck in these contests. This is well evidenced by the fact that he has not a single win to his name out of all the 16 races. He was shooting well on this day, and up to the 15th round had shot quick and cleanly; he had had none the best of it either in the matter of birds; note the flight of his first 14 birds. Then came a break; he dropped his 15th, 18th and 21st birds, each one of these precisely similar in flight—left-quartering incomers, and easy ones at that; his 18th fell dead just behind the score, but his other two lost birds were apparently almost unharmed.

It thus remained for Knapp to fight it out with Work. A good deal depended on the result; if Work won, the cup was his; if Knapp came out ahead, it gave him three wins, while Hoey, Money and the others would still have had a chance for the cup. Knapp's 8th bird fell dead out of bounds; he then killed out straight; Work missed his 19th bird, an easy one, although a driver; killing his next 6 he tied with Knapp. The rule is to shoot off the ties in this race at 5 birds. In the first series both killed their 5; in the second series Work killed all his birds, while Knapp let a left-quarterer get away from him, although he filled it full of shot. This gave the cup to George Work. That he had had to shoot to win it is shown by the scores he made in the last two contests: Nov. 7, 24 out of 25; Nov. 21, 34 out of 35, a total of 58 out of 60 birds at 31yds. rise.

In the matter of birds Work had somewhat the best of it at the start, although it should be stated to his credit that at no time did he allow his birds to have a chance of becoming hard; he snapped them up right close to the trap. His score shows 13 first-barrel kills out of his 25 birds; he also used his second for safety five time on his remaining 12 birds. His judgment of place, etc., was very accurate, and the judgment with which he used his second barrel on his last bird in the ties (a dark brown bird, that started as a driver, but on being hit with the first barrel turned to the right) would be hard to beat.

Knapp deserves special mention for the nerve he displayed in this contest. He made some really remarkable second barrel kills, particularly in the ties, and although under the whip all the time after his bad luck with his eighth bird, he was as cool as the proverbial cucumber. His total for the day when all was over was 48 out of 51.

Scores, cup race, club handicap rise, 25 live birds per man, 50yds. boundary:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1894 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                    →↖←←↗↙↗↗←→↖↖↙↓←→↖↑←→→→↑↑
Geo Work (31).......1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—24
                    ↙→↘↗↖↙↘↗→↖↗↓↗↑↘←→↑↝↙↖→→↙↘
J Knapp (28)........1 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—24
                    ↖↗↖↖↗↗←→↖↗↰↗↘←↙↘↖↙↙↑↙
L S Thompson (30)...2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 1 2 • 2 2 0 w.     —18
                    ←→←↘↑↝↘→↖←→↗←↓↘↑→→↑↓↓
J S "Williams" (29).2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 1 1 2 • 1 2 1 2 0 w.     —18
                    ↖↗↖↗↑↙→←↖↘↗↘←←↖↑→→↙←
Fred Hoey (31)......0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 w.       —17
                    ↙↗↖↖↗↗↗→→→↝
Capt Money (31).....1 • 2 • 1 2 2 1 2 1 0.                           — 8
                    ↳↗↖→↙↑↑↗↙↗
Schultze (27).......2 2 0 1 2 2 2 1 • 0                              — 7
```

Ties on 24 shot off in series of 5 birds:

```
                    ↓↑↗→↘          ↘↙↙→↑
George Work.........2 2 2 2 2—5    1 2 1 1 2—5
                    ↑↑↙←↗          ↑←↖↑←
J Knapp.............2 2 1 2 2—5    2 1 2 2 0—4
```

Five-dollar miss and out:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Thompson (30)	21222122•—8	112—3	1221—4
Hoey (31)	22122220 —7	20 —1	20 —1
Leonard (26)	0 —0	......	......
Williams (29)	1111• —4	......	......
Knapp (28)	221112222—9	222—3	1220—3
Money (31)	1212120 —6	......	......
Morris (26)	211110 —5	......	......
Work (31)	111212111—9	120—2	......
Chapin (26)	1211220 —6	......	......

At the close of the cup contest Work, who is president of the Carteret Club, announced that he would donate a cup, value $500, to be known as the President's Cup, to be competed for on almost precisely the same terms as that under which he had won the other cup. The main difference in the conditions is that the races will be at 20 birds instead of 25, and that ties will be shot off miss and out instead of in series of 5 birds. The first contest for the President's cup is set for Wednesday next, Dec. 4. Five wins will make any club member the owner of this cup.

Kansas City Defeats Ottawa.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 23.—The Metropolis Gun Club, of Kansas City, Kan., held an all-day Peoria blackbird shoot at the Fowler shooting grounds on Tuesday of this week. The feature of the day was a team race between the Metropolis Club and the Ottawa (Kan.) Club, eight men to a team and each man shooting at 25 targets. It was to have been a three-cornered shoot, with Leavenworth in, but the Leavenworth team failed to put in an appearance. The Metropolis Club presented a strong team and won rather handily. Scores follow:

Team race, 200 targets to a team, everything known:

Metropolis Gun Club.

Soward	1111101111110011011111111—21
Bryant	1111011110110001011111111—19
Rooney	0101111111011111111111001—20
Christenham	1111111111101111110111111—23
Pugh	1111111110111101111111111—23
Scott	1101100111111011111111111—21
Richmere	1111111111011111111111111—24
Horton	1110111111111111111111111—24—175

Ottawa Gun Club.

Ingals	1010110101111111110111110—19
Mason	1001111111111101101111101—20
Beardsley	1111010101100101011111111—18
Reed	0111111010111110110011011—18
Brewer	1110101101111110111101101—19
Gilgas	1011101111111111110011111—21
Ard	1111101111111011111111000—20—158

Sweepstakes—No. 1, 5 singles, 50 cents: Brewer 4, Clark 4, Shiras 5, Sexton 4, Piety 5, Mason 5.

No. 2, 5 singles, 50 cents: Sexton 4, Piety 4, Clark 3, Shiras 3, Brewer 4, Scott 5, Mason 4, Peck 5.

No. 3, 10 singles, entrance $1: Piety 8, Clark 9, Sexton 9, Shiras 8, Mason 8, Scott 6, Brewer 8, Peck 8, Horton 7.

No. 4, 10 singles, "Jackrabbit," entrance $1.20: Piety 9, Shiras 6, Mason 9, Horton 10, Sexton 9, Clark 8, Scott 9, Peck 10, Schmidt 6, Brewer 7.

No. 5, 10 singles, entrance $1: Sexton 10, Mason 8, Brewer 7, Shiras 6, Erhard 8, Clark 7, Piety 10, Horton 7, Schmidt 10, Scott 6, Peck 10, Rickmers 8.

No. 6, 5 pairs, entrance $1: Sexton 6, Erhardt 7, Mason 3, Piety 7, Clayton 8, Horton 6, Clark 6, Rickmers 10, Brewer 7, Scott 7.

No. 7, 15 singles, entrance $1.50: Estep 9, Clayton 12, Erhardt 13, Clark 12, Sexton 12, Piety 12, Mason 9, Shiras 11, Mills 11, Christenham 13, Reed 10, Horton 13, Peck 14, Brewer 11, Rickers 13, Scott 10, Bryant 10.

No. 8, 10 singles, "Jack rabbit," entrance $1.20: Clark 5, Piety 10, Clayton 7, Estep 8, Erhardt 9, Sexton 9, Bryant 9, Mason 6, Mills 7, Reed 5, Sherman 3, Brewer 7, Scott 5, Horton 10, Rickmers 10, Peck 7.

No. 9, team shoot, two men to a team, 10 singles per man, entrance $2: Erhardt 7, Sexton 10; Piety 8, Scott 9; Horton 10, Peck 8; Pugh 10, Bryant 7, Rickmers 9, Clayton 9, Estep 5, Mills 7.

No. 10, 15 singles, entrance $1 50: Clark 11, Erhardt 14, Bryant 14, Piety 14, Mason 7, Horton 12, Sexton 14, Mills 11, Estep 12, Clayton 13, Brewer 11, Rooney 15, Peck 14, Rickmers 13, Pugh 11.

No. 11, 10 singles, "Jack rabbit," entrance $1.20: Peck 10, Erhardt 10, Sexton 8, Clayton 8, Brewer 6, Clark 8, Bryant 8, Mason 7, Piety 10, Horton 8, Mills 9, Scott 9, Schmidt 9, Rickmers 10, Shiras 8, Reed 7, Jones 8, Arends 7, Mount 7, Beardsley 8.

No. 12, team shoot, two men to a team, 10 singles per man, entrance $2: Sexton 10, Erhardt 9; Piety 8, Rooney 7; Clayton 8, Rickmers 9; Peck 7, Horton 9; Mill 5, Mount 5; Arends 6, Schmidt 8; Mason 9, Brewer 9.

No. 13, 10 singles, entrance $1: Piety 10, Erhardt 8, Sexton 9, Clayton 9, Clark 9, Horton 10, Cosby 8, Peck 9, Mason 9.

No. 14, 10 singles, entrance $1: Brewer 9, Sexton 8, Erhardt 8, Clark 10, Horton 10, Piety 7, Peck 9.

Whitfield.

Shooting at Allentown.

Allentown, Pa., Nov. 22.—Some members of the John F. Weiler Gun Club of this city took part in a live bird shoot near West Catasauqua yesterday afternoon. The shoot was held under the auspices of Preston Mertz, the popular hotel keeper, and was entirely successful. Scores:

	No. 1.	No 2.	No. 3.
Benning	11111—5	11111—5	110—2
Weiler	11001—3	11011—4	111—3
Ulmer	00111—3	11011—4	111—3
Mertz	11101—4	11110—4	111—3
Kane	11011—4	11111—5	...
Mohr	11111—5	11110—4	111—3
Hopkins		00010—1	...

After the Ball.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 24.—Since the great championship race of last week there has been much more talk of pigeon shooting in Chicago than actual matches shot. In fact, the great shooting carnival that was promised with the advent of Dr. Carver, seems to have rather ingloriously petered out. The Doctor has seemingly been ready at all times to fulfill his various engagements, but a number of the men who had expressed an ardent desire to meet him became suddenly troubled with heart-failure after Carver had disposed of Mott with a score of 95, and of Kleinman with 91. The Doctor's form has greatly improved since his first appearance here, and he could undoubtedly make matters very warm for almost any one now.

Of all the concourse of shooting men who have been here during the past two weeks, but three have been consistently willing to shoot, and these have been Carver, Brewer and Grimm. The latter left here on Monday last much disappointed because his two weeks' visit had produced but one match, that with Carver on Nov. 17. He was very anxious to meet the Doctor again in a series of three races, but the latter declined until he had met all the others who had talked shoot. The little Iowan was unable to remain here longer, but he was anxious to impress upon me the fact that he would meet any one, barring Brewer, and that he would come at once to Chicago on receipt of a telegram advising him of a match.

He was particularly warm on Elliott's trail, but the latter advanced the plea that there was no chance for gate money in Chicago, and he deemed it only right that in some way the birds should be paid for at least. Still Elliott knew in advance that there was no gate here, so some people have asked why he came at all, seeing he would not shoot here.

Brewer had in my hands for a full week, a forfeit of $200 to bind a race with Elliott for $500 a side at 200 birds each, but Jim declined to consider it. None of the other shooters wanted any of Brewer's game, so he was obliged to depart for the East without a match. Before he left, however, he and Carver agreed, so I learn, to shoot a series of ten matches at various points, during the winter. This would have much the flavor of a hippodrome, and unless the Eastern shooters are less wary than their Western confreres, will receive little patronage. We don't like such things out here.

Carver's conduct during his visit here has been thoroughly gentlemanly and sportsmanlike, and he has created a most favorable impression. He has demonstrated his willingness to fulfill all actual or implied engagements. I should like very much to see a race between him and Abe Kleinman, who, I think, could give the Doctor a hard fight. Probably that will not take place however, as Abe has been shooting little of late.

There was talk of a match or matches between Carver and Ed. Bingham, but the latter, I believe, did not consent to the date proposed by Carver, and as yet the races hang fire. In fact, I see no good prospect for the Doctor getting on any more matches with the local shooters, and as the oursiders have all left Chicago, it is by no means improbable that Carver himself will shortly follow their example, and thus will end what promised to be a memorable meeting of expert shots, with matches enough to settle a number of disputes.

Carver's match with Grimm, shot on Saturday, Nov. 17, was a peculiar example of the saying that a pigeon match is never out until the last bird is shot. Grimm missed 8 of his first 20 birds, and was 7 behind on the 27th round, yet he shot with dogged persistence, and finally won with a margin of 3 birds. Carver's shooting in this race was dreadfully ragged at the close, and he seemed much annoyed at his defeat.

In the afternoon of the same day, Carver shot a match with Mr. R. S. Mott, a local amateur who shot under the name of "Robin" in the championship shoot. The Doctor's complete reversal of form in this match from his performance in the morning, was remarkable. He killed his birds cleanly and in excellent time, and achieved the excellent total of 95. Mott's 89 was very creditable.

On Monday, the 19th, Carver and Geo. Kleinman met in a match for the regulation $100 a side, and the new champion met decisive defeat. Kleinman apparently had the race up to 60, but struck some bad luck, and, probably through loss of nerve, made bad shooting to the finish. Carver closed remarkably well, killing his last 40 in grand style. The day was bright, with a good breeze from the southwest, and the birds a good lot.

The details of the score were as under:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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               →↗↗↑↗↳↗↖↗↖↘←↗↖↘↘↗→→↗↖↗↙↗↗
Geo Kleinman..1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 1 2—24
               ↰↗→↗↗→↗↗↖↗↳←↓↳↘↙↖↖↑↗↖↑→↗↗
               • 2 2 1 2 2 • 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 1 2 2 0 1—20
               ↘←↕↗↙↘↗↘↖↓↖↘↰↙↘↗↖↚↙↕↖↗↖↗↖
               2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 2 0 0 0 2 2 1 2 2—21
               →↙↖↗↑↗↗↗↗↖↖↑←←↕↰↓↘↕↖→H↗↗↓
               1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 0 2 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 1—22—87

               H↖↘↑↗↗↗↘↑↗↗↘→↗↙↕↗→↓↕↗↓→↑←
Dr Carver......2 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 • 2 1 1 1 1—23
               ↑↑↗↗→↖↙↘↑↓↑↝↗→↗↕↙↖↗↓↚↖↳↖←
               2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 • 2 2 2 2 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 1—20
               ↕↚↙↙↘↘↘↘↑↚↗↖↗↑↗↗↖↖↰↗↘←↑↓↗
               0 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 • 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1—23
               →→↗↑↰↘↘↓↕↖↘↗↗↗↗↖↗↗↖→↑↗↘↗→
               1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2—25—91
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The most remarkable lot ot birds that have been furnished for a match in Chicago this year greeted Dr. Carver and J. D. Smith in their contest on Tuesday. A regular gale was blowing and this made the shooting the most difficult imaginable. John Watson, who adores good birds, says that Carver's score of 82 was the best shooting he has seen for a long time, and the best race the Doctor has shot here. Smith, who is a veteran duck shooter living at Evanston, likewise shot well, his score of 77 being excellent, considering the birds.

W. P. Mussey.

Trap at Little Rock.

Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 22.—The eleventh contest for the Pulaski county medal took place on the club grounds to-day. The weather was very unfavorable for target shooting. It was dark and gloomy at times, then occasionally the sun would shine for a few minutes, after which it would become cloudy again. This made the light very uncertain, and as the targets were thrown very low they were quite difficult to see. The scores made under existing conditions taken as a whole were very good.

Dickinson won the medal at the previous contest and to-day he successfully defended it. The pace he set (45 out of 50) was just a little too hot for the boys; Duley was right after him with 43. When each had shot at 25 birds Duley led with 23, but he was unable to keep up this pace, and Dickinson soon passed him. After the first 25 he was compelled to change loads, not having any more of the kind he was accustomed to, and the substitute being much slower, this in a measure accounts for his falling down. Irwin did not shoot up to his usual form, being handicapped by having a new gun, this being the first time he has shot it at the trap. He says, "Just wait until I get used to my Smith ejector."

Medal contest, conditions 50 singles, unknown angles:

French	11010101111111111101111110111100111111111110111111—42
Taminy	01101111111011111011111111111101111111011101101 1—42
Irwin	10101110111110110011101101010111000011111100101 1—33
Duley	11111111111111111111100110111111011111011011111011—43
Dickinson	11110110111111111110111110111110111111111111111—45
Pemberton	01111111111011110110110111001111111111111011111101—41
Steele	10111110100100110100101100110101110110100010111 11—30

Paul R. Litzke.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

The fourth season of this successful organization will commence with the coming new year. The tournaments have during the past three years been the most successful of any held in the East; have been the means of bringing together members of gun clubs who would have otherwise remained strangers and have fostered a gentlemanly spirit of rivalry at the traps. The cost of joining the League is but trifling (initiation fee $3, annual dues $3, prize fund $5) and clubs have the advantage of a fine tournament each season on their own grounds, besides attending others which will be held monthly. Secretaries of clubs desiring to affiliate will please send their names and addresses to the undersigned who will furnish all information.

W. R. Hobart, Sec'y N. J. T. S. L.

246 Mount Pleasant Avenue, Newark, N. J.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

There has just come from the Forest and Stream press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

The Interstate's Review.

THE Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association has issued a review of the work done by the Association during the year of 1894. Compared with the showing made in '93, the figures for 1894, given in the recapitulation show a marvelous advance over those of the preceding year. The review, which is given below in detail, is good and interesting reading. A comforting feature is the vast increase in the number of shooters who took part in the various events. In 1893 231 shooters recorded their names on the score sheets of the Interstate Association. This year the large number of 589 entered their names on the list. If this does not mean that trap-shooting is still booming and that the Interstate Association's shoot are popular with shooters, what does it mean?

To come down to figures, the Association actually gave nine tournaments; the following list give the dates and places of the tournaments: Grand American Handicap, April 4, 5. 6; Pittsburgh, Pa., April 17, 18, 19; Springfield, O., May 2, 3; Chicago, Ill., May 17, 18, 19; Grand Rapids, Mich., May 30, 31, June 1; Elwood, Ind., June 27, 28; Louisville, Ky., July 18, 19; Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 19, 20; Charleston, S. C., Oct. 10, 11.

On Aug. 21, 22, 23 and 24. the Interstate Association's paraphernalia was doing good service at the Pennsylvania State shoot, held at Wopsononock, Pa., under the auspices of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. The Association's manager had complete control of the management of that shoot, and its figures are very properly included in the review of the year's work.

The following is a list of the officers of the Association, which was incorporated nearly two years ago—Dec. 27, 1892:

Directors—Chas. Tatham, President; O. D. Delano, Vice-President; Justus Von Lengerke, Secretary; J. A. H. Dressel, Treasurer; Geo. H. Sampson, H. A. Penrose, Noel E. Money, Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

Executive Committee—J. A. H. Dressel, Chairman; Chas. Tatham, Justus Von Lengerke.

Classification and Tournament Committee—Justus Von Lengerke, Chairman; Noel E. Money, H. A. Penrose.

Club Organization Committee—H. A. Penrose Chairman; Noel E. Money, Justus Von Lengerke

The introduction to the Review states, *inter alia*, the policy of the association both in the past and in the future, and is as follows:

"Four years have elapsed since the inception of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, and the indefatigable zeal of its founders has borne fruit so rapidly that its name is now familiar to the sportsmen and gun clubs of America.

"In the following pages will be found a carefully collated and absolutely correct transcript of all the interesting data and summary of the work done during the season of 1894.

"Although the past year has been fraught with financial disturbances extending throughout the entire country, the success achieved by the Association is well nigh phenomenal, and has exceeded the anticipations of even the most sanguine. In this connection it may be noted that the success attained is not to be alone measured by the number of targets thrown, but by the stimulus trap-shooting has received, and the assistance and encouragement rendered; which served to create a healthy and permanent growth of the many gun clubs throughout the country.

"Continuing as before, on the broad-gauge plan and apart from the beaten tracks, being equipped with all necessary paraphernalia, latest electric apparatus and conservatively managed, we predict for the future even greater successes than achieved in the past.

"Our tournaments for the season of 1895 will be characterized by the same liberality of management and fairness that has won for us the enviable position we have attained in the trap-shooting world."

Each tournament is then reviewed in detail. Facts and figures that are of any interest and which may tend to show the success of each individual tournament, are set forth. The recapitulation which brings this review to a close, is by no means the least interesting portion of the work.

Grand American Handicap.

The inaugural tournament for 1894 was the second annual grand American handicap at live birds, which was decided at Dexter Park, L. I., April 4, 5 and 6. The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association guaranteed $1,000 (and all surplus added) in the main event, which was shot under the following conditions, viz.: 25 live birds, $25 entrance, 50yds. boundary, with a dead line at the 33yds. mark and handicaps ranging from 25 to 33yds.

There were 53 entries and one forfeit, making the total purse amount to $1.335.

Thos. W. Morfey, 28yds., won first money.....$667 50
Capt A. W. Money. 30yds., won second money..... 400 50
Fred G. Moore, 29yds., won third money..... 267 00

Thos. W. Morfey, on the 28yds. mark, and Capt. A. W. Money on the 30yds. mark each killed 25 straight. They shot off for first and second places at 10 birds, then miss and out, with the following result:

T W Morfey (28yds.).....0022222222—8 21—10
Capt A W Money (30yds.).....2201122102—8 20— 9

This was one of the best exhibitions of the day, every bird being a fast one and over one-half of them being veritable "hummers."

Seven of the contestants killed 24 birds each and were in the tie for third money, which was shot off at two rounds of 10 birds, then miss and out, with the following result:

F G Moore (29yds) .....2•2221•222—9 •022121110—7 1
W J Simpson (29yds).....2112221220—9 22•2•01212—7 0
E D Fulford (33yds).....2220222222—9 20200110w
J L Smith (28yds).....11•2122210—8 .....
F Walters (29yds).....0222022•12—7 .....
J F Kleinz (31yds).....2222•21•w
W M C Jones (27yds).....2•22220w

Seventy-three shooters took part in the tournament and $3,216 was divided in different purses. The total number of live birds trapped was 2,655.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

The second tournament was given at Pittsburgh, Pa., April 17, 18 and 19. under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Gun Club and the Iroquois Rifle Club.

The first day was devoted to the shooting of a handicap target race under the following conditions: 100 to 125 targets, entrance $5 and price of targets, 16yds. rise, 4 moneys, novelty rule to govern.

There were 44 entries, making the total purse amount to $220.

J Von Lengerke (100 targets) scored 99 and won first money.....$88
C. Hamilton (117 targets) scored 97 and won second money..... 66
W. G. Clark (110 targets), H. J. Levis (115 targets) scored 94 and won third money..... 44
Jim Crow (105 targets), C. Kochendorfer (118 targets) scored 93 and won fourth money... 22

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY:

J E Wright, first.....91 13-17 per cent.
Chas Crosby, second.....90 10-17 " "
F V Van Dyke, C A Young, third.....89 7-17 " "

BEST AVERAGES THIRD DAY.

R O Heikes, first.....92 per cent.
E D Fulford, second.....90 " "
E H McWhorter, third..... 88 " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 86. Average entry first day, 44; average entry second day, 55 3 5; average entry third day. 39.

The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,329 92; 17,256 targets were trapped during the tournament; $110 was added to the purses by the Pittsburgh Gun Club and the Iroquois Rifle Club.

Springfield, O.

The third tournament was given at Springfield, O., May 2 and 3, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

E D Fulford, first .....18 14 17 per cent.
D A Upson, second .....86 8 17 " "
R O Heikes, J A Ruble, third .....85 5-17 " "

BEST AVERAOES SECONN DAY.

D A Upson, first .....89 7-17 per cent.
E D Fulford, R O Heikes, second.....87 11-17 " "
J P Easton, third.....85 15-17 " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 39. Average entry first day, 20 7-10; average entry second day, 16 4-5. The total amount of money divided in purses was $833. 7,940 targets were trapped during the tournament. $200 was added to the purses by the Springfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill.

The fourth tournament was given at Chicago, Ill., May 17, 18 and 19, under the auspices of the Prairie Gun Club. Continuous bad weather marred what promised to be the grandest tournament ever given. The conditions under which the tournament was held are fully explained in the following account taken from FOREST AND STREAM of May 26:

"The weather was an assorted lot of the Chicago article. In the first two days there were distinct samples of torrid midsummer, cold weather, snowstorm, rainstorm, hailstorm, gentle breeze, high wind and perfect calm. On Friday there was such a raw, stiff half gale, with rain and snow, that it was deemed best to postpone the inanimate target events to the next day. The shoot was thus most seriously injured by the weather. It injured a most perfectly equipped and arranged tournament for which the Interstate Association is justly deserving of credit. The Interstate never gave a better shoot so far as the Interstate was concerned, and the whole made as pretty an exhibition of the modern tournament as has been seen up to date."

WINNERS OF THE STAKE EVENTS.

Inanimate Targets.

Lake Street Elevated Gold Cup (Novelty rule championsip)—R. O. Heikes, score 81 out of 100.

Barnard Sweepstakes (Novelty rule)—Dr. H. Frothingham and Mr. Welburn, score 19 out of 25

Sportsmen's Review Trophy (Novelty rule)—J. E. Haggerty, score 23 out of 25.

Santa Fé Equipment (Novelty rule)—D. A. Upson, score 39 out of 30 singles and 10 pairs.

Clabrough Contest—J. A. Ruble and G. W. Rexroat, score 43 out of 50.

Young Sportsmen's Contest—Master Bisson, score 3 out of 10.

Live Birds.

Prairie Gun Club Stake.

Richard Merrill.....1221121122221121221222222—25

Double Eagle Contest.

C W Budd.....1121122222222222—15

Remington Arms Co.'s Stake.

Dr H Frothingham .....2221012222— 9

Schiller Studio Overture.

R S Mott.....22211— 5

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 114. The total amount of money divided in purses was $2,801. 13,130 targets and 2,035 live birds were trapped during the tournament. $350 was added to the purses by the Prairie Gun Club.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

The fifth tournament was given at Grand Rapids, Mich., May 30, 31 and June 1, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

C W Budd, B A Bartlett, first.....85 per cent.
W R Hobart, second.....83 " "
C M Grimm, third.....79 " "

BEST AVERAOES SECOND DAY.

C M Grimm, J A R Elliott, first.....89 per cent.
C W Budd, second.....88 " "
R O Heikes, C A Young, third.....86 " "

BEST AVERAGE THIRD DAY.

C W Budd, first.....88 4-7 per cent.
C A Young, second.....87 1-7 " "
F V Van Dyke, third.....86 3-7 " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 73. Average entry first day, 30 7-10; average entry second day, 27 4-9; average entry third day, 18 2-3. The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,644.50. 18,329 targets were trapped during the tournament. $200 was added to the purses by the Valley City Gun Club.

Elwood, Ind.

The sixth tournament was given at Elwood, Ind., June 27 and 28, under the auspices of the Elwood Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

R. O. Heikes, C. A. Young, first.....88 4-17 per cent.
R. Merrill, second .....87 10-17 " "
E. D. Rike, third .....85 15-17 " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

R. O. Heikes, first.....88 14-17 per cent.
J. A. Ruble, second.....87 10-17 " "
C. A. Young, A. Livingurth, third.....87 1-17 " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 38. Average entry first day, 23 9-10; average entry second day, 18 3-10. The total amount of money divided in purses was $922. 7,530 targets were trapped during the tournament. $200 was added to the purses by the Elwood Gun Club.

Louisville, Ky.

The seventh tournament was given at Louisville, Ky., July 18 and 19, under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

R. O. Heikes, first.....95½ per cent.
E D. Fulford, second.....92 " "
E. D. Rike,.....90 " "

BEST AVERAOES SECOND DAY.

R. O. Heikes. first.....91 per cent.
J. A. Ruble, second.....90½ " "
E. D. Fulford, third.....89 " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 42. Average entry first day, 24 3-5; average entry second day, 15 4-5. The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,090. 8,840 targets were trapped during the tournament. $250 was added to the purses by the Kentucky Gun Club.

Altoona, Pa.

The eighth tournament was the State Shoot of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, which took place at Wopsononock, Altoona, Pa., Aug. 21, 22, 23 and 24, under the auspices of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. At the request of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, the entire outfit of the Association was used at this shoot, which took the place of our regular August tournament.

BEST AVERAOES FIRST DAY.

E D Fulford, first.....96 per cent.
W J Vance, second.....92 " "
H W Thurman, third.....91 " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

W H Wolstencroft, first.....95 5-7 per cent.
F V Van Dyke, second.....93 4-7 " "
E D Fulford, B A Bartlett, third.....92 6-7 " "

BEST AVERAGES THIRD DAY.

B A Bartlett, first.....95 per cent.
S Glover, second.....92 7-9 " "
W H Wolstencroft, third.....91 2-3 " "

Live Bird Day.

WILLIAMSPORT TROPHY.

R A Welch.....2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2,2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—15

L C SMITH TROPHY.

R A Welch.....1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1—15
J Wolstencroft.....1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 2—14
W H Wolstencroft.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—15—44

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 58. Average entry first day, 30 4-5; average entry second day, 32 1-7; average entry third day, 32; average entry fourth day, 23 2-3. The total amount of money divided in purses was $3,520.75; 21,940 targets and 1,141 live birds were trapped during the tournament.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

The ninth tournament was given at Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 19 and 20, under the auspices of the Chattanooga Gun Club.

BEST AVERAOES FIRST DAY.

R O Heikes, first.....92 per cent.
F C Etberidge, second.....87⅛ " "
B A Bartlett, third.....84⅞ " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY

R O Heikes, first.....93⅛ per cent.
J E Legler, second.....89⅛ " "
F H Woodworth, third.....88⅞ " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 46. Average entry first day, 21 4-5; average entry second day, 28 2-5. The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,398.50; 11,985 targets were trapped during the tournament; $200 was added to the purses by the Chattanooga Gun Club.

Charleston, S. C.

The tenth tournament was given at Charleston, S. C., Oct. 10 and 11, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club. The tournament was held under very adverse circumstances, which is fully described in the following account taken from the *American Field*, of Oct. 30:

"All arrangements had been made for the opening of the tournament, when a severe storm swept along the Atlantic Coast and struck Charleston in all its fury, leaving wreck and ruin in its path. Hibernian Park, where the tournament was held, was a sight to behold; tents, screens, blackboards and stands were razed to the ground and a foot of water stood everywhere. This was the state of affairs when the storm abated the night previous to the day advertised for the opening of the tournament. The attendance was light, which was due to the threatening weather previous to the tournament."

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

F V Van Dyke, W E Post, first.....86⅔ per cent.
B H Worthen, second.....82⅔ " "
U M C Thomas, Capt Geo Swan, third.....77⅓ " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

F V Van Dyke, first.....85⅓ per cent.
Geo Peterman, second.....79⅔ " "
B H Worthen, third.....76 " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 20. Averave entry first day, 14 2-5; average entry second day, 12½ The total amount of money divided in purses was $545.50; 4,455 targets were trapped during the taurnament; $100 was added to the purses by the Palmetto Gun Club.

RECAPITULATION.

In the summary a comparison is made with the tournaments of 1893. This will in a measure convey a slight idea of the success attained during the season of 1894.

	1894.	1893.
Shooters taking part.....	589	231
Live birds trapped.....	5,831	1,356
Targets trapped.....	111,405	37,580
Money divided in purses.....	$17,301.17	$5,610.75

Our season for 1895 will open with the Grand American Handicap at live birds, April 3, 4 and 5. The target season will commence about April 15 and end about Oct. 1. Clubs desiring tournaments should make early application for same.

INTERSTATE MANUFACTURERS' AND DEALERS' ASSOCIATION.

Carver Takes Four Scalps.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 20.—Between Nov. 17 and 20 Carver has shot five matches and taken four scalps. Three of the races were 100 bird matches, $100 a side; one was at 25 birds for $25; the other a 10 bird race for a single tenner. The totals show that he scored 294 out of a possible 335, against his opponents' scores of 292. Charlie Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia., beat Carver by 3 birds, scoring 87 to the Doctor's 84. Against "Robin," a well-known member of the Garfield Gun Club, Carver rolled up 95 against "Robin's" 89; the birds in this match, judging from the flights given, do not seem to have been of the same caliber as those in his match with J. J. Smith, a member of the Evanston (Ill.) Gun Club on the following day. On this occasion Carver dropped no less than 18 birds; his opponent, however, accommodated him by dropping just 5 more.

A peculiar feature of the Carver—"Robin" and the Carver—Smith matches was the way in which the traps fell to the different shooters. It will be noticed in the Carver—"Robin" match that although the way the traps fell was eccentric, No. 3 and No. 4 being pulled 126 times out of a possible 200, yet the division of the traps was very equitable after all. In the Carver—Smith match, Smith drew end traps 47 times to Carver's 34, no slight disadvantage on fast birds. The following tables show how the traps fell:

	1	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*		*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*
Carver.....	10	7	32	31	20	Carver.....	14	22	20	24	20
"Robin".....	18	16	31	32	13	Smith.....	24	17	19	17	23

Details of the scores are given below:

Nov. 17.—Carver versus Grim, 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, each man to pay for his own birds:

Chas Grim.....2220200122100100112022222—17
2010122111122122212111222—23
1112222222011112222102122—23
2222222220221121220222222—24—86
Dr Carver.....1112212112002102212221112—22
1222222210110111222112221—23
0220122222211100022020112—18
1210112212122222202122020—21—84

Nov. 19.—Match, Carver versus "Robin," same as above:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Carver.....↑↑↗↖↗↑↑←→↑↘→→→→↖←↓←↑↓↖↑↙↓
1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1—25
↘→↘→↘↑↘↙←←↘↑↑↕↗↖↗↙↘↓←↑↓↘↑
1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1—24
↕↗↗↓↘↖↓↘↖↝↗↑↖←↖←↙↖→←↖↗↖←←
0 1 2 2 0 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1—22
↑↓←←↑↖↘H↘↗←H↗↑↑↗H↖↗H↘↑↗H
2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—24—95
↑H↑↗↗↑↑↖↗↗↑↖↓↙↖↑↖↑↖↓↑↖↑↙←
"Robbin".....1 0 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 0 1 2 2 2 2 2—21
←↖↑↙→→↖↗→←←↘↕↖↖↘←↑↗↑↗↖←↖↓
2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 0—24
←↗→↘↙↕↗↑←↑↑↕↖←→↗↘↗←→↘↗↑↑
2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 0 1 2—21
↖←→↖H↖↘↗↗↖↗HH↗↗↑↓→↑H↗H→↑↑
2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—23—89

Nov. 20.—Carver vs. Smith, 100 live birds. $100 a side:

Carver.....←←↗↗↖↖↖↖H↗↑↑↖↗↑↑←↖↖↖↖↑↖←↗
1 2 2 2 0 • 0 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 • • 1 2 1 2 1—20
↖↖↖↑↖↖↑↖↖↖↖↑↑↘↗↘↖↑↖↖↑↑→
2 1 1 1 2 • • 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 2—21
→↗↖↗↖↖←↗↑↑↖↑↗↖↑↖↑↑↗↑↖↗↖↑
1 0 2 2 2 1 0 0 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2—20
↑↖↗→↑↖↖↑↙↑↑↑↗↑↑↑↖↗↖↗↓↑↖↖↖
1 2 2 1 0 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 0—21—82
←↖↖↖↖↖↑↓↗←↗↖↙↑←↖↖↖↑↗↑↑↗↖
J J Smith .....0 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 1 0 0 2 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 2—20
↑↘↙↑↑↖↖↖↖↗↖↑↖↘→↗↑T←↖↑↖↖↘
1 2 2 2 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 1 0 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 0 2 0 2—16
↖↖T↘↗↗↖←↑↗↖↖↖↖↗↗↑↘↑↑↑↓↖↑
2 0 0 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 0 2 1 1 0 2 1 2—19
↓↑H↑↑↖↗↑↑↓↑↑↓↖↓↑←↑→↙↖←↖↗↖
2 2 2 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2—22—77

Two other races were shot by Dr. Carver against J. S. "Williams," of New York city. The following were the scores made in these matches:

Carver vs. J. S. "Williams," 25 live birds, $25 a side, loser to pay for birds:

Carver.....0221122221222222221211211102—23
Williams.....1221220211212111021011020—20

Carver vs. J. S. "Williams," 10 live birds, $10 a side, loser to pay for birds:

Carver.....2222211212—10 Williams.....1111220212— 9

The Emerald's Monthly Shoot.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20, saw no less than 30 members of the Emerald Gun Club gathered together at Dexter Park, L. I., the occasion being the monthly shoot of the club at live birds. Large as is its membership, an attendance of 30 shooters speaks well for the system which provides these shoots. Unlike most clubs, the Emerald Gun Club is an expensive one to belong to if you don't take part in these monthly shoots. But, if you attend regularly and take your *pro rata* share of the birds killed, the debit and credit columns of your account will very nearly balance. When you've figured up the fun you've had and added that in, it will be highly probable that you'll find yourself a debtor to the club.

Tuesday, Nov. 20, was about an ideal day for pigeon shooting; barring the cold frosty air, it needed only a brisk wind aiding the birds to make it perfect. At the start the birds were a good lot, but taken as a whole they were very uneven; just that class of birds that knock out straight scores. Three or four slow ones and then a corker; that's what tells. As a consequence not a single straight score of 10 was made. At the end of the 5th round S. H. Moore and Dr. Leveridge were the only ones out of the 30 who had toed their marks that had 5 kills to their credit. Moore lost his 6th bird, dead out of bounds, right at the score. Dr. Leveridge slipped up on his 8th bird, a comparatively easy incomer, thus spoiling the last chance of a straight score. There were no less than 9 nines and 8 eights. Scores follow: Club point handicap, 10 live birds per man:

J Maesel (28)	1021012211—8	N Maesel (25)	0010001010—3
E Doeinck (30)	22220•1111—8	J H Moore (25)	22112•2201—8
J Hodge (25)	0020201002—4	T Codey (28)	2020112100—6
P Butz (28)	02002•2022—5	G Nowak (28)	2001211000—5
Dr G V Hudson (28)	0122211122—9	W Levens (28)	0022212122—8
"Wash" (28)	1002202202—6	T Short (28)	0012122110—8
R Regan (25)	20•1212212—9	H Thau (28)	1220101212—8
H P Fessenden (28)	022221102•—7	Dr Leveridge (28)	1112112012—9
J H Richmond	2220222212—9	L Ghering (30)	1021120202—7
L H Schortemeier (30)	222•222122—9	W E Hogan (25)	101•112112—8
J Woelfel (25)	0200000122—4	F C Hamilton (25)	22022001•2—6
J H Voss (30)	2102222121—9	T H Keller (28)	0121222122—9
F W Place (25)	112102•211—8	M F Lindsley (30)	0222222200—7
R Woods (30)	2201212211—9	M Herrington (30)	0111211111—9
C Maesel (25)	2010111020—6	T F Russell (28)	1212•00110—6

The Effect of the Wadding Material Upon the Performance of Shotguns.

BY ARMIN TENNER,
Superintendent American Testing Institution.

[*Continued from page 459.*]

The test was commenced with what may justly be termed purely experimental wadding.

SERIES 1.

Load 1—3 drms. DP. Eagle Ducking blk. powd.=85 gr., in Black Club shell, 1 U.M.C. cb. w., 12 ga.; weight 7 gr., diam. 0.748045 in., 0.118112 in. thick, 1⅛oz. No. 7 shot=344 pellets; av. v. 910 ft. sec., great. diff. 70 ft. sec.; av. gpr. 3450 lbs., great. diff. 600 lbs.

Pattern 1, Parker gun.....av.(7) 108, great. diff. 42 pellets.
" 2, Remington gun.....av.(4) 140 " " 60 "
" 3, Francotte gun.....av.(7) 201 " " 43 "
" 4, Greener gun.....av.(8) 109 " " 47 "
" 5, Tenner gun.....av.(5) 185 " " 50 "

Load 2—3 drms. Sch.=44 gr., Smokl. shell, 1 cb. w.; av. v. 926 ft. sec., greatest diff. 54 ft. sec.; av. gpr. 4950 lbs., great. diff. 540 lbs.

Pat.			Pellets.	Pat.			Pellets.
1	(13)	241—great. diff	41	4	(9)	191—great. diff	49
2	(6)	230 " "	60	5	(8)	240 " "	38
3	(9)	235 " "	43				

Load 3—3 drms. DP. blk. pwd., cotton padding wadding, 1⅛ oz. shot; av. v. 725 ft. sec., great. diff. 150 ft. sec.; av. gpr. 3600 lbs., great. diff. 700 lbs.

1	(0)	45—great. diff	60	4	(1)	60—great. diff	48
2	(0)	47 " "	57	5	(2)	47 " "	50
3	(0)	57 " "	52				

Load 4—3 drms. Sch. smokl. shell, cotton padding wadding, 1⅛ oz. shot; v. 700 ft. sec., great. diff. 140 ft. sec.; gpr. 3600 lbs., great. diff. 175 lbs.

Load 5—2¾ drms. DP. smokl. pwd.=34 gr. smkl. shell, 1 cb. wd., 1⅛ oz. shot; v. 920 ft. sec , great. diff. 141 ft. sec.; gpr. 3650 lbs., great. diff. 120lbs.

1	(5)	192—great. diff	49	4	(3)	120—great. diff	48
2	(0)	66 " "	41	5	(7)	180 " "	32
3	(1)	80 " "	37				

Load 6—2¾ drms. DP. smkl. pwd., smkl. shell, cotton padding wadding, 1⅛ oz. shot; v. 900 ft. sec , great. diff. 110 ft. sec.; gpr. 3000 lbs., great. diff. 180 lbs.

1	(9)	237—great. diff	42	4	(3)	125—great. diff	54
2	(2)	57 " "	80	5	(8)	169 " "	43
3	(10)	226 " "	39				

Load 7—3 drms., DP. blk. powd., 1 U M.C. reg. blk. edge wad, weight 12 gr., thickness 0.196854 in., 1⅛ oz. shot; av. v. 715 ft. sec., great. diff. 125ft. sec.; gpr. 3300lbs., great. diff. 380 lbs.

1	(3)	157—great. diff	50	4	(2)	160—great. diff	39
2	(2)	122 " "	43	5	(3)	138 " "	50
3	(5)	182 " "	57				

Load 8—2¾ DP. smokl. powd., same shell, wadding and shot as l. 7; v. 895 ft. sec., great. diff. 80 ft. sec.; gpr. 3375 lbs., great. diff. 712 lbs.

1	(2)	88—great. diff	60	4	(5)	108—great. diff	47
2	(5)	204 " "	33	5	(5)	126 " "	38
3	(4)	118 " "	53				

Load 9—3 drms. Sch., same shell, wad. and shot as Load 7; v. 885 ft. sec., great. diff. 70 ft. sec.; gpr. 3380 lbs., great. diff. 670 lbs.

1	(7)	256—great. diff	49	4	(10)	245—great. diff	39
2	(8)	236 " "	48	5	(14)	271 " "	31
3	(7)	210 " "	61				

Load 10—3 drms. DP. blk. pwd., 1 U.M.C. trap wad, weight 9 grs., thickness 0.196854 in.; trap and field wads are identical—1⅛ oz. shot; v. 825 ft. sec., great. diff. 300 ft. sec.; gpr. 2900 lbs., great. diff., 150lbs.

1	(4)	135—great. diff	80	4	(4)	160—great. diff	45
2	(2)	78 " "	71	5	(3)	120 " "	49
3	(5)	108 " "	63				

Load 11—2¾ DP. smokl. pwd., same wadding, etc., as last load; v. 812 ft. sec., great. diff. 124 ft. sec.; gpr. 2890 lbs., great. diff. 300 lbs.

1	(6)	228—great. diff	37	4	(9)	190—great. diff	52
2	(3)	239 " "	41	5	(5)	195 " "	48
3	(8)	227 " "	39				

Load 12—3 drms. Sch., same wadding, etc., as l. 10; v. 880 ft. sec., great. diff. 110 ft. sec.; gpr. 5556 lbs., great. diff. 340 lbs.

1	(9)	242—great. diff	47	4	(3)	175—great. diff	43
2	(5)	210 " "	63	5	(6)	225 " "	48
3	(5)	191 " "	61				

Load 13—3 drms. DP. blk. pwd , 1 V. L. & D. Hurlingham paper filler wad made of soft paper, weight 18 gr., diam. 0.748045 in., thickness 0.314966 in., 1⅛ oz. shot; v. 909 ft. sec., great. diff. 60 ft. sec.; gpr. 3350 lbs., great diff. 360 lbs.

1	(4)	168—great. diff	61	4	(8)	216—great. diff	50
2	(3)	145 " "	57	5	(5)	182 " "	60
3	(9)	232 " "	41				

Load 14—3 drms. Sch., same wadding, etc., as last; v. 799 ft. sec., great. diff. 310 ft. sec.; gpr. 4410 lbs., great. diff. 2600 lbs.

1	(6)	264—great. diff	31	4	(5)	176—great. diff	64
2	(5)	183 " "	54	5	(12)	215 " "	47
3	(7)	226 " "	41				

Load 15—2¾ drms. DP. smokl. pwd., same wadding, etc., as l. 13; v. 840 ft. sec , great. diff. 130 ft. sec.; gpr. 4675 lbs , great. diff. 900 lbs.

1	(9)	225—great. diff	46	4	(2)	194—great. diff	52
2	(4)	180 " "	53	5	(4)	179 " "	40
3	(4)	195 " "	51				

Load 16—3 drms. Am. W. pwd., 12 G.=44 3 gr., same wadding, etc., as l. 13; v. 930 ft. sec., great. diff. 124 ft. sec., gpr. 5745 lbs., great. diff. 370 lbs.

1	(8)	233—great. diff	49	4	(8)	180—great. diff	57
2	(4)	182 " "	53	5	(4)	181 " "	60
3	(9)	236 " "	41				

Load 17—3 drms. E. C. pwd., same wadding, etc., as l. 13; v. 906 ft. sec., great. diff. 90 ft. sec.; gpr. 5133 lbs., great. diff. 410 lbs.

1	(4)	159—great. diff	70	4	(5)	201—great. diff	50
2	(7)	186 " "	61	5	(6)	207 " "	46
3	(5)	203 " "	57				

Load 18—3 drms. DP. blk. pwd., 1 12 ga. cb., 1 16 ga. white felt, 1 12 ga. cb. wads, 1⅛ oz. of shot; v. 856, great. diff. 145 ft. sec.; gpr. 2890 lbs., great. diff. 800 lbs.

1	(5)	205—great. diff	63	4	(6)	189—great. diff	49
2	(6)	190 " "	64	5	(5)	194 " "	46
3	(4)	221 " "	45				

Load 19—3 drms. Sch., same wadding, etc., as l. 18; v. 825 ft. sec., great. diff. 130 ft. sec.; gpr. 5586 lbs., great. diff. 2200 lbs.

1	(9)	247—great. diff	41	4	(9)	216—great. diff	40
2	(7)	202 " "	57	5	(5)	205 " "	55
3	(6)	234 " "	44				

Load 20—2¾ drms. DP. smokl. pwd., same wadding, etc., as l. 18; v. 759 ft. sec., great. diff. 275 ft. sec.; gpr. 2950 lbs., great. diff. 1013 lbs.

1	(8)	236—great. diff	43	4	(6)	192—great. diff	46
2	(7)	188 " "	57	5	(5)	176 " "	53
3	(4)	195 " "	56				

Load 21—3 drms. DP. blk. pwd., 1 V. L. & D. dry elastic Hurlingham brown felt wad, both sides paper covered, weight 17 grs., diam. 0.748045 in., thickness 0.354537 in.; v. 810 ft. sec., great. diff. 175 ft. sec.; gpr. 3010 lbs., great. diff. 680 lbs.

1	(4)	216—great. diff	61	4	(4)	201—great. diff	44
2	(3)	161 " "	66	5	(5)	181 " "	46
3	(5)	198 " "	45				

Load 22—3 drms. Sch., same wadding, etc., as l. 21; v. 905 ft. sec., great. diff. 160 ft. sec.; gpr. 6350 lbs., great. diff. 640 lbs.

1	(5)	186—great. diff	64	4	(6)	219—great. diff	41
2	(4)	178 " "	59	5	(4)	221 " "	49
3	(6)	218 " "	44				

Load 23—3 drms. DP. smkl. pwd=38 gr., same wadding, etc., as l. 21; v. 960 ft. sec., great. diff. 108 ft. sec.; gpr. 6274 lbs., great. diff. 900 lbs.

1	(3)	196—great. diff	59	4	(6)	260—great. diff	37
2	(6)	192 " "	58	5	(7)	207 " "	42
3	(6)	194 " "	47				

Load 24—3 drs. Am. W. pwd., same wadding, etc., as l. 21; v. 864 ft. sec., great. diff. 100 ft. sec.; gpr. 3240 lbs., great. diff. 140 lbs.

1	(8)	228—great. diff	43	4	(4)	182—great. diff	60
2	(7)	255 " "	41	5	(6)	181 " "	61
3	(8)	210 " "	58				

Load 25—3 drms. E.C. pwd., same wadding, etc., as l. 21; v. 970 ft. sec., great. diff. 27 ft. sec., gpr. 5365 lbs., great. diff. 176 lbs.

1	(3)	147—great. diff	82	4	(9)	245—great. diff	39
2	(6)	190 " "	64	5	(5)	178 " "	69
3	(14)	229 " "	43				

Load 26—3 drms. Sch. pwd. 1 trap, 1 felt, 1 cb., all placed into the shell purposely slanting, 1⅛ oz. shot; v. 850 ft. sec., great. diff. 330 ft. sec., gpr. 5512 lbs., great. diff. 780 lbs.

1	(8)	195—great. diff	60	4	(6)	160—great. diff	71
2	(7)	165 " "	45	5	(5)	120 " "	73
3	(4)	115 " "	120				

Load 27—3 drms. DP. blk. pwd., same wadding, etc., as l. 26; v. 900 ft. sec., great. diff. 33ft. sec., gpr. 4042 lbs., great. diff. 140 lbs.

1	(8)	216—great. diff	40	4	(5)	191—great. diff	54
2	(7)	180 " "	61	5	(8)	191 " "	55
3	(6)	207 " "	49				

Load 28—3 drms. Sch. smokl. shell, same wadding as l. 26 put in shell, normal—horizontally; v. 990 ft. sec., great. diff. 9 ft. sec., gpr. 7350 lbs., great. diff. 100 lbs.

1	(7)	216—great. diff	43	4	(5)	203—great. diff	57
2	(6)	186 " "	50	5	(4)	193 " "	57
3	(8)	222 " "	41				

Load 29—3 drms. DP. blk. pwd., same wadding as l. 26, put into shell horizontally; v. 903 ft. sec., great. diff. 45 ft. sec., gpr. 4189 lbs., great. diff. 204 lbs.

1	(5)	230—great. diff	36	4	(4)	231—great. diff	40
2	(4)	182 " "	49	5	(9)	230 " "	38
3	(8)	216 " "	41				

Load 30—29 grs. Wals. pwd., U.M.C. Wals. shell, 3 trap wads, 1⅛ oz. shot; v. 840 ft. sec., great. diff. 80 ft. sec., gpr. 5586 lbs., great. diff. 850 lbs.

1	(13)	232—great. diff	40	4	(5)	198—great. diff	59
2	(4)	165 " "	63	5	(8)	244 " "	30
3	(4)	201 " "	55				

Load 31—3 drms. D P. blk. pwd., 1 Eley white, 1 cb. felt, 11¾ ga. wad, weight 19 gr., diam. 0.748045in., thickness 0.316966in., cut slanting to one side, reducing thickness on cut side to 0.157483in., 1 cb.; v. 840ft. sec. great diff. 240ft. sec.; gpr., 3412lbs., great diff.; 1120lbs.

1	(9)	254—great. diff	36	4	(6)	191—great. diff	52
2	(3)	169 " "	78	5	(4)	173 " "	61
3	(5)	196 " "	50				

In glancing over the results achieved with these purely experimental waddings we are confronted by several surprising facts. In the first place the values obtained with 3drs. Schultze h. g. powder, wadded with one common cardboard wad only, are certainly contrary to all theories on interior ballistics. The figures show that if one gets pushed hard for wadding, be can try his luck with a simple cardboard wad. It is evident that Schultze powder is not so very susceptible to inferior wadding material as might be supposed. The black powder, too, did fairly well with the cardboard wad only. Cotton padding appears to lack density and rigidness. It cannot be employed in breechloading guns. Neither the single regular black-edge nor the trap or field wad alone appear to answer for any of the propelling agents employed. Some powder seems to do better with the former, some with the latter; but for general use they do not answer much better than the cardboard wad. No balling of shot was experienced with any of the wads so far employed, a fact which will be recalled later on. Fairly good results were obtained with the paper filler wad; but this wad has one fault in common with all other wads so far mentioned—it fails to produce regularity.

Schultze powder performed quite well with the 16 ga. felt and 2 12 ga. cardboard wads. Neither of the powders did well with the brown elastic dry felt wad. This is probably due to the fact that this wad is rather spongy and the cohesive quality of the felt is not what it might be. The result with this wad seems to show that a wad must have a certain degree of density; i e., be of sufficient hardness.

The results obtained with the loads 26, 27, 28, and 29 go to show that wads should be seated horizontally in the shell, and the figures secured with load 31 teach us to employ wads of even thickness. It did not appear necessary to subject all the powders to this test, inasmuch as those used furnish a pretty good basis for applying the results obtained generally. Schultze's behavior with the cardboard wad may be regarded as an exception—perhaps as an accident. It would be entirely out of place to draw any conclusion at this early stage of the test and before we have seen what can be accomplished with suitable wadding, which henceforth will be employed in various combinations.

SERIES 2.

Load 32—3 drms. Sch., 1 Anderson's cork comp. w., 10 ga., weight 21.4 gr., diam. 0.787416 in., thickness 0.334966 in., nearly circular, even in thickness, and quite uniform in weight; 1⅛ oz. shot; v. 1009 ft. sec., great. diff. 12 ft. sec.; gpr. 3860 lbs., great. diff. 140 lbs.

1	(7)	232—great. diff	44	4	(6)	225—great. diff	50
2	(4)	188 " "	48	5	(4)	234 " "	39
3	(6)	237 " "	41				

Load 33—3 drms. DP. smokl. pwd. (3 drms. DP. pwd. equal to 3¼ drms. of Schultze), 1 cb., 1 10 ga. Anderson's comp. cork w., 1 cb. wad, 1⅛ oz. No. 7 shot, smokl. shell; v. 1015 ft. sec., great. diff. 80 ft. sec.; gpr. 6650 lbs., great. diff. 870 lbs.

1	(7)	236—great. diff	38	4	(7)	236—great. diff	40
2	(6)	233 " "	41	5	(5)	227 " "	42
3	(8)	238 " "	39				

Load 34—3 drms. Sch., same shell, wadding, etc., as l. 33; v. 905 ft. sec., great. diff. 90 ft. sec.; gpr. 4557 lbs., great. diff. 120 lbs.

1	(15)	266—great. diff	29	4	(10)	240—great. diff	42
2	(5)	206 " "	39	5	(7)	231 " "	46
3	(9)	248 " "	40				

Load 35—3 drms. Am. W. pwd., same shell, wadding, etc., as l. 33; v. 940 ft. sec., great. diff. 36 ft. sec.; gpr. 5733 lbs., great. diff. 600 lbs.

1	(4)	182—great. diff	57	4	(4)	191—great. diff	45
2	(4)	168 " "	46	5	(3)	189 " "	47
3	(5)	199 " "	44				

Load 36—3 drms E.C. pwd., same shell, wadding, etc., as l. 33; v. 939 ft. sec., great. diff. 24 ft. sec.; gpr. 4468 lbs., great. diff. 280 lbs.

1	(10)	210—great. diff	47	4	(5)	231—great. diff	46
2	(8)	198 " "	45	5	(5)	247 " "	38
3	(5)	214 " "	57				

Load 37—29 gr. Wals., U.M.C. Wals. shell, wadding, etc., same as l. 33; v. 1024 ft. sec., great. diff. 120 ft. sec.; gpr. 6027 lbs., great. diff. 814 lbs.

1	(7)	230—great. diff	49	4	(3)	222—great. diff	44
2	(6)	195 " "	41	5	(10)	216 " "	38
3	(5)	226 " "	40				

Load 38—3 drms. DP. blk. pwd., 1 V. L. & D. field, 1 brown elastic felt wad, 1⅛ oz. shot; v. 890 ft. sec., great. diff. 6 ft. sec.; gpr. 2940 lbs., great. diff. 840 lbs.

1	(10)	140—great. diff	80	4	(9)	201—great. diff	43
2	(8)	220 " "	26	5	(5)	161 " "	58
3	(5)	198 " "	53				

Load 39—3 drms. Sch., 1 U.M.C. blk edge regular weight 7.7 gr., 0.157883 in. thick, 1¼ in. pink edge, weight 15.8 gr., 0.344966 in. thick, 1⅛ oz. shot; v. 1015 ft. sec., great. diff. 24 ft. sec.; gpr. 5615 lbs., great. diff. 708 lbs.

1	(14)	215—great. diff	37	4	(7)	203—great. diff	48
2	(7)	205 " "	36	5	(9)	243 " "	39
3	(7)	212 " "	47				

Load 40—29 gr. Wals. pwd. U.M.C. Wals. shell, 3 U.M.C. regular blk. edge wads, 1⅛ oz. shot; v. 792 ft. sec., great. diff. 100 ft. sec.; gpr. 5830 lbs , great. diff. 60 lbs.

1	(8)	210—great. diff	61	4	(10)	108—great. diff	49
2	(3)	148 " "	57	5	(7)	189 " "	50
3	(4)	182 " "	55				

Load 41—2¾ drms. DP. smokl. pwd., same shell, wadding, etc., as l. 39; v. 799 ft. sec., great. diff. 184 ft. sec.; gpr. 2940 lbs., great. diff. 184 lbs.

1	(10)	120—great. diff	90	4	(9)	201—great. diff	
2	(8)	220 " "	31	5	(5)	161 " "	
3	(5)	198 " "	63				

Load 42—3 drms. E.C. pwd., smokl. shell, 3⅛ in. blk. edge U.M.C. wads, 1⅛ oz. shot; v. 950 ft. sec., great. diff. 30 ft. sec.; gpr. 4630 lbs., great. diff. 150 lbs.

1	(3)	146—great. diff	84	4	(5)	169—great. diff	68
2	(2)	129 " "	71	5	(5)	168 " "	70
3	(5)	199 " "	63				

Load 43—3 drms. DP. blk. pwd. Black Club shell, 1 V. L. & D. Hurlingham express wad, weight 24.4 grs., thickness 0.374337 in., nearly circular, lubr. quite uniform in weight and thickness, 1⅛ oz. of shot; v. 936ft. sec., great. diff. 40ft. sec.; gpr. 3675 lbs., great. diff. 680 lbs.

1	(6)	213—great. diff	53	4	(5)	202—great. diff	47
2	(5)	183 " "	50	5	(4)	198 " "	57
3	(6)	201 " "	48				

Load 44—29 grs. Wals pwd., U.M.C. Wals. shell, same wadding, etc , as l. 43; v. 942 ft. sec., great. diff. 80 ft. sec.; gpr. 6615 lbs., great. diff. 185 lbs.

1	(5)	182—great. diff	52	4	(9)	195—great. diff	44
2	(4)	171 " "	60	5	(4)	187 " "	45
3	(6)	186 " "	46				

Load 45—3 drms. DP. smokl. pwd , 1 V. L. & D. Hurlingham field, 1 express wad, 1⅛ oz. shot; v. 1020 ft. sec., great. diff. 48ft. sec.; gpr. 6320 lbs., great. diff. 708 lbs.

1	(4)	170—great. diff	80	4	(8)	218—great. diff	50
2	(8)	200 " "	46	5	(6)	183 " "	62
3	(6)	220 " "	44				

Load 46—3 drms. Sch., same wadding, etc., as l. 45, smokl. shell as before; v. 1025 ft. sec., great. diff. 60 ft. sec ; gpr. 7203 lbs., great. diff. 800 lbs.

1	(8)	257—great. diff	39	4	(10)	192—great. diff	57
2	(4)	202 " "	35	5	(4)	192 " "	60
3	(4)	210 " "	40				

Load 47—3 drms. Am. W. pwd., same shell, wadding, etc., as l. 45; v. 1005 ft. sec., great. diff. 44 ft. sec.; gpr. 5890 lbs., great. diff. 756 lbs.

1	(7)	267—great. diff	37	4	(4)	203—great. diff	45
2	(5)	188 " "	46	5	(3)	181 " "	57
3	(4)	195 " "	57				

Load 48—3 drms. E. C. pwd., same shell, etc., as l. 45; v. 970 ft. sec., great. diff. 36 ft. sec.; gpr. 5586 lbs., great. diff. 764 lbs.

1	(6)	248—great. diff	39	4	(13)	228—great. diff	41
2	(8)	236 " "	32	5	(5)	205 " "	44
3	(10)	280 " "	16				

Load 49—3 drms. DP. smokl. pwd., 1 express, 1 paper filler wad in smokl. shell, 1⅛ oz. shot; v. 1015 ft. sec., great. diff. 30 ft. sec.; gpr. 6615 lbs., great. diff. 910 lbs.

1	(8)	225—great. diff	48	4	(8)	282—great. diff	30
2	(5)	223 " "	44	5	(7)	271 " "	32
3	(7)	226 " "	41				

Load 50—3 drms. Sch., same shell, etc., as l. 49; v. 1005 ft. sec., great. diff. 36 ft. sec.; gpr. 7160 lbs., great. diff. 680 lbs.

1	(5)	196—great. diff	56	4	(6)	233—great. diff	39
2	(6)	226 " "	41	5	(4)	221 " "	49
3	(5)	218 " "	44				

Load 51—3 drms. Am. W. pwd., same shell, etc., as l. 49; v. 998 ft. sec., great. diff. 60 ft. sec.; gpr. 5880 lbs., great. diff. 910 lbs.

1	(6)	160—great. diff	82	4	(9)	191—great. diff	55
2	(4)	153 " "	48	5	(5)	185 " "	61
3	(5)	188 " "	58				

Load 52—3 drams. E. C. pwd., same shell, wadding, etc., as l. 49; v. 950 ft. sec., great. diff. 54 ft. sec.; gpr. 5571 lbs., great. diff. 632 lbs.

1	(6)	252—great. diff	38	4	(4)	226—great. diff	48
2	(5)	258 " "	41	5	(8)	225 " "	48
3	(6)	231 " "	40				

Courtney Beats McMurchy.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 24.—The scores made in yesterday's bi-weekly medal shoot of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Association show that Courtney's physique is not a bar to his handling of a gun at the traps. The Colonel's work in these medal contests has been very regular and his smashing of the kingbirds very sure. Yesterday he had, among others in his class, to meet Harvey McMurchy, one of the best shots in the country. It was common report that "Mac" would walk off with the medal, but common report told a flattering tale. It is true he tied Courtney on his first string of 50 with a score of 43. In the shoot-off, however, Courtney won by two targets, breaking 18 to his opponent's 16. This gave Courtney the medal once more.

In Class B, Hunter led his men, breaking 38, W. Morris being close up with 37. James Boyd was king of Class C with 30, his solitary opponent, W. Jennings, scoring 27. In this squad B. A. Bartlett, of the Burgess Gun Company, of Buffalo, N. Y., shot a string of 50 targets, breaking 45, the highest score made during the day. J. Glennon, who was not in for any medal, shot in the same squad also, and broke 33. After the race Bartlett paralyzed the shooters by his exhibition of trick and fancy shooting, an exhibition in which it must be said he is *facile princeps*.

The scores are somewhat lower than usual, but this may be accounted for by the fact that the traps were screwed up very tight and threw a hard, swift target. Scores in detail:

Medal shoot, 50 kingbirds per man, unkown angles:

Class A.

A G Courtney.....11111111011110101011101111111111111111111111—43
H McMurchy.....01111011101111111111111001101111111111111111111101—43
Geo Holloway....11110010001111101101111111101100111111111111111111—42
J Montgomery....10011110111011011111111011111111100111—40
Geo Mosher.....11001111111011101100101110111111011111111011111111—40
A C Ginty.....11111111001101111011111111100101101111111111000111—30
Geo Mann.....01111111011111111101101010111110111111101110001100—37
W E Hookway....01011100110011011001100110101111101111011111101100—32

Class B.

B Hunter.....01111101001011110101111011011111111011101011111111—38
W Morris.....11110011010101011110101111111111101111111011111001—37
D Pettit.....00001111111111111000101011001100101111110—33
D Walters.....00111101111101110111011010011010110110110011111101—34
J Cool.....01001100011011111101111111100111111001110111000001—32

Class B.

James Boyd.....01010100000100110011001111001111101111101101110111—30
W Jennings.....01100110001100010111101110110000001111110010011010—27
B A Bartlett.....11111111111011101111111111111101111101111101111111—45
J Glennon.....11000100111111111110100011001101111011111011111001—33

Ties in Class A.

Courtney..11110111011111111111—18 McMurchy 11111010111111010111—16

The Townsend Testimonial.

THE following notice has been received in regard to the second day's programme of the Townsend testimonial tournament, which had to be postponed, owing to stormy weather, to Thursday, Dec. 6. Shooting to begin at 9:30 A. M.:

Programme: Event No. 1, 10 empires, entry $1; No. 2, 15 empires, $1.50; No. 3, 10 empires, $1; No. 4, 20 empires, $2; No. 5, 15 empires, $1.50; No. 6, 10 empires, $1; No. 7, 15 empires, $1.50; No. 8, 15 empires, $1.50; No. 9, 10 empires, $1; No. 10, 10 empires, $1. For Event No. 4 W. F. Quimby donates 1,000 empire targets, to be charged for at the uniform price of 5 cents each. If not all used in this event they will be used in the following events at the same price until all are thrown.

Special events on side traps: No. 1, 25 empires, $1, for $20 in cash, donated by Mr. Al. Heritage; first prize $8, second prize $6, third prize $4, fourth prize $2. No. 2, 25 empires, $3, 21yds. rise, both barrels, unknown angles, one man up; a .38cal. repeating rifle, donated by W. H Wolstencroft, to be added to first money.

The following prizes will also be shot for on conditions to be arranged: 12½lbs. American wood powder, 20lbs. E. C. powder, copy "Bench Show and Field Trial Records," magazine shooting vest, grass ducking suit, box of cigars.

Come to this shoot and bring all your friends.

AL. HERITAGE,
W. F. QUIMBY,
M. F. LINDSLEY,
T. H. KELLER, } Committee.

Trap at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 24.—The following additional scores were made during the past week:

Nov. 20.—Audubon Gun Club race, 15 live birds per man:

W P Mussey....200202022000w — 5 R B Wadsworth.220222120200w — 8
F R Bissell.....121222200111221—13 J W Amberg....202121211202122—13
C S Wilcox.....110210020101102— 9 *M J Eich.....011111111111112—14
L M Hamilton..001012001112120— 9 *Ed Bingham...022212122012201—12
J W McCauly...211000020202122— 9

*Not members. Bissell and Amberg will shoot off their tie at next club shoot.

Nov. 22.—25 live birds per man:

O Von Lengerke.....2000001010012002002102001—10
Lister.....0201102222200210011202011—16

Same day, 25 live birds per man:

Von Lengerke.....0222222222212122222101212—23
Parker.....1011001111212212222022212—21

The following match was shot on Nov. 17 at 25 live birds per man:

Chas Antoine.....1201111112022212222122001—21
Parker.....2202220222222222222200212—20

RAVELRIGG.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

DR. JES, Douglas, Wyo.—Will you kindly decide the following to settle a dispute? Two men agree to shoot off a tie miss and out. A shoots and misses. B claims the stakes without shooting. A claims that B must shoot, and that if B misses both must begin again and shoot until one has scored one more target than his opponent, both having fired the same number of shots. Ans. A is right.

H., Edgar, Neb.—1. A large swan was captured near here by a farmer. I secured it and will have it mounted. It was of a very light drab on the neck and to some extent the same on some of the feathers on the back. Its bill was pink color, with black markings around the nostrils, feet black, the under feathers very thick and heavy and of a beautiful silky white. The bird was brought in alive, as its captor had only wounded it. What kind of a swan would you call it? 2. Some years ago a flock of large birds passed over the town from the southwest. They were about the color of the brown pelican, perhaps a little darker; but I do not think they were pelicans, as I could not see any pocket under their bills. They sailed along at a good height and quite slowly, and seldom moved their wings. What do you think they were? It is the only time in a residence of twenty years that I have seen such birds. Ans. 1. Probably young trumpeter swan. 2. We cannot surmise.

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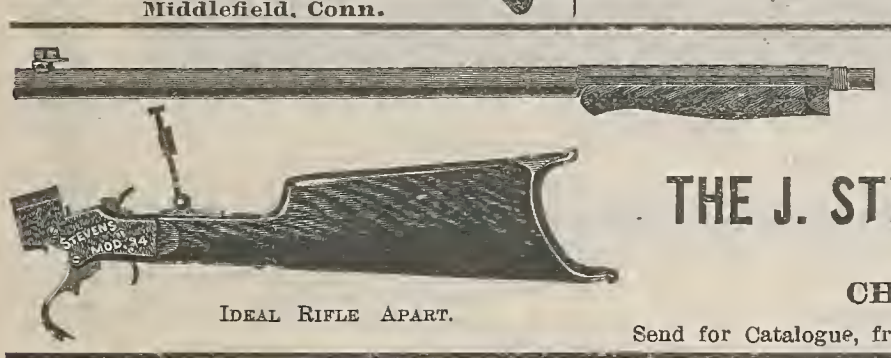

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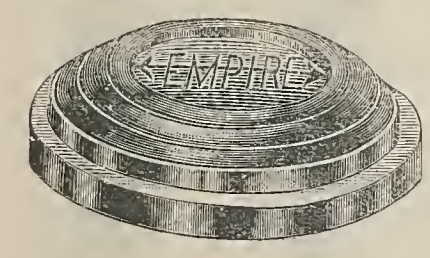

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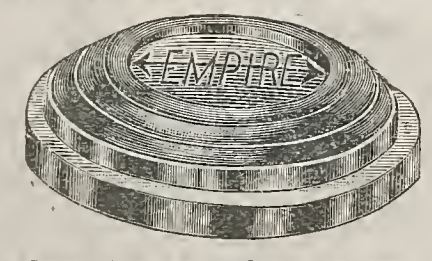

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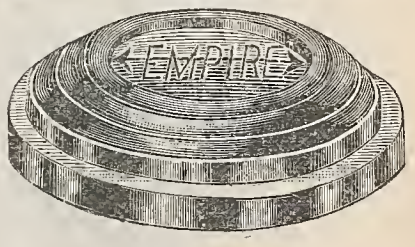

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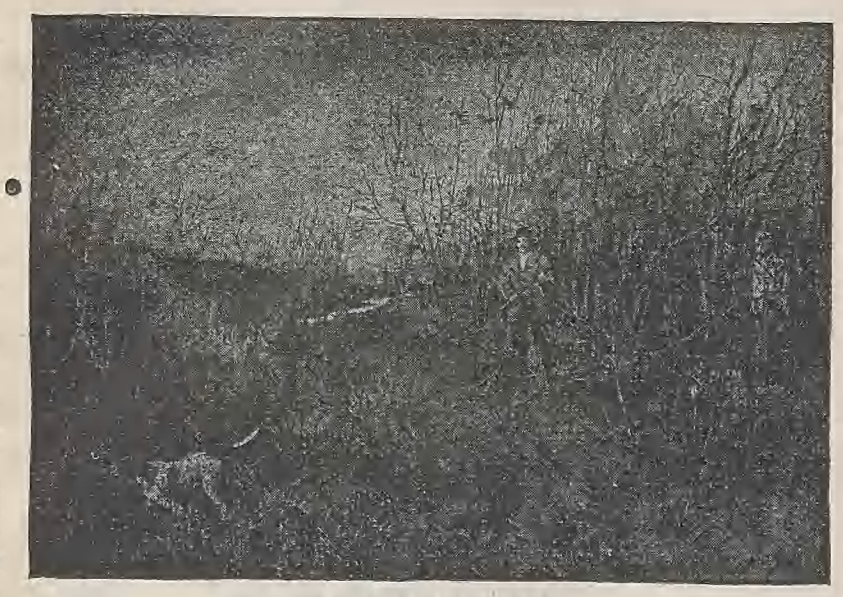

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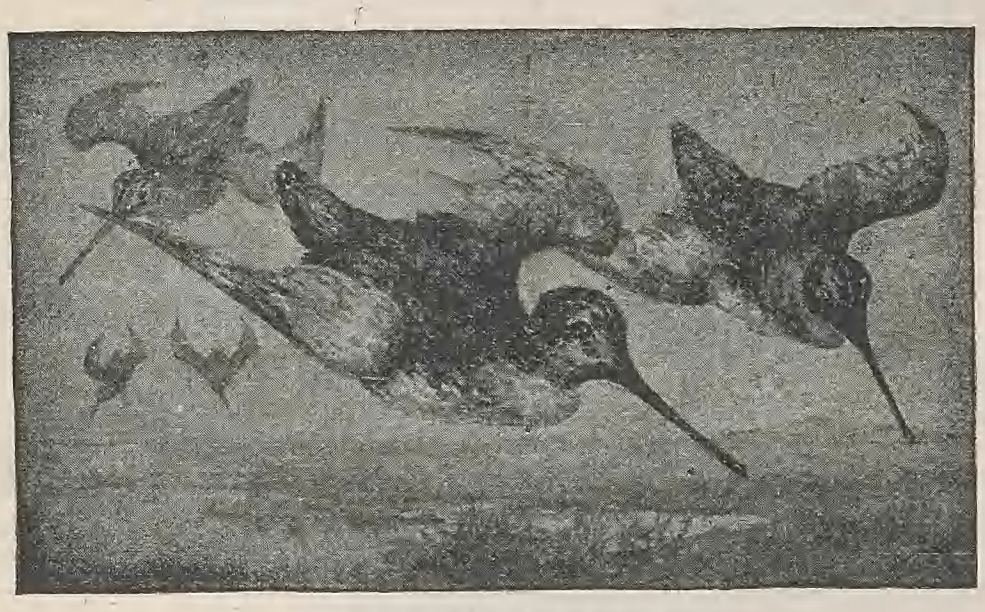

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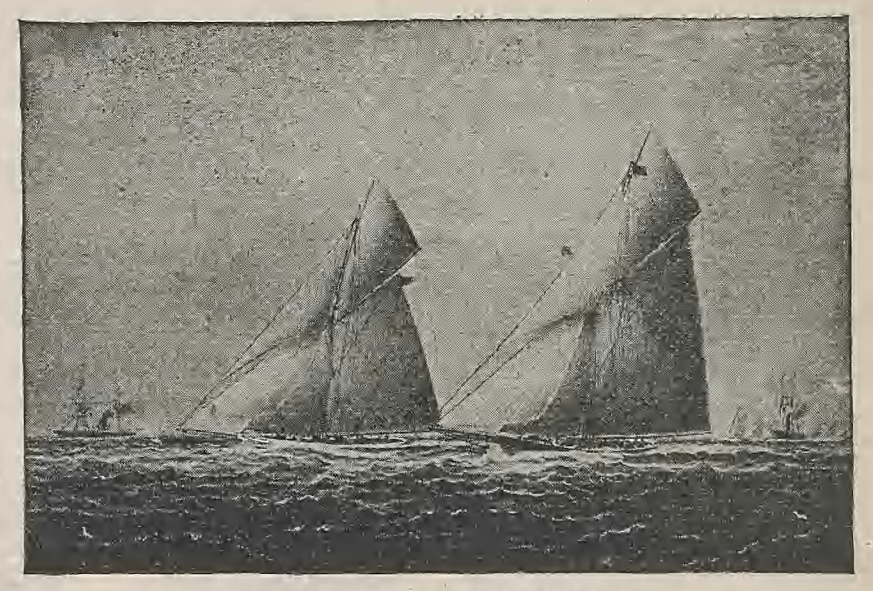

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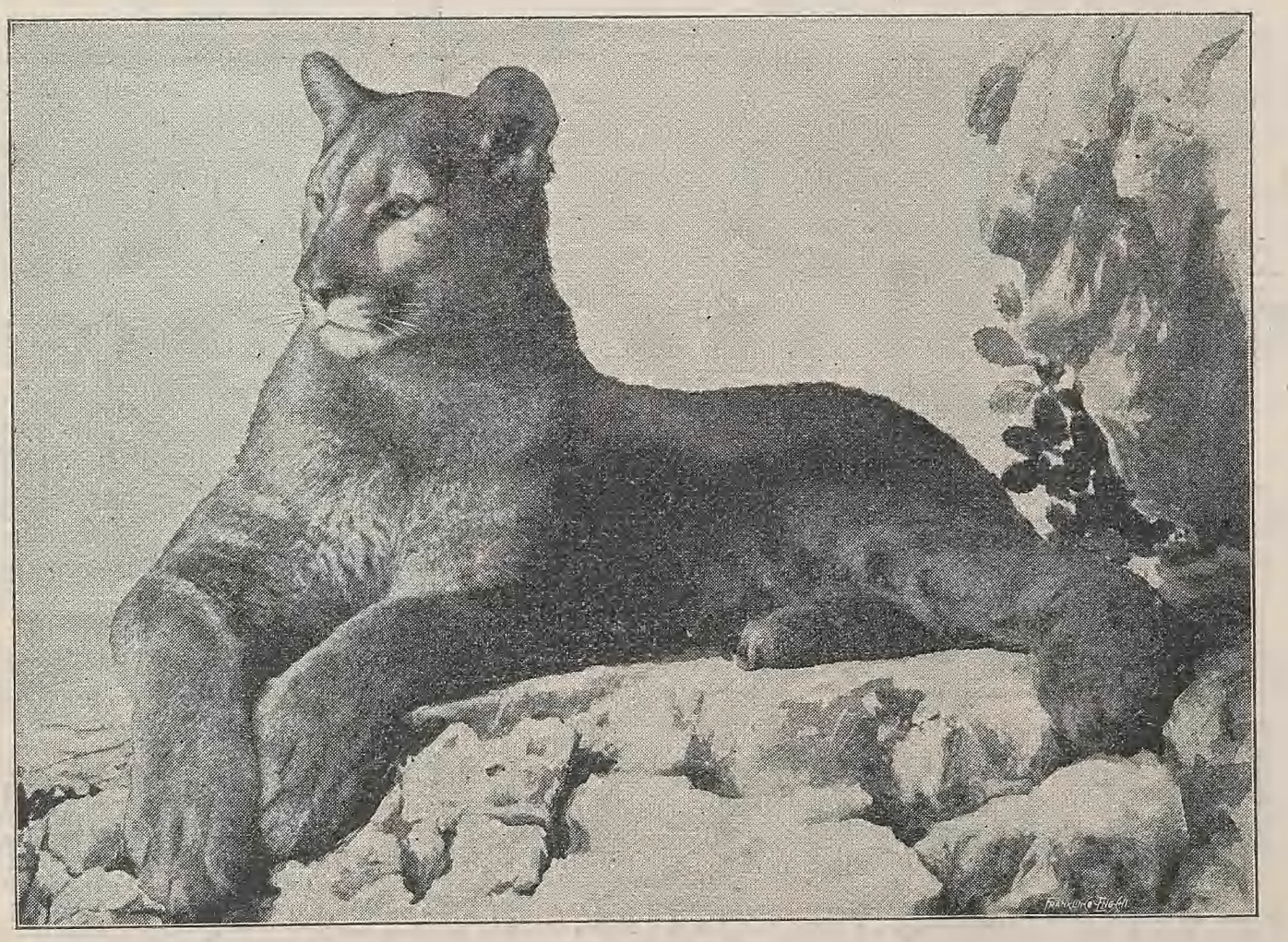

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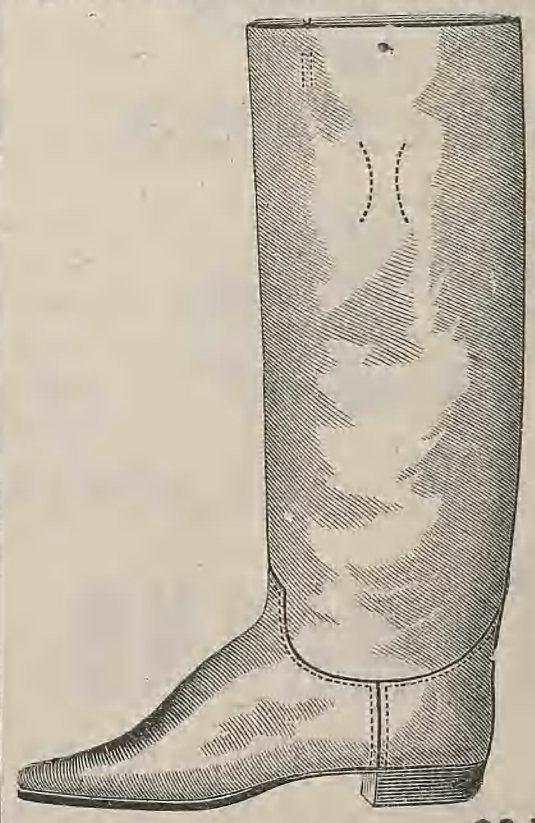

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

VOL. XLIII.—No. 23. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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Week by week we are sending out a sportsman's journal filled in all departments with a fund of reading marked by freshness, variety and generous measure. Week by week, through the new year just ahead, the FOREST AND STREAM will be kept up to the standard already attained; perhaps it will be above that standard. Old subscribers frequently assure us that as it grows older the paper comes more and more nearly to their ideal of what a journal should be for the sportsman of America. Need we add that the ideal held by its editors is higher still?

We note with interest that Rev. Dr. J. McClusky Blayney, of Frankfort, Ky., has come out high-hook in the Natchaug competition for the biggest string of fish caught in a day. The Doctor won his gold piece with the muscle-testing and record-smashing score of 366lbs. of large-mouth black bass, taken in the Twin Lake waters of Wisconsin. We are pleased to know that the prize went to Dr. Blayney, for had some one else caught twice as many fish that feat might not have been so creditable as was the Doctor's, since he threw back into the water all but a paltry half dozen of his fish. A prize for biggest score can hardly avoid being an encouragement to foolish and sinful waste; such incitement is radically wrong in principle; and no reward of the kind should be offered by any one anywhere. In this view we have reason to know Mr. Chaffee quite agrees with us; and he tells us that this particular prize will not be offered again.

The case of Judge Jonathan Dixon and others charged with shooting ducks illegally in New Jersey has been put in train for trial in February. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but the game wardens do occasionally see to it that the grinding is exceeding fine.

In a Brooklyn divorce suit the other day the husband testified that by reason of his domestic troubles, once when starting off on a fishing trip, he had hoped that he might never return home alive. Now there was a man to be pitied. Half the fun of a fishing excursion is bringing home the fish for the admiration of one's wife. If anything might cause an unhappy husband to repent of his longing to die away from his family, it would be a big string of bass or trout. But perhaps this poor fellow had no fish to show and so did not dare face the music. There is something in that, too.

In our comments last week on a certain case of flagrant crookedness at the trap, we made a deduction in the first paragraph not strictly logical and hence not strictly just; and we have a respect both for logic and for fairness. Instead of deducing from the single acknowledged instance of dishonorable action the conclusion: "From all of which it appears that when this particular individual is engaged in a trap-shooting match the affair is not a straight and square competition of skill between sportsmen, but is an underhanded manipulation of the score," we would have been more logical and just had we said, "the affair may be not a straight and square competition of skill between sportsmen, but may be an underhanded manipulation of the score." When a man makes a record by one piece of underhanded work, the presumption thereafter is that he will repeat it, and yet on any given occasion he may not be other than straight.

Most men find solid satisfaction in showing the tangible testimonials of their luck in the field. They are not satisfied with the mere catching of fish or bagging of birds; they must bring them home to distribute to friends. This is one reason why the non-export fish and game laws bear heavily where they make no distinction between game carried out by sportsmen as trophies of amateur skill and game shipped to market by professional shooters. The purpose of these statutes is excellent; their practical enforcement results in benefit to the game supply. But there is a happy mean between unrestricted traffic and absolute prohibition of game carrying by sportsmen. Some privilege should be accorded the sportsman, but not unlimited license, for there are those whose greedy instincts require curbing. Eastern sportsmen who go West, to make pot-hunters of themselves there, and kill barrels of birds and put them in cold storage to be smuggled, to Brooklyn say, in the winter, should have their thrifty schemes smashed by the laws and the wardens.

A bookkeeper in a New York bank having made away with over $350,000 of the funds of the institution, a Binghamton correspondent of the *Evening Post* of this city makes the horse-sense suggestion that the stealing could not have been carried on year after year had the bookkeeper been sent off on vacations. "In the country," he writes,

> "it is customary for bank clerks to take a vacation annually, at which time the bank keeps open for business just the same, and the books upon which the clerk who is away has been working are in use, and if there are any secrets locked up in them, they are pretty sure to be divulged." Probably, he adds, this New York bookkeeper "was not fond of angling, or of the mountains or seashore during the heated term, as most bank clerks of nine years' experience are. Would it not have been better for the bank to have invited their bookkeeper to take a vacation of ten days or so, at least annually?"

Certainly it would have been better. Every bank clerk, and every other financial clerk, should be fitted out with a fishing rod and sent off every year when fish are biting. And if any should protest that he cares naught for fishing, let his employers look well to his accounts. As Launcelot says—or as Shakespeare might have made him say, for the bard was an angler himself—the bank clerk that hath no love of fishing in himself is fit for steals, defalcations and flight, by night.

If a cashier or a clerk buys FOREST AND STREAM on his way home, that is a good sign; there are multitudes of them among its readers to-day; and we never yet heard of one of them who was not very ready to leave his accounts to others while he went fishing. In fact, there was a bank that went under because of the dishonesty of its responsible managers from the president down, and the only person who came out of the wreck with clean hands was one whose name has long been familiar as a contributor to our columns. Does not Walton characterize the fishermen of to-day quite as truly as he did those of his own time when he speaks of honest anglers? And do not enjoyment of the gentle art and a clear conscience go hand in hand by the brookside?

Why must daring young American sportsmen go to Africa in search of perilous adventure in the wilds, while there is our own Indian Territory, with the redoubtable Bill Cook and his gang to make it interesting for them. It used to be in the tame days of yore, that shooters who ventured into the Territory, in despite of the law forbidding white men to hunt there, found a mild flavor of excitement in their liability of being run out by the authorities. Now there is open to them the wilder exhilaration of a brush with outlaws and renegades; and the bold young fellows who hold that it is creditable to imperil one's life in pursuit of sport have a capital chance to show their mettle. If they should fail to draw Cook's fire, they certainly would that of the opposing forces; a man who has been in camp a week or two looks enough like an outlaw to be shot for one on sight in a country where outlaws are known to have their habitat.

This is the time of the year when some one comes to the front with a proposition to tax game. They say in Massachusetts that the new law there laying a tax on bicycles is so unpopular as practically to be ignored in the cities. Does any one opine that a gun tax would be any more popular?

The case against Edgar Howell, charged with having violated the order of Capt. Geo. S. Anderson, superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, by re-entering the Park after expulsion from it, was dismissed when it came before the United States District Court in Cheyenne. The court held that a person could not incriminate himself by disobeying the orders of the superintendent. So we shall never know judicially what the Secretary of the Interior intended as to expelled persons from the Park. There is satisfaction all around that now there is a law to cover such cases, a law clear, explicit, and we rejoice to say, having a capital effect.

A story comes from St. Paul that a carload of eighty-two saddles of venison was shipped through that city on Nov. 26, on its way out of the State to the Chicago market. The Minnesota law forbids export; and this case is interesting because, if the facts are correctly reported, the unlawful shipping was accomplished only by sharp work in eluding Game Warden Andrus and his subordinates. While two deputy game wardens were watching the car in the North Minneapolis yards, reports the *Pioneer-Press*, "it was switched at a rapid rate of speed up through the yard, where the venison was transferred to another car and started for Chicago. They believe that is what was done, because when the car got to North St. Paul, where Game Warden Andrus was waiting for it with a search warrant, it was found to be empty."

The bright side of the protective situation in Minnesota is told within those quotation marks. The market purveyors do now and then get their illicit plunder to market, but they have to cudgel their wits to accomplish it. When they find it necessary to shuffle cars about and to hustle the meat from one car into another, one thing at least is certain, the laws are not dead-letters. Game Warden Andrus is not a dummy, nor asleep; nor do his search warrants always prove a sesame to empty cars. Under his direction the enforcement of the game laws has been brought to a high standard of efficiency. He is doing a grand work for his State. Of what the Minnesota system is and does, we shall have more to say. It is a magnificent object lesson.

Some one came in last Tuesday to know if anything could be done to arrest the progress of a proposed match at trapped quail. As quail are now in season we assume that they may be shot from the trap, if any one has a taste for such work; but it is low business; and no one with a spark of field sentiment in his breast would stoop to it. If these trap-shooters of quail belong to a gun club they ought to be drummed out of the ranks.

There is no longer in this State any such office as town game constable; it was abolished when the present game code was adopted; but in spite of this town elections are enlivened by the races of candidates for the office, and the individuals elected assume authority to act. In numerous cases the town game constable proves to be an unconscionable scalawag, who uses his office as a cloak for his own lawlessness. Once in a while a State game protector gets after one of these fellows and rounds him up for shooting or fishing out of season.

We shall be glad to send to any address, which may be given us, of a person interested in the field of FOREST AND STREAM, one of our Silver Bullseyes.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DAYS AFIELD.

Again after ruffed grouse. This time Elmer says, "Come go, the Professor will join us."

A consultation with my junior, a few hurried instructions to the book-keeper, some things put off, and some, I am afraid, left undone. It is surprising how easy it is to arrange your business to absent a few days when you really want to "go gunning."

Elmer is a good fellow, tall and handsome, has hosts of friends and I doubt if an enemy in the world, generous, open-handed and open-hearted and full of mother-wit. To him the possession of anything enhances its value ten fold; Blank is the only maker that can make a gun, and Elmer's is the best he ever made; Antonio is the only dog in America that can sire a good dog, and Elmer's is (to him) the only real good one he ever got.

When he's not talking gun, Antonio pups, "going gunning," the virtues of his political party. or the stupidity of the other, he sells dry goods. Judging from the "brand" of his gun, the pedigree and shape of his dogs, the cut of his clothes and his general easy manner, he must sell a good many.

Four o'clock on a dark, damp, chilly morning in late October in the Pocono Mountains is early, and it takes a liberal application of the sponge and plenty of cold water to get me thoroughly awake. A short walk to the Professor's cottage for breakfast, helps, and when I get there the blazing logs in the chimney place look and feel good, the ham and coffee smell and taste better. Before we're through breakfast the team and George Stiff arrive; he is afraid it's going to rain; it does look like it; but the dogs and guns, macintoshes, lunch baskets and we are soon packed in. We have a nice little drive of twelve miles over the mountain roads to Bender's, just on the border of Pike and Monroe counties.

Because Donald refuses to lie lengthwise on the iron foot rail in the front of the wagon—there's no other place for him—the Professor suggests that I have him taught how to behave properly in the carriage, pointing to Ben Hur and his son comfortably rolled up under the back seat; but it is a disagreeable, clammy, cold morning, and I don't mind. (It's wise to keep one dog where he could locate a bird should one be lying beside the road) All things have an end, and so does that ride.

I wish I could describe that almost perpendicular cliff rising up full 500ft. over there on our left, timbered half way up its rugged gray rocky sides, rising out of a base of color from the deep green of the hemlocks to the bright scarlet of the maples, with all the intervening shades of reds, yellows and browns of the autumn woods.

It won't rain, the clouds are drifting away and the mountain top is standing out clear and bold with only an occasional cloud "hitting" it as they pass over.

But what is Donald doing there? My nerves begin to tingle as the pup shows that something in the air is pleasing his sense of smell. Isn't he a picture? Head and tail stiff and straight, the breeze swaying his handsome flag, his fine white coat glistening as satin, that small tan spot just back of the shoulder and the dark ear seeming to intensify the whiteness. He looks a statue. Not a motion, unless you can detect that slight quiver of the under jaw and notice a suggestion of foam in his lips—get ready, there is a bird there—"steady Donald." What a roar as away it goes, not 6ft. from me sharply to the right. As I wheel a twig catches my gun. I recover it quickly and send both barrels after him in quicker order, but you don't want to take aim twice at a fleeing grouse.

He's well marked down, and in a few minutes Ben Hur and Donald are trailing. and four pairs of hands tighten on gun barrels and stocks. The Professor's dog has located him and the Professor's gun cracks. Elmer, a little further off, sees him coming—only one more load of shot for you "King of the Wood" bird, and you are in Elmer's pocket. Ben Hur soon finds another one and Elmer kills him quickly—two empty shells and two grouse—not often beaten.

They are not thick, it's a long time and a longer tramp before we find the next one.

No loafing around a spring to eat lunch to-day. It's too cold and the ground is too wet.

We are going up over a hill in an old road in Indian file, our dogs coursing off well on our flanks, when up through the treetops a grouse goes like a cannon ball—I never saw a man who could fire his gun as quickly as the Professor—I am sure the bird dropped over there in the edge of that old field. Donald can get through a barbed wire fence quicker than I, and he goes across that field like a white streak. Certainly he has started a rabbit, and I am mad clear through, and start after him on a run. How I misjudged him—the hackney that had as fine knee action and carried himself as proudly at Madison Square Garden this week as that precious pup did when he came out to me with that winged bird in his mouth, has a blue ribbon.

The Professor and Elmer are to go down this valley, Bender and I will keep to the hillside. It's our last chance for to-day, as the long shadow of the mountain is reaching clear across the valley. Here are unmistakable signs of game. Ben Hur has located it and a woodcock comes by me and goes sailing over Elmer's head. My gun does not get to the shoulder; his does, however. What is it about you, "spirit bird," that makes you so dear to all sportsmen's hearts? Why does Elmer feel more proud of this little brown beauty than of that big pocket of big birds?

"Look, George!"

There is Donald again, staunch and true; too many guns here to make a mistake, and I move quickly. Another woodcock, but I'm too quick for my load; No 7 shot do not leave me a very good specimen for the taxidermist.

On again; Donald well to the foot of the hill, some 40yds. to my left, makes one of those quick points, more frequently seen in quail shooting than in the mountains after grouse, but he got too close that time before locating and away go two grouse looking as big as turkeys. The rise is too great for me, but the crack of my gun warns the others and two reports follow within just sufficient interval to distinguish the two.

"My bird."

"Not much, my bird."

"I shot first."

"Well, I shot last."

Bender winks at me and I call out:

"Who shot 'm, dat caribou?" *

A hearty laugh from the valley and two big generous voices almost as close together as the reports of their owners' guns answer, "You did," and the bird is offered to Donald—but I am afraid to trust to his game pocket and so decline with thanks.

Mrs. Bender's supper—Mr. Delmonico, if all your guests had climbed mountains and rocks and waded streams and run after dogs and eaten a cold lunch, and Mrs. Bender was your caterer and cook, you would have to raise your prices or fail.

The ride home—Elmer's stories, the Professor's reminiscences. When the unrolling of my traps and the searching of my pockets revealed nothing but that poor mangled woodcock, Mrs. B., did not look so proud of me as she did the day we had our wedding reception.

If Donald seems the hero of these hunting trips it is not because he finds all the birds and makes all the "points," but because he hunts nearer to me than the other dogs and I see more of his work. G. B.

New York, Nov. 24.

* "Sport with Rod and Gun."

A DAY WITH BOB WHITE.

Years ago, at the close of the war, game had multiplied in Kentucky so that sportsmen, relieved of the anxieties produced by the conflict of arms, could easily divert their minds by a day or a week in the fields, chasing deer or shooting partridges—the latter the Bob White of the esteemed and lamented "Wells" of North Carolina, whose nomenclature I accept, if not as scientific as our friend Cheney would suggest.

How we love to cling by the days of our boyhood when Bob White, sitting on the fence of the old farm, sang his solo so sweetly and clearly that ears deaf to all other sounds drank in his music as essential notes in the melody of life. We felt better and happier then, and had no dust of the city in our nostrils or our throats to clean out or clouds of its thick atmosphere to dispel before catching the first sunbeams from the eastern hills.

Bob White, how his notes, strong and simple—no divine afflatus to dissolve or reduce to primal scale—came to us across the shocks of wheat, or, later, over the frosty meadows as we sat on the porch of the old farmhouse, when the October days came and went with their red maple leaves dropping in the creek and furnishing a hiding place for the minnow from hungry bass. Memories crowd on us when we think of these golden hours of the long agone, and scores of pages could not tell how happy our hearts were. Bear were plenty then, big and lusty; squirrels dropped the hulls of the hickory nut in infrequent showers from the scale-bark trees as we sat or stood beneath them and watched to find in what particular limb or bough they sat and made their meal or prepared their winter stock.

Back of the old farmhouse stood the cabins of the blacks that were slaves and had not become awakened to the new order of things and still relied on "old marster" and "old mistiss" to relieve their daily wants. Shoes and clothes and "somethin' to eat" they had for years gotten as manna from the clouds, out of the hands of the owners of the old plantation, and when the war closed they had not fully learned that "man earns his bread by the sweat of his brow."

But I wander. The smoke of battle had ceased; the boys had come home—the old blessed home—and social and public life were being reorganized. Partridges—old Bob White—were loose in the land, those that loved the sport had only to get their guns cleaned. fill their powder flasks and shot bags (no loaded shells then), and tramp the fields to get a full share of the feathered favorites.

A friend of mine—John W. Irvine—invited me to visit the old Grigsby farm in Lincoln county, Ky., six miles from Danville, and take a day's hunt for the fast flyers. Gladly accepting the invitation, we drove out the night before the hunt and stayed with the old folks in the spacious farmhouse, whose owner had not yet returned from the war. So enthusiastic was our talk before the blaze in the fireplace that Major Irvine, the father of my friend, vowed that next day he would take his gun and join us, and show the young bloods how to shoot. His memories of the days agone, when game was too plenty to offer any special enticement to the hunter, warmed his blood, and oft he was raising his arms and leveling his gun in deadly aim as he recited the good old times when game actually got in one's way and had to be moved out by rock, shot or bullet.

It was a bright, clear, frosty morning that greeted our sight next day as we rose with the sun, and after a hot and inviting breakfast called the dogs and were off to the fields. The country was level or gently rolling, with brier patches here and there, or clumps of weeds, whose seeds afforded rich food to Bob White in his rambles. The corn was cut, and here and there a stubble field presented a parade ground for our fluttering innocents. Major Irvine, with his long 36-inch barrel shotgun, was promptly on hand and zealous to test our skill and walking powers. It did not take long to prove that young legs were better than old ones, and quietly dropping to the rear the Major formed the rear guard of the hunt, coming in on the reserve when our shots had gotten the birds well scattered. Of course this gave us the advantage, and blaming us for trying to walk our legs off, the Major excused his lack of success by declaring that he would rather not kill a single bird than try to run it down and kill it before it had a chance for its life. He believed in giving every living thing a chance, and a fair one, and our course was simply cruel murder.

As we crossed the pike on leaving the house and entered a cornfield bordered by beech woods, the dogs flushed a covey in some ragweeds. Rising, they divided, part going into the woods and a part settling in the lower end of the cornfield. My friend John followed the latter and I climbed the intervening fence and proceeded to flush those that settled in the leaves of the woods, the dogs—Dash and Don—went with Irvine and left me to tramp up the stragglers. On the first that got up and darted among the low-hanging beech limbs I scored a clean miss, but dropped the second as he rose from a clump of briers and was straightening out for a bee-line to the north. Two others flushed wild, and after ten minutes' tramp I only succeeded in bagging one more of the flock. Meanwhile John had bagged five birds in the cornfield, and the Major proudly showed one that he had "knocked down at 60yds., sir, every yard full measure—just wanted to show you young fellows what could be done with an old reliable gun—none of your modern sparrow killers." The odds in our favor in game pocketed did not seem to disturb his mind in the least, presumably being due to the unseemly haste with which we covered the ground and not from superior skill or more deadly aim. We humored the Major's claims and excused our rapid movements by stating that we had promised birds to several friends and had to see that our pledges were fulfilled.

Skirting the beech woods the dogs seemed animated by the keen, frosty air, and covered every inch of ground. The cornfield, covered by patches of long wiregrass and ragweeds around the dead stumps, where the plow had scarce deigned to turn the sod, with briers along the fence rows, presented a royal cover for birds. Nor was it long before both dogs were on a dead point in the edge of a bunch of tree sprouts close to a stump. Steady, frozen apparently to the spot, with tails stiff as steel rods, and eyes to the front as on parade, they waited till we came close up. We called to the Major to take line abreast with us and choose his birds as they rose. Gradually advancing, up went the covey in a bunch, scattering wildly. Five shots rang out quickly, and four birds dropped to the ground. The Major took one shot only—all he said he cared about for a single rise, "but I got my bird, dead as a hammer," said he. Which bird was the Major's was not entirely clear, as I got one with the first barrel and shot wild at a high circler overhead with the second, while John explained that he killed two crossing and one far out on the right near a cornshock.

We raised no issue with the Major on the deadly qualities of his gun, but as John and I followed the scattered birds we maliciously agreed to allow the Major to fire at the next flock and to retain our own fire. "I want to show the old man he had better shoot at birds sitting than on the wing," said John.

Two more quail were all we got from the second flock, as most of them had gone deep into the beech woods, where shooting was difficult, and the remainder had disappeared beyond the range of the dogs.

Crossing a rail fence we next took in a stubble field, so thick in stubble and feed that we felt sure of giving the Major the benefit of our plot. Nor had we long to wait, for Dash shortly threw up his head and snuffed the scented atmosphere that betrayed the lurking birds. Stealing forward a few steps he halted and seemed ready to point, but either the birds were on the run or the wind was fickle, for again he stole silently forward, while Don, who was roading an adjacent hillside, seeing Dash's action, rapidly quartered toward him. Suddenly catching a full breath of the hidden bevy, he stopped short and straightened to point. Dash advanced slowly a few steps and halted, nose and tail in line. Cautioning the Major to be sure and get his bird on the rise, John and I slyly exchanged glances of anticipated fun and all three moved forward to flush. A big covey burst on the wing with a roaring sound, and the Major's gun banged its single note of assault on the flying flock, for both the other guns were silent. The Major turned quickly to us with a mute glance of inquiry, and we were just going to explain how it happened our guns didn't go off when a lot of floating feathers in the air and a fluttering partridge on the ground upset our calculations, and for the moment we looked at each other in a dazed way.

"I was waiting for you to shoot," said John, as he looked at me with a quizzical gaze.

"And I was waiting for you," I replied, "but I reckon the Major didn't kill the bird he shot at."

"I kill my birds," stiffly added the Major, "and doubtless help you to kill some of yours."

The laugh was clearly on us, but neither John nor I were just then in the humor to tell the Major the joke that gave us its sharp edge.

"Too many birds in that flock," said John to me when we got out of hearing of the Major. "Couldn't help hitting one if he had shut both eyes."

The bevy had scattered well in the stubble and the dogs did excellent work, so that before quitting the stragglers we had bagged nine birds, of which John got six and I three, while the Major explained that as he did not care to walk himself down he would lag in the rear and watch our work.

Two more coveys we got up before noon in the open fields, but some one had evidently cut down their numbers before we flushed them, as both were small and only netted us a few birds from each.

The sun had now got well overhead and was making matters quite warm for us, when, in crossing a low worm fence, the Major suggested it was a good plan to halt and dispose of our lunch. It met our approval exactly, and taking the cold chicken, ham and other eatables stored in our game pockets ere we left the farmhouse in the morning, we waded into them with such relish as only active exercise and open air can give.

We were just concluding the lunch when the rail on which we were sitting suddenly broke and came near dropping us to the ground. The next rail proved of sounder stuff and caught the fall.

In the laugh provoked by the incident, John saw a chance to suggest a conundrum.

"Pa," said he, "what makes things weigh heavier after you eat 'em than when you carry 'em in your pocket?"

"Guess you got more than your share and the fence rebelled," replied the Major. "Don't eat so much next time, or else take a seat on the ground."

Distributing the remnants of the lunch to the dogs, we concluded to take a short rest before resuming operations. Before us lay a small bottom, with clumps of weeds here and there, and just beyond, at the foot of several wooded knolls, ran a spring branch. Our plan was to cross the branch, go over the hills and work up some stubble that lay beyond. As we sat on the fence and chatted, the dogs were leisurely moving among the weeds, nosing here and there, when suddenly a big bevy rose on wing and flying well together, dropped on one of the knolls among the leaves. The ground was clear, the trees were scattered enough for good shooting, and calling to the dogs to steady them, John and I jumped down and made ready to open on the flock. The Major complained that he was hot and tired, and he would sit and watch us get the birds up. Climbing the hillside carefully, we slowly approached the spot where we had watched the birds light. The dogs were ahead and slowed down to our repeated warnings, but singularly enough, they reached the grouud, passed over it, went beyond, circled in all directions, but evidently without detecting the slightest scent of the hidden flock. Having seen

them drop to the ground in plain sight, we were puzzled. We began to surmise that either they had taken wing again without our noticing it, or else that they had rapidly run off, when a bird rose from under our feet almost and darted away. John dropped him nicely and Don retrieved him in good order. Leaves covered the short green grass under the beech trees pretty thickly, and it was evident the game was hidden under these, and withholding their scent, so that the dogs were of little use.

We at once concluded to walk up to the birds and take turn-about shooting at the single ones—both taking chances if not dropped by the first barrels. It took close tramping, for the quail would lie until our feet were almost over them before getting away. The shooting was splendid, one bird after another being raised to wing, and when the first shot failed the second was almost certain to drop him. The dogs had nothing to do but retrieve, and they speedily seemed to understand this was the only business they had there then, for they moved quietly along beside us and brought in the dead birds without unnecessary steps or noise.

Our plan worked nicely, so that with one or two exceptions we bagged the entire flock. Major Irvine having watched our sport and gotten his rest, came up when we could find no more birds, and smilingly said. "Boys, you are beginning to learn how to shoot." Then he added, "If I hadn't been tired, though, you would have had no need for a second barrel. I don't want two shots at a partridge that I kick up out of the grass."

This was not the only instance in which I have seen quail withhold their scent, but it was the only one where the grass was green and short and not green and long. Several times I have known them to alight in thick, matted, green grass and it was impossible for the dogs to find them. Whether it is the green grass that obstructs and destroys the scent, or whether the bird has the power of withholding it under certain circumstances is a matter I would like to have solved. In the instance named the power of the bird, in addition to baffling the dog, of hiding under the scattered leaves so completely as to prevent our seeing a single one before he rose on the wing, was conspicuously evident. It seemed only the certainty that we were going to place our feet on him that drove him from cover.

And further, why should the entire flock resort to this close and puzzling style of hiding, and have to be fairly driven out, instead of easily taking to wing when one or two were flushed? Was there some occult and mysterious bird intelligence and means of communication that led each individual to proceed upon a common design?

Feeling in excellent spirits over our success so far, we proceeded at once to the stubble field. The dogs went to work with fresh alacrity, evidently feeling that they were to have a chance to redeem themselves. Here, however, we met our first failure in getting up a covey, though several roosting places were discovered. Crossing a ragged ravine, we entered a field of standing corn. The dogs shortly disappeared, and after waiting for them some time we concluded they had found birds. Separating, we proceeded to search for them. The field was scoured and no sign of dogs. On the right of the cornfield the fence was thick with weeds and pokeberry bushes, with here and there a stalk of red sumach. Surmising that birds would go there for range, if anywhere, we proceeded to the fence and one on each side slowly began an investigation of the bushes.

Scarcely 30yds. had been gone over when I noticed a white spot among the weeds ahead. Closer and careful investigation showed it to be the white back of Dash, rigid as a fence rail, with nose directed to a fence corner. Warning John to be ready, we cautiously moved ahead, when with a burst of sound a covey broke from the fence corners and thick weeds in eager flight. John got two on his side of the fence, while I was fortunate enough to drop two with the first barrel and one with the second. Most of the covey went into the standing corn, but John marked down two that dropped by a stump in the clover field across the fence. These we easily bagged, as the ground was clear and afforded an easy shot. Having some distance to go and the afternoon waning, we concluded not to follow the birds that took to the standing corn. Don had been backing Dash where the covey rose, but was completely hidden from view under the bushes.

Later one or two small coveys were found in a neck of stubble, and several birds added to our bag, when we entered a piece of open woods a mile from the house. Through the middle of the woods ran a division fence, and along its line, some distance off, were clumps of ironweed and high grass. The dogs entered there and evidently scented birds, from their quick, eager movements and close search of the ground. John was eager to put up the covey, but by this time there was a tired feeling in my legs and body that sympathized with Major Irvine, who since noon had been simply trailing our steps. I suggested we had had fun enough and for John to monopolize the sport, while the Major and myself sat on the fence and watched the fun. It took but a few minutes for the dogs to locate the covey. At the rise John got his two birds. The remainder took a long flight down into the heart of the woods—too far to be followed.

The day had been beautiful beyond expression, though slightly warm about noon; and feeling we had our full of glorious sport, we turned our steps to the house and counted out on the hearth in front of the big, old-fashioned fireplace our game. Sixty-five plump quail made a big bunch, of which the Major could only claim five as his quota, but consoled himself by remarking that "that was more than he could eat."

OLD SAM.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

Any reader of the "Forest and Stream" may on request and without expense have a specimen number of the paper sent to a shooting or fishing friend.

IMPRESSIONS OF A TENDERFOOT.

A "TENDERFOOT" I understand to be one born in the East, and who for the first time treads the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. I believe that mere transit on a through express, or even a stay at Colorado Springs or Manitou, does not relieve one of the contemptuous apellation. To lose this epithet one born east of, say Kansas City, must leave the paths, and the garb, in which he has been wont to walk, and immerse himself in the vast space of the West. It does not seem to matter whether he mines, ranches, fishes or hunts big game, but personal experience of ranges, mesas, gulches, sage brush, buttes and bronchos is essential.

Having been born in the State which has succeeded Virginia in bearing the title of "Mother of Presidents," and to which the beautiful but unsatisfactory buckeye has given its common name, I had only seen the great West during various business errands, generally connected with the fruitless attempt to make the sanguine children of the setting sun carry out contracts to repay Eastern capital or to find why similar capital, like some of the rivers that flow from the eastern slope of the Rockies, seemed to sink into the ground and be lost, doubtless fertilizing and refreshing the immediate course of its flow, but never reaching the seaboard. In this happy summer, however, being temporarily free from such cares, I was invited to join a party to hunt and fish in the Elk Head Mountains, which lie in the northwestern corner of Colorado, and now can proudly boast a familiarity with many things and scenes which are peculiar to the boundless West. Whether the obnoxious name has really left me is still not a certainty, but as two big bull elk fell to my rifle, while my acclimated companions failed to get a single one, they seemed to believe that I was gaining at least a slight familiarity with the country.

First on the list of my novel impressions comes acquaintance with the broncho. He is of mixed descent, on one side coming from the mustang and on the other from the eastern horse, but the proportions of blood must vary very greatly; still the type is distinct. He is generally small, perhaps averaging about 900lbs., and seems to have no distinctive color or marking. Ordinarily he is a sleepy and biddable beast, who travels with his head down and exerts only as much effort as is absolutely necessary; but this gentleness and quiet simply give an opportunity for the storage of energy, and, on proper stimulus, this calm and passive animal expends his accumulated force with terrific and tumultuous effects.

"THE ENTIRE OUTFIT."

Among our pack animals was a little pot-bellied brown horse who was one day plodding along under a pack of 200lbs., and seemed half asleep. Suddenly, for no reason that I could see, he concluded to get his pack off. Down went his head; up went his back; and a fine exhibition of genuine buck-jumping was begun without notice. When this did not loosen the well-tied "squaw-hitch," he seemed to go absolutely mad. Screaming like a steam whistle he tore at the pack with his teeth, dashed against trees, reared, plunged and rolled, until finally the pack fell from him. Then, his aim being accomplished, a perfect calm succeeded, and no objection was made to the replacing of the pack or to carrying it afterward.

The broncho is a creature of the wilds, and is equal to any difficulty which they present. On my first day we rode forty miles over a range, with no road or path beyond an occasional game trail. We went through spruce forests, over fallen timber, up steep and stony mountain sides and down again, and the orders to me were: "Leave your rein loose and let your horse go." I followed these instructions literally, although when my broncho was descending slopes of about forty-five degrees, and jumping over big logs on the down grade, it seemed reasonably certain that we were both going to everlasting smash, and one escape did not seem to furnish any reason why the next peril should be safely passed. On such a slope I remember coming to a couple of fallen trees lying across each other, perhaps two feet high on the upper side and four or five on the lower. My black carefully examined the obstacle, and then coolly leaped it, alighted in a sitting position, slid about ten feet, brought up and went calmly on. Looking back I saw my brother's horse go through precisely the same performance, and as he leaped, the pair seemed to be going directly into eternity.

Nearly all our hunting was done from the saddle, in spite of the tremendously rough nature of the country. Several of the horses were the perfection of shooting ponies, and seemed to actually hold their breath when the rifle was lifted for a shot. All of them would stand, provided the long reins were thrown down and allowed to hang, and it was a matter of only a moment to dismount. When game was known to be near we generally left our horses and hunted on foot, returning to them after success or failure.

Second only in force and novelty to the broncho impression was that of the country where we camped. To reach it we had come eighty miles by stage, passing through a barren country, where only the immediate valleys of the rivers were fertile, and had ridden forty miles, all the latter being through sage brush except while actually crossing the ridges, until we were within six miles of camp. There we came to the edge of the so-called "Park country," a region heavily timbered with magnificent spruces, and the forest frequently divided by open glades, varying from 50ft. to a mile or more in width, covered with grass and flowers, and dotted with single trees or small clumps of timber. It was a country of running brooks and singing birds, and especially fitted for game of all kinds. Out of it rose magnificent mountain peaks of purple-brown trap, giving grandeur to its beauty. The whole region seemed to have been laid out by a most skillful landscape gardener, on a colossal scale and regardless of expense, and had an air of finish that seemed incredible in an absolute wilderness, forty miles from anywhere. None of this timbered country can be less than 9.000ft. above the sea, and its fertility, as contrasted with the barrenness of the lower country, is doubtless caused by the accumulation of snow upon the mountains, whose gradual melting keeps only the upper levels moist.

The mule deer (*Cervus macrotis*) abounds in this park country, and we rarely saw less than thirty in any one day. There seemed to be two distinct varieties, differing decidedly in shape and color. Among the glades around our camp we found slender, long-limbed bucks, decidedly light brown in color, and with the face a nearly uniform mouse gray. In the scrub oak near the edge of the desert the deer were much larger, shorter and thicker, lighter and grayer in color, and with a very light gray patch, almost white, across the face. Our guides always made a distinction between the gray bucks and the "bald-faced" bucks, and insisted that the two types always kept at different levels, as we found them.

Where elk can be found, however, one thinks but little of deer, and we were chiefly in pursuit of the greater and rarer game. For the first week after reaching camp, which was early in September, they could only be found in the dense spruce forest close to the mountain peaks. Later they seemed to travel more, and the sound of their trumpet became not uncommon. When the bull is young, and the call is heard at a distance, it sounds singularly like a human whistle. Heard closer at hand, or from an older animal, the note is more harsh and strident. The old bulls bellow in deep tones not very unlike those of a domestic bull. Fortune sent me the first shot at an adult male, and rewarded it with a handsome 12-point head, but with rather light antlers, the animal being still young. My great prize came on the last day's hunt.

Two of us had crossed the ridge and were in the aspen timber about two miles from camp, when we heard a young bull call at a considerable distance down the mountain. Leaving our horses we started toward the sound on foot, but after walking a mile or more, we heard the call again on our left, and high up the slope. We then separated, my brother keeping on, and I went back toward the horses, and had nearly reached them when suddenly an elk appeared on my right, 300yds. up the hill. He was strolling slowly parallel with my own course, and occasionally taking a bite of grass. Instantly I started toward him, keeping behind trees as well as possible, and running as fast as a defective lung and elevation of 10,000ft., and a pretty steep hill would permit. While running I saw that this bull was followed by other elk, marching slowly in single file, and appearing one by one from the thick timber. Knowing that the large bull is usually at the rear end of a procession of this kind, and having already a better head than the first one had, I determined to wait and take my chance of a big fellow, so, entirely out of breath and tremendously excited, dropped behind a rock about 150yds. from the line, and waited. Eight cows, a calf and another young bull passed me one by one, and at last a mighty head bearing a huge pair of antlers appeared between the aspen trunks, and in a moment the monarch of the herd stepped into a little glade before me and strolled slowly across it. As his head appeared I sighted just in front of it, and when the ivory bead of the Lyman sight showed fairly just back of the shoulder pulled the trigger. The bull did not even start or flinch. Then I forgot my breathlessness, my excitement and everything else but that elk. In an instant a second cartridge was in place, a steady aim taken, and at the shot the great bull dropped to his knees, but rose at once and continued his slow walk. So he kept on walking and I kept on shooting until the aspens on the other side of the glade concealed him. Then I dropped on the rock and sat and gasped from excitement and exertion together, for at least ten minutes.

When breath came back I walked slowly up the hill to the point of his vanishing, and only a few yards beyond found the great elk stone dead and with four bullets clean through him. The orifice of exit was scarcely larger than that of entrance, and the balls had evidently lost but little velocity in passing through nearly two feet of flesh and bone, showing the great power of the .45-90-300 cartridge.

We had no means of weighing or exactly measuring this animal, but estimated his weight at 1,100lbs. or over, his height at the withers over 5ft., and the weight of his head and horns at about 100lbs. The horns were very long and remarkably heavy, having the usual twelve regular points, and three large and four small reversed points, so that he could properly be called a nineteen-point head. Having a Kodak in camp I was able to get a good photograph of "the entire outfit," which Western expression corresponds strictly to the Yankee "the whole kit and caboodle."

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

A LAKE VIEW TOAST.

Topeka, Kan., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Lake View Shooting and Fishing Association was organized in 1891 as a stock company to maintain a fish and game preserve and for the recreation of its members. In its preserve of Lake View, situated along the line of the A., T. & S. F. R. R., five miles west of the city of Lawrence, Kan., it has one of the best bass preserves in the West. The original membership consisted of fifty stockholders of the city of Lawrence and fifty of Topeka, but the shares soon went to a high premium, and a few of them have been scattered from Chicago on the east to Denver on the west.

For the purpose of cementing good fellowship among the members of the Association, in March of 1894 the members residing at Topeka gave a banquet at the club house on the grounds as a surprise party to the Lawrence members, and on the evening of Oct. 23 the Lawrence members gave their return banquet to the Topeka members and other invited guests. The club house was decorated with bunting and evergreens and the famous heads of game belonging to Prof. Dyche, of the State University, as the Kansas State University furnishes of its professors five members of the Lawrence contingent. The banquet was all that could be desired.

I inclose a programme of the toasts and responses, but owing to the departure of the train conveying the Topeka membership home, it was somewhat abridged; and after the address of welcome and its response, Profs. White, Robinson and Dyche, of Lawrence, were called, and Messrs. McNeal, Ware, Baker and W. F. Rightmire, of Topeka; but the event of the evening was the response of the Rev. Dr. Roberts, of Kansas City, Mo., to "Missouri's Greeting to Kansas," at the close of which the Topeka members, with three cheers for the Lawrence membership and the invited guests, took their departure. I send you Mr. Rightmire's response to "The Gun and Rod."

Observer.

"The Gun and Rod."

We can all remember in our childhood the popular poem of the "Old Oaken Bucket," in which the poet sung, "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood," so at this time in responding to those magic words that have been assigned as my subject, permit me to say that if that poet had ever felt the thrill of the communion with nature that comes to every true sportsman afield and afloat, instead of singing of "The Old Oaken Bucket" he would have sung of the sports of his childhood, and then we should have had embalmed in song the love of nature's enthusiast for those true companions of his hours of leisure, the gun and rod.

May I express it as the desire of every sportsman that the poetic gifts of Whitcomb Reily or our own "Ironquil" will yet choose this live subject; and then what joy it will give us to sing their choice meters of our early love for that old family relic, the old gun. In your speaker's case it was an old flint-lock that had been changed to use percussion caps, that had been carried by his mother's grandfather at the siege of Louisberg, when the colonists captured that stronghold of France in the New World. It was known as a Queen Ann's musket, and with it he used at least to frighten the chipmunks, squirrels, crows and woodchucks upon his father's hillside farm in central New York, and to produce a lameness in the region of the right shoulder. But in spite of all its imperfections that old gun held such a warm place in our youthful affections that the improved guns of our maturer years have never caused us to forget it, and to make a confession, I do not believe that my first deer, a five-pronged buck, gave me half as much pride and self-satisfaction as did the death of the first chipmunk brought to bag with the old musket.

The rods of our childhood of which we all have clear, distinct, and sometimes tender recollections, were of many kinds, but principally of beech, birch and ironwood, used while we toed the line, and were the bait that was whipped upon the line, while irate parents and schoolmasters wielded the rods. But even such misapplied use of the rod did not cause a final separation and absolute divorce between the rod and ourselves, for we all lovingly remember those halcyon days, when with bent pins for hooks, wrapping twine for line, and ash or hickory sprout for a rod, and worms for bait, we strolled along the banks of brooks for chubs, dace and the beautiful brook trout, or perched upon the remains of old trees that had fallen into ponds or lakes, caught strings of perch, sunfish, goggle-eyes and bullheads far more satisfactory than we have ever caught of bass and trout in our maturer years.

The joy of those early days with gun and rod will ever linger as the brightest on memory's pages, and ought to be embalmed in holiness, because we were then too young to know anything about that satire upon fishermen, invented by some fiend incarnate, who said, "All fishermen will lie," and at that period of our lives we knew nothing of the license granted to "fish stories," and innocently tried to tell the truth about our exploits on land and water.

What sportsman present but cherishes the memory of the time he felt the thrill that came along his line, causing every nerve to tingle with emotion, as by a deft turn of his wrist he hooked the king trout of the pool, or the tackle-smashing bass of the pond or lake, and how eagerly yet carefully he tried to land it; and when the fish, through its own innate energy, or the lack of skill on the part of the angler, gained its freedom, oh, the disappointment! and how you blamed yourself, if alone, or laid the fault upon your tackle, if you had a companion. And when you afterward related the incident, what person present will make an affidavit that you gave your friends a veritable account of the transaction, and did not tell a "fish story?"

How pleasant the recollection of that picture hung on memory's wall of the time when we approached our first big game, upon a still-hunt. How many-colored the leaves of the forest were on that most beautiful day of the early fall. How the gold of the hickory, birch and beech harmonized with the red and purple of the maple and oak, and the dark green of the pine, spruce and hemlock. What a joy it was to breathe the crisp morning air. How the pulse throbbed and the heart thumped as we carefully crept up the hillside to deal death with the rifle to the deer in the vale beyond the hill. And how when out of breath we reached the crest of the hill and tried to sight our rifle, we had the buck fever in such an intense form that we could not have taken a good aim at a mountain.

Such are the pleasant pictures that furnish the bright pages of a true sportsman's memory, and each one of you will agree with me that it is not the capture of fish or game that gives the zest and charm to the ramble afield, or the float upon the water, but the pleasure of the communion with nature that such occasions afford, and the joyous recollections that linger around such trips in after years.

If we consider the effects the gun and rod have upon their users we find that the patience, inculcated while still-fishing and waiting for a bite, is forever afterward a characteristic of the sportsman. The skill, caution and alertness that come from the proper use of the gun in still-hunting, are by their possessor put in daily use in all the business vocations of life. We adopt as an axiom the rule that the use of the gun and rod for recreation will make of their users better and more successful men; and the villain who was the author of the saying, "Too lazy for anything but a fisherman," was a base slanderer. Let him learn the lesson that each one of the members of the Lake View Association has so well been taught by experience, that "It takes a great amount of hard work to be a successful fisherman."

While we are willing to verify the statement that the sportsmanlike use of the gun and rod makes better citizens of their owners, yet there are some prejudiced persons so benighted that they will deny this and boldly affirm the contrary. It was my fate to attend a lecture given by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, where the lecturer had such a great love for the animal kingdom that he was willing to lecture for the Society in their behalf at a large annual salary, and at the lecture he uttered this libel upon sportsmen, he said: "You may take your most upright, truthful Christian citizen in any community and make him a present of a breachloading shotgun, a jointed rod and reel and a hunting dog, and in two weeks' time he will become such a liar that none of his friends will believe anything he says, and he himself will soon come to the conclusion that it is impossible for him to tell the truth."

Let me express the wish that every lover of the rod and gun may have such joyous use of them, that as his head grows more snow-like, his footsteps fewer and halting, he may look back upon a life enlivened by the joys of the chase; and as he dozes away his few short years may his dreams be happy ones of ranging the fields and woods of dreamland, and may he float down the river of Lethe accompanied by those most joyous companions, "the gun and rod."

WOMAN AND FIELD SPORTS.

It is a cause of wonder and surprise to me when I am off on my summer vacations in the forests that so few women manifest taste for shooting and fishing. Not so much that there is a certain accomplishment in the use of the rod and rifle, but rather for the athletic benefits which come from their use, for either develops muscle, the stability of which is in large degree the mainstay of health. Such practice also trains the eye and mind by concentration, for an expert with the rifle must have abandoned unsteadiness of sight and thought, and the nimble rod is no less exacting of that equipoise of its holder, which is required to deftly cast a fly and recover the object for which it was sent out. No flighty person, of either sex, can shoot or cast successfully; but by practice a steadiness of thought and nerve can be acquired which will stand out in singular contrast with previous frivolity. There is discipline in it which is not found in any pleasure or in any vocation.

Physically, there is in these great opportunity for recreation and development, for either the rifle or the rod offers some incentive for a tramp or a boat pull. Not that women may hunt the forests or rivers as men hunt them, through thickets and over rapids unattended, but with proper observance of the rules of decorum and comfort, always with some object in view when short or long excursions by land or water are contemplated.

Women who will train themselves and accept suggestions from experts, almost invariably become accomplished in both shooting and fishing. The most perfect fly-casting I ever saw was by a highly cultured lady, and I know several who can clip off the head of a linnet at twenty paces almost unerringly, and who will also kill a deer at long range as stoically as an old hunter.

There is a growing tendency among women to give more attention to outdoor sports, trampling underfoot those old notions which would permit her no liberties outside of the parlor. Under such restraints, for want of wholesome, proper exercise, she began to deteriorate in both health and physique, and the necessity of such manner of life as would restore to her her health, form and beauty, so impressed itself upon her that innovations upon old customs and prudish notions naturally followed. So it is in these days that the "summer girl" no longer looks disdainfully upon an expert use of oars, or under proper escort hesitates to follow the longest or most obscure trail, or climb the highest mountain, or do any of many things which were once shocking to "good society." The true American girl of to-day has her head bent in the right direction, and in time will practice those arts for building up a strong constitution during the summer time which will secure to her the comforts which good health and development command. When she has a proper woods costume and finds pleasure as well as profit in the sports from which she has long been debarred, there will be a stronger and better generation of women to distribute more joy and sunshine among mankind.

D. H. B.

From Florida's West Coast.

Tarpon Springs, Fla., Nov. 25.—Fishing is good. R. W. Clemson caught a 16-pound tarpon in the Spring last week. He said it was quite a lively fish for a 6-ounce rod. Quail have been fairly plenty this fall. Deer not many, but turkey—why the woods are full of them, and we have had so many that we have lost all relish for Thanksgiving. We are having glorious weather. We have only one trouble—our Mayor went out and got a bear last week, and he is now too big for the town. I was glad to hear of "Danvis Folks" in book form. I don't know when I have read anything that touched me like the closing chapters of "Danvis Folks." Tarpon.

Natural History.

Foxes in Trees.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I read the article in a recent issue of the Forest and Stream by Tappan Adney, describing how he found a fox snugly housed in a nest in a treetop, I felt very much like hunting the gentleman up and giving him a bear hug.

Up in the Berkshire Hill country I have been looked upon for a long time as a past grand master in the art of lying, simply because I stated in a public place in North Adams that in fox hunting in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri the pack of hounds I followed ran a fox until the animal took refuge in a treetop. When I told the story every one shook their heads and one or two left the room. But all the same, while following old Doc. McGregor's pack, about two miles southwest of Dixon. Mo., the hounds ran a beautiful red fox up a tree, and when we arrived upon the scene the hounds stood at the roots of the tree looking at the snug and safe perch of old Reynard.

On other occasions during my stay in that region I witnessed several similar incidents. Whether locality has anything to do with the habits of the fox I am not prepared to say, but when any one claims that foxes do not climb trees it is due to ignorance. Fenton Samuel.

Wild Pigeons.

Rome, N. Y., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On reading the article which appeared in one of your late issues in relation to the return of wild pigeons to central New York and to the fields once so prolific of these most beautiful birds, I was fearful that Dr. Kidd had been misinformed in relation to the facts in the case.

On making inquiry of truthful sportsmen who know whereof they speak, I would say for the benefit of the Doctor and all others interested, that many flocks have been seen in their flights over the highlands north of us and that on the pine plains, five miles west of our city, a few flocks have baited and some have been trapped. Should they return next season we will see that the poachers do not murder or frighten them from the roosts they have this fall pre-empted.

In the days when these game birds were so very plentiful was it not sport right royal to pop them on the wing as they were encircling the buckwheat stubble? Then roasting their plump and fat flesh by the camp-fire, serving them with rashers of bacon and corn-bread, a dish was had to be relished by the boys of my day. J. B. McH.

Gray Squirrel Variations.

Rome, N. Y.—For the benefit of Mr. Comstock who would like information in relation to squirrels, let me relate that owing to the past very mild winter many of these beautiful little "varmints" pulled through slick and fat.

The gray and the red species have been quite plentiful throughout central and all northern New York, yet not a black one have I seen nor heard of. At least two litters of albinos of the gray family have been "hatched" on Floyd hill a few miles north of us. Some of them have been shot and offered for sale in our city. Slick, full-fledged and fat, they found ready market at one dollar each. J. B. McH.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

A regular meeting of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, Dec. 11 and 25, at 8 o'clock. Dec. 11—R. L. Ditmars, "Notes on some Species of the Genus *Crotalus*, with a brief Review of the Genus." Dec. 25—Walter W. Granger, "Remarks on the Mammals of the Black Hills and Vicinity."

Walter W. Granger, Secretary.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Present and Past in the Wilder West.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

BUTTE, MONTANA,

The Chicago of the Mountains.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 18.—In earlier mention of the Montana cities I have spoken of the strange contrast presented in the blending of the mountain life of the past with that of what we may call the new civilization of the West. The conflict of the broad-brimmed hat and the Derby is nowhere more in evidence than in these large Montana towns. This, however, must be said under qualification, for in the very largest city of Montana the contrast no longer exists. The past is gone and nothing remains but the present, a very utilitarian and material present. At Butte City you may, it is true, occasionally meet with an old-timer, whose individuality will suggest the flavor of the frontier, but he is apt to be regarded as a curiosity, even by those who rejoice in the title of the oldest inhabitants of Butte. There are occasionally Indians in Butte, but they pay railroad fare and wear hats, and where you will see one Indian you will meet a hundred Cornish mining men with dress and dialect uncouth as that of the Indians, but still showing nothing to suggest any American or Western past. Butte has no ancient history and is glad of it. Butte is dirty, rich, busy, progressive, enterprising and materialistic. It is the Chicago of the mountains, a city with a bigger reputation for its size than probably any city in the world. There is hardly any civilized land in which the name of Butte City is not regarded as a synonym for wealth and energy coupled with a broad-gauged generosity in matters of business, pleasure or morality. Butte is the "red hot town" par excellence. The city government is doing its feeble best to change its reputation, but the reputation, I fear, will go marching on for many and many a day to come.

If there is on earth anywhere a more prosaic, unpicturesque, unbeautiful city than Chicago it is this same prototype, this miniature Chicago, Butte, the red-hot town of the mountains. It has not in it or about it one thing beautiful in landscape or environment. The great naked butte which gave the town its name stretches up cheerless and desolate, without the first inviting feature to commend it. The smoke of the smelters has killed all the feeble vegetation of the hill side, and the too energetic axe men have denuded the mountains absolutely of their forests. The town is naked, bald, prosaic, but full of energy and go, and full of wealth and possibilities of wealth to an extent unequaled in any community less unique. The city lies in a deep dip or valley of the mountains. You go up into the high place, which the sightseer first of all searches out, and as you look out over, or rather up to the surrounding country you see the range of the great Continental Divide sweeping about you in a great letter S. The climbing Northern Pacific breaks away from the valley for the east. The Montana Union finds an easier trail back up the valley to Garrisons. The Great Northern forces its way through a cañon so black and narrow that you wonder again at the audacity of the men who built the iron trail. And then you wonder why they should ever built these trails at all into this desolate and forbidding angle of the Continental Range. The citizen of Butte does not concern himself over such impolite questioning as this. He pities you. He points to the awful suffocating columns of smoke coming from the colossal chimneys on the mountain side above the town, and he talks to you in millions with a glibness sufficient to give you swimming of the head. For Butte is built on a solid mass of rich mineral which extends nobody knows how far and deep and wide into the secret subterranean chambers of the hills. Butte couldn't help being wealthy if she tried. Like Chicago, she is the child of destiny, and the children of destiny cannot be repressed, neither can their clothing be measured for them for many years in advance.

The Rise of Marcus.

The Jason of this town is one Marcus Daly, who came to these regions, so goes the story, with nothing but his pickax and his nerve. The history of Marcus reads like a piece of romance of the Monte Cristo order. He seems to have been a man of simple, ordinary habits at first, but blessed above all with that most desirable of all qualities, the faculty of "getting there." You cannot eliminate from the character of the mountain man the blind conviction that there is such a thing as "luck," and indeed he is a man of very limited experience who inflates himself with the idea that there is no such thing as luck, and who ascribes his own success to his own excellence in energy and judgment. Marcus might have been all kinds of a man, but without his luck he could never have gotten where he is. A few years ago he dawned on this corner of the world, as I have said, with nothing but his pickax and his nerve, and maybe a pipeful of tobacco. Other men have dug in all sorts of places in the mountains, and Marcus himself could have taken his pickax a mile from where he employed it and used it to such effect that he might still be working at $1.50 a day. But Marcus didn't do that. He sunk his pickax where the mineral was, and dug up gold, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, race horses, houses, lands and even, they do say, State officials. He owned first his pickax, then the entire mine, then the smelters, then a city of his own (Anaconda), and now they say he owns Montana. Unless something be done to Marcus I fear he will own the earth.

The Sportsmanship is Modern.

We should naturally expect to find the sportsmanship of Butte latter day, modern and up to date in every respect. Butte has no frontier history and bears no suggestion of the days of the mountain men. There are big-game hunters in Butte and small-game hunters and anglers, but they need to go some distance from the city to practice their craft, and the city itself suggests no worse possibilities in that line than does any big manufacturing town in the East. Butte has reached the stage of development in sporting matters instanced by the trap club and the duck preserve. One would hardly think of finding duck shooting out here in the mountains, but it is a fact that the Red Rock Club preserve, on Red Rock Lake, where the sportsmen go for their wildfowl shooting, is one of the best fowling grounds in the West, and exceptionally good bags are often made there. The membership of the club is pretty well scattered over the State and the shooting privileges are much valued by the lovers of the shotgun in that region. It is something of a run from Butte down to Red Rock Lake, but the reward is ample when the trip is made. Butte sportsmen are obliged to go thirty miles for their trout fishing, too, but they think nothing of that.

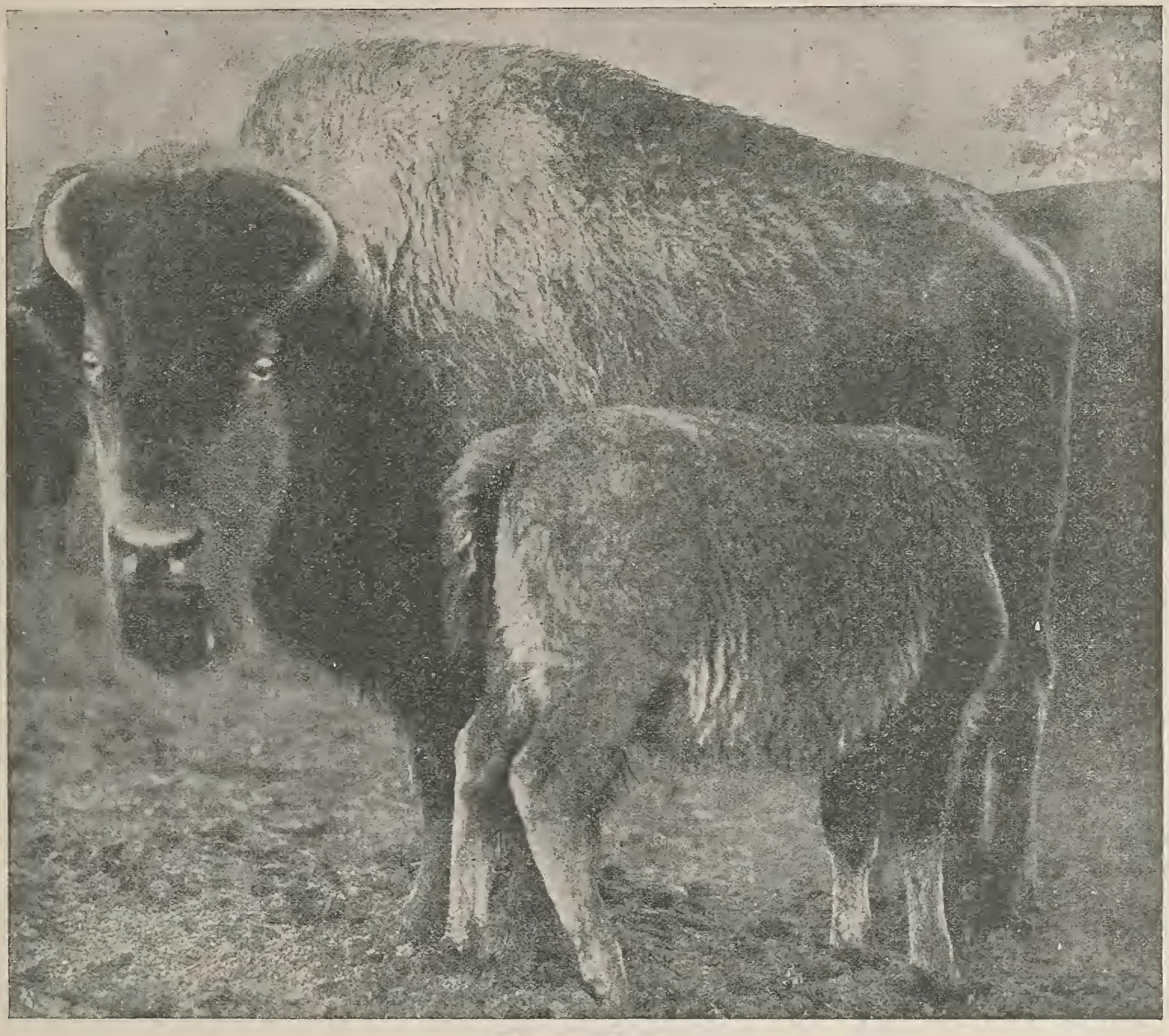
The Butte Rod and Gun Club is a vigorous association of trap-shooters, as modern in its ideas and methods as any in the country, and including in its numbers some exceptionally good shots. The leading shooter in this body and perhaps the most prominent man in Montana in what we may call the modern sportsmanship. the sportsmanship of protection and preservation, is Mr. John F. Cowan, whom all the Montana men have delighted to honor with positions of trust and responsibility. Mr. Cowan is a gentleman of singular reticence and modesty, but his record, both in business and sportsmanship, is one of energy and success. Closely identified with some of the largest business enterprises in the city, he yet has time to shoot in a match or sweepstakes, and always time to spend in furthering the better interests of the sportsmanship of to-day. Mr. Cowan has won and successfully defended in five shoots the old Hight and Fairfield medal, indicative of the live bird championship of Montana, and he stands a good show for at least temporary ownership of the new live bird medal which will be offered by the young Montana State Sportsman's Association from year to year henceforth. Mr. Cowan, as has already been announced in these columns, was chosen president of the State Association for the first year, and a better man could not have been selected. Mr. Cowan is not altogether unknown as a shooter in the East, and Chicago sportsmen will remember to have met him at the traps in this city on several occasions in the past, when he left his Western home for a short visit in the East. Mr. Cowan is a college graduate of Princeton. He was bow oar in the college crew of '81 and on his office wall there hangs a fine photograph of the Princeton crew which naturally Mr. Cowan prizes very much. Mr. Deveraux, who was coach for the Princeton crew that year, is one of the group in that photograph. Mr. Deveraux also sought his fortune in the West, and becoming a part owner in the famous Molly Gibson mine at Aspen, Colorado, became a very wealthy man.

There is no West.

There is one very pleasant feature of the Butte Rod and Gun Club which might well be emulated by other associations of that nature. The club has very nicely fitted up social club rooms, which serve as headquarters for the sportsmen of the town. Here are displayed the trophies, etc., of the club, including the handsome cup indicating the State clay-bird championship, which was won by the Butte Club in 1887.

There is a very good gun store at Butte and run by a very good and accommodating owner, Mr. A. Wehl, who is numbered as one of the fixtures in all the meetings and doings of the Butte Rod and Gun Club. The stranger within the walls of this mountain city can secure all the latest wrinkles in guns and ammunition at Mr. Wehl's place, and there are few recent ideas known to the craft in any section of the country which cannot be found in full evidence here. Verily, the old days are past, and the new days are upon us. The shotgun replaces the rifle and is now used for the destruction of the artificial substitutes for the game which once inhabited these districts. In the middle of the Continental Range there is no longer any West. It is past and gone. Butte is only geographically in the West. In its methods, its business life, its customs, its sportsmanship, Butte is the same as San Francisco, Chicago, New York. The modern day is at hand. For a better exhibition of the modern sportsmanship, or for a more kindly or hospitable reception at the hands of the ancient and honorable craft of sportsmen, whose fundamental principles do not change with the years, you will search in vain to find better exemplification than in this busy, bustling, prosperous, mountain Chicago, held in the crooked arm of the Continental Range.

E. HOUGH.
909 SECURITY BUILDIN Chicago.



THE LAST GENERATION.
From "Hoofs, Claws and Antlers."

SHOOTING TALK.

THE editor's call for a statement of the positions assumed in rifle shooting by hunters is, in the very nature of things, such an appeal to the garrulity of every old rifle crank, that he need not be surprised if it buries the editorial chair under an avalanche of manuscript. For my own part, I have tried almost every possible position, settling down finally to straight off-hand shooting as giving the very best results.

My first deer was killed in Potawatamie county, Iowa, in 1854, on my fifteenth birthday (Christmas Day). From the time when that never-to-be-forgotten five-point white-tail buck fell in front of my little muzzleloading rifle, deer hunting became almost an infatuation.

I remember occasions when what proved to be a tracking snow beginning to fall in the evening, and having obtained my father's promise of a holiday on the morrow, that appetite went from me instantly—not a mouthful of supper could be eaten—and having cast fifty bullets in the little old-fashioned round bullet moulds (always fifty bullets, though I never fired half a dozen shots any day), and having provided powder, caps and linen patches well greased, found myself so devoured with excitement and impatience that sleep was well nigh impossible; and when morning dawned nothing but the stern mandate of my father forced me to pay the slightest attention to the breakfast table before setting out for an all-day's tramp in search of the elusive creatures whose white banners so often waved a farewell, the agony of which was never fathomed on earth save by the leg-weary boy, alone upon the wide prairie, far, far behind.

And buck ague! I have wondered if any one else ever did, or could, suffer therewith as I used to in the days of my boyhood. Being naturally very nervous, I never could shoot a rifle with a single trigger with any degree of accuracy, but was obliged to use double triggers, set to go at a touch. Even then so poor a marksman was I, that I was obliged to take a rest of some kind at every shot at deer, for the sight of the beautiful creature in front of my rifle would set my heart to pumping like a hydraulic ram. I remember well the time when, having already killed two deer, and beginning to fancy myself a great hunter, and having practiced rifle shooting until I was reasonably sure of hitting a prairie chicken off-hand at 50yds., and the first tracking snow of the season having come, I took the trail of a doe and two fawns on the west bank of the Nishnabotna River, just above Big Grove, and making a successful crawl upon the watchful creatures until I was within 75yds. of the unsuspecting doe grazing peacefully broadside to, I took a knee rest (that is, with one knee on the ground), and missed the big target completely.

Away went two of the group, flying over the smooth bottom land with the speed of racers, but fortunately my luck held, for the buck fawn, the fool of the family, not having seen me, and after a long stare, during which I hugged the earth and peeped through the grass at him, concluding that it wasn't going to be much of a shower, after all, peacefully resumed his grazing.

Creeping back behind a little hillock I reloaded, and having crawled up within 75yds. of the silly creature, and watching until his head was down in the grass I rose on one knee and vainly tried to steady the wobbling rifle on his body long enough for me to touch the trigger. In vain! His head was rising again and I dropped into the grass to await another opportunity. How many times this was repeated I do not remember, several at any rate. While crouched in the grass my heart pulsated only at the normal rate, but up on my knee I must not rise without another tumult. It was one of the queerest situations I was ever in. Positively, it seemed almost as though my heart was another fellow with whom I was trying to make terms. I would lie and reason the matter out, expostulating and explaining, and trying to get the consent of my heart to remain quiet for only a short time—say a minute or so.

Apparently I could arrange for anything or everything—except! I mustn't try to rise to my knee. And finally, after probably half a dozen vain attempts, the queer fancy seemed to possess me of stealing a march upon the other fellow while he wasn't looking. And the oddity of the whole affair was I almost made it. For rising quickly I steadied the rifle as much as possible for a shot at his heart, I touched the trigger just as the dreaded upheaval began, and broke the little fellow's neck. For once in my life "bull-headed luck" was as good as science.

I don't know how buck ague affects others, but it was the foe of my boyish enjoyment, and for many years so hindered my marksmanship that it obliged me to make up for lack of skill in this direction by the most consummate care and skill in approaching game, and finally more than repaid all it cost, when, after the buck ague disappeared, and I had attained to something of proficiency with the rifle, I was enabled to get game where better riflemen, who were not so good hunters, were utterly at fault.

Still I have always found that the double-triggered rifle was a necessity to riflemen of nervous temperament, though the logic of events finally convinced me that the very best mode—for me at least—was off-hand shooting, straight.

Take aim with the hair triggered rifle the best you can, wait patiently until the front bead swings across the center—it will come some time—touch! and the thing is done.

And yet, does the scientific rifleman with nerves of steel get a thousandth part of the enjoyment following a successful shot that was realized by the half-crazy boy dancing and shivering his very teeth loose around the first antlered trophy of his little skill? I trow not, by a long chalk.

And now how one thing suggests another. I think of the many interesting sketches and reminiscences contributed by my brothers of the great family of American sportsmen for my gratification through the columns of our dear old paper during the past year, and the question arises, what shall I do for them in return? Or how fail to note the many pleasing things which the paper has contained for the instruction and entertainment of its mighty host of readers?

Shall I tell of the unsuccessful hunt I took in the mountains, when having taken the wrong trail and night overtaking me in a lonely spot where grass for the pony and water for us both was finally obtained, I lay down in front of the roaring camp-fire, and with nose buried in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM forgot my troubles while camping on the shore of the beautiful lake with Br'er Hough on the occasion of FOREST AND STREAM'S Fourth Annual?

I might if I were not in such haste to commend Br'er O. O. S. for his courage in confessing that he has actually eaten pawpaws!

Bear in mind that I never harbored a suspicion regarding the cougar which swam against the handspike, but I do like to have things fully explained.

It is all straight now. Of course it is understood that a man who dares eat a pawpaw is a match for a cougar any day in the week, but why didn't the valorous hunter tell us the whole story?

Why didn't he tell us that when the infuriated brute swam up to the edge of the driftwood, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," that he slyly drew from his pocket a half-eaten pawpaw and shoved it under the poor brute's nose, forcing her to smell it until, deadly sick of life and all its promised joys, she turned away to drown herself in sheer self-defense, when our friend O. O. S. proceeded to "take the disadvantage" of her with a club? And isn't it gratifying to note that the researches of modern colored science have thrown so much light upon the queer actions of the bluejay?

It was always evident that the little rascal was up to some mischief or "devilment," but when hurrying to escape his furious scolding I was never painstaking enough to first examine his teeth.

Let the grain of sand be really shown in evidence, and I'm ready to declare war upon him, pretty as he is.

Observe, too, the effect of the educational influence of the sportsman's paper. I venture to say that until FOREST AND STREAM began its uplifting and instructive teachings in Dixie that never a single black bear in all Florida had learned to dive to the bottom of a lagoon and bring up an alligator in his arms. Great is the power of the press!

And now, while I am exceedingly grateful that I am far enough off in the jungle to discourage all possible attempts of our accomplished and racy friend, O. O. S., to shy a pawpaw at me with any hope of success, I'll rest my cramped wrist by bidding our whole family (of course including dear old "Shoshone"), a kind good night.

ORIN BELKNAP.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

Ducks by the Million.

FROM all along the coast of Corpus Christi Bay comes word to the effect that the flight of bluebills is greater this year than ever before. On the Oso (a large shallow body of brackish water), seven miles from Corpus, the flight of ducks is beginning, while thousands upon thousands of bluebills, redheads and canvasbacks, are twice a day clearing the air on their way up and down the Nueces Bay. They fly in the morning in search of fresh water and food, which abounds at the mouth of the Nueces River, and return in the evening to roost in the bay and the neighboring lagoons.

The bluebill duck is not generally prized as an article of food in the northern waters, but along our Texas coast nearly every one prefers it to any other duck. The reason for this is that they feed almost exclusively upon small oysters and eat no fish whatever. The flesh of the bluebill that feed on fresh water marshes is rather fishy because they sometimes catch a luckless minnow in their long dives and consequently taste fishy, but the Texas bird is too high-toned; he despises the plebian fish diet and eats only the best that the oyster banks afford—hence the fine flavor.

Shame! Shame!

A publication issued from Dallas supposedly in the interest of sportsmen has startled the Southwest in general and the small-bore shooters of San Antonio in particular by proposing a grand field contest. The proprietors of the publication aforesaid have announced what they term a grand field tournament to take place during the holidays all over the State. Here is the advertisement as sent to a San Antonio gun house:

PRIZE SHOOT.—$50 silver cup presented by *Cyclist and Sportsman*, Dallas, Tex., to be contested for during the Christmas holidays, at San Antonio, Tex. Eight hours' shoot over setter or pointer with 12-gauge (or under) shotgun, charge not to exceed 1¼oz. shot and 4drs. powder. Game to consist of quail, prairie chicken, duck, teal, snipe, plover, squirrel and rabbit. (Count by points, to be arranged by a committee.)' The best bag, or highest score, wins the prize. Contest to take place within a radius of twelve miles of San Antonio. Note.—This contest is open to all paid-up yearly subscribers to *Cyclist and Sportsman*. All desiring to compete who are not subscribers can subscribe through this store.

The reader will notice that the best bag is to win the prize emblematic of being the greatest game killer in the State. While the progenitors of the scheme undoubtedly will champion the cause of game protection, while they will turn all kinds of literary handsprings condemnatory of the conduct of pot and market-hunters, it seems to me a little out of place for them to offer a premium on the indiscriminate slaughter of game. One of the conditions of the proposed slaughter for the silver cup, is that the shoot must take place "over a setter or pointer." Of course, all sportsmen well know that duck, snipe, plover, squirrel and rabbit are nicely hunted by either dog. I think my friend Hough's column in FOREST AND STREAM would be printed in red should he witness the harrowing spectacle of my elephant-pointer climbing a live oak after a festive rodent of the woods. But may be the contest may not take place after all. There might be a cyclone of indignation on the date of the proposed shoot. I hope there will.

At Mud Flats.

A gay party of officers from Fort Sam Houston are enjoying the hospitality of Geo. Fulton, the "Prince of the Southwest," at his ranch, 150 miles from San Antonio, on the Aransas Pass railway. Their first day's hunt netted a lot of great big honker geese and a fine string of juicy mallards and teal.

Plenty of Tarpon.

The Greek sailors at Corpus Christi say that the tarpon are so numerous off Flower Bluff (about ten miles south of the town) that they frequently jump clean over their boats and actually churn the water into a foam. On several occasions small tarpon have been caught in hundreds in their nets.

Swans in Plenty.

A rover of the Texas coast, who is thoroughly reliable, told me last week that an ordinary shot could load a wagon (presumably a small one) with white swan any evening on Hines Bay. He also stated that Mons. Scolopax had taken possession of all the lagoons and marshes. There wasn't a word said about killing them with sticks, but he stated that he fired twenty shots at them and finally left in disgust, rightfully concluding that he wasn't much af a jacksnipe hunter, nohow.

Visitors.

Two brothers, Messrs. Schmidt, of Milwaukee, are visiting San Antonio. They brought a letter of introduction from Dick Merrill, of the same place, but now in the Deltas of the Mississippi. This office was also pleasantly visited by Mr. Winton, a popular sportsman of San Luis Potosi, Mexico.

TEXAS FIELD.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BRANT.

At the Roanoke Association's Hunting Grounds.

THE little white dingey pulled from the dock at the old city named after good Queen Bess to the white-winged yacht Brant that lay straining at her anchor under the strong flow of the ebb tide. Laden with guns, *impedimenta* and eager-hearted sportsmen, with the soft, meek-eyed setters crouching low, the little skiff reached the Brant and everything was tumbled aboard. Sharp and quick the orders from Capt. Hayman to the crew, and with all canvas spread the yacht drifted down the waters of old Pasquotank, only the topsails set on the lofty, slender spars catching faintest impetus from the straying zephyrs.

After supper, stretched on deck with Prima Donna, of royal English setter blood, poking a cold nose into my face for recognition, I watched the stars of the Southern skies as we drifted down toward the sound. From the dark heights the *honk, honk* made the setter lift up her head and scent the breeze with short, eager sniffs as if to say, "Ah, just wait until to-morrow."

Oh, Queen Bess, the little country village named after you has not enjoyed much benefit from the distinction

THE BRANT.

and hardly borne the weight of a sovereign name. Yet through its portals passes many an one who drinks no stinted bumper to the royal sport that lies the other side, and remembers Elizabeth City with that indescribable feeling and surge of blood that recalls the shot that tops the record.

Balmy the night and soft the rocking of the yacht as we slept through the hours speeding the Brant on her voyage to Roanoke Island. One knows not when the yacht comes to anchorage off the club house of the Roanoke Cruising Association, and the hoarse booming of the breakers on the Diamonds and the sandy ridges shutting the turbulence of the ocean from the placidness of the sound, only lull the sleeper to sweeter dreams and restful slumbers.

Early in the morning I rose and went on deck to take a plunge in the sound, whose soft tepid touch made me doubt whether it was but a night since I had left the bleak, dreary wintriness of January days in New York. It gives one a feeling of contempt for the comfortable bath-room on the yacht.

Sunday we went to service at Manteo, an old village on the island named after an old Indian chief, and for dinner at "Uncle Bill Basnight's" ate yams and drank scuppernong wine that tasted at first like *Lafaurie avec marrons* at "Dels."

We decided to live on the yacht (a veritable palace) instead of at the club house, to the great disappointment of Spence Daniels and *chef* Mose—the greatest dusky "Lothario" and "Deacon of the Church" (*sic*) the African world has ever been blessed with: "Er mos' powerful exhorter, sah, and a leader to der mo'ners' bench, sah."

CROATAN LIGHT.

In the gray mist that shrouds the earth and hides the face of the waters before dawn, we got into the skiffs where the decoys, guns and rubbers had already been stowed, and sailed into the east. To the south went Mr. Koehler to Spence's Lump, while I went to the Widow's Lump.

Bobby's noisy clack and extreme Carolina dialect moved us to the wildest merriment with his criticism and comment on our guns and attire, as we tacked and sailed into the wind as can only the "Car'liny" fishing boats, on our way to the goose lumps. Now a word from Spence Daniels and another from Capt. Hayman, with many a foreboding and gloomy comment on the wind and much more of the same tenor about the wildfowl, until I felt that the day was cast in evil form, and then the skiff stranded. There, far off, barely discernible, nearly two miles away, rose the Widows' Lump, a little island-like spot of sand, with just water enough to float the coop

LIVE DECOYS ON THE LUMP.

filled with live wild decoy geese; and piling the guns and coats on the coop, we waded to the lump, for the water for miles and miles is only a few inches deep, with tortuous channels winding down the middle.

Already the streaks in the sky made us hurry to stake the wild geese (live ones, remember), and hurry Spence with his coop back to the skiff and get him away before the first flights of wildfowl should pass over us.

Into the blind, because the skiff has already faded out of sight in the gray mist; and amid noisy splashing and washing one old gander is already stretching his long neck and straining the leather thong which ties him to the stake driven in the shallows out of sight. Out of the duskiness and gray shadows come muffled sounds as of the heavy wing strokes of the flying geese, that resolve into nothing as we settle ourselves down to patiently wait. Brighter grows the daylight from behind the sandy ridges dividing the ocean from the sound, and the great bars shooting to the zenith light the watery waste into vermilion and carminated blood, and a glowing red ball of fire up comes the sun. Involuntarily made a sun-worshipper, I rise; when Hayman roughly pulls me down, and points with gun barrels directly at the sun just suspended over the rim of the horizon. Lo! there, as if they were issuing from its glowing incandescent mass, a V-shaped dotted line is spread across its face—the apex in its heart and the ends reaching far out. "They are coming this way." How swiftly they fly. "Are they high or low?" But the old gunner says not a word, as if miles away they could hear the hoarse whisper, and lets his hand weigh heavily on my shoulder for utter silence. On they come, nearer and nearer; but, oh! how high. No use, they are too high even for the 10-gauge; but hear that old renegade decoy gander *honk-honk* as he tries to lure his wild brethren to their death. The only thing I suppose the white man taught him. From above the leader echoes *honk-honk*, and we are afraid to move; but they go on, and I stare at Hayman, and Hayman mutters, "Too high," and peers out between the brush of the blind as time goes on.

"See there!" but my eyes detect nothing across the stretch of waters. "Low down on the water coming from the lighthouse." "Too much for my eyes," I am about to say, when I see the whirling forms just over the water coming directly toward us. "Aye, they will light," as the whole twenty decoys begin to flutter and *honk-honk*, and then had the heart stopped beating and the breath bated as the geese alight and begin swimming toward the decoys

"Mark"—"fire"—three wild geese float on the water. "Up and at them"—the second barrels bark and another goose falls as the others wing away.

Out on the sand, Hayman takes some twigs and fixes the dead geese as if they were sitting on the sand—to me they look just as if they were alive sitting upon the nest.

"Great Jupiter! look at that, Hayman." For across the heavens, line after line reaching from the easterly horizon to its westerly rim, came successive flocks as we crouched low down in the blind. Countless myriads moving onward, and then Hayman's hand fall heavily on my shoulder, backing, forcing me lower to the sandy floor. Far over our heads a flock was circling—sailing around and around, answering with noisy greetings the *honk-honk* of the captive renegades luring them to their doom. Noisy converse between the clouds and the sands. Lower and lower they come, and just as they are about to light something frightens them, and then up rises Hayman—and I, needing no prompting, let the iron dogs bark for two that came tumbling almost in the box. A third one tumbled on the water and began fluttering away. Hayman sprang into the water and put two shots into it before he got the goose nearly a quarter of a mile away. Away went the others and then, "See, that one is badly hurt," said Hayman, as one bird seemed to be slowly sinking from the flock flying away off in the distance. Lower, at first, three or four geese seemed to stick to the wounded one, but as he sank lower, the others went back to the flock and the doomed one sank lower and lower, falling slowly to the sound, the life blood ebbing away—badly, maybe fatally hurt, too far for us to get it. Deserted, abandoned and left to die.

So it went on until we had twelve before noon, and then the largest flock of the day settles about 600yds. away on the shoals, the water barely high enough to reach their breasts. The decoys honked to them in vain, and then I rose them with the Winchester and got one straggler going low as they flew over our heads. More real enjoyment in that one feat than in anything that happened that day.

So the hours waned and the day went by, and about 4 o'clock the signal, four shots, brought Bobby with the coops to the lump to take us back. We were all out of the blind on the lump with half the decoys in the box when a flock came right at us. Hayman and I sprang down in the blind and grasped the guns, while Bobby crouched behind the coop and squeezed the old renegade decoy gander until he honked as never honked he before. I named him "Simon Gerty," after the old white renegade on the Ohio, who in the dime novels figured with Daniel Boone.

Heard one ever the yarn before, that the geese came and settled down among the decoys with coop and boy on the lump? Bobby's shrill voice, wild with eager impatience, "kill um," spoiled the intended slaughter, but we got two, making fifteen geese.

Sport enough for the day, and wading across the water we got into the skiff and sailed back to the Brant. A bath and a smart rub down and dinner all ready. And then as the boys cleaned the guns and hung up the fowls, I stretched out on the deck enjoying a *dolce far niente*, the priceless satiety of a sportsman who has had one fair day without mar or spoil.

Mr. Koehler came back with eight geese and two brant and the camera took the picture.

So passed the days for geese and then a day and a day for ducks. Down the Pamlico Sound drops the Brant with white pinions that never tire and willing hearts that beat eagerly to give the guest sport. The keeper of the lighthouse out in the sound rang us a friendly greeting as we sailed by, and we returned the salute by dipping our colors. The light of old Hatteras gleamed far off like a star, and "Bodies" light far behind may at times be seen between flashes, and then we sleep while we wait for dawn.

What counts in sport? Numbers—never—never! Rare, difficult shots. Take the leader or wait for "one" and "five" coolly counted to line with the right and "get 'em both," that's the thing what tells! Quarterer, incomer-sky-rocket—these fill the heart with an elation which never comes on the mere count of the dead wildfowl which strew the deck at the close of the day. Birds enough killed to keep the cankerous disappointment out of the heart, and enough to send home, with a glorious revelry over the multitudes of water fowl flying all

HUNG IN THE SHROUDS OF THE BRANT.

around, and then we go back to get the promised deer. For the ice box in the hold of the Brant has all the geese and ducks we want, although we were more than a little disappointed that no white swan came within reach of the iron hail. So, satisfied with our sport that had no taint of slaughter to rob it of honest pride, we left the ducking grounds.

Back to the club house at Roanoke Island to eat a dinner prepared by Mose and get Spence and Bobby; and then onward for Alligator River the Brant spreads her white wings! Upward and beyond we pick up "Unker Bill" and the two best hounds in Carolina State and the Brant speeds onward. In a howling gale, that is piling the white soap-suds on the Diamonds, which strings the necklace on Hatteras' scrawny neck, and raises the witches' white-caps on the sound, we make the line between the headlands and pick our way between the frothing shoals! One wild gale sweeping shoreward and the tremendous undertow leaves sandy mounds rising out of the ocean where on the last tide there was water twenty fathoms deep. Gleaming in the sun-like burnished silver, they look like a string of brilliants set in emerald green, stretching for miles along the shore. The old residents call them Diamonds.

"On Hatteras' shore the dead man's boots,
Shirt and trousers are wreckers' fruits,
And th' breakers toy, the floater's eyes
Staring sightless—the sea-gull's prize—
While 'Sunday dressed' with honest pride,
He goes to church with sturdy stride."

Early in the morning the rain is falling like a second deluge and the Brant is swinging at anchor. Taking our guns and dogs we go ashore for woodcock and get a few stray ones, some robins, blackbirds and woodpeckers to fill the bag. A bird pie for dinner with broiled woodcock, baked wild goose and Car'liny yams, "fit for the king." Another day of pelting rain and then I make "Unker Bill" promise to make a try for the deer to-morrow even if it should be in the midst of a waterspout. Seven-up and Pedro, novels and yarns, with a very limited little game of a very wild species, and the day is numbered.

About seven in the morning we go ashore and wade and flounder through the marsh and morass until thoroughly tired and wet through from falling and stepping in holes waist deep and trying to keep from standing on our heads as we fall from the slippery logs, we get our stands. From afar comes the soft, mellow bay of the hounds, and then nearer and nearer until almost upon me, and then

DEAD GEESE FOR DECOYS.

fainter and fainter grows the ringing bay until it dies away in a moan, mingling with the patter of falling drops. And later and later all is still. Then from afar the soughing of the wind blended with the patter of the rain and the storm is drowned in the bay of the hound—nearer and nearer, eager, angry, almost on me—which way? Bother the rain! It is coming right against the wind! No, it can't be, for the deer would get the scent! Now the baying stops; the hounds have lost the scent—too bad—the rain—and the moisture in noisy pats dripping down. No, there it is, angry, fierce and maddened—now, right in the face of the wind, the deer comes, the hounds on his very heels. There he is, throwing up his head—one bound—the sharp crack of the rifle—some words best express my thoughts, usually printed like this ——— he is gone. There come the hounds, sharp, short is the yelp—on they go. Ah, silence—they got him—so did I.

Don't you h'ar dat hound a-baying
'N a snatching ob de trail,
Ole Nest'r 's dar, 'n a-staying,
I'll be boun' he'll never fail.
I'm bound he'll shorely get un,
Ise gwine ter eat no mo' ham,
Dis darkey 'll eat dat wenison
Wid grease 'n punkin yam.

"Unker Bill" comes, and thirty or forty yards we find the deer and the hounds licking the blood. "Uncle Bill" hangs up the deer and we start again. Later in the day I missed a better one and a better shot, but that is luck; and after noon we went back to the Brant. Stringing up the deer upon the shrouds, I got a snap shot and then my time is up; we started homeward.

Geese, ducks, woodcock, robins, blackbirds, deer—what a royal cruise. E. J. MYERS.

In the Michigan Woods.

IRVING, Mich., Nov. 26.—A hunter in Montmercy killed a white deer last week and has had it mounted.

There have been more convictions in the Upper Peninsula for violation of the deer law in October than during the entire four years following the establishment of the office of game warden. Several hundred dollars were collected in fines from outside hunters; tons of venison were seized and given to poor people, and many a dog was shot during the chase.

David Ickes and party, of Hastings, captured two bears while north hunting this fall. They were shipped home, and the larger one attracted a good deal of attention.

Game of all kind is unusually scarce this fall, and what finds its way to market brings a good price.

R. K. Grant and party, of Hastings, will, I believe, return from the north next Tuesday. The latest word from them reports their having shot seven deer.

John Small, of Petoskey, went hunting with a friend who accidentally shot Small in the back. He died before help could reach him. While hunting deer L. C. Hancock was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of J. Lafferty. Henry Miller, of Conklin, accidentally killed himself while hunting.

Hugh Huggett, of Gaylord, recently had an exciting experience with a large wildcat. He went alone on a hunting expedition and the cat sprung for his throat as soon as it caught sight of him, but Huggett raised his gun and shot it dead just before it reached him. J. C. YATES.

Ruffed Grouse Near New York.

YONKERS, N. Y.—Partridges are unusually plentiful along the line of the Harlem Railroad. I know this from personal experience and from many letters received from friends. Any one of the many small towns north of Katonah will afford excellent shooting, provided one will engage some one to put him on the best and most likely cover. Millerton, on this road, two hours' ride from the Grand Central, is a choice place for birds. There are excellent accommodations, and if one should communicate with Mr. Charles Corey, they will find him a most congenial gentleman and a thoroughly well posted sportsman. J. T. W., JR.

COMBINATION ARMS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your paper for October 6, there is an article by "Cayuga" condemning the combination gun, chiefly on the ground that it is inferior to a shotgun for winged game shooting, or to a repeating rifle for large game.

Most hunters of practical experience would admit the correctness of this opinion; and yet the fact remains that the combination gun, properly constructed, is more completely adapted to certain kinds of work than either a repeating rifle or an ordinary shotgun.

In places where both large and small game are found and where a hunter or explorer is shooting for food, or perhaps collecting animals for natural history purposes, it is not uncommon to meet with large game when only a shotgun is at hand, or vice versa; and even in countries where native gun bearers are employed, a good opportunity of shooting is often lost while one weapon is being exchanged for the other. Such instances have frequently occurred in my own personal experience.

The threebarreled gun described by "Cayuga" seems to me to be an excellent weapon for use in districts where the .32-20-115 cartridge would be sufficently powerful. It would be well adapted for both large and small game, if the rifle barrel were .40 caliber and chambered for a 60 or 70 grains straight shell, like those made for the Ballard, Maynard and Sharps rifles. Cartridges of this size, although now superseded to some extent by .45-calibers, were for many years found to be very deadly by hunters engaged in the pursuit of deer, wapiti, bear, and even bison. With reduced charges of powder and either round or short conical bullets they are very satisfactory for killing large birds such as wild geese, cranes, etc., when these are too wary to be approached within the range of a shotgun. With minute charges of powder they are equally well adapted for supplying the pot with duck, grouse or rabbits, when it is undesirable to make much noise for fear of disturbing large game.

A Maynard .40-60 rifle in my possession, loaded with 48grs. of powder and a round bullet of 102grs., seated on a thick lubricated wad, carries with accuracy up to 100yds. (At 60yds., fired from a rest, it put five successive bullets into 1⅛in. wide by ⅝in. deep.) With 5grs. of powder and a round ball it shoots well enough to bag a ruffed grouse or rabbit up to 40yds., and on account of the rapidity with which a round ball loses velocity, it is much safer to use about a farm than an ordinary .25 or .32 small game rifle with its conical projectile.

So small a charge gives, of course, a high trajectory when the powder is placed loose in the shell, as is generally done; but this defect is to a great extent overcome by loading in the following manner: Fix the powder at the bottom of the shell with a stiff cloth lubricated wad (like those made by Eley for .40 express rifles), place another wad in the mouth of the shell, press the bullet down until rather less than half of it is above the rim, and fill in the angle evenly all round with some lubricant. Loaded in this way the curve of the bullet's flight is hardly perceptible up to 40yds., and in off-hand shooting would be entirely unnoticed, while the velocity is so great that the lead is flattened on an iron target to the thinness of a quarter dollar.

There seems no way of accounting for this velocity unless on the supposition that the air between the two wads, being suddenly compressed by the explosion, acts on the principle of a boy's popgun, and drives the bullet well into the rifle grooves before the force of the powder comes into full play.

Nitro powders do not act well in these small quantities. Five grains by measure of Schultze fail generally to drive the bullet up to the muzzle.

"Cayuga" mentions that the cylinder barrel of his gun carries bullets well. The other barrel would do the same if choked on the "recess" or "tulip" system. Such barrels can be made very accurate with bullets up to 50 and often 60yds., and although only 16-gauge, carrying large shot with sufficient closeness and force to kill ducks well at 40yds. with No. 5 shot and geese with BB. While it is admitted that a composite gun may be, on the whole, inferior to a good repeating rifle for large game alone, it yet has advantages peculiar to itself which may more than compensate.

In the event, which frequently happens, of a deer at a gallop being missed with the first shot and stopping for a moment to locate the danger, there is a good chance of killing with a bullet from one or both of the smooth barrels; or an equally good chance of the animal disappearing among the bushes before a second shot can be fired from a repeater, through being startled by the noise of the lever working down and up.

If the composite gun be fitted with the double grip action, which although now old-fashioned, is surpassed by none for enduring hard wear, it can be reloaded in perfect silence, a quality which may sometimes be of much importance in thick brush when it is desirable to avoid scaring a timid animal or showing a dangerous wounded animal the exact position of the hunter.

Badly wounded deer when followed up, are apt to hide until the hunter is close to them, and then rush from one bush to another, giving the chance of only a snap shot. In such cases they are more easily killed with buckshot from the composite gun than with a bullet from a repeater.

Although the 16-gauge barrels are inferior for ordinary wing shooting to a 12-gauge shotgun, yet with the aid of the rifle barrel game can sometimes be bagged at ranges where even a 10-gauge would be useless. For instance, I was once stalking a large kind of crane, called "coolen," in the Punjab, carrying a gun having a .45 rifle barrel loaded with a round bullet and 55grs. of powder, and a 16 smooth barrel loaded with BB shot, which went closely enough to be almost certain of killing a bird of that kind at 50yds. When 90yds. distant the coolen became suspicious and prepared to fly, so I fired the rifle barrel before he had time to rise from the ground—and killed him. I may here remark that a round bullet of .45 bore, even when driven by 55grs. of powder, does not mangle a large bird, but punches a clean hole, causing rapid bleeding.

Composite guns should be well balanced and as light as possible consistent with safety, in order that they may be handled quickly at winged game. Some are made in this country taking the .40-82 rifle cartridge and yet weighing only 7¼lbs., they do not recoil uncomfortably, being fitted with shotgun stocks more than 14in. long.

With various gauges of rifle and shot barrels weapons of this kind have been used during the last forty years by hunters in South Africa in such quantities that they have acquired among English manufacturers the name of "Cape rifles." There could hardly be a greater proof than this of their usefulness to explorers or sportsmen naturalists. When traveling in the American bush, whether by canoe or on foot, it is extremely inconvenient to carry two guns, and I am inclined to believe that the threebarreled weapons now made in the States will come more and more into use, and be particularly appreciated by men of business who seek by an annual outing to recruit their health and jaded energies, and whose chief enjoyment comes from luxuriating in the loveliness of nature while prepared, with only one gun to carry, for any kind of game that may present itself. J. J. Meyrick.

Devonshire, England.

THE MAINE DEER SEASON.

One of the best deer hunts of the season has been made by Messrs. C. P. and F. H. Stevens. Both are interested in Camp Vive Vale, at the Narrows, Richardson Lake. By previous arrangement with J. A. French of Andover, they were met by him at Rumford Falls and taken to the South Arm. They had two guides, Charles Edgar Marston and George Thomas, both of Andover. There came a slight addition to the few inches of snow already on the ground. Before they had proceeded a half mile up the Lake Road they came upon the fresh tracks of a deer that had crossed the road. Soon the tracks became very numerous. They got into camp and got things nicely arranged. They killed four deer within twenty to eighty rods of the Lake Road. At night, after the day's hunt was over, the team met the hunters, either up or down the road, by previous agreement, and thus all long tramps were avoided. They had simply to go up the mountain on either side of the road till they came upon the game. The first day this did not take very long, but by the second day the tracks became so numerous that it was not easy to follow a special track. On the third day there came a crust which made deer still-hunting very difficult. But the hunters were not very sorry, for they had secured their law quota, three deer apiece.

Both the Messrs. Stevens are students of hunting and fishing, and this hunting trip was full of interest to them. Mr. C. P. Stevens is greatly delighted with the quantity of game he found. He is of the opinion that the supply of deer in Maine is inexhaustible. He says that it will be impossible to thin them out by fair hunting, under the law, as it stands to-day. Mr. F. H. Stevens came upon the curious idea that a deer will follow in the footsteps of a man for a long distance. He came upon his own footsteps of the previous day, where, since he had been along, a deer had followed, stepping very carefully in the footsteps of the hunter. A fact he also noted was that where a deer was killed the day before and dragged down the mountain and toward the camp, the trail was one very likely to be followed by one or more deer. Evidently they came upon the trail in the night and followed it, sometimes for a mile or two. The Messrs. Stevens pronounce the hunting easier for deer than they had ever dreamed of, and the game more plenty.

Mr. J. A. French writes me that up to last week hunters and the people of Andover, Me., had killed 19 deer, more than double any previous season of late years. I also learn from the Maine papers that since the season opened there have been taken out over the Phillips & Rangeley Railroad 28 deer this season. This makes 47 deer known to have been taken in the Rangeley region. A gentleman interested in the subject, writes me that he has heard of fully 150 deer passing through Bangor over the Maine Central this season. Some 12 deer are also reported to have been taken down over the same road from the section above Skowhegan. Adding to these numbers an estimate of 200 deer said to have been killed and taken out by the waterways from the eastern part of the State, and we have a total of 400 deer killed and taken out of Maine by the regular routes of travel. Then if we double this number, in order to get at the number killed by citizens of the State, we shall have a total of about 800 deer killed already this season in Maine. It is hardly possible that the estimate is large enough. Special.

To Go to Sleep.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—It may be rather late in the season to write about matters pertaining to camp life, but the suggestions that follow will apply equally to all that are afflicted with insomnia either on a bed of boughs in camp or on a bed of down at home. True, most campers need no other soporific than the previous tramp with rod or gun or a white ash breeze on the homestretch to enable them to enjoy the sweetest—if not the most dreamless—slumber, "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." But there are those, both at home and in the woods, whom sleep avoids for weary hours, no matter how earnestly it may be sought.

On first retiring, lie flat upon the back for a few minutes; then with a slow inspiration fill the lungs to their full extent, and empty them entirely by slow expiration through the nostrtls. Let this be repeated three times, with the body in repose and limbs straight. Turn upon the right side (if that is the side usually lain upon when sleeping), draw the left leg up till the heel touches the right knee, lay the right hand upon the left knee and the left hand upon the right elbow, and if the conscience is clear, sleep will soon do its work. Try it. J. H. D.

Shooting at Far-Away Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With all deference to so experienced a hunter as "Lew Wilmot," I must state my belief that there is a certainty, in a long series of shots, of causing much useless suffering by aiming at a deer's head beyond 50 or 60yds.

If an outline of the head and brain cavity be drawn life-size on cardboard and stuck up at 150 or even 100yds. it will be found on trial that unusually fine shots, aimed with the most accurate sporting rifles, are as likely to knock out an eye or break the jaw as to hit the brain.

This is the case not merely when shooting off-hand but when resting the rifle in any way that is obtainable while hunting.

A similar argument has been advanced in this country with reference to shooting at rabbits' heads with .22 rimfire rifles, viz., that the bullet either misses altogether or kills on the spot. Unfortunately it is about equally liable to break the jaw and allow a rabbit to escape into his burrow, probably dying of starvation. J. J. Meyrick.

Menhaden Crews and Ducks.

Asbury Park, N. J., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to many complaints received from residents along our coast in relation to the slaughter of ducks by the crews of the menhaden steamers, County Warden James T. Edge and myself have visited the points where the offense has been committed and find just grounds for the complaint. At Elberon there is a great basin famous for its mussel beds, on which the birds feed; and there is where the complaints are the loudest. So persistently have the steamers followed this lawless course that the birds have left or have all been slaughtered. To determine which is difficult. Our informant assured us that at different times the boats would bear swiftly down upon a flock with a full head of steam and rake them while still sitting, and as they rose again pour in the murderous fire, and so keep it up for hours together, marking the flock down and using the same tactics until the majority were bagged. The law is explicit in reference to this matter. The owners of the boats are well known and must stand responsible for the acts of their crews in violation of State laws. The question naturally arises, if the birds were marketed who received the benefit?

Is it not time that the several coast States take these people in hand and say just how far they shall go in their plunderings. Their antagonism to the food fishing interests is well known, their great destruction of lobster spawn an undisputed fact. And now, having turned their attention to the fowls of the air, we are hourly expecting to hear their mandate, "Get off the earth!"

Leonard Hulit.

How Jack Stout Met His Death.

Newark, O.—Some of the readers of Forest and Stream may recall the killing of Jack Stout, a large black bear, the property of Mr. Elvy Smith, of Clay Lick, O. Jack was captured when a cub by James Smith, in the wilds of Wisconsin, and in company with his little sister Becky was brought to Ohio, where they were sold to H. Miller, of Rocky Fork. Becky was exchanged to a gang of Turks for a vicious cinnamon, which was afterward sold to a local butcher for the Newark markets. Jack became the property of Elvy Smith, and was raised on his farm, where he became a great pet. He would roam over the fields at his own sweet will, but would always return home like a good boy. He was often given a bottle of cider, which he could handle with the greatest ease, and would drink from it as well as I could. But Jack's disposition soon changed. He became cross, and when a young lady called to see him he attacked her, biting her severely. At this Mr. Smith became about as cross as Jack, and a shooting match was arranged, and on this occasion Jack met his doom by a .38-40 Winchester in the hands of Fred. McQueen, a young lad of seventeen years. His overcoat brought $12. The rest of the day was spent in turkey shooting and at targets, in which Flint drove center off-hand at 100yds. Black Rifle.

My Pigeon Shoot.

It wasn't the shooting of the bluerock, dead, or the bluerock, living, over a trap, but of the lightning-like passenger bird that in my young days delighted the people of New York by giving us the finest exhibitions of their fecundity and gregariousness. Well, once during their plenteousness I went with a companion to shoot them. I had shot grouse, woodcock, quail, etc., for years, and wouldn't be caught skulking around to shoot them out of the trees. I stationed myself in a swale along which flock after flock rushed like rockets. I fired into a flock exactly overhead, expecting half a dozen at least to fall. But one bird came to the ground. I fired five times more at flocks passing over me, trying the experiment of letting them pass me a little before pulling trigger, but with no success. All I got was one bird. I gave up in utter disgust. Now, those birds did not seem to be above 30yds. high, and any novice could shoot into the flock as I did without fault of aim. My shot were about No. 6. Did I miscalculate the height of those birds, or what was the cause of my failure to score? My pot-hunting companion got six birds out of trees. Had I prescience I would have pot-hunted that day.

N. D. Elting.

West Virginia Woodcock Law.

Central City, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hunting season did not open here with great expectations, nor were sportsmen disappointed. Quail are not really plentiful, and the enthusiasm among wing shots seems not to be of average intensity. I have tried, for the first time, nitro powder, something approaching what I have long desired, viz., less recoil (my gun is very light), less noise and less smoke. I have reason to believe that black powder for sporting will, in a decade or so, be a thing of the past, as themuzzleloader is destined, like the flintlock, to become a curiosity.

The West Virginia woodcock law is the poorest kind of a one. This game is not plentiful here and the heat is too great to hunt it in summer. The law allows woodcock shooting from July 1 to Sept. 1, including the hottest months. So we see that when the weather becomes cool enough to make hunting pleasurable and healthful this bird cannot be shot. If the law was changed to read, from Sept. 15 to Nov. 15 there would be some sense in it.

N. D. E.

Barnegat Birds and Fish.

Barnegat, N. J., Nov. 30.—Our gunners have been at loss this week, for the tide has been so low that there has been no chance, although the bay is full of ducks. Still some of the boys managed to drown their disappointment in coot shooting in the Inlet, some killing as high as thirty-nine, which they said beat staying home anyway; others went rabbit hunting, making good bags. By the way, you could still catch a bass at the Inlet if you had good bait. Wm. C. Inman.

Making Shot-Balls.

Marysville, O.—Mr. L. O. Crane's statement in your issue of Nov. 10 tells how to make shot shoot like a ball. I tried the experiment at several distances, ranging from 30 to 90yds.; and with a cylinder bore shotgun I planted a charge of 1⅛oz. of No. 8 shot with 3¼drs. powder into a solid green oak butt at a distance of 90yds., and as Mr. Crane says, I think it would make "bad medicine" for a lion at that distance. H. S.

A New Jersey Convention.

BRUNSWICK, N. J., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For many years there has been general complaint of the inefficiency of the game and fish laws of New Jersey to protect the game and fish to any appreciable extent. In spite of State and individual efforts to stock forests and streams, pot-hunters and other unscrupulous individuals have been able to disregard the laws with practical impunity.

The New Brunswick Gun Club at a meeting recently held took the initiative in a movement looking toward the adoption and enactment of adequate laws. It was decided to hold a convention in this city in Voorhees Hall, at 12 o'clock noon, Dec. 15. An invitation will be sent to each gun club in the State to send two delegates. The Brunswick Club will bear all the expense except the transportation of delegates. It will be the purpose of the convention to recommend to the commission recently appointed by the Legislature such changes in the game laws as will serve to protect the game and also to provide means of detecting and punishing infractions of the law. The local club has elected Barker Gummere of Trenton, and George A. Viehmann as delegates.

New Lefevers.

IT will be good news to many sportsmen to learn that the Lefever Arms Co. have decided to place upon the market medium price hammerless guns fitted with automatic ejectors. This improved ejector is a model of simplicity, consisting only of two pieces, one a hook pivoted in the hammer, the other a lever pivoted in the frame. The mechanism of the gun is not cut away or weakened, nor are any of its compensating features interfered with. Only the discharged shell is ejected, and it is thrown with force a good distance. The ejector parts may be removed and easily replaced by any one. The Lefever Company announce that their prices are more favorable than ever offered on ejector guns.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

TROUT IN THE RANGELEY WATERS.—III.

BY MOLECHUNKAMUNK.

I THINK the trout in the Rangeley Lakes, excepting the Umbagog, are about as plentiful as ever, although the raising of the waters has changed their spring and autumnal habitats a good deal, and some of the old fishing places are of the past. Trout Cove in the large lake above the Upper Dam was a spring fishing place for a period of ten or fifteen days, where in the gentle current one could satisfy his most ardent passion for trout, and become fairly surfeited; that is if one could ever become completely surfeited with fly-fishing.

Not far from Trout Cove was the run below the old, now submerged, stone dam, which for large trout in the autumn surpassed any spot I ever knew of. I used to have the fishing there alone and unrestricted to my exorbitant heart's content, over twenty years ago, when there was scarcely another rod going. Day after day I fished it in the height of the season, wending my way to it a mile through the woods by lantern light to get the first fishing of the blushing morn, and after resting through the day I would take in the evening fishing, and wend my way home an hour after dark by the same light which had guided my morning footsteps. Sometimes I would get hold of a big fellow after dark, which would so tire my patience that I would feel like straining my leader to separation.

The water there ran dark and smooth in a passage of 30 or 40ft. wide between large rocks into a pool of several acres in area below. In the passage and below were the leviathans of the deep. Now of late years, the lake raised 12 or 15ft. high, has destroyed the current, and made a sea of the locality.

Some days one might whip the run and pool for hours without a rise, although gigantic breaks about might occasionally be observed, but the favorable hour in the right season was sure to reward the seeker. Once I caught the pool on a day of high carnival, a day of exultant joy, of moving and commotion of trout, which on some days and occasions exhibit an eager recklessness, and all fearless and bent on destruction. It was a cold, blustering, gusty day, with occasional sleet, late in September, when I had to go back frequently to a fire on the shore to thaw out my benumbed hands. At intervals the water boiled about me with swirling breaks, and visible currents of pursuing fish. My first cast, a short one, scarcely 10ft. away, responded with a 5-pounder in an instant, and I begrudged the time it required to bring him to net. Another and another rose in succession to my fly, which scarcely flecked the merry ripple tops ere it was taken. No under surface draw seemed required for my first few fish, and I screamed with delight at each strike. My third was an 8¾-pounder, and the largest of the day, and the smallest was 3lbs., and my total catch 10 fish, which weighed 57lbs.

I secured all alive in two large cars I had at the run, excepting the largest, which was gilled, and on the following day weighed the balance and gave back to the pool all but three, which answered any use I could give.

The largest trout I have seen after being caught weighed almost exactly 11lbs., although there are well authenticated instances of trout which have been caught weighing 12 and 15lbs., and 10-pounders have been taken in several instances. The largest I have ever taken weighed 9¼lbs. and the second largest 9lbs., and I have taken a good many from 7 to a little over 8lbs. I once secured a 9½-pounder from the apron below the Upper Dam some fifteen years ago, which came over the fall of the dam above and was left dry on the apron logs. The logs of the apron were separated somewhat, allowing the water to pass through as it flowed over the dam. I was some distance off, and saw the commotion on the apron which I first thought was my Skye terrier at play, as he frequented the spot; but succeeded in arriving at the apron and in securing the fish as he had almost reached the end of the apron and was about to drop into the water below. I have seen eels of 10 and 12lbs. weight caught securely between the logs of that old apron, which came over the dam at night, large, lusty, black-backed and yellow-bellied fellows, which had doubtless done their share in ravaging the lakes.

I remember well this large trout, the 11-pounder, which for several years in the autumn came to the same place in a moderate swirl of water above a dam, where in his mighty solitude—for he seemed quite alone—he would signify his presence occasionally by an uplifting at the surface which would make an angler's heart quake. He became the target of many ambitious efforts, both of fly-casters and bait-dabblers, but maintained a dignified and conservative indifference. In a quiet surface and with the sun's rays in a favorable quarter he was often observed either in quiet meditation or slowly taking his constitutional promenade. In vain were flies sunk down for his convenience, and equally vainless were the tidy worms and natty grasshoppers trailed before his majestic presence. Some vowed he was 3ft. long, that his mouth was large enough to take in a black duck, and that he must weigh 15lbs. Well, he was taken one day by an old guide, who would have scorned to have taken him any other way than fairly, but most curiously he was taken while everybody was at dinner, and according to his account he had allowed his worm-baited hook to rest on the bottom for a while, from which it was seized by the old patriarch, and in natural sequence completed his foraging adventures and he soon laid gasping an the green grass. He did not prove to be 15lbs. in weight, or 3ft. long; in fact, was a very short trout for his weight, meauring exactly 27½in. in length and of magnificent color. His photograph, life-size, is before me.

A remarkable and well authenticated catch was made by my friend, the Hon. H. O. Stanley, of Dixfield, Me., some years ago, in the large lake of five trout in one day, and all with a fly, which weighed 42lbs., the largest weighing 10lbs. and the smallest 7lbs. It is doubtful if this catch with a fly has ever been exceeded by any fisherman at the Rangeley Lake in a single day.

In fishing through the ice in winter, the habit of trout to occupy one locality is quite perceptible, especially in large ponds or lakes, and trout so speedily partake of their surroundings, not only in color, but in proportions, that but little difficulty is found by one who has successively fished certain large bodies of water, in determining the places from which a mixed lot have individually been taken. In one of the Rangeley Lakes with which I am particularly well acquainted, and in which I have fished many winters, I have noticed a very great dissimilarity in the trout, so marked as to be noticeable at a glance. When I first fished the lake it was comparatively unknown, and the catching of trout through the ice was to some extent a necessity to provide food, and not in conflict with the law, although during late years the habit has become limited, in accordance with the legal provision. I observed the great dissimilarity in the trout the first year and kept the daily catches separated according to the places secured from. At that time our party consisted of five, and we put out from twelve to fifteen lines with live bait in different places, each being from a mile to two miles from the others. Toward night our horse and pung was employed in conveying us home where each party brought his catch, and each fish was carefully weighed and a record made of the catches of each fisherman. Following up this method for several years and keeping the fish separated, I observed not only the differences of the fish in color and proportionate lengths as to weight, but a marked difference in average weight. This method of winter fishing I followed up for a dozen years on a particular lake, besides fishing quite a number of other lakes through the ice the same years, and my experience in fishing the same localities during the springs and autumns of over a quarter of a century, has resulted in convincing me that a very large proportion of the trout possess localized peculiarities, and remain in and about the same places the whole year, although some of them take their regular outings, and a few of them may take permanent departures. There are in this lake I refer to some portions that mark the denizens so clearly that they are most clearly recognized when caught in places several miles from their previous homes. In some places the trout are similar, though not entirely so, to those of some other place, but the extreme markings are wonderfully different, so much so that I will venture to say that the difference in length alone as to weight in the trout from two localities in mind, would amount to fully from 2 to 3in. in length for each ½lb. in weight, and of course a proportionate difference in waist measurements.

We find in men the characteristics peculiar to climate, soil and food. So with trout, excepting that they show much more prominently than with the human race, the disparities occasioned by their surroundings. Once when fishing through the ice for several days with a friend at a certain place on the lake where we had remarkably good luck in getting short thick trout, and which place by the way produces the heaviest trout in the lake for length, and after pulling out a fat 4-pounder which hardly measured 16in. in length, I remarked to my friend that he would probably be surprised to catch a 1½lb. trout which would exceed the 4-pounder in length. In demonstration of this we set a dozen lines in 30ft. of water by an island where above all the places in the lake I had observed the trout to be very long and slim, and where the color indicated most positively that the bottom was not only very muddy, but extremely dark. Here we caught fifteen or twenty trout, which were invariably slim and eel-like and black-bellied. Among them were several running from 1 to 1½lbs., which were not less than from 15 to 17in. in length. In that locality it is unusual to catch any trout of great weight, although I once caught there a trout of the most unusual weight, long, slim and dark, which was the longest trout I ever saw, measuring 30½in. in length and weighing 7lbs. He was an old one and evidently dying of old age and lack of food, which his waning activity failed him in gaining. A short time ago a lady, a friend of mine, caught a plump 8-pounder, which measured exactly 23½in. in length, which was caught in comparatively shallow water in a quarter where I have taken thousands of trout, but where I have never known a slim black-bellied trout to be taken from, not even a stray, though often strays are picked up about the lake, and I have often taken trout which I knew had arrived where caught within twenty-four hours, from a distance at least of two or more miles, having the markings in color too strong to be ignored, and which had not been long enough at the new place to get fitted out in the prevailing garb.

Inexperienced fishermen may think this somewhat improbable, but men with whom I have almost yearly fished for the past thirty years will recognize the features I have illustrated. We often remark to each other, that is a cedar tree trout, or a so and so trout, and probably correctly. Why trout will remain about one place for life, is difficult to explain; but they do. And so we may say about men. Why will they stay in one place and eke out an uncertain and precarious existence, when they can go where they could do so much better? I often think of this while I am traveling about the world, and witness the prosperity of some localities and the misery of others, and find humanity pleased and satisfied in each place. No matter where I go it is mostly the same, with the inhabitants lauding the respective merits of their region and claiming advantages not possessed by others; and so they stay and die, and their children grow up after them and follow in the footsteps of their parents. And so it is, I presume, with the trout. If they could talk and express themselves and be understood, it would probably be found that they had very good reasons of their own for continuing where they could not be otherwise than slim and black, when they might go where they would soon get fat and mellow with unctuous delicacies. Occasionally one strikes out, as with humanity, and never returns, linking his fortune with another colony and unknown evermore among his old friends and relatives. And if a trout be carried away from his accustomed home he will return forthwith. He will lose no time, after the recovery from the fright of his strange taking away, in heading from home again, and he will have no more difficulty in finding it than a man would if taken from his home to a distance, but from where he can see the old, familiar landmarks, from which he cannot go amiss. It is no more instinct with the trout to find his way home, or the experienced homing pigeon to find his cote when taken a thousand miles away, or with the salmon to find his way in the sea to his native stream, than for the man to find his way home when in sight of the church spire of the home town. With the fish and the bird it is a matter of scent and sight of concentrated perceptiveness, as with the hound which follows the track of the fox and deer or the footsteps of his master among a hundred others; of a sense of acuteness, which might be considered a new sense, so unknown is it to the human race.

Hundreds of instances could be adduced to evidence if necessary the almost miraculous acuteness of scent and sight with many of the lower order of animals. Scent with the *Salmo* family is of the highest order and most keenly developed, and we are all familiar with the rapidity with which the trout will eject the deceitful fly if not hooked. Stoddart, one of the most reliable and conservative writers on trout, gives an incident of drawing trout up stream for over a mile when he had used spawn bait, which by the slight impregnation of the running water from the bait, tolled up black-bellied trout from a pond on the stream below, and water is a far better conductor of odor than of heat and cold.

The ocean is not trackless to its denizens, and its currents have their lanes and highways, and no lake or pool is so sluggish as not to have its varying qualities, partaking of local features.

Every spring and stream has its peculiarity of odor, depending upon the formations about the flow. The discolorations of the Amazon and Mississsippi are apparent to the eye for many miles at sea, but the outreaching laminations of odor extend hundreds of miles beyond the color line. Neighboring streams have a dissimilarity apparent to the crudest sense, and the water of a single lake varies in color and taste, according to its locality. That of one cove will be different from another, affected by the character of the ground and of the neighboring plant life, while in the imperceptible yet existing currents of the lake a distinctive character is imparted. All these features are apparent to the perceptive and acute scent of the trout, which guides the possessor in the darkest night as readily as in the day, and it is well known that the journeys and migrations of the *Salmo* family occur almost exclusively in the night, and no darkness is too dense for their advance.

I will cite an instance which came to my observation, by accident, in one of my early winter fishing excursions. It was in January. Camping the first night at the lower end of the lake, we commenced our journey the following early morning over the ice for our permanent camp nine miles distant. The ice was about eighteen inches thick with a foot of settled snow upon it. The going was hard and when six miles up the lake, and three miles from camp we stopped for lunch by the shore, at a locality noted for the extraordinary beauty of its trout. So noted were the trout of this particular place for their plumpness, and vivid colors, surpassing any of the lake, that it is not uncommon to have the old native fishermen familiar with the lake say, whena particularly high-colored plump trout is taken in other localities, "Oh that is from middle point, next chub cove." The day was fine, the hour early, and the distance comparatively short to camp. I was anxious to take a few of the beautiful trout of the place to show one or two of my friends of the party who were novices at the lake. We had our ice chisel, and plenty of live bait, which we had brought in, but unfortunately no hooks or lines as they were at camp, but one of the party finally brought out from his valise half a dozen slim but good sized hooks on single gut, rather inferior for work, but acceptable in the situation, and which we lengthened out into hand lines with serviceable twine at hand. Three or four holes were speedily cut, and it must be admitted over a spawning bed with which we were familiar. With some small minnows and careful handling, we soon had half a dozen fine trout out. I had one of the men cut a basin in the ice beside one of the holes, in which water was conveyed from the opening, in which I had the trout placed as soon as caught, that we might better observe their beauty, and they were beauties indeed, averaging between two and three pounds in weight.

We did not lose a single trout we hooked. This we distinctly remembered, but in the handling of the flopping trout upon the ice, before they could be conveyed to the basin, three of the single guts snapped, leaving the hooks in the jaws of the trout, where they remained, as we did not care to remove them immediately, to the injury of the fish. We all admired the remarkable beauty of the imprisoned trout, and a regret was expressed that they should be sacrificed. An idea suggested itself which was carried out, that we would take them to camp alive. We had a tight box containing stores. This was emptied and filled with water, into which the trout were placed, with its cover lightly tacked on to prevent the swaying of the water, and with the box on a hand sled it was so conveyed to camp. On its route the water was changed several times, so that all the trout arrived in fine condition. At camp the trout were put in a car with a weight, by which it was sunk in 10ft. of water. That evening it was decided that we would have trout for breakfast, but upon

pulling up the car in the morning it was found that in lowering the door had sprung open, and that all of the trout had escaped, so we had no trout for breakfast.

During the forenoon as I was putting down some lines about a mile from our fishing place of the day before, I concluded to run down to the first place and put in a few lines there, which I did over the spawning bed, and in a short time caught seven or eight fine trout, and among them were two which we had caught the previous day, and which carried in their jaws the broken off hooks which we had noted the day before. These trout being liberated the nigbt before three miles from the spawning bed, had found their way back without delay and probably all of the trout so liberated had likewise arrived back again, making the passage during a dark night beneath 30in. of ice and snow. The occurrence induced us to carefully consider the matter, and we unanimously remembered the circumstances of the broken guts, and that they had broken in the floundering upon the ice, and that we did not lose a single hook in the water, or one of the trout which were hooked. The rapid passage of the trout in so brief a period, and that we should have caught them again so quickly, made such an impression upon me that I made a careful notation at the time, although I have small occasion to refresh my memory in the matter. In reality there was nothing astonishing about it, excepting in the ability to establish the facts.

The trout finding themselves liberated in a strange locality, which was near the mouth of a stream running into the lake, followed out the distinctive stream water into the lake until they reached the central gentle current, which was a part of the flow which occurs from lake to lake. This water flow in its peculiarities they were familiar with, for it flowed past their home, and despite the incidental localized odors they had no difficuly whatever in almost stygian darkness in rapidly pursuing their proper route. As they approached their own home their scent recognized the growing familiar conditions as our sigbt confirms with more certainty our routes as we draw nearer home.

I feel very positive about this element of scent as the guide of fish. It is the sense which enables the salmon to unerringly reach the fresh water streams of its nativity. They have no compass; they do not take any note of geological features, but they return with certainty to their native streams. It is not probable that they go far from the deltas of their streams, probably not so far as 200 miles, perhaps not 100 miles. They are not deep-water fish; they go where their food abounds, for the schools of small fish which inhabit the moderate depths of the sea.

It is not unreasonable to believe that the outreaching freshness and odors of a salmon stream may reach out into the sea for several hundreds of miles.

ANGLING NOTES.

Just Game Laws.

Game laws are supposed to be enacted—and generally speaking they are—solely for the protection of fish, birds and animals during their breeding seasons, that the supply may keep somewhere near in touch with the demand.

The "breeding season" is not simply the time during which fish are depositing spawn or birds are laying eggs, for the care and rearing of the young fish and game to a certain age by their parents has to be considered as part of the breeding season, and a law which does not take into consideration the time required for rearing and recuperation is little better than no law at all.

Any game law which goes beyond this or falls short of it, and is enacted for the convenience of any class of men is ill-advised and sure to work more harm than good. It may be necessary in the interest of fish and game preservation to close certain waters for a term of years that they may be restocked, or to prohibit the killing of game for a period to prevent its extinction, but that is for the benefit of all concerned and is not what I refer to; but I do refer to annual close or open seasons that may be made or are attempted to be made for a favored class. The black bass law in New York is an instance of this sort of legislation. In spite of the fact that black bass spawn all through the month of June and it is tbe one so-called game fish that broods its young for days after they are hatched, the general law opens the fishing for this fish May 30, as was alleged by an angling newspaper when the law passed, that city anglers might avail themselves of Decoration Day, a holiday on which to fisb in a lake near New York city. How true this may have been I do not know, but such was the plea, and it was never, to my knowledge, contradicted.

Similar legislation is that which attempts to close the fishing season for some particular fish until the summer boarders arrive in the country. Very recently I have heard people talk about providing fishing for the summer boarder, as if the summer boarder was the only person in the wide world who loved to fish or to eat fish after they were caught.

The summer boarder is an important and most desirable factor in every community, and it is right that they should be considered; but it is not right that the open and close seasons for fish and game should be made to conform to the opening and closing of the summer hotels and boarding houses. The native fisherman has to be considered also, and he has rights which he is very jealous of. To be sure, there are times, seasons or occasions when he has a well developed idea that the summer boarder, who may be his very best friend, is a tyrant who is trying to put his foot on his neck, but he is open to reason if properly approached.

In justice to the summer boarder I must say that I never knew him to ask for the taking down or putting up of the bars for his convenience, and if such requests are made they come from the native hotel keeper; and tbe one redeeming feature about such requests is that he wbo makes them realizes the great importance of protective laws to keep up the supply of fish and game. Game laws to be effective must have the support of the native community and then every man is a game protector. Antagonize the native fisherman by passing laws which covertly discriminate against him, and it will take four game protectors to the acre to enforce the laws. There is no earthly reason why the native fisherman and the summer boarder, through his attorney, the hotel keeper, should not be, and work, entirely in sympathy for the protection of fish and game. Their interests are identical, if they but knew it, and one is, to a more or less degree, dependent upon the other, and as a rule I believe they do work in harmony. It is only in isolated cases that education influences have not progressed to the point where the native fisherman and the summer boarder—always by attorney, realizes that what is fish for one is fish for the other. Therefore, I believe that just and efficient game laws to be such as provide only for the protection of fish and game during the breeding seasons of the different species.

Pike and Pike Fishing.

On one occasion at least when I have been asked in Forest and Stream about the size of the largest pike (*Esox lucius*) taken in American waters, I have said the largest I knew anything about was one of which I have a photograph, taken in Lake Le Boeuf, Pennsylvania, wbich weighed 35lbs. Recently the species of this fish having been questioned (it being suspected that it might have been an unspotted mascalonge or "Chautauqua pike"), I wrote to Mr. W. G. Sargeant, of Meadville, Pa., who sent me the photograph eleven years ago, asking if later investigations had given any reason for doubting the species. He replied under date of Nov. 12:

"Our pike are tbe great northern pike (*Esox lucius*); not the pickerel, and not the mascalonge. Of this I am certain. Tbe only fish of the *Esox* family in dispute is the pike of Chautauqua Lake. It is neither the pike (*lucius*) nor the mascalonge, and it is too large for the pickerel (*reticulatus*)—so large that they are frequently taken in weight up to 25, 30 and 35lbs. One of the latter weight was taken on a trolling line this season, and pulled the young man who caught it into the water. F. W. Cheney took one of 45lbs. in a net last year. It was taken for the purpose of hatching the spawn artificially.

"The largest pike taken at Lake Le Boeuf was caught by Mr. T. Judson on a bass line, gimp snood, and hook of small size. The weight was 46½lbs., and my father-in-law weighed it. It was a true great northern pike (*Esox lucius*).

"We have taken a number of pike at Lake Conneaut this fall—largest 16½lbs.—by trolling rather fast and using a 10in. chub, or black sucker for bait. Took two last week of 12 and 14lbs. by casting a large bait. The best fishing is now, and the rougher tbe weather the better the pike bite. We have taken pike-perch, called Susquehanna salmon, this year, weighing 16½lbs., and many between 10 and 12lbs. They are fine eating but not game. I send you my 'souvenir' of the lake and you can rely on my statement about the fishing." In Mr. Sargeant's souvenir I find mention of a pike of 50lbs. speared in Conneaut Lake and bought by a Meadville gentleman, who sent the head to the old Peale Museum in Philadelphia, where it was exhibited. Another of 55lbs. is reported to have been caught previously, but there is no authentic record of its weight. But one of 48lbs. was killed with rod and reel, and one of 49½lbs. was speared, which Mr. Sargeant saw.

Mr. Alfred Jardine, the celebrated English pike angler, who has a record of the big pike taken in England during the past twenty years, records, as the largest, one of 37lbs.

Now, having quoted the greater part of Mr. Sargeant's letter assuring me that the large fish are pike, I am in a quandary, for, by using one little word of two letters, he stamps the fish with the distinguisbing mark of the mascalonge. This may have crept in through inadvertence, and I will so consider it until he has had an opportunity to review it.

Texas Tarpon.

Fishing records must be approacbed with circumspection, if one wishes to avoid trouble, for tbey are kittle cattle, particularly fish records in Texas, where everything is so big that the fish have to outdo themselves to keep up with other products of the State. But a fish record should be accurate, whether it is made in Texas or Rhode Island. I read the note of "L. F. M." in Forest and Stream of Nov. 17 about twelve tarpon being taken in one day, which constituted "the largest record ever known." Soon after, my friend Mr. Wm. D. Clevelaud, of Houston, Texas, sent me an account of the capture of the same fish, and he, too, said it beat the record for one day's tarpon fishing. It bappened just at the time I received Mr. Cleveland's letter that a friend in England had written to me for the tarpon score made in Florida last season and the papers containing as much of it as I could find were on my desk, and from it I learned that more than twelve tarpon had been taken in one day in Florida. April 8, this year, at Fort Myers, thirteen were taken, the largest one weighing 167lbs. The next day, April 9, eighteen tarpon were killed at the same place, and the largest one weighed 168½lbs. From the account sent to me of the Aransas Pass tarpon only the weight of the largest one, 125lbs., was given, and the record claimed may consist of something besides twelve tarpon in one day or the weight of the largest fish. It is so easy to start conflicting "best records" on their rounds tbrough the newspapers tbat I believe it advisable to set them straight when it is possible.

Canadian Fishing Clubs.

The report of the Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Province of Quebec for 1894 has just come to me, and it contains much interesting information about the numerous fishing clubs in the Province. Within the last nine years 48 fish and game clubs have been incorporated under the provisions of the Provincial Laws, and the membership of many of these clubs is made up in part, and, in some instances largely, of American sportsmen. Perhaps the most interesting part of tbis report to anglers is the record of fish caught in the rivers and lakes of Quebec during the season just passed.

For instance, Mr. Walter M. Brackett, the famous artist of Boston, reports the capture of 33 salmon in his river, the north branch of the St. Marguerite, the largest of which weighed 34lbs. Mr. H. W. DeForest reports 202 salmon from his river, the Grand Cascapedia, the largest fish 42½lbs. and this is the largest salmon reported. Many lessees have not reported. Only the second part of the Restigouche figures in the report with 9 salmon, largest 26lbs. The York, Mr. Thomas Murdock lessee, reports 81 salmon of total weight 1,225lbs., and Mr. John Fottler, Jr. of Boston from his river, St. Jean, reports 119 salmon of 1,645lbs., largest 28lbs., as against Mr. Murdock's largest fish, 32lbs.

The reports from clubs leasing trout waters are perhaps more interesting than the reports from the salmon rivers. Tbe Triton Club reports the largest trout 7¾lbs. When it comes to totals the Jacques Cartier Club caught 3,408 trout of a total weight of 1,037lbs. The Stadacona Fish and Game Club 3,388, weighing 1,921lbs. The St. Bernard Club, largely made up of Vermont anglers, 2,244 trout, weighing 1,094lbs. The Triton Club fish ran larger for the numbers caught, 2,134 trout, weighing 1,550lbs. A score that must have been very satisfactory to its members is reported by the Amabelish Club, of Springfield, Mass., which leases the central part of the Metabetchouan River. A total of 894 trout, weighing 488lbs., is a very tidy score. The largest trout reported from the rivers is one of 6lbs. from the Murray, W. H. Blake, lessee; but the Orleans Fish and Game Club is a good second with one of 5½lbs. from the Jeannotte. There is no report from the Laurentian Club, but there is one from the St. Maurice Club, and I have saved it to be mentioned as a sort of a "finally, brethren," and if the figures have not been transposed, as I very much suspect they have, and thus overlooked by the proofreader, I must advise Dr. Drummond that such fishing should have a barbed wire fence 18ft. high entirely around it, with a big dog and a man with a gun at the only entrance to the preserve; and even then I fear there are men who would tear their clothes trying to climb the fence. The report says very plainly that the St. Maurice Club members caught 668 trout, weighing 1,920lbs., an average of nearly 3lbs. per fish. There is nothing in the Crown Lands Report to indicate that lake trout are taken into consideration, and it must be assumed that the club report refers only to brook trout.

One feature of the club reports worthy of note is the column under the head of smallest trout taken. No trout under ¼lb. are reported. The smallest trout taken by other clubs are 5, 6 and 8oz.

Limit the Catch of Fish.

In a note very recently I said that I believed that the time was near at hand when the number of fish taken by anglers would of necessity be limited by statute. I am not a believer in signs or omens, but the ink with which I wrote the note to which I refer was scarcely dry when, quite by chance, I opened the book of the Adirondack League Club, as I moved it from one place to another in my library. My eye caught the printed line, "The Fish and Game Record," and under it I read, among otber things, "Under the club rules of 1893, not more than 10lbs. in all of speckled or brook trout, and not more than five in number of salmon or lake trout, shall be killed or taken out of the preserve by any member. The allowance of each member shall be charged with the fish or game killed by any member of his family or guest, and also by any guide or other employe in his service."

For my part I do not understand what any man can do with more trout per day than the members of the Adirondack League Club are entitled to under this rule, and what is reasonable and just for members of such a club as this, should be reasonable, just and enough for any man who fishes the open waters of the State. It is really no compliment to any man, or woman either, to send him a lot of trout days after they were taken from the water. I doubt very much if, as a rule, the fisherman who imposes his fish upon his friends after a fishing trip, would himself eat the fish which he distributes, for a man who knows the flavor of a fish out of water does not hanker for fish that have journeyed far afield after capture. The Bisby Club, now incorporated with the Adirondack League Club, bas a rule similar to the one I have quoted. Those clubs have their own fish hatcheries and their affairs are conducted by good business men and keen sportsmen, and if they have found by experience that such rules were necessary within the confines of their preserves, why is it not more necessary to enact something of tbe kind for the State at large?

A. N. Cheney.

The Natchaug Prizes.

The Natchaug Silk Co. send us the names of their prize winners for the season of 1894, with the competitors also who failed to win the $25 gold offered in each class, but who ought to be abundantly contented with their great good luck. The winners' names are in italics:

MUSKALLONGE.

Mrs. H. D. Stevens, Chicago, Aug. 22, Twin Lakes, Wis., 41lb., length 38in., line No. 17. W. H. McManus, Chicago, Sept. 22, Lake Vieux Desert, Wis., 32lb. 8oz., line No. 6. W. T. Holly, Chicago, Sept. 21, Lake Vieux Desert, Wis., 36lb. 8oz., line No. 6. J. B. Carlin, Ashland, Wis., Sept. 6, Wild Cat Lake, Wis., 12lb. 8oz., line No. 18. W. W. Ellston, Angola, Ind., May 16, Lake James, 22lb. 2oz., line No. 6. H. T. Brigham, Wanseon, O., Turtle River, 25lb. 12oz., line No. 5½.

SMALL-MOUTH BASS.

Will Cunningham, Attica, Ind., Aug. 24, Kankakee River, 6lb. 9oz., line No, 1½. George H. Pratt, Chicago, July 6, Pistagua Lake, Ill., 5lb., line No. 19. C. H. Laird, Washington, D. C., July 15, Potomac River, 6lb., length 23¾in., line No. 2. M. P. Gray, Frankfort, Ky., July 25, Star Island, Mich., 6lb., line No. 1½. J. Ficher, New Brunswick, N. J., Aug. 14, lake in Canada, 5lb. 8oz., line No. 17. G. A. Collins, Lakeport, N. H., Aug. 20, 6lb. 2oz., line No. 19. James Donahoe, Williamsport, Pa., Oct. 16, Susquehanna River, 5lb. 8oz., length 23½in., line No. 19. W. B. Higly, Cleveland, O., Sept. 10, Sable Lake, 5lb. 4oz., 21¾in. I. L. Holt, Meriden, Conn., July 17, East Hampton, Conn., 4lb. 2oz., line No. 3. Mrs. I. G. Wilson, Franklin, Pa., July 11, Bobcaygeon, Ont., 5lb. 4oz., line No. 3.

LARGE-MOUTH BASS.

E. J. Beidler, Gabriella, Fla., July 4, Pearl Lake, Fla., 8lb., line No. 6. Carl Darnell, Goshen, Ind., Aug. 26, Indiana Lake, Ind., 5lb. line No. 19. W. A. Morris, Mexico, Mo., May 25, 5lb., line No. 3½. R. C. Welch, Braidwood, I. T., Sept. 28, 7lb. 10oz., line No. 2. Ben. Bugbee, Waukesha, Wis., July 5, Phantom Lake, 6lb. 12oz., line No. 19. Bert. Crosier, Charlotte, Mich, July 20, Pine Lake, Mich., 7lb. 2oz., line No. 6. R. R. Wightman, Albion, Micb., June 19, Hall's Lake, 5lb., length 23in., line No. 1. J. Beidler, Gabriella, Fla., Pearl Lake, Fla., 7lb. 8oz., line No. 1½. H. T. Malpass, Philadelphia, July 12, 4lb. 10oz. P. R. Harper, Mechanicsburg, O., July 3, 6lb. 8oz., line No. 5½.

LAKE TROUT.

Joseph Downey, Chicago, May 12, Trout Lake, Wis., 16lb., line No. 1. *Frank G. Noyes*, Nashua, N. H., May 21, New Found Lake, 16lb., length 32in., line No. 2. J. B.

Carlin, Ashland, Wis., 11lb., line No. 19. Paul Lang, Oxford, N. H., May 2, New Found Lake, N. H., 14lb.. line No. 4. John Higgins, Middlebury, Vt., May 22, Lake Dunmore, 13lb. C. E. Wheeler, Farmington, Me., July 13, Clear Water Pond, 14lb. 8oz., line No. 4.

BROOK TROUT.

R. O. Foster, Minneapolis, July 25, Nepigon River, 7lb. 12oz., length 25in., line No. 21. R. T. Hitchins, Chicago, July 31, Nouville River, Canada, 5lb., line No. 22. Robbie Whitlock, Broadalbia, N. Y., May 22, Sacandaga River, 3lb. 4oz. Frank Dillbalner, Hastings, Mich., May 24, West Creek, 2lb. 2oz., line No. 1½. W. H. Little, Sheffield, Mass., May 30, 2lb. 4oz., line No. 1½. P. M. Bartlett, Sunapee, N. H., June 18, Lake Sunapee, 4lb., line No. 4. Nat D. Watkins, Farwell, Mich, July 22, 3lb. 4oz., line No. 20. W. D. Calverly, Houghton, Mich., Aug. 19, Lake Superior, 5lb. 8oz., line No. 15.

GREATEST VARIETY.

Will Cunningham, Attica, Ind., Aug. 25, Kankakee River, line No. 1½.

GREATEST WEIGHT.

J. McClusky Blayncy, Frankfort, Ky., July 19, Wisconsin, line A. J. Morgan Wells, Mt. Sterling, Ky., June 25, St. Francis River, line No. 3½.

HEAVIEST FISH.

Henry Seiffert, Spokane, Wash., Sept. 2, Spokane River, chinook salmon, 51lb., line No. 22. Will S. Boswell, Bristol, N. H., May 30, New Found Lake, salmon, 14lb. 8oz., line No. 1. J. F. Mayor, Coshocton, O., Oct. 17, Tuscarawa River, pike, 24lb. 8oz., line No. 3.

MAINE TROUT.

T. J. McDonald, Lowell, Mass., May 22, Middle Dam, Me., 8lb. 8oz., length 25½in., line No. 4.

Fishing on the Al Foster.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 1.—Kindly say to my brother fishermen that they can put in a few days of grand cod-fishing on the Al Foster. I at one time laughed at this kind of fishing and will now admit that it gives me a great deal of pleasure to get a good-sized cod on my hook. I do not admit to my friends that it will compare with black bass or trout fishing with a light rod, but the substitute at this time of the year is agreeable. I must wet a line when I do not go in the woods with my dogs. I have met a number of old fishermen such as we do not see around the lakes, and I have yet to meet one who is not willing to give you advice and help you catch a cod. Come along and try your luck and let me know through the FOREST AND STREAM what you think of it. H. C. W.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

Vermont Fish and Game League.

MONTPELIER, Nov. 21.—The fourth annual meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League was held here this evening, and was followed by the third annual banquet. The attendance was large. Col. W. W. Henry of Burlington presided.

The report of the treasurer showed that the League has a small fund on hand, also a small part of the "Leach fund," which was given for defraying the expenses of introducing game into the State.

Mr. Titcomb, secretary of the League, proposed sixty-four new members, all of whom were admitted. Among these were men from New York city, Boston, Ticonderoga, N. Y., and other places outside the State, making the present total membership 271.

The officers elected were: President, N. W. Fisk; Secretry, J. W. Titcomb; Treasurer, A. W. Ferrin; Vice-Presidents, W. R. Peake, Bristol; E. C. Smith, St. Albans; H. R. Dorr, Rutland; W. S. Webb, Shelburne; F. D. Proctor, Proctor; James W. Brook, Montpelier; Erastus Baldwin, Wells River; Membership Committee, U. A. Woodbury, H. R. Dorr, J. W. Titcomb; Executive Committee, Addison, D. A. Bisbee; Bennington, H. S. Bingham; Caledonia, L. K. Hazen: Chittenden, Wm. W. Henry; Essex, Nathan Hobson; Franklin, F. J. Hanley; Grand Isle, S. E. Fleury; Lamoille, Geo. M. Powers; Orange, W. S. Curtis; Orleans, F. C. Kinney; Rutland, C. A. Gale; Washington, C. C. Warren; Windham, F. W. Childs. Windsor, Fred Arnold; Auditors, A. B. Noyes, E. W. Raymond, J. H. McIntire.

The League's appreciation of the services of its retiring president found expression in this resolution: "That this organization extend to H. R. Dorr our heartfelt appreciation of the faithful services in the past which has assisted in bringing us as a society to our present flourishiug condition."

And as to Fish Commissioner Titcomb it was voted: "That it is the will and pleasure of the League that Governor Woodbury shall not accept the resignation of Secretary Titcomb from the State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners." This vote was afterward put in the form of a resolution, requesting the Goveruor not to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Secretary Titcomb, it being understood that he is still Commissioner until his successor is appointed.

J. E. Hubbard, J. P. Rich and E. H. Lewis were appointed a committee of three to select a design for the League button. The committee recommended a button of appropriate design, showing a deer's head and a crossed rod and gun. The report was accepted, the price being left with the committee.

Senator Edmunds sent a letter in which was made this plea for the iuterests of the League: "The general intention of the Vermont farmer is to make our beautiful State more and more attractive to visitors, who use and consume and pay for in cash on the spot almost everything that farmers produce, and at prices usually far above those paid by shippers. I have been compelled to travel a good deal in this and other countries, and I have observed everywhere that the most prosperous rural communities are those that attain the greatest number of visitors, who, in one way or another, make a home market for everything without any middlemen or the tax of transportation. If our State will have good roads and game in her forests and fish in her waters she will receive more real benefit than from 1,000,000 operatives in her factories, and will preserve her homogeneous people, who have given her the character and peace she has so long enjoyed."

Gov. Woodbury spoke in the same vein at the banquet in the evening, when he responded to the toast "Vermont," referring to the work of the League as "the leaven of the State" in their line of improvement. He said that the work of the League is of great moment in furthering the fish and game interests, and that the Legislature, while not in sympathy with sporting interests, perhaps, were gracious enough to see the good effects of bringing people to our State, and therefore were willing to help the League in all reasonable ways.

Senator Barber, responding for the committee on game and fisheries, said that the success of the League was greatly due to the interest taken by Mr. Titcomb. In conclusion he asked that he be retained as Fish Commissioner. The request was greeted with loud and long applause.

Gen. W. W. Henry responded to the toast, "The Fish and Game League." A. H. Nelson, of St. Johnsbury, responded to the toast "Recreation," dwelling particularly upon the delights of fox hunting.

W. W. Grout spoke on "Good Work." The association in doing its best work, he said, was greatly hindered by vast amounts of sawdust and shavings in the streams. He could not see why the farmers did not recognize this and put a stop to the nuisance, as it would be a great benefit to the farmers at large. He thought the farmers should be induced to join the League so that they might better realize the importance of the work.

"Fish and Game Culture as Related to the Material Prosperity of New Hampshire," was the subject taken by Mr. C. F. Rowell, of Keene, N. H., who spoke of the attractive waters of his State that have been stocked, and told how the cottages had sprung up around them wherever the fish had grown large enough to afford sport, and of the increased income of the State occasioned by the fish and game interest. Others who spoke were George M. Powers, M. C. Washburn and John W. Titcomb.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

1895.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Clu s nineteenth annual show, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 26 to March 1.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 5 to 8.—Western Kennel Club Co., at Denver, Col. E. T. Welant, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 14.—Pacific Coast Field Trials Club, at Salinas, Cal.
Jan. 21.—United States Field Trials Club's Trials B, at West Point, Miss. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Sept. 10.—Manitoba Field Trials, at Morris, Man. John Woolton, Manitou, Sec'y.

Hamilton Dog Show.

THE local show at Hamilton, Ont., Nov. 24, was a success financially and in regard to the quality of many of the exhibits. A number of Toronto exhibitors took down dogs for exhibition only, just to show the dogmen of the Ambitious City that Toronto can win blue ribbons when it wishes. A. A. Macdonald had his fox-terriers King Pin and Dark Eye, and others in this company were H. B. Donovan, J. O. Bennet, James Denny, W. P. Frazier, W. L. Crawford and Geo. Bell. The show was held in the Drill Hall, and with 285 entries there were 265 dogs benched. Mr. W. J. Tulk, Jr., was acting secretary, and with the committee worked hard to have everything in good order, and succeeded. The show was confined to dogs owned in Hamilton.

The members of the committee did not enter their dogs for competition, though some of the best dogs in Hamilton are owned by them. The Terra Cotta Kennels made an excellent display with their Russian wolfhounds, now in much better condition than when shown in September. Dr. Griffin had his crack team of bull-terriers, among them being Principio and Kathleen Mavourneen.

Mastiffs were only fair, St. Bernards and Newfoundlands very moderate. Greyhounds, one or two very fair specimens. Setters poor. A good Dane was that owned by Senator Sanford, by name Ormonde. As is the case with some others from this kennel, he was very shy in the ring. Spaniels were fairly good, collies perhaps better than former years at a local show. A rattling good young Manchester terrier was Mr. John Welsh's Tony. Quite a sprinkling of Irish terriers; Fagan still was shown altogether too fat; he is an old-fashioned one and was beaten by Geo. Geoghegan's Rugby Norah II. Dr. Rennie has a good bull-terrier in Wentworth Countess, although her brindle ear may handicap her a trifle in hot company. Fox-terriers, except for Undercliffe Cornet, were very poor indeed. One Scottish terrier was on hand, and although he is too young yet to show, looks a wear and tear customer. Taken all through the show was a good one. With such a committee looking after the interests of the Hamilton Kennel Club matters doggy are bound to boom, and already a big show is being talked of next year.

The cup for best dog or bitch in the show was awarded to A. Whyte's Undercliffe Cornet.

SPECIALS.

Best in each breed—Mastiff, J. Armstrong's Niji. Great Dane, E. J. Sanford's Ormonde. St. Bernard dog, W. J. Macdonald's Robert Bruce; bitch, George Paine's Tassie; pup, Robert Bruce. Newfoundland, J. Roddigan's Nellie. Greyhound dog, S. F. Taylor's Ponto; bitch, C. Webster's Jess; best in show Ponto. Collie, E. Harris's May. Pointer, F. Dowding's Boxer. Best setter, H. S. Bunbury's Bob. Harrier, W. Richards's Sir Richard. Irish water spaniel, W. Marsden's Jacko. Black and tan terrier, John Welsh's Perfecto Nadjy. Irish terrier, Geo. Geoghegan's Rugby Norah II. Bull-terrier, Dr. Rennie's Wentworth Countess. Fox-terrier, wire or smooth never shown at C. K. C. shows, M. O'Rourke's Bodo; best in show, Undercliffe Cornet; best bitch, H. S. Bohr's Nellie; puppy, E. Graham's Rose. Field spaniel, R. G. Dow's Canadian Boy. Cocker spaniel dog, Miss M. Morrison's Beauty; bitch, Fred Flynn's Nan. Pug, Miss A. Dingwall's Prince. King Charles spaniel, Lovell and Wodehouse's Annie Laurie. Scottish terrier, Mrs. J. J. Dean's General Coxey. Best pet dog, Mrs. Start's Dot; second best, Mrs. J. Down's Dolly.

Tick Boy and the Manitoba Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Field trials and shooting have taken up all my spare time lately, and I have now for the first time a few spare moments to answer Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Kidwell's letters *re* Tick Boy and the Manitoba field trials. First let me thank them both for the sportsmanlike and moderate tone of their letters.

I can assure Mr. Stoddard that I need no refresher to recall the incident to my memory; what I saw, right or wrong, was Tick Boy going across wind, flush a bird—probably before he got wind of it—turn instantly and follow it at a fast pace. Mr. Stoddard of course knows his dog, but a stranger to him would be very apt to judge the act as he saw it, not on any past work of the dog, which of course he could know nothing about.

Of course my knowledge of prairie work is of a limited nature; still I have seen enough of it to know that marking is a distinct feature of it and a characteristic that some of the prominent trainers are developing in their dogs—and to my mind with doubtful advantage to them. Topsy's Rod pointed a covey, part of which flushed; he started after them, but only after watching them from a standing position. Avent called him back, when he pointed the balance of the covey. Again, he pointed a single outlying bird, which flushed; and he kept on pointing until his handler got up, and when ordered on started in a straight line after the bird, allowing Brighton Tobe, who was backing, to go up and point the balance of the covey.

Tick Boy certainly acted well during the balance of his work, showing no disposition to chase, nor on the other hand did he do any marking. If this sort of thing were to be continued it would be difficult for a judge to tell just where chasing ended and marking began. I suppose the only difference between a chaser and marker is that one chases with the object of flushing when he gets to the bird, and the other with the object of pointing it. If it is a good thing for a dog to mark, I suppose the sooner he starts and the faster he goes the better chance he will have of marking correctly. But as I said before, I think it a quality of very questionable value. One does not want his dog going half a mile away after a single bird when lots of birds may be close by. Of course skillful trainers are not slow to find out that a knowledge of where the birds are is quite an assistance to a dog in case of a flush or otherwise with the other dog at a distance.

I would like to hear from some of the gentlemen who were present at the trials and saw the piece of work in question as to what they considered it.

In answer to Mr. Kidwell as to why I did not throw Tick Boy out at once, I don't know that I can do better than give him an Irishman's answer: "How did I know what the other dogs were going to do?" W. B. WELLS.

CHATHAM, Ont.

U. S. F. T. C. Trials B, All-Age Entries.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

LILLIAN RUSSELL—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Phillip Gladstone—Lou G.).

SAM P. JONES—F. W Dunham's black, white and tan dog (Highbid—Nellie II.).

HOOSIER BOY—Jos. H. Hunter's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).

DAISY HUNTER II.—Jos. H. Hunter's orange and white bitch (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).

BREEZE BELTON—J. H. Winslow's black, white and tan dog (Breeze Gladstone—Nellie Belton).

MINNIE T.—W. W. Titus's black, white and tan bitch (Dick Bondhu—Bettie B.).

ANTONIA—W. W. Titus's black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Miss Nelly Y.).

BLUE RIDGE MARK—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Ollie T.).

ALLENE—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl).

BESSIE SHOUPE—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Countess Rush).

SANDY GLADSTONE—S. Murray Mitchell's black and white dog (Breeze Gladstone—Delaware).

TORY SANDSTONE—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Diamond).

TORY TOPAZ—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Diamond).

DAN'S LADY—Theo Goodman's black, white and tan bitch (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burgess).

BLUE KATE—Nat. D. Nesbitt's black, white and tan bitch (Blue Mark—Callie B.).

FLIRT C—Nat. B. Nesbitt's black and white bitch (Czar—Zoe L.).

AULD CLOOTIE—C. W. DePauw's black, white and tan dog (Dick Bondhu—Sheena Van(.

ACOLYTE—Dr. C. W. Duke's black, white and tan dog (Toledo Blade—Sue II.).

CAMILLE II.—D. G. Rowland's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Topsy Avent).

BLUE DAN—Dr. G. Chisholm's black, white and tan dog (——— — ———).

AMETHYST—C. F. Joyce's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond).

GLEAM II.—Maj. J. W. Renfroe's black, white and tan dog (Gleam—Tube Rose).

RODFIELD—P. T. Madison's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

EUGENE T.—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl).

IGHTFIELD ROSALIE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s lemon and white bitch (Frid—Rosa).

BERYL—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s lemon and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby S.).

BOSTONIAN—W. C. Shirrod's black, white and tan dog (De Soto—Ruth Gates).

JOE BOWERS—Dudley Schofield's black, white and tan dog (De Soto—Ruth Gates).

TOPSY'S ROD—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Topsy Avent).

CYNOSURE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tau bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).

CLEMENTINA—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).

GLEAM'S PINK—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).

GLEAM'S SPORT—Manchester Kennel Co.'s lemon and white dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).

POINTERS.

DOGWOOD—Charlottesville F. T. Club's liver and white dog (Ightfield Dick—Cowslip).

WILD DAMON—Charlottesville F. T. Club's liver and white dog (Damon—Flora).

SELAH—Charlottesville F. T. Club's liver and white bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly)

DELHI—Charlottesville F. T. Club's liver and white bitch (Rip Rap—Queen II.).

DON—D. P. Ritchey's liver and white bitch (Trinket's Coin—Moulton Patti).

ROMP III.—R. J. Martine's liver and white dog (Coney's Fritz—Dolly).

TICK BOY—Stoddard & Kidwell's black and white dog (King of Kent—Bloom).

STRIDEAWAY—E. O. Damon's liver aud white dog (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot).

KING OF LYNN—Robert Leslie's liver and white dog (Tempest—Nadjy of Naso).

LITTLE NED—W. N. Kerr's liver and white dog (Ridgeview Dazzle—Kate Claxton).

VERGE—C. W. DePauw's liver and white dog (——— ———).

JINGO—N. T. DePauw's liver and white dog (Mainspring———).

HESSEN'S BOY—Louis McGrew's black and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Barmaid).

LAD'S LADY—L. W. Blankenbaker's liver and white bitch (Lad of Rush—Lady Margaret).

SPORT S.—Mr. McDowell's liver and white dog (Dick Swiveller—Vixen).

LADY MARGARET—Major J. R. Purcell's liver and white bitch (Dick Swiveller—Countess Bang).

SAM BANG—Major J. R. Purcell's liver and white dog (Dick Swiveller—Countess Bang).

ST. BLAISE—Major J. R. Purcell's liver and white dog (Guy—Lady Spotswood).

CID—Major J. R. Purcell's liver and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Barmaid).

LULA K.—G. R. Howse's liver and white bitch (Ossian———).

TAMARACK, JR.—H. K. Devereux's liver and white dog (Tamarack—Maud Graphic).

REX FAUST—W. B. Stafford's liver and white dog (Rex—Mosey).

HEMPSTEAD DUKE—Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Lass of Bow).

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 25.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

The Eastern Subscription Stake.

THERE were nine starters, every one of them either famous as winners or as competitors in other events.

Undoubtedly this stake is a better one, in respect to determining the true field merit of a dog, than the All-Age Stake, thongh it is not equal to the 4-hour race in its thoroughness. In the half-hour, or shorter, heats, the element of luck largely enters, for in that time a brace of dogs may run on a choice part of the grounds where birds are plentiful and easy to work, and in a good hour of the day. In a two-hour heat a dog must depend much on his own merit; for a great deal of ground, both open and cover, is worked over in two hours.

Some of the handling was from horseback and some was done afoot, as the handlers elected.

The order of running was as follows:

Maj. J. R. Purcell's black and white pointer bitch Lady Margaret (Dick Swiveler—Countess Bang), owner, handler, *with* Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog Eugene T. (Count Noble—Trinkett II.), owner, C. Tucker.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, orauge and white bitch Miss Ruby (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby's Girl), C. Tucker, handler, *with* Stoddard & Kidwell's liver and white pointer dog Tick Boy (King of Kent—Bloom), J. B. Stoddard, handler.

Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Chevalier (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler, *with* Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' black and white pointer dog Rip Rap (King of Kent—Hops), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Cynosure (Roderigo—Norah II.), J. M. Avent, handler, *with* Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, liver and white bitch Antevolo (Count Noble—Trinkett II.), C. Tucker, handler.

Avent & Thayer's black, white and tau dog Topsy's Rod (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), a bye, J. M. Avent, handler.

Rip Rap was clearly first. His heat was a most finished exhibition of what a good dog should do in working to the gun. His work was sound as a finding dog, and his point work on bevies and singles was accurate and intelligent. He worked his ground with excellent judgment, not in the loug straight lines which seem to fiud favor with many sportsmen, but in intelligently working out the proper scope for shooting purposes. Take him all in all, as he is and as he has run year after year, he is, so far as I know, the best pointer that America has ever produced.

Chevalier ran the best race he ever ran in competition. He made a really good showing with Rip Rap, aud, what he has not done in many of his trials heretofore, he did a great part of the work on his own judgment. He made a great showing as a findiug aud pointing dog, lacking somewhat in the wisdom and finish of Rip Rap, yet a close competitor with him. In seeking, he too exhibited excellence.

Topsy's Rod, running alone, with no competitor to make the pace or divide the work, made but a fair showing and was not worked hard; in fact, it appeared as if he was saved as much as possible from anything like a punishing heat. His point work was a bit faulty and much of his find was not from hard searching. The whereabouts of many of the bevies was known and the luck of the work favored him a great deal. Still, he won third, though I think he had a close competitor in Cynosure, undoubtedly the next best competitor in the stake.

This stake was open to all setters and pointers. The prizes were: First, $300; second, $150; third, $50. Fifty dollars subscription. Each subscription entitled the owner to start any dog he pleased, whether it was his property or not. It was transferable to any person not objectionable to the club.

MONDAY.

The first day of the second week of the trials was delightful and most favorable for work. A sharp frost had given a whiteness to the landscape, which gradually disappeared as the day advanced. The sun shone clear and bright. So far as the temperature is concerned, it was comfortable and not unfavorable for good work. However, the first two hours were the most unfavorable, the frozen crust making hard going, and the birds apparently were not moving about.

First Round.

EUGENE T.—LADY MARGARET.—They started at 8:19. While the first part of the heat was under unfavorable conditions in that the ground was frozen and birds were in cover, such would not excuse the bungling work done throughout the heat. It was a very inferior exhibition of field work. Eugene opened the work on birds by recognizing scent and roading about 40yds. by the bevy in sedge, then dropping to a point, or more properly lying down, for he showed none of the intensity of pointing. As Tucker went toward him he flushed two birds of the bevy, and not finding any birds to Eugene's point he brought him back to the bevy and coached him to a point on it. The birds flew but a short distance in the sedge. Eugene flushed twice in succession under favorable conditions to point. On marked birds he was coached to a point, and was steady to shot. He had opportunity on these birds without competition, as Lady had gone on searching on the course. About 9 o'clock he bolted or was lost and was gone about fifteen minutes. The work was inferior in every respect. Lady flushed a bevy and made six flushes on single birds, pointed one bevy and then flushed it; poineed two single birds, one of which she pointed and then flushed. Eugene pointed two bevies bunglingly, one point being in the middle of a bevy which flushed all around him, he made three points on single birds, one point of which Lady refused to back and stole the point, and he flushed four times. Moderate range and careless seeking.

MISS RUBY—TICK BOY.—This, too, was a poor heat, beginning at 10:22. In open weeds, Tick made game and ought to have pointed the bevy. His manner was not very convincing. His handler ordered him on and he flushed. Next he flushed a single in corn. Miss passed close by a bird which she ought to have pointed. Both at the same time pointed a bevy in corn. Tick flushed a bevy. Miss next pointed a bevy in corn. Miss was making game when a horseman accidentally rode up the bevy. Tick in open weeds pointed. Nothing found. Miss poiuted a bevy and both were steady to shot. Next Tick roaded to a point on a bevy; Miss passed close by tlie bevy without recognizing scent. On the scattered birds, Miss pointed one in weeds and another at the edge of pines. Tick pointed, jumped in and flushed. Miss pointed a single and was backed. Ruby pointed well a bevy in a ditch and Ticked backed well. The bevy was followed. Ruby pointed one, next Tick flushed one and Miss chased it. Miss ranged moderately, but narrowed her range a great deal toward the close of the hest. Tick showed a great deal of ability in getting on birds, but needs more discipline in pointing properly for the gun. His range was fairly good.

CHEVALIER—RIP RAP.—They were started after lunch, at 12:50. Their heat was incomparably better than any other heat of the stake. It was a great working heat from start almost to finish. An abundance of birds were found, and the work was excellent. The handling, too, was better, as in most of the other heats there was a constant tendency to press the dogs too hard on scattered birds. Rip Rap started lame in a hindleg, but ran gamely on it and in a few minutes the lameness disappeared. Chevalier took a long cast up in a hollow in a cornfield, and pointed a bevy. Each got a point on single birds, and Rip afterward made two points, to which nothing could be found. He next, at edge of woods, pointed a bevy. Chevalier followed the scattered birds and pointed one. He next made three flushes. Rip made a barren point. He next took a long cast and pointed a bevy. Chevalier backed. Both were steady to wing and shot. Sent on, Chevalier flushed a single, then ran up wind into the rest of the birds and flushed them. The horsemen had ridden through the place a few moments before, which may or may not have had something to do with bad scent. Next Chevalier pointed and Rip a few feet behind backed. In pines, Rip got a good point on a bevy and three points on single birds, one point of which was well backed. Next, Chevalier got a point and a flush, each on a single bird, and next he got a barren point in weeds. Each at the same time made independent points on single birds. Some of the scattered birds on a side hill in weeds were next worked on. Chevalier roaded well to a point on them. In woods, Chevalier pointed a single and Rip, 50yds. away, found and pointed another bevy. Moved on a short distance and Chevalier pointed a bird and Rip at the same time pointed the scattered birds. Both close together pointed the same bird. Chevalier pointed a bevy in corn, and next a single in woods. Rip pointed a bevy in weeds. Next he going down wind finshed a bevy. In pine woods Rip got a good point on a single and afterward both pointed a single. Next both pointed a bunch of feathers where a quail had been eaten by a hawk. In woods on dry leaves, Rip next flushed a single, Chevalier close behind him at the time. Rip pointed a bevy in corn and was backed. In the last half hour nothing was found. Just after the dogs were ordered up and before they could be gotten in hand, Rip found and pointed auother bevy. Both ranged well at good speed and did not show the least distress at the end of the heat. They beat out their ground well, Rip showing the better judgment. He was wiser in his bird work. Their range was wide enough as the results proved, and was an optical demonstration of the effectiveness of beating out the ground iutelligently as compared with the dog which runs in straight lines or ruus away. The heat was most vigorously contested by the two dogs and they were well handled. The advantage was with Rip Rap.

CYNOSURE—ANTEVOLO.—They were started at 2:54. Cynosure had a decided advantage over her older and more experienced competitor. She beat out her ground with better judgment aud her point work was of a higher class, the quality of her work rating next to that of Rip Rap, Chevalier and Topsy's Rod. Antevolo pointed a bevy in sedge and was steady to shot. Cyuosure was not near at the time. Sent on, Antevolo about 50yds. further on flushed a bevy. Cynosure made two flushes and next pointed a single well. Antevolo pointed a bevy, though not accurately, being upwind of it, and next she pointed a single. About 50yds. further on Cynosure pointed another bevy or part of the last one which had split, one part running further on. Both pointed a single, and next Antevolo flushed one. Cynosure next excusably roaded to a flush. Sent on and soon Antevolo pointed two or three birds by the edge of a ditch. Both were in weeds together, where a bevy flushed. Both flushed scattered birds in woods Both at the same time pointed a bevy and the birds flushed wild. On the scattered birds Cynosure pointed one in brush in ditch. She moved on about 20ft. and pointed two more birds. She moved on about 20yds. and pointed a single. Antevolo next pointed footscent.. Cynosure pointed in brush and nothing was found. She was making game for some moments in sedge on a side hill, and Antevolo about 20yds. ahead flushed a bevy. On the scattered birds Antevolo pointed one and flushed twice. Cynosure found and pointed a bevy iu woods and afterward pointed a single bird. Antevolo pointed, then moved on and flushed. Next she pointed a bird, which flushed wild, and next she made a good point on a single. There were quite a number of birds found in this heat. Both dogs were worked well at the finish, though Antevolo was showing the most signs of fatigue.

This ended the day's work.

TUESDAY.

Every condition was favorable for field trial work. The weather was mild and clear, a gentle breeze blowing and birds were in plentiful numbers.

TOPSY'S ROD, the bye dog, began a rather leisurely heat at 8:28. Mr. Avent had permission to run him alone or with another dog. He chose to run him alone. The heat was not so good as the results would seem to indicate, since on the part of the ground worked, everybody knew precisely within a few yards of where the bevies frequeuted and ought to be found. In such ground, it was practically going from one bevy to another, with very little to test the thorough searching powers of the dog. There was no competitor to find a part of the bevies or to hustle him in work on scattered birds, or to spoil opportunities by flushes. Nor was there any of the noise to distract his attention as there is when two dogs and two handlers are working. Taking into consideration the favorable morning, the absence of a pace maker and the thorough knowledge of birds and grounds, he had by far the easiest and softest place in the competition. Topsy took a long cast and pointed in sedge a bevy which he had some difficulty in locating. A few yards further on, he pointed where a bird had flushed. Next he pointed a bevy in weeds. The birds were followed. He dropped to a flush, and Avent flushed more birds ahead of him. Next he pointed a bevy at the edge of a cornfield and was steady to shot. Some new ground was next worked. In open weeds Topsy pointed a bevy. The birds were followed into pine woods; he got in among them and flushed. He next pointed in cornfield; nothing to it. Sent on again, he found and pointed two bevies which were not far apart in piue woods. Worked on the scattered birds, he pointed; nothing found. He pointed a single in pines and working in a ditch he made a difficult point on a single. In the open a bevy was seen to flush with Topsy suspiciously close to it. It was marked down in a washout where was a growth of thick brush. Topsy called in and sent on to the bevy pointed it. Some of the birds were marked down in opeu weeds. Topsy roaded on to a flush. Next he got a good point on a single bird. He was worked carefully for a half hour longer without finding. The character of his work was not uniform, and much of his work was not done on his own judgment, in that he was coached and assisted a great deal in locating and pointing, and directed in the manner of working out his ground.

His work ended the stake, as the judges very properly decided it without further running. The dogs had shown their relative merit quite as well in the long two-hour heats as if they had run further.

They were placed as follows: First, Rip Rap; second, Chevalier; third, Topsy's Rod.

The Great Selling Stake.

This stake was next begun at the conclusion of the two-hour race. As a selling stake it was not a success, and as an exhibition of shooting dogs it did not rate high. It came, too, iu wrong sequence, as nearly all the sportsman had departed elsewhere when it was ruu. It would seem a better time for it after the Members' Stake when the sportsmen were present. However, its support and the interest it excited were rather slight as compared with the value of the prizes hung up and the purpose of the stake.

Belle, a pointer, the winner of first, ranged wide, but showed a fondness for the easy going. She had fair success in finding and pointing.

Jess, a setter, won second. Her point work was superior to that of the winner, but she did not have the range or speed.

Lady Araminta, third, was but fair in either pointing or finding, and she did not show first-rate judgment in working her ground.

There were twelve starters, run in the following order:

J. W. Shriver's black, white and tan dog Jack Berwyn (Berwyn's Pride—Nettie G.), E. J. Myers, handler, *with* Maj. J. R. Purcell's lemon and white dog Flock (Staunch—Flake), owner, handler.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Leona (Eugene T.—Belle of Hatchie), C. Tucker, handler, *with* Shriver & Myer's blue belton dog Mark H. (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie), E. J. Myers, haudler.

T. H. Gibbes's liver and white bitch Belle (Rush of Lad—Topsy L.), J. H. Wilson, handler, *with* F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog Solitaire (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), J. White, handler.

Luke W. White's liver and white dog Pop Grace (Rap of Pearl—Lady Grace), owner, handler, *with* Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Lady Araminta (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers), C. Tucker, handler.

Col. C. H. Odell's black and white dog Pete (Roger Williams— ———), Luke W. White, handler, *with* F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch Tory Jess (Count Gladstoue—Molly), J. White, handler.

J. F. Gibbes's liver and white bitch Maud (Rush of Lad—Topsy L.), Joe H. Wilson, handler, *with* Maj. J. R. Purcell's lemon and white dog Sam Bang (Dick Swiveller—Countess Bang), owner, handler.

Second Round.

Leona with Belle.

Lady Araminta with Jess.

First, Belle; second, Jess; third, Lady Araminta.

Following are the conditions:

No dogs or bitches are eligible that have ever been placed at any open recognized field trial. Entrance fee $10. Starting fee is five per cent. of selling price, payable the evening before the running of the stake. A price, not to exceed $300, must be placed upon each dog at the time of the payment of the starting fee. The winning dogs shall be offered at auction by the club at 9 P. M. on the day of the announcement of the awards. Any surplus over the entered price to go to the club. Beaten dogs are subject to be claimed at entered selling price up to 10 P. M. of the same evening. In the event of more than one claimant for a dog, the ownership will be determined by auction between such claimants. A certificate of excellence will be given to all dogs showing merit as good shooting dogs, signed by judges, president and secretary of the club.

Prizes—First, $200; second, $100; third, $50.

First Round.

JACK BERWYN—FLOCK.—They started at 10:41 and ran till 11:18. Both were narrow rangers, and leisurely in their work. Flock passed close by a bevy, which Jack uncertainly pointed. Flock pointed a bevy in heavy cover; Jack backed. Both were steady to shot. In woods on scattered birds both made game. Jack made two points on single birds, Flock one, and both pointed jointly a single. Up at 11:18.

LEONA—MARK H.—They started at 11:26 and ran 36m. Mark pointed a bevy in weeds. Leona pointed two birds in switch cane. Mark flushed one. Mark pointed a bevy in woods. As Leona drew up, the bevy flushed. Leona pointed twice on singles in woods, Mark once. He backed well. Their range was less than middling.

BELLE—SOLITAIRE.—They began at 12:09. Belle pointed a bevy in open weeds. Solitaire was lost some moments and was held till she was found. Solitaire had a point on a bevy which he flushed. Belle pointed a single which Solitaire drew in and flushed, after which he flushed another bird. Both showed good speed and range, Solitaire not working well to the gun.

POP GRACE—LADY ARAMINTA.—After lunch at 2:04, they were cast off. Pop flushed one of the scattered birds marked down in the woods. Lady pointed a bevy in corn. Pop backed. Both flushed on a bevy in corn. Next, each flushed scattered birds. Both pointed a bevy, Pop somewhat unsteady on her point. Lady pointed a bevy and was backed. Up at 2:58. Neither remained steadily out at work and their range was but moderate.

PETE—JESS.—They were started at 3:05. Jess pointed a bevy. The birds were followed and Jess pointed them and made two points on singles, Pete backing each time. Pete stopped to a flush on a bevy. Up at 3:36. Jess was far the better ou birds and ranged wider.

MAUD—SAM BANG.—The latter went lame. They started a 3:40. Sam pointed a bevy. Maud followed it and flushed at every opportunity. Up at 4:15. Sam was the better ranger and hunted intelligently, and acted as if he could give good results amongst birds. Maud kept at heel nearly all through the heat except when there was opportunity to flush and showed no signs of training.

Second Round.

Six were announced to run in the second series, two of which, Soltaire and Flock, were subsequently retired without further running.

LEONE—BELLE.—The heat began at 4:32. Leona pointed a bevy in weeds. She next roaded on a bird which flushed wild. On scattered birds each pointed aud Belle roaded to a flush. Next Belle pointed, and Leona, cautioned, backed indifferently. Leona roaded a bevy in weeds and stopped to caution before she had the bevy located; at the same time Belle, 40yds. away, pointed the bevy. Each pointed a single. Leona stopped as scattered birds flushed. Next she made a point and a flush. Belle was much more accurate in pointing. Up at 5:18.

WEDNESDAY.

The weather was delightfully clear and pleasant.

LADY ARAMINTA—JESS.—Off at 8:56. Jess pointed a bevy in weeds. Lady coming in to back pointed the same bevy. On scattered birds, Jess pointed a single and Lady flushed it. Jess made two good points on singles. Next Lady pointed, Jess backed; nothing found. A bevy was marked down, Jess pointed it. Up at 9:22. Jess was the better in every respect.

BELLE—JESS.—They started at 9:40. On scattered birds of a bevy, Belle pointed and Jess backed. Up at 10:25. Belle was the wider ranger iu the open. In cover where there were briers or thick weeds, she showed dislike to work, and preferred the open going.

First, Belle; second, Jess; third, Lady Araminta.

Certificates of merit were giveu to competitors in the Selling Stake, as follows: Jack Berwyn, Leona, Solitaire, Flock, Sam Bang, Mark H. and Pete.

B. WATERS.

Columbus Fanciers' Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the Columbus Fanciers' Club Co., the following organization was effected. President, A. T. Dempsey; Vice-President, Perry P. Smythe; Treasurer, Jas. A. Poston; Secretary, Geo. F. Mooney. The other members of the board are; Jas. A. Lawrence, H. A. Bridge, H. T. Schmitt, W. B. McCloud, Geo. B. Hische, and Jos. G. Fisher.

The club is in a healthier state now than ever before and failure to hold a show this season will be due to our inability to procure a suitable room in a desirable location. At present we are negotiating for a ground floor room situated on the most prominent block in the city and which will bench 400 dogs. Should we be so fortunate as to secure the room, we shall hold our show late in February or early in March

GEO. F. MOONEY, Sec'y.

COLUMBUS, O. Nov. 23.

At the great Southern Exposition, Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 16, Spratts Patent (T. Farrar Rackham in charge) were awarded a diploma for the best method of penning and feeding poultry.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

A reaction for the better seems to have set in to check the decline in field trial matters, judging by the interest manifested in the fall trials as compared with that of two or three years ago.

At the Eastern trials this was particularly noticeable. There were several of the club members present, which of itself infused much of the enthusiasm of past years. There was Mr. Duryea, the embodiment of perfect health, as one might imagine he would be after a season of yachting and yacht racing, and who seemed to have lost none of his liking for the dog and gun during his two years' absence from the trials. Competitor, judge and amateur handler, skillful in all, his absence left a void not easily filled.

Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, too, was present after an absence since 1892, and he, too, belonged to the little band who so silently and yet effectively guided the fortunes of the club; the band who overcame the obstacles and perfected the club action for competition.

There too were Messrs. Lorillard, Orr and Meares, all skillful and popular sportsmen, and last but not least Mr. Edw. Dexter, whose pointers have been gamely in the competition for many years, win or lose, though it is a pleasure to mention that his wins were many considering the odds against the pointer.

The field trials seem to be growing in favor with the ladies. At Bicknell, Ind. and at Newton, N. C., ladies graced and dignified the competitions with their presence. All the ladies rode well. At the latter place were Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Young, and Mr. and Mrs. McCorkle and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Duncan, of New York. Aside from her charming personality, Mrs. Duncan distinguished herself by her skillful horsemanship. There were a few bad ditches with crumbly banks, and plenty of thickets and steep hills and bad bridges and rough ground, yet she guided her horse through without mishap where many of the gentleman had their horses floundering or down. A fall-down horse is hard to manage.

And, by the way, riding a field trial horse is quite different from riding one which is well kept and schooled, one full of strength and courage and trained to the saddle. The average field trial horse is schooled in handling cordwood or working in harness for all draft purposes. A saddle is put on him and he is expected to take the rider across fields. He does so in a plodding or erroneous way. But his harness gait still remains. The soft, heavy ground and ditches aggravate the unsoundness within his skin. He exhibits a tendency to fall without reason and to walk slow always. Some will step squarely into a ditch with the utmost nonchalance, and fall down with calmness and resignation. On hillsides others will go down tenderly, slowly and cornerwise, in an effort to humor bad joints and ancient blemishes. Thus it is no ordinary matter to induce a field trial horse to stand on his legs.

The judges handled the competition very skillfully, but made an oversight in not establishing a more decisive competition in the first series of the All-Age Stake. There was not sufficient data on which to make selections, and this imperfection made itself felt to the end. It is all right to run poor dogs thirty minutes, but the doubtful ones can be run longer and their standing established. B. WATERS.

Beagle Shot.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with sincere regret Mr. John Bateman's letter in your issue of Nov. 24 regarding the cruel shooting of his two beagles. One of those dogs, Sedgewick, had a very warm place in my heart. I bred him, broke him and sold him to Mr. Bateman. I considered him the best hunting beagle I ever saw follow a rabbit. He was by champion Royal Krueger—Lill. A kind, affectionate dog, one that minded his own business and attended strictly to it.

It's a wonder to me that the brute who shot those dogs is allowed by Providence to inhabit this beautiful earth. The sooner such a man is taught a lesson the better it will be for such vastly superior creatures—dogs—not to speak of the human race. I trust the S. P. C. A. will take hold of the matter at once, also the National Beagle Club. I will give $5 toward a fund to prosecute the matter, and if that is not my share I'll give more. I call upon all beagle men to come to the front with cash and push this matter to the full extent of the law. C. S. WIXOM.

COVERT, N. Y., Nov. 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed Mr. Bateman's letter on the killing of his two hounds. I had heard of the case before and thought it queer that no action had been taken, but am glad to see that the National Beagle Club has it in hand. In the meantime the S. P. C. A. ought to push this man that shot the dogs to the full extent of the law. Everybody around here would be pleased to see it done, for Mr. Bateman is not the first man that has been on that property and came away without his dogs. If a man takes that process of keeping people off his property he ought to be made to pay for it and sent to jail besides. A. L. H.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was with sincere sorrow that I read of the untimely death of Mr. Bateman's beagles, and especially Sedgwick, as he was a particular pet of mine. I bred and trained him. He had a fine, loving disposition, and was just as good a rabbit dog as ever lived. Can we not do something to make an example of the wretch who shot the dogs? I am about as poor as you can find them, but I will give $5 toward a fund to prosecute. The S. P. C. A. should take the matter in hand for humanity's sake. The N. B. Club should do all they can to help Mr. Bateman. And what a chance for the powerful A. K. C. to be of some practical benefit to dogs and men by prosecuting this being in the form of a man who let my dumb friend Sedgwick suffer as he did, but I fear the A. K. C. will think it is out of their line to do anything for dogs.

If Mr. Bateman's dogs trespassed and did any damage the owner of the land had his remedy; he could recover by an action at law. He would not shoot a cow that trespassed on his land, and I know that Sedgwick was worth more than the average Staten Island cow, but he had no moral or civil right to shoot the dogs. We had nearly such a case here; two beagles ran a fox on posted land; the owner of the land shot them, but when he found out what the law was he said the dogs were after his sheep, but no one believed him. The owner of the dogs got a judgment for the full value of the dogs. I had to testify as an expert to the value of the dogs, and you bet I put it high. The dog killer had to also pay all costs, and the judge gave him such a scorching that he has not got over it yet. J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 25.

Chickens, Ducks and Geese

are going to be very plentiful along the line of the Northern Pacific this season. Make your arrangements to go and get some of them. Send Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., 4 cents in stamps for "Natural Game Preserves of the Northwest."—*Adv.*

DOG CHAT.

It is expected that a dog show will be held at Winnipeg, Man., during the winter in connection with the Poultry Association's exhibition.

Mr. M. J. Finn, of Natick, Mass., who handicapped the whippets at the Country Club's meeting at Brookline, Mass., recently, intends to visit England. He starts on Jan. 1, 1895, in the interests of the Country Club with a view to purchase whippets for some of the members. He can also execute commissions for others who desire to own these little racing dogs, as his acquaintance with the whippet men on the other side is extensive and he can secure good ones at reasonable prices. It would seem from this that the sport has taken hold and it only requires such club men at the head of it to become one of our most popular country sports.

The Meadowmere Kennels have opened an office in the Corn Exchange Bank Building, 13 William street, New York, where customers will be able to transact all kennel business with the agent in charge.

The collie men had better look out for Chestnut Hill Kennels next spring. There is a world-beater to come out at New York show. He is a black, white and tan and is by Christopher out of a bitch by Gladdis (the sire of Sefton Hero) ex Roslyn Dolly. It is not generally known that Roslyn Dolly went to England on a visit to Gladdis. Mr. Jarret has sold the noted collie bitch Pitchdark, winner of many prizes in England, to Mr. C. Y. Ford, Kingston, Ont. She is in whelp to Christopher. The imported bobtail Nabob he has sold to Mr. J. Dougherty, Lotus, Ind.

Dr. Jarvis writes: "I have sold to Mr. W. W. Brown, of Springfield, Vt., the Irish setter bitch Rosamond, by Duke Elcho ex Romaine. She is one of the handsomest all-round Irish setter bitches in this country, and when shown in condition should do lots of winning. Mr. Brown has in Rosamond, that good field dog Henmore Shamrock and Onota Peg a trio of Irish setters that any man should be proud of."

Mr. W. H. Crossman, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y., lost from his home on Oct. 27 a black spaniel dog with small white patch on chest. Age, about 6yrs. Weight, about 30lbs. or over. Any information from the canine fraternity will be thankfully received, as the animal was a great pet.

Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding and Mr. R. P. Keasbey were elected honorary members of the English Spaniel Club at a very large meeting of that club held at Crystal Palace in October.

Mr. George J. Gould seems determined to secure a kennel of pointers that will hold their own in any competition. In addition to his late purchase of Lady Gay Spanker and Miss Rumor he has just bought from Mr. Davey the noted Ridgeview Comet, Josie Bracket and Brighton Jone. Mr. Gould intends showing these next season. Mr. Gould and his kennel manager, Ed Warner, left for the South on Nov. 27, taking the new purchases along. These dogs are good fielders as well as bench show winners. We trust that Mr. Gould may be prevailed upon to run his dogs at the field trials.

Good Scottish terriers are selling well on their native heath. Mr. J. F. Smith, so long known as the champion of smooth St. Bernards, is casting an anxious eye on some of the best over the border. He recently bid $375 for the bitch Vision, owned by the Glamis Kennels, but they want $500.

The Seacroft Kennels have just sold three fox-terriers to go to Russia. They are Seacroft Duke, the winning Toronto and Danbury puppy; Starden's Nip, by Starden's King, and a sister to Duke, never shown. We hear good accounts of a Raby Pallissy—Damson bitch, that if shown will make her mark.

An important transfer of collies has just been consummated whereby the Woodlawn Park Kennels are now the owners of Woodmansterne Trefoil, by Champion Charlemagne out of Dorothy, litter sister to Christopoher; Conrad II, by Champion Charlemagne out of Sefton Grace; Hempstead Chief by Metchley Wonder out of Corisande; Ormskirk Julia by Ormskirk Chriss out of Blundellsand's Bessie; Hempstead Dorothy, by Woodmansterne Trefoil out of Green Mountain Maid, that made her sensational debut at the N. Y. show last spring. Also the bobtails Boxer III winner of many prizes in England, and Mayoress of Newport. Most of these dogs were brought over by Mr. Mortimer for the Hempstead Farm Kennels and their records are well known to all collie men. The Woodlawn Park Kennels by this purchase have materially strengthened their already good team of collies.

Messrs. W. J. Higginson of Rochester, N. Y. and J. C. Mahler, of Avalon, Pa., have entered into a compact to corner the bull-terrier prizes. They claim the kennel name of Rochester-Pittsburg English Bullterrier Kennels which is a thoughtful concession to the poor fellows who have to write out prize lists. Still we bear them no malice.

We do not think the owners of our large poodle kennels are paying much attention to their education as trick dogs. But this interesting phase of a poodle's intelligence should not be neglected. On Nov. 23, Al. Eberhart sold an eight months old poodle called Coots to Prof. Wormwood, a trick dog manipulator and on the afternoon of Nov. 25, Coots made its first appearance on the boards doing several tricks before a crowded house.

Mr. Geo. A. Buckstaff, we regret to learn, has lost his well known beagle dog Ilwaco by accidental hanging. Ilwaco was by champion Royal Kreuger out of champion Elf and bred by the Hornell—Harmony Kennels. As a field dog he was very notable, winning the All-Age stake and second in Derby at the Northwestern trials in 1893, and on the bench he had a second and third at Chicago and reserve at Toronto, 1894, to his credit. Mr. Buckstaff says: "Of my twenty odd dogs he was the favorite both as house companion and in the field. His jaunty style of hunting and his voice were a continual pleasure. No price that any one would pay for a beagle would have tempted me to sell him. So it goes, even our attachment for our dogs becomes so great that the loss of them makes us almost sorry we ever owned a dog." By-the-way, Mr. Buckstaff was elected a member of the State Assembly at the recent election. Our regrets for his loss are therefore mingled with congratulations for the honor conferred upon him.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE MEETING.—Official Verdicts.—A. K. C. *vs.* Howard *re* published letter written by him to E. B. Elliott. T. A. Howard is not an acceptable representative in the A. K. C. and the Columbus club must choose another delegate. Pacific K. C. *vs.* E. P. Schell. The P. K. C. to state its reasons for acquitting Henry Huber at the time of expulsion of E. P. Schell; Mr Schell's suspension continues pending investigation. E. H. Morris *vs.* Danbury Agricultural Society; case not to be reopened. George R. Preston, Jr., *vs.* E. H. Morris. Charges dismissed and $10 forfeit returned. T. A. Howard *vs.* Louisville K. C. (appeal on award of handler's prize). L. K. C. sustained and the deposit of $10 forfeited. James Watson *vs.* B. F. Lewis. Charges in connection with the substitution of Gordon Leo B. for Duke of Wellington at Boston show. Charges dismissed. Reason—charges not made and filed in accordance with rules. A. K. C. *vs.* George Bell. Penalty of disqualification imposed for one year is extended without limit.

We regret to hear that the well known fancier Walter J. Comstock, of Providence, is breaking up his kennel, and places all his Irish terriers on the market. His advertisement will appear next week. His kennelman Billy Birch, so well known as a competent, steady and experienced terrier man, is now on the lookout for a similar situation. Mr. Birch is worthy of the highest recommendation.

Macon Dog Show.

A SUCCESSFUL little show was held at Macon, Ga., Nov. 8. The entries numbered about 100. Pointers, setters, beagles, Scotch terriers and collies were about the best classes. The building was roomy and light, and the dogs were well attended to. Spratts Patent benches were used and the dogs fed on their dog cakes.

Mr. A. C. Knapp, the secretary, is a hard worker, and much of the success of the show was due to his untiring efforts.

T. Farrer Rackham judged all classes. The dogs from the Muscogee Kennels were shown in grand form and condition, thus greatly adding to the show.

Most of the best collies were out of coat, but were otherwise good.

The list of awards is as follows:

MASTIFFS.—OPEN—1st, R. E. Stead's Fred.

ST. BERNARDS (Reg. class).—1st and 2d, A. Bartling's Rare Sovereign and Princess Maude.

GREAT DANES.—1st and 2d, Muscogee Kennels' Prince Melac and Daniel.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Callen Battle's Rex; 2d, J. B. Corbin's Tiger.

FOXHOUNDS (Reg. class).—1st, H. Seavey's Buck R.—OPEN—1st, H. Seavey's Flora; 2d, J. R. Hudson's bitch.

POINTERS (Reg. class).—1st and 2d, Muscogee Kennels' Rex; 2d, W. D. Sandwich's Nellie.

IRISH SETTERS (Reg. class).—1st, Sunset Kennels' Sandy S.—OPEN—1st, L, Brown's Nellie.

ENGLISH SETTERS (Reg. class).—1st, Muscogee Kennels' Royal Paul; 2d, B. C. Jordan's Beaten Prince.—OPEN—1st, C. N. Woodruff's Don; 2d, Muscogee Kennels' Black Prince.

SPANIELS (Reg. class).—1st, S. C. Wurst's Jack; 2d, Miss K. Barrata's Maria.—OPEN—1st, Muscogee Kennels' Fritz; 2d, Miss K. Barrata's Don.

COLLIES (Reg. class)—1st, Roslyn's Mischief; 2d, A. Bartling's Cora II.—OPEN—1st and 2d, A. Bartling's Richard Plantagenet and Edith Plantagenet.

BULL-TERRIERS (Reg. class).—1st, Chris Sheridan's Jack; 2d, W. E. Hill's Nellie.

BEAGLES (Reg. class).—1st and 2d, L. Brown's Dixie and Flossie.—OPEN—1st and 2d, L. Brown's Ethel and Minnie B.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (Reg. class).—1st and 2d, W. E. Hill's Barry and Stella.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS (Reg. class).—1st and 2d, L. Brown's Roger Rough and Rosa B.—OPEN—1st and 2d, L. Brown's Scottish Lady and Maid.

FOX-TERRIERS (Reg. class).—1st and 2d, Muscogee Kennels' Fox and Bata.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Muscogee Kennels' Prince of Orange. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E Kerr's Nellie.

SPECIALS.

Pointers—Best kennel, Muscogee Kennels. Setters, Muscogee Kennels. Beagles, L Brown. Scottish terriers, L. Brown. Best pointer bitch and pups, sire and dam registered, Muscogee Kennels. Best setter bitch ditto, Muscogee Kennels.

T. F. R.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

The Boss, Earl of Rossmore and La Belle Estelle. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for pugs, tw dogs and one bitch, whelped Sept. 17, 1894, by Happy Toby (Spokane—Nellie T.) out of Cashier's Daughter (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.).

Sir Verne, Lord Verne, Tatters, Basko and Lady Verne II. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for pugs, four dogs and one bitch, whelped Oct. 9, 1894, by Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.) out of Lady Verne (Joe II.—Maudie)

Eberhart's Stunner, Vera and Thora. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for pugs, one dog and two bitches, whelped Oct. 5, 1894, by Happy Toby (Spokane—Nellie T.) out of Mabel E. (champion Kash—Lady Thurmen).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Pinkie—Bradford Ruby II. Mrs. Nettie Crout's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Pinkie to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Oct. 22.

Nora—Melac. F. S. Anderson's (Chicago, Ill.) imported great Dane bitch Nora to Capt. Pabst's champion Melac (Morceau—Minca), Nov. 1.

Peggy Pryde—Happy Toby. J. M. White's (Brookvile, Pa.) pug bitch Peggy Pryde (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Happy Toby (Spokane—Nellie T.), Oct. 31.

Fanchon—Eberhart's Cashier. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Fanchon (Spokane—East Lake Virgis) to their Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), Nov. 3.

Tootsy—Bradford Ruby II. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Tootsy to their Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Nov. 3.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Echo—Rosedale Bess whelps. Black field spaniel dogs, by A. C. Wilmerding, New York city, one each to Geo. Warren, Saranac Lake, N. Y., and B. O. Chisholm, Orange, N. J.

Black Duke—Madge whelp Black cocker spaniel bitch, by A. C. Wilmerding, New York city, to A. G. Follett, same place.

Commodore—Jane whelp. Black cocker spaniel bitch, by A. C. Wilmerding, New York city, to C. J. Day, Plainfield, N. J.

Don. White bull-terrier dog, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to R. S. Woodrow, Hillsboro, O.

Peggy Pryde. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Dec. 4, 1890, by Eberhart's Cashier out of Flossie II., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to J. M. White, Brookville, Pa.

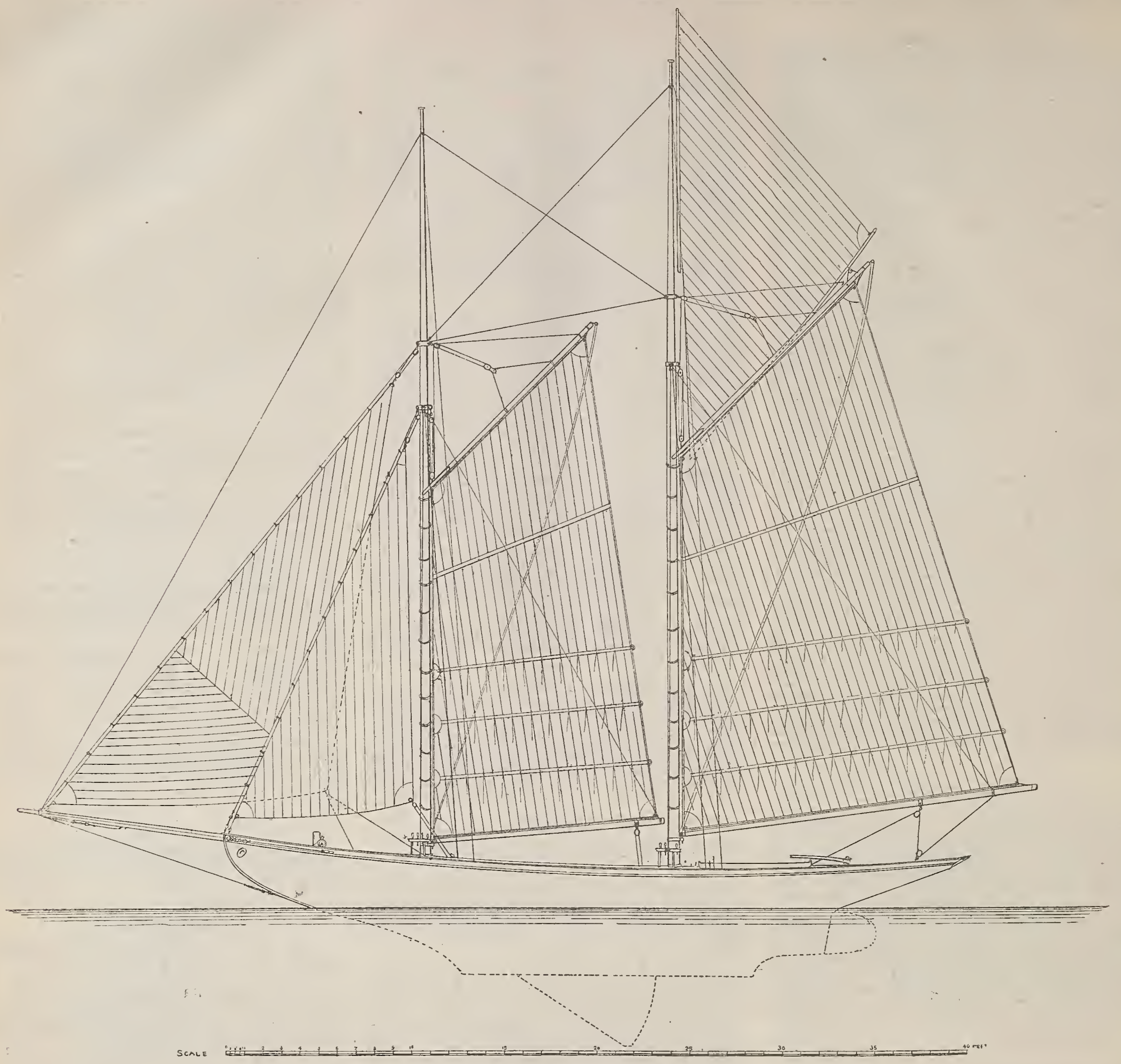
Buttons. Fawn Italian greyhound dog, by Eberhart Pug Kennels Cincinnati, O., to H. W. Browder, San Antonio, Tex.

Young Douglas. Pug dog, by Al. Eberhart, Cincinnati, O., to A. C. White, Brookville, Pa.

Tootsy. Apricot fawn pug bitch, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to J. M. White, Brookville, Pa.

"Forest and Stream" Fan Pedigree Blank.

FOR some time past breeders of dogs have demanded a pedigree form that would afford spaces for a more extended pedigree than those hitherto published. The difficulty has been in arranging a form that, while admitting the required extension, would be compact and not too large for mailing. This difficulty has been solved in the "FOREST AND STREAM Fan Pedigree Blank" which is so arranged that a dog's pedigree can be recorded for eight generations, and the spaces radiating from a center, the reader is enabled to trace at a glance the different strains which lead from sire and dam. Spaces are also provided for recording the name of dog, its breed, color, sex, breeder and address, dates of birth and purchase, from whom purchased, E. K. C. and A. K. C. Stud Book numbers and certification. These blanks are for sale at $2 per hundred, 30 cents per dozen, by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 318 Broadway, New York.



SAIL PLAN OF SCHOONER PILOT.

Yachting.

The account given by Capt. Diaper of the famous luffing match between Vigilant and Britannia accords exactly with the story we recently heard from a gentleman who was on board of the former. At the same time it completely refutes the silly and exaggerated stories cabled to this country at the time, of foul play on the part of Britannia in trying to force the American yacht ashore. What really happened was one of the boldest and most reckless luffing matches on record, Vigilant after several failures to pass to leeward, deliberately luffing in close under a rocky shore in order to get by her adversary; andthe latter, with even a greater draft of water, just as boldy following.

The conclusion of the interview, containing the charge that Mr. Gould had not yet discharged all of his obligations to Capt. Diaper, might well have been omitted in default of some corroborative evidence. It has since been denied by Mr. Gould and is most probably untrue. Precisely the same story was floating about the waterside a year ago concerning Lord Dunraven and his American pilot; but we did not consider it worthy of publication at the time, and would not give publicity to it now if we thought that any of our readers would believe it. If Capt. Diaper really made such a statement, it must be classed with the many groundless yarns that float about among sailormen and in nearly all cases are unworthy of publication or serious notice.

The Chances of a Challenge.

THE *Field* of Dec. 1 comments as follows on the reply of the committee to Lord Dunraven:

"The conditions which the New York committee have conceded to Lord Dunraven are most fair and satisfactory, and quite in accordance with the traditional elements necessary to make a fair fight. Whether the sailing length suggestion would have been of any advantage to the challenger, if adopted, is a very moot point.

"At any rate, it would be likely to leave the result of the contest very much to the chances of the weather, unless each side happened to choose the same length of waterline for a given rating. The committee's decision to allow the substitution of another yacht at the last moment is a most important concession. It is only in accordance with fairness and common sense that the challenger and the challenged should be governed by the same condition in this respect.

"The committee is rather on the fence on the question of holding the Cup under the deed, but we do not see that it matters much now what the new deed is like. The club has now interpreted the mutual arrangement clause in such a broad, liberal and sportsmanlike manner that the challenger will always be safely protected in the future as far as fair terms are concerned. Precedents are as good as written clauses.

"It can be taken for granted that nothing reliable will be made public about the form of the new challenger until the last moment. All the statements and rumors which have been current about dimensions and shape are as much nonsense as the rumor that Lord Dunraven and Mr. Watson disagreed whether they should have a fixed keel or centerplate. Lord Dunraven has been kept acquainted with the progress of the design, and he settled the dimensions on the receipt of the committee's letter.

"Lord Dunraven is staying at Adare, where he expects Mr. Watson to-morrow, with the drawings of the model. If the same be approved, he will order the building to be placed forthwith, and the challenge to be forwarded through the Royal Yacht Squadron."

The *Field* is in error as to the position of the committee. It is by no means "on the fence," but has come down to the only basis on which racing for the America's Cup can continue, that of an exact and definite understanding of the terms under which the trophy is now held by the New York Y. C. The phrase used by the *Field* very aptly applies to the evasion and compromise of 1892, based on the absurd interpretation of the mutual agreement clause, but the new committee has started in the right direction by sweeping away all the specious arguments which led to the Valkyrie-Vigilant races.

The easy-going way in which the *Field* accepts the new deed accords poorly with its fierce denunciations of a few years back. To any one who reads the new deed carefully, especially in the light of the precedent so persistently built up by the New York Y. C., that nothing save a challenge in due form can be recognized by the club as a basis for a mutual agreement, it will be plain that the "broad, liberal and sportsmanlike" interpretatation of the mutual agreement clause will not hold for a moment. The action of the New York Y. C. in accepting a challenge from Lord Dunraven in 1892 without the four dimensions was so irregular and contrary to the new deed as to furnish good grounds to any member of the club for objecting to the transfer of the Cup if won. The precedent then made was not only directly in the face of the plain wording of the new deed, but was opposed to long years of precedent, as repeatedly recorded in the minutes of the club.

The present attitude of the *Field* is identical with that of Lord Dunraven in 1892, so long as concessions are made on minor points, all question of principle will be waived.

From the latest reports from London, it is evident that there are still some British yachtsmen who are not so complaisant, and who have not yet forgotten the matter of the new deed and the manner of its adoption. Surprise is expressed that the New York Y. C. should have revived what was evidently a dead issue, but we have repeatedly pointed out that the complicated negotiations of 1892 were on a basis of mutual misunderstanding which absolutely precluded any final settlement of the international dispute over the new deed.

To us the reiteration of the cry of conditions of the Thistle-Volunteer and Valkyrie-Vigilant races is becoming very wearisome. Will British yachtsmen never understand that so far as the holding and challenging for the America's Cup are concerned, these conditions mean absolutely nothing; and further, that if Valkyrie had defeated Vigilant five times in succession, the America's Cup would not have been delivered to the Royal Yacht Squadron until that club had executed a legal paper distinctly binding it to hold the cup under the new deed of gift?

On Monday night a special meeting of the New York Y. C. was held to receive the report of the cup committee. Vice-Com. Brown presided, and the meeting was well attended, no less than twenty-five voting members being present. Sec'y Canfield read the report, embodying the letter to Lord Dunraven, already published. The report was adopted and a resolution was passed authorizing the same committee to continue in charge of further negotiations, and of the races, should a challenge be received.

On Tuesday a report was current that a challenge had been mailed from the Royal Yacht Squadron, but it lacked confirmation, and is probably without foundation.

We understand, on apparently reliable authority, that the Herreshoffs are all ready prepared to build, and that the new yacht will be a keel craft, of less extreme forward proportions than Vigilant, but with very hollow section and practically fin keel.

Pilot—A Small Racing Schooner.

THE yacht herewith illustrated was designed by Mr. Richard P. Joy, of Detroit, Mich., one of whose designs, the "double cat" Squinx, we have already had the pleasure of publishing (Nov. 4, 1893). While the general preference in so small a craft is for a single-stick rig, the schooner is in common use about the Massachusetts coast, and has not a few adherents. The light draft of the design is a decided advantage in many localities; and at the same time the yacht is evidently well suited for open and exposed waters. The dimensions of the Pilot are:

Length over all	40ft.	
l.w.l.	28ft.	
Overhang, aft	7ft.	
forward	5ft.	
Draft	3ft.	8in.
Least freeboard	2ft.	
Sheer, forward	2ft.	
aft		8in.
Displacement, fresh water	6½ tons.	
Lead keel	2½ tons.	
Lateral plane, without board	81.65	sq. ft.
with board	97	sq. ft.
Lower canvas	839	sq. ft.

The Pilot was designed for a cruiser and has comfortable accommodations for six people. She has proved herself a most seaworthy boat and a fast sailer in several cruises on the Lakes during the past summer. The hull is divided into five watertight compartments by four bulkheads, which greatly reduces the danger of sinking in case a hole is stove in the boat. Her hull is of solid construction, the keel, stem and sternpost being of oak. The frames also are of oak, steam-bent. The planking is double, of pine, inside ¼in., laid diagonally, outside ¾in.

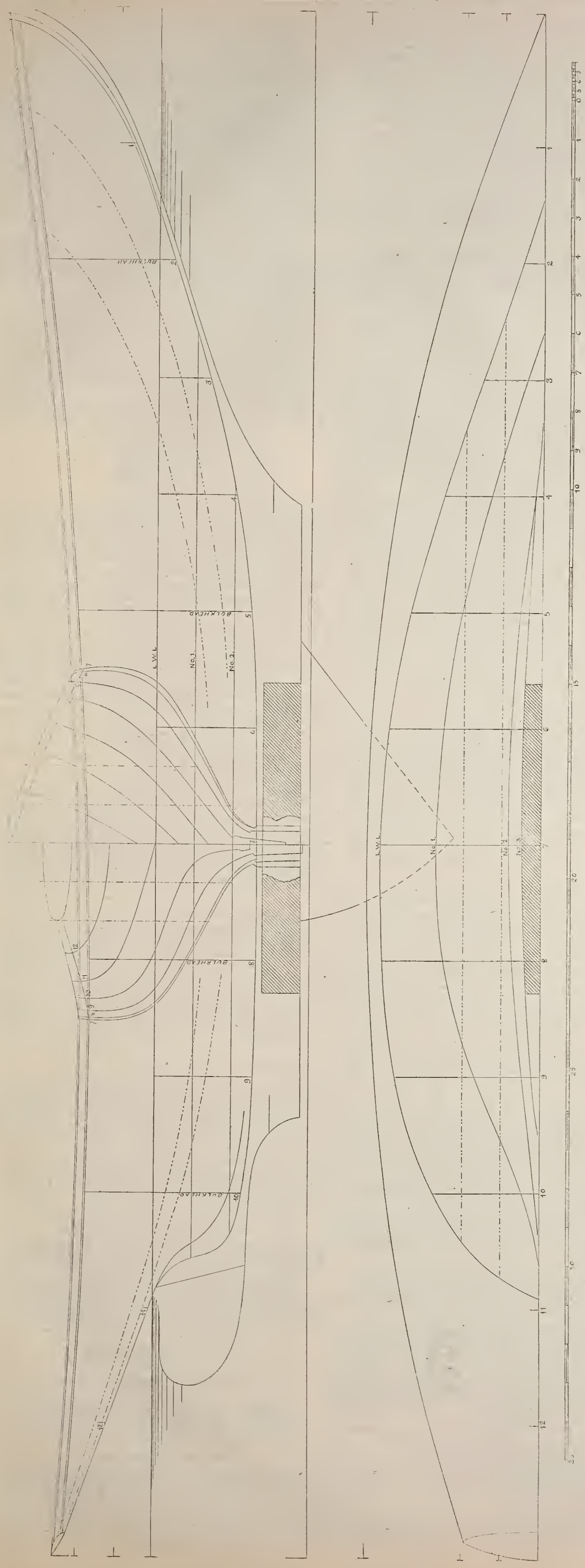
This type of boat is usually slow in stays, as evidenced by the behavior of Vigilant. To overcome this fault the deadwood has been cut away aft in Pilot and she is remarkably quick in coming about.

The center of effort is so figured that she is perfectly balanced without the foresail or with the foresail alone, which is a great convenience in case of a sudden squall, as she can immediately be brought under shortened canvas without reefing.

The yacht was built by the Detroit Boat Works, being launched on July 21 of this year, just two months from the time her keel was laid. The work of construction was very thoroughly done, and the yacht has proved satisfactory in every way.

The navigation class of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. will meet on Dec. 18 at the club house for a course of twelve or fifteen lectures, one a week, under Capt. Howard Patterson.

Marietta, steam yacht, H. B. Moore, has been sold to W. J. Arkell of New York.



"PILOT."—SCHOONER DESIGNED BY RICHARD P. JOY, ESQ., 1893.

'From Keel to Truck."

THE work to which the author, Capt. H. Paasch, has given this comprehensive title, though less known than it deserves in this country, has in the nine years that it has been before the maritime world become the standard marine dictionary of the English, French and German languages. The second edition, just published, is an enlargement and extension of the first, a quarto volume of 700 pages of text and plates, the revision including the latest developments of marine engineering. The book is a nautical dictionary and encyclopedia in three languages, English, French and German, arranged in three parallel columns. In the opening pages the ship or vessel is considered (1) as to material, wood, iron or steel, (2) as to type, (3) as to mode of propulsion and (4) as to rig. After the general subdivision of the subject resulting from the definitions in this chapter, each par-

READY FOR LAUNCHING—SCHOONER PILOT.

ticular branch is treated in detail, and at considerable length, first, the wooden ship, then the iron or steel ship, machinery, engine-tools and sundries, mechanical expressions, equipment, sundries and miscellaneous terms. Nearly 500 pages are devoted to the triple definitions, including every part and appurtenance of a vessel, as well as all the terms connected with navigation, shipping, marine insurance and the allied industries.

Capt. Paasch is qualified for the work he has so successfully carried out by a knowledge of the leading languages of the Continent and also by an experience of nearly fifty years, both at sea and as surveyor to Lloyd's Register for Belgium; so he has been able to avoid the errors of some writers, who, while familiar with a number of languages, lack the technical knowledge necessary to deal with such a complicated subject. Not only are the definitions complete and exact, but what is more difficult and important, the translations from one language to two others are free from the errors which so often accompany such work.

Following the definitions are tables of weights of material used in a vessel, and then the remainder of the volume is given up to the plates and accompanying descriptive. Beginning with the common wooden construction and continuing to composite, iron and steel, every detail of a vessel is illustrated and named. Excellent illustrations of

UNDER WAY—SCHOONER PILOT.

the various types of boilers, engines and screws are given, with details of all parts of the machinery. The details of the equipment, anchors, cables, boats, capstans, pumps and steering gear, are also fully illustrated. The different rigs of sailing and steam vessels and of small boats, from a five-masted barque down to a ship's pinnace, are explained by accurately drawn plates, with every sail and rope numbered for reference; and the numerous details of spars, blocks, cordage, etc., are also included. The utility of the work is materially increased by three separate indexes, one in each language.

If the good work of building up an American navy is to continue; and if, in the future, the work of creating an American merchant marine is to be begun, the most potent factor must be the realization by Americans, throughout the whole country as well as on the coast, of the general nature of the vessels of war, commerce and pleasure. To this end we wish that such a work as that of Capt. Paasch could be found in the public library or some educational institution of every town in the country; especially those where no other knowledge of ships and vessels can be had.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Margharita, steam yacht, has sailed from Southampton for the Mediterranean, her owner, Mr. A. J. Drexel, sailing for New York on the Paris. He will join the yacht by steamer at Gibraltar or Genoa.

Iroquois, schr., R. N. Ellis, has been sold through Ashton Lemoine to H. G. Rouse of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

Suit has been brought in the Supreme Court of New York by C. C. Clark, owner of Idlewild, schr., against Bayard Thayer, owner of Constellation, schr., for $25,000 damages for personal injuries and $2,750 damages to yacht. The two yachts were in collision as the fleet came into Newport on Aug. 4, 1892, on the New York cruise, Constellation, while racing, striking the smaller yacht and unshipping her main boom, which flew forward and struck Mr. Clark in the head.

The St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., of Clayton, N. Y., is now working with a full force of men, and reports a large number of orders. N. S. Bowdish has been engaged as superintendent of the manufacturing department, and the company will probably use the Bowdish Patent Compressed Seam in planking some of their boats and canoes. Among the new orders are a 21ft. cutter of modern type for Mr. F. S. Christy of Rochester, N. Y., and an improved "Scarecrow" of 18ft. l. w. l., both designed by Mr. W. P. Stephens; also a half-rater racing bulb fin for a member of an English yacht club.

New York Yacht Racing Association.

A MEETING of the New York Yacht Racing Association called for the purpose of hearing the report of the regatta committee on the annual regatta sailed on Labor Day last was held at O'Neill's Nov. 23. The meeting was largely attended, all the members of the Association with a few exceptions being present. In the absence of the president and vice-president, Mr. George E. Gartland was elected to preside, Mr. George Parkhill acting as secretary. Some routine business had been transacted, such as reports from the treasurer and secretary being read, a nominating committee consisting of Charles E. Simms, Jr., of the Columbia Y. C., Frank M. Randall of the Pavonia Y. C., and Wm. Ross, Jr., of the Tower Ridge Y. C. were appointed by the chair. They are to make nominations and submit them to the clubs, members of the Association, before Jan. 1, the annual meeting occurring on the first Wednesday in February.

The report of the regatta committee was then called for and Com. E. Langerfeld, the chairman of the committee, said that as the treasurer of the committee was absent, they were not in a position to give a full report. This created much unfavorable comment among the delegates present, and it was asked why the meeting had been called if the committee were not ready to report. By general request the report of the judges to the committee was then read. This seemed to be the only matter the committee had, not having prepared any written report whatever. The winners as announced were the following:

Class D.—Æolus, Com. R. R. McMurray, Staten Island A. C.
Class E.—Lottie, J. E Drew, Hudson River Y. C.
Class F.—Forsythe, Alexander Roe, Jersey City Y. C.
Class G.—Bessie, Com. Garrett Van Horne, Jersey City Y. C.
Class 1.—Polly, A. M. Potter, Yonkers C. Y. C.
Class 2.—Clara S., J. M. Stilger, J., Hudson River Y. C.
Class 3.—Zetus, J. A. Kipp, Harlem Y. C.
Class 4.—Mary, Wm. E Ellsworth, Bayonne Y. C.
Class 5.—Win or Lose, F. M. Randall, Pavonia Y. C.
Class 6.—Owl, A. Youmans, Yonkers C. Y. C.
Class 7.—Henry Dauer, O. A. Dougherty, Pavonia Y. C.
Class 8.—U and I. McGiehan and Woodruff, Greenville Y. C.
Class 9.—Frank, C D. McGiehan, Greenville Y. C.
Class 10.—Dead heat, between Cinch, F. W. Fabian, Bayonne Y. C., and Chip, E. J. Darvell, New Jersey A. C.

When they came to class 10 the chairman of the committee said that he did not know exactly what to say. The judges reported Chip, belonging to E. J. Darvell, and Cinch, the property of F. W. Fabian, to have made the same corrected time. The other members of the committee had left it for him to decide and he had decided it a dead heat. This decision was announced notwithstanding that both the owners had agreed to a remeasurement, and that such remeasurement was made by the treasurer of the Greenville Y. C. Such measurement showed a difference in the length of the respective boats, and proved one to have won the race. It seems to us that a committee composed of seven yachtsmen could certainly arrive at some conclusion, and it certainly does not speak well for the committee. Some years ago we had occasion to call the attention of the Association to the general mixing up caused where there are judges and an unwieldy regatta committee, and we thought the Association had profited by our advice, as for three years it has had an efficient regatta committee of three. It seems, however, that last year they went back in the same rut. In an association of this size it should not be a difficult matter to get an efficient committee together who would manage the regatta as it ought to be managed. Too many men as judges and on the committee are certain to do poor work. It is expected that at a future meeting of the Association some report may be submitted by the regatta committee. It was also said that the regatta committee might determine to refer the decision in class 10 for final action. The success of the Association to a great extent depends on the proper management of the annual regatta, and the results this year are not what they should be.

The Pilot's Story.

THE *Yachtsman* of Nov. 8 contains a long and interesting interview with "Tommy Dutch," or Capt. Thomas Diaper, late pilot of Navahoe and Vigilant. The experiences of over forty years' yacht racing make a story worth reading, but we can only quote that portion specially concerning the two American craft, as follows:

"Yes, I was appointed pilot of the Navahoe on the recommendation of Mr. Kersey, a friend of Lord Dunraven's, and I joined her immediately on her arrival at Cowes, and brought her up the Itchen. I had a very good time in her, and liked her owner, Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, very much indeed."

"Do you think everything was done that could be done for Navahoe to win?" "Of course, she had a very bad suit of sails—her canvas might as well have been upon a barge. I believe her to be as fast a vessel as the Vigilant if she was properly canvased."

"You don't mean by that to infer that Vigilant is not a fast boat?" "Oh, good gracious, no! I consider the Vigilant to be the fastest yacht that has ever been afloat, and I believe that, if I had the handling of that vessel, with an English crew, I could go and beat the Britannia or anything else in British waters."

"You were pilot of her as well as of Navahoe?" "Yes, I joined her on her arrival in the Clyde, and piloted her in every race in which she took part."

"Of course, then, you remember the celebrated race round the Isle of Wight, when you and Britannia are said to have bumped on the rocks between Shanklin and St. Catherine's?" "Yes, and we did hump, and no mistake. We had gone so close in to Shanklin Pier, that any of us could easily have jumped ashore. We were on a full reach, and there was no need to go in so close, but then Britannia and we were luffing each other I said to Hank Haff, 'Well, are we going to luff her on the shore?' A friend of Mr. Gould's forward—I forget his name*—heard this, and called out to Mr. Gould, 'Plenty more ships where this one was built.' He answered, 'Yes;' and then the friend said, 'What is it to be? Shall we take her through the Isle of Wight?' Mr. Gould rejoined, 'Let her rip.' Britannia then was on our port bow, our bowsprit end being on her weather quarter. I said to Mr. Gould, 'You will take all responsibility off me, sir?' And he replied, 'All right, Tommy.'"

"I suppose you knew it was far from being 'all right?'" "Yes, and I suppose he must have known it, too; but he was much excited, and was determined to pass the Britannia in some way or another. I went to the skipper and said, 'You have another man at the wheel with you, for I can tell you when you are going to strike, and you might have a chance of rushing off her lee quarter, but she (pointing to Britannia) will strike first.' The Prince of Wales' boat was just a little ahead of us, and those on board ought to have known the danger she was in, but, of course, all on board both vessels were nearly mad with excitement that day. I could see the rocks in the water just ahead of Britannia, and I said to Captain Hank Haff, 'Now, look out, she's going to strike!' And she struck first, as I had said, and she jumped over the rock as if she had been steeplechasing, and then the Vigilant did just the same. Both vessels jumped over into deep water, and then one of our men rushed below to see if she was making any water, and he called back and reported all safe. The two yachts then luffed, and luffed, and luffed, till they got nearly on the beach. Britannia struck a single rock and swung her head off, her bowsprit going under water, and then she slipped off again. Satanita passed her, but we got the lead. When we got nearly to the Needles, Mr. Gould's friend, to whom I have already referred, actually wanted the vessel to be sailed between the Needles and the cliff. He asked me if there was a passage there, saying 'it was wide enough,' and I replied, 'Yes, I've been through there.' He answered, 'Then we can go through?' I said, 'It was in a rowing boat.' He asked, 'How much water is there, Tommy?' I told him five feet, and then he scratched his head and seemed to think it was not enough. The attempt of course was not made, but it was a 'warm' time, I can assure you. We won the match, and run Britannia 8½ minutes from Alum Bay to Cowes Roads, and won the *Yachtsman* cup."

"Of course you remember the second time Vigilant 'bumped'?" "Yes, on the Saturday. It was a light, fair wind when we came out of Cowes Roads, and you would not dream that any man would have the centerboard down on such a time. When we got down a little distance I took the wheel, and steered as far as Hurst Castle. Presently Captain Haff took her from me, and soon afterward we were joined by Mr. Gould and General Knollys, the Prince of Wales's secretary. There was some difference of opinion as to whether the match should start to leeward or windward. I said to Mr. Gould, 'If you will listen to me, sir, this is just our point, going to windward.' And, after some conversation, it was agreed we should go, and he told the Prince's secretary we would start. I never knew all this time that the centerboard was down—I will swear to that."

"Was it down when you left Cowes?" "It appears they put it down as soon as we left Cowes, while they were messing about with the sails. As far as I know, the captain told the centerboard man to put it down, but he had never told me of it. When it was decided we should go out to race, we let draw, and set a course for the Needles to start, Britannia being ahead. Captain Haff asked me, 'We're going all right?' And I replied, 'As long as Britannia is to leeward you're all right, as she draws more water than you do.' We were on the weather quarter of Britannia, but all at once Vigilant bumped. I exclaimed to to the captain, 'Good God! what is that? Is the centerboard down?' He sad, 'Yes.' I replied, 'Why haven't you told me so? I'm the pilot aboard this ship, but I'm no good. I don't know when the board is down or up. I might just as well be out of the ship, and as soon as I get back to Cowes I'm going out of her.' The captain said, 'The centerboard is gone,' and sent his son below, and he came back and said he believed that was so. We made all clear and then got a rope over and swept the keel. It was finally decided the board was gone, and we signaled to the Prince of Wales accordingly. We bore up for Southampton, but when we got into the river we found that the centerboard was jambed in the keel. When this was put to rights we raced at Dartmouth and beat the Satanita, but we did not meet Britannia again, as she lost two men at Portland, and came back to Cowes, and we lost our centerboard when sailing up from Dartmouth to meet her in the contest for the Cape May cup, and had to abandon the race."

"Of course you have seen what some of the American papers have said about the English pilot of the Vigilant?" "Yes, I have; rather."

"And of course you see that it is insinuated the English pilot made the vessel come to grief?" "Yes."

"Well, what have you to say to that?" "You can tell the Yanks it's a lie." (Tommy used an adjective which I need not repeat.) "If they had listened to their English pilot they would have done much better than they did do with the Vigilant. I did my best all the time I was there; Mr. Gould knows that and admits it. For all or any of the mishaps I was in no way responsible. I knew some of them were going to happen, and they might have been easily prevented. The evening before the private match with the Prince of Wales Mr. Gould said to me, 'Tommy, if you win that prize to-morrow the money shall be yours.'"

"And you did win?" "Yes."

"Did you have the money?" "As soon as we got into Cowes he came and shook hand with me, and said, 'I congratulate you, Tommy; the money is yours!'"

"Have you got it?" "Well, I have not got it, but I hope to have it some day."

*Mr. Iselin

"Laying Up" at San Francisco.

LAST Sunday pretty much wound up the yachting season with the Corinthian boys at Belvedere, and many of the yachts were moved inside the bridge into Rasban's Lagoon.

The operation of raising the draw of the bridge to let them through was a Corinthian job as well, as that "draw" is a terror to flaccid muscles.

Under the superintendence of Frank Stone, assisted by about fifteen or twenty others, all bossing the job, heavy blocks and tackles were rigged to the uprights, and every available man and boy that came along was utilized and made to man the "fall" which was strung up along the bridge, and with a "heave, ho," and a surge the heavy draw was raised a few inches and then fell back. It was evident more muscle was required, and a conscription and draft was made on the yachts that gathered in a cluster waiting to get through. Their crews scrambled on to the bridge and laid hold of the "fall," and as some of the boys had good stern weight, it told; and after many "spells" and much shouting, the draw was up on end, and then commenced the scramble to get through.

Bob Gibson in the Magic and Will Brooks in the Witch were among the first, then came the big house boat Atlantis and she stuck fast in the draw. A miscalculation had evidently been made in her dimensions or in the width of the "draw." She was just about an inch too wide or the draw that much too narrow—whichever way it might be. For a full hour she blocked the way and all the tugging of several gasoline launches could not budge her; but finally some wise head discovered that, by cutting away a "batten" on the piles an inch or two could be gained, and it was done, when she started and moved slowly through, amid the cheers of the large crowd that had collected by this time. The big house boat being out of the way, the smaller ones in tow of launches hurried through and the smaller yachts in tow of their boats had a hard pull, as by this time the tide had turned ebb, and made hard work. However, all got through and the draw lowered to let the accumulated crowd cross the Rubicon.

It is a great pity that the bridge has not a turntable simplifying the passage of boats through. If such were the case, most of the yachts would remain in commission all winter, but as it is, the danger of lying outside renders it impossible, without great risk to the safety of the boats, as in a southeaster it kicks up a nasty sea; and the bottom being soft and the bolding ground poor, the probability of being plastered up on the beach and being filled with mud and water, is not a pleasant prospect.

The Lagoon presents quite an animated picture with the numerous yachts and house-boats at anchor.

What a jolly idea it would be for the Belvedere Land Company to get Von Schmidt at work in the lagoon—dredge the shores and carry his pipes over the marsh, convert it into solid land, then lay out villa lots along the shore fronting on the deepened water. What lots of boat houses would be built and boats rowed by ladies—in fact, it would be a miniature Venice. It will be a great mistake to fill up the lagoon. It would pay better if deepened, and its shores lined, as would be the case, with villas and cottages. A water frontage is ever popular, and in this case for rowing and sailing it would be greatly so and profitable.

The lagoon would be worth more twice or even ten times over as water than as land. Land is everywhere, water available for any such purpose is not to be found. Think of it, ye grasping owners of the land and water over there. There is money in it, and so, I say, that lagoon can be made the most attractive and profitable scheme yet struck. It would beat the Lurline Baths or any other water scheme to be devised.—*Old Yachtsman, in Field Sports, Nov. 3.*

London Sailing Club Model Competition.

WE have received from Mr. George Terrell, honorary secretary of the London Sailing Club, the following particulars of the model competition and exhibition to be held at the club house, Lower Mall, Hammersmith, from Feb. 19 to March 2, 1895. The competition is open to American yachtsmen:

The success of the popular 1 and 0.5 rating classes seems assured for next season, and the time may be said to have arrived for the club to repeat the experiment of former years, and to announce another exhibition of models. As, however, there is a strong probability that the rating rule will be altered, it is felt it would be better to defer such exhibition of class models for another season, as hardly any useful purpose will be served until the new rule has been passed.

The London Sailing Club has therefore decided to hold an exhibition and competition for half models and drawings of singlehanded cruisers.

By the term singlehanded cruiser is meant a craft not exceeding 30ft. over all, capable of being navigated singlehanded in open waters, such as the lower reaches of the Thames, and providing cabin accommodation for her crew.

Mr. Dixon Kemp has kindly consented to act as judge, and will award the prizes.

Following the precedent adopted in the former exhibitions held under the auspices of the club, for the purpose of equalizing the chances of amateur designers in competing with professionals, the finish of the models will not be calculated as an element of merit in awarding the prizes. For the protection of professional designers all models and designs entered for the exhibition will remain the property of the persons exhibiting them, and no one will be allowed under any circumstances to take any measurements, except the judge for the purpose of judging.

A member of the committee of the club will be present throughout the time the exhibition is open, to insure the strict observance of this restriction against taking measurements.

No exhibitor may in any way whatever disclose his identity either on his models, drawings, or particulars, until after the judging has taken place and the prizes been awarded, and no exhibitor will under any circumstances be awarded a prize in respect of any models or drawings on which his name or identity, except in the sealed envelope, is in any way disclosed.

Entry for the competition must be made by application in writing of the honorary secretary of the London Sailing Club, and on payment of an entrance fee of 5s. for each model proposed to be exhibited, a card for each proposed exhibit will be furnished containing the exhibitor's name and address. No application for entry will be received after Tuesday, Feb. 5, 1895.

The models packed in a box containing the drawings and measurements hereafter referred to, and also the entrance card inclosed in a sealed envelope marked "Entrance Card" must be delivered at the club house, Lower Mall, Hammersmith, on or before Friday, Feb. 15, 1895.

The honorary secretary will, on receipt of the boxes containing the models, mark in the order in which they are received a number on each model, drawing, and sealed envelope, for the purpose of identification. The sealed envelopes will not be opened until after the prizes have been awarded.

REQUIREMENTS.

1. A half model of hull of singlehanded cruiser not exceeding 30ft. over all, scale 1in.=1ft.
2. Sail plan showing center of effort, scale ¼in.=1ft.
3. Cabin plan, scale 1in.=1ft.
4. Section at fore bulkhead of cabin. Scale do.
5. Section at aft bulkhead of cabin. Scale do.

The following drawings and particulars may also be deposited with the model:

6. Sheer plan, scale 1in.=1ft.
7. Body plan. Scale do.
8. Half-breadth plan. Scale do.
9. Centers of buoyancy and lateral resistance to be marked on sheer plan.
10. Displacement.
11. Weight of proposed ballast inside and on keel.
12. Details of cabin fittings and rigging.
13. Material of centerboard (if any) and manner of working it.

All drawings intended for public exhibition must be on one sheet of paper, and it is requested that such sheet of paper be of a width that it can conveniently be hung underneath the model.

Owing to want of space to exhibit them, no rigged models can be accepted.

The drawings and particulars, Nos. 6 to 13 inclusive, are required by the judge to enable him to form a correct estimate of the models. Supplying them is, however, optional on the part of the competitors, but they must understand that the merits of a design may fail to be observed if a model, cabin, and sail plan, only are placed before the judge. A competitor may, however, inclose such drawings and particulars in a sealed envelope, and mark the same for the use of the judge only, in which event the drawings and particulars will be produced to the judge at the time of his making the award, and afterward sealed and returned by post to the competitor.

The order of merit will be ascertained by the award of points, and the following table will show the heads under which points will be awarded, and the maximum number respectively obtainable thereunder:

(*a*) Hull.....50 points.
(*b*) Sail plan, rigging and fittings.....25 points.
(*c*) Cabin and accommodation.....25 points.

The club will give a first prize of seven guineas to the boat scoring the highest number of points under the three heads, according to the judge's award.

A second prize of four guineas.

A third prize of one guinea.

And also such certificates of merit as the judge may award.

The committee of the club will take every possible care of the models and drawings of the exhibitors, but they undertake no legal liability whatever for any loss or damage.

The decision of the committee, except in the award of prizes, in all matters of dispute arising out of the competition and exhibition will be binding and final on all exhibitors.

The exhibition will be opened on Tuesday, Feb. 19, 1895, and remain open until and including Saturday, March 2, 1895, between the hours of 2 and 9:30 P. M., Sundays excepted.

Admission free.

Any further information desired will be furnished on application to the Honorary Secretary, London Sailing Club, Lower Mall, Hammersmith.

Canoeing.

THE incoming regatta committee of the American Canoe Association, taking office last month, is confronted with a most difficult and unsatisfactory task. By a vote of the executive committee, the regatta committee is instructed to devise and put in practice a system of handicapping which shall revive the waning interest in canoe racing; The difficulty of the task becomes apparent when we consider that no practicable system of handicapping has ever been found in canoeing; and that even in yachting, where handicaps have always been the custom, many serious disadvantages exist for which no remedy can be found.

The rather lengthy discussion which preceded the adoption of the resolution developed an unanimous opinion that something was necessary to revive the racing, and an opinion almost as ananimous that the only practicable remedy was a system of handicaps. When it came to the rather important question of detail, however, out of the many indefinite schemes suggested, not one was free from serious objections, and it may be said that in this respect the discussion was void of practicable results.

The only point definitely agreed on is one which is not likely to be of much aid to the committee—that the handicap should be arranged on the basis of time in starting, and not by calculations made after the finish in order to determine the winner.

The regatta committee has already commenced work on the programme and other arrangements for the races of the '95 meet, but at the outset it is at a loss as to any practicable means of carrying out the instructions of the executive committee. In order to obtain suggestions that may aid, we shall be glad to give space to letters from canoeists, and invite such a discussion of the question as may bring out detailed plans rather than crude and indefinite suggestions.

It is the racing men, old and new, who are to be benefitted by the work of the committee, and it is from them that any discussion must come.

IN the present condition of canoe racing, both in the clubs and at the meets, almost any change must be for the better, and an arbitrary handicap may well be tried for a season. At the same time we have no idea that however successfuly managed, it will bring back a fleet such as was seen even three years since; or that it will escape a great deal of unfavorable criticism. The establishing of handicaps and the placing of each man involves no small amount of responsibility on the members of the committee, and is likely to call down on them the criticisms of individuals who consider themselves unfairly treated, and of canoeists in general should the scheme fail of securing large fields of starters.

ONE panacea for all the ills of racing has been advocated for some years, the limitation of sail to a comparatively low figure. Should this be done, however, it is likely to lead to worse evils. For the first or second year, while the present craft raced with moderate rigs, the anticipated result might be realized; but it would not be long before some keen canoeist would build for the new conditions, putting under his rig of 100 or 125ft. a hull cut away in all directions. Whatever may be urged against a boat of good body, such as Wasp, Bee or Toltec, carrying 180ft. of sail; she would be a better craft than one o reduced freeboard and midship section, barely enough displacement to float her crew and rig, and standing up no better under 125ft. than the other under 180ft.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

We learn from the *Yachting World* that Mr. William Willard Howard has sent his canoe Yankee back to this country to have her forefoot cut off, and also that he may go into the half-rating class on the Solent next year in a boat of the Spruce type.

A correspondent writes to learn of a route for a canoe cruise from Dunkirk, N. Y., through lakes Ontario, Huron and Superior, and thence by the Ogoke and Albany rivers to James Bay, Ontario. Possibly some of our readers on the Lakes or in Ontario may be able to furnish information.

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: Mrs. H. Lansing Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, N. J., Nov. 27.—The Schlicht Rifle Club held its weekly gallery shoot for clahs medals as its headquarters last evening. Scores: Geo. Schlicht 241, Jacob Diehl 236, Geo. Dorr 232, Fred Krokatsch 231, Geo. J. Goehrig 214, Gus. Tribout 214, Jacob Schlicht 225, Geo. Reichert 225, Fred Lambrix 227, Conrad Schlicht 203, W. Schlicht 227, Geo. Lautenberg 222, Capt. S. Dedrick 228, Aug. Meyer 229, Wm. Last 202, Charley Meyer 204. Medal winners, Geo. Schlicht, champion medal; Jacob Diehl, first class medal; Fred Lambrix, second class medal; Capt. J. Dedrick, third class medal. F. LAMBRIX, Sec.

Dorrler and Busse Defeat Ross and Martin.

CYPRESS HILLS PARK, L. I., Nov. 29.—The two-men team match between M. Dorrler and R. Busse against F. C. Ross and I. Martin, 100 shots per man, was shot off on this range to-day. As was recorded in FOREST AND STREAM at the time, this match was the outgrowth of the champion match which was shot here on Election Day.

Messrs. Ross and Dorrler are conceded to be the two best shots in the East, if not in the country. Messrs. Busse and Martin are two good shots with a limited experience, each of whom has the proverbial "bee" in his bonnet. The insects in these particular bonnets have in the past made these worthy shooters somewhat restless as to their position in the ranks of our local marksmen, and the result is that the two have on several occasions had an inclination to reach out for some other shooter's fame and gelt. Their experience to date is much the same as that of shooters of longer service who have traveled the same path. If they have not succeeded in catching on to the fame and gelt, they are at least accumulating a fund of experience. In this instance Busse seems to have gained a lap on Martin.

Rifle shooting with the thermometer below the freezing point is not of such a warm nature as to keep one's circulation at fever heat, and as the weather conditions on the day of this match were of a frigid nature, the four competitors engaged in the contest were at times compelled to seek close relations with the red hot stove, which was glowing in its efforts to keep Jack Frost from gaining full possession of the shooting house. Messrs. Ross and Dorrler, upon whom the interest of the spectators assembled in the shooting house were principally centered, shoot in fairly good form. Ross's shooting was nearer to his average than Dorrler was to his. The latter, by his uneven scoring, shows that he is not the Dorrler of old. However, the old veteran has got a deal of shoot left in him yet.

Martin's shooting was a disappointment to himself, for in a practice match some days previous he was enabled to make an average of 21 in 100 shots. He was handicapped in the match by not using his palm rest, which was permissible under the rules.

At the finish of the first half of the match Dorrler and Busse were leading by 37 points. At the ninetieth shot they had increased their lead to 62 points. Seeing the impossibility of overcoming this lead Martin retired from the contest with the close of his ninth score.

The others finished their scores. Ross's average for the 100 shots was 21.8, Dorrler's 21.5, Busse 20.4, Martin (90 shots) 19.3. The conditions of the match called for 100 shots per man, Schuetzen Bund rules, stakes $50 a side, weather clear and cold, with light westerly winds. Scores:

M Dorrler	22	24	22	19	17	23	17	21	22	25	—212
	15	21	19	23	21	21	23	23	22	19	—207
	21	22	24	22	23	24	24	21	20	17	—218
	20	23	20	22	24	21	22	23	21	23	—219
	21	18	22	23	20	24	17	21	25	25	—216
	19	23	24	23	25	22	24	23	16	25	—224
	19	16	21	24	21	23	23	22	18	23	—210
	20	21	19	21	21	23	18	21	24	19	—207
	21	24	23	23	24	20	23	23	23	22	—225
	23	22	22	24	23	23	22	24	15	21	—219—2157
R Busse	10	21	17	19	17	20	20	20	23	14	—181
	23	18	20	17	17	19	20	19	25	21	—202
	18	17	21	15	22	24	17	18	23	23	—198
	25	25	19	20	20	23	17	20	24	20	—213
	21	21	24	22	21	23	21	22	22	20	—217
	20	24	18	18	22	15	24	19	22	23	—205
	21	23	25	20	23	21	21	24	23	21	—221
	18	22	19	25	14	24	24	11	17	15	—189
	13	24	20	20	22	22	24	19	19	21	—204
	22	22	20	18	25	25	18	24	22	22	—218—2018
F C Ross	24	22	23	24	22	21	21	22	21	18	—218
	22	22	25	20	20	17	23	23	25	26	—220
	20	22	21	23	21	19	16	24	24	25	—215
	23	21	23	21	25	22	18	23	20	23	—218
	23	21	25	25	23	19	15	21	24	24	—220
	21	23	18	21	24	22	23	23	22	21	—218
	23	25	23	24	23	24	20	24	20	19	—225
	24	24	23	20	21	20	20	22	20	20	—214
	20	22	24	23	21	24	20	17	22	24	—217
	25	23	22	23	22	22	22	22	19	20	—220—2185
J Martin	25	21	20	10	21	22	14	18	19	14	—184
	21	16	22	19	16	23	21	20	20	20	—201
	19	21	24	0	23	23	21	17	20	23	—191
	16	23	18	22	17	21	20	20	21	22	—200
	22	0	20	21	11	22	17	18	23	25	—179
	14	18	23	19	10	19	24	17	19	19	—182
	23	25	22	18	16	20	24	19	19	23	—209
	21	21	19	17	21	17	22	21	23	20	—202
	23	19	20	21	21	19	18	10	22	20	—193
	Retired.										

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—The attendance at the weekly gallery shoot of the Zettler Club last night was hardly up to the average. There was the usual quota of high scores made, however. In the competition for the champion medal for the best score on the first entry, Louis Flach came to the front with 246, beating Walter and Dorrler one point each. The best score of the night was also made by Flach, 248. Dorrler was second with 247, Holges, Walther and Engel tied with 246 each.

The competition for the best five scores developed a close race between Dorrler and Flach. Dorrler got the verdict by one point. Scores:

Champion medal: L. Flach 246, M. Dorrler 245, B. Walther 245, B. Zettler 243, H. Holges 243, F. C. Ross 241, C. G. Zettler 240, M. B. Engel 240, Gus Nowak 238, H. D. Muller 237, G. W. Downs 236, S. Buzzini 228, A. Klein 220, H. Munz 211.

Five best scores:

M Dorrler	245	247	245	247	247—1231
L Flach	246	245	245	247	248—1230
H Holges	243	245	245	243	246—1222
F C Ross	241	239	242	243	244—1209

Best 10 shot score: Louis Flach 248, B. Walther 246, M B. Engel 246, B. Zettler 243, Gus. Nowak 240, S. Buzzini 240, H. Munz 233, M. Dorrler 247, H. Holges 246, F. C. Ross 244, C. G. Zettler 240, H. D. Muller 239, G. W. Downs 236, A. Klein 228.

Greenville Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Nov. 30.—There was the usual gathering of the members in the club house this evening to participate in weekly competition for class prizes. The appended scores were made: First class—Rohidoux 239, Collins 239, C. Boag 233, J. Boag 241, Purkess 237, Scheeline 241. Second class—Agneau 233, Chase 226, Chavant 237, Spahn 232, Charlock 238. Third class—Hill 221, Holzapfel 224, Renker 216.

RIFLE NOTES.

There was a meeting of the delegates of the National Rifle Association (Schuetzen Bund) at headquarters, No. 12 St. Mark's place, on Friday night of last week. It was decided to celebrate the laying of the corner stone of the new shooting house in Glendale Park on Dec. 19. The delegates will assemble at the ferry house, East Thirty-fourth street, at 1:45 P. M. on that date, and take the train via Long Island Railroad to the park.

The Elite Schuetzen Corps, Captain Walters, joined the National Association at the last meeting, Nov. 30. The corps contains 100 members. Ignatz Martin is shooting master.

The Philadelphia Verein applied for admission to the Association with a membership of 25 shooters. What has become of the Philadelphia Verein? Surely it has gone into decline if 25 members constitute its present membership.

The New York Corps, Capt. Henry Offerman, will hold its bimonthly gallery practice on the Zettler ranges on Friday night of this week. Capt. Offerman's popularity was made prominent at the annual ball of the corps last week, when he was presented with a diamond stud whose luster would pale the glow of one of Edison's latest efforts.

While celebrating the Dorrler-Busse victory over Ross and Martin on Thursday night the men composing the two teams arranged for a return match to be shot off in the early spring.

W. C. Collins, of the Greenville group was put to sleep in the club house one night last week through the heated arguments of two cranks over the relative merits of patched and lubricated bullets. Collins says that as his memory faded there was some talk of leaving the decision of the matter to FOREST AND STREAM. We must protest against being made the "buffer" in this case else FOREST AND STREAM and its readers as will grow weary.

H. M. Spencer, of Dunmore, Pa., was a visitor to New York last week. He was an interested witness to the Dorrler-Busse and Ross-Martin match. Mr. Spencer's forte is the muzzle-loader, telescope and bench-rest combination.

The Excelsior Rifle Club of Jersey City will celebrate its seventh anniversary Dec. 12, by a match with the Essex Indians of Newark.

There is an undecided team match between members of the Independent New York Corps which dates way back to the Chicago Fair festival. We refer to the match made between Messrs. Walther, Krauss and Martin against Zimmerman, Busse and Pittschier. Our attention has been called to this ancient agreement and the suggestion made that these gentlemen come together in Glendale Park on Dec. 19 and decide the merits of the two teams.

Alexander Stein, of the Independent New York Corps, who became a Benedict in the early fall, returned last week from an extended tour through the South. On Friday night of last week Captain Weber marshalled the corps at headquarters, and headed by Boswald's band marched to Lieutenant Stein's residence, where he was given a rousing home greeting.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 12.—RIVERTON, Pa.—Riverton Gun Club versus New Utrecht Gun Club, 10 men team race.

Dec. 13.—MORRISTOWN, N. J.—Handicap at 15 live birds, $15 entrance, handicap 26-33yds, class shooting, $25 added to the two high guns.

Dec. 20-21.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Two days' shoot of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

1895.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Fifteenth annual New Year's Day tournament of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 15-17.—HAMILTON, Canada.—Hamilton Gun Club's annual tournament; $1,000 added money. J. W. Bowman, Sec'y.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added.

May 8-10.—WEIR CITY, Kas.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $200 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 30-31.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; added money announced later. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.

June 4-7.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 3-6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

Trap-Shooting Control.

FOREST AND STREAM'S editorial in last week's issue touching upon crookedness in trap-shooting hit the bullseye plumb center. Mr. J. T. Mascroft and "Old Reliable" voice correctly the sentiments of thousands of trap-shooters who love trap-shooting solely for the sport to be obtained from it and for the good-fellowship engendered at every tournament.

But if trap-shooting is to keep its popularity (and it unquestionably is popular now), its tournaments must be purified and the amateur must be protected. Dropping for place must be done away with, and the only way in which it can successfully be combatted is by organizing a National Association of Trap-Shooters. This association, with a membership comprising all the best known gun clubs and kindred organizations of the North, East, South and West, and with a judiciary board to adjudicate upon complaints and to discipline and punish crooked work at the traps, would without the slightest doubt prevent any recurrence of cases similar to that which is related by Mr. Mascroft. No honest trap-shooter is likely to object to such a scheme as that propounded by FOREST AND STREAM, although it may be looked upon with disfavor by men with a crooked tendency. Those are the men we are after!

Control of Trap-Shooting.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read your editorial in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM on "Crooked Trap-shooters." That some action should be taken to guard against crooked shooting is clearly apparent. Any observing man can see work of this nature at any of the tournaments given in this country from the larger meetings down to a cross-roads shoot. Pooling winnings, missing birds to drop for place, etc., etc., is now done so openly that trap-shooting is fast sinking to the level of crooked horse-racing. The plan you suggest is a good one, but there must be a national organization to make it operative. It will require a very persistent effort to form such an organization, but when once formed and with a board that will show no favors, the evil can be rooted out to a great extent.

I have received information that some of the Southern shooting clubs will during the coming season bar shooters of this class.

I shall be pleased to render you all the assistance in my power.

OLD RELIABLE.

SULTON, Mass., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read your editorial in regard to crookedness of trap shooters. You are advancing a scheme which I think is just right, and just what every good, true sportsman ought to endorse, and just what you will find nearly every amateur will back up. I know there are a few experts in every community who are shooting for what money they can get out of it, and many of them are always ready to drop their birds to get into a certain place to get one part of the money alone. We all know this is done, but when I see a shooter do this it makes me feel different toward him than I want to. I will relate a little instance that happened only last week: I was at a tournament and we were shooting a 25 bird race; the high scores were 25, 24, 22 and 21, and there were only two more men to shoot. One of them was as well able to get 24, or 25 as any one that had shot, but when he went out to shoot I heard a shooter say, "that man can get 24 or 25, but you will see that he wil get 23." He even went so far as to make a small bet that he would make 23 and sure enough he did so? When he came in he was asked why he missed those 2 birds; he said, 'There's no 23 is there?" I speak of this because I know it will drive the amateurs away from traps, unless it is stopped, now I shoot every chance I can get, and like to shoot as well as any man living, but when I see anything of this kind happen it spoils my fun; when I see a man go out and shoot just as well as he can and not look for a loophole to drop into, I cannot help thinking that he is worthy of the name sportsman.

J. T. MASCROFT.

Ashbourne Defeats Somerton.

ASHBOURNE, Pa., Nov. 26.—The following scores were made in a team race between the Ashbourne and Somerton gun clubs. The race was 12 men to a side, 25 targets per man. Scores:

Ashbourne.

R Hallowell	1001011111001010111111011	—17
H Wood	1100111111010010110101111	—17
E Boileau	0011101111111000101011110	—16
A Hallowell	1010100100110110101000001	—11
H Lockard	1100001101010100100100000	—10
D Yeakle	1100001111011111001011111	—17
J Rouse	0110101100010000100011001	—10
J Hallowell	1110110001011010000111101	—14
W Ellis	0011110110001000000000100	— 8
B Tomlinson	1010001111110010001100100	—13
W Hallowell	1101110101111101111111110	—19
J Peterman	0111111111111111111101101	—22—174

Somerton.

S Houpt	0001010101001000010000010	— 7
S Larue	1011100011101111011101110	—17
G Tomlinson	0011111101111001010101001	—15
G Wynkoop	1100001011000101000010111	—11
G McMullin	0000010010101001001000110	— 8
H Knight	0110011100000000010000100	— 7
D Ridge	1011100001011011010010001	—12
J Depue	0110000000001010000010000	— 6
J Johnson	1000010010010000100010011	— 8
C Tomlinson	0101010000100100100110000	— 8
R Vansant	0001111100000000000111001	— 8
M Vandegrift	1001101110011010101001111	—15—122

E.

Cut This Out!

WHILE attending the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament at Charleston, S. C., Manager Shaner handed us a small book with a stiff card back, size 3½×2in. As he handed them around we supposed they were literature of the Association. The title is: "Trap Shooting Rules adopted by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association." The rules are revised up to April, 1894, and are for both target and live birds.

Perhaps the best part of this little work is contained in the last 12 pages. It is headed: "Hints on how to organize a gun club." This is information that is often sought for, and the hints given are easily understood, easily followed and are all that are necessary. Three short paragraphs on page 31 are of special interest to FOREST AND STREAM as they bear upon a point intimately connected with its trap columns. They read as follows:

"Too much attention cannot be paid to the election of a good live man to fill the office of secretary: one who will send off scores and interesting reading matter promptly to the different sportsmen's papers.

"There is nothing that will 'boom' a gun club more than having scores made at open or practice shoots published in the sportsmen's papers.

"This will be the means of letting other sportsmen know you are in existence, and they will begin to pay attention to you."

The next paragraph warns correspondents against sending in false scores, and winds up with the following: "Above all, write plainly, *and only on one side of the paper.*" The advice is good and the italics are the author's own. The balance of the little work contains a constitution and by-laws which can be easily adapted to any organization.

These notes are not, neither are intended to be, any puff of the little book in question, which is merely part of the advertising matter of the Association. The paragraphs quoted, however, are worth the attention of the members of every gun club.

Send in your scores, together with notes on the same, but send them in promptly. News to be such should be fresh, not two weeks old. Don't forget to state the conditions of each event and the amount of entrance money. Write names legibly. FOREST AND STREAM'S compositors are experts at deciphering all styles of handwriting, but even they may make mistakes. When making carbon copies press hard, but always send FOREST AND STREAM the best copy. See that the totals correspond with the scores in detail; in fact, save the trap editor as much trouble as you can.

Secretaries of gun clubs! Cut this out and paste it in your hats.

The Morfey—Batsch Match.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Morfey referred in contemptuous terms to two or three $5 bettors from Newark, thereby intimating, of course, that $5 betters may be thrown down with impunity, but that those who wager large amounts must be protected. Then again he gets into a feeling humor and thinks a certain class are bitter against him because he is "English horn." All the English shooters with whom I have been in contact have been truthful, honest, fair-minded sportsmen. Previous to the above shoot I thought Mr. Morfey was honest and truthful. At one stage of the race I asked him if he intended to beat Batsch out by ten birds, and he replied that he did intend to do so, and had wagered $20 to that effect. On the strength of this, myself and another each wagered a small amount at evens, and as a matter of course, we lost. For the money I care nothing, but I am extremely sorry that a man who has achieved the success attained by Mr. Morfey should smirch his reputation by such crooked actions as those of which he was guilty at Elizabeth. I am heartily in accord with the spirit of the editorial in your last issue, and wish you God speed in your endeavor to purify the sport and weed out the crooked element.

C. M. HEDDEN.

The Audubons' Thanksgiving.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 1.—Thanksgiving Day was a cold day for shooting, but the Buffalo Audubons held their turkey shoot just the same. The nimrods began at 10 in the morning and pecked away at the bluerocks until 5 in the afternoon.

The turkey competition was held first. It resulted in many ties. These were decided by lot, and the loser had to be content with second prize in the class. The winners were as follows: Ties on 19 birds: P. G. Meyer 1, J. H. Ball 2. Ties on 18: P. G. Willett 1, C. S. Burkhardt 2. Ties on 17: L. Erb 1, J. P. Fisher 2. Ties on 16: H. T. Le Beau 1, E. Burkhardt 2. Ties on 15: W. Brennan 1, Jas. Franklin 2. Ties on 13: A. Coombs 1, A. C. Suckow 2. Ties on 12: E. H. Rounds 1, L. Fries 2. Booby prize, 1 bird killed: E. P. Reynolds. The scores made by each man were: L. W. Bennett 19, G. P. McArthur 14, J. P. Fisher 17, Dr. C. M. Daniels 4, A. Kobler 11, Dr. H. R. McMichael 10, H. D. Kirkover 17, P. J. Willett 18, E. Burkhardt 16, D. C. Sweet 7, C. S. Burkhardt 18, E. W. Smith 19, L. Erb 17, H. Erb 6, E. H. Rounds 12, A. C. Suckow 13, John Feist 11, A. C. Heineld 16, J. H. Ball 19, B. Talsma 19, A. Coombs 19, Dr. J. L. Smith 9, Dr. Poole drawn, J. J. O'Brien 9, B. C. Gifford 8, H. T. Le Beau 19, P. J. Meyers 19, P. Heinz 5, L. Fries 12, J. A. Dingens 9, J. Franklin 15, W. Brennan 15, E. P. Reynolds 1.

After the turkey shoot a badge shoot for classes A, B and C at 25 bluerocks was held. Class A is composed of the experts, class B of the medium shots and class C is made up of members who have not yet made a record. In each of these classes a gold badge is put up for the man making the highest score at any of the scheduled shoots. The medal, however, must be won five times before becoming the permanent property of the winner. J. P. Fisher was the lucky one in class A. He has now captured the trophy three times. In class B J. H. Ball triumphed by killing 19 birds. This is the first time that he has landed at the top of the heap. Ald. Franklin was the successful one in the class C competition, and will wear the trophy till the next shoot, which will take place Dec. 15. In Franklin's class were A. Coombs, who has won the medal three times, and John J. O'Brien and C. S. Berkhardt, each of whom have scored twice.

The scores made by each man in the classes were:

Class A.—J. P. Fisher 15, A. O. Heinold w., E. W. Smith w.

Class B.—J. H. Ball 21, H. D. Kirkover 19, Dr. C. W. Daniels 12, E. H. Rounds 11, A. Kohler 6, A. C. Suckow 15, H. T. L. Beau 15, S. B. Duly 19, G. P. McArthur 12.

Class C.—J. Franklin 15, A. Coombs 10, D. C. Sweet 6, J. J. O'Brien 11, E. Burkhardt 10, B. J. Willett 12.

H. J. BALLIETT.

Live Birds in Jersey.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Thanksgiving Day.—The following scores were made at Frank Class's grounds:

Match, Timmons vs. Young, 25 live birds, $25 a side, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary:

Jas Timmons (Morristown)	2110021221121211011201111—21
Robt Young (Mendham)	0202112200000101211222000—14

Sweepstakes, $5 entry, 5 live birds, 3 moneys each:

	No. 1	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
R Young	10100—2	22110—4	21001—3	00002—1
J Timmons	11210—4	12112—5	12010—3	20201—3
H Nesbitt	11002—3	00011—2	11010—3	10002—2
H Day	01021—3	12001—3	11201—4	01211—4
J Van Arsdale	20121—4	20120—3	11002—3	22100—3
F Class	21111—5	22111—5	.....	.....
S Connott	22011—4	22021—4	10021—3	.....
H Connott	10001—2	10001—2	00120—2	.....
Smith	.....	.....	.....	11210—4

Newark.

ERB'S GROUNDS, Thanksgiving Day.—The following scores were made at these grounds on the above date:

Jersey sweeps, 4 birds, $3 entry:

	No. 2.	No. 3	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Castle	1111—4	1111—4	1122—4	1111—4	1211—4	1100—2
Rudden	0010—1	0100—1	....	....	....	....
Dustin	2112—4	1110—3	1111—4	2101—3	2111—4	1100—2
J Young	....	2111—4	2112—4	2011—3	2022—3	2211—4
Hollis	....	0121—3	2220—3	2112—4	0122—3	1112—4
Erb	1110—3	....	....	....	....	....
Hedden	0111—3	....	....	....	....	....
Hendry	....	....	0100—1	1001—2	1001—2	....
G Raynor	....	....	2220—3	0100—1	0111—3	....

No. 1, 5 birds, $5 each:

		Tie.			Tie.
Castle	01211—4	1	Rudden	02212—4	0

Earle's Halfway House.

LINDEN ROAD, Nov. 28.—Some members of the Midway Plaisance Gun Club had an outing at Earle's Halfway House on the above date. As the wind was blowing a gale and as the birds were of the best kind possible, the scores were good under the circumstances. Scores:

No. 1, 25 live birds, $25 a side:

Astfalk	0022101121021201122102012—18		
Earle	1120200212120120211012011—18		
Ties:			
Astfalk	10022—3	Earle	12202—4

Match, Mulford vs. Updegraff, $10 birds, for 10 a side, Mulford allowing Updegraff 4 dead birds:

Mulford	1110122—6	Updegraff	1111000w.

Match, Mulford vs. Earle, 5 live birds, $5 a side:

Earle	20212—4	Mulford	00221—3

Sweep, 10 live birds, entrance $10, one money:

Mulford	1211011210—8	Astfalk	1201011202—7
Earle	0011010021—5		

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Mr. George H. Spear, proprietor of the Oxnard Hotel, at Norfolk, Neb., writes under date of Nov. 27 the following in regard to a tournament at live birds and targets to be held in his city shortly: "On Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27 and 28, there will be held in this city a shooting tournament by Chas. R. McCord and Geo. H. Spear, proprietors of above hotel. The targets will consist of over 1,500 live birds and plenty of inanimates. There will be $250 in cash prizes and $250 in merchandise prizes extra; the medal for the northwestern Nebraska championship will also be shot for. We have one of the best shooting grounds in the State, and are, as a city, geographically located so as to be very easily reached from all directions, being on the F. E. & M. V. R. R., D., St. P., M. & O., and Union Pacific railroads, with good train service; have a population of 5,500 people with three first-class hotels, thus giving ample accommodations for all who attend. A copy of our programme will be mailed you as soon as same are printed. Address all communications to Geo. H. Spears."

Louis Duryea is back from a three weeks' hunt in Wisconsin, and looks as if his deer hunting has done him no harm. Mr. Duryea is a member of the Turtle Lake Club, an organization with a limited membership, which controls one of the best game and fishing districts in the United States. The bag of the party of eight was 45 deer in 20 days.

R. A. Welch and T. S. Dando shoot for the Riverton Plate at Riverton, N. J., on Thursday, Dec. 6. If Welch beats his opponent, George Work will have the next call.

Gun clubs in New Jersey which are not yet affiliated with the organization known as the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League should lose no time in joining that association, which has already done a lot of work in the way of booming trap-shooting in the land of the mosquito. The initiation fees, etc., are merely nominal, and anybody who writes for further information will receive a prompt reply. The secretary of the League is Mr. W. R. Hobart, 246 Mount Pleasant avenue, Newark, N. J. The fourth season commences Jan. 1, 1895.

The Newark City Handicap, under the auspices of the Newark Gun Club, a mention of which was made in the issue of Forest and Stream for Nov. 24, will take place on Jan 24; handicaps vary from 26 to 33yds All other conditions are precisely similar to those which governed the Empire City handicap of the Emerald Gun Club. Entries accompanied by $3 forfeit should be sent to W. H. Green, 629 John street, Kearney, N. J., or 559 Broad street, Newark, N. J.

The Central Gun Club, of Harrison, N. J., held a shoot at 12 live birds per man on Thanksgiving Day; the prize was a hunting suit. Coyle, Roche and Fullager were high with 9 each; they will shoot off their tie on a date not named as yet.

"Dutchy" Smith has something to say about hogs. Read the following: "Plainfield, N. J., Dec. 1, 1894.—A live bird shoot for two 300lbs. corn-fed Chester white hogs will take place at the Climax Gun Club grounds at Fanwood, N. J., on Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1894, commencing at 1 o'clock sharp. There will also be sweepstake shooting before and after the main event. Conditions are 10 live birds each man, $7 entrance including birds. It will take ten entries to pay for the hogs; all over ten entries the money will be divided into two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent. The high man to take his choice of hogs, the second man gets the other hog, third man 60 per cent., fourth man 40 per cent. The winners of the hogs can leave their address at Benner's Hotel, adjoining the grounds, and he will dress and ship them free of charge. The birds will be furnished by your humble servant, and they will be 'goot enof fur enny boty.' No outside shooting allowed. Refreshments and loaded shells on the grounds.—Charles Smith ('Dutchy')."

Notice to secretaries of gun clubs: If your club is contemplating holding any important tournament next season, get it to fix upon a date and send a note of same to Forest and Stream.

Central New York trap shooters are securing dates for next year's shoots. The West End Gun Club, of Albany, N. Y., claim Feb. 22; the Canajoharie Gun Club, of Canajoharie, N. Y., will hold their shoot on Decoration Day, May 30.

Dr. Carver celebrated Thanksgiving Day by shooting a race for $500 a side (it is said), and won it by the score of 92 to 69. The race was a peculiar one, the Doctor shooting against ten opponents, who each shot at 10 birds, while Carver shot at 100. The ten were members of the Chicago Board of Trade and included Messrs. Cummings, Schwartz, Clark, Dupee, Hunter and Edwards.

In the final shoot of the Central New York Trap-Shooters' Association held on Nov. 27, Rochester won the series, and thereby claims the large silver trophy which was the prize for the team races which have been such a feature of the Association's contests this year. S. Glover, of Rochester, also won the individual championship of the League at targets.

The Rod and Gun Club of Canandaigua, N. Y., are considering plans and specifications with a view to commencing shortly the erection of a club house.

The first race between teams of the New Utrecht and Riverton Gun clubs will take place on Dec. 12 at Riverton, Pa. The conditions are teams of 10 men, 15 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, Riverton Gun Club rules to govern. Both clubs can get together hot teams, so that a good contest should be the result.

On Wednesday of this week (Dec. 5) the first contest for the President's cup takes place at the Carteret Club's grounds, Bergen Point, N. J.

Teams consisting of members of the Larchmont and Country clubs will shoot a match at an early date. Capt. Money will captain the Larchmont team.

The joint match of the series of three between W. G. Clark, of Altoona, Pa., and T. W. Morfey of Paterson, N. J., will be shot on Monday, Dec. 17 at the baseball park, Altoona. Open sweepstake shooting will commence early, the match being set for 2 P. M. Worden Bros. of Harrisburg, Pa., will supply the birds, which is a guarantee that they will be of good quality and that there will be plenty on hand for all requirements.

The Hamilton, Ont. Canada, shoot on Jan. 15, 16 and 17, '95, will be attended by quite a large delegation of shooters from the East. Among those who will almost certainly be on hand on the morning of Jan. 15, are Capt. Money, M. F. Lindsley, W. Fred Quimby, T. H. Keller, J. L. Brewer, F. Van Dyke, T. W. Morfey, etc. etc. Jim Elliott will also be there according to his present calculations. The Hamiltonians will have no reason to kick at a lack of interest on the part of New York and New Jersey.

The letter on "Control in Trapshooting" signed "Old Reliable" is written by one who is well and favorably known in trapshooting circles. His sentiments will strike a responsive chord in the breast of every straight out trapshooter.

Although the Grand American Handicap of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association is yet four months off, the interest now shown in it proves conclusively that it is *the* live bird event of the season.

The Invitation cup, value $150, now on view in the store of Von Lengerke & Detmold, 8 Murray street, will be competed for on the grounds of the Flushing Shooting Club, under the following conditions: 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, handicap rise, open to members of the Carteret, Westminster Kennel, Riverton, Larchmont, South Side and Country clubs; 60 per cent. of purse goes to high gun, 30 per cent. to second high gun. Cup to be won three times before becoming the property of any shooter. The second contest is set for Saturday, Dec. 22, entries closing on Dec. 18. The third contest will be on Saturday, Jan. 5, entries closing on Jan. 1. All entries to be sent to Wm. T. Wilcox, secretary, Flushing, L. I., the cup being donated by the Flushing (L. I.) Shooting Club. Shooting commences each day at 10:30. To get to the grounds of the club take the 8:40 train from Long Island City for Muncy Hill station, where stages meet the train and convey the shooters direct to the grounds; the next train for Muncy Hill does not leave Long Island City until 10.

A live bird shoot will be held on Friday, Dec. 7, at Charlie Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N. J.; first and second prizes are two black bear cubs.

Edward Banks.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Death at the Trap.

The sad fatality which occurred on Thanksgiving Day at a shoot held by the East Side Rod and Gun Club of New Brunswick, N. J., is only one more proof of the care that should be exercised by everybody who is carrying a loaded gun.

As well as can be ascertained the facts are very simple: Henry J. McCauley was standing at No. 3 trap, the end trap on this occasion, as the club was only using three traps. The man at No. 2 had just shot and was walking toward No. 3 when the gun in the hands of McCauley was prematurely discharged, while the muzzle of that weapon was pointing toward the rear. That the gun was pointed in this direction is proved by the melancholy fact that William Griggs, George Holzwarth and William Hooker received the contents of the shell or shells. They were standing some 30 or 40ft. from McCauley, and behind the man at No. 1 score

Griggs, who got the main body of the charge of shot in his head, has since died of his injuries, while one at least of the others will lose the sight of his right eye. Some accounts of the affair state that two shells were in the chambers of the gun, but the most authoritative statement is that but one shell was in the gun at the time of the accident.

Without wishing to add anything that would increase the load of sorrow now borne by McCauley, Forest and Stream cannot help drawing attention to the fact that he was evidently doing something that was fraught with danger to the bystanders, *i.e.*, loading his gun while the muzzle was pointing toward a human being.

The fact that the shell exploded while the gun was being closed, without the trigger being pulled or without even the hammers having fallen upon the plungers, is hardly a mitigating circumstance. No person can attend a single tournament without witnessing an instance of the reckless handling of a gun. Most clubs have by-laws inflicting fines for such carelessness, but by-laws of that nature are very seldom enforced.

In the case of hammer guns, the premature explosion of shells while the breech is being closed is by no means rare. The fault seems to lie in the plungers, as accidents occur alike with shells fresh from the factory as well as with re-loaded shells; of course they are more liable to occur when the primer is not properly pushed home, as is often the case with shells that have been reloaded.

Whether McCauley was using reloaded shells does not appear, but it is morally certain that the primer was struck forcibly by the plunger, which had not gone up into the breech block, while he was in the act of snapping his gun together.

In talking about the accident the other day, Capt. A.W. Money said that such premature explosions were liable to occur at any time with hammer guns of any make, where the barrels were snapped down toward the breech, instead of the breech being brought up toward the barrels in the act of closing the gun.

Westminster Kennel Club's Scores.

Babylon, L. I., Thanksgiving Day.—It has been the custom of the members of the Westminster Kennel Club to hold a live bird shoot at the club's grounds, Babylon, L. I., every Thanksgiving Day for the past ten years. There were but six shooters on this occasion who faced the traps, their names being Fred. Hoey, Capt. A. W. Money, C. M. Chapin, J. P. "Palmer," G. de Forest Grant and B. H. Kittredge. Among the other members present at the reunion were J. G. K. Duer, J. F. Lawrence, Joseph P. Knapp, W. R. Knapp, Joseph Larocque, Jr., W. T. Jerome, C. Haswell, John Snedicor, Charles Coster, H. I. Nicholas and C. Haswell. A special train was chartered to carry the members to their destination, the trip being made in 55 minutes. The weather was very cold, but otherwise the conditions were favorable for live bird shooting. As is usual here, the birds were a strong fast lot that, aided by a stiff breeze, kept the scores down. In the third, fourth and fifth events, Kittredge dropped no less than 28 straight, 13 in No. 3, 5 in No. 4 and 10 in No. 5. Palmer started off well killing 17 straight. Fred. Hoey being close behind him with 16 before he missed a bird. Scores:

Matches at 3 birds, $5 entrance, then miss and out, handicap allowances:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
J H Palmer (29)	12222222—8	2222211—7
Fred Hoey (30)	22221122—8	2111212—7
C M Chapin (26)	21121210—7	21011 —4
Capt Money (30)	2120 —3	2112210—6
B H Kittredge (27)	220 —2	2220 —3
C deF Grant (28)	0 —0	00 —0

No. 3, 7 live birds, $5 entrance, handicap allowances—28yds. men one miss as a "no bird," 27yds and under, one miss as a "dead bird."

Chapin (26)	22•20 —4	Money (30)	2122121222220—12
Grant (28)	2•22200 —4	Hoey (30)	20 — 1
Palmer (29)	127 —2	Kitteredge (27)	2222212111222—12

No. 4, miss and out, handicap rise, No. 6, same:

	No. 4.	No. 6		No. 4.	No. 6.
Chapin (26)	0 —0	1120 —3	Hoey (30)	22220—4	20 —1
Palmer (29)	22212—5	220 —2	Kittredge (27)	22221—5	2220 —3
Money (30)	1220 —3	11222—5	Grant (28)		22220—4

No. 5. 10 live birds, handicap allowances, same as in No. 3:

Hoey (30)	2222020 — 5	Chapiu (25)	0102100 — 3
Grant (28)	20222220 — 6	Money (30)	122002212 — 7
Palmer (29)	202122222 — 8	Kittredge (27)	1221222222—10

The other events were shot with the following results: No. 7, $5 miss and out, was won by Fred Hoey with 6 straight. No. 8, a 3 bird race, $5 entrance, was divided between Capt. Money and Palmer. No. 9, a miss and out similar to No. 7, was won by Hoey with another score of 6 straight.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J.—Below you will find scores made at our Thanksgiving Day shoot. The low scores made are traceable to the Lehigh soft-coal burners, C. H. Coe and Larry; result, headache for all on the grounds.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance 50 cents: Richmond 9, Huck 10, Collins 6, Coe 2.

No. 2, same: Richmond 9, Huck 8, Collins 8, James 6, Frank 6, Larry 1, Paul 9.

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance 74 cents: Huck 14, Paul 7, Richmond 12, Campbell 8, Coe 11, Jeanerette 7, Hutchinson 5.

No. 5, same: Huck 10, Richmond 10, Frank 10, James 12, Collins 13, Larry 1, Jones 3.

No. 6, 20 targets, unknown angles, entrance 80 cents: Huck 16, Frank 14, Collins 12, Paul 14, Coe 11, Richmond 17, De Wolf 9, Jeannerette 12.

No. 7: Richmond 16, Collins 18, Paul 17, Huck 16, James 14, Frank 14, Coe 12, Jeannerette 12.

No. 8: Huck 17, Richmond 17, Jeannerette 13, Coe 15, Collins 11, De Wolf 12, Paul 11.

Match, 7 live, birds, $5: Paul 6, Campbell 3.

No. 1, 5 live birds, $3: Richmond 4, Paul 3, Coe 0, Collins 1, Huck 3, Campbell 1, Hutchinson 2, Collins 5, Jones 2, James 3.

No. 3, 5 live birds: Jones 4, Collins 5, James 5.

Dec. 1. The following scores were made at the regular monthly shoot held this afternoon. The small attendance was undoubtedly due to the bad weather.

Club race, 25 empires per man;

Huck	1111111111111111110011111—23
Paul	1111111111111111111001011—22
Lemon	0010110001001011010000001— 9
Frank	0110001111101000111001001—13
Jeannerette	0111100101000021100101000—11

A few sweeps followed. W. H. Huck, Sec'y

Live Birds at Flushing.

Flushing, L. I., Nov. 30.—The Flushing Shooting Club's initial shoot of the season took place yesterday, Thanksgiving Day. In the club race at 10 live birds Hand and Dresser tied with 9 each; on the shoot off, miss and out, Hand won the first round. The birds were a strong lot of flyers. Scores:

No. 1, club sweep, 10 live birds:

C Hand, 27	2102112211—9	D LeRoy Dresser, 25	2102212211—9
R Jacob, 25	1202001110—6	J T Richards, 27	0001102121—6
J D Willis, 26	2110202210—7	J Baker, 27	2200211222—8
L E Embree, 25	0112000112—6	W Lawrence, 27	0000022112—5

Nos. 2, 3, and 4 at 5 live birds:

	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 5.
W M Lawrence, 26	02102—3	10220—3	10220—3
M Sandford, 27	00020—2	.....	.....
L E Embree, 25	02120—3	.....	.....
E Clark, 25	21221—5	20100—2	.....
T Rowe, 23	02210—3	02021—3	00000—0
J Baker, 27	01023—3	22212—5	12220—4
D LeRoy Dresser, 25	21220—4	.....	.....
J T Richards, 27	01220—3	00121—3	01101—3

Dec 1.—This afternoon, although a regular fixture of the club, the heavy rain, and the fact that Thanksgiving day was but two days past, had the effect of cutting down the attendance of members to low water mark. Messrs. Rowe and Mickle being the only ones who braved the elements. Mr. Sandford, a member of the Elkridge Hunt Club of Baltimore, was also present and shot along, as the following scores show: No. 1, 5 live bird; No. 6, 6 live birds:

	No. 5.	No. 6.		No. 5.	No. 6.
T Rowe, 23	21222—5	212022—5	G B Mickle, 25	.....	130220—4
Sandford, 28	12220—4	222022—5			

Wm. T. Wilcox, Sec.

Rye Gun Club.

Rye, N. Y., Nov. 30.—A very pleasant day and a large attendance of shooters and spectators made the Thanksgiving Day shoot of this club a successful affair. The birds were an unusually strong lot and hard to kill, making the shooters do quick work to score. The 5 bird scores were remarkably clean considering the high-class birds, the gentlemen from the Emerald Gun Club, of New York city—Messrs. "Schorty" and "Scott"—making the highest scores of the shoot. The numerous ciphers which appear in the scores of the target events would denote that "sumthin" was the matter with the boys; the unknown trap and angle rule was the probable cause of their downfall. The scores made in the several events were as follows:

No. 10 targets, expert rules:

F Field	0010001101—3	E Doyle	0000001010—2
P Hodgins	0011000110—4	W C Lyon	0001000000—1

No. 2. same:

J A Budd	1001010000—3	D Budd	1110000001—4
H Billington	0100000110—3	E J Pope	0111100000—4
J S Gedney	0010100000—2	P Hodgins	1111101100—7
F Field	0010110000—4	J Anthers	0000000110—2
J Billington	0000100001—2		

	No. 3, same.	No. 4, same.
J Anthers	0111111100—7	.....
H Billington	0100010101—4	.....
J S Gedney	0111001111—7	0000001111—4
D Budd	0000010001—2	1110110010—6
L E Gamm	0000110000—2	1101111100—7
E J Pope	1000010101—4	1101010100—5
J Budd	0011001110—5	1110111001—7
B F Gedney	0001000110—3	0000010101—3
F Field	0000001001—2	0111001100—5
P Hodgins	1000101110—5	0101010100—4
"Goodfellow"	1110011000—5	0111100010—5

Live bird scores were as follows:

	No. 1, 5 live birds.	No. 2, same.	No. 3, same.	No. 4, same.
W Purdy	02102—3	.....	.....	.....
"Friend"	00202—2	.....	.....	.....
"Schorty"	11220—4	21012—4	21120—4	. . .
F "Scott"	21202—4	21221—5	21121—5	.....
J A Budd		02212—4	20112—2	.....
W Hill		12200—3	20010—2	.....
E J Pope		22012—4	.....	.....
S H Graham		.....	02210—3	.....
"Goodfellow"		.....	21000—2	00211—3
M Jones		.....	20102—3	.....
P Hodgkins		.....	21101—4	00210—2
W Atchley		.....	00021—2	.....
D Budd		.....	02120—3	.....
T H Bell		.....	02221—4	20102—3
J Gedney		.....	.....	02200—2
S E Gamm		.....	.....	20212—4
W Allen		.....	.....	00021—2

No. 5, 3 live birds: J. A. Budd 3, H. Billington 3. E. J. Pope 2, F. Field 2, L. E. Gamm 1, W. Lyon 0.

E. J. Pope, Sec'y.

Irwin Beats Bogardus.

Springfield, Ill., Nov. 30.—During the past two weeks it has been advertised rather extensively that on Thanksgiving Day there would be shooting all day at the ball park, live birds and Peoria targets to be used, and that at 2 P. M. the old champion A. H. Bogardus and W. "Tramp" Irwin, now of Peoria, would shoot a match at fifty live pigeons, Bogardus rules, that is, gun below elbow, use of one barrel, bird must fall outside a 10yds. circle drawn around the trap.

Mr. Irwin was on hand with his blackbirds and the Captain had plenty of pigeons, but such a morning would cause all but the trap-shooting crank to remain at home. Ground covered with sleet which melted as it got warm enough to rain. A few sweeps were shot and then the match came off as per advertisement. The champion took pride in showing the fine old blue birds he had selected, and well he might, as they were "corkers," with the exception of a few at the last end of the string. The Captain has shot quite a number of these races but this was the first one for the Tramp, hence Bogardus was cool and not afraid to let them get over the "dead line," but Irwin got off on his third bird and dropped it about a foot inside the line, and though very dead was scored lost. The Captain had one on the line also, but it was scored dead.

The drawing of birds was about even, but for scratching down birds and gathering them the champion was a long way in the lead. The day was dark, so was the ground and the background; as most birds flew low they were very hard to see; this accounts for most of those that got beyond the fence. Irwin's score is a very good one—everything considered, especially as he was fresh from shooting a couple of 200-bird matches, using both barrels and shooting first one quick. This style of shooting is so much more like field shooting that it should become more popular everywhere. After a bird flies 10yds. and there is but one barrel to use it is something like giving a bird a "chance for its life."

The Peoria targets worked fine, and the boys were pleased with the way they went into dust when hit hard.

This is so near Bogardus's home that everybody knows him. His son Henry was with him prepared to give rifle exhibitions, providing the day had been pleasant. The score:

W "Tramp" Irwin..11•11111111111•11110011111110111111•111111110101111—42

Capt. Bogardus.....11011111111010111111111001111111110101101111111110101—40

Capitol.

Thanksgiving at Canajoharie.

Canajoharie, N. Y., Dec. 1.—Thanksgiving Day opened up very cold with a strong west wind blowing across the traps. Among the visitors were E. D. Fulford, John Fulford and H. L. Gates, of Utica; H. M. Levengston and W. H. Bockes of Saratoga Springs, and F. W. Partiss, of Johnstown. The quality of the live birds was very good indeed. Fulford pronounced them to be the best he ever saw trapped outside of John Watson's grounds at Chicago. The targets were thrown from Crutty's new trap. Their swiftness can best be judged from an examination of the scores made by Fulford and Levengston, both good target shots.

The following is a list of the officers elected by this club for the ensuing year: President, T. C. Pegnim; Vice-President, E. S. Benjamin; Secretary, Chas. Weeks; Treasurer, H. P. Bancroft. Scores:

No. 1, 5 live birds, $2 entrance:

T C Pegnim	00220—1	Chas Weeks	02102—3
F W Partiss	22201—4		

No. 2, same:

T C Pegnim	02221—4	Chas Weeks	00210—2
F W Partiss	00020—1	H P Bancroft	02201—3

No. 3, 10 live birds, $4 entrance:

E D Fulford	2121111211—10	F W Partiss	2021212201— 8
H L Gates	0202112221— 8	C Weeks	2021222002— 7
T C Pegnim	2010221110— 7	John Fulford	2212021201— 8

No. 4, 10 live birds, $5 entrance:

E D Fulford	0222022222—8	W H Peters	2020022020—5
H M Levengston	2120022222—8	John Fulford	2220202202—7
H L Gates	0002020010—3	T C Pegnim	1222022222—9

No. 5, miss and out, $2 entrance:

E D Fulford	2220 —3	John Fulford	0 —0
H M Levengston	0 —0	T C Pegnim	2220 —3
W H Peters	222222—6	S A Wessels	222210—5

Targets:

No. 1, 15 kingbirds, $1.50 entrance: E. D. Fulford 11, Gates 6, J. Fulford 11, Pegnim 13, Dr. Wessels 8, Weeks 9, Partiss 5, Bancroft 10, Frismer 5, Levengston 9, Martina 3.

No. 2, same: E. D. Fulford 8, Gates 11, J. Fulford 10, Pegnim 8, Dr. Wessels 11, Weeks 11, Partiss 5, Bancroft 12, Peters 8, Levengston 6, Martina 1.

No. 3, same: E. D. Fulford 13, Gates 9, J. Fulford 11, Pegnim 12, Levengston 10, Weeks 14, Partiss 3, Bancroft 9, Fusmer 6, Martina 4

No. 4, same: E. D. Fulford 14, Pegnim 8, Weeks 11, J. Fulford 12, Bancroft 9, Gates 4.

No. 5, same: E. D. Fulford 11, Gates 10, J. Fulford 9, Pegnim 12, Bancroft 6, Weeks 11.

No. 6, same: E. D. Fulford 13, Pegnim 6, Weeks 8, Wessels 11.

Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

Allegheny County Shooters.

Allegheny City, Pa., Dec. 3.—Below are the scores made at a shoot of the Weekly Rod and Gun Club held on Nov. 28, at Henry Thomas' Hotel, Little Pine Creek Road, Allegheny county, Pa. All hands are out of practice so the scores may be considered as fair ones. The club will have weekly shoots both for practice and for friendly contests among its members. Scores:

Club shoot, 25 targets per man:

J Reissman	1011111000110111100110011—16
Wm Wilson	0010001010001101110001100—10
N G Bolster	0111111001101011100011111—17
L Stidle	1100001101011100011000000—10
J G Eckerman	0110110001101110010111011—15
F L Ober	1111111111011101111110011—21
N T Thomas	0011011101100111111101111—18
Paul Thomas	1000110011110010110001111—14
J Remmensnyder	1111100110111000111010100—16
I Letzcus	0000111010011000101011010—11

F. L. Ober.

Wilmington, N. C.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Dec. 1.—The tournament held here on Nov. 29 and 30 was a thorough success. It was held under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association, a local organization composed of a hundred or more members, the most active of whom in the management of this shoot were H. McL. Green, President; J. H. Berry, Vice-President; L. D. Pritchard, Secretary; C. C. Covington, Treasurer; Tournament committee, H. L. Green, R. H. Grant, D. McEachern, J. C. Lodor; Finance Department, W. A. Wilson; Scorers, V. M. Robinson, W. P. Boney and Jas. H. Taylor; Judges, T. L. Graham and E. J. Bridges.

This was the first tournament ever given by this organization, yet it was managed fully as well as any tournament I ever attended, there not being the least thing to cause a participant to complain. Everything ran smoothly and every shooter present was congenial and bright.

The afternoon before the shoot was passed by the writer in company with the popular gentlemen. Messrs. A. W. DuBray, representing the great Parker Gun, and T. K. Keller, of New York city, in becoming acquainted with local shooters and enjoying a little practice at the traps.

The beautiful new steel pigeon gun shown by Mr. DuBray attracted a great deal of attention and made new friends for the Parker gun. The shooting qualities of the Parkers used by Meesrs. Worthen and Fonda was noticed by all.

Among those present were the old reliable Col. J. T. Anthony and A. E. Stokes, of Charlotte, N. C.; Messrs. Bicaise, Steck, Wohltman, Post, Swan, Peterman, Worthen, Costello and others of the Palmetto Club, of Charleston, N. C.; E. L. Pemberton, H. M. Pemberton and D. Lilly, of Fayette Club, of Fayetteville, N. C.; Dr. Moore and Captain Sims, of Wilson, N. C.; J. L. Fonda, of Greensboro, N. B., and a number of shooters from nearby points; also Mr. Collins, representing the DuPont smokeless powder, and Mr. Thomas, representing the Troisdorf. Each evening the shooters all met at the headquarters of the management and were entertained until a late hour. When the last gun was fired three cheers were given for the E. D. and G. P. A.

Below are the scores:

First Day.

No. 1, 20 singles, known angles, practice shoot, entrance free: T. H. Keller 16, Anthony 11, Stokes 14, DuBray 14, Worthen 16, Fonda 14, Swan 17, Peterman 15, Empie 12, Grant 13, McEachern 14, Wise 13, Stack 14, Post 15, Wohltman 7, Costello 9, Harker 7, E. L. Pemberton 11, Pickett 11, Thomas 11, Lilly 6, H. M. Pemberton 17, Sanders 7, Heinsberger 14.

No. 2, 15 singles, known traps, entrance $1.45, $10 added, 4 moneys: Keller 11, Anthony 12, Stokes 14, DuBray 8, Worthen 14, Fonda 10, Swan 12, Empie 8, Peterman 13, Grant 9, McEachern 8, Wise 8, Harker 6, Post 13, Steck 8, Wohltman 11, Costello 7, Bernard 5, Moore 12, Sellers 10, McKinnon 4, H. Pemberton 8, E. Pemberton 12, Lilly 3.

No. 3, team race, 20 singles, entrance $8, $20 added, 4 moneys:

Palmetto G. C., Charleston, S. C.		E. D. and G. P. Assoc'n, Wilmington, N. C., Team No. 1.	
Post	11001111111010111111—16	Empie	00111101110111011111—15
Peterman	11111110111111011011—17	Helnsb'rg'r	11000100101000111110—10
Worthen	11111001111111110111—17	Wise	01001010001001011100— 8
Swan	11001110110111111011—15	Berry	11110110100101111011—14
Steck	01011000110000100111— 9	McEachern	10010111011111110100 —13
	74		60

E. D. and G. P. Asso'n, No. 2.		Fayette G. C., Fayetteville, N. C.	
Grant	01111001111010110110—13	HP'mb'rt'n	00111010110111101001--12
Sanders	00111010011111000100—10	Lilly	10000110000000010000— 4
Polley	00000100011000011111— 8	Thomas	01000110101100001100— 8
Pickett	11010111110101101111—15	EP'mb'rt'n	10111101010001110101—12
Stokeley	11100111111001101111—15	Sellers	10111001110111101111—15
	61		51

No. 4, 15 singles, known traps, unknown angles, entrance $1.45, $10 added: Keller 11, Anthony 9, Stokes 10, DuBray 10, Worthen 14, Fonda 8, Swan 10, Peterman 13, Empie 12, Grant 9, McEachern 12, Wise 10, Bicaise 13, Harker 5, Steck 9, Sellers 3, Edwards 4, Post 8, Moore 11, E. Pemberton 8, Thomas 5, H. Pemberton 6, Loder 7, Green 3.

No. 5, 20 singles known angles, entrance $1.60, $10 added: Keller 18, Anthony 17, Stokes 15, DuBray 10, Worthen 18, Fonda 14, Swan 15, Emple 16, Peterman 17, Grant 10, McEachern 19, Wise 12, Bicaise 11, Harker 4, Post 12, Steck 12, Costello 12, E. L. Pemberton 8, Lilly 9, H. Pemberton 10, Moore 12.

No. 6, 15 singles, unknown angles, entrance $1.45, $10 added:

Keller	111111111111111—15	Bicaise	111111011111100 —12
Anthony	11110111000011111—11	Post	01011111111111101—12
Stokes	11110111110101—12	Steck	11011111100011111—11
DuBray	10111100111010100— 9	Wohltman	00000001010010O— 3
Worthen	01111111011111111—13	Edwards	00100101001001l— 6
Fonda	11111110111111110—13	Sellers	10110010010000O— 5
Swan	01010111111111111—12	Sanders	00000001000l001— 3
Peterman	10100011111100l— 9	Pickett	11110110101001l—10
Empie	11111110111111111—14	Polly	10000100100010O— 4
Grant	10001011101000l— 7	Heinsberger	10011101011110—10
McEachern	11111000000000l— 7	Green	01101111101100O— 9
Wise	00110001001001O— 5	Moore	11100110101100O— 8

No. 7, 20 singles, known angles, entrance $1.60, $10 added: Keller 15, Anthony 17, Stokes 15, DuBray 14, Worthen 18, Fonda 18, Swan 16, Peterman 16, Empie 18, Grant 10, McEachern 11, Moore 10, Bicaise 13, Post 15, Steck 18, Wise 11, Wohltman 8.

No. 8, 25 singles, unknown angles, entrance $1.75, $10 added: Keller 20, Anthony 20, Stokes 7, DuBray 13, Worthen 22, Fonda 17, Swan 22, Empie 19, Peterman 21, Grant 14, McEachern 12, Wise 16, Bicaise 14, Stack 5w.

No. 9, 5-men team, 25 singles, unknown angles, entrance $8, $20 added, 3 moneys: Palmetto G. C.—Post 13, Peterman 18, Worthen 19, Swan 18, Bicaise 12; total 80. E. D. and G. P. A. No. 1—Empie 16, Heinsberger 14, Wise 12, Berry 14, McEachern 9; total 65. E. D. and G. P. A. No. 2—Grant 8, Sanders 8, Pickett 8, Polly 4, Stokely 11; total 39.

Second Day.

No. 1, 15 singles, unknown angles, entrance $1.45, $10 added: Keller 10, Anthony 12, Stokes 10, Du Bray 8, Worthen 14, Fonda 9, Swan 11, Peterman 13, Steck 8, Grant 8, Bicaise 13, Post 11, Pickett 7, Wise 8, McEachern 8, Thomas 7, Peters 4, Wohltman 5

No. 2, 5-men team, 20 singles, entrance $8, $20 added, known angles: Palmetto G. C.—Swan 16, Peterman 14, Steck 14, Worthen 18, Peck 8; total 70. E. D. and G. P. A. No. 1—Wise 12, McEachern 13, Berry 12, Lodor 11, Heinsberger 14; total 62. E. D. and G. P. A. No. 2—Stokeley 8, Grant 14, Sanders 6, Pickett 13, Polley 6; total 47.

No. 3, 15 singles, unknown angles:

Keller	110101000011111— 9	Bicaise	101001101000011— 7
Fonda	01011111111111l—13	Grant	110010110101001— 8
Anthony	11111110101111l—13	Post	10111010010010— 8
Stokes	11101001110011O— 9	Empie	11101111101010—11
Du Bray	00111111000110l— 9	Costello	10111001110111O—10
Worthen	00111101111001l—10	Wohltman	00000000100001l— 3
Swan	00110101111000— 8	Harker	11000011111011—10
Peterman	11110111111111l—14	Sims	01000000010101— 4
Steck	11110111010101l—11	McEachern	01110111111111—13

No. 4, 20 singles, known angles, $1 60 entrance, $10 added: Keller 15, Anthony 11, Stokes 14, DuBray 11, Worthen 19, Fonda 16, Swau 16, Peterman 17, Steck 13, Bicaise 12, Grant 12, Post 13, Empie 15, Harker 7, Wohltman 12, Thomas 14, Costello 11, Sims 8.

No. 5, 15 singles, unknown angles, entrance $1.45, $10 added: Steck 15, Worthen 14, Swan 14, Grant 13, Stokes 12, Peterman 12, Post 11, Fonda 11, Wohltman 10, Keller 9, DuBray 9, Bicaise 9, Harker 9, Thomas 8, Sims 8, Anthony 7, Sanders 7, Empie 6.

No. 6, 20 singles, known angles, $1.60 entrance, $10 added: Swan 19, Worthen 18, Peterman 17, Stokes 16, Post 16, Steck 15, Keller 14, Anthony 13, Empie 13, Thomas 13, DuBray 13, Wohltman 15, Bicaise 12, Grant 12, Fonda 11, Harker 10, Green 9.

No. 7, 25 singles, unknown angles, entrance $1.75, $10 added: Keller 20, Anthony 15, Stokes 19, DuBray 14, Worthen 18, Fonda 20, Swan 20, Peterman 21, Steck 15, Bicaise 16, Grant 17, Post 18, Harker 15, Thomas 10, Empie 17, Wise 15, McEachern 16.

No. 8, 5-men teams, 25 singles, unknown angles, entrance $8.75, $20 added: Palmetto G. C.—Worthen 21, Swan 20, Post 19, Bicaise 17, Wohltman 15; total, 92. E. D. and G. P. Association No. 1—Wise 14, McEachern 16, Berry 14, Empie 20, Heinsberger 16; total, 80. E. D. and G. P. Association No. 2—Graut 15, Sanders 13, Lodor 17, Pickett 11, Polley 9; total, 65.

No. 9, 15 singles, unknown angles, entrance $2: Fonda 12, Worthen 13, Empie 12, Steck 12, Bicaise 10, DuBray 10, Swan 12, Stokes 11, Anthony 6, McEachern 10, Wise 13, Grant 12, Keller 11, Post 8.

No. 10, 10 singles, unknown angles, entrance $1: Swan 9, Peterman 8, Keller 7, Grant 7, Steck 7, Fonda 7, Worthen 7, Stokes 7, Anthony 5, Wise 4, McEachern 4.

Farewell shoot, miss and out, unknown angles, entrance $1: Fonda 8, Peterman 7, Swan 4, Keller 3, Wise 2, Anthony 1, Steck 1, Bicaise 0, Stokes 0, Worthen 0.

SUBSCRIBER.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable*

The Holiday Week at Albany.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 20.—The past week has been so prolific in shooting events hereabouts that our own and neighboring shooters found themselves drawn into an unusual whirl of excitement with the pigeon, chicken and turkey shooting.

The first event of the week was the live bird tournament of the Loudenville (a surburb of our city) Gun Club, which was held last Tuesday, Nov. 27. The attendance at this tournament was fairly good, but the assemblage would undoubtedly have been increased had it not been for the gale that raged the night before and led many shooters to believe that the roaring of old Boreas presaged the coming of a heavy storm. It was therefore with no small satisfaction that the undaunted ones who ventured forth in the sullen quiet of the gray morning that followed that dismal night, found a later transition to the soft and sunny, though haze-bedimmed features of a typical Indian summer day.

One capital feature of the preparations that had been made for the comfort of visitors at the Loudenville shoot was a shooting lodge which had actually been erected for this especial occasion—the ground not being the regular field of the club—and a pot-bellied stove, which with a good coal fire, disseminated comfort in chunks. The front of the shanty was fitted with sash, well glazed, and seated at the broad shelf which served as a table for the clerical force the FOREST AND STREAM correspondent, who acted as official scorer, performed his work in almost luxurious ease. In the group of shooters that found shelter under the lowly roof were many of the shining lights of the eastern league clubs, the West End and the Forester Gun Clubs of this city being well represented; there were also present shooters from Troy, New Scotland, Clarksville, Granville, and Rupert, Vt. The shooting ground was admirably laid out in a fine stretch of level meadow, perfectly adapted for the purposes of the occasion, and the shooting was very general in its excellence, its merits being marked by the fine wing-powers of the pigeons furnished for the sport.

The shooting was boomed along on the squad system, and this enabled the boys to shoot out thirteen sweeps and to clear the coops of over 400 pigeons. It would be presumption to expect space for the detailed scores of these events in the trap columns of FOREST AND SUREAM, overcrowded as they must be from the plethora of the reports of the late holiday shoots; so I will simply say that the shooting was so general in its excellence that scarcely any one failed to get a bit of the purses, while a few were fairly good winners, and, best of all, there were no kickers nor soreheads.

THANKSGIVING DAY SPORTS.

There never was a holiday in this region where there were so many shoots "on" as last Thursday. Taking the near-by ones into consideration I will first mention the pigeon shoot of the exclusive Forester Gun Club, about a dozen members of which shot a 25-bird competition in the morning, making the usual excellent scores which the fine shots of this club are capable of, and gaining by the exposure to the keen air and in the exhilaration of a contest, where good fellowship rather than stake money is the life of the meet, that glow of good feeling that naturally gives zest to a Thanksgiving dinner.

On the western outskirt of the town, at Job Shafer's Hotel, close to the grounds of the West End Gun Club, the riflemen were given a chauce for the display of their skill, and many a lordly gobbler and big Brahma went down at long and short range by the good work of the small bore chaps who persistently pegged away from dawn till dark

The other shoots that caught some of our marksmen were: At Witbeck's Hotel, McKownville, there were chickens and pigeons to try the powers of the guns and gunners; at Morrisville, a few miles out on the Schenectady road, via the beautiful drive through Loudenville, the same attractions were offered, and at Karner, a station on the N. Y. Central Railroad, eight miles from here, the rural riflemen found a day's pleasure in an old-fashioned turkey shoot.

SWENY—SANDERS.

The final event of the week was an exhibition match, which took place at the grounds of the Ridgefield Athletic Association on Friday morning. This event took the form of a pigeon shooting match between Harry R. Sweny and John B. Sanders, two of the youngest, but at the same time most skillful of our live bird shots. The weather conditions of the day of the match were of the worst description. the wind sweeping across the elevated and exposed plateau of Ridgefield with resistless fury and driving the pellets of snow that came with the squalls into the face, stinging like nettles. As the affair had received no advance notice from the city press in regard to the dates it was not generally known where it would take place; consequently there were only a hundred or so of poor shivering mortals who stood exposed to the cutting November blasts for over two hours to see a match that was not distinguished by very brilliant scores. The conditions of the contest were 100 birds per man, American Shooting Association rules to govern. There was no money up, the match being made simply to determine which was the better man of two of our "young bloods" of the League. The pigeons were simply clippers, requiring the quickest kind of work to get on to them effectively; and while both the chappies were prompt and accurate with the guns they shot in hard luck from start to finish, the gale carrying bird after bird with its death wound over the boundary. Sweny actually killed 91 birds that were gathered, and Sanders did as much with 87, but the inexorable boundary rule cut their totals down to 81—71, as will be seen in the appended detailed score:

H R Sweny	11111001111112212111l•212—22	
	11110111•211•21211•11•1•0—18	
	11111211101•11101221101l•—20	
	012•11102121222•11211222222—21—81	
J B Sanders	11110120111012110111••122—19	
	1102•01111120111111012l••—18	
	10122111111111•1•111111111—22	
	12•10021••01•11212•••20••—12—71	

Mr. T. H. Greer, one of our oldest most experienced pigeon shooters, was the referee in the above match, FOREST AND STREAM'S correspondent official scorer.

The next event of importance of pigeon shooting circles will be the opeu tournament to be gotten up by Mr. Henry A. Kratz, Secretary of the West End Gun Club, well known as a popular shooter on the league circuit. The friends of Mr. Kratz intend that this event shall take the form of a testimonial, and there will undoubtedly be a fine turnout of local and league shooters generally. Over 500 birds will be guaranteed; shooters from all quarters will be invited and nobody barred. The date is not yet settled, but it will probably be in the third week of the present month.

The league clubs are already stirring for the coming year's events; the West End Gun Club, of Albany, claiming Feb. 22, and the Canajoharle Gun Club, May 30, for tournaments in 1895.

HORACE B. DERBY.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

THERE's very little fun in shooting live birds on such a day as Dec. 1 was. Not a breath of air was stirring, while a steady rain made everything decidedly wet and uncomfortable outside the club house at Woodlawn, L. I. The natural result was a poor turnout of shooters to take part in the club handicap sweep at 50 live birds, $25 entrance. Although three or four more members had signified their intention of putting in an appearance, as well as their $25, a scant half-dozen was all that answered to their names when President Sykes called the roll. These were Dr. Wynn, one of the veterans of the club; Capt. A. W. Money; L. T. Davenport, fresh from a three weeks' hunt with the Turtle Lake Club; C. Furgueson, Jr., C. T. "Pennington" and T. W. Morfey. All save Pennington were Class A men, and from the way that gentleman is handling his gun it looks as if it won't be very long before he gets put back to 29 or 30yds.

The birds were ordinary, as was only to be expected from the weather. New Utrecbt birds as a rule are good and strong flyers, but Saturday was enough to dampen any bird's ambition for freedom. Still, they were just that class of birds which produce ciphers in the score unless a shooter is careful every time he goes to the trap. It will happen on such occasions that a man draws duffer after duffer until he becomes careless and is caught napping by a corker sandwiched in here and there; or he may get two or three fast birds and become keyed up to concert pitch; the next time he goes to the trap he gets a slow quartering bird and misses it clean on account of its very easiness. Morfey's eighteenth bird was a good sample of this kind of a miss.

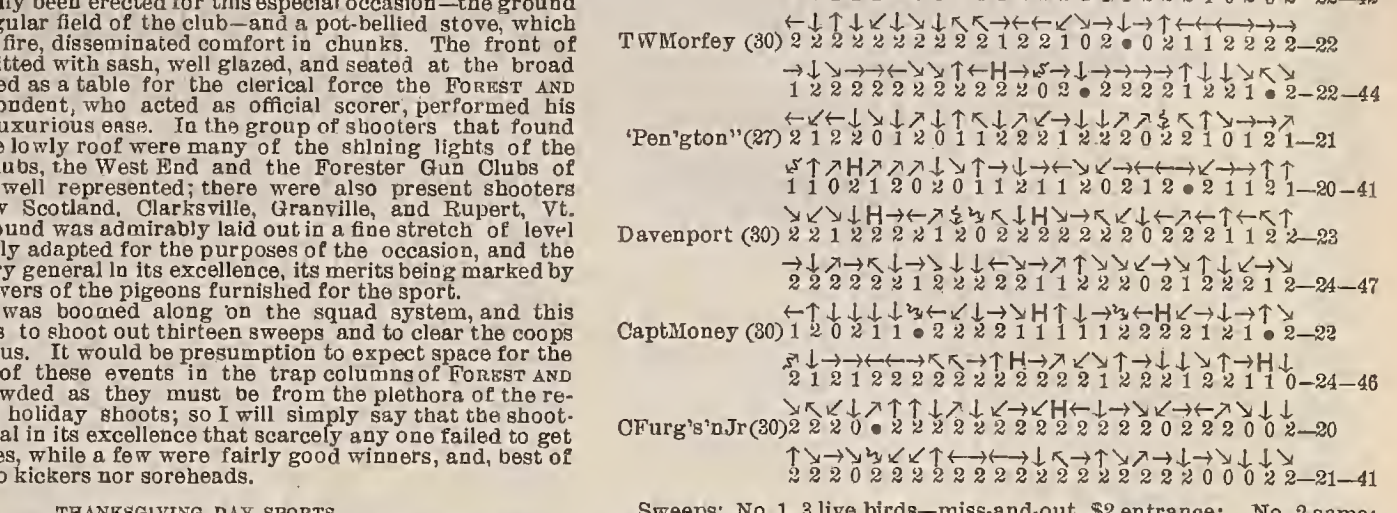
Dr. Wynn made some excellent kills with his second barrel, but perhaps the honors for the most effective placing of the second shell really belonged to Pennington, who scored several very brilliant second barrel kills. It was a close race all the way through, and Capt. Money had but to kill his last bird to tie Davenport. The bird, a fast dark blue driver, got away very hard hit, the combination of a blue bird, dark fence and bad light being too much for the Captain's "poor eyesight." Furgueson was clean off his form, but made some good runs of 13 straight and 16 straight kills, his misses coming as usual in bunches. Fast rising birds was the cause of his downfall on every occasion; he undershot them undoubtedly.

In the sweeps after the main event, his son, 11-year-old Conny, gave his father an object lesson as to how to kill live birds. Conny and his 16-gauge Francotte were answerable for the death of 24 pigeons (one dead out of bounds) out of 25 shot at! In the last miss-and-out Conny was still in the ring with but one shell left at the end of the 12th round, so was compelled to withdraw, taking his ratio of the spoils. This event was not decided until it grew so dark that it was impossible to see even a white bird; consequently Dr. Wynn and Morfey divided when each had missed a bird that fluttered off in the gloom of the night. President Sykes filled the onerous position of referee entirely satisfactorily to all; his task, owing to the conditions of the weather was by no means a pleasant one.

Morfey's red setter Eagle and the club's curly coated black English retriever shared the duties of retrieving the dead birds. By their work and by quick trapping on the part of the club's trappers, who must have been soaked to the skin, the time occupied in shooting at the 300 birds in the main event, was about three hours and a quarter. The first 100 were shot at in one minute less than an hour, and 150 had been trapped in 93 minutes; the last 150 took somewhat longer as the weather grew decidedly worse and birds in consequence refused to fly several times until flagged. Scores:

Handicap sweepstakes, $25 entrance, 50 live birds per man, club handicap rise, club rules to govern:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



Sweeps: No. 1, 3 live birds—miss-and-out, $2 entrance:		No. 2 same:	
T W Morfey	212222211—9	1•	—1
Capt Money	211122211—9	0	—0
L T Davenport	212212122—9	211212220—8	
C Furgueson, Jr	220 —2		
Dr Wynn	101 —2	111112211—9	
C M Meyer		222221220—8	
C Furgueson, 3d		22221120 —7	
C T Pennington		2021 —3	
No. 3 same:		No. 4 same:	
Morfey	21122—5	221212222212220—13	
C Furgueson 3d	2111• —4	2222222222222* —12	
C Furgueson, Jr	22120 —4		
Money	2110 —3	22120 — 4	
Wynn	110 —2	12222221211110—13	
Davenport	21• —2	2212122222220 —11	
C Meyer	212 —2		
Pennington	011 —2		

*Withdrew—out of shells.

THE HOLIDAY CUP.

On Thanksgiving Day this club had a good attendance of members, 16 shooters contesting for the Holiday cup. Four class B men tied for the trophy with scores of 9 out of 10, G. W. Conlston winning on the shoot-off by killing 2 straight. The birds were a fine lot of strong flyers hence the absence of a straight score in the cup contest. For the same reason the miss-and-outs were very quickly decided; the first with 11 entries was won by Morfey with 4 straight; No. 2 with 10 entries went to Morfey and Wright with 4 straight; No. 3 with 8 entries was divided between Morfey and Capt. Kennard with 3 straight; No. 4 and 5 were won respectively by Hopper and Morfey with 4 straight. During the day 522 birds were trapped in all the events, including the Furgueson—Hegeman match.

That the boys were there to shoot is shown by the number of entries in the 7-bird and 5-bird sweeps. In the 7-bird event there were 15 entries, first money being divided between Deacon and Morfey who killed all their birds. The 5-bird race had 14 entries; Deacon and C. Furgueson, Jr., dividing first money with straight scores. The details of the cup race and of the different sweepstake events are given below:

Holiday Cup, 10 live birds, club handicap rise:

G W Coulston	2210122222—9	Capt Kennard	1220122000—6
Kattenstroth	2112202111—9	R R Street	2101212•00—6
W F Sykes	1221202222—9	T W Morfey	2220020w —4
G A Hopper	2221222220—9	C M Meyer	0222002w —5
C T Pennington (27)	1112022102—8	C Furgueson, Jr	2220220w —5
C Furgueson, 3d (26)	0211022121—8	E Lohman	2010110w —4
D C Bennett	2111002220—7	D Lohman	0000000w —0
J N Meyer	1211002002—6	Dr W A Little	0120w —2

Ties: G. W. Coulton 2, Kattenstroth 1, W. F. Sykes 0, G. Hopper 0.

No. 1, sweepstake, 7 live birds, $2 entrance:

D Deacon	2221122—7	C M Meyer	2220222—6
T W Morfey	1122212—7	D M Lohman	1202022—5
G W Coulston	1112102—6	Capt Kennard	1002121—5
Kattenstroth	1022212—6	R R Street	0212220—5
G Hopper	0211212—6	C Furgueson, Jr	0220022—4
J Lott	0122121—6	E Lohman	2200002—2
D C Bennett	1210212—6	J Cottier	1200000—2
P A Hegeman	2101112—6		

No. 2, 5 live birds, $2 entrance:

D Deacon	22222—5	C Furgueson, Jr	22222—5
G W Coulston	20202—3	E Lohman	22000—2
Kattenstroth	20212—4	J Cottier	00022—2
J Lott	10012—3	D Lohman	22010—3
D C Bennett	12012—4	W F Sykes	20220—3
P A Hegeman	12101—4	D V B Hegeman	00111—3
R R Street	01211—4	G W Cropsey	00110—2

Miss and out, $5 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 3.
T W Morfey	1121—4	2212—4	222—3	0 —0
C Furgueson, Jr	2220—3	2220—3	...	...
Kattenstroth	122 —3	120 —2	20 —2	...
Capt Kennard	1120—3	1210—3	122—3	120—2
G Hopper	2220—3	20 —1	0 —0	222—3
C M Meyer	220 —2	20 —1	20 —1	...
G Coulston	20 —1	2110—3	...	...
T C Wright	20 —1	2222—4	120—2	220—2
J N Meyer	0 —0	....	...	...
Dr Little	0 —0	10 —1	110—2	...
C T Pennington	0 —0	10 —1	10 —1	...

No. 5, miss and out, entrance $1: Morfey 4, Kennard 3, Wright 3, Hopper 0.

FURGUESON AN EASY WINNER.

One of the features of the day's sport was a 50-bird race, $25 a side, between C. Furgueson, Jr., and A. A. Hegeman. An extra fast lot of birds had been procured and ciphers ruled very numerous in consequence, no less than 34 out of the 100 being scored as "lost!" Furgueson with the low score of 38 out of 50 was easily the victor, his opponent losing exactly 22 birds, thus leaving Furgueson a winner by 10 birds. The amount of soft coal burned by the scouts during the progress of the match can hardly be realized; they had lots of sport on the outside of the fence. Score:

C Furgueson, Jr	22•22222000202202121222222—19
	10222220102222202012220022—19—38
A A Hegeman	02001221020212002000220000—12
	20012020111022010221012•2•—16—28

Keystone Shooting League.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 30.—Inclosed are scores made yesterday (Thanksgiving Day), on our club's grounds at Holmesburg Junction.

Match, "White" versus Budd, 20 live birds per man, $7.50 a side, Hurlingham rules:

J W Budd	22122222222210012221112022021l2—26
Jas White	21121111122211221012221101112—28

Match, 5 live birds per man, Hack 30yds., both barrels, White 28yds., one barrel:

J E Hack	22111—5	J White	10110—3

Miss-and-out, entrance $2, live birds:

	Nos. 1	2	3	4	5	6
J W Budd	1	0	0	1	2220	11121
J White	0	2	2	0	1121	21111

Stopped on account of darkness.

No. 1, 15 empires, entry $10, 1 money:

J W Budd	11001101011110—10	Jas White	11011100101011O— 9
J E Hack	11000101001000O— 5		

No 2, entry $5. 10 targets:

J White	1001011101— 6	J W Budd	1101111111— 9
Geo Pack	0000010011— 3	J C Shallcross	1000010001— 3
A Rust	1111111111—10	J E Hack	1001111111— 8

No. 3, entry $2, 10 targets:

A Rust	0111101111—8	J Donnelly	1001100010—4
J Hack	1011110010—6		

N. M. BANCROFT.

South Orange Field Club.

South Orange, N. J., Nov. 29.—The first open tournament of the South Orange Field Club proved a success in every way. The South Side Gun Club of Newark, Maplewood Gun Club and Union Gun Club were well represented and all went away satisfied. The merchandise prizes were well distributed and it took better than 21 to win fourth prize. A dark horse by the name of Strong captured first, a fine split bamboo fishing rod; second went to Al. Sickly (a shell case); Warren Smith generously conceded to old vet. Asa Whitehead third, a leather gun case; Van Dyke and Drake had a shooting match for fourth, Billy dropped his 21st and Van took the whisky flask.

The club handicap shoot for merchandise prizes for members only, brought out nineteen entries; every one had a show to win and the pace set by the scratch men was hot. Colgate, scratch, first with 22; Babson, scratch, after a shoot off, second with 21; Quidly, allowed four breaks, third; Miller, after a shoot off with Dr. Fisher, fourth.

The ladies had prepared a bountiful lunch, consisting of turkey, chicken, tongue, ham and several other kinds of sandwiches. The beans were fine and all voted Geo. Smith an expert in preparing coffee. Of course the manager kept the targets on the fly. Scores follow:

Special event, club merchandise shoot, handicap, 25 targets, entrance 50 cents:

Brown (3)	0110010000010111110010001—11
Tepper (3)	1011100101000000010111101—12
Roberts	w
W H Smith	0000000001010000000000100— 3
Q E Cobb	0100000100010001001100001— 7
Babson	1110111111101111110110111—21
Colgate	0110111111111111111101111—22
Wright	w
Sinclair	1011100101110010001101101—14
Genings	w
G H Smith	1111011101100111111011101—19
E Doan	0000100000030010000100001— 3
Fisher	0111110110011111111101110—19
Dearing	1001010011101000111001100—12
Quidly	1011010110100001111011101—16
Martin	0101010011011110101011110—15
Miller (8)	0100010000110111000101110—11
Jenkinson	0000000000000010000001000— 2
J von Lengerke	1101110111110111111111101—21

No. 1, 10 targets, entry $1:

Van Dyke	0110101101— 6	Von Lengerke	1111010101— 7
Breintnall	0101011111— 7	Babson	1110011101— 7
Hobart	1110110111— 8	W Smith	1111111111—10
G Smith	1011001100— 5	Thomas	1011101101— 7
Martin	1011010111— 7	Whitehead	1011101101— 7
Colgate	0011001011— 5	Felton	1111111100— 8
Drake	1011111111— 9	Foster	1111111110— 9
Yeamans	1010110111— 7		

No. 2, 10 targets, entry $1:

Van Dyke	1111110111— 9	Babson	0111110110— 7
Breintnall	0101101110— 6	Martin	1111001001— 6
Hobart	1011110111— 8	Foster	1011100001— 5
Drake	1111111111—10	Cobb	1010101100— 5
W Smith	1111110111— 9	G Smith	0111101111— 8
Thomas	1111101101— 8	Felton	1100110101— 6
Yeamans	1001110101— 6	Tillow	1110111111— 9
Mack	0100001010— 3	Speir	1000010010— 3
Colgate	0001011110— 5	Whitehead	1111111111—10

No. 3, 15 targets, entry $1 50:

Van Dyke	101110111011101—11	Babson	001011001011111— 9
Breintnall	111111011101001—11	Colgate	111010101110101—10
Hobart	101011111111011—12	Drake	001011100011101— 8
Strong	000111010011111— 8	Cobb	010000011100011— 6
Thomas	101011101111111—12	Speir	001110110011100— 8
W Smith	111111111111101—14	Martin	011011111111011—12
Foster	101110011101111—11	Geoffrey	111110110110110—11

No. 4, 10 targets, $1 entrance:

Van Dyke	1111101111— 9	Strong	1100111111— 8
Breintnall	1111101111— 9	W Smith	1101111111— 9
Hobart	1110111111— 9	Cobb	1000000010— 2
Martin	1101011111— 8	Stein	1111101111— 9
Yeamans	1000100101— 4	Drake	1111101111— 9
Von Lengerke	1111101111— 9	G Smith	1101111111— 9
Geoffrey	1111111111—10	Whitehead	1111111111—10
Foster	0001110111— 6	Thomas	1111111111—10
Colgate	1110101101— 7	Jackson	1110110110— 7

No. 2, 20 targets, $2 entrance:

Van Dyke	11111011011111111110—17	W Smith	11111111111111111101—19
Breintnall	11111111111111011111—19	Strong	11111111101111011110—17
Hobart	11111111101111111100—17	Cobb	10110111010000100001—10
Geoffrey	11110111111111111011—18	Jackson	01111111111011110010—15
Drake	11111111110110111111—18	Speir	00011111010010000011— 9
Thomas	10111110101011111101—15		

No. 6, 20 targets, unknown angles, $1.50 entrance:

Van Dyke	10111111111011111111—18	Geoffrey	11111111111111111111—20
Hobart	11010111111010011111—15	Thomas	11001110111111111111—17
Breintnall	11101110011111110101—15	Strong	10111010111111111011—16
Drake	11111111111111111111—20	Whitehead	11101111101011111110—16
W Smith	11110100111111111111—17	Yeamans	10101011011100111111—14

No. 7, 15 targets, expert rules, $1.50:

Breintnall	1110110111001111—11	W Smith	1111111010110 10—11
Hobart	1010111001100 10— 8	Sopher	1011011011011 0—10
Van Dyke	1111111111111 01—14	Van Iderstine	1010111100111 01—10
Geoffrey	1110111001110 01—10	Thomas	1111001110101 01—10
Sickley	0000110110101 01— 7	Whitehead	1111110111111 10—13
Drake	1100100101110 10— 8	Jackson	1110010011111 01—10

No. 8, 10 targets, entrance $1:

Van Dyke	1111101101— 8	G Smith	0011100101— 5
Breintnall	1111110111— 9	Jackson (birds)	0111011101— 7
Hobart	1111110111— 9	Drake	1111111110— 9
Thomas	1001111111— 8	Fisher	1011011111— 8
Geoffrey	1111111111—10	Strong	1111110011— 8
Van Iderstine	1111101011— 8	Whitehead	1111111101— 9
W Smith	1111111010— 8	Sopher	1111111101— 9
Sickley	1011111111— 9	Yeamans	1001100111— 6

No. 9, 10 targets, entrance $1:

Van Dyke	1111111111—10	Jackson (birds)	1011101111— 8
Breintnall	1101111111— 9	Fisher	1001111110— 7
Hobart	1011111101— 8	Van Iderstine	1111110111— 9
Geoffrey	1111110111— 9	Sopher	1111111111—10
G Smith	1111011111— 9	Strong	2101111100— 7
W Smith	1111101001— 7	Hull	1011011001— 6
Thomas	1110111101— 8	Colgate	1111111111—10
Sickley	1010011011— 6	Babson	1111011111— 9
Drake	1010111101— 7		

Special open merchandise, 25 targets, entry 50 cents:

Sopher	1010100101000110101111111—15
Breintnall	1101101111000111111011111—19
Hobart	1111011111111111111011111—23
Thomas	1101101101111111110111111—21
Whitehead	1111110111111111111111110—23
Geoffrey	1011111111111111110111111—23
N Smith	0111111111111111111110111—23
Drake	1111110110111101111111111—22
Sickley	1111111111111101111111111—24
Van Dyke	1101111111101111111111011—22
G Smith	1100110011011110011111110—17
Fisher	1111100101110101011101011—17
Jackson	1111111111111111111111101—24
Van Idestine	1101011110111011101011110—18
Bobson	0110111111111111110111111—22
Colgate	1111110101111101111011000—18
Strong	1111111111111111111111111—25

Initial.

New Brunswick Gun Club.

New Brunswick, N. J., Nov. 26.—The following scores were made at our club shoot on Saturday last. Blish won the medal, wresting the honor from Pettit who had held it since the previous race. Scores:

Club race, 20 targets, unknown angles:

*V'n Dyke	11111111111111111011—19	Jos Fisher	11101100011100111110—13
Blish	11111111110111101110—17	Pratt	11010100111011100010—11
R M Pettit	01111110111100111111—16	Gummere	11001111000001111110—12
W Sperling	11110111111001101111—16	Doc Iredell	01110011011001101000—10
N B Smith	11111010111111100101—15		

*Not a member.

Blish holds medal for this month; holder last month was Pettit.

No. 1, 10 targets, everything known:

Pettit	1100111101—7	Gummere	0001100000—2
J Fisher	1011111101—8	Blish	1001000011—4
Sperling	0010101011—5	Smith	1100111101—7
Van Dyke	1111011111—9	Iredell	1111011100—7

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown traps:

Pettit	1111111111—10	Blish	1111010010— 6
Gummere	1111111011— 9	Smith	1111111110— 9
Sperling	0110111011— 7	Pratt	1100011111— 7
Iredell	1011010000— 4	Van Dyke	0001111111— 7
Fisher	1101011110— 7		

No. 3, 5 pairs:

Van Dyke	10 10 10 11 10—6	Gummere	10 11 10 10 00—5
Pettit	10 11 11 10 10—7	Smith	11 10 10 10 00—5
Sperling	10 10 11 00 10—5	Iredell	10 00 00 00 00—1
Fisher	10 11 10 10 00—5		

Trap at Lynchburg.

Lynchburg, Va., Nov. 23.—Last week Mr. A. W. DuBray was in town a few days talking gun. He had with him an elegant gun with the new Whitworth steel barrels. It is the handsomest American gun I have ever seen. This week T. H. Keller stepped into town on the whole shell. The trap season closed last month, but the boys took him out and shot him all the same. If anybody wants to know about the lay of Lynchburg grounds, let them ask T. K. all about the score he shot while here. Below are the scores made at to-day's shoot.

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Nelson	1111111101010110111100011—18
T H Keller	1110110111111101111110111—21
Dornin	1010010100111111111000101—15
Moorman	0100111101000101000100000— 9
Scott	1111110110001111010111100—17
Empie	0000111101101010001110011—13

No. 2, same:

Nelson	1101110001100011100111010—14
T H Keller	1101110101111111001111001—18
Dornin	1010111010010110111010111—16
Smith	0011010111000110010011100—12
Scott	1110011101001100100111111—17
Empie	1100000010001010000001011— 8

No. 3, same:

Nelson	1101111011111110110111110—20
T H Keller	1000111111111111111011000—18
Dornin	0011111010100101110101000—13
Smith	1100001010100000000010000— 6
Scott	1111100110101101011110111—18
Empie	0000100100010000010111011— 9
Terry	1110110111011111111111111—21

No. 4, same:

Nelson	1110111000001110001111100—14
T H Keller	1111111010110111111111011—21
Dornin	0011100000110110110111101—14
Miller	0110111101111111100101101—17
Scott	1111110011111111011111010—20
Empie	1000011110111001011000010—12
Terry	0011111110101110111101101—18

No. 5, same:

Nelson	1001110011111111111010001—17
Terry	1011101111010011111110101—18
T H Keller	1111000101010111001111101—16
Miller	1111011000111100100101110—15
Stearns	0011001010110001000110000— 9
Scott	0110101110110100101010110—14
Dornin	1011110011111111011111011—20

F. M. D.

Hill Easily Defeats Dilts.

Yardville, N. J., Nov. 28.—About 300 people gathered in Charlie Zwirlein's grounds to-day to witness the shoot between Hill and Dilts. The conditions of the matches, as will be seen, were somewhat peculiar, and at the conclusion of Hill's first string of 25 it looked as if he had a big contract on hand. The birds were a fine lot, the strong wind helping to make them fast and strong. They proved far too fast for Dilts, who shot a poor race, losing by 15 birds, scoring only 47 out of the 75 shot at. When Hill had killed but 18 out of his first 25 things looked serious for him, the terms of the match thus making him 7 birds behind Dilts with only 75 to shoot at. When the 28th round had been completed Hill was one more to the bad, the score standing Dilts 28, Hill 20. Then came a change that altered the look of things all at once. Out of his next 22 birds Hill killed 20 to Dilts's 12, the score thus being a tie at the close of the 50th round. It remained a tie up to the commencement of the 57th round, both missing their 56th bird. Dilts, however, missed his 57th, giving Hill the lead, which he rapidly increased, finally winning out by 15 birds. After the bad break in his first 25, Hill struck a great gait, considering the quality of the birds, missing only 6 out of the remaining 75, a 92 per cent. clip.

The day's sport was brought to a close with a couple of $2 miss and outs; Zwirlein and Cubberly divided the first, with six entries, Hill and Zwirlein dividing the second, which had the same number of entries. Scores:

Match, Eddie Hill versus J. H. Dilts, 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, 1 trap, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, Hill allowed Dilts 25 dead birds:

Eddie Hill	0211222012111212220100100—18
	2022212222211122022221012—22
	1212201121111201121112212—23
	1212121012121221221212122—24—87
J H Dilts	1111111111111111111111111—25
	2210012012021102201002020—15
	1122200202222020001111022—17
	0201222002001010020112112—15—72

Miss-and-out, $2:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Ed Hill	1210—3	12122112—8	G Cubberly	1221—4	1212120 —6
C Zwirlein	1122—4	11211112—8	W Apgar	120 —2	12122120—7
J Dubel	120 —3	12120 —4	J H Dilts	1220—3	1120 —3

Forest Gun Club of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 30.—Below are given the scores made at the Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Forest Gun Club, of this city, on their grounds at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue:

No. 1, 7 targets, everything known, 50 cents: Morison 1, Henry 2, Landis 4, Tredway 7, Whitcomb 1.

No. 2, 7 targets, unknown angles, 50 cents: Morison 1, Henry 6, Landis 4, Tredway 5, Whitcomb 3.

No. 3, 10 targets, everything known, $1: Morison 4, Henry 10, Landis 7, Tredway 6, Whitcomb 4.

No. 4, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50: Morison 4, Henry 12, Landis 11, Tredway 9, David 6.

No. 5, 7 targets, known angles, 50 cents: Morison 4, Henry 3, Landis 4, Tredway 5, Whitcomb 3, Evans 3, C. W. 3, David 3, Cleaver 6, Irwin 2, McDaniel 6.

No. 6, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Morison 3, Henry 7, Landis 7, Tredway 6, Whitcomb 5, C. W. 8, Evans 6, Irwin 7, Cleaver 8, McDaniel 6, Hancock 8.

No. 7, 10 targets, known angles, entry $1:

Morison	0110011011— 6	Evans	1111111100— 8
Henry	1100110111— 7	Pepper	0100010010— 3
Landis	1111111111—10	Shannon	1111111111—10
Tredway	0111110100— 6	David	0100111111— 7
C W	1111111111—10	Irwin	1101101111— 8
Cleaver	1111111110— 9	McDaniel	0001000101— 3

No. 8, 10 targets, unknown angles, entry $1:

Morison	1001001001— 4	Evans	0101010111— 6
Henry	0011100100— 4	McDaniel	1000000111— 4
Landis	1111111111—10	David	1010011111— 7
Tredway	0111001110— 6	Whitcomb	1000110101— 5
C W	1101101011— 7	Irwin	1101110110— 7
Cleaver	1111111100— 8	Hancock	0010000001— 2

No. 9, 15 targets, known angles, entry $1:

Morison	001010100111001— 7	Cleaver	111111111111111—15
Henry	111011111011010—11	Evans	111010101111010—10
Landis	011011011011110—10	Irwin	100111010111110—10
Tredway	011111111111111—14	Shannon	011011111110001—10
C W	011010111001110— 9	McDaniel	100111100111111—11
D T Pepper	011110010100000— 6	David	111011111101101—12

No. 10, 7 targets, unknown angles, entry 50 cents: Morison 3, Henry 5, Landis 6, Tredway 6, Ezrah 3, C. W. 5, Pepper 3, Hancock 1, Evans 6, Cleaver 4, Shannon 1, McDaniel 4, David 4, Irwin 5. W. M.

Flushing Club's Invitation Cup.

The Flushing Shooting Club, with grounds at Flushing, L. I., a club of recent organization, signalizes its entrance upon its second season by offering an "invitation cup," value $150, for competion among the members of certain clubs. In regard to this cup and the conditions under which it is shot for, the secretary, Mr. Wm. T. Wilcox, writes as follows:

"This club has offered an invitation cup for competition between members of our organization, the Carteret, Larchmont, Westminster, Riverton, South Side and Country clubs, the same to cost $150, under the Flushing conditions, 25 live birds, handicap rise, 50yds. boundary, Flushing Shooting Club rules. Cost of birds and an entrance fee of $10 per man to be charged. Sixty per cent of fees to first, 30 per cent. to second man. Cup to be won three times to become individual property. The first shoot for this cup will be held on our grounds, Flushing, L. I., at 10:30 A. M. on Saturday, Dec. 8, and the succeeding events on every alternate Saturday after above date. Stages will meet the 8:40 A. M. train, L. I. R.R., from Long Island City, at Murray Hill Station, Flushing. Entries for first shoot close Dec. 3 and should be made to Wm. T. Wilcox, secretary, Flushing, L. I."

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

There has just come from the Forest and Stream press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

McIlhany Outshoots Wilkinson.

Weir City, Kans., Nov. 26.—The fall shooting tournament of the Business Men's Gun Club was a decided success and even better attended than the local shooters had expected. Sixteen visitors, members of the Hutchinson, Parsons, Galena, Scammon, Chicopee and Columbus, Kans., and of the Joplin, Mo., clubs, were on hand. These with about two squads of local shooters, made the mud pies scatter. The day, though quite windy, was warm enough to be pleasant.

Shooting commenced at 9 A. M. and continued until dark. All shooters who had been making a "killing" at the various tournaments in this district were handicapped, and handicapped for keeps. The smiling faces of McIlhany, Calhoun, "Pop" Dixon and others were conspicuous by their metamorphoses as they dug up last summer's winnings to keep the ball rolling.

The main event was the live bird contest between McIlhany and Wilkinson, which was easily won by the former. Wilkinson shot an exceedingly poor race, and seemed to lose heart early in the game, as he noticed his opponent bowl over bird after bird. Wilkinson is well known in this part of God's country as an old country trap and handle shooter. He has defeated quite a number of antagonists at this unsportsmanlike game. His backers were very confident of victory and lost over $500 by his defeat. The match was shot under American Association rules, Wilkinson furnishing the birds. At the conclusion of the forty-first round, seeing that he was shot out of the race, Wilkinson declined to finish the match, although a considerable amount of money was bet on the total scores out of 50 birds. The following score shows the flight of the pigeons and the first and second barrel kills:

Match—50 live birds each for stake of $200 and gate money—American Association rules:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	↓↓↙↖←↘T↘→↖↘↘↓←→T↖↑T↘↗←HTH	
McIlhany	1 1 0 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 1 2 2—23	
	T↖↗↘↓→↑↗↘↑→→↑↖↗→	
	1 2 1 1 1 • 2 0 1 • 1 1 • 1 2 1	—12—35
	↗T↓↗↑→↖↖↓↓↖T→↗↑↖↗↖T↗↑↖↖↖↖	
Wilkinson	1 2 • 1 0 2 1 1 2 0 1 2 0 0 1 2 0 1 2 1 • 2 0 2 •—16	
	T↗↖H↓↑←↖↑↖→↗H↑↑T	
	0 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 0	— 8—24

The above match took one hour and a half to shoot, remarkably slow time. The conclusion of the programme events was marked by an interesting and attractive feature, a team race at targets for "an oyster supper and refreshments." Mayor King and ex-Mayor Abbott captained respectively the winning and the losing teams. As it was quite late before the race could be shot only 16 shooters took part in it. King's side won in spite of Kirk's ten straight (misses), by 3 targets. Trap-shooting is rapidly gaining in popularity here and with the coming spring a revival of the sport will take place that has never been equalled in the Southwest. Already team races are discussed between the clubs from Weir City, Joplin, Galena, Scammon and Columbus, and I presume the war will end only by the survival of the fittest.

Mamaluke.

Irwin—Walpert.

Peoria, Ill., Nov. 25.—There was a time in the history of the shooting affairs of this country when Peoria was one of the leading shooting centers. In the days of Fred Kimble, Chas. Stock, Chas. Lincoln, H. Fahnestock and many others not known to the writer, there were some of the biggest contests ever "pulled off" and some of the best tournaments of the times held here. Four days of last week the popping of guns at Lake View Park was heard. Wednesday and Saturday two matches, 100 live birds, $100 a side, American Ass'n rules, 12 gauge guns, came off. The contestants being the well known W. "Tramp" Irwin and Mr. Gus Walpert, an old resident and well known pigeon shot. The scores show that the first 100 birds in each match were extra good and fast but a very few had to be flagged; but you know birds get slower toward night fall, the first match going well into the night time. The score:

First match.

Walpert	1221120201112022111102121—21
	1022122002111222122101221—21
	1220222111112212211102120—22
	1022111110222311111101121—22—86
Irwin	1120221202222221220220221—21
	1222102222111200220220212—20
	0222111111222210222121222—23
	1221222111220112110212222—23—87

Second match.

Irwin	0020112121210121102120102—18
	2102112201211110200020122— 18
	0112121221102102102202102 1—20
	2111222101212211212122102—23—79
Walpert	1210010000121010012122101—15
	1012112120121120220100212—19
	2121212121010121111201222—21
	2111120221112122012111212—23—78

Parker.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

D. H. D., Cleveland, O.—For good deer-hunting county in Pennsylvania try the northern part of Clearfield county or the neighborhood of Bellefonte Center county.

T. D, Eau Claire, Wis.—1. In a pigeon shoot I bet A that C beats him for a place, and for some unknown reason C does not shoot. What disposition is made of the wager? 2. Four men in a shoot at 10 birds each, three get 10 birds each and the fourth man gets 2. Who gets second money? Ans. 1. As C did not shoot the bet is off. 2. The three who killed straight divide first money. The other man gets second money.

For the Preservation of Metals Used in Roofs, Bridges and Construction Work.

At the Montreal meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, an interesting paper was read on methods for preserving metal used in pipes, roofs, bridges, poles, construction work, etc. In conclusion, the whole question of how best to protect iron and steel from corrosion in all the varying conditions that the wants and usages of to-day demand, seems to resolve itself into several "Don'ts," as the best method of answering it, to wit:

Don't have any scale on the metal.

Don't paint it with anything but pure linseed oil and oxide of lead or graphite paints.

Don't forget that frequent inspection and care are very necessary.

Don't let the cost and interest accounts be the governing factors in the case of protecting any metal structure on whose continuity and strength human life and safety depend.

In comparing the two paints recommended, it may be well to add that a properly made graphite paint should prove more durable and a better protector than oxide of lead Graphite has a strong affinity for metal surfaces, and experienced painters claim that even where light colors are desirable, graphite paint should be used as a priming coat. Again, graphite is impervious to the action of heat, cold, sea air, acid or alkali fumes, which are more or less destructive agents to lead paints.

The Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J., have manufactured a pure linseed oil and graphite paint for over 25 years, and have some very convincing testimonials of its value.—*Adv.*

Fastest Time Ever Made from Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla.

"The Monon Route" (L. N. A. & C. Ry.) placed in effect on Nov. 18 the fastest schedule ever made between Chicago and Jacksonville, Fla., leaving Chicago at 8:32 P. M., arriving at Jacksonville, Fla., at 9:55 A. M. the second morning, making direct connections with the morning departures from that point with all diverging lines and arriving at interior and southern Florida points by daylight, St. Augustine and Palatka b fore noon; Ocala, Orlando, Sanford, Winter Park, Bartow and Tampa early in the afternoon; Titusville and Rockledge before supper, and Lake Worth before bedtime. The trains are vestibuled, Pintsch lighted and steam heated, with the finest dining and sleeping car service in the world. For further information, time tables, and sleeping car tickets, call on or address Sidney R. Jones, C. P. A., Monon Route, No. 232 Clark street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

Playing Cards.

The Marlin Firearms Co. have issued a very neat pack of playing cards, bearing on the back an engraving of the latest Marlin, which they are sending to the trade and their friends among traveling men. —*Adv.*

It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where WE get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

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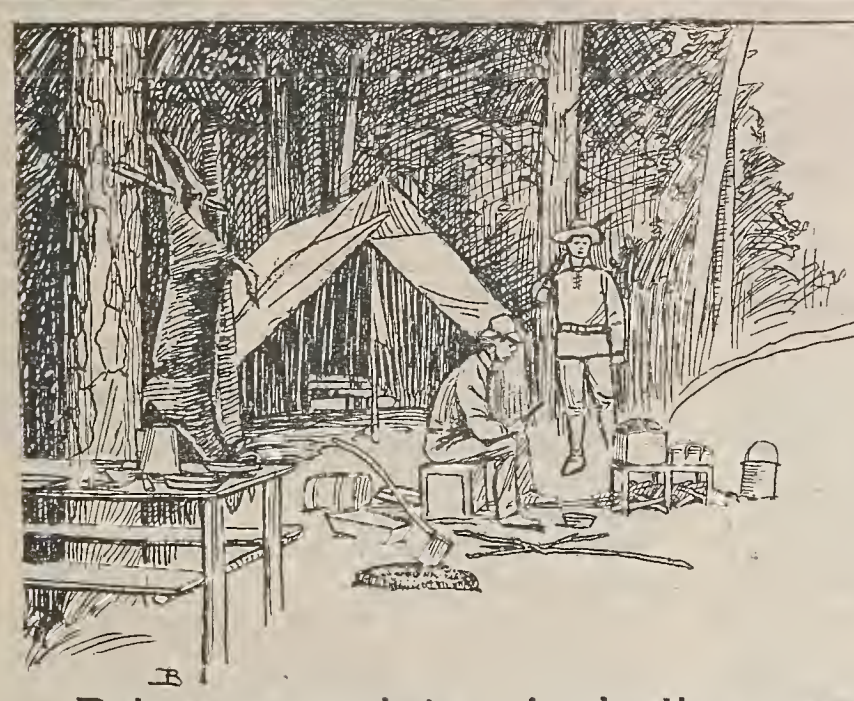

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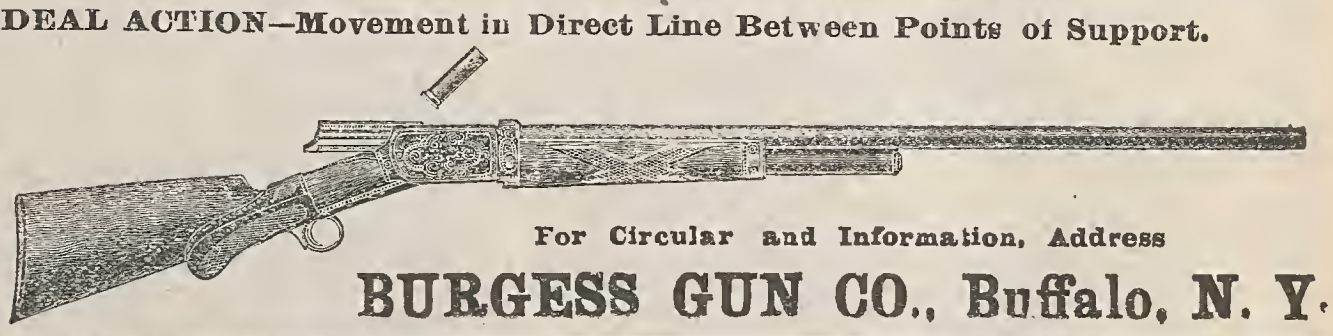

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

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CONTENTS.

Editorial.
New York Fish Commission.
The New York Game Protectors
A Christmas Week Guarantee.
Retain Agent Andrus.
Cup Committee and the New Deed.
Snap Shots.

The Sportsman Tourist.
A Perfect Nimrod.
Notes by the Way.

Natural History.
A Useful Bird Book
What Was This Owl and What This Bear?

Game Bag and Gun.
A Congress of Wild Ducks.
Stop the Sale of Game.
Chicago and the West.
Oregon Notes.
On Little River.
Boston and Maine.
Running Down Something Alive.
Michigan Deer.

Sea and River Fishing.
A Week with the Grayling.
Angling Notes.
Let Connecticut Wake Up.

The Kennel.
Brighton Tobe and International Field Trial.
Rabbit Hunting with Horses.
Ch. Frank Forest vs. Ch. Royal Krueger.
Points and Flushes.
Dog Chat.

Yachting.
Large Naphtha Cruisers.
The Dunraven Challenge.
Valkyrie-Vigilant Matches.
Yachting News Notes.

Canoeing.
A Panacea.
New York C. C.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Amateur Revolver Championship.
Club Matches and Meetings.
Rifle Notes.

Trap Shooting.
Control of Trap-Shooting.
Effect of Wadding Material upon Performance of Shotguns.
Dropping for Place.
Drivers and Twisters.

Answers to Queries.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

A CHRISTMAS WEEK GUARANTEE.

A FORTUNE would come, and all of a sudden, to the dealer in Christmas goods, who could guarantee that every gift purchased from him would be certain to please its recipient more than any other could. That is a guartee which unfortunately cannot be given, for while the gift may be worthy and fit and chosen without regard to cost, there is yet the possibility that it may not be the one thing most potent to please.

But there is a Christmas time guarantee which we propose to put at the head of the outside front cover of the FOREST AND STREAM next week; and it runs something like this:

Our Guarantee—We guarantee that every person paying 10 cents for this paper shall have more than ten times 10 cents worth of entertainment.

That might have been put on the cover to-day, or last week, or any other week; and for that matter it might be kept standing there. It shall be used this time to emphasize the store of good things in the Christmas number.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

COMMISSIONER COXE, the latest addition to the New York Fish Commission, is reputed to have been offered the place in order that he might be made "solid" for the political wing in power; and he is also reputed to have accepted it because he was under the delusion that a salary went with it. Now that he is in, his chief anxiety appears to be to provide snug, warm and well-paid places for the smaller political fry. And so on, as the poet sings of the fleas, *ad infinitum*. Of the five commissioners, then, two are politicians, a third is a joke, a fourth is noted as a commissioner chiefly for his frolics at one of the hatcheries; and a fifth, the president, does the work.

The time has come for a radical change in the organization of the Commission. It is time to have done with jokes, frolics and politics. It is time to come down to business—the fish business of the people of the State of New York. If the people understood this thing as it is, they would say just that. They should understand it, and they should demand action at Albany next month.

The first thing to do is to cut down the Commission, as was suggested in our issue of Nov. 17, from five to three; or better, to one. One man can do the work of five men better than five men can do the work of one. Make the Commission single headed.

Retire the jokers and politicians to the rear. To administer the fishing interests put in a person thoroughly informed as to fish, fishing and fishculture; that is to say, one who knows something about these interests and how to administer them.

Being competent to perform the duties of his office, let him be held responsible for their performance honestly, intelligently and effectively.

For his services pay him an adequate salary.

Cut off the shellfish department of the Fish Commission. Turn the oysters and clams over to a special and independent shellfish commissioner, or put them under control of a bureau of the land board or the Comptroller's office.

Separate the State game and fish protective force from the Fish Commission. There is enough for the Fish Commission to do without the protective work. The protective work can be done more efficiently if it be unhampered by the Fish Commission. Moreover, by having taken from it the appointment of protectors, the Commission will be relieved from political embarrassments.

The time is ripe, too, for a radical change in the administration of the work of the Commission. We want a vastly increased output of fish and at a vastly less cost. An honest, intelligent and capable single-headed Commission would effect this by first reducing the force of employees. There are too many superintendents now, one at each hatchery. One general superintendent is enough for all the hatcheries combined. The position of hatchery superintendent should be abolished. A simple care-taker could take care of the stations. A force of experienced men, under the supervision of the general superintendent, might be organized to do all the work of fish hatching, going from one station to another as the spawning seasons demanded, devoting their time in turn to the trout at Caledonia and the Adirondacks, the whitefish and ciscoes at Clayton, the pike at Oneida Lake and Three-Mile Bay, and the tom cods and smelt at Cold Spring Harbor. In summer the entire force could be employed in shad hatching, and in such repairs as might be required at the general stations. Two-thirds of the present force could do all this work, and do it better and more cheaply than it is done now.

But first, preliminary to effecting any changes of administration, let us have a new organization, a single, competent, efficient and accountable Commissioner.

The New York Commission is not the only one that should be reorganized and reformed. Fishcultural interests are at loose ends in several other States, where an application of business principles to the work of fishculture would most decidedly be to public advantage.

THE WATER-KILLING OF DEER.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has just received a handsome deer head from the Adirondacks, sends us a letter written by one of the men who killed the deer. When the hounds were heard driving the game to water, the writer of this letter, not having a gun at hand, grabbed a club and started for the lake. Others closed in with guns and rifles; and dogs, men, clubs and guns, all together besetting the beast in the lake, it was eventually done to death.

Some persons might not joy in the possession of a head, no matter how magificent, secured in that way; but judging from the popularity of water-killing deer in the North Woods and the scores of hunters and greenhorns who take part in it, such finical sportsmen would be in a minority.

Nevertheless, the killing of deer in the water should be prohibited in the Adirondacks. We do not care for the argument that the supply is so great that the deer stock can stand the decimation. It is not altogether a question of supply; it is just as much a consideration of sportsmanship. Should not the practice be forbidden? We would like to hear from those who are familiar with Adirondack deer conditions and are interested in them. Our columns are open for both sides to have their say.

RETAIN AGENT ANDRUS.

THE cause of game and game protection in Minnesota is popularly associated with the name of W. P. Andrus, the Executive Agent of the Fish and Game Commission. The Minnesota scheme of protection and its successful application and enforcement are in a very large measure due to the sagacity, activity and honest devotion of Mr. Andrus. His term will expire Jan. 1. His reappointment would be taken as an assurance that the good work is to go on. For the sake of the public interests at stake the FOREST AND STREAM trusts that it may record the retention of Mr. Andrus for a new term of usefulness.

THE CUP COMMITTEE AND THE NEW DEED.

IN openly abiding by the new deed of gift the Cup committee of the New York Yacht Club has taken a position which, because of its frankness and definite character, is likely to be indorsed by all American yachtsmen. That position is, however, peculiar and anomalous. The committee is engaged in the work of upholding and enforcing something which has been condemned by yachtsmen the world over, and which is no less condemned by the excuses and evasions of its friends. In carrying out this thankless task, however, they have been at least open and consistent, and have avoided the many blunders of the previous Cup committee of 1892-3.

While maintaining sturdily the fairness and legality of the deed, this former committee virtually admitted all that was urged against it by omitting some of the most vital requirements, and thus throwing open to question the legality of their acceptance of a challenge.

The one fair and manly course now open to the New York Y. C. is the complete repudiation of the discreditable document forced on it by a few men. So long, however, as the club is not prepared to go so far as this, and still insists on the legality of the new deed, it is at least a satisfaction that through the Cup committee it is prepared to stand by the whole deed in toto and not by a mutilated and distorted version of it.

We wish we could congratulate the club on making the only reparation in its power for the gross act of injustice perpetrated in its name in 1887. Failing this, we can at least congratulate it in a much lesser degree in that it possesses the courage of its convictions, and is at least prepared to stand squarely and openly by what it has once accepted, bad though that may be.

THE NEW YORK GAME PROTECTORS.

THE game and fish protectors force should be divorced from the Fish Commission. The duties of the State Commission of Fisheries are properly those set forth in the resolution under which the Commission was first created, *i. e.*, the propagation and distribution of fish and game and investigations into the causes, should there be necessity, of the decrease of the supply of fish and game. The Commission might properly recommend to the Legislature laws for the protection of fish and game; but the enforcement of such laws should be in charge of the State department of justice, the Attorney General's Office.

The chief protector should be appointed by the Governor, upon the recommendation, perhaps, of the Fish Commission. He should hold office during good behavior, and should be removed only for cause. He should have the power of appointment of the members of his force, but should be required to select from an eligible list submitted by the Civil Service Commissioners. He should also have the power of removal, but only for cause, and after trial. The game and fish protectors should receive a salary of at least $800 per annum, with an allowance for actual traveling expenses. No part of the fines imposed or penalties collected should be paid to them. There is always a prejudice in the minds of a jury against the evidence of an informer who receives part of the fine or penalty recovered on conviction. The entire amount received from fines and penalties should be paid in to the Attorney-General's office, to be kept in a separate fund, and used for the payment of expenses incurred in the prosecution of offenses against the game law.

THE CONTROL OF TRAP-SHOOTING.

THE letters printed in our trap columns last week and to-day, with more to come, are noteworthy indorsements of the FOREST AND STREAM'S suggestion that there should be some central representative and governing body to define the ethics of trap-shooting and to secure their observance. The plan possesses certain inherent difficulties, but none so serious, we believe, as to preclude the successful organization of a body which shall have the co-operation and support of the shooting public. The association cannot do everything, nor reform all that should be reformed, but it can do so much for the good of the interest concerned that its formation is surely well worth working for.

Some yarns are founded on fact, but the foundation is so slight and the superstructure so massive that the little fact at the bottom is somewhere down in the bowels of the earth.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A PERFECT NIMROD.

THERE is rare old sport to be had in a partridge hunt. I am a crank on the subject and you must excuse me for knowing. I love this life of the field and forest, and am as vain as any veteran of the scars I have won in many a toilsome chase.

They tell me it is tame sport. I dare say it was in the days of our daddies when the birds were snared with a shoestring. But the partridge of to-day is a different sort of chicken. He is shy and speedy and full of guile. He is undergoing a process of evolution all the time. He knows more this year than he did last and will know more next year than he does now. Come hither my father in Israel, and lemme show you a few of the lineal descendants of the "patridge" of your early days. Behold now the roadsider, the hill-climber, the sprinter, the dodger, the swamper, the sky-skipper, the bee-liner, the side-wheeler, the stern-wheeler. My venerable friend, I do cal'late you've no idea how things have changed since you useter bile the kittle in these woods. They will not nestle in your whiskers now as in the days of yore. They do not walk through the kitchen door and roost on the handle of the frying-pan with their *quit-quit-quit!* Hast thou, my ancient, marked the hole in the daylight which the bee-liner bores in his dizzy flight? Hast thou considered the ways of the stern-wheeler, my relic? When the bird bolts out of the brooding air right in front of your sacred nose and goes roaring away like a rocket with his jib cut loose for Limerick, and his propeller ticking off 2222 revolutions per minute—that is the stern-wheeler whereof I spake. He flies with his tail and not his wings, believe me. Shot will not stop him, my sweetness, unless you cock your gun comparatively soon. A comet, did you say, my sainted friend? Ah, no indeed, that is the skipper of the sky. He flies higher and faster and further than the stern-wheeler, and keeps no log, and has no regular port of call. He is gravel-ballasted and clipper-built and carries a balloonjib and spinaker. Gadsme! he is heading for the moon.

Much as I love to revel in the aromatic effluvium of the forest, with Victor Hugo Dusenbury I hanker not to invade the forest any more. Victor is a cousin of mine. It is with humility and yet with pride that I confess it. I am proud of the humility which enables me to speak of Victor after what has passed. I know 'tis idle to repine at Providence. I will just say this; that when cousins were being passed round I ought to have been notified to be present, in person or by proxy, to protect my rights. I should, I think, have taken precious good care that Victor was not knocked down to me.

Yet, when Victor arrived from town and strode up the Rue de Cowpath with his tailless dog, and hammerless gun and lawless mien, I recall that I was truly glad to see him. I was bound that he should have some sport. I wanted to see him draw a bead upon the bee-liner and cause him to lay aside formality, fuss and feathers in the fulvous air. Victor laughed when he saw my mongrel cur and begged me to leave him home. But I would not part with those ten pounds of yaller dog-meat for all the blue blood setters, pointers and spaniels from here to Florida. We entered the woods with the weary air of men who were heavily loaded with a mental reservation.

When the mongrel started bird number one I politely invited Victor to shoot. Victor could not see the bird. I pointed him out so Victor. It was painful to see the alacrity with which Victor failed to connect. I pointed out another bird asleep on a pine stub. Victor raced through the bushes and blazed away at a range of about six feet. To the best of my opinion it has been raining blood and feathers there ever since that time. His end was piece—so was the other end. I do not believe Victor got all of the bird after all, for we had forgotten to bring along a rake. There is one great advantage in Victor's style of shooting. He kills, plucks and carves the bird all in one operation. In fact I feel quite positive that any bird Victor shoots will not even need to be eaten.

The next bird was a roadside yearling. When I pointed him out Victor developed a keen sense of locality and let drive at him under a mossy log. How could Victor be supposed to know that the bird was not there at all, but under some other log. I try to be impartial in these things, but I think the look that bird gave Victor as he went betokened more contempt than gratitude. Victor began to be bothered by a note he had to meet, and thrashed around among the bushes with both hammers at full cock.

Bird No. 4 was nicely treed by the mongrel. Victor was naturally alarmed lest I should shoot before he did. He ran forward, let fly in a hurry—and missed. Bird No. 5 took a scoot through the blow-downs and Victor tried to run him to earth. He crashed through the alders and over the deadfalls, scratching his face, barking his shins, falling over himself till I could have sworn it was a bull moose. The bird, like the colored convention, "rejourned sun down." His trunk was checked for the autumn twilight glow, with no stops at suburban stations.

I recommended Victor to accumulate his faculties. He said it was no use—the cares of commerce made him gruesome and distraught. The next bird was a rabbit, heading sou'-sou'west. Victor let go at him in elegant style. He agreed with me, however, that his chances would have been better had his gun been loaded.

Somehow or other Victor made me nervous, too. When he was walking ahead of me he had both barrels at full cock ranging for my presence all the time. When he was behind they were threatening my dignity. If there is anything I specially desire in this life it is to preserve my dignity intact. Had Victor's gun gone off there would not have been at atom of it left.

I began to mark the mongrel holding his head to one side and watching Victor pensively. When he looks that way the mongrel is doing the tallest kind of thinking that a dog can do. He let out about a yard of tongue, but even then the problem was too much for him. Bime-bye he sneaked away and ambled home in deep disgust.

"Do you call this sport?" said Victor at last.

"No," said I.

So Victor and I went silently homeward, too, freighted with a mental reservation bigger than the hump on Bunyan's pilgrim. On the ensuing day Victor gathered up his toggery and left for town. And this is what I read in the paper that came the following morning:

Our worthy townsman, Victor Hugo Dusenbury, Esq., is a perfect Nimrod. He has returned bronzed and hardy from a week's outing with his rural friends, during which he bagged over sixty grouse, twenty brace of woodcock, and snipe innumerable. He gave the natives of Wayback some pointers in the science of woodcraft that astonished them; in fact, they were fairly paralyzed with his performance.

May heaven's richest blessing rest upon you, Victor, for you surely need it. But the mongrel knows and so do I.

PROWLER.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Dec. 10.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

BOSTON, Dec. 1.—During the many moons since I have been able to send any notes to FOREST AND STREAM, the dear old paper has come to me with contents of—if possible—ever increasing interest. Never a number comes without suggestion of question and comment, and reminiscences enough to fill a letter, far more, probably, than even its hospitable columns and friendly readers would have welcomed. It has all had to go unrecorded, but some aspect of this year's campaign in Maine, spur me to say a word. But first let me give my testimony to the great work that has been done in the last few years by FOREST AND STREAM in promoting a fraternal sentiment among sportsmen and naturalists from one end of the country to the other and in constantly improving and elevating the tone of all discussions pertaining to their interests. The work was begun long ago, and many who labored then for the suppression of greed and for the preservation of game and for a wise forethought in these matters, almost despaired of ever seeing any widespread interest or willingness to sacrifice present and personal interest for a future and general benefit. Good sentiment, powerful enough to influence action is all too tardy and slow of growth, and I have often been led to picture to myself our hunt-loving descendants excitedly discussing the best and most sportsmanlike methods of taking the English sparrow, the chipmonk and the minnow, and trying to imagine the days of their forefathers, who hunted larger game. But in spite of the senseless and almost universal destruction of so many of our noblest forms of animal life and the irreperable damage done—there are still some treasures left, and there are signs that at last there is something like a public sentiment to which we can appeal.

The letters and statements of FOREST AND STREAM and other journals, including of late not a few of our daily press, have begun to bear fruit. Hunters, guides and natives are affected by them. Into the remotest camps the FOREST AND STREAM penetrates and bears its message to men who have a great deal of time to think.

Now is the time of all times to redouble effort and to spread the gospel of common sense and enlightened self-interest.

In my judgment no one thing ever did half so much to help the good cause as the FOREST AND STREAM expedition to the Yellowstone Park and its revelation through the letters and photographs of Messrs. Hough and Hofer—*par nobile fratrum.* Every one who has had the privilege of seeing that wonderland and also of reading Mr. Hough's letters must, I am sure, like myself, have followed every step of that plucky winter trip with the greatest interest and rejoiced in the thought of the good work the recital was sure to accomplish.

As every one knows, the State of Maine is now far and away the greatest and most valuable game preserve east of the Mississippi River, if not on the continent. It boasts no grizzly bear nor elk nor antelope, though it is stoutly asserted that a single stray pair of elk were not long ago shot somewhere on the Allegash, and that the mounted specimens are now in evidence at Fredericton, N. B. This statement and the alleged recent occurrence of the wolverine in the same region are very interesting, and I hope will be thoroughly investigated and reported upon.

But it is certain that Maine entered upon the year 1894 with its vast extent of wilderness abundantly and marvelously stocked with deer, and throughout a great portion of this region caribou and moose were to be found in fairly good numbers. The deer are prolific and hard to exterminate, and caribou are exceptionally well able to take care of themselves even in deep snows and times of crust; but moose, our largest and noblest game, need vigorous and stringent protection if their absolute extermination is to be prevented. Some measure of this protection was finally given after the stock was almost exhausted and that which many of us hoped for, but did not dare expect, was brought about. This year the moose were actually here again, and as I have said, in fairly good abundance. And the fact was widely advertised. The result was such a rush of hunters for the woods as Maine never saw before.

It is said that by sheer inadvertance the law against the killing of cow moose at any time, an absolutely necessary provision if the race is to be preserved, was allowed to lapse. The natural result has followed and the slaughter has been indiscriminate and terrible.

On Oct. 7 I started for my nineteenth trip to the Maine woods. I need not to your readers describe what such a trip means. Long planned for and keenly anticipated it becomes with every year's experience of it a more and more glorious privilege and a greater and greater necessity. Never did I long for it with greater ardor nor feel greater need of it than this year.

Through the failure of a cabman to come for me at the proper time, I was belated, and in hurrying, heavily burdened with gripsacks and rifle case, across the floor of the railway station at Boston, I slipped and in the violent effort to prevent a fall—I, by sheer muscular wrench, tore off some of the fibers of the great ligament of the right knee. The train was on the point of starting. Not knowing how badly I was injured I got on board, though with deep down fear that the trouble was serious, which fear was in a few moments quite confirmed. I pass briefly over what followed, viz., a night of pain—a difficult removal from the train at Bangor to a hotel bed—the ministrations of the surgeon, vanishing visions of canoe and camp and one of the finest chances ever heard of to cultivate the virtues of patience and resignation! I thought upon Mark Tapley and tried to emulate his great example, but justice demands the confession that it was only after a time and in a modified degree that I was able to exemplify his philosophy. Some days after my accident, with right leg in splint and with the aid of crutches and with the help of a friend whose kindness I shall always hold in great remembrance—I emerged from the hotel and took the train—not for Boston, but the little station of the Bangor & Aroostook Railway, which had been my proposed point of departure for camp, and where I had hoped to meet a man who was at the same time an old friend and most skillful and admirable guide. I could not bear to go back defeated and utterly defrauded. Better to be, I thought, where I could look out on Katahdin and see more fortunate hunters come and go, see the antlers brought in and hear some of the gossip of the woods, even though I were myself crippled, and so it proved. My knee improved steadily, and I have hope of complete recovery, but the picture of my Maine woods trip for 1894 will have to be permanently framed in much more than "half mourning."

I did not see the meat market at Bangor, but by all accounts it presented an extraordinary appearance in those days, crowded as it was with deer, caribou, moose and bear carcasses. In one day two moose, two caribou, two bear and fifty-seven deer had been received. Of course this was the catch of a large extent of territory, but it was the record of only one day and that of every other day was very large. Nothing like it had ever been seen. I am familiar with the rush of sportsmen to the Maine woods at the opening of the game season, but this year has beaten all previous records out of sight. For days every train had carried to the north an antonishing number of men with rifles. There were twenty-five or thirty on my own train. There were camps on every lake and stream, and on many lakes and streams there were many camps. Everywhere there were Winchesters and Marlins. Every man you met carried one or the other. It was the generally expressed conviction that with so many guns and so many eager and inexperienced men in the woods there were sure to be serious accidents. As a matter of fact I remember to have heard of none up to date. Perhaps the general fear effected the needed caution.

From Brownville the new railroad runs through country very familiar to me but it was a most novel and to me an uncanny thing to see it from a car window.

I am glad if the good people of Aroostook county are benefited by this new route to market, but I sorrow with the wood gods at this intrusion on their solitudes. I felt it an outrage to sweep along behind a shrieking locomotive past the head of Schoodic Lake where I had so often drawn up my canoe on the beach with the most comfortable sense of solitude, and to go past the head of Seboois and meet the gaze of Big Jo Merry mountain while traveling in this luxurious and shameful fashion. Last year I felt the same sense of shame and pain in coming down from Greenville to Brownville over the Canadian Pacific line. I looked out on woods and waters which I had known in all their remoteness and wildness, which characteristics are now gone forever. The region from Moosehead Lake to Katahdin has been for twenty-five years my peculiar and favorite hunting ground. I am myself not a bad guide for most of it. Scarcely a peak or eminence in the whole extent on which I have not stood, and on many of them many times, or a lake on the shore of which my camp has not been made. Its people and its places are old friends to me. I can never know or love another hunting region so well. But no amount of this sentiment will stay the hand of the railway maker and I accept the inevitable and let the train bear me on. At every little station or siding was a little group of men, every one with a rifle, and generally there were several deer awaiting shipment. At one station a young cow moose, just killed and the nostrils still twitching and quivering, lay on a flat car. It was to me no pleasant sight but an ominous one. A little further on the train jumped two deer, and two young men from Connecticut who sat beside me and who were going into the woods for the first time, took heart of courage and began to think that they too might "actually kill a deer."

I reached my destination and carried out my plan. I saw parties come and watched the eager consultations with guides, the assembling of supplies, the last adjustments, the pushing off and the dip of their paddles as their canoes bore them strong and hopeful up the lakes to camp and hunting ground. I saw parties come in with antlers and trophies and stories of the chase. Three sets of moose antlers—all of young moose—were brought in while I was there. Few attempts were made to bring out any of the meat. Many cow moose had been killed. Parties going into the woods were frankly told of four carcasses of moose hung in the trees at as many points up the West Branch, which could be had for the taking.

Caribou signs had not been lacking, but they were not really abundant. One party, which made the ascent of Katahdin, leaving their rifles a half mile below the edge of the tableland, saw five caribou near the very summit. The animals were in sight a long time, finally moving leisurely off along the plateau to the north.

According to all reports no better deer country could be found than that immediately surrounding the place where I was. Up and down the railroad deer tracks were everywhere to be seen. Those of a huge buck were renewed every night within 200yds. of the house. Several deer were killed by those who simply watched along the burnt lands beside the track. A little earlier—before open time—a gentleman had amused himself by going up and down the line after dark on a "velocipede hand-car" and carrying a jack, and one night within a distance of four or five miles he saw twenty-two pairs of eyes. That is my recollection of his count, and I have not the slightest doubt of the truth of his statement.

Early one morning, just before my arrival, a moose was started only a few rods up the track. It was just before daybreak and the hunter supposed, till it was too late for a shot, that the object he saw might be a man. His forbearance was, no matter at what possible loss of game, absolutely the only course to be thought of. How I longed for a well knee and my old familiar place in the bow of a canoe. One morning I did hobble down to the landing and, having been assisted with as much care as if I had been a bag of diamonds instead of merely flesh and bones, I sat flat down in the waist of a canoe and a gentleman paddled me over to a birch point where some guides had a camp. There I found the white tent, the camp-fire in front, the tea pail hanging on the "spunhungan," and a quarter of venison hanging handy. The witching smell of the fresh fallen birch leaves caught me, and for one wild, self-forgetful moment I was again in

my own hunting camp and far away, whole banks of solid days and nights away from pain and thought and care. Just one moment! but it was priceless. Then, oh! that *ligamentum patellæ!* Its torn and grieved fibres protested, and with a sigh I adjusted my crutches and made my way back to the canoe.

The morning after my arrival I was looking out upon the water when I saw a canoe round the point and approach the landing. Bow and stern paddle were moving in perfect form and time and, moreover, at a clipping pace. It was a pretty sight, of course. "Two old hands at the paddle hafts," said I to myself. Presently to my astonishment the tall and graceful young fellow in the bow whose stroke I had been admiring proved to be a tall and graceful young woman. Keeping full stroke till within little more than a canoe length of the landing, she laid the side of the canoe up to the plank as deftly and stepped out as readily and firmly as the best canoeman on Penobscot water could have done. I was not surprised after this to learn that this young Diana of the woods was one of the best fly-fishermen anywhere to be found, nor, later, through the columns of the Boston *Herald*—that she had distinguished herself by bringing down a good deer to her own rifle. Her name was given there and she must forgive me for recording it here. She is Miss Florence Plaisted of Bangor. I was the less surprised at her success with the rifle, though this is her first year of practice, after seeing some quite astonishing targets she made with a fine-shooting .22cal. Marlin while I was there. I wish that to scores of ladies whom I know could come some appreciation of, and then the opportunity to enjoy, the fine freedom and exhilaration which Miss Plaisted has the great good sense to take among the woods and lakes of her native State. She is a good object lesson to illustrate your recent editorial entitled "Woman Out of Doors," and as good sense increases, there shall be more like her.

One day a man came in who reported something of great interest if true, viz., that he had trapped a wolf over near Willinocket some time before. The carcass was much decayed when he found it. Having had no experience with wolves he was not absolutely certain as to what he had caught.

Telling an old hunter who had killed wolves in earlier days, that he had some queer creature in his trap, he led him to it. The hunter instantly pronounced it a wolf. I advised the man by all means to save the skull, which he promised to do.

Later a report came that two wolves had been seen in the neighborhood of the Jo Merry Lakes.

It goes without saying that if the long expected and predicted return of the wolves to Maine has begun, sharp work by the Legislature in the matter of placing bounties on them will be in order if the present wonderful abundance of deer is to be preserved. With this next Legislature also rests the duty of the reënactment of the law against the killing of cow moose which, it is said by sheer inadvertance, has been allowed to lapse. This most unfortunate affair has cost the State already what it will take years to regain.

So far as I could learn, no thought of the future has staid the trigger finger of any man who caught sight of a cow moose this year in Maine. I know men who would not have shot a cow moose, but I fear not many such were in the woods this year.

One State Senator, Hon. Harrison Hume, has promised me his most earnest efforts at Augusta this year in securing the desired legislation. If every gentleman who hunts in Maine and desires the preservation of the moose will make it his business to see or communicate with some one of the members of the next Legislature on this matter we shall have a powerful aid to the cause. I am glad to say that many of the Boston papers are good in this matter. The *Herald* has published many columns of reports and vigorous and well-directed editorials upon the subject.

Now that I am actually writing to FOREST AND STREAM again there is a great temptation to touch on many points and to ask many questions not all connected with affairs in Maine. One is the wild pigeon question. By all means let us have reports from every one who has seen any of these birds of late, in any part of the country, and let us be assured that mourning doves are not mistaken for pigeons. In my boyhood these beautiful birds had ceased to be abundant in New England, but were not infrequently seen in small flocks. Later, in Illinois, I shot many and saw their annual migration in such numbers as now seem fabulous, and were, even to those most familiar with the facts, always amazing and impressive. The last wild pigeons I have seen were three individuals, four years ago, flying over an old field in northern Alabama.

There were rumors of late of a small pigeon roost somewhere in the Ozark Mountains. Cannot some one report for that region? Will not "Texas Field," also, whose letters I enjoy so much, expand his recent statement, viz., that "The Texas pigeon shooting is something nice," and that he would "guarantee rare sport to any visiting sportsmen?"

I want to thank Mr. A. N. Cheney for his recent remarks on the "black bass craze" and the folly of stocking certain waters with these fish. Experience in Maine would illustrate and add emphasis to all he said. Every year narrows the area of undisputed trout water and marks the destructive advance of bass and pickerel. Up the streams they go, and over low carries at flood time and, as Mr. Cheney says, once in they can never be gotten out.

Let me not close even this long letter without an item which I think will interest many, viz., the formation of a club for the especial purpose of opening up a new route to the summit of Katahdin (or as I suppose we should spell it "Ktaadn"), and for the more careful study of the topography, the fauna and flora of the mountain and its immediate vicinity, its legends and history and the preservation of its game and most important objects of scenic interest. The Ktaadn Club will have its headquarters in Bangor, but will have a permanent camp at the base of the mountain. Its founder is a well-known and public-spirited Bangor gentleman—Dr. Hamlin. To its associate membership will be welcomed gentlemen from other parts of the country who appreciate the purposes of the club and are willing to contribute in at least a small way to its work. The movement is certainly an admirable one, and I hope to report good things of it later on.

C. H. AMES.

DOWN IN THE MARSH.

DARKNESS and quiet had fallen upon the camp, but not complete silence. From the tent the heavy breathing of my companion, who, rolled in his blankets, gave out an occasional snore ending with a snort (you have all heard it), the plunge of a muskrat or the quack of a belated mallard, these with the chattering of my friends the owls and the whistle of a coon, borne across the marsh by the light wind, were the sounds that pleasantly disturb the night, as with my pipe I sit by the dying embers of the camp-fire. The beauty of the night and of my surroundings bring to mind the pleasant memory of days and nights spent here in the past, which have been among the happiest of my life.

In the fall of 1865 I first camped here with an old hunter and trapper. Never since then have I seen that man's equal with a rifle. He used to shoot a heavy muzzle-loading, double-barrel of about .32cal., and looked with disdain on any one who used a "scatter-gun." He killed all his game with the rifle, thought nothing of shooting off pheasants' heads, beheading ducks by the neck, and shooting geese on the wing was a mere pastime. I have seen him stand about 20yds. from a board fence and shoot at a nail, driving it through the board, and then putting a bullet from the other barrel through the same hole. At one time he wanted to see me shoot my rifle, a Maynard, by the way, that I was quite proud of. Making a small blaze on a tree about 50yds. away, I shot at it, striking about 2in. to the right and making a small scar on the tree, I shot again, but this time missed the tree, much to my chagrin. He then shot with his rifle and as I supposed missed, and again with the same result. I thought I had the laugh on him sure, but taking his ax he went to the tree and chopped out his two bullets piled in behind mine. He had shot at my bullet hole instead of the mark. [Here the owls made an awful noise, but it's true, every word of it.] As good a canoeman as I ever saw, and a first-class trapper, he caught that fall, with my slight assistance, a lot of fur that would be an eye-opener in these days, including principally, otter, beaver, foxes, wildcat, coon, mink, etc. I was with him about two months, and the fur caught during that time netted over $300. Our only other companion was a hound, whose never-failing qualities as a trailer came in handy several times when some animal would take to the woods with the trap.

Circumstances were such that for three years following the events just narrated I could not visit my old stamping ground; but in '69 I was there again and have camped in the same vicinity every year since; and although in the meantime I have hunted and pitched my tent in many wild and pleasant places, notably in northern Minnesota, Dakota, Montana and Oregon, there is yet a charm about the woods and the marsh of which we know every tree and bog that will never wear away.

They may cut down the timber,
Drain the land if they will,
But the old smell of woods and bog
"Will hang round it still."

The owls are still chattering away. (These fellows must have a language of their own.) The fire is getting low, my pipe is out and a suspicious cool wind is beginning to sway the treetops; and rising to my feet I observe, "Ah, a change; a norther is on. That means business to-morrow. Turn in."

WAPAHASA.

WABASHA, Minn.

Natural History.

A USEFUL BIRD BOOK.

THE value of a natural history museum depends less on the number and completeness of its collections than on the manner in which these collections are arranged and described. In other words, such a museum is useful just in so far as it conveys to the public a knowledge of the collections exhibited there. It should not be a mere curiosity shop which people visit in order that they may be astonished, but a place where natural objects are gathered together and set in order, so that visitors may take in through the eye information which can be acquired only with difficulty, and very slowly by reading. It is within comparatively few years only that the importance of properly labeling museum specimens has been appreciated and acted on. Formerly a collection was thought to be labeled when each specimen had attached to it a card, which bore its Latin name. But the casual visitor who reads a label like this—

Aythya vallisneria (Wils.). ♀

North America at large.

certainly carries away with him no very useful information. He sees a duck which is said to be an inhabitant of America, but he has always known that there are ducks in America, and he passes on without having added at all to his knowledge.

It is a great thing for the increase of popular knowledge on natural history subjects that the matter of telling people what the specimens exhibited are is now receiving attention. In some collections each label contains, besides the name, the locality and sex, some salient fact about the specimen, something which the visitor may be struck with, and which he will carry away with him, which he will not only remember, but will remember in connection with the name and the appearance of the specimen to which the card belongs. A publication intended to do just this is the "Visitors' Guide to the Collection of Birds Found Within Fifty Miles of New York City," which has been issued recently by the American Museum of Natural History at Central Park. It is prepared by Mr. Frank M. Chapman, assistant curator of the Department of Mammalogy and Ornithology of the Museum, and is a most creditable production. This Guide is intended to accompany and give facts about a collection of birds formed especially to aid students of ornithology who wish to identify birds found near New York city. With few exceptions all the birds contained in it were collected within fifty miles of New York, and species of which individuals have not yet been obtained within those limits are for the present represented by specimens taken from the general North American collection. Stragglers and accidentals are wisely excluded from the collection. With the Guide in his hand the student need have no difficulty in identifying every species in the collection.

The situation of New York is such as to give it a very large representation of bird life. Mr. Chapman puts the case forcibly in his introduction when he says:

"The region embraced within our limit possesses natural advantages calculated to attract a great number of birds. Our sea coast, with its sandy beaches and shallow bays; our rivers, creeks and ponds, with their surrounding grassy marshes; our wooded hillsides and valleys, our rolling upland and fertile meadows, offer haunts suited to the wants of most birds. Again our coast line and the Hudson River Valley form natural highways of emigration regularly followed by birds in their journey to and from their summer homes.

"But the exceptionable abundance of birds in this vicinity is not due alone to the varied character of the country or to the fact that twice each year streams of migrants pass along our coasts and through our valleys. There are certain causes which tend to limit the ranges of animals. Chief among these is temperature. A study of the ranges and habitats of animals and plants shows that the boundaries of the habitats of many species coincide with one another and also to a greater or less extent with lines of equal temperature. The ranges of these species being thus governed by natural causes are taken as indices of the limits of faunas or natural life areas. The lines between these faunas cannot of course be sharply drawn. The change from one to another is gradual, and thus between the two a neutral strip exists in which will be found species characteristic of each. Just such a condition is found in this vicinity; the northern boundary of the Carolinian fauna overlapping the southern boundary of the Alleghanian fauna in the valleys of the Delaware, Hudson and Connecticut. In other words, we have here on the one hand a number of birds which are found no further north and on the other certain species which are found no further south. That is, in the breeding season; for among birds only the nesting ranges are of value in determining the boundaries of faunas."

Thus we find in northern New Jersey and southern New York and Connecticut, an unusually numerous avifauna, the total list of species found within 50 miles of New York numbering 348, summarized as follows: Permanent residents 35, summer residents 92, summer visitants 18, winter residents 36, winter visitants 16, regular transient visitants 82, irregular transient visitants 30, accidental visitants 39.

The material on which is based the annotated list which is so valuable a part of the Guide, comes from three sources: (1) previously published records, (2) the author's observations near Englewood, New Jersey, which cover about ten years of intermittent study, and (3) the observations of Mr. William Dutcher, whose careful, painstaking and valuable work on Long Island birds is so well known to all ornithologists.

The Guide is beautifully illustrated, in part by line cuts, chiefly of heads and single figures, which appeared in Coues's "Key to North American Birds," and by several full-page half-tone illustrations taken from Dr. Shufeldt's recent work on "Scientific Taxidermy." The latter are photographs of the beautiful bird groups in the American Museum, which are marvels of truthfulness to nature, both as regards excellence of taxidermy and faithfulness of accessories.

The young student of our birds cannot better employ his time for a week or two than by going over this local collection with this Guide in his hand. He can there learn in an hour what might take him many months of hard work to acquire in the field or the closet. Mr. Chapman has performed a useful service for the ornithology of this locality.

What was this Owl? And what this Bear?

HUSHPUCKANY, Miss., Nov. 26.—I have just finished Mr. Hough's very interesting article in the last impression of FOREST AND STREAM. I wish to add some testimony of my own, relative to the undescribed fera and avi-fauna of our country. I am convinced that there exists an undescribed species of owl in the great cypress brakes of Louisiana and Mississippi. I have shot and hunted in these forest fastnesses for the past thirty years, and three or four times I have met with the species of owl I am about to describe. It is not unlike the great horned owl in appearance, but it is much larger, and more powerful. I have seen this bird dash into a flock of mallards at sunset, and carry off a big drake with as much ease as the ordinary owl would capture a sparrow.

The only one I ever saw dead was killed by a comrade, in the late twilight. It was heavily eared and marked somewhat like the *B. virginianus*, but it was much darker in coloring, and measured 6ft. 10in. from tip to tip in expanse of wings. Every Louisiana duck hunter knows of this bird, and I should be glad to know really what it is. It is never seen about the plantations, but lives in the densest of the great cypress forests of the State mentioned.

Then, too, I believe we have in the far South three kinds of bears. The first is the big black bear; I saw one killed three years ago that weighed nearly 800lbs. on a pair of accurate cotton scales—scales for weighing cotton bales. It always has a white horseshoe mark on the breast. The second bear is the ordinary brown, which is common in all the country from Maine to Louisiana.

It seldom weighs over 300lbs. The third bear is red in color like a steer; long, slender, takes to the water like an otter; can swim quite as well, and will tire out the best pack of dogs that ever ran. It never lives out of the great swamps and weighs from 250 to 300lbs.

This bear is utterly unlike any of its kind in many respects, varying enough to make me think it is a new species or the common brown bear modified and changed by its environment. If the modern naturalist could be induced to leave his study and do as Audubon, Wilson and other great hunter-naturalists did, it would be greatly to the benefit of science and add very much to our present

knowledge of obscure or undecided features of natural history. W. H. R.

[There is a great variation in size and color between different individuals—usually described as different subspecies or races—of *Bubo virginianus*, but the extent of wings of the bird mentioned by W. H. R. is 18 or 20in. more than the measurements of the great horned owl, and put that species out of the question. The description given is too vague to enable one to conjecture what it may be. The bear question in North America is as yet an unsolved problem with which several students are wrestling. A yellow bear was described in 1821 by Edward Griffith under the name *Ursus luteolus*. It was said to inhabit Louisiana. See FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. 42, page 27, for notice of a paper on this subject read before the Biological Society of Washington by Dr. C. Hart Merriam. Dr. Merriam would no doubt be glad to secure skulls and skins of the red or yellow bear mentioned by W. H. R.]

A Golden Eagle.

BELFAST, Me., Dec. 4.—On Nov. 17 Mr. Staples shot a fine golden eagle on Isle Au-Haut in Penobscot Bay It was a large female bird, and was shot while feeding on the carcass of a deer that some parties had shot and taken the head and hide from, leaving the meat on the shore to spoil. These birds are quite rare in this section. There was also a bald-headed eagle with this one, but he failed to get him. The golden eagle is now being mounted with a few other birds that Mr. Staples shot while on the island. BOB BLACK.

King Eider on Lake Champlain.

ALBANY, N. Y.,—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may be of interest to your readers to note that the State Museum has received a donation from Mr. George L. Kirk, of Albany, a female specimen of the king eider duck (*Somateria spectabilis* (Linn).) This was shot on Lake Champlain near North Ferrisburg, Vt., December 3, 1894. As the bird is not very common in New York waters I call your attention to it. F. J. H. MERRILL.

Game Bag and Gun.

A CONGRESS OF WILD DUCKS.

A HEAVY rain storm on Dec. 4, with continuous cold weather ever since, has brought a vast congregation of ducks into Pamlico Sound, and they lie off the mouth of Newport River in great rafts, trading back and forth across the points of land, and holding caucuses and conventions, at rest and on the wing, wherever they can do so in safety beyond the reach of gunshot.

Like their counterparts in Congress who assembled on the even date, they are of all complexions and shades of quality, gustatory and political, and they maneuver in pretty much the same manner, hovering about the committee rooms, badgering the document clerks, and spending much time at the refectory, quacking, cackling and munching celery, flag root, crabs, fish, oysters and such other comestibles as suit their taste and are conveniently at hand. But, quite contrary to the custom at the National House of Representatives, they discount their own bills, and do their own washing, never failing to rise to points of order, and taking flights of fancy which rural members, newly fledged, seldom attempt.

Continuous harassment and persecution up Currituck way and even as far south as Spense Daniel's, at Wanchese, on the southern point of Roanoke Island, have had the effect to drive all ducks to localities less subject to cannonade, and only those gunners who are posted think of seeking them in the new haunts. Yet, and howsomever, there are quite a few sportsmen down in Pamlico now, and some who happened in at Newbern in quest of quail were luckily just in time to take advantage of the swift-winged advent, and go down to tide water by rail. Some commercial men, too, who were luxuriating with an unwonted experience at the new Hotel Chattawka, which they all allow is without a parallel in localities of this section, could not resist the temptation to improvise an outfit of guns, ammunition and decoys, and yield themselves to the indulgence of a day off. All came back with full bags, quite delighted, and the hotel has been feasted on mallards, redheads and teal ever since. Redheads predominate, but one Boston drummer, who was enthusiastic, declared he counted at least twelve varieties in front of his blind. He said he did not notice geese or brant. I reckon they are down further toward the inlets.

Newport River is only an hour's ride from Newbern, a pretty town with shaded streets, attractive residences, and a well-kept cosy hotel with a modern cast.

In direct line with duck shooting comes the turkey hunting. Turkeys are quite abundant south of Newbern, almost anywhere on the lines of the A. & N. C., and Wilmington & Newbern railroads, especially at Wallace's Creek, a lovely location on New River, which a club ought to buy as an investment. It is reached by rail to Jacksonville, the county seat of Onslow, and thence eight miles by commodious passenger steamer which runs tri-weekly. This shooting ground comprises 800 acres, and lies directly opposite the celebrated Glencoe Stock Farm of Thos. A. McIntyre, of the New York Produce Exchange, on which he has expended $100,000 or so. He has a fine string of blood horses and neat cattle, a half mile exercising track, tally-ho coach, deer paddock, goose pond, bowling alley, and other requisites of utility, emolument and sport.

I came down here two weeks ago from the hoar frosts of the Red River Valley in Minnesota, and realize that it is good to be here. All through November and up to Dec. 4 the noonday temperature averaged about 65°, and existence was cheerful. One felt the pride of life as a horse feels ginger. Even an old sport like myself was inordinately enlivened. To-day the thermometer indicates 44° at 11:30 A. M., and the sun is shining brightly as before. It is a delightful climate.

I would like, Mr. Editor to expatiate more fully upon the winter charms of this region, as I have already done in many a column of FOREST AND STREAM; but I fear that your readers might think that I am "dead struck" on the place, and only working a high grade advertisement racket. Yet, if one must shoot, his tongue will wag, and I discover no more impropriety in bespeaking the beauties of the Earl of Craven's ancient domain through your paper than in ventilating it around a red-hot stove in a club room. So accepting your indulgence and the privilege of so much space, thus occupied, I subscribe myself once more your obedient servant, CHAS. HALLOCK.

NEWBERN, N. C.

STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—*The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.*—FOREST AND STREAM, *Feb. 10.*

RECENTLY I received a letter from Mr. H. M. Tonner, dated at Chino, Cal., the substance of which implies that the brethren of the dog and gun there are confronted with much the same problems of game preservation as those of the older States. He says:

"We have had some jacksnipe shooting and some fair sport with quail; but owing to the long dry spell and the senseless slaughter by market-hunters, to say nothing of the vast herds of sheep that are being driven over our best country, the quail of '94 are about gone on this side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, and the sportsmen of this section will, of necessity, have to cross the range to get any good sport.

"Fortunately this State is large, and many of the best parts of it are unvisited by sportsmen, but the game hog will soon find those parts, and unless there is some law enacted and enforced, we will soon be where many of the Eastern States are at present.

"It is beyond my comprehension why our sportsmen do not wake up. They hold conventions and club meetings without end; but, so far as practical results are concerned, there is no evidence of their existence.

"The most nonsensical law I know of is an act that enables the supervisors of each county to change the game laws at will, and from what I have been able to gather all that is necessary is a petition signed by one or more taxpayers and you have a law to suit you. As this was told me by Supervisor Lord, of San Bernardino county, I consider it pretty good authority, since our quail law, which should read that the season be closed between March 1 and Sept. 1 now reads that it shall be lawful to kill quail within a mile of a vineyard between May 1 and March 1, on the petition of a man who has actually but ten acres of vineyard. Let a State law protect the vineyard, but not a county law to destroy the quail when the vineyards are by long odds of the least value of any of our products. Agricultural and horticultural interests predominate here, yet our game birds must go to foster an industry that is by no means a success. With the FOREST AND STREAM I say 'Stop the sale of game.' I have often killed more than I needed myself; and instead of selling it I send it to my less fortunate friends.

"This is not all. I personally know of members of sportsmen's (?) clubs who always sell their surplus game—men who would become indignant if called market-hunters; but what are they? The market-hunter follows his pursuit as a means of livelihood; the club pot-hunter kills all he can that he may boast of his murders to his moneyed companions who lack the first elements of sportsmanship. This class of sportsmen (?) are in the minority, and it is to be hoped they will cease to exist with this generation.

"It has been my good fortune to shoot for four seasons with an Eastern gentleman, who notwithstanding he had traveled across the continent to kill quail, always stopped shooting when he had brought a dozen or two to bag. Would I that all were of the same cloth, then the game problem would be solved." B. WATERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the waiting room of all Wisconsin stations on the lines of the C., M. & St. P. road is posted a conspicuous card giving the open and close seasons for game, and at the bottom of the card is a notice that it is one of the station agent's duties to report violations of the law to the nearest game warden; also that hunting dogs and guns are carried free in baggage cars when accompanied by their owner, and that 150lbs. of game will be carried free to such points as it is legal to carry it. The plan of keeping the game laws before the people is an excellent one. Such a card ought to be put in a prominent place in every post-office, and the State sportsmen's associations could have it done at a trifling cost. It sets the thoughtless violator of the law in thinking, which frequently ends in his reformation, and the notice of a possible penalty will often restrain the vicious violator, while the discussions that are sure to arise round the post-office stove on account of it are educators in the right direction.

There will always be some one to argue for the enforcement of the law, on the ground that law observance is a part of good citizenship, regardless of what the law may be or how many others violate it, and in the end it all tells in the right direction. It has fallen to the lot of the writer to do some missionary work of this kind, and to his certain knowledge it has borne good fruit. It is also well known that if there is much shooting in his neighborhood in the close season he is trying to find out what it is about, and who is doing it.

But the strictest observance of the game laws will not prevent the final extermination of the game; it will put the day of final extinction further off, but the only way to preserve it is to stop the sale of game, for wherever the game gets plenty enough for a man to make common laborer's wages at market-shooting the market-shooter is at work.

Anti-game shipping laws might be sufficient could they be enforced, but it seems they have not been. Those no-souled dollar chasers, the express companies, have no interest in game except as they get to carry it, and they know that the cost of a few prosecutions will be a mere drop in the bucket compared to the profits from the thousands of unprosecuted violations. It is very difficult to enforce the anti-shipping laws, because of the difficulty in getting convicting evidence, and because each case must be prosecuted in the local courts where the offense was committed.

If anti-sale laws were enacted, their enforcement in a dozen of our largest cities would settle the matter, and the law could be enforced there, too. It is argued that the business interests of the game dealers are too great, too much capital invested, etc., for them to be suppressed. They are no better than the market-shooter. Both are destroying one of the gifts of nature to the people, and no man has any right to destroy the people's property nor to use more than his share of it. Perhaps this last statement hits the game hog, too. If it does, we hope it hits hard enough to do some good. O. H. HAMPTON.

MALONE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* No traffic in game, I would like to see, not only as headlines in your most valuable sportsman's educator, but in practice as a law of the most rigid form. It makes us who put money into guns, rods and dogs feel that there is yet something to be done on game laws, when after a hard day's tramp and with two or three partridges in bag we see hanging at our country market ten or fifteen pairs. This does not rest us a little bit; it makes us more weary; so we stop to examine the birds. Most of them we find have been snared, and all of them have been brought in by a pot-hunter and sold for fifty cents a pair. This is of course the cheapest way to get game for the table, and many who care nothing for sport have more game than the sportsman.

We start out "just at the crack of dawn" on a June morning, drive a dozen miles or more for a day's fishing; fight flies most of the time; but manage to bring enough trout to creel of fair size to make the "fry-pan smell." We lose the big ones, but start for home feeling satisfied and knowing the wife and babies will be glad to see the beauties. Here we are wrong, for in passing the market near home we see the sign "Trout for sale," and stop to look at them—20lbs. "just brought in"—and not a small one in the lot, all about one size, with not a mark of hook in lips, but the gills are worn out and the bodies are much marked. The netter has made a good day's wages.

The same tale applies to deer shooting. The sportsman goes into camp, hiring guide, dogs and equipments at quite an expense, and if he gets a buck feels that his investment is good and that he has had his share of sport for one season. The head he has "set up" and it adorns his home. But when he is asked to buy jerked venison at all seasons of the year almost feels like kicking himself for not killing a doe or two and jerking his own meat. We want more protection. We want for protectors men who are fearless and who are men of honor. VAN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Present and Past in the Wilder West.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

Epochs of the Trails.

THE Northern Pacific Railrod goes up the valley of the Yellowstone, following the foot trails of the vanished men who searched for beaver. All the way up to the big bend, where it turns short on its heel and points to the mountains of the region now known as the National Park, it offers an easy and inviting natural roadway. This was the old trail for the North. Down this trail one-half of the Lewis and Clark party came on the return to the East. The party which went down the Missouri was left some distance to the west beyond the divide which separates the waters of the Missouri from those of its great tributary. If you look to the west and north of the town site of Livingston, you can see a high plateau like a lofty mesa, stretched like a dam across the valley of the Yellowstone, as if to turn it to the east. This is the visible divide, the point over which the old wagon trails of the hunting days and gold days ran and still runs. The Indians knew this point well, and it was their favorite ambush point for white men's caravans. History will never tell how many sudden and desperate battles have been waged at this point. Old Tom Laforge—I suppose he must be called old, for he has seen much of the past that now is old—who is one of the old-time scouts, guides and hunters, or was while any such had a vocation, told me that he and Jim Bridger were often up this valley together, thirty or forty years ago, and often hunted antelope where Livingston now is, that being a great antelope range naturally. He said that in those days a party nearly always looked for a fight when they got to this divide of the Upper Yellowstone, and sort of felt disappointedi f they didn't get it.

You must cross this divide on the iron trail to get over into the Missouri country. If you pause at Helena, you may go up into a high place and look to the north, and there you can see the Bear Tooth rock, that marks the gate of the Missouri. The Indians say there once was another one of these rocks, but that something happened to it—which something is left delightfully indefinite and vague, like most Indian somethings. Beyond this gate of the mountains lies old Fort Benton. Now one is getting again upon historic ground. The "head of navigation." This was where the frontier really was for so many years. I wish it were there again, so that one could once more know a thrill of merit, as he left the way and set forth into what was really an undiscovered country. Yes, there is the old Missouri, the loved one of the old-timer of the past. There she turns also to the east, this range of mountains in turn making a dam against a western way.

You look again to the west from your high place, and you see a gradual slope, ascending, always ascending, toward the top of the mountains which lie to the left as you look toward the Bear Tooth rock over the Missouri. The waters go no further now. You are at the Great Divide. This is the Northern Pass of the Rockies, a great and fateful place. It was destined that here the iron trail should come which was to destroy the West and change it to new life and purposes.

You crawl easily and slowly up this pass, not at great apparent cost of railroad energy. It is winter on the east side of the pass. You slip through the great Mullin tunnel, and begin to coast down into another land, into another empire of this great country, the empire of the Coast, as distinct from the life of the east side of the Rockies as is the latter from that of the Old World. At the right of this half mile is winter. At the left of it is the breath of spring. You are in Chinook land. Not brown and gray, as you saw it an hour ago, the face of the country is bright and vivid in its coat of green. It is April, and you have left the tin-can belt of the east slope for a land where you catch a suspicion of lettuce and spring "greens" upon the air. Surely this is a great and wonderful land of ours.

Missoula, Montana.

When I got to Missoula I was pleased, for a more lovely spot for a town never was on earth than this sheltered, green corner of the mountains, this valley hid under the arms of the Bitter Roots. After the continual panorama

of snow and ice from which I had just come, the warmth of the air and the green of the landscape gave a feeling of relief and comfort. I could not help thinking of the verse, "Fair as the garden of the Lord."

I didn't know anybody in Missoula, or at least I didn't know I did. So at the hotel I asked the clerk for the name of some one of the local sportsmen. "Why, there's one of them right there in the billard room now," said he. "Mr. Jones, Tom Jones. He'll tell you all you want to know."

I walked in and introduced myself to Mr. Tom Jones, and found myself looking rather hard at him and him looking pretty hard at me. "I think I've met you before," we both said. And it was so. One rainy day at the World's Fair Frank Webster of Lawrence, Kan., had introduced me to Tom Jones, out near the gates, and now I remembered it clearly, so after that I was right at home in Missoula. With Mr. Kenneth Nicoles, a young fishing attorney; Mr. Will Cave, a big-game hunter of approved and permanent reputation; Chas. Emsley, the local taxidermist; W. H. Wright, also taxidermist and mountain guide, and the many friends of all these, I was clearly, to use an expression of Mr. Horace Briggs of 'Frisco, "right in the heart of the city."

The Carlin Party.

Missoula itself is right in the heart of the mountains. The range of the Bitter Roots is extremely rough and broken, and though not subject to so heavy a snow fall as the mountains east of the main divide, these mountains are very lofty and difficult of access. It was in this range that the Carlin party had their trouble, and at Missoula I heard over and over the details of that unfortunate affair. W. H. Wright, whom I met at Missoula, is the partner of Spencer, the guide who took the party in, and Wright was the head guide of the military relief party which worked from the east side of the range in the attempt to get at the lost party, the effort, of course, being made over the east slope of the Lo Lo trail. There were seventy men in this Eastern expedition, Wright told me, and they failed because supplies could not be gotten forward to them fast enough over the trail. The streams rose and flooded the valleys back of them, and the snow ahead stopped the horses. Of course I don't know anything about it, but it seems to me that a party of four determined men on snowshoes could have pushed on over to old Jerry's cabin from the point which Wright reached on the east side of the trail, eighty miles above Fort Missoula. Meantime the party that went up the opposite side of the trail, or the South Fork of the Clearwater, were proving successful. There seems to have been very little snow to hinder them on that side, and Wright says they could all have walked right on out if Colgate had been able to travel. They got thirty miles down the Clearwater by their raft before Colgate was abandoned, and they were forty miles below where they left him when they met the search party. By that time they were practically out of danger, and nearly to the fork of the stream, where they would have been safe. When found, Spencer was about four miles ahead of the next man behind him on the trail, and the others were scattered, each man for himself. Carlin had given up hope for the last two days. Colgate had refused to stay in the mountains with old Jerry, the trapper. At the time the westward march was begun, so Wright told me, there was deep snow on the summit, but not enough on the lower trail to impede them altogether. The snowshoe and sledge idea seems never to have been entertained at all. At a rough guess I should think this would have been better than the raft proposition. At any rate, the affair was deplorable in any light, and it had created the most intense feeling at Missoula. Later than my visit a party went in to look for Colgate's remains, and made due report that they had been swept away by the floods. And now comes Lieut. Green and says that he met Lieut. Elliott in the Bitter Roots in September, and that Lieut. Ellott had found Colgate's remains and given them burial. This is the final chapter of one of the most widely known and one of the saddest stories of the mountains.

Big Game.

The Bitter Root Range is good game country, and offers elk, deer, sheep and some goats. It is well spoken of by the local men, though all agree it is rough country and hard to hunt in for a great part of its extent. I somehow got the idea that, while Missoula would be an excellent point to head for for a big-game hunt, it would be better to go the north, up beyond or near the Flathead reservation country, and this would certainly be better if one wanted to get his goat. Mr. Emsley assured me that it would be no trouble to find goats in the country to the north where himself and friends had made a recent trip. He showed me a number of fine skins and some mounted specimens which he had taken on that trip, and moreover showed a number of beautiful photographs taken by himself of trophies, camp scenes, etc., all of which served to make one want to start at once for the same country.

Trout.

Mr. Jones told me fish stories by the hour while I was at Missoula, and one who knew nothing of the wonderful fruitfulness of these mountain rivers would hardly credit in full all the statements as to weight and number, though I do not believe that, large as they run in these waters the average of the mountain trout here is as large as it is in the Clark's Fork or the Rosebud, on the other side of the range, of the waters of which I have made earlier mention. But 2 or 3lbs. is big enough for trout to get if one is not anxious to go into a general freight and traffic business, and I should think the jolly sportsmen of Missoula and all the Army officers at the Post near-by would congratulate themselves and thank their lucky stars, every day of the fishing season.

Missoula was also suffering from the drop in silver, and everybody talked poor, though I noticed she was a wide-open town at night, with plenty of the green cloth and hurdy-gurdy features which seem to constitute a necessity or at least make an index of a fairly healthy state of affairs in a city of the mountains.

About every man in Missoula is an angler, and a good fly-caster, too, and of course the average man would be handy with a rifle. There is a trap-shooting club of good membership there—about the last place in the world one would think such a club needful or likely to flourish. FOREST AND STRMAM tells about the doings of this club, among its other items from the far West, and readers may see that the Missoula men take mighty kindly to the shotgun, too. Their local champion of renown, Mr. Rogers, is willing to go into the lists with any comer, and is well known in the meetings over the State. Missoula will no doubt eventually go into the Montana State Association, if indeed she has not already joined.

An odd sort of shooting club at Missoula, and one whose like I do not recall for any part of the country, is the "Ladies' Twenty-Two Club," a collection of ladies who go in for target practice with the little rifles. This club has a membership that varies from a dozen to twenty, and several of the ladies do exceedingly close shooting with the small weapon, moreover.

Mongolian Pheasants.

About the time I was in Missoula, Dr. Mills and Mr. J. Menard were beginning the experiment of introducing the Mongolian pheasant into the Bitter Root Valley, and there was talk of trying to acclimatize the Bob White quail. I hardly believe the Bob White would do well in that region, but the general conditions of climate would seem to make it a practical certainty that the Mongolian pheasant would thrive there as well as in Oregan. I have not since heard, but would like to hear, of the result of this interesting experiment. This bird is attracting much attention among the sportsmen of the country, and is destined to attract more in the future. Of the introduction of this bird in different localities in the East accounts have from time to time appeared in FOREST AND STREAM. The latest attempt of this kind, of which I have knowledge, was made by Mr. Howard Bosworth, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who has reared a number of the chicks of the Mongolian pheasant on his place, about twenty miles out of Milwaukee. He thinks the birds will stand even the rigorous climate of that State, and if so they should do well in the Bitter Root Valley of Montana.

The Prize Fool Law.

At Missoula I heard considerable vigorous comment among the anglers on the absurd Montana fish law. This law, I suppose, has been the cause of the destruction of mountain trout to an extent not equaled by any other agency. It is well known that these spawn in the spring instead of in the fall like their Eastern cousins, the brook trout. The spring also is naturally the time when the farmers turn on the water in their irrigation ditches. Following their natural instinct the fish run out into the irrigation ditches and find their death floundering in the meadows. It is impossible to estimate how many tons of these noble fish are thus destroyed every year in Montana. One of Marcus Daly's trainers says that one morning he picked up two gunny sacks full of trout which were flopping around in the shallow water of the ditch overflow back of the barn on one of Daly's places. The Silver Creek ditch, fifteen miles long, is one of the great destroyers of the trout. Tubs full are picked up there daily and fed to the hogs during the spring run of the spawning trout. Naturally the sportsmen of Montana, and all who have any decent interest in the preservation of animal life, sought to put an end to this outrageous destruction of fish valuable alike for food and sport, but more especially for food. They knew that these fish were fed in tons to the farmers' hogs and sought to preserve them for food of human beings, as a use more natural and advantageous.

Going before the Montana Legislature, they introduced a bill which should provide for the shutting off the heads of the irrigating ditches by means of grates, which should keep back the fish during their running season. Their bill provided that the gates should be put in at the heads of all ditches on March 1, and removed Sept. 1. The Montana Legislature, however, being composed of a lot of brilliant jays, concluded that they knew better than the intelligent element of Montana citizens who had introduced the bill. One of them said he did not think all the fish in Montana were worth over $80 at the most. The Legislature then proceeded to amend the bills introduced, and actually passed a law which is now on the statute books of the State of Montana, completely reversing the provisions of that bill, and making it obligatory to put the grates in at the head Sept. 1 and remove them March 1. There is no such deliberate and malignant provision for the wholesale and abominable destruction of fish life to be found in the history of all the senseless and absurd protective legislation of this country. The Montana fish law now provides as follows:

Unlawful to fish at any time except with ordinary fishing tackle. Nets, seines, grab hooks, powder or poison strictly prohibited.

Unlawful to fish in any manner or with any contrivance or device during the months of May or June.

Unlawful to sell, offer to sell, display for sale or purchase at any time, brook, speckled or mountain trout.

All ditches and drains leading from natural streams must be protected with grates at the junction of said ditch and stream. Grates must be placed Sept. 1 and removed March 1.

Fishways or ladders must be constructed at all dams.

The provisions and penalties of this act apply also strictly to all Indians and half-breeds when outside of an Indian reservation.

At first glance this would appear to be a good fish law, but any one knowing the habits of the mountain trout, and the extent of their destruction in the irrigatiag districts, will know that its main provision is absolutely and cruelly wrong, and will join in the general indignation of intelligent Montana citizens at the passage of such an act.

Foreign Butchers.

The growth of a sentiment of strict observance of the game laws will probably be slower in the Rocky Mountain region than in almost any other part of the country, for reasons which will be obvious, and which to some extent base themselves on absolute necessity. Nevertheless, it is not to be supposed that Montana men look with indifference on the wanton and unnecessary destruction of their big game. There is much protest at the invasion of the State by Eastern hunters, who kill all and everything they can.

The European sportsman is especially loathed and detested in Montana, it must be said with good reason, in view of the record of the past. Of this I will give one instance where names and facts are at hand, although the greater part of the killing was not done in Montana, but Wyoming. A year and a half ago a party of German so-called sportsmen came over to this country and went to Montana for "sport" as they understood it. They divided into two parties. One party, composed of L. V. Feilitzch, Premtrent Dietrich, Graf C. von Blücher and Graf Pocully, hunted in northwestern Montana, with A. Pfhal and F. Black, of Fridley, Montana, as guides. They killed only a few head of game, all their elk, of course, illegally. The rest of these men took Curly Rogers and A. G. Vance as guides, and went into Wyoming. Their names were Graf von Leppelin, of Stuttgart, Germany; G. Meisenbrand, T. Fery and H. Bothe, of München, Germany. These men committed one of the most abominable pieces of butchery of which itemized account has ever been kept. They hunted on Atlantic Creek and Elk Ridge, near the south line of Yellowstone Park. They killed between thirty and forty bull elk, and all they did was to knock off the horns from the skull. All the bodies were left to rot, and even a greater part of the antlers were abandoned later on. The man Fery said publicly that he had killed twenty-six bull elk himself, and that the "sport" was so great that he intended to bring over a larger party from Germany the following year.

Such Butchery Must Stop.

The day is past for such outrages as the above, even in the wildest part of the Rocky Mountains. Even if it were not true that the modern phase of sportsmanship has penetrated thoroughly all the larger towns of Montana, even the old mountain men of the remote districts will now rebel at hearing of such slaughter as that. Foreign butchers of that type will henceforward run greater and greater risks each year in that region in their expeditions for the purpose of violating alike the statutes of the State and every feeling of human decency. If legal measures cannot be taken by the organized sportsmen of Montana (for this year the sportsmen have organized themselves into a State association) then let us hope that the mountain men will follow the example of Colonel Pickett, of Wyoming, and take the enforcement of the game laws into their own hands. If a few of these incredible foreign butchers should at some future date be found rotting in the mountains on their own slaughter fields, I can imagine that no injury would result to the world therefrom. I believe this hint may be of use to some of these persons who come over for the purpose of slaughtering all the American game they can. The mountains have secrets which they do not tell. For my part I should not be torn with grief at the thought that the grave of any of the above party of marauders was to remain forever unknown and unmarked, and he to have no further epitaph than the record of his doings recorded in the sentences above.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

From a Business Point of View.

THERE are laws that some people think more honored in the breach than in the observance. One of these is the game law. During the past week there have been several good sized consignments of venison sent out of the State by local commission dealers of fair reputation as law-abiding citizens. The law is a recent one, but there is no reason why it should not be obeyed just because it is young. The man who fails to obey a law that is made to be obeyed, is a criminal, whether the law is one regulating the shooting and sale of game, or the buying and selling of beer, or the misappropriation of horses. It would be well for the country shipper to ascertain if he can if the commission house to whom he consigns his produce is actively engaged in trying to evade the game law. If so, he may be on the look-out for that same house to try to evade the law compelling the debtor to pay his debts. "False in one, false in all" is a very good proverb to apply to the man who is entrusted with your property. —*Commercial Bulletin, Minneapolis, Minn.*

A Turkey Call that Calls.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of July 10, 1890, was a diagram of a turkey call with explanatory article signed "H. L., Kankakee, Ill." If "H. L." is still a reader of our paper will he please accept my thanks for the best call I have ever used, and I have used wing bone, section of cow horn, and the commercial article of wood and horn combined, but with the little box one can e'enamost call a turkey out of his feathers. The directions were to use the call on the stock of the gun, but I found a better place to be the metallic plate just forward of the trigger guard. I am more sure against a balk there.

If any one has occasion to look that diagram up, for "$\frac{3}{8}$in. long" read "$3\frac{1}{8}$in." And I would change the last paragraph to read, "The wide part of the projection, or the lip of the back cover, should be furthest from the person, or that grasped by the forefinger." I can't work it satisfactorily any other way. O. O. S.

Leased Lands and Quail Netting.

THOMASVILLE, N. C., Dec. 5.—There are two very good game or shooting clubs here. We have 10,000 acres of excellent shooting ground, and there are plenty of birds this season. We have eight members only. The other club has a larger membership and have 15,000 acres adjoining ours. They have built a very fine club house and stables at Thomasville. Our members put up at the hotel. The farmers of this section are exerting themselves in preventing the netters from depredating and taking their game without permission. They deserve credit for the manner in which they protect the leased land against intruders, and before long a precedent will be established by their efforts which may prove to be absolute protection to the sportsmen who pay their money for the privilege. J. W.

Shooting Chain-Shot.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—I have often seen the question asked how to load buckshot to shoot out of a chokebored gun.

Jerry C. South, a noted deer hunter of this State, gave me his way, and he claims to be able to put 15 No. 8 buckshot in a 10in. circle at 70 to 80yds. His formula is to use a gut fiddle string, and cut and string the bullets on (the same as you would if putting a split-shot on a fishing line), far enough apart so they will chamber five in a layer, tying the ends of the string together. The shorter the string the closer they will hold together. A deer up to 90yds. struck with this load is a dead deer. He shoots them out of a full-choked 12-gauge. IRWIN.

To Go to Sleep.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"J. H. D." in his article, "To Go to Sleep," forgot to mention that in order to assume the attitude he describes, one must be a contortionist. J. H. W.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

OREGON NOTES.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 1.—Wildfowl shooting, so far, has been a miserable failure in this neck of the woods, except where hunters have resorted to the reprehensible practice of seducing the ducks with wheat. Either the wretched carp or the summer floods, or a combination of both, have obliterated every vestige of food from our lakes, and our hunters can only mourn for the days that will never return, while hoping, vainly hoping for something, anything, to happen that will send the millions of wildfowl inland. Not for twenty years have there been more wildfowl than now. But they stay down along the coast—Gray's Harbor, Shoalwater Bay and Tillamook. Will Ladd, Tom Farrell, the Honeyman boys, Joe Paquet and a few others have secured fair bags, but generally in questionable ways, for this wheat feeding will doubtless ruin the best of lakes in time. However, the boys rightly plead in extenuation: "No wheat—no ducks."

Grant Patton and the Burrell boys, Walter and Herman, have been stirring up "broder b'ar" in a lively way of late. Recently I saw in FOREST AND STREAM an account of Walter Burrell's dogs killing a bear outright near the city. That was entirely correct. No better bear dogs ever sniffed a trail than these same dogs. Patton's are nearly as good. While it is a recognized fact that "blood will tell," there is little doubt that training and experience will tell as much more.

You see, Grant caught a young bear some time since and the boys wisely used the captive in training their dogs. They would take this bear a long trip through the woods, and then, after letting him climb a tree, they would turn the dogs loose at home and they would do the rest. At first they would tie the bear to the foot of the tree, but it wasn't long before they discovered that the dogs were too much for him, and they had to give him more rope.

Grant has gone to the Coast Range with his dogs to hunt bear all winter. The bear do not den up there as they do in colder countries, at least not so completely.

So "O. O. S." has been killing wild turkeys down in the Ozarks. He wrote me that he had killed six, and a few days later, just before he returned to Fredonia, he wrote that he had killed two more, one weighing 12lbs. Brother Smith always was a lucky dog. You remember how he got away with the cougar with a hand spike down on the Pilchuk? Wasn't that lucky? You know it isn't every fellow that could get out of such a scrape without a scratch. But to return to the turkeys. Do you know that I would rather kill a great big wild gobbler than to kill a big bull elephant? Honestly, I envy Brother Smith his good fortune in securing such game, for the day is not far distant when the turkey will be reckoned with the buffalo, a thrilling memory of the fading past.

Bill Newman is just up from the Scantogrease, down along the Columbia. Of course he has entertained us with the usual assortment of bear and cougar stories, but nothing he has ever told in my presence before quite equals what he now relates regarding some of his late experiences with the calico Chinook salmon. The idea of hunting Chinook salmon with a club and bulldog! Various and numerous have been the methods heretofore resorted to for their circumvention; but club and bulldog is certainly a new departure. And then, too, a *trained* dog! Just think of a dog, bull or otherwise, being trained so finely that he will allow himself to be dragged to the bottom of a twenty-foot hole by a three-foot salmon, but finally land him. And strangest of all, I believe that this yarn is, in the main, true. Notwithstanding Bill's disposition to exaggerate, his yarns are generally founded upon fact.

S. H. GREENE.

ON LITTLE RIVER.

WHAT is known as the Three States Club is a variable company of good friends who go annually on an outing in Arkansas or Missouri. This year there were even twenty in the crowd. and it would be hard to find a happier, merrier set. Dr. A. T. Hobbs is the recognized leader of the club, while E. P. Fonville, J. L. McGlothlin, George Dent, Wellington Etheridge, J. L. Farmer, J. D. Ladd and others of like character make splendid seconds in everything that goes to make up first class gentlemen, hale, happy camp-fellows. There is nothing small or impecunious about them. It is a pleasure to be out with such men.

On the 7th of November the Cotton Belt R.R. landed us in good style and good time at New Madrid, Mo. Here we took wagons for what is known as Highland Campground, on Little River, in New Madrid county, Mo. The water in the river was nearly all gone, and we saw at a glance that our prospect for duck shooting was a slim one. The section is specially favorable for that sort of sport when there is anything like a favorable stage of water. But the season had been so dry that the whole country was dusty, and the wagons drove across the bed of the river as if it had been the public highway. We struck camp about sundown, and while part of the crowd was putting up the tents and looking after supper, three of them were detailed to see what about the fishing in the hole of water near by. We had a trammel net with us, and as the quickest way to get fish for supper the boys undertook to set it and make a drive. But imagine their surprise to find before they had the net more than half out it was so full of fish they could hardly handle it. They soon took out enough for supper, and the next day we found that the great quantity of fish usually in the river had been compelled to get into the holes left by the dry weather, and they were actually so thick in these holes that they were hardly fit to eat. Nice perch and bass were there in great abundance, but the vast number of them rather disgusted the crowd, and we gave but little attention to them after the first day in camp.

On the morning of the first day in camp several of the party went to the woods, and others up the river, prospecting in both directions, to see if there was any game on land or water. Lhe woods were all ablaze with forest fires, and the game could not be expected to be very plentiful under the circumstances. But at the close of the day we had one quail, two opossums, four coons, six squirrels, six ducks and seven turkeys. This gave us plenty of eating, and we were in good spirits for the camp chat that night.

The next day the luck was dull, however. A few ducks and squirrels was all we had to show for some very hard and faithful hunting. It had been fully decided that there were no deer of any consequence in that immediate neighborhood, and as a part of the club wanted to get some deer, they decided to move down the river about fifteen miles to a place called Clay Root. So on Monday morning early fourteen of the twenty started to the new quarters. They got into camp in good style before night, and early Tuesday morning they began to see what was in the country, and before noon they had four nice deer hanging in camp. They remained there three days and got seven deer and nineteen turkeys. They had a good hunt and found game reasonably plenty, considering the dry weather and widespread fires. Those who remained in the camp at Highland left in a day or two for home because there were no ducks or other game to shoot. The morning they started out they went out early and killed thirty-two squirrels in about an hour's time.

We were in a fine section of coutry for hunting if we had had an ordinary season for it. But the dry weather had dried up the lakes, rivers, ponds and everything until there was no water for either ducks or geese. We saw millions of ducks passing over us, going in quest of feeding grounds, which shows that this territory is in their line of flight, and if there had been water and feed they would have called on us. But there was nothing to stop for and they didn't stop.

One of the members of our club, Mr. T. Brent, of Cairo, Ill., is fitting up a boat that will carry about twenty-five hunters comfortably and he proposes to take us on our next outing. His plan is to run from Cairo to the mouth of the St. Francis River and then coast up that river till the crowd says enough. As the St. Francis River is one of the best in the land for fish and ducks, we are sure to have a good time. Along the shore of the river are large canebrakes and splendid deer woods, and such of the party as wish to kill deer will be accommodated in the best style. We can hunt all day and sleep on the boat at night.

While on this outing I heard of a man who has invented a duck net, with which he catches thousands of ducks every day. He feeds a small territory for several days until he gets the ducks to using there in large numbers and then he has his net so arranged as to throw it out in the twinkling of an eye and get as many as 275 at one drive. It won't take long to dispose of the duck question at that rate. The shooters of that section are kicking on the netting business vigorously and it is hoped will stop it.

There are some laws in Missouri against foreign hunters that might sometimes give parties trouble. These laws are practically a dead letter, however, as the people themselves do not favor them, and any officer who thinks of prosecution under them is regarded by the people as a hard man. We had no trouble, though we had some natives with us who hunted with us all the time.

J. N. HALL.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Dec. 9.—Mr. E. Frank Lewis, of Lawrence, Mass., is a great lover of fishing and hunting. He is a member of the celebrated Monomoy Brant Club, and his record each spring is a good one. He has made a very successful deer hunt in Maine this fall, going in to the vicinity of the Ktahdin Iron Works, I believe. He secured his one or two deer fairly and squarely. No dogs were used, though it was early for still-hunting.

Mr. C. J. Bateman is another enthusiast concerning fishing and shooting in Maine. He visits the Upper Dam nearly every spring, where, with his friend Patrick Kelley, he makes a good record. This year he could not resist the temptation to try for a deer. Soon after the first snow he started for Rangeley by rail. But here his trouble begun. The lake steamers were not running. With Frank Philbrick as guide he hired a team to take him around by land to Haines' Landing. Here he staid over night, for no steamers were running on Mooselucmaguntic, and there was danger that the lake would freeze over every night. With a boat and four oars they rowed down the lake to the Upper Dam, the point Mr. Bateman desired to reach. Here he found that but little hunting had been done, and that the woods were about as full of deer as one could well imagine. Mr. Rowell, so many years the manager of Sam Betton's steamer, was hunting with a son of John Chadwick, and they had obtained one or two deer. There was a miserable crust over the snow, which, in the terms of the hunters and guides, makes a "crunch, crunch," and deer hunting was extremely difficult. Mr. Bateman says that the number of deer in that part of the country is something remarkable. The snow was covered by tracks, and it was easy to find the deer; but the "crunching" of the snow crust made it impossible to do anything else than "jump them." Snap shots were tried without success. He hunted for several days, till at last his efforts were crowned with success. He shot a deer that dressed 115lbs. Then he desired to get home. But the lake was partly freezing every night, and it would be folly to attempt to get out with a boat. The only way was to wait for the lakes to freeze, much as he desired to get home for Thanksgiving. At last the lake below the Upper Dam seemed to be solid, and with the deer on an improvised jumper some 8ft. long, one guide on skates to draw the jumper, another with a hand sled to draw Mr. Bateman's baggage, they started on the fourteen-mile trip down Richardson's Lake to the South Arm. The reader acquainted with that locality will remember that there are no roads to the Upper Dam, the only means of communication being by way of the lakes, either by boat or on the ice.

They found the ice all the way from 1½in. to 4in. thick. Mr. Bateman had no skates, and often the guide ahead of him would pass over a section of ice so thin as to bend and crack beneath his weight. He would shout to Mr. Bateman to "take care!" and that gentleman would go around the dangerous spot on the shore or so near to it as to be comparativeiy safe. Once the ice actually broke under one of the guides as he skated over it. He threw himself headlong, so as to bring his body lengthwise on the ice, and managed to crawl to where the ice held. He got a little wetting. but considered himself fortunate, as the water was very deep where the ice begun to break. At last the South Arm was reached, and Mr. Bateman was fortunate enough to fall in with one of Thomas's teams, and to get passage to Andover. He reached Boston last Monday, with his deer all safe, and greatly pleased with hunting and adventure in Maine.

Mr. Harry B. Moore has just returned from New Orleans. His business was ostensibly to look after cottonseed meal, but he never loses an opportunity to try the hunting and fishing wherever he may be. Invited by Mr. Adams, of the Marshall Shooting and Fishing Club, they went up the Louisville & Nashville Railroad thirty-six miles to Pearl River, which is really one of the outlets or Rigolets of Lake Ponchartrain. Arrived at the club's preserve they went fishing. They were to catch "green trout" and "speckled trout." Soon they had a "green trout." It gave a few dull flops and gave up the fight. Harry had to laugh when he landed only a big-mouthed black bass with a slight greenish tinge of color. Next they caught a "trout" or "speckled trout." But this proved to be nothing but a weakfish. It was a rather poor sample of trout for one who has landed an 8-pound Rangeley trout at the Narrows of Richardson Lake and has loaded his 4-pound Moosehead Lake speckled trout with railroad spikes in order to beat the minister, who was high line up to that time. Excuse Mr. Moore if he considers the Southern trout fishing a little tame, though the weather, the scenery, and Mr. Adams's entertainment was all a Northerner could ask.

Some monster moose have lately been taken in Maine. Mr. G. E. Crocker, of Fitchburg, Mass., has lately taken one of the biggest moose on record, at the Oxbow, in Aroostook county. The animal is estimated to have weighed alive 1,400lbs. The horns spread over 5ft., with palms 13in. wide. There are 14 perfect prongs on each side. The Boston & Maine railroad is also showing a remarkable moose picture in the window of its Boston office. It was taken at the North Twin Dam.

In the town of Stoneham, Me., according to the papers, forty-seven deer have been killed this fall. In Bethel, Gilead, Mason, Newry and Grafton, 150 deer have been taken this season. The above may be added to the estimates I made last week, making nearly 200 more. The record is most remarkable. The above towns I remember as a boy. Thirty years ago the killing of one deer in either of these towns would have been considered remarkable.

A Waterville, Me., dispatch says that on Sunday, Nov. 25, the town of China was thrown into excitement by the appearance of a deer being dogged into the lake close to the village. A couple of hunters were following, and many of the village men and boys also turned out. The deer was killed, a handsome buck. But the authorities got hold of the story, and Constable Pollard arrested the hunters, Messrs. Pease and Butterfield, took them before the Municipal Court, where they were fined $4.87 each, for hunting on Sunday. Judge Philbrook, before whom they were tried, does not seem to have taken any notice of the fact that the hunters were illegally dogging a deer.

SPECIAL.

RUNNING DOWN SOMETHING ALIVE.

An Episode from the Texas Book.*

GOLDSMITH'S "Sweet Auburn" is Texana. This place contains the ruins of twelve or fifteen houses; some only slightly out of repair—a door or window gone—others ready to fall at any moment, and still others in a state of collapse. We took a stroll through the forsaken streets, and entered nearly every building. All were unoccupied, and our voices echoed and re-echoed through the rooms with such a hollow, distressing sound, that we unconsciously refrained from talking while within them.

We examined every house, shed and hen-coop; explored every street, alley and door-yard, but not a sign of life could we find about the place.

"Now, I'll be dog-on'd," said my partner. "This is the deadest town I've struck yet. Here's houses enough for forty. I'd like to see some soul stirring about, if 'twa'n't more'n a dog."

"Why are you so anxious to see somebody?"

"I want to see something with life in it, and if I caught glimpse of a man I'd run him down if it took a week. What's that!"

"What's what?" I asked.

"I seen a pair of nigger heels flip around the corner of that shed there. Hey, you black devil! Come out of there!"

Priour dashed off in the direction he had pointed out, and I soon saw a negro rush up one of the streets, followed closely by my comrade who continually shouted: "Hold up! hold up there! Head him off, you fool!"

The race was an exciting one—across streets, through sheds, over wood-piles, under fences, and around houses. Absalom kindly lent his assistance in the chase, and following close to his master's heels, he occasionally stopped barking, long enough to seize the pair of legs in front of him, and strip off a piece of breeches.

The dog knew something was up, but didn't seem to know what nor whom to assail; and being better acquainted with his master than with the negro, he vented his rage upon the former.

This was displeasing to Priour, and several times when almost within grabbing distance of the runaway, he had to stop and administer a kick or two to the animal who possessed such a "wonderful memory." This punishment had only a temporary effect, and the intelligent canine would soon be as interested in the charge as before. The negro was running as for his life, and as I saw him enter a building which had no visible opening save the one where he had gone in, I believed the chase to be at an end. But not so. The fugitive was a butter, and as Priour entered the opening, the negro's head crashed through the other side of the house, and mid the flying boards and shingles he made his exit into the world again. Priour soon followed by the same butted opening, and the running contest was in order again.

I made it my business to move about just enough to keep the men in sight, and several times I wished myself on the top of some chimney, where I could have an unobstructed view of the struggle. I had no interest at stake on the result, and I didn't care to "head him off." I was too much afraid of that head to try and intercept it, for I had already seen what it was capable of going through.

In the end Priour proved to be the better runner, and after the fleeing negro had carried away several sections of rail fence, lost his hat and shoes, and hung his clothing in various places about the town, he was my partner's captive. Both were now panting for breath, and as I approached they seated themselves face to face upon a pile of boards.

I hadn't the slightest idea of what Mr. Priour's object

*A Man from Corpus Christi. The adventures of two bird hunters and a dog in Texas bogs. Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

could be in chasing the man, but supposed it to be some sudden fancy that had possessed him to do such a thing.

"Why didn't you head him off?" were the words that first greeted me.

"What do you want that man for?" I asked. "Didn't you know there was a law against kidnapping?"

"Now, this here ain't no kid. He's a black goat, and there's no law in Texas against goat nabbing. I want to know about this town!" and addressing the negro he continued: "Where's all the folks that live about here? What've you done with them?"

"Dey no be here any mo'. Dey dun gone up de kreak."

"What 'd they go up the creek for, you hound?"

"De houses all dun blown down, massa, an' de county seat kerred up dar, too."

"Why didn't you stop when I told you to."

"Good Lawd, I nebber seed de likes. I thought you chicken thief. Lem me go, an' I neber do dis scrape agin."

"Well, the next time I tell you to stop, you stop! I'm from Corpus Christi!"

"Yes, sar. I knowed you's from Corpus Christi—no man roun' here run like dat. Dis nigger hab long feet, but he no git ahead ob Corpus Christi man. I dun stop next time, boss, sho!"

Turning to my partner I said: "Now you've pumped your man and are satisfied about the emptiness of these houses, let's go to camp and have some dinner. I'm hungry."

I took a long walk down the creek. The heavy timber entwined with many vines reminded me of the San Antonio Bottoms. The further I went the more I increased my regard for the tall aged trees which, hung with sheets of the ever-present whitish moss, seemed to stand about like so many hoary monuments to time. Their majestic size, their rough and fissured bark, and their twisted and pendant branches, all bore evidence of the many changes of season, the countless storms, and the frequent violent shocks they had known. The air was calm, and but for the hum of thousands of mosqitoes' wings, the swamp was as silent as a tomb. During my long walk I had seen but two or three birds, and these few were very timid, flying at my approach.

Everything in the vicinity shared in the gloom thrown about the deserted village, and, with few exceptions, animal life must have migrated with the people who once occupied the town. We had been eight or ten days at a time without seeing any human being but ourselves, but I had not known a place so sepulchral as this, where even the leaves seemed reluctant to flutter, and as I picked my way through the over-abundant undergrowth, hearing only the tread of my own feet, I thought of myself as trespassing upon some forbidden soil.

Emerging from the wood I found Mr. Priour seated upon the ground, busily engaged in repairing the rents Absolom had made in his trousers. We often found it necessary to mend our clothing, and generally employed a darning needle threaded with twine, while for patches we used empty grain sacks or anything else we could find. My own trousers had been patched, patched and quilted until the material of which they were originally made was completely hidden from view, and the stripes which once adorned my partner's nether garments were one by one being buried in rags of other and less brilliant hue.

"Have you been out with your gun?" I asked.

"Yes, I went up the stream a little, but there wa'n't a bird to be seen, and I thought I'd mend my pants where they caught on that nail."

"What nail?" I asked.

"What nail? Why, a nail in that dog-on'd nigger house across here; didn't you hear them tear when I went through the hole that coon butted?"

"No, I thought Absalom tore your pants."

"You thought Absalom tore them? Well, he didn't! How could he tear my pants when he had hold of that kicking coon?"

"I didn't know he touched the fellow, I thought I saw him at your heels all the time."

"Well, you didn't! He wa'n't anywhere about my heels. He was helping his master, and I'd never caught the black hog in a week, if the dog hadn't turned to and bent on with me, which was enough sight more'n you done. What was you doing all that time anyway! You stood as still as you was having pictures taken. Was there anybody around there taking them? Ha! ha! ha!"

"No, I was taking your picture in my mind though, and if I remember aright, Absalom wasn't far from your legs all the time. Didn't you turn around three or four times and kick him away from you? If you didn't, what made the dog yell the way he did?"

"He yelled when he caught the nigger's throat, and that yell meant 'I've got him' just as plain to me as though he could talk. He knows niggers as well as I do, and I know them as well as ducks."

"Where is the man now?" I asked.

He's gone back into his hole, I guess. I gave him two minutes to get across the stream and out of sight before I'd sic the dog on him, and if you ever saw a black streak streak off, 'twas him after he saw that dog's eyes and teeth. Absalom was just dying to get another grab at his throttle, and I had to hold him till the cuss 'd gone."

Mr. Priour finished his praise of the dog and the mending of his trousers at the same time, and he felt proud of the style in which each had been done.

"I tell you!" he shouted. "There's a patch that's put on to stay, and looks a blame sight better than it did before that fool of a dog—that fool of a dogged nail caught in it up there! I'm a patcher!" and he triumphantly waved his breeches aloft before getting into them again.

WANTS TO TALK TO HIM.
"Illustrated by no special artist."

MICHIGAN DEER.

MANISTEE, Mich., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The deer hunting season has come and gone. In the Lower Peninsula it begins Nov. 5, and closes Nov. 25; but the hunter is allowed ten days for "getting his game out of the woods." This means, with most hunters, just ten days more for getting game to bring out.

The season which has just closed has been a peculiar one from the fact that it was ushered in by a heavy snow storm which piled up the snow to the depth of a foot or more. There has very seldom been any snow during the deer hunting season; sometimes an inch or two during the last few days. This year it was present, in more or less quantities, during the whole season. For the first week the wind blew a gale, driving the frozen snow into the hunter's eyes, obscuring his view and making things decidedly unpleasant for him in camp as well as in the field. The snow was of great assistance to the still-hunters; and those who had the courage to face the wintry blasts met with pretty fair success. On the whole, the deer hunting has not been as good as usual this season. With the snow to help in tracking the deer, more should have been killed than for some years. Our party had about its customary luck, but other parties hung up only half their previous bags. Some were completely "skunked." All the old hands are puzzled to account for the shortness of their counts.

Nearly all the deer killed were bucks, very few being does or fawns. As the forest fires last summer were unusually extensive and severe, owing to the long drought, some think that the does and fawns were overtaken and destroyed, to some extent, while the bucks, which were growing their horns at that time in the dense swamps which were too wet to burn, escaped. I am inclined to think, however, that the stormy weather drove the does and fawns into the very thickest cover, where they remained until the weather moderated toward the close of the season. The fact that many deer were seen on the last days where very few had been found previously, seems to bear out my theory.

The bucks, being stronger and under the influence of the passions which sway them at that time of the year, moved about more freely and were gathered in. Several bucks were killed that had "swelled necks," and a rutting buck with a "swelled neck" has as little caution as some men with "swelled heads."

In passing by one of our city meat markets one day I saw hanging at the door a buck whose horns, seemingly fully grown, still retained their velvet. It was perfectly dry, but smooth and unbroken. I have never seen nor heard of a buck carrying horns in the velvet so late in the season, and many old hunters declare that they have not. I think the buck must have been troubled with that "tired feeling."

Speaking of this freak reminds me that Mr. Michael Gallagher, of this city, killed a doe last season which carried a small pair of horns. I was incredulous when told about it, but so many reputable persons saw the deer and vouch for its being a doe with horns that I am compelled to believe it. F. A. M.

Luck in Maine Woods.

LEBANON, N. H., Dec. 6.—Charley Marston, with his friend, Dr. House, of Boston, of Nova Scotia moose fame, returned last Monday from Holeb Lake, Maine (Birch Island camp). They were quite successful. Our Charley was always a lucky dog, and he kept up his reputation this time, as he only hunted about two and a half days; got three shots and killed two nice bucks and a doe. The Doctor had to be contented with one buck. Not many foxes killed about here as yet, and only one deer that I have heard of. MASCONY.

Caribou Abundant in Quebec.

PORTNEUF, P. Q., Dec. 5.—My woodsman writes: Il y a de caribou cette année comme il n'y en a jamais eu"

The Quebec *Chronicle* of to-day says: "Messrs. John D. Gilmour of Quebec, and Allan Gilmour of Ottawa, have returned from a most successful hunt. The sport was very good throughout, and a few fine heads were brought home. The hunters experienced rather severe weather. They report caribou very plentiful." G. DE MONTAUBAN.

Down Barnegat Way.

BARNEGAT, N. J., Dec. 9.—Gunning at Barnegat has been very poor, but there are thousands of ducks and geese; and as soon as we have a little rough weather there will be a great many killed. WM. C. INMAN.

Chickens, Ducks and Geese

are going to be very plentiful along the line of the Northern Pacific this season. Make your arrangements to go and get some of them. Send Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., 4 cents in stamps for "Natural Game Preserves of the Northwest."—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

A WEEK WITH THE GRAYLING.

In Two Parts.—Part One.

I HAVE long desired to make the acquaintance of the Michigan grayling, and when last summer I was given the opportunity of spending a week in camp upon the banks of one of the few streams which still afford tolerable sport to the patient and skillful angler, I was very glad to improve it. Under the tutelage of an old and accomplished grayling fisher, I learned much of the habits of the fish and became fairly proficient in its capture with the artificial fly. That I do not name this stream nor give its exact location is not because I begrudge its treasures to any true lover of the gentle art, but because I would protect it from the army of tourists who annually overrun the trout and grayling streams of lower Michigan. Experience has shown me that these last are usually "fishers for count," men who care only for results, and who are not particular as to the means. For such gentry I have not a particle of sympathy, and I would not knowingly give them information as to good fishing grounds.

To them and to the "mossbacks" is largely due the alarming diminution of the grayling. The average "mossback" considers that the Creator intended the denizens of forest and stream for his particular benefit; that he had a perfect right to capture them when and where and how he pleases, in season and out, by mean fair or foul. As a rule, he has no conception of the meaning of the word sport. His only idea is to take fish or game in quantities sufficient to supply his own wants or sell in the market for enough to pay for his own time. Unfortunately for the poor fish, the grayling streams run through a very wild country, and the "mossback" may use net, lime or dynamite without fear of detection and punishment.

One fine morning in June, just as a score of mill whistles announced to the weary night crews that the hour of their release from their labors had arrived, a party of fishermen left a certain city which is famous for its large production of lumber and salt, bound for one of the larger tributaries of the Manistee River, to fish for grayling. The party consisted of Messrs. Arnold, Wesson, Ryan and myself. The two first named were residents of the city, while Ryan was a college student.

The necessaries for a protracted stay in camp were piled into a strong open wagon, and a canvas cover over all protected the load from rain and dust. There was so much of the duffle that the wagon seats had to be removed, and we perched ourselves as best we could on the top of the load. The motive power of the outfit consisted of a pair of tall, raw-boned, Roman-nosed equines, which had seen much service in the pineries and showed the effects of it. Maud S. had but one eye, a well developed case of grease-heel and a bone spavin. Rarus had divers and numerous affections of the extremities, and a most distressing wheeze, the technical name for which is, I believe, broken-wind. They were hard-mouthed brutes, with hides as tough as that of a rhinoceros, and always hungry; always reaching out for a mouthful of leaves or of any unwary mortal who passed near their heads without keeping his weather eye out for them. As soon as they appeared at Mr. Arnold's house, where all hands had gathered for the departure, we congratulated him on his judgment in selecting that team.

Now Arnold had been foreman in a sawmill for several years and had a pretty fair command of the emphatic part of the English language. I would not have the reader think that he swore, when he saw the horses which the liveryman had sent up, because no Michigan lumberman ever swears. He simply let off a few verbal torpedoes! He was for ordering the team taken back to the stable at once, declaring that he had been promised a good pair of horses, but, as we were all anxious to get started, we prevailed upon him to take what we had and make the best of it. We found one good point about that team, yes, two; their hire was cheap, and there was no danger of their bolting and spilling us and our effects among the stumps by the wayside.

Once fairly clear of the city, we plunged into the dreary old pine chopping, which came right up to its back doors. With a few variations, they were with us to our journey's end. The road was fetlock deep in sand and the horses' shambling gait raised clouds of dust, which filled the eyes and nearly choked us. It grew very hot, too, as the sun sailed higher in the clear sky, and not a breath of air stirred the leaves of the scrub oaks by the roadside.

The perspiration rolled down our faces in big drops, plowing little white furrows through the incrustation of dirt. We others bore our discomforts with that philosophy which is the fisherman's characteristic, albeit Arnold occasionally rapped out a torpedo; but Ryan proved himself a veritable Mark Tapley. He was full of jokes and stories and puns, and even essayed a song until the dust choked him off. He certainly "came out strong" in adversity. Candor compels me to say that his puns were, for the most part, execrable; and Arnold, who, by virtue of seniority of age, had been elected captain of the party by common consent, finally threatened to throw him off the wagon and leave him behind if he should perpetrate another. Ryan promptly averred that he himself was full of grit and had plenty of sand, and dared him to put him off. That was pretty bad, but nothing when compared with some of his efforts in the joke-making line.

The panorama along the way was monotonously alike, the country generally level, and covered with fire-blackened stumps and tall, limbless trunks of trees already fallen or tottering to their fall. The soil was yellow sand —always sand—superimposed with a thin layer of vegetable mould, which nourished a scanty growth of wiry grass and blackberry bushes. The second growth of timber consisted of scrub oaks and scraggy beeches, with an occasional clump of jack pines, feeble and worthless presentments of the magnificent trees which only a few years before had bowed their lofty heads to the onslaught of axe and saw. Nature had done her best to rehabilitate herself, but with poor success. She had little to do it with.

The road wound and twisted about among the stumps and fallen trunks, without any apparent purpose to lead anywhere in particular. I saw the sun now on my right, now on my left; and it was only after watching closely for some time that I became satisfied that our general course was southeast. The highway surveyors—if there were any such officers—neglected that road sadly. It was barely wide enough to admit the passage of our wagon between the stumps, which showed many abrasions made by the wheels of vehicles which had preceded us. Our own wagon wheels were constantly striking the stumps with a force that threatened the craft with destruction and one's spinal column with dislocation. It was then no small task to keep our seats on the load, and we bounced about and jostled together like kernels of corn in a well-agitated corn popper.

Habitations were few and far between. At long intervals we saw log-houses, wherein dwelt some courageous Norwegians or Polanders, trying to wrest a living from the unwilling soil.

Deer were still tolerably plenty in that section and their fresh tracks were constantly seen in the road or near it; but of the game itself we saw none. Ryan said that they probably could hear Rarus wheeze before we got within half a mile of them and fled. Poor old Rarus! I felt sorry for him, believing that his suffering must be as painful as his wheezing was distressing to my ears, but my pity changed to another feeling when on passing him in one of the many excursions which I made ahead of the wagon to relieve my cramped limbs and to escape the awful dust for a few minutes, the old brute caught my arm in his teeth and bit it severely.

We saw cattle everywhere, wandering at their own sweet will through the old choppings, their hides stuck full of burrs and nettles. Each one had hung from its neck a rude bell which gave out a constant clanking as it moved, and enabled the owner to retrace it. The deer become accustomed to their presence and are sometimes seen feeding in close proximity to them.

My companions told me a story about a certain wealthy lumberman who owned many thousand acres of old choppings. He conceived the idea of pasturing in them large flocks of sheep. There was plenty of good feed for them; why should not the scheme be a success? So he bought a number of valuable animals and turned them out. There was excellent meat then for the hunters and mossbacks. The hunter could not tell a sheep from a deer in the bushes; and as for the mossbacks—well, what would you? The poor devils could not resist the temptation which was constantly before them. Why kill a pig for meat when mutton was plenty close at hand, and nobody to look after it? The few sheep that survived at the close of the first summer had left most of their wool on the blackberry bushes. Financially, sheep raising in the slashes was not a success; and the problem of how to utililze the waste lands is still unsolved.

At noon we ate dinner in the shade of some trees growing by a little brook which crossed the road; and after an hour's rest we resumed our weary journey. The country became more broken as we approached the Manistee River, and the watercourses began to cut down through the sandy plateau to gain its level. The sand was everywhere underlaid with a stiff, yellow clay, and the ravines which the streams had cut through it were narrow and deep, with high, steep banks on either side. The load was not heavy; but in ascending the inclines we had to put shoulders to the wheels to help the poor horses. Finally, about the middle of the afternoon, we found ourselves looking down from the summit of a ridge into a broad, deep valley, at the bottom of which a sinuous line of green timber marked the course of a stream of some size. Our destination lay just before us. Arnold put the gad to Rarus and Maud and the sand flew in all directions as the clumsy brutes plowed down the hill at their best gait.

After an exposure for ten long hours to a pitiless sun, with faces scorched, lips blistered and throats parched, how grateful was the change from the heat and glare of the old choppings to the cool, damp shade of the primeval forest, into which we presently rolled. Huge hemlocks, maples and beeches arched their thick tops over the narrow road, beneath which reigned a semi-twilight, shot here and there by a stray sunbeam flitting through the branches. Pounding over a stretch of worn out corduroy, a sudden turn of the track brought us out upon the bank of the creek but high above it, where there was a "rollway." The rollway is a place on the banks of a stream, usually well elevated above it, where logs are brought by teams and rolled down into it. The elevation makes the operation very easy.

In Michigan, and, for that matter, all over the West, any stream which is not a river is a creek; why a creek I cannot understand. The common pronunciation of the word is "crik." There was the same physical formation here that we had seen further back, whenever we approached a watercourse, only that it was on a larger scale. The banks were clay beneath the sand, but higher and steeper. Sometimes these clay banks were close together, confining the creek to a narrow space, then they retreated some distance, leaving between them a wide, level bottom, thickly clothed with cedars. The creek always took advantage of this elbow room to make haste slowly, running from one side to the other, with many a twist and many a curve on the way. As illustrating its propensity to turn back on itself, it is interesting to note that if one of us had descended the bank at the rollway, where we first caught sight of it, and had gone straight to the opposite bluff, he would have waded the creek no less than eight times, and that in a distance of about 150yds.

Leaving the rollway the road turned sharply to the left and descended the bluff through a lateral ravine, the sides of which were clothed with monster hemlocks. Near the bottom of this ravine another sharp turn to the right brought us out upon a log bridge which spanned the creek at an elevation sufficient to protect it in times of floods. Above, on the left, was another high, steep rollway. On the opposite side, filling an indentation in the bluffs, was a small semi-circular piece of level ground on which grew some fine maple trees, forming a pretty grove. The creek hugged the foot of the rollway, leaving a wide curving beach of clean sand at the edge of the grove.

Stealing noiselessly around a sharp bend above the grove came the dark, smoothly-gliding current of the stream, changing to silver as it emerged from the shadow of the trees into the sunlight. Striking the foot of the rollway, it was thrown back upon itself, broadening out into a pool, where it dallied for a moment and then came sweeping downward to the bridge, flowing beneath this with a gentle, swishing sound, to swing around another bend and then to be swallowed up in the cedar swamp below.

If I have made you see the place as I saw it you will agree with me that a prettier spot for a camp could not be asked for than the grove of maples.

After a bath in the creek all hands fell to work to get the wagon unloaded, the tents pitched and everything in good order before dark. We had two 9½×14 wall tents, one for a house tent and one for a kitchen. The house-tent was provided with four folding cots with mattresses and pillows for each. In the kitchen tent was a "Cree" stove—the best camp stove I ever saw—and a folding table, also folding camp-chairs. When I saw the outfit all in order "I was glad I had come," and never was I more comfortable at home than while in that camp. The mosquitoes were a little troublesome at times, but each of us had his little bottle of dope, which, well applied, kept them at a respectable distance.

For the horse tent there was a big hemlock tree, which answered the purpose nicely, as there was not a drop of rain during our stay. They ate their oats from a couple of soap boxes, brought for the purpose, and minded the mosquitoes not a bit. The pestiferous deer flies, however, managed to pierce their tough hides and caused them to swish their stubby tails most viciously. Supper over, we lit our pipes and sat down upon the bank of the creek, where the grassy slope dipped toward the water's edge. The grayling were breaking in the pool at the foot of the rollway, but we were too tired to try them. Naturally the subject of conversation was fish, and Amold gave us quite a little dissertation concerning it. Said he:

"I have a greater love for the grayling than for any other fish. It is less gamy than the brook trout, far less beautiful and not nearly so good on the table unless cooked as soon as caught. There is no fish that deteriorates with keeping like the grayling. If you ask me why I prefer the grayling to the trout I must confess my inability to give a reason that would be satisfactory to you unless you have the same preference yourselves. I suppose it is because the grayling is my 'affinity' among the finny tribes.

"It is now over a quarter of a century since Prof. Cope identified the Michigan fish as a true grayling. Before that time it was known as the 'white trout,' though many considered it only as a species of sucker. It is not very many years since the grayling in this creek and other tributaries of the Manistee River were called 'Manistee fish.' A friend of mine told me that he logged for several winters on the Little Manistee River, and used to see the grayling lying on the bottom in great numbers, but he never thought of catching them because he supposed them to be suckers. He has since become fond of angling, and never ceases to lament the golden opportunities of those early days, lost through his ignorance of what the 'suckers' really were.

"I have studied the habits of the grayling and the conditions which govern its existence with some care, and I am afraid that it is doomed to become extinct. The trout can be propagated artificially, and the streams constantly stocked, but with the grayling artificial propagation has never been successful. Once very plenty in the Hersey, Muskegon, Pentwater, Pere Marquette, the two Manistees —Little and Big—the Jordan and other rivers which flow into Lake Michigan, it is now rare in all of them except the Manistee. The stream where such sport as Thaddeus Norris enjoyed when he visited Au Sable and Manistee cannot be found to-day, at least not to my knowledge.

"I attribute the disappearance of the grayling to three causes—man's reckless prodigality, the destruction of the pine forests, and the planting of brook trout. When it became known that the true grayling existed in Michigan, anglers came here from all over the country. The 'fish hog' came, too. The laws for the protection of fish were then, and are still, openly defied. Nets, lime and dynamite have been constantly used, with the most disastrous results.

"The grayling loves clear, cold water, flowing swiftly over sand or gravel. You will waste your time if you try for it where the water is sluggish and the bottom muddy.

"Logging operations affect the fish in this way: In a small creek there is seldom water enough to float logs, and the logger throws a dam across it, holding it back until he gets head enough to carry them out with a rush. One or two such floods will exterminate the fish in that stream, either driving them out into the main river, where pike, bass and dogfish prey upon them, or destroying them outright in the mad rush of the logs.

"Let the timber be cut off along the streams, and the forest fires finish the destruction begun by the axe and saw, and what is the result? The sun is let into the swamps and dries them up; the volume of water is diminished and its temperature is raised to a point which renders it uninhabitable by the grayling. The Little Manistee River is a case in point. Ten years ago grayling were still abundant in it, even at its mouth; to-day it is necessary to ascend it thirty miles before they are found at all, except in the early spring, when the water is cold everywhere. It is evident that the temperature in the lower part has become too high, as the conditions are otherwise identically the same, except that the timber on the banks has been cut off.

"I know that there are some streams which have contained both trout and grayling; but in all cases the trout was the late comer and has multiplied steadily, while the grayling has as steadily decreased. The Jordan formerly contained both, but I am informed that the grayling are now all gone, except an occasional one of large size. My opinion is that the trout eat the small grayling, but others, who perhaps know more about it than I do, say that they do not.

"From all the information I have gathered from the Indians, lumbermen and early settlers concerning it, I opine that the grayling was indigenous in all the streams in which it was found, the trout having been planted in those waters in recent years. The trout are found to thrive and increase. The greater part of the old pine choppings, worthless for cultivation, will grow wild, and grow wilder year by year. The creeks which run through them will soon flow unvexed by the annual log drives, become clogged with fallen trees and brush, and furnish the trout secure hiding places, in which they will increase in spite of man and their natural enemies. Probably nine out of ten anglers will think that they have gained something by the exchange of the grayling for the trout; but the day which sees the gentle grayling eliminated from this and the other streams I am in the habit of fishing, will be an unhappy day for me. Let's turn in."

FRANK ASA MITCHELL.

ANGLING NOTES.

"Are Things What They Seem?"

SEATED in the smoking car of a train between Albany and my home on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, I think I must have been giving thanks, mentally, for the good dinner I had enjoyed in the Capital City, and certainly I was in that contented frame of mind which comes with about the third after-dinner cigar, when I was rather suddenly aroused to the fact that there is one class of subjects that I have always with me.

There have been occasions when I thought that I would like to be a hermit, and in my mind's eye I have a place selected for a hermitage. But I was aroused! The gentleman in the seat in front of me did it, and he did it by turning around and remarking that he was very glad that the open season for lake trout in Lake George had been changed to make the fishing begin on the 15th of April.

"But it has not been changed; it opens on May 1, as it has for years past."

"Yes, it has. I consulted a lawyer, and he says that the season now opens legally on the 15th of April; and I have had my steamer made ready to put in the water on that date; and a New York gentleman has contracted for a new steam yacht to be ready on the 15th; and the game protector says the law opens the fishing on that date; and everybody says the same thing; and you are the only man who disputes it."

I suspected at once that the loose language of Section 105 was responsible for the misinterpretation of the law, and such, I find, is the fact. This hybrid section reads:

> Trout of any kind shall not be fished for, caught, killed or possessed between the first day of September and the first day of April following, except in the waters of Lake George and except in the counties of Lewis, St. Lawrence, Franklin, Fulton, Clinton, Essex, Warren, Hamilton, Herkimer and Saratoga, where they shall not be fished for, caught, killed or possessed between the first day of September and the fifteenth of April.

That is what the law says, but it does not mean what it says, and I am quite sure that I have explained the matter in FOREST AND STREAM within the year, but I find that some of the fish laws have to be explained about once a month. Section 105 really refers to "trout of any kind," *except* lake trout, or, as they are generally called in the statutes, "salmon trout," which have a close season provided under a separate section, 108, as they have always had.

The old law which Section 105 amends read, "brook trout, speckled trout, California trout or brown trout," and when the game law was codified all these shallow water trout were grouped under the present phraseology of Section 105, and the deep-water fish, lake trout and landlocked salmon were put into another section. But how does Lake George, which contains only lake trout, happen to come into what, for convenience, I will call the brook trout section? Years ago a special law was passed for Lake George to prevent fishing for trout through the ice (this was before the ice fishing clause in trout waters was added to the general law), and the season was made to open in that State on May 1.

Through an error of the law makers the special Lake George law was added to the brook trout section, and there it has been ever since, and up to 1892 the language of the original special law was used, thus, "and except in Lake George, where the same shall not be fished for between the first of September and the first of May." Last winter, when the brook trout law was again tinkered, whoever it was that framed the section changed the Lake George season to conform to the balance of the northern waters of the section, probably without knowing that the lake contains no "speckled trout, brook trout, California trout or brown trout," and that there is no longer need of a special law for Lake George, and has not been since the ice-fishing clause in trout waters was added to the general law. As the law now stands Section 105 apparently conflicts with Section 108, and this history of the legislation on the subjects of the sections will explain why it does, and will also show that it was not the intent of the law as it now stands to open the lake trout fishing in Lake George before it opens elsewhere in the State. If further evidence is required that "trout of any kind" does not mean lake trout, one has only to read sections 106, 107 and 109, where this language is used: "Trout of any kind, salmon trout or landlocked salmon," showing that a distinction is made on the lines that I have indicated.

Hindsight and Spotsight.

Readers of FOREST AND STREAM will doubtless remember that a few years ago, when the saibling of Sunapee Lake, N. H., were discovered, quite a number of the old

inhabitants in that section aroused from their slumbers and declared that they had seen or caught the fish anywhere from forty to sixty years before. This evidence from one and all was dubious to say the best that could be said of it, but what was one to do with such evidence? When an old man said with a voice husky with age and New England rum, that he had taken the saibling from the lake fifty years before they were actually known to exist, it was not polite or parliamentary to say he was a liar. Old men with voices that were not husky with anything, and who had fished the lake all their lives, had never seen or heard of the fish until after 1880, although they had netted the lake and used the spear at all seasons, before they realized that such methods were improper and illegal. It was supposed that all the irregular testimony on this subject had been brought out, but last season another man was found who had caught saibling in Sunapee forty years before and knew all about them. His name is Stevens, and this is the conversation which followed as near as I can reproduce it from notes: "Mr. Stevens, in which part of the lake did you fish for saibling forty years ago?" "I fished in Sunapee Lake, sir. I am talking about Sunapee Lake." "What time of the year did you fish?" "Why the time of year we used to go." "What bait did you use?" "Why, the bait every one used, worms." "Did you ever use live shiners?" "Never!" "Will you tell me the difference between these trout you say you caught in Sunapee Lake forty years ago, and the common brook trout?" "The same difference that there is now."

This was not encouraging, and it was determined to test the memory of Mr. Stevens in another way, although he was not previously consulted about it.

When the saibling came on to the spawning beds this fall in Sunapee Lake, several of them, by direction of the Fish Commissioners, were sent to Mr. A. C. Wallace, the superintendent of the Colebrook hatching station, near where Mr. Stevens resides, and this is what Mr. Wallace writes: "The saibling came in good order, and I went down and told Mr. Stevens that I had some fish for him to examine and tell me what they were. I had them on a platter when he came up, and after looking them over he said they were lakers (*i. e.*, lake trout, *S. namaycush*). I told him lake trout had a forked tail and were not as nicely marked. He looked them over again, and said he did not know what they were, as he had never seen anything like them before, and wished to know where they came from. I told him I would find out all I could about the fish, but wished to make sure if he had not seen fish like them or fish that looked like them, and he said he never had. The next day I told him they were saibling or Sunapee trout from Sunapee Lake, and he said he could not remember them, as he had not seen them in forty years. Now, the truth is he did not know what they were, and he never saw a Sunapee saibling before in his life. Two of the saibling had faded a little, but one was in perfect color and the most beautiful fish I ever saw."

I have not the least doubt that if other witnesses who have testified to catching the Sunapee saibling from thirty to fifty years ago, should have their memories tested in a like manner they would fail as ignobly as Mr. Stevens failed, to recognize the fish, and I am sure that if a fisherman should once see this beautiful fish with characteristics peculiar to it, he will never forget it. The average fishermen select one fish from another by its color. Ten times out of ten the man who has not made some little study of the physical formation of fishes will first mention the color of the fish he describes, and the Sunapee saibling is colored like no other of the salmon family yet discovered in this country. I once put two trout before a fish commissioner of one of our States, and he declared that they were male and female of the same species, and yet one had a forked tail and a mouth extending only to a vertical line drawn through the posterior part of the eye, and the other had a square tail and a mouth about twice as large, and the fin formulæ was entirely different; so it is not to be supposed that every man will at a glance recognize structural differences between two species of trout. But with the Sunapee saibling the color is an important factor and any one who can tell a white horse from a spotted leopard will distinguish it at any season of the year from our common brook trout. They were quickly recognized when they really did appear, by every one who caught them, and when any one says he caught them forty years ago his statement is regarded, to put it mildly, with suspicion.

Business vs. Fishing.

Mr. Wm. H. McElroy, the brilliant platform speaker, is truly said to possess a mastery of the art of story-telling, but all of his best stories are not told on the platform as I will bear witness.

I spent a little time with him one morning recently, when he happened to speak of that fascinating book to the angler "The Pleasures of Angling," by the late George Dawson, which led to several anecdotes about the author. Mr. McElroy said that on one occasion when he occupied an editorial chair on the Albany *Evening Journal*, ex-Governor Horatio Seymour came into the office and asked for Mr. Dawson and was told that he had gone fishing. Gov. Seymour put his hand to his chin and a thoughtful expression came over his face for a moment, and then he said, "I know a successful business man out in Oneida county who is fond of fishing, and he says that he thanks God daily that he has never in all his moderately long life allowed business to interfere with his fishing." Gov. Seymour was himself a fisherman and one of the first Fish Commissioners of this State, therefore he knew what charms the sport has to draw men to the streams and lakes.

A Mystery.

The documents in the case are as follows:

Item.—A piece of writing paper to which is attached a newspaper clipping, from the type, apparently, cut from the New York *Sun*. On the paper is written: "You and your friend Cheney do not know mascalonge when you see them. Ask Capt. Quinlan, of the Central R. R. He knows about fish and fishermen." This brief note, without date or signature, seems to have been sent to Mr. Wm. D. Cleveland, of Houston, Texas, who also knows something about fish and fishermen.

Item.—Indorsed on the back of the quoted note, in the handwriting of Mr. Cleveland, is this: "Dear Cheney, who sent me this? Do you know the writing? It came from Auburn. It's a big story.

Item.—The "big story" evidently relates to the newspaper clipping, which contains a story of how one Peter Williams, of Jamestown, N. Y., tried, in his 60th year, to beat a boy of 16 who had caught a mascalonge of 25lbs. in Chautauqua Lake; and how Peter succeeded after being nearly drowned by going overboard and becoming tangled in his fishing-line, in being fished out as he was attached to a mascalonge of 30lbs.

Item.—A note addressed to Capt. Quinlan, which reads as follows: "Dear Captain: I must call upon you for a report about mascalonge fishing. Read the inclosed and return to me. I can tell you some marvelous stories of this summer's experience with black bass in Connecticut and ouananiche at Lake St. John. Yours very truly, WILLIAM D. CLEVELAND."

Item.—A thought which came to the writer when he read the last quoted note: "He not only can, but he will."

Item.—Note from Capt. Quinlan to Wm. D. Cleveland: "Friend Cleveland: I spent a few days at Jamestown last summer, and while there saw a little fishing. One mascalonge was caught that weighed 32lbs. I saw it weighed. Yours, G. A. QUINLAN."

Item.—A man who tells the first story has no show whatever in the general round-up.

Item.—The last note: "Dear Cleveland: Do you remember that just before we went to Hay Bay for mascalonge, that we read in another New York newspaper of the capture of a big mascalonge of a certain weight at Hay Bay, for which certain claims were made? Do you also remember the night that we spent at Spencer's on Hay Bay; Spencer told us about the same fish, which, it seems, he weighed, and that it lacked a number of pounds, actual weight, of the published weight? Do you further remember that later when writing of our trip in FOREST AND STREAM, I gave the actual and published weight of the fish in juxtaposition, so to speak, with attendant circumstances? Now do you suppose that the man whose mascalonge got so tangled up in figures of weight can have a friend in Auburn, who is getting even with us by saying we do not know a mascalonge when we see one?—A. N. C."

Commissioners' Notes.

Wentworth writes me that when the New Hampshire Commissioners met a short time ago for the purpose of making out their annual report, they decided to recommend that the close season for brook trout should be extended to May 1 instead of ending April 15 as at present.

An attempt was made in Vermont at the last session of the Legislature to have the brook trout season open in that State not earlier than May 1, although I have not heard with what success, and that is early enough for both of these States and northern New York as well. Col. Wentworth adds that they have 640,000 eggs of landlocked salmon, brook trout and saibling in the hatchery at Sunapee.

A. N. CHENEY.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

Let Connecticut Wake Up.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Realizing the value of your paper as a medium for an exchange of opinions regarding the improvement of our game covers and fisheries, I beg leave to offer some suggestions for those interests in Connecticut.

We are away behind other States in this section of the country and it seems time for some concerted action for the purpose of bringing our little State to a standard with the others. Nearly all our effective legislation for the protection of game and fish is due to the individual effort of Warden A. C. Collins, and when we view the result of one man's work, concerted efforts by a number can bring great results.

Our Fish Commission is lamentably incompetent and as a result our inland fisheries are becoming a matter of history. What a State spends on her inland fisheries is hers for her people to enjoy and if judiciously expended bears permanent fruits. At the last session of our Legislature an appropriation was made of $6,000 for the purchase of trout and $6,000 for the purchase of shad, with $5,000 for retaining ponds and $3,000 for expenses of commissioners; a total of $20,000 on fisheries. And what have we to show for it? Six thousand dollars would have built a fair sized trout and salmon hatchery for our inland fisheries and carried it on one year after completion; the same as to shad, and the $5,000 would have built a retaining pond for each hatchery, and thus have placed us in a position for future work at a cost of not over $1,500 a year to operate each hatchery and supply enough small fish for our entire State.

Our Fish Commission should be commissioners of game, and should be given an appropriation for stocking our State with quail, and also investigating the policy of setting aside tracts of land where game is unmolested the year through, and the overflow from such tracts spread out over adjacent country while leaving a permanent source of supply. Massachusetts, I believe, has tried this with the best of results. But the almighty dollar obscures these efforts. One of our Commissioners runs a trout hatchery, so he wants the State to buy its trout of him. An ex-Commissioner carries on a shad hatchery and wants the State to buy its shad of him, and the other two Commissioners' only aim is to take care of the fish markets and guard the pounds. Really it is an interesting situation.

But it is the sportsmen's fault; it is too much trouble for them to wage a contest for better things. Still, I feel there will come an awakening, and for that purpose I set forth these facts. I shall go over to our capitol this winter and offer propositions of reform, but if as in the past the sportsmen remain away these will go into the waste basket. I believe we can get a new Fish Commission composed of patriotic citizens, who will work for the interests of the State. Mr. Collins should be appointed on that board. Then get a bill passed making the Fishery Commission commissioners of game. It is all possible but needs concerted action.

One railroad official stands ready to offer great favors in the way of transportation of fish and messengers if the State will erect a hatchery along its line, which is in Litchfield county and in the vicinity of a number of large and beautiful lakes and streams.

Thus it is we only need the effort to bring Connecticut abreast of other States in these things. Is there any sportsman ready to make a determined effort for permanent benefits?

CHAS. W. HALL.

HARTFORD, Nov. 26.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

Any reader of the "Forest and Stream" may on request and without expense have a specimen number of the paper sent to a shooting or fishing friend.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

1895.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Clu nineteenth annual show, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

Feb. 26 to March 1.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 5 to 8.—Western Kennel Club Co., at Denver, Col. E. T. Welant, Sec'y.

March 5 to 8.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit. J. W. Garrison, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 14.—Pacific Coast Field Trials Club, at Salinas, Cal.

Jan. 21.—United States Field Trials Club's Trials B, at West Point, Miss. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

Sept. 10.—Manitoba Field Trials, at Morris, Man. John Woolton, Manitou, Sec'y.

Shall it be Speed or Nose?

Editor Forest and Stream:

About a year ago I started a discussion on the speed of beagles in field trials in another journal, and while I was not snowed under by any means, the beagle men of the West were not enthusiastic by any means for my style of beagle. I now want to carry my lance into the camp of the Eastern men, and should like you to spare me space to do it. My contention is that too much weight is put on speed and too little on the fine powers of scent—nose. This latter power is about the only great difference between a hound and a cur dog. The object of beagle breeders that are aiming for field trial winners seems to be to get speed at all hazards. Get nose if they can, but at any rate they must get speed. It is rather amusing to go to a bench show and see the fine little fellows that walk off with the blue ribbons, and then go to a field trial and see the gaunt, long-legged, terrier-looking dogs, that come to compete for field honors, and, what is more, the hound voice is missing in at least half of them—they yap like rat dogs. But that cuts no figure; the point is to win and it takes speed to do it. It is, however, a fact that fine bench show dogs come to the trials and sometimes win in spite of the handicap of hound form. If the beagle is to be developed for use in the field and beauty of form, our field trials will not bring about the desired result.

Great speed in a beagle is not at all necessary to make him a pleasant dog to take on a rabbit chase; in fact it is a drawback if you are out to kill a big bag of game. What gives me pleasure in my beagles is to have them sure on the trail with speed enough not to be "pottering" or laggards, with fine hound form and musical voices. To be sure I don't own many such because the country does not afford many. Now I should like to ask the judges of the National trials at Hempstead at what point in the scale of field trial virtues in a beagle they drop speed and credit nose, and at what point they drop nose and credit speed?

I would take, for example, my own dog, Royal Rover, at the Hempstead trials. (Now Messieurs the Judges, don't think I am kicking, for I am not. I simply want to know how you decide on the winner, as I think it will help prove my point that we are on the wrong track.) Rover was sent East more as an object lesson than with any hope of winning money or renown. If I convince a few beagle men that I am right, the money was well spent. In the first series Rover defeated Nell R., and from all reports did it easily, and she won the Derby. He must have possessed considerable speed to do that. The only other dog he had a chance to run against was Buckshot, the winner of the All-Age Stake, and after a hot heat it was decided that Rover had the best nose, but that Buckshot was too fast for him. With speed enough to beat the Derby winner and a better nose than the All-Age winner, Rover was dropped out of the class and five dogs placed over him. Now it looks to me as though my point was proven, that speed is about all that is wanted. When a dog with good speed and good nose is thrown out for a dog with more speed and less nose, I say the system of judging is wrong—in my opinion.

However, the judges may put a new light on the matter if they care to answer my question. I had about made up my mind not to bring up this question again, but I see that Mr. Fellows and Mr. Muss-Arnolt are after the foxhound standard, and so I took courage from them.

G. A. BUCKSTAFF.

Pine Tar.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the interest of suffering dogdom I write you to extol the virtues of pine tar. There are no tar trees nearer Colorado than the Carolinas, so far as I am informed, and so, despite the adhesive nature of the subject, no charge of self-interest in booming the tar trade will stick.

Some time ago I had a dog grievously afflicted with cankered ears. In addition to increased exercise, reduced diet and purgatives, I tried nearly every kind of local application recommended to me. Among them were carbolic acid, boracic acid, corrosive sublimate, sulphur, coal oil, caustic, sulphate of zinc, phenol and peroxide of hydrogen. There were others. These experiments lasted a year or more without much effect—the case was a most obstinate one. At last I was persuaded to try tar water, i. e., the liquid made by soaking pine tar in water. Two weeks' application of this cured her. The ears were poured full of the tar water, slightly warmed, twice a day and with the flap it was gently rubbed in. Since then, when symptoms of a re-appearance of the disease are manifest, a few applications cure it.

Two dogs have been cured of sore eyes by its use, to my knowledge. I once cured a wart or tumor on a dog's tail by lancing it and binding pine tar upon it. The wart was as large as a walnut, soft, spongy and suppurating. When lanced it seemed to have grown from the walls of an artery, as the blood flowed profusely and in spurts. Hardly a trace was left in curing it. The tar and bandage were renewed once a week for three weeks. Also I have found pine tar extremely effective in bites, wounds and lacerations of any kind. It should be spread thickly with an unsparing hand in and around the wound and bandaged. Nature will do the rest in a surprisingly short time. Its use in this way cured one of my dogs' shoulder from which several inches of skin had been entirely torn off in what may well be termed a bitter dispute with another dog. The weather was hot and, in spite of daily antiseptic dressing, the wound obstinately refused to heal for over a month. In two weeks from the application of the tar it was well, the hair grew out again and scarcely a scar remained. Its pungent odor is not unpleasant, it is not poisonous, as many antiseptic washes are, and it keeps the flies away. It is cheap, easy to apply, helps the bandage to stick and will be found more effective than many of the so-called antiseptics and germicides. A thirty cent can of it will suffice to doctor a regiment of dogs.

E. K. WHITEHEAD.

DENVER, Colo., Nov. 10.

The City of the Straits Kennel Club have claimed the dates, March 5 to 8, 1895, for their third annual dog show. Their premium list will be issued shortly, and we are told that the money prizes will be larger than they have ever offered before. Mr. J. W. Garrison, 18 Peninsular Bank Building, is the secretary.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

I NOTICED in our bright contemporary, *Sports Afield*, a most interesting article on the scenting powers of the dog, written by the sound and practical writer Mr. J. B. Stoddard. It is specially apropos at this time when breeders heed but little other than pedigree and black, white and tan color as the standards to breed to. Who ever heard a breeder ask if the sire was physically strong, sound and intelligent? But to return. Mr. Stoddard, in his article entitled "Brains vs. Nose," writes as follows:

During a conversation at the Manitoba field trials, Capt. McMurdo remarked to me that it was his opinion that there was not so much difference in the noses of dogs as in the brains behind them—the latter organ being the directing power.

This has long been my own opinion. One of the first dogs trained by me, some years ago, was one of the best I ever saw, and yet I had ample evidence that his nose was not of the best. The dog's intelligence, however, was such that he made what was really a poor organ do better service than a dog with less intelligence could possibly have done.

One often hears the remark made of a dog that he has too much nose. Nothing is further from the truth. He has too little brain or the convolutions are not deep enough—the dog simply lacks intelligence to use his smelling power, and a nose less keen would handicap him the more. It is the dog's nose which tells him that he is crossing the trail of game, but it is his intelligence which informs him whether he is in close proximity to the game or not, whether he is following a back trail, and how to make his casts in order to locate the quarry.

You will frequently hear the remark, "He is a great finding dog"—the other dog may run faster and range wider, but number one finds nearly all the game. Simply another illustration of brains. The finding dog has the better quality of brain matter; he is enabled to concentrate his mind on his work for a greater length of time, and the results are a larger number of birds pointed.

How very important it is, then, in selecting breeding stock, to know just what we are doing? Breed for brains; an animal with it can be educated, but without it very little can be expected. The country is overrun with dogs bred from a brother or sister of some noted dog. The fact is advertised and made much of that "Dude is a full brother to champion Worker," and people who are novices in breeding or who do not stop to think, are induced to breed to, or buy stock from, a dog that may be intrinsically worthless.

There is another side to this question that is very often overlooked in the rush to get something related to some celebrated dog, viz., the dam's side. The mother I consider the most important factor in breeding; she undoubtedly has more to do with the character and quality of the offspring than the sire; she brings them into the world and cares for them for several weeks, and the puppies learn a great deal from her; so it follows that, if the bitch is a level-headed, quiet, sensible dog, the puppies will partake of the same characteristics.

In breeding for intelligence—which means power to direct the nose in finding game—we should not, as a matter of course, overlook the other important factors in a dog's make-up—form, constitution, size, etc. It is said that dogs come in all shapes, but it has been my observation that most good ones are of good physical formation, and nearly all are of medium size. The constitution is of great importance, as, without the ability to withstand fatigue, the dog is of very little value.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Stoddard does nor write more for the instruction of sportsmen than he does. It is not generally known that he was a student in medicine and has a vast fund of general knowledge to draw on. A close and intelligent observer, he draws true conclusions. If such practical men as he would but write on the live subjects of sporting matters, it would do much toward dispelling many false theories connected with them.

Those Slaughtered Eskimo Dogs.

From a personal letter from Mr. Thomas Johnson of Winnipeg I take the following spirited excerpt. It is good, both for its earnest denunciation of the killing of the team of Eskimo dogs for the trivial purpose of exhibiting it and for the spirit of poesy which he infuses into his writings. He says:

"I was pleased to read your pertinent remarks *re* the destroying of the Eskimo dogs by the Manitoba Government for exhibition purposes at the World's Fair. It was a dastardly, brutal and inhuman act.

"When you consider what useful dogs they are—in fact they are thought more of than horses in the far North—the act will be regretted by those who have a spark of sympathy in their composition. Read Capt. Butler's "Winter Journey in the Wild North Lands with Dogs." Read of his dog Cerg-Vola which he renamed "Untiring." He not only pulls him all day but when night comes you find him—

> 'There, stretched upon the snowdrift,
> Before the pine log's glare,
> Thy master's couch and supper
> With welcome thou wilt share.
> To rest. Unless some prowling wolf
> Should keep thee watchful still,
> While lonely through the midnight sounds
> His wail upon the hill.'

"When such a dog acts as a beast of burden in the day and at night protects his master from the attacks of wild animals and shows in many ways what a wonderful creature he is, does it not seem cruel to think his end—poison—for exhibition purposes.

"But Capt. Butler, who traveled in that land of stillness so little known even to-day, a land with rivers 2,000 miles in length, with lakes said to be as large, if not larger, than any on this continent except Lake Superior; with forests yet untouched, as large as Europe; with thousands of miles of the richest land on this earth and 400,000 square miles of sterile, treeless wilds wherein the musk-ox is plentiful and caribou are in countless thousands, a land that in a portion of the year knows no night; and yet to-day, with the exception of one break of less than 200 miles, you can buy a ticket and travel by steam from any part of the world—and who can wonder that after a dog had shared with him the vicissitudes of such a trip, that he exclaimed:

> 'Old dog, they say thou hast no life
> Beyond this earth of ours,
> That toil and truth give thee no place
> Amidst Elysian bowers.
>
> 'Ah well, e'en so, *I* look for thee
> When all our danger's past,
> That on some hearth-rug far at home
> Thou'lt rest thy limbs at last'."

Gleason's Mange Dip.

When in Dakota I saw a barrel filled with Gleason's mange dip. It was so highly commended that I obtained the recipe. The dog is soused bodily into the dip. Mr. W. W. Titus gave it to me as follows:

"Take one can Lewis's lye. Put it into a gallon stone jar. Add two cupfuls of soft water, using the empty lye cup for a measure.

"Have ready 4lbs. of flour of sulphur. Add to the lye solution enough to make it the consistency of thick mortar.

"Have a barrel one-half to two-thirds full of soft water. Pour into it the sulphur-lye mixture.

"If the mange is severe and needs heroic treatment, add 12oz. of sulphurous acid to the bath.

"Renew every ten days throughout. Dash old mixture about infected places."

There was a good attendance of trainers at the E. F. T. Club's trials. Many of them will be in the competition again in January and February.

Mr. Horace Smith, Monroe, N. C., returned to his home and expects to be in evidence at the trials in Mississippi. That will be his *debut* in the West.

Mr. Luke White returns to Thomasville, N. C., where he will train during the winter.

Messrs. Rose, Avent and Tucker returned to their homes in Tennessee.

Mr. J. B. Stoddard will remain at Newton, N. C., for a while, then may take a flight southward, where game is abundant and the weather is good. He has room in his kennel for a dog or two to train this winter.

Mr. John White returned to Thomasville.

Newton Notes.

Several sportsmen remained after the trials to enjoy the quail shooting in the vicinity of Newton. The shooting thereabouts is really all that any one could desire. However, the land owners are not always so obliging as one could wish. Still, if the sportsman was one of the land owners, he might view the question from the same standpoint as the land owner. There is really no just cause of complaint when the land owner wants to kill the birds himself or doesn't want them killed at all. Nevertheless there was abundant ground left over which sportsmen could kill and miss to their heart's content.

Prof. Osthaus remained at Newton to shoot during a few days. He was also at work on some portraits of Mr. Lorillard's dogs, and the portraits are marvels of artistic skill. He had finished a portrait, too, of Sandy Gladstone, for Mr. S. Murray Mitchell. I was fortunate in seeing the photograph of one of Prof. Osthaus's paintings, a kennel scene, representing the dogs grouped about the gate at which on the outside was the kennel man. Each dog had a most realistic individuality and character. One or two younger dogs were all eagerness and had their forefeet against the kennel gate, while the older dogs stood looking on sedately, knowing that the visit of the kennel man had no special importance. It is a Southern scene as shown by the trees laden with Spanish moss. Mr. Fred. A. Hodgman, of New York, also remained to shoot after the trials. Messrs. Wm. H. Schieffelin and Wm. Jay Schieffelin, of New York, arrived on Friday, after the trials, to enjoy the shooting.

The Selling Stake.

Objections have been made to the test of the dogs in the Selling Stake as follows:

That, as it purported to be for shooting dogs, the test was not made on a shooting basis.

That the dogs were not shot over as in actual shooting.

That birds were not killed over them and consequently the dogs were not tested in retrieving.

That the dogs were not worked alone, as in actual shooting.

That the whole test was competitive, and not a test for practical service.

I present the objections for such consideration as they may merit.

Following is the form of the certificate:

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS 189 .

This is to certify, that the .....
.....sire,.....dam,.....
.....years old, Registered No....., while running in the

EASTERN SELLING STAKE

showed the necessary qualities of a good shooting dog.

Owner,..... Handler,.....
.....
.....} Judges. .....Pres.
.....} .....Sec'y.

If the Selling Stake is adopted as a permanent field trial feature, it seems to me that, to carry out more fully the intent of the stake, the club should amplify its scope so that the dogs when running would be subject to every-day shooting conditions. It is, moreover, reasonable to assume that greater interest would be excited in it if sportsmen who contemplated purchasing were, in a general way, invited to be present and to shoot over such dogs as pleased their fancy.

A Selling Stake is not of much interest if no buyers are present, and buyers will not be present if there are no inducements for them above the commonplace. B. WATERS.

Brighton Tobe and International Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your report of the International field trials held at Mitchell's Bay, Ont., your reporter seems to have seen things differently from the judges. It might not be out of place to state things briefly as they saw them, in some of the heats he particularly refers to, in which Brighton Tobe was concerned, as it is not at all unnatural for a person who has a brother running dogs to feel rather favorably toward them.

Tobe was first put down with Toledo Bee. After beating out a slashing they were cast over a fence into a cornfield, Tobe having decidedly the best of it in range, speed and quartering, and roaded and pointed a covey well inside the fence. On being flushed the birds scattered over the fence into another slashing and were immediately followed. This was the most difficult piece of ground any dogs were worked on during the trials on account of so many brush piles and fallen timber. Here Tobe pointed birds successively, and in one instance while pointing in a brush pile Toledo Bee swung around the end of a log beside where he was pointing, and the birds flushed. Next heat Tobe went down with Cleopatra. After ranging out a cornfield they were cast into a piece of woods. Cleo immediately pointed a ruffed grouse, Tobe backing steadily. On going through the woods to a large stubble field Tobe was held till Cleo, who was still in the woods, could be brought up. On being cast off Tobe at once showed his great superiority in speed, dash, ranging, quartering and independence of getting out and staying out. On the edge of a field both dogs were puzzling on a hot scent when birds flushed, caused, I imagined, by the people who were very close to the dogs. The birds flew back into the woods from where we had just come, and were followed on the opposite side of the woods. Cleo flushed a bevy, and shortly afterward another bird flushed suspiciously near her. Tobe next pointed by a brush pile by which lay a large log. On coming up to the pile Cleo flushed a bird, then went on and flushed two more within a few yards of the first, Tobe remaining still until ordered on. They were soon afterward ordered up. Where Tobe flushed a bird in the heat I am at a loss to know, as neither of the other judges nor myself saw it. I saw a bird get up in some weeds outside in the field, but no dog was near it to flush it. Tobe was in the weeds and I imagined it got up by the noise he made going through, as it was driven in there some time previous and had become restless. My opportunity for seeing this was quite equal to any one.

Luke and Dock were then put down in the same field Tobe and Cleo had been brought from. Both went off well, Luke the faster and going wider; nothing more was found in the fields, and returning to the woods Luke pointed a covey very well, Dock backing steadily. On the birds being flushed their direction was taken, but after a diligent search none were pointed, though this was neither an extensive nor a thick piece of woods, and two, at least, if not three bevies had been driven into it. On leaving the woods two more fields were tried, both dogs going well, Luke the best, but nothing was found and they were taken up. In the heat between Luke and Dash Antonia, the birds found were in what had one time been a sluice, the bottom of which was now dry and sparsely covered with very short grass, the sides only having a fringing of weeds not exceeding a few yards in width in many places; in this place Luke held a point well while Dash went in after first pointing the covey. Several of the birds on being flushed went a short distance only, dropping into the fringe of weeds; here Luke made two more points on single birds. We thought the side of the sluice on which those points were made, owing to the narrow, slight fringe just affording a shelter for the birds, the easiest to find point birds in of any place where the dogs were run during the trials, and that was proved by later visits to the same spot with other dogs. Whereas the place where Tobe made his single points, equally as many, was the hardest place the dogs were put in during the trials. How singular that points made by Dock in the same slashing should be so mentioned over those made by Tobe in the same place on birds that had been followed directly after being flushed outside?

On being put down for the final run off Tobe showed so much superiority over Luke in dash, speed, ranging and independence as to be a very poor companion for the latter, which had simply met what we thought a superior dog to himself in almost every quality, and we fail to see wherein Luke's opportunity for finding birds was not in every way quite equal to that of Tobe. So far as Nellie and Dock were concerned, I did not think a prettier brace ran at the trials than Nellie and Beppo's Maid. Maid's work in the same slashing as Dock's was not excelled for style and ranging by anything done at the trials; their behavior and manner of quartering out a field with good speed left little to be desired, and it was only by superior dash and range—their other qualities being so nearly equal—that Nellie finally got the verdict. It was a most unfavorable day for pointers and Maid became a little chilled from the wet, rank weeds toward the end of the heat, and did not go out as well as her competitor, who showed more dash and range.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

MONROE, Mich., Nov. 18

Editor Forest and Stream:

I cannot refrain from taking exception to your report of the International field trials. Though I am opposed to newspaper controversies in general I think it would be doing an injustice to your readers, the dogs and their owners if your report was passed by without comment. There seems to be a somewhat unwholesome desire pervading your report to enshrine one or two dogs in a halo of glory and criticise others too severely and unjustly. In the first place, your report of the heat between my own bitch Monk's Fanny and Cleopatra states that the latter having started off with "her usual joyful vivacity" (omitting to state, however, anything about her running in to her handler, though she surely did it frequently enough to have attracted your reporter's attention), and "nailed a brace under a log" that Fanny when brought up to back refused, which is utterly untrue, as Fanny backed promptly the instant she saw Cleopatra on point and she was credited with a back by the judges. Your reporter must therefore be either willfully stating what he knows to be untrue or he has adopted the suggestion of some interested person (who has evidently little regard for the truth) as to what transpired, he not having seen the same himself.

In describing the heat between Cleopatra and Brighton Tobe in the second series, your reporter also evinces a very strong desire to condone the offenses and is much more lenient in commenting on the work than he would be, I venture to say, had some other dogs in the same stake made as many mistakes. I watched this heat myself with a good deal of interest, and I must say I think Cleopatra did not distinguish herself very hugely, but on the contrary, made more repeated flushes and her performance on birds was more discreditable than that of any dog in the stake; and yet your reporter deals very gently with her and is very lukewarm in his praise of Tobe's work, which was really a high-class performance, far excelling that of any dog in the stake. Your report says that Cleopatra nailed a grouse in good style, but strange to say never mentions that Cleopatra jumped at the bird and pulled a mouthful of feathers out of him, and yet another reporter evidently saw the little episode and thought it worthy of comment. Tobe did not flush a single, as your report says, while Cleopatra ran right on top of a single (shortly after she roaded and ran in on a bevy) that your reporter evidently did not attach much importance to, though she ran right on top of the bird in an open wheatfield and the bird got up within a foot of her nose.

Your reporter then undertakes to tell the judges that they erred in placing Tobe over Luke, and that they should have been reversed. Now, Mr. Editor, while Luke impressed me as quite a good dog and deserving the place he got, he is not in the same class with the winner at all; he cannot compare with Tobe in speed, he cannot go fast enough to make Tobe extend himself, nor was there any dog in the stake that can force Tobe out. As to Tobe's quartering, I think it was all that could be desired; he ranged fast and very wide, and, moreover, was obedient to every signal from his handler, answering promptly and cheerfully every call that was made on him, which is more than can be said of some other dogs in the stake. I failed to see the doubtful work your reporter imputes to Tobe or notice that his range was erratic. The bevy that Cleopatra flushed and he says Tobe should have pointed, Tobe was never close enough to have pointed, he having been cast to the left by his handler; so surely this was not one of his missed opportunities. Your report credits Tobe with a flush he did not make, but your synopsis of the heat does not mention when it occurred.

There are other inaccuracies in your report, but I dislike to prolong this discussion or further encroach upon your valuable space. I could not help thinking, however, your reporter is prejudiced, evidently having a much keener appreciation of the virtues of Cleopatra and Luke than the judges or any one else, and that it would be doing an injustice to other competitors and to your readers, who would surely draw erroneous conclusions, taking your reporter as a criterion, as to the merits of the dogs, and would be at a loss to reconcile your report with that of others if your report should pass without comment. It is, I think, a coincidence worthy of note that both Cleopatra and Luke, who appear to be such prime favorites with your reporter, both belong to one man—Mr. Wells.

It only remains for me to say that the remarks I have made regarding Tobe's running were prompted purely by a desire to see him get full credit for his laurels and wipe out, if possible, the injustice your report has done to one of the best, if not the very best, dogs that has ever honored our country. I thank you for your valuable space.

H. MARSHALL GREYDON.

LONDON, Ont., Nov. 23.

United States Field Trials Club Meeting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual meeting of the U. S. F. Club for the purpose of electing a board of governors and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it, will be held at West Point, Miss., Wednesday evening, Jan. 23, 1895. Members who will not be able to attend will please send their proxy to me, naming the member whom they desire to represent them. P. T. MADISON, Sec.-Treas.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 8.

Champion Old Burgundy.

> DEAR Old Burgundy, king of Skye dog race!
> 'Tis hard to lose thee, hard to fill thy place,
> My faithful friend! yea, prized at every show,
> I weep for thee, and strive to bear the blow,
> No more shall I entwine thy silken hair
> Or comb thy glossy coat with tender care,
> No more in England wilt thou gain repute,
> My champion! almost human—though a brute!

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va. MRS. E. M. WILLIAMS.

DOG CHAT.

There are many terrier owners and breeders whom we could name who will read "Terrier's" letter, in another column, with interest. There are hundreds of terriers in some kennels that are simply eating their heads off and from which their owners derive little pleasure except it be to see them have an occasional "turn-up" with a "bagged" woodchuck or tack up a card or two won at shows. For lack of opportunity to indulge in their natural propensities their dogs come under the category of pets, and cribbed and confined as they necessarily are, are losing the courage and vim that we associate with such terriers—the fox, Irish, Scottish, Dandie Dimont and Bedlingtou terriers, for instance. The reason for this condition lies in a great measure with the owners themselves. A setter or a pointer owner—if a sportsman—does not expect to find quail or grouse in towns and villages but seeks such country as will give him the sport he craves. This the terrier men should do.

Mr. C. T. Brownell has sold the well known Gordon setter Trim B. (Dixie—Beaulah) to Mr. A. Ziegler, Jr., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Westminster Kennel Club is desirous of having their premium lists ready for distribution by Jan. 1, and in order to publish therein a complete list of special prizes the club would be glad to hear from the secretaries of the different clubs and others who may wish to offer prizes, as early as possible. The address of the superiutendeut, Mr. James Mortimer, will be 59 Liberty street, Room 2, New York, and not at 44 Broadway as heretofore.

Mr. A. C. Bradbury intends visiting the Liverpool show, leaving here early in January. He is taking over a fine lot of brown Leghorns for exhibition in England, and will return in February in time for the New York show, bringing with him the Herschel greyhounds. He will be pleased to execute any commission for American fanciers.

When the month of December comes round and two or three dogmen congregate together the question is asked: "Have you heard anything of the judges?" and it is unnecessary to ask what is meant. Not that the question of judges has much influence at a W. K. C. show as far as entries go, still for some reason there is a halo that surrounds the position that seems to clothe the wearer with a higher opinion of himself. Nothing is known as yet who will be appointed, but as the premium lists are expected to be out by New Year's, we should not have long to wait. The selection of such a list is a difficult problem, owing to the importance of the shows and the awards to be made. While on this subject we might remark that it has been suggested that the W. K. C. have the judging extend through the four days of the show. For many reasons this idea is a good oue. The horse show is judged in that way, and thereby the public interest is kept up during the whole week. At the New York show the judging generally extends well into the second day, and there is more or less of a rush to get through the work even in that time. If the judging extended through the four days it would not be necessary to have more than two large judging rings. This would leave more space for benching, an important consideration when the entries have increased to such an extent that it is now a difficult matter to bench all on one floor. For instance at the last show, the pet dogs and some of the terriers, around whose benches there should be ample space, had to be placed above the main floor among the chairs, a situation far too cramped for such interesting and important divisions. On the first day certain breeds, say pointers, setters and St. Beruards, could be judged; on the second, mastiffs, greyhounds, deerhounds, great Danes and spaniels; next day all terriers and so on. If the schedule of judging was announced in the premium lists, visiting dogmen would then be able to make their arrangements accordingly, and they would thus be sure of meeting those of their friends interested in their particular fancy. The daily newspapers, on whom so much depends to create an interest among the public, would then have material to work up a good story each day and not be crowded with lengthy prize lists the first two days, in which the general public take little interest, and have little to write about the remaining days of the show. There is really no reason why the judging should be rushed through in one day, except that it would be impossible to get out a marked catalogue before the last day, but this is not of sufficient importance to offset the other advantages. The announcement in the dailies of the breeds to be judged would draw the public, as with slower judging and fewer rings they would be better able to follow the awards. As at present carried out there is a good deal of confusion and most of the work is meaniugless to the general public. The award boards could be properly kept, and if each handler of a dog when entering the judging ring was supplied with a card on which was conspicuously printed a number corresponding to the number of his dog, the judging could be followed with interest and benefit. The suggestion has been made and we should like to hear how other exhibitors feel about it.

The Meadowmere Kennels, not content with scooping in most of the prizes lately with their black poodles, and starting several other kennels with winning teams, are still seeking to improve their new kennel team. They have just received two dogs from France which their Paris agent informs them are the best dogs of this type seen there this year. These, with the eight imported for Mr. Trevor by Messrs. Mortimer and Vail three months since, will enable this kennel to put down a better team of black poodles at New York show than has yet been seen. Mr. Trevor says that owing to the present unsatisfactory state of the transportation arrangements, he is doubtful whether he will risk showing any prize winners at any but the New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia shows, where his man accompanies them. On the last trip from Toronto his dogs came back in an almost exhausted coudition, and, as he justly remarks, the amount of glory to be obtained from a win is not worth the risk of losing one of his dogs.

Mr. Shirley Stewart reports the loss of his great Daue dog Don Cæsar, Jr. (23,638). Cæsar was lost from his home in Toronto four weeks ago last Saturday. He has never been known to stray or even stay away from home over night, and it is supposed he has been stolen. Don Cæsar was a well-known prize winner at Canadian shows, having won two firsts at Toronto Fair shows and other prizes. He is a blue dog, with brindle markings on face and legs, and his ears are well cut. Mr. Stewart is living in St. Catharine's, Ont., at present, and still has two good great Danes in his kennels, Chamois aud Brurda; the latter has won several prizes. It is feared that Don Cæsar has been sent over the line. If any of our readers should come across him and then communicate with Mr. Stewart, they will be doing a friendly action.

The Sportsmen's Exposition that will take place in Madison Square Garden, New York, May 13 to 18, 1895, promises to be a very interesting affair. In our issue of Nov. 10 was published, in another department, a description of the different classes which define the character of the undertaking. As kennel owners generally have not seen that part which relates to the kennel display, we draw more particular attention to it here:

Class I.—Kennel Supplies will form an interesting group and include all kinds of dog food mentioned, improved kennels for benching aud feeding, transportation crates, dishes and watering troughs, dog medicines and surgical instruments, books on the care and training of various kinds of dogs, literature defining the status of the dog as personal property, and the advancement in dog history."

Mr. Frederic S. Webster, the secretary, who is well known to dogmen as the secretary of the Pointer Club, informs us that the scope of this kennel division has been enlarged and will embrace a display of mounted specimens of every breed of dog recognized by the Kennel Club, and, where possible, it is intended to show the purposes for which they are used in sport. For instance, pointers and setters will be mounted in the act of pointing quail, etc.; Chesapeake Bay dogs retrieving ducks, and so on. Thus the exhibition is intended to be both interesting and educative to the general public. To carry out the idea we suppose the St. Bernard will be represented in the traditional manner, but what to do with the Boston terrier has not yet been decided. The exhibit, however, is expected to be very interesting, and those who have mounted specimens of dogs should communicate with the secretary with a view to loaning the same.

The sudden death is announced of the celebrated animal artist, Mr. C. Burton Barber. His charming pictures of dog life have made his name familiar to all lovers of the dog.

Stock-Keeper (Eng.) has a cable message from America addressed to Caracas, care of Rasselas, London, but it is couched in a code that they have no clue to, and wish the sender to explain matters.

The Hempstead Farm has purchased the well-known collie Hadfield Don from Mr. W. W. Thompson. It came over in Spratts care.

Attention is drawn, in our business columns, to the reduction in the fees of the Mere Kennels' stud fox-terriers. Intending breeders should not forget that Jollice is by Despoiler, who has lately made such a name for himself as a sire in England. Dame Fortune, the sensational pnp of the year, that beat Vice-Regal, is by Despoiler. The Mere Kennels, through their advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM, sold one of Jollice's get to a fancier at the highest price ever paid for a puppy from their kennels.

The shooting of Mr. Bateman's beagles still exercises the minds of the beagle men, and more letters have been received on the subject. It is not likely that the National Beagle Club will take the matter up further than to officially bring the case to the attention of the S. P. C. A. A committee to act in the matter will be appointed at the next meeting of the club, Jan. 4. A similar case is reported in the English *Stock-Keeper* this week. A game keeper and his master were sued in court for shooting a valuable collie bitch, Clayton Match. The case was left to the jury to decide, and a verdict for $200 in the plaintiff's favor was rendered. The American Kennel Club is supposed to look after the interests of dogdom in this country, and instead of piling up a useless surplus, it might well take in hand such cases as Mr. Batemau's, and make an effort to prove to the average laymau that dogs on which taxes are paid are just as much property as the same man's cows or horses, on which no direct taxes are levied.

There is a growing feeling among dog breeders that the American Kennel Club should inaugurate the coming year by devoting some portion of its income to special prizes at the coming shows. The dog men feel that they should be afforded an opportunity to get their money back instead of contemplating a balance in a bank that does no one any good, except the bankers. If the American Kennel Club was a proprietary club it would be different, but it is supported by dog men and for dog men, and it is through dogs it has its being, therefore, it is considered that the club should make some effort to improve dogs as well as the morals of dog men.

Mr. E. M. Oldham has resigned the treasurership of the American Spaniel Club and in doing so leaves the treasury in a healthier condition than when he found it. There is now some $200 to the good.

The American Kennel Club has long felt that the offices at 44 Broadway, were not as well arranged as could be wished and as the Executive Committee at its meeting last week gave full power to the secretary to choose others, it is very probable that in May when their lease expires the club will move to the corner of Liberty and Nassau streets where better offices at similar rental can be secured.

The admission by Mr. Hook, of the Boston Terrier Club's Pedigree Committee, that the Boston terrier men were getting their terriers with too many terrier characteristics and that they had been advised to breed back to the bulldog to get certain properties, shows the inhereut weakness of their claims for the breed. FOREST AND STREAM questioned the policy of the A. K. C. in admitting the breed and it will yet be found that those who were not in favor of it are right. Certain members of the club led us to believe that their aim was to breed out the bull characteristics and make the dog a terrier. The type is mixed enough now, in all conscience, and if the breeders have already to resort to first crosses to save certain properties where is their claim of fixed type?

The regular monthly meeting of the recently organized Montreal Kenuel Association was held Dec. 4, Dr. Mills in the chair. About forty members were present, and these had the pleasure of electing twenty-two new members. The president gave a dissertation on dogs generally, classifying them by type, etc. Dr. W. H. Drummond read an interesting paper on Irish terriers, but we can scarcely agree with him that "as a sheep dog he (the Irish terrier) is invaluable and has as much ability as the Scotch collie." As for his companionability, gameness and varmin killing qualities, these are conceded without question. The next lectures will be on fox-terriers, by James Lindsay, and St. Bernards, by J. A. Pitt.

Interesting experiments, according to *Stock-Keeper*, have been made by the French chemist, Pictet, on the resisting power against cold possessed by animals. A dog was placed in a copper receiver at a temperature of 60 to 90° C. In ten minutes the bodily temperature showed a rise of 0.5°, and after an hour and a half had only lost 1°. A little later nature gave up the struggle, the temperature rose rapidly, and the animal died suddeuly.

The noted bull bitch Bicester Beauty and others of Mr. Thomas's bulldogs are offered for sale in English papers.

At the late Fox-Terrier Club show held at Derby, Mr. F. Redmond, who it will be remembered judged fox-terriers for the American Club show at Newport, R. I., had a good innings. With Dame Fortune he made one of the biggest winnings ever scored at one show. Besides winning the smooth championship and beating Vice, Regal. Venio, etc., she won in cash £54 or $270. With all his dogs Mr. Redmond won $750! The owner of Meiford Molly was also a big winner, taking in about $250. At this show there were 380 entries of smooths and 175 wires, the total entry eclipsing all previous records. In wires Mr. C. Bartle won about $200 with his Wellingborough Judy, and $100 more with his whole team. Mr. Pim, who judged wires, seems to have upset his awards in a most aggravating manner. Blooming Beak was fourth in the limit class and Wellingboro Scorcher reserve. In the next class Scorcher takes first and Beak second, and another dog Meersbrook Lordship gets fourth. In the Derby, Lordship meets Beak and the judge puts Lordship second and the Beak third. It will be interesting to read Mr. Pim's report.

The s.s. Greece brought over recently the Llewellyn setter bitch Phoebe Wind'em, purchased by Mr. H. L. Smith, of Strathroy, Ont., from Mr. Llewellin. This bitch won second in the Puppy Stakes at the Shrewsbury trials last spring and first at the trials on grouse at Bala, Wales, in August last. Mr. Smith, we understand, was the first to import a Llewellin setter and this was just twenty years ago.

The Woodlawn Park Kennels have bought the good bulldog Nugget, that won first in the under 45lbs. class and the Sawyer cup at New York last February, from Mr. C. A. Houck, of Albany, N. Y. Last Saturday they sold the good young bulldog Rustic King II., one of the memorable litter, to Mr. E. Ficken, an architect of New York city. We regret to say their bull bitch Grosvenor Lass, recently imported, gave birth prematurely to seven fine pups by King Orry, but the mother and all the old bulldogs are doing well.

We desire to call the attention of pointer breeders to the closing date, Dec. 15, for entries to the grand annual sweepstakes of the Pointer Club for 1895. For pointers born between the dates Sept. 18, 1893, to Sept. 15, 1894. Fee $3.

Mrs. Smythe, whose sad accident has brought her many expressions of sympathy from her friends in the fancy, desires us to thank them in her name for their kind thoughts, as at present, although on a fair way to recovery, she is unable to do so herself. It seems that the accident might have been avoided had the flagman been at his post or had not endeavored to stop the horses. The engine did not whistle or the flagman appear and no warning whatever was given of the train's approach, and the carriage had almost crossed the tracks when the flagman ran out of his box and caught the off horse by the head and backed them on the track. The flagman, as stated before, was killed, and also Zadie, Mrs. Smyth's pet mare, but the off horse was unhurt. Mrs. Smyth, with part of the carriage and the robes, was carried a distance of 50yds. on the cow-catcher, when she rolled off to the track. Her companions, Mr. and Mrs. Meacham, were killed, as stated in our first account. Mrs. Smyth happily remembers nothing of the day's occurrences. Her left arm is broken in two places above the elbow and there are three breaks in the pelvis. She has plenty of courage but needs it all. Mr. and Mrs. Meacham were saved suffering of any kind, the former being instantly killed and the latter dying an hour after the shock.

Mr. C. A. Loud, late of Los Angeles, Cal., passed through New York last week on his way to Bessimer, N. C., where he intends establishing a breeding and training kennel. Mr. Loud is well known in field trial circles and is a veteran in the business of handling and training field dogs. He had with him half a dozen very nice English setters that he had bought from Mr. Shallenberger of Alma, Neb. We wish him every success in his new home.

Roderigo is dead. Field trial men and setter breeders the country over will receive this announcement with regret and sympathy for Messrs. Avent & Thayer. Roderigo died the night after Mr. Avent returned from the field trials. His cause of death is not known, but as this grand old dog was whelped April 12, 1883, it will be seen he was getting on in years and his death might have been expected. Mr. Avent says he was a faithful companion and loved by all his family as one of themselves. Roderigo was buried in Mr. Avent's yard and a monument is to be erected over his grave. Roderigo won the All-Age Stake at the National Field Trials at Grand Junction, Tenn., 1885; but it is as a sire that his name will long be remembered. Among his illustrious progeny such names as Antonio, Rowdy Rod, Orlando, Joey B., Toledo Blade, Bonair, Rod's Sue, Topsy's Rod, Clementina, Cynosure, etc., occur to the student of field trial form as many time winners of the principal field trial events. His get won three Derbies in succession at the E. F. T. C. Trials and in 1889 his get won three of the principal All-Age stakes. Roderigo was by Count Noble out of Twin Maud.

Pointer Club Meeting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A special meeting of the board of governors of the Pointer Club was held Dec. 8 at the office of the president, 44 Broad street. President Wise called the meeting to order with the usual quorum present. The Hempstead Farm Kennels claim for prize money was ordered paid.

Voted that all applications for entries in the special Produce Stakes for 1896, which shall be made by the owner within fifteen days after the receipt of the official notice of the stakes shall be accepted by the secretary.

The following specials were offered at the coming W. K. C. show: $20 to best pointer, the same to be bred and owned by members of the Pointer Club. But the same person need not be the breeder and owner; $20 to best pointer shown and owned by a member of the Pointer Club with the best field trial record. To be judged by his or her record and not by show points.

It was then resolved that the management of the W. K. C. show of 1895 be requested to permit the Pointer Club of America to appoint a judge to award the special prizes offered by this club.

F. S. WEBSTER, Sec'y.

Beagles Shot.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Who bred, owned, trained and sold Sedgwick?

QUAKER.

"Forest and Stream" Fan Pedigree Blank.

FOR some time past breeders of dogs have demanded a pedigree form that would afford spaces for a more extended pedigree than those hitherto published. The difficulty has been in arranging a form that, while admitting the required extension, would be compact and not too large for mailing. This difficulty has been solved in the "FOREST AND STREAM Fan Pedigree Blank" which is so arranged that a dog's pedigree can be recorded for eight generations, and the spaces radiating from a center, the reader is enabled to trace at a glance the different strains which lead from sire and dam. Spaces are also provided for recording the name of dog, its breed, color, sex, breeder and address, dates of birth and purchase, from whom purchased, E. K. C. and A. K. C. Stud Book numbers and certification. These blanks are for sale at $2 per hundred, 30 cents per dozen, by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 318 Broadway, New York.

Fastest Time Ever Made from Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla.

"THE Monon Route" (L. N. A. & C. Ry.) placed in effect on Nov. 18 the fastest schedule ever made between Chicago and Jacksonville, Fla., leaving Chicago at 8:32 P. M., arriving at Jacksonville, Fla., at 9:55 A. M. the second morning, making direct connections with the morning departures from that point with all diverging lines and arriving at interior and southern Florida points by daylight, St. Augustine and Palatka before noon; Ocala, Orlando, Sanford, Winter Park, Bartow and Tampa early in the afternoon; Titusville and Rockledge before supper, and Lake Worth before bedtime. The trains are vestibuled, Pintsch lighted and steam heated, with the finest dining and sleeping car service in the world. For further information, time tables, and sleeping car tickets, call on or address Sidney R. Jones, C. P. A., Monon Route, No. 232 Clark street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

A. K. C. Executive Committee Meeting.

THE regular meeting of this committee was held at 44 Broadway, New York, Dec. 6, Thos. H. Terry in the chair. Present: Delegates from associate members, T. H. Terry, Dr. H. T. Foote and A. Clinton Wilmerding; Northwestern Beagle Club, Frederic S. Webster; Bulldog Club, E. Willard Roby; Pacific Kennel Club, James Mortimer; St. Louis Kennel Club, Major J. M. Taylor; Mascoutah Kennel Club, C. F. R. Drake; New Jersey Kennel League, Edwin H. Morris. National Beagle Club, H. F. Schellhass; American Spaniel Club, E. M. Oldham; English Setter Club, Wilson Fiske.

After the minutes of the previous meeting were read and accepted, and it was announced that no credentials were to be presented, the secretary read a brief report, which embraced matters decided by motion.

The treasurer's report for this year was then presented, showing:

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1894	$2815 82
Receipts	5765 85
Total	$8581 67
Disbursements	7473 36
Balance	$1108 31

The advisory committee reported the following decisions:

American Kennel Club *vs.* T. A. Howard—*Re* published letters written by him to E. Bardoe Elliott.—Ordered, That the secretary is hereby directed to notify the Columbus Fanciers' Club that T. A. Howard is not an acceptable representative in the A. K. C., and that said Columbus Fanciers' Club be requested to appoint another delegate in his stead.

Pacific Kenuel Club *vs.* E. P. Schell—*Re* misconduct in connection with dogs.—Ordered, That the secretary request the Pacific Kennel Club to state its reasons for acquitting Henry Huber at the time of expulsion of E. P. Schell. The suspeusion of said Schell to continue pending this information.

Edwin H. Morris *vs.* Danbury Agricultural Society—*Re* appeal to reopen a previous case.—Ordered, That it is the opinion of the committee that the case should not be reopened.

Geo. R. Preston, Jr., *vs.* Edwin H. Morris—*Re* misconduct in connection with dogs.—Ordered, That these charges be dismissed and the deposit of $10 be returned to Preston.

T. A. Howard *vs.* Louisville Kennel Club—*Re* appeal from decision of bench show committee.—Ordered, That the decision of the committee of the Louisville Keunel Club be and is hereby sustained. The deposit of $10 forfeited.

James Watson *vs.* Ben F. Lewis—*Re* misconduct in connection with dogs.—Ordered, That it is the opinion of this committee that the charges were not made and filed in accordance with the rules governing such cases, and that the charge is hereby dismissed.

American Kennel Club *vs.* George Bell—*Re* misconduct in connection with dogs.—Whereas, Bell filed a general denial of the charges, but declined to submit any defence. It is ordered, That the penalty of disqualification imposed on Bell for one year at the meeting of May 3, '94, be and is hereby extended without limit.

Adjourned.

The stud book committee reported:

That John Jarvis be reprimanded for carelessness in connection with the issue of beagle pedigrees.

That in connection with the pedigree of a Boston terrier, it be made a subject of inquiry as to whether the breed was rightly entitled to recognition.

The committee on transportation: Mr. Webster stated that his only colleague, the chairman of the committee, Mr. Morris, had asked him to report that the petitions signed had been presented to the Trunk Line Association, and that though there were many difficulties in the way of a favorable decision, they had a promise that the matter should be presented to the board at an early meeting, and it was asked that James Mortimer be put ou the committee in time for a full committee to appear before the Association officials at their next meeting. This was done.

The Rochester Kennel Club and New Orleans Fanciers' Club sent in their resignations, which were accepted.

The complaiut made by the secretary of uon-compliance with the A. K. C. rules at their last show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, brought out a resolution for expulsion, and an amendment for a caution, the latter being carried.

It was resolved that the financial statement for 1894 be published in the *Kennel Gazette*.

The prefix of "Doone" was allowed R. Humphrey Roberts and that of "Eldora" to C. Kersheller. H. F. Schellhass presented for James Watson, as from the committee on rules, a very informal recommendation, that in future those exhibiting at shows not given under A. K. C. rules, where disqualified persons have entered, shall be debarred from all A. K. C. shows.

It was evident that there was no unanimity even in the Rules committee, and it was asked that notice be given through the *Kennel Gazette*, and the motion be made at the next meeting in February.

It was decided on motion that Associates in arrears of dues be dropped from the roll.

The secretary was authorized to change the club's office to more suitable quarters without an increase of rent, and to drop certain bad debts from the assets in his amounts after ascertaining if uncollectable.

It was proposed that the agreement offered to the Canadian Kennel Club be withdrawn, and an amendment that the club be given ninety days to report their decision was finally carried.

Meeting adjourned.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lawn Russet and Lawn Nonsense. By Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Lawn, Ill., for black and tan Gordon setter dog and bitch, whelped April 4, 1894, by Reguald H. (Leatherstocking—Smith's Rhoda) out of Nana (champion Argus—Laura).

Lawn Ivy. By Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Lawn, Ill., for black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1894, by Doc (champion Bellmont—Bess III.) out of Salmont (champion Heather Harold—champion Bellmont).

Lawn Myrtle. By Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Lawn. Ill., for black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped Sept. 29, 1894, by Pilot of Lorain (Murkland Ranger II.—Bell) out of Chloe II. (Malcolm's Rap—Malcolm's Montrose).

Lawn Fayaway. By Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Lawn, Ill., for black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped Oct. 22, 1894, by Beaumont, Jr. (champion Beaumont—champion Heather Bee) out of Faymont (Zango—Salmont).

Monarch's Lad and Monarch's Lass. By S. B. Allen, Providence, R. I., for black and white ticked English setter dog and bitch, whelped Sept. 26, 1894, by Dad Monarch (Roy Monarch—Blue Jennie) out of Jessie A. (Gene—Lulu).

Jack Pot and Count's Bess. By H. Spencer, Marysville, O., for orange and white English setter dog and bitch, whelped June 9, 1894, by Gid (Count of Gath's Mark—Muse) out of Count's Daisy (Count D.—Rake's Bess).

Mark of Gladstone and Blue Bell. By H. Spencer, Marysville, O., for black, white and tan English setter dog and blue belton bitch, whelped June 9, 1894, by Gid (Count of Gath's Mark—Muse) out of Count's Daisy (Count D.—Rake's Bess).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Careless—King Lud. J. D. Bush's (Wilmington, Del.) bull bitch Careless (Hotspur—Hampshire Nettle) to J. H. Congdon's King Lud (Pathfinder—Plevna), Oct. 5.

Blanche Petrel—Breeze Gladstone. J. C. Maull's English setter bitch Blanche Petrel (Noble Petrel—Ruby II.) to F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone, Oct. 3.

Mabel Petrel—Breeze Gladstone. R. von Ohl's English setter bitch Mabel Petrel (Noble Petrel—Ruby II.) to F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone, Nov. 7.

Seacroft Jessie—Seacroft Bourbon. Frank Small's (Ride's Crossing, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Seacroft Jessie to Seacroft Kennels' Seacroft Bourbon (D'Orsay—Damson), Oct. 24.

Starden's Vic—Raby Palissy. Frank Small's (Ride's Crossing, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Starden's Vic to Seacroft Kennels' Raby Palissy, Oct. 6.

Seacroft Rachel—Raby Palissy. Seacroft Kennels' (Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Seacroft Rachel to their Raby Palissy, Oct. 30.

Wild Rose—Lawn Chieftain. Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' (Chicago Lawn, Ill.) Gordon setter bitch Wild Rose (Beaumont, Jr.—Salmont) to their Lawn Chieftain (Judge S.—Montrose), Nov. 24.

Lawn Hazel—Lawn Chieftain. Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' Gordon setter bitch Lawn Hazel (Pilot of Lorain—Hilda) to their Lawn Chieftain (Judge S.—Montrose), Nov. 11.

Lawn Fayaway—Lawn Chieftain Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' Gordon setter bitch Lawn Fayaway (Beaumont, Jr.—Faymont) to their Lawn Chieftain (Judge S.—Montrose), Nov. 18.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Queen of Shenandoah. Shenandoah Kennels' (Roanoke, Va.) St. Bernard bitch Queen of Shenandoah, Oct. 29, nine (three dogs), by J. D. Lazell's Fernwood Maximillian (Victor Joseph—Dwina Bianca).

Damson. Seacroft Kennels' (Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Damson, Oct. 30, seven (two dogs), by Hillside Kennels' Starden's King.

Seacroft Empress. Seacroft Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Seacroft Empress, Oct. 30, three (two dogs), by Woodlawn Park Kennels' Chief Justice II.

Czarina. Seacroft Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Czarina, Oct. 30, three dogs, by their Seacroft Bourbon.

Kingal Seacroft Kennels' wolfhound bitch Kingal, Oct. 30, five dogs, by their Sorvanets.

Lady Dietz. Seacroft Kennels' wolfhound bitch Lady Dietz, Nov. 7, nine (three dogs), by their Col. Dietz.

Zmeika. Seacroft Kennels' wolfhound bitch Zmeika, Nov. 14, eight (four dogs), by their Sorvanets.

Burton Bitters. Seacroft Kennels' Scottish terrier bitch Burton Bitters, Nov. 17, seven (four dogs), by Brooks & Ames's Rhudaman.

Grouse II. Seacroft Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Grouse II., Nov. 17, one, by L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Safeguard.

Bella II. Seacroft Kennels' Scottish terrier bitch Bella II., Nov. 17, seven (four dogs), by Brooks & Ames's champion Tiree.

Kaween. Dr. Lougest's (Franklin, Mass.) bloodhound bitch Kaween, Nov. 12, twelve (eight dogs), by his Belhus.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Wild Rose. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped December, 1892, by Beaumont, Jr., out of Salmont, by Mrs. W. S Lee, New York city, to Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Lawn, Ill.

King of Morocco. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped March, 1894, by Doc out of Wild Rose, by Mrs. W. S. Lee, New York city, to Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Lawn, Ill.

Seacroft Jessie. Fox-terrier bitch, by Seacroft Kennels, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., to F Small, Ride's Crossing, Mass.

Coots. Black French poodle dog, whelped March 4, 1894, by Carlo out of Frenchie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Prof. Wormwood's Traveling Dog Circus.

Lady Teazle. Black and white ticked English setter bitch, whelped Oct. 11, 1893, by Gene out of Florence, by M. J. Flaherty, Providence, R. I., to Dr. C. H. Gardner, same place.

Seacroft Pearl. Fox-terrier bitch, by Ruby Palissy out of Damson, by Seacroft Kennels, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., to Mr. Plant, Washington, D. C.

Seacroft Mystery. Fox-terrier bitch, by Raby Palissy out of Damson, by Seacroft Kennels, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., to W. Wakem, Chicago, Ill.

Raby Palissy—Damson whelp. Fox-terrier bitch, by Seacroft Kennels, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., to Mr. Taylor, Wakefield, Mass.

Seacroft Bourbon—Brockenhurst Queenie whelp. Fox-terrier bitch, by Seacroft Kennels, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., to Gordon Prince, same place.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. E. O., Hamilton, Ont.—The black and tan terrier Broomfield Sultan weighed about 18lbs. when last exhibited.

W. E. R., Reading, Pa.—What is the matter with my pointer bitch, 5yrs. old; she is spayed. After a half day's hunt she lags back and gets very weak. I first thought it was caused by eating grass, but the last time she was the worst and appeared drunk and could not walk; but after being home an hour or two she seemed anxious to start hunting again. During the summer she got a spell in her head and her head swelled to twice its natural size until her eyes were nearly shut. Can you tell me the cause of her sickness? Ans. Try the following:

℞	Tr. nucis vom	ʒ i.
	Liq. arsenicalis	mxxxvi.
	Ferri phosph	ʒ i.
	Aq. ad	℥ vi.

Sig. Mix. Give one dessertspoonful three times a day.

Hunting and Coursing.

Rabbit Hunting with Horses.

"FIRST catch your hare then cook him" is one of those aphorisms that, like a handkerchief, is never out of date. There are as many ways of catching the hare as there are of cooking it. In late discussions in FOREST AND STREAM the sportsmen who delight in beagle hunting have told us that "ye merrie lytle hounde" transcends all other hounds in the pursuit of the nimble hare, others swear by the foxhound, and theu again there are those who pin their faith to the nose of the common "yaller" dog. But no one has yet advanced the theory that one can catch the *Lepus americanus* with a horse or more correctly speaking from horseback. It can be done, however. At the termination of the National Foxhunters' meet at Olympia, Ky., and when about to start for home, we received a telegram from Roger Williams saying that the Iroquois Hunt Club of Lexington had arranged for a "rabbit" hunt on horseback, for Saturday afternoon, Nov. 24, in honor of the representatives of the sporting press who had attended the meet. These were Messrs. John Fox, Jr., Max T. Klepper, B. Hayman and the writer. The rendezvous was to be at Gratz Park, just around the corner from Mr. Williams's house.

Arriving at Lexington at noon we had barely time to partake of luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, before the horses were brought to the door and mounting we soon found ourselves part of a compauy of about forty riders, among whom were several ladies. Leaving the city by the Nicholasville turnpike, we cantered along for five or six miles to the Bryan farm and entering a large stubble field prepared to catch "puss" in a manner entirely new to the visitors. Under command of Roger Williams we ranged out in a line, each horseman being about 10ft. from the other. At a given signal the imposing cavalcade proceeded across the field at a walk, every eye intently fixed upon the ground searching for bunny's squatting form. We had scarcely started when a wild whoop proclaimed a find and a gentleman springing from his horse nabbed a "rabbit," which had trusted too confidently to its similarity to a stone to escape detection. Bunny was given a happy dispatch and off we started again. A yell from one end of the line was the signal that another hare was afoot and we were quickly initiated into the novel sport, the object of which is to gallop down the hare. This one, however, made straight for the fence and escaped before we had fairly started our horses.

Lining up again we worked out some more stubble and soon another hare was afoot near the middle of the field. Then ensued a wild scramble on the part of the horsemen to get as near to puss as possible. The hare darted hither and thither, followed at a gallop by the excited horsemen, who were doing their best to keep the game from seeking refuge in the fence. Such turning and twisting and halloaing and helter skelter excitement as ensued passes description. In a few minutes the "rabbit" was showing signs of distress and his rings were getting narrower and narrower, and hedged in by galloping horses on every side he was fast becoming pumped out. Two or three of the nearest horsemen then jumped down, and making reckless dives at the imminent risk of being run over by the horses, one hunter, more agile than the others, fell on puss like a Yale man on a football, and the hare soon received the knock that ended his career. And the doubting Thomases no more doubted that rabbits could be caught from horseback without the aid of dogs. Several hares were put up in this field; but most of them escaped through the fences. Then we took to the roads again, and a ride of a mile or so would bring us to another suitable field, when the same exciting performance would be gone through whenever a hare started and every part of the field ridden over. Sometimes as many as six or seven "rabbits" would be started in one pasture and a dozen dead ones were soou dangling from the saddles of the lucky riders. A big unwieldy horse was soon out of the race, for it takes a small, clever and easily handled horse to follow the turns and jumps that the "rabbit" makes in its efforts to escape.

In crossing from field to field impromptu races and the taking of a fence and a water jump now and then added to the enjoyment of the afternoon's sport. The gloaming found us about ten miles from the city—tired, but delighted with our new experience, and grateful to the ladies aud gentlemen of the Iroquois Hunt Club who had afforded us so much enjoyment.

H. W. L.

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Ch. Frank Forest vs. Ch. Royal Krueger.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 24 I notice an article written by you in which you quote from a letter received from my friend Mr. C. S. Wixom of Covert, N. Y.

In this letter it appears that Mr. W. states as a fact that champion Royal Krueger has sired Nibs, champion Ava W., Stormy, Ilwaco and Laddie, which lot of five constitute more field trial winners than have been sired by any other beagle.

A casual search of the records does not disprove this statement as I find that champion Frank Forest has sired only four. They are Clyde, June Rose, Gypsey Forest and Blanche. So far champion Royal Krueger has done the most work as to numbers, but the grade of work is very much in Frank Forest's favor. The record shows that Royal Krueger, together with five of his get, has won four first prizes and two second prizes with thirty-one competitors in the various classes. It also shows that Frank Forest, together with four of his get, won six first prizes, three second prizes and two third prizes, with seventy-eight competitors. The totals of competitors are given approximately, as I was governed by memory only, so there may have been a few dogs more or less on either side.

Now, I believe, and I think the public does, that the Hornell-Harmony Kennel has field trial as well as bench show winners, and thus far has bred and furnished to lovers of good beagles a very fair proportion of the whole, but in order that Mr. Wixom and myself and the public may know the relative merits between Royal Krueger and Frank Forest as sires of working dogs, I hereby challenge Mr. Wixom to the following practical test.

Providing that consent of present owners of aforesaid dogs can be secured, I will run Frank Forest and his get mentioned as a pack against Royal Krueger and his get mentioned as a pack, for fun, expenses or for an amount not to exceed $500 The selection of time, ground, judges and other conditions and details to be mutually agreed upon or left to arbitrators. The test to take place on neutral ground and not later than Jan. 1 next, are the only conditions which I exact.

I sincerely trust that neither Mr. Wixom nor any one else will feel or believe that this is in any sense an outcome of any feeling as between Mr. W. and myself, for we always have been, and I sincerely hope are now, the warmest of friends. On perusal of the article first mentioned I simply felt that Mr. W. made rather a broad statement, however true, and it has aroused that small portion of fluid matter under my skin sometimes termed "sporting blood."

H. L. KREUDER.

NANUET, N. Y.

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Coursing the Wolf.

INCREDULOUS persons are ready to doubt if a timber wolf can be run down, but we have in the latest issue of the Hallock (Minn.) *Enterprise* this authentic and trustworthy declaration that "While coming in on horseback Wednesday, Napoleon Jerome saw a wolf and chased him for over two miles, when he overtook him and killed him with a stick." Jerome is a half-breed Indian, educated at Boniface, Winnipeg, and a most excellent hunter. The wolf must have been badly "tuckered" to have succumbed to a stick.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The following paragraphs were crowded out of our account of the National Fox Hunting Association meet:

The Strode's Valley Hunt Club—which, by the way, can put down a very good pack on a show bench—held open house at the hotel. They occupied a large room, and posted a "welcome" placard on the door and the latchstring hung underneath. The club is composed of represeutative business men of Winchester, Ky., a town about thirty miles from Olympia, and they are doing good work for the foxhound of the South.

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About half a mile from the Olympian Hotel, situated at the foot of the hills, nestles a cosy hunting lodge that is kept up by sportsmen from Mt. Sterling, consisting of Col. A. W. Hamilton, A. M. Bedford, Howard Anderson, J. W. Chenault, J. W. Gatewood, John King, J. Will Clay and Capt. Jack Stewart. Gen. Gentry felt that he would like to entertain some people, so the campers tendered him the use of the cottage for this laudable purpose. The lucky ones who participated were Mrs. H. P. Thomson, Mrs. Silas Evans, Mrs. E. W. Herr, the Misses Carrie Lee Hathaway, Lady Prewitt, Mayme Robinson, and Messrs. John Fox, Jr., Max T. Klepper, A. B. F. Kinney, Basil Hayman, H. W. Lacy and Dr. B. W. McClure. To quote Mrs. Herr, "With the grace of manner that is characteristic of them, Gen. Gentry and the hosts of the cottage received their guests, who gave themselves up in joyous surrender to the occasion and a delightful acceptance of all it afforded;" and this was wild turkey, which the General had shot with a—well, we won't give it away, and mountain pig, which Newton Williams, the cook, had prepared so deliciously. Col. Hamilton and Capt. Jack served us in such clever fashion, that one way of earning a living is ever open to them if they need it. Seasoned with merry jest and quip, the bounteous repast could not fail to please, and happy speeches from Gen. Gentry, Col. Hamilton and Mr. Fox, who responded for the press, rounded off an entertainment that was as unique as it was unexpected.

It was wondered why Sam Redd, a noted Lexington foxhunter, was not at the field trials with some of his noted hounds, but it seems that during the week while his hounds were running, some one shot into the pack with buckshot and the eyes of two of the best hounds—Admiral Jouette's Howard and Roger Williams's Topsy, were shot out. The latter bitch it will be remembered won first at Chicago last spring. Other hounds were injured but we could not ascertain to what extent. Mr. Williams can console himself with a litter of nine bloodhound pups that his Vigilant whelped to Alchemist during the week of the foxhound meet.

Smith Ejectors.

ANTICIPATING that there would be in time a demand for a thoroughly practical ejector gun at a moderate price, we are now ready to fill orders for same ranging in price from $60 to $500. Thinking it would be of interest to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM to know that they can get a Smith gun of any grade with an ejector attached, we invite your attention to a few facts in the case. Our motto, "We lead and others follow," prompted us to put the first American ejector on the market, this gun has never been changed, and is the same perfect mechanism to-day that was put on the first gun of the kind shipped from the factory. The Smith ejector gun as made by the Hunter Arms Co., of Fulton, N. Y., is no experiment; three years of the roughest kind of usage has proven conclusively to its friends and convinced its enemies that it is a practical success. By actual count of parts it is the simplest ejector in the world, any one can understand its principles at a glance. A very important feature about all of the Smith guns is that they are the only guns made in the world which are guaranteed in every particular and also to shoot any nitro powder made and not get loose.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

THE two documents which have been received since our last issue and which are printed herewith cover a number of very important points mixed up in a rather confusing manner. In giving them that careful consideration which they deserve, it is necessary to rearrange them in the order of their importance.

The clauses relating to the primary conditions of a match, the terms under which a challenge is made and accepted and the trophy delivered to a possible winner, are those which we have numbered in the the challenge 1, 2 and 3; and in the letter, 2, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11 and 12.

The clauses relating to the secondary conditions, such minor details of the racing as properly come under the "mutual agreement" clause, are all confined to Lord Dunraven's letter, Nos. 3, 4, 6, 8, 9 and 12.

THE points touched upon in the various clauses first mentioned are two: First, the question whether or no the races of 1893 were sailed under the new deed of gift, and, secondly, the departures which may be made from the literal terms of the new deed.

It is evident that the Royal Yacht Squadron and Lord Dunraven still persist in ignoring the patent fact that the last races were sailed under the new deed and nothing else, in spite of the lame and awkward attempt of the New York Y. C. to modify some of the more objectionable clauses.

It is no less true that the waiving of the dimension clause and the acceptance of one instead of four dimensions, was illegal in 1892, and that a similar action this year, as suggested in Clause 3 of the challenge and Clauses 5 and 10 of Lord Dunraven's letter, would be equally illegal; and would offer good ground for an objection on the part of any member of the club to the delivery of the Cup to the challenger should he be successful in the races.

The first point involves a lengthy discussion, which will be found in another column. The second will be clear to any one who understands the English language and will read the specific provisions of the new deed, as to what must be given in a challenge.

We may say briefly that the communication of the Royal Yacht Squadron is not a "challenge in due form," and that as long as the new deed exists, the New York Yacht Club has no power to recognize it and arrange a race in compliance with it.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S satisfaction, as expressed in Clause 7, will be shared by all yachtsmen who wish to see the America's Cup elevated to its true position as the great emblem of international supremacy in yachting; but at the same time, we question the right of the New York Y. C. to accept as a challenger any yacht not specifically mentioned and identified by her four dimensions in the challenge. The wording of the new deed is so clear and explicit as to leave no room for argument on this point.

THE secondary conditions are a mere repetition of Lord Dunraven's former letter, and may be briefly disposed of. The matter of measurement and marking of the loadline, including the question of a "ballast crew," has been settled very fairly by the Cup committee. Lord Dunraven still harps on the Marblehead course and the windward start, regardless of the unreasonable nature of the one proposition and the impracticable nature of the other. It is evident that his Lordship is laboring under the delusion that Marblehead is an island in the open sea, and that from it a windward course can be laid out, regardless of the direction of the wind. On the contrary, it is situated in the angle of an L quite as pronounced as the shore contour about Sandy Hook, and with the wind from anywhere in the three shore quadrants, a very long tow would be necessary to secure a start to windward. His proposal for a windward start for all races, and for the abandonment of those races in which no windward work is possible, would result in prolonging the contests through an indefinite period; and are too impracticable to be considered for a moment.

The remarks of Lord Dunraven on the "one gun" start are very much to the point, and we regret that the committee has not met his wishes in this respect.

WHILE a ten months notice is one of the indispensable requirements of a legal challenge, it is unlike the demand for the four dimensions, in that it is specifically recognized as one of the secondary details subject to the "mutual agreement" clause. The giving of ten months notice is compulsory in order to assure the legality of the challenge; but this notice once given, the club is directly empowered to waive it and to agree to an earlier date. At the same time there is a very general feeling on this side that the New York Y. C. would be quite justified in adhering to the letter of the new deed, and not only declining to accept Lord Dunraven's suggestion of a race within eight months, say in August or September in place of October; but in going much further and declining any challenge for 1895, which does not name a date within ten months. It is held, that Lord Dunraven, having already sailed for the cup, is perfectly familiar with the terms laid down, and that his intention of again challenging was informally announced by him over a year ago. He has had every opportunity and inducement, not only to open preliminary negotiations, but to send a formal challenge at least six months ago, and yet has waited so long that the acceptance of his challenge must place the defenders at serious and needless disadvantage. Considering how much there is to do in the organizing of syndicates and the preliminaries of the actual building, all of which is unnecessary in the case of the challenger, the defenders are not allowed necessary time for preparation.

WE have repeatedly pointed out in the course of the last five years that in spite of all the nonsense about the "mutual agreement" clause, the ultimate test of the recognition or repudiation of the new deed lies in the final clause defining the document essential to a transfer of the Cup if won. Our position on this point is now indorsed by the last statement of the committee, that "if the challenging club will sign a receipt as provided in the new deed of 1887, we will accept the challenge." It has always been understood by the New York Y. C. that this same condition maintained in the Valkyrie-Vigilant match; it now remains to be seen whether Lord Dunraven and the Royal Yacht Squadron will realize and appreciate this vital point of a challenge, or will persist in ignoring it and discussing petty details and extraneous conditions.

In an interview in the New York *Times* Mr. H. Maitland Kersey disposes of Gen. Paine's interpretation of the "mutual agreement" clause in the following terse and concise statement: "As for the much talked of mutual agreement clause, that was simply a clause which related to minor details, such as the courses, whether they should be sailed to windward, and other necessary arrangements relating to a match. In fact, the new deed of gift is *de facto*, while the mutual agreement clause is *in futuro*, as it does not come into existence until after the challenge has been accepted."

THE Larchmont Y. C. has shown a commendable example of most unusual activity in setting to work immediately at the end of one season to arrange plans for the next. The usual order of things in yachting is to drop everything when the yachts lay up in October, and when the experiences of the season are fresh in mind, and to resume work at or after the holidays, when men are occupied with other things and have partly lost interest in yachting. The announcement of the club's fixtures for 1895 was made on Nov. 20, 1894, the whole season's work being thus well mapped out long in advance.

The work of the special committee on the new classes was also begun in season and pushed promptly to a finish, so that members desiring to build are in a position to make contracts at once, at good figures and with a chance of getting their boats in shape before July.

We hope that some of the other neighboring clubs will follow the example of the Larchmont and arrange their fixtures before the new year. What is needed on the Sound is a conference of the many yacht clubs interested in racing, for the purpose of arranging such a circuit as was recently suggested by one of our correspondents. There being no body properly charged with the summoning of such a conference, the initiative rests with the larger clubs, such as the Seawanbaka-Corinthian and Larchmont. Any move on the part of these two would probably meet with the co-operation of all the others, to the decided benefit of racing next season between New Haven or New London and New York.

We call the attention of clubs about Boston and in other places to the desirability of an early selection of dates, and also of announcing them in order that other clubs may avoid the selection of the same.

The Valkyrie—Vigilant Match.

THE challenge of the Royal Yacht Squadron and the various letters of Lord Dunraven referring to the "terms of the Valkyrie-Vigilant matches" make it necessary to unearth a lot of threadbare detail which should have no bearing whatever on the merits of a new challenge. As partly explanatory of the matter in dispute, we quote as follows from our report in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 15, 1892; of the special meeting of the New York Y. C. on Dec. 12, at which the challenge was accepted:

The report of the Cup committee was read, giving the entire correspondence with Lord Dunraven and the Royal Yacht Squadron, including the challenge, as follows:

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CASTLE, COWES, Nov. 25, 1892.

DEAR SIR—I am requested by the Earl of Dunraven to forward you a formal challenge for the America's Cup on the following conditions, which, I understand, have been agreed to between Lord Dunraven and the committee appointed by the New York Y. C. to conduct negotiations and arrange all details, viz.:

First—The length upon the load waterline of the challenging vessel to be the only dimensions required. This to be sent with the challenge and the Custom House register to follow as soon as possible.

Second—Any excess over the estimated length on the load waterline of the challenging vessel to count double in calculating time allowance, but the challenging vessel not to exceed in any case such estimated length by more than two per cent. The yacht that sails against the challenging vessel not to exceed the estimated length of the load waterline of the challenging vessel by more than two per cent., and any excess of length beyond the estimated length of the challenging vessel on the load waterline to count double in calculating time allowance, providing that no yacht of the specified rig existing or under construction on Oct. 20, 1892, and available for the use of the New York Y. C. in defending the Cup, shall be barred or penalized beyond taking or giving the ordinary time allowance according to the New York Y. C. rules.

Third—It is to be understood and agreed that should the Cup come into the possession of a British yacht club it shall be held subject to a challenge on precisely similar terms to those contained in this challenge, provided always that such club shall not refuse a challenge, according to the conditions laid down in the deed of 1887.

I therefore, on behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron and in the name of the Earl of Dunraven, a member of the squadron, challenge to sail a series of matches with the yacht Valkyrie against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the United States of America for the America's Cup, and I would suggest that the matches should be sailed in August or September, 1893. Lord Dunraven would be glad if the precise date can be left open for a time, but if your committee so desire he will name an exact date on hearing from them.

The following are the particulars of the challenging vessel:

Owner—Earl of Dunraven.
Name of Yacht—Valkyrie.
Rig—Cutter.
Length on Load Water Line—85 feet.

The Custom House measurement will follow as soon as the vessel can be measured for registration.

I shall be much obliged if you will cable me the receipt of the challenge and let me have a reply by letter as soon as the matter has been laid before the committee. I have the honor to be, dear sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD GRANT,
Secretary Royal Yacht Squadron.

To J. V. S. ODDIE, Esq., Secretary New York Yacht Club.

The report of the committee continues:

"In regard to this challenge your committee would report as follows:

"Your committee had agreed to recommend for acceptance a challenge based on Lord Dunraven's letter of Nov. 7, in which he writes: 'I trust * * * that a challenge on the terms of my former letter, as herein modified, will be accepted.'

"In the former letter here alluded to, that of Sept. 16, to Mr. Oddie, Lord Dunraven writes: 'I will sail a series of matches under the rules of the new deed of gift, with the following exception and addition:'

"This clause your committee considers as the basis of the whole negotiation.

"The terms of this letter to Mr. Oddie had been declared by the New York Y. C. as acceptable with certain exceptions which do not affect the force of the clause above quoted. The challenge contains no reference or equivalent to this clause, but purporting to recapitulate the stipulations required and agreed to, fails to characterize them as exceptions or additions at all and so does not even imply the existence of other and very important conditions of the deed, such, for instance, as the covenants and agreements required on the part of the winner of the America's Cup under the rules of the new deed of gift. Further, the challenge in no way sanctions the use of the preceding correspondence for the purpose of its interpretation.

"Your committee feared that this omission from the challenge of the explicit statement contained in Lord Dunraven's letter might involve a risk of some future misunderstanding, and considered that the most expeditious method of preventing any possible misunderstanding would be to obtain authority from Lord Dunraven to use his letters on which the challenge was to be based as explanatory of the challenge itself.

"As the committee feared that the limited time would prevent the obtaining of an authorization by the Squadron to so use Lord Dunraven's letters, the following cable was consequently sent:

'NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1892.

'*Lord Dunraven, 27 Norfolk street, London:*

'Challenge, if explained by your letters, satisfactory. Do you agree? Club meeting Tuesday. PAINE.'

"To this the following reply was received:

"ADARE, Dec. 7, 1892.

'*Paine, New York Yacht Club, New York:*

'Copy following cablegram received: Challenge, if explained by your letters, satisfactory. Do you agree to club meeting Tuesday? Message ends I don't understand. Challenge is in accordance with your cablegram of 22d. DUNRAVEN.'

"As it appeared from this that the committee's cable had been rendered obscure by an error in transmission, the following cable was sent on Dec. 7:

'*Lord Dunraven, Norfolk street, London:*

"Will you authorize us to use your letters Sept. 16 and Nov. 7 as explaining challenge? PAINE.'

"On Dec. 9 the following cable was received:

LONDON, Dec. 9, 1892.

'*Gen. Paine, New York Y. C. New York:*

'Yes, certainly. Cable definitely London. DUNRAVEN.'

"As above requested to reply definitely, the committee sent the following cable:

'NEW YORK, Dec. 10, 1892.

'*To Lord Dunraven, Norfolk street, London:*

'Your September letter proposes match according rules new deed with modifications. Challenge states these, but not as exceptions or additions to new deed. Your cablegram, "Yes, certainly," is satisfactory. PAINE.'

"On Dec. 12 the following cable was received:

'LONDON, Dec. 12, 1892.

'*To Paine, Yacht Club, N. Y.:*

'Have no authority from Squadron relying on yours Nov. 22. Believing everything finally settled, challenge forwarded terms. Your requested alteration impossible. I cannot further delay. Please cable definite acceptance or refusal. DUNRAVEN.'

"At half-past twelve A. M., Dec. 13, the following cable was sent by the committee:

'NEW YORK, Dec. 13, 1892.

'*To Lord Dunraven, Norfolk street, London:*

'Committee meeting and club meeting to-day. Will cable result immediately. PAINE.'"

The report, which was signed by Charles J. Paine, James D. Smith Latham A. Fish, Archibald Rogers and A. Cass Canfield, ended as follows:

"In conclusion your committee would offer the following resolution:

'*Resolved*, That this club accept the challenge of the Royal Yacht Squadron, in the name of the Earl of Dunraven, for the America's Cup, the match to begin ten months from Dec. 5, 1892, the date of the receipt of the said challenge by the New York Y. C., but the date of the match to be subject to alterations for mutual convenience and by mutual consent.'"

The resolution was put to a vote and carried unanimously, after which the meeting adjourned, the result being immediately cabled to Lord Dunraven and Secretary Grant of the R. Y. S.

As regards the cablegram of Dec. 12, which is mere nonsense as read when received, during the meeting; its true reading, as afterward deciphered, was as follows:

"Have no authority from the Squadron. Relying on yours of Nov. 22, believing everything finally settled, challenge forwarded, terms you requested.

"Alteration impossible. I cannot further delay. Please cable definite acceptance or refusal."

This is a distinct statement that Lord Dunraven had no authority to consent to a race on behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron under the new deed of gift.

At the same time he had already written to the New York Y. C. that he would "sail a series of matches under the rules of the new deed of gift," and at the dictation of the Cup committee he had obediently withdrawn an allusion to the former deeds of gift which might be construed as reflecting upon the new deed.

In spite of the straining and distortion to which certain clauses of the new deed were subjected by the club and committee in the coveted attempt to obtain a race under it, the committee from the very first asserted most strenuously that the challenge was under the new deed, which point was adhered to throughout the whole correspondence, and would have been most rigidly enforced had Valkyrie finally defeated Vigilant.

The Centerboard.

THE recent remarks of Mr. Lewis G. Nixon on the centerboard have brought out the following comments in the *Field:*

"The Boston yacht designers are said to disagree with Mr. Nixon as to the utility of centerboards, and Mr. A. Binney, who designed the unfortunate Pilgrim, is said to hold the belief that centerboards are somewhat of a nuisance, but 'sportsmanlike,' which Mr. Nixon said they were not. What a centerboard has to do with the sport, or sport with a centerboard, it is difficult to say. It is pretty certain, however, that if the Vigilant had been fitted with a deeply placed lead keel, somewhat like the Britannia's, instead of a centerplate, she would have been much improved for all round sailing.

"Talking of all round sailing, it is said the new America's Cup challenger is to be built for dead to windward and dead to leeward sailing only, the same as the Vigilant was. It is also said that the Vigilant's failure on this side of the Atlantic is mainly attributable to the fact that she was not built for 'all round sailing' over ordinary regatta courses. But we do not see the force of this argument, unless it can be proved that the Vigilant was superior to windward on her home courses to the Valkyrie. It can scarcely be claimed that, generally, she was superior to the Britannia to windward in this country, although she undoubtedly many times reached faster. Some years ago, when the Sea Belle came out, and showed us what a schooner could be made to do to windward, it was thought she lacked in speed reaching; her successor, the Miranda, was accordingly designed to have greater reaching powers, but as a matter of fact she was more weatherly than even the Sea Belle, but could not reach quite as fast. We think this alleged designing of yachts for specific purposes is somewhat a matter of uncertainty, and the Vigilant, whatever she was intended to do, certainly could be termed a good all round performer, without any special distinction on any point of sailing over and beyond another point."

Yacht Building on the Pacific.

WE are indebted to the San Francisco *Call* for the following description of a novel and interesting craft, sooner or later to be added to the pleasure navy of the Pacific metropolis. We cannot but admire the graphic and picturesque description, and we hope that when completed the craft herself will not discredit it:

"Some months ago several young men started to build a racer at the foot of Hyde street and it was this action that gave birth to what will be one of the most wonderful craft afloat (that is if she floats).

"In a little cover at the foot of Fort Mason and next to the old Pioneer woolen mills there dwells a boatman who up to a few months ago lived a life of ease and contentment, but when these young men began to shape their craft his soul was fired with an ambition to originate a craft that would be a world-beater. Many long, dark, dreary nights were spent in calculating and drafting lines until his ideal was reached. One morning the inhabitants of the adjacent district were startled by the music of the hammer and from that time on this dream began to take on form, until to-day its realization is very near ready for launching.

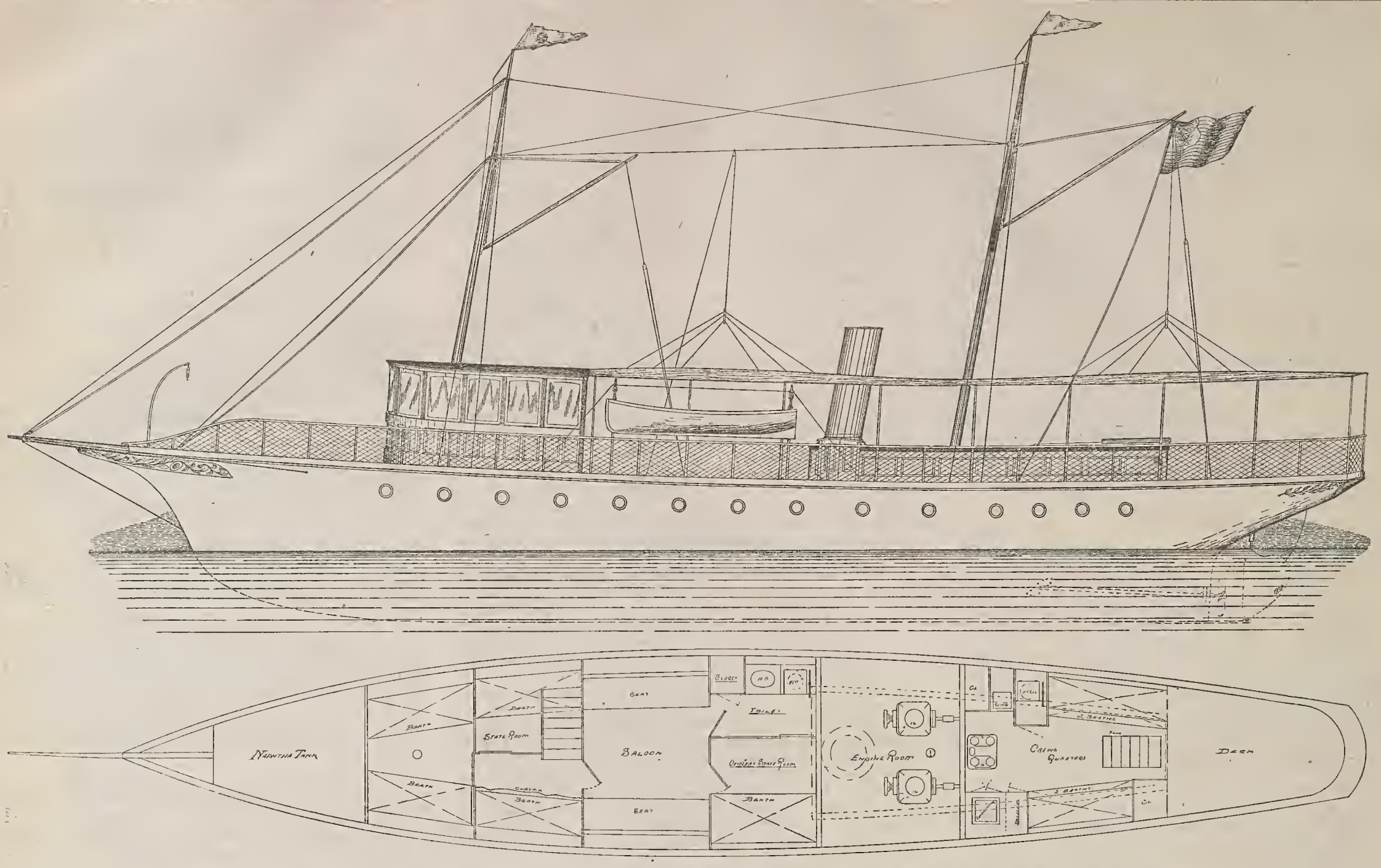
"A visit to where she is being built will repay those who take it. When her builder was seen regarding the definite figures of her construction it was found that the whole surroundings were filled with an air of mystery which reminded one of the reports from the East of the cup defenders.

"From the natives thereabout it was learned that she was 42ft. over all, 15ft. beam and about 30ft. on the waterline. She has a keel of about 12in. deep which starts at the rudder-post and keeps its width until the bowsprit is reached. The floor of the keel proper is straight until the waterline is nearly reached, when it takes an upward shoot, giving her a big overhang. This keel running up her stem is supposed to steady her and gives those aboard time to think when she is going about.

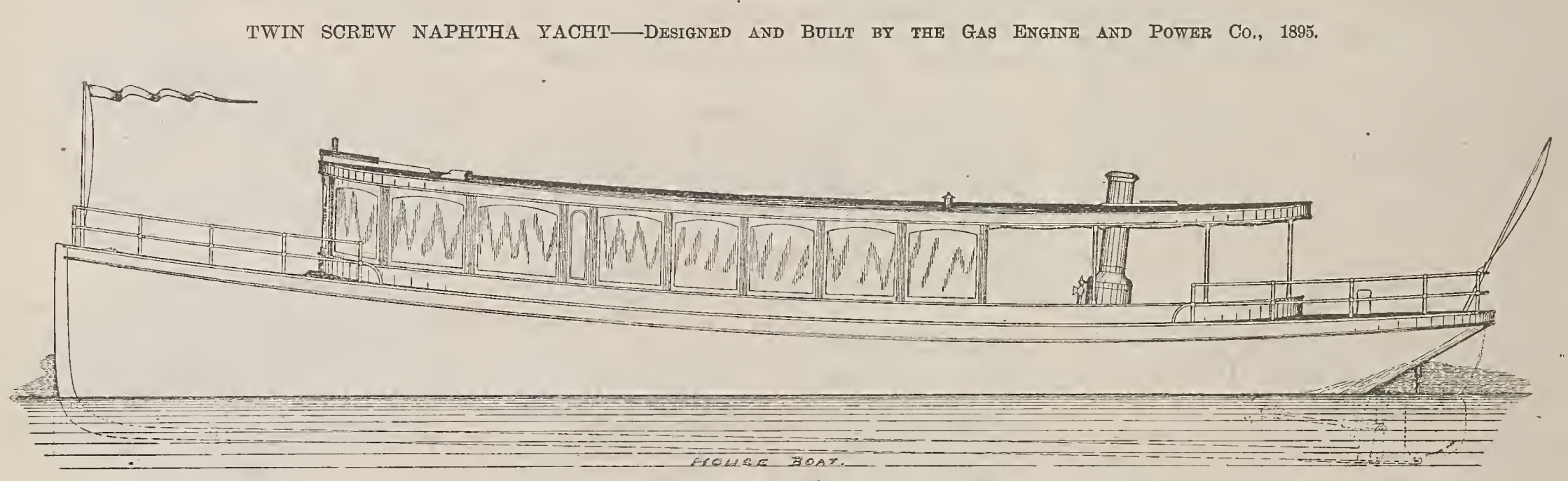
"The midship section is a study. It has a flat floor, with a sharp dead rise till near the water line, where it broadens out a little until the latter place is reached, when the freeboard starts to tumble home.

"The stern has an air about it of the Vigilant, with the cast of countenance of Columbus' Santa Maria. It rises from where the sternpost intersects the hull at about 45 degrees, tapering out to a very narrow transom, which is one of the prominent features of the craft. It is here that the likeness to Columbus' good old boat is noticed in the plaster-of-paris fancy-work, which has an ancient look. It is said that the builder had a window in the stern overhang, which some one mistook for a hencoop, and that this so disgusted him that he removed it.

"Her planking is of one-inch stock and the cabin two-inch. She has



TWIN SCREW NAPHTHA YACHT——Designed and Built by the Gas Engine and Power Co., 1895.



TWIN SCREW NAPHTHA HOUSE BOAT——Designed and Built by the Gas Engine and Power Co., 1894.

a flush deck, except where the cabin and manhole for the helmsman is. The seams are calked in with burlap and filled in with putty, the inside is covered several inches thick with tar and pitch to preserve her. The companion-way, instead of leading into the cabin from the center of the yacht is close to the port side, which will necessitate her sailing almost exclusively on her starboard side in rough weather.

"As this was the extent of the knowledge of those about the neighborhood, it will be impossible to say what her sail-plan will be, except that she will be a schooner."

Large Naphtha Cruisers.

The great convenience and efficiency of the naphtha engine in small open craft, and even in cabin boats of 35 to 40ft., has long since been demonstrated by the success of hundreds of the craft turned out by the Gas Engine and Power Co., but in the sizes above these the work has been largely experimental. In the two yachts here illustrated, the possibilities of naphtha propulsion in larger sizes is clearly shown, one boat in particular being considerably in excess of any previous attempt with this form of power. This craft is well outside the launch class, being a flush-decked twin screw yacht, with schooner rig; a type in which the steam engine and coal-burning boiler has thus far held its own against other more compact and convenient motors.

This yacht, now under contract at the Morris Dock works of the company, will be 78ft. over all, 64ft. l.w.l., 13ft. beam and 4ft. 6in. draft. The specifications call for a high class of work; frame of selected white oak and yellow pine, all fore and aft members in single lengths, the frames steam bent, and all exterior fastening of copper clinched over washers. The bulkheads are also protected by a sheathing of copper, and are air as well as watertight.

The foremost space in the yacht, 15ft. 6in., is devoted to the naphtha tank, thoroughly separated from the rest of the boat. The next 7ft. are devoted to a single state room, then a length of 6ft. 2in. gives two rooms side by side, abaft which is the saloon, 8ft. 1in. long. The next space, 6ft. 11in., is devoted to the owner, state room to port and toilet room to starboard. The engine space is 9ft. long, with double bulkhead at each end, inside of which is a complete lining of mild sheet steel. The galley occupies a length of 4ft. 2in., and the crew space is 8ft. 10in. the counter being 12ft. 8in. long.

The pilot house and trunk cabin are of mahogany, the staterooms are finished in white pine, as in the saloon, the toilet room in cherry, the stairs in quartered oak, and the galley and forecastle in ash.

The power will include a twin outfit of the firm's 16 H. P. motors and screws. The specifications call for the yacht complete with al appurtenances, two boats, anchors and chains, awnings, lamps, cabin carpets and upholstery, engine room equipment and all minor furnishings.

The smaller craft may be classed as an auxiliary houseboat rather than a yacht, the main object being accommodation, and speed and handiness being of secondary importance. At the same time the boat will be thoroughly self-propelling; and capable of extended cruising. Her dimensions are: length over all, 44ft.; beam, 13ft.; draft, 2ft.

The nature and extent of the accommodations are clearly shown in the drawing. The cabin house is of mahogany with sliding glass windows on all sides, fitted with blinds and screens. The furniture is finished in plush with hair filling. The cabin will accommodate four persons, while the crew—pilot, engineer and cook, are berthed in the engine space. The motive power includes two 6 H. P. engines and twin screws. The boat is of moderate cost and very economical in maintenance, the draft is very light and the engines are of simple construction. The owner is Mr. Chas. A. Dean, of Boston, Mass., a tarpon fisherman, and the boat will be used about Punta Gorda, Fla., going South under her own power.

Lord Dunraven's Challenge.

The past week has been an exciting one about New York. it being reported that a formal challenge had been sent by the Royal Yacht Squadron, on behalf of Lord Dunraven, due here about Dec. 11. This report was current when we went to press, on Tuesday, Dec. 4, but was contradicted by cable from London. On Wednesday, however, Sec'y. Oddie cabled to Sec'y. Grant, of the Royal Yacht Squadron for definite information, and received in reply on the same day the full text of the challenge, as follows:

"Cowes, Dec. 6, 1894.

1. Oddie, NewYork Yacht Club, New York: Challenge posted here Sunday night. I am requested by the Earl of Dunraven to forward you a challenge for the America's cup on the terms and conditions of the challenge sent by me on his behalf on the 25th November, 1892, but subject to any modifications as to dates, courses, starts and other details which may be agreed to between Lord Dunraven and the committee appointed by the New York club to conduct negotiations and arrange all details.

2. "I, therefore, on behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and in the name of the Earl of Dunraven, a member of the squadron, challenge to sail a series of matches with the yacht Valkyrie against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the United States of America for the America cup.

3. "The following are the particulars of the challenging vessel, viz.: Owner, the Earl of Dunraven; name of yacht, Valkyrie; length on load water line, 89ft.; custom house measurement will follow as soon as the vessel can be measured for registration.

4. "I shall be much obliged if you will cable me the receipt of this challenge and let me have a reply by letter as soon as the matter has been laid before the committee. Grant, Cowes."

A copy of the challenge was made and sent to ex-Com. James D. Smith, at his home in Stamford, and the original message was locked up in the club safe, pending a meeting of the Cup committee on Thursday, at which were present Messrs. Smith, Canfield, Fish, Rogers, Iselin and Kortwright, only Mr. Tams being absent. The committee took no action pending the receipt of a letter from Lord Dunraven in explanation of the challenge, which, it was known, had been mailed on Dec. 1, and thus might be expected on the Campania. The committee declined to make public the above challenge until the letter was received. The Campania came in on Saturday, the mail being delivered in the afternoon, and the same evening a copy of the following letter was posted by Sec'y Canfield on the bulletin at the club house:

ADARE MANOR, ADARE, County Limerick, Dec. 1, 1894.

1. SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., advising me of the appointment of your committee, and replying to my letter of Oct. 25, to Mr. Oddie, on the subject of a challenge for the America Cup.

2. In regard to your remarks concerning the proviso in Paragraph 3 of the challenge issued on my behalf in 1892. Without expressing any opinion, I must point out that the club issuing the challenge can alone have power to deal with such a matter, and that if it be referred to the Royal Yacht Squadron, it is quite impossible that their decision, whatever it may be, could be obtained in time to insure a match next year. It never occurred to me that any difficulty would arise, in the acceptance of a challenge identical with that of 1892. If your committee are unable to accept such a challenge, it is quite certain that no challenge can be sent; but in the hope that I may not be thus disbarred, I proceed to consider the other points mentioned in your letter.

3. I am glad to find, as I expected, that on the question of measurements and weights, we are in complete accord. The supplementary conditions set out on page 30, of the report of the America Cup Committee to the New York Y. C., are not, I think, quite satisfactory, but the points involved are merely details which can easily be settled by further correspondence or after my arrival.

4. Starting the windward and leeward races to windward, I consider most important. That they should be so started has always been admitted.

It is very advisable, in order that the object of the provision that the majority of the races sailed must be to windward, should not be frustrated by change of wind. I would point out that the first supplementary condition on page 30 of the report gives the Regatta Committee power to shift the starting point, and that under this power a start could, in almost all cases, be made to windward, though perhaps with some considerable inconvenience. I think, also, that some attempt should be made to windward and leeward, and suggest the insertion of some provision to the effect that if one of these races is started down wind and either vessel fetches back without a tack, that race shall be void. These questions cannot be decided off hand, and, provided the principle is recognized, I am quite content to leave details for future consideration.

I would therefore accept your suggestion omitting the words "Sandy Hook or Scotland Lightship." It would then read, "that all races should be started to windward if possible."

5. I note the confirmation of your cable message to the effect that the load waterline is required, and to that I agree.

6. I greatly regret that the New York Y. C. has been unable to accede to my request that the match should be sailed off Marblehead. One inconvenience attaching to the course of last year is patent in the difficulty, and perhaps the impossibility, of starting all the races in the way we are all agreed they should be started—namely, to windward. The main consideration is to select courses as free as possible from obstruction. I need not again allude to the difficulties experienced last year in keeping a clear course; they are as well known to your committee as to me.

As far as I know, no particular course or locality has been laid down for these international races, and I hope the New York Y. C. may reconsider my request on its merits. I do not at all insist upon it, feeling, as expressed in my former letter, that those possessed of local knowledge, and who have to provide, as far as possible, a clear course, are the best judges.

7. I am glad that your committeee will recommend that an original challenge may be withdrawn, and another substituted, subject to the conditions mentioned in your letter.

8. With regard to the "one gun" start, that method of starting is, I think, far preferable to the plan you propose, especially in a match. Two minutes may represent, owing to variations in the force of the wind occurring between the start and finish, anything from one hundred yards to half a mile, and your proposal consequently introduces an element of chance, which is avoided where both yachts start practically together, as under our system.

Should they not start together, the advantage gained is surely a legitimate one, arising from superiority or handiness of handling.

But as your committee feels strongly that the ordinary custom of the club should be adhered to, I accept their proposal.

9. As to the ten months' notice, I must request your committee to waive this, to the extent of accepting a notice of eight instead of ten—the exact date of the first race to be settled later on.

Sailing in October or even late in September makes it very late in the season for bringing a vessel home, and may inflict such great inconvenience to a challenger that I could not undertake to do it.

10. In order to assist your committee in this respect, I may say that I shall challenge with a cutter 89ft. on load waterline, and that I have to-day requested the secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron to forward a challenge for me, according to the terms of my challenge of 1892.

11. The only questions requiring a speedy answer are: First, will the committee accept a challenge identical with my challenge of 1892?

12. Second, will they consent to shorten the terms of notice to the extent I have requested? As I shall have to build, fit the vessel out three times and cross the ocean, time is of great importance to me, and I should feel greatly obliged if you will cable me the decision of your committee on these two points.

13. With many thanks to your committee for their kind offers, I have the honor to remain yours very faithfully, DUNRAVEN.

A meeting of the Cup committee was convened at ex-Com. Smith's office on Monday, Dec. 10, at noon, all the members being present. The two documents were discussed at length, the meeting lasting until 4 o'clock. As a result of the discussion, the following cable was sent to Lord Dunraven, supplemented by a letter by mail:

"NEW YORK, Dec. 10, 1894.

"*Dunraven, London:*

"Can agree to no conditions as to holding the Cup. If the challenging club will sign a receipt for the Cup, as provided in the deed of 1887, we will accept the challenge.

"We must adhere to the ten months' notice from Dec. 6, but will advance dates later if possible.

"We think best to leave all other unsettled questions until your arrival. JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman."

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The annual dinner of the Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton, Ontario, was held on Nov. 20, 143 members and guests taking part. Commodore, the Rev. C. Whitcombe, presided. After a very nautical menu had been disposed of, the night was finished with toasts and songs. The club is now in a very prosperous condition, with a large membership.

Messrs. Gardner & Co. have placed a contract with Roach's shipyard for a steel steam yacht of 140ft. length for an unknown owner. The design is radically different from the ordinary steam yacht, somewhat of the type of naval vessels, with a plumb stem of very light curvature, a high side and a sheer that is quite straight, but as true and fair as in all of Mr. Gardner's designs. The after end is a novelty that is difficult to describe, but promises to look well, the lines tapering in with a clean sweep to a curved horntimber such as is found in the old elliptical sterns of so many American steam yachts. The effect, however, is much lighter and better. The engines will be triple compound, of special design. The firm have also two very beautiful designs for 35-footers of the Pyxie type, both of which will be built; one for Mr. George Bullock, of Oyster Bay.

The Erie (Pa.) Y. C. has just been organized with the following officers: Com., Geo. P. Bliss; Vice-Com., Geo. Berriam; Rear-Com., C. C. Weeks; Sec'y, E. R. Lynch; Treas., W. Reitzel; Meas., William Marks, Jr.; Ass't Meas., Wm. Morrison; Surveyor, Dr. Harvey. The club will build a house and establish an anchorage east of the Water Works pier. The membership list is growing rapidly, and the club starts with every prospect of success.

Isolene, steam yacht, J. H. Flagler, was burned and sunk last spring in Northport Harbor, the wreck being neglected ever since, pending an adjustment of the insurance; the engines and a nearly new boiler meanwhile being ruined by rust. The insurance companies have recently taken possession of the wreck and will sell it to be broken up.

At Oakville, Ont., Mr. Andrews, the builder, has a 42ft. l.w.l. cutter on the stocks for a Toronto yachtsman.

The trouble between the Hempstead Harbor Y. C. and its neighbors, Mrs. and Miss McKenzie, has been again brought before the courts, a committee of the club appealing to the authorities of Long Island City for protection from the younger woman, who, it is claimed, is in the habit of firing at members as they pass to and from the club house at Glen Cove.

The order for a steel steam yacht for a New York owner, from designs by H. J. Gielow, has been placed with the Pusey & Jones Co., of Wilmington. The yacht will be 140ft. over all, 115ft. l. w.l., 17ft. beam and 6ft. 3in. draft, with four watertight bulkheads and schooner rig. The engines will be triple expansion, four cylinders with a watertube boiler, the guaranteed speed being 20 miles under forced draft and 18 miles under natural draft.

The present season has been a prosperous one with the Corinthian Y. C. of Atlantic City. During the year $325 has been paid on the house debt, leaving but $100, the sole indebtedness of the club. The dues are but $2 per year, and the club is active in the promotion of racing. The annual meeting was held on Nov. 14, being very well attended. The following officers were elected: Com., W. W. Hollingsworth, M D.; Vice-Com., Fred P. Currie; Fleet Captain, Lem Wootton; Fleet Surgeon, Talbot Reed, M.D.; Meas., John T. Andrews; Sec'y, Chester Adams; Treas., Leonard Alger; Trustees—E. S. Reed, Geo. S. Gandy, Harry B. Leeds, Fred P. Currie, David Barrett; Regatta Committee—David C. Andrews, chairman; Geo. Gale, Leonard Alger, Chester Adams, John T. Andrews; Lines, Models and Exhibits Committee—C. Sumner Reed, chairman; Geo. Gale, Wm. Maupay, Jr.; House Committee—D. C Andrews, chairman; Wm. H. Edwards, Wm. Pfaff; Lectures and Entertainments Committee—Wm. S. Westcott, chairman; John E. Mehrer, Jr., Wm. Cochran. The new commodore, Dr. Hollingsworth, has served the club very faithfully as secretary, and has done much toward its present prosperity.

Capt. Howard Patterson has reopened his institution, the New York Nautical College, at 130 Water street, with regular courses of instruction for yachtsmen, members of the Naval Reserve, yacht sailing masters, merchant captains and mates, and others interested in navigation. Capt. Patterson has had as pupils many of the foremost New York yachtsmen.

Canoeing.

New York C. C.

THE past year has been one of trial and tribulation for the New York C. C., the damage to its house and fleet having crippled it financially in spite of the loyal support of its members, and further placing it at a serious disadvantage as regards this season's work afloat. What is specially discouraging is the convincing proof afforded by the first disaster, and another less serious in its results that a floating house is not possible on Gravesend Bay. The officers of the club have worked most indefatigably all this season, and are even now busy with new plans to keep the club together and to preserve that *esprit du corps* which has been its mainstay in all of its troubles, and have just issued the following notice:

PASTE THIS IN YOUR HAT.

It has been thought best to keep the members of the N. Y. C. C. together this winter for the purpose of getting at some practical solution of the problem of a shore house. To facilitate this your committee have arranged to meet at lunch every Thursday at 12:30 P. M. at Powers's restaurant, 52 Cedar street, a comfortable, quiet and reasonable place. You are expected to show up as often as possible. No treating, and every man for himself.

MARMALADE LODGE AND FENCING ROOM DINNERS REVIVED.

Years ago the N. Y. C. C. had a lodge at Stephens's boat house on Staten Island. The old members are never tired of talking and expatiating on the good times held there, and the undersigned, in the hope of reviving these good times and bringing the canoeists of this vicinity together, have arranged to have the club house opened and warmed every Sunday. Hot coffee, etc., will be served, and the time spent in rigging, yarning and a general discussion of plans and schemes relating to a proposed shore house for the club. The boat house is in the Atlantic Yacht Club basin, foot of Fifty-fifth street, South Brooklyn, reached via Thirty-ninth street ferry and Second avenue trolley, or by Bridge and Fifth avenue "L" to Fifty-second street.

It is proposed later to give dinners and have practical talks on matters which will interest all canoeists. We ask you to heartily co-operate with us. Bring your pipe, have some old clothes in your locker and get down there as often as possible. Buttonhole your friends among the canoemen. Bring them or tell them to come down. All canoeists are welcome; the more the merrier. Yours sincerely, SOME OF US.

A Panacea.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Am I glad that I am not on the A. C. A. regatta committee? Well, rather! I only hope that the man who proposed handicapping, an inanimate bit of matter, is on the committee. What a nervous strain it will be on the poor handicapped canoe to strive and keep ahead of the scratch boats, and how tired the scratch canoes will be endeavoring to cut down huge slices of handicap. How nicely it could all have been settled by classifying the men according to their known merits. What possible basis is there for handicapping an outfit, when any really good boat, one that any one can own, when lines are so well known as they are to-day, can be sailed to the utmost advantage by a novice? Does any well-informed person doubt that a Paul Butler in an indifferent canoe can tie clove hitches around me in the best canoe that floats three times in every mile and then be out of sight at the finish? I think not. No regatta committee that ever served a term can handicap a fleet with good, bad and indifferent boats and sailors throughout its number.

Handicapping the knockabout class of small yachts at Marblehead has been indulged in, but no one in his right mind claims it to have been really satisfactory. Starting all together and calculating the handicap at the end leaves things in just as bad a way, as the bad sailors hamper the good ones.

Under the class system such as I have advocated in these columns before, it would be a case of Greek and Greek and fine racing would result. A lower class man would have an ambition to shine in a higher class and would work to that end. Under a handicap system no true sportsman would be entirely satisfied with beating a man who had given him a start to begin with, or who, having beaten him, must lose the race because his "crack" has a gift of time or distance. If, however, he beats men of his own class and thus gains admission to the company of better men, he will or should be proud of the distinction.

The feeling that if one cannot beat another fairly and squarely he can steal another's laurels by virtue of a handicap must ever be a mean one. If I win from a man by real merit I can slap my breast and proudly say, "I beat him." But no self-respecting canoeist (above all others) can say with pride, "He beat me, but I took the prize because he gave me something to help me out of the hole from which I could not climb without assistance." Away with such miserable makeshifts to take the place of real merit and rob it of its glory.

Has canoeing degenerated that men cannot race without such a towline? Not much. Let them handicap for a year and thus kill such a nocuous practice. Rather toll the death knell of racing than have it supported a living corpse on tottering legs. ILEX.

BOSTON, Dec. 6.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following suggestions are offered for what they may be worth, in hopes that others may be induced to criticise them and thus bring out something that may aid the committee:

As to limiting sail area or even making it the basis for handicapping, I believe it to be not only unfair but wholly wrong. To bring the matter home, take two boats in my own club. One of them is purely a racer, while the other is a compromise, and a very seaworthy, powerful canoe, there being about 60lbs. difference in weight. They have been repeatedly sailed together and all results carefully noted. With the same amount of canvas, cut and rigged exactly the same, the lighter canoe invariably wins; but by increasing the sail area of the heavier canoe by 25ft., the tables are completely turned. In heavy weather we have found that, while it was utterly impossible to do anything with the lighter canoe with 100ft. of canvas, the other would easily carry 165ft. The canoes have each several sets of sails, and are exactly alike.

Now, would it be at all fair to use sail area as the basis for handicapping these two canoes? Would it not effectually bar the heavier canoe except in unusually heavy weather? You might take a canoe as a start, weigh it, and say this canoe of such a weight shall be allowed so much canvas; all others shall be allowed to add one square foot of canvas for each pound in excess, and must reduce by one square foot for each pound less.

I have been trying to think up some scheme to revive the entry list in our home races, but I must confess it is yet beyond me. I think the definition of a cruiser is wrong, and that by letting in some of the other canoes we might make the race for cruisers a very interesting one and fill a large entry list. The days of a cruiser who sleeps in his canoe have gone, and a 6ft. well, 5ft. in the clear, is hard to find in a modern sailing canoe.

The old style cruisers were very nice to use in perfectly smooth water, but when it gets even a little bit rough you must go ashore or else get everything you own soaking wet and be uncomfortable for the balance of the cruise.

My idea of a cruiser is a canoe with plenty of dry stowage, and one that can stay at sea when it is rough. Not one with an open cockpit and that must lay up on the slightest indication of rough water. Why not make a race obliging each canoe to carry a certain weight or bulk? Make each man strike his tent, pack it into his canoe together with a certain weight of sand bags, sail to windward around a stakeboat and return, the tents to be struck at the gun signal and the time to include all preparation. The taking of the tents aboard would, I think, effectually bar the canoes that have no cockpits. Of course tent poles must go with the tents, and the tents must be fit to use in cruising.

I have figured out an idea for a time handicap, but I am afraid it would be rather complicated and saddle considerable work on the regatta committee. I should suggest as follows: Let the first race called be the unlimited. All who do not enter this race must start as scratch men in the first race they do enter. Let the time of each man be taken and used as the basis for figuring the handicap. The penalty for withdrawal or disablement in any race shall be to place such canoe at scratch in the next race entered. Let the difference in time in each race between the first canoe to finish and each other be divided by 2 and deducted from the times in the next race. For instance, A, B, C and D start in the first race and finish as follows: A, 45m.; B, 48m.; C, 50m.; D, 58m.

	Actual.	Corrected.
SECOND RACE.		
A	47 less 0	47
B	50 less 1½	48½
C	51 less 2½	48½
D	56 less 6½	49½
THIRD RACE.		
A	49 less 0	49
B	52 less 1½	50½
C	51 less 2	49
D	53 less 4½	48½

In this way, by allowing a canoe half her difference in each race, I think things might be equalized to some extent. I do not believe it would be policy to allow a canoe all her difference, as it would tend to put a premium on jockeying for a certain race. I would also advise that no canoe be allowed more than a certain amount of time in any race. X.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The camp-fire of the British Canoe Association was announced for Dec. 8 at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the dinner, at 6 P. M., being given by the Northern C. C., followed by a "sing-song." The business meeting, to determine the site of the 1895 meet, takes place at 3 P. M.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Puritan C. C. of Boston will be held at Young's Hotel, Boston, on Saturday, Jan. 5.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—The New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Henry Offerman, held its second bi-monthly gallery practice and team shoot on the Zettler Bros. ranges this evening. There was a large gathering of the members present and much interest developed in the competition. In the team matches Capt. Offerman's team was again unfortunate in its efforts to outshoot Capt. Tholke's team. The latter team won both matches with ease. Scores:

First Match.

Tholke, Captain	225	Offerman, Captain	228
Feigel	237	Zettler	231
Grosch	234	Christian	236
Bonn	238	Bradley	225
Facompre	231	Borestein	211
Kuhlman	208	Berle	223
Kumsieck	201	Galle	222
Decker	204	Nordbrock	204
Strate	233	Mann	178
J Klee	230	Hoops	193
Hermann	220	C Offerman	226
Bundervold	226	H Meyer	218
Schmidt	239	Lohden	222
Wehrenberg	213—3348	Gobber	209
		Giebelhaus	223—3249

Second Match.

Tholke, Captain	225	Offerman, Captain	197
Feigel	237	Zettler	233
Christian	241	Bonn	238
Grosch	237	J Schmidt	237
Strate	242	Bradley	224
Kuhlman	213	Wehrenberg	217
Facompre	237	H Meyn	200
Hermann	227	Krumsieck	212
Berle	214	C F Offerman	236
Bernstein	223	Giebelhaus	205
Klee	202	Gobber	207
Decker	198	Hoops	141
Mann	174	Galle	209
Nordbruck	209—3084	Bindewald	211—2967

Cincinnati Rifles.

CINCINNATI O., Dec. 2.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association's held its regular shoot to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindele	8	9	9	10	10	7	9	6	8	10	—86
	8	9	8	9	7	10	8	7	8	9	—85
	5	9	10	7	10	8	7	9	6	9	—80
	9	7	7	9	9	6	9	10	7	7	—80
Louis	5	6	19	9	7	7	6	10	6	10	—76
	9	7	7	10	9	7	8	8	6	10	—81
	6	9	9	10	8	9	6	6	7	9	—79
	10	9	5	5	9	7	8	6	10	7	—76
Wellinger	7	10	9	9	7	8	7	7	10	10	—84
	6	10	7	9	10	7	10	10	6	9	—84
	9	10	7	6	8	7	9	10	9	9	—84
	8	7	7	10	9	8	9	8	5	7	—78
See	9	10	7	8	7	6	8	9	7	6	—77
	7	7	9	7	8	8	7	4	10	8	—75
	8	10	6	8	8	7	5	7	4	6	—69
	7	8	8	5	6	7	7	6	8	6	—68
Paine	7	3	4	5	10	2	4	7	5	8	—55
	3	4	4	10	6	4	10	3	4	7	—55
	3	4	5	6	5	3	3	7	7	6	—49
	1	3	1	4	7	7	6	5	5	4	—43
Weinheimer	4	9	7	8	5	9	6	10	7	7	—72
	8	8	6	8	7	6	4	9	8	8	—72
	5	6	8	7	7	6	10	8	7	7	—71
	6	8	8	8	5	4	7	8	6	10	—70
Trounstein	1	10	2	5	5	4	7	9	3	5	—54
	3	6	5	3	6	7	2	5	5	8	—50
	5	4	5	6	5	4	4	4	6	5	—49
	4	9	3	6	6	4	7	2	3	3	—47
Drube	9	7	7	9	9	6	8	9	9	8	—81
	10	8	6	8	10	6	6	8	8	6	—79
	8	9	10	6	5	9	6	9	8	7	—77
	9	10	8	6	10	6	10	6	5	7	—77
Smith	4	9	5	7	6	5	6	10	10	5	—67
	7	7	4	8	9	3	9	4	8	4	—63
	10	4	6	7	8	6	8	3	4	4	—60

The Little Hatchets.

ALTON, Ill., Dec. 1.—Kindly note the organization of the Little Hatchet Rifle Club, of Howard, Ohio. Mr. W. M. Reese, of Cleveland, C. L.; E. P. Critchfield, Howard, O., 1st Asst. C. L.; H. R. Wills, Alton, Ill., 2d Asst. C. L. The club goes into practice at once, but in its present scattered condition the work will have to be done in various parts of the country; but all the same it is the intention of each and every one to attain a high standard in rifle shooting, and as a club to be able to hold its own against all comers next season of out door shooting. Mr. Critchfield is now famous in his own State as a crack shot. The organization will be maintained at Howard, O., the headquarters heretofore of all who belong to the club lately formed, for both rifle practice and wing shooting. H. R. WILLS.

Greenville Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Dec. 7.—Eighteen members of the Greenville Rifle Club participated in the weekly competition this evening for class prizes. The present series will end next week. The competition has been close and a matter of much interest to the competing members. The club will elect a new board of officers on Dec. 10. In the competition this evening the following appended scores were made: First Class—M. Dorrier 246, Geo. Purkess 244, J. Boag 239, G. W. Plaisted 238, W. C. Collins 244, C. Scheeline 237, C. Boag 235. Second Class—Agneau 232, Chavant 241, Chase 223, Charlock 230, Spann 223, Gotthardt 229, Fagen 233. Third Class—Hill 216, Graef 226, Renker 232, E. Wuestner, Sr., 200.

AMATEUR REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

WALTER WINANS.

ROUNDSMAN W. E. PETTY, of the Twenty-first Precinct, New York city, having won by default his match with Bernard Walther Dec. 3, is now in possession of the Winans trophy for the Amateur Revolver Championship of the United States. Mr. Petty held the trophy for two years against all comers, and defeated such marksmen as George E. Jantzer, B. Walther, A. G. Heintz and Dr. Samuel J. Fort. He is undouhtedly one of the hest living revolver shots and some of his scores have never been surpassed.

Thus ends the history of the first and only amateur revolver championship in this country. Mr. Petty has fairly won his title to the trophy, and deserves his success. He has done the hest average shooting of any competitor, and has the best score to his credit for a string of 18 shots. He has shot under unfavorahle conditions in several of the competitions, at one time suffering from weak eyes resulting from an attack of measles, and at another from a sprained shoulder received in the performance of his duty. His scores in competition naturally have not equaled those shot at other times under more favorahle circumstances. It is not to be inferred, however, that he is not a good match shooter. The fact is that competitive shooting is one of Mr. Petty's strongest points. The greater the odds against him the more creditable is his shoot ng, relative of course to the odds. His shooting may have fallen off 50 per cent. just previous to a match owing to causes not within his control, but it has been proved folly on more than one occasion to imagine on that account that when the match comes off he will not shoot at the top notch. Mr. Petty is never ready to helieve himself a victim of circumstances, and an accident that would lay up another man seems to give him just the tonic needed to put up a good stiff article in the line of marksmanship.

It is, therefore, hoth with pleasure and a gratified sense of the justice of the award that FOREST AND STREAM has finally turned over the Trophy to Mr. Petty to he his in perpetuity. It has hecome the property of a man who thoroughly deserved it; and, we have no hesitation in saying it, the man of all others in this country *best* deserving to receive it. There may be hetter revolver shots, but if there are, they are too retiring hy nature to warrant any claim to the championship. They have not put themselves in evidence, and we do not helieve any such exist. Champion Petty has always been more than willing to meet a challenger, and if there is any one who imagines himself a better shot and has not had a try at him, he has only himself to blame.

DR. LOUIS BELL.

First Winner of the Trophy.

The Winans Trophy

is a silvered bronze statuette of a mounted Texas cowboy, one-eighth life size. He has heen "painting the town red," and gotten into a dispute with some one and is pointing his frontier Colt at him (represented by the spectator), while he calls out, "Bail up!"

By the angle at which he points the Colt is shown that the man he is "hailing up" is on foot, his hold of the revolver is that adopted by the late Chevalier Ira Paine and taught by him to Mr. Walter Winans.

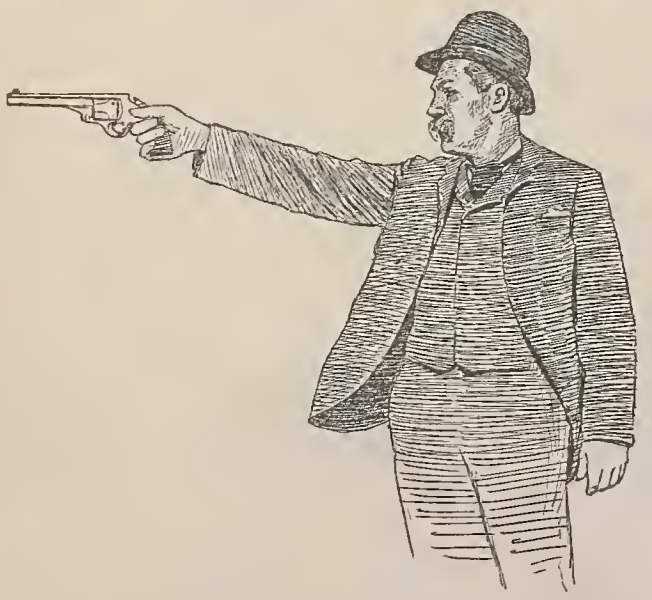
The cowboy is sitting with the typical cowboy seat, straight legs and one hand resting on the pommel of his Moseman's frontier saddle in the favorite cowhoy style. The old broncho pony he is riding is also a typical cowhoy pony, narrow, hig-headed, sleepy-looking, and yet looking in hard condition.

The armlets ahove the cowhoy's elhows and the ornamental bridle show that he has lived among Indians.

The hase of ebony has its ornaments made of parts of frontier .44-cal. revolver cartridges, the hullets lying in the fluting, and the heads of the cartridges forming a horder near the hottom; the top beading of rope pattern represents the lariat.

The trophy is the gift of its designer, Walter Winans, an American residing in England who has swept everything hefore him in revolver competitions in that country, since Wimbledon was opened to others than English army officers in 1889. It was natural for such an enthusiastic and successful revolver shot to wish to see his favorite pastime popularized among his countrymen, and it was no surprise to FOREST AND STREAM therefore, when Mr. Winans opened correspondence with regard to an American championship. While American revolvers lead the world for accuracy and efficiency, it is a fact up to three years ago no recognized championship had ever heen held here, and that there was no recognized system as to distances, etc.

FOREST AND STREAM believing that the time was ripe for such a com-



CHAMPION PETTY'S STYLE.

petition, indorsed Mr. Winans's proposition and assumed the practical work of management with all the labor and expense entailed. It added a purse of $100, to he divided among the first four shooters in the preliminary competitions, and Messrs. Smith & Wesson also gave a magnificent revolver to go to the winner.

Particulars of the matches were sent broadcast to all pistol and revolver cluhs, and advertised through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and wherever there was any interest shown arrangements were at once made for conducting competitions.

The terms of the competition permitted any revolver whose maximum length of bore, including cylinder, did not exceed 10in. Any trigger pull was permitted and any sights, provided hoth were forward of the grip of the pistol hand. The use of any fixed ammunition was permitted. The distance was 20yds., and the scores were the best three strings of six shots each, selected from five 6-shot strings, and reckoned by string measurement. The five strings were fired successively, cleaning being permitted only hetween each string.

The targets, which were provided by FOREST AND STREAM, were ready measurement disks, a separate one of which was given for each shot. Shots were measured hy means of a mechanical vernier scale from the center of disk to center of shot hole.

Matches were held under the direct management of this paper in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, etc., and as a result of the preliminary competition Dr. Louis Bell, of the *Electrical*

W. E. PETTY.

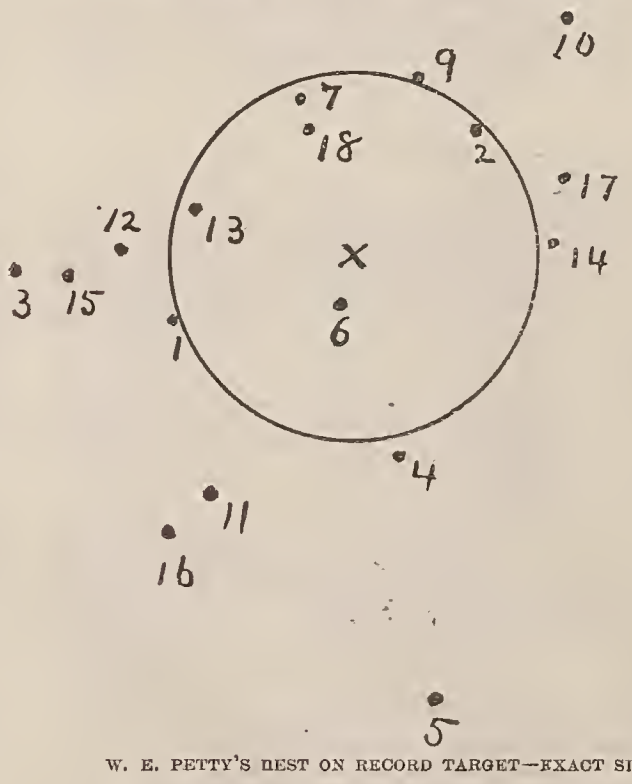
Winner of the Winans Trophy.

World, New York, won the trophy from forty competitors, representing the picked revolver shooters of the country. His winning score was 17.52 string measurement for 18 shots. H. S. Burley, of Chicago, was second; Geo. E. Jantzer, of New York, third, and Sumner Paine, of Boston, fourth.

The result was announced early in 1892. On Aug. 3 that year, Dr. Bell met his first challenger in the person of Geo. E. Jantzer, who after a close contest won the trophy. Mr. Jantzer held the trophy from that date till Dec. 3, having in the meanwhile defeated his first challenger, Henry Oehl, president of the New York Pistol and Revolver Club. On Dec. 3, however, he succumbed to his second challenger, Wm. E. Petty, in the hest match of the series. Mr. Petty's score, which is reproduced, is still the record for this kind of shooting in competition. At 60ft. it will he seen that his average for eighteen shots was only 85-100in. from a dead center.

Mr. Petty met his first challenger, Bernard Walther, on the night of Feb. 4, 1893, and defeated him by a close score. Since then he has defeated A. G. Heintz of Newark and Dr. Samuel J. Fort of Ellicott City, Md.

Mr. Petty has heen a lover of revolver shooting since boyhood, and many remarkahly good stories of his early shooting have been told.



W. E. PETTY'S BEST ON RECORD TARGET—EXACT SIZE.

First String.	Third String.	Fourth String.
.53	.58	.56
.54	1.67	.65
1.25	.62	1.03
.73	1.13	1.19
1.72	.98	.66
.13	.86	.48
4.90	**5.84**	**4.57**

Record strings, **4.90, 5.84, 4.57.** Total, **15.31in.**

He is a uniformly consistent performer and never disappoints his friends. Besides winning the Winans trophy he holds revolver records for six and ten shots at 20yds., the former by a score of 60 out of 60 and the latter hy 99 out of a possible 100 on the standard American target. This latter he has duplicated.

In person Mr. Petty is a finely-formed man standing 5ft. 10in. and weighing 225lhs. He is a blond with sandy hair and mustache and the characteristic blue eye of the horn marksman. He is popular among all who know him for his gentlemanly characteristics, and is one of the best-natured men under average conditions that ever was. He has a quick temper, however, and his great strength has more than once been used to impress upon some dastardly scoundrel who had roused him the error of his ways. Born in New York thirty-eight years ago, he has been on the police force of this city ten years. Two of his uncles were police captains. He comes of an old Long Island family who have served their country in all her wars, and he wears with pride the hadge of the Sons of the American Revolution, of which society he is a member.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, N. J., Dec. 3.—The past week has been a husy one for the members of the Schlicht Club. On Wednesday night the club held a shoot at headquarters, in which the members vied with each other as to who should have the first choice in a lot of fine turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens. The conditions called for three shots per entry on the German ring target, the highest score to take first choice, etc. Geo. Lautenberger outshot all his competitors and carried off the big gohhler: G. Lautenherger 73, F. Krobatsch 73, G. Dorr 73, A. Meyer 73, C. Meyer 73, W. Schlicht 72, J. Diehl 72, C. Schlicht 71, H. Aufderheide 71, G. Tribout 70.

On Friday night the club brought the hullseye shoot to a close. This shoot was for a series of prizes ranging from $10 down to 50 cents, for the hest center shot, also five premiums for the most bullseyes ranging from $5 to $1. Chas. Meyer got the first premium for most bulls (49) and Jacob Diehl the first prize for the best center shot. The scores: Jacob Diehl 5 degrees, George Schlicht 6½, Charles Meyer 13, Conrad Schlicht 18, George Reichert 19, Capt. Reichert 19, Capt. Dedrick 22½, Aug. Meyer 22½, George Dorr 29, William Schlicht 33, Gus. Tribout 46, Fred. Lambrix 49.

For the most hullseyes: Charley Meyer 49, J. cob Diehl 46, George Schlicht 44, George Reichert 21, George Dorr 18.

Monday night, Dec. 3, the club held its weekly gallery shoot for he class medals. The scores: Peter Mau 220, Charley Meyer 233, George Schlicht 241, George Dorr 235, Jacob Schlicht 229, Aug. Tribout 215, Fred. Lamhrix 221, George Reichert 235 H. Aufder Heide 229, Conrad Schlicht 217, Andrew Daublin 205, William Schlicht 235, Jacoh Diehl 234, Aug. Meyer 238.

Medal winners: George Schlicht, champion medal, 241; Aug. Meyer, first class, 238; George Reichert, second class, 238; Charley Meyer, third class, 233.

RIFLE NOTES.

The Zettler Rifle Cluh held its annual meeting and election of officers on Dec. 4. The old board was re-elected, as follows: B. Walther, President; Geo. Krause, Vice-President; Gus Nowak, Secretary; F. C. Ross, Corresponding Secretary; C. G. Zettler, Treasurer; B. Zettler, Shooting Master.

At the annual meeting of the New York Rifle Cluh, held in the Zettler Bros.' headquarters on Thursday night, the cluh decided to have weekly practice shooting on these ranges.

The Lady Miller Cluh, of Hoboken, N. J., is developing some very good shots among its members. At the weekly shoot on Dec. 3 one of the ladies made within one point of the possible score. Appended will be found the scores of the markswomen made on this occasion: Miss Mamie Miller 226, Mrs. Meyns 224, Mrs. Wilson 220, Miss Sanders 215, Miss Yourmanns 213, Miss Ungel 212, Miss Alice Kloepping 216, Mrs. Miller 216, Miss Jessie Wilson 205, Mrs. Stadler 212, and Mrs. Ahrent 210. In the competition for a special prize donated by Mrs. Meyns the winner was Mrs. Stadler, who made the splendid score of 74 out of a possihle 75 points.

The Our Own Rifle Cluh, of Hoboken, and the Greenville Cluh, of Greenville, will shoot a ten men team match on the Greenville Club ranges, on Jan. 9.

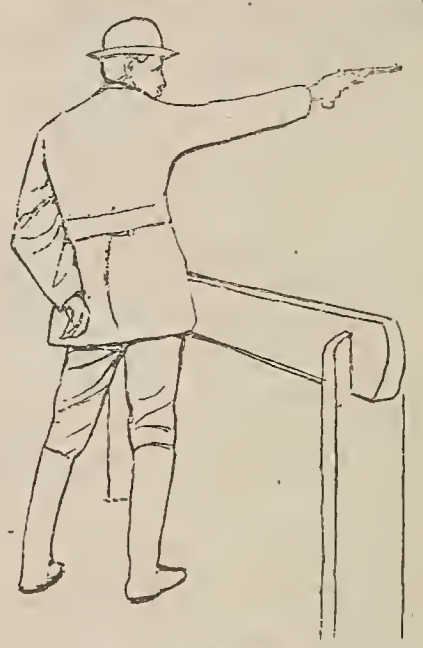
A committee from the Portchester Rifle Club, visited New York last week with the view of getting the latest improvments in galleries. This club has in contemplation the huilding of a long range (200yds.) shooting house in which will be combined howling alleys and a gallery range (75ft.).

It was our pleasure to spend a half hour with the members of the Elite Schuetzen Corps one evening last week; we found the membership of this latest addition to New York's fraternity of rifle associations to he all that its name signifies.

Mr. Dorrler and G. W. Plaisted will hold a little argument in the Greenville Park shooting house, on Saturday of this week in the form of a 50-shot match. The latter has heen trying to worry Michael with the following scores shot in practice last week:

Dec. 5.....221 218 219 210 225—1093
Dec. 8.....226 211 216 217 221—1091

Michael says practice shooting and match shooting are two features in rifle shooting that sometimes plays "Hobh" with one's egotism.



MR. WINANS'S POSITION.

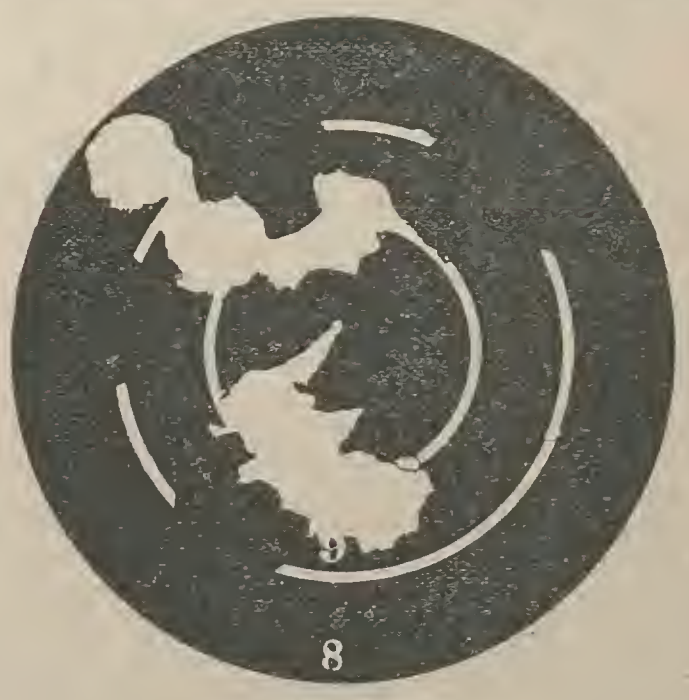
From a photograph.

Our riflemen who have a desire for nitro are waiting patiently for the new U. M. C. primer (2½) for nitro powder. The soft copper metal in the primer now on the market does not give satisfaction. The heavy chamber pressure drives the copper hack into the lock of the rifle, resulting in excessive corrosion of the metal around the firing-pin as well as extreme foulness in and ahout the breech-block and lock action. We have in mind a rifle which has been used for some months with nitro, and the result is a corrosion around the firing-pin that has reached a size corresponding to the diameter of the 2½ primer. It is only a question of time when the depth of the corrosion will be sufficient to enable the owner to reverse the order of things and seat the primer in the face of the lock instead of in the shell. Now the question is: What causes this excessive corrosion? Is it the composition of the powder or primer? Or the excessive pressure with a sand hlast action upon the surrounding metal? Do the shotgun shooters have the same experience with the nitro in the shotgun? We are of the opinion that they do not from the fact that the pressure is not as excessive and the breech action of the shotgun is more easily kept clean.

Invited to Make a Score.

WESTFIELD, Mass., Dec. 5.—Col. J. A. Lakin, of this place, who recently won the State gold medal for sharp-shooting at four rings, as required by the regulation of the Mass. V. M., is to be presented soon with a numerously signed petition from his many friends in the neighborhood to shoot for a special gold medal, with the regulation revolver, 4 strings of 5 each, and to make 23 or better in each string, out of a possihle 25, at 50yds., standing erect without any artificial support or rest; the same to he shot under the supervision of Lieut. Bull, Inspector of Rifle Practice, 20th Regt. M. V. M. It requests him to name day and place for the exhibition. It is prohable that the trial will he held in Springfield, some time near the first of January next. Col. Lakin is having huilt to order a specially made Colts revolver for this event, and the same is looked forward to with much interest by all interested.

WORONOCO



W. E. PETTY—99 OUT OF 100.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—The members of the Zettler Club met in the headquarters this evening to participate in the competition for the champion medal and other prizes on the winter programme. It was also the regular monthly meeting night.

There was much interest centered in the contest for high scores between the four experts Flach, Ross, Holges and Dorrler who are having a nip and tuck race at each weekly shoot for the first position. In the competition this evening there was a repetition of the same struggle that has been going on since the opening night. Up to last week Dorrler had rather the best of his competitors, but Louis Flach struck one of his shooting streaks on that occasion, capturing the champion medal, as well as pressing Dorrler hard for the highest total for the best five scores, making 1,230 against 1,231 for Dorrler. In the competition this evening Flach again demonstrated his ability to put up high scores, making 248 on his entry for the champion medal and a total of 1,232 for his five scores. Dorrler was in close persuit, making 246 for the medal and a total of 1,227 for his five scores. Holges tied Dorrler for the medal making 247. F. C. Ross has been out of form for the past two weeks or more and has fallen somewhat behind. The race however is a long one and before the goal is reached there are many opportunities for unexpected changes in the relative position of the four competing marksmen. Scores:

Champion medal: L. Flach 248, H. Holges 246, M. Dorrler 245, F.C. Ross 244, C. G. Zettler 243 M. B. Engel 245, C.W. Plaisted 240, B. Zettler Dr. Grosch 241, H. D. Muller 240, R. Busse 239, Gus Nowak 236, H. Munz 230, G. W. Downs 233, J. Blumenborg 235. A. Klein 221, S. Buzzini 232.

Five best targets:

L Flach	248	249	244	244	247—1232
M Dorrler	246	245	244	244	248—1227
H Holges	246	244	246	233	246—1225
F C Ross	244	242	242	243	248—1219

Best 10 shot score: L. Flach 249, M. Dorrler 248, F. C. Ross 248, H. Holges 246, B Zettler 247, M. B. Engel 245, R. Busse 246, C. G. Zettler 244, Gus Nowak 243, H. D. Muller 245. G. W. Plaisted 240, Dr. Grosch 241, G. W. Downs 238, A. Klein 236, J. Blumenberg 235, H. Munz 233, S. Buzzini 243.

San Francisco Rifles and Pistols.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The Schuetzen clubs are rather quiescent at present, though the various clubs that shoot at Shell Monnd Range are thinking of getting up a testimonial shoot in honor of Capt. Siebe, the popular proprietor of the range.

A majority of the members of the Columbia Club are convinced that though the Standard American target is perfection for pistol work, it is not so good a measure of rifle work at 200yds. off-hand. Hence there is much talk of adopting the 25-ring target next year for all official scoring. ROEEL.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 12.—RIVERTON, Pa.—Riverton Gun Club versus New Utrecht Gun Club, 10 men team race.

Dec. 13.—MORRISTOWN, N. J.—Handicap at 15 live birds, $15 entrance, handicap 26-33yds., class shooting, $25 added to the two high guns.

Dec. 20-21.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Two days' shoot of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

1895.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Fifteenth annual New Year's Day tournament of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—TOWANDA, Pa.—New Year's tournament of the Towanda Rod and Gun Club; live birds and targets. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.

Jan. 15-17.—HAMILTON, Canada.—Hamilton Gun Club's annual tournament; $1,000 added money. J. W. Bowman, Sec'y.

Feb. 22—ALBANY, N. Y.—First tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, of the series of 1895, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Henry A. Kratz, Sec'y.

April 3-5—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added.

May 8-10.—WEIR CITY, Kas.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $200 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 29-30.—CANOJOHARIE, N. Y.—Two-day's tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks. Sec'y.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York League tournament, under the direct'on of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; kingbird targets, expert traps. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; added money announced later. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.

June 4-7.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 3-6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament. under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

CONTROL OF TRAP-SHOOTING.

FROM the tone of the letters given in full below, it will be seen at a glance that FOREST AND STREAM'S scheme for the control of trap-shooting is rapidly growing in favor. As a matter of fact it could not fail of finding a response in the heart of every true and honest sportsman.

When such men as T. A. Divine, president of the Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club; his fellow member, Irby Bennett; Jack Parker, of Des Chree-Shos-Ka; and Paul North, put their pen to paper and back up FOREST AND STREAM, there should be but little doubt in the mind of any waverer as to the possible outcome of this agitation. The people are with us; that is, of course, the men who shoot for the love of the sport, and not for the money that is in it. As for that other class we don't want them at any price.

Although Mr. North sees some trouble and difficulty ahead for a National Association of the trap-shooters of America, he admits that something must be done. No doubt when the Great Wall of China was first promoted there were many who doubted the feasibility of its construction. But the wall was built and is still in evidence.

And it is just such another wall which, with the aid of Mr. North and his friends, FOREST AND STREAM proposes to build around our trap-shooting tournaments, allowing none but those who are fit and proper persons, that is, fair and square sportsmen, to participate in the various events and to enjoy, as Mr. Divine puts it, "the social reunion and the spirit of fun and pleasure there is to be gotten out of a meeting of this kind."

Dropping for place must go.

Paul North's Suggestions.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My views on your scheme for preventing crookedness in trap-shooting, as outlined in your editorial in issue of Dec. 1, are that you might have asked something harder, but I doubt it. That the evil of dropping for place is a menace to the sport of trap-shooting will be acknowledged by all; but how to remedy it is a question that is hard to solve.

The great difficulty seems to be that the practice has become so general that it is almost looked upon as a part of the game; and like intemperance, it is a hard matter to eradicate it by legislation. The better way, perhaps, would be to agitate it, as you are so ably doing, and create so strong a sentiment against it that but few, if any, would are to make a practice of doing that which was so generally condemned. National associations of trap-shooters, for other purposes, have been tried so many times, with such poor success, that it hardly seems possible to form one on the basis proposed by you that could handle the matter successfully. While associations for protecting the interests of other sports are successful, they are so only because the conditions governing their contests are so entirely different. In my opinion they would be helpless if they had a similar state of affairs to handle that a trap-shooters' association would have.

Trap-shooting is the only amateur sport in which money prizes are allowable, and the fact that the prizes are so given that it is possible at times to make more money by shooting poorly than by shooting well, and because it is so difficult to justly determine at all times whether the dropping was intentional or accidental, makes the handling of the subject by an association almost an impossibility.

While with all other sports there are comparatively few meetings, and at all of these meetings the prizes go to the best man, and their contests are of such a nature that there can be no "ties" and therefore no incentive to do anything but one's very best, with trap shooting there are thousands of meetings every year, the prizes are money prizes, the nature of the sport or rather the system of dividing the money (class system), is such that there are many "ties" in each class or division of the purse, and consequently many opportunities of making more money by poor shooting than by good shooting.

The whole trouble lies in the system of dividing the purses, and of course would be entirely eradicated if the "straight" or "high-gun" system was used; but as this system gives the poor shot no chance at all, it is out of the question.

The system of paying each contestant a certain sum for a certain score, as tried by John Parker, last year, stops the practice, but in my opinion cannot be generally used, for the reason that unless the shooting is made extremely difficult the management would soon be bankrupt; and if it is made too difficult the contestants will suffer the same fate. It is almost an impossibility to strike a fair medium.

Believing that the class system of shooting is the only one that will call out many shooters, and that no association, national or local, could handle the subject so as to give any great amount of relief, I offer the following as my idea of a partial remedy and one that would gradually have a tendency to make dropping for place so unpopular as to be indulged in by but few if any.

The principal excuse offered for dropping is that "if I don't some one else will," or "They cut my throat last time, and I will get even when I get a chance."

Now, suppose if at the commencement of a tournament one-half or more of the shooters present would declare that under no circumstances would they purposely miss a bird, and would make the declaration binding by signing a paper to that effect, I believe the result would be that all would make the same agreement. They might go further, and say that unless the management refused to allow such shooters as they would point out as having dropped for place, to compete in any more of the events, they would withdraw in a body. This would have as great if not greater moral effect than an association such as you propose, and at the same time be immediately effective. It would be to a certain extent a "local option" association, and prove effective where the sentiment in favor of honest shooting is strong enough to enforce its rules.

I also believe that the handicap proposed by myself, and which will be known as the "bluerock handicap," and used at the Chamberlin tournament next year, will prevent the practice in a great measure. This handicap compels winners of first, second or third money in one event to shoot into those moneys in the following event or be out of a place. Failing to get a place in the next event, they can compete for all the moneys in the next event. This will compel shooters to do their best, and stop "dropping" to a large extent.

I hope your agitation of the subject will lead to good results.

PAUL NORTH.

Just What We Expected.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Dec 8—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read carefully the editorial in the great sportsman's paper, FOREST AND STREAM, in relation to crookedness at trap-shooting, and your scheme for preventing the same.

I agree with you in regard to the necessity for a National Association, and speaking for the Memphis Gun Club, I will say that we are willing with other clubs to meet at some central point, for the purpose of organizing such an association.

This association, as you say, could invite all other clubs in good standing to join them, could elect or appoint a board of control, with whom all complaints could be filed, and whose action would be final.

My idea is that each club belonging to this National Association should elect or appoint three of their members to act as a sub-board of control, who would have a right to bar from their grounds any shooter guilty of ungentlemanly conduct, and this action on their part would bar the party from all other club grounds of the association until the case could be acted on by the governing board of the National Association.

Our idea in holding tournaments is to conduct them on a high plane of merit, to make the meeting a social reunion of gentlemen, who love the sport, who are willing to shoot with each other for the pleasure it gives and not for the money there may be in it, by dropping for place or pooling for advantage. We are opposed to a tournament on the basis established by a great many men, who make it a gambling place to pool together and stack the cards, as it were; therefore, we intend having a committee of three, who will have the courage to protect the gentlemen shooters who come to our tournament, for it is a well-known fact that the higher bred a sportsman is, the more timid and modest he is in calling attention to the crookedness, even of gamblers.

We hold that when any shooter fails to score his best to aid himself or anybody else, he has not only placed himself in the attitude of a cheat, but has gone further and proved himself a tool. His plea, that some one else has preceded him in dropping for place to protect friends, proves his weakness, and makes him unfit to shoot in the company of gentlemen shooters.

I believe that if all the gentlemanly shooters who feel an interest in tournaments would frown upon this unfair practice of dropping or pooling for place, that we would soon get clear of the worst element of these tournaments entirely, and bring back into line many thoughtless brothers.

The committee in charge of the Memphis Gun Club are determined to have a fair, square, gentlemanly tournament by enforcing this one rule: that no matter who drops for place or pools for advantage, his money will be returned to him and he will be invited not to participate any further in the shoot. We mean this and no man need come to Memphis thinking that he will escape or practice his tricks.

There is not a member of the Memphis Gun Club who would be guilty of any unfair or ungentlemanly act in shooting, and I feel assured from the letters received from all over the country that we will have a tournament composed of our peers entirely, men who come for the social reunion and the spirit of fun and pleasure there is to be gotten out of a meeting of this kind.

We contemplate issuing a personal invitation to those people whom we wish at our tournament. Accompanying this invitation will be a circular letter, notifying them of just who they may expect to meet and the kind of treatment they may expect to receive.

Our club stands ready to co-operate with the better element of shooters in devising ways and means to revive the spirit of shooting upon a gentlemanly basis, and I am sure that not a single member of this club will ever visit a tournament where they believe there will be any unfairness, and should they be at such a meeting, they will not hesitate to call the attention of the management to the crooked acts of any one, and will refuse to shoot until it is corrected.

T. A. DIVINE.

Encouraging Words from Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial "Control of Trap-shooting," which appeared in your issue of Dec. 1, is timely and a movement in the right direction. I am glad you have undertaken the task of forming a league or association for the purification of the sport, and sincerely hope every reputable paper in the country will join with you, and that your plan, which beyond question is practicable and feasible, will be carried into effect. The plan may be faulty in some particulars and will unquestionably meet with opposition (from a class) and receive much adverse criticism (from another class), but the opposition and critics can offer no better. Why not then try this one? Both the running and trotting turf have been much benefited and improved by just such associations as your article proposes, and I believe many objectionable features of trap-shooting can be eliminated and the professional trickster and crook be driven from the trap. All that is necessary is an organization of the best gun clubs and shooting associations with stringent, inflexible laws that will be fearlessly enforced regardless of their effect upon any individual or club.

I do not take the pessimistic views of some writers who think the evils of trap-shooting are so many and so deeply rooted that the whole business must go to eternal "demnition." That many evils exist, none can deny. That dropping for place, pooling and combining is now the rule and not the exception, I admit. That the amateur and the expert, who shoot straight, stand no more show at the modern tournament than a lamb among wolves, I believe to be true. That there are men shooting at every big and little tournament throughout the country who have no place among gentlemen and honest people, I know. That the standard of shooters has been lowered by the appearance at the trap of the sharper and blackleg until it is little above a gambling scheme, is also true. But I also believe the average trap-shooter is a gentleman by birth or education, and many of them resort to place dropping, etc., solely as a protection against the rascal who is shooting in his company, and whom he has no power to bar from the race. The whole trouble is with the sharper and rascal who has insinuated himself into the company of gentlemen. One base and unprincipled man can do more to pollute and corrupt a dozen gentlemen than a dozen gentlemen can do to exalt and elevate one villain. Get rid of the tricksters, ringers and crooks—the villains in the play—and the rest is easy. In my humble judgment, your plan will accomplish all this, and restore the sport to its original glory when gentlemen indulged in it as a pastime and pleasure.

Much of the present evil arises from the fact that trap-shooting is now largely a business. Eliminate the business features and you have less shooting; remove the worthless crook and tough and you have more gentlemen shooters. That something should be done quickly to correct the abuses and evils of the sport is plain, and if concert of action cannot be had, much good can be accomplished by the individual associations and clubs acting independently and refusing the entrance money of certain known toughs and crooks who attend every tournament of importance.

The Memphis Gun Club, which, as you know, held its first tournament in August last, realizes fully the situation and has already put herself on record and will positively refuse the entrance at her June, 1895 tournament, of certain alleged gentlemen who shot here August last, and will bar from further participation in her shoot any man discovered dropping for place or indulging in any questionable or unsportsmanlike conduct. The committee having the tournament in charge is a unit on this point, and is determined to carry it out regardless of the result.

Look out Messrs. Sharper, Crook and Trickster, when you come to Memphis, you will strike a snag! Now, how many other clubs are there in the country that will emulate Memphis's example? Let's hear from you, gentlemen. IRBY BENNETT.

Jack Parker Says, "Go Ahead."

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I heartily coincide with your ideas of preventing crooked work in trap-shooting and think it is a move in the right direction, and you will have the support of nine-tenths of the trap-shooters of America. A judicial board of examiners composed of such men as C. W. Dimick, H. McMurchy, Justus von Lengerke, M. F. Lindsley, W. Fred Quimby, Thos. H. Keller, or others of like stamp, who are directly interested in the continuance and popularity of trap-shooting, would have a tendency to stamp out such work. As long as the percentage division of purses is used at tournaments, it will be hard to prevent dropping for place, pooling, etc. The paying so much for each place, as inaugurated at my tournament last August, made the boys shoot. It was interesting to all the shooters as well as the spectators to see such men as Heikes, Brewer, Fulford, Young, Merrill, McMurchy, Ruble, Grimm and others of like shooting caliber, get up to score and strain every nerve to break each target, regardless if they did all get into the same hole.

I cannot quite agree with my friend Mr. Hough in regard to the condition of affairs at a modern tournament and the roast he gives the rounder, manufacturers' agents, etc. I know there is less dropping for place, pooling, etc., than there was three or four years ago. It is no uncommon thing to see all the experts enter as near first as possible for all day, and all shoot to the front. Go ahead, FOREST AND STREAM, in your good work; I wish your every success.

JOHN PARKER.

Pansy Gun Club.

KINGSTON, Nov. 30.—Despite the cold, raw wind which swept across the grounds, penetrating even the thickest overcoat, the largest gathering of spectators ever assembled on the grounds attended the Thanksgiving shoot of the Pansy Gun Club. All who could find standing room crowded into the newly erected club house, where a roaring wood fire was kept going. By far the larger number, however, were compelled to remain outside, but they were so much interested in the shooting that they did not seem to mind the cold. The number of shooters was not up to the usual standard, owing to the fact that several of the most active members and best shots were away on hunting trips, but enough were on hand to make it prove interesting. As before stated, the wind was very disagreeable, blowing directly in the shooters' faces, and occasionally accompanied by flurries of snow, giving the targets a very irregular flight, which accounts in a measure for the low scores. Scores:

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, known angles, $1:

Myer	1101111111— 9	Hume	1100111101— 7
Hester	0011111010— 6	Kenyon	0110111110— 7
Smith	1111111111—10	Johnston	1001110101— 6
Schaffer	1011011111— 8	Ten Broeck	0100110111— 6
Cable	0111111111— 9	Pflager	0000011010— 3
Van Gaasbeek	1111111111—10		

No. 2, 6-man team race, 25 targets per man:

Smith	1111111111111111111111111—25
Myer	1111111100111111111111111—23
Schaffer	1101001110111110101111111—19
Hester	1100110111010001111011111—17
Johnston	1100001100010001000100010— 9
Pflager	0000011110111001111011111—16—109
Cable	0111111111101011001011111—19
Hume	0010111111110100111111111—19
Kenyon	1101100111011101011101111—17
Van Gaasbeek	1111010111001111011011101—18
Ten Broeck	0000100110001001011101100—10
Cohen	0000000000011001110010001— 7— 91

No. 3, handicap for turkey; number of birds allowed in brackets:

Cable (25)	0101011111011111110011111 —19
Hume (29)	1101110011111010111111011111 —23
Kenyon (29)	0111101111110001111011111101 —22
Van Gaasbeek (29)	1111111111011101010110110011 —22
Ten Broeck (33)	1010000100001000100111101011011 01 —15
Cohen (50)	0000000000110010100101001w. — 7
Smith (25)	1111111111111111111111111 —25
Myer (25)	0111111111011111111101111 —22
Schaffer (27)	1101111010100101111111111 —21
Hester (31)	1100101111000111011111001101 —20
Johnston (37)	1001000110011000001001001010011011 —15
Pflager (50)	0001100111111010111111011000011000001110010100101 10—26

No. 4, 25 targets:

H Meyer	1101110010101010011011101—15
J M Schaffer	1011111101010100100111010—15
J R Kenyon	1001111110111110010101111—18
Geo Johnston	0100001010110001100010011—10
W H Ten Broeck	0100000000000001011000010— 5
Jno Cable	1111111111111111111111110—24
C Hume	1100100101001100111111111—16
W H Van Gaasbeek	1111001011111101110011101—18
Cohen	0010010100110010101001001—10
Pflager	1001100111101011001110101—15
W S Smith	1011111111111111111111111—24

JAS. D. SMITH, Cor. Sec'y.

Flushing Shooting Club.

THE first contest for the Flushing, L. I., Shooting Club's Invitation Cup was shot off on Dec. 8, at the club's grounds near Muncy Hill, L. I. Owing to what was really very short notice of the shoot, and also owing to several of the clubs eligible to compete holding shoots on the same day, only four of the ten entries put in an appearance. L. T. "Davenport" on the 30yd. mark, killed his 25 straight, beating Dr. Wynne, who stood at 29yds. by one bird.

The next race for the cup, which must be won three times to become individual property, will be held on Thursday, Dec. 20, instead of on Saturday Dec. 22, as previously announced. This change of date has been made to prevent clashing with the club's fixtures. The hour fixed is 11 A. M. Wm. T. Wilcox acted as referee.

Invitation Cup, 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, handicap rise:

L T Davenport (30)	2212121222212222222211222—25
C Hance (27)	0201020120w. — 5
Wm Lawrence (27)	0112220202122011220011100—17
W Wynne (29)	1112111220211112212222122—24

Matches at 5 birds for cost of same, tie, miss-and-out:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
L T Davenport (30yds.)	21112—5	1220—3
W Wynn (29)	11112—	2122—4
	No. 3.	No. 4.
W S Johnson (25)	02222—4	0 —0
L T Davenport (30)	21210—4	
C Hance (27)	00011—2	11110 —4
W Lawrence (27)	00121—3	11210 —5
W Wynne (29)	11110—4	11120 —5
R W Lawrence (30)	01221—4	2111220—6
C M Donnelly (26)		2221222—7

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
W Harbourne (26)	21010—3	01022—3	21200—3
F J J De Raismess (25)	12221—5	01220—3	01020—2
D Le R Dresser (26)		22102—4	20001—2
C Hance (27)		21221—5	02011—3
E J Clark (25)		21112—5	11210—4
G B Mickle (25)		02121—4	01110—3

No. 8 with 4 entries was won by E. J. Clark, who killed 6 out of 7.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The Riverton-New Utrecht team race, set for Dec. 12, is off, and no date has yet been fixed. The annual meeting of the New Utrecht Club took place on Wednesday, Dec. 12.

The first bi-monthly shoot of the Elizabeth Gun Club, which takes place on Dec. 20 and 21, promises to be well attended, there being no fixtures that can possibly clash with it. That the club will do all in its power to make visitors comfortable is evident from the following, which is from the pen of the president of the club: "The Elizabeth Gun Club's first bi-monthly tournament will be held on their grounds at Elizabeth, N. J., on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 20 and 21. Shooting will begin each day at 9:30 A. M. Targets will be used exclusively the first day, live birds the second day. These bi-monthly tournaments will be held regularly by the club, provided the trap-shooters of New Jersey and in the vicinity of the city of New York will sustain the action of the club by their patronage and attendance at the tournaments. The club believe that the trap-shooters of this locality desire some convenient shooting grounds where trap-shooting both at inanimate targets and at live birds can be had, at regular stated intervals. It is to afford these trap-shooters an opportunity to enjoy the sport that these bi-monthly tournaments are to be given. It is for the trap-shooters themselves to determine, by their patronage of these tournaments, whether they shall continue or not. The club grounds are well arranged for both kinds of shooting. A warm club house, meals at any time during the tournament, and ammunition always on hand, leave no want of trap-shooters unsupplied. The club guarantees fair, honorable treatment to all participants.—Robt. E. Chetwood, President Elizabeth Gun Club."

The scores in the Welch-Dando match of Thursday last, Dec. 6, are worth looking at. They show very plainly that anybody is liable to have a day off, but it is a very rare occurrence for two men of such caliber to take their day off together.

Peter Morris on the 24yds. mark managed to beat George Work, who stood at 38yds., in a 50-bird race on Monday, Dec. 3. The scores made were: Morris 37, Work 36.

The Yonkers Gun Club extended to its members on Thanksgiving Day an opportunity to indulge in several sweepstakes, the birds consisting of live pigeons and live quail. The birds aggregated 140 live pigeons and 100 live quail shipped from Virginia. Forest and Stream has always deprecated and censured trap shooters who shoot live quail—from a trap. It was a sorry spectacle to witness, the shooting of the quail—as they were in poor condition and scarcely able to fly. The members of the Yonkers Gun Club do not wish any more experience in shooting live quail from a trap. It is too unsportsmanlike. J. T. Waring, Jr.

The following explains itself: "Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 4.—We notice in last week's Forest and Stream you say between Knoxville and Memphis shoots is a nice date for some club to claim for a tournament. The Valley City Gun Club some time since claimed May 30-31, 1895, for their annual tournament and do not want any other local to clash with it. The past season we had the same dates, including June 1, and while we have thought best to shorten the time one day, we want every one to understand those two days will be full of interest to all parties interested in trap-shooting. In looking over the report of the Interstate Dealers' Association, we see that of their ten tournaments in 1894, only one exceeded the Grand Rapids in number of targets thrown, and that was the four days' shoot at Altoona; that ours was the third in number of shooters taking part, Chicago and Pittsburgh having the two largest numbers; and, lastly, in the number of dollars divided among the shooters we were well to the front. We hope to have the Interstate Dealers' Association and Mr. Shaner again with us in 1895, and the kind words spoken by all our guests lead us to think they will all come back again and bring others with them.—Valley City Gun Club, C. F. Rood, Sec'y."

The Towanda (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club will give an all-day shoot on New Year's Day, live birds and targets.—W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.

Justus von Lengerke has met with a piece of bad luck. A few days ago he bought a setter from a party in Connecticut and took it home with him to Orange, N. J. During the night it scratched its way out of the barn and escaped; it has not been seen since, although a reward has been, and still is, on offer for its return to 211 Highland avenue, Orange, N. J. The following is a description of the dog: White, with a little light tan marking on the ears and head; small in size but stockily built; 3 years old.

Charles C. Hebbard, of the Empire Target Company, is some three inches taller since his 25 straight at the Townsend Benefit shoot on Dec. 6.

The Meadville (Pa.) Gun Club opened its new club house on Thanksgiving Day. The building is a two-story one, well warmed and lighted, and is commodious in every respect.

Amityville, L. I., has a gun club which was recently organized under the title of the Farmingdale and Melville Gun Club. The officers are as follows: President, E. W. De C. Ree; Vice-Presidents, Nathaniel Ketcham and E.W. Smith; Secretary, J. H. Doud; Treasurer, Edward Baylis. The membership is thirty-four.

Dropping for place was prevented at a shoot held at Meadville, Pa., on Thanksgiving Day by the following scheme, which, however, permitted the element of luck to enter largely into the results of the various events. The numbers of the winning scores in each event were placed in sealed envelopes; before beginning each event one of the sealed envelopes was drawn, and the awards made according to the numbers found in that envelope at the close of the event. The prizes in all the events were turkeys.

A new and decidedly pleasant way of traveling to and from a trap shooting tournament has been introduced by the members of the Palmetto Club of Charleston, S. C. Messrs. Bicaise, Post, Worthen, Steck, Peterman, Holley, Whiman, Peters, Swan, Costello and Bulwinkle, members of that club, journeyed from their home in Charleston to Wilmington, N. C., in the steam yacht E. H. Jackson. Their object in visiting Wilmington was to attend the shoot of the E. D. and G. P. Association held on Nov. 29 and 30.

The first of a series of three 100-bird races between Bill Clark, of Altoona, Pa., and T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., takes place in the baseball grounds at Altoona on Monday next, Dec. 17; the third will be held at Paterson, N. J., on Dec. 21; the second on Dec. 19 at either Philadelphia on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League at Holmesburg or at Harrisburg, Pa. The Altoona match will commence at 2 P. M., but sweepstake shooting will form a prominent feature of the day's sport. "Bill" has got out a capital little programme for the boys to amuse themselves with.

Ferd. Van Dyke and his Winchester figured very prominently in the Bloomsburg, Pa., tournament of Dec. 4 and 5. At targets on the second day he scored a consecutive run of 101 straight breaks, scoring in all programme events 127 out of 130, and making a total for the day of 144 out of 150 shot at. Included in the above were a 10 target "walking match" and a shoot at 5 pairs of targets; in each of these events he broke 9 out of 10.

The scores made in the Townsend Testimonial shoot, at Marion, N. J., on Dec. 6, have gone astray in some way, shape or form, at present only hinted at. The winners in the different events are given elsewhere. The attendance of shooters was good, about twenty taking part in the various events.

Mr. Wm. T. Wilcox, secretary of the Flushing (L. I.) Shooting Club, writes that the second contest for the Invitation Cup will be held at 11 A. M. on Dec. 20, not Dec. 22, as originally intended. Take trains at Long Island City for Muncy Hill

On Saturday of this week, Dec. 15, a couple of very interesting matches will be shot on the New Utrecht Gun Club's grounds at Woodlawn, L. I., prior to the regular club shoot. The first is a 25-bird race between Messrs. Street and Van Cleef, the second is a four-handed match between Cornelius Furgueson, Jr., and E. Lohman on the one side, and their respective sons Conny and Danny on the other. Young Conny is shooting a wonderful gait for a boy of his age (not twelve years old yet); last Saturday he killed 23 out of 25 in the various sweeps, while one week previous he duplicated the record with one dead out of bounds.

Dr. Carver offers to meet any ten members of any organized gun club in the States, each member to shoot at 10 birds while he shoots at 100, or any one member of any club, 100 birds a man, $100 a side. He has put up $100 forfeit to bind any match that may be made on the above terms.

Judging from appearances there should be a good attendance at Frank Class's grounds, Morristown, N. J., on Thursday of this week. Several New Englanders have expressed their intention of being present and of shooting along with the rest of them. From the way in which some of those same New Englanders acquitted themselves in the Empire City Handicap of the Emerald Gun Club, they are worth watching when they tackle live birds.

There are no further developments in the Brewer-Elliott matches. The sound of the soughing wind has even died away

Edward Banks.

Hoey Wins the First Heat.

After a long struggle with J. P. Knapp, the first win in the President's Cup contests at the Carteret Club grounds was scored to Fred Hoey on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 5. Standing, as he did, on the 32yds. mark, his score of 33 out of 34 was a hot one. Knapp forced him to kill 14 straight in the ties, the bad light making it pretty much of a toss up toward the end of the race. The day was really a perfect one for any one but a trap-shooter; he might have wanted a little wind to help the birds. In the dead calm that prevailed only the very best birds could become anything like hard. As the sun began to go down left-quartering birds from Nos. 1 and 2 traps were, as usual, very easy to miss; the shadow in that corner of the grounds, together with the dark soil and the fence, making blue and black birds very difficult to get on to quickly.

Besides Hoey and Knapp (the latter on the 30yds. mark) there were others who did some good shooting. Chapin and "Schultze," the limit men in the race, scoring 18 out of their 20; Chapin, however, was only in for the sweepstake, not in for the cup. Capt. Money and W. G. Brokaw both lost their 17th birds dead out of bounds and retired, having three misses to their credit. Dolan started out by killing 8 straight; he fell down, however, on his 9th, 13th and 16th birds and was consequently out of it. Thompson also led off with 7 straight, but, dropping his 8th, 12th and 14th, had to take a back seat. George Work and Seaver Page went out on the 7th round with three misses to their credit, Work shooting along up to the end of the 10th round in order to test the gun he was using. Louis Duryea dropped his 1st and 3d birds, thus handicapping himself at the start; he fell by the wayside before he reached the 10th round.

With 19 each to their credit, Hoey and Knapp set to work to shoot off, miss and out, for the cup. As stated above, Hoey did not capture the trophy until the 14th round, when Knapp's bird carried his load out of bounds. It was a dark blue, almost a black, bird that left No. 4 trap at only a moderate rate of speed. Hit hard with the first barrel, it bore off the left; the second shell only served to turn it around; flying straight back over the score, it reached the club house roof only to fall dead a moment later. Hoey thus scores the first win for the President's Cup, donated by George Work, the president of the club. The cup has to be won five times before becoming the property of any individual. It will be remembered that Knapp made George Work shoot a great race to win the Interclub cup on Nov. 21.

During the morning Capt. Money and J. Seaver Page shot a 100-bird race, the Captain coming out ahead with the score of 86 to 84. Full scores follow:

President's cup, first contest, 20 birds, optional sweep, handicap rise, ties divided, miss and out:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Fred Hoey (32)	←↓→↑↘↖↓←↓→↖→↖→→↓↖↖↗↓	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2	—19
J P Knapp (30)	↑→→↑↑⟷↖→$↑↓↙↖⟷↖↖←↑	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2	—19
Chapin (25)	←↑↗⇝←↓↘→⟷↖↗↗⟷T↗↘↑←	2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 0 1 1	—18
"Schultze" (24)	↘↓↖↑↗↙←←→↙←↓↖→$↗→↖↖↗	2 2 0 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1	—18
W G Brokaw (30)	↙↘→→↘H↑↑⟷←←↖→→←↖	0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 ●w	—14
Capt A W Money (31)	↖←↗↗←↖↑↖→↑H←↙→↑↑↖	1 1 1 1 1 ● 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 ●w	—14
H Yale Dolan (31)	→↑↓→↗←↖↓↙↗←↙↑↑↓↑	2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 ● 2 1 0w	—13
L S Thompson (32)	↙↘↖→↘↑↑↑↑←↓↑←↑	2 1 1 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 0w	—11
Geo Work (32)	↘↓↗↙↓→↑←↙←	0 2 2 2 1 ● 0 2 2 1w	— 7
L T Duryea (30)	↖↖↗↓↓↗↙↑↑←	0 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 ● 1w	— 7
J Seaver Page (30)	↘←←↑↑↗↖	0 1 2 0 1 1 0w	— 4

Ties, miss and out:

Hoey	→↑→↘←↗→↑→⟷↙↑↘	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	—14
Knapp	↙↓↘↑↙↑→←↘↙→←↑↑	2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 ●	—14

The following is the score made in a match at 100 live birds per man:

J Seaver Page	2212120112111011111122101—22	
	2010122010101120020110112—16	
	0211011111211222121121111—23	
	2121111111221121110111011—23	—84
Capt Money	1221222222222222212022220—23	
	0222202020212111222211121—21	
	2210211221002012022211122—30	
	2221121011120222222120211—22	—86

Cracking Targets in Canada.

Toronto, Can., Dec. 3.—As the summer sports one after another disappear with the approach of autumn, the gun comes to the front and enlivens what would otherwise be dreary half-holidays for many who enjoy a few hours in the country. The H. P. Davies Co., up to date in all other lines of sport, are not behind in this branch. They opened the season on Saturday with a bluerock shoot under the direction of W. McDowall, at the Coxwell avenue grounds. There was a large attendance, and the sharp competition in each event proved very interesting to the spectators as well as to those taking part. Eight prizes were shot for, one in each of the first five and three in the sixth event. Ties were shot off in the succeeding event. The winner's name appearing at the head of the list. Scores:

No. 1, 7 targets:

McDowall	0111111—6	Morley	1100101—4
Thompson	1111101—6	Winchell	1010110—4
Norris	0101111—5	Richmond	0001101—3
Lucas	1011010—4	Smiler	1000110—3

No. 2, 7 targets:

Morley	1111111—7	Taylor	0111111—6
Wincbell	1111111—7	Casey	1111101—6
Norris	1011111—6	Thompson	1100111—5
McDowall	0111111—6		

No. 3, 7 targets:

McDowall	1111111—7	Thompson	1111101—6
Norris	1101111—6	Winchell	1011011—5
Lucas	1011111—6	Taylor	0011111—5
Morley	1111101—6	Richmond	0100111—4

No. 4, 7 targets:

Taylor	1111111—7	Lucas	0111111—6
McDowall	1011111—6	LeRoy	1001111—5
Morley	1111101—6	Bellemy	1000110—3
Thompson	1111110—6		

No. 5, 7 targets:

Taylor	1111011—6	Winchell	1110011—5
Thompson	1111110—6	LeRoy	1011011—4
Lucas	1011110—5	Wilson	1011010—4
Morley	1111010—5	Bellemy	1000110—3

No. 6, 10 targets:

Thompson	1111110101—8	Taylor	1011001100—5
Bellemy	1110011001—7	Lucas	0011100011—5
Winchell	0111000111—6	Wilson	0100011000—4

W. McD.

Glesenkamp Makes a Big Score.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—About 150 spectators shivered in the rain and stamped around in the mud at the Country Club grounds on Saturday Dec. 8 and watched the pigeon match between Jos. Glesenkamp and S. H. Vandergrift for stakes aggregating $200. Nearly everything was against the shooters, but notwithstanding the opposition of the rain, mud and the general tendency of the birds to dive and dart, Glesenkamp made the handsome score of 91 out of the 100. Score:

Jos Glesenkamp	1112112212122221221212021—24	
	1212102220222102121120211—21	
	2120111112222222111112011—23	
	1111111120112212111022212—23	—91
S H Vandergrift	2122111202201100220212021—19	
	2211110202012200121010212—18	
	1011120201220111112122111—20	
	2222110221111221211121020—22	—79

Bix.

The Forest and Stream *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable*

Live Birds at Willard Park.

Paterson, N. J., Dec. 4.—It was originally intended that the Paterson and Elizabeth gun clubs should shoot a team race at Willard Park this afternoon; the announcement had been made that such was the programme. There was consequently much disappointment at the failure of the Elizabeth team to materialize, a large number of spectators having gathered together to witness the match. Birds and shooters being present, the afternoon was spent in bringing off the following events:

No. 1, 10 live birds, $5:

Morfey	●111002121— 7	Hopper	2102220112— 8
George	0002121112— 7	Wright	2222●20●22— 7
Morgan	0222212111— 9	Smith	2112112212—10

No. 2, $1, miss-and-out:

Morfey	11212121212221—14	Morgan	21121221110 —10
Wright	10 — 1	Smith	21111222112120—13
George	11212● — 5	Milt Lindsley	1220 — 3
Hopper	11111● — 5		

No. 3, 10 birds, $5, same as No. 1:

Morfey	2111112111—10	Morgan	1002121012— 7
George	0101112121— 8	Wright	2211222220— 9
Hopper	2022122121— 9	Lindsley	2222122220— 9

No. 4, $1, miss-and-out:

Morfey	1210—3	George	10 —1
Wright	2222—4		

Dec. 1.—Lee and Post shot a couple of races this afternoon, Lee winning both matches. The conditions were 10 live birds, $10 entrance Long Island rules, Post allowing Lee 3 birds. As Lee is slightly crippled in both arms, having been paralyzed about two years ago, the above result was a surprise both to him and his opponent. The birds were a fair lot, being taken from the crates just as they came to hand. Post and Morgan shot two 10-bird races for the price of the birds; in each event Morgan made clean scores, beating Post by one bird each time.

No. 1, Post vs. Lee:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Post	↖↖→↙↙↘↗↘⇆↘	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1	— 9	Lee	↘↗↘↗↗→↖	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Post	↙↗↖→T↗⇆⇅↗→	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1	— 8	Lee	$↘↗→↘→←	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 — 9

Nos. 3 and 4, price of birds, Hurlingham rules:

Post	2110211111— 9	1211120211— 9
Morgan	1111211112—10	1111121112—10

Dutcher.

Westminster Kennel Club.

Several members of the Westminster Kennel Club spent Saturday, Dec. 8, at Babylon, L. I., knocking over live birds on the club's grounds. With such well known amateurs as Fred. Hoey, J. P. Knapp, George Work and F. G. Moore at the score, there was bound to be some good shooting, although the day was far from being all that could be considered a good day for live birds. Five events were shot, the scores and winners being given below:

No. 1, 3 live birds, then miss and out, $5:			No. 2, same:
F G Moore (30)	21110	— 4	22222—5
F Edey (27)	2121110	— 6	10 —1
Fred Hoey (30)	1122212222222—13		11120—4
George Work (30)	10	— 1	220 —2
J P Knapp (29)	110	— 2	22222—5
C M Chapin (26)	212120	— 5	110 —2
R Brand·eth (28)	1222221212222—13		120 —2
F Brandreth (27)	1111221222220—12		120 —2

No. 3, sweep, 7 live birds, $5, handicap allowances, 26 and 27yds. men allowed one miss as a no-bird; 25yds men and under, one miss as a kill, ties miss and out:

		Ties.			Ties.
F G Moore (30)	1122222 —7	20 —1	C M Chapin (26)	2122211 —7	200 —1
F Edey (27)	1112122 —7	10120—3	R Brandr'h (28)	2102w. —3	.....
F Hoey (30)	2222221 —7	2222 —4	F Brandr'h (27)	02212212—7	1120 —3
Geo Work (30)	1111122 —7	1220 —3	P H Morris (24)	2111211 7	10110—3
J P Knapp (29)	2222222 —7	2222 -- 4			

No. 4, optional sweep, 10 live birds, $5 to $10 entrance:

Moore (30)	2202222022w —6	Chapin (26)	2210111121—9
Edey (27)	010w —1	R Brandreth (28)	0120w —2
Hoey (30)	2222222022—9	F Frandreth (27)	011110w —4
Work (30)	2011111222—9	Morris (24)	2021001110—6
Knapp (29)	2222220122—9		

Work wins tie.

No. 6, handicap sweep, miss and out, $5:

Moore (30)	120 —2	Chapin (26)	111222222—9
Edey (27)	11220 —4	R Brandreth (28)	212121110—8
Hoey (30)	0 —0	F Brandreth (27)	112111110—8
Work (30)	0 —0	Morris (24)	220 —2
Knapp (29)	2212210 —6		

Won by Chapin.

Townsend Testimonial Shoot.

The names of the winners in the various events shot at the Townsend Testimonial shoot held at Marion, N. J., on Al. Heritage's grounds, together with their individual scores, are given below:

No. 1, 10 bluerocks Sigler, Hobart, Thomas and Morfey 8, Ivins and Lindsley 7, Courtney 6, Pope 5.

No. 2, 15 bluerocks. Ivins 15, Hobart and Morfey 13, Courtney 11, Thomas 10.

No. 3, 10 bluerocks. Morfey, Woodruff and Sigler 9, Hobart 8, Courtney 7, Thomas 6.

No. 4, 20 bluerocks. Sigler 19, Morfey and Courtney 18, Geoffrey and Thomas 17, Van Dyke, Ivins and Darby 16.

No. 5, 15 bluerocks. Sigler 15, Courtney, Woodruff, Ivins and Morfey 13, Hobart and Thomas 12. Lindsley 10.

No. 6, 10 bluerocks. Sigler 9, Lindsley 8, Heritage 7, Keogh 6.

No. 7, 10 bluerocks. Sigler 9, Ivins 8, Lindsley 7. Keogh 6.

No. 8, 10 bluerocks. Ivins 10. Sigler 8, Lindsley 7, Heritage 6.

No. 9, 10 bluerocks. Ivins and Courtney 8, Sigler 7, Keogh 6, Lindsley 5.

No. 10, 10 bluerocks. Sigler 10, Ivins 9, Courtney 8, Pope 7.

No. 11, 10 bluerocks. Heritage 8, Courtney and Sigler 7, Ivins and Lindsley 6, Pope 5.

No. 12, 10 bluerocks. Hobart 10, Whitehead 9, Sigler and Roberts 8, Morfey. Courtney, Woodruff and Geoffrey 7.

No. 13, 25 bluerocks: Hebbard 25, Sigler 24, Geoffrey 23, Terry, Heritage and Morfey 22, Van Dyke 21.

No. 14, 20 bluerocks. Sigler 19, Morfey and Courtney 18, Geoffrey and Thomas 17, Van Dyke, Ivins and Darby 16.

West Ewing Gun Club.

Trenton, N. J., Dec. 3.—Below are the scores made at the West Ewing Gun Club's shoot on Nov. 29:

No. 1, 25 bluerocks, known angles, 3 traps:

E E Bainbridge	0111110111101101010111111—18
W Bond	0000000101010101010001100— 8
T F Rose	1110111101111011110101 10—19

No. 2, same:

Bainbridge	1111111101111111111101110—22
Bond	1100111110101001111101001—16
Rose	0111011111111101110000110—17
Fine	0001101111111011 0010w —12
W Harold	1001110111010010 10001w —11

No. 3, 7 bluerocks:

Bainbridge	1111111—7	W Roche	11010 —3
Rose	001111 —4	Colgun	100 —1

No. 4, 10 live birds:

Bainbridge	1011111101—8	Rose	0111101111—8

Bainbridge: Francotte gun, 42grs. Schultze, 1⅛oz. No. 7. Rose: L. C. Smith gun, 10-gauge, 3½drs. E. C., 1¼oz. No. 7½. Referee, W. P. Bainbridge. Scorer, Dr. Geo. L Pearson.

H. A. N.

Scores of the John F. Weilers.

Allentown, Pa., Dec. 6.—The John F. Weiler Gun Club held its monthly shoot at Manhattan Park on Dec. 4. In the medal race at 25 targets, Brey won the gold medal with 21 breaks, Mohr taking the silver medal with a score of 19. The scores made by the 11 contestants in this race were as follows: Brey 21, Mohr 19, Benning, Acker and Ulmer 18, Zellner, Grim, Schantz and Boyer 17, Hohe and Klingler 16.

Three live bird sweeps resulted as follows: No. 1. Smith 5, Klingler 3, Mohr 3, Benning and Ulmer 2. No. 2. Benning, Smith and Hupport 5, Weiler and Klingler 4, Acker 1. No. 3. Smith, Benning, Mohr and Weiler 3, Klingler 0.

Alex. W. Beatty, Capt.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

There has just come from the Forest and Stream press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

The Effect of the Wadding Material Upon the Performance of Shotguns.

BY ARMIN TENNER.

Superintendent American Testing Institution.

(*Concluded from Page 482.*)

[We give the conclusions made by Mr. Tenner from his extended tests.]

Two points have. I think, been settled pretty conclusively by this time. The figures obtained thus far demonstrate that it is not advisable to use a larger wad of any kind of material in a 12-bore gun than the regular 12ga. Guns with a close bore seem to do much better service with the latter size than with either 10 or 11ga wads. The second fact established is this: While the cork composition wads are very uniform, leave the gun barrel perfectly sound, and would thus warrant the expectation that they ought to prove superior to the various kinds of felt wads, the tests have not shown this to be the case. Cork wads may be preferable to poor felt wadding, but they do not seem to give better or even as good results as the superior qualities of felt wads.

The same wadding material and powder and shot charges produce different results in the various shells. From the results thus far obtained it would seem that the primer plays even a more important factor toward the behavior of the nitro powders than the wadding material. It is clearly shown that all smokeless powders give the best service with the U. M. C. No. 3 primer, as used in the smokeless, lightning and trap shells, and this both in regard to penetration and pattern. As a rule it produces the most uniform results; it gives the highest penetration throughout. It secures quick ignition and a pretty thorough combustion of the various nitros. It is not equaled in this respect by any other American primer, and is unsurpassed by any foreign igniting agent.

A thorough combustion not only assures the best possible penetration, it also diminishes greatly the tendency of nitro powders to corrode the gun barrel, which is largely due to the gases resulting from only partially burnt powders.

The smokeless shell has, in the course of the test, shown another valuable feature: It is far less affected by moisture than other paper shells. While I do not, in principle, believe in and advocate the doctrine that our sportsmen should use American articles of manufacture simply because they are home productions, I do think and believe, on the other hand, that we should always then prefer American goods to foreign, whenever the former compare favorably with the latter. This is the case with the smokeless shell. Many of the imported shells are inferior to it, and none of them excel it.

From the values thus far quoted it appears that the black powder did not compare favorably with some of the nitro powder loads. The latter proved superior in point of penetration and pattern. This is certainly contrary to all expectations, and in order to meet the objection that I should not have confined myself to one particular make of black powder, I concluded to try next, also, some other popular black powders.

While the several black powder loads produced fair averages of both pattern and penetration, the results are far from being remarkably good. The values obtained do not compare with the best values secured from the various nitro powder loads. I still have to find a black powder in this country which is superior in pattern, penetration and regularity to the better nitro powders, loaded in suitable shells and properly wadded. It is a general belief that the best average patterns are obtained with the service charges of the propelling agents, and that every increase of the powder charge is followed with a less satisfactory pattern. This rule does not seem to apply to every case, and low velocities do not, by any means, always mean comparative high patterns.

Greener says in his Modern Shotguns, "Velocity is the test of shooting. Velocity generally means a good pattern, and a good pattern at long range is convertible with velocity; penetration is velocity." I cannot agree with Mr. Greener in the full sense of the paragraph quoted. Whenever a certain limit of velocity is overreached, every increase of velocity beyond such a limit is generally followed by a reduced pattern. But it would appear from the results of the test as previously recorded and those to follow that with many powders the limit of the best pattern has not been approached with the service charge, and this particularly when chokebore barrels are employed. It will be noticed that the velocities of all nitro powders obtained with the U. M. C. No. 3. primer are higher than those produced with the other primers, and the same loads of powder and the same wadding and shot charges. Yet, as a rule, the pattern of the No. 3 primer are higher than those of the other shells.

Black powder, too, gives good pattern with increased charges.

In some cases the cardboard wad, employed instead of the nitro cardboard wad, did even better than the latter. In rainy weather or when the air is richly saturated with humidity, or in cold weather, nitro powders develop diminished velocities; some only to a small, others to a larger extent, according to their respective susceptibility to moisture. Black powder is less affected by these agents than any of the nitros.

Reference has been made to a claim presented by the Winchester Co. in regard to its blue cardboard wad. It is alleged that this wad, owing, I presume, to its high degree of cohesive quality, will prevent the other wads employed in the same shell from being blown to pieces by the gases generated by the powder charge. This claim is founded, it seems, upon an utterly erroneous premise. The gases generated by the powder charge are not developed suddenly; if they were, we would not be reckoning with an explosion, but with a detonation. The gases were developed gradually, although in a very minute time.

It can fairly be presumed that the powder gases are the sole cause for damaged wads. Any material such as cardboard, leather, or tarboard or tar-paper, less porous than felt will protect the felt wad sufficiently against the effect of the powder gases if inserted between the powder charge and the felt wadding.

Effect of Suction on Wads.

The wad may come to grief also from other causes. Thus, for instance, the shot charge appears to act as a suction when traveling through the barrel. Although it appears contrary to theory, there can be little doubt that a sort of a vacuum is created in the barrel; first by the shot column and secondly by the latter and the wadding. If it were correct that the powder gases must be regarded as the only cause for damaged wads, it would hardly be possible for any material to resist this very powerful force, no matter how good the cohesive quality of the wad might be. Now, as a matter of fact, those wads are generally stretched or blown to pieces which are made out of a material wanting in cohesive qualities—such wads as one can pull in two between the thumbs and forefingers of both hands. Among the wads experimented with were several of this kind. The V. L & D. elastic brown felt wad, their paper filler wad, the Winchester nitro gun wad, and, to a smaller extent, the U. M. C. salmon cushion and the second quality of V. L. & D. express wads. A large percentage of the three first kinds were gathered in a more or less damaged condition; a smaller percentage of the two latter showed also traces of damage. The majority of these wads were stretched to twice their normal length and more. If the gases had caused this, it would be difficult to explain how it was brought about. But it was probably the suction of the shot charge that did it. I am not aware that this theory has been offered by any one else, and before this.

I, too, hesitated quite a while before I concluded to make the assertion in question. To determine if my belief rested upon a sound basis, I made various tests on that line. They all proved that I have good warrant that in this instance, like in many others, theory does not agree with practice. The shrinking of fired paper shells in the cartridge chamber is another proof for my assertion, but not the most conclusive one. I consider my experience with the base wad, as employed in the Walsrode shell, for instance, the best and most unimpeachable evidence in support of my claim. These base wads are put into the shell for the purpose of reducing the latter's volume. In several instances manufacturers of shells neglected to secure these hard base wads sufficiently fast to the shell's base. Now, what was the result? In many cases these base wads follow the shot charge up in the barrel. More than this, various gun barrels were actually bulged by these base wads at the choke. The base wads were drawn after the load with such force that they approached the choke of the barrel with sufficient power to cause a bulge in soft Damascus barrels. Now, these wads have their place behind or beneath the powder charge. By what other agent could they have been forced out of the shell and driven into the choke with sufficient power to do damage to the barrel? It is chiefly the suction that causes wads to stretch or to be in two, the effect of the powder gases are not responsible for it if they do not come in direct contact with the felt. This very fact has prompted shell manufacturers to secure these base wads well to the base. Justice commands me to say here that I never experienced this phenomena with the U. M. C. Walsrode shell nor the German Walsrode shell. I think I have thus shown that the shot charge very likely acts as a suction. Therefore, no kind of wad placed over the powder charge can or will prevent inferior wadding material from being disfigured through the agency of suction. It is the suction that causes wads to leave the gun barrel in a damaged condition; the effect of the powder gases appears to have nothing to do with it.

Wads and Leading.

Various wads again are labeled to prevent the leading of gun barrels. This is another deception. I fail to see how a wad can prevent the leading of gun barrels. Shooters should not permit themselves to be deceived in such a way. The lead deposited in the gun barrel can very readily be removed. Blue ointment applied with a rag will do it effectually. Do not use any sort of wire brushes for removing the lead deposited in gun barrels. They are all liable to scratch the barrel. I caution against the use of all such brushes; they do more harm than good. I tried several kinds of these wire brushes and invariably scratched the bore sooner or later.

The mercury contained in the blue ointment will dissolve the lead. In case the salve proves too weak use pure mercury. Place a cork in the muzzle of the barrel, then pour into the barrel, from the breech end, about two ounces of mercury; cork up the breech and let the quicksilver travel slowly up and down the barrel, turning the latter around at the same time. Gather the mercury and keep it for future similar purposes. It can be used over and over again. It will do its work as well in the rifle as in the shotgun. After the lead has been dissolved clean the barrel with a clean, dry rag.

Hang fires have been common with the Victor, Blue Rival, Climax and Nitro Club shells in connection with Schultze, E C and American Wood powders, and the service charges of powder. These defects are less marked when heavier charges of powder are employed, but the velocities are always below the values obtained with the Smokeless shell and the same load otherwise. The same shells, of course, develop a similar result with Walsrode powder, and even the Rapid does not appear to suit the latter. Heavy hang fires were experienced with it and Walsrode powder, and in several instances the base of the shell showed, after firing, traces of damage. Attention has previously been called to the fact that all weak primers display a marked tendency to corrode the gun barrel and breech of the gun. The reason for this may be explained as follows: Whenever the combustion of a nitro powder charge in a gun barrel is imperfect—and such is generally the case with weak primers—the powder charge will develop a comparative low pressure. Low pressure or imperfect combustion create peroxide of nitrogen, and when the latter combines with the oxygen of the air, or moisture, nitric acid is formed, which must be looked upon as a very strong acid, and as one liable to corrode iron or steel very readily and badly. When, on the other hand, a thorough combustion of the powder charge is brought about, such as secured with the U.M.C. No. 3 primer for instance, ammonia is developed instead of peroxide.

It may seem strange to the reader that in many cases nearly or the same loads are repeated. This was necessitated by the various conditions under which the several loads were fired. The test was made during warm, dry, rainy and cooler weather. Every climatic change is followed by a different behavior of the powders. In order to do all powders justice, to treat them all alike, in various cases the same load had to be fired again to serve as a standard of comparison for the others under similar conditions. This explains again why the same load shows variations in velocity and pressure. They are natural and cannot be overcome.

Load 131—33gr. Wals. pwd. in U.M.C. Wals. shell, 1 V. L. & D. Hurlingham express, 1¼oz. shot; v. 1027ft. sec., great. diff, 47ft. sec., gpr. 8830lbs., great. diff. 360lbs.

Pat.			Pellets.	Pat.			Pellets.
1	(11)	242—great. diff.	43	4	(6)	224—great. diff.	49
2	(9)	265 " "	24	5	(8)	236 " "	44
3	(8)	238 " "	42				

To demonstrate to the reader how largely propelling agents are affected by climatic influences, I beg to ask him to look up the velocities obtained under normal temperature and a normal percentage of humidity in the air. Here is only one illustration: 3 drams E.C. powder developed under normal conditions, an average velocity of 970ft. sec. Let us compare these values with those obtained when the atmosphere showed 90 per cent. humidity.

Load 132—3 drms. E.C. pwd. in smokl. shell, 1 trap, 1 U.M.C. ¼in. pink edge, 1 blk. edge wads (Nov. 5, therm. 50 degrees, barom. 29.45, humid. 90 per cent.); v. 870ft. sec., or a loss of 100ft. sec.

On the same day 3 drams of E.C. powder, with 1⅛oz. of shot, developed a velocity of 915ft. sec, and with 3¼ drams of E C. powder and 1¼oz. of shot an average velocity of 961ft. sec. was secured.

Length of Shell.

The smokeless shell actually measures 2 9-16in., while the Rapid 2⅝in. shell is actually 2 21-32in. long. The English standard shell length is 2 9-16in.; the standard German shell 65 millimeters, or about 2 9-16in.; Some German shells measure only 2½in. It is very seldom that longer shells than the standards are used in England or Germany. A 2¾in. shell is considered in both of these countries still a suitable shell, but when it comes to 3in. shells they are looked upon as the hobby of cranks, and I must confess that I have never found an excuse for going so far in the length of a shotgun shell. Quite a number of our best known trap shots employ a 3in. shell, some even a 3¼in. shell. Their object is to secure thereby a greater killing force. Is this really the case? Unless the chronograph is unreliable, unless twice two make more than four, it is certainly not the case. I have still to find a 3in. shell which will give a better pattern and a higher penetration than a 2¾in. shell with the same powder and shot charges. Greener, with whom I differ on many points advanced by him in relation to ballistic laws, is coming very near the truth when he says: "The 12-bore gun is not made a more powerful weapon by lengthening the chambers and using a cartridge case more than 2¾in. in length. Even with the 2⅝in. case a charge of 50grs. of Schultze or E C powder may be pressed in, and with the full complement of wads and 1¼oz. of shot will be found to give as good results as any obtainable with larger charges of this gauge. Cases 3in. in length have nothing to recommend them, and guns constructed for them require great attention or they will not shoot at all regularly."

I have arrived at the same conclusion, and I am by no means basing my opinion on theory alone. My three-barrel gun is chambered, for instance, for a 2⅝in. shell, although I have used it, and it was originally intended, for large game shooting. I have never found it to fail me when I used it on big game at a reasonable distance.

My friend Elliott uses, as I am informed, a 3¼in. case. I am further informed that he shoots 3½drs. E.C. in a 3¼in. Leader shell. The Leader has the same primer as the Blue Rival. The velocity he obtains with 3½drs. E.C. powder and 1¼oz. of shot is not greater than I can secure with 3¼drs. powder in a 2⅝in. shell. Yet Mr. Elliott has scored 100 pigeons straight. This proves that pigeons can be killed with a fair velocity. But I do not wish to destroy Mr. Elliott's or any one else's delusion on this point; nor do I intend or hope to convince them that they can accomplish the same result with a shorter shell, for I know too well that "a man convinced against his will will be of the same opinion still." A certain class of our trap-shooters are, to use a common expression, stuck on preposterously heavy powder charges. Some of them use 3¾drs. E.C., Schultze or Wood powder, and some even 4drs. and more. Most of them are very familiar with the method of loading these powders so as to guard against excessive pressures and danger. They employ especially soft wadding, which naturally diminishes the tension in a gun barrel. But their example is, nevertheless, a bad one. Many shooters who are less skilled in loading shells may imitate these heavy loads, they may use less substantially built guns, and then a source of danger is certainly created.

If all the energy stored in such a heavy powder charge is really developed, an exceedingly high pressure follows; the recoil will be disagreeably heavy, the pattern wild. But it frequently occurs that with such heavy powder charges the velocity is lower than that produced by a lighter charge. Why is such possible? A larger powder charge produces an increased pressure in the rear part of the shell, whereby the foremost part of the charge is pressed together, or rather pressed against the wadding in the shape of a pin (see Prof. Hebler, "The Minimum Caliber, or the Infantry Weapon of the Future, 2d vol., p. 102), and leaves the gun barrel unconsumed, or is burned at the moment of leaving the muzzle and coming in contact with the atmospheric air. In other words a large portion of the powder charge is in such a case not utilized. It is not transformed into gases in the barrel at the proper place and time.

This phenomenon is not only confined to the shotgun; it is also experienced in the rifle, although here the time between pulling the trigger and the moment the shot quits the muzzle is longer than with the shotgun.

For similar reason I do not agree with those who recommend the powder charge of being pressed down into the shell with ordinary force. With some powders the velocity can be reduced considerably by compressing the powder charge too much. A good propelling agent should and will give the best result if the wad is simply brought home with a moderate pressure on the powder charge. It is a faulty feature of the powder if excessive pressure is required or every pressure is to be avoided.

Balling of Shot.

I think that to a great extent the balling of shot is created in consequence of an unusual quick combustion of the powder charge. The gases are developed so rapidly that the shot column is pushed forward very violently, and that in spite of the best wadding the rear portion of the shot charge is wedged into the foremost part. The heat has hardly anything to do with the balling.

Climatic Influences.

The several powders and loads developed different velocities and gas pressures on one day and occasion than another. This is, as previously said, principally due to climatic influences. To place all powders on an equal footing, it is necessary that at certain intervals they should be tested under precisely alike conditions. Although such has been the policy throughout the trial, I have, nevertheless, considered it advisable to test powders and shells for velocity and pressure only whenever the temperature showed abnormal conditions. Such was the case on Nov. 5. On that day the thermometer registered 50°, the barometer 29.5, the hygrometer 90 per cent. humidity. A few of the values obtained on that day have previously been recorded, and are found under load 132. But to make the list complete, they will be here repeated:

3 drms. E.C. pwd.. smokl. shell, 1 trap, 1¼in. pink-edge wad, 1 blk. edge wad, 1⅛ oz. shot	870 ft. sec.
3¼ drms. E.C. pwd , 1¼ oz. shot, same shell	961 "
3¼ drms. E.C. pwd , 1 oz. shot	1010 "
3⅛ drms. E.C. pwd., 1⅛ oz. shot	1026 "
3⅛ drms. E.C. pwd., 1¼ oz. shot	1015 "
60 grs. E.C. pwd., 1¼ oz. shot	1065 "
60 grs. Schultze pwd., 1¼ oz. shot	1090 "
3⅛ drms Schultze pwd., 1¼ oz. shot	1018 "
3½ drms. Am. Wood pwd., 1¼ oz. shot	1020 "
60 grs. Am. Wood pwd., 1¼ oz. shot	1154 "
(In the last case the gas pressure was very high—11420 lbs.)	
3¼ drms. DP. smokl. pwd., 1¼ oz. shot	1012 "
33 grs. Wals. pwd., 1¼ oz. shot	1018 "
50 grs. E.C. pwd., trap shell, Fulford's l., 1¼ oz. shot	1090 "

The Fulford load is contained in a 2⅞ in. shell.

Normal Wadding vs. Soft Wadding.

The experiments have demonstrated the fact that some propelling agents are less susceptible to the wadding material than others, and that the various powders are differently affected by soft and dry wadding. In order to enable the reader to make a more precise comparison than he can on the large numbers of figures quoted on this very point, and to show at the same time how the several powders react toward increased charges, I conducted a special test on Nov. 15, when the thermometer registered 51° F., the barometer 30.30, the hygrometer 68 per cent. humidity, for the purpose referred to.

To my knowledge, similar tests have never been carried out on the same line and scale anywhere, and I do not care to repeat them at an early day. My target has been partially ruined through balling of the shot, which was especially marked with the double charge of E. C. powder, although this powder very rarely balls the shot; and my pressure gun came very nearly to grief with the double charge of American wood powder. It may be presumed that neither the double charge of E. C. or Schultze powder were fully tranformed into gases. A portion of the charge of these two powders evidently left the muzzle unburned. The American wood powder was the last of a 5-pound cannister, mostly fine grained; hence the excessive pressure.

Von Förster and Plastomenite powders proved also less violent than black powder. Plastomenite showed a very low degree of violence. It is safe to assume that no gun will be damaged with this powder under normal conditions. I doubted it, even a year ago only, that a nitro powder could ever be produced which would be less susceptible to increased charges than the old reliable black. The experiments show that I was wrong. There is less danger from overcharges also with the other powders than generally supposed. It is quite a task, for instance, to load a shell with E. C. powder to a dangerous extent. But I must caution against the common shells—such as Climax, Blue Rival and Nitro Club—in connection with Walsrode or Leonard powder, as overloading is easily accomplished. If cheap shells are to be employed, the shooter should buy them loaded. The ammunition manufacturers and large dealers are equipped with good loading apparatus and machines. They guard against overcharges, and can avoid them successfully. The individual shooter cannot. Do not rely on your most trusted servant to load your high grade ammunition. They are human and liable to err. There is very little danger, if you procure your loaded ammunition from a reliable manufacturer of ammunition or large dealer. They load all smokeless powders well; better than they can be procured anywhere in the world. It will be seen that some powders give a higher velocity with soft, dry wadding than with normal wadding. As a rule, however, the regular wadding gives the best results. In very rare instances does the velocity keep step with the increase of bursting strain, when heavy charges of powders are employed. It is quite satisfactory to note that nitro powders can be made which may be considered safe.

With the remarks about the use of cheap shells for high-grade powders, I do not wish to convey the impression that such powders are particularly dangerous They are not more dangerous than some others, if properly loaded and employed. But the individual sportsman should for safety sake and to guard against severe charges, use for them the special shell, *i. e.*, a shell provided with a base wad, which serves to bring the bulk of the charge in the shell of the level of the charge of other powders, such as can be loaded bulk for bulk with black powders. We have already seen how the several lengths of shells influence the performance of shotguns.

The Top Wad.

Top wads should be light and composed of soft, preferably brittle material. They should either break before quitting the muzzle or fly to the side or drop to the ground not far distant from the muzzle. In England experiments have recently been made with different kinds of top wads. It has been asserted there that the best results are obtained when the cardboard top wad is cut diagonal in two. This claim has also been made in this country, and I concluded therefore to carry out some experiments also on that line, and with this test to finish my work. The result of my experiments have not substantiated the assertion alluded to. The U. M. C. top wad is very light, thin and brittle. As a rule the wads slit in two when leaving the gun. It is evident that the cutting of the top wad has no beneficial effect upon the shooting qualities of shotguns.

What Appears to Have Been Proven by the Test.

The report has been so framed as to enable every intelligent reader to draw his own conclusions from it.

In my opinion, it has been shown that black powder is less susceptible to inferior wadding than the nitros, that it generates its gases more gradually than the latter, and that it will practically make little difference whether a cardboard wad is used next to the powder, or a trap or similar soft wad. It even appears that a rigid wad is desirable. The principal requirement for black powder wadding is sufficient thickness—from ¼ to ⅜ of an inch—elasticity, density, and cohesive quality of the felt or its substitute. Whether one or more wads are employed, does not appear to be of any great consequence; neither does it differ much whether the wadding is dry or lubricated, as far as the performance is concerned. Considering velocity, pattern, and pressure in every case combined, we find that the best results were obtained with the service charges (3drs. powder, 1⅛oz. shot) when 1 cb., 1 U. M. C. 12-ga. white felt, 1 cb. were used, and with the 3¼drs. powder and 1⅛oz. shot, with one express wad, although it is not conclusively proved that the former wadding might not equal the latter. The 1⅛oz. shot charge produced the best velocity and pattern, values compared with the 1¼oz. load, and in the last record not only comparatively, but absolutely. Only one size shell (2⅝in.) was employed. Neither in point of pattern nor velocity did black powder show any superiority over the nitros; it only made a good showing in respect to pressure—comparative safety.

DuPont's smokeless powder (2¾drs., 1⅛oz. shot) service load, did best with 1 U. M. C. trap and 2 regular black edge wads, and next with 1 cb., 1 Eley white felt, 1 cb. wad. The 3drs. powder, 1⅛oz. load gave the best results with one express, 1 paper filler wad; next with 1 cb., 1 U. M. C. white felt 12-ga., 1 cb. wad, and considering the corresponding pressure, the last load performed best. With the 2⅞in. shell and 3¼drs. powder and 1¼oz. shot, 1 trap and one black edge ¼in. gave the best results, but this is still, in point of pattern, below the value obtained with load 48 and gun No. 4.

Schultze powder, service charge, produced the best results with load 9, 1 U.M.C. regular black edge; and next with 1 cb., 1 Anderson cork compound wad, 10-ga., 1 cb.

The best and a remarkably good result was obtained with load 253 (b), 2⅝in. trap shell, 1¼in. black edge, 1¼oz. shot. With 3¼drs. powder, load 133 makes the best showing; wadding 1, 12-ga. U.M.C. ⅜in. black edge, 1¼oz. shot. Relatively, the best values were obtained with 1⅛oz. shot (load 181).

E.C. powder, service charge, did best with 1 V. L. & D. Hurlingham express wad; next with 1 Hurlingham felt and 2 cb. wads (see loads 56 and 47). The best values were obtained with the 2¾in. shell and 1¼oz. shot (load 275). Relatively the best results were obtained with load 156.

American Wood powder, service charge, best results with load 46; 3¼drs., 1¼oz. shot, best result with load 252. The highest pattern gave load 257. Relatively, by far the best result was obtained with load 251.

Walsrode powder, service charge, best results with load 74; 27grs. highest values with load 80. Relative and absolute highest values were obtained with load 281.

I think the tests demonstrate the fact that there is hardly any occasion to employ a longer than a 2¾in. shell in a 12 bore shotgun; 3in. shells occasionally give a high pattern, but they perform, as a rule, less regularly than a 2¾ or 2⅝in. shell. For ordinary shooting and nitro powders, a 2⅝in. shell will do about as well as any longer shell. I have not found that, beyond the 2¾in. shell, the velocity can be improved by a longer shell.

E.C. powder did best, of all powders now in the market in this country, in point of low gas pressure. DuPont., Schultze and Walsrode exceeded somewhat the bursting strain average of the E.C., but did not develop any hazardous figures.

The problem at issue has not been solved conclusively, but I could not continue the test further. The expenses incurred amounted to $894 50. A former opponent of the institution contributed $100, other parties $150, toward defraying the expenses. Deducting the $250 from the $894.50, leaves a deficit of $644.50 for the Testing Institution. But if the work performed proves of benefit to the American sportsman, the American Testing Institution will then consider itself amply compensated for the small sum sacrificed for the general good.

Rain Stops the Money-Page Match.

On Saturday, Dec. 8, J. Seaver Page and Capt. Money came together again in a 100-bird race at the Carteret Club's grounds, Bergen Point, N. J. In the match between these two shots which was decided on the previous Wednesday, details of which are given elsewhere, Capt. Money won by two birds with the score of 86 to 85. The birds in that race were said to be a great lot of flyers, Phil Lumbeyer, the club's groundsman, having arranged a patent scare business at each trap which drove the birds from the traps like shot out of a gun. How the apparatus works and what it is made of is something Phil doesn't want mentioned until he has got it in full working order. It is sufficient to say that it has radically changed the quality of the Carteret birds; 98 to 97 scores will be scarce when Phil and his "scare-ups" are getting in their work. During the second match, the score of which is given below, the joint score of 47 made by Money and Page out of the first 50 birds was little less than phenomenal, when the way in which the birds left the traps, in addition to the wretched light which prevailed, is taken into consideration.

Capt. Money was first on the ground and shot about ten birds for practice; at least half of them got away, the Captain being apparently clean off his form. This, perhaps, was hardly to be wondered at as he had spent the whole of the previous day tramping up, down and over some of the toughest mountains in New Jersey in pursuit of ruffed grouse. The result of such violent exertion, added to a heavy cold, is hardly calculated to insure accuracy and quickness at the traps the succeeding day. Mr. Page, accompanied by the referee, John S. Hoey, arrived just as the Captain shot his last bye bird. Before Mr. Page went out to shoot a few pigeons for practice the referee and the two shooters got together and made the following arrangements: If the rain came down so hard that, in the opinion of the referee, it was not fit weather to shoot pigeons, it was in the power of the referee to call the shoot off for that day; if the match was more than half over when called off, it was to be shot out at some future date to be mutually agreed upon; if it was not half over it was to be called off entirely and to be shot *de novo* on a day that would be mutually agreeable.

In his practice birds Page showed but little improvement over Capt. Money's form, two or three birds getting away from him. Then the match began. Each killed 7 straight before a miss was recorded; Capt. Money's 8th bird, a dark blue driver from No. 2 trap carrying his load of lead over the left field fence. Page missed his 11th and 14th birds in this series, the scores at the end of the first 25 standing 24 to 23 in favor of Capt. Money. The 30th round saw them level, the Captain dropping his 26th, 28th and 30th birds (28th dead out of bounds), and Page letting his 26th and 28th (the latter also dead out of bounds) get away from him. On the 31st round an incident occurred which showed how important it is to appoint an official scorer for any match at live birds or targets. Phil, of course, was keeping the club's score while he also performed double duty as trap-puller; this is what Phil always does, so that he was not hampered by any extra work. Forest and Stream's representative was also keeping tab of everything, traps pulled, flight of birds and first and second barrel kills. As the match progressed from the 30th up to the 50th round both contestants were frequently informed on inquiry how they stood. At the end of the 50th round Forest and Stream's score, as it then stood, showed Money 41, Page 42. Phil's made them even up with 42 apiece. An examination of the scores proved that Phil had credited Capt. Money with a single barrel kill for his 31st bird, whereas Forest and Stream's score showed a cipher. Which was the official score? It was decided to shoot on and finish the match, leaving the question of that miss or kill to be decided later.

In the next 25 Page killed 20 to Money's 19, the bad light, fast falling rain and wonderful quality of the birds making those scores really far better than they appear on paper. Money missed his 76th, while Page killed, making the latter three ahead by Forest and Stream's score, but one less according to the club's score, 24 birds remaining to be shot at. As Capt. Money had come totally unprepared for such a downpour, and had a long ride home in wet clothes before him, Referee Hoey called the match off for the day, Page finishing with a run of 14 straight kills. It was agreed that the match should be shot out on the morning of Dec. 19, prior to the second contest for the President's cup on the same grounds. Scores in detail:

Match, Money vs. Page, 100 live birds per man, 29yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, Carteret Club rules to govern:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Capt Mouey....1 1 2 2 2 2 2 ● 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—24

0 1 ● 2 0 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 ● 2 2 2 ● 0 2—17

● 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 ● 2 0 1 2 ●—19

→ 0 — 0—60

J Seaver Page..1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2—23

0 1 ● 1 2 0 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 ● 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2—19

1 1 0 2 2 2 0 2 1 0 ● 0 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—20

→ 2 — 1—63

The traps drawn by each party were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Capt. Money	15	15	14	13	19
J Seaver Page	10	12	17	13	24

Capt Money misssed 6 from No. 5, 4 from No. 2, 3 from No. 1, 2 from No. 4 and 1 from No. 3; Mr. Page missed 4 from No. 3, 3 each from Nos. 1 and 2, 2 from No 5 and 1 from No. 4.

Good Race at the Country Club.

E. C. Potter and W. S. Edey shot a match on Thursday, Dec. 6, with W. J. Brokaw and C. Oliver Iselin, at Westchester, N. Y., and won by 5 birds. Such would be one way of telling the story of a really interesting shoot, but the race itself deserves a good deal more. Matches for a good round sum are a rarity nowadays, and when it is certain that both sides are shooting a square up and-up race, the fact that there is a little money on the result gives an additional spice to the excitement. At one time, it is true, the race was a regular procession, but things changed rapidly toward the end. An offer of 10 to 1 on Potter's side would not have been looked at when the 70th round was complete; Edey and Potter were then leading by 7 birds, and it looked a perfect gastight cinch for them. When 91 birds had been shot at the scores were even with but 18 more birds a side to be shot at. Anybody's race and a tight finish. Brokaw's side, however, then fell away badly, losing 7 birds to their opponents' 2, and the match in consequence by 5 birds. It must be said in extenuation that, though both Brokaw and Iselin each missed 2 birds that they ought certainly to have gotten, the luck of the birds in that last 18 lay with Potter and Edey. How the race varied during each series of 10 is shown by the following figures: At the end of the 10th round, Potter's side led by 1 bird; 20th by 4, 30th by 3, 40th by 8, 50th by 7, 60th by 8, 70th by 7, 80th by 4, 90th by 1, 100th by 5 birds. At no one stage of the match was Brokaw's side in the lead.

Potter's shooting was a revelation to his friends. On a recent occasion he scored 86 on the same grounds, being one below the record for the Country Club, 87 having been made but once, Capt. A. W. Money holding the record. Potter started well on his two first strings, scoring 46 out of 50. In his next 25 he lost four birds, two of them dead just out of bounds. This gave him 67 out of 75, almost a 90 per cent. gait. At the commencement of his next 25 he opened a new box of shells and missed 4 straight; changing to another box he missed but 2 out of the next 20, finishing again with 86. He laid the blame for his four misses on those shells, and it must be said that a more wretched-looking crimp was never put on any shell; some had practically no crimp at all. Whether they were at fault or not, the startling reversal of form was remarkable. All through the match he did some wonderful work with his second barrel, particularly early in the race. Time after time he completely threw away his first shell, but his handicap of 27yds. enabled him to plant his second shell with deadly effect. His partner, W. S. Edey, shot a good race, but drew a remarkable number of outside traps; No. 4, a hard trap for a right-handed man, also fell to him nine more times than an average would warrant. His run on Nos. 4 and 5 in in his first 30 birds was extraordinary. No. 5 went 16 times, and No. 4 was pulled 9 times out of those 30 birds, *i. e.*, a total of 25 out of 30 for two traps alone, and those admittedly the most difficult for a right hand man to swing on to. The fact that during the whole match Nos. 4 and 5 were pulled no less than 206 times out of a possible 400 makes it look as if there was something out of gear in the pulling apparatus. No. 2 was pulled but 41 times during the whole match.

Messrs. Brokaw and Iselin may lay their defeat to incomers which were shot behind time after time; Brokaw let 7 get past him, while Iselin scored 11 ciphers on incoming birds; they thus handicapped themselves too heavily with the result as above stated. At times both Brokaw and his partner, who were the favorites undoubtedly at the start, shot brilliantly, but both appeared to change their time too often. Iselin shot the best in the last half of the match, scoring 42 to the 40 made by each of the other shooters. Capt. Money handled Brokaw, while Mr. Camacho looked after Iselin; the winners looked after their own interests. John S. Hoey, of course, was the referee, and that his decisions went without a kick needs no remark. There was, however, but one point with any degree of knottiness for him to decide and that was on Brokaw's 83d bird; it fell inside the wire fence that marks the boundary, but managed to flop over through poor work of the setter that was doing the retrieving; a good sharp dog would undoubtedly have gathered the bird, but this dog, through over-anxiety, it may be, fell all over the bird and himself two or three times. Referee Hoey decided that the bird had not been at any time in the dog's mouth. His decision was apparently a proper one and very fortunately did not alter the final result.

The weather was almost all that could be desired, needing nothing to make it perfect save a little more breeze from the northwest. At the early hour at which the match started the glare of the sun on the waters of the Sound made birds from Nos. 4 and 5 traps extra hard to kill. There is a great similarity between the grounds at the Country Club and those at Monaco, where the waters of the Mediterranean practically form the boundary; at Monaco there is more of a bluff than there is at the Country Club's ground on Long Island Sound, otherwise the resemblance is remarkable. As for the birds trapped during the match, they varied very much, but on the whole they were an extra good lot.

The most interesting feature of the whole match is one that should be an encouragement to every shooter never to say "die." Twice were Brokaw and Iselin 9 birds behind, yet when each side had shot at 182 birds, the score was a tie! The time occupied by the match was just four hours and five minutes. It commenced at 9:45, the first hundred being trapped in 63 minutes; the second hundred in 58 minutes; third hundred in 64 minutes, and the fourth hundred in exactly 60 minutes, the match being over by 1:50. Those figures show how promptly each man stepped to the score and how well and quickly trappers and dogs did their work. The traps, of course, worked to perfection, and only five no-birds were called, while scarcely a dozen out of the whole 400 lingered an instant after the traps were pulled. Scores in detail:

Match, 200 birds a side, handicap rise, 50yds. boundary, Country Club rules:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1894 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

E C Potter (27).2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 ● 2 1 2 2—23

2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 ● 2 1 2 2 2 2—23

2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 1 0 2 ● 1 2 2 2 ● 2 1 2 2—21

2 0 ● 0 0 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2—19—86

W S Edey (29)..0 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 ● 2 2 1 2 0 2 ● 1 1 1 1 2 2 ● 1—20

2 1 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 0 1 1 2 ● 1 0—21

0 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2—23

0 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 0 2 2 0 ● 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 2—17—81

167

W Brokaw (29).2 2 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 2 1 2 0 1 ● 2 1 2 1 1 1 1—20

1 0 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 1—22

0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1—21

2 2 2 2 0 2 2 ● 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 0 0 2 ● 2—19—82

C O Iselin (23)..● 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 ● 2—20

2 0 2 1 1 0 0 1 2 0 2 0 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 1 0 1—18

1 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 ● 1 2—22

2 0 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 2 1 1 1—20—80

162

The way the traps fell to each shooter was as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Potter	20	12	22	24	22
Edey	22	5	15	29	29
Brokaw	18	11	20	22	29
Iselin	24	13	12	23	28
	84	41	69	98	108

After the main event had been finished, the following sweeps were shot:

Miss-and-out, $5:	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Money (31yds.)	02210—3	112—3	11—2
Brokaw (29)	22112—5	222—3	0 —0
W S Edey (28)	22212—5	20 —1	12—2
Potter (27)	0211w—	20 —1	
F Edey (27)	22111—5	02 —1	10—1
Mott (27)	111●w—	20 —1	

No. 4, 10 birds, $10:

Money (31yds.)	1211121221—10	W E Edey (29)	121012221w—8
Brokaw (29)	020w — 1	F Edey (27)	112120110w—7

The Riverton Plate.

The sixteenth contest for the Riverton Plate came off on Thursday, Dec. 6, T. S. Dando, of Philadelphia, being the challenger. Welch won his last victory with consummate ease, although he shot a gait that would not qualify him as a third-rater. As a matter of fact, there are no amateurs of the present day who could look on Welch as any sort of a cinch; on fast birds he is probably as good as any of them. Dando also is reckoned as a dangerous man on medium birds, but on this day he was clear off his form. At the commencement of the 23d round his score showed but 16 killed out of 22 shot at; a score low enough in all conscience. But Dando was apparently out for a record of some kind in these Riverton Plate matches. Missing his 23d bird, he followed it up by losing his 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 35th, 36th, 37th, 39th, 42d and 49th birds, finishing his first 50 with a score of 29! At one time he missed 10 out of 13 birds. Welch made one run of 22 straight and then immediately dropped four straight. It was a strange match, but at no time could it be called an interesting one, Welch winning in the end by 16 birds, with the score of 79 to 63. What makes these low scores still more remarkable is the fact that it is stated that the birds were by no means an extraordinary lot. F. Leonard was referee. Scores:

Welch vs. Dando, 100 live birds each, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary:

R A Welch	1100220222222022210001122—18
	0221222101202220221211212—21
	1221122121112000012102221—20
	1222220201222022012222101—20—79
T S Dando	2120200212201010011221020—16
	0002000220002202011222102—13
	2021102001101201002102222—16
	0001202210212222022220222—18—63

Welch had 6 birds dead out of bounds, Dando 5.

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

Dexter Park, L. I., Dec. 6.—The Coney Island Rod and Gun Club held its regular shoot yesterday afternoon, the main event being the contest for the Pfaender Badge. C. Plate, who stood at 26yds., won the badge by killing 10 straight; Lair, the runner up, killed 9 out of 10. John C. De Fraine was referee. Scores:

Pfaender Badge contest, 7 live birds, optional sweep, three moneys, class shooting, ties miss-and-out:

*Dr Wynn (30yds.)	2221212—7	*Henry Miller (23)	0211111—6
William Lair (25)	1211211—7	Dr Littlefield (26)	1012012—5
C Plate (26)	1121122—7	A Rockefeller (25)	0101112—5
Wm Hughes (26)	1111011—6	D J Lynch (23)	0221110—5
Dr Van Ord (26)	0221111—6	C Engelbrecht (25)	1000121—4
James Voorhis (25)	111111*—6		

*Not members.

Plate won badge and first money on shoot off by killing 3 straight; second money was won by Hughes with 3 straight; third money was divided between Rockefeller and Lynch 9 straight, Littlefield dropping his 9th bird in the tie. Other sweeps were as follows:

No. 1, 3 birds, class shooting, ties miss-and-out:

Plate	222	12—7	Voorhis	110	—2
Lair	211	11—7	Lynch	100	1 —2
Engelbrecht	112	10—6	Van Ord	200	0 —1
Littlefield	212	10—6	Hughes		
Wynn	110	—2			

A sweep at 6 birds with 4 entries was also shot; the winner being William Hughes who killed his 5 birds; the others, Lair and Rockefeller, each killed 4.

Live Birds at Loudonville.

Loudonville, N. Y., Dec. 5.—The following are the scores made at the all-day shoot held here on Dec. 2, a brief mention of which was made in last week's issue of Forest and Stream:

	No. 1, 5 birds, $2, 2 moneys.	No. 2, same.
Swinton	1●111—4	1211●—4
Dr Mosher	21102—4	10212—4
Becker	121●●—3	11112—5
Perkins	02011—3	01120—3
Roberts	10011—3	12111—5
Geisel		11●01—3

	No. 4, 7 birds, $5, 3 moneys	No. 5, same.
St Charles	1112221—7	2012111—6
Arnold	111●111—6	1111010—5
Swinton	2111120—6	1211211—7
Perkins	1011211—6	2011211—6
Becker	121●1●1—5	
Roberts	0●11111—5	1110110—5
Dr Mosher	12●1011—5	1112011—6
Leon		1112●01—5
Page		1●11●0●—3

Miss and outs, $1:	No. 3.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Page	2111—4	120—2	● —0	210—2
Roberts	1211—4	10 —1	0 —0	0 —0
Becker	2110—3	0 —0	0 —0	● —0
Arnold	2120—3	0 —0	111● —3	110—2
Geisel	110 —2	...	.....	0 —0
Dr Mosher	110 —2	221—3	12110—4	● —0
St Charles	120 —2	211—3	0 —0	...
Hart	120 —2	10 —2	.....	...
Sweney	● —0	...	.....	...
Leon	...	110—2	1120 —3	10 —1
Swinton	...	0 —0	12110—4	111—3
Perkins	...	0 —0	21111—5	112—2
Taylor	...	...	1110 —3	120—2

Miss and outs, $1:	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11
Roberts	111—3	22● —2	11121—5
Swinton	211—3	10 —1	120 —2
Arnold	22●—2	1220—3	21110—4
Perkins	220—2	2111—4	1● —1
Taylor	10 —1	2210—3	.....
Page	10 —1	....	.....
Dr Mosher	● —0	2112—4	0 —1
Leon	0 —0	110 —2	11211—5

Nos. 12 and 13, 5 birds, 2 moneys, ties miss and out:

	No. 12.	No. 13.	Ties.		No. 12	No. 13.	Ties
Arnold	22211—5	1●111—4	1112	Swinton	10021—3	2111●—4	1110
Roberts	2121●—4	.....		Valentine	10101—3	.....	
Leon	11021—4	01212—4	20	Perkins	000●1—1	.....	

Dropping for Place.

Weir City, Kan., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had been wondering for some time why Mr. Hough's letter was allowed to go unchallenged, and was tempted at more than one time to express the same sentiments which were voiced by a communication in your issue of Nov. 24. On second thought, however, I concluded that the shooting territory of Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas, on which my knowledge of trap-shooting was founded, might not be the proper sphere in which to educate an amateur, and in which to put the *au revoir* touches to his knowledge of this most pleasing pastime.

My own observation and experience has taught me that hard times and lack of the almighty dollar on the part of the lovers of this sport, together with the large necessary expenses to be incurred by any one who visits as a shooter at any tournament, are the primary and pervading causes of trap-shooting not offering greater inducements to the average man as a means of recreation and enjoyment. Certainly there have been, and may yet be, practiced methods of chicanery by some unscrupulous shooters, which are detrimental to the sport, but in what line of outdoor amusements, all of which have so strong a hold on the American people, cannot the same be said? To brand trap-shooting as the "rottenest" outdoor amusement a man can indulge in is to defeat the very object which one would naturally suppose it is the desire of Mr. Hough to accomplish.

Such measures as those proposed by you will make it next to impossible for any shooter, whether professional or amateur, to get more than his just deserts from the purse in any event; and the object will have been accomplished without making every shooter in the land think that he is no longer a gentleman, but is rather the associate and patron of a set of thugs and thieves. The proper spirit of improvement is that taken by you. Correct the faults in the present system of trap shooting by pointing them out in such a manner that shooters will be drawn to the support of one of our grandest amusements, rather than driven from it under the impression that gentlemen cannot afford to mingle with a crowd so devoid of honor and fairness.

The sport is expensive—necessarily so—but it is not degrading, as Mr. Hough's letter would lead a moralizer to believe; and for those who can afford it, the pastime is one which ranks second to none for clean sport and healthful results. Mamaluke.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. E. A.—We never heard of an electric search light for jack-hunting.

J. A. R., Philadelphia, Pa. Ans.—The company about which you write no longer exists.

J. E. B., St. Lambert, Me.—I have some canvas decoys that are oily and hard to dry from being in stock for some time. Will you tell me how to get them in shape again and how to paint them afresh? Ans. If sticky on the outside coat the decoys with shellac. If sticky on the inside pour through the valve a solution of paraffine dissolved in gasoline. The manufacturers will repaint, if necessary, for a small sum. The decoys should never be left in a hot place when packed.

J. C. C., New York.—1. Can a canoe 16×30 (cedar cruiser) be run by a small electric motor; also is such a canoe strong enough to be used as a rowboat by fitting adjustable outriggers to it, and how would it row? 2. Is there any place in Brooklyn or New York for testing the shooting qualities of new rifles, where the rifle can be placed in a vise and tested at different ranges, from 100ft. to 200yds.? Ans. 1. Such a canoe can be fitted with oars and rowed. Attempts have been made to run small boats by electric power, but they are as yet only experimental. 2. Yes; the American Testing Institution at Dexter Park, Brooklyn.

F. S. M., Brookline, Mass.—1. Are the smokeless powders as safe to use as the old black powders? 2. Have any accidents been due clearly and wholly to their use? 3. Can a gun be made by the average gunsmith in which these new explosives can be used with absolute safety? 4. Do or will the leading makers of guns in this country or in Europe guarantee their guns to shoot these new explosives safely? Ans. 1. Relatively speaking, no. Nitros are more violent in their action and require stronger guns than black powder. 2. Yes, but generally through some error in loading. 3. Yes. 4. Yes; all the leading gunmakers guarantee their guns for nitros.

Subscriber, Vernon, Texas.—1. Is it damaging to a rifle to shoot shot cartridges from it? 2. My shotgun cannot be unbreeched until after the locks are cocked. In putting away my gun for a week, or for the summer, should I leave it cocked in the case, or should the locks be "snapped" down, thus relieving the tension on the main spring. It seems to me that snapping it with nothing to stay the strikers would be damaging. Ans. 1. The rifle will be leaded and injured for shooting with ball. No rifle will shoot shot well as the rifling operates to scatter the charge. Rifles intended for such shooting should be bored smooth. 2. When putting your gun away for any length of time the tension on the main spring should be relieved. It would not probably hurt the gun to snap the hammer; or you might put in shells that have already been shot.

Enquirer, Fort Shermau, Idaho.—1. Is it safe to shoot buckshot from a choke-bore gun, the shells loaded with 3½drs. black powder and nine shot, disposed in three layers, three shot to the layer, the pellets being of such size as to chamber in the choked muzzle, the whole charge being imbedded in cosmoline, the point of liquefaction of which is about 120° F.; no wad over the shot; is being retained in position by the congealed cosmoline? 2. If the above be unsafe would placing a cardboard wad between each layer of shot, the loading remaining the same in other respects, render it safe? 3. Would you consider it safe to use Schultze or other standard nitro powder with shells loaded as to shot as above indicated? 4. To secure an open pattern with a choke-bore gun, using nitro powders, are the methods recommended by Greener for use with black powder, safe? The methods alluded to are (a) dividing the charge of shot into sections by means of cardboard wads; (b) using light waddling over the powder and heavy over the shot. 5. Are nitro powders safe to use with ball in shotguns, admitting that ball may be safely so used with black powder? 6. Where can I get Armin Tenner's reports on powder tests? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. Placing cardboard wads between each layer of shot would only have the effect of opening the pattern. 3. It is frequently done. 4. Yes. 5. It is done. 6. The articles were published in the numbers of Forest and Stream for Dec. 2, 9, 16 and 23, 1893.

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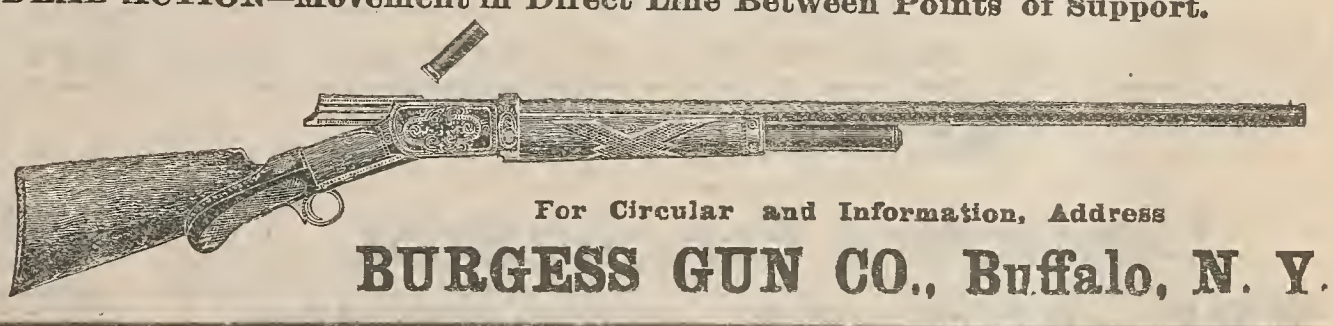

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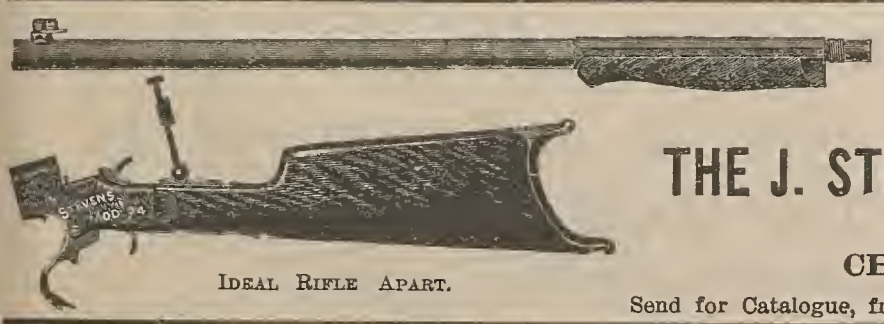

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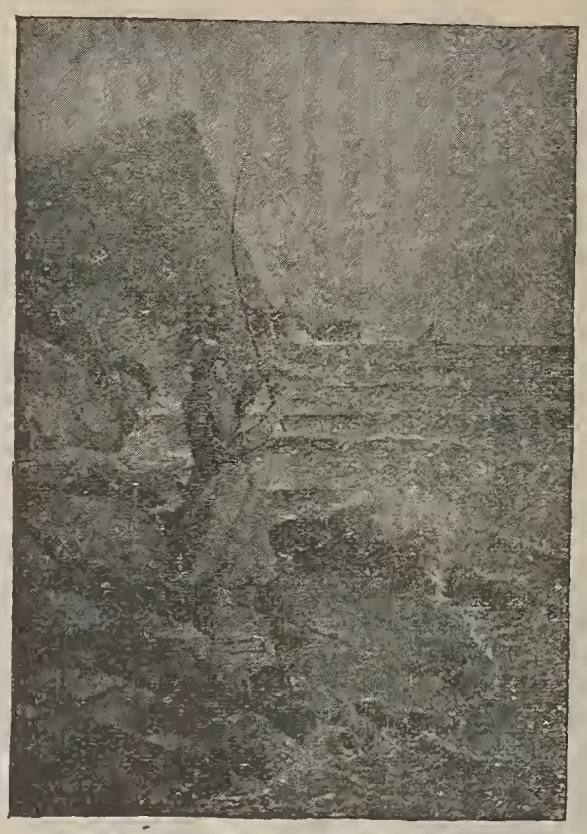

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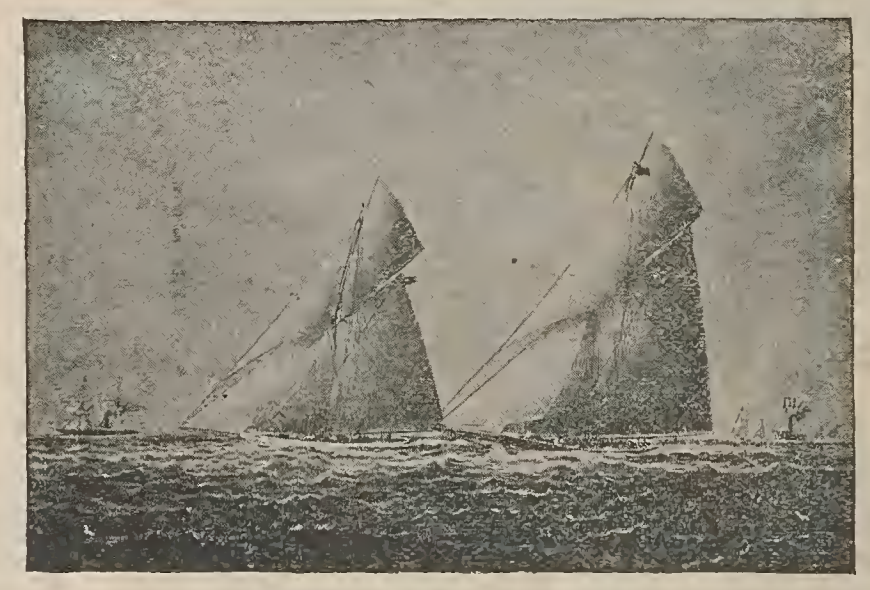

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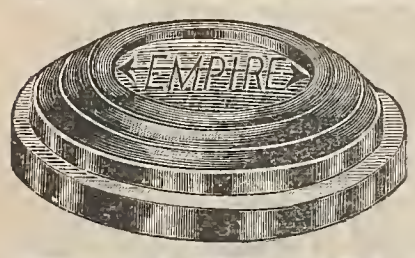

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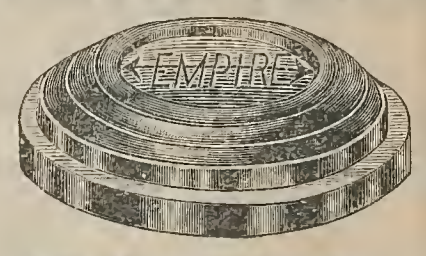

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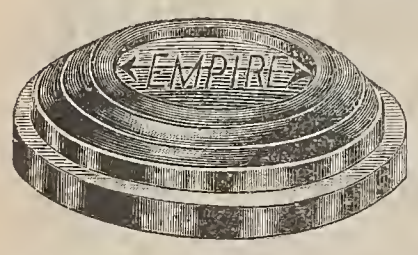

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THE ART OF SHOOTING.

By CHARLES LANCASTER.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

At the special request of many gentlemen who have placed themselves in my hands for instruction in the Art of Shooting, I have written this treatise. I have endeavored to meet the special requirements of those who are anxious to become proficient in the art, and who have hitherto been unable to obtain, in a precise form, the information necessary for studying the first principles of shooting at moving objects.

I have had the honor of coaching many gentlemen, and have carefully studied the points especially requiring attention that have cropped up from time to time while giving instruction. I hope that those who favor me by studying this treatise may quickly gain the knowledge so essential for the making of an average if not brilliant shot.

I have purposely refrained from touching on the several merits of any class of gun—being a gun-maker myself; and, indeed, so many good works on the subject have been written, that it is really unnecessary.

I trust that authors from whose writings I have made extracts will pardon me when they recollect that I have at heart one object, viz., the advancement of a manly sport which gives pleasure, health and occupation to many, and to the patronage of whose followers I am indebted for many pleasant days.

LONDON, FOURTH EDITION, 1892. PRICE $3.00.

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NEW JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA GAME ASSOCIATIONS.

THE sportsmen of New Jersey, under the leadership of the New Brunswick Gun Club, have apparently awakened to the necessity of concerted and united action on their part if game birds and animals, scarce even now in many parts of the State, are to be preserved for the next generation. The organization of a permanent association under the title of the New Jersey Game and Fish Association is one step in the right direction. It should be remembered, however, that it is but one step, and that whole flights of stairs have yet to be climbed before the association, as a representative body, can begin to claim the attention of the State Legislature at Trenton.

New Jersey's sister State, Pennsylvania, offered four years ago a similar spectacle to that now afforded by New Jersey. Two years ago the efforts of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, on behalf the better protection of the game of that State, failed, through lack of time, to obtain the desired legislation. Pennsylvania's legislators were many of them totally ignorant of the difference between a woodcock and a woodchuck; they were easily led in consequence, and lobbying being resorted to, some amendments were tacked on to the bill recommended by the legislative committee of the State Association that made it advisable to pigeonhole that document which once promised so well, rather than have it turned loose on a suffering commonwealth in the mutilated condition in which it left the House of Representatives. That was nearly two years ago.

Since then the State Association has strengthened its hands materially by adding many clubs and kindred organizations to its ranks. It has taken time by the forelock and has prepared a bill to be presented for the consideration of the next Legislature. This bill, which represents the wishes of the majority of the sportsmen of the Keystone State, will it is hoped, become a law before many months have passed. The legislative committee appointed at the Reading convention in '92; continued at the Harrisburg convention on Sept. 26, 1893; continued again and strengthened by the addition of new material, at the Altoona convention on August 21 of this year, has now in its hands something which should be accepted in the same spirit in which it is offered.

As in New Jersey, so in Pennsylvania, the open season for woodcock is the rock on which North and South have split. The arguments used at the New Brunswick convention on Saturday last were almost identical with those which have been used at every convention of the Pennsylvania Association since its inception. It is a good sign, however, when both sections begin to come together in regard to summer shooting. North Jersey is apparently willing to compromise on Oct. 15, as the date on which woodcock shooting should commence, not a day later. She argues, and it must be owned that she ought to know what she is talking about, that the November woodcock shooting in her counties is scarcely worth anything nine years out of ten.

The committee appointed by the New Brunswick convention to wait upon the Game and Fish Commissioners at their meeting in Trenton on Jan. 5 next, has no easy task before it. Whether it fail, if fail it should, in getting its wishes incorporated in the State laws this year, or whether it succeed, the need of concerted action on the part of New Jersey sportsmen is imperative. And such action can only be had from a State association organized on the lines of the New Jersey Game and Fish Association.

There is one point, and an important one, wherein the condition of New Jersey sportsmen is far better than that of their fellows in Pennsylvania. New Jersey has a game commission and her Legislature appropriates certain moneys to provide for the prosecution of those who break her game laws; Pennsylvania has none, and if her State Association can obtain merely that at Harrisburg during the coming session it will have made a great stride in the direction of the ultimate preservation and protection of the game of her fields and forests.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.

OUR suggestions respecting the reorganization of the New York Fish Commission, by abolishing the present board of politicians, jokers, frolic makers and incompetents, and putting in their place, a single, intelligent, capable commissioner, have been copied extensively by the press of the State. This indicates that the subject is one of interest to the public. It should be. The public pays tens of thousands of dollars annually for the maintenance of the work of the Commission. It has a right to demand and should demand that for the funds expended the largest possible returns should be insured. No matter how scrupulously honest and economical in intent may be the administration of the finances of the Commission, it stands to reason that they cannot be spent to good advantage if the Commissioners themselves are too ignorant or too indifferent to know what is to be done and how it should be accomplished.

The very first action that should be taken at Albany by the incoming Legislature in the interest of fishculture in New York is the adoption of a measure to provide a single-headed Commission. The next thing is the appointment to that office of an intelligent man, thoroughly versed in fishculture, interested in the work, and in every way equipped for the capable and efficient performance of his duties.

An admirable appointment would be that of Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls. Mr. Cheney has made a lifelong study of fish, fishing and fishculture. In these fields he is the best informed man in this State, if not in this country outside of Washington. His information is varied, comprehensive, thorough and practical. It is information that might profitably be enlisted in the public service of the State of New York. To the duties of the office he would bring an enthusiasm for the cause, a large-minded grasp of its opportunities, and an intelligent and capable administration of the interests connected with it. With Mr. Cheney as the incumbent of the office, the New York Fish Commission might well have the unquestioning confidence and support of the people of the State, as it most certainly would have those of the National and the other State commissions.

THE PASSING OF THE ADIRONDACK GUIDE.

EXCEPT for two isolated localities, the available supply of deer in New York State is in the Adirondack region. In Sullivan and Ulster counties a few deer exist; and a still smaller number on Long Island, but the average man does not care to visit this locality, and risk his life in a pursuit which promises no sport and a great deal of danger. It is to the Adirondacks that we must look for our local supply of deer to-day and in the near future. A time may come when by protection the deer in Sullivan and Ulster counties shall have so increased that their numbers may be worth considering, but that time does not seem near at hand.

It appears evident that, for the general public, the Adirondack deer supply cannot hold out much longer, unless more efficient protection is afforded them. They would long ago have been exterminated, if it were not for the large areas of private parks, where they do receive protection. The area available for hunting is constantly contracting, and the number of visiting hunters constantly increasing. The hunting is concentrated over the free territory. Deer are tracked, dogged and water-killed almost unceasingly all through the open season, and even at other times.

The private parks have preserved the deer, and the existence of these preserves makes hunting by the public more successful to-day than it was ten or fifteen years ago, but this formation of private parks, which increases the supply of deer, presages also the end of free hunting in the Adirondacks. With the end of free hunting, the guides who now make their living from hunters will lose their occupation, and as a class will disappear. Those still employed will become appendages to hotels, clubs and permanent camps, and will be much less numerous than they used to be. As time goes on and the subject of game protection is more and more agitated, other large areas of the Adirondacks will pass into the hands of clubs and associations, and there will be less and less opportunity for hunting by those who are not club members. Already vast tracts are closed to the public, who are not only forbidden to hunt on these lands but even to pass over them. As this state of things increases—as increase it must—the liberty of the public will be still further abridged, and with this curtailment of liberty we shall see the passing away of the old-time Adirondack guide.

It is evident that if there were a law for the Adirondacks that furnished protection to the deer, if the public believed that these animals were not in danger of extermination, the formation of the private parks would go on more slowly. Nowadays, men often join the associations as a matter of self-defense, so that they may be insured some hunting in the future, no matter what may happen in the free portion of the woods.

Among those best acquainted with the needs of the Adirondacks, and who look furthest into the future, there is a strong sentiment against the deer law as it stands to-day. A majority of the guides say that the present law is framed in the interest of the hotel keepers, who imagine that because the open season begins in August, many summer visitors, who would otherwise leave early in that month, will remain two or three weeks longer in the hope of killing a deer. The guides believe that the truth is that if the hunting began a month later, when the deer are in better condition, an entirely new class of visitors would come to the woods for hunting and that so the total number of visitors would be increased, with a corresponding profit to all who earn their livelihood by supplying the wants of the visitors. Sportsmen, as a rule, condemn the practice of water-killing deer, and would welcome a change in the law. Only the summer visitors and the hotel keepers are satisfied with the existing statute.

That a change is needed seems clear, and those who are interested are likely to move in the matter before long. The subject will probably be brought before the next Legislature for action.

THE REFORM OF TRAP-SHOOTING.

THE letters, which we publish from week to week, advocating concerted action to control trap-shooting, show how very general is the interest in this subject. Any action taken must originate with the trap-shooters—that is with the men who are most interested in keeping the sport up to a level where all can take part in it—but it should not be confined to them. Every man who uses a gun, whether he shoots at the trap or not, ought to feel an interest in keeping all departments of this sport free from taint or stain, and ought to use his influence in behalf of honest shooting.

Besides this, the various trades are interested and will desire to do their part to purify the sport. The principal manufacturers of shooters' supplies have traveling representatives at tournaments, to show their goods to shooters and to prove their excellence by taking part in the contests at the trap. Such representatives are the most faithful attendants at all shoots; they are usually men of agreeable personality, and among them are some of the very best shots in the land. For these and other reasons they are of great influence in the trap-shooting world. Their words and actions carry weight.

Most of them, no doubt, are honest shooters, but some are open to the suspicion of now and then dropping for place. The truth is that the whole atmosphere of trap-shooting tournaments has become so vitiated that the moral sense of the most honest man may become hardened, and he may now view with indifference acts that a few years ago he would have roundly condemned.

The shooting of these traveling men can readily enough be regulated by their employers, and if it were an understood thing that they would shoot honestly, their conduct, backed by public opinion, would no doubt put an end to the crooked practices so much deplored. If the manufacturers will give strict orders to their representatives that they must shoot honestly—doing the best they can—and that anything in the nature of dropping for place, if proved against the representative, will be followed by instant discharge, the results to shooting will be very good, and the influence of such an order will be seen at once.

Such action would be much more far-reaching than its influence on individual representatives of each concern. It would distinctly show the trap-shooting public that the manufacturers stand, as unquestionably they do stand, in favor of decent, manly sport. With the trade and the general public in favor of honest shooting, the crooked men will have to move to the rear.

For Christmas Reading.

CHARADE.

My first and last together make
The ribboned steel that binds the world,
My first alone your thirst can slake
From hissing urn with steam upcurled.
My second is a little bird
That flutters from the reeds and grass.
My whole compressed in one short word,
Can climb the dizziest mountain pass.

H. G. Dulog.

KELSY AND THE SHERIFF.

Uncle Jerry and I were pushing through the yellow branches and white stems of second growth bushes in the supposed line of flight of three partridges that had gone booming away unseen toward the rocky steeps of Shellhouse Mountain.

Presently we came upon a gnarled and decayed old apple tree, its hollow trunk knee-deep in yellow and brown ferns that filled the space which the shade of the dense branches had kept clear of woody undergrowth, while they held off at arm's length the intruding ranks of birches. Evidently it was not originally a wild apple tree, chance sown by bird or beast, for there were hollow stumps of great limbs that though overgrown with lichened bark, around the black cavity still showed that they had been cut close and square by the pruner's saw, and among the diminutive, pale yellow fruit that lightly burdened the crowded, interwoven sprouts matted with dead leaves and twigs, one half-decayed branch struggled upward to display a few fair, red apples to prove the skill of some forgotten grafter.

If further evidence was needed that this was the survivor of an orchard or perhaps one cherished fruit-bearer of a home that it far outlived, it was given by an adjacent cellar, a mere shallow pit, with grass-grown sides brimful of rank golden rods and asters.

The sodded dry bank offered a pleasand seat, for it lay in the full sunshine, while there was a creeping autumnal chill in the shade not inviting one to long rest therein.

"I guess them pa'tridges has gone clean on t' the hill," said Uncle Jerry, speaking aloud for the first time since we began our quest, "an' I believe we'd orter seddaown here an' hev a smwuk."

Taking a step down, he seated himself on the bank, and laying his single-barreled gun conveniently across his knees, began filling his pipe from a heart-case of long-cut tobacco.

I had not outgrown the youthful desire of the race to taste the fruit of every strange tree, and my lips were puckered over my latest acquisition of useful knowledge, so that I did not open them to ask for more, till I was seated beside my old friend and a whiff of smoke had loosened my tongue.

"Who ever lived here, Uncle Jerry?"

He picked up a broken brick and turned it slowly beneath his meditative eyes as if its blackened surface might give some clue to the moldered hands that kindled fires on a hearth long since cold and forgotten. After much thoughtful contemplation, he laid the brick beside him and answered:

"I ruther guess it must ha' been ol' Kelsy."

"Do you remember him?"

"Good land, no. He was gone furder'n the smoke of his own chimbly 'fore my day. But I've hearn my father tell on him an' haow he got treed."

"How was it?" I asked, pricking my ears for a thrilling tale of wild beasts.

Uncle Jerry took up the brick again, as if its touch might aid his recollection, passing it from hand to hand, with his elbows resting on his knees, like a shuttle that wove the thread of his story.

"Wal, ye see, the way on't was, ol' Kelsy bargained for a piece o' land here, an' put him up a lawg haouse, right here where we're settin', proberbly."

He dug away the thin soil with a corner of the brick and disclosed the red dust of the dead and buried house.

"He an' his ol' womern lived here quite a spell, long 'nough for him to git in debt to ev'ybody within a mild o' here. I do' know what possessed anybody to make a pitch here; the sile ain't much to brag on, an' it was a lunsome place even for them days—no neighbor nigher 'n Shellhaouse, a mile off, but there was lots an' sacks o' game all raoun', an' traout in the brook over there, so I've hearn tell, an' I've seen minnies in 't myself, not thirty year ago. Wal, bimeby, some o' them 'at he owed got sick o' waitin' an' made up the' minds 'at he wa'n't makin' no cal'lation on payin' nobody, so they hed the papers made aout to jail him; they useter jail folks for debt them times, ye know, an' they started the sheriff off arter him. Ol' Kelsy sot eatin' his breakfus, an' happenin' to look aouten the winder, he seen the sheriff clust on't the haouse. He knowed what was up the minute he seen him, an' he jumped up an' grabbed a hunk o' col' johnnycake off 'm the table an' cut aou' door, pocketin' it as be run, an' int' the woods quicker 'n scat, an' the sheriff arter him, an' it was nip an' tuck fer a few minutes, but Kelsy was tew spry fer him, fer he was a leetle, cat-hammed, wiry feller, an' the sheriff was a re'lar lummux 'at weighed tew hunded an' a quarter, so when Kelsy got start enough he jest shinned up a tollable-sized hemlock tree an' hid in the branches, thinkin' the sheriff hadn't seen him gwup. But he hed, an' pooty soon he come saounderin' up to the foot on't a-smilin' up at Kelsy like a basket o' chips.

"'Good mornin', Mr. Kelsy,' says he.

"'The top o' the mornin' tu ye, Mr. Tucker, an' that's what I've got up here,' says Kelsy.

"'Won't you jest step daown here a minute, Mr. Kelsy, I wanter see ye?'

"'If you wanter see me wuss 'n I du you, you c'n step up here,' says Kelsy.

"'O, come naow, what's the use o' foolin'?' says the Sheriff. 'I got papers tu sarve on ye.'

"'What's the use o your foolin'? Sarve 'em, why don't ye?' says Kelsy.

"'Wal, I will when you come daown, an' I'm goin' tu stay till you du,' says Tucker.

"'When I du, you sarve 'em,' says Kelsy; an' he lit his pipe wi' a flint an' steel an' some punk, an' begun smokin' as comf'table as you please, an' Tucker, he looked up a good spot an' daown he sot.

"'I guess I c'n stan' it tu set here as long as you can up there,' says he; an' he took aout his pipe an' he begin tu smoke, tu.

"'Mebby,' says Kelsy; an' he fixed himself comf'table on a big limb, with his back again the body of the tree, an' then thinkin' he might 's well improve the time bein' socierable, says he, 'Haow's yer fwolks, Mister Tucker?'

"'They're tollable well. Yourn is, I s'pose? I didn't seem to hev time to stop an' inquire abaout Mis' Kelsy's health when I was passin' the haouse.'

"'No, you didn't sca'cely seem to.' says Kelsy, laughin'. 'Yes, she's consid'able kinder middlin' 'ceptin' rheumatiz.'

"'She got rheumatiz?' says the sheriff. 'Wal, naow I'll tell ye what she wants tu take fer them. You take an' dig a good ha'f'l o' bloodrut an' put it intu a pint o' rum, an' hev her take a spoonful on 't three times a day. It'll knock the rheumatiz higher 'n Gilderoy's kite.'

"'You don't say. But seems 'ough so much bloodrut 'ould spile a pint o' good rum. Haow 'ould it du tu eat the bloodrut an' drink the rum 'long between bites, er haow 'ould it du for the ol' woman tu chaw the bloodrut an' me drink the rum?'

"'Jest as you an' her c'n agree,' says Tucker. Says he,

"SEATED BY MY OLD FRIEND."

'It was a High Jarmany Indian darcter tol' Amasy Baker on 't, an' it cured his rheumatiz, an' he tol' me. You've got it as cheap as I did.'

"'Any news wuth tellin'?' Kelsy ast, changin' the subjeck; for he begin tu git dry talkin' o' spirits.

"'I do' know as the' is, nothin' pertic'lar,' says Tucker, considerin' an' chawin' a goold thread rut; for he was beginnin' tu spit cotton, tu.

"'Be you goin' tu run fer sheriff agin this fall?' Kelsy ast, an' Tucker pricked up his ears an' sot up, considerable interested an' says,' 'I be if the folks is satisfied with the way I've done business an' wantu keep me in the office. I hope you haint layin' up nothin' agin me fer a-duin' of my duty, Mr. Kelsy, but 'll vote fer me just the same as if I hedn't ben 'bliged tu take ye?'

"'Not if I'm in jail I shan't vote fer you '

"'O, sho, you'll be out 'fore 'lection er anyways you'll be on the limits!"

"'Wal,' says Kelsy, 'I haint in yit an' I haint no notiern o' bein' hove in, not 'fore 'lection. If you'll go off int' woods an' stay an hour, I'll vote fer ye.'

"'Do you s'pose I'd shirk my duty that sorter way?' said the sheriff stan'in' up an' speakin' turrible indignant, 'no sir, but I'll tell you what I'm goin' tu du. I'm comin'

"SARVE 'EM, WHY DON'T YE?"

right up there an' pull you daown by the laigs', an' he begin to pull off his cut an' spit on his han's.

"'If you come here, I 'spect I'll be 'bleeged tu kick a hole in the top o' yonr head,' says Kelsey, 's cool as a caowcumber ,an' Tucker put on his cut an' sot daown agin.

"'Wal, I'll git yer axe an' chop ye daown,' says he arter a spell.

"' Wal, yes, you go an' git the axe,' says Kelsy, snickerin' right aout.

"'You'll hafter come daown sometime an' git somethin' to eat. It's gittin' towards noon an' I'm hungry myself. Come, what's the use o' foolin'? Come along daown an' we'll gwup tu the haouse an' git us suthin tu eat an' go 'long peaceable an' friendly.'

"'Thank you', says Kelsy, 'I've got suthin' tu eat', an' he hauled aout his johnnycake an' begin eatin'. You orter fetched a bite in your pocket. There haint a thing t' eat in the haouse but taters an' I was jest a goin' off arter some necessaries when you come an' upset all my cal'lations.'

"'Wal,' says the sheriff, 'ef you feel any 's I do you mus' be a-gittin' some dry. Come daown an' go 'long wi' me an' when we git tu Tupper's we'll have us suthin' tu take. Come naow.'

"'You talk temptin',' says Kelsy, 'but I know where there's a quart o' good rum nigher 'n Tupper's, an' if you're a min' tu be reasonable we c'n ha' some.'

"Tucker looked up kinder wishful and Kelsy went on explainin'. 'If you'll promise me, honor bright, to drink fair an' pass it up to me in a way I'll pervide I'll hev us a bottle 'o rum in less 'n no time!'

"'I will,' says Tucker, 'Hope to die if I don't, fer I'm drier 'n a graven image.'

"An' then Kelsy begin tu holler like a loon. 'Lyddee, Lyddee,' tu his ol' womern, an' she answered, an' he tol' her tu fetch the bottle o' rum, an' she did, an' he tol' the sheriff tu take a drink, which he did, an' meanwhile Kelsy was onwindin' a fishline 't he hed in his pocket, he most allers hed one, an' lettin' on 't daown through the branches, an' then he tol' his ol' womern tu hitch the bottle ontu it, which she did, an' he hauled it up an' took a snort that was turrible comfortin', fer he'd got pretty dry a-roostin' up in a tree, goin' on three hours. Pretty soon he took another tu make sure on 't an' then he let daown the bottle tu the sheriff an' says:

"'Drink hearty, for you haint got nothin' 't eat.' An' he did, for he was a thirsty crutter, an' not havin' nothin' tu eat since airly in the mornin' it took rank hol' on him an' it wa'n't long afore he was happy as a king. He tol' Kelsy stories and sung him songs an' says he, 'I never has sho mush fun takin' prishners sin' I hel' er offish. Shing shong, an' I'll taker ten stepsh.'

"An' Kelsy begin tu sing 'Hey Betty Martin, tip-toe fine,' an' Tucker flopped around a-takin' his ten steps like a frozen-footed ruster, till bimeby he stubbed his toe er tangled up his laigs an' daown he went kerflop, an' Kelsy sung aout 'You 've took 'em an' more tu!'

"Kelsy's womern kinder hung raound a spell till she seen haow the ol' man's medicine was a workin' an' then she suddenly scuttled off tu the haouse wi' the corner of her apron stuffed intu her mouth tu smudder her laughin.'

"'Tucker hung ont' the weeds an' grass tu keep from fallin' up, an' Kelsy was cocksure he was gettin' a leetle over the dam, when he went off saound asleep as a lawg, a snorin' like a blacksmith's bulluses. Kelsy hove daown a sliver o' bark an' it hit him right in the face, but he never stirred; an' so Kelsy come shinnin' daown, an' satisfied himself 'at Mr. Officer hed outlived his usef'lness fur a spell, an' he picked up the bottle 'at was wuth savin' for what was left in it, an' puther fer the haouse, an' there was lively times fer about an haour wi' him an' his ol' womern a pickin' up the' duds.

"When Tucker 'd slep' off the liquor, it was gettin' consid'able darkish in the woods an' the August pipers was tunin' up an' a hoot aowl a-hootin' up on the maountain, an' he couldn't think fer a minute where he was, er haow he come there. Then he sot up an' suthin' slid offem his breast ontu his lap. It was a gret hunk o' col' johnnycake 'at ol' Kelsy 'd put there the last thing, an' then it come tu him where he was an' what fetched him there, an' he got up an' went slyin' up tu the haouse.

"But there wa'n't no danger o' his 'larmin' nobody, fer when he shoved open the door the place was as empty as a contribution box 'cept the fillin' o' a straw bed scattered abaout on the floor, an' there wa'n't a sound in 't but a maouse a-squddlin' 'mongst the straw, an' the las' dyin' snappin' of the burnt aout fire on the hearth.

"'By gosh,' says Tucker arter gawpin' an' hearkin' abaout five minutes 'thout takin' a breath, 'He's gone, hook an' line, bob an' sinker! An' I'd orter hev a guardeen!' An' he didn't git the 'lection that fall."

As Uncle Jerry finished his story, he pitched the broken brick in the bushes in front of us beyond the cellar, having no further use for it.

There was a startled *kerrrr-quit, quit*, and a ruffed grouse shot up like a rocket through the tangled briers and almost as soon as seen vanished among the yellow birch leaves that swayed and tossed in the wind of his impetuous flight.

An abashed smile began stealing over the blankness of the old man's gaping face as he turned it slowly toward me, and said, "Wal, he fooled us, an' went julluk ol' Kelsy!"

Rowland E. Robinson.

MOOSE AND CARIBOU.

Fifty miles almost due north of Boisetown is Little Sou'west Miramichi Lake, in which locality are the best moose and caribou grounds in New Brunswick. Within a radius of twenty miles of the lake are hundreds of other lakes, big and little, many of them nameless and not traced upon any map of the country. It is a great timber region, but there are parts of it in which the sound of the chopper's axe has never yet been heard. On every side are hills and mountains of considerable height, which form the watershed of the Little Sou'west, Dungarvon, Renous, Clearwater and Rocky Brook to the south and east, and to the west of the waters of the Tobique.

The reigning monarch of this game paradise is Henry Braithwaite, the finest all-round guide and woodsman that ever wore a moose shank. For a quarter of a century he has trapped and hunted over it for bear, moose, caribou and all the small fur-bearing animals. He has a line of traps stretching over about seventy miles of ground, along which his camps or cabins are located at convenient intervals. His trapping is done chiefly in the winter when all this region is a silent waste of snow. Of recent years he has in the autumn taken several moose-hunting parties in upon these grounds, and has never failed to show them the living target. As a moose-caller he has no rival. Unlike the Indian guides he calls only in the daytime, when the game is plainly to be seen, and no one who has had the good fortune to see the consummate skill and patience with which he coaxes a wary old bull to his doom will ever forget the experience. When the marksman is the victim of buck fever, it is only by calling the game within very close range that the death-shot can be given.

The woods of Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are full of guides (so-called) who make a bluff at calling moose. The genuine artist who can really fool the old fellow into the notion that he hears the voice of his lady love is a very rare bird indeed. In the mating season a bull moose is readily excited by unusual scents or sounds and he is liable to investigate. He is intolerant of the presence of man but not much afraid of him. He will follow upon the trail of the hunter, or he will come to the camp to see what all the racket is about anyhow, and now and then he will plant himself in the road and dispute the right of way. Old Peter Gray, an Indian caller of the usual sort, expressed the whole thing in a nutshell. Being asked if he could call moose he replied, "Sartin, me call moose. Call um all m' lifetime. Sartin never come yet. Sposen a lot come when do come."

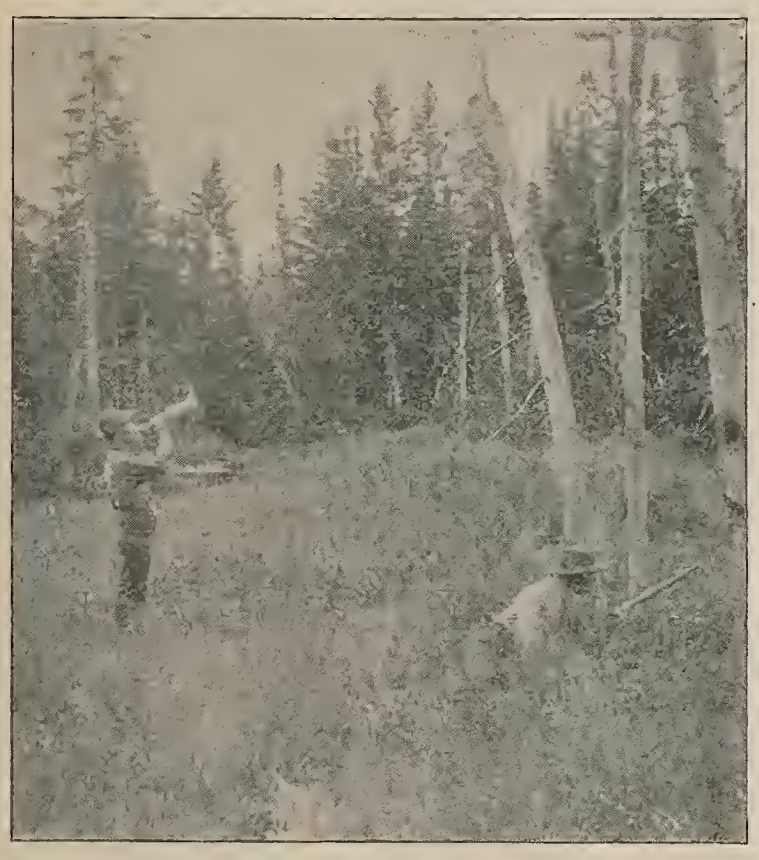
To shoot a bull moose, even in this favored region, and with Braithwaite as your guide, is a job of some magnitude. A deal of time is required to get there and get out again. A deal of calling is going to be done at the wrong time and the wrong place. There will be rainy days and windy days. There will be the moose that is too young to come to the horn and the moose that is too old to come to the horn. There will be the cow moose to which you and your horn are a matter of supreme indifference, and which you are not allowed to shoot anyway. Then again, there is no animal in all the wide world that displays such a positive genius for turning up at the identical spot where he is not wanted as a bull moose. Lastly, when he is shot he will lug off an amazing lot of lead. It will take three bullets to stop him in October where one will do it in March.

We boarded the accommodation at Fredericton, Mr. Fred. Irland, of Washington, and myself, and at Cross Creek were joined by Braithwaite, the guide, and Jack Best, the cook. We lost no time in pledging the health of the Little Sou'west Dead Meat Co. (Limited). At Boiestown we left the train and had our luggage and ourselves hauled about eight miles over to Pleasant Ridge. It was then late in the afternoon, and as for some good reason of his own, our host had failed to notify the "portasher" of our coming, it was impossible to make a start before morning, whereupon we quoted a few familiar scraps of Hebrew and tumbled into bed.

Bright and early in the morning came our "portasher" with his team. Henry called him Laziboo. He was an old and apparently feeble man, but was reckoned the best "portasher" in the settlement. For half a century at least Laziboo had been battling with the roots, rocks, blowdowns and quagmires of the "portash." Day or night, rain or shine, he would drive her through somehow, even if he had to swear her through.

"Come hyar, Madge, you dod-rot, flammergasted ole galvanized bear." This was one of Laziboo's very mildest.

At 7 o'clock Laziboo swore the harness on the horses and we started for the woods. After a haul of two miles we reached the last clearing, and Laziboo exchanged his hayrack wagon for a sled with wooden shoes. Fred named it the bull moose express.



"WOULD THAT I COULD DESCRIBE THAT CALL."

I will not consume the valuable space of FOREST AND STREAM nor the credulity of its readers in trying to describe what a "portash" road through the Canadian lumber woods in the fall of the year is really like. At times the bull moose express appeared to be heading for the sky; at times it was diving for the lower regions. It would slide upon one runner for a spell, and then it would lurch over and come down with a crash and bang that could be heard a mile away. Over stumps and roots and rocks it would grind and groan, and then it would sail serenely on an even keel through a sea of inky muck. And all the while Laziboo plodding behind with his gad and swearing her through till all was blue.

Now and then a blowdown had to be cut out of the road, and to see the white chips flying in volleys from the axes of Henry and Jack was a sight to be remembered. Fred and I walked ahead of the team as a rule, much to the detriment of *Tetrao umbellus*. We saw no large flocks—in fact this was our experience on the entire trip—but those we saw were very tame and we always had enough to flavor the pan.

Only fifteen miles were made that day as the load was a heavy one. Our tent was pitched at the Indian Village, so-called from the black stumps that stand there like ghosts in the moonlight. A cold, drenching rain greeted us at daybreak but we pushed steadily on, crossing two branches of the Dungarvon and also a caribou barren which bade fair at every step to swallow up the horses. Over two hours were taken to traverse the last two miles of the journey, owing to the bog-holes around which a road had to be swamped and the numerous fallen trees which had to be chopped out. The weather soon cleared off perfectly, and while the team was slowly working its way up the hill, Fred and I caught some excellent trout at the big Dungarvon Dam. They took our fish-bait readily, but would not touch the fly. A little before dark we reached an old lumber shanty called Pond's Camp, the terminal station of the bull-moose express. Honest old Laziboo left us in the morning for the outer world, agreeing to return in four weeks' time to help us out.

Everything had now to be carried forward on the backs of the men. The loads they carried neatly packed in a blanket and strapped across their shoulders would have staggered a sumpter mule. Often as we journeyed north it became necessary for Henry and Jack to go back over the trail and bring up a load, while Fred and I loafed around the camp or fished for trout in the lakes. We did not care to use our shotguns on the ducks and partridges we saw, as we were in a country where the signs of big game were numerous.

Two miles from the terminal station aforesaid was a pond hole, where the fresh tracks of a moose were seen. Braithwaite made a horn of birch bark and gave him a call. Would that I could describe that call—its low, sweet, musical opening note; its rise and swell into a loud,

"WHISKY JACK."

deep roll of melody that filled the valleys and surged like a tidal wave up the mountain side. I marveled not that many a man had grown gray and died in despair at being unable to compass it. Nor can I describe the weird, unnatural stillness that followed, when every murmur of the wanton wind, or ripple of the distant brook, or boom of the passing swamp-fly—yea, when the very beating of our hearts seemed like an answer to the summons. From the sublime to the absurd is but a moment's pause. At the second call an owl near at hand responded with his mournful cry, whereupon Braithwaite burst out laughing and shouldered his pack for the onward march. Henry said that last year when he was calling at the pond hole he was answered by a bear which came up through the brush almost within range of his rifle. He set a steel trap for him and next morning had the pleasure of knocking him in the head.

A three-mile tramp brought us to one of Henry's temporary camps, made of birch bark, near Burton Lake. We toiled onward, however, four miles further to Louis Lake, a lovely sheet of water, clear as crystal and glistening like a gem in its autumn setting. The lake, which is nearly two miles long and about half as wide, is right on the top of the mountain. A three-legged fox gazed at us as we approached the lake, and then scampered off in the brush. He had evidently at some former period been the victim of misplaced confidence in one of Henry's traps.

At Louis Lake was a permanent camp large enough to hold our party with comfort. It was a veritable museum, in which the relics of former hunting parties had accumulated, as well as the multitudinous bric-a-brac peculiar to the trapper's calling. Henry is fond of good reading, and we noticed several ancient files of FOREST AND STREAM in his library. We were not long in finding out that Louis Lake afforded superb trout fishing. Right at the landing in front of the camp Fred stood next morning, while Jack was "biling the kittle," and yanked out beautiful lake trout, averaging a pound in weight, faster than I could

AT THE BARK CAMP.

take them from the hook and kill them. There seemed to be no end to the supply; no limit to their appetite. Pork, fish or fly, it was all the same to them; and when we stopped fishing they crowded up to the landing and eyed us reproachfully. After that it made no difference when we fished—they were always there waiting patiently for us. Fred even caught them with a scrap of tissue paper on the naked hook. Henry told us of a lake not far away where the trout were 5lbs. in weight, and of other lakes to the west where tuladi or landlocked salmon could be found weighing 30lbs.

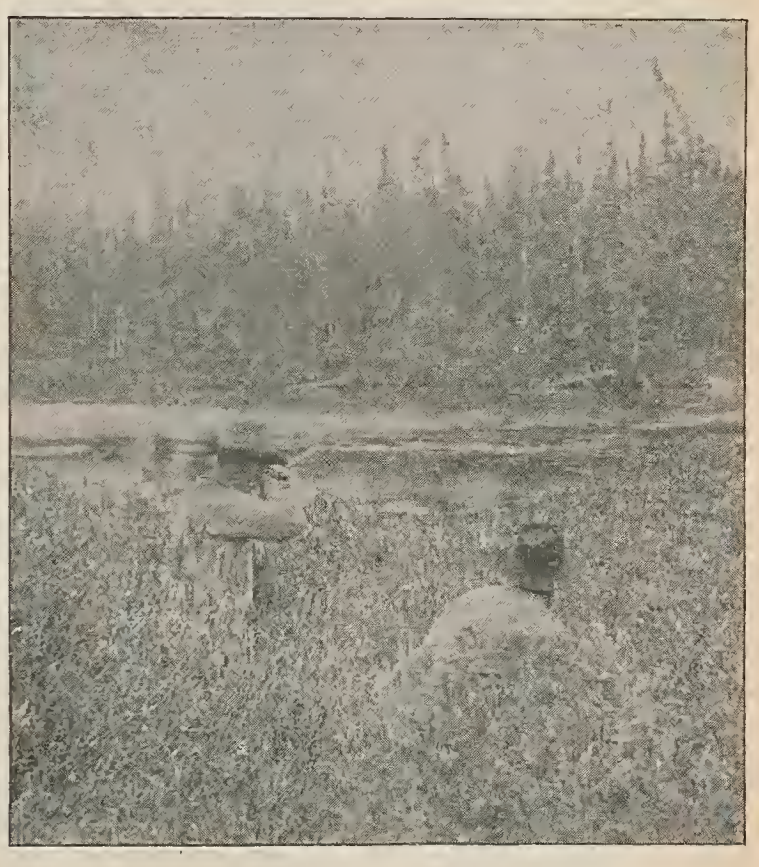
Within a short distance of the camp were Half-Moon Lake and Two Lakes, where Henry called several times without result. He showed us the spot on the shore of Two Lakes where last year a big moose swam across in answer to his call, and stood so close to the hunter that he shook the water from his mane over him before Henry fired. Not over a hundred yards from this spot, Mr. Rogers, a New York sportsman who had spent seven seasons in Maine and elsewhere without bagging his moose, killed a fine old bull in the fall of 1892.

Our next station on the northward march was Renous Deadwater, where Henry had another bark camp. On two occasions while there we heard the crashing leaps of caribou in the brush near us but failed to catch sight of them. One afternoon at dusk we saw a small cow moose traveling head down across the barren, but as it is illegal to shoot the female we allowed her to pass unscathed. We then pushed on for Little Sou-West Miramichi Lake. The trail for the greater part of the way led across caribou plains over which we walked as on a carpet of velvet pile. We passed a water hole where Mr. McAndrews, another New York sportsman, bagged his moose last fall.

It was early in the afternoon when we reached the southern shore of the lake. It is a most imposing stretch of water, four miles long and a mile wide, and dotted with many beautiful islets. At the landing was an old bark canoe, in which, after necessary repairs, we embarked upon the broad bosom of the lake, and poled to the camp three miles away. We routed myriads of black duck and were sorely tempted to unlimber the shotgun.

The camp was snugly situated in a sheltered cove and here I think Fred will agree with me that two of the happiest weeks of our lives were spent. We snared partridges, spruce and birch, with a wire on the end of a pole; we caught 2lb. trout in the lake and 4lb. trout over at the forks of the Little Sou-West stream; we photographed Whiskey Jack (the Canada jay) as he disputed with us the possession of our table; we explored beaver dams and houses in the streams near at hand; we caught a big black bear in a trap and took his picture, (which alas! proved to be a rank failure); we gathered wild cranberries on the shore of the lake, and we consumed more pork and beans than I would dare to mention. And at eventide when the sun had gone and the wind was hushed and the smoke of the camp-fire rose straight to the sky, we would sometimes go down to the shore of the lake and think of the absent ones over the hills and under the stars.

Nearly every day when the weather was reasonable, we



"WAIT TILL HE COMES OUT."

explored the surrounding lakes and plains for moose and caribou. Fred and Henry and I one morning embarked in the canoe intending to go to the barrens for caribou, when on the opposite of the lake half a mile away we saw a moose calmly walking along the bank. We paddled desperately to get within range of him, but the rushes in the shallow water delayed us, and before we could effect a landing he disappeared forever. We went ashore and looked at his tracks, and consoled ourselves with the thought that he wasn't a very big moose anyway. We then pursued our original plan, paddling to the foot of the lake, and thence on foot to Jack's Lake. The country through which we passed was chiefly a dry caribou barren on which the reindeer moss (*Cladonia rangiferina*) was abundant. We found a number of horns which the animals had shed, bleached by the weather as white as snow. Both dark and white caribou are to be found in this region and they mingle freely in droves. The latter are the larger variety, and their beautiful white "shirt-fronts" give them a very dignified appearance. For some reason which I have never heard explained not more than one-half of the cows breed in a single year. About one female in ten has horns but they do not compare with those of the male for size and beauty, and owing to their slight formation are apt to be broken by contact with trees and other objects. The bulls fight furiously in the fall of the year and often receive serious wounds. By the first of December nearly all the old bulls have shed their horns. Young bulls usually carry theirs until February, while the cows do not often lose theirs till March. In the mating season the neck of the bull caribou swells up to a great size, and he is then, like the bull moose, possessed of great vitality. His meat has at this time a strong, musky flavor, and is only to be relished by gentlemen of a severely practical turn of mind.

Caribou are getting more numerous in the Miramichi region every year. On Christmas Day last year seven herds were in sight at once on the ice of Little Sou'west Lake. A party of local sportsmen who were out with Arthur Pringle on Nor'west waters this fall saw forty-three caribou in one drove, and over one hundred animals in the space of two days. After snow falls it is very easy to track and hunt them down.

The moment we reached Jack's Lake we saw on the opposite shore and walking rapidly around the turn, a cow caribou and calf. Henry hustled us at a killing pace through the hard-backs down the bank to meet her when she got around the turn, but we had hardly run a rod when

we were almost paralyzed at the sight of a grand old bull caribou close behind the cow and followed by two other fine cows. They were all, after the manner of caribou, in a rush to get somewhere. How we ever got through the hard-hacks and over the bog holes in time to intercept the drove is a mystery to us all. We had just reached a small opening in the firs, when the first cow caribou appeared in front of us, about 75yds. away, and wheeled to the right. "Wait for the bull!" was all Henry had time to say, when the royal animal came in view. Fred's favorite Marlin (.45-85) aud the old Martini (.45-95) woke the echoes together, and the buck leaned up against the bank as though hit hard. Fred has a great habit of keeping the air full of lead as long as anything is standing. He fired three times in rapid succession and then I let the Martini loose once more for good measure. The caribou took two steps toward us, but his tide of life was ebbing fast and he fell forward and into the brook, driving one of his horns 3ft. down in the boggy bottom with the force of his fall. Four bullets had pierced his breast, any one of which should have been fatal. While the fusilade was going on the cows jumped away through the bush and we saw no more of them.

A drizzling rain set in one morning as we prepared to take a cruise up Pocket Lake, and I was greatly minded to surrender my chance for glory to Henry and Fred and remain in camp with Jack. However, at the last minute I decided to go, and the three of us put in a long, wet and profitless day. On returning to the camp Jack showed us where a big moose had, during our absence, come within 40yds. of the camp and stood for several minutes watching him. Jack had made frantic efforts to find a ball cartridge for the shotgun, but during the operation the animal calmly walked away. I kicked Fred, Fred kicked Henry, Henry kicked me, and then we all kicked Jack.

"I cal'late he was the most terriblest big moose with the most tremenjus pair of horns I ever did see," was the comforting assurance we received from Jack. Sufficient unto the episode is the cussedness thereof.

One evening when the uncanny laughter of the loons on the lake had died away, and we had snuggled ourselves down nicely in the blankets before a fire that sent the sparks in myriads up into the frosty air, we heard the low, deep, subterranean grunt of a moose apparently within a rod or two of the camp. There was an upheaval of blankets, arms, legs and guns and an avalanche of *dramatis personæ* poured through the doorway into the outer gloom. A silence so dense that it seemed to weigh a ton set in as we stood there peering into the shadows. We walked softly around the camp and down the path that led to Pocket Lake, but nothing could we see. We returned to our beds, when again we heard the grunt, and again we tumbled through the door. This time there were several grunts, and a sound as if our visitor was pawing up the ground, but the night was black as ink, and we could not locate him. Henry rigged up a birch bark torch, but all our efforts were in vain. In the morning we made a thorough investigation and found (so delusive as to distance is the grunt of a bull moose), that, instead of being close to the camp, he had been digging up the barren fully a quarter of a mile away.

On another occasion when we had been cruising all day without result, we returned to the canoe and found that a big moose had been there and mussed the place all up. "It all belongs to hunting," was Henry's comment when episodes like these occurred.

There came a day at last that will never fade from our memories. Henry and Fred launched the dug-out, landed at the head of the lake and then climbed a mountain *en route* for a little lake where the guide thought they stood a chance for moose. Jack and I paddled off in the opposite direction on our own hook. When the little lake was reached Henry gave a call, and was at once answered by a hoarse grunt from the woods on the opposite shore. There was no mistake about it this time. Other grunts followed and they heard the antlers colliding with the trees. They rushed down the shore so as to be opposite the spot where they thought the moose would appear. Before they reached it, a big set of antlers loomed up, pushing their way through the firs and hard-hacks. "Wait till he comes out!" said Henry. As Fred took the kneeling position, the noble animal stepped out in full view about a hundred yards away. He looked straight across the water at them, and with every hair in his mane standing on end, said as plain as language could speak: "What in the devil are you doing there?" As Fred fired at his breast he started off among the alders and firs that lined the shore. At every jump he took Fred let go at him with the Marlin. He disappeared from view in the firs, and they ran around the head of the lake after him. Fred came on him suddenly, broadside on, not 20ft. away, as defiant and kingly as ever, but breathing his last. As Fred gave him the finisher he came down all in a heap. While they were at lunch, after the animal had been skinned and dressed, and four bullets dug out of his carcass as mementoes of Freddy's deadly aim, they heard away down the lake, five or six miles off, a few remarks from the old Martini and rightly judged that something had happened to the Prowler.

After Jack and I landed at the foot of the lake we went back over the trail for some distance, but beyond chasing a moose calf which we never could get our eyes upon, met with no incident worthy of mention. Returning to the canoe, we had our lunch and started to paddle our way home leisurely by the northern shore. As we approached a rocky point we suddenly saw a small cow caribou, with limbs as delicate as those of a deer, and behind her a fine old bull, stepping daintily and softly around the turn. Our canoe at the time was heading straight for them, and the wind was blowing precisely in their direction. They were about 150yds. away, but the wind drifted us toward them quite rapidly. From the motion of the canoe it was impossible to get a steady aim. My first shot at the bull took effect, however, the bullet passing through his neck. He turned a trifle and faced out into the lake, as though somewhat confused. Neither of the animals seemed to pay the least attention to the crash of the rifle. My second shot went through the bull behind the shoulder, and he dropped in the water without a kick. The cow turned her head placidly around and took a casual glance at the dear departed, but showed no sign of concern. I fired then at the widow, but I think only inflicted a slight flesh wound, for she jumped over the bank like a flash and disappeared in the woods. I do not suppose there is a man on earth in these degenerate days more saturated with sanctity than my friend Jack Best; yet I am fain to confess that the remarks he made when trying to skin that tough old bull, knee-deep in the water, with a dull knife, would have reflected credit even on the unrepentant Laziboo.

During the remainder of our stay at the lake we tried to atone for our neglect of the black duck but they were very coy and shy. We found the broadbills and many other varieties of sea duck plentiful in Half Moon Lake and bagged a large number. At Two Lakes Fred and I were lucky enough to knock over a cow caribou in the thoroughfare at a range of about 400yds. Just at the foot of Louis Lake, while lugging a load of horns down the trail, Henry saw a large cow moose swimming across one of the inlets, evidently bent upon escaping from her male companion. We saw an exciting race at daybreak between a blue hawk and a partridge, in which, much to our delight, the hawk came out second best.

On Oct. 15 Laziboo and the bull moose arrived on schedule time at Pond's Camp. He and I went out to the settlement with the trophies of the trip, making thirty miles over the "portash" that day. Fred decided to remain in the woods a fortnight longer. It was five weeks before the party emerged, Henry having built a log canoe and brought them down the Clearwater. When the snow fell early in November they tracked a herd of five caribou and Fred bagged three of them before they could run 40yds. Along the Crooked Deadwater and at the head of Clearwater they saw many signs of moose but failed to connect. Fred was much pleased with his cruise and we were all much pleased with Fred. We have planned another trip for next season, which I am not without hopes will be set forth in the comely pages of FOREST AND STREAM by a much more facile pen than mine.

FREDERICTON, N. B. PROWLER.

DUCKING IN DECEMBER.

THE season had opened well, and black duck and sheldrake had been plentiful, while one flight of geese had struck in and been fairly accounted for by one or two fortunate beings. Our luck had been good into November, and the score on the Skipper's boat-house door showed a goodly record. December opened cold, and the harbor was frozen over for the first time during the season. This made getting out to the reefs well nigh impossible, and we rather languished for a chance at our favorite sport until the middle of December, when a thaw set in, and the ice, assisted by a blow, broke up and left the harbor open. The weather was so much warmer that the Skipper proposed a trip along shore for a day or two of duck shooting. I jumped at the proposal and inside of three hours was at the creek where lay the Gypsy, a cabin catboat, 22ft. long, an able boat and no laggard. I found the Skipper busily engaged in stowing dunnage and provisions in the Gypsy, while his man was bending on the small mainsail, which was made for our use during the fall season. I turned in and helped to stow the bedding, provisions, oil-skins, etc.

Three hands made quick work and by three o'clock the Gypsy lay out in the channel, with everything aboard but the guns. Some time was occupied in filling shells and by four o'clock we were aboard, clad in corduroys, reefers and hip-boots, and the Gypsy went tearing down the harbor with a stiff leading breeze, and doing splendidly. The weather was not unpleasantly cold and heavy clothing kept us comforable, while we were in high spirits regarding the prospect of a good time.

By five o'clock we were among the islands, after a quick run to the westward, and determined to lay up and get some decoy shooting, and run further on the next day. The breeze had freshened considerably, but we were up under the shore and in smooth water, and very soon ran into a snug bay, horse-shoe shaped, and dropped our hook. Here the Gypsy lay easily, with a good shelter, and splendid holding ground. We stopped only long enough to snug down, and then, jumping into the sneak-box towing astern, we pulled into the shore. Here a heavy line of sedge and marsh promised a good chance for a few shots from the decoys. These we anchored in short order, and running the sneak-box into the sedge covered her deck with grass and put a handful on our hats.

The night proved a good one, the heavy wind bringing the ducks in, and we bagged five in the hour we lay there. The Skipper had a very lively chase after a bird that he had winged and which fell into the sedge. If that duck was winged he made slashing time through the shallow water and sedge, and the Skipper fairly earned him when he caught him and wrung his neck.

The darkness made further shooting impossible, so hauling in the decoys we pulled aboard the Gypsy and proceeded to boil a "caulker" of coffee. How good that aroma, and how much better the taste of that decoction of the fragrant berry! After being cramped in a sneak-box for an hour on a winter's night, with every nerve on the *qui vive*, the warmth of the Gypsy's little cabin, with its kerosene stove heating a big pot of strong coffee, was something to be remembered. We ate a hearty supper, pulled out our briers, and between puffs planned the morrow's campaign.

During the night I awoke and thought I heard some one walking on the beach, his footsteps crunching loudly on the frozen sand. We lay near the west shore, about two rods from the beach, and I thought some duck hunter might be staying in the old house on the island, and seeing the Gypsy had walked along shore to see who we were. Under this belief I poked my head out of the cabin and stared ashore, but could see nothing on account of the darkness. Ugh, how cold it was! I hailed, but got no response, and dodged back into the warm cabin. I thought it was not worth while to freeze for the sake of finding another duck crank walking along shore. I found the Skipper awake, and his salutation as I tumbled under the blankets was, "Who in thunder is that walking along the shingle?" I observed that if he was anxious to discover he could go out and try to. As for myself, the cabin was more congenial than the temperature outside at present. The Skipper's curiosity was aroused and out he went, and I heard his ejaculation as the cold wind struck him. He also hailed the beach, and got no reply. Then I heard him moving about on deck, and presently he crawled into the cabin, all in a shiver with the cold, and disgustedly remarked that "he didn't see how any one could be such a blamed fool as to take the scraping of the sail on deck for the footsteps of any one on the beach." I didn't say anything, but I fervently kicked myself. Next morning we found that a fold in the sail had worked loose, and the wind, scraping the stiff canvas across the cabin top had made the illusive crunching sound. Neither of us mention that matter much. The Skipper said he wouldn't if I wouldn't.

The next day it blew heavily from the westward and the Skipper decided that the Gypsy would be full as comfortable by lying in the bay as by staggering under two reefs outside, and I agreed with him. We lay around in the little cabin all day, cleaning the guns and indulging in an occasional game of California. The ducks killed the preceding night proved very fat and large, notably the one which led the Skipper so lively a chase through the marsh. This was the largest black duck I have ever seen killed. Before dusk we pulled the sneak-box into a line of sedge, set the stool, and managed to get three birds during the time there. I also managed to get a boot-leg full of icy water by stepping into a small pond hole in the darkness, just as we left the marsh. That night passed quietly enough, and we heard no more "footsteps."

The following morning we got under way at 9:30 and ran to the eastward ten miles, getting several old squaws and two coots, running down on them and knocking them over as they rose. We had quite a brush with a large oyster sloop, having on board a party of duck shooters, but the Gypsy had the heels of him, and he could not hold us. We thrashed back to the old berth by four, and shot from the same marsh that night, with no luck; misses were in order, and I was disgusted with myself at my wild shooting.

The next day broke mild, and we jogged up and down off shore with a light air from the westward, getting a number of old squaws, one sheldrake and a tough old coot. This same coot I shot at three times before he would let go his grip on life and allow his worthless body to be picked up. I chased him in the sneak-box and got him, more out of spite than because I wanted a coot.

We changed our anchorage that afternoon, dropping the hook in a creek that made into the shore. Here we had better luck; set the stool in a marsh that was full of pond holes and was an excellent feeding ground. The score was increased by seven, and we agreed that to-morrow we would start the Gypsy on the run home, for the next night was Christmas Eve, and the 25th must find us around the festal board, where the time-honored turkey should surely be flanked by fat duck with brown gravy.

During the night the wind hauled into the northeast, and the morning was stormy and dark when we roused out. Frequent squalls of wind, bringing rain and sleet with it, promised an unpleasant run home. The Skipper tied in a reef, while I broke out the hook, and the Gypsy's head was put toward home. We were close-hauled on the easterly breeze, and before we were clear of the islands the reef proved none too little, for we had to ease her continually as the heavy puffs struck us. With a single reef tied in the Gypsy surged ahead bravely, but it was wet, cold work. About an hour after leaving the islands the boat towing astern parted her painter and got away, and we had to come up in the wind, drop the peak and square away after her. It was no small job to pick up that sneak-box in the weather we were having, with a heavy seaway rolling in from the eastward; but we managed it, and bent a new line to her pretty expeditiously.

The cold, raw wind and spits of rain made handling the Gypsy a very tedious and trying job, but we were getting on in good time. By 2 o'clock we were off the harbor, and ran by the breakwater, over which the sea was tumbling gloriously. Here the Skipper got wildly excited as he pointed out a dog-seal which had risen abot sixty feet to leeward of us. It was a splendid chance, but my Scott was in the cabin with the Skipper's, and the seal dove in an instant.

These hair seals are not uncommon through the sound and may be seeu on the reefs at low water, their hair shining like polished steel as the sun's rays fall on them. They are of no value, however.

We found just water enough to cross the flats and avoid a crooked channel, and in a short time the Gypsy lay off the boat house and we pulled ashore with the dunnage and birds.

Christmas Eve! The bells were just ringing out as I reached home, tired, hungry, but at peace with all the world. The rain had changed to snow, and already the ground was white. But I thought of the boat house door, where the Skipper chalked up for the trip fifteen black duck, three coots, one sheldrake and several old squaws, and I didn't care if it snowed the whole harbor up.

I have been out in November and February of the present year, but have found the birds exceptionally wild and hard to bag. TACOMET.

Foxes as Tree Climbers.

VELASCO, Tex., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice some discussion of late in the FOREST AND STREAM relative to the ctimbing qualities of the fox. It seems odd to a Texan, to hear of any one doubting the fact that they climb about as well as a cat.

Fox hunting is a favorite pastime in the timbered country of east Texas. Most of the planters keep packs of half a dozen, or in many cases a score of hounds. They usually meet at some trysting place on bright moonlight nights, and combining their dogs in one grand pack make the welkin ring until early dawn after the cunning little fellows.

It requires some skill in the art of horsemanship to follow a pack of hounds through the dark woods, over logs and trees, and through brier patches, but the sport is glorious. If any one cares to learn more of the habits of the fox and its skill as a tree climber when close pressed by the hounds, let him write to that veteran of the chase and sportsman, Judge L. B. Hightower, of Huntsville, Tex., or to Capt. Dick Lewis, of Waverly, Tex., and they may hear a great deal of fox lore. O'BRIAN SHEA.

Let Him Speak Now.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In traveling between Newark and New York by the C. R. R. of N. J., I never—that is, hardly ever—see that long point which makes out into Newark Bay just south of the bridge without saying to myself, "What a perfectly elegant point that must have been to stool ducks from in old times!" or words to that effect, be the same more or less. Is there not among your Hudson or Essex county readers one at least who used to put out his decoys there once upon a time in the auld lang syne, and can tell us of his luck? If so, I prythee let him have parlance in these columns. J. L. KEARNEY.

A WEEK WITH THE GRAYLING.

In Two Parts—Part Two.

I DID not sleep much that first night in camp. My bed was comfortable; the mosquitoes, kept back by the netting across the entrance to the tent, could not get at me; but I had not slept in a tent for years, and the novelty of the situation kept me awake for some hours. I lay and listened to the voices of the night, most prominent and least musical of which were those certain sounds produced by sleeping man when lying upon his back with his mouth open. More pleasing was the gentle murmur of the creek, the ceaseless chirp of the crickets and the mournful call of the whippoorwills I heard the horses munching their hay, the hoot of a distant owl, the hoarse croaking of a frog and the splash that he made as he sprang into the water. A louder splashing was made. no doubt, by a mink, engaged at his old trick of poaching the grayling. Once I heard the blood-curdling cry of a lynx in the thick woods on the top of the hill, opposite, as he pounced down upon some unwary rabbit or dozing partridge. That crashing in the bushes was made by a prowling bear, or a deer on his way to the creek to drink. At last I fell asleep.

When I opened my eyes it was broad daylight, but my companions were still sleeping soundly and I stole out of the tent without disturbing them. The horses got up from the ground and shook themselves, and I threw them an armful of hay, then slipped on my mackintosh wading boots and went down to the creek. The sun was just showing itself above the bluff back of the grove, and the birds were hailing its appearance with their wildest songs. Rigging a cast of flies, professor for stretcher, cowdung for first dropper, and coachman for the second, I soaked my fly until it was pliable and then waded into the creek until the water was waist deep, and made my first cast into the pool at the foot of the rollway. The flies had hardly touched the water when there was a rise to the professor. I struck, but too late. Again and again the flies went out, every second or third cast provoking a rise, now to one fly, now to another; but the result was always the same. I could not hook the lively fish that seized and rejected the lure before I knew it.

This may appear strange to the angler who has never cast a fly for grayling, but not to the old grayling fisher. The grayling takes the fly differently from the trout. The trout rushes for it, often leaping out of the water in his eagerness to seize it, thus giving the eye a chance to inform the brain and the brain to direct the wrist to strike; while the grayling rises swiftly and silently, straight upward from the bottom, rather sucking the fly in than seizing it bodily, and seldom showing any part of itself above the water. The smaller fish, however, will often leap entirely over the fly without attempting to touch it, seemingly in a spirit of play. After a time they began to show that trick to me, acting for all the world as though they were playing leap-frog. No sooner did my leader strike the water than two or three of them would turn a somersault over it, one after another, but never seizing the flies, though they sometimes fell upon the leader and fooled me for an instant into thinking that I had had a strike.

Now, I profess to be a patient man, patient in angling at any rate, but I must confess that I became irritated after a few minutes' experience of their monkeyshines. I tried several different flies, with no success, yet the fish continued to flip out of the water all around me, even breaking almost under my nose. It really began to look as though their saltatory performances were intended to show their contempt for me. There were plenty of May flies floating on the surface which they would snap right alongside my imitation fly, but they paid not the least attention to them. It was exasperating, and I was silly enough to lose my temper, casting with much unnecessary vigor and striking viciously whenever a tail, striking the leader, deluded me into the belief that I had a rise.

At last I snapped off a fly, and just then I heard a suppressed snicker on the shore behind me. Whirling quickly about, there stood my three friends at a safe distance from the flies in their backward flight, laughing at me. "Mighty poor marksmen, those grayling, eh?" snickered Ryan. "I think the trouble is that you don't use force enough!" jeered Wesson. "If you would only lash the water into a foam and show the fish that there was something there for breakfast, they might bite."

Assuming an air of dignity, I faced the creek and made another cast. Shades of Walton! A strike! I struck, and instantly a small silvery object went sailing over the heads of my tormentors and landed in some bushes far back in the grove. My leader went with it. The roar that went up from those three silenced the birds and so frightened my other tormentors in the water that they ceased their flipping. A moment I stood gazing stupidly after the poor grayling, then the absurdity of the situation burst upon me, and I joined in the laugh at my own expense. Instead of grayling for breakfast that morning, as I had fondly hoped, we had dried brief; but there was plenty of fun in which I joined as best I could.

I think that I mentioned last week that my acquaintance with the grayling had been limited, up to that time. That this experience of mine is no fancy sketch any old grayling fisher will know at once, and understand the whys and wherefores. He has probably been through an experience similar himself. In passing I will say that, later in the season, I took with me to that same stream an old trout fisherman, an expert fly-caster, who had never tried his hand for grayling. I started to give him some "pointers," but he seemed so self-satisfied that I desisted and let him learn for himself. I had a good deal of quiet fun in watching him fish the same pool I had fished. He put on the same flies I had put on. I told him so much as that—and there are none better so far as my experience goes—but, like mine, they were too large on a No. 6 hook, when they should have been No. 12. He kept his line taut and his flies on the top of the water, skittering them constantly, as I had done. He got rises, and did not know it until too late. The little jumpers played leap-frog over his leader. He got "warm under the collar," the perspiration rolled down his face, but no fish rewarded his frantic efforts. Finally he turned and remarked to me in sarcastic tones, "I thought you told me that grayling were savage biters. I think they are the poorest marksmen I ever saw." Those were Ryan's own words to me a month before. I let him "gang his own gait" for half a day. At noon I returned to camp with a basket full of nice fish, having taken it easy, while he had a few miserable little things that he ought to have been ashamed to keep, and was thoroughly tired out and disheartened. His chagrin when he saw my catch was exceedingly gratifying to me, remembering his patronizing airs of the early morning, when I had attempted to tell him the little I knew of the grayling's ways. After dinner he was perfectly willing to go to school and proved so apt a pupil that he nearly eclipsed his teacher. But to return.

When breakfast was over Arnold said, "Now, boys, bring the old man of the party. I shall take an old man's privilege and go down stream. Our tenderfoot visitor had better go with me, and I will give him a few points."

I was glad to hear this, for I had begun to realize that I needed a few lessons in grayling fishing. Wesson and Ryan started off at once up stream, and we were left to ourselves. Producing his fly book, Arnold took from it several papers of new flies and handed them to me.

"There," said he, "those are the proper thing; your flies are all too big for grayling."

They were beautiful little midgets, tied on No. 12 Sproat hooks, with reversed wings.

"Now," he continued, "small flies require a fine leader and a fine leader requires a fine line; let's see what you have."

I found the requisite articles, and while I was rigging up my new outfit Arnold jointed up a long and rather stiff rod and produced from the wagon a wooden box in which there was a goodly supply of angle worms. "I am sorry to say," said he, "that I am almost reduced to the necessity of becoming a 'bait fisherman,' one of those contemptible fellows that the writers on angling regard with such disfavor. I am very near-sighted and cannot use the fly-rod unless the day be dark and the water free from glare." He sighed and looked pensive for a moment. "Now, then, are you ready? Just step right in there where you were this morning. You fished that pool then as you have been accustomed to fish for trout, casting into the swift water at its head where you will find that only the small grayling lies. The big ones are at the lower end where the current slackens and eddies, bringing their food right into their mouths. The big grayling are lazy fellows. Cast your flies just beyond that patch of circling foam and I think you will get a good one. Let the stretcher fly sink a little, but be sure to keep your line taut. The big grayling never miss their mark, like those little fellows; when they go for anything, it is their meat."

I did as he directed, dropping my flies just above the patch of foam indicated and allowing the eddy to carry them beneath it. Instantly there came a solid tug on the line and I struck gently, knowing well that the fish must have hooked himself. Out of the water he came, once, twice, three times, then down to the bottom. The flight was sharp but short. The grayling makes a grand struggle for a minute or two, but he loses his courage quickly and is the easiest of game fishes to land when once he has given up. But his mouth is exceedingly delicate, and he must be played gingerly to prevent the hook from tearing out. I soon had the head of my prize above the surface and towed him gently to the shore; his great dorsal fin held erect and offering such resistance to the current that he came in with a weaving motion peculiar to the grayling, owing to the curvature of the dorsal. Arnold at once weighed him on his pocket scale. "Pound and a quarter, strong," he announced; "Now, my boy, step up and admire your first grayling." And my admiration was genuine and found expression in terms that appeared to satisfy my mentor.

While not as brilliant in hue as the brook trout nor showing such contrasting colors, the grayling is a more shapely fish, and is very handsome when fresh from the water. It is a scale fish and its colors are as evanescent as they are delicately beautiful. Its body is a silvery gray along the sides, darker toward the back bone, lighter toward the belly, the lower portion of the sides faintly tinged with delicate shades of pink and green, which quickly fade away. The great dorsal is prismatic, and is dotted with small black spots. The same spots appear back of the gill covers. The ventrals are beautifully striped, and the caudal is iridescent. It has the adipose fin, characteristic of the salmon family. Its head is smaller than that of the trout, and more elegantly shaped. The eyes are of a golden color, large and prominent, and the whole expression of the head is singularly attractive.

Thaddeus Norris once said: "When I look into a grayling's eye, I am sorry I killed it; but that feeling never prevents me from making another cast, just to see if another will rise."

I took two more nice fish from beneath the circling foam, and after that I could not get another rise. Arnold waded out and took one with his baited hook, which weighed nearly a pound and a half. The largest fish are invariably taken with bait.

What is more enjoyable than fishing a pretty stream on a pleasant day, with an unselfish companion close by to rejoice with one in his successes and condole with one in his misfortunes. Wading down the middle of that clear stream, often keeping my feet with difficulty in the strong current; casting my flies right and left, now on dancing rips sparkling in the sun, and again on some deep and quiet pool shaded by arching trees overhead, assisted by much information and advice from my friend, who was always near me, beaming benignantly through his glasses while he talked. I constantly rejoiced over my good fortune in being there. The dreams of my "fireside angling" were at last realized, and there was no disappointment in the realization. For once, anticipation did not prove better than the reality.

The creek averaged about 10yds. in width, broadening and shallowing in the stretches, narrowing and deepening around the bends. The bottom was yellow sand and very free from obstructions, all fallen trees and brush being removed by the annual log drive in the spring. In places the clay substratum was washed bare and was as hard and slippery as a piece of wet castile soap, making the footing exceedingly precarious; but, warned in time by Arnold, who knew the locations of such spots, I escaped a ducking. My wading boots come well up over my chest, and it would be no joke to fall down and get them full of water.

It would have been impossible to fish that stream from the banks, which were heavily clothed with water elms, swamp maples and white cedars in the swamps. There was a thick and almost impenetrable undergrowth of bushes and running vines which we had to cut our way through with our knives when we were forced to take to the shore by a pool too deep to wade.

The grayling were in a biting mood and we had good sport. In the rips I sometimes reeled in two and three at a time, but very many of them were under a quarter pound in weight—that was our self-imposed minimum—and were returned to the water. The pools at the bends, however, yielded fine fish, the bait always beating the fly in the size caught. Arnold used a heavy sinker and ran his hook close by the sides of sunken logs and into

MICHIGAN GRAYLING.

Amateur photo by F. A. Mitchell.

the recesses of the holes where the large fish lay in wait for their food to come to them. The grayling does not rush out and seize the bait greedily, like the trout, but quietly sucks it in. You see your line stop, wait an instant, then strike and pull in a fish. Not much fun about that kind of fishing, and I soon understood why Arnold sighed when he said that he had become reduced to the necessity of bait-fishing. My friend made no attempt to play his fish, his stout rod enabling him to lead them directly ashore in spite of their struggles. Neither of us used a landing net, for the reason that its use is almost impossible on such a stream; at best, it is very inconvenient. When the fish has been safely netted both hands are needed to detach the hook and transfer it to the creel. While doing this one is in danger of being swept off his feet by the strong current, and should the rod be dropped it would be whirled away and perhaps lost. Since, then, it is necessary to go ashore to remove the fish from the net, why bother with the thing at all? We always managed to find some place near the bank where we could lead the fish upon the sand, and seldom lost one. The water was very cold, so cold that I was glad to seek a sunny spot very often, and turning down my wading pants sit there until my chilled limbs became warm again. One day later on I saw a couple of fellows wading the creek with nothing on but their boots and overalls, and I came to the conclusion that they must have constitutions like that of a polar bear.

Once, on rounding a bend, Arnold held up his hand to me as a signal for caution. On reaching his side I saw a family of deer standing in the water a short distance below. We watched the pretty creatures for some minutes—there were three, a buck, doe and fawn—when a sudden puff of wind carried our scent to them and they fled into the woods, uttering snorts of alarm as they went.

After fishing three hours we had filled our baskets and reluctantly returned to camp. Ryan and Wisson came in an hour later, when we counted and weighed our several catches, the results being as follows:

Arnold, 18 fish, weight 16¼lbs. Ryan, 5 fish, weight 3lbs.
Wesson, 15 fish, weight 12½lbs. The writer, 24 fish, weight 16lbs.

I was the only one who had used the fly and my fish averaged considerably less than those taken with bait, as the figures show. I think that I returned to the water more fish than I kept. Ryan's comparatively poor showing was explained by Wesson, who said that he was chasing butterflies and hunting for bugs most of the time. The good sport enjoyed that first morning having satisfied the keen edge of our desire for fishing, it was decided that thereafter only two should go out at one time, the other two to take charge of camp affairs for the day.

I afterward found that it was not always an easy matter to fill my basket. There were days when the grayling would not take the fly at all, or would play leap frog over it all day long. There were other days when Arnold's choicest worms had no attractions for them, and at times neither bait nor fly had any success. One might fill his basket in an hour or work hard all day for a scanty mess. The reason for their caprices was entirely beyond our comprehension.

Ryan thought that it was pure cussedness, and it did look like it. Arnold sat on a log one morning and took from a big pool just below the bridge nine fish which weighed 11lbs., with bait. Coming in with them and telling me about it, I went down and took out eight more, which weighed a little over 6lbs., with the fly.

I seldom failed to get fish about sundown, using at that time a little larger fly than during the day. The grayling is the Quaker among fishes, and his taste runs to quiet colors. Gaudy flies are useless with him. On very bright days when no breeze ruffled the water I found a very small dark fly to be the best, the blue-bottle being particularly killing.

The best fish taken during our stay yielded to Arnold's bait and weighed a trifle over 1½lbs. This, he said, was the largest one that he had ever taken in years of grayling fishing, and he characterized as highly improbable all stories of grayling being caught that weighed 2lbs. and over. My first fish was my best, not counting as first the little one which I threw over my head.

The time flew by, with never a dull minute to mark its flight, and the day of departure was at hand almost before we knew it. With feelings of regret we broke camp, reloaded our wagon and took the homeward track, carrying with us a goodly store of fish safely packed in ice. Refreshed by their week of rest, Rarus and Maud S. went along at a much better clip than they had shown on the going trip. The day was cloudy and we suffered from no other discomfort than the dust, reaching our destination without incident. The next morning I bade my friends farewell and departed for home, sped on my way with many hearty wishes for my speedy return for another fishing bout.

In conclusion, let me say to the angler who has not as yet cast his maiden fly for grayling, *carpe diem!* The close of the present century will find it practically extinct in all the more accessible streams.

Frank Asa Mitchell.

A Strange Breed of Cats.

The tall, lank form of "Uncle Caleb" on a sand spit "throwing" for bluefish surrounded by a half score of his favorite tabbies, was and may be still for aught we know, one of the features of Barnegat Point. "Uncle Caleb's" one weakness was a passion for cats. He had, when the writer had the privilege of visiting him, thirteen beautiful tabbies, white, black, spotted and maltese, and all peculiar in one respect—they had no tails. In a few the caudal appendage was only foreshortened, but the majority were absolutely tailless. "Uncle Caleb" gave a very simple explanation of this peculiarity.

In the Isle of Man, as is well known, the cats have no tails. One stormy night several years ago, it chanced that an English vessel having a Manx cat on board went to pieces off Barnegat. Most of her crew were drowned, but this cat with his nine lives made his way through the breakers and then dragged himself to "Uncle Caleb's" cottage, where he was comforted with warm milk and a plate of raw fish. The old patriarch was living at the time of our visit and ruled over a family of twelve tabbies, very much like their father in the matter of tails.

"Uncle Caleb" is very fond of exhibiting his pets to visitors and of showing off their tricks and manners. They followed him about, came to his call, leaped through a hoop made of his curved arms, and performed a variety of strange tricks and antics when commanded.

Uncle John.

CANADIAN FISHING.

Past and Present.

The "old stager" period in any profession affords subject for serious reflection. In "looking backward," however, to one's first salmon, one's largest trout, vistas of summer holidays in Acadian forest, or on Canadian river or lake, serve to brighten the gloomiest autumnal day. It is such a "looking backward" that I now propose.

The distance of time is so great and the change of surroundings so marked, I care not to enter too minutely into detail as to time. The place selected as a happy hunting ground is the banks of the Restigouche River, New Brunswick, Canada, a Micmac canoe the means of transit on that river and on the St. Johns River from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Bay of Fundy.

As regards means of locomotion in this part of Canada, the contrast between past and present is most striking. Then (in my early day) the stage wagon, over rough and hastily constructed roads, or small and inefficient steamboats, along the coast line or on the principal rivers—the St. John and Miramichi—were the only means of transit. Now the country is a network of railways, and a well-equipped Pullman car conveys the luxurious traveler to every man's door. The I. C. R. and Grand Trunk railways from Halifax to Quebec westward and the C. P. R. from the Atlantic to the Pacific, vie with each other in efficiency.

Alas! the contrast between past and present, as regards sport, is not so pleasant a picture. Then you fished for salmon and trout or stalked the wily caribou without leave or license, at your own sweet will, your only mentor and guide being the Micmac or Milecete Indian. Now a combine or syndicate of Canadian or United States merchant princes has almost the monopoly of river, lake and stream. At each picturesque spot or at each turn of river, lake and stream, a club house, with its "modern improvements"—so-called—is to be found, until salmon and trout have been improved out of the waters, or placed out of reach of the "poor and proud"—so that men with money—luxury with lucre—have, as a rule, taken the place of fish and fishing.

Happily there still remain certain parts of this favored land, where rod and gun have seldom found their way, and where few but the red man's feet have trod. The watershed of New Brunswick, the best hunting grounds of the maritime provinces of Canada, geographically, though on small scale, is not unlike the Great Divide of the United States. Geographically from a sportsman's point of view it is of intense interest.

Here, from some inland lake or highland spring the great rivers of this well watered province, Restigouche, Nepiseguit, Tobique and Miramichi, find their source. Here, moose and caribou reign supreme. Here, in cool springs on many a summer day, monster trout find seclusion and refreshment; and here, removed from

"The dreary sounds of crowded earth,
The cries of camp or town,"

the antidote for the "fever called living" is found.

To the source of one of these grand rivers, the Restigouche, two old soldiers and a recruit proceeded on a summer holiday in the now distant past. We secured six Micmac Indians, with three canoes. Their canoes differ from the Milecete canoes in being larger and stronger and heavier, and rounded at bow and stern, instead of being pointed as are the Milecete canoes.

In those days you had but to lift your finger and the whole tribe of Indians of the Campbellton wigwam encampment were at your disposal as guides for an expedition such as this, and a trifle per diem sufficed for payment. Now an over-civilized half-breed, whose "education" has not been neglected in the common school or the village grog shop, will only serve you with pole or paddle at an exorbitant amount per day.

At last our canoes, well filled with supplies for the voyage, await us at that most picturesque spot, where the Metapedia joins the Restigouche River. Good-bye is said to civilization and to our friends, the Frasers at the then "last house," where we had received genuine hospitality from the "lord of the soil." We start! Who can adequately describe the birch bark canoe as a mode of progression? The Earl of Dunraven has eloquently and well attempted it in the following words: "Among all the modes of progression hitherto invented by restless men, there is not one that can compare in respect to comfort and luxury with traveling in a birch bark cane. It is the poetry of progression. Along the bottom of the boat are laid blankets and bedding, a piece of wood is sloped against the middle thwart, affording a delicious support to the back; and indolently you sit or lie on the most delicious of couches, and are propelled at a rapid rate over the smooth surface of the lake, or down the swift current of some stream.

"Dreamingly you lie, lazily looking at the pine-covered shores, you wander into dreamland, to awake presently and find yourself sweeping round the curve of some majestic river whose shores are blazing with the rich crimson, brown and gold of the maple and other hardwood trees in autumn dress.

"Presently the current quickens; the canoe shakes and quivers through all its fibres, leaping at every stroke of crew. Before you is a seething mass of foam, its whiteness broken in by horrid black rocks, one touch againt whose ragged sides would rip the canoe into tatters, and hurl you into eternity. Your ears are full of the roars of the water; waves leap up in all directions as the river, maddened at obstruction, hurls itself through some narrow gorge. The canoe seems to pitch headlong into space. After the first plunge you are in a bewildering whirl of water—the shore seems to fly past you—crash! you are right on the rock and (I don't care who you are) you will feel your heart jump into your mouth; another stroke or two, another plunge forward, and you pitch headlong down the final leap."

We had but to use our own judgment as to the salmon pools to fish or let alone; where to camp or where to secure the easily caught splendid trout was a mere matter of choice.

We had proceeded but a few miles, each white man of the party reclining midships in his canoe, as already described, while his two red men at bow and stern, with unfailing skill, poled up rapids, or through long stretches of still water—when my steersman was taken suddenly ill. There was no "medicine man" among us. We could but resort to the tactics of the barber in southern Spain—bleed freely—or to the more agreeable treatment, administer the cup that cheers. All in vain. By sign only or by feeble whisper to his comrade we found that the sick man wished to be placed on a "catamaran" or raft, and with the minimum of rations, launched on the stream, allowed to drift to his wigwam on the river bank. With some misgivings we thus left him to his fate, and long afterward, were glad to learn of his safe arrival at his home, and his recovery from illness.

It was thus brought about that I had to take the steersman's place with pole and paddle—I a novice in the steerman's art. No longer could I lie dreamingly in the canoe. No longer could I find time for poetry. I must resort to prosaic action. I must "work my passage." Soon, however, I became fairly proficient in the art, and thoroughly enjoyed the health-giving exercise.

To point out the number and weight of salmon and trout caught on any particular day, or to refer to color and size of fly, or length or weight of rod, skill or want of skill of angler, would give but a faint idea of the pleasures of such a trip as this; each turn of the river affords fresh and varied material for the artist, the geologist, the lover of the flora and fauna; and at each halt for the midday meal or at the evening camp ground we had fishing to our heart's content, and the artists of the party too soon found their sketch books filled with tid-bits from the ever-changing landscape, mountain and river, hill and dale and forest; and whatever our individual tastes, we had abundant opportunity to gratify them.

The following may be mentioned as among the best fishing and camping grounds: Mouths of Metapedia, Upsalquitch, Patapedia and Kegwick. There is good salmon fishing on all these rivers, while at the outlet of every brook, with its cool water, large trout are found.

The hours in camp each night passed all too quickly, with story from many a camp and many a hunting field in more than one quarter of the globe, the novice of the party, like the redskins, being a good listener, till one by one we sought the spruce bough couch.

We are, all this while, passing pleasantly and profitably up the Grand Restigouche River. We had not met man, woman nor child *en route*. The time was early in September when autumnal leaves were in their brightest colors. A flock of flappers had for several days been driven on in our front, as we passed up the river, and this flock had been daily increasing in number of birds. One morning we were having our swim in the river, when the peculiar noise of a canoeman's pole was heard up stream; soon the voyager had disturbed the flock of flappers, and in an instant we were surrounded by countless frightened birds. We had but time to seize our guns, and in our lightest "marching order," a battue commenced such as was never seen or heard in a "hot corner" in pleasant shooting season. When the astonished canoeman appeared on the scene (he naturally imagined that he had suddenly come upon a wild tribe of white-skins), we had laid out a long string of fine fat flappers on the river bank. I need only add that on that day our dinner was not limited to the usual fare of trout and salmon, pork and partridge.

The advantages of a round trip such as this we are taking become more apparent as we approach the source of some great river. The life of luxury in a club house, to which we have already referred, at no great distance from the river mouth, with perhaps one or two salmon pools only at your disposal, which can only be fished in the early morning or in the evening, is a life of comparative idleness, and can scarcely be called "having a good time" in the best sense.

On the other hand, when on a round trip, changing camp daily, there is varied sport, varied picturesqueness, and each day brings fresh enjoyment. This was our experience, and all too soon we arrived at "the portage."

It must be said that the approach to the portage, after you leave the main Restigouche River and enter the Wagan stream, is by no means easy and attractive; the stream is narrow and overhung with alder bushes; we had frequently to resort to the ax to chop out bushes to allow the canoes to pass up stream. The longest journey, however, comes to an end, and there was a shout from the leading bowman, "Here we are! The portage!" Here fresh difficulties met the novice. He found that it was not sufficient to become proficient in the art of wielding pole and paddle. Here he had to "take up his boat and walk"—walk for three miles—a tortuous passage from source of Wagan to that of Wagancis, there to embark *en route* for Grand and St. John rivers to Bay of Fundy, a round trip of some hundred miles.

That three-mile portage has yet to be done. A Micmac canoe is no light weight. I lift the thing on my shoulders; I move on a few paces, oh, how slowly! I stop; I place it gently on the ground, oh, how gently! I sit down only to admire its structure, its proportions—its weight is none the less—and this weight has to be borne on unwilling shoulders, over three miles of road, so-called. Roads indeed! We only say "rocks, knolls and mounds confusedly hurled," with slush and mud and dismal swamps.

Would that I could reduce the weight of this graceful Micmac canoe! Would that I could balance it on my shoulders without regard to the picturesque, only thinking of physical endurance.

My pride at acquiring skill as a canoeist has fled to the winds. I am a mere beast of burden.

But the "longest lane"—can this be one?—has its turning. Toward evening of a long and weary day the "glad waters" of the Wagancis are in view. The burden is laid down for the last time. There is neither song nor story on that night to "welcome the coming guest," nor spruce bough couch—nor sheltering tent. Wearily we sought "nature's sweet restorer" 'neath hemlock tree—nor sought we it in vain.

The beauties of the St. John River—the Canadian Rhine—have been referred to by me in previous notes. But just as you cannot see the glories of the European Rhine at such a place as Bonn or on lower Rhine generally, and have to ascend to the Seven Mountains, St. Goar, or Bingen, so you must proceed up the Canadian Rhine to see its beauties—on the principle pointed out by Ruskin—"The spirit of the hills is action, that of the lowlands repose, and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and of rest."

As you ply pole or paddle down this grand St. John River, when you have left behind "wilderness and solitary place," and as you pass picturesque village and smiling farm it is your never-ceasing thought, "here is the place for the emigrant and sportsman; here he can lead a life of comfort and usefulness, and use rod and gun to his heart's content."

Micmac.

HOW WE WENT DUCKING.

IT was just about this time four years ago that my chum, Tom Miller, and I were enjoying a few days duck shooting at Markell's Cove, a small indentation in the west shore of Lake Cayuga, twenty-five miles north of Ithaca, N. Y. There were so few ducks flying, that we were compelled to go home comparatively empty-handed, but before leaving we had an experience which was novel in the extreme.

We had put up with Mr. Barkell, a jovial old farmer, who seemed to think it his imperial duty to entertain us in the evenings. One night while sitting by the stove cleaning our guns he suddenly said, "How would you fellers like to go coonin'?"

In the afternoon we called our dogs and tramped through the woods. Though rather late in the season we bagged five plump partridges and two rabbits. And had it not been for a farmer getting after us with a gun, we might have had some quail.

That evening while cleaning our guns, Farmer Barkell entertained us with marvellous stories of coon hunting, concluding by saying, "If you young fellers want'r go 'n' ketch one, I know who'll take yer; en maybe yer kin go t'night."

Ted and I, ever ready for a new experience, jumped at this proposition, and promptly replied that we would like nothing better than to go then and there.

"Wal," continued Mr. Barkell, "ev you'll be git'n' yerselfs ready, I'll go hitch up th' old mare; en we'll then go 'long up th' road a piece 'n' git Possum Joe. He allars knows war th' coons uses 'n' he's got a couple of good dogs that'll find 'em every time."

Within half an hour we were behind the "old mare," and on our way to Possum Joe's. The ride seemed short; beguiled as it was with amusing tales of local gossip. "In that house over yonder by ther cross road," said the farmer, pointing with the end of his whip, "a sweetheart o' mine lives. She's an old maid because o' loven me; and she loves me now as much as she did forty years ago when I was a-court'n her," this last, with a wink and slap on the knee. "When I fust began to cast my eye 'round fer a gal I didn't know which t' take; her or the old woman to-hum, and I ain't altogether made up my mind yit, nuther. I like em both now as much as ever 'n' when my old woman don't want to go ter meeting, I allers stops and takes this air one. When ther both want t' go I takes em—one on either side; I've got two arms, and with the reins throwed over the dash there, I kin put an arm round each. Yer needn't think I don't know how to enjoy a bit o' fun. We're go'n t' have a 'social, t'morrer night; 'n' ev yer'll come 'long with me I'll show yer that I kin kiss a gal or two as quick as eny o' you youngsters."

"What do you do at these 'socials'?" I asked.

"The young folks play 'Wink-en-catch em' mostly; 'n' the old ones, too, for that matter."

"What is 'Wink and catch them'"? Ted asked, as much puzzled as myself.

Farmer Barkell threw back his head with a hearty laugh and said: "You city folks don't play no sech games, but jest yer come along with me t'morrer night 'n I'll show yer what 'Wink-en-catch-em' is. You," turning to Ted, "kin hev the little Dutch gal that lives near, 'n' we'll give our friend here the schoolmarm."

"The schoolmarm?" I exclaimed, "I don't want a schoolmarm; give me a young girl that can dance."

"The school marm ain't old; she's only eighteen and as pretty as a pictur'."

"I'll match you for her," put in Ted.

"Why," continued our driver, "she's called the 'Village Beauty,' 'n' yer'll fall dead in love with her as soon as you set eyes on 'er. But there won't be no dancing, though; we're all Methody's round here. The folks don't dance, play cards, nor ev'n drink hard cider; but, oh, how th' gals kin kiss; thet's what 'Wink-en-catch-'em' is; yer kin kiss all th' gals yer kin ketch. I'll show yer how ter play it t'morrer night ef yer'll come."

Promising we would go with him the following night, we arrived at Possum Joe's cabin. Possum Joe, seated in the chimney corner with feet cocked high above the stove, was fiddling away on a three-string violin. His son, a shock-headed boy of twelve, sat on a box on the other side, vigorously playing a mouth organ. The wife and mother, with arms bared to elbows, stood at the table kneading bread, punctuating her shrill admonitions to the children who were playing on the floor with an assortment of dogs, cats and chickens, with emphatic thuds in the dough.

"How air yer, Joe," said our friend Barkell, "here's a couple o' fellers from C'rnell that wants yer to take 'em coon'n'; kin yer take 'em out fer a run?"

"What! yer don't want'er go t'night, gentl'men? Ruther bright fer coon'n'," replied Joe, as he unlimbered himself from his position at the stove. "These moonlight nights is bad fer hunt'n' coons; the rabbits cross-tag 'em 'n' throw ther dogs off th' scent. But sence yer cum from the city, gentl'men, I 'spose yer want t' go 'n' I ain't go'n' to disapp'int yer. We'll see what we can do gentl'men; we kin hev a try anyway," pulling on his boots while speaking. "Here, Sam, you git th' ax from th' woodpile while I'm lightin' th' lant'n."

Possum Joe ready, we returned to the wagon, and taking the dogs in with us, were driven to the upper end of a gorge, about two miles distant. There Mr. Barkell turned us over to Joe, who, bidding Ted carry the ax and me the gun, took the lantern and led the way into the woods.

Filling our pipes, we sat down on a log to wait until we should hear from the dogs. Twenty minutes later, the long-drawn bay of one of them reached our ears. "Listen, gentl'men, listen," said our guide, "thet's ole Megs a-talkin'; ther'll be some fun now, gentl'men, I bet; she don't never say a word 'cep'n' when she's on ter somethen. Now, gentl'men, jist keep clost ter me, 'n' we'll foller th' dogs es fast es we kin."

With arms before our faces as a protection against the switching of the twigs, stumbling over logs, running into trees, and now and again pitching headlong into beds of leaves, we followed. At last, breathless and panting from our run, we came to a standstill at the brink of a gorge. "Thar ain't no way o' git'n' acrost thar, gentl'men," said Joe, "so we might es well build a fire here ter keep warm til' th' dogs bring th' coon roun'." So saying, he collected an armful of leaves, and in a few minutes we were stretched out at full length by the side of a roaring fire.

"I hope," continued Joe, filling his pipe, "that yer won't be disapp'inted t'night, gentl'men. I've been coon'n' roun' here fer n'y on ten years now, 'n' I 'most allers gits somethen when a-hunt'n' 'em. One night 'bout a year ago, I follered th' dogs n'y all night 'n' last foun' they hed holed a blamed skunk, which made me so 'tarnal mad that I dug th' varment out 'n' shot 'im dead. 'N' ef I hedn't taken a club 'n' battered 'im all up, I might 'av' got some'n' fer his pelt."

"But why did you club after he was dead?" asked Ted.

"Because I wanted thet partic'lar skunk ter know thet ther war retribution arter death fer sech as him."

Entertained thus by Possum Joe's yarns, we had almost forgotten the dogs till we heard their deep-mouthed music in the distance. Catching up gun, ax and lantern, we plunged into the darkness, when, upon running through the underbrush in the direction of the sounds, we found them yelping with baffled rage at the base of a half dead tree.

"I know thet tree, gentl'men," said Joe, hanging his lantern on a neighboring bough, "thet's th' very same tree ez I shot a coon out of winter fore last; now we've got 'im sure. Ef you gentl'men k'lect some wood we'll start a fire so's ter see ter shoot."

The fire built, we peered expectantly into the branches of the tree, but could see nothing but a hole, in which the coon must have taken refuge. "Big job ter fell thet tree, gentl'men, but ev we want'er git'im out, she's got'er come," said Joe, taking the ax and wielding it like the experienced woodsman that he was.

The tree tottered and fell. With the crash came a cry of savage joy from old Megs as she rolled over and over on the ground holding a large coon in her death grip. In the midst of the confusion came an agonizing howl from Meg's mate. Rushing to the spot, Joe found the hound vainly endeavoring to free himself from the vise-like jaws of another coon. With a blow of the ax the coon was dispatched. Ted, seeing the glittering eyes of still another coon peeping out of the hole at him, ran and clapped his cap over the opening. Then, calling to me, "Come here, old man, and help me 'wink-en-catch-'em." "Hold on, gentl'men," cried Joe, "I'll show yer how ter git 'im; just mind th' hole a minute while I git a gimlet."

Cutting a switch as large around as a man's thumb, and making a series of slashes on either side of one end, he inserted it into the hole. By twisting it continuously in one direction like a gimlet, he entangled the long fur of the coon in the slits of the stick, and pulled out one of the largest we had ever seen.

The next day a severe snow storm kept us within doors. Though disappointed in the weather, we were glad of the rest, and amused ourselves by writing letters and spinning yarns. By night the storm had worn itself out. And the time for starting to the social having come, Farmer Barkell went to hitch up. Ere long we heard his sonorous voice at the door, "geeing" and "whoaing" to the horses. Donning our great coats, and still wearing top boots and hunting jackets, we went out to view our conveyance.

Imagine an ordinary four-wheeled wagon similar to those used for hauling sand or cobble stones, on the bottom of which was a sprinkling of straw and a half dozen robes and blankets of various kinds; at the front end, in place of the board that is generally used for the driver's seat, an old, closely-curtained buggy top, with ropes stretching from each of the upper corners to poles of equal height nailed to the tailboard, over which, and hanging down the sides to keep out the cold, an old sail—and you see the picture that met our eyes.

Farmer Bump lived in a larger house than any of his neighbors. It was there that we were bound. Rattling along over the frozen snow, the springless wagon, aided by the intense cold, turned our teeth into castanets. After stopping at several houses on the road to pick up demure-looking, rosy-cheeked, well-bundled-up maidens, among whom was the schoolmarm, we came at last to Farmer Bump's, where Ted and I were to be initiated into the mysteries of "Wink-en-catch-'em."

Entering the house and getting out of our coats, we were ushered into a large improvised supper room, where, on depositing five cents each at the doorway as our contribution to the feast, we sat down at a long, narrow, board table, and were shortly served with guinea potpie, store cakes and black coffee.

As we were walking out of the room Barkell said, "Ef yer'll cum with me I'll make yer 'quainted with some o' th' folks." Leading the way to a bevy of bashful maidens, he duly presented us to those that we had not met on our way over. "These young fellers is friends o' mine," continued he with a broad grin, his eyes sparkling with merriment, "'n' they want er know how ter play 'Wink-en-catch-'em;' let's all o' us go up stairs 'n' learn 'em."

Adjourning to a bare room over the kitchen whose sloping ceiling was festooned with hams, ropes of onions, seed corn and cobwebs, and lighted at either end by odd looking lamps, the game began. Farmer Barkell, fairly brimming over with anticipations of fun to come, led one of the girls to the middle of the room. Having placed their hands on each other's arms just below the shoulder he called to the pretty schoolmarm to find a partner.

Walking up to me the "Village Beauty" said, "Will you catch me, sir?" As I stepped forward to comply she ran and took refuge behind Barkell. Instinctively feeling that I was to run after her, I started in pursuit. Around and around we circled, using the farmer's coat-tails and his partner's slim waist to aid our efforts. By a quick reverse I had her in my arms, when to my surprise in the most matter of fact way possible she turned her face to mine for a kiss. She then took the position vacated by Barkell's partner, while I went to ask the little "Dutch girl" to catch me. After going through the same gyrations as before, I let her catch me and took "another." It was then my turn to relieve Barkell, while the "Dutch girl" invited Ted to have a chase.

Thus the game continued for an hour. Every chance I had I asked the schoolmarm to catch me, she returning the compliment. While standing alone for a minute, Farmer Barkell came up to me and said: "Say, yer wanter leave a lettle sweetness in that gal o' yourn. Don't yer see that every blamed feller in th' room is jel'us if yer?"

"Well! perhaps I am monopolizing her; am I kissing her more than is my share?" I replied with a smile.

"It ain't cuss yer kiss her so offen, but it's th' way yer kinder linger over them. I s'pose yer git so few in ther city, that yer like to eat 'em when yer have the chance. I guess I'll have ter start anuther game, whar yer'll have ter take the girls es th' cum."

Bidding the girls join hands and form a circle, he called to the men to do the same around them. Passing beneath two archways, made by the hands and arms of men and girls standing at opposite sides of the double ring, the circles revolved in either direction, the players singing the following words to the tune of "Forty-nine Blue Bottles a-Hanging on the Wall:"

Sailing on the ocean, when the tide rolls high,
Sailing on the ocean, when the tide rolls high,
Waiting for a pretty girl to come by-and-bye,
Waiting for a pretty girl to come by-and-bye.

Choose your partner, stay till day,
Choose your partner, stay till day,
For we don't care a rap what the old folks say,
For we don't care a rap what the old folks say.

The oars in the boat and they won't go round,
The oars in the boat and they won't go round,
Till you kiss the pretty girl that you have found,
Then the oars in the boat they will go round.

At the words: "Till you kiss the pretty girl that you have found," both rings stopped. The couples that found themselves nearest under the arched arms, kissed; while the others sang the last line of the song.

Barkell spoke truly when he said that I would have to take the girls as they came. The fact is, I had but few opportunities to take them at all. One time, however, when over a kissing spot, I found myself facing a girl whom I had not met. Ted, seeing me hesitate, sang out: "Take another, dear boy, it won't hurt you." Thus encouraged, I kissed her.

When the game was ended, Ted came to me with a piece of court-plaster over his mouth, and said: "Let's go home; I'm shut down for repairs."

Taking leave of our hospitable host, and several "others" without leave, we found Barkell and left.

* * * *

Among my mail this morning was a letter postmarked Hayt's Corners—cards to the wedding of the Village School Mistress. My face must have worn a tell-tale expression, as my wife asked—"Sweetheart, why that retrospective smile?"

Then I told her the tale you have just been reading.

H. M. NORRIS.

THE VOYAGE OF THE SKIPPER.

After Large Sea Bass.

THE same glorious weather continuing, it was too much for the Skipper to sit still and see it go by, and not get out into the open and enjoy it. Although a cold wave was over the land, and some reports were current about a thin film of ice seen on small pieces of water in the neighborhood, still the sun in the cloudless sky tempered the sharp air soon after 9 o'clock in the morning, and made things very pleasant out of doors. The sailboat was accordingly hauled in on the sand, and certain changes and improvements made, and on a glorious Tuesday preparations were completed for a trip down the bay after sea bass.

On the previous Saturday evening men and brethren had appeared at the back door of the house with a noble fish. He must have weighed fully 20lbs. and was still alive. Held aloft and displayed in all his noble proportions, he was a grand sight, and a section of him boiled for the Sunday dinner, and served with drawn butter and egg sauce, fell apart in juicy flakes under the fish knife, and caused enthusiasm in the digestive organs, and made the sense of taste a feeling of joy. Now it is all very fine to see a great fish brought in, and it is an exquisite pleasure to feast on him, with a bottle of good claret in evidence, but the joy of having one struggling at the end of a strong line on a sufficient hook, playing him until he is tired, and just as his nose breaks water gaff him into the boat safely, is something to create ardent enthusiasm, and to be long remembered. And this reminds me of the first time that "Piseco" visited the Skipper at his home on Cape Cod. The morning after his arrival was cold, windy and cloudy, with a fresh east wind. After breakfast over the pipes "Piseco" asked the Skipper if there was anything worth seeing about the place. They walked to the shore and there met Hiram Watts of happy memory, as many of the FOREST AND STREAM readers know, and the party thus augmented trudged through the sand to an old fish house. Throwing open the door there reposed nine beauties of the water, caught the night before in a net, the nine aggregating 650lbs. Noble sea bass every one. But this is not the Skipper's fishing trip.

The boat being sufficiently completed to be navigable, she was dropped down to the landing, and the lading commenced. Elliott and Lawrence, two reputable colored members of the staff, went along to do the work, and navigate the forward end of the craft, and aft was the Skipper, the Clerk who went after birds with the mule in the first narrative, and the housekeeping daughter. The latter with a vivid recollection of many trips on the water, and the great appetites there engendered, had prepared a mighty lunch. There was galore of grub, and the gentle fizz of Appollinaris and ginger ale. The Skipper and the Clerk, aware of the deadly nature of kangaroo bites, had each provided a small flask of antidote in case of being attacked. Lawrence had provided small mullet for bass bait, and shrimp for smaller fish. Lines and sinkers, hooks, large and small, were passed in, and all was in readiness. The gentle daughter was first stowed in a safe place, then the Clerk embarked, and at last the Skipper trimmed the boat fearfully by the stern, as he took his place at the tiller. It was a dead calm with a strong ebb tide. The destination was a point between Hilton Head and Bay Point, where once a great squadron sailed round and round firing on forts on either point as the guns bore, until both were silenced and captured. no more to fire on the Old Flag while the war should last. Here on the last of the ebb the bass was supposed to be, and here the Skipper and his crew hoped to fill the boats to the thwarts with the silvery beauties. As there was no wind there was nothing to be done but to invoke an "ash breeze," so Elliott and Lawrence worked away with the oars, and the tide assisted with its resistless ebb.

Down by the Quarantine Station, and buoys red, black and striped, on down by the beacon lights and all the creeks and banks the tide bore, aud the oars advanced them, until where certain marks and ranges indicated the right spot, the anchor was let go, and a strong salt-water craving demanded lunch. Then pipes and hooks and lines seemed mingled, and the fishing began. Little

bites, little fish, sculpin and a little chap called blackfish, nibbles, and at last the Skipper started a monster from the bottom, pulled him up a fathom or two, and then the hook broke and the fish escaped. The Skipper knew it was a great bass—he knows it now—he would be prepared to aver that it was the largest bass caught this season, but alas! even for a reputation as a teller of fish stories, he cannot lie. G. Washington and the Skipper were cast in the same mould. He just can't lie, so that fish has gone off with a sore jaw, and the Skipper says that he weighed probably several pounds if not more.

The tide began to slack, and nothing but little fish; so leaving the large hooks near the bottom to tempt any stray members of the deep who might come along, small hooks and lines were rigged, and as the balmy see breeze began to come in gentle zephyrs from the south they caught small fish, crabs, small skates, sculpin, etc., until it was time to start for home. So the anchor was raised and the party bade an affectionate farewell to the bass that they had left behind them. They ran into Bay Point, and the Skipper landed on the smooth sand and bagged about a dozen little shore birds, and managed to get stuck in the mud in a soft spot while chasing a wounded bird. Then began a struggle. As the Skipper would pull on one foot it would come out of the boot, and it would be necessary to insert the foot again and pull boot and all out for another step. It was hard work, and the people in the boat afar off were striving to come to the Skipper's assistance. At last he extricated himself and regained the boat, but with no wind left, and it took a large dose of the kangaroo antidote to revive him. N. B.—The bird got away.

After this there was nothing to do but square away for home, which the balmy sea breeze wafted them to before the sun dropped out of sight, tired, sunburned, but delighted with the day's outing and impressed with the belief that the recent Democratic defeat had temporarily depressed the sea bass, and that it was not a very good day for bass anyhow. C. H. Rockwell.

ADIRONDACK DEER

And a Maine Camp Hunt.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Matterhorn" complains that he has been called a pot-hunter because he hunts partridges with a rifle. I can fully sympathize with him, being in the same boat, as I, too, hunt partridges with a rifle, but I use the .38cal., for where I hunt there is large game also, and I must be prepared for emergencies. But I only aim for the head or neck. Were I to hunt grouse where there is no chance of seeing larger game, I should use the small-bore rifle. There is no doubt that shooting partridge on the wing is sport if one can do it, but I believe it is equally as much sport and as worthy the art of a true sportsman to hunt up the game and then pick off their heads with the rifle; or if too far away for such fine shooting to plumb them through the body with a small-bore rifle.

I, too, have been dubbed a pot-hunter, because I choose to still-hunt the deer in his own home, and to match intelligence, skill and experience against the quick ear, keen eye and cunning of the wary game; rather than to get into a boat and let the hound do the hunting; and when in obedience to instinct the deer plunges into the water, where at least he thinks he is safe from his enemies, but finds when too late this instinct has been perverted to his destruction; and as he sees my boat approaching his eyes seem starting from their sockets from fright; he plunges frantically this way and that in his efforts to escape, but all of no avail; I am soon on him and at close range send a bullet through his head—why, I would as soon call it sport to go into a sheepfold and butcher an innocent lamb as to murder a deer in this way.

It is true that I can kill twenty deer by hounding where I can kill one by still-hunting, and that, too, without any tramping or skill in woodcraft or shooting. But I do not gauge the sport of hunting by the killing. The securing of game is but a small part of the pleasure I derive from tramping in the woods (nature's temple), following the game with cautious step, and peering into every nook and thicket in anxious hope and expectation.

One hunter openly boasts that he killed eight deer in ten hours last fall. It is just such men as this who would brand the name of pot-hunter on the still-hunter because he does not avail himself of this easy method of killing deer, now sanctioned by law, to the shame of the State of New York. The last hounding season I was made the unwilling witness of the slaughter of deer that made me thoroughly sick and disgusted. Wagon loads were taken out of the woods almost daily. I was told that at one of the Fulton lakes two guides with their hounds drove a deer into the water. One guide stayed with the deer to keep it in the water, while the other went to a hotel near by and very kindly invited an invalid man boarding at the hotel to go out and shoot the deer. But he evidently did not possess the true water-killing instincts, for he declined with expressions of disgust. But what the man lacked in this subtle accomplishment, a woman possessed. A guide rowed her within a few feet of the deer, where with a charge of buckshot she put an end to its struggles for life and thus performed the great sportsman-like act. If this method of hunting is considered the "sportsman-like" way, then I say with "Matterhorn," "Deliver me from the ignominy of the sportsman, and class me with the pot-hunters."

The last ten days of October, 1893, I spent in camp in a back place in the Adirondacks, hoping to enjoy a little quiet. But in this I was disappointed; for although it was the close season for hounding, dogs were running on the ground every day. I was lucky enough to kill two deer, but one of them proved to be unfit to eat, having within a few hours been run by dogs until the venison was black and had a nauseating taste.

Last fall I resolved to try the Maine woods as I have a good winter camp there. I was accompanied by two guides, one engaged by myself, the other by the man who was to be my companion. But at the last moment circumstances prevented his going. This was the greatest drawback of the whole trip; for he was the life of the camp, genial, ever cheerful, enthusiastic over camp life in the woods, looking ever on the bright side of bad luck, and going into ecstacies over a good square meal of broiled venison; but out of the bigness of his soul he sent his guide just the same. These guides were true sportsmen according to my interpretation of the term. No water butchers, no unfair way of bagging game for them, besides they were noted cooks. One did the pastry and the other the meats.

We arrived at camp about 11 A. M., Oct. 24. A shout of joy went up as we opened the old camp door, looked in and saw everything as we had left it two years ago. We distributed our traps around on the shelves, took a lunch of crackers and butter and started out for meat, myself to hunt partridges and the guides larger game. During the afternoon I decapitated three partridges with my rifle, and flattered myself that I would be the only one, as I had heard no shots. Judge of my surprise when returning to camp, I saw a quarter of nice fat venison hanging on a pole. This was indeed good luck; plenty of venison was assured for the whole time in camp. I saw several deer, but they always got the first shot and were off. I followed a moose into the river but could not find where he came out, although I searched the banks in every direction.

The following day the guides followed two moose into the same stream and followed them up the stream for two miles by their tracks in the bottom and where they would go over heavier dams and driftwood; and they were still in the river when they left. They did not start them. It suggested to me that this may be a habit of the moose. They could not have gone into the river to feed, as there is no food there. The stream had a gravel and rocky bottom all the way; and as neither of those three moose were started, for they were severaly hours ahead of us, I am led to believe that this is a habit peculiar to this animal. Can any one more acquainted with the habits of moose inform me?

We also learned another bit of natural history. At our camp we had two pet Canada jays, or as they are called in the Adirondacks, tallow or venison birds, or meat hawks. They were so tame as to eat out of our hand. They are inveterate workers, and apparently never stop eating so long as they can find anything to eat, and are not very particular about the kind of food. I found that this gluttony was in appearance only. When we threw out a pancake to them, they would attack it at once even if we held it out to them in the hand, biting off several mouthfuls, and storing it away inside somewhere; and with the last bite in their bill they would fly away and deposit it; and in less than one minute would be back for another load. As soon as they reduced the pancake small enough, they would take it in their claws and fly away to deposit it in their storehouse. This they would work from morning until night. This peculiar habit, together with the large amount they stowed away inside their mouth until the neck seemed much distended, suggested to me that they may be provided with a sack opening into the mouth, like the chipmunk and some kinds of mice, as the long-tailed white-bellied woods mouse. Can any one inform me on this point?

We stayed in camp twelve days. The weather was fine, warm and sunny days, although it was unfavorable for hunting big game, as it was dry and noisy under foot, with little or no wind. The guides heard the moose when they started, but could not get near enough to see them. The guides killed three deer, which was all we wanted; and could have killed more, as they were plentiful.

For my business, the weather was all I could wish. I went to the woods to have a quiet rest, to enjoy camp life and the pleasure of tramping in the woods, to shoot off a few partridges' heads, and to have a good time eating venison not hounded to death. I got all I went for, and returned home with renewed strength and mind stored with pleasant recollections, and as well pleased with the trip as if I had killed a dozen deer. Musset.

"SCANTOGREASE."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I believe that many interesting chapters might be written by sportsmen regarding the derivation of names of famous or favorite hunting or fishing grounds. Why can't Forest and Stream take the matter in hand and help history out a little.

In my last "Oregon Notes" I had occasion to mention the "Scantogrease" country. Now it might be of interest to the more intellectual class of sportsmen to know something about the origin of the name by which this now famous country is known to us. Many of our geographical names such as Skamokawa, Seattle, Tacoma, Molalla, etc., are derived from tribes or famous war chiefs of tribes of Indians almost or quite extinct. "Scantogrease" did not derive its name from any such proud source.

In the early days a family settled in that country from Pike county, Mo. The mother soon acquired fame among her few neighbors and the hunters and trappers of that region for the very excellent quality of her pastry. But she was always offering excuses for its not being better, and her favorite excuse was that she was "scant o' grease." Any one familiar with the "hog and hominy" resources of the grand old State of Missouri will naturally sympathize with the good old lady who came from such a land of plenty (of grease) to settle in the wild and woolly West, where hogs were as scarce as hen's teeth, and hominy was an unknown quantity. But be that as it may, the interesting historical fact remains, that from the day when the good housewife left Pike county she was always so scant o' grease that her pastry never did quite suit her, and even the boys that courted her daughters came to speak of their prospective mother-in-law as "mother scant o' grease." As time wore on and the country settled up the peculiar and suggestive appellation stuck to it as a descriptive and distinguishing name. It was the only place along the Columbia that carried the name, no matter how much others might have been entitled to it.

I don't think the name was ever copyrighted, but respect for the good old lady (or the quality of her pastry) protected it.

All the river men knew where it was and no immigrant could miss his destination if he had sense enough to tell the captain that he was bound for "Scantogrease." And that name will stick to that country until time is bald-headed, notwithstanding the efforts now being made by some over-refined, sensitive people to change it.

If it had derived the same name from some greasy old departed chief you couldn't trade them out of it.

S. H. Greene.

Portland, Ore.

Natural History.

THE LYRE OF ORPHEUS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some memoranda in one of my notebooks lead me to ask about a subject on which some of your readers may be able to shed some light, and request them to write you of any observations they may have made on the point.

All big-game hunters know that our wild animals depend for warning of the approach of danger on the senses of sight, hearing and smell. Of these the latter is by far the most important and certain. The animal that catches the hunter's scent never stops to investigate, but makes off at once. On the other hand a deer or an elk may approach quite close to a hunter who is motionless, not recognizing that the man is not some natural object, and sometimes small birds and animals will approach very closely or even run over parts of a person sitting perfectly still. It is evident, as said elsewhere, that these animals recognize danger only in life, and life only in motion. But sometimes large animals, such as deer, elk, antelope and even mountain sheep, to say nothing of buffalo and caribou, decline to recognize danger in moving objects, and it was a common experience in the West a few years ago to have these animals come up quite close to one in the effort to identify him. Much of the primitive hunting of the Indians was based on this well known inquisitiveness.

But this is not the point I have in mind. I wish to inquire about the second of these senses, that of hearing. What effect do strange sounds have upon wild animals? Do they alarm them, or merely arrest their attention, or do they actually attract them?

I have known several cases where men who went out from camp in the early morning to drive in their horses found a bull moose among the horses and close to the bell mare. I know of one case where a small band of mountain sheep were discovered standing huddled together at the edge of the horse herd, all apparently staring at the bell mare and wondering what the strange sound was. In all these cases the observers believed that the animals were attracted by the sound of the bell.

Some years ago a vagrant Scotchman in the Yellowstone Park, who was the possessor of a clarinet, conceived the idea of learning to imitate on that instrument the bugle call of the bull elk. He stationed himself as near as possible to a whistling bull and began to imitate his call. Whether he succeeded in learning the notes or not I do not know; but it was said that all the elk in the neighborhood collected about him to listen to his performance.

I am told of a prospector who was very fond of playing on what is called a harmonica or mouth organ, and who, while traveling through the mountains, stopped to rest and refresh himself with a little music. After he had been playing some time he saw emerge, one after another, from the brush, three white-tail deer, which slowly drew nearer and nearer to him, watching him with an appearance of great interest. They finally approached so close that, as he said, he could "almost touch them," and only went away when he ceased playing. He had no gun and was careful to avoid alarming them.

We all know that it is often possible to stop a running deer or elk by a whistle or by the call of a fawn.

The facts that I have mentioned are isolated and prove nothing, but others may have made observations which may be of interest in connection with them. Can any of your many readers help me? Old Man.

WILD PIGEONS.

Lockport, N. Y., Dec. 10. *Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of Dec. 8, a report of the occurrence of wild pigeons near Rome, N. Y., which reminds me that while stopping at Theresa, N. Y., from Aug. 13 to Oct. 20 last, the local paper reported that parties had seen a large flock of pigeons near Red Lake, which as the crow flies is about four miles from the village. I did not succeed in seeing the parties that saw them, to corroborate the observation. I have but little doubt of the occurrence. The last pigeons I shot was on the east side of Red Lake some twenty years ago, while visiting at Theresa, which was my boyhood home, and well do I remember the immense flocks of these birds fifty years ago, and recall one particular occasion during the spring flight when tens of thousands flew directly over the main street and within ten rods of the center of the village, when hundreds of them were killed with guns, clubs and fishpoles. They flew directly up the river, which at that point is at least seventy-five feet lower than the street. Their flight was so low that they had to rise to clear the street. On the north side of the street were large piles of wood, on which other boys and I climbed armed with fishpoles, and killed many birds. At that time I saw the first single bird shot on the wing by my oldest brother who was armed with the old muzzleloading gun which had been carried through the War of the Revolution and of 1812 and 15, and which had been cut off at least 15in. and changed from flint to percussion cap lock. During a lull in the flight one single bird came up the ravine, which was shot by my brother; and from that day he was considered the best shot of the town.

Since the pigeons that I killed twenty years ago I have seen but one wild pigeon that was shot in this State, and that was taken by Mr. Arthur Lerch about three miles north of this city, May 10, 1883; and was the only one seen at the time. I have it in my collection of mounted birds. There is a small patch of blue on the back and just a tinge on edge of wings, the rest of the plumage is ashy brown. At first I could hardly believe it was a passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*).

J. L. Davison.

New Book on Shore Birds.

Sportsmen as well as naturalists will be interested to learn that there is in preparation a new and completely illustrated volume on the shore birds of North America. Its author is Dr. D. G. Elliott, the ornithologist, whose beautifully illustrated monograph of the Tetraonidæ ought to be in the library of every sportsman in the land, while his volume on the hummingbirds and on other groups have made his name familiar to all students of bird life.

The volume in question is entitled "North American Shore Birds," and will be published by Francis T. Harper

of this city. It gives short life histories of each species of our shore birds, with accounts of their migrations, and will contain keys so plain that any species may be determined even by a novice, and a map of a bird showing every part of its plumage and explanations of the terms used. Full page illustrations drawn by Edwin Shepherd, of Philadelphia, and reproduced in half-tone, will represent each species. The size of the book will be octavo and the price about $2.50. The date of publication has not yet been fixed.

Game Bag and Gun.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

A Responsive Chord.

THE leader in the editorial columns of FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 1, wherein it proposes to war upon dishonest methods and individuals in trap-shooting has met with general approval as far as the Texas sportsmen are concerned. While trap-shooting is yet in its incipiency in this State, the insinuating microbe of dishonesty has developed and several cases of "skulduggery" if not absolute robbery, disgraces the pages of the shooting history of this State. Not only have individuals proven dishonest in their methods, but entire organizations, presumably organized with honest intent, have been convicted of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. The sportsmen—the clean sportsmen—in Texas are glad that FOREST AND STREAM has sounded the tocsin. Let no guilty man escape.

As Bad as a Seine.

The fishing in Elmendorf Lake has been very good this winter. Indeed, the finest string of black bass ever caught in Texas waters was lured from the mossy beds of that fine body of water six weeks ago, and nearly every one who has been fortunate enough to secure the *entrée* into the preserve has had a nice time with the rod. While the discovery that there existed biting bass in the lake has been heralded with delight, and while the fishing has been "dead easy," the pot-huntishness of a certain individual who enjoys the fishing by virtue of his payment of $2.50 toward the "watchman fund" has asserted itself. It may be all right for one to hunt for meat and kill quail on the ground, and it may be all right for one who does not claim a full knowledge of sportsmen's ethics, to drag a seine or otherwise catching fish by methods which are not recognized as fair by followers of Izaak Walton; but that right becomes a wrong when perpetrated by one who is a member of a high-toned gun club and who howls himself hoarse crying for the protection of game.

The facts are as follows: A member of the chosen few who have each paid $2.50 toward a fund with which a watchman has been paid to guard Lake Elmendorf has disgraced himself and his club by "jug-fishing" for bass in the lake aforesaid. He has placed a lot of beer bottles in the lake, to which he had attached a 4ft. line, and has caught a lot of fine black bass through the nefarious device, and has had the audacity to bray about it. Worse than that: the watchman's boy has been doing the same thing and sold the proceeds of his nefarious practice to members of the club at 25 cents per fish.

If the party spoken of was not a member of a gun club, I would not feel quite at liberty to criticise his practice as bitterly as I do, but when a man belongs to an organization that claims to protect game and fish, and employs other than the recognized fair methods for the capture of each, I feel like going for him with a sharp stick. Put him out.

Geese! Geese!!

From Copano Bay, about eighteen miles from Rockport on the Texas coast comes the word that there is a fine flight of geese, swan and brant twice a day. One man killed twenty-seven one evening over six decoys. The cool weather up north the last few days has driven the canvasback and redheads to their winter quarters, and the shooting on these rare birds is beginning to be good.

Bluebills on the Nueces.

The heaviest bluebill flight in years is on up the Nueces Bay every morning and evening. The bay water is fresh for about five miles and the birds come off the salt bay where they feed on young oysters to slake their thirst and out again in the evening. The birds are there in thousands but there will be no first-class shooting until very cold weather sets in.

A Gay Party.

Messrs. Peabody, Burton and Dubois, of Cincinnati, E. Hough, of Chicago and Robt. Merrill, the noted dog man and crack shot of Milwaukee, accompanied by O. C. Guessaz, of San Antonio, have just returned from a two weeks' outing on the Texas coast, where they have been shooting all kinds of game. A full account of the trip will be given in these columns through the facile pen of Mr. Hough, of the Chicago office.

Quail at Linton.

A personal trip to Linton, 135 miles from San Antonio, on the line of the Aransas Pass Railway, resulted in finding plenty of quail. Five coveys in two and a half hours were found in splendid cover and under the best shooting circumstances. Hotel accommodations and teams galore.

Deer Hunters.

Messrs. Albert Steves, Otto Wahrmund, Hon. J. L. Slayden and Capt. Ernest August Dosch, all of San Antonio, are enjoying a deer and turkey hunt in the mountain fastnesses of Kerr county. From parties in Kerrville it is learned that the gentlemen are meeting with great success and having a splendid time.

Javelinas

or better named, the American peccary, has his abode all through the heaviest chapparal of the Southwest. It is a small pig, about the size of a yearling shoat and a mottled gray in color, and a most dangerous animal to hunt. Through Judge McCall of Portland, who has a splendid pack of hounds, it was learned that they are plentiful around Portland on the Texas coast. The Judge has kindly invited the writer on a hunt after the javelinas, and a full account of the experience will be given to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

TEXAS FIELD.

QUAIL HUNTING IN DRY COVER.

BURNSIDE, La., Dec. 12.—Last Saturday afternoon I tore myself away from the factory and spent an hour or two after quail, but with poor success. The weather has been so hot and dry that it is almost impossible for a dog to do any sort of work. There is not a drop of water to be had for the dogs; and if you do not have the luck to find a water-cask out in the field the poor dog soon plays out.

I knew where there ought to be some birds, so I hitched up a gig, and putting the old setter dog into it, started for the field. The first little outing after quail makes a man feel like a school boy receiving an unexpected holiday. I soon reached the field, and over the fence I climbed. Then I put the shells, loaded with E. C. powder, into my old cylinder quail gun. This old gun I scarcely ever use for anything else but quail, and I kill some with it every year. This same old gun will scatter over both sides of a barn at 20yds., and it is just the thing for quail and brush shooting. About the first thing the old dog did was to flush a covey of eight or nine birds, and without caring about me one particle they all safely hid themselves in the windrowed cane. With the next covey I was more lucky. I was standing on the edge of a thicket when I noticed a very large hawk cruising about over the field. Presently he flushed a big covey of quail and straight for the thicket they flew. They lit within about 30yds. of me, and I felt sure of some of them. I talked to the old setter and advised him to be careful. He pointed, up got a quail and down he dropped at the crack of the gun. My dog retrieved him, but did not want to give him up, so nice did the first quail of the season seem to him.

The next bird I missed as he went whirring through the bushes. The next came down when I bid him. Everything was so dry that the poor old dog could not make much out of the scent, so I called my driver, made him cut a good big stick, and put him into the cover, and very soon he had the quail flying in every direction. First he put up four quail, and I got one with each barrel. Then the next quail that got out of the grass I missed with both barrels, although it was a fair, straightaway shot in the open. The next was snapped down almost before he was well under way. After a while the old dog recovered somewhat from the heat and pointed a quail, which I scratched down, and recovered after a chase, which made the dignified old brown meat dog so excited that I was afraid he would have an apoplectic stroke.

Then I tried another field and after much careful trailing and creeping by the dog, the birds flushed wild, but I marked them down and after them I went. After thinking out the direction in which the birds must fly on being flushed, I laid my plans of approach. But the first bird that got up flew directly over my head and directly in line with the afternoon sun. Both barrels were fired, but all in vain. Then the whole covey followed suit. My first barrel was unsuccessful, but the second brought down a fine big cock. I followed up the covey only to have them get up wild, and with both barrels missed again. Then I walked up two stray fellows, missed the one to the left, but cracked over the one on my right. The ground was so dry that I found the dog almost useless, so I gave it up and came home, quite satisfied, however, with the few hours of recreation with the quail.

I think that we will have fine quail shooting now, for yesterday we had the first big rain since last April. We are still killing some deer. Last week we killed one magnificent buck, and on last Sunday we chased a buck, but did not kill. Blount saw this buck when the hounds jumped him, and he says he has a fine set of antlers.

W. P. M., JR.

MAINE GAME NOT BAGGAGE.

BOSTON, Dec. 15.—The latest railroad move is the announcement made by the Maine Central, that no more moose, deer, caribou, or fish or game of any kind will hereafter be received as baggage. This news comes by special dispatch to the daily papers, and doubtless it is true. Sportsmen are much displeased, so far as I have been able to obtain their views. Heretofore the Maine Central has very kindly forwarded the fish or game of sportsmen, in the legal open season, free of charge, in their baggage cars. There is no doubt but what the present season has shown this road that they have had to do a good deal of transportation for nothing, except the regular fares of the hunters and fishermen. But its passenger traffic is greatly increased by the hunting and fishing interest in that State. It is a safe estimate to claim that at least one-fourth of the passenger traffic of the Maine railroads is due directly or indirectly, to the actual or anticipated sport from fishing and hunting promised there. The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners, in their report, recently submitted to the Governor and Council, suggest that the amount of money brought into Maine by her fish and game interests is over $3,000,000 a year, and they have rather under-estimated its value than otherwise. Now if only one-fourth of this sum goes into the treasury of the Maine Central Railway, it amounts to a very large revenue from the hunters and fishermen, and for that company to suddenly refuse to convey any more game or fish, without extra charge, is looked upon with disfavor by every prominent sportsman whom I have heard express an opinion. The claim is at once set up that the American Express Co. has had something to do with the change, and there is cause for believing that the claim is correct. Sportsmen have been seriously bothered this fall by suddenly finding that their game was in the hands of the express company, when they had left it in the hands of the baggagemaster at the point where they had taken the train. In a great many cases the hunters have been assured by the baggagemasters that their game should go through safely and without cost. In many instances tags have been furnished by baggagemasters, in order that the deer might be tagged with the owner's name and residence, as provided by law. Neither express nor any other transportation companies are allowed to forward game out of the State of Maine unless it is tagged as above; and then it is the property of the man who shot it, and is being forwarded at his risk. Legal gentlemen tell me that under the present law regarding transportation, made to prevent the sending of game out of Maine and into market, there is a doubt as to whether any express or railway company can legally forward game in any other way than free of charge and as the property of the hunter, who must, according to law, be in charge of it.

In each case the express company has insisted upon being paid for the transportation. In some cases the bill has been paid, and in one or two cases the owner of the game has declined to pay, claiming that the express company had taken it without authority. In one case where the express company claimed pay for transportation, the owner of the game positively declined to pay, and the driver of the express took the game back to the office of the company. In a short time he came back and said that "the boss said that if Mr. ——— would sign a receipt he might leave the deer." But Mr. —— also flatly refused to sign any receipt, declining to acknowledge the express company in any way in the matter. After some words the driver left the deer at the hunter's home. Hunters and fishermen are also disposed to ask why it is that the Maine Central cannot bring out the fish and game that they are fortunate enough to take, when some of the Western roads are not only bringing out the fish and game of sportsmen free, but they also carry their dogs free, and give them the best of care. A gentleman mentions especially the Grand Rapids & Indiana Road, over which he had occasion to travel on a hunting and fishing trip a couple of seasons ago. On the train there were a number of sportsmen with their dogs and equipments, and even one or two movable camps. There were four baggage cars in the train and two freight cars, and not a sportsman was called upon to pay a dollar for any sort of transportation.

SPECIAL.

Summer Shooting In Pennsylvania.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I very much regret to learn that there are a few sportsmen in our State who object to the abolishment of summer woodcock shooting.

The committee on legislation, appointed at the last meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsman's Association which met at Harrisburg not long since to make such changes in our game laws as they deemed advisable for the better protection of our game, considered this point in particular and agreed, one and all, that there was more destruction wrought among our young "pheasants" by unscrupulous hunters than could be well calculated; and unanimously agreed that it was one of the most vital points in our game laws. True, there may be some who could refrain from pressing the trigger should a nice young pheasant rise before him, but how many more are there who shoot first and pay their regrets afterwards. There is no one who enjoys a day afield after woodcock better than I do, but surely I would a thousand times rather deny myself this pleasure, than be a party to an act upholding the summer slaughter of our young pheasants.

The committee had hundreds of letters from all points in the State urging one season for all game, and it is to be hoped that the few who want summer shooting, will see the matter in its true light and magnanimously deny themselves a few short hours' sport for the better protection of our king of game birds. I urge you, gentlemen sportsmen of Pennsylvania, to take the matter in hand, and assist this committee in their efforts for better laws.

N. A. HUGHES, Pres.
Penn. State Spts. Assn.

Opossums on the Main Street.

WINDSOR, N. C., Dec. 11.—Last night, about 11 o'clock, just after a rain, Mr. M., a lawyer, whose office is on Main street and in the most public part of town, was standing in his front door, when his attention was attracted by some animal crossing the sidewalk. He concluded to investigate; took his cane, and on reaching the gutter found a very large and fat opossum, which he proceeded to kill. We suppose the possum had made his home under a stone near Mr. M.'s office and had come out to get a drink of water. This is the second one caught in our town within the last three months.

I have had several days with the quail this season, but do not find them so plentiful as they were last season, the greatest number bagged being twenty-nine in a day's hunt. I notice wild turkeys for sale on our streets almost daily.

A. J. R.

A Towering Bird.

NEWARK, N. J.—While I was hunting for partridge my dog Nick drew up near a fence well covered with undergrowth and brush, and as I advanced a bird sprang out. I held just ahead of him and fired. He flinched and immediately sprang upward and began to circle around. Higher and higher he mounted. On he went until he was many feet in the air, out of gunshot. Then his wings began to wobble and he came down slowly but surely, landing within 10ft. of the place he started from. On examination I found three shot had struck him just behind his right eye and destroyed his sight, and caused his curious movements. I have shot many birds, but never had an experience like this.

W. F. B.

Holiday Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad to Washington, Gettysburg, and Old Point Comfort.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company has announced the following select pleasure tours, under its personally conducted tourist system, for the holiday season. The destination of each tour offers so much in the way of recreation and sight-seeing that the festivities of the holiday season may be doubly enjoyed by participation in any of them.

To Gettysburg and Washington, Wednesday, Dec. 26, returning the following Saturday. Tickets covering transportation, meals *en route*, and hotel accommodations at Gettysburg and Washington will be sold at the following rates: New York, Brooklyn and Newark, $20; Trenton, $19; Philadelphia, $17.50. Tickets will also be sold to Gettysburg, returning direct by regular trains until Dec. 31, at rate of $12 from New York, $11 from Trenton, and $9.50 from Philadelphia.

To Washington, on Thursday, Dec. 27, returning the following Saturday. Round-trip rates, including hotel accommodations: New York, Brooklyn and Newark, $13.50; Trenton, $12.75; Philadelphia and Wilmington, $11.50.

To Old Point Comfort, Thursday, Dec. 27, returning the following Saturday. Rates, including round trip transportation and all necessary expenses: New York, Brooklyn and Newark, $15.50; Trenton, $14; Philadelphia, $12.50. Tickets will also be sold at the same rates, including luncheon going and one day's board at the Hygeia Hotel, and good to return via Richmond and Washington by regular trains within ten days.

Tickets for any of the above tours from other points will be sold at proportionate rates, and any additional information in regard to the tours may be obtained on application to the Tourist Agent, at 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton street, Brooklyn; or Room 411, Broad street station.—*Adv.*

Prairie Chickens.

RECENT reports received by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway from stations in the prairie chicken country of Minnesota and South Dakota all indicate a prospect of the best hunting for years. Chickens are very plentiful and in fine condition. Duck shooting prospects are also good. Full information can be had by addressing Ticket Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 207 Clark street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

About Black Bass.

In a recent note in this column I mentioned the circumstance of a "bad black bass" caught in the very act of eating its own young, and said: "I cannot yet think it is the habit of the black bass to eat their own young if other food abounds."

I have just received the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission for 1893, Vol. XIII., which is made up of papers read before the World's Fisheries Congress in Chicago, at the time of the World's Columbian Exposition, and in it I find a very interesting and instructive paper by Mr. Wm. F. Page, superintendent of the Neosho, Missouri, station of the U. S. Fish Commission, upon "The Propagation of Black Bass in Ponds."

Conclude what we may about the habits of fish in wild waters where they are not absolutely under control for constant observation at different seasons and under varying conditions, the result must consist in a measure of speculations, but fish in confinement and under direct observation at all times may be studied in a way to obtain positive conclusions regarding certain habits, provided the confinement does not change their habits. Mr. Page has drawn the conclusions narrated in his paper from observations of black bass under the last mentioned conditions, and it is presumably safe to say that what has been found true of the habits of black bass in the Neosho ponds will apply to the habits of black bass in wild waters.

Premising that the fish under observation were the large-mouthed species of black bass I quote as follows from the paper:

"It may be asked, if bass are such excellent parents and accomplish the high rate of impregnation which some writers ascribe to them, where is the necessity of putting more than a few adults in a pond, letting these alone, and later harvesting a crop of young? To such a question I would answer, that after the dispersal of the school, unless food of an acceptable kind be present in abundance, an adult bass does not stop to examine the birthmarks of a straggling youngster which may cross his path. There can be no question but that the largest part of the young so zealously guarded early in the season later furnish food for some adult bass, possibly its own progenitor. Again, the bass are like the trout, in that every school furnishes its example of giants, which make short work of their weaker brethren. In the autumn sorting of the spring crop, left undisturbed through the summer in the nursery pond, three and sometimes four sizes of young bass will be found, the largest of which show by their very size that they have been guilty of fratricide."

It has been asked over and over how fast do young black bass grow. Mr. Page answers this question in regard to the young of the big-mouth in his ponds: "The average length of six months' bass at Neosho is 3in., though I have frequently seen them of the same age measuring from 8 to 10in. Whoever has seen a black bass choked to death by trying to swallow one of equal size, will not doubt that the 8-inch fellow will diminish the number of the 3-inch fishes."

Does Male or Female Guard the Nest?

A belief exists that the male black bass and not the female guards the nest while the eggs are hatching, and afterward broods the young. I was about to say that this was a general belief, but I remember that those who think in this way, when their writings are examined closely, are very guarded about making a positive statement in regard to it. Mr. Mather observed this habit in the male sunfish, and as the sunfish guards its eggs I think he assumes that in the case of black bass, also a nest-guarder, it was the male fish that acted as guard.

In 1891 I watched a pair of rock bass on their bed or nest and they spawned July 24. After that date I saw nothing more of the male fish, but I watched the female daily until Aug. 8, and twice took her from the nest to make sure that I was watching the right fish. The male was present on July 23 and 24, but I did not see another fish of any kind around the nest up to the time the young were hatched on Aug. 8. On the two occasions when I took the female from the nest I removed her some distance before returning her to the water, but inside of ten minutes she was back on duty. I reported my observations to Mr. Wm. P. Seal, then in charge of the aquaria of the U. S. Fish Commission, and in his reply he said:

"In any species of fish the habits of which have not yet been observed, we can only reason from analogy, but I know of no fish which protects its eggs with which it is not the male that 'rocks the cradle.' With the sticklebacks, the darters, the sunfishes so far as I have noticed, catfish, the paradise fish, the common toadfish, the blennies, the little seahorse and pipefishes, it is the male which attends to these affairs, being a complete reversal of the usual order regarding reproductive methods. This might be accounted for by the greater vitality of the male, and the necessary greater exhaustion of the female after spawning. * * * It is an interesting subject, and we know very little yet. We want great aquaria established on correct principles where we can study them."

At the time that I found the spawning rock bass I was looking for beds or schools of young of small-mouthed black bass in a very cold lake where the bass spawn late, and before and since that time I have endeavored to settle the matter to my own satisfaction as to which parent guarded the nest and young of the black bass (small mouth). In one instance, when I learned that pairs of black bass were confined at spawning time in small ponds in Canada, I tried to find out which of the parents stood guard, but it was apparent that the sex had not been observed up to the time that I wrote, but Mr. Page has something to say on that subject:

"The eggs are viscid and attach themselves as soon as voided and impregnated to the floor of the nest. Then commences a parental devotion worthy of imitation on the part of some higher animals. For a time I was under the impression that the female deserted the nest and the male fish took charge. From closer and more extended observation I am now of the opinion that the female is in direct charge, while the male acts as an outer sentinel, patrolling 8 or 10ft. away. There is nothing smaller than a man that a bass won't attack when on duty guarding a nest, and there is nothing smaller than a man who attacks a bass at this time. Prior to the hatching of the eggs the female stands guard directly over the nest, maintaining a gentle motion of the fins for the purpose, it is thought, of providing a change of water over the eggs. When the fry leave the eggs the tactics of the mother fish are changed. She no longer stands guard over the nest, but circles around the school, whipping back truants and driving off intruders." Unless Mr. Page's observation on this subject should be controverted by later and more extended investigations, I think that it must be admitted that it is the female and not the male black bass which guards the nest and broods the young, and I imagine that what may be true of the large-mouthed bass in this respect will prove to be true of the small-mouth.

Vitality of Black Bass.

During the past ten years or more I have repeatedly urged that black bass should not be introduced into any water unless, after due deliberation, it was found beyond a peradventure that the fish were suitable for the water, and *vice versa*, for once introduced it would be impossible to remove them; but I must confess that I believed that drawing the water off would accomplish this object, and very recently I wrote to a correspondent that the only way he could get rid of black bass in a small pond was by drawing the water entirely off. It seems that even this will not do it, and again I quote Mr. Page: "Under fright the bass will burrow into the mud and live there an incredible length of time. Some years we used a pond for bass one season, and when it was concluded to use it for shad the following season, it was drawn off in the autumn to harvest the young and thoroughly rid it off bass. Unusual precaution was exercised to remove every fish. The pond was left empty for three weeks, exposed to the frosts and winds of November, until the mud was dry and crossed checked. The pond was then filled, and in December 200 tons of ice were cut from it. To make assurance doubly sure, the pond was again drawn in the following April and left empty for ten days. The young shad were introduced the first week in June. By the 1st of August other fish than shad were jumping for flies in the dusk of early morning and evening. One hundred and fifty bass, averaging half a pound each, were captured from this pond, from which all the bass had been so carefully removed. There were no means within the limits of reasonable probability for 150 fish to have gotten into this pond, except by having burrowed in the mud and lived there for several weeks while it was drying."

It may be said that while such astonishing vitality may be displayed by the large-mouth black bass, a fish with predilection for the mud and ooze, it could not be true of the small-mouth, but I think it is more than a dozen years ago that I wrote something akin to Mr. Page's narrative, only my story was about the small-mouth. Briefly, it was this. The father of Pension Commissioner Bentley had some small-mouth black bass in a spring. The spring dried up, and as the bass disappeared with the drying up process it was supposed that the bass had been stolen, but upon digging down to find water the bass were found burrowed in the mud, which, however, had not become dry. All of which means, do not plant black bass unless you wish them to stay with you, even after you become tired of them.

How Some Fish are Planted.

The applications for fish fry made in various States to those who have the matter in charge must present some amusing reading, if the reader's bump of humor is well developed.

This morning I was asked by an applicant to aid him in filling out a blank for black bass, and the number of fish asked for (for one lake) was equal to the whole number of black bass distributed by the State in all its waters in one year. This matter, however, only served to remind me of another application. A gentleman told me that he had made application for, and had been promised, a lot of landlocked salmon fry.

Naturally interested in the subjects, I questioned him about the water in which he intended to plant them. Personally he knew little or nothing about it. He believed it was a small pond 20 to 25ft. deep, but he knew nothing of the temperature of the water. He knew little about the fish already in the pond, and nothing about the opportunities for the salmon to spawn. As to food for salmon there were plenty of minnows for them. He did not know that salmon were a deep-water fish in summer and required deep-water food, nor anything about the temperature in which they could live and above which point they would die, but he was an earnest man greatly interested in stocking the waters with fish and in fish protection after the waters were stocked.

If a census could be taken of all the fish fry lost, and I do not refer to any deficiency between the number charged and the number delivered, but lost because well-meaning men put in fish fry where nature never intended they should go, and where they cannot thrive, I imagine it would be astonishing to the general public. Fish Commissioners throw such safeguards as they can around the fish which they have to distribute, and make every effort to know about the waters in which the fry are to be planted, but after all they have to trust somewhat to the judgment of the applicants and much to the answers made to their questions.

By deficiency between the number of fish fry charged and the number delivered, I had in mind such as may actually die in transit, but I did see one shipment of a lot of lake trout fry, said to be 500,000, and if the others were like it the shipment was probably 150,000 to 200,000 short of the number charged. This was not because the fry died, but because they were not in the cans to start with. Hatchery shipments of fish fry are supposed to go over rather than under the number charged, and in many instances I suppose they do, but it makes little difference whether they do or not if the water to which they are destined is wholly unsuitable for the fish, and they are lost in consequence. As a rule applicants for fish see to what are called game fishes—salmon, trout and black bass, no matter what the conditions of water and food may be. Trout may fail in waters that would sustain some excellent food fish, such as the bullhead and yellow perch, but generally it is the game fishes and not the food fishes which are sought, and so fish and water area are both wasted.

A Game Fight with a Game Fish.

Mr. C. E. Durkee, who was for many years the superintendent of the Adirondack Railway running north from Saratoga into the Wilderness, told me recently of a fight he once had with a trout in the North Woods. We met at a friend's house at dinner and the story was told after the dinner, and I made not a single note concerning it, but I'll warrant that I now relate it as it was told by my old friend.

Mr. Durkee was a guest at Camp Pine Knot, the North Woods domain of Mr. W. Durant, and was one day fishing for spotted trout in Mohican Lake, which is part of Mr. Durant's preserve. Requiring some minnows for bait, Mr. Durkee and his guide rowed to the mouth of an inlet stream to catch them. Mr. Durkee was using a steel rod, and finding that the tip was so pliant that he did not hook the minnows with certainty, he removed it and tied a piece of line to the second joint of the rod. The rod was thus about six or seven feet long and the line about a foot shorter, and on it was a minnow hook. For minnows the hook was baited with a piece of a dead minnow. A sufficient number of minnows being obtained, the guide pushed the boat out into the lake near an old treetop, while Mr. Durkee still retained his baited minnow hook and rod in his hand.

Idly he threw the small bait into the water and it was taken by a large fish, and "there he was."

Rod and line together were not over 14ft. in length, and the minnow hook was tied to fine gut. The fish was active, and it required all of Mr. Durkee's skill with the rod and the guide's skill at the oars to prevent a smash during the first flurry. The lake is shallow, fortunately, and the downward rushes of the fish repeatedly took the rod and the angler's arm into the water to his shoulder, but the angler tired before the trout, for it was a trout, and the guide took the rod to rest him. Mr. Durkee again resumed the rod, and finally the trout was brought up, when the guide succeeded, after several attempts, in getting his fingers into his gills, and the fish proved to be a lake trout of 16lbs. weight.

Monster Trout of the St. Maurice Club.

It is quite fitting that after recording Mr. Durkee's catch I should state that I have a letter from Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal, in regard to the catch of brook trout made in 1894 by members of the St. Maurice Club. I give his letter nearly in full: "Reading Forest and Stream to-day my eye caught sight of your comment regarding 'St. Maurice trout report for 1894.' That the club members caught during the season '68 brook trout, weighing 1,920lbs ,' is perfectly true.

"Lake Wayagamach where headquarters are situated, and where practically all the fish are caught, is over fifty miles in circumference, and contains 'brook trout,' running from 2½lbs. to certainly 6½lbs.

"I have heard many stories of lumber men catching through the ice much larger trout, but personally 6½ is the largest I have seen. Three pounds represent, I should say, the average weight, and there is only one point on the lake, at or near the dam (outlet), where 1 to 2lb. fish are caught. Wayagamach is really a wonderful lake." Wonderful but half expresses it, and the St. Maurice Club, so favored of the gods, should change the name of the lake, unless, as I now suspect, that Indian name really means "Angler's Paradise."

A. N. Cheney.

The Sunapee Saibling.

Charlestown, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad to note my friend Cheney's cumulative evidence as to the utter ignorance respecting saibling in Sunapee Lake previous to 1881. It was this ignorance on the part of my old friends Powers and Woodbury, both accomplished anglers, who had fished the lake for years, which led Dr. Quackenbos and myself to think that it might be a hybrid from the native *fontinalis* and the winninish put in in 1877. The discovery of the same fish later in Dan Hole Pond, however, crushed that explanation. Now, may it not be that the saibling, which are principally fish-eaters, have been thriving on the young fry of the winninish and the *fontinalis* which have been planted, and thus have shown an abnormal increase, while the results from the continuous plants have certainly fallen far short of expectations?

I think Commissioner Hodge first discovered the spawning grounds of the saibling in 1885, and it seems strange that some one of the thousands who have explored the lake within the last hundred years should not have seen them before, if they were as plentiful as they now are. Commissioner Hodge said he saw "acres of them."

I am glad to learn from Mr. Cheney that our Fish Commissioners are to move in the matter of restoring the close time for trout to May 1, where we fixed it a dozen years ago, and to inform him that Vermont has passed a law adopting the same date.

We got such a bill through the House in our last Legislature, but it was killed in the Senate, who voted "inexpedient to legislate."

I hope New York may adopt the same date for all waters north of the Erie Canal, but believe the date would be better for the whole State, except Long Island. The 15th of April in some years is too early for Pennsylvania.

There is no doubt that trout will bite in April some years, if not all, but the reason is that they are half starved and hungry, and I prefer to wait until they are fat and lively. Almost all our open seasons for game of all kinds begin too soon and last too long, and the extermination of the game, including fish in the word, is the consequence.

What you say about the New York Fish Commission is true and well said. Politics, so called, has in many ways been the curse of the State and city of New York.

Von W.

To the Retail Fishing Tackle Dealers.

We beg to announce that we have withdrawn the sale of our Automatic Reel from the lists of the jobbing trade, and that for the season of 1895 we shall deal with the retailers direct.

We have been compelled to take this action on account of the "cut prices" quoted on our reels by most of the jobbers, who in consequence created an unprofitable competition among the retailers.

In order to remedy this condition of affairs we shall sell direct to the retailer, but under no circumstances will we fill an order unless we have the retailer's assurance that our goods will be sold at strictly *list prices*. We feel that we, as manufacturers, have the right to prevent the demoralization of prices on our product, and we hope to receive the retail trade's approbation of our protest against trade demoralization.

We remain, with the season's compliments, yours very truly,

—*Adv.* Yawman & Erbe.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

The New Brunswick Convention.

THE inefficiency of the game and fish laws of the State of New Jersey, to properly protect the game and fish of that State, has induced the sportsmen of New Jersey to take steps to remedy the evils alluded to. The publishing of the following notice in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for Dec. 8 sounded the call:

For many years there has been general complaint of the inefficiency of the game and fish laws of New Jersey to protect the game and fish to any appreciable extent. In spite of State and individual efforts to stock forests and streams, pot-hunters and other unscrupulous individuals have been able to disregard the laws with practical impunity.

The New Brunswick Gun Club at a meeting recently held took the initiative in a movement looking toward the adoption and enactment of adequate laws. It was decided to hold a convention in this city in Voorhees Hall, at 12 o'clock noon Dec. 15. An invitation will be sent to each gun club in the State to send two delegates. The Brunswick Club will bear all the expense except the transportation of delegates. It will be the purpose of the convention to recommend to the commission recently appointed by the Legislature such changes in the game laws as will serve to protect the game and also to provide means of detecting and punishing infractions of the law. The local club has elected W. S. Gummere, of Trenton, and George A. Viehmann as delegates.

Delegates from 8 out of the 21 counties in the State were present, the roll call showing 25 delegates in attendance at the convention. A committee of one delegate from every county represented, with Mr. Joseph Fisher, secretary of the New Brunswick Gun Club, as chairman, was appointed, to present the views of the sportsmen of the State to the Game and Fish Commissioners, who meet at Trenton on Jan. 5 next. This committee was enlarged so as to include one delegate from every county in the State, so as to insure full representation.

The convention was badly divided on the question of the open season for woodcock. The northern section wanted it to open not later than Oct. 15, the southern section holding out for Nov. 1.

It was the unanimous opinion of every delegate that deer hunting should be forbidden until Nov. 1, 1897, and that it should then open for only 15 days in that year, and in every alternate year thereafter.

The most important business was the formation of a permanent organization to be known as the New Jersey Game and Fish Association, an organization whose duty it should be to look after the propagation and protection of game birds, animals and fishes within the State.

THE PROCEEDINGS IN DETAIL.

In response to the call given above, the following gentlemen were present when the convention at New Brunswick, N. J., on Saturday, Dec. 15, was called to order: George A. Viehman and Henry H. Stevens, New Brunswick Gun Club, New Bruuswick, Middlesex county; Harry L. Stout and Jos. L. Chamberlain, Flemington, Hunterdon county; W. S. Sawyer, Middlesex Park Gun Club, Middlesex county; E. P. Dicky and J. V. D. Ten Eyck, Somervile, Somerset county; C. W. Winter and George H. Cramer, North Branch, Somerset county; George Hooker and Charles Lowe, East Side Gun Club, New Brunswick, Middlesex county; George E. Snook, Kingston Gun Club, Middlesex county; S. G. Smith and S. F. Lillig, Seaside Gun Club, Atlantic City, Atlantic county; R. C. Griscom and J. W. Clark, Atlantic City Gun Club, Atlantic county; Jas. L. Smith and Nelson S. Mitchell, Hackettstown, Warren county; J. L. Crowell and A. B. Cook, Rahway, Union county; W. R. Hobart, South Side Gun Club, Essex county; B. S. Wrightmyer and Richard Farr, Dayton, Middlesex county; John Jelleman and A. Totten, Passaic City Gun Club, Passaic county. The list shows a total of 25 delegates present, representing in all eight counties.

In the absence of W. S. Gummere, Mr. Viehman was made chairman, with Harry L. Stout as secretary.

The following characteristic letter was then read:

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—*New Brunswick Gun Club:* GENTLEMEN—I see in the FOREST AND STREAM that you have called a meeting for the 15th at your place to get the different views before framing a law for the coming season, and for enforcing it. My home is in a place where we have no club and I have been obliged to fight alone against the law-breakers, so as to protect what little game there is left. I have personally stocked our streams and have let go thousands of quail, and yet I am obliged to go away from home to have a little sport when the open season comes, as all is killed during the September or October shooting. My home and farm is located in Parsippany, Morris county, and there ought to be lots of game there but for this killing out of season. In the summer I am there a good deal and I have given a good portion of my time to bringing those to trial whom I have caught; when my busy season comes then is when they get in their unlawful work.

If I could have a little help from a gun club, or from the State, I am sure I could protect this natural place for game and have the finest shooting that there is in the State. I only wish there was a club in my vicinity so that I could join it and have some one to help me to do what any true lover of the gun should do. I am perfectly willing to do all in my power, both in time and cash, to improve our game laws and enforce them; you have my hearty wishes in your good work. Yours truly, E. E. BALDWIN.

Considerable applause greeted the reading of Mr. Baldwin's communication. Letters from William Elder, Sec'y of the Chatham Game and Fish Protective Association; Andrew B. Brickner, Sec'y Newton Gun Club; W. F. Bailey, Newark, and others were also read. The convention here adjourned to the Mansion House where they enjoyed dinner as guests of the New Brunswick Gun Club.

On the convention reconvening a committee consisting of one delegate from every county present, was appointed to go before the Game and Fish Commission at their annual meeting on Jan. 5, at Trenton, and acquaint them with the views of this ceuvention as to the open seasons on game and fish in this State.

The following were chosen from the counties represented at the conveution to form that committee: Harry L. Stout (Hunterdon), E. P. Dickey (Somerset), R. C. Griscom (Atlantic), Jas. L. Smith (Warren), Fred'k. C. Marsh (Union), W. R. Hobart (Essex), John Jelleman (Passaic), and Wm. S. Gummere (Middlesex).

The committee was empowered to add to its number one delegate from each county that might hereafter join in the movement.

The chairman stated that he would uow entertain the views of each delegate on the present open seasons, and as to what he desired these open seasons to be changed to.

The chair appointed a committee of three to draw up an order of busiuess for the convention to act on.

The committee made the following report, adding their suggestions as to the open seasons it recommended:

1. Consideration of open season for quail, rabbit, ruffed grouse, squirrel, woodcock, English pheasant and English partridge. Dates recommended by committee, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15.

2. Open season for deer. Recommendation by committee, that open season for deer iu this State close until Nov. 1, 1897; then to be open for fifteen days until Nov. 15 inclusive; open seasons of fifteen days in every alternate year thereafter from Nov. 1 to Nov. 15 inclusive.

3. Spring shooting. Committee recommended that the open seasons for duck, English snipe and baybirds be left as at present.

4. Out-of-State sportsmen.

5. Permanent organization.

An expression of his opinion upon the open season for quail, rabbit, ruffed grouse, squirrel, woodcock, English pheasant and English partridge, as recommended by the committee, viz., Nov. 1 to Dec. 15, was asked for from each delegate in turn. Messrs. D. G. Smith, Lilly, Griscom, Clark, Hobart, Stout, Joseph Fisher (who voted for the chairman), Hooker, Lowe, Wrightmyer, Farr, Stevens, Ten Eyck, Crowell and Cook, expressed themselves as favorable to the above close time. Mr. Chamberlain said he was in doubt as to what they were voting upon, but said that so far as he was concerned he would vote "favorable" if that vote was not considered final. Sawyer (Middlesex) thought the open season was too long; he voted Nov. 15 to Dec. 15. Messrs. Jelleman, Totten, James L. Smith, Mitchell, Snook, Dickey, Winter and Cramer all went on record as opposed to the season opening as late as Nov. 1. The first expression of opinion thus stood, 15 in favor of the uniform season commencing Nov. 1 and ending Dec. 15; 9 against, and 1 (Chamberlain) practically non-committal.

In explanation of their votes several of the delegates addressed the chair briefly:

MR. JELLEMAN—I am against the open season on woodcock and quail not commencing until Nov. 1 for two reasons. In the first place it would rob us in the northern part of the State of almost all our woodcock shooting, as the birds begin to move south before that date. A delegate from south Jersey has said that some quail are often too small to shoot by Nov. 1. In our part they are ready by Nov. 1 at the latest; that is my second contention.

MR. TOTTEN—All the northern part of the State will coincide with us and demand an earlier date on woodcock than Nov. 1; otherwise we won't get any woodsock shooting to amount to anything. It would be pretty rough on us to expect us to raise the birds, take care of them all summer, keep pot-hunters off, and then for you people in the southern part of the State to have all the fun.

MR. DICKEY—If you'll only knock squirrels out of that recommendation I'll vote in favor of it. If you put squirrels back until Nov. 1 you're putting them way too late; squirrel hunters can't do much with them after the nuts are off the trees. I think they should certainly come in not later than Sept. 1. Squirrels are my particular game, I'm fond of hunting them either with shotgun or rifle, and I don't go much on your grouse, quail or woodcock. Give me my squirrels and I'll vote "favorable."

MR. TENEYCK—I want to see woodcock protected, but Nov. 1 is too late for us, still I'll vote "favorable" if it'll help matters.

MR. JAS. L. SMITH.—I'm a northerner, and as such am not favorable to shutting off woodcock shooting until Nov. 1. It's far too late for us; such fall shooting as we've had this year during the month of November doesn't occur once in 10 years. Still I'm not favorable to woodcock shooting; birds shot in the heat of the summer months often spoil before they are gotten home. As for squirrels, once the nuts are off the trees it's no use going after them; occasionally one gets a dog that will tree a squirrel, but not often. I don't want the season on quail, grouse or rabbit shortened. With a season of 6 weeks, a man who can only get out once a week, which is as much as most of us can spare, has but six days shooting during the whole year; surely that's little enough.

Mr. Mitchell indorsed his fellow delegate's remarks.

Mr. Cook, who voted "favorable," said—"There ought to be a uniformity in the open seasons for the game mentioned, I am, therefore, in favor of the dates recommended by the committee. All squirrel hunters are unfortunately not like Mr. Dickey who I fully believe does not shoot, and would not shoot, any game bird or animal out of season; but there are hundreds of pot-hunters, who go out into the woods to shoot woodcock in July and squirrels later in the season, and shoot everything that gets up before them, whether it's a quail, rabbit or ruffed grouse. If the pot-hunters are debarred, by means of a uniform open season, from carrying a gun in the woods or swamps until it is lawful to kill any game bird or animal, then I believe it will do away with the majority of this killing of game out of season."

MR. SMITH (Warren)—We do not propose to have the northern part of the State shut out to suit merely the southern part.

MR. CROWELL—Would Oct. 15 be a suitable date for commencing your open season on woodcock?

MR. SMITH—That would certainly be better.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—Mr. Chairman, I don't see that we've accomplished anything at all by our meeting here to-day. For my part, I don't understand at all what we are proposing to do. Recommending things to the Game and Fish Commissioners won't do us much good. The State has appropriated year after year large sums of money to be expended on the fish and game of this State; Mr. Stout and myself have been trying for years to get some information as to where this money goes, but we can get no information at all. Our laws, too, I am told, have been tinkered and tampered with until no lawyer can tell us where we're at. If we really want to accomplish anything, let us move in the direction of a large appropriation for the propagation and protection of game birds, animals and fishes, aud let us see to it that that money is spent on the object for which it is appropriated. Cutting out summer woodcock shooting and still leaving gunners free to hunt upland plover, is going to do us very little good, if any. I think we ought to consider the open season on plover; if we leave the close season on them until Nov. 1 we won't get any of them. (A Voice—"No, you won't be able to get near them.") No, sir, there won't be any of them for us to shoot at; they will have gone south long before Nov. 1.

MR. DICKEY—When I was a boy at school we used to be taught that we couldn't do two things well at once, yet that is what Mr. Chamberlain seems to want us to do. Let us settle one thing at a time, not two; let us settle this question of fall shooting. If the majority of shooters in this State want to keep us from hunting squirrels before Nov. 1, I'm with them, and won't kill a single squirrel until the law says I may. (Applause).

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—It seems to me that this matter of summer shooting properly comes up before fall shooting. I want to begin at the top, not half-way up, or at the bottom. What I want to know is what we're going to have before I vote finally on this question. Personally I've done a lot for game and game protection in this State, and have turned down quantities of quail (loud applause), but what I want to know is what it is proposed to do in the way of stopping summer shooting so as to protect the quail, etc., that it is suggested shall not come in until Nov. 1.

Mr. Totten (Passaic) moved to amend the report of the committee by making the open season from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15. The amendment was lost by a vote of 6 to 17; the following voting in the minority: Messrs. Fisher, Dickey, Winter, Mitchell, Jelleman and Totten.

Mr. Smith (Warren) then moved to amend the report of the committee by striking out the word "woodcock." On Mr. Dickey's suggestion the words "gray squirrel" were also added to the amendment. The roll call showed 10 for the amendment and 14 against; this amendment was also lost. Yeas: Messrs. Stout, Chamberlain, Dickey, Winter, Cramer, Smith (Warren), Mitchell, Jelleman, Totten and Stevens. Nays: Messrs. Fisher, Sawyer, Hooker, Lowe, Snook, Smith (Atlantic), Tillig, Griscom, Clark, Crowell, Cook, Hobart, Wrightmyer and Farr.

The original motion was then made that the report of the committee be adopted; the roll call showed fourteen yeas to ten nays; those who voted yea for the amendment voted nay for the original motion.

Mr. Chamberlain then made a motion that the open season for upland plover should be during the months of August and September. Mr. Totten moved to add, as an amendment, the names of rail and reed birds. The amendment was accepted by Mr. Chamberlain and the motion was duly carried.

Mr. Sawyer introduced the question of the open season for wood-duck, which birds he claimed were not fit to be killed at the time the season now opened. The motion not being seconded it fell to the ground.

The recommendation of the committee in regard to the open seasons for deer was unanimously adopted.

The chairman then addressed the convention. He said that it seemed to him that everything should be carried out on an amiable basis, and added such was the wish of the New Brunswick Gun Club, which had called this convention together. From what he had heard Messrs. Smith (Warren), Chamberlain, Jelleman, Totten and others from the northern part of the State, say to the convention, it appeared to him that there was a good deal to be said on behalf of an earlier season on woodcock at least. The delegates present should remember that it must necessarily be a give and take matter.

A motion to reconsider the action of the convention in regard to the vote on the committee's suggestion, with a view to open the season on Oct. 15 instead of Nov. 1, was made; the motion was lost by a vote of 12 to 11.

MR. FISHER—From what I've heard I think it would be better for the committee of eight already appointed to try and get a delegate from every county to join them; then let them meet and discuss this matter prior to Jan. 5, on which date let them meet the Game and Fish Commissioners at Trenton and tell them what New Jersey shooters want; I make a motion to that effect.

The chairman, in support of Mr. Fisher's motion, thought it a very proper suggestion as only eight out of twenty-one counties in the State were represented in the convention. The motion was put and carried unanimously, as was also Mr. Hobart's motion to make Mr. Fisher, as secretary of the New Brunswick Gun Club, chairman *ex officio* of that committee with authority to call it together as soon as convenient after he should have called for a delegafe from each county to be present at this meeting.

The chairman then left the chair for the purpose of making a motion that the convention proceed to form a permanent organization under the title of "The New Jersey Game and Fish Association." The motion was seconded all over the hall, and was carried unanimously amid applause.

The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, Jas. L. Smith, of Hackettstown, Warren county; First Vice-President, G. A. Viehman, New Brunswick, Middlesex county; Second Vice-President, R. C. Griscom, Atlantic City, Atlantic county; Secretary, Harry L. Stout, Flemington, Hunterdon county; Treasurer, W. R. Hobart, Newark, Essex county.

Convention adjourned to meet at the call of the president for the purpose of adopting a constitution and by-laws, the secretary, Harry L. Stout, being instructed to prepare same for submission to the delegates at the next convention.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 15.—The regular monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held Saturday evening, Dec. 8, at the rooms, 1020 Arch street.

While the elements were not particularly inviting or conducive to a full meeting, they failed materially to dampen the spirits of these beneficiaries of Waltonian principles, as attested by the usual large attendance. A special committee, intrusted with the duty of securing more desirable quarters for the Association, submitted several available locations for consideration.

The wide dissemination of the work of the Association through the continued co-operation accorded by the press, was commented upon by the press committee.

The movement inaugurated by the Association for the establishment of a city aquarium and lecture hall for the education of public school children upon the propagation and protection of food fish, continued to meet with public approval.

The committee on ichthyological and biological instruction, having same in charge, reported that the necessary aid from the State would proably be accorded at the next session of the Legislature. Philadelphia, like London, Brussels, Naples and New York, should maintain a public aquarium and lecture hall, made attractive with aquaria and other facilities, where public school children could attend lectures of a practical kind, not so much upon the scientific bearing of the question as its domestic side. Teach the boys how to fish properly and the girls how to cook them. In this we verge upon higher ground. The lad who is taught to compassionately release fish too small for the table, will not be long in recognizing wanton cruelty wherever seen. With such a general knowledge of their value extended, much may be predicted for the future protection of food fish.

The prospective location of a government hatchery near the Zoölogical Garden was again discussed and commended, the location being particularly valuable in consideration of the fact that 50,000 school children visit the garden yearly. Prompt measures were taken to render such assistance to fish wardens as may be necessary to secure the conviction of several reported violators of the fish law.

The subject of the codification of the fishery laws was then considered at length and placed in the hands of the joint committes of law and protection of fish to formulate a bill embodying such changes or improvements as will secure the better protection and preservation of food fish in this Commonwealth, suggestions that may be submitted by the general public will meet the careful consideration of this committee, and it is hoped with the co-operation of the State Board of Fishery Commissioners to secure the favarable attention of the Legislature to this work.

Nominations as follows: President, H. O. Wilbur; Vice-Presidents, Edwin Hagert, Dr. Bushrod W. James, Howard A. Chase; Secretary, M. G. Sellers; Corresponding Secretary, J. Penrose Collins, Treasurer, Wm. S. Hergensheimer; Executive Committee, Henry C. Ford, Geo. T. Stokes, C. H. Fitzgerald, W. P. Thompson, Cyrus S. Detre, J. A. Sypher, Col. John Gay, Henry A. Ingram, F. W. Brown, Dr. W. W. McClure, Geo. W. Reader; Trustees, Collins W. Walton, R. M. Hartley, Bernard L. Douredoure.

M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

Stocking with Rainbow and Brown Trout.

CALEDONIA, N. Y., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Nov. 26 I captured in our wild stream a rainbow or California trout weighing 9lbs., and it was a splendid specimen of the *Salmo iridcus*, as clean and bright as a fresh run salmou.

There are a great many clear, cold lakes in our Eastern or Atlantic States, without an outlet, or even with a very small stream as outlet, readily screened, that can be stocked with this variety of trout to good advantage.

I have communications from different persons, from Maryland to Newfoundland, telling me of the splendid specimens they are sometimes taking from their waters, and the fine game qualities they possess This 9lbs. rainbow trout with three brown or Von Behr trout captured this summer and fall in our stream, make the combined weight of the four fish 39¼lbs., which speaks volumes in behalf of the small brook trout they had eaten in the last six or eight years. As we try to keep our stream well stocked with the native brook trout, we feel very glad that they are out. The stream contains nothing in the minnow line and will not average over 20in. deep. In this connection let me quote from a let-

ter received last week from Mr. R. A. Brehm of St. Johns, N. F.:

St. Johns, N. F., Nov. 21.—*J. Annin, Jr.:* Dear Sir—Our committee decided we would want our annual lot of rainbow trout eggs, and also some brown trout eggs. We would also like to obtain smelt, shrimp or black bass if you think they can be shipped here successfully. Several rainbow trout were caught last spring, one of 6lbs. weight. You know it is only four years since I obtained the first eggs. We were very successful with both rainbow and frostfish eggs you sent the past season, the percentage of loss was very light, and all were successfully planted.—R. A. Brehm.

The waters stocked in Newfoundland were lakes.

J. Annin, Jr.

Genesee Valley Association.

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Genesee Valley Fish and Bird Protective and Propagating Association will be held at Rochester, Jan. 9. Frank J. Amsden, Sec.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

1895.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Clu nineteenth annual show, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

Feb. 26 to March 1.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 5 to 8.—Western Kennel Club Co., at Denver, Col. E. T. Welant, Sec'y.

March 5 to 8.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit. J. W. Garrison, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 14.—Pacific Coast Field Trials Club, at Salinas, Cal.

Jan. 21.—United States Field Trials Club's Trials B, at West Point, Miss. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

Sept. 10.—Manitoba Field Trials, at Morris, Man. John Woolton, Manitou, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

Hotel Rates.

Field trials have necessarily their business features and sportsmen have a worldwide reputation for liberality. This liberality may sometimes lead to their pecuniary loss from imposition. But one of the most unaccountable features in connection with field trials is that pertaining to hotel rates. A theatrical or other party, at almost any hotel, can get special day rates. Any of the hotels in the smaller cities, and for that matter in the larger cities, have lower rates for guests who stop by the week, and lower day rates for parties. But at field trials, the established order of things is discarded. A big party or a long stay makes no difference, if it is by sportsmen.

And Newton was no exception. The leading hotel, the Newton House, charged $2 per day to sportsmen, whether the stay was a day or a week or more, during the trials. Not because the house was crowded beyond its capacity, but just because, seemingly, it was a meeting of sportsmen. This hotel had a nominal weekly rate of $10 per week before and after the trials, but a rate which was really much less to local parties. I was informed by parties who were reliable and had every means of knowing that this same hotel had boarders at $10 and $11 per month, thus securing for a month what the sportsman paid for at the rate of $56.

Just why a sportsman should be charged a higher rate at a field trial than the regular rates, not to mention a reduced rate at all, is worth inquiring into. It may not be a matter of importance to some sportsmen, but to many the matter of expense is a matter of grave consideration. In any event, there is no reason whatever why the rates should be increased instead of lessened. Would it not be a matter of ordinary business precaution for the secretary, in the interest of the owners and handlers, to arrange such matters before the trials began?

Field Trial Routine.

Field trials have fallen into fixed channels. There is a uniform sameness about all of them which no doubt tends to lessen their attractiveness.

There are the regulation stakes, the Derby and the All-Age. Sportsmen, who are familiar with field trial matters, on looking over the published entries of the All-Aged stake, weeks before the trials can see the names of many dogs which have previously run in many trials. The competition loses its novelty. It is in part a twice told tale. There is a monotony about it which ceases to attract.

At the Eastern trials there was a great deal of informal discussion in respect to having a drag hunt from the grounds to town every evening after the day's competition ended. The idea seemed to be popular. It seemed to awaken a great deal of latent enthusiasm. Mr. Avent promised to bring a pack of hounds for the purpose, if the idea was approved by the club. The local liveryman seemed to catch the spirit of the occasion and promised to have some good horses for the huntsmen. Alas, the poor horses! But of that, a year later!

A rabbit hunt, too, with the colored population as beaters and hunters, with all the noise and riot appertaining to the sport when so conducted, was considered. If Mr. Coster could awaken to the occasion he might, from the sentiment of the people, gather features which would infuse greater interest into the greatest dog-and-gun event of the East.

Under date of Dec. 12, Mr. J. B. Stoddard, Newton, N. C., writes me that "There is to be a field trial here this week. There are ten natives entered, entrance $1, and everything is to be conducted *à la* Eastern." Let the good work go on.

I have received a letter from Major J. R. Purcell, in which he courteously but firmly assures me that Lady Margaret, in the two-hour race at Newton, N. C, did not flush the second bevy, but pointed it. contrary to the reports. B. Waters.

New Orleans, La.

The Use of Morphine.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If dog owners would understand the use of hypodermic administration of morphine they would save many a dog. To a dog or puppy howling with pain from gripes or indigestion, morphine may be given until the dog becomes quiet, as often as once in half an hour. I have given repeatedly ⅛gr. of morphine combined with 1-200 of atropia to a pup only two or three months old, and never with but the best results. The canine race take kindly to morphine, and it takes large doses to kill them. Once I tried to put an old greyhound, who had passed his usefulness, to his long sleep and gave him 10grs. He woke up next morning feeling quite chipper. If a knowledge of this will save some dogs from misery, and often their lives, I, as a dog lover, will be satisfied. Medicus.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 4.

Bummer.

He is a dog with not even a remote claim to good looks or renowned family ties. Not a single feature of his roughly-cast doggy organism can be called handsome. About thirty pounds of homeliness, his body is long and his legs are short. His thick, clubby tail is carried high aloft with gentle gaiety. A short, wiry coat, in color white with a few black splotches, rather accentuates the rough casting of his form. Yet he is sturdily built, and a lot of good health seems to dwell in his rugged body. Mild in manners, gently peaceful and unobtrusive, he inoffensively devotes his time to his owu business in maintaining an humble existence. His peculiar oddities and absence of conventional habits of living, gained for him the friendship of the stablemen, so they called him "Bummer."

Whence he came no one knows, no one cares. He appeared unceremoniously one day and took up a tentative abode in the large and fashionable livery stable which he has since made his domicile. He made no obtrusive bid for attention. He seemed to feel his own homeliness and absence of favorable individuality.

His looks indicated that he was of cosmopolitan ancestry, and his manner that he was an humble dog from the humble walks of life. He showed mild habits of inoffensive vagrancy, probably from hard seasons of enforced hustling for his own living, whereiu his brains and teeth were his only stock in trade. No doubt but that his homelessness was compulsory, since dogs do not take up aimless and predatory itinerancy from choice.

His ugly frame contained one of the biggest and most affectionate hearts that ever beat in a dog's chest. Always pleasant and pleased to be noticed, he was a favorite with every man in the barn.

To such of them as would be friendly with him he gave his unselfish allegiance. In return he expected no more than what would come from their generosity; for no one owned him, and he could not hope to be protected from imposition and abuse as could the dog who was so fortunate as to be scheduled as property. Contentment with things as he found them seemed to mark all his acts.

Two dogs legitimately claimed the stable as their home before the intruder arrived; both were of proud blood, one an Irish setter, the other a collie. Bum, as he was called for short, quickly made friends with them. Their rich coats and typical forms were in strong contrast to his own nondescript qualities.

Bum's homely, bony face had a kindly expression on it always, for friend or stranger. When spoken to, he would assume a jaunty sprightliness, simultaneously with a pleasant wag of his heavy, perpendicular tail, and would give a friend all his attention; but if it were a stranger he would unobtrusively and pleasantly go on with his own purposes. He showed his affection in a passive, undemonstrative manner, more by seeking the quiet companionship of those he loved than by seeking the caresses which most dogs so eagerly claim. Indeed, even in his associations with the setter and collie, he was always amiably deferential.

In their little forages about the neighborhood for such tidbits as were unguarded or rejected by the good housewives, he acted more as a sympathetic companiou than as a recognized member of the party. He always looked to them for information as to what they contemplated next. He could interpret their very motion. When there was a change of plan and action, he keenly watched his companions, his mouth drawn back, ears pricked, and a most benevolent and sympathetic expression on his face the while. Immediately on their purpose becoming manifest, he would cheerfully and promptly acquiesce and engage in it with earnest diligence.

Yet, withal, in the stablemen's affections, he was a very formidable rival of his more favored canine companions. His *blasé* ways and unobtrusiveness, and perhaps, too, his loneliness and odd nature won their liking. Anyway, he was accepted as a part of the stable community. Odd he truly was; he had no favorite nooks in which to repose; in his quiet way he seemed to be a part of every plan; he never seemed to expect any attention unless it was tendered; and he accepted his food as the bounty of a generous master.

Among the stablemen was a coachman whom we will call Pete for the purposes of the story, and also because that really was his name. In the unoccupied intervals of time the stablemen would often sit in front of the stable, which fronted on a busy street of Chicago. Pete had once been a middle-weight prize-fighter, was still in the vigor of youth and was looked upon by his companions as being mighty in a "scrap," though he was a peaceful man.

One evening Pete was sitting in front of the stable enjoying a rest and the refreshing coolness which came with the evening shadows. Bum was stretched out to his full length on the sidewalk in a happy state of innocent slumber. His long, heavy tail had lost its mauerisms, and a mechanical grin of contentment was set on his plain features.

A tall, well dressed man was leisurely passing by, when his attention was suddenly directed to the sleeping body of Bum. Then happened two things, or rather several things, which illustrated some curious phenomena of human nature good and bad. The sleeping form of poor Bum appeared to arouse a malicious streak in the man's disposition, if perchance his whole nature was not ill-ordered and mean.

He turned short from his course so that he was near the unconscious form of the sleeping Bum, and gave him a powerful kick, The act was simply the expression of a uature given over to malice and meauness. No purer act of cowardice could be conceived.

Pete jumped to his feet and uttered no word of expostulation, but he gave the offender a glittering right and left on the jaw, which sent him reeling, then came a powerful punch in the stomach, and then his departure was accelerated with sundry kicks and objurgations, all delivered with a force, spirit and vivacity which left no doubt of their zeal and sincerity. Bum was not seriously injured. He has not been kicked since.

Yet it all was a strange reversal of the accepted traits of the respective classes of society represented. The well dressed gentleman was impelled to kick the inoffensive dog and the avenger was an ex-prize-fighter. According to all social beliefs, the merciful sympathy should have been shown by the well-dressed gentleman, and the coarse brutality should have been shown by the stableman.

B. Waters.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

The Forest and Stream *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable*

My Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have always liked a good dog. When a boy on the farm the dog was my constant companion, and long before I was old enough to safely handle a gun, if old Zeno or Cap were with me I considered myself more than a match for any raccoon, ground hog, skunk or porcupine that crossed our path. Many a time have I spent a half-day in digging out "Mr. Groundhog" from under a log pile in order that old Cap might reach him, or climbed the highest hemlock in the woods to shake "Mr. Coon" down where the dog might meet him on equal terms. Speaking of my dog Cap, the companion of my boyhood days, I might say that he was just a common dog. He had no pedigree, no pride of ancestry, and his name never graced the books of any kennel club, but he was an all-round good dog. Full of good sense, he would hunt anything you wanted him to, and hunt it well. He would run a fox or rabbit until caught or holed, and he would sit under a tree up which he had treed a coon and bark until some one shot the coon or shook him down so that he might finish him himself.

Old Cap made my boyhood days brighter and better when on the old farm, and I have never forgiven the neighbor who shot him, and all that saved him a good licking was that he was older and bigger than I. It is a mighty mean man that will kill a good dog without a good cause.

Later on in life, when I had become the happy possessor of an old Harper's Ferry musket with which I could kill a wild pigeon, a pheasant or a fox as far as I can do now with my best breechloader, I became the owner of a pair of dogs. They were given to me by a neighbor, as he could not take them with him to the West. He called them Fannie and Dick. Fannie was jet black and Dick, her puppy, was pure white. These dogs would not weigh over 15lbs. apiece; but they were bred aud raised where all kinds of game was plenty, and they would hunt and tackle anything in the woods from a chipmunk to a wildcat. I have known them to start a fox at daylight and run him all round and over the farm, until I had to forsake my plow, go to the house and get old Harper's Ferry and kill that fox purely in self-defense. But I remember once when Fannie and Dick met their match. It was one September morning when the squirrels were ripe. I had taken the old guns and my dogs for a day with the blacks and grays on McCortney's Ridge. In crossing a new ground clover field close to the woods I spied a hornet's nest bigger than my hat. It hung to a bunch of sprouts. I looked at it a moment and then concluded to riddle the nest with a load of shot. Fannie and Dick were close to my heels, where they stood until the shot, when they broke for that hornet's nest. The fight was of short duration, for the dogs, after doing their best, broke for the woods to escape their tormentors. It was the only time I ever saw them whipped, and they were suspicious of me all the rest of that day. Fannie fell from a load of hay one day and broke her hip. I splinted it up for her and cared for her until she grew well and strong, and in after years when I had left the old farm and would go back to visit it, Fannie and Dick would meet me at the end of the lane and tell me in a hundred ways that they were not ungrateful and that they could not forget a friend.

A few years ago while hunting deer in the Alleghanies, a hound ran a deer by me. I tried to get a shot at the deer but failed; then I tried to catch the hound, but with no better success. I afterward purchased her for $5. She was a black and tau foxhound, and so far as I know had no royal blood in her veins. After hunting her during the winter I bred her to a good common hound, and sent her to the country to a farmer friend to raise her puppies. I succeeded in saving three of the litter; I kept the most promising one.

Grouse was fairly plenty near the farm and as soon as my puppy, Dan, was old enough to run a rabbit or a fox he went to the woods daily with old Fanny for a chase. When Dan was eight months old he could run a fox equal to any old stager. A better scout and starter I never owned; but like my old dog Cap, he too met an uutimely death. A fox that he had driven hard all morning took refuge in a flock of sheep that belonged to a little souled farmer who shot my dog supposing he was after his sheep. I would have paid for every sheep the poor wretch owned rather than have him butcher my dog, for he left him to linger and die where he fell on the trail of the fox. I don't like that farmer.

Some ten years ago a friend of mine purchased a pair of tan-colored puppies. They were a cross between a staghound and a foxhound. He sent them to the mountain home of our old friend, Jim McCreery, to be raised and trained for our fall hunt. From the time those puppies were old enough to travel they followed old Jim and his hunting dogs in their tramp through the mountains. Our first hunt with these puppies was in October, when they were only nine months old. In their very first chase they drove a buck from Winter's Ridge, that dropped to Bill Reams's gun. That chase and the taste of blood made them keen for the hunt, and the next day I saw them fight a wounded bear on Robert's Run, equal to veterans. I have seen and handled a good many deer and bear dogs, but I never have seen a better pair of hunters than those two dogs, Dan and Cal, though they had no pedigree and were raised in the mountains on corn mush. I have owned other dogs, bird dogs, foxhounds and beagles, dogs with pedigrees, and just common dogs like "Nessmuk's" Pete, and so far as my observation and experience goes, everything else being equal, the dog that is bred among game and taught to hunt as soon as he is old enough will be the better dog. You may breed your hunting dogs as fine as silk, and unless they are taught to work and to work early, the chances are they will be a failure. I have but two dogs left now, Jack and Fannie. Jack is my faithful old foxhound, as true as steel. But he is getting old and his battles with wildcats and his chases over these mountains have told upon him. But Jack shall be cared for in the future for his faithfulness in other days, and I shall ever remember him as good, kind and true. Unlike Jack, Fannie boasts of blue blood and a pedigree. She is a beagle, kind and intelligent and true, and if auy of the readers of Forest and Stream are fond of music and a good time, and they will come here when the rabbits are ripe I will convince them that a thoroughbred beagle with proper training is the very best rabbit dog that can be found. Frank G. Harris.

Clearfield, Pa.

Kent Elgin vs. Strideaway.

The following is a copy of a challenge sent to Mr. E. O. Damon, the owner of the pointer Strideway:

Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 13.—*Mr. E. O. Damon, Northampton, Mass.:* I will pit Kent Elgin against Strideaway for a three hours' race, to take place immediately after the Southern trials in February, for $300 a side, to be run under U. S. F. T. Club's rules. Each side to select a judge and the two thus selected to select a third. No reporter, owner or representative of any sportsman's paper, or official of any field trial club to act as judge. One hundred dollars to be posted at once by each side, the balance paid in the night before the race. As my dog has not been worked at all this season I must make it conditional that you accept at once, as the time for his preparation is limited. T. T. Ashford.

Mayor A. D. Stewart, of Hamilton, Ont., is also secretary-treasurer of the Hamilton Jockey Club. Mr. Stewart, it is said, will run for a second term, and there is every prospect of his re-election to the Mayoralty.

Worms in Puppies.

MANY persons, even competent authorities, maintain that the intestinal worms found in puppies at a very early age, and that frequently prove fatal to them, are already existent in the puppy at its birth. Certainly much has yet to be learned as to the mode of infection of young puppies and the conditions of the growth of the worm (*Ascaris marginata*) under natural circumstances. Its life history, unlike that of the liver fluke in sheep, has still to be written. Professor Penberthy, of the Royal Veterinary College, has contributed some valuable "Clinical Notes" to the last number of the *Journal of Comparative Pathology*, among which is one on "Ascaris Marginata in Puppies." Among numerous other cases which have come under his observation, he in one instance made *post mortem* examinations of five litters belonging to the same owner, and in each there were immense numbers of the parasites in the intestines. In one case there were numerous small worms in a two-weeks-old puppy. In answering the question, "How do the young dogs become infected?" Professor Penberthy remarks that, from the fact that the natural habitat of the parasite is the intestine, and that in all probability the growth and development of the swallowed ovum or embryo takes place there, in the mature animal, it is unlikely that either passes *in utero* from the birth to the fœtus. He is disposed to the view that the embryos are swallowed during the early life of the puppy, and, as then the whole sustenance is gained from the milk of the bitch, that the ova or embryos are taken from the teats or the hair. That the ova may pass into the lacteal veins, and thus enter the stomach through the milk, as some think probable, appears to me as untenable as that they infect the fœtus *in utero*. For the present, until something more is known of the life history of the parasite, Professor Penberthy's explanation of the mode of infection appears the most reasonable of any. His theory is fortified by the statement that he has found the most successful treatment and preventive measure that which included the cleansing and disinfection of the udder, etc., of the bitch, with the view of removing or destroying the ova or embryos from the teats and surrounding hair. To this undoubtedly should be added frequent change of bedding, and absolute cleanliness and disinfection of the material on which the bed rests. Regarding treatment of puppies known to be infested, Professor Penberthy says fatal effects are often produced by giving large doses of purgative medicine, as castor oil, or of powerful alimenthetics. In several instances within his experience the difficulty of rearing puppies on account of the presence of worms, which sometimes prove very serious, has been overcome "by dosing the bitch with vermifuges and by rigorous cleansing and disinfecting of her and her surroundings."—*Morgan Evans in The Field (Eng.)*.

Work for Terriers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you kindly let me know where I could get some practical and reliable information regarding the nature and habits of muskrats? I am especially interested in knowing what would be the best method to hunt them with terriers, also as to the best time of the year to do this. Could it be done in the spring, and do you or some of your readers happen to know of any place where these animals are especially plentiful and where the nature of the ground is such as to give the terrier a fair chance to get at them? Could ferrets be used successfully if required? Undoubtedly some of your readers have had experience in hunting muskrats with dogs.

I do not see why, with plenty of muskrats (or other game), suitable grounds and a few game terriers, one should not be able to enjoy capital sport. As it is, there are but few terrier owners that keep their dogs "for work," and "bench show glory" seems to be their only object. The pleasure that can be derived from good hard-working and game terriers seems as yet but little understood in this country, and I feel certain that the introduction of this sport would greatly help to improve and retain the characteristics and constitution of the various breeds of terriers, without interfering in the least with their bench show qualities, the importance of which I fully realize. It would, I believe, make terriers more popular and give pleasure and satisfaction of the right sort, to man and dog.

Although a great deal has been written and published about sport with terriers in England, one hardly ever hears of it here. I therefore believe that you would oblige many of your readers, and especially terrier men, if you would invite them to offer suggestions (through your valuable paper) as to the best and most practical way of using terriers on game and vermin, such as we have in this country, it being of course understood that such suggestions should be based on actual experience. I do not need to say that by "sport with terriers" I do not refer to the killing of tame, domesticated or semi-tame creatures, but to legitimate sport and genuine work under and above ground, in fields, marshes and woods.

TERRIER.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 4.

Inductive Reasoning in Dogs.

A WRITER in a contemporary says that "inductive reasoning is never shown in animals." Such an assertion is very wide of the mark, when applied to dogs at any rate. Many instances of such reasoning have come within the ken of dogmen, and the author of "Dartmoor Days" in his memoir of that grand old sporting parson, John Russell, of Devonshire, England, in describing the reverend fox hunter's strain of wire-haired fox-terriers, relates an anecdote of Tip, one of the cleverest terriers in his kennels.

"'Do you see,' he said (Russell), 'that dark patch of hanging gorse hemmed in on the northern side, by yonder knoll? Well, I've seen many a good run from that sheltered nook. On one occasion, however, I had found a fox, which, in spite of a trimming scent, contrived to beat us by reaching Gray's Holts, and going to ground before we could catch him. Now those earths are fathomless and interminable as the catacombs of St. Calixtus. They are so called Gray from the old Devonshire name, signifying a badger, a number of those animals having long occupied that spot. Consequently, such a fortress, once gained, is not easily to be stormed, even by Tip or the stoutest foe. Again we found that fox a second time, and while the hounds were in close pursuit and driving hard, to my infinite surprise I saw Tip going off at full speed in quite a different direction.

"'He's off, sir, to Gray's Holts. I know he is,' shouted Jack Yelland, the whip, as he called my attention to the line of country the dog was then taking. That proved to be the case. The fox had scarcely been ten minutes on foot, when the dog, either by instinct or, as I believe, by some power akin to reason, putting two and two together, came to the conclusion that the real object of the fox was to gain Gray's Holts, although the hounds were by no means pointing in that direction. It was exactly as if the dog had said to himself, "No, no; you're the same fox, I know, that gave us the slip once before, but you're not going to play us that trick again."

"'Tip's deduction was accurately correct, for the fox, after a turn or two in covert, put his nose directly for Gray's Holts, hoping, beyond a doubt, to gain that city of refuge once more, and then to whisk his brush in the face of his foes. But in this maneuver he was fairly outgeneraled by the dog's tactics. Tip had taken the short cut, the chord of the arc, and as the hounds raced by at some distance off, there I saw him,' continued Russell, 'dancing about on Gray's Holts, throwing his tongue frantically, and doing his utmost by noise and gesture to scare away the fox from approaching the earth. Perfect success crowned the maneuver, the fox, not daring to face the lion in his path, gave the spot a wide berth, while the hounds, carrying a fine head, passed to the heather and after a clinking run killed him on the open moor.'

This old dog, we are further told, scarcely ever missed a day with the hounds for several seasons, never appeared fatigued, though he occasionally went from fifteen to twenty miles to covert, that is, to the meet. He died at last from asthma in the Chorley Earths, Russell having dug up to him and the fox in half an hour, but to his master's great grief the poor old dog was quite dead. Many of our readers, no doubt, have noted instances of reasoning similar to Tip's in some of their dogs, more intelligent than others, and it is only by giving publicity to such occurrences we can prove to the unbelievers that which they are unwilling to admit.

The Netherwood Farm Sale.

AFTER a pleasant ride of about an hour from New York we arrived at the pretty little station of Plainfield and were soon on our way to the Netherwood Farm Kennels, a little more than a mile away. Here we were met by "Billy" Tallman and his partner Mr. Wheeler.

The kennels are pleasantly situated near Mountain avenue and facing the south. A building some 135ft. in length comprises the main kennel, with innumerable windows on both sides and skylights on top, affording plenty of light and air. The runs, of which there are ten, are about 80ft. long, and in these the dogs are exercised at least seven times a day. The sleeping quarters are raised some 6in. above the level of the floor and about 2ft. above the ground, insuring absolute dryness in all kinds of weather. Everything about the building was clean and not the slightest odor of any description was noticed. Mr. Phœbus has immediate charge of the dogs, and to say they were looking well and strong is putting it mildly; in the eighty dogs now in the kennels there is not one which could not be benched immediately, if necessary, and Messrs. Tallman & Wheeler are to be congratulated on having such a man in their employ.

The sole privilege of shooting on the mountain west of the kennel was recently obtained, and here it is that Mr. Tallman has a great advantage over other kennels near New York to break and handle dogs under his care. In all, it is one of the best, if not the best, appointed boarding kennels in the immediate vicinity, and a place where the most fastidious person could send a dog and feel assured that it will receive the best of care and attention. The sale, as far as prices are concerned, was a failure; the best dogs were sold for less than half their value and others were taken down for want of a bid.

DOG CHAT.

In the English *Kennel Gazette* Mr. W. Arkwright, whose name is familiar to all pointer and setter men the world over, in his report of the pointers which he judged at the Scottish Kennel Club show, remarked that the pointers were an indifferent lot. Many of them showed the hound cross, while those of the pure type were shy and appeared ill at ease in the show ring. Coming from such a source, *Stock-Keeper*, Eng., took occasion to say that this amounts to public condemnation of the type that is now winning all over the country, and that the existence of the character of the foxhound in the modern pointer is being repeatedly pointed out by the old sportsmen, and further that it is to be seen in modern illustrations as well as on the bench. This led Mr. Arkwright to write a letter to that journal which is sure to stir up the pointer men. "I am convinced," Mr. Arkwright remarks, "from my own experience that the foxhound cross has proved disastrous to the sporting value of those families of pointers into which it has been introduced, as might indeed be expected when one considers the very different branches of sport in which the two breeds are used." In dogs that he has tried, having a dash of hound blood in them, he has found that where they will work, that they take much more breaking than those of the pure strains, being unruly, uncertain, jealous of backing, hare-chasers and seekers after footscent in preference to body scent, almost devoid of bird-hunting ambition and so slack-mettled as to be practically useless. There are exceptions, of course; but there is no certainty in breeding from them and mentions in this relation Col. Thornton's Dash, one of the earliest and most celebrated of these hybrids got by a foxhound from a pointer bitch, though himself excellent, never sired a single puppy good for anything.

He blames modern dog shows for this fresh infusion of hound blood, owing to efforts of exhibitors to elongate the muzzle and put alien "smartness" into the pointer's legs and feet, and says the fanciers have succeeded in separating the show dogs from the workers pretty effectually. As a cure for this severance Mr. Arkwright has made a proposal to the Pointer Club that they should test the dogs of members every spring on game and award certificates, free of charge, to deserving dogs, and that all special prizes for the show bench be limited to the holders of these certificates.

His ideas of what a pointer should be are as follows:

The pointer is a somewhat lightly built, symmetrical dog, with a capacious round skull and full round eye, a pronounced "stop," a muzzle of fair length and slightly inclining upward, nostrils large and open, "flews" fairly developed and fine, ears set high on his head, fine and of fair length; his expression must be gentle, but gay. A long, clean neck, long shoulders, deep chest, ribs well sprung, nicely arched loin, well bent stifles, elbow points and hocks well let down, short, straight stern, with thick bone at the root, gradually tapering to a point, coat dense and hard, but smooth as glass, straight forelegs of clean, oval-shaped bone, pliable pasterns of fair length, a hare-shaped foot, with narrow, arched toes, and the ball of the foot but slightly developed, are also necessary to a perfect pointer.

Hound blood, Mr. Arkwright says, is shown by a narrow skull, absence of stop, a small, sunken or oblique eye, a muzzle inclining downward, a grave, somber expression, coarse flews, low-set ears, coat long, coarse, and (in particolored dogs) of two lengths, stern fuzzy, or gaily carried, round bone in forelegs, short, stiff pasterns, straight stifles, cat feet, *i. e.*, short toes and round, full pad. For a practical test he proposes that six pointers of the type he upholds should run next spring against six typical bench winners, the judges to be instructed to base their decisions solely on natural aptitude for work, nose, pace, game-finding instinct, quartering for the wind, style on point and style of backing.

It would be interesting to hear what some of our old pointer breeders have to say in regard to Mr. Arkwright's views.

Attention is drawn to an extract from Mr. Pitkin's letter to our business manager. Mr. Pitkin has advertised for years past in FOREST AND STREAM, and as a business man he appreciated the value of his investment. These are the sort of "come ons" you cannot fool with sawdust. They expect greenbacks and they get them when they advertise in FOREST AND STREAM. *Verb. sap.*

Two black and tan dogs were taken to the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, the other day by their youthful owners, says the English *Stock-Keeper*, the one suffering from a broken leg and the other from a dislocated shoulder. The dogs were kindly treated by the medical staff, were bandaged and walked away. Two days afterward the one with the broken leg walked into the institution alone. In the surgery it lay down while the doctor unfastened the splints and redressed the injured limb. After the operation had been performed the dog gratefully licked the doctor's hand and departed. While this reads very like the stories we read in our good boy days, is it not another illustration of inductive reasoning?

Mr. Justus von Lengerke of Orange, N. J., has lost his English setter Rudy Boy, the dog having strayed from his residence on Highland avenue. Rudy Boy is by Count Howard and is three years old. In color he is practically all white with only a little orange marking on head and ears, has light eyes and nose and is stockily built. If any of our readers come across such a dog they should communicate with Mr. von Lengerke.

Border Ruffian that Mr. Thos. Webb of Peoria, Ill., purchased from Mr. Cyril Jackson of England, arrived in wretched condition. It seems he was packed away in a dark, filthy hole aboard ship and was almost starved to death. When received at New York the dog was like a skeleton, unable to walk and too weak to retain solid food. As Mr. Webb paid $48 to have the dog properly cared for and landed in New York, it would seem as if the firm that brought him over should have secured decent quarters and treatment for the poor animal.

If a dog has done you an injury don't shoot it but sue for damages. A Miss Terrell of Salem, Mass., was bitten by a mastiff on the leg and arm. Last week she brought suit for damages and was awarded $2,250 by a sympathetic jury.

Mr. D. Ross, in his report of the Scottish terriers at the Scottish Kennel Club show recently held in Edinburgh, spoke of the diversity of type and was of the opinion that a great number of breeders had an idea that all that is required nowadays was a long head. He deplores the fact that in this strain after one point they have produced a head not well balanced. There was more than one dog brought before him that had a raking, long head looked at sideways, but when looked at full face it seemed rather short, because all the length was from the stop to the nose, with a very short skull, while the eyes are set too deep in the head, and are generally of a light color, which gives a sour expression, and not at all that which is wanted in a Scottish terrier. This hint may be useful to our Scottish terrier breeders, for we have heard it remarked more than once that many of these winning terriers' heads seemed too big for their bodies. "Stepping Stone," in commenting on this point in the *Scottish Fancier*, says that almost invariably in strong-jawed dogs the muzzle is blunt instead of gradually tapering toward the nose. Most of these strong-faced dogs are too straight in face and flat in skull, which in his opinion takes away all character, and is certainly wrong in a Scottish terrier. Some breeders, he remarks, make a mistake in trying to get a dog's head on a bitch. The head of the bitch should be identical with her mate, excepting being more refined and possibly a little longer in proportion from eye to nose.

Mr. H. Nelson, known for some time as proprietor of the Maybrook Kennels, of Englewood, N. J., has for the present retired from the fancy and assigned all his interests in the kennel to his late manager, Mr. A. C. Bradbury. Mr. Bradbury starts for England the second week in January and returns in time for the New York show. After that he will probably close up the kennel unless he can find a partner, when he would be willing to run it on shares. The kennel contains some capital greyhounds and terriers, and Mr. Bradbury's ability as a trainer was shown in the Western coursing meetings this year and last. He would also be willing to take a position as kennel manager. In any case he will not part with all his dogs. He has taken out a nomination for the American Waterloo Cup, and has a very promising young dog, as well as two pups whelped last January, by Dover ex Gilda, bred by Mr. Mulcaster; and the two Herschel pups that he is bringing from England will give him a strong hand to choose from. Lady Pembroke he left at Huron, S. D., to be bred to Miller's Rab. While on his Western coursing trip the Maybrook Kennel greyhounds had their first taste of coyote. After a mile run Dakota, the well-known pup, got a grip on the varmint's throat. Miss Dollar III. and Southern Belle took the other end, and Jim Boy, their latest importation, fastened on to the coyote's chest. Then Bradbury knifed the beast.

Those of his fancier friends who know Mr. W. C. Reick will join us in congratulations on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Ridgway, at Burlington, N. J., Dec. 4. St. Bernard breeders were sorry to see Mr. Reick retire from active interest in the "holy" breed, but whether he ever decides to exhibit again or not he can always remember with a certain pride that he at one time owned the strongest team of roughs in the world. While wishing Mr. and Mrs. Reick every happiness in the future, a hope arises that Mrs. Reick is such a lover of dogs that in time her husband may be persuaded to return to the fold and stir up the St. Bernard fancy once more.

There is to be a dog show at Guelph, Ont., in connection with the Fat Stock show next December.

Bloomington, Ill., is to have a dog show next spring, but dates will not be claimed until their application for membership in the A. K. C. is passed upon.

There is a good deal of comment in regard to the clashing of dates of the Denver and Detroit shows. The American Kennel Club decided some time since not to interfere in the adjustment of dates, finding the subject entirely beyond their control. Kennel clubs are dependent for their dates, in great part, on the owners of suitable buildings in which to hold their shows. It is matter for regret that the two shows named should clash, but outside of handlers' interest there is little reason, considering the distance between the two cities, why there should be much loss on either side, although of course the Denver people would probably feel the effects to a greater extent than the other city. A trip from the East to Chicago is in itself a trying experience for the dogs, and after a week on the bench at the Mascoutah show, the long ride to Denver and back to Detroit, supposing the latter club delayed its show for a week, would not improve their condition. The Eastern dogs that take in the Chicago show would probably go on to Detroit, and surely there are enough good dogs in Chicago and other Western cities, that would be sent to Denver, to make a creditable exhibition.

The Canadian Kennel Club intends to "gang its ain gait" in future and has decided by a mail vote that it will have none of the American Kennel Club. After the way the agreement, arranged by the two committees at the last New York show, was received at the annual meeting of the C. K. C., those who were acquainted with the feeling of most of the Canadians did not expect any other outcome. The registration part of the agreement, we understand, was the principle stumbling block. The rejection of the agreement is said to have been on account of the "outrageous" demands of the A. K. C. If true, this is a rather strong term. As far as we can make out the C. K. C. cannot support a stud book; they should have one, but they could scarcely expect the A. K. C. to publish a Canadian section in their stud book for nothing. The other points in the proposed agree-

ment seemed fair enough. The abandonment of the negotiations means that the awards made at Toronto and Ottawa in 1893, and the Toronto awards this year will not be recognized by the A. K. C. In future Canadian exhibitors will have to "list" with the A. K. C. to exhibit in this country under A. K. C. rules, and Americans must "list" or register with the C. K. C. in order to exhibit at Canadian shows under their rules. Toronto show this year felt the effects of the uncertainty as to whether the agreement would be ratified, and will surely suffer to a greater extent next year unless other inducements are offered to exhibitors from this side. The principle hitch will be if a rule is made by the A. K. C., as was hinted at in a motion made at the meeting of Dec. 6, debarring exhibitors from exhibiting at shows, not held under A. K. C. rules, where disqualified members are allowed to exhibit. We fancy, however, that this is such an arbitrary measure that it will find few supporters.

The bull bitch Bromley Lass; sister to King Orry, now in this country, was worried to death by a kennel companion recently.

Mr. Vero Shaw and Mr. Geo. R. Krehl have been invited to judge at the W. K. C. show, but business engagements preclude either from accepting. A hearty welcome would await them could they come.

Mr. Starr, of Toronto, has sold his St. Bernard dog Kenmore to Mr. Langworth, of Truro, N. S., after repeated offers had been made for the dog. He still owns Queenie Starr and the well known Monk.

The dogs of the Seminole Kennels, of Chestnut Hill, Pa., were to be sold at auction on Tuesday, Dec. 18. We understand the kennel made an assignment some time since. The Seminole Kennels have been prominent in the Irish setter, collie and pug breeds for some years, and if this means the breaking up of the kennel, fanciers will regret to hear of the fact. The sale took place at the American Horse Exchange, New York.

Visitors to Netley Abbey, the home of Lord Byron, are struck by the beautiful monument erected on his lawn by the poet, to the memory of his faithful dog—the truest friend, he says on the inscription, he ever had.

The Pacific Kennel Club does not intend to let 1895 pass away without having a bench show in San Francisco. At an enthusiastic meeting held in that city Dec. 5, it was decided to hold a show May 1 to 4, and they expect it to excel all previous shows held on the Slope. The treasury shows a balance of over $1,000. so that the club will not have to ask for a guarantee fund. Messrs. C. A. Haight, H. Bier, T. Higgs, Howard Vernon and T. J. Watson were elected a bench show committee, and the selection of these gentlemen is said to be a guarantee of success, as far as arrangements go.

Cocker spaniels seem to be a favorite breed in Omaha, Neb., and fanciers have in late years been good customers of the Eastern and Canadian kennels. Ko Ko, Black Gyp, Brantford Bonita and others are among the most important purchases, and have done well out there. Some of the spaniel men think that the Omaha Kennel Club should give some evidence of its being and hold another show. Among the field sportsmen there seems to be a feeling that a field trail club should be formed and trials held at no distant date.

The Frenchman, or more particularly the Parisian, is evidently a great dog lover, for that lively city is said to have 80,000 registered dogs—one dog to every twenty-eight inhabitants. Of course, the poorer the quarters the greater the number of dogs. The estimated cost of feeding this army of canines is $2,000,000 per annum, and their care and feeding affords a living for twenty-five manufacturers of dog collars and muzzles, four bakers of dog bread, and there are five factories for making biscuits of meat fiber, etc., three special dog pharmacies, a dozen infirmaries and two hospitals.

An "A. K. C. Member" draws attention to the paragraph in last week's Dog Chat, referring to what the A. K. C. should do with its balance which we said dog breeders hoped to see given as special prizes. He says: "I think you must have overlooked the financial statement of the club, which appears in the same issue. If you look at that you will find that the balance of $2,815 on Jan 1, has been reduced to one of $1,108. The receipts since Jan. 1 have been $5,765, and the disbursements $7,473. The fact is the A. K. C. has suffered severely from the business depression which existed for so long, and has had to contract its running expenses very much. The type-writer has been dispensed with, and to keep up the work of the office, both Mr. Lewis and Mr. Day have to work extra hours." We have verified this statement and find that in this and other ways a reduction of expenses has been made in keeping with the current receipts.

Mr. J. M. White, of Brooksville, Pa., has formed a partnership with Mr. C. W. Espy of the same place, in the breeding of pugs, their kennel to be known as the Oak Ridge Pug Kennels. Mr. White turns in the pugs he recently purchased from Al. Eberhart, Young Douglas, Peggy Pride and Tootsey Davenport and Mr. Epsy's Queen Tracey completes the team.

Dropping into Dr. Sherwood's hospital the other day we saw a rather peculiar manifestation of chorea. Instead of a twitching of the limbs or facial movements, the general form of this annoying complaint, this dog, a St. Bernard, every now and then would contract the stomach until the body was arched, the action being very like that of a dog with colic. The dog was in good health otherwise and seemed lively and free from pain.

The next meeting of the National Beagle Club will be held at the A. K. C. rooms Jan. 4, 1895, at 4 P. M. The successful trials held last month at Hempstead, L. I., have infused renewed interest in the club, and though the efforts of the secretary to draw a good entry scarcely met with the encouragement they deserved, it is thought that another year, now that the club is assured of such good grounds, the entries will greatly increase.

Mr. Geo. Laick's Laick's Roy developed a bad case of distemper after the National Beagle Club trials. At Oxford he caught cold and had dysentery, and this accounts for his poor showing. He did better at Hempstead, but, as his recent illness shows, he was in anything but proper form for a field trial. He will be shown on the bench and will probably win ribbons.

Two notable absentees from the Birmingham show this year were Mr. Shirley, president of the English Kennel Club, who has not missed a show for thirty years, and Mr. John Shorthose, one of the originators of the show, who missed the show for the first time this year.

Among the oddities and funny incidents of the show were a dachshund and a rough St. Bernard with blankets on.

Metchley Wonder sustained what might have been a serious accident the other day. A bitch had been sent to be mated, and while in the crate Metchley Wonder came up. The bitch made a jump for him and in throwing his head back a projecting nail on the crate struck his eye. The injury happily did not turn as seriously as was at first suspected.

The following alterations have been made in regard to membership in the Canadian Kennel Club and fees for registering dogs in the Stud Book. 1. Membership fee is $2 payable in advance each year. The year ends Aug. 31. 2. This entitles to one free registration, any in excess of this may be registered at 50c each. A coupon is issued for the free registration, which if lost cannot be replaced. A coupon must be attached to each application sent in for free registration. A copy of the annual Stud Book, containing all registrations for the year extended in full and published at $1.50, will be supplied each member free. 3. The fee to non-members for registration is $1 for each dog. For listing the fee is 25c. 4. To members the fee for listing is 25c. 5. No dog can be registered unless pedigree for three generations on both sides is given in full, or it has won not less than two first prizes at shows recognized by the C K. C., or is the product of parents already registered in the C. K. C. S. B. 6. Any dog not eligible under above rule may be "listed." 7. For each certificate of registration after the first, and for each copy of pedigree, a fee of 25 cents is charged.

There will be a dog show held in connection with the Cincinnati Poultry Club Jan. 11 to 15, 1895, in the Music Hall, Cincinnati, O. Entries close Jan. 7, and fees are $2 for first entry, $1 for others. Prizes, 50 per cent. of fees to first and 30 per cent. to second. Premium lists will be issued this week, and it is expected that there will be an entry of 200 to 300 dogs. Geo. H. Hill judges setters and pointers; J. W. Mack pugs, Italian greyhounds and all terriers except fox; J. T. Rockwell Irish water spaniels; R. I. Carter poodles and bulldogs; Dr. H. Heywood beagles; John Hawkes collies; Roger Williams greyhounds, barzois, bloodhounds and foxhounds; Al G. Eberhart mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, great Danes and non-sporting dogs not already classified. Austin's Dog Bread will be fed and Little's Soluble Phenyle will disinfect the show. Many specials have been donated and handlers' prizes will be given. Al Eberhart is superintendent and to him applications should be made for premium lists.

Mr. Al G. Eberhart's pug dog Happy Toby, while out exercising on Thanksgiving Day, was instantly killed by a kick from a horse attached to a milk wagon.

The great Birmingham show held Dec. 1 to 5, seems to attract dogmen on the other side, chiefly on account of past glories, for it has long since been passed in the race for first honors by such shows as the kennel club at Crystal Palace and Cruft's big ventures. The benching and management seemed antiquated in some respects and though there was no falling off in numbers a decided lack of quality was apparent in many of the breeds—notably fox-terriers and mastiffs. The Sunday interregnun seems to come in for much just criticism.. Lord Fitzroy judged the fox-terriers and in the language of the ring "made a regular 'ash it"—that is according to present fancier ideas, going for a working type of terrier. One critic describes the judging as a farce and that it must be where non-fanciers are selected to judge. The small entries proved that fanciers appreciated the situation. In pointers Old Saddleback still held his own, looking very fit and eventually winning the championship. Mr. Chapman's kennel took the corresponding championship under "Scotch" Bailey's pilotage, and he seems to have taken a number of prizes in other breeds. Setters were a representative lot as they always are at this show. St. Bernards mustered in greater force than usual, Lord Douglas winning the championship in rough dogs and Abbess in bitches, Frandley Stephanie being absent.

In smooths Marquis of Bede Burn took the championship prize over Kenilworth II., but the decision is not endorsed. In mastiffs the judging seems to have upset the talent somewhat, especially when the well known Coombe Baroness could do no better than commended. Collies had a bumper entry, of good quality and bobtails were the best ever shown at one show. Bulldogs were fairly represented but the terriers do not seem to have come up to former years, with the exception of Welsh terriers, which came out in force. In all there were 1,517 entries. A coincidence of the show was the fact that on the first day the same number of persons (6,058) passed the turnstiles as in the show of 1893.

Letters on Speed or Nose in Beagles; The Foxhound, &c., are unavoidably left over this week.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. M. H, Ridgway, Pa.—There is no distinct breed called Gordon pointers.

C. A. S., Toronto, Canada.—The Gordon setter Guy is not registered in the A. K. C. S. B.

S. A., New York.—We do not know the record on setter pups in one litter. A litter of fifteen is a large one, but it does not constitute a record litter.

F. R. K., Philadelphia, Pa.—Irish setter Rockwood Dandy is by Desmond II. (8409) out of Fly, by Grafton out of Maine, by Elcho II. out of Dell. Shamrock Belle is by Henmore Shamrock (16743) out of Daisy (3927).

W. S., Germantown, Pa.—The field spaniel or cocker spaniel would be best for your purpose and you would be more likely to get trained dogs of those breeds. Either could be trained to tree. A "Kennel special" in our business columns would bring you the dog you require.

A. W. J., New York.—Will you please let me know through your correspondence column, the pedigree of the collie bitch Flurry, the dam of The Squire and Flurry II.? Ans. Champion Flurry, E. K. C. S. B. 10736, by Trevor out of Hasty, by Carlyle out of Glen; Trevor by Trefoil out of Maude.

G. S., Paterson, N. J.—The early service will not retard your bitche's growth; if anything, the contrary. Letting her pass two seasons will not make any difference; if bred to a pure mastiff the next time she comes in there may be a trace of the mesalliance, though the weight of evidence is against such a supposition. You need have no fear on this score.

MOT, Birmingham, Ala.—1. Did the pointer bitch Climax (E., 20,217) ever win a place in a field trial, and was she a bench winner? 2. Were the pointers Cotta, sire of Miranda II., and Gen. Prim, sire of Pride (E., 1,265), field trial winners? 3. Give pedigree of the pointer bitch Fleet (7,988). Ans. 1. Climax (E., 20,217) won second at the Kenuel Club show of 1887. We can find no record of field trial winnings. 2. No. 3. By Dash out of Sport; Dash by Hindoo (2,896) out of Flight (3,057).

Business.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 4.—*Forest and Stream Pub. Co.:* GENTLEMEN—With the end of this quarter you may discontinue my ad., keeping my electrotype in your possession as I hope to put it in use again 'ere long. I think I have advertised with you continuously about as long as any of your kennel patrons and I am sorry to interrupt our relations now, but I have no pups on hand nor none in immediate prospect, so must "shut up shop" for a while. I hope to be able to continue with you at no distant date, for I should not attempt to do business without the aid of FOREST AND STREAM. H. S. PITKIN.

"Forest and Stream" Fan Pedigree Blank.

FOR some time past breeders of dogs have demanded a pedigree form that would afford spaces for a more extended pedigree than those hitherto published. The difficulty has been in arranging a form that, while admitting the required extension, would be compact and not too large for mailing. This difficulty has been solved in the "FOREST AND STREAM Fan Pedigree Blank" which is so arranged that a dog's pedigree can be recorded for eight generations, and the spaces radiating from a center, the reader is enabled to trace at a glance the different strains which lead from sire and dam. Spaces are also provided for recording the name of dog, its breed, color, sex, breeder and address, dates of birth and purchase, from whom purchased, E. K. C. and A. K. C. Stud Book numbers and certification. These blanks are for sale at $2 per hundred, 30 cents per dozen, by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 318 Broadway, New York.

Hunting and Coursing.

Brunswick Fur Club.

ROXBURY, Mass., Dec. 13.—The sixth annual winter meet of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at Barre, Mass., during the week of Jan. 7, 1895. Club headquarters will be at the Hotel Barre. The hotel is heated by steam and has all modern conveniences. The rates will be $1.50 per day. Good accommodations for the hounds will be provided in the hotel stables.

The annual meeting of the club, for the election of officers for 1895 and for transaction of other business will be held at 8 P. M. in the hotel parlors.

This is to be a hunting meet, and it is hoped to make it one of the most successful in the history of the club. All fox hunters will receive a hearty welcome and are cordially invited to be present and bring their hounds.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

We have had several queries lately in regard to a good trail for drag hunting. Oil of anise is the usual recipe, but if a good breast-high scent is required the following mixture will give it: ½oz. oil of anise, 1oz. castor oil and ¼oz. valerian. A well matured red herring is by no means to be despised at a pinch.

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Coursing men will be pleased to hear that Mr. Sam Vidler, secretary of the Altcar Coursing Club, who met with a severe accident recently, is on a fair way to complete recovery.

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The noted greyhound Simonian, at one time owned by Col. North, who sold him to the Grand Duke Nicholas for $1,500, and that won the Russian Waterloo cup and other stakes, is again an inmate of the Elsham Kennels, having been repurchased for $3,625. He is royally bred, by Greentick out of Bit of Fashion, and has a number of stakes to his credit, the Waterloo Purse and Plate among them.

Yachting.

Some Plain Facts.

IN view of the many points involved and the conflicting statements of the different parties, it is hardly surprising that the average reader even though well posted in yachting, should be more or less at sea in forming a satisfactory opinion. It would be almost impossible to touch on the many important points at issue, to say nothing of the secondary ones; but by way of clearing up somewhat the present misunderstanding, we offer the following propositions, in as concise a form as possible, believing that they cannot successfully be controverted by those who uphold the new deed of gift:

1. *The America's Cup has never been the property of the New York Yacht Club; but was entrusted to it, to be held under certain definite terms, until won from it.*

2. *The New York Yacht Club had no legal right whatever to alter the terms laid down by the owners of the Cup.*

3. *The new deed of gift was not made by the members of the New York Yacht Club, but by a small clique of officers and members.*

4. *The new deed of gift has never been submitted to the members of the New York Yacht Club; and has never been ratified by them.*

5. *The delegating of the supreme power of the club to a special committee, even granting that the club had such power to alter the deed of gift, was irregular and illegal.*

6. *All action on the America's Cup at the special meeting of October, 1887, was irregular and illegal, notice of such proposed action not having been given three days in advance to all members.*

7. *As long as the new deed of gift is upheld, no challenge can be recognized and accepted by the holder unless it contains the four dimensions specified in clause 6.*

8. *The challenge under which the Valkyrie-Vigilant races were sailed was not legal, in that it did not contain the beam at waterline, extreme beam and draft, as demanded in clause 6.*

If the defenders of the new deed are honest in their professions, they will perhaps lay aside for a time some of the many confusing side issues and disprove the vital points here recounted.

[*From the Forest and Stream, Jan. 26, 1893*].

WE have not yet seen a clear and direct statement of the exact terms on which Lord Dunraven's challenge has been accepted, and we doubt very much whether any one of the five members of the Cup Committee could draw up such a statement; or whether, if each of them tried it independently, the five statements would agree. Even if they did, we feel very certain that even Lord Dunraven, much less the Royal Yacht Squadron, would not for a moment assent to the views of the committee.

The simple fact is that the "blue ribbon" of the sea is still tangled up with the red tape woven about it by Com. Gerry and ex-Sec'y Bird; if Valkyrie should be defeated, the next challenger must fight the new deed just as Lord Dunraven has fought, we hope with better judgment and proportionate success. If Valkyrie should win, there will in all probability be a renewal of the long and tedious negotiations of the past six months before the Royal Yacht Squadron will sign such a paper as the lawyers of the New York Y. C. will draw up, and she is allowed to sail away with the coveted trophy.

OUR comments, this week and last, on Cup matters are written with a full realization of the facts that the New York Y. C. is now desirous of a race, and also that the immediate conditions agreed to by the club in the Valkyrie—Vigilant match and in the present case are perfectly fair and liberal. All this, however, has nothing whatever to do with the matter of rescinding or indorsing the illegal and unfair instrument fastened on the club by its Cup committee of 1887.

ONE of the most complete and comprehensive collections of gross misstatements and egregious blunders which we have encountered for some time is contained in a column article in the Philadelphia *Times* of Dec. 7, the work of its sporting correspondent. It would not be worth our while to refute the false statements and correct the blunders contained in this heterogeneous jumble of "Alabama and Shenandoah," "Spirit of '76," "Queen's Cup," "American clipper ships," and "crowding the Vigilant on the rocks;" the pity of it is that such trash is read and believed by persons who are fair and honest themselves, but know nothing of the truth in yachting.

THE New York *Sun*, of Dec. 12, in discussing at considerable length the present complication between the New York Y. C. and the R.Y.S., falls into some errors which are quite inexcusable in a journal of its standing. It says, "In the deed under which the New York Y. C. holds the America's Cup against the world, there are two leading clauses. One provides for a race under certain very simple conditions. Another provides that challenger and challenged may meet and arrange any other terms conceivable which commend themselves to their common approval. This second clause, known as the mutual agreement clause, giving all possible freedom to the spirit of match-making, *was added to the old deed after the experience of several races.*"

A reference to the original deed will show that, in direct opposition to the statement of the *Sun*, the vital clause of the whole document was that securing to the challenger the right to a mutual agreement. The ultimate conditions of a race over the club course with six months notice, occupy a secondary and unimportant place, and were only intended to become operative after all efforts at a mutual agreement had failed. From the very first challenge in 1870, the New York Y. C. deliberately refused to recognize this right to a mutual agreement, preferring, whenever forced to abandon any of the unfair restrictions imposed by it, to do so as a "generous concession."

It is not only untrue that, as the *Sun* states, the new deed was made for the purpose of adding such a mutual agreement clause; but it is true beyond contradiction that while this clause occupies the first place in the true deed, in the Gerry "instrument" it appears in an entirely altered form, and in a subordinate position to the clause demanding the four dimensions. In the true deed, this same clause governs all possible conditions of a match; in the Gerry deed, it cannot be rightly construed to admit of a waiving of the dimensions; and it applies only to certain conditions, "as to to the dates, courses, number of trials, rules and sailing conditions." If the *Sun* is really honest in its efforts to discuss the matter fairly and without prejudice, we would advise a careful reading of the first and last deeds.

THE *Sun* further says: "The Royal Yacht Squadron, for reasons, we confess, beyond our ability to define to our satisfaction, has undertaken to get the deed of gift repudiated." If the *Sun* will refer to the files of any of the New York papers of 1887 or 1889, it may easily inform itself as to the objections of the R. Y. S. to the new deed, on the score of the illegality of any change of the conditions laid down by the original owners of the Cup, on the score of underhand and irregular methods in making the new deed; and on the score of the unfair demands made of and restrictions imposed on the challenger. All of this bas been stated again and again by the R. Y. S. and other clubs, and by American, as well as British papers; certainly there can be no good grounds for the *Sun's* plea of ignorance.

THE most remarkable thing in connection with the *Sun's* editorial is the following letter, which was published on Dec. 14:

To the Editor of the Sun:

I cannot refrain from saying that your editorial of yesterday on yachting and the deed of gift of 1887 is excellent and one of the best, if not the very best, I have ever read on these questions.

JAMES D. SMITH.

There is not a member of the New York Y. C. who is better qualified than ex-Com. Smith to know that the *Sun's* statement as to the mutual agreement clause in the two deeds is absolutely untrue, and that in the true deed the right to a mutual agreement preceded all other stipulations.

IT would be a difficult matter to select, from a list by no means brief, the meanest and most unsportsmanlike act associated with the defense of the America's Cup, but among the first half dozen, the "generous concessions" present some very strong claims for precedence.

The history of the Cup proves that the New York Y. C. began the defense in 1870 by deliberately ignoring the mutual agreement clause, and in the face of its then Commodore, Henry G. Stebbins, compelling the challenger to accept the very least that it could possibly give him, a single race, over the inside course of the club against the whole fleet.

In every subsequent contest, from that day to 1887, the rights of the challenger to a true mutual agreement which should give him a series of races over fair open courses and against but one defending yacht, have been denied him. It is only after twenty years, and when confronted with the responsibility for the cessation of the Cup races from 1887 to 1892, and for an indefinite continuance of the same state of affairs, that the New York Y. C. discovered, after it was too late, how highly it valued the mutual agreement clause; and that it consented to conditions that were other than unfair and one-sided.

As one challenger followed another during this long period, each was compelled to fight hard for the rights denied to his predecessors. In the second contest the New York Y. C. was compelled reluctantly to meet the challenger with one boat instead of a fleet, but it still attained much the same unfair end by picking the best boat of the fleet according to the weather at the start of each trial. It was also compelled to give a series instead of a single race.

In the third contesti t was compelled to limit the defender to a single yacht, though vehemently maintaining its right to select a different oat on the morning of each race, according to the weather. This decision was clinched for all time by the very fair stand of the officers and committee in the fourth race, though many of the club still desired to retain this unfair advantage over a challenger.

In each of the next three races the strongest protests were made against the retention of the inside course, but Genesta, Galatea and Thistle were each compelled to sail over it; nor was it abandoned until the Thistle-Volunteer races proved the American yacht was even faster in a good breeze outside, especially to windward, than in a drift inside the Hook.

There is not one of these disputed points which would to-day be denied as the right of a challenger in any match; to a series of races, against a single boat, and over neutral or open courses; and far from any generosity of the New York Y. C. in tardily granting them, it must always remain a reproach to the club that it has withheld them so long and restored them so unwillingly.

What lends an additional shade of meanness to the matter is that each successive "concession" has been heralded throughout the country as a fresh proof of the grasping and unsportsmanlike character of the challenger and the liberality and fairness of the holder. While this has been done immediately through the medium of the press, the inspiration has come directly from the New York Y. C., from members who should know, even though they do not, what are the recognized usages of yacht racing.

That class of yachtsmen who believe, or profess to believe, in the fairness of opposing a single foreign yacht by the whole national fleet over the inside course has always had a willing exponent in the *New York Herald*; and this paper has been one of the foremost in dilating on the concessions made each year. There was a time when the *Herald*, however unfair and partial, was at least competent to deal understandingly with yachting matters; but the positive ignorance of all nautical affairs which has characterized it of late years has this time landed it in a complete muddle. In the last attempt to "note just how much has been secured in this way by British yachtsmen" it rolls out a string of words in a manner that reminds one of the trained parrots which, a few months since, tempted New Yorkers with the alluring invitation "After breakfast, go to Proctor's." The writer of the following, in noting down the "concessions" as recounted to him by some "prominent yachtsman," has even failed to appreciate the fact that a time limit of 6 hours for 30 miles, an average of 5 miles per hour, is much less effective in preventing a drifting match than one of 7 hours in 40 miles, or 5.7 miless per hour.

"The deed of 1887 provides that the challenging club shall give the length on load water line, beam at load water line and extreme beam and draught of water of their yacht, which dimensions shall not be exceeded. This has been waived, and the load water line is now only required, besides which an excess of two per cent of this length was permitted in the last match.

"The deed requires that three races shall be sailed—the first, twenty nautical miles to windward and return; the second, an equilateral triangular race of thirty-nine nautical miles, and the third, if necessary, twenty nautical miles to windward and return. The races of the Vigilant-Valkyrie match were, in brief, best three out of five, out side of headlands, over courses each of thirty nautical miles.

"The deed says that in the races for the cup there shall be no time allowance. The Vigilant and Valkyrie's conditions included the system of measurements, time allowance and racing rules of the New York Y. C.

"The deed holds that each of the races must be completed within seven hours. The Vigilant-Valkyrie conditions caused six hours to be named instead.

"Which is a pretty fair list of concessions under the 'mutual agreement' clause, but there are more—those which the Cup Committee have agreed to allow in the present controversy. These are limiting the live weight and measurement with all weights on board; the withdrawal of an original challenge and the simultaneous acceptance of a new challenge, that the best of the British boats may be sent across the water, and a one gun start has been given them, although in the prospective races two minutes will be given in which to cross the line.

"That's the list of concessions. More are wanted, and the foolish question of holding the cup, if won by the challenger, has been raised."

As regards the first of the above "concessions," the one dimension was only accepted, not because the demand for all was unfair; but because, after five years without a challenge, one must be had; and this was one of the few points strenuously insisted on by Lord Dunraven. The new deed does not require that but three races shall be sailed, it does not say (save in the event of a non-agreement), that there shall be no time allowance: and the seven hours limit, so far as it goes, only applies in like case. The one gun start has been denied, not conceded; the limiting of the crew is no concession, but a tardy reparation for a trick which has been severely condemned even by American yachtsmen as savoring of unsportsmanlike practice.

There are three points in all, in the terms accorded in 1892 and those now offered, which may be fairly termed concessions, the agreement to five instead of three races, the one-gun start, allowed in 1892 but now denied; and the partial agreement to recognize a boat not specifically mentioned in the challenge. The other points described as concessions, the limiting of crew, time allowance, time limit and giving of waterline length alone, are rights which any challenger may fairly demand of the other party in making a match.

The latest move of the Larchmont Y. C. is one which will commend itself to the many yachtsmen who journey to Larchmont on the occasion of every race; not infrequently to return with a feeling that they have wasted a day in the vain attempt to watch the various classes turn their different and distant marks at Matinnicock, Scotch Caps, Captains' Island and Stamford. The club is now at work remodelling its courses so as to make several triangles of such size that at least two turns will be required in each class; while all classes will be within sight as nearly as possible at the same time. It is almost certain that this change will meet with opposition at first, but it is so directly in the interest of closer and more exciting racing that its merits must soon be appreciated by all. The club is not ready to adopt the one-gun start, dividing the fleet into suitable classes; but it s only a question of time before this innovation must follow. We congratulate the club on its efforts to keep at the head in improving the standard of yacht racing; and we would be glad to see shorter courses and more rounds adopted by other clubs.

IT is an unfortunate thing for the framers of the new deed that, in making it, they were not able, at the same time, to call in and destroy every copy of the original deed. This latter document is, however, still within easy reach, it has been repeatedly published in the FOREST AND STREAM, it appeared for years in *The American Yacht List* and it may be found in Captain Coffin's "History of the America's Cup." Anyone desiring to convince himself of the full extent of the misstatement made by the *Sun* and vouched for by ex-Commodore Smith, may readily do so by referring to either of these authorities. As long as the old deed is thus accessible it stands as a conviction of the men who have slandered it and its makers in order to justify their own illegal acts.

The New Larchmont Class.

IN view of the fact that designers are very apparently seeking to beat each other's productions and previous ones of their own, by a few inches of added keel depth, or by a more attenuated midship section with a constant decrease of the sterling qualities of a yacht, there would appear to be urgent need of a means, the use of which, would relieve the monotony of such method, and conduce to the equity of yacht racing by providing an equality of opportunity, preserved within measured and desirable limits.

In framing new rules to govern the construction of a class of small yachts, the Larchmont Yacht Club is influenced primarily by a desire to insure in these little vessels that they shall not merely be fast, but also that they shall possess valuable qualities relative to cruising and comfort. To do this, it is clearly recognized that requirements and restrictions must be made that are not included in the present racing rules. Not that these are not good as far as they go, but that they do not go far enough to include and furnish an equation in all cases, for some features in the yacht of to-day, which are of perceptible and recognized advantage for speed simply; but which, if unmeasured and unrestricted, are inimical to the presence of other features, valuable and necessary in every yacht which is more than a racing machine.

Of course if the presence of features which give advantage in speed can be had in a yacht without change in the measurement, they will be taken by the zealous racing man, and there will next occur a progressive increase of the untaxed feature. But equally, of course, to the extent that this development is objectionable, or that, accompanying it, other and good features are restricted, will the number of such yachts built for racing be diminished.

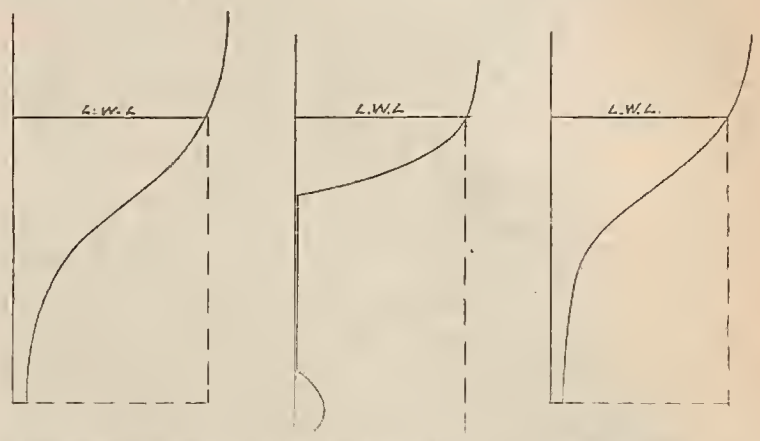
The most recent productions in racing yachts of those which have been conspicuous in the classes of small vessels, have been yachts with small under-water bodies, with displacement and ballast correspondingly small, but with the ballast made effective by acting on long levers. They have been vessels of small capacity relative to their dimensions. A little vessel of 6½ft. draft would require 5ft. of this for the keel or fin, and only about 1½ft. for the body of the boat itself, the keel or fin being used to suspend a weight of lead, thus giving the power to carry sail upon a body of small displacement and resistance, and not possessing the room and accommodation which we have been accustomed to associate with such dimensions and draft. Of such yachts as have been alluded to are the speedy little racing 21ft. boats, brought out last year by the Larchmont Y. C., and which raced so much on the Sound and about Newport during the season.

However desirable may be this kind of vessel in a small class, used only for day work, for amusement and in races occupying only a few hours each, and having no pretension to cruising work and fitness, other features and qualifications become necessary and should appear in a larger racing yacht; and suitable room and accommodations should be had for the owner and his crew to eat and sleep on board, and roominess, moderate draft and cruising fitness should be made practicable and encouraged. They should be given an equitable premium, and be secured from the unequal and unfair competition of vessels less fit and desirable.

The type of vessel which has been referred to as the modern product for racing, and in which speed is attained by the ballast acting through a long lever upon a form of small bulk and resistance, has its distinctive features most clearly shown, and it is at the same time made most easily comparable with other forms, by the exhibition of a midship section—the immersed part—inscribed in outline within a parallelogram.

If the midship section of the bulb-fin racing yacht be treated in this way, it will become apparent that it occupies only a small percentage of such parallelogram. It will be in strong contrast to the form of the more roomy vessel similarly treated, and having the same draft of water. It will be seen that we have in one form a keel with a little boat on it, and in the other we have a boat with a keel on it, and as the space included in the midship section indicates the space in the yacht that can be built to such section, it becomes evident that one form is (so far at least as room and draft are concerned) more desirable than the other, and that, as more work is involved in driving the larger section and bulkier form through the water than the smaller one, equal speed can only be expected from greater power, and that to sail over any given distance in equal time the larger vessel should be permitted to carry more sail.

The Larchmont Yacht Club have arranged for the formation of a racing class of yachts of 34ft. racing length, and for the sail to be carried, and the racing length determined by the application of the principle which has been referred to. While no positive prohibition has been placed on the bulb-fin type, a vessel which would be practically a weighted fin with a canoe on it, can scarcely be built under the requirements of these rules as to room in cabin, forecastle, etc.; but any yacht approximating to this will have her actual length or sail area (either or both) added to, and in proportion as her midship section may occupy less space than 35 per cent. in the parallelogram, in which it can be included. This proportion has been adopted as the normal one, and a figure in illustration is given here.



Keel Yacht of 1890. 41 p. ct. of parallelogram. | Modern Bulb Fin. 20 p. ct. of parallelogram, | 35 pr. ct. of parallelogram.

In the new rules there are stated requirements for room and for the equipments necessary in yachts to be lived aboard, but only the essential things are required. There is no use made of the co-efficient of the midship section to limit either beam or draft as such, or to fix the relation of one to the other. A comparatively deep yacht like the noted Minerva has the same co-efficient as the wider and shoaler Nymph.

The rule simply requires that the dimensions taken for the midship section below water, whatever they may be, shall be occupied by boat, by something that gives space and accommodation, and that the dimension of depth shall not be immoderately extended simply by the fin or keel.

Such yachts as the Minerva or Nymph, and indeed everything but the most extreme kind of craft are above the limit fixed, and well out of the influence of the rule, even if it was to be operative in the class to which they belong.

It may be here stated that very few yachts of over 30ft. l.w.l. have so far been built, having so small a co-efficient for the midship section as 35 per cent. It appears quite likely that for this class some owners and designers may elect to build yachts of even fuller form than that which has been adopted as normal, and they will in this way secure increased space and roominess.

The purpose, however, held in view in devising the rule, is to secure to the owner who would build a serviceable little craft the assurance that he can do so without being subjected to undesirable and unfair competition. The special rule here referred to has its limit of application in the Larchmont Y. C. to the new class. It may perhaps be found to serve desirable ends in other classes, and with the same or with a different co-efficient be used to check the development of undesired features, and of excessive draft in vessels of larger size, in which the need of room is less felt. The work of the committee is fully covered in the following report to the club:

To the Trustees of the Larchmont Y. C.:

The undersigned, a special committee appointed to prepare rules and restrictions for a special racing class of yachts about 30ft. in length, herewith present, as the result of their labors, the annexed rules:

It has been the aim of the committee to provide for the building of a class of yachts which would be fast, and at the same time be available for cruising. We have also sought to give to designers and builders the widest latitude as regards type and form, consistent with what we believed to be the essential features of such a boat as it has been our purpose to encourage. Our report is the result of many meetings and the fullest discussion of all questions involved, and is concurred in unanimously by the members of the committee.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1894.

Larchmont Yacht Club.

RULES AND RESTRICTIONS GOVERNING SPECIAL 34FT. RATING CLASS.

1. There is to be no time allowance.

2. Length on load waterline shall not exceed 30ft., nor be less than 28ft.; extreme length on deck shall not exceed 45ft.; least freeboard shall not be less than 24in.

Sail area, measured according to the rules of the Larchmont Y. C. (as modified by these rules), shall be such that no yacht in this class shall exceed 34ft. racing length.

The racing measurement of each yacht, as ascertained by the rules of the club in the customary way, shall be modified by an addition to such measurement in all cases where the immersed midship section (inscribed within a parallelogram which shall touch its extremities), shall fall below thirty-five per cent. of the area of such parallelogram. The largest transverse vertical section shall be taken as the midship section and the parallelogram shall be taken to the lowest part of the vessel at this point or forward of it. Of any greater depth which may be found aft of this point, one-third shall be added to the depth of the circumscribing parallelogram.

For every unit of percentage which the midship section, as defined above, shall fall below 35 per cent. of its circumscribing parallelogram an equal percentage shall be added to the racing length of the yacht as measured in the usual way. The formula to be used is in effect an addition to the old one, and is as follows:

$$\frac{\sqrt{S.\ A.} + L.\ W.\ L.}{2} \times \frac{135 - C.}{100} = R.\ L.\ \text{for this class;}$$

C in the formula representing the co-efficient of the midship sec-

tion, and expressing its relation to the parallelogram within which it is inscribed.

Example.

$\sqrt{S.\ A.}$ being 36.74, L. W. L. 28, C. being 30.

$$\frac{36.74 + 28}{2} \times \frac{135 - 30}{100} = 34.$$

In practice the nearest whole number will be taken for the co-efficient.

The position of the midship section shall be indicated by a copper nail or other mark, so placed as to show 3in. above the surface of the water when the yacht is in racing trim; and a drawing showing in outline the vessel's keel, and another showing the midship section with the position of the waterline indicated, both duly certified as to their correctness, shall he furnished by the owner to the regatta committee when the yacht is entered for a race.

All measurements shall be verified by the measurer of the club when required.

3. Each yacht must be wholly decked, except the space taken up by the cockpit cabin house or skylight (all of which must be permanent), and the hatches.

The width of the cabin house (or skylight) or cockpit at any place shall not exceed two-thirds the width of the boat at that place.

The cockpit must be watertight and its floor not less than 9in. above the load waterline.

The cabin shall not be less than 10ft. in length, inside measurement, and at each end there must be a permanent bulkhead of wood.

The least height from the cabin floor to under side of deck beams shall be 4ft. 6in.

The least head room in the cabin, over a floor space of not less than 20sq. ft., shall be 5ft. 4in., and amidships, near the entrance to the cabin, over a floor space of at least 8sq. ft., the least head room shall be 5ft. 9in.

The least head room in the forecastle, over a floor space of not less than 3sq. ft., shall be 4ft. 3in.

All ballast must be permanently fixed, and should any alteration be made in the ballast or in the measurements necessary for calculating the sail area, a report thereof must be made by the owner to the measurer and the yacht re-measured.

The centerboard, if any shall not be weighted more heavily than is necessary to sink it readily and in no case shall the weight on the raising pennant exceed 150lbs.

The top of the centerboard trunk or casing must not be lower in any place than 18in. above the load waterline.

4. There shall be no restrictions as to the sails to be carried.

The sail area abaft the mast, as measured by the rule and adopted for this class, shall not exceed 70 per cent. of the total sail area.

5. The following equipment must be on board when yacht is measured, and shall not be removed or used as shifting ballast during a race, viz.: Anchor, weighing not less than 50lbs., and at least twenty fathoms of cable; water tank, or breakers, of at least 10gals. capacity; five serviceable life-preservers, stove and utensils suitable for cooking for four persons, boat hook, bucket, compass, side lights and anchor light, fog horn; the cabin transoms, or berths, to be furnished with cushions or mattress, the forecastle to have two furnished berths.

6. The crew is limited to five men, including the helmsman, who must be an amateur; not more than two members of the crew may be paid hands.

7. Except as otherwise provided in these rules and restrictions, the sailing rules of the Larchmont Y. C. shall apply to all yachts in this class and to the races in which they participate.

JOHN HYSLOP. E. A. WILLARD,
A. BRYAN ALLEY, HAROLD A. SANDERSON,
JOHN F. LOVEJOY, FRANCIS M. SCOTT.

The Rights of a Challenger.

In scanning every week a large number of American newspapers, great and small, we are led to speculate as to how far they do really represent, as they all pretend to, the deliberate and honest convictions of American sportsmen, or even of the people at large, on the subject of international sport. For the sake of the national reputation before the whole world of sport, we sincerely hope that the great majority of the statements and opinions seen in print do not represent the true views of the American people, but rather of a comparatively small number whose violent prejudices make them the most valuable aids of the sensational news gatherer, and our personal knowledge of the manner in which "news" is manufactured and public opinion misrepresented in yachting circles about New York, leads us to believe that this is the case. The many extracts which we quoted last summer from American journals in connection with Vigilant are evidences of this prevailing spirit of untruth and unfairness; and they are amply supplemented by the more recent comments on the challenge of Lord Dunraven.

This subject is now under discussion by the press of the whole country, but it is safe to say that not more than one in a dozen of those who write on it is qualified for the task save by a complete ignorance of the rules and usages of yacht racing, the history of the contests for the America's Cup and of other international racing—and by the narrowest prejudice and illiberality. It is a welcome relief to encounter at rare intervals a writer who, whatever his opinions on specific points, is fully conversant with his subject, and animated solely by the true principles of fair play.

To the writer who approaches his task from the too common standpoint of bitter hostility to everything English, coupled with the assertion that we are at least better and fairer sportsmen, and its corollary, that anything is justifiable in opposing them, there is a deep mine of research open—the Stamp Tax, the oppression of the Colonies by the mother country, the Dartmouth prison ship, the aggressions on American commerce, the War of 1812, and on, down to the Trent, the Alabama and the Shenandoah. Even if the argument be confined to the strict domain of sport, there are many instances in which Americans have received not only discourteous but unfair treatment in England. If such an argument of hatred and retaliation is at all permissible, then there can be but one logical conclusion—that it is beneath the dignity of Americans to associate in nominally friendly sport with a people so far below them. Even when limited strictly to international yachting, this conclusion is inevitable; if it is true that the British yachtsman is a bad sportsman, unfair, dishonest and given to practices condemned by gentlemen, as has been repeatedly stated in American papers this year, then Americans can only lower themselves by meeting him on his own ground, and a proper self-respect makes it imperative that they should absolutely decline all intercourse with him.

Even at the risk of arousing anew the old charge of Anglo-mania we cannot subscribe to such narrow beliefs, but prefer to take a broader and more liberal view—that all fairness and generosity in sport, especially in yacht racing, is not confined to one side of the great Atlantic, the side, by the way, which produced the new deed of gift; and all that is mean, dishonest and unfair, to the other side. We believe rather that human nature is the same the world over; and that even the best and fairest of men are prone to be swayed by self-interest in the keen pursuit of sport, whether under the striped flag or the crossed one. It is not a pleasant thing to admit, but there is no escaping from the fact that human nature, even in the best of sportsmen, is a struggle between good intentions and selfish desires; the latter sometimes showing on top when least expected.

As far as the past is concerned, there is much besides the refusal to meet the old America in open races, or even the Arrow-Mayflower incident, for both sides to forget; there are incidents by the dozen in the history of the defense of the America's Cup which would look very badly to-day in the light of modern racing usage. As for the present, we believe that the standard of fair play and fair sportsmanship is quite as high on one side of the ocean as the other; in neither case perhaps on quite an ideal plane or entirely above the infirmities just mentioned. In this respect yachting is quite as advanced, and improving as rapidly as any other sport, and the general conditions of match sailing, national and international, have never been as fair in the last five years.

If there is, however, one detail of the sport which should be nearer than all others to the ideal of perfect fair play, it the contest for the recognized sailing trophy of the world, the America's Cup. For those who would debase it to a means of retaliation for a long list of grievances, real or imaginary, against England, we have the deepest contempt; and they are but little better who seek to retain it by means whose unfairness is recognized, under the plea that British yachtsmen would do the same if they held it. The continued possession of the Cup under the slightest stigma of unfairness is no credit to Americans but a national disgrace; far better that it were lost under perfectly fair conditions, even if never regained, through the dishonesty of a new holder. It is not enough that the conditions today are fairer than ever before; it is not alone necessary that half or two-thirds of the conditions should be above question; but that each, down to the most trivial requirement, should be in accordance with the highest standards of yachting usage.

What these standards are is best understood by referring to the conditions under which private matches are arranged, by a true mutual agreement, between two individual yachtsmen. Each is on a perfect equality with the other, free to ask what he pleases for himself and to object to any demand of his opponent which he may deem unreasonable or even disadvantageous to himself. Neither is under obligations to the other, neither is placed in the position of asking favors which may be refused. If such a basis of agreement is recognized as the proper one for a trivial match for small private stakes, certainly no lower standard can suffice for a great international trophy; and yet, how different is the position of a British yachtsman who dares to challenge for the America's Cup from that which he would occupy in arranging for a private match with a fellow yachtsman? Under every construction of the various deeds of gift, he has been placed in the position of a suppliant, compelled to ask favors of the holder, every right being denied him save the final one, of one and later three races under terms seriously to his disadvantage.

The position in which each successive challenger has been placed by the holder is not only one which no man could occupy and retain his self-respect and independence, but it has been made infinitely worse by the inevitable cry of "generous concessions," originating with a certain set of yachtsmen, and echoed abroad through the press until it has been accepted as true by many fair-minded persons. That there have at times been veritable concessions made, is true, as in the case of the acceptance of a challenge from Galatea in the same year as Genesta, 1885; but they are so few as to be notable as exceptions beside the rule which denied the challenger his rights to a full and fair mutual agreement, and compelled him to fight anew each year until a few were thrown to him as alms.

Never was this more clearly shown than in the present case; wise or foolish, reasonable or unreasonable, the requests or suggestions of Lord Dunraven were no more than he had a perfect right to make, as the equal of the holders in coming to a mutual agreement over conditions. The position which he has been placed in to-day before the American public, unacquainted with the customs and usages of yachting, is a sorry one—that of a greedy, over-reaching sharper, unmindful of the kindness and consideration accorded him in the previous contest, and intent only on securing further unfair advantage from his generous and unsuspicious opponent.

That this is so is due even less to the desire of the press to cater to a discreditable public sentiment, real or imaginary, than to the position in which the challenger has been from the first, and still is placed by the holder; a position which under the original deed was possible only through a gross misinterpretation of both letter and spirit, but which in the new deed is an inevitable consequence of the transposition of the mutual agreement clause from its original important position to a mere foot note to the obnoxious dimension clause which dictates the essentials of a challenge. A challenge once made in the only form in which it can be legally recognized by the club under the new deed—the tardy interpretation of the mutual agreement clause being a device so shallow as to belittle the intelligence of those who have accepted as well as those who made it—the challenger is completely in the power of the holders, compelled to sue humbly for what should be his by right, and getting it, if at all, only as a favor.

We look upon Lord Dunraven as a fair and honorable gentleman and a good sportsman, anything but the combination of knave and hog that he has been pictured by American pens; but at the same time we have a very poor opinion of that judgment which has led him to sacrifice his self-respect and to compromise the rights of future challengers by thrice insisting on a race under the humiliating conditions of the new deed of gift. We hope that not only he, but other foreign yachtsmen who may be inclined to challenge in the future, may now realize fully that their rights to stand as the equals of the holders in arranging for a contest; the rights guaranteed to them by the owners of the America in 1857, can never be regained as long as the new deed is in existence, and they are content to challenge under it, directly or indirectly.

The Dunraven Challenge.

In addition to the cable message published last week, the committee sent the following letter to Lord Dunraven:

NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1894.

MY LORD: The committee have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of Dec. 1.

We think it much better to leave all unsettled minor questions until you arrive in this country, with the assurance that your views will receive every consideration.

While we cannot consent to racing at Marblehead or Newport, we are convinced that you overestimate their advantages. The accessibility of the starting point, a great convenience, at either of these places, would, in our opinion, increase the number of accompanying vessels, and neither course would be so clear or free from tides as that off New York.

We much regret that you were not able to earlier announce your intention of challenging, so that we could have had ample time to arrange terms. You will recollect that the correspondence in 1892 ended very hurriedly, and can hardly be said to have reached a definite and satisfactory conclusion. The committee at that time held that the challenge was satisfactory only if explained by your letters, and you, though consenting to this for yourself, distinctly disavowed any authority from the Squadron to consider your letters as explanatory of the challenge.

For this reason we much regret that the present challenge does not state the few necessary primary conditions without reference to previous negotiations. The indefiniteness as to the right to use your letters in 1892 as explanatory meant uncertainty as to the terms of holding the cup if won by you, and this brings us back to the point on which you insisted in 1892, namely, that the challenger should limit his rights, as a winner, by a previous covenant with the New York Yacht Club.

We cannot but believe that much difficulty will be removed could you be persuaded to take our point of view on this question. We cannot understand why, with power to make any agreements desired for a match, a holder of the cup—the Squadron, for example—should expect us to covenant that they must do what they can do and what to do, and why, after all the correspondence that has taken place, there should be any fear, in the absence of such an agreement with us, of even appearing to expect, as the party challenged, terms different from those under which you challenged, as expressed in your letter of Nov. 7, 1892.

Now, we think that as any challenging club can bind itself in honor to all interested parties by announcing what it will or will not exact, in the event of winning the cup, we should not be expected to become parties to any agreement as to future terms to which our consent is in no way requisite.

We have gone into this subject somewhat at length, as we consider that the holding of the cup is fully and liberally provided for in the deed and do not consider any additional stipulations proper or permissible.

We endeavored in the despatch sent you yesterday by cable to remove any possible cause for misunderstanding should you win the America Cup from us next year, and to express this in the simplest and most direct form.

We have the honor to remain, yours very respectfully,

JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman.

A meeting of the committee was held on Dec. 12, ex-Com. Smith being absent through an attack of gout. Only four members were present, and nothing was done

On Dec. 15 the following cable message was received:

"Canfield, Yacht Club, New York. Cablegram to Dunraven, 10th, brought before flag officers. Matter must be submitted to the club. If challenge accepted now and representative wins, the Squadron will not demand the cup failing a satisfactory agreement as to receipt. Please cable.—GRANT.

On the same day, at 3:30 P. M., a meeting of the officers of the Royal Yacht Squadron was held at Marlborough House, London, the Prince of Wales being present, with Sec'y Grant, Lord Dunraven and others. After half an hour, the meeting adjourned without any positive action, and nothing will be done until a meeting of the Squadron is held, probably on Dec. 20.

A meeting of the Cup Committee was held on Monday, Dec. 17, to consider the cable, received on Dec. 15.

The following reply was sent:

NEW YORK, Dec. 17, 1894.

"*Secretary Grant, Cowes:*

"As the America's Cup is purely a challenge trophy, and only valuable as such, we cannot agree that the Squadron, after having won a match for it, may reject the custody of it.

"By cable of Dec. 10 we agreed to accept challenge on condition that the Squadron would receipt for Cup on terms of deed without conditions.

"We will wait until Jan. 15 for an official reply from the Squadron and fix the first race ten months from the receipt of their answer, and will advance date, if possible, later on.

JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman."

MODEL YACHTING.

Lead Rudders for Models.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been reading with great interest Mr. Fisher's articles on model yacht building. In my time I have constructed some twenty-five of these craft, but never ventured on anything larger than about 24in., and have got no further as a builder than the "bread and butter" plan, and that brings me to the seat of my trouble. Will Mr. Fisher or some one tell me of a glue ready made (I have tried various receipts for home manufacture with unsatisfactory results), which will stand use in salt water? Although well painted and varnished, all the boats made by my son or myself invariably begin to open in the seams after two or three years use. Then there is nothing to be done but to rig them up spick and span, and relegate them to a bracket over the door, they are only good to look at.

In the way of rudders we have used thin sheet lead soldered on to a brass rudder-post, the upper end cut off square, but left long enough to go a short distance into the rudder post; the lower end brought to a point and working in a hole in a brass plate on the heel of the stern-post. Three are about all that are needed, one for going close hauled, one for reaching and one for going before it.

The first one is so small that it might almost be considered superfluous, but we have found that it helps greatly to steer a straight course, every change in the wind being met by the rudder.

The second, for running with sheets eased off, should be twice as large, and the third nearly twice as large as that, then take your model, somebody to row you, and a jack-knife, and try experiments. Your rudders, especially the first and second, will probably prove too large; this is where the jack-knife comes in. Whittle away at your rudder until a few trials will show you that your model will sail quite as true a course as the average helmsman can steer.

Sailing before the wind is harder, but with a lead rudder we have succeeded in getting a 24-inch (o. a.) cutter with spinaker and gaff-topsail set, to sail half a mile steadily; and in one case where the breeze was so strong as to finish by driving her nose under water and turning her end for end. * * *

Amateur Designing.

AT the last meeting of the American Model Y. C., a class was organized to attend a course of lectures on the first principles of yacht designing by Mr. F. Nichols, assisted by Messrs. Gustave Grahn and Herbert Fisher, the object being to induce the members who are not conversant with the fascinating art to design their own models on paper for building purposes.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

At the works of Messrs. Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Nyack, N. Y., three steam yachts are on the stocks, the largest being that already mentioned, for F. C. Fowler, of Moodus, Conn. This is a finish decked cruising craft of composite construction, 120ft. over all, 97ft. l.w.l., 16ft. beam, 9ft. depth, and 6ft. 6in. draft. The keel, stem and stern-post will be of white oak, the planking of yellow pine, double skin, fastened with composition bolts and nuts, the vessel having the usual steel frames, keelsons, straps, stringer and bilge plates and deck-beams of a composite bull. The deck house, 16ft. long, will be arranged as a dining hall, with steering bridge above. The accommodation is ample and well arranged, saloon, owner's and guests' rooms forward, and officers and crew and galley aft. The machinery, for a guaranteed speed of 16 miles for three consecutive hours, includes a triple expansion engine and patent water-tube boiler, both of the Seabury type, the sail plan showing a schooner rig.

The second yacht is of wood throughout, a 14 mile cruising craft, with trunk cabin and schooner rig, for a New York owner. She will be 65ft. over all, 52ft. l.w.l., 11ft. beam, and 4ft. draft, with Seabury engines and boiler, the former triple compound. The crew will be berthed forward of the pilot house, abaft which is the owner's room, with toilet connecting. Abaft the engines is the galley, with a toilet room abreast on starboard side, then the main saloon, with ice and wine lockers.

The third boat, for Dr. W. A. Haskell, of Alton, Ill., vice-commodore of the Illinois Y. C., is a 16 mile craft, of similar construction to the second, 60ft. over all, 54ft. l.w.l., 9ft. beam and 3ft. draft. In spite of the small size, the accommodations for both owner and men will be very complete. The yacht will be fitted with electric lights throughout, with a search light on the pilot house. The Fowler yacht will be ready by June 1, the Haskell yacht by March 1 and the other by May of next year. The firm is doing its customary work in all departments, hull, engines and boilers.

The fifth annual meeting of the Douglaston Y. C. was held on Dec. 4 at the Hotel Brunswick. The following officers were elected: Com., C. A. Gould, steam yacht Neaira; Vice-Com., E. N. Doll, sch. Windward; Rear Com., N. Greenfield, steam yacht Erna; Sec'y, J. B. Hixon; Treas., G. A. Corry; Governors—H. D. Bristol and J. H. Taylor.

The Yonkers Corinthian Y. C. held its annual meeting on Dec. 6, the following officers being elected: Com., A. J. Prime; Fleet Captain, L. Quanchi; Rec. Sec'y, F. A. Rigby; Fin. Sec'y, H. J. Ritchie; Treas., A. M. Potter; Meas., W. E. Myers; Chaplain, Rev. W. Prime; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. C. Bennett; Steward, F. M. Ward; Trustees—H. Skinner, N. Quick, L. F. McNett, J. B. Odell, A. T. Rose and W. T. Georgen; Regatta Committee—J. Dickson, A. V. Youmans, F. A. Rigby, L. F. McNett and A. M. Pearsall; Membership Committee—J. J. Lawrence, J. J. Potter, H. Rawcliffe, A. J. Beaudrias and M. W. Hall; Delegates to New York Yacht Racing Association—A. J. Prime, B. F. Sutton and Edwin Moore, Jr.

The question of a new and larger club house for the New York Y. C. has been under consideration for several years past; and for some time past a special committee has been at work on the subject. The result of its labors is a recommendation, that will be accepted by the club, to the effect that the present house on Madison avenue be retained, the lease being extended for five years more, and that it be thoroughly remodelled and refitted. This will be done shortly at considerable cost.

Flossie, schr., has been sold by Brereton Pratt, of the Philadelphia Y. C., to Franklin Beames, of the Brooklyn Y. C. She is a centerboard boat, 57ft. l.w.l. and 16ft. beam, built in 1887.

The Herreshoffs are not so rushed with work at Bristol that they could not take an order for a cup defender, yet there is a fair amount of work on hand and a prospect of more. There are two steamers and three sailing yachts now in hand in the shops, and a moderate force of men at work, which could be largely increased should a rush of work come. The largest steamer is a 130-footer, for T. R. Hostetter. She is of wood, of solid build, and will have triple expansion engines and a speed of about 16 miles an hour. The owner's quarters are forward and there is a comfortable deck saloon over them. The yacht steers from the bridge over the saloon. She will be schooner rigged and have an electric light plant and and all the latest devices for comfort and safety. She is being built in the north shop, is nearly planked and could be launched within a month should her place in the shop be needed for the building of a Cup defender. The second steamer is a 75-footer, for the use of President John B. Herreshoff, of the company. She is also of wood, but is of the economical cruiser type, of which the company has made a specialty in recent years, and is much like last year's Eugenia. She will have a speed of 10 or 11 miles with great coal endurance for a boat of her size. Owner's quarters will be forward and galley aft. The yacht is building in the lower end of the south shop and could be launched in less time than the larger steamer. The sailing yachts in hand are the 20-rater for Howard Gould for his British campaign of next season, a 20-rater for parties in Germany and the 30-footer for George Owen, Jr., for use at Marblehead, which was announced a week ago. The 20-raters are duplicates, and will be fin-keels of about 45ft. waterline and 60ft. or more over all. The frames for these yachts are bent on the moulds and will be set up in the south shop ahead of the steamer. The firm gives no dimensions or particulars as to build, but the writer feels at liberty to say, after a look through the shops that they promise no radical departure from previous Herresboff fins, but are good round-bodied boats with easy lines and indications of power. The 30-footer is in the north shop and is being planked bottom upward, according to the usual Herresboff style in small yachts. She looks to be a little narrower than the Handsel and has a round and moderately full midship section with a very easy sweep to the lines fore and aft. Her overhangs are not extreme and she promises an able boat, with speed enough to make the Handsel hustle to retain first honors in the class. The yacht is to have a pole-mast rig and good cabin accommodations under a low house. She will be ready for the opening of the season. Although both President J. B. and designer N. G. Herresboff say that no lines have yet been drawn on a Cup defense order, there is little doubt but that the problem of building a faster boat than Vigilant has been carefully thought out and that plans and estimates could be placed at short notice before any yachtsman or syndicate having the building of a defender in mind.—*Boston Globe.*

But little is doing at the Boston yards, the alterations to the bows of Thetis being completed at Lawleys, and the yacht converted to the schooner rig. The firm has also finished a 21ft. knockabout and has an order for one of 27ft. The new bow of the steamer Admiral is nearly finished, and another steam yacht, Harriet, is out for a new stern and pilot house. At Quincy Point, McIntyre & Kirk have finished a knockabout for A. E. Schaaf, and have another in hand. Messrs. Waterhouse & Chesebrough have designed a cruising cutter of 30ft. l.w.l. for an Eastern owner, a craft 47ft. over all, 8ft. beam and 6ft. draft. She will have a small sail plan and good accommodation, the interior being rather elaborately fitted up. They are also at work on a design for a centerboard knockabout for Mr. Fred Dunne, one of the three owners of Alpha in her first season; the yacht to be built by Ambrose Martin. The latter builder has now in hand a 21ft. centerboard knockabout. Wm. Smith is at work on but one boat, a 28ft. craft.

Yampa, schr., lately purchased by Mr. Richard Palmer, is at Lawley's yard where Capt. Edward Sherlock is fitting her for sea. She will sail for the Mediterranean early next month.

The Illinois Y. C. held its annual meeting on Nov. 26, the following officers being elected: Com., Edgar Ames; Vice-Com., Dr. W. A. Haskell; Sec., C. W. Milnor; Treas., J. H. Booth; Executive Com., Messrs

Ames, Haskell, W. L. Sparks, W. A. Jones and W. H. Himpidge; Measurement Com., Messrs. Geo. Dickson, R. Garstang and H. S. Turner.

Mr. A. Cary Smith is busy with a design for a steam yacht 100ft. long, to be built of steel; a schooner for the 70ft. class, for racing; a 21ft. catboat for John M. Dickinson, and an 18ft. cat for F. S. Douglas.

Lord Dunraven has brought suit in the Admiralty Court against Mr. A. D. Clarke, owner of Satanita, for the loss of Valkyrie through collision with the former vessel last July, and the case comes to trial this week.

Eleanor, steam yacht, W. A. Slater, was at Marseilles late last month going on the dock and having a number of repairs made before proceeding to the Suez Canal on her voyage around the world.

The monthly yachting journal originally founded as *The Rudder* by Mr. T. F. Day, the yachting writer, and later combined with the *Sail and Paddle*, has just been re-purchased by Mr. Day in connection with Messrs. H. W. Rogers and W. L. Dudley, and will in the future appear in a greatly improved form. Mr. Day is an old yacht sailor and a very clever yachting writer, his contributions having often appeared in our colums. Mr. Rogers is an artist and writer who has for some time been associated with the late owner of the paper. Mr. Dudley is a well-known canoeist and writer, and will look after the canoeing interests of the paper.

Mr. Lewis G. Nixon, naval constructor for the Cramps, has purchased the shipyard of Moore & Sons, at Elizabethport, on Staten Island Sound, and will manage it himself. The class of vessel which will be built is as yet unknown.

Gitana, schr., has been sold by the estate of the late Wm. F. Weld to Percival W. Clement, of Rutland, Vt., a railroad man, who is just going in for yachting.

Canoeing.

"The Model Yachtsman & Canoeist."

It is with regret that we reprint the following valedictories of the editors of the *Model Yachtsman & Canoeist* as follows:

"Since giving my intimation last month that this our journal would close its career with the December number, I have received a large number of letters on the subject. All contain expressions of regret in varying cadence, some contain criticisms of my way of conducting the paper, (good natured criticism be it understood) some offer suggestions for the future, a considerable number offer a share of financial assistance, and several say it must not be allowed to die. I must first thank all these correspondents; fortunately I can agree with nearly all their sentiments, if I cannot carry out their ideas. I have not been able to corrrespond direct with them for the present. They will oblige me by taking, along with all my kind supporters and correspondents, my hearty thanks for their assistance both now and in the past. I shall sadly miss my stream of friendly communications. I shall lament for the medium through which I have for so long addressed my model yachting friends throughout the world. The severance is, however, inevitable in spite of all; as notwithstanding the kind offers of financial assistance this must be the last issue of *The Model Yachtsman & Canoeist.*

"It seems to me only a courteous thing that I should fully enter into the reasons, as had it been a question of money alone, the stoppage might have been averted.

"Our canoeing editor, Mr. Geo. F. Holmes, a year ago gave notice of his intention to give up the task that he has so well performed. The difficulty of finding suitable canoeing matter in these days when canoeing is on its last legs, and small yacht and boat sailing has lured away its votaries, can readily be understood, and also the objection that naturally arises in a man's mind, when he has to make continual sacrifices to conduct part of a journal, that cannot exist without seeking charitable donations. As we have no other gentleman here and in touch with us that can step in and fill Mr. Holmes' place, his resignation was almost fatal in itself to our further continuation.

"My own business engagements do not leave me the time at liberty that I used to possess, therefore I am incapable of increased effort to make up for a loss in any other direction. I may at this point express my perfect agreement with Mr. Holmes in his decision and place on record the pleasure it has always given me to have a colleague of such ability and undeviating courtesy and consideration to assist us in keeping on the journal.

"The financial difficulty has arisen through the lack of advertisements, not through any decline in the number of subscribers. The latter being an increasing rather than a diminishing quantity.

"The friends and supporters of the journal will see by this explanation that it is not one reason, but three reasons, that compel me to bring my labors for model yachting to a close, and to part company with that which has been my chief enjoyment for years.

"To those who have offered a friendly criticism I am not at all out of harmony. I feel sure that if I were in their place similar ideas would be very likely to arise with me. I know all that has been offered in the best possible spirit and for the welfare of the sport. They have aimed at the same mark as myself, they have thought I might have used better weapons. I am, however, well satisfied that were they in my position, with such a diversified constituency to please, they would have been much of the same opinion as myself.

"And now, as Editor of *The Model-Yachtsman*, I bid all my friends good bye! For 11 years many of us have sailed pleasantly together. We have had the generous commendation of *The Field*, *The Forest and Stream*, *The Yachtsman* and many other papers of note for our efforts. There has been a good deal of work at times but an unmeasurable amount of pleasure. I find an immense difficulty in saying the last word, but it has to be said, and as I shall never forget the many acts of kindness that have been done for me and the assistance that has continually helped me to perform my pleasurable duties to model yachting, I hope to have a little nook in the remembrance of all whose interest has run side by side with my own. Yours faithfully,

THOS. A. BRUCE.

It is not pleasant to reflect that one is writing for the last time for the readers of the *Canoeist*.

We are assured by many kindly letters that its appearance has each month been heartily welcome, and that its non-appearance will leave a blank.

We can say that we have done our best to make it both interesting and useful to canoeists and those who share our love for aquatics, and our regret at its discontinuance is the more keen because we believe the paper was never more widely read than during the last year of its existence.

Unfortunately, however, the support which enables most papers to run their course with profit, viz., a good number of paying advertisements, is now so far wanting that the journal cannot continue.

In its earlier days the paper was devoted entirely to the interests of model yachting, but its proprietors were ready, as soon as opportunity offered, to open their columns to canoeing news, which has of late years had about half the total space devoted to it, as well as a similar share of the illustrations.

Since the *Model Yachtsman & Canoeist* first came into existence many changes have taken place in canoeing It has been said many times that the "racer of to-day is the cruiser of to-morrow," and in proportion as the racing conditions and rules have fostered a type of canoe which is fit, or the reverse, for cruising after the conclusion of its racing career, the prosperity of the sport has waxed or waned. Unfortunately the latter has been the direction of our sport for some time past, at any rate in connection with the canoe proper, although the canoe-yawl still holds her own in the estimation of many cruisers.

Changes of rule are now being proposed with a view of popularizing a really useful type of boat, and we hope that the efforts in that direction will be successful, and that in the course of a year the tide will turn and canoeing, the best of sports, will once more become popular, as it so well deserves to be.

From Dunkirk to James Bay.

Cobourg, Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent who is contemplating a canoe cruise from Dunkirk through to James Bay must be a very enterprising character and a man after my own heart. If he will correspond with me personally I may be able to help him. From Midland or Penetangshene the east and north shores of Lake Huron offer no great difficulties to the canoeist, provided his canoe is seaworthy and be up to his work and prepared to lay by during head winds, and paddle during calms. Lake Superior is a little more open and exposed, but may be coasted without difficulty or danger by an old and experienced hand. The only really dangerous coast is that called the "no boat landing," extending for some twelve miles westward from near the mouth of the Michipicoteu River—on a calm evening this has no terrors. From Lake Superior there are several routes to James Bay, the most frequent being by way of the Michipicoten, Dog Lake, Mesinobie Lake and the Moose River. Another lies by way of the Pic River and McKay's Lake to the outlet of Long Lake, and thence down the Kenogami. The route he mentions is not used, the regular route turning north from the Ogoké and following a chain of smaller lakes and streams to the Albany near Martin's Falls. There is another route from Lake Nepigon by the Sturgeon and a chain of small lakes to the foot of Long Lake, and thence down the Kenogami as before. And still another route leads from Lake Superior direct in the neighborhood of Jackfield Bay to the head of Long Lake. The last is probably the easiest at the present time, and the Michipicoteu, the shortest in time and distance. I suppose I need not warn your correspondent that after leaving Sault Ste. Marie he is upon very solitary and unfrequented waters, and that an accident causing the loss or serious injury to his canoe is very apt to mean starvation for him. Hence he must be very sure of the efficiency of his craft and himself.

THE CHIEF.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

Silky, brindle bull-terrier, the pride of the Red Dragon C. C., and their mascot at the Croton Point meet, is dead. While faithfully following the janitress in the vicinity of the club house, she was struck by a locomotive and instantly killed. Many of the Croton Point campers will remember her ugly but good-natured face and her merry pranks as she followed some wandering Dragon through camo by day, or came over to headquarters at sundown with the boys for the day's gossip round the camp-fire. Others may recall her warning bark as they stole up hill from the "Gulch" after taps, bent on some nocturnal mischief. But all will mourn with the Red Dragons the loss of their famous little terrier, buried now under the shade of the old trees on the club grounds, her memory held in tenderest regard by those to whom her sagacity and fidelity made her a trusty companion and friend.—J. E. M.

CHAINED TO BUSINESS?

Can't go shooting? Do the next best thing. Read about it in FOREST AND STREAM.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Rapid Lyman System.

Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you photograph of target score made by me, under these conditions: 500 consecutive shots, .22 L. R. cartridge, Marlin rifle, 40yds., Standard American target, 2½in. bull, off-band; rifle fired 17 times without taking from shoulder, and so on for 500 shots. The shooting is along the line advocated by Mr. Lyman for small bores, viz., rapid firing, the ultimate object being the use of the .22cal. in wing shooting. I used a telescope sight.

THERE IS A PRIZE FOR BEATING IT.

I will give a prize of $20 to any one in the United States who will excel this target, the target and proper witnesses' signatures to be sent to FOREST AND STREAM and published in that paper, and the original to be my property. Of course I expect my work to be bettered if any good shots are interested, and my offer is made to encourage the sport. J. W. MORGAN.

[We are preparing some targets after designs by Mr. Lyman as specially adapted to his rapid-fire system, and also as more nearly approaching the visual conditions of field work. Perhaps Mr Morgan will make his offer apply to work on the new targets, which will be ready soon after Jan. 1.]

Zettler Rifle Club.

New York, Dec. 11.—The weekly shoot of the Zettler Club at headquarters this evening brought the same old group of regulars together in competition for the club prizes. In the race for the champion medal Flach and Dorrler made another tie, each with 246. Flach was also high for the 5 best scores. Flach and Ross tied for the best 10 shot score, each with 248. Scores:

Champion medal:

L Flach	246	R Busse	242	H D Muller	232
M Dorrler	246	M B Engel	239	H Munz	230
H Holges	245	Gus Nowak	239	G W Downs	225
F C Ross	244	B Zettler	239	S Buzzini	217
C G Zettler	244	Dr Grosch	238	F Schmidt	230
B Walther	244				

Five best scores:

L Flach	246	244	248	244	247	H Holges	245	243	241	247	245
M Dorrler	246	242	247	247	244	F C Ross	244	242	244	248	244

Best 10 shot scores:

L Flach	248	C G Zettler	245	F Schmidt	242
F C Ross	248	M B Engel	245	H D Muller	241
H Holges	247	G Nowak	244	H Munz	237
B Walther	246	Dr Grosch	244	S Buzzini	238
M Dorrler	246	B Zettler	242	G W Downs	235
B Busse	245				

Essex Defeats Excelsior.

Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 12.—The Excelsior Rifle Club celebrated its seventh anniversary at its club house this evening. Invitations had been sent out to all the local riflemen, and the result was a large gathering of the patrons of the sport. The principal feature of the evening's entertainment was a 10-men team match between the Excelsior Club and the Essex Indians of Newark. The latter club is one of the oldest and strongest gallery shooting organizations in New Jersey. Some of its members have in the past made national reputations both in the gallery and on the 200yds. range.

The men composing the team which entered the lists with the Excelsiors this evening did not represent the shooting element of the club, but they seem to have been fitted to the task that was laid out for them, for they downed the Excelsior contingent to the tune of 25 points. Scores:

Essex.		Excelsior.	
T Holms, Captain	219	R H Duff, Captain	221
J Bauder	233	R H Pinney	227
G Weigman	230	W J Channing	234
M Lanwold	217	Jos Hughes	220
T C Dietz	233	W J Hennessey	236
C Cooper	236	G G Williams	213
P Ober	219	C Reers	208
A D Walter	232	C Boag	229
J K Walsh	228	J Spicher	227
E McCraith	215—2264	Wm Weber	224—2239

Our Own Club.

Hoboken, Dec. 13.—The weekly practice of the Our Own Club at headquarters to-night resulted in the appended scores:

W Bohmcke	226	H D Stubrmann	232	H D Hencken	232
J H Kruse	236	Finckenstadt	232	R O'Lane	213
W F Dilger	232	Capt G F Seymour	211	E Giesecke	200
F Vanderheyden	210	F Kloepping	231	F W Kroeger	220

The Our Own Ladies Contingent held an informal shoot at the club house Wednesday night. Scores are appended:

Mrs. Seymour	210	Stein	210	Kelly	200
Martin	200	Meyer	215	D Eberstaller	190
King	185	Thorn	175	M Ryan	175
Boardman	230	Wiese	175	M Eberstaller	185
Draffin	175	Misses Prien	235	Griffin	160

A committee of the Our Own Rifle Club waited upon the members and arranged for the initial monthly session to be held on Thursday, Dec. 20. A number of capital artists will be engaged for the event.

Chavant—Rosenbaum.

Greenville, N. J., Dec. 17.—There was an impromptu match shot off on Saturday afternoon in the Greenville Park, between C. H. Chavant, of the Greenville Club, and Wm. Rosenbaum ("Buff"), of the Empire Club. The conditions were 25 shots each, for the refreshments for the party. The match was a one-sided affair. Chavant won by 52 points, an average of two points to a shot. "Buff" should look for an easier mark than Chavant. Scores:

Chavant	15 23 23 24 17	Rosenbaum	20 21 20 21 17
	23 23 23 23 22		20 16 19 13 19
	23 21 19 20 19		23 23 19 20 18
	23 16 18 19 22		16 20 19 22 14
	22 25 22 21 19—525		24 20 20 22 7—473

Schlicht Rifle Club.

West New York, N. J., Dec. 10.—The Schlicht Rifle Club held its weekly class shoot at headquarters to-night, scores:

J Diehl	235	G Reichert	220	Capt J Dedrick	226
P Maue	214	F Lambrix	233	H Aufderheide	226
A Dubline	212	A Meyer	228	G Schlicht	240
W Schlicht	233	C Schlicht	214	C Meyer	236
G Dorr	228	J Schlicht	221		

Medal winners: Geo. Schlicht, champion medal, 240; Jacob Diebl, first class, 235; Fred Lambrix, second class, 233; Capt. J. Dedrick, third class, 225.

F. LAMBRIX, Sec.

RIFLE NOTES.

As the weeks roll by the interest of our riflemen in the coming international festival (Nationales Schuetzen Fest), which is to be held in Glendale Park, Long Island, during the week of June 30 to July 8, 1895, is growing rapidly. The executive committee (Vorstand) have received a great deal of criticism, inasmuch that it did not issue an English edition of the constitution and programme of the festival simultaneously with the German edition, which was issued some months since. Beyond what has been published in FOREST AND STREAM the English-speaking population of the country know but little in regard to this great festival. We are assured, however, that the English edition will be issued before the new year.

B. Koenig, the proprietor of Glendale Park, is losing no time in getting his park into condition to receive the army of sportsmen who will be knocking at his gates on June 30. A visit to the Park last week showed that the plot upon which the forty-five new targets will be located is ready for the carpenters to go ahead with the erection of the target house (butts) and shooting house. Delegations from the many societies interested in the festival will visit the park on Wednesday of this week (Dec. 19) to engage in the laying of the corner-stone for the new shooting house. Mayor Schieren of Brooklyn, with other prominent citizens of the Greater New York, will be there to assist in the interesting ceremonies.

It is expected that the park hotel will be taxed to its utmost on Wednesday night to accommodate the tired and hungry delegates when they get through pursuing that corner stone around to its final resting place.

Koenig says that any of our local riflemen who desire winter practice can find accommodations in his shooting house on any day in the week, Sundays included.

This is a feature that helped to popularize Wissel's Park in the past. Our German citizens when at home in Germany were accustomed to divide their Sabbath into two parts, one of which is devoted to church services and the other to recreation and pleasure. The morning finds them in the church. In the afternoon the whole family may be found in the Schuetzen park.

The Freitag Rifle Club will have a two-days' tournament, beginning Dec. 22, at the range, 24 Hancock avenue, Jersey City Heights. The election of officers will be held the first Friday in the new year.

A match is said to be on between teams representing the Essex Indians of Newark and the Greenville Club.

The Empire Rifle Club of New York has issued a "cartel" to the Greenville group.

A new rifle club has been organized in Hoboken. It will be known as the Young Men's Club, with headquarters at 423 Washington street.

The Zettler Rifle Club will hold its annual prize shoot in the Zettler gallery in January. Programmes will be issued next week.

There will be a monthly meeting of the delegates of the National Shooting Association (Schuetzen Bund) at headquarters, No. 12 St. Marks Place, on Friday night, Dec. 28.

Michael Dorrler, being dissatisfied with the result of his match with Plaisted last week, has challenged the latter for another match, 50 shots each, to be shot on Saturday of this week, Dec 22. Michael offers odds of five to one that he wins. Does this offer of such odds represent his best judgment, or his lacerated feelings, or both?

The St. Louis riflemen have issued a challenge to any club who desires to accept its conditions. This reminds us of the youth who dared the other fellow to come over into his yard and fight.

The old fashioned stipulations of ten pound rifles with three pound pull and other idiosyncrasies of the National Rifle Association have been laid on the shelf by our progressive rifleman.

The Our Own Rifle Club of Hoboken, with headquarters at No. 130 Hudson St., is in a flourishing condition. The influence of Judge Geo. F. Seymour the captain, is adding new members to the roll each week. The board of officers is as follows: Captain, George F. Seymour; 1st Lieutenant, August W. Steuben; 2d Lieutenant, H. D. Hencken; Treasurer, William Bohmcke; Secretary, J. H. Kruse; Financial Secretary, Robert O'Lone; Orderly Sergeant, David H. Page; Shooting Master, Adolph Malz; 2d Shooting Master, Aug. W. Steuben; Sergeant-at-arms, F. Dierker; Asst. Sergeant-at-arms, R. Hartkopf.

The new Winchester calendar for 1895 is one of the best of the many good ones issued by this firm. The drawings are from the brush of A. B. Frost, who is a sportsman and lover of the woods, and have all the dramatic points necessary for such illustrations. The upper part of the calendar pictures the successful termination of a winter bear hunt, the quarry lying in the foreground, and the two hunters near by looking well pleased with their success. The lower part of the calendar tells in a graphic way an incident of a canoe trip, when two hunters who have landed for a meal, are given an "Unexpected Chance" to bag a deer.

The Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburgh, will hold a Christmas shoot at its headquarters, 1717 Jane street, S. S., on Wednesday, Dec. 25. Programme consists of cash prizes, turkeys and open sweeps.

Plaisted Defeats Dorrler.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Dec. 15.—The 50-shot match between Michael Dorrler and Geo. W. Plaisted was shot of Armbruster's Park this afternoon. The weather was warm and clear, an ideal day for rifle practice. Both contestants previous to the opening of the match seemed to be in good shooting form, but it was only after the match was opened that the condition of the two was made prominent.

The conditions of the match were that neither man should have any practice shots. Dorrler was slow in getting on to his stride, and at the first turn in the race found himself trailing his competitor by 12 points. The second string added 4 points more to his trail. On his 39th shot he decided to retire, and packed up his kit. Upon being informed that his retiring would not disqualify him from paying or forfeiting the stakes, he decided that he would re-enter and fight for the stakes. It is not out of place to remark here that the stakes were "one thousand" (primers), new and used. Michael's delay in halting by the way contributed to his defeat, for he had hardly got started anew before the shades of night began to gather around him.

Michael was equal to the task of one grand effort; for, dismounting the cup from the rear sight, he shot *à la* Lyman and made 11 blank shots in the darkness then prevailing. Michael's effort, however, availed him nothing, except the satisfaction of a record for moonlight practice, for a close canvass of the two scores showed Plaisted a winner on the close margin of two points on a total of 1,065, an average of 21 3. The shooting of both men was erratic. The "Harlem Joker" suggested that they may been overtrained. Scores:

Plaisted	16 20 23 22 19 21 17 22 20 23—202	
	23 24 21 23 21 21 24 23 21 23—224	
	19 19 25 25 24 21 21 23 22 24—223	
	25 23 19 23 20 19 22 25 22 21—219	
	17 17 23 25 21 16 22 18 17 20—196	1065
Dorrler	15 16 16 18 18 23 20 20 23 22—191	
	23 22 20 22 20 22 21 24 23 23—220	
	23 20 19 24 24 23 22 25 21 22—223	
	22 22 24 23 20 21 22 21 19 21—215	
	19 24 22 22 21 22 22 23 20 20—214	1068

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

handicap 26-33yds, class shooting, $25 added to the two high guns.

Dec. 20-21.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Two days' shoot of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

1895.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Fifteenth annual New Year's Day tournament of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—TOWANDA, Pa.—New Year's tournament of the Towanda Rod and Gun Club; live birds and targets. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y

Jan. 15-17.—HAMILTON, Canada.—Hamilton Gun Club's annual tournament; $1,000 added money. J. W. Bowman, Sec'y.

Jan. 24.—NEWARK, N. J.—Newark City handicap, 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, under the auspices of the Newark Gun Club. Shoot to take place at Erb's grounds.

Feb. 22.—ALBANY, N. Y.—First tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, of the series of 1895, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Henry A. Kratz, Sec'y.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added.

May 8-10.—WEIR CITY, Kas.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $200 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 29-30.—CANOJOHARIE, N. Y.—Two-day's tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; added money announced later. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.

June 4-7.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 3-6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

CONTROL OF TRAP-SHOOTING

THE letters we continue to receive on the proposed National Association of Trap-Shooters, all have the same sound ring There is a sentiment abroad that something must be done, and that speedily, if trap-shooting is to retain its popularity, to prevent dropping for place and pooling or combining.

There will be no difficulty in regulating the "dropper," an example or two will bring him to time quicker than any agitation on the subject will do. As soon as he learns that he must shoot straight or be debarred from all future tournaments held under the auspices of the National Association, Mr. Dropper will shoot straight just as well as the rest of them.

President Hughes, of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, touches upon an important point. He is opposed to the blackboard system, since it gives increased opportunities for figuring for place. FOREST AND STREAM realizes that fact, but it also realizes that the blackboard system is the only safeguard shooters have to protect them from the mistakes of inexperienced scorers. FOREST AND STREAM believes, however, that with a "Shooting Board" appointed by the National Association of Trap-Shooters, and vested with powers similar to those of the "Racing Board" of the L. A. W. (referred to in this issue by "National League"), dropping for place will be reduced to a minimum. Thus the bugaboo of the blackboard system would be rolled in the dust.

Listen to what "Old Hoss" Says.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am more than delighted with the editorial and the sentiments and suggestions that it contains. Let us have a national trap-shooters' association by all means, or something of the kind, some body or council with authority to suspend, disbar or expell all crooks, or fake shooters of any kind.

The editorial has come in the nick of time and FOREST AND STREAM is the paper to push the subject to a successful issue. You have the occasion now; do not hesitate, but go ahead, and I am sure it will be successful. You will gain the friendship and admiration of fifty gentlemen sportsmen for every crook that gets angry. FOREST AND STREAM can afford to speak out in no uncertain language, and now is the proper time. Trap-shooting is sport and pastime for gentlemen and it should be kept free from crookedness and gambling. Dropping for place is dishonest and no gentleman will do it. You have sounded the keynote of alarm. It is none too soon, and you will have all honest trap shooters with you. A man who will drop for place will steal your money if he gets a chance. Why not blacklist droppers?

Right here I want to say that the professional expert is not a "dropper," though he has lately been roasted rather severely, and unjustly as I think. The expert (good shot) is the drawing card at all tournaments, and he has done more to encourage and bring trap-shooting to its present popularity than any one else. "Protect the amateur" is the favorite cry now. As I look at it there are only two classes—poor shots and good shots. The good shots constitute about three-fifths of the shooters at all tournaments; they commence in the morning and shoot all day, and the expert generally has his hands full to win out even or a little ahead. The bad shots will shoot in a few events and then quit. The good shot is willing to pay a little for his pleasure but the amateur (bad shot) wants some money; now, the amateur (bad shot) has no more business in an open tournament at trap-shooting than an amateur has at boxing exhibitions, bicycle races, foot races or at any other amusement at which he is not capable of holding his own with his competitors. A mild handicap will do very well, but just as soon as you handicap the good shots to such an extent that they will be on a level with the bad shots, then it will be good bye to large tournaments. Such handicapping will amount to making the good shot waste his ammunition on impossible shots, and thus will be a miserable failure.

It is the good shots and not the bad shots that make our tournament a success. The amateur can have all the protection he wants by getting up and managing his own tournaments and barring the experts. But what kind of a success would such a tournament be? Really it is not the poor shot who is crying for protection so loudly; it is a few of the better shots, like "Doc," of Springfield, O., and as they are all chronic kickers they must not be taken into account at all. Of course the amateur is a necessity, for from his ranks come the experts; the expert, however, is a much greater necessity. Handicapping must be done at home or club shoots beyond a doubt; when all share alike the expenses of a club it is only fair that all should have an equal chance of winning. OLD HOSS.

The Buckeye State Heard From.

MASILLON, Ohio, Dec 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, with reference to a governing power for trapshooting, it seems to me, strikes the proper chord and should merit the approval of all honest trapshooters The rapid increase of shooters has created a demand for some definite authority upon which to base rules, and upon whom should rest the responsibility of giving to the lovers of trapshooting certain laws and conditions which will accrue to their benefit and place the sport upon a line with kindred sports of America. With such an organization, properly managed, it will not be long, I venture to predict, before tournaments and matches will become as popular with the general public as foot ball, cycling and baseball.

I am somewhat surprised that this subject has not been more fully discussed through the medium of the various sportsmen's journals, for I have heard it discussed times without number privately among shooters, and it seems to be considered that such an organization is sadly needed. Sometime since, I read in another journal an article from the pen of a New York gentleman upon this subject, which seemed to me at the time to be the most simple and sensible method of attaining this much desired end. I have not the article before me, but as I remember it, the plan submitted was to have the States wherein trapshooting leagues are already in existence, and States who have no such organizations, but have regular organized gun clubs, send delegates to a meeting at some central city and there organize a National trapshooters' league This league to claim absolute jurisdiction over trap shooting in America, provide a constitution and by-laws, formulate and enact rules for the management of the organization and in fact attend to all matters which may come before the meeting. In the article referred to, the writer submits a plan of organization which is similar to that of the League of American Wheelmen, which, by the way, is the largest and strongest amateur organization in the world.

Now it seems to me that if the lovers of trapshooting, and especially those who so frequently howl against the present methods of running tournaments, classifying, etc., will only air their views through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM and discuss this question in a businesslike manner, and if the officers of the various State leagues or associations will bring the matter before their respective organizations, it will result in something tangible.

Your editorial has started the ball, but while all readers of your excellent paper will agree that your influence is great, they must also also admit that you must have the support of men who are honest in their desire to see trapshooting elevated to the plane of a gentlemanly sport, and who are able and willing to lend their assistance in effecting that end. So come to the front gentlemen with your ideas and let there be a full and free discussion. In closing I desire to say that you deserve the thanks of all honest shooters for your able and fearless exposé of the recent disgraceful Batsch-Morfey "match."

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Col. Anthony Suggests a Handicap.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read the editorial, and think the suggestion a good one as relates to a National Board of Control. There is no association that I know of which really needs such a board as much as trap-shooting. I have known of instances where I have been at tournaments this year of combinations of some of the best shots in the country who would stand together and never tie each other in an event, but by dropping in the various places call for a share of all the divisions. I have known men to openly caution each other on the shooting line not to tie, and as you justly remark, those who shoot at the trap for the sport of it, become disgusted at such conduct, and will ultimately retire from the sport if something is not done to obviate and put a stop to such trickery I think this editorial in your commendable paper should meet with the hearty indorsement of every sportsman in the country.

I have discussed another subject at great length with representatives of several of the best gun clubs, and also some of the best representatives of sporting goods—gentlemen who are well posted, shoot well, and have the deepest interest in the promotion of trap-shooting. The subject is how best to equalize the shooting at tournaments, and whether or not something can be done to accomplish it. I have the concurrence of some good sportsmen that the following classification should be adopted and rigidly enforced. Most of the complaint aimed at experts from the masses attending trap-shooting recognize those who for the most part represent some of the various branches of the sporting goods lines, and as a general class they rank as the best in the tournaments. The complaint is that those fellows, although just as clever and gentlemanly as the very best, so far outclass the average sportsman that they get the lion's share of all the purses, and they argue that as they are paid all their expenses and are there for business to represent their goods, that all those who are experts should be handicapped against those who are not experts, and who have to defray every cent of expense incident upon their attendance.

Now, to obviate this complaint, and, I think, to place all upon an equal footing: I would say all known experts to be required to shoot at every tournament they attend from five expert traps, rapid-firing system; traps to be set known angles and not changed. All known 90 per cent. men should be required to go into this class whether they represent sporting goods or not. The next class should be the 85 per cent. men, who should be required to shoot known traps, unknown angles, and whenever they win first money in that class in an event in the next succeeding be advanced and required to shoot with the experts; failing to maintain himself there, he may return to his former class, but he must shoot with experts after winning first money before he can participate in the tournament any further. All those below 85 per cent are classed as amateurs and shoot known traps, known angles; those winning first and second money in any event to be advanced to the next grade and remain there until they fail to win a place, when they may return to their former class.

Those of the sporting goods representatives who are classed as experts and who desire to attend the tournaments for the purpose of displaying their goods and think the handicap too severe, can shoot for the targets in any class he may desire and thereby display his goods at the nominal cost of the targets, which his house pays for. I have the concurrence of some of the best sportsmen in the country that they regard the above as the most feasible way of equalizing the shooting and giving every class a fair show and almost universal satisfaction. I would be glad if you will, in connection with the other matter, discuss this proposition of mine, and by a combination of united effort let us see if we cannot promote in 1895 trap-shooting to a higher plane than it has ever occupied. J. T. ANTHONY.

Mr. Dimick Heard From.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While I thoroughly agree with you in the criticism of a shooter who missed targets to accomplish a dishonest and unsportsmanlike purpose, I am inclined to be charitable in my judgment, as for the past fifteen years abuses have been practiced continually in trap-shooting, which, although very demoralizing to the pastime, have been generally accepted and adopted by the shooters as a matter of custom, without apparent consideration of right or wrong.

Men are too often influenced by examples of inferior character, and become thoughtless imitators. It is very difficult in these wonderful days to make the present generation halt long enough to intelligently appreciate what they are doing themselves, without asking consideration of the effect their acts may have upon others.

The necessity has long existed for an association such as you speak of, and nobody understands better than myself the difficulties which will arise in undertaking such an organization; but to say such a thing is impossible is cowardly. Attempts have been made which, for good and sufficient reasons not necessary to analyze here, have resulted in failure but now that the sportsmen fully realize the necessity and are willing to lend their co-operation and assistance, I do not question but that your attempt will meet with success, and result in the formation of an association by the gun clubs which will intelligently correct the abuses, remove the drawbacks, and in the future development of the sport, aid the natural tendency in the direction of true sportsmanship. C. W. DIMICK.

Sancho Laments the Good Old Days.

PAWTEXET, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial in last week's issue has the true ring and must find a response in the heart of every true lover of honest sport. In my humble opinion, however, there will always be more or less crookedness in trap-shooting as long as we have class shooting. This system, while it is supposed to favor the amateur, really offers a premium on dishonesty and poor shooting. It may be a necessary evil, but we used to have some very enjoyable little shoots in this small corner of "Yankee Land," before the clay pigeon and the coal tar birds were batched; the satisfaction of winning with the best scores gave to the prizes won an added value. Trap-shooting is as dead here now as if the trap-shooters were all dead too, so it makes little difference to us. Still we enjoy reading FOREST AND STREAM to see what they are doing in other more favored sections. SANCHO.

A Hearty Indorsement.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have carefully perused your editorial in regard to crookedness of trap-shooters.

I heartily indorse the same; something should be done to protect the honest shooters (there are such and many of them); two or three crooked ones at a tournament will demoralize the whole crowd. While these two or three are watching for "holes" to drop into, it forces the others to do likewise or else get left. I am opposed to the blackboard system; it is an open invitation for crookedness; with its abolishment would come some improvement.

As regards forming a national trap-shooters' league, I believe it could be successfully accomplished, and that would be a great benefit to the clubs and shooters throughout our country.

N. A. HUGHES, Pres. Pa. S. S. A.

Has Confidence in it.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I believe that an organization formed, as you suggest, with a competent judicial board composed of able-minded men, would be the best thing to promote that gentlemanly sport trap-shooting. It would no doubt help to break up the bad habits which are so prominent at this present day. You have my full support in this matter. BILDERBACK.

Hamilton Gun Club's Programme.

THE Hamilton (Canada) Gun Club has recently issued the programme for its fifth annual tournament, to be held on Jan. 15, 16 and 17. The programme commences with the following information that will be read with interest by all who are thinking of visiting Hamilton in January next:

"Hamilton has now become the Monte Carlo of Canada. Being the only city situated near the American border, it affords greater facility for an international shooting tournament than possibly any other. We have endeavored in arranging this programme for our fifth annual tournament to make it the most pleasant and profitable to all ever given. The tournament will take place on the new grounds of the Hamilton Gun Club, situated inside of the inclosure of the Hamilton Jockey Club. Hotel accommodations may be had at either city hotels or at the grounds. Electric cars run from all parts of the city to the grounds. Pigeons will be shot from 5 ground traps, Hamilton Gun Club rules, each competitor to shoot 2 birds each round; targets shot from expert traps; no handicap, rapid firing system. All target events will be class shooting; live bird events, straight shooting. We have endeavored to make our international race one that will be satisfactory to all; Hamilton Gun Club rules will govern. The stake race is a novel idea of our own, which we hope will please the majority of shooters, and which we feel confident will become general at all such tournaments."

The first day's programme includes (besides target events) a live bird event in which $700 is guaranteed in 14 prizes as follows: 1st, $200; 2d, $100; 3d, $75; 4th, $60; 5th, $50; 6th, $40; 7th and 8th, $30; 9th, $25; 10th, 11th and 12th, $20; 13th and 14th, $15. The conditions of this race are 20 live birds. $10 entrance. It will be noticed that the introduction says: "live bird events, straight shooting."

The second day will see the continuation of the above event and the International team race, Canada versus the United States, 15 men teams, 15 live birds per man, $10 entrance; $30 added by the Hamilton Gun Club.

The third day includes the decision of what is called the "Grand Stake Race" at 15 birds, $15 entrance. The entrance it seems was payable in three monthly payments, beginning Nov. 10 and ending Jan. 10. A footnote adds: "This race closed with 30 entries." The following is the explanation of this race given in the programme: "This race may be new to some, and we shall endeavor to explain. Any person may pay his entrance on the dates mentioned above, and in event of his not being able to shoot himself, or in the event of his wishing to enter any person, he is at liberty to do so, providing he names his man on or before Jan. 15, 1895. A person failing to continue his payments will forfeit the moneys already paid. Dates of payment are Nov. 10, Dec. 10 and Jan. 10. The shooting in this event will be straight shooting at 15 live birds per man from 5 ground traps, H.G.C. rules, a man to shoot at 2 birds each round. Money will be divided: 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent." Target events are included in each day's programme. Shooting commences at 10 every morning.

The following piece of advice to American shooters is worth noting: "Thinking it best that we should address a few words of instructions to American shooters regarding the entry of guns to be used at our shoot on January 15, 1895, we beg to say: It will save considerable confusion if you would consign your guns by express in bond (to avoid checking) at a fair valuation, from the point at which you enter Canada, to Harte & Lyne, Hamilton, Canada. We have arranged with the Government that you can, by so sending your gun, make a deposit with Harte & Lyne when you receive your gun from them here of 20 per cent of the valuation, which amount will be refunded to you on your returning the gun to them, to be sent across the line on your return home This may look a little troublesome, but by following these instructions everything will go smooth. We will endeavor to make your stay with us, if you conclude to favor us with a visit, as pleasant as possible"

Programmes can undoubtedly be obtained by addressing the secretary of the gun club, J. W. Bowman, Hamilton, Can.

Traps Had Been Tampered With.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 7.—A large delegation of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club went down to Maple Bay yesterday to hold their semi-monthly medal shoot On their arrival at the club's ground it was discovered that the traps had been tampered with to such an extent that it was late in the afternoon before a target could be thrown. It was then too late for the medal shoot, so some of the members present shot at 50 targets for practice. Among those who were present but who did not shoot were "Uncle Dan" Lefever, Jas. Montgomery, Boyd and Harry Ayling The scores made by the others were as follows:

Practice shoot, 50 targets, unknown angles:

W Morris	11011011111111111011111111111011111111111—44
H Duguid	10111001111101111111111101111101111111110001111101—43
G S Larned	11111100111111111111111111111011111111110011111101—43
K Hunter	11101111101110111111111111111011101101011101111111—42
C F Arns	10101011011011111101111111011100111111111111—41
H White	11111011001101111111111011011111011111110111111111—41
W Holden	01111110111111000111111111111011111111101111101011—41
F Lefever	11111101111110111011011011111101011111110111110111—40
A S White	00100111111111110001111101111011111100111111111—38
John Cool	01111111010111100001001110110101110000010001111111—30

Flushing Shooting Club.

FLUSHING, L. I. Dec. 15.—The scores given below were made this afternoon on our grounds near the Murray Hill station The day was clear with quite a strong breeze blowing, while the birds were good fast flyers. Scores:

No 1. second contest for club championship, 10 birds, club handicap:

G B Mickle (25yds)	2000122211—7	C Hance (28)	1012000120—5
G A Barker (25)	0202020100—4	T Rowe (24)	2022201220—7
D L Dresser (25)	2020221022—7	C M Donnelly (26)	2212002211—8
J H J Stewart (29)	2101211111—9	F J J De Raismes (25)	1210220112—8

No. 2, 5 birds, $2, one money:

	No. 3:	No. 4:
C Hance 22200—3	00012—2	12021—4
De Raismes 20221—4	21011—4	20121—4
E J Clark 02212—4		
E C Center 02021—3	20000—1	02001—2
J H J Stewart 22101—4		
D L R Dresser 21211—5	21110—4	
W T Wilcox 00020—1		
C M Donnelly 01222—4	02011—3	
G A Barker 22222—5	00101—2	
G B Mickle 11102—4	00110—2	00110—2
T Rowe 02202—3		22222—5

WM. T. WILCOX, Sec'y.

Morfey Takes the First.

ALTOONA, Pa., Dec. 17.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* T.W. Morfey of Paterson, N. J., won the first of the series of three 100-bird races arranged with W. G. Clark of this city. The weather was cold and stormy with a good wind from the west. Birds were a fair lot but the luck of the birds was all against Clark, who shot an uphill race all the way, losing 6 out of his first 25 He then settled down and scored 68 out of the next 75 Morfey shot a great gait, scoring 95, beating his opponent by 9 birds. Largest run was 30 made by Clark, Morfey's highest run was 23 straight. Elmer E. Shaner of Pittsburgh was referee.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The South Side Gun Club's New Year's Day shoot has been a popular fixture for the past 14 years, and the fifteenth annual tournament of that club set for Jan. 1. 1895. promises to be no exception to the general rule. The secretary, W. R. Hobart, is getting out a programme that ought to fetch the boys, as no one knows better than Billy what those same boys enjoy.

Conny Furgueson, 3d, and C. A. Sykes, secretary of the New Utrecht Gun Club, Woodlawn, L. I., are now tied for that club's prize with 9 shoots each and a score of 85 kills. To qualify, they must each shoot one more string of 10 birds; this they will do at the next club shoot. T. W Morfey, who has shot at 10 birds has 94 kills to his credit. Conny's handicap allows him one miss as a kill and one miss as a no bird. As he is doing some great shooting now, he will give Secretary Sykes a hard race to beat him out.

New London, Conn., Dec. 17.—The Standard Keystone Target Co., of this city, was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday night The loss is stated to amount to $20,000, of which one-half is covered by insurance.

Targets on Thursday, Dec. 20, and live birds on Friday, Dec. 21, is the programme at Elizabeth, N. J., this week.

The next contest for the New Utrecht Gun Club's holiday cup will be held on Christmas Day at the club's grounds, Woodlawn, L. I. The fourth contest for the E. C. powder cup will take place the following Saturday, Dec. 29.

A fifty-bird race, 30yds. rise, between Charles Woolmington of Union Hill and T. T. Edgerton of Brooklyn, was shot on Tuesday, Dec. 11, on the grounds of the Union Hill Gun Club at North Bergen. The match was for $100 a side, Woolmington winning with the low score of 34, Edgerton scoring but 32.

The New Utrecht Gun Club held its annual meeting on Dec. 12, when the following officers were re-elected: Walter F. Sykes, President; Jeremiah Lott, Vice-President; Charles A. Sykes, Secretary and Treasurer. The report of the secretary shows the remarkable growth of the club during the past year and of its excellent financial standing. The membership now numbers eighty, and there is a balance on hand of over $67 in the treasury. Nearly $1,000 was spent in improving the club grounds both at Woodlawn and Bay Ridge, and the assets of the club amount to about $1,200, a low estimate, while the liabilities are not much over $300. Nearly 7,000 live birds were shot at by the club members at Woodlawn since July 1. Those present were Walter F. Sykes, Charles A. Sykes, David C. Bennett, Wm. Wynn, Garrett W. Cropsey, Robert R. Street, G. W. Coulston, Charles O. Bennett, Geo. E. Nostrand, A. A. Hegeman, Dr. Parker, W. Lair, P. A. E. Hogeman, Donly Deacon and G. Kattenstroth and Conny Furgueson.

The Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., has issued the following cards to its members: "Philadelphia, Dec. 10.—Dear Sir: Mr. George Cohen, one of our members, has kindly donated a trophy to the League, to be shot for by members of the League. We expect to have it on exhibition at club house on Saturday, 15th inst., when there will be optional sweepstake shooting. It is the desire of the committee that all members that possibly can get out to the shoots between now and first of year, do so, as they wish to establish handicap shooting, so that all members will have equal chance to win this and other trophies that we are assured will be offered for members to contest for. If you have any friends that think of joining the League, if possible get their propositions in for the January meeting, as after the first of year all indications are that there will be very interesting shooting for members.—Property Committee, J. C. Shallcross, Sec'y." The second card runs as follows: "Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 13.—Dear Sir: The members and friends of the Keystone Shooting League are cordially invited to participate in a good old-fashioned target shoot on Christmas Day. Each member will confer a favor by inviting all his friends. Three sets of traps will be used and all shooters can be accommodated. Events will be gotten up for those desiring to shoot sweepstakes and for those not desiring to shoot sweepstakes. There will be live birds on the grounds for those desiring to shoot them. The house is thoroughly heated, and everything will be done for the comfort of our guests. Loaded shells for sale on ground by superintendent. Trains leave Broad Street Station for Holmesburg Junction, P. R. R., at 12:01, 12:50, 1:50, 2:43 and 3:32, returning at 3:36, 4:25. 5:11, 5:54, 6:05 and 6:48. And leave Kensington Station, Front and Norris streets, at 12:10, 12:35. 2:50 and 4:30, returning at 3:10, 4:28, 5:08 and 6:30. Shooting will start on arrival of 12:50 train, Broad Street Station.—Property Committee, J. C. Shallcross, Sec'y."

The second shoot for the Flushing (L. I.) Shooting Club's Invitation cup takes place on Thursday next. Stages meet the trains at the Murray Hill station on the Long Island Railroad. Among the entries are C. M. Meyer and C. Furgueson, Jr., of the New Utrecht Gun Club.

Don't lose sight of the Newark City handicap, Jan. 24, Erb's ground, 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra. The shoot is given under the auspices of the Newark Gun Club.

The third match in the Clark-Morfey series of 100-bird races comes off at Yardville, N. J., Charlie Zwirlein's grounds, on Friday, Dec. 21.

At the recent annual meeting of the Frankford Gun Club the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, Geo. Stearn; Vice-President, Charles Schock; Secretary, E. Beck; Treasurer, H. Longhead; Trustees, C. Bourne and J. F. Crowther; Field Captain, E. Betson: Assistant Field Captain, H. Longhead; Official scorer, Frank Linzey. The club will hold a prize shoot for members only on New Year's Day.

Jack Brewer has backed himself to kill 46 of 50 birds at Frank Class grounds, Morristown Driving Park, N. J. Frank Class has backed the birds and will select his fastest; the stakes are $100 a side. The shoot takes place on Thursday, Dec. 20.

Paul North is in this city on business, and (inter alia) has brought East with him the new bluerock trap and electric pull attachment that his company will place on the market early in the coming year. There are several important changes in the make-up of the new bluerock trap, changes that have done away with whatever chance there was of finding fault with the expert trap now in use. A more extended notice of the new trap will be given in a week or so.

Somebody is after Brewer's scalp! In the Forest and Stream of Oct. 6 Capt. Brewer offers to shoot any man a race at 500 targets, unknown angles, for $250 a side. Northern New York has been heard from and Brewer can get a match whenever he wants one. A Rochester (N. Y.) shooter, to be more particular, is willing to cover Brewer's money as soon as the Captain is ready to put up. In view of the fact that Brewer is just now attending strictly to live birds, the man from Rochester (can it be Glover?) is willing to wait until Brewer gets through with Elliott and Carver.

In the brief account given of the scores made at the Townsend testimonial shoot on Dec. 6, an error crept in that should be rectified; empire targets and not bluerocks were used in every event at Marion, N. J., on that date.

The attention of all officials of gun clubs and game protection associations in the State of New Jersey is directed to the account of the convention held at New Brunswick, N. J., on Saturday, Dec. 15, which appears elsewhere in this issue.

Pittsburg is all right! "Old Hoss" has put himself on record as backing up Forest and Stream's scheme for the control of trapshooting.

Mr. C. C. Napier, representative of the firm of Hartley & Graham, 315 Broadway, New York, has just returned from a southern trip Mr. Napier says that he found the boys too busy shooting quail to pay any attention to targets.

Those New Englanders held their own in the Morristown (N. J.) handicap on Thursday, Dec. 13, didn't they? Leroy was a *tamale* hot enough for anybody that day.

Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, is in New York on business connected with the Association's career in '95. (Wonder if the Association won't accommodate us a little and chop a cubit or so off its title?)

C. A. Bogardus is anxious to shoot Dr. Carver a series of matches and doesn't seem to care much whether the matches are shot with a rifle, a shotgun or both.

Dr. Carver will spend the holidays at his home in Kansas City, returning to Chicago shortly after New Years Day. On his return to the Windy City he will shoot George Kleinman for the live bird championship medal recently won by Kleinman. This medal represents the live bird championship of the United States.

The Swan Lake Shooting Club held its annual meeting at the Grand Pacific Hotel on Monday evening, Dec. 19. The reports of the various officers showed the club to be in a flourishing condition. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: E. W. Bangs, President; Wm. Nash, Vice President; S. R. Jewett, Secretary and Treasurer; G. H. High and D. M. Cummings, Directors. This club distinguished itself among shooting clubs last year by blackballing Gov. Altgeld. The reason that the club did so was because it considered that the Governor did not use his influence for the strict enforcement of the State game law.

A tournament at live birds and targets will be held at John Watson's grounds, Burnside Park, during Christmas week. Watson has gotten out an interesting programme which covers every day of the holiday week.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Present and Past in the Wilder West.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

ANACONDA, MONTANA.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 24.—In my desk I have a large and beautiful photograph. It shows ten miles of rough and ragged mountain front, scarred with cañon and defile, and covered with scant forest growth. So lofty is this mountain that although it lies far in the background of the picture, it towers above and dominates the whole. Taking a general glance at this interesting bit of the Rockies, one might naturally call it a delectable place for game of the larger sort.

But alas! when I study my photograph closely I can see on the face of the nearer mountain slope the faint line of a wagon trail. Worse yet, I discover the gash in the face of the rocks here on the left of the main cañon to be the work of the hand of man, and not that of nature. The long white line running from it to the bottom of the cañon is not a series of fallen trees, but the long flume built by the diligent and avaricious hand of the human mining beaver. These lines leading down from the foot of the flume, and spreading out divergently upon the flat which lies below the nearer footbills are well beaten roads. And alas! again, and worst of all, here on the flat valley below the mountains, occupying half of my picture, there lies spread out in prim and mathematical exactness the streets and buildings of a well ordered modern city.

This is Anaconda, destined, so its inhabitants think, to be the capital of the State of Montana, and in their opinion the biggest little town on earth. A beautiful location it has and a beautiful little city it certainly is, showing in the picture as neat and trig as a flower garden, with its right-angled streets and compactly built business blocks. In the picture one cannot see the great smelters which are the foundation and support of Anaconda, and it is just as well one cannot, for nothing spoils the landscape more than a big and smoky smelter, and our mountain scene is spoiled sufficiently by even so clean and pretty a little city as this. I can see the great hotel, a credit to any city, and the substantial block in which is published the *Standard*, the greatest newspaper of Montana, and here is the big court house, and there the elaborate school building, and here are at least three churches, though there may be others whose spires I cannot find. In the background, there is the Past of the wilder West. In the foreground, more's the pity, occupying still more space, and showing not yet all that is to be, is the Present of that same West. The present of smelters, churches and schools.

When the sportsman of Anaconda wishes to go fishing, he boards the railroad and takes a journey. When he wishes to get a deer, he goes over the range. When he wishes to get a bear, he starts for some spot which you and I know as well as he. Alas and lack-a-day! and this is in the heart of the continental range of America.

I know the readers of Forest and Stream would a great deal rather read about Indians and bears and the killing of the same than listen to the chronicles of a tame trap-shooting town, but if I tell the truth about Anaconda I must declare the plain mud pie of commerce to be the chief object of those of sportsmanlike pursuit. I would rather say that fourteen lusty grizzly bears were killed in the edge of town during the past winter, and that the little red riding hoods need to be herded off the streets to keep them from the fangs of numerous ravening wolves; but all I can really say is that the Anaconda Gun Club in the year of '93 broke 37,000 targets and paid out $1,600 for live birds and inanimates. I may add also that the grounds of this flourishing organization are perfectly equipped and modern in every respect. The traps are covered, the pulls are of the latest sort, and there is a good shooting house which protects the shooter in either sun or rain. Anaconda, in short, and Anaconda shooting club, would offer the best facilities for a modern tournament at the traps.

If we are disgusted at finding bluerocks instead of hear, and pigeons instead of deer, we must at least be fair and admit the excellence of the rules and regulations of the Anaconda Rod and Gun Club. Under the system of this club the young shooter is rigidly protected, and the amateur is not left at the mercy of the shooter whose skill and experience give him an undue advantage. The shooting is done under a medal system of a very ingenious arrangement, there being two classes, A and B, and the entrance moneys are arranged so that the shooting is as cheap to each club member as possible. The success and popularity of the system adopted would seem to be fully evident by the shooting record of the club, mentioned above. There are very few trap clubs in the country which shoot 37,000 targets in a year, and there are few clubs where the interest of the membership is kept up so unflaggingly as in this one. The Anaconda clubmen shoot fifty-two weeks in the year, rain or shine, and when there are not many members present on the grounds, there are at least a few.

Dr. Rockefeller, at the time of my visit to Anaconda, appeared to be fairly entitled to the name of local champion, and in Mr. C. A. Tuttle I think I discovered the practical man of affairs, who in every community forms the center of the shooting interest. Mr. Tuttle's store is headquarters for the boys, and very good company, too, one may find there. Mr. Tuttle was elected the secretary of the Montana State Association, and being naturally a diligent and practical man was a wise choice for that responsible position.

At the time I saw the city, Anaconda in common with all Montana towns was suffering from the silver depression, but a pluckier and more hopeful body of citizens no town ever had even in the self-reliant and energetic West. Of one thing one may be sure, and that is that the visitor from the East, who comes within the gates of Anaconda, will have as hearty and genuine a welcome as he can get anywhere in the world. This feature of the West of the Past still remains in the West of the Present. For the stranger there are no latch strings and no locks on Anaconda doors, and I am prone to believe that it will be many, many years before the trait of sincere hospitality will vanish here as it long since has in the older cities of the world. One can only wish for the future of such a community the brightest and most roseate days, whether in matters of business or of sportsmanship In the columns of Forest and Stream we will sometimes hear of Anaconda, and there also the Anaconda men will read of the doings of other portions of the world. Surely the purposes and accomplishments of a great sportsman's journal are of usefulness and beauty.

909 Security Building, Chicago. E. Hough.

Trap at Closter, N. J.

Closter, N. J., Dec. 12.—Bill Linderman of this place had a couple of New York friends out here this morning with the intention of showing them how Bergen county Dutchmen can shoot quail. As luck would have it, the weather was altogether unpropitious for quail hunting, yet Bill managed to awake the echoes of the swamps with his 10-bore gun loaded with 4drs. of soft coal, one quail falling dead at the report. The New Yorkers with their nitro powder and featherweight guns did better. During the afternoon the weather became warm, rain falling in torrents. An adjournment was made to the Closter Gun Club's house, where a few target races were shot for nominal stakes. The chief event was the team race between sides chosen by the two New Yorkers. Edwards's side was an easy winner by 8 targets. Greiff, Linderman and Edwards shot from two unknown traps, the balance from one trap, known angles; one man up was the rule, as the shooter had to stand in the door of the club house to be out of the wet. Scores:

Greiff's Team.		Edwards's Team.	
Greiff	0111101111—8	Edwards	1011111101—8
Eichler	1101000000—3	Linderman	1101011100—6
Van Valen	000000w —0—11	Van Sciver	011111w —5—19

Matches at 5 pairs:	No. 1.	No. 2.
Edwards	10 11 10 10 11—7	11 10 w — 3
Greiff	11 11 01 01 01—8	11 11 11 11 11—10

No. 3:

Edwards	11 11 11 11 11—10	Greiff	11 00 w — 2

Soft Coal.

The Fathers Beat the Sons.

There was a good afternoon's amusement at the grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club, Woodlawn, L. I, on Saturday, Dec. 15. The chief event was a match between C. Furgueson, Jr., and E Lohman on the one side, and their respective sons, Conny and Danny, on the other side. The race was a very close one at the finish, Lohman, Sr., going to pieces badly in his last 11 birds. As it was, the boys were beaten but one bird. A return match will be shot in the near future. Scores in the various events were as follows:

Match, Fathers vs. Sons, Fathers at 30yds., Sons at 26yds., 25 birds each:

C Furgueson, Jr	2122021221212211022221022—22
E Lohman	1111221•20021200100012000—14—36
C Furgueson, 3d	2222122222022222022•202022•—19
D Lohman	011002•22022221222101•2002—16—35

Match, 15 live birds, 30yds. rise:

Van Tassell	020211012220102—10	R R Street	002211210101100— 9

Sweep, 10 live birds, $3, class shooting; club handicap:

C Furgueson, 3d	1222221222—10	R R Street	0022112101— 7
C Furgueson, Jr	2222222222•— 9	Van Tassell	0202110122— 7
G W Coulston	1211122220— 9	C T Pennington	0120211010— 6
C A Sykes	2•10122111— 8	E Lohman	0220001000— 3

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C Furgueson, 3d	2222122222022222022•202022•—19
D Lohman	011002•22022221222101•2002—16—35

Match, 15 live birds, 30yds. rise:

Van Tassell	020211012220102—10	R R Street	002211210101100— 9

Sweep, 10 live birds, $3, class shooting; club handicap:

C Furgueson, 3d	1222221222—10	R R Street	0022112101— 7
C Furgueson, Jr	2222222222•— 9	Van Tassell	0202110122— 7
G W Coulston	1211122220— 9	C T Pennington	0120211010— 6
C A Sykes	2•10122111— 8	E Lohman	0220001000— 3

Good Scores at Morristown.

Dec. 13 was in direct opposition to its predecessor, the day on which the "hog shoot" at Fanwood, N. J., was held. On that day it was dull and wet, yet by no means cold; on Dec. 13 it was dull and wild, with a chill nor'wester that made pigeon shooting at Frank Class's grounds, Morristown (N. J.) Driving Park, anything but warm work. It is true, there was hot company present, company warm enough for anybody; such names as J. A. R. Elliott, J. L. Brewer, Eddie Hill, T. W. Morfey, Frank Class, B. "Leroy," O. R. Dickey, F. Van Dyke, Milt Lindsley, "Dutchy" Smith, etc., tell the tale. The list shows that quality was by no means lacking. Among those who looked on at the shooting were C. W. Dimick, Lowell, Mass.; W. Fred Quimby, Neaf Apgar, T. H. Keller, Mrs. M. F. Lindsley ("Wanda") and others.

The first three events were 5-bird sweeps, with 8 entries in No. 1, Leroy and Dickey killing 8; No. 2 had 7 entries, half of whom killed all their birds; No. 3, with 7 entries, had five among their number who killed their string. In these three events 110 birds were shot at, 95 of which were scored, four others falling dead outside the flags. Next came Event No. 4, 8 birds, $5, with 11 entries, Morfey, Leroy and Class killing straight; five others scored 7, the remaining three killing 6 out of their 8. The combined score in this event was 77 out of 88, with 3 dead out of bounds.

The main event, No. 5, had 18 entries; it was at 15 birds, $15 entrance, 4 moneys, handicap rise. The handicapping was in charge of Mr. Jacob Pentz, who also acted as referee. Handicaps ranged from 26 to 32yds., Brewer and Elliott being placed on the 32yds. mark; this did not prevent Jim from killing all his birds in a quick, clean style. "Dutchy" on the 28yds. mark killed his 15 and received hearty congratulations on his precise work with that rheumatic south paw of his. "If it hadn't been for my rheumatism," said Dutchy, "perhaps I would have killed more!" As for the birds they were a good lot that were aided in no small degree by the strong wind that was blowing from the score to the traps. Altogether 462 birds were trapped during the day; 379 of them were scored, in addition to which 20 fell dead out of bounds. The best work of the day was unquestionably that done by B. "Leroy" Woodward, of Brockton, Mass., one of the latest converts to nitro powder. Leroy's total for the day was 36 out of 38, his two lost birds being dead out of bounds; he ran 27 straight before he missed; T. W. Morfey killed 23 straight, all he shot at; Jim Elliott scored 22 out of 23, one dead out of bounds being scored against him

The following are the scores:

Five birds, $3:	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Timmons	11201—4	21011—4	21112—5
Clarkson	0•212—3	01210—3	12121—5
George	01102—3	20222—4	11101—4
Van Dyke	1222•—4	22122—5	12212—5
Le Roy	22221—5	22121—5	21112—5
Class	1212•—4	11122—5	11110—4
Nesbitt	11110—4	0122•—3	12111—5
Dickey	12222—5	....	.....

No. 4, 8 birds, $5, 3 moneys:

Timmons	12001211—6	Dickey	222•1212—7
Wright	22202122—7	J A R Elliott	12•12122—7
Morfey	22212122—8	Class	22121111—8
Hill	212221•2—7	Smith	10110222—6
Rothacker	22022112—7	Zwirlein	01110221—6
LeRoy	11111211—8		

No. 5, 15 live birds, $15, 4 moneys:

JAElliott (32)	211222222212112—15	B "Leroy" (28)	2112•2111•11211—12
TWMorfey (30)	1122222212222222—15	O R Dickey (28)	221121•2•112212—13
Eddie Hill (30)	1222111222222222—15	Geoffrey (28)	2111212120011111—13
"Dutchy" (28)	1121212121212222—15	C Zwirlein (29)	1212222221222•00—12
Frank Class (30)	21122222•222212—14	F Van Dyke (29)	1112202221012•22—12
Ivins (29)	0212122111212122—13	M Lindsley (29)	2222222220022020—11
J L Brewer (32)	22122222•022212—13	J Timmons (28)	0111120221010000— 9
T C Wright (29)	•1212222•222212—13	M "George" (28)	1200211•1101w — 8
J Rothacker (28)	1120122220212122—13	Young (26)	2002012•22•1w — 7

Ward's Record for '94.

Columbus, O.—The Sherman Rod and Gun Club recently brought its season to a close with its thirtieth weekly shoot, at which five members contested for the club badges. Pansy won the Class A medal, Duncan taking first honors in Class B.

The table given below shows the work of nineteen members who took part in the weekly shoots of this club. Ward's average is a great one, when it is taken into account that his 400 targets were shot in strings of 25, unknown angles, on no less than sixteen different occasions. The average of 93 makes Mr. Ward captain of the club for the coming season. His record in the badge contests is only a part of his work at the traps. Since January of this year he has shot at exactly 2,820 targets, scoring 2,620, his general average being thus equal to that made in the badge contests—viz., 93 per cent.:

Rank.	Name.	Shoots attended.	Times won badge.	Targets shot at.	Targets broken.	Aver'ge Per Ct.
1	Ward	16	8	400	372	93
2	Alkire	2	0	50	46	92
3	Walt	19	7	475	428	90.1
4	Barton	2	0	50	44	88
5	Porterfield	7	1	175	147	84
6	French	15	7	375	313	83.4
7	Greene	7	0	175	135	77.1
8	Mill	28	4	700	534	76.3
9	Sprigg	8	1	200	151	75.5
10	Fink	21	1	525	393	74.8
11	Henry	6	0	150	110	73.3
12	Fooks	11	0	275	204	70.5
13	Colt	10	0	250	170	70.4
14	Blake	21	0	525	367	70
15	Nichol	7	0	175	122	69.6
16	Corrodi	5	0	125	80	65.6
17	Pansy	24	1	600	350	59
18	Hoover	7	0	175	100	58.8
19	Lone	9	0	225	120	56

Shooting at Larchmont.

There were only 6 entries for the Larchmont Club's $100 silver trophy on Saturday last, Dec. 15. The cup was won by L. T. "Davenport" after a tie with George Work. J. P. Knapp on the 30yds. mark did some capital shooting during the day, scoring 74 out of 81 shot at. Scores:

Handicap sweep, 25 birds, $25 entrance, for silver trophy valued at $100:

L T Davenport (30)	1212220212222221122222222—24
George Work (31)	1122222221221•2221222221222—24
Capt Money (30)	1222221222221•2121222222•2—23
J P Knapp (30)	2222222221•211222•2222w —19
F G Moore (30)	1112211212222•2•222•22•w —19
Fred Hoey (31)	2221222•2112•21•w —12

No. 1, miss and out, $5:		No. 2, same:	No. 3, miss and out, $10:
F G Moore (30)	22222—5	.....	.....
J P Knapp (30)	22212—6	2222—4	1222—4
Capt Money (30)	110 —2	220 —2	2120—3
Fred Hoey (31)	22122—5	•1121—4	2220—3
Davenport (30)	220 —2	2120—3	20 —1
George Work (31)		10 —1	1222—4

No. 4, miss and out, $5:		No. 5, same:	
J P Knapp (30)	122122222—9	22112222222222—12	
Fred Hoey (31)	222222222—9	22222212211122—12	
George Work (31)	2222210 —6	21222222222221—12	
F G Moore (30)	211212122—9	21112• — 5	
Capt Money (30)	220 —2	21221200 — 7	
L T Davenport (30)	0 —0	22121• — 5	

Ties were shot off in another sweep similar to Nos. 4 and 5, which was won by George Work with 15 straight; Fred. Hoey second, 14, Knapp 13, and Capt. Money 12. During the day a sweepstake with four entries was shot under the following conditions: Star sweepstake, 6 birds, $10 entrance, with privilege of re-entry; $1 in rounds 1 and 2; $2 in rounds 3 and 4; $3 in rounds 5 and 6; after that miss and out. This was won by Fred. Hoey with 10 straight.

Newark Gun Club.

Dec. 13.—The following are the scores made at the Newark Gun Club shoot held at Erb's grounds this afternoon:

Club shoot, 10 live birds:

Castle	1011111110— 8	Klein	1121121001— 8
Breintnall	1022212120— 8	Erb	0111101211— 8
Walters	2212221121—10	Erb	2021101111— 8
Young	2002002100— 4		

Other events were as follows: No. 1, 4 birds, $3; No. 2, 7 birds, $5; No 3, miss and out, $1:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Castle	0011—2	1111021—6	11011—4
Breintnall	2110—3	.....	.....
Walters	2221—4	2121120—6	11010—3
Young	1110—3	1020010—3	.....
Klein	1•12—3	0211221—6	.....
Koegel	.....	1211111—7	.....
Erb	.....	1100011—4	.....
McGraw	.....	.....	0 —0

The Bloomsburg Tournament.

Bloomsburg, Pa., Dec. 11.—The following are the scores made on the grounds of the Bloomsburg Gun Club at their third annual tournament, held on Dec. 4 and 5. The grounds are situated on the left bank of the Susquehanna River, upon land which is part of the estate of the late D. J. Walters, Esq., directly south of the beautiful town of Bloomsburg. The visitors present included the always welcome Fred Quimby, Van Dyke and Hobart from New York, N. A. Hughes from Williamsport, Bonham and Hess from Fairmount Springs, Messrs. Millen and Cooper from Mahanoy City, Ely from Dorencetown, Pettibone from Wyoming, Clayton from Luzerne, Stroh from Pittston, Harman and Yetter from Catawissa, Hawk from Nescopeck, Doan from Berwick, and Baldwin from Elmira. We had as good weather as could be expected, and had one-half of the shooters arrived who had promised to come, we would have had a more than successful shoot. As it was, it was a success financially for the club, and we hail the day when we can again have our friends with us under more favorable circumstances. Empire targets were used, and they were the most satisfactory of any that we have every shot at. Scores:

No. 1, 10 live birds, medal and sweep, entrance $8:

C Hagenbuch	22212012•2— 8	W Hawk	2•12002101— 6
W K Armstrong	2•02210102— 6	R Clayton	0221022010— 6
Dr Bonham	1222020210— 7	C P Armstrong	0020220010— 4
W G Yetter	1220222120— 8	F Quimby	1221102020— 7
J H Mercer	2221201011— 8	Van Dyke	222220•200— 6
W Eger	0212032101— 7	Hughes	2122211112—10
*E Yocume	1111220212— 9	Hobart	•121222011— 8
T Ely	221121•111— 9	Bob White	1001100210— 5

*Won medal for second time.

No. 2, 5 birds, $4; No. 3, 7 birds, $6; No. 4, 5 birds, $5:

	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Hagenbuch	11011—4	2•10202—4	21202—4
Quimby	02222—4	221211•—6	•210•—2
Van Dyke	2211•—4	1112211—7	12202—4
Hobart	22101—4	001•20•—2	.....
Hughes	01111—4	0221121—6	21201—4
Ely	12112—5	1121222—7	12221—5
Pettibone	01102—3	2112110—6	12020—3
Hawk	11121—5	0202121—5	10212-4
Bonham	1•111—4	0211110—5	21012—4
Mercer	02221—4	10010••—2	01002—2
Hess	1021•—3	.....	.....

No. 5, 5 birds, $5; No. 6, 5 birds, $4; No. 7, 5 birds, $5:

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Snyder	11102—4	10000—1	.....
Raldwin	02100—2	00202—2	0121•—3
Quimby	202•1—3	.....	.....
Van Dyke	22200—3	.....	.....
Ely	21221—5	.....	.....
Hawk	02112—4	02002—2	21001—3
Hagenbuch	10020—2	20211—4	10221—4
Bonham	00111—3	00010—1	.....
Mercer	22222—5	00211—3	20111—4
Hughes	01112—4	.....	.....
Yocum	12211—5	.....	.....
Milnes	00120—2	.....	.....
Stroh	21122—5	21020—3	20211—4
Pettibone	00111—3	.....	.....
Rishton	20010—2	.....	.....
W Armstrong		02200—2	21000—2
Boone		22210—4	01111—4
C Armstrong		.....	02101—3

No. 9, 5 birds, $5; No. 10, 3 birds, $2:

	No. 9.	No. 10.		No. 9.	No. 10.
Boone	11202—4	200—2	Mercer	00000—0	000—0
Bonham	22101—4	000—0	Hawk	11100—3	222—3
Hagenbuch	20202—3	0•1—1	Cooper	.....	120—2
Stroh	21122—5	120—2			

No. 8 was a miss and out with 5 entries at $2; the purse was divided between Stroh and Hagenbach with three kills each.

Second Day.

This was target day, and the boys smashed the empires with great regularity. Van Dyke's work with his Winchester places him away up in the ranks as a target shot. Scores:

No. 1, 10 empires, $1: Quimby 7, Hobart 8, Van Dyke 10, Bonham 9, Hawk 6, Hagenbuch 7, Stroh 7, McMillian 8, Cooper 8, Mercer 3, Doan 7, Hughes 8.

No. 2, 15 empires, $1.50:

Quimby	111111001011011—11	Mercer	1110100111010111—10
Hobart	111111111001101—12	Cooper	111111111110111—14
Van Dyke	111111011111011—13	McMillian	011010110010110— 8
Bonham	111111111111111—15	Doan	111001111010010—10
Hawk	111010111111111—12	Stroh	011000011110111— 9
Hagenbuch	111111111011111—13		

Ten empires, $1:

	No. 3.	No. 4.
Quimby	1011001001— 5	.....
Hobart	1011001011— 6	1111101111— 9
Van Dyke	1110111111— 9	1111111111—10
Bonham	1110110111— 8	0110111110— 6
Hawk	1111101110— 8	1011011111— 8
Hagenbuch	0001111111— 7	1101111111— 9
McMillian	1101111001— 7	1001101111— 7
Cooper	1111111110— 9	1111111111—10
Mercer	1010100001— 4	0101010111— 6
Doan	1111111111—10	1011101100— 6
Stroh	1111111111—10	1011001100— 5
Hughes	.....	1011101110— 7

No. 5, 20 empires, $2:

Hobart	11101111110011111111—17	Bonham	01111111111010101111—16
Van Dyke	11111111111111111111—20	Eyer	00001010001000001000— 4
Boone	10111110011101100111—14	McKelvy	00010010001101001000— 6
Cooper	11111101111111111111—19	Hawk	00011110111111111111—15
Stroh	01010101111111111110—15	Hag'nbuch	10010111111011001111—14

No. 6, 10 empires, $1: No. 7, 10 empires, walking match, $1:

Van Dyke	1111111111—10	1111011011—8
Hobart	1111111111—10	1110111111—9
Boone	1110101100— 6	1111100110—7
Mann	0001100000— 2	.....
McMillian	1011101001— 6	.....
Stroh	0011111111— 8	0011101111—7
McKelvy	0011010111— 6	0101000100—3
Hughes	0111101100— 6	.....
Hagenbuch	1111111111—10	1001100110—5
Cooper	1111111111—10	1110111110—8
Hawk	1111111110— 9	0001011100—4
Bonham	1110011100— 6	0100111100—5
Doan	.....	0001100101—4

No. 8, 10 empires, $1: No. 9, 5 pairs, $1:

Boone	1111110110— 8	11 11 11 01 11—9
Hobart	1111110111— 9	10 10 11 11 11—8
Stroh	1101110111— 8	00 10 01 10 00—3
Van Dyke	1111111111—10	11 10 11 11 11—9
Mercer	1010001011— 5	00 00 01 00 01—2
Quimby	0011111100— 6	.....
McMillian	1111001111— 8	.....
Hawk	1111101111— 9	11 10 10 01 10—6
Hagenbuch	1101011010— 6	10 10 10 10 01—5
Cooper	1111011101— 8	10 11 10 11 11—8

No. 10, 25 empires, $2.50:

Van Dyke	1111111111111111111111111—25
Hagenbuch	1111111011111111111110111—23
Harman	1100111111101011011111111—20
Cooper	0110110011011111101110111—18
Bonham	1000111111110111011111011—19
Hobart	1111011111100101111011111—20
Rishton	0110010110111011110111101—17
Mercer	0010000001000111011001110—10
Stroh	1111110101111101111111110—21
Boone	1101111111100111011111010—19
Randall	0110001011010100010100011—11

Ten empires, $1: No. 11. No. 12.

Van Dyke	1111111111—10	1111111111—10
Cooper	1111001100— 6	0101111011— 7
Hagenbuch	1111111110— 9	1111110101— 8
Rishton	1010101011— 6	1011111110— 8
Hobart	1100100110— 5	1101011111— 8
Harman	0011011110— 6	.....
Stroh	0111001110— 6	.....
Hess	.....	0111010101— 6

No. 13, 10 empires, $1: Bonham 8, Rishton 8, Hess 8, Harman 7, Mercer 3, C. P. Armstrong 6, Labauch 7, Hobart 7, Stroh 8, Schuyler 3, Hagenbuch 9, Cooper 6.

J. H. M.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

There has just come from the Forest and Stream press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

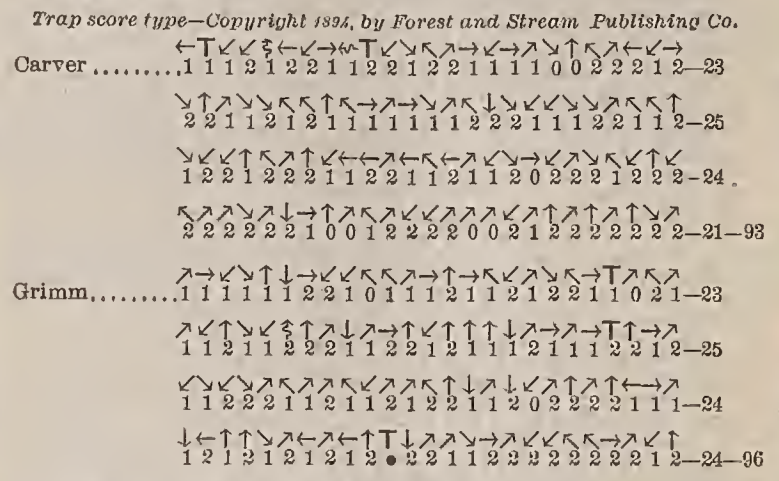
Grimm vs. Carver.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 13.—The scores made in yesterday's and to-day's matches between Grimm and Carver are given in detail below. Originally these matches were set for Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 10 and 11, but Grimm was taken sick on Saturday and had to remain in bed all Sunday and Monday, a physician being in attendance. This illness may possibly account in some measure for his poor score in the second race.

The first race was shot under a dull, overcast sky, a strong northwest wind blowing at the time. The birds were a selected lot, but owing to John Watson not having received word of the match until late the evening before, the birds had been fed and were consequently sluggish flyers. In this race Carver had slightly the best of the birds. A glance at the scores of this match shows that from the 23d up to the 83d the score was even, each man missing his 68th bird. Carver's high run was 47 straight, Grimm's 41; the latter killed 75 out of his 77 birds. Score:

First match, Carver vs. Grimm, 100 birds, $100 a side, each to pay for his own birds:

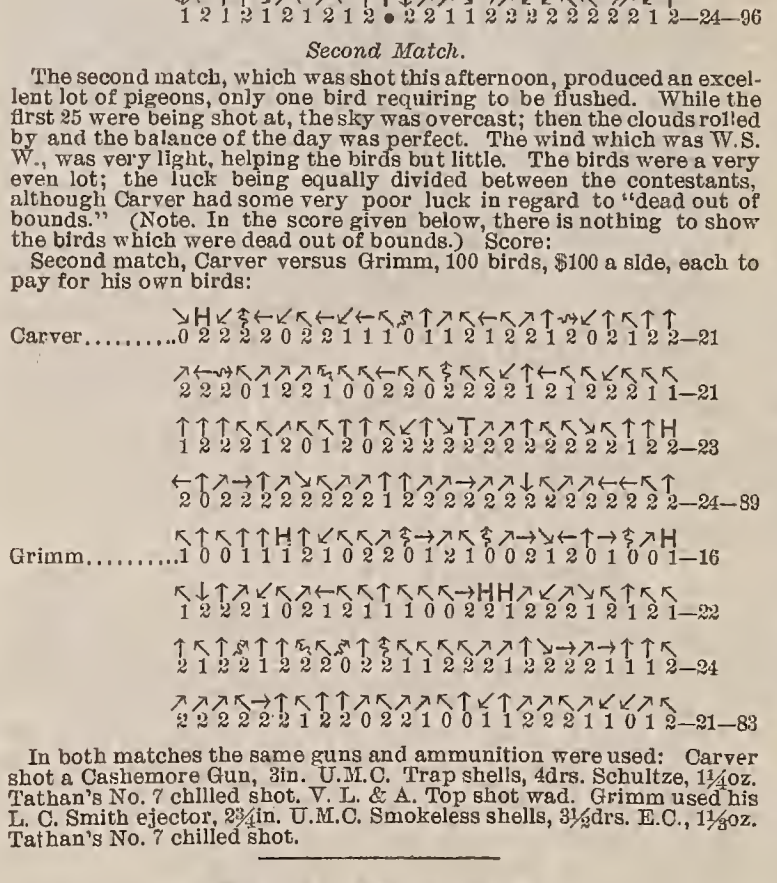
Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



Second Match.

The second match, which was shot this afternoon, produced an excellent lot of pigeons, only one bird requiring to be flushed. While the first 25 were being shot at, the sky was overcast; then the clouds rolled by and the balance of the day was perfect. The wind which was W.S.W., was very light, helping the birds but little. The birds were a very even lot; the luck being equally divided between the contestants, although Carver had some very poor luck in regard to "dead out of bounds." (Note. In the score given below, there is nothing to show the birds which were dead out of bounds.) Score:

Second match, Carver versus Grimm, 100 birds, $100 a side, each to pay for his own birds:



In both matches the same guns and ammunition were used: Carver shot a Cashemore Gun, 3in. U.M.C. Trap shells, 4drs. Schultze, 1¼oz. Tathan's No. 7 chilled shot. V. L. & A. Top shot wad. Grimm used his L. C. Smith ejector, 2¾in. U.M.C. Smokeless shells, 3½drs. E.C., 1⅛oz. Tathan's No. 7 chilled shot.

Trap at Dexter Park.

Dexter Park, L. I., Dec. 11.—Only six members of the Empire Gun Club were present yesterday afternoon to take part in the club shoot at 7 live birds. Henry Knebel, J.. on the 28yds. mark was the winner. The following are the scores:

No. 1, club shoot, 7 birds, handicap rise, modified Hurlingham rules:

H Knebel, Jr (28)	1112111—7	H Smith (23)	0111001—4
R Colgan (23)	•101111—5	W Roberts (26)	1020100—3
P Malone (28)	0201011—4	H Mahlstedt (27)	0000210—2

No. 3, 2 birds, ties miss and out; No. 3, 6 birds:

	No. 2.	No. 3.		No. 2.		No. 3.
Malone	211	211—6	Mahlstedt	221	20 —4	.....
Roberts	211	210—5	Colgate	001	—1	110011—4
		122220—5				

Dec. 12.—The Parkway Rod and Gun Club held its regular shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park, L. I., notwithstanding the driving rain whicd made pigeon shooting far from a ploasurable task. The match for the club badge had 12 entries, 6 in Class A, 4 in Class B and 2 in Class C. Bookman, of Class C won the badge after a struggle with Van Wicklen, a Class B shot. The following are the scores:

Club badge shoot, 7 birds, class handicaps:

Class A.

A Botty (30)	2212102—6	H Bramwell (28)	0111111—6
J Bennett (28)	1110111—6	C C Wissell (28)	211•111—6
L Helgans (28)	2120122—6	T T Edgerton (28)	2•21222—6

Class B.

D S Van Wicklen (26)	2221221—7	J Wooley (25)	2221102—6
T Short (26)	1021112—6	A Brower (25)	1222202—6

Class C.

*H J Bookman (25)	1122221—6	H J Selover (25)	1120201—5

* On the shoot off for the badge, miss and out, Bookman won on the third ronnd, Van Wicklen failing to kill his bird.

Sweep, 3 birds, class shooting, ties miss and out:

Van Wicklln	221	22	—5	Botty	201	12220 —6
Brower	212	21	—5	Bramwell	102	0 —2
Helgans	121	20	—4	Bookman	201	0 —2
Wissell	121	0	—3	Dennett	002	—1
Wooley	110	211221	—8	Edgerton	020	—1
Selover	012	212220	—7			

Dec 13.—The Unknown Gun Club held its last shoot for the season of 1894 at Dexter Park, L. I., on Thursday, Dec. 13. At the conclusion of the shoot Isaac Hyde was presented with the championship badge for 1894, he having made the highest average during the year. In order to qualify for this prize a member must compete in seven out of the twelve monthly shoots at 7 live birds per man. Hyde qualified by taking part in seven shoots, killing 47 out of 49 shot at, an average of nearly 96 per cent. The result in to-day's shoot was as follows:

Club shoot, 7 birds, handicap rise:

I Hyde (30)	2122122—7	Gus Rankin (23)	1021220—5
John Bohling (25)	2122111—7	John Flynn (28)	2002201—4
E A Vroome (30)	0111221—6	J F C Elfers (25)	0110120—4
John Akhurst (25)	1211202—6	H Von Staden (25)	0022102—4
Moses Brown (28)	0212101—5		

Dec. 14.—The Idle Hour Gun Club held its shoot here this afternoon. Henry Boemmerman won the badge with a score of 6 out of 7, one dead out of bounds. After the club race a 3-bird sweep was shot off, with 7 entries; Boemmerman, Lakeman and Bamberger divided with 3 kills each. Score in club shoot was as follows:

Club shoot, 7 live birds:

H Boemmerman	21111•1—6	J F C Elfers	1011010—4
J Bamberger	1110110—5	C Lakeman	0110022—4
H Meyer	2111100—5	H Hoffman	01•0110—3
C Coors	0111021—5	H Huckfield	0010001—2

Emeralds and Tarheels.

At Eden, N. C., a new gun club has been organized under the presidency of Dr. G. V. Hudson, secretary of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York city. The other officers are: M. F. Briles, Eden, First Vice-President; G. H. Low, Thomasville, Recording Secretary; Erastus H. Dorsett, Eden, Treasurer. On Dec. 11 a shoot, the initial one of the newly organized club, was held on the club grounds. The shoot was at 10 live birds, Dr. Hudson winning with a clean score; G. H. Low was second with 9; R. Regan, president of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York, and E. H. Dorsett, were third with 8 kills; Briles and Hoover killed 6, Thomas 5 and Dorsett 4. After the shoot the club members sat down to dine off a 20lbs. gobbler, killed by Mr. J. M. Dorsett, on Sheppard Mountain. Among those present at the dinner were Squire A. Finch, Senator Philips, John Hicks, Monroe Williams, James Parrish, R. L. Hoover, A. R. Kerns, A. Pierce, David Thomas, Scott Myers, Jeff. Myers, Ed. Andrews and others.

The Climax Handicap.

A good many inquiries are received from month to month as to the different methods of handicapping adopted by clubs. The general idea seems to be to equalize as nearly as possible the chances of the expert and of the amateur for the club's annual prizes. The Climax Club, with headquarters at Fanwood, N. J., has always found the following method of handicapping decidedly popular with its members, there being always a good attendance at its club shoots:

All club contests are at 25 targets per man. The handicap committee allows all experts or best shots in the club to shoot at 25 targets only, and these are known as scratch men. The other members of the club are allowed to shoot at one or more additional targets according to their recognized ability. The handicap, or the number of targets allowed by the handicap committee, holds good for one year. For each target a shooter scores, of 20 or over, he is allowed one point, but can get no more than six points at any one shoot, regardless of how many he scores above 25. A shooter to be eligible to prizes offered must participate in a majority of club shoots during the year, and prizes are awarded according to the aggregate number of points each shooter has gained in all the shoots he has attended. This assures a good attendance at the shoots and creates a revenue for the club. The following scores made at a handicap shoot recently is a good example of how the handicap works.

Club shoot, empire targets, known trap, unknown angles:

	Allowance.	Shot at.	Broke.	Points Scored.
Keller	Scratch	25	23	4
Brantingham	"	25	24	5
Smith	"	25	22	3
Apgar	"	25	23	4
D Terry	2	27	24	5
D Darby	5	30	26	6
Manning	4	29	22	3
Goodman	5	30	19	0
Scott	3	28	20	1
Zeglio	8	33	25	6
Squires	5	30	26	6
Swody	10	35	25	6
W Terry	5	30	23	4

Syracuse Gun Club Medals.

At a recent meeting of the Syracuse Gun Club it was decided to buy three handsome gold medals, to be shot for by the members. The shooters are divided into three classes, A, B and C; in each class the shooters are brought as near together as possible by a handicap allowance of targets. The medal for each class has to be won six times before it becomes the property of any shooter in that class. The limit men in each class shoot at 50 targets, those who are more expert in the use of the gun are docked anywhere from 2 to 5 targets, scratch men shooting at 45 targets. The following is a list of the men in the different classes, together with the handicaps:

Class A.

	Shoots at		Shoots at
C F Ayling	46 targets	D M Lefever	50 targets
C L Becker	50 "	G H Mann	47 "
A G Courtney	45 "	H McMurchy	45 "
A C Ginty	50 "	C H Mowry	45 "
W E Holloway	50 "	M C Smith	46 "
E W Holloway	46 "	G A Mosher	50 "

Class B.

A T Brown	50 targets	C C Lathrop	45 targets
A B Breeze	50 "	D E Petit	50 "
J W Cool	50 "	H W Smith	50 "
H W Duguid	50 "	A S White	45 "
W A Holden	47 "	H White	46 "
F A Hollenbeck	50 "	D Walters	47 "
R Hunter	48 "	M B Fairchild	50 "
G C Larned	50 "		

Class C.

W A Abel	50 targets	Wm Spaulding	50 targets
W S Audrews	50 "	F B Scott	50 "
C W Andrews	50 "	A M Smart	45 "
W E Ayers	50 "	J W Wilson	50 "
H E Chase	45 "	A Wilkinson	50 "
D B Cooper	50 "	J M Colwell	50 "
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Elliott and Brewer After Pork.

Fanwood, N. J., Dec. 12.—Although it rained hard nearly all day, thirteen shooters put their names down on the list and paid the $7 which entitled them to shoot for "Dutchy's" 300lbs. hogs. The conditions were as follows: Ten birds, $7; ten entries pay for the hogs; all over that number, surplus money divided 60 and 40 per cent.; class shooting; first money, the biggest hog; second money, the other hog; third money, 60 per cent. of surplus; fourth money, 40 per cent. of surplus. Six shooters, among that number being Elliott and Brewer, tied for the first hog; as there was not enough to go round they sold out to John Benner, proprietor of the Fanwood Road House, for a certain sum of money, which they divided among themselves. "Dutchy," Milt Lindsley and Morfey tied for the second hog, the two former selling out to Morfey. Woodruff and Keller divided third money, Benner and Astfalk taking fourth money. W. Fred Quimby acted as referee, filling the thankless position in an entirely satisfactory manner. Scores:

Hog shoot, 10 birds, $7:

J A R Elliott	2122212222—10	Dutchy	2•21222112— 9
J L Brewer	2221221212—10	M F Lindsley	2012222122— 9
C Zwirlein	2211112211—10	A Woodruff	1202022222— 8
F Van Dyke	2221122212—10	T H Keller	1221•2221•— 8
Neaf Apgar	1211222211—10	J Benner	1•202022•2— 7
Lamont	2212221122—10	N Astfalk	0122022022— 7
T W Morfey	2222•22222— 9		

Weir City, Kansas.

Weir City, Kan., Dec. 15.—Inclosed are the scores made in the medal contest of the Business Men's Gun Club. The work of the handicap committee was better than the shooting of the club members, as results show a very close and interesting race for the trophies, with scores averaging unusually low. The day was very pleasant, and the only excuse for such a preponderance of low scores lies in the fact that several of the best shooters were unable to be present. Scores:

Medal contest, 25 singles, handicap allowance:

King (allowed 5)	1100101101110010000011011—18
Abbott (5)	0000010011101101100111000—17
Histed (5)	0110110111100110010110101—20
Sowers (2)	0011110100111101000100000—13
McIlhany (scratch)	1111111111100111111111111—23
Beadle (10)	1000111101001100110111000—23
Holmes (2)	1110010010011001111010111—17
Morrison (5)	0111000100011100111011011—19
Merriam (15)	0100001000100100011011000—22
Kirk (5)	0100001100000111001011100—15
Hamilton (5)	0100101101101111001100110—20

McIlhany and Beadle tied for first gold medal. In shoot-off McIlhany allowed Beadle 4 birds in 10, and Beadle won by score of 10 to 9.

McIlhany (scratch)..1111101111— 9 Beadle (4).....1001101110—10

Merriam won second gold medal.

Mamaluke.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. V. C., Chicago.—1. In what part of the United States would Asiatic or African antelope be likely to thrive the best confined in an ample-sized park? 2. Where is the fur called Astrakan obtained, and from what animal? 3. Is the fur called Persian lamb Persian lamb in reality, or name only? 4. Would the Russian sable be likely to thrive in this country if introduced into say the Yellowstone Park. About what is the value of their skins? Ans. 1. On the plains of the Southwest, Texas or Indian Territory, we should imagine. 2. Astrakan is sheep skin specially treated. 3. So is Persian lamb. 4. Yes. From $25 to $200.

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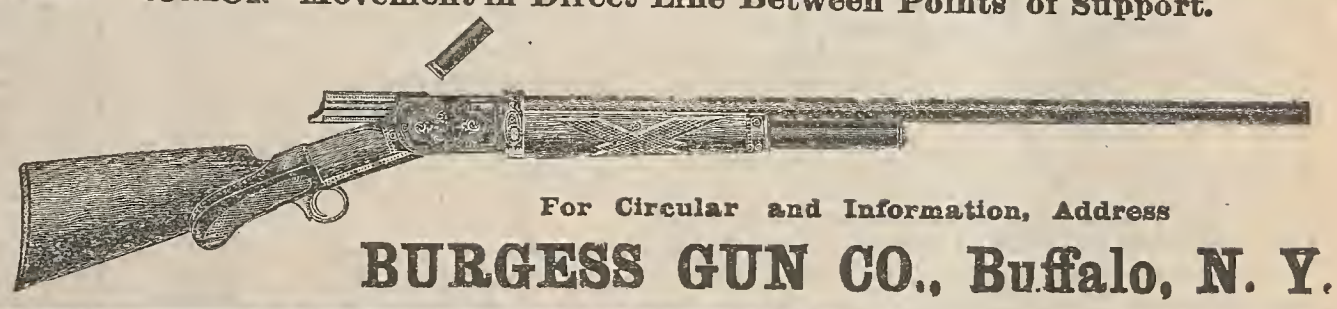

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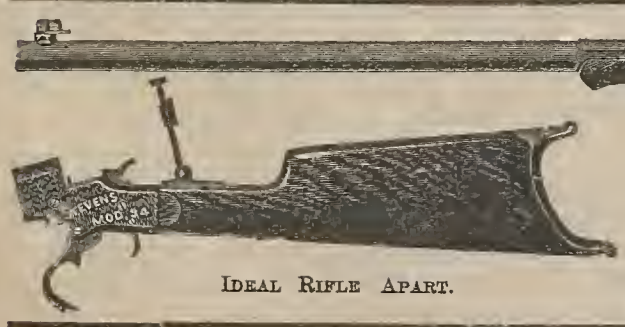

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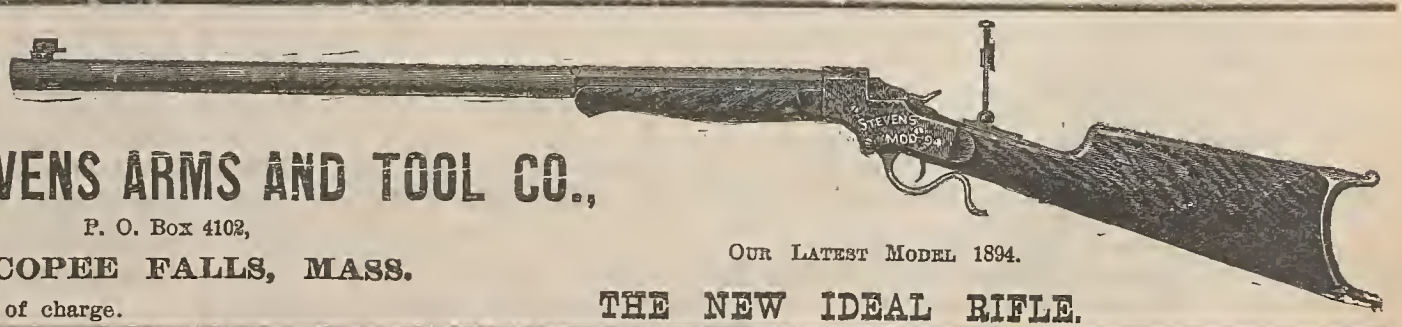

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The cause of conserving the game and fish supply is one which in each State presents difficulties peculiar to the conditions there obtaining. In Minnesota the most perplexing problem was to check the wholesale killing of game and fish for market, for market-hunting was recognized as the agency that was destroying the deer and the grouse. The solution of this problem was the task to which Minnesota sportsmen addressed themselves, and it is interesting to note that here, as is usually the case, the results gained both in the provision of an adequate law and in its subsequent enforcement have been for the most part the achievement of one man. The Minnesota statute may be said to have grown out of the experience, the enthusiasm, the devotion and the sagacity of Commissioner W. P. Andrus, the Executive Agent of the Game and Fish Commission. Always alive to the work of protection, Mr. Andrus organized the Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association, and for a long time was its secretary and executive officer. The organization was purely voluntary, being composed of the sportsmen of Minnesota, and including among its members some of the most prominent State officials. It was supported by contributions from the members, but the moving spirits soon found that an organization of this sort without the support of the State Government in its endeavors to enforce the laws that were then upon the statute books was unsatisfactory, and that the results obtained were not commensurate with the outlay or the work. The courts would not act in harmony with such a movement. In this exigency Mr. Andrus was entrusted with the responsibility of framing a law which from his experience would be applicable to the condition of affairs then existing in the State. The law then enacted, in 1891, originated the present Game and Fish Commission of Minnesota. Wm. R. Merriam, who was then Governor and who had worked with Mr. Andrus in the common cause, made a well-merited recognition of his efforts and services by giving him the first appointment as one of the new Commissioners. From the outset Mr. Andrus became the leading spirit and the most active member of the board. He was elected as its treasurer and executive officer, and to him was entrusted by the other members the execution of the law. The board very quickly realized, however, that the statute under which they were working was not effective nor precisely suited to the new conditions; and Commissioner Andrus in concert with the counsel of the board, Mr. Bramhall, drafted a new measure, in which were embodied the practical experience of the executive agent and the legal acumen of the attorney. The bill was a product of long and careful study, and that good work was done in its preparation has been amply attested by the fact that although the statute embodied certain radical principles never before incorporated in a game law, it has been upheld by the Supreme Court as constitutional and binding.

The novel features of the statute have already been outlined in these columns. In the first place, as a sure groundwork for the law, full control of the game and the fish is assumed and they are declared to be the property of Minnesota:

No person shall at any time or in any manner acquire any property in or subject to his dominion or control any of the birds, animals or fish within this State, of the kinds herein mentioned, but they shall always and under all circumstances and conditions be and remain the sole property of this State.

This proprietorship and control are not surrendered, even after the game has been captured; the statute yields to the citizen only the privilege of using the game in certain clearly defined ways, but no other:

By killing, catching or taking the same, however, in the manner and for the purposes herein authorized, and during the periods when their killing is not herein prohibited, the same may be used at the time, in the manner and for the purposes herein expressly authorized, but not otherwise.

The law then prescribes certain seasons in which and methods by which the game may be taken and may be had in possession; limits the amount one person may take; and specifies particularly that it may be taken only for use within the State. The right acquired by the individual, it is thus seen, is of limited nature; he may never have an absolute, unrestricted property in venison or grouse or trout, even after he may have killed them.

This assumption of sole right, title and control in the fish and game is the basis of the Minnesota law. Upon it rests authority for the exceedingly stringent regulations respecting possession, transportation and sale. In brief, these regulations are, as to certain species of game and fish,

1. No one shall take them with intent to ship beyond the limits of the State.

2. No one shall ship them or intentionally allow, or aid in, their shipment out of the State.

3. No one shall have in possession game or fish unlawfully killed in another State or which has been shipped thence unlawfully.

4. Possession of game or fish is made *prima facie* evidence that it was killed in Minnesota.

5. If it shall appear that the game or fish in possession was killed outside of Minnesota, this shall be *prima facie* evidence that it was there killed unlawfully or shipped thence unlawfully, and that its possession is therefore a violation of prohibition 3, and this may be overcome only by direct and positive evidence to the contrary.

6. It is made the duty of every person to whom game may be offered for export to notify the board of commissioners or the game wardens, and to give them full particulars respecting the shipment.

7. It is made the duty of commissioners, wardens, sheriffs, constables and police officers to seize fish or game unlawfully possessed or shipped. Ample provision is made for the issue of search warrants by the courts of jurisdiction.

When the full meaning of these provisions is reflected upon it will be recognized that we have here a law which lays a strong hand upon the market-hunter, the common carrier and the game dealer. The statute is one of extreme stringency. When it was adopted in 1893 there were grave doubts as to whether the courts would uphold it. But the results of the test suits brought in the Supreme Court have triumphantly demonstrated the impregnability of those very sections for which fear was entertained, and have vindicated the wisdom of Messrs. Andrus and Bramhall, who framed them.

But though perfect in form and sound as the Magna Charta, a game law is worthless if unenforced; it is as an engine with no steam up, a gun without powder. There must be something to set it going and to keep it going. The great trouble with game protection nowadays is not want of laws, but the want of their enforcement. We have too much talking and legislating, and all too little application and practical execution. The strength of the Minnesota game law is in this, that it is excellent in theory and not less excellent in operation, for it is made a constant living force under the administration of the executive agent and the staff of wardens under his control. Commissioner Andrus has given special attention to the important work of stopping the unlawful shipment of game and fish. As noted above, the statute is explicit on this point; it forbids export, gives the wardens right of search of cars and other receptacles, and even requires the agents of transportation concerns to notify the officers of illicit shipments of game. The smooth operation of such a statute must depend in large measure upon the coöperation of the railroads and express companies; and after no little effort this has been secured. We have in years past referred to the enlightened policy of the Northern Pacific Railroad with respect to requiring from its agents a careful regard for the non-export game laws of States and Territories traversed by its lines; and we should expect then to find it coöperating as it does with the Minnesota Commission in making effective the transportation law. The Northern Pacific and the Great Northern roads issue circulars to their agents, instructing them that the Minnesota law must be obeyed; and that the game officers must be given every facility to examine suspicious shimpments:

NORTHERN PACIFIC EXPRESS COMPANY.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT, Middle Division, St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 1 1893.—*Agt. Nor. Pac. Express Co. at Minn.:* DEAR SIR—It is the policy of the Northern Pacific Railroad to, as far as possible, protect fish, birds and animals along the line of its oad from being destroyed by "pot-hunters," fishermen, etc., who fish or kill for profit only.

Employes of the Northern Pacific Express Company are strictly forbidden, during the open season, to handle and ship fish that have been illegally caught, birds and animals that have been illegally killed.

During the closed season you are strictly forbidden to receive and ship venison by express, to any point in the State of Minnesota, or out of the State. It is unlawful to do so.

The dates of open season, during which fish, birds and animals can be lawfully handled, are as follows, viz.:

Fish	April 15 to Dec. 1.
Woodcock and plover	July 4 to Oct. 31.
Prairie chicken and grouse	Sept. 1 to Nov. 1.
Partridge and pheasant	Sept. 1 to Dec. 1.
Duck, geese and snipe	Sept. 1 to April 25.
Deer	Nov. 1 to Nov. 20.

Five days after close of season is allowed to dispose of stock on hand.

None of the above must at any time be shipped to points outside of the State.

The laws relative to the above were made to be observed and this company expects and insists upon a strict observance of them by its employes, and will not countenance, in any way or manner, any collusion on the part of its employes with any violators of the law in their attempts to impose upon the company by shipments of fish and game not in their proper title. If any violation of the game laws of the State, or any evasion of them, by any of the employes of this company shall be brought to my attention, the offending employe will be discharged from the service of this company, and in addition be held accountable for any loss we may sustain by his not complying with these instructions.

W. S. HAY, Superintendent.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

(Thomas F. Oakes, Henry C. Payne, Henry C. Rouse, Receivers.)

GENERAL FREIGHT DEPARTMENT, Circular Letter No. 10, St. Paul, Minn., April 26, 1894.—To Agents: Notwithstanding previous instructions that have been issued, some agents still continue to disregard the Minnesota State laws governing the transportation of game and fish. Each agent has been furnished with a card and a circular of this department affecting game and fish shipments, naming the dates between which it is unlawful to kill or transport game, etc. It is the purpose of this company to work in complete harmony with the State officials, and the co-operation of agents and other employes to this end is earnestly requested.

It is not a difficult matter for agents to ascertain the names of parties who would be liable to ship these commodities out of season, and hereafter we would be glad to have you use extra precautions to prevent such getting into our possession for transportation. If any suspicious shipments are offered, you will say to the shipper that you have instructions not to accept same unless you are first permitted to examine the contents. If, upon investigation, you find it to be an illegal shipment, it must be refused.

There is a State law authorizing game wardens to examine suspicious shipments, and if one of them should present his credentials to you, and satisfies you that he is a proper officer, you will allow him to proceed with the examination. We have furnished each of them with a letter to agents, authorizing them to examine suspicious shipments. Should he find prohibited goods and desire to confiscate them, he will give you a proper receipt and take possession of them. If the examination should take place after the goods have left shipping office, all charges will be paid by the warden taking them into his possession.

S. L. MOORE, Gen. Freight Agent.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY CO.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 23, 1894.—Circular G. T. M. No. 71.—Transportation of Game and Fish in the State of Minnesota.—To Agents: The attention of agents is again called to the importance of following implicitly the instructions which have been already promulgated with respect to the transportation of game and fish in the State of Minnesota. Each agent has already been furnished with full information relative to the dates between which it is unlawfull to kill or transport game or fish. Agents are earnestly requested to use every precaution with a view of working in perfect harmony with the State officials in this matter.

If any suspicious shipments of game or fish are offered you will advise the shipper that you have instructions not to accept the same for transportation, unless you are allowed to examine the contents, and the shipment must be refused if found, after examination, to be illegal.

Game wardens appointed by the State have been authorized to examine any and all shipments of game and fish with a view of satisfying themselves that the shipment is made in accordance with the existing law. We have furnished these wardens with a letter to our agents authorizing them to examine suspicious shipments. When you have satisfied yourself that he is a proper officer, you will allow him to proceed with the examination. In the event of his confiscating prohibited goods, you will allow him to take possession of the goods, getting therefor a proper receipt. If such seizure takes place after the goods have left the shipping office, the officer will pay you all charges before taking possession of the goods.

W. W. Finley, General Traffic Manager.

Mr. Andrus has also secured the co-operation of the express companies and they too have issued instructions to agents, similar to these of the Northern Pacific Express Company:

To all Agents Northern Pacific Express Co: Gentlemen—This letter when presented to you by —— ——, game warden of the State of Minnesota, will be your authority for allowing him to examine any packages suspected to contain game or fish shipped out of season, and contrary to the laws of the State of Minnesota. Yours truly, W. S. Hay, Superintendent.

The permission thus accorded to enter freight and express cars and offices obviates the necessity of search by warrant; and with such machinery the Commissioners have the transportation of game and fish practically within their control.

The cold storage companies, also, recognizing the authority of the Commission and admonished by the test suits referred to, have acceded to requests that they should co-operate with the authorities to make good the provisions of the law as to possession in close season, and have refused to receive game during the close season, and at the end of the open season they report to the Commissioners the amount of game on hand and the names of its owners. Under the Supreme Court decision the Commissioners are authorized to take into possession and dispose of all such game.

Now, what is the result of the new law and its administration? The Commissioners advised us the other day, in reply to our inquiries: "As a result of our labor during the past year we have to say this: On the first day of the open season, which was Sept. 1, for birds in this State, there was not a bird to be had in the open market. It had been customary heretofore on the first day of such season to have on sale anywhere from two to five thousand birds in St. Paul and Minneapolis, and the incoming trains from the game sections of the State have been laden with birds that have been killed previous to the open season, and were ready for market on the first day of such open season. This year on the last day of the close season a warden was sent out on each road that centers in Minneapolis and St. Paul, who boarded the train somewhere after dark and whose instructions were to take possession of any and all game that was offered for transportation up to daylight on the morning of Sept. 1. There were nine of these wardens, and it gives us pleasure to say that there was but one batch taken on all these roads by any of the wardens, and this was a little bunch of thirty-two birds. The facilities offered us by the transportation companies for transacting our work were all that could be desired and no obstruction was placed in our way."

Here then in Minnesota we have game protection that protects. The system is not perfect; there remains much to be done. The Commissioners themselves would be the first to say so much as that. But the past and present give abundant earnest for the future. Nowhere else is the promise for fish and game interests better assured than for those of Minnesota, if they shall remain under the same wise guidance and control which have brought them to their present development. To that control they may well be intrusted.

The citizens of Minnesota are to be congratulated upon having as the executive agent of their Fish and Game Commission so zealous, active and efficient a gentleman as Mr. W. P. Andrus. He has the good of the cause earnestly at heart. He has proven himself possessed of unusual executive ability and force in the administration of the duties connected with his present position, being quick to decide all questions that require courage, and then to adhere firmly to such decisions. In the management of the large force of wardens under his direction he has displayed particular aptitude and discretion. He is a born leader in the cause which he has championed; and the interests intrusted to his care by the State have been protected. His reputation is not confined to the State of Minnesota, but he is widely known and quoted as authority in his field.

His efforts have not only been directed to the protection of game and fish, but he has taken an active interest in their propagation and distribution. The fish hatcheries of the State have been under his immediate control, and from a small beginning he has in the past four years made them now of great value. The output has been largely increased and many dollars have been added annually to the State's resources through his efforts in this line.

He is the right man in the right place, and should be continued in the position which he now holds. All of the transportation companies and those doing business in the State who come in contact with this department bear witness to Mr. Andrus' special adaptability for the position which he occupies. The sportsmen of Minnesota cannot render a more valuable public service to-day than to urge upon Gov. Nelson the reappointment of Mr. Andrus when his term shall expire next month; and Gov. Nelson cannot give a better assurance of his own concern for the promotion of true fish and game protection than by continuing Mr. Andrus in the office where the State may have the benefit of his ripe experience and proved capacity and devotion.

PRESERVES IN THE ADIRONDACK PARK.

We give to-day a carefully prepared map of the private preserves included within the boundaries of the Adirondack State Park. This map is based on Stoddard's Map of the Adirondacks and the last report of the State Forestry Commission. It attempts to show the location of the principal private preserves within the limits of the proposed State park, and in a rough way to indicate their extent. In many cases it has not been possible to locate club boundaries with any degree of accuracy, and no doubt many discrepancies will be found in the detail, but we believe that in all important features the map is virtually correct.

A first glance at the map will surprise many who have

COMMISSIONER W. P. ANDRUS.

not kept up with the recent drift of Adirondack affairs, at the great extent of club and individual preserves. It will be seen that the heart of the region, so to speak, has been cut out and appropriated by private interests. From east to west a cordon of preserves girdles the Adirondacks, and, with few exceptions, all the best and most desirable lands and waters are potentially closed to the public.

It is somewhat startling to be told that the private parks in the Adirondacks to day occupy a considerably larger area than the State of Rhode Island, and that a man might travel ninety miles in a comparatively straight line without being fifteen minutes out of sight of a trespass notice. This is what the Forestry Commission report says of the State lands:

The private preserves in every instance are in one solid block; the State lands are scattered in small parce s all over northern New York. Some of the preserves have 100,000 or more in one solid forest; the State has not 15,000 acres in any one parcel.

The State of New York is alone responsible for this condition of affairs. The individuals who own the preserves have only done what any one else would do who had the means and inclination. In fact, these individuals in many cases have won a right to the esteem of the community by the disinterested way in which they have administered their great holdings. In some of them, such as the Adirondack Mountain reserve, the public is accorded practically the same privileges as club members, and very few have tested the extent of their legal rights by closing their waterways or paths.

The Forestry Commission, appointed April 10, 1893, is doing now what should have been done years ago, and it is safe to assume that much good might be accomplished even in this late hour. The Commission has mapped out a practical plan for the State to gain control of the remaining land not already in its possession, and aside from that owned by clubs, and it is hoped that the Legislature will awaken to the necessities of the case, and appropriate the three and a half million dollars required.

The State Park as defined by the Commission embraces an area of 2,807,760 acres of land, or 4,387 square miles. Of this the State at present owns 551,093 acres. It also owns 180,366 acres in the immediate neighborhood, but outside the park, which can at any time be sold and the proceeds used to buy land inside under certain conditions. The remainder of the land within the Park limits, or about two and a quarter million acres, is held under private title, and of this about 825,000 acres may be classed as private parks. The Commission ask for the $3,500,000 appropriation to purchase about 1,200,000 acres of land available within the Park limits, exclusive of the private preserves. In addition to the parks shown on our map, there are about 14,000 acres probably within the limits of the park belonging to clubs which could not be located, and about 90,000 acres are owned by clubs outside the limits.

THE CUP NEGOTIATIONS.

So far as it goes, it is gratifying to know that the long contention over the America's Cup has finally reached a point where the real issue will be decided; apart from the great mass of immaterial and irrelevant details which have thus far obscured it. The idle discussion of the conditions of previous races has been abandoned, and the position of each party is now clearly defined. On the part of the New York Y. C. there is a positive refusal to make any terms save on the basis of a full and complete recognition by the challenger of both the legality and fairness of the new deed. The Royal Yacht Squadron, on the other hand, has expressed the strongest condemnation of the new deed and has twice refused to race under it.

The question now is, which side will make a full and unconditional surrender; and yachtsmen will await anxiously the decision of the Squadron on Jan. 7. Should it recognize the new deed there will be a race next year; should it stand firm in its present position there will be no race for the America's Cup until the New York Y. C. shall do openly and officially what it has already done informally and irregularly, *i. e.*, repudiate the new deed of gift.

Should the Squadron on Jan. 7 decide to recognize the new deed, such recognition will be based on the understanding that by its new interpretation of the power and extent of the mutual agreement clause, the New York Y. C. has formally and officially established a precedent which shall be binding for all time. This assumption, however, will not hold in the face of a precedent established by the New York Y. C. in its decisions for twenty years—that a holder of the Cup cannot recognize as a challenge any letter or document which does not comply strictly with the specifications of a "challenge in due form," as laid down in the deed of gift. As late as 1886 this decision was most emphatically enforced in declining the challenge of the Royal Clyde Y. C., and it was affirmed a year later in the refusal to recognize as a challenge the letter of Mr. Sweet, giving notice of an intention to challenge and making overtures for a mutual agreement.

In view of this precedent so strongly established, and of the action of the makers of the new deed in debasing the mutual agreement clause to a subordinate position where it relates to details and not to essentials, the present position of the club in repudiating the dimension clause and restoring the other is most illogical and inconsistent. What is worse, if the words of the new deed mean anything at all, this new interpretation of its provisions is distinctly illegal.

In accepting the challenge of Lord Dunraven in 1892, with but one dimension given, the New York Y. C. clearly violated Clauses 5 and 10 of the new deed. This year the same thing has been repeated, and the committee has even gone further and offered to sail a match in November, in opposition to the plain words of Clause 5.

Should the Royal Yacht Squadron accept the terms now offered, and agree to race under the interpretation now placed by the club on the clauses in question, it may, in the event of winning the races, be confronted with a perfectly legal objection on the part of members of the New York Y. C. to the delivery of the Cup, on the ground that the club had no right to offer it on terms other than laid down in Clause 5.

We repeat what we have many times urged, that there can be no permanent and satisfactory restoration of racing for the Cup under the new deed of gift, whether interpreted legally and literally, as first intended by its makers, or under the absurd and illegal misconstruction of its provisions which they have adopted as a last resort to obtain races under it.

One of the industries of Essex county, N. Y., which should not be overlooked, is the capture of bears and rattlesnakes. The committee on bounties report to the Board of Supervisors of that county that during the past year they have allowed twenty-nine claims for the bear bounty aggregating a total of fifty bears, and fifteen claims for the rattlesnake bounty, with a total of 178 snakes. Each bear cost the State $10 in bounty money and was worth much more to its captor. A conservative estimate would make bears worth on the average, including bounty, at least $25, which foots up for the fifty to the neat little sum of $1,250. The rattlesnakes only drew a bounty of a dollar a piece, but no doubt something additional was realized from their oil and skins, so that they probably brought their captors over $200 in cash. The hunting for both snakes and bears is generally done in the early spring or the fall at a time when other business is not pressing, and we have no doubt that this item of nearly $1,500 came in very nicely for the sturdy Adirondack and Champlain hunters.

The Closing Year.

THE ANSWER TO THE CHARADE

In our issue of Dec. 22.

YOUR T-Rail Charade I happened to see,
And I hereby invite its author to Tea;
That is, if he's likely to be so inclined.
I'll have a few Rail served just to his mind.
The Trail to my camp is no myth, nor a dream,
And he'll be just as welcome as FOREST AND STREAM.

CLEVELAND, O. R. C.

BRISTOW'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

SMITH being habitually a brisk walker and well known, is exposed to reasonable inquiry when he comes limping on a crutch down town of a certain morning. Jones catches sight of him, and two rods off, sends out a hail:

"Hello, old man, caught you at last, has it! High living, eh! It'll do it every time," and Jones advances, talking and increasing his hilarity at each step.

"It's not gout," remonstrates Smith, halting and reluctantly surrendering a hand.

"Oh, no," retorts Jones in a tone that pronounces Smith a liar. "But, say, old fellow, the best thing in the world for it is—"

And after Jones has delivered himself of his prescription and given directions for general treatment, Smith catching his breath declares, "a sprained ankle," fortifying the contention by referring to a window curtain and "a rickety step-ladder."

By the time Smith has unburdened himself to six or eight effusive sympatizers he is ready to faint or return home without accomplishing his down town mission.

"The situation is amusing rather than irritating," remonstrates my friend Bristow, "and indicates an upward tendency in our social evolution. A few thousand years ago Jones would not have troubled himself concerning Smith's affliction in any circumstances; he would have abandoned Smith to his fate, if indeed he had not put him out of the way, after the manner of wild animals who encounter a wounded companion."

Bristow is one of those happily constituted mortals who finds something to approve of in a common pebble picked up by the wayside—its polish is bright, or its symmetry perfect, or it possesses some other quality commending it to his favorable consideration; the thorns never trouble his fingers in June when the roses are in bloom, and the bushes, even hid in their straw shelters, have a beneficent influence. I have known him to admire a black baby, and shall never forget the delighted surprise he once exhibited on touching a pickaniny's cheek and discovering how dainty the dark skin felt—"as delicate as any white baby's," and "You never saw a white baby with such beautiful eyes."

When Bristow built his cottage he selected an east and south exposure. His friends remonstrated.

"Don't you know, Bristow, how hot the sun beats down on summer days in Colorado? Why, man, you'll melt."

"Don't you know," says Bristow in exchange, "that on the warmest day all you have to do is to get into the shade and you will be cool?"

"But how the sun will glare in at those south windows."

"Yes, and its glare is invariably tempered by the soft south wind. In the winter, when the sun is welcome, one has less ice and snow on the sidewalk. Our beautiful mother gives us always compensations."

From cellar to garret Bristow contended and felt obliged to give reasons—what a queer house it would have been had he followed the fraternal and diverse suggestions! One would have no cellar because cellars are unhealthy, another insisted upon a cellar under the entire structure. One was opposed to garrets because garrets are places for refuse and are sanctuaries for rats and mice. Another liked a garret because it was pleasantly associated in his mind with damp days, while still another deprecated garrets because of youthful tribulations yet lingering in his memory—Bristow's garret is immense. Open fireplaces and grates were dirty, said one, and a source of misery to the light of the house. One man's wife, insisted the protestant, had applied for a divorce because of grates. Steam heat, another insisted, threatened leaks and was not uniform; hot air, declared another, was conducive to drafts and pneumonia. Bristow has grates and the sunshine lingers about the house on cloudy days.

But what could have moved Bristow to introduce such an odd window in the west gable, a window at least 6ft. long horizontally, and 18in. high! One single light of absolutely perfect French plate; it marred the appearance of that entire end of the house. They concluded that Bristow was a man of odd fancies and he was allowed the window under protest. This window served as one of the outlooks of the owner's den; the south window, of an ordinary pattern, commanded a view of the electric light swinging at the intersection of the streets, and afforded opportunities for the study of the shadows from the foliage of the elms on summer night and of the ghostly limbs in winter. This den was 20ft. long, perhaps by 12 in width, had a low ceiling, a mantel and a grate, and the walls were done in terra cotta. There was a flat top desk at the end furthest from the odd-looking window, where Bristow was wont to work upon occasion or read with the desk for a foot rest. Along one side were book cases, conveniently low and well-filled, while above an engraving or two relieved the plainness of the walls. Over the mantel was a broken trout rod, preserved as a memento, and above it a portrait, in oil—the portrait of a beautiful woman with a wealth of love in the brown eyes for the little four-year-old on the same canvas, who looked up into the brown depths confidently, yet with a ripple of mischief on his rosy face. A variety of pipes lying on the mantel and a Japanese jar hinted of delightful solace of winter nights, when it stormed outside and the grate was indeed grateful in warmth and invited one to dreams. And dreaming was a weakness of Bristow's.

He stood at the south window for a half hour one evening, leaning against the side, watching the snowflakes silently falling aslant between him and the arc light. Then he drew down the curtain, turned out the lamp on his desk, possessed himself of a great easy chair in front of the grate and with his head comfortably resting, gave himself up to the contemplation of the faces above him. The glow from the fire seemed always to him to deaden the accessories of gown and headdress and to intensify the warmth of those faces, to give them an air of life looking out of the shadows and down at him, for no matter what position he took or what angle, the dark eyes seemed to follow him always with the same smile of loving tenderness. There crept into his soul a longing that was welcome, more earnest because in a sense unattainable and that expressed itself in the prayer:

"Backward, turn backward, oh Time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night."

Bristow uttered the appeal fervently, but still with a smile on his lips, such as the little one on the canvas might have worn in putting up a child's supplication, hardly fearing a denial, yet not certain of concession. The old trout rod caught his eye for an instant and served as a connecting link, resolving itself into a rude pole with a crook at the end and a bunch of worms dangling, that had in it a promise of fatal results to any stray eel inhabiting the brook that skirted abroad meadow. He saw the alder bushes with a wealth of berries, a grand old sycamore on the verge of the water, slightly turbid from a recent shower, and the little pool under the roots of the old tree. He saw the bait sink below the surface, felt the pole's point touch the bottom, and in a few moments the unmistakable seizure of the lure. Then he remembered the sudden elevation of the pole, a writhing eel in mid-air, and the shriek of a woman. A woman in a summer dress of white, dainty, clinging stuff, that enhanced the grace of every movement of the shrinking figure; her hands were extended to ward off the impending horror, and from one wrist dangled a broad-brimmed straw hat. And the face! a beautiful face! the forehead framed in a cluster of short dark curls, the red lips parted disclosing the white, even teeth, and the brown eyes magnificent in their expression of abhorrence. All this he caught as he turned at the shriek. When the captured fish loosened its precarious hold and dropped to the ground there was another half-suppressed cry of fear, a half turn and a hasty retreat of a few steps—the alarm was honest; she dared not stand still, or run away or come to him. Bristow often laughed as he went to her, and sighed now, with a smile on his lips, at the remembrance.

And again that face, always the same, was turned up to him as he clung with one hand, like a young monkey, to a swinging vine where the fox grapes hung beautiful and lush, and dropped into the extended pink palms a tempting cluster; the skins of some were broken by the fall, and the rich juice offered a contrast to the hands whose touch was unlike any other he had ever known. He could see the colors, the pink and white tinged with the delicate purple. He could see the broad meadow with its waving grass ripe for the harvest, and above all the sweet monitor happy as himself, standing there—the chief light in all the joys of that summer afternoon!

And again, after the lapse of years, the autumn leaves were falling and there was a weary head softly pillowed, with threads of silver here and there about the temples, yet to him there was no change in the beautiful face.

The quail were calling to each other out of the brush and tangle skirting the meadow as he stood in the midst. The dainty hues of the autumn twilight were giving way to darkness when he heard the familiar sound of wings. The approach was swift, whirring over the open; the little 12-gauge was quickly brought to the shoulder and directed at a bevy of a dozen or more flying close together; half the flock would come to grief, no doubt; they passed, the trigger was pressed, the hammer fell—it was the only response!

"It is the first time the caps have failed me," murmured Bristow. "It is not your fault, little gun—we have five—perhaps that is enough—she will need only one, maybe not that," he repeated with a sigh, just as he had spoken to himself a dozen or more years before.

And yet again, not after the lapse of years, but only after a little while, there came a change. The beautiful face was white and still, and there was no responsive light for a moment in the loving eyes, but only for a moment; and then, the shock passing, the face was the same as it had always been to him. With his own still upturned to it, he thought of the snow falling outside, and of one mound that was being covered, the one among many that claimed an interest for him, and he thought, with a little shiver, of the cold, the desolateness and the dreadful quiet, and the cry escaped him:

"Oh, mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore."

And then he was conscious of a noise outside his door, a fumbling at the knob, and then, brushing his hand across his eyes, and then of another looking over the first one's flaxen head.

"Come, Governor; come, Belle," and the apparitions in white responded by climbing into his lap and stretching out four pink feet that became transparent in the light of the glowing coal. "You have brought your stockings, I see," continues Bristow, adjusting himself and his pretty burdens to the situation.

"Is he sure to come?" inquires the Governor.

"Sure to come," Bristow affirms, and the sad weight in the aching heart flitted just as she wished that it should.

"Tell us a story, papa," pleads the Governor.

"Yes, tell us a story," echoes Belle.

Later, when the mythical visitor—no, when the mid-winter visitor—had accomplished his mission, his aides de camp lingered. The fire had burned low in the grate, and Bristow stood by the desk, one hand upon the lamp, taking a final survey of the offering that knows no sacrifice.

"Everything seems in place," he says gently, his arm finding its way around the figure at his side.

"How happy they will be," she answers, looking up. "It will be a love day—it has stopped snowing and the moon is shining brightly. Look!"

Bristow had extinguished the lamp, the room was quite dark, and they stood facing the odd window in the western gable. Thirty miles away Monte Rosa reflected the moon's rays, as she stood towering and white, garmented in her fresh Christmas robe; her summit was as clearly defined against the azure as it would be at midday, the deep gorge in her breast lying in shadow and marked by the glittering apex of a less pretentious mountain in front; the foot hills rising tier upon tier, to the grand range visible for miles, and yet seeming only rods to the enraptured onlookers. The magnificent picture was framed by the casing of the odd window.

Bristow is not averse to light exercise before breakfast, and in the crisp air of the morning he amuses himself sweeping the snow from the sidewalk. While so engaged he is hailed by Katie—Katie is the elder of four belonging to a widow neighbor who goes choring—she has put behind her barely ten summers, she has dark hair, blue eyes with freckles under them, a bit of a nose that seems a suggestion merely, teeth slightly prominent, an air beyond her years, and a cheery voice:

"A Merry Christmas, Mr. Bristow."

Bristow pauses in his work, straightens himself and pushes his hat back from his flushed forehead before he answers. When he does the smile on Katie's face brightens, if that is possible.

"A Merry Christmas, Katie, and many of them to you. Did Santa Claus call?"

"Didn't he, though, and you should see the turkey," as if the turkey were the crowning effort of the munificent visitor, "God bless Santa Claus, Mr. Bristow."

"Amen," says the other reverently, lifting his hat, and Katie retraces her steps, Bristow watching with head uncovered until she disappeared at the corner.

DENVER, Colorado. LEWIS B. FRANCE.

CAMERAS FOR STALKING GAME.

FOREST AND STREAM'S Amateur Photography Competition brought out many interesting pictures of wild animals and birds, most of them taken with ordinary cameras. The subject of stalking with a camera is one of especial interest to sportsmen, and several articles with reference to it have been published. In none of them was any special mention made of the kind of cameras best adapted for the purpose. Any one who gave the subject a moment's thought would realize that ordinary cameras are not well adapted for such work, and especially the modern wide angle hand cameras popularly classed as Kodaks. With these it is essential that the subject be very near the camera, as otherwise if it appears on the plate at all, it will be microscopic in size and of no value whatever as a picture. Except under unusual circumstances it is next to impossible to get near enough wild animals or birds to get a successful picture with such a camera, and of course this difficulty is more pronounced the smaller the animal or bird. It would be very interesting to know what kind of a camera Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan used in getting their remarkable pictures of American big game. The camera is not described in their book "Hoofs, Claws and Antlers," but it is shown in a picture of one of the authors. It is a tripod camera, and from the appearance of the photographs, together with the statement of distances at which they were taken, it is apparent that the lens is of very narrow angle. Elk at 200yds. show very distinctly in the photographs, and with almost as much detail as they would appear to the eye. Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan have been greatly favored by the perfectly clear air of the high Western plateau where the pictures were taken; and they seem to have also been favored by unusually unsuspicious game.

Their plan of procedure, at least for the near-by shost, seems to have been to lie in wait ambuscaded near some spring or game trail with the camera aimed and focussed on some likely spot and wait till the game walked into their trap. Such a method takes for granted both great patience on the part of the photographers and a great abundance of subjects. Lacking either it would be impractical.

An English writer in the *Photogram*, who has done very creditable work in photographing birds and small animals in their native haunts, found the tele-photo lens best adapted for his purpose. His subjects were too small for even the best long focus lens; and he found the great magnifying power of the tele-photo necessary for success. The size of the image with this lens is for all practical purposes only limited by the length of the camera. It is really a telescopic lens, and enlarges the game before the image is impressed on the sensitive plate, thus reversing Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan's process of enlarging from the negative. Increased magnitudes are secured by racking out the camera, and focussing is effected by a rackwork attachment on the lens itself. Magnification, however, is secured at the expense of rapidity. This is one of the greatest objections to this lens. As the writer remarks: "But while increasing the length of camera increases also the length of focus of the lens, the aperture necessarily remains the same; hence the full aperture, which, with a length of camera of 6½in. is equivalent to *f*9, becomes at a distance of 40in. equivalent to *f*49—not a very promising aperture for instantaneous work on an exceptionally badly lighted class of subject, especially when, to obtain the necessary definition, a stop may have to be inserted, reducing the size of aperture still further."

He gives the following details with reference to his camera:

"My first attempts were made with a whole plate camera, strengthened with a solid baseboard 24in. long, and with an extra rigid front. A connecting bellows was made to slide into the original front of the camera and the extra front (which was added in order to get the length required). A drop shutter was fixed on the hood of the lens; but, even with this solid baseboard and front, the jar of the shutter was too much on such a length of lens, and I had to replace it with a Thornton-Pickard shutter fixed behind the lens. This was an immense improvement and enabled me to obtain some good results, but I soon found that I could not make use of the full extension owing to the lengthened exposure necessary. In addition to this, the labor and waste of strength in dragging about such a heavy camera and stand, together with bag of spare plates, slides, extra lens, etc., etc., was so intolerable, and hampered me so much in getting over the ground, that I was perforce compelled to discard it and have a smaller and lighter camera specially made. This is a half plate extending to 13in., and closing to 1in.; very rigid, taking quarter-plates in Edwards' metal slides, and half-plate films in single cardboard slides. The Thornton-Pickard shutter was given up owing to the click in setting and releasing being objectionable sometimes at close quarters. Out of all the hundreds of shutters on the market I could find none which would give a true and moderately quick exposure at will, and yet be perfectly noiseless. I was consequently obliged to invent one for myself, and find it very useful. This is a vulcanite drop shutter, which does not project either above or below the camera front, working on a pivot and always set. The tripod must be perfectly firm, and adjustable for various heights."

To secure his more difficult subjects the writer adopted the plan of covering up both himself and the camera with a large green bag. Some such protection is necessary for tripod cameras, and for this reason it does not seem that they are best adapted for game stalking. The ideal camera for such a purpose is one that can be used as easily as a gun, and with some approximate degree of certainty. Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan frequently lost pictures owing to the fact that their camera was not aimed correctly and did not take in the subject they wished. The Englishman just quoted lost many pictures because his game would not wait while he made the necessary preparations for capturing its effigy. Under special conditions where sufficient time is at the stalker's disposal the tele-photo lens and camera would be of inestimable value; but for quick work and snap shots it is out of the question.

Billy Hofer, who used one of these cameras for photographing big game in the Yellowstone Park last winter, found that even over snow and using his largest stop his pictures were under exposed.

The ideal stalking camera should be a hand camera of long focus—say twenty inches. It should be provided with a ground glass for focussing on top of the camera. This ground glass should correspond in size with the plate used, and should at all times show the image of the game with regard to focus exactly as it will be given to the sensitive plate, necessitating an additional lens. The camera should be built to insure all attainable stiffness, and at the same time as light as possible. Under any conditions it would be heavy, as the lenses will be large. Such a camera will he ready for instant use. Running shots could be taken with great certainty and ease. Beside holding the camera steady it would be necessary only to keep one's eye on the ground glass and a hand on the focussing screw till the game was centered, and then the little finger could release the trigger, and barring casualties a picture would result. No estimate of distance would be necessary, and after a little experience one should he able to get a sharp focus almost instantly.

Referring again to the tele-photo, the English writer quoted gives some hints with regard to development which are of general interest for this class of work.

"Even when a decently exposed plate is secured, the development must be suited to the class of subject, most plates requiring all the contrast to be exaggerated; as, for instance, a rabbit on the bare sandy ground. or among grass and nettles; or a reddish or yellowish bird among green leaves in a heavy shadow. A delicate thin negative on such subjects would be quite out of place; a well restrained developer, with a double allowance of pyro, is needed to make the most of what little contrast there may be. It is almost impossible to get a full exposure on such subjects. It is a great drawback that isochromatic plates are so slow, as they would be most useful in rendering the correct color value of the birds. I have tried them and found them perfectly useless, never having yet heen able to obtain a negative with them capahle of giving a print. I have not tried them since reducing the length of camera, and thereby shortening the exposure required. Still, they do not compare in point of speed with the fastest hrands now made by the principal manufacturers, at least in my experience." J. B. Burnham.

IN NOVEMBER.

"Was there ever note so sweet,
Bob White! Bob—Bob White!
Tuned the hunter's ear to greet?
Bob White! Bob—Bob White!"

Willis, the big driver of the farm wagon sent to meet us, greeted our arrival with the cheerful information that his mules had decamped while he was nodding over his stove, pending the coming of the midnight express that had just deposited us and our belongings in the freezing November air, and gone upon its way puffing and groaning through the moonlight.

Tom A., our host, at whose generous invitation we had delightedly undertaken the journey for a bird hunt on his plantation seven miles from the station, is equal to most emergencies; but for once his store of expletives failed before so ill a stroke of malevolent fortune and needs must be bettered hy the combined efforts of Gene, H. and myself, that the pyrotechnic exhibition be sufficiently lurid to adequately meet the requirements of the situation. After a council of war, followed by a banquet at which nothing was lacking but viands and coffee, we released our dogs from their crates, cached our baggage, excepting the fragments left from the feast, and resolutely started out on a tramp toward quarters. Five miles of the distance were told without mishap, and then we discovered that a favorite dog, a young daughter of Kent Elgin out of Mack's Juno, failed to respond to the whistle. She had never been in the country before and we were afraid to abandon her to find the way to the plantation; so we retraced our steps two lengthened miles, whistling as we went, all to no purpose, as she had returned to the depot, where she was rescued by the repentant Willis, who had remained to search for his team.

About the time the stars gave promise of approaching day, foot-sore, weary and disconsolate withal, we reached a creek a mile from the plantation, only to find that the familiar foot-log expected to land us upon the further side, had disappeared, and a hasty search along the bank failed to reveal either substitute or make-shift that might perform a friendly office, and in safety bear our footing. Our disappointment was deep, not loud, and in sorrow more than anger we turned to gather fuel for a fire, against a possihility, most dire that men have shuddered at, that overcome of cold and hope deferred, we play the woman, and sit us down and weep.

Again the fragments from our banquet were called in requisition, and soon a mighty log-heap was aroar with flame. The past, was past—almost forgotten. Cold was a fable; hunger a myth, and beds for dalliance. We knew them not, nor sighed for other fortune than haply, this, that gave us leave here to recount our daring exploits by field and flood; swear history is prophecy, and bid our fellows mark how much more rich the future, brought to proof, than now our golden boasts. Each one had had his say, blown long and loud his horn, and when the blast was ended relapsed in silence, maybe, dreams, excepting Tom—his turn had come, along with the first gray lines in the east. Slowly he raised his head from off the friendly chunk that served him for a pillow; gravely began, as is beseeming in one who speaks of weighty deeds:

"In the day that shall vouchsafe for you something worth the doing, if, perchance, that day shall come, you boys will smile to think that once you spake of barnyard victories, and called them doughty deeds. It 'gars me greet,' but in the light of rich experience, gained from my happier fortune, truth schools my tongue to say your bags were hardly worth the count; your dogs hut curs—Great Scott! What is that?"

We sprang to our feet, and in alarm hastily glanced in the direction indicated by the trembling finger of our defamer. Shade of Dogberry! not twenty feet away the stream was nohly spanned by a foot-log, hewn and squared, full three feet broad. Solemnly, quietly, without even a smile, we extinguished our fire and renewed our march toward the plantation, where, in silence still unbroken, we slipped into bed and besought nepenthe in sleep.

It was noon when the cook aroused us for hreakfast, and after a comfortable meal we shouldered arms and sallied forth to attack Boh White in his coverts. No rain had fallen for several weeks; the grass was rank and the ground as dry as the proverhial powder house. The dogs worked well, however, and we had sufficient shooting to bag birds enough for breakfast the following day, to say nothing of unnumbered charges that encountered no resistance excepting air.

We were up with the lark to greet the morrow's rising sun, and in an hour thereafter were in the saddle. The day was perfect in its beauty, and but for the lack of water, every condition ideal for the sport. Added to this, our dogs were fresh and gallant rangers, with nose and speed and training. Half a mile from home expectancy was gratified as we beheld a dog, while slashing through a field of corn, wheel quickly to the left, and in an instant grow rigid as if carved from stone. The picture, finished when his mates were in, was grand indeed, and for a little withheld our murderous fire that left the covey less by three, and sent the others deep within a nearby wood, a covert safe and sure for all but one that hid from sight by a tuft of grass until a pointer, with a subtler sense, nosed him out and caught him where he lay.

We had just remounted to resume our hunt, when we chanced to see a splendid covey cross the turn-row and scatter widely in a cotton field. A few sharp whistle-calls wheeled the dogs to gun, and point on point came so fast, and such a deal of powder greeted every speeding wing, that we marveled little at the old and purhlind cotton-picking crane, who dropped her bag and fled, believing, as she told some folks who stood at gaze upon a neighboring hill: "De Ku Klux [sho dun cum ergin." Despite all this, not every bird that 'rose was brought to bag, and following one or two well marked in sedge, we caught the welcome calling of another covey in answer, as it proved, to a crippled member too weak to even keep the gentle pace assumed in passing to and from their feeding grounds. The dogs were quick to locate a luckless trio, gluttons loath to leave the luscious peas when that the rest were filled. Two made proud the happy man who scored a double on the rise; the other fell, a solace to the enemy that assailed his slower motioned friends. Some rods beyond, the remaining birds were found, but before our guns were close enough to kill, a yellow, yelping cur had slipped among our dogs unseen and flushed the game that settled in the sedge upon a hill fully half a mile away. So great their number, so scattered was their flight, so well we marked them down and so strong the cord the owner of that trifling cur interposed betwixt his pet and our virtuous threat to send him to some happier hunting ground, if even once again he sought to show his scorn of dogs unschooled to chase in this, our hope swelled high, anticipating unequaled sport to come. The opportunity was beyond our hope, but alas! so poor our aim, that more than once the hero of the double most of all, we all hethought in sorrow on the cur, or any feeble pretext that hopely might excuse the four successivee fuile charges that only served to accelerate the flight of several reckless birds that singly gave three men a chance to "wipe somebody's eye." To fill our cup of bitterness over full, a grizzled farmer, lean and long and lank, came riding by and paused to tell us that our shooting was more productive, far, of fuss than feathers; but to salve the wound his words of truth produced, he said that he would show us, in his field beyoud, the finest covey in the country—one that never heard a gun, and therefore, needed just the fright that we would give them to make them "ly to dog," against the time a friend of his could kill them.

The dogs made game almost upon the spot our friend averred we would find them; and at the rise more birds repaid our bettered aim than doubtless he expected we would tax the coveys. His applause, however, was generous and free; and sayiug he would hold our horses, he urged us to pursue them in the stubble, where they scattered nicely. Intent upon the sport, we failed to notice that he followed close behind us until the birds, flushing wild and circling back, began falling to our fusilade. Then by the half glance we had time to throw, we saw a dead bird pound that old hetraying farmer in the face, another strike the beast that bore him thither, while a cloud of feathers floated all around him as though to veil his shame. When the flight was done the smoke from the one hlack powder gun had lifted, we beheld our horses in the distance, a madly galloping mule bore a badly frightened granger beyond the reach of danger. Our turn to laugh had come. "God bless that sturdy old farmer, for he is a regular chump."

Fifteen minutes' ride brought us to another farm, where a colored "aunty," assisted by an impish horde of dusky offspring, was picking cotton close to splendid cover. Evidently she had encountered sportsmen from the town before and knew their tricks and manners. We gave her the "chaw o' manerfac" requested and asked about the birds.

"Lord er massy, yas sah! Heaps ob 'em all erroun' dat thicket ebry day."

"What kind, Aunty?"

"Yaller hammers, feelarks, jaybirds—"

The dogs were on a point, and our interest in the ornithology of the neighborhood concentered suddenly on quail. The covey proved a large one, and yielded generously to our bag.

"My King!" exclaimed our "aunty," "you all kin shoot. You's des fa'rly numbered. I des 'low'd ter ax yer ef didn't want ter buy sum patedges my boy cotch in er trap dis mornin', when yer foun' dat gang."

Further on we met a native hunting rabbits with a hound and musket, who volunteered to show a covey if we would repay his pains with a "load er two." The terms were easy and we quickly emptied shells enough to satisfy his avarice, demanding that he lead us to the slaughter. A mighty struggle through hrush and hriers almost impenetrable resulted in a single bird that wisely flushed far out of range and a rabbit that, in the language of our guide, was toppled over before he had time to say "dar she go." As we were departing this sable equivocator yelled after us:

"Hi, gemmen, I tecks yer whar dar's er nudder gang ef gim'e sum mo' loads!"

In answer we presented arms as if to deliver the desired ammunition at easy gunshot, hut our tormentor tumhling heels over head into a convenient hriar patch in a frantic effort to dodge behind a mammoth oak, we concluded that sufficient retribution had found him out and so left him wondering what effect our nitro powder, wadded with paper, would produce when fired from that rusty musket.

It was now the halcyon hour for shooting quail—the last of sunshine due the day. How many times could each of us recall, when birds were scarce, or hard to find, we had ahandoued hope and left the field but for the promise of this evening hour that seldom fails of recompense for those of energy and faith.

Passing to another field we rode into a covey feeding in the corn, that flushed and winged a graceful flight to what we thought to he their roosting ground, a plot of golden sedge, a hundred yards away. It proved Golgotha for the major part, as here, if not before, we found our solace for the poor success that hrought the farmer's scorn upon us, a few brief hours before. But one of all that rose before us escaped to answer with his piping treble the good-night calling that, from the other few unfound, would fill the twilight with plaintive melody. He too, no doubt had failed, but for the strange delusion of the gunner nearest to his flight that mistook him for a lark until a second glance, too late, responsive to our guying, convinced him that "it was a hird."

The day was done—at least, the actual zest of point and flush; of rapid aim and deadly trigger pull was past; its real pleasure just begun. For there was in the old plantation home a cavernous fire-place with a roaring log-heap lighted for our coming; a dinner on the tahle and an appetite to eat it that money could not buy. And there were pipes of comfort; a glorious bag to count and string for city friends. Last of all, and well accounted best, was the vigor thus renewed for months of arduous toil; health ohtained wherewith to strive for honor, wealth or bread; pleasant memories to heguile a many weary hours to come and friendships here begun and here revived to brighten life forever. Will Scribbler.

THE CAMP OF THE NIMRODS.

Manistee, Mich.—Prevented by the cares of business from taking my usual hunt with the Nimrod Club, I had to content myself with a flying visit to camp for one day. The club members are all young business men who cannot get away for any length of time. So the camp is always located within driving distance of the city. The hunting is not so good as further away, but we have to content ourselves with doing the best we can.

I found the camp, ahout fifteen miles out, located on the banks of a clear cold trout stream, where it was sheltered on all sides from the wind. As I descended the steep hill to the creek, my eye caught sight of three deer, a hig buck and two does, suspended from trees. As the boys had returned to town to vote, and had actually hunted but four days, they had made a good beginning.

To say that the camp was a "dandy," a "daisy" or anything else which in the current slang denotes superiority, does not express it. We have always had a nice camp, hut this went ahead of all previous ones. Proximity to the city enables us to take out many comforts and luxuries which can he done without on a pinch, but are extremely nice things to have.

Placed in a row on the bank of the creek were three tents, each one of which was set on the top of a hox, of its own size, formed of 2-inch plank set upon edge, to the height of 2ft. This made the walls 51in. high, and greatly increased the standing room inside. The "house" tent was a 12×20 and was furnished with a floor, wire spring cot beds for seven persons, with mattresses and pillows in abundance, sheet-iron heater, gunrack, wardrohe, large table and everything *à la mode*, not forgetting a keg of cider in one corner.

The cook tent, wherein presided Carl, a snuff-colored "gemman," presented an appearance of great style with its ample stove, set in a box filled with sand, neat lockers and cupboards for dishes and cooking utensils, and long dining tahle with a white oilcloth cover, and benches alongside. Carl was an artist in the culinary line and the dishes which he set up, considering what he had to do with, were worthy of a French chef. Eaten with hunger sauce they were enjoyed by us as nothing ever served to pampered appetites could be. The third tent served as quarters for the horse which was kept there for dragging in deer and for taking trips to the city. Everything about all the tents was as neat as wax and afforded such a contrast to the condition of things in neighboring camps that the outfit was known as the "dudes' camp." The "dudes," however, had none the worst of it in the show of game at the end of the season.

I met with a hearty welcome, and after viewing and duly admiring the camp, was taken in to dinner. This over Bob kindly piloted me out through a mile or two of old pine choppings to some green timber which grew on edge of a large swamp. The choppings had all been swept by forest fires during the summer and the only feed for the deer was in the swamps and along the streams. Posting me upon the top of a cone-shaped sand-hill which commanded a view of a considerable portion of the swamp, Bob went off to his own stand further away. There were plenty of hunters near the upper edge of the swamp and it was expected that the deer in fleeing from their pursuers there would come toward our end.

The day had so far been warm and pleasant, but now the wind began to blow from Lake Michigan, not half a mile away, and the air momentarily grew keener. The surf on the beach, at first only a gentle murmur, grew louder and louder as the wind increased in force until it became a steady roar. The sun disappeared in huge bank of clouds and soon a few fugitive flakes of snow came drifting into my face. A few moments later a veritable blizzard was getting in its work, and mindful of my lonely drive home I concluded to start for camp.

Straightening up from my half recumbent position in the lee of a big stump, I began to stamp my chilled feet and thrash my numbed hands together when, whew! bump! bump! crash! bump! crash! sounded from my rear. Wheeling around, I got a dissolving view of a white flag disappearing in the whirling snow. To snatch up my rifle and let go a couple of times in the direction from whence the "bumps" were coming down wind was all I could do. For all I know that deer is going yet.

I suppose the deer had been prowling around in the slush, and on the approach of the storm had made for cover. Coming down wind it was right upon me when I stood up. That first snort of surprise and fear sounded very close.

Consoling myself with the reflection that the deer had no business to come sneaking up in my rear that way, I stumbled back to camp as best I could in the fast-gathering darkness and blinding snow. Reaching it at least, I hurriedly hitched up my old nag and put out for home.

That was a nice trip. Figure to yourself, as our French friends say, two miles of old logging road leading through a clump of fire-killed timber, and blocked every few rods by fallen trunks, around which the boys had made a crooked path which was barely discernible by daylight. Imagine a hard-mouthed brute of a livery horse, unaccustomed to country roads and anxious to get home to his warm stall, which pulled on the bit with all his might in his endeavor to strike a 2:40 gait on such a road, which was either blind or regardless of such minor obstacles as trees, stumps and fallen trunks.

Think of the wildest, nastiest, coldest night that you ever saw, and then think of me out in such a night, on such a road, and with such a horse!

Having nearly wrecked the wagon a dozen times; having used up all my matches in vain attempts to discover the track; having felt about for it on my hands and knees, scratching my face and tearing my clothes, I finally gave it up as a bad job, hitched the old fool of a horse to a tree and went back to camp for help.

Bob, who had come in, kindly took a lantern and piloted me out to the main traveled road. Even when straightened out for home on a fairly straight and good road, that horse would not keep in the track, and wanted to take every cross road that he came to. This he finally managed to do while passing through a thick piece of woods, and the next thing I knew the wagon was bouncing over the ties of an old logging railroad. I had to get out, unhitch the horse and turn the wagon around, hitch up again and feel my way out. Had not the storm lulled for a few minutes and the moon peeped out from behind the clouds, I must have spent the night there in the woods. I finally got home, having been over five hours on the way. Had I a deadly enemy, I would try to get him off in the woods with that horse on a dark night.

F. A. MITCHELL.

A DAY IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Every sportsman and true lover of nature can recall many scenes and experiences of lake, wood and forest, that seem to live as bright spots in the memory long after more important events have been forgotten. The remembrance of the first success of every lover of outdoor sports is always long to be remembered.

It was an almost perfect day, a dim haze slightly obscured objects at a distance, and the warm sun made the air in the woods seem almost perfection; it was not the hot burning sun of an August day in the city, for there was a delicious coolness in the air, which to one tired of city work and bustle was very refreshing.

My guide and myself had left camp about 4 o'clock in the afternoon; we followed the shore of the lake to the upper end, and ascending the ridge we followed the trail on top, and in a few minutes descended to the shore of another of those innumerable ponds with which the Adirondacks abound.

The two ponds were about 100yds. apart, and connected by a little rivulet, which at this season of the year was almost dry. The guide took the larger pond in the canoe, while I followed the shore of the smaller one, and after reaching a point opposite where a deer had been seen a few days before, I sat down near the water's edge and waited. The opposite shore was fringed with low bushes which extended out into the pond several rods.

I had lost a shot the day before from the canoe, because my guide thought a .32-40 cartridge was too small for deer, and insisted on trying to get near enough to use buckshot. However, I had had enough experience with the penetration of my little Daly, that I now determined that if a deer showed itself I would find out whether my "third barrel" was of any use or not.

The rays of the setting sun threw a flood of light on the opposite shore, while the deep, cool shadows of the trees above me made the scene an ideal one; there was only one drawback and that was "punkies." The little pests seemed to think I was there for their especial benefit and it took liberal doses of "fly medicine" to convince them to the contrary.

The solitude and stillness of the woods seemed delightful, when all at once I heard a sound which set my nerves tingling, and I had a decided attack of "buck fever," a slight rustling of a leaf had come to my ears from the further shore; but after trying in vain to catch sight of the animal that made the noise I came to the conclusion it was of no consequence and that no animal the size of a deer could reach the pond through the open woods without my seeing it.

Suddenly I had a relapse, and my second attack of "buck fever" was worse than the first, for right opposite me I could see the top of a doe's back over the bushes, calmly wending her way to the water's edge.

When she reached the open water her head and neck only were visible; I raised my gun and aimed for her head, but I knew from the way my hand trembled I must wait for a body shot or our camp would still be without venison.

After "slashing around" for a few minutes the doe suddenly disappeared, but I could tell from the sound she was headed for the woods again; she soon appeared on a little knoll a short distance from the water; knowing this was my opportunity I held for the shoulder and fired, the doe gave a sudden jump of surprise and stopped, not knowing the direction of the sound; her delay was fatal, for quickly breaking my gun and slipping in another shell I made the quickest shot of my life, and saw her flag drop and she pitched forward out of sight behind the bushes at the water's edge.

I soon had the guide's assistance and we carried the meat into camp, where I received the congratulations of the rest of the party. My first shot had missed her entirely, but the second had hit her in the shoulder and passed clear through her body, breaking her neck. There is no question but that a larger bullet gives a greater shock, but if a man can have only one gun and wants something for all kinds of game I think that the three-barrel is the ideal weapon.

The beautiful picture of the grand old woods, the deer standing in the open space across the pond, with the rays of the setting sun shining on her bright red coat, is one that will always live in my mind's eye and be recalled with unalloyed pleasure.

T. G. W.

MONSTROUS BIRD WITHOUT FEATHERS

ON Christmas eve the annual session of the Birds' Debating Society was held in Birch Hollow. It was quite a mournful meeting, for there were a good many empty twigs. All the fashionable birds, and birds who did not like the climate, and birds who pined for good society, had winged their way to the sunny South. That fine old country gentleman Mr. Woodcock had gone with all his family weeks and weeks ago. Mr. Jack Snipe, the dizzy young sport, had ceased his drunken revels in the neighborhood and left for Florida by the Air Line. Mr. Bluejay, a dapper young dandy of a musical turn of mind, but who really had the worst voice on record, had flitted away in company with Mr. Yellow Hammer and Mr. Bobolink. Even such nobodies in the social world as the Swallows, the Sparrows, the Robins, the Martins and the Wrens, and people like the Plovers, the Cranes and the Herons, who never were happy unless they were making a spread at watering places, had joined the common exodus.

So it was not at all surprising that the meeting of the society was somewhat slimly attended. However, Mr. and Mrs. Birch Partridge and Mr. and Mrs. Spruce Partridge, with all their surviving children, were present, as well as Professor Cock Partridge, the patriarch of the tribe, who looked so wise and aged that he was unanimously elected to the chair. The chaplain, Dr. Crow, asked a blessing in a somewhat doleful tone. Miss Snowbird presided at the organ, accompanied by Mr. Woodpecker on the drum. Quite a rumpus was kicked up by two very disreputable characters, Mr. Hen Hawk and Mr. Cat Owl, in the rear of the hall, and the absence of the policeman, Mr. Kingbird, was greatly felt.

Order was restored at last and all the birds gave close attention to the address or lecture of the chairman, which was regarded as the chief feature of the evening. Prof. Cock Partridge was not only a great scientist, but his experience in the practical affairs of life had been so vast that his opinion on any subject was received with much respect. On this occasion his address was regarded with peculiar interest, because it was entitled "A Bird Without Feathers." We are indebted to Mr. Moose Bird for the following full report, he having, as there was nothing else to steal, carried off the manuscript of the Professor:

"The largest bird known to science," said the Professor, "strange to say, has no wings and no feathers. He must be a bird because he has only two legs to stand upon and sometimes less. He is called Man. When he was a full-fledged bird, ages and ages ago, he was called by the name of Angel, unto which state he expects, it is said, some day to return. There are many records of this Angel-bird having once existed, with wings of wondrous length, bnt as he had not the wherewithal to steer or direct his course, it is hard to believe that he was ever able to fly.

"Now, this Man-bird is a very clumsy, stupid bird indeed; yet, as he is very malicious and destructive, I wish to tell you of some of his habits that you may take warning and beware of him. I think he must be classified as a migratory bird, for he has no settled habits and is only to be seen in the forest at certain seasons of the year. Within those seasons he appears to be inspired with the most malignant hatred and animosity toward our family and, I believe, toward the Woodcock and Snipe families as well, which rage of his would be perfectly harmless but for a certain tube of iron he carries with him from which he throws a shower of leaden pills with fatal effect. He is said to have a love for the beautiful in nature, yet he seems to be jealous of all other birds who share that feeling. On many and many a sunny day before now I have been drumming on a hollow log as happy as a king, when I have suddenly caught sight of this monster creeping toward me with his deadly tube.

"I could not begin to name to you the members of the Partridge family whom he has destroyed with these flying pills during my time. One of my earliest recollections is the loss of both of my parents and no less than six of my brothers and sisters in one short day by the work of this cruel bird. Yet he is, as I have said, both clumsy and stupid; for even with his tube and pills his deafness and blindness and lack of brain would render him harmless and helpless but that he is accompanied by a dog which guides him to his prey.

"The curious scientific question at once arises: Why does this monstrous bird fly into such a passion at the sight of one of the Partridge family? Is it that he is jealous of having lost his power of flight? Is it because he is ravenous with hunger? Or is it that he conceives that we have done him a mortal injury? I am free to say that no question is so abstruse, and none has so puzzled the Partridge family from the earliest recorded times. It does not seem reasonable that the Man-bird should need us for food, for he is invariably equipped with a huge bag or pocket, in which there is far more food than he and his dog combined are able to consume. Moreover, when he has wholly emptied his bag, this singular bird continues to refresh himself from a long black cylinder, or bottle, which he never travels without, and which produces on him the most peculiar effects. I cannot believe, therefore, that he requires us for food, for he has plenty of it with him. Moreover, when he has slain us he does not devour us as a hungry animal would, but merely lugs our mangled forms away.

"It follows, I think, that his hatred to us is the result of a sense of injury. Now, to say wherein he can with reason consider himself to have been injured by the Partridge family, is not easy. I cannot but think, however, that he is enraged because we are so wont to laugh at him and his funny ways. Certain it is that our family has ever been noted for possessing a keen sense of the ridiculous, and it cannot be denied that no subject has moved us to uncontrollable laughter like this absurd and homely Man-bird. To see him dashing madly by us when we are not a yard above his head; to see him mistaking a root or a knot in a tree for us and hurling his pills in a rage thereat; to hear him crashing and falling through the brush and brake in a totally different direction from where we are; to hear the words of wrath and fury he employs at every petty mishap that befalls him, and, finally, to behold him late in the day resting from his labors and oiling his inner works with copious draughts from the cylinder—these things indeed have afforded, and will continue to the end of time to afford, us mirth unspeakable.

"In general appearance the Man-bird is by no means beautiful. Upon his head there is a false covering which he removes at will, and beneath this is a thin layer of hair, which in one Man-bird will be black, in another brown, in another gray and in another entirely gone! His eyes also differ in color, and, in many cases, late in the afternoon, are well-nigh closed. His jaws are covered with coarse bristles, which serve the purpose of protection, I suppose, as in the case of the porcupine. Certainly, these bristles can be shed at will without ill effects to the owner, for I have seen the same Man-bird now with quills and now without.

"The beak of this singular bird is a shapeless knob, useless for the purpose of pecking or of scent. It is often of a deep crimson hue, as though illumined with hidden fire. The whole body of the bird is concealed in a loose, fibrous skin of a brown or yellowish color, which he can shed at will. Why the Man-bird prefers to cover himself even in the hottest days of summer with this heavy coating has never been found out. If the residue of his body is as homely as his face, however, I doubt not that the Man-bird has the best of reasons for hiding himself from the public view.

"A singular fact about the Man-bird is that he seems to have no mate, or hen. No female Man-bird has ever been seen with him in the forest. I am obliged to mention, however, that there once lived an old member of the Partridge family who said that he had seen the hen bird on one occasion on the edge of a field. He said that she had no quills on her jaw, that her tongue was long and flexible, that her lower limbs were invisible, that she carried a kind of canopy over her head to shed the rays of the sun, and that the Man-bird, though thrice her size, seemed very much afraid of her. He said, also, that she took the cylinder of the Man-bird away from him, and seized him by the ear and led him home. But all this is so absurd a story that I think we may safely conclude that this ancestor of ours was dreaming, or joking, or in his dotage.

"A very singular fact, which I had almost forgotten to mention, is that the Man-bird in his travels is ever accompanied by a small stove or furnace which he carries in his mouth for the purpose of warmth. When he has not this furnace in his mouth it is because he desires to oil himself with the cylinder, and as soon as the cylinder is removed the furnace is again applied. I cannot pretend to give you a good reason for this, but it has established beyond all doubt the fact that the Man-bird is fire as well as water-proof, and hence he is classified in science by some observers as *Homo bibulus*, by others as *Homo igneus*. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your very kind and patient hearing."

PROWLER.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Dec. 26.

JUG FISHING FOR CATFISH.

OUR camp was pitched at my favorite spot, the "three maples," so named because three giant soft maple trees grew in a clump at this particular spot. They had been bent over when small, probably by a falling tree or maybe by the ice in the spring rise of the river. At any rate they bowed down until their tops almost touched the ground, and all the limbs grew straight up, forming a sylvan arch high enough to pitch a tent under and throwing a cool shade that was a most inviting lounging place on a hot day.

The savory odor of sundry Bob Whites toasting to a beautiful seal brown over the camp-fire pervaded the air, and the sleepy-heads were just taking a morning plunge in the silent river which glided past in front of camp.

At last night's council around the camp-fire the programme had been decided on for to-day. This meant that Ed and I were to "jug" for "catties" to our hearts' content, while the rest of the boys foreclosed a few mortgages which they professed to hold on the squirrel population over in the Cub Creek woods.

Ed is about half Siwash and the other half just hunter, fisherman and general good fellow, but a better companion on a hunt or cruise I have given up looking for. He thoroughly understands nature, is silent, quick to see and note everything, and understand it, too; never complains nor shirks his share, in short a companion to go with if you want to enjoy every minute of your time in the woods. And I, well I have trained with the noble red man so much that I'm able to wear a blanket with the best of them, and lose my tracks to a trailer about as quick, too, if I don't want him following me.

This is the pair who loaded twenty-five jugs into the light canoe and paddled out on the smooth face of the Big Blur that morning, while the trees still covered it with long shadows, and the morning mists were drifting slowly upward.

Our jugs had each a 4ft. line, sinker and 6.0 hook attached, and were tightly corked to keep the water out. While I manipulated the paddle Ed baited these hooks with a choice lot of minnows and frogs caught the day before and kept confined in a floating minnow basket.

Splash! Overboard they go one after another until the whole twenty-five jugs float placidly away down stream in "company front," and we drop behind to be within reach if one gets to doing a "funny turn."

Drifting along in this lazy placid fashion is about the only living definition of that time honored saying: "It takes a lazy man to catch fish," that I know of.

We drift, drift, drift, until Ed straightens up, adjusts his lank proportions to the bends of the canoe and digs his paddle deep in the water with that silent, powerful stroke of his which makes a canoe "jump."

My added strength makes the light craft fairly fly a we head for a jug which is bobbing around like mad, now rushing along on top, now diving below the surface leaving nothing but a broadening ring to be broken some where as the jug pops up again. We have almost reached it, and Ed lays forward with outstretched hand ready to

grasp it, when down it goes again. "Back water! Hard a-starb'rd!" says Ed, and I bring the canoe around to the new course. There he goes! I urge the canoe after the fleeing jug and it goes down again just out of reach. "Hold her," says Ed, and I back water hard to wait for the jug again. "Port, hard!" from Ed sends me after our prize again, and this time I get the pesky thing within reach of that long arm that sticks out like a bowsprit over the bow. "Steady, I've got him; dandy, too," chirps Ed, as he tumbles aft and gets the fish alongside, where I soon get the landing net under him, and he tumbles in over the side, flirting about a bucketful of water over us as he does so. We have a six-pounder for our first prize, and baiting up chuck the jug back after another.

A hundred yards further down stream three jugs begin doing a ghost dance about the same time and we capture two more fish.

Thus we drift along mile after mile, lazy and monotonous enough at times, exciting at others, picking up a nice fish here and there, at which Ed utters an occasional "ugh!" that means he is satisfied.

About eight miles below camp he says, "Let's klatawa, I want to eat," and as I have just tightened my belt, I answer, "Nowitka," so we load the jugs and point her nose for the shady side of the stream on an eight-mile journey that means a very late dinner. Ed makes a good picture as he works the bow paddle with an easy, graceful and noiseless dip, swinging along mile after mile like a machine, and about as tireless, too.

Our catch for the trip amounts to about 40lbs. of good catfish, which won't last very long among a healthy, hungry crowd like us.

Ed remarks *sotto voce*, as he rakes a live coal on the top of a fresh pipeful, "Nothing very 'sporty' 'bout this lay-out, but it's a skunkum way to get fish when you don't feel like working hard for 'em." He sized it right, too. Billy, nicknamed "Poo Gee," from his favorite adjective reports a "gick-a-loo-den" time among the squirrels, but has only three skins to show for his day's fun. Billy always was peculiar anyway, especially in his ideas of sports afield; he would rather watch a squirrel from some hiding place, "just to see what it's going to do next," than to shoot it. He never brought in a very big bag, but he could always find just the game he went after, even if everybody else said there wasn't any "within a thousand miles." I wonder how Billy could tell.

El Comancho.

MY VACATION.

The man of wealth takes his vacation when he pleases; the professional man takes his whenever he can get it, and thanks his lucky stars that he gets any. It is not hard to imagine which of them enjoys their outing the most. Fortunate man, the writer was able to get away from the sick and the ailing this fall, owing to the need of a professional friend for something to do that would take him into the country; and not being blessed with a love of field sports, this *sui generis* assumed the burden of my work and seemed to enjoy the novelty, while I, forsooth, with several hundred cartridges and a cylinder 12 gun, bade good-bye to wife and babies and departed for a town in West Virginia, where there was a genuine old-time sportsman's welcome waiting for me. Hereafter is the tale of my week of rest; what his was, is, as Kipling says, another story.

In years gone by it was a habit of mine to go to Virginia each fall, and there, in company with some choice companions, spend a few days following dogs without much pedigree but with lots of field sense, and during the time spent in the Old Dominion not only regain exhausted strength, but return home with a better opinion of mankind in general; the hospitality was so generous, the life so full of pleasure and so free of care, the sport so excellent, everything combining to make the vacation a "thing of joy." Then it all changed; the old families went away, others richer in money but very much poorer in hospitality came in to take their places; the farms where I had hunted each season a welcome guest, were posted to all but a favored few; the game itself, as if disgusted at the new order, was not as it was in the old days, and for two years past this one reason, with others of a weightier nature, has prevented anything like an extended leave of absence from home. Hereabouts we are cursed with lots of game laws without means of enforcing the same, and being so close to Baltimore, our country is overrun with hordes of ruthless men who kill everything with fur or feathers that they can get a shot at, and boast of their bag as though it was something to be proud of. But to come back to West Virginia.

All through Jefferson county the residents are more careful of their game supply than in any other section I have ever shot over; it is not strange that with this sort of protection and the natural topographical condition of this part of the State, the best supply of Bob White is practically inexhaustible, and the entire county is a great game preserve. Every farm is posted, and the posting means business, for every land owner has no fear of prosecuting trespassers, and does it conscientiously when they start in, hence very little hunting is done by the idle of the neighborhood, if there be any such, and strangers need not apply unless vouched for by some one of responsibility, then the doors are opened wide. The country is a grand, open, rolling arena, full of picturesque views, and dull would be the man who could shoot here and not feel the influence of Dame Nature as he passes from one beautiful picture to another in search of his game.

Though only slightly acquainted with the gentleman under whose hospitable roof I stayed, the free-masonry of sportsmanship made us both warm friends before the clock had struck very many times after my arrival, and as I came to know him more thoroughly it was not hard to see why his wife fell in love with him. There was another, a sort of Damon to my friend's Pythias, a scholarly gentleman whom it was a pleasure to know, and with these two I went afield; there was another I had almost forgotten, shame be to me for forgetting Belle, she of the soft blue coat, the long pedigree, the great brown eyes and best of all such grand field qualities. Ah, me, we read of such dogs, but rarely find them outside of books; this was a reality, however, and no one but the departed Tracy with his magical pencil could do her justice. We go hunting with dogs and half the time fail to realize how much of our enjoyment depends upon their work; and after seeing the marvelously clean and clear cut work of this dog I can appreciate the truth of the suggestion made by an old sportsman when he said, "Give me a $400 dog and a $10 gun rather than a costly weapon and a cheap dog."

Now to the shooting. Tuesday came and duly equipped we three men and the dog with another handsome young Gordon bitch walked out of the town limits about a mile, and in a stubble next to the broad pike, a small covey rose wild, out of which we got two birds later; one over a stylish point of Belle, the only one the dogs found so scattered was the entire covey; the other bird was walked up. Here I saw a sample of the kind of men with whom I was in company; when Belle struck this bird, I was invited to step up and take the shot, a courtesy offered many times times afterwards and I am afraid too often taken advantage of.

The next covey was found in an adjoining field in some tall grass and a beauty it was. Both dogs stood handsomely and a trio of birds fell when the covey rose. Here we were joined by two other gentlemen; and not having dogs, they were also invited to take their turn as our dogs pointed. Hunting over this farm we passed over ground where no less than five coveys had been located besides those we did find and not a feather could we strike; it was rather warm, one dog, the Gordon, became sick and Belle was just recovering from a severe cut in one foot, so that having enough birds to give us a taste each it was decided to return home shortly after lunch and hunt another direction the next day we went after birds.

Wednesday had been appointed for a grand rabbit hunt in what was known as "Scrabble Woods." About three o'clock on the morning of that day, two gentlemen from some distance back in the country, drove up to our house and naturally when we found who they were it was an easy task to get up and join them about the stove. These were two brothers by the name of Henry and two better men never stepped in shoe leather. Full of fun, fond of hunting, especially Bre'r Rabbit, it did not take long to get acquainted and time flew until the hour arrived to start. It was something of a drive to get to our destination but it was well worth a longer drive.

Picture a piece of pines and scrub oak and rocks and general rough country, wild as though man was unknown, a stretch perhaps three miles long and half as wide, full of a picturesque kind of place called "sink holes," and the reader can get a sort of idea as to "Scrabble Woods." This was a notorious place for bunny and we struck enough trails to warrant the fact of game being there; but we were handicapped somewhat in having two of my pack with us, both straight-legged dogs and good samples of chain lightning; the other three were bassets and too slow where my dogs were too fast, so such rabbitts as were started were run into sink holes before a gun could do much damage.

Later in the day we got into a section where the dogs had a better chance and killed six before we took up for home. Inquiry at the place where we left our horses developed the fact that thirty-five rabbits had been killed in this woods the day before by a party from Martinsburg, which was some excuse for our bad luck; there being no law on rabbits in this county they are hunted from September to March, and only the numerous places of refuge save them from extermination.

Thursday my friend and I had it all to ourselves, our other friend being unable to get away from his business; his dog was quite sick so Belle was our only dependence, and nobly did she get down to her work. Our first point of departure was a large stubble where at least one covey was known to be, and Belle struck it almost before we were ready for it; we took five birds from this covey and while looking for stragglers the bitch roaded up to another which paid toll and dropped into a small woods; these were followed up and some found, but the large majority seemed to have evaporated. Taking to the field again to look up one bird marked down, we found another tremendous covey that also went to the woods, and then such sport as we had. The leaves were too dry to permit first-class work from the dog, but the amiable Doctor was a grand cover shot, and in such fast company he would be a chump who did not keep up his end. The result was a fine bag of some of the largest birds it has ever been my good fortune to see, and when we halted to rest and counted eighteen of these beauties it was moved and carried by unanimous vote to quit and go home; enough was as good as a feast.

Friday was a very warm day and men and dog played out very soon, the great feature of the morning being a point made by the bitch on a bird in a fodder shock, which we held until we tore the shock to pieces, the bird flushing when the last bundle of fodder was turned over, and being killed by a quick snap shot just as it curled over the nearby fence. Some may say she stood the foot track of the bird, but she never did stand such tracks, and it seems to me well worthy of record that such a staunch point was made in rank fodder on such a hot day.

Saturday was a *dies non* on account of rain, but the next Monday was an ideal day, though still warm, and on starting out both my companions gave me fair warning that they were after me and that it would be necessary for me to shoot like Dr. Carver to get in the game at all. One of these gentlemen being one of the best shots I have ever hunted with and the other by no means "a slouch," this was laying out a large-sized contract, but what matters the bag if the sport is good? Both dogs showed up this morning fit to run a race for money, and after drawing one or two promising fields blank both dropped to a grand covey that split as they rose, and flying high and wild finally crossed the road and dropped into a woods; from this covey we took six fine big fellows and leaving the remainder started across the same field from which we had flushed them, and here the blue bitch roaded up to another smaller covey, the black backing in great shape. We could not see just where they went but took the direction and soon began finding them in a rather thick clearing, and if the truth is told no one covered himself with glory. While we were working in this cover the tail end of a blizzard set in and such birds as were found in the open went off like rockets. Still we got one now and then until having an even dozen, and a storm seeming imminent our way was taken homeward and my vacation was over. The tale is not gory, no enormous bags were made, but the satisfaction of such hunting in company with royal good fellows, good dogs and a reasonable number of birds in a grand country is not that the *summum bonum* of sport?

So much for this vacation; if the reading of these words give some one who did not have an outing a little pleasure the object of the writer is fulfilled.

Ellicott City, Md Samuel J. Fort, M.D.

UNCLE RUSTY AND OLD SILE.—I.

A Backwoods Correspondence.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

I was fishing Marcy Brook late one afternoon in August. It was a gray day—and even at that altitude, intensely close. But the trout were feeding and I could not leave them, and so hurried on despite the hour and the approaching storm, even further up the brook to fish the flume.

Reaching the flume I became absorbed in casting, and was only awakened from my reverie by the water dripping from the edge of my old felt hat. I looked up between the walls of rock that closed in about me, and saw the black masses of clouds sailing past. Then a blinding flash of lightning, a crash of thunder, and down came the rain. I unjointed the rod and pushed into the woods.

Then it was that I realized I had fished too late. The position of the opposite peak told me my camp at the Upper Ausable was a good five miles below, and there was scarcely half an hour's daylight left. I must make the best of it. Suddenly there came another ugly flash—a crackle of thunder, and the rain fell in white sheets, through which the nearest trees glimmered like ghosts, their giant arms beating about them as the wind roared through the forest. Then I remembered a deserted trapper's shanty up a little brook that tumbled into the big stream a few yards above, and after floundering over a succession of wind slashes, I reached the brook, and just at dusk found the shanty.

It looked cheerless enough as it stood there half buried in a tangle of wild blackberries and fallen spruces.

Hedgehogs and the smaller rodents had played havoc with the dirt floor, burrowing under the logs, and the water streamed through two great cracks in the soggy bark roof. I succeeded in finding a dead stump, and soon had a rousing fire going in the dry corner of the cabin. After this things looked brighter, and even the old shell of a shanty seemed cosy. Before long the rain ceased, and a chipmunk, curious to fathom the mystery of the fire and my being there, scampered over the roof, shaking down little bits of bark as he ran. There are two things that I always try to keep in the pockets of my fishing clothes—one, plenty of matches wrapped in waterproof paper, and the other—salt. I went down to the brook and dressed my fish, and as I sat toasting myself before the blaze, there came stealing over me that feeling of satisfaction that only comes after a hard day's fishing, when you look back and remember the wet, and the time you tumbled and barked your shins, or how you lost your biggest fish, and as I gave a half-pounder a final turn over the coals, my eye caught a scrap of paper sticking out from between two logs close to the roof. It proved to be a bundle of letters, for the most part mouldy and water soaked, yet still legible. Upon examination one half were signed "Sile." These were in pencil, evidently labored scrawls preparatory to a final letter in ink, an operation that must have consumed a considerable amount of time. Those from Connecticut were carefully stowed away in their original envelopes bearing the following address:

Uncle Sile Prouty,
Deweyville,
Hamilton County,
New York.

Alone as I was, I need not tell you that old weather beaten package proved a godsend.

I shall never forget my delight as I read letter after letter. They must have belonged to an old trapper named Prouty who once lived in Deweyville—dead these twenty years? Those who knew him, I am told, said he was a queer character, and that he spent most of his days in the woods alone with his dog "Drive," hunting and trapping. To this boon companion he would talk for hours at a time, as they wandered together far back to some forgotten pond after some wary old buck, or followed a brook a-fishing throughout the long drowsy day as it flashed and chattered along in the warm sunlight. To return at dusk to their shanty at Little Otter Pond and over the embers discuss the day—for so long had they been alone together that to the old trapper the dog too had a language. Isreal Lukens when a boy remembered seeing old Sile—his hair grew over his ears in straight bunches and reached an inch or so below the collar of his coat, and under his mink skin cap, which he invariably wore, his keen gray eyes illumined a face full of good humor and seamed by exposure. Often he would come out of the woods and return to his cabin in the settlement. Then after a period of domesticity, longing for adventure and the hardships of a trapper's life, he would suddenly leave his home and, taking his dog with him, bury himself in the wilderness for months. There was a story that he once had a partner, that they had been boys together in these mountains, but that later in life his partner had settled in Connecticut.

That eventful night in the cabin has lingered long in my memory, and the curious correspondence I have always kept, and give it to you word for word.

F. Berkeley Smith.

Sile's Letter to Uncle Rusty.

When I come to think you never been to my shanty—er stopped even over night, it actily sets m' blood a bilin—makes me mad, ez the feller said.

I thought you'd be along this winter, an' me an' my dog old Drive used to go up to th' top er thet pine knoll thet sets offum to one side th' pon' en wait fer ye. The dog said he see ye once, but you wuz too fur off to yell to. I mistrusted yew'd sheered off too much to th' east to find my shanty, but th' dog said arter a month er so when we used to set up nights discussin' it thet arter all he b'lieved it wan't you he see, an' 'lowed he wuz gittin blind an' thet he warn't no good no more, an' that he cudn't see a deer ez fur off ez he used to by a durn sight, en thet he warn't wuth his keep, an' thet I'd better drive him off.

Goll, I felt sorry for the cuss, he took it so bad. Then he owned up, tellin' me that when he see I felt so lonesum en disapp'inted at yer not comin', that he'd be daddinged ef he could hold aout any longer an' see me so miserabul—so he jes riz his ears an' made aout you wuz er comin' an' thet he see ye, an' thet there warn't time to let ye know. Arter thet I used to tend my traps an' cut some timber, an' go home an' set over my mink cakes an' milk gravy an' mope. The dog said it wuz the fust time he ever see me lose my grip. Goll, he said it wuz pitiful to see me. Then I begun to git peaked—bimeby I got so peaked an' puny it wuz all I could do to git raound an' tend what traps I hed sot back er the shanty. The dog he'd turn to en help me git the hides off 'em, an' when

he'd see I wuz clean beat, then he'd say: "Thar; you'd better git back inter yer blankit, I'll tend to th' varmints," an' he'd hev brekfust cooked an' the sapil bait cut up fore he'd wake me.

But graddily I got my nerve, an' neow I'm stouter en er bull moose. I wuz thinkin' t'other day I haint hed the shield of my shirt on sence thet blizzard—must have forgot it one mornin' an' there warn't time to go back an' git it, an' I haint needed it sence.

The dog says he feels the cold wus in the fore part er March 'an he does the rest the hull year. But I tell him he runs too fast en sweats so en then lays daown in the brook—he 's so dum reckliss. I tell him I'd better fix up sum spider-wort en elder en steep it fur him. He said t'other day he presaumed likely he'd better take some, en guessed he would.

Dang yer ole hide, why aint ye writ afore?

'T want a night et passed but what I'd kinder slink away frum the store julluk ole Drive does when he's flamflusiled inter a traout hole ahead er ye.

"Why Sile," Mandy ed say, "you needn't take on so—like ez not he's been so bizy he haint hed time to write—why how you take it. Eny one ed think you'd er lost er coupil of caows ter luk et yer caounteninee—what's the use er worryin' baout it? Like ez not he's rit ye an' it haint come."

"No," sez I, "ef he's rit I'd er hed it 'fore this—United States mail don't lie," sez I, an' then I'd git tew thinkin' 'bout ye 'n feared suthin' happined to ye. Thinks I, ef I don't git er letter 'fore I git to ciderin' I'll git my blankit an' er snack to eat en go off en find ye, ef the ole man hez to travil clean to Otter Medder. En I hedn't more 'n said it when daown come Bill Patridge en sez, "Eke sez thars a letter fer ye come in to-night's mail."

"Why how you talk," says I, en I reached fer my tippet en drawed on m' boots en started fer Munseys.

"Fer the land's sake, Silas Praouty, where air you a-goin' er nite luk this," yelled Mandy.

"Don't stop me," sez I. "The ole cuss hez rit. The ole cuss hez rit jes' ez I knowed he would, mos' likely he's broke his laig, er cuddent git to th' settlemint 'caount th' snow er he'd rit 'fore this. Don't stop me," sez I en aout I went en tramped it through four foot er snow to Munseys, en thare lay yer welcome wad ez neat's er piney in er leetle box over th' caounter, with th' ole lamp throwin' er pinky glow over its side with thet same handwriten I knowed ez well's I do them there mount'ins—kinder laffin et me en slanted so's I c'u'd jes' read it:

Uncle Silas Prouty,
Otterville,
Hamilton County,
New York.

Ike come about er week ago an' wanted we should go over to the dance to Hervey Dewey's. Why, you know where Dewey's folks live, don't ye? Leetle red house sets off the road through the notch 'fore ye git to the sawmill?

Goll, sez I, I'll go ye, says I. Ef you'll git your team, says I, ye may hev my sleigh, en 'twa'n't en haour 'fore we wuz hitched up an' peoundin' it fer Dewey's. Mandy, she didn't want to go at fust—sed she felt she'd orter clean up a bit, an' she'd ben meanin' to put daown sum pork to soak an' get at her quiltin', seem's though she'd put it off so long, but I told her, Si, I wuz bound to go an' thet I wa'n't goin' to miss thet dance fer no sech things ez them, an' Ike, he sed 'twarn't no use er backin' out now long ez we wuz hitched up, an' ole Drive, he kept boundin' about so when I told him he c'u'd go thet 'fore she knowed it we hed the ole womern bundled in, en wuz p'intin' fer Deweys.

Wall, sir, we hed some fun, ez the feller sed. Haint seen no sech times sence old Israel Lukins kitchin tonk, en thet wuz moren twenty years ago. Swan ef thare want moren er dozen come out when we got there to help onhitch our team, an' thet took most er quart, en et wuz one er them awful cold nites, too, with th' moon shinin' over Peaked Meountain. No, sir, there warnt no use en disguizin' it, ez the feller sed—wot was drinked was drinked. 'Twant ez ef et was one er them pizin black nites thet er feller didn't hev to go forty foot back in th' woodshed fer er hooker. Made er feller feel like ole times to see how them coon skins wuz piled up in thet leetle back room thet sets off um the kitchin, looked julluk the inside uv er trappin' shanty. 'Twant er gre't while 'fore Ed an' Bill Sanders b'gun to git out their rosum en tune up. Net, she come up to me en sed she'd show me whar Herve kep' his barril uv cider ef me en Ike ed roll her in. So 'twant er minit 'fore we hed thet hull barril standin' to one side th' fiddlers. Herve, he see it, an' kinder laffed, an' when he see Net an' sum er them Skinner gals bringin' out the doughnuts an' the dipper, "Goll," he sez, "yew kin go it," sez he—an' we done so. Ed, he slung inter the Money Musk, an' 'twant er minit 'fore we wuz dancin' luk mad.

Salute yer pardner—an' ladies' chain an' allemand left an' allemand right—an' doz er do an' gents in th' middil an' grand right an' left—an' swing yer own the last chance—an' lady raound gent en' gent raound lady—an' take your pardner by the hand. Balance down the middil, then swing yer pardner round the waist. Pop—goes—the weazil! First coupil for'ard an' back—second coupil lead to the right—balence—grand right en left—balence to yer corners—grand promenade—right en left all around—an' to yure seats. Haw! haw! haw! Wall, sir, et beat all. Ike sed it wuz the cider 'et done it, but I mistrusted, en' I looked 'crost en see Charlie Munsey chock full, eyes stuck out. "Why, I swan ef et haint Mr. Prouty," sez he. "How goes it?" sez he, perlite ez Cuffy. "To yure liberty," sez he, haulin' a bottle out from his shirt—an' then he begun to tell me how him en' Gus Skinner fetched over a coupil uv quarts frum the shanty, en' dumped the hull of it into the cider.

Haw! haw! haw! Goll, them are two awful fellers to make fun. Comical? Goll, I guess they be. Maybe you don't recollect the time they come down to the settlement one Sunday mornin'. There wuz one er them black beeches that set out 'fore the meetin' house, both on 'em full ez minks; Ed, he got er rope en' acted it aout; he wuz one er them performin' b'ars, Charlie he'd hold the rope an' sing one er them French songs er his'n, an' Ed, he'd clim' the tree. Wall, sir, et wuz er comical sight, no use talkin'. Thar wuz more'n er dozen ronnd 'em, en' you'd orter seen them fellers roll about er-laffin' et them fellers perform. Ed, he'd clim' the tree clean to the top an' squeal julluk er b'ar, en then Charlie, he'd yank the rope, an' then Ed, he'd climb down ag'in en begin to dance.

You recclect that yaller house cat of ourn, don't ye? Why yas ye do, to! See her when she wuz er kitten, I'll warrant ye. Wall, she turned out to be the awfullest deer cat you ever see. Never see the beat. All we'd 'ave to do ef we wantid to git er deer—Brother Bill, he'd go down en watch et Moose Pond on Sand Pint, an' I'd go up back on thet ole Windfall Mount'in, an' that house cat ed foller back er me julluk er hound. Never see nuthin et luved tew hunt ez thet critter did. She'd trot rite er long till she'd come onto er fresh track, an' then you'd see her straightin thet yaller tail er hern up into the air, en she'd begin to yaowl, en twant er minit fore she'd be er poundin' et straight fer the Pond—Goll, how she'd squall.

Brother Bill wuz er tellin' me baout the time he killed that five prong buck last fall. Wall, sir, he said thet deer come into the pond kersaouse ez ef thar wuz a fast runnin' hound arter it. Wall, sir, he sed he didn't hear no dog, en preddy soon he heerd the goll dingdest yowlin' t'other side the pond, an' he heerd suthin commin luk lightnin' through the woods, an' out come thet house cat rite whar thet buck come in with her back humped en her tail biggern er stove pipe, en yowlin' fer all she was wuth. Goll, Bill sed 'twas comical to see her walk raound thet buck en purr when he wuz dressin' him out. Thar! Thars Mandy hollerin' fer me now. We've burnt an awful site er wood this winter, take it when the wind's about east, an et beats all how thet stove'll eat her up.

The ole dog sends his respects. He wantid, I should ask ye ef ye reclected that doe he druv to ye four year ago las' fall. He sez he want three rod behind her an' see ye when ye shoot. Sez thet ball struck clean in under her. I goll, he sez you made her think thet p'tickler secshun wuz inhabtid—sez you'd orter see her plough out er thar crost them narrers by that big rock.

Yures faithful, SILE.

NEW ORLEANS.

[From our Staff Correspondent.]

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 14.—Gentle reader, did you ever ponder over the immensity of a land wherein, on one side, the rigors of a midwinter climate are in action, and on the other are the clear sunshine and balmy warmth of summer? Yet such is the land of the American eagle, one of whose wings hovers over snow and frost, while the other is in roses and sunshine. By reversing his position, he can warm or cool his wings at pleasure.

In early October, about the time of the Huron coursing meet, cheerless skies, strong, chilling winds, heavy frosts and a leaden landscape, forerunners of approaching winter, were already unpleasantly in evidence, and heavy winter coats were in use.

A trip to Chicago in early October left the cold weather behind but pursuing. A further trip a bit southward and much eastward; via that gentle little town, Bicknell, Ind., landed the writer in that State of pleasant climate, namely, North Carolina, but still the dead leaves on the trees, dead vegetation and heavy frosts showed a mild imprint of winter forces. After the field trials at Newton, N. C., a flight still further southward to Atlanta, thence to Birmingham, brought me into the outskirts of summer time. Thence southward to New Orleans was the next and last run of the trip, taken over the Queen & Crescent. The train ran through a country which was most inviting from a hunter's standpoint, a country of open field and woodland, with abundance of short cover for the birds; but one gets tired even watching good quail ground, and when night closed in it brought a feeling of relief. Having composed myself for a good night's sleep in my compartment of the Mann Boudoir car, with the quiet calmness and steadiness which are said to come from a clear conscience, but which, I have observed, come best from no conscience at all, I heard a buzzing, gently buzzing near my chamber door. The buzz drew nearer, with its delicately shaded crescendo and diminuendo frightfulness many times repeated. Could it be a mosquito in December? Only that and several more. When a mosquito catches a fat Northern man, he knows a good thing and pushes his bill.

In the morning I peeped out under the curtains of the car window, and beheld the evidences of a semi-tropical land—trees laden heavily with Spanish moss, big green water oaks and magnolias, strange plants of luxurious growth; gardens full of green vegetables growing in safety from frost; negro children barefoot and scantily clad, and the costumes of their elders were still more *negligé* and ancient; the homes were constructed with a view to give the breezes all the liberties, and thereto the doors and windows were all open; there were no wood piles in sight; in short, everything denoted a land wherein the climate was of permanent mildness.

The morning of my arrival was as mellow and clear as a northern June day. As the sun mounted higher, however, the temperature became uncomfortably warm.

The drought has asserted itself in this extremely Southern section, though it came at a later period than in the Northwest, where the rainless weeks had dried up the sloughs, small lakes and streams, and marked the surface of the dry land with deep, checkered seams.

For many weeks here, beginning about the middle of last September, the drought has prevailed, with no break of importance to lessen its parching effects. Last Sunday and Tuesday there was some rain, though not enough to do much good. Still, the downpour on Tuesday was heavy while it lasted, the gutters being filled to furious overflowing, while the air was disturbed with thunder crashes and the sky marked by heavy lines of lightning, yet I was assured it was but a mere shower.

In consequence of the drought with the resultant dry marshes and low water, duck and snipe shooting is comparatively poor, being far inferior to that of the average year. The bayous and smaller lakes are very low, while some of the smaller ones are quite dried up. The warm weather also keeps the ducks further to the northward. With all the disadvantages a great many ducks are killed nevertheless. In the French market last Monday there were many thousand pair of ducks which represented the supply for that day's sales, and they were sold at thirty cents per pair, the warm weather forcing quick sales at cheap prices. With the sales in the other markets and by other dealers, the total sales for each day must be enormous.

No one in the North who has not given the subject special study, realizes the enormous quantities of game killed in the South during the winter months. Hundreds of men are employed on a salary to shoot for market by business firms in New Orleans. One dealer told me that he had bought, at one order, $850 worth of ammunition to distribute among his 150 market-shooters, but owing to the unfavorable conditions he had not got much over $50 in return so far.

A favorite duck ground is the Bayou des Allemands, about forty miles west of the city on the Morgan Railroad. This bayou runs through thousands of acres of marsh and connects with lakes which form links in the chain to the Gulf of Mexico. The numbers of ducks shipped from that section is enormous, as it is worked constantly both for sport and pleasure. One gentleman, whose knowledge and veracity are above question, assured me that in past years he has known of upward of 100 baskets of ducks to be shipped from one point in that section, and as each basket averages about 100 ducks, the total is almost incredible.

Another gentleman told me of a big day wherein one man shipped as the result of three or four guns' work a total of 5,700 ducks. And yet it is said that there is no perceptible diminution of the ducks' numbers, nor do they forsake the grounds, which is attributed to the restriction to daylight shooting. The ducks are thus not disturbed at night. The test for the day's commencement at the earliest is when the shooter can read the time in the earliest morning by holding his watch about 24in. from his face.

But within the last two or three days the weather has turned cooler, though the same weather in the North would be considered mild and comfortable. From some sections the reports are more favorable.

Mr. A. J. Cardona, Jr., from New Iberia, La., under date of Dec. 13, writes me concerning the shooting as follows: "Snipe and ducks are in quantities in this section. The outlook for quail is the best yet. Cover is very thick and high, and will not permit of good shooting until the middle of January."

Mr. T. Anderson Jackson, Opelousas, La., writes me as follows: "The shooting is splendid, or will be a little later on, when the cover in the fields is destroyed by stock. I was out recently for the first time this season, and I was surprised at the great number of partridges. In about two hours I found at least a dozen large coveys of full grown birds, and I found a good many snipe. I only managed to bag ten quail and four snipe. I returned home for dinner because there was no water for the dogs."

Opelousas is about 160 miles west of this city.

Dog interests have sadly declined in New Orleans in the past few years. At one time, a few years ago, there were enough sportsmen who were interested in dogs to arrange and manage a field trial successfully, bringing into the competition the best dogs that the States could produce.

Mr. J. K. Renaud, at one time an indefatiguable worker in field trial interests, I found as busily engaged in adding up figures as a Chicago man, yet, unlike most business men in the North, he found time for cordial greetings and pleasant reminiscence. I was told that his fondness for practical sport afield had not diminished.

That urbane sportsman, Gen. F. F. Myles, whose name also is famous in the annals of field trials, and more famous in this State as an expert of phenomenal skill with rifle and shotgun, has lost much of his interest in field trials.

Said he, "I find that field trials entail a great amount of personal care and attention, and they are often associated with a great deal of annoyance. The benefit is to the trainer. If there is anything won he gets it. When there is a loss, that goes to the owner." There is something in those remarks which seems worth pondering over.

Gen. Myles still maintains his large kennel at Lafayette, La., at his shooting-box and preserve. By the way, the name shooting-box conveys no idea of the comforts and beauties of Gen. Myles's charming retreat. I was favored with an opportunity to enjoy the hospitalities of Gen. Myles at his shooting-box five or six years ago and the pleasant visit is still fresh in memory. I had the pleasure, too, of meeting Gen. Myles's brother, who is also an ardent sportsman.

I found that Mr. E. T. Manning, who was also an active field trial man some years ago, had lost none of his enthusiasm for dog and gun, though he was more indifferent concerning field trials. He is a perfect encyclopedia of information in respect to the game and fish resources of Louisiana.

Mr. H. L. Garland has moved from Opelousas to New Orleans, where he is now practicing law and promoting immigration into the State. About ten years ago he devoted most of his time to killing quail and snipe; afterward he studied law and graduated, and is now as deeply engrossed in business as he once was with field sport.

Deer are quite plentiful in some sections, mostly in the swamps, and are hounded when hunted. I was told that the rifle is seldom used in hunting them. The shotgun is the weapon used, the cover being so dense as to render the rifle impracticable.

The black bear is also quite numerous in some sections. A dispatch to one of the local papers, from Salmen, La., states that "A large black bear was killed in Honey Island Swamp to day by Mr. J. J. Willis, a prominent merchant of Pearl River station, La., who reports having seen several. This is the fourth bear killed recently in Honey Island Swamp and vicinity. The place is evidently thickly settled with these monsters." The "monsters" weigh from 150 to 300 pounds, and I always thought it a waste of ammunition to shoot at them. It is cheaper and quieter to walk calmly up to one, tie a shawl strap around him fore and aft, and thus carry him in one hand into camp. Placed beside one of the sky-scraping grizzlies of the Far West, the black bear of Louisiana is a mere babe. Who's afraid of bears!

Under date of Dec. 12, a local paper has a special from Houston, Texas, which with similar happenings goes to show that the fool killer is neglecting his business everywhere. It says: "A prominent merchant of Wharton was out hunting deer in company with a negro man named Mark Gordon, when a fawn jumped up between them. Gordon fired. Hearing a noise, and going in the direction, he discovered that he had shot the young man. He died in a few minutes." B. WATERS.

But Now She Talks Differently.

FORT RANSOM, N. D., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Three years ago, when I first ordered FOREST AND STREAM, my wife said that I was foolish taking such a paper. Now things are changed. If for some cause or other I do not get the paper on the regular mail night, the first question asked is, "Where is FOREST AND STREAM; has it not come to-night? J. F. H.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

"Did I ever kill a grizzly bear?" said Capt. S——, of the —th U. S. Infantry, in answer to a question of mine, "no, but I once came very near it. I was then stationed in California, where game of almost any kind could be found within a few miles of the post. One morning I developed a keen appetite for trout, so rod in hand, I mounted my horse, and galloped off to a stream where they might be caught. I had fished down the current perhaps a mile and a half to a point where it took its course through a tangled network of willow; I did not like to go far into such a place, for I had no weapon of any kind about me. But a few yards below I saw a fine, deep pool, where I thought I could be sure of a good rise or two. The stream here narrowed rapidly, until it passed between two large rocks, just above the pool. There was only a strip of sand about a foot wide on which to pass the boulder. I stood and cast down into the pool two or three times, and then started on around the rock. Coming out on the other side, I found myself face to face with an enormous grizzly bear, which had evidently been asleep on the bank, for he was blinking in the sunshine; I had waked him up. I was frightened, for I hadn't lost any bear, and this one was a total stranger to me, besides, he was mad and ugly at having been disturbed. The old fellow sat up and sniffed once or twice, then heaved himself up to his feet, ready for business. He looked as big as the rock itself. There wasn't much time to deliberate. I couldn't run anywhere, and tho bear was too near, and the rock too high for me to climb. I just dropped my rod, waved my arms, yelled once at the top of my voice, and threw myself headlong into the pool! It was 4 to 5ft. deep, and I took mighty good care to get to the bottom of it. The water was cold, and the first shock nearly paralyzed me; but I grasped a stone and held on for dear life. Ten, twenty, thirty seconds I stayed down. My ears began to sing, and my strength to fail, yet I did not dare to rise for breath; for I knew that the moment I showed my head, bruin would be in after me. I could not swim a stroke, so crossing the pool under water was out of the question. I knew that I must soon come to the surface or drown, and I actuallly deliberated a few moments, whether it was not best to drown myself right there, or rise and be killed by the grizzly. Suddenly I swallowed a little water and then it was settled for me. I tried to gasp, and involuntarily straightened up, half-strangled. My head just rose above the surface, and for a second or two, as I coughed and wheezed in the struggle for breath, I suffered an agony of suspense, expecting to be instantly seized by the bear. But I wasn't seized. Slowly I recovered breath and sight, and then looked round for Ephraim. He was nowhere to be seen. I didn't do any more trout fishing that day, but got back to my horse and put for home, half-frozen."

"But, captain," said I, "I thought you were going to tell me about—"

"Yes, yes," said he, "that's the point I am coming to. My frightful yell, and sudden disappearance, had probably scared the old fellow to death; and he doubtless was heeling it off through the chapparal as fast as his legs could carry him, all the time that I was down in the water, nearly drowned. That's the nearest that I ever came to killing a grizzly bear; and that's the nearest one ever came to killing me." D. F. Hall.

Oswego, N. Y.

Natural History.

MORE ABOUT FOXES IN TREES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read with interest the several accounts of tree climbing by foxes, recently published in our family paper (and what a gentle family do the hunters and fishermen make), may I intrude upon your space to tell my little fox ory?

While hunting for quail with several friends in California many years ago, I was following up a slight ridge while one of our party was on another about 200yds. distant with an inclined flat between us with a few scattering white oak trees, the last of their species; for I never saw a sprout from stump or acorn. Looking across to the chapparal-covered ridge on which my friend was, I saw a fox come out of the bushes and trot briskly toward me. Stepping behind a tree I waited till I supposed he had approached within gunshot, when I stepped out, and as the fox squared away at right angles from the course he had been coming I gave him a charge of No. 8 shot. He made one long jump and striking the ground kicked and pawed a little and then lay quiet. My friend came out in sight on the other ridge and asked what I had shot at. I told him a fox, and held it up by the brush so that he might see it. My friend passed on out of sight and I let the fox drop, and he struck the ground as limp as a dish rag, and without any other *post mortem* examination I would have sworn he was dead.

Now, I don't think dead foxes often climb trees, but this one did. I began loading my gun, which was a muzzleloader, and had got the powder in and wadded, and discovering something wrong with my shot-pouch I took off the game bag, powder flask and shot-pouch to adjust the last. I had been fussing with it but a few minutes, when I discovered the fox about 20ft. away from me, running at a lively gait; of course I joined in the race, he for life and I for the fox. I could keep very near him, but not near enough to kick or strike him; after running about 200yds., he went into a clump of bushes perhaps 20ft. in diameter with a buckeye tree in the middle of it; I ran around the bushes to head the fox off or take up the chase on the opposite side, but he did not come out. Peering into the bushes gave me no sight of him, and I began thiuking he had gone into the ground. Straightening up I happened to glance at the buckeye tree, and there 15ft. up was my fox quietly resting in a crotch of the tree. As I had yelled like an Indian in my race, my friend came running down to see what was the matter and reshot my fox so he did not climb any more trees. I have seen possums play dead, but this was the only fox I ever saw "play possum" and afterward climb a tree. A.

The Ways of Birds of Prey.

Here in the Arkansas Valley, 100 miles from the mountains, bird life in the winter is not plentiful. Meadow larks, sparrows and hawks are the only birds whose company we can rely on during the winter. A pair of fly-catchers that raised two broods in the protection of our porch both this season and last are still with us, but their trunks are packed ready for the Southern flight. Red ants destroyed their last brood, when nearly ready to fly.

As everything is created for a beneficent purpose, I would like to know the mission upon earth of the great variety of hawks. When the grain is ripened and the bobolinks have flocked, the hawk picnic begins. Darting among the myriads of young birds they select whatever comes within the line of their flight. Often in terror a poor bird is impaled upon the barbs of a wire fence.

A few days since I saw a hawk pursuing a meadow lark, which seemed to realize that his safety lay in keeping above his pursuer. Steadily in his ungraceful flight the meadow lark ascended the heavens, the two birds holding about the same relative position until lost to view.

The other day I watched a curious performance by a bald-headed eagle and two hawks. The eagle was making a meal upon a jack-rabbit, but was annoyed by the presence of the hawks. Becoming exasperated at the near approach of the hawks, he would pursue one, while the other stepped up and helped himself to rabbit. On returning the eagle would pursue this one while the other took its place. Finally, becoming tired or disgusted, the eagle continued his meal with the hawks as interested spectators. F. T. Webber.

Colorado, Dec. 15.

Another Tame Caribou.

Boston, Mass.—I have read the accounts of tame caribou in past issues of the Forest and Stream, and I think I can add to those stories by relating an experience of mine while summering in Labrador.

We were lying off the settlement of Hopedale, one of the most northerly parts of that dreary country. We had had great sport at deep-sea fishing, otter and walrus hunting. One morning we sighted at the extreme end of the bight an immense caribou quietly grazing on the herbs

THIEF RIVER FALLS MOOSE.

One one year old; the others five months.

In the possession of the Minnesota Fish and Game Commission.

and grass. We determined to bag him for dinner and accordingly put off a boat and pulled in his direction. Our intention was to get as near as possible and bring him down with our rifles. Somehow or other I told the others not to shoot till we were quite near.

When within about 100ft. of the animal we stopped rowing. The animal looked at us, and strange to say it did not seem in the least alarmed but kept grazing and gazing at us alternately. I had never seen a caribou so fearless before and I was curious to know if the beast was tame.

We got quite close to the animal, not ten feet from him; our keel almost touched the rocks. The animal gazed at us for a moment and slowly waded up to our boat. It thrust its nose into our "punt" and allowed us to pat it and fondle it. The caribou seemed as tame as any cow we had seen at home. I was loth to kill the animal and was considering the project of taking him to St. Johns when Bill raised his weapon and when not more than five feet from the caribou fired. The beast dropped like a log, shot through the heart. I was wroth at what I considered a most cowardly deed, but my words had no effect on the unfeeling slayer, and the only thing for us to do was to carry the caribou on board, which we did with much dispatch. M. W. Dooley.

That Florida Rookery For Sale.

To all lovers of pretty plumed birds the almost total extinction of feathered beauties on the peninsula of Florida is a matter of deep regret; however, there is one true lover of nature left, a man who has a homestead near Citronelle, in Citrus county, on the Withlacoochee River, where he has a rookery which he has defended from the impious invasions of vandals. To that rookery thousands of birds go to roost every night during the season and are thus protected from so-called sportsmen. If Forest and Stream would interest itself in this matter it might induce some wealthy ornithologist to purchase the place and thus help to perpetuate the several varieties of plumed birds for which Florida was famous.—*Tampa Times.*

Elk in Harness.

Exeter, Ont.—Mr. E. H. Fish of this town, has a novel team of drivers. They are a pair of elk, male and female. The female is now past two years and the male past one. The parents were captured near Brandon, Manitoba, and were shown throughout Ontario. The present team were bred in captivity. They are splendidly mated, equal in size and shapeliness. Both in good, fat condition. They are kept loose in a stable and are perfect pets. They are driven double and make a splendid team. They are becoming quite a pair of trotters, with light harness and a light cart fitting them perfectly. Our streets are now accustomed to them gliding by almost daily. J. A. R.

Wild Pigeons.

Gravesend Beach.—Reading in your paper several items about wild pigeons I write you. In traveling on Long Island about four miles inland from Port Jefferson last September I saw twelve wild pigeons fly from feeding on the grounds into the trees. I observed them very closely, as they alighted, close to me. They were not doves, but the genuine wild pigeons, so plentiful years back. J. B.

Game Bag and Gun.

AN ANTLERED MONARCH'S IGNOBLE END.

Lansing, Dec. 20.—The largest buck that I had seen in many years was strung up by the hindlegs in front of one of our meat markets early in November. When I looked at him and admired his great, big, glossy body, and his splendid developments and the best set of horns that I had laid my eyes on in many years, I could but regret his death, and think that such a noble fellow ought to have been spared. But we are all human, and I must confess that I would have gone a thousand miles —five hundred over the roughest corduroy in America, three hundred pretty nearly all the way up-hill, and two hundred on foot—and I would gladly have turned my pockets inside out when I got to my journey's end to have shot that fellow. His horns would have hung in my library as long as I had a library. He was a monarch of the woods, worth your life almost to look at when dead, and what a sight he must have been when he was himself and roaming in his native wilds. He was no more fit to eat than any strong musky old bull would have been, and he was so swelled up about the head and neck as to make those parts almost useless for mounting, but he was yet a beauty.

When I saw the buck I wanted to know something about him, and where he came from, and who was the lucky man who shot him. The butcher simply knew that he came by express, that he weighed something over 200lbs. when dressed, and that he had a market value of about $30 net. The head and horns had been reserved, but he would cut up the body on Saturday and offer the venison for sale. Such an ignoble ending of life, for such a buck, was indeed a pity. He ought to have been mounted entire, when he would have been worth half a thousand dollars in gold and have been an ornament to any collection in this country. Failing to get from the butcher any trace of the man who shot the buck, I gave up the search. But constant visions of the big fellow and his elegant horns would come before me and I took the somewhat cold trail again.

At the post office I could get no clue of the hunter who had killed the deer. The city directory was way off, but finally through the efforts of Mr. Walker, of our carrier force, he located him, and in response to my letter of invitation he called at my office. I gave him a warm reception. He introduced himself as David Ayres, and kindly told me something of himself and of his hunting experience. He is an exceedingly pleasant gentleman of about thirty-five, slight built but nervous and cordy from head to foot. He is a born hunter, as was his father before him. He is a first-class rifle shot, and with his .38-38-180 Winchester has no trouble in bringing down anything that he can find in the woods. He has camped out for nine seasons and has killed a great many deer. This season he went out to trap, but he did not get located to suit and so gave up trapping and took in a few deer. The big buck was the cream of the lot, but a bigger buck with larger horns got away with a broken leg owing to a fall of snow which made it impossible to track it.

Mr. Alfred Bonner was his hunting companion. They had 40 traps and one huge trap of 24lbs. weight, especially for bear. Wolves and bobtail cats were reported quite plenty, but when he got where they were, they were not there. He left part of his traps with an old hunter up north, and will try his luck after bear again in the latter part of the winter, when the fur is long and fine and more valuable than early in the season. Three does, a couple of fawns and the big buck completed his bag of game killed. He reports that other hunters were killing about the same proportion of does and bucks, and that when a doe was shot, usually a fawn and a yearling were shot at the same time, as they 'most always remained together during the winter, and offered easy shots. In that way a whole family would be wiped out.

Hundreds of does and fawns were killed in northern Michigan before the season opened, and at any time during the year when a settler or a lumber camp wanted meat. It is one of the unwritten laws of that country, that no man squeals on his neighbor, and all take their meat from the same barrel. Trout are taken at any time and in any way that they can be got hold of. Last week I heard of a big basket of trout being sent to our city from one of the up-country towns, supposably blown out of the water with a bomb.

I regretted to learn from Mr. Ayres that he had disposed of the big horns and head of the old buck to the butcher for a song almost and that he did not appreciate what a prize he had really lost. There were a great many partridge hunters in the section where he camped, professionals, and one man had shipped out about fifty dozen birds. The birds were getting scarce compared with what there were three or four yeara ago, and deer were disappearing rapidly from the section where he used to find them plenty.

The experience of Mr. Ayres adds one more evidence to the importance of preserving the does and fawns and prohibiting the sale of game. Most of the men who hunt deer do so for the money that they can make out of it and the pleasure that they can find in hunting. Very few deer hunters but expect to sell enough deer to pay expenses. It seems to be considered among the hunters a perfectly legitimate way of doing. A few years ago I knew af several pair of horns in the hands of butchers, who had them hung up in the barn or some out of the way place and would be glad to dispose of them at a nominal price. If any reader of Forest and Stream would like a pair and will send me his address I will try to get him what he wants and all it will cost him on my part is the trouble of writing.

Last week I had a very pleasant visit with Mr. C. H.

Rulison, of Naples, N. Y. He has been in the woods of Michigan each season for about fifteen years. He is a deer hunter and a great rifle shot, and has used the .32cal. for nearly ten years, with satisfaction. He wants the meat, and the small caliber does not injure the meat as much as a large caliber. He and his party shot seven deer this season, mostly doe and fawns. He begins his hunting in upper Michigan, and when the season closes there he comes into the lower country, and gets another pull at the deer. This is a custom followed by many deer hunters in Michigan, and by most professionals who come into our State from other States. Mr. Lewis, of Lansing, has been the hunting partner of Mr. Rulison for many years. But death closed the hunting experience of Mr. Lewis last summer, and as Mr. Rulison never takes kindly to new things or strange people, he seems to be lost and unsettled about his future hunting trips.

One point, however, he never gets rattled about, and that is—his rifle sights. He uses the Lyman patent ivory hunting front sight and the Lyman patent folding leaf rear sight. He likes the folding sight very much, and he uses the bar part of the sight altogether. The crotch part of the sight he has no use for. The combination Lyman sight is not to be placed in the same class with the folding sight, according to his notion. He is, like all old hunters, something of a crank on guns and sights and shooting; but as he is governed entirely in his choice by many years of successful hunting experience, he is justly entitled to his opinion. The man behind the gun is the part of the apparatus that he bets on regardless of guns or sights. One shot is about all that a deer needs to settle him when Mr. Rulison steers the projectile.

One thing I noticed in his experience this year, and the same thing has happened for some years past, and that is, that the great majority of deer killed were does and fawns. If there is any argument needed to induce our Legislature to enact a law protecting does and fawns, it is just this fact. Every market in our city handles deer, quail, partridge, rabbits, and every bird or animal that can by any possible way be classed as game. With two exceptions, all deer that I have seen offered for sale this season have been does. Every hunter knows well what the slaughter of so many does will do toward wiping out the deer in Michigan.

Very little of the game that is purchased here is sold in our home markets, but ultimately it finds its way to some cold storage establishment. To prohibit the sale of game, and strictly adhere to the non-export law, is the only way to prevent a speedy, almost total annihilation of game in Michigan. One more quite as important matter is shooting of duck from steam launches. Humiliating as the fact may be, our most excellent deputy game warden, Mr. J. E. Nichols, an accomplished attorney, has stood with folded hands and blood in his eye, and had continued positive evidence that hunting parties were following ducks, day after day, on the waters of our home inland lakes, with all of the tireless energy that a stern propeller steam launch could bring to bear—with no law against it in Michigan. JULIAN.

DUCKS ON BROADWATER BAY.

PERHAPS it will be of interest to readers of your valuable paper who reside in this vicinity to learn where good duck shooting may be had for a small outlay. The writer's experience on one of his trips will give an idea of what may be expected and the necessary expense for such an outing.

The Saturday before Thanksgiving Day, 1893, a party of four, including myself, with all the necessary "traps" for a few days' shooting, left Philadelphia at 11:16 P. M. on the Philadelphia & Norfolk R. R., for Nassawadox, Va. Although there was a sleeping car attached to the train we preferred the "smoker," where we could smoke, "talk duck shooting" or doze as we felt inclined. Nassawadox station was reached a little after 5 on Sunday morning, where we found a man with a double team in readiness to take us over to Marionville, a distance of four miles. At this point we were met by "Captain Bill" Taylor in his little sailboat, who transferred us down a creek some two miles to O. F. Taylor's house, which is situated on the shore of Broadwater Bay.

While on the boat Capt. Bill called out, "There is a flock of brant." I looked about the sky, but failed to locate them, and told him so. "Well," said he, "do you see the long, narrow cloud off there toward Hog Island?" "O, yes, of course," I respond. "Well, them's brant."

We reached Mr. Taylor's hospitable roof at 7 o'clock, ready and willing to partake of a hearty breakfast.

Sunday was spent quietly, turning in early in order to be ready for the early morning start. By 5 o'clock Monday we were suddenly awakened by loud raps upon our door and the order, "Get ready for breakfast." Before 7 we were in the boats and on our way to the blinds, O. F. Taylor taking two with him and an assistant the other two.

Each man carried a gun. An assortment of shells ranging from No. 1 to No. 4, were put in a box and placed in the middle of the boat where it could be easily reached by all. The blinds are scattered about in the bay about one-third of a mile apart and are built of small fir trees driven into the mud. These are arranged somewhat like a horseshoe and the boat is propelled into it and thus shaded from view.

At low tide one can wade about with hip boots on and pick up the "cripples," and the gunner can stand in the boat without fear of being seen over the blind, but at high tide he must study to learn how to get himself under cover. Sometimes the three men (especially if they are long) get a good deal tangled in the bottom of the boat, having been obliged to occupy a space intended for but one.

Wild celery grows abundantly about, affording excellent feeding for the fowl, and they were there in immense numbers. A good shot need not fear of a thin game bag. We had hardly placed our decoys out and pulled into the blind when we could see them about us. The word "lay low, they are coming" was often spoken, and many a broadbill, black duck, redhead and brant made the fatal mistake of settling to the decoys.

Capt. Bill would sail about in the outer edge of the bay and drive the birds into the gunners even without putting them to flight. I have seen him drive a flock of brant for several miles without getting them to leave the water, by careful tacking forward and back two or three gunshots off. We remained with Mr. Taylor until Wednesday night, having three days' grand sport and brought home with us 174 ducks.

We have taken this trip several seasons and have never been disappointed in getting game or in being well treated. The 8th of December next is our date for this year when we expect the usual good time. The expense from Philadelphia for a four days' trip including car fare, board, guide and incidentals need not exceed $25.

A. J. MARSTON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We agree so well on all sporting matters except the question of hounding in the Adirondacks, and we are so far apart on that question, that I take advantage of your offer to open your columns for a discussion.

I take it that what we both want is a law which will furnish the maximum of sport, be easy to enforce and insure that there shall always be as many deer in the woods as the country will feed.

I have spent a month or two in the Adirondacks every summer for the past fourteen years and have done more or less deer hunting each year. I have had experience of the law in all its various stages and am inclined to think the present deer law of the State a great improvement over anything that has preceded it, and I am very confident that for the last three or four years the deer have been increasing very rapidly. This I attribute to the provision against transportation, which practically prevents hunting for market. I think, however, that the close season ought to last until the end of August. I believe that a few fawns starve and a great deal of meat is spoiled as a result of August hunting. From Sept. 1 until still-hunting begins I would allow hounding, and after that still-hunting only, and I would not allow the killing of deer except by hounding or still-hunting at any time.

Every hunter has known wounded deer to travel long distances before they dropped. I have now in my pocket a bullet which was flattened in breaking a deer's rib, then went through the heart, completely pulverizing the lower half of it, and lodged under the skin on the other side. The deer, a buck weighing less than 200lbs., with this and two other mortal wounds, traveled over an eighth of a mile before he fell, and the underbrush being thick and his bleeding being almost altogether internal he would never have been found except for the dog. This was in broad daylight, and it will be readily seen that a deer wounded at night may very easily be fatally injured and yet be found only by accident.

It is not uncommon after the jacking season to find dead deer in the woods near a lake. I believe that counting such cases and counting the meat spoiled in warm weather, half the deer killed in August are wasted. In hounding, on the other hand, it is practically certain that a deer will either escape altogether or will be killed and carried home; and it is also reasonably certain that a party of good hunters can safely go into the woods relying on the chase for their meat supply, which they cannot count on before the middle of October by still-hunting, nor often in September by jacking. The latter process means the killing of perhaps two deer for every one hung up.

The greatest need of the greatest number seems to require that deer hunting should be obtainable at a season when the hard-worked business or professional man can go into the woods, and that means that there must be hounding in September.

A really "sportsmanlike" way of killing deer is hard to find. The fault is really with the deer. He is such a meek and inoffensive creature that anybody can kill him if they can get near enough. I have known of deer being killed with clubs on land as well as in water. And I have seen much hunting on runways and small lakes where the deer had a better chance for his life than he often gets in still-hunting. There are men who ought not to be allowed to hunt deer at all, and their hoggishness shows itself in hounding just as it does in jacking or trout fishing, or anywhere else; but it seems hardly fair that the whole community should suffer on their account. If hounding is prohibited those "game hogs" are the very men who still kill their deer with traps or salt licks, and the guides of the same type will have each spring a large collection of hides, but the pleasure of the honest sportsman and the revenue of the honest guide will be cut off.

In this connection I want to emphatically indorse your correspondent of a few weeks ago, who said that in Hamilton and Herkimer counties the game law was useful merely to lend an additional spice to hunting out of season. The remark is erroneous only in its limitation to two counties. What the Adirondacks need is a game police under a responsible central management with a backbone. That would be worth more than any number of amendments to the game law. HERBERT M. LLOYD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial on "The Water-Killing of Deer" in your issue of Dec. 15 has opened a subject which should bring you many instructive letters on the Adirondack deer question. It is also a subject which has interested me greatly for the past ten or twelve years, and the few facts that I shall give you came under my personal observation.

I am strongly opposed to water-killing, (1) because it has tended to decrease the deer supply, (2) it is unsportsmanlike and (3) because venison obtained that way is often almost ruined on account of the fierce beating race the animal has run before it plunges into the icy water of a lake.

To satisfy myself whether there were more deer killed by hounding or jack shooting in 1887 I made a special study of the subject. To my surprise, more deer were killed in the first four days of hounding, which in the part of the Adirondacks I was in means "water-killing," than in the preceeding fifteen days of jack-shooting and still-hunting. In the first fifteen days of hounding there were six deer killed by that method to one by any other way in the first thirty days of the hunting season. Other years have shown about the same result, but in 1887 I kept a careful record.

A few years ago I was one day with my father rowing up one of the Fulton Chain lakes. We heard the baying of hounds and saw a doe come bounding into the water. It started to swim across the lake, when two boats put out after it. In one of the boats was a guide by the name, I think, of Jones, in the other a prominent clergyman from one of our Western cities, with his daughter, a girl of perhaps sixteen years of age. Both boats were rowed up to within a few feet of the doe; we heard the clergyman and his guide talking and wondered why they did not shoot. The poor frightened doe swam up near our boat, when the guide suddenly rowed up to it, took hold of its tail, lifted it slightly out of the water and jabbed a large salmon hook into it. It was allowed to swim off a few feet, the guide paying out the line. Then he shot it and as its head sank into the water I heard the girl laugh. I shall never forget that laugh, which to me sounded as though coming from a demon. And yet her father, who permitted his guide to commit this crime against humanity and sport, considers himself a sportsman and, perhaps, a Christain gentleman. Yet to some people this is nothing, and it has been done time and time again in the Adirondacks.

On another occasion I saw a doe driven into the water. A boat was rowed after it and it was driven to within two or three rods of an island. A young girl was there waiting for it. She was excited and fired no less than 25 shots. When it would get out of range her father, who was in the boat, would drive it back to the island, and the bombardment would commence again. After the girl had exhausted all her cartridges her father "tailed" it and did the butchering himself. Such scenes have so disgusted me that I have stopped going to the Adirondacks, although I am passionately fond of hunting.

In 1880 when I made my first trip to Brown's Tract, deer were plentiful. Since then their numbers have steadily diminished. To be sure, some of the guides and hotel keepers greet you year after year with, "Deer were never as thick as they are to-day." If it is so they don't travel around now, for where it used to be no trouble at all to get deer by still-hunting or jacking, now it is necessary to have hounds to drive them out. In localities they may be increasing, for example, on the property of the Adirondack League Club, Adirondack Reserve and other large parks where hunting is restricted.

Look at Maine; deer are increasing there. Why? Because hounding was stopped by law, and where hounding is stopped, so is the brutal, unsportsmanlike "water-killing." Some men are too lazy to hunt for the deer themselves. They prefer to have some one else do the work and thinking for them. They simply want to kill. By what means they care not. Stop hounding, and teach men to be sportsmen. They will then have to learn, or else give up shooting, and few who have had a taste of it will do that. PERCIVAL CHRYSTIE.

HIGH BRIDGE, N. J.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I understand that there is a movement on foot to pass a law this winter making it illegal to use dogs at any season of the year in the pursuit of deer. Permit me to add my voice to that of many other sportsmen in favor of such a measure, knowing something of the methods and results of several parties who went into the North Woods this year during the hounding season. I must say, it seems to me more like butchery than sportsmanship. Why not follow the lead of St. Lawrence county in this matter?

W. G. T.

WANTON DESTRUCTION OF GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your Dec. 15 issue speaks of the wanton butchery of a number of bull elk whose flesh was left to rot on the ground. The perpetrators of this alleged outrage were a party of Germans, camped eighteen months ago, on Atlantic Creek, Wyoming, south of Yellowstone Park. I was in that vicinity two months during the fall of 1893 and met the members of the party in question. I have strong reasons for believing that the story of their wholesale slaughter is erroneous, and is based only on the fairy tales of the shooters, themselves, and furthermore I was credibly informed at the time that they did not kill even one head of big game.

All game is rapidly disappearing in most localities in our country, and seems destined to follow the bison, wild pigeon and salmon. So far as my observation goes only a small percentage of the destruction is due to men who shoot for pleasure, be they native or foreign sportsmen. The market-hunter, the man who shoots for profit, is the great exterminator. The future of game conservation in our country, if it has a future, will, in my opinion, depend upon public and private preserves, and the clearly established right of the landowner to all game in season, on his own premises, with severe penalties enacted and enforced against trespassing, poaching, so called. Public opinion does not favor such regulation at present, and the trend of legislation is in the opposite direction.

Doubtless there has been, is, and will be much wanton destruction of game by alleged sportsmen. In America, game laws are seldom enforced and little regarded, and the compensation of wardens is not sufficient to invariably secure the services of competent men. On several occasions, viewing evidence of brutal wanton slaughter, I have been in perfect accord with the sentiments so well expressed by your correspondent. Some autumns ago, canoeing on a little known northern river, seldom traveled except by long-haired, painted Indians, and occasional explorers for ore or timber, during a long trip, I saw many signs of much useless killing, and in one favorable summer game country, I counted in four days paddling on the main stream and tributaries, the rotten carcasses of eleven moose, all cows and calves save one, none of them were skinned, and so far as I or my Indians could judge, none of the meat taken for use. In such a remote place no one could form an idea as to who was the butcher. Probably two explorers drifting silently in their canoe, and shooting mothers and calves in the edges of the stream, where they were seeking refuge from mosquitoes and flies. How many wounded escaped to die in the forest and infect the air beyond the range of human scent? It was not Indian work, for there was no sign of a permanent encampment, and food is too scare and too valuable for the Indian to waste, and the instinct of a market-hunter would scarcely permit him to kill game with no possibility of a market.

EDWARD E. FLINT.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable*

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

Blood on the Moon.

San Antonio, Dec. 20.—When the San Antonio Gun Club purchased their beautiful grounds on the borders of the limpid waters of Elmendorf Lake, there was inscribed on the deed that passed the legend: "Privilege of fishing and shooting on Elmendorf Lake." Everything went as merry as a marriage bell until Micheljohn's discovery of black bass. Great finny monsters of the fresh-water depths were jerked out of their watery heaven and ere many moons had filled up and gone a score of frying-pans in San Antonio were doing a lucrative business. The black bass were also done—brown, and there settled upon the happy homes of the gun club membership a feeling of sweet repose such as is superinduced by a full stomach and a satisfied appetite.

But alas! Peace was not long-lived. A monster storm appeared on the ultramarine azure of contentment. It was no larger than a man's hand at first sight, and before the trusty mariners had ported their helm the infuriated hydra-headed dragon of discontent had entered the sacred portals of peace and large fragments of shattered happiness strewed the pathways and byways which bind together the fair city of San Antone to the surburban elysium of the gun club.

It occurred thus. As soon as the discovery was made that the lake contained an abundance of fish a coterie of about twenty members of the club "chipped in" and hired a double row of shining buttons with policeman attachment to make regular patrols along the verdure clad borders of the lake. He was also to make it very hot for trespassers. The select few pay $1 per capita for the luxury. As there are one hundred full-feathered members in the club there are eighty who do not come within the charmed circles of the "police commissioners."

Some of the "eighty" don't shoot. But they would like to fish. But the select twenty say that no one can fish who has not been besmeared with the sacred ointment of initiation within the sacred and mysterious twenty, and they swear by the beard of Moses that they shall not cast a line in the lake, nor darken the portals of the sacred precincts of Lake Elmendorf unless they put up in legal tender of the realm that necessary *quid pro quo*.

The "eighty" say they have been paying dues for long years and that any benefit accruing indirectly to the club should be equitably smeared on rich and poor alike.

At last accounts the turmoil and showers of expletives had so troubled the placid waters of the lake that an old spoonbill with his mouth full of seaweed was heard to mutter to an aged bass, "What fools these mortals be."

Deer Hunters.

Capt. E. A. Dosch, the septuagenarian nimrod, accompanied by Charles Hummell, have returned from a successful deer hunt from Oppenheimer's Pasture, seventy miles west of San Antonio. They brought a handsome five-point buck and two does, besides a half dozen nice turkeys.

Messrs. Ed. Dreiss and Hans Degener, two old-time deer hunters, have had their winter's outing. Each killed two deer. O. C. G.

Big-Guns at Havre de Grace.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take this liberty of writing to you about certain facts that are going on now nightly at Havre de Grace. My brother and I are part owners of a shooting craft for which we pay the usual licenses, and as you well understand there are considerable other expenses attached to it. We are old gunners and have been going to Havre de Grace for years. We believe there is a law prohibiting big-gun shooting at night, in fact there were at one time a lot of detectives appointed by the different counties to break up this big-gun shooting. We have heard no less than three to five big-guns in the different nights we have been down lately; consequently the ducks are so wild they will not decoy, and even the black-heads are going away, as we find they are bringing fair prices in the market and the big-gun shooters are after them. The money arising from the payment of licenses, according to our understanding, goes to the support of certain police to enforce the laws of the State, which read that no guns are to be fired after sunset, and no gun used that cannot be shot from the shoulder and that weighs over 15lbs.

We really think that this matter should be looked into. It is the only sport we can get at now near our city, and we are under expense of several hundred dollars a year, not only paying licenses, but payment of the crew and keeping up the rig. The night before the last shooting day, Wednesday, my brother, who was the only one down, distinctly heard, between 12 and 2 o'clock, three big-guns to the southward of him. It is not only the ducks they kill and gather, it is the hundreds of wounded ones that escape from a discharge of 3lbs. of shot, and the terrible fright they experience being paddled up to and fired into while feeding. My brother lay in the box—a single box, too—all of Wednesday, the 19th, and noticed bunch after bunch of ducks flying, probably 300 to 400ft. in the air; none of them would dart, all going to the southward. This of course, you understand, is caused by the fright the ducks have had being big-gunned at night. He killed six ducks, and these were killed in hard shots flying over the box, as he had no darts. It seems to us there should be some way of stopping this unlawful big-gun shooting.

J. B. M. Harris.

Cobbs Island Shooting.

Cherriton, Cobbs Island, Va., Dec. 20.—Owing to the very moderate weather last week, gunning was not so good as it was the week before. Captains E. B. Cobb and George Isdell gunned three days and bagged 71 black ducks (or black mallard). William Knapp, B. S. Payne and F. S. Payne gunned four days and brought in 68 black ducks, 54 black brant, 4 geese and 25 small duck of different kinds. The latter three gentlemen were from New Jersey. Thomas B. Smith.

A Pennsylvania Party's Luck.

Allegheny City, Pa., Dec. 18.—Alex. King, Thomas Smith and Joseph P. Reed returned yesterday morning, Dec. 15, from a three days' hunt in Indiana county, with 39 pheasants, 27 rabbits, one red fox, one raccoon and an owl that measured 4ft. from tip of one wing to the tip of the other. P. F. S.

About Prairie Chicken Trapping.

Sioux City, Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season of the year in which the trapper of prairie chickens gets in his deadly work is fast approaching and I think that a little jogging of the memory on the subject will not be amiss on the part of the various State game protective associations, game wardens and all who are interested in the preservation of this fast disappearing bird. State Legislatures as a rule will soon be in session and now is the time for us to get more stringent laws on the subject passed. I think that while the general game laws may be amended to advantage, we can do more real good if they are let alone as they now stand and our attention is directed toward the enactment of such new laws that the trapper will find it unprofitable to break. Trapping is done almost entirely by farmers and destroys more game than all the market-hunters, game-hogs and others combined.

Now that the cold weather is setting in, the chickens are moving south; and sections that since early in the spring have been deserted are now full of birds coming from Minnesota and Dakota. All through Central Nebraska and along the Missouri River in South Dakota, Nebraska and Iowa the cornfields are full of them, where a short time ago one might hunt for a week without finding one. These birds are so wild that there is little danger of many being killed in a legitimate way, but as the ground is covered with snow and their food is out of reach they will become victims of the deadly traps by the thousand, to say nothing of the hundreds that will be potted as they huddle under some haystack or other cover for protection against the snow and cold.

I don't know whether Iowa has a game warden or not, but if there is such an official or any organization for game protection they can find plenty of work this comin gwinter if they want it right in the Missouri River bottoms. As a starter they could not do better than visit and investigate thoroughly Monona county; in the vicinity of Ouawa in that counry trapping has always been practiced to a large extent. In my own trips in the latter part of the season I have never failed to see dozens of traps in plain sight from the wagon-roads. I have a number of friends in Ouawa who are sportsmen in every sense, and who deeply deplore this state of things but say that the men who violatethe laws are customers of theirs, and it would mean ruin to their business if they should prosecute the offenders. Now right there is a fine field for a game warden to commence operations, and I could and will name dozens of other localities if that is not enough to warrant the proper officials beginning their work.

I understand that the South Dakota sportsmen intend to do something besides talk toward putting a stop to trapping in the southern counties along the Missouri River and I sincerely hope it is true. A few more years such as last season and the chickens will be as extinct in South Dakota as the buffalo. W. R. H.

Killed the Bear with an Axe.

Bethel, Me., Dec. 15.—Mr. Oliver Lee, of Topsfield, ran short of kindling wood last week and shouldered his axe and started for the woods in search of a dead tree. After traveling a long way he came to a splendid old dry pine partly turned up by the roots, at which he went, cutting a large notch, and soon discovered a bear had previous exemption rights and was preparing to defend them. At a large hole in the hollow tree a short distance from where he was chopping a big bear stuck her head out with a hoarse growl and champing of teeth, occupying the immediate and earnest attention of Mr. Lee, who at once forgot his kindling wood notions and started for the black and fast appearing body of the big bear. Lee struck the bear a heavy blow with his axe, which only seemed to enrage the beast, and before he could strike again the bear was fairly out of the den and ready for a lively scrimmage, and it was only after several strokes that the axe had penetrated her brain and she succumbed to the inevitable. Lee then heard a whining noise in the tree and on examination found two recently-born cubs, which he dispatched. A historical fact is that no female bear can be taken from her den, dead or alive, without first dropping her cubs. The cash proceeds of the affair, besides the winter stock of bear meat, was $15 bounty and $20 for the old bear's hide. J. G. Rich.

North Carolina Game Resorts.

Newbern, Dec. 14.—There are more bears in these parts than there are hunters. South of here they are very numerous and many have been killed of late. Local papers mention them frequently. Farmers complain of their depredations. A day or two ago a wild hog weighing 600lbs. was killed within six miles of Newbern, and its meat was sold in the city market at four cents per pound. The animal was shot with buckshot. Six charges were fired into him. Quite a few sportsmen are at Hotel Chattawka. Sheppard Knapp, Jr., and W. H. Blanchard, of New York, are in camp near here. Partridges are numerous. Venison and quail on toast are a frequent bill of fare. Snipe on the marshes near town and ducks in Bryce's Creek, up the Trent River, within a two-mile pull by boat. Paddies, mallards, widgeons, buffleheads and teal. Snipe are always abundant and but little shot at. There are three parties professional here who take sportsmen out at $3 per day, over good dogs, and several gentlemen amateurs have good outfits and will be glad to make up parties to go out. Temperature so far 60° to 75°, excepting the late cold snap. C. H.

On Broadwater Bay.

Philadelphia, Dec. 17.—A party of five consisting of the Moore brothers, S. Penrose, Henry Fisher and the writer, spent three days last week on Broadwater Bay, Va., duck shooting. We "struck it" just right, wind and tide in our favor, Birds plentiful and inclined to decoy. Black ducks and broadbills were the principal birds shot. Whole number shot 186. Captain A. F. Taylor, our host, did his best to make our trip an enjoyable one and was highly successful. This was our third trip there and each has been better than the one previous in point of ducks shot. But one brant was captured and if any one is interested to know who shot him refer him to Mr. Fisher. Dr. Marston.

The Question They Ask in Kentucky.

Cincinnati, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been a consistent reader of the Forest and Stream and the articles published on "pot-hunting" and "Stop the Sale of Game" have been carefully read, and any laws which will stop both will meet with my hearty approval although I have but little time for field pleasures. One week last November Judge Williams and I took a trip to the residence of Mr. Wm. Cloud, in Boone county, Ky., and we found that pot-hunters had almost cleaned this pretty piece of country of game. The weather was very bad, with driving rains, snow and and a little sunshine mixed in onco in a while. We succeeded in getting a few rabbits, the only game we saw. We had very little trouble in getting permission to hunt on adjoining farms although the question "Are you shooting game to sell?" was answered with a prompt "No, sir." The kind hospitality of Mr. Cloud will never be forgotten, and his amiable wife saw that we had all the comforts of our homes. Doc N.

Chuckor Partridges in America.

Macomb, Ill., Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have six chuckor partridges raised loose by a bantam doing nicely. They are quite tame and stay in the yard with the common hens, and roost in the barn on the hay. These birds have never been confined, but run loose all over the farm. They will go into the woods and be gone half a day at a time, but are always at home at night and morning. I believe we shall be successful in introducing this beautiful game bird. Col. J. Penters, of the English Army, at Victoria, B. C., has sent to India for some, and looks for them to arrive in New York in April.

W. O. Blaisdell.

A Singular Accident.

Patterson, Pa.—Last week a singular accident befel a young man named Wagner, while hunting up in Licking Creek. A large hawk came flying overhead. Wagner shot at it. The double-barreled shotgun jumped out of his hands, and striking on the rocks, the second barrel heavily loaded with buckshot, was discharged, the whole load passing through his leg. About two weeks ago near the same place a man named Harshberger attempted to pull his rifle out of the bunk muzzle foremost, when it was discharged, the ball passing through him. He was still alive when last heard from. Quite a number of bear have been trapped and shot within a radius of twenty miles of this place; three were killed in one week. Deer are very scarce in this section. Sancho Panza.

Chicago and the West.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—The second annual meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association will be held Wednesday evening, Jan. 9, and Thursday, Jan. 10, 1895, in the Sherman House club rooms, Chicago. An urgent invitation is made by the secretary for the attendance of delegates and members, and a cordial request for the game and fish wardens to attend also. The rush of the holidays will then be over and business men will have more leisure, so that excuses for non-attendance will not be valid. Let every one be there.

E. Hough.

Louisiana Game Resorts.

New Orleans, La.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* North and northwest of Shreveport, La., are a number of lakes, where wild duck and geese are plentiful in winter; and Lake Bistineau, southwest of Shreveport, has almost a national reputation in this regard. For wild turkey and deer, you may safely trust to finding them almost anywhere in northwest Louisiana.

If one wants to find bear, he can easily do so along the Sabine River.

The Megantic Dinner.

Boston, Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual dinner of the Megantic Fish and Game Club will take place at the Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth avenue, Boston, Thursday evening Jan. 10.

W. C. Prescott.

Enforcing the Michigan Venison Law.

Lansing, Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last week the State game warden visited our city and arrested six of our butchers, charged with having venison in their possession, and offering it for sale after the law allowing them to kill venison had expired. Two pleaded guilty and paid their fines, and four are to stand trial.

Heretofore the law has been a dead letter at Lansing, and these butchers who had venison on hand when the law allowing them to sell it had expired, kept right on selling till the stock gave out. But things have changed, and for the better. Deputy Warden J. E. Nichols, of Lansing, is a great sportsman, and an up-to-date legal man in every sense of the word. In a little chat a few days ago, he remarked that the State Game Association were to have a meeting at Lansing soon, presumably soon after the Legislature meets in January next, and that it was in the air, that our game laws would be looked after sharply. A tax on non-residents; prohibiting the killing of does and fawns; making the open season alike and at the same time in upper and lower Michigan and Wisconsin; prohibiting the sale of game, and making a close season on quail, are some of the points.

Very few quail can be found in Michigan to-day. Four years ago when the close season expired, or was taken off, the birds could be found almost everywhere, but the slaughter was too great for them to stand, and to-day our best shots get but three or four in a long all day tramp. Our dealer in sporting goods has had a card in his window most of the season indicating that he wanted to buy quail, by the hundred—even the festive little rabbit begins to feel the effect of an all the year open season, and the ferret and dog, and small boy, have nearly extermiuated them. Grouse a few years ago abounded all over the State, till to-day it takes a good shot to get one, and there is not one grouse in the woods to-day where ten years ago there were hundreds. Most of the deer killed this year were does and fawns; very few bucks were killed. Julian.

Prairie Chickens.

Recent reports received by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway from stations in the prairie chicken country of Minnesota and South Dakota all indicate a prospect of the best hunting for years. Chickens are very plentiful and in fine condition. Duck shooting prospects are also good. Full information can be had by addressing Ticket Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 207 Clark street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fario versus Fontinalis.

ALMOST since the common brook trout of Europe, *Salmo fario*, was introduced into the waters of this country, fears have been expressed that because of its more rapid and greater growth the fish would destroy our native brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, when put into waters with it. These fears were perhaps natural concerning a new fish about which we were not fully informed, in a country where indiscriminate stocking is practiced as it is here.

However, those best fitted to judge of what the result would be, seem to have taken a conservative view of the supposed effect of turning the two species of trout, or charr and trout, loose in the same water and declared that if ordinary judgment was exercised in selecting the waters in which to plant the brown trout (*fario*), they were no more to be dreaded than our own brook trout, so far as their predatory and cannibalistic habits may be concerned.

Besides preying upon our native trout the brown trout is charged with not rising to the artificial fly when it is artistically presented for his acceptance on the surface of waters where the fish has been planted.

It is one thing to make charges against a fish and it is sometimes quite another thing to prove the charges to be true. It is more than likely that in time, in spite of the bad name some people have given the brown trout, we would have become better acquainted with the fish in its new home and have realized that it was not so black as it has been painted, and that after all it was not so very unlike other species of the salmon family.

But an Englishman in this country puts the beloved trout of Great Britain in a hole, so to speak, when he says of it that it is an enemy of our native trout; that it was an error to introduce it where the *fontinalis* already existed; that it will prove as bad an introduction as the sparrow, and that when it grows large it feeds wholly on fish by preference—and of course it is a cannibal. There is an indictment for you! One might think that our own native trout when grown large did not feed wholly on fish by preference, and that it was not a cannibal; but it does, and it is, just the same.

We are fairly well acquainted with our native trout and know something of its habits and characteristics; and as it has made the journey across the Atlantic in an opposite direction from that made by the brown trout, let us see how our beautiful fish has been received in England and what they think of it, and what sort of a name they give it over there.

Mr. Richard Edon says in *Land and Water:* "I strongly advise the restocking of our lakes and rivers with native fish only, and not foreigners, more especially American *Salmo fontinalis*, which is both pugnacious and voracious, and also a great wanderer. They are most difficult to keep at home should there be a loophole where they can get through." When this appeared a well-known English angling writer, "Silver Grey," asked Mr. Edon "on what grounds does he condemn the free-rising and plucky *fontinalis* as being pugnacious and voracious, and too great a wanderer." Mr. Edon replied that after a practical experience of twenty-three years with the fish, he had not heard any one who gave our brook trout a good name. It was called the "wanderer" because it disappeared from the waters in which it was planted. As to its pugnacious propensities:

"If you put *fontinalis* into a tank with other species of the *Salmonidæ*, in forty-eight hours there would scarcely be a fin of the opposite species but had been visited by *fontinalis*." He further cites a visit to a hatchery where there were a lot of yearlings of our trout ready to be sent to an exhibition and when he "looked into the tank he beheld numbers of fish with a tail at each end of them."

How could anything be more dreadful of any fish? Would the brown trout, or could they, be worse than those horrid *fontinalis* which probably swallowed one another until only one was left, when he swallowed himself.

Really a fish has to go away from home for people, some people, to find out just the kind of a freebooting pirate he is.

I believe as a rule we think fairly well of our red-spotted trout, and many an American angler will be pained to learn what a holy terror he becomes when he gets beyond home influences and associations.

"Silver Grey" does put in a good word for the *fontinalis* in reply to Mr. Edon and others when he says that he has caught the Loch Leven trout and the *fontinalis*, catching one with one cast and the other with the next cast. "I am bound to say that, although perhaps a thought slower on the rise, the *fontinalis* takes as freely as the Leven, shows as much fight, and while being more beautiful than the Leven, is its equal, if not its superior, in quality."

By common consent the English critics of our *fontinalis* refer the whole matter to Mr. J. J. Armistead, the well known fishculturist of the Solway Fishery, to decide whether our brook trout should be fostered in or banished from English waters. Mr. Armistead put on the judicial ermine and speaks from the bench as follows: "We always find plenty of people to 'run down' anything or anybody. It always has and probably always will be so. But is it fair to run down a fish before giving it a fair trial. There are many pros and cons connected with the *fontinalis*, and a book might be written on him. In certain waters he does very well indeed, and is a game fish, rising well to the fly and giving excellent sport, of which I have ample proof. In other waters, however, he has not done well at all, though the same may be said of *S. levenensis*, which is a very excellent fish.

In some cases *fontinalis* has vanished, owing to his migratory propensities, which are unusually strong. On this account he has been unjustly condemned. It is said of him that in some waters he will not rise to fly. Personally I have not met with such a locality, though I have seen several of the other kind, and I very much query if many such places exist. * * * I have heard of where *fontinalis* were accused of not rising to the fly and believe it was because they had not the chance. Personally, I have found them very free risers, and so have many others who have fished for them.

"As to being 'cannibalistic.' All trout are cannibals. Though *fontinalis* is really a charr, yet he is called in America the 'brook trout,' and so we give him the same name over here. I have seen a similar occurrence to that related by Mr. Edon take place among a lot of *Salmo fario;* indeed, when these fish do begin to eat their fellows, their rapacity knows no bounds."

In other words, *fario* and *fontinalis* average pretty much alike as to their habits, and when either one of them is out for an airing, all sorts of kindergarten fish, if they consult their own safety, will do well to take to the woods.

From the Land of the Beaver.

My old friend, Mr. John Mowat, is nothing if he is not a confirmed salmon fisherman, as perhaps I have had occasion to remark in this column before, but in a recent gossipy letter written from his home in Campbellton, New Brunswick, he says some things that will make trout fishermen roll their eyes skyward:

"I helped some at our hatchery this fall and laid down two and one-half millions salmon eggs, my son Alexander getting as many more at the St. John River hatchery. Remember, we don't do anything here in the trout line, and don't want them. They are much scarcer here now than they were twenty years ago, but the salmon are more plenteous. Trout, such as those 5 and 9-pounders caught in the Rangeley Lakes, and the hard fights so often graphically depicted in FOREST AND STREAM never even make my mouth water. So, true it is, that a good trout fisherman should never touch salmon.

"I see that some FOREST AND STREAM correspondents go in for what may be called slaughtering in order to make a score. It might be well to have an act framed to limit the catch of fish. Some of our Restigouche anglers have gone in for needless slaughter for the sake of a score. 'Who will be high line? Who is going to have the biggest bag?' are not good mottoes. So far as I know salmon are not allowed to go to waste. Anglers who are high up, say fifty or sixty miles above a station, commonly salt the surplus fish and give them to their guides. This has a tendency to incite the men to put forth all their energies and to put the angler in the most favorable positions possible to both hook and save the fish, as very much depends on your guide's cleverness and ability in handling the canoe and gaffing the fish. Just to show one score where I believe two rods were fishing a month. The guide, Peter Gray, an Indian half-breed, sold in this town ten barrels of salted salmon. This shows that the fish were not destroyed, as they were in fine condition. It shows also that 150 salmon, averaging 20lbs. in weight, went into those barrels to fill them, as in salting fish one-third is allowed for salt shrinkage and offal. No doubt salmon was the standing dish for the canoemen during the time, and so a good many more must have been killed. It looks somewhat like slaughter, and, I should say, hard work. I should think a limit of thirty, well forty if you will, of those large fish is or should be satisfactory to a rod.

"My two sons Alexander and J. P. Mowat have obtained some good fishing water from four to ten miles above Intercolonial Railway station, at Metapedia; two of them within a mile of another station, also one seventy miles above tide water, on which in three days last June 24 salmon were taken.

I hear that the Sweeny and Alfred property, seven miles from the station, has been bonded by a Georgia party for $70,000; this includes all land and fixtures. I also hear that the Restigouche Salmon Club is about purchasing the Breese property, for which, two years ago, he paid $36,000 and on which he has expended $3,000 for a house."

The Sweeny property which Mr. Mowat refers to is one of the best private fishings on the Restigouche. Last summer I met a gentleman on the cars between Quebec and Montreal who told me that some New England men were negotiating for this fishing either to lease or buy it, and the terms mentioned were so low that afterward when I met Mr. Harry Sweeny and talked with him about the property I had not the assurance to ask if the terms were as I had heard them. The figures Mr. Mowat gives is very like what the property has been considered worth.

An Invitation.

A friend who invites me to go a-fishing for landlocked salmon next June concludes the invitation thus:

"Come float with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasure prove
Of dreamy hours and outdoor lunch,
With dulcet cups of ruby punch;
Of lissome trout the draughts between,
And dancing Salmo's silver sheen,
With nibbling smelts to while away
The intervals of salmon play."

He says in conclusion "Can you stand it?" I do not know whether the query refers to the fishing or the poetry, but I can stand both. The fact is, I think this is an improvement upon Walton's "Milk Maid's Song." It may be quite ecstatic to "sit upon the rocks," and also to "see the shepherds feed our flocks" as Walton has it, but at the risk of being considered more material than etherial, I must confess that outdoor lunch and ruby punch are more satisfying. In these modern days, with crusaders around, one might get "run in" with only "a belt of straw and ivie buds," but surely there can be no moral objections to fishing for salmon with smelt bait, and I shall accept the invitation with many thanks.

"Lyra Piscatoria."

Many anglers on this side of the ocean know of "Cotswold Isys, M.A.," as an author and as the honorary poet of the Fly-Fishers' Club in London; and when, some months ago, I mentioned that he had written a little volume of poems on the "Nature, Habits, Mode of Capture of Fresh-Water Fishes, on Flies, Fishing and Fishermen," and would publish it if sufficient subscribers were obtained. I received the names of a number of subscribers to be forwarded to the author. "Cotswold Isys" is a London clergyman, and the book was written purely from a love of the subjects about which he sings and with no hope of pecuniary reward, and, therefore, he did not wish to put the MSS. in the printer's hand until the greater part of the cost of publication was assured. Friends who have sent in their names through me have asked when "Lyra Piscatoria" might be expected from the press, but I could not answer the question until now. The last mail steamer brought me a letter from the author, in which he says:

"I am sure you will be glad to hear that "Lyra Piscatoria" is to be published at last. It is now being printed by Horace Cox, the publisher of the *Field*. I hope it will be ready to send out in January. The price will be 3s. 6d., and I expect it will prove a loss to me. The edition will be one of 500 copies." Every one of the forty, about, anglers who gave their names to me as a subscriber is a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and this note will inform them when the volume may be expected. Should others desire to obtain copies of the book, they may be procured by writing to "Cotswold Isys," Fly-Fishers' Club, Arundel Hotel, Thames Embankment, London.

Slack or Taut Line.

A correspondent sends to FOREST AND STREAM the following query: "Will you kindly inform me in your next impression how to play a fresh water bass when he breaks from the water. What I mean is, whether he should have the butt or should he have slack line?"

First, I think it my duty to tell this correspondent that if he will consult all the angling books, so far as I can at this moment recall them, he will find that when advice is given on this point it is that the tip of the rod must be lowered when the fish jumps from the water to give slack line so that the fish may not fall back on the taut line and leader and break the latter. This advice is so antiquated that it is moth-eaten, and has been handed down as a precious possession through generations of fishermen.

Now, if the correspondent has the courage to follow the advice he seeks he will do nothing of the sort, but keep his rod well up and the line taut from strike to landing net. To "give the butt" is chiefly poetical license. Once in a while, and the occasions are rare, as I believe, the top of the rod may be inclined backward as the butt is put forward (for this is "giving the butt") to bring the greatest power of the spring of the rod to bear on a fighting fish, but one will not do this much oftener than he has the measles. A rod held well up where it exerts its steel-like spring is all the "butt" a fish gets as a rule, for that is all the angler can give it.

As to a fish falling back on a taut leader and breaking it if the tip of the rod is not lowered to meet the jump, I consider it one of the choicest bits of rot in angling literature. If the rod is of any account, and of course I assume that an angler will fish with a rod and not with a bean pole, the fish cannot do what it is presumed he may do. On a previous occasion when I said this at greater length, and gave reasons for thinking as I expressed myself, I expected to be jumped upon from all directions, but no one jumped. Once when fishing for black bass in Canada I was catching more fish than my conscience would permit me to kill, and day after day I gave the fish every possible opportunity to break the leader by falling back upon it, when the line was as taut as it can be when using a pliant rod, and there was not a break because of it, although there were breaks from other causes than falling back on the leader. A. N. CHENEY.

THE BLACK SEA BASS.

I SHALL never forget the sight of my first tarpon, as it was in a country where they were rare. I was fishing for gray snapper, one of the gamiest fishes that swims—and little known, owing to their timidity, by sportsmen—when, crawling under a wharf to catch some live bait from a school of sardines, I saw a fish, blue-backed and silver-sided, certainly 6ft. long, lying in shallow water not 10ft. from the shore. Whether the feeling that took possession of me was buck fever I know not, but the tarpon escaped.

An almost identical sensation was experienced when I saw my first black sea bass—a fish that is found at its best about Santa Catalina and San Clemente islands off Los Angeles county, California. I have always been an admirer of big sea fish, and in the East had tried for various reasons to take a horse mackerel on a line, and made some interesting experiments with sharks, many of these latter coming to my bag in Southern waters, so I could claim fairly and without egotism to know something about the pulling and game qualities of big fish, having taken every large fish of consequence from Maine to Florida. But this black sea bass of Santa Catalina capped the climax.

I am not going to tell of my own victories and defeats with the hand-line, of the 347-pounder I took or the 280-pounder that took me, or the various other adventures I have been fortunate in experiencing during the last five years in Santa Catalina waters, but to give my observations of the capture of the bulkiest fish I think that ever fell before a light rod reel.

To those who have never seen the black sea bass in its prime, I would suggest as a companion a small-mouth black bass. Imagine such an one of 6lbs. suddenly enlarged to a length of 6ft. and a weight of anywhere from 200 to 500lbs. Give it a fine blue eye, a rich chestnut color, a powerful, dogged, determined appearance and you have the black sea bass or *Stereolepis gigas* of Santa Catalina waters. Endow this creature with the strength of a colt, a remarkable agility and you have the game.

In the summer of 1894, I spent the season at Avalon, the headquarters of the island which has grown to be the fashionable resort of Southern California—a delightful spot in summer and more so in winter—and which is connected to the mainland by good steamers, the trip across occupying about two hours and a half. Early in the season Major Charles Vielé of the Fifth Cavalry, one of the most skillful fishermen in the West, came for the summer fishing and made a fine record with yellow-tail, doing nothing but rod and reel fishing. At the start the Major, after hearing some of my black sea bass stories, said it was fine sport but was degraded by the hand line, and then and there announced that he would take a bass on a light rod if it took all summer.

The feat was considered so impossible that the Major's friends took it up as a stock joke, and for two months he bore it good-humoredly, during which time he made repeated attempts, but all to no purpose—an aggravating thing, as every few days gigantic bass were brought in and suspended in front of the hotel, when the Major's friends would pleasantly call his attention to them and smile. One wag said that he had ordered a Norway pine for a rod and a donkey engine attachment reel for the Major, and there were endless suggestions as to how the thing was to be done. I am glad to say that I always thought he could accomplish the feat.

Days and weeks slipped away until the day for his departure to join his regiment arrived. He had invited me to join him in his last attempt to capture a black sea bass, and by 7 o'clock we were rounding the end of the island in a small naphtha launch, headed for the fishing banks near Silver Cañon. The Major's outfit was a 14oz. lancewood rod, called by the Tuft-Lyons Co., of Los Angeles, a yellowtail rod. His line was a 21-strand Cuttyhunk, with a cod-line leader a foot long. The reel was a silver one, that I believe came from Abbey & Imbrie's years ago, and held 500ft. of the small, light line, which presented a marked contrast to the halibut line usually employed. The hook was a large-sized cod hook, and baited with half a barracuda.

We came to anchor on the edge of the kelp, a good place for fish, but a bad one for fishing, and threw over three lines, one a hand line, the Major his rod line and I a similar outfit though a lighter striped-bass rod, 18 Cuttyhunk and No. 2 expert reel, used here for yellow-tail from 15 to 40lbs. We had evidently struck a school, for the excitement soon began. The Major took his place in a small boat from which he did his fishing, so that the moment he hooked his fish the skipper could cast off and take the oars and aid in the catch. In less than ten minutes he had a strike, then another, but missed. Then a bass took the hand line which I had, and for ten minutes amused itself with me. I brought it within 30ft. of the launch and then gave up, not being in good trim professionally, and passed the line to the Major, who had never taken one of these fish, who landed him after a good fight. I say landed; he brought him to the surface, and when he was killed and lashed to the launch after giving us all a shower-bath with his powerful tail, this fish weighed 280lbs.

In a few minutes later the Major had another strike on his rod-line and hooked the fish. It has been my good fortune to listen to the voice of many reels, but I never heard one ring in quite so high a key as this. It was a hiss from a silver throat, and the force of the run fairly doubled the rod up. How so light a line could stand the mere rapidity of such a rush was astonishing. It was difficult to tell how much line the fish took, but by skillful manipulation, the Major succeeded in stopping it by using a patent home-made break of leather of his own inventing which he used with a thick glove, and this was an important factor in the struggle. The Major would gain a few feet, then would come the high staccato of the reel, and gradually the big fish took the fisherman off shore. When it was not rushing and pounding on the line it was sulking; then it would come in with a rush, only to turn and start to the bottom like a whale sounding. The reader to appreciate this must remember that it was all on a 21-strand line, which well illustrates the skill with which the game was handled. Four or five times the fish in one of its terrible rushes passed around the kelp, and finally the Major called to me that they would have to come aboard for a boat-hook. The oarsman had an oil can as a buoy in the boat, and to this the rod was fastened and left while they came aboard the launch, where the boatman rigged a pair of hooks, back to back, to fish up the kelp, after which they returned to the anchored fish. A shout and the screaming of the reel told me that they were again successful.

For two hours and a half the fight was kept up, during which the excitement was at fever heat, despair and victory alternating. Finally I heard a shout, the Major waved his hat, and I saw the boatman rowing, while the black sea bass was towing behind with a rope through its gills and the little hook and line still fast in its bony jaw. During the two hours and a half fight I had landed a 100lbs. black sea bass on the hand line and lost every hook on the launch from my rod, and demonstrated that from an unanchored boat the catch was impossible, so we steamed into port with three bass, which when hung up to be photographed weighed respectively 227, 100 and 158lbs., the latter taken by the Major on his rod, the heaviest fish, if I am not mistaken, ever taken on a rod in these waters.

These fish spawn in September and bite well. In November and later they school and when struck are found ravenous, often ruining the other fishing. For any one who desires hard work that requires skill this sport can be commended. Santa Catalina Island is a new fishing ground, but is yearly attracting more sportsmen, and combines the possibilities of taking many game fish with a rod and reel with good quail and wild goat shooting.

PISCATOR.

CALIFORNIA.

Michigan Trout.

MANISTEE, Mich.—The trout fishing is improving rapidly. The trout are mostly planted in the smaller streams which, as a rule, run through cedar swamps and are fishable only by the most patient—not to say "toughest skinned," for the mosquitoes are terrible in their day—fishermen. They increase very fast and grow to a large size. Remembering the trout which I used to catch in New York and in the New England States, it seems to me that the fish here are much heavier for their inches, being more "chunky." I saw one weighed two years ago which after being out of the water all day tipped the scales at 5lbs. He was 21½in. long. I caught one this last season which was 17½in. long and weighed 2½lbs. after I got him home. Both of these trout were not symmetrical, having a decidedly aldermanic pursiness of the bread basket—or should I say, "worm basket." Both were very dull in coloring and both were taken from streams running into Lake Michigan, near their debouching points. Possibly this last fact may have had something to do with their color and developement.

Trout grow fast in this section, but I was not prepared to believe that a fry would attain to a pound weight in the fourth year after it was planted. In the month of March, 1891, I stocked a stream with fry, which so far as anybody knew had never contained any trout. In August of this year (1894) I saw one taken from it which weighed a plump pound and several others nearly as large.

Several creeks—all small streams are criks in Michigan and one soon falls into the vernacular—have been stocked with rainbow and German trout, which are doing well and bid fair to outstrip the—I had almost said native trout, but we have no native fish, all having been planted—*S. fontinalis* in weight and speed in taking on weight.

The grayling is not nearly as heavy a fish as the trout, for his length, as his form is more trim, tapering from just before the dorsal fin to the caudal. There is also less weight in his head than in a trout's. F. A. M.

TEXAS FISH, FLESH AND FOWL.

VELASCO, Tex., Dec. 15.—If you will take a redfish or trout weighing about 3lbs., clean carefully and cut in pieces the size of your hand, season and roll in Indian meal, and then fry over a hot camp-fire until brown, you will have a feast fit for a king; it will beat tenderloin trout out of sight, and if you pile the flaky morsels on the bleached side of an old piece of drift timber you will have a service full as tempting as the choicest Sèvres.

The Velasco Rod and Gun Club has been indulging in such primitive cookery for the past ten days or two weeks.

The camp was pitched on the banks of the San Bernard River, a beautiful stream flowing into the Gulf about ten miles south of Velasco.

The San Bernard is locally famous as a fishing place and the neighboring woods abound in game of various kind. Squirrels are plentiful, and if I attempted to tell you some of the lucky bags of partridge brought in by banker J. M. Moore, our champion wingshot, you would think my story exaggerated.

And the bill of fare is not limited to fish and game. The Cridar Lake oysters are equal in size and flavor to the finest in the world, and being a native of the shores of Chesapeake Bay I may profess to be a judge of oysters. It is no trouble to obtain any quantity and Dr. Boyd, who sports the longest legs in east Texas, easily supplied the camp by wading out in rubber boots and grappling with a tongs. If you have ever eaten roast oysters, seasoned with a round of good stories, and by a bright camp-fire, I think you will agree with me in saying steamed oysters are "not in it to any great extent."

Some of the club members who are artists with the fly-rod, wanted to go about eight miles further to the large lake on Governor Wells Thompson's plantation, but the weather turning bad the trip was abandoned. The Governor told the boys a tale of his negroes catching an 8lb. black bass by lowering a cotton basket in the lake and then dragging it up quickly; and Messrs. Lee, Boyd and Morrissy have been uneasy ever since.

The weather has not been cold enough to bring in the ducks and geese in their usual numbers, although a party of Pacific Express employees headed by Route Agent J. A. Russ, of Palestine, Texas, who camped upon Cridar Lake a couple of days, dead-headed a barrel of ducks, two barrels of fish and a half carload of oysters to their friends, as the result of their outing.

Mr. W. H. Holman, of Argonia, Kansas, had an adventure with a large sawfish a few days ago. Mr. Holman was on the coast for the first time in his life. He had a shotgun. He saw the fish in shoal water close to shore, and concluded to head it off after the Kansas style of hunting jack rabbits. He waded beyond and around the fish, getting it between him and the shore, shooting it with both barrels, whereupon the monster proceeded to saw Mr. Holman's leg in the most workmanlike manner. Fortunately a friend went to his rescue and hauled him out of the water, where he was almost helpless from the pain of his wound. Dr. Foster dressed his leg and he is doing well. He lost his gun and thinks he does not need it to hunt sawfish with anyway.

Certain parties living north of town have been killing deer and selling them to the butchers in town. The members of the club have them spotted and have registered a solemn vow to get even with them on every occasion they may have the chance in business transactions and otherwise. The game butcher is an Ishmaelite to all true sportsmen.

Mr. Walter Farwell, a son of ex-Senator Farwell, has been here in company with Mr. G. R. Scott, of Chicago. Mr. Farwell had quite an exciting adventure with a large wildcat while hunting in the Brazos bottom. Fortunately Mr. Farwell's dogs distracted the brute's attention for a few moments, and Mr. Farwell, being a pretty fair sprinter, managed to get over into the neighboring county before the cat got its business end ready.

Mr. Scott caught the biggest tarpon on record so far. It weighed a little over 207lbs., while the one that jumped on the deck of the steamer Mollie Mohr last season and was dispatched by the crew, weighed but 187.

DAVID LLEWELLYN.

Texas Tarpon and Florida Tarpon.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. A. N. Cheney in your issue of Dec. 8 discredits the Texas tarpon fishing record to show that "L. F. M," was mistaken in his claim. But Mr. Cheney did not state how many people were to be credited with the Florida fish while the Texas record was as follows, which I obtained from one of the party: H. M. Wallis, 44 strikes, 5 tarpon landed. W. M. Louis, 30 strikes, 4 tarpon landed. F. K. Bull, 25 strikes, 3 tarpon landed. This is a record of 99 strikes and 12 fish brought to the boat by three men. But Florida fishermen must not think that this is owing to any lack of skill on the part of the fishermen. When it comes to trolling for tarpon as compared to still-fishing as practiced in Florida there is as much difference as there is between bait-fishing and casting the fly. In the Texas fishing the tarpon is given no chance to gorge the bait, but must be fairly hooked in some part of the mouth, and it is a well-known fact that a fish hooked in the mouth will fight longer and harder than one that has been hooked in a vital spot.

I will be glad to answer to the best of my ability any queries made in regard to the Texas fishing, as I firmly believe that it cannot be excelled. My address may be obtained from FOREST AND STREAM publishers.

W. M. S.

Mississippi Tarpon.

BILOXI, Miss.—Now that your angling contributors are beginning to talk of tarpon, it may interest them to know that we have tarpon fishing here. One day this autumn a tarpon measuring 6ft. 4in. long, weighing 96lbs., was taken here on a rod and reel by Messrs. R. V. R. Schuyler and Wallace Montross. The fish was captured only after a hard fight lasting upward of three hours, during which time he led his captors a chase of nearly three miles. He was hooked from a wharf in front of the Montross Hotel and was followed in a small skiff until he was finally landed. The channel runs close to the beach at this point, and when the tide is running its strongest, either flood or ebb, thousands of mullet and sardines pass up and down stream on their way from the flats to deeper waters of the gulf. It is then that the tarpon, or silver fish as they are called here, bite best. They can be seen striking and jumping out of the water close to the pier heads in pursuit of their food. The best bait is a live mullet, which is fixed on the hook by passing the point through the opening behind the gills, and allowing it to come out of the mouth. In this way mullet can be kept alive for a long time. The bait is cast out a short distance from the wharf, and is allowed to swim about close to the surface. The tarpon takes live bait very much as does the black bass the fly, jumping out of water the moment he feels the prick of the steel. His runs vary from 200 to 400ft., always ending in one of the terrific jumps that only a tarpon can make. It is a beautiful sight as he emerges from the water, his scales glistening like molten silver. He is game to the last, fighting until the gaff is driven into him, and he is drawn into the boat. The writer, who has caught tarpon on the lower Florida coast, considers this point for many reasons far the better for tarpon fishing. These fish certainly are more difficult to catch here, possibly owing to the fact that the water is cooler here than further south, making the fish more active. In addition to this the style of fishing, viz., the using of live bait is far more exciting than still-fishing. This portion of the gulf coast is easy of access from any of the Northern and Western cities. The accommodations are first-class and there is no difficulty in procuring bait and boats. The best season is during the months of August, September, October and November, as during these months the tarpon fairly swarm in these waters. Any one visiting Biloxi for this kind of sport can be absolutely certain of hooking one or more of them every good day. S.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

The Maine Commission.

THE Maine Fish and Game Commissioners have submitted their biennial report to the Governor and Council. It is a report that the people of the State should be proud of. In regard to landlocked salmon, the report says that stocking has been very satisfactory. The number of parent fish entering upon the spawning grounds and coming into the weirs on Crooked River have doubled during the past three years, as shown by the number of eggs taken. In all waters of the State where these fish have been planted for a term of years sufficient for natural developments they have appeared in large numbers, as compared with the amount of the original stock, and in many places are propagating themselves by natural processes.

Stocking the Penobscot River with sea salmon has been pre-eminently successful. Twelve thousand sea salmon were taken in the weirs of the Penobscot River and Bay and in its pools during the season of 1894. These fish sold in the markets of our Atlantic cities for a price ranging from 25 cents to $1 per pound. At the average price of 25 cents per pound, this fish product would be worth $45,000. The cost to the State of keeping up this industry is $600 per annum or less than 1½ per cent. of the selling price in the market.

The Commissioners say that the best results can be obtained by closing the streams that feed ponds and lakes and stop all fishing for trout till May 1; cut down the number of pounds of these fish the angler may have at one time, stop the market for trout and landlocked salmon and, with what facilities we now have for stocking our lakes and ponds, we will always have them with us in good numbers.

In regard to the big game of the State the Commissioners say:

"The large game of the State, by which we mean the moose, caribou and deer, is, without doubt, increasingly abundant. From the most reliable information gathered from statistics furnished by express companies and common carriers at important points in our State and from personal inquiry and observation, we think it a conservative statement that for the open time of 1894, 4,000 of these animals will be taken. During the fifty days ending Nov. 21, 800 were shipped by express over the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad in cars running from Houlton to Bangor. Moosehead Lake regions and west over the Canadian Pacific to the Canadian line furnish as many more. Hancock and Washington counties, two of the best deer counties in the State, are not far behind these figures. Then going west through Somerset, Franklin and Oxford counties, we have another equally large supply of this game. Outside of these principal sections, there are scores of towns in the State which, while they are thickly papulated, are at the same time well stocked with deer. These estimates represent what have been taken and brought out of the forests and no account is here made of the large number of deer that have been killed and consumed by parties while on hunting trips.

"There have been taken in the State this year about 100 moose and 200 caribou. Of these probably one-third, at least, have been cows.

"The number of those who hunt and kill our large game is increasing from year to year at the rate of 25 per cent. annually.

"What is the value to the State of its fish and game interests? Various estimates have been made, ranging from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 per anumn. The Commissioners state that they know that each year there go to Rangeley Lake region 5,000 sportsmen and hunters. They tarry on an average ten days each, and the average expense to each person from the time he enters the State until he departs is $75, aggregating $375,000, while $50,000 per anumn is paid to taxidermists. In looking over the field the Commissioners are of the opinion that $3,000,000 is a reasonable and modest estimate of the money left in the State every year by visitors attracted to Maine by fish and game interests."

The Commissioners will ask for $30,000 per anumn for the next two years for the propagation of fish and the enforcement of the law for the protection of fish and game.

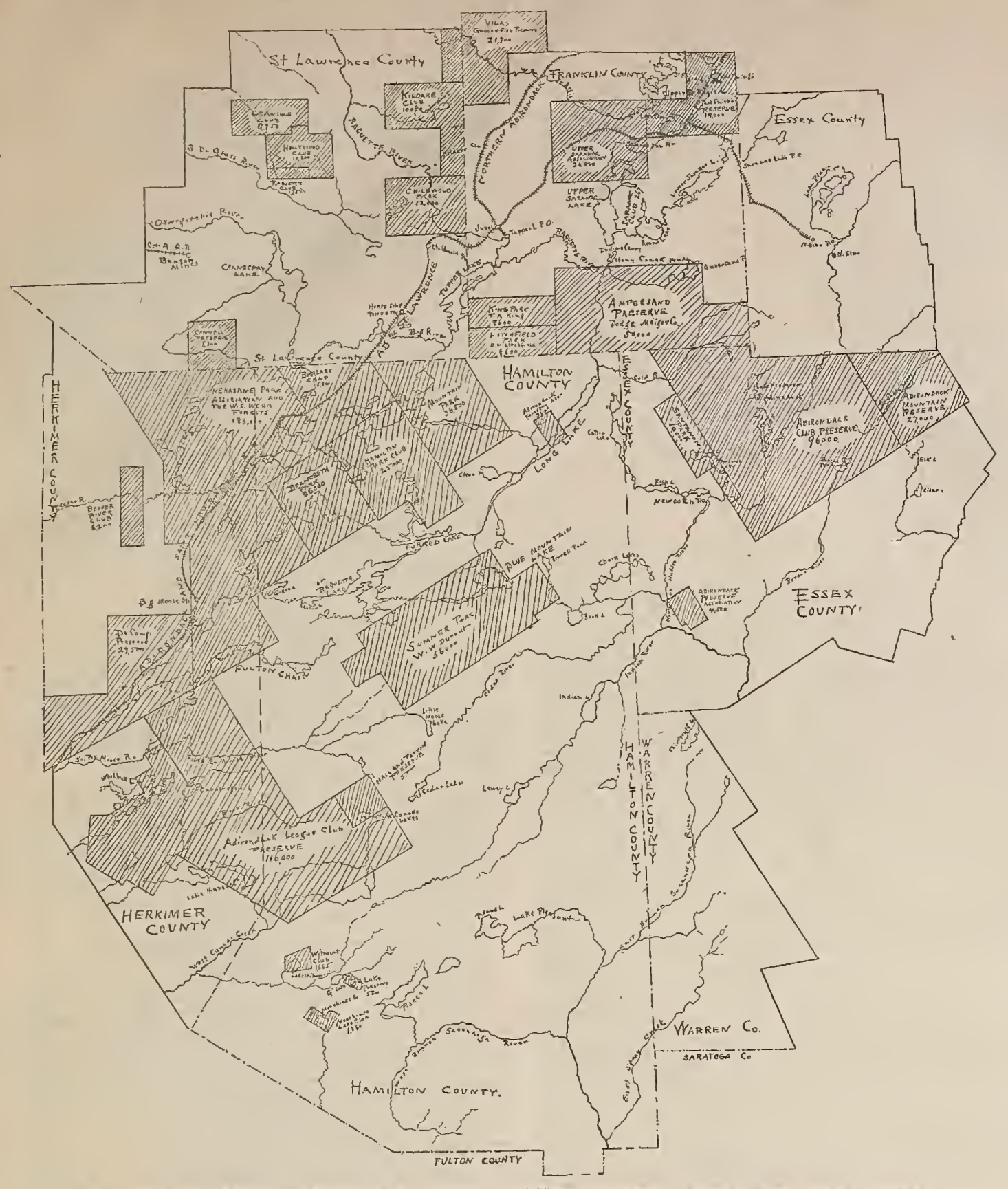
SPECIAL.

Lobster Shorts.

A BOSTON exchange of recent date reports: A tugboat steamed down Boston Harbor yesterday afternoon, and when several miles off the Brewster Islands, slowed her speed. Several men were gathered round a pile of barrels stored aft, and as the tug lost headway proceeded to dump the contents of the barrels into the sea. There were 17 barrels in all, and they contained no less than 3,328 lobsters.

To whom they belonged is a mystery, but they were what are technically known as "shorts," and were seized by State Officer Proctor at the Providence station. The lobsters were consigned to a New York firm, and probably came from Maine waters, although this is not known. No person has put in a claim of ownership, and no person is likely to. The law requires that lobsters, when offered for sale, shall be at least 10½in. in length, and every one of the lot captured was by actual measurement below the standard.

This is the largest seizure of this kind ever made in this State, and, so far as known, in New England. Could the shipper of the lobsters be arrested and convicted, he would be liable to a fine of not less than $16,610, for the law provides that any person in whose possession short lobsters are found may be fined $5 for each lobster so found. It is pos-



PRIVATE PRESERVES WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THE PROPOSED ADIRONDACK STATE PARK.

	Acres.		Acres.		Acres.
Adirondack League Club	116,000	Brandreth Preserve	26,000	Granshire Club	8,75
Adirondack Mountain Reserve	27,000	Hamilton Park	25,000	Kildare Club	10,000
Adirondack Club	96,000	Mountain Park	36,500	Vilas Game and Fish Preserve	21,700
Adirondack Preserve Association	4,500	Adirondack Forestry Association	3,500	Upper Saranac Association	26,000
Santantoni Park	10,000	Ampersand Preserve	50,000	Paul Smith's Preserve	19,000
Sumner Park	56,000	King Park	8,600	Beaver River Club	6,200
Hall and Patton Preserve	5,000	Litchfield Park	8,600	Moorhouse Lake	1,660
De Camp Preserve	29,500	Connell Preserve	8,300	Wilmurt Club	1,665
Nehasane Park Association	112,000	Childwold Park	12,000	Saranac Club	267
The W. S. Webb Forests	76,000	Raquette Club	1,750	"G" Lake Preserve	520
Bog Lake Camp	5,300	Hollywood Club	10,800		
				Total	834,112

sible that the lobsters, which are kept alive for four or five days, were taken from New Hampshire waters, but the fine in that State is double what it is in Massachusetts. In Maine the fine imposed for each lobster is $1. It is readily understood, therefore, why the owner will not press his claim to ownership.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

1895.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Clu nineteenth annual show, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

Feb. 26 to March 1.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit. J. W. Garrison, Sec'y.

March 5 to 8.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 12 to 15.—Western Kennel Club Co., at Denver, Col. E. T. Welant, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 14.—Pacific Coast Field Trials Club, at Salinas, Cal.

Jan. 21.—United States Field Trials Club's Trials B, at West Point, Miss. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

Sept. 10 —Manitoba Field Trials, at Morris, Man. John Woolton, Manitou, Sec'y.

Work for Terriers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I read with the greatest interest the letter from "Terrier," and think he has voiced the sentiment of all true lovers of that gay little breed. Indeed, it is true that owners of terrier kennels place almost all their interest in breeding and exhibiting them, and put them to very little use or sport. But are they to blame? The only records we can obtain of the real use of the terrier for sport were written several years ago, and praise him for his courage with the fox, the badger and other such animals; also of his valor in dispatching all kinds of vermin. Now, let me join Mr. "Terrier" in requesting information as to what sport we can put our dogs to. There are no fox hunts, wherein a terrier is of use; badgers have long been more than scarce, and now pray tell us of the other animals. Let it be remembered that we live in the Eastern and most densely populated section of this country, and where, it has been my experience, the larger varieties of vermin are even scarce. I had to advertise a cash price for live, uninjured rats to give my terriers work. This puts it pretty strong; but if I can be informed of any place within reasonable distance of New York where one could obtain good sport with one's terriers, in what manner and what season, I should take pleasure in it, and surely give my dogs an opportunity to show they are not mere pets. Other breeds have their field trials and coursing meets; why should not the terriers have some opportunity to show their worth in true sport? I feel sure that terrier owners would only be too glad of any opportunity to test their dogs if (that awful, small and all-important word) it could be made possible to have such a test on suitable game—no rabbit coursing or even rat catching—the first for another breed and the latter but tame sport at the best.

Let them have a go with a coon might be suggested; that I deem only as an education for the terrier, as a sham battle is for the soldier. A coon is kept in some kennels and is excellent in a way, but hardly rare sport for man or even dog. The dog after a time tires of his futile attempt to "do the coon," and the coon soon realizes the dog will not be permitted to "chew" him, and concludes wisdom the better part of valor and "lights out" until cornered, and then makes a weak attempt at resistance; at this stage of the game one must procure another coon. A good coon and a couple of terriers that know what manner of animal he is, will afford some sport if let loose together on a meadow, but coons are none too plentiful, have to be trapped and probably obtained from some distance. This reminds one of fox-hunting with "imported" foxes.

Now my plaint is sung as an addenda to Mr. "Terrier's" letter, and it remains but for some of your readers to help us out, and then, I feel sure the terriers will show they have lost none of their courage by lack of opportunity to display it.

TRICK II.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I don't think that "Terrier" would have much sport or success in killing muskrats with terriers as I believe the holes are usually under the water's edge. The only terrier that could be depended upon to tackle the muskrat while swimming under water would be the Irish terrier, which I have seen do the trick with a water rat. Very good sport can be had, however, with ferrets after the common house rat and water rat.

In days gone by, in England, I have enjoyed many an afternoon's sport with a few terriers and a ferret among the rats that infested old barns and grain stacks on the different farms in my vicinity. And surely the same conditions obtain to a greater or less extent in our country districts.

One afternoon's sport remains indelibly fixed in my memory, and perhaps a description of it may afford a suggestion that if followed up by some of the terrier men will give them the sport they wish. A bean stack had lain unmolested for a couple of years, the farmer waiting for a rise in values before marketing his beans. From knowledge gained in previous experiences I kept an eye on that stack, knowing that it was infested with rats that had been attracted by the toothsome bean. Strict injunctions were laid on the farmer to let me know when he decided to thresh out the stack.

Finally the farmer divined that he had waited not wisely but too well, as the well fed rodents had literally honeycombed the stack and left little but the stalks, though to outward appearances the stack looked as good as ever. The threshing machine was started about noon, and when half the stack had been threshed the fun commenced. Four or five men were feeding the machine, and as every forkful of stalks was raised out would run a rat—sometimes three or four. I had three fox-terriers and a "sort of" bull-terrier, and for two hours it was a continual "Hi, there! Whoop!" until the last forkful was raised and eighty-four dead rats were gathered up. While the stack was high the terriers waited on the ground for the vermin and nabbed them as they tried to escape.

Many of the rats kept out of sight until the last three feet of stack was opened up, so it may be imagined the sport was fast and furious during the last half hour. Many of the rats would give the terriers a run before they could be caught and thus afforded the most exciting sport. I did the farmer a good turn in killing off so many pests and at the same time enjoyed such pulse-quickening sport as would delight even the most blasé sportsman.

Surely around Boston, within an hour's ride, there are lots of old farm buildings, the owners of which would be only too glad to have them cleared of the vermin that infest them and, with a couple of ferrets and half a dozen terriers trained to ferrets, any amount of fun could be enjoyed. A tough old water rat will give a fox-terrier all it can manage for a minute or two, if not nabbed properly at the first jump, especially if tackled in the water. These are usually found in old mill races and signs are easily seen in any old streams. Half the charm of an afternoon's sport of this description is in seeking for it, watching the work of the terrier in finding the "lay up." Then when a good mark is made, the turning down of the ferret and the study of the dogs in their various attitudes of suspense, recompense one for the slight exertion entailed, even if the ferret does not bolt a rat; some other hole may pan out better. Such sport as this brings one nearer to one's dogs and affords one an opportunity to study their character, their different degrees of courage and other traits all interesting to the man who loves his terriers.

With muskrats I have had no experience, having killed but one and that was with the aid of a great Dane, Faro that was shown at New York in 1881 as a "Danish Lion Dog." This rat came to the kitchen window one winter's night, from a small stream 50yds. away. The dog was lying in front of the kitchen fire, asleep, but heard the slight clink of the rat's claws against the window pane as the latter raised itself on its hind legs to peep in, attracted probably by the light. The dog jumped up in time to see the rat disappear. I had come home late and was putting "in" a nightcap before going to bed, and it took me a second or two to unlock the door and let Faro out. He raced round the front of the house and caught the muskrat half way to the stream. This was the smartest piece of work I ever saw in such a large dog, but then he was an active racily built great Dane, and not what Mr. Heppner would term a "butcher" dog.

H. W. L.

Bloodhound Trailing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am pleased to see, from the notices which from time to time appear in your columns, that the English bloodhound is gradually forging his way to the front and is likely to become a favorite in America. He is one of the noblest and most majestic appearing dogs in existence, and as his great intelligence, docility, sagacity, affection and trustworthiness become better known, the bloodhounds will certainly supersede some of the fashionable dogs of the day.

It is surprising how little encouragement is given to this breed at dog shows. At Rhode Island, for instance, only two prizes were given, while for such minor breeds as terriers the prizes were far more numerous. The English Bloodhound Club of America has given this breed a wonderful impetus, but its members unanimously decided not to send a single bloodhound to Rhode Island. I think the management could have made a great hit by offering a prize for trailing a man by bloodhounds. The exhibition of the dogs working would have been highly interesting and popular.

A well-known Philadelphia bloodhound fancier was lately on a visit to Dr. Lougest at his Mount Vernon Kennels, when he made a bet of a new hat with the worthy Doctor that his bloodhounds could not find him. He got an hour's start and the night was pitch dark. He dodged about in and out of the woods, etc., but the dogs found him easily, and he lost his hat.

I had a similar experience recently at Dr. Lougest's lovely place near Franklin, where I witnessed a most interesting and remarkable display of the wonderful way in which a bloodhound can trail a man. I started out from the farm about 9 A. M. and told no one which direction I would take, except that I would leave by the front gate and emerge on the public road where there is constant traffic of horses, cattle, dogs, sheep and men. I walked down the road about half a mile then leaped a low stone wall into a wood, where I zig-zagged in and about for ten minutes. I then walked on the stones down the dry bed of a stream for a quarter of a mile, came out on a large field of natural grass and ran over that, circling about and retracing my steps, took to the woods again and then finally wound in and out of a large field, well covered with large shrubs. Then I jumped on top of a large cairn of stones were I could see without being seen. I had nearly two hours' start of the dogs before they were put on my trail, but they followed it full speed, taking every curve and turn which I had taken; it was a lovely sight to see them, every muscle quivering with excitement; now and again one hound or another would pause for an instant, at fault, and then be off again with a deep-mouthed note of satisfaction at having regained the scent. They finally located me on top of my stone fortress and made the air reverberate with their melodious baying, which they kept up until the arrival of Dr. Lougest and his keeper on the scene. I made no preparation whatever for the trial, the dogs had not seen me at all the morning I started, I wore ordinary apparel, and I mentally thanked my stars that I was not a criminal and Dr. Lougest was not a detective on my trail with his lovely pack of English bloodhounds.

M. D.

BOSTON, Mass.

Beagles Shot.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To "Quaker" I would say that Sedgwick was bred and sold by the Hornell-Harmony Kennels and was trained by C. S. Wixom. I am the proprietor of the Hornell Kennels; I kept the spaniels, etc. Mr. Wixom owns the Harmony Kennels and kept all the hounds. We were partners for six years.

I wrote that *we* bred and trained Sedgwick, but the compositor got it *I*. With this explanation, I hope that "Quaker" will not lose any more sleep in regard to who bred, owned, trained and sold Sedgwick.

Our mutual friend, W. J. Higginson, of Rochester, told me that if I wrote again *re* Sedgwick, to say that he would also give $5 or $10 toward a fund to prosecute the killer.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 13.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

Before and After Taking.

IT is a matter of congratulation that, in the present day, the sportsmen who are supporters of and competitors in field trials, accept the judges' decisions pleasantly and as being final. It was not always so. There were times when the judges' decisions were all wrong in the opinion of many competitors, though they never advanced their contention as a matter of opinion but as a matter of fact.

While the transition from the chaotic state, in which many competitors made the mental reservation to accept the judges' decisions if in their favor, or to show the utter incompetency, prejudice, favoritism or interest if the decisions were against them, has been slow it has been sure.

At the field trials of the present season, there has been less "kicking" than in any previous season. What little of it there was had a milder coloring and more temperate tone, and it was less open. Palpably the day of the kicker waneth.

It may be said that the judges are better and that therefore there is less cause or no cause to kick. That I do not believe. The judges have been good judges for several years. Often the judges were used merely as a cloak to the real reasons, which were many times keen disappointments for commercial reasons, or were from the owner's own standard of affection for his dog and unbounded tolerance for all his faults and errors, with an exaggerated estimate of what good work the dog may ever have done, a standard entirely at variance from that which a judge must use when judging a competition at a field trial.

Herein no doubt was the source of much of the owner's dissatisfaction. He has seen his Duke XXV., a dog of ninety-three crosses of a winning sire in his pedigree, black, white and tan of the brightest and most distinctly correct color, a winner at a bench show and costly as to purchase money, loved by the children and the only dog which his wife thought to be worthy the privileges of the parlor—he has, I say, seen Duke make some excellent points when he had the work all to himself and had favorable conditions. He forgets that in a field trial there is another dog running with Duke, and that he may take all the work away from Duke, or that he may, by self-will or awkwardness, destroy all opportunities for Duke, or that, sad to relate, Duke may be feeling slightly indisposed and is not working up to his best private work, or still more sad, he may be working against some coarse-grained brute, which will go into briers or mud, where a real nice dog of proper refinement might hesitate to enter, with no more inducement for the venture than a few unpedigreed birds. All these things Duke's owner seems to forget, it may not be improper to say that he never knew them.

Of much the same stripe is the owner who writes to the papers with a courtesy which simply veils acrimonious temper and insinuations of dishonesty, prejudice, self interests or prejudgments on the part of the reporter. Has not his dog run before in trials? And did he not do so and so? And did not that same reporter say so and so of him at those times? and so on, *ad nauseum*. There seemed to be every reason advanced except the sole one, that the reporter might be right.

The work of a dog is not a fixed quantity. Even if it were so, in competition it would be only relative. But in all the rapidly varying circumstances of a field trial, where necessarily there is but a limited time in which to crowd all the competitive detail, the stay-at-home owner and the field trial management must have widely different standards. Not that field trials are infallible tests. They are, nevertheless, very good tests. Under the spotting system it is possible to give a dog a most thorough trial and at the same time guard against the element of luck so far as it is possible.

If an owner sends his dog to a trial he agrees to abide by the conditions of it, and it would be in better keeping for him to observe his agreement. If the report of the trial does not equal the bright rose-colored dream of his fancy let him rouse himself from his slumbers and make a vigorous self-examination. Let him cancel the depreciated value of his dog if his turn of mind be commercial and set that off to his own bad luck or bad judgment. Let him cancel his love if his love for his dog is his standard, as that love is no part of the competition or its legitimate history; but if his nature is such that he must object, or else swell unpleasantly, let him at least endeavor to be civil and just.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 8.

Shall it be Speed or Nose?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your valuable paper of 15th inst. I read an article written by Mr. G. A. Buckstaff on the relative meriting qualities of speed and nose in beagles.

I regret that I cannot admit being entirely carried away with Mr. B's argument. He says that the aim among breeders who desire field trial winners is to "get speed at all hazards and get nose if you can," and this is not the kind of a dog to get rabbits with.

Now, to substantiate his argument, Mr. B. says he sent his dog Royal Rover to the National Beagle Club trials this fall as an object lesson. He says that in the first series Rover defeated Nell R., and from all reports did it easily, and she won the Derby. He must have possessed considerable speed to do that. Right here I wish to call Mr. B.'s attention to his first mistake. The judges were working on the spotting system and, as a positive fact, I know they did not make the mistake of announcing winners of heats or in any way give their opinion as to the respective merits or demerits of any dog previous to their final awards. Mr. B. err's in reading the opinion of some "would-be reporter" in taking it for granted that the reporter's opinion is also that of the judges.

To further prove my assertion I will quote again from Mr. B.'s letter, in which he says that the "only other dog he (Royal Rover) had a chance to run against was Buckshot, the winner of the All-Age Stake, and after a hot heat it was decided that Rover had the best nose, but Buckshot was too fast for him." Now, in justice to the judges, Messrs. Turpin and Lewis, does Mr. B. believe that they rendered this decision, and if so, in the sense and with the meaning that his letter implies?

With speed enough to beat the Derby winner, a better nose than the All-Age winner, he says his dog was dropped out of the class. Now, this smacks strongly of a "kick," and I don't believe he means to be a kicker. I also believe his motive in writing his letter is honest.

Now, the Derby class of the National Beagle Club's 1894 trials had three starters; and his dog, we will admit, beat the winner, does that follow that he should defeat twelve other starters in the All-Age stake? Mr. Buckstaff assumes that his dog had speed enough to beat the Derby winner and he takes it for granted that his dog had a better nose than the All-Age winner, because probably some "reporter" said so, and his deductions are that his dog was not properly placed by the judges. Does Mr. B. believe that speed credit is misplaced when one dog is in the lead and going right along accurately on the trail, as proven by the slower dog, with the better nose following exactly the same course, but considerably in the rear and with much noise and ado?

Mr. B. says we get speed and sacrifice nose. I say that a dog who has speed must have nose and a most terrifically sensitive one to carry the scent deposited by the fleeing rabbit ahead of the speedy dog or he could not adhere to the trail as closely as the five dogs did that were placed ahead of his dog at Hempstead last month by honest judges.

That letter implies in a general way that greater credit is, or was, given to the speedy dog, who otherwise considered holding to the trail a very inferior, secondary matter; in other words, a dog who slashes and dashes around through the brush, making much noise, with the rabbit behind him. Now, which would he prefer—a pack that will start game and in a leisurely way (but holding the trail accurately) bring the game to his gun in say forty, fifty or sixty minutes, without having increased the throb of his pulse one single beat (normal 80°), or a pack that will start game and in an eager, pushing, crowding, bustling way (but holding the trail accurately) bring the game to the gun in five, ten or fifteen minutes, with pulse beating from 150 to 200, your cap on the back of your head or on the ground, every nerve strained, your hands clutching the gun, your eyes bursting from the sockets in your endeavors to catch a glimpse and a shot at the thoroughly alarmed rabbit going for dear life 50ft. ahead of your speedy pack with "speedy" noses? Whew! I had to stop here for a minute, as I had mentally followed this pack, and was in about the condition that "Canada Gray" must have been when he called a halt for water at Oxford.

Now, I contend this hue and cry about speed without nose is all "poppycock," and, as a matter of fact, it is really a physical impossibility. I, for one, will boldly say that I want the dog with speed and nose, and I believe that 95 per cent. of those who use beagles are in the same mind. Let us wait and see what others have to say. H. L. KREUDER.

NANUET, N. Y., Dec. 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read Mr. Buckstaff's letter in your issue of Dec. 15, entitled "Shall It Be Speed or Nose?" In reply let me say that it shall be neither one nor the other, but a combination of both. Speed and nose, those are the qualities for which the great majority of beagle men are searching, and in my opinion rightly. Mr. Buckstaff says, "If the beagle is to be developed for use in the field and beauty of form, our field trials will bring about the desired result," and implies that the "gaunt, long-legged, terrier-looking dogs," of which he has previously spoken, are the ones that win the majority of prizes in our trials. That is a subject on which I desire to say something later—provided no one else gets ahead of me—but in this note I merely wish to reply, as far as I can, to the questions which he puts to the judges at the last National Beagle Club trials at Hempstead, of whom I had the pleasure to be one.

He says, "Now, I should like to ask the judges * * * at what point in the scale of field trial virtues in a beagle they drop speed and credit nose, and at what point they drop nose and credit speed?" In reply let me say that the moment a beagle outruns his nose, goes so fast that he cannot carry the trail, that instant speed is dropped and nose credited. There is no point at which nose is dropped and speed credited, for a beagle without nose is no beagle at all, whereas a beagle without speed may be a fairly good hound. A good example of the hound that outran his nose at these trials was Millard. I doubt if there was a faster beagle on the grounds, but he did not or could not use his nose—consequently his speed was no advantage to him. He did not even make the second series, though according to "Buckstaff's" reasoning he ought to have been among the winners.

Mr. Buckstaff in his endeavor to prove that "speed is about all that is wanted," says: "In the first series Rover defeated Nell R., and from all reports did it easily, and she won the Derby. He must have possessed considerable speed to do that. The only other dog he had a chance to run against was Buckshot, the winner of the All-Age stake; and after a hot race it was decided that Rover had the best nose, but that Buckshot was too fast for him. With speed enough to beat the Derby winner and a better nose than the All-Age winner, Rover was dropped out of the class and five dogs placed over him."

If all this is correct, no wonder Mr. Buckstaff "wants to know how you decide on the winner." Let us look at it. Royal Rover did not defeat Nell R. easily. On the contrary it was a very close thing between them in a race which was run at a time when Nell was tired out—she was only a Derby dog remember—on her long, hard run in the swamp on the previous day. Had Nell shown her true speed in this race—which she did show later in her Derby race—Rover would not have had a place in the second series.

Now for the Royal Rover-Buckshot race. Who "decided" that Rover had the best nose of the brace? That was not the opinion of the judges, and no one else had any right to make any decisions and no one else did make any. The facts of the case are that Buckshot showed fully as good nose and fully as good hunting sense as Rover, and far greater speed. But his speed was not so great that he outran his nose. In the race he led most of the time, picked out the great majority of the turns, and taking into consideration all the desirable qualities that go to make up the hunting beagle, was an easy winner.

Mr. Buckstaff's statements, which he makes as facts, and on which he relies to prove his case, are not facts at all, and any argument based on them necessarily falls to the ground and is unworthy of consideration.

I have not the pleasure of Mr. Buckstaff's acquaintance, but nevertheless I hope he will accept my congratulations on his election to the State Legislature and my earnest hope that his speeches and arguments in that body may rest on facts and not on imagination. BRADFORD S. TURPIN.

Judging at the W. K. C. Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the Dog Chat notes of the Dec. 15 issue of your valuable paper, I note remarks on proposed regular daily scheme of judging at the W. K. C. coming show.

I fully agree with you that such a scheme would greatly obviate the rush and confusion which is the rule under present conditions, during the hours of judging. But you go further and suggest a schedule, which begins with St. Bernards and mastiffs on the first day, and so on to the third day, when you would judge terriers.

So you would place the terriers on the third day, and judge the big breed first, thus leaving these little tykes to worry out their soul and patience, while their big relations, who are a thousand times more comfortable on their benches than when bothered by hurrying handlers and judges, are having their innings.

I am a terrier man, I admit, and there are probably some of your readers who will say I am partial in my opinion when I state that terriers should come before the larger breeds.

To such I would ask, have they ever attended a big dog show and failed to notice how Master Terrier chafes at confinement on his little plank, and how much sooner he loses that appearance of gayety and sprightliness, so essential to his good form in the judging ring, than his larger brothers?

On this single point I suggest that you should place the order of judging according to the temperament of the breeds, placing those first whose appearance as to "fire" and "go" are most essential and most easily worn off by confinement. THE TYKE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.

The pair of Persian spaniels presented to James Gordon Bennett, while on a recent yachting trip, partake a good deal of the character of so-called Mexican spaniels, one or two of which have been shown at Boston shows. In general formation, especially in head and carriage of ears, they remind one of the Chihuahua with the addition of a silky coat.

DOG CHAT.

British Fancier speaks of Mr. Taylor making a long overnight journey from Guilford to Chester to be in time to judge at the latter place. This would be a short trip to some of us who are accustomed to "do" the shows in this country during a busy circuit. Reporting Chicago show for FOREST AND STREAM, for instance, entails a journey of 2,000 miles.

Pathfinder, who lately returned to his native country, was shown at the South London Bulldog show, Nov. 13 to 15, where he won second to the well-known Facey Romford, the latter beating in body and general formation, though in shortness of face and underjaw Pathfinder simply smothers Facey Romford. An upset which seems to have rankled Mr. Ellis was the placing of Dimboola, Facey Romford and Monkey Brand over Guido, who under Mr. Berrie and Mr. Jackson beat everything at the Bulldog show and the Crystal Palace. Mr. Ellis thereupon refused to play any more and Guido was not allowed to be shown in subsequent classes. Mr. Pybus-Sellon's Dimboola, who has only been shown twice before, won the championship and seems to be the coming dog. He is a white dog with lemon markings and possesses a large well-shaped skull, good square muzzle, large nostril, excels in chop, which is well cushioned up, shoulders and forelegs perfect, is built low to the ground, out at shoulders and in body is thick set and cloddy, a little more wrinkle and a shorter back would, it is said, improve him. Guido is said to be too high on the leg and his ribs are not properly sprung. In fact, the bulldog world in England seems to be divided on the question of type and which is correct, the low cobby dog or the high stilty long one.

Judging from the reports of the Crystal Palace shows, the rough St. Bernards are not making so much improvement as the smooths. We fancy the same may be said over here, and if a little more attention were paid to the smooth stud dogs, the result would be seen in more quality and truer type among the young rough stock. There should not be this fear of using smooth dogs or smooth bitches for breeding purposes, for it is just as likely that there will be as many roughs as smooths in the litters.

"John Bull" in *British Fancier* says that nearly twenty years ago at the first grand annual show of bulldogs (which was promoted by the Bulldog Club) the winner of the champion gold medal for the best dog in the show, Mr. Joice's Bacchus, with 79 marks, was a Dudley. At the Aquarium show with an entry of over 200 not a single Dudley was benched. How are the mighty Dudleys fallen, and a good job, too!

Mr. Foster's champion pug Bradford Marvel has won 51 firsts, 14 seconds and 21 specials in little over a year.

Dr. Turner's remarks in regard to the great Danes are also to the point. After commenting on the lack of quality in many of those shown, he says: "Of all the giants of the canine race a great Dane is that in which we ought to see beauty of outline, grace of form and elegance of movement. The type still varies considerably * * * in my opinion there should be that combination of strength and agility which, avoiding on the one hand the heavinees of the English mastiff and on the other the lightness of the greyhound brings into prominence the best points of each in modified form." In alluding to the great Dane in its native country he combats the idea that it is a heavier, deeper-muzzled and more lippy animal than they are in England, drawing his conclusions from those he has seen in Bavaria and clinches his argument by saying that the average dog one sees in Munich or Stuttgart is much better grown and sounder on his legs than the average specimen shown at exhibitions in England, nor is he heavier in skull nor deeper in muzzle. Those who look to England for a correct type of great Dane should ponder over this.

In his report of bloodhounds, Dr. Turner speaks well of Mr. Brough's Bardolf. His head is a perfect study of form expression and color, with ears placed and falling quite exactly *de rigeur*, and in wrinkle and expression he is even better than the late Burgundy. In speaking of the cross of Babylon and Coombe Bismark that Mr. Beaufoy resorted to, the effect of which is shown in the bitch What's Wanted, Dr. Turner remarks: "That this cross made by Mr. Beaufoy was a valuable one there is no doubt, and in another generation or so no trace of it will be visible, while the result, improving the constitution, will remain. It is astonishing how little of foreign blood is necessary to create a greater resistant power to disease. This is shown in the fact that a few cubic centimetres of blood serum from an immunized animal will protect another who is susceptible, nay., even suffering from a disease, if used in time."

Mr. J. Hope, of Philadelphia, who has long been an advertiser in FOREST AND STREAM, has removed his kennels to 29 North Ninth street. His store is 70ft. long and his new kennels in connection with it are 65ft. long. The store and kennels are located in the central part of the city. In addition to dogs he deals in nearly all kinds of fur-bearing animals, fancy cage birds, poultry, etc. Mr. Hope must not be confounded with those Philadelphia dealers who run as far as they can go under one kennel name and then try an alias. Visitors to his store and kennels have the opportunity to select their purchases themselves, and can rest assured that they will receive fair treatment.

The sale of Irish setters and collies formerly owned by the Seminole Kennels took place at the American Horse Exchange, New York, Dec. 18, but was little more than a failure. The sale was not properly advertised and few people were present beyond a dozen New York and Philadelphia fanciers, but as they were all looking for bargains and the condition of the dogs was not such as to tempt them to invest much money, prices ruled very low, many of the best were bought in by their former owner. Among the well known dogs that did not come up to the reserve mark were Curzon, the collie, who stopped at $22.50; Metchley Surprise, Bertha II., Cora of Nesseldown and Crissey did not raise a bid; Ormskirk Gypsey Maid, one of the best collies offered, returns to the kennel on a $20 bid; Montauk, Jr. raised a bid of $5 from Mr. Mortimer, while Elcho, Jr., at $17.50, also returned to the kennel. There was no offer for Seminole, Jr., and Delphinne was also bought in at $12.50. Claremont Heather, looking wretchedly thin and nursing a litter brought $25. Mr. Mortimer bought Biddy for $2 and Elfreda for $20. Henry Jarrett paid the top price, $50, for Seminole Fly, a good bitch and a winner. Mr. C. D. Bernheimer bought the hound Ranger II. for $25. Claremont Heather's puppies brought from 50 cents to $2 each, but they were in poor shape and seemed risky purchases for outsiders. We understand that the Seminole Kennels will be continued but on a reduced scale. They still own Golddust, champion Tim and other good ones.

The Bulldog Club sends us the number of votes cast for each member of the club in the recent election for club judges. The ten judges elected with the number of votes polled are as follows: John H. Matthews, James Mortimer and E. A. Woodward 19; Frank F. Dole 15; E. K. Austin 14; W Mariner and C. H. Mason 13; H. W. Lacy 12; H. D. Ken-

dall and C. D. Cugle 10; nineteen other members received votes ranging from 9 to 1 each.

Poor old Squire is dead. Wonderful old dog that he has been through a long life he has at last succumbed to the inevitable. He died of old age last Wednesday week—found dead in his kennel. This fine old collie has been a landmark in colliedom for years past and his name and reputation are household words in the collie circles of both sides of the Atlantic. He was well on in years when imported by the Chestnut Hill Kennels in 1891, shortly after winning the challenge trophy at a collie club show in London. He was afterwards purchased by the Seminole Kennels. He has been repeatedly shown lately but was a mere wreck of his former self and should have been left at home. He was counted one of the pillars of the stud in England but did not sustain that reputation over here.

A writer in *Harper's Weekly* says that the first thing that strikes a visitor to a Corean village is the surprising subpopulation of dogs: "Every house seems to possess a pack of these spiritless curs, which are a gray variety of the Chinese chow dog. They display a more than passing interest in a European traveler, and a free use of one's stick is necessary to keep them at bay. On investigation one discovers that they form the staple article of diet of the population. Unlike most Asiatic races, the Coreans are meat-eaters; and these dogs, being always at hand, afford the necessary food with the minimum of exertion and expense. Frequently one sees a Corean foraging for the evening meal. The method is simple, though unpleasant. He is armed with a short pole, to the end of which is attached a noose. This he throws over the head of the nearest dog, and then proceeds to screw the pole round till the noose tighteus, and slowly throttles the dog, who is meanwhile prevented from getting to close quarters with its butcher by thrusts of the pole." This leads one to ask, Why is a dog with chorea like a Corean dog? They both suffer from the twitch.

The judges at the late Crystal Palace show in London have been giving their opinions on the classes they judged, in the *Kennel Gazette*. Dr. Turner in writing on mastiffs says the classes were well supported and some good specimens shown though some who graced the benches disgraced themselves in the ring This in allusion to their bad actiou and deformed "understandings." Continuing the subject he says: "There has always been the cry that such and such a dog was very good, but was spoiled by bad rearing. This is not so often the case as some would have us believe. Bad rearing and want of exercise no doubt account for some defects; but if breeders will persist in breeding from dogs with bad legs, etc., how can they expect to get stock with good ones? How many promising puppies go wrong just when they should be going right? There is always a tendency to reproduce a defect in a young animal at the same period of development that it first appeared in its ancestors. As large dogs, like the mastiffs, are not iu any case reared except at considerable expense, it is want of sound judgment to breed from imperfect animals that are not unlikely to produce this tendency in their progeny, although this is not always the case. The art of the breeder consists in selecting the best that nature has provided to his hand—not her cast offs. The fancier flies in the face of nature, and pays dearly for his little flutter in the end. But this is an old story!"

Those who attended the shows last season could not help but notice an improvement in the leg formation of most of our home-bred mastiffs and St. Bernards, and although there may be a falling off in head properties in the latter breed if we can get a good solid foundation of well-bred, good-actioned animals by proper selection, the rest will follow. We believe the day is past when cow-hocked cripples can win at the expense of animals, who, though they may not be so prominent in certain features, are nevertheless all round, well formed and sound animals, and from these should we depend for future stock. A crippled fox-terrier would soon be sent to the right about, and the same principle should hold in other breeds. It can be little satisfaction for a man to take out a dog, that, however good a head it may possess, knocks its hocks together at every stride, waddles along like a duck or carries itself as if on stilts.

The last English mail brought a letter from Mr. Edward Booth, Col. Ruppert's late kennel manager. He tells us that he attended the recent Birmingham show. Of course, the St. Bernards interested him more than any other breed and his remarks in regard to some of the leading dogs scarcely bear out the fulsom praise that has been showered on them in the English reports. He says: "Mr. J. F. Smith judged St. Bernards and I thought that some of his decisions were unwarrantable. I don't like Lord Douglas at all. (This is the dog that was hailed some time ago as the coming crack, or second Sir Bedivere.) He is a long-faced dog with little stop, mismarked head, bad front legs, has little St. Bernard character, although big and massive. I like both Duke of Maplecroft and Young Bute better. "Beautiful" Abbess carried all before her in the bitch classes. An enormous bitch, grand body, legs and feet, but wrong type in my opinion. I could not call the St. Bernards a grand muster; probably the five days' show had something to do with it. The shows here are very similar to the American, although much better managed, especially as regards sanitary arrangements and general business tone."

In regard to Mr. Booth's last remark, no doubt he draws his conclusions from the Birmingham and Crystal Palace (Kennel Club) shows; but he must have overlooked the fact that these shows stand to the fancy over there in the same relation as the W. K. C. show here, and it will be news to some of us that the latter show is in any way, unless it be in judging celerity, inferior in management to the best shows in England, at least that is what we have been led to suppose from the opinion of Mr. George Raper and others familiar with English shows.

The friends of Mr. Harry Twyford, who for a year or two was a prominent figure in our kennel world, will be pleased to hear that he has dropped on his feet, having a good position with a Birmingham firm of brewers. Mr. Booth met him at the Crystal Palace show, and describes him as a "howling swell," whatever that may be. Mr. Booth will be out in time for the New York show.

Herr Pietscher, secretary of the Doggen Club and president of the Borzoi Club of Berlin, is now on a visit to this country. He is the owner of the noted great Dane Alexander. Herr Pietscher will exhibit some dogs at the New York show, among them Peter, winner of four firsts and specials at Munich, also the Government medal. The others in the team he will show are also prize winners. In the present state of the great Dane fancy over here, when eveu the judges don't seem to know what they want, and if we are to settle on the German type the exhibition of these dogs should have a beneficial influence.

A kennel club has been organized at Wilmington, Del., with the following officers: President, Dr. J. Ferris Belt; Vice-President, Rev. J. A. De Ruyter; Secretary, E. W. Jester; Treasurer, R. S. McNair. These, with A. D. Orr, E. I. Martin and A. D. Peoples, constitute the executive committee.

The Detroit premium list will be out shortly. Entries will close Feb. 11.

The snarl into which the Western kennel club were fast drifting has been unravelled by the action of the Mascoutah Kennel Club in arranging the following dates; Detroit, Feb. 26 to March 1; Chicago, March 5 to 8; Denver, March 12 to 15. This makes a convenient run, Detroit following New York. Mr. Geo. H. Hill will superintend the Chicago show and will be at the club's office in the Monadnock Building, Chicago, after Jan. 1.

Letters from W. B. Wells, George F. Reed, Mrs. Williams, Pottinger Dorsey, "Americus" and others are unavoidably crowded out this week.

As FOREST AND STREAM goes to press a day earlier this week, we are not too late in wishing our readers a Merry Christmas and every prosperity in the coming year.

Another well known dog has joined the majority. This is the mastiff Ilford County Member, which was owned by Mr. W. Norman Higgs, the owner of Brampton Beauty.

Six hundred dollars for a bobtail sheepdog may be considered a very unusual price, but Mr. Megson, the pluckiest buyer in English colliedom, has just paid that amount for Masterpiece, who has won a number of prizes, including two championships.

The specials offered by the Pointer Club at the W. K. C. show have been declined. It will be remembered that the specials were subject to a club judge being appointed. This did not suit the W. K. C., neither did the conditions of the special for the best dog with a field trial record, record alone to count. This could just as well be judged in the club's office. The true interest of the breed would be better

PERSIAN SPANIELS OWNED BY JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

served if, according to usual bench show procedure the winning of such a special should depend upon conformation as well as field trial record. We should aim to improve the looks of our field dogs but giving specials at a dog show for the dog with the best field trial record will not do it.

The premium list of the W. K. C. show is in the printer's hands and will be out in the course of a few days, and next week we shall know who the judges are. It was expected that Mr. Reick would take St. Bernards, but he sails for Europe on Jan. 29, and will not return in time for the show. Had he donned the ermine no doubt a large entry would have been the result.

Mr. Mortimer has lost the Irish setter bitch Biddy that he purchased for $2 at the Seminole sale. On the way home from the station Biddy slipped her collar and escaped. The price paid was no indication of the worth of the bitch, as she is a very fair Irish setter.

The well known bench and field winning greyhound, Jenny Jones, is dead. The cause of death was pleurisy. The bitch had won over 100 prizes on the bench and her quality in the field was shown when she was one of the last four in the Waterloo Cup and also placed several stakes to her credit.

"Forest and Stream" Fan Pedigree Blank.

FOR some time past breeders of dogs have demanded a pedigree form that would afford spaces for a more extended pedigree than those hitherto published. The difficulty has been in arranging a form that, while admitting the required extension, would be compact and not too large for mailing. This difficulty has been solved in the "FOREST AND STREAM Fan Pedigree Blank" which is so arranged that a dog's pedigree can be recorded for eight generations, and the spaces radiating from a center, the reader is enabled to trace at a glance the different strains which lead from sire and dam. Spaces are also provided for recording the name of dog, its breed, color, sex, breeder and address, dates of birth and purchase, from whom purchased, E. K. C. and A. K. C. Stud Book numbers and certification. These blanks are for sale at $2 per hundred, 30 cents per dozen, by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 318 Broadway, New York.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

H. L. M., Worcester.—I have lost a number of dogs that would be taken with a fit, snapping their teeth and frothing at the mouth. The first fit would be slight, but afterward become worse and more frequent. Would have one whenever disturbed, the fit lasting two or three minutes. Between fits the dogs had good appetites. Ans. Probably due to worms or some intestinal derangement. I presume they could not possibly get at any poison.

A. H., Albany, N. Y.—Rip Rap (14,314), by King of Kent (6,264, Vol IQ.) out of Hops, by Salter's Mike out of Salter's Romp. King of Kent, by Priam out of Kent Baby. Monterey is not registered.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Touser of Turtle Bay. By Turtle Bay Kennel Club, New York city, for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Sept. 2, 1894, by Fritz of Rockland (Scottie—Frances) out of Adaline (champion Frank Forest—Ina).

Fritz of Turtle Bay. By Turtle Bay Kennel Club, New York city, for black, tan and white ticked beagle dog, whelped Sept. 2, 1894, by Fritz of Rockland (Scottie—Frances) out of Adaline (champion Frank Forest—Ina).

Jim of Turtle Bay. By Turtle Bay Kennel Club, New York city, for black, white and tan ticked beagle dog, whelped Sept. 2, 1894, by Fritz of Rockland (Scottie—Frances) out of Adaline (champion Fran Forest—Ina).

Fifine By L. Bätjer, Elizabeth, N. J., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 13, 1894, by Inspector (Rowdy Rod—Spectre) out of Devonshire Daisy (Prince of Wellts—Lady Butt).

Phrine's Kid. By L. Bätjer, Elizabeth, N. J., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped August, 1894, by Antonio (Roderigo—Bo-Peep) out of Lucy.

Count Bondhu. By L. Rausch, St. Louis, Mo , for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Nov. 26, 1893, by Gem Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Model Druid) out of Cad Noble (Count Noble—Katie Berwyn).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Countess Addie—Ripp Gladstone. A. D. Fiske's (Worcester, Mass.) English setter bitch Countess Addie (Count Noble's Boy—Clip Roderigo) to H. S. Wilson's Ripp Gladstone (Gun—Victoria Laverack), Aug. 19.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Adaline. Turtle Bay Kennel Club's (New York city) beagle bitch Adaline (champion Frank Forest—Ina), Sept. 3, six (four dogs), by their Fritz of Rockland (Scottie—Frances).

Cherry Girl. C. G. Browning's (Worcester, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Cherry Girl, July 27, seven (six dogs), by his Little Vix.

Cachon. C. G. Browning's (Worcester, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Cachon (Bob Obo—Topsy), Sept. 2, seven (five), by his Ebony (Obo II.—Lofty).

Flash B. C. G. Browning's (Worcester, Mass) cocker spaniel bitch Flash B., Sept. 4, six (one dog), by Swiss Mountain Kennels' champion Middy (Jersey—Chip K.).

Daisy B. C. G. Browning's (Worcester, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Daisy B. (Pluto, Jr.—Frisky), Aug. 13, six (four dogs), by their champion Cherry Boy.

Lady Dinah. J. C. Mahler's (Avalon, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Lady Dinah (Bendigo—Flirt II.) Aug. 31, ten (five dogs), by J. Morehead, Jr.'s (Streatham Monarch (Streatham Flyer—Trentham Baroness).

Chatham Kit. S. Penfield's (West Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Chatham Kit (champion Jubilee—champion My Queen), Sept. 5, nine (seven dogs), by his Prince Gully (True Blue—Polly).

Dot L. C. G. Browning's (Worcester, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Dot L. (champion Cherry Boy—Lady Stanley), July 30, two (one dog), by his champion Cherry Boy.

Nellie B. C. G. Browning's (Worcester, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellie B., Aug. 12, six dogs, by his champion Cherry Boy.

Careless. J. D. Bush's (Wilmington, Del.) bull bitch Careless (Hotspur—Hampshire Nettle), Dec. 2, seven (six dogs), by J. H. Congdon's King Lud (Pathfinder—Plevna).

Gipsy. E. A. Perry's (New Bedford, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Gipsy (Beauchamp—Zana), Nov. 25, eight (seven dogs), by H. P. Wilson's Viscount Ebrington (Keeper—Lady Miles).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Trim B. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped April 25, 1893, by Dixey out of Beaulah, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to A. Ziegele, Jr , Buffalo, N. Y.

Piper. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped March 13, 1893, by champion Fitzhugh Lee out of Lady Novice, by A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., to C. B. Dobie, Sigourney, Ia.

Clyde—Lady Novice whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 23, 1894, by A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., to C. P. Vail, same place.

Red Penny. Red dachshund dog, whelped June 12, 1893, by Hundesport's Zaenker out of Lina L., by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to B. Wilhelm, Elizabeth, N. J.

Pearl. Chestnut and tan dachshund bitch, whelped June 7, 1894, by Hundesport's Bergmann out of Lina K., by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to B. Wilhelm, Elizabeth, N. J.

Lady Olga. Black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped July 16, 1892, by Hundesport's Bergmann out of Polly, by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to J. Wedekind, Chicago, Ill.

Schwarzel. Black and tan dachshund dog, whelped July 18, 1893, by Hundesport's Bergmann out of Polly, by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to E. Rose, Elm Grove, Wis.

Minnie. Black and tan dachshund bitch, by Hundesport's Bergmann out of Miss Fortune, by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to E. Rose, Elm Grove, Wis.

Gretchen. Black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped July 18, 1993, by Hundesport's Bergmann out of Polly, by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to P. Galke, same place.

Silver Bell. Black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped July, 1893, by Hundesport's Bergmann out of Polly, by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to C. F. Gentz, Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Beaver. Black and tan dachshund dog, whelped July 18, 1893, by Hundesport's Bergmann out of Polly, by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to H. C. Eigenmann, Muscatine, Ia.

An Aid to Good Housekeeping.

BARTON, Vt., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed you find P. O. order for $4 for the FOREST AND STREAM for another year. Can't keep house without it. It grows better every year; and my name is on your books for the past twelve years. GEO. F. REEN.

Hunting and Coursing.

New England Fox Hunting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of the most enjoyable out-of-door sports that we have at this season of the year here in northern Vermont is fox hunting *à la* New England style, with hound and gun.

We generally have a good supply of foxes, both native bred and migratory. The latter are foxes that come from over the lakes as soon as the ice forms, and are the hunter's curse unless he has fast dogs, as they usually, when started, lead off and keep going until caught or run in.

We have several strains of excellent native bred hounds. The black and tan are favorites in this level lake town, while the heavier-muscled blue ticked and spotted hounds are generally used in the hilly and mountainous towns east of us.

A few days ago we had a short but grand run, a red letter day, with two kills. In the pack that was out that day there were six hounds that might be called leaders—dogs that would be at the front if possible to get there.

Our meet on this occasion was held on the limestone ridges that run back south from the Missisquoi River, east of and parallel with the Central Vermont R.R. The bluff-like ends of the ridges are, in spots, heavily wooded, with deep ravines, excellent coverts for Mon. Reynard. At the northwest corner of these ridges are the Calico Marble Quarries, and west of the railroad open plains extend to the lake, and a mile to the east is a level farming country, and a mile or so south is also an open country.

The ridges are of the rugged and broken character so characteristic of limestone upheavals, partially covered with hardwood and evergreen timber, with narrow valleys of pasture land, making an ideal spot for a fox to play before the hounds. One of the hounds that was present should not have been out that day, as he had injured his back and one of his hips so that he could only hobble about on three legs. He was a small black and tan and known as the "whirlwind," as he was when all right very fleet and a fast barker. It was intended to keep him at heel during the run, but when the pack opened up he suddenly disappeared, and his cry was soon heard with the others.

They at first swung a large circle around the outer edge of the ridges, and as they approached our stand there were two foxes up, one some distance ahead of the other. The writer bowled over the first, a bitch fox, when the other, a large dog, made a break for the plains, but was so closely pressed that he was soon glad to double back among the broken ground. One of our party, who hunts without a gun, had stationed himself at the cave, a noted burrow, in time to head the fox away from it, with the dogs but a few rods in the rear. The boys had by this time covered the runways,

but the fox was so hard pushed that he could not follow the usual beats, but was dodging in and out among the rocks, and was every few minutes saluted with bang! bang!—generally at a long range, so suffered no serious harm, and as he would approach near the plains we would hear a light whiff! from some farmer boy's squirrel gun. Then a cheer from the quarries would tell that he was passing in that vicinity. After remaining fully three-quarters of an hour at my stand, we broke at a regular fox hunter's lope for a point where we were sure that he was coming, but before he arrived, he ran against Tom Anderson and William Austin, of the Highgate Gun Club, who stopped him—and one of the first dogs to seize the dying fox was little lame Whirlwind.

In a few moments a crowd of hunters, farmers and quarrymen were on the spot, all anxious to tell their experience with the fox.

Says the old veteran Cummings: "I can't understand why the deuce he didn't hole in the cave, he started for it half a dozen times."

"If you had seen me," said Ryan, "stand there and pelt him away with stones you wouldn't ask that question. I believe I could have killed the beggar, but I was afraid to throw hard for fear of hitting some of the dogs."

"I say, Jim," says one to a farmer boy, "ain't you afraid of straining that gun of yours? Why that fox was forty rods off when you pooped that squirrel squib at him."

"Fred, confound you, if you'd have kept still I'd have got him, for he was coming straight toward me when you up and blazed away right and left, fully twenty-five rods off."

"I didn't know that you was there, and he was headed toward the meadows and I wanted to turn him back, and I had in B.B.s and thought that I'd break a leg."

"Headed towards the meadows," says Rogers; "he never would have gone out there for he knew that his only salvation lay in sticking to the rocks until he could get a chance to slip into the cave." "Begor-r" says a quarryman, as he came up with a rock in each fist, "that little three-ligged divil-of-a-hound took a turn out of the fox jist forninst me. I thought that the dog had two tails but whin the fox shuck him off I see it was one of his hind futs sticking out behind; thin that big black hound, and the spotted one made a run at him, (the fox) and he jist doubled on them and they bucked their two hids against a rock. I thought they were kilt, but they lit a roar out of themselves and up and away with the other dogs after the rid divil, who was scurrying off up the hill as fast as his four ligs could carry him."

Says another one: "You know where that crack in the rocks is, south of the quarry, well sirs, the dogs were just catching him there at the bottom of the ledge when he slipped into the crack and up he went and out at the top, and the dogs had to climb up the steep rocks outside, and when that big speckled dog had got near the top, he slipped and down he went taking two or three of the other dogs with him clean to the bottom." One Canadian pitched into a brother habitant as follows:

"What for you, Mr. Peltier, go 'pish' wit dat leetle gun at de fox? He's off more dan tree acre."

This brought on an animated discussion between the two men, and after a lot more of pleasant talk and chaff among the regular hunters, it was decided who should take the pelts, and also that we were not game hogs and had sport enough for one day. We declared the hunt ended and started for home in fine spirits, excepting poor Whirlwind, who had to be helped over every wall and ditch. It is not every day that foxes play as this one did. They very often, when they get a good lead on the dogs, lead off across the country for miles; then we rush for our teams and try to head them off at some distant runway. Several times we have made two kills, besides running others into the ground.

The best dogs that we have ever seen for the hilly districts are a cross of rough-haired otter hound with the common foxhound. They seldom get footsore, are strong, and have a good nose; in fact, are the only hounds that we ever saw that would follow a fox over dry, plowed ground and glare ice, without any loss of time or break in their speed.

STANSTEAD.

HIGHGATE, Vt., Dec. 17.

Yachting.

COMMODORE SMITH through the New York *Herald* of Dec. 23 comes to the defense of the new deed with the statement that no other than general charges of its unfairness have been made. In the course of his remarks he quotes the mutual agreement clause, but judiciously ignores the very peremptory wording of the preceding clause.

Of the specific objections repeatedly made, but of which Commodore Smith is ignorant, we need mention but two. According to a firmly established precedent of New York Y. C., as noted more fully on our editorial page, a holder cannot recognize a challenge which does not comply with the specific requirements laid nown in the deed of gift. According to Clause 5, such a challenge *must* contain four of the dimensions of the challenging yacht. The demand for these dimensions is unfair and unprecedented in yachting; no designer has ever been compelled to reveal the draft of his yacht, or even to limit this draft, without the privilege of adding outside hallast if necessary on trial. That the New York Y. C. has, under stress, waived the demand for these dimension and repudiated this portion of Clause 5, tends of itself to prove the truth of the above charge, as repeatedly urged by us and others.

Another specific charge of unfairness has been made against the "no time allowance" provision of Clause 7. Under this clause, in the case of Valkyrie and Vigilant, it was within the power of the New York Y. C., after all details, great and small, had apparently been agreed on, to have forced a disagreement on some immaterial pretext, leaving the challenger with no option but to claim his three outside races, but *without* the *two minutes' time allowance* due from Vigilant to her smaller opponent. Of course the New York Y. C. would not lower itself by such an unfair trick, but foreign clubs might not be so scrupulous in the event of holding the Cup.

THE many published statements from prominent yachtsmen in various places would indicate a general acquiescence in all the actions of the Cup committee, but we know to a certainty that there is a very strong undercurrent of dissatisfactiou, even within the New York Y. C. There are many yachtsmen who hesitate to openly condemn the new deed and the actions of the committee, but who at the same time are quite alive to the truth of the many charges made abroad and at home against both, charges which cannot be refuted and which reflect on the honor of the club. There are many who, when forced in argument to the defense of the new deed, make no stronger claim than that the second deed was inadequate and that some change had to be made, with the lame excuse that British yachtsmen would have done the same thing. While they admit the defects of the new deed, they cover their reluctance to the repudiation of it by the excuse that, the "surviving donor" being now dead, the club has no power to alter it, even if it wished.

The New York Y. C. has never yet failed to find a way of some kind to do anything which it wished concerning the America's Cup and it has twice exceeded its rights as trustee in altering the terms of the trust under a very doubtful pretext, and it is quite capable of doing so again if the necessity arose. We venture the assertion that if the New York Y. C. were once finally convinced that the Royal Yacht Squadron and other British clubs would stand by their declaration that they would not challenge in any way under the new deed, that document would be destroyed in six months, and with at least as great a regard for legal forms as attended its birth. As long, however, as the Squadron is willing to consider exceptions and concessions the new deed must stand.

THE most important point of difference between the first and third deeds of gift lies in the nature and position of the much discussed mutual agreement clause. In the original deed this clause takes precedence of all other stipulations, and applies to all possible conditions of the match. In the third deed the mutual agreement clause, such as it is, occupies a subordinate position, following the stringent requirements laid down for a legal challenge; and it covers only the minor conditious of a race, as distinctly specified, and by a special provision, the time limit of ten months.

We notice that Mr. Kersey and some of the English authorities claim that the New York Y. C. has established a precedent and placed on record an interpretation of the mutual agreement clause, which must har all attempts in the future to revive the demand for the four dimensions. We would call the attention of all who may be inclined to this view, as well as those who have accepted Gen. Paine's discovery of the marvelously elastic mutual agreement clause, to the plain and forcible wording of Clause 6: "The challenging club shall give ten months' notice in writing. Accompanying the ten months' notice there *must* be sent the following dimensions: Length on load waterline, beam at load waterline and extreme beam, and draft of water." Under this wording the four dimensions must be given or the challenge cannot be legal; and these dimensions once given, there is no power given to the holder to "waive" them or to suffer any departure from them. The time of notice may, hy a special provision, be changed by agreement, hut the dimensions are on a totally different footing, they must be stated in the first letter of challenge, and must stand intact throughout the whole series of matches until the last one is sailed.

Any one who may challenge, under the new deed, must face one of two disagreeable contingencies; if, like Lord Dunraven in 1892, he relies on the statements of the holder and gives but one dimension, he may, after winning the majority of races, be met with the perfectly valid objection, on the part of some member of the club holding the Cup, that his challenge was irregular and illegal, the holders having violated Clause 10 in failing to demand the specified dimensions. If, on the other hand, he should consent in his challenge to give these dimensions, he must look to it that, when his yacht is docked at New York and measured hy the club measurer, she shall not differ by an inch, in draft, extreme beam, or beam at waterline, from the recorded figures; otherwise he may expect the same charges of foul play and deceit as were made against the Thistle party in 1887.

The demand for the four dimensions also stands in the way of the partial offer of the Cup committee in the present case to recognize another yacht than that originally named; the club has no more right to do this than it has to consent to sail a race in November in the face of the express prohibition of Clause 6.

The *Field* of Dec. 20, comments as follows on the proposal to make new conditions under the mutual agreement clause:

"We consider this course perfectly satisfactory; only the terms must be set forth precisely in the deed. The New York Y. C. ought to get legal opinion on the question whether their present liberal interpretation of the mutual agreement clause is allowable. As the case now stands, according to the New York Y. C., everything contained in the deed can he waived; in fact, the race can he arranged as if no deed existed. We feel sure that the mutual agreement clause never meant this. If it did two clubs could agree to race one-raters, and we could send the boat ahoard a steamer across the ocean, or could even build it in the United States. The New York Y. C. should say authoritatively what they regard as allowable under this clause. Their interpretation can then be attached to the deed as suggestions short of destroying the deed, which a club with a mistaken sense of *amour propre* declines to do. We do not see any other way out of the difficulty. The position certainly is more hopeful, and we trust the Royal Yacht Squadron will accept the deed, subject to the conditions mentioned."

THE proposal has been made by the Royal Yacht Squadron to sail for the America's Cup next season under the immediate conditions agreed to by Lord Dunraven and the Cup Committee; hut not to accept the Cup, in the event of the challenger winning, unless under other terms than the new deed. This proposal, which has been construed as an insult by some on this side, is really based on a fact long since pointed out by us, that there are two classes of conditions governing the America's Cup.

In the present case, in which the secondary conditions, as agreed to by the committee, are perfectly fair and liberal, the primary conditions as laid down literally in the new deed, are most unfair. The R. Y. S. now proposes to accept what is fair, and to sail a match which shall prove the superiority of one nation or the other; this done, it refuses to accept the mere symbol of this superiority because the terms attaching to its possession are both illegal and unsportsmanlike. There is no likelihood of the New York Y. C. accepting such a proposition; but it cannot rightfully condemn what is only the natural consequence of its attempt to cover an act of injustice by a thin veneer of fairness.

IN matters which do not directly concern him, the average man is not averse to having most of his thinking done and his opinions formed by his morning paper. That this is so in the matter of the America's Cup is shown by the statements made in perfect good faith by many yachtsmen in arguing over the present dispute: statements based on the distorted versions of the various deeds which have been generally published. The honor of all American yachtsmen is dependent on the conditions under which the America's Cup is offered for competition; every one of our readers is directly interested in the question whether these conditions are both fair in themselves and legally made, and we commend to them the three deeds as worthy of their careful perusal.

THE present international dispute hinges so directly on the exact provisions of the various deeds under which the America's Cup has been held for competition, that an apology is hardly necessary to our readers for taking up valuable space with so much that may be classed as ancient history. If any justification he needed for again presenting the three deeds, to the exclusion of newer and more interesting matter, we would point to the indorsement, hy the chairman of the America's Cup committee, of a false statement made by the New York *Sun*, as published in our columns last week; and to the gross misrepresentations contained in the official list of concessions given out by the Cup committee to the press on the occasion of each successive challenge. From our experience within the past week, it is evident that the great majority of yachtsmen are absolutely ignorant of the distinctive points of the three deeds. In the course of an argument with a well-informed yachtsman, we failed to convince him, in the absence of the printed deed, that no provision existed in the first deed authorizing the holder of the Cup to meet a challenging vessel with the entire fleet; as was done in 1870.

The whole fabric of defense of the new deed is based on misstatements as to the various provisions of the three deeds; and to the intentional confusing of the three distinct sets of conditions involved, the primary conditions under which are defined the qualifications of a challenger, the essentials of a challenge "in due form," and the holding of the Cup by a winner—the secondary conditions, relating to the actual racing; the number of races, dates, courses, rules, allowances, judges, etc.—and the ultimate conditions defining the rights secured to a challenger in the event of a failure to agree over the secondary ones. In all three deeds these various conditions are jumbled together in most confusing disorder, notably in the last one, the consequence of over-much legal talent. In comparing the three deeds, it is necessary to a clear understanding of the case, to bear in mind the three classes of conditions.

In the official list of concessions which we quoted last week, an attempt is made to present the final conditions, in Clause 8, as in reality a part of the basis of a mutual agreement, instead of the last resort after the failure of all attempts to agree. There was nothing in the original deed of gift which could be construed as justifying the holder in substituting in the place of a mutual agreement, the ultimate terms, of one race over the club course with six months notice. There is nothing in the new deed to-day which can justify, in the list of concessions alluded to, the substitution of the ultimate terms, of three races outside, with ten months' notice and without time allowance for a common agreement such as governed the details of the match of 1893.

1857.

The True Deed of Gift.

DRAWN BY THE FIVE OWNERS OF THE AMERICA AND OF THE CUP WON BY HER, AND AGREED TO BY THE NEW YORK Y. C. IN ACCEPTING THE CUP.

To the Secretary of the New York Yacht Club:

SIR—The undersigned members of the New York Yacht Club, and late owners of the schooner yacht America, beg leave, through you, to present to the club the cup won by the America at the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron, at Cowes, Aug. 22, 1851.

This cup was offered as a prize to he sailed for by yachts of all nations, without regard to difference of tonnage, going round the Isle of Wight (the usual course for the annual regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron), and was won by the America, beating eight cutters and seven schooner yachts, which started in the race.

The cup is offered to the New York Yacht Club subject to the following conditions:

1. Any organized yacht club of any foreign country shall always be entitled, through any one or more of its members, to claim the right of sailing a match for this cup with any yacht or other vessel of not less than 30 or more than 300 tons, measured by the Custom House rule of the country to which the vessel belongs.

2. The parties desiring to sail for the Cup may make any match with the club in possession of the same that may he determined upon by mutual consent; hut, in case of disagreement as to terms, the match shall be sailed over the usual course for the annual regatta of the yacht club in possession of the Cup, and subject to its rules and sailing regulations, the challenging party being bound to give six months' notice in writing, fixing the day they wish to start. This notice to embrace Custom House measurement, rig and name of the vessel.

3. It is to be distinctly understood that the Cup is to be the property of the cluh, and not of the members thereof, or owners of the vessel winning it in the match, and that the condition of keeping it open to be sailed for by yacht clubs of all foreign countries, upon terms above laid down, shall forever attach to it, thus making it perpetually a challenge oup for friendly competition between foreign countries.

(Signed) J. C. STEVENS, J. BECKMAN FINLEY, HAMILTON WILKES, GEORGE L. SCHUYLER. EDWIN A. STEVENS.

1882.

The Second Deed of Gift.

DRAWN BY THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE FIVE DONORS, IN CONJUNCTION WITH A COMMITTEE OF THE NEW YORK Y C. AND ACCEPTED BY THE CLUB AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, FEB. 2, 1882.

The America's Cup is again offered to the New York Y. C., subject to the following conditions:

1. Any organized yacht club of a foreign country, incorporated, patented or licensed by the Legislature, admiralty or other executive department, having for its annual regatta an ocean water course on the sea or an arm of the sea (or one which combines both), practicable for vessels of 300 tons, shall always be entitled, through one or more of its members, to the right of sailing a match for this Cup, with a yacht or other vessel propelled hy sails only, and constructed in the country to which the challenging club belongs, against any one yacht or vessel as aforesaid, constructed in the country of the club holding the Cup.

2. The yacht or vessel to be of not less than 30 nor more than 300 tons, measured by the Custom House rule in use hy the country of the challenging party.

3. The challenging party shall give six months' notice in writing, naming the day for the proposed race, which day shall not he *later than seven months from the date of the notice.

4. The parties inteuding to sail for the Cup, may, by mutual consent, make any arrangement satisfactory to both as to the date, course, time allowance, and any and all other conditions of the match, in which case also the six months' notice may be waived.

5. In case the parties cannot mutually agree upon the terms of a match, then the challenging party shall have the right to contest for the Cup in one trial, sailed over the usual course of the annual regatta of the cluh holding the Cup, subject to its rules and sailing regulations, the challenging party not being required to name its representative until the time agreed upon for the start.

6. Accompanying the six months' notice, there must he a Custom House certificate of the measurement, and a statement of the dimensions, rig and name of the vessel.

7. No vessel which has been defeated in a match for this Cup can be again selected by any club for its representative until after a contest for it by some other vessel has intervened, or until after the expiration of two years from the time such contest has taken place.

8. Vessels intending to compete for this Cup must proceed under sail on their own hottoms to the port where the contest is to take place.

9. Should the club holding the Cup be for any cause dissolved, the Cup shall be handed over to any club of the same nationality it may select which may come under the foregoing rules.

10. It is to be distinctly understood that the Cup is to he the property of the club and not of the owners of the vessel winning it in a match, and that the conditions of keeping it open to be sailed for by organized yacht clubs of all foreign countries, upon the terms above laid down, shall forever attach to it, thus making it perpetually a challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries.

GEO. L. SCHUYLER.

* A curious error crept into clause 3 in some unexplained way, and for some years the word "less" appeared in many copies of the deed in place of "later."

1887.

The "New" Deed of Gift.

DRAWN BY A COMMITTEE OF THE NEW YORK Y. C., IN THE NAME OF THE "SURVIVING DONOR," AND ADOPTED IN THE NAME OF THE CLUB BY THE SAME COMMITTEE.

1. This deed of gift, made the twenty-fourth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, between George L. Schuyler, as sole surviviug owner of the Cup won by the yacht America, at Cowes, England, on the twenty-second day of August, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, of the first part, and the New York Yacht Cluh, of the second part, witnesseth:

2. That the said party of the first part, for and in consideration of the premises and of the performance of the conditions and agreements hereinafter set forth by the party of the second part, has granted, hargained, sold, assigned, tranferred and set over, and, by these presents does grant, bargain, sell, assign, trausfer and set over unto the said party of the second part, its successors and assigns, the Cup won by the schooner yacht America at Cowes, England, upon the twenty-second day of August, 1851, to have and to hold the same to the said party of the second part, his successors and assigns, in trust nevertheless for the following uses and purposes:

3. This Cup is donated upon the condition that it shall he preserved as a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign

countries. Any organized yacht club of a foreign country, incorporated, patented, or licensed by the Legislature, Admiralty or other executive department, having for its annual regatta an ocean water course on the sea, or on an arm of the sea, or one which combines both, shall always be entitled to the right of sailing a match for this Cup, with a yacht or vessel propelled by sails only, and constructed in the country to which the challenging club belongs, against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the country of the club holding the Cup.

4. The competing yachts or vessels, if of one mast, shall be not less than sixty-five feet nor more than ninety feet on the load waterline. If of more than one mast they shall be not less than eighty feet nor more than one hundred and fifteen feet on the load waterline.

5. The challenging club shall give ten months' notice, in writing, naming the days for the proposed races, but no race shall be sailed in the days intervening between Nov. 1 and May 1. Accompanying the ten months' notice of challenge there must be sent the name of the owner and a certificate of the name, rig and following dimensions of the challenging vessel—namely, length on load waterline, beam at load waterline and extreme beam and draught of water, which dimensions shall not be exceeded, and a Custom House registry of the vessel must also be sent as soon as possible. Vessels selected to compete for this Cup must proceed under sail on their own bottoms to the port where the contest is to take place. Centerboard or sliding keel vessels shall always be allowed to compete in any race for this Cup, and no restriction nor limitation whatever shall be placed upon the use of such centerboard or sliding keel, nor shall the centerboard or sliding keel be considered a part of the vessel for any purposes of measurement.

6. The club challenging for the Cup and the club holding the same may, by mutual consent, make any arrangement satisfactory to both as to the dates, courses, number of trials, rules and sailing regulations and any and all other conditions of the match, in which case also the ten months' notice might be waived.

7. In case the parties cannot mutually agree upon the terms of a match, then three races shall be sailed and the winner of two of such races shall be entitled to the cup. All such races shall be on ocean courses, free from headlands, as follows: The first race, twenty nautical miles to windward and return; the second race an equilateral triangular race of thirty-nine nautical miles, the first side of which shall be a beat to windward; the third race (if necessary), twenty nautical miles to windward and return; and one week day shall intervene between the conclusion of one race and the starting of the next race. Those ocean courses shall be practicable in all parts for vessels of 22ft. draught of water and shall be selected by the club holding the up; and those races shall be sailed subject to its rules and sailing regulations so far as the same do not conflict with the provisions of the deed of gift, but without any time allowance whatever.

8. The challenged club shall not be required to name its representative vessel until at the time agreed upon for the start, but the vessel when named must compete in all the races, and each of such races must be completed within seven hours. Should the club holding the cup be for any cause dissolved the cup shall be transferred to some club of the same nationality, eligible to challenge under this deed of gift, in trust and subject to its provisions. In the event of the failure of such transfer within three months after such dissolution said cup shall revert to the preceding club holding the same and under the terms of this deed of gift. It is distinctly understood that the cup is to be the property of the club subject to the provisions of this deed, and not the property of the owner or owners of any vessel winning in a match.

9. No vessel which has been defeated in a match for the cup can be again selected by any club as its representative until after a contest for it by some other vessel has intervened, or until after the expiration of two years from the time of such defeat. And when a challenge from a club fulfilling all the conditions required by this instrument has been received no other challenge can be considered until the pending event has been decided.

10. And the said party of the second part hereby accepts the said cup subject to the said trust, terms and conditions, and hereby covenants and agrees to and with said party of the first part that it will faithfully and fully see that the foregoing conditions are fully observed and complied with by any contestant for the said cup during the holding thereof by it, and that it will assign, transfer and deliver the said cup to the foreign yacht club whose representative yacht shall have won the same in accordance with the foregoing terms and conditions, provided the said foreign club shall by instrument in writing lawfully executed enter with said party of the second part into the like covenants as are herein entered into by it, such instrument to contain a like provision for the successive assignees to enter into the same covenants with their respective assignors, and to be executed in duplicate, one to be retained by each club, and a copy thereof to be forwarded to the said party of the second part.

11. In witness whereof the said party of the first part has hereunto set his hand and seal, and the said party of the second part has caused its corporate seal to be affixed to these presents, and the same to be signed by its commodore and attested by its secretary the day and year first above written.

GEORGE L. SCHUYLER.

In the presence of H. D. HAMILTON. [Seal of N. Y. Y. C.]

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, by ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, Commodore. JOHN T. BIRD, Secretary.

The Mutual Agreement Clause.

THE *Field* of Dec. 15 discusses the new interpretation of the mutual agreement clause as follows, its views being identical with our own:

The New York Y. C. appear to be convinced that by straining the powers conferred under the "mutual agreement clause," and conceding "fair terms" to the challenger for the America Cup races, they get over all the objections to the "new deed of gift." It is, however, now patent that they have put a wrong estimate on the situation. We have already said that it would be safe to accept the "new deed" with the broad and liberal interpretation of the New York Y.C. as to what is allowable under the mutual agreement clause attached to it, and we believe Lord Dunraven is of the same opinion but he cannot be answerable for the Royal Yacht Squadron. In 1889 the Royal Yacht Squadron decided they would not indorse a challenge under the "new deed" because it imposes the unfair conditions on the challenger of revealing the leading dimensions and elements of his vessel ten months before the matches are to be sailed, thus giving the holder of the Cup the opportunity of "outbuilding" the challenging yacht. The New York Y. C. says that under the "mutual agreement clause" this revelation need not be made; in fact, the club accepted Valkyrie's challenge last year on length of waterline alone. But this was clearly outside the deed, which demands as a preliminary that ten months before the date of the matches the "length on load waterline, beam at load waterline, and extreme beam and draught of water, which dimensions shall not be exceeded, and a Custom House registry of the vessel must also be sent as soon as possible." The only thing the "mutual agreement clause" excepts in this preposterous demand is the ten months' notice, although the Americans are so thoroughly ashamed of the "dimensions clause" that they now interpret the mutual agreement clause to mean the challenger and holder of the Cup can make whatever terms they like outside the deed itself.

Some More Plain Facts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my opinion the plainest and baldest statements ought now to be made as regards the negotiations for the proposed races for the America's Cup. I beg to indorse your statements of "plain facts" and to add a few others to show that John Bull before accepting the invitation of the N. Y. Y. C. to challenge, which resulted in the Valkyrie-Vigilant contests, assured himself of one fact, to wit, that if he accepted the invitation and followed the prescribed course he complied letter for letter with the terms of the first deed of gift.

1. His club was of approved standing.
2. He, though his club gave six months' notice, "named his vessel, giving her waterline length and following that with her custom house measurement."
3. He entered into a mutual agreement.
4. He did no more.
5. He did not agree to sign a receipt according to the deed of 1887.
6. He did not intend to sign one.
7. If he had won the series he would have claimed possession of the Cup on the grounds of the illegality of the second and third deeds and he might have pressed his claims if necessary in the United States courts.
8. He now wants to repeat his former method of procedure and says he will cross the bridge when he comes to it, but will not agree to meet a contingency after a set form.
9. He is consistent, the N. Y. Y. C. is not.

Considering that the Cup committee has a due appreciation of these facts, is not one entitled to reasonably conclude that this committee is shirking its responsibility and concealing the true point at issue? I have always believed that right-minded people interested in a righteous cause would defend such a cause at any time and in any place.

Gentlemen of the New York Y. C., meet the issue like men; accept the challenge; defeat John Bull on the water, and if you fail in this, give him the chance to prove your wrong and to place that cup where it belongs under the conditions of the original deed of gift or offer to arbitrate with John Bull and prove the legality of the instrument if you dare. SPERA.

A New "Song of the Cup."

"SONGS of the Cup" are no novelty to yachtsmen, even lesser poets than Commodore "Nick" Kane have sought to do full justice to such an inspiring theme; but all of them, including the renowned Commodore, give way to the sweet singer who lays claim to the authorship of the following touching verses. They come to us from a friend, who writes: "Knowing you to possess a pretty taste in sea songs, I take this opportunity to add another to your collection. The writer, an aged widow, hawks it from door to door, like an ancient troubadour; and it is needless to add that in me she found an easy victim. All my latent patriotism flamed forth at the sight of her stirring stanzas, and that yachtsmen must indeed be inoculated with the fell virus of Anglomania who would seek to controvert the statement so manifestly veracious as that wherein she claims that 'the Vigilant did not waltz or prance.' I send you this in the hope that it will make you a better man; and I venture to predict that an occasional perusal of it would greatly modify many of the views which you now erroneously hold."

Commemorative of the International Yacht Race between Vigilant and Valkyrie.

BY MRS. R. W. ODLUM.

Over the water with swan-like grace
The Vigilant swept and won the race,
And the sparkling ocean spray
Cheered and lighted her homeward way.

Valkyrie, how could you hope to win,
Knowing Columbia the helm would spin,
Did you deem her eagle wing
No longer victory could bring?

Even when she in her cradle lay
Did she not wield her potent sway,
And with her young untutored hand
Waive British rule from off the land?

Propitious winds made the Valkyrie waltz,
But like the world, winds are false,
Creating high waves of hope that fall and rise
Just as they seem to reach the skies.

The Vigilant did not waltz or prance,
Yet she was the belle of the ocean dance,
And a favored pet of the stormy gale,
For life seemed to thrill her every sail.

Proud and majestic in her speed
Fairly she won the race indeed,
In good faith invites Valkyrie to sup
A farewell draught from the Silver Cup.

Even the official indorsement of the chairman of the America's Cup committee could add nothing to the truth, the force and the beauty of this gem of patriotic poesy.

Girth as a Factor of Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Cup challenge and the Cup races never fix the interest of the public in England as they do in America. At the present moment English yachtsmen are all agog about the rating rule, some wanting this, some that, and very few agreeing on what is wanted. A small but a very noisy section is now screaming for girth to be introduced as a tax into the rating formula, but the results of taxing G in France are not encouraging, and I think many English yachtsmen object to draft being taxed, either directly or indirectly.

In large yachts draft is limited by practical considerations connected with rocks and sand banks—and in the small classes draft gives latent grip and seaworthiness. Moreover, draft being a combination of immersed hull depth and of keel below hull, it seems wrong to tax the whole, a part being hull depth, which experts are wishing to encourage by means of a premium.

The resulting development of a girth rule will in all probability be a long, herring-gutted beast of a boat, of a more objectionable type than the rafts-cum-bulb-keels, a few of which now exist in these waters.

Our 20-raters had a girth in 1892 (measured à la Français) which approached 38ft., and this girth has been increased in more recent boats in this class. Nevertheless, if the Rule —, say

$$R = (L+G+\sqrt{S})\times\text{constant (I)},$$

were to be adopted or even the French Rule —,

$$R=(4L-G)\,G\sqrt{S}\times\text{constant (II)},$$

the present fleet would have no chance against new boats built specially with a view to keep down the length of G—perhaps to 33 or 32ft. in the 20-rating class. Thus:

No.	L.	G.	S. by I.	S. by II. (French).	S. by Y.R.A.	S. by Seawanhaka.
1	42	32	2714	3240	2858	3025
2	44	32	2510	2900	2728	2809
3	46	32	2314	2600	2600	2601
4	48	32	2125	2304	2500	2401
5	42	36	2314	2730	2858	3025
6	44	36	2125	2420	2728	2809
7	46	36	1945	2170	2600	2601
8	48	36	1772	1951	2500	2401

Our 20-raters at present time are about 46ft. l.w.l. and carry about 2,600sq. ft. of sail; girth, as before stated, being 38 and over. This fleet would be wrecked by any rule which taxed G. L and S. And so with the other classes. THALASSA.

The R. Y. S. and the Cup Committee.

ON the receipt in London of the cable sent by the Cup committee on Dec. 17, published in our last issue, Lord Dunraven was interviewed, and two statements from him were cabled to New York. According to them, he was much dissatisfied with the proposal to race in November, and proposed to challenge for some other prize, the races to be sailed off New York in September. On Dec. 19 the following cable was received from Secretary Grant:

LONDON, Eng., Dec. 19.—*Smith, Yacht Club, New York:* Cable 17th received. Middle of November considered much too late, but Dunraven will race September or within three weeks of arrival. If this is accepted question of receipt will be referred to special meeting earliest opportunity.

If rejected special meeting is unnecessary. Guarantee that Squadron would not demand Cup failing question of receipt intended; identical Dunraven's proposal 24th June, '89. Please cable acceptance or refusal. (Signed) GRANT, Cowes.

A meeting of the committee was held on Dec. 20, at which the following cable was framed, being cabled immediately:

Grant, Secretary, Cowes, Isle of Wight:

Will fix first race eight months from receipt of advice from Royal Yacht Squadron that terms of our cable 17th are officially agreed to, and Dunraven's request for three weeks to fit out after arrival is granted. (Signed) SMITH, Chairman.

The following reply was received:

COWES, Dec. 22.—Smith, Yacht Club, New York: Thanks for your cable. Special meeting fixed for Jan. 7. GRANT.

MODEL YACHTING.

American Model Yacht Club.

THE American Model Yacht Club, in pursuance of a vote taken at the regular December meeting, has inaugurated a series of club talks on the designing and construction of yachts with especial reference to sailing models. The first lecture was delivered at the Liberty, 227 Fulton street, Brooklyn, on Friday evening, Dec. 14, by Mr. Frank Nichols, the measurer of the club. The attendance was large and much enthusiasm was manifested.

The subject matter of the lecture included the preliminary work incident to laying down the model on paper, and was very fully treated by the lecturer, who has the faculty of making the subject plainly understood by his hearers. These talks will be continued at intervals throughout the winter, the next lecture being given at the same place on Friday, Dec. 21.

The course when completed will include the designing and construction of both yachts and models, together with the various calculations necessary to a scientific investigation and understanding of the principles involved. The services of a number of gentlemen well versed in the subject have been secured to further Mr. Nichols's lectures, and they will appear later in the course.

Model Yacht Glue and Rudders.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In this week's issue of your paper I notice an inquiry from a model yachtsman about the glue in constructing a model yacht on the bread and butter plan. I use the best French glue and have never had a boat open her seams or come apart when other directions in my article on building have been followed strictly, which evidently the writer had not done or his boats would have been all right. The first and principal consideration is to have every piece or section in the hull cut from the same plank so as to have them of the same growth of wood, as no two planks or boards taken from different trees will shrink alike; and if they don't there is a drawing or sliding pull on the joints which will eventually break the best glued joint that can be made. The sections should also be warmed until they are as hot as can be handled before putting on the glue, and then when clamped together, the glue is forced right into the grain of the wood to some extent, thus insuring a perfect joint.

The second point is to paint the inside of the hull well before putting on the deck, as some water will get inside of a boat, and it does more damage there than that which is outside; I generally give mine three coats of white lead paint darkened to about a gray color with lampblack. When thoroughly dry this is impervious to water.

I have two boats, one five and the other six years old, made in this manner and it is impossible to tell where the joints are.

His lead rudders that he describes could not be used in sailing races under the rules of the American Model Y. C., as the change from the light to a heavier one would necessarily change the length on l.w.l. and it could not be said "where he was at." We use a wooden rudder hung the same as on large yachts, with the exception that the tiller projects aft instead of forward and is operated by an extra sheet attached to the boom of the mainsail, so the l.w.l. always remains the same, and her ballast and trim are always the same. In sailing close hauled the rudder is not used at all. HERBERT FISHER.

Canoeing.

A New Improvement in Tents.

THE improvement here described is the invention of Mr. J. J. Rinn, of New York, and has been recently patented:

The improvement consists of an easy and quick method of opening and closing the entrance flaps of a tent; by this method they may be opened or closed as quickly as a house door, and when closed are as tight, and may be as readily bolted on the inside or locked on the outside. The methods employed are very simple, yet so entirely different from those now in use, that it may be said to be a complete revolution in the manner of opening, closing and fastening; and in connection therewith is an improved method of ventilation.

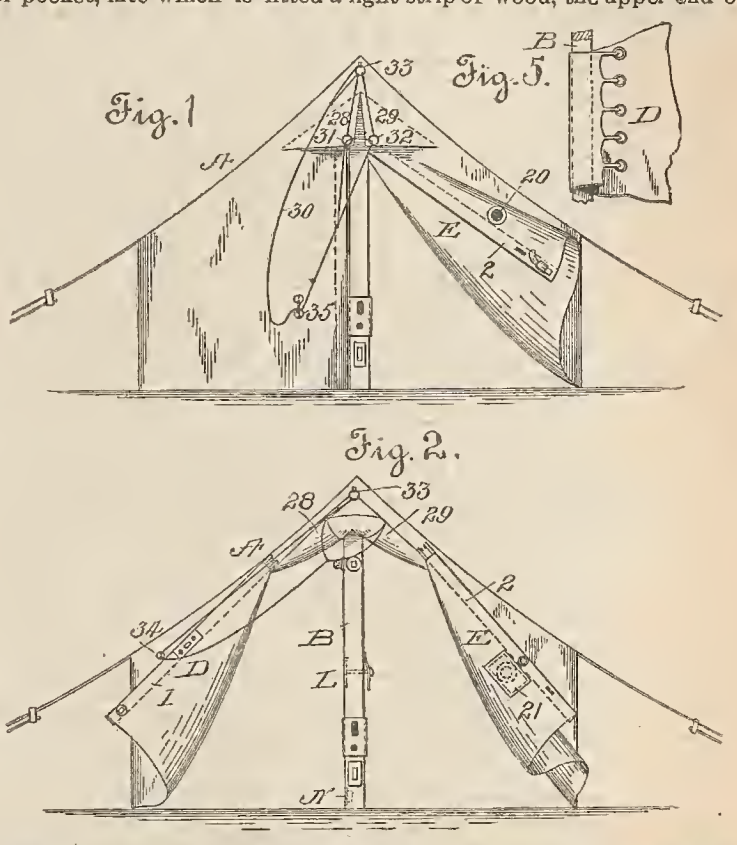
Fig. 1 is an end elevation of the tent showing the right hand, or flap E, open and the ventilating flaps over the entrance closed.

Fig. 2 is the same elevation, showing the strips in the flaps disconnected from the universal points and thrown open to their fullest extent, and the ventilating flaps over the door raised.

Fig. 5 shows the method of fastening the inner flap D to the tent pole when no strip is used in that side.

The arrangement is as follows: The inner, or left hand, flap is fastened to the vertical tent pole by wrapping around and fastening with hooks and rings, as shown in Fig. 5, or to the side of the pole when a rigid strip is used.

The outer or right hand flap, which is commonly used as an entrance flap, has the vertical edge turned in and sewed, forming a wide hem or pocket, into which is fitted a light strip of wood, the upper end of



which is connected to the tent pole by a universal joint, from which it may readily be detached; and the canvas of the tent is slitted horizontally at this point, so that when the joint is disconnected the flap may be folded back, thus making a wide opening at the top instead of an acute angle, as usual. The flap on the other side is arranged to fold back in the same manner.

Near the lower end of the rigid strip, about the height of a door knob or a little less, is a latching bolt firmly secured to the strip, and to the tent pole at the same height is fastened an automatic latching or locking device, adapted to engage the bolt on the strip and hold the strip and pole securely together when the tent is closed. To release the latching device a small push button in the side of the pole is pressed inwardly, when the bolt is released and automatically withdrawn by a spring. When the tent is closed, a person on the inside can press a button on the back of the pole, which renders the latching device inoperative from the outside, so that none can enter.

There is also an arrangement of a mosquito or fly screen whereby those pests can be kept out as well as can be done in a house.

Over the entrance are two triangular flaps which extend below the slits in the main flaps and cover them to exclude wind and rain. When the front is closed those flaps may be raised, making an opening of considerable size over the door that may be used as a ventilator. One pull on a cord opens or closes both of these flaps as may be desired and can be operated from the inside or outside as one may wish. In Figs. it is shown on the outside.

When the tent is to be rolled up for transportation the rigid strips are readily withdrawn from the pockets and latched to the tent pole as when the tent is closed, being thus securely fastened.

Several civil engineers, army officers and officers of the national guard have examined this improvement and all speak very favorably of it.

The inventor has had several years' experience in the use of tents while surveying and railroad building in the West and is very familiar with what is required of them under the most trying conditions.

Canoe Racing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In order to restore canoe racing to a satisfactory condition it is necessary first of all for all concerned to see and to admit that it must not be a building competition. Canoe racing must be looked upon as being ideally a game of sport in which the competitors use all the same identical apparatus without any power of altering the same. They compete only in their skill in using the apparatus. This is what is done in all other games and sports.

What would become of any game such as cricket if each player were allowed to use as wide a bat as he please, and if the opposing sides were allowed to follow their own ideas as to the size of the ball, stumps, etc.? The game would cease to exist. And canoe racing as a pastime cannot exist under similar conditions.

The most ideal canoe racing would be that in which all the boats were absolutely identical in build. It would then become what it should be, a pure trial of skill in handling the boat, and also in designing the rig, which is a legitimate part of the sailorman's craft, though building the hull is not.

I would also abolish those unshipshape devices which have arisen from the late sailing machine competitions, viz., the sliding seat and the very limited well.

A canoe is primarily intended for cruising, hunting, etc., and no canoe should be recognized unless it is really an open one, suited for practical purposes, with decks at the ends or sides only so far as is usual for ordinary purposes.

Since tastes differ, of course the ideal condition of one fixed model for all cannot be expected, but it is always good to see the ideal and then try how near one can come to it.

How do canoeists in general accept the definitions I have tried to lay down as some basis for action?

1. Is it conceded that canoe racing must no longer be a building competition, but a fair trial of skill?

2. Is it conceded that for this purpose all canoes in a race should be pretty nearly identical in model?

3. Is it furtber conceded that such devices as the sliding seat are "unshipshape," unsailorlike?

4 And that every canoe should he a practical open craft suited for cruising, etc.?

If these points are admitted, or if even only 1 and 2 are admitted, then let the members of any club who admit them, consider wha limitations of model they think suitable in order to attain the desire l end.

If points 1 and 2 are admitted then sail area I think need rot be limited, because in an open canoe and without the sliding seat overcanvassing will not pay.

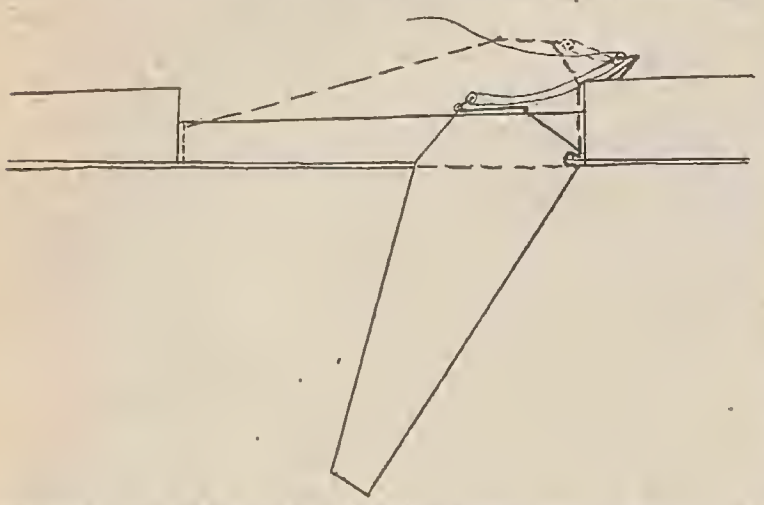
The great thing is to kill the racing machine. The sliding seat and small cockpit are its great stand-byes. Without them it can hardly exist.

BASSILLE.

The Revival of Canoe Racing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I do not think cold water should he thrown on any scheme that is likely to hring hack the palmy days when thirty to forty canoes nsed to start in the unlimited race at the A. C. A. meets, and I as thoroughly believe in using heroic measures to resuscitate canoeing as I should a half drowned canoeist, but when it is proposed to bleed the patient so as to make room for new hlood I think there is no question but coma would supervene before sufficient blood could he infused. This, I helieve would be the result of trying handicap races when the



number of entries is so small. The effect would be to drive out the few old racing men left while the new blood would be represented hy only a few novices.

A remedy is difficult to suggest, hut if we recognize the fact that there is as good material in the Association now as there ever was, and that we could have our old time races again if we could only tempt them to come afloat, I think we could succeed. To do this we shall have to make the canoe as comfortable as it was when we used to drift around with our 60ft. rigs. Just here let me call your attention to the fact that we have not offset the increased sail area either by increased beam or draught. I do not think we should touch the former if possible but by increasing the draft of the centerhoard to 6ft. we could, I believe, have a hoat that, although topheavy with rigging, would heel so slowly as to allow a man plenty of time to sbift his position to avoid an upset. A light housing centerhoard may he used if rigged with a tackle as is suggested in accompanying sketch.

LIEDA.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifles.

CINCINNATI O, Dec. 16.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores appended. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. A strong, gusty wind made it almost impossible to make a good record to-day:

Gindele	9	9	9	7	8	9	7	9	10	9—86
	10	8	7	9	9	6	10	9	10	10—88
	8	10	9	7	8	10	9	7	8	7—83
	9	9	8	9	7	8	7	7	8	10—82
Louis	9	8	8	8	9	6	6	10	7	8—79
	7	7	6	6	9	10	9	9	10	5—78
	8	7	6	8	8	9	3	9	5	6—69
	8	7	5	6	8	7	7	10	7	4—69
Weinheimer	9	9	9	8	9	7	6	8	7	7—79
	10	10	9	9	7	7	9	9	7	9—86
	10	6	7	9	7	10	7	9	7	5—77
	7	8	7	9	5	6	8	5	9	10—74
Wellinger	4	9	10	7	6	10	6	7	8	8—75
	6	8	6	7	9	5	6	7	8	9—71
	6	5	9	7	8	7	6	7	8	7—70
	9	10	5	8	7	10	6	5	6	10—76
Hake	5	8	5	9	8	5	8	6	9	4—67
	10	5	8	2	4	4	4	7	6	9-59
	9	6	9	4	6	4	8	4	6	6—62
	4	6	10	6	9	6	10	9	9	7—76
See	8	6	6	7	10	6	6	9	9	8—75
	5	7	8	7	8	9	8	6	8	9—75
	5	7	8	10	10	6	8	8	7	8—77
	7	10	5	9	6	10	10	8	7	8—80
Topf	4	9	6	4	6	5	7	7	8	10 66
	8	7	8	4	6	4	7	7	10	3—64
	8	8	8	5	6	6	5	6	8	4-64
	9	10	5	1	6	5	5	10	9	3—63
Drube	8	4	5	9	7	9	9	10	7	10—78
	6	10	8	9	8	10	9	9	4	7—80
	6	10	8	6	6	7	6	9	10	6—74
	6	9	7	5	7	9	8	5	7	10—73
Schmidlin	3	10	8	2	2	1	1	4	3	3—37
	3	4	6	5	5	1	6	6	6	1—53
	4	3	5	4	3	7	7	1	8	9—51
	3	7	7	4	1	3	4	5	10	2—46
Payne	6	10	8	7	6	9	6	8	9	6—75
	8	7	8	8	8	9	10	7	9	8—82
	10	6	8	9	7	6	9	8	8	8—79
	5	6	8	7	5	6	10	10	8	9—74

Development of the .25Cal.

No cartridge has worked into the good graces of the small bore cranks as has the .25cal. It has heen popular from the very first and its popularity is on the increase, as is evidenced hy the many modifications that have heen made. The original cartridge is the .25-20-86, or the same as is now made hy tbe factories. The 86gr. hullet was thought to he too heavy on account of key-holing, so the Ideal M'f'g. Co. worked out a series of hullets varying in weights from 46 to 96grs., the 77gr. becoming very popular immediately. The cranks however desired to use the heavier hullets, and this led to barrels heing cut with a quicker twist, running down from one turn in 18in. to one turn in 8in., as made hy Mr. Pope, of Hartford, Conn. and Mr. Lowe, of Fitchhurg, Mass. Such a twist, of course, required greater velocity and more powder, so these gentlemen have reduced the well known 32-40 Marlin shells at the muzzle so as to he correct for the .25cal. hullets. Notable work is being done with these arms, as may he notlced from time to time hy the published scores.

The Ideal Co. is kept busy administering to the wants of shooters with new ideas. E. A. Leopold, of Norristown, Pa., sketched what he desired for a hullet (cut of it is here shown), and sent it in to Mr. Barlow, who worked it up into the well known cylindrical mould, which enables the user to get any weight he desires. The wonderful work with this bullet is well known.

The Ideal Company are now ready to meet the demands for heavier .25cal. grooved bullets, as per cut shown herewith. Single moulds may he had to cast any of the specified weights. The company are also prepared to furnish the "Perfection adjustable," that will cast the whole series of weights. The extreme point is exactly the same shape as the .25-20cal., but it is longer to the crimp shoulder, so that the .32 40 Marlin shell reduced to .25cal., with this ball inserted, will be exactly same length as the standard .32-40 Marlin cartridge, making ammunition that is properly proportioned for repeating rifles. The Marlin Fire Arms Co. will produce a rifle for this cartridge.

The cut of the regular .25 20 bullets will show the difference in the length of the point and the weights as compared with the .25-35. Of course for light weight or short range bullets, the series of .25-20 will he hetter balanced; but where the longer ball is desired, the .25-35 series will be best.

Pacific Coast Experts.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send herewith a few Golden Gate rifle notes. The diamond medal of the California Schützen Club which has heretofore gone annually to the member making the hest 20 shot score in his monthly medal string will be awarded this year to the member making the best center shot during the year. The final measurements have not yet been made. Two or three dead centers are said to have been made. This system would seem to induce much rather than accurate shooting.

Several champion shots withdrew from the California Club last year, so competion is not quite so keen as formerly for honors. This club still, however, retains many of our hest riflemen in its ranks.

In response to your suggestion that it would he interesting to have a team of El Dorado riflemen compete with the N. Y. champions I think if it were not for the expense and loss of time such a contest could be arranged. It unfortunately happens that a very large majority of our "cranks" are men of limited means and, in business, are not their own master. Our cluhs, moreover, are not wealthy. We have a couple of millionaires in our ranks, but they hugla quarter a little longer than the rest of us.

I think we of San Francisco could put forward a team of twenty or thirty men who would make at least a good second to any team in the country. However, no one cluh in our city embraces all our local champion marksmen, as I am informed the Zettler Cluh practically does in your vicinity. The latter, moreover, has a population to draw from ten times as great as San Francisco. The challenge of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club of this city, puhlished in your journal some months ago, remains unanswered. This club prefers a team match for three styles of shooting combined, viz., pistol, Springfieid rifle and target rifle; or second, any two combined; or thirdly, any single style except target rifle. As to the latter the New Yorkers seem from all accounts to he rather too strong to he challenged lightly. Some of the Columbia's members, however, are willing to tackle anything or any body. It would he folly for them to enter a numercially small team against the Zettlers, and if would be impossihle to send a team East from this organization.

Several of our local riflemen have decided to visit the big shooting festival in your city next year, among them a few good shots.

Columbia Cluh's scores yesterday:

Rifle.—Members' medals, no re-entry: Champion class, D. W. McLaughlin 83, Dr. Rodgers 81, Col. Kellogg (with Springfield rifle) 75. First class, A. H. Pape 82, A. Gehret 73. F. Baumgartner 72.

Pistol.—Ditto: Champion class, E. Hovey 91, F. O. Young 85. First class, A. H. Pape 91, Dr. Rodgers 88, D. W. McLaughlin 86, J. Baumgartner 83. Second class, A. Gehret 81, E. Fetz 77, L. Zimmerman 77, H. Folster 73.

In the contest for the all-comers' target rifle medal D. W. McLaughlin again led the van, making the fine score of 93 (standard target), F. O. Young 90, A. H Pape 82.

The S. F. Schuetzen Verein held its monthly medal shoot yesterday at Shell Mound. Good scores were: L. Beadel 431 in the champion class, and F. P. Schuster 416, third class.

The Germania Cluh rather carried off the honors of the day on the range.

The medal scores in all the local schuetzen clubs are 20 shots on the 25-ring target, no re-entry, every shot to count.

During the forenoon F. P. Schuster, a third class man, led off with 438 rings. Mr. S. is a new man, and this score shows that he has good holding ability. In the afternoon the storm somewhat lulled, giving a good light, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, champion class, hegan his score with a 25 and shot through in good form, making hy fives 110, 114, 111, 110, or a total of 445. This is the highest score ever recorded in the cluh, Geo. Helm's 443 being thus relegated to second place.

Messrs. Young, Helm, Glindeman, Faktor and Bendel will try next year to climh over this figure. Good luck to the man who does it. After finishing the medico "smiled" and those present echoed "that same."

ROEEL.

Chavant—Rosenbaum.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of to-day there is an article under the heading of "Chavan vs. Rosenbaum," but your correspondent failed to give particulars, which in rifle matches is very important now and then.

The understanding was, that I was to shoot Mr. Dorrler's 38.55 against Mr. Chavant, for a small purse, 50 shots per man, off-hand, at the Greenville ranges (Armhrusters Schuetzen Park).

When I arrived at the park, I only found Mr. G. Plaisted, practising, who hlandly asked me what brought me over. I then informed him of the match and he cooly informed me that he did not remember anything about it and that Mr. Dorrler was not expected to put in appearance. Finally Mr. Dorrler did come, and he was astonished when I informed him of the match. He said he only had 35 hullets, which he intended to shoot himself. Thereupon finding it impossible to shoot the match, I suggested to Mr. Chavant to shoot him a 25-shot race for refreshments. Mr. Chavant offered me his rifle and as I favor holding at 6 o'clock and Mr. Chavant full, the sights had to be changed at each shot, which of course made it next to impossihle to made any kind of a showing.

I was severely handicapped, as the sights could not he adjusted exactly the same as they were.

Your correspondent also advises me to look for an easier mark than Mr. Chavant.

At the present time I am not in a position to cross a rifle in which I could place confidence enough to use in a match at 200yds.

I only claim to be fixed for gallery shooting.

In the near future I hope to he equipped with a 32-40 rifle, and the first man who will hear from me is Mr. Chavant. WM. ROSENBAUM.

A Word About Champion Petty.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see hy the current issue that the Winans trophy has hecome the property of Mr. Petty. For once the hest man has received his just deserts, and I, for one, would like to offer him my sincerest congratulations. It has been my good fortune to shoot with many good men, and some day I hope to write the experiences; hut with due regard for tbe modesty of the gentleman in question, it has never fallen to my lot to meet a fairer competitor, a more generous adversary, or one who could win a match so gracefully that the sting of defeat was completely removed, so completely indeed that the beaten man felt rather glad than otherwise.

If for no other reason than that I had the pleasure of meeting and knowing Mr. Petty, the seeming foolishnes of matching myself against his skill has an excellent excuse. I have never regretted it for that reason alone, and I am only sorry that more men who love revolver shooting could not have met him in front of the target, and found, as I did, not only an expert shot, hut a genuine man, full to the hrim with life and vitality, modest and unassuming, one good to know. All success to him. May his hlessings he many, his cares few. May he have a long life, and may his eye and finger never fail him.

SAMUEL J. FORT, M.D.

Col. Lakin's Score.

WESTFIELD, Mass., Dec. 20.—Col. J. A. Lakin, of this place, made the following score in response to the petition recently to him to shoot for a special gold medal to make 23 or better out of a possible 25 at 50yds., with a Colt's .38cal. revolver. The trial came off at Springfield, Friday, Dec. 14, 1894, with the following result, possible 100:

45545—23 54555—24 45555—24 54554—23—94

The contest was witnessed hy a number of the personal friends and interested shots of this vicinity, and the Colonel received the congratulations of his friends upon the fine score presented. I give his range score, Nov. 17, revolver, 50yds., possible 60:

5 4 4 5 4 3 4 7 5 4 3 5—51

Springfield rifle, possible 50:

5544454445—44 5554555455—48 5554555455—48

WORONOCO.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

1895.

Jan. 1.—RYE, N. Y.—All-day shoot of Rye Gun Club, commencing at 10 A. M.; live birds and targets. E. J. Pope, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Fifteenth annual New Year's Day tournament of the South Side Gun Cluh. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—TOWANDA, Pa.—New Year's tournament of the Towanda Rod and Gun Cinb; live hirds and targets. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.

Jan. 9.—YARDVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot at live birds; handicap, 25 hirds, $10 entrance, hirds extra.

Jan. 10-11.—FANWOOD, N. J.—Two days' tournament of the Climax Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Jan. 15-17.—HAMILTON, Canada.—Hamilton Gun Cluh's annual tournament; $1,000 added money. J. W. Bowman, Sec'y.

Jan. 24.—NEWARK, N. J.—Newark City handicap, 25 live hirds, $10 entrance, hirds extra, under the auspices of the Newark Gun Club. Shoot to take place at Erb's grounds.

Feh. 22.—ALBANY, N. Y.—First tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, of the series of 1895, under the auspices of the West End Gun Cluh. Henry A. Kratz, Sec'y.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live hirds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added.

May 8-10.—WEIR CITY, Kas.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $200 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 29-30.—CANOJOHARIE, N. Y.—Two-day's tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks. Sec'y.

May 30-31.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Cluh's annual tournament; targets; added money announced later. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.

June 4-7.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Cluh's second annual tournament.

Oct. 3-6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament. under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The most interesting event in live bird circles during the past week was the attempt of Jack Brewer to kill 46 out 50 pigeons, Frank Class supplying the birds and betting $100 that Brewer couldn't accomplish the feat. Either Brewer was clean off his form or else he cannot shoot pigeons like he used to in days gone by; as a matter of fact he did not look well and was altogether unlike himself. The hirds furnished hy Class were surprise parties, considering the conditions of the weather; it was indeed a great surprise when Brewer was shot out on the 26th round. It is more than prohable that Morfey would try for $100 of Class's movey if the latter would bet against 43 kills.

Brewer has offered Morfey a chance to make a match at 100 live hirds on the following conditions:. Brewer on the 30yds. mark, Morfey at 28. The offer has not been accepted.

Jim Elliott is still in the city. He is attending strictly to business and not saying much. The chances of a match between the two cracks before Elliott goes West don't look very rosy. Still, there's plenty of time yet, as Jim will probably he here or hereahouts until after the Grand American Handicap at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., the first week of April. So far he has had but pigeon scored lost against him since he came East; that was a "dead out of hounds" at Morristown.

The reappointment of Elmer E. Shaner, as manager of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association (gosh! what a long name!) for the tournament season of 1895, is one that will meet with the unanimous approval of all shooters who have attended the tournaments of the Interstate, etc. (now I've got it!) during '93 and '94. Mr. Shaner is personally popular with all classes of shooters, and also understands thoroughly the successful running of a tournament.

The fifteenth annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., which will be held as usual on New Year's Day is worth while making a note of.

Charlie Zwirlein announces that he will have a big day at live birds at his grounds, Yardville, N. J., on Wednesday, Jan. 9. The main event will be as follows: 25 hirds per man, $10 entrance, hirds extra at 25 cents each, $50 cash added to the purse, handicap ranging from 26 to 32yds. Mr. Pentz will award the handicaps. There are few more popular men among the pigeon shooters of this section than Charlie Zwirlein, and there are few, if any, better grounds than at Yardville for such an event as the above to be successfully carried out. The shoot should be a success.

Another new fixture for the immediate future is the Climax Cluh's two days tournament at Fanwood, N. J., on Thursday and Friday January 10 and 11. The first day will he devoted to targets, the second to live hirds. The second day's programme is as follows: No. 1, Jersey sweep, 4 birds, $3: No. 2, 6 birds, $5: No. 3, $1 miss and out (particulars below): No. 4, 10 birds, $10, handicap rise: No. 5, 7 hirds, $5. Event No. 3, is what may be termed "the horse shoot," the prize being a horse valued at $65; a cash offer of $40 is guaranteed to the winner of the animal; no man can shoot off more than five chances; all surplus over the valuation of the horse added to the pot. The club has recently erected a comfortable club house, 42×16ft., well warmed and lighted. All who attend are guaranteed a good time hy R. H. Manning, president Climax Club, and by D. H. Terry, Chas. ("Dutchy") Smith and T. H. Keller, tournament committee.

R. "Woods," better known perhaps as Dick Phister, who shot into the top row at the Emerald's monthly shoot on Dec. 18, is in the lead for the club's badge, with Louis Schortemeier a close second. There are two more shoots yet before the club's year is ended.

It is understood that the referees to whom was given the task of deciding the Page—Brokaw match difficulty, have agreed tbat the match must he shot out from where it ended. Brokaw was three hehind with only eight pigeons to shoot at, while Page had nine left to complete his string of 200 birds. It will be remembered tbat this match, which was shot at the Westchester Country Club's grounds on Nov. 8, could not he finished on account of darkness.

Here is an amusing item from the Scranton (Pa.) *Truth* of Dec. 17: "The pigeon shoot of the Green Ridge Gun Club at the Driving Park on Saturday, was interfered with hy boys, who stole a considerable number of the pigeons while the shooters were at dinner. The score, as far as it went, was as follows," etc.

Vice-President David Brown, of the West Newhurgh Gun and Rifle Association, Newhurgh, N. Y., writes under date of Dec. 20: "We have an extra shoot on the 25th with a collation added. Come up; we will have live hirds, clay birds and stuffed birds." Stuffed birds are good—particularly in Newhurgh.

Two important live-bird matches were recently decided in Pittsburg. The first, on Dec. 15, was hetween the brothers, D. H. and Theodore Hostetter on one side and J. Glesenkamp and Harry Vandergrift on the other, each man shooting at 50 hirds. The hrothers won hy the score of 77 to 72, the individual scores standing: T. Hostetter 39, D. H. Hostetter 38; total 77. J. Glesenkamp 42, Vandergrift 30; total 72. The second match was shot on Dec. 20, the contestants being Glesenkamp and Thedore Hostetter, the latter winning hy 84 to 76. The conditions are stated to have heen '100 live birds, private stakes, price of the birds and suppers."

Eddy Morgan of Paterson, N. J., a member of the Paterson Gun Club, and also well known as an expert club swinger and oarsman, has met with a had accident. While engaged in a friendly rough and tumble, he slipped and injured his kneecap in falling. He goes on crutches now.

It is said that L. S. Thompson has finally decided not to attend the international pigeon shooting at Monte Carlo this year. George Work and Fred Hoey will probably he America's only representatives in the great events which take place early in February.

The series of three 100-bird races between W. G. Clark of Altoona, Pa., and T. W. Morfey of Paterson, N. J., resulted in a victory for Morfey in each event. Although Clark lost each match he was hy no means disgraced, as Morfey's form just now is equal to the best of them. Clark also handicapped himself in several ways, notably with his gun and ammunition.

Paul North tells a good story against himself: A short time ago he and Mrs. North were stopping with some relatives in Brooklyn. Returning home from the theater Paul and his wife were walking home just ahead of the rest of the party. When they came to the intersection of two streets they cut across instead of following the crossings. Hearing, as he thought, his friends just behind him, Paul, to explain matters, turned around and proclaimed loudly, "We are from Ohio!" The reply he got from those behind astonished him somewhat: "What the —— do I care where you're from." It wasn't his friends at all; they were half a block away. Tableaux!

The annual meeting of the Wilmerding (Pa.) Gun Club was held on Dec. 11. The following officers were elected to serve during the coming year: President, F. McEntosh; Vice-President, F. Hepting; Secretary, A. A. Mackert; Treasurer, W. B. Brush; Field Captain, W. W. Sharrard; Directors, S. S. Bishop, O. M. Reich, J. McElbany. The club will hold a live hird shoot open to members only in the morning of New Year's Day. The afternoon will be devoted to a shoot at targets, open to all.

EDWARD BANKS.

CONTROL OF TRAP-SHOOTING

THE letters on the above subject published in our issue of Dec. 8, 15 and 22, show very plainly that there is an universal desire on the part of trap-shooters throughout the United States for the devising of some means, whereby the evils of dropping for place, pooling and combining, can be done away with. FOREST AND STREAM in the issue of Dec. 1, with a view to combatting the difficulty, proposed the organization of a National Association of Trap-Shooters; the idea being to fashion that organization on the lines of the League of American Wheelmen, the strongest organization of its kind in the country. With a shooting board, endowed with powers similar to those of the L. A. W.'s racing board, it was suggested that all delinquencies could be suitably punished, and the stains of crookedness wiped away from the trap-shooting tournaments of the present day.

The propositions of FOREST AND STREAM have met with a hearty indorsement. The results of the crusade, started only a few weeks ago, cannot but be very encouraging to those who favor honest, straightforward work at the traps.

Pittsburgh has taken the initiative and is moving in the right direction, judging from an item taken from a Pittsburgh paper of recent date, the paeticulars of which are given in full elsewhere. Memphis, Knoxville ane Cleveland have all expressed their determination to do what they can to eliminate all crookedness at their respective tournaments in 1895. Such isolated cases, only four out of many hundreds, will certainly accomplish a vast amount of good. It is only, however, by organized efforts that the desired results, the millenium of trap-shooters as it were, can be accomplished with any degree of certainty.

Trap-shooters, therefore, must organize.

Preparations are now being made to hold a convention in New York city during the latter part of January for the purpose of completing such an organization. Every gun club that is in favor of purifying the field of trap-shooting should make it a point to either send a delegate to attend that convention or indorse in writing the object for which it is called.

The call for such a convention will be issued as soon as date and place have been decided upon.

Trap-Shooters Should Have a Court.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your scheme is in one sense all right—the great trap-shooting fraternity should have a court, a head. The same will serve to purify and name the punishment to fit the crime; but it does not rescue the sport from the great evil—the ringster, the manufacturer's agent. Amateurs are about to lay down their arms, except a few who have more pluck than judgment. We cannot endure it any longer. Our patience is now exhausted, and relief from the shark must come or we must abandon tournament shooting. G. M. WATERS.

Interstate's Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association was held at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, N. J., on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 18. Those present were Messrs. Chas. Tatham, Justus von Lengerke, J. A. H. Dressel, Noel E. Money and Paul North.

The following firms, members of the Association, were represented: Tatham & Bros., by Chas. Tatham; LeRoy Shot and Lead Works, Chas. Tatham (by proxy); Union Metallic Cartridge Co., J. A. H. Dressel; Smokeless Powder Co., Limited, Chas. Tatham (by proxy); American E. C. Powder Co., Limited, Noel E. Money; Cleveland Target Co., Paul North; Von Lengerke & Detmold, Justus von Lengerke. The only firm unrepresented was the Standard Keystone Co., of New London, Conn., whose factory had been totally destroyed by fire but a few days prior to this meeting. Mr. Chas. Tatham, president of the Association, presided

Among the various items of business transacted was the reading of the report of the treasurer, which showed the Association to be thoroughly sound financially. The report of the manager, Elmer E. Shaner, who was also present at the meeting, was read and received with thanks. (This report was given in full in our issue of Dec. 1.)

In the discussion that followed the reading of the manager's report, it was agreed that instead of carrying around all the small tents, the manager should be authorized to purchase one large tent to accommodate the shooters at the Association's tournaments in '95. It was left to Mr. Shaner to decide upon the size he needed, and also to purchase gun-racks for the use of shooters.

Another subject taken up and thoroughly discussed, was that of allowing the representatives of different sporting goods houses, not members, to attend the various tournaments given under the auspices of that Association; the claim made being that those firms thus derived equal benefit from the tournaments without auy corresponding outlay. It was finally agreed that Mr. Dressel should write a letter to all such firms stating the association's views on the matter.

The meeting of the stockholders then adjourned after electing by ballot the following board of directors for 1895: Messrs. Charles Tatham, J. A. H. Dressel, Paul North, Noel E. Money, J. von Lengerke, Geo. H. Sampson.

A meeting of the new directors was called immediately after the above adjournment for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing twelve months. The following is the list of those chosen to act during 1895: Pres, Chas. Tatham; Vice-Pres., O. D. Delano; Sec-Treas,. J. A. H. Dressel; Manager, Elmer E. Shaner.

The following committees were also appointed: Executive Committee—J. A. H. Dressel, chairman; Chas. Tatham and Justus von Lengerke. Classification and Tournament Committee—Justus von Lengerke, Paul North and Noel E. Money.

In regard to the arrangements for the Grand American Handicap, to be held April 3, 4 and 5, 1895, it was announced by the executive committee that contracts had been signed with the proprietors of Willard Park, Paterson, N Y., whereby the use of their grounds had been engaged for the purpose of holding the handicap there. It was also agreed that the price of birds should be 25 cents each. No gate money will be charged, but no one will be admitted to the grounds save by ticket. These tickets will be distributed by the members of the executive committee and the other directors. The idea of the Association is to keep out the undesirable element that might attend a large event such as the coming Grand American Handicap promises to be. The handicapping will be done by Messrs. John S. Hoey and Jacob Pentz, in connection with the classification committee.

Watson's Park.

GRAND CROSSING, Ill., Dec. 4.—Chicago Shooting Club:

R B Wadsworth	202000012202002— 7	P F Stone	012002212220021—10
M J Eich	211011111121102—13	L M Hamiline	010121220111222—12

Dec. 12.—South Chicago Gun Club, 20 live birds:

G Sibley	12022101021121122222—17	A Reeves	11122200212211110020—15

Thirty empire targets:

A W Reeves	111011010110111111101111011001—22
Geo Sibley	100000001011111001111110010000—15

Dec. 15.—Dr. H H. Frothingham and J. J. Smith, 100 live birds, $100 a side:

Dr H Frothingham 01012212210102122222201211211122211111011121220 21
22211121112110121212121122111122121210212221222112—91

J J Smith 22121212111111112112112221222122011201122120021122
20110221221111111212011012221111212221122101211220 2—90

Chas. Antoine and T. L. Parker, 25 live birds:

Chas Antoine	2212212112122201122212112—24
T L Parker	2122122111111202222112121—24

Mr. Fulford Would Abolish Class Shooting.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Let the good work of purifying the trap go on. It is well to bear in mind though that the best government is that which governs the least. I would suggest to take away the motive for dropping for places by abolishing class shooting and universally adopt straight or high-gun system.

Dropping for place is done only at small, one-horse town and country shoots, and is almost unknown at Knoxville, Chamberlin and Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association shoots. Why? Because there is nothing to be gained by it. Note the Knoxville shoot of last season, $1,000 added, open to the world, nobody handicapped or barred, and what was the result? It brought out the best and greatest amount of trap-shooters ever got together in America. There was no dropping for place, there were no places to drop in. It was a straight or nothing; and the same with all the large tournaments. It is the small ones that need protection; the large ones protect themselves. E. D. FULFORD.

The Elizabeth Bi-Monthly Shoot.

ELIZABETH, N J., Dec. 21.—The Elizabeth Gun Club's first bi-monthly shoot passed off successfully so far as the target day (Dec. 20) was concerned. To-day was live bird day, but, as will be seen from the scores given below, shooters did not put in their appearance till late in the day. The new electric pull of the Empire Target Company was used, and both traps and pull gave entire satisfaction. Ferd Van Dyke's shooting was the special feature of the day. Shooting in all events at a total of 185 targets he broke 178, missing but 7 during the day, thus averaging almost 95 per cent. W. R. Hobart, who is also a representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, was well to the fore on all occasions. V. D. Kenerson, of Worcester, Mass., was present and shot along with the boys, breaking his full share of targets. Taken altogether, Dec 20 was an extremely pleasant day and one that should encourage the Elizabeth Gun Club in its efforts to meet the demands of this vicinity for some regular target tournaments. Scores:

First Day.

No. 1, 10 empires, known angles, $1:

T H Keller	1111111111—10	Thomas	1111101101— 8
F Van Dyke	1111111111—10	Hoffman	1110001011— 6
V D Kenerson	1111101111— 9	Sigler	1111111111—10
W R Hobart	1001111111— 8	Jackson	1000111001— 5
Breintnall	1110011111— 8	Roberts	1101010011— 6
W Drake	1010101111— 7		

No. 2, 10 empires, known angles, $1:

Keller	1101001001— 5	Hoffmann	1111011110—8
Van Dyke	1111111111—10	Sigler	1111111011—9
Kenerson	1111110111— 9	Roberts	1111111010—8
Hobart	1110111111— 9	Jackson	1111110011—8
Drake	1111111110— 9	Thomas	1111011011—8
Breintnall	1011111111— 9	Astfalk	0110001101—5

No. 3, 15 empires, known angles, $1 50:

Keller	111101101111111—13	Breintnall	111111011111110—13
Van Dyke	111111111111011—14	Hoffman	111110001111111—12
Kenerson	110101111011111—12	Jackson	111111101101001—11
Hobart	011110111111111—13	Sigler	110111111011001—11
Drake	111111101111111—14	Thomas	011110101111111—12

No 4, 10 empires, unknown angles, $1:

Keller	1111111111—10	Hoffman	1111111101— 9
Van Dyke	1111111111—10	Sigler	1110111111— 9
Kenerson	1010100111— 6	Jackson	1111110111— 9
Hobart	0111111111— 9	Thomas	1010011111— 7
Drake	1111111111—10	Roberts	1111100111— 8
Breintnall	0111111001— 7		

No. 5, 20 empires, known angles, $2:

Keller	00101111011101111101—14	Breintnall	11111101111111011110—17
Van Dyke	11111111111111101111—19	Hoffman	10111111101111111111—18
Kenerson	01111111111111111111—19	Sigler	10111111111111101111—18
Hobart	11111111111111010111—18	Thomas	11111011110011000111—14
Drake	11111111001111111111—18	Roberts	10101101111111101111—16

No. 6, 15 singles, expert rules, use of two barrels, $1.50:

Keller	101111111111110—13	Breintnall	011101001011111—10
Van Dyke	011111111111111—14	Hoffman	111101111111011—13
Kenerson	111011111111011—13	Jackson	111011100100001— 9
Hobart	110111111111111—14	Roberts	001111111001011—10
Drake	111011011011111—12		

No. 7, 25 empires, known angles, $2.50:

Keller	0111010110100111011011010—15
Van Dyke	1111111111111111111111111—25
Kenerson	1011011110111111011111111—21
Hobart	0111111111111111111111111—24
Drake	1111010111010111111111001—20
Breintnall	1110111111111111111110111—23
Hoffman	1111011111111110111111111—23
Woodruff	0100111101111111111011101—19
Geoffroy	1111101111011110111111110—21
Sigler	1011101111111111111111111—23
Thomas	1001101111100101111110111—18
Whitehead	1000011110110111011111011—17

No. 8, 15 empires, unknown angles, $1.50:

Keller	010111001001011— 8	Geoffroy	111110110110111—12
Van Dyke	111111111111011—14	Sigler	011110111011111 11
Kenerson	111111111010011—12	Whitehead	110111110111111—13
Hobart	011111111111101—13	Thomas	111111111111001—13
Drake	011110111111011 —12	Woodruff	011001101111111— 9
Breintnall	111111111111100—13	Schrafft	101111011001001— 9
Hoffman	111110101111111—13	Lenthauser	110011110101011—10

No. 9, 20 empires, known angles, $2:

Keller	11111011001011111011—15	Thomas	11111100111011010110—14
Van Dyke	11111111110111111111—19	Sickley	01011010110111011011—13
Kenerson	10111111111111111111—19	Sopher	11011010111111111001 14
Hobart	11111111111111111111—20	Sigler	10111111111111101111—18
Drake	11111111101011111111—18	Schrafft	11101111111101011111—17
Breintnall	11110111111011111110—17	Lenthaus'r	00111101110011111111—15
Hoffman	11100111111111101010—15	Roberts	11011011010101011101—13
Geoffroy	11111111111111101111—19		

No. 10, 10 empires, known angles, $1:

Keller	0111111111— 9	Lenthauser	1011010111— 7
Van Dyke	1111111111—10	Geoffroy	1111110101— 8
Kenerson	0110111111— 8	Sickley	0101111011— 7
Hobart	1111111111—10	Thomas	1111111100— 8
Drake	1111111111—10	Sigler	1111111111—10
Breintnall	1111101111— 9	Sopher	0111111111— 9
Hoffman	0111111111— 9	Roberts	1111001110— 7
Schrafft	1111111111—10	Whitehead	1111111110— 9

No. 11, 15 empires, known angles, $1.50:

Keller	111101111101111—13	Hoffman	111111111111111—15
Van Dyke	011111111111111—14	Geoffroy	111111111111111—15
Kenerson	111011011111111—13	Lenthauser	111011110011111—12
Hobart	101110000111111—10	Schrafft	101011010110101— 9
Drake	011011100011011—10	Sickley	111111110111111—14
Breintnall	111110111111111—14	Sigler	101111110110111—12

No. 12, 10 empires, unknown angles, $1:

Keller	0100111111— 7	Sopher	1101100010— 5
Van Dyke	1110111111— 9	Thomas	1111001100— 6
Kenerson	0111111100— 7	Geoffroy	0011011111— 7
Hobart	1111111111—10	Lenthauser	1111111111—10
Drake	0101010100— 4	Schrafft	1001110111— 7
Breintnall	0111111111— 9	Sigler	0111110111— 8
Hoffman	1101111111— 9		

No. 3, 10 empires, known angles, $1:

Geoffroy	1111110110— 8	Kenerson	1111110110— 8
Van Dyke	1111111111—10	Woodruff	1011010110— 6
Sickley	1111111010— 8	Sopher	1101001111— 7
Leuthauser	1101011111— 8	Schrafft	1101111111— 9

Second Day.

No. 1, 4 birds, $3:

Darby	2122—4	Kenerson	2020—2
Benner	1221—4	Williams	2212—4
Blodgett	1112—4	Elliott	2121—4
Davey	0111—3	Thomas	1122—4
Folsom	1101—3		

No. 2, 7 birds, $4:

D Terry	0211122—6	Thomas	0001210—3
Darby	0110211—5	Benner	1110121—6
Elliott	1122211—7	Blodgett	0201011—4
Kenerson	2012112—6	Folsom	0122101—5
Davey	0012000—2	Williams	1202200—4
Woodruff	1221220—6		

No. 3, 10 birds, $5:

Elliott	2122112212—10	Brewer	2222222121—10
Kenerson	2121111102— 9	Folsom	0012210111— 7
Williams	0221101120— 7	D Terry	1021111121— 9
Capt Jones	2111011222— 9	Blodgett	0220220201— 6
Benner	2100211211— 8	Darby	1201011111— 8
Woodruff	2212222221—10	Scotty	2120120220— 7
Davey	2022222212— 9		

For Utica in February.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The undersigned will give a grand mid-winter shoot at Utica, N. Y., Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Feb'y 5, 6 and 7, 1895. Two days targets and one day live birds. There will be eight 20 bird events each day, $2 entrance, birds extra, 2 cents each. The last day will be devoted to live birds and the Central N. Y. Handicap at live birds will be shot, conditions 20 birds each man, $10 entrance, handicap rises 26 to 33yds. All events open to the world, nobody barred, American shooting rules to govern all contests. Programme will be ready about Jan. 1, 1895, and will be sent on application. Richardson's Cottage Hotel will give special rates. If weather permits we will make this shoot one of the best ever held. E. D. FULFORD, H. L. GATES.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs, and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association" Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co

Brewer Outclassed.

IT is perfectly correct to say that Brewer was out-classed on Thursday, Dec. 20, at Morristown, N. Y. Frank Class and Jack Brewer had an argument some time since as to the number of birds the latter could kill out of 50 from 5 traps, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. Class claimed that Brewer could not kill 46 out of 50 on his grounds at Morristown Driving Park, if he (Class) provided and trapped the birds. The result was a wager of $100 a side, the date being fixed for Dec. 20.

The day was a lovely one, clear sky, good light and no wind; apparently the clerk of the weather was not going to give Brewer the worst of the weather if he could help it. Class, however, never seemed to be in the least afraid of the final result; he had confidence in his birds, a confidence which was not misplaced. They were hummers every one of them, that is the first 28 or 30 of them. It did not look as if the birds were quite as good after the 26th round (when Brewer was shot out), as prior to that round. The start he made was auspicious, killing his first 9 very cleanly. Then he got one of those indescribable twisting fellows that beat him entirely; his 11th bird also got away from him. The 18th and 29th were the next birds to get off, leaving it necessary for Brewer to kill 31 straight if he was to win. Six more straight was his score when he let the 26th get away; this spoiled his chances and appeared to make him shoot carlessly because he let five more birds escape before the 50 had all been trapped, although the last 20 could not be said to compare with the first 30.

Several sweeps were shot during the day, Class being decidedly on top of the heap as he missed but one bird in all the sweeps, totalling 33 out of 34 shot at. Scores:

Match, Brewer versus birds. $100 a side, Class betting that Brewer cannot kill 46 out of 50. The upper figures show the traps pulled:

2 2 5 1 2 4 2 4 5 3 4 1 5 3 2 1 3 4 5 4 2 3 4 1 2
↖ ↖ ↗ ↰ ↖ → ⇞ ↑ → ↰ ↖ ↓ → ↖ ↑ ↖ ↑ ↗ ↰ ↖ ↰ ↑ ↙ ↑ ↑
Brewer 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 1 2 2—21

4 4 2 5 3 2 1 4 1 2 4 3 4 2 3 4 2 1 4 5 2 3 4 2 4
↰ ↖ ↖ ← ↙ ↰ ↘ ↗ ← ⇞ ↖ ↗ ↑ → ↑ ↘ H ↰ ↰ ⇞ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↖ ↗
0 1 2 2 2 • 1 0 1 0 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2—19—40

John Riggott, referee.

No. 1, miss and out, $2. No. 2, same. No. 3, 7 birds, $5, two moneys.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Frank Class	221222—6	22—2	2222122—7
T W Morfey	211110—5	21—2	2112110—6
W G Clark	122220—5	• —0	2•02221—5
Jas Timmons	......	20—1	11111•1—6
Gus Greiff	......	20—1	2202221—6
J L Brewer	......	2•—1	....

	No. 4, same as No. 3:	No 5:		No. 4, same as No. 3:	No. 5:
Class	1221201—6	21—2	Riggott	1120202—5	0 —0
Morfey	1210111-6	10—1	Greiff		20—1
Timmons	1222111—7	0 —0	Timmons*		21—2
Clark	111•[illegible]—4	2•—1	Riggott*		11—2

*Re-entered in No. 5

	No. 6, miss and out, $2:	No. 7, miss and out, $1:
Morfey	22122110—7	120 —2
Class	12222222—8	2222—4
Timmons	20 —1	2212—4
Clark	0 —0	10 —1
Brewer	11212110—7	2210—3
Riggott	222112• —6	20 —1
Clark*	0 —0	
Smith		0 —0

*Re-entered

Pittsburgh Is After Droppers.

THE following from the Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Commercial-Gazette* of Dec. 18 is of particular interest at the present time:

Pittsburgh wing shots are getting ready to deal a hard blow at crooked shooting. The first meetings in 1895 of the local gun clubs will see a decided move made against the too prevalent custom of "dropping" in contests. The Herron Hill and the North Side gun clubs have already announced their intention of strewing the pathway of "droppers" with thorns rather than roses. To those unacquainted with the term of "dropping" the following will explain: Suppose ten or a dozen shots go into a race, say 50 targets or birds; $100 is in the purse, which is to be divided among the four high men, 45, 30, 15 and 10 per cent. It has come down to the last pair of birds. A and B have not missed a shot, they are tied at 48 each with 2 more chances. C has 46 birds out of 48 shots, while D has 43. E is somewhere behind, but should A and B come out a tie he is in for fourth money, as the tie men must divide. A steps up and kills both his birds, completing a clean score. He cannot be beaten. B can tie him, but B is out for the money and does not care to tie him. He figures that the man by killing all his birds now cannot touch him. By dividing the $45 with A, if he ties him, he will receive $22.50, while C, who is yet lower down, will take entire second money, $30. B steps up and intentionally misses or "drops" one bird, leaving his score 49 to 50 for A, clinching the $30 purse for B, drawing C down to third money, $15, D to fourth money, $10, while E is left to sympathize with the man who fell out of the balloon. It is plain that B's crooked work has robbed C out of $15, D out of $5 and E out of $10; A has gained $22.50, while B, the crooked man, has increased his purse $7.50.

The custom of "dropping" has been prevalent all over the country, but the Herron Hill and the North Side clubs propose to stop it. Said "Old Hoss," the well known shot:

"The North Side Club will, at its meeting on Jan. 8, add to our by-laws a clause against 'dropping.' We will expel any member found guilty, and any visiting shot who comes to us and does this crooked work will be at once ruled off the grounds and be forever barred from shooting with us again. This must be stopped. It is the worst of crookedness, and is killing the sport. Right here in Pittsburgh we have men who say this work is legitimate, and they would 'drop' if they got a chance. It's not right, and they know it. Oh, yes, we can tell whether a man misses a bird intentionally or otherwise."

Secretary Lautenslager of the Herron Hill Club, said his club had also discussed the matter, and would rule against the crooked work. There was to have been a meeting of the club last night, when Lautenslager was to have brought the matter up, but there was no quorum and the matter went over till the Jan. 27 meeting.

Keystone Shooting League.

FRANKFORD, Pa., Dec. 20.—The Keystone Shooting League held its first live bird shoot of the season at Holmesburg Junction yesterday afternoon; in point of attendance and excellent shooting it proved one of the most successful shoots held in this city. Among other clubs represented were the Cosmopolitan of New York, Riverton and West Jersey of New Jersey and Forest and Frankford of this city. The birds being a speedy lot the shooting was consequently lively.

No. 1, miss and out, $1:

R Welch	0	J H Wolstencroft	20
J Sivad	11110	H Landis	22122221
D Thomas	21211221	J W Budd	22220
J W Tredway	11122111	E Henry	1220
M Felix	20	S Peters	0
W H Pack	0	J Rothaker	2120
W M Morris	211110		

Thomas, Tredway and Landis divided.

No 2, 10 live birds, $5, four moneys:

H Thurman	0100010100— 3	D Thomas	2020221012— 7
J Tredway	2212222210— 9	H Landis	2221102012—8
W H Pack	2122122222—10	J H Wolstencroft	0211011201— 7
M F Lindsley	2222202222— 9	E David	1101011111 — 8
J Sivad	2212121012— 9	J W Budd	2102221212— 9
R Welch	1222222220— 9	J Rothaker	2222210220— 8
M Felix	0220022022-- 6	A Clark	2001100[illegible]— 5
W M Morris	2202122220— 8	A James	2121222222—10

No. 3, 12 live birds, $8, 14 moneys:

R Welch	222220022111—10	J Wolstencroft	111211221200—10
H Landis	220111120210— 9	W H Pack	020212201010— 7
D Thomas	220212211020— 9	J Tredway	122012111210—10
J H Wolstencroft	022212102010— 8	J Rothaker	211012202200— 8
M F Lindsley	222022220200— 8	J Sivad	111111011000— 8
W M Morris	021122020012— 8	E David	101111201100 — 8
J McCarthy	012020112100— 7	A James	102212221200— 9

N. M. BANCROFT.

West Newburgh Gun Club.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Dec 20.—Our regular Thursday shoot was held this afternoon in glorious weather. The following scores were made in the club's handicap prize shoot, each man's allowance being shown in parentheses after his name. Club shoot, 25 targets, handicap allowance:

Rayland	0110110110111111111111111—21
Higginson	1110111110111101111101111—21
Lively (2)	1100001111111110001101011—18
Taylor	0111101111010111101111011—19
Stansbrough (3)	1101100001010110111011111—19
Wooley (1)	1111101111110111000101001—18
Wood (4)	1110001110100011010101111—19
Nixon (10)	0101101100000000000000001—16
Stewart (10)	1000000000100100000010000—14

D. B.

The Morfey-Clark Series.

ALTOONA, Pa., Dec. 20.—Two hundred spectators witnessed the first of the series of three matches already announced between W. G. Clark of this place and Thos. Morfey of Paterson, N. J., at the Juniata Base Ball Park on Monday, Dec. 17. The shooters faced the north and a perfect hurricane swept across the traps from the west. The birds were a good lot, although some were a little tardy in the start, due to the cold weather.

Although Clark at the end of the first quarter had lost six to his opponent's one bird, the race was a very interesting one. Clark seemed to settle down to solid business, and when he had killed his next 25 straight it looked as though Mr. Morfey had no cinch. He shot a remarkably good up-hill race. This being the first match he had shot at as many as 100 birds, one could see that his lack of experience as compared with the years of practice by Morfey was a great handicap. Any one who thinks that Bill Clark is not developing into the higher ranks of shooters will some of these days meet with a surprise if they cross his pathway. It's only a few years since we of the Alleghenies saw Bill shoot at his first flying target. What a steady change has taken place since then! Taking advantage of every opportunity (and a sport to the backbone) he has developed into one of the best all around shots in the Keystone State. There was some excuse for his losing the first bird, for a more difficult one never left a trap. He hit it hard but it managed to get beyond the boundary. He made remarkably fine kills on his 15th, 46th, 48th, 59th and 90th birds, while the only inexcusable loss was his 84th, which he missed clean. He hit nearly every bird lost, but only raggedly.

Morfey shot a winning race from start to finish. At no time did he seem other than confident of winning. His kills were clean, and whether a bird was hard or easy seemed to give him little concern, His 37th, 44th, 54th, 81st and 84th kills were exceptionally fine ones. He remarked after the race was over that he had never shot quite so good a gait in his life. He thought some of those down wind quarterers were the fastest he had ever seen, and they certainly were hummers.

The match was governed by the I. M. & D. A. revised Hurlingham rules. Both men stood at the 30yds. mark. The traps used were a new invention by Bill Clark and Thomas House, a machinist of this city. They are made entirely of hard wood and worked to perfection. Letters patent have been applied for, and they will be heard from in the future.

Both shooters used Greener ejector guns. Clark shot 45grs. E. C. and 1⅛oz No. 7½ chilled shot in first barrel, and 50grs. E. C. and 1⅛oz, No. 6 chilled shot in second barrel, using U. S. Rapid cases. Morfey shot 50grs. E. C. and 1⅛oz. No. 7½ chilled shot in first and 50grs. E. C. and 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled shot in second, using U. M. C. Trap cases. Elmer E. Shaner, of the I. M. & D. A. made a very acceptable referee. The score, 100 live birds per man, $100 a side:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1894 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                  ↗↙→↗↙↙↗HH↗↙↓→→↗↖↗↗↓↙↗↘↙↙↓
W G Clark.....●●1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 ● 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 0—19

                  ⇗↙↘T↙↙H↘↗→↓↙↗↙↙↙↙↙↗↖↙↘T↘↙
                  2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2—25

                  ↘↓↙↙→↗↙↙↘↘H↙↙↗↘→↓H→↗↘↘↖→↘
                  2 1 1 1 2 0 1 2 2 1 1 ● 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1—23

                  ←→↗↙↗↙↗↙↙↑↙↙↙↙→↗↘↘↙↙↙←↘↗↘
                  1 2 2 2 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 ● 1 2 2 1 ● ●—19—86

                  →→↗↗↘↓↗↓H→↗→↙↗T→←→↙H↙↗↙↙→
T W Morfey.....1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 20 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2—24

                  ←→↙⇗↖↘↙↖↗→↘↗T↙H←↙↗↗→↙↙←←↗
                  2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 ●  2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2—24

                  ↓→↖→→↗↙↗T↘→→↖↖↘H↙→←↘↙←→↘↘↗
                  1 1 ● 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 0 2 1 2—23

                  ↖↙H↓←H↗↗→↘↘→→↘↗↘↘↖↙↗↗↘↙←↙
                  1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 ● 2 2 1 2—24—95
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Second Match.

The second match of the Morfey—Clark series was decided Dec. 19, at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., Morfey winning by 8 birds with a score of 90—82.

Clark handicapped himself most decidedly two different ways: in the first place he traveled all the night previous to the match, leaving Altoona at 10:40 P. M., Dec. 18, arriving in New York about 7:30 A. M., Dec. 19; that can hardly be considered a very good preparation for a stiff 100-bird race. In the next place he was obliged to use a new load as he found the load he used on Monday was too light for the job he set it. These two things or any one of them, are often sufficient to handicap a man out of a race. Shooting as Morfey is now, no one has any license to beat him easily, his present form being worthy of the cracks. Of course he misses a bird now and then, they all do it at times, but his misses come in few and far between.

It must be conceded that Clark had very hard luck, no less than 9 of his birds falling dead out of bounds, while 7 others got away hit apparently hard enough to stop them. Bird after bird flew over the boundary line, and dying in mid-air, dropped to the ground like a stone. It looked very often as if he undershot many of his birds, particularly incomers; this may be, and probably is, due to a very large extent to the extreme drop (about 3¼in.) in the stock of his Greener. His longest run was only 13, whereas Morfey made one of 31 and another of 14.

The birds were a good lot, as good a lot as one needs have to shoot a race at. As a means of judging how good they were, and how rapid the work of trapping and retrieving was, the following figures are quoted, giving the time for 50 birds: First 50, 25 minutes; second 50, 24 minutes; third 50, 25 minutes; fourth 50, 25 minutes; making the total for the 200 birds of 99 minutes! If Willard Park can supply the same class of birds for the Grand American Handicap next April there'll be no kicking at the advertised price, 25 cents each.

Among the lookers-on were Paul North ("from Ohio"); J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Co.; Elmer E. Shaner, referee of the match; James Condrin, Altoona, Pa.; Charlie Zwirlein, Yardville, N. J.; Frank Class, Morristown, N. J.; James Timmons, Morristown, N. J.. etc. Frank Class was trap puller.

In the score given below the top row of figures denotes the trap pulled in each case. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                  1 1 4 5 3 3 4 5 4 1 2 4 4 3 1 4 4 5 5 1 5 5 1 4 1
                  →→↖←↖↓↑←↗→→↑→↑↑↖↙→↖→←↖↙↑↙
W G Clark.....2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 ● 2 2—22

                  1 2 4 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 4 2 3 4 3 5 4 5 4 4 4 4
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                  0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 ● 1 2 2 1 2 2 ● 0 ● 1 2 1 ● 1—19

                  4 3 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 1 2 1 4 3 1 2 4 4 2 3 1 2 4 2 4
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                  2 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 ● ● 1—21

                  2 2 3 3 3 5 4 5 2 2 4 2 4 3 5 2 3 3 3 5 3 5 3 4 4
                  ←↑→↙↓←↘↑↙←↙↑←↘↑←↓↖←→↗↗←↓
                  2 0 2 1 2 1 2 0 2 1 0 2 2 1 0 2 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2—20—82

                  2 1 2 5 4 3 2 3 5 1 5 5 2 5 4 1 5 5 5 3 1 5 3 2 1
                  →←→←↙↘→←→→↘↖↑↑↖↙↘↖↑↖↖←↓↑→
T W Morfey....● 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 0 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1—23

                  3 2 3 2 2 4 5 2 3 4 4 5 4 1 2 2 5 3 1 3 2 2 1 2 4
                  ←↑↗⇕↘↑↗→←↖↘←→↑↖↑↓↑↙↖↘↙←↙←
                  1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

                  5 2 3 1 2 2 2 4 4 4 3 5 5 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 5 4 5
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                  2 0 ● 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 ● 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 1—20

                  3 3 1 4 1 5 3 5 5 1 5 1 4 4 2 4 4 1 4 5 2 3 1 1 1
                  ←↑→↗↑↗↑↙↘↖⇘←↙↓→↖↖→→↖←↗↙→↖
                  2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2—23—90
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After the conclusion of the above match the following sweep was shot off, at 7 live birds, $5, three high guns:

T W Morfey	212●022—5		C Wright*	1121122—7	212
W G Clark	2212222—7	20	E W Morgan	2012222—6	
F Class*	2222211—7	222	J Timmons	2112212—7	110
C Zwirlein*	2122212—7	122			

*Divided on the shoot-off.

Third Match.

The third match, and concluding one of the series, was decided on Charlie Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville, N. J., on Friday, Dec. 21, Morfey winning by the score of 94 to 88, Clark's experience gained in the first two matches standing him in good stead. He shot a far superior race on this day to the one he shot at Paterson on Dec. 19. His score of 88 shows that, while a glance at the flight of his birds discloses that the luck of the birds was with Morfey, Clark drawing a long way the hardest birds. Taking the first 50 birds, the race was a good one, the score showing 46 to 45 in favor of Morfey. Charlie Zwirlein had promised to have a supply of good birds on hand, and he kept his promise well, although there were, as usual, a few duffers among the lot. The grounds at Yardville are very convenient and comfortably fixed up for spectators and shooters, while, as at Morristown on Wednesday, the dinner in the middle of the day was, to use a favorite term, "out of sight."

The time consumed in shooting the 200 birds was 112 minutes, 13 minutes longer than on Wednesday. The day was an exact reproduction of the two preceding ones, each of which were bright, clear and cool, with hardly a breath of wind stirring; just the days for good scores. As a result of the three matches, Morfey killed 279 out of 300 to Clark's 256 out of the same number, a lead of 23. Prior to the first match Morfey stated that he would make an average of 90 for the 300 birds; it will be seen that his average was just 93. Clark's average was just a fraction over 85 per cent.

Morfey's star run of the series was one of 57 made in this match the third one. After having his 34th bird drop dead out of bounds he killed straight up to the 92d round; his 92d and 93d birds, both corking good ones, got away from him just when it looked as if he was going to kill right out; as it was he killed 73 out of his last 76 birds, having missed 3 in his first 24, viz: his 6th, 8th and 24th. His 10th tried hard to get out of bounds but failed to hold on to the top of the fence, falling dead inside just when it appeared sure to get away. Clark did some fine work with his second barrel, saving many a bird that looked as if it was lost; Morfey's second barrel was really needed very little as his first was very sure indeed.

As in the other two matches, Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, Pa., was referee. John Bowles of Willard Park, was trap-puller. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                  3 3 1 1 4 4 4 3 2 2 2 3 2 4 2 3 5 1 1 5 2 5 4 3 5 2
                  ↑←↖↙↑←→↑←↑↑→↗↗←→↖←↘↖↖↗H↗→
Morfey.....1 1 1 1 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 2—22

                  2 4 5 5 2 5 5 5 2 2 1 2 2 4 3 3 4 5 4 1 1 5 1 5 4
                  ↖←←↑↑T→↓↙←↙←↙↗⇕↑↘↑↑↖↙←↗↑←
                  2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 ● 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1—

                  5 2 3 5 3 2 3 3 1 3 1 3 1 1 1 4 1 1 3 2 1 5 3 4 1
                  ↙←↗↘←←←←↙↑↓↖←↖↓⇘↙↙H←↓↓↖↗←
                  1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2—25

                  2 4 1 2 3 5 2 2 4 1 2 5 5 1 1 5 5 3 5 1 1 1 5 3 2
                  ←↗↖↗↓↙↗↖↗↑↗→↙←↗↑↑⇕H↗←↑↓↖←
                  2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 0 1 2 2 1 1 2 1—23—94

                  4 5 2 4 1 4 1 1 5 3 4 5 2 2 3 2 4 5 5 1 4 3 3 2 5
                  ↖⇕↙↖↙↑↑↖↑⇕↑↑↖↘↑←↑↙↙←↑↑←↖→
Clark.....0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1—23

                  1 4 4 3 4 5 2 2 2 3 4 5 1 1 5 2 5 3 4 3 4 5 2 3 3
                  ←←↖←↓↑→→↙↑↗↑↓←↗→→↖↑↗⇘↑↖↙↓
                  1 2 2 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1—22

                  5 2 3 5 5 4 4 1 4 4 1 3 4 2 4 1 4 4 3 4 2 5 1 4 4
                  →↗←←↑↙↙←↗←↙↓↑↑↖⇕↗↑H⇕↘↑↘↖→
                  1 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1—21

                  4 1 1 5 3 2 2 3 5 1 5 2 5 3 3 2 2 4 4 5 1 2 5 4 4
                  ⇕↙↑↙↑←←↑↖↙→←↖⇘↑↗↗⇗↗←→↙↙→
                  0 2 0 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2—22—88
```

GRANT.

Emerald's Monthly Shoot.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., Dec. 20.—The Emerald Gun Club held it regular shoot on Tuesday last, Dec. 18. The day was clear and co , with a northwest wind. That the birds were corkers is well show by the trap score type giving the flight of the birds. Not a singl straight score was made; L. Gehring and R. "Woods" each scored 9 out o 10; there were four with 8 and thirteen with 7 each. The attendance was 28 as against 30 at the last shoot of the club, held Nov. 20. Scores:

Club point handicap, 10 live birds:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

```
                                                  ↙↙↙↙↗↗H→⇗
L Gehring (30).....1 1 1 1 2 1 ● 1 1 2—9

                                                  ↗↖TT↑←↘T↘H
R "Woods" (30).....1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2—9

                                                  ↗←⇗↗H↙↖⇗↙↑
Thos Short (28).....0 1 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 2—8

                                                  ↗→T↖↭↗↗↑↘↑
L H Schortemeier (30).....1 2 1 1 2 2 1 0 2 0—8

                                                  →↖←↖↗←↘→↙↙
F W Place (25).....1 1 1 ● 0 2 1 2 1 2—8

                                                  ⇗↗↗→↖↓↙↗↑→
"Mulcahey" (28).....0 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2—8

                                                  ↗↑↭↙⇗↙⇕↑↗↗
J H Richmond (28).....2 0 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 1—7

                                                  ↖↙→↘↗↭↙⇗⇗↭
N Maesel (25).....2 2 1 1 1 ● 2 0 1 0—7

                                                  ↖↖⇗⇗↗↗⇗⇗↭
Gus Greiff (28).....1 0 1 1 1 2 ● 0 2 2—7

                                                  ⇗↗↘←↖H→↑↗↖
H P Fessenden (28).....0 1 2 1 0 1 2 2 0 1—7

                                                  ↙↗↖↗↗→↗→↖↗
J H Voss (30).....1 1 0 2 2 1 1 1 ● ●—7

                                                  ↘↑↘↗↗↓↙↑⇗↑
J H Moore (25).....1 1 1 0 2 2 2 0 0 2 1—7

                                                  →↑↗↘↑↗↗↭⇕→
M Herrington (30).....1 ● 1 ● 2 2 2 2 ● 2—7

                                                  ↑↗↑↑↭↭→→→→
Josbua "Wash" (28).....2 2 2 1 0 0 1 1 2 0—7

                                                  ←⇗→→↗⇗↭↭←→
J Maesel (28).....1 2 2 1 0 0 0 2 2 2—7

                                                  ↗H↗↖⇗↗↖←↗⇗
F Walters (30).....2 2 0 2 0 0 1 2 1 2—7

                                                  ↗↖↗T↗↗↖⇗↖↘
J Woelfel (25).....0 2 1 1 2 0 1 2 0 2—7

                                                  ↓→↭↑↭⇕↘↓↖→
T Codey (28).....1 2 2 0 ● 1 1 1 0 1—7

                                                  ↗→→⇗↖↘↓↘↓⇗
W E Hogan (25).....1 1 1 ● 0 2 2 2 ● 2—7

                                                  →↖↗⇗↭↘↗→↭↗
"Plummer" (28).....1 2 1 0 2 2 0 1 0 0—6

                                                  ↖→↓↗↖↓↭↭↭↗
Levens (28).....0 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 0—6

                                                  ↘→↗→←↑→⇗↙↗
E Doeinck (30).....2 0 2 0 1 0 0 1 1 2—6

                                                  ↖↗↘↑↓↭↑⇗↙T
G Nowak (28).....2 0 1 2 0 0 0 0 1 1—5

                                                  ↖⇗↗↖↘←↖↗↑↓
T H Keller (28).....1 0 0 0 2 1 3 0 ● 1—5

                                                  ↗↗↗↑←↖↙←↙↖
Dr Leveridge (28).....0 0 0 0 1 0 1 2 1 1—5

                                                  ←↙↗⇗↘↗↗↙↗↙
H Thau (28).....0 1 0 ● ● 0 ● 1 1 2—4

                                                  ↗←←↙↗↭↗→↑⇗
C Maesel (25).....0 2 0 0 0 2 0 0 ● 0—2

                                                  ↗↙⇕↗↗↗↑↭↗↗
P Butz (28).....● 1 0 ● 0 0 0 0 0 0—1
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HALF-SHELL.

Des Moines, Iowa.

DES MOINES, Ia., Dec. 14.—To-day Mr. C. O. Perkins gave a special live bird shoot on the Highland Gun Club grounds, 25 live birds, entrance price of birds. To those making 100 per cent. went five turkeys; 90, 80 and 70 per cent. got one turkey, and 60 per cent. won a chicken. Budd and Perkins made 88 per cent., Hicks and Burnett 72 per cent., Whitney 60 per cent. The rest of the boys bought meat for a Sunday dinner. The weather was fine and a good stiff breeze helped the birds outside the boundary. We have done but little trap-shooting the past two months, but as the game season is about over we will soon be in line with our weekly shoots, the scores of which I will send you. Scores:

Budd	1222121212222220012012212—22	
Perkins	2212110020222212212121121—22	
Kirsher	0202020201121120020002100—13	
Burnett	0101101011212111001112220—18	
Byers	0222000122001210121000011—14	
Whitney	0020121002120102112001011—15	
Hicks	0110210201111202020110221—18	
Bruce	1220102110210l2w	—11
Brooks	10100w	— 2
Gwinn	10011w	— 3

C. W. BUDD.

Effect of Suction on Gun Wads.

Mr. TENNER says that wads are stretched (thickened?) to twice their length by the suction of the shot charge. If the shot charge moves faster than the wad during their passage through the barrel, and nothing fills the space between the shot charge and the wad, then there is a vacuum. Does Mr. Tenner claim that this is the case? Suppose it is the case; then there is no pressure of any kind against the upper or shot-charge side of the wad, but the powder gases are supposed to be pressing against the lowest side of the wad and pushing it along the barrel; this can have no tendency to stretch or make the wad thicker. The only way a wad can be stretched, is for its two sides to be pulled or pushed in opposite directions at the same time, and pressure on one side and nothing on the other, does not do this.

If the vacuum theory is correct, then a pressure test taken at that part of the barrel in which the vacuum occurs, would show no pressure. Has any one ever found that place?

During their passage through the barrel the vacant spaces between the felt fibres of the wad are filled with powder gases which leak around the edges of the wad, and are forced in among the fibres although the wad is at the time under tremendous pressure between the shot charge and the propelling gas. In other words, the wad is charged with gas at a high pressure, and does not stretch, because an equal pressure surrounds it, but the instant it leaves the barrel this outside pressure is removed and the gases within the wad then force its sides apart, sometimes tearing it entirely apart, but generally only thickening it. If Mr. Tenner is rightly understood ,he says the loose base wads are drawn up the barrel during the passage of the charge along the barrel.

How can this be, when the space between the wad and the base wads is filled with gases that are driving the charge out of the barrel?

Those base wads were driven up the barrel in the following manner: These wads were loose in the bottom of the shell. Gas leaked behind them and was compressed there, not moving the base wad because there was the same pressure on both sides of it, but when the front pressure was removed by the discharge of the wads and shot from the muzzle, the compressed gas behind the base wad blew it partly through the barrel. The gases behind the base wad were also assisted by a partial vacuum that is always in the barrel an instant after its discharge, and which is caused by the air being blown away from around the muzzle of the gun by the powder gas, and the gas immediately afterward losing the greater portion of its volume through sudden loss of heat. That there is a vacuum in the barrel after the discharge, the writer found accidentally, when a boy, by putting the muzzle of a rifle a few inches under water and trying to shoot a fish. On withdrawing the gun from the water a quantity of powder-blackened water ran out of it. A great deal more than there would have been if the water had only risen in the barrel to the height it stood outside of it. If the shell was not gas tight around the primer, this vacuum might be sufficient to draw the base wad into the barrel. It seems improbable that suction, as Mr. Tenner calls it, could move the base wad into the barrel with sufficient force to bulge the barrel, for suction, as the word is used here, means the removal of air or gas pressure from the upper side of the base wad, and it is then, according to Mr. Tenner's theory, pushed up the barrel by the pressure of the air below it, and this pressure, it is well known, is less than 15lbs. per square inch. Would so light a pressure force a base wad up the barrel hard enough to bulge the barrel?

O. H. HAMPTON.

Woodruff beats Batsch.

THE following score was made at the grounds of the Midway Plaisance Club at Earle's Half-Way House on Dec. 13. The match was for $100 a side live birds per man:

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                  ↗↖↗↗↗→↖↑↗↘→↗↖↖↙↘↗↓↖↑→↙→↙
Frank Batsch..2 1 2 2 2 1 2 0 0 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—22

                  ↙↗→↗←→←↖↘↖↖↗↗↖↘↖↗↗↘↗↗↘↙↗←
                  2 2 2 0 2 0 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2—21

                  ↗↙↗→↗↗↗↗↖↗↖←↙↗↖←↓↗↗↘→→→→↗
                  1 2 0 1 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2—22

                  ↖↖↗↘↖↗↘↘↖↘↖→↑↗↖↗↖↙↘↘↖↘↘↗↗
                  2 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 2 2 2—18—83

                  ↗↘→↘↗↖↗→↗↖↗↑↖↗↗→↗↖↖↘↗↗↖→↖
Woodruff.....2 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 0 0 0—19

                  ↖↘↗↙→↗↖↗↖↗→↗↖↖↖↘→→→↗↘↘↘→→
                  0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 1—22

                  →↖→↗↙↖→→↖↖↗→↗←↭→↙→←↑→↖→↗↖↖
                  1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 2 2—23

                  ↖↑↗↗↖←↗↗↖↖→↖←←↖↗↖↗↘←←↘↘↗↗
                  2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 0—22—86
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WM. M. PARKER.

Essex Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. S., Dec. 21.—The Essex Gun Club held its club shoot at Erb's grounds yesterday afternoon. The attendance was not large, but made up in quality what it lacked in quantity. The scores made were as follows:

No. 1, club shoot, 10 live birds:

Herrington	0010201200—4	Reinhart	0211222110—8
Green	221021112●—8	Erb	1010010110—5
Griffin	2201102111—8		

Four birds, $3:

	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Erb	2222—4	0222—3	2211—4	0121—2
Green	1111—3	1112—4	1102—3	2111—4
Herrington	0101—2	1121—4	0122—3	0120—2
Reinhart	0201—2	2210—3	2111—4	1011—3
Griffin	1212—4	1212—4	1121—4	2221—4

No. 6, for price of birds:

Griffin	222211—6	Reinhart	922001—

NEWARK.

Flushing Shooting Club

THE following scores were made on the grounds of the Flushing (L. I.) Shooting Club, near Murray Hill station on the Long Island Railroad. For some unaccountable reason only two of the numerous entries for the Invitation Cup put in their appearance, L. T. "Davenport" again beating his solitary opponent and winning the cup for the second time. Score:

No. 1, Cup race, second contest, 25 live birds, $10. birds extra:

L T Davenport (31)	2020021222221212222212200—20
C M Meyer (29)	22012●1220221222222210002—19

No. 2, 5 birds, $1, two high guns:

C M Meyer (29)	21121—5	F Deraismes (25)	22111—4
L T Davenport (31)	10222—4	C M "Drake" (26)	22100—3
T Rowe (25)	09222—3		

No. 3, same:

C M Meyer (29)	22221—5	T Rowe (24)	00220—3
L T Davenport (31)	12122—5	F Deraismes (25)	21001—3

Answers to Correspondents.

O. W. W., Oneida, N. Y.—Send for report of Fish Commissioners, 53 Broadway, New York.

J. M. S., Simcoe, Can.—Any of the cartridge companies or dealers advertised in our columns will furnish the shells you desire.

T. B. L., Chowen, Minn.—Will you kindly let me know through your Answers to Correspondents where the best deer hunting region in Minnesota is? Ans. Try Pelan, Kittson county.

W. H. KAY, Davenport, Ia.—Can you recommend the Linenoid canoes? Has this material proved itself to be equal to wood for boat building? Ans. Superior canoes are made of this material, which, to the best of our knowledge, are both strong and durable.

C. A. P., Norwalk, O.—1. Will Southern quail do and breed well brought North and liberated? 2. Where is the best place to buy? 3. Which month should they be brought in? 4. What the best way of handling and transporting quail for breeding purposes? Ans. 1. Yes, though they are of course not as good as native birds. 2. See our advertising columns. 3. As late in the season as you can get them. 4. See full directions in FOREST AND STREAM of May 5, 1894.

R. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.—For deer shooting what caliber is most appropriate? What distance is best to target a rifle at? What action you consider the best, lever or sliding action under barrel? Whether smooth or octagon barrels? Ans. Caliber and the other points mentioned are matters upon which there is a wide diversity of opinion. Personally, we prefer the heaviest caliber that can be handled without inconvenience to the shooter. The .45-90 is a very powerful gun. The .38-40, .44-40 and .38-55 are good guns for deer hunting. We have never been able to see that the octagon barrel had any advantage over the round barrel. Target your rifle at 50yds. Either action will give satisfaction.

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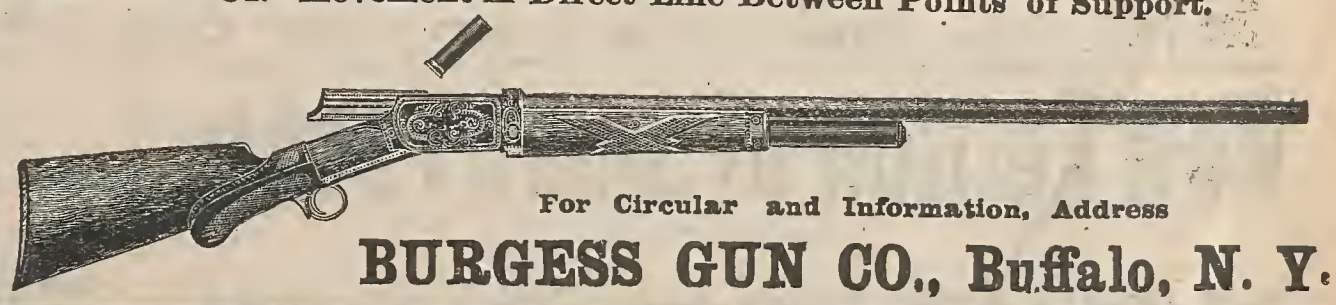

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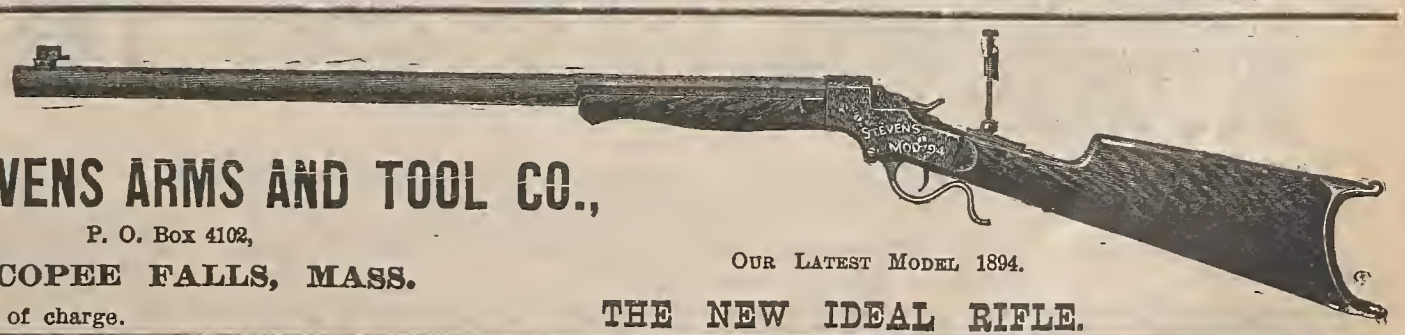

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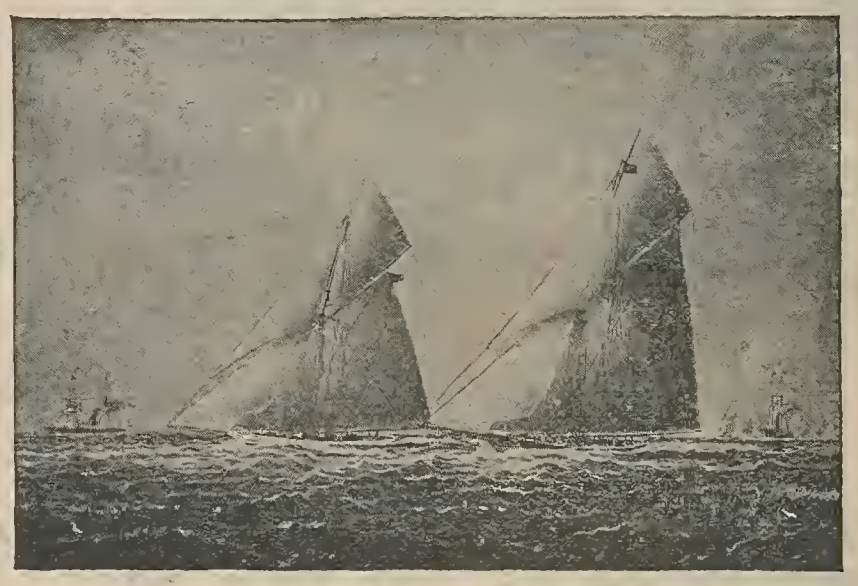

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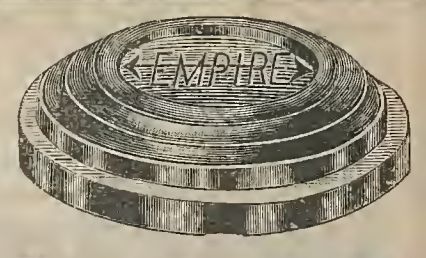

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At the special request of many gentlemen who have placed themselves in my hands for instruction in the Art of Shooting, I have written this treatise. I have endeavored to meet the special requirements of those who are anxious to become proficient in the art, and who have hitherto been unable to obtain, in a precise form, the information necessary for studying the first principles of shooting at moving objects.

I have had the honor of coaching many gentlemen, and have carefully studied the points especially requiring attention that have cropped up from time to time while giving instruction. I hope that those who favor me by studying this treatise may quickly gain the knowledge so essential for the making of an average if not brilliant shot.

I have purposely refrained from touching on the several merits of any class of gun—being a gun-maker myself; and, indeed, so many good works on the subject have been written, that it is really unnecessary.

I trust that authors from whose writings I have made extracts will pardon me when they recollect that I have at heart one object, viz., the advancement of a manly sport which gives pleasure, health and occupation to many, and to the patronage of whose followers I am indebted for many pleasant days.

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